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~~No. 2560.29~~

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GIVEN BY

Thos. Goffield Esq.



POETARUM ARGENTOSISSIMUS
JOANNES FLETCHERUS
ANGLUS, EPISCOPI LOND: FIDELIS

TRAGÆDIA

COMEDIA



Obijt 1625

Ætat. 49

*Felix avi ac Præfulis Natus; comes
Beaumontio; sic, quippe Parnassus, biceps;
FLETCHERUS unum in Pyramida furcas agens.
Struxit chorum plus simplicem Vates Duplex;
Plus duplicem solus: nec ullum transtulit;
Nec transferendus: Dramatum æterni sales,
Anglo Theatro, Orbi, Sibi, superstites.*

*FLETCHERE, facies absq; vultu pingitur;
Quantus! vel umbram circuit nemo tuam*

Gulielm
Marshall
Fecit.

J. Berkenhead

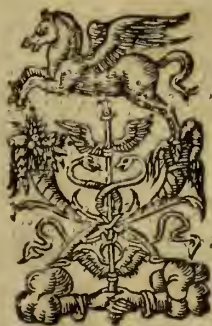
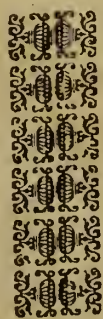
FIFTY
COMEDIES
AND
TRAGEDIES.

Written by { FRANCIS BEAUMONT
AND
JOHN FLETCHER, } Gentlemen.

All in one Volume.

Published by the Authors Original Copies, the Songs
to each Play being added.

Si quid habent veri Vatum presagia, vivam. 



L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Macock, for John Martyn, Henry Herringman,
Richard Marriot, MDC LXXIX. 9309

Another ed? See 2560.3

G 3830

1 A

Thomas Gaffield, Esq.

Nov. 12, 1895.

RECEIVED
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

Printed by A. Adams for the Boston City Council



THE
BOOK-SELLERS
TO THE
READER.

Courteous Reader,

THE First Edition of these Plays in this Volume having found that Acceptance as to give us Encouragement to make a Second Impression, we were very desirous they might come forth as Correct as might be. And we were very opportunely informed of a Copy which an ingenious and worthy Gentleman had taken the pains (or rather the pleasure) to read over; wherein he had all along Corrected several faults (some very gross) which had crept in by the frequent imprinting of them. His Corrections were the more to be valued, because he had an intimacy with both our Authors, and had been a Spectator of most of them when they were Acted in their life-time. This therefore we resolved to purchase at any Rate; and accordingly with no small cost obtain'd it. From the same hand also we received several Prologues and Epilogues, with the Songs appertaining to each Play, which were not in the former Edition, but are now inserted in their proper places. Besides, in this Edition you have the addition of no fewer than Seventeen Plays more than were in the former, which we have taken the pains and care to Collect, and Print out of 4^{to} in this Volume, which for distinction sake are markt with a Star in the Catalogue of them facing the first Page of the Book. And whereas in several of the Plays there were wanting the Names of the Persons represented therein, in this Edition you have them all prefixed, with their Qualities; which will be a great ease to the Reader. Thus every way perfect and compleat have you, all both Tragedies and Comedies that

R A were

The Book-sellers to the Reader.

were ever writ by our Authors, a Pair of the greatest Wits and most ingenious Poets of their Age; from whose worth we should but detract by our most studied Commendations.

If our care and endeavours to do our Authors right (in an incorrupt and genuine Edition of their Works) and thereby to gratifie and oblige the Reader, be but requited with a suitable entertainment, we shall be encourag'd to bring Ben. Johnson's two Volumes into one, and publish them in this form; and also to reprint Old Shakespear: both which are designed by

Yours,

Ready to serve you,

JOHN MARTYN.

HENRY HERRINGMAN.

RICHARD MARIOT.

Upon

Upon Mr. JOHN FLETCHER'S Plays.

FLETCHER, to thee, we do not only owe
All these good Plays, but those of others too;
Thy Wit repeated, does support the Stage,
Credits the last, and entertains this Age;
No Worthies form'd by any Muse but thine
Could purchase Robes to make themselves so fine.
What brave Commander is not proud to see
Thy brave Melantius in his Gallantry?
Our greatest Ladies love to see their scorn
Out-done by Thine, in what themselves have worn;
Th' impatient Widow e're the year be done
Sees thy Aspasia weeping in her Gown;
I never yet the Tragick Strain assay'd,
Deterr'd by that inimicable Maid:
And when I venture at the Comick-Style,
Thy Scornful Lady seems to mock my toil;
Thus has thy Muse, at once, improv'd and marr'd
Our sport in Plays, by rendring it too hard.
So when a sort of lusty Shepherds throw
The Bar by turns, and none the rest out-go
So far, but that the best are measuring casts,
Their emulation and their pastime lasts;
But if some brawny Yeoman of the Guard
Step in, and tosse the Axle-tree a yard,
Or more, beyond the farthest Mark, the rest
Despairing stand, their Sport is at the best.

EDW. WALLER.

On Mr. JOHN FLETCHER'S Works.

SO shall we joy, when all whom Beasts and Worms
Had turn'd to their own Substances and forms,
Whom Earth to Earth, or Fire hath chang'd to Fire,
We shall behold more than at first intire
A now we do, to see all thine, thine own
In this thy Muses Resurrection,
Whose scatter'd parts, from thine own Race, more wounds
Hath suffer'd than Acteon from his Hounds;
Which first their Brains, and then their Bellies fed,
And from their Excrements new Poets bred.
But now thy Muse enraged, from her Urn
Like Ghosts of murder'd Bodies doth return
To accuse the Murderers, to right the Stage,
And undeceive the long abused Age,
Which casts thy praise on them, to whom thy Wit
Gives not more Gold than they give dross to it;
Who not content, like Felons, to purloin,
Add Treason to it, and debase thy Coin.
But whither ay I stray'd? I need not raise
Trophies to Thee from other mens dispraise;
Nor is thy Fame oulesser ruins built,
Nor needs thy juster Title the foul guilt
Of Eastern Kings; who to secure their Reign,
Must have their Brothers, Sons, and Kindred slain.
Then was Wits Empire at the fatal height,
When labouring and sinking with its weight,
From thence a thousand lesser Poets sprung,
Like petty Princes from the Fall of Rome.
When Johnson, Shakespeare, and thy self did sit,
And sway'd in the Triumvirate of Wit—
Yet what from Johnson's Oil, and Sweat did flow,
Or what more easie Nature did bestow

ON SHAKESPEARES gentler Muse, in thee full grown
Their Graces both appear, yet so, that none
Can say here Nature ends, and Art begins
But mixt like th' Elements, and born like twins,
So interweav'd, so like, so much the same,
None this meer nature, that meer Art can name:
'Twas this the Ancients meant, nature and skill
Are the two tops of their Parnassus Hill.

J. DENHAM.

To Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT (Then living.)

HOW I do love thee BEAUMONT, and thy Muse,
That unto me do'st such religion use!
How I do fear myself, that am not worth
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!
At once thou mak'st me happie, and unmak'st;
And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st.
What fate is mine, that so it self bereaves?
What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives?
When even there where most thou praisest me,
For writing better, I must envy thee.

BEN. JOHNSON.

On Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT (Then newly Dead.)

HE that hath such acuteness, and such wit,
As would ask ten good heads to husband it;
He that can write so well that no man dare
Refuse it for the best, let him beware:
BEAUMONT is dead, by whose sole death appears,
Wit's a Disease consumes men in few years.

RICH. CORBET. D.D.

On Mr. BEAUMONT. (Written thirty years since, presently after his Death.)

Beaumont lyes here; and where now shall we have
A Muse like his to sigh upon his grave?
Ah! none to weep this with a worthy tear,
But he that cannot, Beaumont that lies here.
Who now shall pay thy Tomb with such a Verse
As thou that Ladies didst, fair Rutlands Herse?
A Monument that will then lasting be,
When all her Marble is more dust than she.
In thee all's lost: a sudden dearth and want
Hath seiz'd on Wit, good Epitaphs are scant;
We dare not write thy Elegie, whilst each fears
He ne're shall match that copy of thy tears.
Scarce in an Age a Poet, and yet he
Scarce lives the third part of his age to see,
But quickly taken off and only known,
Is in a minute shut as soon as shown.
Why should weak Nature tire her self in vain
In such a piece, do dash it straight again?
Why should she take such work beyond her skill,
Which when she cannot perfect, she must kill?
Alas, what is't to temper slime or mire?
But Nature's puzzled when she works in fire:

Great Brains (like brightest glass) crack straight, while those
 Of Stone or Wood hold out, and fear not blowes,
 And we their Ancient honary heads can see
 Whose Wit was never their mortalitie:
 Beaumont dies young, so Sidney did before,
 There was not Poetry he could live to more,
 He could not grow up higher, I scarce know
 If th' art it self unto that pitch could grow,
 Were't not in thee that hadst arriv'd the height
 Of all that wit could reach, or Nature might.
 O when I read those excellent things of thine,
 Such strength, such sweetness coucht in every line,
 Such life of Fancy, such high choice of brain,
 Nought of the Vulgar wit or borrowed strain,
 Such passion, such expressions meet my eye,
 Such Wit untaunted with obscenity,
 And these so unaffectedly exprest,
 All in a language purely flowing drest,
 And all so born within thy self, thine own,
 So new, so fresh, so nothing trod upon;
 I grieve not now that old Menanders vein
 Is ruin'd to survive in thee again;
 Such in his time was he, of the same piece,
 The smooth, even natural Wit, and Love of Greece.
 Those few sententious fragments shew more worth,
 Than all the Poets Athens e're brought forth;
 And I am sorry we have lost those hours
 On them, whose quickness comes far short of ours,
 And dwell not more on thee, whose every Page
 May be a pattern for their Scene and Stage.
 I will not yield thy Works so mean a Praise;
 More pure, more chaste, more sainted than are Playes,
 Nor with that dull supineness to be read,
 To pass a fire, or laugh an hour in bed.
 How do the Muses suffer every where,
 Taken in such mouths censure, in such ears,
 That 'twixt a whiffe, a Line or two rehearse,
 And with their Rheume together spanle a Verse?
 This all a Poems leisure after Play,
 Drink or Tabaco, it may keep the Day.
 Whilst even their very idleness they think
 Is lost in these, that lose their time in drink.
 Pity then dull we, we that better know,
 Will a more serious hour on thee bestow,
 Why should not Beaumont in the Morning please,
 As well as Plautus, Aristophanes?
 Who if my Pen may as my thoughts be free,
 Were scurril wits and Buffons both to thee;
 Yet these our Learned of severest brow
 Will deign to look on, and to note them too,
 That will despise our own, 'tis English stuffe,
 And th' Author is not rotten long enough.
 Alas what stegm are they, compar'd to thee,
 In thy Philalter, and Maids-Tragedy?
 Where's such an humour as thy Bessus? pray
 Let them put all their Thrafoes in one Play,
 He shall out bid them; their conceit was poor,
 All in a Circle of a Bawd or Whore;
 A cozening dance, take the fool away,
 And not a good jest extant in a Play.
 Yet these are Wits, because they're old, and now
 Being Greek and Latine, they are Learning too:
 But those their own times were content t' allow
 A thursty fame, and thine is lowest now.
 But thou shalt live, and when thy name is grown
 Six Ages older, shall be better known,
 When th' art of Chaucers standing in the tombe,
 Thou shalt not share, but take up all his room.

JOH. EARLE.

Upon the Report of the printing of the Dramatical Poems of Mr. JOHN FLETCHER, collected before, and now set forth in one Volume.

THough when all Fletcher writ, and the entire
 Man was indulg'd unto that sacred fire,
 His thoughts, and his thoughts dress, appear'd both such
 That 'twas his happy fault to do too much;
 Who therefore wisely did submit each birth
 To knowing Beaumont, e're it did come forth,
 Working again, until he said 'twas fit,
 And made him the sobriety of his Wit;
 Though thus he call'd his Judge into his fame,
 And for that aid allow'd him half the name,
 'Tis known, that sometimes he did stand alone,
 That both the Spunge and Pencil were his own;
 That himself judg'd himself, could singly do,
 And was at last Beaumont and Fletcher too;
 Else we had lost his Shepherdess, a Piece,
 Even and smooth, spun from a finer Fleece,
 Where softness reigns, where passions passions greet,
 Gentle and high, as Floods of Balsam meet:
 Where dress'd in white expressions, sit bright Loves,
 Drawn, like their fairest Queen, by milkie Doves;
 A Piece, which Johnson, in a rapture bid
 Come up a glorify'd Work, and so it did.
 Else had his Muse set with his Friend, the Stage
 Had miss'd those Poems, which yet take the Age;
 The World had lost those rich exemplars, where
 Art, Language, Wit sit ruling in one Sphere,
 Where the fresh matters soar above old Theams,
 As Prophets Raptures do above our Dreams;
 Where, in a worthy scorn, he dares refuse
 All other gods, and makes the thing his Muse;
 Where he calls passions up, and lays them so,
 As spirits, aw'd by him to come and go;
 Where the free Authour did whate'er he would,
 And nothing will'd, but what a Poet should.
 No vast uncivil bulk swells any Scene,
 The strength's ingenious, and the vigour clean;
 None can prevent the Fancy, and see through
 At the first opening; all stand wondring how
 The thing will be untill it is; which thence
 With fresh delights still cheats, still takes the sence;
 The whole design, the shadows, the lights such
 That none can say he shews, or hides too much;
 Business grows up ripened by just encrease,
 And by as just degrees again doth cease,
 The heats and minutes of affairs are watcht,
 And these nice points of time, are met and snatcht;
 Nought later than it should, nought comes before,
 Chymists, and Calculators do err more,
 Sex, Age, Degree, Affections, Country, Place,
 The inward substance, and the outward face;
 All kept precisely, all exactly fit,
 What he would write, he was before he writ.
 'Twixt Johnson's grave, and Shakespears lighter sound
 His Muse so steer'd that something still was found,
 Nor this, nor that, nor both, but so his own,
 That 'twas his mark, and he was by it known.
 Hence did he take true judgments, hence did strike
 All Palates some way, though not all alike;
 The god of numbers might his numbers crown,
 And listning to them wish they were his own.
 Thus welcome forth, what Ease, or Wine, or Wit
 Durst yet produce, that is, what Fletcher writ.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

Mr.

Mr. JOHN FLETCHER his
Dramatical works now at last printed.

I Could praise Heywood now: or tell how long,
Falstaffe from cracking Nuts hath kept the throng:
But for a Fletcher, I must take an Age,
And scarce invent the title for one Page.
Gods must create new Spheres, that should express
The sev'ral accents, Fletcher, of thy Dress:
The Pen of Fates should only write thy Praise:
And all Elyzium for thee turn to Bayes.
Thou feltest no pangs of Poctry, such as they,
Who the Heav'ns quarter still before a Play,
And search the Ephemerides to find,
When the Aspect for Poets will be kind.
Thy Poems (sacred Spring) did from thee flow,
With as much pleasure, as we read them now.
Nor need we only take them up by fits,
When love or Physick hath diseas'd our wits;
Or constr'e English to untye a knot,
Hid in a line, far subtler than the Plot.
With thee the Page may close his Ladies eyes,
And yet with thee the serious student rise:
The Eye at sev'ral angles darting rayes,
Makes, and then sees, new Colours; so thy Plays
To ev'ry understanding still appear,
As if thou only meant'st to take that Ear;
The Phrase so terse and free of a just Poise,
Where ev'ry word has weight and yet no Noise,
The matter too so nobly fit, no less
Than such as only could deserve thy Dress:
Witness thy Comedies, Pieces of such worth,
All Ages shall still like, but ne're bring forth,
Other in season last scarce so long time,
As cost the Poet but to make the Rime:
Where, if a Lord a new way do's but spit,
Or change his shrugge, this antiquates the wit.
That thou didst live before, nothing would tell
Posterity, could they but write so well.
Thy Cath'lick Fancy will acceptance find,
Not whilst an humour's living, but Man kind.
Thou, like thy writings, Innocent and Clean,
Ne're practis'd a new Vice, to make one Scene,
None of thy Ink had gall, and Ladies can
Securely hear thee sport without a Fan.

But when thy Tragick Muse would please to rise
In Majestie, and call tribute from our eyes;
Like Scenes, we shifted Passions, and that so,
Who only came to see, turn'd Actors too.
How didst thou sway the Theatre! make us feel
The Players wounds were true, and their swords, steel!
Nay, stranger yet, how often did I know
When the spectators ran to save the blow?
Frozen with grief we could not stir away
Until the Epilogue told us 'twas a Play.
What shall I do? all Commendations end,
In saying only thou wert BEAUMONTS Friend?
Give me thy spirit quickly, for I swell,
And like a raving Prophetess cannot tell
How to receive the full god in my breast:
Oh! I must sleep, and then I'll sing the rest.

FRANCIS Palmer, of Ch. Ch. Oxon.

On the Works of Beaumont and
Fletcher, now at length printed.

Great pair of Authors, whom one equal star
Begot so like in Genius, that you are
In Fame, as well as writings, both so knit,
That no man knows where to divide your wit,
Much less your praise; you, who had equal fire,
And did each other mutually inspire;
Whether one did contrive, the other write,
Or one fram'd the plot, the other did indite;
Whether one found the matter, th'other dress,
Or th' one dispos'd what th'other did express;
Where e're your parts between your selves lay, we
In all things which you did but one thread see,
So evenly drawn out, so gently spun,
That art with nature ne're did smother run.
Where shall I fix my praise then? or what part
Of all your numerous Labours hath desert
More to be fam'd than other? shall I say,
I've met a lover so drawn in your Play,
So passionately written, so inflam'd,
So jealousy inrag'd, then gently tam'd,
That I in reading have the Person seen,
And your Pen hath part stage and Actor been?
Or shall I say, that I can scarce forbear
To clap, when I a Captain do meet there,
So lively in his own vain humour dress'd,
So braggingly, and like himself exprest,
That modern Cowards, when they saw him plaid,
Saw, blusht, departed guilty, and betraid?
You wrote all parts right; whatso'e're the stage
Had from you, was seen there as in the age,
And had their equal life: Vices which were
Manners abroad, did grow corrected there:
They who possesst a Box, and half Crown spent
To learn obsceneness, return'd innocent,
And thank't you for this coz'nage, whose chaste Scene
Taught Loves so noble, so reform'd, so clean,
That they who brought soul fires, and thither came
To bargain, went thence with a holy flame.
Be'to your praise too, that your stock and Vein
Held both to Tragick and to Comick strain;
Where e're you list'd to be high and grave,
No Buskin shew'd more solemn, no quill gave
Such feeling objects to draw tears from eyes,
Spectators sate part in your Tragedies.
And where you list'd to be lov, and free,
Mirth turn'd the whole house into Comedy;
So piercing (where you pleas'd) hitting a fault,
That humours from your Pen issued all salt.
Nor were you thus in works and Poems knit,
As to be but two halves, and make one wit;
But as some things we see, have double cause,
And yet the effect it self from both whole draws;
So though you were thus twisted and combin'd
As two bodies, to have but one fair mind;
Yet if we praise you rightly, we must say
Both joyn'd, and both did wholly make the Play;
For that you could write singly, we may guess
By the divided pieces which the Press
Hath severally sent forth; nor were gone so
(Like some our Modern Authors) made to go
One meerly by the help of th'other, who
To purchase fame do come forth one of two;
Nor wrote you so, that ones part was to lick
The other into shape, nor did one stick
The others cold inventions with such wit,
As serv'd like spice, to make them quick and fit;

Nor out of mutual want, or emptiness,
 Did you conspire to go still Twins to th' Press;
 But what thus join'd you wrote, might have come forth
 As good from each, and stor'd with the same worth
 That thus united them, you did join sence
 In you 'twas League, in others impotence;
 And the Press which both thus amongst us sonds,
 Sends us one Poet in a pair of friends.

JASPER MAINE.

On the happy Collection of Mr. FLETCHER'S Works, never before printed.

FLETCHER, arise, Usurpers share thy Bays,
 They Canton thy vast Wit to build small Plays:
 He comes! his Volume breaks through Clouds and Dust,
 Down, little Wits, Ye must refund, Ye must.

Nor comes he private, here's Great BEAUMONT too,
 How could one single World encompass Two?
 For these Co-heirs had equal power to teach
 All that all Wits both can and cannot reach.
 Shakespear was early up, and went so drest
 As for those dawning hours he knew was best;
 But when the Sun shone forth, You Two thought fit
 To wear just Robes, and leave off Trunk hose-Wit.
 Now, now 'twas perfect, none must look for New,
 Manners and Scenes may alter, but not You:
 For Yours are not meer humours, gilded Strains:
 The fashion lost, Your massy Sence remains.

Some think Your Wits of two Complexions fram'd
 That One the Sock, th' Other the Buskin claim'd;
 That should the Stage embattail all its Force, (Horse.)
 FLETCHER would lead the Foot, BEAUMONT the
 But you were Both for Both; not Semi-wits,
 Each Piece is wholly Two, yet never splits;
 'T are not two Faculties, (and one Soul still)
 He th' Understanding, Thou the quick free Will;
 'But, as two Voyces in one Song embrace, (Base.)
 (FLETCHER's keen Treble, and deep BEAUMONT's
 Two, full, Congenial Souls; still Both prevail'd;
 His Muse and Thine were Quarter'd, not Impal'd;
 Both brought Your Ingots, Both toil'd at the Mint,
 Beat, melted, sifted, till no dross stuck in't,
 Then in each Others Scales weigh'd every Grain,
 Then smooth and burnish'd, then weigh'd all again,
 Stamp't both your Names upon't at one bold Hit,
 Then, then 'twas Coin, as well as Bullion-Wit.

Thus Twins; But as when Fate one Eye deprives,
 That other strives to double which survives;
 So BEAUMONT dy'd; yet left in Legacie
 His Rules and Standard wit, FLETCHER, to Thee.
 Still the same Planet, though not fill'd so soon,
 At two horn'd Crescent then, now one Full-moon.
 Joynt Love before, now Honour doth provoke;
 So the old Twin-Giants forcing a huge Oak,
 One sapt his footing, th' Other sees him fall,
 Graspt the whole Tree, and single held up all.
 Imperial FLETCHER! here begins thy Reign,
 Scenes flow like Sun-beams from thy glorious Brain;
 Thy swift dispatching Soul no more doth stay
 Than he that built two Cities in one day;
 Ever brim full, and sometimes running o'r
 To seed poor languid Wits that wait at door,
 Who creep and creep, yet ne'r above ground stood,
 (For Creatures have most feet, which have least Blood)
 But thou art still that Bird of Paradise,
 Which hath no Feet, and ever nobly flies:

Rich, lusty sence, such as the Poets ought,
 For Poems, if not excellent, are naught;
 Low Wit in Scenes, in State a Peasant goes;
 If mean and flat, let it foot Yeoman-Prosé,
 That such may spell as are not Readers grown,
 To whom he that writes Wit, shews he hath none.

Brave Shakespear flow'd, yet had his Ebbing too,
 Often above Himself, sometimes below;
 Thou always best, if ought seem'd to decline,
 'Twas the unjudging Rour's mistake, not Thine;
 Thus thy fair SHEPHERDESS, which the bold Heap
 (False to themselves, and Thee) did prize so cheap,
 Was found (when understood) fit to be Crown'd,
 At worst 'twas worth two hundred thousand Pound.

Some blast thy Works, lest we should track their walk,
 Where they steal all those few good things they talk;
 Wit-Burglary must chide those it feeds on,
 For plunder'd Folks ought to be rail'd upon;
 But (as stoln goods go off at half their worth)
 Thy strong Sence palls when they purloin it forth.
 When didst Thou borrow? where's the Man e'r read
 Ought beg'd by Thee, from those alive or dead?
 Or from dry Goddesses, as some, who when
 They staff their Page with gods, write worse than men.
 Thou wert thine own Muse, and hadst such vast odds,
 Thou out-writ'st him whose Verse made all those Gods;
 Surpassing those, our dwarfish Age up-rears,
 As much as Greeks or Latines thee in years:
 Thy Ocean Fancy knew nor Banks nor Damms,
 We ebb down dry to pebble-Anagrams;
 Dead and inspid, all despairing fit,
 Lost to behold this great Relapse of Wit;
 What strength remains, is like that (wild and fierce)
 Till Johnson made good Poets and right Verse.

Such boyst'rous Trifles thy Muse would not brook,
 Save when she'd show how scurvily they look;
 No savage Metaphors (things rudely Great)
 Thou dost display, not butcher a Conceit;
 Thy Nerves have Beauty, which invades and charms;
 Looks like a Princess harness'd in bright Arms.
 Nor art thou loud and cloudy; those that do
 Thunder so much, do't without Lightning too:
 Tearing themselves, and almost split their Brain
 To render harsh, what thou speak'st free and clean;
 Such gloomy Sence may pass for High and Proud,
 But true-born wit still flies above the Cloud;
 Thou know'st 'twas Impotence what they call Height;
 Who blusters strong i' th' Dark, but creeps i' th' Light.

And as thy thoughts were clear, so, innocent;
 Thy Fancy gave no unswept Language vent;
 Slander'st not Laws, prophan'st no holy Page,
 (As if thy Fathers Crosier aw'd the Stage;)
 High Crimes were still arraign'd, though they made shift
 To prosper out four Acts, were plagu'd i' th' Fifth:
 All's safe and wise, no stiff affected Scene,
 Nor swoln, nor flat, a true full natural Vein;
 Thy Sence (like well-drest Ladies) cloath'd as skin'd,
 Not all unlac'd, nor City starcht and pin'd;
 Thou hadst no Sloth, no Rage, no sullen Fit,
 But Strength and Mirth, FLETCHER's a Sanguine Wit.

Thus, two great Consul-Poets all things sway'd,
 Till all was English Born, or English Made:
 Mitre and Coyse, here into one Piece spun,
 BEAUMONT a Judge's, this a Prelate's Son.
 What strange Production is at last display'd
 (Got by two Fathers without Female aid)
 Behold, two Masculines espous'd each other,
 Wit and the World were born without a Mother.

J. BERKENHEAD.

On

On the Edition of Mr. Francis
Beaumont's, and Mr. John Fletcher's Plays
never printed before.

I Am amaz'd; and this same Ecstasie
Is both my Glory and Apoioigie.
Sober Joys are dull Passions; they must bear
Proportion to the Subject: if so; where
Beaumont and Fletcher shall vouchsafe to be
That Subject; That Joy must be Ecstasie.
Fury is the Complexion of great Wits;
The Fools Distemper: He, that's mad by fits,
Is wise so too. It is the Poets Muse;
The Prophets God: the Fools, and my excuse.
For (in Me) nothing less than Fletchers name
Could have begot, or justify'd this flame.
Beaumont } Return'd? methinks it should not be.
Fletcher }

No, not in's Works: Plays are as dead as He.
The Palate of this age gusts nothing High;
That has not Custard in't or Bawdery.
Folly and Madnes fill the Stage: The Scene
Is Athens; where, the Guilty, and the mean,
The Fool'scapes well enough; Learned and Great,
Suffer an Ostracism; stand Exulate.

Mankind is fall'n again, shrunk a degree,
A step below his very Apostasie.
Nature her self is out of Tune; and sick
Of Tumult and Disorder, Lunatick,
Yet what world would not cheerfully endure
The Torture, or Disease, t' enjoy the Cure?

This Book's the Balsam, and the Hellebore,
Must preserve bleeding nature, and restore
Our Crazy stupor to a just quick Sense
Both of Ingratitude, and Providence.
That teaches us (at Once) to feel, and know,
Two deep Points: what we want, and what we owe.
Yet Great Goods have their Ills: Should we transmit
To Future Times, the Pow'r of Love and Wit,
In this Example: would they not combine
To make Our Imperfections their Design?
They'd study our Corruptions; and take more
Care to be Ill, than to be Good, before.
For nothing but so great Infirmity,
Could make them worthy of such Remedy.

Have you not seen the Suns almighty Ray
Rescue th' affrighted world, and redeem Day
From black despair: how his victorious Beame
Scatters the storm, and drowns the petty flame
Of Lightning, in the glory of his eye:
How full of pow'r, how full of Majesty?
When to us Mortals, nothing else was known,
But the sad doubt, whether to burn, or drown.

Choler, and Phlegm, Heat, and dull Ignorance,
Have cast the people into such a Trance,
That fears and danger seem Great equally,
And no dispute left now, but how to dy.
Just in this nick, Fletcher sets the world clear
Of all disorder, and reforms us here.

The formal Youth, that knew no other Grace,
Or Value, but his Title, and his Lace,
Glasses himself: and in this faithful Mirrour,
Views, disapproves, reforms, repents his Errour.

The Credulous, bright Girl, that believes all
Language, (in Oaths) if Good, Canonical,
Is fortify'd, and taught, here, to beware
Of ev'ry specious bait, of ev'ry snare
Save one: and that same Caution takes her more,
Than all the flattery she felt before.
She finds her Boxes, and her thoughts betray'd
By the Corruption of the Chambermaid:
Then throws her washes and dissemblings by;
And Vows nothing but Ingenuity.

The severe States-man quits his sullen form
Of Gravity and bus'ness; The Luke warm
Religious his Neutrality; The hot
Brain-sick Illuminate his zeal; the sot
Stupidity; The souldier his Arrears;
The Court its Confidence; The Plebs their fears;
Gallants their Apishness and Perjurie,
Women their Pleasure and Inconstancie;
Poets their wine; the Usurer his Pelf;
The world its Vanity; and I my self.

Roger L' EStrange.

On the Edition.

FLETCHER (whose fame no age can ever wast;
Envy of Ours, and glory of the last)
Is now alive again; and with his name
His sacred Ashes wak'd into a Flame;
Such as before did by a secret charm
The wildest Heart subdue, the coldest warm,
And lend the Lady's eyes a power more bright,
Dispensing thus to either, heat and Light.
He to a sympathie those souls betray'd
Whom Love or Beauty never could perswade;
And in each mov'd spectatour could beget
A real passion by a Counterfeit.
When first Bellario bled, what Lady there
Did not for every drop let fall a tear?
And when Aspasia wept, not any eye
But seem'd to wear the same sad liverie.
By him inspir'd the feign'd Lucina drew
More streams of melting sorrow than the true;
But then the Scornful Lady did beguile
Their easie griefs and teach them all to smile.
Thus he Affections could, or raise or lay;
Love, grief and mirth thus did his charms obey:
He Nature taught her passions to out-do,
How to refine the old, and create new;
Which such a happy likeness seem'd to bear,
As if that Nature Art, Art Nature were.
Yet all had nothing been, obscurely kept
In the same Urn wherein his dust hath slept,
Nor had he ris' the Delphick wreath to claim,
Had not the dying scene expir'd his name;
Despair our joy hath doubled, he is come,
Thrice welcom by this Post-liminius.
His loss preserv'd him; they that silenc'd Wit,
Are now the Authours to Eternize it;
Thus Poets are in spite of Fate reviv'd,
And Plays by Intermission longer liv'd.

THO. STANLEY.

A
C A T A L O G U E
 Of all the
COMEDIES and TRAGEDIES

Contained in this BOOK, in the same Order as Printed.

- | | |
|--|--|
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A Mask at Grays-Inn, and the Inner Temple; Four Plays, or Moral Representations.

THE MAIDS TRAGEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

King.
 Lyſippus, *brother to the King.*
 Amintor, *a Noble Gentleman.*
 Evadne, *Wife to Amintor.*
 Melantius }
 Diphilus } *Brothers to Evadne.*
 Aſpatia, *troth-plight wife to Amintor.*
 Calianax, *an old humorous Lord, and Father to Aſpatia.*

Cleon }
 Strato } *Gentlemen.*
 Diagoras, *a Servant.*
 Antiphila }
 Olympias } *waiting Gentlewomen to Aſpatia.*
 Dula, *a Lady.*
 Night }
 Cynthia } *Maskers.*
 Neptune }
 Eolus }

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter *Cleon, Strato, Lyſippus, Diphilus.*

Cleon. The reſt are making ready Sir.
 Strat. So let them, there's time enough.
 Diph. You are the brother to the King, my Lord, we'll take your word.
 Lyf. Strat, thou haſt ſome ſkill in Poetry, What thinkſt thou of a Mask? will it be well?
 Strat. As well as Mask can be.
 Lyf. As Mask can be?
 Strat. Yes, they muſt commend their King, and ſpeak in praife of the Aſſembly, bleſs the Bride and Bridegroom, in perſon of ſome God; th' are tyed to rules of flattery.
 Cle. See, good my Lord, who is return'd!
 Lyf. Noble Melantius! Enter Melantius.
 The Land by me welcomes thy vertues home to Rhodes, thou that with blood abroad buyeſt us our peace; the breath of Kings is like the breath of Gods; My brother wiſht thee here, and thou art here; he will be too kind, and weary thee with often welcomes; but the time doth give thee a welcome above this or all the worlds.
 Mel. My Lord, my thanks; but theſe ſcratcht limbs of mine have ſpoke my love and truth unto my friends, more than my tongue ere could: my mind's the ſame it ever was to you; where I find worth, I love the keeper, till he let it go, And then I follow it. Diph. Hail worthy brother! He that rejoyces not at your return In ſafety, is mine enemy for ever.
 Mel. I thank thee Diphilus: but thou art faulty; I ſent for thee to exerciſe thine armes With me at Patria: thou can'ſt not Diphilus: 'Twas ill.
 Diph. My noble brother, my excuſe Is my King's ſtrict command, which you my Lord Can wiſh with me. Lyf. 'Tis true Melantius, He might not come till the ſolemnity Of this great match were paſt. Diph. Have you heard of it?
 Mel. Yes, I have given cauſe to thoſe that Envy my deeds abroad, to call me gameſome; I have no other buſineſs here at Rhodes.
 Lyf. We have a Mask to night, And you muſt tread a Soldiers meaſure.
 Mel. Theſe ſoft and filken wars are not for me;

The Muſick muſt be ſhrill, and all confus'd, That ſtirs my blood, and then I dance with armes: But is Amintor Wed? Diph. This day.
 Mel. All joyes upon him, for he is my friend: Wonder not that I call a man ſo young my friend, His worth is great; valiant he is, and temperate, And one that never thinks his life his own, If his friend need it: when he was a boy, As oft as I return'd (as without boaſt) I brought home conqueſt, he would gaze upon me, And view me round, to find in what one limb The vertue lay to do thoſe things he heard: Then would he wiſh to ſee my Sword, and feel The quickneſs of the edge, and in his hand Weigh it; he oft would make me ſmile at this; His youth did promiſe much, and his ripe years Will ſee it all perform'd. Enter Aſpatia, paſſing by.
 Melan. Hail Maid and Wife!
 Thou fair Aſpatia, may the holy knot That thou haſt tyed to day, laſt till the hand Of age undo't; may'ſt thou bring a race Unto Amintor that may fill the world Succelſively with Souldiers. Asp. My hard fortunes Deſerve not ſcorn; for I was never proud When they were good. Mel. How's this? Exit Aſpatia.
 Lyf. You are miſtaken, for ſhe is not married,
 Mel. You ſaid Amintor was. Diph. 'Tis true; but
 Mel. Pardon me, I did receive Letters at Patria, from my Amintor, That he ſhould marry her. Diph. And ſo it ſtood, In all opinion long; but your arriyal Made me imagine you had heard the change.
 Mel. Who hath he taken then? Lyf. A Lady Sir, That bears the light above her, and ſtrikes dead With ſaſhes of her eye; the fair Evadne your vertuous Siſter.
 Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them: but this is ſtrange.
 Lyf. The King my brother did it To honour you; and theſe ſolemnities Are at his charge. Mel. 'Tis Royal, like himſelf; But I am ſad, my ſpeech bears ſo unfortunate a ſound

To beautiful *Aspasia*; there is rage
 Hid in her fathers breast; *Calianax*
 Bent long against me, and he should not think,
 If I could call it back, that I would take
 So base revenges, as to scorn the state (the King?)
 Of his neglected daughter: holds he still his greatness with

Lys. Yes; but this Lady
 Walks discontented, with her watry eyes
 Bent on the earth: the unfrequented woods
 Are her delight; and when she sees a bank
 Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell
 Her servants what a pretty place it were
 To bury lovers in, and make her maids
 Pluck'em, and strow her over like a Corse.
 She carries with her an infectious grief
 That strikes all her beholders, she will sing
 The mournful'st things that ever ear hath heard,
 And sigh, and sing again, and when the rest
 Of our young Ladies in their wanton blood,
 Tell mirthful tales in course that fill the room
 With laughter, she will with so sad a look
 Bring forth a story of the silent death
 Of some forsaken Virgin, which her grief
 Will put in such a phrase, that ere she end,
 She'll send them weeping one by one away.

Mel. She has a brother under my command
 Like her, a face as womanish as hers,
 But with a spirit that hath much out-grown
 The number of his years. *Enter Amintor.*

Cle. My Lord the Bridegroom!

Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily
 Upon my foe: I love thee well *Amintor*,
 My mouth is much too narrow for my heart;
 I joy to look upon those eyes of thine;
 Thou art my friend, but my disorder'd speech cuts off my love.

Amin. Thou art *Melantius*;
 All love is spoke in that, a sacrifice
 To thank the gods, *Melantius* is return'd
 In safety; victory sits on his sword
 As she was wont; may the build there and dwell,
 And may thy Armour be as it hath been,
 Only thy valour and thy innocence.
 What endless treasures would our enemies give,
 That I might hold thee still thus!

Mel. I am but poor in words, but credit me young man,
 Thy Mother could no more but weep, for joy to see thee
 After long absence; all the wounds I have,
 Fetch not so much away, nor all the cries
 Of Widowed Mothers: but this is peace;
 And what was War? *Amin.* Pardon thou holy God
 Of Marriage bed, and frown not, I am forc't
 In answer of such noble tears as those,
 To weep upon my Wedding day.

Mel. I fear thou art grown too sick; for I hear
 A Lady mourns for thee, men say to death,
 Forsaken of thee, on what terms I know not.

Amin. She had my promise, but the King forbid it,
 And made me make this worthy change, thy Sister
 Accompanied with graces above her,
 With whom I long to lose my lusty youth,
 And grow old in her arms. *Mel.* Be prosperous.

Enter Messenger.

Messen. My Lord, the Maskers rage for you.

Lys. We are gone. *Cleon, Strato, Diphilus.*

Amin. Wee'll all attend you, we shall trouble you
 With our solemnities. *Mel.* Not so *Amintor*.
 But if you laugh at my rude carriage
 In peace, I'll do as much for you in War
 When you come thither: yet I have a Mistress
 To bring to your delights; rough though I am,
 I have a Mistress, and she has a heart,
 She saies, but trust me, it is stone, no better,
 There is no place that I can challenge in't.
 But you stand still, and here my way lies. *Exit.*

Enter Calianax with Diagoras.

Cal. Diagoras, look to the doors better for shame, you let
 in all the world, and anon the King will rail at me; why ve-
 ry well said, by *Jove* the King will have the show i'th' Court.

Diag. Why do you swear so my Lord?
 You know he'll have it here.

Cal. By this light if he be wise he will not.

Diag. And if he will not be wise, you are forsworn.

Cal. One may wear his heart out with swearing, and get
 thanks on no side, I'll be gone, look to't who will.

Diag. My Lord, I will never keep them out.

Pray stay, your looks will terrifie them.

Cal. My looks terrifie them, you Coxcomby Asfs you!
 I'll be judg'd by all the company whether thou hast not a
 worse face than I——

Diag. I mean, because they know you and your Office.

Cal. Office! I would I could put it off, I am sure I sweat
 quite through my Office, I might have made room at my
 Daughters Wedding, they had near kill'd her among them.
 And now I must do service for him that hath forsaken her;
 serve that will. *Exit Calianax.*

Diag. He's so humourous since his daughter was forsaken:
 hark, hark, there, there, so, so, codes, codes.

What now? *Within.* knock within.

Mel. Open the door. *Diag.* Who's there? *Mel.* *Melantius*.

Diag. I hope your Lordship brings no troop with you, for
 if you do, I must return them. *Enter Melantius.*

Mel. None but this Lady Sir. *And a Lady.*

Diag. The Ladies are all plac'd above, save those that
 come in the Kings Troop, the best of *Rhodes* sit there, and
 there's room.

Mel. I thank you Sir: when I have seen you plac'd Ma-
 dam, I must attend the King; but the Mask done, I'll
 wait on you again.

Diag. Stand back there, room for my Lord *Melantius*, pray
 bear back, this is no place for such youths and their Truls,
 let the doors shut agen; I, do your heads itch? I'll scratch
 them for you: so now thrust and hang: again, who is't
 now? I cannot blame my Lord *Calianax* for going away;
 would he were here, he would run raging among them, and
 break a dozen wiser heads than his own in the twinkling of
 an eye: what's the news now? *Within.*

I pray can you help me to the speech of the Master Cook?

Diag. If I open the door I'll cook some of your Calves-
 Peace Rogues.——again,——who is't? (heads.)

Mel. *Melantius* within, *Enter Calianax to Melantius.*

Cal. Let him not in.

Diag. O my Lord I must; make room there for my
 Lord; is your Lady plac't?

Mel. Yes Sir, I thank you my Lord *Calianax*: well met,
 Your causeless hate to me I hope is buried.

Cal. Yes, I do service for your Sister here,
 That brings my own poor Child to timeless death;
 She loves your friend *Amintor*, such another false-hearted
 Lord as you. *Mel.* You do me wrong,
 A most unmanly one, and I am slow
 In taking vengeance, but be well advis'd.

Cal. It may be so: who placed the Lady there so near
 the presence of the King? *Mel.* I did.

Cal. My Lord she must not sit there. *Mel.* Why?

Cal. The place is kept for women of more worth.

Mel. More worth than she? it mis-becomes your Age
 And place to be thus womanish; forbear;
 What you have spoke, I am content to think
 The Palsy shook your tongue to.

Cal. Why 'tis well if I stand here to place mens wenches.

Mel. I shall forget this place, thy Age, my safety, and
 through all, cut that poor sickly week thou hast to live,
 away from thee.

Cal. Nay, I know you can fight for your Whore.

Mel. Bate the King, and be he flesh and blood,
 He lyes that saies it, thy mother at fifteen
 Was black and sinful to her. *Diag.* Good my Lord!

Mel. Some god pluck threescore years from that fond man,
 That

That I may kill him, and not stain mine honour ;
It is the curse of Souldiers, that in peace
They shall be brain'd by such ignoble men,
As (if the Land were troubled) would with tears
And knees beg succour from 'em : would that blood
(That sea of blood) that I have lost in fight,
Were running in thy veins, that it might make thee
Apt to say less, or able to maintain,
Shouldst thou say more,—This *Rhodes* I see is nought
But a place priviledg'd to do men wrong.

Cal. I, you may say your pleasure. [Enter *Amintor*.

Amint. What vilde injury
Has stirr'd my worthy friend, who is as slow
To fight with words, as he is quick of hand ?

Mel. That heap of age which I should reverence
If it were temperate : but testy years
Are most contemptible. *Amint.* Good Sir forbear.

Cal. There is just such another as your self.

Amint. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
And talk as if he had no life to lose
Since this our match : the King is coming in,
I would not for more wealth than I enjoy,
He should perceive you raging, he did hear
You were at difference now, which hastned him.

Cal. Make room there.

Hoboyes play within.

Enter King, *Evadne*, *Aspatia*, Lords and Ladies.

King. *Melantius*, thou art welcome, and my love
Is with thee still ; but this is not a place
To brabble in ; *Calianax*, joyn hands.

Cal. He shall not have my hand. *King.* This is no time
To force you to't, I do love you both :
Calianax, you look well to your Office ;
And you *Melantius* are welcome home ; begin the Mask.

Mel. Sister, I joy to see you, and your choice,
You lookt with my eyes when you took that man ;
Be happy in him. [Recorders.

Evad. O my dearest brother !
Your presence is more joyful than this day can be unto me.

The Mask.

Night rises in mists.

Nigh. Our reign is come ; for in the raging Sea
The Sun is drown'd, and with him fell the day :
Bright *Cynthia* hear my voice, I am the Night
For whom thou bear'st about thy borrowed light ;
Appear, no longer thy pale visage shrowd,
But strike thy silver horn through a cloud,
And send a beam upon my swarthy face,
By which I may discover all the place
And persons, and how many longing eyes
Are come to wait on our solemnities. [Enter *Cynthia*.

How dull and black am I ? I could not find
This beauty without thee, I am so blind ;
Methinks they shew like to those Eastern streaks
That warn us hence before the morning breaks ;
Back my pale servant, for these eyes know how
To shoot far more and quicker rayes than thou.

Cinb. Great Queen, they be a Troop for whom alone
One of my clearest moons I have put on ;
A Troop that looks as if thy self and I
Had pluckt our rains in, and our whips laid by
To gaze upon these Mortals, that appear
Brighter than we.

Night. Then let us keep 'em here,
And never more our Chariots drive away,
But hold our places, and out-shine the day.

Cinb. Great Queen of shadows, you are pleas'd to speak
Of more than may be done ; we may not break
The gods decrees, but when our time is come,

Must drive away and give the day our room.
Yet whil't our reign lasts, let us stretch our power
To give our servants one contented hour,
With such unwonted solemn grace and state,
As may for ever after force them hate
Our brothers glorious beams, and with the night
Crown'd with a thousand stars, and our cold light :
For almost all the world their service bend
To *Phœbus*, and in vain my light I lend,
Gaz'd on unto my setting from my rise
Almost of none, but of unquiet eyes.

Nigh. Then shine at full, fair Queen, and by thy power
Produce a birth to crown this happy hour ;
Of Nymphs and Shepherds let their songs discover,
Easie and sweet, who is a happy Lover ;
Or if thou woot, then call thine own *Endymion*
From the sweet flowry bed he lies upon,
On *Latmus* top, thy pale beams drawn away,
And of this long night let him make a day. (mine,

Cinb. Thou dream'st dark Queen, that fair boy was not
Nor went I down to kiss him ; ease and wine
Have bred these bold tales ; Poets when they rage,
Turn gods to men, and make an hour an age ;
But I will give a greater state and glory,
And raise to time a noble memory
Of what these Lovers are ; rise, rise, I say,
Thou power of deeps, thy surges laid away,
Neptune great King of waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded. [Neptune rises.

Nep. *Cynthia*, see,
Thy word hath fetcht me hither, let me know why I ascend.

Cinb. Doth this majestick show
Give thee no knowledge yet ? *Nep.* Yes, now I see.
Something intended (*Cynthia*) worthy thee ;
Go on, I'll be a helper. *Cinb.* Hie thee then,
And charge the wind flie from his Rockie Den.

Let loose thy subjects, only *Boreas*
Too foul for our intention as he was ;
Still keep him fast chain'd ; we must have none here
But vernal blasts, and gentle winds appear,
Such as blow flowers, and through the glad Boughs sing
Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring.

These are our musick : next, thy watry race
Bring on in couples ; we are pleas'd to grace
This noble night, each in their richest things
Your own deeps or the broken vessel brings ;
Be prodigal, and I shall be as kind,
And shine at full upon you.

Nep. Ho the wind [Enter *Eolus* out of a Rock,
Commanding *Eolus* ! *Eol.* Great *Neptune* ! *Nep.* He.
Eol. What is thy will ? *Nep.* We do command thee free
Favonius and thy milder winds to wait
Upon our *Cynthia*, but tye *Boreas* straight ;
He's too rebellious. *Eol.* I shall do it.

Nep. Do, great master of the flood, and all below,
Thy full command has taken. *Eol.* Ho ! the main ;
Neptune. *Nep.* Here. *Eol.* *Boreas* has broke his chain,
And struggling with the rest, has got away.

Nep. Let him alone, I'll take him up at sea ;
He will not long be thence ; go once again
And call out of the bottoms of the Main,
Blew *Proteus*, and the rest ; charge them put on
Their greatest pearls, and the most sparkling stone
The bearing Rock breeds, till this night is done
By me a solemn honour to the Moon ;
Flie like a full sail. *Eol.* I am gone. *Cin.* Dark night,
Strike a full silence, do a thorow right
To this great *Chorus*, that our Musick may
Touch high as heaven, and make the East break day
At mid-might. [Musick.

SONG.

Cynthia to thy power, and them
we obey.
Joy to this great company,
and no day
Come to steal this night away,
Till the rites of love are ended,
And the lusty Bridegroom say,
Welcome light of all befriended.
Pace out you watry powers below,
let your feet
Like the Gallies when they row,
even beat.
Let your unknown measures set
To the still winds, tell to all
That Gods are come immortal great,
To honour this great Nuptial.

The Measure. Second Song.

Hold back thy hours dark night, till we have done,
The day will come too soon;
Young Maids will curse thee if thou steal'st away,
And leav'st their blushes open to the day.
Stay, stay, and hide
the blushes of the Bride.
Stay gentle night, and with thy darkness cover
The kisses of her Lover.
Stay, and confound her tears, and her shrill cryings,
Her weak denials, vows, and often dyings;
Stay and hide all,
but help not though she call.

Nep. Great Queen of us and Heaven,
Hear what I bring to make this hour a full one,
If not her measure. *Cinth.* Speak Seas King.
Nep. Thy tunes my *Amphitrite* joyes to have,
When they will dance upon the rising wave,
And court me as the sails, my *Trytons* play
Musick to lead a storm, I'll lead the way.

Song. Measure.

To bed, to bed; come Hymen, lead the Bride,
And lay her by her Husbands side:
Bring in the Virgins every one
That grieve to lie alone:
That they may kiss while they may say, a maid,
To morrow 'twill be other, kist and said:
Hesperus be long a shining,
Whil'st these Lovers are a twining.

Eol. Ho! Neptune! *Nept.* Eolus!
Eol. The Seas go hie,
Boreas hath rais'd a storm; go and applie
Thy trident, else I prophesie, ere day
Many a tall ship will be cast away: (call.
Descend with all the Gods, and all their power to strike a
Cin. A thanks to every one, and to gratulate
So great a service done at my desire,
Ye shall have many floods fuller and higher
Than you have wisht for; no Ebb shall dare
To let the day see where your dwellings are:
Now back unto your Government in haste,
Lest your proud charge should swell above the waste,
And win upon the Island. *Nep.* We obey.

[*Neptune descends, and the Sea-gods.*]

Cinth. Hold up thy head dead night; feest thou not day?
The East begins to lighten, I must down
And give my brother place. *Nigh.* Oh! I could frown
To see the day, the day that flings his light
Upon my Kingdoms, and contemns old Night;
Let him go on and flame, I hope to see
Another wild-fire in his Axletree;
And all false drencht; but I forgot, speak Queen.

The day grows on I must no more be seen.

Cin. Heave up thy drowfie head agen, and see
A greater light, a greater Majestie,
Between our sect and us; whip up thy team;
The day breaks here, and you some flashing stream
Shot from the South; say, which way wilt thou go?
Nigh. I'll vanish into mists. [Exeunt.]

Cin. I into day. [Finis Mask.]

King. Take lights there Ladies, get the Bride to bed;
We will not see you laid, good night *Amintor*,
We'll ease you of that tedious ceremony;
Were it may ease, I should think time run slow.
If thou beest noble, youth, get me a boy,
That may defend my Kingdom from my foes.

Amin. All happines to you.

King. Good night *Melantius.* [Exeunt.]

Actus Secundus.

Enter Evadne, Aspatia, Dula, and other Ladies.

DUL. Madam, shall we undress you for this fight?
The Wars are nak'd that you must make to night.

Evad. You are very merry *Dula*.

Dul. I should be far merrier Madam, if it were with me
as it is with you. *Eva.* Why how now wench?

Dul. Come Ladies will you help?

Eva. I am soon undone.

Dul. And as soon done:

Good store of Cloaths will trouble you at both.

Evad. Art thou drunk *Dula*?

Dul. Why here's none but we.

Evad. Thou think'st belike, there is no modesty

When we are alone.

Dul. I by my troth you hit my thoughts aright.

Evad. You prick me Lady. *Dul.* 'Tis against my will,
Anon you must endure more, and lie still.

You're best to practise. *Evad.* Sure this wench is mad.

Dul. No faith, this is a trick that I have had

Since I was fourteen.

Evad. 'Tis high time to leave it.

Dul. Nay, now I'll keep it till the trick leave me;

A dozen wanton words put in your head,
Will make you lively in your Husbands bed.

Evad. Nay faith, then take it.

Dul. Take it Madam, where?

We all I hope will take it that are here.

Evad. Nay then I'll give you o're. *Dul.* So will I make
The ablest man in *Rhodes*, or his heart to ake.

Evad. Wilt take my place to night?

Dul. I'll hold your Cards against any two I know.

Evad. What wilt thou do?

Dul. Madam, we'll do't, and make'm leave play too.

Evad. *Aspatia*, take her part. *Dul.* I will refuse it.
She will pluck down a side, she does not use it.

Evad. Why, do. *Dul.* You will find the play
Quickly, because your head lies well that way.

Evad. I thank thee *Dula*, would thou could'st instill
Some of thy mirth into *Aspatia*:

Nothing but sad thoughts in her breast do dwell,
Methinks a mean betwixt you would do well.

Dul. She is in love, hang me if I were so,

But I could run my Country, I love too

To do those things that people in love do.

Asp. It were a timeless smile should prove my check,

It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,

When at the Altar the Religious Priest

Were pacifying the offended powers

With sacrifice, than now, this should have been

My night, and all your hands have been employed

In giving me a spotless offering

To young *Amintors* bed, as we are now

For you: pardon *Evadne*, would my worth
Were great as yours, or that the King, or he,
Or both thought so, perhaps he found me worthless,
But till he did so, in these ears of mine,
(These credulous ears) he pour'd the sweetest words
That Art or Love could frame; if he were false,
Pardon it heaven, and if I did want
Vertue, you safely may forgive that too,
For I have left none that I had from you.

Evad. Nay, leave this sad talk Madam.

Asp. Would I could, then should I leave the cause.

Evad. See if you have not spoil'd all *Dulas* mirth.

Asp. Thou think'st thy heart hard, but if thou beest
caught, remember me; thou shalt perceive a fire shot sud-
denly into thee.

Dul. That's not so good, let'm shoot any thing but fire, I
fear'm not.

Asp. Well wench, thou mayst be taken.

Evad. Ladies good night, I'll do the rest my self.

Dul. Nay, let your Lord do some.

Asp. Lay a Garland on my Hearse of the dismal Yew.

Evad. That's one of your sad songs Madam.

Asp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.

Evad. How is it Madam?

SONG.

Asp. Lay a Garland on my Hearse of the dismal yew;
Maidens, Willow branches bear; say I died true:
My Love was false, but I was firm from my hour of birth;
Upon my buried body lay lightly gentle earth.

Evad. Fie on't Madam, the words are so strange, they
are able to make one Dream of Hobgoblins; I could never
have the power, Sing that *Dula*.

Dula. I could never have the power
To love one above an hour,
But my heart would prompt mine eye
On some other man to flie;
Venus, fix mine eyes fast,
Or if not, give me all that I shall see at last.

Evad. So, leave me now.

Dula. Nay, we must see you laid.

Asp. Madam good night, may all the marriage joys
That longing Maids imagine in their beds,
Prove so unto you; may no discontent
Grow 'twixt your Love and you; but if there do,
Enquire of me, and I will guide your moan,
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking; love your Lord
No worse than I; but if you love so well,
Alas, you may displease him, so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me:
Ladies farewell; as soon as I am dead,
Come all and watch one night about my Hearse;
Bring each a mournful story and a tear
To offer at it when I go to earth:
With flattering Ivie clasp my Coffin round,
Write on my brow my fortune, let my Bier
Be born by Virgins that shall sing by course
The truth of maids and perjuries of men.

Evad. Alas, I pity thee. [Exit *Evadne*.]

Omnes. Madam, goodnight.

1 *Lady.* Come, we'll let in the Bridegroom.

Dul. Where's my Lord?

1 *Lady.* Here take this light. [Enter *Amintor*.]

Dul. You'll find her in the dark.

1 *Lady.* Your Lady's scarce a bed yet, you must help her.

Asp. Go and be happy in your Ladies love;
May all the wrongs that you have done to me,
Be utterly forgotten in my death.

I'll trouble you no more, yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be denied.
You'll come my Lord, and see the Virgins weep

When I am laid in earth, though you your self
Can know no pity: thus I wind my self
Into this willow Garland, and am prouder
That I was once your Love (though now refus'd)
Than to have had another true to me.
So with my prayers I leave you, and must try
Some yet unpractis'd way to grieve and die.

Dul. Come Ladies, will you go? [Exit *Aspatia*.]

Om. Goodnight my Lord.

Amin. Much happiness unto you all. [Exeunt Ladies.]

I did that Lady wrong; methinks I feel
Her grief shoot suddenly through all my veins;
Mine eyes run; this is strange at such a time.
It was the King first mov'd me to't, but he
Has not my will in keeping——why do I
Perplex my self thus? something whispers me,
Go not to bed; my guilt is not so great
As mine own conscience (too sensible)
Would make me think; I only brake a promise,
And 'twas the King that forc't me: timorous flesh,
Why shak'st thou so? away my idle fears. [Enter *Evadne*.]

Yonder she is, the lustre of whose eye
Can blot away the sad remembrance
Of all these things: Oh my *Evadne*, spare
That tender body, let it not take cold,
The vapours of the night will not fall here.
To bed my Love; *Hymen* will punish us
For being slack performers of his rites.
Can'st thou to call me? *Evad.* No.

Amin. Come, come my Love,

And let us lose our selves to one another.

Why art thou up so long? *Evad.* I am not well.

Amin. To bed then let me wind thee in these arms,
Till I have banisht sickness.

Evad. Good my Lord, I cannot sleep.

Amin. *Evadne*, we'll watch, I mean no sleeping.

Evad. I'll not go to bed. *Amin.* I prethee do.

Evad. I will not for the world.

Amin. Why my dear Love?

Evad. Why? I have sworn I will not.

Amin. Sworn! *Evad.* I.

Amin. How? Sworn *Evadne*?

Evad. Yes, Sworn *Amintor*, and will swear again
If you will wish to hear me.

Amin. To whom have you Sworn this?

Evad. If I should name him, the matter were not great.

Amin. Come, this is but the coynefs of a Bride.

Evad. The coynefs of a Bride?

Amin. How prettily that frown becomes thee!

Evad. Do you like it so?

Amin. Thou canst not dress thy face in such a look
But I shall like it. *Evad.* What look likes you best?

Amin. Why do you ask?

Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.

Amin. How's that?

Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.

Amin. I prethee put thy jests in milder looks.

It shews as thou wert angry.

Evad. So perhaps I am indeed.

Amin. Why, who has done thee wrong?

Name me the man, and by thy self I swear,
Thy yet unconquer'd self, I will revenge thee.

Evad. Now I shall try thy truth; if thou dost love me,
Thou weigh'st not any thing compar'd with me;
Life, Honour, joyes Eternal, all Delights

This world can yield, or hopeful people feign,
Or in the life to come, are light as Air

To a true Lover when his Lady frowns,
And bids him do this: wilt thou kill this man?

Swear my *Amintor*, and I'll kiss the sin off from thy lips.

Amin. I will not swear sweet Love,
Till I do know the cause. *Evad.* I would thou wouldst;
Why, it is thou that wrongest me, I hate thee,
Thou shouldst have kill'd thy self.

Amint. If I should know that, I should quickly kill
The man you hated. *Evad.* Know it then, and do't.

Amint. Oh no, what look soe're thou shalt put on,
To try my faith, I shall not think thee false;
I cannot find one blemish in thy face,
Where falsehood should abide: Lave and to bed;
If you have sworn to any of the Virgins
That were your old companions, to preserve
Your Maidenhead a night, it may be done without this means.

Evad. A Maidenhead *Amintor* at my years?

Amint. Sure she raves, this cannot be
Thy natural temper; shall I call thy maids?
Either thy healthful sleep hath left thee long,
Or else some Fever rages in thy blood.

Evad. Neither *Amintor*; think you I am mad,
Because I speak the truth?

Amint. Will you not lie with me to night?

Evad. To night? you talk as if I would hereafter.

Amint. Hereafter? yes, I do. (ence mark

Evad. You are deceiv'd, put off amazement, and with pati-
What I shall utter, for the Oracle
Knows nothing truer, 'tis not for a night
Or two that I forbear thy bed, but for ever.

Amint. I dream,—awake *Amintor*!

Evad. You hear right,
I sooner will find out the beds of Snakes,
And with my youthful blood warm their cold flesh,
Letting them curl themselves about my Limbs,
Than sleep on night with thee; this is not feign'd,
Nor sounds it like the coynefs of a Bride.

Amint. Is flesh so earthly to endure all this?
Are these the joys of Marriage? *Hymen* keep
This story (that will make succeeding youth
Neglect thy Ceremonies) from all ears.
Let it not rise up for thy shame and mine
To after ages; we will scorn thy Laws,
If thou no better blefs them; touch the heart
Of her that thou hast sent me, or the world
Shall know there's not an Altar that will smooke
In praise of thee; we will adopt us Sons;
Then vertue shall inherit, and not blood:
If we do lust, we'll take the next we meet,
Serving our selves as other Creatures do,
And never take note of the Female more,
Nor of her issue. I do rage in vain,
She can but jest; Oh! pardon me my Love;
So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I must break forth; satisfie my fear:
It is a pain beyond the hand of death,
To be in doubt; confirm it with an Oath, if this be true.

Evad. Do you invent the form:
Let there be in it all the binding words
Devils and Conjurers can put together,
And I will take it; I have sworn before,
And here by all things holy do again,
Never to be acquainted with thy bed.
Is your doubt over now?

Amint. I know too much, would I had doubted still;
Was ever such a marriage night as this!
You powers above, if you did ever mean
Man should be us'd thus, you have thought a way
How he may bear himself, and save his honour:
Instruct me in it; for to my dull eyes
There is no mean, no moderate course to run,
I must live scorn'd, or be a murderer:
Is there a third? why is this night so calm?
Why does not Heaven speak in Thunder to us,
And drown her voice?

Evad. This rage will do no good.

Amint. *Evadne*, hear me, thou hast ta'ne an Oath,
But such a rash one, that to keep it, were
Worse than to swear it; call it back to thee;
Such vows as those never ascend the Heaven;
A tear or two will wash it quite away:

Have mercy on my youth, my hopeful youth,
If thou be pitiful, for (without boast)
This Land was proud of me: what Lady was there
That men call'd fair and vertuous in this Isle,
That would have shun'd my love? It is in thee
To make me hold this worth—Oh! we vain men
That trust out all our reputation,
To rest upon the weak and yielding hand
Of feeble Women! but thou art not stone;
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell
The spirit of Love, thy heart cannot be hard.
Come lead me from the bottom of despair,
To all the joyes thou hast; I know thou wilt;
And make me careful, lest the sudden change
O're-come my spirits.

(ron me.

Evad. When I call back this Oath, the pains of hell invi-

Amint. I sleep, and am too temperate; come to bed, or by
Those hairs, which if thou hast a foul like to thy locks,
Were threads for Kings to wear about their arms.

Evad. Why so perhaps they are.

Amint. Ple drag thee to my bed, and make thy tongue
Undo this wicked Oath, or on thy flesh
I'll print a thousand wounds to let out life.

Evad. I fear thee not, do what thou dar'st to me;
Every ill-founding word, or threatening look
Thou shew'st to me, will be reveng'd at full.

Amint. It will not sure *Evadne*.

Evad. Do not you hazard that.

Amint. Ha' ye your Champions?

Evad. Alas *Amintor*, thinkst thou I forbear
To sleep with thee, because I have put on
A maidens strictness? look upon these cheeks,
And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood
Unapt for such a vow; no, in this heart
There dwels as much desire, and as much will
To put that wisht act in practice, as ever yet
Was known to woman, and they have been shown
Both; but it was the folly of thy youth,
To think this beauty (to what Land soe're
It shall be call'd) shall stoop to any second.
I do enjoy the best, and in that height
Have sworn to stand or dic: you guess the man.

Amint. No, let me know the man that wrongs me so,
That I may cut his body into motes,
And scatter it before the Northern wind.

Evad. You dare not strike him.

Amint. Do not wrong me so;

Yes, if his body were a poysonous plant,
That it were death to touch, I have a soul
Will throw me on him. *Evad.* Why 'tis the King.

Amint. The King! *Evad.* What will you do now?

Amint. 'Tis not the King.

Evad. What, did he make this match for dull *Amintor*?

Amint. Oh! thou hast nam'd a word that wipes away
All thoughts revengeful: in that sacred name,
The King, there lies a terror: what frail man
Dares lift his hand against it? let the Gods
Speak to him when they please;
Till when let us suffer and wait.

Evad. Why should you fill your self so full of heat,
And haste so to my bed? I am no Virgin.

Amint. What Devil put it in thy fancy then
To marry me? *Evad.* Alas, I must have one
To Father Children, and to bear the name
Of Husband to me, that my sin may be more honourable.

Amint. What a strange thing am I?

Evad. A miserable one; one that my self am sorry for.

Amint. Why shew it then in this,
If thou hast pity, though thy love be none,
Kill me, and all true Lovers that shall live
In after ages cross't in their desires,
Shall blefs thy memory, and call thee good,
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,
To rid a lingering Wretch. *Evad.* I must have one

To fill thy room again, if thou wert dead,
Else by this night I would: I pity thee.

Amint. These strange and sudden injuries have fallen
So thick upon me, that I lose all sense
Of what they are: methinks I am not wrong'd,
Nor is it ought, if from the censuring World
I can but hide it—Reputation,
Thou art a word, no more; but thou hast shown
An impudence so high, that to the World
I fear thou wilt betray or shame thy self.

Evad. To cover shame I took thee, never fear
That I would blaze my self.

Amint. Nor let the King
Know I conceive he wrongs me, then mine honour
Will thrust me into action, that my flesh
Could bear with patience; and it is some ease
To me in these extremities, that I knew this
Before I toucht thee; else had all the sins
Of mankind stood betwixt me and the King,
I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine.
I have lost one desire, 'tis not his crown
Shall buy me to thy bed: now I resolve
He has dishonour'd thee; give me thy hand,
Be careful of thy credit, and sin close,
'Tis all I wish; upon thy Chamber-floore
I'll rest to night, that morning visiters
May think we did as married people use.
And prethee smile upon me when they come,
And seem to toy, as if thou hadst been pleas'd
With what we did. *Evad.* Fear not, I will do this.

Amint. Come let us practise, and as wantonly
As ever loving Bride and Bridegroom met,
Lets laugh and enter here. *Evad.* I am content.

Amint. Down all the swellings of my troubled heart.
When we walk thus intwin'd, let all eyes see
If ever Lovers better did agree. [Exit.

Enter Aspatia, Antiphila and Olympias.

Asp. Away, you are not sad, force it no further;
Good Gods, how well you look! such a full colour
Young bashful Brides put on: sure you are new married.

Ant. Yes Madam, to your grief.

Asp. Alas! poor Wenches.
Go learn to love first, learn to lose your selves,
Learn to be flattered, and believe, and bless
The double tongue that did it;
Make a Faith out of the miracles of Ancient Lovers.
Did you ne're love yet, Wenches? speak *Olympias*,
Such as speak truth and dy'd in't,
And like me believe all faithful, and be miserable;
Thou hast an easie temper, fit for stamp.

Olymp. Never. *Asp.* Nor you *Antiphila*?

Ant. Nor I.

Asp. Then my good Girls, be more than Women, wife.
At least be more than I was; and be sure you credit any
thing the light gives light to, before a man; rather believe
the Sea weeps for the ruin'd Merchant when he roars; rather
the wind courts but the pregnant fails when the strong
cordage cracks; rather the Sun comes but to kiss the Fruit
in wealthy Autumn, when all falls blasted; if you needs
must love (forc'd by ill fate) take to your maiden bosoms
two dead cold aspicks, and of them make Lovers, they can-
not flatter nor forswear; one kiss makes a long peace for all;
but man, Oh that beast man! Come lets be sad my Girls;
That down cast of thine eye, *Olympias*,
Shews a fine sorrow; mark *Antiphila*,
Just such another was the Nymph *Oenone*,
When *Paris* brought home *Helen*: now a tear,
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The *Carthage* Queen, when from a cold Sea Rock,
Full with her sorrow, she tyed fast her eyes
To the fair *Trojan* ships, and having lost them,
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear, *Antiphila*;
What would this Wench do, if she were *Aspatia*?

Here she would stand, till some more pitying God
Turn'd her to Marble: 'tis enough my Wench;
Shew me the piece of Needle-work you wrought.

Ant. Of *Ariadne*, Madam? *Asp.* Yes that piece.
This should be *Theseus*, h'as a coufening face,
You meant him for a man. *Ant.* He was so Madam.

Asp. Why then 'tis well enough, never look back,
You have a full wind, and a false heart *Theseus*;
Does not the story say, his Keel was split,
Or his Masts spent, or some kind rock or other
Met with his Vessel? *Ant.* Not as I remember.

Asp. It should ha' been so; could the Gods know this,
And not of all their number raise a storm?
But they are all as ill. This false smile was well exprest;
Just such another caught me; you shall not go so *Antiphila*,
In this place work a quick sand,
And over it a shallow smiling Water.
And his ship ploughing it, and then a fear.
Do that fear to the life Wench.

Ant. 'Twill wrong the story.

Asp. 'Twill make the story wrong'd by wanton Poets.
Live long and be believ'd; but where's the Lady?

Ant. There Madam.

Asp. Fie, you have mist it here *Antiphila*,
You are much mistaken Wench;
These colours are not dull and pale enough,
To shew a soul so full of misery
As this sad Ladies was; do it by me,
Do it again by me the lost *Aspatia*,
And you shall find all true but the wild Island;
I stand upon the Sea breach now, and think
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desert, and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken, do my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)

Thus, thus, *Antiphila* strive to make me look
Like sorrows monument; and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leaveless; let the Rocks
Groan with continual surges, and behind me
Make all a desolation; look, look Wenches,
A miserable life of this poor Picture.

Olym. Dear Madam!

Asp. I have done, sit down, and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes, that point there;
Make a dull silence till you feel a sudden sadness
Give us new souls. [Enter *Calianax*.

Cal. The King may do this, and he may not do it;
My child is wrong'd, disgrac'd: well, how now *Huswives*?
What at your ease? is this a time to sit still? up you young
Lazie Whores, up or I'll swing you.

Olym. Nay, good my Lord.

Cal. You'll lie down shortly, get you in and work;
What are you grown so resty? you want ears,
We shall have some of the Court boys do that Office.

Ant. My Lord we do no more than we are charg'd;
It is the Ladies pleasure we be thus in grief;
She is forsaken.

Cal. There's a Rogue too,
A young dissembling slave; well, get you in,
I'll have a bout with that boy; 'tis high time
Now to be valiant; I confess my youth
Was never prone that way: what, made an Ass?
A Court stale? well I will be valiant,
And beat some dozen of these Whelps; I will; and there's
Another of 'em, a trim cheating souldier,
I'll maul that Rascal, h'as out-brav'd me twice;
But now I thank the Gods I am valiant;
Go, get you in, I'll take a course with all.

[Exeunt *Ommes*.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Cleon, Strato, Diphilus.

CLEON. Your sister is not up yet.

Diph. Oh, Brides must take their mornings rest,
The night is troublesome. STRATO. But not tedious.

Diph. What odds, he has not my Sisters maiden-head to night?

STRATO. No, it's odds against any Bridegroom living, he ne're gets it while he lives.

Diph. Y'are merry with my Sister, you'l please to allow me the same freedom with your Mother.

STRATO. She's at your service.

Diph. Then she's merry enough of her self, she needs no tickling; knock at the door.

STRATO. We shall interrupt them.

Diph. No matter, they have the year before them.
Good morrow Sister; spare your self to day, the night will come again. [Enter Amintor.]

AMINTOR. Who's there, my Brother? I am no readier yet, your Sister is but now up.

Diph. You look as you had lost your eyes to night; I think you ha' not slept. AMINTOR. I faith I have not.

Diph. You have done better then.

AMINTOR. We ventured for a Boy; when he is Twelve, He shall command against the foes of Rhodes.

STRATO. You cannot, you want sleep. [Aside.]

AMINTOR. 'Tis true; but she

As if she had drunk *Lethe*, or had made
Even with Heaven, did fetch so still a sleep,
So sweet and sound. Diph. What's that?

AMINTOR. Your Sister frets this morning, and does turn her eyes upon me, as people on their headsmen; she does chafe, and kiss, and chafe again, and clap my cheeks; she's in another world.

Diph. Then I had lost; I was about to lay, you had not got her Maiden-head to night.

AMINTOR. Ha! he does not mock me; y'ad lost indeed; I do not use to bungle. CLEON. You do deserve her.

AMINTOR. I laid my lips to hers, and what wild breath
That was rude and rough to me, last night [Aside.]
Was sweet as *April*; I'le be guilty too,
If these be the effects. Enter Melantius.

MELANTIUS. Good day Amintor, for to me the name
Of Brother is too distant; we are friends,
And that is nearer. AMINTOR. Dear Melantius!
Let me behold thee; is it possible?

MELANTIUS. What sudden gaze is this?

AMINTOR. 'Tis wonderous strange.

MELANTIUS. Why does thine eye desire so strict a view
Of that it knows so well?

There's nothing here that is not thine.

AMINTOR. I wonder much Melantius,
To see those noble looks that make me think
How vertuous thou art; and on the sudden
'Tis strange to me, thou shouldst have worth and honour,
Or not be base, and false, and treacherous,
And every ill. But——

MELANTIUS. Stay, stay my Friend, (brace me.)
I fear this sound will not become our loves; no more, em-

AMINTOR. Oh mistake me not;
I know thee to be full of all those deeds
That we frail men call good: but by the course
Of nature thou shouldst be as quickly chang'd
As are the winds, dissembling as the Sea,
That now wears brows as smooth as Virgins be,
Tempting the Merchant to invade his face,
And in an hour calls his billows up,
And shoots 'em at the Sun, destroying all
He carries on him. O how near am I
To utter my sick thoughts! [Aside.]

MELANTIUS. But why, my Friend, should I be so by Nature?

AMINTOR. I have wed thy Sister, who hath vertuous thoughts
Enough for one whole family, and it is strange
That you should feel no want.

MELANTIUS. Believe me, this complement's too cunning for me.

Diph. What should I be then by the course of nature,
They having both robb'd me of so much vertue?

STRATO. O call the Bride, my Lord Amintor, that we may
see her blush, and turn her eyes down; it is the prettiest sport.

AMINTOR. Evadne! EVADNE. My Lord! [Within.]

AMINTOR. Come forth my Love,
Your Brothers do attend to wish you joy.

EVADNE. I am not ready yet.

AMINTOR. Enough, enough.

EVADNE. They'l mock me.

AMINTOR. Faith thou shalt come in. [Enter Evadne.]

MELANTIUS. Good morrow Sister; he that understands
Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy.

You have enough, take heed you be not proud.

Diph. O Sister, what have you done!

EVADNE. I done! why, what have I done?

STRATO. My Lord Amintor swears you are no Maid now.

EVADNE. Push! STRATO. I faith he does.

EVADNE. I knew I should be mockt.

Diph. With a truth.

EVADNE. If'twere to do again, in faith I would not marry.

AMINTOR. Not I by Heaven. [Aside.]

Diph. Sister, *Dula* swears she heard you cry two rooms off.

EVADNE. Fie how you talk! Diph. Let's see you walk.

EVADNE. By my troth y'are spoil'd. MELANTIUS. Amintor!

AMINTOR. Ha! MELANTIUS. Thou art sad.

AMINTOR. Who I? I thank you for that, shall Diphilus,
thou and I sing a catch? MELANTIUS. How!

AMINTOR. Prethee let's.

MELANTIUS. Nay, that's too much the other way.

AMINTOR. I am so lightned with my happiness: how dost
thou Love? kiss me.

EVADNE. I cannot love you, you tell tales of me.

AMINTOR. Nothing but what becomes us: Gentlemen,
Would you had all such Wives, and all the world,
That I might be no wonder; y'are all sad;
What, do you envie me? I walk methinks
On water, and ne're sink, I am so light.

MELANTIUS. 'Tis well you are so.

AMINTOR. Well? how can I be other, when she looks thus?
Is there no musick there? let's dance.

MELANTIUS. Why? this is strange, Amintor!

AMINTOR. I do not know my self;
Yet I could wish my joy were less.

Diph. I'le marry too, if it will make one thus.

EVADNE. Amintor, hark. [Aside.]

AMINTOR. What says my Love? I must obey.

EVADNE. You do it scurvily, 'twill be perceiv'd.

CLEON. My Lord the King is here. [Enter King and Lyfs.]

AMINTOR. Where? STRATO. And his Brother.

KING. Good morrow all.

AMINTOR, joy on, joy fall thick upon thee!
And Madam, you are alter'd since I saw you,
I must salute you; you are now anothers;
How lik't you your nights rest? EVADNE. Ill Sir.

AMINTOR. I! 'deed she took but little.

LYFS. You'l let her take more, and thank her too shortly.

KING. Amintor, wert thou truly honest
Till thou wert Married?

AMINTOR. Yes Sir.

KING. Tell me then, how shews the sport unto thee?

AMINTOR. Why well. KING. What did you do?

AMINTOR. No more nor less than other couples use;
You know what 'tis; it has but a course name.

KING. But prethee, I should think by her black eye,
And her red cheek, she should be quick and stirring
In this same business, ha?

AMINTOR. I cannot tell, I ne're try'd other Sir, but I perceive
She is as quick as you delivered.

KING. Well, you'l trust me then Amintor,

To choose a Wife for you agen? *Amint.* No never Sir.

King. Why? like you this so ill?

Amint. So well I like her.

For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,
And unto Heaven will pay my grateful tribute
Hourly, and to hope we shall draw out
A long contented life together here,
And die both full of gray hairs in one day;
For which the thanks is yours; but if the powers
That rule us, please to call her first away,
Without pride spoke, this World holds not a Wife
Worthy to take her room.

King. I do not like this; all forbear the room
But you *Amintor* and your Lady. I have some speech with
You; that may concern your after living well.

Amint. He will not tell me that he lies with her: if he do,
Something Heavenly stay my heart, for I shall be apt
To thrust this arm of mine to acts unlawful.

King. You will suffer me to talk with her *Amintor*,
And not have a jealous pang!

Amint. Sir, I dare trust my Wife
With whom she dares to talk, and not be jealous.

King. How do you like *Amintor*?

Evad. As I did Sir. *King.* How's that!

Evad. As one that to fulfil your will and pleasure,
I have given leave to call me Wife and Love.

King. I see there is no lasting Faith in Sin;
They that break word with Heaven, will break again
With all the World, and so dost thou with me.

Evad. How Sir?

King. This subtle Womans ignorance
Will not excuse you; thou hast taken Oaths
So great, methought they did not well become
A Womans mouth, that thou wouldst ne're enjoy
A man but me.

Evad. I never did swear so; you do me wrong.

King. Day and night have heard it.

Evad. I swore indeed that I would never love
A man of lower place; but if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bade you trust
I would forsake you, and would bend to him
That won your Throne; I love with my ambition,
Not with mine eyes; but if I ever yet
Toucht any other, Leprosie light here
Upon my face, which for your Royalty I would not stain.

King. Why thou dissemblest, and it is in me to punish thee.

Evad. Why, it is in me then not to love you, which will
More afflict your body, than your punishment can mine.

King. But thou hast let *Amintor* lie with thee.

Evad. I ha'not. *King.* Impudence! he saies himself so.

Evad. He lyes. *King.* He does not.

Evad. By this light he does, strangely and basely, and
I'le prove it so; I did not shun him for a night,
But told him I would never close with him.

King. Speak lower, 'tis false.

Evad. I'm no man to answer with a blow;
Or if I were, you are the King, but urge me not, 'tis most true.

King. Do not I know the uncontroled thoughts
That youth brings with him, when his blood is high
With expectation and desires of that
He long hath waited for? is not his spirit,
Though he be temperate, of a valiant strain,
As this our age hath known? what could he do,
If such a sudden speech had met his blood,
But ruine thee for ever? if he had not kill'd thee,
He could not bear it thus; he is as we,
Or any other wrong'd man. *Evad.* It is dissembling.

King. Take him; farewell; henceforth I am thy foe;
And what disgraces I can blot thee, look for.

Evad. Stay Sir; *Amintor*, you shall hear, *Amintor*.

Amint. What my Love?

Evad. *Amintor*, thou hast an ingenious look,
And shouldst be vertuous; it amazeth me,
That thou canst make such base malicious lyes.

Amint. What my dear Wife?

Evad. Dear Wife! I do despise thee;
Why, nothing can be baser, than to sow
Dissention amongst Lovers. *Amint.* Lovers! who?

Evad. The King and me. *Amint.* O Heaven!

Evad. Who should live long, and love without distaste,
Were it not for such pickthanks as thy self!

Did you lie with me? swear now, and be punisht in hell
For this. *Amint.* The faithless Sin I made

To fair *Aspatia*, is not yet reveng'd,
It follows me; I will not lose a word

To this wild Woman; but to you my King,
The anguish of my soul thrusts out this truth,

Y'are a Tyrant; and not so much to wrong
An honest man thus, as to take a pride

In talking with him of it.

Evad. Now Sir, see how loud this fellow lyed.

Amint. You that can know to wrong, should know how
Men must right themselves: what punishment is due
From me to him that shall abuse my bed!

It is not death; nor can that satisfie,
Unless I send your lives through all the Land,
To shew how nobly I have freed my self.

King. Draw not thy Sword, thou knowest I cannot fear
A subjects hand; but thou shalt feel the weight of this
If thou dost rage. *Amint.* The weight of that?

If you have any worth, for Heavens sake think

I fear not Swords; for as you are meer man,
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,

As you dare think to do it; but there is
Divinity about you, that strikes dead

My rising passions, as you are my King,
I fall before you, and present my Sword

To cut mine own flesh, if it be your will.

Alas! I am nothing but a multitude
Of walking griefs; yet should I murder you,

I might before the world take the excuse
Of madness: for compare my injuries,

And they will well appear too sad a weight
For reason to endure; but fall I first

Amongst my sorrows, ere my treacherous hand
Touch holy things: but why? I know not what

I have to say; why did you choose out me
To make thus wretched? there were thousand fools

Easie to work on, and of state enough within the Island.

Evad. I would not have a fool, it were no credit for me.

Amint. Worse and worse!

Thou that dar'st talk unto thy Husband thus,
Profess thy self a Whore; and more than so,

Resolve to be so still; it is my fate

To bear and bow beneath a thousand griefs,
To keep that little credit with the World.

But there were wise ones too, you might have ta'ne another.

King. No; for I believe thee honest, as thou wert valiant.

Amint. All the happiness

Bestow'd upon me, turns into disgrace;

Gods take your honesty again, for I
Am loaden with it; good my Lord the King, be private in it.

King. Thou may'st live *Amintor*,

Free as thy King, if thou wilt wink at this,
And be a means that we may meet in secret.

Amint. A Baud! hold my breast, a bitter curse

Seize me, if I forget not all respects
That are Religious, on another word

Sounded like that, and through a Sea of sins
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call

Pains here, and after life upon my soul.

King. Well! am resolute you lay not with her,
And so leave you. [Exit King]

Evad. You must be prating, and see what follows.

Amint. Prethee vex me not.

Leave me, I am afraid some sudden start
Will pull a murder on me.

Evad. I am gone; I love my life well. [Exit Evadne]

Amint.

Amint. I hate mine as much.
This 'tis to break a troth; I should be glad
If all this tide of grief would make me mad.

[Exit.]

Enter Melantius.

Mel. I'll know the cause of all *Amintors* griefs,
Or friendship shall be idle.

[Enter Calianax.]

Cal. O *Melantius*, my Daughter will die.

Mel. Trust me, I am sorry; would thou hadst ta'ner her room.

Cal. Thou art a slave, a cut-throat slave, a bloody treacherous slave.

Melan. Take heed old man, thou wilt be heard to rave,
And lose thine Offices. *Cal.* I am valiant grown
At all these years, and thou art but a slave.

Mel. Leave, some company will come, and I respect
Thy years, not thee so much, that I could wish
To laugh at thee alone.

Cal. I'll spoil your mirth, I mean to fight with thee;
There lie my Cloak, this was my Fathers Sword,
And he durst fight; are you prepar'd?

Mel. Why? wilt thou doat thy self out of thy life?
Hence get thee to bed, have careful looking to, and eat
warm things, and trouble not me: my head is full of
thoughts more weighty than thy life or death can be.

Cal. You have a name in War, when you stand safe
Amongst a multitude; but I will try
What you dare do unto a weak old man
In single fight; you'll ground I fear: Come draw.

Mel. I will not draw, unless thou pul'st thy death
Upon thee with a stroke; there's no one blow
That thou canst give, hath strength enough to kill me.

Tempt me not so far then; the power of earth
Shall not redeem thee. *Cal.* I must let him alone,
He's stout and able; and to say the truth,

However I may set a face, and talk,
I am not valiant: when I was a youth,
I kept my credit with a testie trick I had,
Amongst cowards, but durst never fight.

Mel. I will not promise to preserve your life if you do stay.

Cal. I would give half my Land that I durst fight with that
proud man a little: if I had men to hold, I would beat him,
till he ask me mercy.

Mel. Sir, will you be gone?

Cal. I dare not stay, but I will go home, and beat my
servants all over for this. [Exit Calianax.]

Mel. This old fellow haunts me,
But the distracted carriage of mine *Amintor*
Takes deeply on me, I will find the cause;
I fear his Conscience cries, he wrong'd *Aspatia*.

Enter Amintor.

Amint. Mens eyes are not so subtil to perceive
My inward misery; I bear my grief
Hid from the World; how art thou wretched then?
For ought I know, all Husbands are like me;
And every one I talk with of his Wife,
Is but a well dissembler of his woes
As I am; would I knew it, for the rareness afflicts me now.

Mel. *Amintor*, We have not enjoy'd our friendship of
late, for we were wont to charge our souls in talk.

Amint. *Melantius*, I can tell thee a good jest of *Strato* and
a Lady the last day. *Mel.* How wast?

Amint. Why such an odd one.

Mel. I have long'd to speak with you, not of an idle jest
that's forc'd, but of matter you are bound to utter to me.

Amint. What is that my friend?

Mel. I have observ'd, your words fall from your tongue
Wildly; and all your carriage,
Like one that strove to shew his merry mood,
When he were ill dispos'd: you were not wont
To put such scorn into your speech, or wear
Upon your face ridiculous jollity:
Some sadness sits here, which your cunning would
Cover o're with smiles, and 'twill not be. What is it?

Amint. A sadness here! what cause
Can fate provide for me, to make me so?
Am I not lov'd through all this Isle? the King
Rains greatness on me: have I not received
A Lady to my bed, that in her eye
Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheeks
Inevitable colour, in her heart

A prison for all vertue? are not you,
Which is above all joyes, my constant friend?
What sadness can I have? no, I am light,
And feel the courses of my blood more warm
And stirring than they were; faith marry too,
And you will feel so unexpress'd a joy
In chaste embraces, that you will indeed appear another.

Mel. You may shape, *Amintor*,
Causes to cozen the whole world withal,
And your self too; but 'tis not like a friend,
To hide your soul from me; 'tis not your nature
To be thus idle; I have seen you stand
As you were blasted; midst of all your mirth,
Call thrice aloud, and then start, feigning joy
So coldly: World! what do I here? a friend
Is nothing, Heaven! I would ha' told that man
My secret sins; I'll search an unknown Land,
And there plant friendship, all is withered here;
Come with a complement, I would have fought,
Or told my friend he ly'd, ere sooth'd him so;
Out of my bosom. *Amint.* But there is nothing.

Mel. Worse and worse; farewell;
From this time have acquaintance, but no friend.

Amint. *Melantius*, stay, you shall know what that is.

Mel. See how you play'd with friendship; be advis'd
How you give cause unto your self to say, You ha' lost a friend.

Amint. Forgive what I have done;
For I am so ore-gone with injuries
Unheard of, that I lose consideration
Of what I ought to do—oh—oh.

Mel. Do not weep; what is't?
May I once but know the man
Hath turn'd my friend thus?

Amint. I had spoke at first, but that. *Mel.* But what?

Amint. I held it most unfit

For you to know; faith do not know it yet.

Mel. Thou see'st my love, that will keep company
With thee in tears; hide nothing then from me;
For when I know the cause of thy distemper,
With mine own armour I'll adorn my self,
My resolution, and cut through thy foes,
Unto thy quiet, till I place thy heart
As peaceable as spotless innocence. What is it?

Amint. Why, 'tis this—it is too big
To get out, let my tears make way a while.

Mel. Punish me strangely heaven, if he escape
Of life or fame; that brought this youth to this.

Amint. Your Sister. *Mel.* Well said.

Amint. You'll wish't unknown, when you have heard it.

Mel. No. *Amint.* Is much to blame,
And to the King has given her honour up,
And lives in Whoredom with him. *Mel.* How, this!

Thou art run mad with injury indeed,
Thou couldst not utter this else; speak again,
For I forgive it freely; tell thy griefs:

Amint. She's wanton; I am loth to say a Whore,
Though it be true.

Mel. Speak yet again, before mine anger grow
Up beyond throwing down; what are thy griefs?

Amint. By all our friendship; these.

Mel. What? am I tame?
After mine actions, shall the name of friend
Blot all our family, and strike the brand
Of Whore upon my Sister unrevenge'd?
My shaking flesh be thou a Witness for me,
With what unwillingness I go to scourge
This Raylor, whom my folly hath call'd Friend;

I will not take thee basely; thy sword
Hangs near thy hand, draw it, that I may whip
Thy rashness to repentance; draw thy sword.

Amint. Not on thee, did thine anger swell as high
As the wild surges; thou shouldst do me ease
Here, and Eternally, if thy noble hand
Would cut me from my sorrows.

Mel. This is base and fearful! they that use to utter lyes,
Provide not blows, but words to qualifie
The men they wrong'd; thou hast a guilty cause.

Amint. Thou pleafest me; for so much more like this,
Will raise my anger up above my griefs,
Which is a passion easier to be born,
And I shall then be happy.

Mel. Take then more to raise thine anger. 'Tis meer
Cowardize makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee dead
However; but if thou art so much prest
With guilt and fear, as not to dare to fight,
I'll make thy memory loath'd, and fix a scandal
Upon thy name for ever.

Amint. Then I draw,
As justly as our Magistrates their Swords,
To cut offenders off; I knew before

'Twould grate your ears; but it was base in you
To urge a weighty secret from your friend,
And then rage at it; I shall be at ease
If I be kill'd; and if you fall by me,
I shall not long out-live you.

Mel. Stay a while.
The name of friend is more than family,
Or all the world besides; I was a fool.
Thou searching humane nature, that didst wake

To do me wrong, thou art inquisitive,
And thrusts me upon questions that will take
My sleep away; would I had died ere known
This sad dishonour; pardon me my friend;
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart,
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand

To thine; behold the power thou hast in me!
I do believe my Sister is a Whore,
A Leprous one, put up thy sword young man.

Amint. How should I bear it then, she being so?
I fear my friend that you will lose me shortly;
And I shall do a foul action my self

Through these disgraces. *Mel.* Better half the Land
Were buried quick together; no, *Amintor,*

Thou shalt have ease: O this Adulterous King
That drew her to't! where got he the spirit
To wrong me so? *Amint.* What is it then to me,
If it be wrong to you!

Mel. Why, not so much: the credit of our house
Is thrown away;

But from his Iron Den I'll waken death,
And hurle him on this King; my honesty
Shall steel my sword, and on its horrid point
I'll wear my cause, that shall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittering
For him to look on.

Amint. I have quite undone my fame.

Mel. Dry up thy watry eyes,
And cast a manly look upon my face;
For nothing is so wild as I thy friend
Till I have freed thee; still this swelling breast;
I go thus from thee, and will never cease
My vengeance, till I find my heart at peace.

Amint. It must not be so; stay, mine eyes would tell
How loth I am to this; but love and tears

Leave me a while, for I have hazarded
All this world calls happy; thou hast wrought
A secret from me under name of Friend,
Which Art could ne're have found, nor torture wrung
From out my bosom; give it me agen,
For I will find it, wheresoe're it lies

Hid in the mortal'st part; invent a way to give it back.

Mel. Why, would you have it back?
I will to death pursue him with revenge.

Amint. Therefore I call it back from thee; for I know
Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stir in this, and shame me
To posterity: take to thy Weapon.

Mel. Hear thy friend, that bears more years than thou.

Amint. I will not hear: but draw, or I— *Mel. Amintor.*

Amint. Draw then, for I am full as resolute
As fame and honour can inforce me be;
I cannot linger, draw. *Mel.* I do—but is not
My share of credit equal with thine if I do stir?

Amint. No; for it will be cal'd
Honour in thee to spill thy Sisters blood,
If she her birth abuse, and on the King
A brave revenge: but on me that have walkt
With patience in it, it will fix the name
Of fearful Cuckold—O that word! be quick.

Mel. Then joyn with me.

Amint. I dare not do a sin, or else I would: be speedy.

Mel. Then dare not fight with me, for that's a sin.
His grief distracts him; call thy thoughts agen,
And to thy self pronounce the name of friend,
And see what that will work; I will not fight.

Amint. You must.

Mel. I will be kill'd first, though my passions
Offered the like to you; 'tis not this earth
Shall buy my reason to it; think a while,
For you are (I must weep when I speak that)
Almost besides your self. *Amint.* Oh my soft temper!

So many sweet words from thy Sisters mouth,
I am afraid would make me take her
To embrace, and pardon her. I am mad indeed,
And know not what I do; yet have a care
Of me in what thou doest. (to save

Mel. Why thinks my friend I will forget his honour, or
The bravery of our house, will lose his fame,
And fear to touch the Throne of Majesty?

Amint. A curse will follow that, but rather live
And suffer with me.

Mel. I will do what worth shall bid me, and nomore.

Amint. Faith I am sick, and desperately I hope,
Yet leaning thus, I feel a kind of ease.

Mel. Come take agen your mirth about you.

Amint. I shall never do't.

Mel. I warrant you, look up, wee'll walk together,
Put thine arm here, all shall be well agen.

Amint. Thy Love, O wretched, I thy Love, *Melantius*; why,
I have nothing else.

Mel. Be merry then. [*Exeunt. Enter Melantius agen.*

Mel. This worthy young man may do violence
Upon himself, but I have cherisht him
To my best power; and sent him smiling from me
To counterfeit again; sword hold thine edge,
My heart will never fail me: *Diphilus,*
Thou com'st as sent. [*Enter Diphilus.*

Diph. Yonder has been such laughing.

Mel. Betwixt whom?

Diph. Why, our Sister and the King,
I thought their spleens would break,
They laught us all out of the room.

Mel. They must weep, *Diphilus.* *Diph.* Must they?

Mel. They must: thou art my Brother, and if I did believe
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst. (find it.

Diph. You should not, I would first mangle my self and

Mel. That was spoke according to our strain; come
Joyn thy hands to mine,
And swear a firmness to what project I shall lay before thee.

Diph. You do wrong us both;
People hereafter shall not say there past
A bond more than our loves, to tie our lives
And deaths together.

Mel. It is as nobly said as I would wish;
Anon I'll tell you wonders; we are wrong'd.

Diph. But I will tell you now, wee'll right our selves.

Mel. Stay not, prepare the armour in my house;

And what friends you can draw unto our side,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too;
Haste *Diphilus*, the time requires it, haste. [*Exit Diphilus.*]
I hope my cause is just, I know my blood
Tells me it is, and I will credit it:
To take revenge, and lose my self withal,
Were idle; and to scape impossible,
Without I had the fort, which misery
Remaining in the hands of my old enemy
Calianax, but I must have it, see [*Enter Calianax.*]
Where he comes shaking by me: good my Lord,
Forget your spleen to me, I never wrong'd you,
But would have peace with every man. *Cal.* 'Tis well;
If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.

Mel. Y'are touchie without all cause.

Cal. Do, mock me.

Mel. By mine honour I speak truth.

Cal. Honour? where is't?

Mel. See what starts you make into your hatred to my
love and freedom to you.

I come with resolution to obtain a suit of you.

Cal. A suit of me! 'tis very like it should be granted, Sir.

Mel. Nay, go not hence;

'Tis this; you have the keeping of the Fort,
And I would wish you by the love you ought
To bear unto me, to deliver it into my hands.

Cal. I am in hope that thou art mad, to talk to me thus.

Mel. But there is a reason to move you to it. I would
kill the King that wrong'd you and your daughter.

Cal. Out Traytor!

Mel. Nay but stay; I cannot scape, the deed once done,
Without I have this fort.

Cal. And should I help thee? now thy treacherous mind
betrays it self. *Mel.* Come, delay me not;

Give me a sudden answer, or already
Thy last is spoke; refuse not offered love,
When it comes clad in secrets.

Cal. If I say I will not, he will kill me, I do see't writ
In his looks; and should I say I will, he'l run and tell the
King: I do not shun your friendship dear *Melantius*,
But this cause is weighty, give me but an hour to think.

Mel. Take it—I know this goes unto the King,
But I am arm'd. [*Ex. Melant.*]

Cal. Me thinks I feel my self
But twenty now agen; this fighting fool
Wants Policy; I shall revenge my Girl,
And make her red again; I pray, my legs
Will last that pace that I will carry them,
I shall want breath before I find the King.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Melantius, Evadne, and a Lady.

MEL. Save you.

Evadne. Save you sweet Brother.

Mel. In my blunt eye methinks you look *Evadne*.

Evadne. Come, you would make me blush.

Mel. I would *Evadne*, I shall displease my ends else.

Evadne. You shall if you command me; I am bashful;
Come Sir, how do I look?

Mel. I would not have your women hear me
Break into commendation of you, 'tis not seemly.

Evadne. Go wait me in the Gallery—now speak.

Mel. I'll lock the door first. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Evadne. Why?

Mel. I will not have your gilded things that dance in vi-
sitation with their Millan skins choke up my business.

Evadne. You are strangely dispos'd Sir.

Mel. Good Madam, not to make you merry.

Evadne. No, if you praise me, 'twill make me sad.

Mel. Such a sad commendation I have for you.

Evadne. Brother, the Court hath made you witty,
And learn to riddle. (thing?)

Mel. I praise the Court for't; has it learned you no-
Evadne. Me?

Mel. I *Evadne*, thou art young and handfom,
A Lady of a sweet complexion,
And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot
Chuse but inflame a Kingdom. *Evadne.* Gentle Brother!

Mel. 'Tis yet in thy remembrance, foolish woman,
To make me gentle. *Evadne.* How is this?

Mel. 'Tis base,
And I could blush at these years, thorough all
My honour'd scars, to come to such a parly.

Evadne. I understand you not. *Mel.* You dare not, Fool;
They that commit thy faults, fly the remembrance.

Evadne. My faults, Sir! I would have you know I care not
If they were written here, here in my forehead.

Mel. Thy body is too little for the story,
The lusts of which would fill another woman,
Though she had Twins within her. *Evadne.* This is faucy;
Look you intrude no more, there lies your way.

Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee,
Till I find truth out.

Evadne. What truth is that you look for?

Mel. Thy long-lost honour: would the Gods had fet me
One of their loudest bolts; come tell me quickly,
Do it without enforcement, and take heed
You swell me not above my temper.

Evadne. How Sir? where got you this report?

Mel. Where there was people in every place.

Evadne. They and the seconds of it are base people;
Believe them not, they lyed.

Mel. Do not play with mine anger, do not Wretch,
I come to know that desperate Fool that drew thee
From thy fair life; be wise, and lay him open.

Evadne. Unhand me, and learn manners, such another
Forgetfulness forfeits your life.

Mel. Quench me this mighty humour, and then tell me
Whose Whore you are, for you are one, I know it.
Let all mine honours perish but I'll find him,
Though he lie lockt up in thy blood; be sudden;
There is no facing it, and be not flattered;
The burnt air, when the *Dog* rains, is not fouler
Than thy contagious name, till thy repentance
(If the Gods grant thee any) purge thy sickness.

Evadne. Be gone, you are my Brother, that's your safety.

Mel. I'll be a Wolf first; 'tis to be thy Brother
An infamy below the sin of a Coward:

I am as far from being part of thee,
As thou art from thy vertue: seek a kindred
'Mongst sensual beasts, and make a Goat thy Brother,
A Goat is cooler; will you tell me yet?

Evadne. If you stay here and rail thus, I shall tell you,
I'll ha' you whipt; get you to your command, (you.
And tell them what a brave man you are; I shall laugh at

Mel. Y'are grown a glorious Whore; where be your
Fighters? what mortal Fool durst raise thee to this daring,
And I alive? by my just Sword, h'ad safer
Bestride a Billow when the angry North
Plows up the Sea, or made Heavens fire his food;
Work me no higher; will you discover yet?

Evadne. The Fellow's mad, sleep and speak sense.

Mel. Force my swollen heart no further; I would save
thee; your great maintainers are not here, they dare not,
would they were all, and armed, I would speak loud; here's
one should thunder to 'em: will you tell me? thou hast no
hope to scape; he that dares most, and damns away his soul
to do thee service, will sooner fetch meat from a hungry
Lion, than come to rescue thee; thou hast death about
thee: h'as undone thine honour, poyson'd thy vertue, and
of a lovely rose, left thee a canker.

Evadne. Let me consider. *Mel.* Do, whose child thou wert,
Whose honour thou hast murdered, whose grave open'd,

And

And so pull'd on the Gods, that in their justice
They must restore him flesh again and life,
And raise his dry bones to revenge his scandal.

Evad. The gods are not of my mind; they had better let
'em lie sweet still in the earth; they'll stink here.

Mel. Do you raise mirth out of my easiness?
Forfake me then all weaknesses of Nature,
That make men women: Speak you whore, speak truth,
Or by the dear soul of thy sleeping Father,
This sword shall be thy lover: tell, or I'll kill thee:
And when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserve it.

Evad. You will not murder me!

Mel. No, 'tis a justice, and a noble one,
To put the light out of such base offenders.

Evad. Help!

Mel. By thy foul self, no humane help shall help thee,
If thou criest: when I have kill'd thee, as I have
Vow'd to do, if thou confests not, naked as thou hast left
Thine honour, will I leave thee,
That on thy branded flesh the world may read
Thy black shame, and my justice; wilt thou bend yet?

Evad. Yes. *Mel.* Up and begin your story.

Evad. Oh I am miserable.

Mel. 'Tis true, thou art, speak truth still.

Evad. I have offended, noble Sir: forgive me.

Mel. With what secure slave? *Evad.* Do not ask me Sir.
Mine own remembrance is a misery too mightie for me.

Mel. Do not fall back again; my sword's unsheath'd yet.

Evad. What shall I do?

Mel. Be true, and make your fault less.

Evad. I dare not tell.

Mel. Tell, or I'll be this day a killing thee.

Evad. Will you forgive me then?

Mel. Stay, I must ask mine honour first, I have too much
foolish nature in me; speak. *Evad.* Is there none else here?

Mel. None but a fearful conscience, that's too many. Who

Evad. O hear me gently; it was the King. (is't?)

Mel. No more. My worthy father's and my services
Are liberally rewarded! King, I thank thee,
For all my dangers and my wounds, thou hast paid me
In my own metal: These are Souldiers thanks.
How long have you liv'd thus *Evadne*? *Evad.* Too long.

Mel. Too late you find it: can you be sorry?

Evad. Would I were half as blameless.

Mel. *Evadne*, thou wilt to thy trade again.

Evad. First to my grave.

Mel. Would gods th'hadst been so blest:
Dost thou not hate this King now? prethee hate him:
Couldst thou not curse him? I command thee curse him,
Curse till the gods hear, and deliver him
To thy just wishes: yet I fear *Evadne*,
You had rather play your game out.

Evad. No, I feel (after.
Too many sad confusions here to let in any loose flame here-

Mel. Dost thou not feel amongst all those one brave anger
That breaks out nobly, and directs thine arm to kill this base

Evad. All the gods forbid it. (King?)

Mel. No, all the gods require it, they are dishonoured in

Evad. 'Tis too fearful. (him.)

Mel. Y'are valiant in his bed, and bold enough
To be a stale whore, and have your Madams name
Discourse for Grooms and Pages, and hereafter
When his cool Majestie hath laid you by,
To be at pension with some needy Sir
For meat and courser clothes, thus far you know no fear.
Come, you shall kill him. *Evad.* Good Sir!

Mel. And 'twere to kiss him dead, thou'd smother him;
Be wife and kill him: Canst thou live and know
What noble minds shall make thee see thy self
Found out with every finger, made the shame
Of all successions, and in this great ruine
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?
Thou shalt not live thus; kneel and swear to help me
When I shall call thee to it, or by all

Holy in heaven and earth, thou shalt not live
To breath a full hour longer, not a thought:
Come 'tis a righteous oath; give me thy hand,
And both to heaven held up, swear by that wealth
This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it,
To let his foul soul out. *Evad.* Here I swear it,
And all you spirits of abused Ladies
Help me in this performance.

Mel. Enough; this must be known to none
But you and I *Evadne*; not to your Lord,
Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow
Dares step as far into a worthy action,
As the most daring, I as far as Justice.

Ask me not why. Farewell. [Exit. *Mel.*

Evad. Would I could say so to my black disgrace.
Oh where have I been all this time! how friended,
That I should lose my self thus desperately,
And none for pity shew me how I wandred?
There is not in the compass of the light

A more unhappy creature: sure I am monstrous,
For I have done those follies, those mad mischiefs,
Would dare a woman. O my loaden soul,

Be not so cruel to me, choak not up [Enter *Amintor.*
The way to my repentance. O my Lord.

Amin. How now?

Evad. My much abused Lord! [Kneels.

Amin. This cannot be.

Evad. I do not kneel to live, I dare not hope it;
The wrongs I did are greater; look upon me
Though I appear with all my faults. *Amin.* Stand up.
This is no new way to beget more sorrow;
Heaven knows I have too many; do not mock me;
Though I am tame and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap
Like a hand-wolf into my natural wilderness,
And do an out-rage: pray thee do not mock me.

Evad. My whole life is so leprous, it infects
All my repentance: I would buy your pardon
Though at the highest set, even with my life:
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice
For what I have committed. *Amin.* Sure I dazle:

There cannot be a faith in that foul woman
That knows no God more mighty than her mischiefs:
Thou dost still worst, still number on thy faults,
To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe
There's any seed of Vertue in that woman
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin
Known, and so known as thine is, O *Evadne*!
Would there were any safety in thy sex,
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,
And credit thy repentance: but I must not;
Thou hast brought me to the dull calamity,
To that strange misbelief of all the world,
And all things that are in it, that I fear
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only remembering that I grieve. *Evad.* My Lord,

Give me your griefs: you are an innocent,
A soul as white as heaven: let not my sins
Perish your noble youth: I do not fall here
To shadow by dissembling with my tears,
As all say women can, or to make less
What my hot will hath done, which heaven and you
Knows to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from mans remembrance; no I do not;
I do appear the same, the same *Evadne*,
Drest in the shapes I liv'd in, the same monster.
But these are names of honour, to what I am;
I do present my self the foulest creature,
Most poysonous, dangerous, and despis'd of men,
Lerna e're bred, or *Nilus*; I am hell,
Till you, my dear Lord, shoot your light into me,
The beams of your forgiveness: I am soul-sick,
And whither with the fear of one condemn'd,
Till I have got your pardon. *Amin.* Rise *Evadne*.

Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee,
Grant a continuance of it : I forgive thee ;
Make thy self worthy of it, and take heed,
Take heed *Evadne* this be serious ;
Mock not the powers above, that can and dare
Give thee a great example of their justice
To all ensuing eyes, if thou plaist
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.

Evad. I have done nothing good to win belief,
My life hath been so faithless ; all the creatures
Mads for heavens honours have their ends, and good ones,
All but the coufening *Grocodiles*, false women ;
They reign here like those plagues, those killing fores
Men pray against ; and when they die, like tales
Ill told, and unbeliev'd, they pass away,
And go to dust forgotten : But my Lord,
Those short dayes I shall number to my rest,
(As many must not see me) shall though too late,
Though in my evening, yet perceive a will,
Since I can do no good because a woman,
Reach constantly at some thing that is near it ;
I will redeem one minute of my age,
Or like another *Njobe* Ple weep till I am water.

Amin. I am now dissolved :
My frozen soul melts : may each sin thou hast,
Find a new mercy : Rise, I am at peace :
Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good,
Before that devil King tempted thy frailty,
Sure thou hadst made a star : give me thy hand ;
From this time I will know thee, and as far
As honour gives me leave, be thy *Amintor* :
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly,
And pray the gods to give thee happy dayes :
My charity shall go along with thee,
Though my embraces must be far from thee.
I should ha' kill'd thee, but this sweet repentance
Locks up my vengeance, for which thus I kiss thee,
The last kiss we must take ; and would to heaven
The holy Priest that gave our hands together,
Had given us equal Vertues ; go *Evadne*,
The gods thus part our bodies, have a care
My honour falls no farther, I am well then.

Evad. All the dear joyes here, and above hereafter
Crown thy fair soul : thus I take leave my Lord,
And never shall you see the foul *Evadne*
Till sh'ave tryed all honoured means that may
Set her in rest, and wash her stains away. [Exeunt.]

Banquet. Enter King, *Calianax*. Hoboyes play within.

King. I cannot tell how I should credit this
From you that are his enemy.

Cal. I am sure he said it to me, and Ple justifie it
What way he dares oppose, but with my sword.

King. But did he break without all circumstance
To you his foe, that he would have the Fort
To kill me, and then escape ?

Cal. If he deny it, Ple make him blush.

King. It sounds incredibly.

Cal. I, so does every thing I say of late.

King. Not so *Calianax*. *Cal.* Yes, I should fit
Mute, whilst a Rogue with strong arms cuts your throat.

King. Well, I will try him, and if this be true
Ple pawn my life Ple find it ; if't be false,
And that you clothe your hate in such a lie,
You shall hereafter doat in your own house, not in the Court.

Cal. Why if it be a lie,
Mine ears are false ; for Ple be sworn I heard it :
Old men are good for nothing ; you were best
Put me to death for hearing, and free him
For meaning of it ; you would ha' trusted me
Once, but the time is altered. (world ;

King. And will still where I may do with justice to the
You have no witness. *Cal.* Yes, my self.

King. No more I mean there were that heard it,

Cal. How no more ? would you have more ? why am
Not I enough to hang a thousand Rogues ?

King. But so you may hang honest men too if you please.

Cal. I may, 'tis like I will do so ; there are a hundred will
swear it for a need too, if I say it.

King. Such witnesses we need not. (knave.

Cal. And 'tis hard if my Word cannot hang a boysterous

King. Enough ; where's *Strato* ? *Stra.* Sir !

Enter *Strato*.

King. Why where's all the company ? call *Amintor* in.
Evadne, where's my Brother, and *Melantius* ?

Bid him come too, and *Diphilus* ; call all [Exit *Strato*.

That are without there : if he should desire
The combat of you, 'tis not in the power
Of all our Laws to hinder it, unless we mean to quit 'em.

Cal. Why if you do think
'Tis fit an old Man and a Counsellor,
To fight for what he sayes, then you may grant it.

Enter *Amin.* *Evad.* *Mel.* *Diph.* *Lipsi.* *Cle.* *Stra.* *Diag.*

King. Come Sirs, *Amintor* thou art yet a Bridegroom,
And I will use thee so : thou shalt sit down ;
Evadne sit, and you *Amintor* too ;
This Banquet is for you, sir : Who has brought
A merry Tale about him, to raise a laughter
Amongst our wine ? why *Strato*, where art thou ?
Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably
When I desire 'em not.

Strato. 'Tis my ill luck Sir, so to spend them then.

King. Reach me a bowl of wine : *Melantius*, thou art sad.

Amin. I should be Sir the merriest here,
But I ha' ne're a story of mine own
Worth telling at this time.

King. Give me the Wine.

Melantius, I am now considering
How easie 'twere for any man we trust
To poyson one of us in such a bowl.

Mel. I think it were not hard Sir, for a Knave.

Cal. Such as you are.

King. I' faith 'twere easie, it becomes us well
To get plain dealing men about our selves,
Such as you all are here : *Amintor*, to thee
And to thy fair *Evadne*.

Mel. Have you thought of this *Calianax* ? [Aside.]

Cal. Yes marry have I.

Mel. And what's your resolution ?

Cal. Ye shall have it soundly ?

King. Reach to *Amintor*, *Strato*. *Amin.* Here my love,
This Wine will do thee wrong, for it will set
Blushes upon thy cheeks, and till thou dost a fault, 'twere pity.

King. Yet I wonder much
Of the strange desperation of these men,
That dare attempt such acts here in our State ;
He could not escape that did it.

Mel. Were he known, impossible.

King. It would be known, *Melantius*.

Mel. It ought to be, if he got then away
He must wear all our lives upon his sword,
He need not fly the Island, he must leave no one alive.

King. No, I should think no man
Could kill me and scape clear, but that old man.

Cal. But I ! heaven blefs me : I, should I my Liege ?

King. I do not think thou wouldst, but yet thou might'st,
For thou hast in thy hands the means to scape, (well,
By keeping of the Fort ; he has, *Melantius*, and he has kept it

Mel. From cobwebs Sir,
'Tis clean swept : I can find no other Art (ed.
In keeping of it now, 'twas ne're besieg'd since he command-

Cal. I shall be sure of your good word,
But I have kept it safe from such as you.

Mel. Keep your ill temper in, (much.
I speak no malice ; had my brother kept it I should ha' said as

King. You are not merry, brother ; drink wine,
Sit you all still ! *Calianax*, [Aside.]

I cannot

I cannot trust thus: I have thrown out words
That would have fetcht warm blood upon the cheeks
Of guilty men, and he is never mov'd, he knows no such thing.

Cal. Impudence may scape, when feeble vertue is accus'd.

King. He must, if he were guilty, feel an alteration
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him,
You see he does not. *Cal.* Let him hang himself,
What care I what he does; this he did say.

King. *Melantius*, you cannot easily conceive
What I have meant; for men that are in fault
Can subtly apprehend when others aime
At what they do amiss; but I forgive
Freely before this man; heaven do so too:
I will not touch thee so much as with shame
Of telling it, let it be so no more.

Cal. Why this is very fine. *Mel.* I cannot tell
What 'tis you mean, but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into ignorant fault,
But let me know it; happily 'tis nought
But misconstruction, and where I am clear
I will not take forgiveness of the gods, much less of you.

King. Nay if you stand so stiff, I shall call back my mercy.

Mel. I want smoothness

To thank a man for pardoning of a crime I never knew.

King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but to shew you
my ears are every where, you meant to kill me, and get the
Fort to scape.

Mel. Pardon me Sir; my bluntness will be pardoned:
You preserve

A race of idle people here about you,
Eaters, and talkers, to defame the worth
Of those that do things worthy; the man that uttered this
Had perisht without food, be't who it will,
But for this arm that fenc't him from the foe.
And if I thought you gave a faith to this,
The plainness of my nature would speak more;
Give me a pardon (for you ought to do't)
To kill him that spake this.

Cal. I, that will be the end of all,
Then I am fairly paid for all my care and service.

Mel. That old man who calls me enemy, and of whom I
(Though I will never match my hate so low)
Have no good thought, would yet I think excuse me,
And swear he thought me wrong'd in this.

Cal. Who I, thou shameless fellow! didst thou not speak
to me of it thy self?

Mel. O then it came from him.

Cal. From me! who should it come from but from me?

Mel. Nay, I believe your malice is enough,
But I ha' lost my anger. Sir, I hope you are well satisfied.

King. *Lisp.* Chear *Aminor* and his Lady; there's no sound
Comes from you; I will come and do't my self.

Amin. You have done already Sir for me, I thank you.

King. *Melantius*, I do credit this from him,
How slight so e're you mak't.

Mel. 'Tis strange you should.

Cal. 'Tis strange he should believe an old mans word,
That never lied in his life.

Mel. I talk not to thee;
Shall the wild words of this distempered man,
Frantick with age and sorrow, make a breach
Betwixt your Majesty and me? 'twas wrong
To hearken to him; but to credit him
As much, at least, as I have power to bear.
But pardon me, whilst I speak only truth,
I may commend my self—I have bestow'd
My careless blood with you, and should be loth
To think an action that would make me lose
That, and my thanks too: when I was a-boy,
I thrust my self into my Countries cause,
And did a deed that pluckt five years from time,
And fill'd me man then: And for you my King,
Your subjects all have sed by vertue of my arm.
This sword of mine hath plow'd the ground;

And reap the fruit in peace;
And your self have liv'd at home in ease:
So terrible I grew, that without swords
My name hath fetcht you conquest, and my heart
And limbs are still the same; my will is great
To do you service: let me not be paid
With such a strange distrust.

King. *Melantius*, I held it great injustice to believe
Thine Enemy, and did not; if I did,
I do not, let that satisfie: what struck
With sadness all? More Wine!

Cal. A few fine words have overthrown my truth:
Ah th'art a Villain.

Mel. Why thou wert better let me have the Fort,
Dotard, I will disgrace thee thus for ever; [Aside.]
There shall no credit lie upon thy words;
Think better and deliver it.

Cal. My Liege, he's at me now agen to do it; speak,
Deny it if thou canst; examine him
Whilst he's hot, for he'l cool agen, he will forswear it.

King. This is lunacy I hope, *Melantius*.

Mel. He hath lost himself

Much since his Daughter mist the happiness
My Sister gain'd; and though he call me Foe, I pity him.

Cal. Pity! a pox upon you.

King. Mark his disorder'd words, and at the Mask.

Mel. *Diagoras* knows he raged, and rail'd at me,
And cal'd a Lady Whore, so innocent
She understood him not; but it becomes
Both you and me too, to forgive distraction,
Pardon him as I do.

Cal. I'll not speak for thee, for all thy cunning, if you will
be safe chop off his head, for there was never known so im-
pudent a Rascal.

King. Some that love him, get him to bed: Why, pity
should not let age make it self contemptible; we must be
all old, have him away.

Mel. *Calianax*, the King believes you; come, you shall go
Home, and rest; you ha' done well; you'l give it up
When I have us'd you thus a moneth I hope.

Cal. Now, now, 'tis plain Sir, he does move me still;
He sayes he knows I'll give him up the Fort,
When he has us'd me thus a moneth: I am mad,
Am I not still? *Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

Cal. I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus;
Why would you trust a sturdy fellow there
(That has no vertue in him, all's in his sword)
Before me? do but take his weapons from him,
And he's an Ass, and I am a very fool,
Both with him, and without him, as you use me.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

King. 'Tis well *Calianax*; but if you use
This once again, I shall intreat some other
To see your Offices be well discharg'd.

Be merry Gentlemen, it grows somewhat late.

Aminor; thou wouldst be abed again. *Amin.* Yes Sir.

King. And you *Evadne*; let me take thee in my arms,
Melantius, and believe thou art as thou deservest to be, my
friend still, and for ever. Good *Calianax*,
Sleep soundly, it will bring thee to thy self.

[Exit omnes. Manent Mel. and Cal.]

Cal. Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now I hope,
I could not be thus else. How dar'st thou stay
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast used me?

Mel. You cannot blast me with your tongue,
And that's the strongest part you have about you.

Cal. I do look for some great punishment for this,
For I begin to forget all my hate,
And tak't unkindly that mine enemy
Should use me so extraordinarily scurvily.

Mel. I shall melt too, if you begin to take
Unkindnesses: I never meant you hurt.

Cal. Thou'lt anger me again; thou wretched rogue,
Meant me no hurt! disgrace me with the King;

Lose all my Offices! this is no hurt.

Is it? I prethee what dost thou call hurt?

Mel. To poyson men because they love me not;
To call the credit of mens Wives in question;
To murder children betwixt me and land; this is all hurt.

Cal. All this thou think't is sport;
For mine is worse: but use thy will with me;
For betwixt grief and anger I could cry.

Mel. Be wise then, and be safe; thou may'st revenge.

Cal. I o'th' King? I would revenge of thee.

Mel. That you must plot your self.

Cal. I am a fine plotter.

Mel. The short is, I will hold thee with the King

In this perplexity, till peevishness
And thy disgrace have laid thee in thy grave:

But if thou wilt deliver up the Fort,
P'le take thy trembling body in my arms, (state.
And bear thee over dangers; thou shalt hold thy wanted

Cal. If I should tell the King, can'st thou deny't again?

Mel. Try and believe.

Cal. Nay then, thou can'st bring any thing about:
Thou shalt have the Fort.

Mel. Why well, here let our hate be buried, and
This hand shall right us both; give me thy aged breast to
compass.

Cal. Nay, I do not love thee yet:
I cannot well endure to look on thee:

And if I thought it were a courtesie,
Thou should'st not have it: but I am disgrac'd;
My Offices are to be ta'ne away;
And if I did but hold this Fort a day,
I do believe the King would take it from me,
And give it thee, things are so strangely carried;
Nere thank me for't; but yet the King shall know
There was some such thing in't I told him of;
And that I was an honest man.

Mel. Hee'l buy that knowledge very dearly.

Enter Diphilus.

What news with thee?

Diph. This were a night indeed to do it in;
The King hath sent for her.

Mel. She shall perform it then; go *Diphilus*,
And take from this good man, my worthy friend,
The Fort; he'l give it thee.

Diph. Ha' you got that?

Cal. Art thou of the same breed? canst thou deny
This to the King too?

Diph. With a confidence as great as his.

Cal. Faith, like enough.

Mel. Away, and use him kindly.

Cal. Touch not me, I hate the whole strain: if thou fol-
low me a great way off, P'le give thee up the Fort; and hang
your selves.

Mel. Be gone.

Diph. He's finely wrought. *[Exeunt Cal. Diph.]*

Mel. This is a night in spite of Astronomers
To do the deed in; I will wash the stain
That rests upon our House, off with his blood.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. *Melantius*, now assist me if thou beest
That which thou say'st, assist me: I have lost (me.
All my distempers, and have found a rage so pleasing; help

Mel. Who can see him thus,
And not swear vengeance? what's the matter friend?

Amin. Out with thy sword; and hand in hand with me
Rush to the Chamber of this hated King,
And sink him with the weight of all his sins to hell for ever.

Mel. 'Twere a rash attempt,
Not to be done with safety: let your reason
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.

Amin. If thou refuseth me in these extremes,
Thou art no friend: he sent for her to me;

By Heaven to me; my self; and I must tell ye
I love her as a stranger; there is worth
In that vile woman, worthy things, *Melantius*;
And she repents. P'le do't my self alone,
Though I be slain. Farewell.

Mel. He'l overthrow my whole design with madnes:
Amintor. I think what thou doest; I dare as much as valour;
But 'tis the King, the King, the King, *Amintor*,
With whom thou fightest; I know he's honest, *[Aside.]*
And this will work with him.

Amint. I cannot tell
What thou hast said; but thou hast charm'd my sword
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here defenceless.

Mel. I will take it up for thee.

Amint. What a wild beast is uncollected man!
The thing that we call Honour, bears us all
Headlong unto sin, and yet it self is nothing.

Mel. Alas, how variable are thy thoughts!

Amint. Just like my fortunes: I was run to that
I purpos'd to have chid thee for.
Some Plot I did distrust thou hadst against the King
By that old fellows carriage: but take heed,
There is not the least limb growing to a King,
But carries thunder in it.

Mel. I have none against him.

Amint. Why? come then, and still remember we may
not think revenge.

Mel. I will remember.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Evadne and a Gentleman.

EVAD. Sir, is the King abed?

Gent. Madam, an hour ago.

Evad. Give me the key then, and let none be near;
'Tis the Kings pleasure.

Gent. I understand you Madam, would 'twere mine.
I must not wish good rest unto your Ladiship.

Evad. You talk, you talk.

Gent. 'Tis all I dare do, Madam; but the King will wake,
and then.

Evad. Saving your imagination, pray good night Sir.

Gent. A good night be it then, and a long one Madam;
I am gone.

Evad. The night grows horrible, and all about me
Like my black purpose: O the Conscience *[King abed.]*
Of a lost Virgin; whither wilt thou pull me?

To what things dismal, as the depth of Hell,
Wilt thou provoke me? Let no man dare
From this hour be disloyal: if her heart
Be flesh, if she have blood, and can fear, 'tis a daring
Above that desperate fool that left his peace,
And went to Sea to fight: 'tis so many sins
An age cannot prevent 'em: and so great,
The gods want mercy for: yet I must through 'em.

I have begun a slaughter on my honour,
And I must end it there: he sleeps, good heavens!
Why give you peace to this untemperate beast
That hath so long transgressed you? I must kill him,

And I will do't bravely: the meer joy
Tells me I merit in it: yet I must not
Thus tamely do it as he sleeps: that were
To rock him to another world: my vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
The number of his wrongs and punishments.

I'll shake his sins like furies, till I waken
His evil Angel, his sick Conscience:

And then I'll strike him dead: King, by your leave: *[Ties his
armes to
the bed.]*

I dare not trust your strength: your Grace and I
Must grapple upon even terms no more:

So, if he rail me not from my resolution,

I shall

I shall be strong enough.

My Lord the King, my Lord; he sleeps
As if he meant to wake no more, my Lord;
Is he not dead already? Sir, my Lord.

King. Who's that?

Evad. O you sleep soundly Sir!

King. My dear Evadne,
I have been dreaming of thee; come to bed.

Evad. I am come at length Sir, but how welcome?

King. What pretty new device is this Evadne?
What do you tie me to you by my love?
This is a quaint one: Come my dear and kiss me;
I'll be thy Mars to bed my Queen of Love:
Let us be caught together, that the Gods may see,
And envy our embraces.

Evad. Stay Sir, stay,
You are too hot, and I have brought you Physick
To temper your high veins.

King. Prethee to bed then; let me take it warm,
There you shall know the state of my body better.

Evad. I know you have a surfcited foul body,
And you must bleed.

King. Bleed!

Evad. I, you shall bleed: lie still, and if the Devil,
Your lust will give you leave, repent: this steel
Comes to redeem the honour that you stole,
King, my fair name, which nothing but thy death
Can answer to the world.

King. How's this Evadne?

Evad. I am not she: nor bear I in this breast
So much cold Spirit to be call'd a Woman:
I am a Tyger: I am any thing
That knows not pity: stir not, if thou dost,
I'll take thee unprepar'd; thy fears upon thee,
That make thy sins look double, and so send thee
(By my revenge I will) to look those torments
Prepar'd for such black souls.

King. Thou dost not mean this; 'tis impossible:
Thou art too sweet and gentle.

Evad. No, I am not:

I am as foul as thou art, and can number
As many such hells here: I was once fair,
Once I was lovely, not a blowing Rose
More chafly sweet, till thou, thou, thou, foul Canker,
(Stir not) didst poyson me: I was a world of vertue,
Till your curst Court and you (hell blest you for't)
With your temptations on temptations
Made me give up mine honour; for which (King)
I am come to kill thee.

King. No. Evad. I am.

King. Thou art not.

I prethee speak not these things; thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.

Evad. Peace and hear me.

Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy
To those above us; by whose lights I vow,
Those blessed fires that shot to see our sin,
If thy hot soul had substance with thy blood,
I would kill that too, which being past my steel,
My tongue shall teach: Thou art a shameless Villain,
A thing out of the overchange of Nature;
Sent like a thick cloud to disperse a plague
Upon weak catching women; such a tyrant
That for his Lust would sell away his Subjects,
I, all his heaven hereafter.

King. Hear Evadne,

Thou soul of sweetness! hear, I am thy King. (you,

Evad. Thou art my shame; lie still, there's none about
Within your cries; all promises of safety
Are but deluding dreams: thus, thus, thou foul man,
Thus I begin my vengeance. [Stabs him.

King. Hold Evadne!

I do command thee hold.

Evad. I do not mean Sir,

To part so fairly with you; we must change
More of these love-tricks yet.

King. What bloody villain
Provok't thee to this murder?

Evad. Thou, thou monster. . . King. Oh!

Evad. Thou kept'st me brave at Court, and Whor'd me;
Then married me to a young noble Gentleman;
And Whor'd me still.

King. Evadne, pity me.

Evad. Hell take me then; this for my Lord Amintor;
This for my noble brother: and this stroke
For the most wrong'd of women. [Kills him.

King. Oh! I die.

Evad. Die all our faults together; I forgive thee. [Exit.

Enter two of the Bed-Chamber.

1. Come now she's gone, let's enter, the King expects
it, and will be angry.

2. 'Tis a fine wench, we'll have a snap at her one of these
nights as she goes from him.

1. Content: how quickly he had done with her! I see
Kings can do no more that way than other mortal people.

2. How fast he is! I cannot hear him breathe. (pale.

1. Either the Tapers give a feeble light, or he looks very

2. And so he does, pray Heaven he be well.

Let's look: Alas! he's stiffe, wounded and dead:
Treason, Treason!

1. Run forth and call.

[Exit Gent.

2. Treason, Treason!

1. This will be laid on us: who can believe
A Woman could do this?

Enter Cleon and Lisippus.

Cleon. How now, where's the Traytor?

1. Fled, fled away; but there her woful act lies still.

Cle. Her act! a Woman!

Lif. Where's the body?

1. There.

Lif. Farewel thou worthy man; there were two bonds
That tyed our loves, a Brother and a King;
The least of which might fetch a flood of tears:
But such the misery of greatness is,
They have no time to mourn; then pardon me.
Sirs, which way went she? [Enter Strato.

Strat. Never follow her,

For she alas! was but the instrument.
News is now brought in, that Melantius
Has got the Fort, and stands upon the wall;
And with a loud voice calls those few that pass
At this dead time of night, delivering
The innocent of this act.

Lif. Gentlemen, I am your King.

Strat. We do acknowledge it.

Lif. I would I were not: follow all; for this must have
a sudden stop. [Exeunt.

Enter Melant. Diph. and Cal. on the wall.

Mel. If the dull people can believe I am arm'd,
Be constant Diphilus; now we have time,
Either to bring our banisht honours home,
Or create new ones in our ends.

Diph. I fear not;

My spirit lies not that way. Courage Calianax.

Cal. Would I had any, you should quickly know it.

Mel. Speak to the people; thou art eloquent.

Cal. 'Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallows;
You were born to be my end; the Devil take you.
Now must I hang for company; 'tis strange
I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

Enter Lifip. Diag. Cleon, Strat. Guard.

Lifip. See where he stands as boldly confident,
As if he had his full command about him.

Strat. He looks as if he had the better cause; Sir,

Under your gracious pardon let me speak it;
Though he be mighty-spirited and forward
To all great things; to all things of that danger
Worse men shake at the telling of; yet certainly
I do believe him noble, and this action
Rather pul'd on than fought; his mind was ever
As worthy as his hand.

Lis. 'Tis my fear too;

Heaven forgive all: summon him Lord *Cleon*.

Cleon. Ho from the walls there.

Mel. Worthy *Cleon*, welcome;

We could have wisht you here Lord; you are honest.

Cal. Well, thou art as flattering a knave, though I dare
not tell you so. [*Aside.*]

Lis. *Melantius!*

Mel. Sir,

Lis. I am sorry that we meet thus; our old love
Never requir'd such distance; pray Heaven
You have not left your self, and fought this safety
More out of fear than honour; you have lost
A noble Master, which your faith *Melantius*,
Some think might have preserv'd; yet you know best.

Cal. When time was I was mad; some that dares
Fight I hope will pay this Rascal.

Mel. Royal young man, whose tears look lovely on thee;
Had they been shed for a deserving one,
They had been lasting monuments. Thy Brother,
Whil't he was good, I call'd him King, and serv'd him
With that strong faith, that most unwearied valour;
Pul'd people from the farthest Sun to seek him;
And by his friendship, I was then his souldier;
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his lust,
(That never cur'd dishonour of my Sister,
Base stain of Whore; and which is worse,
The joy to make it still so) like my self;
Thus have I flung him off with my allegiance,
And stand here mine own justice to revenge
What I have suffered in him; and this old man
Wrong'd almost to lunacy.

Cal. Who I? you'd draw me in: I have had no wrong,
I do disclaim ye all.

Mel. The short is this;
'Tis no ambition to lift up my self,
Urgeth me thus; I do desire again
To be a subject, so I may be freed;
If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild
This goodly Town; be speedy, and be wise, in a reply.

Sirat. Be sudden Sir to tie
All again; what's done is past recal,
And past you to revenge; and there are thousands
That wait for such a troubled hour as this;
Throw him the blank.

Lis. *Melantius*, write in that thy choice,
My Seal is at it.

Mel. It was our honour drew us to this act,
Not gain; and we will only work our pardon.

Cal. Put my name in too.

Diph. You disclaim'd us but now, *Calianax*.

Cal. That's all one;

Ple not be hanged hereafter by a trick;
Ple have it in.

Mel. You shall, you shall;
Come to the back gate, and we'll call you King,
And give you up the Fort.

Lis. Away, away.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter Aspatia in mans apparel.

Asp. This is my fatal hour; heaven may forgive
My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid
Griefs on me that will never let me rest:
And put a Womans heart into my breast;
It is more honour for you that I die;
For she that can endure the misery

That I have on me, and be patient too,
May live, and laugh at all that you can do.
God save you Sir. [*Enter Servant.*]

Ser. And you Sir; what's your business?

Asp. With you Sir now, to do me the Office
To help me to you Lord.

Ser. What, would you serve him?

Asp. I'll do him any service; but to haste,
For my affairs are earnest, I desire to speak with him.

Ser. Sir, because you are in such haste, I would be loth
delay you any longer: you cannot.

Asp. It shall become you tho' to tell your Lord.

Ser. Sir, he will speak with no body.

Asp. This is most strange: art thou gold proof? there's
for thee; help me to him.

Ser. Pray be not angry Sir, I'll do my best. [*Exit.*]

Asp. How stubbornly this fellow answer'd me!
There is a vile dishonest trick in man,
More than in women: all the men I meet
Appear thus to me, are harsh and rude,
And have a subtilty in every thing,
Which love could never know; but we fond women
Harbor the easiest and smoothest thoughts,
And think all shall go so; it is unjust
That men and women should be matcht together.

Enter Amintor and his man.

Amint. Where is he!

Ser. There my Lord.

Amint. What would you Sir?

Asp. Please it your Lordship to command your man
Out of the room; I shall deliver things
Worthy your hearing.

Amint. Leave us.

Asp. O that that shape should bury falsehood in it. [*Aside.*]

Amint. Now your will Sir.

Asp. When you know me, my Lord, you needs must guess
My business! and I am not hard to know;
For till the change of War mark'd this smooth face
With these few blemishes, people would call me
My Sisters Picture, and her mine; in short,
I am the brother to the wrong'd *Aspatia*.

Amint. The wrong'd *Aspatia!* would thou wert so too
Unto the wrong'd *Amintor*; let me kiss
That hand of thine in honour that I bear
Unto the wrong'd *Aspatia*: here I stand
That did it; would he could not; gentle youth,
Leave me, for there is something in thy looks
That calls my sins in a most hideous form
Into my mind; and I have grief enough
Without thy help.

Asp. I would I could with credit:
Since I was twelve years old I had not seen
My Sister till this hour; I now arriv'd;
She sent for me to see her Marriage,
A woful one: but they that are above,
Have ends in every thing; she us'd few words,
But yet enough to make me understand
The baseness of the injury you did her;
That little training I have had, is War;
I may behave my self rudely in Peace;
I would not though; I shall not need to tell you
I am but young; and you would be loth to lose
Honour that is not easily gain'd again;
Fairly I mean to deal; the age is strict
For single combats, and we shall be stopt
If it be publish't: if you like your sword,
Use it; if mine appear a better to you,
Change; for the ground is this, and this the time
To end our difference.

Amint. Charitable youth,
If thou be'st such, think not I will maintain
So strange a wrong; and for thy Sisters sake,
Know that I could not think that desperate thing

I durst not do ; yet to enjoy this world
I would not see her ; for beholding thee,
I am I know not what ; if I have ought
That may content thee, take it and be gone ;
For death is not so terrible as thou ;
Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.

Asp. Thus she swore
Thou would'st behave thy self, and give me words
That would fetch tears into mine eyes, and so
Thou dost indeed ; but yet she bade me watch,
Lest I were coufen'd, and be sure to fight ere I return'd.

Amint. That must not be with me ;
For her I'll die directly, but against her will never hazard it.

Asp. You must be urg'd ; I do not deal uncivilly with those
Dare to fight ; but such a one as you (that
Must be us'd thus. [*She strikes him.*]

Amint. Prethee youth take heed ;
Thy Sister is a thing to me so much
Above mine honour, that I can endure
All this ; good gods — a blow I can endure ;
But stay not, lest thou draw a timely death upon thy self.

Asp. Thou art some prating fellow,
One that hath studied out a trick to talk
And move soft-hearted people ; to be kickt, [*She kicks him.*
Thus to be kickt — why should he be so slow [*Aside.*

In giving me my death ? *Amint.* A man can bear
No more and keep his flesh ; forgive me then ;
I would endure yet if I could ; now shew
The spirit thou pretendest, and understand
Thou hast no honour to live : [*They fight.*

What dost thou mean ? thou canst not fight :
The blows thou mak'st at me are quite besides ;
And those I offer at thee, thou spread'st thine arms,
And tak'st upon thy breast, Alas ! defenceless.

Asp. I have got enough,
And my desire ; there's no place so fit for me to die as here.

Enter Evadne.

Evad. *Amintor* ; I am loaden with events
That flie to make thee happy ; I have joyes [*Her hands*
That in a moment can call back thy wrongs, bloody with
And settle thee in thy free state again ; a knife.

It is *Evadne* still that follows thee, but not her mischiefs.
Amint. Thou canst not fool me to believe agen ;
But thou hast looks and things so full of news that I am staid.

Evad. Noble *Amintor*, put off thy amaze ;
Let thine eyes loose, and speak, am I not fair ?
Looks not *Evadne* beauteous with these rites now ?
Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes,
When our hands met before the holy man ?
I was too foul within to look fair then ;
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.

Amint. There is preface of some important thing
About thee, which it seems thy tongue hath lost :
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife.

Evad. In this consists thy happiness and mine ;
Joy to *Amintor*, for the King is dead.

Amint. Those have most power to hurt us that we love,
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms.
Why ? thou hast rais'd up mischief to this height,
And found out one to out-name thy other faults ;
Thou hast no intermission of thy sins,
But all thy life is a continual ill ;
Black is thy colour now, disease thy nature.
Joy to *Amintor* ! thou hast touch't a life,
The very name of which had power to chain
Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.

Evad. 'Tis done ; and since I could not find a way
To meet thy love so clear, as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.

Amint. Could'st thou procure the Gods to speak to me,
To bid me love this woman, and forgive,
I think I should fall out with them ; behold
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my breast ;

Sent by his violent Fate to fetch his death
From my slow hand : and to augment my woe,
You now are present stain'd with a Kings blood
Violently shed : this keeps night here,
And throws an unknown wilderness about me.

Asp. Oh, oh, oh ! *Amint.* No more, pursue me not.
Evad. Forgive me then, and take me to thy bed.

We may not part.

Amint. Forbear, be wise, and let my rage go this way.

Evad. 'Tis you that I would stay, not it.

Amint. Take heed, it will return with me.

Evad. If it must be, I shall not fear to meet it ; take me home.

Amint. Thou monster of cruelty, forbear.

Evad. For heavens sake look more calm ;

Thine eyes are sharper than thou canst make thy sword :

Amint. Away, away, thy knees are more to me than violence.

I am worse than sick to see knees follow me

For that I must not grant ; for heavens sake stand.

Evad. Receive me then.

Amint. I dare not stay thy language ;

In midst of all my anger and my grief,

Thou dost awake something that troubles me,

And sayes I lov'd thee once ; I dare not stay ;

There is no end of womens reasoning. [*Leaves her.*

Evad. *Amintor*, thou shalt love me once again ;

Go, I am calm ; farewell ; and peace for ever.

Evadne whom thou hat'st will die for thee. [*Kills her self.*

Amint. I have a little humane nature yet

That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand. [*Returns.*

Evad. Thy hand was welcome, but came too late ;

Oh I am lost ! the heavy sleep makes haste. [*She dies.*

Asp. Oh, oh, oh !

Amint. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel

A stark affrighted motion in my blood ;

My soul grows weary of her house, and I

All over am a trouble to my self ;

There is some hidden power in these dead things

That calls my flesh into'em ; I am cold ;

Be resolute, and bear'em company :

There's something yet which I am loth to leave.

There's man enough in me to meet the fears

That death can bring, and yet would it were done ;

I can find nothing in the whole discourse

Of death, I durst not meet the boldest way ;

Yet still betwixt the reason and the act,

The wrong I to *Aspasia* did stands up,

I have not such a fault to answer,

Though she may justly arm with scorn

And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled,

When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow :

I will not leave this act unsatisfied,

If all that's left in me can answer it.

Asp. Was it a dream ? there stands *Amintor* still :

Or I dream still.

Amint. How dost thou ? speak, receive my love, and help :

Thy blood climbs up to his old place again :

There's hope of thy recovery.

Asp. Did you not name *Aspasia* ? *Amint.* I did.

Asp. And talkt of tears and sorrow unto her ?

Amint. 'Tis true, and till these happy signs in thee

Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going.

Asp. Th'art there already, and these wounds are hers :

Those threats I brought with me, sought not revenge, (yet.

But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand, I am *Aspasia*

Amint. Dare my soul ever look abroad agen ?

Asp. I shall live *Amintor* ; I am well :

A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.

Amint. The world wants lines to excuse thy loss :

Come let me bear thee to some place of help.

Asp. *Amintor* thou must stay, I must rest here ;

My strength begins to disobey my will.

How dost thou my best soul ? I would fain live,

Now if I could : would'st thou have loved me then ?

Amint. Alas ! all that I am's not worth a hair from thee.

Asp. Give me thy hand, mine hands grope up and down,
And cannot find thee; I am wondrous sick:
Have I thy hand *Amintor*?

Amint. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.

Asp. I do believe thee better than my sense.

Oh! I must go, farewell.

Amint. She swounds: *Aspatia* help, for Heavens sake water;
Such as may chain life for ever to this frame.

Aspatia, speak: what no help? yet I fool,
I'll chafe her temples, yet there's nothing stirs;
Some hidden Power tell her that *Amintor* calls,
And let her answer me: *Aspatia*, speak.

I have heard, if there be life, but bow

The body thus, and it will shew it self.

Oh she is gone! I will not leave her yet.

Since out of justice we must challenge nothing;

I'll call it mercy if you'll pity me,

You heavenly powers, and lend for some few years,

The blessed soul to this fair seat agen.

No comfort comes, the gods deny me too.

I'll bow the body once agen: *Aspatia*!

The soul is fled for ever, and I wrong

My self, so long to lose her company.

Must I talk now? Here's to be with thee love. [*Kills himself.*]

Enter Servant.

Ser. This is a great grace to my Lord, to have the new
King come to him; I must tell him, he is entring. O Hea-
ven help, help;

Enter Lysip. Melant. Cal. Cleon. Diph. Strato.

Lys. Where's *Amintor*?

Strat. O there, there.

Lys. How strange is this!

Cal. What should we do here?

Mel. These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand
Stiff here for ever; eyes, call up your tears;
This is *Amintor*: heart he was my friend;
Melt, now it flows; *Amintor*, give a word
To call me to thee.

Amint. Oh!

Mel. *Melantius* calls his friend *Amintor*; Oh thy arms
Are kinder to me than thy tongue;
Speak, speak.

Amint. What?

Mel. That little word was worth all the sounds
That ever I shall hear agen.

Diph. O brother! here lies your Sister slain;
You lose your self in sorrow there.

Mel. Why *Diphilus*, it is
A thing to laugh at in respect of this;
Here was my Sister, Father, Brother, Son;
All that I had; speak once again;
What youth lies slain there by thee?

Amint. 'Tis *Aspatia*.

My senses fade, let me give up my soul
Into thy bosom.

Cal. What's that? what's that? *Aspatia*!

Mel. I never did repent the greatness of my heart till now;
It will not burst at need.

Cal. My daughter dead here too! and you have all fine new
tricks to grieve, but I ne're knew any but direct crying.

Mel. I am a pratler, but no more.

Diph. Hold Brother.

Lysip. Stop him.

Diph. Fie; how unmanly was this offer in you!
Does this become our strain?

Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am
Grown very kind, and am friends with you;
You have given me that among you will kill me
Quickly; but I'll go home, and live as long as I can.

Mel. His spirit is but poor that can be kept
From death for want of weapons.

Is not my hand a weapon good enough

To stop my breath? or if you tie down those,

I vow *Amintor* I will never eat,

Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that

That may preserve life; this I swear to keep.

Lysip. Look to him tho', and bear those bodies in.

May this a fair example be to me,

To rule with temper: for on lustful Kings

Unlookt for sudden deaths from heaven are sent!

But curst is he that is their instrument.

Philaster:

PHILASTER

OR,

Love lies a Bleeding.

The Scene being in Cicilie.

Persons Represented in the Play.

The King.
Philaster, Heir to the Crown.
Pharamond, Prince of Spain.
Dion, a Lord.
Cleremont } *Noble Gentlemen his Associates.*
Thrafiline }
Arethusa, the Kings Daughter.
Galatea, a wise modest Lady attending the Princess.
Megra, a lascivious Lady.

An old wanton Lady, or Croan.
Another Lady attending the Princess.
Eufrafia, Daughter of Dion, but disguised like a Page, and called Bellario.
An old Captain.
Five Citizens.
A Countrey fellow.
Two Woodmen.
The Kings Guard and Train.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrafiline.

Cler. **H**ere's not Lords nor Ladies.
Dion. Credit me Gentlemen, I wonder at it. They receiv'd strict charge from the King to attend here: Besides it was boldly published, that no Officer should forbid any Gentlemen that desire to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you guess the cause?

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

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

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

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

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

Cle. Who, *Philaster*?

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

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

Di. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to enquire after State news. But the King (of late) made a hazard

of both the Kingdoms, of *Cicilie* and his own, with offering but to imprison *Philaster*. At which the City was in arms; not to be charm'd down by any State-order or Proclamation; till they saw *Philaster* ride through the streets pleas'd, and without a guard; at which they threw their Hats, and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance. Which (wise men say) is the cause, the King labours to bring in the power of a Foreign Nation, to awe his own with.

Enter Galatea, Megra, and a Lady.

Thra. See, the Ladies, what's the first? (Princess.)

Di. A wise and modest Gentlewoman that attends the

Cle. The second?

Di. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill favour'dly Dance her Measure; simmer when she is Court-ed by her Friend, and slight her Husband.

Cle. The last?

Di. Marry I think she is one whom the State keeps for the Agents of our confederate Princes; she'll cog and lie with a whole Army before the League shall break: her name is common through the Kingdom, and the Trophies of her dishonour, advanced beyond *Hercules*-pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of mens bodies; and indeed has destroyed the worth of her own body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the Common-wealth.

Cle. She's a profitable member.

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

Gal. What if they should?

Meg. What if they should?

La. Nay, let her alone; what if they should? why, if they should, I say, they were never abroad: what Foreigner would

would do so? it writes them directly untravel'd.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

Meg. What if they be?

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

Gal. Ha, ha, ha. *La.* Do you laugh Madam?

Di. Your desires upon you Ladies.

La. Then you must sit beside us.

Di. I shall sit near you then Lady.

La. Near me perhaps: But there's a Lady indures no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

Meg. Me thinks he's not so strange, he would quickly be acquainted. *Thra.* Peace, the King.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, and Train.

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

Thra. This will be hardly done.

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Di. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done,
Whilst so brave a Gentleman's wrong'd and slung off.

Thra. I fear. *Cle.* Who does not?

Di. I fear not for my self, and yet I fear too:
Well, we shall see, we shall see: no more.

Pha. Kissing your white hand (Mistress) I take leave,
To thank your Royal Father: and thus far,
To be my own free Trumpet. Understand
Great King, and these your subjects, mine that must be,
(For so deserving you have spoke me Sir,
And so deserving I dare speak my self)
To what a person, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation of what faculties,
Manners and vertues you would wed your Kingdoms?
You in me have your wishes. Oh this Country,
By more than all my hopes I hold it
Happy, in their dear memories that have been
Kings great and good, happy in yours, that is,
And from you (as a Chronicle to keep
Your Noble name from eating age) do I
Opine my self most happy. Gentlemen,
Believe me in a word, a Princes word,
There shall be nothing to make up a Kingdom

Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
Equall to be commanded and obey'd,
But through the travels of my life I'll find it,
And tye it to this Country. And I vow
My reign shall be so easie to the subject,
That every man shall be his Prince himself,
And his own law (yet I his Prince and law.)
And dearest Lady, to your dearest self
(Dear, in the choice of him, whose name and lustre
Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
You are the blessed'st living; for sweet Princesses,
You shall enjoy a man of men, to be
Your servant; you shall make him yours, for whom
Great Queens must die. *Thra.* Miraculous.
Cle. This speech calls him *Spaniard*, being nothing but
A large inventory of his own commendations.

Enter Philaster.

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

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

King. Rise, you have it Sir.

Di. Mark but the King how pale he looks with fear.
Oh! this same whorson Conscience, how it jades us!

King. Speak your intents Sir.

Phi. Shall I speak 'um freely?
Be still my royal Sovereign. *King.* As a subject
We give you freedom. *Di.* Now it heats.

Phi. Then thus I turn

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

Di. Here's a fellow has some fire in's veins:
The outlandish Prince looks like a Tooth-drawer.

Phi. Sir, Prince of Poppingjayes, I'll make it well appear
To you I am not mad. *King.* You displease us.
You are too bold. *Phi.* No Sir, I am too tame,
Too much a Turtle, a thing born without passion,
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud sails over,
And makes nothing. *King.* I do not fancy this,
Call our Physicians: sure he is somewhat tainted.

Thra. I do not think 'twill prove so.

Di. H'as given him a general purge already, for all the
right he has, and now he means to let him blood: Be con-
stant Gentlemen; by these hilts I'll run his hazard, although
I run my name out of the Kingdom.

Cle. Peace, we are one soul.

Pha. What you have seen in me, to stir offence,
I cannot find, unless it be this Lady
Offer'd into mine arms, with the succession,

Which

Which I must keep though it hath pleas'd your fury
To mutiny within you; without disputing
Your *Genealogies*, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are. The King will leave it me;
And I dare make it mine; you have your answer.

Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him,
That made the world his; and couldst see no sun
Shine upon any but thine: were *Pharamond*
As truly valiant, as I feel him cold,
And ring'd among the choicest of his friends,
Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such belliced commendations,
And from this present, spight of all these bugs,
You should hear further from me.

King. Sir, you wrong the Prince:
I gave you not this freedom to brave our best friends,
You deserve our frown: go to, be better temper'd.

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

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

Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge,
But the other is the man set in mine eye;
Oh! 'tis a Prince of wax. *Gal.* A Dog it is.

King. *Philaster*, tell me,
The injuries you aim at in your riddles.

Phi. If you had my eyes Sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you and my broken fortunes,
My want's great, and now nought but hopes and fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh't at.
Dare you be still my King and right me not?

King. Give me your wrongs in private. [*They whisper.*]

Phi. Take them, and ease me of a load would bow strong

Cle. He dares not stand the shock. [*Atlas.*]

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

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

Phi. I am dead Sir, y'are my fate: it was not I
Said I was not wrong'd: I carry all about me,
My weak stars led me to all my weak fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence speak (that is
But man of flesh and may be mortal) tell me
I do not most intirely love this Prince,
And honour his full vertues! *King.* Sure he's possess't.

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

King. Away, I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of life and spirit: For this time
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment. [*Ex. King, Pha. and Are.*]

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

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

Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand; but eye yon
stranger, is not he a fine compleat Gentleman? O these
strangers, I do affect them strangely: they do the rarest home

things, and please the fullest! as I live, could love all the
Nation over and over for his sake,

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

Di. See how his fancy labours, has he not spoke
Home, and bravely? what a dangerous train
Did he give fire to! How he shook the King,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whay! it stood upon his brow,
Like a cold winter dew. *Phi.* Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no minion:
You stand (methinks) like men that would be Courtiers,
If you could well be flatter'd at a price,
Not to undo your Children: y'are all honest:
Go get you home again, and make your Country
A vertuous Court, to which your great ones may,
In their Diseas'd age, retire, and live reclus'd.

Cle. How do you worthy Sir? *Phi.* Well, very well;
And so well, that if the King please, I find
I may live many years.

Di. The King must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrongs and juiuries: shrink not, worthy Sir,
But add your Father to you: in whose name,
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people,
Who like to raging torrents shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these Male-dragons,
That through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your swordpoint. *Phi.* Friends, no more,
Our years may be corrupted: 'Tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to: do you love me?

Thra. Do we love Heaven and honour?

Phi. My Lord *Dion*, you had
A vertuous Gentlewoman, call'd you Father;
Is she yet alive? *Di.* Most honour'd Sir, she is:
And for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious Pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

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

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

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

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

Phi. Kiss her hand, and say I will attend her.

Di. Do you know what you do?

Phi. Yes, go to see a woman.

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

Phi. Danger in a sweet face?

By *Jupiter* I must not fear a woman.

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

It may be some foul train to catch your life.

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

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

Enter Arethusa and a Lady.

Are. Comes he not? *La.* Madam?

Are. Will *Philaster* come?

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

Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetful, and my womans strength
Is so o'recharg'd with danger like to grow
About my Marriage that these under-things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea:
How look't he, when he told thee he would come?

La. Why, well. *Are.* And not a little fearful?

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

Are. You are all of his Faction; the whole Court
Is bold in praise of him, whilst I

May live neglected: and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the Sea,
Drown'd in the doing: but I know he fears.

La. Fear? Madam (me thought) his looks hid more
Of love than fear.

Are. Of love? To whom? to you?
Did you deliver those plain words I sent,
With such a winning gesture, and quick look
That you have caught him?

La. Madam, I mean to you.

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

La. Madam, I think I hear him.

Are. Bring him in:

You gods that would not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,
To make the passion of a feeble maid

The way unto your justice, I obey. [Enter Phil.

La. Here is my Lord *Philaster*. *Are.* Oh! 'tis well:
Withdraw your self. *Phi.* Madam, your messenger
Made me believe, you wisht to speak with me.

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

The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known
That I have ought detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wrong'd you? or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your vertues? *Phi.* Never Madam you.

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

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

To any thing you wish'd. *Are.* *Philaster*, know
I must enjoy these Kingdoms, *Phi.* Madam, both?

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

Phi. I would do much to save that Noble life:

Yet would be loth to have posterity
Find in our stories, that *Philaster* gave
His right unto a Scepter, and a Crown,
To save a Ladies longing. *Are.* Nay then hear:
I must, and will have them, and more.

Phi. What more?

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

Phi. Madam, what more?

Are. Turn then away thy face.

Phi. No. *Are.* Do.

Phi. I cannot endure it: turn away my face?

I never yet saw enemy that lookt
So dreadful, but that I thought my self
As great a Basilisk as he; or spake
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore Thunder underneath, as much as his:
Nor beast that I could turn from: shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds? a Ladies voice,
Whom I do love? Say you would have my life,
Why, I will give it you; for it is of me
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price

If you intreat, I will unmov'dly hear.

Are. Yet for my sake a little bend thy looks.

Phi. I do. *Are.* Then know I must have them and thee.

Phi. And me?

Are. Thy love: without which, all the Land
Discovered yet, will serve me for no use,
But to be buried in. *Phi.* Is't possible?

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

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this contemned life,

Which you may have for asking: to suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill: love you!

By all my hopes I do, above my life:
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man, that would be jealous.

Are. Another soul into my body shot,
Could not have fill'd me with more strength and spirit,
Than this thy breath: but spend not hasty time,
In seeking how I came thus: 'tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so; and sure our love
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods

Is mingled with it. Let us leave and kiss,
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it. *Phi.* 'Twill be ill

I should abide here long. *Are.* 'Tis true, and worse

You should come often: How shall we devise
To hold intelligence? That our true lovers,
On any new occasion may agree, what path is best to tread?

Phi. I have a boy sent by the gods, I hope to this intent,
Not yet seen in the Court; hunting the Buck,

I found him sitting by a Fountain side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,

And paid the Nymph again as much in tears;

A Garland lay him by, made by himself,

Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,

Stuck in that mystick order, that the rareness

Delighted me: but ever when he turned

His tender eyes upon 'um, he would weep,

As if he meant to make 'um grow again.

Seeing such pretty helpless innocence

Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story;

He told me that his Parents gentle dyed,

Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,

Which gave him roots; and of the Crystal springs,

Which did not stop their courses: and the Sun,

Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light,

Then took he up his Garland and did shew,

What every flower as Country people hold,

Did signifie: and how all ordered thus,

Express'd his grief: and to my thoughts did read

The prettiest lecture of his Country Art

That could be wisht: so that, me thought, I could

Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,

Who was glad to follow; and have got

The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,

That ever Master kept: Him will I send

To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well, no more.

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

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

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

Are. Dear, hide thy self. Bring in the Prince.

Phi. Hide me from *Pharamond*!

When Thunder speaks, which is the voice of *Jove*,

Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;

And shall a stranger Prince have leave to brag

Unto a forreign Nation, that he made *Philaster* hide himself?

Are. He cannot know it.

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

It is a simple sin to hide my self,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

Arc. Then good *Philaster*, give him scope and way
In what he saies: for he is apt to speak.
What you are loth to hear: for my sake do. *Phi.* I will.

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. My Princely Mistres, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiss these fair hands; and to shew
In outward Ceremonies, the dear love
Writ in my heart.

Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone. *Pha.* To what would he have an answer?

Arc. To his claim unto the Kingdom.

Pha. Sirrah, I forbear you before the King.

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

Pha. But now the time is fitter, do but offer
To make mention of right to any Kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable. *Phi.* Good Sir, let me go.

Pha. And by my sword.

Phi. Peace *Pharamond*: if thou——

Arc. Leave us *Philaster*. *Phi.* I have done.

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

Phi. You shall not need. *Pha.* What now?

Phi. Know *Pharamond*,

I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice: But if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say
Thou wert, and not lament it.

Pha. Do you slight

My greatness so, and in the Chamber of the Princess!

Phi. It is a place to which I must confess
I owe a reverence: but wer't the Church,
I, at the Altar, there's no place so safe,
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee:
And for your greatness; know Sir, I can grasp
You, and your greatness thus, thus into nothing:
Give not a word, not a word back: Farewell. [*Exit Phi.*]

Pha. 'Tis an odd fellow Madam, we must stop
His mouth with some Office, when we are married.

Arc. You were best make him your Controuler.

Pha. I think he would discharge it well. But Madam,
I hope our hearts are knit; and yet so slow
The Ceremonies of State are, that 'twill be long
Before our hands be so: If then you please,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming for me, but take a little stoll
Delights, and so prevent our joyes to come.

Arc. If you dare speak such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honour. [*Exit Arc.*]

Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out till
the wedding; I must seek elsewhere. [*Exit Pha.*]

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Philaster and Bellario.

Phi. **A**ND thou shalt find her honourable boy,
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and for my sake,
Apter to give, than thou wilt be to ask, I, or deserve.

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

Phi. But boy, it will prefer thee; thou art young,
And bearest a childish overflowing love

To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair yet:
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life;
She is a Princess I prefer thee to.

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

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

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

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That (trust me) I could weep to part with thee.
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou knowest
It is my business that doth call thee hence,
And when thou art with her thou dwel'st with me:
Think so, and 'tis so; and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will;
Nay weep not, gentle boy; 'Tis more than time
Thou didst attend the Princess. *Bell.* I am gone;
But since I am to part with you my Lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you; take this little prayer;
Heaven blefs your loves, your fights, all your desigas.
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And Heavens hate those you curse, though I be one. [*Exit.*]

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

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. Why should these Ladies stay so long? They must
come this way; I know the Queen employes 'em not, for
the Reverend Mother sent me word they would all be for the
Garden. If they should all prove honest now, I were in a
fair taking; I was never so long without sport in my life, and
in my conscience 'tis not my fault: Oh, for our Country La-
dies! Here's one bouted, I'll hound at her.

Enter Galatea.

Gal. Your Grace! *Pha.* Shall I not be a trouble?

Gal. Not to me Sir.

Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick; by this sweet hand.

Gal. You'll be forsworn Sir, 'tis but an old glove. If you
will talk at distance, I am for you: but good Prince, be not
bawdy, nor do not brag; these two I bar, and then I think,
I shall have sence enough to answer all the weighty *Apothec-*
gmes your Royal blood shall manage.

Pha. Dear Lady, can you love?

Gal. Dear, Prince, how dear! I ne're cost you a Coach yet,
nor put you to the dear repentance of a Banquet; here's no
Scarlet Sir, to blush the sin out it was given for: This wyer
mine own hair covers: and this face has been so far from be-
ing dear to any, that it ne're cost penny painting: And for
the rest of my poor Wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no
hand behind it, to make the jealous Mercers wife curse our
good doings. *Pha.* You mistake me Lady.

Pha. Lord, I do so; would you or I could help it.

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

Gal. Full being! I understand you not, unless your Grace means growing to fatness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, Prince) is in a morning a Cup of neat White-wine brew'd with *Carduus*, then fast till supper, about eight you may eat; use exercise, and keep a Sparrow-hawk, you can shoot in a Tiller; but of all, your Grace must flee *Pblebotomie*, fresh Pork, Conger, and clarified Whay; They are all dullers of the vital spirits.

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

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

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

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

Pha. Lady, Lady.

Gal. She's coming Sir behind, will take white money. Yet for all this I'll match ye. [Exit Gal. behind the hangings.]

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

Enter Megra.

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

Meg. As many mornings bring as many dayes, Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your Grace.

Pha. She gives good words yet; Sure this wench is free. If your more serious business do not call you, Let me hold quarter with you, we'll take an hour Out quickly. *Meg.* What would your Grace talk of?

Pha. Of some such pretty subject as your self. I'll go no further than your eye, or lip, There's theme enough for one man for an age.

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

Pha. O they are two twin'd Cherries died in blushes, Which those fair suns above, with their bright beams Reflect upon, and ripen: sweetest beauty, Bow down those branches, that the longing taste, Of the faint looker on, may meet those blessings, And taste and live. *Meg.* O delicate sweet Prince; She that hath snow enough about her heart, To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off, May be a Nun without probation.

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

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

Meg. I shall, I shall. *Pha.* By my life you shall not. I'll prompt you first: Can you do it now?

Meg. Methinks 'tis easie, now I ha' don't before; But yet I should stick at it. *Pha.* Stick till to-morrow. I'll ne'r part you sweetest. But we lose time, Can you love me? (you?)

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

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

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

Pha. Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour; if I do not teach you to do it as easily in one night, as you'll go to bed, I'll lose my Royal blood for't.

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

yet wants teaching.

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

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

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

Meg. Has your Grace seen the Court-star *Galatea*?

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

Meg. And how do you hold her wit Sir?

Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of all the Guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it, she would blow 'em out of the Kingdom, they talk of *Jupiter*, he's but a squib-cracker to her: Look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak sweet Lady, shall I be freely welcome?

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your bed; if you mistrust my faith, you do me the un noblest wrong. *Meg.* I dare not Prince, I dare not.

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

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

Pha. Till when, this, and my heart go with thee.

[Ex. several ways.]

Enter Galatea from behind the hangings.

Gal. Oh thou pernicious Petticoat Prince, are these your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman; and Lady Towfabel I'll fit you for't.

[Exit Gal.]

Enter Arethusa and a Lady.

Are. Where's the boy? *La.* Within Madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy him cloaths?

La. I did. *Are.* And has he don't?

La. Yes Madam.

Are. 'Tis a pretty sad talking boy, is it not? Ask't you his name? *La.* No Madam.

Enter Galatea.

Are. O you are welcome, what good news?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your Grace, That saies she hath done that you would have wish'd.

Are. Hast thou discovered?

Gal. I have strained a point of modesty for you.

Are. I prethee how?

Gal. In listning after bawdery; I see, let a Lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time, to harken after bawdery; your Prince, brave *Pharamond*, was so hot on't. *Are.* With whom? (place.)

Gal. Why, with the Lady I suspect: I can tell the time and

Are. O when, and where?

Gal. To night, his Lodging.

Are. Run thy self into the presence, mingle there again With other Ladies, leave the rest to me: If destiny (to whom we dare not say, Why thou didst this) have not decreed it so In lasting leaves (whose smallest Characters Were never altered:) yet, this match shall break. Where's the boy? *La.* Here Madam.

Enter Bellario.

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

Bell. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait on you, To do him service. *Are.* Thou disclaim'st in me;

Tell

Tell me thy name. *Bell. Bellario.*

Are. Thou canst sing, and play?

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

Are. Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know? Hadst thou a curst master, when thou went'st to School?

Thou art not capable of other grief; Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be, When no dreach troubles them: believe me boy, Care seeks out wrinkled brows, and hollow eyes, And builds himself caves to abide in them.

Come Sir, tell me truly, does your Lord love me?

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

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

Thou art deceiv'd boy; does he speak of me As if he wish'd me well? *Bell.* If it be love,

To forget all respect of his own friends, In thinking of your face; if it be love To sit cross arm'd and sigh away the day, Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud And haltily, as men i'the streets do fire:

If it be love to weep himself away, When he but hears of any Lady dead, Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance; If when he goes to rest (which will not be) 'Twi'x every prayer he saies, to name you once As others drop a bead, be to be in love; Then Madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Are. O y'are a cunning boy, and taught to lie, For your Lords credit; but thou knowest, a lie, That bears this found, is welcomer to me, Than any truth that saies he loves me not. Lead the way Boy: Do you attend me too; 'Tis thy Lords business halts me thus; Away. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Dion, Cleremont, Thrasilin, Megra and Galatea.

Di. Come Ladies, shall we talk a round? As men Do walk a mile, women should take an hour After supper: 'Tis their exercise. *Gal.* 'Tis late.

Meg. 'Tis all My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.

Gal. I fear they are so heavy, you'll scarce find The way to your lodging with 'em to night.

Enter Pharamond.

Thra. The Prince.

Pha. Not a bed Ladies? y'are good sitters up; What think you of a pleasant dream to last Till morning?

Meg. I should choose, my Lord, a pleasing wake before it.

Enter Arethusa and Bellario.

Are. 'Tis well my Lord y'are courting of Ladies. Is't not late Gentlemen?

Cle. Yes Madam.

Are. Wait you there. *[Exit* Arethusa.

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

Pha. His form is Angel-like.

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

Pha. I find no musick in these boys. *Meg.* Nor I. They can do little, and that small they do, They have not wit to hide.

Di. Serves he the Princess? *Thra.* Yes.

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

Pha. Ladies all good rest; I mean to kill a Buck To morrow morning, ere y'ave done your dreams. *(rest,*

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

Gal. Yes, all good night. *[Ex. Gal. and Meg.]*

Di. May your dreams be true to you; What shall we do Gallants? 'Tis late, the King

Is up still, see, he comes, a Guard along With him.

Enter King, Arethusa and Guard.

King. Look your intelligence be true.

Are. Upon my life it is: and I do hope, Your Highness will not tye me to a man, That in the heat of wooing throws me off, And takes another. *Di.* What should this mean?

King. If it be true, That Lady had been better have embrac'd Cureless Diseases; get you to your rest, *[Ex. Are. and Bel.]* You shall be righted: Gentlemen draw near, We shall imploy you: Is young *Pharamond* Come to his lodging? *Di.* I saw him enter there.

King. Haste some of you, and cunningly discover, If *Megra* be in her lodging. *Cle.* Sir, She parted hence but now with other Ladies.

King. If she be there, we shall not need to make A vain discovery of our suspicion. You gods I see, that who unrighteously Holds wealth or state from others, shall be curst, In that, which meaner men are blest withall: Ages to come shall know no male of him Left to inherit, and his name shall be Blotted from earth; If he have any child, It shall be crossly matched: the gods themselves Shall sow wild strife betwixt her Lord and her, Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin I have committed, let it not fall Upon this understanding child of mine, She has not broke your Laws; but how can I, Look to be heard of gods, that must be just, Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter Dion.

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

King. 'Tis then no time to dally: you o'th' Guard, Wait at the back door of the Princes lodging, And see that none pass thence upon your lives. Knock Gentlemen: knock loud: louder yet: What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing? P'le break your meditations? knock again: Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this Larum by him; once more, *Pharamond*, Prince.

Pharamond above.

Pha. What sawcy groom knocks at this dead of night? Where be our waiters? By my vexed soul, He meets his death, that meets me, for this boldness.

K. Prince, you wrong your thoughts, we are your friends, Come down. *Pha.* The King?

King. The same Sir, come down, We have cause of present Counsel with you.

Pha. If your Grace please to use me, P'le attend you To your Chamber. *[Pha. below.]*

King. No, 'tis too late Prince, P'le make bold with yours.

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

King. Sir be resolv'd, I must and will come.

Pha. I will not be dishonour'd; He that enters, enters upon his death;

Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,
To bring these Renegados to my Chamber,
At these unseason'd hours. *King.* Why do you
Chafe your self so? you are not wrong'd, nor shall be;
Onely I'll search your lodging, for some cause
To our self known: Enter I say.

Phi. I say no.

[*Meg.* Above.

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

King. Come down.

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

King. Will you come down?

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

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

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

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

Enter with *Megra.*

King. Now Lady of honour, where's your honour now?
No man can fit your palat, but the Prince.
Thou most ill shrowded rottenness; thou piece
Made by a Painter and a Apothecary;
Thou troubled sea of lust; thou wilderness,
Inhabited by wild thoughts; thou swoln cloud
Of infection; thou ripe Mine of all Diseases;
Thou all Sin, all Hell, and last, all Devils, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,
But he that must be mine, and wrong my Daughter?
By all the gods, all these, and all the Pages,
And all the Court shall hoot thee through the Court,
Fling rotten Oranges, make ribald Rimes,
And fear thy name with Candles upon walls:
Do you laugh Lady *Venus*?

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

King. What boy is this she raves at?

Meg. Alas! good minded Prince, you know not these things?
I am loth to reveal 'em. Keep this fault
As you would keep your health from the hot air
Of the corrupted people, or by heaven,
I will not fall alone: what I have known,
Shall be as publick as a print: all tongues
Shall speak it as they do the language they

Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll set it
Like a prodigious star for all to gaze at, (reign
And so high and glowing, that other Kingdoms far and For-
Shall read it there, nay travel with it, till they find
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your fair Princess.

King. Has she a boy?

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

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

Meg. Do you study to forget me, and I'll study
To forget you. [*Ex.* King, *Meg.* and Guard.

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

Di. Sure she hath a garrison of Devils in her tongue, she
uttereth such balls of wild-fire. She has so netled the King,
that all the Doctors in the Country will scarce cure him.
That boy was a strange found out antidote to cure her in-
fection: that boy, that Princess boy: that brave, chaste, ver-
tuous Ladies boy: and a fair boy, a well spoken boy: All
these considered, can make nothing else—but there I leave
you Gentlemen.

Thra. Nay we'll go wander with you.

[*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter *Cle.* *Di.* and *Thra.*

Cle. NAY doubtless 'tis true.

Di. I, and 'tis the gods
That rais'd this Punishment to scourge the King
With his own issue: Is it not a shame
For us, that should write noble in the land;
For us, that should be freemen, to behold
A man, that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster, prest down from his Royal right,
By this regardless King; and only look,
And see the Scepter ready to be cast
Into the hands of that lascivious Lady,
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be
Married to yon strange Prince, who, but that people
Please to let him be a Prince, is born a slave,
In that which should be his most noble part,
His mind? *Thra.* That man that would not stir with you,
To aid *Philaster*, let the gods forget,
That such a Creature walks upon the earth.

Cle. *Philaster* is too backward in't himself;
The Gentry do await it, and the people
Against their nature are all bent for him,
And like a field of standing Corn, that's mov'd
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.

Di. The only cause that draws *Philaster* back
From this attempt, is the fair Princess love,
Which he admires and we can now confute.

Thra. Perhaps he'll not believe it.

Di. Why Gentlemen, 'tis without question so.

Cle. I 'tis past speech, she lives dishonestly.
But how shall we, if he be curious, work
Upon his faith?

Thra. We all are satisfied within our selves.

Di. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge,
I'll say I know it, nay, I'll swear I saw it.

Cle. It will be best. *Thra.* 'Twill move him.

Enter *Philaster.*

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

Phi. My worthy friends,
You that can keep your memories to know

Your

Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown
On men disgrac'd for vertue: A good day (tion?)
Attend you all. What service may I do worthy your accepta-

Di. My good Lord,
We come to urge that vertue which we know
Lives in your breast, forth, rise, and make a head,
The Nobles, and the people are all dull'd
With this usurping King: and not a man
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As vertue, but will second your attempts.

Phi. How honourable is this love in you
To me that have deserv'd none? Know my friends
(You that were born to shame your poor *Philafter*,
With too much courtesie) I could afford
To melt my self in thanks; but my designs
Are not yet ripe, suffice it, that ere long (would
I shall employ your loves: but yet the time is short of what I

Di. The time is fuller Sir, than you expect;
That which hereafter will not perhaps be reach'd
By violence, may now be caught; As for the King,
You know the people have long hated him;
But now the Princess, whom they lov'd.

Phi. Why, what of her?
Di. Is loath'd as much as he.
Phi. By what strange means?
Di. She's known a Whore. *Phi.* Thou lyest.
Di. My Lord—

Phi. Thou lyest, [Offers to draw and is held.
And thou shalt feel it; I had thought thy mind
Had been of honour; thus to rob a Lady
Of her good name, is an infectious sin,
Not to be pardon'd; be it false as hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be sown
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falsehood, whilst it springs.
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,
Like Thunder from a Cloud. *Di.* This is most strange;
Sure he does love her. *Phi.* I do love fair truth:
She is my Mistress, and who injures her,
Draws vengeance from me Sirs, let go my arms.

Thra. Nay, good my Lord be patient.
Cle. Sir, remember this is your honour'd friend,
That comes to do his service, and will shew you
Why he utter'd this. *Phi.* I ask you pardon Sir,
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,
Behind your back untruly, I had been
As much distemper'd, and enrag'd as now.

Di. But this my Lord is truth.
Phi. O say not so, good Sir forbear to say so,
'Tis the truth that all womenkind is false;
Urge it no more, it is impossible;
Why should you think the Princess light?

Di. Why, she was taken at it.
Phi. 'Tis false, O Heaven 'tis false: it cannot be,
Can it? Speak Gentlemen, for love of truth speak;
Is't possible? can women all be damn'd?

Di. Why no, my Lord.
Phi. Why then it cannot be.
Di. And she was taken with her boy.
Phi. What boy? *Di.* A Page, a boy that serves her.
Phi. Oh good gods, a little boy?

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

Di. How you my Lord?

Phi. Why all the world's abus'd
In an unjust report. *Di.* Oh noble Sir your vertues
Cannot look into the subtil thoughts of woman.
In short my Lord, I took them: I my self.

Phi. Now all the Devils thou didst flie from my rage,
Would thou hadst ta'ne devils ingendring plagues:
When thou didst take them, hide thee from my eyes,
Would thou hadst taken Thunder on thy breast,
When thou didst take them, or been stricken dumb
For ever: that this foul deed might have slept in silence.

Thra. Have you known him so ill temper'd?
Cle. Never before.
Phi. The winds that are let loose,
From the four several corners of the earth,
And spread themselves all over sea and land,
Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a sword
To run me through?

Di. Why, my Lord, are you so mov'd at this?
Phi. When any falls from vertue I am distract,
I have an interest in't.

Di. But good my Lord recal your self,
And think what's best to be done.

Phi. I thank you. I will do it;
Please you to leave me, I'll consider of it:
Tomorrow I will find your lodging forth,
And give you answer
The readiest way. *Di.* All the gods direct you.

Thra. He was extream impatient.
Cle. It was his vertue and his noble mind.

[Exeunt *Di.* *Cle.* and *Thra.*

Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them,
I'll follow him. O that I had a sea
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel;
More circumstances will but fan this fire;
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done:
And he that tells me this is honourable,
As far from lies, as she is far from truth.
O that like beasts, we could not grieve our selves,
With that we see not; Bulls and Rams will fight;
To keep their Females standing in their fight;
But take 'em from them, and you take at once
Their spleens away; and they will fall again
Unto their Pastures, growing fresh and fat,
And taste the waters of the springs as sweet,
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep.
But miserable man; See, see you gods,

Enter *Bellario*.

He walks still; and the face you let him wear
When he was innocent, is still the same,
Not blasted; is this justice? Do you mean
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty. *Bell.* Health to you my Lord;
The Princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this unto you. *Phi.* Oh *Bellario*,
Now I perceive she loves me, she does shew it
In loving thee my boy, she has made thee brave.

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

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

Bell. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her; or had preserv'd
Her life three times by my fidelity.
As mothers fond do use their only sons;

As I'de use one, that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay, if he met harm,
So she does use me. *Phi.* Why, this is wondrous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee with?

Bell. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets; and does call me
Her pretty servant, bids me weep no more
For leaving you: shee'l see my services
Regarded; and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake. *Phi.* This is much better still.

Bell. Are you ill my Lord?

Phi. Ill? No *Bellarario*.

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

Phi. Thou art deceiv'd boy:

And she stroakes thy head? *Bell.* Yes.

Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?

Bell. She does my Lord.

Phi. And she does kiss thee boy? ha!

Bell. How my Lord?

Phi. She kisses thee? *Bell.* Not so my Lord.

Phi. Come, come, I know she does.

Bell. No by my life.

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

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

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

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

Phi. Oh my heart; this is a false worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plain,
As I do know thy face. *Bell.* Why, so you do.
She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as Ice; but were she foul as Hell
And I did know it, thus; the breath of Kings,
The points of Swords, Tortures nor Bulls of Bras,
Should draw it from me.

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

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

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

Bell. Heaven knows I never did: and when I lie

To save my life, may I live long and loath'd.

Hew me alunder, and whilst I can think
I'll love those pieces you have cut away,
Better than those that grow: and kiss these limbs,
Because you made 'em so.

Phi. Fearest thou not death?

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

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

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

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

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

Phi. Oh, what should I do?

Why, who can but believe him? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise *Bellarario*,
Thy protestations are so deep; and thou
Dost look so truly, when thou utterest them,
That though I know 'em false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further; but thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth; A love from me to thee
Is firm, what ere thou dost: It troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee: but good boy
Let me not see thee more; something is done,
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee: if thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee. *Bell.* I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honour'd mind. But through these tears
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of Treason practis'd upon you,
And her and me. Farewel for evermore;
If you shall hear, that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me Loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memorie.
And I shall rest at peace. [Exit Bel.]

Phi. Blessing be with thee,
What ever thou deserv'st. Oh, where shall I
Go bath thy body? Nature too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind! [Ex. Phi.]

Enter Arethuse.

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

Enter King.

King. What are your meditations? who attends you?

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

King. Tell me: have you not a boy? *Are.* Yes Sir.

King. What kind of boy?

Are. A Page, a waiting boy.

King. A handsome boy?

Are. I think he be not ugly:
Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him,
I took him not for beauty.

King. He speaks, and sings and plays?

Are.

Arc. Yes Sir. *King.* About Eighteen?
Arc. I never ask'd his age. *King.* Is he full of service?
Arc. By your pardon why do you ask?
King. Put him away. *Arc.* Sir?
King. Put him away, h'as done you that good service,
 Shames me to speak of.

Arc. Good Sir let me understand you.
King. If you fear me, shew it in duty; put away that boy.
Arc. Let me have reason for it Sir, and then
 Your will is my command.

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

Arc. What have I done my Lord?
King. 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn,
 The common people speak it well already,
 They need no Grammer; understand me well,
 There be foul whispers stirring; cast him off!
 And suddenly do it: Farewel. [Exit King.]

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

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest Mistrefs.
Arc. Oh, my dearest servant I have a War within me.
Phi. He must be more than man, that makes these Crystals
 Run into Rivers; sweetest fair, the cause;
 And as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,
 Your creature made again from what I was,
 And newly spirited, I'le right your honour's.

Arc. Oh, my best love; that boy! *Phi.* What boy?
Arc. The pretty boy you gave me. *Phi.* What of him?
Arc. Must be no more mine. *Phi.* Why?
Arc. They are jealous of him. *Phi.* Jealous, who?
Arc. The King. *Phi.* Oh, my fortune,
 Then 'tis no idle jealousy. Let him go.

Arc. Oh cruel, are you hard hearted too?
 Who shall now tell you, how much I lov'd you;
 Who shall swear it to you, and weep the tears I send?
 Who shall now bring you Letters, Rings, Bracelets,
 Lose his health in service? wake tedious nights
 In stories of your praise? Who shall sing
 Your crying Elegies? And strike a sad soul
 Into senseless Pictures, and make them mourn?
 Who shall take up his Lute, and touch it, till
 He crown a silent sleep upon my eye-lid,
 Making me dream and cry, Oh my dear, dear *Philaster.*

Phi. Oh my heart!
 Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
 This Lady was not Loyal. Mistrefs, forget
 The boy, I'le get thee a far better.

Arc. Oh never, never such a boy again, as my *Bellarion.*
Bell. 'Tis but your fond affection.
Arc. With thee my boy, farewell for ever,
 All secrecy in servants: farewell faith,
 And all desire to do well for it self:
 Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,
 Sell and betray chaste love.

Phi. And all this passion for a boy?
Arc. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
 And the loss of such must have a mourning for.
Phi. O thou forgetful woman! *Arc.* How, my Lord?
Phi. False *Arcthusa!*

Haft thou a Medicine to restore my wits,
 When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk, and do thus.

Arc. Do what Sir? would you sleep?
Phi. For ever *Arcthusa.* Oh you gods,
 Give me a worthy patience; Have I stood
 Naked, alone the shock of many fortunes?
 Have I seen mischiefs numberless, and mighty
 Grow live a sea upon me? Have I taken
 Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
 And laught upon it, made it but a mirth,
 And slung it by? Do I live now like him,
 Under this Tyrant King, that languishing
 Hears his sad Bell, and sees his Mourners? Do I
 Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
 Under a womans fallhood? Oh that boy,
 That curfed boy? None but a villain boy, to ease your lust?

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

Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
 To this poor Kingdom; give it to your Joy,
 For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
 Where never womankind durst set her foot,
 For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,
 And live to curse you;
 There dig a Cave, and preach to birds and beasts,
 What woman is, and help to save them from you.
 How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts,
 More hell than hell has; how your tongues like Scorpions,
 Both heal and poyson; how your thoughts are woven
 With thousand changes in one subtle webb,
 And worn so by you. How that foolish man,
 That reads the story of a womans face,
 And dies believing it, is lost for ever.

How all the good you have, is but a shadow,
 I'th' morning with you, and at night behind you,
 Past and forgotten. How your vows are frosts,
 Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone.
 How you are, being taken all together,
 A meer confusion, and so dead a *Chaos*,
 That love cannot distinguish. These sad Texts
 Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
 So farewell all my wo, all my delight. [Exit Phi.]

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

And guilty (me thinks) that boy looks now?
 Oh thou dissembler, that before thou spak'st
 Wert in thy cradle false? sent to make lies,
 And betray Innocents; thy Lord and thou,
 May glory in the ashes of a Maid
 Fool'd by her passion; but the conquest is
 Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away,
 Let my command force thee to that, which shame
 Would do without it. If thou understoodst
 The loathed Office thou hast undergone,
 Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
 Lest men should dig and find thee. *Bell.* Oh what God
 Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
 Into the noblest minds? Madam this grief
 You add unto me is no more than drops
 To seas, for which they are not seen to swell;
 My Lord had struck his anger through my heart,
 And let out all the hope of future joyes,
 You need not bid me fly, I came to part,
 To take my latest leave, Farewel for ever;
 I durst not run away in honesty,
 From such a Lady, like a boy that stole,
 Or made some grievous fault; the power of gods
 Assist you in your sufferings; hasty time
 Reveal the truth to your abused Lord,
 And mine: That he may know your worth: whilst I

Go seek out some forgotten place to die. *Exit Bell.*

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

Enter a Lady.

La. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestness. *Are.* I am in tune to hunt!

Diana if thou canst rage with a maid,
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful Hind,
That I may die pursu'd by cruel Hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds. *[Exeunt.]*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra,
Dion, Cleremont, Thrasilin, and Attendants.*

K. What are the Hounds before, and all the woodmen?
Our horses ready, and our bows bent?

Di. All Sir.

King. Y'are cloudy Sir, come we have forgotten
Your venial trespass, let not that sit heavy
Upon your spirit; none dare utter it.

Di. He looks like an old surfeit'd Stallion after his leap-
ing, dull as a Dormouse: see how he sinks; the wench has
shot him between wind and water, and I hope sprung a leak.

Thra. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough; his
greatest fault is, he Hunts too much in the Purlucs, would
he would leave off Poaching.

Di. And for his horn, has left it at the Lodge where he
lay late; Oh, he's a precious Lime-hound; turn him loose
upon the pursuit of a Lady, and if he lose her, hang him
up i'th' slip. When my Fox-bitch Beauty grows proud, I'll
borrow him. *King.* Is your Boy turn'd away?

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

King. 'Tis well done: Hark ye further.

Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent? Me thinks
that were not noble in him: and yet he looks like a mortifi-
ed member, as if he had a sick mans Salve in's mouth. If a
worse man had done this fault now, some Physical Justice
or other, would presently (without the help of an Almanack)
have opened the obstructions of his Liver, and let him bloud
with a Dog-whip.

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

Pha. Troth no great matter to speak of, a foolish twink-
ling with the eye, that spoils her Coat; but he must be a
cunning Herald that finds it.

Di. See how they Muster one another! O there's a Rank
Regiment where the Devil carries the Colours, and his Dam
Drum major, now the world and the flesh come behind with
the Carriage.

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

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

[Exeunt.]

Enter two Woodmen.

1 Wood. What, have you lodged the Deer?

2 Wood. Yes, they are ready for the Bow.

1 Wood. Who shoots?

2 Wood. The Princess.

1 Wood. No she'll Hunt.

2 Wood. She'll take a Stand I say.

1 Wood. Who else?

2 Wood. Why the young stranger Prince.

1 Wood. He shall Shoot in a Stone-bow for me. I never
lov'd his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the Say, for pay-
ing Ten shillings: he was there at the fall of a Deer, and
would needs (out of his mightiness) give Ten groats for the
Dowcers; marry the Steward would have had the Velvet-
head into the bargain, to Turf his Hat withal: I think he
should love Venery, he is an old Sir *Tristram*; for if you be
remembred, he forsook the Stag once, to strike a Rascal
Milking in a Medow, and her he kill'd in the eye. Who
shoots else? *2 Wood.* The Lady *Galatea*.

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

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

1 Wood. That's a firker I' faith boy; there's a wench will
Ride her Haunces as hard after a Kennel of Hounds, as a
Hunting-saddle; and when she comes home, get 'em clapt,
and all is well again. I have known her lose her self three
times in one Afternoon (if the Woods had been answerable)
and it has been work enough for one man to find her, and
he has sweat for it. She Rides well, and she payes well.
Hark, let's go. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourished in these woods
With Milk of Goats, and Acorns, and not known
The right of Crowns, nor the dissembling Trains
Of Womens looks; but dig'd my self a Cave,
Where I, my Fire, my Cattel, and my Bed
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some Mountain Girl,
Beaten with Winds, chaf't as the hardened Rocks
Whereon she dwells; that might have strewed my Bed
With leaves, and Reeds, and with the Skins of beasts
Our Neighbours; and have born at her big breasts (on.
My large course issue. This had been a life free from vexati-

Enter Bellario.

Bell. Oh wicked men!

An innocent man may walk safe among beasts,
Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd Lord
Sits as his soul were searching out a way,
To leave his body. Pardon me that must
Break thy last commandment; For I must speak;
You that are griev'd can pity; hear my Lord.

Phi. Is there a Creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity? *Bell.* Oh my Noble Lord,
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing) so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger. *Phi.* Is it thou? be gone:
Go sell those misbecoming Cloaths thou wear'st,
And feed thy self with them.

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

Phi. Now by my life this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight,
Th'art faln again to thy dissembling trade:
How should'st thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untri'd for me?
Even so thou wept'st and spok'st when first
I took thee up; curse on the time. If thy
Commanding tears can work on any other,
Use thy art, I'll not betray it. Which way

Wilt thou take, that I may shun thee ;
For thine eyes are poyson to mine ; and I
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that way ?

Bell. Any will serve. But I will chuse to have
That path in chafe that leads unto my grave.

[*Exeunt Phil. and Bell. severally.*]

Enter Dion and the Woodmen.

Di. This is the strangest sudden change! You *Woodman.*

1 Wood. My Lord *Dion.*

Di. Saw you a Lady come this way on a Sable-horse stub-
bed with stars of white ?

2 Wood. Was she not young and tall ?

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

2 Wood. Faith my Lord we saw none. [*Exeunt Wood.*]

Enter Clermont.

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

Cle. Nor will be I think.

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

Cle. There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst
us ; some say her Horse run away with her ; some a Wolf
pursued her ; others, it was a plot to kill her ; and that
Armed men were seen in the Wood : but questionless, she
rode away willingly.

Enter King, and Thrafiline.

King. Where is she ? *Cle.* Sir, I cannot tell.

King. How is that ? Answer me so again.

Cle. Sir, shall I lie ?

King. Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that ;
I say again, where is she ? Mutter not ;
Sir, speak you where is she ? *Di.* Sir, I do not know.

King. Speak that again so boldly, and by Heaven
It is thy last. You fellows answer me,

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

I wish to see my Daughter, shew her me ;

I do command you all, as you are subjects,

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

If I, then am I not to be obeyed ?

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

King. Things possible and honest ! Hear me, thou,
Thou Traytor, that darest confine thy King to things

Possible and honest ; shew her me,
Or let me perish, if I cover not all *Cicily* with blood.

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

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

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

And set her before me ; 'tis the King

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

Uncloud the Sun, charm down the swelling Sea,

And stop the Clouds of Heaven ; speak, can it not ?

Di. No. *King.* No, cannot the breath of Kings do this ?

Di. No ; nor smell sweet it self, if once the Lungs
Be but corrupted. *King.* Is it so ? Take heed.

Di. Sir, take you heed ; how you dare the powers

That must be just. *King.* Alas ! what are we Kings ?

Why do you gods place us above the rest ;

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

Believe we hold within our hands your Thunder,

And when we come to try the power we have,

There's not a leaf shakes at our threatnings.

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

Yet would not thus be punish'd ; let me chuse

My way, and lay it on.

Di. He Articles with the gods ; would some body would
draw bonds, for the performance of Covenants betwixt
them.

Enter Pha. Galatea, and Megra.

King. What, is she found ?

Pha. No, we have ta'ne her Horse:

He gallopt empty by : there's some Treason ;
You *Galatea* rode with her into the wood ; why left you her ?

Gal. She did command me.

King. Command ! you should not.

Gal. 'Twould ill become my Fortunes and my Birth
To disobey the Daughter of my King.

King. Y'are all cunning to obey us for our hurt,
But I will have her. *Pha.* If I have her not,

By this hand there shall be no more *Cicily*.

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

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

Di. Yet you may do well to spare your Ladies Bed-fellow,
and her you may keep for a Spawner.

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

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

King. Run all, disperse your selves : the man that finds her,
Or (if she be kill'd) the Traytor ; Ple may him great.

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

Pha. Come let us seek. (her.

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

Di. Come Gentlemen we here.

Cle. Lady you must go search too.

Meg. I had rather be search'd my self. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Arcthusa.

Are. Where am I now ? Fect find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head,
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,
O're mountains, thorow brambles, pits, and fouds :
Heaven I hope will ease me. I am sick.

Enter Bellario.

Bell. Yonder's my Lady ; Heaven knows I want nothing ;
Because I do not wish to live, yet I
Will try her Charity. O hear, you that have plenty,
From that flowing store, drop some on dry ground ; see,
The lively red is gone to guard her heart ;
I fear she faints. Madam look up, she breaths not ;
Open once more those rosie twins, and send
Unto my Lord, your latest farewell ; Oh, she stirs :
How is it Madam ? Speak comfort.

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

Enter Philaster.

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

Bell. My Lord, help the Princess.

Are. I am well, forbear.

Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embrac'd
And kist by Scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of Basilisks, rather than trust to tongues,
And shrink these veins up ; stick me here a stone
Lasting to ages in the memory

Of this damn'd act. Hear me you wicked ones,
You have put the hills on fire into this breast,
Not to be quench'd with tears, for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms ; at your meals, and beds,
Despair await you : what, before my face ?
Poyson of Aspes between your lips ; Discases

Be your best issues ; Nature make a Curse
And throw it on you. *Are.* Dear *Philaster*, leave
To be enrag'd, and hear me. *Phi.* I have done ;
Forgive my passion, not the calm'd sea,
When *Aeolus* locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturb'd than I, I'll make you know it.

Dear *Arethusa*, do but take this sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you and this your boy, may live and reign
In lust without control; Wilt thou *Bellarion*?
I prethee kill me; thou art poor, and maist
Nourish ambitious thoughts, when I am dead:
This way were freer; Am I raging now?
If I were mad I should desire to live;
Sirs, feel my pulse; whether have you known
A man in a more equal tune to die?

Bel. Alas my Lord, your pulse keeps madmans time,
So does your tongue. *Phi.* You will not kill me then?

Are. Kill you? *Bell.* Not for a world.

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

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

Are. Shew me then the way. *Phi.* Then guide
My feeble hand, you that have power to do it,
For I must perform a piece of justice. If your youth
Have any way offended Heaven, let prayers
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

Are. I am prepared.

Enter a Country-fellow.

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

Phi. Are you at peace?

Are. With Heavens and Earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soul and body?

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

Phi. Leave us good friend.

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

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

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

Coun. I know not your Rhetorick, but I can lay it on if
you touch the woman. [*They fight.*]

Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest.

Are. Heavens guard my Lord.

Coun. Oh do you breathe?

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

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

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

Phi. What art thou?

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

Phi. The Princesses Gentlemen! Where's the wound Ma-
is it dangerous? *Are.* He has not hurt me.

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

Phi. O sacred spring of innocent blood!

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

Are. I felt it not.

Phi. Speak villain, who has hurt the Princess?

Coun. Is it the Princess? *Di.* I.

Coun. Then I have seen something yet.

Phi. But who has hurt her?

Coun. I told you a Rogue I ne'er saw him before, I.

Phi. Madam who did it?

Are. Some dishonest wretch, Alas I know him not,
And do forgive him.

Coun. He's hurt too, he cannot go far, I made my Fa-
thers old Fox flie about his ears.

Phi. How will you have me kill him?

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

Phi. By this hand, I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger
than a Nut, and bring him all in my Hat.

Are. Nay, good Sir;

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

Are. But swear.

Phi. By all my love I will: Woodmen conduct the Prin-
cesses to the King, and bear that wounded fellow to dressing:
Come Gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.

[*Ex.* *Are.* *Phi.* *Di.* *Cle.* *Thra.* and 1 Woodman.

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

2 Wood. That you shall, and receive thanks. [*Exeunt.*]

Coun. If I get clear with this, I'll go see no more gay fights

Enter Bellario.

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

Enter Philaster.

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

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

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

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

Phi. How's this?

Wouldst thou I should be safe?

Bell. Else it were vain

For me to live. These little wounds I have,
Ha' not bled much, reach me that noble hand,
I'll help to cover you. *Phi.* Art thou true to me?

Bell.

Bell. Or let me perish loath'd. Come my good Lord,
Creep in amongst those bushes: who does know
But that the gods may save your (much lov'd) breath?

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

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

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

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

Enter Pha. Dion, Cle. and Thra.

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

Cle. Yonder, my Lord, creeps one away.

Di. Stay Sir, what are you?

Bell. A wretched creature wounded in these Woods
By Beasts; relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish. *Di.* This is he my Lord,
Upon my soul that hurt her; 'tis the boy,
That wicked boy that serv'd her.

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

Bell. Then I am betrayed.

Di. Betrayed! no, apprehended.

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

Pha. I will know who hir'd thee to this deed?

Bell. Mine own revenge. *Pha.* Revenge, for what?

Bell. It pleas'd her to receive
Me as her Page, and when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men strid o're them carelessly, she did show
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes, till they overflow'd their banks,
Threatning the men that cross'd 'em; when as swift
As storms arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning Suns upon me, and did dry
The streams she had bestow'd, leaving me worse
And more contemn'd than other little brooks,
Because I had been great: In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die reveng'd. *Pha.* If tortures can be found,
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour. [*Philaster creeps out of a bush.*]

Cle. Help to lead him hence.

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

Pha. Who's that? *Di.* 'Tis the Lord *Philaster.*

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

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

Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies *Bellario.*

Bell. Alas he's mad, come will you lead me on?

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

Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge.

Cle. It was *Philaster.* *Di.* Is't not a brave boy?
Well Sirs, I fear we were all deceived.

Phi. Have I no friend here? *Di.* Yes.

Phi. Then shew it;
Some good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have tears shed for you when you die?
Then lay me gentle on his neck that there
I may weep floods, and breath out my spirit:
'Tis not the wealth of *Plutus*, nor the gold
Lockt in the heart of earth, can buy away
This arm-full from me, this had been a ransom
To have redeem'd the great *Augustus Caesar*,
Had he been taken: you hard-hearted men,
More stony than these Mountains, can you see
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh
To stop his life? To bind whose better wounds,
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears, (*laster.*
Bath 'em. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth of poor *Phi.*

Enter King, Arethusa and a Guard.

King. Is the villain ta'ne? (*laster.*

Pha. Sir, here be two confests the deed; but say it was *Phi.*

Phi. Question it no more, it was.

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

Are. Ay me, I know he will.

King. Did not you know him?

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

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

King. Thou ambitious fool;
Thou that hast laid a train for thy own life;
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk, bear him to prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless life; should it pass unreveng'd,
I should to earth go weeping: grant me then
(By all the love a Father bears his Child)

Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures and their death.

Di. Death? soft, our Law will not reach that, for this fault.

King. 'Tis granted, take 'em to you, with a Guard.
Come Princely *Pharamond*, this business past,
We may with more security go on to your intended match.

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

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

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

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

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

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

Thra. Are all his wounds well?

Di. All they were but scratches; but the loss of blood
made him faint. *Cle.* We dally Gentlemen.

Thra. Away.

Di. We'll scuffle hard before he perish. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Philaster, Arethusa, and Bellario.

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

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

Phi. Oh *Arethusa*! O *Bellario*! leave to be kind:
I shall be shot from Heaven, as now from Earth,

If you continue so; I am a man,
False to a pair of the most trusty ones

That ever earth bore, can it bear us all?
Forgive and leave me, but the King hath sent

To call me to my death, Oh shew it me,
And then forget me: And for thee my boy,

I shall deliver words will mollifie
The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.

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

Worthy your noble thoughts; 'tis not a life,
'Tis but a piece of child-hood thrown away:
Should I out-live, I shall then out-live
Vertue and honour. And when that day comes,
If ever I should close these eyes but once,
May I live spotted for my perjury,
And waste my limbs to nothing.

Are. And I (the woful'st maid as ever was,
Forc'd with my hands to bring my Lord to death)
Do by the honour of a Virgin swear,
To tell no hours beyond it.

Phi. Make me not hated so.

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

Phi. People will tear me when they find you true
To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.
Enjoy your Kingdoms peaceably, whil'st I
For ever sleep forgotten with my faults,
Every just servant, every maid in love
Will have a piece of me if you be true.

Are. My dear Lord say not so.

Bell. A piece of you?

He was not born of women that can cut it and look on.

Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you,

For my heart will break with shame and sorrow.

Are. Why 'tis well. *Bell.* Lament no more.

Phi. What would you have done

If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found
My life no price, compar'd to yours? For love Sirs,
Deal with me truly.

Pell. 'Twas mistaken, Sir. *Phi.* Why if it were?

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

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

Phi. Would you indeed? be plain.

Bell. We would my Lord.

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

Bell. 'Tis as it should be now.

Phi. Lead to my death.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter King, Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

King. Gentlemen, who saw the Prince?

Cle. So please you Sir, he's gone to see the City,
And the new Platform, with some Gentlemen
Attending on him. *King.* Is the Princess ready
To bring her prisoner out? *Thra.* She waits your Grace.

King. Tell her we stay.

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

Enter Phil. Are. and Bell. in a Robe and Garland.

King. How now, what Mask is this?

Bell. Right Royal Sir, I should
Sing you an Epithalamium of these Lovers,
But having lost my best ayres with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestial Harp to strike
This blessed union on; thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair Cedar-branches,
The noblest of the Mountain, where they grew
Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their layers, and slept
Free from the Syrian Star, and the fell Thunder-stroke,
Free from the Clouds, when they were big with humour,
And delivered in thousand spouts, their issues to the earth:

O there was none but silent quiet there!
Till never pleas'd fortune shot up shrubs,
Base under brambles to divorce these branches;
And for a while they did so, and did reign
Over the Mountain, and choakt up his beauty
With Brakes, rude Thorns and Thistles, till thy Sun
Scorcht them even to the roots, and dried them there:
And now a gentle gale hath blown again
That made these branches meet, and twine together,
Never to be divided: The god that sings
His holy numbers over marriage beds,
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand
Your Children mighty King, and I have done.

King. How, how?

Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth,
For there is no Masking in't; This Gentleman
The prisoner that you gave me is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throws
Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he strangled, and at length
Arriv'd here my dear Husband.

King. Your dear Husband! call in
The Captain of the Cittadel; There you shall keep
Your Wedding. I'll provide a Mask shall make
Your Hymen turn his Saffron into a fullen Coat,
And sing sad Requiems to your departing souls:
Bloud shall put out your Torches, and instead
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,
An Ax shall hang like a prodigious Meteor
Ready to crop your loves sweets. Hear you gods:
From this time do I shake all title off,
Of Father to this woman, this base woman,
And what there is of vengeance, in a Lion
Cast amongst Dogs, or rob'd of his dear young,
The same inforc't more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me. *Are.* Sir,

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

Di. Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid
When ere thou dyest; for this time I'll excuse thee,
Or be thy Prologue. *Phi.* Sir, let me speak next,
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions; if you aime
At the dear life of this sweet Innocent,
Y'are a Tyrant and a savage Monster;
Your memory shall be as foul behind you
As you are living, all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in Marble:
No Chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men. No Monument
(Though high and big as *Pelion*) shall be able
To cover this base murder; make it rich
With Brass, with purest Gold, and shining Jasper,
Like the Pyramids, lay on Epitaphs,
Such as make great men gods; my little marble
(That only cloaths my ashes, not my faults)
Shall far out shine it: And for after issues
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms,
That they will give you more, for your mad rage
To cut off, unless it be some Snake, or something
Like your self, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember, my Father King; there was a fault,
But I forgive it: let that sin perswade you
To love this Lady. If you have a soul,
Think, save her, and be saved, for my self,
I have so long expected this glad hour,
So languisht under you, and daily withered,
That heaven knows it is my joy to dye,
I find a recreation in't.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's the King? King. Here.

Mess. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the Prince Pharamond from danger,
He's taken prisoner by the Citizens,
Fearing the Lord Philaster. Di. Oh brave followers;
Mutiny, my fine dear Country-men, mutiny,
Now my brave valiant foremen, shew your weapons
In honour of your Mistresses.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Arm, arm, arm.

King. A thousand devils take 'em.

Di. A thousand blessings on 'em.

Mess. Arm O King, the City is in mutiny,
Led by an old Gray Ruffin, who comes on
In rescue of the Lord Philaster. [Exit with Are. Phi. Bell.

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

[Manent Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline.

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

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

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

Di. You say true, are your swords sharp? Well my dear
Country-men, what ye lack, if you continue and fall not
back upon the first broken shin, I'll have you chronicled,
and chronicled, and cut and chronicled and all to be prais'd,
and sung in Sonnets, and bath'd in new brave Ballads, that
all tongues shall trouble you in *Sacula Saculorum* my kind
Can-carriers.

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

Di. Then the same Devil take the foremost too, and
sowce him for his breakfast; if they all prove Cowards, my
curfes fly amongst them and be speeding. May they have
Murreins reign to keep the Gentlemen at home unbound in
ease freez: May the Moths branch their Velvets, and their
Silks only be worn before fore eyes. May their false lights
undo 'em, and discover presses, holes, stains, and oldness
in their Stuffs, and make them shop-rid: May they keep
Whores and Horses, and break; and live mued up with
necks of Beef and Turnips: May they have many children,
and none like the Father: May they know no language but
that gibberish they prattle to their Parcels, unless it be the
goarish Latine they write in their bonds, and may they
wreite that false, and lose their debts.

Enter the King.

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

Di. Oh my brave Countrymen! as I live, I will not buy
a pin out of your walls for this; Nay, you shall cozen me,
and I'll thank you; and send you Brawn and Bacon, and
foil you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at *Mi-
chaelmas* shall come up fat and kicking.

King. What they will do with this poor Prince, the gods
know, and I fear.

Di. Why Sir: they'll flea him, and make Church Buck-
ets on's skin to squench rebellion, then clap a rivet in's
sconce, and hang him up for a sign.

Enter Cleremont with Philaster.

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

Phi. Mighty Sir,

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

King. Let your own word free them.

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

King. All the gods go with thee. [Exeunt Omnes.

Enter an old Captain and Citizens with Pharamond.

Cap. Come my brave Mirmidons let's fall on, let our caps
Swarm my boys, and you nimble tongues forget your mothers
Gibberish, of what do you lack, and set your mouths
Up Children, till your Pallats fall frighted half a
Fathom, past the cure of Bay-salt and gross Pepper.

And then cry Philaster, brave Philaster,
Let Philaster be deeper in request, my ding-dongs,
My pairs of dear Indentures, King of Clubs,
Than your cold water Chamblets or your paintings
Spitted with Copper; let not your hasty Silks,
Or your branch'd Cloth of Bodkin, or your Tishues,
Dearly belov'd of spiced Cake and Custard,
Your Robin-hoods scarlets and Johns, tie your affections
In darkness to your shops; no, dainty Duckers,
Up with your three pil'd spirits, your wrought valours.
And let your un-cut Coller make the King feel
The measure of your mightiness Philaster.

Cry my Rose nobles, cry. All. Philaster, Philaster.

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

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

Cap. My Pretty Prince of Puppets, we do know,
And give your greatness warning, that you talk
No more such Bugs-words, or that foldred Crown
Shall be scratch'd with a Musket: Dear Prince Pippen,
Down with your noble blood; or as I live,
I'll have you codled: let him lose my spirits,
Make us a round Ring with your Bills my Hectors,
And let us see what this trim man dares do.
Now Sir, have at you; here I it,

And with this swashing blow, do you swear Prince;
I could hulk your Grace, and hang you up cross-leg'd,
Like a Hare at a Poulters, and do this with this wiper.

Phi. You will not see me murder'd wicked Villains?

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

Cap. He would have weapons would he? give him a
Broad-side my brave boyes with your pikes, branch me his
skin in Flowers like a Satin, and between every Flower a
mortal cut, your Royalty shall ravel, jag him Gentlemen, I'll
have him cut to the kell, then down the seams, oh for a whip
To make him Galoone-Laces,
I'll have a Coach-whip.

Phi. O spare me Gentlemen.

Cap. Hold, hold, the man begins to fear and know himself,
He

He shall for this time only be seal'd up
With a Feather through his nose, that he may only see
Heaven, and think whither he's going, (King
Nay beyond-Sea Sir, we will proclaim you, you would be
Thou tender Heir apparent to a Church-Ale,
Thou sleight Prince of single Sarcenet ;
Thou Royal Ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing
But poor mens Poultry, and have every Boy
Beat thee from that too with his Bread and Butter.

Phi. Gods keep me from these Hell-hounds.

2 *Cit.* Shall's geld him Captain ?

Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets my dear Donfels,
As you respect the Ladies let them flourish, (Boys.
The curses of a longing woman kill as speedy as a Plague,

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

2 *Cit.* I'll have an Arm.

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

4 *Cit.* I'll have his little Gut to string a Kit with,
For certainly a Royal Gut will sound like silver. (once.

Phi. Would they were in thy belly, and I past my pain

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

Cap. Who will have parcels else ? speak.

Phi. Good gods consider me, I shall be tortur'd.

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

2 He had no horns Sir had he ? (horns ?

Cap. No Sir, he's a Pollard, what would'st thou do with

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

Enter Philaster.

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

Phi. I thank you Gentlemen, but why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivil Trades ? *Cap.* My Royal Rosiclear,
We are thy Mirmidons, thy Guard, thy Rorers,
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our musty Murrions on,
And trace the streets in terrour : Is it peace
Thou *Mars* of men ? Is the King sociable,
And bids thee live ? Art thou above thy foemen,
And free as *Phœbus* ? Speak, if not, this stand
Of Royal blood shall be abroach, atilt, and run
Even to the lees of honour.

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

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the King ?
Art thou the *Hylas* to our *Hercules* ?
Do the Lords bow, and the regarded scarlets,
Kiss their Gumd-gols, and cry, we are your servants ?
Is the Court Navigable, and the presence struck
With Flags of friendship ? if not, we are thy Castle
And this man sleeps.

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

Phi. Sir, there is some humanity in you,
You have a noble soul, forget my name,
And know my misery, set me safe aboard
From these wild *Cambals*, and as I live,
I'll quit this Land for ever: there is nothing,
Perpetual prisonment, cold, hunger, sickness
Of all sorts, all dangers, and all together
The worst company of the worst men, madnes, age,
To be as many Creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do, nay to despair;
But I would rather make it a new Nature,
And live with all those than endure one hour
Amongst these wild Dogs.

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

3 *Cit.* Good Sir take heed he does not hurt you,

He's a fierce man I can tell you Sir.

Cap. Prince, by your leave I'll have a Surfingle,
And Male you like a Hawke. [*He stirs.*

Phi. Away, away, there is no danger in him:
Alas he had rather sleep to shake his fit off.
Look you friends, how gently he leads, upon my word
He's tame enough, he need no further watching.
Good my friends go to your houses and by me have your par-
dons, and my love,

And know there shall be nothing in my power
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes.
To give you more thanks were to flatter you,
Continue still your love, and for an earnest
Drink this. *All.* Long maist thou live brave Prince, brave
Prince, brave Prince. [*Exeunt Phi. and Pha.*

Cap. Thou art the King of Courtesie:
Fall off again my sweet youths, come and every man
Trace to his house again, and hang his pewter up, then to
The Tavern and bring your wives in Muffes: we will have
Musick and the red grape shall make us dance, and rise Boys.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter King, Arc. Gal. Meg. Cle. Dion, Thra. Bellario,
and Attendants.*

King. Is it appeas'd ?

Di. Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night,
As peaceable as sleep, my Lord *Philaster*
Brings on the Prince himself. *King.* Kind Gentlemen!
I will not break the least word I have given
In promise to him, I have heap'd a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter Philaster and Pharamond.

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

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

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

Phi. What mean you ?

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

Di. How now !

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

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

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

Bell. O stop your ears great King, that I may speak

As freedom would, then I will call this Lady
As base as be her actions, hear me Sir,
Believe how hated blood when it rebels
Against your reason sooner than this Lady.

Meg. By this good light he bears it handsomely.

Phi. This Lady? I will sooner trust the wind
With Feathers, or the troubled Sea with Pearl,
Than her with any thing; believe her not!
Why think you, if I did believe her words;
I would outlive 'em: honour cannot take
Revenge on you, then what were to be known
But death? *King.* Forget her Sir, since all is knit
Between us: but I must request of you
One favour, and will fadly be denied.

Phi. Command what ere it be.

King. Swear to be true to what you promise.

Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted. *King.* Bear away the boy
To Torture, I will have her clear'd or buried.

Phi. O let me call my words back, worthy Sir,
Ask something else, bury my life and right (once.
In one poor grave, but do not take away my life and fame at

King. Away with him, it stands irrevocable.

Phi. Turn all your eyes on me, here stands a man
The falsest and the basest of this world:
Set swords against this breast some honest man,
For I have liv'd till I am pitied,
My former deeds are hateful, but this last
Is pitifull, for I unwillingly
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his Torture: is it in the power [Offers to kill himself.
Of flesh and blood, to carry this and live?

Are. Dear Sir be patient yet, or stay that hand.

King. Sirs, strip that boy.

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

Bell. O kill me gentlemen. *Di.* No, help Sirs.

Bell. Will you Torture me?

King. Hast there, why stay you?

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

King. How's that? Will he confess?

Di. Sir, so he says. *King.* Speak then.

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

Di. Why speak'st thou not?

Bell. Know you this face my Lord?

Di. No. *Bell.* Have you not seen it, nor the like?

Di. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where. *Bell.* I have been often told

In Court, of one *Euphrasia*, a Lady
And Daughter to you; betwixt whom and me
(They that would flatter my bad face would swear)
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, dress alike.

Di. By Heaven and so there is.

Bell. For her fair sake,
Who now doth spend the spring time of her life
In holy Pilgrimage, move to the King,
That I may scape this Torture. *Di.* But thou speak'st
As like *Euphrasia* as thou dost look,
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives in Pilgrimage?

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

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

Bell. In *Siracusa*. *Di.* What's thy name?

Bell. *Euphrasia*. (hadst died

Di. O 'tis just, 'tis she now, I do know thee, Oh that thou
And I had never seen thee nor my shame,

How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of mine
E're call thee Daughter more?

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

King. What have you done?

Di. All is discovered. *Phi.* Why then hold you me?

Di. All is discovered, pray you let me go. } He offers to
King. Stay him. *Are.* What is discovered? } stab himself.

Di. Why my shame, it is a woman, let her speak the rest.

Phi. How! that again. *Di.* It is a woman.

Phi. Blest be you powers that favour innocence.

King. Lay hold upon that Lady.

Phi. It is a woman Sir, hark Gentlemen!
It is a woman. *Arethusa* take

My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy: it is a woman, thou art fair,
And vertuous still to ages, in despite of malice.

King. Speak you, where lies his shame?

Bell. I am his Daughter. *Phi.* The Gods are just.

Di. I dare accuse none, but before you two
The vertue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy. *Phi.* Take it freely; for I know,
Though what thou didst were undiscreetly done,
'Twas meant well. *Are.* And for me,
I have a power to pardon sins as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.

Cle. Noble and worthy. *Phi.* But *Bellarion*,
(For I must call thee still so) tell me why
Thou didst conceal thy Sex, it was a fault,
A fault *Bellarion*, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweigh'd it: All these Jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discovered,
What now we know.

Bell. My Father would oft speak
Your worth and vertue, and as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so rais'd, but yet all this
Was but a Maiden longing to be lost
As soon as found, till sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in Lawne, I saw a God
I thought (but it was you) enter our Gates,
My blood flew out, and back again as fast
As I had puff'd it forth, and suck't it in
Like breath, then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man
Heav'd from a Sheep-coat to a Scepter rais'd
So high in thoughts as I, you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever, I did hear you talk
Far above singing; after you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stir'd it so, Alas I found it love,
Yet far from lust, for could I have but liv'd
In presence of you, I had had my end,
For this I did delude my noble Father
With a feign'd Pilgrimage, and dress my self
In habit of a boy, and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you. And understanding well
That when I made discovery of my Sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow
By all the most religious things a Maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from mens eyes,
For other than I seem'd; that I might ever
Abide with you, then fate I by the Fount
Where first you took me up.

King. Search out a match

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

Bell. Never Sir will I
Marry, it is a thing within my vow,
But if I may have leave to ſerve the Princeſs,
To ſee the virtues of her Lord and her,
I ſhall have hope to live. *Are.* I *Philaſter*,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a Lady
Dreſt like a Page to ſerve you, nor will I
Suspect her living here: come live with me,
Live free, as I do, ſhe that loves my Lord,
Cuſt be the wife that hates her.

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

King. Set her at liberty, but leave the Court,
This is no place for ſuch: you *Pharamond*
Shall have free paſſage, and a conduct home
Worthy ſo great a Prince, when you come there,
Remember 'twas your faults that loſt you her,
And not my purpoſ'd will. *Pha.* I do confeſs,
Renowned Sir.

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

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

A

KING, and no KING.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Arbaces, *King of Iberia.*
Tigranes, *King of Armenia.*
Gobrias, *Lord Protector, and Father of Arbaces.*
Bacurius, *another Lord.*
Mardonius, } *Two Captains.*
Beſſus, }
Ligoccs; *Father of Spaconia.*
Two Gentlemen.
Three Men and a Woman.
Philip, *a ſervant, and two Citizens Wives.*

A Meſſenger.

A Servant to Bacurius.

Two Sword-men.

A Boy.

Arane, } *The Queens Mother.*

Panthea, } *Her Daughter.*

Spaconia, } *A Lady Daughter of Ligones.*

Mandane, } *A waiting woman, and other attendants.*

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter Mardonius and Beſſus, two Captains.

Mar. **B**eſſus, the King has made a fair hand on't, he
has ended the Wars at a blow, would my
ſword had a cloſe basket hilt to hold Wine,
and the blade would make knives, for we
ſhall have nothing but eating and drinking.

Beſ. We that are Commanders ſhall do well enough.

Mar. Faith *Beſſus*, ſuch Commanders as thou may; I had
as lieve ſet thee Perdue for a pudding i'th' dark, as *Alexan-*
der the Great.

Beſ. I love theſe jeſts exceedingly.

Mar. I think thou lov'ſt 'em better than quarrelling *Beſ-*
ſus, Ple ſay ſo much i'thy behalf, and yet thou 'rt valiant
enough upon a retreat, I think thou wouldſt kill any man
that ſtopt thee if thou couldſt.

Beſ. But was not this a brave Combate *Mardonius*?

Mar. Why, didſt thou ſee't?

Beſ. You ſtood wi'me.

Mar. I did ſo, but me thought thou wink'dſt every blow
they ſtrook.

Beſ. Well, I believe there are better ſouldiers than I,
that never ſaw two Princes fight in liſts.

Mar. By my troth I think ſo too *Beſſus*, many a thou-
ſand, but certainly all that are worſe than thou have ſeen as
much. *Beſ.* 'Twas bravely done of our King.

Mar. Yes, if he had not ended the wars: I'me glad
thou dar'ſt talk of ſuch dangerous buſineſſes.

Beſ. To take a Prince priſoner in the heart of 's own Coun-
try in ſingle combat.

Mar. See how thy blood curdles at this, I think thou
couldſt be contented to be beaten i'this paſſion.

Beſ. Shall I tell you truly? *Mar.* I.

Beſ. I could willingly venture for't.

Mar. Um, no venture neither *Beſſus*.

Beſ. Let me not live, if I do not think 'tis a braver piece
of ſervice than that I'me ſo ſam'd for.

Mar. Why, art thou ſam'd for any valour?

Beſ. Fam'd! I, I warrant you.

Ma. I'me e'en heartily glad on't, I have been with thee
e're ſince thou cam'ſt to th'wars, and this is the firſt word
that ever I heard on't, prethee who ſames thee.

Beſ. The Chriſtian world.

Mar. 'Tis heatheniſhly done of 'em in my conſcience, thou
deſerv'ſt

deserv'st it not. *Bes.* Yes, I ha' don good service.

Mar. I do not know how thou may'st wait of a man in's Chamber, or thy agility of shifting of a Trencher, but o'therwise no service good *Bessus*.

Bes. You saw me do the service your self.

Mar. Not so hasty sweet *Bessus*, where was it, is the place vanish'd?

Bes. At *Bessus* desp'rate redemption.

Mar. At *Bessus* desp'rate redemption, where's that?

Bes. There where I redeem'd the day, the place bears my name. *Mar.* Pray thee, who Christened it?

Bes. The Souldiers.

Mar. If I were not a very merrily dispos'd man, what would become of thee? one that had but a grain of choler in the whole composition of his body, would send thee of an errand to the worms for putting thy name upon that field: did not I beat thee there i'th' head o'th' Troops with a Trunchion, because thou would'st needs run away with thy company, when we should charge the enemy?

Bes. True, but I did not run.

Mar. Right *Bessus*, I beat thee out on't.

Bes. But came I not up when the day was gone, and redeem'd all?

Mar. Thou knowest, and so do I, thou meant'st to flie, and thy fear making thee mistake, thou ranst upon the enemy, and a hot charge thou gav'st, as I'll do thee right, thou art furious in running away, and I think, we owe thy fear for our victory; If I were the King, and were sure thou would'st mistake alwaies and run away upon th' enemy, thou should'st be General by this light.

Bes. You'll never leave this till I fall foul.

Mar. No more such words dear *Bessus*, for though I have ever known thee a coward, and therefore durst never strike thee, yet if thou proceedest, I will allow thee valiant, and beat thee.

Bes. Come, our King's a brave fellow.

Mar. He is so *Bessus*, I wonder how thou can'st to know it. But if thou wer't a man of understanding, I would tell thee, he is vain-glorious, and humble, and angry, and patient, and merry and dull, and joyful and sorrowful in extremity in an hour: Do not think me thy friend for this, for if I car'd who knew it, thou should'st not hear it *Bessus*. Here he is with his prey in his foot.

Enter &c. Senet Flourish.

Enter Arbaces and Tigranes, two Kings and two Gentlemen.

Arb. Thy sadness brave *Tigranes* takes away
From my full victory, am I become
Of so small fame, that any man should grieve
When I o'recome him? They that plac'd me here,
Intended it an honour large enough, (though he
For the most valiant living, but to dare oppose me single,
Lost the day. What should afflict you, you are as free as I,
To be my prisoner, is to be more free
Than you were formerly, and never think
The man I held worthy to combate me
Shall be us'd servilely: Thy ransom is
To take my only Sister to thy Wife.
A heavy one *Tigranes*, for she is
A Lady, that the neighbour Princes send
Blanks to fetch home. I have been too unkind
To her *Tigranes*, she but nine years old
I left her, and ne're saw her since, your wars
Have held me long and taught me though a youth,
The way to victory, she was a pretty child,
Then I was little better, but now fame
Cries loudly on her, and my messengers
Make me believe she is a miracle;
She'll make you shrink, as I did, with a stroak
But of her eye *Tigranes*.

Tigr. Is't the course of *Iberia* to use their prisoners thus?
Had fortune thrown my name above *Arbace*,
I should not thus have talk'd Sir, in *Armenia*,
We hold it base, you should have kept your temper

Till you saw home again, where 'tis the fashion
Perhaps to brag.

Arb. Be you my witness earth, need I to brag,
Doth not this captive Prince speak
Me sufficiently, and all the acts
That I have wrought upon his suffering Land;
Should I then boast! where lies that foot of ground
Within his whole Realm, that I have not pass'd,
Fighting and conquering; Far then from me
Be ostentation. I could tell the world
How I have laid his Kingdom desolate
By this sole Arm prop't by divinity,
Strip't him out of his glories, and have sent
The pride of all his youth to people graves,
And made his Virgins languish for their Loves,
If I would brag, should I that have the power
To teach the Neighbour world humility;
Mix with vain-glory?

Mar. Indeed this is none.

Arb. *Tigranes*, Nay did I but take delight
To stretch my deeds as others do, on words,
I could amaze my hearers. *Mar.* So you do.

Arb. But he shall wrong his and my modesty,
That thinks me apt to boast after any act
Fit for a good man to do upon his foe.
A little glory in a souldiers mouth
Is well-becoming, be it far from vaint.

Mar. 'Tis pity that valour should be thus drunk.

Arb. I offer you my Sister, and you answer
I do insult, a Lady that no suite
Nor treasure, nor thy Crown could purchase thee,
But that thou fought'st with me.

Tigr. Though this be worfe
Than that you spake before, it strikes me not;
But that you think to overgrace me with
The marriage of your Sister, troubles me.
I would give worlds for ransoms were they mine,
Rather than have her. *Arb.* See if I insult
That am the Conquerour, and for a ransom
Offer rich treasure to the Conquered,
Which he refuses, and I bear his scorn:
It cannot be self-flattery to say,
The Daughters of your Country set by her,
Would see their shame, run home and blush to death,
At their own foulness; yet she is not fair,
Nor beautiful, those words exprefs her not,
They say her looks have something excellent,
That wants a name: yet were she odious,
Her birth deserves the Empire of the world,
Sister to such a brother, that hath ta'ne
Victory prisoner, and throughout the earth,
Carries her bound, and should he let her loose,
She durst not leave him; Nature did her wrong,
To Print continual conquest on her cheeks,
And make no man worthy for her to taste
But me that am too near her, and as strangely
She did for me, but you will think I brag.

Mar. I do I'll be sworn. Thy valour and thy passions fe-
ver'd, would have made two excellent fellows in their kinds:
I know not whether I should be sorry thou art so valiant, or
so passionate, wou'd one of 'em were away.

Tigr. Do I refuse her that I doubt her worth?
Were she as vertuous as she would be thought,
So perfect that no one of her own sex
Could find a want, had she so tempting fair,
That she could wish it off for damning souls,
I would pay any ransom, twenty lives
Rather than meet her married in my bed.
Perhaps I have a love, where I have fixt
Mine eyes not to be mov'd, and she on me,
I am not fickle. *Arb.* Is that all the cause?
Think you, you can so knit your self in love
To any other, that her searching sight
Cannot dissolve it? So before you tri'd,

You thought your self a match for me in fight,
Trust me *Tigranes*, she can do as much
In peace, as I in war, she'll conquer too,
You shall see if you have the power to stand
The force of her swift looks, if you dislike,
I'll send you home with love, and name your ransom
Some other way, but if she be your choice,
She frees you: To *Iberia* you must.

Tigr. Sir, I have learn'd a prisoners sufferance,
And will obey, but give me leave to talk
In private with some friends before I go.

Arb. Some to await him forth, and see him safe,
But let him freely send for whom he please,
And none dare to disturb his conference,
I will not have him know what bondage is, [*Exit Tigranes.*]
Till he be free from me. This Prince, *Mardonius*,
Is full of wisdom, valour, all the graces
Man can receive. *Mar.* And yet you conquer'd him.

Arb. And yet I conquer'd him, and could have don't
Hadst thou joyn'd with him, though thy name in Arms
Be great; must all men that are vertuous
Think suddenly to match themselves with me?
I conquered him and bravely, did I not?

Bes. And please your Majesty, I was afraid at first.

Mar. When wert thou other? *Arb.* Of what?

Bes. That you would not have spy'd your best advantages,
for your Majesty in my opinion lay too high, methinks,
under favour, you should have lain thus.

Mar. Like a Taylor at a wake.

Bes. And then, if please your Majesty to remember, at
one time, by my troth I wisht my self wi'you.

Mar. By my troth thou wouldst ha' stunk 'em both out
o'th' Lists. *Arb.* What to do?

Bes. To put your Majesty in mind of an occasion; you
lay thus, and *Tigranes* falsified a blow at your Leg, which
you by doing thus avoided; but if you had whip'd up your
Leg thus, and reach'd him on the ear, you had made the
Blood-Royal run down his head.

Mar. What Country Fence-school learn'st thou at?

Arb. Fish, did not I take him nobly?

Mar. Why you did, and you have talked enough on't.

Arb. Talkt enough?

Will you confine my word? by heaven and earth,
I were much better be a King of beasts
Than such a people: if I had not patience
Above a God, I should be call'd a Tyrant
Throughout the world. They will offend to death
Each minute: Let me hear thee speak again,
And thou art earth again: why this is like
Tigranes speech that needs would say I brag'd.
Bessus, he said I brag'd. *Bes.* Ha, ha, ha.

Arb. Why dost thou laugh?

By all the world, I'm grown ridiculous
To my own Subjects: Tie me in a Chair
And jest at me, but I shall make a start,
And punish some that others may take heed
How they are haughty; who will answer me?
He said I boasted, speak *Mardonius*,
Did I? He will not answer, O my temper!
I give you thanks above, that taught my heart
Patience, I can endure his silence; what will none
Vouchsafe to give me answer? am I grown
To such a poor respect, or do you mean
To break my wind? Speak, speak, some one of you,
Or else by heaven. *1 Gent.* So please your.

Arb. Monstrous,

I cannot be heard out, they cut me off,
As if I were too saucy, I will live
In woods, and talk to trees, they will allow me
To end what I begin. The meanest Subject
Can find a freedom to discharge his soul
And not I, now it is a time to speak,
I hearken. *1 Gent.* May it please.

Arb. I mean not you,

Did not I stop you once? but I am grown
To balk, but I desire, let another speak,

2 Gent. I hope your Majesty.

Arb. Thou drawest thy words,

That I must wait an hour, where other men
Can hear in instants; throw your words away,
Quick, and to purpose, I have told you this.

Bes. And please your Majesty.

Arb. Wilt thou devour me? this is such a rudeness
As you never shew'd me, and I want
Power to command too, else *Mardonius*
Would speak at my request; were you my King,
I would have answered at your word *Mardonius*,
I pray you speak, and truly, did I boast?

Mar. Truth will offend you.

Arb. You take all great care what will offend me,
When you dare to utter such things as these.

Mar. You told *Tigranes*, you had won his Land,
With that sole arm propt by Divinity:
Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us,
That daily ventured lives?

Arb. O that thy name

Were as great, as mine, would I had paid my wealth,
It were as great, as I might combat thee,
I would through all the Regions habitable
Search thee, and having found thee, wi' my Sword
Drive thee about the world, till I had met
Some place that yet mans curiosity

Hath mist of; there, there would I strike thee dead:
Forgotten of mankind, such Funeral rites
As beasts would give thee, thou shouldst have.

Bes. The King rages extreamly, shall we flink away?
He'll strike us. *2 Gent.* Content.

Arb. There I would make you know 'twas this sole arm.

I grant you were my instruments, and did
As I commanded you, but 'twas this arm
Mov'd you like wheels, it mov'd you as it pleas'd.

Whither slip you now? what are you too good
To wait on me (*puffe*), I had need have temper
That rule such people; I have nothing left
At my own choice, I would I might be private:
Mean men enjoy themselves, but 'tis our curse,
To have a tumult that out of their loves
Will wait on us, whether we will or no;
Go get you gone: Why here they stand like death,
My words move nothing. *1 Gent.* Must we go?

Bes. I know not.

Arb. I pray you leave me Sirs, I'm proud of this,
That you will be intreated from my sight: } *Exeunt all but*
Why now the leave me all: *Mardonius.* } *Arb. and Mar.*

Mar. Sir.

Arb. Will you leave me quite alone? me thinks
Civility should teach you more than this,
If I were but your friend: Stay here and wait.

Mar. Sir shall I speak?

Arb. Why, you would now think much
To be denied, but I can scarce intreat
What I would have: do, speak.

Mar. But will you hear me out?

Arb. With me you Article to talk thus: well,
I will hear you out.

Mar. Sir, that I have ever lov'd you, my sword hath
spoken for me; that I do, if it be doubted, I dare call an
oath, a great one to my witness; and were you not my King,
from amongst men, I should have chose you out to love a-
bove the rest: nor can this challenge thanks, for my own
sake I should have done it, because I would have lov'd the
most deserving man, for so you are.

Arb. Alas *Mardonius*, rise you shall not kneel,
We all are souldiers, and all venture lives:
And where there is no difference in mens worths,
Titles are jests, who can outvalue thee?

Mardonius thou hast lov'd me, and hast wrong,
Thy love is not rewarded, but believe

It shall be better, more than friend in arms,
My Father, and my Tutor, good *Mardonius*.

Mar. Sir, you did promise you would hear me out.

Arb. And so I will; speak freely, for from thee
Nothing can come but worthy things and true.

Mar. Though you have all this worth, you hold some
qualities that do Eclipse your vertues.

Arb. Eclipse my vertues?

Mar. Yes, your passions, which are so manifold, that
they appear even in this: when I commend you, you hug
me for that truth: but when I speak your faults, you make
a start, and flie the hearing but.

Arb. When you commend me? O that I should live
To need such commendations: If my deeds
Blew not my praise themselves about the earth,
I were most wretched: spare your idle praise:
If thou didst mean to flatter, and shouldst utter
Words in my praise, that thou thoughtst impudence,
My deeds should make 'em modest: when you praise I hug
you? 'tis so safe, that wert thou worthy thou shouldst re-
ceive a death, a glorious death from me: but thou shalt un-
derstand thy lies, for shouldst thou praise me into Heaven,
and there leave me inthron'd, I would despise thee though as
much as now, which is as much as dust because I see thy envie.

Mar. However you will use me after, yet for your own
promise sake, hear me the rest.

Arb. I will, and after call unto the winds, for they shall
lend as large an ear as I to what you utter: speak.

Mar. Would you but leave these hasty tempers, which
I do not say take from you all your worth, but darken 'em,
then you will shine indeed. *Arb.* Well.

Mar. Yet I would have you keep some passions, lest men
should take you for a God, your vertues are such.

Arb. Why now you flatter.

Mar. I never understood the word, were you no King,
and free from these moods, should I choose a companion
for wit and pleasure, it should be you; or for honesty to
enterchange my bosom with, it should be you; or wisdom
to give me counsel, I would pick out you; or valour to
defend my reputation, still I should find you out; for you
are fit to fight for all the world, if it could come in questi-
on: Now I have spoke, consider to your self, find out a use;
if so, then what shall fall to me is not material.

Arb. Is not material? more than ten such lives, as mine,
Mardonius: it was nobly said, thou hast spoke truth, and
boldly such a truth as might offend another. I have been too
passionate and idle, thou shalt see a swift amendment, but
I want those parts you praise me for: I fight for all the
world? Give me a sword, and thou wilt go as far beyond
me, as thou art beyond in years, I know thou dar'st and
wilt; it troubles me that I should use so rough a phrase to
thee, impute it to my folly, what thou wilt, so thou wilt
paron me: that thou and I should differ thus!

Mar. Why 'tis no matter Sir.

Arb. Faith but it is, but thou dost ever take all things I
do, thus patiently, for which I never can requite thee, but
with love, and that thou shalt be sure of. Thou and I have
not been merry lately: pray thee tell me where hadst thou
that same jewel in thine ear?

Mar. Why at the taking of a Town.

Arb. A wench upon my life, a wench *Mardonius* gave
thee that jewel.

Mar. Wench! they respect not me, I'm old and rough,
and every limb about me, but that which should, grows
stiffer, I those businessses I may swear I am truly honest: for
I pay justly for what I take, and would be glad to be at
a certainty.

Arb. Why, do the wenches encroach upon thee?

Mar. I by this light do they.

Arb. Didst thou sit at an old rent with 'em?

Mar. Yes faith.

Arb. And do they improve themselves?

Mar. I ten shillings to me, every new young fellow they
come acquainted with.

Arb. How canst live on't?

Mar. Why I think I must petition to you.

Arb. Thou shalt take them up at my price.

Enter two Gentlemen and Bessus.

Mar. Your price? *Arb.* I at the Kings price.

Mar. That may be more than I'm worth.

2 Gent. Is he not merry now?

1 Gent. I think not.

Bes. He is, he is: we'll shew our selves.

Arb. *Bessus*, I thought you had been in *Iberia* by this, I
bad you hast; *Gobrias* will want entertainment for me.

Bes. And please your Majesty I have a sute.

Arb. Is't not lousie *Bessus*, what is't?

Bes. I am to carry a Lady with me.

Arb. Then thou hast two sutes.

Bes. And if I can prefer her to the Lady *Pentha* your Ma-
jesties Sister, to learn fashions, as her friends term it, it
will be worth something to me.

Arb. So many nights lodgings as 'tis thither, wilt not?

Bes. I know not that Sir, but gold I shall be sure of.

Arb. Why thou shalt bid her entertain her from me, so
thou wilt resolve me one thing. *Bes.* If I can.

Arb. Faith 'tis a very disputable question, and yet I
think thou canst decide it.

Bes. Your Majesty has a good opinion of my under-
standing.

Arb. I have so good an opinion of it: 'tis whether thou
be valiant.

Bes. Some body has traduced me to you: do you see
this sword Sir? *Arb.* Yes.

Bes. If I do not make my back-biters eat it to a knife
within this week, say I am not valiant.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Health to your Majesty.

Arb. From *Gobrias*? *Mes.* Yes Sir.

Arb. How does he, is he well?

Mes. In perfect health.

Arb. Take that for thy good news. A trustier servant
to his Prince there lives not, than is good *Gobrias*.

1 Gent. The King starts back.

Mar. His blood goes back as fast.

2 Gent. And now it comes again.

Mar. He alters strangely.

Arb. The hand of Heaven is on me, be it far from me to
struggle, if my secret sins have pull'd this curse upon me,
lend me tears now to wash me white, that I may feel a
child-like innocence within my breast; which once per-
form'd, O give me leave to stand as fix'd as constancy her
self, my eyes set here unmov'd, regardless of the world
though thousand miseries incompass me.

Mar. This is strange, Sir, how do you?

Arb. *Mardonius*, my mother, *Mar.* Is she dead?

Arb. Alas she's not so happy, thou dost know how she
hath laboured since my Father died to take by treason hence
this loathed life, that would but be to serve her, I have
pardoned, and pardoned, and by that have made her fit to
practise new sins, not repent the old: she now had stirr'd a
slave to come from thence, and strike me here, whom *Go-
brias* sifting out, took and condemn'd and executed there,
the carefult servant: Heaven let me but live to pay that
man; Nature is poor to me, that will not let me have as
many deaths as are the times that he hath sav'd my life, that
I might dye 'em over all for him.

Mar. Sir let her bear her sins on her own head,
Vex not your self. *Arb.* What will the world

Conceive of me? with what unnatural sins

Will they suppose me loaden, when my life

Is sought by her that gave it to the world?

But yet he writes me comfort here, my Sister,

He saies, is grown in beauty and in grace.

In all the innocent vertues that become

A tender spotless maid: she stains her cheeks

With morning tears to purge her mothers ill,
 And 'mongst that sacred dew she mingles Prayers
 Her pure Oblations for my safe return:
 If I have lost the duty of a Son,
 If any pomp or vanity of state
 Made me forget my natural offices,
 Nay farther, if I have not every night
 Expostulated with my wandring thoughts,
 If ought unto my parent they have err'd,
 And call'd 'em back: do you direct her arm
 Unto this foul dissembling heart of mine:
 But if I have been just to her, fend out
 Your power to compass me, and hold me safe
 From searching treason; I will use no means
 But prayer: for rather suffer me to see
 From mine own veins issue a deadly flood,
 Than wash my danger off with mothers blood.

Mar. I n'ere saw such suddain extremities. [Exeunt.]

Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.

Tigr. Why? wilt thou have me die *Spaconia*,
 What should I do? *Spa.* Nay let me stay alone,
 And when you see *Armenia* again,
 You shall behold a Tomb more worth than I;
 Some friend that ever lov'd me or my cause,
 Will build me something to distinguish me
 From other women, many a weeping verse
 He will lay on, and much lament those maids,
 That plac'd their loves unfortunately high,
 As I have done, where they can never reach;
 But why should you go to *Iberia*?

Tigr. Alas, that thou wilt ask me, ask the man
 That rages in a Fever why he lies
 Distempered there, when all the other youths
 Are courting o're the Meadows with their Loves?
 Can I resist it? am I not a slave
 To him that conquer'd me?

Spa. That conquer'd thee *Tigranes*! he has won
 But half of thee, thy body, but thy mind
 May be as free as his, his will did never
 Combate thine, and take it prisoner.

Tigr. But if he by force convey my body hence,
 What helps it me or thee to be unwilling?

Spa. O *Tigranes*, I know you are to see a Lady there,
 To see, and like I fear: perhaps the hope
 Of her make you forget me, ere we part,
 Be happier than you know to wish; farewell.

Tigr. *Spaconia*, stay and hear me what I say:
 In short, destruction meet me that I may
 See it, and not avoid it, when I leave
 To be thy faithful lover: part with me
 Thou shalt not, there are none that know our love,
 And I have given gold unto a Captain
 That goes unto *Iberia* from the King,
 That he will place a Lady of our Land
 With the Kings Sister that is offered me;
 Thither shall you, and being once got in
 Perfwade her by what subtil means you can
 To be as backward in her love as I.

Spa. Can you imagine that a longing maid
 When she beholds you, can be pull'd away
 With words from loving you?

Tigr. Dispraise my health, my honesty, and tell her
 I am jealous.

Spa. Why, I had rather lose you: can my heart
 Consent to let my tongue throw out such words,
 And I that ever yet spoke what I thought,
 Shall find it such a thing at first to lie?

Tigr. Yet do thy best.

Enter Bessus.

Bes. What, is your Majesty ready?

Tigr. There is the Lady, Captain.

Bes. Sweet Lady, by your leave, I could wish my self

more full of Courtship for your fair sake.

Spa. Sir I shall feel no want of that.

Bes. Lady, you must hast, I have received new letters
 from the King that require more hast than I expected,
 he will follow me suddenly himself, and begins to call for
 your Majesty already.

Tigr. He shall not do so long.

Bes. Sweet Lady, shall I call you my Charge hereafter?

Spa. I will not take upon me to govern your tongue Sir,
 you shall call me what you please.

Actus Secundus.

*Enter Gobrias, Bacurius, Arane, Panthe, and Mandane,
 Waiting-women with Attendants.*

Gob. MY Lord *Bacurius*, you must have regard unto the
 Queen, she is your prisoner, 'tis at your peril if
 she make escape.

Bac. My Lord, I know't, she is my prisoner from you
 committed; yet she is a woman, and so I keep her safe,
 you will not urge me to keep her close, I shall not shame to
 say I sorrow for her.

Gob. So do I my Lord; I sorrow for her, that so little
 grace doth govern her: that she should stretch her arm a-
 gainst her King, so little womanhood and natural goodness,
 as to think the death of her own Son.

Ara. Thou knowst the reason why, dissembling as thou
 art, and wilt not speak.

Gob. There is a Lady takes not after you,
 Her Father is within her, that good man
 Whose tears weigh'd down his sins, mark how she weeps,
 How well it does become her, and if you
 Can find no disposition in your self
 To sorrow, yet by gracefulness in her
 Find out the way, and by your reason weep:
 All this she does for you, and more she needs
 When for your self you will not lose a tear,
 Think how this want of grief discredits you,
 And you will weep, because you cannot weep.

Ara. You talk to me as having got a time fit for your
 purpose; but you know I know you speak not what you
 think. be urg'd

Pan. I would my heart were Stone, before my softness should
 Against my mother, a more troubled thought
 No Virgin bears about; should I excuse
 My Mothers fault, I should set light a life
 In losing which, a brother and a King
 Were taken from me, if I seek to save
 That life so lov'd, I lose another life
 That gave me being, I shall lose a Mother,
 A word of such a found in a childs ears
 That it strikes reverence through it; may the will
 Of heaven be done, and if one needs must fall,
 Take a poor Virgins life to answer all.

Ara. But *Gobrias* let us talk, you know this fault
 Is not in me as in another Mother.

Gob. I know it is not.

Ara. Yet you make it so.

Gob. Why, is not all that's past beyond your help?

Ara. I know it is.

Gob. Nay should you publish it before the world,
 Think you 'twould be believ'd?

Ara. I know it would not.

Gob. Nay should I joyn with you, should we not both be
 torn and yet both die uncredited?

Ara. I think we should.

Gob. Why then take you such violent courses? As for
 me I do but right in saving of the King from all your plots.

Ara. The King?

Gob. I bad you rest with patience, and a time
 Would come for me to reconcile all to

Your

Your own content, but by this way you take
Away my power, and what was done unknown,
Was not by me but you: your urging being done
I must preserve my own, but time may bring
All this to light, and happily for all.

Ara. Accursed be this over curious brain
That gave that plot a birth, accurst this womb
That after did conceive to my disgrace.

Bac. My Lord Protector, they say there are divers Letters
come from *Armenia*, that *Bessus* has done good service, and
brought again a day, by his particular valour, receiv'd you
any to that effect? *Gob.* Yes, 'tis most certain.

Bac. I'm sorry for't, not that the day was won,
But that 'twas won by him: we held him here
A Coward, he did me wrong once, at which I laugh'd,
And so did all the world, for nor I,
Nor any other held him worth my sword.

Enter Bessus and Spaconia.

Bes. Health to my Protector; from the King
These Letters; and to your grace Madam, these.

Gob. How does his Majesty?

Bes. As well as conquest by his own means and his valiant
Commanders can make him; your letters will tell you all.

Pan. I will not open mine till I do know
My Brothers health: good Captain is he well?

Bes. As the rest of us that fought are.

Pan. But how's that? is he hurt?

Bes. He's a strange souldier that gets not a knock.

Pan. I do not ask how strange that souldier is
That gets no hurt, but whether he have one.

Bes. He had divers. *Pan.* And is he well again?

Bes. Well again, an't please your Grace: why I was run
twice through the body, and shot i'th' head with a cross-
arrow, and yet am well again.

Pan. I do not care how thou do'st, is he well?

Bes. Not care how I do? Let a man out of the mightiness
of his spirit, fructifie Foreign Countries with his blood for
the good of his own, and thus he shall be answered: Why
I may live to relieve with spear and shield, such a Lady
as you distressed.

Pan. Why, I will care, I'me glad that thou art well,
I prethee is he so?

Gob. The King is well and will be here to morrow.

Pan. My prayer is heard, now will I open mine.

Gob. *Bacurius*, I must ease you of your charge:
Madam, the wonted mercy of the King,
That overtakes your faults, has met with this,
And struck it out, he has forgiven you freely,
Your own will is your law, be where you please.

Ara. I thank him. (row?)

Gob. You will be ready to wait upon his Majesty to mor-

Ara. I will. [Exit Arane.]

Bac. Madam be wise hereafter; I am glad I have lost
this Office.

Gob. Good Captain *Bessus*, tell us the discourse betwixt
Tigranes and our King, and how we got the victory.

Pan. I prethee do, and if my Brother were
In any danger, let not thy tale make
Him abide there long before thou bring him off,
For all that while my heart will beat.

Bes. Madam let what will beat, I must tell the truth,
and thus it was; they fought single in lists, but one to one;
as for my own part, I was dangerously hurt but three days
before, else, perhaps, we had been two to two, I cannot
tell, some thought we had, and the occasion of my hurt
was this, the enemy had made Trenches.

Gob. Captain, without the manner of your hurt be much
material to this business, we'll hear't some other time.

Pan. I prethee leave it, and go on with my Brother.

Bes. I will, but 'twould be worth your hearing: To the
Lists they came, and single-sword and gantlet was their fight.

Pan. Alas!

Bes. Without the Lists there stood some dozen Captains

of either side mingled, all which were sworn, and one of
those was I: and 'twas my chance to stand next a Captain
o'th' enemies side, called *Tribasus*; Valiant they said he
was; whilst these two Kings were stretching themselves,
this *Tribasus* cast something a scornful look on me, and ask't
me who I thought would overcome: I smil'd and told him
if he would fight with me, he should perceive by the event
of that whose King would win: something he answered,
and a scuffle was like to grow, when one *Zipetus* offered
to help him, I——

Pan. All this is of thy self, I pray thee *Bessus* tell some-
thing of my Brother, did he nothing?

Bes. Why yes, I'll tell your Grace, they were not to
fight till the word given, which for my own part, by my
troth I confes I was not to give.

Pan. See for his own part.

Bac. I fear yet this fellow's abus'd with a good report.

Bes. But I—— *Pan.* Still of himself.

Bes. Cri'd give the word, when as some of them say, *Ti-
granes* was stooping, but the word was not given then, yet
one *Cosroes* of the enemies part, held up his finger to me,
which is as much with us Martialists, as I will fight with
you: I said not a word, nor made sign during the combate,
but that once done.

Pan. He slips o're all the fight.

Bes. I call'd him to me, *Cosroes* said I.

Pan. I will hear no more.

Bes. No, no, I lie.

Bac. I dare be sworn thou dost.

Bes. Captain said I, so it was.

Pan. I tell thee, I will hear no further.

Bes. No? Your Grace will wish you had.

Pan. I will not wish it, what is this the Lady
My brother writes to me to take?

Bes. And please your Grace this is she: Charge, will you
come near the Princess?

Pan. You'r welcome from your Country, and this land
shall shew unto you all the kindness that I can make it;
what's your name? *Spa. Thalectris.*

Pan. Y'are very welcome, you have got a letter to put
you to me, that has power enough to place mine enemy
here; then much more you that are so far from being so to
me that you ne're saw me.

Bes. Madam, I dare pass my word for her truth.

Spa. My truth?

Pan. Why Captain, do you think I am afraid she'll steal?

Bes. I cannot tell, servants are slippery, but I dare give
my word for her, and for honesty, she came along with me,
and many favours she did me by the way, but by this light
none but what she might do with modesty, to a man of my
rank.

Pan. Why Captain, here's no body thinks otherwise.

Bes. Nay, if you should, your Grace may think your plea-
sure; but I am sure I brought her from *Armenia*, and in all
that way, if ever I touch'd any bare of her above her knee, I
pray God I may sink where I stand.

Spa. Above my knee?

Bes. No, you know I did not, and if any man will say, I did,
this sword shall answer; Nay, I'll defend the reputation of
my charge whilst I live, your Grace shall understand I am
secret in these businesses, and know how to defend a Ladies
honour.

Spa. I hope your Grace knows him so well already, I
shall not need to tell you he's vain and foolish.

Bes. I you may call me what you please, but I'll defend
your good name against the world; and so I take my leave
of your Grace, and of you my Lord Protector; I am like-
wise glad to see your Lordship well.

Bac. O Captain *Bessus*, I thank you, I would speak with
you anon.

Bes. When you please, I will attend your Lordship.

Bac. Madam, I'll take my leave too.

Pan. Good *Bacurius.*

[Exit Bess. and Bac.]

Gob. Madam what writes his Majesty to you?

Pan. O my Lord, the kindest words, Ple keep 'em whilst I live, here in my bosom, there's no art in 'em, they lie disordered in this paper, just as hearty nature speaks 'em.

Gob. And to me he writes what tears of joy he shed to hear how you were grown in every vertues way, and yields all thanks to me, for that dear care which I was bound to have in training you, there is no Princess living that enjoys a brother of that worth.

Pan. My Lord, no maid longs more for any thing, And feels more heat and cold within her breast, Than I do now, in hopes to see him.

Gob. Yet I wonder much
At this he writes, be brings along with him
A husband for you, that same Captive Prince,
And if he loves you as he makes a shew,
He will allow you freedom in your choice.

Pan. And so he will my Lord, I warrant you, he will but offer and give me the power to take or leave.

Gob. Trust me, were I a Lady, I could not like that man were bargain'd with before I choose him.

Pan. But I am not built on such wild humours, if I find him worthy, he is not less because he's offer'd.

Spa. 'Tis true, he is not, would he would seem less.

Gob. I think there's no Lady can affect
Another Prince, your brother standing by;
He doth Eclipse mens vertues so with his.

Spa. I know a Lady may, and more I fear
Another Lady will. *Pan.* Would I might see him.

Gob. Why so you shall, my businesses are great,
I will attend you when it is his pleasure to see you.

Pan. I thank you good my Lord.

Gob. You will be ready Madam.

[Exit Gob.]

Pan. Yes.

Spa. I do beseech you Madam, send away
Your other women, and receive from me
A few sad words, which set against your joyes
May make 'em shine the more.

Pan. Sirs, leave me all. [Exeunt Women.]

Spa. I kneel a stranger here to beg a thing
Unfit for me to ask, and you to grant,
'Tis such another strange ill-laid-request,
As if a begger should intreat a King
To leave his Scepter, and his Throne to him
And take his rags to wander o're the world
Hungry and cold.

Pan. That were a strange request.

Spa. As ill is mine. *Pan.* Then do not utter it.

Spa. Alas 'tis of that nature, that it must
Be utter'd, I, and granted, or I die:
I am ashamed to speak it; but where life
Lies at the stake, I cannot think her woman
That will not take something unreasonably to hazard sav-
ing of it: I shall seem a strange Petitioner, that wish all ill
to them I beg of, e're they give me ought; yet so I must:
I would you were not fair, nor wise, for in your ill consists
my good: if you were foolish, you would hear my prayer,
if foul, you had not power to hinder me: he would not
love you.

Pan. What's the meaning of it.

Spa. Nay, my request is more without the bounds
Of reason yet: for 'tis not in the power
Of you to do, what I would have you grant.

Pan. Why then 'tis idle, pray thee speak it out.

Spa. Your brother brings a Prince into this land,
Of such a noble shape, so sweet a grace,
So full of worth withal, that every maid
That looks upon him, gives away her self
To him for ever; and for you to have
He brings him: and so mad is my demand
That I desire you not to have this man,
This excellent man, for whom you needs must die,
If you should miss him. I do now expect
You should laugh at me.

Pan. Trust me I could weep rather, for I have found

In all thy words a strange disjoynted sorrow. (him.)

Spa. 'Tis by me his own desire so, that you would not love

Pan. His own desire! why credit me *Thalestris*,
I am no common wooer: if he shall wooe me, his worth may
be such, that I dare not swear I will not love him; but if he
will stay to have me wooe him, I will promise thee, he may
keep all his graces to himself, and fear no ravishing from me.

Spa. 'Tis yet his own desire, but when he sees your face,
I fear it will not be; therefore I charge you as you have pity,
stop these tender ears from his enchanting voice, close up
those eyes, that you may neither catch a dart from him,
nor he from you; I charge you as you hope to live in quiet;
for when I am dead, for certain I will walk to visit him if he
break promise with me: for as fast as Oaths without a for-
mal Ceremony can make me, I am to him.

Pan. Then be fearless;

For if he were a thing 'twixt God and man,
I could gaze on him; if I knew it sin
To love him without passion: Dry your eyes,
I swear you shall enjoy him still for me,
I will not hinder you; but I perceive
You are not what you seem, rise, rise *Thalestris*,
If your right name be so.

Spa. Indeed it is not, *Spaconia* is my name; but I desire
not to be known to other.

Pan. Why, by me you shall not, I will never do you
wrong, what good I can, I will, think not my birth or edu-
cation such, that I should injure a stranger Virgin; you are
welcome hither, in company you wish to be commanded,
but when we are alone, I shall be ready to be your servant.

[Exeunt.]

Enter three Men and a Woman.

1 Come, come, run, run, run.

2 We shall out-go her.

3 One were better be hang'd than carry out women
siding to these shews. *Wom.* Is the King hard by?

1 You heard he with the Bottles said, he thought we
should come too late: What abundance of people here is?

Wom. But what had he in those Bottles?

3 I know not.

2 Why, Ink goodman fool.

3 Ink, what to do?

1 Why the King look you, will many times call for
these Bottles, and break his mind to his friends.

Wom. Let's take our places, we shall have no room else.

2 The man told us he would walk o' foot through the
people. 3 I marry did he.

1 Our shops are well look't to now.

2 'Slife, yonder's my Master, I think.

1 No 'tis not he.

Enter a man with two Citizens-wives.

1 *Cit.* Lord how fine the fields be, what sweet living 'tis
in the Country!

2 *Cit.* I poor souls, God help 'em; they live as content-
edly as one of us.

1 *Cit.* My husbands Cousin would have had me gone into
the Country last year, wert thou ever there?

2 *Cit.* I, poor souls, I was amongst 'em once.

1 *Cit.* And what kind of creatures are they, for love of God?

2 *Cit.* Very good people, God help 'em.

1 *Cit.* Wilt thou go down with me this Summer when I
am brought to bed?

2 *Cit.* Alas, it is no place for us.

1 *Cit.* Why, pray thee?

2 *Cit.* Why you can have nothing there, there's no body
crys brooms. 1 *Cit.* No?

2 *Cit.* No truly, nor milk.

1 *Cit.* Nor milk, how do they?

2 *Cit.* They are fain to milk themselves i'th' Country.

1 *Cit.* Good Lord! but the people there, I think, will
be very dutiful to one of us.

2 *Cit.* I God knows will they, and yet they do not greatly
care

care for our husbands.

1 *Cit.* Do they not? Alas! I good faith I cannot blame them: for we do not greatly care for them our selves. *Philip*, I pray choose us a place.

Phil. There's the best forsooth.

1 *Cit.* By your leave good people a little.

3 What's the matter?

Phil. I pray you my friend, do not thrust my Mistress so, she's with Child.

2 Let her look to her self then, has she not had showing enough yet? if she stay shouldring here, she may haps go home with a cake in her belly.

3 How now, goodman squitter-breech, why do you lean on me? *Phil.* Because I will.

3 Will you Sir sawce-box?

1 *Cit.* Look if one ha'not struck *Philip*, come hither *Philip*, why did he strike thee?

Phil. For leaning on him.

1 *Cit.* Why didst thou lean on him?

Phil. I did not think he would have struck me.

1 *Cit.* As God save me la thou'rt as wild as a Buck, there's no quarel but thou'rt at one end or other on't.

3 It's at the first end then, for he'l ne'r stay the last.

1 *Cit.* Well slip-string, I shall meet with you.

3 When you will.

1 *Cit.* Ple give a crown to meet with you,

3 At a Bawdy-house.

1 *Cit.* I you're full of your Roguery; but if I do meet you it shall cost me a fall.

Flourish. Enter one running.

4 The King, the King, the King. Now, now, now, now.

Flourish. Enter *Arb.* *Tigr.* the two Kings and *Mardonius*.

All. God preserve your Majesty.

Arb. I thank you all, now are my joyes at full, when I behold you safe, my loving Subjects; by you I grow, 'tis your united love that lifts me to this height: all the account that I can render you for all the love you have bestowed on me, all your expences to maintain my war, is but a little word, you will imagine 'tis slender payment, yet 'tis such a word, as is not to be bought but with your bloods, 'tis Peace.

All. God preserve your Majesty.

Arb. Now you may live securely i' your Towns, Your Children round about you; may sit Under your Vines, and make the miseries Of other Kingdoms a discourse for you, And lend them sorrows; for your selves, you may Safely forget there are such things as tears, And you may all whose good thoughts I have gain'd, Hold me unworthy, where I think my life A sacrifice too great to keep you thus In such a calm estate.

All. God blefs your Majesty.

Arb. See all good people, I have brought the man whose very name you fear'd, a captive home; behold him, 'tis *Tigranes*; in your heart sing songs of gladness, and deliverance. 1 *Cit.* Out upon him.

2 *Cit.* How he looks.

3 *Wom.* Hang him, hang him.

Mar. These are sweet people.

Tigr. Sir, you do me wrong, to render me a scorned spectacle to common people.

Arb. It was so far from me to mean it so: if I have ought deserv'd, my loving Subjects, let me beg of you, not to revile this Prince, in whom there dwells all worth of which the name of a man is capable, valour beyond compare, the terrour of his name has stretcht it self where ever there is sin; and yet for you I fought with him single, and won him too; I made his valour stoope, and brought that name soar'd to so unbelov'd a height, to fall beneath mine: this inspir'd with all your loves, I did perform, and will for your content, be ever ready for a greater work.

All. The Lord blefs your Majesty.

Tigr. So he has made me amends now with a speech in commendation of himself: I would not be so vain-glorious.

Arb. If there be any thing in which I may Do good to any creature, here speak out; For I must leave you: and it troubles me, That my occasions for the good of you, Are such as call me from you: else, my joy Would be to spend my days among you all. You shew your loves in these large multitudes That come to meet me, I will pray for you, Heaven prosper you, that you may know old years, And live to see your childrens children sit At your boards with plenty: when there is A want of any thing, let it be known To me, and I will be a Father to you: God keep you all.

Flourish. Excunt Kings and their Train.

All. God blefs your Majesty, God blefs your Majesty.

1 Come, shall we go? all's done.

Wom. I for God sake, I have not made a fire yet.

2 Away, away, all's done.

3 Content, farewell *Philip*.

1 *Cit.* Away you halter-lack you.

2 *Philip* will not fight, he's afraid on's face.

Phil. I marry am I afraid of my face.

3 Thou wouldst be *Philip* if thou sawst it in a glass; it looks so like a Visour. [*Excunt 2, 3, and Woman.*]

1 *Cit.* you'l be hang'd sirra: Come *Philip* walk before us homewards; did not his Majesty say he had brought us home Peafe for all our money?

2 *Cit.* Yes marry did he.

1 *Cit.* They're the first I heard of this year by my troth, I longed for some of'em: did he not say we should have some?

2 *Cit.* Yes, and so we shall anon I warrant you have every one a peck brought home to our houses.

Actus Tertius.

Enter *Arbaces* and *Gobrias*.

Arb. MY Sister take it ill?

Gob. Not very ill, Something unkindly she does take it Sir to have Her Husband chos'n to her hands.

Arb. Why *Gobrias* let her, I must have her know, my will and not her own must govern her: what will she marry with some slave at home?

Gob. O she is far from any stubbornness, you much mistake her, and no doubt will like where you would have her, but when you behold her, you will be loth to part with such a jewel.

Arb. To part with her? why *Gobrias*, art thou mad? she is my Sister.

Gob. Sir, I know she is: but it were pity to make poor our Land, with such a beauty to enrich another.

Arb. Pish will she have him?

Gob. I do hope she will not, I think she will Sir.

Arb. Were she my Father and my Mother too, and all the names for which we think folks friends, she should be forc't to have him when I know 'tis fit: I will not hear her say she's loth.

Gob. Heaven bring my purpose luckily to pass, you know 'tis just, she will not need constraint she loves you so.

Arb. How does she love me, speak?

Gob. She loves you more than people love their health, that live by labour; more than I could love a man that died for me, if he could live again.

Arb. She is not like her mother then.

Gob. O no, when you were in *Armeria*, I durst not let her know when you were hurt: For at the first on every little scratch,

She kept her Chamber, wept, and could not eat,
Till you were well, and many times the news
Was so long coming, that before we heard
She was as near her death, as you your health.

Arb. Alas poor soul, but yet she must be rul'd;
I know not how I shall requite her well.
I long to see her, have you sent for her,
To tell her I am ready? *Gob.* Sir I have.

Enter 1 *Gent.* and *Tigranes.*

1 *Gent.* Sir, here is the *Armenian King.*

Arb. He's welcome.

1 *Gent.* And the Queen mother, and the Princess wait
without. *Arb.* Good *Gobrias* bring 'em in.

Tigranes, you will think you are arriv'd
In a strange Land, where Mothers cast to poyson
Their only Sons; think you you shall be safe?

Tigr. Too safe I am Sir.

Enter *Gobrias, Arane, Panthea, Spaconia, Bacurius,*
Mardonius and Bessus, and two Gentlemen.

Ara. As low as this I bow to you, and would
As low as is my grave, to shew a mind
Thankful for all your mercies. *Arb.* O stand up,
And let me kneel, the light will be asham'd
To see observance done to me by you.

Ara. You are my King.

Arb. You are my Mother, rise;

As far be all your faults from your own soul,
As from my memory; then you shall be
As white as innocence her self. *Ara.* I came
Only to shew my duty, and acknowledge
My sorrows for my sins; longer to stay
Were but to draw eyes more attentively
Upon my shame, that power that kept you safe
From me, preserve you still.

Arb. Your own desires shall be your guide. [*Exit Arane.*]

Pan. Now let me die, since I have seen my Lord the King
Return in safetie, I have seen all good that life
Can shew me; I have ne're another wish
For Heaven to grant, nor were it fit I should;
For I am bound to spend my age to come,
In giving thanks that this was granted me.

Gob. Why does not your Majesty speak?

Arb. To whom? *Gob.* To the Princess.

Pan. Alas Sir, I am fearful, you do look
On me, as if I were some loathed thing
That you were finding out a way to shun.

Gob. Sir, you should speak to her. *Arb.* Ha?

Pan. I know I am unworthy, yet not ill arm'd, with which
innocence here I will kneel, till I am one with earth, but I
will gain some words and kindness from you.

Tigr. Will you speak Sir?

Arb. Speak, am I what I was?

What art thou that dost creep into my breast,
And dar'st not see my face? shew forth thy self:
I feel a pair of fiery wings displai'd
Hither, from hence; you shall not tarry there,
Up, and be gone, if thou best Love be gone:
Or I will tear thee from my wounded breast,
Pull thy lov'd Down away, and with thy Quill
By this right arm drawn from thy wonted wing,
Write to thy laughing Mother i'thy blood,
That you are powers bely'd, and all your darts
Are to be blown away, by men resolv'd,
Like dust; I know thou fear'st my words, away.

Tigr. O misery! why should he be so slow?
There can no falsehood come of loving her;
Though I have given my faith; she is a thing
Both to be lov'd and serv'd beyond my faith:
I would he would present me to her quickly.

Pan. Will you not speak at all? are you so far
From kind words? yet to save my modesty,
That must talk till you answer, do not stand

As you were dumb, say something, though it be
Poyson'd with anger, that it may strike me dead.

Mar. Have you no life at all? for man-hood fake
Let her not kneel, and talk neglected thus;
A tree would find a tongue to answer her,
Did she but give it such a lov'd respect.

Arb. You mean this Lady: lift her from the earth; why
do you let her kneel so long? Alas, Madam, your beauty
uses to command, and not to beg. What is your sute to
me? it shall be granted, yet the time is short, and my affairs
are great: but where's my Sister? I bade she should be brought.

Mar. What, is he mad?

Arb. *Gobrias,* where is she?

Gob. Sir. *Arb.* Where is she man?

Gob. Who, Sir?

Arb. Who, hast thou forgot my Sister?

Gob. Your Sister, Sir?

Arb. Your Sister, Sir? some one that hath a wit, an-
swer, where is she? *Gob.* Do you not see her there?

Arb. Where? *Gob.* There.

Arb. There, where?

Mar. S'light, there, are you blind?

Arb. Which do you mean, that little one?

Gob. No Sir.

Arb. No Sir? why, do you mock me? I can see
No other here, but that petitioning Lady.

Gob. That's she. *Arb.* Away.

Gob. Sir, it is she.

Arb. 'Tis false. *Gob.* Is it?

Arb. As hell, by Heaven, as false as hell,
My Sister: is she dead? if it be so,
Speak boldly to me; for I am a man,
And dare not quarrel with Divinity;
And do not think to cozen me with this:
I see you all are mute and stand amaz'd,
Fearful to answer me; it is too true,
A decreed instant cuts off ev'ry life,
For which to mourn, is to repine; she dy'd
A Virgin, though more innocent than sheep,
As clear as her own eyes, and blessedness
Eternal waits upon her where she is:
I know she could not make a wish to change
Her state for new, and you shall see me bear
My crosses like a man; we all must die,
And she hath taught us how.

Gob. Do not mistake,
And vex your self for nothing; for her death
Is a long life off, I hope: 'Tis she,
And if my speech deserve not faith, lay death
Upon me, and my latest words shall force
A credit from you.

Arb. Which, good *Gobrias?* that Lady dost thou mean?

Gob. That Lady Sir,

She is your Sister, and she is your Sister
That loves you so, 'tis she for whom I weep,
To see you use her thus. *Arb.* It cannot be.

Tigr. Pish, this is tedious,
I cannot hold, I must present my self,
And yet the sight of my *Spaconia*
Touches me, as a sudden thunder-clap
Does one that is about to sin. *Arb.* Away,
No more of this; here I pronounce him Traytor,
The direct plotter of my death, that names
Or thinks her for my Sister, 'tis a lie,
The most malicious of the world, invented
To mad your King; he that will say so next,
Let him draw out his sword and sheath it here,
It is a sin fully as pardonable:
She is no kin to me, nor shall she be;
If she were ever, I create her none:
And which of you can question this? My power
Is like the Sea, that is to be obey'd,
And not disputed with: I have decreed her
As far from having part of blood with me, j

As the nak'd *Indians*; come and answer me,
He that is boldest now; is that my Sister?

Mar. O this is fine.

Bef. No marry, she is not, an't please your Majesty, I never thought she was, she's nothing like you.

Arb. No 'tis true, she is not.

Mar. Thou shou'dst be hang'd.

Pan. Sir, I will speak but once; by the same power
You make my blood a stranger unto yours,
You may command me dead, and so much love
A stranger may importune, pray you do;
If this request appear too much to grant,
Adopt me of some other Family,
By your unquestion'd word; else I shall live
Like sinfull issues that are left in streets
By their regardless Mothers, and no name
Will be found for me.

Arb. I will hear no more,
Why should there be such musick in a voyce,
And sin for me to hear it? All the world
May take delight in this, and 'tis damnation
For me to do so: You are fair and wise
And vertuous I think, and he is blest
That is so near you as my brother is;
But you are nought to me but a disease;
Continual torment without hope of ease;
Such an ungodly sickness I have got,
That he that undertakes my cure, must first
O'rethrow Divinity, all moral Laws,
And leave mankind as unconfin'd as beasts,
Allowing 'em to do all actions
As freely as they drink when they desire.
Let me not hear you speak again; yet see
I shall but langish for the want of that,
The having which, would kill me: No man here
Offer to speak for her; for I consider
As much as you can say; I will not toil
My body and my mind too, rest thou there,
Here's one within will labour for you both.

Pan. I would I were past speaking.

Gob. Fear not Madam,
The King will alter, 'tis some sudden rage,
And you shall see it end some other way.

Pan. Pray heaven it do.

Tig. Though she to whom I swore, be here, I cannot
Stifle my passion longer; if my father
Should rise again disquieted with this,
And charge me to forbear, yet it would out.
Madam, a stranger, and a pris'ner begs
To be bid welcome. *Pan.* You are welcome, Sir,
I think, but if you be not, 'tis past me
To make you so: for I am here a stranger,
Greater than you; we know from whence you come,
But I appear a lost thing, and by whom
Is yet uncertain, found here i'th' Court,
And openly suffer'd to walk up and down,
As one not worth the owning. *Spa.* O, I fear
Tigranes will be caught, he looks, me-thinks,
As he would change his eyes with her; some help
There is above for me, I hope.

Tigr. Why do you turn away, and weep so fast,
And utter things that mis-become your looks,
Can you want owning? *Spa.* O 'tis certain so.

Tigr. Acknowledge your self mine.

Arb. How now?

Tigr. And then see if you want an owner.

Arb. They are talking.

Tigr. Nations shall owne you for their Queen.

Arb. *Tigranes*, art not thou my prisoner?

Tigr. I am. *Arb.* And who is this?

Tigr. She is your Sister. *Arb.* She is so.

Mar. Is she so again? that's well. (her?)

Arb. And then how dare you offer to change words with

Tigr. Dare do it! Why? you brought me hither Sir,

To that intent. *Arb.* Perhaps I told you so,
If I had sworn it, had you so much folly
To credit it? The least word that she speaks
Is worth a life; rule your disordered tongue,
Or I will temper it. *Spa.* Blest be the breath.
Tigr. Temper my tongue! such incivilities
As these, no barbarous people ever knew:
You break the lawes of Nature, and of Nations,
You talk to me as if I were a prisoner
For theft: my tongue be temper'd? I must speak
If thunder check me, and I will.

Arb. You will? *Spa.* Alas my fortune.

Tigr. Do not fear his frown, dear Madam, hear me.

Arb. Fear not my frown? but that 'twere base in me
To fight with one I know I can o'recome,
Again thou shouldst be conquer'd by me.

Mar. He has one ransom with him already; me-thinks
'T were good to fight double, or quit.

Arb. Away with him to prison: Now Sir, see
If my frown be regardless; Why delay you?
Seize him *Bacurius*, you shall know my word
Sweeps like a wind, and all it grapples with,
Are as the chaffe before it. *Tigr.* Touch me not.

Arb. Help there. *Tigr.* Away.

1 Gent. It is in vain to struggle.

2 Gent. You must be forc'd.

Bac. Sir, you must pardon us, we must obey.

Arb. Why do you dally there? drag him away
By any thing. *Bac.* Come Sir.

Tigr. Justice, thou ought'st to give me strength enough
To shake all these off; This is tyrannie,
Arbaces, suttler than the burning Bulls,
Or that fam'd *Titans* bed. Thou mightst as well
Search i'th' deep of Winter through the snow
For half starv'd people, to bring home with thee,
To shew 'em fire, and send 'em back again,
As use me thus.

Arb. Let him be close, *Bacurius*. [Exeunt *Tigr.* and *Bac.*

Spa. I ne're rejoyc'd at any ill to him,
But this imprisonment: what shall become
Of me forsaken? *Gob.* You will not let your Sister
Depart thus discontented from you, Sir?

Arb. By no means *Gobrias*, I have done her wrong,
And made my self believe much of my self,
That is not in me: You did kneel to me,
Whilest I stood stubborn and regardless by,
And like a god incensed, gave no ear
To all your prayers: behold, I kneel to you,
Shew a contempt as large as was my own,
And I will suffer it, yet at the last forgive me.

Pan. O you wrong me more in this,
Than in your rage you did: you mock me now.

Arb. Never forgive me then, which is the worst
Can happen to me. *Pan.* If you be in earnest,
Stand up and give me but a gentle look,
And two kind words, and I shall be in heaven.

Arb. Rise you then to hear; I acknowledge thee
My hope, the only jewel of my life,
The best of Sisters, dearer than my breath,
A happiness as high as I could think;
And when my actions call thee otherwise,
Perdition light upon me. *Pan.* This is better

Than if you had not frown'd, it comes to me,
Like mercie at the block, and when I leave
To serve you with my life, your curse be with me:

Arb. Then thus I do salute thee, and again,
To make this knot the stronger, Paradise
Is there: It may be you are yet in doubt,
This third kiss blots it out, I wade in sin,
And foolishly intice my self along;
Take her away, see her a prisoner
In her own chamber closely, *Gobrias*.

Pan. Alas Sir, why?

Arb. I must not stay the answer; doe it:

Gob. Good Sir. *Arb.* No more, doe it I say.

Mar. This is better and better.

Pan. Yet hear me speak.

Arb. I will not hear you speak,
Away with her, let no man think to speak
For such a creature; for she is a witch,
A prisoner, and a Traitor.

Gob. Madam, this office grieves me.

Pan. Nay, 'tis well the king is pleas'd with it.

Arb. *Bessus*, go you along too with her; I will prove
All this that I have said, if I may live
So long; but I am desperately sick,
For she has given me poison in a kiss;
She had't betwixt her lips, and with her eyes
She witches people: go without a word.

[*Exeunt Gob. Pan. Bef. and Spaconia.*]

Why should you that have made me stand in war
Like fate it self, cutting what threds I pleas'd,
Decree such an unworthy end of me,
And all my glories? What am I, alas,
That you oppose me? if my secret thoughts
Have ever harbour'd swellings against you,
They could not hurt you, and it is in you
To give me sorrow, that will render me
Apt to receive your mercy; rather so,
Let it be rather so, than punish me
With such unmanly sins: Incest is in me
Dwelling already, and it must be holy
That pulls it thence, where art *Mardonius*?

Mar. Here Sir.

Arb. I pray thee bear me, if thou canst,
Am I not grown a strange weight?

Mar. As you were. *Arb.* No heavier?

Mar. No Sir. *Arb.* Why, my legs
Refuse to bear my body; O *Mardonius*,
Thou hast in field beheld me, when thou knowst
I could have gone, though I could never run.

Mar. And so I shall again.

Arb. O no, 'tis past.

Mar. Pray you go rest your self.

Arb. Wilt thou hereafter when they talk of me,
As thou shalt hear nothing but infamy,
Remember some of those things?

Mar. Yes I will.

Arb. I pray thee do: for thou shalt never see me so again.

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Bessus alone.

Bef. They talk of fame, I have gotten it in the wars; and will afford any man a reasonable penny-worth: some will say, they could be content to have it, but that it is to be achiev'd with danger; but my opinion is otherwise: for if I might stand still in Cannon-proof, and have fame fall upon me, I would refuse it: my reputation came principally by thinking to run away, which no body knows but *Mardonius*, and I think he conceals it to anger me. Before I went to the warrs, I came to the Town a young fellow, without means or parts to deserve friends; and my empty guts perswaded me to lie, and abuse people for my meat, which I did, and they beat me: then would I fast two days, till my hunger cri'd out on me, rail still, then me-thought I had a monstrous stomach to abuse 'em again, and did it. I, this state I continu'd till they hung me up by th' heels, and beat me wth haffe sticks, as if they would have baked me, and have coustn'd some body wth me for Venison: After this I rail'd, and eat quietly: for the whole Kingdom took notice of me for a bass'd whipt fellow, and what I said was remembred in mirth but never in anger, of which I was glad; I would it were at that pass again. After this, heaven calls an Aunt of mine, that left two hundred pound in a cousins hand for me, who taking me to be a gallant young spirit, raised a company for me with the money and sent me into *Armenia* with 'em: Away I would have run from them, but that I could get no com-

pany, and alone I durst not run. I was never at battail but once, and there I was running, but *Mardonius* cudgel'd me; yet I got loofe at last, but was so fraid, that I saw no more than my shoulders doe, but fled with my whole company amongst my Enemies, and overthrew 'em: Now the report of my valour is come over before me, and they say I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improv'd, a Plague on their eloquence, 't will cost me many a beating; And *Mardonius* might help this too, if he would; for now they think to get honour on me, and all the men I have abus'd call me freshly worthily, as they call it by the way of challenge.

Enter a Gent.

3 *Gent.* Good morrow, Captain *Bessus*.

Bef. Good morrow Sir.

3 *Gent.* I come to speak with you.

Bef. You're very welcome.

3 *Gent.* From one that holds himself wrong'd by you some three years since: your worth he says is sam'd, and he doth nothing doubt but you will do him right, as befeems a souldier. *Bef.* A pox on 'em, so they cry all.

3 *Gent.* And a slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse me; it is an office that friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you; since I desire but right on both sides.

Bef. 'Tis a challenge Sir, is it not?

3 *Gent.* 'Tis an inviting to the field.

Bef. An inviting? O Sir your Mercy, what a Complement he delivers it with? he might as agreeable to my nature present me poison with such a speech: um um um reputation, um um um call you to account, um um um forc'd to this, um um um with my Sword, um um um like a Gentleman, um um um dear to me, um um um satisfaction: 'Tis very well Sir, I do accept it, but he must await an answer this thirteen weeks.

3 *Gent.* Why Sir, he would be glad to wipe off his stain as soon as he could.

Bef. Sir upon my credit I am already ingag'd to two hundred, and twelve, all which must have their stains wip'd off, if that be the word, before him.

3 *Gent.* Sir, if you be truly ingag'd but to one, he shall stay a competent time.

Bef. Upon my faith Sir, to two hundred and twelve, and I have a spent body, too much bruis'd in battel, so that I cannot fight, I must be plain, above three combats a day: All the kindness I can shew him, is to set him resolutely in my rowle, the two hundred and thirteenth man, which is something, for I tell you, I think there will be more after him, than before him, I think so; pray you commend me to him, and tell him this.

3 *Gent.* I will Sir, good morrow to you.

[*Exit 3 Gent.*]

Bef. Good morrow good Sir. Certainly my safest way were to print my self a coward, with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post; I have received above thirty challenges within this two hours, marry all but the first I put off with engagement, and by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting than I, so that that's referred, the place where it must be ended, is four days journey off, and our arbitratours are these: He has chosen a Gentleman in travel, and I have a special friend with a quarrel in his hand, like to hold him this five years; for mine: and when his man comes home, we are to expect my friends heal'th: If they would finde me challenges thus thick, as long as I liv'd, I would have no other living; I can make seven shillings a day o'th' paper to the Grocers: yet I learn nothing by all these but a little skill in comparing of stiles. I do finde evidently, that there is some one Scrivener in this Town, that has a great hand in writing of Challenges, for they are all of a cut, and six of 'em in a hand; and the y all end, my reputation is dear to me, and I must require satisfaction: Who's there? more paper I hope, no, 'tis my Lord *Bacurinus*, I fear all is not well betwixt us.

Enter

Enter Bacurius.

Bac. Now Captain *Bessus*, I come about a frivolous matter, caus'd by as idle a report: you know you were a coward. *Bes.* Very right.

Bac. And wronged me.

Bes. True my Lord.

Bac. But now people will call you valiant, desertlessly I think, yet for their satisfaction, I will have you fight with *Bes.* O my good Lord, my deep Engagements. (me.)

Bac. Tell not me of your Engagements, Captain *Bessus*, it is not to be put off with an excuse: for my own part, I am none of the multitude that believe your conversion from Coward.

Bes. My Lord, I seek not Quarrels, and this belongs not to me, I am not to maintain it.

Bac. Who then pray?

Bes. *Bessus* the Coward wrong'd you. *Bac.* Right.

Bes. And shall *Bessus* the Valiant, maintain what *Bessus* the Coward did?

Bac. I pray thee leave these cheating tricks, I swear thou shalt fight with me, or thou shalt be beaten extremly, and kick'd.

Bes. Since you provoke me thus far, my Lord, I will fight with you, and by my Sword it shall cost me twenty pound, but I will have my Leg well a week sooner purposely.

Bac. Your Leg? Why, what ailes your Leg? I'll do a cure on you, stand up.

Bes. My Lord, this is not Noble in you.

Bac. What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth? I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee.

Bes. My Lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a Coward.

Bac. When thou wert? Confess thy self a Coward still, or by this light, I'll beat thee into Spunge.

Bes. Why I am one.

Bac. Are you so Sir? And why do you wear a Sword then? Come unbuckle. *Bes.* My Lord.

Bac. Unbuckle I say, and give it me, or as I live, thy head will ake extremly.

Bes. It is a pretty Hilt, and if your Lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you for a New-years-gift.

Bac. I thank you very heartily, sweet Captain, farewell.

Bes. One word more, I beseech your Lordship to render me my knife again.

Bac. Marry by all means Captain; cherish your self with it, and eat hard, good Captain; we cannot tell whether we shall have any more such: Adue dear Captain. [Exit *Bac.*]

Bes. I will make better use of this, than of my Sword: A base spirit has this vantage of a brave one, it keeps always at a stay, nothing brings it down, not beating. I remember I promis'd the King in a great Audience, that I would make my back-biters eat my sword to a knife; how to get another sword I know not, nor know any means left for me to maintain my credit, but impudence: therefore I will out-swear him and all his followers, that this is all that's left uneaten of my sword. [Exit *Bessus.*]

Enter Mardonius.

Mar. I'll move the King, he is most strangely alter'd; I guess the cause I fear too right, Heaven has some secret end in't, and 'tis a scourge no question justly laid upon him: he has followed me through twenty Rooms; and ever when I stay to wait his command, he blushes like a Girl, and looks upon me, as if modesty kept in his business: so turns away from me, but if I go on, he follows me again.

Enter Arbaces.

See, here he is. I do not use this, yet I know not how, I cannot chuse but weep to see him; his very Enemies I think, whose wounds have bred his fame, if they should see him now, would find tears in their eyes.

Arb. I cannot utter it, why should I keep

A breast to harbour thoughts? I dare not speak.

Darkness is in my bosom, and there lie

A thousand thoughts that cannot brook the light:

How wilt thou vex 'em when this deed is done,

Conscience, that art afraid to let me name it?

Mar. How do you Sir?

Arb. Why very well *Mardonius*, how dost thou do?

Mar. Better than you I fear.

Arb. I hope thou art; for to be plain with thee,

Thou art in Hell else, secret scorching flames

That far transcend earthly material fires

Are crept into me, and there is no cure.

Is it not strange *Mardonius*, there's no cure?

Mar. Sir, either I mistake, or there is something hid That you would utter to me.

Arb. So there is, but yet I cannot do it.

Mar. Out with it Sir, if it be dangerous, I will not shrink to do you service; I shall not esteem my life a weightier matter than indeed it is, I know it is subject to more chances than it has hours, and I were better lose it in my Kings cause, than with an ague, or a fall, or sleeping, to a Thief; as all these are probable enough: let me but know what I shall do for you.

Arb. It will not out: were you with *Gobrias*, And bad him give my Sister all content

The place affords, and give her leave to send

And speak to whom she please?

Mar. Yes Sir, I was.

Arb. And did you to *Bacurius* say as much About *Tigranes*? *Mar.* Yes.

Arb. That's all my business.

Mar. O say not so,

You had an answer of this before;

Besides I think this business might

Be utter'd more carelessly.

Arb. Come thou shalt have it out, I do beseech thee

By all the love thou hast profess'd to me,

To see my Sister from me.

Mar. Well, and what? *Arb.* That's all.

Mar. That's strange, I shall say nothing to her?

Arb. Not a word;

But if thou lovest me, find some subtil way

To make her understand by signs.

Mar. But what shall I make her understand?

Arb. O *Mardonius*, for that I must be pardon'd.

Mar. You may, but I can only see her then.

Arb. 'Tis true;

Bear her this Ring then, and

One more advice, thou shalt speak to her:

Tell her I do love My kindred all: wilt thou?

Mar. Is there no more?

Arb. O yes and her the best;

Better than any Brother loves his Sister: That's all.

Mar. Methinks this need not have been delivered with such a caution; I'll do it.

Arb. There is more yet,

Wilt thou be faithful to me?

Mar. Sir, if I take upon me to deliver it, after I hear it, I'll pass through fire to do it.

Arb. I love her better than a Brother ought;

Dost thou conceive me?

Mar. I hope you do not Sir.

Arb. No, thou art dull, kneel down before her, And ne'er rise again, till she will love me.

Mar. Why, I think she does.

Arb. But better than she does, another way; As wives love Husbands.

Mar. Why, I think there are few Wives that love their Husbands better than she does you.

Arb. Thou wilt not understand me: is it fit

This should be utter'd plainly? take it then

Naked as it is: I would desire her love

Lasciviously, lewdly; incestuously,

To do a sin that needs must damn us both,

And thee too: dost thou understand me now?

Mar. Yes, there's your Ring again; what have I done Dishonestly in my whole life, name it, That you should put so base a business to me?

Arb. Didst thou not tell me thou wouldst do it?

Mar. Yes; if I undertook it, but if all My hairs were lives, I would not be engag'd In such a case to save my last life.

Arb. O guilt! ha how poor and weak a thing art thou? This man that is my servant, whom my breath Might blow upon the world, might beat me here Having this cause, whil'ft I prest down with sin Could not resist him: hear *Mardonius*, It was a motion mis-beseeming man, And I am sorry for it.

Mar. Heaven grant you may be so: you must understand, nothing that you can utter, can remove my love and service from my Prince. But otherwise, I think I shall not love you more. For you are sinful, and if you do this crime, you ought to have no Laws. For after this, it will be great injustice in you to punish any offender for any crime. For my self I find my heart too big: I feel I have not patience to look on whilst you run these forbidden courses. Means I have none but your favour, and I am rather glad that I shall lose 'em both together, than keep 'em with such conditions; I shall find a dwelling amongst some people, where though our Garments perhaps be courser, we shall be richer far within, and harbour no such vices in 'em: the Gods preserve you, and mend.

Arb. *Mardonius*, stay *Mardonius*, for though My present state requires nothing but knaves To be about me, such as are prepar'd For every wicked act, yet who does know But that my loathed Fate may turn about, And I have use for honest men again? I hope I may, I prethee leave me not.

Enter *Bessus*.

Bes. Where is the King? *Mar.* There.

Bes. An't please your Majesty, there's the knife.

Arb. What knife?

Bes. The Sword is eaten.

Mar. Away you fool, the King is serious, And cannot now admit your vanities.

Bes. Vanities! I'me no honest man, if my enemies have not brought it to this, what, do you think I lie?

Arb. No, no, 'tis well *Bessus*, 'tis very well I'm glad on't.

Mar. If your enemies brought it to this, your enemies are Cutlers, come leave the King.

Bes. Why, may not valour approach him?

Mar. Yes, but he has affairs, depart, or I shall be something unmannerly with you.

Arb. No, let him stay *Mardonius*, let him stay, I have occasion with him very weighty, And I can spare you now. *Mar.* Sir?

Arb. Why I can spare you now.

Bes. *Mardonius* give way to these State affairs.

Mar. Indeed you are fitter for this present purpose.

[Exit *Mar.*

Arb. *Bessus*, I should employ thee, wilt thou do't?

Bes. Do't for you? by this Air I will do any thing without exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing.

Arb. Do not swear.

Bes. By this light but I will, any thing whatsoever.

Arb. But I shall name the thing, Thy Conscience will not suffer thee to do.

Bes. I would fain hear that thing.

Arb. Why I would have thee get my Sister for me? Thou understandst me, in a wicked manner.

Bes. O you would have a bout with her? I'll do't, I'll do't, I'll do't.

Arb. Wilt thou, do't thou make no more on't?

Bes. More? no, why is there any thing else? if there be, it shall be done too.

Arb. Hast thou no greater sense of such a sin? Thou art too wicked for my company, Though I have hell within me, thou may'st yet Corrupt me further: pray thee answer me, How do I shew to thee after this motion?

Bes. Why your Majesty looks as well in my opinion, as ever you did since you were born.

Arb. But thou appear'st to me after thy grant, The ugliest, loathed detestable thing That I ever met with. Thou hast eyes Like the flames of *Sulphur*, which me thinks do dart Infection on me, and thou hast a mouth Enough to take me in where there do stand Four rows of Iron Teeth.

Bes. I feel no such thing, but 'tis no matter how I look, I'll do my business as well as they that look better, and when this is dispatch'd, if you have a mind to your Mother, tell me, and you shall see I'll set it hard.

Arb. My Mother! Heaven forgive me to hear this, I am inspir'd with horrour: now I hate thee Worse than my sin, which if I could come by Should suffer death Eternal ne're to rise In any breast again. Know I will die Languishing mad, as I resolve, I shall, E're I will deal by such an instrument: Thou art too sinful to employ in this; Out of the World, away.

Bes. What do you mean, Sir?

Arb. Hung round with Curses, take thy fearful flight Into the Desarts, where 'mongst all the Monsters If thou find'st one so beastly as thy self, Thou shalt be held as innocent. *Bes.* Good Sir.

Arb. If there were no such instruments as thou, We Kings could never act such wicked deeds: Seek out a man that mocks Divinity, That breaks each precept both of God and man, And natures too, and does it without lust, Meerly because it is a law, and good, And live with him: for him thou canst not spoil. Away I say, I will not do this sin. [Exit *Bessus*. I'll press it here, till it do break my breast, It heaves to get out, but thou art a sin, And spight of torture I will keep thee in.

Actus Quartus.

Enter *Gobrias*, *Panthea*, and *Spaconia*.

Gob. **H**AVE you written Madam?

Pan. Yes, good *Gobrias*.

Gob. And with a kindness, and such winning words As may provoke him, at one instant feel His double fault, your wrong, and his own rashness?

Pan. I have sent words enough, if words may win him From his displeasure; and such words I hope, As shall gain much upon his goodness, *Gobrias*. Yet fearing they are many, and a womans, A poor belief may follow, I have woven As many truths within 'em to speak for me, That if he be but gracious, and receive 'em—

Gob. Good Lady be not fearful, though he should not Give you your present end in this, believe it, You shall feel, if your vertue can induce you To labour on't, this tempest which I know, Is but a poor proof 'gainst your patience: All those contents, your spirit will arrive at, Newer and sweeter to you; your Royal brother, When he shall once collect himself, and see How far he has been asunder from himself; What a meer stranger to his golden temper: Must from those roots of vertue, never dying, Though somewhat stopt with humour, shoot again

Into a thousand glories, bearing his fair branches
High as our hopes can look at, straight as justice,
Loaden with ripe contents; he loves you dearly;
I know it, and I hope I need not farther
Win you to understand it. *Pan.* I believe it.
But howsoever, I am sure I love him dearly:
So dearly, that if any thing I write
For my enlarging should beget his anger,
Heaven be a witness with me and my faith,
I had rather live intomb'd here.

Gob. You shall not feel a worse stroke than your grief,
I am sorry 'tis so sharp, I kiss your hand,
And this night will deliver this true story,
With this hand to your Brother.

Pan. Peace go with you, you are a good man. [*Exit Gob.*
My *Spaconia*, why are you ever sad thus?

Spa. O dear Lady.

Pan. Prethee discover not a way to sadness,
Nearer than I have in me, our two sorrows
Work like two eager Hawks, who shall get highest;
How shall I lessen thine? for mine I fear
Is easier known than cur'd.

Spa. Heaven comfort both,
And give you happy ends, however I
Fall in my stubborn fortunes.

Pan. This but teaches
How to be more familiar with our sorrows,
That are too much our masters: good *Spaconia*
How shall I do you service?

Spa. Noblest Lady,
You make me more a slave still to your goodness,
And only live to purchase thanks to pay you,
For that is all the business of my life: now
I will be bold, since you will have it so,
To ask a noble favour of you.

Pan. Speak it, 'tis yours, for from so sweet a virtue;
No ill demand has issue.

Spa. Then ever vertuous, let me beg your will
In helping me to see the Prince *Tigranes*,
With whom I am equal prisoner, if not more.

Pan. Reserve me to a greater end *Spaconia*;
Bacurius cannot want so much good manners
As to deny your gentle visitation,
Though you came only with your own command.

Spa. I know they will deny me gracious Madam,
Being a stranger, and so little fam'd,
So utter empty of those excellencies
That tame Authority; but in you sweet Lady,
All these are natural; beside, a power
Deriv'd immediate from your Royal brother,
Whose least word in you may command the Kingdom.

Pan. More than my word *Spaconia*, you shall carry,
For fear it fail you.

Spa. Dare you trust a Token?
Madam I fear I am grown too bold a begger.

Pan. You are a pretty one, and trust me Lady
It joyes me, I shall do a good to you,
Though to my self I never shall be happy:
Here, take this Ring, and from me as a Token
Deliver it; I think they will not stay you:
So all your own desires go with you Lady.

Spa. And sweet peace to your Grace.

Pan. Pray Heaven I find it.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Tigranes, in prison.

Tigr. Fool that I am, I have undone my self,
And with my own hand turn'd my fortune round,
That was a fair one: I have childishly
Plaid with my hope so long, till I have broke it,
And now too late I mourn for't; O *Spaconia*!
Thou hast found an even way to thy revenge now,
Why didst thou follow me like a faint shadow,
To wither my desires? But wretched fool,
Why did I plant thee 'twixt the Sun and me,

To make me freeze thus? Why did I prefer her
To the fair Princess? O thou fool, thou fool,
Thou family of fools, live like a slave still,
And in thee bear thine own hell and thy torment,
Thou hast deserv'd: Couldst thou find no Lady
But she that has thy hopes to put her to,
And hazard all thy peace? None to abuse,
But she that lov'd thee ever? poor *Spaconia*,
And so much lov'd thee, that in honesty
And honour thou art bound to meet her virtues:
She that forgot the greatness of her grief
And miseries, that must follow such mad passions,
Endless and wild as women; she that for thee
And with thee left her liberty, her name,
And Country, you have paid me equal, Heavens,
And sent my own rod to correct me with;
A woman: for inconstancy I'll suffer,
Lay it on justice, till my soul melt in me
For my unmanly, beastly, sudden doting
Upon a new face: after all my oaths
Many and strange ones,
I feel my old fire flame again and burn
So strong and violent, that should I see her
Again, the grief and that would kill me.

Enter Bacurius and Spaconia.

Bac. Lady, your token I acknowledge, you may pass;
There is the King.

Spa. I thank your Lordship for it. [*Exit Bac.*

Tigr. She comes, she comes, shame hide me ever from her,
Would I were buried, or so far remov'd
Light might not find me out, I dare not see her.

Spa. Nay never hide your self; or were you hid
Where earth hides all her riches, near her Center;
My wrongs without more day would light me to you:
I must speak ere I die; were all your greatness
Doubled upon you, y'are a perjur'd man,
And only mighty in your wickedness
Of wronging women. Thou art false, false Prince;
I live to see it, poor *Spaconia* lives
To tell thee thou art false; and then no more;
She lives to tell thee thou art more unconstant;
Than all ill women ever were together.

Thy faith is firm as raging over-flows,
That no bank can command; as lasting
As boyes gay bubbles, blown i'th' Air and broken:
The wind is fixt to thee: and sooner shall
The beaten Mariner with his shrill whistle
Calm the loud murmur of the troubled main,
And strike it smooth again; than thy soul fall
To have peace in love with any: Thou art all
That all good men must hate; and if thy story
Shall tell succeeding ages what thou wert,
O let it spare me in it, lest true lovers
In pity of my wrong, burn thy black Legend,
And with their curses, shake thy sleeping ashes.

Tigr. Oh! oh!

Spa. The destinies, I hope, have pointed out
Our ends, that thou maist die for love,
Though not for me; for this assure thy self,
The Princess hates thee deadly, and will sooner
Be won to marry with a Bull, and safer
Than such a beast as thou art: I have struck,
I fear, too deep; beshrow me for't; Sir,
This sorrow works me like a cunning friendship,
Into the same piece with it; 'tis asham'd,
Alas, I have been too rugged: Dear my Lord,
I am sorry I have spoken any thing,
Indeed I am, that may add more restraint
To that too much you have: good Sir, be pleas'd
To think it was a fault of love, not malice;
And do as I will do, forgive it Prince.
I do, and can forgive the greatest sins
To me you can repent of; pray believe.

Tigr.

Tigr. O my *Spaconia*! O thou vertuous woman!
Spa. Nay, more, the King Sir.

Enter Arbaces, Bacurius, Mardonius.

Arb. Have you been carefull of our noble Prisoner,
 That he want nothing fitting for his greatnes?

Bac. I hope his grace will quit me for my care Sir.

Arb. 'Tis well, royal *Tigranes*, health.

Tigr. More than the strictness of this place can give Sir,
 I offer back again to great *Arbaces*.

Arb. We thank you worthy Prince, and pray excuse us,
 We have not seen you since your being here,
 I hope your noble usage has been equall
 With your own person: your imprisonment,
 If it be any, I dare say is easie,
 And shall not last too dayes.

Tigr. I thank you;
 My usage here has been the same it was,
 Worthy a royal Conqueror. For my restraint,
 It came unkindly, because much unlook'd for;
 But I must bear it.

Arb. What Lady's that? *Bacurius*?

Bac. One of the Princesses women, Sir.

Arb. I fear'd it, why comes she hither?

Bac. To speak with the Prince *Tigranes*.

Arb. From whom, *Bacurius*?

Bac. From the Princess, Sir.

Arb. I knew I had seen her.

Mar. His fit begins to take him now again,
 'Tis a strange Feaver, and 'twill shake us all anon, I fear,
 Would he were well cur'd of this raging folly:
 Give me the warrs, where men are mad, and may talk
 what they list, and held the bravest fellows; This pelting
 prating peace is good for nothing: drinking's a vertue to't.

Arb. I see there's truth in no man, nor obedience,
 But for his own ends, why did you let her in?

Bac. It was your own command to barr none from him,
 Besides, the Princess sent her ring Sir, for my warrant.

Arb. A token to *Tigranes*, did she not?
 Sir tell truth. *Bac.* I do not use to lie Sir,
 'Tis no way I eat or live by, and I think,
 This is no token Sir.

Mar. This combat has undone him: if he had been well
 beaten, he had been temperate; I shall never see him hand-
 some again, till he have a Horse-mans staffe yok'd thorow
 his shoulders, or an arm broken with a bullet.

Arb. I am trifled with. *Bac.* Sir?

Arb. I know it, as I know thee to be false.

Mar. Now the clap comes.

Bac. You never knew me so, Sir I dare speak it,
 And durst a worse man tell me, though my better——

Mar. 'Tis well said, by my soul.

Arb. Sirra, you answer as you had no life.

Bac. That I fear Sir to lose nobly.

Arb. I say Sir, once again.

Bac. You may say what yon please, Sir,
 Would I might do so.

Arb. I will, Sir, and say openly, this woman carries letters,
 By my life I know she carries letters, this woman does it.

Mar. Would *Bessie* were here to take her aside and search
 her, He would quickly tell you what she carried Sir.

Arb. I have found it out, this woman carries letters.

Mar. If this hold, 'twill be an ill world for Bawdes,
 Chamber-maids and Post-boys, I thank heaven I have none
 but his letters patents, things of his own enditing.

Arb. Prince, this cunning cannot do't.

Tigr. Doe, What Sir? I reach you not.

Arb. It shall not serve your turn, Prince.

Tigr. Serve my turn Sir?

Arb. I Sir, it shall not serve your turn.

Tigr. Be plainer, good Sir.

Arb. This woman shall carry no more letters back to your
 Love *Panthea*, by Heaven she shall not, I say she shall not.

Mar. This would make a Saint swear like a souldier.

Tigr. This beats me more, King, than the blowes
 you gave me.

Arb. Take 'em away both, and together let them prisoners
 be, strictly and closely kept, or Sirra, your life shall answer
 it, and let no body speak with 'em hereafter.

Tigr. Well, I am subject to you,
 And must indure these passions:
 This is the imprisonment I have look'd for always.
 And the dearer place I would choofe.

[*Exeunt Tigr. Spa. Bac.*]

Mar. Sir, you have done well now.

Arb. Dare you reprove it? *Mar.* No.

Arb. You must be crossing me.

Mar. I have no letters Sir to anger you,
 But a dry sonnet of my Corporals
 To an old Suttlers wife, and that I'll burn, Sir.
 'Tis like to prove a fine age for the Ignorant.

Arb. How darst thou so often forfeit thy life?
 Thou know'st 'tis in my power to take it.

Mar. Yes, and I know you wo't not, or if you doe, you'll
 miss it quickly. *Arb.* Why?

Mar. Who shall tell you of these childish follies
 When I am dead? who shall put to his power
 To draw those vertues out of a flood of humors,
 When they are drown'd, and make 'em shine again?
 No, cut my head off:
 Then you may talk, and be believed, and grow worfe,
 And have your too self-glorious temper rot
 Into a deep sleep, and the Kingdom with you,
 Till forraign swords be in your throats, and slaughter
 Be every where about you like your flatterers.
 Do, kill me.

Arb. Prethee be tamer, good *Mardonius*,
 Thou know'st I love thee, nay I honour thee,
 Believe it good old Souldier, I am thine;
 But I am rack'd clean from my self, bear with me,
 Woot thou bear with me my *Mardonius*?

Enter Gobrias.

Mar. There comes a good man, love him too, he's tempe-
 You may live to have need of such a vertue, (rate,
 Rage is not still in fashion.

Arb. Welcome good *Gobrias*.

Gob. My service and this letter to your Grace.

Arb. From whom?

Gob. From the rich Mine of vertue and beauty,
 Your mournfull Sister.

Arb. She is in prison, *Gobrias*, is she not?

Gob. She is Sir, till your pleasure to enlarge her,
 Which on my knees I beg. Oh 'tis not fit,
 That all the sweetness of the world in one,
 The youth and vertue that would tame wild Tygers,
 And wilder people, that have known no manners,
 Should live thus cloistred up; for your loves sake,
 If there be any in that noble heart,
 To her a wretched Lady, and forlorn,
 Or for her love to you, which is as much
 As nature and obedience ever gave,
 Have pity on her beauties.

Arb. Pray thee stand up; 'Tis true, she is too fair,
 And all these commendations but her own,
 Would thou had'st never so commended her,
 Or I nere liv'd to have heard it *Gobrias*;
 If thou but know'st the wrong her beautie does her,
 Thou wouldst in pity of her be a liar,
 Thy ignorance has drawn me wretched man,
 Whither my self nor thou canst well tell: O my fate!
 I think she loves me, but I fear another
 Is deeper in her heart: How thinkst thou *Gobrias*?

Gob. I do beseech your Grace believe it not,
 For let me perish if it be not false. Good Sir, read her Letter.
Mar. This Love, or what a devil it is I know not, begets
 more mischief than a Wake. I had rather be well beaten,
 starv'd, or lowsie, than live within the Air on't. He that
 had

had seen this brave fellow Charge through a grove of Pikes but t'other day, and look upon him now, will ne'r believe his eyes again: if he continue thus but two days more, a Taylor may beat him with one hand tied behind him.

Arb. Alas, she would be at liberty.

And there be a thousand reasons *Gobrias*,
Thousands that will deny 't:

Which if she knew, she would contentedly
Be where she is: and blefs her vertues for it,
And me, though she were clofer, she would, *Gobrias*,
Good man indeed she would.

Gob. Then good Sir, for her satisfaction,
Send for her and with reason make her know
Why she must live thus from you.

Arb. I will; go bring her to me.

[*Exeunt all.*]

Enter Bessus, and two Sword-men, and a Boy.

Bef. Y'are very welcome both; some stools boy,
And reach a Table; Gentlemen o'th' Sword,
Pray sit without more complement; be gone child.
I have been curious in the searching of you,
Because I understand you wise and valiant persons.

1 We understand our selves Sir.

Bef. Nay Gentlemen, and dear friends o'th' Sword,
No complement I pray, but to the cause
I hang upon, which in few, is my honour.

2 You cannot hang too much Sir, for your honour,
But to your cause.

Bef. Be wise, and speak truth, my first doubt is,
My beating by my Prince.

1 Stay there a little Sir, do you doubt a beating?

Or have you had a beating by your Prince?

Bef. Gentlemen o'th' Sword, my Prince has beaten me.

2 Brother, what think you of this case?

1 If he has beaten him, the case is clear.

2 If he have beaten him, I grant the case;
But how? we cannot be too subtil in this business,
I say, but how?

Bef. Even with his Royal hand.

1 Was it a blow of love, or indignation?

Bef. 'Twas twenty blows of indignation, Gentlemen,
Besides two blows o'th' face.

2 Those blows o'th' face have made a new cause on't,
The rest were but an horrible rudeness.

1 Two blows o'th' face, and given by a worse man, I
must confes, as the Sword-men say, had turn'd the business:
Mark me brother, by a worse man; but being by his Prince,
had they been ten, and those ten drawn teeth, besides the
hazard of his nose for ever; all this had been but favours:
this is my flat opinion, which I'll die in.

2 The King may do much Captain, believe it; for had
he crackt your Scull through, like a bottle, or broke a Rib
or two with tossing of you, yet you had lost no honour:
This is strange you may imagine, but this is truth now
Captain.

Bef. I will be glad to embrace it Gentlemen;
But how far may he strike me?

1 There is another: a new cause rising from the time
and distance, in which I will deliver my opinion: he may
strike, beat, or cause to be beaten: for these are natural
to man: your Prince, I say, may beat you, so far forth as
his dominion reacheth, that's for the distance; the time,
ten miles a day, I take it.

2 Brother, you err, 'tis fifteen miles a day,
His stage is ten, his beatings are fifteen.

Bef. 'Tis the longest, but we subjects must—

1 Be subject to it; you are wise and vertuous.

Bef. Obedience ever makes that noble use on't,
To which I dedicate my beaten body;
I must trouble you a little further, Gentlemen o'th' Sword.

2 No trouble at all to us Sir, if we may
Profit your understanding, we are bound
By vertue of our calling to utter our opinions,
Shortly, and discreetly.

Bef. My forestt business is, I have been kick'd.

2 How far Sir?

Bef. Not to flatter my self in it, all over, my sword
forc'd but not lost; for discreetly I rendred it to save that
imputation.

1 It shew'd discretion, the best part of valour.

2 Brother, this is a pretty cause, pray ponder on't;
Our friend here has been kick'd.

1 He has so, brother.

2 Sorely he saies: Now, had he set down here
Upon the meer kick, 't had been Cowardly.

1 I think it had been Cowardly indeed.

2 But our friend has redeem'd it in delivering
His sword without compulsion; and that man
That took it of him, I pronounce a weak one,
And his kicks nullities.

He should have kick'd him after the delivering
Which is the confirmation of a Coward.

1 Brother, I take it, you mistake the question;
For, say that I were kick'd.

2 I must not say so;

Nor I must not hear it spoke by the tongue of man.
You kick'd, dear brother! you're merry.

1 But put the case I were kick'd?

2 Let them put it that are things weary of their lives,
and know not honour; put the case you were kick'd?

1 I do not say I was kickt.

2 Nor no silly creature that wears his head without a
Case, his soul in a Skin-coat: You kickt dear brother?

Bef. Nay Gentlemen, let us do what we shall do,
Truly and honesty; good Sirs to the question.

1 Why then I say, suppose your Boy kick't, Captain?

2 The Boy may be suppos'd is liable.

1 A foolish forward zeal Sir, in my friend;
But to the Boy, suppose the Boy were kickt.

Bef. I do suppose it.

1 Has your Boy a sword?

Bef. Surely no; I pray suppose a sword too.

1 I do suppose it; you grant your Boy was kick't then.

2 By no means Captain, let it be supposed still; the
word grant, makes not for us.

1 I say this must be granted.

2 This must be granted brother?

1 I, this must be granted.

2 Still this must?

1 I say this must be granted.

2 I, give me the must again, brother, you palter.

1 I will not hear you, wasp.

2 Brother, I say you palter, the must three times toge-
ther; I wear as sharp Steel as another man, and my Fox
bites as deep, musted, my dear brother.

But to the cause again.

Bef. Nay look you Gentlemen.

2 In a word, I ha' done.

1 A tall man but intemperate, 'tis great pity;
Once more suppose the Boy kick'd. 2 Forward.

1 And being thorowly kick'd, laughs at the kicker.

2 So much for us; proceed.

1 And in this beaten scorn, as I may call it,
Delivers up his weapon; where lies the error?

Bef. It lies i'th' beating Sir, I found it four dayes since.

2 The error, and a fore one as I take it,
Lies in the thing kicking.

Bef. I understand that well, 'tis so indeed Sir.

1 That is according to the man that did it.

2 There springs a new branch, whose was the foot?

Bef. A Lords.

1 The cause is mighty, but had it been two Lords,
And both had kick'd you, if you laugh, 'tis clear.

Bef. I did laugh,

But how will that help me, Gentlemen?

2 Yes, it shall help you if you laugh aloud.

Bef. As loud as a kick'd man could laugh, I laugh Sir.

1 My reason now, the valiant man is known

By suffering and contemning; you have
Enough of both, and you are valiant.

2 If he be sure he has been kick'd enough:
For that brave sufferance you speak of brother,
Confits not in a beating and away,
But in a cudgell'd body, from eighteen
To eight and thirty; in a head rebuk'd
With pots of all size, degrees, stools, and bed-staves,
This shoves a valiant man.

Ref. Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proudest,
For these are all familiar things to me;
Familiar as my sleep, or want of money,
All my whole body's but one bruise with beating,
I think I have been cudgell'd with all nations,
And almost all Religions.

2 Embrace him brother, this man is valiant,
I know it by my self, he's valiant.

1 Captain, thou art a valiant Gentleman,
To bide upon, a very valiant man.

Ref. My equall friends o'th'sword, I must request your
hands to this. 2 'Tis fit it should be.

Ref. Boy, get me some wine, and pen and Ink within:
Am I clear, Gentlemen?

1 Sir, the world has taken notice what we have done,
Make much of your body, for I'll pawn my steel,
Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.

Ref. I must request you goe along and testify to the Lord
Bacurius, whose foot has struck me, how you find my cause.

2 We will, and tell that Lord he must be rul'd,
Or there are those abroad, will rule his Lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Arbaces at one door, and Gob. and Panthea at another.

Gob. Sir, here's the Princess.

Arb. Leave us then alone,
For the main cause of her imprisonment
Must not be heard by any but her self. [*Exit Gob.*]
You're welcome Sister, and would to heaven
I could so bid you by another name:

If you above love not such sins as these,
Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow
To quench these rising flames that harbour here.

Ban. Sir, does it please you I should speak?

Arb. Please me?

I, more than all the art of musick can,
Thy speech doth please me, for it ever sounds,
As thou brought'st joyfull unexpected news;
And yet it is not fit thou shouldst be heard.

I pray thee think so. *Pan.* Be it so, I will.

Am I the first that ever had a wrong
So far from being fit to have redress,
That 'twas unfit to hear it? I will back
To prison, rather than disquiet you,
And wait till it be fit. *Arb.* No, do not goe;
For I will hear thee with a serious thought:
I have collected all that's man about me
Together strongly, and I am resolv'd
To hear thee largely, but I do beseech thee,
Do not come nearer to me, for there is
Something in that, that will undoe us both.

Pan. Alas Sir, am I venome? *Arb.* Yes, to me;

Though of thy self I think thee to be
In equall degree of heat or cold,
As nature can make: yet as unsound men
Convert the sweetest and the nourishing'st meats
Into diseases; so shall I distemper'd,
Do thee, I pray thee draw no nearer to me.

Pan. Sir, this is that I would: I am of late
Shut from the world, and why it should be thus,
Is all I wish to know.

Arb. Why credit me *Panthea*,
Credit me that am thy brother,
Thy loving brother, that there is a cause
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,
That might undoe thee everlastingly,

Only to hear, wilt thou but credit this?

By Heaven 'tis true; believe it if thou canst.

Pan. Children and fools are ever credulous,
And I am both, I think, for I believe;
If you dissemble, be it on your head;
I'll be back unto my prison: yet me-thinks
I might be kept in some place where you are;
For in my self, I find I know not what
To call it, but it is a great desire
To see you often.

Arb. Fie, you come in a step, what do you mean?
Dear sister, do not so: Alas *Panthea*,
Where I am would you be? Why that's the cause
You are imprison'd, that you may not be
Where I am.

Pan. Then I must indure it Sir, Heaven keep you.

Arb. Nay, you shall hear the case in short *Panthea*,
And when thou hear'st it, thou wilt blush for me,
And hang thy head down like a Violet
Full of the mornings dew: There is a way
To gain thy freedom, but 'tis such a one
As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know,
Thou wouldst encounter fire, and make a proof
Whether the gods have care of innocence,
Rather than follow it: Know that I have lost,
The only difference betwixt man and beast,
My reason. *Pan.* Heaven forbid.

Arb. Nay 'tis gone;
And I am left as far without a bound,
As the wild Ocean, that obeys the winds;
Each sodain passion throwes me where it lists,
And overwhelms all that oppose my will:
I have beheld thee with a lustfull eye;
My heart is set on wickedness to act
Such sins with thee, as I have been afraid
To think of, if thou dar'st consent to this,
Which I beseech thee do not, thou maist gain
Thy liberty, and yield me a content;
If not, thy dwelling must be dark and close,
Where I may never see thee; For heaven knows
That laid this punishment upon my pride,
Thy sight at some time will enforce my madness
To make a start e'ne to thy ravishing;
Now spit upon me, and call all reproaches
Thou canst devise together, and at once
Hurl 'em against me: for I am a sickness
As killing as the plague, ready to seize thee.

Pan. Far be it from me to revile the King:
But it is true, that I shall rather choose
To search out death, that else would search out me,
And in a grave sleep with my innocence,
Than welcome such a sin: It is my fate,
To these cros accidents I was ordain'd,
And must have patience; and but that my eyes
Have more of woman in 'em than my heart,
I would not weep: Peace enter you again.

Arb. Farwell, and good *Panthea* pray for me,
Thy prayers are pure, that I may find a death
However soon before my passions grow
That they forget what I desire is sin;
For thither they are tending: if that happen,
Then I shall force thee tho' thou wert a Virgin
By vow to Heaven, and shall pull a heap
Of strange yet uninvented sin upon me.

Pan. Sir, I will pray for you, yet you shall know
It is a fullen fate that governs us,
For I could wish as heartily as you
I were no sister to you, I should then
Imbrace your lawfull love, sooner than health.

Arb. Couldst thou affect me then?

Pan. So perfectly,
That as it is, I ne're shall sway my heart,
To like another. *Arb.* Then I curse my birth,
Must this be added to my miseries

That thou art willing too? is there no stop
To our full happiness, but these meer sounds
Brother and Sister?

Pan. There is nothing else,
But these alas will separate us more
Than twenty worlds betwixt us.

Arb. I have liv'd
To conquer men and now am overthrown
Only by words Brother and Sister: where
Have those words dwelling? I will find 'em out,
And utterly destroy 'em; but they are
Not to be grasp'd: let 'em be men or beasts,
And I will cut 'em from the Earth, or Towns,
And I will raze 'em, and them blow 'em up:
Let 'em be Seas, and I will drink 'em off,
And yet have unquencht fire left in my breast:
Let 'em be any thing but meerly voice.

Pan. But 'tis not in the power of any force,
Or policy to conquer them.

Arb. Panthea, What shall we do?
Shall we stand firmly here, and gaze our eyes out?

Pan. Would I could do so,
But I shall weep out mine.

Arb. Accur'd man,
Thou bought'st thy reason at too dear a rate,
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in
With curious rules, when every beast is free:
What is there that acknowledges a kindred
But wretched man? Who ever saw the Bull
Fearfully leave the Heifer that he lik'd
Because they had one Dam?

Pan. Sir, I disturb you and my self too;
'Twere better I were gone.

Arb. I will not be so foolish as I was,
Stay, we will love just as becomes our births,
No otherwise: Brothers and Sisters may
Walk hand in hand together; so will we,
Come nearer: is there any hurt in this?

Pan. I hope not.

Arb. Faith there is none at all:
And tell me truly now, is there not one
You love above me?

Pan. No by Heaven.

Arb. Why yet you sent unto *Tigranes*, Sister.

Pan. True, but for another: for the truth —

Arb. No more,
I'll credit thee, thou canst not lie,
Thou art all truth.

Pan. But is there nothing else,
That we may do, but only walk? methinks
Brothers and Sisters lawfully may kiss.

Arb. And so they may *Panthea*, so will we,
And kiss again too; we were too scrupulous,
And foolish, but we will be so no more.

Pan. If you have any mercy, let me go
To prison, to my death, to any thing:
I feel a sin growing upon my blood,
Worse than all these, hotter than yours.

Arb. That is impossible, what shou'd we do?

Pan. Flie Sir, for Heavens sake.

Arb. So we must away,
Sin grows upon us more by this delay.

[*Exeunt several wayes.*]

Actus Quintus.

Enter Mardonius and Lygones.

Mar. SIR, the King has seen your Commission, and
believes it, and freely by this warrant gives
you power to visit Prince *Tigranes*, your Noble Master.

Lyg. I thank his Grace and kifs his hand.

Mar. But is the main of all your business ended in this?

Lyg. I have another, but a worse, I am assur'd, it is
a business.

Mar. You serve a worthy person, and a stranger I am sure
you are; you may imploy me if you please without your
purse, such Offices should ever be their own rewards.

Lyg. I am bound to your Nobleness.

Mar. I may have need of you, and then this courtesie,
If it be any, is not ill bestowed;
But may I civilly desire the rest?
I shall not be a hurter if no helper.

Lyg. Sir you shall know I have lost a foolish Daughter,
And with her all my patience, pilfer'd away
By a mean Captain of your Kings.

Mar. Stay there Sir:
If he have reacht the Noble worth of Captain,
He may well claim a worthy Gentlewoman,
Though she were yours, and Noble.

Lyg. I grant all that too: but this wretched fellow
Reaches no further than the empty name
That serves to feed him; were he valiant,
Or had but in him any noble nature
That might hereafter promise him a good man,
My cares were so much lighter, and my grave
A span yet from me.

Mar. I confesse such fellows
Be in all Royal Camps, and have and must be,
To make the sin of Coward more detested
In the mean souldier that with such a foil
Sets off much valour. By description
I should now guess him to you, it was *Bessus*,
I dare almost with confidence pronounce it. (he.

Lyg. 'Tis such a scurvie name as *Bessus*, and now I think 'tis

Mar. Captain do you call him?
Believe me Sir, you have a misery
Too mighty for your age: A pox upon him,
For that must be the end of all his service:
Your Daughter was not mad Sir?

Lyg. No, would she had been;
The fault had had more credit: I would do something:

Mar. I would fain counsel you, but to what I know not,
he's so below a beating, that the Women find him not
worthy of their Distaves, and to hang him were to cast a-
way a Rope; he's such an Airie, thin unboddyed Coward,
that no revenge can catch him: Ple tell you Sir, and tell
you truth; this Rascal fears neither God nor man, he has
been so beaten: sufferance has made him Wainscot: he
has had since he was first a slave, at least three hundred
Daggers set in's head, as little boys do new Knives in hot
meat, there's not a Rib in's body o' my Conscience that
has not been thrice broken with dry beating: and now his
sides look like two Wicker Targets, every way bended;
Children will shortly take him for a Wall, and set their
Stone-bows in his forehead, he is of so base a sense, I can-
not in a week imagine what shall be done to him.

Lyg. Sure I have committed some great sin
That this fellow should be made my Rod,
I would see him, but I shall have no patience.

Mar. 'Tis no great matter if you have not: if a Lam-
ing of him, or such a toy may do you pleasure Sir, he has
it for you, and Ple help you to him: 'tis no news to him
to have a Leg broken, or Shoulder out; with being turn'd
o'th stones like a Tansie: draw not your Sword if you love
it; for on my Conscience his head will break it: we use
him i'th' Wars like a Ram to shake a wall withal. Here
comes the very person of him, do as you shall find your
temper, I must leave you: but if you do not break him like
a Bisket, you are much to blame Sir. [Exit Mar.]

Enter Bessus and the Sword men.

Lyg. Is your name *Bessus*?

Bes. Men call me Captain *Bessus*.

Lyg. Then Catain *Bessus*, you are a rank rascal, with-
out more exordiums; a durty frozen slave; and with the
favour

favor of your friends here I will beat you.

2 *Sword*. Pray use your pleasure Sir,
You seem to be a Gentleman.

Lyg. Thus Captain *Bessius*, thus; thus twing your nose,
thus kick, thus tread you.

Bef. I do beseech you yield your cause Sir quickly.

Lyg. Indeed I should have told that first.

Bef. I take it so.

1 *Sword*. Captain, he should indeed, he is mistaken.

Lyg. Sir, you shall have it quickly, and more beating,
you have stoln away a Lady, Captain coward, and such
an one. *beats him.*

Bef. Hold, I beseech you, hold Sir, I never yet stole any
living thing that had a tooth about it.

Lyg. I know you dare lie.

Bef. With none but Summer Whores upon my life Sir,
my means and manners never could attempt above a hedge
or hay-cock.

Lyg. Sirra, that quits not me, where is this Lady? do
that you do not use to do; tell truth, or by my hand, I'll
beat your Captains brains out, wash'em, and put'em in
again, that will I.

Bef. There was a Lady Sir, I must confess, once in my
charge: the Prince *Tigranes* gave her to my guard for her
safety, how I us'd her, she may her self report, she's with
the Prince now: I did but wait upon her like a groom,
which she will testify I am sure: if not, my brains are at
your service when you please Sir, and glad I have'em
for you.

Lyg. This is most likely, Sir, I ask you pardon, and am
sorry I was so intemperate.

Bef. Well I can ask no more, you will think it strange
not to have me beat you at first sight.

Lyg. Indeed I would, but I know your goodness can for-
get twenty beatings, you must forgive me.

Bef. Yes there's my hand, go where you will, I shall
think you a valiant fellow for all this.

Lyg. My daughter is a Whore, I feel it now too sensible;
yet I will see her, discharge myself from being father to
her, and then back to my Country, and there die, farwell
Captain. *[Exit Lygo.]*

Bef. Farwell Sir, farwell, commend me to the gentle-
woman I pray.

1 *Sword*. How now Captain? bear up man.

Bef. Gentlemen o'th'sword, your hands once more; I
have been kickt agen, but the foolish fellow is penitent, has
askt me Mercy, and my honour's safe.

2 *Sword*. We knew that, or the foolish fellow had better
have kickt his grandfir.

Bef. Confirm, confirm I pray.

1 *Sword*. There be our hands agen, now let him come
and say he was not sorry, and he sleeps for it.

Bef. Alas good ignorant old man, let him go, let him
go, these courses will undo him. *[Exeunt clear.]*

Enter Lygones and Bacurius.

Bac. My Lord, your authority is good, and I am glad it is
so, for my consent would never hinder you from seeing your
own King, I am a Minister, but not a governor of this State,
yonder is your King, I'll leave you. *[Exit.]*

Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.

Lyg. There he is indeed, and with him my disloyal child.

Tigr. I do perceive my fault so much, that yet me thinks
thou shouldst not have forgiven me.

Lyg. Health to your Majesty.

Tigr. What? good *Lygones* welcome, what business
brought thee hither?

Lyg. Several businesses. My publick businesses will ap-
pear by this, I have a message to deliver, which if it please
you so to authorize, is an embassage from the Armenian
State, unto *Arbaces* for your liberty: the offer's there set
down, please you to read it.

Tigr. There is no alteration happened since I came thence?

Lyg. None Sir, all is as it was.

Tigr. And all our friends are well?

Lyg. All very well.

Spa. Though I have done nothing but what was good, I
dare not see my Father, it was fault enough not to acquaint
him with that good.

Lyg. Madam I should have seen you.

Spa. O good Sir forgive me.

Lyg. Forgive you, why? I am no kin to you, am I?

Spa. Should it be measur'd by my mean deserts, indeed
you are not.

Lyg. Thou couldest prate unhappily ere thou couldest go,
would thou couldest do as well, and how does your custome
hold out here? *Spa*. Sir?

Lyg. Are you in private still, or how?

Spa. What do you mean?

Lyg. Do you take mony? are you come to sell sin yet?
perhaps I can help you to liberal Clients: or has not the
King cast you off yet? O thou vile creature, whose best
commendation is, that thou art a young whore, I would
thy Mother had liv'd to see this, or rather that I had died
ere I had seen it; why didst not make me acquainted when
thou wert first resolv'd to be a whore, I would have seen thy
hot lust satisfied more privately: I would have kept a dancer
and a whole consort of musicians in my own house only to
fiddle thee. *Spa*. Sir, I was never whore.

Lyg. If thou couldest not say so much for thy self, thou
shouldst be carted.

Tigr. *Lygones*, I have read it, and I like it, you shall
deliver it.

Lyg. Well Sir, I will: but I have private business with
you. *Tigr*. Speak, what is't?

Lyg. How has my age deserv'd so ill of you, that you can
pick no strumpets i'th' land, but out of my breed?

Tigr. Strumpets, good *Lygones*?

Lyg. Yes, and I wish to have you know; I scorn to get a
whore for any prince alive, and yet scorn will not help me-
thinks: my Daughter might have been spar'd, there were
enow besides.

Tigr. May I not prosper but she's innocent as morning
light for me, and I dare swear for all the world.

Lyg. Why is she with you then? can she wait on you
better than your man, has she a gift in plucking off your
stockings, can she make Cawdles well or cut your cornes?
Why do you keep her with you? For a Queen I know you
do contemn her, so should I, and every subject else think
much at it.

Tigr. Let'em think much, but'tis more firm than earth:
thou see'st thy Queen there.

Lyg. Then have I made a fair hand, I call'd her Whore.
If I shall speak now as her Father, I cannot chuse but greatly
rejoyce that she shall be a Queen: but if I shall speak to
you as a States-man, she were more fit to be your whore.

Tigr. Get you about your business to *Arbaces*, now you
talk idly.

Lyg. Yes Sir, I will go, and shall she be a Queen? she
had more wit than her old Father, when she ran away: shall
she be Queen? now by my troth 'tis fine, I'll dance out of
all measure at her wedding: shall I not Sir?

Tigr. Yes marry shalt thou.

Lyg. I'll make these withered kexes bear my body two
hours together above ground.

Tigr. Nay go, my business requires hast.

Lyg. Good Heaven preserve you, you are an excellent
King. *Spa*. Farwell good Father.

Lyg. Farwell sweet vertuous Daughter, I never was so
joyfull in all my life, that I remember: shall she be a Queen?
Now I perceive a man may weep for joy, I had thought they
had lyed that said so. *[Exit Lygones.]*

Tigr. Come my dear love.

Spa. But you may see another may alter that again.

Tigr. Urge it no more, I have made up a new strong con-
stancy, not to be shook with eyes: I know I have the passions
of a man, but if I meet with any subject that should hold my
eyes

eyes more firmly than is fit, Ple think of thee, and run away from it: let that suffice.

[*Exeunt all.*]

Enter Bacurius and his Servant.

Bac. Three Gentlemen without to speak with me?

Ser. Yes Sir.

Bac. Let them come in.

Enter Bessus with the two Sword men.

Ser. They are entred Sir already.

Bac. Now fellows your business? are these the Gentlemen?

Bes. My Lord, I have made bold to bring these Gentlemen, my friends o'th' Sword along with me.

Bac. I am afraid you'l fight then.

Bes. My good Lord, I will not, your Lordship is much mistaken, fear not Lord.

Bac. Sir, I am sorry for't.

Bes. I ask no more in honour, Gentlemen you hear my Lord is sorry.

Bac. Not that I have beaten you, but beaten one that will be beaten: one whose dull body will require a laming, as Surfeits do the diet, spring and fall; now to your Sword-men; what come they for, good Captain Stock-fish?

Bes. It seems your Lordship has forgot my name.

Bac. No, nor your nature neither, though they are things fitter I must confess for any thing, than my remembrance, or any honest mans: what shall these Billets do; be pi'd up in my wood-yard?

Bes. Your Lordship holds your mirth still, Heaven continue it: but for these Gentlemen, they come—

Bac. To swear you are a Coward, spare your book, I do believe it.

Bes. Your Lordship still draws wide, they come to vouch under their valiant hands I am no Coward.

Bac. That would be a show indeed worth seeing: sirra be wise, and take Mony for this motion, travel with it, and where the name of *Bessus* has been known or a good Coward stirring, 'twill yield more than a tilting. This will prove more beneficial to you, if you be thrifty, than your Captainship, and more natural: men of most valiant hands is this true?

2 Sword. It is so, most renowned.

Bac. 'Tis somewhat strange.

1 Sword. Lord, it is strange, yet true; we have examined from your Lordships foot there, to this mans head, the nature of the beatings; and we do find his honour is come off clean and sufficient: this as our swords shall help us.

Bac. You are much bound to your Bil-bow-men, I am glad you are straight again Captain; 'twere good you would think on some way to gratifie them, they have undergone a labour for you, *Bessus*, would have puzl'd *Hercules* with all his valour.

2 Sword. Your Lordship must understand we are no men o'th' Law, that take pay for our opinions: it is sufficient we have clear'd our friend.

Bac. Yet there is something due, which I as toucht in Conscience will discharge Captain; Ple pay this Rent for you.

Bes. Spare your self my good Lord; my brave friends aim at nothing but the vertue.

Bac. That's but a cold discharge Sir for the pains.

2 Sword. O Lord, my good Lord.

Bac. Be not so modest, I will give you something.

Bes. They shall dine with your Lordship, that's sufficient.

Bac. Something in hand the while, you Rogues, you Apple-squires: do you come hither with your botled valour, your windy froth, to limit out my beatings?

1 Sword. I do beseech your Lordship.

2 Sword. O good Lord.

Bac. S'foot what a beavy of beaten slaves are here? get me a Cudgel sirra, and a tough one.

2 Sword. More of your foot, I do beseech your Lordship.

Bac. You shall, you shall dog, and your fellow-beagle.

1 Sword. O' this side good my Lord.

Bac. Off with your swords, for if you hurt my foot, Ple have you flead you Rascals.

1 Sword. Mine's off my Lord.

2 Sword. I beseech your Lordship stay a little, my strap's tied to my Cod piece-point: now when you please.

Bac. Captain these are your valiant friends, you long for a little too?

Bes. I am very well, I humbly thank your Lordship.

Bac. What's that in your pocket, hurts my Toe you Mungril? Thy Buttocks cannot be so hard, out with it quickly.

2 Sword. Here 'tis Sir, a small piece of Artillery, that a Gentleman a dear friend of your Lordships sent me with, to get it mended Sir, for if you mark, the nose is somewhat loose.

Bac. A friend of mine you Rascal? I was never wearier of doing any thing, than kicking these two Foot-balls.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here is a good Cudgel Sir.

Bac. It comes too late l'me weary, pray thee do thou beat them.

2 Sword. My Lord, this is foul play i'faith, to put a fresh man upon us, men are but men Sir.

Bac. That jest shall save your bones; Captain, Rally up your rotten Regiment and be gone: I had rather thrash than be bound to kick these Rascals, till they cry'd ho; *Bessus* you may put your hand to them now, and then you are quit. Farewel, as you like this, pray visit me again, 'twill keep me in good health.

[*Exit Bac.*]

2 Sword. H'as a devilish hard foot, I never felt the like.

1 Sword. Nor I, and yet I am sure I have felt a hundred.

2 Sword. If he kick thus i'th' Dog-daies, he will be dry foundred: what cure now Captain besides Oyl of Baies?

Bes. Why well enough I warrant you, you can go.

2 Sword. Yes, heaven be thanked; but I feel a shrowd ach, sure h'as sprang my huckle-bone.

1 Sword. I ha' lost a hanch.

Bes. A little butter, friend a little butter, butter and parseley and a soveraign matter: *probatum est.*

2 Sword. Captain we must request your hand now to our honours.

Bes. Yes marry shall ye, and then let all the world come, we are valiant to our selves, and there's an end.

1 Sword. Nay then we must be valiant; O my ribs.

2 Sword. O my small guts, a plague upon these sharp-toed shooes, they are murderers.

[*Exeunt clear.*]

Enter Arbaces with his sword drawn.

Arb. It is resolv'd, I bare it whilst I could, I can no more, I must begin with murder of my friends, and so go on to that incestuous ravishing, and end my life and sins with a forbidden blow, upon my self.

Enter Mardonius.

Mar. What Tragedy is near? That hand was never wont to draw a sword, but it cry'd dead to something.

Arb. *Mardonius*, have you bid *Gobrias* come?

Mar. How do you Sir?

Arb. Well, is he coming?

Mar. Why Sir, are you thus? why do your hands proclaim a lawless War against your self?

Arb. Thou answerest me one question with an other, is *Gobrias* coming? *Mar.* Sir he is.

Arb. 'Tis well, I can forbear your questions then, be gone.

Mar. Sir, I have mark't.

Arb. Mark lefs, it troubles you and me.

Mar. You are more variable than you were.

Arb. It may be so.

Mar. To day no Hermit could be humbler than you were to us all.

Arb. And what of this?

Mar. And now you take new rage into your eyes, as you would look us all out of the Land.

Arb. I do confesse it, will that satisfie? I prethee get thee gone.

Mar. Sir, I will speak.

Arb. Will ye?

Mar. It is my duty. I fear you will kill your self: I am a subject, and you shall do me wrong in't: 'tis my cause, and I may speak.

Arb. Thou art not train'd in sin, it seems *Mardonius*: kill my self! by Heaven I will not do it yet; and when I will, I'll tell thee then: I shall be such a creature, that thou wilt give me leave without a word. There is a method in mans wickedness, it grows up by degrees: I am not come so high as killing of my self, there are a hundred thousand sins 'twixt me and it, which I must doe, and I shall come to't at last; but take my oath not now, be satisfied, and get thee hence.

Mar. I am sorry 'tis so ill.

Arb. Be sorry then, true sorrow is alone, grieve by thy self.

Mar. I pray you let me see your Sword put up before I go: I'll leave you then.

Arb. Why so? what folly is this in thee, is it not as apt to mischief as it was before? can I not reach it thinkst thou? these are toys for Children to be pleas'd with, and not men, now I am safe you think: I would the book of fate were here, my Sword is not so sure but I would get it out and mangle that, that all the destinies should quite forget their fixt decrees, and hast to make us new, for other fortunes, mine could not be worse, wilt thou now leave me?

Mar. Heaven put into your bosome temperate thoughts, I'll leave you though I fear.

Arb. Go, thou art honest, why should the hasty error of my youth be so unpardonable to draw a sin helpless upon me?

Enter Gobrias.

Gob. There is the King, now it is ripe.

Arb. Draw near thou guilty man, that art the authour of the loathedst crime five ages have brought forth, and hear me speak; curses more incurable, and all the evils mans body or his Spirit can receive be with thee.

Gob. Why Sir do you curse me thus?

Arb. Why do I curse thee? if there be a man subtil in curses, that exceeds the rest, his worst wish on thee, thou hast broke my heart.

Gob. How Sir, have I preserv'd you from a child, from all the arrows, malice, or ambition could shoot at you, and have I this for my pay?

Arb. 'Tis true, thou didst preserve me, and in that wert crueller than hardned murtherers of infants and their Mothers? thou didst save me only till thou hadst studied out a way how to destroy me cunningly thy self: this was a curious way of torturing.

Gob. What do you mean?

Arb. Thou knowst the evils thou hast done to me; dost thou remember all those witching letters thou sent'st unto me to *Armenia*, fill'd with the praise of my beloved Sister, where thou extol'st her beauty, what had I to do with that? what could her beauty be to me? and thou didst write how well she lov'd me, dost thou remember this? so that I doted something before I saw her.

Gob. This is true.

Arb. Is it? and when I was return'd thou knowst thou didst pursue it, till thou woundst me into such a strange and unbeliev'd affection, as good men cannot think on.

Gob. This I grant, I think I was the cause.

Arb. Wert thou? Nay more, I think thou meant'st it.

Gob. Sir, I hate to lie, as I love Heaven and honesty, I did, it was my meaning.

Arb. Be thine own sad judge, a further condemnation will not need, prepare thy self to dy.

Gob. Why Sir to dy?

Arb. Why shouldst thou live? was ever yet offender so

impudent, that had a thought of Mercy after confession of a crime like this? get out I cannot where thou hurst me in, but I can take revenge, that's all the sweetness left for me.

Gob. Now is the time, hear me but speak.

Arb. No, yet I will be far more mercifull than thou wert to me; thou didst steal into me and never gav'st me warning: so much time as I give thee now, had prevented thee for ever. Notwithstanding all thy sins, if thou hast hope, that there is yet a prayer to save thee, turn and speak it to thy self.

Gob. Sir, you shall know your sins before you do 'em, if you kill me.

Arb. I will not stay then.

Gob. Know you kill your Father.

Arb. How?

Gob. You kill your Father.

Arb. My Father? though I know't for a lie, made out of fear to save thy stained life; the very reverence of the word comes cross me, and ties mine arm down.

Gob. I will tell you that shall heighten you again, I am thy Father, I charge thee hear me.

Arb. If it should be so, as 'tis most false, and that I should be found a Bastard issue, the despis'd fruit of lawless lust, I should no more admire all my wild passions: but another truth shall be wrung from thee: if I could come by the Spirit of pain, it should be poured on thee, till thou allow'st thy self more full of lies than he that teaches thee.

Enter Arane.

Ara. Turn thee about, I come to speak to thee thou wicked man, hear me thou tyrant.

Arb. I will turn to thee, hear me thou Strumpet; I have blotted out the name of Mother, as thou hast thy shame.

Ara. My shame! thou hast less shame than any thing; why dost thou keep my Daughter in a prison? why dost thou call her Sister, and do this?

Arb. Cease thy strange impudence, and answer quickly if thou contemnest me, this will ask an answer, and have it.

Ara. Help me Gentle *Gobrias*.

Arb. Guilt dear not help guilt though they grow together in doing ill, yet at the punishment they sever, and each flies the noise of other, think not of help, answer.

Ara. I will, to what?

Arb. To such a thing, as if it be a truth think what a creature thou hast made thy self, that didst not shame to do, what I must blush only to ask thee: tell me who I am, whose son I am without all circumstance, be thou as hasty as my Sword will be if thou refusest.

Ara. Why, you are his son.

Arb. His Son? swear, swear, thou worse than woman damn'd.

Ara. By all that's good you are.

Arb. Then art thou all that ever was known bad, now is the cause of all my strange mis-fortunes come to light: what reverence expectest thou from a child, to bring forth which thou hast offended heaven, thy husband, and the Land? adulterous witch, I know now why thou wouldst have poyson'd me, I was thy lust which thou wouldst have forgot: then wicked Mother of my sins, and me, show me the way to the inheritance I have by thee: which is a spacious world of impious acts, that I may soon possess it: plagues rot thee, as thou liv'st, and such diseases, as use to pay lust; recompence thy deed.

Gob. You do not know why you curse thus.

Arb. Too well; you are a pair of Vipers; and behold the Serpent you have got; there is no beast but if he knew it, has a pedigree as brave as mine, for they have more descents, and I am every way as beastly got, as far without the compass of Law as they.

Ara. You spend your rage and words in vain, and rail upon a gucs; hear us a little.

Arb. No, I will never hear, but talk away my breath, and

and die.

Gob. Why, but you are no Bastard.

Arb. How's that?

Ara. Nor child of mine.

Arb. Still you go on in wonders to me.

Gob. Pray you be more patient, I may bring comfort to you.

Arb. I will kneel, and hear with the obedience of a child; good Father speak, I do acknowledge you, so you bring comfort.

Gob. First know, our last King, your supposed Father was old and feeble when he married her; and almost all the Land thought she was past hope of issue from him.

Arb. Therefore she took leave to play the whore; because the King was old: is this the comfort?

Ara. What will you find out to give me satisfaction, when you find how you have injur'd me? let fire consume me, if ever I were a whore.

Gob. For-bear these starts, or I will leave you wedded to despair, as you are now: if you can find a temper, my breath shall be a pleasant western wind that cools and blasts not.

Arb. Bring it out good Father. I'll lie, and listen here as reverently as to an Angel: if I breath too loud, tell me; for I would be as still as night.

Gob. Our King I say, was old, and this our Queen desir'd to bring an heir, but yet her husband she thought was past it, and to be dishonest I think she would not: if she would have been, the truth is, she was watcht so narrowly, and had so slender opportunities, she hardly could have been: but yet her cunning found out this way; she feign'd her self with child, and posts were sent in halt throughout the Land, and humble thanks was given in every Church, and prayers were made for her safe going and delivery: she feign'd now to grow bigger, and perceiv'd this hope of issue made her fear'd, and brought a far more large respect from every man, and saw her power increafe, and was resolv'd, since she believ'd, she could not hav't indeed, at least she would be thought to have a child.

Arb. Do I not hear it well? nay I will make no noise at all; but pray you to the point, quickly as you can.

Gob. Now when the time was full, she should be brought to bed, I had a Son born, which was you, this the Queen hearing of mov'd me to let her have you; and such reasons she shewed me, as she knew would tie my secrecie, she swore you should be King, and to be short, I did deliver you unto her, and pretended you were dead, and in mine own house kept a funeral, and had an empty coffin put in Earth, that night this Queen feign'd hastily to labour and by a pair of women of her own, which she had charm'd, she made the world believe she was delivered of you. You grew up as the Kings Son, till you were six years old; then did the King dye, and did leave to me Protection of the Realm; and contrary to his own expectation, left this Queen truely with child indeed, of the fair Princess *Panthea*: then she could have torn her hair and did alone to me, yet durst not speak in publick, for she knew she should be found a traytor: and her tale would have been thought madnes, or any thing rather than truth. This was the only cause why she did seek to poyson you, and I to keep you safe; and this the reason, why I sought to kindle some sparks of love in you to fair *Panthea*, that she might get part of her right again.

Arb. And have you made an end now? is this all? if not, I will be still till I be aged, till all my hairs be Silver.

Gob. This is all.

Arb. And is it true say you too Madam?

Ara. Yes heaven knows it is most true.

Arb. *Panthea* then is not my Sister?

Gob. No.

Arb. But can you prove this?

Gob. If you will give consent, else who dares go about it?

Arb. Give consent? why I will have 'em all that know it rackt, to get this from 'em, all that wait without, come in, what ere you be, come in and be partakers of my joy, O

you are welcome.

Enter Bessus, Gentlemen, Mardonius, and other attendants.

Arb. The best news, nay draw no nearer, they all shall hear it, I am found no King.

Mar. Is that so good news?

Arb. Yes the happiest news that ere was heard.

Mar. Indeed 'twere well for you if you might be a little less obey'd.

Arb. One call the Queen.

Mar. Why she is there.

Arb. The Queen *Mardonius*, *Panthea* is the Queen and I am plain *Arbaces*; go some one, she is in *Gobrias* house, since I saw you there are a thousand things delivered to me, you little dream of. [Exit a Gent.]

Mar. So it should seem my Lord, what fury's this?

Gob. Believe me 'tis no fury, all that he saies is truth.

Mar. 'Tis very strange.

Arb. Why do you keep your hats off Gentlemen? is it to me? I swear it must not be; nay, trust me, in good faith it must not be; I cannot now command you, but I pray you for the respect you bare me, when you took me for your King, each man clap on his hat at my desire.

Mar. We will, you are not found so mean a man, but that you may be cover'd as well as we, may you not?

Arb. O not here, you may, but not I, for here is my Father in presence.

Mar. Where?

Arb. Why there: O the whole story would be a wildernes to lose thy self for ever: O pardon me dear Father for all the idle and unreverent words that I have spoke in idle moods to you: I am *Arbaces*, we all fellow-subjects, nor is the Queen *Panthea* now my Sister.

Bes. Why if you remember fellow-subject *Arbaces*; I told you once she was not your Sister: I, and she lookt nothing like you.

Arb. I think you did, good Captain *Bessus*.

Bes. Here will arise another question now amongst the Sword-men, whether I be to call him to account for beating me, now he is proved no King.

Enter Lygones.

Mar. Sir here's *Lygones*, the agent for the *Armenian* State.

Arb. Where is he? I know your business good *Lygones*.

Lyg. We must have our King again, and will.

Arb. I knew that was your business: you shall have your King again, and have him so again as never King was had, go one of you and bid *Bacurius* bring *Tigranes* hither; and bring the Lady with him, that *Panthea*, the Queen *Panthea* sent me word this morning, was brave *Tigranes* mistress. [Ex. two Gent.]

Lyg. 'Tis *Spaconia*.

Arb. I, I, *Spaconia*.

Lyg. She is my Daughter.

Arb. She is so: I could now tell any thing I never heard: your King shall go so home, as never man went.

Mar. Shall he go on's head?

Arb. He shall have chariots easier than air that I will have invented; and ne're think one shall pay any ransom; and thy self that art the messenger, shalt ride before him on a horse cut out of an intire Diamond, that shall be made to go with golden wheeles, I know not how yet.

Lyg. Why I shall be made for ever? they beli'd this King with us, and said he was unkind.

Arb. And then thy Daughter, she shall have some strange thing, wee'll have the Kingdom sold utterly, and put into a toy which she shall wear about her carelessly some where or other. See the vertuous Queen; behold the humblest subject that you have kneel here before you.

Enter

Enter Panthea and 1 Gent.

Pan. Why kneel you to me that am your Vassal?

Arb. Grant me one request.

Pan. Alas what can I grant you? what I can, I will.

Arb. That you will please to marry me if I can prove it lawfull.

Pan. Is that all? more willingly than I would draw this air.

Arb. I'll kiss this hand in earnest.

2 Gent. Sir, *Tigranes* is coming though he made it strange at first, to see the Princess any more.

Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.

Arb. The Queen thou meanest, O my *Tigranes*. Pardon

me, tread on my neck, I freely offer it, and if thou beest so given take revenge, for I have injur'd thee.

Tigr. No, I forgive, and rejoyce more that you have found repentance, than I my liberty.

Arb. Mayest thou be happy in thy fair choice, for thou art temperate. You owe no ransom to the state, know that I have a thousand joyes to tell you of, which yet I dare not utter till I pay my thanks to Heaven for 'em: Will you go with me and help me? pray you do.

Tigr. I will.

Arb. Take then your fair one with you; and you Queen of goodness and of us, O give me leave to take your arm in mine: come every one that takes delight in goodness, help to sing loud thanks for me, that I am prov'd no King.

T H E

THE
SCORNFUL LADY,
A
COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Elder Loveless, a Sutor to the Lady.
Young Loveless, a Prodigal.
Savil, Steward to Elder Loveless.
Lady and Martha, } Two Sisters.
Younglove, or Abigal, a waiting Gentlewoman.
Welford, a Sutor to the Lady.
Sir Roger, Curate to the Lady.

A { *Captain,*
Travailer,
Poet,
Tabaco-man, } *Hangers on to Young Loveless.*
Wenches.
Fidlers.
Morecraft, an Usurer.
A Rich Widow.
Attendants.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter the two Lovelesses, Savil the Steward, and a Page.

Elder Love. **B** Rother, is your last hope past to mollifie *Morecrafts* heart about your Morgage?
Young Love. Hopelessly past: I have presented the Usurer with a richer draught than ever *Cleopatra* swallowed; he hath sucked in ten thousand pounds worth of my Land, more than he paid for at a gulp, without Trumpets.

El. Lo. I have as hard a task to perform in this house.

Yo. Lo. Faith mine was to make an Usurer honest, or to lose my Land.

El. Lo. And mine is to persuade a passionate woman, or to leave the Land. Make the boat stay, I fear I shall begin my unfortunate journey this night, though the darkness of the night and the roughness of the waters might easily dissuade an unwilling man.

Savil. Sir, your Fathers old friends hold it the sounder course for your body and estate to stay at home and marry, and propagate and govern in our Country, than to Travel and die without issue.

El. Lo. Savil, you shall gain the opinion of a better servant, in seeking to execute, not alter my will, howsoever my intents succeed.

Yo. Lo. Yonder's Mistress *Younglove*, Brother, the grave rubber of your Mistresses toes.

Enter Mistres Younglove the waiting woman.

El. Lo. Mistress *Younglove*.

Young. Master *Loveless*, truly we thought your sails had been hoist: my Mistress is persuaded you are Sea-sick ere this.

El. Lo. Loves she her ill taken up resolution so dearly? Didst thou move her from me?

Young. By this light that shines, there's no removing her, if he get a stiffe opinion by the end. I attempted her to day

when they say a woman can deny nothing.

El. Lo. What critical minute was that?

Young. When her smock was over her ears: but she was no more pliant than if it hung about her heels.

El. Lo. I prethee deliver my service, and say, I desire to see the dear cause of my banishment; and then for *France*.

Young. I'll do't: hark hither, is that your Brother?

El. Lo. Yes, have you lost your memory?

Young. As I live he's a pretty fellow.

Yo. Lo. O this is a sweet *Brache*.

El. Lo. Why she knows not you.

Yo. Lo. No, but she offered me once to know her: to this day she loves youth of Eighteen; she heard a tale how *Cupid* struck her in love with a great Lord in the Tilt-yard, but he never saw her; yet she in kindness would needs wear a Willow-garland at his Wedding. She lov'd all the Players in the last *Queenstime* once over: she was struck when they acted *Lovers*, and forsook some when they plaid *Murthers*. She has nine *Spur-royals*, and the servants say she hoards old gold; and she her self pronounces angerly, that the Farmers eldest son, or her Mistress Husbands Clerk shall be, that Marries her, shall make her a joynture of fouricore pounds a year; she tells tales of the serving-men.

El. Lo. Enough, I know her Brother. I shall intreat you only to salute my Mistress, and take leave, we'll part at the Stairs.

Enter Lady and waiting woman.

Lady. Now Sir, this first part of your will is performed: what's the rest?

El. Lo. First, let me beg your notice for this Gentleman my Brother.

Lady. I shall take it as a favour done to me, though the Gentleman hath received but an untimely grace from you, yet

yet my charitable disposition would have been ready to have done him freer courtesies as a stranger, than upon those cold commendations.

Yo. Lo. Lady, my salutations crave acquaintance and leave at once.

Lady. Sir I hope you are the master of your own occasions. [Exit. *Yo. Lo. and Savil.*]

El. Lo. Would I were so. Mistress, for me to praise over again that worth, which all the world, and you your self can see.

Lady. It's a cold room this, Servant.

El. Lo. Mistress.

La. What think you if I have a Chimney for't, out here?

El. Lo. Mistress, another in my place, that were not tyed to believe all your actions just, would apprehend himself wrong'd: But I whose vertues are constancy and obedience.

La. Younglove, make a good fire above to warm me after my servants Exordium.

El. Lo. I have heard and seen your affability to be such, that the servants you give wages to may speak.

La. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they speak toth' purpose.

El. Lo. Mistress, your will leads my speeches from the purpose. But as a man—

La. A Simile servant? This room was built for honest meaners, that deliver themselves hastily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for Exordiums, and Similes and Metaphors? If you have ought to say, break into't: my answers shall very reasonably meet you.

El. Lo. Mistress I came to see you.

La. That's happily dispatcht, the next.

El. Lo. To take leave of you.

La. To be gone?

El. Lo. Yes.

La. You need not have despair'd of that, nor have us'd so many circumstances to win me to give you leave to perform my command; is there a third?

El. Lo. Yes, I had a third had you been apt to hear it.

La. I? Never apter. Fast (good servant) fast.

El. Lo. 'Twas to intreat you to hear reason.

La. Most willingly, have you brought one can speak it?

El. Lo. Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren heart love and forgiveness.

La. You would stay at home?

El. Lo. Yes Lady.

La. Why you may, and doubtlesly will, when you have debated that your commander is but your Mistress, a woman, a weak one, wildly overborn with passions: but the thing by her commanded, is to see *Dovers* dreadful cliffe, passing in a poor Water-house; the dangers of the merciless Channel 'twixt that and *Callis*, five long hours sail, with three poor weeks victuals.

El. Lo. You wrong me.

La. Then to land dumb, unable to enquire for an English hoast, to remove from City to City, by most chargeable Post-horse, like one that rode in quest of his Mother tongue.

El. Lo. You wrong me much.

La. And all these (almost invincible labours) performed for your Mistress, to be in danger to forsake her, and to put on new allegiance to some *French Lady*, who is content to change language with your laughter, and after your whole year spent in Tennis and broken speech, to stand to the hazard of being laught at, at your return, and have tales made on you by the Chamber-maids.

El. Lo. You wrong me much.

La. Loukler yet.

El. Lo. You know your least word is of force to make me seek out dangers, move me not with toys: but in this banishment, I must take leave to say, you are unjust: was one kiss forc't from you in publick by me so unpardonable? Why all the hours of day and night have seen us kiss.

La. 'Tis true, and so you told the company that heard me chide.

Elder Lov. Your own eyes were not dearer to you than I.

Lady. And so you told 'em.

Elder Lo. I did, yet no sign of disgrace need to have stain'd your cheek: you your self knew your pure and simple heart to be most unspotted, and free from the least baseness.

Lady. I did: But if a Maids heart doth but once think that she is suspected, her own face will write her guilty.

Elder Lo. But where lay this disgrace? The world that knew us, knew our resolutions well: And could it be hop'd that I should give away my freedom; and venture a perpetual bondage with one I never kist? or could I in strict wisdom take too much love upon me, from her that chose me for her Husband?

Lady. Believe me; if my Wedding-smock were on, Were the Gloves bought and given, the Licence come, — Were the Rosemary-branches dipt, and all The Hypochrist and Cakes eat and drunk off, Were these two armes incompass't with the hands Of Bachelors to lead me to the Church, Were my feet in the door, were I *John*, said, If *John* should boast a favour done by me, I would not wed that year: And you I hope, When you have spent this year commodiously, In atchieving Languages, will at your return Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eyes, Than such a friend: More talk I hold not now If you dare go.

Elder Lo. I dare, you know: First let me kiss.

Lady. Farewel sweet Servant, your task perform'd, On a new ground as a beginning Sutor, I shall be apt to hear you.

Elder Lo. Farewel cruel Mistres.

[Exit Lady.]

Enter Young Loveless, and Savil.

Young Lo. Brother you'l hazard the losing your tide to *Gravesend*: you have a long half mile by Land to *Greenwich*?

Elder Lo. I go: but Brother, what yet unheard of course to live, doth your imagination flatter you with? Your ordinary means are devour'd.

Young Lo. Course? why Horse-courfing I think. Consume no time in this: I have no Estate to be mended by meditation: he that busies himself about my fortunes may properly be said to busie himself about nothing.

Elder Lo. Yet some course you must take, which for my satisfaction resolve and open; if you will shape none, I must inform you that that man but perswades himself he means to live, that imagines not the means.

Young Lo. Why live upon others, as others have lived upon me.

Elder Lo. I apprehend not that: you have fed others, and consequently dispos'd of 'em: and the same measure must you expect from your maintainers, which will be too heavy an alteration for you to bear.

Young Lo. Why I'll purse; if that raise me not, I'll bet at Bowling-alleyes, or man Whores; I would fain live by others: but I'll live whilst I am unhang'd, and after the thought's taken.

Elder Love. I see you are ty'd to no particular imploiment then?

Young Lo. Faith I may choose my course: they say nature brings forth none but she provides for them: I'll try her liberality.

Elder Lo. Well, to keep your feet out of base and dangerous paths, I have resolv'd you shall live as Master of my House. It shall be your care *Savil* to see him fed and cloath'd, not according to his present Estate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

Young Lo. If it be refer'd to him, if I be not found in Carnation yearse-stockins, blew devils breeches, with the gards down, and my pocket i'th' sleeves, I'll n'er look you i'th' face again.

Sa. A comelier wear I wufs it is than those dangling
 flops.

Elder Lo. To keep you readie to do him all service peace-
 ably, and him to command you reasonably, I leave these fur-
 ther directions in writing, which at your best leasure toge-
 ther open and read.

Enter Younglove to them with a Jewell.

Abig. Sir, my Mistres commends her love to you in this
 token, and these words; it is a Jewell (she sayes) which as
 a favour from her she would request you to wear till your
 years travel be performed: which once expired, she will
 hastily expect your happy return.

Elder Lo. Return my service with such thanks, as she may
 imagine the heart of a suddenly over-joyed man would wil-
 lingly utter, and you I hope I shall with slender arguments
 periwade to wear this Diamond, that when my Mistris shall
 through my long absence, and the approach of new Suitors,
 offer to forget me; you may cast your eye down to your
 finger, and remember and speak of me: She will hear thee
 better than those allied by birth to her; as we see many men
 much swayed by the Grooms of their Chambers, not that
 they have a greater part of their love or opinion on them,
 than on others, but for that they know their secrets.

Abi. O' my credit I swear, I think 'twas made for me:
 Fear no other Suitors.

Elder Love. I shall not need to teach you how to discre-
 dit their beginning, you know how to take exception at
 their shirts at washing, or to make the maids swear they
 found plasters in their beds.

Abi. I know, I know, and do not you fear the Suitors.

Elder Lo. Farewell, be mindfull, and be happie; the night
 calls me. [Exeunt omnes præter Younglove.

Abi. The Gods of the Winds befriend you Sir; a con-
 stant and a liberal Lover thou art, more such God fend us.

Enter Welford.

Wel. Let 'em not stand still, we have rid.

Abi. A suitor I know by his riding hard, I'll not be seen.

Wel. A prettie Hall this, no Servant in't? I would look
 freshly.

Abi. You have delivered your errand to me then: there's
 no danger in a handsome young fellow: I'll shew my self.

Wel. Lady, may it please you to bestow upon a stranger
 the ordinary grace of salutation: Are you the Lady of this
 house?

Abi. Sir, I am worthily proud to be a Servant of hers.

Wel. Lady, I should be as proud to be a Servant of yours,
 did not my so late acquaintance make me despair.

Abi. Sir, it is not so hard to atchieve, but nature may
 bring it about.

Wel. For these comfortable words, I remain your glad
 Debtor. Is your Lady at home?

Abi. She is no stragler Sir.

Wel. May her occasions admit me to speak with her?

Abi. If you come in the way of a Suitor, No.

Wel. I know your affable vertue will be moved to per-
 swade her, that a Gentleman benighted and strayed, offers
 to be bound to her for a nights lodging.

Abi. I will commend this message to her; but if you aim
 at her body, you will be deluded: other women of the house-
 hold of good carriage and government; upon any of which
 if you can cast your affection, they will perhaps be found as
 faithfull and not so coy. [Exit Younglove.

Wel. What a skin full of lust is this? I thought I had
 come a wooing, and I am the courted partie. This is right
 Court fashion: Men, Women, and all woo, catch that catch
 may. If this soft hearted woman have infused any of her
 tendernefs into her Lady, there is hope she will be plyant.
 But who's here?

Enter Sir Roger the Curate.

Roger. Gad save you Sir. My Lady lets you know she de-
 sires to be acquainted with your name, before she confer

with you?

Wel. Sir, my name calls me Welford.

Roger. Sir, you are a Gentleman of a good name. I'll
 try his wit.

Wel. I will uphold it as good as any of my Ancestors had
 this two hundred years Sir.

Roger. I knew a worshipfull and a Religious Gentleman
 of your name in the Bishoprick of Durham. Call you him
 Cousen?

Wel. I am only allyed to his vertues Sir.

Roger. It is modestly said: I should carry the badge of
 your Christianity with me too.

Wel. What's that, a Cross? there's a tester.

Roger. I mean the name which your God-fathers and
 God-mothers gave you at the Font.

Wel. 'Tis Harry: but you cannot proceed orderly now
 in your Catechism: for you have told me who gave me
 that name. Shall I beg your name?

Roger. Roger.

Wel. What room fill you in this house?

Roger. More rooms than one.

Wel. The more the merrier: but may my boldnefs know,
 why your Lady hath sent you to decypher my name?

Roger. Her own words were these: To know whether
 you were a formerly denyed Suitor, disguised in this message:
 for I can assure you she delights not in Thalame: Hymen and
 she are at variance, I shall return with much hast.

[Exit Roger.

Wel. And much speed Sir, I hope: certainly I am arri-
 ved amongst a Nation of new found fools, on a Land where
 no Navigator has yet planted wit; if I had foreseen it, I
 would have laded my breeches with bells, knives, copper,
 and glasses, to trade with women for their virginities: yet
 I fear, I should have betrayed my self to a needlefs charge
 then: here's the walking night-cap again.

Enter Roger.

Roger. Sir, my Ladies pleasure is to see you: who hath
 commanded me to acknowledge her sorrow, that you must
 take the pains to come up for so bad entertainment.

Wel. I shall obey your Lady that sent it, and acknowledge
 you that brought it to be your Arts Master.

Rog. I am but a Batchelor of Art, Sir; and I have the
 mending of all under this roof, from my Lady on her down-
 bed, to the maid in the Pease-straw.

Wel. A Cobler, Sir?

Roger. No Sir, I inculcate Divine Service within these
 Walls.

Wel. But the Inhabitants of this house do often employ you
 on errands without any scruple of Conscience.

Rog. Yes, I do take the air many mornings on foot, three
 or four miles for eggs: but why move you that?

Wel. To know whether it might become your function to
 bid my man to neglect his horte a little to attend on me.

Roger. Most properly Sir.

Wel. I pray you doe so then: the whilst I will attend your
 Lady. You direct all this house in the true way?

Roger. I doe Sir.

Wel. And this door I hope conducts to your Lady?

Rog. Your understanding is ingenious. [Ex. severally

Enter young Loveless and Savil, with a writing.

Sa. By your favour Sir, you shall pardon me?

Yo. Lo. I shall bear your favour Sir, cross me no more; I
 say they shall come in.

Savil. Sir, you forget who I am?

Yo. Lo. Sir, I do not; thou art my Brothers Steward, his
 cast off mill-money, his Kitchen Arithmetick.

Sa. Sir, I hope you will not make so little of me?

Yo. Lo. I make thee not so little as thou art: for indeed
 there goes no more to the making of a Steward, but a fair
 Imprimis, and then a reasonable Item infus'd into him, and
 the thing is done.

Sa. Nay then you stir my duty, and I must tell you?

Young Lo. What wouldst thou tell me, how Hopps grow, or hold some rotten discourse of Sheep, or when our Lady-day falls? Prethee farewell, and entertain my friends, be drunk and burn thy Table-books: and my dear spark of velvet, thou and I.

Sa. Good Sir remember?

Young Lo. I do remember thee a foolish fellow, one that did put his trust in Almanacks, and Horfe-fairs, and rose by Hony and Pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sa. Nay then I must unfold your Brothers pleasure, these be the lessons Sir, he left behind him.

Young Lo. Prethee expound the first.

Sa. I leave to maintain my house three hundred pounds a year; and my Brother to dispose of it.

Young Lo. Mark that my wicked Steward, and I dispose of it?

Sav. Whilest he bears himself like a Gentleman, and my credit falls not in him. Mark that my good young Sir, mark that.

Young Lo. Nay, if it be no more I shall fulfil it, whilest my Legs will carry me I'll bear my self Gentleman-like, but when I am drunk, let them bear me that can. Forward dear Steward.

Sav. Next it is my will, that he be furnished (as my Brother) with Attendance, Apparel, and the obedience of my people.

Young Lo. Steward this is as plain as your old Minikin-breeches. Your wisdom will relent now, will it not? Be mollified or—— you understand me Sir, proceed?

Sav. Next, that my Steward keep his place, and power, and bound my Brother's wildness with his care.

Young Lo. I'll hear no more of this *Apocrypha*, bind it by it self Steward.

Sav. This is your Brothers will, and as I take it, he makes no mention of such company as you would draw unto you. Captains of Gallyfoists, such as in a clear day have seen *Callis*, fellows that have no more of God, than their Oaths come to: they wear swords to reach fire at a Play, and get there the oyl'd end of a Pipe, for their Guerdon: then the remnant of your Regiment, are wealthy Tobacco-Merchants, that set up with one Ounce, and break for three: together with a Forlorn hope of Poets, and all these look like Carthusians, things without linnen: Are these fit company for my Masters Brother?

Young Lo. I will either convert thee (O thou Pagan Steward) or presently confound thee and thy reckonings, who's there? Call in the Gentlemen.

Sav. Good Sir.

Young Lo. Nay, you shall know both who I am, and where I am.

Sav. Are you my Masters Brother?

Young Lo. Are you the sage Master Steward, with a face like an old *Ephemerides*?

Enter his Comrades, Captain, Traveller, &c.

Sav. Then God help us all I say.

Young Lo. I, and 'tis well said my old peer of *France*: welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen; mine own dear Ladsy're richly welcome. Know this old *Harry Groat*.

Cap. Sir I will take your love.

Sav. Sir, you will take my Purse.

Cap. And study to continue it.

Sav. I do believe you.

Trav. Your honorable friend and Masters Brother, hath given you to us for a worthy fellow, and so we hugg you Sir.

Sav. Has given himself into the hands of Varlets, not to be carv'd out. Sir, are these the pieces?

Young Lo. They are the Morals of the Age, the vertues, men made of gold.

Sav. Of your gold you mean Sir.

Young Lo. This is a man of War, and cryes go on, and wears his colours.

Sav. In's nose.

Young Lo. In the fragrant field. This is a Traveller Sir, knows men and manners, and has plow'd up the Sea so far till both the Poles have knockt, has seen the Sun take Coach, and can distinguish the colour of his Horses, and their kinds, and had a *Flanders-Mare* leapt there.

Sav. 'Tis much.

Trav. I have seen more Sir.

Sav. 'Tis even enough o' Conscience; sit down, and rest you, you are at the end of the world already. Would you had as good a Living Sir, as this fellow could lie you out of, he has a notable gift in't.

Young Lo. This ministers the smoak, and this the Muses.

Sav. And you the Cloaths, and Meat, and Money, you have a goodly generation of 'em, pray let them multiply, your Brothers house is big enough, and to say truth, h'as too much Land, hang it durt.

Young Lo. Why now thou art a loving stinkard. Fire off thy Annotations and thy Rent-books, thou hast a weak brain *Savil*, and with the next long Bill thou wilt run mad. Gentlemen, you are once more welcome to three hundred pounds a year; we will be freely merry, shall we not?

Capt. Merry as mirth and wine, my lovely *Loveless*.

Poet. A serious look shall be a jury to excommunicate any man from our company.

Trav. We will not talk wisely neither?

Young Lo. What think you Gentlemen by all this Revenue in Drink?

Capt. I am all for Drink.

Trav. I am dry till it be so.

Poet. He that will not cry Amen to this, let him live sober, seem wise, and dye o'th' *Coram*.

Young Lo. It shall be so, we'll have it all in Drink, let Meat and Lodging go, they are transitory, and shew men meerly mortal: then we'll have Wenches, every one his Wench, and every week a fresh one: we'll keep no powdered flesh: all these we have by warrant, under the title of things necessary. Here upon this place I ground it, The obedience of my people, and all necessaries: your opinions Gentlemen?

Capt. 'Tis plain and evident that he meant Wenches.

Sav. Good Sir let me expound it?

Capt. Here be as found men, as your self Sir.

Poet. This do I hold to be the iuterpretation of it: In this word Necessary, is concluded all that be helps to Man; Woman was made the first, and therefore here the chiefeft.

Young Lo. Believe me 'tis a learned one; and by these words, The obedience of my people, you Steward being one, are bound to fetch us Wenches.

Capt. He is, he is.

Young Lo. Steward, attend us for instructions?

Sav. But will you keep no house Sir?

Young Lo. Nothing but drink Sir, three hundred pounds in drink.

Sav. O miserable house, and miserable I that live to see it! Good Sir keep some meat.

Young Lo. Get us good Whores, and for your part, I'll board you in an Alchouse, you shall have Cheefe and Onions.

Sav. What shall become of me, no Chimney smoaking? Well Prodigal, your Brother will come home. [Exit.

Young Lo. Come Lads, I'll warrant you for Wenches, three hundred pounds in drink. [Exeunt omnes.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Lady, her Sister Martha, Welford, Younglove,
and others.

Lady. SIR, now you see your bad lodging, I must bid you
good night.

Wel. Lady if there be any want, 'tis in want of you.

Lady. A little sleep will ease that complement. 'Once
more good night.

Wel. Once more dear Lady, and then all sweet nights.

Lady. Dear Sir be short and sweet then.

Wel. Shall the morrow prove better to me, shall I hope
my fate happier by this nights rest?

Lady. Is your fate so sickly that rest will help it? Pray
ye let it rest then till I call for it. Sir as a stranger you have
had all my welcome: but had I known your errand ere you
came, your passage had been straiter. Sir, good night.

Welford. So fair, and cruel, dear unkind good night.

[Exit Lady.

Nay Sir, you shall stay with me, I'll press your zeal so far.

Roger. O Lord Sir.

Wel. Do you love Tobacco?

Rog. Surely I love it, but it loves not me; yet with your
reverence I'll be bold.

Wel. Pray light it Sir. How do you like it?

Rog. I promise you it is notable stinging geer indeed. It
is wet Sir, Lord how it brings down Rheum?

Wel. Handle it again Sir, you have a warm text of it.

Rog. Thanks ever promised for it. I promise you it is
very powerful, and by a Trope, spiritual; for certainly it
moves in sundry places.

Wel. I, it does so Sir, and me especially to ask Sir, why
you wear a Night-cap.

Rog. Assuredly I will speak the truth unto you: you shall
understand Sir, that my head is broken, and by whom; e-
ven by that visible beast the Butler.

Wel. The Butler? certainly he had all his drink about
him when he did it. Strike one of your grave Calflock?
The offence Sir?

Rog. Reproving him at Tra-trip Sir, for swearing; you
have the total surely.

Wel. You told him when his rage was set a tilt, and so he
crackt your Canons. I hope he has not hurt your gentle
reading: But shall we see these Gentlewomen to night.

Rog. Have patience Sir until our fellow Nicholas be de-
ceast, that is, asleep: for so the word is taken: to sleep to
dye, to dye to sleep, a very figure Sir.

Wel. Cannot you cast another for the Gentlewomen?

Rog. Not till the man be in his bed, his grave: his grave,
his bed: the very same again Sir. Our Comick Poet gives
the reason sweetly; *Plenus rimarum est*, he is full of loope-
holes, and will discover to our Patroness.

Wel. Your comment Sir has made me understand you.

Enter Martha the Ladies Sister, and Younglove,
to them with a Posset.

Rog. Sir be address't, the graces do salute you with the full
bowl of plenty. Is our old enemy entomb'd?

Abig. He's safe?

Rog. And does he snore out supinely with the Poet?

Mar. No, he out-snores the Poet.

Wel. Gentlewoman, this courtesie shall bind a stranger
to you, ever your servant.

Mar. Sir, my Sisters strictness makes not us forget you
are a stranger and a Gentleman.

Abig. In sooth Sir, were I chang'd into my Lady, a
Gentleman so well indued with parts, should not be lost.

Wel. I thank you Gentlewoman, and rest bound to you.
See how this foul familiar chews the Cud: From thee, and
three and fifty good Love deliver me.

Mar. Will you sit down Sir, and take a spoon?

Wel. I take it kindly, Lady.

Mar. It is our best banquet Sir.

Rog. Shall we give thanks?

Wel. I have to the Gentlewomen already Sir.

Mar. Good Sir Roger, keep that breath to cool your
part o'th' Posset, you may chance have a scalding zeal else;
and you will needs be doing, pray tell your twenty to your
self. Would you could like this Sir?

Wel. I would your Sister would like me as well Lady.

Mar. Sure Sir, she would not eat you: but banish that
imagination; she's only wedded to her self, lyes with her
self, and loves her self; and for another Husband than her-
self, he may knock at the gate, but ne're come in: be wife
Sir, she's a Woman, and a trouble, and has her many faults,
the least of which is, she cannot love you.

Abig. God pardon her, she'll do worse, would I were
worthy his least grief, Mistress Martha.

Wel. Now I must over-hear her.

Mar. Faith would thou hadst them all with all my heart;
I do not think they would make thee a day older.

Abig. Sir, will you put in deeper, 'tis the sweeter.

Mar. Well said old sayings.

Wel. She looks like one indeed. Gentlewoman you
keep your word, your sweet self has made the bottom
sweeter.

Abig. Sir, I begin a frolick, dare you change Sir?

Wel. My self for you, so please you. That smile has
turn'd my stomach: this is right the old Embleme of the
Moyle cropping of Thistles: Lord what a hunting head she
carries, sure she has been ridden with a Martingale. Now
love deliver me.

Rog. Do I dream, or do I wake? surely I know not: am
I rub'd off? Is this the way of all my morning Prayers? Oh
Roger, thou art but grass, and woman as a flower. Did I for
this consume my quarters in Meditation, Vowes, and wood
her in *Heroical Epistles*? Did I expound the Owl, and un-
dertook with labour and expence the recollection of those
thousand Pieces, consum'd in Cellars, and Tabacco-shops of
that our honour'd *Englishman Ni. Br.* Have I done this,
and am I done thus too? I will end with the wife man, and
say; He that holds a Woman, has an Eel by the tail.

Mar. Sir 'tis so late, and our entertainment (meaning
our Posset) by this is grown so cold, that 'twere an unman-
nerly part longer to hold you from your rest: let what the
house has be at your command Sir.

Wel. Sweet rest be with you Lady; and to you what you
desire too.

[Exeunt.

Abig. It should be some such good thing like your self then.

Wel. Heaven keep me from that curse, and all my issue.

Good night Antiquity.

Rog. *Solamen Miseris socios habuisse Doloris*: but I alone.

Wel. Learned Sir, will you bid my man come to me? and
requesting a greater measure of your learning, good night,
good Master Roger.

Rog. Good Sir, peace be with you. [Exit Roger.

Wel. Adieu dear Domine. Half a dozen such in a King-
dom would make a man forswear confession: for who that
had but half his wits about him, would commit the Counsel
of a serious sin to such a cruel Night-cap? Why how now
shall we have an Antick? Enter Servant.

Whose head do you carry upon your shoulders, that you
jole it so against the Post? Is't for your ease? Or have you
seen the Celler? Where are my slippers Sir?

Ser. Here Sir.

Wel. Where Sir? have you got the pot Verdugo? have
you seen the Horses Sir?

Ser. Yes Sir.

Wel. Have they any meat?

Ser. Faith Sir, they have a kind of wholesome Rushes,
Hay I cannot call it.

Wel. And no Provender?

Ser. Sir, so I take it.

Wel. You are merry Sir, and why so?

Ser. Faith Sir, here are no Oats to be got, unless you'll
have 'em in Porridge: the people are so mainly given to

spoon-meat : yonder's a cast of Coach-mares of the Gentle-womans, the strangelt Cattel. *Wel.* Why?

Ser. Why, they are transparent Sir, you may see through them: and such a house!

Wel. Come Sir, the truth of your discovery.

Ser. Sir, they are in tribes like Jewes: the Kitchin and the Dayrie make one tribe, and have their faction and their fornication within themselves; the Buttery and the Landry are another, and there's no love lost; the chambers are in-tire, and what's done there, is somewhat higher than my knowledge: but this I am sure, between these copulations, a stranger is kept vertuous, that is, fasting. But of all this the drink Sir.

Wel. What of that Sir?

Ser. Faith Sir, I will handle it as the time and your patience will give me leave. This drink, or this cooling Julip, of which three spoonfuls kills the Calenture, a pint breeds the cold Palfie.

Wel. Sir, you bely the house.

Ser. I would I did Sir. But as I am a true man, if'twere but one degree colder, nothing but an Ass's hoof would hold it.

Wel. I am glad on't Sir, for if it had proved stronger, you had been tongue ti'd of these commendations. Light me the candle Sir, I'll hear no more. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter young Lovelefs and his Comrades, with wenches, and two Fidlers.

Yo. Lo. Come my brave man of war, trace out thy darling, And you my learned Council, sit and turn boyes, Kifs till the Cow come home, kifs close, kifs close knaves. My Modern Poet, thou shalt kifs in couplets.

Enter with Wine.

Strike up you merry varlets, and leave your peeping, This is no pay for Fidlers.

Capt. O my dear boy, thy *Hercules*, thy Captain Makes thee his *Hylas*, his delight, his solace.

Love thy brave man of war, and let thy bounty Clap him in *Shamois*: Let there be deducted out of our main Five Marks in hatchments to adorn this thigh, (potation Crampt with this rest of peace, and I will fight Thy battels.

Yo. Lo. Thou shalt hav't boy, and fly in Feather, Lead on a March you Michers.

Enter Savill.

Savill. O my head, O my heart, what a noyse and change is here! would I had been cold i'th' mouth before this day, and ne're have liv'd to see this dissolution. He that lives within a mile of this place, had as good sleep in the perpetual noyse of an Iron Mill. There's a dead Sea of drink i'th' Seller, in which goodly vessels lye wrackt, and in the middle of this deluge appear the tops of flagons and black jacks, like Churches drown'd i'th' marshes.

Yo. Lo. What, art thou come? My sweet Sir *Amias* welcome to *Troy*. Come thou shalt kifs my *Helen*, and court her in a dance.

Sav. Good Sir consider?

Yo. Lo. Shall we consider Gentlemen? How say you?

Capt. Consider? that were a simple toy i'faith, consider? whose moral's that? The man that cries consider is our foe: let my steel know him.

Young Lo. Stay thy dead doing hand, he must not die yet: prethee be calm my *Heclor*?

Capt. Peasant slave, thou groom compos'd of grudgings, live and thank this Gentleman, thou hadst seen *Pluto* else. The next consider kills thee.

Trav. Let him drink down his word again in a gallon of Sack?

Poet. 'Tis but a snuffe, make it two gallons, and let him doe it kneeling in repentance.

Savil. Nay rather kill me, there's but a lay-man lost. Good Captain doe your office?

Young Lo. Thou shalt drink Steward, drink and dance my Steward. Strike him a horn-pipe squeakers, take thy friver, and pace her till she stew.

Savil. Sure Sir, I cannot dance with your Gentlewomen, they are too light for me, pray break my head, and let me goe?

Capt. He shall dance, he shall dance.

Young Lo. He shall dance, and drink, and be drunk and dance, and be drunk again, and shall see no meat in a year.

Poet. And three quarters?

Young Lo. And three quarters be it.

Capt. Who knocks there? let him in.

Enter Elder Lovelefs disguised.

Savill. Some to deliver me I hope.

Elder Lo. Gentlemen, God save you all, my business is to one Master *Lovelefs*?

Capt. This is the Gentleman you mean; view him, and take his Inventorie, he's a right one.

Elder Lo. He promises no less Sir.

Young Lo. Sir, your business?

Elder Lo. Sir, I should let you know, yet I am loth, yet I am sworn to't, would some other tongue would speak it for me.

Young Lo. Out with it i' Gods name.

Elder Lo. All I desire Sir is, the patience and sufferance of a man, and good Sir be not mov'd more.

Young Lo. Then a pottle of sack will doe, here's my hand, prethee thy business?

Elder Lo. Good Sir excuse me, and whatsoever you hear, think must have been known unto you, and be your self discreet, and bear it nobly.

Young Lo. Prethee dispatch me?

Elder Lo. Your Brother's dead Sir?

Young Lo. Thou dost not mean dead drunk?

Elder Lo. No, no, dead and drown'd at sea Sir.

Young Lo. Art sure he's dead?

Elder Lo. Too sure Sir.

Young Lo. I but art thou very certainly sure of it?

Elder Lo. As sure Sir, as I tell it.

Young Lo. But art thou sure he came not up again?

Elder Lo. He may come up, but ne're to call you Brother?

Young Lo. But art sure he had water enough to drown him?

Elder Lo. Sure Sir, he wanted none.

Young Lo. I would not have him want, I lov'd him better; here I forgive thee: and i'faith be plain, how do I bear it?

Elder Lo. Very wifely Sir.

Young Lo. Fill him some wine. Thou dost not see me mov'd, these transitorie toys ne're trouble me, he's in a better place, my friend I know't. Some fellows would have cryed now, and have curst thee, and faln out with their meat, and kept a pudder; but all this helps not, he was too good for us, and let God keep him: there's the right use on't friend. Off with thy drink, thou hast a spice of sorrow makes thee dry: fill him another. *Savill*, your Master's dead, and who am I now *Savill*? Nay, let's all bear it well, wipe *Savill* wipe, tears are but thrown away: we shall have wenches now, shall we not *Savill*?

Savill. Yes Sir.

Young Lo. And drink innumerable.

Savil. Yes forfooth.

Young Lo. And you'll strain curtsie and be drunk a little?

Savil. I would be glad, Sir, to doe my weak endeavour.

Yo. Lo. You may be brought in time to love a wench too.

Savil. In time the sturdie Oak Sir.

Young Lo. Some more wine for my friend there.

Elder Lo. I shall be drunk anon for my good news: but I have a loving Brother, that's my comfort.

Youn Lo. Here's to you Sir, this is the worst I wish you for your news: and if I had another elder Brother, and say it were his chance to feed Haddocks, I should be still the same

you see me now, a poor contented Gentleman. More wine for my friend there, he's dry again.

Elder Lo. I shall be if I follow this beginning. Well my dear Brother, if I scape this drowning, 'tis your turn next to sink, you shall duck twice before I help you. Sir I cannot drink more; pray let me have your pardon.

Young Lo. O Lord Sir, 'tis your modestie: more wine, give him a bigger glass; hug him my Captain, thou shalt be my chief mourner.

Capt. And this my pennon: Sir, a full carouse to you, and to my Lord of Land here.

Elder Lo. I feel a buzzing in my brains, pray God they bear this out, and I'll ne're trouble them so far again. Here's to you Sir?

Young Lo. To my dear Steward, down o' your knees you infidel, you Pagan; be drunk and penitent.

Savil. Forgive me Sir, and I'll be any thing.

Young Lo. Then be a Baud, I'll have thee a brave Baud.

Elder Lo. Sir, I must take my leave of you, my business is so urgent.

Young Lo. Let's have a bridling cast before you go. Fill's a new stoupe.

Elder Lo. I dare not Sir, by no means.

Young Lo. Have you any mind to a wench? I would fain gratifie you for the pains you took Sir.

Elder Lo. As little as to the t'other.

Young Lo. If you find any stirring do but say so.

Elder Lo. Sir, you are too bounteous, when I feel that itching, you shall assuage it Sir, before another; this only and Farewell Sir. Your Brother when the storm was most extrem, told all about him, he left a will which lies close behind a Chimney in the matted Chamber: and so as well Sir, as you have made me able, I take my leave.

Young Lo. Let us embrace him all: if you grow drie before you end your business, pray take a baite here, I have a fresh hoghead for you.

Savil. You shall neither will nor chuse Sir. My Master is a wonderfull fine Gentleman, has a fine state, a very fine state Sir, I am his Steward Sir, and his man.

Elder Lo. Would you were your own sir, as I left you. Well I must cast about, or all sinks.

Savil. Farewell Gentleman, Gentleman, Gentleman.

Elder Lo. What would you with me sir?

Savil. Farewell Gentleman.

Elder Lo. O sleep Sir, sleep. [Exit Elder Lo.]

Young Lo. Well boyes, you see what's fain, let's in and drink, and give thanks for it.

Capt. Let's give thanks for it.

Young Lo. Drunk as I live.

Savil. Drunk as I live boyes.

Young Lo. Why, now thou art able to discharge thine office, and cast up a reckoning of some weight; I will be knighted, for my state will bear it, 'tis sixteen hundred boyes: off with your husks, I'll skin you all in Sattin.

Capt. O sweet Loveless!

Savil. All in Sattin? O sweet Loveless!

Young Lo. March in my noble Compeeres: and this my Countess shall be led by two: and so proceed we to the Will.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Morecraft the Usurer, and Widow.

Morec. And Widow as I say be your own friend: your husband left you wealthy, I and wife, continue so sweet duck, continue so. Take heed of young smooth Varlets, younger Brothers: they are worms that will eat through your bags: they are very Lightning, that with a flash or two will melt your money, and never singe your purse-strings: they are Colts, wench Colts, heady and dangerous, till we take 'em up, and make 'em fit for Bonds: look upon me, I have had, and have yet matter of moment girle, matter of moment; you may meet with a worse back, I'll not commend it.

Wid. Nor I neither Sir?

Mor. Yet thus far by your favour Widow, 'tis tuffe.

Wid. And therefore not for my dyct, for I love a tender one.

Mor. Sweet Widow leave your frumps, and be edified: you know my state, I sell no Perspectives, Scarfs, Gloves, nor Hangers, nor put my trust in Shoe-ties; and where your Husband in an age was rising by burnt figs, dreg'd with meal and powdered sugar, faunders, and grains, wormseed and rotten Raisins, and such vile Tobacco, that made the footmen mangie; I in a year have put up hundreds inclos'd, my Widow, those pleasant Meadows, by a forfeit morgage: for which the poor Knight takes a lone chamber, owes for his Ale, and dare not beat his Hostess: nay more —

Wid. Good Sir no more, what ere my Husband was, I know what I am, and if you marry me, you must bear it bravely off Sir.

Mor. Not with the head, sweet Widow.

Wid. No sweet Sir, but with your shoulders: I must have you dub'd, for under that I will not stoop a feather. My husband was a fellow lov'd to toyle, fed ill, made gain his exercise, and so grew costive, which for that I was his wife, I gave way to, and spun mine own smocks course, and sir, so little: but let that pass, time, that wears all things out, wore out this husband, who in penitence of such fruitless five years marriage, left me great with his wealth, which if you'll be a worthie gossip to, be knighted Sir? [Enter Savil.]

Morec. Now, Sir, from whom come you? whose man are you Sir?

Savil. Sir, I come from young Master Loveless.

Mor. Be silent Sir, I have no money, not a penny for you, he's sunk, your Master's sunk, a perisht man Sir.

Savil. Indeed his Brother's sunk sir, God be with him, a perisht man indeed, and drown'd at Sea.

Morec. How saidst thou, good my friend, his Brother

Savil. Untimely sir, at Sea. (drown'd?)

Morec. And thy young Master left sole Heir?

Savil. Yes Sir.

Morec. And he wants money?

Savil. Yes, and sent me to you, for he is now to be knighted.

Mor. Widow be wise, there's more Land coming, widow be very wise, and give thanks for me widow.

Widow. Be you very wise, and be knighted, and then give thanks for me Sir?

Savil. What sayes your worship to this mony?

Mor. I say he may have mony if he please.

Savil. A thousand Sir?

Mor. A thousand Sir, provided any wife Sir, his Land lye for the payment, otherwise —

Enter Young Loveless and Comrades to them.

Savil. He's here himself Sir, and can better tell you.

Mor. My notable dear friend, and worthy Master Loveless, and now right worshipfull, all joy and welcom.

Yo. Lo. Thanks to my dear incloser Master Morecraft, prethee old Angel gold, salute my family, I'll do as much for yours; this, and your own desires, fair Gentlewoman.

Wid. And yours Sir, if you mean well; 'tis a handsome Gentleman.

Young Lo. Sirrah, my Brother's dead.

Morec. Dead?

Yo. Lo. Dead, and by this time soust for Ember Week.

Morecraft. Dead?

Young Lo. Drown'd, drown'd at sea man, by the next fresh Conger that comes we shall hear more.

Mor. Now by my faith of my body it moves me much.

Yo. Lo. What, wilt thou be an Ass, and weep for the dead? why I thought nothing but a general inundation would have mov'd thee, prethee be quiet, he hath left his land behind him.

Morecraft. O has he so?

Young Lo. Yes faith, I thank him for't, I have all boy, hast any ready mony?

Morecraft. Will you sell Sir?

Young Lo. No not out right good Gripe; marry, a morgage or such a slight securitie.

Morecraft.

More. I have no mony, Sir, for Morgage; if you will sell, and all or none, I'll work a new Mine for you.

Sav. Good Sir look before you, he'll work you out of all else: if you sell all your Land, you have sold your Country, and then you must to Sea, to seek your Brother, and there lye pickled in a Powdering tub, and break your teeth with Biskets and hard Beef, that must have watering Sir: and where's your 300 pounds a year in drink then? If you'll tun up the Straights you may, for you have no calling for drink there, but with a Canon, nor no scoring but on your Ships sides, and then if you scape with life, and take a Faggot boat and a bottle of *Usquebaugh*, come home poor men, like a tipe of Thames-street stinking of Pitch and Poor-John. I cannot tell Sir, I would be loth to see it.

Capt. Steward, you are an Ass, a meazel'd mungril, and were it not again the peace of my soveraign friend here, I would break your fore-casting Coxcomb, dog I would even with my staffe of Office there. Thy Pen and Inkhorn Noble boy, the God of gold here has fed thee well, take mony for thy durt: hark and believe, thou art cold of constitution, thy cat unhealthful, sell and be wise; we are three that will adorn thee, and live according to thine own heart child; mirth shall be only ours, and only ours shall be the black eyed beauties of the time. Mony makes men Eternal.

Poet. Do what you will, 'tis the noblest course, then you may live without the charge of people, only we four will make a Family, I and an Age that will beget new *Animals*, in which I'll write thy life my son of pleasure, equal with *Nero* and *Caligula*.

Young Lo. What men were they Captain?

Capt. Two roaring Boys of *Rome*, that made all split.

Young Lo. Come Sir, what dare you give?

Sav. You will not sell Sir?

Young Lo. Who told you so Sir?

Sav. Good Sir have a care.

Young Lo. Peace, or I'll tack your Tongue up to your Roof. What money? speak.

More. Six thousand pound Sir.

Capt. Take it, h'as overbidden by the Sun: bind him to his bargain quickly.

Young Lo. Come strike me luck with earnest, and draw the writings.

More. There's a Gods peny for thee.

Sav. Sir for my old Masters sake let my Farm be excepted, if I become his Tenant I am undone, my Children beggers, and my Wife God knows what: consider me dear Sir.

More. I'll have all or none.

Young Lo. All in, all in: dispatch the writings.

[Exit with Com.]

Wid. Go, thou art a pretty forehanded fellow, would thou wert wiser.

Sav. Now do I sensibly begin to feel my self a Rascal; would I could teach a School, or beg, or lye well, I am utterly undone; now he that taught thee to deceive and consen, take thee to his mercy; so be it. [Exit Savil.]

More. Come Widow come, never stand upon a Knight-hood, 'tis a meer paper honour, and not proof enough for a Serjant. Come, Come, I'll make thee——

Wid. To answer in short, 'tis this Sir. No Knight no Widow, if you make me any thing, it must be a Lady, and so I take my leave.

More. Farewel sweet Widow, and think of it. [Ex. Wid.]

Wid. Sir, I do more than think of it, it makes me dream Sir.

More. She's rich and sober, if this itch were from her: and say I be at the charge to pay the Footmen, and the Trumpets, I and the Horsemen too, and be a Knight, and she refuse me then; then am I hoist into the subsidy, and so by consequence should prove a Coxcomb: I'll have a care of that. Six thousand pound, and then the Land is mine, there's some refreshing yet. [Exit.]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Abigal, and drops her Glove.

Abigal. IF he but follow me, as all my hopes tell me, he's man enough, up goes my rest, and I know I shall draw him.

Enter Welford.

Wel. This is the strangest pampered piece of flesh towards fifty, that ever frailty copt withal, what a trim *lenmoy* here she has put upon me; these women are a proud kind of Cattel, and love this whorson doing so directly, that they will not stick to make their very skins Bawdes to their flesh. Here's Dogskin and Storax sufficient to kill a Hawk: what to do with it, besides nailing it up amongst *Irish* heads of Teere, to shew the mightiness of her Palm, I know not: there she is. I must enter into Dialogue. Lady you have lost your Glove.

Abig. Not Sir, if you have found it.

Wel. It was my meaning Lady to restore it.

Abig. 'Twill be uncivil in me to take back a favour, Fortune hath so well bestowed Sir, pray wear it for me.

Wel. I had rather wear a Bell. But hark you Mistres, what hidden vertue is there in this Glove, that you would have me wear it? Is't good against fore eyes, or will it charm the Toothach? Or these red tops; being steep in white wine soluble, wil't kill the Itch? Or has it so conceal'd a providence to keep my hand from Bonds? If it have none of these and prove no more but a bare Glove of half a Crown a pair, 'twill be but half a courtesie, I wear two alwayes, faith let's draw cuts, one will do me no pleasure.

Abig. The tenderness of his years keeps him as yet in ignorance, he's a well moulded fellow, and I wonder his bloud should stir no higher; but 'tis his want of company: I must grow nearer to him.

Enter Elder Loveless disguised.

Elder Lo. God save you both.

Abig. And pardon you Sir; this is somewhat rude, how came you hither?

Elder Lo. Why through the doors, they are open.

Wel. What are you? And what business have you here?

Elder Lo. More I believe than you have.

Abig. Who would this fellow speak with? Art thou sober?

Elder Lo. Yes, I come not here to sleep.

Wel. Prethee what art thou?

Elder Lo. As much (gay man) as thou art, I am a Gentle-

Wel. Art thou no more? (man.)

Elder Lo. Yes more than thou dar'ft be; a Souldier.

Abig. Thou dost not come to quarrel?

Elder Lo. No, not with women; I come to speak here with a Gentlewoman.

Abig. Why, I am one.

Elder Lo. But not with one so gentle.

Wel. This is a fine fellow.

Elder Lo. Sir, I am not fine yet. I am but new come over, direct me with your ticket to your Taylor, and then I shall be fine Sir. Lady if there be a better of your Sex within this house, say I would see her.

Abig. Why am not I good enough for you Sir?

Elder Lo. Your way you'll be too good, pray end my business. This is another Sutor, O frail Woman!

Wel. This fellow with his bluntness hopes to do more than the long futes of a thousand could; though he be sowre he's quick, I must not trust him. Sir, this Lady is not to speak with you, she is more serious: you smell as if you were new calkt; go and be handsome, and then you may sit with her Servingmen. *El. Lo.* What are you Sir?

Wel. Guess by my outside.

Elder Lo. Then I take you Sir, for some new silken thing wean'd from the Country, that shall (when you come to keep good company) be beaten into better manners. Pray good

good proud Gentlewoman, help me to your Mistrefs.

Abig. How many lives haft thou, that thou talk'ft thus rudely?

Elder Lo. But one, one, I am neither Cat nor Woman.

Wel. And will that one life, Sir, maintain you ever in fuch bold fawcinefs?

Elder Lo. Yes, amongst a Nation of fuch men as you are, and be no worfe for wearing, fhall I fpeak with this Lady?

Abig. No by my troth fhall you not.

Elder Lo. I muft ftay here then?

Wel. That you fhall not neither.

Elder Lo. Good fine thing tell me why?

Wel. Good angry thing I'll tell you:

This is no place for fuch companions,
Such lousie Gentlemen fhall find their bufinefs
Better i'th' Suburbs, there your ftrong pitch perfume,
Mingled with lees of Ale, fhall reek in fafhion:
This is no Thames ftreet, Sir.

Abig. This Gentleman informs you truly:

Prethee be fatisfied, and feek the Suburbs,
Good Captain, or what ever title elfe,
The Warlike Ele-boats have beftowed upon thee,
Go and reform thy felf, prethee be fwetter,
And know my Lady fpeaks with no Swabbers.

Elder Lo. You cannot talk me out with your tradition
Of wit you pick from Plays, go to, I have found ye:

And for you, Sir, whofe tender gentle blood
Runs in your Nofe, and makes you fnuft at all,
But three pil'd people, I do let you know,
He that begot your worships Sattin-fute,
Can make no men Sir: I will fee this Lady,
And with the reverence of your filkenfhip,
In thefe old Ornaments.

Wel. You will not fure?

Elder Lo. Sure Sir I fhall?

Abig. You would be beaten out?

Elder Lo. Indeed I would not, or if I would be beaten,
Pray who fhall beat me? this good Gentleman
Looks as he were o'th' peace.

Wel. Sir you fhall fee that: will you get you out?

Elder Lo. Yes, that, that fhall correct your boys tongue.
Dare you fight, I will ftay here ftill. *[They draw.]*

Abig. O their things are out, help, help for Gods fake,
Madam; Jefus they foine at one another.

Enter Lady.

Madam, why, who is within there?

Lady. Who breeds this rudenefs?

Wel. This uncivil fellow;
He faies he comes from Sea, where I believe,
H'as purg'd away his manners.

Lady. Why what of him?

Wel. Why he will rudely without once God blefs you,
Prefs to your privacies, and no denial
Muft ftand betwixt your perfon and his bufinefs;
I let go his ill Language.

Lady. Sir, have you bufinefs with me?

Elder Lo. Madam fome I have,
But not fo ferious to pawn my life for't:
If you keep this quarter, and maintain about you
Such Knights o'th' Sun as this is, to defie
Men of employment to ye, you may live,
But in what fame?

Lady. Pray ftay Sir, who has wrong'd you?

Elder Lo. Wrong me he cannot, though uncivilly
He flung his wild words at me: but to you
I think he did no honour, to deny
The haft I come withal, a paffage to you,
Though I feem courfe.

Lady. Excufe me gentle Sir, 'twas from my knowledge,
And fhall have no protection. And to you Sir,
You have fhew'd more heat than wit, and from your felf
Have borrowed power, I never gave you here,
To do thefe vile unmanly things: my houfe

Is no blind ftreet to fwagger in; and my favours
Not doting yet on your unknown deferts
So far, that I fhould make you Matter of my bufinefs;
My credit yet ftands fairer with the people
Than to be tried with fwords; and they that come
To do me fervice, muft not think to win me
With hazard of a murther; if your love
Confift in fury, carry it to the Camp:
And there in honour of fome common Mistrefs,
Shorten your youth, I pray be better temper'd:
And give me leave a while Sir.

Wel. You muft have it. *[Exit Welford.]*

Lady. Now Sir, your bufinefs?

El. Lo. Firft, I thank you for fchooling this young fellow,
Whom his own follies, which he's prone enough
Daily to fall into, if you but frown,
Shall level him a way to his repentance:
Next, I fhould rail at you, but you are a Woman,
And anger's loft upon you.

Lady. Why at me Sir?
I never did you wrong, for to my knowledge
This is the firft fight of you.

Elder Lo. You have done that,
I muft confefs I have the leaft curfe in
Beaufe the leaft acquaintance: But there be
(If there be honour in the minds of men)
Thoufands when they fhall know what I deliver,
(As all good men muft fhare in't) will to fhame
Blaft your black memory.

Lady. How is this good Sir?

Elder Lo. 'Tis that, that if you have a foul will choak it:
Y'ave kill'd a Gentleman.

Lady. I kill'd a Gentleman!

Elder Lo. You and your cruelty have kill'd him Woman,
And fuch a man (let me be angry in't)
Whofe leaft worth weighed above all womens vertues
That are; I spare you all to come too: guefs him now?

Lady. I am fo innocent I cannot Sir.

Elder Lo. Repent you mean, you are a perfect Woman,
And as the firft was, made for mans undoing.

Lady. Sir, you have mift your way, I am not fhe.

Elder Lo. Would he had mift his way too, though he had
Wandered farther than Women are ill fpoken of,
So he had mift this misery, you Lady.

Lady. How do you do, Sir?

Elder Lo. Well enough I hope.
While I can keep my felf out from temptations.

Lady. Leap into this matter, whither would ye?

Elder Lo. You had a Servant that your peevifhnefs
Injoined to Travel.

Lady. Such a one I have
Still, and fhall be griev'd 'twere otherwife.

El. Lo. Then have your asking, and be griev'd he's dead;
How you will answer for his worth, I know not,
But this I am fure, either he, or you, or both
Were ftark mad, elfe he might have liv'd
To have given a ftronger testimony to th' world
Of what he might have been. He was a man
I knew but in his evening, ten Suns after,
Forc'd by a Tyrant ftorm our beaten Bark
Bulg'd under us; in which fad parting blow,
He call'd upon his Saint, but not for life,
On you unhappy Woman, and whileft all
Sought to preferve their Souls, he desperately
Imbrac'd a Wave, crying to all that faw it,
If any live, go to my Fate that forc'd me
To this untimely end, and make her happy:
His name was *Lovelefs*: And I fcap't the ftorm,
And now you have my bufinefs.

Lady. 'Tis too much.

Would I had been that ftorm, he had not perift.
If you'll rail now I will forgive you Sir?
Or if you'll call in more, if any more
Come from this ruine, I fhall juftly fuffer

What they can say, I do confefs my self
A guiltie caufe in this. I would fay more,
But grief is grown too great to be delivered.

Elder Lo. I like this well: these women are strange things.

'Tis somewhat of the latest now to weep,
You should have wept when he was going from you,
And chain'd him with those tears at home.

La. Would you had told me then so, these two arms had been his Sea.

Elder Lo. Trust me you move me much: but say he lived, these were forgotten things again.

Lady. I, say you so? Sure I should know that voice: this is knavery. I'll fit you for it. Were he living Sir, I would persuade you to be charitable, I, and confefs we are not all so ill as your opinion holds us. O my friend, what penance shall I pull upon my fault, upon my most unworthy self for this?

Elder Lo. Leave to love others, 'twas some jealousy That turn'd him desperate.

Lady. I'll be with you straight: are you wrung there?

Elder Lo. This works amain upon her.

Lady. I do confefs there is a Gentleman Has born me long good will.

Elder Lo. I do not like that.

Lady. And vow'd a thousand services to me; to me, regardless of him: But since Fate, that no power can withstand, has taken from me my first, and best love, and to weep away my youth is a mere folly, I will shew you what I determine sir: you shall know all: Call M. *Welford* there: That Gentleman I mean to make the model of my Fortunes, and in his chaste embraces keep alive the memory of my lost lovely *Loveless*: he is somewhat like him too.

Elder Lo. Then you can love.

Lady. Yes certainly Sir?

Though it please you to think me hard and cruel,
I hope I shall persuade you otherwise.

Elder Lo. I have made my self a fine fool.

Enter Welford.

Wel. Would you have spoke with me Madam?

Lady. Yes M. *Welford*, and I ask your pardon before this Gentleman for being froward: this kiss, and henceforth more affection.

Elder Lo. So, 'tis better I were drown'd indeed.

Wel. This is a sudden passion, God hold it. This fellow out of his fear sure has Perswaded her. I'll give him a new suit on't.

La. A parting kiss, and good Sir, let me pray you To wait me in the Gallerie.

Wel. I am in another world, Madam where you please. *[Exit Welford.]*

Elder Lo. I will to Sea, and 't shall goe hard but I'll be drown'd indeed.

La. Now Sir you see I am no such hard creature, But time may win me.

Elder Lo. You have forgot your lost Love.

La. Alas Sir, what would you have me do? I cannot call him back again with sorrow; I'll love this man as dearly, and beshrow me I'll keep him far enough from Sea, and 'twas told me, now I remember me, by an old wife woman, that my first Love should be drown'd, and see 'tis come about.

Elder Lo. I would she had told you your second should be hang'd too, and let that come about: but this is very strange.

La. Faith Sir, consider all, and then I know you'll be of my mind: if weeping would redeem him, I would weep still.

Elder Lo. But say that I were *Loveless*, And scap'd the storm, how would you answer this?

Lady. Why for that Gentleman I would leave all the world.

Elder Lo. This young thing too?

Lady. That young thing too,
Or any young thing else: why, I would lose my state.

Elder Lo. Why then he lives still, I am he, your *Loveless*.

Lady. Alas I knew it Sir, and for that purpose prepared this Pageant: get you to your task. And leave these Players tricks, or I shall leave you, indeed I shall. Travel, or know me not.

Elder Lo. Will you then marry?

Lady. I will not promise, take your choice. Farewell.

Elder Lo. There is no other Purgatorie but a Woman. I must doe something. *[Exit Loveless.]*

Enter Welford.

Wel. Mistress I am bold.

Lady. You are indeed.

Wel. You so overjoyed me Lady.

Lady. Take heed you surfeit not, pray fast and welcom.

Wel. By this light you love me extreamly.

Lady. By this, and to morrows light, I care not for you.

Wel. Come, come, you cannot hide it.

Lady. Indeed I can, where you shall never find it.

Wel. I like this mirth well Lady.

Lady. You shall have more on't.

Wel. I must kiss you.

Lady. No Sir.

Wel. Indeed I must.

Lady. What must be, must be; I'll take my leave, you have your parting blow: I pray commend me to those few friends you have, that sent you hither, and tell them when you travel next, 'twere fit you brought less bravery with you, and more wit, you'll never get a wife else.

Wel. Are you in earnest?

Lady. Yes faith. Will you eat Sir, your horses will be readie straight, you shall have a napkin laid in the butterie for ye.

Wel. Do not you love me then?

Lady. Yes, for that face.

Wel. It is a good one Ladie.

Lady. Yes, if it were not warpt, the fire in time may mend it.

Wel. Me thinks yours is none of the best Ladie.

Lady. No by my troth Sir; yet o'my conscience, You would make shift with it.

Wel. Come pray no more of this?

Lady. I will not: Fare you well. Ho, who's within there? bring out the Gentlemans horses, he's in haste; and set some cold meat on the Table.

Wel. I have too much of that I thank you Ladie: take your Chamber when you please, there goes a black one with you Ladie.

Lady. Farewell young man.

[Exit Ladie.]

Wel. You have made me one, Farewell: and may the curse of a great house fall upon thee, I mean the Butler. The devil and all his works are in these women, would all of my sex were of my mind, I would make 'em a new Lent, and a long one, that flesh might be in more reverence with them.

Enter Abigail to him.

Abig. I am sorry M. *Welford*.

Wel. So am I, that you are here.

Abig. How does my Ladie use you?

Wel. As I would use you, scurvilie.

Abig. I should have been more kind Sir?

Wel. I should have been undone then. Pray leave me, and look to your sweet-meats; hark, your Ladie calls?

Abig. Sir, I shall borrow so much time without offence.

Wel. Y'are nothing but offence, for Gods love leave me.

Abig. 'Tis strange my Ladie should be such a tyrant?

Wel. To send you to me, 'Pray goe stitch, good doe, y'are more trouble to me than a Term.

Abig. I do not know how my good will, if I said love I lied not, should any way deserve this?

Wel. A thousand waies, a thousand waies; sweet creature let me depart in peace.

Abig. What Creature Sir? I hope I am a woman.

Wel. A hundred I think by your noise.

Abig.

Abig. Since you are angric Sir, I am bold to tell you that I am a woman, and a rib.

Wel. Of a roasted horse.

Abig. Conster me that?

Wel. A Dog can doe it better; Farwell Countess, and commend me to your Ladie, tell her she's proud, and scurvie, and so I commit you both to your tempter.

Abig. Sweet Mr. *Welford*.

Wel. Avoid old Satanus: Go daub your ruines, your face looks fouler than a storm: the Foot-man staves for you in the Lobby Lady.

Abig. If you were a Gentleman, I should know it by your gentle conditions? are these fit words to give a Gentlewoman?

Wel. As fit as they were made for ye: Sirrah, my horses. Farwell old Adage, keep your nose warm, the Rheum will make it horn else— [Exit *Welford*.

Abig. The blessings of a Prodigal young heir be thy companions *Welford*, marry come up my Gentleman, are your gums grown so tender they cannot bite? A skittish Filly will be your fortune *Welford*, and fair enough for such a packfaddle. And I doubt not (if my aim hold) to see her made to amble to your hand. [Exit *Abigal*.

Enter Young Loveless, and Comrades, Morecraft, Widow, Savil, and the rest.

Captain. Save thy brave shoulder, my young puissant Knight, and may thy back Sword bite them to the bone that love thee not, thou art an errant man, go on. The circumcis'd shall fall by thee. Let Land and labour fill the man that tills, thy sword must be thy plough, and *Jove* it speed. *Mecha* shall sweat, and *Mahomet* shall fall, and thy dear name fill up his monument.

Yo. L. It shall Captain, I mean to be a Worthy.

Cap. One Worthy is too little, thou shalt be all.

Mor. Captain I shall deserve some of your love too.

Cap. Thou shalt have heart and hand too, noble *Morecraft*, if thou wilt lend me mony. I am a man of Garrison, be rul'd, and open to me those infernal gates, whence none of thy evil Angels pass again, and I will stile thee noble, nay *Don Diego*. Ple woo thy *Infanta* for thee, and my Knight shall feast her with high meats, and make her apt.

Mor. Pardon me Captain, y'are beside my meaning.

Young Lo. No Mr. *Morecraft*, 'tis the Captains meaning I should prepare her for ye.

Cap. Or provok her. Speak my modern man, I say provoke her.

Poet. Captain, I say so too, or stir her to it. So say the Criticks.

Young Lo. But howsoever you expound it sir, she's very welcom, and this shall serve for witness. And Widow, since y'are come so happily, you shall deliver up the keyes, and free possession of this house, whilst I stand by to ratifie.

Wid. I had rather give it back again believe me, 'Tis a miserie to say you had it. Take heed?

Young Lo. 'Tis past that Widow, come, sit down, some wine there, there is a scurvie banquet if we had it. All this fair house is yours Sir *Savil*?

Savil. Yes Sir.

Young Lo. Are your keyes readie, I must ease your burden.

Sav. I am readie Sir to be undone, when you shall call me to't.

Young Lo. Come come, thou shalt live better.

Sav. I shall have less to doe, that's all, there's half a dozen of my friends i'th' fields sunning against a bank, with half a breech among 'em, I shall be with 'em shortly. The care and continuall vexation of being rich, eat up this rascall. What shall become of my poor familie, they are no sheep, and they must keep themselves.

Young Lo. Drink Maister *Morecraft*, pray be merrie all: Nay and you will not drink there's no societie, Captain speak loud, and drink: widow, a word.

Cap. Expound her throughly Knight. Here God o' gold, here's to thy fair possessions; Be a Baron and a bold one:

leave off your tickling of young heirs like Trouts, and let thy Chimnies smoke. Feed men of war, live and be honest, and be saved yet.

Mor. I thank you worthie Captain for your counsel. You keep your Chimnies smoking there, your nostrils, and when you can, you feed a man of War, this makes you not a Baron, but a bare one: and how or when you shall be saved, let the Clark o'th' companie (you have commanded) have a just care of.

Poet. The man is much moved. Be not angric Sir, but as the Poet sings, let your displeasure be a short furie, and goe out. You have spoke home, and bitterly, to me Sir? Captain take truce, the Miser is a tart and a wittie whorson—

Cap. Poet, you feign perdic, the wit of this man lies in his fingers ends, he must tell all; his tongue fills his mouth like a neats tongue, and only serves to lick his hungrie chaps after a purchase: his brains and brimstone are the devils diet to a fat usurers head: To her Knight, to her: clap her aboard, and stow her. Where's the brave Steward?

Savil. Here's your poor friend, and *Savil* Sir?

Cap. Away, th'art rich in ornaments of nature. First in thy face, thou hast a ferious face, a betting, bargaining, and saving face, a rich face, pawn it to the Usurer; a face to kindle the compassion of the most ignorant and frozen Justice.

Savil. 'Tis such I dare not shew it shortly sir,

Cap. Be blithe and bonny steward: Maister *Morecraft*, Drink to this man of reckoning?

Mor. Here's e'ne to him.

Savil. The Devil guide it downward: would there were in't an acre of the great broom field he bought, to sweep your durtie Conscience, or to choak ye, 'tis all one to me, Usurer.

Young Lo. Consider what I told you, you are young, unapt for worldly business: Is it fit one of such tenderness, so delicate, so contrarie to things of care, should stir and break her better meditations, in the bare brokage of a brace of Angels? or a new Kirtel, though it be Satten? eat by the hope of surfeits, and lie down only in expectation of a morrow, that may undo some easie hearted fool, or reach a widows curses? Let out mony, whose use returns the principal? and get out of these troubles, a consuming heir: For such a one must follow necessarily, you shall die hated, if not old and miserable; and that posselt wealth that you got with pining, live to see tumbled to anothers hands, that is no more a kin to you, than you to his couzenage.

Widow. Sir you speak well, would God that charity had first begun here?

Young Lo. 'Tis yet time. Bemerrie, me thinks you want wine there, there's more i'th' house. Captain, where rests the health?

Captain. It shall goe round boy?

Young Lo. Say you can suffer this, because the end points at much profit, can you so far bow below your blood, below your too much beautie, to be a partner of this fellowes bed, and lie with his diseases? if you can, I will nor press you further: yet look upon him: there's nothing in that hide-bound Usurer, that man of mat, that all decal'd, but aches, for you to love, unless his perisht lungs, his drie cough, or his scurvie. This is truth, and so far I dare speak yet: he has yet past cure of Physick, spaw, or any diet, a primitive pox in his bones; and o' my Knowledge he has been ten times rowell'd: ye may love him; he had a bastard, his own toward illue, whipt, and then cropt for washing out the roses, in three farthings to make 'em pence.

Widow. I do not like these Morals?

Young Lo. You must not like him then?

Enter Elder Love.

Elder Lo. By your leave Gentlemen?

Young Lo. By my troth sir you are welcom, welcom faith: Lord what a stranger you are grown; pray know this Gentlewoman, and if you please these friends here: we are merry,

you see the worst on't; your house has been kept warm Sir?

Elder Lo. I am glad to hear it Brother, pray God you are wife too.

Young Lo. Pray Mr *Morecraft* know my elder Brother, and Captain do you complement. *Savil* I dare swear is glad at heart to see you; Lord, we heard Sir you were drown'd at Sea, and see how luckily things come about?

More. This money must be paid again Sir.

Young Lo. No Sir, pray keep the Sale, 'twill make good Tailors measures; I am well I thank you.

Wid. By my troth the Gentleman has stew'd him in his own Sawce, I shall love him for't.

Sav. I know not where I am, I am so glad: your worship is the welcomest man alive; upon my knees I bid you welcome home: here has been such a hurry, such a din, such dismal Drinking, Swearing and Whoring, 'thas almost made me mad: we have all liv'd in a continual *Turnbalstreet*; Sir, blest be Heaven, that sent you safe again, now shall I eat and go to bed again.

Elder Lo. Brother dismiss these people.

Young Lo. Captain be gone a while, meet me at my old *Randevouse* in the evening, take your small Poet with you. Mr *Morecraft* you were best go prattle with your learned Counsel, I shall preserve your money, I was couzen'd when time was, we are quit Sir.

Wid. Better and better still.

Elder Lo. What is this fellow, Brother?

Young Lo. The thirsty Usurer that suct my Land off.

Elder Lo. What does he tarry for?

Young Lo. Sir to be Landlord of your House and State: I was bold to make a little sale Sir.

More. Am I overreach'd? if there be Law I'll hamper ye.

Elder Lo. Prethee be gone, and rave at home, thou art so base a fool I cannot laugh at thee: Sirrah, this comes of couzening, home and spare, eat Reddish till you raise your fums again. If you stir far in this, I'll have you whipt, your ears nail'd for intelligencing o'the Pillory, and your goods forfeit: you are a stale couzener, leave my house: no more.

More. A pox upon your house. Come Widow, I shall yet hamper this young Gamester.

Wid. Good twelve i'th' hundred keep your way, I am not for your diet, marry in your own Tribe Jew, and get a Broker.

Young Lo. 'Tis well said Widow: will you jog on Sir?

More. Yes, I will go, but 'tis no matter whither:

But when I trust a wild Fool, and a Woman,
May I lend Gratis, and build Hospitals.

Young Lo. Nay good Sir, make all even, here's a Widow wants your good word for me, she's rich, and may renew me and my fortunes.

Elder Lo. I am glad you look before you. Gentlewoman, here is a poor distressed younger Brother.

Wid. You do him wrong Sir, he's a Knight.

Elder Lo. I ask you mercy: yet 'tis no matter, his Knight-hood is no inheritance I take it: whatsoever he is, he is your Servant, or would be, Lady. Faith be not mercilefs, but make a man; he's young and handsome, though he be my Brother, and his observances may deserve your Love: he shall not fail for means.

Wid. Sir you speak like a worthy Brother: and so much I do credit your fair Language, that I shall love your Brother: and so love him, but I shall blush to say more.

Elder Lo. Stop her mouth. I hope you shall not live to know that hour when this shall be repented. Now Brother I should chide, but I'll give no distaste to your fair Mistress. I will instruct her in't and she shall do't: you have been wild and ignorant, pray mend it.

Young Lo. Sir, every day now Spring comes on.

Elder Lo. To you good Mr *Savil* and your Office, thus much I have to say: Y'are from my Steward become, first your own Drunkard, then his Bawd: they say y'are excellent grown in both, and perfect: give me your keys Sir *Savil*?

Savil. Good Sir consider whom you left me to.

Elder Lo. I left you as a curb for, not to provoke my Bro-

thers follies: where's the best drink, now? come, tell me *Savil*; where's the foundest Whores? Ye old he Goat, ye dried Ape, ye lame Stallion, must you be leading in my house your Whores, like Fairies dance their night rounds, without fear either of King or Constable, within my walls? Are all my Hangings safe; my Sheep unfold yet? I hope my Plate is currant, I ha' too much on't. What say you to 300 pounds in drink now?

Sav. Good Sir forgive me, and but hear me speak?

Elder Lo. Me thinks thou shouldst be drunk still, and not speak, 'tis the more pardonable.

Sav. I will Sir, if you will have it so.

Elder Lo. I thank ye: yes, e'ne pursue it Sir: do you hear? get a Whore soon for your recreation: go look out Captain *Broken-breech* your fellow, and Quarrel if you dare: I shall deliver these Keys to one shall have more honesty, though not so much fine wit Sir. You may walk and gather *Cresses* fit to cool your Liver; there's something for you to begin a Diet, you'll have the Pox else. Speed you well, Sir *Savil*: you may eat at my house to preserve life; but keep no Fornication in the Stables. [Ex. om. pr. *Savil*.

Sav. Now must I hang my self, my friends will look for't. Eating and sleeping, I do despise you both now: I will run mad first, and if that get not pitty, I'll drown my self, to a most dismal ditty. [Exit *Savil*.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Abigal* sola.

Abigal. A Las poor Gentlewoman, to what a misery hath Age brought thee: to what a scurvy Fortune? Thou that hast been a Companion for Noblemen, and at the worst of those times for Gentlemen: now like a broken Servingman, must beg for favour to those, that would have crawl'd like Pilgrims to my Chamber but for an Apparition of me. You that be coming on, make much of fifteen, and so till five and twenty: use your time with reverence, that your profits may arise: it will not tarry with you, *Ecce signum*: here was a face, but time that like a surfeit eats our youth, plague of his iron teeth, and draw 'em for't, has been a little bolder here than welcome: and now to say the truth, I am fit for no man. Old men i'th' house of fifty, call me Granum; and when they are drunk, e'ne then, when *Jone* and my Lady are all one, not one will do me reason. My little Levite hath forsaken me, his silver found of Cittern quite abolish, this doleful hymns under my Chamber window, digested into tedious learning: well fool, you leapt a Haddock when you left him: he's a clean man, and a good edifier, and twenty nobles is his state *de claro*, besides his pigs in *posse*. To this good *Homilist* I have been ever stubborn, which God forgive me for, and mend my manners: and Love, if ever thou hadst care of forty, of such a piece of lape ground, hear my prayer, and fire his zeal so far forth that my faults in this renewed impression of my love may shew corrected to our gentle reader.

Enter *Roger*.

See how negligently he passes by me: with what an Equipage Canonical, as though he had broken the heart of *Bellarmino*, or added something to the singing Brethren. 'Tis scorn, I know it, and deserve it, Mr *Roger*.

Rog. Fair Gentlewoman, my name is *Roger*.

Abig. Then gentle *Roger*?

Rog. Ungentle *Abigal*.

(mans?)

Abig. Why Mr *Roger* will you set your wit to a weak wo-

Rog. You are weak indeed: for so the Poet sings.

Abig. I do confess my weakness, sweet Sir *Roger*.

Rog. Good my Ladies Gentlewoman, or my good Ladies Gentlewoman (this trope is lost to you now) leave your prating, you have a season of your first mother in ye: and surely had the Devil been in love, he had been abused too: go *Dalilah*, you make men fools, and wear Fig breeches.

Abig.

Abi. Well, well, hard hearted man; dilate upon the weak infirmities of women: these are fit texts, but once there was a time, would I had never seen those eyes, those eyes, those orient eyes.

Rog. I they were pearls once with you.

Abi. Saving your reverence Sir, so they are still.

Rog. Nay, nay, I do beseech you leave your cogging, what they are, they are, they serve me without Spectacles I thank 'em.

Abi. O will you kill me?

Rog. I do not think I can,

Y'are like a Copy-hold with nine lives in't.

Abi. You were wont to bear a Christian fear about you: For your own worships sake.

Rog. I was a Christian fool then: Do you remember what a dance you led me? how I grew qualm'd in love, and was a dunce? could expound but once a quarter, and then was out too: and then out of the stinking stir you put me in, I prayed for my own illue. You do remember all this?

Abi. O be as then you were?

Rog. I thank you for it, surely I will be wiser *Abigal*: and as the *Ethnick* Poet sings, I will not lose my oyl and labour too. Y'are for the worshipfull I take it *Abigal*.

Abi. O take it so, and then I am for thee?

Rog. I like these tears well, and this humbling also, they are Symptoms of contrition. If I should fall into my sin again, would you not shake me into a quotidian Coxcombe? Would you not use me scurvily again, and give me possets with purging Confets in't? I tell thee Gentlewoman, thou hast been harder to me, than a long pedigree.

Abi. O Curate cure me: I will love thee better, dearer, longer: I will do any thing, betray the secrets of the main house-hold to thy reformation. My Ladie shall look lovingly on thy learning, and when true time shall point thee for a Parson, I will convert thy egges to penny cultards, and thy tith goose shall graze and multiply.

Rog. I am mollified, as well shall testify this faithfull kiss, and have a great care *Mistress Abigal* how you deprees the Spirit any more with your rebukes and mocks: for certainly the edge of such a follie cuts it self.

Abigal. O Sir, you have pierc'd me thorow. Here I vow a recantation to those malicious faults I ever did against you. Never more will I despise your learning, never more pin cards and cony tails upon your Cassock, never again reproach your reverend nightcap, and call it by the mangie name of murrin, never your reverend person more, and say, you look like one of *Baals* Priests in a hanging, never again when you say grace laugh at you, nor put you out at prayers: never cramp you more, nor when you ride, get Sope and Thittles for you. No my *Roger*, these faults shall be corrected and amended, as by the tenour of my tears appears.

Rog. Now cannot I hold if I should be hang'd, I must crie too. Come to thine own beloved, and do even what thou wilt with me sweet, sweet *Abigal*. I am thine own for ever: here's my hand, when *Roger* proves a recreant, hang him i'th' Bel-ropes.

Enter Lady, and Martha.

Lady. Why how now Master *Roger*, no prayers down with you to night? Did you hear the bell ring? You are courting: your flock shall fat well for it.

Rog. I humbly ask your pardon: I'll clap up Prayers, but stay a little, and be with you again. [Exit *Roger*.

Enter Elder Love.

Lady. How dare you, being so unworthie a fellow, Presume to come to move me any more?

Elder Lo. Ha, ha, ha.

Lady. What ails the fellow?

Elder Lo. The fellow comes to laugh at you, I tell you Ladie I would not for your Land, be such a Coxcomb, such a whining Ass, as you decreed me for when I was last here.

Lady. I joy to hear you are wise, 'tis a rare Jewel In an Elder Brother: pray be wiser yet?

Elder Lo. Me thinks I am very wise: I do not come a wooing. Indeed I'll move no more love to your Ladiship.

Lady. What makes you here then?

Elder Lo. Only to see you and be merry Ladie: that's all my business. Faith let's be very merry. Where's little *Roger*? he's a good fellow: an hour or two well spent in wholesome mirth, is worth a thousand of these puling passions. 'Tis an ill world for Lovers.

Lady. They were never fewer.

Elder Lo. I thank God there's one less for me Ladie?

Lady. You were never any Sir.

Elder Lo. Till now, and now I am the prettiest fellow.

Lady. You talk like a Tailor Sir.

Elder Lo. Me thinks your faces are no such fine things now.

Lady. Why did you tell me you were wise? Lord what a lying age is this, where will you mend these faces?

Elder Lo. A Hogs face foust is worth a hundred of 'em.

Lady. Sure you had a Sow to your Mother.

Elder Lo. She brought such fine white Pigs as you, fit for none but Parsons Ladie?

Lady. 'Tis well you will allow us our Clergie yet.

Elder Lo. That shall not save you. O that I were in love again with a wilh.

Lady. By this light you are a scurvie fellow, pray be gone.

Elder Lo. You know I am a clean skin'd man.

Lady. Do I know it?

Elder Lo. Come, come, you would know it; that's as good: but not a snap, never long for't, not a snap dear Ladie.

Lady. Hark ye Sir, hark ye, get ye to the Suburbs, there's horse flesh for such hounds: will you goe Sir?

Elder Lo. Lord how I lov'd this woman, how I worshipt this prettie calf with the white face here: as I live, you were the prettiest fool to play withall, the wittiest little varlet, it would talk: Lord how it talk't! and when I angred it, it would cry out, and scratch, and eat no meat, and it would say, goe hang.

Lady. It will say so still, if you anger it.

Elder Lo. And when I askt it, if it would be married, it sent me of an errand into *France*, and would abuse me, and be glad it did so.

Lady. Sir this is most unmanly, pray by gon.

Elder Lo. And swear (even when it twitter'd to be at me) I was unhanfome.

Lady. Have you no manners in you?

Elder Lo. And say my back was melted, when God he knows, I kept it at a charge: Four *Flaunders* Mares would have been easier to me, and a Fencer.

Lady. You think all this is true now?

Elder Lo. Faith whether it be or no, 'tis too good for you. But so much for our mirth: Now have at you in earnest.

Lo. There is enough Sir, I desire no more.

El. Lo. Yes faith, wee'll have a cast at your best parts now. And then the Devil take the worst.

Lady. Pray Sir no more, I am not so much affected with your commendations, 'tis almost dinner, I know they stay for you at the Ordinary.

Elder Lo. E'ne a short Grace, and then I am gone; You are a woman, and the proudest that ever lov'd a Coach: the scornfullest, scurvieft, and most fenceless woman; the greediest to be prais'd, and never mov'd though it be gross and open; the most envious, that at the poor fame of another's face, would eat your own, and more than is your own, the paint belonging to it: of such a self opinion, that you think none can deserve your glove: and for your malice, you are so excellent, you might have been your Tempters tutor: nay, never cry.

Lady. Your own heart knows you wrong me: I cry for ye?

Elder Lo. You shall before I leave you.

Lady. Is all this spoke in earnest?

Elder Lo. Yes and more as soon as I can get it out.

Lady. Well out with't.

Elder Lo. You are, let me see.

Lady. One that has us'd you with too much respect.

Elder Lo. One that hath us'd me (since you will have it so) the basest, the most Foot-boy-like, without respect of what I was, or what you might be by me; you have us'd me, as I would use a jade, ride him off's legs, then turn him to the Commons; you have us'd me with discretion, and I thank ye. If you have many more such pretty Servants, pray build an Hospital, and when they are old, pray keep 'em for shame.

Lady. I cannot think yet this is serious.

Elder Lo. Will you have more on't?

Lady. No faith, there's enough if it be true: Too much by all my part; you are no Lover then?

Elder Lo. No, I had rather be a Carrier.

Lady. Why the Gods amend all.

Elder Lo. Neither do I think there can be such a fellow found i'th' world, to be in love with such a froward woman, if there be such, they're mad, *Jove* comfort 'em. Now you have all, and I as new a man, as light, and spirited, that I feel my self clean through another creature. O 'tis brave to be ones own man, I can see you now as I would see a Picture, sit all day by you and never kifs your hand: hear you sing, and never fall backward: but with as set a temper, as I would hear a Fidler, rise and thank you. I can now keep my mony in my purse, that still was gadding out for Scarfes and Waistcoats: and keep my hand from Mercers sheep skins finely. I can eat mutton now, and feast my self with my two shillings, and can see a play for eighteen pence again: I can my *Ladie*.

Lady. The carriage of this fellow vexes me. Sir, pray let me speak a little private with you, I must not suffer this.

Elder Lo. Ha, ha, ha, what would you with me? You will not ravish me? Now, your set speech?

Lady. Thou perjurd man.

Elder Lo. Ha, ha, ha, this is a fine *exordium*. And why I pray you perjurd?

Lady. Did you not swear a thousand thousand times you lov'd me best of all things?

Elder Lo. I do confess it: make your best of that.

Lady. Why do you say you do not then?

Elder Lo. Nay P'le swear it, And give sufficient reason, your own usage.

Lady. Do you not love me then?

Elder Lo. No faith.

Lady. Did you ever think I lov'd you dearly?

Elder Lo. Yes, but I see but rotten fruits on't.

Lady. Do not denie your hand for I must kifs it, and take my lat farewell, now let me die so you be happy.

El. Lo. I am too foolish: *Ladie* speak dear *Ladie*.

Lady. No let me die. *She swounds.*

Mar. Oh my Sister!

Abi. O my *Ladie* help, help.

Mar. Run for some *Rosalis*?

Elder Lo. I have plaid the fine as: bend her bodie, *Lady*, best, dearest, worthiest *Ladie*, hear your Servant, I am not as I shew'd: O wretched fool, to sling away the Jewel of thy life thus. Give her more air, see she begins to stir, sweet *Mistris* hear me?

Lady. Is my Servant well?

Elder Lo. In being yours I am so.

Lady. Then I care not.

Elder Lo. How do ye, reach a chair there; I confess my fault not pardonable, in pursuing thus upon such tendernefs my wilfull error; but had I known it would have wrought thus with ye, thus strangely, not the world had won me to it, and let not (my best *Ladie*) any word spoke to my end disturb your quiet peace: for sooner shall you know a general ruine, than my faith broken. Do not doubt this *Mistris*, for by my life I cannot live without you. Come, come, you shall not grieve, rather be angrie, and heap in-*flition* upon me: I will suffer. O I could curse my self, pray smile upon me. Upon my faith it was but a trick to trie you, knowing you lov'd me dearlie, and yet strangely that you would never shew it, though my means was

all humilitie.

All. Ha, ha.

Elder Lo. How now?

Lady. I thank you fine fool for your most fine plot; this was a subtilie one, a stiff device to have caught *Dottrels* with. Good fenceles Sir, could you imagine I should *fwound* for you, and know your self to be an arrant as? I, a discovered one. 'Tis quit I thank you Sir. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Take heed Sir, she may chance to *fwound* again?

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Abi. Step to her Sir, see how she changes colour.

Elder Lo. P'le goe to hell first, and be better welcom. I am fool'd, I do confess it, finely fool'd, *Ladie*, fool'd *Madam*, and I thank you for it.

Lady. Faith 'tis not so much worth Sir: But if I knew when you come next a burding, P'le have a stronger noose to hold the *Woodcock*.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Elder Lo. I am glad to see you merry, pray laugh on.

Mar. H'ad a hard heart that could not laugh at you Sir, ha, ha, ha.

Lady. Pray Sister do not laugh, you'le anger him, And then hee'l rail like a rude *Coffermonger*. That School-boys had couzened of his Apples, As loud and fenceles?

Elder Lo. I will not rail.

Mar. Faith then let's hear him Sister?

Elder Lo. Yes, you shall hear me.

Lady. Shall we be the better by it then?

Elder Lo. No, he that makes a woman better by his words, P'le have him *Sainted*: blows will not doe it.

Lady. By this light hee'll beat us.

Elder Lo. You do deserve it richly, And may live to have a *Beadle* doe it.

Lady. Now he rails?

Elder Lo. Come scornfull Folly, If this be railing, you shall hear me rail.

Lady. Pray put it in good words then.

Elder Lo. The worst are good enough for such a trifle, Such a proud piece of *Cobweblawn*.

Lady. You bite Sir?

Elder Lo. I would till the bones crackt, and I had my will.

Mar. We had best muzzle him, he grows mad.

Elder Lo. I would 'twere lawfull in the next great sickness to have the Dogs spared, those harmless creatures, and knock i'th' head these hot continual plagues, women, that are more infectious. I hope the State will think on't.

Lady. Are you well Sir?

Mar. He looks as though he had a grievous fit o'th' Colick.

Elder Lo. Green-ginger will cure me.

Abig. P'le heat a trencher for him.

Elder Lo. Dirty *December* doe, Thou with a face as old as *Erra Pater*, such a Prognosticating nose: thou thing that ten years since has left to be a woman, outworn the expectation of a Baud; and thy dry bones can reach at nothing now, but gords or ninepins, pray goe fetch a trencher goe.

Lady. Let him alone, he's crackt.

Abig. P'le see him hang'd first, is a beastly fellow to use a woman of my breeding thus; I marry is he: would I were a man, P'de make him eat his *Knave*s words?

Elder Lo. Tie your she Otter up, good *Lady* folly, she stinks worfe than a *Bear-baiting*.

Lady. Why will you be angry now?

Elder Lo. Goe paint and purge, call in your kennel with you: you a *Lady*?

Abi. Sirra, look to't against the quarter Sessions, if there be good behaviour in the world, P'le have thee bound to it.

Elder Lo. You must not seek it in your *Ladies* house then; pray send this *Ferret* home, and spin good *Abigal*. And *Madam*, that your *Ladiship* may know, in what base manner you have us'd my service, I do from this hour hate thee

thee heartily; and though your folly should whip you to repentance, and waken you at length to see my wrongs, 'tis not the endeavour of your life shall win me; not all the friends you have, intercession, nor your submissive letters, though they spoke as many tears as words; not your knees grown to th'ground in penitence, nor all your state, to kiss you, nor my pardon, nor will to give you Christian burial, if you dye thus; so farewell. When I am married and made sure, I'll come and visit you again, and vex you Ladie. By all my hopes I'll be a torment to you, worse than a tedious winter. I know you will recant and sue to me, but save that labour: I'll rather love a fever and continual thirst, rather contract my youth to drink and sacerdote upon quarrels, or take a drawn whore from an Hospital, that time, discafes, and Mercury had eaten, than to be drawn to love you.

Lady. Ha, ha, ha, pray do, but take heed though.

Elder Lo. From thee, false dice, jades, Cowards, and plaguy Summers, good Lord deliver me.

[Exit Elder Love.

Lady. But hark you Servant, hark ye: is he gon? call him again.

Abigail. Hang him Paddock.

Lady. Art thou here still? flie, flie, and call my Servant, flie or ne'r see me more.

Abigail. I had rather knit again than see that rascall, but I must doe it.

[Exit Abigail.

Lady. I would be loth to anger him too much; what fine foolery is this in a woman, to use those men most forwardly they love most? If I should lose him thus, I were rightly served. I hope he's not so much himself, to take it to th'heart: how now? will he come back?

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Never, he swears, whilst he can hear men say there's any woman living: he swore he would ha' me first.

Lady. Didst thou intreat him wench?

Abigail. As well as I could Madam. But this is still your way, to love being absent, and when he's with you, laugh at him and abuse him. There's another way if you could hit on't.

Lady. Thou saist true, get me paper, pen and ink, I'll write to him, I'de be loth he should sleep in's anger. Women are most fools when they think th'are wisest.

[Ex Omnes.

Musick. Enter Young Lovelocks, and Widow, going to be Married, with them his Comrades.

Widow. Pray Sir cast off these fellows, as unfitting for your bare knowledge, and far more your companie: is't fit such Ragamuffins as these are should bear the name of friends? and furnish out a civil house? ye're to be married now, and men that love you must expect a course far from your old carrier: if you will keep 'em, turn 'em toth' stable, and there make 'em grooms: and yet now consider it, such beggars once set o' horse back, you have heard will ride, how far you had best to look.

Captain. Hear you, you that must be Ladie, pray content yourself and think upon your carriage soon at night, what dressing will best take your Knight, what wastcote, what cordial will do well i'th' morning for him, what triers have you?

Widow. What do you mean Sir?

Capt. Those that must switeh him up: if he start well, fear not but ery Saint George, and bear him hard: when you perceive his wind growes hot and wanting, let him a little down, he's fleet, ne're doubt him, and stands sound.

Widow. Sir, you hear these fellows?

Young Love. Merrie companions, wench, Merry companions.

Widow. To one another let 'em be companions, but good Sir not to you: you shall be civil and slip off these base trappings.

Cap. He shall not need, my most sweed Ladie Grocer, if he be civil, not your powdered Sugar, nor your Raisins

shall perswade the Captain to live a Coxcomb with him; let him be civil and eat i'th' Arches, and see what will come on't.

Poet. Let him be civil, doe: undo him; I, that's the next way. I will not take (if he be civil once) two hundred pound a year to live with him; be civil? there's a trim perswasion.

Capt. If thou beest civil Knight, as Jove defends it, get thee another nose, that will be pull'd off by the angry boyes for thy conversion: the children thou shalt get on this Civilian cannot inherit by the law, th'are Ethnicks, and all thy sport meer Moral leacherie: when they are grown, having but little in 'em, they may prove Haberdashers, or gross Grocers, like their dear Damm there: prethee be civil Knight, in time thou maist read to thy household, and be drunk once a year: this would shew finely.

Young Lo. I wonder sweet heart you will offer this, you do not understand these Gentlemen: I will be short and pithy: I had rather cast you off by the way of charge: these are Creatures, that nothing goes to the maintenance of but Corn and Water. I will keep these fellows just in the competencie of two Hens.

Wid. If you can cast it so Sir, you have my liking? If they eat less, I should not be offended: But how these Sir, can live upon so little as Corn and Water, I am unbelieving.

Young Lo. Why prethee sweet heart what's your Ale? is not that Corn and Water, my sweet Widow?

Wid. I but my sweet Knight where's the meat to this, and cloaths that they must look for?

Young Lo. In this short sentence Ale, is all included: Meat, Drink, and Cloth; These are no ravening Footmen, no fellows, that at Ordinaries dare eat their eighteen pence thrice out before they rise, and yet goe hungry to play, and crack more nuts than would suffice a dozen Squirrels; besides the din, which is damnable: I had rather rail, and be confin'd to a Boatmaker, than live amongst such rascals; these are people of such a clean discretion in their diet, of such a moderate sustenance, that they sweat if they but smell hot meat. Porredge is poison, they hate a Kitchin as they hate a Counter, and shew 'em but a Feather-bed they swoound. Ale is their eating and their drinking surely, which keeps their bodies clear, and soluble. Bread is a binder, and for that abolisht even in their Ale, whose lost room fills an apple, which is more airy and of subtiler nature. The rest they take is little, and that little is little easie: For like strict men of order, they do correct their bodies with a bench, or a poor stubborn table; if a chimney offer it self with some few broken rusties, they are in down: when they are sick, that's drunk, they may have fresh straw, else they do despise these worldly pamperings. For their poor apparel, 'tis worn out to the diet; new they seek none, and if a man should offer, they are angrie, scarce to be reconcil'd again with him: you shall not hear 'em ask one a cast doublet once in a year, which is modesty befitting my poor friends: you see their Wardrobe, though slender, competent: For shirts I take it, they are things worn out of their remembrance. Lousie they will be when they list, and mangie, which shows a fine variety: and then to cure 'em, a Tanners limepit, which is little charge, two dogs, and these; these two may be cur'd for 3. pence.

Wid. You have half perswaded me, pray use your pleasure: and my good friends since I do know your diet, I'll take an order, meat shall not offend you, you shall have Ale.

Capt. We ask no more, let it be, mighty Lady: and if we perish, then our own sins on us.

Young Lo. Come forward Gentlemen, to Church my boys, when we have done, I'll give you cheer in bowles.

[Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Elder Lovelefs.

Elder Lo. **T**His fenfelefs woman vexes me to th' heart, she will not from my memory: would she were a man for one two hours, that I might beat her. If I had been unhanfome, old or jealous, 'thad been an even lay she might have fcorn'd me; but to be young, and by this light I think as proper as the proudeft; made as clean, as ftraight, and ftrong backt; means and manners equal with the beft cloth of filver Sir i'th' kingdom: But thefe are things at fome time of the Moon, below the cut of Canvas: fure she has fome Meeching Rascal in her houfe, fome Hind, that she hath feen bear (like another *Milo*) quarters of Malt upon his back, and fing with't, Thrafh all day, and i'th' evening in his ftockings, ftrike up a Hornpipe, and there flink two hours, and ne're a whit the worfe man; thefe are they, thefe fteel chin'd Rascals that undo us all. Would I had been a Carter, or a Coachman, I had done the deed e're this time.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentleman without would fpeak with
Elder Lo. Bid him come in. (you.)

Enter Welford.

Wel. By your leave Sir.

Elder Lo. You are welcome, what's your will Sir?

Wel. Have you forgotten me?

Elder Lo. I do not much remember you.

Wel. You must Sir. I am that Gentleman you pleas'd to wrong, in your difguife, I have inquired you out.

Elder Lo. I was difguifed indeed Sir if I wrong'd you, pray where and when?

Wel. In fuch a Ladies houfe, I need not name her.

Elder Lo. I do remember you, you feem'd to be a Sutor to that Lady?

Wel. If you remember this, do not forget how fcurvily you us'd me: that was no place to quarrel in, pray you think of it; if you be honeft you dare fight with me, without more urging, elfe I must provoke ye.

Elder Lo. Sir I dare fight, but never for a woman, I will not have her in my caufe, she's mortal, and fo is not my anger: if you have brought a nobler fubject for our Swords, I am for you; in this I would be loth to prick my Finger. And where you fay I wrong'd you, 'tis fo far from my profefion, that amongst my fears, to do wrong is the greateft: credit me we have been both abufed, (not by our felves, for that I hold a spleen, no fin of malice, and may with man enough be beft forgotten,) but by that willfull, fcornful piece of hatred, that much forgetful Lady: for whose fake, if we should leave our reason, and run on upon our fenfe, like *Rams*, the little world of good men would laugh at us, and defpife us, fixing upon our desperate memories the never-worn out names of Fools and Fencers. Sir 'tis not fear, but reason makes me tell you; in this I had rather help you Sir, than hurt you, and you shall find it, though you throw your felf into as many dangers as she offers, though you redeem her loft name every day, and find her out new honours with your Sword, you shall but be her mirth as I have been.

Wel. I ask you mercy Sir, you have ta'ne my edge off: yet I would fain be even with this Lady.

Elder Lo. In which I'll be your helper: we are two, and they are two: two Sisters, rich alike, only the elder has the prouder Dowry: In troth I pity this difgrace in you, yet of mine own I am fenfelefs: do but follow my Counfel, and I'll pawn my fpirit, we'll overreach 'em yet; the means is this—

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir there's a Gentlewoman will needs fpeak with

you, I cannot keep her out, she's entred Sir.

Elder Lo. It is the waiting woman, pray be not feen: firrah hold her in difcourfe a while: hark in your ear, go and difpatch it quickly, when I come in, I'll tell you all the project.

Wel. I care not which I have.

[Exit Welford.]

Elder Lo. Away, 'tis done, she must not fee you: now Lady *Guiniver* what news with you?

Enter Abigal.

Abig. Pray leave thefe frumps Sir, and receive this letter.

Elder Lo. From whom good vanity?

Abig. 'Tis from my Lady Sir: Alas good foul, she cries and takes on!

Elder Lo. Do's she fo good Soul? wou'd she not have a Cawdle? do's she fend you with your fine Oratory goody *Tully* to tye me to believe again? bring out the Cat-hounds, I'll make you take a tree Whore, then with my tiller bring down your *Gibship*, and then have you caft, and hung up i'th' Warren.

Abig. I am no beaft Sir, would you knew it.

Elder Lo. Wou'd I did, for I am yet very doubtful, what will you fay now?

Abig. Nothing not I.

Elder Lo. Art thou a woman, and fay nothing?

Abig. Unless you'll hear me with more moderation, I can fpeak wife enough.

Elder Lo. And loud enough? will your Lady love me?

Abig. It feems fo by her letter, and her lamentations; but you are fuch another man.

Elder Lo. Not fuch another as I was, Mumps; nor will not be: I'll read her fine Epiftle: ha, ha, ha, is not thy Miftrefs mad?

Abig. For you she will be, 'tis a shame you should ufe a poor Gentlewoman fo untowardly; she loves the ground you tread on; and you (hard heart) becaufe she jested with you, mean to kill her; 'tis a fine conquest as they fay.

Elder Lo. Haft thou fo much moisture in the Whitleather hide yet, that thou canft cry? I wou'd have fworn thou hadft been touchwood five year fince; nay let it rain, thy face chops for a shower like a dry Dunghil.

Abig. I'll not indure this Ribauldry; farewel i'th' Devils name; if my Lady die, I'll be fworn before a Jury, thou art the caufe on't.

Elder Lo. Do Maukin do, deliver to your Lady from me this: I mean to fee her, if I have no other bufinefs: which before I'll want to come to her, I mean to go feek birds nests: yet I may come too: but if I come, from this door till I fee her, will I think how to rail vildly at her; how to vex her, and make her cry fo much, that the Physician if she fall fick upon't, shall find the caufe to be want of Urine, and she remedilefs dye in her Herefie: Farewell old Adage, I hope to fee the Boys make Potguns on thee.

Abig. Th'art a vile man, God blefs my iffue from thee.

Elder Lo. Thou haft but one, and that's in thy left crupper, that makes thee hobble fo; you must be ground i'th' breech like a Top, you'll ne're spin well elfe: Farewell Fytchock.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Lady alone.

Lady. Is it not ftrange that every womans will should track out new wayes to difturb her felf? if I should call my reason to account, it cannot answer why I keep my felf from mine own wish, and flop the man I love from his; and every hour repent again, yet still go on: I know 'tis like a man, that wants his natural fleep, and growing dull would gladly give the remnant of his life for two hours reft; yet through his frowardnefs, will rather choofe to watch another man, drowfie as he, than take his own refofe. All this I know: yet a ftrange peevifhnefs and anger, not to have the power to do things unexpected, carries me away to mine own ruine: I had rather die fometimes than not difgrace in publick him whom people think I love, and do't with oaths, and am in earnest then: ○

O what are we! Men, you must answer this, that dare obey such things as we command. How now? what news?

Enter Abigail.

Abi. Faith Madam none worth hearing.

Lady. Is he not come?

Abi. No truly.

Lady. Nor has he writ?

Abigail. Neither. I pray God you have not undone your self.

Lady. Why, but what saies he?

Abi. Faith he talks strangely.

Lady. How strangely?

Abi. First at your Letter he laught extremely?

Lady. What, in contempt?

Abi. He laught monstrous loud, as he would die, and when you wrote it I think you were in no such merry mood, to provoke him that way: and having done he cried Alas for her, and violently laught again.

Lady. Did he?

Abi. Yes, till I was angry.

Lady. Angry, why? why wert thou angry? he did doe but well, I did deserve it, he had been a fool, an unfit man for any one to love, had he not laught thus at me: you were angry, that show'd your folly; I shall love him more for that, than all that ere he did before: but said he nothing else?

Abi. Many uncertain things: he said though you had mockt him, because you were a woman, he could wish to do you so much favour as to see you: yet he said, he knew you rash, and was loth to offend you with the sight of one, whom now he was bound not to leave.

Lady. What one was that?

Abi. I know not, but truly I do fear there is a making up there: for I heard the servants, as I past by some, whisper such a thing: and as I came back through the hall, there were two or three Clerks writing great conveyances in hast, which they said were for their Mistris joynture.

Lady. 'Tis very like, and fit it should be so, for he does think, and reasonably think, that I should keep him with my idle tricks for ever ere he be married.

Abi. At last he said, it should go hard but he would see you for your satisfaction.

Lady. All we that are call'd Women, know as well as men, it were a far more noble thing to grace where we are grace't, and give respect there where we are respected: yet we practise a wilder course, and never bend our eyes on men with pleasure, till they find the way to give us a neglect: then we, too late, perceive the loss of what we might have had, and dote to death.

Enter Martha.

Mar. Sister, yonder's your Servant, with a Gentlewoman with him. Lady. Where?

Mar. Close at the door.

Lady. Alas I am undone, I fear he is berroth'd, What kind of woman is she?

Mar. A most ill favoured one, with her Masque on: And how her face should mend the rest I know not.

La. But yet her mind was of a milder stuff than mine was.

Enter Elder Loveless, and Welford in Womans apparel.

Lady. Now I see him, if my heart swell not again (away thou womans pride) so that I cannot speak a gentle word to him, let me not live.

Elder Lo. By your leave here.

Lady. How now, what new trick invites you hither? Ha'you a fine device again?

Elder Lo. Faith this is the finest device I have now: How dost thou sweet heart?

Wel. Why very well, so long as I may please You my dear Lover. I nor can, nor will Be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.

Elder Lo. O thy sweet temper! what would I have given,

that Lady had been like thee: feelt thou her? that face (my love) join'd with thy humble mind, had made a wench indeed.

Wel. Alas my love, what God hath done, I dare not think to mend. I use no paint, nor any drugs of Art, my hands and face will shew it.

La. Why what thing have you brought to shew us there? do you take mony for it?

Elder Lo. A Godlike thing, not to be bought for mony: 'tis my Mistris: in whom there is no passion, nor no scorn: what I will is for law; pray you salute her.

Lady. Salute her? by this good light, I would not kiss her for half my wealth.

Elder Lo. Why? why pray you?

You shall see me do't afore you; look you.

Lady. Now sic upon thee, a beast would not have don't. I would not kiss thee of a month to gain a Kingdom.

Elder Lo. Marry you shall not be troubled.

Lady. Why was there ever such a Meg as this? Sure thou art mad.

Elder Lo. I was mad once, when I lov'd pictures; for what are shape and colours else, but pictures? in that tawnie hide there lies an endless mass of vertues, when all your red and white ones want it.

Lady. And this is she you are to marry, is't not?

Elder Lo. Yes indeed is't.

Lady. God give you joy. Elder Lo. Amen.

Wel. I thank you, as unknown for your good wish. The like to you when ever you shall wed.

Elder Lo. O gentle Spirit!

Lady. You thank me? I pray

Keep your breath nearer you, I do not like it.

Wel. I would not willingly offend at all, Much less a Lady of your worthie parts.

Elder Lo. Sweet, Sweet!

La. I do not think this woman can by nature be thus, Thus ugly; sure she's some common Strumpet, Deform'd with exercise of sin?

Wel. O Sir believe not this, for Heaven so comfort me as I am free from foul pollution with any man; my honour ta'ne away, I am no woman.

Elder Lo. Arise my dearest Soul; I do not credit it. Alas, I fear her tender heart will break with this reproach; fie that you know no more civility to a weak Virgin. 'Tis no matter Sweet, let her say what she will, thou art not worfe to me, and therefore not at all; be careles.

Wel. For all things else I would, but for mine honor; Me thinks.

Elder Lo. Alas, thine honour is not stain'd, Is this the business that you sent for me about?

Mar. Faith Sister you are much to blame, to use a woman, whatfoere she be, thus; I'll salute her: You are welcom hither.

Wel. I humbly thank you.

Elder Lo. Milde yet as the Dove, for all these injuries. Come shall we goe, I love thee not so ill to keep thee here a jesting stock.

Aduc to the worlds end.

Lady. Why whither now?

Elder Lo. Nay you shall never know, because you shall not find me.

Lady. I pray let me speak with you.

Elder Lo. 'Tis very well: come.

Lady. I pray you let me speak with you.

Elder Lo. Yes for another mock.

Lady. By Heaven I have no mocks: good Sir a word.

Elder Lo. Though you deserve not so much at my hands, yet if you be in such earnest, I'll speak a word with you; but I beseech you be brief: for in good faith there's a Parson and a licence stay for us i'th' Church all this while: and you know 'tis night.

Lady. Sir, give me hearing patiently, and whatsoever I have heretofore spoke jestingly, forget: for as I hope for mercy any where, what I shall utter now is from my heart, and

and as I mean.

Elder Lo. Well, well, what do you mean?

Lady. Was not I once your Miltrefs, and you my Servant?

Elder Lo. O 'tis about the old matter.

Lady. Nay good Sir stay me out; I would but hear you excuse your self, why you should take this woman, and leave me.

Elder Lo. Prethee why not, deserves she not as much as you?

Lady. I think not, if you will look
With an indifferency upon us both.

Elder Lo. Upon your faces, 'tis true: but if judiciously we shall cast our eyes upon your minds, you are a thousand women of her in worth: she cannot fswound in jest, nor set her lover tasks, to shew her peevishness, and his affection, nor cross what he saies, though it be Canonical. She's a good plain wench, that will do as I will have her, and bring me lusty Boys to throw the Sledge, and lift at Pigs of Lead: and for a Wife, she's far beyond you: what can you do in a household to provide for your issue, but lye i' bed and get 'em? your business is to dress you, and at idle hours to eat; when she can do a thousand profitable things: she can do pretty well in the Pastry, and knows how Pullen should be cram'd, she cuts Cambrick at a thread, weaves Bone-lace, and quilts Balls; and what are you good for?

Lady. Admit it true, that she were far beyond me in all respects, does that give you a licence to forswear your self?

Elder Lo. Forswear my self, how?

Lady. Perhaps you have forgotten the innumerable oaths you have utter'd in disclaiming all for Wives but me: I'll not remember you: God give you joy.

Elder Lo. Nay but conceive me, the intent of oaths is ever understood: Admit I should protest to such a friend, to see him at his Lodging to morrow: Divines would never hold me perjur'd if I were struck blind, or he hid him where my diligent search could not find him: so there were no cross act of mine own in't. Can it be imagined I mean to force you to Marriage, and to have you whether you will or no?

Lady. Alas you need not. I make already tender of my self, and then you are forsworn.

Elder Lo. Some sin I see indeed must necessarily fall upon me, as whosoever deals with Women shall never utterly avoid it: yet I would chuse the least ill; which is to forsake you, that have done me all the abuses of a malignant Woman, contemn'd my service, and would have held me prating about Marriage, till I had been past getting of Children: then her that hath forsaken her Family, and put her tender body in my hand, upon my word—

Lady. Which of us swore you first to?

Elder Lo. Why to you.

Lady. Which oath is to be kept then?

Elder Lo. I prethee do not urge my sins unto me, Without I could amend 'em.

Lady. Why you may by wedding me.

Elder Lo. How will that satisfie my word to her?

Lady. 'Tis not to be kept, and needs no satisfaction, 'Tis an error fit for repentance only.

Elder Lo. Shall I live to wrong that tender hearted Virgin so? It may not be.

Lady. Why may it not be?

Elder Lo. I swear I had rather marry thee than her: but yet mine honesty?

Lady. What honesty? 'Tis more preserv'd this way: Come, by this light, servant, thou shalt, I'll kiss thee on't.

Elder Lo. This kiss indeed is sweet, pray God no sin lie under it.

Lady. There is no sin at all, try but another.

Wel. O my heart!

Mar. Help Sister, this Lady fswounds.

Elder Lo. How do you?

Wel. Why very well, if you be so.

Elder Lo. Since a quiet mind lives not in any Woman, I shall do a most ungodly thing. Hear me one word more,

which by all my hopes I will not alter, I did make an oath when you delai'd me so, that this very night I would be married. Now if you will go without delay, suddenly, as late as it is, with your own Minister to your own Chappel, I'll wed you and to bed.

Lady. A match dear servant.

Elder Lo. For if you should forsake me now, I care not, she would not though for all her injuries, such is her spirit. If I be not ashamed to kiss her now I part, may I not live.

Wel. I see you go, as sily as you think to steal away: yet I will pray for you; all blessings of the world light on you two, that you may live to be an aged pair. All curses on me if I do not speak what I do wish indeed.

Elder Lo. If I can speak to purpose to her, I am a villain.

Lady. Servant away.

Mar. Sister, will you Marry that inconstant man? think you he will not cast you off to morrow, to wrong a Lady thus, lookt she like dirt, 'twas basely done. May you ne're prosper with him.

Wel. Now God forbid. Alas I was unworthy, so I told him.

Mar. That was your modesty, too good for him. I would not see your wedding for a world.

Lady. Chuse chuse, come Younglove.

[Exit La. Elder Lo. and Young.

Mar. Dry up your eyes forsooth, you shall not think we are all such uncivil beasts as these. Would I knew how to give you a revenge.

Wel. So would not I: No let me suffer truly, that I desire.

Mar. Pray walk in with me, 'tis very late, and you shall stay all night: your bed shall be no worse than mine; I wish I could but do you right.

Wel. my humble thanks:

God grant I may but live to quit your love. [Exeunt.

Enter Young Loveless and Savil.

Young Lo. Did your Master send for me Savil?

Sav. Yes, he did send for your worship Sir.

Young Lo. Do you know the business?

Sav. Alas Sir, I know nothing, nor am employed beyond my hours of eating. My dancing days are done Sir.

Young Lo. What art thou now then?

Sav. If you consider me in little, I am with your worships reverence Sir, a Rascal: one that upon the next anger of your Brother, must raise a sconce by the high way, and sell switches; my wife is learning now Sir, to weave inkle.

Young Lo. What dost thou mean to do with thy Children Savil?

Sav. My eldest boy is half a Rogue already, he was born bursten, and your worship knows, that is a pretty step to mens compassions. My youngest boy I purpose Sir to bind for ten years to a Goaler, to draw under him, that he may shew us mercy in his function.

Young Lo. Your family is quartered with discretion: you are resolv'd to Cant then: where Savil shall your scene lie?

Sav. Beggars must be no chusers.

In every place (I take it) but the stocks.

Young Lo. This is your drinking, and your whoring Savil, I told you of it, but your heart was hardened.

Sav. 'Tis true, you were the first that told me of it I do remember yet in tears, you told me you would have Whores, and in that passion Sir, you broke out thus; Thou miserable man, repent, and brew three Strikes more in a Hoghead. 'Tis noon e're we be drunk now, and the time can tarry for no man.

Young Lo. Y're grown a bitter Gentleman. I see misery can clear your head better than Mustard, I'll be a sutor for your Keys again Sir.

Sav. Will you but be so gracious to me Sir? I shall be bound.

Young Lo. You shall Sir

To your bunch again, or I'll miss foully.

Enter

Enter Morecraft.

Mor. Save you Gentleman, fave you.

Young Lo. Now Polcat, what young Rabets nest have you to draw?

Mor. Come, prethee be familiar Knight.

Young Lo. Away Fox, I'll send for Terriers for you.

Mor. Thou art wide yet: I'll keep thee companie.

Young Lo. I am about some busines; Indentures, If ye follow me I'll beat you: take heed, A I live I'll cancel your Coxcomb.

Mor. Thou art cozen'd now, I am no usurer: What poor fellow's this?

Savil. I am poor indeed Sir.

Mor. Give him mony Knight.

Young Lo. Do you begin the offering.

Mor. There poor fellow, here's an Angel for thee.

Young Lo. Art thou in earnest Morecraft?

Mor. Yes faith Knight, I'll follow thy example: thou hadst land and thousands, thou spendst, and flungst away, and yet it flows in double: I purchas'd, wrung, and wiewdraw'd, for my wealth, lost, and was cozen'd: for which I make a vow, to trie all the waies above ground, but I'll find a constant means to riches without curses.

Young Lo. I am glad of your conversion Master Morecraft: Y'are in a fair course, pray pursue it still.

Mor. Come, we are all gallants now, I'll keep thee companie; Here honest fellow, for this Gentlemans sake, there's two Angels more for thee.

Savil. God quite you Sir, and keep you long in this mind.

Young Lo. Wilt thou persevere?

Mor. Till I have a penny. I have brave cloathes a making, and two horses; canst thou not help me to a match Knight, I'll lay a thousand pound upon my crop-ear.

Yo. Lo. Foot, this is stranger than an Africk monster, There will be no more talk of the Cleve wars Whilst this lasts, come, I'll put thee into blood.

Sav. Would all his damn'd tribe were as tender hearted. I beseech you let this Gentleman join with you in the recovery of my Keyes; I like his good beginning Sir, the whilst I'll pray for both your worships.

Young Lo. He shall Sir.

Mor. Shall we goe noble Knight? I would fain be acquainted.

Young Lo. I'll be your servant Sir. [Exeunt.]

Enter Elder Loveless, and Lady.

Elder Lo. Faith my sweet Lady, I have caught you now, maugre your subtilties, and fine devices, be coy again now.

Lady. Prethee sweet-heart tell true.

Elder Lo. By this light, by all the pleasures I have had this night, by your lost maidenhead, you are cozened meerly. I have cast beyond your wit. That Gentleman is your retainer Welford. Lady. It cannot be so.

Elder Lo. Your Sister has found it so, or I mistake, mark how she blushes when you see her next. Ha, ha, ha, I shall not travel now, ha, ha, ha.

Lady. Prethee sweet heart be quiet, thou hast angred me at heart.

Elder Lo. I'll please you soon again. La. Welford?

Elder Lo. I Welford, hee's a young handsome fellow, well bred and landed, your Sister can instruct you in his good parts, better than I by this time.

Lady. Uds foot am I fetcht over thus?

Elder Lo. Yes i'faith.

And over shall be fetcht again, never fear it.

Lady. I must be patient, though it torture me: You have got the Sun Sir.

Elder Lo. And the Moon too, in which I'll be the man.

Lady. But had I known this, had I but surmiz'd it, you should have hunted three trains more, before you had come toth' course, you should have hankt o'th' bridle, Sir, i'faith.

El. Lo. I knew it, and min'd with you, and so blew you up. Now you may see the Gentiewoman: stand close.

Enter Welford, and Martha.

Mar. For Gods sake Sir, be private in this busines, You have undone me else. O God, what have I done?

Wel. No harm I warrant thee.

Mar. How shall I look upon my friends again? With what face?

Wel. Why e'ne with that: 'tis a good one, thou canst not find a better: look upon all the faces thou shalt see there, and you shall find 'em smooth still, fair still, sweet still, and to your thinking honest; those have done as much as you have yet, or dare doe Mistris, and yet they keep no stir.

Mar. Good Sir goe in, and put your womans cloaths on: If you be seen thus, I am lost for ever.

Wel. I'll watch you for that Mistris: I am no fool, here will I tarry till the house be up and witness with me.

Mar. Good dear friend goe in.

Wel. To bed again if you please, else I am fixt here till there be notice taken what I am, and what I have done: if you could juggle me into my woman-hood again, and so cog me out of your company, all this would be forsworn, and I again an *asinego*, as your Sister left me. No, I'll have it known and publisht; then if you'll be a whore, forsake me and be ashamed: and when you can hold no longer, marry some cast *Cleve Captain*, and sell Bottle-ale.

Mar. I dare not stay Sir, use me modestly, I am your wife.

Wel. Goe in, I'll make up all.

Elder Lo. I'll be a witness of your naked truth Sir: this is the Gentiewoman, prethee look upon him, this is he that made me break my faith sweet: but thank your Sister, she hath soder'd it.

Lady. What a dull ass was I, I could not see this wencher from a wench: twenty to one, if I had been but tender like my Sister, he had served me such a slippery trick too.

Wel. Twenty to one I had.

Elder Lo. I would have watcht you Sir, by your good patience, for ferreting in my ground.

Lady. You have been with my Sister.

Wel. Yes to bring.

Elder Lo. An heir into the world he means.

Lady. There is no chafing now.

Wel. I have had my part on't: I have been chafst this three hours, that's the least, I am reasonable cool now.

Lady. Cannot you fare well, but you must cry roast-meat?

Wel. He that fares well, and will not blest the founders, is either surfeited, or ill taught, Lady, for mine own part, I have found so sweet a diet, I can commend it, though I cannot spare it.

Elder Lo. How like you this dish, Welford, I made a supper on't, and fed so heartily, I could not sleep.

Lady. By this light, had I but scented out your turn, ye had slept with a bare pillow in your arms and kist that, or else the bed-post, for any wife ye had got this twelve-month yet: I would have vext you more than a try'd post-horse; and been longer bearing, than ever after-game at *Irish* was. Lord, that I were unmarried again.

Elder Lo. Lady I would not undertake ye, were you again a *Haggard*; for the best cast of four Ladys i'th' Kingdom: you were ever tickle-footed, and would not trufs round.

Wel. Is she fast?

Elder Lo. She was all night lockt here boy.

Wel. Then you may lure her without fear of losing: take off her Cranes. You have a delicate Gentiewoman to your Sister: Lord what a prettie furie she was in, when she perceived I was a man: but I thank God I satisfied her scruple, without the Parson o'th' town.

Elder Lo. What did ye?

Wel. Madam, can you tell what we did?

Elder Lo. She has a shrewd guess at it I see it by her.

Lady. Well you may mock us: but my large Gentiewoman, my *Mary Ambre*; had I but seen into you, you should have had another bed-fellow, fitter a great deal for your itch.

Wel. I thank you Lady, me thought it was well, You are so curious.

Enter Young Loveless, his Lady, Morecraft, Savil,
and two Servingmen.

El. Lo. Get on your doublet, here comes my Brother.

Yo. Lo. Good morrow Brother, and all good to your Lady.

Mor. God save you and good morrow to you all.

El. Lo. Good morrow. Here's a poor brother of yours.

Lady. Fie how this shames me.

Mor. Prethee good fellow help me to a cup of beer.

Scr. I will Sir.

Yo. Lo. Brother what makes you here? will this Lady do?
Will she? is she not nett'd still?

Elder Lo. No I have cur'd her.

Mr. Welford, pray know this Gentleman is my Brother.

Wel. Sir I shall long to love him.

Yo. Lo. I shall not be your debter Sir. But how is't with you?

Elder Lo. As well as may be man: I am married: your
new acquaintance hath her Sister, and all's well.

Yo. Lo. I am glad on't. Now my prettie Lady Sister,
How do you find my Brother?

Lady. Almost as wild as you are.

Yo. Lo. He will make the better husband: you have tried him?

Lady. Against my will Sir.

Yo. Lo. Hee'l make your will amends soon, do not doubt it.

But Sir I must intreat you to be better known

To this converted Jew here.

Scr. Here's Beer for you Sir.

Mor. And here's for you an Angel:

Pray buy no Land, 'twill never prosper Sir.

Elder Lo. How's this?

Yo. Lo. Bless you, and then I'll tell: He's turn'd Gallant.

Elder Lo. Gallant?

Yo. Lo. I Gallant, and is now called, *Cutting Morecraft*:
The reason I'll inform you at more leisure.

Wel. O good Sir let me know him presently.

Young Lo. You shall hug one another.

Mor. Sir I must keep you company.

Elder Lo. And reason.

Young Lo. *Cutting Morecraft* faces about, I must present
another.

Mor. As many as you will Sir, I am for 'em.

Wel. Sir I shall do you service.

Mor. I shall look for't in good faith Sir.

Elder Lo. Prethee good sweet heart kifs him.

Lady. Who, that fellow?

Savil. Sir will it please you to remember me: my keys
good Sir.

Young Lo. I'll do it presently.

El. Lo. Come thou shalt kifs him for our sport sake.

La. Let him come on then; and do you hear, do not in-
struct me in these tricks, for you may repent it.

El. Lo. That at my peril. Lusty Mr. *Morecraft*,
Here is a Lady would salute you.

Mor. She shall not lose her longing Sir: what is she?

Elder Lo. My wife Sir.

Mor. She must be then my Mistres.

Lady. Must I Sir? *Elder Lo.* O yes, you must.

Mor. And you must take this ring, a poor pawn

Of some fiftie pound.

El. Lo. Take it by any means, 'tis lawfull prize.

Lady. Sir I shall call you servant.

Mor. I shall be proud on't: what fellow's that?

Young Lo. My Ladies Coachman.

Mor. There's something, (my friend) for you to buy whips,
And for you Sir, and you Sir.

Elder Lo. Under a miracle this is the strangest
I ever heard of.

Mor. What, shall we play, or drink? what shall we doe?
Who will hunt with me for a hundred pounds?

Wel. Stranger and Stranger!

Sir you shall find sport after a day or two.

Young Lo. Sir I have a fute unto you

Concerning your old servant *Savil*.

Elder Lo. O, for his keys, I know it.

Savil. Now Sir, strike in.

Mor. Sir I must have you grant me.

Elder Lo. 'Tis done Sir, take your keys again:

But hark you *Savil*, leave off the motions

Of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze again:

I'll try you once more.

Savil. If ever I be taken drunk, or whoring,
Take off the biggest key i'th' bunch, and open

My head with it Sir: I humbly thank your worships.

Elder Lo. Nay then I see we must keep holiday.

Enter Roger, and Abigal.

Here's the last couple in hell.

Roger. Joy be among you all.

Lady. Why how now Sir, what is the meaning of this
emblem?

Roger. Marriage an't like your worship.

Lady. Are you married?

Roger. As well as the next Priest could doe it, Madam.

Elder Lo. I think the sign's in *Gemini*, here's such cou-
pling.

Wel. Sir *Roger*, what will you take to lie from your
sweet-heart to night?

Roger. Not the best benifice in your worships gift Sir.

Wel. A whorson, how he swells.

Young Lo. How many times to night Sir *Roger*?

Roger. Sir you grow scurrilous:

What I shall do, I shall do: I shall not need your help.

Young Lo. For horse flesh *Roger*.

Elder Lo. Come prethee be not angry, 'tis a day
Given wholly to our mirth.

Lady. It shall be so Sir: Sir *Roger* and his Bride,
We shall intreat to be at our charge.

El. Lo. *Welford* get you to the Church: by this light,
You shall not lie with her again, till y'are married.

Wel. I am gone.

Mor. To every Bride I dedicate this day
Six healths a piece, and it shall goe hard,
But every one a jewell: Come be mad boys.

El. Lo. Th'art in a good beginning: come who leads?
Sir *Roger*, you shall have the *Van*: lead the way:

Would every dogged wench had such a day.

[Exeunt.]

The Custom of the Country.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Count Clodio, *Governour and a dishonourable pursuer of Zenocia.*
 Manuel du Sofa, *Governour of Lisbon, and Brother to Guiomar.*
 Arnolde, *A Gentleman contracted to Zenocia.*
 Rutilio, *A merry Gentleman Brother to Arnolde.*
 Charino, *Father to Zenocia.*
 Duarte, *Son to Guiomar, a Gentleman well qualified but vain-glorious.*
 Alonzo, *a young Portugal Gentleman, enemy to Duarte.*
 Leopold, *a Sea Captain Enamour'd on Hippolyta.*
 Zabulon, *a Jew, servant to Hippolyta.*
 Jaques, *servant to Sulpitia.*
 Doctor.

Chirurgion.
 Officers.
 Guard.
 Page.
 Bravo.
 Knaves, *of the Male Stewes.*
 Servants.

W O M E N.

Zenocia, *Mistress to Arnolde, and a chaste Wife.*
 Guiomar, *a vertuous Lady, Mother to Duarte.*
 Hippolyta, *a rich Lady, wantonly in Love with Arnolde.*
 Sulpitia, *a Bawd, Mistress of the Male Stewes.*

The Scene sometimes Lisbon, sometimes Italy.

The principal Actors were

<i>Joseph Taylor.</i>	}	<i>Robert Benfeild.</i>
<i>John Lowin.</i>		<i>William Eglestone.</i>
<i>Nicholas Toolie.</i>		<i>Richard Sharpe.</i>
<i>John Underwood.</i>		<i>Thomas Holcomb.</i>

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter Rutilio, and Arnolde.

Rut. **W**HY do you grieve thus still?
Arn. 'Twould melt a Marble,
 And tame a Savage man, to feel my fortune.
Rut. What fortune? I have liv'd this thirty years,
 And run through all these follies you call fortunes,
 Yet never fixt on any good and constant,
 But what I made my self: why should I grieve then
 At that I may mould any way?
Arn. You are wide still.
Rut. You love a Gentlewoman, a young handsom woman,
 I have lov'd a thousand, not so few.
Arn. You are dispos'd.
Rut. You hope to Marry her; 'tis a lawful calling
 And prettily esteem'd of, but take heed then,
 Take heed dear Brother of a stranger fortune
 Than e're you felt yet; fortune my foe is a friend to it.
Arn. 'Tis true I love, dearly, and truly love,
 A noble, vertuous, and most beauteous Maid,
 And am belov'd again.
Rut. That's too much o' Conscience,
 To love all these would run me out o' my wits.

Arn. Prethee give ear, I am to Marry her.
Rut. Dispatch it then, and I'll go call the Piper.
Arn. But O the wicked Custom of this Country,
 The barbarous, most inhumane, damned Custom.
Rut. 'Tis true, to marry is a Custom
 I' the world; for look you Brother,
 Wou'd any man stand plucking for the Ace of Harts,
 With one pack of Cards all dayes on's life?
Arn. You do not
 Or else you purpose not to understand me.
Rut. Proceed, I will give ear.
Arn. They have a Custom
 In this most beastly Country, out upon't.
Rut. Let's hear it first.
Arn. That when a Maid is contracted
 And ready for the tye o'th' Church, the Governour;
 He that commands in chief, must have her Maiden-head;
 Or Ransom it for mony at his pleasure.
Rut. How might a man atchieve that place? a rare Custom!
 An admirable rare Custom: and none excepted?
Arn. None, none.

Rut. The rarer still: how could I lay about me,
In this rare Office? are they born to it, or chosen?

Arn. Both equal damnable.

Rut. Me thinks both excellent,
Would I were the next heir.

Arn. To this mad fortune
Am I now come, my Marriage is proclaim'd,
And nothing can redeem me from this mischief.

Rut. She's very young.

Arn. Yes.

Rut. And fair I dare proclaim her,
Ere mine eyes fail.

Arn. Fair as the bud unblasted.

Rut. I cannot blame him then, if 'twere mine own case,
I would not go an Ace less.

Arn. Eye *Rutilio*,

Why do you make your brothers misery
Your sport and game?

Rut. There is no pastime like it.

Arn. I look'd for your advice, your timely Counsel,
How to avoid this blow, not to be mockt at,
And my afflictions jeer'd.

Rut. I tell thee *Arnoldo*,
An thou wert my Father, as thou art but my Brother,
My younger Brother too, I must be merry.
And where there is a wench yet can, a young wench,
A handsome wench, and sooner a good turn too,
An I were to be hang'd, thus must I handle it.
But you shall see Sir, I can change this habit
To do you any service; advise what you please,
And see with what Devotion I'll attend it?
But yet me thinks, I am taken with this Custom,

Enter Charino and Zenocia.

And could pretend to th' place.

Arn. Draw off a little;
Here comes my Mistress and her Father.

Rut. A dainty wench!
Wou'd I might farm his Custom.

Char. My dear Daughter,
Now to bethink your self of new advice
Will be too late, later this timeless sorrow,
No price, nor prayers, can infringe the fate
Your beauty hath cast on you, my best *Zenocia*,
Be rul'd by me, a Fathers care directs ye,
Look on the Count, look chearfully and sweetly;
What though he have the power to possess ye,
To pluck your Maiden honour, and then slight ye
By Custom unresistible to enjoy you;
Yet my sweet Child, so much your youth and goodness,
The beauty of your soul, and Saint-like Modesty,
Have won upon his mild mind, so much charm'd him,
That all power laid aside, what Law allows him,
Or sudden fires, kindled from those bright eyes,
He sues to be your servant, fairly, nobly
For ever to be tyed your faithful Husband:
Consider my best child.

Zeno. I have considered.

Char. The blessedness that this breeds too, consider
Besides your Fathers Honour, your own peace,
The banishment for ever of this Custom,
This base and barbarous use, for after once
He has found the happiness of holy Marriage,
And what it is to grow up with one Beauty,
How he will scorn and kick at such an heritage
Left him by lust and lewd progenitors.

All Virgins too, shall bless your name, shall Saint it,
And like so many Pilgrims go to your shrine,
When time has turn'd your beauty into ashes,
Fill'd with your pious memory.

Zeno. Good Father
Hide not that bitter Pill I loath to swallow
In such sweet words.

Char. The Count's a handsome Gentleman,

And having him, y'are certain of a fortune,
A high and noble fortune to attend you:
Where if you sling your Love upon this stranger
This young *Arnoldo*, not knowing from what place
Or honourable strain of blood he is sprung, you venture
All your own sweets, and my long cares to nothing,
Nor are you certain of his faith; why may not that
Wander as he does, every where?

Zen. No more Sir;

I must not hear, I dare not hear him wrong'd thus,
Vertue is never wounded, but I suffer.
'Tis an ill Office in your age, a poor one,
To judge thus weakly: and believe your self too,
A weaker, to betray your innocent Daughter,
To his intemperate, rude, and wild embraces,
She hates as Heaven hates falshood.

Rut. A good wench,
She sticks close to you Sir,

Zeno. His faith uncertain?

The nobleness his vertue springs from, doubted?
D'ye doubt it is day now? or when your body's perfect,
Your stomach's well dispos'd, your pulse's temperate,
D'ye doubt you are in health? I tell you Father,
One hour of this mans goodness, this mans Nobleness
Put in the Scale, against the Counts whole being,
Forgive his lusts too, which are half his life,
He could no more endure to hold weight with him;
Arnoldo's very looks, are fair examples;
His common and indifferent actions,
Rules and strong ties of vertue: he has my first love,
To him in sacred vow I have given this body,
In him my mind inhabits.

Rut. Good wench still.

Zeno. And till he sling me off, as undeserving,
Which I confess I am, of such a blessing,
But would be loth to find it fo——

Arn. O never;
Never my happy Mistress, never, never,
When your poor servant lives but in your favour,
One foot i'th' grave the other shall not linger.
What sacrifice of thanks, what age of service,
What danger, of more dreadful look than death,
What willing Martyrdom to crown me constant
May merit such a goodness, such a sweetness?
A love so Nobly great, no power can ruine;
Most blessed Maid go on, the Gods that gave this,
This pure unspotted love, the Child of Heaven,
In their own goodness, must preserve and save it,
And raise you a reward beyond our recompence.

Zeno. I ask but you, a pure Maid to possess,
And then they have crown'd my wishes: If I fall then
Go seek some better love, mine will debase you.

Rut. A pretty innocent fool; well, Governour,
Though I think well of your custom, and could wish my self
For this night in your place, heartily wish it:
Yet if you play not fair play and above board too,
I have a foolish gin here, I say no more;
I'll tell you what, and if your honours guts are not enchanted.

Arn. I should now chide you Sir, for so declining
The goodness and the grace you have ever shew'd me,
And your own vertue too, in seeking rashly
To violate that love Heaven has appointed,
To wrest your Daughters thoughts, part that affection
That both our hearts have tyed, and seek to give it

Rut. To a wild fellow, that would weary her;
A Cannibal, that feeds on the heads of Maids,
Then flings their bones and bodies to the Devil,
Would any man of discretion venture such a gristle,
To the rude claws of such a *Cat-a-mountain*?
You had better tear her between two Oaks, a Town Bull
Is a meer *Stoick* to this fellow, a grave Philosopher,
And a *Spanish* Jennet, a most vertuous Gentleman.

Arn. Does this seem handsome Sir?

Rut. Though I confess

Any man would desire to have her, and by any means,
 At any rate too, yet that this common Hangman,
 That hath whipt off the heads of a thousand maids already,
 That he should glean the Harvest, sticks in my stomach:
 This Rogue breaks young wenches to the Saddle,
 And teaches them to stumble ever after;
 That he should have her? for my Brother now
 That is a handsome young fellow; and well thought on,
 And will deal tenderly in the business;
 Or for my self that have a reputation,
 And have studied the conclusions of these causes,
 And know the perfect manage, I'll tell you old Sir,
 If I should call you wise Sir, I should bely you,
 This thing, you study to betray your child to,
 This Maiden monger. When you have done your best,
 And think you have fixt her in the point of honour,
 Who do you think you have tyed her to? a Surgeon,
 I must confess an excellent dissector,
 One that has cut up more young tender Lamb-pies——

Char. What I spake Gentlemen, was meer compulsion,
 No Fathers free-will, nor did I touch your person
 With any edge of spight; or strain your loves
 With any base, or hir'd persuasions;
 Witness these tears, how well I wisht your fortunes. *[Exit.*

Rut. There's some grace in thee yet, you are determined
 To marry this Count, Lady.

Zen. Marry him *Rutilio*?

Rut. Marry him, and lye with him I mean.

Zen. You cannot mean that,
 If you be a true Gentleman, you dare not,
 The Brother to this man, and one that loves him;
 I'll marry the Devil first.

Rut. A better choice
 And lay his horns by, a handsomer bed-fellow,
 A cooler o' my conscience.

Arn. Pray let me ask you;
 And my dear Mistris, be not angry with me
 For what I shall propound, I am confident,
 No promise, nor no power, can force your love,
 I mean in way of marriage, never stir you,
 Nor to forget my faith, no state can wound you.
 But for this Custom, which this wretched country
 Hath wrought into a law, and must be satisfied;
 Where all the pleas of honour are but laught at,
 And modesty regarded as a may-game,
 What shall be here considered? power we have none,
 To make resistance, nor policie to cross it:
 'Tis held Religion too, to pay this duty.

Zeno. I'll dye an *Atheist* then.

Arn. My noblest Mistris,
 Not that I wish it so, but say it were so,
 Say you did render up part of your honour,
 For whilst your will is clear, all cannot perish;
 Say for one night you entertain'd this monster,
 Should I esteem you worse, forc'd to this render?
 Your mind I know is pure, and full as beauteous;
 After this short eclipse, you would rise again,
 And shaking off that cloud, spread all your lustre.

Zeno. Who made you witty, to undoe your self, Sir?
 Or are you loaden, with the love I bring you,
 And fain would sling that burthen on another?
 Am I grown common in your eyes *Arnoldo*?
 Old, or unworthy of your fellowship?
 D'ye think because a woman, I must err,
 And therefore rather wish that fall before-hand
 Coloured with Custom, not to be resisted?
 D'ye love as painters doe, only some pieces,
 Some certain handsome touches of your Mistris,
 And let the mind pass by you, unexamined?
 Be not abus'd; with what the maiden vessel
 Is seasoned first, you understand the proverb.

Rut. I am afraid, this thing will make me vertuous.

Zeno. Should you lay by the least part of that love
 Y'ave sworn is mine, your youth and faith has given me,

To entertain another, nay a fairer,
 And make the case thus desp'rate, she must dy else;
 D'ye think I would give way, or count this honest?
 Be not deceiv'd, these eyes should never see you more,
 This tongue forget to name you, and this heart
 Hate you, as if you were born, my full *Antipathie*.
Empire and more imperious love, alone
 Rule, and admit no rivals: the purest springs
 When they are courted by lascivious land-floods,
 Their maiden pureness, and their coolness perish.
 And though they purge again to their first beauty,
 The sweetness of their taste is clean departed.
 I must have all or none; and am not worthy
 Longer the noble name of wife, *Arnoldo*,
 Than I can bring a whole heart pure and handfom.

Arnol. I never shall deserve you: not to thank you;
 You are so heavenly good, no man can reach you:
 I am sorrie I spake so rashly, 'twas but to try you.

Rut. You might have tryed a thousand women so, (fel.
 And 900, fourscore and 19 should ha'followed your coun-
 Take heed o' clapping spurrs to such free cattell.

Arn. We must bethink us suddenly and constantly,
 And wisely too, we expect no common danger.

Zen. Be most assur'd, I'll dye first.

Enter Clodio, and Guard.

Rut. An't come to that once,
 The Devil pick his bones, that dyes a coward,
 I'll jog along with you, here comes the Stallion,
 How smug he looks upon the imagination
 Of what he hopes to act? pox on your kidneys;
 How they begin to melt? how big he bears,
 Sure he will leap before us all: what a sweet company
 Of rogues and panders wait upon his lewdness?
 Plague of your chops, you ha'more handsome bits,
 Than a hundred honest men, and more deserving.
 How the dogg leers.

Clod. You need not now be jealous, (done,
 I speak at distance to your wife, but when the Priest has
 We shall grow nearer, and more familiar.

Rut. I'll watch you for that trick, baboon, I'll
 Smoke you: the rogue sweats, as if he had eaten
 Grains, he broyles, if I do come to the
 Basting of you.

Arno. Your Lordship
 May happily speak this, to fright a stranger,
 But 'tis not in your honour, to perform it;
 The Custom of this place, if such there be,
 At best most damnable, may urge you to it,
 But if you be an honest man you hate it,
 However I will presently prepare
 To make her mine, and most undoubtedly
 Believe you are abus'd, this custome feign'd too,
 And what you now pretend, most fair and vertuous.

Clod. Go and believe, a good belief does well Sir;
 And you Sir, clear the place, but leave her here.

Arn. Your Lordships pleasure.

Clod. That anon *Arnoldo*,
 This is but talk.

Rut. Shall we goe off?

Arn. By any means,
 I know she has pious thoughts enough to guard her:
 Besides, here's nothing due to him till the tye be done,
 Nor dare he offer.

Rut. Now do I long to worry him:
 Pray have a care to the main chance. *[Exit. Ar. and Rut.*

Zen. Pray Sir, fear not.

Clod. Now, what say you to me?

Zen. Sir it becomes
 The modestie, that maids are ever born with,
 To use few words.

Clod. Do you see nothing in me?
 Nothing to catch your eyes, nothing of wonder
 The common mould of men, come short, and want in?

Do you read no future fortune for your self here?
 And what a happiness it may be to you,
 To have him honour you, all women aim at?
 To have him love you Lady, that man love you,
 The best, and the most beauteous have run mad for?
 Look and be wise, you have a favour offer'd you
 I do not every day propound to women;
 You are a prettie one; and though each hour
 I am glutted with the sacrifice of beautie,
 I may be brought, as you may handle it,
 To cast so good a grace and liking on you.
 You understand, come kifs me, and be joyfull,
 I give you leave.

Zen. Faith Sir, 'twill not shew handsome;
 Our sex is blushing, full of fear, unskil'd too
 In these alarms.

Clod. Learn then and be perfect.

Zen. I do beseech your honour pardon me,
 And take some skilfull one can hold you play,
 I am a fool.

Clod. I tell thee maid I love thee,
 Let that word make thee happy, so far love thee,
 That though I may enjoy thee without ceremony,
 I will descend so low, to marry thee,
 Me thinks I see the race that shall spring from us,
 Some Princes, some great Souldiers.

Zen. I am afraid
 Your honour's couzen'd in this calculation;
 For certain, I shall ne're have a child by you.

Clod. Why?

Zen. Because I must not think to marry you,
 I dare not Sir, the step betwixt your honour,
 And my poor humble State.

Clod. I will descend to thee,
 And buoy thee up.

Zen. P'le sink to th' Center first. (sure
 Why would your Lordship marry, and confine that plea-
 You ever have had freely cast upon you?
 Take heed my Lord, this marrying is a mad matter,
 Lighter a pair of shackles will hang on you,
 And quieter a quartane feaver find you.
 If you wcd me I must enjoy you only,
 Your eyes must be called home, your thoughts in cages,
 To sing to no ears then but mine; your heart bound,
 The custom, that your youth was ever nurs'd in,
 Must be forgot, I shall forget my duty else,
 And how that will appear—

Clod. Wee'l talk of that more.

Zen. Besides I tell ye, I am naturally,
 As all young women are, that shew like handsome,
 Exceeding proud, being commended, monstrous.
 Of an unquiet temper, seldom pleas'd,
 Unless it be with infinite observance,
 Which you were never bred to; once well angred,
 As every cross in us, provokes that passion,
 And like a Sea, I roule, tofs, and chafe a week after.
 And then all mischief I can think upon,
 Abusing of your bed the least and poorest,
 I tell you what you're finde, and in these fitts,
 This little beauty you are pleas'd to honour,
 Will be so chang'd, so alter'd to an ugliness,
 To such a vizard, ten to one, I dye too,
 Take't then upon my death you murder'd me.

Clod. Away, away fool, why dost thou proclame these
 To prevent that in me, thou hast chosen in another?

Zen. Him I have chosen, I can rule and master,
 Temper to what I please, you are a great one
 Of a strong will to bend, I dare not venture.
 Bewise my Lord and say you were well counsel'd,
 Take money for my ransom, and forget me,
 'Twill be both safe, and noble for your honour,
 And wheresoever my fortunes shall conduct me,
 So worthy mentions I shall render of you,
 So vertuous and so fair.

Clod. You will not marrie me?

Zen. I do beseech your honour, be not angry
 At what I say, I cannot love ye, dare not;
 But set a ransom, for the flowr you covet.

Clod. No mony, nor no prayers, shall redeem that,
 Not all the art you have.

Zen. Set your own price Sir.

Clod. Goe to your wedding, never kneel to me,
 When that's done, you are mine, I will enjoy you:
 Your tears do nothing, I will not lose my custom
 To cast upon my self an Empires fortune. [Exit.

Zen. My mind shall not pay this custom, cruel man.

Clod. Your body will content me: I'le look for you. [Ex.

Enter Charino, and servants in blacks. Covering the
 place with blacks.

Char. Strew all your withered flowers, your Autumn
 By the hot Sun ravisht of bud and beauty (sweets
 Thus round about her Bride-bed, hang those blacks there
 The emblems of her honour lost; all joy
 That leads a Virgin to receive her lover,
 Keep from this place, all fellow-maids that bless her,
 And blushing do unloose her Zone, keep from her:
 No merry noise nor lusty songs be heard here,
 Nor full cups crown'd with wine make the rooms giddy;
 This is no masque of mirth, but murdered honour.
 Sing mournfully that sad Epithalamion
 I gave thee now: and prethee let thy lute weep.

Song, Dance. Enter Rutilio.

Rut. How now, what livery's this? do you call this a
 This is more like a funeral. (wedding?)

Char. It is one,
 And my poor Daughter going to her grave,
 To his most loath'd embraces that gapes for her.
 Make the Earles bed readie, is the marriage done Sir?
 Rut. Yes they are knit; but must this slubber degullion
 Have her maiden-head now?

Arn. There's no avoiding it?

Rut. And there's the scaffold where she must lose it.

Arn. The bed Sir.

Rut. No way to wipe his mouldy chaps?

Char. That we know.

Rut. To any honest well-deserving fellow,
 And 'twere but to a merry Cobler, I could sit still now,
 I love the game so well; but that this puckfist,
 This universal rutter—fare ye well Sir;
 And if you have any good prayers, put 'em forward,
 There may be yet a remedie.

Char. I wish it, [Exit Rut.
 And all my best devotions offer to it.

Enter Clodio, and Guard.

Clod. Now is this tye dispatch'd?

Char. I think it be Sir.

Clod. And my bed ready?

Char. There you may quickly find Sir,
 Such a loath'd preparation.

Clod. Never grumble,
 Nor sling a discontent upon my pleasure,
 It must and shall be done: give me some wine,
 And fill it till it leap upon my lips:
 Here's to the foolish maidenhead you wot of,
 The toy I must take pains for.

Char. I beseech your Lordship
 Load not a Fathers love.

Clod. Pledge it Charino,
 Or by my life I'le make thee pledge thy last,
 And be sure she be a maid, a perfect Virgin,
 (I will not have my expectation dull'd)
 Or your old pate goes off. I am hot and fiery,
 And my blond beats alarms through my body,
 And fancie high. You of my guard retire,
 And let me hear no noise about the lodging

But

But musick and sweet ayres, now fetch your Daughter,
And bid the coy wench put on all her beauties,
All her enticements, out-blush damask Roses,
And dim the breaking East with her bright Crystals.
I am all on fire, away.

Char. And I am frozen.

[Exit.

Enter Zenocia with Bow and Quiver, an Arrow bent,
Arnoldo and Rutilio after her, arm'd.

Zen. Come fearless on.

Rut. Nay an I budge from thee
Beat me with dirty sticks.

Clod. What Masque is this?

What pretty fancy to provoke me high?
The beauteous Huntress, fairer far, and sweeter;
Diana shewes an Ethiop to this beauty
Protected by two Virgin Knights.

Rut. That's a lye,
A loud one, if you knew as much as I do,
The Guard's dispers'd.

Arn. Fortune I hope invites us.

Clod. I can no longer hold, she pulls my heart from me.

Zen. Stand, and stand fixt, move not a foot, nor speak not,
For if thou doest, upon this point thy death fits.

Thou miserable, base, and fordid lecher,
Thou scum of noble blood, repent and speedily,
Repent thy thousand thefts, from helpless Virgins,
Their innocence betrayed to thy embraces.

Arn. The base dishonour, that thou doest to strangers,
In glorying to abuse the Laws of Marriage,
Thy Infamy thou hast slung upon thy Country,
In nourishing this black and barbarous Custom.

Clod. My Guard.

Arn. One word more, and thou diest.

Rut. One syllable

That tends to any thing, but I beseech you,
And as y'are Gentlemen tender my case,
And I'll thrust my Javeling down thy throat.
Thou Dog-whelp, thou, pox upon thee, what
Should I call thee, Pompion,

Thou kists my Lady? thou scour her Chamber-pot:
Thou have a Maiden-head? a mottly Coat,
You great blind fool, farewell and be hang'd to ye,
Lose no time Lady.

Arn. Pray take your pleasure Sir,
And so we'll take our leaves.

Zen. We are determin'd,
Dye, before yield.

Arn. Honour, and a fair grave.

Zen. Before a lustful Bed, so for our fortunes.

Rut. Du cat awhee, good Count, cry, prethee cry,
O what a wench hast thou lost? cry you great booby. [Exe.

Enter Charino.

Clod. And is she gone then, am I dishonoured thus,
Cozened and baff'd? my Guard there, no man answer?
My Guard I say, firrah you knew of this plot;
Where are my Guard? I'll have your life you villain,
You politick old Thief.

Char. Heaven fend her far enough,

Enter Guard.

And let me pay the ransom.

Guard. Did your honour call us?

Clod. Post every way, and presently recover
The two strange Gentlemen, and the fair Lady.

Guard. This day was Married Sir?

Clod. The same.

Guard. We saw 'em
Making with all main speed to th' Port.

Clod. Away villains.

Recover her, or I shall dye; deal truly,
Didst not thou know?

Char. By all that's good I did not.

[Exit Guard.

If your honour mean their flight, to say I grieve for that,
Will be to lye; you may handle me as you please.

Clod. Be sure, with all the cruelty, with all the rigor,
For thou hast rob'd me villain of a treasure.

Enter Guard.

How now?

Guard. They're all aboard, a Bark rode ready for 'em,
And now are under Sail, and past recovery:

Clod. Rig me a Ship with all the speed that may be;
I will not lose her: thou her most false Father,
Shalt go along; and if I miss her, hear me,
A whole day will I study to destroy thee.

Char. I shall be joyful of it; and so you'll find me.

[Exeunt omnes.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Manuel du sofa, and Guiomar.

Man. I Hear and see too much of him, and that
Compels me Madam, though unwillingly,
To wish I had no Uncles part in him,
And much I fear, the comfort of a Son
You will not long enjoy.

Gui. 'Tis not my fault,
And therefore from his guilt my innocence
Cannot be tainted, since his Fathers death,
(Peace to his soul) a Mothers prayers and care
Were never wanting, in his education.
His Child-hood I pass'd o're, as being brought up
Under my wing; and growing ripe for study,
I overcame the tenderness, and joy
I had to look upon him, and provided
The choicest Masters, and of greatest name
Of Salamanca, in all liberal Arts.

Man. To train his youth up.
I must witness that.

Gui. How there he prospered to the admiration
Of all that knew him, for a general Scholar,
Being one of note, before he was a man,
Is still remembred in that Academy.
From thence I sent him to the Emperours Court,
Attended like his Fathers Son, and there
Maintain'd him, in such bravery and height,
As did become a Courtier.

Man. 'Twas that spoil'd him, my Nephew had been happy.
The Court's a School indeed, in which some few
Learn vertuous principles, but most forget
What ever they brought thither good and honest.
Trifling is there in practice, serious actions
Are obsolete and out of use, my Nephew
Had been a happy man, had he ne're known
What's there in grace and fashion.

Gui. I have heard yet,
That while he liv'd in Court, the Emperour
Took notice of his carriage and good parts,
The Grandees did not scorn his company,
And of the greatest Ladies he was held
A compleat Gentleman.

Man. He indeed Daunc'd well;
A turn o'th' Toe, with a lofty trick or two,
To argue nimbleness, and a strong back,
Will go far with a Madam: 'tis most true,
That he's an excellent Scholar, and he knows it;
An exact Courtier, and he knows that too;
He has fought thrice, and come off still with honour,
Which he forgets not.

Gui. Nor have I much reason,
To grieve his fortune that way.

Man. You are mistaken,
Prosperity does search a Gentlemans temper,

More than his adverse fortune : I have known
 Many, and of rare parts from their success
 In private Duels, rais'd up to such a pride,
 And so transform'd from what they were, that all
 That lov'd them truly, wish'd they had fallen in them.
 I need not write examples, in your Son
 'Tis too apparent ; for e're *Don Duarte*
 Made trial of his valour, he indeed was
 Admired for civil courtesie, but now
 He's swoln so high, out of his own assurance,
 Of what he dares do, that he seeks occasions,
 Unjust occasions, grounded on blind passion,
 Ever to be in quarrels, and this makes him
 Shunn'd of all fair Societies.

Gui. Would it were
 In my weak power to help it: I will use
 With my entreaties th' Authority of a Mother,
 As you may of an Uncle, and enlarge it
 With your command, as being a Governour
 To the great King in *Lisbon*.

Enter Duarte and his Page.

Man. Here he comes.
 We are unseen, observe him.

Dua. Boy.

Page. My Lord.

Dua. What faith the *Spanish* Captain that I struck,
 To my bold challenge?

Page. He refus'd to read it.

Dua. Why didst not leave it there?

Page. I did my Lord,

But to no purpose, for he seems more willing
 To sit down with the wrongs, than to repair
 His honour by the sword ; he knows too well,
 That from your Lordship nothing can be got
 But more blows, and disgraces.

Dua. He's a wretch,
 A miserable wretch, and all my fury
 Is lost upon him ; holds the Mask, appointed
 I'th' honour of *Hippolyta*?

Page. 'Tis broke off.

Dua. The reason?

Page. This was one, they heard your Lordship
 Was by the Ladies choice to lead the Dance,
 And therefore they, too well assur'd how far
 You would outshine 'em, gave it o're and said,
 They would not serve for foiles to set you off.

Dua. They at their best are such, and ever shall be
 Where I appear.

Man. Do you note his modesty?

Dua. But was there nothing else pretended?

Page. Yes,

Young *Don Alonzo*, the great Captains Nephew,
 Stood on comparisons.

Dua. With whom?

Page. With you,
 And openly profess'd that all precedence,
 His birth and state consider'd, was due to him,
 Nor were your Lordship to contend with one
 So far above you.

Dua. I look down upon him
 With such contempt and scorn, as on my slave,
 He's a name only, and all good in him
 He must derive from his great grandfathers Ashes,
 For had not their victorious acts bequeath'd
 His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead,
 This is a Lord, he had liv'd unobserv'd
 By any man of mark, and died as one
 Amongst the common route. Compare with me?
 'Tis Gyant-like ambition; I know him,
 And know my self, that man is truly noble,
 And he may justly call that worth his own,
 Which his deserts have purchas'd, I could wish
 My birth were more obscure, my friends and kinsmen

Of lesser power, or that my provident Father
 Had been like to that riotous Emperour
 That chose his belly for his only heir ;
 For being of no family then, and poor
 My vertues wherefoe'r I liv'd, should make
 That kingdom my inheritance.

Gui. Strange self Love!

Dua. For if I studied the Countries Laws,
 I should so easily found all their depth,
 And rise up such a wonder, that the pleaders,
 That now are in most practice and esteem,
 Should starve for want of Clients: if I travell'd,
 Like wise *Ulysses* to see men and manners,
 I would return in act, more knowing, than
Homer could fancy him ; if a Physician,
 So oft I would restore death-wounded men,
 That where I liv'd, *Galen* should not be nam'd,
 And he that joyn'd again the scatter'd limbs
 Of torn *Hippolytus* should be forgotten.
 I could teach *Ovid* courtship, how to win
 A *Julia*, and enjoy her, though her Dower
 Were all the Sun gives light to : and for arms
 Were the *Persian* host that drank up Rivers, added
 To the *Turks* present powers, I could direct,
 Command, and Marshal them.

Man. And yet you know not
 To rule your self, you would not to a boy else
 Like *Plautus* Braggart boast thus.

Dua. All I speak,
 In act I can make good.

Gui. Why then being Master
 Of such and so good parts do you destroy them,
 With self opinion, or like a rich miser,
 Hoard up the treasures you possess, imparting
 Nor to your self nor others, the use of them?
 They are to you but like enchanted viands,
 On which you seem to feed, yet pine with hunger;
 And those so rare perfections in my Son
 Which would make others happy, render me
 A wretched Mother.

Man. You are too insolent.
 And those too many excellencies, that feed
 Your pride, turn to a Pleurisie, and kill
 That which should nourish vertue ; dare you think
 All blessings are confer'd on you alone?
 Y'are grossly coufen'd ; there's no good in you,
 Which others have not: are you a Scholar? so
 Are many, and as knowing: are you valiant?
 Waste not that courage then in braules, but spend it
 In the Wars, in service of your King and Country.

Dua. Yes, so I might be General, no man lives
 That's worthy to command me.

Man. Sir, in *Lisbon*
 I am: and you shall know it ; every hour
 I am troubled with complaints of your behaviour
 From men of all conditions, and all sexes.
 And my authority, which you presume
 Will bear you out, in that you are my Nephew,
 No longer shall protect you, for I vow
 Though all that's past I pardon, I will punish
 The next fault with as much severity
 As if you were a stranger, rest assur'd on't.

Gui. And by that love you should bear, or that duty
 You owe a Mother, once more I command you
 To cast this haughtiness off ; which if you do,
 All that is mine, is yours, if not, expect
 My prayers, and vows, for your conversion only,
 But never means nor favour. [*Ex. Manuel and Guiomar.*]

Dua. I am Tutor'd
 As if I were a child still, the base Peasants
 That fear, and envy my great worth, have done this ;
 But I will find them out, I will o' board
 Get my disguise ; I have too long been idle,
 Nor will I curb my spirit, I was born free,

And will pursue the course best liketh me. [Exeunt.]

Enter Leopold, Sailers, and Zenocia.

Leop. Divide the spoil amongst you, this fair Captive I only challenge for my self.

Sail. You have won her
And well deserve her: twenty years I have liv'd
A Burgess of the Sea, and have been present
At many a desperate fight, but never saw
So small a Bark with such incredible valour
So long defended, and against such odds,
And by two men scarce arm'd too.

Leop. 'Twas a wonder.
And yet the courage they express being taken,
And their contempt of death wan more upon me
Than all they did, when they were free: me thinks
I see them yet when they were brought aboard us,
Disarm'd and ready to be put in fetters
How on the suddain, as if they had sworn
Never to taste the bread of servitude,
Both snatching up their swords, and from this Virgin,
Taking a farewell only with their eyes,
They leapt into the Sea.

Sail. Indeed 'twas rare.
Leop. It wrought so much on me, that but I fear'd
The great ship that pursued us, our own safety
Hindring my charitable purpose to 'em,
I would have took 'em up, and with their lives
They should have had their liberties.

Zen. O too late,
For they are lost, for ever lost.

Leop. Take comfort
'Tis not impossible, but that they live yet,
For when they left the ships, they were within
A League o'th' shore, and with such strength and cunning
They swimming, did delude the rising Billows,
With one hand making way, and with the other,
Their bloody swords advanced, threatening the Sea-gods
With war, unless they brought them safely off,
That I am almost confident they live,
And you again may see them.

Zen. In that hope
I brook a wretched being, till I am
Made certain of their fortunes; but they dead,
Death hath so many doors to let out life,
I will not long survive them.

Leop. Hope the best,
And let the courteous usage you have found,
Not usual in men of War persuade you
To tell me your condition.

Zen. You know it,
A Captive, my fate and your power have made me,
Such I am now, but what I was it skills not:
For they being dead, in whom I only live,
I dare not challenge Family, or Country,
And therefore Sir enquire not, let it suffice,
I am your servant, and a thankful servant
(If you will call that so, which is but duty)
I ever will be, and my honour safe,
Which nobly hitherto ye have preserv'd,
No slavery can appear in such a form,
Which with a masculine constancy I will not
Boldly look on and suffer.

Leop. You mistake me:
That you are made my prisoner, may prove
The birth of your good fortune. I do find
A winning language in your tongue and looks;
Nor can a suit by you mov'd be deni'd,
And therefore of a prisoner you must be
The Victors advocate.

Zen. To whom?
Leop. A Lady:
In whom all graces that can perfect beauty
Are friendly met. I grant that you are fair:

And had I not seen her before, perhaps
I might have sought to you.

Zen. This I hear gladly.
Leop. To this incomparable Lady I will give you,
(Yet being mine, you are already hers)
And to serve her is more than to be free,
At least I think so; and when you live with her,
If you will please to think on him that brought you
To such a happiness, for so her bounty
Will make you think her service, you shall ever
Make me at your devotion.

Zen. All I can do,
Rest you assur'd of.
Leop. At night I'll present you,
Till when I am your Guard.

Zen. Ever your servant. [Exeunt.]

Enter Arnolde and Rutilio.

Arn. To what are we reserv'd?
Rut. Troth 'tis uncertain,
Drowning we have escap'd miraculously, and
Stand fair for ought I know for hanging; mony
We have none, nor e're are like to have,
'Tis to be doubted: besides we are strangers,
Wondrous hungry strangers; and charity
Growing cold, and miracles ceasing,
Without a Conjurers help, cannot find
When we shall eat again.

Arn. These are no wants
If put in ballance with Zenocias los;:
In that alone all miseries are spoken:
O my Rutilio, when I think on her,
And that which she may suffer, being a Captive,
Then I could curse my self, almost those powers
That send me from the fury of the Ocean.

Rut. You have lost a wife indeed, a fair and chaste one,
Two blessings, not found often in one woman;
But she may be recovered, questionless
The ship that took us was of Portugal,
And here in Lisbon, by some means or other
We may hear of her.

Arn. In that hope I live.
Rut. And so do I, but hope is a poor Sallad
To dine and sup with, after a two dayes fast too,
Have you no mony left?

Arn. Not a Denier.
Rut. Nor any thing to pawn? 'tis now in fashion,
Having a Mistress, sure you should not be
Without a neat Historical shirt.

Arn. For shame
Talk not so poorly.
Rut. I must talk of that
Necessity prompts us to, for beg I cannot,
Nor am I made to creep in at a window,
To filch to feed me, something must be done,
And suddenly resolve on't.

Enter Zabulon and a Servant.

Arn. What are these?
Rut. One by his habit is a Jew.

Zab. No more:
Thou art sure that's he.
Ser. Most certain.

Zab. How long is it
Since first she saw him?
Ser. Some two hours. [Exit Ser.]

Zab. Be gone— let me alone to work him.
Rut. How he eyes you!
Now he moves towards us, in the Devils name
What would he with us?

Arn. Innocence is bold:
Nor can I fear.
Zab. That you are poor and strangers,
I easily perceive.

Rut. But that you'll help us,
Or any of your tribe, we dare not hope Sir.

Zab. Why think you so?

Rut. Because you are a Jew Sir,
And courtesies come sooner from the Devil
Than any of your Nation.

Zab. We are men,
And have like you, compassion when we find
Fit subjects for our bounty, and for proof
That we dare give, and freely, not to you Sir,
Pray spare your pains, there's gold, stand not amaz'd,
'Tis current I assure you.

Rut. Take it man,
Sure thy good Angel is a Jew, and comes
In his own shape to help thee: I could wish now
Mine would appear too like a Turk;

Arn. I thank you,
But yet must tell you, if this be the Prologue
To any bad act, you would have me practise,
I must not take it.

Zab. This is but the earnest
Of what which is to follow, and the bond
Which you must seal to for't, is your advancement,
Fortune with all that's in her power to give,
Offers her self up to you: entertain her,
And that which Princes have kneel'd for in vain
Presents it self to you.

Arn. 'Tis above wonder.

Zab. But far beneath the truth, in my relation
Of what you shall possess, if you embrace it.
There is an hour in each mans life appointed
To make his happiness if then he seize it,
And this, (in which, beyond all expectation,
You are invited to your good) is yours,
If you dare follow me, so, if not, hereafter
Expect not the like offer.

Arn. 'Tis no vision. *Rut.* 'Tis gold I'm sure.

Arn. We must like brothers share;
There's for you.

Rut. By this light I'm glad I have it:
There are few Gallants, (for men may be such
And yet want gold, yea and sometimes silver)
But would receive such favours from the Devil,
Though he appear'd like a Broker, and demanded
Sixty i'th' hundred.

Arn. Wherefore should I fear
Some plot upon my life? 'tis now to me
Not worth the keeping. I will follow him,
Farewel, with me good fortune, we shall meet
Again I doubt not.

Rut. Or I'll ne're trust Jew more, [Exit Arnoldo.
Nor Christian for his sake— plague o' my stars,
How long might I have walkt without a Cloak,
Before I should have met with such a fortune?
We elder Brothers, though we are proper men,
Ha' not the luck, ha' too much beard, that spoils us;
The smooth Chin carries all: what's here to do now?

[Manet Rutilio.

Enter Duarte, Alonzo, and a Page.

Dua. I'll take you as I find you.

Alon. That were base—you see I am unarm'd.

Dua. Out with your Bodkin
Your Pocket-dagger, your Steletto, out with it,
Or by this hand I'll kill you: such as you are
Have studied the undoing of poor Cutlers,
And made all manly weapons out of fashion:
You carry Poniards to murder men,
Yet dare not wear a sword to guard your Honour.

Rut. That's true indeed: upon my life this gallant
Is brib'd to repeal banisht swords.

Dua. I'll shew you
The difference now between a Spanish Rapier
And your pure Pifa.

Alon. Let me fetch a sword,
Upon mine honour I'll return.

Dua. Not so Sir.

Alon. Or lend me yours I pray you, and take this.

Rut. To be disgrac'd as you are, no I thank you
Spight of the fashion, while I live, I am
Instructed to go arm'd: what folly 'tis
For you that are a man, to put your self
Into your enemies mercy.

Dua. Yield it quickly
Or I'll cut off your hand, and now disgrace you,
Thus kick and baffle you: as you like this,
You may again prefer complaints against me
To my Uncle and my Mother, and then think
To make it good with a Poniard.

Alon. I am paid
For being of the fashion.

Dua. Get a sword,
Then if you dare redeem your reputation:
You know I am easily found: I'll add this to it
To put you in mind.

Rut. You are too insolent,
And do insult too much on the advantage
Of that which your unequal weapon gave you,
More than your valour.

Dua. This to me, you Peasant?
Thou art not worthy of my foot poor fellow,
'Tis scorn, not pity, makes me give thee life:
Kneel down and thank me for't: how, do you stare?

Rut. I have a sword Sir, you shall find, a good one;
This is no stabbing guard.

Dua. Wert thou thrice arm'd,
Thus yet I durst attempt thee.

Rut. Then have at you, [Fight.
I scorn to take blows.

Dua. O I am slain. [Falls.

Page. Help! murther, murther!

Alon. Shift for your self you are dead else,
You have kill'd the Governous Nephew.

Page. Raise the streets there.

Alon. If once you are beset you cannot scape,
Will you betray your self?

Rut. Undone for ever. [Exit Rut. and Alonzo.

Enter Officers.

1 *Offi.* Who makes this out-cry?

Page. O my Lord is murdered;
This way he took, make after him,
Help help there. [Exit Page.

2 *Offi.* 'Tis Don Duarte.

1 *Offi.* Pride has got a fall,
He was still in quarrels, scorn'd us Peace-makers,
And all our Bill authority, now h'as paid for't.
You ha' met with your match Sir now, bring off his body
And bear it to the Governour. Some pursue
The murderer; yet if he scape, it skills not;
Were I a Prince, I would reward him for't,
He has rid the City of a turbulent beast,
There's few will pity him: but for his Mother
I truly grieve indeed, she's a good Lady. [Exeunt.

Enter Guiomar and Servants.

Gui. He's not i'th' house?

Ser. No Madam.

Gui. Haste and seek him,
Go all and every where, I'll not to bed
Till you return him, take away the lights too,
The Moon lends me too much, to find my fears
And those devotions I am to pay
Are written in my heart, not in this book,
And I shall read them there without a Taper. [Ex. Ser. *Kneel.*

Enter Rutilio.

Rut. I am pursued; all the Ports are stop't too;

Not

Not any hope to escape, behind, before me,
On either side I am beset, cursed fortune
My enemy on the Sea, and on the Land too,
Redeem'd from one affliction to another :
Would I had made the greedy waves my tomb
And dyed obscure, and innocent, not as *Nero* (me?)
Smear'd o're with blood. Whither have my fears brought
I am got into a house, the doors all open,
This, by the largeness of the room, the hangings,
And other rich adornments, glittring through
The sable masque of night, sayes it belongs
To one of means and rank : no servant stirring ?
Murmur nor whisper ?

Guio. Who's that ?

Rut. By the voice,
This is a woman.

Guio. *Stephano, Faspe, Julia,*
Who waits there ?

Rut. 'Tis the Lady of the house,
I'll flie to her protection.

Guio. Speak, what are you ?

Rut. Of all that ever breath'd, a man most wretched.

Guio. I am sure you are a man of most ill manners,
You could not with so little reverence else
Pretend to my private chamber. Whither would you,
Or what do you seek for ?

Rut. Gracious woman hear me ;
I am a stranger, and in that I answer
All your demands, a most unfortunate stranger,
That call'd unto it by my enemies pride,
Have left him dead i'th' streets, Justice pursues me,
And for that life I took unwillingly,
And in a fair defence, I must lose mine,
Unless you in your charity protect me.
Your house is now my sanctuary, and the Altar,
I gladly would take hold of your sweet mercy.
By all that's dear unto you, by your vertues,
And by your innocence, that needs no forgiveness,
Take pity on me.

Guio. Are you a *Castilian* ?

Rut. No Madam, *Italy* claims my birth.

Guio. I ask not

With purpose to betray you, if you were
Ten thousand times a Spaniard, the nation
We Portugals most hate, I yet would save you
If it lay in my power : list up these hangings ;
Behind my Beds head there's a hollow place,
Into which enter ; so, but from this stir not
If the Officers come, as you expect they will doe,
I know they owe such reverence to my lodgings ;
That they will easily give credit to me
And search no further.

Rut. The blest Saints pay for me
The infinite debt I owe you.

Guio. How he quakes ?

Thus far I feel his heart beat, be of comfort,
Once more I give my promise for your safety,
All men are subject to such accidents,
Especially the valiant ; and who knows not,
But that the charity I afford this stranger
My only Son else where may stand in need of ?

Enter Officers, and Servants, with the body of Duarte---Page.

1 Ser. Now Madam, if your wisdom ever could
Raise up defences against floods of sorrow
That haste to overwhelm you, make true use of
Your great discretion.

2 Ser. Your only son
My Lord *Duart's* slain.

1 Off. His murderer, pursued by us
Was by a boy discovered
Entring your house, and that induced us
To press into it for his apprehension :

Guio. Oh ?

1 Ser. Sure her heart is broke.

Off. Madam.

Guio. Stand off.

My sorrow is so dear and pretious to me,
That you must not partake it, suffer it
Like wounds that do breed inward to dispatch me.
O my *Duart*, such an end as this
Thy pride long since did prophesie ; thou art dead,
And to encrease my misery, thy sad Mother
Must make a wilfull shipwrack of her vow
Or thou fall unreveng'd. My Soul's divided,
And piety to a son, and true performance
Of hospitable duties to my guest,
That are to others Angels, are my furies.
Vengeance knocks at my heart, but my word given
Denies the entrance, is no *Medium* left,
But that I must protect the murderer,
Or suffer in that faith he made his altar ?
Motherly love give place, the fault made this way,
To keep a vow, to which high Heaven is witness,
Heaven may be pleas'd to pardon.

Enter Manuel, Doctors, Surgeons.

Man. 'Tis too late,
Hee's gone, past all recovery : now reproof
Were but unseasonable when I should give comfort,
And yet remember Sister.

Guio. O forbear,
Search for the murderer, and remove the body,
And as you think fit, give it burial.
Wretch that I am, uncapable of all comfort,
And therefore I intreat my friends and kinsfolk,
And you my Lord, for some space to forbear
Your courteous visitations.

Man. We obey you. [*Excunt omnes with the body.*
Manet *Guio*mar.]

Rut. My Spirits come back, and now despair resigns
Her place again to hope.

Guio. What ere thou art
To whom I have given means of life, to witness
With what Religion I have kept my promise,
Come fearless forth, but let thy face be cover'd,
That I hereafter be not forc't to know thee,
For motherly affection may return
My vow once paid to heaven. Thou hast taken from me
The respiration of my heart, the light
Of my swoln eyes, in his life that sustain'd me :
Yet my word given to save you, I make good,
Because what you did, was not done with malice,
You are not known, there is no mark about you
That can discover you ; let not fear betray you.
With all convenient speed you can, flie from me
That I may never see you ; and that want
Of means may be no let unto your journie,
There are a hundred Crownes : you are at the door now,
And so Farewell for ever.

Rut. Let me first fall
Before your feet, and on them pay the duty
I owe your goodness ; next all blessings to you,
And Heaven restore the joyes I have bereft you,
With full increase hereafter, living be
The Goddesses stil'd of Hospitality.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Leopold, and Zenocia.

Leo. FLing off these fullen clouds, you are enter'd now
Into a house of joy and happiness,
I have prepar'd a blessing for ye.

Zen. Thank ye, my state would rather ask a curse.

Leo. You are peevish

And know not when ye are friended, I have us'd those means,
The Lady of this house, the noble Lady,
Will take ye as her own, and use ye graciously :
Make much of what you are, Mistress of that beauty,
And expose it not to such betraying sorrows,
When ye are old, and all those sweets hang wither'd,

Enter Servant.

Then sit and sigh.

Zen. My *Autumn* is not far off.

Leo. Have you told your Lady?

Ser. Yes Sir, I have told her

Both of your noble service, and your present,
Which she accepts.

Leo. I should be blest to see her.

Ser. That now you cannot doe: she keeps the Chamber
Not well dispos'd; and has denied all visits,
The maid I have in charge to receive from ye,
So please you render her.

Leo. With all my service,
But fain I would have seen.

Ser. 'Tis but your patience;

No doubt she cannot but remember nobly.

Leo. These three years I have lov'd this scornfull Lady,
And follow'd her with all the truth of service,
In all which time, but twice she has honour'd me
With sight of her blest beauty: when you please Sir,
You may receive your charge, and tell your Lady;
A Gentleman whose life is only dedicated
To her commands, kisses her beauteous hands;
And Faire-one, now your help, you may remember
The honest courtesies, since you are mine,
I ever did your modestie: you shall be near her,
And if sometimes you name my service to her,
And tell her with what nobleness I love her,
'Twill be a gratitude I shall remember.

Zen. What in my poor power lyes, so it be honest.

Leo. I ask no more.

Ser. You must along with me (Fair.)

Leo. And so I leave you two: but a fortune
Too happy for my fate: you shall enjoy her.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Zabulon and Servants.

Zab. Be quick, be quick, out with the banquet there,
These scents are dull; cast richer on, and fuller;
Scent every place, where have you plac'd the musick?

Ser. Here they stand ready Sir.

Zab. 'Tis well, be sure
The wines be lusty, high, and full of Spirit,
And Amber'd all.

Ser. They are.

Zab. Give fair attendance.

In the best trim, and state, make ready all. [*Banquet set forth. Exit.*]

2 Ser. We shall Sir,
What preparation's this?

Some new device
My Lady has in hand.

1 Ser. O, prosper it
As long as it carries good wine in the mouth,
And good meat with it, where are all the rest?

2 Ser. They are ready to attend.

1 Ser. Sure some great person,
They would not make this hurry else.

2 Ser. Hark the Musick.

Enter Zabulon, and Arnoldo.

It will appear now certain, here it comes.
Now to our places.

Arn. Whither will he lead me?
What invitation's this? to what new end
Are these fair preparations? a rich Banquet,
Musick, and every place stuck with adornment,

Fit for a Princes welcome; what new game
Has Fortune now prepar'd to shew me happy?
And then again to sink me? 'tis no illusion,
Mine eyes are not deceiv'd, all these are reall;
What wealth and state!

Zab. Will you sit down and eat Sir?
These carry little wonder, they are usual;
But you shall see, if you be wise to observe it,
That that will strike dead, strike with amazement,
Then if you be a man: this fair health to you.

Ar. What shall I see? I pledge ye Sir, I was never
So buried in amazement —

Zab. You are so still:
Drink freely.

Ar. The very wines are admirable:
Good Sir, give me leave to ask this question,
For what great worthy man are these prepar'd?
And why do you bring me hither?

Zab. They are for you, Sir;
And under-value not the worth you carry,
You are that worthy man: think well of these,
They shall be more, and greater.

Ar. Well, blind fortune
Thou hast the prettiest changes when thou art pleas'd,
To play thy game out wantonly —

Zab. Come be lusty,
And awake your Spirits.

Cease Musick
(*Servants*)

Ar. Good Sir, do not wake me.
For willingly I would dye in this dream, pray whose
Are all these that attend here?

Zab. They are yours;
They wait on you.

Ar. I never yet remember
I kept such faces, nor that I was ever able
To maintain so many.

Zab. Now you are, and shall be.

Ar. You'll say this house is mine too?

Zab. Say it? swear it.

Ar. And all this wealth?

Zab. This is the least you see Sir.

Ar. Why, where has this been hid these thirtie years?
For certainly I never found I was wealthy
Till this hour, never dream'd of house, and Servants.
I had thought I had been a younger Brother, a poor Gent.
I may eat boldly then.

Zab. 'Tis prepar'd for ye.

Ar. The taste is perfect, and most delicate:
But why for me? give me some wine, I do drink;
I feel it sensibly, and I am here,
Here in this glorious place: I am bravely us'd too,
Good Gentle Sir, give me leave to think a little,
For either I am much abus'd —

Zab. Strike Musick
And sing that lusty Song.

Musick, Song.

Ar. Bewitching harmony!
Sure I am turn'd into another Creature.

Enter Hippolyta.

Happy and blest, *Arnoldo* was unfortunate;
Ha! blest mine eyes; what pretious piece of nature
To pose the world?

Zab. I told you, you would see that
Would darken these poor preparations;
What think ye now? nay rise not, 'tis no vision.

Ar. 'Tis more: 'tis miracle.

Hip. You are welcom Sir.

Ar. It speaks, and entertains me still more glorious;
She is warm, and this is flesh here: how she stirs me!
Blest me what stars are there?

Hip. May I sit near ye?

Ar. No, you are too pure an object to behold,
Too excellent to look upon, and live;
I must remove.

Zab. She is a woman Sir,

Ey, what faint heart is this?

Arn. The house of wonder.

Zab. Do not you think your self now truly happy?

You have the abstract of all sweetnes by ye,
The precious wealth youth labours to arrive at;
Nor is she less in honour, than in beauty,
Ferrara's Royal Duke is proud to call her
His best, his Noblest, and most happy Sister,
Fortune has made her Mistress of herself,
Wealthy, and wise, without a power to sway her,
Wonder of *Italy*, of all hearts Mistress.

Arn. And all this is—

Zab. *Hippolyta* the beauteous.

Hip. You are a poor relator of my fortunes,
Too weak a Chronicle to speak my blessings,
And leave out that essential part of story
I am most high and happy in, most fortunate,
The acquaintance, and the noble fellowship
Of this fair Gentleman: pray ye do not wonder,
Nor hold it strange to hear a handsome Lady
Speak freely to ye: with your fair leave and courtesie
I will sit by ye.

Arn. I know not what to answer,
Nor where I am, nor to what end consider;
Why do you use me thus?

Hip. Are ye angry Sir,
Because ye are entertain'd with all humanity?
Freely and nobly us'd?

Arn. No gentle Lady,
That were uncivil, but it much amazes me
A stranger, and a man of no desert
Should find such floods of courtesie.

Hip. I love ye,
I honour ye, the first and best of all men,
And where that fair opinion leads, 'tis usual
These trifles that but serve to set off, follow.
I would not have you proud now, nor disdainful
Because I say I love ye, though I swear it,
Nor think it a stale favour I sling on ye,
Though ye be handsome, and the only man
I must confess I ever fixt mine eye on,
And bring along all promises that please us,
Yet I should hate ye then, despise ye, scorn ye,
And with as much contempt pursue your person,
As now I do with love. But you are wiser,
At least I think, more master of your fortune,
And so I drink your health.

Arn. Hold fast good honesty,
I am a lost man else.

Hip. Now you may kiss me,
'Tis the first kiss, I ever askt, I swear to ye.

Arn. That I dare do sweet Lady.

Hip. You do it well too;
You are a Master Sir, that makes you coy.

Arn. Would you would send your people off.

Hip. Well thought on.

Wait all without. [Exit Zab. and Servants.]

Zab. I hope she is pleas'd throughly.

Hip. Why stand ye still? here's no man to detect ye,
My people are gone off: come, come, leave conjuring,
The Spirit you would raise, is here already,
Look boldly on me.

Arn. What would you have me do?

Hip. O most unmanly question! have you do?
Is't possible your years should want a Tutor?
Ple teach ye: come, embrace me.

Arn. Fye stand off;
And give me leave, more now than e're, to wonder,
A building of so goodly a proportion,
Outwardly all exact, the frame of Heaven,
Should hide within so base inhabitants?
You are as fair, as if the morning bare ye,
Imagination never made a sweeter;
Can it be possible this frame should suffer;

And built on slight affections, fright the viewer?
Be excellent in all, as you are outward,
The worthy Mistress of those many blessings
Heaven has bestowed, make 'em appear still nobler,
Because they are trusted to a weaker keeper.
Would ye have me love ye?

Hip. Yes.

Arn. Not for your beauty;
Though I confess, it blowes the first fire in us,
Time as he passes by, puts out that sparkle;
Nor for your wealth, although the world kneel to it,
And make it all addition to a woman,
Fortune that ruins all, makes that his conquest;
Be honest, and be vertuous, P'le admire ye,
At least be wise, and where ye lay these nets,
Strow over 'em a little modesty,
'Twill well become your cause, and catch more Fools.

Hip. Could any one that lov'd this wholesome counsel
But love the giver more? you make me fonder:
You have a vertuous mind, I want that ornament;
Is it a sin I covet to enjoy ye?

If ye imagine I am too free a Lover,
And act that part belongs to you, I am silent:
Mine eyes shall speak my blushes, partly with ye;
I will not touch your hand, but with a tremble
Fitting a Vestal Nun; not long to kiss ye,
But gently as the Air, and undiscern'd too,
P'le steal it thus: P'le walk your shadow by ye,
So still and silent that it shall be equal,
To put me off, as that, and when I covet,
To give such toys as these—

Arn. A new temptation—

Hip. Thus like the lazie minutes will I drop 'em,
Which past once are forgotten.

Arn. Excellent vice!

Hip. Will ye be won? look stedfastly upon me,
Look manly, take a mans affections to you;
Young women, in the old world were not wont, Sir,
To hang out gaudy bushes for their beauties,
To talk themselves into young mens affections;
How cold and dull you are!

Arn. How I stagger?
She is wise, as fair; but 'tis a wicked wisdom;
P'le choak before I yield.

Hip. Who waits within there? [Zabulon within.]
Make ready the green Chamber.

Zab. It shall be Madam.

Arn. I am afraid she will enjoy me indeed.

Hip. What Musick do ye love?

Arn. A modest tongue.

Hip. We'll have enough of that: fye, fye, how lumpish?
In a young Ladyes arms thus dull?

Arn. For Heaven sake
Profess a little goodness.

Hip. Of what Country?

Arn. I am of Rome.

Hip. Nay then I know you mock me,
The *Italians* are not frighted with such bug-bears;
Prethee go in.

Arn. I am not well.

Hip. P'le make thee,
P'le kiss thee well.

Arn. I am not sick of that fore.

Hip. Upon my Conscience, I must ravish thee;
I shall be famous for the first example:
With this P'le tye ye first, then try your strength Sir.

Arn. My strength? away base woman, I abhor thee;
I am not caught with stales, disease dwell with thee. [Exit.]

Hip. Are ye so quick? and have I lost my wishes?
Hoe, *Zabulon*; my servants.

Enter Zabulon and Servants.

Zab. Call'd ye Madam?

Hip. Is all that beauty scorned, so many su'd for;

So many Princes? by a stranger too?
Must I endure this?

Zab. Where's the Gentleman?

Hip. Go presently, pursue the stranger, *Zabulon*.
He has broke from me, Jewels I have given him:
Charge him with theft: he has stoln my love, my freedome,
Draw him before the Governour, imprison him,
Why dost thou stay?

Zab. I'll teach him a new dance,
For playing fast and loofe with such a Lady.
Come fellows, come: I'll execute your anger,
And to the full.

Hip. His scorn shall feel my vengeance—— *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sulpicia and Jaques.

Sul. Shall I never see a lusty man again?

Ja. Faith Mistress

You do so over-labour 'em when you have 'em,
And so dry-founder 'em, they cannot last.

Sul. Where's the French-man?

Ja. Alas, he's all to fitters,
And lyes, taking the height of his fortune with a Syringe.
He's chin'd, he's chin'd good man, he is a mourner.

Sul. What's become of the *Dane*?

Ja. Who? goldy-locks?

He's foul i'th' touch-hole; and recoils again,
The main Spring's weaken'd that holds up his cock,
He lies at the sign of the *Sun*, to be new breech'd.

Sul. The Rutter too, is gone.

Ja. O that was a brave Rascal,
He would labour like a Thrasher: but alas
What thing can ever last? he has been ill mew'd,
And drawn too soon; I have seen him in the Hospital.

Sul. There was an *English*-man.

Ja. I there was an *English*-man;

You'll scant find any now, to make that name good:
There were those *English* that were men indeed,
And would perform like men, but now they are vanisht:
They are so taken up in their own Country,
And so beaten of their speed by their own women,
When they come here, they draw their legs like Hackneys:
Drink, and their own devices have undone 'em.

Sul. I must have one that's strong, no life in *Lisbon* else,
Perfect and young: my Custom with young Ladies,
And high fed City dames, will fall, and break else.
I want my self too, in mine age to nourish me:
They are all sunk I maintain'd: now what's this business,
What goodly fellow's that?

Enter Rutilio and Officers.

Rut. Why do you drag me?

Pox o' your justice; let me loose.

1 Offi. Not so Sir.

Rut. Cannot a man fall into one of your drunken Cellars,
And venture the breaking on's neck, your trap-doors open,
But he must be us'd thus rascally?

1 Offi. What made you wandring
So late i'th' night? you know that is imprisonment.

Rut. May be I walk in my sleep.

2 Offi. May be we'll walk ye.

What made you wandring Sir, into that vault
Where all the City store, and the Munition lay?

R. t. I fell into it by chance, I broke my shins for't:
Your worships feel not that: I knockt my head
Against a hundred posts, would you had had it.
Cannot I break my neck in my own defence?

2 Offi. This will not serve: you cannot put it off so,
Your coming thither was to play the villain,
To fire the Powder, to blow up that part o'th' City.

Rut. Yes, with my nose: why were the trap doors open?
Might not you fall, or you, had you gone that way?
I thought your City had sunk.

1 Offi. You did your best Sir,

We must presume, to help it into th' Air,
If you call that sinking: we have told you what's the law,
He that is taken there, unless a Magistrate,
And have command in that place, presently
If there be nothing found apparent near him
Worthy his torture, or his present death,
Must either pay his fine for his presumption,
(Which is six hundred Duckets) or for six years
Tug at an Oar i'th' Gallies: will ye walk Sir,
For we presume you cannot pay the penalty.

Rut. Row in the Gallies, after all this mischief?

2 Offi. May be you were drunk, they'll keep you sober there.

Rut. Tug at an Oar? you are not arrant rascals,
To catch me in a pit-fall, and betray me?

Sul. A lusty minded man.

Ja. A wondrous able.

Sul. Pray Gentlemen, allow me but that liberty
To speak a few words with your prisoner,
And I shall thank you.

1 Offi. Take your pleasure Lady.

Sul. What would you give that woman should redeem ye,
Redeem ye from this slavery?

Rut. Besides my service

I would give her my whole self, I would be her vassal.

Sul. She has reason to expect as much, considering
The great sum she pays for't, yet take comfort,
What ye shall do to merit this, is easie,
And I will be the woman shall befriend ye,
'Tis but to entertain some handsome Ladies,
And young fair Gentlewomen: you guess the way:
But giving of your mind——

Rut. I am excellent at it:

You cannot pick out such another living.

I understand ye: is't not thus?

Sul. Ye have it.

Rut. Bring me a hundred of 'em: I'll dispatch 'em.

I will be none but yours: should another offer
Another way to redeem me, I should scorn it.
What women you shall please: I am monstrous lusty:
Not to be taken down: would you have Children?
I'll get you those as fast, and thick as flie-blows.

Sul. I admire him: wonder at him!

Rut. Hark ye Lady,
You may require sometimes——

Sul. I by my faith.

Rut. And you shall have it by my faith, and handsomly:
This old Cat will suck shrewdly: you have no Daughters?
I flye at all: now am I in my Kingdom.

Tug at an Oar? no, tug in a Feather-bed,
With good warm Caudles; hang your bread and water,
I'll make you young again, believe that Lady.
I will so frubbish you.

Sul. Come, follow Officers,

This Gentleman is free: I'll pay the Duckets.

Rut. And when you catch me in your City-powdring-tub
Again, boil me with Cabbage.

1 Offi. You are both warn'd and arm'd Sir. *[Exeunt.]*

Scena quarta. Enter Leopold, Hippolyta, Zenocia.

Zen. Will your Ladyship wear this Dressing?

Hip. Leave thy prating:

I care not what I wear.

Zen. Yet 'tis my duty

To know your pleasure, and my worst affliction
To see you discontented.

Hip. Weeping too?

Prethee forgive me: I am much distemper'd,
And speak I know not what: to make thee amends
The Gown that I wore yesterday, is thine;
Let it alone awhile.

Leo. Now you perceive,
And taste her bounty.

Zen. Much above my merit.

Leo. But have you not yet found a happy time

To move for me.

Zen. I have watched all occasions,
But hitherto, without success: yet doubt not
But I'll embrace the first means.

Leo. Do, and prosper:
Excellent creature, whose perfections make
Even sorrow lovely, if your frowns thus take me,
What would your smiles do?

Hip. Pox o' this stale Courtship:
If I have any power.

Leo. I am commanded,
Obedience is the Lovers sacrifice
Which I pay gladly.

Hip. To be forc'd to wooe,
Being a woman, could not but torment me,
But bringing for my advocates, youth and beauty,
Set off with wealth, and then to be deni'd too
Do's comprehend all tortures. They flatter'd me,
That said my looks were charms, my touches fetters,
My locks soft chains, to bind the arms of Princes,
And make them in that wish'd for bondage, happy.
I am like others of a courser feature,
As weak to allure, but in my dotage, stronger:
I am no *Circe*; he, more than *Ulysses*,
Scorns all my offer'd bounties, slight's my favours,
And, as I were some new Egyptian, flies me,
Leaving no pawn, but my own shame behind him.
But he shall finde, that in my fell revenge,
I am a woman: one that never pardons
The rude contemner of her proffer'd sweetness.

Enter Zabulon.

Zab. Madam, 'tis done.

Hip. What's done?

Zab. The uncivill stranger
Is at your suite arrested.

Hip. 'Tis well handled.

Zab. And under guard sent to the Governour,
With whom my testimony, and the favour
He bears your Ladieship, have so prevail'd
That he is sentenc'd.

Hip. How?

Zab. To lose his head.

Hip. Is that the means to quench the scorching heat
Of my inrag'd desires? must innocence suffer,
'Cause I am faulty? or is my Love so fatall
That of necessity it must destroy
The object it most longs for? dull *Hippolyta*,
To think that injuries could make way for love,
When courtesies were despis'd: that by his death
Thou shouldst gain that, which only thou canst hope for
While he is living: My honour's at the stake now,
And cannot be preserv'd, unless he perish,
The enjoying of the thing I love, I ever
Have priz'd above my fame: why doubt I now then?
One only way is left me, to redeem all:
Make ready my Caroch.

Leo. What will you Madam?

Hip. And yet I am impatient of such stay:
Bind up my hair: fye, fye, while that is doing
The Law may seize his life: thus as I am then,
Not like *Hippolyta*, but a *Bacchanall*
My frantique Love transports me.

Leo. Sure she's distracted.

Zab. Pray you follow her: I will along with you:
I more than ghes the cause: women that love
Are most uncertain, and one minute crave,
What in another they refuse to have.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Clodio, Charino.

Clo. Assure thy self *Charino*, I am alter'd
From what I was; the tempests we have met with
In our uncertain voyage, were smooth gales

Compar'd to those, the memory of my lusts
Rais'd in my Conscience: and if ere again
I live to see *Zenocia*, I will sue,
And seek to her as a Lover, and a Servant,
And not command affection, like a Tyrant.

Char. In hearing this, you make me young again,
And Heaven, it seems, favouring this good change in you
In setting of a period to our dangers
Gives us fair hopes to find that here in *Lisbon*
Which hitherto in vain we long have fought for.
I have receiv'd assur'd intelligence,
Such strangers have been seen here: and though yet
I cannot learn their fortunes, nor the place
Of their abode, I have a Soul prefages
A fortunate event here.

Clo. There have pass'd
A mutual interchange of courtesies
Between me, and the Governour; therefore boldly
We may presume of him, and of his power
If we finde cause to use them, otherwise
I would not be known here, and these disguises
Will keep us from discovery.

Enter Manuel, Doctor, Arnoldo, Guard.

Char. What are these?

Clo. The Governour: with him my Rival, bound.

Char. For certain 'tis *Arnoldo*.

Clo. Let's attend
What the success will be.

Man. Is't possible
There should be hope of his recovery,
His wounds so many and so deadly?

Doct. So they appear'd at first, but the blood stop'd,
His trance forsook him, and on better search
We found they were not mortal.

Man. Use all care
To perfect this unhop'd for cure: that done
Propose your own rewards: and till you shall
Hear farther from me, for some ends I have,
Conceal it from his Mother.

Doct. Wee'l not fail Sir.

[Exit

Man. You still stand confident on your innocence.

Arn. It is my best and last guard, which I will not
Leave, to relye on your uncertain mercy.

Enter Hippolyta, Zabulon, Leopold, Zenocia, 2 Servants.

Hip. Who bad you follow me! Goe home, and you Sir,
As you respect me, goe with her.

Arn. *Zenocia!*

And in her house a Servant!

Char. 'Tis my Daughter.

Clo. My love? Contain your joy, observe the sequel. *Zen.*

Man. Fye Madam, how undecent 'tis for you, (*passes*
So far unlike your self to bee seen thus
In th'open streets? why do you kneel? pray you rise;
I am acquainted with the wrong; and los
You have sustain'd, and the Delinquent now
Stands ready for his punishment.

Hip. Let it fall, Sir,

On the offender: he is innocent,
And most unworthy of these bonds he wears;
But I made up of guilt.

Man. VVhat strange turn's this?

Leo. This was my prisoner once.

Hip. If chastity

In a young man, and tempted to the height too
Did ere deserve reward, or admiration,
He justly may claim both. Love to his person
(Or if you please give it a fouler name)
Compel'd me first to train him to my house,
All engines I rais'd there to shake his vertue,
VVhich in the assault were useles; he unmov'd still
As if he had no part of humane frailty:
Against the nature of my Sex, almost

I plaid

I plaid the Ravisher. You might have seen
In our contention, young *Apollo* fly
And love-sick *Daphne* follow, all arts failing,
By flight he wan the victory, breaking from
My scorn'd embraces: the repulse (in women
Unfufferable) invited me to practise
A means to be reveng'd: and from this grew
His Accusation, and the abuse
Of your still equall justice: My rage ever
Thanks heaven, though wanton, I found not my self
So far engag'd to Hell, to prosecute
To the death what I had plotted, for that love
That made me first desire him, then accuse him,
Commands me with the hazard of my self
First to entreat his pardon, then acquit him.

Man. VVhat ere you are, so much I love your vertue,
That I desire your friendship: do you unloose him
From those bonds, you are worthy of: your repentance
Makes part of satisfaction; yet I must
Severely reprehend you.

Leo. I am made
A stale on all parts: But this fellow shall
Pay dearly for her favour.

Arn. My life's so full
Of various changes, that I now despair
Of any certain port; one trouble ending,
A new, and worse succeeds it: what should *Zenocia*
Do in this womans house? Can chastity
And hot Lust dwell together without infection?
I would not be or jealous, or secure,
Yet something must be done, to sound the depth on't:
That she lives is my blifs, but living there,
A hell of torments; there's no way to her
In whom I live, but by this door, through which
To me 'tis death to enter, yet I must,
And will make tryal.

Man. Let me hear no more
Of these devices, Lady: this I pardon,
And at your intercession I forgive
Your instrument the Jew too: get you home.
The hundred thousand crowns you lent the City
Towards the setting forth of the last Navy
Bound for the Islands, was a good then, which
I balance with your ill now.

Char. Now Sir, to him,
You know my Daughter needs it.

Hip. Let me take
A farewell with mine eye, Sir, though my lip
Be barr'd the Ceremonie, courtesie
And Custom too allows of.

Arn. Gentle Madam,
I neither am so cold, nor so ill bred
But that I dare receive it: you are unguarded,
And let me tell you that I am asham'd
Of my late rudeness, and would gladly therefore
If you please to accept my ready service
Wait on you to your house.

Hip. Above my hope:
Sir, if an Angel were to be my convoy,
He should not be more welcom.— [Ex. Arn. and Hip.]

Clod. Now you know me.

Man. Yes Sir, and honour you: ever remembering
Your many bounties, being ambitious only
To give you cause to say by some one service
That I am not ungratefull.

Clod. 'Tis now offer'd:
I have a suit to you, and an easie one,
Which e're long you shall know.

Man. When you think fit Sir,
And then as a command I will receive it,
Till when, most welcom: you are welcom too Sir,
'Tis spoken from the heart, and therefore needs not
Much protestation: at your better leisure
I will enquire the cause that brought you hither:

In the mean time serve you.
Clod. You out-doe me Sir.

[Exeunt.]

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duarte, Doctor.

Dua. YOU have bestow'd on me a second life,
For which I live your creature, and have better'd
What nature fram'd imperfect, my first being
Insolent pride made monstrous; but this later
In learning me to know my self, hath taught me
Not to wrong others.

Doct. Then we live indeed,
When we can goe to rest without alarm
Given every minute to a guilt-sick conscience
To keep us waking, and rise in the morning
Secure in being innocent: but when
In the remembrance of our worse actions
We ever bear about us whips and furies,
To make the day a night of sorrow to us,
Even life's a burthen.

Dua. I have found and felt it;
But will endeavour having first made peace
VVith those intestine enemies my rude passions,
To be so with man-kind: but worthy Doctor,
Pray if you can resolve me; was the Gentleman
That left me dead, ere brought unto his tryal?

Doct. Nor known, nor apprehended.

Dua. That's my grief.

Doct. Why, do you wish he had been punished?

Dua. No,
The stream of my swoln sorrow runs not that way:
For could I find him, as I vow to Heaven
It shall be my first care to seek him out,
I would with thanks acknowledge that his sword,
In opening my veins, which proud blood poison'd,
Gave the first symptoms of true health.

Doct. 'Tis in you
A Christian resolution: that you live
Is by the Governours, your Uncles charge
As yet conceal'd. And though a sons loss never
Was solemniz'd with more tears of true sorrow
Than have been paid by your unequal'd Mother
For your supposed death, she's not acquainted
With your recovery.

Dua. For some few dayes
Pray let her so continue: thus disguis'd
I may abroad unknown.

Doct. Without suspicion
Of being discovered

Dua. I am confident
No moisture sooner dies than womens tears,
And therefore though I know my Mother vertuous,
Yet being one of that frail sex I purpose
Her farther tryal.

Doct. That as you think fit—I'll not betray you.

Dua. To find out this stranger
This true Physician of my mind and manners
Were such a blessing. He seem'd poor, and may
Perhaps be now in want; would I could find him.
The Innes I'll search first, then the publick Stewes;
He was of *Italy*, and that Country breeds not
Precifians that way, but hot Libertines;
And such the most are: 'tis but a little travail:
I am unfurnisht too, pray Mr. Doctor,
Can you supply me?

Doct. VVith what summ you please.

Dua. I will not be long absent.

Doct. That I wish too;

For till you have more strength, I would not have you
To be too bold.

Dua.

Dua. Fear not, I will be carefull.

Enter Leopold, Zabulon, Bravo.

Zab. I have brought him Sir, a fellow that will do it
Though Hell stood in his way, ever provided
You pay him for't.

Leop. He has a strange aspect,
And looks much like the figure of a hang-man
In a table of the Passion.

Zab. He transcends
All precedents, believe it, a flesh'd ruffian,
That hath so often taken the Strappado,
That 'tis to him but as a lofty trick
Is to a tumbler: he hath perused too
All Dungeons in *Portual*, thrice seven years
Rowed in the Gallies for three several murders,
Though I presume that he has done a hundred,
And scap't unpunisht.

Leop. He is much in debt to you,
You set him off so well. VVhat will you take Sir
To beat a fellow for me, that thus wrong'd me?

Bra. To beat him say you?

Leop. Yes, beat him to lameness,
To cut his lips or nose off; any thing,
That may disfigure him.

Bra. Let me consider?
Five hundred pistolets for such a service
I think were no dear penniworth.

Zab. Five hundred!
VVhy there are of your Brother-hood in the City,
I'll undertake, shall kill a man for twenty.

Bra. Kill him? I think so; I'll kill any man
For half the mony.

Leop. And will you ask more
For a sound beating than a murder?

Bra. I Sir,
And with good reason, for a dog that's dead,
The Spanish proverb says, will never bite:
But should I beat or hurt him only, he may
Recover, and kill me.

Leo. A good conclusion,
The obduracie of this rascal makes me tender.
I'll run some other course, there's your reward
VVithout the employment.

Bra. For that as you please Sir;
When you have need to kill a man, pray use me,
But I am out at beating.

Zab. What's to be done then?
Leop. I'll tell thee *Zabulon*, and make thee privy
To my most near designs: this stranger, which
Hippolyta so dotes on, was my prisoner
When the last Virgin, I bestowed upon her,
Was made my prize; how he escaped, hereafter
I'll let thee know; and it may be the love
He bears the servant, makes him scorn the Mistris.

Zab. 'Tis not unlike; for the first time he saw her
His looks exprest so much, and for more proof
Since he came to my Ladys house, though yet
He never knew her, he hath practis'd with me
To help him to a conference, without
The knowledge of *Hippolyta*; which I promis'd.

Leop. And by all means perform it for their meeting,
But work it so, that my disdainful Mistris
(Whom, notwithstanding all her injuries,
'Tis my hard fate to love) may see and hear them.

Zab. To what end Sir?
Leop. This *Zabulon*: when she sees
Who is her rival, and her Lovers baseness
To leave a Princess for her bondwoman,
The sight will make her scorn, what now she dotes on,
I'll double thy reward.

Zab. You are like to speed then:
For I confesse what you will soon believe,
We serve them best that are most apt to give.

[*Exeunt.*

For you, I'll place you where you shall see all, and yet be un-
observ'd. *Leop.* That I desire too. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Arnoldo.

Arn. I cannot see her yet, how it afflicts me
The poyson of this place should mix it self
With her pure thoughts? 'Twas she that was commanded,
Or my eyes failed me grossly; that youth, that face
And all that noble sweetnesss. May she not live here,
And yet be honest still?

Enter Zenocia.

Zen. It is *Arnoldo*,
From all his dangers free; fortune I blefs thee.
My noble husband! how my joy swells in me,
But why in this place? what business hath he here?
He cannot hear of me, I am not known here.
I left him vertuous; how I shake to think now?
And how that joy I had, cools, and forsakes me?

Enter above Hippolyta and Zabulon.

This Lady is but fair, I have been thought so
Without compare admired; She has bewitched him
And he forgot ———

Arn. 'Tis she again, the same ——— the same *Zenocia*.

Zab. There they are together. ——— Now you may marry

Hip. Peace, let 'em parly.

Arn. That you are well *Zenocia*, and once more
Bless my despairing eyes, with your wisht presence,
I thank the gods; but that I meet you here ———

Hip. They are acquainted.

Zab. I found that secret Madam,
When you commanded her go home: pray hear 'em.

Zen. That you meet me here, ne're blush at that *Arnoldo*.
Your coming comes too late: I am a woman,
And one woman with another may be trusted;
Do you fear the house?

Arn. More than a fear, I know it,
Know it not good, not honest.

Zen. VVhat do you here then?
I'th' name of vertue why do you approach it?
Will you confesse the doubt and yet pursue it?
Where have your eyes been wandring, my *Arnoldo*?
What constancy, what faith do you call this? Fie,
Aim at one wanton mark, and wound another?

I do confesse, the Lady fair, most beauteous,
And able to betray a strong mans liberty,
But you that have a love, a wife — you do well
To deal thus wisely with me: yet *Arnoldo*,
Since you are pleas'd to study a new beauty,
And think this old and ill, beaten with misery,
Study a nobler way for shame to love me,
VVrong not her honesty.

Arn. You have confirm'd me.

Zen. VVho though she be your wife, will never hinder
So much I rest a servant to your wishes,
And love your Loves, though they be my destructions,
No man shall know me, nor the share I have in thee;
No eye suspect I am able to prevent you;
For since I am a slave to this great Lady,
Whom I perceive you follow,

Arn. Be not blinded.

Zen. Fortune shall make me useful to your service,
I will speak for you.

Arn. Speak for me? you wrong me.

Zen. I will endeavour all the wayes I am able
To make her think well of you; will that please?
To make her dote upon you, dote to madness,
So far against my self I will obey you.
But when that's done, and I have shewed this duty,
This great obedience, few will buy it at my price,
Thus will I shake hands with you, wish you well,
But never see you more, nor receive comfort
From any thing, *Arnoldo*.

[*Exit.*

{ *Leopold*
places him-
self unseen
below.

Arn. You are too tender ;
I neither doubt you, nor desire longer
To be a man, and live, than I am honest
And only yours ; our infinite affections
Abus'd us both.

Zab. Where are your favours now ?

The courtesies you shew'd this stranger, Madam ?

Hip. Have I now found the cause ?

Zab. Attend it further.

Zen. Did she invite you, do you say ?

Arn. Most cunningly,

And with a preparation of that state
I was brought in and welcom'd.

Zen. Seem'd to love you ?

Arn. Most infinitely, at first sight, most dotingly.

Zen. She is a goodly Lady.

Arn. VVondrous handfom :

At first view, being taken unprepar'd,
Your memory not present then to assist me,
She seem'd so glorious sweet, and so far stir'd me,
Nay be not jealous, there's no harm done.

Zen. Prethee—didst thou not kiss, *Arnoldo* ?

Arn. Yes faith did I.

Zen. And then——

Arn. I durst not, did not——

Zen. I forgive you,

Come tell the truth.

Arn. May be I lay with her.

Hip. He mocks me too, most basely.

Zen. Did ye faith ? did ye forget so far ?

Arn. Come, come, no weeping ;

I would have lyen first in my grave, believe that.
VVhy will you ask those things you would not hear ?
She is too untemperate to betray my vertues,
Too openly lascivious: had she dealt
But with that seeming modesty she might,
And stung a little Art upon her ardor,
But 'twas forgot, and I forgot to like her,
And glad I was deceiv'd. No my *Zenocia*,
My first love here begun, rests here unreact yet,
And here for ever.

Zen. You have made me happy,
Even in the midst of bondage blest.

Zab. You see now

What rubs are in your way.

Hip. And quickly *Zabulon*

I'll root 'em out.—Be sure you do this presently.

Zab. Do not you alter then.

Hip. I am resolute.

[*Exit Zabulon.*

Arn. To see you only I came hither last,
Drawn by no love of hers, nor base allurements,
For by this holy light I hate her heartily.

Leop. I am glad of that, you have sav'd me so much ven-
And so much fear, (geance
From this hour fair befall you.

Arn. Some means I shall make shortly to redeem you,
Till when, observe her well, and sit her temper,
Only her lust contemn.

Zen. When shall I see you ?

Arn. I will live hereabouts, and bear her fair still,
Till I can find a fit hour to redeem you.

Hip. Shut all the doors.

Arn. Who's that ?

Zen. We are betray'd,
The Lady of the house has heard our parly,
Seen us, and seen our Loves.

Hip. You courteous Gallant,
You that scorn all I can bestow, that laugh at
The afflictions, and the groans I suffer for you,
That slight and jeer my love, contemn the fortune
My favours can sling on you, have I caught you ?
Have I now found the cause ? ye fool my wishes ;
Is mine own slave, my bane ? I nourish that
That sucks up my content. I'll pray no more,

Nor woove no more ; thou shalt see foolish man,
And to thy bitter pain and anguish, look on
The vengeance I shall take, provok'd and slighted ;
Redeem her then, and steal her hence : ho *Zabulon*
Now to your work.

*Enter Zabulon, and Servants, some holding Arnoldo,
some ready with a cord to strangle Zenocia.*

Arn. Lady, but hear me speak first,
As you have pity.

Hip. I have none. You taught me,
When I even hung about your neck, you scorn'd me.

Zab. Shall we pluck yet ?

Hip. No, hold a little *Zabulon*,
I'll pluck his heart-strings first : now am I worthy
A little of your love ?

Arn. I'll be your Servant,
Command me through what danger you shall aime at,
Let it be death.

Hip. Be sure Sir, I shall fit you.

Arn. But spare this Virgin.

Hip. I would spare that villain first,
Had cut my Fathers throat.

Arn. Bounteous Lady,
If in your sex there be that noble softness,
That tenderness of heart, women are crown'd for——

Zen. Kneel not *Arnoldo*, doe her not that honour,
She is not worthy such submission,
I scorn a life depends upon her pity.
Proud woman do thy worst, and arm thy anger
With thoughts as black as Hell, as hot and bloody,
I bring a patience here, shall make 'em blush,
An innocence, shall outlook thee, and death too.

Arn. Make me your slave, I give my freedom to ye,
For ever to be fetter'd to your service ;
'Twas I offended, be not so unjust then,
To strike the innocent, this gentle maid
Never intended fear and doubt against you :
She is your Servant, pay not her observance
With cruel looks, her duteous faith with death.

Hip. Am I fair now ? now am I worth your liking ?

Zen. Not fair, not to be liked, thou glorious Devil,
Thou vernisht piece of lust, thou painted fury.

Arn. Speak gently sweet, speak gently.

Zen. I'll speak nobly.

'Tis not the saving of a life I aim at,
Mark me lascivious woman, mark me truly,
And then consider, how I weigh thy anger.
Life is no longer mine, nor dear unto me,
Than usefull to his honour I preserve it.
If thou hadst studied all the courtesies
Humanity and noble blood are linkt to,
Thou couldst not have propounded such a benefit,
Nor heapt upon me such unlookt for honour
As dying for his sake, to be his Martyr,
'Tis such a grace.

Hip. You shall not want that favour,
Let your bones work miracles.

Arn. Dear Lady
By those fair eyes——

Hip. There is but this way left ye
To save her life.——

Arn. Speak it, and I embrace it.

Hip. Come to my private chamber presently,
And there, what love and I command——

Arn. I'll doe it,
Be comforted *Zenocia*.

Zen. Do not do this
To save me, do not lose your self I charge you,
I charge you by your love, that love your bear me ;
That love, that constant love you have twin'd to me,
By all your promises, take heed you keep 'em,
Now is your constant tryal. If thou dost this,
Or mov'st one foot, to guide thee to her lust,

My curses and eternal hate pursue thee.
Redeem me at the base price of disloyalty?
Must my undoubted honesty be thy Bawd too?
Go and intwine thy self about that body;
Tell her, for my life thou hast lost thine honour,
Pull'd all thy vows from heaven, basely, most basely
Stoop'd to the servile flames of that foul woman,
To add an hour to me that hate thee for it,
Know thee not again, nor name thee for a Husband.

Arn. What shall I do to save her?
Hip. How now, what hast there?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The Governour, attended with some Gentlemen,
Are newly entred, to speak with your Ladiship.

Hip. Pox o' their business, relieve her for this hour,
I shall have other time.

Arn. Now fortune help us.

Hip. I'll meet 'em presently: retire awhile all. [*Exeunt.*]

Zab. You rise to day upon your right side Lady;
You know the danger too, and may prevent it,
And if you suffer her to perish thus,
As she must do, and suddenly, believe it,
Unless you stand her friend; you know the way on't,
I guess you poorly love her, less your fortune.
Let her know nothing, and perform this matter,
There are hours ordained for several businesses,
You understand.

Arn. I understand you Bawd Sir,
And such a Counsellour I never car'd for.

*Enter the Governour, Clodio, Leopold, Charino and
Attendants at one door, Hippolyta at the other.*

Hip. Your Lordship does me honour.

Gover. Fair Hippolyta,
I am come to ease you of a charge.

Hip. I keep none
I count a burthen Sir: and yet I lye too.

Gover. Which is the Maid; is she here?

Clod. Yes Sir,
This is she, this is *Zenocia*,
The very same I sued to your Lordship for.

Zen. *Clodio* again? more misery? more ruin?
Under what angry star is my life govern'd?

Gov. Come hither Maid, you are once more a free woman,
Here I discharge your bonds.

Arn. Another smile,
Another trick of fortune to betray us!

Hip. Why does your Lordship use me so unnobly?
Against my will to take away my bond-woman?

Gov. She was no lawful prize, therefore no bond-woman:
She's of that Country we hold friendship with,
And ever did, and therefore to be used
With entertainment, fair and courteous.
The breach of League in us gives foul example,
Therefore you must be pleas'd to think this honest;
Did you know what she was?

Leop. Not till this instant;
For had I known her, she had been no prisoner.

Gov. There, take the Maid, she is at her own dispose now,
And if there be ought else to do your honour
Any poor service in——

Clod. I am vowed your servant.

Arn. Your Father's here too, that's our only comfort,
And in a Country now, we stand free people,
Where *Clodio* has no power, be comforted.

Zen. I fear some trick yet.

Arn. Be not so dejected.

Gover. You must not be displeas'd; so farewell Lady.
Come Gentlemen; Captain, you must with me too,
I have a little business.

Leop. I attend your Lordship:
Now my way's free, and my hope's Lord again.

[*Exeunt all but Hip. and Zab.*]

Hip. D'ye jeer me now ye are going?
I may live yet—— to make you howl both.

Zab. You might have done; you had power then,
But now the chains are off, the command lost,
And such a story they will make of this
To laugh out lazie time.

Hip. No means yet left me?
For now I burst with anger: none to satisfy me?
No comfort? no revenge?

Zab. You speak too late;
You might have had all these, your useful servants,
Had you been wife, and suddain: what power, or will
Over her beauty, have you now? by violence
To constrain his love; she is as free as you are,
And no law can impeach her liberty,
And whilst she is so, *Arnoldo* will despise you.

Hip. Either my love or anger must be satisfied,
Or I must dye.

Zab. I have a way wou'd do it,
Wou'd do it yet, protect me from the Law.

Hip. From any thing; thou knowest what power I have,
What mony, and what friends.

Zab. 'Tis a devilish one:
But such must now be us'd: walk in, I'll tell you;
And if you like it, if the Devil can do any thing——

Hip. Devil, or what thou wilt, so I be satisfied. [*Ex.*]

Enter Sulpitia, and Jaques.

Sulp. This is the rarest and the lustiest fellow,
And so bestirs himself——

Jaq. Give him breath Mistress,
You'll melt him else.

Sulp. He does perform such wonders——
The women are mad on him.

Jaq. Give him breath I say;
The man is but a man, he must have breath.

Sulp. How many had he yesterday?
And they paid bravely too.

Jaq. About fourteen,
But still I cry give breath, spare him and have him.

Sulp. Five Dames to day; this was a small stage,
He may endure five more.

Jaq. Breath, breath I cry still;
Body o' me give breath, the man's a lost man else.
Feed him and give him breath.

Enter 2 Gentlewomen.

Sulp. Welcome Gentlewomen,
Y'are very welcome. (fellow

1 Gen. We hear you have a lusty and well complexion'd
That does rare tricks; my Sister and my self here,
Would trifle out an hour or two, so please you.

Sulp. *Jaques*, conduct 'em in. [*Ex. Jaq. and Gent.*]

Sulp. Good pay still, good round pay, this happy fellow
Will set me up again; he brings in gold
Faster than I have leisure to receive it.

O that his body were not flesh and fading;
But I'll so pap him up—— nothing too dear for him;
What a sweet scent he has?—Now what news *Jaques*?

Jaq. He cannot last, I pity the poor man,
I suffer for him; two Coaches of young City dames,
And they drive as the Devil were in the wheels,
Are ready now to enter: and behind these
An old dead-palsied Lady in a Litter,
And she makes all the haste she can: the man's lost,
You may gather up his dry bones to make Nine-pins,
But for his flesh.

Sulp. These are but easie labours
Yet, for I know he must have rest.

Ja. He must—— you'll beat him off his legs else presently.

Sul. Go in, and bid him please himself, I am pleas'd too:
To morrow's a new day; but if he can
I would have him take pity o' the old Lady.

Alas 'tis charity.

Faq. I'll tell him all this,
And if he be not too fool-hardy.

Enter Zabulon.

Sulp. How now?

What news with you?

Zab. You must presently

Shew all the art you have, and for my Lady.

Sulp. She may command.

Zab. You must not dream nor trifle.

Sulp. Which way?

Zab. A spell you must prepare, a powerful one,
Peruse but these directions, you shall find all;
There is the picture too, be quick, and faithful,
And do it with that strength—when 'tis perform'd,
Pitch your reward at what you please, you have it.

Sulp. I'll do my best, and suddenly: but hark ye,
Will you never lye at home again?

Zab. Excuse me,
I have too much business yet.

Sulp. I am right glad on't.

Zab. Think on your business, so farewell.

Sulp. I'll do it.

Zab. Within this hour I'll visit you again
And give you greater lights.

Sulp. I shall observe ye;
This brings a brave reward, bravely I'll do it,
And all the hidden art I have, express in't.

[*Exeunt at both doors.*]

Enter Rutilio with a Night-cap.

Rut. Now do I look as if I were Crow-trodden,
Fye, how my hams shrink under me! O me,
I am broken-winded too; is this a life?
Is this the recreation I have aim'd at?
I had a body once, a handsome body,
And wholesome too. Now I appear like a rascal,
That had been hung a year or two in Gibbets.
Fye how I faint! women? keep me from women;
Place me before a Cannon, 'tis a pleasure;
Stretch me upon a Rack, a recreation;
But women? women? O the Devil! women?
Curtius Gulf was never half so dangerous.
Is there no way to find the Trap-door again,
And fall into the Cellar, and be taken?
No lucky fortune to direct me that way?
No Gallies to be got, nor yet no Gallows?
For I fear nothing now, no earthly thing
But these unsatisfied Men-leeches, women.
How devilishly my bones ache! O the old Lady!
I have a kind of waiting-woman lyes cross my back too,
O how she stings! no treason to deliver me?
Now what are you? do you mock me?

Enter 3. with Night-caps very faintly.

1 No Sir, no;
We were your Predecessors in this place.

2 And come to see you bear up.

Rut. Good Gentlemen;
You seem to have a snuffing in your head Sir,
A parlous snuffing, but this same dampish air——

2 A dampish air indeed.

Rut. Blow your face tenderly,
Your nose will ne're endure it: mercy o' me,
What are men chang'd to here? is my nose fast yet?
Me thinks it shakes i'th' hilts: pray tell me gentlemen,
How long is't since you flourish'd here?

3 Not long since.

Rut. Move your self easily, I see you are tender,
Nor long endured.

2 The labour was so much Sir,
And so few to perform it——

Rut. Must I come to this?

And draw my legs after me like a lame Dog?

I cannot run away, I am too feeble:

Will you sue for this place again Gentlemen? (plexions.

1 No truly Sir, the place has been too warm for our com.

2 We have enough on't, rest you merry Sir,
We came but to congratulate your fortune,
You have abundance.

3 Bear your fortune soberly,
And so we leave you to the next fair Lady. [*Ex. the 3.*]

Rut. Stay but a little, and I'll meet you Gentlemen,
At the next Hospital: there's no living thus,
Nor am I able to endure it longer,
With all the helps and heats that can be given me,
I am at my trot already: they are fair and young
Most of the women that repair unto me,
But they stick on like Burs, shake me like Feathers.

Enter Sulpitia.

More Women yet?

Would I were honestly married
To any thing that had but half a face,
And not a groat to keep her, nor a smock,
That I might be civilly merry when I pleased,
Rather than labouring in these Fulling-mills.

Sulp. By this the spell begins to work: you are lusty,
I see you bear up bravely yet.

Rut. Do you hear Lady,
Do not make a game-bear of me, to play me hourly,
And fling on all your whelps; it would not hold;
Play me with some discretion; to day one course,
And two dayes hence another.

Sulp. If you be so angry
Pay back the mony I redeem'd you at
And take your course, I can have men enough:
You have cost me a hundred crowns since you came hither,
In Broths and strengthening Caudles; till you do pay me,
If you will eat and live, you shall endeavour,
I'll chain you to't else.

Rut. Make me a Dog-kennel,
I'll keep your house and bark, and feed on bare bones,
And be whipt out o' doors,
Do you mark me Lady? whipt,
I'll eat old shoes.

Enter Duarte.

Dua. In this house I am told
There is a stranger, of a goodly person,
And such a one there was; if I could see him,
I yet remember him.

Sulp. Your business Sir,
If it be for a woman, ye are couzen'd,
I keep none here.

[*Exit.*]

Dua. Certain this is the Gentleman;
The very same.

Rut. Death, if I had but mony,
Or any friend to bring me from this bondage,
I would Thresh, set up a Coblers shop, keep Hogs,
And feed with 'em, sell Tinder-boxes,
And Knights of Ginger-bread, Thatch for three
Half pence a day, and think it Lordly,
From this base Stallion trade: why does he eye me,
Eye me so narrowly?

Dua. It seems you are troubled Sir,
I heard you speak of want.

Rut. 'Tis better hearing
Far, than relieving Sir.

Dua. I do not think so, you know me not.

Rut. Not yet that I remember.

Dua. You shall, and for your friend: I am beholding to ye,
Greatly beholding Sir; if you remember,
You fought with such a man, they call'd *Duarte*,
A proud distemper'd man: he was my enemy,
My mortal foe, you slew him fairly, nobly.

Rut. Speak softly Sir, you do not mean to betray me,

I wisht the Gallows, now th'are coming fairly.

Dua. Be confident, for as I live, I love you,
And now you shall perceive it : for that service,
Me, and my purse command : there, take it to ye,
'Tis gold, and no small sum, a thousand Duckets,
Supply your want.

Rut. But do you do this faithfully ?

Dua. If I mean ill, spit in my face and kick me :
In what else I may serve you, Sir——

Rut. I thank you,

This is as strange to me as Knights adventures.
I have a project, 'tis an honest one,
And now I'll tempt my fortune.

Dua. Trust me with it.

Rut. You are so good and honest I must trust ye,
'Tis but to carry a letter to a Lady
That sav'd my life once.

Dua. That will be most thankful,
I will do't with all care.

Rut. Where are you, white-broth ?
Now lusty blood,
Come in, and tell your mony :
'Tis ready here, no threats, nor no orations,
Nor prayers now.

Sulp. You do not mean to leave me.

Rut. I'll live in Hell sooner than here, and cooler.
Come quickly come, dispatch, this air's unwhosom :
Quickly good Lady, quickly to't.

Sulp. Well, since it must be,
The next I'll fetter faster sure, and closer.

Rut. And pick his bones, as y'have done mine, pox take ye.

Dua. At my lodging for a while, you shall be quartered,
And there take Physick for your health.

Rut. I thank ye,
I have found my Angel now too, if I can keep him.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rutilio and Duarte.

Rut. YOU like the Letter ?

Dua. Yes, but I must tell you
You tempt a desperate hazard, to sollicite
The mother, (and the grieved one too, 'tis rumor'd)
Of him you slew so lately.

Rut. I have told you
Some proofs of her affection, and I know not
A nearer way to make her satisfaction
For a lost Son, than speedily to help her
To a good Husband ; one that will beget
Both Sons and Daughters, if she be not barren.
I have had a breathing now, and have recovered
What I lost in my late service, 'twas a hot one :
It fired and fired me ; but all thanks to you Sir,
You have both freed and cool'd me.

Dua. What is done Sir,
I thought well done, and was in that rewarded,
And therefore spare your thanks.

Rut. I'll no more Whoring :
This fencing 'twixt a pair of sheets, more wears one
Than all the exercise in the world besides.
To be drunk with good Canary, a meer Julip
Or like gourd-water to't ; twenty Surfeits
Come short of one nights work there. If I get this Lady
As ten to one I shall, I was ne're denied yet,
I will live wondrous honestly ; walk before her
Gravely and demurely
And then instruct my family ; you are sad,
What do you muse on Sir ?

Dua. Truth I was thinking
What course to take for the delivery of your letter,

And now I have it : but faith did this Lady
(For do not gull your self) for certain know,
You kill'd her Son ?

Rut. Give me a Book I'll swear't ;
Deny'd me to the Officers, that pursu'd me,
Brought me her self to th' door, then gave me gold
To bear my charges, and shall I make doubt then
But that she lov'd me ? I am confident
Time having ta'ne her grief off, that I shall be
Most welcome to her : for then to have wooed her
Had been unseasonable.

Dua. Well Sir, there's more mony,
To may you handsome ; I'll about your business ;
You know where you must stay ?

Rut. There you shall find me :
Would I could meet my Brother now, to know,
Whether the Jew, his Genius, or my Christian,
Has prov'd the better friend.

[*Exit.*]

Dua. O who would trust
Dceiving woman ! or believe that one
The best, and most Canoniz'd ever was
More than a seeming goodness ? I could rail now
Against the sex, and curse it ; but the theam
And way's too common : yet that *Guioamar*
My Mother ; (nor let that forbid her to be
The wonder of our nation) she that was
Mark'd out the great example, for all Matrons
Both Wife and Widow ; she that in my breeding
Exprest the utmost of a Mothers care,
And tenderness to a Son ; she that yet feigns
Such sorrow for me ; good God, that this mother ;
After all this, should give up to a stranger,
The wreak she ow'd her Son ; I fear her honour.
That he was sav'd, much joyes me, and grieve only
That she was his preserver. I'll try further,
And by this Engine, find whether the tears,
Of which she is so prodigal, are for me,
Or us'd to cloak her base hypocrisie.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Hippolyta and Sulpitia.

Hip. Are you assur'd the charm prevails ?

Sulp. Do I live ?

Or do you speak to me ? Now this very instant
Health takes its last leave of her ; meager paleness
Like winter, nips the Roses and the Lilies,
The Spring that youth, and love adorn'd her face with.
To force affection, is beyond our art,
For I have prov'd all means that hell has taught me,
Or the malice of a woman, which exceeds it,
To change *Arnoldo's* love, but to no purpose :
But for your bond-woman——

Hip. Let her pine and dye ;
She remov'd, which like a brighter Sun,
Obscures my beams, I may shine out again,
And as I have been, be admir'd and fought to :
How long has she to live ?

Sulp. Lady, before
The Sun twice rise and set, be confident,
She is but dead ; I know my Charm hath found her.
Nor can the Governours Guard ; her lovers tears ;
Her Fathers sorrow, or his power that freed her,
Defend her from it.

Enter Zabulon.

Zab. All things have succeeded,
As you could wish ; I saw her brought sick home ;
The image of pale death, stamp'd on her fore-head.
Let me adore this second Hecate,
This great Commandress, of the fatal Sisters,
That as she pleases, can cut short, or lengthen
The thread of life.

Hip. Where was she when the enchantment
First seiz'd upon her ?

Zab. Taking the fresh air,

In

In the company of the Governour, and Count *Clodio*,
Arnoldo too, was present with her Father,
When, in a moment (so the servants told me)
As she was giving thanks to the Governour,
And *Clodio*, for her unexpected freedom,
As if she had been blasted, she sunk down,
To their amazement.

Hip. 'Tis thy master-piece
Which I will so reward, that thou shalt fix here;
And with the hazard of thy life, no more
Make trial of thy powerful Art; which known
Our Laws call death: off with this Magical Robe,
And be thy self.

Enter Governour, Clodio, and Charino.

Sup. Stand close, you shall hear more.

Man. You must have patience; all rage is vain now,
And piety forbids, that we should question
What is decreed above, or ask a reason
Why heaven determines this or that way of us.

Clod. Heaven has no hand in't; 'tis a work of hell.
Her life hath been so innocent, all her actions
So free from the suspicion of crime,
As rather she deserves a Saints place here,
Than to endure, what now her sweetness suffers.

Char. Not for her fault, but mine Sir, *Zenocia* suffers:
The sin I made, when I sought to rase down
Arnoldo's love, built on a Rock of truth,
Now to the height is punish'd. I profess,
Had he no birth, nor parts, the present sorrow
He now expresses for her, does deserve her
Above all Kings, though such had been his rivals.

Clod. All ancient stories, of the love of Husbands
To vertuous Wives, be now no more remembered.

Char. The tales of *Turtles*, ever be forgotten,
Or, for his sake believ'd.

Man. I have heard, there has been
Between some married pairs, such sympathy,
That th' Husband has felt really the throws
His Wife then teeming suffers, this true grief
Confirms, 'tis not impossible.

Clod. We shall find
Fit time for this hereafter; let's use now
All possible means to help her.

Man. Care, nor cost,
Nor what Physicians can do, shall be wanting;
Make use of any means or men.

Char. You are noble. [*Exeunt Man. Clod. and Char.*]

Sulp. Ten Colledges of Doctors shall not save her.
Her fate is in your hand.

Hip. Can I restore her?

Sulp. If you command my Art.

Hip. I'll dye my self first.

And yet I'll go visit her, and see
This miracle of sorrow in *Arnoldo's*:
And 'twere for me, I should change places with her,
And dye most happy, such a lovers tears
Were a rich monument, but too good for her,
Whose misery I glory in: come *Sulpitia*,
You shall along with me, good *Zabulon*
Be not far off.

Zab. I will attend you Madam. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Duarte, and a Servant.

Ser. I have serv'd you from my youth, and ever
You have found me faithful: that you live's a treasure
I'll lock up here; nor shall it be let forth,
But when you give me warrant.

Dua. I rely
Upon thy faith; nay, no more protestations,
Too many of them will call that in question,
Which now I doubt not: she is there?

Ser. Alone too,
But take it on my life, your entertainment,

Appearing as you are, will be but course,
For the displeasure I shall undergo
I am prepar'd.

Dua. Leave me, I'll stand the hazard. [*Exit Servant.*]
The silence that's observ'd, her close retirements,
No visitants admitted, not the day;
These fable colours, all signs of true sorrow,
Or hers is deeply counterfeit. I'll look nearer;
Manners give leave—— she sits upon the ground;
By heaven she weeps; my picture in her hand too;
She kisses it and weeps again.

Enter Guiomar.

Gui. Who's there?

Dua. There is no starting back now Madam.

Gui. Ha, another murderer! I'll not protect thee,
Though I have no more Sons.

Dua. Your pardon Lady,
There's no such foul fact taints me.

Gui. What makes thou here then?
Where are my servants, do none but my sorrows
Attend upon me? speak, what brought thee hither?

Dua. A will to give you comfort.

Gui. Thou art but a man.

And 'tis beyond a humane reach to do it,
If thou could raise the dead out of their graves,
Bid time run back, make me now what I was,
A happy Mother; gladly I would hear thee,
But that's impossible.

Dua. Please you but read this;
You shall know better there, why I am sent,
Than if I should deliver it.

Gui. From whom comes it?

Dua. That will instruct you. I suspect this stranger,
Yet she spake something that holds such alliance
With his reports; I know not what to think on't;
What a frown was there? she looks me through, & through,
Now reads again, now pauses, and now smiles;
And yet there's more of anger in't than mirth;
These are strange changes; oh I understand it,
She's full of serious thoughts.

Gui. You are just, you Heavens,
And never do forget to hear their prayers,
That truly pay their vows, the defer'd vengeance,
For you, and my words sake so long defer'd,
Under which as a mountain my heart groans yet
When 'twas despair'd of, now is offer'd to me;
And if I lose it, I am both wayes guilty.
The womans mask, dissimulation help me.
Come hither friend, I am sure you know the Gentleman,
That sent these charms.

Dua. Charms Lady?

Gui. These charms;

I well may call them so, they've won upon me,
More than ere letter did; thou art his friend,
(The confidence he has in thee, confirms it)
And therefore I'll be open breasted to thee;
To hear of him, though yet I never saw him,
Was most desir'd of all men; let me blush,
And then I'll say I love him.

Dua. All men see,
In this a womans vertue.

Gui. I expected
For the courtesie I did, long since to have seen him,
And though I then forbid it, you men know,
Between our hearts and tongues there's a large distance;
But I'll excuse him, may be hitherto
He has forborn it, in respect my Son
Fell by his hand.

Dua. And reason Lady.

Gui. No, he did me a pleasure in't, a riotous fellow,
And with that insolent, not worth the owning;
I have indeed kept a long solemn sorrow,
For my friends sake partly; but especially
For his long absence.

Dua.

Dua. O the Devil.

Guio. Therefore
Bid him be speedy; a Priest shall be ready
To tye the holy knot; this kifs I fend him,
Deliver that and bring him.

Dua. I am dumb:
A good cause I have now, and a good sword,
And something I shall do, I wait upon you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Manuel, Charino, Arnolde, Zenocia, *born*
in a chair. 2 Doctors, Clodio.

Doct. Give her more air, she dyes else.

Arn. O thou dread power,
That mad'st this all, and of thy workmanship
This virgin wife, the Master piece, look down on her;
Let her minds virtues, cloth'd in this fair garment,
That worthily deserves a better name
Than flesh and bloud, now sue, and prevail for her.
Or if those are denyed, let innocence,
To which all passages in Heaven stand open,
Appear in her white robe, before thy throne;
And mediate for her: or if this age of sin
Be worthy of a miracle, the Sun
In his diurnal progress never saw
So sweet a subject to imploy it on.

Man. Wonders are ceas'd Sir, we must work by means.

Arno. 'Tis true, and such reverend Physicians are;
To you thus low I fall then; so may you ever
Be stil'd the hands of Heaven, natures restorers;
Get wealth and honours; and by your success,
In all your undertakings, propagate
Your great opinion in the world, as now
You use your saving art; for know good Gentlemen,
Besides the fame, and all that I possess,
For a reward, posterity shall stand
Indebted to you, for (as Heaven forbid it)
Should my *Zenocia* dye, robbing this age
Of all that's good or gracefull, times succeeding,
The story of her pure life not yet perfect,
Will suffer in the want of her example.

Doct. Were all the world to perish with her, we
Can do no more, than what art and experience
Give us assurance of, we have us'd all means
To find the cause of her disease, yet cannot;
How should we then, promise the cure?

Arn. Away,
I did bely you, when I charg'd you with
The power of doing, ye are meer names only,
And even your best perfection, accidental;
Whatever malady thou art, or Spirit,
As some hold all diseases that afflict us,
As love already makes me sensible
Of half her sufferings, ease her of her part,
And let me stand the butt of thy fell malice,
And I will swear th'art mercifull.

Doct. Your hand Lady;
What a strange heat is here? bring some warm water.

Arn. She shall use nothing that is yours; my sorrow
Provides her of a better bath, my tears
Shall do that office.

Zeno. O my best *Arnolde*!
The truest of all lovers! I would live
Were heaven so pleas'd, but to reward your sorrow
With my true service; but since that's denied me,
May you live long and happy: do not suffer
(By your affection to me I conjure you)
My sickness to infect you; though much love
Makes you too subject to it.

Arn. In this only
Zenocia wrongs her servant; can the body
Subsist, the Soul departed? 'tis as easie
As I to live without you; I am your husband,
And long have been so, though our adverse fortune,
Banding us from one hazard to another,

Would never grant me so much happiness,
As to pay a husbands debt; despite of fortune;
In death I'll follow you, and guard mine own;
And there enjoy what here my fate forbids me.

Clod. So true a sorrow, and so feelingly
Express'd, I never read of.

Man. I am struck
With wonder to behold it, as with pity.

Char. If you that are a stranger, suffer for them,
Being tied no further than humanity
Leads you to soft compassion; think great Sir,
What of necessity I must endure,
That am a Father?

Hippolyta, Zabulon, and Sulpitia at the door.

Zab. Wait me there, I hold it
Unfit to have you seen; as I find cause,
You shall proceed.

Man. You are welcom Lady.
Hip. Sir, I come to do a charitable office,
How does the patient?

Clod. You may enquire
Of more than one; for two are sick, and deadly,
He languishes in her, her health's despair'd of,
And in hers, his.

Hip. 'Tis a strange spectacle,
With what a patience they sit unmov'd?
Are they not dead already?

Doct. By her pulse,
She cannot last a day.

Arn. Oh by that summons,
I know my time too!

Hip. Look to the man.

Clod. Apply
Your Art, to save the Lady, preserve her,
A town is your reward.

Hip. I'll treble it,
In ready gold, if you restore *Arnolde*;
For in his death I dye too.

Clod. Without her
I am no more.

Arn. Are you there Madam? now
You may feast on my miseries; my coldness
In answering your affections, or hardness,
Give it what name you please, you are reveng'd of;
For now you may perceive, our thred of life
Was spun together, and the poor *Arnolde*
Made only to enjoy the best *Zenocia*,
And not to serve the use of any other;
And in that she may equal; my Lord *Clodio*
Had long since else enjoyed her, nor could I
Have been so blind, as not to see your great
And many excellencies far, far beyond
Or my deservings, or my hopes; we are now
Going our latest journey, and together,
Our only comfort we desire, pray give it,
Your charity to our ashes, such we must be,
And not to curse our memories.

Hip. I am much mov'd.

Clod. I am wholly overcome, all love to women
Farewell for ever; ere you dye, your pardon;
And yours Sir; had she many years to live,
Perhaps I might look on her, as a Brother,
But as a lover never; and since all
Your sad misfortunes had original
From the barbarous Custom practis'd in my Country,
Heaven witness, for your sake I here release it;
So to your memory, chaste Wives and Virgins
Shall ever pay their vowes. I give her to you;
And wish, she were so now, as when my lust
Forc'd you to quit the Country.

Hip. It is in vain
To strive with destiny, here my dotage ends;
Look up *Zenocia*, health in me speaks to you;

She gives him to you, that by divers ways,
So long has kept him from you : and repent not,
That you were once my servant, for which health
In recompence of what I made you suffer,
The hundred thousand Crowns, the City owes me,
Shall be your dower.

Man. 'Tis a magnificent gift,
Had it been timely given.

Hip. It is believe it, *Sulpitia.*

Enter a Servant, and Sulpitia.

Sulp. Madam.

Hip. Quick, undoe the charm ;
Ask not a reason why ; let it suffice,
It is my will.

Sulp. Which I obey and gladly.

[*Exit.*

Man. Is to be married, sayest thou ?

Ser. So she sayes Sir,
And does desire your presence.

*They are born
off in chairs.*

Man. And tell her I'll come.

Hip. Pray carry them to their rest ; for though already,
They do appear as dead, let my life pay for't,
If they recover not.

Man. What you have warranted,
Assure your self, will be expected from you ;
Look to them carefully ; and till the tryal,——

Hip. Which shall not be above four hours.

Man. Let me

Intreat your companies : there is something
Of weight invites me hence.

All. We'll wait upon you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Guiomar, and Servants.

Gui. You understand what my directions are,
And what they guide you to ; the faithfull promise
You have made me all.

All. We do and will perform it.

Gui. The Governour will not fail to be here presently ;
Retire a while, till you shall find occasion,
And bring me word, when they arrive.

All. Wee shall Madam.

Gui. Only stay you to entertain.

Ser. I am ready.

Gui. I wonder at the bold, and practis'd malice,
Men ever have o' foot against our honours,
That nothing we can do, never so vertuous,
No shape put on so pious, no not think
What a good is, be that good ne're so noble,
Never so laden with admir'd example,
But still we end in lust ; our aims, our actions,
Nay, even our charities, with lust are branded ;
Why should this stranger else, this wretched stranger,
Whose life I sav'd at what dear price sticks here yet,
Why should he hope ? he was not here an hour,
And certainly in that time, I may swear it
I gave him no loose look, I had no reason ;
Unless my tears were flames, my curses courtships ;
The killing of my Son, a kindness to me.
Why should he fend to me, or with what safety
(Examining the ruine he had wrought me)
Though at that time, my pious pity found him,
And my word fixt ; I am troubled, strongly troubled.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The Gentlemen are come.

Gui. Then bid 'em welcom—I must retire. [*Exit.*

Enter Rutilio, and Duarte.

Ser. You are welcom Gentlemen.

Rut. I thank you friend, I would speak with your Lady.

Ser. I'll let her understand.

Rut. It shall besit you.

How do I look Sir, in this handsome trim ? [*Exit Servant.*
Me thinks I am wondrous brave.

Duar. You are very decent.

Rut. These by themselves, without more helps of nature,
Would set a woman hard ; I know 'em all,
And where their first aims light ; I'll lay my head on't,
I'll take her eye, as soon as she looks on me,
And if I come to speak once, woe be to her,
I have her in a nooze, she cannot scape me ;
I have their several lasts.

Dua. You are throughly studied,
But tell me Sir, being unacquainted with her,
As you confesse you are——

Rut. That's not an hours work,
I'll make a Nun forget her beads in two hours.

Dua. She being set in years, next none of those lusters
Appearing in her eye, that warm the fancy ;
Nor nothing in her face, but handsom ruines.

Rut. I love old stories : those live believ'd, Authentique,
When 20. of your modern faces are call'd in,
For new opinion, paintings, and corruptions ;
Give me an old confirm'd face ; besides she sav'd me,
She sav'd my life, have I not cause to love her ?
She's rich and of a constant state, a fair one,
Have I not cause to wooe her ? I have tryed sufficient
All your young Phillies, I think this back has try'd 'em,
And smarterd for it too : they run away with me,
Take bitt between the teeth, and play the Devils ;
A staied pace now becomes my years ; a sure one,
Where I may sit and crack no girths.

Dua. How miserable,
If my Mother should confirm, what I suspect now,
Beyond all humane cure were my condition !
Then I shall wish, this body had been so too.
Here comes the Lady Sir.

Enter Guiomar.

Rut. Excellent Lady,
To shew I am a creature, bound to your service,
And only yours——

Gui. Keep at that distance Sir ;
For if you stir——

Rut. I am obedient.
She has found already, I am for her turn ;
With what a greedy hawks eye she beholds me ?
Mark how she musters all my parts.

Gui. A goodly Gentleman,
Of a more manly set, I never look'd on. (of 'em.

Rut. Mark, mark her eyes still ; mark but the carriage

Gui. How happy am I now, since my Son fell,
He fell not by a base unnooble hand ?

As that still troubled me ; how far more happy
Shall my revenge be, since the Sacrifice,
I offer to his grave, shall be both worthy
A Sons untimely loss, and a Mothers sorrow ?

Rut. Sir, I am made believe it ; she is mine own,
I told you what a spell I carried with me,
All this time does she spend in contemplation
Of that unmatch'd delight : I shall be thankfull to ye ;
And if you please to know my house, to use it ;
To take it for your own.

Gui. Who waits without there ?

Enter Guard, and Servants, they seize upon Rut. and bind him.

Rut. How now ? what means this, Lady ?

Gui. Bind him fast.

Rut. Are these the bride-laces you prepare for me ?
The colours that you give ?

Dua. Fye Gentle Lady,
This is not noble dealing.

Gui. Be you fatisfied,
If seems you are a stranger to this meaning,
You shall not be so long. (mens persecutions ?

Rut. Do you call this wooing—— Is there no end of wo-
Must I needs fool into mine own destruction ?
Have I not had fair warnings, and enough too ?

Still

Still pick the Devils teeth? you are not mad Lady;
Do I come fairly, and like a Gentleman,
To offer you that honour?

Guio. You are deceiv'd Sir,
You come besotted, to your own destruction:
I sent not for you; what honour can ye add to me,
That brake that staff of honour, my age lean'd on?
That rob'd me of that right, made me a Mother?
Hear me thou wretched man, hear me with terrour,
And let thine own bold folly shake thy Soul,
Hear me pronounce thy death, that now hangs o're thee,
Thou desperate fool; who bad thee seek this ruine?
What mad unmanly fate, made thee discover
Thy curst face to me again? was't not enough
To have the fair protection of my house,
When misery and justice close pursued thee?
When thine own bloody sword, cryed out against thee,
Hatcht in the life of him? yet I forgave thee.
My hospitable word, even when I saw
The goodliest branch of all my blood lopt from me,
Did I not seal still to thee?

Rut. I am gone.

Guio. And when thou went'st, to Imp thy miserie,
Did I not give thee means? but hark ungratefull,
Was it not thus? to hide thy face and fly me?
To keep thy name for ever from my memory?
Thy curst blood and kindred? did I not swear then,
If ever, (in this wretched life thou hast left me,
Short and unfortunate,) I saw thee again,
Or came but to the knowledge, where thou wandrest,
To call my vow back, and pursue with vengeance
With all the miseries a Mother suffers?

Rut. I was born to be hang'd, there's no avoiding it.

Guio. And dar'st thou with this impudence appear here?
Valk like the winding sheet my Son was put in,
Stand with those wounds?

Dua. I am happy now again;
Happy the hour I fell, to find a Mother,
So pious, good, and excellent in sorrows.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The Governour's come in.

Guio. O let him enter.

Rut. I have fool'd my self a fair thred of all my fortunes,
This strikes me most; not that I fear to perish,
But that this unmannerly boldness has brought me to it.

Enter Governour, Clodio, Charino.

Gov. Are these fit preparations for a wedding Lady?
I came prepar'd a guest.

Guio. O give me justice;
As ever you will leave a vertuous name,
Do justice, justice, Sir.

Gov. You need not ask it,
I am bound to it.

Guio. Justice upon this man
That kill'd my Son.

Gov. Do you confes the act?

Rut. Yes Sir.

Clod. *Rutilio*?

Char. 'Tis the same.

Clod. How fell he thus?

Here will be sorrow for the good *Arnoldo*.

Gov. Take heed Sir what you say.

Rut. I have weigh'd it well,
I am the man, nor is it life I start at;
Only I am unhappy I am poor,
Poor in expence of lives, there I am wretched,
That I have not two lives lent me for his sacrifice;
One for her Son, another for her sorrows.
Excellent Lady, now rejoyce again,
For though I cannot think, y'are pleas'd in blood,
Nor with that greedy thirst pursue your vengeance;
The tenderness, even in those tears denies that;

Yet let the world believe, you lov'd *Duarte*;
The unmatched courtesies you have done my miseries,
Without this forfeit to the law, would charge me
To tender you this life, and proud 'twould please you.

Guio. Shall I have justice?

Gov. Yes.

Rut. I'll ask it for ye,

I'll follow it my self, against my self.
Sir, 'Tis most fit I dye; dispatch it quickly,
The monstrous burthen of that grief the labours with
Will kill her else, then blood on blood lyes on me;
Had I a thousand lives, I'd give 'em all,
Before I would draw one tear more from that vertue.

Guio. Be not too cruel Sir, and yet his bold sword—
But his life cannot restore that, he's a man too—
Of a fair promise, but alas my Sou's dead;
If I have justice, must it kill him? *Gov.* Yes.

Guio. If I have not, it kills me, strong and goodly:
Why should he perish too?

Gov. It lies in your power,
You only may accuse him, or may quit him.

Clod. Be there no other witnesses?

Guio. Not any.

And if I save him, will not the world proclaim,
I have forgot a Son, to save a murderer?
And yet he looks not like one, he looks manly.

Hip. Pity so brave a Gentleman should perish.
She cannot be so hard, so cruel hearted.

Guio. Will you pronounce? yet stay a little Sir.

Rut. Rid your self, Lady, of this misery;
And let me go, I do but breed more tempests,
With which you are already too much shaken.

Guio. Do now, pronounce; I will not hear.

Dua. You shall not,
Yet turn and see good Madam.

Gov. Do not wonder.
'Tis he, restor'd again, thank the good Doctor;
Pray do not stand amaz'd, it is *Duarte*;
Is well, is safe again.

Guio. O my sweet Son,
I will not press my wonder now with questions—
Sir, I am sorry for that cruelty,
I urg'd against you.

Rut. Madam, it was but justice.

Dua. 'Tis true, the Doctor heal'd this body again,
But this man heal'd my soul, made my minde perfect,
The good sharp lessons his sword read to me, sav'd me;
For which, if you lov'd me, dear Mother,
Honour and love this man.

Guio. You sent this letter?

Rut. My boldness makes me blush now.

Guio. I'll wipe off that,
And with this kiss, I take you for my husband,
Your wooing's done Sir; I believe you love me,
And that's the wealth I look for now.

Rut. You have it.

Dua. You have ended my desire to all my wishes.

Gov. Now 'tis a wedding again. And if *Hippolyta*
Make good, what with the hazard of her life,
She undertook, the evening will set clear

Enter *Hippolyta*, leading *Leopold*, *Arnoldo*, *Zenocia*,
in either hand, *Zabulon*, *Sulpitia*.

After a stormy day.

Char. Here comes the Lady.

Clod. With fair *Zenocia*,
Health with life again
Restor'd unto her.

Zen. The gift of her goodness.

Rut. Let us embrace, I am of your order too,
And though I once despair'd of women, now
I find they relish much of Scorpions,
For both have stings, and both can hurt, and cure too;
But what have been your fortunes?

Arn. Wee'l deseñ
Our story, and at time more fit, relate it.
Now all that reverence vertue, and in that
Zenocia's constancy, and perfect love,
Or for her sake *Arnoldo*, join with us
In th' honour of this Lady.

Char. She deserves it.

Hip. *Hippolytus's* life shall make that good hereafter,
Nor will I alone better my self but others:
For these whose wants perhaps have made their actions
Not altogether innocent, shall from me
Be so supplied, that need shall not compel them,
To any course of life, but what the law
Shall give allowance to.

Zab. *Sulpitia*, Your Ladiships creatures.

Rut. Be so, and no more you man-huckster.

Hip. And worthy *Leopold*, you that with such fervour,
So long have fought me, and in that deserv'd me,
Shall now find full reward for all your travels,

Which you have made more dear by patient sufferance.
And though my violent dotage did transport me,
Beyond those bounds, my modesty should have kept in,
Though my desires were loose, from unchast art
Heaven knows I am free.

Leop. The thought of that's dead to me;
I gladly take your offer.

Rut. Do so Sir,
A piece of crackt gold ever will weigh down
Silver that's whole.

Gov. You shall be all my guests,
I must not be denied.

Arn. Come my *Zenocia*.
Our bark at length has found a quiet harbour;
And the unspotted progress of our loves
Ends not alone in safety, but reward,
To instruct others, by our fair example;
That though good purposes are long withstood,
The hand of Heaven still guides such as are good. [*Ex. omnes.*]

The Prologue.

SO free this work is, Gentlemen, from offence,
That we are confident, it needs no defence
From us, or from the Poets—we dare look
On any man, that brings his Table-book
To write down, what again he may repeat
At some great Table, to deserve his meat.
Let such come swell'd with malice, to apply
What is mirth here, there for an injurie.
Nor Lord, nor Lady we have tax'd; nor State,
Nor any private person, their poor hate
Will be starv'd here, for envy shall not finde
One touch that may be wrested to her minde.
And yet despair not, Gentlemen, The play
Is quick and witty; so the Poets say,
And we believe them; the plot neat, and new,
Fashion'd like those, that are approv'd by you.

Only 'twill crave attention, in the most;
Because one point unmark'd, the whole is lost.
Hear first then, and judge after, and be free,
And as our cause is, let our censure be.

Epilogue.

WHY there should be an Epilogue to a play,
I know no cause: the old and usuall way,
For which they were made, was to entertain the grace
Of such as were spectators in this place,
And time, 'tis to no purpose; for I know
What you resolve already to bestow,
Will not be alter'd, what so e're I say,
In the behalf of us, and of the Play;
Only to quit our doubts, if you think fit,
You may, or cry it up, or silence it.

Another Prologue for the Custom of the Country.

WE wish, if it were possible, you knew
What we would give for this night's look, if new.
It being our ambition to delight
Our kind spectators with what's good, and right.
Yet so far know, and credit me, 'twas made
By such, as were held workmen in their Trade,
At a time too, when they as I divine,
Were truly merrie, and drank lusty wine,
The nectar of the Muses; Some are here
I dare presume, to whom it did appear
A well-drawn piece, which gave a lawfull birth
To passionate Scenes mixt with no vulgar mirth.
But unto such to whom 'tis known by fame
From others, perhaps only by the name,
I am a suitor, that they would prepare
Sound palats, and then judge their bill of fare.
It were injustice to decry this now

For being like'd before, you may allow
(Your candor safe) what's taught in the old schools,
All such as liv'd before you, were not fools.

The Epilogue.

I Spake much in the Prologue for the Play,
To its desert I hope, yet you might say
Should I change now from that, which then was meant,
Or in a syllable grow less confident,
I were weak-hearted. I am still the same
In my opinion, and forbear to frame
Qualification, or excuse: If you
Concur with me, and hold my judgement true,
Shew it with any sign, and from this place,
Or send me off exploded, or with grace.

THE
ELDER BROTHER,
A
COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Lewis, a Lord.
Miramont, a Gentleman.
Brisac, a Justice, Brother to Miramont.
Charles, } a Scholar, } Sons to Brisac.
Eustace, } a Courtier, }
Egremont, } two Courtiers, friends to Eustace.
Cowfy, }
Andrew, } Servant to Charles.
Cook, }
Butler, } Servants to Brisac.

Priest.
Notary.
Servants.
Officers.

Angellina, Daughter to Lewis.
Sylvia, her Woman.
Lilly, Wife to Andrew.
Ladies.

LECTORI.

*Would'st thou all Wit, all Comick Art survey?
Read here and wonder; Fletcher writ the Play.*

Ætus primus. Scena prima.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, and Sylvia.

Lewis. **N**A Y, I must walk you farther.
Ang. I am tir'd, Sir, and ne'er shall foot it home.

Lew. 'Tis for your health; the want of exercise takes from your Beauties, and sloth dries up your sweetness: That you are my only Daughter and my Heir, is granted; and you in thankfulness must needs acknowledge, you ever find me an indulgent Father, and open handed.

Ang. Nor can you tax me, Sir, I hope, for want of duty to deserve these favours from you.

Lew. No, my *Angellina*, I love and cherish thy obedience to me, which my care to advance thee shall confirm: all that I aim at, is, to win thee from the practice of an idle foolish state, us'd by great Women, who think any labour (though in the service of themselves) a blemish to their fair fortunes.

Ang. Make me understand, Sir, what 'tis you point at.

Lew. At the custom, how Virgins of wealthy Families waste their youth; after a long sleep, when you wake, your Woman presents your Breakfast, then you sleep again, then rise, and being trimm'd up by other hands, y'are led to Dinner, and that ended, either to Cards or to your Couch, (as if you were born without motion) after this to Supper, and then to Bed: and so your life runs round without va-

riety or action, Daughter.

Syl. Here's a learned Lecture!

Lew. Frow this idleness, Diseases, both in body and in mind, grow strong upon you; where a stirring nature, with wholesome exercise, guards both from danger: I'd have thee rise with the Sun, walk, dance, or hunt, visit the Groves and Springs, and learn the vertue of Plants and Simples: Do this moderately, and thou shalt not, with eating Chalk, or Coles, Leather and Oatmeal, and such other trash, fall into the Green-sickness.

Syl. With your pardon (were you but pleas'd to minister it) I could prescribe a Remedy for my Lady's health, and her delight too, far transcending those your Lordship but now mention'd.

Lew. What is it, *Sylvia*?

Syl. What is't! a noble Husband; in that word, a noble Husband, all content of Woman is wholly comprehended; He will rouse her, as you say, with the Sun; and so pipe to her, as she will dance, ne'er doubt it; and hunt with her, upon occasion, until both be weary; and then the knowledge of your Plants and Simples, as I take it, were superfluous. A loving, and, but add to it, a game-some Bedfellow, being the sure Physician.

Lew. Well said, *Wench*.

Ang. And who gave you Commission to deliver your Verdict,

Verdict, Minion?

Syl. I deserve a Fee, and not a frown, dear Madam: I but speak her thoughts, my Lord, and what her modesty refuses to give voice to. Shew no mercy to a Maidenhead of fourteen, but off with't: let her lose no time, Sir; Fathers that deny their Daughters lawful pleasures, when ripe for them, in some kinds edge their appetites to taste of the fruit that is forbidden.

Lew. 'Tis well urg'd, and I approve it: No more blushing, Girl, thy Woman hath spoke truth, and so prevented what I meant to move to thee. There dwells near us a Gentleman of blood, Monsieur *Brisac*, of a fair Estate, six thousand Crowns *per annum*, the happy Father of two hopeful Sons, of different breeding; the Elder, a meer Scholar; the younger, a quaint Courtier.

Ang. Sir, I know them by publick fame, though yet I never saw them; and that oppos'd antipathy between their various dispositions, renders them the general discourse and argument; one part inclining to the Scholar *Charles*, the other side preferring *Eustace*, as a man compleat in Courtship.

Lew. And which way (if of these two you were to chuse a Husband) doth your affection sway you?

Ang. To be plain Sir, (since you will teach me boldness) as they are simply themselves, to neither: let a Courtier be never so exact, let him be bless'd with all parts that yield him to a Virgin gracious; if he depend on others, and stand not on his own bottoms, though he have the means to bring his Mistress to a Masque, or by conveyance from some great ones lips, to taste such favour from the King: or grant he purchase precedency in the Court, to be sworn a servant Extraordinary to the Queen; nay, though he live in expectation of some huge preferment in reversion; if he want a present fortune, at the best those are but glorious dreams, and only yield him a happiness in *posse*, not in *esse*; nor can they fetch him Silks from the Mercer, nor discharge a Tailors Bill, nor in full plenty (which still preserves a quiet Bed at home) maintain a Family.

Lew. Aptly consider'd, and to my wish: But what's thy censure of the Scholar?

Ang. Troth (if he be nothing else) as of the Courtier, all his Songs and Sonnets, his Anagrams, Acrosticks, Epigrams, his deep and Philosophical Discourse of Nature's hidden Secrets, makes not up a perfect Husband; he can hardly borrow the Stars of the Celestial Crown to make me a Tire for my Head, nor *Charles's* Wain for a Coach, nor *Ganymede* for a Page, nor a rich Gown from *Juno's* Wardrobe, nor would I lie in (for I despair not once to be a Mother) under Heaven's spangled Canopy, or Banquet my Guests and Gossips with imagin'd Nectar; pure *Orleans* would do better: No, no, Father, though I could be well pleas'd to have my Husband a Courtier, and a Scholar, young, and valiant; these are but gawdy nothings, if there be not something to make a substance.

Lew. And what is that?

Ang. A full Estate, and that said, I've said all; and get me such a one with these Additions, farewell Virginitie, and welcome Wedlock.

Lew. But where is such a one to be met with, Daughter? A black Swan is more common; you may wear grey Tresses e're we find him.

Ang. I am not so punctual in all Ceremonies, I will 'bate two or three of these good parts, before I'll dwell too long upon the choice.

Syl. Only, my Lord, remember, that he be rich and active, for without these, the others yield no relish, but these perfect. You must bear with small faults, Madam.

Lew. Merry Wench, and it becomes you well; I'll to *Brisac*, and try what may be done; i'th' mean time home, and feast thy thoughts with th'pleasures of a Bride.

Syl. Thoughts are but airy food, Sir, let her taste them.

ACTUS I. SCENA II.

Enter Andrew, Cook, and Butler.

And. Unload part of the Library, and make room for th'other dozen of Carts; I'll straight be with you.

Cook. Why, hath he more Books?

And. More than ten Marts send over.

But. And can he tell their names?

And. Their names! he has 'em as perfect as his *Pater Noster*; but that's nothing, h'as read them over leaf by leaf three thousand times; but here's the wonder, though their weight would sink a Spanish Carrock, without other Ballast, he carrieth them all in his head, and yet he walks upright.

But. Surely he has a strong brain.

And. If all thy pipes of Wine were fill'd with Books, made of the Barks of Trees, or Mysteries writ in old moth-eaten Vellam, he would sip thy Cellar quite dry, and still be thirsty: Then for's Diet, he eats and digests more Volumes at a meal, than there would be Larks (though the Sky should fall) devoured in a month in *Paris*. Yet fear not Sons o'the Buttery and Kitchin, though his learn'd stomach cannot be pleas'd; he'll seldom trouble you, his knowing stomach contemns your Black-Jacks, *Butler*, and your Flagons; and *Cook*, thy Boil'd, thy Rost, thy Bak'd.

Cook. How liveth he?

And. Not as other men do, few Princes fare like him; he breaks his fast with *Aristotle*, dines with *Tully*, takes his watering with the *Muses*, sups with *Livy*, then walks a turn or two in *Via Lactea*, and (after six hours conference with the Stars) sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.

But. This is admirable.

And. I'll tell you more hereafter. Here's my old Master, and another old ignorant Elder; I'll upon 'em.

Enter *Brisac*, *Lewis*.

Bri. What, *Andrew*? welcome; where's my *Charles*? speak, *Andrew*, where did'st thou leave thy Master?

And. Contemplating the number of the Sands in the High-way, and from that, purposes to make a Judgment of the remainder in the Sea: he is, Sir, in serious study, and will lose no minute, nor out of's pace to knowledge.

Lew. This is strange.

And. Yet he hath sent his duty, Sir, before him in this fair Manuscript.

Bri. What have we here? Pot-hooks and Andirons!

And. I much pity you, it is the Syrian Character, or the Arabick. Would you have it said, so great and deep a Scholar as Mr *Charles* is, should ask blessing in any Christian Language? Were it Greek I could interpret for you, but indeed I'm gone no farther.

Bri. And in Greek you can lie with your smug Wife *Lilly*.

And. If I keep her from your French Dialect, as I hope I shall, Sir; however she is your Landrefs, she shall put you to the charge of no more Soap than usual for th'washing of your Sheets.

Bri. Take in the Knave, and let him cat.

And. And drink too, Sir.

Bri. And drink too Sir, and see your Masters Chamber ready for him.

But. Come, Dr *Andrew*, without Disputation thou shalt Commence i'the Cellar.

And. I had rather Commence on a cold Bak'd meat.

Cook. Thou shalt ha't, Boy.

Bri. Good Monsieur *Lewis*, I esteem my self much honour'd in your clear intent, to joyn our ancient Families, and make them one; and 'twill take from my age and cares, to live and see what you have purpos'd but in act, of which your visit at this present is a hopeful Omen; I each minute expecting the arrival of my Sons; I have not wrong'd their Birth for want of Means and Education, to shape them to that course each was addicted; and therefore that we may proceed discreetly, since what's concluded rashly seldom pro-

prosper, you first shall take a strict perusal of them, and then from your allowance, your fair Daughter my fashion her affection.

Lew. Monsieur *Brisac*, you offer fair and nobly, and I'll meet you in the same line of Honour; and I hope, being blest but with one Daughter, I shall not appear impertinently curious, though with my utmost vigilance and study, I labour to bestow her to her worth: Let others speak her form, and future Fortune from me descending to her; I in that sit down with silence.

Bri. You may, my Lord, securely, since Fame aloud proclaimeth her perfections, commanding in its tongues to sing her praises; should I say more, you well might censure me (what yet I never was) a Flatterer. What trampling's that without of Horses?

Enter Butler.

But Sir, my young Masters are newly alighted.

Bri. Sir, now observe their several dispositions.

Enter Charles.

Char. Bid my Supper carry my Hackney to the Butt'ry, and give him his Bever; it is a civil and sober Beast, and will drink moderately; and that done, turn him into the Quadrangle.

Bri. He cannot out of his University tone.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowfy.

Eust. Lackey, take care our Courfers be well rubb'd, and cloath'd; they have out-stripp'd the Wind in speed.

Lew. I marry, Sir, there's metal in this young Fellow! What a Sheep's look his elder Brother has!

Char. Your blessing, Sir.

Bri. Rise, *Charles*, thou hast it.

Eust. Sir, though it be unusual in the Court, (since 'tis the Courtiers garb) I bend my knee, and do expect what follows.

Bri. Courtly begg'd. My blessing, take it.

Eust. (to *Lew.*) Your Lordship's vow'd adorer. What a thing this Brother is! yet I'll vouchsafe him the new Italian shrug—

How clownishly the Book-worm does return it?

Char. I'm glad ye are well.

[*Reads.*

Eust. Pray you be happy in the knowledge of this pair of accomplish'd Monsieurs; they are Gallants that have seen both Tropicks.

Bri. I embrace their love.

Egr. Which we'll repay with servulating.

Cow. And will report your bounty in the Court.

Bri. I pray you make deserving use on't first. *Eustace*, give entertainment to your Friends; what's in my house is theirs.

Eust. Which we'll make use of; let's warm our brains with half a dozen Healths, and then hang cold discourse, for we'll speak Fire-works.

[*Ex.*

Lew. What, at his Book already?

Bri. Fie, fie, *Charles*, no hour of interruption?

Char. *Plato* differs from *Socrates* in this.

Bri. Come, lay them by; let them agree at leisure.

Char. Man's life, Sir, being so short, and then the way that leads unto the knowledge of our selves, so long and tedious, each minute should be precious.

Bri. In our care to manage worldly business, you must part with this Bookish contemplation, and prepare your self for action; to thrive in this Age is held the blame of Learning: You must study to know what part of my Land's good for the Plough, and what for Pasture; how to buy and sell to the best advantage; how to cure my Oxen when they're o'er-grown with labour.

Char. I may do this from what I've read, Sir; for, what concerns Tillage, who better can deliver it than *Virgil* in his *Georgicks*? and to cure your Herds, his *Bucolicks* is a Master-piece; but when he does describe the Commonwealth of Bees, their industry, and knowledge of the herbs

from which they gather Honey, with their care to place it with decorum in the Hive; their Government among themselves, their order in going forth, and coming laden home; their obedience to their King, and his rewards to such as labour, with his punishments only inflicted on the slothful Drone; I'm ravish'd with it, and there reap my Harvest, and there receive the gain my Cattle bring me, and there find Wax and Honey.

Bri. And grow rich in your imagination; heyday, heyday! *Georgicks*, *Bucolicks*, and Bees! art mad?

Char. No, Sir, the knowledge of these guards me from it.

Bri. But can you find among your bundle of Books (and put in all your Dictionaries that speak all Tongues) what pleasure they enjoy, that do embrace a well-shap'd wealthy Bride? Answer me that.

Char. 'Tis frequent, Sir, in Story, there I read of all kind of virtuous and vicious women; the antient Spartan Dames, and Roman Ladies, their Beauties and Deformities; and when I light upon a *Portia* or *Cornelia*, crown'd with still flourishing leaves of truth and goodness; with such a feeling I peruse their Fortunes, as if I then had liv'd, and freely tasted their ravishing sweetness; at the present loving the whole Sex for their goodness and example. But on the contrary, when I look on a *Cycnneustra*, or a *Tullia*; the first bath'd in her Husband blood; the latter, without a touch of piety, driving on her Chariot o'er her Father's breathless Trunk, horror invades my faculties; and comparing the multitudes o'th' guilty, with the few that did die Innocents, I detest and loath 'em as Ignorance or Atheism.

Bri. You resolve then ne'er to make payment of the debt you owe me.

Char. What debt, good Sir?

Bri. A debt I paid my Father when I begat thee, and made him a Grandfire, which I expect from you.

Char. The Children, Sir, which I will leave to all posterity, begot and brought up by my painful Studies, shall be my living Issue.

Bri. Very well; and I shall have a general Collection of all the quiddits from *Adam* to this time, to be my Grandchild.

Char. And such a one, I hope, Sir, as shall not shame the Family.

Bri. Nor will you take care of my Estate?

Char. But in my wishes; for know, Sir, that the wings on which my Soul is mounted, have long since born her too high, to stoop to any Prey that soars not upwards. Sordid and dunghil minds, compos'd of earth, in that gross Element fix all their happiness; but purer Spirits, purged and refin'd, shake off that clog of humane frailty; give me leave to enjoy my self; that place that does contain my Books (the best Companions) is to me a glorious Court, where hourly I converse with the old Sages and Philosophers, and sometimes for variety, I confer with Kings and Emperors, and weigh their Counsels, calling their Victories (if unjustly got) unto a strict accompt, and in my phancy, deface their ill-plac'd Statues; can I then part with such constant pleasures, to embrace uncertain vanities? No, be it your care to augment your heap of wealth; it shall be mine to increase in knowledge—Lights there for my Study—

[*Exit.*

Bri. Was ever man that had reason thus transported from all sense and feeling of his proper good? It vexes me, and if I found not comfort in my young *Eustace*, I might well conclude my name were at a period!

Lew. He is indeed, Sir, the surer base to build on.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowfy, and Andrew.

Bri. *Eustace*.

Eust. Sir.

Bri. Your ear in private.

And. I suspect my Master has found harsh welcome, he's gone Supperless into his Study; could I find out the cause, it may

may be borrowing of his Books, or so, I shall be satisfied.

Eust. My duty shall, Sir, take any form you please; and in your motion to have me married, you cut off all dangers the violent heats of youth might bear me to.

Lew. It is well answer'd.

Eust. Nor shall you, my Lord, for your fair Daughter ever find just cause to mourn your choice of me; the name of Husband, nor the authority it carries in it, shall ever teach me to forget to be, as I am now, her Servant, and your Lordship's; and but that modesty forbids, that I should sound the Trumpet of my own deserts, I could say, my choice manners have been such, as render me lov'd and remarkable to the Princes of the Blood.

Cow. Nay, to the King.

Eyre. Nay to the King and Council.

And. These are Court-admirers, and ever echo him that bears the Bag. Though I be dull-ey'd, I see through this juggling.

Eust. Then for my hopes.

Cow. Nay certainties.

Eust. They stand as fair as any mans. What can there fall in compass of her wishes, which she shall not be suddenly possess'd of? Loves she Titles? by the grace and favour of my Princely Friends, I am what she would have me.

Bri. He speaks well, and I believe him.

Lew. I could wish I did so. Pray you a word, Sir. He's a proper Gentleman, and promises nothing, but what is possible. So far I will go with you; nay, I add, he hath won much upon me; and were he but one thing that his Brother is, the bargain were soon struck up.

Bri. What's that, my Lord?

Lew. The Heir.

And. Which he is not, and I trust never shall be.

Bri. Come, that shall breed no difference; you see *Charles* has given o'er the world; I'll undertake, and with much ease, to buy his Birth-right of him for a Dry-fat of new Books; nor shall my state alone make way for him, but my elder Brothers, who being issueless, to advance our name, I doubt not will add his. Your resolution?

Lew. I'll first acquaint my Daughter with the proceedings; on these terms I am yours, as she shall be, make you no scruple. Get the Writings ready, she shall be tractable; to morrow we will hold a second conference. Farewell noble *Eustace*; and you brave Gallants.

Eust. Full increase of honour wait ever on your Lordship.

And. The Gout rather, and a perpetual Meagrim.

Bri. You see, *Eustace*, how I travel to possess you of a Fortune you were not born to; be you worthy of it: I'll furnish you for a Suitor: visit her, and prosper in't.

Eust. She's mine, Sir, fear it not: in all my travels, I ne'er met a Virgin that could resist my Courtship. If it take now, we're made for ever, and will revel it.

[*Ex.*

And. In tough Welsh Parsly, which, in our vulgar Tongue, is strong Hempen Halters; my poor Master cozen'd, and I a looker on! If we have studi'd our Majors and our Minors, Antecedents and Consequents, to be concluded Coxcombs, w'have made a fair hand on't. I am glad I have found out all their plots, and their Conspiracies; this shall t'old Monsieur *Miramont*, one, that though he cannot read a Proclamation, yet dotes on Learning, and loves my Master *Charles* for being a Scholar; I hear he's coming hither, I shall meet him; and if he be that old, rough, testy blade he always us'd to be, I'll ring him such a peal, as shall go near to shake their Belroom, peradventure beat'm, for he is fire and flax; and so have at him.

[*Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Miramont*, *Brisac*.

Mir. NAY, Brother, Brother.

Bri. Pray, Sir, be not moved, I meddle with no business but mine own, and in mine own 'tis reason I should govern.

Mir. But how to govern then, and understand, Sir, and be as wise as y'are hasty, though you be my Brother, and from one blood sprung, I must tell ye heartily and home too.

Bri. What, Sir?

Mir. What I grieve to find, you are a fool, and an old fool, and that's two.

Bri. We'll part'em, if you please.

Mir. No, they're entail'd to 'em. Seek to deprive an honest noble Spirit, your eldest Son, Sir, and your very Image, (but he's so like you, that he fares the worse for't) because he loves his Book, and dotes on that, and only studies how to know things excellent, above the reach of such coarse Brains as yours, such muddy Fancies, that never will know farther than when to cut your Vines, and cozen Merchants, and choak your hide-bound Tenants with musty Harvests.

Bri. You go too fast.

Mir. I'am not come to my pace yet. Because h'has made his study all his pleasure, and is retir'd into his Contemplation, not meddling with the dirt and chaff of Nature, that makes the spirit of the mind mud too; therefore must he be flung from his inheritance? must he be dispossefs'd, and Monsieur Gingle-boy his younger Brother —

Bri. You forget your self.

Mar. Because h'has been at Court, and learn'd new Tongues, and how to speak a tedious piece of nothing; to vary his face as Sea-men do their compass, to worship Images of gold and silver, and fall before the She-calves of the season; therefore must he jump into his Brother's Land?

Bri. Have you done yet, and have you spoke enough in praise of Learning, Sir?

Mir. Never enough.

Bri. But, Brother, do you know what Learning is?

Mir. It is not to be a Justice of Peace as you are, and palter out your time i'th' penal Statutes. To hear the curious Tenets controverted between a Protestant Constable, and Jesuite Clobber; to pick Natural Philosophy out of Bawdry, when your Worship's pleas'd to correctise a Lady; nor 'tis not the main Moral of blind Justice, (which is deep Learning) when your Worships Tenants bring a light cause, and heavy Hens before ye, both fat and feeble, a Goose or Pig; and then you'll sit like equity with both hands weighing indifferently the state o'th' question. These are your Quodlibets, but no Learning, Brother.

Bri. You are so parlously in love with Learning, that I'd be glad to know what you understand, Brother; I'm sure you have read all *Aristotle*.

Mir. Faith no; but I believe I have a learned faith, Sir, and that's it makes a Gentleman of my sort; though I can speak no Greek, I love the sound of't, it goes so thund'ring as it conjur'd Devils: *Charles* speaks it loftily, and if thou wert a man, or had'st but ever heard of *Homers Iliads*, *Hesiod*, and the Greek Poets, thou wouldst run mad, and hang thy self for joy th'hadst such a Gentleman to be thy Son: O he has read such things to me!

Bri. And you do understand 'em, Brother?

Mir. I tell thee, No, that's not material; the sound's sufficient to confirm an honest man: Good Brother *Brisac*, does your young Courtier, that wears the fine Cloaths, and is the excellent Gentleman, (the Traveller, the Soldier, as you think too) understand any other power than his Tailor? or knows what motion is more than an Horse-race? What the Moon means, but to light him home from Taverns? or the comfort of the Sun is, but to wear flash'd clothes in?

And

And must this piece of ignorance be popt up, because 't can kiss the hand, and cry, sweet Latly? Say it had been at Rome, and seen the Reliques, drunk your *Verdea* Wine, and rid at *Naples*, brought home a Box of *Venice* Treacle with it, to cure young Wenches that have eaten Ashes: Must this thing therefore? —

Bri. Yes Sir, this thing must; I will not trust my Land to one so fotted, so grown like a Disease unto his Study; he that will sling off all occasions and cares, to make him understand what state is, and how to govern it, must, by that reason, be flung himself aside from managing. My younger Boy is a fine Gentleman.

Mir. He is an Ass, a piece of Ginger-bread, gilt over to please foolish Girls puppets.

Bri. You are my elder Brother.

Mir. So I had need, and have an elder Wit, thou'dst shame us all else. Go to, I say, *Charles* shall inherit.

Bri. I say, no, unless *Charles* had a Soul to understand it; can he manage six thousand Crowns a year out of the Metaphysics? or can all his learn'd Astronomy look to my Vineyards? Can the drunken old Poets make up my Vines? (I know they can drink 'em) or your excellent Humanists sell 'em the Merchants for my best advantage? Can History cut my Hay, or get my Corn in? And can Geometry vend it in the Market? Shall I have my sheep kept with a *Jacobs-staff* now? I wonder you will magnifie this madman, you that are old, and should understand.

Mir. Should, say'st thou? thou monstrous piece of ignorance in Office! thou that hast no more knowledge than thy Clerk infuses, thy dapper Clerk, larded with ends of Latin, and he no more than custom of offences. Thou unreprieveable Dunce! that thy formal Bandstrings, thy Ring, nor pomander cannot expiate for, dost thou tell me I should? I'll pose thy Worship in thine own Library and Almanack, which thou art daily poring on, to pick out days of iniquity to cozen fools in, and Full Moons to cut Cattle: dost thou taint me, that have run over Story, Poetry, Humanity?

Bri. As a cold nipping shadow does o'er ears of Corn, and leave 'em blasted, put up your anger, what I'll do, I'll do.

Mir. Thou shalt not do.

Bri. I will.

Mir. Thou art an Ass then, a dull old tedious Ass; th' art ten times worse, and of less credit than Dunce *Hollingshead* the Englishman, that writes of Shows and Sheriffs.

Enter Lewis.

Bri. Well, take your pleasure, here's one I must talk with.

Lew. Good-day, Sir.

Bri. Fair to you, Sir.

Lew. May I speak w'ye?

Bri. With all my heart, I was waiting on your goodness.

Lew. Good morrow, Monsieur *Miramont*.

Mir. O sweet Sir, keep your good morrow to cool your Worships pottage; a couple of the worlds fools met together to raise up dirt and dunghills.

Lew. Are they drawn?

Bri. They shall be ready, Sir, within these two hours; and *Charles* set his hand.

Lew. 'Tis necessary; for he being a joint purchaser, though your Estate was got by your own industry, unless he seal to the Conveyance, it can be of no validity.

Bri. He shall be ready and do it willingly.

Mir. He shall be hang'd first.

Bri. I hope your Daughter likes.

Lew. She loves him well, Sir; young *Eustace* is a bait to catch a Woman, a budding spritely Fellow; y'are resolv'd then, that all shall pass from *Charles*?

Bri. All, all, he's nothing; a bunch of Books shall be his Patrimony, and more than he can manage too.

Lew. Will your Brother pass over his Land to your son *Eustace*? you know he has no Heir.

Mir. He will be dead first, and Horse collars made of 's skin.

Bri. Let him alone, a willful man; my Estate shall serve the turn, Sir. And how does your Daughter?

Lew. Ready for the hour, and like a blushing Rose that stays the pulling.

Bri. To morrow then's the day.

Lew. Why then to morrow I'll bring the Girl; get you the Writings ready.

Mir. But hark you, Monsieur, have you the virtuous conscience to help to rob an Heir, an Elder Brother, of that which Nature and the Law flings on him? You were your Father's eldest Son, I take it, and had his Land; would you had had his wit too; or his discretion, to consider nobly, what 'tis to deal unworthily in these things; you'll say he's none of yours, he's his Son; and he will say, he is no Son to inherit above a shelf of Books: Why did he get him? why was he brought up to write and read, and know these things? why was he not like his Father, a dumb Justice? a flat dull piece of phlegm, shap'd like a man, a reverend Idol in a piece of Arras? Can you lay disobedience, want of manners, or any capital crime to his charge?

Lew. I do not, nor do weigh your words, they bite not me, Sir; this man must answer.

Bri. I have don't already, and given sufficient reason to secure me: and so good morrow, Brother, to your patience.

Lew. Good morrow, Monsieur *Miramont*.

Mir. Good Night caps keep brains warm, or Maggots will breed in 'em. Well, *Charles*, thou shalt not want to buy thee Books yet, the fairest in thy Study are my gift, and the University of *Lovain*, for thy sake, hath tasted of my bounty; and to vex the old doting Fool thy Father, and thy Brother, they shall not share a *Solz* of mine between them; nay more, I'll give thee eight thousand Crowns a year, in some high strain to write my Epitaph.

ACTUS II. SCENA II.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowfy.

Eust. How do I look now, my Elder Brother? Nay, 'tis a handsome Suit.

Cow. All Courtly, Courtly.

Eust. I'll assure ye, Gentlemen, my Tailor has travel'd, and speaks as lofty Language in his Bills too; the cover of an old Book would not shew thus. Fie, fie; what things these Academicks are! these Book-worms, how they look!

Egre. They're meer Images, no gentle motion or behaviour in 'em; they'll prattle ye of *Primum Mobile*, and tell a story of the state of Heaven, what Lords and Ladies govern in such Houses, and what wonders they do when they meet together, and how they spit Snow, Fire, and Hail, like a Jugler, and make a noise when they are drunk, which we call Thunder.

Cow. They are the sneaking'st things, and the contemptiblest; such Small-beer brains, but ask 'em any thing out of the Element of their understanding, and they stand gaping like a roasted Pig: do they know what a Court is, or a Council, or how the affairs of Christendom are manag'd? Do they know any thing but a tired Hackney? and they cry absurd as the Horse understood 'em. They have made a fair Youth of your Elder Brother, a pretty piece of flesh!

Eust. I thank 'em for't, long may he study to give me his Estate. Saw you my Mistris?

Egre. Yes, she's a sweet young Woman; but be sure you keep her from Learning.

Eust. Songs she may have, and read a little unbak'd Poetry, such as the Dablers of our time contrive, that has no weight nor wheel to move the mind, nor indeed nothing but an empty found; she shall have cloaths, but not made by Geometry; Horses and Coach, but of no immortal Race: I will not have a Scholar in my house above a gentle Reader; they corrupt the foolish Women with their subtle Problems;

Problems; I'll have my house call'd ignorance, to fright prating Philosophers from Entertainment.

Cow. It will do well, love those that love good fashions, good cloaths, and rich; they invite men to admire 'em, that speak the lisp of Court. Oh 'tis great Learning! to Ride well, Dance well, Sing well, or Whistle Courtly, they're rare endowments; that they have seen far Countreys, and can speak strange things, though they speak no truths, for then they make things common. When are you marri'd?

Enst. To morrow, I think; we must have a Masque, Boys, and of our own making.

Egre. 'Tis not half an hours work, a *Cupid*, and a Fiddle, and the thing's done: but let's be handsome, shall's be Gods or Nymphs?

Enst. What, Nymphs with Beards?

Cow. That's true, we'll be Knights then; some wandring Knights, that light here on a sudden.

Enst. Let's go, let's go, I must go visit, Gentlemen, and mark what sweet lips I must kiss to morrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS II. SCENA III.

Enter Cook, Andrew, Butler.

Cook. And how do's my Master?

And. He's at's Book; peace, Coxcomb, that such an unlearned tongue as thine should ask for him!

Co. Do's he not study conjuring too?

And. Have you lost any Plate, *Butler*?

But. No, but I know I shall to morrow at dinner.

And. Then to morrow you shall be turn'd out of your place for't; we meddle with no spirit o'th' Buttery, they taste too small for us; keep me a Pie *in Folio*, I beseech thee, and thou shalt see how learnedly I'll translate him. Shall's have good cheer to morrow?

Co. Excellent good cheer, *Andrew*.

And. The sight on't is, that much about that time, I shall be arguing, or deciding rather, which are the Males or Females of Red Herrings, and whether they be taken in the Red-Sea only; a question found out by *Copernicus*, the learned Motion maker.

Co. I marry, *Butler*, here are rare things; a man that look'd upon him, would swear he understood no more than we do.

But. Certain, a learned *Andrew*.

And. I've so much on't, and am so loaden with strong understanding, I fear, they'll run me mad. Here's a new Instrument, a Mathematical Glisten to purge the Moon with when she is laden with cold phlegmatick humours; and here's another to remove the Stars, when they grow too thick in the Firmament.

Co. O Heavens! why do I labour out my life in a Beef-pot? and only search the secrets of a Sallad, and know no farther?

And. They are not reveal'd to all heads; these are far above your Element of Fire, *Cook*. I could tell you of *Archimedes* Glass, to fire your Coals with; and of the Philosophers Turf, that ne'er goes out: and, *Gilbert Butler*, I could ravish thee with two rare inventions.

But. What are they, *Andrew*?

And. The one to blanch your Bread from chippings base, and in a moment, as thou wouldst an Almond; the Sect of the Epicureans invented that: The other for thy Trenchers, that's a strong one, to cleanse you twenty dozen in a minute, and no noise heard, which is the wonder, *Gilbert*; and this was out of *Plato's* new *Idea's*.

But. Why, what a learned Master do'st thou serve, *Andrew*?

And. These are but the scrapings of his understanding, *Gilbert*; with gods and goddesses, and such strange people he deals, and treats with in so plain a fashion, as thou do'st with thy Boy that draws thy drink, or *Ralph* there, with his Kitchen Boys and Scalders.

Co. But why should he not be familiar, and talk sometimes, as other Christians do, of hearty matters, and come into the Kitchen, and there cut his Breakfast?

But. And then retire to the Buttery, and there eat it, and drink a lusty Bowl to my young Master, that must be now the Heir, he'll do all these, I and be drunk too; these are mortal things.

And. My Master studies immortality.

Co. Now thou talk'st of immortality, how do's thy Wife, *Andrew*? my old Master did you no small Pleasure when he procur'd her, and stock'd you in a Farm. If he should love her now, as he hath a Colts tooth yet, what says your learning and your strange Instruments to that, my *Andrew*? Can any of your learned Clerks avoid it? can ye put by his Mathematical Engine?

And. Yes, or I'll break it: thou awaken'st me, and I'll peep i'th' Moon this month but I'll watch for him. My Master rings, I must go make him a fire, and conjure o'er his Books.

Co. Adieu, good *Andrew*, and fend thee manly patience with thy learning. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS II. SCENA IV.

Enter Charles.

Cha. I have forgot to eat and sleep with reading, and all my faculties turn into study; 'tis meat and sleep; what need I outward garments, when I can cloath my self with understanding? The Stars and glorious Planets have no Tailors, yet ever new they are, and shine like Courtiers. The Seasons of the year find no fond Parents, yet some are arm'd in silver Ice that glistens, and some in gawdy Green come in like Masquers. The Silk-worm spins her own suit and lodging, and has no aid nor partner in her labours. Why should we care for any thing but knowledge, or look upon the World but to condemn it?

Enter Andrew.

And. Would you have any thing?

Char. *Andrew*, I find there is a flie grown o'er the Eye o'th' *Bull*, which will go near to blind the Constellation.

And. Put a Gold-ring in's nose, and that will cure him.

Char. *Ariadne's* Crown's away too; two main Stars that held it fast are slip out.

And. Send it presently to *Galateo*, the Italian Star-wright, he'll set it right again with little labour.

Char. Thou art a pretty Scholar.

And. I hope I shall be; have I swept Books so often to know nothing?

Char. I hear thou art married.

And. It hath pleas'd your Father to match me to a Maid of his own chusing; I doubt her Constellation's loose too, and wants nailing; and a sweet Farm he has given us a mile off, Sir.

Char. Marry thy self to understanding, *Andrew*; these Women are *Errata* in all Authors, they're fair to see to, and bound up in Vellam, smooth, white and clear, but their contents are monstrous; they treat of nothing but dull age and diseases. Thou hast not so much wit in thy head, as there is on those shelves, *Andrew*.

And. I think I have not, Sir.

Char. No, if thou had'st, thou'd'st ne'er married a Woman in thy bosom, they're Cataplasms made o'th' deadly sins: I ne'er saw any yet but mine own Mother; or if I did, I did regard them but as shadows that pass by of under creatures.

And. Shall I bring you one? I'll trust you with my own Wife; I would not have your Brother go beyond ye; they're the prettiest Natural Philosophers to play with.

Char. No, no, they're Opticks to delude mens eyes with. Does my younger Brother speak any Greek yet, *Andrew*?

And. No, but he speaks High Dutch, and that goes daintily.

Char. Reach me the Books down I read yesterday, and make

make a little fire, and get a manchet; make clean those Instruments of Brass I shew'd you, and set the great Sphere by; then take the Fox tail, and purge the Books from dust; last, take your Lilly, and get your part ready.

And. Shall I go home, Sir? my Wife's name is Lilly, there my best part lies, Sir.

Charles. I mean your Grammar, O thou Dunderhead would'st thou be ever in thy Wife's *Syntaxis*? Let me have no noise, nor nothing to disturb me; I am to find a secret.

And. So am I too; which if I find, I shall make some smart for't ——— [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Sylvia, Notary.

Lewis. **T**his is the day, my Daughter *Angellina*, the happy, that must make you a Fortune, a large and full one, my care has wrought it, and yours must be as great to entertain it. Young *Eustace* is a Gentleman at all points, and his behaviour affable and courtly, his person excellent; I know you find that, I read it in your eyes, you like his youth; young handsome people should be match'd together, then follows handsome Children, handsome fortunes; the most part of his Father's Estate, my Wench, is ti'd in a Jointure, that makes up the harmony; and when ye are married, he's of that soft temper, and so far will be chain'd to your observance, that you may rule and turn him as you please. What, are the Writings drawn on your side, Sir?

Not. They are, and here I have so fetter'd him, that if the Elder Brother set his hand to, not all the power of Law shall e'er release him.

Lew. These Notaries are notable confident Knaves, and able to do more mischief than an Army. Are all your Clauses sure?

Not. Sure as proportion; they may turn Rivers sooner than these Writings.

Lew. Why did you not put all the Lands in, Sir?

Not. 'Twas not condition'd; if it had been found, it had been but a fault made in the Writing; if not found, all the Land.

Lew. These are small Devils, that care not who has mischief, so they make it; they live upon the meer scent of dissention. 'Tis well, 'tis well; are you contented, Girl? for your will must be known.

Ang. A Husband's welcome, and as an humble Wife I'll entertain him; no Sovereignty I aim at, 'tis the man's, Sir; for she that seeks it, kills her husband's honour: The Gentleman I have seen, and well observ'd him, yet find not that grac'd excellence you promise; a pretty Gentleman, and he may please too, and some few flashes I have heard come from him, but not to admiration as to others: He's young, and may be good, yet he must make it, and I may help, and help to thank him also. It is your pleasure I should make him mine, and 't has been still my duty to observe you.

Lew. Why then let's go, and I shall love your modesty. To Horse, and bring the Coach out, *Angellina*; to morrow you will look more womanly.

Ang. So I look honestly, I fear no eyes, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS III. SCENA II.

Enter Brisac, Andrew, Cook, Lilly.

Bris. Wait on your Master, he shall have that befits him.

And. No Inheritance, Sir?

Bris. You speak like a fool, a coxcomb; he shall have annual means to buy him Books, and find him cloathes and meat, what would he more? Trouble him with Land? 'tis flat against his nature. I love him too, and honour those gifts in him.

And. Shall Master *Eustace* have all?

Bris. All, all; he knows how to use it, he's a man bred in the world, th'other i'th' Heavens. My Masters, pray be wary, and serviceable; and *Cook*, see all your Sawces be sharp and poynant in the palate, that they may commend you; look to your Roast and Bak'd meats handsomely, and what new Kickshaws and delicate made things — Is th' Musick come?

But. Yes, Sir, they're here at Breakfast.

Bris. There will be a Masque too; you must see this Room clean, and, *Butler*, your door open to all good fellows; but have an eye to your Plate, for there be Furies; my *Lilly*, welcome you are for the Linen, sort it, and see it ready for the Table, and see the Bride-bed made, and look the cords be not cut asunder by the Gallants too, there be such knacks abroad. Hark hither, *Lilly*, to morrow night at twelve a clock I'll sup w'ye: your husband shall be safe, I'll send ye meat too; before I cannot well slip from my company.

And. Will you so, will you so, Sir? I'll make one to eat it, I may chance make you stagger too.

Bris. No answer, *Lilly*?

Lil. One word about the Linen; I'll be ready, and rest your Worships still.

And. And I'll rest w'ye, you shall see what rest 'twill be. Are ye so nimble? a man had need have ten pair of ears to watch you.

Bris. Wait on your Master, for I know he waits ye, and keep him in his Study, that the noise do not molest him. I will not fail my *Lilly* — Come in, sweet-hearts, all to their several duties. [*Exeunt.*]

And. Are you kissing ripe, Sir? Double but my Farm, and kiss her till thy heart ake. These Smock-vermine, how eagerly they leap at old mens kisses, they lick their lips at profit, not at pleasure; and if 't were not for the scurvy name of Cuckold, he should lie with her. I know she'll labour at length with a good Lordship. If he had a Wife now, but that's all one, I'll fit him. I must up unto my Master, he'll be mad with Study ——— [*Exit.*]

ACTUS III. SCENA III.

Enter Charles.

Char. What a noise is in this house? my head is broken, within a Parenthesis, in every corner, as if the Earth were shaken with some strange Collect, there are stirs and motions. What Planet rules this house?

Enter Andrew.

Who's there?

And. 'Tis I, Sir, faithful *Andrew*.

Char. Come near, and lay thine ear down; hear'st no noise?

And. The Cooks are chopping herbs and mince-meat to make Pies, and breaking Marrow-bones —

Char. Can they set them again?

And. Yes, yes, in Broths and Puddings, and they grow stronger for the use of any man.

Char. What speaking's that? sure there's a Massacre.

And. Of Pigs and Geese, Sir, and Turkeys, for the spit. The Cooks are angry Sirs, and that makes up the medley.

Char. Do they thus at every Dinner? I ne'er mark'd them yet, nor know who is a Cook.

And. They're sometimes sober, and then they beat as gently as a Tabor.

Char. What loads are these?

And. Meat, meat, Sir, for the Kitchen, and stinking Fowls the Tenants have sent in; they'll ne'er be found out at a general eating; and there's fat Venison, Sir.

Char. What's that?

And. Why Deer, those that men fatten for their private pleasures, and let their Tenants starve upon the Commons.

Char. I've read of Deer, but yet I ne'er eat any.

And. There's a Fishmongers Boy with Caviar, Sir, Anchoves,

Anchoves, and Potargo, to make ye drink.

Char. Sure these are modern, very modern meats, for I understand 'em not.

And. No more does any man from Caca merda, or a substance worse, till they be greas'd with Oyl, and rubb'd with Onions, and then flung out of doors, they are rare Sallads.

Char. And why is all this, prethce tell me, *Andrew*? are there any Princes to dine here to day? by this abundance sure there should be Princes; I've read of entertainment for the gods at half this charge; will not six Dishes serve 'em? I never had but one, and that a small one.

And. Your Brother's marri'd this day; he's marri'd your younger Brother *Eustace*.

Char. What of that?

And. And all the Friends about are bidden hither; there's not a Dog that knows the house, but comes too.

Char. Marri'd! to whom?

And. Why to a dainty Gentlewoman, young, sweet, and modest.

Char. Are there modest women? how do they look?

And. O you'll blefs your self to see them. He parts with's Books, he ne'er did so before yet.

Char. What does my Father for 'em?

And. Gives all his Land, and makes your Brother heir.

Char. Must I have nothing?

And. Yes, you must study still, and he'll maintain you.

Char. I am his eldest Brother.

And. True, you were so; but he has leap'd o'er your shoulders, Sir.

Char. 'Tis well; he'll not inherit my understanding too?

And. I think not; he'll scarce find Tenants to let it out to.

Char. Hark! hark!

And. The Coach that brings the fair Lady.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Ladies, Notary, &c.

And. Now you may see her.

Char. Sure this should be modest, but I do not truly know what women make of it, *Andrew*; she has a face looks like a story, the story of the Heavens looks very like her.

And. She has a wide face then.

Char. She has a Cherubin's, cover'd and vail'd with modest blushes. *Eustace*, be happy, whiles poor *Charles* is patient. Get me my Books again, and come in with me—

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Brifac, Eustace, Egremont, Cowfy, Miramont.

Bri. Welcome, sweet Daughter; welcome, noble Brother; and you are welcome, Sir, with all your Writings; Ladys, most welcome: What, my angry Brother! you must be welcome too, the Feast is flat else.

Mir. I am not come for your welcome, I expect none; I bring no joys to blefs the bed withall; nor Songs, nor Masques to glorifie the Nuptials; I bring an angry mind to see your folly, a sharp one too, to reprehend you for it.

Bri. You'll stay and dine though.

Mir. All your meat smells musty, your Table will shew nothing to content me.

Bri. I'll answer you here's good meat.

Mir. But your sauce is scurvie, it is not season'd with the sharpness of discretion.

Eust. It seems your anger is at me, dear Uncle.

Mir. Thou art not worth my anger, th'art a Boy, a lump o'thy Father's lightness, made of nothing but antick cloathes and cringes; look in thy head, and 'twill appear a foot-ball full of fumes and rotten smoke. Lady, I pity you; you are a handsome and a sweet young Lady, and ought to have a handsom man yok'd t'ye, an understanding too; this is a Gimcrack, that can get nothing but new fashions on you; for say he have a thing shap'd like a child, 'twill either prove a Tumbler or a Tailor.

Eust. These are but harsh words, Uncle.

Mir. So I mean 'em. Sir, you play harsher play w'your elder Brother.

Eust. I would be loth to give you.

Mir. Do not venture, I'll make your wedding cloaths fit closer t'ye then; I but disturb you, I'll go see my Nephew.

Lew. Pray take a piece of Rosemary.

Mir. I'll wear it, but for the Ladys sake, and none of yours; may be I'll see your Table too.

Bri. Pray do, Sir:

Ang. A mad old Gentleman.

Bri. Yes faith, sweet Daughter, he has been thus his whole age, to my knowledge; he has made *Charles* his Heir, I know that certainly; then why should he grudge *Eustace* any thing?

Ang. I would not have a light head, nor one laden with too much learning, as, they say, this *Charles* is, that makes his Book his Mistis; Sure there's something hid in this old man's anger, that declares him not a meer sot.

Bri. Come, shall we go and seal, Brother? all things are ready, and the Priest is here. When *Charles* has set his hand unto the Writings, as he shall instantly, then to the Wedding, and so to dinner.

Lew. Come, let's seal the Book first for my Daughters Jointure.

Bri. Let's be private in't, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS III. SCENA IV.

Enter Charles, Miramont, Andrew.

Mir. Nay, y'are undone.

Char. Hum.

Mir. Ha'ye no greater feeling?

And. You were sensible of the great Book, Sir, when it fell on your head, and now the house is ready to fall, do you fear nothing?

Char. Will he have my Books too.

Mir. No, he has a Book, a fair one too, to read on, and read wonders; I would thou hadst her in thy Study, Nephew, and 'twere but to new string her.

Char. Yes, I saw her, and me thought 'twas a curious piece of Learning, handsomely bound, and of a dainty Letter.

And. He flung away his Book.

Mir. I like that in him; would he had flung away his dulness too, and spoke to her.

Char. And must my Brother have all?

Mir. All that your Father has.

Char. And that fair woman too?

Mir. That woman also.

Char. He has enough then. May I not see her sometimes, and call her Sister? I will do him no wrong.

Mir. This makes me mad, I could now cry for anger: these old Fools are the most stubborn and the wilfullest Coxcombs; Farewell, and fall to your Book, forget your Brother: you are my Heir, and I'll provide y'a Wife: I'll look upon this marriage, though I hate it.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Brifac.

Bri. Where is my Son?

And. There, Sir, casting a Figure what chopping children his Brother shall have.

Bri. He does well. How do'st *Charles*? still at thy Book?

And. He's studying now, Sir, who shall be his Father.

Bri. Peace, you rude Knave — Come hither, *Charles*, be merry.

Char. I thank you, I am busie at my Book, Sir.

Bri. You must put your hand, my *Charles*, as I would have you, unto a little piece of Parchment here: only your name; you write a reasonable hand.

Char. But I may do unreasonably to write it. What is it, Sir?

Bri. To pass the Land I have, Sir, unto your younger Brother.

Char. Is't no more?

Bri. No, no, 'tis nothing: you shall be provided for, and new Books you shall have still, and new Studies, and have your means

means brought in without thy care, Boy, and one still to attend you.

Char. This shews your love, Father.

Bri. I'm tender to you.

And. Like a stone, I take it.

Char. Why Father, I'll go down, an't please you let me, because I'd see the thing they call the Gentlewoman; I see no Woman but through contemplation, and there I'll do't before the company, and wish my Brother fortune.

Bri. Do, I prethee.

Char. I must not stay, for I have things above require my study.

Bri. No, thou shalt not stay; thou shalt have a brave dinner too.

And. Now has he o'erthrown himself for ever; I will down into the Cellar, and be stark drunk for anger. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS III. SCENA V.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Eustace, Priest, Ladies, Cowfy, Notary, and Miramont.

Not. Come, let him bring his Sons hand, and all's done. Is your's ready?

Pri. Yes, I'll dispatch ye presently, immediately, for in truth I am a hungry.

Eust. Do, speak apace, for we believe exactly: do not we stay long, Mistrefs?

Ang. I find no fault, better things well done, than want time to do them. Uncle, why are you sad?

Mir. Sweet smelling blossom, would I were thine Uncle to thine own content, I'd make thy Husband's state a thousand better, a yearly thousand. Thou hast mist a man, (but that he is addicted to his study, and knows no other Mistrefs than his mind) would weigh down bundles of these empty kexes.

Ang. Can he speak, Sir?

Mir. Faith yes, but not to Women; his language is to Heaven, and heavenly wonder; to Nature, and her dark and secret causes.

Ang. And does he speak well there?

Mir. O admirably! but he's too bashful to behold a Woman, there's none that sees him, and he troubles none.

Ang. He is a man.

Mir. Faith yes, and a clear sweet spirit.

Ang. Then conversation me thinks——

Mir. So think I; but it is his rugged Fate, and so I leave you.

Ang. I like thy nobleness.

Eust. See my mad Uncle is courting my fair Mistrefs.

Lew. Let him alone; there's nothing that allays an angry mind so soon as a sweet Beauty: he'll come to us.

Enter Brisac, and Charles.

Eust. My Father's here, my Brother too! that's a wonder, broke like a Spirit from his Cell.

Bri. Come hither, come nearer, *Charles*; 'twas your desire to see my noble Daughter, and the company, and give your Brother joy, and then to Seal, Boy; you do, like a good Brother.

Lew. Marry does he, and he shall have my love for ever for't. Put to your hand now.

Not. Here's the Deed, Sir, ready.

Char. No, you must pardon me a while, I tell ye, I am in contemplation, do not trouble me.

Bri. Come, leave thy Study, *Charles*.

Char. I'll leave my life first; I study now to be a man, I've found it. Before what Man was, was but my Argument.

Mir. I like this best of all, he has taken fire; his dull mist flies away.

Eust. Will you write, Brother?

Char. No, Brother, no; I have no time for poor things; I'm taking the height of that bright Constellation.

Bri. I say you trifle time, Son.

Char. I will not seal; Sir; I am your Eldest, and I'll keep

my Birth-right, for Heaven forbid I should become example: Had y'only shew'd me Land, I had deliver'd it, and been a proud man to have parted with it; 'tis dirt, and labour. Do I speak right, Uncle?

Mir. Bravely, my Boy, and bless thy tongue.

Char. I'll forward: but you have open'd to me such a treasure, I find my mind free; Heaven direct my fortune.

Mir. Can he speak now? Is this a son to sacrifice?

Char. Such an inimitable picce of Beauty, that I have studied long, and now found only, that I'll part sooner with my soul of Reason, and be a Plant, a Beast, a Fish, a Flic, and only make the number of things up, than yield to one foot of Land, if she be ti'd to't.

Lew. He speaks unhappily.

Ang. And methinks bravely. This the meer Scholar?

Eust. You but vex your self, Brother, and vex your study too.

Char. Go you and study, for 'tis time, young *Eustace*; you want both man and manners; I've study'd both, although I made no shew on't. Go turn the Volumes over I have read, eat and digest them, that they may grow in thee; wear out the tedious night with thy dim Lamp, and sooner lose the day, than leave a doubt. Distil the sweetness from the Poets Spring, and learn to love; thou know'st not what fair is: Traverse the stories of the great Heroes, the wise and civil lives of good men walk through; thou hast seen nothing but the face of Countrys, and brought home nothing but their empty words: why shouldst thou wear a Jewel of this worth, that hast no worth within thee to preserve her?

Beauty clear and fair,

Where the Air

Rather like a perfume dwells,

Where the Violet and the Rose

The blew Veins in blush disclose,

And come to honour nothing else.

Where to live near,

And planted there,

Is to live, and still live new;

Where to gain a favour is

More than light, perpetual bliss,

Make me live by serving you.

Dear again back recall

To this light,

A stranger to himself and all;

Both the wonder and the story

Shall be yours, and eke the glory;

I am your servant and your thrall.

Mir. Speak such another Ode, and take all yet. What say ye to the Scholar now?

Ang. I wonder; is he your Brother, Sir?

Eust. Yes, would he were buried; I fear he'll make an Ass of me a younger.

Ang. Speak not so softly, Sir, 'tis very likely.

Bri. Come, leave your finical talk, and let's dispatch; *Charles*.

Char. Dispatch, what?

Bri. Why the Land.

Char. You are deceiv'd, Sir. Now I perceive what 'tis that woos a woman, and what maintains her when she's woo'd: I'll stop here. A wilful poverty ne'er made a Beauty, nor want of means maintain'd it virtuously: though land and moncys be no happiness, yet they are counted good additions. That use I'll make; he that neglects a blessing, though he want a present knowledge how to use it, neglects himself. May be I have done you wrong, Lady, whose love and hope went hand in hand together; may be my Brother, that has long expected the happy hour, and bless'd my ignorance; pray give me leave, Sir, I shall clear all doubts; why did they shew me you? pray tell me that? Q 2. (Mir.)

(*Mir.* He'll talk thee into a pension for thy knavery.)

Char. You, happy you, why did you break unto me? The Rosie sugred morn ne'er broke so sweetly: I am a man, and have desires within me, affections too, though they were drown'd a while, and lay dead, till the Spring of beauty rais'd them; till I saw those eyes, I was but a lump, a chaos of confus'dness dwelt in me; then from those eyes shot Love, and he distinguish'd, and into form he drew my faculties; and now I know my Land, and now I love too.

Bri. We had best remove the Maid.

Char. It is too late, Sir. I have her figure here. Nay frown not, *Eufiace*, there are less worthy Souls for younger Brothers; this is no form of Silk, but Sanctity, which wild lascivious hearts can never dignifie. Remove her where you will, I walk along still, for, like the light, we make no separation; you may sooner part the Billows of the Sea, and put a barr betwixt their fellowships, than blot out my remembrance; sooner shut old Time into a Den, and stay his motion, wash off the swift hours from his downy wings, or steal Eternity to stop his glass, than shut the sweet Idea I have in me. Room for an Elder Brother, pray give place, Sir.

Mir. H'as studied duel too; take heed, he'll beat thee. H'as frighted the old Justice into a Feather; I hope he'll disinherit him too for an Ass; for though he be grave with years, he's a great Baby.

Char. Do not you think me mad?

Ang. No certain, Sir, I have heard nothing from you but things excellent.

Char. You look upon my cloaths, and laugh at me, my scurvy cloaths!

Ang. They have rich linings, Sir. I would your Brother

Char. His are gold and gawdie.

Ang. But touch 'em inwardly, they smell of Copper.

Char. Can ye love me? I am an Heir, sweet Lady, however I appear a poor dependent; love you with honour, I shall love so ever. Is your eye ambitious? I may be a great man; is't wealth or lands you covet? my Father must die.

Mir. That was well put in, I hope he'll take it deeply.

Char. Old men are not immortal, as I take it; is it you look for, youth and handsomness? I do confess my Brother's a handsome Gentleman, but he shall give me leave to lead the way, Lady. Can you love for love, and make that the reward? The old man shall not love his heaps of Gold with a more doting superstition, than I'll love you. The young man his delights, the Merchant, when he ploughs the angry Sea up, and sees the mountain billows falling on him, as if all the Elements, and all their angers, were turn'd into one vow'd destruction; shall not with greater joy embrace his safety. We'll live together like two wanton Vines, circling our souls and loves in one another, we'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit; one joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn; one age go with us, and one hour of death shall shut our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

Ang. And one hand seal the Match, I'm yours for ever.

Lew. Nay, stay, stay, stay.

Ang. Nay certainly, 'tis done, Sir.

Bri. There was a contract.

Ang. Only conditional, that if he had the Land, he had my love too; this Gentleman's the Heir, and he'll maintain it. Pray be not angry, Sir, at what I say; or if you be, 'tis at your own adventure. You have the out-side of a pretty Gentleman, but by my troth your inside is but barren; 'tis not a face I only am in love with, nor will I say your face is excellent, a reasonable hunting face to court the wind with; nor they're not words, unless they be well plac'd too, nor your sweet Dam-mes, nor your hired Verses, nor telling me of Clothes, nor Coach and Horses, nor your visits each day in new Suits, nor your black Patches you wear variously, some cut like Stars, some in

Half-moons, some Lozenges, (all which but shew you still a younger Brother.)

Mir. Gramercy, Wench, thou hast a noble Soul too.

Ang. Nor your long travels, nor your little knowledge, can make me doat upon you. Faith go study, and glean some goodness, that you may shew manly; your Brother at my suit I'm sure will teach you; or only study how to get a Wife, Sir. Y'are cast far behind, 'tis good you should be melancholy, it shews like a Gamester that had lost his mony; and 'tis the fashion to wear your arm in a scarf, Sir, for your have had a shrewd cut o'er the fingers.

Lew. But are y'in earnest?

Ang. Yes, believe me, Father, you shall ne'er choose for me; y'are old and dim, Sir, and th' shadow of the earth Eclips'd your judgment. Y'have had your time without control, dear Father, and you must give me leave to take mine now, Sir.

Bri. This is the last time of asking, will you set your hand to?

Char. This is the last time of answering, I will never.

Bri. Out of my doors.

Char. Most willingly.

Mir. He shall, Jew, thou of the Tribe of *Man-y-asses*, Coxcomb, and never trouble thee more till thy chops be cold, fool.

Ang. Must I be gone too?

Lew. I will never know thee.

Ang. Then this man will; what Fortune he shall run, Father, be't good or bad, I must partake it with him.

Enter Egremont.

Egre. When shall the Masque begin?

Eust. 'Tis done already; all, all is broken off, I am undone, Friend, my Brother's wife again, and has spoil'd all, will not release the Land, has won the Wench too.

Egre. Could he not stay till the Masque was past? w'are ready. What a scurvy trick's this?

Mir. O you may vanish, perform it at some Hall, where the Citizens Wives may see't for Six-pence a piece, and a cold Supper. Come, let's go, *Charles*. And now, my noble Daughter, I'll sell the Tiles of my House, e're thou shalt want, Wench. Rate up your Dinner, Sir, and sell it cheap: some younger Brother will take't up in Commodities. Send you joy, Nephew *Eufiace*; if you study the Law, keep your great Pippin-pies, they'll go far with ye.

Char. I'd have your blessing.

Bri. No, no, meet me no more. Farewel, thou wilt blast mine eyes else.

Char. I will not.

Lew. Nor send not you for Gowns.

Ang. I'll wear course Flannel first.

Bri. Come, let's go take some counsel.

Lew. 'Tis too late.

Bri. Then stay and dine; it may be we shall vex 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Brisac, Eufiace, Egremont, Cowfy.

Brisac. **N**E'er talk to me, you are no men but Masquers; shapes, shadows, and the signs of men, Court bubbles, that every breath or breaks or blows away. You have no souls, no metal in your bloods, no heat to stir ye when ye have occasion: frozen dull things, that must be turn'd with Leavers. Are you the Courtiers, and the travell'd Gallants? the spritely Fellows that the people talk of? Ye have no more spirit than three sleepy sopers.

Eust. What would ye have me do, Sir?

Bri. Follow your Brother, and get ye out of doors, and seek your Fortune. Stand still becalm'd, and let an aged Dotard, a hair-brain'd Puppy, and a Bookish Boy, that never

never knew a Blade above a Pen-knife, and how to cut his meat in Characters, croses my design, and take thine own Wench from thee, in mine own house too? Thou despis'd poor fellow!

Eust. The reverence that I ever bare to you, Sir, then to my Uncle, with whom 't had been but sawciness t' have been so rough——

Egre. And we not seeing him strive in his own cause, that was principal, and should have led us on, thought it ill manners to begin a quarrel here.

Bri. You dare do nothing. Do you make your care the excuse of your Cowardise? Three Boys on Hobby-horses, with three penny Halberds, would beat you all.

Cow. You must not say so.

Bri. Yes, and sing it too.

Cow. You are a man of peace, therefore we must give way.

Bri. I'll make my way, and therefore quickly leave me, or I'll force you; and having first torn off your slanting feathers, I'll trample on 'em; and if that cannot teach you to quit my house I'll, kick ye out of my gates; you gawdy Glow-worms, carrying seeming fire, yet have no heat within ye.

Cow. O blest travel! how much we owe thee for our power to suffer?

Egre. Some spleenive Youths now, that had never seen more than thy Country smoak, will grow in choler; it would shew fine in us.

Eust. Yes marry would it, that are prime Courtiers, and must know no angers, but give thanks for our injuries, if we purpose to hold our places.

Bri. Will you find the door? and find it suddenly? you shall lead the way, Sir, with your perfum'd retinue, and recover the now lost *Angellina*, or build on it, I will adopt some beggar's doubtful issue, before thou shalt inherit.

Eust. We'll to counsel, and what may be done by man's wit or valour, we'll put in Execution.

Bri. Do, or never hope I shall know thee. [Exeunt.]

Enter Lewis.

Lew. O Sir, have I found you?

Bri. I never hid my self; whence flows this fury, with which, as it appears, you come to fright me?

Lew. I smell a plot, meer conspiracy amongst ye all to defeat me of my Daughter; and if she be not suddenly deliver'd, untainted in her reputation too, the best of *France* shall know how I am jugled with. She is my Heir, and if she may be ravish'd thus from my care, farewell Nobility; Honour and Blood are meer neglected nothings.

Bri. Nay then, my Lord, you go too far, and tax him, whose innocency understands not what fear is. If your unconstant Daughter will not dwell on certainties, must you thenceforth conclude that I am fickle? what have I omitted, to make good my integrity and truth? nor can her lightness, nor your supposition, cast an aspersion on me.

Lew. I am wounded in fact, nor can words cure it: do not trifle, but speedily, once more I do repeat it, restore my Daughter as I brought her hither, or you shall hear from me in such a kind, as you will blush to answer.

Bri. All the world, I think, conspires to vex me, yet I will not torment my self: some sprightful mirth must banish the rage and melancholy which hath almost choak'd me; t' a knowing man 'tis Physick, and 'tis thought on; one merry hour I'll have in spite of Fortune, to cheer my heart, and this is that appointed; this night I'll hug my *Lilly* in mine arms, provocatives are sent before to cheer me, we old men need 'em, and though we pay dear for our stoll pleasures, so it be done securely, the charge much like a sharp sauce, gives 'em relish. Well, honest *Andrew*, I gave you a Farm, and it shall have a Beacon, to give warning to my other Tenants when the Foe approaches, and presently, you being bestow'd else-where, I'll graff it with dexterity on your forehead; indeed I will, *Lilly*, I come, poor *Andrew*. [Exit.]

ACTUS IV. SCENA II.

Enter Miramont, Andrew.

Mir. Do they chafe roundly?

And. As they were rubb'd with Soap, Sir, and now they swear aloud, now calm again; like a Ring of Bells, whose sound the wind still alters, and then they sit in counsel what to do, and then they jar again what shall be done; they talk of Warrants from the Parliament, Complaints to the King, and Forces from the Province; they have a thousand heads in a thousand minutes, yet ne'er a one head worth a head of Garlick.

Mir. Long may they chafe, and long may we laugh at 'em; a couple of pure Puppies yok'd together. But what says the young Courtier Master *Eustace*, and his two warlike Friends?

And. They say but little, how much they think I know not; they look ruefully, as if they had newly come from a vaulting-house, and had been quite shot through 'tween wind and water by a she *Dunkirk*, and had sprung a Leak, Sir. Certain my Master was to blame.

Mir. Why, *Andrew*?

And. To take away the Wench o'th' sudden from him, and give him no lawful warning; he is tender, and of a young Girls constitution, Sir, ready to get the Green sickness with conceit. Had he but ta'ne his leave in availing Language, or bought an Elogy of his condolment, that the world might have ta'ne notice, he had been an Ass, 't had been some favour.

Mir. Thou say'st true, wise *Andrew*; but these Scholars are such things, when they can prattle.

And. And very parlous things, Sir.

Mir. And when gain the liberty to distinguish the difference 'twixt a Father and a Fool, to look below, and spie a younger Brother pruning up, and dressing up his expectations in a rare glass of beauty, too good for him; those dreaming Scholars then turn Tyrants, *Andrew*, and shew no mercy.

And. The more's the pity, Sir.

Mir. Thou told'st me of a trick to catch my Brother, and anger him a little farther, *Andrew*. It shall be only anger, I assure thee, and little shame.

And. And I can fit you, Sir. Hark in your ear.

Mir. Thy Wife?

And. So I assure ye; this night at twelve a clock.

Mir. 'Tis neat and handsome; there are twenty Crowns due to thy project, *Andrew*; I've time to visit *Charles*, and see what Lecture he reads to his Mistress. That done, I'll not fail to be with you.

And. Nor I to watch my master — [Exeunt.]

ACTUS IV. SCENA III.

Enter Angellia, Sylvia, with a Taper.

Ang. I'm worse than e'er I was; for now I fear, that that I love, that that I only dote on; he follows me through every room I pass, and with a strong set eye he gazes on me, as if his spark of innocence were blown into a flame of lust. Virtue defend me. His Uncle too is absent, and 'tis night; and what these opportunities may teach him — What fear and endless care 'tis to be honest! to be a Maid what misery, what mischief! Would I were rid of it, so it were fairly.

Syl. You need not fear that, will you be a child still? He follows you, but still to look upon you; or if he did desire to lie with ye, 'tis but your own desire, you love for that end; I'll lay my life, if he were now a bed w'ye, he is so modest; he would fall asleep straight.

Ang. Dare you venture that?

Syl. Let him consent, and have at ye; I fear him not, he knows not what a woman is, nor how to find the mystery men aim at. Are you afraid of your own shadow, Madam?

Ang. He follows still, yet with a sober face; would I might know the worst, and then I were satisfied.

Syl.

Syl. Ye may both, and let him but go with ye.

Char. Why do you flie me? what have I fo ill about me, or within me, to deserve it?

Ang. I am going to bed, Sir.

Char. And I am come to light ye; I am a Maid, and 'tis a Maidens office.

Ang. You may have me to bed, Sir, without a scruple, and yet I am chary too who comes about me. Two Innocents should not fear one another.

Syl. The Gentleman says true. Pluck up your heart, Madam.

Char. The glorious Sun both rising and declining we boldly look upon; even then, sweet Lady, when, like a modest Bride, he draws nights curtains, even then he blushes, that men should behold him.

Ang. I fear he will perswade me to mistake him.

Syl. 'Tis easily done, if you will give your mind to't.

Ang. Pray ye to your bed.

Char. Why not to yours, dear Mistris? one heart and one bed.

Ang. True, Sir, when 'tis lawful: but yet you know—

Char. I would not know, forget it; those are but sickly loves that hang on Ceremonies, nurs'd up with doubts and fears; ours high and healthful, full of belief, and fit to teach the Priest: Love shall seal first, then hands confirm the bargain.

Ang. I shall be a Heretick if this continue. What would you do a bed? you make me blush, Sir.

Char. I'd see you sleep, for sure your sleeps are excellent, you that are waking such a noted wonder, must in your slumber prove an admiration. I would behold your dreams too, if 't were possible; those were rich showes.

Ang. I am becoming Traitor.

Char. Then like blew Neptune courting of an Island, where all the perfumes and the precious things that wait upon great Nature are laid up, I'd clip it in my arms, and chactly kiss it, dwell in your bosome like your dearest thoughts, and sigh and weep.

Ang. I've too much woman in me.

Char. And those true tears falling on your pure Crystals, should turn to armelets for great Queens t'adore.

Ang. I must be gone.

Char. Do not, I will not hurt ye; this is to let you know, my worthiest Lady, y'have clear'd my mind, and I can speak of love too: Fear not my manners, though I never knew, before these few hours, what a Beauty was, and such a one that fires all hearts that feel it; yet I have read of vertuous Temperance, and study'd it among my other Secrets; and sooner would I force a separation betwixt this spirit and the case of flesh, than but conceive one rudeness against Chastity.

Ang. Then we may walk.

Char. And talk of any thing, any fit for your ears, and my language; though I was bred up dull, I was ever civil; 'tis true, I have found it hard to look on you, and not desire, 'twill prove a wife mans task; yet those desires I have so mingled still, and tempered with the quality of honour, that if you should yield, I should hate you for't. I am no Courtier of a light condition, apt to take fire at every beautiful face; that only serves his will and wantonness, and lets the serious part run by as thin neglected sand. Whiteness of name, you must be mine; why should I rob my self of that that lawfully must make me happy? why should I seek to cuckold my delights, and widow all those sweets I aim at in you? We'll lose our selves in Venus Groves of Myrtle, where every little Bird shall be a Cupid, and sing of love and youth, each wind that blows, and curls the velvet-leaves, shall breed delights, the wanton Springs shall call us to their banks, and on the perfum'd flowers we'll feast our senses; yet we'll walk by untainted of their pleasures, and as they were pure Temples we'll talk in them.

Ang. To bed, and pray then, we may have a fair end of our fair loves; would I were worthy of you, or of such parents that might give you thanks: But I am poor in all but

in your love. Once more, good night.

Char. A good night t'ye, and may the dew of sleep fall gently on you, sweet one, and lock up those fair lights in pleasing slumbers; no dreams but chaste and clear attempt your fancy, and break betimes sweet morn, I've lost my light elfe.

Ang. Let it be ever night when I lose you.

Syl. This Scholar never went to a Free-School, he's so simple.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your Brother, with two Gallants, is at door, Sir, and they're so violent, they'll take no denial.

Ang. This is no fit time of night.

Char. Let 'em in, Mistris.

Serv. They stay no leave; shall I raise the house on 'em?

Char. Not a man, nor make no murmur of't I charge ye.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowfy.

Eust. They're here, my Uncle absent, stand close to me. How do you, Brother, with your curious story? have you not read her yet sufficiently?

Char. No, Brother, no; I stay yet in the Preface: the style's too hard for you.

Eust. I must entreat her; she's parcel of my goods.

Char. She's all when you have her.

Ang. Hold off your hands, unmannerly, rude Sir; nor I, nor what I have depend on you.

Char. Do, let her alone, she gives good counsel; do not trouble your self with Ladies, they are too light: Let out your Land, and get a provident Steward.

Ang. I cannot love ye, let that satisfy you; such vanities as you, are to be laugh'd at.

Eust. Nay, then you must go; I must claim mine own.

Both. Away, away with her.

Char. Let her alone, pray let her alone, } *She strikes off Eustace's hat.* and take your Coxcomb up: Let me talk civilly a while with you, Brother. It may be on some terms I may part with her.

Eust. O, is your heart come down? what are your terms, Sir? Put up, put up. } *Snatches away his sword.*

Char. This is the first and chiefest; let's walk a turn. Now stand off, fools, I advise ye, stand as far off as you would hope for mercy: this is the first sword yet I ever handled, and a sword's a beautiful thing to look upon; and if it hold, I shall go hunt your insolence: 'tis sharp, I'm sure, and if I put it home, 'tis ten to one I shall new pink your Sattins; I find I have spirit enough to dispose of it, and will enough to make ye all examples; let me toss it round, I have the full command on't. Fetch me a native Fencer, I defie him; I feel the fire of ten strong spirits in me. Do you watch me when my Uncle is absent? this is my grief, I shall be flesh'd on Cowards; teach me to fight, I willing am to learn. Are ye all gilded flies, nothing but shew in ye? why stand ye gaping? who now touches her? who calls her his, or who dares name her to me? but name her as his own; who dares look on her? that shall be mortal too; but think, 'tis dangerous. Art thou a fit man to inherit Land, and hast no wit nor spirit to maintain it? Stand still, thou sign of a man, and pray for thy friends, pray heartily, good prayers may restore ye.

Ang. But do not kill 'em, Sir.

Char. You speak too late, Dear; it is my first fight, and I must do bravely, I must not look with partial eyes on any; I cannot spare a button of these Gentlemen; did life lie in their heel, Achilles like, I'd shoot my anger at those parts, and kill 'em. Who waits within?

Serv. Sir.

Char. View all these, view 'em well, go round about 'em, and still view their faces; round about yet, see how death waits upon 'em, for thou shalt never view 'em more.

Eust. Pray hold, Sir.

Char. I cannot hold, you stand so fair before me; I must not

not hold; 'twill darken all my glories. Go to my Uncle, bid him post to the King, and get my pardon instantly, I have need on't.

Eust. Are you so unnatural?

Char. You shall die last, Sir, I'll take thee dead, thou art no man to fight with. Come, will ye come? Me-thinks I've fought whole Battels.

Cov. We have no quarrel to you that we know on, Sir.

Egre. We'll quit the house, and ask ye mercy too. Good Lady, let no murder be done here; we came but to parly.

Char. How my sword thirsts after them? Stand away, Sweet.

Eust. Pray, Sir, take my submission, and I disclaim for ever.

Char. Away, ye poor things, ye despicable creatures! do you come poste to fetch a Lady from me? from a poor School-boy that ye scorn'd of late, and grow lame in your hearts when you should execute? Pray take her, take her, I am weary of her: What did you bring to carry her?

Egre. A Coach and four Horses.

Char. But are they good?

Egre. As good as *France* can shew Sir.

Char. Are you willing to leave those, and take your safeties? Speak quickly.

Eust. Yes with all our hearts.

Char. 'Tis done then. Many have got one Horse, I've got four by th' bargain.

Enter *Miramont*.

Mir. How now, who's here?

Ser. Nay, now y'are gone without bail.

Mir. What, drawn, my Friends? Fetch me my two-hand Sword; I will not leave a head on your shoulders, Wretches.

Eust. In troth, Sir, I came but to do my duty.

Both. And we to renew our loves.

Mir. Bring me a Blanket. What came they for?

Ang. To borrow me a while, Sir; but one that never fought yet, has so curri'd, so bastinado'd them with manly carriage, they stand like things *Gorgon* had turn'd to stone: they watch'd your being absent, and then thought they might do wonders here, and they have done so; for by my troth I wonder at their coldness, the nipping North or Frost never came near them; *S^t George* upon a sign would grow more sensible. If the name of Honour were for ever to be lost, these were the most sufficient men to do it in all the world; and yet they are but young, what will they rise to? They're as full of fire as a frozen Glow-worms rattle, and shine as goodly: Nobility and patience are match'd rarely in these three Gentlemen, they have right use on't; they'll stand still for an hour and be beaten. These are the Anagrams of three great Worthies.

Mir. They will infect my house with cowardize, if they breath longer in it; my roof covers no baff'd *Monseurs*, walk and air your selves; as I live they stay not here. White-liver'd wretches, without one word to ask a reason why. Vanish, 'tis the last warning, and with speed; for if I take ye in hand, I shall dissect you, and read upon your flegmatick dull Carcases. My Horse again there: I have other business, which you shall hear hereafter, and laugh at it. Good-night *Charles*, fair goodness to your dear Lady; 'tis late, 'tis late.

Ang. Pray, Sir, be careful of us.

Mir. It is enough, my best care shall attend ye.

[*Exeunt*.]

ACTUS IV. SCENA IV.

Enter *Andrew*.

And. Are you come, old Master? Very good, your Horse is well fet up; but ere you part, I'll ride you, and spur your Reverend Justice such a question, as I shall make the sides of your Reputation bleed, truly I will. Now must I play at Bo-peep—— A Banquet—— well, Potatoes and

Eringoes, and, as I take it, *Cantharides*—— Excellent, a *Priapisin* follows, and as I'll handle it, it shall, old Lecherous Goat in Authority. Now they begin to Bill; how he flavers her! Gramercy *Lilly*, she spits his kisses out, and now he offers to fumble. she falls off, (that's a good Wench) and cries fair play above board. Who are they in the corner? As I live, a covey of Fiddlers; I shall have some Musick yet at my making sine o'th' Company of *Horners*; there's the comfort, and a Song too! He beckons for one—— Sure 'tis no Anthem, nor no borrow'd Rhymes out of the School of Vertue; I will listen—— [*A Song*. This was never penn'd at *Geneva*, the Note's too sprightly. So, so, the Musick's paid for, and now what follows? O that *Monseur Miramont* would but keep his word; here were a Feast to make him fat with laughter; at the most 'tis not six minutes riding from his house, nor will he break, I hope—— O are you come, Sir? the prey is in the Net, and will break in upon occasion.

Mir. Thou shalt rule me, *Andrew*. O th'infinite fright that will assail this Gentleman! the *Quartans*, *Tertians*, and *Quotidians* that will hang like Serjeants on his Worships shoulders! the humiliation of the flesh of this man, this grave, austere man will be wondred at. How will those solemn looks appear to me; and that severe face, that speaks chains and shackles? Now I take him in the nick, e're I have done with him, he had better have stood between two panes of Wainscot, and made his recantation in the Market, than hear me conjure him.

And. He must pass this way to th' only Bed I have; he comes, stand close.

Bri. Well done, well done, give me my night-cap. So. Quick, quick, untruss me; I will truss and trounce thee. Come, Wench, a kiss between each point; kiss close, it is a sweet Parenthesis.

Lil. Y'are merry, Sir.

Bri. Merry I will be anon, and thou shalt feel it, thou shalt, my *Lilly*.

Lil. Shall I air your Bed, Sir?

Bri. No, no; I'll use no Warming-pan but thine, Girl, that's all. Come kiss me again.

Lil. Ha'ye done yet?

Bri. No; but I will do, and do wonders, *Lilly*. Shew me the way.

Lil. You cannot miss it, Sir; you shall have a Cawdle in the morning for your Worship's breakfast.

Bri. How, i'th' morning, *Lilly*? th'art such a witty thing to draw me on. Leave fooling, *Lilly*, I am hungry now, and th'ast another-Kickshaw, I must taste it.

Lil. 'Twill make you surfeit, I am tender of you: y'have all y'are like to have.

And. And can this be earnest?

Mir. It seems so, and she honest.

Bri. Have I not thy promise, *Lilly*?

Lil. Yes, and I have performed enough to a man of your years, this is truth; and you shall find, Sir, you have kiss'd and tous'd me, handl'd my leg and foot; what would you more, Sir? As for the rest, it requires youth and strength, and the labour in an old man would breed Agues, Sciatica's, and Cramps: You shall not curse me for taking from you what you cannot spare, Sir. Be good unto your self, y'have ta'ne already all you can take with ease; you are past threshing, it is a work too boisterous for you, leave such drudgery to *Andrew*.

Mir. How she jeers him?

Lil. Let *Andrew* alone with his own tillage, he's tough, and can manure it.

Bri. Y'are a quean, a scoffing, jeering quean.

Lil. It may be so, but I'm sure I'll ne'r be yours.

Bri. Do not provoke me, if thou do'st I'll have my Farm again, and turn thee out a begging.

Lil. Though you have the will, and want of honesty to deny your deed, Sir; yet I hope *Andrew* has got so much learning from my young Master, as to keep his own; at the worst I'll tell a short tale to the Judges, for what grave

ends

Ends you sign'd your Lease, and on what terms you would revoke it.

Bri. Whore, thou dar'st not. Yield, or I'll have thee whipt: how my Bloud boils, as if 't were o're a Furnace!

Mir. I shall cool it.

Bri. Yet, gentle *Lilly*, pity and forgive me, I'll be a friend t'ye, such a loving bountifull friend—

Lil. To avoid Suits in Law, I would grant a little; but should fierce *Andrew* know it, what would become of me?

And. A Whore, a Whore!

Bri. Nothing but well Wench, I shall put such a strong Bit in his mouth, as thou shalt ride him how thou wilt, my *Lilly*; nay, he shall hold the door, as I will work him, and thank thee for the Office.

Mir. Take heed, *Andrew*, these are shrewd temptations.

And. Pray you know your Cue, and second me, Sir. By your Worship's favour.

Bri. *Andrew*!

And. I come in time to take possession of th'Office you assign me; hold the door! alas, 'tis nothing for a simple man to stay without, when a deep understanding holds conference within, say with his Wife: a trifle, Sir. I know I hold my Farm by Cuckolds Tenure; you are Lord o'th' Soil, Sir. *Lilly* is a West, a stray, she's yours to use, Sir, I claim no interest in her.

Bri. Art thou serious? speak, honest *Andrew*, since thou hast o'erheard us, and wink at small faults, man; I'm but a pidlar, a little will serve my turn; thou'lt find enough when I've my belly full: Wilt thou be private and silent?

And. By all means, I'll only have a Ballad made o't, sung to some lewd Tune, and the name of it shall be *Justice Trap*; it will sell rarely with your Worships name, and *Lilly's* on the top.

Bri. Seek not the ruine o' my reputation, *Andrew*.

And. 'Tis for your credit, Monsieur *Brisac*, printed in Capital Letters, then pasted upon all the posts in *Paris*.

Bri. No mercy, *Andrew*?

And. O, it will proclaim you from the City to the Court, and prove Sport Royal.

Bri. Thou shalt keep thy Farm.

Mir. He does afflict him rarely.

And. You trouble me. Then his intent arriving, the vizard of his hypocrisie pull'd of to the Judge criminal.

Bri. O I am undone.

And. He's put out of Commission with disgrace, and held incapable of bearing Office ever hereafter. This is my revenge, and this I'll put in practice.

Bri. Do but hear me.

And. To bring me back from my Grammar to my Horn-book, it is unpardonable.

Bri. Do not play the Tyrant; accept of composition.

Lil. Hear him, *Andrew*.

And. What composition?

Bri. I'll confirm thy Farm, and add unto it a hundred Acres more, adjoining to it.

And. Umb, this mollifies; but y'are so fickle, and will again deny this, there being no witness by.

Bri. Call any witness, I'll presently assure it.

And. Say you so? troth there's a friend of mine, Sir, within hearing, that's familiar with all that's past, his testimony will be authentical.

Bri. Will he be secret?

And. You may tie his tongue up, as you would do your purse-strings.

Bri. *Miramont*!

Mir. Ha-ha-ha!

And. This is my witness. Lord how you are troubled! sure you have an Agne, you shake so with choler: Here's your loving Brother, Sir, and will tell no body but all he meets, that you have eat a Snake, and are grown young, gamefome, and rampant.

Bri. Caught thus!

And. If he were one that would make jests of you, or plague ye, with making your Religious gravity ridiculous

to your Neighbours, then you had some cause to be perplex'd.

Bri. I shall become discourse for Clowns and Tapsters.

And. Quick, *Lilly*, quick, he's now past kissing, between point and point. He fwounds, fetch him some Cordial— Now put in, Sir.

Mir. Who may this be? sure this is some mistake: let me see his face, wears he not a false beard? it cannot be *Brisac* that worthy Gentleman, the Pillar and the Patron of his Country; he is too prudent, and too cautelous; experience hath taught him t'avoid these fooleries; he is the punisher, and not the doer; besides he's old and cold, unfit for Woman: This is some counterfeit, he shall be whipt for't, some base abuser of my worthy Brother.

Bri. Open the doors; will ye imprison me? are ye my Judges?

Mir. The man raves! this is not judicious *Brisac*: yet now I think on't, h'has a kind of Dog look like my Brother, a guilty hanging face.

Bri. I'll suffer bravely, do your worst, do, do.

Mir. Why, it's manly in you.

Bri. Nor will I rail nor curse, you slave, you whore, I will not meddle with you; but all the torments that e're fell on men, that fed on mischief, fall heavily on you all.

[Exit.]

Lil. You have given him a heat, Sir.

Mir. He will ride you the better; *Lilly*.

And. We'll teach him to meddle with Scholars.

Mir. He shall make good his promise t'increase thy Farm, *Andrew*, or I'll jeer him to death. Fear nothing, *Lilly*, I am thy Champion. This jeast goes to *Charles*, and then I'll hunt him out, and Monsieur *Eustace* the gallant Courtier; and laugh heartily to see 'em mourn together.

And. 'Twill be rare, Sir.

[Exeunt.]

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Eustace*, *Egremont*, *Cowsy*.

Eust. Turn'd out of doors and baffled!

Egre. We share with you in the affront.

Cow. Yet bear it not like you with such dejection.

Eust. My Coach and Horses made the ransom of our Cowardize!

Cow. Pish, that's nothing, 'tis *damnum reparabile*, and soon recover'd.

Egre. It is but feeding a Suitor with false hopes, and after squeeze him with a dozen of Oaths, You are new rigg'd, and this no more remembred.

Eust. And does the Court, that should be the Example and Oracle of the Kingdom, read to us no other Doctrine?

Egre. None that thrives so well as that, within my knowledge.

Cow. Flattery rubs out; but since great men learn to admire themselves, 'tis something crest-faln.

Egre. To be of no Religion, argues a subtle, moral understanding, and it is often cherish'd.

Eust. Piety then, and valour, nor to do and suffer wrong, are they no virtues?

Egre. Rather vices, *Eustace*; Fighting! what's fighting? it may be in fashion among provant fwords, and Buff-jerkin men: But w'us that swim in choice of Silks and Tissues; though in defence of that word Reputation, which is indeed a kind of glorious nothing, to lose a dram of blood must needs appear as coarse as to be honest.

Eust. And all this you seriously believe?

Cow. It is a faith that we will die in, since from the black Guard to the grim Sir in Office, there are few hold other Tenets.

Eust. Now my eyes are open, and I behold a strong necessity that keeps me knave and coward.

Cow. Y'are the wiser.

Eust.

Eust. Nor can I change my copy, if I purpose to be of your Society.

Egre. By no means.

Eust. Honour is nothing with you?

Cow. A meer bubble; for what's grown common, is no more regarded.

Eust. My sword forc'd from me too, and still detain'd, you think 'tis no blemish.

Egre. Get me a Batton, 'tis twenty times more Court-like, and less trouble.

Eust. And yet you wear a sword.

Cow. Yes, and a good one, a *Milan* hilt, and a *Damascio* blade for ornament, not use, the Court allows it.

Eust. Will't not fight of it self?

Cow. I ne'er tri'd this, yet I have worn as fair as any man; I'm sure I've made my Cutler rich, and paid for several weapons, *Turkish* and *Toledo's*, two thousand Crowns, and yet could never light upon a fighting one.

Eust. I'll borrow this, I like it well.

Cow. 'Tis at your service, Sir, a Lath in a Velvet Scabbard will serve my turn.

Eust. And now I have it, leave me; y'are infectious, the plague and leprosie of your baseness spreading on all that do come near you; such as you render the Throne of Majesty, the Court, suspected and contemptible; you are Scarabee's that batten in her dung, and have no palats to taste her curious Viands; and like Owles, can only see her night deformities, but with the glorious splendor of her beauties, you are struck blind as Moles, that undermine the sumptuous Building that allow'd you shelter: you stick like running ulcers on her face, and taint the pureness of her native candor, and being bad Servants, cause your Masters goodnes to be disputed of; you make the Court, that is the abstract of all Academies, to teach and practise noble undertakings, (where courage sits triumphant crown'd with Lawrel, and wisdom loaded with the weight of honour) a School of Vices.

Egre. What sudden rapture's this?

Eust. A heavenly one, that raising me from sloth and ignorance, (in which your conversation long hath charm'd me) carries me up into the air of action, and knowledge of my self; even now I feel, but pleading only in the Court's defence (though far short of her merits and bright lustre) a happy alteration, and full strength to stand her Champion against all the world, that throw aspersions on her.

Cow. Sure he'll beat us, I see it in his eyes.

Egre. A second *Charles*; pray look not, Sir, so furiously.

Eust. Recant what you have said, ye Mungrils, and lick up the vomit ye have cast upon the Court, where you unworthily have had warmth and breeding, and swear that you, like Spiders, have made poison of that which was a saving Antidote.

Egre. We will swear any thing.

Cow. We honour the Court as a most sacred place.

Egre. And will make oath, if you enjoyn us to't, nor knave, nor fool, nor coward living in it.

Eust. Except you two, you Rascals.

Cow. Yes, we are all these, and more, if you will have it so.

Eust. And that until you are again reform'd and grown new men, you ne'ere presume to name the Court, or press into the Porter's Lodge but for a penance, to be disciplin'd for your roguery, and this done with true contrition.

Both. Yes, Sir.

Eust. You again may eat scraps, and be thankful.

Cow. Here's a cold breakfast after a sharp nights walking.

Eust. Keep your oaths, and without grumbling vanish.

Both. We are gone, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Eust. May all the poorness of my spirit go with you: the fetters of my thraldom are fil'd off, and I at liberty to right my self; and though my hope in *Angellina's* little, my honour (unto which compar'd she's nothing) shall, like the Sun, disperse those lowring Clouds that yet obscure and dim it; not the name of Brother shall divert me, but from him,

that in the world's opinion ruin'd me, I will seek reparation, and call him unto a strict accompt. Ha! 'tis near day, and if the Muses friend, Rose-cheek'd *Aurora*, invite him to this solitary Grove, as I much hope she will, he seldom missing to pay his vows here to her, I shall hazard to hinder his devotions — The door opens, 'tis he most certain, and by's side my Sword. Blest opportunity.

Enter Charles.

Char. I have o'er-slept my self, and lost part of the morn, but I'll recover it: Before I went to bed, I wrote some Notes within my Table-book, which I will now consider. Ha! what means this? What do I with a Sword? Learn'd *Mercury* needs not th'aid of *Mars*, and innocence is to it self a guard; yet since Arms ever protect Arts, I may justly wear and use it; for since 'twas made my prize, I know not how I'm grown in love with't, and cannot eat nor study, and much less walk without it. But I trifle, matters of more weight ask my judgment.

Eust. Now, Sir, treat of no other Theme, I'll keep you to it, and see y'expound it well.

Char. *Eustace!*

Eust. The same, Sir, your younger Brother, who, as duty binds him, hath all this night (turn'd out of door) attended, to bid Good-morrow t'ye.

Char. This not in scorn, commands me to return it. Would you ought else?

Eust. O much, Sir, here I end not, but begin; I must speak to you in another strain than yet I ever us'd; and if the language appear in the delivery rough and harsh, you (being my Tutor) must condemn your self, from whom I learn'd it.

Char. When I understand (be't in what style you please) what's your demand, I shall endeavour, in the self-same phrase, to make an answer to the point.

Eust. I come not to lay claim to your birth-right, 'tis your own, and 'tis fit you enjoy it; nor ask I from you your learning and deep knowledge; (though I am not a Scholar as you are) I know them Diamonds by your sole industry, patience and labour, forc'd from steep Rocks, and with much toil attended, and but to few that prize their value granted, and therefore without Rival freely wear them.

Char. These not repin'd at (as you seem t'inform me) the motion must be of a strange condition, if I refuse to yield to't; therefore, *Eustace*, without this tempest in your looks, propound it, and fear not a denial.

Eust. I require then (as from an Enemy, and not a Brother) the reputation of a man, the honour, not by a fair War won when I was waking, but in my sleep of folly ravish'd from me; with these, the restitution of my Sword, with large acknowledgment of satisfaction, my Coach, my Horses; I will part with life, ere lose one hair of them; and, what concludes all, my Mistress *Angellina*, as she was before the musical Magick of thy tongue enchanted and seduc'd her. These perform'd, and with submission, and done publicly, at my Father's and my Uncle's intercession, (that I put in too) I perhaps may listen to terms of reconciliation; but if these, in every circumstance, are not subscrib'd to, to the last gasp I defy thee.

Char. These are strict conditions to a Brother.

Eust. My rest is up, nor will I give less.

Char. I'm no Gamester, *Eustace*, yet I can guess your resolution stands to win or lose all; I rejoyce to find ye thus tender of your honour, and that at length you understand what a wretched thing you were, how deeply wounded by your self, and made almost incurable in your own hopes, the dead flesh of pale cowardise growing over your festred reputation, which no Balm or gentle Unguent could ever make way to; and I am happy that I was the Surgeon that did apply those burning corrosives, that render you already sensible o'th'danger you were plung'd in, in teaching you, and by a fair gradation, how far, and with what curious respect and care the peace and credit of a man within, (which you ne'er thought till now) should be prefer'd before a gawdy outside; pray you fix here, for so far I go with you.

R

Eust.

Eust. This discourse is from the subject.

Char. I'll come to it, Brother; but if you think to build upon my ruines, you'll find a false foundation: your high offers, taught by the Masters of dependencies, that by compounding differences 'tween others, supply their own necessities, with me will never carry 't: as you are my Brother, I will dispense a little, but no more than honour can give way to; nor must I destroy that in my self I love in you; and therefore let not hopes or threats persuade you I will descend to any composition for which I may be censur'd.

Eust. You shall fight then.

Char. With much unwillingness with you; but if there's no evasion —

Eust. None.

Char. Hear yet a word; as for the Sword and other fripperies, in a fair way send for them, you shall have 'em. But rather than surrender *Angellina*, or hear it again mention'd, I oppose my breast unto loud thunder, cast behind me all eyes of Nature.

Eust. She detain'd, I'm deaf to all persuasion.

Char. Guard thy self then, *Eustace*; I use no other Rhetorick.

Enter Miram.

Mir. Clashing of swords so near my house! Brother oppos'd to Brother! here's no fencing at half sword; hold, hold, *Charles*, *Eustace*.

Eust. Second him, or call in more help. Come not between us, I'll not know nor spare you; D'ye fight by th'book?

Char. 'Tis you that wrong me, off Sir, and suddenly, I'll conjure down the Spirit that I have rais'd in him.

Eust. Never, *Charles*, 'tis thine, and in thy death, be doubled in me.

Mir. I'm out of breath, yet trust not too much to't, Boys; for if you pause not suddenly, and hear reason, do, kill your Uncle, do; but that I'm patient, and not a choleric old teasty fool, like your Father, I'd dance a matachin with you, should make you sweat your best blood for't; I would, and it may be I will. *Charles*, I command thee, and *Eustace*, I entreat thee, th'art a brave Spark, a true tough-metall'd blade, and I begin to love thee heartily; give me a fighting Courtier, I'll cherish him for example; in our Age they're not born every day.

Char. You of late, Sir, in me lov'd learning.

Mir. True, but take me w'ye, *Charles*; 'twas when young *Eustace* wore his heart in's breeches, and fought his Battels in Complements and Cringes, when's understanding way'd in a slanting Feather, and his best contemplation look'd no further than a new fashion'd doublet; I confess then, the lofty noise your Greek made, only pleas'd me; but now he's turn'd an *Oliver* and a *Rowland*, nay, the whole dozen of Peers are bound up in him: Let me remember, when I was of his years, I did look very like him; and did you see my Picture as I was then, you would swear that gallant *Eustace* (I mean, now he dares fight) was the true substance, and the perfect figure. Nay, nay, no anger, you shall have enough, *Charles*.

Char. Sure, Sir, I shall not need addition from him.

Eust. Nor I from any, this shall decide my interest; though I am lost to all deserving men, to all that men call good, for suffering tamely insufferable wrongs, and justly slighted by yielding to a minute of delay in my revenge, and from that made a stranger unto my Father's house and favour, o'erwhelm'd with all disgraces; yet I will mount upward, and force my self a fortune, though my birth and breeding do deny it.

Char. Seek not, *Eustace*, by violence, what will be offer'd to you on easier composition; though I was not allid unto your weakness, you shall find me a Brother to your bravery of spirit, and one that, not compell'd to't by your sword, (which I must never fear) will share with you in all but *Angellina*.

Mir. Nobly said, *Charles*, and learn from my experience, you may hear reason, and never maim your fighting; for

your credit, which you think you have lost, spare, *Charles*, and swinge me, and soundly; three or four walking velvet Cloaks, that wear no swords to guard 'em, yet deserve it, thou art made up again.

Eust. All this is Lip-salve.

Mir. It shall be Hearts-ease, *Eustace*, ere I have done; as for thy Father's anger, now thou dar'st fight, ne'er fear it, for I've the dowcets of his gravity fast in a string, I will so pinch and wring him, that, spight of his authority, thou shalt make thine own conditions with him.

Eust. I'll take leave a little to consider.

Char. Here comes *Andrew*.

Mir. But without his comical and learned face; what sad disaster, *Andrew*?

And. You my read, Sir, a Tragedy in my face.

Mir. Art thou in earnest?

And. Yes, by my life, Sir; and if now you help not, and speedily, by force, or by persuasion, my good old Master (for now I pity him) is ruin'd for ever.

Char. Ha, my Father!

And. He, Sir.

Mir. By what means? speak.

And. At the suit of Monsieur *Lewis*; his house is seiz'd upon, and he in person is under guard, (I saw it with these eyes, Sir) to be convey'd to *Paris*, and there Sentenc'd.

Mir. Nay, then there is no jesting.

Char. Do I live, and know my Father injur'd?

And. And what's worse, Sir, my Ladie *Angellina* —

Eust. What of her?

And. She's carri'd away too.

Mir. How?

And. While you were absent, a crew of Monsieur *Lewis*'s friends and kinsmen, by force, brake in at th' back part of the house, and took her away by violence; faithful *Andrew* (as this can witness for him) did his best in her defence, but 'twould not do.

Mir. Away, and see our Horses saddled, 'tis no time to talk, but do. *Eustace*, you now are offer'd a spacious field, and in a pious War to exercise your valour; here's a cause, and such a one, in which to fall is honourable, your dutie and reverence due to a fathers name commanding it; but these unnatural jars arising between Brothers (should you prosper) would shame your victory.

Eust. I would do much, Sir, but still my reputation!

Mir. *Charles* shall give you all decent satisfaction; nay, joyn hands, and heartily, why, this is done like Brothers; and as old as I am, in this cause that concerns the honour of our Family, Monsieur *Lewis* (if reason cannot work) shall find and feel there's hot blood in this arm, I'll lead you bravely.

Eust. And if I follow not, a cowards name be branded on my forehead.

Char. This spirit makes you a sharer in my fortunes.

Mir. And in mine, of which (*Brisac* once freed, and *Angellina* again in our possession) you shall know, my heart speaks in my tongue.

Eust. I dare not doubt it, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS V. SCENA II.

Enter *Lewis*, *Brisac*, *Angellina*, *Sylvia*, *Officers*.

Lew. I'm deaf to all persuasions.

Bri. I use none, nor doubt I, though a while my innocence suffers, but when the King shall understand how false your malice hath inform'd him, he in justice must set me right again.

Ang. Sir, let not passion so far transport you, as to think in reason, this violent course repairs, but ruins it; that honour you would build up, you destroy; what you would seem to nourish, if respect of my preferment or my pattern may challenge your paternal love and care, why do you, now good fortune has provided a better Husband for me than your hopes could ever fancy, strive to rob me of him? In what is my Lord *Charles* defective, Sir? unless deep Learning

ing be a blemish in him, or well proportion'd limbs be mulct's in nature, or, what you only aim'd at, large Revenues, are, on the sudden, grown distasteful to you. Of what can you accuse him?

Lew. Of a Rape done to Honour, which thy ravenous lust made thee consent to.

Syl. Her lust! you are her Father.

Lew. And you her Bawd.

Syl. Were you ten Lords, 'tis false; the pureness of her chaste thoughts entertains not such spotted instruments.

Ang. As I have a Soul, Sir.

Lew. I am not to be alter'd; to sit down with this disgrace, would argue me a Peasant, and not born Noble: all rigour that the Law, and that increase of power by favour yields, shall be with all severity inflicted; you have the King's hand for't, no Bail will serve, and therefore at your perils, Officers, away with 'em.

Bri. This is madness.

Lew. Tell me so in open Court, and there I'll answer you.

Enter Miramont, Charles, Eustace, Andrew.

Mir. Well overtaken.

Char. Ill if they dare resist.

Eust. He that advances but one step forward dies.

Lew. Shew the King's Writ.

Mir. Shew your discretion, 'twill become you better.

Char. Y'are once more in my power, and if again I part with you, let me for ever lose thee.

Eust. Force will not do't, nor threats; accept this service from your despair'd of *Eustace*.

And. And beware your Reverend Worship never more

attempt to search my *Lilly pot*, you see what follows.

Lew. Is the King's power contemn'd?

Mir. No, but the torrent o' your wilful folly stopp'd. And for you, good Sir, if you would but be sensible, what can you wish, but the satisfaction of an obstinate will, that is not endear'd to you? rather than be cross'd in what you purpos'd, you'll undo your Daughter's fame, the credit of your judgment, and your old foolish Neighbour; make your Estates, and in a Suit not worth a Cardcue, a prey to Advocates, and their buckram Scribes, and after they have plum'd ye, return home like a couple of naked Fowles without a feather.

Char. This is a most strong truth, Sir.

Mir. No, no, Monsieur, let us be right Frenchmen, violent to charge; but when our follies are repell'd by reason, 'tis fit that we retreat, and ne'er come on more: Observe my learned *Charles*, he'll get thee a Nephew on *Angellina*, shall dispute in her belly, and suck the Nurse by Logick: and here's *Eustace*, he was an Ass, but now is grown an *Amadis*; nor shall he want a Wife, if all my Land, for a Joynture, can effect: Y'are a good Lord, and of a gentle nature, in your looks I see a kind consent, and it shews lovely: and do you hear, old Fool? but I'll not chide, hereafter, like me, ever doat on Learning, the meer belief is excellent, 'twill save you; and next love Valour, though you dare not fight your self, or fright a foolish Officer, young *Eustace* can do it to a hair. And, to conclude, let *Andrew's* Farm b' encreas'd, that is your penance, you know for what, and see you rut no more; you understand me. So embrace on all sides.

Ple pay those Bilmen, and make large amends, Provided we preserve you still our Friends —

[Exit.]

Prologue.

BUT that it would take from our modesty
To praise the Writer, or the Comedy,
Till your fair suffrage crown it, I should say,
Y'are all most welcome to no vulgar Play;
And so far w'are confident: And if he
That made it, still lives in your memorie,
You will expect what we present to night,
Should be judg'd worthy of your ears and sight.
You shall hear Fletcher in it, his true strain,
And neat expressions; living he did gain
Your good opinions; but now dead commends
This Orphan to the care of Noble Friends;
And may it raise in you content and mirth,
And be receiv'd for a legit'mate birth.

Your grace erects new Trophies to his fame,
And shall, to after-times, preserve his name.

Epilogue.

Is not the hands, or smiles, or common way
Of approbation to a well lik'd Play,
We only hope; but that you freely would
To th' Author's memory so far unfold,
And shew your loves and liking to his Wit,
Not in your praise, but often seeing it;
That being the grand assurance that can give
The Poet and the Player means to live.

THE
SPANISH CURATE,
A
COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Don Henrique, *an uxorious Lord, cruel to his Brother.*

Don Jamie, *younger Brother to Don Henrique.*

Bartolus, *a covetous Lawyer Husband to Amaranta.*

Leandro, *a Gentleman who wantonly loves the Lawyers Wife.*

Angelo,

Milanes, } *Three Gentlemen Friend to Leandro.*

Arfenio, }

Afcanio, *son to Don Henrique.*

Octavio, *supposed Husband to Jacintha.*

Lopez, *the Spanish Curate.*

Diego, *his Sexton.*

Assitant, *which we call a Judge.*

Algaziers, *whom we call Serjeants.*

4 Parishioners.

Apparitor.

Singers.

Servants.

W O M E N.

Violante, *supposed Wife to Don Henrique.*

Jacintha, *formerly contracted to Don Henrique.*

Amaranta, *Wife to Bartolus.*

A Woman Moor, *Servant to Amaranta.*

The Scene Spain.

The principal Actors were,

Joseph Taylor.

John Lowin.

Nicholas Toolie.

William Eglestone.

Thomas Polard.

Robert Benfeild.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter Angelo, Milanes, and Arfenio.

Arfenio.

L *Leandro* paid all.

Mil. 'Tis his usual custom,

And requisite he should: he has now put off

The Funeral black, (your rich heir wears with joy,

When he pretends to weep for his dead Father)

Your gathering Sires, so long heap muck together,

That their kind Sons, to rid them of their care,

Wish them in Heaven; or if they take a taste

Of Purgatory by the way, it matters not,

Provided they remove hence; what is befalln

To his Father, in the other world, I ask not;

I am sure his prayer is heard: would I could use one

For mine, in the same method.

Arf. Fie upon thee.

This is prophane.

Mil. Good Doctor, do not school me

For a fault you are not free from: On my life

Were all Heirs in *Corduba*, put to their Oaths,

They would confes with me, 'tis a sound Tenet:

I am sure *Leandro* do's.

Arf. He is th'owner

Of a fair Estate.

Mil. And fairly he deserves it,

He's a Royal Fellow: yet observes a mean

In all his courses, careful too on whom

He showers his bounties: he that's liberal

To all alike, may do a good by chance,

But never out of Judgment: This invites

The prime men of the City to frequent

All places he resorts to, and are happy

In his sweet Converse.

Arf. *Don Jamie* the Brother

To the Grandee *Don Henrique*, appears much taken

With his behaviour.

Mil.

Mil. There is something more in't:
He needs his Purse, and knows how to make use on't.
'Tis now in fashion for your *Don*, that's poor,
To vow all Leagues of friendship with a Merchant
That can supply his wants, and howfoe're
Don Jamie's noble born, his elder Brother
Don Henrique rich, and his Revenues long since
Increas'd by marrying with a wealthy Heir
Call'd, Madam *Vialante*, he yet holds
A hard hand o're *Jamie*, allowing him
A bare annuity only.

Arf. Yet 'tis said
He hath no child, and by the Laws of *Spain*
If he die without issue, *Don Jamie*
Inherits his Estate.

Mil. Why that's the reason
Of their so many jars: though the young Lord
Be sick of the elder Brother, and in reason
Should flatter, and observe him, he's of a nature
Too bold and fierce, to stoop so, but bears up,
Presuming on his hopes.

Arf. What's the young Lad
That all of 'em make so much of?

Mil. 'Tis a sweet one,
And the best condition'd youth, I ever saw yet,
So humble, and so affable, that he wins
The love of all that know him, and so modest,
That (in despite of poverty) he would starve
Rather than ask a courtesie: He's the Son
Of a poor cast-Captain, one *Octavio*;
And She, that once was call'd th'fair *Jacinta*,
Is happy in being his Mother: for his sake,

Enter Jamie, Leandro, and Ascanio.

(Though in their Fortunes fallen) they are esteem'd of,
And cherish'd by the best. O here they come.
I now may spare his Character, but observe him,
He'll justify my report.

Jam. My good *Ascanio*,
Repair more often to me: above Women
Thou ever shalt be welcome.

Asc. My Lord your favours
May quickly teach a raw untutour'd Youth
To be both rude and fawcy.

Leam. You cannot be
Too frequent where you are so much desir'd:
And give me leave (dear friend) to be your Rival
In part of his affection; I will buy it
At any rate.

Jam. Stood I but now possess'd
Of what my future hope presages to me,
I then would make it clear thou hadst a Patron
That would not say but do: yet as I am,
Be mine, I'll not receive thee as a servant,
But as my Son, (and though I want my self)
No Page attending in the Court of *Spain*
Shall find a kinder master.

Asc. I beseech you
That my refusal of so great an offer
May make no ill construction, 'tis not pride
(That common vice is far from my condition)
That makes you a denial to receive
A favour I should sue for: nor the fashion
Which the Country follows, in which to be a servant
In those that groan beneath the heavy weight
Of poverty, is held an argument
Of a base abject mind, I wish my years
Were fit to do you service in a nature
That might become a Gentleman (give me leave
To think my self one) My Father serv'd the King
As a Captain in the field; and though his fortune
Return'd him home a poor man, he was rich
In Reputation, and wounds fairly taken.
Nor am I by his ill success deterr'd,

I rather feel a strong desire that sways me
To follow his profession, and if Heaven
Hath mark'd me out to be a man, how proud,
In the service of my Country, should I be,
To trail a Pike under your brave command!
There, I would follow you as a guide to honour,
Though all the horrors of the War made up
To stop my passage.

Jam. Thou art a hopeful Boy,
And it was bravely spoken: For this answer,
I love thee more than ever.

Mil. Pity such seeds
Of promising courage should not grow and prosper.

Ang. What ever his reputed Parents be,
He hath a mind that speaks him right and noble.

Leam. You make him blush: it needs not sweet *Ascanio*,
We may hear praises when they are deserv'd,
Our modesty unwounded. By my life
I would add something to the building up
So fair a mind, and if till you are fit
To bear Arms in the Field, you'll spend some years
In *Salamanca*, I'll supply your studies
With all conveniences.

Asc. Your goodness (Signiors)
And charitable favours overwhelm me.
If I were of your blood, you could not be
More tender of me: what then can I pay
(A poor Boy and a stranger) but a heart
Bound to your service? with what willingness
I would receive (good Sir) your noble offer,
Heaven can bear witness for me: but alas,
Should I embrace the means to raise my fortunes,
I must destroy the lives of my poor Parents
(To whom I ow my being) they in me
Place all their comforts, and (as if I were
The light of their dim eyes) are so indulgent
They cannot brook one short dayes absence from me;
And (what will hardly win belief) though young,
I am their Steward and their Nurse: the bounties
Which others bestow on me serves to sustain 'em,
And to forsake them in their age, in me
Were more than Murther.

Enter Henrique.

Ang. This is a kind of begging
Would make a Broker charitable.

Mil. Here, (sweet heart)
I wish it were more.

Leam. When this is spent,
Seek for supply from me.

Jam. Thy piety
For ever be remembered: nay take all,
Though 'twere my exhibition to a Royal
For one whole year.

Asc. High Heavens reward your goodness.
Hen. So Sir, is this a slip of your own grafting,
You are so prodigal?

Jam. A slip Sir?

Hen. Yes,
A slip; or call it by the proper name,
Your Bastard.

Jam. You are foul-mouth'd; do not provoke me,
I shall forget your Birth if you proceed,
And use you, (as your manners do deserve) uncivilly.

Hen. So brave! pray you give me hearing,
Who am I Sir?

Jam. My elder Brother: One
That might have been born a fool, and so reputed,
But that you had the luck to creep into
The world a year before me.

Leam. Be more temperate.

Jam. I neither can nor will, unless I learn it
By his example: let him use his harsh
Unfavoury reprehensions upon those

That are his Hinds, and not on me. The Land
Our Father left to him alone rewards him,
For being twelve months elder, let that be
Forgotten, and let his Parasites remember
One quality of worth or vertue in him
That may authorize him, to be a censurer
Of me, or my manners, and I will
Acknowledge him for a Tutor, till then, never.

Hen. From whom have you your means Sir?

Jam. From the will

Of my dead Father; I am sure I spend not
Nor give't upon your purse.

Hen. But will it hold out
Without my help?

Jam. I am sure it shall, I'll sink else,
For sooner I will seek aid from a Whore,
Than a courtesie from you.

Hen. 'Tis well; you are proud of
Your new Exchequer, when you have cheated him
And worn him to the quick, I may be found
In the List of your acquaintance.

Lean. Pray you hold
And give me leave (my Lord) to say thus much
(And in mine own defence) I am no Gull
To be wrought on by perswasion: nor no Coward
To be beaten out of my means, but know to whom
And why I give or lend, and will do nothing
But what my reason warrants; you may be
As sparing as you please, I must be bold
To make use of my own, without your licence.

Jam. 'Pray thee let him alone, he is not worth thy anger.
All that he do's (*Leandro*) is for my good,
I think there's not a Gentleman of *Spain*,
That has a better Steward, than I have of him.

Hen. Your Steward Sir?

Jam. Yes, and a provident one:

Why, he knows I am given to large expence,
And therefore lays up for me: could you believe else
That he, that sixteen years hath worn the yoke
Of barren wedlock, without hope of issue
(His Coffers full, his Lands and Vineyards fruitful)
Could be so fold to base and fordid thrift,
As almost to deny himself, the means
And necessaries of life? Alas, he knows
The Laws of *Spain* appoint me for his Heir,
That all must come to me, if I out-live him,
Which sure I must do, by the course of Nature,
And the assistance of good Mirth, and Sack,
How ever you prove Melancholy.

Hen. If I live,
Thou dearly shalt repent this.

Jam. When thou art dead,
I am sure I shall not.

Mil. Now they begin to burn
Like oppos'd Meteors.

Arf. Give them line, and way,
My life for *Don Jamie*.

Jam. Continue still
The excellent Husband, and joyn Farm to Farm,
Suffer no Lordship, that in a clear day
Falls in the prospect of your covetous eye
To be anothers; forget you are a Grandee;
Take use upon use, and cut the throats of Heirs
With cozening Mortgages: rack your poor Tenants,
Till they look like so many Skeletons
For want of Food; and when that Widows curses,
The ruines of ancient Families, tears of Orphans
Have hurried you to the Devil, ever remember
All was rak'd up for me (your thankful Brother)
That will dance merrily upon your Grave,
And perhaps give a double Pistolet
To some poor needy Friar, to say a Mass
To keep your Ghost from walking.

Hen. That the Law

Should force me to endure this!

Jam. Verily,

When this shall come to pass (as sure it will)
If you can find a loop-hole, though in Hell,
To look on my behaviour, you shall see me
Ransack your Iron Chests, and once again
Pluto's flame-colour'd Daughter shall be free
To domineer in Taverns, Masques, and Revels
As she was us'd before she was your Captive.
Me thinks the meer conceit of it, should make you
Go home sick, and distemper'd; if it do's,
I'll send you a Doctor of mine own, and after
Take order for your Funeral!

Hen. You have said, Sir,
I will not fight with words, but deeds to tame you,
Rest confident I will, and thou shalt wish
This day thou hadst been dumb. —

Mil. You have given him a heat,
But with your own distemper.

Jam. Not a whit,
Now he is from mine eye, I can be merry,
Forget the cause and him: all plagues go with him,
Let's talk of something else: what news is stirring?
Nothing to pass the time?

Mil. 'Faith it is said
That the next Summer will determine much
Of that we long have talk'd of, touching the Wars.

Lean. What have we to do with them? Let us discourse
Of what concerns our selves. 'Tis now in fashion
To have your Gallants set down in a Tavern,
What the Arch-Dukes purpose is the next spring, and what
Defence my Lords (the States) prepare: what course
The Emperour takes against the encroaching Turk,
And whether his Moony-standards are design'd
For *Persia* or *Polonia*: and all this
The wiser sort of State-Worms seem to know
Better than their own affairs: this is discourse
Fit for the Council it concerns; we are young,
And if that I might give the Theme, 'twere better
To talk of handsome Women.

Mil. And that's one,
Almost as general.

Arf. Yet none agree
Who are the fairest.

Lean. Some prefer the *French*,
For their conceited Dressings: some the plump
Italian Bona-Robas, some the State
That ours observe; and I have heard one swear,
(A merry friend of mine) that once in *London*,
He did enjoy the company of a Gamester,
(A common Gamester too) that in one night
Met him th' *Italian, French, and Spanish* wayes,
And ended in the *Dutch*; for to cool her self,
She kiss'd him drunk in the morning.

Jam. We may spare
The travel of our tongues in forraign Nations,
When in *Corduba*, if you dare give credit
To my report (for I have seen her, Gallants)
There lives a Woman (of a mean birth too,
And meanly match'd) whose all-excelling Form
Disdains comparison with any She
That puts in for a fair one, and though you borrow
From every Country of the Earth the best
Of those perfections, which the Climat yields
To help to make her up, if put in Ballance,
This will weigh down the Scale.

Lean. You talk of wonders.

Jam. She is indeed a wonder, and so kept,
And, as the world deserv'd not to behold
What curious Nature made without a pattern,
Whose Copy she hath lost too, she's shut up,
Sequestred from the world.

Lean. Who is the owner
Of such a Gem? I am fire'd.

[Exit.

Jam. One *Bartolus*,
A wrangling Advocate.

Arf. A knave on Record.

Mil. I am sure he cheated me of the best part
Of my Estate.

Jam. Some Business calls me hence,
(And of importance) which denies me leisure
To give you his full character: In few words
(Though rich) he's covetous beyond expression,
And to encrease his heap, will dare the Devil,
And all the plagues of darkness: and to these
So jealous, as if you would parallel
Old *Argus* to him, you must multiply
His Eyes an hundred times: of these none sleep.
He that would charm the heaviest lid, must hire
A better *Mercuric*, than *Jove* made use of:
Bless your selves from the thought of him and her,
For 'twill be labour lost: So farewell Signiors. — [Exit.]

Arf. *Leandro*? in a dream? wake man for shame.

Mil. Trained into a fools paradise with a tale
Of an imagin'd Form.

Lea. *Jamie* is noble,
And with a forg'd Tale would not wrong his Friend,
Nor am I so much fir'd with lust as *Envie*,
That such a churl as *Bartolus* should reap
So sweet a harvest, half my State to any
To help me to a share.

Arf. Tush do not hope for
Impossibilities.

Lea. I must enjoy her,
And my prophetique love tells me I shall,
Lend me but your assistance.

Arf. Give it o're.

Mil. I would not have thee fool'd.

Lea. I have strange Engines
Fashioning here: and *Bartolus* on the Anvil,
Disswade me not, but help me.

Mil. Take your fortune,
If you come off well, praise your wit; if not,
Expect to be the subject of our Laughter. [Exeunt.]

SCENA II.

Enter Octavio, and Jacinta.

Jac. You met *Don Henrique*?

Oct. Yes.

Jac. What comfort bring you?
Speak cheerfully: how did my letter work
On his hard temper? I am sure I wrote it
So feelingly, and with the pen of sorrow,
That it must force Compunction.

Oct. You are cozen'd;
Can you with one hand prop a falling Tower?
Or with the other stop the raging main,
When it breaks in on the usurped shore?
Or any thing that is impossible?
And then conclude that there is some way left,
To move him to compassion.

Jac. Is there a Justice
Or thunder (my *Octavio*) and he
Not sunk unto the center?

Oct. Good *Jacinta*,
With your long practis'd patience bear afflictions,
And by provoking call not on Heavens anger,
He did not only scorn to read your letter,
But (most inhumane as he is) he cursed you,
Cursed you most bitterly.

Jac. The bad mans charity.
Oh that I could forget there were a Tye,
In me, upon him! or the relief I seek,
(If given) were bounty in him, and not debt,
Debt of a dear accompt!

Oct. Touch not that string,
'Twill but encrease your sorrow: and tame silence,

(The Balm of the oppressed) which hitherto
Hath eas'd your griev'd soul, and prefer'd your fame,
Must be your Surgeon still.

Jac. If the contagion
Of my misfortunes had not spread it self
Upon my Son *Afcanio*, though my wants
Were centupli'd upon my self, I could be patient:
But he is so good, I so miserable,
His pious care, his duty, and obedience,
And all that can be with'd for from a Son,
Discharg'd to me, and I, barr'd of all means
To return any scruple of the debt
I owe him as a Mother, is a Torment,
Too painfull to be born.

Oct. I suffer with you,
In that; yet find in this assurance comfort,
High Heaven ordains (whose purposes cannot alter)

Enter Afcanio.

Children that pay obedience to their Parents,
Shall never beg their Bread.

Jac. Here comes our joy,
Where has my dearest been?

Afc. I have made, Mother,
A fortunate voyage and brought home rich prize,
In a few hours: the owner too contented,
From whom I took it. See here's Gold, good store too,
Nay, pray you take it.

Jac. Mens Charities are so cold;
That if I knew not, thou wert made of Goodness,
'Twould breed a jealousy in me by what means,
Thou cam'st by such a sum.

Afc. Were it ill got,
I am sure it could not be employed so well,
Asto relieve your wants. Some noble friends,
(Rais'd by heavens mercy to me, not my merits)
Bestow'd it on me.

Oct. It were a sacrilege
To rob thee of their bounty, since they gave it
To thy use only.

Jac. Buy thee brave Cloathes with it
And fit thee for a fortune, and leave us
To our necessities; why do'st thou weep?

Afc. Out of my fear I have offended you;
For had I not, I am sure you are too kind,
Not to accept the offer of my service,
In which I am a gainer; I have heard
My tutor say, of all aerial fowl
The Stork's the Embleme of true pietie,
Because when age hath seiz'd upon her dam,
And made unfit for flight, the gratefull young one
Takes her upon his back, provides her food,
Repaying so her tender care of him,
E're he was fit to fly, by bearing her:
Shall I then that have reason and discourse
That tell me all I can doe is too little,
Be more unnatural than a silly bird?
Or feed or cloath my self superfluously,
And know, nay see you want? holy Saints keep me.

Jac. Can I be wretched,
And know my self the Mother to such Goodness?

Oct. Come let us drie our eyes, we'll have a feast,
Thanks to our little Steward.

Jac. And in him,
Believe that we are rich.

Afc. I am sure I am,
While I have power to comfort you, and serve you.

[Exeunt.]

SCENA III.

Enter Henrique, and Violante.

Viol. Is it my fault, *Don Henrique*, or my fate?
What's my offence? I came young to your bed,
I had a fruitfull Mother, and you met me

With

With equall ardour in your *May* of blood ;
And why then am I barren ?

Hen. 'Tis not in Man

To yield a reason for the will of Heaven,
Which is inscrutable.

Viol. To what use serve

Full fortunes, and the meaner sort of blessings,
When that, which is the Crown of all our wishes,
The period of humane happiness,
One only Child that may possess what's ours,
Is cruelly deny'd us ?

Hen. 'Tis the curse

Of great Estates to want those Pledges, which
The poor are happy in: They in a Cottage,
With joy, behold the Models of their youth,
And as their Root decays, those budding Branches
Sprout forth and flourish, to renew their age ;
But this is the beginning, not the end
Of misery to me, that 'gainst my will
(Since Heaven denies us *Mine* of our own)
Must leave the fruit of all my care and travel
To an unthankfull Brother that insults
On my Calamity.

Viol. I will rather choose

A Bastard from the Hospital and adopt him,
And nourish him as mine own.

Hen. Such an evasion

(My *Violante*) is forbid to us ;
Happy the Romane State, where it was lawfull,
(If our own Sons were vicious) to choose one
Out of a vertuous Stock, though of poor Parents,
And make him noble. But the laws of *Spain*,
(Intending to preserve all ancient Houses)
Prevent such free elections ; with this, my Brother's
Too well acquainted, and this makes him bold to
Reign o're me, as a Master.

Viol. I will fire

The Portion I brought with me, ere he spend
A Royal of it: no Quirck left? no Quiddit
That may defeat him ?

Hen. Were I but confirmed,

That you would take the means I use with patience,
As I must practise it with my dishonour,
I could lay level with the earth his hopes
That soar above the clouds with expectation
To see me in my grave.

Viol. Effect but this,

And our revenge shall be to us a Son
That shall inherit for us.

Hen. Do not repent

When 'tis too late.

Viol. I fear not what may fall

He dispossess'd that does usurp on all.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leandro, (with a letter writ out) Milanes, and Arsenio.

Mil. Can any thing but wonder ?

Lea. Wonder on,
I am as ye see, and, what will follow, Gentlemen ?

Arf. Why dost thou put on this form ? what can this do ?
Thou lookest most sillily.

Mil. Like a young Clerk,
A half pin'd-puppy that would write for a Royal.
Is this a commanding shape to win a beauty?
To what use, what occasion ?

Lea. Peace, ye are fools,
More silly than my out-side seems, ye are ignorant ;
They that pretend to wonders must weave cunningly.

Arf. What manner of access can this get ? or if gotten
What credit in her eyes ?

Lea. Will ye but leave me ?

Mil. Me thinks a young man and a handfom Gentleman
(But sure thou art lunatick) me thinks a brave man
That would catch cunningly the beams of beauty,
And so distribute 'em unto his comfort,
Should like himself appear, young, high, and buxom,
And in the brightest form.

Lea. Ye are cozen'd (Gentlemen)
Neither do I believe this, nor will follow it,
Thus as I am, I will begin my voyage.
When you love, lanch it out in silks and velvets,
I'll love in Serge, and will outgo your Sattins.
To get upon my great horse and appear
The sign of such a man, and trot my measures,
Or fiddle out whole frosty nights (my friends)
Under the window, while my teeth keep tune,
I hold no handfomness. Let me get in,
There trot and fiddle where I may have fair play.

Arf. But how get in ?

Lea. Leave that to me, your patience,
I have some toys here that I dare well trust to :
I have smelt a Vicar out, they call him *Lopez*.
You are ne're the nearer now.

Mil. We do confesse it.

Lea. Weak simple men, this Vicar to this Lawyer
Is the most inward *Damon*.

Arf. What can this do ?

Mil. We know the fellow, and he dwells there.

Lea. So.

Arf. A poor, thin thief: he help ? he ? hang the Vicar,
Can reading of an ——— prefer thee ?
Thou art dead-sick in love, and hee' I pray for thee.

Lea. Have patience (Gentlemen) I say this Vicar,
This thing I say is all one with the Close *Bartolus*
(For so they call the Lawyer) or his nature
Which I have studied by relation :
And make no doubt I shall hit handfomly,
Will I work cunningly, and home : understand me.

Enter Lopez, and Diego.

Next I pray leave me, leave me to my fortune
Difficilia pulchra, that's my Motto (Gentlemen)
I'll win this Diamond from the rock and wear her,
Or ———

Mil. Peace, the Vicar: send ye a full fail, Sir.

Arf. There's your Confessor, but what shall be your pe-

Lea. A fools head if I fail, and so forsake me. (nance ?
You shall hear from me daily.

Mil. We will be ready.

[*Exeunt* Mil. Arf.]

Lop. Thin world indeed !

Lea. I'll let him breath and mark him :
No man would think a stranger as I am
Should reap any great commodity from his pigbelly.

Lop. Poor stirring for poor Vicars.

Diego. And poor Sextons.

Lop. We pray and pray, but to no purpose,
Those that enjoy our lands, choak our Devotions.
Our poor thin stipends make us arrant dunces,

Diego. If you live miserably, how shall we do (Master)
That are fed only with the sound of prayers ?
We rise and ring the Bells to get good stomachs,
And must be fain to eat the ropes with reverence.

Lop. VVhen was there a Christning, *Diego* ?

Diego. Not this ten weeks :

Alas, they have forgot to get children (Master)
The VVars, the Seas, and usurie undoe us,
Takes off our minds, our edges, blunts our plough-shares.
They eat nothing here, but herbs, and get nothing but green
There are some poor Labourers, that perhaps (fauce :
Once in seven year, with helping one another,
Produce some few pin'd-Butter-prints, that scarce hold
The christning neither.

Lop. Your Gallants, they get Honour,
A strange fantastical Birth, to defraud the Vicar,

And

And the Camp Christens their Issues, or the Curtizans,
'Tis a lewd time.

Die. They are so hard-hearted here too,
They will not dye, there's nothing got by Burials.

Lop. *Diego*, the Air's too pure, they cannot perish.
To have a thin Stipend, and an everlasting Parish,
Lord what a torment 'tis!

Die. Good sensible Master,
You are allow'd to pray against all weathers.
(Both foul, and fair, as you shall find occasion)
Why not against all airs?

Lop. That's not i'th' Canons.
I would it had, 'tis out of our way forty pence. (here,

Di. 'Tis strange, they are starv'd too yet they will not die
They will not earth: a good stout plague amongst 'em,
Or half a dozen new fantastical Fevers
That would turn up their heels by whole-sale (Master)
And take the Doctors too, in their grave Counsels,
That there might be no natural help for mony:
How merrily would my Bells goe then?

Lop. Peace *Diego*,
The Doctors are our friends, let's please them well.
For though they kill but slow, they are certain, *Diego*,
We must remove into a muddy Air,
A most contagious Climate.

Die. VVe must certain,
An air that is the nursery of agues,
Such agues (Master) that will shake mens souls out,
Ne're itay for Possers, nor good old wives plasters.

Lop. Gowts and dead Palsies.
Die. The dead do's well at all times,
Yet Gowts will hang an arse a long time (Master)
The Pox, or English Surfeits if we had 'em;
Those are rich marle, they make a Church-yard fat,
And make the Sexton sing, they never miss, Sir.

Lop. Then Wills and Funeral Sermons come in season,
And Fcasts that make us frolick.

Die. VVould I could see 'em.
Lop. And though I weep i'th' Pulpit for my Brother,
Yet (*Diego*) here I laugh.

Die. The cause requires it.
Lop. Since people left to die I am dunce, *Diego*.
Die. 'Tis a strange thing, I have forgot to dig too.
Lea. A pretious pair of youths! I must make toward 'em.
Lop. Who's that? look it seems he would speak to us:
I hope a Marriage, or some Will to make, *Diego*.

Die. My friend your business?
Lea. 'Tis to that grave Gentleman;
Bless your good learning, Sir.
Lop. And bless you also,
He bears a promising face, there's some hope toward.
Lea. I have a Letter to your worship.

Lop. VVell Sir,
From whence I pray you?
Lea. From *Nova Hispania*, Sir,
And from an ancient friend of yours.

Lop. 'Tis well, Sir,
'Tis very well: the devil a one I know there. (tenance,
Die. Take heed of a Snap, Sir, h'as a cozening coun-
I do not like his way.

Lop. Let him goe forward.
Cantabit vacuum, They that have nothing fear nothing,
All I have to lose, *Diego*, is my learning,
And when he has gotten that, he may put it in a Nut shell.

LETTER READ.

Signior Lopez, Since my arrival from Cordova to these parts,
I have written divers Letters unto you, but as yet received
no Answer of any (Good and very good) And although so
great a forgetfulness might cause a want in my due correspondence,
yet the desire I have still to serve you must more prevail with me
(Better and better: the devil a man know I yet) and there-
fore with the present occasion offered I am willing to crave a con-
tinuance of the favours, which I have heretofore received from

you, and do recommend my Son Leandro the Bearer to you with
request that he may be admitted in that Universtie till such time
as I shall arrive at home; his studies he will make you acquainted
withall: This kindness shall supply the want of your slackness:
And so heaven keep you. Yours

Alonzo Tiveria.

Alonzo Tiveria, very well,
A very ancient friend of mine, I take it,
For till this hour I never heard his name yet.

Lea. You look, Sir, as if ye had forgot my Father.

Lop. No, no, I look, as I would remember him,
For that I never remembred, I cannot forget, Sir,
Alonzo Tiveria?

Lea. The same, Sir.

Lop. And now i'th' *Indies*?

Lea. Yes.

Lop. He may be any where,
For ought that I consider.

Lea. Think again, Sir,
You were Students both at one time in *Salamanca*,
And, as I take it, Chamber-fellows.

Lop. Ha?

Lea. Nay, sure you must remember.

Lop. Would I could.

Lea. I have heard him say, you were Gossips too.

Lop. Very likely,
You did not hear him say, to whom? for we Students
May oft-times over-reach our memories.

Do'st thou remember, *Diego*, this same Signiour?
Thou hast been mine these twenty years.

Die. Remember?

Why this Fellow would make ye mad: *Nova Hispania*?
And Signiour *Tiveria*? what are these?

He may as well name ye Friends out of *Cataya*.

Take heed I beseech your worship: do you hear, (my
You have no Letters for me? friend?)

Lea. Not any letter,
But I was charged to doe my Fathers love
To the old honest Sexton *Diego*: are you he, Sir?

Die. Ha? have I friends, and know 'em not? my name is
But if either I remember you or your Father, (*Diego*,
Or *Nova Hispania* (I was never there Sir)
Or any kindred that you have—for heaven-sake, Master,
Let's cast about a little, and consider,
We may dream out our time.

Lea. It seems I am deceiv'd, Sir,
Yet, that you are *Don Lopez* all men tell me,
The Curate here, and have been some time, Sir,
And you the Sexton *Diego*, such I am sent to,
The letter tells as much: may be they are dead,
And you of the like names succeed: I thank ye Gentlemen,
Ye have done honestly, in telling truth,
I might have been forward else. For to that *Lopez*,
That was my Fathers friend, I had a charge,
(A charge of mony) to deliver (Gentlemen)
Five hundred Duckets, a poor small gratuity,
But since you are not he—

Lop. Good Sir, let me think,
I pray ye be patient,
Pray ye stay a little,
Nay, let me remember, I beseech ye stay, Sir.
Di. An honest noble friend, that sends so lovingly;
An old friend too; I shall remember sure, Sir.

Lop. Thou sayst true *Diego*.

Die. 'Pray ye consider quickly,
Doc, doc, by any means, me thinks already
A grave staid gentleman comes to my memory.

Lea. He's old indeed, sir.

Die. With a goodly white Beard,
(For now he must be so: I know he must be)
Signiour *Alonzo*, Master.

Lop. I begin to have him.

Die. H'as been from hence, about some twenty years, sir.

Lea. Some five and twenty, sir.

Die. You say most true, Sir,
Just to an hour; 'tis now just five and twenty,
A fine straight timber'd man, and a brave soldier,
He married: let me see, ———

Lea. *De Castro's* Daughter.

Die. The very same.

Lea. Thou art a very Rascal.

De Castro is the Turk to thee, or any thing:
The Money rubbs 'em into strange remembrances,
For as many Duckets more they would remember *Adam.*

Lop. Give me your hand, you are welcome to your
Now I remember plainly, manifestly, (country,
As freshly, as if yesterday I had seen him,
Most heartily welcome: sinfull that I am,
Most sinfull man! why should I lose this Gentleman?
This loving old Companion? we had all one soul, sir,
He dwelt here hard by, at a handsome ———

Lea. Farn sir,
You say most true.

Lop. *Alonzo Tiverin!* (thus?
Lord, Lord that time should play the treacherous knave
Why, he was the only friend I had in *Spain*, sir,
I knew your Mother too, a handsome Gentlewoman,
She was married very young: I married 'em:
I do remember now the Maskes and Sports then,
The Fire works, and the fine delights; good faith, sir,
Now I look in your face, whose eyes are those, *Diego*?
Nay, if he be not just *Alonzo's* picture ———

Lea. Lord, how I blush for these two impudents!

Die. Well Gentleman, I think your name's *Leandro.*

Lea. It is indeed, sir,
Gra'-mercy letter, thou hadst never known else.

Die. I have dandled ye, and kist ye and plaid with ye
A hundred, and a hundred times, and danc'd ye,
And swong ye in my Bell-ropes, ye lov'd swinging.

Lop. A sweet Boy.

Lea. Sweet lying knaves.

What would these doe for thousands?

Lop. A wondrous sweet Boy then it was, see now
Time that consumes us, shoots him up still sweeter.
How do's the noble Gentleman? how fares he?
When shall we see him? when will he bless his Country?

Lea. O, very shortly, Sir, till his return
He has sent me over to your charge.

Lop. And welcome,
Nay, you shall know you are welcome to your friend, sir.

Lea. And to my Study, Sir, which must be the Law.

To further which, he would entreat your care
To plant me in the favour of some man
That's expert in that knowledge: for his pains
I have three hundred Duckets more: For my Diet,
Enough, Sir, to defray me: which I am charged
To take still, as I use it, from your custodie,
I have the money ready, and I am weary. (come,

Lop. Sit down, sit down, and once more ye are most wel-
The Law you have hit upon most happily,
Here is a Master in that art, *Bartolus*,
A neighbour by, to him I will prefer ye,
A learned man, and my most loving neighbour,
I'll doe ye faithfull service, Sir.

Die. He's an Ass,
And so wee'll use him; he shall be a Lawyer.

Lo. But if ever he recover this money again—before, *Diego*,
And get some pretty pittance: my Pupill's hungry.

Lea. Pray ye Sir, unlade me.

Lop. I'll refresh ye Sir;
When ye want, you know your Exchequer.

Lea. If all this get me but access, I am happy.

Lop. Come, I am tender of ye.

Lea. I'll go with ye.

To have this fort betray'd these souls must fleece me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Enter Bartolus, and Amaranta.

Bar. My *Amaranta*, a retir'd sweet life,
Private and close, and still, and houswifely,
Becomes a Wife, sets off the grace of woman.
At home to be believ'd both young, and handsome,
As Lilies that are cas'd in crySTALL Glasses,
Makes up the wonder: shew it abroad 'tis stale,
And still the more eyes cheapen it 'tis more slubber'd,
And what need windowes open to inviting?
Or evening Tarrasses, to take opinions?
When the most wholesome air (my wife) blows inward,
When good thoughts are the noblest Companions,
And old chaste stories, wife, the best discourses;
But why do I talk thus, that know thy nature?

Ama. You know your own disease: distrust, and jealousy,
And those two, give these Lessons, not good meaning,
What trial is there of my honestie,
When I am mew'd at home? to what end Husband,
Serves all the vertuous thoughts, and chaste behaviours
Without their uses? Then they are known most excellent
When by their contraries they are set off, and burnish'd.
If ye both hold me fair, and chaste, and vertuous,
Let me goe fearless out, and win that greatness:
These seeds grow not in shades, and conceal'd places:
Set 'em i'th' heat of all, then they rise glorious.

Bar. Peace, ye are too loud.

Ama. You are too covetous.

If that be rank'd a vertue, you have a rich one.
Set me (like other Lawyers wives) off handsomely,
Attended as I ought, and as they have it,
My Coach, my people, and my handsome women,
My will in honest things.

Bar. Peace *Amaranta.*

(cures 'em,
Ama. They have content, rich clothes, and that se-
binds, to their careful husbands, their observance,
They are merry, ride abroad, meet, laugh.

Bar. Thou shalt too.

Ama. And freely may converse with proper Gentlemen,
Suffer temptations daily to their honour.

Enter Woman-More.

Bar. You are now too far again: thou shalt have any
Let me but lay up for a handsome Office, (thing,
And then my *Amaranta* ———

Ama. Here's a thing now,
Ye place as pleasure to me: all my retinue,
My Chamber-maid, my Kitchin-maid, my friend,
And what she fails in, I must doe my self.
A foyle to set my Beauty off, I thank ye,
You will place the Devil next for a Companion.

Bar. No more such words, good wife,
What would you have, Maid?

Moor. Master Curate, and the Sexton, and a stranger, sir,
Attend to speak with your worship.

Bar. A stranger?

Ama. You had best to be jealous of the man you know not.

Bar. 'Pray thee no more of that.

Ama. 'Pray ye goe out to 'em,
That will be safest for ye, I am well here,
I only love your peace, and serve like a slave for it.

Bar. No, no, thou shalt not; 'tis some honest Client,
Rich, and litigious, the Curate has brought to me,
Pre'thee goe in (my Duck) I'll but speak to 'em,
And return instantly.

Ama. I am commanded,
One day you will know my sufferance. ——— [*Exit.*

Bar. And reward it.
So, so, fast bind, fast find; Come in my neighbours,
My loving neighbours pray ye come in, ye are welcome.

Enter

Enter Lopez, Leandro, and Diego.

Lop. Bless your good reverence.

Bar. Good-day, good Master Curate,
And neighbour Diego, welcom: what's your business?
And pray ye be short (good friends) the time is pretious,
Welcom, good Sir.

Lop. To be short then with your Mastership,
(For I know your several hours are full of business)
We have brought ye this young-man, of honest parents,
And of an honest face.

Bar. It seems so, Neighbours,
But to what end?

Lop. To be your Pupil, Sir,
Your Servant, if you please.

Lea. I have travell'd far, Sir,
To seek a worthy man.

Bar. Alas, good Gentleman,
I am a poor man, and a private too,
Unfit to keep a Servant of your Reckoning;
My house a little Cottage, and scarce able
To hold my self, and those poor few live under it;
Besides, you must not blame me Gentlemen,
If I were able to receive a Servant,
To be a little scrupulous of his dealing,
For in these times —

Lop. Pray let me answer that, sir,
Here is five hundred Duckets, to secure him,
He cannot want, Sir, to make good his credit,
Good gold, and coin.

Bar. And that's an honest pledge;
Yet sure, that needs not, for his face, and carriage,
Seem to declare an in-bred honesty.

Lea. And (for I have a ripe mind to the Law, sir,
In which I understand you live a Master)
The least poor corner in your house, poor Bed, sir,
(Let me not seem intruding to your worship)
With some Books to instruct me, and your counsel,
Shall I rest most content with: other Acquaintance
Than your grave presence, and the grounds of Law
I dare not covet, nor I will not seek, sir,
For surely mine own nature desires privacy.
Next, for your monthly pains (to shew my thanks,)
I do proportion out some twenty Duckets;
As I grow riper, more: three hundred now, sir,
To shew my love to learning, and my Master,
My diet I'll defray too, without trouble.

Lop. Note but his mind to learning. (mony.)

Bar. I do strangely, yes, and I like it too, thanks to his

Die. Would he would live with me, and learn to dig too.

Lop. A wondrous modest man, sir.

Bar. So it seems,
His dear love to his Studie must be nourish'd,
Neighbour, he's like to prove.

Lop. With your good counsel,
And with your diligence, as you will ply him;
His Parents, when they know your care —

Bar. Come hither.

Die. An honest young man, your worship ne're kept,
But he is so bashfull —

Bar. O I like him better.

Say I should undertake ye, which indeed, sir,
Will be no little straitness to my living,
Considering my Affairs, and my small house, sir;
For I see some promises that pull me to ye;
Could you content your self, at first thus meanly,
To lie hard, in an out-part of my house, sir?
For I have not many Lodgings to allow ye;
And studie should be still remote from company;
A little fire sometimes too, to refresh ye;
A Student must be frugal: sometimes Lights too,
According to your labour. Lea. Any thing, Sir;
That's dry, and wholsome: I am no bred-wanton:

Bar. Then I receive you: but I must desire ye

To keep within your confines. Lea. Ever Sir,
There's the Gold, and ever be your servant,
Take it and give me Books: may I but prove, sir,
According to my wish, and these shall multiply.

Lop. Do, study hard, pray ye take him in, and settle him,
He's only fit for you; Shew him his Cell, sir. (yer,

Die. Take a good heart; and when ye are a cunning Law-
Ple sell my Bells, and you shall prove it lawfull.

Bar. Come, sir, with me: neighbours I thank your diligence.

Lop. I'll come sometimes, and crack a cafe with ye.

Bar. Welcom — [Exit.

Lop. Here's mony got with ease: here, spend that jovially,
And pray for the fool, the Founder.

Die. Many more fools

I heartily pray may follow his example,
Lawyers, or Lubbers, or of what condition,
And many such sweet friends in *Nova Hispania*.

Lop. It will do well; let 'em but send their monys;
Come from what quarter of the world, I care not,
I'll know 'em instantly; nay I'll be kin to 'em;
I cannot miss a man, that sends me mony:
Let him law there, long as his Duckets last, Boy,
I'll grace him, and prefer him.

Die. I'll turn Trade, Master, and now live by the living,
Let the dead stink, 'tis a poor stinking Trade.

Lop. If the young fool now

Should chance to chop upon his fair Wife, *Diego*?

Die. And handle her Cafe, Master, that's a law point,
A point would make him start, and put on his Spectacles,
A hidden point, were worth the canvassing.

Lop. Now surely, surely, I should love him, *Diego*,
And love him heartily: nay, I should love my self,
Or any thing that had but that good fortune,
For to say truth, the Lawyer is a dog-bolt,
An arrant worm: and though I call him worshipfull,
I wish him a canoniz'd Cuckold, *Diego*,
Now, if my youth do dub him —

Di. He is too demure, Sir. Lop. If he do sting her hoine.

Dieg. There's no such matter,
The woman was not born to so much blessedness,
He has no heat: study consumes his oyl, Master.

Lop. Let's leave it to the will of Fate, and presently
Over a cup of lustie Sack, let's prophesie.

I am like a man that dreamt he was an Emperour;
Come *Diego*, hope, and whilst he lasts, we'll lay it on. [Ex.

SCENA III.

Enter Jamy, Milanes, Arsenio.

Jam. Angelo, Milanes, did you see this wonder?

Mil. Yes, yes. Jam. And you Arsenio?

Arf. Yes he's gone, Sir,
Strangely disguis'd, he's set upon his voyage.
Love guide his thoughts: he's a brave honest fellow.
Sit close Don Lawyer, O that arrant knave now,
How he will stink, will smoak again, will burst!
He's the most arrant Beast.

Mil. He may be more beast.

Jam. Let him bear six, and six, that all may blaze him;
The villany he has sowed into my Brother,
And from his State, the Revenue he has reach'd at:
Pay him, my good *Leandro*, take my prayers.

Arf. And all our wishes plough with his fine white heifer.

Jam. Mark him (my dear friend) for a famous Cuckold;
Let it out-live his Books, his pains, and hear me,
The more he seeks to smother it with Justice,

Enter a Servant.

Let it blaze out the more: what news *Andrea*?

Andr. News I am loth to tell ye: but I am charg'd, sir,
Your Brother layes a strict command upon ye,
No more to know his house, upon your danger,
I am sorry, Sir.

Jam. Faith never be: I am glad on't,

keeps the house of pride, and foolery :
 I can to shun it : so return my Answer,
 I will shortly spew him out ; Come, let's be merry,
 And lay our heads together, carefully
 How we may help our friend ; and let's lodge near him,
 Be still at hand : I would not for my patrimony,
 But he should crown his Lawyer, a learned Monster ;
 Come, let's away, I am stark mad till I see him. [Exit.]

SCENA IV.

Enter Bartolus, and Amaranta.

Amar. Why will ye bring men in, and yet be jealous?
 Why will ye lodge a young man, a man able,
 And yet repine?

Bar. He shall not trouble thee, sweet,
 A modest poor slight thing, did I not tell thee
 He was only given to the Book, and for that
 How Royally he paises? finds his own meat too.

Amar. I will not have him here : I know your courses,
 And what fits you will fall into of madnes.

Bar. Faith, I will not, Wife.

Amar. I will not try ye.

Bar. He comes not near thee : shall not dare to tread
 Within thy Lodgings : in an old out-Room
 Where Logs, and Coles were laid.

Amar. Now ye lay fire ; fire to consume your quiet.

Bar. Didst thou know him,
 Thou wouldst think as I do : he disquiet thee ?
 Thou mayst wear him next thy heart, and yet not warm him.
 His mind (poor man)'s o'th' Law, how to live after,
 And not on lewdness : on my Conscience
 He knows not how to look upon a Woman
 More than by reading what Sex she is.

Amar. I do not like it, Sir.

Bar. Do'st thou not see (Fool)
 What presents he sends hourly in his gratefulness?
 What delicate meats?

Amar. You had best trust him at your Table,
 Do, and repent it, do.

Bar. If thou be't willing,
 By my troth, I think he might come, he's so modest,
 He never speaks : there's part of that he gave me,
 He'll eat but half a dozen bits, and rise immediately,
 Even as he eats, he studies : he'll not disquiet thee,
 Do as thou pleasest, Wife.

Amar. What means this Wood-cock? [Knock within.]

Bar. Retire, Sweet, there's one knocks : come in, your bu-
 (siness).

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, *Don Henrique*, would entreat ye, Sir,
 To come immediately, and speak with him,
 He has business of some moment.

Bar. I'll attend him,
 I must be gone : I pre'thee think the best, Wife,
 At my return, I'll tell thee more, good morrow ;
 Sir, keep ye close, and study hard : an hour hence
 I'll read a new Case to ye. — Exit. [Leandro within.]

Lean. I'll be ready.

Amar. So many hundred Duckets, to ly scurvily?
 And learn the pelting Law? this sounds but slenderly,
 But very poorly : I would see this fellow,
 Very fain see him, how he looks : I will find
 To what end, and what study : there's the place :
 I'll go o'th' other side, and take my Fortune.
 I think there is a window. [Exit.]

Enter Leandro.

Lean. He's gone out
 Now, if I could but see her : she is not this way :
 How nastily he keeps his house? my Chamber,
 If I continue long, will choak me up,
 It is so damp : I shall be mortified

For any woman, if I stay a month here :
 I'll be in, and strike my Lute, that sound may call her. [Exit.]

Lute and Song.

I

*Dearest do not you delay me,
 Since thou knowest I must be gone ;
 Wind and Tide 'tis thought doth stay me,
 But 'tis wind that must be blown
 From that breath, whose native smell
 Indian Odours far excel.*

2

*Oh then speak thou fairest fair,
 Kill not him that vows to serve thee,
 But perfume this neighbouring Air ;
 Else dull silence sure will starve me :
 'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,
 Which being restrain'd a heart is broken.*

Enter Amaranta.

Amar. He keeps very close: Lord, how I long to see him!
 A Lute strook handsomely, a voice too; I'll hear that:
 These Verses are no Law, they sound too sweetly,
 Now I am more desirous. [Leandro peeping.]

Lean. 'Tis she certain.

Amar. What's that that peeps?

Lean. O admirable face!

Amar. Sure 'tis the man.

Lean. I will go out a little.

Amar. He looks not like a fool, his face is noble:
 How still he stands!

Lean. I am stricken dumb with wonder,
 Sure all the Excellence of Earth dwells here.

Amar. How pale he looks! yet, how his eyes like torches,
 Fling their beams round: how manly his face shews!
 He comes on: surely he will speak: he is made most hand-
 This is no Clerk behaviour; now I have seen ye, (singly :
 I'll take my time: Husband, ye have brought home tinder. [Exit.]

Lean. Sure she has transform'd me,
 I had forgot my tongue clean,
 I never saw a face yet, but this rare one,
 But I was able boldly to encounter it,
 And speak my mind, my lips were lockt up here.
 This is divine, and only serv'd with reverence ;
 O most fair cover of a hand far fairer,
 Thou blessed Innocence, that guards that whiteness,
 Live next my heart. I am glad I have got a relick, } *A noise*
 A relick when I pray to it, may work wonders. } *within.*
 Hark, there's some noise : I must retire again.
 This blessed Apparition makes me happy ;
 I'll suffer, and I'll sacrifice my substance,
 But I'll enjoy : now softly to my Kennel. [Exit.]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Henrique, and Bartolus.

Hen. YOU know my cause sufficiently?

Bar. I do Sir.

Hen. And though it will impair my honesty,
 And strike deep at my Credit, yet, my *Bartolus*,
 There being no other evasion left to free me
 From the vexation of my spiteful Brother,
 That most insultingly reigns over me,
 I must and will go forward.

Bar. Do, my Lord,
 And look not after credit, we shall cure that,
 Your bended honesty we shall set right, Sir,
 We Surgeons of the Law do desperate Cures, Sir,

And

And you shall see how heartily I'll handle it:
Mark how I'll knock it home: be of good cheer, Sir,
You give good Fees, and those beget good Causes,
The Prerogative of your Crowns will carry the matter,
(Carry it sheer) the *Assistant* sits to-morrow,
And he's your friend, your moneyed men love naturally,
And as your loves are clear, so are your Causes.

Hen. He shall not want for that.

Bar. No, no, he must not,

Line your Cause warmly, Sir, the times are *Aguish*,
That holds a Plea in heart; hang the penurious,
Their Causes (like their purses) have poor Issues.

Hen. That way, I was ever bountiful.

Bar. 'Tis true, Sir,

That makes ye fear'd, forces the Snakes to kneel to ye,
Live full of money, and supply the Lawyer,
And take your choice of what mans lands you please, Sir,
What pleasures, or what profits; what revenges,
They are all your own: I must have witnesses
Enough, and ready.

Hen. You shall not want, my *Bartolus*.

Bar. Substantial fearless souls, that will swear suddenly,
That will swear any thing.

Hen. They shall swear truth too.

Bar. That's no great matter: for variety
They may swear truth, else 'tis not much look'd after:
I will serve Process, presently, and strongly,
Upon your Brother, and *Octavio*,
Jacintha, and the Boy; provide your proofs, Sir,
And set 'em fairly off, be sure of Witnesses,
Though they cost money, want no store of witnesses,
I have seen a handsome Cause so foully lost, Sir,
So beastly cast away for want of Witnesses.

Hen. There shall want nothing.

Bar. Then be gone, be provident,
Send to the Judge a secret way: you have me,
And let him understand the heart.

Hen. I shall, Sir.

Bar. And feel the pulses strongly beat, I'll study,
And at my hour, but mark me, go, be happy,
Go and believe 'th' Law.

Hen. I hope 'twill help me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENA II.

Enter Lopez, Diego, and four Parishioners and Singers.

Lop. Ne're talk to me, I will not stay amongst ye,
Debauch'd and ignorant lazie knaves I found ye,
And fools I leave ye. I have taught these twenty years,
Preacht spoon-meat to ye, that a Child might swallow,
Yet ye are Block-heads still: what should I say to ye?
Ye have neither faith, nor money left to save ye,
Am I a fit companion for such Beggars?

1 If the Shepherd will suffer the sheep to be scab'd, Sir—

Lop. No, no ye are rotten.

Die. Would they were, for my sake.

Lop. I have Nointed ye, and Tarr'd ye with my Doctrine,
And yet the Murren sticks to ye, yet ye are Mangy,
I will avoid ye.

2 Pray ye, Sir, be not angry,

In the pride of your new Caslock, do not part with us;
We do acknowledge ye are a careful Curate,
And one that seldom troubles us with Sermons,
A short slice of a Reading serves us, Sir,
We do acknowledge ye a quiet Teacher,
Before you'll vex your Audience, you'll sleep with 'em,
And that's a loving thing:

3 We grant ye, Sir,

The only benefactor to our Bowling,
To all our merry Sports the first provoker;
And at our Feasts, we know there is no reason,
But you that edifie us most, should eat most.

Lop. I will not stay for all this, ye shall know me
A man born to amore befeeming fortune

Than ringing all-in, to a rout of Dunces.

4 We will increase your Tithes, you shall have Eggs too,
Though they may prove most dangerous to our Issues.

1 I am a Smith; yet thus far out of my love,
You shall have the tenth Horse I prick, to pray for,
I am sure I prick five hundred in a year, Sir.

2 I am a Cook, a man of a dri'd Conscience,
Yet thus far I relent: you shall have tith Pottage.

3 Your stipend shall be rais'd too, good Neighbour *Diego*.

Die. Would ye have me speak for ye? I am more angry,
Ten times more vex'd, not to be pacified:
No, there be other places for poor Sextons,
Places of profit, Friends, fine stirring places,
And people that know how to use our Offices,
Know what they were made for: I speak for such Capons?
Ye shall find the Key o'th' Church
Under the door, Neighbours,
You may go in, and drive away the Dawes.

Lop. My Surple's, with one sleeve, you shall find there,
For to that dearth of Linnen you have driven me;
And the old Cutwork Cope, that hangs by Geometry:
'Pray ye turn 'em carefully, they are very tender;
The remnant of the Books, lie where they did, Neighbours,
Half puft away with the Church-wardens pipings,
Such smoaky zeals they have against hard places.
The Poor-mans Box is there too: if ye find any thing
Beside the Posie, and that half rub'd out too,
For fear it should awake too much charity,
Give it to pious uses, that is, spend it.

Die. The Bell-ropes, they are strong enough to hang ye,
So we bequeath ye to your destiny.

1 'Pray ye be not so hasty.

Die. I'll speak a proud word to ye,
Would ye have us stay?

2 We do most heartily pray ye.

3 I'll draw as mighty drink, Sir.

Lop. A strong motive,
The stronger still, the more ye come unto me.

3 And I'll send for my Daughter.

Lop. This may stir too:

The Maiden is of age, and must be edified.

4 You shall have any thing: lose our learned Vicar?
And our most constant friend; honest dear *Diego*?

Die. Yet all this will not do: I'll tell ye, Neighbours,
And tell ye true: if ye will have us stay,
If you will have the comforts of our companies,
You shall be bound to do us right in these points,
You shall be bound, and this the obligation;
Dye when 'tis fit, that we may have fit duties,
And do not seek to draw—out our undoings,
Marry try'd Women, that are free, and fruitful,
Get Children in abundance, for your Christnings,
Or suffer to be got, 'tis equal justice,

Lop. Let Weddings, Christnings, Churchings, Funerals,
And merry Gossippings go round, go round still,
Round as a Pig, that we may find the profit.

Die. And let your old men fall sick handsomely,
And dye immediately, their Sons may shoot up:
Let Women dye o'th' Sullens too, 'tis natural,
But be sure their Daughters be of age first,
That they may stock us still: your queazie young Wives
That perish undeliver'd, I am vext with,
And vext abundantly, it much concerns me,
There's a Childs Burial lost, look that be mended.

Lop. Let 'em be brought to Bed, then dye when they please.
These things considered, Country-men, and sworn to.

2 All these, and all our Sports again, and Gambols.

3 We must dye, and we must live, and we'll be merry,
Every man shall be rich by one another.

2 We are here to-morrow and gone to-day, for my part
If getting Children can befriend my Neighbours.
I'll labour hard but I'll fill your Font, Sir.

1 I have a Mother now, and an old Father;

They are as sure your own, within these two months—

4 My Sister must be pray'd for too, she is desperate,
Desperate in love.

Die. Keep desperate men far from her,
Then 'twill go hard: do you see how melancholy?
Do you mark the man? do you profess ye love him?
And would do any thing to stay his fury?
And are ye unprovided to refresh him,
To make him know your loves? fie Neighbours.

2 We'll do any thing.
We have brought Musick to appease his spirit,
And the best Song we'll give him.

Die. 'Pray ye sit down, Sir,
They know their duties now, and they stand ready
To tender their best mirth.

Lop. 'Tis well, proceed Neighbours,
I am glad I have brought ye to understand good manners,
Ye had Puritan hearts a-while, spurn'd at all pastimes,
But I see some hope now.

Die. We are set, proceed Neighbours.

SONG.

1

*Let the Bells ring, and let the Boys sing,
The young Lasses skip and play,
Let the Cups go round, till round goes the ground,
Our Learned old Vicar will stay.*

2

*Let the Pig turn merrily, merrily ah,
And let the fat Goose swim,
For verily, verily, verily ah,
Our Vicar this day shall be trim.*

3

*The stew'd Cock shall Crow, Cock-a-loodle-loo,
A loud Cock-a-loodle shall he Crow;
The Duck and the Drake, shall swim in a lake
Of Onions and Claret below.*

4

*Our Wives shall be neat, to bring in our meat;
To thee our most noble adviser,
Our pains shall be great, and Bottles shall sweat,
And we our selves will be wiser.*

5

*We'll labour and swinck, we'll kiss and we'll drink,
And Tithes shall come thicker and thicker;
We'll fall to our Plow, and get Children enough,
And thou shalt be learned old Vicar.*

Enter Arsenio and Milanes.

Arf. What ails this Priest? how highly the thing takes it?

Mil. Lord how it looks? has he not bought some Prebend?

Leandro's mony makes the Rascal merry,
Merry at heart; he spies us.

Lop. Be gone Neighbours,
Here are some Gentlemen: be gone good Neighbours,
Be gone, and labour to redeem my favour,
No more words, but be gone: these two are Gentlemen,
No company for crusty-handed fellows.

Die. We will stay for a year or two, and try ye.

Lop. Fill all your hearts with joy, we will stay with ye,
Be gone, no more; I take your pastimes graciously. [*Exeunt*
Would ye with me, my friends? [*Parishioners.*

Arf. We would look upon ye,
For me thinks ye look lovely.

Lop. Ye have no Letters?
Nor any kind Remembrances?

Mil. Remembrances?

Lop. From *Nova Hispania*, or some part remote, Sir,
You look like Travel'd men: may be some old friends
That happily I have forgot; some Signiours

In *China* or *Catays*; some Companions——

Die. In the *Moguls* Court, or else-where.

Arf. They are mad sure.

Lop. Ye came not from *Peru*? do they look, *Diego*,
As if they had some mystery about 'em?
Another *Don Alonzo* now?

Die. I marry,

And so much mony, Sir, from one you know not,
Let it be who it will.

Lop. They have gracious favours.

Would ye be private?

Mil. There's no need on't, Sir,
We come to bring ye a Remembrance from a Merchant.

Lop. 'Tis very well, 'tis like I know him.

Arf. No, Sir,

I do not think ye do.

Lop. A new mistake, *Diego*,

Let's carry it decently.

Arf. We come to tell ye,

You have received great sums from a young Factor
They call *Leandro*, that has rob'd his Master,
Rob'd him, and run away.

Die. Let's keep close, Master;

This news comes from a cold Country.

Lop. By my faith it freezes,

Mil. Is not this true? do you shrink now good-man Curat?

Do I not touch ye?

Lop. We have a hundred Duckets

Yet left, we do beseech ye, Sir——

Mil. You'll hang both.

Lop. One may suffice.

Die. I will not hang alone, Master,

I had the least part, you shall hang the highest.

Plague o' this *Tiveria*, and the Letter,

The Devil sent it post, to pepper us,

From *Nova Hispania*, we shall hang at home now.

Arf. I see ye are penitent, and I have compassion:

Ye are secure both; do but what we charge ye,
Ye shall have more gold too, and he shall give it,
Yet ne're indanger ye.

Lop. Command us, Master,

Command us presently, and see how nimbly——

Die. And if we do not handsomely endeavour——

Arf. Go home, and till ye hear more, keep private,
Till we appear again, no words, Vicar,
There's something added.

Mil. For you too.

Lop. We are ready.

Mil. Go and expect us hourly, if ye falter,

Though ye had twenty lives——

Die. We are fit to lose 'em.

Lop. 'Tis most expedient that we should hang both.

Die. If we be hang'd, we cannot blame our fortune.

Mil. Farewel, and be your own friends.

Lop. We expect ye.——

[*Exeunt.*

SCENA III.

Enter Octavio, Jacintha, and Ascanio.

Octa. We cited to the Court! { *A Bar, Table-book, 2 Chairs*
Jac. It is my wonder. { *and Paper, standish set out.*

Octa. But not our fear, *Jacintha*; wealthy men,
That have Estates to lose; whose conscious thoughts
Are full of inward guilt, may shake with horror
To have their Actions sifted, or appear
Before the Judge. But we that know our selves
As innocent, as poor, that have no Fleece
On which the Talons of the griping Law
Can take sure hold, may smile with scorn on all
That can be urg'd against us.

Jac. I am confident

There is no man so covetous, that desires
To ravish our wants from us, and less hope
There can be so much Justice left on earth,

(Though

(Tough sued, and call'd upon) to ease us of
The burthen of our wrongs.

Off. What thinks *Afc. mio*?

Should we be call'd in question, or accus'd
Unjustly, what would you do to redeem us
From tyrannous oppression?

Afc. I could pray

To him that ever has an open ear,
To hear the innocent, and right their wrongs;
Nay, by my troth, I think I could out-plead
An Advocate, and sweat as much as he
Do's for a double Fee, ere you should suffer
In an honest cause.

Enter Jamie and Bartolus.

Off. Happy simplicitie!

Jac. My dearest and my best one, *Don Jamie.*

Off. And the Advocate, that caus'd us to be summon'd.

Afc. My Lord is mov'd, I see it in his looks,
And that man, in the Gown, in my opinion
Looks like a proguing Knave.

Jac. Peace, give them leave.

Jam. Serve me with Process?

Bar. My Lord, you are not lawless.

Jam. Nor thou honest;

One, that not long since was the buckram Scribe,
That would run on mens errands for an Asper,
And from such baseness, having rais'd a Stock
To bribe the covetous Judge, call'd to the Bar.
So poor in practice too, that you would plead
A needy Clyents Cause, for a starv'd Hen,
Or half a little Loin of Veal, though fly-blown,
And these, the greatest Fees you could arrive at
For just proceedings; but since you turn'd Rascal—

Bar. Good words, my Lord.

Jam. And grew my Brothers Bawd,
In all his vitious courses, soothing him
In his dishonest practises, you are grown
The rich, and eminent Knave, in the Devils name,
What am I cited for?

Bar. You shall know anon,
And then too late repent this bitter language,
Or I'll mis of my ends.

Jam. Were't not in Court,
I would beat that fat of thine, rais'd by the food
Snatch'd from poor Clyents mouths, into a jelly:
I would (my man of Law) but I am patient,
And would obey the Judge.

Bar. 'Tis your best course:
Would every enemy I have would beat me,
I would wish no better Action.

Off. 'Save your Lordship.

Afc. My humble service.

Jam. My good Boy, how dost thou?
Why art thou call'd into the Court?

Enter Assistant, Henrique, Officer, and Witnesses.

Afc. I know not,
But 'tis my Lord the Assistants pleasure
I should attend here.

Jam. He will soon resolve us.

Off. Make way there for the Judge.

Jam. How? my kind Brother?

Nay then 'tis rank: there is some villany towards.

Assist. This Sessions purchas'd at your suit, *Don Henrique,*
Hath brought us hither, to hear and determine
Of what you can prefer.

Hen. I do beseech

The honourable Court, I may be heard
In my Advocate.

Assist. 'Tis granted.

Bar. Humh, humh.

Jam. That Preface,
If left out in a Lawyer, spoils the Cause,

Though ne're so good, and honest.

Bar. If I stood here,

To plead in the defence of an ill man,
(Most equal Judge) or to accuse the innocent
(To both which, I profess my self a stranger)
It would be requisite I should deck my Language
With Tropes and Figures, and all flourishes
That grace a Rhetorician, 'tis confess'd
Adulterate Metals need the Gold-smiths Art,
To set 'em off; what in it self is perfect
Contemns a borrowed gloss: this Lord (my Client)
Whose honest cause, when 'tis related truly,
Will challenge justice, finding in his Conscience
A tender scruple of a fault long since
By him committed, thinks it not sufficient
To be absolv'd of 't by his Confessor,
If that in open Court he publish not
What was so long conceal'd.

Jam. To what tends this?

Bar. In his young years (it is no miracle
That youth, and heat of blood, should mix together)
He look'd upon this woman, on whose face
The ruines yet remain, of excellent form,
He look'd on her, and lov'd her.

Jac. You good Angels,
What an impudence is this?

Bar. And us'd all means
Of Service, Courtship, Presents, that might win her
To be at his devotion: but in vain;
Her Maiden Fort, impregnable held out,
Until he promis'd Marriage; and before
These Witnesses a solemn Contract pass'd
To take her as his Wife.

Assist. Give them their Oath.

Jam. They are incompetent Witnesses, his own Creatures,
And will swear any thing for half a Royal.

Off. Silence.

Assist. Proceed.

Bar. Upon this strong assurance
He did enjoy his wishes to the full,
Which satisfied, and then with eyes of Judgement
(Hood-wink'd with Lust before) considering duly
The inequality of the Match, he being
Nobly descended, and allyed, but she
Without a name, or Family, secretly
He purchas'd a Divorce, to disanul
His former Contract, Marrying openly
The Lady *Violante.*

Jac. As you sit here

The Deputy of the great King, who is
The Substitute of that impartial Judge,
With whom, or wealth, or titles prevail nothing,
Grant to a much wrong'd Widow, or a Wife
Your patience, with liberty to speak
In her own Cause, and let me face to face
To this bad man, deliver what he is:
And if my wrongs, with his ingratitude ballanc'd,
Move not compassion, let me die unpitied;
His Tears, his Oaths, his Perjuries, I pass o're;
To think of them is a disease; but death
Should I repeat them. I dare not deny,
(For Innocence cannot justify what's false)
But all the Advocate hath alledged concerning
His falshood, and my shame, in my consent,
To be most true: But now I turn to thee,
To thee *Don Henrique,* and if impious Acts
Have left thee blood enough to make a blush,
I'll paint it on thy cheeks. Was not the wrong
Sufficient to defeat me of mine honour,
To leave me full of sorrow, as of want,
The witness of thy lust left in my womb,
To testify thy falshood, and my shame?
But now so many years I had conceal'd
Thy most inhumane wickedness, and won

This Gentleman, to hide it from the world,
To Father what was thine (for yet by Heaven,
Though in the City he pass'd for my husband,
He never knew me as his wife.)

Assist. 'Tis strange:

Give him an Oath.

Off. I gladly swear, and truly.

Jac. After all this (I say) when I had born
These wrongs, with Saint-like patience, saw another
Freely enjoy, what was (in Justice) mine,
Yet still so tender of thy rest and quiet,
I never would divulge it, to disturb
Thy peace at home; yet thou most barbarous,
To be so careless of me, and my fame,
(For all respect of thine in the first step
To thy base lust, was lost) in open Court
To publish my disgrace? and on record,
To write me up an easie-yielding wanton?
I think can find no precedent: In my extreams,
One comfort yet is left, that though the Law
Divorce me from thy bed, and made free way
To the unjust embraces of another,
It cannot yet deny that this thy Son
(Look up *Ascanio* since it is come out)
Is thy legitimate heir.

Jam. Confederacie!

A trick (my Lord) to cheat me; e're you give
Your Sentence, grant me hearing.

Assist. New Chimera's?

Jam. I am (my Lord) since he is without Issue,
Or hope of any, his undoubted heir,
And this forg'd by the Advocate, to defeat me
Of what the laws of *Spain* confer upon me,
A meer Imposture, and conspiracie
Against my future fortunes.

Assist. You are too bold.

Speak to the cause *Don Henrique*.

Hen. I confess,

(Though the acknowledgment must wound mine honour,)
That all the Court hath heard touching this Cause,
(Or with me, or against me) is most true:
The later part my Brother urg'd, excepted:
For what I now doe, is not out of Spleen
(As he pretends) but from remorse of conscience
And to repair the wrong that I have done
To this poor woman: And I beseech your Lordship
To think I have not so far lost my reason,
To bring into my familie, to succeed me,
The stranger—Issue of another's Bed,
By proof, this is my Son, I challenge him,
Accept him, and acknowledge him, and desire
By a definitive Sentence of the Court,
He may be so recorded, and full power
To me, to take him home.

Jac. A second rape

To the poor remnant of content that's left me,
If this be granted: and all my former wrongs
Were but beginnings to my miseries,
But this the height of all: rather than part
With my *Ascanio*, I'll deny my oath,
Profess my self a Strumpet, and endure
What punishment soe're the Court decrees
Against a wretch that hath forsworn her self,
Or plai'd the impudent whore.

Assist. This tastes of passion,

And that must not divert the course of Justice;
Don Henrique, take your Son, with this condition
You give him maintenance, as becomes his birth,
And'twill stand with your honour to doe something
For this wronged woman: I will compel nothing,
But leave it to your will. Break up the Court:
It is in vain to move me; my doom's pass'd,
And cannot be revok'd. —

Hen. There's your reward.

[Exit.]

Bar. More causes, and such Fees. Now to my Wife,
I have too long been absent: Health to your Lordship.

[Exit.]

Asc. You all look strangely, and I fear believe
This unexpected fortune makes me proud,
Indeed it do's not: I shall ever pay you
The duty of a son, and honour you
Next to my Father: good my Lord, for yet
I dare not call you, uncle, be not sad,
I never shall forget those noble favours
You did me being a stranger, and if ever
I live to be the master of a fortune,
You shall command it.

Jam. Since it was determin'd
I should be cozen'd, I am glad the profit
Shall fall on thee, I am too tough to melt,
But something I will do.

Hen. 'Pray you take leave
Of your steward (gentle Brother) the good husband
That takes up all for you.

Jam. Very well, mock on,
It is your turn: I may have mine —

[Exit.]

Off. But do not

Forget us, dear *Ascanio*.

Asc. Do not fear it,

I every day will see you: every hour
Remember you in my prayers.

Off. My grief's too great

To be express'd in words —

[Exit.]

Hen. Take that and leave us, [gives money to *Jacinta*]
Leave us without reply, nay come back firrah
And study to forget such things as these
As are not worth the knowledge. [Asc. offers to follow.]

Asc. O good Sir,
These are bad principles —

Hen. Such as you must learn
Now you are mine, for wealth and poverty
Can hold no friendship: and what is my will
You must observe and do, though good or ill.

[Exeunt.]

SCENA IV.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. Where is my wife? 'fore heaven, I have done won-
Done mighty things to day, my *Amaranta*, (ders,
My heart rejoices at my wealthy Gleanings,
A rich litigious Lord I love to follow,
A Lord that builds his happiness on brawlings,
O 'tis a blessed thing to have rich Clyents,
Why, wife I say, how fares my studious Pupil?
Hard at it still? ye are too violent,
All things must have their rests, they will not last else,
Come out and breathe. [Leandro within.]

Lean. I do beseech you pardon me,
I am deeply in a sweet point Sir.

Bar. Ple instruct ye:

Enter Amaranta.

I say take breath, seek health first, then your study.
O my sweet soul, I have brought thee golden birds home,
Birds in abundance: I have done strange wonders:
There's more a hatching too.

Am. Have ye done, good husband?
Then 'tis a good day spent.

Bar. Good enough chicken,
I have spread the nets o'th' law, to catch rich booties,
And they come fluttering in: how do's my Pupil?
My modest thing, hast thou yet spoken to him?

Am. As I pass'd by his chamber I might see him,
But he is so bookish.

Bar. And so bathfull too,
I' faith he is, before he will speak, he will starve there.

Am. I pitie him a little.

Bar. So do I too.

Am.

Am. And if he please to take the air o'th' gardens,
Or walk i'th' inward rooms, so he molest not —
Bar. He shall not trouble thee, he dare not speak to thee.

Enter Moor, with Chess-board.

Bring out the Chess-board,— come let's have a game wife
I'll try your masterie, you say you are cunning
Am. As learned as ye are, Sir, I shall beat ye.

Enter Leandro.

Bar. Here he steals out, put him not out of countenance,
Prethee look another way, he will be gone else
Walk and refresh your self, I'll be with you presently.

Lean. I'll take the air a little. [*Play at chess.*

Bar. 'Twill be healthfull.

Am. Will ye be there? then here? I'll spare ye that man.

Lea. Would I were so near too, and a mate fitting.

Am. What think ye, Sir, to this? have at your Knight
now.

Bar. 'Twas subtilly play'd: your Queen lies at my service.
Prethee look off, he is ready to pop in again,
Look off I say, do'st thou not see how he blushes?

Am. I do not blast him.

Lean. But ye do, and burn too,
What killing looks she steals?

Bar. I have you now close,
Now for a Mate.

Lean. You are a blessed man that may so have her.
Oh that I might play with her— [*knock within.*

Bar. Who's there? I come, you cannot scape me now wife.
I come, I come. [*knock.*

Lean. Most blessed hand that calls him.

Bar. Play quickly wife.

Am. 'Pray ye give leave to think, Sir.

Enter Moor.

Moor. An honest neighbour that dwells hard by, Sir,
Would fain speak with your worship about business.

Lean. The devil blow him off.

Bar. Play.

Am. I will study:

For if you beat me thus, you will still laugh at me— [*knock.*

Bar. He knocks again; I cannot stay. *Leandro,*
'Pray thee come near.

Lean. I am well, Sir, here.

Bar. Come hither:

Be not afraid, but come.

Am. Here's none will bite, Sir.

Lean. God forbid Lady.

Am. 'Pray come nearer.

Lean. Yes forfooth.

Bar. 'Prethee observe these men: just as they stand here,
And see this Lady do not alter 'em,
And be not partial, Pupil.

Lean. No indeed Sir.

Bar. Let her not move a pawn, I'll come back presently,
Nay you shall know I am a Conquerour.

Have an eye Pupil — [*Exit.*

Am. Can ye play at Chess Sir?

Lean. A little, Lady.

Am. But you cannot tell me

How to avoid this Mate, and win the Game too;
H'as noble eyes: ye dare not friend me so far.

Lean. I dare do any thing that's in mans power Lady,
To be a friend to such a noble beauty.

Am. This is no Lawyers language: I pray ye tell me,
Whither may I remove, Ye see I am fet round,
To avoid my husband?

Lean. I shall tell ye happily,
But happily you will not be instructed.

Am. Yes, and thank ye too, shall I move this man?

Lean. Those are unseemly: move one can serve ye,
Can honour ye, can love ye.

Am. 'Pray ye tell quickly,

He will return, and then.

Lean. I'll tell ye instantly,
Move me, and I will move any way to serve ye,
Move your heart this way, Lady.

Am. How?

Lean. 'Pray ye hear me.
Behold the sport of love, when he is imperious,
Behold the slave of love.

Am. Move my Queen this way?
Sure, he's some worthy man: then if he hedge me,
Or here to open him.

Lean. Do but behold me,
If there be pity in you, do but view me,
But view the misery I have undertaken
For you, the povertie.

Am. He will come presently.
Now play your best Sir, though I lose this Rook here,
Yet I get lib'ertie.

Lean. I'll seise your fair hand,
And warm it with a hundred, hundred kisses.
The God of love warm your desires but equal,
That shall play my game now.

Am. What do you mean Sir?

Why do you stop me?

Lean. That ye may intend me.
The time has blest us both: love bids us use it.
I am a Gentleman nobly descended,
Young to invite your love, rich to maintain it.

I bring a whole heart to ye, thus I give it,
And to those burning altars thus I offer,
And thus, divine lips, where perpetual Spring grows——

Am. Take that, ye are too saucy.

Lean. How, proud Lady?

Strike my deserts?

Am. I was to blame.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. What wife, there?
Heaven keep my house from thieves.

Lean. I am wretched:
Opened, discovered, lost to my wifes.
I shall be whooted at.

Bar. What noise was this, wife?
Why dost thou smile?

Lean. This proud thing will betray me.

Bar. Why these lie here? what angry, dear?

Am. No, Sir,
Only a chance, your pupil said he plaid well,
And so indeed he do's: he undertook for ye,
Because I would not sit so long time idle,
I made my liberty, avoided your mate,
And he again as cunningly endangered me,
Indeed he put me strangely to it. When presently
Hearing you come, & having broke his ambush too,
Having the second time brought off my Queen fair,
I rose o'th' sudden smilingly to shew ye,
My apron caught the Chess-board, and the men,
And there the noise was.

Bar. Thou art grown a Master,
For all this I shall beat ye.

Lean. Or I, Lawyer,
For now I love her more, 'twas a neat answer,
And by it hangs a mighty hope, I thank her,
She gave my pate a sound knock that it rings yet;
But you shall have a founder if I live lawyer,
My heart akes yet, I would not be in that fear——

Bar. I am glad ye are a gamester, Sir, sometimes
For recreation we two shall fight hard at it.

Am. He will prove too hard for me.

Lean. I hope he shall do, (good Lady.
But your Chess-board is too hard for my head, line that,

Bar. I have been attoning two most wrangling neigh-
They had no mony, therefore I made even. (bours,
Come, let's go in and eat; truly I am hungry.

Lean. I have eaten already, I must intreat your pardon.

Bav. Do as ye please, we shall expect ye at supper.
He has got a little heart, now it seems handfomly.

Am. You'l get no little head, if I do not look to ye.

Lean. If ever I do catch thee again thou vanity—

Am. I was to blame to be forrall, I am sorry—

[*Exeunt*]

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Don Henrique, Violante, Ascanio.

Hen. **H**ear but my reasons.

Viol. O my patience, hear 'em!
Can cunning falshood colour an excuse
With any seeming shape of borrowed truth?
Extenuate this wofull wrong, not error?

Hen. You gave consent that, to defeat my brother
I should take any course.

Vio. But not to make
The cure more loathfom than the soul disease:
Was't not enough you took me to your bed,
Tir'd with loose dalliance, and with emptie veins,
All those abilities spent before and wasted,
That could confer the name of mother on me?
But that (to perfect my account of sorrow
For my long barnneness) you must heighten it
By shewing to my face, that you were fruitfull
Hug'd in the base embraces of another?
If Solitude that dwelt beneath my roof,
And want of children was a torment to me,
What end of my vextion to behold
A bastard to upbraid me with my wants?
And hear the name of father paid to ye,
Yet know my self no mother,
What can I say?

Hen. Shall I confes my fault and ask your pardon?
Will that content ye?

Vio. If it could make void,
What is confirm'd in Court: no, no, *Don Henrique*,
You shall know that I find my self abus'd,
And adde to that, I have a womans anger,
And while I look upon this Basilisk,
Whose envious eyes have blasted all my comforts
Rest confident I'll study my dark ends,
And not your pleasures.

Asc. Noble Lady, hear me,
Not as my Fathers son, but as your servant,
Vouchsafe to hear me, for such in my duty,
I ever will appear: and far be it from
My poor ambition, ever to look on you,
But with that reverence, which a slave stands bound
To pay a worthy Mistris: I have heard
That Dames of highest place, nay Queens themselves
Disdain not to be serv'd by such as are
Of meanest Birth: and I shall be most happie,
To be employ'd when you please to command me
Even in the coursest office, as your Page,
I can wait on your trencher, fill your wine,
Carry your pantofles, and be sometimes blest'd
In all humilitie to touch your feet:
Or if that you esteem that too much grace,
I can run by your Coach: observe your looks,
And hope to gain a fortune by my service,
With your good favour, which now, as a Son,
I dare not challenge.

Vio. As a Son?

Asc. Forgive me,
I will forget the name, let it be death
For me to call you Mother.

Vio. Still upbraided?

Hen. No way left to appease you?

Vio. None: now hear me:

Hear what I vow before the face of Heaven,
And if I break it, all plagues in this life,
And those that alter death are fear'd fall, on me,
While that this Bastard stiaes under my roof,
Look for no peace at home, for I renounce
All Offices of a wife.

Hen. What am I faln to?

Vio. I will not eat, nor sleep with you, and those hours,
Which I should spend in prayers for your health,
Shall be employ'd in Curses.

Hen. Terrible.

Vio. All the day long, I'll be as tedious to you
As lingring fevers, and I'll watch the nights,
To ring aloud your shame, and break your sleeps.
Of if you do but slumber, I'll appear
In the shape of all my wrongs, and like a fury
Fright you to madness, and if all this fail
To work out my revenge, I have friends and kinsmen,
That will not sit down tame with the disgrace
That's offer'd to our noble familie
In what I suffer.

Hen. How am I divided
Between the duties I owe as a Husband,
And pietie of a Parent?

Asc. I am taught Sir
By the instinct of nature that obedience
Which bids me to prefer your peace of mind,
Before those pleasures that are dearest to me,
Be wholly hers (my Lord) I quit all parts,
That I may challenge: may you grow old together,
And no distaste e're find you, and before
The Characters of age are printed on you
May you see many Images of your selves,
Though I, like some false glass, that's never look'd in,
Am cast aside, and broken; from this hour
(Unless invited, which I dare not hope for)
I never will set my forbidden feet
Over your threshold: only give me leave
Though cast off to the world to mention you
In my devotions, 'tis all I sue for
And so I take my last leave.

Hen. Though I am
Devoted to a wife, nay almost sold
A slave to serve her pleasures, yet I cannot
So part with all humanity, but I must
Shew something of a Father: thou shalt not goe
Unfurnish'd and unfriended too: take that
To guard thee from necessities; may thy goodness
Meet many favours, and thine innocence
Deserve to be the heir of greater fortunes,
Than thou wer't born to. Scorn me not *Violante*,
This banishment is a kind of civil death,
And now, as it were at his funeral
To shed a tear or two, is not unmanly,
And so farewell for ever: one word more,
Though I must never see thee (my *Ascanio*)
When this is spent (for so the Judge decreed)
Send to me for supply: are you pleas'd now?

Vio. Yes: I have cause: to see you howl and blubber
At the parting of my torment, and your shame.
'Tis well: proceed: supply his wants: doe doe:
Let the great dower I brought serve to maintain
Your Bastards riots: send my Clothes and Jewels,
To your old acquaintaince, your dear dame his Mother.
Now you begin to melt, I know 'twill follow.

Hen. Is all I doe misconstru'd?

Viol. I will take
A course to right my self, a speeding one:
By the blest'd Saints, I will; if I prove cruel,
The shame to see thy foolish pity, taught me
To lose my natural softness, keep off from me,
Thy flatteries are infectious, and I'll flee thee
As I would doe a Leper.

Hen.

Hen. Let not fury
Transport you so: you know I am your Creature,
All love, but to your self, with him, hath left me.
I'll joyn with you in any thing.

Viol. In vain,
I'll take mine own waies, and will have no partners.

Hen. I will not cross you.

Viol. Do not, they shall find
That to a Woman of her hopes beguil'd
A Viper trod on, or an Aspick's mild.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENA II.

Enter Lopez, Milanese, Arsenio.

Lop. Sits the game there? I have you by mine order,
I love *Leandro* for't.

Mil. But you must shew it
In lending him your help, to gain him means
And opportunity.

Lop. He shall want nothing,
I know my Advocate to a hair, and what
Will fetch him from his Prayers, if he use any,
I am honied with the project: I would have him horn'd
For a most precious Beast.

Ars. But you lose time.

Lop. I am gone, instruct you *Diego*, you will find him
A sharp and subtle Knave, give him but hints
And he will amplify. See all things ready,
I'll fetch him with a vengeance—

[*Exit.*]

Ars. If he fail now,
We'll give him over too.

Mil. Tush, he is flesh'd,
And knows what vein to strike for his own credit.

Ars. All things are ready.

Mil. Then we shall have a merry Scene, ne're fear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENA III.

Enter Amaranta, with a note, and Moor.

Amar. Is thy Master gone out?

Moor. Even now, the Curate fetch'd him,
About a serious business as it seem'd,
For he snatch'd up his Cloak, and brush'd his Hat straight,
Set his Band handsomely, and out he gallop'd.

Amar. 'Tis well, 'tis very well, he went out, *Egla*,
As luckily, as one would say, go Husband,
He was call'd by providence: fling this short Paper
Into *Leandro's* Cell, and waken him,
He is monstrous vexed, and musty, at my Chefs-play;
But this shall supple him, when he has read it:
Take your own Recreation for two hours,
And hinder nothing.

Moor. If I do, I'll hang for't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENA IV.

Enter Octavio, Jacintha.

Octa. If that you lov'd *Ascanio* for himself,
And not your private ends, you rather should
Bless the fair opportunity, that restores him
To his Birth-right, and the Honours he was born to,
Than grieve at his good Fortune.

Jac. Grieve, *Octavio*?

I would resign my Essence, that he were
As happy as my love could fashion him,
Though every blessing that should fall on him,
Might prove a curse to me: my sorrow springs
Out of my fear and doubt he is not safe.

I am acquainted with *Don Henrique's* nature,
And I have heard too much the fiery temper
Of *Madam Violante*: can you think
That she, that almost is at war with Heaven
For being barren, will with equal eyes
Behold a Son of mine?

Octa. His Father's care,
That for the want of Issue, took him home,
(Though with the forfeiture of his own fame)
Will look unto his safety.

Jac. Step-mothers
Have many eyes, to find a way to mischief,
Though blind to goodness.

Enter Jamie and Ascanio.

Octa. Here comes *Don Jamie*,
And with him our *Ascanio*.

Jam. Good youth leave me,
I know thou art forbid my company,
And only to be seen with me, will call on
Thy Father's anger.

Ars. Sir, if that to serve you
Could lose me any thing (as indeed it cannot)
I still would follow you. Alas I was born
To do you hurt, but not to help my self,
I was, for some particular end, took home,
But am cast off again.

Jam. Is't possible?

Ars. The Lady, whom my Father calls his Wife,
Abhors my sight, is sick of me, and forc'd him
To turn me out of doors.

Jac. By my best hopes
I thank her cruelty, for it comes near
A saving Charity.

Ars. I am only happy
That yet I can relieve you, pray you share:
My Father's wondrous kind, and promises
That I should be supplied: but sure the Lady
Is a malicious Woman, and I fear
Means me no good.

Enter Servant.

Jam. I am turn'd a stone with wonder,
And know not what to think.

Ser. From my Lady,
Your private ear, and this—

Jam. New Miracles?

Ser. She says, if you dare make your self a Fortune,
She will propose the means; my Lord *Don Henrique*
Is now from home, and she alone expects you,
If you dare trust her, so, if not despair of
A second offer.

[*Exit.*]

Jam. Though there were an Ambush
Laid for my life, I'll on and sound this secret.
Retire thee, my *Ascanio*, with thy Mother:
But stir not forth, some great design's on foot;
Fall what can fall, if e're the Sun be set
I see you not, give me for dead.

Ars. We will expect you,
And those bless'd Angels, that love goodness, guard you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENA V.

Enter Lopez and Bartolus.

Bar. Is't possible he should be rich?

Lop. Most possible,
He hath been long, though he had but little gettings,
Drawing together, Sir.

Bar. Accounted a poor Sexton,
Honest poor *Diego*.

Lop. I assure ye, a close Fellow,
Both close, and scraping, and that fills the Bags, Sir.

Bar. A notable good fellow too?

Lop. Sometimes, Sir,
When he hop'd to drink a man into a Surfeit,
That he might gain by his Grave.

Bar. So many thousands?

Lop. Heaven knows what.

Bar. 'Tis strange,
'Tis very strange; but we see by endeavour,

And honest labour——

Lop. Milo, by continuance

Grew from a silly Calf (with your worships reverence)
To carry a Bull, from a penny, to a pound, Sir,
And from a pound, to many: 'tis the progress.

Bar. Ye say true, but he lov'd to feed well also,
And that me-thinks——

Lop. From another mans Trencher, Sir,
And there he found it season'd with small charge:
There he would play the Tyrant, and would devour ye
More than the Graves he made; at home he liv'd
Like a Camelion, suckt th' Air of misery, } Table out, Stan-
And grew fat by the Brewis of an Egg-shell, } dish, Paper, Stools.
Would smell a Cooks-shop, and go home and surfeit.
And be a month in fasting out that Fever.

Bar. These are good Symptoms: do's he lye so sick say ye?

Lop. Oh, very sick.

Bar. And chofen me Executor?

Lop. Only your Worship.

Bar. No hope of his amendment?

Lop. None, that we find.

Bar. He hath no Kinsmen neither?

Lop. 'Truth, very few,

Bar. His mind will be the quieter.

What Doctors has he?

Lop. There's none, Sir, he believes in.

Bar. They are but needles things, in such extremities.

Who draws the good mans Will?

Lop. Marry that do I, Sir,

And to my grief.

Bar. Grief will do little now, Sir,

Draw it to your comfort, Friend, and as I counsel ye,

An honest man, but such men live not always:

Who are about him?

Lop. Many, now he is passing,
That would pretend to his love, yes, and some Gentlemen
That would fain counsel him, and be of his Kindred;
Rich men can want no Heirs, Sir.

Bar. They do ill,

Indeed they do, to trouble him; very ill, Sir.

But we shall take a care.

Enter Diego, in a Bed, Milanes, Arsenio, and Parishioners.

Lop. Will ye come near, Sir?

'Pray ye bring him out; now ye may see in what state:
Give him fresh Air.

Bar. I am sorry, Neighbour *Diego*,
To find ye in so weak a state.

Die. Ye are welcome,

But I am slecting, Sir.

Bar. Me-thinks he looks well,
His colour fresh, and strong, his eyes are chearful.

Lop. A glimmering before death, 'tis nothing else, Sir,
Do you see how he fumbles with the Sheet? do ye note that?

Di. My learned Sir, 'pray ye sit: I am bold to send for ye,
To take a care of what I leave.

Lop. Do ye hear that?

Ars. Play the Knave finely.

Die. So I will, I warrant ye,
And carefully.

Bar. 'Pray ye do not trouble him,
You see he's weak and has a wandring fancy.

Di. My honest Neighbours, weep not, I must leave ye,
I cannot always bear ye company,

We must drop still, there is no remedy:
'Pray ye Master Curate, will ye write my Testament,

And write it largely it may be remembred,
And be witness to my Legacies, good Gentlemen;

Your Worship I do make my full Executor,

You are a man of wit and understanding:

Give me a cup of Wine to raise my Spirits,
For I speak low: I would before these Neighbours
Have ye to swear, Sir, that you will see it executed,
And what I give let equally be rendred

For my souls health.

Bar. I vow it truly, Neighbours,
Let not that trouble ye, before all these,
Once more I give my Oath.

Die. Then set me higher,
And pray ye come near me all.

Lop. We are ready for ye.

Mil. Now spur the Ass, and get our friend time.

Die. First then,

After I have given my body to the worms,
(For they must be serv'd first, they are seldom cozen'd.)

Lop. Remember your Parish, Neighbour.

Die. You speak truly,

I do remember it, a lewd vile Parish,
And pray it may be mended: To the poor of it,

(Which is to all the Parish) I give nothing,
For nothing, unto nothing, is most natural,
Yet leave as much space, as will build an Hospital,
Their Children may pray for me.

Bar. What do you give to it?

Die. Set down two thousand Duckets.

Bar. 'Tis a good gift,
And will be long remembred.

Die. To your worship,
(Because you must take pains to see all finish'd)
I give two thousand more, it may bethree, Sir,
A poor gratuity for your pains-taking.

Bar. These are large fums.

Lop. Nothing to him that has 'em.

Die. To my old Master Vicar, I give five hundred,
(Five hundred and five hundred are too few, Sir)
But there be more to serve.

Bar. This fellow coins sure.

(Books,

Die. Give me some more drink. Pray ye buy Books, buy
You have a learned head, stuff it with Libraries,
And understand 'em, when ye have done, 'tis Justice.
Run not the Parish mad with Controversies,
Nor preach Abstinence to longing Women,
'Twill burge the bottoms of their Consciences:
I would give the Church new Organs, but I prophesie
The Church-wardens would quickly pipe'em out o'th' Parish,
Two hundred Duckets more to mend the Chancel,
And to paint true Orthographie, as many,
They write *Sunt* with a *C*, which is abominable,
'Pray you set that down; to poor Maidens Marriages.

Lop. I that's well thought of, what's your will in that point?
A meritorious thing.

Bar. No end of this Will?

Die. I give *per annum* two hundred Ells of Lockram,
That there be no strait dealings in their Linnens,
But the Sails cut according to their Burthens.
To all Bell-ringers, I bequeath new Ropes,
And let them use 'em at their own discretions.

Ars. You may remember us.

Die. I do good Gentlemen,

And I bequeath you both good careful Surgions,
A Legacy, you have need of, more than mony,
I know you want good Diets, and good Lotions,
And in your pleasures, good take heed.

Lop. He raves now,
But 'twill be quickly off.

Die. I do bequeath ye

Commodities of Pins, Brown-papers, Pack-threads,
Rost Pork, and Puddings, Ginger-bread, and Jews-trumps,
Of penny Pipes, and mouldy Pepper, take 'em,
Take 'em even where you please and be cozen'd with 'em,
I should bequeath ye Executions also,
But those I'll leave to th' Law.

Lop. Now he grows temperate.

Bar. You will give no more?

Die. I am loth to give more from ye,
Because I know you will have a care to execute.

Only, to pious uses, Sir, a little.

Bar. If he be worth all these, I am made for ever.

Die.

Die. I give to fatal Dames, that spin mens threads out,
And poor distressed Damfels, that are militant
As members of our own Afflictions,
A hundred Crowns to buy warm Tubs to work in,
I give five hundred pounds to buy a Church-yard,
A spacious Church-yard, to lay Thieves and Knaves in,
Rich men and honest men take all the room up.

Lop. Are ye not weary?

Die. Never of well doing.

Bar. These are mad Legacies.

Die. They were got as madly;

My Sheep, and Oxen, and my moveables,
My Plate, and Jewels, and five hundred Acres;
I have no heirs.

Bar. This cannot be, 'tis monstrous.

Die. Three Ships at Sea too.

Bar. You have made me full Executor?

Die. Full, full, and total, would I had more to give ye,
But these may serve an honest mind.

Bar. Ye say true,

A very honest mind, and make it rich too;
Rich, wondrous rich, but where shall I raise these moneys,
About your house? I see no such great promises;
Where shall I find these fums?

Die. Even where you please, Sir,
You are wise and provident, and know business,
Ev'n raise 'em where you shall think good, I am reasonable.

Bar. Think good? will that raise thousands?
What do you make me?

Die. You have sworn to see it done, that's all my comfort.

Bar. Where I please? this is pack'd sure to disgrace me.

Die. Ye are just, and honest, and I know you will do it,
Ev'n where you please, for you know where the wealth is.

Bar. I am abused, betrayed, I am laugh'd at, scorn'd,
Baff'd, and boarded, it seems.

Arf. No, no, ye are fooled.

Lop. Most finely fooled, and handsomely, and neatly,
Such cunning Masters must be fool'd sometimes, Sir,
And have their Worships noses wiped, 'tis healthful,
We are but quit: you fool us of our moneys
In every Cause, in every Quiddit wipe us. (men.)

Die. Ha, ha, ha, ha, some more drink, for my heart, Gentle-
This merry Lawyer—— ha, ha, ha, ha, this Scholar——
I think this fit will cure me: this Executor——
I shall laugh out my Lungs.

Bar. This is derision above sufferance, villany
Plotted and set against me.

Die. Faith 'tis Knavery,

In troth I must confess, thou art fool'd indeed, Lawyer.

Mil. Did you think, had this man been rich——

Bar. 'Tis well, Sir.

Mil. He would have chosen such a Wolf, a Canker,
A Maggot-pate, to be his whole Executor?

Lop. A Lawyer, that entangles all mens honesties,
And lives like a Spider in a Cobweb lurking,
And catching at all Flies, that pass his pit-falls?
Puts powder to all States, to make 'em caper?
Would he trust you? Do you deserve?

Die. I find, Gentlemen,
This Cataplasm of a well cozen'd Lawyer
Laid to my stomach, lenifies my Fever,
Methinks I could eat now, and walk a little.

Bar. I am aham'd to feel how flat I am cheated,
How grossly, and maliciously made a May-game,
A damned trick; my Wife, my Wife, some Rascal:
My Credit, and my Wife, some lustful Villain,
Some Bawd, some Rogue.

Arf. Some crafty Fool has found ye:
This 'tis, Sir, to teach ye to be too busy,
To covet all the gains, and all the rumours,
To have a stirring Oare in all mens actions.

Lop. We did this, but to vex your fine officiousness.

Bar. Good yield ye, and good thank ye: I am fooled, Gen-
The Lawyer is an Ass, I do confess it, (tlemen;

A weak dull shallow Ass: good even to your Worships:
Vicar, remember Vicar, Rascal, remember,
Thou notable rich Rascal.

Die. I do remember, Sir,
'Pray ye stay a little, I have ev'n two Legacies
To make your mouth up, Sir.

Bar. Remember Varlets,
Quake and remember, Rogues;
I have brine for your Buttocks. [Exit.

Lop. Oh how he frets, and fumes now like a Dunghil!

Die. His gall contains fine stuff now to make poysons,
Rare damned stuff.

Arf. Let's after him, and still vex him,
And take my Friend off: by this time he has prosper'd,
He cannot lose this dear time: 'tis impossible.

Mil. Well Diego, thou hast done.

Lop. Hast done it daintily.

Mil. And shalt be as well paid, Boy——

Arf. Go, let's crucifie him. [Exeunt.

SCENA VI.

Enter Amaranta, Leandro.

Lean. I have told ye all my story, and how desperately.

Ama. I do believe: let's walk on, time is pretious,
Not to be spent in words, here no more wooing,
The open Air's an enemy to Lovers,
Do as I tell ye.

Lean. I'll do any thing,
I am so over-joyn'd, I'll fly to serve ye.

Ama. Take your joy moderately, as it is ministred;
And as the cause invites: that man's a fool
That at the sight o'th' Bond, dances and leaps,
Then is the true joy, when the money comes.

Lean. You cannot now deny me.

Ama. Nay, you know not,
Women have crotchets, and strange fits.

Lean. You shall not.

Ama. Hold ye to that and swear it confidently,
Then I shall make a scruple to deny ye:
'Pray ye let's step in, and see a friend of mine,
The weather's sharp: we'll stay but half an hour,
We may be mis'd else: a private fine house 'tis, Sir,
And we may find many good welcomes.

Lean. Do Lady,
Do happy Lady.

Ama. All your mind's of doing,
You must be modest.

Lean. I will be any thing. [Exeunt.

SCENA VII.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. Open the doors, and give me room to chafe in
Mine own room, and my liberty: why Maid there,
Open I say, and do not anger me,
I am subject to much fury: when, ye Dish-clout?
When do ye come? asleep ye lazie Hell-hound?
Nothing intended, but your ease, and eating?
No body here? why Wife, why Wife? why Jewel?
No tongue to answer me? pre'thee, good Pupil,
Dispense a little with thy careful study,
And step to th' door, and let me in; nor he neither?
Ha! not at's study? nor asleep? nor no body?
I'll make ye hear: the house of ignorance,
No sound inhabits here: I have a Key yet
That commands all: I fear I am Metamorphiz'd.

Enter Lopez, Arsenio, Milanes, Diego.

Lop. He keeps his fury still, and may do mischief.

Mil. He shall be hang'd first, we'll be itickers there, boys.

Die. The hundred thousand Dreams now, that possess him
Of jealousy, and of revenge, and frailtie;
Of drawing Bills against us, and Petitions.

Lop.

Lop. And casting what his credit shall recover.

Mil. Let him call till his Maw come up, we care not.

You shall be still secured. [A great noise within.]

Die. We'll pay him home then;

Hark what a noise he keeps within!

Lop. Certain

H'as set his Chimneys o' fire, or the Devil roars there.

Die. The Codices o'th' Law are broke loose, Gentlemen.

Arf. He's fighting sure.

Die. Ple tell ye that immediately—— [Exit.]

Mil. Or doing some strange out-rage on himself.

Arf. Hang him, he dares not be so valiant.

Enter Diego.

Die. There's no body at home, and he chafes like a Lyon,
And stinks withal. [Noise still.]

Lop. No body?

Die. Not a Creature,

Nothing within, but he and his Law-tempest,
The Ladles, Dishes, Kettles, how they flie all!
And how the Glasses through the Rooms!

Enter Bartolus.

Arf. My friend sure

Has got her out, and now he has made an end on't.

Lop. See where the Sea comes? how it foams, and bristles?
The great Leviathan o'th' Law, how it tumbles?

Bar. Made every way an Afs? abus'd on all sides?
And from all quarters, people come to laugh at me?
Rise like a Comet, to be wonder'd at?
A horrid Comet, for Boys tongues, and Ballads?
I will run from my wits.

Enter Amaranta, Leandro.

Arf. Do, do, good Lawyer,
And from thy mony too, then thou wilt be quiet.

Mil. Here she comes home: now mark the salutations;
How like an Afs my friend goes?

Arf. She has pull'd his ears down.

Bar. Now, what sweet voyage? to what Garden, Lady?
Or to what Cousins house?

Ama. Is this my welcome?

I cannot go to Church, but thus I am scandal'd,
Use no devotion for my soul, but Gentlemen——

Bar. To Church?

Amar. Yes, and ye keep sweet youths to wait upon me,
Sweet bred-up youths, to be a credit to me.
There's your delight again, pray take him to ye,
He never comes near me more to debase me. (ye?)

Bar. How's this? how's this? good wife, how, has he wrong'd

Ama. I was fain to drive him like a sheep before me,
I blush to think how people fleer'd, and scorn'd me.
Others have handsome men, that know behaviour,
Place, and observance: this silly thing knows nothing,
Cannot tell ten; let every Rascal juggle me,
And still I push'd him on as he had been coming.

Bar. Ha! did ye push him on? is he so stupid?

Ama. When others were attentive to the Priest,
Good devout Gentleman, then fell he fast,
Fast, sound asleep: then first began the Bag-pipes,
The several stops on's nose made a rare musick,
A rare and loud, and those plaid many an Anthem.
Put out of that, he fell straight into dreaming.

Arf. As cunning, as she is sweet; I like this carriage.

Bar. What did he then?

Ama. Why then he talked in his Sleep too,
Nay, Ple divulge your moral vertues (sheeps face)
And talk'd aloud, that every ear was fixt to him:
Did not I suffer (do you think) in this time?
Talk of your hawling Law, of appellations
Of Declarations, and Excommunications:
Warrants, and Executions: and such Devils
That drove all the Gentlemen out o'th' Church, by hurries,
With execrable oaths, they would never come there again.

Thus am I served and man'd.

Lean. I pray ye forgive me,
I must confes I am not fit to wait upon ye:

Alas, I was brought up——

Ama. To be an Assè,
A Lawyers Assè, to carry Books, and Buckrams.

Bar. But what did you at Church?

Lop. At Church, did you ask her?

Do you hear Gentlemen, do you mark that question?
Because you are half an Heretick your self, Sir,
Would ye breed her too? this shall to the Inquisition,
A pious Gentlewoman reproved for praying?
Ple see this filed, and you shall hear further, Sir.

Arf. Ye have an ill heart.

Lop. It shall be found out, Gentlemen,
There be those youths will search it.

Die. You are warm Signiour,
But a Faggot will warm ye better: we are witnesses.

Lop. Enough to hang him, do not doubt.

Mil. Nay certain,
I do believe h'as rather no Religion. (Sir?)

Lop. That must be known too, because she goes to Church,
O monstrum informe ingens!

Die. Let him go on, Sir,
His wealth will build a Nunnery, a fair one,
And this good Lady, when he is hang'd and rotten,
May there be Abbess.

Bar. You are cozen'd, honest Gentlemen,
I do not forbid the use but the form, mark me.

Lop. Form? what do you make of form?

Bar. They will undo me,
Swear, as I oft have done, and so betray me;
I must make fair way, and hereafter, Wife,
You are welcome home, and henceforth take your pleasure,
Go when ye shall think fit, I will not hinder ye,
My eyes are open now, and I see my errour,
My shame, as great as that, but I must hide it.
The whole conveyance now I smell, but *Basta*,
Another time must serve: you see us friends, now
Heartily friends, and no more chiding, Gentlemen,
I have been too foolish, I confes, no more words,
No more, sweet Wife.

Ama. You know my easie nature.

Bar. Go get ye in: you see she has been angry:
Forbear her sight a while and time will pacify;
And learn to be more bold.

Lean. I would I could,
I will do all I am able.

Bar. Do *Leandro*,
We will not part, but friends of all hands.

Lop. Well said,
Now ye are reasonable, we can look on ye.

Bar. Ye have jerkt me: but for all that I forgive ye,
Forgive ye heartily, and do invite ye
To morrow to a Breakfast, I make but seldom,
But now we will be merry.

Arf. Now ye are friendly,
Your doggedness and niggardize flung from ye.
And now we will come to ye.

Bar. Give me your hands, all;
You shall be welcome heartily.

Lop. We will be,
For we'll eat hard.

Bar. The harder, the more welcome,
And till the morning farewell; I have business. [Exit.]

Mil. Farewel good bountiful *Bartolus*, 'tis a brave wench,
A suddain witty thief, and worth all service:
Go we'll all go, and crucifie the Lawyer.

Die. Ple clap four tire of teeth into my mouth more
But I will grind his substance.

Arf. Well *Leandro*,
Thou hast had a strange Voyage, but I hope
Thou'rid'st now in safe harbour.

Mil. Let's go drink, Friends,

And laugh aloud at all our merry may-games.

Lop. A match, a match, 'twill whet our stomachs better.
[Exeunt.]

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Violante and Servant.

Ser. M Adam, he's come. [Chair and stools out.]

Viol. 'Tis well, how did he look, (led?)
When he knew from whom you were sent? was he not start-
Or confident? or fearful?

Ser. As appear'd
Like one that knew his fortune at the worst,
And car'd not what could follow.

Viol. 'Tis the better,
Reach me a Chair: so, bring him in, be careful
That none disturb us: I will try his temper,
And if I find him apt for my employments,

Enter Jamie, Servant.

I'll work him to my ends; if not, I shall
Find other Engines.

Ser. There's my Lady.

Viol. Leave us.

Jam. You sent for me?

Viol. I did, and do's the favour,
Your present state considered and my power,
Deserve no greater Ceremony?

Jam. Ceremonie?

I use to pay that where I owe a duty,
Not to my Brothers wife: I cannot fawn,
If you expect it from me, you are cozen'd,
And so farewell.

Viol. He bears up still; I like it.
Pray you a word.

Jam. Yes, I will give you hearing
On equal terms, and sit by you as a friend,
But not stand as a Sutor: Now your pleasure?

Viol. You are very bold.

Jam. 'Tis fit: since you are proud,
I was not made to feed that foolish humour,
With flattery and observance.

Viol. Yet, with your favour,
A little form joyn'd with respect to her,
That can add to your wants, or free you from 'em
(Nay raise you to a fate, beyond your hopes)
Might well become your wisdom.

Jam. It would rather
Write me a Fool, should I but only think
That any good to me could flow from you,
Whom for so many years I have found and prov'd
My greatest Enemy: I am still the same,
My wants have not transform'd me: I dare tell you,
To your new cerus'd face, what I have spoken
Freely behind your back, what I think of you,
You are the proudest thing, and have the least
Reason to be so that I ever read of.

In stature you are a Giants: and your Tailor
Takes measure of you with a Jacobs Staff,
Or he can never reach you, this by the way
For your large size: now, in a word or two,
To treat of your Complexion were decorum:
You are so far from fair, I doubt your Mother
Was too familiar with the Moor that serv'd her,
Your Limbs and Features I pass briefly over,
As things not worth description; and come roundly
To your Soul, if you have any; for 'tis doubtful.

Viol. I laugh at this, proceed.

Jam. This Soul I speak of,
Or rather Salt to keep this heap of flesh
From being a walking stench, like a large Inn;

Stands open for the entertainment of
All impious practices: but there's no Corner
An honest thought can take up; and as it were not
Sufficient in your self to comprehend
All wicked plots, you have taught the Fool, my Brother,
By your contagion, almost to put off
The nature of the man, and turn'd him Devil,
Because he should be like you, and I hope
Will march to Hell together: I have spoken,
And if the Limning you in your true Colours
Can make the Painter gracious, I stand ready
For my reward, or if my words distaste you,
I weigh it not, for though your Grooms were ready
To cut my Throat for't, be assur'd I cannot
Use other Language.

Viol. You think you have said now,
Like a brave fellow: in this Womans War
You ever have been train'd: spoke big, but suffer'd
Like a tame Ass; and when most spur'd and gall'd
Were never Master of the Spleen or Spirit,
That could raise up the anger of a man,
And force it into action.

Jam. Yes, vile Creature,
Wer't thou a subject worthy of my Sword,
Or that thy death, this moment, could call home
My banish'd hopes, thou now wer't dead; dead, woman;
But being as thou art, it is sufficient
I scorn thee, and contemn thee.

Viol. This shews nobly,
I must confess it: I am taken with it,
For had you kneel'd and whin'd and shew'd a base
And low dejected mind, I had despis'd you.
This bravery (in your adverse fortune) conquers
And do's command me, and upon the suddain
I feel a kind of pity, growing in me,
For your misfortunes, pity some say's the Parent,
Of future love, and I repent my part
So far in what you have suffered, that I could
(But you are cold) do something to repair
What your base Brother (such Jamie I think him)
Hath brought to ruine.

Jam. Ha?

Viol. Be not amaz'd,
Our injuries are equal in his Bastard,
You are familiar with what I groan for,
And though the name of Husband holds a eye
Beyond a Brother, I, a poor weak Woman,
Am sensible, and tender of a wrong,
And to revenge it would break through all lets,
That durst oppose me.

Jam. Is it possible?

Viol. By this kiss: start not: thus much, as a stranger
You may take from me; but, if you were pleas'd,
I should select you as a bosom friend,
I would print 'em thus, and thus.

Jam. Keep off.

Viol. Come near;
Near into the Cabinet of my Counsels:
Simplicity and patience dwell with Fools,
And let them bear those burthens, which wise men
Boldly shake off; be mine and joyn with me,
And when that I have rais'd you to a fortune,
(Do not deny your self the happy means)
You'll look on me with more judicious eyes
And swear I am most fair.

Jam. What would this Woman?
The purpose of these words? speak not in riddles;
And when I understand, what you would counsel,
My answer shall be suddain.

Viol. Thus then Jamie,
The objects of our fury are the same,
For young Ascanio, whom you Snake-like hug'd
(Frozen with wants to death) in your warm bosom,
Lives to supplant you in your certain hopes,

And kills in me all comfort.

Jam. Now 'tis plain,
I apprehend you: and were he remov'd ———

Viol. You, once again, were the undoubted heir.

Jam. 'Tis not to be deny'd; I was ice before,
But now ye have fir'd me. ———

Viol. Ple add fuel to it,
And by a nearer cut, do you but steer
As I direct you, wee'l bring our Bark into
The Port of happiness.

Jam. How?

Viol. By *Henriques* death:
But you'l say he's your Brother; in great fortunes
(Which are epitomes of States and Kingdoms)
The politick brook no Rivals.

Jam. Excellent!

For sure I think out of a scrupulous fear,
To feed in expectation, when I may
(Dispensing but a little with my conscience)
Come into full possession, would not argue
One that desir'd to thrive.

Viol. Now you speak like
A man that knows the World.

Jam. I needs must learn
That have so good a Tutrefs: and what think you,
(*Don Henrique* and *Ascanio* cut off)
That none may live, that shall desire to trace us
In our black paths, if that *Octavio*
His foster Father, and the sad *Facinta*,
(Faith pitie her, and free her from her Sorrows)
Should fall companions with 'em? When we are red
With murder, let us often bath in blood,
The colour will be scarlet.

Viol. And that's glorious,
And will protect the fact.

Jam. Suppose this done:
(If undiscovered) we may get for money,
(As that you know buyes any thing in *Rome*)
A dispensation.

Viol. And be married?

Jam. True.

Or if it be known, trufs up our Gold and Jewels,
And fly to some free State, and there with scorn——

Viol. Laugh at the laws of *Spain*.

'Twere admirable.

Jam. We shall beget rare children. I am rapt with
The meer imagination. ———

Viol. Shall it be done?

Jam. Shall? 'tis too tedious: furnish me with means
To hire the instruments, and to your self
Say it is done already: I will shew you,
E're the Sun set, how much you have wrought upon me,
Your province is only to use some means,
To send my Brother to the Grove that's neighbour
To the west Port of th' City; leave the rest
To my own practice; I have talk'd too long,
But now will doe: this kifs, with my Confession,
To work a fell revenge: a man's a fool,
If not instructed in a Womans School. [Exeunt.

SCENA II.

Enter Bartolus, Algazeirs, and a Paratour.
The Table set out and stools.

Bar. You are well enough disguiz'd, furnish the Table,
Make no shew what ye are, till I discover:
Not a foul knows ye here: be quick and diligent,
These youths I have invited to a Breakfast,
But what the Sawce will be, I am of opinion
I shall take off the edges of their Appetites,
And greafe their gums for eating heartily
This month or two, they have play'd their prizes with me,
And with their several flurts they have lighted dangerously,
But sure I shall be quit: I hear 'em coming.

Go off and wait the bringing in your service,
And do it handsomely: you know where to have it.

Enter Milanes, Arsenio, Lopez, Diego.

Welcom i' Faith.

Arf. That's well said, honest Lawyer.

Lop. Said like a neighbour.

Bar. Welcom all: all over,
And let's be merry.

Mil. To that end we came Sir,
An hour of freedome's worth an age of juglings.

Die. I am come too Sir, to specifie my Stomach
A poor retainer to your worships bountie.

Bar. And thou shalt have it fill'd my merry *Diego*,
My liberal, and my bonny bounteous *Diego*,
Even fill'd till it groan again.

Die. Let it have fair play,
And if it founder then. ———

Bar. Ple tell ye neighbours,
Though I were angry yesterday with ye all,
And very angry, for methought ye bob'd me.

Lop. No, no, by no means.

Bar. No, when I considered
It was a jest, and carried off so quaintly,
It made me merry: very merry, Gentlemen,
I do confess I could not sleep to think on't,
The mirth so tickled me, I could not slumber.

Lop. Good mirth do's work so: honest mirth,
Now, should we have meant in earnest ——

Bar. You say true neighbour.

Lop. It might have bred such a distast and fownness,
Such fond imaginations in your Brains, Sir,
For things thrust home in earnest. ——

Bar. Very certain,

But I know ye all for merry wagg, and ere long
You shall know me too in another fashion,
Though y'are pamper'd, ye shall bear part o'th' burthen.

Enter Amaranta, and Leandro.

Come wife; Come bid 'em welcom; Come my Jewel:
And Pupil, you shall come too; ne're hang backward,
Come, come the woman's pleas'd, her anger's over,
Come, be not bashfull.

Am. What do's he prepare here?

Sure there's no meat i'th' house, at least not drest,
Do's he mean to mock 'em? or some new bred crotchet
Come o're his brains; I do not like his kindness:
But silence best becomes me: if he mean foul play,
Sure they are enough to right themselves, and let 'em,
I'll sit by, so they beat him not to powder, (bour,
Bar. Bring in the meat there, ha? Sit down dear neigh-
A little meat needs little Complement,
Sit down I say.

Am. What do you mean by this Sir?

Bar. Convey away their weapons handsomely.

Am. You know there's none i'th' house to answer ye,
But the poor Girle; you know there's no meat neither.

Bar. Peace and be quiet; I shall make you smoak else,
There's men and meat enough, set it down formally.

Enter Algazeirs, with dishes.

Am. I fear some lewd trick, yet I dare not speak on't.

Bar. I have no dainties for ye Gentlemen,
Nor loads of meat, to make the room smell of 'em.
Only a dish to every man I have dedicated,
And if I have pleas'd his appetite.

Lop. O, a Capon,

A Bird of grace, and be thy will, I honour it.

Die. For me some fortic pound of lovely Beef,
Plac'd in a mediterranean sea of Brewis.

Bar. Fall to, fall to, that we may drink and laugh after,
Wait diligently knaves.

Mil. What rare bit's this?
An execution! blefs me!

Bar. Nay take it to ye,
There's no avoiding it, 'tis somewhat tough Sir,
But a good stomach will endure it easily,
The sum is but a thousand duckets Sir.

Asf. A Capias from my Surgeon, and my Silk-man!

Bar. Your careful makers, but they have mar'd your diet.
Stir not, your Swords are gone: there's no avoiding me,
And these are Algazeirs, do you hear that passing bell?

Lop. A strong Citation, blefs me!

Bar. Out with your Beads, Curate,
The Devil's in your dish: bell, book, and Candle.

Lop. A warrant to appear before the Judges!
I must needs rise, and turn to th' wall.

Bar. Ye need not,
Your fear I hope will make ye find your Breeches.

All. We are betray'd.

Bar. Invited do not wrong me,
Fair to, good Guests, you have diligent men about ye,
Ye shall want nothing that may persecute ye,
These will not see ye start; Have I now found ye?
Have I requited ye? You fool'd the Lawyer,
And thought it meritorious to abuse him,
A thick ram-headed knave: you rid, you spur'd him,
And glorified your wits, the more ye wronged him;
Within this hour ye shall have all your Creditours,
A second dish of new debts, come upon ye,
And new invitations to the whip, *Don Diego*,
And Excommunications for the learned Curate,
A Masque of all your furies shall dance to ye.

Asf. You dare not use us thus?

Bar. You shall be bob'd, Gentlemen,
Stir, and as I have a life, ye goe to prison,
To prison, without pitie instantly,
Before ye speak another word to prison.
I have a better Guard without, that waits;
Do you see this man, *Don Curate*? 'tis a Paratour
That comes to tell ye a delightfull story
Of an old whore ye have, and then to teach ye
What is the penaltie; Laugh at me now Sir,
What Legacie would ye bequeath me now,
(And pay it on the nail?) to fly my fury?

Lop. O gentle Sir.

Bar. Do'st thou hope I will be gentle,
Thou foolish unconsiderate Curate?

Lop. Let me goe Sir.

Bar. I'll see thee hang first.

Lop. And as I am a true Vicar,
Hark in your ear, hark softly ———

Bar. No, no bribery.

I'll have my swindge upon thee; Sirra? Rascal?
You Lenten Chaps, you that lay sick, and mockt me,
Mockt me abominably, abused me lewdly,
I'll make thee sick at heart, before I leave thee,
And groan, and dye indeed, and be worth nothing,
Not worth a blessing, nor a Bell to knell for thee,
A sheet to cover thee, but that thou stealest,
Stealest from the Merchant, and the Ring he was buried with
Stealest from his Grave, do you smell me now?

Die. Have mercy on me!

Bar. No Psalm of mercy shall hold me from hanging thee.
How do ye like your Breakfast? 'tis but short, Gentlemen,
But sweet and healthfull; Your punishment, and yours, Sir,
For some near reasons that concern my Credit,
I will take to my self.

Am. Doe Sir, and spare not:

I have been too good a wife, and too obedient,
But since ye dare provoke me to be foolish ———

Lea. She has, yes, and too worthie of your usage,
Before the world I justify her goodness,
And turn that man, that dares but taint her virtues,
To my Swords point; that lying man, that base man,
Turn him, but face to face, that I may know him.

Bar. What have I here?

Lea. A Gentleman, a free man,

One that made trial of this Ladies confrancie,
And found it strong as fate; leave off your fooling,
For if you follow this course, you will be Chronicled

Enter Jamy and Assistant.

For a devil, whilst a Saint she is mentioned,
You know my name indeed; I am now no Lawyer.

Die. Some comfort now, I hope, or else would I were hang-
And yet the Judge, he makes me sweat. (cd up.)

Bar. What news now?

Jam. I will justify upon my life and credit
What you have heard, for truth, and will make proof of.

Assist. I will be ready at the appointed hour there,
And so I leave ye.

Bar. Stay I beseech your worship,
And do but hear me.

Jam. Good Sir, intend this business,
And let this bawling fool, no more words lawyer,
And no more angers, for I guess your reasons,
This Gentleman, Ple justify in all places,
And that fair Ladies worth; let who dare cross it.
The Plot was cast by me, to make thee jealous,
But not to wrong your wife, she is fair and vertuous.

Die. Take us to mercy too, we beseech your honour,
We shall be justified the way of all flesh else.

Jam. No more talk, nor no more dissention lawyer,
I know your anger, 'tis a vain and slight one,
For if you doe, I'll lay your whole life open,
A life that all the world shall — I'll bring witness,
And rip before a Judge the ulcerous villainies,
You know I know ye, and I can bring witness.

Bar. Nay good Sir, noble Sir.

Jam. Be at peace then presently,
Immediatley take honest and fair truce (tleman;
With your good wife, and shake hands with that Gen-
H's honour'd ye too much, and doe it cheerfully.

Lop. Take us along, for Heaven sake too.

Bar. I am friends,
There is no remedie, I must put up all,
And like my neighbours rub it out byth' shoulders,
And perfect friends; *Leandro* now I thank ye,
And there's my hand, I have no more grudge to ye,
But I am too mean henceforward for your Companie.

Lea. I shall not trouble ye.

Asf. We will be friends too.

Mil. Nay Lawyer, you shall not fright us farther,
For all your devils we will bolt.

Bar. I grant ye,

The Gentleman's your Bail, and thank his coming,
Did not he know me too well, you should smart for't;
Goe all in peace, but when ye fool next, Gentlemen,
Come not to me to Breakfast.

Die. I'll be bak'd first.

Bar. And pray ye remember, when ye are bold and merry,
The Lawyers Banquet, and the Sawce he gave ye.

Jam. Come: goe along; I have employment for ye,
Employment for your lewd brains too, to cool ye,
For all, for every one.

All. We are all your Servants.

Die. All, all for any thing, from this day forward
I'll hate all Breakfasts, and depend on dinners:

Jam. I am glad you come off fair.

Lea. The fair has blest me. [Exit.

SCENA III.

Enter Octavia, Jacinta, Arsenio.

Oct. This is the place, but why we are appointed
By *Don Jamie* to stay here, is a depth
I cannot found.

Asf. Believ't he is too noble
To purpose any thing but for our good.
Had I assurance of a thousand lives,
And with them perpetuitie of pleasure,

And should lose all, if he prov'd only false,
Yet I durst run the hazard.

Jac. 'Tis our comfort,
We cannot be more wretched than we are,
And death concludes all misery.

Of. Undiscovered

Enter Henrique, Jamie.

We must attend him.

Asc. Our stay is not long.
With him *Don Henrique*?

Jac. Now I fear;
Be silent.

Hen. Why dost thou follow me?

Jam. To save your life,
A plot is laid for't, all my wrongs forgot,
I have a Brothers Love.

Hen. But thy false self
I fear no enemy.

Jam. You have no friend,
But what breathes in me: If you move a step
Beyond this ground you tread on, you are lost.

Hen. 'Tis by thy practice then: I am sent hither
To meet her, that prefers my life and safety
Before her own.

Jam. That you should be abus'd thus
With weak credulity! She for whose sake
You have forgot we had one noble Father,
Or that one Mother bare us, for whose love
You brake a contract to which heaven was witness,
To satisfy whose pride and wilful humour
You have expos'd a sweet and hopeful Son
To all the miseries that want can bring him,
And such a Son, though you are most obdurate,
To give whom entertainment Savages
Would quit their Caves themselves, to keep him from
Bleak cold and hunger: This dissembling woman,
This Idol, whom you worship, all your love
And service trod under her feet, designs you
To fill a grave, or dead to lye a prey
For Wolves and Vulturs.

Hen. 'Tis false; I defy thee,
And stand upon my Guard.

*Enter Leandro, Milanes, Arsenio, Bart. Lopez, Diego,
Octavio, Jacinta, Ascanio, and Servants.*

Jam. Alas, 'tis weak:
Come on, since you will teach me to be cruel,
By having no faith in me, take your fortune,
Bring the rest forth, and bind them fast.

Oct. My Lord.

Asc. In what have we offended?

Jam. I am deaf,
And following my will, I do not stand
Accountable to reason: See her Ring
(The first pledge of your love, and service to her)
Deliver'd as a Warrant for your death:
These Bags of gold you gave up to her trust,
(The use of which you did deny your self)
Bestow'd on me, and with a prodigal hand,
Whom she pick'd forth to be the Architect
Of her most bloody building; and to see
These Instruments, to bring Materials
To raise it up, she had me spare no cost,
And (as a surplusage) offer'd her self
To be at my devotion.

Hen. O accurs'd!

Jam. But be incredulous still; think this my plot;
Fashion excuses to your self, and swear
That she is innocent, that she doats on ye;
Believe this, as a fearful Dream, and that
You lie not at my mercy, which in this
I will shew only: She her self shall give
The dreadful Sentence, to remove all scruple

Who 'tis that sends you to the other world.

Enter Violante.

Appears my *Violante*? speak (my dearest)
Do's not the object please you?

Viol. More than if
All treasure that's above the earth, with that,
That lyes conceal'd in both the Indian Mines,
Were laid down at my feet: O bold *Jamy*,
Thou only canst deserve me.

Jam. I am forward,
And (as you easily may perceive,) I sleep not
On your commands.

Enter Assistant, and Officers.

Viol. But yet they live: I look'd
To find them dead.

Jam. That was deferr'd, that you
Might triumph in their misery, and have the power
To say they are not.

Viol. 'Twas well thought upon:
This kiss, and all the pleasures of my Bed
This night, shall thank thee.

Hen. Monster!

Viol. You Sir, that
Would have me Mother Bastards, being unable
To honour me with one Child of mine own,
That underneath my roof, kept your cast-Strumpet,
And out of my Revenues would maintain
Her riotous issue: now you find what 'tis
To tempt a woman: with as little feeling
As I turn off a slave, that is unfit
To do me service; or a horse, or dog
That have out-liv'd their use, I shake thee off,
To make thy peace with heaven.

Hen. I do deserve this,
And never truly felt before, what sorrow
Attends on wilful dotage.

Viol. For you, Mistress,
That had the pleasure of his youth before me,
And triumph'd in the fruit that you had by him,
But that I think, to have the Bastard strangled
Before thy face, and thou with speed to follow
The way he leads thee, is sufficient torture,
I would cut off thy nose, put out thine eyes,
And set my foot on these bewitching lips,
That had the start of mine: but as thou art,
Goe to the grave unpitied.

Assist. Who would believe?
Such rage could be in woman?

Viol. For this fellow,
He is not worth my knowledge.

Jam. Let him live then,
Since you esteem him innocent.

Viol. No *Jamy*,
He shall make up the mefs: now strike together,
And let them fall so.

Assist. Unheard of cruelty!
I can endure no longer: seize on her.

Viol. Am I betray'd?
Is this thy faith, *Jamy*?

Jam. Could your desires
Challenge performance of a deed so horrid?
Or, though that you had sold your self to hell,
I should make up the bargain? Live (dear Brother)
Live long, and happy: I forgive you freely;
To have done you this service, is to me
A fair Inheritance: and how e're harsh language
(Call'd on by your rough usage) pass'd my lips,
In my heart I ever lov'd you: all my labours
Were but to shew, how much your love was cozen'd,
When it beheld it self in this false Glass,
That did abuse you; and I am so far
From envying young *Ascanio* his good fortune,

That

That if your State were mine, I would adopt him,
These are the Murtherers my noble friends,
Which (to make trial of her bloody purpose)
I won, to come disguis'd thus.

Hen. I am too full
Of grief, and shame to speak: but what I'll do,
Shall to the world proclaim my penitence;
And howsoever I have liv'd, I'll die
A much chang'd man.

Jam. Were it but possible
You could make satisfaction to this woman,
Our joys were perfect.

Hen. That's my only comfort,
That it is in my power: I ne'er was married
To this bad woman, though I doted on her,
But daily did defer it, still expecting
When grief would kill *Jacintha*.

Assist. All is come out,
And finds a fair success: take her *Don Henrique*,
And once again embrace your Son.

Hen. Most gladly.

Assist. Your Brother hath deserv'd all.

Hen. And shall share
The moiety of my State.

Assist. I have heard, advocate,

What an ill Instrument you have been to him,
From this time strengthen him with honest counsels;
As you'll deserve my pardon.

Bar. I'll change my Copy:
But I am punish'd, for I fear I have had
A smart blow, though unseen.

Assist. Curate, and Sexton,
I have heard of you too, let me hear no more,
And what's past, is forgotten; For this woman,
Though her intent were bloody, yet our Law
Calls it not death: yet that her punishment
May deter others from such bad attempts,
The dowry she brought with her, shall be employ'd
To build a Nunnery, where she shall spend
The remnant of her life.

Viol. Since I have miss'd my ends,
I scorn what can fall on me.

Assist. The strict discipline
Of the Church, will teach you better thoughts. *And Sig-*
You that are Batchelours, if you ever marry, *(niors,*
In *Barolus* you may behold the issue
Of Covetousness and Jealousie; and of dotage,
And falsehood in *Don Henrique*: keep a mean then;

*For be assur'd, that weak man meets all ill,
That gives himself up to a womans will.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Prologue.

TO tell ye (Gentlemen,) we have a Play,
A new one too, and that 'tis launch'd to day,
The Name ye know, that's nothing to my Story;
To tell ye, 'tis familiar, void of Glory,
Of State, of Bitterness: of wit you'll say,
For that is now held wit, that tends that way,
Which we avoid: To tell ye too 'tis merry,
And meant to make ye pleasant, and not weary:
The Stream that guides ye, easie to attend:
To tell ye that 'tis good, is to no end,
If you believe not. Nay, to goe thus far,
To swear it, if you swear against, is war.
To assure you any thing, unless you see,
And so conceive, is vanity in me;
Therefore I leave it to it self, and pray
Like a good Bark, it may work out to day,

And stem all doubts; 'twas built for such a proof;
And we hope highly: if she lye aloof
For her own wantage, to give wind at will;
Why let her work, only be you but still,
And sweet opinion'd, and we are bound to say,
You are worthy Judges, and you crown the Play.

Epilogue.

THE Play is done, yet our Suit never ends,
Still when you part, you would still part our friends;
Our noblest friends; if ought have faln amiss,
O let it be sufficient, that it is,
And you have pardon'd it. In Buildings great
All the whole Body cannot be so neat,
But something may be mended; Those are fair,
And worthy love, that may destroy, but spare.

W I T
WITHOUT
M O N E Y,
A
C O M E D Y.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Valentine, a Gallant that will not be perswaded to keep his Estate.

Francisco, his younger Brother.

Master Lovegood their Uncle.

A Merchant, Friend to Master Lovegood.

Fountain, } companions of Valentine, and Sutors to
Bellamore, } the Widow.
Hairbrain }

Lance, a Falkner, and an ancient servant to Valentines Father.

Shorthose, the Clown, and servant to the Widow.
Roger, Ralph, and Humphrey, three servants to the Widow.

Three Servants.

Muscians.

Lady Hartwel, a Widow.

Isabel, her Sister.

Luce, a waiting Gentlewoman to the Widow.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter Uncle and Merchant.

Mer. When saw you Valentine?

When saw you Valentine?
Uncle. Not since the Horse-race, he's taken up with those that woo the Widow.

Mer. How can he live by snatches from such people? he bore a worthy mind,

Uncle. Alas, he's sunk, his means are gone, he wants, and which is worse, Takes a delight in doing so.

Mer. That's strange.

Unc. Runs Lunatick, if you but talk of states, he cannot be brought (now he has spent his own) to think there's inheritance, or means, but all a common riches, all men bound to be his Bailiffs.

Mer. This is something dangerous.

Uncle. No Gentleman that has estate to use it in keeping house, or followers, for those wayes he cries against, for Eating sins, dull Surfeits, cramming of Serving-men, mustering of Beggars, maintaining Hospitals for Kites, and Curs, grounding their fat faiths upon old Country proverbs, God bless the Founders; these he would have ventured into more manly uses, Wit, and carriage, and never thinks of state, or means, the ground-works: holding it monstrous, men should feed their bodies, and starve their understandings.

Mer. That's most certain.

Uncle. Yes, if he could stay there.

Mer. Why let him marry, and that way rise again.

Uncle. It's most impossible, he will not look with any handsomeness upon a Woman.

Mer. Is he so strange to Women?

Uncle. I know not what it is, a foolish glory he has got, I know not where, to balk those benefits, and yet he will converse and flatter 'em, make 'em, or fair, or foul, rugged, or smooth, as his impression serves, for he affirms, they are only lumps, and undigested pieces, lickt over to a form by our affections, and then they show. The Lovers let 'em pass.

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Hairbrain.

Mer. He might be one, he carries as much promise; they are wondrous merry.

Uncle. O their hopes are high, Sir.

Fount. Is Valentine come to Town?

Bella. Last night, I heard.

Fount. We miss him monstrously in our directions, for this Widow is as stately, and as crafty, and stands I warrant you—

Hair. Let her stand sure, she falls before us else, come let's go seek Valentine.

Mer. This Widow seems a Gallant.

Uncle. A goodly Woman, and to her handsomeness she bears her state, reserved, and great Fortune has made her Mistress of a full means, and well she knows to use it.

Mer.

Mar. I would *Valentine* had her.

Uncle. There's no hope of that, Sir.

Mer. O' that condition, he had his Mortgage in again.

Uncle. I would he had.

Mer. Seek means, and see what I'll do, however let the Money be paid in, I never sought a Gentlemans undoing, nor eat the bread of other mens vexations, you told me of another Brother.

Uncle. Yes Sir, more miserable than he, for he has eat him, and drunk him up, a handsome Gentleman, and fine Scholar.

Enter three Tenants.

Mer. What are these?

Unc. The Tenants, they'll do what they can.

Mer. It is well prepared, be earnest, honest friends, and loud upon him, he is deaf to his own good.

Lance. We mean to tell him part of our minds an't please you.

Mer. Do, and do it home, and in what my care may help, or my persuasions when we meet next.

Unc. Do but persuade him fairly; and for your money, mine, and these mens thanks too, and what we can be able.

Mer. Y'are most honest, you shall find me no less, and so I leave you, prosper your business my friends. [*Ex. Mer.*]

Unc. Pray Heaven it may, Sir.

Lance. Nay if he will be mad, I'll be mad with him, and tell him that I'll not spare him, his Father kept good Meat, good Drink, good Fellows, good Hawks, good Hounds, and bid his Neighbours welcome; kept him too, and supplied his prodigality, yet kept his state still; must we turn Tenants now, after we have lived under the race of Gentry, and maintained good Yeomantry, to some of the City, to a great shoulder of Mutton and a Custard, and have our state turned into Cabbage Gardens, must it be so?

Unc. You must be milder to him.

Lance. That's as he makes his game.

Unc. Intreat him lovingly, and make him feel.

Lance. I'll pinch him to the bones else.

[*Valen. Within.*] And tell the Gentleman, I'll be with him presently, say I want money too, I must not fail boy.

Lance. You'll want Cloaths, I hope.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Bid the young Courtier repair to me anon, I'll read to him.

Unc. He comes, be diligent, but not too rugged, start him, but affright him not.

Val. Phew, are you there?

Unc. We come to see you Nephew, be not angry.

Val. Why do you dog me thus, with these strange people? why, all the world shall never make me rich more, nor master of these troubles.

Tenants. We beseech you for our poor Childrens sake.

Val. Who bid you get 'em? have you not threshing work enough, but Children must be bang'd out o'th' sheaf too? other men with all their delicates, and healthful diets, can get but wind eggs: you with a clove of Garlick, a piece of Cheefe would break a Saw, and sowre Milk, can mount like Stallions, and I must maintain these tumblers.

Lance. You ought to maintain us, we have maintained you, and when you slept provided for you; who bought the Silk you wear? I think our labours; reckon, you'll find it so: who found your Horses perpetual pots of Ale, maintain'd your Taverns, and who extol'd you in the Half-crown-boxes, where you might sit and muster all the Beauties? we had no hand in these; no, we are all puppies? Your Tenants base vexations.

Val. Very well, Sir.

Lance. Had you Land, Sir, and honest men to serve your purposes, honest and faithful, and will you run away from 'em, betray your self, and your poor Tribe to misery; mortgage all us, like old Cloaks; where will you hunt next? you had a thousand Acres, fair and open: The Kings-Bench is

enclosed, there's no good riding, the Counter is full of thorns and brakes, take heed Sir, and boggs, you'll quickly find what broth they're made of.

Val. Y'are short and pithy.

Lance. They say y'are a fine Gentleman, and of excellent judgement, they report you have a wit; keep your self out o'th' Rain, and take your Cloak with you, which by interpretation is your State, Sir, or I shall think your fame belied you, you have money, and may have means.

Val. I pretnee leave prating, does my good lye within thy brain to further, or my undoing in thy pity? go, go, get you home; there whistle to your Horses, and let them edifie; away, sow Hemp to hang your selves withal: what am I to you, or you to me; am I your Landlord, puppies?

Unc. This is uncivil.

Val. More unmerciful you; to vex me with these Bacon Broth and Puddings; they are the walking shapes of all my sorrows.

3 Tenants. Your Fathers Worship would have used us better.

Val. My Fathers Worship was a Fool.

Lance. Hey, hey boys, old *Valentine* i'faith, the old boy still.

Unc. Fie Cousin.

Val. I mean befotted to his state, he had never left me the misery of so much means else, which till I sold, was a meer meagrim to me: If you will talk, turn out these Tenants, they are as killing to my nature Uncle, as water to a Fever.

Lance. We will go, but it is like Rams, to come again the stronger, and you shall keep your state.

Val. Thou lyeest, I will not.

Lance. Sweet Sir, thou lyeest, thou shalt, and so good morrow. [*Exeunt Tenants.*]

Val. This was my man, and of a noble breeding: now to your business Uncle.

Unc. To your state then.

Val. 'Tis gone, and I am glad on't, name it no more, 'tis that I pray against, and Heaven has heard me, I tell you, Sir, I am more fearful of it, I mean, of thinking of more lands, or livings, than sickly men are travelling o' Sundays, for being quell'd with Carriers; out upon't, *caveat emptor*, let the fool out-sweat it, that thinks he has got a catch on't.

Unc. This is madness to be a wilful begger.

Val. I am mad then, and so I mean to be, will that content you? How bravely now I live, how jocund, how near the first inheritance, without fears, how free from title-troubles!

Unc. And from means too.

Val. Means? why all good men's my means; my wit's my Plow, the Town's my stock, Tavern's my standing-house, and all the world knows there's no want; all Gentlemen that love Society, love me; all Purfes that wit and pleasure opens, are my Tenants; every mans Cloaths fit me, the next fair lodging is but my next remove, and when I please to be more eminent, and take the Air, a piece is levied, and a Coach prepared, and I go I care not whitlier, what need state here?

Unc. But say these means were honest, will they last, Sir?

Val. Far longer than your jerkin, and wear fairer, should I take ought of you, 'tis true, I beg'd now, or which is worse than that, I stole a kindness, and which is worst of all, I lost my way in't; your mind's enclosed, nothing lies open nobly, your very thoughts are Hinds that work on nothing but daily sweat and trouble: were my way so full of dirt as this, 'tis true I'd shift it; are my acquaintance Grassers? but Sir, know, no man that I am allied to, in my living, but makes it equal, whether his own use, or my necessity pull first, nor is this forc'd, but the meer quality and poisure of goodness, and do you think I venture nothing equal?

Unc. You pose me Cousin.

Val. What's my knowledge Uncle, is't not worth mony? what's my understanding, travel, reading, wit, all these digested,

digested, my daily making men, some to speak, that too much stegm had frozen up, some that spoke too much, to hold their peace, and put their tongues to pensions, some to wear their cloaths, and some to keep 'em, these are nothing Uncle; besides these wayes, to teach the way of nature, a manly love, community to all that are deservers, not examining how much, or what's done for them, 'tis wicked, and such a one like you, chews his thoughts doule, making 'em only food for his repentance.

Enter two Servants.

1 *Ser.* This cloak and hat Sir, and my Masters love.

Val. Commend's to thy Master, and take that, and leave 'em at my lodging.

1 *Ser.* I shall do it Sir.

Val. I do not think of these things.

2 *Ser.* Please you Sir, I have gold here for you.

Val. Give it me, drink that and commend me to thy Master; look you Uncle, do I beg these?

Unc. No sure, 'tis your worth, Sir.

Val. 'Tis like enough, but pray satisfie me, are not these ways as honest as persecuting the starved inheritance, with musty Corn, the very rats were fain to run away from, or selling rotten wood by the pound, like spices, which Gentlemen do after burn by th' ounces? do not I know your way of feeding beasts with grains, and windy stuff, to blow up Butchers? your racking Pastures, that have eaten up as many singing Shepherds, and their issues, as *Andeluzia* breeds? these are authentique, I tell you Sir, I would not change ways with you, unless it were to sell your state that hour, and if it were possible to spend it then too, for all your Beans in *Rumnillo*, now you know me.

Unc. I would you knew your self, but since you are grown such a strange enemy to all that fits you, give me leave to make your Brothers fortune.

Val. How?

Unc. From your mortgage, which yet you may recover, I'll find the means.

Val. Pray save your labour Sir, my Brother and my self will run one fortune, and I think what I hold a meer vexation, cannot be safe for him, I love him better, he has wit at will, the world has means, he shall live without this trick of state, we are heirs both, and all the world before us.

Unc. My last offer, and then I am gone.

Val. What is't, and then I'll answer.

Unc. What think you of a wife yet to restore you, and tell me seriously without these trifles.

Val. And you can find one, that can please my fancy, you shall not find me stubborn.

Unc. Speak your Woman.

Val. On without eyes, that is, self commendations, for when they find they are handsom, they are unwholsome; one without ears, not giving time to flatterers, for she that hears her self commended, wavers, and points men out a way to make 'em wicked; one without substance of her self; that woman without the pleasure of her life, that's wanton; though she be young, forgetting it, though fair, making her glass the eyes of honest men, not her own admiration, all her ends obedience, all her hours new blessings, if there may be such a woman.

Unc. Yes there may be.

Val. And without state too.

Unc. You are disposed to trifle, well, fare you well Sir, when you want me next, you'll seek me out a better sence.

Val. Farewell Uncle, and as you love your estate, let not me hear on't. [Exit.

Unc. It shall not trouble you, I'll watch him still, And when his friends fall off then bend his will. [Exit.

Enter Isabella, and Luce.

Luce. I know the cause of all this sadness now, your sister I asingroft all the brave Lovers.

Isab. She has wherewithall, much good may't do her, pre-

thee speak softly, we are open to mens ears.

Luce. Fear not, we are safe, we may see all that pass, hear all, and make our selves merry with their language, and yet stand undiscovered, be not melancholy, you are as fair as she.

Isab. Who I? I thank you, I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing slubber'd, my sister is a goodly portly Lady, a woman of a presence, she spreads fattens, as the Kings ships do canvas every where, she may spare me her misen, and her bonnets, strike her main Petticoat, and yet outfail me, I am a Carvel to her.

Luce. But a tight one.

Isab. She is excellent, well built too.

Luce. And yet she's old.

Isab. She never saw above one voyage. *Luce*, and credit me after another, her Hull will serve again, a right good Merchant: she plaies, and sings too, dances and discourfes, comes very near Essays, a pretty Poet, begins to piddle with Philosophic, a subtil Chymick Wench, and can extract the Spirit of mens Estates, she has the light before her, and cannot mis her choice for me, 'tis reason I wait my mean fortune.

Luce. You are so bashfull.

Isab. It is not at first word up and ride, thou art cozen'd, that would shew mad i' faith: besides, we lose the main part of our politick government: if we become provokers, then we are fair, and fit for mens imbraces, when like towns, they lie before us ages, yet not carried, hold out their strongest batteries, then compound too without the loss of honour, and march off with our fair wedding, Colours flying. Who are these?

Enter Franc. and Lance.

Luce. I know not, nor I care not.

Isab. Prethee peace then, a well built Gentleman.

Luce. But poorly thatcht.

Lance. Has he devour'd you too?

Fran. H'as gulp'd me down *Lance*.

Lance. Left you no means to study?

Fran. Not a farthing: dispatcht my poor annuity I thank him, here's all the hope I have left, one bare ten shillings.

Lan. You are fit for great mens services.

Fran. I am fit, but who'll take me thus? mens miseries are now accounted stains in their natures. I have travelled, and I have studied long, observed all Kingdoms, know all the promises of Art and manners, yet that I am not bold, nor cannot flatter, I shall not thrive, all these are but vain Studies, art thou so rich as to get me a lodging *Lance*?

Lan. I'll sell the titles of my house else, my Horse, my Hawk, nay's death I'll pawn my wife: Oh Mr. *Francis*, that I should see your Fathers house fall thus!

Isab. An honest fellow.

Lan. Your Fathers house, that fed me, that bred up all my name!

Isab. A gratefull fellow.

Lan. And fall by——

Fran. Peace, I know you are angry *Lance*, but I must not hear with whom, he is my Brother, and though you hold him slight, my most dear Brother: A Gentleman, excepting some few rubs, he were too excellent to live here else, fraughted as deep with noble and brave parts, the issues of a noble and manly Spirit, as any he alive. I must not hear you; though I am miserable, and he made me so, yet still he is my Brother, still I love him, and to that tye of blood link my affections.

Isab. A noble nature! dost thou know him *Luce*?

Luce. No, Mistrefs.

Isab. Thou shouldest ever know such good men, what a fair body and mind are married! did he not say he wanted?

Luce. What's that to you?

Isab. 'Tis true, but 'tis great pity.

Luce. How she changes! ten thousand more than he, as handsom men too.

Isab.

Isab. 'Tis like enough, but as I live, this Gentleman among ten thousand thousand! is there no knowing him? why should he want? fellows of no merit, slight and puffi souls, that walk like shadows, by leaving no print of what they are, or poise, let them complain.

Luce. Her colour changes strangely.

Isab. This man was made, to mark his wants to waken us; alas poor Gentleman, but will that keep him from cold and hunger, believe me he is well bred, and cannot be but of a noble lineage, mark him, mark him well.

Luce. 'Is a handſom man.

Isab. The sweetness of his sufferance sets him off, O *Luce*, but whither go I?

Luce. You cannot hide it.

Isab. I would he had what I can spare.

Luce. 'Tis charitable.

Lance. Come Sir, I'll see you lodg'd, you have tied my tongue fast, I'll steal before you want, 'tis but a hanging.

Isab. That's a good fellow too, an honest fellow, why, this would move a stone, I must needs know; but that some other time. [Exit *Lance*, and *Franc*.

Luce. Is the wind there? that makes for me.

Isab. Come, I forgot a business.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Widow, and Luce.

Wid. MY sister, and a woman of so base a pity! what was the fellow?

Luce. Why, an ordinary man, Madam.

Wid. Poor?

Luce. Poor enough, and no man knows from whence neither.

Wid. What could she see?

Luce. Only his misery, for else she might behold a hundred handſomer.

Wid. Did she change much?

Luce. Extreemly, when he spoke, and then her pity; like an Orator, I fear her love framed such a commendation, and followed it so far, as made me wonder.

Wid. Is she so hot, or such a want of lovers, that she must doat upon afflictions? why does she not go romage all the prisons, and there bestow her youth, bewray her wantonness, and flie her honour, common both to beggery: did she speak to him?

Luce. No, he saw us not, but ever since, she hath been mainly troubled.

Wid. Was he young?

Luce. Yes, young enough.

Wid. And looked he like a Gentleman?

Luce. Like such a Gentleman, that would pawn ten oaths for twelve pence.

Wid. My sister, and sink basely! this must not be, does she use means to know him?

Luce. Yes Madam, and has employed a Squire called *Shorthose*.

Wid. O that's a precious Knaves: keep all this private, but still be near her lodging: *Luce*, what you can gather by any means, let me understand: I'll stop her heat, and turn her charity another way, to bless her self first; be still close to her counsels; a begger and a stranger! there's a blessing! I'll none of that; I have a toy yet, sister, shall tell you this is foul, and make you find it, and for your pains take you the last gown I wore; this makes me mad, but I shall force a remedy.

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain, Valentine.

Fount. Sirra, we have so lookt for thee, and long'd for thee; this widow is the strangest thing, the stateliest, and stands so much upon her excellencies.

Bel. She hath put us off, this month now, for an answer.

Hare. No man must visit her, nor look upon her, no, not say, good morrow, nor good even, till that's past.

Val. She has found what dough you are made of, and so kneads you: are you good at nothing, but these after-games? I have told you often enough what things they are, what precious things, these widows ———

Hare. If we had 'em.

Val. Why the Devil has not craft enough to wooe 'em, there be three kinds of fools, mark this note Gentlemen, mark it, and understand it.

Fount. Well, go forward.

Val. An Innocent, a knave fool, a fool politick: the last of which are lovers, widow lovers.

Bell. Will you allow no fortune?

Val. No such blind one.

Fount. We gave you reasons, why 'twas needful for us.

Val. As you are those fools, I did allow those reasons, but as my Scholars and companions damn'd 'em: do you know what it is to wooe a widow? answer me coolly now, and understandingly.

Hare. Why to lie with her, and to enjoy her wealth.

Val. Why there you are fools still, crafty to catch your selves, pure politick fools, I lookt for such an answer; once more hear me, it is, to wed a widow, to be doubted mainly, whether the state you have be yours or no, or those old boots you ride in. Mark me, widows are long extents in Law upon news, livings upon their bodies winding-sheets, they that enjoy 'em, lie but with dead mens monuments, and beget only their own ill Epitaphs: Is not this plain now?

Bell. Plain spoken.

Val. And plain truth; but if you'll needs do things of danger, do but lose your selves, not any part concerns your understandings, for then you are Meacocks, fools, and miserable, march off amain, within an inch of a Fircug, turn me o'th' toe like a Weather-cock, kill every day a Sergeant for a twelve month, rob the Exchequer, and burn all the Rolls, and these will make a shew.

Hare. And these are trifles.

Val. Considered to a Widow, empty nothings, for here you venture but your persons, there the varnish of your persons, your discretions; why 'tis a monstrous thing to marry at all, especially as now 'tis made; me thinks a man, an understanding man, is more wise to me, and of a nobler tie, than all these trinkets; what do we get by women, but our senses, which is the rankest part about us, satisfied, and when that's done, what are we? Crest-fallen Cowards. What benefit can children be, but charges and disobedience? What's the love they render at one and twenty years? I pray die Father: when they are young, they are like bells rung backwards, nothing but noise and giddiness; and come to years once, there drops a son byth' sword in his Mistresses quarel, a great joy to his parents: A Daughter ripe too, grows high and lusty in her blood, must have a heating, runs away with a supple ham'd Servingman: his twenty Nobles spent, takes to a trade, and learns to spin mens hair off; there's another, and most are of this nature, will you marry?

Fount. For my part yes, for any doubt I feel yet.

Val. And this same widow?

Fount. If I may, and me thinks, however you are pleased to dispute these dangers, such a warm match, and for you, Sir, were not hurtfull.

Val. Not half so killing as for you, for me she cannot with all the Art she has, make me more miserable, or much more fortunate, I have no state left, a benefit that none of you can brag of, and there's the Antidote against a Widow, nothing to lose, but that my soul inherits, which she can neither law nor claw away; to that, but little flesh, it were too much else; and that unwholsom too, it were too rich else; and to all this contempt of what she do's I can laugh at her tears, neglect her angers, hear her without a faith, so pity her as if she were a Traytour, moan her person, but deadly hate her pride; if you could do these, and had but this discretion, and like fortune, it were but an equal venture.

Fount.

Fount. This is malice.

Val. When she lies with your land, and not with you, grows great with joyntures, and is brought to bed with all the state you have, you'll find this certain; but is it come to pass you must marry, is there no buff will hold you?

Bel. Grant it be so.

Val. Then chuse the tamer evil, take a maid, a maid not worth a penny; make her yours, knead her, and mould her yours, a maid worth nothing, there's a virtuous spell in that word nothing; a maid makes conscience of half a Crown a week for pins and puppets, a maid will be content with one Coach and two Horses, not falling out because they are not matches; with one man satisfied, with one rein guided, with one faith, one content, one bed, aged she makes the wife, preserves the fame and issue; a widow is a Christ-mas box that sweeps all.

Fount. Yet all this cannot sink us.

Val. You are my friends, and all my loving friends, I spend your mony, yet I deserve it too, you are my friends still, I ride your horses, when I want I sell 'em; I eat your meat, help to wear her linnen, sometimes I make you drunk, and then you seal, for which I'll do you this commodity, be ruled, and let me try her, I will discover her, the truth is, I will never leave to trouble her, till I see through her, then if I find her worthy.

Hare. This was our meaning *Valentine*.

Val. 'Tis done then, I must want nothing.

Hare. Nothing but the woman.

Val. No jealousy; for when I marry, the Devil must be wiser than I take him; and the flesh foolisher: come let's to dinner, and when I am well whetted with wine, have at her.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Isabella, and Luce.

Ifab. But art thou sure?

Luce. No surer than I heard.

Hare. That it was that flouting fellows Brother?

Luce. Yes, *Shorthose* told me so.

Hare. He did scarce out the truth?

Luce. It seems he did.

Hare. Prethee *Luce* call him hither, if he be no worse, I never repent my pity, now sirra, what was he we sent you after, the Gentleman i'th' black?

Enter Shorthose.

Short. I'th' torn black?

Ifab. Yes, the same Sir.

Short. What would your Worship with him?

Ifab. Why, my Worship would know his name, and what he is.

Short. 'Is nothing, he is a man, and yet he is no man.

Ifab. You must needs play the fool.

Short. 'Tis my profession.

Ifab. How is he a man, and no man?

Short. He's a begger, only the sign of a man, the bush pull'd down, which shows the house stands empty.

Ifab. What's his calling?

Short. They call him begger.

Ifab. What's his kindred?

Short. Beggars.

Ifab. His worth?

Short. A learned begger, a poor Scholar.

Ifab. How does he live?

Short. Like worms, he eats old Books.

Ifab. Is *Valentine* his Brother.

Short. His begging Brother.

Ifab. What may his name be?

Short. *Orson*.

Ifab. Leave your fooling.

Short. You had as good say, leave your living.

Ifab. Once more tell me his name directly.

Short. I'll be hang'd first, unless I heard him Christned, but I can tell what foolish people call him.

Ifab. What?

Short. Francisco.

Ifab. Where lies this learning, Sir?

Short. In *Pauls* Church yard fofooth.

Ifab. I mean the Gentleman, fool.

Short. O that fool, he lies in loose sheets every where, that's no where.

Luce. You have glean'd since you came to *London*: in the Country, *Shorthose*, you were an arrant fool, a dull cold coxcombe, here every Tavern teaches you, the pint pot has so belaboured you with wit, your brave acquaintance that gives you Ale, so fortified your mazard, that now there's no talking to you.

Ifab. 'Is much improved, a fellow, a fine discourser.

Short. I hope so, I have not waited at the tail of wit so long to be an Ass.

Luce. But say now, *Shorthose*, my Lady should remove into the Country.

Short. I had as lieve she should remove to Heaven, and as soon I would undertake to follow her.

Luce. Where no old Charnico is, nor no Anchoves, nor Master such-a-one, to meet at the Rose, and bring my Lady, such-a-ones chief Chamber-maid.

Ifab. No bouncing healths to this brave Lad, dear *Shorthose*, nor down o'th' knees to that illustrious Lady.

Luce. No fiddles, nor no lusty noise of drawer, carry this pottle to my Father *Shorthose*.

Ifab. No plays, nor gally foists, no strange Embassadors to run and wonder at, till thou beest oyl, and then come home again, and lye byth' Legend.

Luce. Say she should go.

Short. If I say, I'll be hang'd, or if I thought she would go.

Luce. What?

Short. I would go with her.

Luce. But *Shorthose*, where thy heart is?

Ifab. Do not fright him.

Luce. By this hand *Mistis* 'tis a noise, a loud one too, and from her own mouth, presently to be gone too, but why, or to what end?

Short. May not a man die first? she'll give him so much time.

Ifab. Gone o'th' sudden? thou dost but jest, she must not mock the Gentlemen.

Luce. She has put them off a month, thy dare not see her, believe me *Mistis*, what I hear I tell you.

Ifab. Is this true, wench? gone on so short a warning! what trick is this? she never told me of it, it must not be, sirra, attend me presently, you know I have been a carefull friend unto you, attend me in the Hall, and next be faithful, cry not, we shall not go.

Short. Her Coach may crack.

Enter Valentine, Francisco, and Lance.

Val. Which way to live! how darest thou come to town, to ask such an idle question?

Fran. Me thinks 'tis necessary, unless you could restore that Annuity you have tiple up in Taverns.

Val. Where hast thou been, and how brought up *Francisco*, that thou talkest thus out of *France*? thou wert a pretty fellow, and of a handsom knowledge; who has spoiled thee?

Lan. He that has spoil'd himself, to make him sport, and by Copie; will spoil all comes near him: buy but a Glafs, if you be yet so wealthy, and look there who?

Val. Well said, old Copihold.

Lan. My heart's good Frechold Sir, and so you'll find it, this Gentleman's your Brother, your hopeful Brother, for there is no hope of you, use him thereafter.

Val. E'ne as well as I use my self, what wouldst thou have *Frank*?

Fran. Can you procure me a hundred pound?

Lan. Hark what he saies to you, O try your wits, they say you are excellent at it, for your Land has lain long bed-rid, and unsensible.

Fran. And I'll forget all wrongs, you see my state, and to what

what wretchedness your will has brought me; but what it may be, by this benefit, if timely done, and like a noble Brother, both you and I may feel, and to our comforts.

Val. (A hundred pound!) dost thou know what thou hast said Boy?

Fran. I said a hundred pound.

Val. Thou hast said more than any man can justify, believe it: procure a hundred pounds! I say to thee there's no such sum in nature, forty shillings there may be now i'th' Mint and that's a Treasure, I have seen five pound, but let me tell it, and 'tis as wonderful as Calves with five Legs; here's five shillings, *Frank*, the harvest of five weeks, and a good crop too, take it, and pay thy first fruits, I'll come down and eat it out.

Fran. 'Tis patience must meet with you Sir, not love.

Lanc. Deal roundly, and leave these fiddle faddles.

Val. Leave thy prating, thou thinkest thou art a notable wife fellow, thou and thy rotten Sparrow Hawk; two of the reverent.

Lanc. I think you are mad, or if you be not, will be, with the next moon, what would you have him do?

Val. How?

Lanc. To get money first, that's to live, you have shewed him how to want.

Val. 'Slife how do I live? why, what dull fool would ask that question? three hundred three pilds more, I and live bravely: the better half o'th' Town live most gloriously, and ask them what states they have, or what Annuities, or when they pray for seasonable Harvests: thou hast a handsome Wit, stir into the world, *Frank*, stir, stir for shame, thou art a pretty Scholar: ask how to live? write, write, write any thing, the World's a fine believing World, write News.

Lanc. Dragons in *Suffex*, Sir, or fiery Battels seen in the Air at *Aspurge*.

Val. There's the way *Frank*, and in the tail of these, fright me the Kingdom with a sharp Prognostication, that shall scowr them, Dearth upon Dearth, like leven Taffaties, predictions of Sea-breaches, Wars, and want of Herings on our Coast, with bloody Noses.

Lanc. Whirl-winds, that shall take off the top of *Grantham* Steeple, and clap it on *Pauls*, and after these, a Lenvoy to the City for their sins.

Val. *Probatum est*, thou canst not want a pension, go switch me up a Covey of young Scholars, there's twenty nobles, and two loads of Coals, are not these ready ways? Cosmography thou art deeply read in, draw me a Map from the Mermaid, I mean a midnight Map to scape the Watches, and such long senseless examinations, and Gentlemen shall feed thee, right good Gentlemen, I cannot stay long.

Lanc. You have read learnedly, and would you have him follow these Megera's, did you begin with Ballads?

Fran. Well, I will leave you, I see my wants are grown ridiculous, yours may be so, I will not curse you neither; you may think, when these wanton fits are over, who bred me, and who ruined me, look to your self, Sir, a providence I wait on.

Val. Thou art passionate, hast thou been brought up with Girls?

Enter Shorthose with a bag.

Short. Rest you merry, Gentlemen.

Val. Not so merry as you suppose, Sir.

Short. Pray stay a while, and let me take a view of you, I may put my Spoon into the wrong Pottage-pot else.

Val. Why, wilt thou muster us?

Short. No, you are not he, you are a thought too handsome.

Lanc. Who wouldst thou speak withal, why dost thou peep so?

Short. I am looking birds nests, I can find none in your bush beard, I would speak with you, black Gentleman.

Fran. With me, my friend?

Short. Yes sure, and the best friend; Sir, it seems you spake withal this twelve month, Gentleman, there's money for you.

Val. How?

Short. There's none for you, Sir, be not so brief, not a penny; law how he itches at it, stand off, you stir my colour.

Lanc. Take it, 'tis money.

Short. You are too quick too, first be sure you have it, you seem to be a Faulkoner, but a foolish one.

Lanc. Take it, and say nothing.

Short. You are cozen'd too, 'tis take it, and spend it.

Fran. From whom came it, Sir?

Short. Such another word, and you shall have none on't.

Fran. I thank you, Sir, I doubly thank you.

Short. Well, Sir, then buy you better Cloaths, and get your Hat drest, and your Laundress to wash your Boots white.

Fran. Pray stay Sir, may you not be mistaken.

Short. I think I am, give me the money again, come quick, quick, quick.

Fran. I would be loth to render, till I am sure it be so.

Short. Hark in your ear, is not your name *Francisco*?

Fran. Yes.

Short. Be quiet then, it may Thunder a hundred times, before such stones fall: do you not need it?

Fran. Yes.

Short. And 'tis thought you have it.

Fran. I think I have.

Short. Then hold it fast, 'tis not fly-blown, you may pay for the poundage, you forget your self, I have not seen a Gentleman so backward, a wanting Gentleman.

Fran. Your mercy, Sir.

Short. Friend, you have mercy, a whole bag full of mercy, be merry with it, and be wise.

Fran. I would fain, if it please you, but know—

Short. It does not please me, tell over your money, and be not mad, Boy.

Val. You have no more such bags?

Short. More such there are, Sir, but few I fear for you, I have cast your water, you have wit, you need no money.

[Exit.

Lanc. Be not amazed, Sir, 'tis good gold, good old gold, this is restorative, and in good time, it comes to do you good, keep it and use it, let honest fingers feel it, yours be too quick Sir.

Fran. He named me, and he gave it me, but from whom?

Lanc. Let 'em send more, and then examine it, this can be but a Preface.

Fran. Being a stranger, of whom can I deserve this?

Lanc. Sir, of any man that has but eyes, and manly understanding to find mens wants, good men are bound to do so.

Val. Now you see, *Frank*, there are more ways than certainties, now you believe: What Plow brought you this Harvest, what sale of Timber, Coals, or what Annuities? These feed no Hinds, nor wait the expectation of Quarterdaies, you see it showers in to you, you are an Ass, lie plodding, and lie fooling, about this Blazing Star, and that bo-peep, whining, and fasting, to find the natural reason why a Dog turns twice about before he lie down, what use of these, or what joy in Annuities, where every man's thy study, and thy Tenant, I am ashamed on thee.

Lanc. Yes, I have seen this fellow, there's a wealthy Widow hard by.

Val. Yes marry is there.

Lanc. I think he's her servant, or I am couzen'd else, I am sure on't.

Fran. I am glad on't.

Lanc. She's a good Woman.

Fran. I am gladder.

Lanc. And young enough believe.

Fran. I am gladder of all, Sir.

Val. *Frank*, you shall lye with me soon.

Fran. I thank my money.

Lanc. His money shall lie with me, three in a Bed, Sir, will be too much this weather.

Val. Meet me at the Mermaid, and thou shalt see what things

Luce. Trust to your self Sir.

[*Exeunt Fran. and Val.*]

Enter Fount. Bella. and Valentine.

Fount. O *Valentine!*

Val. How now, why do you look so?

Bella. The Widow's going, man.

Val. Why let her go, man.

Hare. She's going out o'th' Town.

Val. The Town's the happier, I would they were all gone.

Fount. We cannot come to speak with her.

Val. Not to speak to her?

Bel. She will be gone within this hour, either now *Val.*

Fount. Hare. Now, now, now, good *Val.*

Val. I had rather march i'th' mouth o'th' Cannon, but adieu, if she be above ground, go, away to your prayers, away I say, away, she shall be spoken withall. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Shorthose with one boot on, Roger, and Humphrey.

Rog. She will go, *Shorthose.*

Short. Who can help it *Roger?*

Raph. [*within.*] Help down with the hangings.

Rog. By and by *Raph.* I am making up o'th' trunks here.

Raph. Shorthose.

Short. Well.

Raph. Who looks to my Ladys wardrobe? *Humphrey.*

Hum. Here.

Raph. Down with the boxes in the gallery, and bring away the Coach cushions.

Short. Will it not rain, no conjuring abroad, nor no devices to stop this journey?

Rog. Why go now, why now, why o'th' sudden now? what preparation, what horses have we ready, what provision laid in i'th' Country?

Hum. Not an egge I hope.

Rog. No nor one drop of good drink boyes, there's the devil.

Short. I heartily pray the malt be musty, and then we must come up again.

Hum. What says the Steward?

Rog. He's at's wits end, for some four hours since, out of his haste and providence, he mistook the Millars mangie mare, for his own nagge.

Short. And she may break his neck, and save the journey. Oh *London* how I love thee!

Hum. I have no boots nor none I'll buy: or if I had, refuse me if I would venture my ability, before a Cloak-Bag, men are men.

Short. For my part, if I be brought, as I know it will be aimed at, to carry any dirty dairy Cream-pot, or any gentle Lady of the Laundry, Chambring, or wantonness behind my Gelding, with all her Streamers, Knapsacks, Glasscs, Guggawes, as if I were a running slipper, I'll give 'em leave to cut my girls, and slay me. I'll not be troubled with their Distibations, at every half miles end, I understand my self, and am resolved.

Hum. To morrow night at *Olivers!* who shall be there boys, who shall meet the wenches?

Rog. The well brew'd stand of Ale, we should have met at!

Short. These griefs like to another Tale of *Troy*, would mollifie the hearts of barbarous people, and Tom Butcher weep, *Aeneas* enters, and now the town's lost.

Raph. Well whither run you, my Lady is mad.

Short. I would she were in Bedlam.

Raph. The carts are come, no hands to help to load 'em? the stuff lies in the hall, the plate.

[*Within Widow.*] Why knaves there, where be these idle

Short. Shall I ride with one Boot?

(fellows?)

Wid. Why where I say?

Raph. Away, away, it must be so.

Short. O for a tickling storm, to last but ten days. [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Isabella, and Luce.

Luce. BY my troth Mistress I did it for the best.

Ifab. It may be so, but *Luce*, you have a tongue, a dish of meat in your mouth, which if it were minced *Luce*, would do a great deal better.

Luce. I protest Mistress.

Ifab. It will be your own one time or other: *Walter.*

Walter [*within.*] Anon forsooth.

Ifab. Lay my hat ready, my fan and cloak, you are so full of providence; and *Walter*, tuck up my little box behind the Coach, and bid my maid make ready, my sweet service to your good Lady Mistress; and my dog, good let the Coachman carry him.

Luce. But hear me.

Ifab. I am in love sweet *Luce*, and you are so skilfull, that I must needs undo my self; and hear me, let *Oliver* pack up my Glafs discreetly, and see my Curles well carried. O sweet *Luce*, you have a tongue, and open tongues have open you know what, *Luce.*

Luce. Pray you be satisfied.

Ifab. Yes and contented too, before I leave you: there's a *Roger*, which some call a Butcher, I speak of certainties, I do not fish *Luce*, nay do not stare, I have a tongue can talk too: and a Green Chamber *Luce*, a back door opens to a long Gallerie; there was a night *Luce*, do you perceive, do you perceive me yet? O do you blush *Luce*? a Friday night I saw your Saint, *Luce*: for t'other box of Marmalade, all's thine sweet *Roger*, this I heard and kept too.

Luce. E'ne as you are a woman Mistress.

Ifab. This I allow as good and Physical sometime, these meetings, and for the cheering of the heart; but *Luce*, to have your own turn served, and to your friend to be a dogbolt.

Luce. I confes it Mistress.

Ifab. As you have made my sister jealous of me, and foolishly, and childishly pursued it, I have found out your haunt, and traced your purposes; for which mine honour suffers; your best waies must be applied to bring her back again, and seriously and suddenly, that so I may have a means to clear my self, and she a fair opinion of me, else you peevish

Luce. My power and prayers Mistress.

Ifab. What's the matter?

Enter Shorthose, and Widow.

Short. I have been with the Gentleman, he has it, much good may do him with it.

Wid. Come, are you ready? you love so to delay time, the day grows on.

Ifab. I have sent for a few trifles, when those are come; And now I know your reason.

Wid. Know your own honour then, about your business, see the Coach ready presently, I'll tell you more then.

[*Ex. Luce, and Shorthose.*]

And understand it well, you must not think your sister so tender eyed as not to see your follies, alas I know your heart, and must imagine, and truly too; 'tis not your charitie can coin such sums to give away as you have done, in that you have no wisdom *Isabel*, no nor modesty, where nobler uses are at home; I tell you, I am ashamed to find this in your years, far more in your discretion, none to chuse but things for pity, none to seal your thoughts on, but one of no abiding, of no name; nothing to bring you to but this, cold and hunger: A jolly Joynture sister, you are happy, no mony, no not ten shillings.

Ifab. You search nearly.

Wid. I know it as I know your folly, one that knows not where he shall eat his next meal, take his rest, unless it be i'th' stocks; what kindred has he, but a more wanting Brother,

Brother, or what vertues.

Isab. You have had rare intelligence, I see, sister.

Wid. Or say the man had vertue, is vertue in this age a full inheritance? what Joynture can he make you, *Plutarchs Morals*, or so much penny rent in the small Poets? this is not well, 'tis weak, and I grieve to know it.

Isab. And this you quit the town for?

Wid. Is't not time?

Isab. You are better read in my affairs than I am, that's all I have to answer, I'll go with you, and willingly, and what you think most dangerous, I'll sit laugh at.

For sister 'tis not folly but good discretion governs our main fortunes.

Wid. I am glad to hear you say so.

Isa. I am for you.

Enter Shorthose, and Humphrey, with riding rods.

Hum. The Devil cannot stay her, she'll on't, eat an egg now, and then we must away.

Short. I am gaul'd already, yet I will pray, may *London* wayes from henceforth be full of holes, and Coaches crack their wheels, may zealous Smiths so housel all our Hackneys, that they may feel compunction in their feet, and tire at *High-gate*, may it rain above all Almanacks till Carriers sail, and the Kings Fish monger ride like *Bike Arion* upon a Trout to *London*.

Hum. At *S. Albanes*, let all the Inns be drunk, not an Host sober to bid her worship welcom.

Short. Not a Fiddle, but all preach't down with Puritans; no meat but Legs of Beef.

Hum. No beds but Wool-Packs.

Short. And those so crammed with Warrens of starved Fleas that bite like Bandogs; let *Mims* be angry at their *S. Bel Swager*, and we pass in the heat on't and be beaten, beaten abominably, beaten horse and man, and all my Ladies linnen sprinkled with suds and dish-water.

Short. Not a wheel but out of joynt.

Enter Roger laugh-ing.

Hum. Why dost thou laugh?

Rog. There's a Gentleman, and the rarest Gentleman, and makes the rarest sport.

Short. Where, where?

Rog. Within here, h'as made the gayest sport with *Tom* the Coachman, so tewed him up with Sack that he lies lashing a But of Malmse for his Mares.

Short. 'Tis very good.

Rog. And talks and laughs, and sings the rarest songs, and *Shorthose*, he has so maul'd the Red Deer pies, made such an alms i'th' butterie.

Short. Better still.

Enter Val. Widow.

Hum. My Lady in a rage with the Gentleman?

Short. May he anger her into a feather. [*Exeunt.*]

Wid. I pray tell me, who sent you hither? for I imagine it is not your condition, you look so temperately, and like a Gentleman, to ask me these milde questions.

Val. Do you think I use to walk of errands, gentle Lady, or deal with women out of dreams from others?

Wid. You have not know me sure?

Val. Not much.

Wid. What reason have you then to be so tender of my credit, you are no kinsman?

Val. If you take it so, the honest office that I came to do you, is not so heavy but I can return it: now I perceive you are too proud, not worth my visit.

Wid. Pray stay, a little proud.

Val. Monstrous proud, I griev'd to hear a woman of your value, and your abundant parts stung by the people, but now I see 'tis true, you look upon me as if I were a rude and faucie fellow that borrowed all my breeding from a dunghil, or such a one, as should now fall and worship you in hope of pardon: you are cozen'd Lady, I came to prove opinion a

loud liar, to see a woman only great in goodness, and Mistress of a greater fame than fortune, but —

Wid. You are a strange Gentleman, if I were proud now, I should be monstrous angry, which I am not, and shew the effects of pride; I should despise you, but you are welcom Sir: To think well of our selves, if we deserve it, it is a lulture in us, and every good we have, strives to shew gracious, what use is it else? old age like Seer-trees, is seldom seen affected, stirs sometimes at rehearal of such acts as his daring youth endeavour'd.

Val. This is well, and now you speak to the purpose, you please me, but to be place proud?

Wid. If it be our own, why are we set here with distinction else, degrees, and orders given us? In you men, 'tis held a coolness, if you lose your right, affronts and loss of honour: streets, and walls, and upper ends of tables, had they tongues could tell what blood has followed, and what feud about your ranks; are we so much below you, that till you have us, are the tops of nature, to be accounted drones without a difference? you will make us bealts indeed.

Val. Nay worse than this too, proud of your cloaths, they swear a *Mercers Lucifer*, a tumour tackt together by a *Taylor*, nay yet worse, proud of red and white, a varnish that butter-milk can better.

Wid. Lord, how little will vex these poor blind people! if my cloaths be sometimes gay and glorious, does it follow, my mind must be my *Mercers* too? or say my beauty please some weak eyes, must it please them to think, that blows me up, that every hour blows off? this is an Infants anger.

Val. Thus they say too, what though you have a Coach lined through with velvet, and four fair *Flanders* mares, why should the streets be troubled continually with you, till *Carmen* curse you? can there be ought in this but pride of shew Lady, and pride of bum beating, till the learned lawyers with their fat bags, are thrust against the bulks till all their causes crack? why should this Lady, and t'other Lady, and the third sweet Lady, and Madam at *Mile-end*, be daily visited, and your poorer neighbours, with course napfes neglected, fashions conferr'd about, pouncings, and paintings, and young mens bodies read on like Anatomies.

Wid. You are very credulous, and somewhat desperate, to deliver this Sir, to her you know not, but you shall confesse me, and find I will not start; in us all meetings lie open to these lewd reports, and our thoughts at Church, our very meditations some will swear, which all should fear to judge, at least uncharitably, are mingled with your memories, cannot sleep, but this sweet Gentleman swims in our fancies, that scarlet man of war, and that smooth Senior; not drefs our heads without new ambushes, how to surprize that greatness, or that glorie; our very smiles are subject to constructions; nay Sir, it's come to this we cannot pish, but 'tis a favour for some fool or other: should we examine you thus, wer't not possible to take you without Perspectives?

Wid. It may be, but these excuse not.

Wid. Nor yours force no truth Sir, what deadly tongues you have, and to those tongues what hearts, and what inventions? O' my conscience, and 'twere not for sharp justice, you would venture to aim at your own mothers, and account it glorie to say you had done so: all you think are counsels, and cannot erre, 'tis we still that shew double, giddy, or gorg'd with passion; we that build Babels for mens conclusions, we that scatter, as day does his warm light; our killing curses over Gods creatures, next to the devils malice: lets intreat your good words.

Val. Well, this woman has a brave soul.

Wid. Are not we gaily blest then, and much beholding to you for your substance? you may do what you list, we what befeems us, and narrowly do that too, and precisely, our names are served in else at Ordinaries, and belcht abroad in Taverns.

Val. O most brave Wench, and able to redeem an age of women.

Wid. You are no Whoremasters? Alas, no, Gentlemen, it were an impudence to think you vicious: you are so holy, handsome Ladies fright you, you are the cool things of the time, the temperance, meer Emblems of the Law, and veils of Vertue, you are not daily mending like Dutch Watches, and plastering like old Walls; they are not Gentlemen, that with their secret sins increase our Surgeons, and lie in Foreign Countries, for new fores; Women are all these Vices; you are not envious, false, covetous, vain-glorious, irreligious, drunken, revengeful, giddie-eyed like Parrots, eaters of others honours.

Val. You are angry.

Wid. No by my troth, and yet I could say more too, for when men make me angry, I am miserable.

Val. Sure 'tis a man, she could not bear it thus bravely else, it may be I am tedious.

Wid. Not at all, Sir, I am content at this time you should trouble me.

Val. You are distrustful.

Wid. Where I find no truth, Sir.

Val. Come, come, you are full of passion.

Wid. Some I have, I were too near the nature o' God else.

Val. You are monstrous peevish.

Wid. Because they are monstrous foolish, and know not how to use that should try me.

Val. I was never answered thus; were you never drunk Lady?

Wid. No sure, not drunk, Sir; yet I love good Wine, as I love health and joy of heart, but temperately, why do you ask that question?

Val. For that sin that they most charge you with, is this sin's servant, they say you are monstrous——

Wid. What, Sir, what?

Val. Most strangely.

Wid. It has a name sure?

Val. Infinitely lustful, without all bounds, they swear you kill'd your Husband.

Wid. Let us have it all for Heavens sake, 'tis good mirth, Sir.

Val. They say you will have four now, and those four stuck in four quarters, like four winds to cool you: will she not cry nor curse?

Wid. On with your story.

Val. And that you are forcing out of dispensations with sums of money to that purpose.

Wid. Four Husbands! should not I be blest, Sir, for example? Lord, what should I do with them? turn a Mill, or Tithe them out like Town-bulls to my Tenants, you come to make me angry, but you cannot.

Val. Ple make you merry then, you are a brave Woman, and in despite of envy a right one, go thy wayes, truth thou art as good a Woman, as any Lord of them all can lay his Leg over, I do not often commend your Sex.

Wid. It seems so, your commendations are so studied for.

Val. I came to see you and sift you into Flowr to know your pureness, and I have found you excellent, I thank you; continue so, and shew men how to tread, and women how to follow: get an Husband, an honest man, you are a good woman, and live hedg'd in from scandal, let him be too an understanding man, and to that stedfast; 'tis pity your fair Figure should miscarry, and then your are fixt: farewell.

Wid. Pray stay a little, I love your company now you are so pleasant, and to my disposition set so even.

Val. I can no longer.

[Exit.

Wid. As I live a fine fellow, this manly handsome bluntness shews him honest; what is he, or from whence? blest me, four Husbands! how prettily he fooled me into Vices, to stir my jealousy, and find my nature; a proper Gentleman: I am not well o'th' sudden, such a companion I could live and dye with, his angers are meer mirth.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Come, come, I am ready.

Wid. Are you so?

Isa. What ails she? the Coach staies, and the people, the day goes on, I am as ready now as you desire, Sister: fie, who stays now, why do you sit and pout thus?

Wid. Prethee be quiet, I am not well.

Isa. For Heav'n's sake let's not ride staggering in the night, come, pray you take some Sweet-meats in your pocket, if your Stomach——

Wid. I have a little business.

Isab. To abuse me, you shall not find new dreams, and new suspitions, to horse withal.

Wid. Lord who made you a Commander! hey ho, my heart.

Isab. Is the wind come thither, and Coward like, do you lose your Colours to 'em? are you sick o'th' *Valentine*? sweet Sister, come let's away, the Country will so quicken you, and we shall live so sweetly: *Luce*, my Ladies Cloak; nay, you have put me into such a gog of going, I would not stay for all the world; if I live here, you have so knock'd this love into my head, that I shall love any body, and I find my body, I know not how, so apt—— pray let's be gone, Sister, I stand on thorns.

Wid. I prethee *Isabella*, i'faith I have some business that concerns me, I will suspect no more, here, wear that for me, and Ple pay the hundred pound you owe your Taylor.

Enter Shorthose, Roger, Humphrey, Ralph.

Isab. I had rather go, but——

Wid. Come walk in with me, we'll go to Cards, unsaddle the Horses.

Short. A Jubile, a Jubile, we stay, Boys.

Enter Uncle, Lan. Foun. Bella. Harebrain following.

Unc. Are they behind us?

Lan. Close, close, speak aloud, Sir.

Unc. I am glad my Nephew has so much discretion, at length to find his wants: did she entertain him?

Lance. Most bravely, nobly, and gave him such a welcome!

Unc. For his own sake do you think?

Lance. Most certain, Sir, and in his own cause bestir'd himself too, and wan such liking from her, she dotes on him, h'as the command of all the house already.

Unc. He deals not well with his friends.

Lance. Let him deal on, and be his own friend, he has most need of her.

Unc. I wonder they would put him——

Lan. You are in the right on't, a man that must raise himself, I knew he would couzen 'em, and glad I am he has: he watched occasion, and found it i'th' nick.

Unc. He has deceived me.

Lan. I told you howsoever he wheel'd about, he would charge home at length: how I could laugh now, to think of these tame fools!

Unc. 'Twas not well done, because they trusted him, yet.

Bel. Hark you Gentlemen.

Unc. We are upon a business, pray excuse us, they have it home.

Lanc. Come let it work good on Gentlemen.

[Exeunt Uncle, Lance.

Font. 'Tis true, he is a knave, I ever thought it.

Hare. And we are fools, tame fools.

Bell. Come let's go seek him, he shall be hang'd before he colt us basely.

[Exeunt.

Enter Isabella, Luce.

Isab. Art sure she loves him?

Luce. Am I sure I live? and I have clapt on such a commendation on your revenge.

Isab. Faith, he is a pretty Gentleman.

Luce. Handsome enough, and that her eye has found out.

Isa. He talks the best they say, and yet the maddest.

Luce. H'as the right way.

Isa. How is she?

Luce.

Luce. Bears it well, as if she cared not, but a man may see with half an eye through all her forced behaviour, and find who is her *Valentine*.

Isa. Come let's go see her, I long to prosecute.

Luce. By no means Mistress, let her take better hold first.

Isab. I could burst now.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Valentine, Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain.

Val. Upbraid me with your benefits, you Pilchers, you shotten, sold, slight fellows? was't not I that undertook you first from empty barrels, and brought those barking mouths that gaped like bung-holes to utter fence? where got you understanding? who taught you manners and apt carriage to rank your selves? who filled you in fit Taverns? were those born with your worships when you came hither? what brought you from the Universities of moment matter to allow you, besides your small base sentences?

Bell. 'Tis well, Sir.

Val. Long Cloaks with two-hand-rapiers, boot-hoses with penny poses, and twenty fools opinions, who looked on you but piping rites that knew you would be prizing, and Prentices in *Paul's Church-yard*, that scented your want of *Britains Books*.

Enter Widow, Luce, Hairbrain.

Fount. This cannot save you.

Val. Taunt my integrity you Whelps?

Bell. You may talk the stock we gave you out, but see no further.

Hair. You tempt our patience, we have found you out, and what your trust comes to, ye're well feathered, thank us, and think now of an honest course, 'tis time; men now begin to look, and narrowly into your tumbling tricks, they are stale.

Wid. Is not that he?

Luce. 'Tis he.

Wid. Be still and mark him.

Val. How miserable will these poor wretches be when I forsake 'em! but things have their necessities, I am sorry, to what a vomit must they turn again, now to their own dear Dunghil breeding; never hope after I cast you off, you men of *Motley*, you most undone things below pity, any that has a soul and six-pence dares relieve you, my name shall bar that blessing, there's your Cloak, Sir, keep it close to you, it may yet preserve you a fortnight longer from the fool; your Hat, pray be covered, and there's the Sattin that your Worship sent me, will serve you at a Sizes yet.

Fount. Nay, faith Sir, you may e'ne rub these out now.

Val. No such relique, nor the least rag of such a fordid weakness shall keep me warm, these Breeches are mine own, purchased, and paid for, without your compassion, a Christian Breeches founded in Black-Friers, and so I'll maintain 'em.

Hare. So they seem, Sir.

Val. Only the thirteen shillings in these Breeches, and the odd groat, I take it, shall be yours, Sir, a mark to know a Knave by, pray preserve it, do not displease more, but take it presently, now help me off with my Boots.

Hare. We are no Grooms, Sir.

Val. For once you shall be, do it willingly, or by this hand I'll make you.

Bell. To our own, Sir, we may apply our hands.

Val. There's your Hangers, you may deserve a strong pair, and a girdle will hold you without buckles; now I am perfect, and now the proudest of your worships tell me I am beholding to you.

Fount. No such matter.

Val. And take heed how you pity me, 'tis dangerous, exceeding dangerous, to prate of pity; which are the poorer? you are now puppies; I without you, or you without my knowledge? be Rogues, and so be gone, be Rogues and reply not, for if you do—

Bell. Only thus much, and then we'll leave you: the Air is far sharper than our anger, Sir, and these you may reserve to rail in warmer.

Hare. Pray have a care, Sir, of your health. [*Ex. Lovers.*]

Val. Yes Hog-hounds, more than you can have of your wits; 'tis cold, and I am very sensible, extremely cold too, yet I will not off, till I have shamed these Rascals; I have indured as ill heats as another, and every way if one could perish my body, you'll bear the blame on't; I am colder here, not a poor penny left.

Enter Uncle with a Bag.

Unc. 'Thas taken rarely, and now he's dead he will be ruled.

Lan. To him, tew him, abuse him, and nip him close.

Unc. Why how now, Cousin, sunning your self this weather?

Val. As you see, Sir, in a hot fit, I thank my friends.

Unc. But Cousin, where are your Cloaths man? those are no inheritance, your scruple may compound with those I take it, this is no fashion, Cousin.

Val. Not much followed, I must confess; yet Uncle I determine to try what may be done next Term.

Lance. How came you thus, Sir, for you are strangely moved.

Val. Rags, toys and trifles, fit only for those fools that first possessed 'em, and to those Knaves they are rendred. Freeman, Uncle, ought to appear like innocents, old *Adam*, a fair Fig-leaf sufficient.

Unc. Take me with you, were these your friends, that clear'd you thus?

Val. Hang friends, and even reckonings that make friends.

Unc. I thought till now, there had been no such living, no such purchase, for all the rest is labour, as a list of honourable friends; do such men as you, Sir, in lieu of all your understandings, travels, and those great gifts of nature, aim at no more than casting off your Coats? I am strangely cozen'd.

Lance. Should not the Town shake at the cold you feel now, and all the Gentry suffer interdiction, no more sense spoken, all things *Goth* and *Vandal*, till you be summed again, Velvets and Scarlets, anointed with gold Lace, and Cloth of silver turned into *Spanish Cottens* for a penance, wits blasted with your Bulls, and Taverns withered, as though the Term lay at *S^t Albans*?

Val. Gentlemen, you have spoken long and level, I beseech you take breath a while and hear me; you imagine now, by the twirling of your strings, that I am at the last, as also that my friends are flown like Swallows after Summer.

Unc. Yes, Sir.

Val. And that I have no more in this poor Pannier, to raise me up again above your rents, Uncle.

Unc. All this I do believe.

Val. You have no mind to better me.

Unc. Yes, Cousin, and to that end I come, and once more offer you all that my power is master of.

Val. A match then, lay me down fifty pounds there.

Unc. There it is, Sir.

Val. And on it write, that you are pleased to give this, as due unto my merit, without caution of land redeeming, tedious thanks, or thrift hereafter to be hoped for.

Unc. How? [*Luce lays a Suit and Letter at the door.*]

Val. Without daring, when you are drunk, to relish of revilings, to which you are prone in Sack, Uncle.

Unc. I thank you, Sir.

Lance. Come, come away, let the young wanton play a while, away I say, Sir, let him go forward with his naked fashion, he will seek you too morrow; goodly weather, sultry hot, sultry, how I sweat!

Unc. Farewel, Sir.

[*Exeunt Uncle and Lance.*]

Val. Would I sweat too, I am monstrous vext, and cold too; and these are but thin pumps to walk the streets

streets in; clothes I must get, this fashion will not fadge with me; besides, 'tis an ill winter wear, ——— What art thou? yes, they are clothes, and rich ones, some fool has left 'em: and if I should utter ——— what's this paper here? Let these be only worn by the most noble and deserving Gentleman *Valentine*, ——— dropt out o'th' clouds! I think they are full of gold too; well, I'll leave my wonder, and be warm again, in the next house I'll shift.

[Exit.]

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Francisco, Uncle, and Lance.

Fran. **W**HY do you deal thus with him? 'tis unnobly.
Unc. Peace Cousin peace, you are too tender of him, he must be dealt thus with, he must be cured thus, the violence of his disease *Francisco*, must not be jested with, 'tis grown infectious, and now strong Corrosives must cure him.

Lance. H'as had a stinger, has eaten off his clothes, the next his skin comes.

Unc. And let it search him to the bones, 'tis better, 'twill make him feel it.

Lance. Where be his noble friends now? will his fantastical opinions cloath him, or the learned Art of having nothing feed him?

Unc. It must needs greedily, for all his friends have flung him off, he is naked, and where to skin himself again, if I know, or can devise how he should get himself lodging, his Spirit must be bowed, and now we have him, have him at that we hoped for.

Lance. Next time we meet him cracking of nuts, with half a cloak about him, for all means are cut off, or borrowing six-pence, to shew his bounty in the pottage Ordinary?

Fran. Which way went he?

Lance. Pox, why should you ask after him, you have been trimm'd already, let him take his fortune, som spunit out himself, Sir, there's no pitie.

Unc. Besides some good to you now, from this miserie.

Fran. I rise upon his ruines! fie, fie, Uncle, fie honest *Lance*. Those Gentlemen were base people, that could so soon take fire to his destruction.

Unc. You are a fool, you are fool, a young man.

Enter *Valentine*.

Val. Morrow Uncle, morrow *Frank*, sweet *Frank*, and how, and how d'ce, think now, how shew matters? morrow Bandog.

Unc. How?

Fran. Is this man naked, forsaken of his friends?

Val. Th'art handsom, *Frank*, a pretty Gentleman, i'faith thou lookest well, and yet here may be those that look as handsom.

Lance. Sure he can conjure, and has the Devil for his Tailor.

Unc. New and rich! 'tis most impossible he should recover.

Lan. Give him this luck, and fling him into the Sea.

Unc. 'Tis not he, imagination cannot work this miracle.

Val. Yes, yes, 'tis he, I will assure you Uncle, the very he, the he your wisdom plaid withall, I thank you for't, neighed at his nakedness, and made his cold and poverty your pastime; you see I live, and the best can do no more Uncle, and though I have no state, I keep the streets still, and take my pleasure in the Town, like a poor Gentleman, wear clothes to keep me warm, poor things they serve me, can make a shew too if I list, yes uncle, and ring a peal in my pockets, ding dong, uncle, these are mad foolish ways, but who can help 'em?

Unc. I am amazed.

Lan. Ple sell my Copyhold, for since there are such excellent new nothings, why should I labour? is there no Fairy haunts him, no Rat, nor no old woman?

Unc. You are *Valentine*.

Val. I think so, I cannot tell, I have been call'd so, and some say Christened, why do you wonder at me, and swell, as if you had met a Sergeant fasting, did you ever know desert want? y'are fools, a little stoop there may be to allay him, he would grow too rank else, a small eclipse to shadow him, but out he must break, glowingly again, and with a great lustre, look you uncle, motion and majesty.

Unc. I am confounded.

Fran. I am of his faith.

Val. Walk by his careles kinsman, and turn again and walk, and look thus Uncle, taking some one by the hand, he loves best, leave them to the mercy of the hog-market, come *Frank*, Fortune is now my friend, let me instruct thee.

Fran. Good morrow Uncle, I must needs go with him.

Val. Flay me, and turn me out where none inhabits, within two hours I shall be thus again, now wonder on, and laugh at your own ignorance. [Ex. *Val.* and *Fran.*]

Unc. I do believe him.

Lan. So do I, and heartily upon my conscience, burie him stark naked, he would rise again, within two hours imbroidered: sow mustard-seeds, and they cannot come up so thick as his new fattens do, and clothes of silver, there's no striving.

Unc. Let him play a while then, and let's search out what hand: ———

Lan. I, there the game lies.

[Exeunt.]

Enter *Fountain*, *Bellamore*, and *Harebrain*.

Foun. Come, let's speak for our selves, we have lodg'd him sure enough, his nakedness dare nor peep out to cross us.

Bel. We can have no admittance.

Hare. Let's in boldly, and use our best arts, who she deigns to favour, we are all content.

Foun. Much good may do her with him, no civil wars.

Bel. By no means, now do I wonder in what old tod *Ivie* he lies whistling for means, nor clothes he hath none, nor none will trust him, we have made that side sure, teach him a new wooing.

Hare. Say it is his Uncles spite.

Foun. It is all one Gentlemen, 'thas rid us of a fair incumbrance, and makes us look about to our own fortunes. Who are these?

Enter *Isabel* and *Luce*.

Isab. Not see this man yet! well, I shall be wiser: but *Luce*, didst ever know a woman melt so? she is finely hurt to hunt.

Luce. Peace, the three Suitors.

Isab. I could so titter now and laugh, I was lost *Luce*, and I must love, I know not what; O *Cupid*, what pretty gins thou hast to halter Woodcocks! and we must into the Country in all haste, *Luce*.

Luce. For Heavens sake, Mistris.

Isab. Nay, I have done, I must laugh though; but Scholar, I shall teach you.

Foun. 'Tis her sister.

Bel. Save you Ladies.

Isab. Fair met Gentlemen, you are visiting my sister, I assure my self.

Hare. We would fain blefs our eyes.

Isab. Behold and welcom, you would see her?

Foun. 'Tis our business.

Isab. You shall see her, and you shall talk with her.

Luce. She will not see 'em, nor spend a word.

Isab. I'll make her frat a thousand, nay now I have found the sab, I will so scratch her.

Luce. She cannot endure 'em.

Isa. She loves 'em but too dearly, come follow me, I'll bring you toth' party Gentlemen, then make your own conditions.

Luce.

Luce. She is sick you know.

Ifab. I'll make her well, or kill her, and take no idle answer, you are fools then, nor stand off for her state, she'll scorn you all then, but urge her still, and though she fret, still follow her, a widow must be won so.

Bel. She speaks bravely.

Ifab. I would fain have a Brother in law, I love mens company, and if she call for dinner to avoid you, be sure you stay; follow her into her chamber, if she retire to Pray, pray with her, and boldly, like honest lovers.

Luce. This will kill her.

Fount. You have shewed us one way, do but lead the tother.

Ifab. I know you stand o'thorns, come I'll dispatch you.

Luce. If you live after this.

Ifab. I have lost my aim.

Enter Valentine, and Francisco.

Fran. Did you not see 'em since.

Val. No hang 'em, hang 'em.

Fran. Nor will you not be seen by 'em?

Val. Let 'em alone *Frank*, I'll make 'em their own justice, and a jerker.

Fran. Such base discourteous Dog-whelps.

Val. I shall dog 'em, and double dog 'em, ere I have done.

Fran. Will you go with me, for I would fain find out this piece of bountie, it was the Widows man, that I am certain of.

Val. To what end would you go?

Fran. To give thanks.

Val. Hang giving thanks, hast not thou parts deserve it? it includes a further will to be beholding, beggers can do no more at door, if you will go, there lies your way.

Fran. I hope you will go.

Val. No not in ceremony, and to a woman, with mine own Father, were he living *Frank*; I would toth' Court with Bears first, if it be that wench, I think it is, for t'other's wifer, I would not be so lookt upon, and laught at, so made a ladder for her wit, to climb upon, for 'tis the tartest tit in Christendom, I know her well *Frank*, and have buckled with her, so lickt, and stroaked, fear'd upon, and flouted, and shown to Chambermaids, like a strange beast, she had purchased with her penny.

Fran. You are a strange man, but do you think it was a woman?

Val. There's no doubt on't, who can be there to do it else? besides the manner of the circumstances.

Fran. Then such courtesies, who ever does 'em sir, saving your own wisdom, must be more lookt into, and better answered, than with deserving flights, or what we ought to have conferred upon us, men may starve else, means are not gotten now with crying out I am a gallant fellow, a good Souldier, a man of learning, or fit to be employed, immediate blessings cease like miracles, and we must grow by second means, I pray go with me, even as you love me Sir.

Val. I will come to thee, but *Frank*, I will not stay to hear your fopperies, dispatch those e're I come.

Fran. You will not fail me.

Val. Some two hours hence expect me.

Fran. I thank you, and will look for you. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Widow, Shorthose, and Roger.

Wid. Who let in these puppies? you blind rascals, you drunken Knaves several.

Short. Yes forsooth, I'll let 'em in presently, ——— Gentlemen.

Wid. Sprecious, you blown Pudding, bawling Rogue.

Short. I bawl as loud as I can, would you have me fetch 'em upon my back.

Wid. Get 'em out rascal, out with 'em, out, I sweat to have 'em near me.

Short. I should sweat more to carry 'em out.

Roger. They are Gentlemen Madam.

Short. Shall we get 'em into th' butteric, and make 'em drunk?

Wid. Do any thing, so I be eased.

Enter Isabel, Fount. Bella. Hare.

Ifab. Now to her Sir, fear nothing.

Rog. Slip aside boy, I know she loves 'em, howsoever she carries it, and has invited 'em, my young Mistress told me so.

Short. Away to tables then. [*Exeunt.*]

Ifab. I shall burst with the sport on't.

Fount. You are too curious Madam, too full of preparation, we expect it not.

Bella. Me thinks the house is handsom, every place decent, what need you be vext?

Hare. We are no strangers.

Fount. What though we come e're you expected us, do not we know your entertainments Madam are free, and full at all times?

Wid. You are merry, Gentlemen.

Bel. We come to be merry Madam, and very merry, men love to laugh heartily, and now and then Lady a little of our old plea.

Wid. I am busie, and very busie too, will none deliver me.

Hare. There is a time for all, you may be busie, but when your friends come, you have as much power Madam.

Wid. This is a tedious torment.

Fount. How handsomly this little piece of anger shews upon her! well Madam well, you know not how to grace your self.

Bel. Nay every thing she does breeds a new sweetness.

Wid. I must go up, I must go up, I have a business waits upon me, some wine for the Gentlemen.

Hare. Nay, we'll go with you, we never saw your chambers yet. *Ifab.* Hold there boyes.

Wid. Say I go to my prayers?

Fount. We'll pray with you, and help your meditations.

Wid. This is boysterous, or say I go to sleep, will you go to sleep with me?

Bel. So suddenly before meat will be dangerous, we know your dinner's ready Lady, you will not sleep.

Wid. Give me my Coach, I will take the air.

Hare. We'll wait on you, and then your meat after a quickned stomach.

Wid. Let it alone, and call my Steward to me, and bid him bring his reckonings into the Orchard, these unmannerly rude puppies ——— [*Exit Widow.*]

Fount. We'll walk after you and view the pleasure of the place.

Ifab. Let her not rest, for if you give her breath, she'll scorn and flout you, seem how she will, this is the way to win her, be bold and prosper.

Bel. Nay if we do not tire her. ——— [*Exeunt.*]

Ifab. I'll teach you to worm me, good Lady sister, and peep into my privacies to suspect me, I'll torture you, with that you hate, most daintily, and when I have done that, laugh at that you love most.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What have you done, she chafes and fumes outrageously, and still they persecute her.

Ifab. Long may they do so, I'll teach her to declaim against my pities, why is she not gone out o'th' town, but gives occasion for men to run mad after her?

Luce. I shall be hanged.

Ifab. This in me had been high treason, three at a time, and private in her Orchard! I hope she'll cast her reckonings right now.

Enter Widow.

Wid. Well, I shall find who brought 'em.

Ifab. Ha, ha, ha.

Wid. Why do you laugh sister? I fear me 'tis your trick, 'twas neatly done of you, and well becomes your pleasure.

Ifab. What have you done with 'em?

Wid. Lockt 'em i'th' Orchard, there I'll make 'em dance and caper too, before they get their liberty, unmannerly rude puppies.

Ifab.

Isab. They are somewhat saucy, but yet I'll let 'em out, and once more sound 'em, why were they not beaten out?

Wid. I was about it, but because they came as suiters.

Isab. Why did you not answer 'em?

Wid. They are so impudent they will receive none: More yet! how came these in?

Enter Francisco and Lance.

Lan. At the door, Madam.

Isab. It is that face.

Luce. This is the Gentleman.

Wid. She sent the money to?

Luce. The same.

Isab. I'll leave you, they have some business.

Wid. Nay, you shall stay, Sister, they are strangers both to me; how her face alters!

Isab. I am sorry he comes now.

Wid. I am glad he is here now though. Who would you speak with, Gentlemen?

Lan. You Lady, or your fair Sister there, here's a Gentleman that has received a benefit.

Wid. From whom, Sir?

Lan. From one of you, as he supposes, Madam, your man delivered it.

Wid. I pray go forward.

Lan. And of so great a goodness, that he dares not, without the tender of his thanks and service, pass by the house.

Wid. Which is the Gentleman?

Lan. This, Madam.

Wid. What's your name, Sir?

Fran. They that know me call me *Francisco*, Lady, one not so proud to scorn so timely a benefit, nor so wretched to hide a gratitude.

Wid. It is well bestowed then.

Fran. Your fair self, or your Sister as it seems, for what desert I dare not know, unless a handsome subject for your charities, or aptness in your noble will to do it, have shew'd upon my wants a timely bounty, which makes me rich in thanks, my best inheritance.

Wid. I am sorry 'twas not mine, this is the Gentlewoman, fie, do not blush, go roundly to the matter, the man is a pretty man.

Isab. You have three fine ones.

Fran. Then to you, dear Lady?

Isab. I pray no more, Sir, if I may persuade you, your only aptness to do this is recompence, and more than I expected.

Fran. But good Lady.

Isab. And for me further to be acquainted with it besides the imputation of vain glory, were greedy thankings of my self, I did it not to be more affected to; I did it, and if it happened where I thought it fitted, I have my end; more to enquire is curious in either of us, more than that suspicious.

Fran. But gentle Lady, 'twill be necessary.

Isab. About the right way nothing, do not fright it, being to pious use and tender sighted, with the blown face of Compliments, it blasts it; had you not come at all, but thought thanks, it had been too much, 'twas not to see your person.

Wid. A brave dissembling Rogue, and how she carries it!

Isa. Though I believe few handsomer; or hear you, though I affect a good tongue well; or try you, though my years desire a friend, that I relieved you.

Wid. A plague cunning quean.

Isab. For so I carried it, my end's too glorious in mine eyes, and bettered the goodness I propounded with opinion.

Wid. Fear her not, Sir.

Isa. You cannot catch me, Sister.

Fran. Will you both teach, and tie my tongue up Lady?

Isa. Let it suffice you have it, it was never mine, whilst good men wanted it.

Lan. This is a Saint sure.

Isa. And if you be not such a one, restore it.

Fran. To commend my self, were more officious than you think my thanks are, to doubt I may be worth your gift a treason, both to mine own good and understanding, I know my mind clear, and though modesty tells me, he that intreats intrudes; yet I must think something, and of some reason, met with your better taste, this had not been else.

Wid. What ward for that, wench?

Isa. Alas, it never touched me.

Fran. Well, gentle Lady, yours is the first money I ever took upon a forced ill manners.

Isa. The last of me, if ever you use other.

Fran. How may I do, and your way to be thought a grateful taker?

Isa. Spend it, and say nothing, your modesty may deserve more.

Wid. O Sister will you bar thankfulness?

Isa. Dogs dance for meat, would ye have men do worse? for they can speak, cry out like Wood-mongers, good deeds by the hundreds, I did it that my best friend should not know it, wine and vain glory does as much as I else, if you will force my merit, against my meaning, use it in well bestowing it, in shewing it came to be a benefit, and was so; and not examining a Woman did it, or to what end, in not believing sometimes your self, when drink and stirring conversation may ripen strange persuasions.

Fran. Gentle Lady, I were a base receiver of a courtesie, and you a worse disposer, were my nature unfurnished of these fore-sights. Ladies honours were ever in my thoughts, unspotted Crimes, their good deeds holy Temples, where the incense burns not; to common eyes your fears are vertuous, and so I shall preserve 'em.

Isa. Keep but this way, and from this place to tell me so, you have paid me; and so I wish you see all fortune. *[Exit.*

Wid. Fear not, the Woman will be thanked, I do not doubt it. Are you so crafty, carry it so precisely? this is to wake my fears, or to abuse me, I shall look narrowly: despair not Gentlemen, there is an hour to catch a Woman in, if you be wife, so, I must leave you too; Now will I go laugh at my Suitors. *[Exit.*

Lan. Sir, what courage?

Fran. This Woman is a founder, and cites Statutes to all her benefits.

Lan. I never knew yet, so few years and so cunning, yet believe me she has an itch, but how to make her confess it, for it is a crafty Tit, and plays about you, will not bite home, she would fain, but she dares not; carry your self but so discreetly, Sir, that want or wantonness seem not to search you, and you shall see her open.

Fran. I do love her, and were I rich, would give two thousand pound to wed her wit but one hour, oh 'tis a Dragon, and such a spritely way of pleasure, ha *Lance.*

Lan. Your ha *Lance* broken once, you would cry, ho, ho, *Lance.*

Fran. Some leaden landed Rogue will have this wench now, when all's done, some such youth will carry her, and wear her, greasie out like stuff, some Dunce that knows no more but Markets, and admires nothing but a long charge at Sizes: O the fortunes!

Enter Isabel and Luce.

Lan. Comfort your self.

Luce. They are here yet, and alone too, boldly upon't; nay, Mistress, I still told you, how 'twould find your trust, this 'tis to venture your charity upon a boy.

Lan. Now, what's the matter? stand fast, and like your self.

Isa. Prethee no more Wench.

Luce. What was his want to you?

Isa. 'Tis true.

Luce. Or misery, or say he had been i'th' Cage, was there no mercy to look abroad but yours?

Isa. I am paid for fooling.

Lu. Must every slight companion that can purchase a shew of poverty and beggerly planet fall under your compassion?

Luce.

Lanc. Here's a new matter.

Luce. Nay, you are served but too well, here he staies yet, yet as I live.

Fran. How her face alters on me!

Luce. Out of a confidence I hope.

Ifab. I am glad on't.

Fran. How do you gentle Lady?

Ifab. Much ashamed Sir, (but first stand further off me, y^e are infectious) to find such vanitie, nay almost impudence, where I believ'd a worth: is this your thanks, the gratitude you were so mad to make me, your trim counsel Gentlemen?

Lanc. What, Lady?

Ifab. Take your device again, it will not serve Sir, the woman will not bite, you are finely cozened, drop it no more for shame.

Luce. Do you think you are here Sir amongst your wast-coateers, your base wenches that scratch at such occasions? you are deluded: This is a Gentlewoman of a noble house, born to a better fame than you can build her, and eyes above your pitch.

Fran. I do acknowledge ———

Ifab. Then I beseech you Sir, what could 'see, (speak boldly, and speak truly, shame the Devil,) in my behaviour of such easiness that you durst venture to do this?

Fran. You amaze me, this Ring is none of mine, nor did I drop it.

Luce. I saw you drop it, Sir.

Ifab. I took it up too, still looking when your modesty should miss it, why, what a childish part was this?

Fran. I vow.

Ifab. Vow me no vowes, he that dares do this, has bred himself to boldness, to forswear too; there take your gew-gaw, you are too much pampered, and I repent my part, as you grow older grow wiser if you can, and so farewell Sir.

[*Exeunt* Isabella, and Luce.

Lanc. Grow wiser if you can? she has put it to you, 'tis a rich Ring, did you drop it?

Fran. Never, ne're saw it afore, *Lance.*

Lanc. Thereby hangs a tail then: what slight she makes to catch her self! look up Sir, you cannot lose her if you would, how daintily she flies upon the Lure, and cunningly she makes her stops! whistle and she'll come to you.

Fran. I would I were so happy.

Lanc. Maids are Clocks, the greatest Wheel they show, goes slowest to us, and make's hang on tedious hopes; the lesser, which are concealed, being often oyl'd with wishes, flee like desires, and never leave that motion, till the tongue strikes; she is flesh, blood and marrow, young as her purpose, and soft as pity; no Monument to worship, but a mould to make men in, a neat one, and I know how e're she appears now, which is near enough, you are stark blind if you hit not soon at night; she would venture forty pounds more but to feel a Flea in your shape bite her: drop no more Rings forsooth, this was the prettiest thing to know her heart by.

Fran. Thou puttst me in much comfort.

Lanc. Put your self in good comfort, if she do not point you out the way, drop no more Rings, she'll drop her self into you.

Fran. I wonder my Brother comes not.

Lanc. Let him alone, and feed your self on your own fortunes; come be frolick, and let's be monstrous wife and full of counsel, drop no more Rings. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Widow, Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain.

Wid. If you will needs be foolish you must be used so: who sent for you? who entertained you Gentlemen? who bid you welcom hither? you came crowding, and impudently bold; prefs on my patience, as if I kept a house for all Companions, and of all sorts: will 'have your wills, will vex me and force my liking from you I ne're ow'd you?

Fount. For all this we will dine with you.

Bel. And for all this will have a better answer from you.

Wid. You shall never, neither have an answer nor dinner, unless you use me with a more staid respect, and stay your time too.

Enter Isabella, Shortose, Roger, Humphrey, Ralph, with dishes of meat.

Ifab. Forward with the meat now.

Rog. Come Gentlemen, march fairly.

Short. Roger, you are a weak Serving-man; your white broath runs from you; fie, how I sweat under this Pile of Beef; an Elephant can do more! Oh for such a back now, and in these times, what might a man arrive at! Goose, grafe you up, and Woodcock march behinde thee, I am almost foundred.

Wid. Who bid you bring the meat yet? away you knaves, I will not dine these two hours: how am I vexed and chafed! go carry it back and tell the Cook, he's an arrant Rascal, to send before I called.

Short. Face about Gentlemen, beat a mournfull march then, and give some supporters, or else I perish ———

[*Exeunt* Servants.

Ifab. It does me much good to see her chafe thus.

Hare. We can stay Madam, and will stay and dwell here, 'tis good Air.

Fount. I know you have beds enough, and meat you never want.

Wid. You want a little.

Bel. We dare to pretend no. Since you are churlish, we'll give you Physick, you must purge this anger, it burns you and decays you.

Wid. If I had you out once, I would be at the charge of a portcullis for you.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Good morrow noble Lady.

Wid. Good morrow Sir. How sweetly now he looks, and how full manly! what slaves were these to use him so!

Val. I come to look a young man I call Brother.

Wid. Such a one was here Sir, as I remember your own Brother, but gone almost an hour agoe.

Val. Good ee'n then.

Wid. You must not so soon Sir, here be some Gentlemen, it may be you are acquainted with 'em.

Hare. Will nothing make him miserable?

Fount. How glorious!

Bel. It is the very he, does it rain fortunes, or has he a familiar?

Hare. How doggedly he looks too?

Fount. I am beyond my faith, pray let's be going.

Val. Where are these Gentlemen?

Wid. Here.

Val. Yes I know 'em, and will be more familiar.

Bel. Morrow Madam.

Wid. Nay stay and dine.

Val. You shall stay till I talk with you, and not dine neither, but fastingly my fury, you think you have undone me, think so still, and swallow that belief, till you be company for Court-hand Clarks, and starved Attornies, till you break in at playes like Prentices for three a groat, and crack Nuts with the Scholars in peny Rooms again, and fight for Apples, till you return to what I found you, people betray'd into the hands of Fencers, Challengers, Tooth-drawers Bills, and tedious Proclamations in Meal-markets, with throngings to see Cutpurfes: stir not, but hear, and mark, P'le cut your throats else, till Water works, and rumours of New Rivers rid you again and run you into questions who built Thames, till you run mad for Lotteries, and stand there with your Tables to glean the golden Sentences, and cite 'em secretly to Servingmen for sound Essayes, till Taverns allow you but a Towel room to Tipple Wine in, that the Bell hath gone for twice, and Glasses that look like broken promises, tied up with wicker protestations, English Tobacco with half Pipes; nor in half a year once burnt.

and Bisket that Bawds have rubb'd their gums upon like Corals to bring the mark again, tell these hour Rascals so, this most fatal hour will come again, think I sit down the looser.

Wid. Will you stay Gentlemen, a piece of Beef and a cold Capon, that's all, you know you are welcom.

Hum. That was cast to abuse us.

Bel. Steal off, the Devil is in his anger.

Wid. Nay I am sure you will not leave me so discourteously, now I have provided for you.

Val. What do you here? why do ye vex a woman of her goodness, her state and worth? can you bring a fair certificate that you deserve to be her footmen? husbands, you puppies? husbands for Whores and Bawds, away you wind suckers; do not look big, nor prate, nor stay, nor grumble, and when you are gone, seem to laugh at my fury, and slight this Lady, I shall hear, and know this: and though I am not bound to fight for women, as far they are good I dare preserve 'em: be not too bold, for if you be, I'll swinge you monstrously without all pity, your honours now goe, avoid me mainly. [Exit.

Wid. Well Sir, you have delivered me, I thank you, and with your nobleness prevented danger, their tongues might utter, we'll all go and eat Sir.

Val. No, no, I dare not trust my self with women, go to your meat, eat little, take less ease, and tie your body to a daily labour, you may live honestly, and so I thank you. [Exit.

Wid. Well go thy ways, thou art a noble fellow, and some means I must work to have thee know it. [Exit.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Uncle, and Merchant.

Unc. Most certain 'tis her hands that hold him up, and her sister relieves Frank,

Mer. I am glad to hear it: but wherefore do they not pursue this fortune to some fair end?

Unc. The women are too craftie, *Valentine* too coy, and *Frank* too bashfull, had any wise man hold of such a blessing, they would strike it out o'th' flint but they would form it.

Enter Widow, and Shorthose.

Mer. The Widow sure, why does she stir so early?

Wid. 'Tis strange, I cannot force him to understand me, and make a benefit of what I would bring him: tell my sister I'll use my devotions at home this morning, she may if she please go to Church.

Short. Hey ho.

Wid. And do you wait upon her with a torch Sir.

Short. Hey ho.

Wid. You lazie Knave.

Short. Here is such a tinkle tanklings that we can ne'er lie quiet, and sleep our prayers out. *Ralph*, pray empty my right shoe that you made your Chamber-pot, and burn a little *Rosemarie* in't, I must wait upon my Lady. This morning Prayer has brought me into a consumption, I have nothing left but flesh and bones about me.

Wid. You drouse slave, nothing but sleep and swilling?

Short. Had you been bitten with Bandoz fleas, as I have been, and haunted with the night Mare.

Wid. With an Ale-pot.

Short. You would have little list to morning Prayers, pray take my fellow *Ralph*, he has a Psalm Book, I am an ingrum man.

Wid. Get you ready quickly, and when she is ready wait upon her handsomely; no more, be gone.

Short. If I do snore my part out — [Exit Short.

Unc. Now to our purposes.

Mer. Good morrow, Madam.

Wid. Good morrow, Gentlemen.

Unc. Good joy and fortune.

Wid. These are good things, and worth my thanks, I thank you Sir.

Mer. Much joy I hope you'll find, we came to gratulate your new knit marriage-band.

Wid. How?

Unc. He's a Gentleman, although he be my kinsman, my fair Niece.

Wid. Niece, Sir?

Unc. Yes Lady, now I may say so, 'tis no shame to you, I say a Gentleman, and winking at some light fancies, which you most happily may affect him for, as bravely carried, as nobly bred and managed.

Wid. What's all this? I understand you not, what Niece, what marriage-knot?

Unc. I'll tell plainly, you are my Niece, and *Valentine* the Gentleman has made you so by marriage.

Wid. Marriage?

Unc. Yes Lady, and 'twas a noble and vertuous part, to take a falling man to your protection, and buoy him up again to all his glories.

Wid. The men are mad.

Mer. What though he wanted these outward things, that flie away like shadows, was not his mind a full one, and a brave one? You have wealth enough to give him gloss and outside, and he wit enough to give way to love a Lady.

Unc. I ever thought he would do well.

Mer. Nay, I knew how ever he wheel'd about like a loose Cabine, he would charge home at length, like a brave Gentleman; Heavens blessing o' your heart Lady, we are so bound to honour you, in all your service so devoted to you.

Unc. Do not look so strange Widow, it must be known, better a general joy; no stirring here yet, come, come, you cannot hide 'em.

Wid. Pray be not impudent, these are the finest toys, be like I am married then?

Mer. You are in a miserable estate in the worlds account else, I would not for your wealth it come to doubting.

Wid. And I am great with child?

Unc. No, great they say not, but 'tis a full opinion you are with child, and great joy among the Gentlemen, your husband hath bestrid himself fairly.

Mer. Alas, we know his private hours of entrance, how long, and when he stayed, could name the bed too, where he paid down his first-fruits.

Wid. I shall believe anon.

Unc. And we consider for some private reasons, you would have it private, yet take your own pleasure; and so good morrow, my best Niece, my sweetest.

Wid. No, no, pray stay.

Unc. I know you would be with him, love him, and love him well.

Mer. You'll find him noble, this may beget —

Unc. It must needs work upon her.

[Exit Uncle, and Mer.

Wid. These are fine bobs i'faith, married, and with child too! how long has this been, I trow? they seem grave fellows, they should not come to flout; married, and bedded, the world takes notice too! where lies this May-game? I could be vex't extreamly now, and rail too, but 'tis to no end, though I itch a little, must I be scratcht I know not how, who waits there?

Enter Humphrey, a Servant.

Hum. Madam.

Wid. Make ready my Coach quickly, and wait you only, and hark you Sir, be secret and speedy, inquire out where he lies.

Hum. I shall do it, Madam.

Wid. Married, and got with child in a dream! 'tis fine i'faith, sure he that did this, would do better waking.

[Exit.

Enter

Enter Valentine, Fran. Lance, and a Boy with a Torch.

Val. Hold thy Torch handsomely: how dost thou *Frank*?
Peter Bassel, bear up.

Fran. You have fried me soundly, Sack do you call this drink?

Val. A shrewd dog, *Frank*, will bite abundantly.

Lan. Now could I fight, and fight with thee.

Val. With me, thou man of *Memphis*?

Lan. But that thou art mine own natural master, yet my sack says thou art no man, thou art a Pagan, and pawnest thy land, which a noble cause.

Val. No arms, nor arms, good *Lancelot*, dear *Lance*, no fighting here, we will have Lands boy, Livings, and Titles, thou shalt be a Vice-Roy, hang fighting, hang't 'tis out of fashion.

Lan. I would fain labour you into your lands again, go to, it is behoveful.

Fran. Fic *Lance*, fie.

Lan. I must beat some body, and why not my Master, before a stranger? charity and beating begins at home.

Val. Come, thou shalt beat me.

Lan. I will not be compel'd, and you were two Masters, I scorn the motion.

Val. Wilt thou sleep?

Lan. I scorn sleep.

Val. Wilt thou go eat?

Lan. I scorn meat, I come for rompering, I come to wait upon my charge discreetly; for look you, if you will not take your Mortgage again, here do I lie *S^t George*, and so forth.

Val. And here do I *S^t George*, bestride the Dragon, thus with my *Lance*.

Lan. I sting, I sting with my tail.

Val. Do you so, do you so, Sir? I shall tail you presently.

Fran. By no means, do not hurt him.

Val. Take this *Nelson*, and now rise, thou Maiden Knight of *Malligo*, lace on thy Helmet of enchanted Sack, and charge again.

Lan. I'll play no more, you abuse me, will you go?

Fran. I'll bid you good morrow, Brother, for sleep I cannot, I have a thousand fancies.

Val. Now thou art arrived, go bravely to the matter, and do something of worth, *Frank*.

Lan. You shall hear from us. [*Exeunt Lance and Frank.*]

Val. This Rogue, if he had been sober, sure had beaten me, is the most tittish Knave.

Enter Uncle and Merchant, Boy with a Torch.

Unc. 'Tis he.

Mer. Good morrow.

Val. Why, Sir, good morrow to you too, and you be so lusty.

Unc. You have made your Brother a fine man, we met him.

Val. I made him a fine Gentleman, he was a fool before, brought up amongst the midst of Small-Beer-Brew-houses, what would you have with me?

Mer. I come to tell you, your latest hour is come.

Val. Are you my sentence?

Mer. The sentence of your state.

Val. Let it be hang'd then, and let it be hang'd high enough, I may not see it.

Unc. A gracious resolution.

Val. What would you have else with me, will you go drink, and let the world slide, Uncle? Ha, ha, ha, boyes, drink Sack like Whey, boyes.

Mer. Have you no feeling, Sir?

Val. Come hither Merchant: make me a supper, thou most reverent Land-catcher, a supper of forty pounds.

Mer. What then, Sir?

Val. Then bring thy Wife along, and thy fair Sisters, thy Neighbours and their Wives, and all their trinkets, let me have forty Trumpets, and such Wine, we'll laugh

at all the miseries of Mortgage, and then in state I'll render thee an answer.

Mer. What say you to this?

Unc. I dare not say, nor think neither.

Mer. Will you redeem your state, speak to the point, Sir?

Val. Not, not if it were mine heir in the *Turks* Gallies.

Mer. Then I must take an order?

Val. Take a thousand, I will not keep it, nor thou shalt not have it, because thou camest i'th' nick, thou shalt not have it, go take possession, and be sure you hold it, hold fast with both hands, for there be those hounds uncoupled, will ring you such a knell, go down in glory, and march upon my land, and cry, All's mine; cry as the Devil did, and be the Devil, mark what an Echo follows, build fine March-panes, to entertain Sir Silk-worm and his Lady, and pull the Chappel down, and raise a Chamber for Mistress Silver-pin, to lay her belly in, mark what an Earthquake comes. Then foolish Merchant my Tenants are no Subjects, they obey nothing, and they are people too never Christened, they know no Law nor Conscience, they'll devour thee; and thou mortal, the stopple, they'll confound thee within three days; no bit nor memory of what thou wert, no not the Wart upon thy Nose there, shall be e're heard of more; go take possession, and bring thy Children down to rost like Rabbets, they love young Toasts and Butter, *Bow-bell* Suckers; as they love mischief, and hate Law, they are Cannibals; bring down thy kindred too, that be not fruitful, there be those Mandrakes that will mollifie 'em, go take possession. I'll go to my Chamber, afore Boy go.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mer. He's mad sure.

Unc. He's half drunk sure: and yet I like this unwillingness to lose it, this looking back.

Mer. Yes, if he did it handsomely, but he's so harsh and strange.

Unc. Believe it 'tis his drink, Sir, and I am glad his drink has thrust it out.

Mer. Cannibals? if ever I come to view his Regiment, if fair terms may be had.

Unc. He tells you true, Sir, they are a bunch of the most boisterous Rascals disorder ever made, let 'em be mad once, the power of the whole Country cannot cool 'em, be patient but a while.

Mer. As long as you will, Sir, before I buy a bargain of such Runts, I'll buy a Colledge for Bears, and live among 'em.

Enter Francisco, Lance, Boy with a Torch.

Fran. How dost thou now?

Lan. Better than I was, and straighter, but my head's a Hog'shead still, it rowls and tumbles.

Fran. Thou wert cruelly paid.

Lan. I may live to require it, put a Snaffle of Sack in my mouth and then ride me very well.

Fran. 'Twas all but sport, I'll tell thee what I mean now, I mean to see this Wench.

Lan. Where a Devil is she? and there were two, 'twere better.

Fran. Dost thou hear the Bell ring?

Lan. Yes, yes.

Fran. Then she comes to prayers, early each morning thither: Now if I could but meet her, for I am of another mettle now.

Enter Isabel, and Shorthose with a Torch.

Lan. What light's yon?

Fran. Ha, 'tis a light, take her by the hand and court her.

Lan. Take her below the girdle, you'll never speed else, it comes on this way still, oh that I had but such an opportunity in a Saw-pit, how it comes on, comes on! 'tis here.

Fran. 'Tis she: fortune I kiss thy hand— Good morrow Lady.

Isa. What voice is that, Sirra, do you sleep as you go,

'tis he, I am glad on't, Why, *Short-hose*?

Short. Yes forsooth, I was dreamt, I was going to Church.

Lan. She sees you as plain as I do.

Isab. Hold the torch up.

Short. Here's nothing but a stall, and a Butchers Dog asleep in't, where did you see the voice?

Fran. She looks still angry.

Lan. To her and meet Sir.

Isab. Here, here.

Fran. Yes Lady, never blefs your self, I am but a man, and like an honest man, now I will thank you ———

Isab. What do you mean, who sent for you, who desired you?

Short. Shall I put out the Torch forsooth?

Isab. Can I not go about my private meditations, Ha, but such companions as you must ruffle me? you had best go with me Sir?

Fran. 'Twas my purpose.

Isab. Why, what an impudence is this! you had best, being so near the Church, provide a Priest, and perswade me to marry you.

Fran. It was my meaning, and such a husband, so loving, and so careful, my youth, and all my fortunes shall arrive at ——— Hark you?

Isab. 'Tis strange you should be thus unmannerly, turn home again sirra, you had best now force my man to lead your way.

Lan. Yes marry shall he Lady, forward my friend.

Isab. This is a pretty Riot, it may grow to a rape.

Fran. Do you like that better? I can ravish you an hundred times, and never hurt you.

Short. I see nothing, I am asleep still, when you have done tell me, and then I'll wake Mistress.

Isab. Are you in earnest Sir, do you long to be hang'd?

Fran. Yes by my troth Lady in these fair Tressels.

Isab. Shall I call out for help?

Fran. No by no means, that were a weak trick Lady, I'll kiss, and stop your mouth.

Isab. You'll answer all these?

Fran. A thousand kisses more.

Isab. I was never abused thus, you had best give out too, that you found me willing, and say I doted on you?

Fran. That's known already, and no man living shall now carry you from me.

Isab. This is fine i'faith.

Fran. It shall be ten times finer.

Isab. Well, seeing you are so valiant, keep your way, I will to Church.

Fran. And I will wait upon you.

Isab. And it is most likely there's a Priest, if you dare venture as you profess, I would wish you look about you, to do these rude tricks, for you know the recompences, and trust not to my mercy.

Fran. But I will Lady.

Isab. For I'll so handle you.

Fran. That's it I look for.

Lan. Afore thou dream.

Short. Have you done?

Isab. Go on Sir, and follow if you dare.

Fran. If I do not, hang me.

Lan. 'Tis all thine own boy, an 'twere a million, god a mercy Sack, when would small Beer have done this?

Knocking within. Enter Valentine.

Val. Whose that that knocks and bounces, what a Devil ails you, is hell broke loose, or do you keep an Iron mill?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. 'Tis a Gentlewoman Sir that must needs speak with you.

Val. A Gentlewoman? what Gentlewoman, what have I to do with Gentlewomen?

Ser. She will not be answered Sir.

Val. Fling up the bed and let her in, I'll try how gentle

she is ———

[Exit Servant.

This Sack has fill'd my head so full of bables, I am almost mad; what Gentlewoman should this be? I hope she has brought me no butter print along with her to lay to my charge, if she have 'tis all one, I'll forswear it.

Enter Widow.

Wid. O you're a noble Gallant, send off your Servant pray.

[Exit Servant.

Val. She will not ravish me? by this light she looks as sharp set as a Sparrow hawk, what wouldst thou woman?

Wid. O you have used me kindly, and like a Gentleman, this is to trust to you.

Val. Trust to me, for what?

Wid. Because I said in jest once, you were a handsome man, one I could like well, and fooling, made you believe I loved you, and might be brought to marrie.

Val. The widow is drunk too.

Wid. You out of this, which is a fine discretion, give out the matter's done, you have won and wed me, and that you have put, fairly put for an heir too, these are fine rumours to advance my credit: i'th' name of mischief what did you mean?

Val. That you loved me, and that you might be brought to marrie me? why, what a Devil do you mean, widow?

Wid. 'Twas a fine trick too, to tell the world though you had enjoyed your first wish you wished, the wealth you aimed at, that I was poor, which is most true, I am, have sold my lands, because I love not those vexations, yet for mine honours sake, if you must be prating, and for my credits sake in the Town.

Val. I tell thee widow, I like thee ten times better, now thou hast no Lands, for now thy hopes and cares lye on thy husband, if e're thou marryest more.

Wid. Have not you married me, and for this main cause, now as you report it, to be your Nurse?

Val. My Nurse? why, what am I grown to, give me the Glass, my Nurse.

Wid. You n'er said truer, I must confess I did a little favour you, and with some labour might have been perswaded, but when I found I must be hourly troubled, with making broths, and dawbing your decayes with swadling, and with stitching up your ruines, for the world so reports.

Val. Do not provoke me.

Wid. And half an eye may see.

Val. Do not provoke me, the world's a lying world, and thou shalt find it, have a good heart, and take a strong faith to thee, and mark what follows, my Nurse, yes, you shall rock me: Widow I'll keep you waking.

Wid. You are disposed Sir.

Val. Yes marry am I Widow, and you shall feel it, nay and they touch my freehold, I am a Tiger.

Wid. I think so.

Val. Come.

Wid. Whither?

Val. Any whither.

[Sings.

The fit's upon me now, the fit's upon me now,
Come quickly gentle Ladie, the fit's upon me now,
The world shall know they're fools,
And so shalt thou do too,
Let the Cobler meddle with his tools,
The fit's upon me now.

Take me quickly, while I am in this vein, away with me, for if I have but two hours to consider, all the widows in the world cannot recover me.

Wid. If you will, go with me Sir.

Val. Yes marrie will I, but 'tis in anger yet, and I will marrie thee, do not cross me; yes, and I will lie with thee, and get a whole bundle of babies, and I will kiss thee, stand still and kiss me handsomely, but do not provoke me, stir neither hand nor foot, for I am dangerous, I drunk sack yesternight, do not allure me: Thou art no widow of this world, come in pitie, and in spite I'll marrie thee, not a word more, and I may be brought to love thee.

[Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Merchant, and Uncle, at several doors.

Mer. Well met again, and what good news yet?

Unc. Faith nothing.

Mer. No fruits of what we sowed?

Unc. Nothing I hear of.

Mer. No turning in this tide yet?

Unc. 'Tis all flood, and till that fall away, there's no expecting.

Enter Fran. Isab. Lance, Shorthose, a torch.

Mer. Is not this his younger Brother?

Unc. With a Gentlewoman the widow's sister, as I live he smiles, he has got good hold, why well said *Frank* i' faith, let's stay and mark.

Isab. Well, you are the prettiest youth, and so you have handled me, think you ha' me sure.

Fran. As sure as wedlock.

Isab. You had best lie with me too.

Fran. Yes indeed will I, and get such black ey'd boyes.

Unc. God a Mercy, *Frank*.

Isab. This is a merrie world, poor simple Gentlewomen that think no harm, cannot walk about their business, but they must be caught up I know not how.

Fran. I'll tell you, and I'll instruct ye too, have I caught you, Mistress?

Isab. Well, and it were not for pure pity, I would give you the slip yet, but being as it is.

Fran. It shall be better.

Enter Valentine, Widow, and Ralph, with a torch.

Isab. My sister, as I live, your Brother with her! sure, I think you are the Kings takers.

Unc. Now it works.

Val. Nay, you shall know I am a man.

Wid. I think so.

Val. And such proof you shall have.

Wid. I pray speak softly.

Val. I'll speak it out Widow, yes and you shall confess too, I am no Nurse-child, I went for a man, a good one; if you can beat me out o'th' pit.

Wid. I did but jest with you.

Val. I'll handle you in earnest, and so handle you: Nay, when my credit calls.

Wid. Are you mad?

Val. I am mad, I am mad.

Fran. Good morrow, Sir, I like your preparation.

Val. Thou hast been at it, *Frank*,

Fran. Yes faith, 'tis done Sir.

Val. Along with me then, never hang an arse, widow.

Isab. 'Tis to no purpose, sister.

Val. Well said Black-brows, advance your torches Gentlemen.

Unc. Yes, yes Sir.

Val. And keep your ranks.

Mer. *Lance*, carrie this before him.

Unc. Carrie it in state.

Enter Musicians, Fount. Hare. Bel.

Val. What are you, Musicians? I know your coming, and what are those behind you?

Musi. Gentlemen that sent us to give the Lady a good morrow.

Val. O I know them, come boy sing the song I taught you, And sing it lustily, come forward Gentlemen, you're welcom, Welcom, now we are all friends, go get the Priest ready, And let him not be long, we have much business:

Come *Frank*, rejoyce with me, thou hast got the start boy, But I'll so tumble after, come my friends lead, Lead cheerfully, and let your Fiddles ring boyes, My follies and my fancies have an end here, Display the morgage *Lance*, Merchant I'll pay you, And every thing shall be in joynt again.

Unc. Afore, afore.

Val. And now confess, and know,

Wit without Money, sometimes gives the blow.

[*Exeunt.*]

BEGGARS

BEGGARS BUSH,

A

COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Wolfort, *an usurper of the Earldom of Flanders.*
 Gerrard, *falsely called Clause, King of the Beggars,*
Father in Law to Florez.
 Hubert, *an honest Lord, a friend to Gerrard.*
 Florez, *falsely called Goswin, a rich Merchant of*
Bruges.
 Hempskirke, *a Captain under Wolford.*
 Herman *a Courtier,* } *inhabitants of Flanders.*
A Merchant,
 Vandunke, *a drunken Merchant friend to Gerrard,*
falsely called Father to Bertha.
 Vanlock, *and* } *of Bruges.*
4 Merchants,
 Higgen, }
 Prigg, } *Three Knavish Beggars.*
 Snapp, }

Ferret, } *Two Gentlemen disguised under those*
 Ginkes, } *names of Gerrard's party.*
 Clown.
 Boores.
 Servants.
 Guard.
 A Sailor.

W O M E N.

Jaculin, *Daughter to Gerrard, beloved of Hubert.*
 Bertha *called Gertrude, Daughter to the Duke of*
Brabant, Mistress to Florez.
 Margaret, *Wife to Vandunke.*
 Mrs Frances, *a frow Daughter to Vanlock.*

The Scene Flanders.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter a Merchant and Herman.

Mer. I S he then taken?

Her. And brought back even now, Sir.

Mer. He was not in disgrace?

Her. No man more lov'd,

Nor more deserv'd it, being the only man
 That durst be honest in this Court.

Mer. Indeed

We have heard abroad, Sir, that the State hath suffered
 A great change, since the Countesses death.

Her. It hath, Sir.

Mer. My five years absence hath kept me a stranger
 So much to all the occurrences of my Country,
 As you shall bind me for some short relation
 To make me understand the present times.

Her. I must begin then with a War was made
 And seven years with all cruelty continued
 Upon our *Flanders* by the Duke of *Brabant*,
 The cause grew thus: during our Earls minority,
Wolfort, (who now usurps) was employed thither
 To treat about a match between our Earl
 And the Daughter and Heir of *Brabant*: during which treaty
 The *Brabander* pretends, this Daughter was
 Stolen from his Court, by practice of our State,
 Though we are all confirm'd, 'twas a fought quarrel
 To lay an unjust gripe upon this Earldom,
 It being here believ'd the Duke of *Brabant*

Had no such loss. This War upon't proclaim'd,
 Our Earl, being then a Child, although his Father
 Good *Gerrard* liv'd, yet in respect he was
 Chosen by the Countesses favour, for her Husband,
 And but a Gentleman, and *Florez* holding
 His right unto this Country from his Mother,
 The State thought fit in this defensive War,
Wolfort being then the only man of mark,
 To make him General.

Mer. Which place we have heard
 He did discharge with honour.

Her. I, so long,
 And with so blest successes, that the *Brabander*
 Was forc't (his treasures wasted, and the choice
 Of his best men of Armes tyr'd, or cut off)
 To leave the field, and found a base retreat
 Back to his Country: but so broken both
 In mind and means, er'e to make head again,
 That hitherto he sits down by his loss,
 Not daring, or for honour, or revenge
 Again to tempt his fortune. But this Victory
 More broke our State, and made a deeper hurt
 In *Flanders*, than the greatest overthrow
 She ever receiv'd: For *Wolfort*, now beholding
 Himself, and actions, in the flattering glass
 Of self-deservings, and that cherish't by

The strong assurance of his power, for then
All Captains of the Army were his creatures;
The common Souldier too at his devotion,
Made so by full indulgence to their rapines
And secret bounties, this strength too well known
And what it could effect, soon put in practice,
As further'd by the Child-hood of the Earl:
And their improvidence, that might have pierc't
The heart of his designs, gave him occasion
To seize the whole, and in that plight you find it.

Mer. Sir, I receive the knowledge of thus much,
As a choice favour from you.

Her. Only I must add,
Bruges holds out.

Mer. Whither, Sir, I am going,
For there last night I had a ship put in,
And my Horse waits me.

Her. I wish you a good journey.

Enter Wolfort, Hubert.

Wol. What? *Hubert* stealing from me? who disarm'd him?
It was more than I commanded; take your sword,
I am best guarded with it in your hand;
I have seen you use it nobly.

Hub. And will turn it
On my own bosom, ere it shall be drawn
Unworthily or rudely.

Wol. Would you leave me
Without a farewell, *Hubert*? flie a friend
Unwearied in his study to advance you?
What have I e're possess'd which was not yours?
Or either did not court you to command it?
Who ever yet arriv'd to any grace,
Reward or trust from me, but his approaches
Were by your fair reports of him prefer'd?
And what is more I made my self your Servant,
In making you the Master of those secrets
Which not the rack of Conscience could draw from me,
Nor I, when I askt mercy, trust my prayers with;
Yet after these assurances of love,
These ties and bonds of friendship, to forsake me?
Forsake me as an enemy? come you must
Give me a reason.

Hub. Sir, and so I will,
If I may do't in private: and you hear it.

Wol. All leave the room: you have your will; sit down
And use the liberty of our first friendship.

Hub. Friendship? when you prov'd Traitor first, that va-
Nor do I owe you any thought, but hate,
I know my flight hath forfeited my head;
And so I may make you first understand
What a strange monster you have made your self,
I welcome it.

Wol. To me this is strange language.

Hub. To you? why what are you?

Wol. Your Prince and Master,
The Earl of *Flanders*.

Hub. By a proper title!
Rais'd to it by cunning, circumvention, force,
Blood, and proscriptions.

Wol. And in all this wisdom,
Had I not reason? when by *Gerrards* plots
I should have first been call'd to a strict accompt
How, and which way I had consum'd that mass
Of money, as they term it, in the War,
Who underhand had by his Ministers
Detraacted my great action, made my faith
And loyalty suspected, in which failing
He fought my life by practice.

Hub. With what fore-head
Do you speak this to me? who (as I know't)
Must, and will say 'tis false.

Wol. My Guard there.

Hub. Sir, you bad me sit, and promis'd you would hear,

Which I now say you shall; not a sound more,
For I that am contemner of mine own,
Am Master of your life; then here's a Sword
Between you, and all aids, Sir, though you blind
The credulous beast, the multitude, you pass not
These gross untruths on me.

Wol. How? gross untruths?

Hub. I, and it is favourable language,
They had been in a mean man lyes, and foul ones.

Wol. You take strange Licence.

Hub. Yes, were not those rumours
Of being called unto your answer, spread
By your own followers? and weak *Gerrard* wrought
(But by your cunning practice) to believe
That you were dangerous; yet not to be
Punish'd by any formal course of Law,
But first to be made sure, and have your crimes
Laid open after, which your quaint train taking
You fled unto the Camp, and their crav'd humbly
Protection for your innocent life, and that,
Since you had scap'd the fury of the War,
You might not fall by treason: and for proof,
You did not for your own ends make this danger;
Some that had been before by you suborn'd,
Came forth and took their Oaths they had been hir'd
By *Gerrard* to your Murther. This once heard,
And easily believ'd, th' enraged Souldier
Seeing no further than the outward-man,
Snatch'd hastily his Arms, ran to the Court,
Kill'd all that made resistance, cut in pieces
Such as were Servants, or thought friends to *Gerrard*,
Vowing the like to him.

Wol. Will you yet end?

Hub. Which he foreseeing, with his Son, the Earl;
Forsook the City; and by secret wayes
As you give out, and we would gladly have it,
Escap'd their fury: though 'tis more than fear'd
They fell amongst the rest; Nor stand you there
To let us only mourn the impious means
By which you got it, but your cruelties since
So far transcend your former bloody ills,
As if compar'd, they only would appear
Essays of mischief; do not stop your ears,
More are behind yet.

Wol. O repeat them not,
'Tis Hell to hear them nam'd.

Hub. You should have thought;
That Hell would be your punishment when you did them,
A Prince in nothing but your princely lusts,
And boundless rapines.

Wol. No more I beseech you.

Hub. Who was the Lord of house or land, that stood
Within the prospect of your covetous eye?

Wol. You are in this to me a greater Tyrant,
Than e're I was to any.

Hub. I end thus

The general grief: now to my private wrong;
The loss of *Gerrards* Daughter *Faqueline*:
The hop'd for partner of my lawful Bed;
Your cruelty hath frighted from mine arms;
And her I now was wandring to recover.
Think you that I had reason now to leave you,
When you are grown so justly odious,
That ev'n my stay here with your grace and favour;
Makes my life irksome? here, surely take it,
And do me but this fruit of all your friendship;
That I may dye by you, and not your Hang-man.

Wol. O *Hubert*, these your words and reasons have
As well drawn drops of blood from my griev'd heart,
As these tears from mine eyes;
Despise them not.

By all that's sacred, I am serious, *Hubert*,
You now have made me sensible, what furies,
Whips, Hangmen, and Tormentors a bad man

Do's ever bear about him : let the good
That you this day have done, be ever number'd
The first of your best actions ;
Can you think,
Where *Goswin* is or *Gerrard*, or your love,
Or any else, or all that are proscrib'd ?
I will resign, what I usurp, or have
Unjustly forc'd ; the dayes I have to live
Are too too few to make them satisfaction
With any penitence : yet I vow to practise
All of a man.

Hub. O that your heart and tongue
Did not now differ !

Wol. By my griefs they do not.
Take the good pains to search them out : 'tis worth it,
You have made clean a Leper : trust me you have,
And made me once more fit for the society,
I hope of good men.

Hub. Sir, do not abuse
My aptness to believe.

Wol. Suspect not you
A faith that's built upon so true a sorrow,
Make your own safety : ask them all the ties
Humanity can give, *Hemskirk* too shall
Along with you to this so wish'd discovery,
And in my name profess all that you promise ;
And I will give you this help to't : I have
Of late receiv'd certain intelligence,
That some of them are in or about *Bruges*
To be found out : which I did then interpret,
The cause of that Towns standing out against me ;
But now am glad, it may direct your purpose
Of giving them their safety, and me peace.

Hub. Be constant to your goodness, and you have it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENA II.

Enter 3. Merchants.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis much that you deliver of this *Goswin*.

2 *Mer.* But short of what I could, yet have the Country
Confirm'd it true, and by a general oath,
And not a man hazard his credit in it :
He bears himself with such a confidence
As if he were the Master of the Sea,
And not a wind upon the Sailers compass,
But from one part or other was his factor,
To bring him in the best commodities,
Merchant e're ventur'd for.

1. 'Tis strange.

2. And yet

This do's in him deserve the least of wonder,
Compared with other his peculiar fashions,
Which all admire : he's young, and rich, at least
Thus far reputed so, that since he liv'd
In *Bruges*, there was never brought to harbour
So rich a Bottom, but his bill would pass
Unquestion'd for her lading.

3 *Mer.* Yet he still
Continues a good man.

2 *Mer.* So good, that but
To doubt him, would be held an injury
Or rather malice, with the best that traffique ;
But this is nothing, a great stock, and fortune,
Crowning his judgement in his undertakings
May keep him upright that way : But that wealth
Should want the power to make him dote on it,
Or youth teach him to wrong it, best commends
His constant temper ; for his outward habit
'Tis suitable to his present course of life :
His table furnish'd well, but not with dainties
That please the appetite only for their rareness,
Or their dear price : nor given to wine or women,
Beyond his health, or warrant of a man,

I mean a good one : and so loves his state
He will not hazard it at play ; nor lend
Upon the assurance of a well-pen'd Letter,
Although a challenge second the denial
From such as make th' opinion of their valour
Their means of feeding.

1 *Mer.* These are ways to thrive,
And the means not curs'd.

2 *Mer.* What follows, this
Makes many venturers with him, in their wishes,
For his prosperity : for when desert
Or reason leads him to be liberal,
His noble mind and ready hand contend
Which can add most to his free courtesies,
Or in their worth, or speed to make them so.
Is there a Virgin of good fame wants dower ?
He is a Father to her ; or a Souldier
That in his Countreys service, from the war
Hath brought home only scars, and want ? his house
Receives him, and relieves him, with that care
As if what he possess'd had been laid up
For such good uses, and he steward of it.
But I should lose my self to speak him further
And stale in my relation, the much good
You may be witness of, if your remove
From *Bruges* be not speedy.

1 *Mer.* This report
I do assure you will not hasten it,
Nor would I wish a better man to deal with
For what I am to part with.

3 *Mer.* Never doubt it,
He is your man and ours, only I wish
His too much forwardness to embrace all bargains
Sink him not in the end.

2 *Mer.* Have better hopes,
For my part I am confident ; here he comes.

Enter Goswin, and the fourth Merchant.

Gos. Itake it at your own rates, your wine of *Cyprus*,
But for your *Candy* sugars, they have met
With such foul weather, and are priz'd so high
I cannot save in them.

4. *Mer.* I am unwilling
To seek another Chapman : make me offer
Of something near price, that may assure me
You can deal for them.

Gos. I both can, and will,
But not with too much loss ; your bill of lading
Speaks of two hundred chests, valued by you
At thirty thousand gilders, I will have them
At twenty eight ; so, in the payment of
Three thousand sterling, you fall only in
Two hundred pound.

4 *Mer.* You know, they are so cheap. —

Gos. Why look you ; I'll deal fairly, there's in prison,
And at your suit, a Pirat, but unable
To make you satisfaction, and past hope
To live a week, if you should prosecute
What you can prove against him : set him free,
And you shall have your mony to a Stiver,
And present payment.

4 *Mer.* This is above wonder,
A Merchant of your rank, that have at Sea
So many Bottoms in the danger of
These water-Thieves, should be a means to save 'em,
It more importing you for your own safety
To be at charge to scour the Sea of them
Than stay the sword of justice, that is ready
To fall on one so conscious of his guilt
That he dares not deny it.

Gos. You mistake me,
If you think I would cherish in this Captain
The wrong he did to you, or any man ;
I was lately with him, (having first, from others

True testimony been assured a man
Of more desert never put from the shore)
I read his letters of Mart from this State granted
For the recovery of such losses, as
He had receiv'd in *Spain*, 'twas that he aim'd at,
Not at three tuns of wine, bisket, or beef,
Which his necessity made him take from you.
If he had pillag'd you near, or sunk your ship,
Or thrown your men o'r-board, then he deserv'd
The Laws extreamest rigour. But since want
Of what he could not live without, compell'd him
To that he did (which yet our State calls death)
I pity his misfortune; and to work you
To some compassion of them, I come up
To your own price: save him, the goods are mine;
If not, seek else-where, I'll not deal for them.

4 *Mer.* Well Sir, for your love, I will once be led
To change my purpose.

Gof. For your profit rather.

4 *Mer.* I'll presently make means for his discharge,
Till when, I leave you.

2 *Mer.* What do you think of this?

1 *Mer.* As of a deed of noble pity: guided
By a strong judgement.

2 *Mer.* Save you Master *Gofwin*.

Gofwin. Good day to all.

2 *Mer.* We bring you the refusall
Of more Commodities.

Gof. Are you the owners
Of the ship that last night put into the Harbour?

1 *Mer.* Both of the ship, and lading.

Gof. What's the fraught?

1 *Mer.* *Indico*, *Cochineel*, choise *Chyna* stuffs.

3 *Mer.* And cloath of Gold brought from *Cambal*.

Gof. Rich lading,

For which I were your Chapman, but I am
Already out of cash.

1 *Mer.* I'll give you day

For the moiety of all.

Gof. How long?

3 *Mer.* Six months.

Gof. 'Tis a fair offer: which (if we agree
About the prices) I, with thanks accept of,
And will make present payment of the rest;
Some two hours hence I'll come aboard.

1 *Mer.* The Gunner shall speak you welcom.

Gof. I'll not fail.

3 *Mer.* Good morrow.

[*Ex. Merch.*]

Gof. Heaven grant my Ships a safe return, before
The day of this great payment: as they are
Expected three months sooner: and my credit
Stands good with all the world.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Bless my good Master,
The prayers of your poor Beadsmen ever shall
Be sent up for you.

Gof. God o' mercy *Clause*,
There's something to put thee in mind hereafter
To think of me.

Ger. May he that gave it you
Reward you for it, with encrease, good Master.

Gof. I thrive the better for thy prayers.

Ger. I hope so.

This three years have I fed upon your bounties,
And by the fire of your blest charity warm'd me,
And yet, good Master, pardon me, that must,
Though I have now receiv'd your alms, presume
To make one sute more to you.

Gof. What is't *Clause*?

Ger. Yet do not think me impudent I beseech you,
Since hitherto your charity hath prevented
My begging your relief, 'tis not for mony
Nor cloaths (good Master) but your good word for me.

Gof. That thou shalt have, *Clause*, for I think thee honest.

Ger. To morrow then (dear Mr.) take the trouble
Of walking early unto *Beggars Bush*,

And as you see me, among others (Brethren
In my affliction) when you are demanded
Which you like best among us, point out me,
And then pass by, as if you knew me not.

Gof. But what will that advantage thee?

Ger. O much Sir,

'Twill give me the preheminance of the rest;
Make me a King among 'em, and protect me
From all abuse, such as are stronger, might
Offer my age; Sir, at your better leisure
I will inform you further of the good
It may do to me.

Gof. 'Troth thou mak'st me wonder;
Have you a King and common-wealth among you?

Ger. We have, and there are States are govern'd worse.

Gof. Ambition among Beggars?

Ger. Many great ones

Would part with half their states, to have the place,
And credit to beg in the first file, Master:
But shall I be so much bound to your furtherance
In my Petition?

Gof. That thou shalt not miss of,
Nor any worldly care make me forget it,
I will be early there.

Ger. Heaven bless my Master.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Higgen, Ferret, Prig, Clause, Jacqueline,
Snap, Ginks, and other beggars.*

Hig. Come Princes of the ragged regiment,
You o' the blood, *Prig* my most upright Lord,
And these (what name or title, e're they bear)
Farkman, or *Patrico*, *Cranke*, or *Clapperdudgeon*,
Frater, or *Abram man*; I speak to all
That stand in fair Election for the title
Of King of *Beggars*, with the command adjoining,
Higgen, your Orator, in this Inter-regnum,
That whilom was your Dommerer, doth beseech you
All to stand fair, and put your selves in rank,
That the first Comer, may at his first view
Make a free choice, to say up the question.

Fer. Pr. 'Tis done Lord *Higgen*.

Hig. Thanks to Prince *Prig*, Prince *Ferret*.

Fer. Well, pray my Masters all, *Ferret* be chosen,
Y'are like to have a mercifull mild Prince of me.

Prig. A very tyrant, I, an arrant tyrant,
If e're I come to reign; therefore look to't,
Except you do provide me hum enough
And Lour to bouze with: I must have my Capons
And Turkeys brought me in, with my green Geese,
And Ducklings i'th' season: fine fat chickens,
Or if you chance where an eye of tame Phefants
Or Partridges are kept, see they be mine,
Or straight I seize on all your priviledge,
Places, revenues, offices, as forfeit,
Call in your crutches, wooden legs, false bellies,
Fore'd eyes and teeth, with your dead arms; not leave you
A dirty clout to beg with o' your heads,
Or an old rag with Butter, Frankincense,
Brimston and *Rozen*, birdlime, blood, and cream,
To make you an old sore; not so much soap
As you may some with i'th' Falling-sickness;
The very bag you bear, and the brown dish
Shall be escheated: All your daintiest Dells too
I will desflower, and take your dearest Doxyes
From your warm sides; and then some one cold night
I'll watch you what old barn you go to roost in,

And there I'll smother you all i'th' musty hay.

Hig. This is tyrant-like indeed: But what would
Of *Clause* be here, if either of them should reign? (*Ginks*)

Clau. Best ask an Ass, if he were made a Camel,
What he would be; or a dog, and he were a Lyon.

Ginks. I care not what you are, Sirs, I shall be
A Begger still I am sure, I find my self there.

Enter Goswin.

Snap. O here a Judge comes.

Hig. Cry, a Judge, a Judge.

Gof. What ail you Sirs? what means this outcry?

Hig. Master,

A sort of poor souls met: Gods fools, good Master,
Have had some little variance amongst our selves
Who should be honestest of us, and which lives
Uprightest in his calling: Now, 'cause we thought
We ne're should 'gree on't our selves, because
Indeed 'tis hard to say: we all dissolv'd, to put it
To him that should come next, and that's your Master-ship,
Who, I hope, will 'termine it as your mind serves you,
Right, and no otherwise we ask it: which?

Which does your worship think is he? sweet Master
Look over us all, and tell us; we are seven of us,
Like to the seven wise Masters, or the Planets.

Gof. I should judge this the man with the grave beard,
And if he be not ———

Clau. Bless you, good Master, bless you. (you

Gof. I would he were: there's something too amongst
To keep you all honest. [Exit.

Snap. King of Heaven go with you.

Om. Now good reward him, (hour.
May he never want it, to comfort still the poor, in a good

Fer. What is't? see: *Snap* has got it.

Snap. A good crown, marry.

Prig. A crown of gold.

Fer. For our new King: good luck.

Ginks. To the common treasury with it; if't be gold,
Thither it must.

Prig. Spoke like a Patriot, *Ferret* ———

King *Clause*, I bid God save thee first, first, *Clause*,
After this golden token of a crown;
Where's oratour *Higgen* with his gratuling speech now
In all our names?

Fer. Here he is pumping for it.

Gin. H'has cough'd the second time, 'tis but once more
And then it comes.

Fer. So, out with all: expect now ———

Hig. That thou art chosen, venerable *Clause*,
Our King and Sovereign; Monarch o'th' Maunders,
Thus we throw up our Nab-cheats, first for joy,
And then our filches; last, we clap our fables,
Three subject signs, we do it without envy:
For who is he here did not wish thee chosen,
Now thou art chosen? ask 'em: all will say so,
Nay swear't: 'tis for the King, but let that pass.
When last in conference at the bouzing ken
This other day we sat about our dead Prince
Of famous memory: (rest go with his rags:)
And that I saw thee at the tables end,
Rise mov'd, and gravely leaning on one Crutch,
Lift the other like a Scepter at my head,
I then presag'd thou shortly wouldst be King,
And now thou art so: but what need presage
To us, that might have read it in thy beard
As well, as he that chose thee? by that beard
Thou wert found out, and mark'd for Sovereignty.
O happy beard! but happier Prince, whose beard
Was so remark'd, as marked out our Prince,
Not bating us a hair. Long may it grow,
And thick, and fair, that who lives under it,
May live as safe, as under *Beggars Bush*,
Of which this is the thing, that but the type.

Om. Excellent, excellent orator, forward good *Higgen*,

Give him leave to spit: the fine, well-spoken *Higgen*.

Hig. This is the beard, the bush, or bushy-beard,
Under whose gold and silver reign 'twas said
So many ages since, we all should smile
On impositions, taxes, grievances,
Knots in a State, and whips unto a Subject,
Lye lurking in this beard, but all kemb'd out:
If now, the Beard be such, what is the Prince
That owes the Beard? a Father; no, a Grand-father;
Nay the great Grand-father of you his people.
He will not force away your hens, your bacon,
When you have ventur'd hard for't, nor take from you
The fattest of your puddings: under him
Each man shall eat his own stolen eggs, and butter,
In his own shade, or sun-shine, and enjoy
His own dear Dell, Doxy, or Mort, at night
In his own straw, with his own shirt, or sheet,
That he hath filch'd that day, I, and possess
What he can purchase, back, or belly-cheats
To his own prop: he will have no purveyers
For Pigs, and poultry.

Clau. That we must have, my learned oratour,
It is our will, and every man to keep
In his own path and circuit. *Hig.* Do you hear?
You must hereafter maund on your own pads he saies.

Clau. And what they get there, is their own, besides
To give good words.

Hig. Do you mark? to cut been whids,
That is the second Law. *Clau.* And keep a-foot
The humble, and the common phrase of begging,
Lest men discover us.

Hig. Yes, and cry sometimes,
To move compassion: Sir, there is a table,
That doth command all these things, and enjoyns 'em,
Be perfect in their crutches, their feign'd plaisters,
And their torn pass-ports, with the ways to stammer,
And to be dumb, and deaf, and blind, and lame,
There, all the halting paces are set down,
I'th' learned language.

Clau. Thither I refer them,
Those, you at leisure shall interpret to them.
We love no heaps of laws, where few will serve.

Om. O gracious Prince, 'save, 'save the good King *Clause*.

Hig. A Song to crown him.

Fer. Set a Centinel out first.

Snap. The word?

Hig. A Cove comes, and fumbumbis to it. — *Strike.*

The SONG.

Cast our Caps and cares away: this is *Beggars Holy-day*,
At the *Crowning* of our King, thus we ever dance and sing.
In the world look out and see: where's so happy a Prince as he?
Where the Nation live so free, and so merry as do we?
Be it peace, or be it war, here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest; To the field we are not prest;
Nor are call'd into the Town, to be troubled with the Gown.
Hang all Officers we cry, and the Magistrate too, by;
When the *Subsidie's* encrease, we are not a penny Sest.
Nor will any go to Law, with the Beggar for a straw.
All which happiness he brags, he doth owe unto his rags.

Enter Snap, Hubert, and Hemskirke:

Snap. A Cove comes: Fumbumbis.

Prig. To your postures; arm.

Hub. Yonder's the Town: I see it.

Hemsk. There's our danger
Indeed afore us, if our shadows save not.

Hig. Bless your good Worships.

Fer. One small piece of mony.

Prig. Amongst us all poor wretches.

Clau. Blind, and lame.

Ginks. For his sake that gives all.

Hig. Pitifull Worships.

Snap.

Snap. One little doyt.

Enter Jaculin.

Jac. King, by your leave, where are you?

Fer. To buy a little bread.

Hig. To feed so many

Mouths, as will ever pray for you.

Prig. Here be seven of us.

Hig. Seven, good Master, O remember seven,
Seven blessings.

Fer. Remember, gentle Worship.

Hig. 'Gainst seven deadly sins.

Prig. And seven sleepers.

Hig. If they be hard of heart, and will give nothing—
Alas, we had not a charity this three days.

Hub. There's amongst you all.

Fer. Heaven reward you.

Prig. Lord reward you.

Hig. The Prince of pity blefs thee.

Hub. Do I see? or is't my fancy that would have it so?
Ha? 'tis her fate: come hither maid.

Jac. What ha' you,
Bells for my squirrel? I ha' giv'n bun meat,
You do not love me, do you? catch me a butterfly,
And I'll love you again; when? can you tell?
Peace, we go a birding: I shall have a fine thing. *[Exit.]*

Hub. Her voyce too faves the same; but for my head
I would not that her manners were so chang'd.
Hear me thou honest fellow; what's this maiden,
That lives amongst you here?

Gin. Ao, ao, ao, ao.

Hub. How? nothing but signs?

Gin. Ao, ao, ao, ao.

Hub. This is strange,

I would fain have it her, but not her thus. *(dumb Sir.)*

Hig. He is de-de-de-de-de-deaf, and du-du-dude—

Hub. Slid they did all speak plain ev'n now me thought.
Do'st thou know this fame maid? *(fool)*

Snap. Why, why, why, why, which, gu, gu, gu, gu, Gods
She was bo-bo-bo-bo-born at the barn yonder,
By-be-be-be-be-Beggars Bush-bo-bo-Bush
Her name is, My-my-my-my-my-match: so was her Mo-

(mo-mo-Mothers too-too)

Hub. I understand no word he says; how long
Has she been here? *(go-go-go good luck,*

Snap. Lo-lo-long enough to be ni-ni-nigled, and she ha'

Hub. I must be better inform'd, than by this way.

Here was another face too, that I mark'd
Of the old mans: but they are vanish'd all
Most suddenly: I will come here again,
O, that I were so happy, as to find it,
What I yet hope: it is put on.

Hem. What mean you Sir,
To stay there with that stammerer?

Hub. Farewell friend, ———
It will be worth return, to search: Come,
Protect us our disguise now, pre'thee *Hemskirk*,
If we be taken, how do'st thou imagine
This town will use us, that hath stood so long
Out against *Wolfert*?

Hem. Ev'n to hang us forth
Upon their walls a funning, to make Crows meat,
If I were not assur'd o' the *Burgomaster*,
And had a pretty excuse to see a niece there,
I should scarce venture.

Hub. Come 'tis now too late
To look back at the ports: good luck, and enter. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENA II.

Enter Goswin.

Gos. Still blow'st thou there? and from all other parts,
Do all my agents sleep, that nothing comes?
There's a conspiracy of windes; and servants;

If not of Elements, to ha' me break;
What should I think unless the Seas, and Sands
Had swallow'd up my ships? or fire had spoil'd
My ware-houses? or death devour'd my Factors?
I must ha' had some returns.

Enter Merchants.

1 Mer. 'Save you Sir.

Gos. 'Save you.

1 Mer. No news yet o' your Ships?

Gos. Not any yet Sir.

1 Mer. 'Tis strange.

[Exit.]

Gos. 'Tis true Sir: what a voyce was here now?
This was one passing bell, a thousand ravens
Sung in that man now, to presage my ruins.

2 Mer. *Goswin*, good day, these winds are very constant.

Gos. They are so Sir; to hurt ———

2 Mer. Ha' you had no letters
Lately from *England*, nor from *Denmark*?

Gos. Neither.

2 Mer. This wind brings them; nor no news over land,
Through *Spain*, from the *Straits*?

Gos. Not any.

2 Mer. I am sorry Sir.

[Exit.]

Gos. They talk me down: and as 'tis said of Vulturs
They scent a field fought, and do smell the carcases
By many hundred miles: So do these, my wracks
At greater distances. Why, thy will Heaven
Come on, and be: yet if thou please, preserve me;
But in my own adventure, here at home,
Of my chaste love, to keep me worthy of her,
It shall be put in scale 'gainst all ill fortunes:
I am not broken yet: nor should I fall,
Me thinks with less than that, that ruins all. *[Exit.]*

SCENA III.

*Enter Van-dunck, Hubert, Hemskirk; and
Margaret, Boors.*

Van. Captain, you are welcom; so is this your friend
Most safely welcom, though our Town stand out
Against your Master, you shall find good quarter:
The troth is, we not love him: *Margaret* some wine,
Let's talk a little treason, if we can
Talk treason, 'gainst the traitors; by your leave, Gentlemen,
We, here in *Bruges*, think he do's usurp,
And therefore I am bold with him.

Hub. Sir, your boldness
Happily becomes your mouth, but not our ears,
While we are his servants; And as we come here,
Not to ask questions, walk forth on your walls,
Visit your courts of guard, view your munition,
Ask of your corn-provisions, nor enquire
Into the least, as spies upon your strengths,
So let's entreat, we may receive from you
Nothing in passage or discourse, but what
We may with gladness, and our honesties here,
And that shall seal our welcom.

Van. Good: let's drink then,
Fill out, I keep mine old pearl still Captain.

Marg. I hang fast man.

Hen. Old Jewels commend their keeper, Sir.

Van. Here's to you with a heart, my Captains friend;
With a good heart, and if this make us speak
Bold words, anon, 'tis all under the Rose
Forgotten: drown all memory, when we drink.

Hub. 'Tis freely spoken noble *Burgomaster*,
I'll do you right.

Hem. Nay Sir mine heer *Van-dunck*
Is a true Statesman.

(Wolfert)

Van. Fill my Captains cup there; O that your Master
Had been an honest man.

Hub. Sir?

Van. Under the Rose.

Hem. Here's to you *Marget*.

Marg. Welcome, welcome Captain.

Van. Well said my pearl still.

Hem. And how does my Niece?

Almost a Woman, I think? This friend of mine, I drew along with me, through so much hazard, Only to see her: she was my errand.

Van. I, a kind Uncle you are (fill him his glass) That in seven years, could not find leisure—

Hem. No, It's not so much.

Van. I'll bate you ne'er an hour on't, It was before the *Brabander* 'gan his War, For moon-shine, i'the water there, his Daughter That never was lost: yet you could not find time To see a Kinswoman: but she is worth the seeing, Sir, Now you are come, you ask if she were a Woman? She is a Woman, Sir, fetch her forth *Marget*. [*Exit Marg.* And a fine Woman, and has Suitors.

Hem. How?

What Suitors are they?

Van. Bachelors; young Burgers: And one, a Gallant, the young Prince of Merchants We call him here in *Bruges*.

Hem. How? a Merchant?

I thought, *Vandunke*, you had understood me better, And my Niece too, so trusted to you by me, Than t'admit of such in name of Suitors.

Van. Such? he is such a such, as were she mine I'd give him thirty thousand crowns with her.

Hem. But the same things, Sir, fit not you and me. [*Ex.*

Van. Why, give's some wine, then; this will fit us all: Here's to you still, my Captains friend: All out:

And still, would *Wolfort* were an honest man, Under the Rose, I speak it: but this Merchant Is a brave boy: he lives so, i'the Town here, We know not what to think on him: at some times We fear he will be Bankrupt; he do's stretch Tenter his credit so; embraces all, And to't, the winds have been contrary long. But then, if he should have all his returns, We think he would be a King, and are half sure on't. Your Master is a Traitor, for all this, Under the Rose: Here's to you; and usurps The Earldom from a better man.

Hub. I marry, Sir, Where is that man?

Van. Nay soft: and I could tell you 'Tis ten to one I would not: here's my hand, I love not *Wolfort*: sit you still, with that: Here comes my Captain again, and his fine Niece, And there's my Merchant; view him well: fill wine here.

Enter Hemskirk, Gertrude, and Gofwin.

Hem. You must not only know me for your Uncle Now, but obey me: you, go cast your self Away, upon a Dunghil here? a Merchant? A petty fellow? one that makes his Trade With Oaths and perjuries?

Gof. What is that you say, Sir? If it be me you speak of, as your eye Seems to direct, I wish you would speak to me, Sir.

Hem. Sir, I do say, she is no Merchandize, Will that suffice you?

Gof. Merchandize good Sir? Though ye be Kinsman to her, take no leave thence To use me with contempt: I ever thought Your Niece above all price.

Hem. And do so still, Sir, I assure you, her rates are more than you are worth.

Gof. You do not know, what a Gentleman's worth, Sir, Nor can you value him.

Hub. Well said Merchant.

Van. Nay,

Let him alone, and ply your matter.

Hem. A Gentleman?

What o'the Wool pack? or the Sugar-chest? Or lists of Velvet? which is't pound, or yard, You vent your Gentry by?

Hub. O *Hemskirk*, fye.

Van. Come, do not mind 'em, drink, he is no *Wolfort*, Captain, I advise you.

Hem. Alas, my pretty man, I think't be angry, by its look: Come hither, Turn this way, a little: if it were the blood Of *Charlemaine*, as't may (for ought I know) Be some good Botchers issue, here in *Bruges*.

Gof. How?

Hem. Nay: I'm not certain of that; of this I am, If it once buy, and sell, its Gentry is gone.

Gof. Ha, ha.

Hem. You are angry, though ye laugh.

Gof. No, now 'tis pity Of your poor argument. Do not you, the Lords Of Land (if you be any) sell the grass, The Corn, the Straw, the Milk, the Cheefe?

Van. And Butter:

Remember Butter; do not leave out Butter. (with?)

Gof. The Beefs and Muttons that your grounds are stor'd Swine, with the very mast, beside the Woods?

Hem. No, for those fordid uses we have Tenants, Or else our Bailiffs.

Gof. Have not we, Sir, Chap-men, And Factors, then to answer these? your honour Fetch'd from the Heralds *ABC*, and said over With your Court faces, once an hour, shall never Make me mistake my self. Do not your Lawyers Sell all their practice, as your Priests their prayers? What is not bought, and sold? The company That you had last, what had you for't, i'faith?

Hem. You now grow sawcy.

Gof. Sure I have been bred

Still, with my honest liberty, and must use it.

Hem. Upon your equals then.

Gof. Sir, he that will

Provoke me first, doth make himself my equal.

Hem. Do ye hear? no more.

Gof. Yes, Sir, this little, I pray you, And't shall be aside, then after, as you please. You appear the Uncle, Sir, to her I love More than mine eyes; and I have heard your scorns With so much scoffing, and so much shame, As each strive which is greater: But, believe me, I suck'd not in this patience with my milk. Do not presume, because you see me young, Or cast despights on my profession For the civility and tameness of it.

A good man bears a contumely worse Than he would do an injury. Proceed not To my offence: wrong is not still successful, Indeed it is not: I would approach your Kinswoman With all respect, done to your self and her.

Hem. Away Companion: handling her? take that.

[*Strikes him.*

Gof. Nay, I do love no blows, Sir, there's exchange,

Hub. Hold, Sir.

Mar. O murder.

Ger. Help my *Gofwin*.

Mar. Man.

Van. Let 'em alone; my life for one.

Gof. Nay come, If you have will.

Hub. None to offend you, I, Sir.

Gof. He that had, thank himself: not hand her? yes Sir, And clasp her, and embrace her; and (would she Now go with me) bear her through all her Race, Her Father, Brethren, and her Uncles, arm'd, And all their Nephews, though they stood a wood

Of Pikes, and wall of Canon: kifs me *Gertrude*,
Quake not, but kifs me.

Van. Kifs him, Girl, I bid you;
My Merchant Royal; fear no Uncles: hang 'em,
Hang up all Uncles: Are not we in *Bruges*?
Under the Rose here?

Gof. In this circle, Love,
Thou art as safe, as in a Tower of Brass;
Let such as do wrong, fear.

Van. I, that's good,
Let *Wolfort* look to that.

Gof. Sir, here she stands,
Your Niece, and my beloved. One of these titles
She must apply to; if unto the last,
Not all the anger can be sent unto her,
In frown, or voyce, or other art, shall force her,
Had *Hercules* a hand in't: Come, my Joy,
Say thou art mine, aloud Love, and profess it.

Van. Doe: and I drink to it.

Gof. Prethce say so, Love.

Ger. 'Twould take away the honour from my blushes:
Do not you play the tyrant, sweet: they speak it.

Hem. I thank you niece.

Gof. Sir, thank her for your life,
And fetch your sword within.

Hem. You insult too much
With your good fortune, Sir. [Exit *Gof.* and *Ger.*

Hub. A brave clear Spirit;
Hemskirk, you were to blame: a civil habit
Oft covers a good man: and you may meet
In person of a Merchant, with a soul
As resolute, and free, and all wayes worthy,
As else in any file of man-kind: pray you,
What meant you so to slight him?

Hem. 'Tis done now,
Ask no more of it; I must suffer. [Exit *Hemskirk.*

Hub. This
Is still the punishment of rashness, sorrow.
Well; I must to the woods, for nothing here
Will be got out. There, I may chance to learn
Somewhat to help my enquiries further.

Van. Ha?

A Looking-glafs?

Hub. How now, brave *Burgomaster*?

Van. I love no *Wolforts*, and my name's *Vandunk*,

Hub. *Van drunk* it's rather: come, go sleep within.

Van. Earl *Florez* is right heir, and this same *Wolfort*

Under the Rose I speak it —

Hub. Very hardly.

Van-d. Ufurps: and a rank Traitor, as ever breath'd,
And all that do uphold him. Let me goe,
No man shall hold me, that upholds him;
Do you uphold him?

Hub. No.

Van. Then hold me up. [Exit.

Enter *Gofwin*, and *Hemskirk*.

Hem. Sir, I presume, you have a sword of your own,
That can so handle anothers.

Gof. Faith you may Sir. (of you

Hem. And ye have made me have so much better thoughts
As I am bound to call you forth.

Gof. For what Sir?

Hem. To the repairing of mine honour, and hurt here.

Gof. Express your way.

Hem. By fight, and speedily.

Gof. You have your will: Require you any more?

Hem. That you be secret: and come single.

Gof. I will.

Hem. As you are the Gentleman you would be thought.

Gof. Without the Conjurat[i]on: and I'll bring
Only my sword, which I will fit to yours,
I'll take his length within.

Hem. Your place now Sir?

Gof. By the Sand-hills.

Hem. Sir, nearer to the woods,
If you thought so, were fitter.

Gof. There, then.

Hem. Good.

Your time?

Gof. 'Twixt seven and eight.

Hem. You'll give me Sir

Cause to report you worthy of my Niece,
If you come, like your promise.

Gof. If I do not,

Let no man think to call me unworthy first,
I'll do't my self, and justly wish to want her. — [Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter three or four Boors.

1 B. Come, *English* beer Hostess, *English* beer by 'th' belly.
2 B. Stark beer boy, stout and strong beer: so, sit
And drink me upsey-Dutch: (down Lads,
Frolick, and fear not.

Enter *Higgen* like a Sow-gelder, singing.

Hig. Have ye any work for the Sow-gelder, ho,
My horn goes too high too low, too high too low.
Have ye any Piggs, Calves, or Colts,
Have ye any Lambs in your holt
To cut for the Stone,
Here comes a cunning one.
Have ye any braches to spade,
Or e're a fair maid
That would be a Nun,
Come kifs me, 'tis done.
Hark how my merry horn deith blow,
Too high too low, too high too low.

(piece.

1 B. O excellent! two-pence a piece boyes, two-pence a
Give the boys some drink there. Piper, wet your whistle,
Canst tell me a way now, how to cut off my wifes Con-
Hig. I'll sing ye a Song for't. (cupifcence?)

The SONG.

TAke her, and hug her,
And turn her and tug her,
And turn her again boy, again,
Then if she mumble,
Or if her tail tumble,
Kifs her amain boy, amain.
Do thy endeavour,
To take off her seaver,
Then her disease no longer will reign.
If nothing will serve her,
Then thus to preserve her,
Swinge her amain boy amain.
Give her cold jelly
To take up her belly,
And once a day swinge her again,
If she stand all these pains,
Then knock out her brains,
Her disease no longer will reign.

1 Bo. More excellent, more excellent, sweet Sow-gelder.

2 Bo. Three-pence a piece, three-pence a piece.

Hig. Will you hear a Song how the Devil was gelded?

3 Bo. I, I, let's hear the Devil roar, Sow-gelder.

SONG.

SONG.

1.

Here as at me first in the shape of a Ram,
And over and over the Sow-Gelder came;
I rise and I halter'd him fast by the horn,
I pluckt out his Stones as you'd pick out a Corn.
Baa, quoth the Devil, and forth he slunk,
And left us a Carcase of Mutton that stunk

2.

The next time I rode a good mile and a half,
Where I heard he did live in disguise of a Calf,
I bound and I gelt him, ere he did any evil;
He was here at his best, but a sucking Devil.
Maa, yet he cry'd, and forth he did steal,
And this was sold after, for excellent Veal.

3.

Some half a year after in the form of a Pig,
I met with the Rogue, and he look'd very big;
I catch'd at his leg, laid him down on a log,
Ere a man could fart twice, I had made him a Hog.
Ough, quoth the Devil, and forth gave a Jerk,
That a Jew was converted, and eat of the Perk.

1 Bo. Groats apiece, Groats apiece, Groats apiece,
There sweet Sow-Gelder.

Enter Prig and Ferret.

Prig. Will ye see any feats of activity,
Some Sleight of hand, Legerdemain? hey pass,
Presto, be gone there?

2 Bo. Sit down Jugler.

Prig. Sirrah, play you your art well; draw near Piper:
Look you, my honest friends, you see my hands;
Plain dealing is no Devil: lend me some Money,
Twelve-pence a piece will serve.

1. 2. B. There, there.

Prig. I thank you;

Thank ye heartily: when shall I pay ye?

All B. Ha, ha, ha, by th' Mafs this was a fine trick.

Prig. A merry sleight toy: but now I'll show your Wor-
A trick indeed. (ships)

Hig. Mark him well now my Masters.

Prig. Here are three balls,
These balls shall be three bullets,
One, two, and three: *ascensibus, malentibus.*

Presto, be gone: they are vanish'd: fair play, Gentlemen.
Now these three, like three Bullets, from your three Noses
Will I pluck presently: fear not, no harm Boys,
Tuere, tu patule.

1 B. Oh, oh, oh.

Prig. *Recubans sub jermine fagi.*

2 B. Ye pull too hard; ye pull too hard.

Prig. Stand fair then:

Silver in trim-tram.

3 B. Hold, hold, hold.

Prig. Come aloft, bullets three, with a whim-wham.
Have ye their Moneys?

Hig. Yes, yes.

1 B. Oh rare Jugler!

2 B. Oh admirable Jugler!

Prig. One trick more yet;

Hey, come aloft; *sa, sa, flim, flum, taradumbis?*
East, West, North, South, now fly like Jack with a bumbis.
Now all your money's gone; pray search your pockets.

1 B. Humh.

2 B. He.

3 B. The Devil a penny's here!

Prig. This was a rare trick.

1 B. But 'twould be a far rarer to restore it.

Prig. I'll do ye that too; look upon me earnestly,

And move not any ways your eyes from this place,
This Button here? pow, whir, whifs, shake your pockets.

1 B. By th' Mafs 'tis here again, boys.

Prig. Rest ye merry;

My first trick has paid me.

All B. I, take it, take it,

And take some drink too.

Prig. Not a drop now I thank you;
Away, we are discover'd else.

[Exit.

Enter Gerrard like a blind Aqua vitæ man, and a
Boy, singing the Song.

Bring out your Cony-skins, fair maids to me,
And hold 'em fair that I may see;
Grey, black, and blue: for your smaller skins,
I'll give ye looking-glasses, pins:
And for your whole Coney, here's ready, ready Money.
Come Gentle Jone, do thou begin
With thy black, black, black Coney-skin.
And Mary then, and Jane will follow,
With their silver hair'd skins, and their yellow.
The white Cony-skin, I will not lay by,
For though it be faint, 'tis fair to the eye;
The grey, it is warm, but yet for my Money,
Give me the bonny, bonny black Cony.
Come away fair Maids, your skins will decay:
Come, and take money, maids, put your ware away.
Cony-skins, Cony-skins, have ye any Cony-skins,
I have fine bracelets, and fine silver pins.

Ger. Buy any Brand Wine, buy any Brand Wine?

Boy. Have ye any Cony-skins? (ship)

2 Boy. My fine Canary-bird, there's a Cake for thy Wor-

1 B. Come fill, fill, fill, fill suddenly: let's see Sir,
What's this?

Ger. A penny, Sir.

1 B. Fill till't be six-pence,

And there's my Pig.

Boy. This is a Counter, Sir.

1 B. A Counter! stay ye, what are these then?

O execrable Jugler! O damn'd Jugler!
Look in your hose, ho, this comes of looking forward.

3 B. Devil a Dunkirk! what a Rogue's this Jugler!
This hey pass, repass, h'as repast us sweetly.

2 B. Do ye call these tricks.

Enter Higgen.

Hig. Have ye any Ends of Gold, or Silver? (Copper.

2 B. This Fellow comes to mock us; Gold or Silver? cry

1 B. Yes, my good Friend,

We have e'n an end of all we have.

Hig. 'Tis well Sir,

You have the less to care for: Gold and Silver. [Exit.

Enter Prigg. (to sell? [Exit.

Pr. Have ye any old Cloaks to sell, have ye any old Cloaks

1 B. Cloaks! Look about ye Boys: mine's gone!

2 B. A—— juggle 'em?

—O they're Prestoes: mine's gone too!

3 B. Here's mine yet.

1 B. Come, come let's drink then more Brand Wine.

Boy. Here Sir. (strip him:

1 B. If e'r I catch your Sow-gelder, by this hand I'll
Were ever Fools so ferkt? We have two Cloaks yet;
And all our Caps; the Devil take the Flincher.

All B. Yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw.

Enter Hemskirk.

Hem. Good do'n my honest Fellows,
You are merry here I see.

3 B. 'Tis all we have left, Sir.

Hem. What hast thou? Aqua vitæ?

Boy. Yes.

Hem. Fill out then;

And

And give these honest Fellows round.

All B. We thank ye.

Hem. May I speak a word in private to ye?

All B. Yes Sir.

Hem. I have a business for you, honest Friends, If you dare lend your help, shall get you crowns.

Ger. Ha!

Lead me a little nearer, Boy.

1 B. What is't Sir?

If it be any thing to purchase money, Which is our want, commands us.

Boors. All, all, all, Sir.

Hem. You know the young spruce Merchant in *Bruges*?

2 B. Who? Master *Goswin*?

Hem. That he owes me money, And here in town there is no stirring of him.

Ger. Say ye so?

Hem. This day, upon a sure appointment, He meets me a mile hence, by the *Clare* side, Under the row of Oaks; do you know it?

All B. Yes Sir.

Hem. Give 'em more drink: there if you dare but venture When I shall give the word to seize upon him Here's twenty pound,

3 B. Beware the Jugler.

Hem. If he resist, down with him, have no mercy.

1 B. I warrant you, we'll hamper him,

Hem. To discharge you, I have a Warrant here about me.

3 B. Here's our Warrant,

This carries fire i'th' Tail.

Hem. Away with me then,

The time draws on,

I must remove so insolent a Suitor,

And if he be so rich, make him pay ransom

Ere he see *Bruges* Towers again. Thus wise men

Repair the hurts they take by a disgrace,

And piece the Lions skin with the Foxes case.

Ger. I am glad I have heard this sport yet. *(Boys,*

Hem. There's for thy drink, come pay the house within And lose no time.

Ger. Away with all our haste too. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Goswin.

Gos. No wind blow fair yet? no return of moneys? Letters? nor any thing to hold my hopes up? Why then 'tis destin'd, that I fall, fall miserably! My credit I was built on, sinking with me. Thou boystrous North-wind, blowing my misfortunes, And frosting all my hopes to cakes of coldness; Yet stay thy fury; give the gentle South Yet leave to court those sails that bring me safety, And you auspicious fires, bright twins in heaven Daunce on the showds; he blows still stubbornly, And on his boystrous Rack rides my sad ruin; There is no help, there can be now no comfort, To morrow with the Sun-set, sets my credit. Oh misery! thou curse of man, thou plague, In the midst of all our strength thou strik'st us; My vertuous Love is lost too: all, what I have been, No more hereafter to be seen than shadow; To prison now? well, yet there's this hope left me; I may sink fairly under this days venture, And so to morrow's cross'd, and all those curses: Yet manly I'll invite my Fate, base fortune Shall never say, she has cut my throat in fear. This is the place his challenge call'd me to, And was a happy one at this time for me, For let me fall before my Foe i'th' field, And not at Bar, before my Creditors; H'as kept his word: now Sir, your swords tongue only Loud as you dare, all other language—

Enter Hemskirke.

Hem. Well Sir, You shall not be long troubled: draw.

Gos. 'Tis done Sir, And now have at ye.

Hem. Now.

Enter Boors.

Gos. Betray'd to Villains! Slaves ye shall buy me bravely, And thou base coward.

Enter Gerrard and Beggars.

Ger. Now upon 'em bravely, Conjure 'em soundly Boys.

Boors. Hold, hold.

Ger. Lay on still, Down with that Gentleman rogue, swinge him to sirrup. Retire Sir, and take Breath: follow, and take him, Take all, 'tis lawful prize.

Boors. We yield.

Ger. Down with 'em Into the Wood, and rifle 'em, tew 'em, swinge 'em, Knock me their brains into their Breeches. *Exeunt.*

Boors. Hold, hold.

Gos. What these men are I know not, nor for what cause They shoud thus thrust themselves into my danger, Can I imagine. But sure Heavens hand was in't! Nor why this coward Knave should deal so basely To eat me up with Slaves: but Heaven I thank thee, I hope thou hast reserv'd me to an end Fit for thy creature, and worthy of thine honour: Would all my other dangers here had suffered, With what a joyful heart should I go home then? *(tence,* Where now, Heaven knows, like him that waits his sen- Or hears his passing Bell; but there's my hope still.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Blessing upon you Master.

Gos. Thank ye; leave me, For by my troth I have nothing now to give thee.

Ger. Indeed I do not ask Sir, only it grieves me To see ye look so sad; now goodness keep ye From troubles in your mind.

Gos. If I were troubled, What could thy comfort do? prithee *Clause*, leave me.

Ger. Good Master be not angry; for what I say Is out of true love to ye.

Gos. I know thou lov'st me.

Ger. Good Mr. blame that love then, if I prove so sawcy To ask ye why ye are sad.

Gos. Most true, I am so, And such a sadness I have got will sink me.

Ger. Heaven shield it, Sir.

Gos. Faith, thou must lose thy Master.

Ger. I had rather lose my neck, Sir: would I knew—

Gos. What would the knowledg do thee good so miserable, Thou canst not help thyself? when all my ways *(rable,* Nor all the friends I have—

Ger. You do not know Sir, What I can do: cures sometimes, for mens cares Flow, where they least expect 'em.

Gos. I know thou wouldst do, But farewell *Clause*, and pray for thy poor Master.

Ger. I will not leave ye.

Gos. How?

Ger. I dare not leave ye, Sir, I must not leave ye; And till ye beat me dead, I will not leave ye. By what ye hold most precious, by Heavens goodness, As your fair youth may prosper, good Sir tell me: My mind believes yet something's in my power May ease you of this trouble.

Gos.

Gof. I will tell thee,
For a hundred thousand crowns upon my credit,
Taken up of Merchants to supply my traffiques,
The winds and weather envying of my fortune,
And no return to help me off, yet shewing
To morrow, *(Clause, to morrow, which must come,*
In prison thou shalt find me poor and broken.

Ger. I cannot blame your grief Sir.

Gof. Now, what say'st thou?

Ger. I say you should not shrink, for he that gave ye,
Can give you more; his power can bring ye off Sir,
When friends and all forsake ye, yet he sees you.

Gof. There's all my hope.

Ger. Hope still Sir, are you ty'd
Within the compass of a day, good Master,
To pay this mass of money?

Gof. Ev'n to morrow:

But why do I stand mocking of my misery?
Is't not enough the floods, and friends forget me?

Ger. Will no less serve?

Gof. What if it would?

Ger. Your patience,

I do not ask to mock ye: 'tis a great sum,
A sum for mighty men to start and stick at;
But not for honest: have ye no friends left ye,
None that have felt your bounty? worth this duty?

Gof. Duty? thou know'st it not.

Ger. It is a duty,

And as a duty, from those men have felt ye,
Should be return'd again: I have gain'd by ye,
A daily alms these seven years you have show'r'd on me,
Will half supply your want?

Gof. Why do'st thou fool me?

Can't it thou work miracles?

Ger. To save my Master,

I can work this.

Gof. Thou wilt make me angry with thee.

Ger. For doing good?

Gof. What power hast thou?

Ger. Enquire not:

So I can do it, to preserve my Master;
Nay if it be three parts.

Gof. O that I had it,

But good *(Clause, talk no more, I feel thy charity,*
As thou has felt mine: but alas!

Ger. Distrust not,

'Tis that that quenches ye: pull up your Spirit,
Your good, your honest, and your noble Spirit;
For if the fortunes of ten thousand people
Can save ye, rest assur'd; you have forgot Sir,
The good ye did, which was the power you gave me;
Ye shall now know the King of Beggars treasure:
And let the winds blow as they list, the Seas roar,
Yet, here to morrow, you shall find your harbour.
Here fail me not, for if I live I'll fit ye.

Gof. How fain I would believe thee!

Ger. If I ly Master,
Believe no man hereafter.

Gof. I will try thee,
But he knows, that knows all.

Ger. Know me to morrow,
And if I know not how to cure ye, kill me;
So pass in peace, my best, my worthiest Master. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENA III.

Enter Hubert, like a Huntsman.

Hub. Thus have I stoln away disguiz'd from *Hemskirk*
To try these people, for my heart yet tells me
Some of these Beggars, are the men I look for:
Appearing like my self, they have no reason
(Though my intent is fair, my main end honest)
But to avoid me narrowly, that face too,
That womans face, how near it is! O may it

But prove the same, and fortune how I'll bless thee!
Thus, sure they cannot know me, or suspect me,
If to my habit I but change my nature;
As I must do; this is the wood they live in,
A place fit for concealment: where, till fortune
Crown me with that I seek, I'll live amongst 'em. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Higgen, Prigg, Ferret, Ginks, and
the rest of the Boors.*

Hig. Come bring 'em out, for here we sit in justice:
Give to each one a cudgel, a good cudgel:
And now attend your sentence. That you are rogues,
And mischievous base rascals, *(there's the point now)*
I take it, is confess'd.

Prig. Deny it if you dare knaves.

Boors. We are Rogues Sir.

Hig. To amplify the matter then, rogues as ye are,
And lamb'd ye shall be e're we leave ye.

Boors. Yes Sir.

Hig. And to the open handling of our justice,
Why did ye this upon the proper person
Of our good Master? were you drunk when you did it?

Boors. Yes indeed were we.

Prig. You shall be beaten sober.

Hig. Was it for want you undertook it?

Boors. Yes Sir.

Hig. You shall be swing'd abundantly.

Prig. And yet for all that,
You shall be poor rogues still.

Hig. Has not the Gentleman,
Pray mark this point Brother *Prig*, that noble Gentleman
Reliev'd ye often, found ye means to live by,
By imploying some at Sea, some here, some there;
According to your callings?

Boors. 'Tis most true Sir.

Hig. Is not the man, an honest man?

Boors. Yes truly.

Hig. A liberal Gentleman? and as ye are true rascals
Tell me but this, have ye not been drunk, and often,
At his charge?

Boors. Often, often.

Hig. There's the point then,
They have cast themselves, Brother *Prig*.

Prig. A shrewd point, Brother.

Hig. Brother, proceed you now; the cause is open,
I am some what weary.

Prig. Can you do these things?

You most abominable stinking Rascals,
You turnip-eating Rogues.

Boors. We are truly sorry.

Prig. Knock at your hard hearts Rogues, and presently
Give us a sign you feel compunction,
Every man up with's cudgel, and on his neighbour
Bestow such alms, 'till we shall say sufficient,
For there your sentence lyes without partiality;
Either of head, or hide Rogues, without sparing,
Or we shall take the pains to beat you dead else:
You shall know your doom.

Hig. One, two, and three about it.

Prig. That fellow in the blue, has true Compunction,
[Beat one another.]
He beats his fellows bravely, oh, well struck boyes.

Enter Gerrard.

Hig. Up with that blue breech, now playes he the Devil.
So get ye home, drink small beer, and be honest;
Call in the Gentleman.

Ger. Do, bring him presently,
His cause I'll hear my self.

Enter Hemskirk.

Hig. *Prig.* With all due reverence,
We do resign Sir.

Ger. Now huffing Sir, what's your name?

Hem.

Hem. What's that to you Sir?

Ger. It shall be ere we part.

Hem. My name is *Hemskirk*,
I follow the Earl, which you shall feel.

Ger. No threatning,
For we shall cool you Sir; why did'st thou basely
Attempt the murder of the Merchant *Goswin*?

Hem. What power hast thou to ask me?

Ger. I will know it,
Or fley thee till thy pain discover it.

Hem. He did me wrong, base wrong.

Ger. That cannot save ye,
Who sent ye hither? and what further villanies
Have you in hand?

Hem. Why would'st thou know? what profit,
If I had any private way, could rise
Out of my knowledge, to do thee commodity?
Be sorry for what thou hast done, and make amends fool,
I'll talk no further to thee, nor these Rascals.

Ger. Tye him to that tree.

Hem. I have told you whom I follow.

Ger. The Devil you should do, by your villanies,
Now he that has the best way, wring it from him.

Hig. I undertake it: turn him to the Sun boyes;
Give me a fine sharp rush, will ye confes yet?

Hem. Ye have rob'd me already, now you'll murder me.

Hig. Murder your nose a little: does your head purge Sir?
To it again, 'twill do ye good.

Hem. Oh,
I cannot tell you any thing.

Ger. Proceed then.

Hig. There's maggots in your nose, I'll fetch 'em out Sir.

Hem. O my head breaks.

Hig. The best thing for the rheum Sir,
That falls into your worships eyes.

Hem. Hold, hold.

Ger. Speak then.

Hem. I know not what.

Hig. It lyes in's brain yet,
In lumps it lyes, I'll fetch it out the finest;
What pretty faces the fool makes? heigh!

Hem. Hold,
Hold, and I'll tell ye all, look in my doublet;
And there within the lining in a paper,
You shall find all.

Ger. Go fetch that paper hither,
And let him loose for this time.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Good ev'n my honest friends.

Ger. Good ev'n good fellow.

Hub. May a poor huntsman, with a merry heart,
A voice shall make the forest ring about him,
Get leave to live amongst ye? true as steel, boyes?
That knows all chafes, and can watch all hours,
And with my quarter staff, though the Devil bid stand,
Deal such an alms, shall make him roar again?
Prick ye the fearfull hare through cros ways, sheep-walks,
And force the crafty Reynard climb the quicksetts;
Rouse ye the lofty Stag, and with my bell-horn,
Ring him a knel, that all the woods shall mourn him,
'Till in his funeral tears, he fall before me?
The *Polcat*, *Marterne*, and the rich skin'd *Lucerne*
I know to chafe, the Roe, the wind out-stripping
Isgrin himself, in all his bloody anger
I can beat from the bay, and the wild Sounder
Single, and with my arm'd staff, turn the Boar,
Spight of his foamy tushes, and thus strike him;
'Till he fall down my feast.

Ger. A goodly fellow.

Hub. What mak'st thee here, ha?

[aside

Ger. We accept thy fellowship.

Hub. *Hemskirk*, thou art not right I fear, I fear thee.

[aside

Enter Ferret, with a Letter.

Fer. Here is the paper: and as he said we found it,
Ger. Give me it, I shall make a shift yet, old as I am,
To find your knavery: you are sent here, Sirra,
To discover certain Gentlemen, a spy-knave,
And if ye find 'em, if not by perswasion
To bring 'em back, by poyson to dispatch 'em.

Hub. By poyson, ha?

Ger. Here is another, *Hubert*;
What is that *Hubert* Sir?

Hem. You may perceive there.

Ger. I may perceive a villany and a rank one,
Was he joyn'd partner of thy knavery?

Hem. No.

He had an honest end, would I had had so;
Which makes him scape such cut-throats.

Ger. So it seems.

For here thou art commanded, when that *Hubert*
Has done his best and worthiest service, this way
To cut his throat, for here he's set down dangerous.

Hub. This is most impious.

Ger. I am glad we have found ye,
Is not this true?

Hem. Yes; what are you the better?

Ger. You shall perceive Sir, ere you get your freedom:
Take him aside, and friend, we take thee to us,
Into our company, thou dar'st be true unto us?

Hig. I, and obedient too?

Hub. As you had bred me.

Ger. Then take our hand: thou art now a servant to us,
Welcom him all.

Hig. Stand off, stand off: I'll do it,
We bid ye welcom three wayes; first for your person,
Which is a promising person, next for your quality,
Which is a decent, and a gentle quality,
Last for the frequent means you have to feed us,
You can steal 'tis to be presum'd.

Hub. Yes, venison, and if you want ———

Hig. 'Tis well you understand right,
And shall practise daily: you can drink too?

Hub. Soundly.

Hig. And ye dare know a woman from a weathercock?

Hub. If I handle her.

Ger. Now swear him.

Hig. I crown thy *nab*, with a *gag* of *benbouse*,
And stall thee by the *Salmon* into the *clows*,
To *mand* on the *pad*, and *strike* all the *cheats*;
To *Mill* from the *Ruffmans*, *comission* and *slates*;
Twang dell's, i' the *stiomell*, and let the *Quire Cuffin*:
And *Herman Beck strine*, and *trine* to the *Ruffin*.

Ger. Now interpret this unto him.

Hig. I pour on thy pate a pot of good ale,
And by the Rogues o'th' a Rogue thee instal:
To beg on the way, to rob all thou meets;
To steal from the hedge, both the shirt and the sheets:
And lye with thy wench in the straw till she twang,
Let the Constable, Justice, and Devil go hang.

Hig. You are welcom Brother.

(keeping

All. Welcom, welcom, welcom, but who shall have the
Of this fellow?

Hub. Sir, if you dare but trust me;
For if I have kept wild dogs and beasts for wonder;
And made 'em tame too: give into my custody
This roaring Rascal, I shall hamper him,
With all his knacks and knaveries, and I fear me
Discover yet a further villany in him;
O he smells ranck o'th' Rascal.

Ger. Take him to thee,
But if he scape ———

Hub. Let me be ev'n hang'd for him,
Come Sir, I'll tye ye to my leash.

Hem. Away Rascal.

Hub. Be not so stubborn: I shall swindge ye soundly,

A a

And

And ye play tricks with me.

Ger. So, now come in,

But ever have an eye Sir, to yout Prisoner.

Hub. He must blind both mine eyes, if he get from me.

Ger. Go get some victuals, and some drink, some good
For this day we'll keep holy to good fortune, (drink;
Come, and be frolick with us.

Hig. You are a Stranger, Brother; I pray lead,
You must, you must, Brother.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Goswin and Gertrude.

Ger. Indeed you're welcome: I have heard your scape,
And therefore give her leave, that only loves you;
(Truly and dearly loves you) give her joy leave
To bid you welcome: what is't makes you sad man?
Why do you look so wild? Is't I offend you?
Behrew my heart, not willingly.

Gosf. No, *Gertrude.*

Ger. Is't the delay of that ye long have look'd for,
A happy marriage? now I come to urge it.
Now when you please to finish it?

Gosf. No News yet?

Ger. Do you hear Sir?

Gosf. Yes.

Ger. Do you love me?

Gosf. Have I liv'd

In all the happiness Fortune could feat me,

In all mens fair opinions?

Ger. I have provided

A Priest, that's ready for us.

Gosf. And can the Devil,

In one ten days, that Devil Chance devour me?

Ger. We'll fly to what place you please.

Gosf. No Star prosperous!

All at a swoop?

Ger. You do not love me *Goswin?*

You will not look upon me?

Gosf. Can mens Prayers

Shot up to Heaven, with such a zeal as mine are,

Fall back like lazy mists, and never prosper?

Gives I must wear, and cold must be my comfort;

Darkness, and want of meat; alas she weeps too,

Which is the top of all my sorrows, *Gertrude.*

Ger. No, no, you will not know me; my poor beauty,
Which has been worth your eyes.

Gosf. The time grows on still;

And like a tumbling wave, I see my ruine

Come rowling over me.

Ger. Yet will ye know me?

Gosf. For a hundred thousand Crowns.

Ger. Yet will ye love me?

Tell me but how I have deserv'd your slighting?

Gosf. For a hundred thousand Crowns?

Ger. Farewel Dissembler.

Gosf. Of which I have scarce ten: O how it starts me!

Ger. And may the next you love, hearing my ruine.

Gosf. I had forgot my self, O my best *Gertrude,*

Crown of my joys and comforts.

Ger. Sweet what ails ye?

I thought you had been vext with me.

Gosf. My mind, Wench,

My mind o'rsflow'd with sorrow, sunk my memory.

Ger. Am I not worthy of the knowledg of it?

And cannot I as well affect your sorrows,

As your delights? you love no other Woman?

Gosf. No, I protest.

Ger. You have no ships lost lately?

Gosf. None, that I know of.

Ger. I hope you have spilt no blood, whose innocence
May lay this on your conscience.

Gosf. Clear, by Heaven.

Ger. Why should you be thus then?

Gosf. Good *Gertrude* ask not;
Ev'n by the love you bear me.

Ger. I am obedient.

Gosf. Go in, my fair, I will not be long from ye,
Nor long I fear me with thee. At my return
Dispose me as you please.

Ger. The good gods guide ye. [Exit.]

Gosf. Now for my self, which is the least I hope for,
And when that fails, for mans worst fortune, pity. [Exit.]

Ætus quartus. Scena prima.

Enter Goswin and 4. Merchants.

Gosf. **W**HY gentlemen, 'tis but a week more, I intreat you
But 7. short days, I am not running from ye;
Nor, if you give me patience, is it possible
All my adventures fail; you have ships abroad
Endure the beating both of Wind and Weather:
I am sure 'twould vex your hearts, to be protested;
Ye are all fair Merchants.

1 Mer. Yes, and must have fair play:
There is no living here else; one hour's failing
Fails us of all our friends, of all our credits:
For my part, I would stay, but my wants tell me,
I must wrong others in't.

Gosf. No mercy in ye!

2 Mer. 'Tis foolish to depend on others mercy:
Keep your self right, and even cut your cloth, Sir,
According to your calling, you have liv'd here,
In Lord-like Prodigality, high, and open,
And now ye find what 'tis: the liberal spending
The Summer of your Youth, which you should glean in,
And like the labouring Ant, make use and gain of,
Has brought this bitter, stormy Winter on ye,
And now you cry.

3 Mer. Alas, before your Poverty,
We were no men, of no mark, no endeavour;
You stood alone, took up all trade, all business
Running through your hands, scarce a Sail at Sea,
But loaden with your Goods: we poor weak Pedlers;
When by your leave, and much intreaty to it,
We could have stowage for a little Cloath,
Or a few Wines, put off, and thank your Worship.
Lord, how the World's chang'd with ye? now I hope, Sir,
We shall have Sea-room.

Gosf. Is my misery

Become my scorn too! have ye no humanity?
No part of men left? are all the Bounties in me
To you, and to the Town, turn'd my reproaches?

4 Mer. Well, get your moneys ready: 'tis but 2 hours;
We shall protest ye else, and suddenly.

Gosf. But two days.

1 Mer. Not an hour, ye know the hazard. [Exeunt.]

Gosf. How soon my light's put out! hard hearted *Bruges!*
Within thy Walls may never honest Merchant
Venture his fortunes more: O my poor Wench too.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Good fortune, Master.

Gosf. Thou mistak'st me, *Clause,*
I am not worth thy Blessing.

Ger. Still a sad man!

Enter Higgen and Prigg, like Porters.

No belief gentle Master? come bring it in then,
And now believe your Beadsman.

Gosf. Is this certain?
Or dost thou work upon my troubled sense?

Ger. 'Tis gold, Sir,

Take

Take it and try it.

Gof. Certainly 'tis treasure;
Can there be yet this Blessing?

Ger. Cease your wonder,
You shall not sink, for ne'r a fowst Flap-dragon,
For ne'r a pickl'd Pilcher of 'em all, Sir,
'Tis there, your full sum, a hundred thousand crowns:
And good sweet Master, now be merry; pay 'em,
Pay the poor pelting Knaves, that know no goodness:
And cheer your heart up handsomely.

Gof. Good Clause,
How cam'st thou by this mighty Sum? if naughtily,
I must not take it of thee, 'twill undo me.

Ger. Fear not, you have it by as honest means
As though your father gave it: Sir, you know not
To what a mass, the little we get daily,
Mounts in seven years; we beg it for Heavens charity,
And to the same good we are bound to render it.

Gof. What great security?

Ger. Away with that, Sir,
Were not ye more than all the men in *Bruges*;
And all the money in my thoughts——

Gof. But good Clause,
I may dye presently.

Ger. Then this dies with ye:
Pay when you can good Master, I'll no Parchments,
Only this charity I shall entreat you;
Leave me this Ring.

Gof. Alas, it is too poor, Clause.

Ger. 'Tis all I ask, and this withal, that when
I shall deliver this back, you shall grant me
Freely one poor petition.

Gof. There, I confirm it, [Gives the Ring.]
And may my faith forsake me when I shun it.

Ger. Away, your time draws on. Take up the money,
And follow this young Gentleman.

Gof. Farewell Clause,
And may thy honest memory live for ever.

Ger. Heaven blefs you, and still keep you, farewell Master:
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. I have lockt my Youth up close enough for gad-
In an old Tree, and set watch over him. (ding,

Enter Jaculin.

Now for my Love, for sure this Wench must be she,
She follows me; Come hither, pretty *Minche*.

Jac. No, no, you'll kiss.

Hub. So I will.

Jac. Y'ded law?

How will ye kiss me, pray you?

Hub. Thus, soft as my loves lips.

Jac. Oh!

Hub. What's your Father's name?

Jac. He's gone to Heaven.

Hub. Is it not *Gerrard*, Sweet?

Jac. I'll stay no longer;

My Mother's an old Woman, and my Brother
Was drown'd at Sea, with catching Cockles. O Love!
O how my heart melts in me: how thou fir'st me!

Hub. 'Tis certain she; pray let me see your hand, Sweet?

Jac. No, no, you'l bite it.

Hub. Sure I should know that Gymmal!

Jac. 'Tis certain he: I had forgot my Ring too.

O *Hubert!* *Hubert!*

Hub. Ha! methought she nam'd me——

Do you know me, Chick?

Jac. No indeed, I never saw ye;

But methinks you kiss finely.

Hub. Kiss again then;

By Heaven 'tis she.

Jac. O what a joy he brings me!

Hub. You are not *Minche*?

Jac. Yes, pretty Gentleman;

And I must be marry'd to morrow to a Capper.

Hub. Must ye my Sweet, and does the Capper love ye?

Jac. Yes, yes, he'll give me pie, and look in mine eyes thus.
'Tis he: 'tis my dear Love: O blest Fortune.

Hub. How fain she would conceal her self, yet shew it!
Will you love me, and leave that man? I'll serve.

Jac. O I shall lose my self!

Hub. I'll wait upon you,
And make you dainty Nose-gays.

Jac. And where will you lick 'em?

Hub. Herein my bosom, Sweet, and make a crown of Lilies
For your fair head.

Jac. And will you love me deed-law?

Hub. With all my Heart.

Jac. Call me to morrow then,
And we'll have brave cheer, and go to Church together:
Give you good ev'n Sir.

Hub. But one word fair *Minche*.

Jac. I must be gone a milking.

Hub. Ye shall presently.

Did you never hear of a young maid called *Jaculin*?

Jac. I am discover'd; hark in your ear, I'll tell ye:
You must not know me, kiss and be constant ever.

Hub. Heaven curse me else 'tis she, and now I am certain
They are all here: now for my other project— [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Gofwin, 4. Merchants, Higgen, and Prigg.

1 *Mer.* Nay, if 'twould do you courtesie.

Gof. None at all, Sir:

Take it, 'tis yours, there's your ten thousand for ye,
Give in my Bills. Your sixteen.

3 *Mer.* Pray be pleas'd Sir

To make a further use.

Gof. No.

3 *Mer.* What I have, Sir,
You may command; pray let me be your Servant.

Gof. Put your Hats on: I care not for your courtesies,
They are most untimely done, and no truth in 'em.

2 *Mer.* I have a frougt of Pepper.

Gof. Rot your Pepper,
Shall I trust you again? there's your seven thousand.

4 *Mer.* Or if you want fine Sugar, 'tis but sending.

Gof. No, I can send to *Barbary*, those people
That never yet knew faith, have nobler freedoms:
These carry to *Vanlock*, and take my Bills in,
To *Peter Zuten* these: bring back my Jewels,
Why are these pieces?

Enter Saylor.

Saylor. Health to the noble Merchant;
The *Susan* is return'd.

Gof. Well?

Say. Well, and rich Sir,
And now put in.

Gof. Heaven thou hast heard my prayers.

Say. The brave *Rebecca* too, bound from the Straits;
With the next Tide is ready to put after.

Gof. What news o'th' fly-boat?

Say. If this Wind hold till midnight,
She will be here, and wealthy, 'scap'd fairly.

Gof. How, prithee, Saylor?

Say. Thus Sir, she had fight
Seven hours together, with six Turkish Gallies,
And she fought bravely; but at length was boarded
And overlaid with strength: when presently
Comes boring up the wind Captain *Vannoke*,
That valiant Gentleman, you redeem'd from prison;
He knew the Boat, set in, and fought it bravely:
Beat all the Gallies off; sunk three, redeem'd her,
And as a service to ye sent her home Sir.

A a z

Gof.

Gof. An honest noble Captain, and a thankfull ;
There's for thy news : go drink the Merchants health, *Saylor.*

Say. I thank your bounty, and I'll do it to a doyt, Sir,
[*Exit Saylor.*

1 *Mer.* What miracles are pour'd upon this fellow !

Gof. This here I hope, my friends, I shall scape prison,
For all your cares to catch me.

2 *Mer.* You may please Sir

To think of your poor servants in displeasure,
Whose all they have, goods, moneys, are at your service.

Gof. I thank you,
When I have need of you I shall forget you :
You are paid I hope.

All. We joy in your good fortunes.

Enter Van dunck.

Van-d. Come Sir, come take your ease, you must go home
With me, yonder is one weeps and howls.

Gof. Alas how does she ?

Van-d. She will be better soon I hope.

Gof. Why soon Sir ?

Van-d. Why when you have her in your arms, this
My boy she is thy wife. (night)

Gof. With all my heart I take her.

Van-d. We have prepar'd, all thy friends will be there,
And all my Rooms shall smoak to see the revel ;
Thou hast been wrong'd, and no more shall my service
Wait on the knave her Uncle, I have heard all,
All his baits for my Boy, but thou shalt have her ;
Hast thou dispatch't thy business ?

Gof. Most.

Van-d. By the mass Boy,
Thou tumblest now in wealth, and I joy in it,
Thou art the best Boy, that *Bruges* ever nourish'd.
Thou hast been sad, I'll cheer thee up with Sack,
And when thou art lusty I'll fling thee to thy Mistress.
She'll hug thee, firrah.

Gof. I long to see it,
I had forgot you : there's for you my friends :
You had bur heavy burthens ; commend my love
To my best love, all the love I have
To honest *Claust*, shortly I will thank him better. [*Exit.*

Hig. By the mass a royal Merchant,
Gold by the handfull, here will be sport soon, *Prig.*

Prig. It partly seems so, and here will I be in a trice.

Hig. And I boy,
Away apace, we are look'd for.

Prig. Oh these bak'd meats,
Me thinks I smell them hither.

Hig. Thy mouth waters.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENA IV.

Enter Hubert, and Hemskirk.

Hub. I Must not.

Hem. Why ? 'tis in thy power to do it, and in mine
To reward thee to thy wishes.

Hub. I dare not, nor I will not.

Hem. Gentle Huntsman,
Though thou hast kept me hard : though in thy duty,
Which is requir'd to do it, th' hast used me stubbornly ;
I can forgive thee freely.

Hub. You the Earls servant ?

Hem. I swear I am near as his own thoughts to him ;
Able to doe thee —

Hub. Come, come, leave your prating.

Hem. If thou dar'st but try.

Hub. I thank you heartily, you will be
The first man that will hang me, a sweet recompence,
I could do, but I do not say I will,
To any honest fellow that would think on't,
And be a benefactor.

Hem. If it be not recompenc'd, and to thy own desires,
If within these ten days I do not make thee —

Hub. What, a false knave !

Hem. Prethee, prethee conceive me righty, any thing
Of profit or of place that may advance thee.

Hub. Why what a Goofecap would'st thou make me,
Do not I know that men in misery will promise
Any thing, more than their lives can reach at ?

Hem. Believe me Huntsman,
There shall not one short syllable
That comes from me, pass
Without its full performance.

Hub. Say you so Sir ?

Have ye e're a good place for my quality ?

Hem. A thousand Chafes, Forcits, Parks : I'll make thee
Chief ranger over all the games.

Hub. When ?

Hem. Presently.

(too.

Hub. This may provoke me : and yet to prove a knave

Hem. 'Tis to prove honest : 'tis to do good service,
Service for him thou art sworn to, for thy Prince,
Then for thy self that good ; what fool would live here,
Poor, and in misery, subject to all dangers,
Law, and lewd people can inflict, when bravely
And to himself he may be law and credit ?

Hub. Shall I believe thee ?

Hem. As that thou holdst most holy.

Hub. Ye may play tricks.

Hem. Then let me never live more.

Hub. Then you shall see Sir, I will do a service
That shall deserve indeed.

Hem. 'Tis well said, Huntsman,
And thou shalt be well thought of. (meer nothing,

Hub. I will do it : 'tis not your setting free, for that's
But such a service, if the Earl be noble,
He shall for ever love me.

Hem. What is't Huntsman ?

Hub. Do you know any of these people live here ?

Hem. No.

Hub. You are a fool then : here be those, to have 'em,
I know the Earl so well, would make him caper.

Hem. Any of the old Lords that rebel'd ?

Hub. Peace, all,

I know 'em every one, and can betray 'em.

Hem. But wilt thou doe this service ?

Hem. If you'll keep

Your faith, and free word to me.

Hem. Wilt thou swear me ?

Hub. No, no, I will believe ye : more than that too,
Here's the right heir.

Hem. O. honest, honest huntsman !

Hub. Now, how to get these Gallants, there's the matter,
You will be constant, 'tis no work for me else.

Hem. Will the Sun shine again ?

Hub. The way to get 'em.

Hem. Propound it, and it shall be done.

Hub. No sleight ;

(For they are Devilish crafty, it concerns 'em,)
Nor reconcilment, (for they dare not trust neither)
Must doe this trick.

Hem. By force ?

Hub. I, that must doe it.

And with the person of the Earl himself,
Authority (and mighty) must come on 'em :
Or else in vain : and thus I would have ye do it.
To morrow-night be here : a hundred men will bear 'em,
(So he be there, for he's both wife and valiant,
And with his terrour will strike dead their forces)
The hour be twelve a Clock, now for a guide
To draw ye without danger on these persons,
The woods being thick, and hard to hit, my self
With some few with me, made unto our purpose,
Beyond the wood, upon the plain, will wait ye
By the great Oak.

Hem. I know it : keep thy faith huntsman,
And such a showr of wealth —

Hub.

Hub. I warrant ye :
Miss nothing that I tell ye.

Hem. No.

Hub. Farewel ;
You have your liberty, now use it wisely ;
And keep your hour, goe closer about the wood there,
For fear they spy you.

Hem. Well.

Hub. And bring no noise with ye. [Exit.

Hem. All shall be done toth' purpose: farewel huntf man.

Enter Gerrard, Higgen, Prig, Ginks, Snap, Ferret.

Ger. Now, what's the news in town ?

Ginks. No news, but joy Sir ;
Every man wooing of the noble Merchant,
Who has his hearty commendations to ye.

Fer. Yes this is news, this night he's to be married.

Ginks. Byth' mafs that's true, he marrys Vandunks
The dainty black-ey'd bell. (Daughter,

Hig. I would my clapper
Hung in his baldrick, a what a peal could I Ring ?

Ger. Married ?

Ginks. 'Tis very true Sir, O the pyes,
The piping hot mince-pyes !

Prig. O the Plum-pottage ! (boys,

Hig. For one leg of a goose now would I venture a limb
I love a fat goose, as I love allegiance,
And—upon the Boors, too well they know it,
And therefore starve their poultry.

Ger. To be married

To Vandunks Daughter ?

Hig. O this pertious Merchant :
What sport he will have: but hark you brother Prig,
Shall we do nothing in the foresaid wedding ?
There's mony to be got, and meat I take it,
What think ye of a morise ?

Prig. No, by no means,
That goes no further than the street, there leaves us,
Now we must think of something that must draw us
Into the bowels of it, intoth' buttery,
Into the Kitchin, into the Cellar, something
That that old drunken Burgo-master loves,
What think ye of a wassel ?

Hig. I think worthily.

Prig. And very fit it should be, thou, and Ferret,
And Ginks to sing the Song : I for the structure,
Which is the bowl.

Hig. Which must be up-sey English,
Strong, lusty London beer ; let's think more of it.

Ger. He must not marry.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. By your leave in private,
One word Sir, with ye ; Gerrard : do not start me,
I know ye, and he knows ye, that best loves ye :
Hubert speaks to ye, and you must be Gerrard.
The time invites you to it.

Ger. Make no show then,
I am glad to see you Sir ; and I am Gerrard.
How stand affairs ?

Hub. Fair, if ye dare now follow,
Hemskirk I have let goe, and these my causes,
Ple tell ye privately, and how I have wrought him,
And then to prove me honest to my friends,
Look upon these directions, you have seen his.

Hig. Then will I speak a speech, and a brave speech
In praise of Merchants, where's the Ape ?

Prig.— Take him,
A gowty Bear-ward stole him the other day.

Hig. May his Bears worry him, that Ape had paid it,
What dainty tricks ? — O that burfen Bear-ward :
In his French doublet, with his blister'd bullions,
In a long stock ty'd up ; O how daintily
Would I have made him wait, and shift a trencher,

Carry a cup of wine ? ten thousand stinks
Wait on thy mangy hide, thou lowzy Bear ward.

Ger. 'Tis passing well, I both believe and joy in't,
And will be ready : keep you here the mean while,
And keep in, I must a while forsake ye,
Upon mine anger no man stir, this two hours.

Hig. Not to the wedding Sir ?

Ger. Not any whither.

Hig. The wedding must be seen sir ; we want meat too.
We are horrible out of meat.

Prig. Shall it be spoken,
Fat Capons shak't their tails at's in defiance ?
And turkey toms such honorable monuments,
Shall piggs, Sir, that the Parsons self would envy,
And dainty Ducks——

Ger. Not a word more, obey me. [Exit Ger.

Hig. Why then come dolefull death, this is flat tyranny,
And by this hand ——

Hub. What ?

Hig. Ple goe sleep upon't. [Exit Hig.

Prig. Nay, and there be a wedding, and we wanting,
Farewel our happy days : we do obey Sir. [Exeunt.

SCENA V.

Enter two young Merchants.

1 Mer. Well met Sir, you are for this lusty wedding.

2 Mer. I am so, so are you I take it.

1 Mer. Yes,

And it much glads me, that to doe him service
Who is the honour of our trade, and lustre,
We meet thus happily.

2 Mer. He's a noble fellow,
And well becomes a bride of such a beauty.

1 Mer. She is passing fair indeed, long may their loves
Continue like their youths, in spring of sweetness,
All the young Merchants will be here
No doubt on't,
For he that comes not to attend this wedding,
The curse of a most blind one fall upon him,
A loud wife, and a lazie : here's Vanlock.

Enter Vanlock and Francis.

Vanl. Well overtaken Gentlemen : save ye.

1 Mer. The same to you sir ; save ye fair Mistris Francis,
I would this happy night might make you blush too.

Vanl. She dreams apace.

Fran. That's but a drowsie fortune.

3 Mer. Nay take us with ye too ; we come to that end,
I am sure ye are for the wedding.

Vanl. Hand and heart man :
And what their feet can doe, I could have tript it
Before this whorson gout.

Enter Clause.

Clau. Bless ye Masters. (Master,

Vanl. Clause ? how now Clause ? thou art come to see thy
(And a good master he is to all poor people)
In all his joy, 'tis honestly done of thee.

Clau. Long may he live sir, but my business now is
If you would please to doe it, and to him too.

Enter Goswin.

Vanl. He's here himself.

Gof. Stand at the door my friends ?
I pray walk in : welcom fair Mistris Francis,
See what the house affords, there's a young Lady
Will bid you welcom.

Vanl. We joy your happiness. [Exeunt.

Gof. I hope it will be so : Clause nobly welcom,
My honest, my best friend, I have been careful
To see thy monys ——

Clau. Sir, that brought not me,
Do you know this Ring again ?

Gof. Thou hadst it of me.
Cl. And do you well remember yet, the boun you gave me
 Upon the return of this?
Gof. Yes, and I grant it,
 Be it what it will: ask what thou canst; I'll do it;
 Within my power.
Cl. Ye are not married yet?
Gof. No.
Cl. Faith I shall ask you that that will disturb ye,
 But I must put ye to your promise.
Gof. Do,
 And if I faint and flinch in't—
Cl. Well said Master,
 And yet it grieves me too: and yet it must be.
Gof. Prethee distrust me not.
Cl. You must not marry,
 That's part of the power you gave me: which to make up,
 You must presently depart, and follow me.
Gof. Not marry, *Cl.* use?
Cl. Not if you keep your promise,
 And give me power to ask.
Gof. Prethee think better,
 I will obey, by Heaven.
Cl. I have thought the best, Sir.
Gof. Give me thy reason, do'st thou fear her honesty?
Cl. Chaste as the ice, for any thing I know, Sir. (pose?)
Gof. Why should'st thou light on that then? to what pur-
Cl. I must not now discover.
Gof. Must not marry?
 Shall I break now when my poor heart is pawn'd?
 When all the preparation?
Cl. Now or never. (me.)
Gof. Come, 'tis not that thou would'st: thou do'st but fright
Cl. Upon my soul it is, Sir, and I bind ye.
Gof. *Cl.* use, canst thou be so cruel?
Cl. You may break, Sir,
 But never more in my thoughts appear honest.
Gof. Did'st ever see her?
Cl. No.
Gof. She is such a thing,
 O *Cl.* use, she is such a wonder, such a mirror,
 For beauty, and fair vertue, *Europe* has not:
 Why hast thou made me happy, to undo me?
 But look upon her; then if thy heart relent not,
 I'll quit her presently: who waits there?
Ser. [within] Sir.
Gof. Bid my fair love come hither, and the Company.
 Prethee be good unto me; take a mans heart
 And look upon her truly: take a friends heart
 And feel what misery must follow this.
Cl. Take you a noble heart and keep your promise;
 I forsook all I had, to make you happy.

Enter Gertrude, Vandunk, and the rest Merchants.

Can that thing call'd a Woman, stop your goodness?
Gof. Look there she is, deal with me as thou wilt now,
 Did'st ever see a fairer?
Cl. She is most goodly.
Gof. Pray ye stand still.
Ger. What ails my love?
Gof. Did'st thou ever,
 By the fair light of Heaven, behold a sweeter?
 O that thou knew'st but love, or ever felt him,
 Look well, look narrowly upon her beauties.
 1 *Mer.* Sure h'as some strange design in hand, he starts so.
 2 *Mer.* This Beggar has a strong power over his pleasure.
Gof. View all her body.
Cl. 'Tis exact and excellent.
Gof. Is she a thing then to be lost thus lightly?
 Her mind is ten times sweeter, ten times nobler,
 And but to hear her speak, a Paradise,
 And such a love she bears to me, a chaste love,
 A vertuous, fair, and fruitful love: 'tis now too
 I am ready to enjoy it; the Priest ready, *Cl.* use,

To say the holy words shall make us happy,
 This is a cruelty beyond mans study,
 All these are ready, all our joyes are ready,
 And all the expectation of our friends,
 'Twill be her death to do it.

Cl. Let her dye then.

Gof. Thou canst not: 'tis impossible.

Cl. It must be.

Gof. 'Twill kill me too, 'twill murder me: by heaven *Cl.* use
 I'll give thee half I have; come thou shalt save me.

Cl. Then you must go with me: I can stay no longer,
 If ye be true, and noble.

Gof. Hard heart, I'll follow:

Pray ye all go in again, and pray be merry,
 I have a weighty business, (give my Cloak there,)

Enter Servant (with a Cloak.)

Concerns my life, and state, (make no enquiry,)
 This present hour befall me: with the soonest
 I shall be here again: nay pray go in, Sir,
 And take them with you, 'tis but a night lost, Gentlemen.

Van. Come, come in, we will not lose our meat yet,
 Nor our good mirth, he cannot stay long from her,
 I am sure of that.

Gof. I will not stay; believe, Sir. [Exit.]

Gertrude, a word with you.

Ger. Why is this stop, Sir?

Gof. I have no more time left me, but to kiss thee,
 And tell thee this, I am ever thine: farewell wench. [Exit.]

Ger. And is that all your Ceremony? Is this a wedding?
 Are all my hopes and prayers turn'd to nothing?
 Well, I will say no more, nor sigh, nor sorrow;
 Till to thy face I prove thee false. Ah me! [Exit.]

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gertrude, and a Boor.

Ger. Lead, if thou thinkst we are right: why dost thou make
 These often stands? thou saidst thou knewst the way.

Bo. Fear nothing, I do know it: would 'twere homeward.

Ger. Wrought from me by a Beggar? at the time
 That most should tye him? 'tis some other Love
 That hath a more command on his affections,
 And he that fetcht him, a disguised Agent,
 Not what he personated; for his fashion
 Was more familiar with him, and more powerful
 Than one that ask'd an alms: I must find out
 One, if not both: kind darkness be my shroud,
 And cover loves too curious search in me,
 For yet, suspicion, I would not name thee.

Bo. Mistress, it grows somewhat pretty and dark.

Ger. What then?

Bo. Nay, nothing; do not think I am afraid,
 Although perhaps you are.

Ger. I am not, forward.

Bo. Sure but you are? give me your hand, fear nothing.
 There's one leg in the wood, do not pull me backward:

What a sweat one on's are in, you or I?

Pray God it do not prove the plague; yet sure

It has infected me; for I sweat too,

It runs out at my knees, feel, feel, I pray you.

Ger. What ails the fellow?

Bo. Hark, hark I beseech you,

Do you hear nothing?

Ger. No.

Bo. List: a wild Hog,

He grunts: now 'tis a Bear: this wood is full of 'em,

And now, a Wolf, Mistress, a Wolf, a Wolf,

It is the howling of a Wolf.

Ger. The braying of an Ass, is it not?

Bo. Oh, now one has me;

Oh,

Oh my left haunch, farewell.

Ger. Look to your Shanks,
Your Breech is safe enough, the Wolf's a Fern-brake.

Bo. But see, see, see, there is a Serpent in it;
It has eyes as broad as Platters; it spits fire;
Now it creeps towards us, help me to say my Prayers:
It hath swallowed me almost, my breath is stopt;
I cannot speak: do I speak Mistress? tell me.

Ger. Why, thou strange timorous Sot, canst thou perceive
Any thing i' th' Bush but a poor Glo-worm?

Bo. It may be 'tis but a Glo-worm now, but 'twill
Grow to a Fire-drake presently.

Ger. Come thou from it:
I have a precious guide of you, and a courteous,
That gives me leave to lead my self the way thus.

Bo. It thunders, you hear that now?

Ger. I hear one hollow.

Bo. 'Tis thunder, thunder:

See, a Flash of Lightning:

Are you not blasted Mistress? pull your Mask off,
It has plaid the Barber with me here: I have lost
My Beard, my Beard, pray God you be not shaven,
'Twill spoil your Marriage Mistress.

Ger. What strange Wonders
Fear fancies in a Coward!

Bo. Now the Earth opens.

Ger. Prithce hold thy peace.

Bo. Will you on then?

Ger. Both love and jealousy have made me bold,
Where my Fate leads me, I must go.

Bo. God be with you then.

[Exit.

Enter Woolfort, Hemskirk, and Attendants.

Hem. It was the Fellow sure, he that should guide me,
The Hunts-man that did hollow us.

Woolf. Best make a stand,
And listen to his next: Ha!

Hem. Who goes there?

Bo. Mistress, I am taken.

Hem. Mistress? Look forth Souldiers.

Woolf. What are you Sirrah?

Bo. Truly all is left

Of a poor Boor, by day-light, by night no body,
You might have spar'd your Drum, and Guns, and Pikes too
For I am none that will stand out Sir, I.

You may take me in with a walking Stick,
Even when you please, and hold me with a packthred.

Hem. What woman was't you call'd to?

Bo. Woman! none Sir.

Woolf. None! did you not name Mistress?

Bo. Yes, but she's

No woman yet: she should have been this night,
But that a Beggar stole away her Bridegroom,
Whom we were going to make hue and cry after;
I tell you true Sir, she should ha' been married to day;
And was the Bride and all; but in came *Clause*,
The old lame Beggar, and whips up Mr *Goswin*
Under his arm; away with him as a Kite,
Or an old Fox would swoop away a Gosling.

Hem. 'Tis she, 'tis she, 'tis she: Niece?

Ger. Ha!

Hem. She Sir,

This was a noble entrance to your fortune,
That being on the point thus to be married,
Upon her venture here, you should surprize her.

Woolf. I begin, *Hemskirk*, to believe my fate,
Works to my ends.

Hem. Yes Sir, and this adds trust
Unto the fellow our guide, who assur'd me *Florez*
Liv'd in some Merchants shape, as *Gerrard* did

I' the old Beggars, and that he would use
Him for the train, to call the other forth;
All which we find is done—— That's he again——

(again
Holla

Woolf. Good, we sent out to meet him.

Hem. Here's the Oak.

Ger. I am miserably lost, thus sailn
Into my Uncles hands from all my hopes,
Can I not think away my self and dye?

Enter Hubert, Higgen, Prig, Ferret, Snap, Ginklike Boors.

Hub. I like your habits well: they are safe, stand close.

Hig. But what's the action we are for now? Ha!
Robbing a Ripper of his Fish.

Prig. Or taking
A Poulterer Prisoner, without ransome, Bullycs?

Hig. Or cutting off a Convoy of Butter?

Fer. Or surprizing a Boors ken, for granting cheats!

Prig. Or cackling Cheats?

Hig. Or Mergery-praters, Rogers,
And Tibs o'th' Buttery?

Prig. O I could drive a Regiment
Of Geese afore me, such a night as this,
Ten Leagues with my Hat and Staff, and not a hiss
Heard, nor a wing of my Troops disordered.

Hig. Tell us,
If it be milling of a lag of duds,
The fetching of a back of cloaths or so;
We are horribly out of linnen.

Hub. No such matter.

Hig. Let me alone with the Farmers dog,
If you have a mind to the cheese-lost; 'tis but thus,
And he is a silenc'd Mastiff, during pleasure.

Hub. Would it would please you to be silent.

Hig. Mum. *Woolf.* Who's there?

Hub. A friend, the Hunts-man.

Hem. O 'tis he.

Hub. I have kept touch Sir, which is the Earl of these?
Will he know a man now?

Hem. This my Lord's the Friend;
Hath undertook the service.

Hub. If't be worth

His Lordships thanks anon, when 'tis done
Lording, I'll look for't, a rude Wood-man,
I know how to pitch my toils; drive in my game:
And I have don't, both *Florez* and his Father
Old *Gerrard*, with Lord *Arnold* of *Benthuisen*,
Cozen, and *Jaculin*, young *Florez*'s Sister:
I have 'em all.

Woolf. Thou speak'st too much, too happy,
To carry faith with it.

Hub. I can bring you

Where you shall see, and find 'em.

Woolf. VVe will double

VVhat ever *Hemskirk* then hath promis'd thee.

Hub. And I'll deserve it treble: what horse ha' you?

Woolf. A hundred. That's well: ready to take
Upon surprize of 'em.

Hem. Yes. *Hub.* Divide then

Your force into five Squadrons; for there are
So many out-lets, ways through the wood
That issue from the place where they are lodg'd:
Five several ways, of all which Passages,
VVe must possess our selves, to round 'em in;
For by one starting hole they'll all escape else:

I and 4. Boors here to me will be guides,
The Squadron where you are, my self will lead:
And that they may be more secure, I'll use
My wonted whoops, and hollows, as I were
A hunting for 'em; which will make them rest
Careless of any noise, and be a direction
To the other guides, how we approach 'em still.

Woolf. 'Tis order'd well, and relisheth the Souldier;
Make the division *Hemskirk*; you are my charge,
Fair One, I'll look to you.

Boo. Shall no body need

To look to me? I'll look unto my self.

Hub. 'Tis but this, remember.

Hig. Say, 'tis done; Boy.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENA II.

Enter Gerrard and Florez.

Ger. By this time Sir I hope you want no reasons Why I broke off your marriage, for though I should as a Subject study you my Prince In things indifferent, it will not therefore Discredit you, to acknowledge me your Father, By harkning to my necessary counsels.

Flo. Acknowledge you my Father? Sir I do, And may impiety, conspiring with My other Sins, sink me, and suddenly When I forget to pay you a Sons duty In my obedience, and that help'd forth With all the cheerfulness.

Ger. I pray you rise, And may those powers that see and love this in you, Reward you for it: Taught by your example Having receiv'd the rights due to a Father, I tender you th' allegiance of a Subject: Which as my Prince accept of.

Flo. Kneel to me?
May mountains first fall down beneath their valleys, And fire no more mount upwards, when I suffer An act in nature so preposterous; I must o'come in this, in all things else The victory be yours: could you here read me, You should perceive how all my faculties Triumph in my blest fate, to be found yours; I am your son, your son Sir, and am prouder To be so, to the Father, to such goodness (Which heaven be pleas'd, I may inherit from you) Than I shall ever of those specious titles That plead for my succession in the Earldom (Did I possess it now) left by my Mother.

Ger. I do believe it: but ———

Flo. O my lov'd Father, Before I knew you were so, by instinct, Nature had taught me, to look on your wants, Not as a stranger's: and I know not how, What you call'd charity, I thought the payment Of some religious debt, nature stood bound for; And last of all, when your magnificent bounty In my low ebb of fortune, had brought in A flood of blessings, though my threatening wants And fear of their effects, still kept me stupid, I soon found out, it was no common pity That led you to it.

Ger. Think of this hereafter When we with joy may call it to remembrance, There will be a time, more opportune, than now To end our story, with all circumstances, I add this only: when we fled from *Wolfort* I sent you into *England*, and there placed you With a brave *Flanders* Merchant, call'd rich *Goswin*, A man supplied by me unto that purpose, As bound by oath never to discover you, Who dying, left his name and wealth unto you As his reputed Son, and yet receiv'd so; But now, as *Florez*, and a Prince, remember The countreys, and the subjects general good Must challenge the first part in your affection: The fair maid, whom you chose to be your wife, Being so far beneath you, that your love Must grant she's not your equal.

Flo. In descent Or borrowed glories from dead Ancestors, But for her beauty, chastity, and all virtues Ever remembered in the best of women, A Monarch might receive from her, not give, Though she were his Crowns purchase; in this only Be an indulgent Father: in all else, Use your authority.

Enter Hubert, Hemskirk, Wolfort, Bertha, and Souldiers.

Hub. Sir, here be two of 'em, The Father and the Son, the rest you shall have As fast as I can rouse them.

Ger. Who's this? *Wolfort*?

Wol. I Cripple, your feigned crutches will not help you, Nor patch'd disguise that hath so long conceal'd you, It's now no halting: I must here find *Gerrard*, And in this Merchants habit, one call'd *Florez* Who would be an Earl.

Ger. And is, wert thou a subject.

Flo. Is this that Traitor *Wolfort*?

Wol. Yes, but you Are they that are betray'd: *Hemskirk*.

Ber. My *Goswin* Turn'd Prince? O I am poorer by this greatness, Than all my former jealousies or misfortunes.

Florez. *Gertrude*?

Wol. Stay Sir, you were to day too near her, You must no more aim at those easie accesses, Lest you can do't in air, without a head, Which shall be suddenly tri'd.

Ber. O take my heart, first, And since I cannot hope now to enjoy him, Let me but fall a part of his glad ransom.

Wol. You know not your own value, that entreat.

Ger. So proud a fiend as *Wolfort*.

Wol. For so lost

A thing as *Florez*.

Flo. And that would be so Rather than she should stoop again to thee; There is no death, but's sweeter than all life, When *Wolfort* is to give it: O my *Gertrude*, It is not that, nor Princedom that I goe from, It is from thee, that loss includeth all.

Wol. I, if my young Prince knew his loss, he would (say so, he would) Which that he yet may chew on, I will tell him This is no *Gertrude*, nor no *Hemskirk's* Niece, Nor *Vandunks* Daughter: this is *Bertha*, *Bertha*, The heir of *Brabant*, she that caus'd the war, Whom I did steal, during my treaty there, In your minority, to raise my self; I then fore-seeing 'twould beget a quarel, That, a necessity of my employment, The same employment, make me master of strength, That strength, the Lord of *Flanders*, so of *Brabant*, By marrying her: which had not been to doe Sir, She come of years, but that the expectation First of her Fathers death, retarded it, And since the standing out of *Bruges*, where *Hemskirk* had hid her, till she was near lost: But Sir, we have recover'd her: your Merchant ship May break, for this was one of your best bottoms I think.

Ger. Insolent Devil!

Enter Hubert, with Jaqueline, Ginks, and Costin.

Wol. Who are these, *Hemskirk*?

Hem. More, more, Sir.

Flo. How they triumph in their treachery!

Hem. Lord *Arnold* of *Benthusin*, this Lord *Costin*, This *Jaqueline* the sister unto *Florez*.

Wol. All found? why here's brave game, this was sport (royall, And puts me in thought of a new kind of death for 'em.

Huntf-man, your horn: first wind me *Florez* fall, Next *Gerrards*, then his Daughter *Jaquelines*, Those rascals, they shall dye without their rights: Hang 'em *Hemskirk* on these trees; Ple take The assay of these my self.

Hub. Not here my Lord, Let 'em be broken up upon a scaffold,

'Twill shew the better when their arbour's made.

Ger. Wretch, art thou not content thou hast betray'd us,
But mock us too?

Ginks. False *Hubert*, this is monstrous.

Wol. *Hubert*? *Hem.* Who, this?

Ger. Yes this is *Hubert*, *Wolfort*,
I hope he has helpt himself to a tree.

Wol. The first,

The first of any, and most glad I have you Sir,
I let you goe before, but for a train;
Is't you have done this service?

Hub. As your Huntsman,
But now as *Hubert*; save your selves, I will,
The *Wolf's* afoot, let slip; kill, kill, kill, kill.

*Enter with a drum Van-dunk, Merchants,
Higgen, Prig, Ferret, Snap.*

Wol. Betray'd?

Hub. No, but well catch'd: and I the Huntsman.

Van-d. How do you *Wolfort*? Rascal, good knave *Wolfort*,
I speak it now without the *Rose*, and *Hemskirk*,
Rogue *Hemskirk*, you that have no niece, this Lady
Was stoln by you, and ta'ne by you, and now
Resign'd by me, to the right owner here:
Take her my Prince.

Flo. Can this be possible,
Welcom my love, my sweet, my worthy love. (thank

Van-d. I ha' giv'n you her twice: now keep her better, and
Lord *Hubert*, that came to me in *Gerrards* name,
And got me out, with my brave Boyes, to march
Like *Cesar*, when he bred his Commentaries,
So I, to bread my Chronicle, came forth
Cesar Van-dunk, & *veni, vidi, vici*,
Give me my Bottle, and set down the drum;
You had your tricks Sir, had you? we ha' tricks too,
You stole the Lady?

Hig. And we led your Squadrons,
Where they ha' scratch'd their leggs a little, with brambles,
If not their faces.

Prig. Yes, and run their heads
Against trees.

Hig. 'Tis Captain *Prig*, Sir.

Prig. And Coronel *Higgen*.

Hig. We have fill'd a pit with your people, some with
Some with arms broken, and a neck or two
I think be loose.

Prig. The rest too, that escap'd,
Are not yet out o'the briars,

Hig. And your horses, Sir,
Are well set up in *Bruges* all by this time:
You look as you were not well Sir, and would be
Shortly let blood; do you want a scarf?

Van-d. A halter.

Ger. 'Twas like your self, honest, and noble *Hubert*:
Can't thou behold these mirrors all together,
Of thy long, false, and bloody usurpation?
Thy tyrannous proscription, and fresh treason:
And not so see thy self, as to fall down
And sinking, force a grave, with thine own guilt,
As deep as hell, to cover thee and it?

Wol. No, I can stand: and praise the toyles that took me
And laughing in them dye, they were brave snares.

Flo. 'Twere truer valour, if thou durst repent
The wrongs th' hast done, and live.

Wol. Who, I repent?
And say I am sorry? yes, 'tis the fool's language
And not for *Wolfort*.

Van-d. *Wolfort*, thou art a Devil,
And speakst his language, oh that I had my longing
Under this row of trees now would I hang him.

Flo. No let him live, until he can repent,
But banish'd from our State, that is thy doom. (skirk

Van-d. Then hang his worthy Captain here, this *Hem*-
For profit of th' example.

Flo. No let him

Enjoy his shame too: with his conscious life,
To shew how much our innocence contemns
All practice from the guiltiest, to molest us.

Van-d. A noble Prince.

Ger. Sir, you must help to join
A pair of hands, as they have done their hearts here,
And to their loves with joy.

Flo. As to mine own,
My gracious Sister, worthiest Brother.

Van. I'll go afore, and have the bon-fire made,
My fire-works, & flap dragons, and good backrack,
With a peck of little fishes, to drink down
In healths to this day.

Hig. 'Slight, here be changes,
The Bells ha' not so many, nor a dance, *Prig*.

Prig. Our Company's grown horrible thin by it,
What think you *Ferret*?

Fer. Marry I do think,
That we might all be Lords now, if we could stand for't.

Hig. Not I if they should offer it: I'll dislodge first,
Remove the Bush to another climat.

Ger. Sir, you must thank this worthy *Burgomaster*,
Here be friends ask to be look'd on too,
And thank'd, who though their trade, and course of life
Be not so perfect, but it may be better'd,
Have yet us'd me with courtesy, and been true
Subjects unto me, while I was their King,
A place I know not well how to resign,
Nor unto whom: But this I will entreat
Your grace, command them follow you to *Bruges*;
Where I will take the care on me, to find
Some manly, and more profitable course
To fit them, as a part of the Republicque.

Flo. Do you hear Sirs? do so.

Hig. Thanks to your good grace.

Prig. To your good Lordship.

Fer. May you both live long. (all but Beggars.

Ger. Attend me at *Van-dunks*, the *Burgomasters*. [Ex.

Hig. Yes, to beat hemp, and be whipt twice a week,
Or turn the wheel, for Crab the Rope maker:
Or learn to go along with him, his course;
That's a fine course now, i' the common-wealth, *Prig*,
What say you to it?

Prig. It is the backwardst course,
I know i' the world.

Hig. Then *Higgen* will scarce thrive by it,
You do conclude?

Prig. Faith hardly, very hardly.

Hig. Troth I am partly of your mind, Prince *Prig*;
And therefore farewell *Flanders*, *Higgen* will seek
Some safer shelter, in some other Climat,
With this his tatter'd Colony: Let me see
Snap, *Ferret*, *Prig*, and *Higgen*, all are left
O' the true blood: what? shall we into *England*?

Prig. Agreed.

Hig. Then bear up bravely with your *Brute* my lads,
Higgen hath prig'd the prancers in his dayes,
And sold good penny-worths; we will have a course,
The Spirit of *Bottom*, is grown bottomless.

Prig. I'll mand no more, nor cant.

Hig. Yes, your sixpenny worth
In private, Brother, sixpence is a sum
I'll steal you any mans Dogg for.

Prig. For sixpence more
You'll tell the owner where he is.

Hig. 'Tis right,
Higgen must practise, so must *Prig* to eat;
And write the Letter: and gi' the word. But now
No more, as either of these.

Prig. But as true Beggars,
As e're we were.

Hig. We stand here, for an Epilogue;
Ladies, your bounties first; the rest will follow;

For womens favours are a leading alms,
If you be pleas'd look cheerly, throw your eyes
Out at your masks.

Prig. And let your beauties sparkle.

Hig. So may you ne'er want dressings, Jewels, gowns
Still i' the fashion.

Prig. Nor the men you love,
Wealth nor discourse to please you.

Hig. May you Gentlemen,
Never want good fresh suits nor liberty.

Prig. May every Merchant here see safe his ventures.

Hig. And every honest Citizen his debts in.

Prig. The Lawyers again good Clyents.

Hig. And the Clyents good Counsel.

Prig. All the Gamesters here good fortune.

Hig. The Drunkards too good wine.

Prig. The eaters meat
Fit for their tastes and palats.

Hig. The good wives kind Husbands.

Prig. The young maids choyce of Sutors.

Hig. The Midwives merry hearts.

Prig. And all good cheer.

Hig. As you are kind unto us and our Bush,
We are the Beggars and your daily Beadsmen,
And have your mony, but the Alms we ask
And live by, is your Grace, give that, and then
We'll boldly say our word is, *Come again.*

THE

THE
Humourous Lieutenant,
A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

King Antigonus, *an old Man with young desires.*
Demetrius, *Son to Antigonus, in love with Celia.*
Seleucus, } *Three Kings equal sharers with Anti-*
Lyfimachus, } *gonus of what Alexander had, with*
Ptolomie, } *united powers opposing Antigonus.*
Leontius, *a brave old merry Souldier, assistant to*
Demetrius.
Timon, }
Charinthus, } *Servants to Antigonus, and his vices.*
Menippus, }
The Humourous Lieutenant.
Gentlemen, Friends and followers of Demetrius.
3 Embassadors, from the three Kings.
Gentlemen-Ushers.
Grooms.
Citizens.

Physicians.
Herald.
Magician.
Souldiers.
Host.

W O M E N.

Celia alias Evanthé, Daughter to Seleucus, Mistress
to Demetrius.
Leucippe, a Bawd, Agent for the Kings lust.
Ladies.
Citizens Wives.
Gouvernesse to Celia.
A Country-Woman.
Phœbe, her Daughter.
2 Servants of the game.

The Scene Greece.

The principal Actors were,

<i>Henry Condel.</i>	}	<i>Joseph Taylor.</i>
<i>John Lowin.</i>		<i>William Eglestone.</i>
<i>Richard Sharpe.</i>		<i>John Underwood.</i>
<i>Robert Benfeild.</i>		<i>Thomas Polard.</i>

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter 2 Ushers, and Grooms with perfumes.

1 Usher.
Round, round, perfume it round, quick, look ye
Diligently the state be right, are these the richest
Cushions? Fie, fie, who waits i'th' wardrobe?
2 Ush. But pray tell me, do you think for certain
These Embassadors shall have this morning audience?
1 Ush. They shall have it: Lord that you live at Court
And understand not! I tell you they must have it.
2 Ush. Upon what necessity?
1 Ush. Still you are out of the trick of Court, sell your place,

Enter Ladies and Gentlemen.
And sow your grounds, you are not for this tillage.
Madams, the best way is the upper lodgings,
There you may see at ease.
Ladies. We thank you, Sir. [Ex. Ladies, Gent.
1 Ush. Would you have all these slighted? who should report
The Embassadors were handsome men? his beard (then,
A neat one? the fire of his eyes quicker than lightning,
And when it breaks, as blasting? his legs, though little ones,
Yet movers of a mass of understanding?

Who shall commend their Cloaths? who shall take notice
Of the most wise behaviour of their Feathers?

Ye live a raw man here.

2 *Ush.* I think I do so.

Enter 2 Citizens, and Wives.

1 *Ush.* Why, whither would ye all press?

1 *Cit.* Good Master *Usher*.

(here.)

2 *Cit.* My wife, and some few of my honest neighbours,

1 *Ush.* Prethee begone thou and thy honest Neighbours,
Thou lookst like an Ass, why, whither would you fish face?

2 *Cit.* If I might have

But the honour to see you at my poor house, Sir,
A Capon bridled and saddled, I'll assure your worship,
A shoulder of Mutton and a pottle of Wine, Sir,
I know your Brother, he was as like ye,
And shot the best at Butts——

1 *Ush.* A—— upon thee.

2 *Cit.* Some Musick I'll assure you too,
My toy, Sir, can play o'th' Virginals.

1 *Ush.* Prethee good toy,
Take away thy shoulder of Mutton, it is flie-blown,
And shoulder take thy flap along, here's no place for ye;
Nay then you had best be knock'd.

[*Ex. Cit.*]

Enter Celia.

Cel. I wou'd fain see him,
The glory of this place makes me remember,
But dye those thoughts, dye all but my desires,
Even those to death are sick too; he's not here,
Nor how my eyes may guide me——

1 *Ush.* What's your business?

Who keeps the outward door there? here's fine shuffling,
You wastcoateer you must go back.

Cel. There is not,
There cannot be, six days and never see me?
There must not be desire; Sir, do you think
That if you had a Mistress——

1 *Ush.* Death, she is mad.

Cel. And were your self an honest man? it cannot——

1 *Ush.* What a Devil hast thou to do with me or my ho-
Will you be jogging, good nimble tongue, (neesty?)
My fellow door-keeper.

2 *Ush.* Prethee let her alone.

1 *Ush.* The King is coming,
And shall we have an agent from the Suburbs
Come to crave audience too?

Cel. Before I thought ye
To have a little breeding, some tang of Gentry;
But now I take ye plainly,
Without the help of any perspective,
For that ye cannot alter.

1 *Ush.* What's that?

Cel. An Ass, Sir, you bray as like one,
And by my troth, me thinks as ye stand now,
Considering who to kick next, you appear to me
Just with that kind of gravity, and wisdom;
Your place may bear the name of Gentleman,
But if ever any of that butter stick to your bread——

2 *Ush.* You must be modester.

Cel. Let him use me nobler,
And wear good Cloaths to do good Offices;
They hang upon a fellow of his vertue,
As though they hung on Gibbets.

2 *Ush.* A perillous wench.

1 *Ush.* Thrust her into a corner, I'll no more on her.

2 *Ush.* You have enough, go pretty Maid, stand close,
And use that little tongue, with a little more temper.

Cel. I thank ye, Sir.

2 *Ush.* When the show's past,
I'll have ye into the Cellar, there we'll dine.

A very pretty wench, a witty Rogue,
And there we'll be as merry; can ye be merry?

Cel. O very merry.

2 *Ush.* Only our selves; this churlish fellow shall not know.

Cel. By no means.

2 *Ush.* And can you love a little?

Cel. Love exceedingly:

I have cause to love you, dear Sir.

2 *Ush.* Then I'll carry ye;

And shew you all the pictures, and the hangings,
The Lodgings, Gardens, and the walks: and then, sweet,
You shall tell me where you lyc.

Cel. Yes marry will I.

2 *Ush.* And't shall go hard but I'll send ye a Venison Pastey,
And bring a bottle of wine along.

1 *Ush.* Make room there.

2 *Ush.* Room there afore, stand close, the train is coming.

Enter King Antigonus, Timon, Charinthus, Menippus.

Cel. Have I yet left a beauty to catch fools?

Yet, yet, I see him not. O what a misery
Is love, expected long, deluded longer!

Ant. Conduct in the Embassadors.

1 *Ush.* Make room there.

Ant. They shall not wait long answer—— [*Flourish.*]

Cel. Yet he comes not.

Enter 3 Embassadors.

Why are eyes set on these, and multitudes
Follow to make these wonders? O good gods!
What would these look like if my love were here?
But I am fond, forgetful.

Ant. Now your grievance,
Speak short, and have as short dispatch.

1 *Emb.* Then thus, Sir:

In all our Royal Masters names, We tell you,
Ye have done injustice, broke the bonds of concord,
And from their equal shares, from *Alexander*
Parted, and so possess'd, not like a Brother,
But as an open Enemy, Ye have hedged in
Whole Provinces, man'd and maintain'd these injuries;
And daily with your sword (though they still honour ye)
Make bloody inroads, take Towns, and ruin Castles,
And still their sufferance feels the weight.

2 *Em.* Think of that love great, Sir, that honor'd friendship
Your self held with our Masters, think of that strength
When you were all one body, all one mind;
When all your swords struck one way, when your angers,
Like so many brother Billows rose together,
And curling up your foaming Crests, defied
Even mighty Kings, and in their falls entomb'd 'em;
O think of these; and you that have been Conquerours,
That ever led your Fortunes open ey'd,
Chain'd fast by confidence; you that fame courted,
Now ye want Enemies and men to match ye,
Let not your own Swords seek your ends to shame ye.

Enter Demetrius with a Javelin, and Gentlemen.

3 *Em.* Choose which you will, or Peace or War,
We come prepar'd for either.

1 *Ush.* Room for the Prince there.

Cel. Was it the Prince they said? how my heart trembled!
'Tis he indeed; what a sweet noble fierceness
Dwells in his eyes! young *Meleager* like,
When he return'd from slaughter of the Boar,
Crown'd with the loves and honours of the people,
With all the gallant youth of *Greece*, he looks now,
Who could deny him love?

Dem. Hail Royal Father.

(*Gent.*)

Ant. Ye are welcome from your sport, Sir, do you see this
You that bring Thunders in your mouths, and Earthquakes
To shake and totter my designs: can you imagine
(You men of poor and common apprehensions)
While I admit this man, my Son, this nature
That in one look carries more fire and fierceness,
Than all your Masters in their lives, dare I admit him,
Admit him thus, even to my side, my bosom,

When

When he is fit to rule, when all men cry him,
And all hopes hang about his head; thus place him,
His weapon hatched in blood, all these attending
When he shall make their fortunes, all as fudden
In any expedition he shall point 'em,
As arrows from a Tartars bow, and speeding
Dare I do this, and fear an enemy?
Fear your great Master? yours? or yours?

Dem. O Hercules!

Who saies you do, Sir? Is there any thing
In these mens faces, or their Masters actions,
Able to work such wonders?

Cel. Now he speaks:

O I could dwell upon that tongue for ever.

Dem. You call 'em Kings, they never wore those Royalties,
Nor in the progress of their lives arriv'd yet
At any thought of King: Imperial dignities,
And powerful God-like actions, fit for Princes
They can no more put on, and make 'em fit right,
Than I can with this mortal hand hold Heaven:
Poor petty men, nor have I yet forgot
The chiefest honours time, and merit gave 'em:
Lisimachus your Master, at the best,
His highest, and his hopeful'st Dignities
Was but grand-master of the *Elephants*;
Seleucus of the Treasure; and for *Ptolomey*,
A thing not thought on then, scarce heard of yet,
Some Master of Ammunition: and must these men—

Cel. What a brave confidence flows from his spirit!
O sweet young man!

Dem. Must these hold pace with us,
And on the same file hang their memories?
Must these examine what the wills of Kings are?
Prescribe to their designs, and chain their actions
To their restraints? be friends, and foes when they please?
Send out their Thunders, and their menaces,
As if the fate of mortal things were theirs?
Go home good men, and tell your Masters from us,
We do 'em too much honour to force from 'em
Their barren Countries, ruin their vast Cities,
And tell 'em out of love, we mean to leave 'em
(Since they will needs be Kings) no more to tread on,
Than they have able wits, and powers to manage,
And so we shall befriend 'em. Ha! what does she there?

Emb. This is your answer King?

Ant. 'Tis like to prove so.

Dem. Fie, sweet, what makes you here?

Cel. Pray ye do not chide me.

Dem. You do your self much wrong and me.

Cel. Pray you pardon me,

I feel my fault which only was committed
Through my dear love to you: I have not seen ye,
And how can I live then? I have not spoke to ye—

Dem. I know this week ye have not; I will redeem all.
You are so tender now; think where you are, sweet.

Cel. What other light have I left?

Dem. Prethee *Celia*,
Indeed I'll see you presently.

Cel. I have done, Sir:

You will not miss?

Dem. By this, and this, I will not.

Cel. 'Tis in your will and I must be obedient.

Dem. No more of these assemblies.

Cel. I am commanded.

1 *Ush.* Room for the Lady there: Madam, my service—

1 *Gent.* My Coach an't please you Lady.

2 *Ush.* Room before there.

2 *Gent.* The honour, Madam, but to wait upon you—
My servants and my state.

Cel. Lord, how they flock now?

Before I was afraid they would have beat me;
How these flies play i'th' Sun-shine? pray ye no services,
Or if ye needs must play the Hobby-horses,
Seek out some beauty that affects 'em: farewell,

Nay pray ye spare: Gentlemen I am old enough
To go alone at these years, without crutches. [Exit.

2 *Ush.* Well I could curse now: but that will not help me,
I made as sure account of this wench now, immediately,
Do but consider how the Devil has crost me,
Meat for my Master she cries, well—

3 *Em.* Once more, Sir,

We ask your resolutions: Peace or War yet?

Dem. War, War, my noble Father.

1 *Em.* Thus I sling it:

And fair ey'd peace, farewell.

Ant. You have your answer;

Conduct out the Embassadors, and give 'em Convoyes.

Dem. Tell your high hearted Masters, they shall not seek us,
Nor cool i'th' field in expectation of us,
We'll ease your men those marches: In their strengths,
And full abilities of mind and courage,
We'll find 'em out, and at their best trim buckle with 'em

3 *Em.* You will find so hot a Souldier's welcome, Sir,
Your favour shall not freeze.

2 *Em.* A forward Gentleman,
Pity the Wars should bruise such hopes—

Ant. Conduct 'em—

[Ex. Em]

Now, for this preparation: where's *Leontius*?

Call him in presently: for I mean in person Gentlemen
My self, with my old fortune—

Dem. Royal Sir:

Thus low I beg this honour: fame already
Hath every where rais'd Trophies to your glory,
And conquest now grown old, and weak with following
The weary marches and the bloody shocks
You daily set her in: 'tis now scarce honour
For you that never knew to fight, but conquer;
To sparkle such poor people: the Royal Eagle
When she hath tri'd yer young ones 'gainst the Sun,
And found 'em right; next teacheth 'em to prey,
How to command on wing, and check below her
Even Birds of noble plume; I am your own, Sir,
You have found my spirit, try it now, and teach it
To stoop whole Kingdoms: leave a little for me:
Let not your glory be so greedy, Sir,
To eat up all my hopes; you gave me life,
If to that life you add not what's more lasting
A noble name, for man, you have made a shadow:
Bless me this day: bid me go on, and lead,
Bid me go on, no less fear'd, than *Antigonus*,
And to my maiden sword, tye fast your fortune:
I know 'twill fight it self then: dear Sir, honour me:
Never fair Virgin long'd so.

Ant. Rise, and command then,

And be as fortunate, as I expect ye:
I love that noble will; your young companion's
Bred up and foster'd with ye, I hope *Demetrius*,
You will make souldiers too: they must not leave ye.

Enter *Leontius*.

2 *Gent.* Never till life leave us, Sir.

Ant. O *Leontius*,

Here's work for you in hand:

Leon. I am ev'n right glad, Sir.

For by my troth, I am now grown old with idleness;
I hear we shall abroad, Sir.

Ant. Yes, and presently,

But who think you commands now?

Leon. Who commands, Sir?

Methinks mine eye should guide me: can there be
(If you your self will spare him so much honour)

Any found out to lead before your Armies,
So full of faith, and fire, as brave *Demetrius*?

King *Philips* Son, at his years was an old Souldier,

'Tis time his Fortune be o' wing, high time, Sir,

So many idle hours, as here he loyers,

So many ever-living names he loses,

I hope 'tis he.

Ant.

Ant. 'Tis he indeed, and nobly
He shall set forward : draw you all those Garrisons
Upon the frontiers as you pass : to those
Joyn these in pay at home, our ancient souldiers,
And as you go press all the Provinces.

Leo. We shall not need ;
Believe, this hopefull Gentleman
Can want no swords, nor honest hearts to follow him,
We shall be full, no fear Sir.

Ant. You *Leontius*,
Because you are an old and faithfull servant,
And know the wars, with all his vantages,
Be near to his instructions, lest his youth
Lose valours best companion, staid discretion,
Shew where to lead, to lodge, to charge with safetie ;
In execution not to break, nor scatter,
But with a provident anger, follow nobly :
Not covetous of blood, and death, but honour,
Be ever near his watches ; cheer his labours,
And where his hope stands fair, provoke his valour ;
Love him, and think it no dishonour (my *Demetrius*)
To wear this Jewel near thee ; he is a tri'd one,
And one that even in spight of time, that sunk him,
And frosted up his strength, will yet stand by thee,
And with the proudest of thine Enemies
Exchange for blood, and bravely : take his Counsel.

Leo. Your grace hath made me young again, and wanton.

Ant. She must be known and suddenly :
Do ye know her ? [to *Mimippus*.]

Gent. (*har.* No, believe Sir.

Ant. Did you observe her, *Timon* ?

Tim. I look'd on her,
But what she is ———

Ant. I must have that found.

Come in and take your leave.

Tim. And some few Prayers along.

Dem. I know my duty, [Exit *Ant.*]
You shall be half my Father.

Leo. All your Servant :
Come Gentlemen, you are resolv'd I am sure
To see these wars.

Gent. We dare not leave his fortunes,
Though most assur'd death hung round about us.

Leo. That bargain's yet to make ;
Be not too hasty, when ye face the Enemy,
Nor too ambitious to get honour instantly,
But charge within your bounds, and keep close bodies,
And you shall see what sport we'll make these mad-caps ;
You shall have game enough, I warrant ye,
Every mans Cock shall fight.

Dem. I must go see Sir :
Brave Sir, as soon as I have taken leave,
I'll meet you in the park ;
Draw the men thither,
Wait you upon *Leontius*.

Gent. We'll attend Sir.

Leo. But I beseech your Grace, with speed ; the sooner
We are i'th' field. ———

Dem. You could not please me better. [Exit.]

Leo. You never saw the wars yet ?

Gent. Not yet Colonel.

Leo. These foolish Mistresses do so hang about ye,
So whimper, and so hug, I know it Gentlemen,
And so intice ye, now ye are i'th' bud ;
And that sweet tilting war, with eyes and kisses,
Th' alarms of soft vows, and sighs, and fiddle faddles,
Spoils all our trade : you must forget these knick knacks,
A woman at some time of year, I grant ye
She is necessarie ; but make no business of her.
How now Lieutenant ?

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. Oh Sir, as ill as ever ;
We shall have wars they say ; they are mustering yonder :

Would we were at it once : fie, how it plagues me.

Leo. Here's one has served now under Captain *Cupid*,
And crackt a Pike in's youth : you see what's come on't.

Lieu. No, my disease will never prove so honourable.

Leo. Why sure, thou hast the best pox.

Lieu. If I have 'em,
I am sure I got 'em in the best company ;
They are pox of thirty Coats.

Leo. Thou hast mew'd 'em finely :
Here's a strange fellow now, and a brave fellow,
If we may say so of a pocky fellow,
(Which I believe we may) this poor Lieutenant ;
Whether he have the scratches, or the scabs,
Or what a Devil it be, I'll say this for him,
There fights no braver souldier under Sun, Gentlemen ;
Show him an Enemy, his pain's forgot straight ;
And where other men by beds and bathes have ease,
And easie rules of Physick ; set him in a danger,
A danger, that's a fearfull one indeed,
Ye rock him, and he will so play about ye,
Let it be ten to one he ne'er comes off again,
Ye have his heart : and then he works it bravely,
And throughly bravely : not a pang remembered :
I have seen him do such things, belief would shrink at.

Gent. 'Tis strange he should do all this, and diseas'd so.

Leo. I am sure 'tis true : Lieutenant, canst thou drink well ?

Lieu. Would I were drunk, dog-drunk, I might not feel

Gent. I would take Physick. (this.

Lieu. But I would know my disease first. (backward ?

Leon. Why ? it may be the Colique : canst thou blow

Lieu. There's never a bag-pipe in the Kingdom better.

Gent. Is't not a pleuresie ?

Lieu. 'Tis any thing
That has the Devil, and death in't : will ye march Gentle-
The Prince has taken leave. (men ?

Leo. How know ye that ?

Lieu. I saw him leave the Court, dispatch his followers,
And met him after in a by street : I think
He has some wench, or such a toy, to lick over
Before he go : would I had such another
To draw this foolish pain down.

Leo. Let's away Gentlemen,
For sure the Prince will stay on us.

Gent. We'll attend Sir. [Exeunt.]

SCENA II.

Enter Demetrius, and Celia.

Cel. Must ye needs go ?

Dem. Or stay with all dishonour.

Cel. Are there not men enough to fight ?

Dem. Fie *Celia*.

This ill becomes the noble love you bear me ;
Would you have your love a coward ?

Cel. No ; believe Sir,

I would have him fight, but not so far off from me.

Dem. Wouldst have it thus ? or thus ?

Cel. If that be fighting ———

Dem. Ye wanton fool : when I come home again
I'll fight with thee, at thine own weapon *Celia*,
And conquer thee too.

Cel. That you have done already,
You need no other Arms to me, but these Sir ;
But will you fight your self Sir ?

Dem. Thus deep in blood wench,
And through the thickest ranks of Pikes.

Cel. Spur bravely
Your fire Courser, beat the troops before ye,
And cramb the mouth of death with executions.

Dem. I would do more than these : But prethee tell me,
Tell me my fair, where got'st thou this male Spirit ?
I wonder at thy mind.

Cel. Were I a man then,
You would wonder more.

Dem.

Dem. Sure thou wouldst prove a Souldier,
And some great Leader.

Cel. Sure I should do somewhat;
And the first thing I did, I should grow envious,
Extreamly envious of your youth, and honour.

Dem. And fight against me?

Cel. Ten to one, I should do it.

Dem. Thou wouldst not hurt me?

Cel. In this mind I am in
I think I should be hardly brought to strike ye,
Unless 'twere thus; but in my mans mind ———

Dem. What?

Cel. I should be friends with you too,
Now I think better.

Dem. Ye are a tall Souldier:
Here, take these, and these;
This gold to furnish ye, and keep this bracelet;
Why do you weep now?
You a masculine Spirit?

Cel. No, I confess, I am a fool, a woman:
And ever when I part with you ———

Dem. You shall not,
These tears are like prodigious signs, my sweet one,
I shall come back, loaden with fame, to honour thee.

Cel. I hope you shall:
But then my dear *Demetrius*,
When you stand Conquerour, and at your mercy
All people bow, and all things wait your sentence;
Say then your eye (surveying all your conquest)
Finds out a beautie, even in sorrow excellent,
A constant face, that in the midst of ruine
With a forc'd smile, both scorns at fate, and fortune:
Say you find such a one, so nobly fortified,
And in her figure all the sweets of nature?

Dem. Prethee,
No more of this, I cannot find her.

Cel. That shews as far beyond my wither'd beauty;
And will run mad to love ye too.

Dem. Do you fear me,
And do you think, besides this face, this beauty,
This heart, where all my hopes are lock'd ———

Cel. I dare not:
No sure, I think ye honest; wondrous honest.
Pray do not frown, I'll swear ye are.

Dem. Ye may choose.

Cel. But how long will ye be away?

Dem. I know not.

Cel. I know you are angry now: pray look upon me:
I'll ask no more such questions.

Dem. The Drums beat,
I can no longer stay.

Cel. They do but call yet:
How fain you would leave my Company?

Dem. I wou'd not,
Unless a greater power than love commanded,
Commands my life, mine honour.

Cel. But a little.

Dem. Prethee farewell, and be not doubtfull of me.

Cel. I would not have ye hurt: and ye are so ventrous ———
But good sweet Prince preserve your self, fight nobly,
But do not thrust this body, 'tis not yours now,
'Tis mine, 'tis only mine: do not seek wounds, Sir,
For every drop of blood you bleed ———

Dem. I will *Celia*,
I will be carefull.

Cel. My heart, that loves ye dearly.

Dem. Prethee no more, we must part:
Hark, they march now.

Cel. Pox on these bawling Drums: I am sure you'll kiss
But one kiss? what a parting's this? (me,

Dem. Here take me,
And do what thou wilt with me, smother me;
But still remember, if your fooling with me,
Make me forget the trust ———

Cel. I have done: farewell Sir,
Never look back, you shall not stay, not a minute.

Dem. I must have one farewell more.

Cel. No, the Drums beat;
I dare not slack your honour; not a hand more,
Only this look; the gods preserve, and save ye.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Antigonus, Carinthus, Timon.

Ant. **W**hat, have ye found her out?

Char. We have hearkned after her.

Ant. What's that to my desire?

Char. Your grace must give us time,
And a little means.

Tim. She is sure a stranger,
If she were bred or known here ———

Ant. Your dull endeavours

Enter Menippus.

Should never be employ'd. Welcom *Menippus*.

Men. I have found her Sir,
I mean the place she is lodg'd in; her name is *Celia*,
And much adoe I had to purchase that too.

Ant. Dost think *Demetrius* loves her?

Men. Much I fear it,
But nothing that way yet can win for certain.
I'll tell your grace within this hour.

Ant. A stranger?

Men. Without all doubt.

Ant. But how should he come to her?

Men. There lies the marrow of the matter hid yet.

Ant. Hast thou been with thy wife?

Men. No Sir, I am going to her.

Ant. Go and dispatch, and meet me in the garden,
And get all out ye can. [Exit.]

Men. I'll doe my best Sir. [Exit.]

Tim. Blest be thy wife, thou wert an arrant afs elle.

Char. I, she is a stirring woman indeed:
There's a brain Brother.

Tim. There's not a handsom wench of any mettle
Within an hundred miles, but her intelligence
Reaches her, and out-reaches her, and brings her
As confidently to Court, as to a sanctuary:
What had his mouldy brains ever arriv'd at,
Had not she beaten it out o'th' Flint to fasten him?
They say she keeps an office of Concealments:
There is no young wench, let her be a Saint,
Unless she live i'th' Center, but she finds her,
And every way prepares addresses to her:
If my wife would have followed her course *Charinthus*,
Her lucky course, I had the day before him:
O what might I have been by this time, Brother?
But she (forsooth) when I put these things to her,
These things of honest thrift, groans, O my conscience,
The load upon my conscience, when to make us cuckolds,
They have no more burthen than a brood-goose, Brother;
But let's doe what we can, though this wench fail us,
Another of a new way will be lookt at:
Come, let's abroad, and beat our brains, time may
For all his wisdom, yet give us a day. [Exeunt.]

SCENA II.

Drum within, Alarm, Enter *Demetrius*, and *Leontius*.

Dem. I will not see 'em fall thus, give me way Sir,
I shall forget you love me else.

Leo. Will ye lose all?
For me to be forgotten, to be hated,
Nay never to have been a man, is nothing,

So you, and those we have preserv'd from slaughter
Come safely off. *Dem.* I have lost my self.

Leo. You are cozen'd.

Dem. And am most miserable.

Leo. There's no man so, but he that makes himself so.

Dem. I will goe on.

Leo. You must not: I shall tell you then,
And tell you true, that man's unfit to govern,
That cannot guide himself: you lead an Army?
That have not so much manly suff'rance left ye,
To bear a loss?

Dem. Charge but once more *Leontius*,
My friends and my companions are engag'd all.

Leo. Nay give 'em lost, I saw 'em off their horses,
And the enemy master of their Arms; nor could then
The policie, nor strength of man redeem 'em.

Dem. And shall I know this, and stand fooling?

Leo. By my dead Fathers soul you stir not, Sir,
Or if you doe, you make your way through me first.

Dem. Thou art a Coward.

Leo. To prevent a Madman.

None but your Fathers Son, durst call me so,
'Death if he did—Must I be scandal'd by ye,
That hedg'd in all the helps I had to save ye?
That, where there was a valiant weapon stirring,
Both search'd it out, and singl'd it, unedg'd it,
For fear it should bite you, am I a coward?
Go, get ye up, and tell 'em ye are the Kings Son;
Hang all your Ladys favours on your Crest,
And let them fight their shares; spur to destruction,
You cannot miss the way: be bravely desperate,
And your young friends before ye, that lost this battel,
Your honourable friends, that knew no order,
Cry out, *Antigonus*, the old *Antigonus*,
The wife and fortunate *Antigonus*,
The great, the valiant, and the fear'd *Antigonus*,
Has sent a desperate son, without discretion
To bury in an hour his age of honour.

Dem. I am ashamed.

Leo. 'Tis ten to one, I die with ye:

The coward will not long be after ye;
I scorn to say I saw you fall, sigh for ye,
And tell a whining tale, some ten years after
To boyes and girls in an old chimney corner,
Of what a Prince we had, how bravely spirited;
How young and fair he fell: we'll all go with ye,
And ye shall see us all, like sacrifices
In our best trim, fill up the mouth of ruine.
Will this faith satisfie your folly? can this show ye
'Tis not to die we fear, but to die poorly,
To fall, forgotten, in a multitude?
If you will needs tempt fortune now she has held ye,
Held ye from sinking up.

Dem. Pray do not kill me,
These words pierce deeper than the wounds I suffer,
The smarting wounds of loss.

Leo. Ye are too tender;
Fortune has hours of loss, and hours of honour,
And the most valiant feel them both: take comfort,
The next is ours, I have a soul descries it:
The angry bull never goes back for breath,
But when he means to arm his fury double.
Let this day set, but not the memorie,
And we shall find a time: How now Lieutenant?

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. I know not: I am mall'd: we are bravely beaten,
All our young gallants lost.

Leo. Thou art hurt. *Lieu.* I am pepper'd,
I was i'th' midst of all: and bang'd of all hands:
They made an anvil of my head, it rings yet;
Never so thresh'd: do you call this fame? I have fam'd it;
I have got immortal fame, but I'll no more on't;
I'll no such scratching Saint to serve hereafter;

O' my conscience I was kill'd above twenty times,
And yet I know not what a Devil's in't,
I crawled away, and lived again still; I am hurt plaguily,
But now I have nothing near so much pain Colonel,
They have sliced me for that maladie.

Dem. All the young men lost?

Lie. I am glad you are here: but they are all i'th' pound fir,
They'll never ride o're other mens corn again, I take it,
Such frisking, and such flaunting with their feathers,
And such carcering with their Mistres favours;
And here must he be pricking out for honour,
And there got he a knock, and down goes pilgarlick,
Commends his soul to his she-saint, and *Exit*.
Another spurs in there, cries make room villains,
I am a Lord, scarce spoken, but with reverence
A Rascal takes him o're the face, and fells him;
There lyes the Lord, the Lord be with him.

Leo. Now Sir,
Do you find this truth?

Dem. I would not. *Lieu.* Pox upon it,
They have such tender bodies too; such Culisses,
That one good handsom blow breaks 'em a pieces.

Leo. How stands the Enemy?

Lieu. Even cool enough too:

For to say truth he has been shrewdly heated,
The Gentleman no doubt will fall to his jewlips.

Leo. He marches not i'th' tail on's.

Lieu. No, plague take him,
He'll kiss our tails as soon; he looks upon us,
As if he would say, if ye will turn again, friends,
We will belabor you a little better,
And beat a little more care into your coxcombs.
Now shall we have damnable Ballads out against us,
Most wicked madrigals: and ten to one, Colonel,
Sung to such lowsie, lamentable tunes.

Leo. Thou art merry,

How e're the game goes: good Sir be not troubled,
A better day will draw this back again.
Pray go, and cheer those left, and lead 'em off,
They are hot, and weary.

Dem. I'll doe any thing.

Leo. Lieutenant, send one presently away
Toth' King, and let him know our state: and hark ye,
Be sure the messenger advise his Majesty
To comfort up the Prince: he's full of sadness.

Lieu. When shall I get a Surgeon? this hot weather,
Unless I be well pepper'd, I shall stink, Colonel.

Leo. Go, I'll prepare thee one.

Lieu. If ye catch me then,
Fighting again, I'll eat hay with a horse. [Exit.]

SCENA III.

Enter Leucippe (*reading*) and two Maids at a Table writing.

Leo. Have ye written to *Merione*?

1 Ma. Yes, Madam.

Leo. And let her understand the hopes she has,
If she come speedilie ———

1 Ma. All these are specified.

Leo. And of the chain is sent her,
And the rich stuff to make her shew more handsom here?

1 Maid. All this is done, Madam.

Leo. What have you dispatch there?

2 Maid. A letter to the Country maid, and't please ye.

Leo. A pretty girl, but peevish, plaguy peevish:
Have ye bought the embroydered gloves, and that purse for
And the new Curle? (her,

2 Maid. They are ready packt up Madam.

Leo. Her maiden-head will yield me; let me see now;
She is not fifteen they say: for her complexion ———
Cloe, Cloe, Cloe, here, I have her,
Cloe, the Daughter of a Country Gentleman;
Her age upon fifteen: now her complexion,
A lovely brown; here 'tis; eyes black and rolling,

The body neatly built : she strikes a Lute well,
Sings most inticingly, these helps consider'd,
Her maiden-head will amount to some three hundred,
Or three hundred and fifty Crowns, 'twill bear it handsomly.
Her Father's poor, some little share deducted,
To buy him a hunting Nag ; I, 'twill be pretty.
Who takes care of the Merchants Wife ?

1 Ma. I have wrought her.
Leu. You know for whom she is ?

1 Ma. Very well, Madam,
Though very much ado I had to make her
Apprehend that happiness.

Leu. These Kind are subtle ;
Did she not cry and blubber when you urg'd her ? (perish.

1 Ma. O most extremly, and swore she would rather

Leu. Good signs, very good signs,
Symptoms of ealie nature.
Had she the Plate ?

1 Ma. She lookt upon't, and left it,
And turn'd again, and view'd it.

Leu. Very well still.

1 Ma. At length she was content to let it lye there,
Till I call'd for't, or so.

Leu. She will come ?

1 Ma. Do you take me

For such a Fool, I would part without that promise ?

Leu. The Chamber's next the Park.

1 Ma. The Widow, Madam,

You bad me look upon.

Leu. Hang her, she is musty :
She is no mans meat ; besides, she's poor and fluttishi :
Where lyes old Thisbe now, you are so long now——

2 Ma. Thisbe, Thisbe, Thisbe, agent Thisbe, O I have her,
She lyes now in Nicopolis.

Leu. Dispatch a Packet,

And tell her, her Superiour here commnds her
The next month not to fail, but see deliver'd
Here to our use, some twenty young and handfom,
As also able Maids, for the Court service,
As she will answer it : we are out of beauty,
Utterly out, and rub the time away here
With such blown stuff, I am asham'd to send it. } Knock
Who's that ? look out, to your business, Maid, } within.
There's nothing got by idleness : there is a Lady,
Which if I can but buckle with, Altea,
A, A, A, A, Altea young, and married,
And a great lover of her husband, well,
Not to be brought to Court ! say ye so ? I am sorry, (is't ?
The Court shall be brought to you then ; how now, who

1 Ma. An ancient woman, with a maid attending,
A pretty Girl, but out of Cloaths ; for a little money,
It seems she would put her to your bringing up, Madam.

Enter Woman and Phebe.

Leu. Let her come in. Would you ought with us, good
I pray be short, we are full of business. (woman ?

Wo. I have a tender Girl here, an't please your honour.

Leu. Very well.

Wom. That hath a great desire to serve your worship.

Leu. It may be so ; I am full of Maids:

Wom. She is young forsooth——

And for her truth ; and as they say her bearing. (pulse,

Leu. Ye say well ; come ye hither maid, let me feel your
'Tis somewhat weak, but Nature will grow stronger,
Let me see your leg, she treads but low i'th' Pasterns.

Wom. A cork Heel, Madam.

Leu. We know what will do it,
Without your aim, good woman ; what do you pitch her at ?
She's but a slight toy—— cannot hold out long.

Wom. Even what you think is meet.

Leu. Give her ten Crowns, we are full of business ;
She is a poor Woman, let her take a Cheese home.

Enter the wench i' th' Office. [Ex. Wom. and 1 Ma.

2 Ma. What's your name, Sister ?

Phe. Phebe, forsooth.

Leu. A pretty name ; 'twill do well :
Go in, and let the other Maid instruct you, Phebe. [Ex. Phe.
Let my old Velvet skirt be made fit for her.
I'll put her into action for a Walt-coat ;
And when I have rigg'd her up once, this small Pinnace
Shall sail for Gold, and good store too, who's there ? } Knock
Lord, shall we never have any ease in this world ! } within
Still troubled ! still molested ! what would you have ?

Enter Menippe.

I cannot furnish you faster than I am able,
And ye were my Husband a thousand times, I cannot do it.
At least a dozen posts are gone this morning
For several parts of the Kingdom : I can do no more
But pay 'em, and instruct 'em.

Men. Prithee, good sweet heart,
I come not to disturb thee, nor discourage thee,
I know thou labour'st truly : hark in thine ear.

Leu. Ha !

What do you make so dainty on't ? look there
I am an Ass, I can do nothing.

Men. Celia ?

I, this is she ; a stranger born.

Leu. What would you give for more now ?

Men. Prithee, my best Leucippe, there's much hangs on't,
Lodg'd at the end of Mars's street ? that's true too ;
At the sack of such a Town, by such a Souldier
Preserv'd a Prisoner : and by Prince Demetrius
Bought from that man again, maintain'd and favour'd :
How came you by this knowledg ?

Leu. Poor, weak man,

I have a thousand eyes, when thou art sleeping,
Abroad, and full of business.

Men. You never try'd her ?

Leu. No, she is beyond my level ; so hedg'd in
By the Princes infinite Love and Favour to her——

Men. She is a handsome Wench.

Leu. A delicate, and knows it ;
And out of that proof arms her self.

Men. Come in then ;

I have a great design from the King to you,
And you must work like wax now.

Leu. On this Lady ?

Men. On this, and all your wits call home.

Leu. I have done

Toys in my time of some note ; old as I am,
I think my brains will work without barm ;
Take up the Books.

Men. As we go in, I'll tell ye. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Antigonus, Timon, Lords and a Souldier:

Ant. No face of sorrow for this loss, 'twill choak him,
Nor no man miss a friend, I know his nature
So deep impress with grief, for what he has suffer'd ;
That the least adding to it adds to his ruine ;
His loss is not so infinite, I hope, Souldier.

Soul. Faith neither great, nor out of indiscretion.
The young men out of heat:

Enter Demetrius, Leontius, and Lieutenant.

Ant. I guess the manner.

Lord. The Prince and't like your Grace—— s.

Ant. You are welcome home, Sir :
Come, no more sorrow, I have heard your fortune ;
And I my self have try'd the like : clear up man,
I will not have ye take it thus ; if I doubted.
Your fear had lost, and that you had turn'd your back to 'em,
Bafely besought their mercies——

Leo. No, no, by this hand, Sir ;

We fought like honest and tall men.

Antig. I know't Leontius : or if I thought

Neglect of rule, having his counsel with ye,
Or too vain glorious appetite of Fame,
Your men forgot and scatter'd.

Leo. None of these, Sir,
He shew'd himself a noble Gentleman,
Every way apt to rule.

Ant. These being granted;
Why should you think you have done an act so hainous,
That nought but discontent dwells round about ye?
I have lost a battel.

Leo. I, and fought it hard too.

Ant. With as much means as man——

Leo. Or Devil could urge it.

Ant. Twenty to one of our side now.

Leo. Turn Tables,

Beaten like Dogs again, like Owls, you take it
To heart for flying but a mile before 'em;
And to say the truth, 'twas no flight neither, Sir,
'Twas but a walk, a handsome walk,
I have tumbld with this old Body, beaten like a Stock-fish,
And stuck with Arrows, like an arming Quiver,
Blouded and bang'd almost a day before 'em,
And glad I have got off then. Here's a mad Shaver,
He fights his share I am sure, when e'r he comes to't;
Yet I have seen him trip it tithly too,
And cry the Devil take the hindmost ever.

Lieu. I learnt it of my Betters.

Leo. Bodge at this?

Ant. Has Fortune but one Face?

Lieu. In her best Vizard

Methinks she looks but lowzily.

Ant. Chance, though she faint now,
And sink below our expectations,
Is there no hope left strong enough to buoy her?

Dem. 'Tis not, this day I fled before the Enemy,
And lost my People, left mine Honour murder'd,
My maiden Honour, never to be ransom'd,
(Which to a noble Soul is too too sensible)
Afflicts me with this sadness; most of these,
Time may turn straight again, experience perfect,
An I new Swords cut new ways to nobler Fortunes.
O I have lost——

Ant. As you are mine forget it:
I do not think it loss.

Dem. O Sir, forgive me,
I have lost my friends, those worthy Souls bred with me,
I have lost my self, they were the pieces of me:
I have lost all Arts, my Schools are taken from me,
Honour and Arms, no emulation left me:
I liv'd to see these men lost, look'd upon it:
These men that twin'd their loves to mine; their vertues;
O shame of shames! I saw and could not save 'em,
This carries Sulphur in't, this burns, and boils me,
And like a fatal Tomb, bestrides my memory.

Ant. This was hard fortune, but if alive, and taken,
They shall be ransom'd: let it be at Millions.

Dem. They are dead, they are dead.

Lieu. When wou'd he weep for me thus?
I may be dead and powder'd.

Leo. Good Prince, grieve not:
We are not certain of their deaths: the Enemy,
Though he be hot, and keen,
Yet holds good Quarter.
What Noise is this?

Great Shout within: Enter Gentlemen.

Lieu. He does not follow us?
Give me a Steeple top?

Leo. They live, they live, Sir.

Ant. Hold up your manly face.
They live, they are here, Son.

Dem. These are the men.

1 Gent. They are, and live to honour ye.

Dem. How 'scap'd ye noble friends? methought I saw ye
Even in the Jaws of Death.

2 Gent. Thanks to our folly,
That spur'd us on; we were indeed hedg'd round in't;
And ev'n beyond the hand of succour, beaten,
Unhors'd, disarm'd: and what we lookt for then, Sir,
Let such poor weary Souls that hear the Bell knoll,
And see the Grave a digging, tell.

Dem. For Heavens sake
Delude mine Eyes no longer! how came ye off?

1 Gent. Against all expectation, the brave *Seleucus*,
I think this day enamour'd on your Vertue,
When, through the Troops, he saw ye shoot like lightning;
And at your manly courage all took fire;
And after that, the misery we fell to
The never-certain Fate of War, considering,
As we stood all before him, Fortunes ruines,
Nothing but Death expecting, a short time
He made a stand upon our Youths and Fortunes.
Then with an eye of mercy inform'd his Judgment,
How yet unripe we were, unblown, unharden'd,
Unfitted for such fatal ends; he cryed out to us,
Go Gentlemen, commend me to your Master,
To the most High, and Hopeful Prince, *Demetrius*;
Tell him the Valour that he showed against me
This day, the Virgin Valour, and true fire,
Deserves even from an Enemy this courtesie;
Your Lives, and Arms freely I'll give 'em: thank him.
And thus we are return'd, Sir.

Leo. Faith, 'twas well done;
'Twas bravely done; was't not a noble part, Sir?

Lieu. Had I been there, up had I gone, I am sure on't;
These noble tricks I never durst trust 'em yet.

Leo. Let me not live, and't were not a famed honesty;
It takes me such a tickling way: now would I wish Hea-
But e'n the happiness, e'n that poor blessing (ven,
For all the sharp afflictions thou hast sent me,
But e'n i'th' head o'th' field, to take *Seleucus*.
I should do something memorable: fie, sad still?

1 Gent. Do you grieve, we are come off?

Dem. Unransom'd, was it?

2 Gent. It was, Sir.

Dem. And with such a fame to me?
Said ye not so?

Leo. Ye have heard it.

Dem. O *Leontius*!
Better I had lost 'em all: my self had perished,
And all my Fathers hopes.

Leo. Mercy upon you;
What ails you, Sir? Death, do not make fools on's;
Neither go to Church, nor tarry at home,
That's a fine Horn-pipe?

Ant. What's now your grief, *Demetrius*?

Dem. Did he not beat us twice?

Leo. He beat, a Pudding;
Beat us but once.

Dem. H'as beat me twice, and beat me to a Coward.
Beat me to nothing.

Lieu. Is not the Devil in him?

Leo. I pray it be no worse.

Dem. Twice conquer'd me.

Leo. Bear witness all the world, I am a Dunce here.

Dem. With valour first he struck me, then with honour,
That stroak *Leontius*, that stroak, dost thou not feel it?

Leo. Whereabouts was it? for I remember nothing yet.

Dem. All these Gentlemen
That were his Prisoners——

Leo. Yes, he set 'em free, Sir,
With Arms and honour.

Dem. There, there, now thou hast it;
At mine own weapon, Courtesie has beaten me,
At that I was held a Master in, he has cow'd me,
Hotter than all the dint o'th' Fight he has charg'd me:
Am I not now a wretched fellow? think on't;

And

And when thou hast examin'd all wayes honorable,
And find'st no door left open to requite this,
Conclude I am a wretch, and was twice beaten.

Ant. I have observ'd your way, and understand it,
And equal love it as *Demetrius*,
My noble child thou shalt not fall in vertue,
I and my power will sink first: you *Leontius*,
Wait for a new Commission, ye shall out again,
And instantly: you shall not lodge this night here,
Not see a friend, nor take a blessing with ye,
Before ye be i'th' field: the enemy is up still,
And still in full design: Charge him again, Son,
And either bring home that again thou hast lost there,
Or leave thy body by him.

Dem. Ye raise me,
And now I dare look up again, *Leontius*.

Leo. I, I, Sir, I am thinking who we shall take of 'em,
To make all straight; and who we shall give toth' Devil.
What saist thou now Lieutenant?

Lieu. I say nothing.
Lord what ail I, that I have no mind to fight now?
I find my constitution mightily alter'd
Since I came home: I hate all noises too,
Especially the noise of Drums; I am now as well
As any living man; why not as valiant?
To fight now, is a kind of vomit to me,
It goes against my stomach.

Dem. Good Sir, presently;
You cannot doe your Son so fair a favour.

Ant. 'Tis my intent: I'le see ye march away too.
Come, get your men together presently, *Leontius*,
And pres where please you, as you march.

Leo. We goe Sir.
Ant. Wait you on me, I'le bring ye to your command,
And then to fortune give you up.

Dem. Ye love me. [Exit.]

Leo. Goe, get the Drums, beat round, Lieutenant.
Lieu. Hark ye, Sir,

I have a foolish business they call marriage.
Leo. After the wars are done.
Lieu. The partie staies Sir,
I have giv'n the Priest his mony too: all my friends Sir,
My Father, and my Mother.

Leo. Will you goe forward?
Lieu. She brings a pretty matter with her.

Leo. Half a dozen Bastards.
Lieu. Some fortie Sir.
Leo. A goodly competency.
Lieu. I mean Sir, pounds a year; I'le dispatch the matter,
'Tis but a night or two; I'le overtake ye Sir.

Leo. The 2 old legions, yes: where lies the horse-quarter?
Lieu. And if it be a boy, I'le even make bold Sir.
Leo. Away with your whore,

A plague o' your whore, you damn'd Rogue,
Now ye are cur'd and well; must ye be clicketing?
Lieu. I have broke my mind to my Ancient, in my absence,
He's a sufficient Gentleman.

Leo. Get forward.
Lieu. Only receive her portion:

Leo. Get ye forward;
Else I'le bang ye forward.
Lieu. Strange Sir,

A Gentleman and an officer cannot have the liberty
To doe the office of a man.

Leo. Shame light on thee,
How came this whore into thy head?

Lieu. This whore Sir?
'Tis strange, a poor whore.

Leo. Do not answer me,
Troop, Troop away; do not name this whore again,
Or think there is a whore.

Lieu. That's very hard Sir.
Leo. For if thou dost, look to't, I'le have thee guelded;
I'le walk ye out before me: not a word more. [Exit.]

SCENA V.

Enter Leucippe, and Governesse.

Leu. Ye are the Mistris of the house ye say,
Where this young Lady lies.

Gov. For want of a better.
Leu. You may be good enough for such a purpose:
When was the Prince with her? answer me directly.

Gov. Not since he went a warring.
Leu. Very well then:
What carnal copulation are you privic to
Between these two? be not afraid, we are women,
And may talk thus amongst our selves, no harm in't.

Gov. No sure, there's no harm in't, I conceive that;
But truly, that I ever knew the Gentlewoman
Otherwise given, than a hopefull Gentlewoman—

Leu. You'l grant me the Prince loves her?
Gov. There I am with ye.

And the gods blefs her, promises her mightily.
Leu. Stay there a while. And gives her gifts?

Gov. Extreemly;
And truly makes a very Saint of her.

Leu. I should think now,
(Good woman let me have your judgement with me,
I see 'tis none of the worst: Come sit down by me)
That these two cannot love so tenderly.

Gov. Being so young as they are too.
Leu. You say well—

But that methinks some further promises—
Gov. Yes, yes,

I have heard the Prince swear he would marry her.
Leu. Very well still: they do not use to fall out?

Gov. The tenderest Chickens to one another,
They cannot live an hour asunder.

Leu. I have done then;
And be you gone; you know your charge, and do it.
You know whose will it is; if you transgress it—

That is, if any have access, or see her,
Before the Kings will be fulfill'd—

Gov. Not the Prince, Madam?
Leu. You'l be hang'd if you doe it, that I'le assure ye.

Gov. But ne'retheless, I'le make bold to obey ye.
Leu. Away, and to your business then.

Gov. 'Tis done, Madam. [Exit.]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antigonus, and Menippus.

Ant. Thou hast taken wondrous pains; but yet *Menippus*,
You understand not of what blood and country:

Men. I labour'd that, but cannot come to know it.
A *Greek* I am sure she is, she speaks this language.

Ant. Is she so excellent handsom?
Men. Most inticing.

Ant. Sold for a prisoner?
Men. Yes Sir,

Some poor creature.
Ant. And he loves tenderly?

Men. They say extreemly.
Ant. 'Tis well prevented then: yes, I perceiv'd it:

When he took leave now, he made a hundred stops;
Desir'd an hour, but half an hour, a minute,

Which I with anger cross'd; I knew his business,
I knew 'twas she he hunted on; this journey, man,

I beat out suddenly for her cause intended,
And would not give him time to breath. When comes she?

Men. This morning Sir.
Ant. Lodge her to all delight then:

For I would have her try'd toth' test: I know,
She must be some crackt coyn, not fit his traffique,

Which when we have found, the shame will make him leave
Or we shall work a nearer way: I'll bury him, her,
And with him all the hopes I have cast upon him,
E're he shall dig his own grave in that woman:
You know which way to bring her: I'll stand close there,
To view her as she passes: and do you hear *Menippus*,
Observe her with all sweetness: humour her,
'Twill make her lie more careless to our purposes.
Away, and take what helps you please.

Men. I am gone Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Enter Celia, and Governess.

Cel. Governess, from whom was this Gown sent me?
Præthee be serious true; I will not wear't else:
'Tis a handsom one.

Gov. As though you know not?

Cel. No faith:

But I believe, for certain too, yet I wonder,
Because it was his caution, this poor way,
Still to preserve me from the curious searchings
Of greedy eyes.

Gov. You have it: does it please you?

Cel. 'Tis very rich, methinks too, præthee tell me?

Gov. From one that likes you well, never look coy, Lady;
These are no gifts, to be put off with pownings.

Cel. Pownings, and gifts? is it from any stranger?

Gov. You are so curious, that there is no talk to ye.
What if it be I pray ye?

Cel. Unpin good Governess,
Quick, quick.

Gov. Why, what's the matter?

Cel. Quick, good Governess:

Fie on't, how beastly it becomes me? poorly?
A trick put in upon me? well said Governess:
I vow I would not wear it——out, it smells musty.
Are these your tricks? now I begin to smell it,
Abominable musty; will you help me?
The Prince will come again——

Gov. You are not mad sure?

Cel. As I live I'll cut it off: a pox upon it; (cries?)
For sure it was made for that use; do you bring me Live-
Stales to catch Kites? dost thou laugh too, thou base wo-

Gov. I cannot chuse, if I should be hang'd. (man?)

Cel. Abuse me,

And then laugh at me too?

Gov. I do not abuse ye:

Is it abuse, to give him drink that's thirsty?
You want cloaths; is it such a hainous sin I beseech ye,
To see you stor'd?

Cel. There is no greater wickedness
Than this way.

Gov. What way?

Cel. I shall curse thee fearfully,
If thou provok'st me further: and take heed, woman;
My curses never miss.

Gov. Curse him that sent it.

Cel. Tell but his name——

Gov. You dare not curse him.

Cel. Dare not?

By this fair light——

Gov. You are so full of passion——

Cel. Dare not be good? be honest? dare not curse him?

Gov. I think you dare not: I believe so.

Cel. Speak him.

Gov. Up with your valour then, up with it bravely,
And take your full charge.

Cel. If I do not, hang me;

Tell but his name.

Gov. 'Twas Prince *Demetrius* sent it:

Now, now, give fire, kill him i'th' eye now Lady.

Cel. Is he come home?

Gov. It seems so; but your curse now.

Cel. You do not lie, I hope.

Gov. You dare not curse him.

Cel. Præthee do not abuse me: is he come home indeed?
For I would now with all my heart believe thee.

Gov. Nay, you may chuse: alas, I deal for strangers,
That send ye scurvie musty Gowns, stale Liveries:
I have my tricks.

Cel. 'Tis a good gown, a handsome one;
I did but jest; where is he?

Gov. He that sent it——

Cel. How? he that sent it? is't come to that again?
Thou canst not be so foolish: præthee speak out,
I may mistake thee.

Gov. I said he that sent it.

Cel. Curse o' my life: why dost thou vex me thus?
I know thou meanest *Demetrius*, dost thou not?

I charge thee speak truth: if it be any other,
Thou knowst the charge he gave thee, and the justice
His anger will inflict, if e're he know this,
As know he shall, he shall, thou spightfull woman,
Thou beastly woman; and thou shalt know too late too,
And feel too sensible, I am no ward,
No sale stuff for your money Merchants that sent it?
Who dare send me, or how durst thou, thou——

Gov. What you please:

For this is ever the reward of service.

The Prince shall bring the next himself.

Cel. 'Tis strange

That you should deal so peevishly: beshrew ye,
You have put me in a heat.

Gov. I am sure ye have kill'd me:

I ne're receiv'd such language: I can but wait upon ye,
And be your drudge; keep a poor life to serve ye.

Cel. You know my nature is too easie, Governess,
And you know now, I am sorry too: how does he?

Gov. O God, my head.

Cel. Præthee be well, and tell me,
Did he speak of me, since he came? nay, see now,
If thou wilt leave this tyranny? good sweet governess,
Did he but name his *Celia*? look upon me,
Upon my faith I meant no harm: here, take this,
And buy thy self some trifles: did he good wench?

Gov. He loves ye but too dearly.

Cel. That's my good Governess.

Gov. There's more cloaths making for ye.

Cel. More cloaths?

Gov. More:

Richer and braver; I can tell ye that news;
And twenty glorious things.

Cel. To what use Sirrah?

Gov. Ye are too good for our house now: we poor
Shall lose the comfort of ye. (wretches)

Cel. No, I hope not.

Gov. For ever lose ye Lady.

Cel. Lose me? wherefore?

I hear of no such thing.

Gov. 'Tis sure it must be so:

You must shine now at Court: such preparation,
Such hurry, and such hanging rooms——

Cel. Toth' Court wench?

Was it toth' Court thou saidst?

Gov. You'll find it so.

Cel. Stay, stay, this cannot be.

Gov. I say it must be:

I hope to find ye still the same good Lady. (wench,

Cel. Toth' Court? this stumbles me: art sure for me
This preparation is?

Gov. She is perilous crafty:

I fear too honest for us all too. Am I sure I live?

Cel. Toth' Court? this cannot down: what should I do
Why should he on a suddain change his mind thus, (there?)
And not make me acquainted? sure he loves me;
His vow was made against it, and mine with him:
At least while this King liv'd: he will come hit her,

And

And see me e're I goe?

Gov. Wou'd some wise woman
Had her in working. That I think he will not,
Because he means with all joy there to meet ye.
Ye shall hear more within this hour.

Cel. A Courtier?
What may that meaning be? sure he will see me
If he be come, he must: Hark ye good Governes,
What age is the King of?

Gov. He's an old man, and full of busines.
Cel. I fear too full indeed: what Ladys are there?
I would be loth to want good company.

Gov. Delicate young Ladys, as you would desire;
And when you are acquainted, the best company.
Cel. 'Tis very well: prethee goe in, let's talk more.
For though I fear a trick, I'll bravely try it.

Gov. I see he must be cunning,
Knocks this Doe down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENA III.

Enter Lieutenant, and Leontius, *Drums within.*

Leo. You shall not have your will, sirrah, are ye running?
Have ye gotten a toy in your heels? Is this a season,
When honour pricks ye on, to prick your ears up,
After your whore, your Hobby-horse?

Lieu. Why look ye now:
What a strange man are you? would you have a man fight
At all hours all alike?

Leo. Do but fight something;
But half a blow, and put thy stomach to't:
Turn but thy face, and do make mouths at 'em.

Lieu. And have my teeth knockt out; I thank ye heartily,
Ye are my dear friend.

Leo. What a Devil ails thee?
Dost long to be hang'd?

Lieu. Faith Sir, I make no suit for't:
But rather than I would live thus out of charity,
Continually in brawling ———

Leo. Art thou not he?
I may be cozen'd ———

Lieu. I shall be discover'd.
Leo. That in the midst of thy most hellish pains,
When thou wert crawling sick, didst aim at wonders,
When thou wert mad with pain?

Lieu. Ye have found the cause out;
I had ne're been mad to fight else: I confesse Sir,
The daily torture of my side that vext me,
Made me as daily careles what became of me,
Till a kind sword there wounded me, and eas'd me;
'Twas nothing in my valour fought; I am well now,
And take some pleasure in my life, methinks now,
It shews as mad a thing to me to see you scuffle,
And kill one another foolishly for honour,
As 'twas to you, so see me play the coxcomb.

Leo. And wilt thou ne're fight more?
Lieu. I' th' mind I am in.

Leo. Nor never be sick again?
Lieu. I hope I shall not.

Leo. Prethee be sick again; prethee, I beseech thee,
Be just so sick again.

Lieu. I'll just be hang'd first.
Leo. If all the Arts that are can make a Colique,
Therefore look to't: or if imposthumes, mark me,
As big as foot-balls ———

Lieu. Deliver me.
Leo. Or stones of ten pound weight i' th' kidneys,
Through ease and ugly dyets may be gather'd;
I'll feed ye up my self Sir, I'll prepare ye,
You cannot fight, unless the Devil tear ye,
You shall not want provocations, I'll scratch ye,
I'll have thee have the tooth-ach, and the head-ach.

Lieu. Good Colonel, I'll doe any thing.
Leo. No, no, nothing ———

Then will I have thee blown with a pair of Smiths bellows,
Because ye shall be sure to have a round gale with ye,
Fill'd full of oyle o' Devil, and *Aqua-fortis*,
And let these work, these may provoke.

Lieu. Good Colonel.
Leo. A coward in full blood; prethee be plain with me,
Will roasting doe thee any good?
Lieu. Nor basting neither, Sir.
Leo. Marry that goes hard.

Enter 1 Gentleman.

1 *Gent.* Where are you Colonel?
The Prince expects ye Sir; h'as hedg'd the enemy
Within a streight, where all the hopes and valours
Of all men living cannot force a passage,
He has 'em now.

Leo. I knew all this before Sir,
I chalk'd him out his way: but do you see that thing there?

Lieu. Nay good sweet Colonel, I'll fight a little.

Leo. That thing?
1 *Gent.* What thing? I see the brave Lieutenant.

Leo. Rogue, what a name hast thou lost?

Lieu. You may help it,
Yet you may help't: I'll doe ye any courtesie:
I know you love a wench well.

Enter 2 Gentlemen.

Leo. Look upon him;
Do you look too.

2 *Gent.* What should I look on?
I come to tell ye, the Prince stays your direction;
We have 'em now i' th' Coop, Sir.

Leo. Let 'em rest there,
And chew upon their miseries: but look first ———

Lieu. I cannot fight for all this.

Leo. Look on this fellow.
2 *Gent.* I know him; 'tis the valiant brave Lieutenant.

Leo. Canst thou hear this, and play the Rogue? steal off
Behind me quickly, neatly do it, (quickly,
And rush into the thickest of the enemy,
And if thou kill'st but two.

Lieu. You may excuse me,
'Tis not my fault: I dare not fight.

Leo. Be rul'd yet,
I'll beat thee on; goe wink and fight: a plague upon your

2 *Gent.* What's all this matter? (heeps heart.

1 *Gent.* Nay I cannot shew ye.

Leo. Here's twenty pound, goe but smell to 'em.

Lieu. Alas Sir,
I have taken such a cold I can smell nothing.

Leo. I can finell a Rascal, a rank Rascal:
Fye, how he stinks, stinks like a tyred Jade.

2 *Gent.* What Sir?

Leo. Why, that Sir, do not you smell him?

2 *Gent.* Smell him? *Lieu.* I must endure.

Leo. Stinks like a dead Dog, Carrion —
There's no such damnable smell under Heaven,
As the faint sweat of a Coward; will ye fight yet?

Lieu. Nay, now I defie ye; ye have spoke the worst ye can
Of me, and if every man should take what you say
To the heart. — *Leo.* God ha' Mercy,

God ha' Mercy with all my heart; here I forgive thee;
And fight, or fight not, do but goe along with us,
And keep my Dog.

Lieu. I love a good Dog naturally.

1 *Gent.* What's all this stir, Lieutenant?

Lieu. Nothing Sir,
But a slight matter of argument. *Leo.* Pox take thee.
Sure I shall love this Rogue, he's so pretty a Coward.

Come Gentlemen, let's up now, and if fortune
Dare play the slut again, I'll never more Saint her,
Come play-fellow, come, prethee come up; come chicken;
I have a way shall fit yet: A tame knave,
Come, look upon us.

Lieu.

Lies. I'll tell ye who does best boyes.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENA IV.

Enter Antigonus, and Menippus, *above.*

Men. I saw her coming out.

Ant. Who waits upon her?

Men. Timon, Charinthus, and some other Gentlemen, By me appointed.

Ant. Where's your wife?

Men. She's ready To entertain her here Sir; and some Ladies Fit for her lodgings.

Ant. How shews she in her trim now?

Men. Oh most divinely sweet.

Ant. Prethee speak softly. How does she take her coming?

Men. She bears it bravely; But what she thinks— For Heaven sake Sir preserve me— If the Prince chance to find this.

Ant. Peace ye old fool; She thinks to meet him here.

Men. That's all the Project.

Ant. Was she hard to bring?

Men. No she believ'd it quickly, And quickly made her self fit, the Gown a little, And those new things she has not been acquainted with, At least in this place, where she liv'd a prisoner, Troubled and stirr'd her mind. But believe me Sir, She has worn as good, they fit so apted to her; And she is so great a Mistis of disposure: Here they come now: but take a full view of her.

Enter Celia, Timon, Charinthus, and Gent.

Ant. How cheerfully she looks? how she salutes all? And how she views the place? she is very young sure: That was an admirable smile, a catching one, The very twang of Cupids bow sung in it: She has two edg'd eyes, they kill o' both sides.

Men. She makes a stand, as though she would speak.

Ant. Be still then.

Cel. Good Gentlemen, trouble your selves no further, I had thought sure to have met a noble friend here.

Tim. Ye may meet many Lady.

Cel. Such as you are I covet few or none, Sir.

Char. Will you walk this way, And take the sweets o'th' garden? cool and close, Lady.

Cel. Methinks this open air's far better, tend ye that Pray where's the woman came along? (way.

Char. What woman?

Cel. The woman of the house I lay at.

Tim. Woman?

Here was none came along sure.

Cel. Sure I am catcht then:

Pray where's the Prince?

Char. He will not be long from ye, We are his humble Servants.

Cel. I could laugh now, To see how finely I am cozen'd: yet I fear not, For sure I know a way to scape all dangers.

Tim. Madam, your lodgings lye this way.

Cel. My Lodgings?

For Heaven sake Sir, what office do I bear here?

Tim. The great commander of all hearts.

Enter Leucippe, and Ladies.

Cel. You have hit it.

I thank your sweet heart for it. Who are these now?

Char. Ladies that come to serve ye.

Cel. Well consider'd, Are you my Servants?

Lady. Servants to your pleasures.

Cel. I dare believe ye, but I dare not trust ye:

Catch'd with a trick? well, I must bear it patiently: Methinks this Court's a neat place: all the people Of so refin'd a size——

Tim. This is no poor Rogue.

Leu. Were it a Paradise to please your fancy, And entertain the sweetness you bring with ye.

Cel. Take breath;

You are fat, and many words may melt ye, This is three Bawdes beaten into one; blefs me Heaven, What shall become of me? I am i'th' pitfall: (ones O' my conscience, this is the old viper, and all these little Creep every night into her belly; do you hear plump fer- And you my little sucking Ladies, you must teach me, (vant For I know you are excellent at carriage, How to behave my self, for I am rude yet: But you say the Prince will come?

Lady. Will sic to see you.

Cel. For look you if a great man, say the King now Should come and visit me?

Men. She names ye.

Ant. Peace fool.

Cel. And offer me a kindness, such a kindness.

Leu. I, such a kindness.

Cel. True Lady such a kindness, What shall that kindness be now?

Leu. A witty Lady, Learn little ones, learn.

Cel. Say it be all his favour.

Leu. And a sweet saying 'tis.

Cel. And I grow peevish?

Leu. You must not be neglectfull.

Cel. There's the matter, There's the main doctrine now, and I may miss it, Or a kind handsome Gentleman?

Leu. You say well.

Cel. They'l count us basely bred.

Leu. Not freely nurtur'd.

Cel. I'll take thy counsel.

Leu. 'Tis an excellent woman.

Cel. I find a notable volum here, a learned one; Which way? for I would fain be in my chamber; In truth sweet Ladies, I grow weary; sic, How hot the air beats on me?

Lady. This way Madam.

Cel. Now by mine honour, I grow wondrous faint too.

Leu. Your fans sweet Gentlewomen, your fans.

Cel. Since I am fool'd, I'll make my self some sport, though I pay dear for't. [*Ex.*

Men. You see now what a manner of woman she is Sir.

Ant. Thou art an afs.

Men. Is this a fit love for the Prince?

Ant. A coxcombe:

Now by my crown a daintie wench, a sharp wench, And a matchless Spirit: how she jeer'd 'em? How carelessly she scoff'd 'em? use her nobly; I would I had not seen her: wait anon, And then you shall have more to trade upon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA V.

Enter Leontius, and the 2. Gentlemen.

Leo. We must keep a round, and a strong watch to night, The Prince will not charge the Enemy till the morning: But for the trick I told ye for this Rascal,

This rogue, that health and strong heart makes a coward,

1 *Gent.* I, if it take.

Leo. Ne're fear it, the Prince has it, And if he let it fall, I must not know it; He will suspect me presently: but you two May help the plough.

2 *Gent.* That he is sick again.

Leo. Extreemly sick: his disease grown incurable, Never yet found, nor touch'd at.

Enter

Enter Lieutenant.

2 Gent. Well, we have it,
And here he comes.

Leo. The Prince has been upon him,
What a flatten face he has now? it takes, believe it;
How like an Ass he looks?

Lieu. I feel no great pain,
At least, I think I do not; yet I feel sensibly
I grow extremely faint: how cold I sweat now?

Leo. So, so, so.

Lieu. And now 'tis ev'n too true, I feel a pricking,
A pricking, a strange pricking: how it tingles?
And as it were a stitch too: the Prince told me,
And every one cri'd out I was a dead man;
I had thought I had been as well——

Leo. Upon him now Boys,
And do it most demurely.

1 Gent. How now Lieutenant?

Lieu. I thank ye Gentlemen.

1 Gent. 'Life, how looks this man?
How dost thou good Lieutenant?

2 Gent. I ever told ye
This man was never cur'd, I see it too plain now;
How do you feel your self? you look not perfect,
How dull his eye hangs?

1 Gent. That may be discontent.

2 Gent. Believe me friend, I would not suffer now
The tith of those pains this man feels; mark his forehead
What a cloud of cold dew hangs upon't?

Lieu. I have it,
Again I have it; how it grows upon me?
A miserable man I am.

Leo. Ha, ha, ha,
A miserable man thou shalt be,
This is the tamest Trout I ever tickl'd.

Enter 2 Physicians.

1 Phy. This way he went.

2 Phy. Pray Heaven we find him living,
He's a brave fellow, 'tis pity he should perish thus.

1 Phy. A strong hearted man, and of a notable sufferance.

Lieu. Oh, oh.

1 Gent. How now? how is it man?

Lieu. Oh Gentlemen,
Never so full of pain.

2 Gent. Did I not tell ye?

Lieu. Never so full of pain, Gentlemen.

1 Phy. He is here;

How do you, Sir?

2 Phy. Be of good comfort, Souldier,
The Prince has sent us to you.

Lieu. Do you think I may live?

2 Phy. He alters hourly, strangely.

1 Phy. Yes, you may live: but——

Leo. Finely butted, Doctor.

1 Gent. Do not discourage him.

1 Phy. He must be told truth,

'Tis now too late to trifle.

Enter Demetrius, and Gent.

2 Gent. Here the Prince comes.

Dem. How now Gentlemen?

2 Gent. Bewailing, Sir, a Souldier,
And one I think, your Grace will grieve to part with;
But every living thing——

Dem. 'Tis true, must perish,
Our lives are but our marches to our graves;
How dost thou now Lieutenant?

Lieu. Faith 'tis true, Sir,

We are but spans, and Candles ends.

Leo. He's finely mortified.

Dem. Thou art heart whole yet I see, he alters strangely,
And that apace too; I saw it this morning in him;

When he poor man, I dare swear——

Lieu. No believ't, Sir,
I never felt it.

Dem. Here lies the pain now: how he is swel'd?

1 Phy. The Impostume
Fed with a new malignant humour now,
Will grow to such a bigness, 'tis incredible,
The compass of a Bushel will not hold it.
And with such a Hell of torture it will rise too——

Dem. Can you endure me touch it?

Lieu. Oh, I beseech you, Sir:
I feel you sensibly ere you come near me.

Dem. He's finely wrought, he must be cut, no Cure else,
And suddenly, you see how fast he blows out.

Lieu. Good Master Doctors, let me be beholding to you,
I feel I cannot last.

2 Phy. For what Lieutenant?

Lieu. But ev'n for half a dozen Cans of good Wine,
That I may drink my will out: I faint hideously. (men,

Dem Fetch him some Wine; and since he must go Gentle-
Why let him take his journey merrily.

Enter Servant with Wine.

Lieu. That's ev'n the nearest way.

Leo. I could laugh dead now.

Dem. Here, off with that.

Lieu. These two I give your Grace,
A poor remembrance of a dying man, Sir,
And I beseech you wear 'em out.

Dem. I will Souldier,
These are fine Legacies.

Lieu. Among the Gentlemen,
Even all I have left; I am a poor man, naked,
Yet something for remembrance: four a piece Gentlemen,
And so my body where you please.

Leo. It will work.

Lieu. I make your Grace my Executor, and I beseech ye
See my poor Will fulfill'd: sure I shall walk else.

Dem. As full as they can be fill'd, here's my hand, Souldier.

1 Gent. The Wine will tickle him.

Lieu. I would hear a Drum beat,
But to see how I could endure it.

Dem. Beat a Drum there.

[Drum within.

Lieu. Oh Heavenly Musick, I would hear one sing to't;
I am very full of pain.

Dem. Sing? 'tis impossible.

Lieu. Why, then I would drink a Drum full:
Where lies the Enemy?

2 Gent. Why, here close by.

Leo. Now he begins to muster:

Lieu. And dare he fight?

Dare he fight Gentlemen?

1 Phy. You must not cut him:

He's gone then in a moment; all the hope left; is
To work his weakness into suddain anger,
And make him raise his passion above his pain;
And so dispose him on the Enemy;
His body then, being stir'd with violence,
Will purge it self and break the fore.

Dem. 'Tis true, Sir.

1 Phy. And then my life for his.

Lieu. I will not dye thus.

Dem. But he is too weak to do——

Lieu. Dye like a Dog?

2 Phy. I, he's weak, but yet he's heart whole.

Lieu. Hem.

Dem. An excellent sign.

Lieu. Hem.

Dem. Stronger still, and better.

Lieu. Hem, hem; ran, tan, tan, tan, tan.

[Exit.

1 Phy. Now he's i'th' way on't.

Dem. Well go thy waies, thou wilt do something certain.

Leo. And some brave thing, or let mine ears be cut off.
He's finely wrought.

Dem.

Dem. Let's after him.

Leo. I pray, Sir;
But how this Rogue, when this cloud's melted in him,
And all discover'd——

Dem. That's for an after mirth, away, away, away. [Ex.]

SCENE VI.

Enter Seleucus, Lyfimachus, Ptolomie, Souldiers.

Sel. Let no man fear to dye: we love to sleep all,
And death is but the sounder sleep; all ages,
And all hours call us; 'tis so common, easie,
That little Children tread those paths before us;
We are not sick, nor our souls prest with sorrows,
Nor go we out like tedious tales, forgotten;
High, high we come, and hearty to our Funerals,
And as the Sun that sets, in blood let's fall.

Lyfi. 'Tis true, they have us fast, we cannot scape 'em,
Nor keeps the brow of fortune one smile for us,
Dishonourable ends we can scape though,
And (worse than those Captivities) we can die,
And dying nobly, though we leave behind us
These clods of flesh, that are too massie burthens,
Our living souls flie crown'd with living conquests.

Ptol. They have begun, fight bravely, and fall bravely;
And may that man that seeks to save his life now
By price, or promise, or by fear falls from us,
Never again be blest with name of Souldier.

Enter a Souldier.

Sel. How now? who charged first? I feek a brave hand
To set me off in death.

Soul. We are not charg'd, Sir,
The Prince lies still.

Sel. How comes this Larum up then?

Soul. There is one desperate fellow, with the Devil in him
(He never durst do this else) has broke into us,
And here he bangs ye two or three before him,
There five or six; ventures upon whole Companies.

Ptol. And is not seconded?

Soul. Not a man follows.

Sel. Nor cut i' pieces?

Soul. Their wonder yet has staid 'em.

Sel. Let's in, and see this miracle?

Ptol. I admire it.

[Ex.]

Enter Leontius, and Gentlemen.

Leon. Fetch him off, fetch him off; I am sure he's clouted;
Did I not tell you how 'twould take?

1 *Gent.* 'Tis admirable.

*Enter Lieutenant with Colours in his hand, pursuing
3 or 4 Souldiers.*

Lie. Follow that blow, my friend, there's at your coxcombs,
I fight to save me from the Surgions miseries.

Leo. How the Knave carries 'em?

Lieu. You cannot Rogues,

Till you have my Diseases, flie my fury,
Ye Bread and Butter Rogues, do ye run from me?
And my side would give me leave, I would so hunt ye,
Ye Porridg gutted Slaves, ye Veal-broth Boobies.

Enter Demetrius, and Physicians, and Gentlemen.

Leo. Enough, enough Lieutenant, thou hast done bravely.

Dem. Mirrour of man.

Lieu. There's a Flag for ye, Sir,
I took it out o'th' shop, and never paid for't,
I'le to 'em again, I am not come to th' text yet.

De No more my Souldier: beshrew my heart he is hurt sore.

Leo. Hang him, he'll lick all those whole.

1 *Phy.* Now will we take him,
And Cure him in a trice.

Dem. Be careful of him.

Lieu. Let me live but two years,

And do what ye will with me;
I never had but two hours yet of happines;
Pray ye give me nothing to provoke my valour,
For I am ev'n as weary of this fighting——

2 *Phy.* Ye shall have nothing; come to the Princes Tent
And there the Surgions presently shall search ye,
Then to your rest.

Lieu. A little handsome Litter
To lay me in, and I shall sleep.

Leo. Look to him.

Dem. I do believe a Horse begot this fellow,
He never knew his strength yet; they are our own.

Leo. I think so, I am cozen'd else; I would but see now
A way to fetch these off, and save their honours.

Dem. Only their lives.

Leo. Pray ye take no way of peace now,
Unless it be with infinite advantage.

Dem. I shall be rul'd;
Let the Battels now move forward,
Our self will give the signal:

Enter Trumpet and Herald.

Now Herald, what's your message?

Her. From my Masters,
This honourable courtesie, a Parley
For half an hour, no more, Sir.

Dem. Let 'em come on,
They have my Princely word.

Enter Seleucus, Lyfimachus, Ptolomie, Attendants, Souldiers.

Her. They are here to attend ye.

Dem. Now Princes, your demands?

Sel. Peace, if it may be
Without the too much tainture of our honour:
Peace, and we'll buy it too.

Dem. At what price?

Lyfi. Tribute.

Ptol. At all the charge of this War.

Leo. That will not do.

Sel. *Leontius*, you and I have serv'd together,
And run through many a Fortune with our swords,
Brothers in Wounds and Health; one meat has fed us;
One Tent a thousand times from cold night cover'd us:
Our loves have been but one; and had we died then,
One Monument had held our names, and actions:
Why do you set upon your friends such prices?
And sacrifice to giddy chance such Trophies?
Have we forgot to dye? or are our vertues
Less in afflictions constant, than our fortunes?
Ye are deceiv'd old Souldier.

Leo. I know your worths,
And thus low bow in reverence to your vertues:
Were these my Wars, or led my power in chief here,
I knew then how to meet your memories:
They are my Kings employments; this man fights now,
To whom I ow all duty, faith, and service;
This man that fled before ye; call back that,
That bloody day again, call that disgrace home,
And then an easie Peace may sheath our Swords up.
I am not greedy of your lives and fortunes,
Nor do I gape ungratefully to swallow ye.
Honour, the spur of all illustrious natures,
That made you famous Souldiers, and next Kings,
And not ambitious envy strikes me forward.
Will ye unarm, and yield your selves his prisoners?

Sel. We never knew what that sound meant: no Gyves
Shall ever bind this body, but embraces;
Nor weight of sorrow here, till Earth fall on me.

Leo. Expect our charge then.

Lyfi. 'Tis the nobler courtesie:
And so we leave the hand of Heaven to blefs us.

Dem. Stay, have you any hope?

Sel. We have none left us,
But that one comfort of our deaths together;

Give us but room to fight.

Leo. Win it, and wear it.

Prot. Call from the hills those Companies hang o're us,
Like bursting Clouds; and then break in, and take us.

Dem. Find such a Souldier will forsake advantage,
And we'll draw off to shew I dare be noble,
And hang a light out to ye in this darkness,
The light of peace; give up those Cities, Forts,
And all those Frontier Countries to our uses.

Sel. Is this the Peace? Traitors to those that feed us,
Our Gods and people? give our Countries from us?

Lyfi. Begin the Knell, it sounds a great deal sweeter.

Prot. Let loose your servant, death.

Sel. Fall fate upon us,

Our memories shall never stink behind us.

Dem. *Seleucus*, great *Seleucus*.

Sol. The Prince calls, Sir.

Dem. Thou stock of nobleness, and courtesie,
Thou Father of the War——

Leo. What means the Prince now?

Dem. Give me my Standard here.

Lyfi. His anger's melted.

Dem. You Gentlemen that were his prisoners,
And felt the bounty of that noble nature,
Lay all your hands, and bear these Colours to him,
The Standard of the Kingdom; take it Souldier.

Prot. What will this mean?

Dem. Thou hast won it, bear it off,
And draw thy men home whilest we wait upon thee.

Sel. You shall have all our Countries.

Lyfi. Prot. All by Heaven, Sir.

Dem. I will not have a stone, a bush, a bramble,
No, in the way of courtesie, I'll start ye;
Draw off, and make a lane through all the Army,
That these that have subdu'd us, may march through us.

Sel. Sir, do not make me surfeit with such goodness,
I'll bear your Standard for ye; follow ye.

Dem. I swear it shall be so, march through me fairly,
And thine be this days honour, great *Seleucus*.

Prot. Mirrour of noble minds.

Dem. Nay then ye hate me.

Leo. I cannot speak now: [*Ex. with Drums, and Shouts.*]
Well, go thy wayes; at a fure piece of bravery
Thou art the best, these men are won by th' necks now:
I'll send a Post away.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Antigonus, and Menippus.

Ant. NO aptness in her?

Men. Not an immodest motion,
And yet when she is courted,
Makes as wild witty answers.

Ant. This more fires me,
I must not have her thus.

Men. We cannot alter her.

Ant. Have ye put the youths upon her?

Men. All that know any thing,
And have been studied how to catch a beauty,
But like so many whelps about an Elephant——
The Prince is coming home, Sir.

Ant. I hear that too,
But that's no matter; am I alter'd well?

Men. Not to be known I think, Sir.

Ant. I must see her.

Enter 2 Gentlemen, or Lords.

1 Gent. I offered all I had, all I could think of,
I tri'd her through all the points o'th' compass, I think.

2 Gent. She studies to undo the Court, to plant here
The Enemy to our Age; Chastity;

She is the first, that e're bauk'd a close Harbour,
And the sweet contents within: She hates curl'd heads too,
And setting up of beards she swears is Idolatry.

1 Gent. I never knew so fair a face so froze;
Yet she would make one think——

2 Gent. True by her carriage,
For she's as wanton as a Kid to th' out side,
As full of Mocks and Taunts: I kiss'd her hand too,
Walkt with her half an hour.

1 Gent. She heard me sing,
And sung her self too; she sings admirably;
But still when any hope was, as 'tis her trick
To minister enough of those, then presently
With some new sham or other, nothing to the matter;
And such a frown, as would sink all before her,
She takes her Chamber; come, we shall not be the last fools.

2 Gent. Not by a hundred I hope; 'tis a strange wench.

Ant. This screws me up still higher.

[*Enter Celia, and Ladies behind her.*]

Men. Here she comes, Sir.

Ant. Then be you gone; and take the Women with ye,
And lay those Jewels in her way.

Cel. If I stay longer

I shall number as many Lovers as *Lais* did;
How they flock after me? upon my Conscience;
I have had a dozen Horses given me this morning,
I'll ev'n set up a Troop, and turn She-souldier,
A good discreet wench now, that were not hidebound
Might raise a fine estate here, and suddenly: (where
For these warm things will give their Souls——I can go no
Without a world of offerings to my Excellence:
I am a Queen, a Goddesse, I know not what——
And no constellation in all Heaven, but I out-shine it;
And they have found out now I have no eyes
Of mortal lights, but certain influences,
Strange vertuous lightnings, humane nature starts at,
And I can kill my twenty in a morning,
With as much ease now——

Ha! what are these? new projects?
Where are my honourable Ladies? are you out too?
Nay then I must buy the stock, send me good Carding:
I hope the Princes hands be not in this sport;
I have not seen him yet, cannot hear from him,
And that troubles me: all these were recreations
Had I but his sweet company to laugh with me:
What fellow's that? another Apparition?
This is the lovingst Age: I should know that face,
Sure I have seen't before, not long since neither.

Ant. She sees me now: O Heaven, a most rare creature!

Cel. Yes, 'tis the same: I will take no notice of ye,
But if I do not fit ye, let me fry for't;
Is all this Cackling for your egg? they are fair ones,
Excellent rich no doubt too; and may stumble
A good staid mind, but I can go thus by 'em;
My honest friend; do you set off these Jewels?

Ant. Set 'em off, Lady?

Cel. I mean, sell 'em here, Sir?

Ant. She's very quick: for sale they are not meant sure.

Cel. For sanctity I think much less: good even Sir.

Ant. Nay noble Lady, stay: 'tis you must wear 'em:
Never look strange, they are worthy your best beauty.

Cel. Did you speak to me?

Ant. To you or to none living:
To you they are sent; to you they are sacrificed.

Cel. I'll never look a Horse i'th' mouth that's given:
I thank ye, Sir: I'll send one to reward ye.

Ant. Do you never ask who sent 'em?

Cel. Never I:

Nor never care, if it be an honest end,
That end's the full reward, and thanks but slubber it;
If it be ill, I will not urge the acquaintance.

Ant. This has a foul indeed: pray let me tell ye——

Cel. I care not if ye do, so you do it handsomly;

And not stand picking of your words.

Ant. The King sent 'em.

Cel. Away, away, thou art some foolish fellow,
And now I think thou hast stole 'em too; the King sent 'em?
Alas good man, wouldst thou make me believe
He has nothing to do with things of these worths,
But wantonly to sling 'em? he's an old man,
A good old man, they say too: I dare swear
Full many a year ago he left these gambols:
Here, take your trinkets.

Ant. Sure I do not lye, Lady.

Cel. I know thou lyest extreaimly, damnably:
Thou hast a lying face.

Ant. I was never thus ratted.

Cel. But say I should believe: why are these sent me?
And why art thou the Messenger? who art thou?

Ant. Lady, look on 'em wisely, and then consider
Who can send such as these, but a King only?
And, to what beauty can they be oblations,
But only yours? For me that am the carrier,
'Tis only fit you know I am his servant,
And have fulfil'd his will.

Cel. You are short and pithy;
What must my beauty do for these?

Ant. Sweet Lady,
You cannot be so hard of understanding,
When a King's favour shines upon ye gloriously,
And speaks his love in these——

Cel. O then love's the matter;
Sir-reverence love: now I begin to feel ye:
And I should be the Kings Whore, a brave title;
And go as glorious as the Sun, O brave still:
The chief Commandress of his Concubines,
Hurried from place to place to meet his pleasures.

Ant. A devilish subtil wench, but a rare spirit. (dry,

Cel. And when the good old sponge had suckt my youth
And left some of his Royal aches in my bones:
When time shall tell me I have plough'd my life up,
And cast long furrows in my face to sink me.

Ant. You must not think so, Lady.

Cel. Then can these, Sir,
These precious things, the price of youth and beauty;
This shop here of sin-offerings set me off again?
Can it restore me chaste, young, innocent?
Purge me to what I was? add to my memory
An honest and a noble fame? The Kings device;
The sin's as universal as the Sun is,
And lights an everlasting Torch to shame me.

Ant. Do you hold so sleight account of a great Kings favour,
That all knees bow to purchase?

Cel. Prethee peace:
If thou knewst how ill favouredly thy tale becomes thee,
And what ill root it takes——

Ant. You will be wiser.

Cel. Could the King find no shape to shift his pander into,
But reverend Age? and one so like himself too?

Ant. She has found me out.

Cel. Cozen the world with gravity?
Prethee resolve me one thing, do's the King love thee?

Ant. I think he do's.

Cel. It seems so by thy Office:
He loves thy use, and when that's ended, hates thee:
Thou seemest to me a Souldier.

Ant. Yes, I am one.

Cel. And hast fought for thy Country?

Ant. Many a time.

Cel. May be, commanded too?

Ant. I have done, Lady.

Cel. O wretched man, below the state of pity!
Canst thou forget thou wert begot in honour?
A free Companion for a King? a Souldier?
Whose Nobleness dare feel no want, but Enemies?
Canst thou forget this, and decline so wretchedly,
To eat the Bread of Bawdry, of base Bawdry?

Feed on the scum of Sin? sling thy Sword from thee?
Dishonour to the noble name that nursed thee?
Go, beg diseases: let them be thy Armour,
Thy fights, the flames of Lust, and their foul issues.

Ant. Why then I am a King, and mine own Speaker.

Cel. And I as free as you, mine own Disposer:
There, take your Jewels; let them give them lustres
That have dark Lives and Souls; wear 'em your self, Sir,
You'l seem a Devil else.

Ant. I command ye stay.

Cel. Be just, I am commanded.

Ant. I will not wrong ye.

Cel. Then thus low falls my duty.

Ant. Can ye love me?

Say I, and all I have——

Cel. I cannot love ye;
Without the breach of faith I cannot hear ye;
Ye hang upon my love, like frosts on Lilies:
I can dye, but I cannot love: you are answer'd.

Ant. I must find apter means, I love her truly.

[Exit.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Demetr. Leon. Lieu. Gent. Sould. and Host.

Dem. Hither do you say she is come?

Host. Yes Sir, I am sure on't:

For whilest I waited upon ye, putting my Wife in trust,
I know not by what means, but the King found her,
And hither she was brought; how, or to what end——

Dem. My Father found her?

Host. So my Wife informs me.

Dem. Leontius, pray draw off the Souldiers,
I would a while be private.

Leon. Fall off Gentlemen,

The Prince would be alone. [Ex. Leo. and Soul.

Dem. Is he so cunning?

There is some trick in this, and you must know it,
And be an agent too: which if it prove so——

Host. Pull me to pieces, Sir.

Dem. My Father found her?

My Father brought her hither? went she willingly?

Host. My Wife says full of doubts.

Dem. I cannot blame her,
No more: there's no trust, no faith in mankind.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, Leontius, and Souldiers.

Ant. Keep her up close, he must not come to see her:
You are welcome nobly now, welcome home Gentlemen;
You have done a courteous service on the Enemy
Has tyed his Faith for ever; you shall find it;
Ye are not now in's debt Son: still your sad looks?
Leontius, what's the matter?

Leo. Truth Sir, I know not.
We have been merry since we went.

Lieu. I feel it.

Ant. Come, what's the matter now? do you want mony?
Sure he has heard o'th' wench.

Dem. Is that a want, Sir?

I would fain speak to your Grace.

Ant. You may do freely.

Dem. And not deserve your anger?

Ant. That ye may too.

Dem. There was a Gentlewoman, and sometimes my pri-
Which I thought well of Sir: your Grace conceives me.

Ant. I do indeed, and with much grief conceive ye;
With full as much grief as your Mother bare you.
There was such a Woman: would I might as well say,
There was no such, *Demetrius.*

Dem. She was vertuous,
And therefore not unfit my youth to love her:
She was as fair——

Ant. Her beauty I'll proclaim too,
To be as rich as ever reign'd in Woman;
But how she made that good, the Devil knows.

Dem.

Dem. She was—— O Heaven!
Ant. The Hell to all thy glories,
 Swallow'd thy youth, made shipwrack of thine honour:
 She was a Devil.
Dem. Ye are my Father, Sir.
Ant. And since ye take a pride to shew your follies,
 I'll muster 'em, and all the world shall view 'em.
Leo. What heat is this? the Kings eyes speak his anger.
Ant. Thou hast abus'd thy youth, drawn to thy fellowship
 Instead of Arts and Arms, a Womans kisses,
 The subtilties, and soft heats of a Harlot.
Dem. Good Sir, mistake her not.
Ant. A Witch, a Sorcerers:
 I tell thee but the truth; and hear *Demetrius*,
 Which has so dealt upon thy bloud with charms,
 Devilish and dark; so lockt up all thy vertues;
 So pluckt thee back from what thou sprungst from, glorious.
Dem. O Heaven, that any tongue but his durst say this!
 That any heart durst harbour it! Dread Father,
 If for the innocent the gods allow us
 To bend our knees——
Ant. Away, thou art bewitch'd still;
 Though she be dead, her power still lives upon thee.
Dem. Dead? O sacred Sir: dead did you say?
Ant. She is dead, fool.
Dem. It is not possible: be not so angry,
 Say she is fain under your sad displeasure,
 Or any thing but dead, say she is banished,
 Invent a crime, and I'll believe it, Sir.
Ant. Dead by the Law: we found her Hell, and her,
 I mean her Charms and Spells, for which she perish'd;
 And she confest she drew thee to thy ruine,
 And purpos'd it, purpos'd my Empires overthrow.
Dem. But is she dead? was there no pity Sir?
 If her youth err'd, was there no mercy shown her?
 Did ye look on her face, when ye condemn'd her?
Ant. I look'd into her heart, and there she was hideous.
Dem. Can she be dead? can vertue fall untimely?
Ant. She is dead, deservingly she died.
Dem. I have done then.
 O matchless sweetness, whither art thou vanished?
 O thou fair soul of all thy Sex, what Paradise
 Hast thou enrich'd and blest? I am your son, Sir,
 And to all you shall command stand most obedient,
 Only a little time I must intreat you
 To study to forget her; 'twill not be long, Sir,
 Nor I long after it: art thou dead *Celia*,
 Dead my poor wench? my joy, pluckt green with violence:
 O fair sweet flower, farewell; Come, thou destroyer
 Sorrow, thou melter of the soul, dwell with me;
 Dwell with me solitary thoughts, tears, cryings,
 Nothing that loves the day, love me, or seek me,
 Nothing that loves his own life haunt about me:
 And Love, I charge thee, never charm mine eyes more,
 Nor ne're betray a beauty to my curses:
 For I shall curse all now, hate all, forswear all,
 And all the brood of fruitful nature vex at,
 For she is gone that was all, and I nothing—— [*Ex. & Gent.*
Ant. This opinion must be maintained.
Men. It shall be, Sir.
Ant. Let him go; I can at mine own pleasure
 Draw him to th' right again: wait your instructions,
 And see the souldier paid, *Leontius*:
 Once more ye are welcome home all.
All. Health to your Majesty. [*Exit Antig. &c.*
Leo. Thou wentest along the journey, how canst thou tell?
Hofst. I did, but I am sure 'tis so: had I staid behind,
 I think this had not proved.
Leo. A Wench the reason?
Lieu. Who's that talks of a Wench there?
Leo. All this discontent
 About a Wench?
Lieu. Where is this Wench, good Colonel?
Leo. Prithee hold thy Peace: who calls thee to counsel?

Lieu. Why, if there be a Wench——
Leo. 'Tis fit thou know her:
 Enter 2 Gentlemen.
 That I'll say for thee, and as fit thou art for her,
 Let her be mew'd or stopt: how is it Gentlemen?
1 Gent. He's wondrous discontent, he'll speak to no man.
2 Gent. H'as taken his Chamber close, admits no entrance;
 Tears in his eyes, and cryings out.
Hofst. 'Tis so, Sir,
 And now I wish my self half hang'd ere I went this journey.
Leo. What is this Woman?
Lieu. I.
Hofst. I cannot tell ye,
 But handsome as Heaven.
Lieu. She is not so high I hope, Sir.
Leo. Where is she?
Lieu. I, that would be known.
Leo. Why, Sirrah.
Hofst. I cannot show ye neither;
 The King has now dispos'd of her.
Leo. There lyes the matter:
 Will he admit none to come to comfort him?
1 Gent. Not any near, nor, let 'em knock their hearts out,
 Will never speak.
Lieu. 'Tis the best way if he have her;
 For look you, a man would be loth to be disturb'd in's pastime;
 'Tis every good mans case.
Leo. 'Tis all thy living,
 We must not suffer this, we dare not suffer it:
 For when these tender souls meet deep afflictions,
 They are not strong enough to struggle with 'em,
 But drop away as Snow does, from a mountain,
 And in the torrent of their own sighs sink themselves:
 I will, and must speak to him.
Lieu. So must I too:
 He promised me a charge.
Leo. Of what? of Children
 Upon my Conscience, thou hast a double company,
 And all of thine own begetting already.
Lieu. That's all one,
 I'll raise 'em to a Regiment, and then command 'em;
 When they turn disobedient, unbeget 'em:
 Knock 'em o'th' head, and put in new.
Leo. A rare way;
 But for all this, thou art not valiant enough
 To dare to see the Prince now?
Lieu. Do ye think he's angry?
1 Gent. Extreemly vext.
2 Gent. To the endangering of any man comes near him.
1 Gent. Yet, if thou couldst but win him out,
 What e're thy suit were,
 Believe it granted presently.
Leo. Yet thou must think though,
 That in the doing he may break upon ye,
 And——
Lieu. If he do not kill me.
Leo. There's the question.
Lieu. For half a dozen hurts.
Leo. Art thou so valiant?
Lieu. Not absolutely so neither: no it cannot be;
 I want my impostumes, and my things about me,
 Yet I'll make danger, Colonel.
Leo. 'Twill be rare sport,
 Howe're it take; give me thy hand; if thou dost this,
 I'll raise thee up a horse Troop, take my word for't:
Lieu. What may be done by humane man.
Leo. Let's go then.
1 Gent. Away before he cool: he will relapse else. [*Ex.*

SCENE III.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, and Leucippe.

Ant. Will she not yield?

Leo. For all we can urge to her;
I swore you would marry her, she laugh'd extremely,
And then she rail'd like thunder.

Ant. Call in the *Magician*.

Enter Magician with a Bowl.

I must, and will obtain her, I am ashes else.
Are all the Philters in? Charms, Powder, Roots?

Mag. They are all in; and now I only stay
The invocation of some helping Spirits.

Ant. To your work then, and dispatch.

Mag. Sit still, and fear not.

Leo. I shall ne'r endure these fights.

Ant. Away with the Woman: go wait without.

Leo. When the Devil's gone, pray call me. [Exit.]

Ant. Be sure you make it powerful enough.

Mag. Pray doubt not— *He Conjures.*

A S O N G.

Rise from the Shades below,
All you that prove
The helps of looser Love;
Rise and bestow
Upon this Cup, what ever may compel
By powerful Charm, and unresisted Spell.
A Heart un-warm'd to melt in Loves desires,
Distill into this Liquor all your fires:
Heats, longings, tears,
But keep back frozen fears;
That she may know, that has all power desired,
Art is a power that will not be denied.

The ANSWER.

I Obey, I Obey,
And am come to view the day,
Brought along, all may compel,
All the Earth has, and our Hell:
Here's a little, little Flower,
This will make her sweat an hour,
Then unto such flames arise,
A thousand joys will not suffice.
Here's the powder of the Moon,
With which she caught Endymion;
The powerful tears that Venus cryed,
When the Boy Adonis dyed.
Here's Medea's Charm, with which
Jason's heart she did bewitch,
Omphale this Spell put in,
When she made the Libyan spin.
This dull root pluckt from Lethe flood,
Purges all pure thoughts, and good.
These I stir thus, round, round, round,
Whilst our light feet beat the ground.

Mag. Now Sir, 'tis full, and whosoever drinks this
Shall violently doat upon your person,
And never sleep nor eat unsatisfied:
So many hours 'twill work, and work with Violence;
And those expired, 'tis done. You have my art, Sir.

Enter Leucippe.

Ant. See him rewarded liberally— *Leucippe.*
Here, take this bowl, and when she calls for Wine next,
Be sure you give her this, and see her drink it;
Delay no time when she calls next.

Leo. I shall, Sir.

Ant. Let none else touch it on your life.

Leo. I am charg'd, Sir.

Ant. Now if she have an antidote art let her 'scape me. [Exeunt.]

Enter Leontius, Lieutenant, Gent. (thing.)

1 Gent. There's the door, Lieutenant, if you dare do any

Leo. Here's no man waits.

1 Gent. H'as given a charge that none shall,
Nor none shall come within the hearing of him:
Dare ye go forward?

Lieu. Let me put on my Skull first.
My head's almost beaten into th' pap of an Apple.
Are there no Guns i' th' door?

Leo. The Rogue will do it.
And yet I know he has no Stomach to't. (stones,

Lieu. What loop-holes are there when I knock for
For those may pepper me? I can perceive none.

Leo. How he views the Fortification.

Lieu. Farewel Gentlemen,
If I be kill'd—

Leo. We'll see thee buried bravely. (softly,

Lieu. Away, how should I know that then? I'll knock.
Pray heaven he speak in a low voice now to comfort me:
I feel I have no heart to't:— Is't well, Gentlemen?
Colonel, my Troop—

Leo. A little louder.

Lieu. Stay, stay;
Here is a window, I will see, stand wide.
By— he's charging of a Gun.

Leo. There's no such matter.
There's no body in this room.

Lieu. O 'twas a fire-shovel:
Now I'll knock louder; if he say who's there?
As sure he has so much manners, then will I answer him
So finely & demurely; my Troop Colonel— (knocks louder.)

1 Gent. Knock louder, Fool, he hears not.

Lieu. You fool, do you.

Do and you dare now.

1 Gent. I do not undertake it. (matters.)

Lieu. Then hold your peace, and meddle with your own

Leo. Now he will knock. [Knocks louder.]

Lieu. Sir, Sir, will't please you hear Sir?

Your Grace, I'll look again, what's that?

Leo. He's there now.

Lord! How he stares! I ne'r yet saw him thus alter'd:
Stand now, and take the Troop.

Lieu. Would I were in't,
And a good horse under me: I must knock again,
The Devil's at my fingers ends: he comes now.
Now Colonel, if I live—

Leo. The Troop's thine own Boy.

Enter Demetrius, a Pistol.

Dem. What desperate fool, ambitious of his ruine?

Lieu. Your Father would desire ye, Sir, to come to dinner.

Dem. Thou art no more.

Lieu. Now, now, now, now.

Dem. Poor Coxcomb:

Why do I aim at thee? [Exit.]

Leo. His fear has kill'd him.

Enter Leucippe with a Bowl.

2 Gent. I protest he's almost stiff: bend him and rub him,
Hold his Nose close, you, if you be a woman,
Help us a little: here's a man near perish'd.

Leo. Alas alas, I have nothing here about me.
Look to my Bowl; I'll run in presently
And fetch some water: bend him, and set him upwards.

Leo. A goodly man— [Exit.]
Here's a brave heart: he's warm again: you shall not
Leave us i' th' lurch so, Sirrah.

2 Gent. Now he breaths too.

Leo. If we had but any drink to raise his Spirits.
What's that i' th' Bowl? upon my life, good Liquor;
She would not own it else.

1 Gent. He fees.

Leo. Look up Boy.
And take this Cup, and drink it off; I'll pledge thee.
Guide it to his mouth, he swallows heartily.

2 Gent. Oh! fear and sorrow's dry; 'tis off—

Leo.

Leo. Stand up man.
 Lieu. Am I not shot?
 Leo. Away with him, and cheer him:
 Thou hast won thy Troop.
 Lieu. I think I won it bravely.
 Leo. Go, I must see the Prince, he must not live thus;
 And let me hear an hour hence from ye.
 Well, Sir—— [Exeunt Gent. and Lieu.]

Enter Leucippe with water.

Leo. Here, here: where's the sick Gentleman?
 Leo. He's up, and gone, Lady.
 Leo. Alas, that I came so late.
 Leo. He must still thank ye;
 Ye left that in a Cup here did him comfort.
 Leo. That in the Bowl?
 Leo. Yes truly, very much comfort,
 He drank it off, and after it spoke lustily.
 Leo. Did he drink it all?
 Leo. All off.
 Leo. The Devil choak him;
 I am undone: h'as twenty Devils in him;
 Undone for ever, left he none?
 Leo. I think not.
 Leo. No, not a drop: what shall become of me now?
 Had he no where else to ffound? a vengeance ffound
 Undone, undone, undone: stay, I can lye yet (him:
 And swear too at a pinch, that's all my comfort.
 Look to him; I say look to him, & but mark what follows. Ex.

Enter Demetrius.

Leo. What a Devil ails the Woman? here comes the
 With such a sadness on his face, as sorrow, (Prince again,
 Sorrow her self but poorly imitates.
 Sorrow of Sorrows on that heart that caus'd it.
 Dem. Why might she not be false and treacherous to me?
 And found so by my Father? she was a Woman,
 And many a one of that Sex, young and fair,
 As full of faith as she, have fallen, and foully.
 Leo. It is a Wench! O that I knew the circumstance.
 Dem. Why might not, to preserve me from this ruine,
 She having lost her honour, and abused me,
 My father change the forms o'th' coins, and execute
 His anger on a fault she ne'r committed,
 Only to keep me safe? why should I think so?
 She never was to me, but all obedience,
 Sweetness, and love.
 Leo. How heartily he weeps now?
 I have not wept this thirty years, and upward;
 But now, if I should be hang'd I cannot hold from't:
 It grieves me to the heart.
 Dem. Who's that that mocks me?
 Leo. A plague of him that mocks ye: I grieve truly,
 Truly, and heartily to see you thus, Sir:
 And if it lay in my power, gods are my witness,
 Who e'r he be that took your sweet peace from you;
 I am not so old yet, nor want I spirit——
 Dem. No more of that, no more Leontius,
 Revenges are the gods: our part is sufferance:
 Farewell, I shall not see thee long. (in't;
 Leo. Good Sir, tell me the cause, I know there is a woman
 Do you hold me faithful? dare you trust your Souldier?
 Sweet Prince, the cause?
 Dem. I must not, dare not tell it,
 And as thou art an honest man, enquire not.
 Leo. Will ye be merry then?
 Dem. I am wondrous merry.
 Leo. 'Tis wondrous well: you think now this becomes ye.
 Shame on't, it does not, Sir, it shews not handsomely;
 If I were thus; you would swear I were an Afs straight;
 A wooden afs; whine for a Wench?
 Dem. Prithee leave me.
 Leo. I will not leave ye for a tit.
 Dem. Leontius?

Leo. For that you may have any where for six pence,
 And a dear penny-worth too.
 Dem. Nay, then you are troublesome.
 Leo. Not half so troublesome as you are to your self, Sir;
 Was that brave Heart made to pant for a placket:
 And now i'th' dog-days too, when nothing dare love!
 That noble Mind to melt away and moulder
 For a hey nonny, nonny! Would I had a Glass here,
 To shew ye what a pretty toy ye are turn'd to.

Dem. My wretched Fortune.

Leo. Will ye but let me know her?
 I'll once turn Bawd: go to, they are good mens offices;
 And not so contemptible as we take 'em for:
 And if she be above ground, and a Woman;
 I ask no more; I'll bring her o' my back, Sir,
 By this hand I will, and I had as lieve bring the Devil,
 I care not who she be, nor where I have her;
 And in your arms, or the next Bed deliver her, (galliard.
 Which you think fittest, and when you have danc'd your
 Dem. Away, and fool to them are so affected:
 O thou art gone, and all my comfort with thee!
 Wilt thou do one thing for me?

Leo. All things i'th' World, Sir,
 Of all dangers.

Dem. Swear. Leo. I will.

Dem. Come near me no more then.

Leo. How?

Dem. Come no more near me:

Thou art a plague-fore to me [Exit.]

Leo. Give you good ev'n Sir;
 If you be suffer'd thus, we shall have fine sport.
 I will be sorry yet.

Enter 2 Gentlemen.

1 Gent. How now, how does he?

Leo. Nay, if I tell ye, hang me, or any man else
 That hath his nineteen wits; he has the bots I think,
 He groans, and roars, and kicks.

2 Gent. Will he speak yet?

Leo. Not willingly:
 Shortly he will not see a man; if ever
 I look'd upon a Prince so metamorphos'd,
 So juggl'd into I know not what, shame take me;
 This 'tis to be in love.

1 Gent. Is that the cause on't?

Leo. What is it not the cause of but bear-baitings?
 And yet it stinks much like it: out upon't;
 What giants, and what dwarffs, what owls and apes, (it,
 What dogs, and cats it makes us? men that are possest with
 Live as if they had a Legion of Devils in 'em,
 And every Devil of a several nature;
 Nothing but Hey-pafs, re-pafs: where's the Lieutenant?
 Has he gather'd up the end on's wits again?

1 Gent. He is alive: but you that talk of wonders,
 Shew me but such a wonder as he is now.

Leo. Why? he was ever at the worst a wonder.

2 Gent. He is now most wonderful; a Blazer now, Sir.

Leo. What ails the Fool? and what Star reigns now
 We have such Prodigies? (Gentlemen)

2 Gent. 'Twill pose your heaven-hunters;
 He talks now of the King, no other language,
 And with the King as he imagines, hourly.
 Courts the King, drinks to the King, dies for the King,
 Buys all the Pictures of the King, wears the Kings colours.

Leo. Does he not lye i'th' King street too?

1 Gent. He's going thither,
 Makes prayers for the King, in sundry languages,
 Turns all his Proclamations into metre;
 Is really in love with the King, most dotingly,
 And swears Adonis was a Devil to him:
 A sweet King, a most comely King, and such a King——

2 Gent. Then down on's marrow-bones; O excellent King
 Thus he begins, Thou Light, and Life of Creatures,
 Angel-ey'd King, vouchsafe at length thy favour;

And

And so proceeds to incision: what think ye of this forrow?

1 *Gent.* Will as familiarly kifs the King horses
As they pass by him: ready to ravish his footmen.

Leo. Why, this is above Ela?
But how comes this?

1 *Gent.* Nay that's to understand yet,
But thus it is, and this part but the poorest, (these.)
'Twould make a man leap over the Moon to see him act

2 *Gent.* With sighs as though his heart would break:
Cry like a breech'd boy, not eat a bit.

Leo. I must go see him presently,
For this is such a gig, for certain, Gentlemen,
The Fiend rides on a Fiddle-stick.

2 *Gent.* I think so.

Leo. Can ye guide me to him for half an hour? I am his
To see the miracle.

1 *Gent.* We sure shall start him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Antigonus and Leucippe.

Ant. Are you sure she drank it?

Leu. Now must I lye most confidently.
Yes Sir, she has drunk it off.

Ant. How works it with her?

Leu. I see no alteration yet. *Ant.* There will be,
For he is the greatest Artist living made it.
Where is she now?

Leu. She is ready to walk out, Sir.

Ant. Stark mad, I know she will be.

Leu. So I hope, Sir.

Ant. She knows not of the Prince?

Leu. Of no man living——

Ant. How do I look? how do my cloaths become me?
I am not very grey.

Leu. A very youth, Sir,
Upon my maiden-head as smug as *April*:
Heaven blefs that sweet face, 'twill undo a thousand;
Many a soft heart must sob yet, e'r that wither,
Your Grace can give content enough.

Enter Celia with a Book.

Ant. I think so.

Leu. Here she comes, Sir.

Ant. How shall I keep her off me?

Go, & perfume the room: make all things ready. [*Ex. Leu.*]

Cel. No hope yet of the Prince! no comfort of him!
They keep me mew'd up here, as they mew mad folks,
No company but my afflictions.
This royal Devil again! strange, how he haunts me!
How like a poyson'd potion his eyes fright me!
Has made himself handsome too.

Ant. Do you look now, Lady?
You will leap anon.

Cel. Cur'd and perfum'd? I smell him;
He looks on's legs too, sure he will cut a caper;
God-a-mercy, dear *December*.

Ant. O do you smile now;
I knew it would work with you; come hither pretty one.

Cel. Sir.

Ant. I like those courtesies well; come hither and kifs me.

Cel. I am reading, Sir, of a short Treatise here,
That's call'd the Vanity of Lust: has your Grace seen it?
He says here, that an Old Mans loose desire
Is like the Glow-worms light, the Apes so wonder'd at:
Which when they gather'd sticks, and laid upon't,
And blew, and blew, turn'd tail, and went out presently:
And in another place he calls their loves,
Faint Smells of dying Flowers, carry no comforts;
They're doting, stinking fogs, so thick and muddy,
Reason with all his beams cannot beat through 'em.

Ant. How's this? is this the potion? you but fool still;
I know you love me.

Cel. As you are just and honest;
I know I love and honour you: admire you.

Ant. This makes against me, fearfully against me,
Cel. But as you bring your power to persecute me,

Your traps to catch mine innocence to rob me;
As you lay out your lusts to overwhelm me,
Hell never hated good, as I hate you, Sir;
And I dare tell it to your face: What glory
Now after all your Conquests got, your Titles,
The ever-living memories rais'd to you,
Can my defeat be? my poor wrack, what triumph?
And when you crown your swelling Cups to fortune,
What honourable tongue can sing my story?
Be as your Emblem is, a gorious Lamp
Set on the top of all, to light all perfectly:
Be as your office is, a god-like Justice,
Into all shedding equally your Vertues. (ness;

Ant. She has drencht me now; now I admire her good-
So young, so nobly strong, I never tasted:

Can nothing in the power of Kings perswade ye?

Cel. No, nor that power command me.

Ant. Say I should force ye?

I have it in my will. *Cel.* Your will's a poor one;
And though it be a King's Will, a despis'd one.
Weaker than Infants legs, your will's in swadling Clouts,
A thousand ways my will has found to check ye;
A thousand doors to 'scape ye, I dare dye, Sir;
As suddenly I dare dye, as you can offer:
Nay, say you had your Will, say you had ravish'd me,
Perform'd your lust, what had you purchas'd by it?
What Honour won? do you know who dwells above, Sir,
And what they have prepar'd for men turn'd Devils?
Did you never hear their thunder? start and tremble,
Death sitting on your blood, when their fires visit us.
Will nothing wring you then do you think? sit hard here,
And like a Snail curl round about your Conscience,
Biting and stinging: will you not roar too late then?
Then when you shake in horroir of this Villainy,
Then will I rise a Star in Heaven, and scorn ye. (ness!

Ant. Lust, how I hate thee now! and love this sweet-
Will you be my Queen? can that price purchase ye?

Cel. Not all the World, I am a Queen already,
Crown'd by his Love, I must not lose for Fortune;

I can give none away, sell none away, Sir,
Can lend no love, am not mine own Exchequer;

For in anothers heart my hope and peace lies. (nough

Ant. Your fair hands, Lady? for yet I am not pure e-
To touch these Lips, in that sweet Peace ye spoke of.

Live now for ever, and I to serve your Vertues——

Cel. Why now you show a god! now I kneel to ye;
This Sacrifice of Virgins Joy send to ye:

Thus I hold up my hands to Heaven that touch'd ye,
And pray eternal Blessings dwell about ye. (tue;

Ant. Vertue commands the Stars: rise more than Ver-
Your present comfort shall be now my business.

Cel. All my obedient service wait upon ye. [*Ex. severally.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Leontius, Gentlemen, and Lieutenant.

Leo. Hast thou clean forgot the Wars?

Lieu. Prithee hold thy peace.

1 *Gent.* His mind's much elevated now.

Leo. It seems so.

Sirrah.

Lieu. I am so troubled with this Fellow.

Leo. He will call me Rogue anon.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis ten to one else. (thee.

Lieu. O King that thou knew'st I lov'd thee, how I lov'd
And where O King, I barrel up thy beauty.

Leo. He cannot leave his Sutlerstrade, he woos in't.

Lieu. O never, King.

Leo. By this hand, when I consider——

Lieu. My honest friend, you are a little sawcy.

1 *Gent.* I told you you would have it.

Lieu. When mine own worth——

Leo. Is slung into the ballance, and found nothing.
Lieu. And yet a Soldier.
Leo. And yet a sawcy one.
Lieu. One that has followed thee.
Leo. Fair and far off.
Lieu. Fought for thy grace.
Leo. 'Twas for some grief, you lye Sir.
Lieu. He's the son of a whore denies this: will that fa-
Leo. Yes, very well. (tisfie ye?
Lieu. Shall then that thing that honours thee?
 How miserable a thing soever, yet a thing still;
 And though a thing of nothing, thy thing ever.
Leo. Here's a new thing.
2 Gent. He's in a deep dump now.
Leo. I'll fetch him out on't. When's the Kings birth-day?
Lieu. When e're it be, that day I'll dye with ringing.
 And there's the resolution of a Lover. [Exit.
Leo. A goodly resolution sure I take it.
 He is bewitch'd, or moop'd, or his brains melted,
 Could he find no body to fall in love with; but the King,
 The good old King, to doat upon him too?
 Stay, now I remember, what the fat woman warn'd me,
 Bad me remember, and look to him too:
 I'll hang if she have not a hand in this: he's conjured,
 Goe after him, I pity the poor Rascal,
 In the mean time I'll wait occasion
 To work upon the Prince.
2 Gent. Pray doe that seriously. [Ex. severally.

SCENA VII.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, Lords.

Lord. He's |very ill.
Ant. I am very sorry for't,
 And much ashamed I have wronged her innocence,
Menippus, guide her to the Princes lodgings,
 There leave her to his love again.
Men. I am glad Sir.
Lord. He will speak to none.
Ant. O I shall break that silence;
 Be quick, take fair attendance.
Men. Yes Sir presently. [Exit.
Ant. He will find his tongue, I warrant ye; his health too;
 I send a physick will not fail.
Lord. Fair work it.
Ant. We hear the Princes mean to visit us
 In way of truce.
Lord. 'Tis thought so.
Ant. Come: let's in then,
 And think upon the noblest wayes to meet 'em. [Exeunt.

SCENA VIII.

Enter Leontius.

Leo. There's no way now to get in: all the light stopt
 Nor can I hear a sound of him, pray Heaven (too;
 He use no violence: I think he has more Soul,
 Stronger, and I hope nobler: would I could but see once
 This beauty he groans under, or come to know
 But any circumstance. What noise is that there?
 I think I heard him groan: here are some coming;
 A woman too, I'll stand aloof, and view 'em.

Enter Menippus, Celia, Lords.

Cel. Well, some of ye have been to blame in this point,
 But I forgive ye: The King might have pickt out too
 Some fitter woman to have tri'd his valour.
Men. 'Twas all to the best meant, Lady.
Cel. I must think so,
 For how to mend it now: he's here you tell me?
Men. He's Madani, and the joy to see you only
 Will draw him out.
Leo. I know that womans tongue,
 I think I have seen her face too: Ple goe nearer:

If this be she, he has some cause of sorrow:
 'Tis the same face; the same, most excellent woman.
Cel. This should be Lord *Leontius*: I remember him.
Leo. Lady, I think ye know me.
Cel. Speak soft, good Souldier:
 I do, and know ye worthy, know ye noble;
 Know not me yet openly, as you love me;
 But let me see ye again, I'll satisfie ye:
 I am wondrous glad to see those eyes.
Leo. You have charged me.
Cel. You shall know where I am.
Leo. I will not off yet:
 She goes to knock at's door: This must be she
 The fellow told me of: right glad I am on't,
 He will bolt now for certain.
Cel. Are ye within Sir?
 I'll trouble you no more: I thank your courtesie,
 Pray leave me now.
All. Me. We rest your humble servants. [Ex. Me. &c.
Cel. So now my jives are off: pray Heaven he be here!
 Master, my royal Sir: do you hear who calls ye?
 Love, my *Demetrius*.
Leo. These are pretty quail-pipes,
 The Cock will Crow anon.
Cel. Can ye be drowsie,
 When I call at your Window?
Leo. I hear him stirring:
 Now he comes wondring out.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. 'Tis *Celias* found sure:
 The sweetnes of that tongue draws all hearts to it;
 There stands the shape too.
Leo. How he stares upon her?
Dem. Ha? do mine eyes abuse me?
 'Tis she, the living *Celia*: your hand Lady?
Cel. What should this mean?
Dem. The very self same *Celia*.
Cel. How do ye Sir?
Dem. Only turn'd brave.
 I heard you were dead my dear one, compleat,
 She is wondrous brave, a wondrous gallant Courtier.
Cel. How he surveyes me round? here has been foul play.
Dem. How came she thus?
Cel. It was a kind of death Sir,
 I suffered in your absence, mew'd up here,
 And kept conceal'd I know not how.
Dem. 'Tis likely:
 How came you hither *Celia*? wondrous gallant:
 Did my Father send for ye?
Cel. So they told me Sir,
 And on command too.
Dem. I hope you were obedient?
Cel. I was so ever.
Dem. And ye were bravely us'd?
Cel. I wanted nothing:
 My maiden-head to a mote i'th' Sun, he's jealous:
 I must now play the knave with him, though I dye for't,
 'Tis in my nature.
Dem. Her very eyes are alter'd:
 Jewels, and rich ones too, I never saw yet —
 And what were those came for ye?
Cel. Monstrous jealous:
 Have I liv'd at the rate of these scorn'd questions?
 They seem'd of good sort, Gentlemen.
Dem. Kind men?
Cel. They were wondrous kind:
 I was much beholding to 'em;
 There was one *Menippus* Sir.
Dem. Ha?
Cel. One *Menippus*,
 A notable merry Lord, and a good companion.
Dem. And one *Charinthus* too?
Cel. Yes, there was such a one.

Dem.

Dem. And *Timon*?

Cel. 'Tis most true.

Dem. And thou most treacherous :
My Fathers bawds by—they never misf course ;
And were these daily with ye ?

Cel. Every hour Sir.

Dem. And was there not a Lady, a fat Lady ?

Cel. O yes ; a notable good wench.

Dem. The Devil fetch her.

Cel. 'Tis ev'n the merriest wench ———

Dem. Did she keep with ye too ?

Cel. She was all in all ; my bed-fellow, eat with me,
Brought me acquainted.

Dem. You are well know here then ?

Cel. There is no living here a stranger I think.

Dem. How came ye by this brave gown ?

Cel. This is a poor one :

Alas, I have twenty richer : do you see these jewels ?
Why, they are the poorest things, to those are sent me,
And sent me hourly too.

Dem. Is there no modestie ?

No faith in this fair Sex ?

Leo. What will this prove too ?

For yet with all my wits, I understand not.

Dem. Come hither ; thou art dead indeed, lost, tainted ;
All that I left thee fair, and innocent,
Sweet as thy youth, and carrying comfort in't ;
All that I hoped for vertuous, is fled from thee,
Turn'd back, and bankrupt.

Leo. By'r Lady, this cuts shrewdly.

Dem. Thou art dead, for ever dead ; sins surfeit slew thee ;
The ambition of those wanton eyes betray'd thee ;
Go from me, grave of honour ; go thou foul one,
Thou glory of thy sin ; go thou despis'd one,
And where there is no vertue, nor no virgin ;
Where Chastity was never known, nor heard of ;
Where nothing reigns but impious lust, and looser faces.
Go thither, child of blood, and sing my doating.

Cel. You do not speak this seriously I hope Sir ;
I did but jest with you.

Dem. Look not upon me,
There is more hell in those eyes, than hell harbours ;
And when they flame, more torments.

Cel. Dare ye trust me ?

You durst once even with all you had : your love Sir ?
By this fair light I am honest.

Dem. Thou subtle *Circe*,
Cast not upon the maiden light eclipses :
Curse not the day.

Cel. Come, come, you shall not do this :
How fain you would seem angry now, to fright me ;
You are not in the field among your Enemies ;
Come, I must cool this courage.

Dem. Out thou impudence,
Thou ulcer of thy Sex ; when I first saw thee,
I drew into mine eyes mine own destruction,
I pull'd into my heart that sudden poyson,
That now consumes my dear content to cinders :
I am not now *Demetrius*, thou hast chang'd me ;
Thou, woman, with thy thousand wiles hast chang'd me ;
Thou Serpent with thy angel-eyes hast slain me ;
And where, before I touch'd on this fair ruine,
I was a man, and reason made, 'and mov'd me,
Now one great lump of grief, I grow and wander.

Cel. And as you are noble, do you think I did this ?

Dem. Put all the Devils wings on, and flie from me.

Cel. I will go from ye, never more to see ye :
I will flie from ye, as a plague hangs o're me ;
And through the progress of my life hereafter ;
Where ever I shall find a fool, a false man,
One that ne're knew the worth of polish'd vertue ;
A base suspecter of a virgins honour,
A child that flings away the wealth he cri'd for,
Him will I call *Demetrius* : that fool *Demetrius*,

That mad man a *Demetrius* ; and that false man,
The Prince of broken faiths, even Prince *Demetrius*.
You think now, I should cry, and kneel down to ye,
Petition for my peace ; let those that feel here
The weight of evil, wait for such a favour,
I am above your hate, as far above it,
In all the actions of an innocent life,
As the pure Stars are from the muddy meteors,
Cry when you know your folly : howl and curse then,
Beat that unmanly breast, that holds a false heart
When ye shall come to know, whom ye have flung from ye.

Dem. Pray ye stay a little.

Cel. Not your hopes can alter me.

Then let a thousand black thoughts muster in ye,
And with those enter in a thousand doatings ;
Those eyes be never shut, but drop to nothing :
My innocence for ever haunt and fright ye :
Those arms together grow in folds ; that tongue,
That bold bad tongue that barks out these disgraces.
When you shall come to know how nobly vertuous
I have preserv'd my life, rot, rot within ye.

Dem. What shall I doe ?

Cel. Live a lost man for ever.

Go ask your Fathers conscience what I suffered,
And through what seas of hazards I say'd through :
Mine honour still advanced in spite of tempests,
Then take your leave of love ; and confess freely,
You were never worthy of this heart that serv'd ye,
And so farewell ungratefull ———

[Exit.

Dem. Is she gone ?

Leo. I'll follow her, and will find out this matter.—[Exit

Enter *Antigonus*, and *Lords*.

Ant. Are ye pleas'd now ? have you got your heart a-
Have I restor'd ye that ? gain ?

Dem. Sir even for Heaven sake,
And sacred truth sake, tell me how ye found her.

Ant. I will, and in few words. Before I tri'd her,
'Tis true, I thought her most unfit your fellowship,
And fear'd her too : which fear begot that story
I told ye first : but since, like gold I toucht her.

Dem. And how dear Sir ?

Ant. Heavens holy light's not purer :
The constancy and goodness of all women
That ever liv'd, to win the names of worthy,
This noble Maid has doubled in her : honour,
All promises of wealth, all art to win her,
And by all tongues employ'd, wrought as much on her
As one may doe upon the Sun at noon day
By lighting Candles up : her shape is heavenly,
And to that heavenly shape her thoughts are angels.

Dem. Why did you tell me Sir ?

Ant. 'Tis true, I err'd in't :

But since I made a full proof of her vertue,
I find a King too poor a servant for her.
Love her, and honour her ; in all observe her.
She must be something more than time yet tells her :
And certain I believe him best, enjoys her :
I would not lose the hope of such a Daughter,
To adde another Empire to my honour.—

[Exit.

Dem. O wretched state ! to what end shall I turn me ?
And where begins my penance ? now, what service
Will win her love again ? my death must doe it :
And if that sacrifice can purge my follies,
Be pleas'd, O mightie Love, I dye thy servant—

[Exit.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Leontius*, and *Celia*.

Leo. I Know he do's not deserve ye ; h'as us'd you poorly :
I And to redeem himself ———

Cel. Redcem ?

Leo.

Leo. I know it —
There's no way left.
Cel. For Heavens sake do not name him,
Do not think on him Sir, he's so far from me
In all my thoughts now, methinks I never knew him.
Leo. But yet I would see him again.
Cel. No, never, never.
Leo. I do not mean to lend him any comfort ;
But to afflict him, so to torture him ;
That even his very Soul may shake within him :
To make him know, though he be great and powerfull,
'Tis not within his aim to deal dishonourably,
And carry it off, and with a maid of your fort.
Cel. I must confes, I could most spightfully afflict him ;
Now, now, I could whet my anger at him ;
Now, arm'd with bitterness, I could shoot through him ;
I long to vex him.
Leo. And doe it home, and bravely.
Cel. Were I a man ?
Leo. Ple help that weaknes in ye :
I honour ye, and serve ye.
Cel. Not only to disclaim me,
When he had seal'd his vowes in Heaven, sworn to me,
And poor believing I became his servant :
But most maliciously to brand my credit,
Stain my pure name.
Leo. I would not suffer it :
See him I would again, and to his teeth too :
Od's precious, I would ring him such a lesson —
Cel. I have done that already.
Leo. Nothing, nothing :
It was too poor a purge ; besides, by this time
He has found his fault, and feels the helts that follow it.
That, and your urg'd on anger to the highest,
Why, 'twill be such a stroak —
Cel. Say he repent then,
And seek with tears to soften, I am a woman ;
A woman that have lov'd him, Sir, have honour'd him :
I am no more.
Leo. Why, you may deal thereafter.
Cel. If I forgive him, I am lost.
Leo. Hold there then,
The sport will be to what a poor submission —
But keep you strong.
Cel. I would not see him.
Leo. Yes,
You shall Ring his knell.
Cel. How if I kill him ?
Leo. Kill him ? why, let him dye.
Cel. I know 'tis fit so.
But why should I that lov'd him once, destroy him ?
O had he scap't this sin, what a brave Gentleman —
Leo. I must confes, had this not saln, a nobler,
A handsomer, the whole world had not show'd ye :
And to his making such a mind —
Cel. 'Tis certain :
But all this I must now forget.
Leo. You shall not
If I have any art : goe up sweet Lady,
And trust my truth :
Cel. But good Sir bring him not.
Leo. I would not for the honour ye are born to,
But you shall see him, and neglect him too, and scorn him.
Cel. You will be near me then.
Leo. I will be with ye ;
Yet there's some hope to stop this gap, Ple work hard. [Ex.

SCENA II.

Enter Antigonus, Menip. two Gent. Lieutenant, and Lords.
Ant. But is it possible this fellow took it ?
2 Gent. It seems so by the violence it wrought with,
Yet now the fits ev'n off.
Men. I beseech your Grace.

Ant. Nay, I forgive thy wife with all my heart,
And am right glad she drank it not her self,
And more glad that the vertuous maid escap't it,
I would not for the world 'thad hit : but that this Souldier,
Lord how he looks, that he should take this vomit ;
Can he make rimes too ?
2 Gent. H'as made a thousand Sir,
And plaies the burthen to 'em on a Jews-trump.
Ant. He looks as though he were besift : do you love
Lieu. Yes surely even with all my heart. (me Sir ?
Ant. I thank ye ;
I am glad I have so good a subject : but pray ye tell me,
How much did ye love me, before ye drank this matter ?
Lieu. Even as much as a sober man might ; and a Souldier
That your grace owes just half a years pay to.
Ant. Well remembered ;
And did I seem so young and amiable to ye ?
Lieu. Methought you were the sweetest youth —
Ant. That's excellent.
Lieu. I truly Sir : and ever as I thought on ye,
I wished, and wished —
Ant. What didst thou wish prethee ?
Lieu. Ev'n, that I had been a wench of fifteen for ye,
A handsom wench Sir.
Ant. Why ? God a Mercy Souldier :
I seem not so now to thee.
Lieu. Not all out :
And yet I have a grudging to your grace still.
Ant. Thou wast never in love before ?
Lieu. Not with a King,
And hope I shall never be again : Truly Sir,
I have had such plunges, and such bickrings ;
And as it were such runnings atilt within me,
For whatsoever it was provok't me toward ye :
Ant. God a-mercy still.
Lieu. I had it with a vengeance,
It plaid his prize.
Ant. I would not have been a wench their ;
Though of this age.
Lieu. No sure, I should have spoil'd ye.
Ant. Well, goe thy waies, of all the lusty lovers
That e're I saw — wilt have another potion ?
Lieu. If you will be another thing, have at ye.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha : give me thy hand, from henceforth thou
Do bravely, Ple love thee as much. (art my souldier,
Lieu. I thank ye ;
But if you were mine enemy, I would not wish it ye :
I beseech your Grace, pay me my charge.
2 Gent. That's certain Sir ;
H'as bought up all that e're he found was like ye,
Or any thing you have lov'd, that he could purchase ;
Old horses, that your Grace has ridden blind, and foundr'd ;
Dogs, rotten hawks, and which is more than all this,
Has worn your Graces Gauntlet in his Bonnet.
Ant. Bring in your Bills : mine own love shall be satisfi'd ;
And firrah, for this potion you have taken,
I'll point ye out a portion ye shall live on.
Men. 'Twas the best draught that e're ye drunk.
Lieu. I hope so.
Ant. Are the Princes come toth' Court ?
Men. They are all ; and lodg'd Sir.
Ant. Come then, make ready for their entertainment,
Which presently we'll give : wait you on me Sir.
Lieu. I shall love drink the better whilst I live boyes.

SCENA III.

Enter Demetrius, and Leontius.

Dem. Let me but see her, dear *Leontius* ;
Let me but dye before her.
Leo. Would that would doe it :
If I knew where she lay now, with what honestie,
You having slung so main a mischief on her,
And on so innocent and sweet a Beauty,

Dare I present your visit?

Dem. I'll repent all:
And with the greatest sacrifice of sorrow,
That ever Lover made.

Leo. 'Twill be too late Sir:
I know not what will become of you.

Dem. You can help me.

Leo. It may be to her sight: what are you nearer?
She has sworn she will not speak to ye, look upon ye,
And to love ye again, O she cries out, and thunders,
She had rather love——there is no hope——

Dem. Yes *Leontius*,
There is a hope, which though it draw no love to it,
At least will draw her to lament my fortune,
And that hope shall relieve me.

Leo. Hark ye Sir, hark ye:
Say I should bring ye——

Dem. Do not not trifle with me?

Leo. I will not trifle; both together bring ye,
You know the wrongs ye' done.

Dem. I do confess 'em.

Leo. And if you should then jump into your fury,
And have another querk in your head.

Dem. I'll dye first.

Leo. You must say nothing to her; for 'tis certain,
The nature of your crime will admit to excuse.

Dem. I will not speak, mine eyes shall tell my penance.

Leo. You must look wondrous sad too.

Dem. I need not look so,
I am truly sadness self.

Leo. That look will do it:
Stay here, I'll bring her to you instantly:
But take heed how you bear your self: sit down there,
The more humble you are, the more she'll take compassion.
Women are per'ulous thing to deal upon. [Exit.]

Dem. What shall become of me? to curse my fortune,
Were but to curse my Father; that's too impious;
But under whatsoever fate I suffer,
Bless I beseech thee heaven her harmless goodness.

Enter Leontius, and Celia.

Leo. Now arm your self.

Cel. You have not brought him?

Leo. Yes faith,
And there he is: you see in what poor plight too,
Now you may doe your will, kill him, or save him.

Cel. I will goe back.

Leo. I will be hang'd then Lady,
Are ye a coward now?

Cel. I cannot speak to him.

Dem. O me.

Leo. There was a sigh to blow a Church down;
So, now their eyes are fixt, the small shot playes,
They will come totli' batterie anon.

Cel. He weeps extreemly.

Leo. Rail at him now.

Cel. I dare not.

Leo. I am glad on't.

Cel. Nor dare believe his tears.

Dem. You may, blest beauty,
For those thick streams that troubled my repentance,
Are crept out long agoe.

Leo. You see how he looks.

Cel. What have I to doe how he looks? how lookt he
When with a poisoned tooth he bit mine honour? (then,
It was your counsel too, to scorn and slight him

Leo. I, if ye saw fit cause; and you confess too,
Except this sin, he was the bravest Gentleman,
The sweetest, noblest: I take nothing from ye,
Nor from your anger; use him as you please:
For to say truth, he has deserved your justice;
But still consider what he has been to you.

Cel. Pray do not blind me thus.

Dem. O Gentle Mistis,

If there were any way to expiate
A sin so great as mine, by intercession,
By prayers, by daily tears, by dying for ye:
O what a joy would close these eyes that love ye.

Leo. They say women have tender hearts, I know not,
I am sure mine melts.

Cel. Sir, I forgive ye heartily,
And all your wrong to me I cast behind me,
And wish ye a fit beauty to your vertues:
Mine is too poor, in peace I part thus from you;
I must look back: gods keep your grace: he's here still. [Ex.]

Dem. She has forgiven me.

Leo. She has directed ye:
Up, up, and follow like a man: away Sir,
She lookt behind her twice: her heart dwells here Sir,
Ye drew tears from her too: she cannot freeze thus;
The door's set open too, are ye a man?

Are ye alive? do ye understand her meaning?
Have ye bloud and spirit in ye?

Dem. I dare not trouble her.

Leo. Nay, and you will be nipt i'th' head with nothing,
Walk whining up and down; I dare not, I cannot:
Strike now or never: faint heart, you know what Sir——
Be govern'd by your fear, and quench your fire out.

A Devil on't, stands this door ope for nothing?

So get ye together, and be naught: now to secure all,
Will I go fetch out a more soveraign plaister. [Exeunt.]

SCENA IV.

*Enter Antigonus, Seleucus, Lyfimachus, Ptolomy,
Lieutenant, Gentlemen, Lords.*

Ant. This peace is fairly made.

Seleu. Would your Grace wish us
To put in more: take what you please, we yield it;
The honour done us by your son constrains it,
Your noble son.

Ant. It is sufficient, Princes;
And now we are one again, one mind, one body,
And one sword shall strike for us.

Lyf. Let Prince *Demetrius*
But lead us on: for we are his vowed servants;
Against the strength of all the world we'll buckle.

Ptol. And even from all that strength we'll catch at vi-

Sel. O had I now recover'd but the fortune (story.
I lost in *Antioch*, when mine Uncle perish'd;
But that were but to surfeit me with blessings.

Lyf. You lost a sweet child there.

Sel. Name it no more Sir;
This is no time to entertain such sorrows;
Will your Majesty do us the honour, we may see the Prince,
And wait upon him?

Enter Leon.

Ant. I wonder he staves from us:
How now *Leontius*, where's my son?

Sel. Brave Captain.

Lyf. Old valiant Sir.

Leo. Your Graces are welcom:
Your son and't please you Sir, is new cashiered yonder,
Cast from his Mistis favour: and such a coil there is;
Such fending, and such proving; she stands off,
And will by no means yield to composition:
He offers any price; his body to her.

Sel. She is a hard Lady, denies that caution.

Leo. And now they whine, and now they rave: faith Prin-
'Twere a good point of charity to piece 'em; (ces,
For less than such a power will doe just nothing:
And if you mean to see him, there it must be,
For there will he grow, till he be transplanted.

Sel. Beseech your grace, let's wait upon you thither,
That I may see that beauty dares deny him,
That scornfull beauty.

Ptol. I should think it worse now;

Ill brought up beauty.

Ant. She has too much reason for't ;
Which with too great a grief, I shame to think of,
But we'll go see this game.

Lys. Rather this wonder.

Ant. Be you our guide *Leontius*, here's a new peace. [Ex.]

SCENE V.

Enter Demetrius and Celia.

Cel. Thus far you shall persuade me, still to honour ye,
Still to live with ye, Sir, or near about ye ;
For not to lye, you have my first and last love :
But since you have conceiv'd an evil against me,
An evil that so much concerns your honour,
That honour aim'd by all at for a pattern :
And though there be a false thought, and confess too,
And much repentance fall in 'shows to purge it ;
Yet, whilst that great respect I ever bore ye,
Dwells in my blood, and in my heart that duty ;
Had it but been a dream, I must not touch ye.

Dem. O you will make some other happy ?

Cel. Never,
Upon this hand I'll seal that faith.

Dem. We may kiss,
Put not those out o'th' peace too.

Cel. Those I'll give ye,
So there you will be pleas'd to pitch your *ne ultra*,
I will be merry with ye ; sing, discourse with ye,
Be your poor Mistress still : in truth I love ye.

*Enter Leontius, Antigonus, Seleucus, Lysimachus,
Ptolomie, Lieutenant, and Gentleman.*

Dem. Stay, who are these ?

Lys. A very handsome Lady.

Leo. As e're you saw.

Sel. Pity her heart's so cruel.

Lys. How does your Grace ? he stands still, will not hear us.

Prol. We come to serve ye, Sir, in all our fortunes.

Lys. He bows a little now ; he's strangely alter'd.

Sel. Ha ? pray ye a word *Leontius*, pray ye a word with ye,
Lysimachus ? you both knew mine *Enanthe*,
I lost in *Antioch*, when the Town was taken,
Mine Uncle slain, *Antigonus* had the sack on't ?

Lys. Yes, I remember well the Girl.

Sel. Methinks now

That face is wondrous like her : I have her picture,
The same, but more years on her ; the very same.

Lys. A Cherry to a Cherry is not liker.

Sel. Look on her eyes.

Leo. Most certain she is like her :

Many a time have I dandled her in these arms, Sir,
And I hope who will more.

Ant. What's that ye look at, Princes ?

Sel. This Picture, and that Lady, Sir.

Ant. Ha ! they are near :

They only err in time.

Lys. Did you mark that blush there ?
That came the nearest.

Sel. I must speak to her.

Leo. You'll quickly be resolved.

Sel. Your name sweet Lady ?

Cel. *Enanthe*, Sir : and this to beg your blessing.

Sel. Do you know me ?

Cel. If you be the King *Seleucus*,
I know you are my Father.

Sel. Peace a little,
Where did I lose ye ?

Cel. At the Sack of *Antioch*,
Where my good Uncle di'd, and I was taken,
By a mean Souldier taken : by this Prince,
This noble Prince, redeem'd from him again,
Where ever since I have remain'd his Servant.

Sel. My joys are now too full : welcome *Enanthe*,
Mine own, my dearest, and my best *Enanthe*.

Dem. And mine too desperate.

Sel. You shall not think so,
This is a peace indeed.

Ant. I hope it shall be,
And ask it first.

Cel. Most Royal Sir, ye have it.

Dem. I once more beg it thus.

Sel. You must not be deny'd, Sir.

Cel. By me, I am sure he must not : sure he shall not ;
Kneeling I give it too ; kneeling I take it ;
And from this hour, no envious spight e're part us.

All. The gods give happy joyes ; all comforts to ye.

Dem. My new *Enanthe*.

Ant. Come, beat all the Drums up,
And all the noble instruments of War :
Let 'em fill all the Kingdom with their sounds ;
And those the brazen Arch of Heaven break through ;
While to the Temple we conduct these two.

Leo. May they be ever loving, ever young,
And ever worthy of those lines they sprung ;
May their fair issues walk with time along.

Lieu. And hang a Coward now ; and there's my song.

[Exeunt.]

Prologue.

Would some man would instruct me what to say:
 For this same Prologue, usual to a Play,
 Is tied to such an old form of Petition;
 Men must say nothing now beyond commission:
 The Cloaks we wear, the Leggs we make, the place
 We stand in, must be one; and one the face.
 Nor alter'd nor exceeded; if it be,
 A general hisse hangs on our levitie:
 We have a Play, a new Play to play now,
 And thus low in our Playes behalf we bow;
 We bow to beg your suffrage, and kind ear;
 If it were naught, or that it might appear,
 A thing buoy'd up by prayer, Gentlemen,
 Believe my faith, you should not see me then.
 Let them speak then have power to stop a storm:
 I never lov'd to feel a House so warm:
 But for the Play if you dare credit me,
 I think it well: All new things you shall see,
 And these dispos'd to all the mirth that may;
 And short enough we hope: and such a Play
 You were wont to like: sit nobly then, and see:
 If it miscarry, pray look not for me.

Epilogue,

Spoke by the Lieutenant.

I Am not cur'd yet throughly; for believe
 I feel another passion that may grieve,
 All over me I feel it too: and now
 It takes me cold, cold, cold, I know not how:
 As you are good men help me, a Carowse
 May make me love you all, all here i'th' house,
 And all that come to see me doatingly:
 Now lend your hands; and for your courtesie,
 The next imployment I am sent upon,
 I'll swear you are Physicians, the War's none.

THE

T H E
Faithful Shepherdes.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

*Enter Clorin a Shepherdes, having buried her
Love in an Arbour.*

HAil, holy Earth, whose cold Arms do embrace
The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plains of fruitful *Theffaly*,
Thus I salute thy Grave, thus do I pay
My early vows, and tribute of mine eyes
To thy still loved ashes; thus I free
My self from all insuing heats and fires
Of love: all sports, delights and jolly games
That Shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth brows be begirt
With youthful Coronals, and lead the Dance;
No more the company of fresh fair Maids
And wanton Shepherds be to me delightful,
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
Under some shady dell, when the cool wind
Plays on the leaves: all be far away,
Since thou art far away; by whose dear side
How often have I sat Crown'd with fresh flowers
For summers Queen, whil'st every Shepherds Boy
Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
And hanging scrip of finest Cordevan.
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
And all are dead but thy dear memorie;
That shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring
Whilest there are pipes, or jolly Shepherds sing.
And here will I in honour of thy love,
Dwell by thy Grave, forgetting all those joys,
That former times made precious to mine eyes,
Only remembering what my youth did gain
In the dark, hidden vertuous use of Herbs:
That will I practise, and as freely give
All my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.
Of all green wounds I know the remedies
In Men or Cattel, be they stung with Snakes,
Or charm'd with powerful words of wicked Art,
Or be they Love-sick, or through too much heat
Grown wild or Lunatick, their eyes or ears
Thickned with misty filme of dulling Rheum,
These I can Cure, such secret vertue lies
In Herbs applyed by a Virgins hand:
My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
Berries, and Chesnuts, Plantanes, on whose Cheeks,
The Sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
Pull'd from the fair head of the straight grown Pine;
On these I'll feed with free content and rest,
When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

Enter a Satyr.

Satyr. Through yon same bending plain
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods have I run;
Whose bottom never kist the Sun
Since the lusty Spring began,
All to please my master *Pan*,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him Fruit; for at a Feast

He entertains this coming night
His Paramour, the *Syrinx* bright:
But behold a fairer sight!
By that Heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods, for in thy face
Shines more awful Majesty,
Than dull weak mortalitie
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live: therefore on this mold
Lowly do I bend my knee,
In worship of thy Deitie;
Deign it Goddes from my hand,
To receive what e're this land
From her fertile Womb doth send
Of her choice Fruits: and but lend
Belief to that the Satyre tells,
Fairer by the famous wells,
To this present day ne're grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be Grapes whose lusty bloud
Is the learned Poets good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of *Bacchus*, Nuts more brown
Than the Squirrels Teeth that crack them;
Deign O fairest fair to take them.
For these black ey'd *Driope*
Hath oftentimes commanded me,
With my clasped knee to clime;
See how well the lusty time
Hath deckt their rising cheeks in red;
Such as on your lips is spread,
Here be Berries for a Queen,
Some be red, some be green,
These are of that luscious meat,
The great God *Pan* himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong,
Till when humbly leave I take,
Lest the great *Pan* do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad Beeches shade,
I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery Sun.

[*He stands amazed.*]

[*Exit.*]

Clor. And all my fears go with thee.
What greatness or what private hidden power,
Is there in me to draw submission
From this rude man, and beast? sure I am mortal:
The Daughter of a Shepherd, he was mortal:
And she that bore me mortal: prick my hand
And it will bleed: a Fever shakes me,
And the self same wind that makes the young Lambs shrink,
Makes me a cold: my fear says I am mortal:
Yet I have heard (my Mother told it me)
And now I do believe it, if I keep
My Virgin Flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No Goblin; Wood-god; Fairy; Elfe, or Fiend,

..... Satyr,

Saryr or other power that haunts the Groves,
 Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
 Draw me to wander after idle fires ;
 Or voyces calling me in dead of night,
 To make me follow, and so tole me on
 Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruine :
 Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
 Manners, nor smooth humanity, whose heats
 Are rougher than himself, and more mishapen,
 Thus mildly kneel to me ? sure there is a power
 In that great name of Virgin, that binds fast
 All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
 That break their confines: then strong Chastity,
 Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll dwell
 In opposition against Fate and Hell.

*Enter an old Shepherd, with him four couple of Shepherds
 and Shepherdesses.*

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy Festival
 In honour of our great God, and his rites
 Perform'd, prepare your selves for chaste
 And uncorrupted fires: that as the Priest,
 With powerful hand shall sprinkle on yours Brows
 His pure and holy water, ye may be
 From all hot flames of lust, and loose thoughts free.
 Kneel Shepherds, kneel, here comes the Priest of Pan.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Shepherds, thus I purge away,
 Whatsoever this great day,
 Or the past hours gave not good,
 To corrupt your Maiden blood :
 From the high rebellious heat
 Of the Grapes, and strength of meat ;
 From the wanton quick desires,
 They do kindle by their fires,
 I do wash you with this water,
 Be you pure and fair hereafter.
 From your Liver and your Veins,
 Thus I take away the stains.
 All your thoughts be smooth and fair,
 Be ye fresh and free as Air.
 Never more let lustful heat
 Through your purged conduits beat,
 Or a plighted troth be broken,
 Or a wanton verse be spoken
 In a Shepherdesses ear ;
 Go your wayes, ye are all clear.

[They rise and sing in praise of Pan.]

The SONG.

*Sing his praises that doth keep
 Our Flocks from harm,
 Pan the Father of our Sheep,
 And arm in arm
 Tread we softly in a round,
 Whilest the hollow neighbouring ground
 Fills the Musick with her sound.*

*Pan, O great God Pan, to thee
 Thus do we sing :
 Thou that keep'st us chaste and free
 As the young Spring,
 Ever be thy honour spoke,
 From that place the morn is broke,
 To that place Day doth unyoke.*

[Exeunt omnes but Perigot and Amoret.]

Peri. Stay gentle Amoret, thou fair brow'd Maid,
 Thy Shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,
 Equal with his souls good.

Amo. Speak ; I give
 Thee freedom Shepherd, and thy tongue be still
 The same it ever was ; as free from ill,

As he whose conversation never knew
 The Court or City be thou ever true.

Peri. When I fall off from my affection,
 Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires,
 First let our great God cease to keep my flocks,
 That being left alone without a guard,
 The Wolf, or Winters rage, Summers great heat,
 And want of Water, Rots ; or what to us
 Of ill is yet unknown, full speedily,
 And in their general ruine let me feel.

Amo. I pray thee gentle Shepherd wish not so,
 I do believe thee: 'tis as hard for me
 To think thee false, and harder than for thee
 To hold me foul. *Peri.* O you are fairer far
 Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
 That guides the wandring Sea men through the deep,
 Straighter than straightest Pine upon the steep
 Head of an aged mountain, and more white
 Than the new Milk we strip before day-light
 From the full freighted bags of our fair flocks :
 Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks
 Of young Apollo.

Amo. Shepherd be not lost,
 Y'are sail'd too far already from the Coast
 Of our discourse.

Peri. Did you not tell me once
 I should not love alone, I should not lose
 Those many passions, vows, and holy Oaths,
 I've sent to Heaven? did you not give your hand,
 Even that fair hand in hostage? Do not then
 Give back again those sweets to other men,
 You your self vow'd were mine.

Amo. Shepherd, so far as Maidens modesty
 May give assurance, I am once more thine,
 Once more I give my hand ; be ever free
 From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy.

Peri. I take it as my best good, and desire
 For stronger confirmation of our love,
 To meet this happy night in that fair Grove,
 Where all true Shepherds have rewarded been
 For their long service: say sweet, shall it hold?

Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me if I make
 A doubt of what the silent night may do,
 Coupled with this dayes heat to move your blood :
 Maids must be fearful ; sure you have not been
 Wash'd white enough ; for yet I see a stain
 Stick in your Liver, go and purge again.

Peri. O do not wrong my honest simple truth,
 My self and my affections are as pure
 As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
 Of the great Dian: only my intent
 To draw you thither, was to plight our troths,
 With enterchange of mutual chaste embraces,
 And ceremonious tying of our selves :
 For to that holy wood is consecrate
 A vertuous well, about whose flowry banks,
 The nimble-footed Fairies dance their rounds,
 By the pale moon-shine, dipping oftentimes
 Their stolen Children, so to make them free
 From dying flesh, and dull mortalitie ;
 By this fair Fount hath many a Shepherd sworn,
 And given away his freedom, many a troth
 Been plight, which neither envy, nor old time
 Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given,
 In hope of coming happiness ; by this
 Fresh Fountain many a blushing Maid
 Hath crown'd the head of her long loved Shepherd
 With gaudy flowers, whilest he happy sung
 Layes of his love and dear Captivitie ;
 There grows all Herbs fit to cool loofer flames
 Our sensual parts provoke, chiding our bloods,
 And quenching by their power those hidden sparks
 That else would break out, and provoke our sense
 To open fires, so vertuous is that place:

Then gentle Shepherdes, believe and grant,
In troth it fits not with that face to scant
Your faithful Shepherd of those chaste desires
He ever aim'd at, and——

Ama. Thou hast prevail'd, farewell, this coming night
Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long wish'd delight.

Peri. Our great god *Pan* reward thee for that good
Thou hast given thy poor Shepherd: fairest Bud
Of Maiden Vertues, when I leave to be
The true Admirer of thy Chastitie,
Let me deserve the hot polluted Name
Of the wild Woodman, or affect some Dame,
Whose often Prostitution hath begot
More foul Diseases, than ever yet the hot
Sun bred through his burnings, whilst the Dog
Pursues the raging Lion, throwing Fog,
And deadly Vapour from his angry Breath,
Filling the lower World with Plague and Death. [Ex. Am.]

Enter Amaryllis.

Ama. Shepherd, may I desire to be believ'd,
What I shall blushing tell?

Peri. Fair Maid, you may.

Am. Then softly thus, I love thee, *Perigot*,
And would be gladder to be lov'd again,
Than the cold Earth is in his frozen arms
To clip the wanton Spring: nay do not start,
Nor wonder that I woo thee, thou that art
The prime of our young Grooms, even the top
Of all our lusty Shepherds! what dull eye
That never was acquainted with desire,
Hath seen thee wrattle, run, or cast the Stone
With nimble strength and fair delivery,
And hath not sparkled fire, and speedily
Sent secret heat to all the neighbouring Veins?
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again
That freedom back, was lent unto thy Voice;
Then do not blame me (Shepherd) if I be
One to be numbred in this Companie,
Since none that ever saw thee yet, were free.

Peri. Fair Shepherdes, much pity I can lend
To your Complaints: but sure I shall not love:
All that is mine, my self, and my best hopes
Are given already; do not love him then
That cannot love again: on other men
Bestow those heats more free, that may return
You fire for fire, and in one flame equal burn.

Ama. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my affection, most unkind of men!
If I were old, or had agreed with Art
To give another Nature to my Cheeks,
Or were I common Mistresse to the love
Of every Swain, or could I with such ease
Call back my Love, as many a Wanton doth;
Thou might'st refuse me, Shepherd; but to thee
I am only fixt and set, let it not be
A Sport, thou gentle Shepherd to abuse
The love of silly Maid.

Peri. Fair Soul, ye use
These words to little end: for know, I may
Better call back that time was Yesterday,
Or stay the coming Night, than bring my Love
Home to my self again, or recreant prove.
I will no longer hold you with delays,
This present night I have appointed been
To meet that chaste Fair (that enjoys my Soul)
In yonder Grove, there to make up our Loves.
Be not deceiv'd no longer, chuse again,
These neighbouring Plains have many a comely Swain,
Fresher, and freer far than I e'r was,
Bestow that love on them, and let me pass.
Farewel, be happy in a better Choice. [Exit.]

Ama. Cruel, thou hast struck me deader with thy Voice
Than if the angry Heavens with their quick flames

Had shot me through: I must not leave to love,
I cannot, no I must enjoy thee, Boy,
Though the great dangers 'twixt my hopes and that
Be infinite: there is a Shepherd dwells
Down by the Moor, whose life hath ever shown
More fullen Discontent than *Saturns* Brow,
When he sits frowning on the Births of Men:
One that doth wear himself away in loneness;
And never joys unless it be in breaking
The holy plighted troths of mutual Souls:
One that lulls after ever several Beauty,
But never yet was known to love or like,
Were the face fairer, or more full of truth,
Than *Phæbe* in her fulness, or the youth
Of smooth *Lycus*; whose nigh starved flocks
Are always scabby, and infect all Sheep
They feed withal; whose Lambs are ever lost,
And dye before their waining, and whose Dog
Looks like his Master, lean, and full of scurf,
Not caring for the Pipe or Whistle: this man may
(If he be well wrought) do a deed of wonder,
Forcing me passage to my long-desires:
And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose,
As my quick thoughts could wish for.

Enter Shepherd.

Shep. Fresh Beauty, let me not be thought uncivil,
Thusto be Partner of your loneness: 'twas
My Love (that ever working passion) drew
Me to this place to seek some remedy
For my sick Soul: be not unkind and fair,
For such the mighty *Cupid* in his doom
Hath sworn to be aveng'd on, then give room
To my consuming Fires, that so I may
Enjoy my long Desires, and so allay
Those flames that else would burn my life away.

Ama. Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart were found
As thy words seem to be, means might be found
To cure thee of thy long pains; for to me
That heavy youth-consuming Miserie
The love-sick Soul endures, never was pleasing;
I could be well content with the quick easing
Of thee, and thy hot fires, might it procure
Thy faith and farther service to be sure.

Shep. Name but that great work, danger, or what can
Be compass'd by the Wit or Art of Man,
And if I fail in my performance, may
I never more kneel to the rising Day.

Ama. Then thus I try thee, Shepherd, this same night,
That now comes stealing on, a gentle pair
Have promis'd equal Love, and do appoint
To make yon Wood the place where hands and hearts
Are to be ty'd for ever: break their meeting
And their strong Faith, and I am ever thine.

Shep. Tell me their Names, and if I do not move
(By my great power) the Centre of their Love
From his fixt being, let me never more
Warm me by those fair Eyes I thus adore.

Ama. Come, as we go, I'll tell thee what they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy work. [Exit.]

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How have I wrong'd the times, or men, that thus
After this holy Feast I pass unknown
And unsaluted? 'twas not wont to be
Thus frozen with the younger companie
Of jolly Shepherds; 'twas not then held good,
For lusty Grooms to mix their quicker blood
With that dull humour, most unfit to be
The friend of man, cold and dull Chastitic.
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
Or else not free enough, or from my fold
Drive not a flock sufficient, great to gain

The greedy eyes of wealth-alluring Swain:
Yet if I may believe what others say,
My face has foil enough; nor can they lay
Justly too strict a Coyneſs to my Charge;
My Flocks are many, and the Downs as large
They feed upon: then let it ever be
Their Coldneſs, not my Virgin Modeſtie
Makes me complain.

Enter Thenot.

The. Was ever Man but I
Thus truly taken with uncertainty?
Where ſhall that Man be found that loves a mind
Made up in Conſtancy, and dare not find
His Love rewarded? here let all men know
A Wretch that lives to love his Miſtreſs ſo.

Cl. Shepherd, I pray thee ſtay, where haſt thou been?
Or whither go'ſt thou? here be Woods as green
As any, air likewiſe as freſh and ſweet,
As where ſmooth *Zephyrus* plays on the fleet
Face of the curled Streams, with Flowers as many
As the young Spring gives, and as choiſe as any;
Here be all new Delights, cool Streams and Wells,
Arbors o'rgrown with Woodbinds, Caves, and Dells,
Chuſe where thou wilt, whiſt I ſit by, and ſing,
Or gather Ruſhes to make many a Ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of Love,
How the pale *Phæbe* hunting in a Grove,
Fiſt ſaw the Boy *Endymion*, from whoſe Eyes
She took eternal fire that never dyes;
How ſhe convey'd him ſoftly in a ſleep,
His temples bound with poppy to the ſleep
Head of old *Latmus*, where ſhe ſtoops each night,
Gilding the Mountain with her Brothers light,
To kiſs her ſweeteſt. *The.* Far from me are theſe
Hot ſaſhes, bred from wanton heat and eaſe;
I have forgot what love and loving meant:
Rhimes, Songs, and merry Rounds, that oft are ſent
To the ſoft Ears of Maids, are ſtrange to me;
Only I live t' admire a Chaſtitie,
That neither pleaſing Age, ſmooth tongue, or Gold,
Could ever break upon, ſo pure a Mold
Is that her Mind was caſt in; 'tis to her
I only am reſerv'd; ſhe is my form I ſtir
By, breath and move, 'tis ſhe and only ſhe
Can make me happy, or give miſerie.

Cl. Good Shepherd, may a Stranger crave to know
To whom this dear obſervance you do ow?

The. You may, and by her Vertue learn to ſquare
And level out your Life; for to be fair
And nothing vertuous, only fits the Eye
Of gaudy Youth, and ſwelling Vanitie.
Then know, ſhe's call'd the Virgin of the Grove,
She that hath long ſince bury'd her chaſte Love,
And now lives by his Grave, for whoſe dear Soul
She hath vow'd her ſelf into the holy Roll
Of ſtrict Virginity; 'tis her I ſo admire,
Not any looſer Blood, or new deſire.

Cl. Farewel poor Swain, thou art not for my bend,
I muſt have quicker Souls, whoſe works may tend
To ſome free action: give me him dare love
At fiſt encounter, and as ſoon dare prove.

The SONG.

Come Shepherds, come,
Come away without delay
Whiſt the gentle time doſt ſtay.
Green Woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any
Thoſe dear Kiſſes, and thoſe many
Sweet Embraces that are given
Dainty Pleaſures that would even
Paſe in coldeſt Age a fire,
And give Virgin Blood deſire,

Then if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it,
Think not I,
Dare deny,
If you crave it.

Enter Daphnis.

Here comes another: better be my ſpeed,
Thou god of Blood: but certain, if I read
Not falſe, this is that modeſt Shepherd, he
That only dare ſalute, but ne'r could be
Brought to kiſs any, hold diſcourſe, or ſing,
Whiſper, or boldly ask that wiſhed thing
We all are born for; one that makes loving Faces,
And could be well content to covet Graces,
Were they not got by boldneſs; in this thing
My hopes are frozen; and but Fate doth bring
Him hither, I would ſooner chuſe
A Man made out of Snow, and freer uſe
An Eunuch to my ends: but ſince he's here,
Thus I attempt him. Thou of men moſt dear,
Welcome to her, that only for thy ſake,
Hath been content to live: here boldly take
My hand in pledg, this hand, that never yet
Was given away to any: and but ſit
Down on this ruſhy Bank, whiſt I go pull
Freſh Bloſſoms from the Boughs, or quickly cull
The choiceſt delicates from yonder Mead,
To make thee Chains, or Chaplets, or to ſpread
Under our fainting Bodies, when delight
Shall lock up all our ſenſes. How the ſight
Of thoſe ſmooth riſing Cheeks renew the ſtory
Of young *Adonis*, when in Pride and Glory
He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms
Of willing *Venus*: methinks ſtronger Charms
Dwell in thoſe ſpeaking eyes, and on that brow
More ſweetneſs than the Painters can allow
To their beſt pieces: not *Narciffus*, he
That wept himſelf away in memorie
Of his own Beauty, nor *Silvanus* Boy,
Nor the twice raviſh'd Maid, for whom old *Troy*
Fell by the hand of *Pirrhus*, may to thee
Be otherwiſe compar'd, than ſome dead Tree
To a young fruitful Olive. *Daph.* I can love,
But I am loth to ſay ſo, leſt I prove
Too ſoon unhappy.

Cl. Happy thou would'ſt ſay,
My deareſt *Daphnis*, bluſh not, if the day
To thee and thy ſoft heats be enemy,
Then take the coming Night, fair youth 'tis free
To all the World, Shepherd, I'll meet thee then
When darkneſs hath ſhut up the eyes of men,
In yonder Grove: ſpeak, ſhall our Meeting hold?
Indeed you are too baſhful, be more bold,
And tell me I. *Daph.* I'm content to ſay ſo,
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray ſo
Much from your Fairneſs, that you would be true.

Cl. Shepherd, thou haſt thy Wiſh.

Daph. Freſh Maid, adieu:

Yet one word more, ſince you have drawn me on
To come this Night, fear not to meet alone
That man that will not offer to be ill,
Though your bright ſelf would ask it, for his fill
Of this Worlds goodneſs: do not fear him then,
But keep your 'pointed time; let other men
Set up their Bloods to ſale, mine ſhall be ever
Fair as the Soul it carries, and unchaſt never. [Exit.

Cl. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not ſtrange, among ſo many a ſcore
Of luſty Bloods, I ſhould pick out theſe things
Whoſe Veins like a dull River far from Springs,
Is ſtill the ſame, ſlow, heavy, and unfit

For stream or motion, though the strong winds hit
With their continual power upon his sides?
O happy be your names that have been brides,
And tasted those rare sweets for which I pine:
And far more heavy be thy grief and time,
Thou lazie swain, that maist relieve my needs,
Than his, upon whose liver alwayes feeds
A hungry vultur.

Enter Alexis.

Alex. Can such beauty be
Safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze,
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better part contemplates, giving rein
And wished freedom to the labouring vein?
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know
The cause of your retirement, why ye goe
Thus all alone? methinks the downs are sweeter,
And the young company of swains far meeter,
Than those forsaken and untroden places.
Give not your self to loneness, and those graces
Hid from the eyes of men, that were intended
To live amongst us swains.

Cloe. Thou art befriended,
Shepherd, in all my life I have not seen
A man in whom greater contents have been
Than thou thy self art: I could tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to restore
My freedom lost. O lend me all thy red,
Thou shamefast morning, when from *Tithons* bed
Thou risest ever maiden.

Alex. If for me,
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,
Speak and be satisfied. O guide her tongue,
My better angel; force my name among
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may be —

Cloe. Alexis, when the sun shall kiss the Sea,
Taking his rest by the white *Thetis* side,
Meet in the holy wood, where I'll abide
Thy coming, Shepherd.

Alex. If I stay behind,
An everlasting dulness, and the wind,
That as he passeth by shuts up the stream
Of *Rhine* or *Volga*, whilst the suns hot beam
Beats back again, seise me, and let me turn
To coldness more than ice: oh how I burn
And rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.

Cloe. My name shall be your word.

Alex. Fly, fly thou day.

[Exit.]

Cloe. My grief is great if both these boyes should fail:
He that will use all winds must shift his sail.

[Exit.]

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter an old Shepherd, with a bell ringing, and the
Priest of Pan following.

Priest. Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the Air
Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is:
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright *Hesperus* down calling
The dead night from under ground,
At whose rising mists unbound,
Damps, and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o're the wanton face

Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom;
Therefore from such danger lock
Every one his loved flock,
And let your Dogs lye loose without,
Lest the Wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and e're day
Bear a Lamb or kid away,
Or the crafty theevish Fox,
Break upon your simple flocks:
To secure your selves from these,
Be not too secure in ease;
Let one eye his watches keep,
Whilst the t'other eye doth sleep;
So you shall good Shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eye-lids: so farewell,
Thus I end my evenings knel.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Clorin, the Shepherdess, sorting of herbs,
and telling the natures of them.

Clor. Now let me know what my best Art hath done,
Helpt by the great power of the vertuous moon
In her full light; O you sons of Earth,
You only brood, unto whose happy birth
Vertue was given, holding more of nature
Than man her first born and most perfect creature,
Let me adore you; you that only can
Help or kill nature, drawing out that span
Of life and breath even to the end of time;
You that these hands did crop, long before prime
Of day; give me your names, and next your hidden power.
This is the *Clothe* bearing a yellow flower,
And this black Horehound, both are very good
For sheep or Shepherd, bitten by a wood-
Dogs venom'd tooth; these *Ranunculus* branches are,
Which stuck in entries, or about the bar
That holds the door fast, kill all enchantments, charms,
Were they *Medeus* verses that doe harms
To men or cattel; these for frenzy be
A speedy and a soveraign remedie,
The bitter Wormwood, Sage, and Marigold,
Such sympathy with mans good they do hold;
This *Tormentil*, whose vertue is to part
All deadly killing poyson from the heart;
And here *Narcissus* roots for swellings be:
Yellow *Lysimachus*, to give sweet rest
To the faint Shepherd, killing where it comes
All busie gnats, and every fly that hums:
For leprose, Darnel, and Sellondine,
With Calamint, whose vertues do refine
The blood of man, making it free and fair
As the first hour it breath'd, or the best air.
Here other two, but your rebellious use
Is not for me, whose goodness is abuse;
Therefore foul Standergrafs, from me and mine
I banish thee, with lustful Turpentine,
You that intice the veins and stir the heat
To civil mutiny, scaling the seat
Our reason moves in, and deluding it
With dreams and wanton fancies, till the fit
Of burning lust be quencht; by appetite,
Robbing the soul of blessedness and light:
And thou light *Varvin* too, thou must go after,
Provoking easie souls to mirth and laughter;
No more shall I dip thee in water now,
And sprinkle every post, and every bough
With thy well pleasing juyce, to make the grooms
Swell with high mirth, as with joy all the rooms.

Enter Thenot.

The. This is the Cabin where the best of all

F f

Her

Her Sex, that ever breath'd, or ever shall
Give heat or happiness to the Shepherds side,
Doth only to her worthy self abide.
Thou blessed star, I thank thee for thy light,
Thou by whose power the darkness of sad night
Is banisht from the Earth, in whose dull place
Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face
Of all the world, making the blue Sea smile,
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
Thy Brother of his brightness, giving day
Again from *Chaos*, whiter than that way
That leads to *Joves* high Court, and chaster far
Than chastity it self, yon blessed star
That nightly shines: Thou, all the constancie
That in all women was, or e're shall be,
From whose fair eye-balls flies that holy fire,
That Poets stile the Mother of desire,
Infusing into every gentle brest
A soul of greater price, and far more blest
Than that quick power, which gives a difference,
'Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense.

Clor. Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place?

No way is troden, all the verdant grass
The spring shot up, stands yet unbruised here
Of any foot, only the dappled Deer
Far from the feared sound of crooked horn
Dwels in this fastness. *Th.* Chaster than the morn,
I have not wandred, or by strong illusion
Into this vertuous place have made intrusion:
But hither am I come (believe me fair)
To seek you out, of whose great good the air
Is full, and strongly labours, whilst the sound
Breaks against Heaven, and drives into a sound
The amazed Shepherd, that such vertue can
Be resident in lesser than a man.

Clor. If any art I have, or hidden skill
May cure thee of disease or festred ill,
Whose grief or greenness to anothers eye
May seem unpossible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it.

The. 'Tis no pain
I suffer through disease, no beating vein
Conveyes infection dangerous to the heart,
No part impostum'd to be cur'd by Art,
This body holds; and yet a feller grief
Than ever skilfull hand did give relief
Dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd by you,
Fair beauteous Virgin.

Clor. Then Shepherd, let me sue
To know thy grief; that man yet never knew
The way to health, that durst not shew his fore.

Then. Then fairest, know, I love you.

Clor. Swain, no more,
Thou hast abus'd the strictness of this place,
And offred Sacrilegious foul disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interred bones,
For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright
Thy very soul with horror.

Then. Let me not
(Thou all perfection) merit such a blot
For my true zealous faith.

Clor. Dar'st thou abide
To see this holy Earth at once divide
And give her body up? for sure it will,
If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill
This hallowed place; therefore repent and goe,
Whilst I with praise appease his Ghost below,
That else would tell thee what it were to be
A rival in that vertuous love that he
Imbraces yet.

Then. 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed

My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
Though it be full and fair, your forehead high,
And smooth as *Pelops* shoulder; not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easie soul, your hands and fingers long
With veins inamel'd richly, nor your tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter than *Arions* Harp,
Your hair wove into many a curious warp,
Able in endless error to infold
The wandring soul, nor the true perfect mould
Of all your body, which as pure doth show
In Maiden whiteness as the Alpsian snow.
All these, were but your constancie away,
Would please me less than a black stormy day
The wretched Seaman toying through the deep.
But whilst this honour'd strictness you dare keep,
Though all the plagues that e're begotten were
In the great womb of air, were settled here,
In opposition, I would, like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free
Even in the arm of danger.

Clor. Wouldst thou have

Me raise again (fond man) from silent grave,
Those sparks that long agoe were buried here,
With my dead friends cold ashes?

Then. Dearest dear,
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant;
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint:
Remember how he lov'd ye, and be still
The same Opinion speaks ye; let not will,
And that great god of women, appetite,
Set up your blood again; do not invite
Desire and fancie from their long exile,
To set them once more in a pleasing smile:
Be like a rock made firmly up 'gainst all
The power of angry Heaven, or the strong fall
Of *Neptunes* battery; if ye yield, I die
To all affection; 'tis that loyaltie
Ye tie unto this grave I so admire;
And yet there's something else I would desire,
If you would hear me, but withall deny.
O *Pan*, what an uncertain destiny
Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire,
For if I longer stay, this double fire
Will lick my life up.

Clor. Doe, let time wear out
What Art and Nature cannot bring about.

Then. Farewel thou soul of vertue, and be blest
For ever, whilst that here I wretched rest
Thus to my self; yet grant me leave to dwell
In kenning of this Arbor; yon fame dell
O'retopt with morning Cypress and sad Yew
Shall be my Cabin, where I'le early rewe,
Before the Sun hath kist this dew away,
The hard uncertain chance which Fate doth lay
Upon this head.

Clor. The gods give quick release
And happy cure unto thy hard disease.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sullen. I do not love this wench that I should meet,
For ne'r did my unconstant eye yet greet
That beauty, were it sweeter or more fair,
Than the new blossoms, when the morning air
Blows gently on them, or the breaking light,
When many maiden blushes to our sight
Shoot from his early face: were all these set
In some neat form before me, 'twould not get
The least love from me; some desire it might,
Or present burning: all to me in sight
Are equal, be they fair, or black, or brown,
Virgin, or careless wanton, I can crown
My appetite with any; swear as oft
And weep, as any, melt my words as soft

Into

Into a maiden ears, and tell how long
My heart has been her servant, and how strong
My passions are: call her unkind and cruel,
Offer her all I have to gain the Jewel
Maidens so highly prize: then loath, and fly:
This do I hold a blissed destiny.

Enter Amaryllis.

Amar. Hail Shepherd, *Pan* blest both thy flock and thee,
For being mindful of thy word to me.

Sul. Welcom fair Shepherdess, thy loving swain
Gives thee the self same wishes back again,
Who till this present hour ne're knew that eye,
Could make me cross mine arms, or daily dye
With fresh consumings: boldly tell me then,
How shall we part their faithful loves, and when?
Shall I bely him to her, shall I swear
His faith is false, and he loves every where?
I'll say he mockt her th' other day to you,
Which will by your confirming shew as true,
For he is of so pure an honesty,
To think (because he will not) none will lye:
Or else to him I'll slander *Amoret*,
And say, she but seems chaste; I'll swear she met
Me'mongst the shady Sycamores last night
And loosely offed up her flame and spright
Into my bosom, made a wanton bed
Of leaves and many flowers, where she spread
Her willing body to be prest by me;
There have I carv'd her name on many a tree,
Together with mine own; to make this show
More full of seeming, *Hobinall* you know,
Son to the aged Shepherd of the glen,
Him I have sorted out of many men,
To say he found us at our private sport,
And rouz'd us 'fore our time by his resort:
This to confirm, I have promis'd to the boy
Many a pretty knack, and many a toy,
As gins to catch him birds, with bow and bolt,
To hoot at nimble Squirrels in the holt;
A pair of painted Buskins, and a Lamb,
Soft as his own locks, or the down of swan;
This I have done to win ye, which doth give
Me double pleasure. Discord makes me live.

Amar. Lov'd swain, I thank ye, these tricks might prevail
With other rustick Shepherds, but will fail
Even once to stir, much more to overthrow
His fixed love from judgement, who doth know
Your nature, my end, and his chofens merit;
Therefore some stranger way must force his spirit,
Which I have found: give second, and my love
Is everlasting thine.

Sul. Try me and prove.

Amar. These happy pair of lovers meet straightway,
Soon as they fold their flocks up with the day,
In the thick grove bordering upon yon Hill,
In whose hard side Nature hath carv'd a well,
And but that matchless spring which Poets know,
Was ne're the like to this: by it doth grow
About the sides, all herbs which Witches use,
All simples good for Medicine or abuse,
All sweets that crown the happy Nuptial day,
With all their colours, there the month of *May*
Is ever dwelling, all is young and green,
There's not a grass on which was ever seen
The falling *Autumn*; or cold Winters hand,
So full of heat and vertue is the land,
About this fountain, which doth slowly break
Below yon Mountains foot, into a Creek
That waters all the vally, giving Fish
Of many sorts, to fill the Shepherds dish.
This holy well, my grandam that is dead,
Right wife in charms, hath often to me said,
Hath power to change the form of any creature,

Being thrice dipt o're the head, into what feature,
Or shape 'twould please the letter down to crave,
Who must pronounce this charm too, which she gave
Me on her death-bed; told me what, and how,
I should apply unto the Patients brow,
That would be chang'd, casting them thrice asleep,
Before I trusted them into this deep.

All this she shew'd me, and did charge me prove
This secret of her Art, if crost in love.

I'lle this attempt; now Shepherd, I have here
All her prescriptions, and I will not fear
To be my self dipt: come, my temples bind
With these sad herbs, and when I sleep you find,
As you do speak your charm, thrice down me let,
And bid the water raise me *Amoret*;
Which being done, leave me to my affair,
And e're the day shall quite it self out-wear,
I will return unto my Shepherds arm,
Dip me again, and then repeat this charm,
And pluck me up my self, whom freely take,
And the hottest fire of thine affection slake.

Sul. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me:
I long the truth of this wells power to see.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Daphnis.

Daph. Here will I stay, for this the covert is
Where I appointed *Cloe*; do not mis,
Thou bright-ey'd virgin, come, O come my fair,
Be not abus'd with fear, nor let cold care
Of honour stay thee from the Shepherds arm,
Who would as hard be won to offer harm
To thy chaste thoughts, as whiteness from the day;
Or yon great round to move another way.
My language shall be honest, full of truth,
My flames as smooth and spotless as my youth:
I will not entertain that wandring thought,
Whose easie current may at length be brought
To a loose vastness. *Alexis within.* Cloe!

Daph. 'Tis her voyce,
And I must answer, *Cloe!* Oh the choice
Of dear embraces, chaste and holy strains
Our hands shall give! I charge you all my veins
Through which the blood and spirit take their way,
Lock up your disobedient heats, and stay
Those mutinous desires that else would grow
To strong rebellion: do not wilder show
Than blushing modesty may entertain,

Alexis within. Cloe!

Daph. There sounds that blessed name again,

Enter Alexis.

And I will meet it: let me not mistake,
This is some Shepherd! sure I am awake;
What may this riddle mean? I will retire,
To give my self more knowledg.

Alex. Oh my fire,
How thou consum'st me? *Cloe*, answer me,
Alexis, strong *Alexis*, high and free,
Calls upon *Cloe*. See mine arms are full
Of entertainment, ready for to pull
That golden fruit which too too long hath hung
Tempting the greedy eye: thou stayest too long,
I am impatient of these mad delays;
I must not leave unfought these many ways
That lead into this center, till I find
Quench for my burning lust. I come, unkind.

[*Exit* Alexis.

Daph. Can my imagination work me so much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and still
Believe mine eyes? or shall I firmly hold
Her yet untainted, and these sights but bold
Illusion? Sure such fancies oft have been
Sent to abuse true love, and yet are seen,

Daring to blind the vertuous thought with errour.
But be they far from me with their fond terrour:
I am resolv'd my *Cloe* yet is true. [Cloe *within*.

Cloe, hark, *Cloe*: Sure this voyce is new,
Whose shrillness like the sounding of a Bell,
Tells me it is a Woman: *Cloe*, tell
Thy blessed name again. *Cloe*. [within] Here.
Oh what a grief is this to be so near,
And not incounter?

Enter *Cloe*.

Co. Shepherd, we are met,
Draw close into the covert, lest the wet
Which falls like lazy mists upon the ground
Soke through your Startups. *Daph*. Fairest are you found?
How have we wandred, that the better part
Of this good night is perisht? Oh my heart!
How have I long'd to meet ye, how to kifs
Those lilly hands, how to receive the blifs
That charming tongue gives to the happy ear
Of him that drinks your language! but I fear
I am too much unmanner'd, far too rude,
And almost grown lascivious to intrude
These hot behaviours; where regard of fame,
Honour, and modesty, a vertuous name,
And such discourse as one fair Sister may
Without offence unto the Brother say,
Should rather have been tendred: but believe,
Here dwells a better temper; do not grieve
Then, ever kindest, that my first salute
Seasons so much of fancy, I am mute
Henceforth to all discourses, but shall be
Suiting to your sweet thoughts and modestie.
Indeed I will not ask a kifs of you,
No not to wring your fingers, nor to sue
To those blest pair of fixed stars for smiles,
All a young lovers cunning, all his wiles,
And pretty wanton dyings, shall to me
Be strangers; only to your chastitie
I am devoted ever. *Co*. Honest Swain,
First let me thank you, then return again
As much of my love: no thou art too cold,
Unhappy Boy, not tempred to my mold,
Thy blood falls heavy downward, 'tis not fear
To offend in boldness wins, they never wear
Deserved favours that deny to take
When they are offered freely: Do I wake
To see a man of his youth, years and feature,
And such a one as we call goodly creature,
Thus backward? What a world of precious Art
Were meerly lost, to make him do his part?
But I will shake him off, that dares not hold,
Let men that hope to be belov'd be bold.
Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met
So happily, our lives and fortunes set
Upon one stake, to give assurance now,
By interchange of hands and holy vow,
Never to break again: walk you that way
Whilest I in zealous meditation stray
A little this way: when we both have ended
These rites and duties, by the woods befriended,
And secrecie of night, retire and find
An aged Oak, whose hollownes may bind
Us both within his body, thither go,
It stands within yon bottom. *Daph*. Be it so. [Ex. *Daph*.
Co. And I will meet there never more with thee,
Thou idle shamefastness. *Alex*. [within] *Cloe*! *Co*. 'Tis he
That dare I hope be bolder. *Alex*. *Cloe*! *Co*. Now
Great *Pan* for *Syrinx* sake bid speed our Plow. [Exit *Cloe*.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Sullen Shepherd with *Amaryllis* in a sleep.

Sull. FROM thy forehead thus I take
These herbs, and charge thee not awake
Till in yonder holy Well,
Thrice with powerful Magick spell,
Fill'd with many a baleful word,
Thou hast been dipt; thus with my cord
Of blasted Hemp, by Moon-light twin'd,
I do thy sleepey body bind;
I turn thy head into the East,
And thy feet into the West,
Thy left arm to the South put forth,
And thy right unto the North:
I take thy body from the ground,
In this deep and deadly sfound,
And into this holy spring
I let thee slide down by my string.
Take this Maid thou holy pit,
To thy bottom, nearer yet,
In thy water pure and sweet,
By thy leave I dip her feet;
Thus I let her lower yet,
That her ankles may be wet;
Yet down lower, let her knee
In thy waters washed be;
There stop: Fly away
Every thing that loves the day.
Truth that hath but one face,
Thus I charm thee from this place.
Snakes that cast your coats for new,
Camelions that alter hue,
Hares that yearly Sexes change,
Proteus alt'ring oft and strange,
Hecate with shapes three,
Let this Maiden changed be,
With this holy water wet,
To the shape of *Amoret*:
Cynthia work thou with my charm,
Thus I draw thee free from harm
Up out of this blessed Lake,
Rise both like her and awake. [She awakes.
Amar. Speak Shepherd, am I *Amoret* to fight?
Or hast thou mist in any Magick rite;
For want of which any defect in me,
May make our practices discovered be?
Sul. By yonder Moon, but that I here do stand,
Whose breath hath thus transform'd thee, and whose hand
Let thee down dry, and pluckt thee up thus wet,
I should my self take thee for *Amoret*;
Thou art in cloths, in feature, voice and hew
So like, that sense cannot distinguish you.
Amar. Then this deceit which cannot crossed be,
At once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.
Hither she needs must come by promise made,
And sure his nature never was so bad,
To bid a Virgin meet him in the wood,
When night and fear are up, but understood,
'Twas his part to come first: being come, I'll say,
My constant love made me come first and stay,
Then will I lead him further to the grove,
But stay you here, and if his own true love
Shall seek him here, set her in some wrong path,
Which say, her lover lately troden hath;
I'll not be far from hence, if need there be,
Here is another charm, whose power will free
The dazeled sense, read by the Moons beams clear,
And in my own true map make me appear.

Enter

Enter Perigot.

Sull. Stand close, here's *Perigot*, whose constant heart
Longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.

Per. This is the place (fair *Amoret*) the hour
Is yet scarce come: Here every Sylvan power
Delights to be about yon sacred Well,
Which they have blest with many a powerful Spell;
For never Traveller in dead of Night,
Nor strayed Beasts have fallen in, but when sight
Hath fail'd them, then their right way they have found
By help of them, so holy is the ground:
But I will farther seek, lest *Amoret*
Should be first come, and so stray long unmet.

My Amoret, Amoret. [Ex. *Amaryllis, Perigot.*

Per. My Love.

Amar. I come my Love.

[Exit.

Sull. Now she has got
Her own desires, and I shall gainer be
Of my long lookt for hopes as well as she.
How bright the moon shines here, as if she strove
To show her Glory in this little Grove,

Enter *Amoret*.

To some new loved Shepherd. Yonder is
Another *Amoret*. Where differs this
From that? but that she *Perigot* hath met,
I should have ta'n this for the counterfeit:
Herbs, Woods, and Springs, the power that in you lies,
If mortal men could know your Properties!

Amo. Methinks it is not Night, I have no fear,
Walking this Wood, of Lions, or the Bear,
Whose Names at other times have made me quake,
When any Shepherdess in her tale spake
Of some of them, that underneath a Wood
Have torn true Lovers that together stood.
Methinks there are no Goblins, and mens talk,
That in these Woods the nimble Fairies walk,
Are fables; such a strong heart I have got,
Because I come to meet with *Perigot*.

My Perigot! who's that, my *Perigot*?

Sull. Fair maid. *Amo.* Ay me, thou art not *Perigot*.

Sull. But I can tell ye news of *Perigot*:
An hour together under yonder tree
He sat with wreathed arms and call'd on thee,
And said, why *Amoret* stayest thou so long?
Then starting up, down yonder path he flung,
Lest thou hadst mis'd thy way: were it day light,
He could not yet have born him out of sight.

Amar. Thanks, gentle Shepherd, and beshrew my stay,
That made me fearful I had lost my way;
As fast as my weak Legs (that cannot be
Weary with seeking him) will carry me,
I'll seek him out; and for thy Courtesie
Pray *Pan* thy Love may ever follow thee.

[Exit.

Sull. How bright she was, how lovely did she show!
Was it not pity to deceive her so?

She pluckt her Garments up, and tript away,
And with her Virgin-innocence did pray
For me that perjurd her. Whilst she was here,
Methought the Beams of Light that did appear
Were shot from her; methought the Moon gave none,
But what it had from her: she was alone
With me, if then her presence did so move,
Why did not I essay to win her Love?
She would not sure have yielded unto me;
Women love only Opportunitie,
And not the Man; or if she had deny'd,
Alone, I might have forc'd her to have try'd
Who had been stronger: O vain Fool, to let
Such blest Occasion pass; I'll follow yet,
My Blood is up, I cannot now forbear.

Enter *Alex.* and *Cloe*.

I come sweet *Amoret*: Soft who is here?

A pair of Lovers? He shall yield her me;
Now Lust is up, alike all Women be.

Alex. Where shall we rest? but for the love of me,
Cloe, I know ere this would weary be.

Clo. *Alexis,* let us rest here, if the place
Be private, and out of the common trace
Of every Shepherd: for I understood
This Night a number are about the Wood:
Then let us chuse some place, where out of sight
We freely may enjoy our stoln delight.

Alex. Then boldly here, where we shall ne're be found,
No Shepherds way lies here, 'tis hallow'd ground:
No Maid seeks here her strayed Cow, or Sheep,
Fairies, and Fawns, and Satyrs do it keep:
Then carelessly rest here, and clip and kiss,
And let no fear make us our pleasures miss.

Clo. Then lye by me, the sooner we begin,
The longer ere the day descry our sin.

Sull. Forbear to touch my Love, or by yon flame,
The greatest power that Shepherds dare to name,
Here where thou sit'st under this holy tree
Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be.

Alex. If *Pan* himself, should come out of the lawns,
With all his Troops of Satyrs and of Fawns,
And bid me leave, I swear by her two eyes,
A greater Oath than thine, I would not rise.

Sull. Then from the cold Earth never shalt thou move,
But lose at one stroke both thy Life and Love.

Clo. Hold gentle Shepherd. *Sull.* Fairest Shepherdess,
Come you with me, I do not love you less
Than that fond man, that would have kept you there
From me of more desert. *Alex.* O yet forbear
To take her from me; give me leave to dye
By her.

[The Satyr enters, he runs one way, and she another.

Sat. Now whilst the Moon doth rule the Skie,
And the Stars, whose feeble light
Give a pale Shadow to the night,
Are up, great *Pan* commanded me
To walk this Grove about, whilst he
In a corner of the Wood,
Where never mortal foot hath stood;
Keeps dancing, musick, and a feast
To entertain a lovely Guest,
Where he gives her many a Rose,
Sweeter than the breath that blows
The leaves; Grapes, Berries of the best,
I never saw so great a feast.
But to my Charge: here must I stay,
To see what mortals lose their way,
And by a false fire seeming bright,
Train them in and leave them right:
Then must I watch if any be
Forcing of a Chastitie:

If I find it, then in haste
Give my wreathed horn a Blast,
And the Fairies all will run,
Wildly dancing by the Moon,
And will pinch him to the bone,
Till his lustful thoughts be gone.

Alex. O Death! *Sat.* Back again about this ground,
Sure I hear a mortal sound;
I bind thee by this powerful Spell,
By the Waters of this Well,
By the glimmering Moon beams bright,
Speak again, thou mortal wight.

Alex. Oh! *Sat.* Here the foolish mortal lies,
Sleeping on the ground: arise.
The poor wight is almost dead,
On the ground his wounds have bled,
And his cloaths foul'd with his blood:
To my Goddess in the Wood
Will I lead him, whose hands pure,
Will help this mortal wight to cure.

Enter

Enter Cloe again.

Clo. Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my Breast
Doth pant, each bush, methinks, should hide a Beast :
Yet my desire keeps still above my fear,
I would fain meet some Shepherd, knew I where :
For from one cause of fear I am most free,
It is impossible to ravill me,
I am so willing. Here upon this ground
I left my Love all bloody with his wound ;
Yet till that fearful shape made me be gone,
Though he were hurt, I furnisht was of one,
But now both lost. *Alexis*, speak or move,
If thou hast any life, thou art yet my Love.
He's dead, or else is with his little might
Crept from the Bank for fear of that ill Spright.
Then where art thou that struck'st my love ? O stay,
Bring me thy self in change; and then I'll say
Thou hast some justice, I will make thee trim
With Flowers and Garlands that were meant for him ;
I'll clip thee round with both mine arms, as fast
As I did mean he should have been embrac'd :
But thou art fled. What hope is left for me ?
I'll run to *Daphnis* in the hollow tree,
Whom I did mean to mock, though hope be small,
To make him bold ; rather than none at all,
I'll try him ; his heart, and my behaviour too
Perhaps may teach him what he ought to do. [Exit.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sul. This was the place, 'twas but my feeble sight,
Mixt with the horror of my deed, and night,
That shap't these fears, and made me run away,
And lose my beauteous hardly gotten prey.
Speak gentle Shepherdess, I am alone,
And tender love for love : but she is gone
From me, that having struck her Lover dead,
For silly fear left her alone and fled.
And see the wounded body is remov'd
By her of whom it was so well below'd.

Enter Perigot and Amaryllis in the shape of Amoret.

But these fancies must be quite forgot,
I must lye close. Here comes young *Perigot*
With subtle *Amaryllis* in the shape
Of *Amoret*. Pray Love he may not 'scape.
Amar. Beloved *Perigot*, shew me some place,
Where I may rest my limbs, weak with the Chace
Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least.
Per. Beshrew my tardy steps: here shalt thou rest
Upon this holy bank, no deadly Snake
Upon this turf her self in folds doth make.
Here is no poyson for the Toad to feed ;
Here boldly spread thy hands, no venom'd Weed
Dares blister them, no slimy Snail dare creep
Over thy face when thou art fast asleep,
Here never durst the babling Cuckow spit,
No slough of falling Star did ever hit
Upon this bank: let this thy Cabin be,
This other set with Violets for me.

Ama. Thou dost not love me *Perigot*. *Per.* Fair maid,
You only love to hear it often said ;
You do not doubt. *Amar.* Believe me but I do.

Per. What shall we now begin again to woo ?
'Tis the best way to make your Lover last,
To play with him, when you have caught him fast.

Amar. By *Pan* I swear, I loved *Perigot*,
And by yon Moon, I think thou lov'st me not.

Per. By *Pan* I swear, and if I falsely swear,
Let him not guard my flocks, let Foxes tear
My earliest Lambs, and Wolves whilst I do sleep
Fall on the rest, a Rot among my Sheep.
I love thee better than the careful Ewe

The new-yea'd Lamb that is of her own hew ;
I dote upon thee more than the young Lamb
Doth on the bag that feeds him from his Dam.
Were there a sort of Wolves got in my Fold,
And one ran after thee, both young and old
Should be devour'd, and it should be my strife
To save thee, whom I love above my life.

Ama. How shall I trust thee when I see thee chuse
Another Bed, and dost my side refuse ?

Per. 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts might be shewn
'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone,

Ama. Come, *Perigot* will shew his power, that he
Can make his *Amoret*, though she weary be,
Rise nimble from her Couch, and come to his.

Here take thy *Amoret*, embrace and kiss. (shou'd,

Per. What means my Love ? *Ama.* To do as lovers
That are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd.

There's ne'r a Shepherdess in all the plain
Can kiss thee with more Art, there's none can feign
More wanton tricks. *Per.* Forbear, dear Soul, to trie
Whether my Heart be pure ; I'll rather die
Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.

Amar. Still think'st thou such a thing as Chastitie
Is amongst Women ? *Perigot* there's none,

That with her Love is in a Wood alone,
And would come home a maid ; be not abus'd
With thy fond first Belief, let time be us'd :

Why dost thou rise ? *Per.* My true heart thou hast slain.

Ama. Faith *Perigot*, I'll pluck thee down again.

Per. Let go, thou Serpent, that into my brest
Hast with thy cunning div'd ; art not in Jest ?

Ama. Sweet love, lye down. *Per.* Since this I live to see,
Some bitter North-wind blast my flocks and me.

Ama. You swore you lov'd, yet will not do my will.

Per. O be as thou wert once, I'll love thee still.

Ama. I am, as still I was, and all my kind,
Though other shows we have poor men to blind.

Per. Then here I end all Love, and lest my vain
Belief should ever draw me in again,
Before thy face that hast my Youth misled,
I end my life, my blood be on thy head.

Ama. O hold thy hands, thy *Amoret* doth cry.

Per. Thou counsel'st well, first *Amoret* shall dye,
That is the cause of my eternal smart. [He runs after her.

Ama. O hold. *Per.* This steel shall pierce thy lustful heart.
[The Sullen Shepherd steps out and uncharms her.

Sul. Up and down every where,
I strew the herbs to purge the air :
Let your Odour drive hence
All mists that dazel sense.
Herbs and Springs whose hidden might
Alters Shapes, and mocks the sight,
Thus I charge you to undo
All before I brought ye to :
Let her flye, let her 'scape,
Give again her own shape.

Enter Amaryllis in her own shape.

Amar. Forbear thou gentle Swain, thou dost mistake,
She whom thou follow'dst fled into the brake,
And as I crost thy way, I met thy wrath,
The only fear of which near slain me hath.

Per. Pardon fair Shepherdess, my rage and night
Were both upon me, and beguil'd my sight ;
But far be it from me to spill the blood
Of harmless Maids that wander in the Wood. Ex. Ama.

Enter Amoret.

Amor. Many a weary step in yonder path
Poor hopeles *Amoret* twice trodden hath
To seek her *Perigot*, yet cannot hear
His Voice ; my *Perigot*, she loves thee dear
That calls. *Per.* See yonder where she is, how fair
She shows, and yet her breath infects the air.

Ama.

Amo. My Perigot. *Per.* Here.
Amo. Happy. *Per.* Haplefs first:
 It lights on thee, the next blow is the worft.

Amo. Stay Perigot, my love, thou art unjust.
Peri. Death is the beft reward that's due to luft.

[Exit Perigot.]

Sul. Now fhall their love be croft, for being ftuck,
 I'll throw her in the Fount, left being took
 By fome night-travaller, whofe honeft care
 May help to cure her. Shepherdes prepare
 Your felf to die.

Amo. No Mercy I do crave,
 Thou canft not give a worfe blow than I have;
 Tell him that gave me this, who lov'd him too,
 He ftuck my foul, and not my body through,
 Tell him when I am dead, my foul fhall be
 At peace, if he but think he injur'd me.

Sul. In this Fount be thy grave, thou wert not meant
 Sure for a woman, thou art fo innocent.
 She cannot fcape, for underneath the ground, ^{flings her in-}
 In a long hollow the clear fpring is bound, _{to the well.}
 Till on yon fide where the Morns Sun doth look,
 The ftugling water breaks out in a Brook. [Exit.]

[The God of the River rifeth with Amoret in his arms.]

God. What powerfull charms my ftreams do bring
 Back again unto their fpring,

With fuch force, that I their god,
 Three times ftriking with my Rod,
 Could not keep them in their ranks:
 My Fifhes fhoot into the banks,
 There's not one that ftayes and feeds,
 All have hid them in the weeds.
 Here's a mortal almoft dead,
 Faln into my River head,
 Hallowed fo with many a fpell,
 That till now none ever fell.

'Tis a Female young and clear,
 Caft in by fome Ravifher.
 See upon her breaft a wound,
 On which there is no plaifter bound.
 Yet ſhe's warm, her pulfes beat,
 'Tis a fign of life and heat.
 If thou be'ft a Virgin pure,
 I can give a prefent cure:
 Take a drop into thy wound
 From my watry locks more round
 Than Orient Pearl, and far more pure
 Than unchaft flefh may endure.
 See ſhe pants, and from her flefh
 The warm blood guffeth out afrefh.
 She is an unpolluted maid;
 I muft have this bleeding ftaid.
 From my banks I pluck this flower
 With holy hand, whofe vertuous power
 Is at once to heal and draw.
 The blood returns. I never ſaw
 A fairer Mortal. Now doth break
 Her deadly flumber: Virgin, ſpeak.

Amo. Who hath reftor'd my fenfe, given me new breath,
 And brought me back out of the arms of death?

God. I have heal'd thy wounds. *Amo.* Ay me!

God. Fear not him that fuccour'd thee:

I am this Fountains god; below,
 My waters to a River grow,
 And 'twixt two banks with Ofiers fet,
 That only prosper in the wet,
 Through the Meadows do they glide,
 Wheeling ftill on every fide,
 Sometimes winding round about,
 To find the eveneft channel out.
 And if thou wilt go with me,
 Leaving mortal companie,
 In the cool ftreams fhalt thou lye,
 Free from harm as well as I:

I will give thee for thy food,
 No Fiſh that ufeth in the mud,
 But Trout and Pike that love to ſwim
 Where the gravel from the brim
 Through the pure ftreams may be ſeen:
 Orient Pearl fit for a Queen,
 Will I give thy love to win,
 And a ſhell to keep them in:
 Not a Fiſh in all my Brook
 That ſhall difobey thy look,
 But when thou wilt, come ſliding by,
 And from thy white hand take a fly.
 And to make thee underftand,
 How I can my waves command,
 They ſhall bubble whiſt I ſing
 Sweeter than the ſilver ſpring.

The SONG.

Do not fear to put thy feet
 Naked in the River ſweet;
 Think not Leach, or Newt or Toad
 Will bite thy foot, when thou haſt troad;
 Nor let the water riſing high,
 As thou wad'ſt in, make thee crie
 And ſob, but ever live with me,
 And not a wave ſhall trouble thee.

Amo. Immortal power, that rul'ſt this holy flood;
 I know my ſelf unworthy to be woo'd
 By thee a god: for e're this, but for thee
 I ſhould have ſhown my weak Mortalitie:
 Befides, by holy Oath betwixt us twain,
 I am betroath'd unto a Shepherd ſwain,
 Whoſe comely face, I know the gods above
 May make me leave to ſee, but not to love.

God. May he prove to thee as true.

Faireſt Virgin, now adieu,
 I muſt make my waters fly,
 Left they leave their Channels dry,
 And beaſts that come unto the ſpring
 Miſs their mornings watering,
 Which I would not; for of late
 All the neighbour people ſate
 On my banks, and from the fold,
 Two white Lambs of three weeks old
 Offered to my Deitie:

For which this year they ſhall be free
 From raging floods, that as they paſs
 Leave their gravel in the graſs:
 Nor ſhall their Meads be overflown,
 When their graſs is newly mown.

Amo. For thy kindneſs to me ſhown;
 Never from thy banks be blown
 Any tree, with windy force,
 Croſs thy ſtreams, to ſtop thy courſe:
 May no beaſt that comes to drink,
 With his horns caſt down thy brink;
 May none that for thy fiſh do look,
 Cut thy banks to damm thy Brook;
 Bare-foot may no Neighbour wade
 In thy cool ſtreams, wife nor maid,
 When the ſpawns on ſtones do lye,
 To waſh their Hemp, and ſpoil the Fry.

God. Thanks Virgin, I muſt down again;
 Thy wound will put thee to no pain:
 Wonder not ſo ſoon 'tis gone:
 A holy hand was laid upon.

[Exit.]

Amo. And I unhappy born to be,
 Muſt follow him that flies from me.

ACTUS Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Perigot.

Per. **S**He is untrue, unconstant, and unkind,
She's gone, she's gone, blow high thou North-west
And raise the Sea to Mountains, let the Trees (wind,
That dare oppose thy raging fury, leave
Their firm foundation, creep into the Earth,
And shake the world, as at the monstrous birth
Of some new Prodigy, whilst I constant stand,
Holding this trustie Boar-spear in my hand,
And falling thus upon it.

Enter Amaryllis, running.

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing hand, thou art too hot
Against thy self, believe me comely Swain,
If that thou dyest, not all the showers of Rain
The heavy clods send down can wash away
That foul unmanly guilt, the world will lay
Upon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands :
Believe me, she is constant, not the sands
Can be so hardly numbred as she won :
I do not trifle, *Shepherd*, by the Moon,
And all those lesser lights our eyes do view,
All that I told thee *Perigot*, is true :
Then be a free man, put away despair,
And will to dye, smooth gently up that fair
Dejected forehead : be as when those eyes
Took the first heat. *Per.* Alas he double dyes,
That would believe, but cannot ; 'tis not well
Ye keep me thus from dying, here to dwell
With many worse companions : but oh death,
I am not yet inamour'd of this breath
So much, but I dare leave it, 'tis not pain
In forcing of a wound, nor after gain
Of many dayes, can hold me from my will :
'Tis not my self, but *Amoret*, bids kill.

Ama. Stay but a little, little, but one hour,
And if I do not show thee through the power
Of herbs and words I have, as dark as night,
My self turn'd to thy *Amoret*, in sight,
Her very figure, and the Robe she wears,
With tawny Buskins, and the hook she bears
Of thine own Carving, where your names are set,
Wrought underneath with many a curious fret,
The *Prim-Rose* Chaplet, taudry-lace and Ring,
Thou gavest her for her singing, with each thing
Else that she wears about her, let me feel
The first fell stroke of that Revenging steel.

Per. I am contented, if there be a hope
To give it entertainment, for the scope
Of one poor hour ; goe, you shall find me next
Under yon shady Beech, even thus perplexed,
And thus believing. *Ama.* Bind before I goe,
Thy soul by *Pan* unto me, not to doe
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life,
Till my return.

Per. By *Pan*, and by the strife
He had with *Phœbus* for the Mastery,
When Golden *Midas* judg'd their *Minstrelcy*,
I will not.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Satyr, with Alexis, hurt.

Satyr. Softly gliding as I goe,
With this burthen full of woe,
Through still silence of the night,
Guided by the Glee-worms light,
Hither am I come at last,
Many a Thicket have I past
Not a twig that durst deny me,
Not a bush that durst descry me,

To the little Bird that sleeps
On the tender spray : nor creeps
That hardy worm with pointed tail,
But if I be under fail,
Flying faster than the wind,
Leaving all the clouds behind,
But doth hide her tender head
In some hollow tree or bed
Of seeded Nettles : not a Hare
Can be started from his fare,
By my footing, nor a wish
Is more sudden, nor a fish
Can be found with greater ease,
Cut the vast unbounded seas,
Leaving neither print nor sound,
Than I, when nimbly on the ground,
I measure many a league an hour :
But behold the happy power,
That must ease me of my charge,
And by holy hand enlarge
The soul of this sad man, that yet
Lyes fast bound in deadly fit ;
Heaven and great *Pan* succour it !
Hail thou beauty of the bower,
Whiter than the Paramour
Of my Master, let me crave
Thy vertuous help to keep from Grave
This poor Mortal that here lyes,
Waiting when the destinies
Will cut off his thred of life :
View the wound by cruel knife
Trencht into him.

Clor. What art thou call'dst me from my holy rites,
And with thy feared name of death affrights
My tender Ears ? speak me thy name and will.

Satyr. I am the *Satyr* that did fill
Your lap with early fruit, and will,
When I hap to gather more,
Bring ye better and more store :
Yet I come not empty now,
See a blossom from the bow,
But beshrew his heart that pull'd it,
And his perfect sight that cull'd it
From the other springing blooms ;
For a sweeter youth the Grooms
Cannot show me, nor the downs,
Nor the many neighbouring towns ;
Low in yonder glade I found him,
Softly in mine Arms I bound him,
Hither have I brought him sleeping
In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping,
In remembrance such youth may
Spring and perish in a day.

Clor. *Satyr*, they wrong thee, that do term thee rude,
Though thou beest outward rough and tawny hu'd,
Thy manners are as gentle and as fair
As his, who brags himself, born only heir
To all Humanity : let me see the wound :
This Herb will stay the current being bound
Fast to the Orifice, and this restrain
Ulcers, and swellings, and such inward pain,
As the cold air hath forc'd into the sore :
This to draw out such putrifying gore
As inward falls.

Satyr. Heaven grant it may doe good.

Clor. Fairly wipe away the blood :
Hold him gently till I sling
Water of a vertuous spring
On his temples ; turn him twice
To the Moon beams, pinch him thrice,
That the labouring soul may draw
From his great eclipse. *Satyr.* I saw
His eye-lids moving. *Clor.* Give him breath,
All the danger of cold death

Now is vanisht; with this Plaster,
And this unction, do I master
All the festred ill that may
Give him grief another day.

Satyr. See he gathers up his spright
And begins to hunt for light;
Now he gapes and breaths again:
How the blood runs to the vein,
That erst was empty! *Alex.* O my heart,
My dearest, dearest *Cloe*, O the smart
Runs through my side: I feel some pointed thing
Pass through my Bowels, sharper than the sting
Of *Scorpion*.

Pan preserve me, what are you?
Do not hurt me, I am true
To my *Cloe*, though she flye,
And leave me to thy destiny.
There she stands, and will not lett
Her smooth white hand to help her friend:

But I am much mistaken, for that face
Bears more Austerity and modest grace,
More reproving and more awe
Than these eyes yet ever saw
In my *Cloe*. Oh my pain
Eagerly renews again.

Give me your help for his sake you love best.

Clor. Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take rest,
Till thou hast laid aside all hearts desires
Provoking thought that stir up lusty fires,
Commerce with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will
To excute, these must be purg'd, untill
The vein grow whiter; then repent, and pray
Great *Pan* to keep you from the like decay,
And I shall undertake your cure with ease.
Till when this vertuous Plaster will displease
Your tender sides; give me your hand and rise:
Help him a little *Satyr*, for his thighs
Yet are feeble.

Alex. Sure I have lost much blood:

Satyr. 'Tis no matter, 'twas not good.
Mortal you must leave your wooing,
Though there be a joy in doing,
Yet it brings much grief behind it,
They best feel it, that do find it.

Clor. Come bring him in, I will attend his fore:
When you are well, take heed you lust no more.

Satyr. Shepherd, see what comes of kissing,
By my head 'twere better missing.
Brightest, if there be remaining
Any service, without feigning
I will do it, were I set
To catch the nimble wind, or get
Shadows gliding on the green,
Or to steal from the great Queen
Of *Fayries*, all her beauty,
I would do it, so much duty
Do I owe those precious Eyes.

Clor. I thank thee honest *Satyr*, if the cryes
Of any other that be hurt or ill,
Draw thee unto them, prithee do thy will
To bring them hither.

Satyr. I will, and when the weather
Serves to Angle in the brook,
I will bring a silver hook,
With a line of finest silk,
And a rod as white as milk,
To deceive the little fish:
So I take my leave, and wish,
On this Bower may ever dwell
Spring, and Summer. *Clor.* Friend farewell. [Exit.

Enter Amoret, seeking her Love.

Amor. This place is Ominous, for here I lost
My Love and almost life, and since have crost

All these Woods over, never a Nook or Dell,
Where any little Bird, or Beast doth dwell,
But I have sought him, never a bending brow
Of any Hill or Glade, the wind sings through,
Nor a green bank, nor shade where Shepherds use
To sit and Riddle, sweetly pipe, or chuse
Their Valentines, that I have mist, to find
My love in. *Perigot*, Oh too unkind,
Why hast thou fled me? whither art thou gone?
How have I wrong'd thee? was my love alone
To thee worthy this scorn'd recompence? 'tis well,
I am content to feel it: but I tell
Thee Shepherd, and these lusty woods shall hear,
Forsaken *Amoret* is yet as clear
Of any stranger fire, as Heaven is
From foul corruption, or the deep Abyffe
From light and happiness; and thou mayst know
All this for truth, and how that fatal blow
Thou gav'st me, never from desert of mine,
Fell on my life, but from suspect of thine,
Or fury more than madness; therefore, here,
Since I have lost my life, my love, my dear,
Upon this cursed place, and on this green,
That first divorc'd us, shortly shall be seen
A sight of so great pity, that each eye
Shall dayly spend his spring in memory
Of my untimely fall.

Enter Amaryllis.

Amar. I am not blind,
Nor is it through the working of my mind,
That this shows *Amoret*; for sake me all
That dwell upon the soul, but what men call
Wonder, or more than wonder, miracle,
For sure so strange as this the Oracle
Never gave answer of; it passeth dreams,
Or mad mens fancy, when the many streams
Of new imaginations rise and fall:
'Tis but an hour since these Ears heard her call
For pity to young *Perigot*; whilst he,
Directed by his fury bloodily
Lanc't up her brest, which bloodless fell and cold;
And if belief may credit what was told,
After all this, the Melancholy Swain
Took her into his arms being almost slain,
And to the bottom of the holy well
Flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell:
'Tis she, the very same, 'tis *Amoret*,
And living yet, the great powers will not let
Their vertuous love be crost. Maid, wipe away
Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay
The storm that yet goes high, which not deprest;
Breaks heart and life, and all before it rest:
Thy *Perigot*— *Amor.* Where, which is *Perigot*?
Amar. Sits there below, lamenting much, god wot,
Thee thy and fortune, go and comfort him,
And thou shalt find him underneath a brim
Of sailing Pines that edge yon Mountain in.
Amo. I go, I run, Heaven grant me I may win
His foul again. [Exit *Amoret*.

Enter Sullen,

Sull. Stay *Amaryllis*, stay,
Ye are too fleet, 'tis two hours yet to day.
I have perform'd my promise, let us sit
And warm our bloods together till the fit
Come lively on us. *Amor.* Friend you are too keen,
The morning riseth and we shall be seen,
Forbear a little. *Sull.* I can stay no longer.
Amor. Hold *Shepherd* hold, learn not to be a wronger
Of your word, was not your promise laid,
To break their loves first?
Sull. I have done it Maid.
Amor. No, they are yet unbroken, met again,

And are as hard to part yet as the stain
Is from the finest Lawn. *Sull.* I say they are
Now at this present parted, and so far,
That they shall never meet.

Amar. Swain 'tis not so,
For do but to yon hanging Mountain go,
And there believe your eyes.

Sull. You do but hold
Off with delays and trifles; farewell cold
And frozen bashfulness, unfit for men;
Thus I salute thee Virgin.

Amar. And thus then,
I bid you follow, catch me if you can.

[Exit.]

Sull. And if I stay behind I am no man.

[Exit running after her.]

Enter Perigot.

Per. Night do not steal away: I woo thee yet
To hold a hard hand o're the rusty bit
That guides the lazy Team: go back again,
Bootes, thou that driv'st thy frozen Wain
Round as a Ring, and bring a second Night
To hide my sorrows from the coming light;
Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,
And read my falling, give me some black place
Where never Sun-beam shot his wholesome light,
That I may sit and pour out my sad spright
Like running water, never to be known
After the forced fall and sound is gone.

Enter Amoret looking for Perigot.

Amo. This is the bottom: speak if thou be here,
My *Perigot,* thy *Amoret,* thy dear
Calls on thy loved Name.

Per. What art thou darrest
Tread these forbidden paths, where death and care
Dwell on the face of darkness?

Amo. 'Tis thy friend,
Thy *Amoret,* come hither to give end
To these consumings; look up gentle Boy,
I have forgot those Pains and dear annoy
I suffer'd for thy sake, and am content
To be thy love again; why hast thou rent
Those curled locks, where I have often hung
Riband and Damask-roses, and have slung
Waters distill'd to make thee fresh and gay,
Sweeter than the Nosegayes on a Bridal day?
Why dost thou cross thine Arms, and hang thy face
Down to thy bosom, letting fall apace
From those two little Heavens upon the ground
Showers of more price, more Orient, and more round
Than those that hang upon the Moons pale brow?
Cease these complainings, Shepherd, I am now
The same I ever was, as kind and free,
And can forgive before you ask of me.
Indeed I can and will.

Per. So spoke my fair.
O you great working powers of Earth and Air,
Water and forming fire, why have you lent
Your hidden vertues of so ill intent?
Even such a face, so fair, so bright of hue
Had *Amoret*; such words so smooth and new,
Came flying from her tongue; such was her eye,
And such the pointed sparkle that did fly
Forth like a bleeding shaft; all is the same,
The Robe and Buskins, painted Hook, and frame
Of all her Body. O me, *Amoret!*

Amo. Shepherd, what means this Riddle? who hath set
So strong a difference 'twixt my self and me
That I am grown another? look and see
The Ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist
That curious Bracelet thou thy self didst twist
From those fair Tresses: know'st thou *Amoret*?
Hath not some newer love forc'd thee forget

Thy Ancient faith?

Per. Still nearer to my love;
These be the very words she oft did prove
Upon my temper, so she still would take
Wonder into her face, and silent make
Signs with her head and hand, as who would say,
Shepherd remember this another day.

Amo. Am I not *Amoret*? where was I lost?
Can there be Heaven, and time, and men, and most
Of these unconstant? Faith where art thou fled?
Are all the vows and protestations dead,
The hands help up, the wishes, and the heart,
Is there not one remaining, not a part
Of all these to be found? why then I see
Men never knew that vertue *Constancie.*

Per. Men ever were most blessed, till crass fate
Brought Love and Women forth, unfortunate
To all that ever tasted of their smiles,
Whose actions are all double, full of wiles:
Like to the subtil Hare, that 'fore the Hounds
Makes many turnings, leaps and many rounds,
This way and that way, to deceive the scent
Of her pursuers.

Amo. 'Tis but to prevent
Their speedy coming on that seek her fall,
The hands of cruel men, more Bestial,
And of a nature more refusing good
Than Beasts themselves, or Fishes of the Flood.

Per. Thou art all these, and more than nature meant,
When she created all, frowns, joys, content;
Extream fire for an hour, and presently
Colder than sleepy poyson, or the Sea,
Upon whose face sits a continual frost:
Your actions ever driven to the most,
Then down again as low, that none can find
The rise or falling of a Womans mind.

Amo. Can there be any Age, or dayes, or time,
Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime
As wronging simple Maid? O *Perigot,*
Thou that wast yesterday without a blot,
Thou that wast every good, and every thing
That men call blessed; thou that wast the spring
From whence our looser grooms drew all their best;
Thou that wast alwayes just, and alwayes blest
In faith and promise; thou that hadst the name
Of Vertuous given thee, and made good the same
E'en from thy Cradle; thou that wast that all
That men delighted in; Oh what a fall
Is this, to have been so, and now to be
The only best in wrong and infamic,
And I to live to know this! and by me
That lov'd thee dearer than mine eyes, or that
Which we esteem'd our honour, Virgin state;
Dearer than Swallows love the early morn,
Or Dogs of Chace the sound of merry Horn;
Dearer than thou canst love thy new Love, if thou hast
Another, and far dearer than the last;
Dearer than thou canst love thy self, though all
The self love were within thee that did fall
With that coy Swain that now is made a flower,
For whose dear sake, *Echo* weeps many a shower.
And am I thus rewarded for my flame?
Lov'd worthily to get a wantons name?
Come thou forsaken Willow, wind my head,
And noise it to the world my Love is dead:
I am forsaken, I am cast away,
And left for every lazy Groom to say,
I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
Than the quick Clouds we see, or the chill Frost
When the hot Sun beats on it. Tell me yet,
Canst thou not love again thy *Amoret*?

Per. Thou art not worthy of that blessed name,
I must not know thee, sling thy wanton flame
Upon some lighter blood, that may be hot

With words and feigned passions : *Perigot*
Was ever yet unstain'd, and shall not now
Stoop to the meltings of a borrowed brow.

Amo. Then hear me heaven, to whom I call for right,
And you fair twinkling stars that crown the night ;
And hear me woods, and silence of this place,
And ye sad hours that move a fullen pace ;
Hear me ye shadows that delight to dwell
In horrid darkness, and ye powers of Hell,
Whilst I breath out my last ; I am that maid,
That yet untainted *Amoret*, that plaid
The careless prodigal, and gave away
My soul to this young man, that now dares say
I am a stranger, not the same, more wild ;
And thus with much belief I was beguil'd.
I am that maid, that have delaid, deny'd,
And almost scor'd the loves of all that try'd
To win me, but this swain, and yet confess
I have been woo'd by many with no less
Soul of affection, and have often had
Rings, Belts, and Cracknels sent me from the lad
That feeds his flocks down westward ; Lambs and Doves
By young *Alexis* ; *Daphnis* sent me gloves,
All which I gave to thee : nor these, nor they
That sent them did I smile on, or e're lay
Up to my after-memory. But why
Do I resolve to grieve, and not to dye ?
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home ;
By this time had I found a quiet room
Where every slave is free, and every brest
That living breeds new care, now lies at rest,
And thither will poor *Amoret*.

Per. Thou must.
Was ever any man so loth to trust
His eyes as I ? or was there ever yet
Any so like as this to *Amoret* ?
For whose dear sake, I promise if there be
A living soul within thee, thus to free
Thy body from it. [He hurts her again.

Amo. So, this work hath end :
Farewel and live, be constant to thy friend
That loves thee next.

Enter Satyr, Perigot runs off.

Satyr. See the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtil fire, the wind blows cold,
Whilst the morning doth unfold ;
Now the Birds begin to rouse,
And the Squirrel from the boughs
Leaps to get him Nuts and fruit ;
The early Lark that erst was mute,
Carrols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay :
Therefore here I end my watch,
Lest the wandring swain should catch
Harm, or lose himself. *Amo.* Ah me !

Satyr. Speak again what e're thou be,
I am ready, speak I say :
By the dawning of the day,
By the power of night and *Pan*,
I inforce thee speak again.

Amo. O I am most unhappy.

Satyr. Yet more blood !
Sure these wanton Swains are wode.
Can there be a hand or heart
Dare commit so vile a part
As this Murder ? By the Moon
That hid her self when this was done,
Never was a sweeter face :
I will bear her to the place
Where my Goddes keeps ; and crave
Her to give her life, or grave.

[Exit.

Enter Clorin.

Clor. Here whilst one patient takes his rest secure
I steal abroad to doe another Cure.
Pardon thou buryed body of my love,
That from thy side I dare so soon remove,
I will not prove unconstant, nor will leave
Thee for an hour alone. When I deceive
My first made vow, the wildest of the wood
Tear me, and o're thy Grave let out my blood ;
I goe by wit to cure a lovers pain
Which no herb can ; being done, I'll come again. [Exit.

Enter Thenot.

The. Poor Shepherd in this shade for ever lye,
And seeing thy fair *Clorins* Cabin, dye :
O hapless love, which beings answer'd, ends ;
And as a little infant cries and bends
His tender Brows, when rowling of his eye
He hath espy'd some thing that glisters nigh
Which he would have, yet give it him, away
He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play
With something else : such my affection, set
On that which I should loath, if I could get.

Enter Clorin.

Clor. See where he lyes ; did ever man but he
Love any woman for her Constancie
To her dead lover, which she needs must end
Before she can allow him for her friend,
And he himself must needs the cause destroy,
For which he loves, before he can enjoy ?
Poor *Shepherd*, Heaven grant I at once may free
Thee from thy pain, and keep my loyaltie :
Shepherd, look up.

The. Thy brightness doth amaze !
So *Phœbus* may at noon bid mortals gaze,
Thy glorious constancie appears so bright,
I dare not meet the Beams with my weak sight.

Clor. Why dost thou pine away thy self for me ?

The. Why dost thou keep such spotless constancie ?

Clor. Thou holy *Shepherd*, see what for thy sake
Clorin, thy *Clorin*, now dare under take. [He starts up.

The. Stay there, thou constant *Clorin*, if there be
Yet any part of woman left in thee,
To make thee light : think yet before thou speak
Clor. See what a holy vow for thee I break.
I that already have my fame far spread
For being constant to my lover dead.

The. Think yet, dear *Clorin*, of your love, how true,
If you had dyed, he would have been to you.

Clor. Yet all I'll lose for thee.

The. Think but how blest

A constant woman is above the rest.

Clor. And offer up my self, here on this ground,
To be dispos'd by thee.

The. Why dost thou wound
His heart with malice, against woman more,
That hated all the Sex, but thee before ?
How much more pleasant had it been to me
To dye, than to behold this change in thee ?
Yet, yet, return, let not the woman sway.

Clor. Insult not on her now, nor use delay,
Who for thy sake hath ventur'd all her fame.

The. Thou hast not ventur'd, but bought certain shame,
Your Sexes curse, foul falshood must and shall,
I see, once in your lives, light on you all.
I hate thee now : yet turn.

Clor. Be just to me :

Shall I at once both lose my fame and thee ?

The. Thou hadst no fame, that which thou didst like good,
Was but thy appetite that sway'd thy blood
For that time to the best : for as a blast
That through a house comes, usually doth cast

Things out of order, yet by chance may come,
And blow some one thing to his proper room;
So did thy appetite, and not thy zeal,
Sway thee be chance to doe some one thing well.
Yet turn.

Clor. Thou dost but try me if I would
Forfake thy dear embraces, for my old
Love's, though he were alive: but do not fear.

Th. I do contemn thee now, and dare come near,
And gaze upon thee; for me thinks that grace,
Austeritie, which fate upon that face
Is gone, and thou like others: false maid see,
This is the gain of foul inconstancie. [Exit.]

Clor. 'Tis done, great *Pan* I give thee thanks for it,
What art could not have heal'd, is cur'd by wit.

Enter Thenot, again.

The. Will ye be constant yet? will ye remove
Into the Cabin to your buried Love?

Clor. No let me die, but by thy side remain.

The. There's none shall know that thou didst ever stain
Thy worthy strictness, but shall honour'd be,
And I will lye again under this tree,
And pine and dye for thee with more delight,
Than I have sorrow now to know the light.

Clor. Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou wilt.

The. Thou art of womens race, and full of guilt.
Farewel all hope of that Sex, whilst I thought
There was one good, I fear'd to find one naught:
But since their minds I all alike espie,
Henceforth I'll choose as others, by mine eye.

Clor. Blest be ye powers that give such quick redress,
And for my labours sent so good success.
I rather choose, though I a woman be,
He should speak ill of all, than die for me.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Priest, and old Shepherd.

Priest. Shepherds, rise and shake off sleep,
See the blushing Morn doth peep

Through the window, whilst the Sun
To the mountain tops is run,
Gilding all the Vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still.

Up ye lazie grooms, and fill
Bagg and Bottle for the field;
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter North-east wind.

Call the Maidens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Goe without a friend all day;
Then reward your Dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay:

So unfold and then away.

What not a Shepherd stirring? sure the grooms
Have found their beds too easie, or the rooms
Fill'd with such new delight, and heat, that they
Have both forgot their hungry sheep, and day;
Knock, that they may remember what a shame
Sloath and neglect layes on a Shepherds name.

Old Shep. It is to little purpose, not a swain
This night hath known his lodging here, or lain
Within these cotes: the woods, or some near town,
That is a neighbour to the bordering Down,
Hath drawn them thither, 'bout some lustie sport,
Or spiced Wassel-Boul, to which resort
All the young men and maids of many a cote,
Whilst the trim Minstrel strikes his merry note.

Priest. God pardon sin, show me the way that leads

To any of their haunts.

Old Shep. This to the meads,
And that down to the woods.

Priest. Then this for me;
Come Shepherd let me crave your companie. [Exeunt.]

Enter Clorin, in her Cabin, Alexis, with her.

Clor. Now your thoughts are almost pure,
And your wound begins to cure:
Strive to banish all that's vain,
Lest it should break out again.

Alex. Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy maid:
I find my former wandring thoughts well staid
Through thy wise precepts, and my outward pain
By thy choice herbs is almost gone again:
Thy sexes vice and vertue are reveal'd
At once, for what one hurt, another heal'd.

Clor. May thy grief more appease,
Relapses are the worst disease.
Take heed how you in thought offend,
So mind and body both will mend.

Enter Satyr, with Amoret.

Amo. Beest thou the wildest creature of the wood,
That bearst me thus away, drown'd in my blood,
And dying, know I cannot injur'd be,
I am a maid, let that name fight for me.

Satyr. Fairest Virgin do not fear
Me, that do thy body bear,
Not to hurt, but heal'd to be;
Men are ruder far than we.
See fair *Goddes* in the wood,
They have let out yet more blood.
Some savage man hath struck her breast
So soft and white, that no wild beast
Durst ha' toucht asleep, or wake:
So sweet, that *Adder*, *Newt*, or *Snake*,
Would have lain from arm to arm,
On her bosom to be warm
All a night, and being hot,
Gone away and stung her not.
Quickly clap herbs to her breast;
A man sure is a kind of beast.

Clor. With spotless hand, on spotless breast
I put these herbs to give thee rest:
Which till it heal thee, will abide,
If both be pure, if not, off slide.
See it falls off from the wound,
Shepherdess thou art not found,
Full of lust.

Satyr. Who would have thought it,
So fair a face?

Clor. Why that hath brought it.

Amo. For ought I know or think, these words, my last:
Yet *Pan* so help me as my thoughts are chaste.

Clor. And so may *Pan* bless this my cure,
As all my thoughts are just and pure;
Some uncleanness nigh doth lurk,
That will not let my Medicines work.
Satyr search if thou canst find it.

Satyr. Here away me thinks I wind it,
Stronger yet: Oh here they be,
Here, here, in a hollow tree,
Two fond mortals have I found.

Clor. Bring them out, they are unsound.

Enter Cloe, and Daphnis.

Satyr. By the fingers thus I wring ye,
To my *Goddes* thus I bring ye;
Strife is vain, come gently in,
I scented them, they're full of sin.

Clor. Hold *Satyr*, take this Glas,
Sprinkle over all the place,
Purge the Air from lustfull breath,

To save this Shepherdess from death,
And stand you still whilst I do dress
Her wound for fear the pain increase.

Sat. From this glass I throw a drop
Of Crystal water on the top
Of every grass, on flowers a pair:
Send a fume and keep the air
Pure and wholsom, sweet and blest,
Till this Virgins wound be dress'd.

Clor. *Satyr*, help to bring her in.

Sat. By *Pan*, I think she hath no sin,
She is so light: lye on these leaves.
Sleep that mortal sense deceives,
Crown thine Eyes, and ease thy pain,
Maist thou soon be well again.

Clor. *Satyr*, bring the Shepherd near,
Try him if his mind be clear.

Sat. Shepherd come.

Daph. My thoughts are pure.

Sat. The better trial to endure.

Clor. In this flame his finger thrust,
Which will burn him if he lust;
But if not, away will turn,
As loth unspotted flesh to burn:
See, it gives back, let him go,
Farewel mortal, keep thee so.

Sat. Stay fair Nymph, flye not so fast,
We must try if you be chaste:
Here's a hand that quakes for fear,
Sure she will not prove so clear.

Clor. Hold her finger to the flame,
That will yield her praise or shame.

Sat. To her doom she dares not stand,
But plucks away her tender hand,
And the Taper darting sends
His hot beams at her fingers ends:
O thou art foul within, and hast
A mind, if nothing else, unchaste.

Alex. Is not that *Cloe*? 'tis my Love, 'tis she!
Cloe, fair *Cloe*.

Clor. My *Alexis*. *Alex.* He.

Clor. Let me embrace thee. *Clor.* Take her hence,
Lest her sight disturb his fence.

Alex. Take not her, take my life first.

Clor. See, his wound again is burst:
Keep her near, here in the Wood,
Till I ha' stopt these Streams of Blood.
Soon again he ease shall find,
If I can but still his mind:
This Curtain thus I do display,
To keep the piercing air away.

Enter old Shepherd, and Priest.

Priest. Sure they are lost for ever; 'tis in vain
To find 'em out with trouble and much pain,
That have a ripe desire, and forward will
To flye the Company of all but ill,
What shall be counsel'd now? shall we retire?
Or constant follow still that first desire
We had to find them?

Old. Stay a little while;
For if the Morning mist do not beguile
My sight with shadows, sure I see a Swain;
One of this jolly Troop's come back again.

Enter Thenot.

Pri. Dost thou not blush young Shepherd to be known,
Thus without care, leaving thy flocks alone,
And following what desire and present blood
Shapes out before thy burning sense, for good,
Having forgot what tongue hereafter may
Tell to the World thy falling off, and say
Thou art regardless both of good and shame,
Spurning at Vertue, and a vertuous Name,

And like a glorious, desperate man that buys
A poyson of much price, by which he dies,
Dost thou lay out for Lust, whose only gain
Is soul disease, with present age and pain,
And then a Grave? These be the fruits that grow
In such hot Veins that only beat to know
Where they may take most ease, and grow ambitious
Through their own wanton fire, and pride delicious.

The. Right holy Sir, I have not known this night,
What the smooth face of Mirth was, or the sight
Of any looseness; musick, joy, and ease,
Have been to me as bitter drugs, to please
A Stomach lost with weakness, not a game
That I am skill'd at throughly; nor a Dame,
Went her tongue smoother than the feet of Time,
Her beauty ever living like the Rime
Our blessed *Tityrus* did sing of yore,
No, were she more enticing than the store
Of fruitful Summer, when the loaden Tree
Bids the faint Traveller be bold and free,
'Twere but to me like thunder 'gainst the bay,
Whose lightning may enclose but never stay
Upon his charmed branches; such am I
Against the catching flames of Womans eye.

Priest. Then wherefore hast thou wandred?

The. 'Twas a Vow

That drew me out last night, which I have now
Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give
Fresh pasture to my Sheep, that they may live.

Pri. 'Tis good to hear ye, Shepherd, if the heart
In this well sounding Musick bear his part,
Where have you left the rest?

The. I have not seen,
Since yesternight we met upon this green
To fold our Flocks up, any of that train;
Yet have I walkt these Woods round, and have lain
All this same night under an aged Tree,
Yet neither wandring Shepherd did I see,
Or Shepherdess, or drew into mine ear
The sound of living thing, unless it were
The Nightingale among the thick leav'd spring
That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing
Whole nights away in mourning, or the Owl,
Or our great enemy that still doth howl
Against the Moons cold beams.

Priest. Go and beware
Of after falling.

The. Father 'tis my care.

[Exit Thenot.

Enter Daphnis.

Old. Here comes another Stragler, sure I see
A Shame in this young Shepherd. *Daphnis!*

Daph. He.

Pri. Where hast thou left the rest, that should have been
Long before this, grazing upon the green
Their yet imprison'd flocks?

Daph. Thou holy man,
Give me a little breathing till I can
Be able to unfold what I have seen;
Such horror that the like hath never been
Known to the ear of Shepherd: Oh my heart
Labours a double motion to impart
So heavy tidings! You all know the Bower
Where the chaste *Clorin* lives, by whose great power
Sick men and Cattel have been often cur'd,
There lovely *Amoret* that was assur'd
To lusty *Perigor*, bleeds out her life,
Forc'd by some Iron hand and fatal knife;
And by her young *Alexis*.

Enter Amaryllis running from her Sullen Shepherd.

Amar. If there be

Ever

Ever a Neighbour Brook, or hollow tree,
Receive my Body, close me up from lull
That follows at my heels; be ever just,
Thou god of Shepherds, *Pan*, for her dear sake
That loves the Riversbrinks, and still doth shake
In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit:
Let me be made a reed, and ever mute,
Nod to the waters fall, whilst every blast
Sings through my slender leaves that I was chaf't.

Pri. This is a night of wonder, *Amaryll*
Be comforted, the holy gods are still
Revengeurs of these wrongs.

Amur. Thou blessed man,
Honour'd upon these plains, and lov'd of *Pan*,
Hear me, and save from endless infamie
My yet unblasted Flower, *Virginie*:
By all the Garlands that have crown'd that head,
By the chaste office, and the Marriage bed
That still is blest by thee, by all the rights
Due to our gods; and by those Virgin lights
That burn before his Altar, let me not
Fall from my former state to gain the blot
That never shall be purg'd: I am not now
That wanton *Amaryllis*: here I vow
To Heaven, and thee grave Father, if I may
'scape this unhappy Night, to know the Day,
To live a Virgin, never to endure
The tongues, or Company of men impure.
I hear him come, save me.

Pri. Retire a while
Behind this Bush, till we have known that vile
Abuser of young Maidens.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. Stay thy pace,
Most loved *Amaryllis*, let the Chafe
Grow calm and milder, flye me not so fast,
I fear the pointed Brambles have unlac'd
Thy golden Buskins; turn again and see
Thy Shepherd follow, that is strong and free,
Able to give thee all content and ease.
I am not bashful, Virgin, I can please
At first encounter, hug thee in mine arm,
And give thee many Kisses, soft and warm
As those the Sun prints on the smiling Cheek
Of Plums, or mellow Peaches; I am sleek
And smooth as *Neptune*, when stern *Eolus*
Locks up his surly Winds, and nimbly thus
Can shew my active Youth; why dost thou flye?
Remember *Amaryllis*, it was I
That kill'd *Alexis* for thy sake, and set
An everlasting hate 'twixt *Amoret*
And her beloved *Perigot*: 'twas I
That drown'd her in the Well, where she must lye
Till Time shall leave to be; then turn again,
Turn with thy open arms, and clip the Swain
That hath perform'd all this, turn, turn I say:
I must not be deluded.

Pri. Monster stay,
Thou that art like a Canker to the State
Thou liv'st and breath'st in, eating with debate
Through every honest bosome, forcing still
The Veins of any that may serve thy Will,
Thou that hast offer'd with a sinful hand
To seize upon this Virgin that doth stand
Yet trembling here.

Sull. Good holiness declare,
What had the danger been, if being bare
I had embrac'd her, tell me by your Art,
What coming wonders would that sight impart?

Pri. Lust, and a branded Soul.

Sull. Yet tell me more,
Hath not our Mother Nature for her store
And great encrease, said it is good and just,

And wills that every living Creature must
Beget his like?

Pri. Ye are better read than I,
I must confess, in blood and Lechery.
Now to the Bower, and bring this Beast along,
Where he may suffer Penance for his wrong. [Exit.

Enter Perigot with his hands bloody.

Per. Here will I wash it in this mornings dew,
Which she on every little grass doth strew
In silver drops against the Sun's appear:
'Tis holy water, and will make me clear.
My hands will not be cleans'd. My wronged Love,
If thy chaste spirit in the air yet move,
Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand
All full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand,
And though I struck thee undeservedly,
Let my revenge on her that injur'd thee
Make less a fault which I intended not,
And let these dew drops wash away my spot.
It will not cleanse. O to what sacred Flood
Shall I resort to wash away this blood?
Amid'st these Trees the holy *Clorin* dwells
In a low Cabin of cut Boughs, and heals
All Wounds; to her I will my self address,
And my rash faults repentantly confess;
Perhaps she'll find a means by Art or Prayer,
To make my hand with chaste blood stained, fair:
That done, not far hence underneath some Tree,
I'll have a little Cabin built, since she
Whom I ador'd is dead, there will I give
My self to strictness, and like *Clorin* live. [Exit.

*The Curtain is drawn, Clorin appears sitting in the Cabin,
Amoret sitting on the one side of her, Alexis and Cloe
on the other, the Satyr standing by.*

Clo. Shepherd, once more your blood is staid,
Take example by this Maid,
Who is heal'd ere you be pure,
So hard it is lewd lust to cure.
Take heed then how you turn your eye
On each other lustfully:
And Shepherdess take heed lest you
Move his willing eye thereto;
Let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile
Of yours his weaker sense beguile.
Is your Love yet true and chaste,
And for ever so to last?

Alex. I have forgot all vain desires,
All looser thoughts, ill tempred fires,
True Love I find a pleasant fume,
Whose moderate heat can ne'r consume.

Clo. And I a new fire feel in me,
Whose chaste flame is not quencht to be.

Clor. Join your hands with modest touch,
And for ever keep you such.

Enter Perigot.

Per. Yon is her Cabin, thus far off I'll stand,
And call her forth; for my unhallowed hand
I dare not bring so near yon sacred place.
Clorin come forth, and do a timely grace
To a poor Swain.

Clo. What art thou that dost call?
Clorin is ready to do good to all:
Come near.

Peri. I dare not.

Clor. Satyr, see
Who it is that calls on me.

Sat. There at hand, some Swain doth stand,
Stretching out a bloody hand.

Peri. Come *Clorin*, bring thy holy waters clear,
To wash my hand.

Clo. What wonders have been here

To night? stretch forth thy hand young Swain,
Wash and rub it whilest I rain
Holy water.

Peri. Still you pour,
But my hand will never scower.

Clor. Satyr, bring him to the Bower,
We will try the Sovereign power
Of other waters.

Satyr. Mortal, sure
'Tis the Blood of Maiden pure
That stains thee so.

[The Satyr leadeth him to the Bower, where he spieth
Amoret, and kneeling down, she knoweth him.

Peri. What e're thou be,
Be'tt thou her spright, or some divinitie,
That in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,
Pardon poor *Perigot*.

Amor. I am thy love,
Thy *Amoret*, for evermore thy love:
Strike once more on my naked breast, I'le prove
As constant still. O couldst thou love me yet;
How soon should I my former griefs forget!

Peri. So over-great with joy, that you live, now
I am, that no desire of knowing how
Doth seize me; hast thou still power to forgive?

Amo. Whilest thou hast power to love, or I to live;
More welcome now than hadst thou never gone
Astray from me.

Peri. And when thou lov'st alone
And not I, death, or some lingring pain
That's worse, light on me.

Clor. Now your stain
This perhaps will cleanse again;
See the blood that erst did stay,
With the water drops away.
All the powers again are pleas'd,
And with this new knot appeas'd.
Joyn your hands, and rise together,
'*Pan* be blest that brought you hither.

Enter Priest, and Old Shepherd:

Clor. Go back again what ere thou art, unless
Smooth Maiden thoughts possess thee, do not prefs
This hallowed ground. Go *Satyr*, take his hand,
And give him present trial.

Satyr. Mortal stand,
Till by fire I have made known
Whether thou be such a one,
That mayst freely tread this place.
Hold thy hand up; never was
More untainted flesh than this.
Fairest, he is full of blifs.

Clor. Then boldly speak, why dost thou seek this place?

Priest. First, honour'd Virgin, to behold thy face
Where all good dwells that is: Next for to try
The truth of late report was given to me:
Those Shepherds that have met with foul mischance,
Through much neglect, and more ill governance,
Whether the wounds they have may yet endure
The open Air, or stay a longer cure.
And lastly, what the doom may be shall light
Upon those guilty wretches, through whose spight
All this confusion fell: For to this place,
Thou holy Maiden, have I brought the race
Of these offenders, who have freely told,
Both why, and by what means they gave this bold
Attempt upon their lives.

Clor. Fume all the ground,
And sprinkle holy water, for unsound
And foul infection 'gins to fill the Air:
It gathers yet more strongly; take a pair
Of Censurs fill'd with Frankincense and Mirrh,
Together with cold Camphyre: quickly stir
Thee, gentle *Satyr*, for the place begins

To sweat and labour with the abhorred sins
Of those offenders; let them not come nigh,
For full of itching flame and leprosie
Their very souls are, that the ground goes back,
And shrinks to feel the fullen weight of black
And so unheard of venome; hic thee fast
Thou holy man, and banish from the chaff
These manlike monsters, let them never more
Be known upon these downs, but long before
The next Suns rising, put them from the sight
And memory of every honest wight.
Be quick in expedition, lest the fores
Of these weak Patients break into new gores. [Ex. Priest.

Per. My dear, dear *Amoret*, how happy are
Those blessed pairs, in whom a little jar
Hath bred an everlasting love, too strong
For time, or steel, or envy to do wrong?
How do you feel your hurts? Alas poor heart,
How much I was abus'd; give me the smart
For it is justly mine.

Amo. I do believe.
It is enough dear friend, leave off to grieve,
And let us once more in despite of ill
Give hands and hearts again.

Per. With better will
Than e're I went to find in hottest day
Cool Crystal of the Fountain, to allay
My eager thirst: may this band never break.
Hear us O Heaven,

Amo. Be constant.

Per. Else *Pan* wreak,
With double vengeance, my disloyalty;
Let me not dare to know the company
Of men, or any more behold those eyes.

Amo. Thus Shepherd with a kifs all envy dyes.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Bright Maid, I have perform'd your will, the Swain
In whom such heat and black rebellions reign
Hath undergone your sentence, and disgrace:
Only the Maid I have reserv'd, whose face
Shews much amendment, many a tear doth fall
In sorrow of her fault, great fair recal
Your heavy doom, in hope of better daies,
Which I dare promise; once again upraise
Her heavy Spirit that near drowned lyes
In self consuming care that never dyes,

Clor. I am content to pardon, call her in;
The Air grows cool again, and doth begin
To purge it self, how bright the day doth show
After this stormy Cloud? go *Satyr*, go,
And with this Taper boldly try her hand,
If she be pure and good, and firmly stand
To be so still, we have perform'd a work
Worthy the Gods themselves. [Satyr brings Amaryllis in.

Satyr. Come forward Maiden, do not lurk
Nor hide your face with grief and shame,
Now or never get a name
That may raise thee, and recure
All thy life that was impure:
Hold your hand unto the flame,
If thou beest a perfect dame,
Or hast truly vow'd to mend,
This pale fire will be thy friend.
See the Taper hurts her not.
Go thy wayes, let never spot
Henceforth seize upon thy blood.
Thank the Gods and still be good.

Clor. Young Shepherdess now ye are brought again
To Virgin state, be so, and so remain
To thy last day, unless the faithful love
Of some good Shepherd force thee to remove;
Than labour to be true to him, and live
As such a one, that ever strives to give

A blessed memory to after time.
 Be famous for your good, not for your crime.
 Now holy man, I offer up again
 These patients full of health, and free from pain:
 Keep them from after ills, be ever near
 Unto their actions, teach them how to clear
 The tedious way they pass through, from suspect,
 Keep them from wronging others, or neglect
 Of duty in themselves, correct the bloud
 With thrifty bits and labour, let the floud,
 Or the next neighbouring spring give remedy
 To greedy thirst, and travel not the tree
 That hangs with wanton clusters, let not wine,
 Unless in sacrifice, or rites divine,
 Be ever known of Shepherd, have a care
 Thou man of holy life. Now do not spare
 Their faults through much remissness, nor forget
 To cherish him, whose many pains and sweet
 Hath giv'n increase, and added to the downs.
 Sort all your Shepherds from the lazy clowns
 That feed their Heifers in the budded Brooms:
 Teach the young Maidens strictness, that the grooms
 May ever fear to tempt their blowing youth;
 Banish all complements, but single truth
 From every tongue, and every Shepherds heart,
 Let them still use perswading, but no Art:
 Thus holy Priest, I wish to thee and these,
 All the best goods and comforts that may please.

Alex. And all those blessings Heaven did ever give,
 We pray upon this Bower may ever live.

Priest. Kneel every Shepherd, whilest with powerful hand
 I bless your after labours, and the Land
 You feed your flocks upon. Great *Pan* defend you
 From misfortune, and attend you,
 Keep you from those dangers still,
 That are followed by your will,
 Give ye means to know at length
 All your riches, all your strength,
 Cannot keep your foot from falling
 To lewd lust, that still is calling
 At your Cottage, till his power
 Bring again that golden hour
 Of peace and rest to every soul.
 May his care of you controul
 All diseases, sores or pain
 That in after time may rain
 Either in your flocks or you,
 Give ye all affections new,
 New desires, and tempers new,
 That ye may be ever true.
 Now rise and go, and as ye pass away
 Sing to the God of Sheep, that happy lay,
 That honest *Dorus* taught ye, *Dorus*, he
 That was the soul and god of melodie.

The SONG.

[They all Sing.]

All ye woods, and trees and bowers,
 All you vertues and ye powers
 That inhabit in the lakes,
 In the pleasant springs or brakes,

Move your feet
 To our sound,
 Whilest we greet
 All this ground,
 With his honour and his name
 That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
 He is ever good, and must
 Thus be honour'd: *Daffadillies*,
Roses, *Pinks*, and loved *Lillies*,
 Let us sing,
 Whilest we sing,
 Ever holy,
 Ever holy,
 Ever honour'd ever young,
 Thus great *Pan* is ever sung.

[Exeunt.]

Satyr. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
 Thou most powerful Maid, and whitest,
 Thou most vertuous and most blessed,
 Eyes of stars, and golden tressed
 Like *Apollo*, tell me sweetest
 What new service now is meetest
 For the *Satyr*? shall I stray
 In the middle Air, and stay
 The sayling Rack, or nimbly take
 Hold by the Moon, and gently make
 Sute to the pale Queen of night
 For a beam to give thee light?
 Shall I dive into the Sea,
 And bring thee Coral, making way
 Through the rising waves that fall
 In snowie fleeces; dearest, shall
 I catch the wanton Fawns, or Flyes,
 Whose woven wings the Summer dyes
 Of many colours? get thee fruit?
 Or steal from Heaven old *Orpheus* Lute?
 All these I'll venture for, and more,
 To do her service all these woods adore.

Clor. No other service, *Satyr*, but thy watch
 About these thickets, lest harmless people catch
 Mischief or sad mischance.

Satyr. Holy Virgin, I will dance
 Round about these woods as quick
 As the breaking light, and prick
 Down the Lawns, and down the vails
 Faster than the Wind-mill sails.
 So I take my leave, and pray
 All the comforts of the day,
 Such as *Phaebus* heat doth send
 On the earth, may still befriend
 Thee, and this arbour.

Cle. And to thee,
 All thy Masters love be free.

[Exeunt.]

To my Friend Master JOHN FLETCHER
upon his Faithfull Shepherdes.

I know too well, that, no more than the man
That travels through the burning Desarts, can
When he is beaten with the raging Sun,
Half smother'd in the dust, have power to run
From a cool River, which himself doth find,
E're he be slack'd; no more can he whose mind
Joyes in the Muses, hold from that delight,
When nature, and his full thoughts bid him write:
Yet wish I those whom I for friends have known,
To sing their thoughts to no ears but their own.
Why should the man, whose wit ne'r had a stain,
Upon the publick Stage present his vain,
And make a thousand men in judgment sit,
To call in question his undoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can understand the laws
Which they should judge by, nor the parties cause?
Among the rout there is not one that hath
In his own censure an explicate faith;
One company knowing they judgement lack,
Ground their belief on the next man in black:
Others, on him that makes signs, and is mute,
Some like as he does in the fairest sute,
He as his Mistres doth, and she by chance:
Nor want there those, who as the Boy doth dance
Between the Acts, will censure the whole Play;
Some if the Wax-lights be not new that day;
But multitudes there are whose judgement goes
Headlong according to the Actors clothes.
For this, these publick things and I, agree
So ill, that but to do a right for thee,
I had not been perswaded to have hurl'd
These few, ill spoken lines, into the world,
Both to be read, and censur'd of, by those,
Whose very reading makes Verse senseless Prose:
Such as must spend above an hour, to spell
A Challenge on a Post, to know it well:
But since it was thy hap to throw away
Much wit, for which the people did not pay,
Because they saw it not, I not dislike
This second publication, which may strike
Their consciences, to see the thing they scorn'd,
To be with so much wit and Art adorn'd.
Besides one vantage more in this I see,
Your censurers now must have the qualitie
Of reading, which I am afraid is more
Than half your shrewdest Judges had before.

Fr. Beaumont.

To the worthy Author Mr. JO. FLETCHER.

The wise, and many headed Bench, that sits
Upon the Life, and Death of Playes, and Wits,
(Compos'd of Gamester, Captain, Knight, Knight's man,

Lady, or Puffill, that wears mask or fan,
Velvet, or Taffata cap, rank'd in the dark
With the shops Foreman, or some such brave spark,
That may judge for his six-pence) had, before
They saw it half, damn'd thy whole Play, and more,
Their motives were, since it had not to doe
With vices, which they look'd for, and came to.

I, that am glad, thy Innocence was thy Guilt,
And wish that all the Muses blood were spilt
In such a Martyrdome, to vex their eyes,
Do crown thy murdered Poeme: which shall rise
A glorified work to Time, when Fire,
Or mothes shall eat, what all these Fools admire.

BEN. JONSON.

This Dialogue newly added, was spoken
by way of Prologue to both their Majesties, at
the first acting of this Pastoral at Somers-
house on Twelfth-night, 1633.

Priest:

A Broiling Lamb on Pans chief Altar lies,
My Wreath, my Censor, Virge, and Incense by:
But I delay'd the pretious Sacrifice,
To shew thee here, a Gentle Deity.

Nymph.

Nor was I to thy sacred Summons slow,
Hither I came as swift as th' Eagles wing,
Or threatening shaft from vext Dianacs bow,
To see this Islands God; the worlds best King.

Priest.

Bless then that Queen, that doth his eyes invite
And ears, t'obey her Scepter, half this night.

Nymph.

Let's sing such welcomes, as shall make Her sway
Seem easie to Him, though it last till day.

Welcom as Peace t'unwalled Cities, when
Famine and Sword leave them more graves than men.
As Spring to Birds, or Noon-dayes Sun to th' old
Poor mountain Muscovite congeal'd with cold.
As Shore toth' Pilot in a safe known Coast
When's Card is broken and his Rudder lost.

THE
MAD LOVER,
A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Astorax, *King of Paphos.*
Memnon, *the General and the Mad Lover.*
Polydor, *Brother to Memnon, beloved of Calis.*
Eumenes, } *two eminent Souldiers.*
Polybius, }
Chilax, *an old merry Souldier.*
Syphax, *a Souldier in love with the Princess.*
Stremon, *a Souldier that can sing.*
Demagoras, *Servant to the General.*
Chirurgion.
Fool.

Page.
Courtiers.

W O M E N.

Calis, *Sister to the King, and Mistris to Memnon.*
Cleanthe, *Sister to Syphax.*
Lucippe, *one of the Princesses Women.*
Priest of Venus, an old wanton.
A Nun.
Cloe, *a Camp Baggage.*

The Scene Paphos.

The principal Actors were,

<i>Richard Burbadge.</i> <i>Robert Benfeild.</i> <i>Nathanael Feild.</i> <i>Henry Condell.</i>	}	<i>John Lowin.</i> <i>William Eglestone.</i> <i>Richard Sharpe.</i>
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Actus primus. Scena prima.

Flourish. Enter Astorax King of Paphos, his Sister Calis, Train, and Cleanthe, Lucippe Gentlewomen, at one door; at the other Eumenes a Souldier.

Eume. Health to my Sovereign.
H *King.* Eumenes, welcome:
Welcome to Paphos, Souldier, to our love,
And that fair health ye wish us, through
May it disperse it self, and make all happy; (the Camp
How does the General, the valiant Memnon,
And how his Wars, Eumenes?

Eume. The Gods have giv'n you (Royal Sir) a Souldier,
Better ne're fought a danger, more approv'd
In way of War, more master of his fortunes,
Expert in leading 'em; in doing valiant,
In following all his deeds to Victories,
And holding fortune certain there.

King. O Souldier,
Thou speak'st a man indeed; a Generals General,

A foul conceiv'd a Souldier.

Eumen. Ten set Battels
Against the strong usurper Diocles
(Whom long experience had begot a Leader,
Ambition rais'd too mighty) hath your Memnon
Won, and won gloriously, distrest and shook him
Even from the head of all his hopes to nothing:
In three, he beat the Thunder-bolt his Brother,
Forc'd him to wall himself up: there not safe,
Shook him with warlike Engins like an Earthquake,
Till like a Snail he left his shell and crawl'd
By night and hideous darknes to destruction:
Disarm'd for ever rising more: Twelve Castles,
Some thought impregnable; Towns twice as many;
Countries that like the wind knew no command
But savage wildnes, hath this General
With los of blood and youth, through Storms and Tempests
Call'd to your fair obedience.

King. O my Souldier

That

That thou wert now within my arms; what drums
Are those that beat *Eumenes*? { Drums
within.

Eumen. His, my Sovereign;
Himself i'th' head of conquest drawing home,
An old man now to offer up his glories,
And endless conquest at your shrine.

King. Goe all,
And entertain him with all Cereemonie,
We'l keep him now a Courtier.

Eumen. Sir, a strange one,
Pray God his language bear it; by my life, Sir
He knows no complement, nor curious casting
Of words into fit places e're he speak 'em,
He can say fight well fellow, and I'le thank thee:
He that mult eat, mult fight; bring up the rear there,
Or charge that wing of horie home. [Flourish.]

King. Goe too, goe too.

*Enter Memnon, and a train of Courtiers, and
Souldiers, two Captains, Chilax.*

Valiant and wise are twins Sir: welcom; welcom,
Welcom my fortunate and famous General,
High in thy Princes favour, as in fame,
Welcom to Peace, and *Paphos*.

Mem. Thank your Grace,
And would to God my dull tongue had that sweetness
To thank you as I should; but pardon me,
My sword and I speak roughly Sir: your battels
I dare well say, I have fought well; for I bring ye
That lazie end you wish for Peace, so fully,
That no more name of war is: who now thinks
Sooner or safer these might have been ended,
Begin 'em if he dare again; I'le thank him.
Souldier and Souldiers Mate these twenty five years;
At length your General, (as one whose merit
Durst look upon no less,) I have waded through
Dangers would damp these soft souls, but to hear of.
The maidenheads of thousand lives hang here Sir,
Since which time Prince, I know no Court but Marshal,
No oylie language, but the shock of Arms,
No dalliance but with death; No lofty measures
But weary and sad marches; cold and hunger,
Larums at midnight Valours self would shake at,
Yet I ne're shrunk: Balls of consuming Wildfire,
That lickt men up like lightning, have I laught at,
And tost 'em back again like childrens trifles.
Upon the edges of my Enemies swords
I have marcht like whirle-winds, fury at this hand waiting.
Death at my right; Fortune my forlorn hope,
When I have graped with destruction,
And tug'd with pale fac'd Ruine, Night and Mischiefe,
Frighted to see a new day break in bloud;
And every where I conquer'd; and for you Sir,
Mothers have wanted wombs to make me famous,
And blown ambition, dangers; Those that griev'd ye,
I have taken order for i'th' earth: those fools
That shall hereafter —

King. No more wars my Souldier: { K. takes Mem. aside
and talks with him.
We must now treat of peace Sir.

Clean. How he talks,
How gloriously.

Cal. A goodly timber'd fellow,
Valiant no'doubt.

Cle. If valour dwell in vaunting;
In what a phraze he speaks, as if his actions
Could be fet off in nothing but a noise;
Sure h'as a drum in's mouth.

Cal. I wonder wenches
How he would speak to us.

Clean. Nothing but Larum,
Tell us whose throat he cut, shew us his sword,
And blefs it for sure biting.

Lucippe. And 't like your Grace,
I do not think he knows us what we are,

Or to what end; for I have heard his followers
Affirm he never saw a woman that exceeded
A Sutlers wife yet, or in execution
Old bedrid Beldames without teeth or tongues,
That would not sic his furie? how he looks.

Clea. This way devoutly.

Cal. Sure his Lordship's viewing
Our Fortifications.

Lucip. If he mount at me,
I may chance choak his Battery.

Cal. Still his eye
Keeps quarter this way: *Venus* grant his valour
Be not in love.

Clean. If he be, presently
Expect a Herald and a Trumpet with ye
To bid ye render; we two Perdi's pay for't else.

King. I'le leave ye to my sister, and these Ladies
To make your welcom fuller: my good souldier
We must now turn your sternness into Courtship;
When ye have done there, to your fair repose Sir: [Flourish.]
I know you need it *Memnon*; welcom Gentlemen.

[Exit King.]

Luci. Now he begins to march: Madam the *Van*'s yours,
Keep your ground sure; 'tis for your spurrs:

Mem. O *Venus*.

Cal. How he stares on me.

{ He kneels amaz'd, and
forgets to speak.

Clean. Knight him Madam, knight him,
He will grow toth' ground else.

Eumenes. Speak Sir, 'tis the Princess.

Cap. Ye shame your self, speak to her.

Cal. Rise and speak Sir.

Ye are welcome to the Court, to me, to all Sir.

Lucip. Is he not deaf?

Cal. The Gentleman's not well.

Eumen. Fie noble General.

Lucip. Give him fresh air, his colour goes, how do ye?
The Princess will be glad Sir.

Mem. Peace, and hear me.

Clean. Command a silence there.

Mem. I love thee Lady.

Cal. I thank your Lordship heartily: proceed Sir.

Lucip. Lord how it stuck in's stomach like a surfeit.

Clean. It breaks apace now from him, God be thanked,
What a fine spoken man he is.

Lucip. A choice one, of singular variety in carriage.

Clean. Yes and I warrant you he knows his distance.

Mem. With all my heart I love thee.

Cal. A hearty Gentleman,
And I were e'en an arrant beast, my Lord,
But I lov'd you again.

Mem. Good Lady kifs me.

Clean. I marry, *Mars*, there thou can't close up to her.

Cal. Kifs you at first my Lord? 'tis no fair fashion,
Our lips are like Rose buds, blown with mens breaths,
They lose both sap and favour; there's my hand Sir.

Eumen. Fie, fie, my Lord, this is too rude.

Mem. Unhand me,
Consume me if I hurt her; good sweet Lady
Let me but look upon thee.

Cal. Doe.

Mem. Yet —

Cal. Well Sir,

Take your full view.

Lucip. Bless your eyes Sir.

Cal. Mercy,

Is this the man they talkt of for a Souldier,
So absolute and Excellent: O the Gods,
If I were given to that vanitie
Of making sport with men for ignorance,
What a most precious subject had I purchas'd?
Speak for him Gentlemen: some one that knows,
What the man ails; and can speak sense.

Clean. Sure Madam,

This fellow has been a rare Hare finder.

See how his eyes are set.

Cal. Some one goe with me,
I'll send him something for his head, poor Gentleman,
He's troubled with the staggers.

Lucip. Keep him dark,
He will run March mad else, the fumes of Battels
Ascend into his brains.

Clean. Clap to his feet
An old Drum head, to draw the thunder downward.

Cal. Look to him Gentlemen: farewell, Lord I am sorry
We cannot kiss at this time, but believe it
We'll find an hour for all: God keep my Children,
From being such sweet Souldiers; Softly wenches,
Lest we disturb his dream. [*Exeunt Calis and Ladies.*]

Eumen. Why this is Monstrous.

1 Capt. A strange forgetfulness, yet still he holds it.

2 Capt. Though he ne're saw a woman of great fashion
Before this day, yet methinks 'tis possible
He might imagine what they are, and what
Belongs unto 'em: meer report of others.

Eumen. Fish, his head had other whimsies in't: my Lord,
Death I think y'are struck dumb; my good Lord General.

1 Capt. Sir.

Mem. That I do love ye Madam; and so love ye
An't like your grace.

2 Capt. He has been studying this speech.

Eumen. Who do ye speak to Sir?

Mem. Why where's the Lady,
The woman, the fair woman?

1 Capt. Who?

Mem. The Princess,
Give me the Princess.

Eumen. Give ye counsel rather
To use her like a Princess: Fy my Lord,
How have you born your self, how naked
Laid your soul open, and your ignorance
To be a sport to all. Report and honour
Drew her to doe you favours, and you bluntly,
Without considering what, or who she was,
Neither collecting reason, nor distinction.

Mem. Why, what did I my Masters?

Eumen. All that shews
A man unhandfom, undigested dough.

Mem. Did not I kneel unto her?

Eumen. Dumb and senseless,
As though ye had been cut out for your fathers tomb,
Or stuck a land-mark; when she spoke unto you,
Being the excellence of all our Island,
Ye star'd upon her, as ye had seen a monster.

Men. Was I so foolish? I confess *Eumenes*,
I never saw before so brave an outside,
But did I kneel so long?

Eumen. Till they laugh at ye,
And when you spoke, I am ashamed to tell ye
What 'twas my Lord; how far from order;
Bless me, is't possible the wild noise of war
And what she only teaches should possess ye?
Knowledge to treat with her, and full discretion
Being at flood still in ye: and in peace,
And manly conversation smooth and civil,
Where gracefulness and glory twyn together,
Thrust your self out an exile?

Do you know Sir, what state she carries?
What great obedience waits at her beck continually?

Mem. She ne're commanded

A hundred thousand men, as I have done,
Nor ne're won battel; Say I would have kiss'd her.

Eumen. There was a dainty offer too, a rare one.

Mem. Why, she is a woman, is she not?

Eumen. She is so.

Mem. Why, very well; what was she made for then?
Is she not young, and handfom, bred to breed?
Do not men kiss fair women? if they doe,
If lips be not unlawfull ware; Why a Princess

Is got the same way that we get a begger
Or I am cozen'd; and the self-same way
She must be handled ere she get another;
That's rudeness is it not?

2 Capt. To her 'tis held so, & rudeness in that high degree—

Mem. 'Tis reason,

But I will be more punctual; pray what thought she?

Eum. Her thoughts were merciful, but she laugh'd at ye,
Pitying the poorness of your complement,
And so she left ye. Good Sir shape your self
To understand the place, and noble persons
You live with now.

1 Capt. Let not those great deserts
The King hath laid up of ye, and the people,
Be blasted with ill bearing.

Eume. The whole name of souldier then will suffer.

Mem. She's a sweet one,
And good sirs leave your exhortations,
They come untimely to me, I have brains
That beat above your reaches: She's a Princess,
That's all: I have killed a King, that's greater.
Come let's to dinner, if the Wine be good,
You shall perceive strange wisdom in my blood.

[*Exeunt all but Chilax.*]

Chil. Well, would thou wert i' the wars again
Old *Memnon*, there thou wouldst talk toth' purpose,
And the proudest of all these Court Camelions.
Would be glad to find it sense too: plague of this
Dead peace, this Bastard breeding, lowzie, lazie idleness,
Now we must learn to pipe, and pick our livings
Out of old rotten ends: these twenty five years
I have serv'd my Country, lost my youth and blood,
Expos'd my life to dangers more than dayes;
Yet let me tell my wants, I know their answers,
The King is bound to right me, they good people
Have but from hand to mouth. Look to your wives
Your young trim wives, your high-day wives, your march-
For if the souldiers find not recompence, (panes,
As yet there's none a hatching; I believe
You men of wares, the men of wars will nick ye,
For starve nor beg they must not; my small means
Are gone *in fumo*: here to raise a better
Unless it be with lying, or Dog flattering,
At which our Nation's excellent; observing Dog-days,
When this good Lady broyles and would be basted
By that good Lord, or such like moral learnings,
Is here impossible; Well; I will rub among 'em
If any thing for honestie be gotten,
Though't be but bread and cheefe I can be satisfied:
If otherwise the wind blow, stiff as I am
Yet I shall learn to shuffle: There's an old Lads
That shall be nameless yet alive, my last hope,
Has often got me my pocket full of crowns.
If all fail — Jack-Dawes, are you alive still? (per.
Then I see the coast clear, when fools and boyes can prof-

Enter Fool, and Page.

Page. Brave Lieutenant.

Fool. Hail to the man of worship.

Chi. You are fine sirs,
Most passing fine at all points.

Fool. As ye see Sir,
Home-bred and handsome, we cut not out our clothes Sir
At half sword as your Taylors doe, and pink 'em
With Pikes and Partizans, we live retir'd Sir
Gentlemen like, and jealous of our honours.

Chi. Very fine Fool, and fine Boy, Peace playes with you,
As the wind playes with Feathers, dances ye,
You grind with all gusts, gallants.

Page. We can bounce Sir,
When you Soldados bend i'th' hams, and frisk too.

Fool. When twenty of your trip coats turn their tippets,
And your cold fallets without salt or vineger
Be wambling in your stomachs; hemp and hobnails

Will bear no price now, hangings and old harness
Are like to over-run us. *Pz.* Whores and hot houses.

Fool. Surgeons and Syringes ring out your sance-bells.

Page. Your Jubile, your Jubile.

Fool. Prob Deum.

How our *St. Georges* will beltride the Dragons,
The red and ramping Dragons.

Page. Advanc't fool——

Fool. But then the sting i'th' tail boy.

Page. Tanto Melior.

For so much the more danger, the more honour.

Chi. You're very pleasant with our occupation Gent.
Which very like amongst these fierie Serpents
May light upon a Blind-worm of your blood,
A Mother or a Sister.

Fool. Mine's past saddle,
You should be sure of her else: but say Sir *Huon*,
Now the Drums dubb; and the sticks turn'd bed-staves,
All the old Foxes hunted to their holes,
The Iron age return'd to *Erebus*,
And *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*
Thrust out o'th' Kingdom by the head and shoulders,
What trade do you mean to follow?

Chi. That's a question.

Fool. Yes and a learned question if ye mark it,
Consider and say on.

Chi. Fooling as thou dost, that's the best trade I take it.

Fool. Take it straight then

For fear your fellows be before ye, hark ye Lieutenant
Fooling's the thing, the thing worth all your fightings,
When all's done ye must fool Sir.

Chi. Well, I must then.

Fool. But do you know what fooling is? true fooling,
The circumstances that belong unto it?

For every idle knave that showes his teeth,
Wants and would live, can juggle, tumble, fiddle,
Make a dog face, or can abuse his fellow,
Is not a fool at first dash; you shall find Sir
Strange turnings in this trade; to fool is nothing
As fooling has been, but to fool the fair way,
The new way, as the best men fool their friends,
For all men get by fooling, meerly fooling,
Desert does nothing, valiant, wise, vertuous,
Are things that walk by without bread or breeches.

Chi. I partly credit that.

Fool. Fine wits, fine wits Sir,
There's the young Boy, he does well in his way too,
He could not live else in his Masters absence;
He tyes a Ladyes garters so, so prettily,
Say his hand slip, but say so.

Chi. Why let it slip then.

Fool. 'Tis ten to one the body shall come after,
And he that works deserves his wages.

Chi. That's true.

Fool. He riddles finely to a waiting Gentlewoman,
Expounds dreams like a Prophet, dreams himself too,
And wishes all dreams true; they cry Amen,
And there's a *Memorandum*: he can sing too
Bawdy enough to please old Ladies: he lies rarely,
Pawns ye a sute of clothes at all points, fully,
Can pick a pocket if ye please, or casket;
Lisps when he lists to catch a Chambermaid,
And calls his Hostess mother, these are things now,
If a man mean to live: to fight and swagger,
Beaten about the Ears with bawling sheepskins,
Cut to the soul for Summer: here an arm lost,
And there a leg; his honourable head
Seal'd up in falves and cereclothes, like a packet,
And so sent over to an Hospital, stand there, charge there,
Swear there, whore there, dead there,
And all this sport for cheese, and chines of dog-flesh,
And mony when two wednesdayes meet together,
Where to be lowzie is a Gentleman,
And he that wears a clean shirt has his shrowd on.

Chi. I'll be your scholar, come if I like fooling.

Fool. You cannot choose but like it, fight you one day
I'll fool another, when your Surgeon's paid,
And all your leaks stopt, see whose stops are heaviest;
I'll have a shilling for a can of wine,
When you shall have two Sergeants for a Counter.

Boy. Come learn of us Lieutenant, hang your Iron up,
We'll find you cooler wars.

Chi. Come let's together,
I'll see your tricks, and as I like 'em.—— [Exeunt.]

Enter Memnon, Eumenes, and Captains.

Men. Why was there not such women in the camp then
Prepar'd to make me know 'em?

Eum. 'Twas no place Sir.

1 Capt. Why should they live in Tumults? they are crea-
Soft and of sober natures.

Mem. Cou'd not your wives,
Your Mothers, or your Sisters have been sent for
To exercise upon?

Eume. We thank your Lordship.

2 Capt. But do you mean?

Mem. I do mean.

2 Capt. What Sir?

Mem. To see her,
And see thee hang'd too an thou anger'st me,
And thousands of your throats cut, get ye from me,
Ye keep a prating of your points of manners,
And fill my head with lowzie circumstances,
Better have Ballads in't, your courtly worships,
How to put off my hat, you, how to turn me,
And you (forsooth) to blow my nose discreetly;
Let me alone, for I will love her, see her,
Talk to her, and mine own way.

Eume. She's the Princess.

Mem. Why let her be the Devil, I have spoke
When Thunder durst not check me, I must love;
I know she was a thing kept for me.

Eume. And I know Sir,
Though she were born yours, yet your strange behaviour
And want——

Mem. Thou liest.

Eum. I do not.

Mem. Ha!

Eume. I do not lye Sir,
I say you want fair language, nay 'tis certain
You cannot say good morrow.

Mem. Ye Dog-whelps,
The proudest of your prating tongues——

Eume. Doe, kill us,
Kill us for telling truth: for my part, General,
I would not live to see men make a may-game
Of him I have made a Master, kill us quickly,
Then ye may——

Mem. What?

Eume. Doe what you list, draw your sword childishly
Upon your Servants that are bound to tell ye;
I am weary of my life.

1 Capt. And I.

2 Capt. And all Sir.

Eume. Goe to the Princess, make her sport, cry to her
I am the glorious man of war.

Mem. Pray ye leave me,
I am sorry I was angry, I'll think better,
Pray no more words.

Eume. Good Sir.

Mem. Nay then.

2 Capt. We are gone Sir. [Exeunt Eume. and Capt.]

Enter Princess, Calis, Lucippe, Cleanthe.

Cal. How came he hither? see for Heavens sake wenchies,
What face, and what postures he puts on,
I do not think he is perfect.

Cle. If your love

{ *Mem. walks
aside full of
strange gestures.*
Have

Have not betray'd his little wits, he's well enough,
As well as he will be.

Cal. Mark how he muses.

Lucip. H'as a Batalia now in's brains, he draws out, now
Have at ye Harpers.

Cle. See, see, there the fire fails.

Lucip. Look what an Alphabet of faces he runs through.

Cle. O love, love, how amorously thou look'st
In an old rusty armour.

Cle. I'll away, for by my troth I fear him.

Lucip. Fear the gods, Madam,
And never care what man can do, this fellow
With all his frights about him and his furies,
His Larums, and his Launces, Swords, and Targets,
Nay case him up in armour Cap-a-pe,
Yet durst I undertake within two hours,
If he durst charge, to give him such a shake,
Should shake his Valour off, and make his shanks to ake.

Cle. For shame no more.

Cal. He muses still.

Cle. The Devil——

Why should this old dryed timber chopt with thunder——

Cal. Old Wood burns quickest.

Lucip. Out, you would say Madam,
Give me a green slick that may hold me heat,
And smoak me soundly too; He turns, and sees ye. *Memnon*
Cle. There's no avoiding now, have at ye. *comes to her.*

Mem. Lady.

The more I look upon ye. *[Stays her.]*

Cle. The more you may, Sir.

Cal. Let him alone.

Mem. I would desire your patience.

The more I say I look, the more —— *[Stays her.]*

Lucip. My Fortune,

'Tis very apt, Sir.

Mem. Women, let my Fortune

And me alone I wish ye, pray come this way,
And stand you still there Lady.

Cal. Leave the words Sir, and leap into the meaning.

Mem. Then again :

I tell you I do love ye.

Cal. Why?

Mem. No questions: pray no more questions.

I do love you, infinitely: why do you smile?

Am I ridiculous?

Cal. I am monstrous fearful, no, I joy you love me.

Mem. Joy on then, and be proud on't, I do love you,
Stand still, do not trouble me you Women.

He loves you Lady at whose feet have kneel'd
Princes to beg their freedoms, he whose valour
Has overrun whole Kingdoms.

Cal. That makes me doubt, Sir,

'Twill overrun me too.

Mem. He whose Sword.

Cle. Talk not so big, Sir, you will fright the Princess,

Mem. Ha. *Lucippe.* No forsooth.

Cal. I know ye have done wonders.

Mem. I have and will do more and greater, braver;
And for your beauty miracles, name that Kingdom
And take your choice.

Cal. Sir I am not ambitious.

Mem. Ye shall be, 'tis the Child of Glory: she that I love
Whom my desires shall magnifie, time stories,
And all the Empires of the Earth.

Cle. I would fain ask him——

Lucip. Prithee be quiet, he will beat us both else.

Cle. What will ye make me then, Sir?

Mem. I will make thee

Stand still and hold thy peace; I have a heart, Lady.

Cal. Ye were a monster else.

Mem. A loving heart,

A truly loving heart.

Cal. Alas, how came it?

Mem. I would you had it in your hand, sweet Lady,

To see the truth it bears you.

Cal. Do you give it.

Lucip. That was well thought upon.

Cle. 'Twill put him to't Wench.

Cal. And you shall see I dare accept it, Sir,
Tak't in my hand and view it: if I find it
A loving and a sweet heart, as you call it,
I am bound, I am.

Mem. No more, I'll send it to ye,
As I have honour in me, you shall have it.

Cle. Handsomly done, Sir, and perfum'd by all means,
The Weather's warm, Sir.

Mem. With all circumstance.

Lucip. A Napkin wrought most curiously.

Mem. Divinely.

Cle. Put in a Goblet of pure Gold.

Mem. Yes in *Jacinth*

That she may see the Spirit through.

Lucip. Ye have greas'd him
For chewing love again in haste.

Cle. If he should do it.

Cal. If Heaven should fall we should have larks; he do it!

Cle. See how he thinks upon't.

Cal. He will think these three years
Ere he prove such an Ass, I lik't his offer,
There was no other way to put him off else.

Mem. I will do it——

Lady expect my heart.

Cal. I do, Sir.

Mem. Love it, for 'tis a heart that—— and so I leave ye.
Exit Mem.

Cle. Either he is stark mad,

Or else I thinks he means it.

Cal. He must be stark mad

Or else he will never do it, 'tis vain Glory,
And want of judgment that provokes this in him;
Sleep and Society cures all: his heart?

No, no, good Gentleman there's more belongs to't,
Hearts are at higher prices, let's go in
And there examine him a little better.

Shut all the doors behind for fear he follow,
I hope I have lost a lover, and am glad on't. *[Ex. Lady.]*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Memnon alone.

Mem. 'Tis but to dye, Dogs do it, Ducks with dabling,
Birds sing away their Souls, & Babies sleep 'em,
Why do I talk of that is treble vantage?
For in the other World she is bound to have me;
Her Princely word is past: my great desert too
Will draw her to come after presently,
'Tis justice, and the gods must see it done too.
Besides, no Brother, Father, Kindred there
Can hinder us, all languages are alike too.
There love is everlasting, ever young,
Free from Diseases, ages, jealousies,
Bawds, Beldames, Painters, Purgers: dye? 'tis nothing,
Men drown themselves for joy to draw in Juleps
When they are hot with Wine: In dreams we do it.
And many a handsom Wench that loves the sport well,
Gives up her Soul so in her Lovers bosome;
But I must be incised first, cut and open'd,
My heart, and handsomely, ta'n from me; stay there,
Dead once, stay, let me think again, who do I know there?
For else to wander up and down unwaited on
And unregarded in my place and project,
Is for a Sowters Soul, not an old Souldiers.
My brave old Regiments—— I there it goes,
That have been kill'd before me, right. ——

Enter

Enter Chilax.

Chil. He's here, and I must trouble him.
Mem. Then those I have conquer'd
 To make my train full.
Chi. Sir.
Mem. My Captains then——
Chi. Sir, I beseech ye.
Mem. For to meet her there
 Being a Princess and a Kings sole Sister
 With great accomodation must be cared for.
Chi. Weigh but the Souldiers poverty.
Mem. Mine own Troop first
 For they shall die.
Chi. How, what's this?
Mem. Next——
Chi. Shall I speak louder, Sir?
Mem. A square Battalia——
Chi. You do not think of us
Mem. Their Armour's gilded——
Chi. Good noble Sir
Mem. And round about such Engines
 Shall make Hell shake.
Chi. Ye do not mock me.
Mem. For, Sir,
 I will be strong. as brave——
Chi. Ye may consider,
 You know we have serv'd you long enough.
Mem. No Souldier
 That ever landed on the blest *Elyzium*
 Did or shall march, as I will.
Chi. Would ye would march, Sir,
 Up to the King and get us——
Mem. King nor *Keiser*
 Shall equal me in that world.
Chi. What a Devil ails he?
Mem. Next, the rare beauties of those Towns I fir'd.
Chi. I speak of money, Sir.
Mem. Ten thousand Coaches——
Chi. O pounds, Sir, pounds I beseech your Lordship,
 Let Coaches run out of your remembrance.
Mem. In which the wanton *Cupids*, and the Graces
 Drawn with the Western winds kindling desires,
 And then our Poets——
Chi. Then our pay.
Mem. For *Chilax* when the triumph comes; the Princess
 Then, for I will have a Heaven made——
Chi. Bless your Lordship!
 Stand still, Sir.
Mem. So I do, and in it——
Chi. Death Sir,
 You talk you know not what.
Mem. Such rare devices:
 Make me I say a Heaven.
Chi. I say so too, Sir.
Mem. For here shall run a Constellation.
Chi. And there a pissing Conduit.
Mem. Ha!
Chi. With wine, Sir.
Mem. A Sun there in his height, there such a Planet.
Chi. But where's our money, where runs that?
Mem. Ha?
Chi. Money,
 Money an't like your Lordship.
Mem. Why all the carriage shall come behind, the stuff,
 Rich hangings, treasure;
 Or say we have none.
Chi. I may say so truly,
 For hang me if I have a Groat: I have serv'd well
 And like an honest man: I see no reason——
Mem. Thou must needs die good *Chilax*.
Chi. Very well, Sir.
Mem. I will have honest, valiant souls about me,
 I cannot miss thee.

Chi. Dye?
Mem. Yes die, and *Pelius*,
Eumenes and *Polybius*: I shall think
 Of more within these two hours.
Chi. Dye Sir?
Mem. I, Sir,
 And ye shall dye.
Chi. When, I beseech your Lordship?
Mem. To morrow see ye do dye.
Chi. A short warning,
 Troth, Sir, I am ill prepar'd.
Mem. I dye my self then,
 Beside there's reason——
Chi. Oh!
Mem. I pray thee tell me,
 For thou art a great Dreamer.
Chi. I can dream, Sir,
 If I eat well and sleep well.
Mem. Was it never
 By Dream or Apparition open'd to thee——
Chi. He's mad.
Mem. What the other world was, or *Elyzium*?
 Didst never travel in thy sleep?
Chi. To Taverns,
 When I was drunk o're night; or to a Wench,
 There's an *Elyzium* for ye, a young Lady
 Wrapt round about ye like a Snake: is that it?
 Or if that strange *Elyzium* that you talk of
 Be where the Devil is, I have dream't of him,
 And that I have had him by the horns, and rid him,
 He trots the Dagger out o'th' sheath.
Mem. *Elyzium*,
 The blessed fields man.
Chi. I know no fields blessed, but those I have gain'd by.
 I have dream't I have been in Heaven too.
Mem. There, handle that place; that's *Elyzium*:
Chi. Brave singing, and brave dancing,
 And rare things.
Mem. All full of flowers.
Chi. And Pot-herbs.
Mem. Bowers for lovers,
 And everlasting ages of delight.
Chi. I slept not so far.
Mem. Meet me on those banks
 Some two days hence.
Chi. In Dream, Sir?
Mem. No in death, Sir.
 And there I Muster all, and pay the Souldier.
 Away, no more, no more.
Chi. God keep your Lordship:
 This is fine dancing for us.

Enter Siphax.

Si. Where's the General?
Chi. There's the old sign of *Memnon*, where the soul is
 You may go look as I have.
Si. What's the matter?
Chi. Why question him and see; he talks of Devils;
 Hells, Heavens, Princes, Powers, and Potentates,
 You must to th' pot too:
Si. How? (chafe of.)
Chi. Do you know *Elyzium*? a tale he talks the Wild-goose
Si. *Elyzium*? I have read of such a place.
Chi. Then get ye to him,
 Ye are as fine company as can be fitted: [Exit Chilax.]
 Your Worships fairly met.
Si. Mercy upon us,
 What ails this Gentleman?
Mem. Provision——
Si. How his head works?
Mem. Between two Ribbs,
 If he cut short or mangle me; I'll take him
 And twirle his neck about.
Si. Now Gods defend us.

Mem.

Mem. In a pure Cup transparent, with a writing
To signifie——
Si. I never knew him thus :
Sure he's bewitch'd, or poyson'd.
Mem. Who's there ?
Si. I Sir.
Mem. Come hither, *Siphax*.
Si. Yes, how does your Lordship ?
Mem. Well, God a mercy Souldier, very well,
But prithee tell me——
Si. Any thing I can, Sir.
Mem. What durst thou do to gain the rarest Beauty
The World has ?
Si. That the World has ? 'tis worth doing.
Mem. Is it so ; but what doing bears it ?
Si. Why ? any thing ; all danger it appears to.
Mem. Name some of those things : do.
Si. I would undertake, Sir,
A Voyage round about the World.
Mem. Short, *Siphax*.
A Merchant does it to spice pots of Ale.
Si. I wou'd swim in Armour.
Mem. Short still ; a poor Jade
Loaden will take a stream and stem it strongly
To leap a Mare.
Si. The plague, I durst.
Mem. Still shorter,
I'll cure it with an Onion.
Si. Surfeits.
Mem. Short still :
They are often Physicks for our healths, and help us.
Si. I wou'd stand a breach.
Mem. Thine honour bids thee, Souldier :
'Tis shame to find a second cause.
Si. I durst, Sir,
Fight with the fellest Monster.
Mem. That's the poorest,
Man was ordain'd their Master ; durst ye dye, Sir ?
Si. How ? dye my Lord !
Mem. Dye *Siphax* ; take thy Sword,
And come by that door to her ; there's a price
To buy a lusty love at.
Si. I am content, Sir,
To prove no Purchaser.
Mem. Away thou World-worm,
Thou win a matchless Beauty ?
Si. 'Tis to lose't Sir,
For being dead, where's the reward I reach at ?
The love I labour for ?
Mem. There it begins Fool,
Thou art meerly cozen'd ; for the loves we now know
Are but the heats of half an hour ; and hated
Desires stir'd up by nature to encrease her ;
Licking of one another to a lust ;
Course and base appetites, earths meer inheritours
And Heirs of Idleness and blood ; Pure Love,
That, that the soul affects, and cannot purchase
While she is loaden with our flesh, that Love, Sir,
Which is the price of honour, dwells not here,
Your Ladies eyes are lampless to that Vertue,
That beauty smiles not on a cheek washt over,
Nor scents the sweet of Ambers ; below, *Siphax*
Below us, in the other World *Elyzium*,
Where's no moredying, no despairing, mourning,
Where all desires are full, desarts down loaden,
There *Siphax*, there, where loves are ever living.
Si. Why do we love in this World then ?
Mem. To preserve it,
The maker lost his work else ; but mark *Siphax*,
What issues that love bears.
Si. Why Children, Sir.
I never heard him talk thus ; thus divinely
And sensible before.
Mem. It does so, *Siphax*,

Things like our selves, as sensual, vain, unvented
Bubbles, and breaths of air, got with an itching
As blisters are, and bred, as much corruption
Flows from their lives, sorrow conceives and shapes 'em,
And oftentimes the death of those we love most.
The breeders bring them to the World to curse 'em,
Crying they creep amongst us like young Cats.
Cares and continual Crosses keeping with 'em,
They make Time old to tend them, and experience
An afs, they alter so ; they grow and goodly,
Ere we can turn our thoughts, like drops of water
They fall into the main, are known no more ;
This is the love of this World ; I must tell thee
For thou art understanding.
Si. What you please, Sir.
Mem. And as a faithful man :
Nay I dare trust thee,
I love the Princess.
Si. There 'tis, that has fired him,
I knew he had some inspiration.
But does she know it, Sir ?
Mem. Yes marry does she,
I have given my heart unto her.
Si. If ye love her.
Mem. Nay, understand me, my heart taken from me,
Out of my Body, man, and so brought to her.
How lik'st thou that brave offer ? there's the love
I told thee of ; and after death, the living ;
She must in justice come Boy, ha ?
Si. Your heart, Sir ?
Mem. I, so by all means, *Siphax*.
Si. He loves roast well
That eats the Spit.
Mem. And since thou art come thus fitly,
I'll do it presently and thou shalt carry it,
For thou canst tell a story and describe it.
And I conjure thee, *Siphax*, by thy gentry,
Next by the glorious Battels we have fought in,
By all the dangers, wounds, heats, colds, distresses,
Thy love next, and obedience, nay thy life.
Si. But one thing, first, Sir, if she pleas'd to grant it,
Could ye not love her here and live ? consider.
Mem. Ha ? Yes, I think I could.
Si. 'Twould be far nearer,
Besides the sweets here would induce the last love
And link it in.
Mem. Thou sayest right, but our ranks here
And bloods are bars between us, she must stand off too
As I perceive she does.
Si. Desert and Duty
Makes even all, Sir.
Mem. Then the King, though I
Have merited as much as man can, must not let her,
So many Princes covetous of her beauty ;
I wou'd with all my heart, but 'tis impossible.
Si. Why, say she marry after.
Mem. No, she dares not ;
The gods dare not do ill ; come.
Si. Do you mean it ?
Mem. Lend me thy knife, and help me off.
Si. For heaven sake ;
Be not so stupid mad, dear General.
Mem. Dispatch, I say.
Si. As ye love that ye look for,
Heaven and the blessed life.
Mem. Hell take thee, Coxcomb,
Why dost thou keep me from it ? thy knife I say.
Si. Do but this one thing, on my knees I beg it,
Stay but two hours till I return again.
For I will to her, tell her all your merits,
Your most unvalu'd love, and last your danger ;
If she relent, then live still, and live loving,
Happy, and high in favour : if she frown——
Mem. Shall I be sure to know it ?

Si. As I live, Sir,
My quick return shall either bring ye fortune,
Or leave you to your own fate.

Mem. Two hours?

Si. Yes, Sir.

Mem. Let it be kept away, I will expect it. [Ex. Mem. Si.]

Enter Chilax, Fool and Boy.

Chi. You dainty wits? two of ye to a Cater,
To cheat him of a dinner?

Boy. Ten at Court, Sir,
Are few enough, they are as wise as we are.

Chi. Hang ye, I'll eat at any time, and any where,
I never make that part of want, preach to me
What ye can do, and when ye list.

Fool. Your patience,
'Tis a hard day at Court, a fish day.

Chi. So it seems, Sir,
The fins grow out of thy face.

Fool. And to purchase
This day the company of one dear Custard,
Or a morsel of Rice ap *Thomas*, needs a main wit;
Beef we can bear before us lined with Brewes
And tubs of Pork; vociferating Veals,
And Tongues that ne're told lye yet.

Chi. Line thy mouth with 'em.

Fool. Thou hast need, and great need,
For these finny fish-dayes,
The Officers understandings are so flegmatick,
They cannot apprehend us.

Chi. That's great pity,
For you deserve it, and being apprehended
The whip to boot; Boy what do you so near me?
I dare not trust your touch Boy.

Enter Stremon and his Boy.

Boy. As I am vertuous,
What, thieves amongst our selves?

Chi. Stremon.

Stre. Lieutenant.

Chi. Welcome a shore, a shore.

Fool. What *Monsieur Musick*?

Stre. My fine Fool.

Boy. Fellow *Crack*, why what a consort
Are we now blest withal?

Fool. Fooling and fiddling,
Nay and we live not now boys; what new songs, Sirra?

Stre. A thousand, man, a thousand.

Fool. Itching Airs
Alluding to the old sport.

Stre. Of all sizes.

Fool. And how does small *Tym Treble* here; the heart on't?

Boy. To do you service.

Fool. O *Tym* the times, the times *Tym*.

Stre. How does the General,
And next what money's stirring?

Chi. For the General
He's here, but such a General!
The time's chang'd, *Stremon*,
He was the liberal General, and the loving,
The feeder of a Souldier, and the Father,
But now become the stupid'st.

Stre. Why, what ails he?

Chi. Nay, if a Horse knew, and his head's big enough,
I'll hang for't; did'st thou ever see a Dog
Run mad o'th' tooth-ache, such another toy
Is he now, so he glotes and grins, and bites.

Fool. Why hang him quickly,
And then he cannot hurt folks.

Chi. One hour raving,
Another smiling, not a word the third hour,
I tell thee *Stremon* h'as a stirring soul,
What ever it attempts or labours at
Would wear out twenty bodies in another.

Fool. I'll keep it out of me, for mine's but Buckram,
He would bounce that out in two hours.

Chi. Then he talks

The strangest and the maddest stuff from reason,
Or any thing ye offer; stand thou there,
I'll show thee how he is, for I'll play *Memnon*
The strangest General that ere thou heardst of, *Stremon*.

Stre. My Lord.

Chi. Go presently and find me
A black Horse with a blew tail; bid the blank Cornet
Charge through the Sea, and sink the Navy: softly,
Our souls are things not to be waken'd in us
With larums, and loud bawlings, for in *Elyzium*
Stillness and quietness, and sweetness, Sirra,
I will have, for it much concerns mine honour,
Such a strong reputation for my welcome
As all the world shall say: for in the forefront
So many on white Unicorns, next them
My Gentlemen, my Cavaliers and Captains,
Ten deep and trapt with Tenter-hooks to take hold
Of all occasions: for Friday cannot fish out
The end I aim at; tell me of *Diocles*,
And what he dares do? dare he meet me naked?
Thunder in this hand? in his left—— Fool——

Fool. Yes, Sir.

Chi. Fool, I would have thee fly i'th' Air, fly swiftly
To that place where the Sun sets, there deliver.

Fool. Deliver? what, Sir?

Chi. This Sir, this ye slave, Sir, [All laugh.
Death ye rude Rogues, ye Scarabe's.

Fool. Hold for Heav'ns sake, Lieutenant, sweet Lieutenant.

Chi. I have done, Sir.

Boy. You have wrung his neck off.

Chi. No Boy, 'tis the nature
Of this strange passion when't hits to hale people
Along by th' hair, to kick 'em, break their heads.

Fool. Do ye call this Acting, was your part to beat me?

Chi. Yes, I must act all that he does.

Fool. Plague act ye,
I'll act no more.

Stre. 'Tis but to shew man:

Fool. Then man

He should have shew'd it only, and not done it,
I am sure he beat me beyond Action,
Gouts o' your heavy fist.

Chi. I'll have thee to him,
Thou hast a fine wit, fine fool, and canst play rarely.
He'll hug thee, Boy, and stroke thee.

Fool. I'll to the stocks first,
E're I be strok't thus.

Stre. But how came he, *Chilax*?

Chi. I know not that.

Stre. I'll to him.

Chi. He loves thee well,
And much delights to hear thee sing; much taken
He has been with thy battel songs.

Stre. If Musick
Can find his madness; I'll so fiddle him,
That out it shall by th' shoulders.

Chi. My fine Fidler,
He'll firk you and ye take not heed too: 'twill be rare sport
To see his own trade triumph over him;
His Lute lac'd to his head, for creeping hedges;
For many there's none stirring; try good *Stremon*
Now what your silver sound can do; our voices
Are but vain Echoes.

Stre. Something shall be done
Shall make him understand all; let's toth' Tavern,
I have some few Crowns left yet: my whistle wet once
I'll pipe him such a Paven——

Chi. Hold thy head up,
I'll cure it with a quart of wine; come Coxcomb;
Come Boy take heed of Napkins.

Fool. You'd no more acting?

Cal. No more Chicken.

Fool. Go then.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Siphax at one door, and a Gentleman at the other.

Si. God save you Sir; pray how might I see the Princess?

Gent. Why very fitly, Sir, she's even now ready
To walk out this way intoth' Park; stand there,
Ye cannot miss her sight, Sir.

Si. I much thank ye.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Enter Calis, Lucippe, and Cleanthe.

Cal. Let's have a care, for I'll assure ye Wenches
I wou'd not meet him willingly again;
For though I do not fear him, yet his fashion
I wou'd not be acquainted much with.

Cle. Gentle Lady,
Ye need not fear, the walks are view'd and empty,
But me thinks, Madam, this kind heart of his—

Lucip. He's slow a coming.

Si. Keep me ye blest Angels,
What killing power is this?

Cal. Why, dost thou look for't?
Dost think he spoke in earnest?

Lucip. Methinks, Madam,
A Gentleman should keep his word; and to a Lady,
A Lady of your excellencies.

Cal. Out Fool!
Send me his heart? what should we do with't? dance it?

Lucip. Dry it and drink it for the Worms.

Cal. Who's that?

What man stands there?

Clean. Where?

Cal. There.

Cle. A Gentleman,
Which I beseech your grace to honour so much,
As know him for your servants Brother.

Cal. *Siphax*?

Cle. The same an't please your grace; what does he here?
Upon what business? and I ignorant?

Cal. He's grown a handsome Gentleman: good *Siphax*
Y'are welcome from the Wars; wou'd ye with us, Sir?
Pray speak your will: he blushes, be not fearful,
I can assure ye for your Sisters sake, Sir,
There's my hand on it.

Cle. Do you hear, Sir?

Cal. Sure these Souldiers
Are all grown senseless.

Cle. Do ye know where ye are, Sir?

Cal. Tongue-tyed,
He looks not well too, by my life, I think—

Cle. Speak for shame speak.

Lucip. A man wou'd speak—

Cal. These Souldiers
Are all dumb Saints: consider and take time, Sir,
Let's forward Wenches, come, his Palat's down.

Luc. Dare these men charge i'th' face of fire and bullets?
And hang their heads down at a handsome Woman?

Good master *Mars*, that's a foul fault. [*Ex. Prim. Lucippe.*]

Cle. Fye beast,
No more my Brother.

Si. Sister, honoured Sister.

Cle. Dishonoured fool.

Si. I do confes.

Cle. Fye on thee.

Si. But stay till I deliver.

Cle. Let me go,
I am ashamed to own thee.

Si. Fare ye well then,

Ye must ne're see me more.

Cle. Why stay dear *Siphax*,
My anger's past; I will hear ye speak.

Si. O Sister!

Cle. Out with it Man.

Si. O I have drunk my mischief.

Cle. Ha? what?

Si. My destruction.

In at mine eyes I have drunk it; O the Princess,
The rare sweet Princess!

Cle. How fool? the rare Princess?

Was it the Princess that thou said'st?

Si. The Princess.

Cle. Thou dost not love her sure, thou darst not.

Si. Yes by Heaven.

Cle. Yes by Heaven? I know thou darst not.
The Princess? 'tis thy life the knowledge of it,
Presumption that will draw into it all thy kindred,
And leave 'em slaves and succourless; the Princess?
Why she's a sacred thing to see and worship,
Fixt from us as the Sun is, high, and glorious,
To be ador'd not doted on; desire things possible,
Thou foolish young man, nourish not a hope
Will hale thy heart out.

Si. 'Tis my destinie,
And I know both disgrace and death will quit it,
If it be known.

Cle. Pursue it not then, *Siphax*,
Get thee good wholesome thoughts may nourish thee,
Go home and pray.

Si. I cannot.

Cle. Sleep then, *Siphax*,
And dream away thy doting.

Si. I must have her,

Or you no more your Brother; work *Cleanthe*,
Work, and work speedily, or I shall die Wench.

Cle. Dye then, I dare forget; farewell.

Si. Farewel Sister.

Farewel for ever, see me buried.

Cle. Stay.

Pray stay: he's all my brothers: no way *Siphax*,
No other Woman?

Si. None, none, she or sinking.

Cle. Go and hope well, my life I'll venture for thee
And all my art, a Woman may work miracles;
No more, pray heartily against my fortunes,
For much I fear a main one.

Si. I shall do it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter a Priestess of Venus and a Boy.

Pri. Find him by any means; and good child tell him
He has forgot his old friend, give him this,
And say this night without excuse or business,
As ever he may find a friend, come to me,
He knows the way and how, begun.

Boy. I gallop.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Enter Cleanthe.

Cle. I have been looking you.

Pri. The fair *Cleanthe*,
What may your business be?

Cle. O holy Mother
Such business, of such strange weight, now or never.
As ye have loved me, as ye do or may do,
When I shall find a fit time.

Pri. If by my means
Your business may be fitted; ye know me,
And how I am tyed unto you; be bold Daughter
To build your best hopes.

Cle. O but 'tis a strange one,
Stuck with as many dangers—

Pri. There's the working,
Small things perform themselves and give no pleasures;
Be confident, through death I'll serve.

Clea. Here. *Pri.* Fye no corruption.

Cle. Take it; 'tis yours,

And goodness is no gall to th' Conscience,
I know ye have ways to vent it: ye may hold it.

Pr. I'll keep it for ye; when?

Cle. To morrow morning

I'll visit ye again; and when occasion
Offers it self—

Pr. Instruct me, and have at ye.

Cle. Farewel till then; be sure.

Pri. As your own thoughts, Lady.

Cle. 'Tis a main work, and full of fear. [Exit Cle.]

Pri. Fools only

Make their effects seem fearful, farewell daughter.
This gold was well got for my old tuff Souldier,
Now I shall be his sweet again; what business
Is this she has a foot? some lusty lover
Beyond her line, the young Wench would fain piddle,
A little to revive her must be thought of,
'Tis even so, she must have it; but how by my means,
A Devil, can she drive it? I that wait still
Before the Goddess, giving Oracle,
How can I profit her? 'tis her own project,
And if she cast it false, her own fault be it. [Exit Priest.]

Enter Polydore, Eumenes, Captains, Stremon.

Pol. Why, this is utter madness.

Eum. Thus it is, Sir.

Pol. Only the Princess's sight?

1 Cap. All we can judge at.

Pol. This must be lookt to timely.

Eum. Yes, and wisely.

Pol. He does not offer at his life?

Eum. Not yet, Sir,

That we can hear of.

Pol. Noble Gentlemen,

Let me entreat your watches over him,
Ye cannot do a worthier work.

2 Cap. We came, Sir,
Provided for that service.

Pol. Where is *Chitax*?

Stremon. A little busie, Sir.

Pol. Is the Fool and Boy here?

Stremon. They are, Sir.

Enter Memnon.

Pol. Let 'em be still so; and as they find his humours.

Eumenes. Now ye may behold him.

Pol. Stand close, and make no noise;

By his eyes now, Gentlemen,
I guess him full of anger.

Eumenes. Be not seen there.

Mem. The hour's past long ago, he's false and fearful,
Coward, go with thy Caitive soul, thou Cur Dog.
Thou cold Clod, wild fire warm thee, monstrous fearful,
I know the Slave shakes but to think on't.

Pol. Who's that?

Eumenes. I know not, Sir.

Mem. But I shall catch ye, Rascal,
Your mangy Soul is not immortal here, Sir,
Ye must dye, and we must meet; we must, maggot,
Be sure we must, for not a Nook of Hell,
Not the most horrid Pit shall harbour thee;
The Devils tail sha'n't hide thee, but I'll have thee,
And how I'll use thee? whips and firebrands:
Tosting thy tail against a flame of wild fire,
And basting it with Brimstone, shall be nothing,
Nothing at all; I'll teach ye to be treacherous:
Was never Slave so swing'd since Hell was Hell
As I will swinge thy Slaves Soul; and be sure on't.

Pol. Is this imagination, or some circumstance?
For 'tis extream strange.

Eumenes. So is all he does, Sir. (Surgeon?)

Mem. Till then I'll leave ye; who's there? where's the
Demagoras?

Dem. My Lord.

Mem. Bring the Surgeon:
And wait you too.

Enter Surgeon.

Pol. What wou'd he with a Surgeon?

Eum. Things mustering in his head: pray mark.

Mem. Come hither,
Have you brought your Instruments?

Sur. They are within, Sir.

Mem. Put to the doors a while there; ye can incise
To a hairs breadth without defacing.

Sur. Yes Sir.

Mem. And take out fairly from the flesh.

Sur. The least thing.

Mem. Well come hither; take off my doublet,
For look ye Surgeon, I must have ye cut
My Heart out here, and handsomly: Nay, stare not,
Nor do not start; I'll cut your throat else, Surgeon,
Come swear to do it.

Sur. Good Sir—

Mem. Sirrah, hold him,
I'll have but one blow at his head.

Sur. I'll do it,
Why what should we do living after you, Sir?
We'll dye before if ye please.

Mem. No, no.

Sur. Living? hang living.
Is there ne'r a Cat hole where I may creep through?
Would I were in the *Indies*. [Aside.]

Mem. Swear then, and after my death presently
To kill your selves and follow, as ye are honest,
As ye have faiths, and loves to me.

Dem. We'll do it.

Eum. Pray do not stir yet, we are near enough
To run between all dangers.

Mem. Here I am, Sir;
Come, look upon me, view the best way boldly,
Fear nothing, but cut home; if your hand shake, Sirrah,
Or any way deface my heart i'th' cutting,
Make the least scratch upon it; but draw it whole,
Excellent fair, shewing at all points, Surgeon,
The Honour and the Valour of the Owner,
Mixt with the most immaculate love I send it,
Look to't, I'll slice thee to the Soul.

Sur. Ne'r fear, Sir,
I'll do it daintily; would I were out once.

Mem. I will not have ye smile, Sirrah, when ye do it,
As though ye cut a Ladies Corn; 'tis scurvy:
Do me it as thou dost thy Prayers, seriously.

Sur. I'll do it in a dump, Sir.

Mem. In a Dog, Sir,
I'll have no dumps, nor dumplings; fetch your tools,
And then I'll tell ye more.

Sur. If I return
To hear more, I'll be hang'd for't.

Mem. Quick, quick,

Dem. Yes Sir,
With all the heels we have. [Exeunt Surgeon, Demagoras.]

Eumenes. Yet stand.

Pol. He'll do it.

Eum. He cannot, and we here.

Mem. Why when ye Rascals,
Ye dull Slaves: will ye come, Sir? Surgeon, fyringe,
Dog-leach, shall I come fetch ye?

Pol. Now I'll to him.
God save ye honour'd Brother.

Mem. My dear *Polydore*,
Welcome from travel, welcome; and how do ye?

Pol. Well Sir, would you were so.

Mem. I am, I thank ye.
You are a better'd man much, I the same still,
An old rude Souldier, Sir.

Pol. Pray be plain, Brother,
And tell me but the meaning of this Vision;
For to me it appears no more: so far
From common Course and Reason.

Mem. Thank thee, Fortune,
At length I have found the man: the man must do it,
The man in honour bound.

Pol. To do what?

Mem. Hark, for I will bless ye with the circumstance
Of that weak shadow that appear'd.

Pol. Speak on, Sir. [Walks with him.]

Mem. It is no Story for all ears.

Pol. The Princess?

Mem. Peace and hear all. [Whispers.]

Pol. How?

Eum. Sure 'tis dangerous
He starts so at it.

Pol. Your heart? do you know, Sir?

Mem. Yes, Pray thee be softer.

Pol. Me to do it?

Mem. Only reserv'd, and dedicated.

Pol. For shame, Brother,
Know what ye are, a man.

Mem. None of your *Athens*,
Good sweet Sir, no Philosophy, thou feel'st not
The honourable end, fool.

Pol. I am sure I feel
The shame and scorn that follows; have ye serv'd thus long
The glory of your Country, in your Conquests?
The envy of your Neighbours, in your Vertues?
Rul'd Armies of your own, given Laws to Nations,
Belov'd and fear'd as far as Fame has travell'd,
Call'd the most fortunate and happy *Memnon*,
To lose all here at home, poorly to lose it?
Poorly, and pettishly, ridiculously

To sling away your fortune? where's your Wisdom?
Where's that you govern'd others by, discretion?
Do's your Rule lastly hold upon your self? fie Brother,
How ye are fall'n? Get up into your honour,
The top branch of your bravery, and from thence,
Look and behold how little *Memnon* seems now.

Mem. Hum! 'tis well spoken; but dost thou think young
The tongues of Angels from my happiness (Scholar,
Could turn the end I aim at? no, they cannot.
This is no Book-case, Brother; will ye do it?
Use no more art, I am resolv'd.

Pol. Ye may Sir
Command me to do anything that's honest,
And for your noble end: but this, it carries——
Mem. Ye shall not be so honour'd; live an Ass still,
And learn to spell for profit: go, go study.

Eum. Ye must not hold him up so, he is lost then.
Mem. Get thee to School again, and talk of turnips,
And find the natural Cause out, why a Dog
Turns thrice about ere he lyes down: there's Learning.

Pol. Come, I will do it now; 'tis brave, I find it,
And now allow the reason.

Mem. O do you so, Sir?
Do ye find it currant?

Pol. Yes, yes, excellent.

Mem. I told ye.

Pol. I was foolish: I have here too
The rarest way to find the truth out; hark ye?
Ye shall be rul'd by me.

Mem. It will be: but——

Pol. I reach it,
If the worst fall, have at the worst; we'll both go.
But two days, and 'tis thus; ha?

Mem. 'Twill do well so.
Pol. Then is't not excellent, do ye conceive it?

Mem. 'Twill work for certain.

Pol. O'twill tickle her,
And you shall know then by a line.

Mem. I like it,

But let me not be fool'd again.

Pol. Doubt nothing,
You do me wrong then, get ye in there private
As I have taught ye; *Basta*.

Mem. Work. [Exit Memnon.]

Pol. I will do.

Eum. Have ye found the cause?

Pol. Yes, and the strangest, Gentlemen,
That e'r I heard of, anon I'll tell ye: *Stremon*
Be you still near him to affect his fancy,
And keep his thoughts off: let the Fool and Boy
Stay him, they may do some pleasure too: *Eumenes*
What if he had a Wench, a handsome Whore brought,
Rarely drest up, and taught to state it?

Eum. Well Sir.

Pol. His cause is meerly heat: and made believe
It were the Princess mad for him.

Eum. I think

'Twere not amiss.

1 *Cap.* And let him kiss her.

Pol. What else? (some

2 *Cap.* I'll be his Bawd an't please you, young and whole-
I can assure ye he shall have.

Eum. Faith let him.

Pol. He shall, I hope 'twill help him, walk a little
I'll tell you how his case stands, and my project
In which you may be mourners, but by all means
Stir not you from him, *Stremon*.

Strem. On our lives, Sir. [Exeunt.]

Enter Priests, and Chilax.

Pri. O y'are a precious man? two days in town
And never see your old Friend?

Chi. Prithee pardon me.

Pri. And in my Conscience if I had not sent.

Chi. No more, I would ha' come; I must.

Pri. I find ye,
God a mercy want, ye never care for me
But when your Slops are empty.

Chi. Ne'r fear that, Wench;
Shall find good currant Coin still; Is this the old House?

Pri. Have ye forgot it?

Chi. And the door still standing
That goes into the Temple?

Pri. Still.

Chi. The Robes too,
That I was wont to shift in here?

Pri. All here still. (through?)

Chi. O ye tuff Rogue, what troubles have I trotted
What fears and frights? every poor Mouse a Monster
That I heard stir, and every stick I trod on,
A sharp sting to my Conscience.

Pri. 'Las poor Conscience.

Chi. And all to liquor thy old Boots, Wench.

Pri. Out Beast:

How you talk?

Chi. I am old, Wench,
And talking to an old man is like a stomacher,
It keeps his blood warm.

Pri. But pray tell me?

Chi. Any thing.

Pri. Where did the Boy meet with ye? at a Wench sure?
At one end of a Wench, a Cup of Wine, sure?

Chi. Thou know'st I am too honest.

Pri. That's your fault,
And that the Surgeon knows.

Chi. Then farewell,

I will not fail ye soon.

Pri. Ye shall stay Supper;
I have sworn ye shall, by this ye shall.

Chi. I will, Wench;

But after Supper for an hour, my business.

Pri. And but an hour?

Chi. No

Chi. No by this kifs, that ended
I will return and all night in thine Arms wench. (time
Pr. No more, I'll take your meaning; come 'tis Supper
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Calis, Cleanthe, Lucippe.

Calis. Thou art not well.

Clean. Your grace fees more a great deal
Than I feel. (yet I lye) O Brother!

Cal. Mark her,
Is not the quickness of her eye consumed, wench?
The lively red and white?

Lucip. Nay she is much alter'd,
That on my understanding, all her sleeps Lady
Which were as found and sweet

Cle. Pray do not force me,
Good Madam, where I am not, to be ill,
Conceit's a double sickness; on my faith your highness
Is meer mistaken in me. } *A Dead March within*

Cal. I am glad on't. } *of Drum and Sagbutts*
Yet this I have ever noted when thou wast thus,
It still forerun some strange event: my Sister
Died when thou wast thus last: hark hark, ho,
What mournfull noise is this comes creeping forward?
Still it grows nearer, nearer, do ye hear it?

Enter Polydor, and Captains, Eumenes mourning.

Lucip. It seems some Souldiers funeral: see it enters.

Cal. What may it mean?

Pol. The Gods keep ye fair *Calis.*

Cal. This man can speak, and well; he stands and views us;
Wou'd I were ne'r worse look't upon: how humbly
His eyes are cast now to the Earth! pray mark him
And mark how rarely he has rankt his troubles:
See now he weeps, they all weep; a sweeter sorrow
I never look't upon, nor one that braver
Became his grief; your will with us?

Pol. Great Lady, } *Plucks out the Cup.*
Excellent beauty.

Cal. He speaks handsomely.
What a rare rhetorician his grief plaies!
That stop was admirable.

Pol. See, see thou Princess,
Thou great commander of all hearts.

Cal. I have found it,
Oh how my soul shakes!

Pol. See, see the noble heart
Of him that was the noblest: see and glory
(Like the proud God himself) in what thou hast purchas'd,
Behold the heart of *Memnon*: does it start ye?

Cal. Good gods, what has his wildness done?

Pol. Look boldlie,
You boldlie said you durst, look wretched woman,
Nay flie not back fair follie, 'tis too late now,
Vertue and blooming honour bleed to death here,
Take it, the Legacie of Love bequeath'd ye,
Of cruel Love a cruel Legacie;
What was the will that wrought it then? can ye weep?
Imbalm it in your truest tears
If women can weep a truth, or ever sorrow funk yet
Into the soul of your sex, for 'tis a Jewel
The worlds worth cannot weigh down,
Take it Lady; And with it all (I dare not curse) my sorrows,
And may they turn to Serpents.

Eumen. How she looks
Still upon him! see now a tear steals from her.

2 Capt. But still she keeps her eye firm.

Pol. Next read this,
But since I see your spirit somewhat troubled
Ple doe it for ye.

2 Capt. Still she eyes him mainlie.

*Goe happy heart for thou shalt lye
Intomb'd in her for whom I dye
Example of her cruelty.*

*Tell her if she chance to chide
Me for slowness in her pride
That it was for her I died.*

*If a tear escape her eye
'Tis not for my memory
But thy rights of obsequy.*

*The Altar was my loving breast,
My heart the sacrificed beast,
And I was my self the Priest.*

*Your body was the sacred shrine,
Your cruel mind the power divine
Pleas'd with hearts of men, not kine.*

Eumen. Now it pours down.

Pol. I like it rare: Ladie.

Eumen. How greedily she swallows up his language?
2 Capt. Her eye inhabits on him.

Pol. Cruel Ladie,
Great as your beautie scornfull; had your power
But equal poise on all hearts, all hearts perish't;
But *Cupid* has more shafts than one, more flames too;
And now he must be open ey'd, 'tis Justice:
Live to enjoy your longing; live and laugh at
The losses and the miseries we suffer;
Live to be spoken when your crueltye
Has cut off all the vertue from this Kingdom,
Turn'd honour into earth, and faithful service.

Cal. I swear his anger's excellent.

Pol. Truth, and most tried love
Into disdain and downfall.

Calis. Still more pleasing.

Pol. Live then I say famous for civil slaughters,
Live and lay out your triumphs, gild your glories,
Live and be spoken this is she, this Ladie,
This goodly Ladie, yet most killing beautie;
This with the two edg'd eyes, the heart for hardness
Outdoing rocks; and coldness, rocks of Crystal.
This with the swelling soul, more coy of Courtship
Than the proud sea is when the shores embrace him;
Live till the mothers find ye, read your story,
And fow their barren curses on your beauty,
Till those that have enjoy'd their loves despise ye,
Till Virgins pray against ye, old age find ye,
And even as wasted coals glow in their dying,
So may the Gods reward ye in your ashes:
But y'are the Sister of my King; more prophecies
Else I should utter of ye, true loves and loyal
Bless themselves ever from ye: so I leave ye.

Cal. Prethee be angry still young man: good fair Sir
Chide me again, what wou'd this man doe pleas'd,
That in his passion can bewitch souls? stay.

Eumen. Upon my life she loves him.

Calis. Pray stay. *Pol.* No.

Cal. I do command ye.

Pol. No, ye cannot Ladie,
I have a spell against ye, Faith and Reason,
Ye are too weak to reach me: I have a heart too;
But not for hawks meat Ladie.

Cal. Even for Charity

Leave me not thus afflicted: you can teach me.

Pol. How can you Preach that Charity to others
That in your own soul are an Atheist,
Believing neither power nor fear? I trouble ye,
The Gods be good unto ye.

Cal. Amen.

Lucip. Ladie.

[*She Swounds*

Cel. O royal Madam, Gentlemen for heaven sake. } *They*
Pol. Give her fresh air, she comes again: away firs } *come*
And here stand close till we perceive the working. } *back.*

Eumen. Ye have undone all.

Pol. So I fear.

2 *Capr.* She loves ye.

Eumen. And then all hopes lost this way.

Pol. Peace she rises.

Clean. Now for my purpose Fortune.

Calis. Where's the Gentleman?

Lucip. Gone Madam.

Calis. Why gone?

Lucip. H'as dispatch't his business.

Calis. He came to speak with me,
He did.

Clean. He did not.

Calis. For I had many questions.

Lucip. On my Faith Madam, he
Talk't a great while to ye.

Calis. Thou conceiv'st not,
He talk't not as he should doe; O my heart
Away with that sad sight; didst thou e're love me?

Lucip. Why do you make that question?

Calis. If thou didst

Run, run wench, run: nay see how thou stir'st.

Lucip. Whither?

Calis. If 'twere for any thing to please thy self
Thou woud'st run toth' devil: but I am grown—

Clean. Fie Lady.

Cal. I ask none of your fortunes, nor your loves,
None of your bent desires I slack, ye are not
In love with all men, are ye? one for shame
You will leave your honour'd mistress? why do ye stare so?
What is that ye see about me, tell me?
Lord what am I become? I am not wilde sure,
Heaven keep that from me: O *Cleanthe* help me,
O. I am sunk to death. (gainst ye,

Cle. Ye have offended and mightily, love is incenst a-
And therefore take my Counsel, to the Temple,
For that's the speediest physick: before the Goddess
Give your repentant prayers: ask her will,
And from the Oracle attend your sentence,
She is milde and mercifull.

Calis. I will: O *Venus*

Even as thou lov'st thy self!

Clean. Now for my fortune. [Exeunt *Cal.* and women.

Pol. What shall I doe?

1 *Capr.* Why make your self.

Pol. I dare not,

No Gentlemen, I dare not be a villain,
Though her bright beauty would entice an Angel.
I will toth' King my last hope: get him a woman
As we before concluded: and as ye pass
Give out the Spartans are in arms; and terrible;
And let some letters to that end be feign'd too
And sent to you, some Posts too, to the General;
And let me work: be ne're him still.

Eumen. We will Sir.

Pol. Farewel: and pray for all: what e're I will ye
Doe it, and hope a fair end.

Eumen. The Gods speed ye. [Exeunt.

Enter *Stremon*, *Fool*, *Boy*, and *Servants*.

Servants. He lies quiet.

Strem. Let him lye, and as I told ye
Make ready for this shew: h'as divers times
Been calling upon *Orpheus* to appear
And shew the joyes: now I will be that *Orpheus*,
And as I play and sing, like beasts and trees
I wou'd have you shap't and enter: thou a Dog, fool,
I have sent about your sutes: the Boy a bush,
An Ass you, you a Lion.

Fool. I a Dog?

I'll fit you for a Dog. Bow wow.

Strem. 'Tis excellent,
Steal in and make no noise.

Fool. Bow wow.

Strem. Away Rogue. [Exeunt.

Enter *Priestess*, and *Chilax*.

Priest. Good sweet friend be not long.

Chi. Thou think'st each hour ten
Till I be ferreting.

Prie. You know I love ye.

Chi. I will not be above an hour; let thy robe be readie
And the door be kept. } *Knock.* Cleanthe

Prie. Who knocks there? } *knocks within.*
Yet more business?

Enter *Cleanthe*.

Chi. Have ye more pensioners? the Princess woman?
Nay then I'll stay a little, what game's a foot now?

Clean. Now is the time.

Chi. A rank bawd by this hand too,
She grinds o' both sides: hey boyes.

Priest. How, your Brother *Siphax*?
Loves he the Princess?

Cle. Deadlie, and you know
He is a Gentleman descended noble.

Chi. But a rank knave as ever pist.

Cle. Hold Mother,
Here's more gold and some Jewells.

Chi. Here's no villany,
I am glad I came toth' hearing.

Priest. Alas Daughter,
What would ye have me doe?

Chi. Hold off ye old whore;
There's more gold coming; all's mine, all.

Cle. Do ye shrink now,
Did ye not promise faithfully, and told me
Through any danger?

Pri. Any I can wade through.

Cle. Ye shall and easily, the sin not seen neither,
Here's for a better stole and a new vail mother:
Come, ye shall be my friend.

Chi. If all hit, hang me,
I'll make ye richer than the Goddess.

Pri. Say then,
I am yours, what must I doe?

Cle. I'th' morning
But very early, will the Princess visit
The Temple of the Goddess, being troubled
With strange things that distract her: from the Oracle
(Being strongly too in love) she will demand
The Goddess pleasure, and a Man to cure her,
That Oracle you give: describe my Brother,
You know him perfectly.

Pri. I have seen him often. (with

Cle. And charge her take the next man she shall meet
When she comes out: you understand me.

Priest. Well.

Cle. Which shall be he attending; this is all,
And easily without suspicion ended,
Nor none dare disobey, 'tis Heaven that does it,
And who dares cross it then, or once suspect it?
The venture is most easie.

Pri. I will doe it.

Cle. As ye shall prosper?

Pri. As I shall prosper.

Cle. Take this too, and farewel; but first hark hither.

Chi. What a young whore's this to betray her Mistress?
A thousand Cuckolds shall that Husband be,
That marries thee, thou art so mischievous.
I'll put a spoak among your wheels.

Clean. Be constant.

Priest. 'Tis done.

Chi. I'll doe no more at drop shot then. [Exit *Chilax*.

Pri. Farewel wench. [Exeunt *Priest* and *Cleanthe*.

AÆtus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Servant, and Stremon, at the door.

Servant. HE stirs, he stirs.
Stremon. Let him, I am ready for him,
He shall not this day perish, if his passions
May be fed with Musick; are they ready?

Enter Memnon.

Ser. All, all: see where he comes.

Stremon. Ple be straight for him. [Exit Stremon.]

Enter Eumenes, and Captains.

Ser. How sad he looks and sullen! [Stand close.]
Here are the Captains: my fear's past now.

Mem. Put case i' th' other world
She do not love me neither? I am old 'tis certain.

Eumen. His spirit is a little quieter.

Mem. My blood lost, and limbs stiff; my embraces
Like the cold stubborn bark, hoarie, and heatless,
My words worse: my fame only and achievements
Which are my strength, my blood, my youth, my fashion,
Must wooe her, win her, wed her; that's but wind,
And women are not brought to bed with shadows:
I do her wrong, much wrong; she is young and blessed,
Sweet as the spring, and as his blossoms tender,
And I a nipping North-wind, my head hung
With hails, and frostie Isicles: are the souls so too
When they depart hence, lame and old, and loveless?
No sure, 'tis ever youth there; Time and Death
Follow our flesh no more: and that forc'd opinion
That spirits have no sexes, I believe not.

Enter Stremon, like Orpheus.

There must be love, there is love: what art thou?

S O N G.

Stre. Orpheus I am, come from the deeps below,
To thee fond man the plagues of love to show:
To the fair fields where loves eternal dwell
There's none that come, but first they pass through hell:
Hark and beware unless thou hast lov'd ever,
Belov'd again, thou shalt see those joyes never.

Hark how they groan that dy'd despairing,
O take heed then:
Hark how they howl for over-daring,
All these were men.

They that be fools, and dye for fame
They lose their name;
And they that bleed
Hark how they speed.

Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires
They sit, and curse their lost desires:
Nor shall these souls be free from pains and fears,
Till Women waft them over in their tears.

Mem. How should I know my passage is deni'd me?
Or which of all the Devils dare?

Eumen. This Song
Was rarely form'd to fit him.

S O N G.

Orph. Charon O Charon,
Thou waster of the souls to blifs or bane.
Cha. Who calls the Ferry-man of Hell?
Orph. Come near,

And say who lives in joy, and who in fear.

Cha. Those that dye well, Eternal joy shall follow;
Those that dye ill, their own foul fate shall swallow.

Orph. Shall thy black Bark those guilty spirits stow
That kill themselves for love?

Cha. O no, no,
My cordage cracks when such great sins are near,
No wind blows fair, nor I myself can steer.

Orph. What lovers pass and in Elyzium raig?

Cha. Those Gentle loves that are below'd again.

Orph. This Souldier loves, and fain wou'd dye to win,
Shall he goe on?

Cha. No 'tis too foul a sin.
He must not come aboard: I dare not row,
Storms of despair, and guilty blood will blow.

Orph. Shall time release him, say?

Cha. No, no, no, no.
Nor time nor death can alter us, nor prayer;
My boat is destinie, and who then dare
But those appointed come aboard? Live still,
And love by reason, Mortal, not by will.

Orph. And when thy Mistris shall close up thine eyes,

Cha. Then come aboard and pass,

Orph. Till when be wise.

Cha. Till when be wise.

Eumen. How still he sits: I hope this Song has setled him.

1 Capt. He bites his lip, and rowles his fiery eyes, yet
I fear for all this ———

2 Capt. Stremon still apply to him.

Stremon. Give me more room, sweetly strike, divinely
Such strains as old earth moves at.

Orph. The power I have over both beast and plant,
Thou man alone feelst miserable want. *Musick*
Strike you rare Spirits that attend my will,
And lose your savage wildness by my skill.

Enter a Mask of Beasts.

This Lion was a man of War that died,
As thou wouldst do, to gild his Ladies pride:
This Dog a fool that hung himself for love:
This Ape with daily hugging of a glove,
Forgot to eat and died. This goodly tree,
An usher that still grew before his Ladie,
Wither'd at root. This, for he could not wooe,
A grumbling Lawyer: this pyed Bird a page,
That melted out because he wanted age.
Still these lye howling on the Stygian shore,
O love no more, O love no more. [Exit Memnon.]

Eumen. He steals off silently, as though he would sleep,
No more, but all be near him, feed his fancie
Good Stremon still; this may lock up his follie.
Yet Heaven knows I much fear him; away softly.

[Exeunt Captains.]

Fool. Did I not doe most doggedly?

Stremon. Most rarelie.

Fool. He's a brave man, when shall we dog again?

Boy. Unty me first for Gods sake, (hony Stremon)

Fool. Help the Boy; he's in a wood poor child: good
Let's have a bear-baiting; ye shall see me play
The rarest for a single Dog: at head all;
And if I do not win immortal glorie,
Play Dog play Devil.

Stremon. Peace for this time.

Fool. Prethee

Let's sing him a black Santis, then let's all howl
In our own beastly voices; tree keep your time,
Untye there; bow, wow, wow.

Stremon. Away ye Ass, away.

Fool. Why let us doe something
To satisfie the Gentleman, he's mad;
A Gentleman-like humour, and in fashion,
And must have men as mad about him.

Stremon. Peace,

And

And come in quicklie, 'tis ten to one else
He'll find a staff to beat a dog; no more words,
I'll get ye all employment; soft, soft in all. [Exeunt.]

Enter Chilax and Cloe.

Chi. When camest thou over wench?

Clo. But now this evening,
And have been ever since looking out Siphax,
P'th' w'as he would have lookt me: sure h'as gotten
Some other Mistris?

Chi. A thousand, wench, a thousand,
They are as common here as Caterpillers
Among the corn, they eat up all the Souldiers,

Clo. Are they so hungry? yet by their leave Philax,
I'll have a snatch too.

Chi. Dost thou love him still wench?

Co. Why should I not? he had my Maiden-head
And all my youth.

Chi. Thou art come the happiest,
In the most blessed time, sweet wench the fittest,
If thou darst make thy fortune: by this light, Cloe,
And so I'll kiss thee: and if thou wilt but let me,
For 'tis well worth a kindness.

Clo. What shou'd I let ye?

Chi. Enjoy thy miniken.

Clo. Thou art still old Chilax.

Chi. Still still, and ever shall be: if, I say, (wench.)
Thou wo't strike the stroke: I cannot do much harm

Clo. Nor much good.

Chi. Siphax shall be thy Husband,
Thy very Husband woman, thy fool, thy Cuckold,
Or what thou wilt make him: I am over joy'd,
Ravisht, clean ravisht with this fortune; kiss me,
Or I shall lose my self,

Clo. My Husband said ye?

Chi. Said I? and will say, Cloe: nay and do it
And do it home too; Peg thee as close to him
As birds are with a pin to one another;
I have it, I can do it: thou wantst clothes too,
And hee'll be hang'd unless he marry thee
E're he maintain thee: now he has Ladies, Courtiers
More than his back can bend at, multitudes;
We are taken up for threshers, will ye bite?

Clo. Yes.

Chi. And let me ———

Clo. Yes and let ye ———

Chi. What!

Clo. Why that ye wote of.

Chi. I cannot stay, take your instructions
And something toward household, come, what ever
I shall advise ye, follow it exactlie,
And keep your times I point ye; for I'll tell ye
A strange way you must wade through.

Clo. Fear not me Sir.

Chi. Come then, and let's dispatch this modicum,
For I have but an hour to stay, a short one,
Besides more water for another mill,
An old weak over-shot I must provide for,
There's an old Nunnerie at hand.

Clo. What's that?

Chi. A bawdie house.

Clo. A pox consume it.

Chi. If the stones 'tis built on
Were but as brittle as the flesh lives in it,
Your curse came handsomlie: fear not, there's ladies,
And other good sad people: your pinkt Citizens
Think it no shame to shake a sheet there: Come wench.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Cleanthe and Siphax.

Clean. A Souldier and so fearful?

Siph. Can ye blame me;
When such a weight lies on me?

Clean. Fye upon ye,

I tell ye, ye shall have her: have her safeleie,
And for your wife with her own will.

Siph. Good Sister ———

Clo. What a distrustfull man are you? to morrow,
To morrow morning ———

Siph. Is it possible?

Can there be such a happiness?

Clean. Why hang me

If then ye be not married: if to morrow night,
Ye doe not ———

Siph. O dear Sister ———

Clean. What ye wou'd doe,
What ye desire to doe; lie with her: Devil,
What a dull man are you?

Siph. Nay I believe now,
And shall she love me?

Clean. As her life, and stroke ye.

Siph. O I will be her Servant.

Clean. 'Tis your dutie.

Siph. And she shall have her whole will.

Clean. Yes 'tis reason,
She is a Princess, and by that rule boundless.

Si. What wou'd you be? for I wou'd have ye Sister
Chuse some great place about us: as her woman
Is not so fit.

Clean. No, no, I shall find places.

Siph. And yet to be a Ladie of her bed-chamber,
I hold not so fit neither,

Some great title, believe it, shall be look't out.

Clean. Ye may, a Dutches

Or such a toye, a small thing pleases me Sir.

Siph. What you will Sister: if a neighbour Prince,
When we shall come to reign ———

Clean. We shall think on't,
Be ready at the time, and in that place too,
And let me work the rest, within this half hour
The Princess will be going, 'tis almost morning,
Away and mind your business.

Siph. Fortune blefs us.

[Exeunt.]

Enter King, Polydor and Lords.

Pol. I do beseech your grace to banish me.

King. Why Gentleman, is she not worthy marriage?

Pol. Most worthy, Sir, where worth again shall meet her,
But I like thick clouds sailing slow and heavy,
Although by her drawn higher, yet shall hide her,
I dare not be a traitor; and 'tis treason,

But to imagine: as you love your honour ———

King. 'Tis her first maiden doting, and if crost,

I know it kills her.

1 Lord. How knows your grace she loves him?

King. Her woman told me all (beside his story)
Her maid Lucippe, on what reason too,
And 'tis beyond all but enjoying.

Polydor. Sir,
Even by your wisdom; by that great discretion
Ye owe to rule and order ———

2 Lord. This man's mad sure,
To plead against his fortune ———

1 Lord. And the King too,
Willing to have it so?

Pol. By those dead Princes
From whose descents ye stand a star admir'd at,
Lay not so base a lay upon your vertues;
Take heed, for honours sake take heed: the bramble
No wise man ever planted by the rose,
It cankers all her beauty; nor the vine
When her full blushes court the sun, dares any
Choke up with wanton Ivy: good my Lords,
Who builds a monument, the Basis Jasper,
And the main body Brick?

2 Lord. Ye wrong your worth,
Ye are a Gentleman descended nobly.

1 Lord. In both bloods truly noble.

King.

King. Say ye were not,
My will can make ye fo.

Pol. No, never, never;
'Tis not descent, nor will of Princes does it,
'Tis Vertue which I want, 'tis Temperance,
Man, honest man: is't fit your Majesty
Should call my drunkennes, my rashness, Brother?
Or such a blessed Maid my breach of faith,
(For I am most lascivious) and fell angers
In which I am also mischievous, her Husband?
O Gods preserve her! I am wild as Winter,
Ambitious as the Devil: out upon me,
I hate my self, Sir, if ye dare bestow her
Upon a Subject, ye have one deserves her.

King. But him she does not love: I know your meaning.
This young mans love unto his noble Brother
Appears a mirrour; what must now be done Lords?
For I am gravel'd, if she have not him,
She dies for certain, if his Brother miss her,
Farewel to him, and all our honours.

1 Lord. He is dead, Sir,
Your Grace has heard of that, and strangely.

King. No,
I can assure you no, there was a trick in't,
Read that, and then know all; what ails the Gentleman?
Hold him; how do ye Sir? [Polydor is sick o'th' sudden.]

Pol. Sick o'th' sudden,
Extreamly ill, wondrous ill.

King. Where did it take ye?

Pol. Here in my head, Sir, and my heart, for Heaven sake.

King. Conduct him to his Chamber presently,
And bid my Doctors——

Pol. No, I shall be well, Sir,
I do beseech your Grace, even for the Gods sake
Remember my poor Brother, I shall pray then.

King. Away, he grows more weak still: I will do it,
Or Heaven forget me ever. Now your Counsels, [Ex. Pol.]
For I am at my witsend; what with you Sir?

Enter Messenger with a Letter.

Mess. Letters from warlike Pelius.

King. Yet more troubles?
The Spartans are in Arms, and like to win all:
Supplies are sent for, and the General;
This is more cross than t'other; come let's to him,
For he must have her, 'tis necessity,
Or we must lose our honours, let's plead all,
For more than all is needful, shew all reason
If love can hear o' that side, if she yield
We have fought best, and won the noblest field. [Exeunt.]

Enter Eumenes, Captains, Stremon.

1 Cap. I have brought the wench, a lusty wench,
And somewhat like the Princess.

Eumen. 'Tis the better, let's see her,
And go you in and tell him, that her Grace
Is come to visit him: how sleeps he Stremon?

Stre. He cannot, only thinks, and calls on Polydor,
Swears he will not be fool'd; sometimes he rages,
And sometimes sits and mufes. [Exit Stremon.]

Enter Whore, and Captain.

Eume. He's past all help sure?
How do ye like her?

2 Cap. By th' mafs a good round Virgin,
And at first sight resembling, she is well cloath'd too.

Eume. But is she found?

2 Cap. Of wind and limb, I warrant her.

Eume. You are instructed Lady?

Who. Yes, and know, Sir,
How to behave my self, ne're fear.

Eume. Polybius,
Where did he get this Vermin?

1 Cap. Hang him Badger,

There's not a hole free from him, whores and whores mates
Do all pay him obedience.

Eume. Indeed i'th' War,
His quarter was all Whore, Whore upon Whore,
And lin'd with Whore; beshrew me 'tis a fair Whore.

1 Cap. She has smockt away her blood; but fair or foul,
Or blind or lame, that can but lift her leg up,
Comes not amifs to him, he rides like a night Mare,
All Ages, all Religions.

Eume. Can ye state it?

Who. I'll make a shift.

Eume. He must lie with ye, Lady.

Who. Let him, ne's not the first man I have lain with,
Nor shall not be the last.

Enter Memnon.

2 Cap. He comes, no more words,
She has her lesson throughly; how he views her?

Eumen. Go forward now, so, bravely, stand!

Mem. Great Lady,
How humbly I am bound——

Who. You shall not kneel, Sir,
Come, I have done you wrong; stand my Souldier,
And thus I make amends—— [Kisses him]

Eumen. A Plague confound ye,
Is this your state?

2 Cap. 'Tis well enough.

Mem. O Lady,
Your Royal hand, your hand my dearest beauty
Is more than I must purchase: here divine one,
I dare revenge my wrongs: ha?

1 Cap. A damn'd foul one.

Eume. The Lees of Baudy prewns: mourning Gloves?
All spoil'd by Heaven.

Mem. Ha! who art thou?

2 Cap. A shame on ye,
Ye clawing scabby Whore.

Mem. I say, who art thou?

Eumen. Why 'tis the Princess, Sir.

Mem. The Devil, Sir,
'Tis some Roguey thing.

Who. If this abuse be love, Sir,
Or I that laid aside my modesty——

Eumen. So far thou't never find it.

Mem. Do not weep,
For if ye be the Princess, I will love ye,
Indeed I will, and honour ye, fight for ye,
Come, wipe your eyes; by Heaven she stinks; who art thou?
Stinks like a poyson'd Rat behind a hanging?
Woman, who art? like a rotten Cabbage.

2 Cap. Y'are much to blame, Sir, 'tis the Princess.

Mem. How?
She the Princess?

Eumen. And the loving Princess.

1 Cap. Indeed the doating Princess.

Mem. Come hither once more,
The Princess smells like mornings breath, pure Amber,
Beyond the courted Indies in her spices.
Still a dead Rat by Heaven; thou a Princess?

Eumen. What a dull Whore is this?

Mem. I'll tell ye presently,
For if she be a Princess, as she may be
And yet stink too, and st ongly, I shall find her;
Fetch the Numidian Lyon I brought over,
If she be sprung from the Royal blood, the Lyon,
He'll do you reverence, else——

Who. I beseech your Lordship——

Eumen. He'll tear her all to pieces.

Who. I am no Princess, Sir.

Mem. Who brought thee hither?

2 Cap. If ye confess, we'll hang ye.

Who. Good my Lord——

Mem. Who art thou then?

Who. A poor retaining Whore, Sir,

To one of your Lordships Captains.

Mem. Alas poor Whore,
Go, be a Whore still, and stink worse: *Ha, ha, ha.* [*Ex.* Cloe.
What fools are these, and Coxcombs? [*Exit Memnon.*

Eumen. I am right glad yet,
He takes it with such lightness.

1 Cap. He thinks his face too
Is not so clouded as it was; how he looks?

Eume. Where's your dead Rat?

2 Cap. The Devil dine upon her
Loins; why what a Medicine had he gotten
To try a Whore?

Enter Stremon.

Stre. Here's one from *Polydor* stays to speak with ye.

Eume. With whom?

Stre. With all; where has the General been?
He's laughing to himself extremely.

Eumen. Come,
I'll tell thee how; I am glad yet he's so merry. [*Exeunt.*

Aëtus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Chilax and Priestess, Calis, Lady and Nun.

Chi. **W**hat lights are those that enter there, still nearer?
Plague o' your rotten itch, do you draw me hither
Into the Temple to betray me? was there no place
To satisfy your sin in? Gods forgive me,
Still they come forward.

Priest. Peace ye fool, I have found it,
'Tis the young Princess *Calis*.

Chi. 'Tis the Devil,
To claw us for our catterwawling.

Priest. Retire softly,
I did not look for you these two hours, Lady,
Beshrew your haste: that way. [*To Chilax.*

Chi. That goes to the Altar?
Ye old blind Beast.

Priest. I know not, any way;
Still they come nearer,
I'll in to th' Oracle.

Chi. That's well remembered I'll in with ye.

Priest. Do. [*Exeunt Priest. and Chilax.*

Enter Calis and her Train with lights, singing:
Lucippe, Cleanthe.

S O N G.

*O fair sweet Goddess Queen of Loves,
Soft and gentle, as thy Doves,
Humble ey'd, and ever ruing
Those poor hearts, their Loves pursuing:
O thou Mother of delights,
Crown'd of all happy nights,
Star of dear content, and pleasure,
Of mutual loves the endless treasure,
Accept this sacrifice we bring,
Thou continual youth and Spring,
Grant this Lady her desires,
And every hour we'll crown thy fires.*

Enter a Nun.

Nun. You about her all retire,
Whilest the Princess feeds the fire,
When your Devotions ended be
To the Oracle I will attend ye.

[*Exit Nun and draws the Curtain close to Calis.*

Enter Stremon and Eumenes.

Stremon. He will abroad.

Eumen. How does his humour hold him?

Stre. He is now grown wondrous sad, weeps often too,
Talks of his Brother to himself, starts strangely.

Eumen. Does he not curse?

Stremon. No.

Eumen. Nor break out in fury,
Offering some new attempt?

Stremon. Neither; to th' Temple
Is all we hear of now: what there he will do——

Eumen. I hope repent his folly, let's be near him.

Stremon. Where are the rest?

Eumen. About a business
Concerns him mainly, if Heav'n cure his madness,
He's made for ever, *Stremon*.

Stremon. Does the King know it?

Eumen. Yes, and much troubled with it, he's now gone
To seek his Sister out.

Stremon. Come let's away then. [*Exeunt Eumen. Stremon. Calis.*

*Enter Nun, she opens the Curtain to Calis.
Calis at the Oracle.*

Nun. Peace to your Prayers Lady, will it please ye
To pass on to the Oracle?

Calis. Most humbly. [*Chilax and Priest. in the Oracle.*

Chi. Do ye hear that?

Priest. Yes, lie close.

Chi. A wildfire take ye,
What shall become of me? I shall be hang'd now:
Is this a time to shake? a halter shake ye,
Come up and juggle, come.

Priest. I am monstrous fearful.

Chi. Up ye old gaping Oyster, up and answer;
A mouldy Mange upon your chops, ye told me
I was safe here till the Bell rung.

Priest. I was prevented,
And did not look these three hours for the Princess.

Chi. Shall we be taken?

Priest. Speak for loves sake, *Chilax*;
I cannot, nor I dare not.

Chi. I'll speak Treason, for I had as lieve be hang'd for that.

Priest. Good *Chilax*.

Chi. Must it be sung or said? what shall I tell 'em?
They are here; here now preparing.

Priest. O my Conscience!

Chi. Plague o' your spurgall'd Conscience, does it tire now?
Now when it should be tuffest? I could make thee——

Priest. Save us, we are both undone else.

Chi. Down ye Dog then,
Be quiet, and be stanch to no inundations.

Nun. Here kneel again, and *Venus* grant your wishes.

Calis. *O Divine Star of Heaven,
Thou in power above the seven:
Thou sweet kindler of desires,
Till they grow to mutual fires:
Thou, O gentle Queen, that art
Curer of each wounded heart:
Thou the fuel, and the flame;
Thou in Heaven, and here the same:
Thou the wooer, and the woo'd:
Thou the hunger, and the food:
Thou the prayer, and the pray'd;
Thou what is, or shall be said:
Thou still young, and golden tress'd,
Make me by thy Answer blessed.*

Chi. When?

Priest. Now speak handfomly, and small by all means,
I have told ye what. [*Thunder.*

Chi. But I'll tell you a new tale,
Now for my Neck-verse; I have heard thy prayers,
And mark me well.

Musick. *Venus descends.*

Nun. The Goddess is displeas'd much,

The temple shakes and totters; she appears,
Bow, Lady, bow.

Venus. *Purge me the Temple round,
And live by this example henceforth sound.
Virgin, I have seen thy tears,
Hear'd thy wishes, and thy fears;
Thy holy Incense flew above,
Hark therefore to thy doom in Love;
Had thy heart been soft at first,
Now thou had'st allay'd thy thirst;
Had thy stubborn will but bended,
All thy sorrows here had ended;
Therefore to be just in Love,
A strange Fortune thou must prove,
And, for thou hast been stern and coy,
A dead Love thou shalt enjoy.*

Chi. O gentle goddess!

Ven. Rise, thy doom is said,
And fear not, I will please thee with the dead. [Venus ascends.

Nun. Go up into the Temple and there end
Your holy Rites, the Goddess smiles upon ye.

[Exeunt Cal. and Nun.

Enter Chilax in his Robe.

Chi. I'll no more Oracles, nor Miracles,
Nor no more Church work, I'll be drawn and hang'd first.
Am not I torn a pieces with the thunder?
Death, I can scarce believe I live yet,
It gave me on the buttocks, a cruel, a huge bang,
I had as lieve ha' had 'em scratcht with Dog-whips:
Be quiet henceforth, now ye feel the end on't,
I would advise ye my old friends, the good Gentlewoman
Is struck dumb, and there her Grace sits mumping
Like an old Ape eating a Brawn; sure the good Goddess
Knew my intent was honest, to save the Princess,
And how we young men are entic'd to wickedness,
By these lewd Women, I had paid for't else too.
I am monstrous holy now, and cruel fearful,
O'twas a plaguey thump, charg'd with a vengeance.

Enter Siphax, walks softly over the stage, and goes in.

Would I were well at home; the best is, 'tis not day:
Who's that? ha? Siphax! I'll be with you anon, Sir;
Ye shall be oracled I warrant ye,
And thunder'd too, as well as I; your Lordship

Enter Memnon, Eumenes, Stremon, and two
carrying Torches.

Must needs enjoy the Princess, yes: ha?! Torches?
And Memnon coming this way? he's Dog-mad,
And ten to one appearing thus unto him,
He worries me, I must go by him.

Eum. Sir?

Mem. Ask me no further questions; what art thou?
How dost thou stare? stand off; nay look upon me,
I do not shake, nor fear thee—— [Draws his Sword.

Chi. He will kill me,
This is for Church work.

Mem. Why dost thou appear now?
Thou wert fairly slain: I know thee, Diocles,
And know thine envy to mine honour: but——

Chi. Stay Memnon,
I am a Spirit, and thou canst not hurt me.

Eum. This is the voice of Chilax.

Stremon. What makes him thus?

Chi. 'Tis true, that I was slain in field, but foully,
By multitudes, not manhood: therefore mark me,
I do appear again to quit mine honour,
And on thee single.

Mem. I accept the challenge.
Where?

Chi. On the Stygian Banks.

Mem. When?

Chi. Four days hence.

Mem. Go noble Ghost, I will attend.

Chi. I thank ye.

Stre. Ye have sav'd your throat, and handsomly:
Farewell, Sir. [Exit Chilax.

Mem. Sing me the Battles of Pelusium,
In which this Worthy dyed.

Eum. This will spoil all, and make him worse
Than e'r he was: sit down, Sir,
And give your self to rest.

SONG.

*Arm, arm; arm, arm; the Scouts are all come in,
Keep your Ranks close, and now your honours win.
Behold from yonder Hill, the Foe appears,
Bows, Bills, Glaves, Arrows, Shields, and Spears,
Like a dark Wood he comes, or tempest pouring;
O view the Wings of Horse the Meadows scowring,
The vanguard marches bravely, hark, the Drums—— dub,
They meet, they meet, and now the Battel comes: dub.
See how the Arrows fly,
That darken all the Skye;
Hark how the Trumpets sound,
Hark how the Hills rebound.—— Tara, tara, tara.
Hark how the Horses charge: in Boys, Boys in—— tara, tara.
The Battel totters; now the wounds begin;
O how they cry,
O how they dy!
Room for the valiant Memnon arm'd with thunder,
See how he breaks the Ranks asunder:
They flye, they flye, Eumenes has the Chace,
And brave Polybius makes good his place.
To the Plains, to the Woods,
To the Rocks, to the Floods,
They flie for succour: Follow, follow, follow, Hey, hey.
Hark how the Souldiers hollow
Brave Diocles is dead,
And all his Souldiers fled,
The Battel's won, and lost,
That many a life hath cost.*

Mem. Now forward to the Temple. [Exeunt.

Enter Chilax.

Chi. Are ye gone?
How have I 'scap'd this morning! by what miracle!
Sure I am ordain'd for some brave end.

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How is it?

Chi. Come, 'tis as well as can be.

Cloe. But is it possible

This should be true you tell me?

Chi. 'Tis most certain.

Cloe. Such a gross Ass to love the Princess?

Chi. Peace,

Pull your Robe close about ye: you are perfect
In all I taught ye?

Cloe. Sure.

Chi. Gods give thee good luck.

'Tis strange my Brains should still be beating Knavery
For all these dangers, but they are needful mischiefs,
And such are Nuts to me; and I must do 'em.
You will remember me——

Cloe. By this kiss, Chilax.

Chi. No more of that, I fear another thunder.

Cloe. We are not i'th' Temple, man.

Enter Siphax.

Chi. Peace, here he comes, (and Cloe.
Now to our business handsomly; away now. Ex. Chilax,
Si. 'Twas sure the Princess, for he kneel'd unto her,
And she lookt every way: I hope the Oracle
Has made me happy; me I hope she lookt for,

Enter Chilax, and Cloe at the other door.

Fortune, I will so honour thee, Love, so adore thee.
She is here again, looks round about her, again too,
'Tis done, I know 'tis done; 'tis Chilax with her,
And I shall know of him; who's that?

Chi. Speak softly,
The Princess from the Oracle.

Si. She views me,
By Heaven she beckons me.

Chi. Come near, she wou'd have ye.

Si. O royal Lady. [Kisses her hand.

Chi. She wills ye read that, for belike she's bound to sit
For such a time; she is wondrous gracious to ye. (lence

Si. Heav'n make me thankful.

Chi. She would have ye read it. [He reads.

Si. Siphax, the will of Heaven hath cast me on thee
To be thy Wife, whose Will must be obey'd:
Use me with honour, I shall love thee dearly,
And make thee understand thy worths hereafter;
Convey me to a secret Ceremony,
That both our hearts and loves may be united,
And use no Language, till before my Brother
We both appear, where I will shew the Oracle,
For till that time I am bound, I must not answer.

Si. O happy I!

Chi. Ye are a made man.

Si. But Chilax,
Where are her Women?

Chi. None but your Graces Sister,
Because she would have it private to the World yet,
Knows of this business.

Si. I shall thank thee, Chilax,
Thou art a careful man.

Chi. Your Graces Servant.

Si. I'll find a fit place for thee.

Chi. If you will not,
There's a good Lady will, she points ye forward,
Away and take your fortune; not a word, Sir:
So, you are greas'd I hope. [Ex. Si. and Cloe, manet Chilax.

Enter Stremon, Fool, and Boy.

Chi. Stremon, Fool, Picus,
Where have you left your Lord?

Stremon. I' th' Temple, Chilax.

Chi. Why are ye from him?

Stremon. Why, the King is with him,
And all the Lords.

Chi. Is not the Princess there too?

Stremon. Yes.

And the strangest Coil amongst 'em; She weeps bitterly:
The King entreats, and frowns, my Lord like Autumn
Drops off his hopes by handfulls; all the Temple
Sweats with this Agony.

Chi. Where's young Polydore?

Stremon. Dead, as they said, o' th' sudden.

Chi. Dead?

Stremon. For certain,
But not yet known abroad.

Chi. There's a new trouble,
A brave young man he was; but we must all dye.

Stremon. Did not the General meet you this morning
Like a tall Stallion Nun?

Chi. No more o' that, Boy.

Stremon. You had been ferretting.

Chi. That's all one, Fool;
My Master Fool that taught my wits to traffick,
What has your Wisdom done? how have you profited?
Out with your Audit: come, you are not empty,
Put out mine eye with twelve-pence? do you shaker?
What think you of this shaking? here's wit, Coxcomb,
Ha Boys? ha my fine Rascals, here's a Ring, } Pulls out
How right they go! } a Purse.

Fool. O let me ring the fore Bell.

And here are thumpers, Chiqueens, golden rogues,
Wit, wit, ye Rascals.

Fool. I have a Styre here, Chilax:

Chi. I have no Gold to cure it, not a penny,
Not one cross, Cavalier; we are dull Souldiers,
Gross heavy-headed fellows; fight for Victuals?

Fool. Why, ye are the Spirits of the time.

Chi. By no means.

Fool. The valiant firie.

Chi. Fie, fie, no.

Fool. Be-lee me, Sir.

Chi. I wou'd I cou'd, Sir.

Fool. I will fatisfie ye.

Chi. But I will not content you; alas poor Boy,
Thou shew'st an honest Nature, weepst for thy Master,
There's a red Rogue to buy thee Handkerchiefs.

Fool. He was an honest Gentleman, I have lost too.

Chi. You have indeed your labour, Fool; but Stremon,
Dost thou want money too? no Vertue living?
No firking out at fingers ends?

Stremon. It seems so.

Chi. Will ye all serve me?

Stremon. Yes, when ye are Lord General,
For less I will not go.

Chi. There's Gold for thee then,
Thou hast a Souldiers mind. Fool——

Fool. Here, your first man.

Chi. I will give thee for thy Wit, for 'tis a fine wit,
A dainty diving Wit; hold up, just nothing,
Go graze i' th' Commons, yet I am merciful——
There's six-pence: buy a Saucer, steal an old Gown,
And beg i' th' Temple for a Prophet, come away Boys,
Let's see how things are carried, Fool, up Sirrah,
You may chance get a dinner: Boy, your preferment
I'll undertake, for your brave Masters fake,
You shall not perish.

Fool. Chilax.

Chi. Please me well, Fool.
And you shall light my pipes: away to the Temple.
But stay, the King's here, sport upon sport, Boys.

Enter King, Lords, Siphax kneeling, Cloe with a Vail.

King. What would you have, Captain?
Speak suddenly, for I am wondrous busie.

Si. A pardon, Royal Sir.

King. For what?

Si. For that

Which was Heaven's Will, should not be mine alone, Sir;
My marrying with this Lady.

King. It needs no pardon,
For Marriage is no Sin.

Si. Not in it self, Sir;
But in prefuming too much: yet Heaven knows,
So does the Oracle that cast it on me,
And—— the Princess, royal Sir.

King. What Princess?

Si. O be not angry my dread King, your Sister.

King. My Sister; she's i' th' Temple, Man.

Si. She is here, Sir.

Lord. The Captain's mad, she's kneeling at the Altar.

King. I know she is; with all my heart good Captain,
I do forgive ye both: be unvail'd, Lady. [Puts off her Vail.
Will ye have more forgiveness? the man's frantick,
Come let's go bring her out: God give ye joy, Sir.

Si. How, Cloe? my old Cloe? [Ex. King, Lords.

Clo. Even the same, Sir.

Chi. Gods give your manhood much content.

Stremon. The Princess
Looks something musty since her coming over.

Fool. 'Twere good you'd brush her over.

Si. Fools and Fidlers

Make sport at my abuse too?

Fool. O 'tis the Nature

Of us Fools to make bold with one another,

But you are wise, brave sirs.

Chi. Cheer up your Princes,
Believe it Sir, the King will not be angry,
Or say he were; why, 'twas the Oracle:
The Oracle, an't like your Grace, the Oracle.

Strem. And who, most mighty Siphax?

Siph. With mine own whore. (science,

Cloe. With whom else should ye marry, speak your con-
Will ye transgress the law of Arms, that ever
Rewards the Souldier with his own sins?

Siph. Devils.

Cloe. Ye had my maiden-head, my youth, my sweetness,
Is it not justice then? — Siph. I see it must be,
But by this hand, Ple hang a lock upon thee.

Cloe. You shall not need, my honour shall do it.

Siph. If there be wars in all the world —

Cloe. Ple with ye,

For you know I have been a Souldier,
Come, curse on: when I need another Oracle.

Chi. Send for me Siphax, Ple fit ye with a Princess,
And so to both your honours. Fool. And your graces.

Siph. The Devil grace ye all.

Cloe. God a mercy Chilax.

Chi. Shall we laugh half an hour now?

Strem. No the King comes,
And all the train.

Chi. Away then, our Act's ended. [Exeunt.

Enter King, Calis, Memnon, and Cleanthe, Lords.

King. You know he do's deserve ye, loves ye dearly,
You know what bloody violence had us'd
Upon himself, but that his Brother cross it,
You know the same thoughts still inhabit in him
And covet to take birth: Look on him Lady,
The wars have not so far consum'd him yet,
Cold age disabled him, or sickness sunk him

The Hearse
ready, Poly-
dor, Eume-
nes & Cap-
tains.

To be abhor'd: look on his Honour Sister,
That bears no stamp of time, no wrinkles on it,
No sad demolishment, nor death can reach it:
Look with the eyes of Heaven that nightly waken,
To view the wonders of the glorious Maker,
And not the weakness: look with your vertuous eyes,
And then clad royaltie in all his conquests,
His matchless love hung with a thousand merits,
Eternal youth attending, Fame and Fortune,
Time and Oblivion vexing at his vertues,
He shall appear a miracle: look on our dangers,
Look on the publick ruin. Calis. O, dear Brother.

King. Fic, let us not like proud and greedy waters
Gain to give off again: this is our Sea,
And you his Cynthia, govern him, take heed,
His floods have been as high, and full as any,
And gloriously now is got up to the girdle,
The Kingdomes he hath purchas'd; noble Sister,
Take not your vertue from him, O take heed
We ebbe not now to nothing, take heed Calis.

Calis. The will of Heaven not mine, which must not alter,
And my eternal doom for ought I know
Is fixt upon me; alas, I must love nothing,
Nothing that loves again must I be blest with:
The gentle Vine climbs up the Oke and clips him,
And when the stroke comes, yet they fall together;
Death, death must I enjoy, and live to love him,
O noble Sir! Mem. Those tears are some reward yet,
Pray let me wed your sorrows.

Calis. Take 'em Souldier,
They are fruitfull ones, lay but a sigh upon 'em,
And straight they will conceive to infinites;
I told ye what ye would find 'em.

Enter Funeral, Captains following, and Eumenes.

King. How now, what's this? more drops to th' Ocean?
Whose body's this? Eum. The noble Polydor,
This speaks his death. Mem. My Brother dead?

Calis. O Goddes!

O cruel, cruel Venus, here's my fortune.

King. Read Captain.

Mem. Read aloud: farewell my follies.

[Eumen. reads to the Excellent Princess Calis.

Eum. Be wise, as you are beauteous, love with judgement,
And look with clear eyes on my noble Brother,
Value desert and vertue, they are Jewels,
Fit for your worth and wearing: take heed Lady,
The Gods reward ingratitude most grievous;
Remember me no more, or if you must,
Seek me in noble Memmons love, I dwell there:
I durst not live, because I durst not wrong him,
I can no more, make me eternal happy
With looking down upon your loves. Farewel.

Mem. And did'st thou die for me?

King. Excellent vertue!

What will ye now doe?

Calis. Dwell for ever here Sir.

Mem. For me dear Polydor? O worthy young man!
O love, love, love, love above recompence!
Infinite love, infinite honesty!

Good Lady leave, you must have no share here,
Take home your sorrows: here's enough to store me,
Brave glorious griefs! was ever such a Brother?
Turn all the stories over in the world yet,
And search through all the memories of mankind,
And find me such a friend; h'as out-done all,
Outstript 'em sheerly, all, all, thou hast Polydor,
To die for me; why, as I hope for happiness,
'Twas one of the rarest thought on things,
The bravest, and carried beyond compass of our actions,
I wonder how he hit it, a young man too,
In all the blossomes of his youth and beautie,
In all the fulness of his veins and wishes
Woo'd by that Paradise, that would catch Heaven;
It starts me extreamly, thou blest Ashes,
Thou faithfull monument, where love and friendship
Shall while the world is, work new miracles.

Calis. O! let me speak too.

Mem. No not yet; thou man,
(For we are but mans shadows,) only man,
I have not words to utter him; speak Lady,
Ple think a while.

Calis. The Goddes grants me this yet,
I shall enjoy the dead: no tomb shall hold thee
But these two arms, no Trickments but my tears
Over thy Hearse, my sorrows like sad arms
Shall hang for ever: on the tuffest Marble
Mine eyes shall weep thee out an Epitaph,
Love at thy feet shall kneel, his smart bow broken;
Faith at thy head, youth and the Graces mourners;
O sweet young man!

King. Now I begin to melt too.

Mem. Have ye enough yet Lady? room for a gamester.
To my fond Love, and all those idle fancies
A long farewell, thou diedst for me dear Polydor,
To give me peace, thou hast eternal glory,
I stay and talk here; I will kiss thee first,
And now I'll follow thee. [Polydor rises.

Pol. Hold, for Heavens sake! Mem. Ha!

Does he live?
Dost thou deceive me? Pol. Thus far,
Yet for your good, and honour.

King. Now dear Sister.

Calis. The Oracle is ended, noble Sir,
Dispose me now as you please.

Pol. You are mine then?

Calis. With all the joyes that may be.

Pol. Your consent Sir? King. Ye have it freely.

Pol. Walk along with me then,

And as you love me, love my will. Calis. I will so.

Pol. Here worthy Brother, take this vertuous Princess,
Ye have deserv'd her nobly, she will love ye,

And when my life shall bring ye peace, as she does,
Command it, ye shall have it. *Mem.* Sir, I thank ye.

King. I never found such goodnes in such years.

Mem. Thou shalt not over-doe me, though I die for't,
O how I love thy goodnes, my best Brother,
You have given me here a treasure to enrich me,
Would make the worthiest King alive a begger,
What may I give you back again?

Pol. Your love Sir.

Mem. And you shall have it, even my dearest love,
My first, my noblest love, take her again, Sir,
She is yours, your honesty has over-runme,
She loves ye, lose her not: excellent Princess,
Injoy thy wish, and now get Generals.

Pol. As ye love heaven, love him, she is on'y yours, Sir.

Mem. As ye love heaven, love him, she is only yours, Sir;
My Lord, the King. *Pol.* He will undoe himself Sir,
And must without her perish; who shall fight then?
Who shall protect your Kingdom?

Mem. Give me hearing,

And after that, belief, were she my soul
(As I do love her equal) all my victories,
And all the living names I have gain'd by war,
And loving him that good, that vertuous good man,
That only worthy of the name of Brother,
I would resign all freely, 'tis all love

To me, all marriage rites, the joy of issues
To know him fruitfull, that has been so faithfull. (*Inter-*

King. This is the noblest difference; take your choice Sir.

Calis. I see they are so brave, and noble both,
I know not which to look on. *Pol.* Chuse discreetly,
And vertue guide ye, there all the world in one man
Stands at the mark. *Mem.* There all mans honestie,

The sweetnes of all youth— *Cal.* O God's!

Mem. My Armour,

By all the God's she's yours; my Arms, I say,
And I beseech your Grace, give me imployment,
That shall be now my Mistres, there my Courtship.

King. Ye shall have any thing.

Mem. Vertuous Lady,

Remember me, your Servant now; Young man,
You cannot over-reach me in your goodnes;
O love! how sweet thou look'st now? and how gentle?
I should have slubber'd thee, and stain'd thy beauty;
Your hand, your hand Sir?

King. Take her, and Heaven blefs her.

Mem. So.

Pol. 'Tis your will Sir, nothing of my merit;
And as your royal gift, I take this blessing.

Cal. And I from heaven this gentleman: thanks Goddess.

Mem. So ye are pleas'd now Lady?

Calis. Now or never.

Mem. My cold stiff carcass would have frozen ye,
Wars, wars.

King. Ye shall have wars.

Mem. My next brave battel

I dedicate to your bright honour, Sister,
Give me a favour, that the world may know
I am your Souldier.

Calis. This, and all fair Fortunes.

Mem. And he that bears this from me, must strike boldly.
[Cleanthe kneeling.]

Calis. I do forgive thee: be honest; no more wench.

King. Come now to Revels, this blest day shall prove
The happy crown of noble Faith and Love.

[Exeunt.]

Prologue.

TO please all's impossib'le, and to despair
Ruins our selves, and damps the Writers care:
Would we knew what to doe, or say, or when
To find the mindes here equal with the men:
But we must venture; now to Sea we goe,
Faire fortune with us, give us room, and blow;
Remember ye're all venturers; and in this Play
How many twelve-pences ye have 'stow'd this day:
Remember for return of your delight,
We launch, and plough through storms of fear, and spight:
Give us your fore-winds fairly, fill our wings,
And steer us right, and as the Saylor sings,
Loaden with Wealth, on wanton seas, so we
Shall make our home-bound-voyage chearfully;
And you our noble Merchants, for your treasure
Share equally the fraught, we run for pleasure.

Epilogue.

Here lyes the doubt now, let our Playes be good,
Our own care sailing equall in this Flood;
Our preparations new, new our Attire,
Yet here we are becalm'd still, still i'th' mire,
Here we stick fast; Is there no way to clear
This passage of your judgement, and our fear,
No mitigation of that law? Brave friends,
Consider we are yours, made for your ends,
And every thing preserves it self, each will
If not perverse, and crooked, utter still
The best of that it ventures in: have care
Ev'n for your pleasures sake, of what we are,
And do not ruine all, You may frown still,
But 'tis the nobler way, to check the will.

THE
LOYAL SUBJECT,
A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Great Duke of Moscovia.

Archas, the Loyal Subject, General of the Moscovites.

Theodore, Son to Archas; valorous, but impatient.

Putskie alias Briskie, a Captain, Brother to Archas.

Alinda alias Archas, Son to Archas.

Burriss, an honest Lord, the Dukes Favourite.

Boroskie, a malicious seducing Councillor to the Duke.

Ensign to Archas, a stout merry Souldier.

Souldiers.

Gentlemen.

Guard.

Servants.

W O M E N.

Olympia, Sister to the Duke.

Honora, } Daughters of Archas.

Viola, }

Potesca, } Servants to Olympia.

Ladies, }

Bawd, a Court Lady.

The Scene Mosco.

The principal Actors were,

<i>Richard Burbadge.</i>	}	<i>Nathanael Feild.</i>
<i>Henry Condell.</i>		<i>John Underwood.</i>
<i>John Lowin.</i>		<i>Nicholas Toolie.</i>
<i>Richard Sharpe.</i>		<i>William Eglestone.</i>

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter Theodor and Putskie.

The. **C**aptain, your friend's prefer'd, the Princess has
Who, I assure my self, will use her nobly;
A pretty sweet one 'tis indeed.

Put. Well bred, Sir,

I do deliver that upon my credit,
And of an honest stock.

The. It seems so, Captain,
And no doubt will do well.

Put. Thanks to your care, Sir;
But tell me Noble Colonel, why this habit
Of discontent is put on through the Army?
And why your valiant Father, our great General,
The hand that taught to strike, the Love that led all;
Why he, that was the Father of the War,
He that begot, and bred the Souldier,
Why he sits shaking of his Arms, like Autumn,

(*her,*

His Colours folded, and his Drums cas'd up,
The tongue of War for ever ty'd within us?

The. It must be so: Captain you are a stranger,
But of a small time here a Souldier,
Yet that time shews ye a right good, and great one;
Else I could tell ye hours are strangely alter'd:
The young Duke has too many eyes upon him,
Too many fears 'tis thought too, and to nourish those,
Maintains too many Instruments.

Put. Turn their hearts,
Or turn their heels up, Heaven: 'Tis strange it should be:
The old Duke lov'd him dearly.

The. He deserv'd it;
And were he not my Father, I durst tell ye,
The memorable hazards he has run through
Deserv'd of this man too; highly deserv'd too;
Had they been less, they had been safe *Putskie*,
And sooner reach'd regard.

Put.

Put. There you struck sure, Sir.

The. Did I never tell thee of a vow he made
Some years before the old Duke dyed?

Put. I have heard ye
Speak often of that vow; but how it was,
Or to what end, I never understood yet.

The. Ple tell thee then: and then thou wilt find the reason:

The last great Muster, ('twas before ye serv'd here,
Before the last Dukes death, whose honour'd bones
Now rest in peace) this young Prince had the ordering,
(To Crown his Fathers hopes) of all the Army:
Who (to be short) put all his power to practise;
Fashion'd, and drew 'em up: but alas, so poorly,
So raggedly and loofely, so unfouldier'd,
The good Duke blush'd, and call'd unto my Father,
Who then was General: Go, *Archus*, speedily,
And chide the Boy, before the Souldiers find him,
Stand thou between his ignorance and them,
Fashion their bodies new to thy direction;
Then draw thou up, and shew the Prince his errours.
My Sire obey'd, and did so; with all duty
Inform'd the Prince, and read him all directions:
This bred distaste, distaste grew up to anger,
And anger into wild words broke out thus:
Well, *Archus*, if I live but to command here,
To be but Duke once, I shall then remember.
I shall remember truly, trust me; I shall,
And by my Fathers hand—the rest his eyes spoke.
To which my Father answer'd (somewhat mov'd too)

And with a vow he seal'd it: Royal Sir,
Since for my faith and fights, your scorn and anger
Only pursue me; if I live to that day,
That day so long expected to reward me,
By his so ever noble hand you swore by,
And by the hand of Justice, never Arms more
Shall rib this body in, nor sword hang here, Sir:
The Conflicts I will do you service then in,
Shall be repentant prayers: So they parted.
The time is come; and now ye know the wonder.

Put. I find a fear too, which begins to tell me,
The Duke will have but poor and slight defences,
If his hot humour reign, and not his honour:
How stand you with him, Sir?

The. A perdue Captain,
Full of my Fathers danger.

Pet. He has rais'd a young man,
They say a slight young man, I know him not,
For what desert?

The. Believe it, a brave Gentleman,
Worth the Dukes respect, a clear sweet Gentleman,
And of a noble soul: Come let's retire us,
And wait upon my Father, who within this hour
You will find an alter'd man.

Put. I am sorry for't, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Olympia, and two Gentlewomen.

Olym. Is't not a handsome Wench?

2 Wom. She is well enough, Madam:
I have seen a better face, and a straighter body,
And yet she is a pretty Gentlewoman.

Olym. What thinkst thou *Petesca*?

Pet. Alas, Madam, I have no skill, she has a black eye,
Which is of the least too, and the dullest water:
And when her mouth was made, for certain Madam,
Nature intended her a right good stomach.

Olym. She has a good hand.

2 Wom. 'Tis good enough to hold fast,
And strong enough to strangle the neck of a Lute.

Olym. What think ye of her colour?

Pet. If it be her own

'Tis good black blood: right weather-proof
I warrant it.

2 Wom. What a strange pace she has got?

Olym. That's but her breeding.

Pet. And what a manly body? me thinks she looks
As though she would pitch the Bar, or go to Buffets.

2 Wom. Yet her behaviour's utterly against it,
For me thinks she is too bashful.

Olym. Is that hurtful?

2 Wom. Even equal to too bold: either of 'em, Madam,
May do her injury when time shall serve her.

Olym. You discourse learnedly, call in the wench. [*Ex. Gent.*]
What envious fools are you? Is the rule general,
That Women can speak handsomly of none,
But those they are bred withal?

Pet. Scarce well of those, Madam,
If they believe they may out shine 'em any way:
Our natures are like Oyl, compound us with any thing,
Yet still we strive to swim o' th' top:

Suppose there were here now,
Now in this Court of *Mosco*, a stranger Princess,
Of bloud and beauty equal to your excellence,
As many eyes and services stuck on her;
What would you think?

Olym. I would think she might deserve it.

Pet. Your Grace shall give me leave not to believe ye;
I know you are a Woman, and so humour'd:
Ple tell ye Madam, I could then get more Gowns on ye,
More Caps and Feathers, more Scarfs, and more Silk-stockings
With rocking you asleep with nightly railings
Upon that Woman, than if I had nine lives
I could wear out: by this hand ye would scratch her eyes out.

Olym. Thou art deceiv'd fool;
Now let your own eye mock ye.

Enter Gentlewoman and Alinda.

Come hither Girl: hang me and she be not a handsome one.

Pet. I fear it will prove indeed so.

Olym. Did you ever serve yet
In any place of worth?

Alin. No, Royal Lady.

Pet. Hold up your head; fie.

Olym. Let her alone, stand from her.

Alin. It shall be now,

Of all the blessings my poor youth has pray'd for,
The greatest and the happiest to serve you;
And might my promise carry but that credit
To be believ'd, because I am yet a stranger,
Excellent Lady, when I fall from duty,
From all the service that my life can lend me,
May everlasting misery then find me.

Olym. What think ye now? I do believe, and thank ye;
And sure I shall not be so far forgetful,
To see that honest faith die unrewarded:
What must I call your name?

Alin. *Alinda*, Madam.

Olym. Can ye sing?

Alin. A little, when my grief will give me leave, Lady.

Olym. What grief canst thou have Wench?
Thou art not in love?

Alin. If I be Madam, 'tis only with your goodness;
For yet I never saw that man I sigh'd for.

Olym. Of what years are you?

Alin. My Mother oft has told me,
That very day and hour this land was blest
With your most happy birth, I first saluted
This worlds fair light: Nature was then so busie,
And all the Graces to adorn your goodness,
I stole into the world poor and neglected.

Olym. Something there was, when I first look'd upon thee,
Made me both like and love thee: now I know it;
And you shall find that knowledge shall not hurt you:
I hope ye are a Maid?

Alin. I hope so too, Madam;

I am sure for any man: and were I otherwise,
Of all the services my hopes could point at,

I durst not touch at yours.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Burris, and Gent.

Pet. The great Duke, Madam.

Duk. Good morrow, Sister.

Oym. A good day to your highness.

Duk. I am come to pray you use no more persuasions
For this old stubborn man: nay to command ye:
His fail is swell'd too full: he is grown too insolent,
Too self affected, proud: those poor slight services
He has done my Father, and my self, has blown him
To such a pitch, he flies to stoop our favours.

Oym. I am sorry Sir: I ever thought those services
Both great and noble.

Bur. However, may it please ye
But to consider 'em a true hearts Servants,
Done out of faith to you, and not self-fame:
Do but consider royal Sir, the dangers;
When you have slept secure, the mid-night tempests,
That as he marcht sung through his aged locks;
When you have fed at full, the wants and famins;
The fires of Heaven, when you have found all temperate,
Death with his thousand doors ———

Duk. I have consider'd;
No more: and that I will have, shall be.

Oym. For the best,
I hope all still.

Duk. What handfom wench is that there?

Oym. My Servant, Sir.

Duk. Prethee observe her *Burris*,
Is she not wondrous handfom? speak thy freedom.

Bur. She appears no less to me Sir.

Duk. Of whence is she?

Ol. Her Father I am told is a good Gentleman,
But far off dwelling: her desire to serve me
Brought her to th' Court, and here her friends have left her.

Du. She may find better friends:
Ye are welcom fair one,
I have not seen a sweeter: By your Ladies leave:
Nay stand up sweet, we'll have no superstition:
You have got a Servant; you may use him kindly,
And he may honour ye: [Ex. Duke and Burris.
Good morrow Sister. (shes?)

Ol. Good morrow to your Grace. How the wench blu-
How like an Angel now she looks?

Wom. At first jump
Jump into the Dukes arms? we must look to you,
Indeed we must, the next jump we are journeymen.

Pet. I see the ruine of our hopes already,
Would she were at home again, milking her Fathers Cows.

Wom. I fear she'll milk all the great Courtiers first.

Oym. This has not made ye proud?

Al. No certain, Madam.

Oym. It was the Duke that kist ye.

Al. 'Twas your Brother,
And therefore nothing can be meant but honour.

Ol. But say he love ye?

Al. That he may with safety:

A Princes love extends to all his subjects.

Ol. But say in more particular?

Al. Pray fear not:

For vertues sake deliver me from doubts, Lady:
'Tis not the name of King, nor all his promises,
His glories, and his greatness stuck about me,
Can make me prove a Traitor to your service:
You are my Mistris, and my noble Master,
Your vertues my ambition, and your favour
The end of all my love, and all my fortune:
And when I fail in that faith ———

Ol. I believe thee,
Come wipe your eyes; I do: take you example ———

Petf. I would her eyes were out.

Wom. If the wind stand in this door,
We shall have but cold custome: some trick or other,

And speedily.

Pet. Let me alone to think on't.

Ol. Come, be you near me still.

Al. With all my duty.

[Exeunt.]

SCENA III.

Enter Archas, Theodor, Putskie, Ancient, and Souldiers,
carrying his armour piece-meale, his Colours wound up,
and his Drums in Cases.

Theod. This is the heaviest march we e're trod Captain.

Putsf. This was not wont to be: these honour'd pieces
The fierie god of war himself would smile at,
Buckl'd upon that body, were not wont thus,
Like Reliques to be offer'd to long rust,
And heavy-ey'd oblivion brood upon 'em.

Arch. There set 'em down: and glorious war farewell;
Thou child of honour and ambitious thoughts,
Begot in bloud, and nurs'd with Kingdomes ruines;
Thou golden danger, courted by thy followers
Through fires and famins, for one title from thee ———
Prodigal man-kind spending all his fortunes;
A long farewell I give thee: Noble Arms,
You ribs for mighty minds, you Iron houses,
Made to defie the thunder-claps of Fortune,
Rust and consuming time must now dwell with ye:
And thou good Sword that knewst the way to conquest,
Upon whose fatal edge despair and death dwelt,
That when I shook thee thus, fore-shew'd destruction,
Sleep now from bloud, and grace my Monument:
Farewel my Eagle; when thou flew'st, whole Armies
Have stoopt below thee: At Passage I have seen thee,
Ruffle the *Tartars*, as they fled thy furie;
And bang 'em up together, as a Tassel,
Upon the stretch, a flock of fearfull Pigeons.
I yet remember when the *Volga* curl'd;

The aged *Volga*, when he heav'd his head up;
And rais'd his waters high, to see the ruines;
The ruines our Swords made, the bloody ruines,
Then flew this Bird of honour bravely, Gentlemen;
But these must be forgotten: so must these too,
And all that tend to Arms, by me for ever.
Take 'em you holy men; my Vow take with 'em,
Never to wear 'em more: Trophies I give 'em,
And sacred Rites of war to adorn the Temple:
There let 'em hang, to tell the world their master
Is now Devotions Souldier, fit for prayer.
Why do ye hang your heads? why look you sad friends?
I am not dying yet.

Theod. Ye are indeed to us Sir.

Putsf. Dead to our fortunes, General.

Arch. You'll find a better,

A greater, and a stronger man to lead ye,
And to a stronger fortune: I am old, friends,
Time, and the war together make me stoop, Gentlemen,
Stoop to my grave: my mind unfurnish'd too,
Emptie and weak as I am: my poor body,
Able for nothing now but contemplation;
And that will be a task too to a Souldier:
Yet had they but encourag'd me, or thought well
Of what I have done, I think I should have ventur'd
For one knock more, I should have made a shift yet
To have broke one staff more handfomly, and have died
Like a good fellow, and an honest Souldier,
In the head of ye all, with my Sword in my hand,
And so have made an end of all with credit.

Theod. Well, there will come an hour, when all these
These secure slights ——— (injuries,

Ar. Ha! no more of that siraah,
Not one word more of that I charge ye.

Theod. I must speak Sir.

And may that tongue forget to sound your service,
That's dumb to your abuses.

Ar. Understand fool,

That voluntary I sit down.

Theod. You are forced, Sir,
Forced for your safety: I too well remember
The time and cause, and I may live to curse 'em:
You made this Vow, and whose unnobleness,
Indeed forgetfulness of good——

Ar. No more,
As thou art mine no more.

The. Whose doubts and envies——
But the Devil will have his due.

Putf. Good gentle Colonel.

The. And though disgraces, and contempt of Honour
Reign now, the Wheel must turn again.

Ar. Peace Sirrah,
Your tongue's too saucy: do you stare upon me?
Down with that heart, down suddenly, down with it,
Down with that disobedience; tye that tongue up.

Theod. Tongue?

Ar. Do not provoke me to forget my Vow, Sirrah.
And draw that fatal Sword again in anger.

Putf. For Heavens sake, Colonel,

Ar. Do not let me doubt
Whose Son thou art, because thou canst not suffer:
Do not play with mine anger; if thou dost,
By all the Loyalty my heart holds——

Theod. I have done, Sir,
Pray pardon me.

Ar. I pray be worthy of it:
Beswore your heart, you have vexed me.

The. I am sorry, Sir.

Ar. Go to, no more of this: be true and honest,
I know ye are man enough, mould it to just ends,
And let not my disgraces, then I am miserable,
When I have nothing left me but thy angers.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Burris, Boroskie, Attend. and Gent.

Putf. And't please ye, Sir, the Duke.

Duk. Now, what's all this?

The meaning of this ceremonious Emblem?

Ar. Your Grace should first remember——

Borosf. There's his Nature.

Duk. I do, and shall remember still that injury,
That at the Muster, where it pleas'd your Greatness
To laugh at my poor Souldiership, to scorn it;
And more to make me seem ridiculous,
Took from my hands my charge.

Bur. O think not so, Sir.

Duk. And in my Fathers sight.

Ar. Heaven be my witness,

I did no more, (and that with modesty,
With Love and Faith to you) than was my warrant,
And from your Father seal'd: nor durst that rudeness,
And impudence of scorn fall from my 'haviour,
I ever yet knew duty.

Du. We shall teach ye,
I well remember too, upon some words I told ye,
Then at that time, some angry words ye answer'd,
If ever I were Duke, you were no Souldier.
You have kept your word, and so it shall be to you,
From henceforth I dismiss you; take your ease, Sir.

Ar. I humbly thank your Grace; this walted Body,
Beaten and bruised with Arms, dry'd up with troubles,
Is good for nothing else but quiet, now Sir,
And holy Prayers; in which, when I forget
To thank Heaven for all your bounteous favours,
May that be deaf, and my Petitions perish. (pride in?)

Borosf. What a smooth humble Cloak he has cas'd his
And how he has pull'd his Claws in? there's no trusting——

Bur. Speak for the best.

Bor. Believe I shall do ever.

Du. To make ye understand, we feel not yet
Such dearth of Valour, and Experience,
Such a declining Age of doing Spirits,
That all should be confin'd within your excellence,

And you, or none be honour'd, take *Boroskie*,
The place he has commanded, lead the Souldier;
A little time will bring thee to his honour,
Which has been nothing but the Worlds opinion,
The Souldiers fondness, and a little fortune,
Which I believe his Sword had the least share in.

Theod. O that I durst but answer now.

Putf. Good Colonel.

Theod. My heart will break else: Royal Sir, I know not
What you esteem mens lives, whose hourly labours,
And loss of Blood, consumptions in your service,
Whose Bodies are acquainted with more miseries,
And all to keep you safe, than Dogs or Slaves are.
His Sword the least share gain'd?

Du. You will not fight with me?

Theod. No Sir, I dare not,
You are my Prince, but I dare speak to ye,
And dare speak truth, which none of their ambitions
That be informers to you, dare once think of;
Yet truth will now but anger ye; I am sorry for't,
And so I take my leave. [Exit.

Du. Ev'n when you please, Sir.

Ar. Sirrah, see me no more.

Du. And so may you too:

You have a house i'th' Country, keep you there, Sir,
And when you have rul'd your self, teach your Son man-
For this time I forgive him, (ners,

Ar. Heaven forgive all;

And to your Grace a happy and long Rule here.
And you Lord General, may your fights be prosperous.
In all your Course may Fame and Fortune court you.
Fight for your Country, and your Princes safety;
Boldly, and bravely face your Enemy,
And when you strike, strike with that killing Vertue,
As if a general Plague had seiz'd before ye;
Danger, and doubt, and labour cast behind ye;
And then come home an old and noble Story.

Bur. A little comfort, Sir.

Du. As little as may be:

Farewel, you know your limit.

[Ex. Duke, &c.

Bur. Alas, brave Gentleman.

Ar. I do, and will observe it suddenly,
My Grave; I, that's my limit; 'tis no new thing,
Nor that can make me start, or tremble at it,
To buckle with that old grim Souldier now:
I have seen him in his fowrest shapes, and dreadfull'st;
I, and I thank my honesty, have stood him:
That audit's cast; farewel my honest Souldiers,
Give me your hands; farewel, farewel good *Ancient*,
A stout man, and a true, thou art come in sorrow.
Blessings upon your Swords, may they ne'r fail ye;
You do but change a man; your fortune's constant;
That by your ancient Valours is ty'd fast still;
Be valiant still, and good: and when ye fight next,
When flame and fury make but one face of horror,
When the great rest of all your honour's up,
When you would think a Spell to shake the enemy,
Remember me, my Prayers shall be with ye:
So once again farewel.

Putf. Let's wait upon ye.

Ar. No, no, it must not be; I have now left me
A single Fortune to my self, no more,
Which needs no train, nor complement; good Captain,
You are an honest and a sober Gentleman,
And one I think has lov'd me.

Putf. I am sure on't.

Ar. Look to my Boy, he's grown too headstrong for me.
And if they think him fit to carry Arms still,
His life is theirs; I have a house i'th' Country,
And when your better hours will give you liberty,
See me: you shall be welcome. Fortune to ye. [Exit.

Anc. I'll cry no more, that will do him no good,
And 'twill but make me dry, and I have no money:
I'll fight no more, and that will do them harm;

And

And if I can do that, I care not for money: (luck too
I could have curst reasonable well, and I have had the
To have 'em hit sometimes. Whosoever thou art,
That like a Devil didst possess the Duke
With these malicious thoughts, mark what I say to thee,
A Plague upon thee, that's but the Preamble.

Sold. O take the Pox too.

Anc. They'll cure one another;
I must have none but kills, and those kill stinking:
Or look ye, let the single Pox possess them,
Or Pox upon Pox.

Putf. That's but ill i'th' arms, Sir.

Anc. 'Tis worse i'th' Legs, I would not wish it else:
And may those grow to scabs as big as Mole-hills,
And twice a day, the Devil with a Curry-Comb
Scratch 'em, and scrub 'em: I warrant him he has 'em.

Sold. May he be ever lowzie.

Anc. That's a pleasure,
The Beggar's Lechery; sometimes the Souldiers:
May he be ever lazie, stink where he stands,
And Maggots breed in's Brains.

Sold. I, marry Sir,
May he fall mad in love with his Grand-mother,
And kissing her, may her teeth drop into his mouth,
And one fall cross his throat, then let him gargle.

Enter a Post.

Putf. Now, what's the matter?

Post. Where's the Duke, pray, Gentlemen?

Putf. Keep on your way, you cannot miss.

Post. I thank ye.

[Exit.]

Anc. If he be married, may he dream he's cuckold'd,
And when he wakes believe, and swear he saw it,
Sue a Divorce, and after find her honest:
Then in a pleasant Pigstye, with his own garters,
And a fine running knot, ride to the Devil.

Putf. If these would do——

Anc. I'll never trust my mind more,
If all these fail.

Sold. What shall we do now, Captain?
For by this honest hand I'll be torn in pieces,
Unless my old General go, or some that love him,
And love us equal too, before I fight more:
I can make a Shooe yet, and draw it on too,
If I like the Leg well.

Anc. Fight? 'tis likely:
No, there will be the sport Boys, when there's need on's.
They think the other Crown will do, will carry us,
And the brave golden Coat of Captain *Cankro*
Boroskie. What a noise his very name carries?
'Tis Gun enough to fright a Nation,
He needs no Souldiers; if he do, for my part,
I promise ye he's like to seek 'em; so I think you think too,
And all the Army; No, honest, brave old *Archas*,
We cannot so soon leave thy memory,
So soon forget thy goodness: he that does,
The scandal and the scumm of Arms be counted.

Putf. You much rejoice me now you have hit my meaning.
I durst not prefs ye, till I found your spirits:
Continue thus.

Anc. I'll go and tell the Duke on't.

Enter 2 Post.

Putf. No, no, he'll find it soon enough, and fear it,
When once occasion comes: Another Packet!
From whence, Friend, come you?

2 Post. From the Borders, Sir.

Putf. What news, Sir, I beseech you?

2 Post. Fire and Sword, Gentlemen;
The *Tartar*'s up, and with a mighty force,
Comes forward, like a tempest, all before him
Burning and killing.

Anc. Brave Boys, brave news, Boys.

2 Post. Either we must have present help——

Anc. Still braver.

2 Post. Where lies the Duke?

Sold. He's there.

2 Post. 'Save ye, Gentlemen.

[Exit.]

Anc. We are safe enough, I warrant thee:
Now the time's come.

Putf. I, now 'tis come indeed, and now stand firm, Boys,
And let 'em burn on merrily.

Anc. This City would make a fine marvellous Bone-fire:
'Tis old dry timber, and such Wood has no fellow.

2 Sold. Here will be trim piping anon and whining,
Like so many Pigs in a storm,
When they hear the news once.

Enter Boroskie, and Servant.

Putf. Here's one has heard it already;
Room for the General.

Boros. Say I am fain exceeding sick o'th' sudden,
And am not like to live.

Putf. If ye go on, Sir,
For they will kill ye certainly; they look for ye.

Anc. I see your Lordship's bound, take a suppository,
'Tis I, Sir; a poor cast Flag of yours. The foolish *Tartars*
They burn and kill, and't like your honour, kill us,
Kill with Guns, with Guns my Lord, with Guns, Sir.
What says your Lordship to a chick in forrel sops?

Putf. Go, go thy ways old true-penny,
Thou hast but one fault: thou art ev'n too valiant. (ted.
Come, to'th' Army Gentlemen, and let's make them acquaint-

Sold. Away, we are for ye. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Alinda, and two Gentlemen.

Alin. Why, whither run ye Fools; will ye leave my Lady?

Petes. The *Tartar* comes, the *Tartar* comes.

Alin. Why, let him,

I thought you had fear'd no men: upon my conscience
You have try'd their strengths already; stay for shame.

Pet. Shift for thy self, *Alinda*.

[Exit.]

Alin. Beauty blefs ye:

Into what Grooms Feather-Bed will you creep now?
And there mistake the enemy; sweet youths ye are,
And of a constant courage; are you afraid of foining?

Enter Olympia.

Olym. O my good Wench, what shall become of us?
The Posts come hourly in, and bring new danger;
The enemy is past the *Volga*, and bears hither
With all the blood and cruelty he carries,
My Brother now will find his fault.

Alin. I doubt me,
Somewhat too late, Madam. But pray fear not,
All will be well, I hope. Sweet Madam, shake not.

Olym. How cam'st thou by this Spirit? our Sex trembles.

Alin. I am not unacquainted with these dangers;
And you shall know my truth; for ere you perish,
A hundred Swords shall pass through me: 'tis but dying,
And Madam we must do it: the manner's all:
You have a Princely Birth, take Princely thoughts to you,
And take my counsel too; go presently,
With all the haste ye have, (I will attend ye)
With all the possible speed, to old Lord *Archas*,
He honours ye; with all your art persuade him,
('Twill be a dismal time else) woo him hither,
But hither Madam, make him see the danger;
For your new General looks like an Ass;
There's nothing in his face but loss.

Olym. I'll do it.

And thank thee, sweet *Alinda*: O my Jewel,
How much I'm bound to love thee! by this hand, Wench,
If thou wert a man——

Alin. I would I were to fight for you.

But haste dear Madam.

Olym. I need no Spurs *Alinda.*

SCENE V.

Enter Duke, 2 Posts, Attendants, Gentlemen.

Du. The Lord General sick now? is this a time
For men to creep into their Beds? What's become, Post,
Of my Lieutenant?

Post. Beaten, and't please your Grace,
And all his Forces sparkled.

Enter a Gentleman.

Du. That's but cold news:
How now, what good news? are the Souldiers ready?

Ge. Yes Sir, but fight they will not, nor stir from that place
They stand in now, unless they have Lord *Archas*
To lead 'em out; they rail upon this General,
And sing Songs of him, scurvy Songs, to worse tunes:
And much they spare not you, Sir: here they swear
They'll stand and see the City burnt, and dance about it,
Unless Lord *Archas* come before they fight for't:
It must be so, Sir.

Du. I could wish it so too;
And to that end I have sent Lord *Burris* to him;
But all I fear will fail; we must dye, Gentlemen,
And one stroke we'll have for't.

Enter Burris.

What bring'st thou, *Burris*?

Bur. That I am loth to tell; he will not come, Sir;
I found him at his Prayers, there he tells me,
The Enemy shall take him, fit for Heaven:
I urg'd to him all our dangers; his own worths,
The Countries ruine; nay I kneel'd and pray'd him;
He shook his head, let fall a tear, and pointed
Thus with his finger to the Ground; a Grave
I think he meant; and this was all he answer'd.
Your Grace was much to blame:
Where's the new General?

Du. He is sick, poor man.

Bur. He's a poor man indeed, Sir:
Your Grace must needs go to the Souldier.

Du. They have sent me word
They will not stir, they rail at me,
And all the spight they have——
What shout is that there?
Is the Enemy come so near?

[Shout within.]

Enter Archas, Olympia, and Alinda.

Olym. I have brought him, Sir,
At length I have woo'd him thus far.

Du. Happy Sister,
O blessed Woman!

Olym. Use him nobly, Brother;
You never had more need: And Gentlemen,
All the best powers ye have, to tongues turn presently,
To winning and perswading tongues: all my art,
Only to bring him hither, I have utter'd;
Let it be yours to arm him; And good my Lord,
Though I exceed the limit you allow'd me,
Which was the happiness to bring ye hither,
And not to urge ye farther; yet, see your Country,
Out of your own sweet Spirit now behold it:
Turn round, and look upon the miseries,
On every side the fears; O see the dangers;
We find 'em soonest, therefore hear me first, Sir.

Du. Next hear your Prince:
You have said you lov'd him, *Archas*,
And thought your life too little for his service;
Think not your vow too great now, now the time is,
And now you are brought to th' test, touch right now Soul-
Now shew the manly pureness of thy mettle; (dier,
Now if thou beest that valued man, that vertue,
That great obedience teaching all, now stand it.
What I have said forget, my youth was hasty,

And what you said your self forgive, you were angry.
If men could live without their faults, they were gods, *Ar-*
He weeps, and holds his hands up: to him, *Burris.* (*chas.*

Bur. You have shew'd the Prince his faults;
And like a good Surgeon you have laid
That to 'em makes 'em smart; he feels it,
Let 'em not fester now, Sir; your own honour,
The bounty of that mind, and your allegiance,
'Gainst which I take it, Heaven gives no Command, Sir,
Nor seals no Vow, can better teach ye now
What ye have to do, than I, or this necessity;
Only this little's left; would ye do nobly,
And in the Eye of Honour truly triumph?
Conquer that mind first, and then men are nothing.

Alin. Last, a poor Virgin kneels; for loves fake General,
If ever you have lov'd; for her sake, Sir,
For your own honesty, which is a Virgin,
Look up, and pity us, be bold and fortunate,
You are a Knight, a good and noble Souldier,
And when your Spurs were given ye, your Sword buckl'd,
Then were you sworn for Vertues Cause, for Beauties,
For Chastity to strike; strike now, they suffer;
Now draw your Sword, or else you are recreant,
Only a Knight i'th' Heels, i'th' Heart a Coward;
Your first Vow honour made, your last but anger. (too?)

Ar. How like my vertuous Wife this thing looks, speaks
So would she chide my dulness: fair one, I thank ye.
My gracious Sir, your pardon, next your hand:
Madam, your favour, and your prayers: Gentlemen,
Your wishes, and your loves: and pretty sweet one,
A favour for your Souldier.

Olymp. Give him this, Wench.

Alin. Thus do I tye on Victory.

Arc. My Armour,
My Horse, my Sword, my tough Staff, and my Fortune,
And *Olin* now I come to shake thy glory.

Du. Go, brave and prosperous, our loves go with thee.

Olymp. Full of thy vertue, and our Prayers attend thee.

Bur. &c. Loaden with Victory, and we to honour thee.

Alin. Come home the Son of Honour,
And I'll serve ye.

[Exeunt.]

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Burris, and two Gentlemen.

Duke. NO news of *Archas* yet?
Bur. But now, and't please ye,
A Post came in, Letters he brought none with him,
But this deliver'd: He saw the Armies join,
The game of Blood begun, and by our General,
Who never was acquainted but with Conquest,
So bravely fought, he saw the *Tartars* shaken,
And there he said he left 'em.

Du. Where's *Boroskie*?

1 *Gent.* He's up again, and't please ye.

Bur. Sir, methinks

This News should make ye lightsome, bring joy to ye,
It strikes our hearts with general Comfort. [Exit Duke.]
Gone? What should this mean, so suddenly?
He's well?

2 *Gent.* We see no other.

1 *Gent.* Would the rest were well too,
That put these starts into him.

Bur. I'll go after him.

2 *Gent.* 'Twill not be fit, Sir: h'as some secret in him
He would not be disturb'd in: know you any thing
Has cross him since the General went?

Bur. Not any:

If there had been, I am sure I should have found it:
Only I have heard him oft complain for money:
Money he says he wants.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* It may be that then.

Bur. To him that has so many ways to raise it,
And those so honest, it cannot be.

Enter Duke and Boroskie.

1 *Gent.* He comes back,
And Lord *Boroskie* with him.

Bur. There the game goes,
I fear some new thing hatching.

Duke. Come hither *Burris*.
Go see my Sister, and commend me to her,
And to my little *Mistrifs* give this Token;
Tell her I'll see her shortly.

Bur. Yes, I shall, Sir. [Ex. *Bur. and Gent.*]

Duke. Wait you without: I would yet try him further.

Bor. 'Twill not be much amiss: has your Grace heard yet
Of what he has done i'th' Field?

Duke. A Post but now
Came in, who saw 'em joyn, and has delivered,
The Enemy gave ground before he parted.

Bor. 'Tis well.

Duke. Come, speak thy mind man: 'tis not for fighting,
A noise of War, I keep thee in my bosom;
Thy ends are nearer to me; from my Childhood
Thou brought'st me up: and like another nature,
Made good all my necessities: speak boldly.

Bor. Sir, what I utter, will be thought but envy
Though I intend, high heaven knows, but your honour,
When vain and empty people shall proclaim me—
Good Sir excuse me.

Duke. Do you fear me for your Enemy?
Speak on your duty.

Bor. Then I must, and dare, Sir:
When he comes home, take heed the Court receive him not,
Take heed he meet not with their loves and praises,
That *Glafs* will shew him ten times greater, Sir,
(And make him strive to make good that proportion,)
Than ere his fortune bred him, he is honourable,
At least I strive to understand him so,
And of a nature, if not this way poyson'd, (Sir;
Perfect enough, easie, and sweet, but those are soon seduc'd,
He's a great man, and what that *Pill* may work,
Prepar'd by general voices of the people,
Is the end of all my Counsel, only this, Sir,
Let him retire a while, there's more hangs by it
Than you know yet: there if he stand a while well,
But till the *Souldier* cool, whom, for their service
You must pay now most liberally, most freely,
And showre your self into 'em; 'tis the bounty
They follow with their loves, and not the bravery.

Enter two *Gent.*

Duke. But where's the Money? how now?

2 *Gent.* Sir, the *Colonel*,
Son to the Lord *Archas*, with most happy news
Of the *Tartars* overthrow, without here
Attends your Graces pleasure.

Bor. Be not seen, Sir,
He's a bold fellow, let me stand his *Thunders*,
To th' Court he must not come: no blessing here, Sir,
No face of favour, if you love your honour.

Enter *Theodore.*

Duke. Do what you think is meetest; I'll retire, Sir. [Ex.]

Bor. Conduct him in, Sir— welcome noble *Colonel*.

The. That's much from your Lordship: pray where's the

Bor. We hear you have beat the *Tartar*. (Duke?)

The. Is he busie, Sir?

Bor. Have ye taken *Olin* yet?

The. I would fain speak with him.

Bor. How many men have ye lost?

The. Do's he lye this way?

Bor. I am sure you fought it bravely.

The. I must see him.

Bor. You cannot yet, ye must not, what's your Commission?

The. No Gentleman o'th' Chamber here?

Bor. Why, pray ye, Sir?

Am not I fit to entertain your business?

The. I think you are not, Sir; I am sure ye shall not.
I bring no tales, nor flatteries: in my tongue, Sir,
I carry no fork'd stings.

Bor. You keep your bluntness.

The. You are deceiv'd: it keeps me: I had felt else
Some of your plagues ere this: but good Sir trifle not,
I have business to the Duke.

Bor. He's not well, Sir,
And cannot now be spoke withal.

The. Not well, Sir?

How would he ha'been, if we had lost? not well, Sir?
I bring him news to make him well: his enemy
That would have burnt his City here, and your House too,
Your brave gilt house, my Lord, your honours hangings,
Where all your Ancestors, and all their Battels,
Their silk and golden Battels are decipher'd:
That would not only have abus'd your buildings, (ries,
Your goodly buildings, Sir, and have drunk dry your butte-
Purloin'd your Lordships Plate, the Duke bestow'd on you,
For turning handsomly o'th' toe, and trim'd your Virgins,
Trim'd 'em of a new cut, and't like your Lordship,
'Tis ten to one, your Wife too, and the curse is
You had had no remedy against these Rascals,
No Law, and't like your Honour; would have kill'd you too
And roasted ye, and eaten ye, ere this time:
Notable Knaves my Lord, unruly Rascals:
These youths have we ty'd up, put muzzels on 'em,
And par'd their Nails, that honest civil Gentlemen,
And such most noble persons as your self is,
May live in peace, and rule the land with a twine thread.
These news I bring.

Bor. And were they thus deliver'd ye?

The. My Lord, I am no pen-man, nor no Orator,
My tongue was never Oyl'd with Here and't like ye,
There I beseech ye, weigh, I am a Souldier,
And truth I covet only, no fine terms, Sir;
I come not to stand treating here; my business
Is with the Duke, and of such general blessing—

Bor. You have overthrown the enemy, we know it,
And we rejoyce in't; ye have done like honest Subjects,
You have done handsomely and well.

Theo. But well, Sir?

But handsomely and well? what are we juglers?
I'll do all that in cutting up a Capon.
But handsomely and well? does your Lordship take us
For the *Dukes* Tumblers? we have done bravely, Sir,
Ventur'd our lives like men.

Bor. Then bravely be it.

Theo. And for as brave rewards we look, and graces,
We have sweat and bled for't, Sir.

Bor. And ye may have it,
If you will stay the giving. Men that thank themselves first
For any good they do, take off the lustre,
And blot the benefit.

Theo. Are these the welcomes,
The Bells that ring out our rewards? pray heartily,
Early and late, there may be no more Enemies:
Do my good Lord, pray seriously, and sigh too,
For if there be—

Bor. They must be met, and fought with.

Theo. By whom? by you? they must be met and flatter'd.
Why, what a Devil ail'd ye to do these things?
With what assurance dare ye mock men thus?
You have but single lives, and those I take it
A Sword may find too: why do ye dam the Duke up?
And choak that course of love, that like a River
Should fill our empty veins again with comforts?
But if ye use these knick knacks,
This fast and loose, with faithful men and honest,
You'll be the first will find it.

Enter

Enter Archas, Souldiers, Putskey, Ancient, and others.

Boros. You are too untemperate.

Theo. Better be so, and thief too, than unthankful :

Pray use this old man so, and then we are paid all. (ye,

The Duke thanks ye for your service, and the Court thanks

And wonderful desirous they are to see ye;

Pray Heaven we have room enough to march for May-games,

Pageants, and Bone-fires for your welcome home, Sir.

Here your most noble friend the Lord *Boroskie*,

A Gentleman too tender of your credit,

And ever in the Dukes ear, for your good, Sir,

Crazie and sickly, yet to be your servant,

Has leapt into the open air to meet ye. (home, Sir ;

Bor. The best is, your words wound not, you are welcome

Heartily welcome home, and for your service,

The noble overthrow you gave the Enemy,

The Duke salutes ye too with all his thanks, Sir.

Anc. Sure they will now regard us.

Puts. There's a reason :

But by the changing of the Colonels countenance,

The rolling of his eyes like angry Billows ;

I fear the wind's not down yet, *Ancient.*

Arch. Is the Duke well, Sir ?

Boros. Not much unhealthy,

Only a little grudging of an Ague,

Which cannot last: he has heard, which makes him fearful,

And loth as yet to give your worth due welcome,

The sickness hath been somewhat hot i'th' Army,

Which happily may prove more doubt than danger,

And more his fear than fate ; yet howsoever,

An honest care——

Arch. Ye say right, and it shall be;

For though upon my life 'tis but a rumor,

A meer opinion, without faith or fear in't ;

For Sir, I thank Heaven, we never stood more healthy,

Never more high and lusty ; yet to satisfy,

We cannot be too curious, or too careful

Of what concerns his state, we'll draw away, Sir,

And lodge at further distance, and less danger.

Boros. It will be well.

Anc. It will be very scurvy :

I smell it out, it stinks abominably,

Stir it no more.

Boros. The Duke, Sir, would have you too,

For a short day or two, retire to your own house,

Whither himself will come to visit ye,

And give ye thanks.

Arch. I shall attend his pleasure.

Anc. A trick, a lousie trick: so ho, a trick Boys.

Arch. How now, what's that ?

Anc. I thought I had found a Hare, Sir,

But 'tis a Fox, an old Fox, shall we hunt him ?

Arch. No more such words.

Boros. The Souldier's grown too sawcy,
You must tie him straiter up.

Arch. I do my best, Sir ;

But men of free-born minds sometimes will flie out.

Anc. May not we see the Duke ?

Boros. Not at this time, Gentlemen,

Your General knows the cause.

Anc. We have no Plague, Sir,

Unless it be in our pay, nor no Pox neither ;

Or if we had, I hope that good old Courtier

Will not deny us place there.

Puts. Certain my Lord,

Considering what we are, and what we have done ;

If not, what need ye may have, 'twould be better,

A great deal nobler, and taste honestier

To use us with more sweetness ; men that dig

And lash away their lives at the Carts tail,

Double our comforts ; meat, and their Masters thanks too,

When they work well, they have ; Men of our quality,

When they do well, and venture for't with valour,

Fight hard, lye hard, feed hard, when they come home, Sir,
And know these are deserving things, things worthy,
Can you then blame 'em if their minds a little
Be stir'd with glory ? 'tis a pride becomes 'em,
A little season'd with ambition,
To be respected, reckon'd well, and honour'd
For what they have done: when to come home thus poorly,
And met with such unjointed joy, so looked on,
As if we had done no more but dress a Horse well ;
So entertain'd, as if, I thank ye Gentlemen,
Take that to drink, had pow'r to please a Souldier ?
Where be the shouts, the Bells rung out, the people ?
The Prince himself ?

Arch. Peace: I perceive your eye, Sir,
Is fixt upon this Captain for his freedom,
And happily you find his tongue too forward ;
As I am Master of the place I carry,
'Tis fit I think so too ; but were I this man,
No stronger tie upon me, than the truth
And tongue to tell it, I should speak as he do's,
And think with modesty enough, such Saints
That daily thrust their loves and lives through hazards,
And fearless for their Countries peace, march hourly
Through all the doors of death, and know the darkest,
Should better be canoniz'd for their service:
What labour would these men neglect, what danger
Where honour is, though seated in a Billow,
Rising as high as Heaven, would not these Souldiers,
Like to so many Sea-gods charge up to it ?
Do you see these swords ? times Sythe was ne'er so sharp, Sir ;
Nor ever at one harvest mow'd such handfuls:
Thoughts ne'er so sudden, nor belief so sure
When they are drawn, and were it not sometimes
I swim upon their angers to allay 'em,
And like a calm depress their fell intentions ;
They are so deadly sure, nature would suffer——
And whose are all these glories ? why, their Princes,
Their Countries, and their Friends ? Alas, of all these,
And all the happy ends they bring, the blessings,
They only share the labours: A little joy then,
And outside of a welcome, at an upshot
Would not have done amiss, Sir ; but howsoever
Between me and my duty, no crack, Sir,
Shall dare appear: I hope by my example
No discontent in them: without doubt Gentlemen,
The Duke will both look suddenly and truly
On your deserts: Methinks 'twere good they were paid, Sir.
Bor. They shall be immediately ; I stay for money ;
And any favour else——

Arch. We are all bound to ye ;
And so I take my leave, Sir ; when the Duke pleases
To make me worthy of his eyes——

Bor. Which will be suddenly,
I know his good thoughts to ye.

Arch. With all duty,
And all humility, I shall attend, Sir. (tisfied.

Bor. Once more you are welcome home: these shall be fa-

The. Be sure we be: and handsomly.

Arch. Wait you on me, Sir.

The. And honestly: no juggling.

Arch. Will ye come, Sir ? [Exit.

Bor. Pray do not doubt.

The. We are no Boys. [Exit.

Enter a Gent. and 2 or 3 with Money.

Bor. Well Sir. (Lordship.

Gent. Here's mony from the Duke, and't please your

Bor. 'Tis well.

Gent. How sowre the Souldiers look ?

Bor. Is't told ?

Gent. Yes, and for every company a double pay,
And the Dukes love to all.

Anc. That's worth a Duckett.

Bor. You that be Officers, see it discharg'd then,
Why do not you take it up ?

Anc. 'Tis too heavy :
'Body o'me, I have strain'd mine arm.
Bor. Do ye scorn it?
Anc. Has your Lorship any dice about ye? fit round
And come on seven for my share. (Gentlemen,

Put. Do you think Sir,
This is the end we fight? can this durt draw us
To such a stupid tameness, that our service
Neglected, and look'd lamely on, and skew'd at
With a few honourable words, and this, is righted?
Have not we eyes and ears, to hear and see Sir,
And minds to understand the slights we carry?
I come home old, and full of hurts, men look on me
As if I had got 'em from a whore, and shun me;
I tell my griefs, and fear my wants, I am answer'd,
Alas 'tis pity! pray dine with me on Sunday:
These are the sores we are sick of, the minds maladies,
And can this cure 'em? you should have us'd us nobly,
And for our doing well, as well proclaim'd us
To the worlds eye, have shew'd and fainted us,
Then ye had paid us bravely: then we had shin'd Sir,
Not in this gilded stuff but in our glory:
You may take back your mony.

Gent. This I fear'd still.

Bor. Consider better Gentlemen.

Anc. Thank your Lordship:

And now I'll put on my considering cap:
My Lord, that I am no Courtier, you may guess it
By having no sute to you for this mony:
For though I want, I want not this, nor shall not,
Whilst you want that civility to rank it
With those rights we expected; mony grows Sir,
And men must gather it, all is not put in one purse.
And that I am no Carter, I could never whistle yet:
But that I am a Souldier, and a Gentleman,
And a fine Gentleman, and't like your honour,
And a most pleasant companion: all you that are witty,
Come list to my ditty: come set in boyes,
With your Lordships patience.

[*Song.* How do you like my Song, my Lord? (better,

Bor. Even as I like your self, but 'twould be a great deal
You would prove a great deal wiser, and take this mony,
In your own phrase I speak now Sir, and 'tis very well
You have learn'd to sing; for since you prove so liberal,
To refuse such means as this, maintain your voice still,
'Twill prove your best friend.

Anc. 'Tis a singing age Sir,
A merry moon here now: I'll follow it:
Fidling, and fooling now, gains more than fighting.

Bor. What is't you blench at? what would you ask? speak

Sol. And so we dare: a triumph for the General. (freely.

Put. And then an honour special to his vertue.

Anc. That we may be prefer'd that have serv'd for it,
And cram'd up into favour like the worshipful,
At least upon the Cities charge made drunk
For one whole year; we have done 'em ten years service;
That we may enjoy our lechery without grudging,
And mine, or thine be nothing, all things equal,
And catch as catch may, be proclaim'd: that when we bor-
And have no will to pay again, no Law (row,
Lay hold upon us, nor no Court controule us.

Bor. Some of these may come to pass; the Duke may do
And no doubt will: the General will find too, ('em,
And so will you, if you but stay with patience: I have no

Put. Nor will: come fellow Souldiers. (power.

Bor. Pray be not so distrustfull.

Put. There are waies yet,
And honest waies; we are not brought up Statues.

Anc. If your Lordship
Have any silk stockings, that have holes i'th' heels,
Or ever an honourable Cassock that wants buttons,
I could have cur'd such maladies: your Lordships custome
And my good Ladies, if the bones want setting
In her old bodies——

Bor. This is disobedience.

Anc. Eight pence a day, and hard Eggs.

Put. Troop off Gentlemen,
Some Coin we have, whilst this lasts, or our credits,
We'll never sell our Generals worth for six-pence.
Ye are beholding to us.

Anc. Fare ye well Sir,
And buy a pipe with that: do ye see this scarf Sir?
By this hand I'll cry Brooms in't, birchen Brooms Sir,
Before I eat one bit from your benevolence.
Now to our old occupations again.
By your leave Lord.

[*Exeunt.*

Bor. You will bite when ye are sharper; take up the
This love I must remove, this fondness to him, (mony.
This tenderness of heart; I have lost my way else:
There is no sending man, they will not take it,
They are yet too full of pillage,
They'll dance for't ere't be long:
Come, bring it after.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, refus'd their mony?

Bor. Very bravely,
And stand upon such terms 'tis terrible.

Duke. Where's *Archas*?

Bor. He's retir'd Sir, to his house,
According to your pleasure, full of dutie
To outward shew: but what within——

Duke. Refuse it?

Bor. Most confidently: 'tis not your revenues
Can feed then Sir, and yet they have found a General
That knows no ebbe of bountie: there they eat Sir;
And loath your invitations.

Duke. 'Tis not possible,
He's poor as they.

Bor. You'll find it otherwise.
Pray make your journey thither presently,
And as ye goe I'll open ye a wonder.
Good Sir this morning.

Duke. Follow me, I'll doe it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Enter *Olympia*, *Alinda*, *Burris*, and *Gentlewomen*.

Olym. But do you think my Brother loves her?

Bur. Certain Madam,
He speaks much of her, and sometimes with wonder,
Oft wishes she were nobler born.

Olym. Do you think him honest?

Bur. Your Grace is nearer to his heart, than I am,
Upon my life I hold him so.

Olym. 'Tis a poor wench,
I would not have her wrong'd: methinks my Brother——
But I must not give rules to his affections;
Yet if he weigh her worth——

Bur. You need not fear Madam.

Olym. I hope I shall not: Lord *Burris*
I love her well; I know not, there is something
Makes me bestow more than a care upon her:
I do not like that ring from him to her;
I mean to women of her way, such tokens
Rather appear as baits, than royal bounties:
I would not have it so.

Bur. You will not find it,
Upon my troth I think his most ambition
Is but to let the world know h'as a handsom Mistris:
Will your grace command me any service to him?

Olym. Remember all my duty.

Bur. Blessings crown ye:
What's your will Lady?

Al. Any thing that's honest;
And if you think it fit, so poor a service,
Clad in a ragged vertue, may reach him,
I do beseech your Lordship speak it humbly.

Bur.

Bur. Fair one I will: in the best phrase I have too,
And so I kiss your hand. [Exit.]
Al. Your Lordships Servant.
Olym. Come hither wench, what art thou doing with that
Al. I am looking on the posse, Madam. (Ring?)
Olym. What is't?
Al. The Jewel's set within.
Olym. But where the joy wench,
When that invisible Jewel's lost? why dost thou smile so?
What unhappy meaning hast thou?
Al. Nothing Madam,
But only thinking what strange spells these Rings have,
And how they work with some.
Pet. I fear with you too.
Al. This could not cost above a Crown.
Pet. 'Twill cost you
The shaving of your crown, if not the washing.
Olym. But he that sent it, makes the vertue greater.
Al. I and the vice too Madam: goodness blefs me:
How fit 'tis for my finger!
2 W. No doubt you'll find too
A finger fit for you.
Al. Sirrah, *Petesca*,
What wilt thou give me for the good that follows this?
But thou hast Rings enough, thou art provided:
Heigh ho, what must I doe now?
Pet. You'll be taught that,
The easiest part that e're you learn't, I warrant you.
Al. Ay me, ay me.
Pet. You will divide too, shortly,
Your voice comes finely forward.
Olym. Come hither wanton,
Thou art not surely as thou faist.
Al. I would not:
But sure there is a witchcraft in this Ring, Lady,
Lord how my heart leaps!
Pet. 'Twill goe pit a pat shortly.
Al. And now methinks a thousand of the Dukes shapes.
2 W. Will no less serve ye?
Al. In ten thousand smiles.
Olym. Heaven blefs the wench.
Al. With eyes that will not be deni'd to enter;
And such soft sweet embraces; take it from me,
I am undone else Madam: I'm lost else.
Olym. What ail's the girle?
Al. How suddenly I'm alter'd!
And grown my self again! do not you feel it?
Olym. Wear that, and I'll wear this:
I'll try the strength on't.
Al. How cold my blood grows now!
Here's sacred vertue:
When I leave to honour this,
Every hour to pay a kiss,
When each morning I arise,
Or I forget a sacrifice:
When this figure in my faith,
And the pureness that it hath,
I pursue not with my will,
Nearer to arrive at still:
When I lose, or change this Jewel,
Flie me faith, and heaven be cruel.
Olym. You have half confirm'd me,
Keep but that way sure,
And what this charm can doe, let me endure. [Exeunt.]

SCENA III.

Enter Archas, Theodore, 2 Daughters Honora and Viola.

Ar. Carry your self discreetly, it concerns me,
The Duke's come in, none of your froward passions,
Nor no distasts to any: Prethee *Theodor*,
By my life, boy, 'twill ruine me.
The. I have done Sir,
So there be no foul play he brings along with him.

Ar. What's that to you?
Let him bring what please him,
And whom, and how.
The. So they mean well ———
Ar. Is't fit you be a Judge sirrah?
The. 'Tis fit I feel Sir.
Ar. Get a banquet ready,
And trim your selves up handsomly.
The. To what end?
Do you mean to make 'em whores?
Hang up a sign then,
And set 'em out to Livery.
Ar. Whose son art thou?
The. Yours Sir, I hope: but not of your disgraces.
Ar. Full twenty thousand men I have commanded,
And all their minds, with this calm'd all their angers;
And shall a boy of mine own breed too, of mine own blood,
One crooked stick ———
The. Pray take your way, and thrive in't,
I'll quit your house; if taint or black dishonour
Light on ye, 'tis your own, I have no share in't.
Yet if it do fall out so, as I fear it,
And partly find it too ———
Ar. Hast thou no reverence?
No dutie in thee?
The. This shall shew I obey ye:
I dare not stay: I would have shew'd my love too,
And that you ask as duty, with my life Sir,
Had you but thought me worthy of your hazards,
Which heaven preserve ye from, and keep the Duke too:
And there's an end of my wishes, God be with ye. [Exit.]
Ar. Stubborn, yet full of that we all love, honesty.

Enter Burris.

Lord *Burris*, where's the Duke?
Bur. In the great chamber Sir,
And there staves till he see you, ye 'have a fine house here.
Ar. A poor contented lodge, unfit for his presence,
Yet all the joy it hath.
Bur. I hope a great one, and for your good, brave Sir.
Ar. I thank ye Lord:
And now my service to the Duke.
Bur. Ple wait on ye. [Exeunt.]

Enter Duke, Boroskey, Gent. and Attendants.

Duke. May this be credited?
Bor. Disgrace me else,
And never more with favour look upon me.
Duke. It seems impossible.
Bor. It cannot chuse Sir,
Till your own eyes behold it; but that it is so,
And that by this means the too haughtie Souldier
Has been so cramm'd and fed, he cares not for ye;
Believe, or let me perish: Let your eyes
As you observe the house, but where I point it,
Make stay, and take a view, and then you have found it.

Enter Archas, Burris, 2 Daughters, and Servant.

Du. I'll follow your direction: welcome *Archas*,
You are welcome home brave Lord, we are come to visit ye,
And thank ye for your service.
Ar. 'Twas so poor Sir,
In true respect of what I owe your Highness,
It merits nothing.
Du. Are these fair ones yours, Lord?
Ar. Their Mother made me think so Sir.
Du. Stand up Ladies:
Besheiw my heart they are fair ones; methinks fitter
The lustre of the Court, than thus live darken'd:
I would see your house Lord *Archas*, it appears to me
A handfom pile.
Ar. 'Tis neat but no great structure;
I'll be your Graces guide, give me the keys there.
Du. Lead on, we'll follow ye: begin with the Gallery,
I think

I think that's one.

Arc. 'Tis so, and't please ye, Sir,
The rest above are lodgings all.

Du. Go on, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Theodore, Putskey, and Ancient.

Putsf. The Duke gone thither, do you say?

The. Yes marry do I,

And all the Ducklings too; but what they'll do there——

Putsf. I hope they'll crown his service.

The. With a Custard;

This is no weather for rewards: they crown his service?
Rather they go to shave his Crown: I was rated
As if I had been a Dog had worried Sheep, out of doors,
For making but a doubt.

Putsf. They must now grace him.

The. Mark but the end. (him.)

Anc. I am sure they should reward him, they cannot want

The. They that want honesty, want any thing.

Putsf. The Duke is so noble in his own thoughts.

The. That I grant ye,

If those might only sway him: but 'tis most certain,
So many new born Flies his light gave life to,
Buzze in his beams, Flesh-flies, and Butterflies,
Hornets, and humming Scarabs, that not one honey Bee
That's loaden with true labour, and brings home
Encrease and Credit, can 'scape riving,
And what she sucks for sweet, they turn to bitternefs. ('em?

Anc. Shall we go see what they do, and talk our mind to

Putsf. That we have done too much, and to no purpose.

Anc. Shall we be hang'd for him?

I have a great mind to be hang'd now (take me,
For doing some brave thing for him; a worse end will
And for an action of no worth; not honour him?
Upon my Conscience, even the Devil, the very Devil
(Not to belie him) thinks him an honest man, (years,
I am sure he has sent him souls any time these twenty
Able to furnish all his Fish-markets.

The. Leave thy talking,

And come, let's go to dinner and drink to him,
We shall hear more ere supper time: if he be honour'd,
He has deserv'd it well, and we shall fight for't:
If he be ruin'd, so, we know the worst then,
And for my self, I'll meet it.

Putsf. I ne'r fear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Enter Duke, Archas, Boroskey, Burris, Gentlemen,
and Attendants.*

Du. They are handsome rooms all, well contriv'd and
Full of convenience, the prospect's excellent. (fitted,

Arc. Now will your Grace pass down, and do me but
To taste a Countrey Banquet? (the honour

Du. What room's that?

I would see all now; what conveyance has it?

I see you have kept the best part yet; pray open it.

Arc. Ha! I misdoubted this: 'tis of no receipt, Sir,
For your eyes most unfit——

Du. I long to see it, (lent painting,
Because I would judge of the whole piece: some excel-
Or some rare spoils you would keep to entertain me
Another time, I know.

Anc. In troth there is not,
Nor any thing worth your sight; below I have
Some Fountains, and some Ponds.

Du. I would see this now.

Ar. *Boroskie,* thou art a Knave; it contains nothing
But rubbish from the other rooms and unnecessaries:
VVill't please you see a strange Clock?

Du. This or nothing: [Little Trunk ready.]

Why should you bar it up thus with defences

Above the rest, unless it contain'd something
More excellent, and curious of keeping?
Open't, for I will see it.

Arc. The Keys are lost, Sir:

Does your Grace think if it were fit for you;
I could be so unmannerly?

Du. I will see it, and either shew it——

Arc. Good Sir——

Du. Thank ye, *Archas,*
You shew your love abundantly,
Do I use to entreat thus? force it open.

Bur. That were inhospitable; you are his Guest, Sir,
And with his greatest joy, to entertain ye.

Du. Hold thy peace, Fool; will ye open it?

Arc. Sir, I cannot.

I must not if I could.

Du. Go, break it open.

(*tlemen.*)

Arc. I must withstand that force: Be not too rash, Gen-
Du. Unarm him first, then if he be not obstinate
Preserve his life.

Arc. I thank your Grace, I take it;
And now take you the Keys, go in, and see, Sir; (tor,
There feed your eyes with wonder, and thank that Tray-
That thing that sells his faith for favour. [*Exit Duke.*

Bur. Sir, what moves ye? (*das,*

Arc. I have kept mine pure: Lord *Burris,* there's a Ju-
That for a smile will sell ye all: a Gentleman?
The Devil has more truth, and has maintain'd it;
A Whores heart more belief in't.

Enter Duke.

Du. What's all this, *Archas*?

I cannot blame you to conceal it so,

This most inestimable Treasure. *Ar.* Yours Sir.

Du. Nor do I wonder now the Souldier sleights me.

Arc. Be not deceiv'd; he has had no favour here, Sir,
Nor had you known this now, but for that Pick-thank,
The lost man in his faith, he has reveal'd it,
To suck a little honey from ye has betray'd it.

I swear he smiles upon me, and forsworn too,
Thou crackt, uncurrant Lord: I'll tell ye all, Sir:
Your Sire, before his death, knowing your temper,
To be as bounteous as the air, and open,
As flowing as the Sea to all that follow'd ye,
Your great mind fit for War and Glory, thriftily
Like a great Husband to preserve your actions,
Collected all this treasure; to our trusts,
To mine I mean, and to that long-tongu'd Lord's there,
He gave the knowledg and the charge of all this,
Upon his death-Bed too: And on the Sacrament
He swore us thus, never to let this Treasure
Part from our secret keepings, till no hope
Of Subject could relieve ye, all your own wasted,
No help of those that lov'd ye could supply ye,
And then some great exploit a foot; my honesty
I would have kept till I had made this useful;
I shew'd it, and I stood it to the tempest,
And useful to the end 'twas left: I am cozen'd,
And so are you too, if you spend this vainly;
This Worm that crept into ye has abus'd ye,
Abus'd your fathers care, abus'd his Faith too:
Nor can this mass of money make him man more,
A flea'd Dog has more soul, an Ape more honesty;
All mine ye have amongst it, farewell that,
I cannot part with't nobler; my heart's clear,
My Conscience smooth as that, no rub upon't:
But O thy Hell!

Bor. I seek no Heaven from you, Sir.

Arc. Thy gnawing Hell, *Boroskey,* it will find thee:
Would ye heap Coals upon his head has wrong'd ye,
Has ruin'd your estate? give him this money,
Melt it into his mouth.

Du. What little Trunk's that?
That there o'th' top, that's lockt?

Bor. You'll find it rich, Sir,

M m

Richer

Richer I think than all.

Arc. You were not covetous,
Nor wont to weave your thoughts with such a courseness;
Pray rack not Honesty.

Bor. Be sure you see it.

Du. Bring out the Trunk.

Enter with the Trunk.

Arc. You'll find that treasure too,
All I have left me now.

Du. What's this, a poor Gown?
And this a piece of *Seneca*?

Arc. Yes sure, Sir,
More worth than all your Gold, yet ye have enough on't,
And of a Mine far purer, and more precious;
This sells no friends, nor searches into counsels,
And yet all counsel, and all friends live here, Sir;
Betrays no Faith, yet handles all that's trusty:
Will't please you leave me this?

Du. With all my heart, Sir.

Ar. What says your Lordship to't?

Bor. I dare not rob ye.

(both;

Arc. Poor miserable men, you have rob'd your selves
This Gown, and this unvalu'd Treasure, your brave Father,
Found me a Child at School with, in his progress.
Where such a love he took to some few answers,
Unhappy Boyish toys hit in my head then,
That suddenly I made him, thus as I was,
(For here was all the Wealth I brought his Highness)
He carried me to Court, there bred me up,
Bestow'd his favours on me, taught me the Arms first,
With those an honest mind; I serv'd him truly,
And where he gave me trust, I think I fail'd not;
Let the World speak: I humbly thank your Highness,
You have done more, and nobler, eas'd mine age, Sir;
And to this care a fair *Quietus* given,
Now to my Book again.

Du. You have your wish, Sir,
Let some bring off the treasure.

Bor. Some is his, Sir.

Arc. None, none, a poor unworthy reaper,
The Harvest is his Graces.

Du. Thank you, *Archas*.

Arc. But will not you repent, Lord? when this is gone
Where will your Lordship?—

Bor. Pray take you no care, Sir.

Arc. Does your Grace like my House?

Du. Wondrous well, *Archas*,
You have made me richly welcome.

Arc. I did my best, Sir.

Is there any thing else may please your Grace?

Du. Your Daughters

I had forgot, send them to Court.

Arc. How's that, Sir?

Du. I said your Daughters; see it done: I'll have 'em
Attend my Sister, *Archas*.

Arc. Thank your Highness.

Du. And suddenly.

[Exit.

Arc. Through all the ways I dare,
I'll serve your temper, though you try me far.

[Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Theodore, Putskey, Ancient and Servant.

The. I wonder we hear no news.

Putsf. Here's your fathers servant,
He comes in haste too, now we shall know all, Sir.

The. How now?

Ser. I am glad I have met you, Sir; your father
Intreats you presently make haste unto him.

The. What news?

Ser. None of the best, Sir, I am asham'd to tell it,
Pray ask no more.

The. Did not I tell ye, Gentlemen?
Did not I prophesie? he's undone then.

Ser. Not so, Sir, but as near it—

Putsf. There's no help now;
The Army's scatter'd all, through discontent,
Not to be rallied up in haste to help this.

Anc. Plague of the Devil; have ye watch'd your seasons?
We shall watch you ere long.

The. Farewel, there's no cure,
We must endure all now: I know what I'll do.

[Exit Theodore and Servant.

Putsf. Nay, there's no striving, they have a hand upon us,
A heavy and a hard one.

Anc. Now I have it,
We have yet some Gentlemen, some Boys of mettle,
(What, are we bob'd thus still, colted, and carted?)
And one mad trick we'll have to shame these Vipers;
Shall I blefs 'em?

Putsf. Farewel; I have thought my way too. [Exit.

Anc. Were never such rare Cries in Christendome,
As *Mosco* shall afford: we'll live by fooling
Now fighting's gone, and they shall find and feel it. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Archas, Honora, and Viola.

Ar. No more, it must be so; do you think I would fend ye,
Your father and your friend—

Viol. Pray Sir, be good to us,
Alas, we know no Court, nor seek that knowledge;
We are content with harmless things at home,
Children of your content, bred up in quiet,
Only to know our selves, to seek a Wisedome
From that we understand, easie and honest;
To make our actions worthy of your Honour,
Their ends as innocent as we begot 'em;
What shall we look for Sir, what shall we learn there,
That this more private sweetness cannot teach us?

Vertue was never built upon ambition,
Nor the Souls Beauties bred out of Bravery:
What a terrible Father would you seem to us,
Now you have moulded us, and wrought our tempers
To easie and obedient ways, uncrooked,
Where the fair mind can never lose nor loiter,
Now to divert our Natures, now to stem us
Roughly against the tide of all this treasure?
Would ye have us proud? 'tis sooner bred than buried;
Wickedly proud? for such things dwell at Court, Sir.

Hon. Would ye have your Children learn to forget their
And when he dies dance on his Monument? (father,

Shall we seek Vertue in a Sattin Gown;
Embroider'd Vertue? Faith in a well-curl'd Feather?
And set our Credits to the tune of green sleeves?

This may be done; and if you like, it shall be.
You should have sent us thither when we were younger,
Our maiden-heads at a higher rate; our Innocence
Able to make a Mart indeed: we are now too old, Sir,
Perhaps they'll think too cunning too, and slight us;
Besides, we are altogether unprovided,

Unfurnisht utterly of the rules should guide us:
This Lord comes, licks his hand, and protests to me;
Compares my Beauty to a thousand fine things;
Mountains, and Fountains, Trees, and Stars, and Goblins;
Now have not I the faith for to believe him;
He offers me the honourable courtesie,
To lye with me all night, what a misery is this?
I am bred up so foolishly, alas, I dare not,
And how madly these things will shew there.

Arc. I send ye not,
Like parts infected, to draw more corruption;
Like Spiders to grow great, with growing evil:
With your own Vertues season'd, and my prayers,

The Card of goodnes in your minds, that shows ye
When ye sail false; the needle toucht with honour,
That through the blackest storms, still points at happines;
Your Bodies the tall barks, rib'd round with goodnes,
Your Heavenly Soules the Pilots, thus I send you;
Thus I prepare your Voyage; found before ye,
And ever as you sail through this Worlds Vanity,
Discover Sholes, Rocks, Quick sands, cry out to ye,
Like a good Malter tack about for Honour:
The Court is Vertue's School, at least it should be;
Nearer the Sun the Mine lies, the metal's purer:
Be it granted, if the spring be once infected,
Those Branches that flow from him must run muddy;
Say you find some Sins there, and those no small ones,
And they like lazie fits begin to shake ye:
Say they affect your strengths, my happy Children,
Great things through greatest hazards are atchiev'd still,
And then they shine, then goodnes has his glory,
His Crown fast rivetted, then time moves under,
Where, through the mist of errors, like the Sun,
Through thick and pitchy Clouds, he breaks out nobly.

Hon. I thank you Sir, you have made me half a Soul-
I will to Court most willingly, most fondly. (dier,
And if there be such stirring things amongst 'em,
Such Travellers into *Virginia*

As Fame reports, if they can win me, take me;
I think I have a close Ward, and a sure one;
An honest mind I hope, 'tis petticoat-proof,
Chain-proof, and Jewel-proof; I know 'tis Gold-proof,
A Coach and four Horses cannot draw me from it:
As for your handsome Faces, and filed Tongues,
Curl'd Millers heads, I have another word for them,
And yet I'll flatter too, as fast as they do,
And lye, but not as lewdly; Come, be valiant, Sister,
She that dares not stand the push o'th' Court, dares nothing,
And yet come off ungraced: Sir, like you,
We both affect great dangers now, and the World shall see
All glory lies not in Mans Victorie.

Arc. Mine own *Honora*.

Viol. I am very fearful,

Would I were stronger built: you would have me honest?

Arc. Or not at all my *Viola*.

Viol. I'll think on't,

For 'tis no easie promise, and live there:

Do you think we shall do well?

Hon. Why, what should aile us?

Viol. Certain they'll tempt us strongly; beside the glory
Which Women may affect, they are handfom Gentlemen,
Every part speaks: nor is it one denial,
Nor two, nor ten; from every look we give 'em,
They'll frame a hope; even from thy prayers, promises.

Hon. Let 'em feed so, and be fat; there is no fear; wench,
Is thou best fast to thy self.

Viol. I hope I shall be;

And your example will work more.

Enter Theodore.

Hon. Thou shalt not want it.

The. How do you, Sir? can you lend a man an Angel?
I hear you let out money.

Arc. Very well, Sir,

You are pleasantly dispos'd: I am glad to see it.

Can you lend me your patience, and be rul'd by me?

The. Is't come to patience now?

Arc. Is't not a Vertue?

The. I know not: I ne'r found it so.

Arc. That's because

Thy anger ever knows, and not thy judgment.

The. I know you have been rifl'd.

Arc. Nothing less, Boy;

Lord, what opinions these vain People publish!
Risl'd of what?

The. Study your Vertue, Patience,
It may get Mustard to your Meat. Why in such haste, Sir,

Sent ye for me?

Arc. For this end only, *Theodore*,
To wait upon your Sisters to the Court;
I am commanded they live therè.

The. To th' Court, Sir?

Arc. To th' Court I say.

The. And must I wait upon 'em?

Arc. Yes, 'tis most fit you should, you are their Brother.

The. Is this the business? I had thought your mind, Sir,
Had been set forward on some noble action,
Something had truly stir'd ye. To th' Court with these?
Why, they are your Daughters, Sir.

Arc. All this I know, Sir.

The. The good old Woman on a Bed he threw:
To th' Court?

Arc. Thou art mad.

The. Nor drunk as you are:

Drunk with your duty, Sir: do you call it duty?
A pox of duty, what can these do there?
What should they do? Can ye look Babies, Sisters,
In the young Gallants eyes, and twirl their Band-strings?
Can ye ride out to air your selves? Pray Sir,
Be serious with me, do you speak this truly?

Arc. Why, didst thou never hear of Women
Yet at Court, Boy?

The. Yes, and good Women too, very good Women,
Excellent honest Women: but are you sure, Sir,
That these will prove so?

Hon. There's the danger, Brother.

The. God-a-mercy Wench, thou hast a grudging of it.

Arc. Now be you serious, Sir, and observe what I say,
Do it, and do it handsomly; go with 'em.

The. With all my heart, Sir; I am in no fault now;
If they be thought Whores for being in my Company;
Pray write upon their Backs, they are my Sisters,
And where I shall deliver 'em.

Arc. Ye are wondrous jocund,
But prithee tell me, art thou so lewd a Fellow?
I never knew thee fail a truth.

The. I am a Souldier,
And spell you what that means.

Arc. A Souldier?

What dost thou make of me?

The. Your Palate's down, Sir.

Arc. I thank ye, Sir.

The. Come, shall we to this matter?

You will to Court?

Hon. If you will please to honour us.

The. I'll honour ye, I warrant; I'll set ye off
With such a lustre, Wenches; alas poor *Viola*,
Thou art a fool, thou criest for eating white bread:
Be a good Huswife of thy tears, and save 'em,
Thou wilt have time enough to shed 'em, Sister.
Do you weep too? nay, then I'll fool no more.
Come worthy Sisters, since it must be so,
And since he thinks it fit to try your Vertues,
Be you as strong to truth, as I to guard ye,
And this old Gentleman shall have joy of ye. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Duke, and Burris.

Du. *Burris* take you ten thousand of those Crowns,
And those two Chains of Pearl they hold the richest,
I give 'em ye.

Bur. I humbly thank your Grace;
And may your great example work in me
That noble Charity to men more worthy,
And of more wants.

Du. You bear a good mind, *Burris*;
Take twenty thousand now: be not so modest,
It shall be so, I give 'em: go, there's my ring for't.

Bur. Heaven blefs your Highness ever. [Exit.

Du. You are honest.

Enter Alinda, and Putskey at door.

Put. They're coming now to Court, as fair as vertue:
Two brighter Stars ne'er rose here.

Alin. Peace, I have it,
And what my Art can do; the Duke——

Put. I am gone,
Remember.

Alin. I am counsell'd to the full, Sir.

Duke. My pretty Mistris, whither lyes your busines?
How kindly I should take this, were it to me now?

Alin. I must confes immediately to your Grace,
At this time.

Duke. You have no address, I do believe ye,
I would ye had.

Alin. 'Twere too much boldness, Sir,
Upon so little knowledge, less deserving.

Duke. You'll make a perfect Courtier.

Alin. A very poor one.

Duke. A very fair one, sweet; come hither to me.
What killing eyes this Wench has? in his glory
Not the bright Sun, when the *Sirian* Star reigns,
Shines half so fiery.

Alin. Why does your Grace so view me?
Nothing but common handsomness dwells here, Sir,
Scarce that: your Grace is pleas'd to mock my meanness.

Duke. Thou shalt not go: I do not lie unto thee,
In my eye thou appear'st——

Alin. Dim not the sight, Sir,
I am too dull an object.

Duke. Canst thou love me?
Canst thou love him will honour thee?

Alin. I can love,
And love as you do too: but 'twill not shew well:
Or if it do shew here where all light lustres,
Tinsel affections make a glorious glistening,
'Twill halt i'th' handfom way.

Duke. Are ye so cunning?
Dost think I love not truly?

Alin. No, ye cannot,
You never travel'd that way yet: pray pardon me,
I prate so boldly to you.

Duke. There's no harm done:
But what's your reason, sweet?

Alin. I would tell your Grace,
But happily——

Duke. It shall be pleasing to me.

Alin. I should love you again, and then you would hate me.
With all my service I should follow ye,
And through all dangers.

Duke. This would more provoke me,
More make me see thy worths,
More make me meet 'em.

Alin. You should do so, if ye did well and truly:
But though ye be a Prince, and have power in ye,
Power of example too, ye have fail'd and falter'd.

Duke. Give me example where?

Alin. You had a Mistris,
Oh Heaven, so bright, so brave a dame, so lovely,
In all her life so true!

Duke. A Mistris?

Alin. That serv'd you with that constancy, that care,
That lov'd your will, and woo'd it too.

Duke. What Mistris?

Alin. That nurs'd your honour up, held fast your vertue,
And when she kist encreas'd, not stole your goodness.

Duke. And I neglected her?

Alin. Lost her, forfook her,
Wantonly flung her off.

Duke. What was her name?

Alin. Her name as lovely as her self, as noble,
And in it all that's excellent.

Duke. What was it?

Alin. Her name was *Beau-desert*:

Do you know her now, Sir?

Duke. *Beau-desert*? I do not remember——

Alin. Fknow you do not;

Yet she has a plainer name; Lord *Archas* service;
Do you yet remember her? there was a Mistris
Fairer than Woman, far fonder to you, Sir,
Than Mothers to their first-born joyes: Can you love?
Dare you profess that truth to me a stranger,
A thing of no regard, no name, no lustre,
When your most noble love you have neglected,
A beauty all the world would woo and honour?
Would you have me credit this? think you can love me,
And hold ye constant, when I have read this story?
Is't possible you should ever favour me,
To a slight pleasure prove a friend, and fast too,
When, where you were most ty'd, most bound to benefit,
Bound by the chains of honesty and honour,
You have broke and boldly too? I am a weak one,
Arm'd only with my fears: I beseech your Grace
Tempt me no further.

Du. Who taught you this Lesson?

Alin. Woful experience, Sir: if you seek a fair one,
Worthy your love, if yet you have that perfect,
Two Daughters of his ruin'd vertue now
Arrive at Court, excellent fair indeed, Sir,
But this will be the Plague on't, they're excellent honest.

Enter Olympia and Petesca privately.

Du. I love thy face.

Alin. Upon my life ye cannot:

I do not love it my self, Sir, 'tis a lewd one,
So truly ill Art cannot mend it; but if 'twere handsome,
At least if I thought so, you should hear me talk, Sir,
In a new strain; and though ye are a Prince,
Make ye Petition to me too, and wait my answers;
Yet o' my Conscience I should pity ye,
After some ten years siege.

Du. Prethee do now.

Alin. What would ye do?

Du. Why I would lye with ye.

Alin. I do not think ye would.

Du. In troth I would Wench.

Here, take this Jewel.

Alin. Out upon't, that's scurvy.

Nay, if we do, sure we'll do for good fellowship,
For pure love, or nothing: thus you shall be sure, Sir,
You shall not pay too dear for't.

Du. Sure I cannot.

Alin. By'r Lady but ye may: when ye have found me able
To do your work well, ye may pay my wages.

Pet. Why does your Grace start back?

Olym. I ha' seen that shakes me:

Chills all my blood: O where is faith or goodness?

Alinda thou art false, false, false thou fair one,

Wickedness false; and (wo is me) I see it.

For ever false.

Pet. I am glad 't has taken thus right.

[*Exeunt.*

Alin. I'll go ask my Lady, Sir.

Du. What?

(ling——

Alin. Whether I shall lye with ye, or no: If I find her wil-
For look ye Sir, I have sworn, while I am in her service—
('Twas a rash Oath I must confes.)

Du. Thou mockst me.

Alin. Why, would ye lye with me, if I were willing?
Would you abuse my weakness?

Du. I would piece it,
And make it stronger.

Alin. I humbly thank your highness,
When you piece me, you must piece me to my Coffin:
When you have got my Maiden-head, I take it,
'Tis not an inch of an Apes tail will restore it,
I love ye, and I honour ye, but this way
I'll neither love nor serve ye.

Heaven change your mind, Sir.

[*Exit.*
Duke.

Duke. And thine too :
For it must be chang'd, it shall be.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Boroskie, Burris, Theodore, Viola and Honora.

Bor. They are goodly Gentlewomen.

Bur. They are,
Wondrous sweet Women both.

Theo. Does your Lordship like 'em?
They are my Sisters, Sir; good lusty Lasses,
They'll do their labour well, I warrant ye,
You'll find no Bed-straw here, Sir.

Hon. Thank ye Brother.

The. This is not so strongly built : but she is good mettle,
Of a good stirring strain too : she goes tith, Sir.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Here they be, Gentlemen, must make ye merry,
The toys you wot of : do you like their complexions?
They be no Moors: what think ye of this hand, Gentlemen?
Here's a white Altar for your sacrifice :
A thousand kisses here. Nay, keep off yet Gentlemen,
Let's start first, and have fair play : what would ye give now
To turn the Globe up, and find the rich *Moluccas*?
To pass the straights? here (do ye itch) by *S^t Nicholas*,
Here's that will make ye scratch and claw,
Claw my fine Gentlemen, move ye in divers sorts :
Pray ye let me request ye, to forget
To say your prayers, whilst these are Courtiers ;
Or if ye needs will think of Heaven, let it be no higher
Than their eyes.

Bor. How will ye have 'em bestow'd, Sir?

Theo. Even how your Lordship please,
So you do not bake 'em.

Bor. Bake 'em?

Theo. They are too high a meat that way, they run to gelly.
But if you'll have 'em for your own diet, take my counsel,
Stew 'em between two Feather-beds.

Bur. Please you Colonel
To let 'em wait upon the Princess?

Theo. Yes, Sir,
And thank your honour too : but then happily,
These noble Gentlemen shall have no access to 'em,
And to have 'em buy new Cloaths, study new faces,
And keep a stinking stir with themselves for nothing,
'Twill not be well i' faith : they have kept their bodies,
And been at charge for Bathes : do you see that shirt there?
Weigh but the moral meaning, 'twill be grievous :
Alas, I brought 'em to delight these Gentlemen,
I weigh their wants by mine : I brought 'em wholesome,
Wholesome, and young my Lord, and two such blessings
They will not light upon again in ten years.

Bor. 'Tis fit they wait upon her.

Theo. They are fit for any thing :
They'll wait upon a man, they are not bashful,
Carry his Cloak, or unty his points, or any thing,
Drink drunk, and take Tobacco; the familiar'st fools——
This wench will leap over Stools too, and sound a Trumpet,
Wrattle, and pitch the Bar; they are finely brought up.

Bor. Ladies, ye are bound to your Brother,
And have much cause to thank him :
I'll ease ye of this charge, and to the Princess,
So please you, I'll attend 'em.

Theo. Thank your Lordship :
If there be e're a private corner as ye go, Sir,
A foolish lobbie out o'th' way, make danger,
Try what they are, try——

Bor. Ye are a merry Gentleman.

The. I would fain be your honours kinsman.

Bor. Ye are too curst, Sir.

(else.

The. Farewel wenches, keep close your ports, y'are washt
Hon. Brother, bestow your fears where they are needful.

[Exit Borosk. Honor. Viol.

The. Honor thy name is, and I hope thy Nature.
Go after, Gentlemen, go, get a snatch if you can,
Yond' old *Erra Pater* will never please 'em.
Alas I brought 'em for you, but see the luck on't;
I swear I meant as honestly toward ye——
Nay do not cry good Gentlemen : a little counsel
Will do no harm : they'll walk abroad i'th' Evenings,
Ye may surprize 'em easily, they wear no Pistols:
Set down your minds in Metre, flowing Metre,
And get some good old linnen Woman to deliver it,
That has the trick on't : you cannot fail :
Farewel Gentlemen.

[Exeunt Gent.

Bur. You have frighted off these flesh-flies.

The. Flesh-flies indeed my Lord.

Enter a Servant.

And it must be very stinking flesh they will not seize on.

Serv. Your Lordship bid me bring this Casket.

Bur. Yes, Good Colonel
Commend me to your worthy Father, and as a pledge
He ever holds my love, and service to him,
Deliver him this poor, but hearty token,
And where I may be his——

The. Ye are too noble ;
A wonder here my Lord, that dare be honest,
When all men hold it vitious : I shall deliver it,
And with it your most noble love. Your servant. [Ex. Bur.
Were there but two more such at Court, 'twere Sainted,
This will buy Brawn this Christmas yet, and Muscadine. [Ex.

SCENE V.

Enter Ancient, crying Brooms, and after him severally,
four Souldiers, crying other things. Boroskie
and Gent. over the Stage observing them.

I. SONG.

Anc. Broom, Broom, the bonnie Broom,
Come buy my Birchen Broom,
I'th' Wars we have no more room,
Buy all my bonnie Broom,
For a kiss take two ;
If those will not do,
For a little, little pleasure,
Take all my whole treasure :
If all these will not do't,
Take the Broom-man to boot.
Broom, Broom, the bonnie Broom.

II. SONG.

1 Soul. The Wars are done and gone,
And Souldiers now neglected, Pedlers are,
Come Maidens, come alone,
For I can show you handsome, handsome ware ;
Powders for, for the head,
And drinks for your bed,
To make ye blith and bonney.
As well in the night we Souldiers can fight,
And please a young wench as any.

2 Soul. I have fine Potato's,
Ripe Potato's.

III SONG.

3 Soul. Will ye buy any Honesty, come away,
I sell it openly by day,
I bring no forced light, nor no Candle
To cozen ye ; come buy and handle :
This will shew the great man good,
The Tradesman where he swears and lyes,
Each Lady of a noble blood,
The City dame to rule her eyes :
Ye are rich men now : come buy, and then
I'll make ye richer, honest men.

IV SONG.

IV. SONG.

4 Sol. *Have ye any crackt maiden-heads, to new leach or mend?
Have ye any old maiden-heads to sell or to change?
Bring 'em to me with a little pretty gin,
I'll clout 'em, I'll mend 'em, I'll knock in a pin,
Shall make 'em as good maids agen,
As ever they have been.*

Bor. What means all this, why do y' sell Brooms Ancient?
Is it in wantonness, or want?

An. The only reason is, (nonce.
To sweep your Lordships conscience: here's one for the
Gape Sir, you have swallowed many a goodlier matter—
The only casting for a crazie conscience.

3 Sol. Will your Lordship buy any honestie? 'twill be
Bur. How is this? (worth your mony.

3 Sol. Honestie my Lord, 'tis here in a quill.
An. Take heed you open it not, for 'tis so subtle,
The least puffe of wind will blow it out o'th' Kingdom.

2 Sol. Will your Lordship please to taste a fine Potato?
'Twill advance your wither'd state.

Anc. Fill your honour full of most noble itches,
And make Jack dance in your Lordships breeches.

1 Sol. *If your Daughters on their beds,
Have bow'd, or crackt their maiden-heads;
If in a Coach with two much tumbling,
They chance to crie, fie, fo, what fumbling;
If her foot slip, and down fall she,
And break her leg 'bove the knee,
The one and thirtieth of Februarie let this bet a'ne,
And they shall be arrant maids again.*

Bor. Ye are brave Souldiers; keep your wantonness,
A winter will come on to shake this wilfulness.

Disport your selves, and when you want your mony—

Anc. Broom, Broom, &c. [Exit.
[Exeunt Singing.

SCENA VI.

Enter Alinda, Honora, Viola.

Al. You must not be so fearfull, little one,
Nor Lady you so sad, you will ne're make Courtiers
With these dull sullen thoughts; this place is pleasure,
Preserv'd to that use, so inhabited;
And those that live here, live delightfull, joyfull:
These are the Gardens of Adonis, Ladies,
Where all sweets to their free and noble uses,
Grow ever young and courted.

Hon. Bless me Heaven,
Can things of her years arrive at these rudiments?
By your leave fair Gentlewoman, how long have you been

Al. Faith much about a week. (here?

Hon. You have studied hard,
And by my faith arriv'd at a great knowledge.

Viola. Were not you bashfull at first?

Al. I, I, for an hour or two:
But when I saw people laugh'd at me for it,
And thought it a dull breeding—

Hon. You are govern'd here then
Much after the mens opinions.

Al. Ever Lady.

Hon. And what they think is honourable.—

Al. Most precisely

We follow with all faith.

Hon. A goodly Catechisme.

Viola. But bashfull for an hour or two?

Al. Faith to say true,

I do not think I was so long: for look ye,
'Tis to no end here, put on what shape ye will,
And soure your self with ne're so much austeritie,
You shall be courted in the same, and won too,

'Tis but some two hours more; and so much time lost,
Which we hold precious here: In so much time now
As I have told you this, you may lose a Servant,
Your age, nor all your Art can e're recover.
Catch me occasion as she comes, hold fast there,
Till what you do affect is ripn'd to ye.

Has the Duke seen ye yet?

Hon. What if he have not?

Al. You do your beauties too much wrong, appearing
So full of sweetness, newness; set so richly,
As if a Counsel beyond nature fram'd ye.

Hon. If we were thus, say heaven had given these blef.
Must we turn these to sin oblations? (sings,

Al. How foolishly this Countrey way shews in ye?
How full of flegm? do you come here to pray, Ladies?
You had best cry, stand away, let me alone Gentlemen,
I'll tell my Father else.

Viola. This woman's naught sure,
A very naughtie woman.

Hon. Come, say on friend,
I'll be instructed by ye.

Al. You'll thank me for't. (king of.

Hon. Either I or the devil shall: The Duke you were spea-

Al. 'Tis well remembered: yes, let him first see you,
Appear not openly till he has view'd ye.

Hon. He's a very noble Prince they say.

Al. O wondrous gracious;
And as you may deliver your self at the first viewing.
For look ye, you must bear your self; yet take heed
It be so season'd with a sweet humilitie,
And grac'd with such a bountie in your beautie—

Hon. But I hope he will offer me no ill?

Al. No, no:

'Tis like he will kiss ye, and play with ye.

Hon. Play with me, how?

Al. Why, good Lord, that you are such a fool now!
No harm assure your self.

Viola. Will he play with me too?

Al. Look babies in your eyes, my prettie sweet one:
There's a fine sport: do you know your lodgings yet?

Hon. I hear of none.

Al. I do then, they are handfom,
Convenient for access.

Viola. Access?

Al. Yes little one,

For visitation of those friends and Servants,
Your beauties shall make choice of: friends and visits:
Do not you know those uses? Alas poor novice;
There's a close Cowch or two, handfomely placed too.

Viola. What are those I pray you? (are to lie upon,

Al. Who would be troubled with such raw things? they
And your love by ye; and discourse, and toy in.

Viola. Alas I have no love.

Al. You must by any means:
You'll have a hundred, fear not.

Viola. Honestie keep me:

What shall I doe with all those?

Al. You'll find uses:

Ye are ignorant yet, let time work; you must learn too,
To lie handfomly in your bed a mornings, neatly drest
In a most curious Waistcoat, to set ye off well,
Play with your Bracelets, sing: you must learn to rhyme too,
And riddle neatly; studie the hardest language,
And 'tis no matter whether it be sense, or no,
So it go seemlie off. Be sure ye profit
In kissing, kissing sweetly: there lies a main point,
A key that opens to all practick pleasure;
I'll help ye to a friend of mine shall teach ye,
And suddenlie: your Countrey way is fulsome.

Hon. Have ye schools for all these mysteries?

Al. O yes,

And several hours prefix'd to studie in:
Ye may have Kalenders to know the good hour,
And when to take a jewel: for the ill too,

When to refuse, with observations on 'em;
Under what Sign 'tis best meeting in an Arbor,
And in what Bower, and hour it works; a thousand,
When in a Coach, when in a private lodging,
With all their vertues.

Hon. Have ye studied these?

How beastly they become your youth? how bawdily?

A woman of your tendernefs, a teacher,
Teacher of these lewd Arts? of your full beauty?

A man made up in lust would loath this in ye:

The rankest Leacher, hate such impudence.

They say the Devil can assume heavens brightnefs,

And so appear to tempt us: sure thou art no woman.

Al. I joy to find ye thus.

Hon. Thou hast no tendernefs,

No reluctance in thy heart: 'tis mischief.

Al. All's one for that; read these and then be satisf'd,

A few more private rules I have gather'd for ye,

Read 'em, and well observe 'em: so I leave ye. [Exit.

Viol. A wondrous wicked woman: shame go with thee.

Hon. What new Pandoras box is this? Ple see it,

Though presently I tear it. Read Thine Viola,

'Tis in our own wills to believe and follow.

Worthy Honora, as you have begun
In vertues spotless school, so forward run:
Pursue that nobleness, and chaste desire
You ever had, burn in that holy fire;
And a white Martyr to fair memorie
Give up your name, unsoil'd of infamy.

How's this? Read yours out Sister: this amazes me.

Vio. Fear not thou yet unblasted Violet,
Nor let my wanton words a doubt beget,
Live in that peace and sweetness of thy bud,
Remember whose thou art, and grow still good.
Remember what thou art, and stand a storie
Fit for thy noble Sex, and thine own glorie.

Hon. I know not what to think.

Viol. Sure a good woman,

An excellent woman, Sister.

Hon. It confounds me;

Let 'em use all their arts, if these be their ends,

The Court I say breeds the best foes and friends.

Come, let's be honest wench, and doe our best service.

Viol. A most excellent woman, I will love her.

[Exeunt.]

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Olympia, with a Casket, and Alinda.

Al. **M**Adam, the Duke has sent for the two Ladies.
Olym. I prethee go: I know thy thoughts are
Go, go Alinda, do not mock me more. (with him.)

I have found thy heart wench, do not wrong thy Mistris,
Thy too much loving Mistris: do not abuse her.

Al. By your own fair hands I understand ye not.

Olym. By thy own fair eyes I understand thee too much,
Too far, and built a faith there thou hast ruin'd.

Goe, and enjoy thy wish, thy youth, thy pleasure,

Enjoy the greatnefs no doubt he has promised,

Enjoy the service of all eyes that see thee,

The glory thou hast aim'd at, and the triumph:

Only this last love I ask, forget thy Mistris.

Al. Oh, who has wrong'd me? who has ruin'd me?

Poor wretched Girle, what poyson is slung on thee?

Excellent vertue, from whence flows this anger?

O. Go, ask my Brother, ask the faith thou gav'st me,

Ask all my favours to thee, ask my love,
Last, thy forgetfulness of good: then slye me,
For we must part Alinda.

Al. You are weary of me;

I must confess, I was never worthy your service,
Your bounteous favours less; but that my duty,

My ready will, and all I had to serve ye ———

O Heaven thou know'st my honestie.

Olym. No more:

Take heed, heaven has a justice: take this ring with ye;

This doting spell you gave me: too well Alinda,

Thou knew'st the vertue in't; too well I feel it:

Nay keep that too, it may sometimes remember ye;

When you are willing to forget who gave it,

And to what vertuous end.

Al. Must I goe from ye?

Of all the sorrows sorrow has ——— must I part with ye?

Part with my noble Mistris?

Olym. Or I with thee wench.

Al. And part stain'd with opinion? Farewel Lady;

Happy and blessed Lady, goodness keep ye:

Thus your poor Servant full of grief turns from ye,

For ever full of grief, for ever from ye.

I have no being now, no friends, no Country,

I wander heaven knows whither, heaven knows how.

No life, now you are lost: only mine innocence,

That little left me of my self, goes with me,

That's all my bread and comfort. I confess Madam;

Truely confess, the Duke has often courted me.

Olym. And pour'd his Soul into thee, won thee.

Al. Do you think so?

Well, time that told this tale, will tell my truth too,

And say ye had a faithfull, honest Servant:

The business of my life is now to pray for ye,

Pray for your vertuous loves; Pray for your children,

When Heaven shall make ye happy.

Olym. How she wounds me!

Either I am undone, or she must go: take these with ye,

Some toys may doe ye service; and this mony;

And when ye want, I love ye not so poorly,

Not yet Alinda, that I would see ye perish.

Prethee be good, and let me hear: look on me,

I love those eyes yet dearly; I have kiss'd thee,

And now I'de doe't again: Farewel Alinda,

I am too full to speak more, and too wretched. [Exit.

Al. You have my faith,

And all the world my fortune. [Exit.

SCENA II.

Enter Theodor.

The. I would fain hear
What becomes of these two Wenches:
And if I can, I will doe 'em good.

Enter Gentleman, passing over the Stage.

Do you hear my honest friend?
He knows no such name:
What a world of business,
Which by interpretation are meer nothings,
These things have here? 'Mafs now I think on't better,
I wish he be not sent for one of them
To some of these by-lodgings: me thought I saw
A kind of reference in his face to Bawderie.

Enter Gentleman, with a Gentlewoman, passing over the Stage.

He has her, but 'tis none of them: hold fast thief:
An excellent touzing knave. Mistris
You are to suffer your penance some half hour hence now.
How far a fine Court Custard with Plums in it
Will prevail with one of these waiting Gentlewomen,
They are taken with these soluble things exceedingly;
This is some yeoman o'th' bottles now that has sent for her,

That she calls Father : now woe to this Ale incense.
By your leave Sir.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Well Sir ; what's your pleasure with me ?

The. You do not know the way to the maids lodgings ?

Ser. Yes indeed do I Sir.

The. But you will not tell me ?

Ser. No indeed will not I, because you doubt it. *[Exit.]*

Enter 2 Servant.

The. These are fine gim-cracks : hey, here comes another,
A Flagon full of wine in's hand, I take it.
Well met my friend, is that wine ?

2 Ser. Yes indeed is it.

The. Faith I'll drink on't then.

2 Ser. Ye may, because ye have sworn Sir.

The. 'Tis very good, I'll drink a great deal now Sir.

2 Ser. I cannot help it Sir.

The. I'll drink more yet.

2 Ser. 'Tis in your own hands.

The. There's your pot, I thank ye.

Pray let me drink again.

2 Ser. Faith but ye shall not.

Now have I sworn I take it. Fare ye well Sir. *[Exit.]*

Enter Lady.

The. This is the fin'ft place to live in I e're enter'd.
Here comes a Gentlewoman, and alone ; I'll to her.
Madam, my Lord my Master.

Lady. Who's your Lord Sir ?

The. The Lord *Boroskey*, Lady.

Lady. Pray excuse me :

Here's something for your pains : within this hour Sir,
One of the choice young Ladies shall attend him :
Pray let it be in that Chamber juts out to the water ;
'Tis private and convenient : doe my humble service
To my honourable good Lord, I beseech ye Sir ;
If it please you to visit a poor Lady ———
You carrie the 'haviour of a noble Gentleman.

The. I shall be bold.

Lady. 'Tis a good aptness in ye.

I lye here in the Wood-yard, the blue lodgings Sir ;
They call me merrily the Lady of the ——— Sir ;
A little I know what belongs to a Gentleman,
And if it please you take the pains. *[Exit.]*

The. Dear Lady, take the pains ? *(now,*
Why a horse would not take the pains that thou requir'ft
To cleave old crab-tree : one of the choice young Ladies ?
I would I had let this Bawd goe, she has frighted me ;
I am cruelly afraid of one of my Tribe now ;
But if they will doe, the Devil cannot stop 'em.
Why should he have a young Lady ? are women now
O'th' nature of Bottles, to be stop't with Corks ?
O the thousand little furies that flye here now ?
How now Captain ?

Enter Putsky.

Putf. I come to seek you out Sir,
And all the Town I have travell'd.

The. What's the news man ?

Putf. That that concerns us all, and very nearly :
The Duke this night holds a great feast at Court,
To which he bids for guests all his old Counsellors,
And all his favourites : your Father's sent for.

The. Why he is neither in council, nor in favour.

Putf. That's it : have an eye now, or never, and a quick one,
An eye that must not wink from good intelligenc.
I heard a Bird sing, they mean him no good office.

Enter Ancient.

The. Art sure he sups here ?

Putf. Sure as 'tis day.

The. 'Tis like then :

How now, where hast thou been *Ancient* ?

Anc. Measuring the City :

I have left my Brooms at gate here ;

By this time the Porter has stole 'em to sweep out Rascals.

Theod. Brooms ?

Anc. I have been crying Brooms all the town over,
And such a Mart I have made, there's no tread near it.
O the young handfom wenches, how they twitter'd,
When they but saw me shake my ware, and sing too ;
Come hither Master Broom-man I beseech ye :
Good Master Broom-man hither, cries another.

The. Thou art a mad fellow.

Anc. They are all as mad as I : they all have traeds now,
And roar about the streets like Bull-beggars.

The. What company of Souldiers are they ?

Anc. By this means I have gather'd
Above a thousand tall and hardy Souldiers,
If need be Colonel.

The. That need's come *Ancient*,
And 'twas discreetly done : goe, draw 'em presently,
But without suspicion : this night we shall need 'em ;
Let 'em be near the Court, let *Putskje* guide 'em ;
And wait me for occasion : here I'll stay still.

Putf. If it fall out we are ready ; if not we are scatter'd :
I'll wait ye at an inch.

The. Doe, Farewel.

[Exeunt.]

SCENA III:

Enter Duke, Borosky.

Duke. Are the Souldiers still so mutinous ?

Bor. More than ever,

No Law nor Justice frights 'em : all the Town over
They play new pranks and gambols : no mans person,
Of what degree soever, free from abuses :
And durst they doe this, (let your grace consider)
These monstrous, most offensive things, these villanies,
If not set on, and fed ? if not by one
They honour more than you ? and more aw'd by him ?

Duke. Happily their own wants.

Boros. I offer to supply 'em,

And every hour make tender of their moneys :
They scorn it, laugh at me that offer it :
I fear the next device will be my life Sir ;
And willingly I'll give it, so they stay there.

Duke. Do you think Lord *Archas* privie ?

Bor. More than thought,

I know it Sir, I know they durst not doe
These violent rude things, abuse the State thus,
But that they have a hope by his ambitions ———

Duke. No more : he's sent for ?

Boros. Yes, and will be here sure.

Duke. Let me talk further with you anon.

Boros. I'll wait Sir.

Duke. Did you speak to the Ladies ?

Boros. They'll attend your grace presently.

Duke. How do you like 'em ?

Boros. My eyes are too dull Judges.

They wait here Sir.

[Exit.]

Enter Honora, and Viola.

Duke. Be you gone then : Come in Ladies,
Welcom toth' court sweet beauties ; now the court shines,
When such true beams of beauty strike amongst us :
Welcom, welcom, even as your own joyes welcom.
How do you like the Court ? how seems it to you ?
Is't not a place created for all sweetness ?
Why were you made such strangers to this happiness ?
Barr'd the delights this holds ? the richest jewels
Set ne're so well, if then not worn to wonder,
By judging eyes not set off, lose their lustre :
Your Country shades are faint ; blasters of beauty ;
The manners like the place, obscure and heavie ;
The Rose buds of the beauties turn to cankers,

Eaten

Eaten with inward thoughts: whilst there ye wander.
Here Ladies, here, you were not made for Cloisters,
Here is the Sphere you move in: here shine nobly,
And by your powerfull influence command all:
What a sweet modestie dwells round about 'em,
And like a nipping morn pulls in their blossoms?

Hon. Your grace speaks cunningly, you doe not this,
I hope Sir, to betray us; we are poor triumphs;
Nor can our losse of honour adde to you Sir:
Great men, and great thoughts, seek things great and wor-
Subjects to make 'em live, and not to lose 'em; (thy,
Conquests so nobly won, can never perish;
We are two simple maids, untutor'd here Sir;
Two honest maids, is that a sin at Court Sir?
Our breeding is obedience, but to good things,
To vertuous and to fair: what wou'd you win on us?
Why do I ask that question, when I have found ye?
Your Preamble has pour'd your heart out to us;
You would dishonour us; which in your translation
Here at the Court reads thus, your grace would love us,
Most dearly love us: stick us up for mistresses:
Most certain, there are thousands of our sex Sir
That would be glad of this, and handsom women,
And crowd into this favour, fair young women,
Excellent beauties Sir: when ye have enjoy'd 'em, (then?
And suckt those sweets they have, what Saints are these
What worship have they won? what name you ghes's Sir,
What storie added to their time, a sweet one?

Duke. A brave spirited wench.
Hon. I'll tell your grace,
And tell ye true: ye are deceiv'd in us two,
Extreamly cozen'd Sir: And yet in my eye
You are the handsomst man I ever lookt on,
The goodliest Gentleman; take that hope with ye;
And were I fit to be your wife (so much I honour ye)
Trust me I would scratch for ye but I would have ye.
I would wooe you then.

Duke. She amazes me:
But how am I deceiv'd?
Hon. O we are too honest,
Believe it Sir, too honest, far too honest,
The way that you propound too ignorant,
And there is no meddling with us; for we are fools too,
Obstinate, peevish fools: if I would be ill,
And had a wantons itch, to kick my heels up,
I would not leap into th' Sun, and doe't there,
That all the world might see me: an obscure shade Sir,
Dark as the deed, there is no trusting light with it,
Nor that that's lighter far, vain-glorious greatness.

Duke. You will love me as your friend?
Hon. I will honour ye,
As your poor humble handmaid serve, and pray for ye.
Du. What sayes my little one; you are not so obstinate?
Lord how she blushes: here are truly fair souls:
Come you will be my love?

Viol. Good Sir be good to me,
Indeed I'll doe the best I can to please ye;
I do beseech your grace: Alas I fear ye.

Duke. What shouldst thou fear?
Hon. Fie Sir, this is not noble.
Duke. Why do I stand entreating, where my power——
Hon. You have no power, at least you ought to have none
In bad and beastly things: arm'd thus, I'll dye here,
Before she suffer wrong.

Duke. Another *Archas*?
Hon. His child Sir, and his spirit.
Duke. I'll deal with you then,
For here's the honour to be won: sit down sweet,
Prethee *Honora* sit.

Hon. Now ye intreat I will Sir.
Duke. I doe, and will deserve it.
Hon. That's too much kindness.
Duke. Prethee look on me.
Hon. Yes: I love to see ye,

And could look on an age thus, and admire ye:
Whilst ye are good and temperate I dare touch ye;
Kiss your white hand.

Duke. Why not my lips?
Hon. I dare Sir.
Duke. I do not think ye dare.
Hon. I am no coward.

Dou you believe me now? or now? or now Sir?
You make me blush: but sure I mean no ill Sir:
It had been fitter you had kiss'd me.

Du. That I'll doe too.
What hast thou wrought into me?

Hon. I hope all goodness:
Whilst ye are thus, thus honest, I dare do any thing,
Thus hang about your neck, and thus doat on ye;
Bless those fair lights: hell take me if I durst not——
But good Sir pardon me. Sister come hither,
Come hither, fear not wench: come hither, blush not,
Come kiss the Prince, the vertuous Prince, the good Prince:
Certain he is excellent honest.

Du. Thou wilt make me——
Hon. Sit down, and hug him softly.

Du. Fie *Honora*,
Wanton *Honora*; is this the modesty,
The noble chastity your on-set shew'd me,
At first charge beaten back? Away.

Hon. Thank ye:
Upon my knees I pray, heaven too may thank ye;
Ye have deceiv'd me cunningly, yet nobly
Ye have cozen'd me: In all your hopefull life yet,
A Scene of greater honour your ne're acted:
I knew fame was a lyar, too long, and loud tongu'd,
And now I have found it: O my vertuous Master.

Viol. My vertuous Master too.
Hon. Now you are thus,
What shall become of me let fortune cast for't.

Enter *Alinda*.

Du. I'll be that fortune, if I live *Honora*,
Thou hast done a cure upon me, counsell could not.
Al. Here take your ring Sir, and whom ye mean to ruine,
Give it to her next; I have paid for't dearly.

Hon. A Ring to her?
Du. Why frowns my fair *Alinda*?
I have forgot both these again. *Al.* Stand still Sir,
Ye have that violent killing fire upon ye,
Consumes all honour, credit, faith. *Hon.* How's this?

Al. My Royal Mistris favour towards me,
Woe-worth ye Sir, ye have poyson'd, blasted.
Duke. I sweet?

Al. You have taken that unmanly liberty,
Which in a worse man, is vain-glorious feigning,
And kill'd my truth.

Du. Upon my life 'tis false wench.
Al. Ladies,

Take heed, ye have a cunning gamester,
A handsom, and a high; come stor'd with Antidotes,
He has infections else will fire your blouds.

Du. Prethee *Alinda* hear me.
Al. Words steep't in hony,
That will so melt into your minds, buy Chastity,
A thousand wayes, a thousand knots to tie ye;
And when he has bound ye his, a thousand ruines.
A poor lost woman ye have made me.

Du. I'll maintain thee,
And nobly too.

Al. That Gin's too weak to take me:
Take heed, take heed young Ladies: still take heed,
Take heed of promises, take heed of gifts,
Of forced feigned sorrows, sighs, take heed.

Du. By all that's mine, *Alinda*——
Al. Swear

By your mischiefs:
O whither shall I goe?

Duke. Go back again,
I'll force her take thee, love thee.

Alm. Fare ye well, Sir,
I will not curse ye; only this dwell with ye,
When ever ye love, a false belief light on ye.

Hon. We'll take our leaves too, Sir.

Duke. Part all the world now,
Since she is gone.

Hon. You are crooked yet, dear Master,
And still I fear——

Duke. I am vext,
And some shall find it.

[Exit.

[Exeunt.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Archas and a Servant.

Ar. 'Tis strange
To me to see the Court, and welcome:
O Royal place, how have I lov'd and serv'd thee?
Who lies on this side, know'st thou?

Ser. The Lord *Burriss*.

Ar. Thou hast nam'd a Gentleman
I stand much bound to:
I think he sent the Casket, Sir?

Ser. The same, Sir.

Ar. An honest minded man, a noble Courtier:
The Duke made perfect choice when he took him.
Go you home, I shall hit the way
Without a guide now.

Ser. You may want something, Sir.

Ar. Only my Horses,
Which after Supper let the Groom wait with:
I'll have no more attendance here.

Ser. Your will, Sir.

[Exit.

Enter Theodore.

Theo. You are well met here, Sir.

Ar. How now boy,
How dost thou?

The. I should ask
You that question: how do you, Sir?
How do you feel your self?

Ar. Why well, and lusty.

The. What do you herethen?

Ar. Why I am sent for
To Supper with the Duke.

The. Have you no meat at home?
Or do you long to feed as hunted Deer do,
In doubt and fear?

Ar. I have an excellent stomach,
And can I use it better
Than among my friends, Boy?
How do the Wenches?

The. They do well enough, Sir,
They know the worst by this time: pray be rul'd, Sir,
Go home again, and if ye have a Supper,
Eat it in quiet there: this is no place for ye,
Especially at this time,
Take my word for't.

Ar. May be they'll drink hard;
I could have drunk my share, Boy.
Though I am old, I will not out.

The. I hope you will.
Hark in your ear: the Court's
Too quick of hearing.

Ar. Not mean me well?
Thou art abus'd and cozen'd.
Away, away.

The. To that end Sir, I tell ye.
Away, if you love your self.

Ar. Who dare do these things,
That ever heard of honesty?

The. Old Gentleman,
Take a fools counsel.

Ar. 'Tis a fools indeed;
A very fools: thou hast more of
These flams in thee, these musty doubts:
Is't fit the Duke send for me,

And honour me to eat within his presence,
And I, like a tale fellow, play at bo-peep
With his pleasure?

The. Take heed
Of bo-peep with your pate, your pate, Sir,
I speak plain language now.

Ar. If'twere not here,
Where reverence bids me hold,
I would so swinge thee, thou rude,
Unmanner'd Knave; take from his bounty,
His honour that he gives me, to beget
Sawcy, and fullen fears?

The. You are not mad sure:
By this fair light, I speak
But what is whisper'd,
And whisper'd for a truth.

Ar. A Dog: drunken people,
That in their Pot see visions,
And turn states, mad-men and Children:
Prethee do not follow me;
I tell thee I am angry:
Do not follow me.

The. I am as angry
As you for your heart,
I and as wilful too: go, like a Wood-cock,
And thrust your neck i'th' noose.

Ar. I'll kill thee,
And thou speakst but three words more.
Do not follow me.

[Exit.

The. A strange old foolish fellow: I shall hear yet,
And if I do not my part, hiss at me.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

Enter two Servants preparing a Banquet.

1 *Serv.* Believe me fellow here will be lusty drinking.
Many a washt pate in Wine I warrant thee. (science)

2 *Serv.* I am glad the old General's come: upon my Con-
That joy will make half the Court drunk. Hark the Trumpets,
They are coming on; away.

1 *Serv.* We'll have a rowse too.

[Exeunt.

Enter Duke, Archas, Burriss, Boroskie, Attend. Gent.

Duke. Come seat your selves: Lord *Archas* sit you there.

Ar. 'Tis far above my worth.

Duke. I'll have it so:

Are all things ready?

Bor. All the Guards are set,

The Court Gates are shut.

Duke. Then do as I prescrib'd ye.

Be sure no further.

Bor. I shall well observe ye.

(men;

Du. Come bring some wine: here's to my Sister, Gentle-
A health, and mirth to all.

Ar. Pray fill it full, Sir.

'Tis a high health to vertue: here Lord *Burriss*,
A maiden health: you are most fit to pledge it,
You have a maiden soul and much I honour it.
Passion o' me, ye are sad man.

Duke. How now, *Burriss*?

Go to, no more of this.

Ar. Take the rowse freely,

'Twill warm your blood, and make ye fit for jollity.

Your Graces pardon: when we get a cup, Sir,

We old men prate a pace.

Du. Mirth makes a Banquet;

As you love me no more.

Bur. I thank your Grace.

Give me it; Lord *Boroskie*.

Boros. I have ill brains, Sir.

Bur.

Bur. Damnable ill, I know it.

Borof. But I'll pledge, Sir,
This vertuous health.

Bur. The more unfit for thy mouth.

Enter two Servants with Cloaks.

Du. Come, bring out Robes, and let my guests look nobly,
Fit for my love and presence: begin downward.
Off with your Cloaks, take new.

Ar. Your grace deals truly,
Like a munificent Prince, with your poor subjects,
Who would not fight for you? what cold dull coward
Durst seek to save his life when you would ask it?
Begin a new health in your new adornments,
The Dukes, the Royal Dukes: ha! what have I got
Sir? ha! the Robe of death?

Du. You have deserv'd it.

Ar. The Livery of the Grave? do you start all from me?
Do I smell of earth already? Sir, look on me,
And like a man; is this your entertainment?
Do you bid your worthiest guests to bloody Banquets?

Enter a Guard.

A Guard upon me too? this is too foul play
Boy to thy good, thine honour; thou wretched Ruler,
Thou Son of fools and flatterers, Heir of hypocrites,
Am I serv'd in a Hearse that sav'd ye all?
Are ye men or Devils? Do ye gape upon me,
Wider, and swallow all my services?
Entomb them first, my faith next, then my integrity,
And let these struggle with your mangy minds,
Your fear'd, and seal'd up Consciences, till they burst.

Borof. These words are death.

Ar. No those deeds that want rewards, Sirrah,
Those Battels I have fought, those horrid dangers,
Leaner than death, and wilder than destruction,
I have march'd upon, these honour'd wounds, times story,
The blood I have lost, the youth, the sorrows suffer'd,
These are my death, these that can ne're be recompenced,
These that ye sit a brooding on like Toads,
Sucking from my deserts the sweets and favours,
And render me no pay again but poysons.

Bor. The proud vain Souldier thou hast set

Ar. Thou lyeft.

Now by my little time of life lyeft basely,
Malitiously and loudly: how I scorn thee!
If I had swel'd the Souldier, or intended
An act in person, leaning to dishonour,
As ye would fain have forced me, witness Heaven,
Where clearest understanding of all truth is,
(For these are spiteful men, and know no piety)
When *Olin* came, grim *Olin*, when his marches,
His last Incurfions made the City sweat,
And drove before him, as a storm drives Hail,
Such shows of frosted fears, shook all your heart-strings;
Then when the *Volga* trembled at his terrour,
And hid his seven curl'd heads, afraid of bruising,
By his arm'd Horses hoofs; had I been false then,
Or blown a treacherous fire into the Souldier,
Had but one spark of villany liv'd within me,
Ye'ad had some shadow for this black about me.
Where was your Souldiership? why went not you out?
And all your right honourable valour with ye?
Why met ye not the *Tartar*, and des'd him?
Drew your dead-doing sword, and buckl'd with him?
Shot through his Squadrons like a fiery Meteor?
And as we see a dreadful clap of Thunder
Rend the stiff hearted Oaks, and tofs their roots up:
Why did not you so charge him? you were sick then,
You that dare taint my credit slipt to bed then,
Stewing and fainting with the fears ye had,
A whorson shaking fit oppress your Lordship:
Blush Coward, Knave, and all the world his at thee.

Du. Exceed not my command.

[Exit.]

Bor. I shall observe it.

Ar. Are you gone too? Come weep not honest *Burris*,
Good loving Lord, no more tears: 'tis not his malice,
This fellows malice, nor the Dukes displeasure,
By bold bad men crowded into his nature,
Can startle me: fortune ne're raz'd this Fort yet:
I am the same, the same man, living, dying;
The same mind to 'em both, I poize thus equal;
Only the jugling way that toll'd me to it,
The *Judas* way; to kifs me, bid me welcome,
And cut my throat, a little sticks upon me.
Farewel, commend me to his Grace, and tell him,
The world is full of servants, he may have many:
And some I with him honest: he's undone else:
But such another doating *Archus* never,
So try'd and touch'd a faith: farewell for ever.

Bur. Be strong my Lord: you must not go thus lightly.

Ar. Now, what's to do? what says the Law unto me?
Give me my great offence that speaks me guilty.

Bor. Laying aside a thousand petty matters,
As scorns, and insolencies both from your self and followers,
Which you put first fire to, and these are deadly,
I come to one main cause, which though it carries
A strangeness in the circumstance, it carries death too,
Not to be pardon'd neither: ye have done a sacrilege.

Ar. High Heaven defend me man: how, how *Boroskie*?

Bor. Ye have took from the Temple those vow'd Arms,
The holy Ornament you hung up there,
No absolution of your vow, no order
From holy Church to give 'em back unto you
After they were purified from War, and rested
From blood, made clean by ceremony: from the Altar
You snatch'd 'em up again, again ye wore 'em,
Again you stain'd 'em, stain'd your vow, the Church too,
And rob'd it of that right was none of yours, Sir,
For which the Law requires your head, ye know it.

Ar. Those arms I fought in last?

Bor. The same.

Ar. God a mercy,

Thou hast hunted out a notable cause to kill me:
A subtle one: I dye, for saving all you;
Good Sir, remember if you can, the necessity,
The suddenness of time, the state all stood in;
I was entreated to, kneel'd to, and pray'd to,
The Duke himself, the Princes, all the Nobles;
The cries of Infants, Bed-rid Fathers, Virgins;
Prethee find out a better cause, a handsomer,
This will undo thee too: people will spit at thee,
The Devil himself would be ashamed of this cause;
Because my haste made me forget the ceremony,
The present danger every where, must my life satisfy?

Bor. It must, and shall.

Ar. O base ungrateful people,
Have ye no other Swords to cut my throat with
But mine own nobleness? I confess, I took 'em,
The vow not yet absolv'd I hung 'em up with:
Wore 'em, fought in 'em, gilded 'em again
In the fierce *Tartars* bloods; for you I took 'em,
For your peculiar safety, Lord, for all,
I wore 'em for my Countries health, that groan'd then:
Took from the Temple, to preserve the Temple;
That holy place, and all the sacred monuments,
The reverent shrines of Saints, ador'd and honour'd,
Had been consum'd to ashes, their own sacrifice;
Had I been slack, or staid that absolution,
No Priest had liv'd to give it; my own honour,
Cure of my Country murder me?

Bor. No, no Sir,

I shall force that from ye, will make this cause light too,
Away with him: I shall pluck down that heart, Sir.

Ar. Break it thou mayest; but if it bend, for pity,
Doggs, and Kites eat it: come I am honours Martyr. [Ex.]

SCENE VI.

Enter Duke, and Burris.

Du. Exceed my Warrant?

Bur. You know he loves him not.

Du. He dares as well eat death, as do it, eat wild-fire,
Through a few fears I mean to try his goodness,
That I may find him fit, to wear here, *Burris*;
I know *Boroskie* hates him, to death hates him,
I know he's a Serpent too, a swoln one, [Noise within.
But I have pull'd his sting out: what noise is that?

The. within. Down with 'em, down with 'em, down

Sold. within. Stand, stand, stand. (with the gates.

Putf. within. Fire the Palace before ye.

Bur. Upon my life the Souldier, Sir, the Souldier,
A miserable time is come.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. Oh save him,
Upon my knees, my hearts knees, save Lord *Archas*,
We are undone else.

Du. Dares he touch his Body?

Gent. He racks him fearfully, most fearfully.

Du. Away *Burris*,

Take men, and take him from him; clap him up,
And if I live, I'll find a strange death for him. Ex. Bur.
Are the Souldiers broke in?

Gent. By this time sure they are, Sir,
They beat the Gates extreamly, beat the people.

Du. Get me a guard about me; make sure the lodgings,
And speak the Souldiers fair.

Gent. Pray Heaven that take, Sir. [Exeunt.

Enter *Putskic*, *Ancient*, *Souldiers*, with *Torches*.

Putf. Give us the General, we'll fire the Court else,
Render him safe and well.

Anc. Do not fire the Cellar, (weather,
There's excellent Wine in't, Captain, and though it be cold
I do not love it mull'd; bring out the General,
We'll light ye such a Bone-fire else: where are ye?
Speak, or we'll tofs your Turrets, peep out of your Hives,
We'll smoak ye else: Is not that a Nose there?
Put out that Nose again, and if thou dar'st
But blow it before us: now he creeps out on's Burrough.

Enter Gentleman.

Putf. Give us the General.

Gent. Yes, Gentlemen;
Or any thing ye can desire.

Anc. You musk-cat,
Cordevant-skin we will not take your answer. hither.

Putf. Where is the Duke? speak suddenly, and send him

Anc. Or we'll so frye your Buttocks.

Gent. Good sweet Gentlemen——

Anc. We are neither good nor sweet, we are Souldiers,
And you miscreants that abuse the General.
Give fire my Boys, 'tis a dark Evening,
Let's light 'em to their lodgings.

Enter *Olympia*, *Honora*, *Viola*, *Theodore*, *Women*.

Hon. Good Brother be not fierce.

The. I will not hurt her,
Fear not sweet Lady.

Olym. Nay, do what you please, Sir,
I have a sorrow that exceeds all yours,
And more, contemns all danger.

Enter Duke, above.

The. Where is the Duke?

Du. He's here; what would ye Souldiers? wherefore
Like mutinous mad-men thus? (troop ye

The. Give me my Father.

Putf. Anc. Give us our General.

The. Set him here before us,
Ye see the pledge we have got; ye see the Torches;
All shall to ashes, as I live, immediately,
A thousand lives for one.

Du. But hear me?

Putf. No, we come not to dispute.

Enter *Archas*, and *Burris*.

The. By Heaven I swear he's rackt and whipt.

Hon. Oh my poor Father!

Putf. Burn, kill and burn.

Arc. Hold, hold, I say: hold Souldiers,
On your allegiance hold.

The. We must not.

Arc. Hold:

I swear by Heaven he is a barbarous Traitor stirs first,
A Villain, and a stranger to Obedience,
Never my Souldier more, nor Friend to Honour:
Why did you use your old Man thus? thus cruelly
Torture his poor weak Body? I ever lov'd ye.

Du. Forget me in these wrongs, most noble *Archas*.

Arc. I have balm enough for all my hurts: weep no more
A satisfaction for a thousand sorrows; (Sir,
I do believe you innocent, a good man,
And Heaven forgive that naughty thing that wrong'd me:
Why look ye wild, my friends? why stare ye on me?
I charge ye, as ye are men, my men, my lovers,
As ye are honest faithful men, fair Souldiers,
Let down your anger: Is not this our Sovereign?
The head of mercy, and of Law? who dares then,
But Rebels, scorning Law, appear thus violent?
Is this a place for Swords? for threatning fires?
The Reverence of this House dares any touch,
But with obedient knees, and pious duties?
Are we not all his Subjects? all sworn to him?
Has not he power to punish our offences?

And do we not daily fall into 'em? assure your selves
I did offend, and highly, grievously,
This good, sweet Prince I offended, my life forfeited,
Which yet his mercy and his old love met with,
And only let me feel his light rod this way:
Ye are to thank him for your General,
Pray for his life and fortune; swear your bloods for him.
Ye are offenders too, daily offenders,
Proud infolencies dwell in your hearts, and ye do 'em,
Do 'em against his Peace, his Law, his Person;
Ye see he only sorrows for your sins,
And where his power might persecute, forgives ye:
For shame put up your Swords, for honesty,
For orders sake, and whose ye are, my Souldiers,
Be not so rude.

The. They have drawn blood from you, Sir.

Arc. That was the blood rebell'd, the naughty blood,
The proud provoking blood; 'tis well 'tis out, Boy;
Give you example first; draw out, and orderly.

Hon. Good Brother, do.

Arc. Honest and high example,
As thou wilt have my Blessing follow thee,
Inherit all mine honours: thank ye *Theodore*,
My worthy Son.

The. If harm come, thank your self, Sir,
I must obey ye. [Exit.

Arc. Captain, you know the way now:
A good man, and a valiant, you were ever,
Inclin'd to honest things; I thank ye, Captain. [Ex. Soul.
Souldiers, I thank ye all: and love me still,
But do not love me so you lose Allegiance,
Love that above your lives: once more I thank ye.

Du. Bring him to rest, and let our cares wait on him;
Thou excellent old man, thou top of honour,
Where Justice, and Obedience only build,
Thou flock of Vertue, how am I bound to love thee!
In all thy noble ways to follow thee!

Bur. Remember him that vext him, Sir.

Du. Remember?
When I forget that Villain, and to pay him
For all his mischiefs, may all good thoughts forget me.

Arc. I am very fore.

Du. Bring him to Bed with ease, Gentlemen,
For every stripe I'll drop a tear to wash 'em,
And in my sad Repentance——

Arc. 'Tis too much,
I have a life yet left to gain that love, Sir. [Exeunt.]

Aëtus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Burris, and Gentlemen.

Duke. **H**ow does Lord *Archas*?
Bur. But weak, and't please ye;
Yet all the helps that art can, are applied to him;
His heart's untoucht, and whole yet; and no doubt, Sir,
His mind being sound, his body soon will follow. (too;

Du. O that base Knave that wrong'd him, without leave
But I shall find an hour to give him thanks; for't;
He's fast, I hope.

Bur. As fast as irons can keep him:
But the most fearful Wretch——

Du. He has a Conscience,
A cruel stinging one I warrant him,
A loaden one: But what news of the Souldier?
I did not like their parting, 'twas too fullen.

Bur. That they keep still, and I fear a worse clap;
They are drawn out of the Town, and stand in counsels,
Hatching unquiet thoughts, and cruel purposes:
I went my self unto 'em, talkt with the Captains,
Whom I found fraught with nothing but loud murmurs,
And desperate curses, founding these words often
Like Trumpets to their angers: we are ruin'd,
Our services turn'd to disgraces, mischiefs;
Our brave old General, like one had pilfer'd,
Tortur'd, and whipt: the Colonels eyes, like torches,
Blaze every where and fright fair peace.

Gent. Yet worse, Sir;
The news is currant now, they mean to leave ye,
Leave their Allegiance; and under *Olin's* Charge
The bloody Enemy march straight against ye.

Bur. I have heard this too, Sir.

Du. This must be prevented,
And suddenly, and warily.

Bur. 'Tis time, Sir,
But what to minister, or how?

Du. Go in with me,
And there we'll think upon't: such blows as these,
Equal defences ask, else they displease. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter *Petesca*, and *Gentlewoman*.

Pet. Lord, what a coil has here been with these Soul-
They are cruel fellows. (diers!

Wom. And yet methought we found 'em
Handsome enough; I'll tell thee true, *Petesca*,
I lookt for other manner of dealings from 'em,
And had prepar'd my self: but where's my Lady?

Pet. In her old dumps within: monstrous melancholy;
Sure she was mad of this Wench.

Wom. And she had been a man, (is shifted.
She would have been a great deal madder, I am glad she

Pet. 'Twas a wicked thing for me to betray her,
And yet I must confess she stood in our lights.

Enter *Alinda*.

What young thing's this?

Alin. Good morrow beauteous Gentlewomen:
'Pray ye is the Princess stirring yet?

Wom. He has her face.

Pet. Her very tongue, and tone too: her youth upon him.

Alin. I guess ye to be the Princess Women.

Pet. Yes, we are, Sir. (Grace,

Alin. Pray is there not a Gentlewoman waiting on her
Ye call *Alinda*?

Pet. The Devil sure in her shape.

Wom. I have heard her tell my Lady of a Brother,
An only Brother that she had: in travel——

Pet. 'Mafs, I remember that: this may be he too:
I would this thing would serve her.

Enter *Olympia*.

Wom. So would I Wench,
We should love him better sure: Sir, here's the Princess,
She best can satisfie ye.

Alin. How I love that presence!
O blessed Eyes, how nobly shine your comforts!
Olym. What Gentleman is that?

Wom. We know not, Madam:
He ask'd us for your Grace: and as we guess it,
He is *Alinda's* Brother.

Olym. Ha! let me mark him:
My grief has almost blinded me: her Brother?
By *Venus*, he has all her sweetness upon him:
Two silver drops of dew were never liker.

Alin. Gracious Lady——

Olym. That pleasant pipe he has too.

Alin. Being my happiness to pass by this way,
And having as I understand by Letters,
A Sister in your vertuous service, Madam——

Olym. O now my heart, my heart akes.

Alin. All the comfort
My poor youth has, all that my hopes have built me,
I thought it my first duty, my best service,
Here to arrive first, humbly to thank your Grace
For my poor Sister, humbly to thank your Nobleness,
That bounteous Goodness in ye.

Olym. 'Tis he certainly.

Alin. That spring of favour to her; with my life, Madam,
If any such most happy means might meet me,
To shew my thankfulness.

Olym. What have I done, Fool!

Alin. She came a stranger to your Grace, no Courtier;
Nor of that curious breed befits your service,
Yet one I dare assure my Soul, that lov'd ye
Before she saw ye; doted on your Vertues;
Before she knew those fair eyes, long'd to read 'em,
You only had her prayers, you her wishes;
And that one hope to be yours once, preserv'd her.

Olym. I have done wickedly.

Alin. A little Beauty,
Such as a Cottage breeds, she brought along with her;
And yet our Country-eyes esteem'd it much too:
But for her beauteous mind, forget great Lady,
I am her Brother, and let me speak a stranger,
Since she was able to beget a thought, 'twas honest.
The daily study how to fit your services,
Truly to tread that vertuous path you walk in,
So fir'd her honest Soul, we thought her Sainted;
I presume she is still the same: I would fain see her,
For Madam, 'tis no little love I owe her.

Olym. Sir, such a maid there was, I had——

Alin. There was, Madam?

Olym. O my poor Wench: eyes, I will ever curse ye
For your Credulity, *Alinda*.

Alin. That's her name, Madam.

Olym. Give me a little leave, Sir, to lament her.

Alin. Is she dead, Lady?

Olym. Dead Sir, to my service.
She is gone, pray ye ask no further.

Alin. I obey Madam:

Gone? now must I lament too: said ye gone Madam?

Olym. Gone, gone for ever.

Alin. That's a cruel saying:
Her honour too?

Olym. Prithee look angry on me,

And

And if thou ever lovedst her, spit upon me ;
Do something like a Brother, like a friend,
And do not only say thou lov'dst her ———

Al. Ye amaze me.

Oly. I ruin'd her, I wrong'd her, I abus'd her ;
Poor innocent soul, I slung her ; sweet *Alinda*,
Thou vertuous maid, my soul now calls thee vertuous.
Why do ye not rail now at me ?

Al. For what Lady ?

Oly. Call me base treacherous woman.

Al. Heaven defend me.

Oly. Rashly I thought her false, and put her from me,
Rashly, and madly I betray'd her modesty,
Put her to wander, heaven knows where : nay, more Sir,
Stuck a black brand upon her.

Al. 'Twas not well Lady,

Oly. 'Twas damnable : she loving me so dearly,
Never poor wench lov'd so : Sir believe me,
'Twas the most dutious wench, the best companion,
When I was pleas'd, the happiest, and the gladdest,
The modestest sweet nature dwelt within her :
I saw all this, I knew all this, I lov'd it,
I doated on it too, and yet I kill'd it :
O what have I forsaken ? what have I lost ?

Al. Madam, I'll take my leave, since she is wandering,
'Tis fit I know no rest.

Oly. Will you go too Sir ?

I have not wrong'd you yet, if you dare trust me,
For yet I love *Alinda* there, I honour her,
I love to look upon those eyes that speak her,
To read that face again, (modesty keep me,) *Alinda*,
in that shape : but why should you trust me,
'Twas I betray'd your Sister, I undid her ;
And believe me, gentle youth, 'tis I weep for her :
Appoint what penance you please : but stay then,
And see me perform it : ask what honour this place
Is able to heap on ye, or what wealth :
If following me will like ye, my care of ye,
Which for your sisters sake, for your own goodness ———

Al. Not all the honour earth has, now she's gone Lady,
Not all the favour ; yet if I fought preferment,
Under your bounteous Grace I would only take it.
Peace rest upon ye : one sad tear every day
For poor *Alinda's* sake, 'tis fit ye pay. [Exit.

Oly. A thousand noble youth, and when I sleep,
Even in my silver slumbers still I'll weep. [Exit.

SCENA III.

Enter Duke, and Gentlemen.

Duke. Have ye been with 'em ?

Gent. Yes, and 't please your Grace,
But no persuasion serves 'em, nor no promise,
They are fearfull angry, and by this time Sir,
Upon their march to the Enemy.

Du. They must be stopt.

Enter Burris.

Gent. I, but what force is able ? and what leader —

Du. How now, have you been with *Archas* ?

Bur. Yes, and 't please ye,

And told him all : he frets like a chaf'd Lyon,
And calls for his Arms : and all those honest Courtiers
That dare draw Swords.

Du. Is he able to do any thing ?

Bur. His mind is well enough ; and where his charge is,
Let him be ne're so fore, 'tis a full Army.

Du. Who commands the Rebels ?

Bur. The young Colonel,
That makes the old man almost mad : he swears Sir,
He will not spare his Sons head for the Dukedom.

Du. Is the Court in Arms ?

Bur. As fast as they can bustle,
Every man mad to goe now : inspir'd strangely,

As if they were to force the Enemy,
I beseech your grace to give me leave.

Du. Pray go Sir,

And look to the old man well ; take up all fairly,
And let no blood be spilt ; take general pardons,
And quench this fury with fair peace.

Bur. I shall Sir,

Or seal it with my service ; they are villains :
The Court is up : good Sir, go strengthen 'em,
Your Royal fight will make 'em scorn all dangers ;
The General needs no proof.

Duke. Come let's go view 'em. [Exit.

SCENA IV.

Enter Theodore, Putskie, Ancient, Souldiers, Drums,
and Colours.

The. 'Tis known we are up, and marching : no submission,
No promise of base peace can cure our maladies,
We have suffer'd beyond all repair of honour :
Your valiant old man's whipt ; whipt Gentlemen,
Whipt like a slave : that flesh that never trembled,
Nor shrunk one sinew at a thousand charges,
That noble body rib'd in arms, the Enemy
So often shook at, and then shun'd like thunder,
That body's torn with lashes.

Anc. Let's turn head.

Put. Turn nothing Gentlemen, let's march on fairly,
Unless they charge us.

The. Think still of his abuses,
And keep your angers.

Anc. He was whipt like a top,
I never saw a whore so lac'd : Court school-butter ?
Is this their diet ? I'll dress 'em one running banquet :
What Oracle can alter us ? did not we see him ?
See him we lov'd ?

The. And though we did obey him,
Forc'd by his reverence for that time ; is't fit Gentlemen ?
My noble friends, is't fit we men, and Souldiers,
Live to endure this, and look on too ?

Put. Forward :

They may call back the Sun as soon, stay time,
Prescribe a Law to death, as we endure this.

The. They will make ye all fair promises.

Anc. We care not.

The. Use all their arts upon ye.

Anc. Hang all their arts.

Put. And happily they'll bring him with 'em.

Anc. March apace then,

He is old and cannot overtake us.

Put. Say he doe.

Anc. We'll run away with him : they shall never see him
The truth is, we'll hear nothing, stop at nothing, (more :
Consider nothing but our way ; believe nothing, (thing,
Not though they say their prayers : be content with no-
But the knocking out their brains : and last, do nothing
But ban 'em and curse 'em, till we come to kill 'em.

The. Remove then forwards bravely ; keep your minds
And the next time we face 'em, shall be fatal. (whole,
[Exit.

SCENA V.

Enter Archas, Duke, Burris, Gent. and Sould.

Ar. Peace to your Grace ; take rest Sir, they are before us-
Gent. They are Sir, and upon the march. [Exit Duke.

Ar. Lord Burris, (tage,
Take you those horse and coast 'em : upon the first advan-
If they will not flake their march, charge 'em up roundly,
By that time I'll come in. [Exit.

Bur. I'll do it truly.

Gent. How do you feel your self Sir ?

Ar. Well, I thank ye ;
A little weak, but anger shall supply that ;
You will all stand bravely to it ?

All.

All. Whilst we have lives Sir.

Ar. Ye speak like Gentlemen; I'll make the knaves know,
The proudest, and the strongest hearted Rebel,
They have a law to live in, and they shall have;
Beat up a pace, by this time he is upon 'em, [Drum within.
And sword, but hold me now, thou shalt play ever. [Exeunt.

Enter Drums beating, Theodore, Putskie, Ancient,
and their Souldiers.

The. Stand, stand, stand close, and sure;

Enter Burris, and 1 or 2 Souldiers.

The horse will charge us.

Anc. Let 'em come on, we have provender fit for 'em.

Put. Here comes Lord Burris Sir, I think to parly.

The. You are welcom noble Sir, I hope to our part.

Bur. No, valiant Colonel, I am come to chide ye,
To pity ye; to kill ye, if these fail me;

Fie, what dishonour seek ye! what black infamy!

Why do ye draw out thus? draw all shame with ye?

Are these fit cares in subjects? I command ye

Lay down your arms again, move in that peace,

That fair obedience you were bred in.

Put. Charge us:

We come not here to argue.

The. Charge up bravely,

And hotly too, we have hot spleens to meet ye,

Hot as the shames are offer'd us.

Enter Archas, Gent. and Souldiers.

Bur. Look behind ye.

Do you see that old man? do you know him Souldiers?

Put. Your Father Sir, believe me ———

Bur. You know his marches,

You have seen his executions: is it yet peace?

The. We'll dye here first.

Bur. Farewel: you'll hear on's presently.

Ar. Stay Burris: this is too poor, too beggerly a body

To bear the honour of a charge from me,

A sort of tatter'd Rebels; go provide Gallowfes;

Ye are troubled with hot heads, I'll cool ye presently:

These look like men that were my Souldiers

Now I behold 'em nearly, and more narrowly,

My honest friends: where got they these fair figures?

Where did they steal these shapes?

Bur. They are struck already.

Ar. Do you see that fellow there, that goodly Rebel?

He looks as like a Captain I lov'd tenderly:

A fellow of a faith indeed.

Bur. He has sham'd him.

Ar. And that that bears the Colours there, most certain

So like an Ancient of mine own, a brave fellow,

A loving and obedient, that believe me Burris,

I am amaz'd and troubled: and were it not

I know the general goodness of my people,

The duty, and the truth, the stedfast honestie,

And am assur'd they would as soon turn Devils

As rebels to allegiance, for mine honour.

Bur. Here needs no wars.

Put. I pray forgive us Sir.

Anc. Good General forgive us, or use your sword,

Your words are double death.

All. Good noble General.

Bur. Pray Sir be mercifull.

Ar. Weep out your shames first,

Ye make me fool for companie: fie Souldiers,

My Souldiers too, and play these tricks? what's he there?

Sure I have seen his face too; yes, most certain

I have a son, but I hope he is not here now,

'Would much resemble this man, wondrous near him,

Just of his height and making too, you seem a Leader.

The. Good Sir, do not shame me more: I know your an-
And less than death I look not for. (ger,

Ar. You shall be my charge Sir, it seems you want foes,

When you would make your friends your Enemies.
A running blood ye have, but I shall cure ye.

Bur. Good Sir ———

An. No more good Lord: beat forward Souldiers:
And you, march in the rear, you have lost your places.

[Exeunt.

SCENA VI.

Enter Duke, Olympia, Honora, Viola.

Du. You shall not be thus fullen still with me Sister,

You do the most unnobly to be angry,

For as I have a soul, I never touch'd her,

I never yet knew one unchast thought in her:

I must confess, I lov'd her: as who would not?

I must confess I doated on her strangely,

I offer'd all, yet so strong was her honour,

So fortifi'd as fair, no hope could reach her,

And whilst the world beheld this, and confirm'd it,

Why would you be so jealous?

Oly. Good Sir pardon me,

I feel sufficiently my follies penance,

And am asham'd, that shame a thousand sorrows

Feed on continually, would I had never seen her,

Or with a clearer judgement look'd upon her,

She was too good for me, so heavenly good Sir,

Nothing but Heaven can love that soul sufficiently,

Where I shall see her once again.

Enter Burris.

Du. No more tears,

If she be within the Dukedom, we'll recover her:

Welcom Lord Burris, fair news I hope.

Bur. Most fair Sir,

Without one drop of blood these wars are ended,

The Souldier cool'd again, indeed asham'd Sir,

And all his anger ended. Du. Where's Lord Archas?

Bur. Not far off Sir: with him his valiant son,

Head of this fire, but now a prisoner,

And if by your sweet mercy not prevented,

I fear some fatal stroke. [Drums.

Enter Archas, Theodore, Gentlemen, Souldiers.

Du. I hear the Drums beat,

Welcom, my worthy friend.

Ar. Stand where ye are Sir,

Even as you love your country, move not forward,

Nor plead for peace till I have done a justice,

A justice on this villain; none of mine now,

A justice on this Rebel. Hon. O my Brother.

Ar. This fatal firebrand ———

Du. Forget not old man,

He is thy son, of thine own blood.

Ar. In these veins

No treacherie e're harbour'd yet, no mutinie,

I ne're gave life to lewd and headstrong Rebels.

Du. 'Tis his first fault.

Ar. Not of a thousand Sir,

Or were it so, it is a fault so mightie,

So strong against the nature of all mercy,

His Mother were she living, would not weep for him,

He dare not say he would live. The. I must not Sir,

Whilst you say 'tis not fit: your Graces mercy

Not to my life appli'd, but to my fault Sir,

The worlds forgiveness next, last, on my knees Sir,

I humbly beg,

Do not take from me yet the name of Father,

Strike me a thousand blows, but let me dye yours.

Ar. He moves my heart: I must be suddain with him,
I shall grow faint else in my execution; (bravely.

Come, come Sir, you have seen death; now meet him

Du. Hold, hold I say, a little hold, consider

Thou hast no more sons Archas to inherit thee.

Ar. Yes Sir, I have another, and a nobler:

No treason shall inherit me: young Archas

A boy,

A boy, as sweet as young, my Brother breeds him,
My noble Brother *Bruskie* breeds him nobly,
Him let your favour find: give him your honour.

Enter Putskie (alias Briskie) and Alinda, (alias Archas.)

Put. Thou hast no child left *Archas*, none to inherit thee
If thou strik'st that stroke now: behold young *Archas*;
Behold thy Brother here, thou bloody Brother,
As bloody to this sacrifice as thou art:
Heave up thy sword, and mine's heav'd up: strike *Archas*,
And I'll strike too as suddenly, as deadly:
Have mercy, and I'll have mercy: the Duke gives it.
Look upon all these, how they weep it from thee,
Choose quickly, and begin. *Du.* On your obedience,
On your allegiance save him.

Ar. Take him to ye, [*Soul. shout.*]
And sirrah, be an honest man, ye have reason:
I thank ye worthy Brother: welcom child,
Mine own sweet child.

Du. Why was this boy conceal'd thus?

Put. Your graces pardon:
Fearing the vow you made against my Brother,
And that your anger would not only light
On him, but find out all his familie,
This young boy, to preserve from after danger,
Like a young wench, hither I brought; my self
In the habit of an ordinarie Captain
Disguis'd, got entertainment, and serv'd here
That I might still be ready to all fortunes:
That boy your grace took, nobly entertain'd him,
But thought a Girl, *Alinda*, Madam. *Ol.* Stand away,
And let me look upon him. *Du.* My young Mistress?
This is a strange metamorphosis, *Alinda*?

Al. Your graces humble servant.

Du. Come hither Sister:
I dare yet scarce believe mine eyes: how they view one ano-
Do'st thou not love this boy well? (ther?)

Oly. I should lye else,
Trust me, extreemly lye Sir.

Du. Didst thou never wish *Olympia*,
It might be thus? *Oly.* A thousand times.

Du. Here take him:

Nay, do not blush: I do not jest; kiss sweetly:
Boy, ye kiss faintly boy; Heaven give ye comfort;
Teach him, he'll quickly learn: there's two hearts eas'd now.

Ar. You do me too much honour Sir. *Du.* No *Archas*,
But all I can, I will; can you love me? speak truly.

Hon. Yes Sir, dearly.

Du. Come hither *Viola*, can you love this man?

Vio. I'll do the best I can Sir. *Du.* Seal it *Burris*,
We'll all to Church together instantly:

And then a vie for boyes; stay, bring *Boroskie*.

Enter Boroskie.

I had almost forgot that lump of mischief.
There *Archas*, take the enimie to honour,
The knave to worth: do with him what thou wilt.

Ar. Then to my sword again; you to your prayers;
Wash off your villanies, you feel the burthen.

Bor. Forgive me ere I die, most honest *Archas*;
'Tis too much honour that I perish thus;

O strike my faults to kill them, that no memorie,
No black and blasted infamy hereafter

Ar. Come, are ye ready? *Bor.* Yes.

Ar. And truly penitent, to make your way straight?

Bor. Thus I wash off my sins.

Ar. Stand up, and live then,

And live an honest man; I scorn mens ruines:

Take him again, Sir, trie him: and believe
This thing will be a perfect man. *Du.* I take him.

Bor. And when I fail those hopes, heavens hopes fail me.

Du. You are old: no more wars Father:

Theodore take you the charge, be General.

The. All good blefs ye.

Du. And my good Father, you dwell in my bosom,
From you rise all my good thoughts: when I would think

And examine time for one that's fairly noble,
And the same man through all the streights of vertue,
Upon this Silver book I'll look, and read him.

Now forward merrily to *Hymens* rites,

To joyes, and revels, sports, and he that can

Most honour *Archas*, is the noblest man. [*Exeunt.*]

Prologue.

WE need not noble Gentlemen to invite
Attention, preinstruct you who did write
This worthy Story, being confident
The mirth join'd with grave matter, and Intent
To yield the hearers profit, with delight,
Will speak the maker: and to do him right,
Would ask a Genius like to his; the age
Mourning his loss, and our now widdowed stage
In vain lamenting. I could adde, so far
Behind him the most modern writers are,
That when they would commend him, their best praise
Ruins the buildings which they strive to raise
To his best memory, so much a friend
Presumes to write, secure 'twill not offend
The living that are modest, with the rest
That may repine he cares not to contest.

This debt to Fletcher paid; it is profess'd
By us the Actors, we will do our best
To send such favouring friends, as hither come
To grace the Scene, pleas'd, and contented home.

Epilogue.

THough something well assur'd, few here repent
Three hours of precious time, or money spent
On our endeavours, Yet not to relye
Too much upon our care, and industrie,
'Tis fit we should ask, but a modest way
How you approve our action in the play.
If you vouchsafe to crown it with applause,
It is your bountie, and you give us cause
Hereafter with a general consent
To study, as becomes us, your content.

Rule a Wife, and have a Wife.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Juan de Castro, and Michael Perez.

Mich. **A**RE your Companies full, Colonel?
Juan. No, not yet, Sir: (kon;
 Nor will not be this month yet, as I rec-
 How rises your Command?

Mich. We pick up still, and as our monies hold out,
 We have men come, about that time I think
 We shall be full too, many young Gallants go.

Juan. And unexperienced,
 The Wars are dainty dreams to young hot spirits,
 Time and Experience will allay those Visions,
 We have strange things to fill our numbers,
 There's one *Don Leon*, a strange goodly fellow,
 Recommended to me from some noble Friends,
 For my *Alferes*, had you but seen his Person,
 And what a Giants promise it protesteth. (too.

Mich. I have heard of him, and that he hath serv'd before

Juan. But no harm done, nor never meant, *Don Michael*,
 That came to my ears yet, ask him a question,
 He blushes like a Girl, and answers little,
 To the point less, he wears a Sword, a good one;
 And good Cloaths too, he is whole skin'd, has no hurt yet,
 Good promising hopes, I never yet heard certainly
 Of any Gentleman that saw him angry.

Mich. Preserve him, he'll conclude a peace if need be,
 Many as strong as he will go along with us,
 That swear as valiantly as heart can wish, (ones,
 Their mouths charg'd with six oaths at once, and whole
 That make the drunken Dutch creep into Mole-hills.

Juan. 'Tis true, such we must look for: but *Mich. Perez*,
 When heard you of *Donna Margarita*, the great Heirefs?

Mich. I hear every hour of her, though I never saw her,
 She is the main discourse: noble *Don Juan de Castro*,
 How happy were that man could catch this Wench up,
 And live at ease! she is fair, and young, and wealthy,
 Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too
 In all her entertainments, as men report.

Juan. But she is proud, Sir, that I know for certain,
 And that comes seldom without wantonness,
 He that shall marry her, must have a rare hand.

Mich. Would I were married, I would find that Wisdom,
 With a light rein to rule my Wife: if ever Woman
 Of the most subtile mould went beyond me,
 I would give the Boys leave to whoot me out o'th' Parish.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, there be two Gentlewomen attend to speak
 With you.

Juan. Wait on 'em in.

Mich. Are they two handsome Women?

Ser. They seem so, very handsom, but they are vail'd, Sir.

Mich. Thou put'st sugar in my mouth, how it melts with
 I love a sweet young Wench. (me!

Juan. Wait on them in I say. [Exit Servant.

Mich. Don Juan.

Juan. How you itch, *Michael!* how you burnish!

Will not this Souldiers heat out of your bones yet,
 Do your Eyes glow now?

Mich. There be two.

Juan. Say honest, what shame have you then?

Mich. I would fain see that,

I have been in the *Indies* twice, and have seen strange things,
 But two honest Women; ———one I read of once.

Juan. Prithee be modest.

Mich. I'll be any thing.

Enter Servant, Donna Clara, and Estifania vail'd.

Juan. You are welcome Ladies.

Mich. Both hooded, I like 'em well though,
 They come not for advice in Law sure hither;
 May be they would learn to raise the Pike,
 I am for 'em: they are very modest, 'tis a fine Preludium.

Juan. With me, or with this Gentleman,
 Would you speak, Lady?

Clara. With you, Sir, as I guess, *Juan de Castro*.

Mich. Her Curtain opens, she is a pretty Gentlewoman.

Juan. I am the Man, and shall be bound to Fortune,
 I may do any service to your Beauties. (Flanders,

Clara. Captain, I hear you are marching down to
 To serve the Catholick King.

Juan. I am sweet Lady.

Clara. I have a Kinsman, and a noble Friend,
 Employ'd in those Wars, may be, Sir, you know him,

Don Campuzano Captain of *Carbines*,

To whom I would request your Nobleness,

To give this poor Remembrance. [A Letter.

Juan. I shall do it,

I know the Gentleman, a most worthy Captain.

Clara. Something in private.

Juan. Step aside: I'll serve thee. [Ex. Juan, and Clara.

Mich. Prithee let me see thy face.

Estif. Sir, you must pardon me,
 Women of our sort, that maintain fair memories,
 And keep suspect off from their Chastities,
 Had need wear thicker Vails.

Mich. I am no blaster of a Ladies Beauty,
 Nor bold intruder on her special favours,
 I know how tender Reputation is,
 And with what guards it ought to be preserv'd, Lady,
 You may to me.

Estif. You must excuse me, Seignior, I come
 Not here to sell my self.

Mich. As I am a Gentleman, by the honour of a Souldier.

Estif. I believe you,

I pray you be civil, I believe you would see me,
 And when you have seen me I believe you will like me,
 But in a strange place, to a stranger too,
 As if I came on purpose to betray you,
 Indeed I will not.

Mich. I shall love you dearly,
 And 'tis a sin to sling away affection,
 I have no Mistres, no desire to honour
 Anybut you, will not this Oyster open?

O o

I know

I know not, you have struck me with your modesty ;
She will draw sure ; so deep, and taken from me
All the desire I might bestow on others ,
Quickly before they come.

Estif. Indeed I dare not :
But since I see you are so desirous, Sir,
To view a poor face that can merit nothing
But your Repentance.

Mich. It must needs be excellent.

Estif. And with what honesty you ask it of me,
When I am gone let your man follow me,
And view what house I enter, thither come,
For there I dare be bold to appear open :
And as I like your vertuous carriage then,

Enter Juan, Clara, a Servant.

I shall be able to give welcome to you ;
She hath done her business, I must take my leave, Sir.

Mich. I'll kiss your fair white hand and thank you, Lady.
My man shall wait, and I shall be your Servant ;
Sirrah, come near, hark.

Serv. I shall do it faithfully.

[*Exit.*

Juan. You will command me no more services ?

Clara. To be careful of your noble health, dear Sir,
That I may ever honour you.

Juan. I thank you,
And kiss your hands, wait on the Ladies down there.

[*Exeunt Ladies, and Servants.*

Mi. You had the honour to see the face that came to you ?

Juan. And 'twas a fair one ; what was yours, *Don Michael* ?

Mi. Mine was i'th'clipse, and had a Cloud drawn over it.
But I believe well, and I hope 'tis handsome,
She had a hand would stir a holy Hermite.

Juan. You know none of 'em ?

Mich. No.

Juan. Then I do, Captain,
But I'll say nothing till I see the proof on't,
Sit close *Don Perez*, or your Worship's caught.
I fear a Flye.

Mich. Were those she brought Love-Letters ?

Juan. A Packet to a Kinsman now in *Flanders*,
Yours was very modest methought.

Mich. Some young unmanag'd thing,
But I may live to see——

Juan. 'Tis worth experience,
Let's walk abroad and view our Companies.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sanchio, and Alonzo.

Sanch. What, are you for the Wars, *Alonzo* ?

Alon. It may be I,

It may be no, e'n as the humour takes me.
If I find peace amongst the female Creatures,
And easie entertainment, I'll stay at home,
I am not so far obliged yet to long Marches
And mouldy Biskets, to run mad for Honour,
When you are all gone I have my choice before me.

Sanch. Of which Hospital thou wilt sweat in ; wilt thou
Never leave whoring ?

Alon. There is less danger in't than gunning, *Sanchio*,
Though we be shot sometimes, the shot's not mortal,
Besides, it breaks no limbs.

Sanch. But it disables 'em,
Dost thou see how thou pull'st thy legs after thee, as they
Hung by points.

Alon. Better to pull 'em thus than walk on wooden ones,
Serve bravely for a Billet to support me.

Sanch. Fye, fye, 'tis base.

Alon. Dost thou count it base to suffer ?
Suffer abundantly ? 'tis the Crown of Honour ;
You think it nothing to lie twenty days
Under a Surgeons hands that has no mercy.

Sanch. As thou hast done I am sure, but I perceive now
Why you desire to stay, the orient Heirefs,
The *Margarita*, Sir.

Alonz. I would I had her.

Sanch. They say she will marry.

Alonz. I think she will.

Sanch. And marry suddenly, as report goes too,
She fears her Youth will not hold out, *Alonzo*.

Alonz. I would I had the sheathing on't.

Sanch. They say too

She has a greedy eye that must be fed
With more than one mans meat.

Alonz. Would she were mine,

I would cater for her well enough ; but *Sanchio*,
There be too many great men that adore her,
Princes, and Princes fellows, that claim priviledge.

Sanch. Yet those stand off i'th' way of marriage,
To be tyed to a mans pleasure is a second labour.

Alon. She has bought a brave house here in town.

Sanch. I have heard so.

Alonz. If she convert it now to pious uses,
And bid poor Gentlemen welcome.

Sanch. When comes she to it ?

Alonz. Within these two days, she is in the Country yet,
And keeps the noblest House.

Sanch. Then there's some hope of her,
Wilt thou go my way ?

Alonz. No, no, I must leave you,
And repair to an old Gentlewoman
That has credit with her, that can speak a good word. (*first.*)

Sanch. Send thee good fortune, but make thy Body found

Alonz. I am a Souldier,

And too found a Body becomes me not ;
Farewel, *Sanchio*.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter a Servant of Michael Perez.

Serv. 'Tis this or that house, or I have lost my aim,
They are both fair buildings, she walked plaguy fast,

Enter Estifania.

And hereabouts I lost her ; stay, that's she,
'Tis very she,—— she makes me a low court'sie,
Let me note the place, the street I well remember. [*Exit.*

She is in again, certain some noble Lady.

How happy should I be if she love my master :
A wondrous goodly house, here are brave lodgings,
And I shall sleep now like an Emperour,
And eat abundantly : I thank my fortune,
I'll back with speed, and bring him happy tidings. [*Exit.*

Enter three old Ladies.

1 *Lady.* What should it mean, that in such haste
We are sent for ?

2 *Lady.* Belike the Lady *Margaret* has some business
She would break to us in private.

3 *Lady.* It should seem so.
'Tis a good Lady, and a wise young Lady.

2 *Lady.* And vertuous enough too I warrant ye
For a young Woman of her years ; 'tis pity
To load her tender Age with too much Vertue. (*with.*)

3 *Lady.* 'Tis more sometimes than we can well away

Enter Altea.

Alt. Good morrow, Ladies.

All. 'Morrow my good Madam.

(*ret ?*)

1 *Lad.* How does the sweet young Beauty, Lady *Marga-*

2 *Lady.* Has she slept well after her walk last night ?

1 *Lady.* Are her dreams gentle to her mind ?

Alt. All's well,

She's very well, she sent for you thus suddenly
To give her counsel in a business
That much concerns her.

2 *Lady.* She does well and wisely,
To ask the counsel of the ancientst, Madam,
Our years have run through many things she knows not.

Alt. She would fain marry.

1 *Lady.* 'Tis a proper calling.

And

And well befits her years, who would she yoke with?

Air. That's left to argue on, I pray come in
And break your fast, drink a good cup or two,
To strengthen your understandings, then she'll tell ye.

2. And good wine breeds good counsel,
We'll yield to ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Juan de Castro, and Leon.

Juan. Have you seen any service?

Leon. Yes.

Juan. Where?

Leon. Every where.

Juan. What office bore ye?

Leon. None, I was not worthy.

Juan. What Captains know you?

Leon. None, they were above me.

Juan. Were you never hurt?

Leon. Not that I well remember,
But once I stole a Hen, and then they beat me;
Pray ask me no long questions, I have an ill memory.

Juan. This is an Allè, did you never draw your sword yet?

Leon. Not to do any harm I thank Heaven for't.

Juan. Nor ne'r ta'ne prisoner?

Leon. No, I ran away,
For I had ne'r no mony to redeem me.

Juan. Can you endure a Drum?

Leon. It makes my head ake.

Juan. Are you not valiant when you are drunk?

Leon. I think not, but I am loving Sir.

Juan. What a lump is this man,

Was your Father wife?

Leon. Too wife for me I'm sure,
For he gave all he had to my younger Brother.

Juan. That was no foolish part I'le bear you witness.

Canst thou lye with a woman?

Leon. I think I could make shift Sir,
But I am bashfull.

Juan. In the night?

Leon. I know not,

Darkness indeed may do some good upon me.

Juan. Why art thou sent to me to be my officer,
I, and commended too, when thou darst not fight?

Leon. There be more officers of my opinion,
Or I am cozen'd Sir, men that talk more too.

Juan. How wilt thou scape a bullet?

Leon. Why by chance,

They aim at honourable men, alas I am none Sir.

Juan. This fellow has some doubts in's talk that strike me,

Enter Alonzo.

He cannot be all fool: welcom *Alonzo:* (company?)

Alon. What have you got there, temperance into your
The spirit of peace? we shall have wars

Enter Cacafo.

By th'ounce then. O here's another pumpion,
Let him loofe for luck sake, the cram'd son
Of a stav'd Usurer, *Cacafo*, both their brains butter'd,
Cannot make two spoonfulls.

Caca. My Father's dead: I am a man of war too,
Monyes demefns; I have ships at sea too,
Captains.

(*else.*)

Juan. Take heed o'th' Hollanders, your ships may leak

Caca. I scorn the Hollanders, they are my drunkards.

Alon. Put up your gold Sir, I'le borrow it *else.*

Caca. I am satisfied, you shall not,

Come out, I know thee, meet mine anger instantly:

Leon. I never wrong'd ye.

Caca. Thou hast wrong'd mine honor;
Thou look'dst upon my Mistris thrice lasciviously;
I'le make it good.

Juan. Do not heat your self, you will surfeit.

Caca. Thou wan'st my mony too, with a pair of base bones,
In whom there was no truth, for which I beat thee,

I beat thee much, now I will hurt thee dangerously.

This shall provoke thee.

[*He strikes.*]

Alon. You struck too low by a foot Sir.

Juan. You must get a ladder when you would beat
This fellow.

Leon. I cannot chuse but kick again, pray pardon me.

Caca. Hadst thou not ask'd my pardon, I had kill'd thee,
I leave thee as a thing despis'd, *affoles manus a vostra siniare*
a Meistre.

[*Exit Cac.*]

Alon. You have scap'd by miracle, there is not in all *Spain*,
A spirit of more fury than this fire drake.

Leon. I see he is hasty, and I would give him leave
To beat me soundly if he would take my bond.

Juan. What shall I do with this fellow?

Alon. Turn him off,
He will infect the camp with cowardise,
If he goe with thee.

Juan. About some week hence Sir,
If I can hit upon no abler officer,
You shall hear from me.

Leon. I desire no better.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Estifania, and Perez.

Per. You have made me now too bountifull amends, Lady
For your strict carriage when you saw me first,
These beauties were not meant to be conceal'd,
It was a wrong to hide so sweet an object,
I cou'd now chide ye, but it shall be thus,
No other anger ever touch your sweetness.

Estif. You appear to me so honest, and so civil,
Without a blush Sir, I dare bid ye welcom.

Per. Now let me ask your name.

Estif. 'Tis *Estifanie*, the heir of this poor place.

Per. Poor do you call it?

There's nothing that I cast mine eyes upon,
But shews both rich and admirable, all the rooms
Are hung as if a Princess were to dwell here,
The Gardens, Orchards, every thing so curious:
Is all that plate your own too?

Estif. 'Tis but little,
Only for present use, I have more and richer,
When need shall call, or friends compel me use it,
The futes you see of all the upper chamber,
Are those that commonly adorn the house,
I think I have besides, as fair, as civil,
As any town in *Spain* can parallel.

Per. Now if she be not married, I have some hopes.
Are you a maid?

Estif. You make me blush to answer,
I ever was accounted so to this hour,
And that's the reason that I live retir'd Sir.

Per. Then would I counsel you to marry presently;
(If I can get her, I am made for ever)
For every year you lose, you lose a beauty;
A Husband now, an honest careful Husband,
Were such a comfort: will ye walk above stairs?

Estif. This place will fit our talk, 'tis fitter far Sir,
Above there are day-beds, and such temptations
I dare not trust Sir.

Per. She is excellent wife withal too.

Estif. You nam'd a husband, I am not so strict Sir;
Nor ti'd unto a Virgins solitariness,
But if an honest, and a noble one,
Rich, and a souldier, for so I have vowed he shall be;
Were offer'd me, I think I should accept him,
But above all he must love.

Perez. He were base *else*,
There's comfort ministred in the word souldier;
How sweetly should I live!

Estif. I am not so ignorant, but that I know well,
How to be commanded,
And how again to make my self obey'd Sir,
I waste but little, I have gather'd much,
My rial not the less worth, when 'tis spent;

If spent by my direction, to please my Husband,
I hold it as indifferent in my duty,
To be his maid i'th' kitchen, or his Cook,
As in the Hall to know my self the Mistris.

Per. Sweet, rich, and provident, now fortune stick
To me; I am a Souldier, and a bachelour, Lady,
And such a wife as you, I cou'd love infinitely,
They that use many words, some are deceitfull,
I long to be a Husband, and a good one,
For 'tis most certain I shall make a president
For all that follow me to love their Ladies,
I am young you see, able I would have you think too,
If't please you know, try me before you take me.

'Tis true I shall not meet in equal wealth
With ye, but Jewels, Chains, such as the war
Has given me, a thousand Duckets I dare
Presume on in ready gold, now as your
Care may handle it, as rich cloths too, as
Any he bears arms Lady.

Estif. You are a true gentleman, and fair, I see by ye,
And such a man I had rather take.

Perez. Pray do so, I'le have a Priest o'th' sudden.

Estif. And as suddenly you will repent too.

Perez. I'le be hang'd or drown'd first,
By this and this, and this kiss.

Estif. You are a Flatterer,
But I must say there was something when I saw you
First, in that most noble face, that stirr'd my fancy.

Per. I'le stir it better e're you sleep sweet Lady,
I'le send for all my trunks and give up all to ye,
Into your own dispose, before I bed ye,
And then sweet wench.

Estif. You have the art to cozen me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Margarita, and two Ladies, and Altea.

Margar **S**IT down and give me your opinions seriously.

1 La. You say you have a mind to marry Lady.

Marg. 'Tis true, I have for to preserve my credit,
Yet not so much for that as for my state Ladies,
Conceive me right, there lies the main o'th' question,
Credit I can redeem, mony will imp it,
But when my monie's gone, when the law shall
Seize that, and for incontincy strip me
Of all.

1 La. Do you find your body so malicious that way?

Marg. I find it as all bodies are that are young and lusty,
Lazy, and high fed, I desire my pleasure,
And pleasure I must have.

2 Lady. 'Tis fit you should have,
Your years require it, and 'tis necessary,
As necessary as meat to a young Lady,
Sleep cannot nourish more.

1 La. But might not all this be, and keep ye single.
You take away variety in marriage,
The abundance of the pleasure you are bar'd then,
Is't not abundance that you aim at?

Marg. Yes why was I made a woman?

2 Lady. And every day a new?

Marg. Why fair and young but to use it?

1 Lady. You are still i'th' right, why would you marry then?

Alte. Because a husband stops all doubts in this point,
And clears all passages.

2 Lady. What Husband mean ye?

Alte. A Husband of an easy faith, a fool,
Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleasure,
One though he see himself become a monster,
Shall hold the door, and entertain the maker.

2 Lady. You grant there may be such a man.

1 Lady. Yes marry, but how to bring 'em to this rare
Perfection.

2 Lady. They must be chosen so, things of no honour,
Nor outward honesty.

Marga. No 'tis no matter,
I care not what they are, so they be lusty.

2 La. Me thinks now a rich Lawyer, some such fellow,
That carries credit, and a face of awe,
But lies with nothing but his clients business.

Marg. No there's no trusting them, they are too subtil,
The Law has moulded 'em of natural mischief.

1 Lady. Then some grave governor,
Some man of honour, yet an easy man.

Marg. If he have honour I am undone, I'le none such,
I'le have a lusty man, honour will cloy me.

Altea. 'Tis fit ye should Lady;
And to that end, with search and wit and labour,
I have found one out, a right one and a perfect,
He is made as strong as brass, is of brave years too,
And doughty of complexion.

Marga. Is he a Gentleman?

Alte. Yes and a souldier, as gentle as you would wish him,
A good fellow, wears good cloaths.

Marga. Those I'le allow him,
They are for my credit, does he understand
But little?

Altea. Very little.

Marga. 'Tis the better,
Have not the wars bred him up to anger?

Al. No, he will not quarrel with a dog that bites him,
Let him be drunk or lober, is one silence.

Marg. H'as no capacity what honor is?
For that's the Souldiers god.

Alte. Honour's a thing too subtil for his wisdom,
If honour lye in eating, he is right honourable.

Marg. Is he so goodly a man do you say?

Altea. As you shall see Lady,
But to all this is but a trunk.

Marg. I would have him so,
I shall adde branches to him to adorn him,
Goe, find me out this man, and let me see him,
If he be that motion that you tell me of,
And make no more noise, I shall entertain him,
Let him be here.

Altea. He shall attend your Ladiship. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Juan, Alonzo, and Perez.

Juan. Why thou art not married indeed?

Perez. No, no, pray think so,
Alas I am a fellow of no reckoning,
Not worth a Ladies eye.

Alon. Wou'dst thou steal a fortune,
And make none of all thy friends acquainted with it,
Nor bid us to thy wedding?

Perez. No indeed,
There was no wisdom in't, to bid an Artist,
An old seducer to a femal banquet,
I can cut up my pye without your instructions.

Juan. Was it the wench i'th' veil?

Perez. Baste 'twas she,
The prettiest Rogue that e're you look'd upon,
The lovingst thief.

Juan. And is she rich withal too?

Perez. A mine, a mine, there is no end of wealth Coronel,
I am an asse, a bashfull fool, prethee Coronel,
How do thy compaines fill now?

Juan. You are merry Sir,
You intend a safer war at home belike now.

Perez. I do not think I shall fight much this year Coronel,
I find my self given to my case a little,
I care not if I sell my foolish company,
They are things of hazard.

Alon. How it angers me,
This fellow at first fight should win a Lady,

A rich

A rich young wench, and I that have consum'd
My time and art in searching out their subtleties,
Like a fool'd Alchymist blow up my hopes still?
When shall we come to thy house and be freely merry?

Perez. When I have manag'd her a little more,
I have an house to entertain an army.

Alon. If thy wife be fair, thou wilt have few less
Come to thee. (Signior.

Perez. But where they'l get entertainment is the point
I beat no Drum.

Alon. You need none but her taber,
May be I'll march after a month or two,
To get me a fresh stomach. I find Coronel
A wantonness in wealth, methinks I agree not with,
'Tis such a trouble to be married too,
And have a thousand things of great importance,
Jewels and plates, and fooleries molest me,
To have a mans brains whimsied with his wealth:
Before I walk'd contentedly.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Mistris Sir is sick, because you are absent,
She mourns and will not eat.

Perez. Alas my Jewel,
Come I'll goe with thee, Gentlemen your fair leaves,
You see I am ti'd a little to my yoke,
Pray pardon me, would ye had both such loving wives.

Juan. I thank ye [Exit Perez, Servant.
For your old boots, never be blank *Alonzo*,
Because this fellow has outstript thy fortune,
Tell me ten daies hence what he is, and how
The gracious state of matrimony stands with him,
Come, let's to dinner, when *Margarita* comes
We'l visit both, it may be then your fortune. [Exit.

Enter Margarita, Altea, and Ladies.

Marg. Is he come?

Altea. Yes Madam, h'as been here this half hour,
I have question'd him of all that you can ask him,
And find him as fit as you had made the man,
He will make the goodliest shadow for iniquity.

Marg. Have ye searcht him Ladies?

Omnis. Is a man at all points, a likely man.

Marg. Call him in *Altea*. [Exit Lady.

Enter Leon, Altea.

A man of a good pefence, pray ye come this way,
Of a lusty body, is his mind so tame?

Alt. Pray ye question him, and if you find him not
Fit for your purpose, shake him off, there's no harm
Done.

Marg. Can you love a young Lady? How he blushes!

Alt. Leave twirling of your hat, and hold your head up,
And speak to th' Lady.

Leon. Yes, I think I can,
I must be taught, I know not what it means Madam.

Marg. You shall be taught, and can you when she pleases
Go ride abroad, and stay a week or two?
You shall have men and horses to attend ye,
And mony in your purse.

Leon. Yes I love riding,
And when I am from home I am so merry.

Marg. Be as merry as you will: can you as handsomely
When you are sent for back, come with obedience,
And doe your dutie to the Lady loves you?

Leon. Yes sure, I shall.

Marg. And when you see her friends here,
Or noble kinsmen, can you entertain
Their servants in the Celler, and be busied,
And hold your peace, what e're you see or hear of?

Leon. 'Twere fit I were hang'd else.

Marg. Let me try your kisses,
How the fool shakes, I will not eat ye Sir,
Behrew my heart he kisses wondrous manly,

Can ye doe any thing else?

Leon. Indeed I know not;
But if your Ladiship will please to instruct me,
Sure I shall learn.

Marg. You shall then be instructed:
If I should be this Lady that affects ye;
Nay say I marry ye?

Altea. Hark to the Lady.

Marg. What mony have ye?

Leon. None Madam, nor friends,
I wou'd doe any thing to serve your Ladiship.

Marg. You must not look to be my Mr Sir,
Nor talk i'th' house as though you wore the breeches,
No, nor command in any thing.

Leon. I will not,
Alas I am not able, I have no wit Madam.

Marg. Nor do not labour to arrive at any,
'Twill spoil your head, I take ye upon charity,
And like a Servant ye must be unto me,
As I behold your duty I shall love ye,
And as you observe me, I may chance lye with ye;
Can you mark these?

Leon. Yes indeed forsooth.

Marg. There is one thing,
That if I take ye in I put ye from me,
Utterly from me, you must not be sawcy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me,
Scarce know me, when I call ye not.

Leon. I will not, alas I never knew my self sufficiently.

Marg. Nor must not now.

Leon. I'll be a Dog to please ye.

Marg. Indeed you must fetch and carry as I appoint ye.

Leon. I were to blame else.

Marg. Kifs me again; a strong fellow,
There is a vigor in his lips: if you see me
Kifs any other, twenty in an hour Sir,
You must not start, nor be offended.

Leon. No, if you kifs a thousand I shall be contented;
It will the better teach me how to please ye.

Altea. I told ye Madam,

Marg. 'Tis the man I wisht for; the less you speak;

Leon. I'll never speak again Madam,
But when you charge me, then I'll speak softly too.

Marg. Get me a Priest, I'll wed him instantly,
But when you are married Sir, you must wait
Upon me, and see you observe my laws.

Leon. Else you shall hang me.

Marg. I'll give ye better clothes when you deserue 'em,
Come in, and serve for witness.

Omnis. We shall Madam.

Marg. And then away toth' city presently,
I'll to my new house and new company.

Leon. A thousand crowns are thine, and I am a made man.

Altea. Do not break out too soon.

Leon. I know my time wench. [Exit.

Enter Clara, and Estifania with a paper.

Clara. What, have you caught him?

Estif. Yes.

Clara. And do you find him

A man of those hopes that you aim'd at?

Estif. Yes too,
And the most kind man, and the ablest also
To give a wife content, he is found as old wine,
And to his soundness rises on the pallat,
And there's the man; find him rich too *Clara*.

Clara. Hast thou married him?

Estif. What dost thou think I fish without a bait wench?

I bob for fools? he is mine own, I have him,
I told thee what would tickle him like a trout,
And as I cast it so I caught him daintily,

And all he has I have 'stow'd at my devotion. (to town,

Clara. Does thy Lady know this? she is coming now
Now to live here in this house.

Estif.

Estif. Let her come,
She shall be welcom, I am prepar'd for her,
She is mad sure if she be angry at my fortune,
For what I have made bold.

Clara. Dolt thou not love him?

Estif. Yes, intirely well,
As long as there he staies and looks no farther
Into my ends, but when he doubts, I hate him,
And that wife hate will teach me how to cozen him:
How to decline their wives, and curb their manners,
To put a stern and strong reyn to their natures,
And holds he is an Assè not worth acquaintance,
That cannot mould a Devil to obedience,
I owe him a good turn for these opinions,
And as I find his temper I may pay him,

Enter Perez.

O here he is, now you shall see a kind man.

Perez. My *Estifania*, shall we to dinner lamb?
I know thou stay'lt for me.

Estif. I cannot eat else.

Perez. I never enter but me thinks a Paradise
Appears about me.

Estif. You are welcom to it Sir.

Perez. I think I have the sweetest seat in *Spain* wench,
Me thinks the richest too, we'l eat i'th' garden
In one o'th' arbours, there 'tis cool and pleasant,
And have our wine cold in the running fountain.
Who's that?

Estif. A friend of mine Sir.

Perez. Of what breeding?

Estif. A Gentlewoman Sir.

Perez. What business has she?
Is she a learned woman i'th' Mathematicks,
Can she tell fortunes?

Estif. More than I know Sir.

Perez. Or has she e're a letter from a kinswoman,
That must be delivered in my absence wife,
Or comes she from the Doctor to salute ye,
And learn your health? she looks not like a confessor.

Estif. What need all this, why are you troubled Sir?
What do you suspect, she cannot cuckold ye,
She is a woman Sir, a very woman.

Perez. Your very woman may do very well Sir
Toward the matter, for though she cannot perform it
In her own person, she may do it by Proxie,
Your rarest jugglers work still by conspiracy.

Estif. Cry ye mercy husband, you are jealous then,
And happily suspect me.

Perez. No indeed wife.

Estif. Me thinks you should not till you have more cause
And clearer too: I am sure you have heard say husband,
A woman forced will free her self through Iron,
A happy, calm, and good wife discontented
May be taught tricks.

Perez. No, no, I do but jest with ye.

Estif. To morrow friend I'll see you.

Clara. I shall leave ye

Till then, and pray all may goe sweetly with ye. *[Exit*

Estif. Why where's this girl, whose at the door? *[Knock.*

Perez. Who knocks there?

Is't for the King ye come, you knock so boisterously?
Look to the door.

Enter Maid.

Maid. My Lady, as I live Mistris, my Ladie's come,
She's at the door, I peept through, and I saw her,
And a stately company of Ladies with her.

Estif. This was a week too soon, but I must meet with her,
And set a new wheel going, and a subtle one,
Must blind this mighty *Mars*, or I am ruin'd.

Perez. What are they at door?

Estif. Such my *Michael*

As you may blest the day they enter'd there,

Such for our good.

Perez. 'Tis well.

Estif. Nay, 'twill be better

If you will let me but dispose the business,
And be a stranger to it, and not disturb me,
What have I now to do but to advance your fortune?

Perez. Doe, I dare trust thee, I am asham'd I am angry,
I find thee a wife young wife.

Estif. I'll wife your worship
Before I leave ye, pray ye walk by and say nothing,
Only salute them, and leave the rest to me Sir,
I was born to make ye a man.

Perez. The Rogue speaks heartily,
Her good will colours in her cheeks, I am born to love her;
I must be gentler to these tender natures,
A Souldiers rude harsh words besit not Ladies,
Nor must we talk to them as we talk to
Our Officers, I'll give her way, for 'tis for me she
Works now, I am husband, heir, and all she has.

Enter Margarita, Estifania, Leon, Altea, and Ladies.

Who are these, what flanting things, a woman
Of rare presence! excellent fair, this is too big
For a bawdy house, too open seated too.

Estif. My Husband, Lady.

Marg. You have gain'd a proper man.

Perez. What e're I am, I am your servant Lady. *[Kisses.*

Estif. Sir, be rul'd now,
And I shall make ye rich, this is my cousin,
That Gentleman dotes on her, even to death, see how he ob-
Perez. She is a goodly woman. *(serves her.*

Estif. She is a mirrour,
But she is poor, she were for a Princes side else,
This house she has brought him too as to her own,
And presuming upon me, and upon my courtesie.
Conceive me short, he knows not but she is wealthy,
Or if he did know otherwise, 'twere all one,
He is so far gone.

Perez. Forward, she has a rare face.

Estif. This we must carry with discretion Husband,
And yield unto her for four daies.

Perez. Yield our house up, our goods and wealth?

Estif. All this is but in seeming,
To milk the lover on, do you see this writing,
200^l a year when they are married
Has she sealed to for our good; the time's unfit now,
I'll shew it you to morrow.

Perez. All the house?

Estif. All, all, and we'll remove too, to confirm him,
They'll into th' country suddenly again
After they are matcht, and then she'll open to him.

Perez. The whole possession wife? look what you doe,
A part o'th' house.

Estif. No, no, they shall have all,
And take their pleasure too, 'tis for our 'vantage.
Why, what's four daies? had you a Sister Sir,
A Niece or Mistris that required this courtesie,
And should I make a scruple to do you good?

Perez. If easily it would come back.

Estif. I swear Sir,
As easily as it came on, is't not pity
To let such a Gentlewoman for a little help—
You give away no house.

Perez. Clear but that question.

Estif. I'll put the writings into your hand.

Perez. Well then.

Estif. And you shall keep them safe.

Perez. I am satisfied; wou'd I had the wench so too.

Estif. When she has married him,
So infinite his love is linkt unto her,
You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch
May have Heaven knows what.

Perez. I'll remove the goods straight,
And take some poor house by, 'tis but for four days.

Estif.

Estif. I have a poor old friend; there we'l be.
Perez. 'Tis well then.
Estif. Goe handfom off, and leave the house clear.
Perez. Well.
Estif. That little stuff we'l use shall follow after;
 And a boy to guide ye, peace and we are made both. (wench?)
Marg. Come, let's goe in, are all the rooms kept sweet
Estif. They are sweet and neat. [Exit Perez.
Marg. Why where's your Husband?
Estif. Gone Madam.
 When you come to your own he must give place Lady.
Marg. Well, send you joy, you would not let me know't,
 Yet I shall not forget ye.
Estif. Thank your Ladyship. [Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Margarita, Altea, and Boy.

Altea. ARE you at ease now, is your heart at rest,
 Now you have got a shadow, an umbrella
 Tok eep the scorching worlds opinion
 From your fair credit.
Marg. I am at peace *Altea,*
 If he continue but the same he shews,
 And be a master of that ignorance
 He outwardly professes, I am happy,
 The pleasure I shall live in and the freedom
 Without the squint-eye of the law upon me,
 Or prating liberty of tongues, that envy.
Altea. You are a made woman.
Marg. But if he should prove now
 A crafty and dissembling kind of Husband,
 One read in knavery, and brought up in the art
 Of villany conceal'd.
Altea. My life, an innocent.
Marg. That's it I aim at,
 That's it I hope too, then I am sure I rule him,
 For innocents are like obedient Children
 Brought up under a hard Mother-in-law, a cruel,
 Who being not us'd to break-fasts and collations,
 When they have course bread offer'd 'em, are thankfull,
 And take it for a favour too. Are the rooms
 Made ready to entertain my friends? I long to dance now
 And to be wanton; let me have a song, is the great couch up
 The Duke of *Medina* sent?
Altea. 'Tis up and ready.
Marg. And day-beds in all chambers?
Altea. In all Lady,
 Your house is nothing now but various pleasures,
 The Gallants begin to gaze too.
Marg. Let 'em gaze on,
 I was brought up a Courtier, high and happy,
 And company is my delight, and courtship,
 And handfom servants at my will: where's my good husband,
 Where does he wait?
Altea. He knows his distance Madam,
 I warrant ye he is busie in the celler
 Amongst his fellow servants, or asleep,
 Till your command awake him.

Enter Leon.

Marg. 'Tis well *Altea.*
 It should be so, my ward I must preserve him.
 Who sent for him, how dare he come uncall'd for,
 His bonnet on too?
Altea. Sure he sees you not.
Marg. How scornfully he looks!
Leon. Are all the chambers
 Deckt and adorn'd thus for my Ladies pleasure?
 New hangings every hour for entertainment,
 And new plate bought, new Jewels to give lustre?

Ser. They are, and yet there must be more and richer,
 It is her will.
Leon. Hum, is it so? 'tis excellent,
 It is her will too, to have feasts and banquets,
 Revells and masques.
Ser. She ever lov'd 'em dearly,
 And we shall have the bravest house kept now Sir,
 I must not call ye master she has warn'd me,
 Nor must not put my hat off to ye.
Leon. 'Tis no fashion,
 What though I be her husband, I am your fellow,
 I may cut first.
Ser. That's as you shall deserve Sir.
Leon. And when I lye with her.
Ser. May be l'le light ye,
 On the same point you may doe me that service.

Enter 1 Lady.

1 Lady. Madam, the Duke *Medina* with some Captains
 Will come to dinner, and have sent rare wine,
 And their best services.
Marg. They shall be welcom,
 See all be ready in the noblest fashion,
 The house perfum'd, now I shall take my pleasure,
 And not my neighbour Justice maunder at me.
 Go, get your best cloths on, but till I call ye,
 Be sure you be not seen, dine with the Gentlewomen,
 And be have your self cleanly Sir, 'tis for my credit.

Enter 2 Lady.

2 Lady. Madam, the Lady *Julia.*
Leon. That's a bawd,
 A three pil'd bawd, bawd major to the army.
 2 Lady. Has brought her coach to wait upon your Ladiship,
 And to be inform'd if you will take the air this morning.
Leon. The neat air of her nunnery.
Marg. Tell her no, i'th' afternoon l'le call on her.
 2 Lady. I will Madam. [Exit.
Marg. Why are not you gone to prepare your self,
 May be you shall be sewer to the fire course,
 A portly presence, *Altea* he looks lean,
 'Tis a wash knave, he will not keep his flesh well.
Altea. A willing, Madam, one that needs no spurring.
Leon. Faith madam, in my little understanding,
 You had better entertain your honest neighbours,
 Your friends about ye, that may speak well of ye,
 And give a worthy mention of your bounty.
Marg. How now, what's this?
Leon. 'Tis only to perswade ye,
 Courtiers are but tickle things to deal withal,
 A kind of march-pane men that will not last Madam,
 An egge and pepper goes farther than their potions,
 And in a well built body, a poor parsnip
 Will play his prize above their strong potables.
Marg. The fellow's mad.
Leon. He that shall counsel Ladies,
 That have both liquorish and ambitious eyes,
 Is either mad, or drunk, let him speak Gospel.
Altea. He breaks out modestly.
Leon. Pray ye be not angry,
 My indiscretion has made bold to tell ye,
 What you'l find true.
Marg. Thou darest not talk.
Leon. Not much Madam,
 You have a tye upon your servants tongue,
 He dares not be so bold as reason bids him,
 'Twere fit there were a stronger on your temper.
 Ne're look so stern upon me, I am your Husband,
 But what are Husbands? read the new worlds wonders,
 Such Husbands as this monstrous world produces,
 And you will scarce find such deformities,
 They are shadows to conceal your venial vertues,
 Sails to your mills, that grind with all occasions,
 Balls that lye by you, to wash out your stains,

And

And bills nail'd up with horn before your stories,
To rent out last.

Marg. Do you hear him talk?

Leon. I have done Madam,

An ox once spoke, as learned men deliver,
Shortly I shall be such, then I'll speak wonders,
Till when I tye my self to my obedience. [Exit.]

Mar. First I'll unty my self, did you mark the Gentleman,
How boldly and how sawcily he talk'd,
And how unlike the lump I took him for,
The piece of ignorant dow, he stood up to me
And mated my commands, this was your providence,
Your wisdom, to elect this Gentleman,
Your excellent forecast in the man, your knowledge,
What think ye now?

Altea. I think him an Assé still,
This boldness some of your people have blown
Into him, this wisdom too with strong wine,
'Tis a Tyrant, and a Philosopher also, and finds
Out reasons.

Mar. I'll have my celler lockt, no school kept there,
Nor no discovery. I'll turn my drunkards,
Such as are understanding in their draughts,
And dispute learnedly the whyes and wherefores,
To grafs immediatly, I'll keep all fools,
Sober or drunk, still fools, that shall know nothing,
Nothing belongs to mankind, but obedience,
And such a hand I'll keep over this Husband,

Altea. He will fall again, my life he cries by this time,
Keep him from drink, he has a high constitution.

Enter Leon.

Leon. Shall I wear my new sute Madam?

Mar. No your old clothes,
And get you into the country presently,
And see my hawks well train'd, you shall have victuals,
Such as are fit for sawcy palats Sir,
And lodgings with the hindes, it is too good too.

Alt. Good Madam be not so rough, with repentance,
You see now he's come round again.

Mar. I see not what I expect to see. (Ship.)

Leon. You shall see Madam, if it shall please your Lady-

Altea. He's humbled,
Forgive good Lady,

Marg. Well go get you handsom,
And let me hear no more.

Leon. Have ye yet no feeling?
I'll pinch ye to the bones then my proud Lady. [Exit.]

Marg. See you preserve him thus upon my favour,
You know his temper, tye him to the grindstone,
The next rebellion I'll be rid of him,
I'll have no needy Rascals I tye to me,
Dispute my life: come in and see all handsom.

Altea. I hope to see you so too, I have wrought ill else.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Perez.

Per. Shall I never return to mine own house again?
We are lodg'd here in the miserablest dog-hole,
A Conjurers circle gives content above it,
A hawks mew is a princely palace to it,
We have a bed no bigger than a basket,
And there we lie like butter clapt together,
And sweat our selves to sawce immediatly,
The fumes are infinite inhabite here too;
And to that so thick, they cut like marmalet,
So various too, they'll pose a gold-finder,
Never return to mine own paradise?
Why wife I say, why *Estifania*.

Estifania [within.] I am going presently.

Perez. Make haste good Jewel,
I am like the people that live in the sweet Islands:
I dye, I dye, if I stay but one day more here,

My lungs are rotten with the damp that rise,
And I cough nothing now but stinks of all sorts,
The inhabitants we have are two starv'd rats,
For they are not able to maintain a cat here,
And those appear as fearfull as two Devils,
They have eat a map of the whole world up already,
And if we stay a night we are gone for company.
There's an old woman that's now grown to marble,
Dri'd in this brick hill, and she sits i'th' chimnie,
Which is but three tiles rais'd like a house of cards,
The true proportion of an old smok'd Sibyl,
There is a young thing too that nature meant
For a maid-servant, but 'tis now a monster,
She has a husk about her like a chefnut
With basiness, and living under the line here,
And these two make a hollow sound together,
Like frogs or winds between two doors that murmur:

Enter Estifania.

Mercy deliver me. O are you come wife,
Shall we be free again?

Estif. I am now going,
And you shall presently to your own house Sir,
The remembrance of this small vexation
Will be argument of mirth for ever:
By that time you have said your orisons,
And broke your fast, I shall be back and ready,
To usher you to your old content, your freedom.

Per. Break my neck rather, is there any thing here to eat
But one another, like a race of Cannibals?
A piece of butter'd wall you think is excellent,
Let's have our house again immediatly,
And pray ye take heed unto the furniture,
None be imbezil'd.

Estif. Not a pin I warrant ye.

Perez. And let 'em instantly depart.

Estif. They shall both,
There's reason in all courtesies, they must both,
For by this time I know she has acquainted him,
And has provided too, she sent me word Sir,
And will give over gratefully unto you.

Perez. I'll walk i'th' Church-yard,
The dead cannot offend more than these living,
An hour hence I'll expect ye.

Estif. I'll not fail Sir.

Perez. And do you hear, let's have a handsom dinner,
And see all things be decent as they have been,
And let me have a strong bath to restore me,
I stink like a stal-fish shambles, or an oyl-shop.

Estif. You shall have all, which some interpret nothing,
I'll send ye people for the trunks afore-hand,
And for the stuff.

Perez. Let 'em be known and honest,
And do my service to your niece.

Estif. I shall Sir,
But if I come not at my hour, come thither,
That they may give you thanks for your fair courtesy,
And pray ye be brave for my sake.

Perez. I observe ye.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Juan de Castro, Sancho, and Cacafo.

Sanc. Thou art very brave.

Caca. I have reason, I have mony.

Sanc. Is mony reason?

Caca. Yes and rime too Captain,
If ye have no mony y'are an Assé.

Sanc. I thank ye.

Caca. Ye have manners, ever thank him that has mony.

Sanc. Wilt thou lend me any?

Caca. Not a farthing Captain,
Captains are casual things.

Sanc. Why so are all men, thou shalt have my bond.

Caca. Nor bonds nor setters Captain,
My mony is mine, I make no doubt on't.

Juan. What dost thou do with it?

Cac. Put it to pious uses,

Buy Wine and Wenches, and undo young Coxcombs
That would undo me.

Juan. Are those Hospitals?

Cac. I first provide to fill my Hospitals
With Creatures of mine own, that I know wretched,
And then I build: those are more bound to pray for me:
Besides, I keep th' inheritance in my Name still.

Juan. A provident Charity; are you for the Wars, Sir?

Cac. I am not poor enough to be a Souldier,
Nor have I faith enough to ward a Bullet;
This is no lining for a trench, I take it.

Juan. Ye have said wisely.

Cac. Had you but my money,
You would swear it Colonel, I had rather drill at home
A hundred thousand Crowns, and with more honour,
Than exercise ten thousand Fools with nothing,
A wife Man safely feeds, Fools cut their fingers.

Sanch. A right State Usurer; why dost thou not marry,
And live a reverend Justice? (to be one?)

Cac. Is't not nobler to command a reverend Justice, than
And for a Wife, what need I marry, Captain,
When every courteous Fool that owes me money,
Owes me his Wife too, to appease my fury?

Juan. Wilt thou go to dinner with us?

Cac. I will go, and view the Pearl of Spain, the Orient
Fair One, the rich One too, and I will be respected,
I bear my Patent here, I will talk to her,
And when your Captain's Ships shall stand aloof,
And pick your Noses, I will pick the purse
Of her affection. (*dina.*)

Juan. The Duke dines there to day too, the Duke of Me-

Cac. Let the King dine there,
He owes me money, and so far's my Creature,
And certainly I may make bold with mine own, Captain?

Sanch. Thou wilt eat monstrously.

Cac. Like a true born Spaniard,
Eat as I were in England where the Beef grows,
And I will drink abundantly, and then
Talk ye as wantonly as Ovid did,
To stir the Intellectuals of the Ladies;
I learnt it of my Father's amorous Scrivener.

Juan. If we should play now, you must supply me.

Cac. You must pawn a Horse troop,
And then have at ye Colonel.

Sanch. Come, let's go:

This Rascal will make rare sport; how the Ladies
Will laugh at him?

Juan. If I light on him I'll make his Purse sweat too.

Cac. Will ye lead, Gentlemen? [*Exeunt*]

Enter Perez, an old Woman, and Maid.

Per. Nay, pray ye come out, and let me understand ye,
And tune your pipe a little higher, Lady;
I'll hold ye fast: rub, how came my Trunks open?
And my Goods gone, what Pick-lock Spirit?

Old Wom. Ha, what would ye have?

Per. My Goods again, how came my Trunks all open?

Old Wom. Are your Trunks open?

Per. Yes, and Cloaths gone,
And Chains, and Jewels: how she smells like hung Beef,
The Palsey, and Picklocks, fye, how she belches,
The Spirit of Garlick.

Old Wom. Where's your Gentlewoman?
The young fair Woman?

Per. What's that to my question?
She is my wife, and gone about my business.

Maid. Is she your Wife, Sir?

Per. Yes Sir, is that wonder?

Is the name of Wife unknown here?

Old Wom. Is she truly, truly your Wife?

Per. I think so, for I married her;
It was no Vision sure!

Maid. She has the Keys, Sir.

Per. I know she has, but who has all my goods, Spirit?

Old Wom. If you be married to that Gentlewoman,
You are a wretched man, she has twenty Husbands.

Maid. She tells you true.

Old Wom. And she has cozen'd all, Sir.

Per. The Devil she has! I had a fair house with her,
That stands hard by, and furnisht royally. (*Gentleman.*)

Old Wom. You are cozen'd too, 'tis none of hers, good Gen-

Maid. The Lady *Margarita*, she was her Servant,
And kept the house, but going from her, Sir,
For some lewd tricks she plaid.

Per. Plague o' the Devil,
Am I th' full Meridian of my Wisdom
Cheated by a stale Quean! what kind of Lady
Is that that owes the House?

Old Wom. A young sweet Lady:

Per. Of a low stature?

Old Wom. She is indeed but little, but she is wondrous fair.

Per. I feel I am cozen'd;
Now I am sensible I am undone,

This is the very Woman sure, that Cousin
She told me would entreat but for four days,
To make the house hers; I am entreated sweetly.

Maid. When she went out this morning, that I saw, Sir,
She had two Women at the door attending,
And there she gave 'em things, and loaded 'em,
But what they were—— I heard your Trunks to open,
If they be yours?

Per. They were mine while they were laden,
But now they have cast their Calves, they are not worth
Owning: was she her Mistrefs say you? (*you saw*)

Old Wom. Her own Mistrefs, her very Mistrefs, Sir, and all
About and in that house was hers.

Per. No Plate, no Jewels, nor no Hangings? (*thing.*)

Maid. Not a farthing, she is poor, Sir, a poor shifting

Per. No money?

Old Wom. Abominable poor, as poor as we are,
Money as rare to her unless she steal it,
But for one civil Gown her Lady gave her,
She may go bare, good Gentlewoman.

Per. I am mad now,
I think I am as poor as she, I am wide else,
One civil Sute I have left too, and that's all,
And if she steal that she must fley me for it;
Where does she use?

Old Wom. You may find truth as soon,
Alas, a thousand conceal'd corners, Sir, she lurks in.

And here she gets a fleece, and there another,
And lives in milks and sinoaks where none can find her.

Per. Is she a Whore too? (*Sir, because*)

Old Wom. Little better, Gentleman, I dare not say she is so
She is yours, Sir, these five years she has firkt
A pretty Living,
Until she came to serve; I fear he will knock my
Brains out for lying.

Per. She has serv'd me faithfully,
A Whore and Thief? two excellent moral learnings
In one she-Saint, I hope to see her legend.
Have I been fear'd for my discoveries,
And courted by all Women to conceal 'em?
Have I so long studied the art of this Sex,
And read the warnings to young Gentlemen?
Have I profest to tame the Pride of Ladies,
And make 'em bear all tests, and am I trickt now?
Caught in mine own nooze? here's a royal left yet,
There's for your lodging and your meat for this Week.
A silk Worm lives at a more plentiful ordinary,
And sleeps in a sweeter Box: farewell great Grandmother,
If I do find you were an accessary,
'Tis but the cutting off too smoaky minutes,
I'll hang ye presently.

Old Wom. And I deserve it, I tell but truth.

Per. Not I, I am an Afs, Mother.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke of Medina, Juan de Castro, Alonzo, Sanchio, Cacasago. Attendants.

Duke. A goodly house.

Juan. And richly furnisht too, Sir.

Alonz. Hung wantonly, I like that preparation, It stirs the blood unto a hopeful Banquet, And intimates the Miltrefs free and jovial, I love a house where pleasure prepares welcome.

Duke. Now *Cacasago*, how like you this mansion? 'Twere a brave Pawn.

Caca. I shall be master of it, 'Twas built for my bulk, the rooms are wide and spacious, Airy and full of ease, and that I love well, I'll tell you when I taste the Wine, my Lord, And take the height of her Table with my Stomach, How my affections stand to the young Lady.

Enter Margarita, Altea, Ladies, and Servants.

Mar. All welcome to your Grace, and to these Souldiers, You honour my poor house with your fair presence, Those few slight pleasures that inhabit here, Sir, I do beseech your Grace command, they are yours, Your servant but preserves 'em to delight ye.

Duke. I thank ye Lady, I am bold to visit ye, Once more to bless mine eyes with your sweet Beauty, 'T has been a long night since you left the Court, For till I saw you now, no day broke to me.

Mar. Bring in the Dukes meat.

Sanch. She is most excellent.

Juan. Most admirable fair as e'r I look'd upon, I had rather command her than my Regiment,

Caca. I'll have a fling, 'tis but a thousand Duckets, Which I can cozen up again in ten days, And some few Jewels to justify my Knavery, Say, I should marry her, she'll get more money Than all my Ufury, put my Knavery to it, She appears the most infallible way of Purchase, I cou'd wish her a size or two stronger for the encounter, For I am like a Lion where I lay hold, But these Lambs will endure a plaguy load, And never bleat neither, that Sir, time has taught us, I am so vertuous now, I cannot speak to her, The arrant'st shamefac'd Afs, I broil away too.

Enter Leon.

Mar. Why, where's this dinner?

Leon. 'Tis not ready, Madam, Nor shall not be until I know the Guests too, Nor are they fairly welcome till I bid 'em.

Juan. Is not this my *Alferes*? he looks another thing; Are miracles afoot again?

Marg. Why, Sirrah, why Sirrah, you?

Leon. I hear you, saucy Woman, And as you are my Wife, command your absence, And know your duty, 'tis the Crown of modesty.

Duke. Your Wife?

Leon. Yes good my Lord, I am her Husband, And pray take notice that I claim that honour, And will maintain it.

Caca. If thou beest her Husband, I am determin'd thou shalt be my Cuckold, I'll be thy faithful friend.

Leon. Peace, dirt and dunghil, I will not lose my anger on a Rascal, Provoke me more, I'll beat thy blown body Till thou rebound'st again like a Tennis-Ball.

Alonz. This is miraculous.

Sanch. Is this the Fellow That had the patience to become a Fool, A flurtd Fool, and on a sudden break, As if he would shew a wonder to the World, Both in Bravery, and Fortune too?

I much admire the man, I am astonisht.

Mar. I'll be divorced immediately.

Leon. You shall not, You shall not have so much will to be wicked. I am more tender of your honour, Lady, And of your Age, you took me for a shadow; You took me to gloss over your discredit, To be your Fool, you had thought you had found a Coxcomb; I am innocent of any foul dishonour I mean to ye. Only I will be known to be your Lord now, And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.

Mar. I do command ye from me, thou poor fellow, Thou cozen'd Fool.

Leon. Thou cozen'd Fool? 'tis not so, I will not be commanded: I am above ye: You may divorce me from your favour, Lady, But from your state you never shall, I'll hold that, And then maintain your wantonness, I'll wink at it.

Mar. Am I braved thus in mine own house?

Leon. 'Tis mine, Madam, You are deceiv'd, I am Lord of it, I rule it and all that's in't; You have nothing to do here, Madam; But as a Servant to sweep clean the Lodgings, And at my farther will to do me service, And so I'll keep it.

Mar. As you love me, give way.

Leon. It shall be better, I will give none, Madam, I stand upon the ground of mine own Honour, And will maintain it, you shall know me now To be an understanding feeling man, And sensible of what a Woman aims at, A young proud Woman that has Will to sail with, An itching Woman, that her blood provokes too, I cast my Cloud off, and appear my self, The master of this little piece of mischief, And I will put a Spell about your feet, Lady, They shall not wander but where I give way now.

Duke. Is this the Fellow that the People pointed at, For the meer sign of man, the walking Image? He speaks wondrous highly.

Leon. As a Husband ought, Sir, In his own house, and it becomes me well too, I think your Grace would grieve if you were put to it To have a Wife or Servant of your own, (For Wives are reckon'd in the rank of Servants,) Under your own roof to command ye.

Juan. Brave, a strange Conversion, thou shalt lead In chief now.

Duke. Is there no difference betwixt her and you, Sir?

Leon. Not now, Lord, my Fortune makes me even, And as I am an honest man, I am nobler.

Mar. Get me my Coach.

Leon. Let me see who dares get it Till I command, I'll make him draw your Coach too, And eat your Coach, (which will be hard diet) That executes your Will; or take your Coach, Lady, I give you liberty, and take your People Which I turn off, and take your Will abroad with ye, Take all these freely, but take me no more, And so farewell.

Duke. Nay, Sir, you shall not carry it So bravely off, you shall not wrong a Lady In a high huffing strain, and think to bear it, We stand not by as Bawds to your brave fury, To see a Lady weep.

Leon. They are tears of anger, I beseech ye note 'em, not Wrung from her rage, because her Will prevails not, She would swoond now if she could not cry, Else they were excellent, and I should grieve too, But falling thus, they show nor sweet nor orient. Put up my Lord, this is oppression, And calls the Sword of Justice to relieve me, The law to lend her hand, the King to right me,

All which shall understand how you provoke me,
In mine own house to brave me, is this princely?
Then to my Guard, and if I spare your Grace,
And do not make this place your Monument,
Too rich a Tomb for such a rude behaviour,
I have a Cause will kill a thousand of ye, mercy forsake me.

Juan. Hold, fair Sir, I beseech ye,
The Gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.

Leon. He that dares strike against the husbands freedom,
The Husbands Curse stick to him, a tam'd Cuckold,
His Wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and have no feeling of it,
No conscience to reclaim her from a Monster,
Let her lye by him like a flattering ruine,
And at one instant kill both Name and Honour,
Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,
Nor find no earth that's base enough to bury him.
Now Sir, fall on, I am ready to oppose ye.

Du. I have better thought, I pray Sir use your Wife well.

Leon. Mine own humanity will teach me that, Sir,
And now you are all welcome, all, and we'll to dinner,
This is my Wedding-day.

Duke. I'll cross your joy yet.

Juan. I have seen a miracle, hold thine own, Souldier,
Sure they dare fight in fire that conquer Women.

Sanch. He's beaten all my loose thoughts out of me,
As if he had threst 'em out o' th' husk.

Enter Perez.

Per. 'Save ye, which is the Lady of the house?

Leon. That's she, Sir, that pretty Lady,
If you would speak with her.

Juan. Don Michael, Leon, another darer come.

Per. Pray do not know me, I am full of business,
When I have more time I'll be merry with ye.
It is the Woman: good Madam, tell me truly,
Had you a Maid call'd *Estifania*?

Marg. Yes truly, had I.

Per. Was she a Maid do you think?

Marg. I dare not swear for her,
For she had but a scant Fame.

Per. Was she your Kinswoman?

Marg. Not that I ever knew, now I look better
I think you married her, 'give you joy, Sir,
You may reclaim her, 'twas a wild young Girl.

Per. Give me a halter: is not this house mine, Madam?
Was not she owner of it, pray speak truly?

Marg. No, certainly, I am sure my money paid for it,
And I ne'r remember yet I gave it you, Sir.

Per. The Hangings and the Plate too?

Marg. All are mine, Sir,
And every thing you see about the building,
She only kept my house when I was absent,
And so ill kept it, I was weary of her.

Sanch. What a Devil ails he?

Juan. He's possess'd I'll assure you.

Per. Where is your Maid?

Marg. Do not you know that have her?
She is yours now, why should I look after her?
Since that first hour I came I never saw her.

Per. I saw her later, would the Devil had had her,
It is all true I find, a wild-fire take her. wife.

Juan. Is thy Wife with Child, *Don Michael*? thy excellent
Art thou a Man yet?

Alonz. When shall we come and visit thee? (chards,

Sanch. And eat some rare fruit? thou hast admirable Or-
You are so jealous now, pox o' your jealousy,
How scurvily you look!

Per. Prithee leave fooling,

I am in no humour now to fool and prattle,
Did she ne'r play the wag with you? (keep her,

Marg. Yes many times, so often that I was asham'd to
But I forgave her, Sir, in hope she would mend still,
And had not you o' th' instant married her,

I had put her off.

Per. I thank ye, I am blest still,
Which way so e'r I turn I am a made man,
Miserably gull'd beyond recovery.

Juan. You'll stay and dine?

Per. Certain I cannot, Captain,
Hark in thine ear, I am the arrantst Puppy,
The miserablest Ass, but I must leave ye,
I am in haste, in haste, blefs you, good Madam,
And you prove as good as my Wife. [Exit.

Leon. Will you come near, Sir, will your Grace but honour
And taste our dinner? you are nobly welcome, (me,
All anger's past I hope, and I shall serve ye.

Juan. Thou art the stock of men, and I admire thee. [Ex.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Perez.

Per. I'll go to a Conjurer but I'll find this Pol-cat,
This pilfering Whore: a plague of Vails, I cry,
And covers for the impudence of Women,
Their sanctity in show will deceive Devils,
It is my evil Angel, let me blefs me.

Enter Estifania with a Casket.

Estif. 'Tis he, I am caught, I must stand to it stoutly,
And show no shake of fear, I see he is angry,
Vext at the uttermost.

Per. My worthy Wife,
I have been looking of your modesty
All the town over.

Estif. My most noble Husband,
I am glad I have found ye, for in truth I am weary,
VVeary and lame with looking out your Lordship.

Per. I have been in Bawdy Houses.

Estif. I believe you, and very lately too.

Per. 'Pray you pardon me,
To seek your Ladyship, I have been in Cellars,
In private Cellars, where the thirsty Bawds
Hear your Confessions; I have been at Plays,
To look you out amongst the youthful Actors,
At Puppet Shews, you are Mistress of the motions;
At Gossippings I hearkned after you,
But amongst those Confusions of lewd Tongues
There's no distinguishing beyond a Babel.
I was amongst the Nuns because you sing well,
But they say yours are Bawdy Songs, they mourn for ye,
And last I went to Church to seek you out,
'Tis so long since you were there, they have forgot you.

Estif. You have had a pretty progress, I'll tell mine now:
To look you out, I went to twenty Taverns.

Per. And are you sober?

Estif. Yes, I reel not yet, Sir,
VWhere I saw twenty drunk, most of 'em Souldiers;
There I had great hope to find you disguis'd too.
From hence to th' dicing-house, there I found dlesticks,
Quarrels needless, and senceless, Swords and Pots, and Can-
Tables and Stools, and all in one confusion,
And no man knew his Friend. I left this *Chaos*,
And to the Chirurgions went, he will'd me stay,
For says he learnedly, if he be tipled,
Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear of him,
If he be mad, he quarrels, then he comes too.
I sought ye where no safe thing would have ventur'd,
Amongst diseases, base and vile, vile Women,
For I remembred your old Roman axiom,
The more the danger, still the more the Honour.
Last, to your Confessor I came, who told me,
You were too proud to pray, and here I have found ye.
Per. She bears up bravely, and the Rogue is witty,
But I shall dash it instantly to nothing.

Cac. We are not wife to talk thus,
Carry her the gold, I'le look her out a Jewel,
Shall sparkle like her eyes, and thee another,
Come prethee come; I long to serve thy Lady,
Long monstrously, now valor I shall meet ye,
You that dare Dukes.

Estif. Green goose you are now in sippets. [Exit.]

Enter the Duke, Sanchio, Juan, Alonzo.

Duke. He shall not have his will, I shall prevent him,
I have a toy here that will turn the tide,
And suddenly, and strangely, hear *Don Juan*,
Do you present it to him.

Juan. I am commanded. [Exit.]

Duke. A fellow founded out of Charity,
And moulded to the height condemn his maker,
Curb the free hand that fram'd him? This must not be.

Sanc. That such an oyster shell should hold a pearl;
And of so rare a price in prison,
Was she made to be the matter of her own undoing,
To let a slovenly unweildy fellow,
Unruly and self will'd, dispose her beauties?
We suffer all Sir in this sad Eclipse,
She should shine where she might show like her self,
An absolute sweetness, to comfort those admire her,
And shed her beams upon her friends.

We are gull'd all,
And all the world will grumble at your patience,
If she be ravish't thus.

Duke. Ne'r fear it *Sanchio*,
We'll have her free again, and move at Court
In her clear orb: but one sweet handsomeness,
To bless this part of *Spain*, and have that slubber'd?

Alon. 'Tis every good mans cause, and we must stir in it.

Duke. I'le warrant he shall be glad to please us,
And glad to share too, we shall hear anon
A new song from him, let's attend a little. [Exit.]

Enter Leon, and Juan, with a commission.

Leon. Coronel, I am bound to you for this nobleness,
I should have been your officer, 'tis true Sir,
And a proud man I should have been to have serv'd you,
'T has pleas'd the King out of his boundless favours,
To make me your companion, this commission
Gives me a troop of horse.

Juan. I do rejoice at it,
And am a glad man we shall gain your company,
I am sure the King knows you are newly married,
And out of that respect gives you more time Sir.

Leon. Within four daies I am gone, so he commands me,
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it,
The time grows shorter still, are your goods ready?

Juan. They are aboard.

Leon. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir.

Le. Do you hear ho, go carry this unto your Mistris Sir,
And let her see how much the King has honour'd me,
Bid her be lusty, she must make a Souldier. [Exit.]

Enter Lorenzo.

Lorenzo, Sir,
Go take down all the hangings,
And pack up all my cloths, my plate and Jewels,
And all the furniture that's portable,
Sir when we lye in garrison, 'tis necessary
We keep a handsom port, for the Kings honour;
And do you hear, let all your Ladies wardrobe
Be safely plac'd in trunks, they must along too.

Lor. Whither must they goe Sir?

Leon. To the wars, *Lorenzo*,
And you and all, I will not leave a turn-spit,
That has one dram of spleen against a Dutchman.

Lor. Why then *S' Jacques* hey, you have made us all Sir,
And if we leave ye——does my Lady goe too?

Leon. The stuff must goe to morrow towards the sea Sir,
All, all must goe.

Lor. Why *Pedro, Vasco, Dego*,
Come help me, come come boys, soldadoes, comrades,
We'll sley these beer-bellied rogues, come away quickly.

Juan. H'as taken a brave way to save his honour, [Exit.]
And cross the Duke, now I shall love him dearly,
By the life of credit thou art a noble Gentleman.

Enter Margarita, led by two Ladies.

Leon. Why how now wife, what, sick at my preferment?
This is not kindly done.

Marg. No sooner love ye,
Love ye intirely Sir, brought to consider
The goodness of your mind and mine own duty,
But lose you instantly, be divorc'd from ye?
This is a cruelty, I'le to the King
And tell him 'tis unjust to part two souls,
Two minds so nearly mixt.

Leon. By no means sweet heart.

Marg. If he were married but four daies as I am,

Leon. He would hang himself the fifth, or fly his Country.

Marg. He would make it treason for that tongue that
But talk of war, or any thing to vex him; (durst
You shall not goe.

Leon. Indeed I must sweet wife;
What shall I lose the King for a few kisses?
We'll have enough.

Marg. I'le to the Duke my cousin, he shall to th' King.

Leon. He did me this great office,
I thank his grace for't, should I pray him now,
To undoe't again? fye 'twere a base discredit.

Marg. Would I were able Sir to bear you company,
How willing should I be then, and how merry!
I will not live alone.

Leon. Be in peace, you shall not.

[knock within.]
Mar. What knocking's this? oh Heaven my head, why
I thinks the war's begun i'th' house already. (rascals)

Leon. The preparation is, they are taking down,
And packing up the hangings, plate and Jewels;
And all those furnitures that shall besit me
When I lye in garrison.

Enter Coachman.

Coachm. Must the Coach goe too Sir?

Leon. How will your Lady pass toth' sea else easily?
We shall find shipping for't there to transport it.

Marg. I goe? alas!

Leon. I'le have a main care of ye,
I know ye are sickly, he shall drive the easier;
And all accommodation shall attend ye.

Marg. Would I were able,

Leon. Come I warrant ye,
Am not I with ye sweet? are her cloaths packt up,
And all her linnen? give your maids direction,
You know my time's but short, and I am commanded.

Marg. Let me have a nurse,
And all such necessary people with me,
And an easie bark.

Leon. It shall not trot I warrant ye,
Curvet it may sometimes.

Marg. I am with child Sir.

Leon. At four days warning? this is something speedy,
Do you conceive as our jennets do with a west winde?
My heir will be an arrant fleet one Lady,
I'le swear you were a maid when I first lay with ye.

Mar. Pray do not swear, I thought I was a maid too,
But we may both be cozen'd in that point Sir.

Leon. In such a strait point sure I could not err Madam.

Juan. This is another tenderness to try him,
Fetch her up now.

Mar. You must provide a cradle, and what a troubles that?

Leon.

Leon. The sea shall rock it,
'Tis the best nurse; 'twill roar and rock together,
A swinging storm will sing you such a lullaby.

Marg. Faith let me stay, I shall but shame ye Sir.

Leon. And you were a thousand shames you shall along
At home I am sure you'll prove a million, (with me,
Every man carries the bundle of his sins
Upon his own back, you are mine, I'll sweat for ye.

Enter Duke, Alonzo, Sanchio.

Duke. What Sir, preparing for your noble journey?
'Tis well, and full of care.
I saw your mind was wedded to the war,
And knew you would prove some good man for your coun-
Therefore fair Cousin with your gentle pardon, (try,
I got this place: what, mourn at his advancement?
You are to blame, he will come again sweet cousin,
Mean time like sad *Penelope* and sage,
Amongst your maids at home, and hufwifely.

Leon. No Sir, I dare not leave her to that solitariness,
She is young, and grief or ill news from those quarters
May daily cross her, she shall goe along Sir.

Duke. By no means Captain.

Leon. By all means an't please ye.

Duke. What take a young and tender bodied Lady,
And expose her to those dangers, and those tumults,
A sickly Lady too?

Leon. 'Twill make her well Sir,
There's no such friend to health as wholsom travel.

Sanch. Away it must not be.

Alon. It ought not Sir,
Go hurry her? it is not humane, Captain.

Duke. I cannot blame her tears, fright her with tempests,
With thunder of the war.

I dare swear if she were able. *Leon.* She is most able.

And pray ye swear not, she must goe, there's no remedy,
Nor greatness, nor the trick you had to part us,
Which I smell too rank, too open, too evident

(And I must tell you Sir, 'tis most unnoble)
Shall hinder me: had she but ten hours life,
Nay less, but two hours, I would have her with me,
I would not leave her fame to so much ruine,
To such a desolation and discredit
As her weakness and your hot will wou'd work her to.

Enter Perez.

What Masque is this now?
More tropes and figures, to abuse my sufferance,
What cousin's this?

Juan. *Michael van owle*, how dost thou?
In what dark barn or tod of aged Ivy
Hast thou lyen hid?

Perez. Things must both ebbe and flow, Coronel,
And people must conceal, and shine again.
You are welcom hither as your friend may say, Gentleman,
A pretty house ye see handsomely seated,
Sweet and convenient walks, the waters crystal.

Alon. He's certain mad.

Juan. As mad as a French Tayler,
That has nothing in's head but ends of fustians.

Perez. I see you are packing now my gentle cousin,
And my wife told me I should find it so,
'Tis true I do, you were merry when I was last here,
But 'twas your will to try my patience Madam.
I am sorry that my swift occasions
Can let you take your pleasure here no longer,
Yet I would have you think my honour'd cousin,
This house and all I have are all your servants.

Leon. What house, what pleasure Sir, what do you mean?

Perez. You hold the jest so stiff, 'twill prove discourteous,
This house I mean, the pleasures of this place.

Leon. And what of them?

Perez. They are mine Sir, and you know it,
My wifes I mean, and so confer'd upon me,

The hangings Sir I must entreat, your servants,
That are so busie in their offices,
Again to minister to their right uses,
I shall take view o'th' plate anon, and furnitures
That are of under place; you are merry still cousin,
And of a pleasant constitution,
Men of great fortunes make their mirths at *placitum*.

Leon. Prethee good stubborn wife, tell me directly,
Good evil wife leave fooling and tell me honestly,
Is this my kinsman?

Marg. I can tell ye nothing.

Leon. I have many kinsmen, but so mad a one,
And so phantastick—all the house?

Perez. All mine,
And all within it. I will not bate ye an ace on't.
Can you not receive a noble courtesie,
And quietly and handsomely as ye ought Couz,
But you must ride o'th' top on't?

Leon. Canst thou fight?

Per. I'll tell ye presently, I could have done Sir.

Leon. For ye must law and claw before ye get it.

Juan. Away, no quarrels.

Leon. Now I am more temperate,
I'll have it prov'd if you were never yet in *Bedlam*,
Never in love, for that's a lunacy,
No great state left ye that you never lookt for,
Nor cannot manage, that's a rank distemper;
That you were christen'd, and who answer'd for ye,
And then I yield.

Perez. H'as half perswaded me I was bred i'th' moon,
I have ne'r a bush at my breech, are not we both mad,
And is not this a phantastick house we are in,
And all a dream we do? will ye walk out Sir,
And if I do not beat thee presently
Into a sound belief, as sense can give thee,
Brick me into that wall there for a chimney piece,
And say I was one o'th' *Cesars*, done by a seal-cutter.

Leon. I'll talk no more, come we'll away immediatly.

Marg. Why then the house is his, and all that's in it,
I'll give away my skin but I'll undoe ye,
I gave it to his wife, you must restore Sir,
And make a new provision. (cousin,

Perez. Am I mad now or am I christen'd, you my pagan
My mighty Mahound kinsman, what quirk now?
You shall be welcom all, I hope to see Sir
Your Grace here, and my couz, we are all Souldiers,
And must do naturally for one another.

Duke. Are ye blank at this? then I must tell ye Sir,
Ye have no command, now ye may goe at pleasure
And ride your ass troop, 'twas a trick I us'd
To try your jealousy upon entreatie,
And saving of your wife.

Leon. All this not moves me,
Nor stirs my gall, nor alters my affections,
You have more furniture, more houses Lady,
And rich ones too, I will make bold with those,
And you have Land i'th' *Indies* as I take it,
Thither we'll goe, and view a while those climats,
Visit your Factors there, that may betray ye,
'Tis done, we must goe.

Marg. Now thou art a brave Gentleman,
And by this sacred light I love thee dearly.
The house is none of yours, I did but jest Sir,
Nor you are no couz of mine, I beseech ye vanish,
I tell you plain, you have no more right than he
Has, that senseless thing, your wife has once more fool'd ye:
Goe ye and consider.

Leon. Good morrow my sweet cousin, I should be glad Sir.

Perez. By this hand she dies for't,

Or any man that speaks for her.

[Exit Perez.]

Juan. These are fine toys.

Marg. Let me request you stay but one poor month,
You shall have a Commission and I'll goe too,
Give me but will so far.

Leon.

Leon. Well I will try ye,
Good morrow to your Grace, we have private businefs.
Duke. If I misf thee again, I am an arrant bungler.
Funn. Thou shalt have my command, and I'll march under
Nay be thy boy before thou shalt be baffled, (thee,
Thou art so brave a fellow.
Alon. I have seen visions. [Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leon, with a letter, and Margarita.

Leon. Come hither wife, do you know this hand ?
Marg. I do Sir,
'Tis *Estifania*, that was once my woman.

Leon. She writes to me here, that one *Cacafogo*
An ufuring Jewellers fon (I know the Rascal)
Is mortally fain in love with ye.

Marg. Is a monster, deliver me from mountains.

Leon. Do you goe a birding for all sorts of people?
And this evening will come to ye and shew ye Jewels,
And offers any thing to get accefs to ye,
If I can make or sport or profit on him,
(For he is fit for both) she bids me use him,
And so I will, be you conformable, and follow but my will.

Marg. I shall not fail, Sir.

Leon. Will the Duke come again do you think ?

Marg. No sure Sir,
H'as now no policie to bring him hither.

Leon. Nor bring you to him, if my wit hold fair wife :
Let's in to dinner. [Exeunt.

Enter Perez.

Perez. Had I but lungs enough to bawl sufficiently,
That all the queans in Christendom might hear me,
That men might run away from contagion,
I had my wif; would it were most high treason,
Most infinite high, for any man to marry,
I mean for any man that would live handsomely,
And like a Gentleman, in his wits and credit.
What torments shall I put her to, *Phalaris* bull now?
Pox they love bulling too well, though they smoak for't.
Cut her apieces ? every piece will live still,
And every morfel of her will do mischief ;
They have so many lives, there's no hanging of 'em,
They are too light to drown, they are cork and feathers ;
To burn too cold, they live like Salamanders ;
Under huge heaps of stones to bury her,
And so deprefs her as they did the Giants ;
She will move under more than built old Babel,
I must destroy her.

Enter Cacafogo, with a Casket.

Caca. Be cozen'd by a thing of clouts, a she moth,
That every silkman's shop breeds ; to be cheated,
And of a thousand duckets by a whim whom ?

Perez. Who's that is cheated, speak again thou vision,
But art thou cheated ? minister some comfort :
Tell me directly art thou cheated bravely ?
Come, prethee come, art thou so pure a coxcomb
To be undone ? do not dissemble with me,
Tell me I conjure thee.

Caca. Then keep thy circle,
For I am a spirit wild that flies about thee,
And who e're thou art, if thou be'st humane,
I'll let thee plainly know, I am cheated damnably.

Perez. Ha, ha, ha.

Caca. Dost thou laugh ? damnably, I say most damnably.

Perez. By whom, good spirit speak, speak ha, ha, ha.

Caca. I will utter, laugh till thy lungs crack, by a rascal
A lewd, abominable, and plain woman. (woman,
Dost thou laugh still ?

Perez. I must laugh, prethee pardon me,
I shall laugh terribly.

Caca. I shall be angry, terrible angry, I have cause.

Perez. That's it, and 'tis no reason but thou shouldst be
Angry at heart, yet I must laugh still at thee. (angry ;
By a woman cheated ? art' sure it was a woman ?

Caca. I shall break thy head, my valour itches at thee.

Perez. It is no matter, by a woman cozen'd,
A real woman ?

Caca. A real Devil,
Plague of her Jewels and her copper chains,
How rank they smell.

Perez. Sweet cozen'd Sir let me see them,
I have been cheated too, I would have you note that ;
And lewdly cheated, by a woman also,
A scurvie woman, I am undone sweet Sir,
Therefore I must have leave to haugh.

Caca. Pray ye take it,
You are the merriest undone man in *Europe*.
What need we fiddles, bawdy fongs and sack,
When our own miseries can make us merry ?

Perez. Ha, ha, ha.
I have seen these Jewels, what a notable penniworth
Have you had next your heart ? you will not take Sir
Some twenty Duckets ?

Caca. Thou art deceiv'd, I will take.

Perez. To clear your bargain now.

Caca. I'll take some ten, some any thing, some half ten,
Half a Ducket.

Perez. An excellent lapidary fet these stones sure,
Do you mark their waters ?

Caca. Quick sand choak their waters,
And hers that bought 'em too, but I shall find her.

Perez. And so shall I, I hope, but do not hurt her,
You cannot find in all this Kingdom,
(If you had need of cozening, as you may have,
For such gross natures will desire it often,
'Tis at some time too a fine variety,)
A woman that can cozen ye so neatly,
She has taken half mine anger off with this trick. [Exit.

Caca. If I were valiant now, I would kill this fellow,
I have many enough lies by me at a pinch
To pay for twenty Rascals lives that vex me,
I'll to this Lady, there I shall be satisfied. [Exit.

Enter Leon, and Margarita.

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your country house,
And there we'll learn to live contently,
This place is full of charge, and full of hurry,
No part of sweetness dwells about these cities.

Marg. Whither you will, I wait upon your pleasure ;
Live in a hollow tree Sir, I'll live with ye.

Leon. I, now you strike a harmony, a true one,
When your obedience waits upon your Husband,
And your sick will aims at the care of honour,
Why now I dote upon ye, love ye dearly,
And my rough nature falls like roaring streams,
Clearly and sweetly into your embraces.

O what a Jewel is a woman excellent,
A wife, a vertuous and a noble woman !
When we meet such, we bear our stamps on both sides,
And through the world we hold our currant virtues,
Alone we are single medals, only faces,
And wear our fortunes out in usefess shadows,
Command you now, and ease me of that trouble,
I'll be as humble to you as a servant,
Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends,
They shall be welcome all, visit acquaintance,
Goe at your pleasure, now experience
Has link't you fast unto the chain of goodness :
What noise is this, what dismal cry ?

Marg. 'Tis loud too.
Sure there's some mischief done i'th' street, look out there.

Leon. Look out and help.

Clashing
swords. A cry
within, down
with their
swords.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Oh Sir the Duke Medina.

Leon. What of the Duke Medina?

Serv. Oh sweet Gentleman, is almost slain.

Marg. Away away and help him, all the house help.

[Exit Servant.]

Leon. How slain? why Margarita,
Why wife, sure some new device they have a foot again,
Some trick upon my credit, I shall meet it,
I had rather guide a ship Imperial
Alone, and in a storm, than rule one woman.

Enter Duke, Margarita, Sanchio, Alonzo, Servant.

Marg. How came ye hurt Sir?

Duke. I fell out with my friend the noble Coronel,
My cause was naught, for 'twas about your honour:
And he that wrongs the Innocent ne'r prospers,
And he has left me thus for charity,
Lend me a bed to ease my tortur'd body,
That e're I perish I may show my penitence,
I fear I am slain.

Leon. Help Gentlemen to carry him,
There shall be nothing in this house my Lord,
But as your own.

Duke. I thank ye noble Sir,

Leon. To bed with him, and wife give your attendance.

Enter Juan.

Juan. Doctors and Surgions.

Duke. Do not disquiet me,
But let me take my leave in peace.

[Ex. Duke, Sanchio, Alon. Marg. Servant.]

Leon. Afore me
'Tis rarely counterfeited.

Juan. True, it is so Sir,
And take you heed, this last blow do not spoil ye,
He is not hurt, only we made a scuffle,
As though we purpos'd anger; that same scratch
On's hand he took, to colour all and draw compassion,
That he might get into your house more cunningly.
I must not stay, stand now, and y'are a brave fellow.

Leon. I thank ye noble Coronel, and I honour ye. [Exit
Never be quiet? (Juan.)

Enter Margarita.

Marg. He's most desperate ill Sir,
I do not think these ten months will recover him.

Leon. Does he hire my house to play the fool in,
Or does it stand on Fairy ground, we are haunted,
Are all men and their wives troubled with dreams thus?

Marg. What ail you Sir?

Leon. Nay what ail you sweet wife,
To put these daily pastimes on my patience?
What dost thou see in me, that I should suffer thus,
Have not I done my part like a true Husband,
And paid some desperate debts you never look'd for?

Marg. You have done handsomely I must confess Sir.

Leon. Have I not kept thee waking like a hawk?
And watcht thee with delights to satisfy thee?
The very tithes of which had won a Widow.

Marg. Alas I pity ye.

Leon. Thou wilt make me angry,
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.

Marg. You are always,
You carry a kind of bedlam still about ye.

Leon. If thou pursuest me further I run stark mad,
If you have more hurt Dukes or Gentlemen,
To lye here on your cure, I shall be desperate,
I know the trick, and you shall feel I know it,
Are ye so hot that no hedge can contain ye?
P'le have thee let blood in all the veins about thee,
P'le have thy thoughts found too, and have them open'd,
Thy spirits purg'd, for those are they that fire ye,

Thy maid shall be thy Mistris, thou the maid,
And all those servile labours that she reach at,
And goe through cheerfully, or else sleep empty,
That maid shall lye by me to teach you duty,
You in a pallet by to humble ye,
And grieve for what you lose.

Marg. I have lost my self Sir,
And all that was my base self, disobedience, [kneels
My wantonnefs, my stubbornness I have lost too,
And now by that pure faith good wives are crown'd with,
By your own noblenefs.

Enter Altea.

Leon. I take ye up, and wear ye next my heart,
See you be worth it. Now what with you?

Altea. I come to tell my Lady,
There is a fulsome fellow would fain speak with her.

Leon. 'Tis Cacafogo, goe and entertain him,
And draw him on with hopes.

Marg. I shall observe ye.

Leon. I have a rare design upon that Gentleman,
And you must work too.

Altea. I shall Sir most willingly.

Leon. Away then both, and keep him close in some place
From the Dukes sight, and keep the Duke in too,
Make 'em believe both, I'll find time to cure 'em. [Exeunt.]

Enter Perez, and Estifania, with a Pistol, and a
Dagge.

Perez. Why how darst thou meet me again thou rebel,
And knowst how thou hast used me thrice, thou rascal?
Were there not waies enough to fly my vengeance,
No holes nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,
But thou must meet me face to face to kill thee?
I would not seek thee to destroy thee willingly,
But now thou comest to invite me,
And comest upon me,
How like a sheep-biting Rogue taken i'th' manner,
And ready for the halter dost thou look now?
Thou hast a hanging look thou scurvy thing, hast ne'r a knife
Nor ever a string to lead thee to Elysium?
Be there no pitifull 'Pothecaries in this town,
That have compassion upon wretched women,
And dare administer a dram of rats-bane,
But thou must fall to me?

Estif. I know you have mercy.

Per. If I had tuns of mercy thou deserv'st none,
What new trick is now a foot, and what new houses
Have you i'th' air, what orchards in apparition,
What canst thou say for thy life?

Estif. Little or nothing,
I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis useles
To beg for mercy, pray let me draw my book out,
And pray a little.

Perez. Do, a very little,
For I have farther business than thy killing,
I have mony yet to borrow, speak when you are ready.

Estif. Now now Sir, now, [Shows a Pistol.
Come on, do you start off from me,
Do you swear great Captain, have you seen a spirit?

Perez. Do you wear guns?

Estif. I am a Souldiers wife Sir,
And by that priviledge I may be arm'd,
Now what's the news, and let's discourse more friendly,
And talk of our affairs in peace.

Perez. Let me see,
Prethee let me see thy gun, 'tis a very pretty one.

Estif. No no Sir, you shall feel.

Perez. Hold ye villain, what thine own Husband?

Estif. Let mine own Husband then
Be in's own wits, there, there's a thousand duckets,
Who must provide for you, and yet you'll kill me.

Per. I will not hurt thee for ten thousand millious. (cm,

Estif. When will you redeem your Jewels, I have pawn'd
You

You see for what, we must keep touch.

Perez. I'll kiss thee,
And get as many more, I'll make thee famous,
Had we the house now!

Estif. Come along with me,
If that be vanish't there be more to hire Sir.

Perez. I see I am an ass when thou art near me.

Enter Leon, Margarita, and Altea, with a Taper.

Leon. Is the fool come?

Altea. Yes and i'th' celler fast,
And there he stales his good hour till I call him,
He will make dainty musick among the sack-butts,
I have put him just, Sir, under the Dukes chamber.

Leon. It is the better.

Altea. Has given me royally,
And to my Lady a whole load of portigues.

Leon. Better and better still, go *Margarita*,
Now play your prize, you say you dare be honest,
I'll put ye to your best.

Marg. Secure your self Sir, give me the candle,
Pass away in silence. [*Ex. Leon and Altea.*

She knocks.

Duke. Who's there, oh oh.

Marg. My Lord.

Duke within. Have ye brought me comfort?

Marg. I have my Lord,
Come forth 'tis I, come gently out I'll help ye,

Enter Duke, in a gown.

Come softly too, how do you?

Duke. Are there none here?

Let me look round; we cannot be too wary, *noise below.*
Oh let me bless this hour, are you alone sweet friend?

Marg. Alone to comfort you. *Cacafogo makes*

Duke. What's that you tumble? *a noise below.*

I have heard a noise this half hour under me,
A fearful noise.

Marg. The fat thing's mad i'th' celler,
And stumbles from one hogs-head to another,
Two cups more, and he ne'r shall find the way out.
What do you fear? come, sit down by me chearfully,
My Husband's safe, how do your wounds?

Duke. I have none Lady, *noise below.*
My wounds I counterfeit cunningly,
And feign'd the quarrel too, to enjoy you sweet,
Let's lose no time, heark the same noise again.

Marg. What noise, why look ye pale? I hear no stirring,
This goblin in the vault will be so tipl'd.
You are not well I know by your flying fancy,
Your body's ill at ease, your wounds.

Duke. I have none, I am as lusty and as full of health,
High in my blood.

Marg. Weak in your blood you would say,
How wretched is my case, willing to please ye,
And find you so disable?

Duke. Believe me Lady.

Marg. I know you will venture all you have to satisfy me,
Your life I know, but is it fit I spoil ye,
Is it my love do you think?

Cacaf. below. Here's to the Duke.

Duke. It nam'd me certainly,
I heard it plainly found.

Marg. You are hurt mortally,
And sifter for your prayers Sir than pleasure,
What starts you make? I would not kiss you wantonly,
For the worlds wealth; have I secur'd my Husband,
And put all doubts aside to be deluded?

Cacaf. below. I come, I come.

Duke. Heaven blest me.

Marg. And blest us both, for sure this is the Devil,
I plainly heard it now, he will come to fetch ye,
A very spirit, for he spoke under ground,
And spoke to you just as you would have snatcht me,

You are a wicked man, and sure this haunts ye,
Would you were out o'th' house.

Duke. I would I were,
O'that condition I had leapt a window.

Marg. And that's the least leap if you mean to scape Sir,
Why what a frantick man were you to come here,
What a weak man to counterfeit deep wounds,
To wound another deeper?

Duke. Are you honest then?

Marg. Yes then and now, and ever, and excellent honest,
And exercise this pastime but to shew ye,
Great men are fools sometimes as well as wretches.
Would you were well hurt, with any hope of life,
Cut to the brains, or run clean through the body,
To get out quietly as you got in Sir,
I wish it like a friend that loves ye dearly,
For if my Husband take ye, and take ye thus a counterfeit,
One that would clip his credit out of his honour,
He must kill ye presently,
There is no mercy nor an hour of pity,
And for me to intreat in such an agony,
Would shew me little better than one guilty,
Have you any mind to a Lady now?

Duke. Would I were off fair,
If ever Lady caught me in a trap more.

Marg. If you be well and lusty, fy fy shake not,
You say you love me, come, come bravely now,
Despise all danger, I am ready for ye.

Duke. She mocks my misery, thou cruel Lady.

Marg. Thou cruel Lord, wouldst thou betray my honesty,
Betray it in mine own house, wrong my Husband,
Like a night thief, thou darst not name by day-light?

Duke. I am most miserable.

Marg. You are indeed,
And like a foolish thing you have made your self so,
Could not your own discretion tell ye Sir,
When I was married I was none of yours?
Your eyes were then commanded to look off me,
And I now stand in a circle and secure,
Your spells nor power can never reach my body,
Mark me but this, and then Sir be most miserable,
'Tis sacrilege to violate a wedlock,
You rob two Temples, make your self twice guilty,
You ruine hers, and spot her noble Husbands.

Du. Let me be gone, I'll never more attempt ye.

Mar. You cannot goe, 'tis not in me to save ye,
Dare ye do ill, and poorly then shrink under it?
Were I the Duke *Medina*, I would fight now,
For you must fight and bravely, it concerns you,
You do me double wrong if you sneak off Sir,
And all the world would say I lov'd a coward,
And you must dye too, for you will be kill'd,
And leave your youth, your honour and your state,
And all those dear delights you worship't here.

Duke. The noise again!

Cacaf. below. Some small beer if you love me.

Mar. The Devil haunts you sure, your sins are mighty.
A drunken Devil too, to plague your villany.

Duke. Preserve me but this once.

Marg. There's a deep well
In the next yard, if you dare venture drowning,
It is but deah.

Duke. I would not dye so wretchedly.

Marg. Out of a garret window I'll let you down then,
But say the rope be rotten, 'tis huge high too.

Duke. Have you no mercy?

Marg. Now you are frighted throughly,
And find what 'tis to play the fool in folly,
And see with clear eyes your detested folly,
I'll be your guard.

Duke. And I'll be your true servant,
Ever from this hour vertuously to love ye,
Chastly and modestly to look upon ye,
And here I seal it.

Marg. I may kiss a stranger, for you must now be so.

Enter Leon, Juan, Alonzo, Sanchio.

Leon. How do you my Lord,
He thinks you look but poorly on this matter.
Has my wife wounded ye, you were well before,
Pray Sir be comforted, I have forgot all,
Truly forgiven too, wife you are a right one,
And now with unknown nations I dare trust ye.

Juan. No more feign'd fights my Lord, they never prosper.

Leon. Who's this? the Devil in the vault? (died it.

Alc. 'Tis he Sir, and as lovingly drunk, as though he had stu-

Caca. Give me a cup of Sack, and kiss me Lady,
Kiss my sweet face, and make thy Husband cuckold,
An Ocean of sweet Sack, shall we speak treason?

Leon. He is Devilish drunk.

Duke. I had thought he had been a Devil.
He made as many noises and as horrible.

Leon. Oh a true lover Sir will lament loudly,
Which of the butts is your Mistress?

Caca. Butt in thy belly. (monstrous.

Leon. There's two in thine I am sure, 'tis grown so

Caca. Butt in thy face.

Leon. Go carry him to sleep,
A fools love should be drunk, he has paid well for't too.
When he is sober let him out to rail,
Or hang himself, there will be no loss of him.

[*Exit Caca, and Servant.*

Enter Perez, and Estifania.

Leon. Who's this? my Mauhound cousin?

Per. Good Sir, 'tis very good, would I had a house too,
For there is no talking in the open air,
My Tarmogant Couz, I would be bold to tell ye,
I durst be merry too; I tell you plainly,
You have a pretty feat, you have the luck on't,
A pretty Lady too, I have mist both,
My Carpenter built in a mist I thank him,
Do me the courtesie to let me see it,
See it but once more. But I shall cry for anger.
I'll hire a Chandlers shop close under ye,
And for my foolerie, sell rope and whip-cord,

Nay if you do not laugh now and laugh heartily,
You are a fool couz. *Leon.* I must laugh a little,
And now I have done, couz thou shalt live with me,
My merry couz, the world shall not divorce us,
Thou art a valiant man, and thou shalt never want,
Will this content thee?

Perez. I'll cry, and then I'll be thankfull,
Indeed I will, and I'll be honest to ye.

I would live a swallow here I must confess.

Wife I forgive thee all if thou be honest,

At thy peril, I believe thee excellent.

Estif. If I prove otherwaies, let me beg first,
Hold, this is yours, some recompence for service,
Use it to nobler ends than he that gave it.

Du. And this is yours, your true commission, Sir,
Now you are a Captain.

Leon. You are a noble Prince Sir,
And now a fouldier, Gentleman, we all rejoyce in't.

Juan. Sir, I shall wait upon you through all fortunes.

Alon. And I.

Altea. And I must needs attend my Mistress.

Leon. Will you goe Sister?

Altea. Yes indeed good Brother,
I have two ties, mine own blood,
And my Mistress.

Marg. Is she your Sister?

Leon. Yes indeed good wife,
And my best Sister,

For the prov'd so, wench,
When she deceiv'd you with a loving Husband.

Alc. I would not deal so truly for a stranger.

Marg. Well I could chide ye,
But it must be lovingly and like a Sister,
I'll bring you on your way, and feast ye nobly,
For now I have an honest heart to love ye,
And then deliver you to the blue Neptune. (ly,

Juan. Your colours you must wear, and wear 'em proud-
Wear 'em before the bullet, and in blood too,
And all the world shall know
We are Vertues servants.

Duke. And all the world shall know, a noble mind
Makes women beautifull, and envie blind. [Exeunt.

Prologue.

Pleasure attend ye, and about ye sit
The Springs of mirth, fancy, delight and wit
To stir you up, do not your looks let fall,
Nor to remembrance our late errors call,
Because this day w'are Spaniards all again,
The story of our Play, and our Scene Spain:
The errors too, do not for this cause hate,
Now we present their wit and not their state.
Nor Ladies be not angry if you see,
A young fresh beauty, wanton and too free,
Seek to abuse her Husband, still 'tis Spain,
No such gross errors in your Kingdom reign,
W'are Vestals all, and though we blow the fire,
We seldom make it flame up to desire,
Take no example neither to begin,
For some by precedent delight to sin:
Nor blame the Poet if he slip aside
Sometimes lasciviously if not too wide.

But hold your Fans close, and then smile at ease,
A cruel Scene did never Lady please.
Nor Gentlemen, pray be not you displeas'd,
Though we present some men fool'd, some diseas'd,
Some drunk, some mad: we mean not you, you're free,
We take no farther than our Comedie,
You are our friends, sit noble then and see.

Epilogue.

Good night our worthy friends, and may you part
Each with as merry and as free a heart
As you came hither; to those noble eyes
That deign to smile on our poor faculties,
And give a blessing to our labouring ends,
As we hope many, to such fortune sends
Their own desires, wives fair as light as chaste;
To those that live by spight Wives made in haste.

The Laws of Candy.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Cassilanes, *General of Candy.*
 Antinous, *Son to Cassilanes, and his Competitor.*
 Fernando, *a Venetian Captain, Servant to Annophel.*
 Philander, *Prince of Cyprus, passionately in love with Erota.*
 Gonzalo, *An ambitious Politick Lord of Venice.*
 Gaspero, *Secretary of State.*
 Melitus, *a Gentleman of Candy.*
 Arcanes, *a noble souldier, Friend to Cassilanes.*
 Decius, *Friend to Antinous.*
 Porphyccio, } *Senators.*
 Possenne, }

Paolo Michael, *Venetian Ambassadour.*
 Mochingo, *an ignorant Servant to Erota.*
Gentlemen.
Souldiers.
Servants.

W O M E N.

Erota, *a Princess, imperious, and of an overweaning Beauty.*
 Annophel, *Daughter to Cassilanes.*
 Hyparcha, *Attendant on the Princess Erota.*

The Scene Candy.

The principal Actors were,

Joseph Taylor.	} [John Lowin.
William Eglestone.		John Underwood.
Nicholas Toolie.		George Birch.
Richard Sharpe.		Thomas Pollard.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaspero, and Melitus.

Mel. SIR, you're the very friend I wish'd to meet with, I have a large discourse invites your ear.
 To be an Auditor.

Gaf. And what concerns it?

Mel. The sadly thriving progress of the loves between my Lord, the Prince, and that great Lady, whose insolence, and never-yet-match'd Pride, can by no Character be well express'd; But in her only name, the proud *Erota*.

Gaf. Alas, *Melitus*, I should guess the best success your Prince could find from her, to be as harsh as the event doth prove: but now

'Tis not a time to pity passionate griefs,
 When a whole Kingdom in a manner lyes
 Upon its Death-Bed bleeding.

Mel. Who can tell
 Whether or no these plagues at once
 Hang over this unhappy Land for her sake
 That is a Monster in it?

Gaf. Here's the misery
 Of having a Child our Prince; else I presume
 The bold *Venetians* had not dar'd to attempt
 So bloody an invasion.

Mel. Yet I wonder
 Why (Master Secretary) still the Senate
 So almost superstitiously adores

Gonzalo, the Venetian Lord, considering
The outrage of his Countrymen——

Gaf. The Senate
Is wise, and therein just, for this *Gonzalo*,
Upon a Massacre performed at Sea
By the Admiral of *Venice*, on a Merchant
Of *Candy*, when the cause was to be heard
Before the Senate there, in open Court
Professed, that the cruelty the Admiral
Had shewed, deserved not only fine, but death;
For *Candy* then, and *Venice* were at peace:
Since when upon a motion in the Senate,
For Conquest of our Land, 'tis known for certain,
That only this *Gonzalo* dar'd to oppose it,
His reason was, because it too much favour'd
Of lawless and unjust ambition.

The Wars were scarce begun, but he (in fear
Of quarrels 'gainst his life) fled from his Country,
And hither came, where (to confirm his truth)
I know, (*Melitus*), he out of his own store,
Hath monied *Cassilanes* the General.

Mel. What, without other pledges than *Cassilanes*
Bare promise of payment?

Gaf. No, it may be
He has some pretty Lordship to retire to;
But thus he hath done; now 'tis fit, *Melitus*,
The Senate should be thankful, otherwise
They should annihilate one of those Laws
For which this Kingdom is throughout the World
Unfollowed and admired.

Mel. What Laws are those, Sir?
Let me so much importune you.

Gaf. You shall,
And they be worth your knowledge: briefly thus:
Who e'r he be that can detect apparently
Another of ingratitude, for any
Received Benefit, the Plaintiff may
Require the Offenders life; unless he please
Freely and willingly to grant remission.

Mel. By which strict Law, the Senate is in danger,
Should they neglect *Gonzalo*?

Gaf. Right, the Law
Permits a like equality to Aliens,
As to a home-bred Patriot.

Mel. Pray Sir, the other?

Gaf. Know, *Melitus*,
The elder *Cretans* flourish'd many years;
In War, in Peace unparallel'd, and they
(To spur heroick Spirits on to Vertue)
Enacted that what man so ere he were,
Did noblest in the field against his enemy,
Soby the general voice approv'd, and known,
Might at his home-return, make his demand
For satisfaction, and reward.

Mel. They are
Both famous Laws indeed.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Master Secretary,
The Senate is about to sit, and crave
Your presence.

Gaf. What, so suddenly?

Mes. These Letters
Will shew the causes why.

Gaf. Heaven, thou art great,
And worthy to be thanked!

Mel. Your countenance, Sir,
Doth promise some good tidings.

Gaf. O the best
And happiest for this land that e'r was told!
All the *Venetian* Forces are defeated.

Mel. How, Sir?

Gaf. And what doth add some delight more,
There is amongst the Souldiers a contention

Who shall be the triumpher, and it stands
Doubtful between a Father and his Son,
Old *Cassilanes*, and young *Antinous*.

Mel. Why may not both demand it?

Gaf. The Law denies it,
But where the Souldiers do not all consent,
The Parties in contention, are refer'd
To plead before the Senate; and from them
Upon an open audience to be judg'd
The Chief, and then to make demands.

Mel. You ravish me
With wonder and delight.

Gaf. Come; as we walk,
I shall more fully inform you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Cassilanes, Arcanes, Antinous, and Decius.

Cas. Admit no Souldier near us till the Senate
Have took their places.

Arc. You are obey'd, my Lord.

Ant. *Decius*, fall off.

Dec. I shall.

Cas. Give leave *Arcanes*:

Young man, come nearer to me: who am I?

Ant. It were a sin against the piety
Of filial duty, if I should forget
The debt I owe my Father on my knee:
Your pleasure?

Cas. What, so low? canst thou find joints,
Yet be an Elephant? *Antinous*, rise;
Thou wilt belye opinion, and rebate
The ambition of thy gallantry, that they
Whose confidence thou hast bewitch'd, should see
Their little God of War, kneel to his Father,
Though in my hand I did grasp Thunder.

Ant. Sir,

For proof that I acknowledge you the Author
Of giving me my Birth, I have discharg'd
A part of my Obedience. But if now
You should (as cruel fathers do) proclaim
Your right, and Tyrant-like usurp the glory
Of my peculiar honours, not deriv'd
From successary, but purchas'd with my blood,
Then I must stand first Champion for my self
Against all interposers.

Cas. Boldly urg'd,
And proudly, I could love thee, did not anger
Consult with just disdain, in open language
To call thee most ungrateful. Say freely,
Wilt thou resign the flatteries whereon
The reeling pillars of a popular breath
Have rais'd thy Giant-like conceit, to add
A suffrage to thy Fathers merit? speak.

Ant. Sir, hear me: were there not a Chronicle
Well pen'd by all their tongues, who can report
What they have seen you do; or had you not
Best in your own performance writ your self,
And been your own text, I would undertake
Alone, without the help of Art, or Character,
But only to recount your deeds in Arms,
And you should ever then be fam'd a President
Of living victory: But as you are
Great, and well worthy to be stiled Great,
It would betray a poverty of Spirit
In me to obstruct my fortunes, or descent,
If I should coward-like surrender up
The interest which the inheritance of your vertue
And mine own thrifty fate can claim in honour:
My Lord, of all the mass of Fame, which any
That wears a Sword, and hath but seen me fight,
Gives me, I will not share, nor yield one jot,
One tittle.

Cas. Not to me?

Ant.

Ant. You are my Father,
Yet not to you.

Caf. Ambitious Boy, how dar'st thou
To tell me, that thou wilt contend?

Ant. Had I
Been slothful, and not follow'd you in all
The streights of death, you might have justly then
Reputed me a Bastard: 'tis a cruelty
More than to murder Innocents, to take
The life of my yet infant-honour from me.

Caf. *Antinous*, look upon this badge of age,
Thy Father's grey-hair'd beard: full fifty years,
(And more than half of this, ere thou wert born)
I have been known a Souldier, in which time
I found no difference 'twixt War and Peace,
For War was Peace to me, and Peace was War.

Antinous, mark me well; there hath not liv'd
These fifty years a man whom *Crete* prefer'd
Before thy Father; let me boldly boast,
Thy Father, both for Discipline and Action
Hath so long been the first of all his Nation;
Now, canst thou think it honest, charitable,
Nay humane, being so young, my Son, my Child,
Begot, bred, taught by me, by me thy Father,
For one days service, and that on thy first,
To rob me of a glory which I fought for
A half of hundred years?

Ant. My case observes
Both equity and presidents; for Sir,
That very day whereon you got your Fame,
You took it from some other, who was then
Chief in repute, as you are now, and has been
Perhaps as many years deserving that
Which you gain'd in a day, as I have mine.

Caf. But he was not my Father then, *Antinous*;
Thou leav'st out that.

Ant. Sir, had he been your Father,
He had been then immortal; for a Father
Heightens his reputation where his Son
Inherits it, as when you give us life,
Your life is not diminish'd but renew'd
In us when you are dead, and we are still
Your living Images,

Caf. So be thou curs'd
In thy posterity, as I in thee,
Dishonourable Boy; O shall that Sun,
Which not a year yet since beheld me mounted
Upon a fiery Steed, waving my Sword,
And teaching this young Man to manage Arms,
That was a raw, fresh Novice in the feats
Of Chivalrie, shall that same Sun be witness
Against this Brat of his Ingratitude?
Who, to eclipse the light of my renown,
Can no way hope to get a noble Name,
But by the treading on his Father's Greatness;
Thou wilt not yield?

Enter Arcanes.

Ant. My life, but not the prize
My Sword hath purchas'd.

Arc. The Senate,
My Lord, are here at hand, and all the Souldiers
Begin to throng about them.

Caf. Now, *Arcanes*, the

Arc. What, Sir?

Caf. Trifles will affront us; that
Fine fighting Stripling:

Arc. Let him have the shame on't;
'Please you withdraw on this side.

Caf. My great heart
Was never quail'd before.

Dec. My Lord, be confident,
Let not your Father daunt you.

Ar. *Decius*, whither

Must I withdraw?

Dec. On this side.—— See, the Souldiers
Attend your pleasure—— courage, Sir; the Senate.

Caf. Way for the Senate.

*Enter Porphyccio, Possenne, (three Senators) Gonzalo,
Gaspero, Souldiers.*

My good Lords I know not
What tax of arrogance I may incurr,
Should I presume, though courted by your Favours,
To take a place amongst you; I had rather
Give proof of my unfeign'd humility
By force, though mean, yet more becoming place,
Than run the hazard of a doubtful censure.

Pos. My Lord, your wisdom is both known and try'd;
We cannot rank you in a nobler Friendship
Than your great service to the State deserves.

Por. Will't please you, Sir?

Enter Fernando with Souldiers.

Gonz. What's here, my Lord *Porphyccio*?

It must not be.

Por. My Lord, you are too modest.

Gonz. It is no season to be troublesome,
Else—— but I have done: your Lordships are observ'd,

Caf. Is the demandant ready?

Arc. He is ready.

Caf. Produce him then.

Arc. Before this sacred presence,

I, by a general consent, am made
The Souldiers voice, and to your gracious Wisedoms,
Present as chief in Arms, his Countries Champion,
Cassilanes.

Dec. Most reverend Lords, you hear the lesser number
Of those who have been Guardians to this Country,
Approve this Champion; I, in all their names,
Who fought for *Candy*, here present before you
The mightiest man in Arms, *Antinous*.
Speak fellow Souldiers.

Sold. *Antinous, Antinous.*

Caf. Stand by all, save the two Competitors. (both,

Pos. My Lords, how much your Countrey owes you
The due reward of your desertful glories
Must to Posterity remain: but yet
Since, by our Law, one only can make claim
To the proposed honours which you both
(It seems) have truly merited, take leave
Freely to plead your rights; we shall attend ye.

Por. Wherein priority of voice is granted,
Lord *Cassilanes* to you; for that your rare
And long experience in the Course of War,
As well doth challenge it as the best priviledge
Of Order and Civility, for that
You are your brave Opponents worthy Father.
Say, Country-men, are you content?

Sold. I, I.

Cass. Right grave, right gracious Fathers; how unfit
It is for me, that all my life time have
Been practis'd in the School of Bloud, and Slaughter
To bandy words now in my lifes last farewell,
Your Wisedomes will consider; were there pitcht
Another, and another field, like that
Which, not yet three days since, this Arm hath scatter'd,
Defeated, and made nothing, then the man
That had a heart to think he could but follow
(For equal me he should not) through the lanes
Of danger and amazement, might in that
That only of but following me, be happy,
Reputed worthy to be made my Rival;
For 'tis not, Lords, unknown to those about me,
(My fellow Souldiers) first, with what a confidence
I led them on to fight, went on still, and
As if I could have been a second Nature,
As well in heartening them by my example,

As by my exhortation, I gave life
 To quicken courage, to inflame revenge,
 To heighten resolution; in a word,
 To out-doe action: It boots not to discover,
 How that young man, who was not fledg'd nor skill'd
 In Martial play, was even as ignorant
 As childish: But I list not to disparage
 His non ability: The signal given
 Of Battel, when our enemies came on,
 (Directed more by fury, than by warrant
 Of Policy and Stratagem) I met them,
 I in the fore-front of the Armies met them;
 And as if this old weather-beaten body
 Had been compos'd of cannon-proof, I stood
 The volleys of their shot. I, I my self
 Was he that first dis-rankt their woods of Pikes:
 But when we came to handy-strokes, as often
 As I lent blows, so often I gave wounds,
 And every wound a death. I may be bold
 To justifie a truth, this very sword
 Of mine slew more than any twain besides:
 And, which is not the least of all my glorie,
 When he, this young man, hand to hand in fight,
 Was by the General of the Venetians,
 And such as were his retinue, unhors'd,
 I stept between, and rescu'd him my self,
 Or horses hoofs had trampled him to dirt;
 And whilst he was re-mounting, I maintain'd
 The combate with the gallant General,
 Till having taken breath, he throng'd before me,
 Renew'd the fight, and with a fatal blow,
 Stole both that honour from me, and his life
 From him, whom I before my self alone,
 Had more than full three quarters kill'd: a man
 Well worthy only by this hand to have dy'd,
 Not by a Boys weak push: I talk too much,
 But 'tis a fault of age: If to bring home
 Long peace, long victorie, even to your Capitol;
 If to secure your Kingdom, wives, and children,
 Your lives and liberties; if to renown
 Your honours through the world, to fix your names,
 Like Blazing stars admir'd, and fear'd by all
 That have but heard of *Candy*, or a *Cretan*,
 Be to deserve the approvement of my man-hood,
 Then thus much have I done: what more, examine
 The annals of my life; and then consider
 What I have been, and am. Lords I have said.

Gonz. With reverence to the Senate, is it lawfull,
 Without your Customes breach, to say a word?

Pof. Say on my Lord *Gonzalo*.

Gonz. I have heard,
 And with no little wonder, such high deeds
 Of Chivalrie discours'd, that I confesse,
 I do not think the Worthies while they liv'd
 All nine, deserv'd as much applause, or memorie,
 As this one: But who can do ought to gain
 The crown of honour from him, must be somewhat
 More than a man; you tread a dangerous path,
 Yet I shall hear you gladly: for believe me,
 Thus much let me profess, in honours cause,
 I would not to my Father, nor my King,
 (My Countries Father) yield: if you transcend
 What we have heard, I can but only say,
 That Miracles are yet in use. I fear
 I have offended.

Porp. You have spoken nobly.

Antinous use your priviledge.

Ant. Princely Fathers,
 E're I begin, one suit I have to make,
 'Tis just, and honourable.

Porp. Poff. Speak, and have it.

Ant. That you would please the souldiers might all stand
 Together by their General.

Poff. 'Tis granted.

All fall to yonder side: Go on, *Antinous*.

Ant. I shall be brief and plain: all what my Father
 (This Countries Patron) hath discours'd, is true.
 Fellows in Arms: speak you, is't true?

Sol. True, true.

Ant. It follows, that the blaze of my performance
 Took light from what I saw him do: and thus
 A City (though the flame be much more dreadfull)
 May from a little spark be set on fire;
 Of all what I have done, I shall give instance
 Only in three main proofs of my desert.
 First I fought out (but through how many dangers
 My Lords judge ye) the chief, the great Commander,
 The head of that huge body, whose proud weight
 Our Land shrunk under, him I found and fought with,
 Fought with, and slew. Fellows in Arms, speak you,
 Is't true or not?

Sold. True, true.

Ant. When he was slain,
 The hearts of all our adversaries
 Began to quail, till young *Fernando*, son
 To the last Duke of *Venice* gather'd head,
 And soon renew'd the field, by whose example
 The bold Venetians doubling strength and courage
 Had got the better of the day; our men
 Supposing that their adversaries grew
 Like *Hydra's* head, recoyle, and 'gan to flye:
 I follow'd them; and what I said, they know;
 The summe on't is; I call'd them back, new rankt them;
 Led on, they follow'd, shrunk not tell the end:
 Fellows in Arms is't true, or no?

Sold. True, true.

Ant. Lastly, to finish all, there was but one,
 The only great exploit; which was to take
Fernando prisoner, and that hand to hand
 In single fight I did: my self without
 The help of any arm, save the arm of Heaven.
 Speak Souldiers, is it true, or no?

Sold. Antinous, Antinous.

Ant. Behold my prisoner, Fathers.

Fern. This one man

Ruin'd our Army, and hath glorifi'd
Crete in her robes of mightiness and conquest.

Pof. We need not use long circumstance of words,
Antinous thou art conquerer: the Senate,
 The souldiers, and thy valour have pronounc'd it.

All. Antinous, Antinous.

Porp. Make thy demand.

Caf. Please ye (my Lords) give leave
 That I may part.

Pof. No *Cassilane*, the Court
 Should therein be dishonour'd, do not imagin
 We prize your presence at so slight a rate.
 Demand, *Antinous*.

Ant. Thus (my Lords) to witness
 How far I am from arrogance, or thinking
 I am more valiant, though more favour'd
 Than my most matchless father, my demand is,
 That for a lasting memorie of his name,
 His deeds, his real, nay his royal worth,
 You set up in your Capitol in Brass
 My Fathers Statue, there to stand for ever
 A Monument and Trophy of his victories,
 With this Inscription to succeeding ages,
Great Cassilanes, Patron of Candy's Peace,
Perpetual Triumpher.

Por. Pof. It is granted. What more?

Ant. No more.

Caf. How Boy?

Gonz. Thou art immortal,
 Both for thy Son-like pietie, and beauties
 Of an unconquer'd minde.

Ant. My Prisoner, Lords,
 To your more sacred wisdoms I surrender:

Fit you his ransom ; half whereof I give
For larges to the Souldiers : the other half
To the erection of this monument.

Cass. Ambitious villain.

Gonz. Thou art all un-imitable.

My Lords, to work a certain peace for *Candy*
With *Venice*, use *Fernando* like a Prince ;
His ransom I'll disburse what e're it be :
Yet you may stay him with you, till conditions
Of amitie shall be concluded on :

Are ye content ?

Porp. We are, and ever rest

Both friends and debtors to your nobleness.

Gonz. Souldiers attend me in the Market-place,
Ple thither send your larges.

Sold. *Antinous, Antinous.*

[*Exeunt.*

Cas. I have a sute too, Lords.

Porp. Pos. Propose it, 'tis yours, if fit and just.

Cas. Let not my services,

My being forty years a drudge, a pack-horse
To you, and to the State, be branded now
With Ignominy ne're to be forgotten :
Rear me no Monument, unless you mean
To have me fam'd a Coward, and be stamp'd so.

Pos. We understand you not.

Cas. Proud boy, thou dost,

And Tyrant-like insult'st upon my shame.

Ant. Sir, Heaven can tell, and my integrity,
What I did, was but only to inforce
The Senates gratitude. I now acknowledge it.

Cas. Observe it Fathers, how this haughty boy
Grows cunning in his envy of mine honours :
He knows no mention can of me be made,
But that it ever likewise must be told,
How I by him was master'd ; and for surety
That all succeeding times may so report it,
He would have my dishonour, and his Triumphs
Ingrav'd in Brass : hence, hence proceeds the fallhood
Of his insinuating piety.

Thou art no child of mine : thee and thy blood,
Here in the Capitol, before the Senate,
I utterly renounce : So thrift and fate
Confirm me ; henceforth never see my face,
Be, as thou art, a villain to thy Father.

Lords I must crave your leaves : come, come *Arcanes.* [*Ex.*

Gonz. Here's a strange high-born spirit.

Pos. 'Tis but heat

Of suddain present rage ; I dare assure
Antinous of his favour.

Ant. I not doubt it,

He is both a good man, and a good Father.
I shall attend your Lordships.

Pos. Do *Antinous.*

Gonz. Yes : feast thy Triumphs
With applause and pleasures.

Por. Pos. Lead on.

[*Exeunt.*

Flor. Cornets.

Ant. I utterly renounce——'Twas so ?

Was't not, my *Decius* ?

Dec. Pish, you know, my Lord,
Old men are choleric.

Ant. And lastly parted

With, never henceforth see my face : O me,
How have I lost a Father ? Such a Father ?
Such a one *Decius* ! I am miserable,
Beyond expression.

Dec. Fic, how unbecoming
This shews upon your day of fame ?

Ant. O mischief !

I must no more come near him ; that I know,
And am assur'd on't.

Dec. Say you do not ?

Ant. True :

Put case I do not : what is *Candy* then
To lost *Antinous* ? *Malta*, I resolve

To end my dayes in thee.

Dec. How's that ?

Ant. Ple trie

All humble means of being reconcil'd,
Which if deny'd, then I may justly say,
This day has prov'd my worst : *Decius*, my worst.

[*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gonzalo, and Gaspero.

Gasp. **N**OW to what you have heard ; as no man can
Better than I, give you her Character ;
For I have been both nurs'd, and train'd up to
Her petulant humours, and been glad to bear them,
Her Brother, my late Master, did no less :
Strong apprehensions of her beauty hath
Made her believe that she is more than woman :
And as there did not want those flatterers
'Bout the worlds Conquerour, to make him think,
And did perswade him that he was a god ;
So there be those base flies, that will not stick
To buzze into her ears she is an Angel,
And that the food she feeds on is *Ambrosia*.

Gonz. She should not touch it then, 'tis Poets fare.

Gasp. I may take leave to say, she may as well
Determine of her self to be a goddess,
With lesser flatterie than he a god :
For she does conquer more, although not farther.
Every one looks on her, dyes in despair,
And would be glad to do it actually,
To have the next age tell how worthily,
And what good cause he had to perish so :
Here beauty is superlative, she knows it,
And knowing it, thinks no man can deserve,
But ought to perish, and to dye for her :
Many great Princes for her love have languish'd,
And given themselves a willing sacrifice,
Proud to have ended so : And now there is
A Prince so madded in his own passions,
That he forgets the Royaltie he was born to,
And deems it happiness to be her slave.

Gonz. You talk as if you meant to winde me in,
And make me of the number.

Gasp. Sir, mistake me not, the service that I owe ye
Shall plead for me : I tell you what she is,
What she expects, and what she will effect,
Unless you be the miracle of men,
That come with a purpose to behold,
And goe away your self.

Gonz. I thank you, I will do it : But pray resolve me,
How is she stor'd with wit ?

Gasp. As with beauty,
Infinite, and more to be admired at,
Than medled with.

(*feet* ?

Gonz. And walks her tongue the same gate with her
Gasp. Much beyond : what e're her heart thinks, she utters :
And so boldly, so readily, as you would judge
It penn'd and studied.

*Enter Erola, Philander, Annophil, Hyparcha,
Mochingo, Attendants.*

Gonz. She comes.

Gasp. I must leave you then,
But my best wishes shall remain with you.

[*Exit.*

Gonz. Still I must thank you.
This is the most passionate,
Most pitifull Prince,
Who in the Caldron of affections,
Looks as he had been pat-boy'd.

Phil.

Phil. If I offend with too much loving you,
It is a fault that I must still commit,
To make your mercy shine the more on me.

Erot. You are the self-same creature you condemn,
Or else you durst not follow me with hope
That I can pity you, who am so far
From granting any comfort in this kind,
That you and all men else shall perish first:
I will live free and single, till I find
Something above a man to equal me;
Put all your brave *Heroes* into one,
Your Kings and Emperours, and let him come
In person of a man, and I should scorn him:
Must, and will scorn him.
The god of love himself hath lost his eyes,
His Bow and Torch extinguish'd, and the Poets
That made him first a god, have lost their fire
Since I appear'd, and from my eyes must steal it.
This I dare speak; and let me see the man,
Now I have spoke it, that doth, dare deny;
Nay, not believe it.

Mo. He is mad that does not.

Erot. Have not all the nations of the Earth heard of me?
Most come to see me, and seeing me, return'd
Full of my praises? teaching their Chroniclers
To make their Stories perfect? for where the name,
Merely the word of fair *Erota* stands,
It is a lasting History to time,
Begetting admiration in the men,
And in my own Sex envie: which glorie's lost,
When I shall stick my beautie in a cloud,
And clearly shine through it.

Gonz. This woman's in the altitudes, and he must be
A good Astrologer shall know her Zodiack.

Phil. For any man to think
Himself an able purchaser of you,
But in the bargain there must be declar'd
Infinite bounty: otherwise I vow,
By all that's excellent and gracious in you,
I would untenant every hope lodg'd in me,
And yield my self up loves, or your own Martyr.

Erot. So you shall please us.

Phil. O you cannot be
So heavenly, and so absolute in all things,
And yet retain such cruel tyranny.

Erot. I can, I do, I will.

Gonz. She is in her
Moods, and her Tenses: I'll Grammer with you,
And make a trial how I can decline you:
By your leave (great Lady.)

Erot. What are you?

Gonz. A man, a good man, that's a wealthy;
A Proper man, and a proud man too; one
That understands himself, and knows, unless
It be your self, no woman on the Universe deserves him.
Nay, Lady, I must tell you too withal,
I may make doubt of that, unless you paint
With better judgement next day than on this;
For (plain I must be with you) 'tis a dull Fucus.

Erot. Knows any one here what this fellow is?

Atten. He is of *Venice* (Madam) a great Magnifico,
And gracious with the Senate. (here?)

Erot. Let him keep then among them; what makes he
Here's state enough where I am: here's a do——
You, tell him, if he have ought with us, let him
Look lower, and give it in Petition.

Mo. Mighty Magnifico, my Mistris bid me tell you,
If you have ought with her, you must look lower,
And yield it in Petition.

Gonz. Here is for thee a Duckct.

Mon. You say well Sir, take your own course.

Gonz. I will not grace you
(Lady) so much as take you by the hand;
But when I shall vouchsafe to touch your lip,

It shall be through your Court a holy-day
Proclaimed for so high favour.

Erot. This is some
Great mans Jester: Sirrah, begon, here is
No place to fool in.

Gonz. Where are the fools you talk of?
I do keep two.

Erot. No question of it: for
In your self you do maintain an hundred.

Gonz. And besides them I keep a noble train,
Statists, and men of action: my purse is large and deep,
Beyond the reach of riot to draw drie:
Fortune did vie with Nature, to bestow
(When I was born) her bountie equally:
'Tis not amiss you turn your eyes from me;
For should you stand and gaze me in the face,
You perish would, like *Semele* by *Jove*:
In *Venice* at this instant there do lye
No less than threefcore Ladies in their graves,
And in their Beds five hundred for my love.

Mo. You lie more than they; yet it becomes him bravel;
Would I could walk and talk so? I'll endeavour it.

Erot. Sir, do you know me?

Gonz. Yes, you were sister to the late Prince of *Candy*,
Aunt to this young one: and I in *Venice*,
Am born a Lord; equall to you in fortunes,
In shape; I'll say no more, but view.

Mon. There needs no more be said, were I a woman——
O he does rarely: in shape; I'll say no more,
But view: who could say more, who better?
Man is no man, nor woman woman is,
Unless they have a pride like one of these.
How poor the Prince of *Cyprus* shews to him!
How poor another Lady unto her!
Carriage and State makes us seem demi-gods,
Humility, like beasts, worms of the Earth.

Enter *Antinous*, and *Decius*.

Ant. Royal Lady, I kiss your hand.

Erot. Sir, I know you not.

Anno. O my noble Brother, welcom from the wars.

Ant. Dear Sister.

Ann. Where is my Father, that you come without him?
We have news of your success: he has his health I hope?

Ant. Yes Sister, he has his health, but is not well.

Ann. How not well? what Riddles do your utter?

Ant. I'll tell you more in private.

Gonz. Noble Sir,
I cannot be unmindfull of your merit,
Since I last heard it: you are a hopeful youth,
And (indeed) the Soul of *Candy*.
I must speak my thoughts.

Ann. The Prince of *Cyprus* Brother, good *Decius*.

Ant. I am his Servant.

Phil. You are the Patron of your Countrie, Sir,
So your unimitable deeds proclaim you,
It is no language of my own, but all mens.

Gonz. Your Enemies must needs acknowledge it:
Then do not think it flatterie in your friends,
For if they had a heart, they could not want a tongue.

Erot. Is this your Brother *Annophil*?

Ann. Yes Madam.

Erot. Your name's *Antinous*?

Ant. I am (Lady) that most unfortunate man.

Erot. How unfortunate? are you not the Souldier,
The Captain of those Captains, that did bring
Conquest and Victory home along with you?

Ant. I had some share in't; but was the least
Of the least worthy.

Gonz. O Sir, in your modesty you'd make
A double Conquest: I was an ear-witness
When this young man spoke lesser than he acted,
And had the Souldiers voice to help him out:
But that the Law compell'd him for his honour,

To enforce him make a claim for his reward,
I well perceive he would have stood the man
That he does now, buried his worth in silence.

Erot. Sir, I hearken not to him, but look on you,
And find more in you than he can relate :
You shall attend on me.

Ant. Madam, your pardon.

Erot. Deny it not Sir, for it is more honour
Than you have gotten i'th' field: for know you shall,
Upon *Erota's* asking, serve *Erota*.

Ant. I may want answers, Lady,
But never want a will to do you service.
I came here to my Sister, to take leave,
Having enjoy'd my self to banishment,
For some cause that hereafter you may hear,
And wish with me I had not the occasion.

Anno. There shall be no occasion to divide us :
Dear Madam for my sake use your power,
Even for the service that he ought to owe,
Must, and does owe to you, his friends, and country.

Erot. Upon your Loyalty to the state and me,
I do command you Sir, not depart *Candy* :
Am I not your Princess ?

Ant. You are a great Lady.

Erot. Then shew your self a Servant and a Subject.

Ant. I am your vassal.

Mon. You are a Coward ; I that dare not fight,
Scorn to be vassal to any Prince in *Europe* :
Great is my heart with pride, which I'll encrease
When they are gone, with practise on my Vassals.

Atten. The noble *Cassilane* is come to see you Madam.

Dec. There's comfort in those words, *Antinous* :
For here's the place, and persons that have power,
To reconcile you to his love again.

Ant. That were a fortunate meeting.

Enter Cassilane, and Arcanes.

Cas. Greatness still wait you Lady.

Erot. Good *Cassilane*, we do maintain our greatness,
Through your valour.

Cas. My prayers pull daily blessings on thy head,
My un-offending child, my *Annophel*.
Good Prince, worthy *Gonzalo* ! ha ? art thou here
Before me ? in every action art thou ambitious ?
My duty (Lady) first offered here,
And love to thee (my child) though he out-strip me ;
Thus in the wars he got the start on me,
By being forward, but performing less ;
All the endeavours of my life are lost,
And thrown upon that evil of mine own
Curfed begetting, whom I shame to father.
O that the heat thou rob'dst me of, had burnt
Within my Entrails, and begot a fever,
Or some worse sickness, for thou art a disease
Sharper than any Physick gives a name to.

Anno. Why do you say so ?

Cas. O *Annophel* ; there is good cause my girl :
He has plaid the thief with me, and filch'd away
The richest jewel of my life, my honour,
Wearing it publickly with that applause,
As if he justly did inherit it.

Ant. Would I had in my Infancy been laid
Within my grave, covered with your blessings rather
Than grown up to a man, to meet your curses.

Cas. O that thou hadst.

Then I had been the Father of a child,
Dearer than thou wert ever unto me,
When hope perswaded me I had begot
Another self in thee : Out of mine eyes,
As far as I have thrown thee from my heart,
That I may live and dye forgetting thee.

Erot. How has he deserv'd this untam'd anger,
That when he might have ask't for his reward
Some honour for himself, or mass of self,

He only did request to have erected
Your Statue in the Capitol, with Titles
Ingrav'd upon't, The Patron of his Countrey ?

Cas. That, that's the poison in the gilded cup,
The Serpent in the flowers, that stings my honour ;
And leaves me dead in fame : Gods do a justice,
And rip his bosom up, that men may see,
Seeing, believe the subtle practises
Written within his heart : But I am heated ;
And do forget this presence, and my self.
Your pardon, Lady.

Erot. You should not ask, 'less you knew how to give.
For my sake *Cassilane*, cast out of your thoughts
All ill conceptions of your worthy son,
That (questionless) has ignorantly offended,
Declared in his penitence.

Cas. Bid me dye, Lady, for your sake I'll do it ;
But that you'll say is nothing, for a man
That has out-liv'd his honour : But command me
In any thing save that, and *Cassilane*
Shall ever be your servant. Come *Annophel*,
(My joy in this world) thou shalt live with me,
(Retired in some solitarie nook,)
The comfort of my age ; my dayes are short,
And ought to be well spent : and I desire
No other witness of them but thy self,
And good *Arcanes*.

Anno. I shall obey you Sir.

Gonz. Noble Sir :

If you taste any want of worldly means,
Let not that discontent you : know me your friend,
That hath, and can supply you.

Cas. Sir, I am too much bound to you already,
And 'tis not of my cares the least, to give you
Fair satisfaction.

Gonz. You may imagine I do speak to that end,
But trust me, 'tis to make you bolder with me.

Cas. Sir, I thank you, and may make trial of you,
Mean time my service.

Anno. Brother be comforted ; so long as I continue
Within my Fathers love, you cannot long
Stand out an Exile : I must goe live with him,
And I will prove so good an Orator
In your behalf, that you again shall gain him ;
Or I will stir in him another anger,
And be lost with you.

Ant. Better I were neglected : for he is hasty,
And through the Choler that abounds in him,
(Which for the time divides from him his judgement)
He may cast you off, and with you his life ;
For grief will straight surprize him, and that way
Must be his death : the sword has try'd too often,
And all the deadly Instruments of war
Have aim'd at his great heart, but ne're could touch it :
Yet not a limb about him wants a scar.

Cas. Madam my duty ———

Erot. Will you be gone ?

Cas. I must, Lady, but I shall be ready,
When you are pleas'd command me, for your service.
Excellent Prince ——— To all my heartie love,
And a good Farewel.

Mon. Thanks honest *Cassilane*.

Cas. Come *Annophel*.

Gonz. Shall I not wait upon you Sir ?

Cas. From hence you shall not stir a foot :
Loving *Gonzalo*, it must be all my study
To requite you.

Gonz. If I may be so fortunate to deserve
The name of friend from you, I have enough.

Cas. You are so, and you have made your self so.

Gonz. I will then preserve it.

Erot. *Antinous* you are my servant, are you not ?

Ant. It hath pleas'd you so to grace me.

Erot. Why are you then dejected ? you will say,

You have lost a father; but you have found a Mistress
Doubles that loss: be master of your spirit;
You have a cause for it, which is my favour.

Gonz. And mine.

Erot. Will no man ease me of this fool?

Gonz. Your fellow.

Erot. *Antinous* wait upon us.

Ant. I shall Madam.

Gonz. Nay but Ladie, Ladie.

Erot. Sir, you are rude: and if you be the Master
Of such means as you do talk of, you should
Learn good manners.

Gonz. O Lady, you can find a fault in me,
But not perceive it in your self: you must, shall hear me:
I love you for your pride, 'tis the best vertue
In you.

Erot. I could hang this fellow now: by whom
Are you supported, that you dare do this?
Have you not example here in a Prince
Transcending you in all things, yet bears himself
As doth become a man had seen my beautie?
Back to your Country, and your Curtizans,
Where you may be admired for your wealth,
Which being consum'd, may be a means to gain you
The opinion of some wit. Here's nothing
To be got but scorn, and loss of time.

Gonz. Which are things I delight in.

Erot. *Antinous* follow me.

Gonz. She is vext to the soul.

Mon. Let her be vext, 'tis fit she should be so:
Give me thy hand *Gonzalo*, thou art in our favour,
For we do love to cherish lofty spirits,
Such as percusse the Earth, and bound
With an erected countenance to the clouds.

Gonz. 'S-foot, what thing is this?

Mon. I do love fire-works, because they mount:
An Exhalation I profess to adore,
Beyond a fixed star, 'tis more illustrious,
As every thing rais'd out of smoak is so:
Their vertue is in action: what do you think of me?

Gonz. Troth Sir,
You are beyond my ghes, I know you not.

Mon. Do you know your self?

Gonz. Yes Sir.

Mon. Why you and I are one: I am proud, and
Very proud too, that I must tell you; I saw
It did become you, cousin *Gonzalo*, prethee
Let it be so.

Gonz. Let it be so good cousin.

Mon. I am no great ones fool.

Gonz. I hope so, for alliance sake. (nimous)

Mon. Yet I do serve the Mighty, Monstrous, and Magna-
Invincible *Erotia*. (your Coat.

Gonz. O good cousin, now I have you: Ple meet you in
Mon. Coat? I have my horse-mans coat I must confess

Lin'd through with Velvet, and a Scarlet out-side;

If you'll meet me in't, Ple send for't;

And cousin you shall see me with much comfort,

For it is both a new one, and a right one,

It did not come collateral. (sinefs.

Gonz. Adieu good cousin; at this present I have some bu-

Mon. Farewel, excellent cousin.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter *Gonzalo*, and *Fernando*.

Gonz. **C**andy, I say, is lost already.

Fern. Yes, (them.
If to be conqueror be to be lost.

Gonz. You have it; one days conquest hath undone
And sold them to their vassalage; for what

Have I else toyl'd my brains, profusely emptied
My moneys, but to make them slaves to *Venice*,
That so in case the sword did lose his edge,
Then art might sharpen hers?

Fer. *Gonzalo* how?

Gonz. *Fernando* thus: you see how through this Land,
Both of the best and basest I am honour'd;
I only gave the State of *Venice* notice,
When, where, and how to land, or you had found
A better entertainment: I was he
Encourag'd young *Antinous* to affront
The Devil his Father: for the Devil I think
Dares not do more in battel.

Fer. But why did ye?

I find no such great policie in that.

Gonz. Indeed *Fernando*, thou canst fight, not plot:
Had they continu'd one, they two alone
Were of sufficient courage and performance
To beat an Armie.

Fer. Now by all my hopes,
I rather shall admire, than envy vertue.

Gonz. Why then by all your hopes you'll rather have
Your Brains knockt out, than learn how to be wise;
You States-man? Well Sir, I did more than this,
When *Cassilane* crav'd from the common treasure
Pay for his Souldiers, I strook home, and lent him
An hundred thousand Duckets.

Fer. Marry Sir,
The policy was little, the love loss,
And honesty least of all.

Gonz. How say ye by that?

Go fight, I say goe fight, Ple talk no more with you,
You are insensible.

Fer. Well, I shall observe ye.

Gonz. Why look you Sir, by this means have I got
The greatest part of *Cassilanes* estate
Into my hands, which he can ne're redeem,
But must of force sink: do you conceive me now?

Fer. So:

But why have you importuned the Senate,
For me to sojourn, with them?

Gonz. There's the quintessence,
The soul, and grand elixir of my wit:
For he (according to his noble nature)
Will not be known to want, though he do want,
And will be bankrupted so much the sooner,
And made the subject of our scorn and laughter.

Fern. Here's a perfect plotted stratagem.

Gonz. Why? could you
Imagine, that I did not hate in heart
My Countryes enemies? yes, yes, *Fernando*,
And I will be the man that shall undoe them.

Fern. Ye are in a ready way.

Gonz. I was never out on't.

Enter *Gaspero*.

Gonz. Peace,
Here comes a wife Coxcombe, a tame Coward.
Now worthy *Gaspero*, what,
You come (I know) to be my Lord *Fernando's*
Conductor to old *Cassilane*?

Gasp. To wait upon him.

Gonz. And my Lords the Senators sent you?

Gasp. My noble Lord they did.

Gonz. My Lord *Fernando*,
This Gentleman, (as humble as you see him)
Is even this Kingdoms treasure; In a word,
'Tis his chief glory that he is not wiser
Than honest, nor more honest than approv'd
In truth and faith.

Gasp. My Lord.

Gonz. You may be bold
To trust him with your bosom, he'll not deceive
If you relie upon him once.

Erot. Your name is *Gaspero*?
Gasp. Your servant.
Gonz. Go commend me
(Right honest *Gaspero*) commend me heartily
To noble *Cassilane*, tell him my love
Is vow'd to him.

Gasp. I shall.
Gonz. I know you will.
My Lord I cannot long be absent from you.

Fer. Sir, you are now my guide.

Gonz. Thus my designs
Run uncontroul'd; yet *Venice* though I be
Intelligencer to thee, in my brain
Are other large Projects: for if proud *Erota*
Bend to my lure, I will be *Candy's* King,
And Duke of *Venice* too. Ha? *Venice* too?
O 'twas prettily shov'd in: why not? *Erota*
May in her love seal all sure: if she swallow
The bait, I am Lord of both; if not, yet *Candy*
Despight of all her power shall be ruin'd.

[Exit.

Enter *Cassilane*, *Arcanes*, and *Annophel*.

Cas. Urge me no farther *Annophel*.

Anno. My Lord.

Cas. Thy fathers poverty has made thee happy;
For though 'tis true, this solitary life
Sutes not with youth and beautie, O my child,
Yet 'tis the sweetest Guardian to protect
Chast names from Court-asperions; there a Lady
Tender and delicate in years and graces,
That doats upon the charms of ease and pleasure,
Is ship-wrackt on the shore; for 'tis much safer
To trust the Ocean in a leaking ship,
Than follow greatness in the wanton rites
Of luxurie and sloth.

Anno. My wishes Sir,
Have never soar'd a higher flight, than truly
To find occasion wherein I might witness
My duty and obedience.

Cas. 'Tis well said,
Canst thou forbear to laugh *Arcanes*?

Arc. Why Sir?

Cas. To look upon my beggerie, to look upon
My patience in my beggerie: Tell me,
Does it shew handsom? bravely?
Handsom? thou wilt flatter me,
And swear that I am miserable.

Arc. Nothing
More glorifies the noble, and the valiant,
Than to despise contempt: if you continue
But to enjoy your self, you in your self
Enjoy all store besides.

Cas. An excellent change:
I that some seven Apprentice-ships commanded
A hundred Ministers, that waited on
My nod, and sometimes twenty thousand souldiers,
Am now retir'd, attended in my age
By one poor maid, follow'd by one old man.

Arc. Sir, you are lower in your own repute
Than you have reason for.

Cas. The *Roman* Captains,
I mean the best, such as with their blouds
Purchas'd their Countreys peace, the Empires glorie,
Were glad at last to get them to some Farms,
Off from the clamours of the ingratefull great ones,
And the unsteady multitude, to live
As I do now, and 'twas their blessing too,
Let it be ours *Arcanes*.

Arc. I cannot but
Applaud your scorn of injuries.

Cas. Of injuries?
Arcanes, *Annophel*, lend both your hands.
So, what say ye now?

Arc. Why now my Lord ———

Cas. I swear
By all my past prosperities; thus standing
Between you two, I think my self as great,
As mighty, as if in the Capitol
I stood amidst the Senators, with all
The *Cretan* subjects prostrate at my feet,

Ann. Sir, you are here more safe.

Cas. And more beloved:
Why look ye Sirs, I can forget the weaknes
Of the traduced Souldiers, the neglect
Of the fair-spoken Senate, the impietie
Of him, the villain, whom (to my dishonour)
The World miscalls my son.

But by the ———

Arc. Sir, remember that you promis'd no occasion
Should move your patience.

Cas. Thou do'st chide me friendly,
He shall not have the honour to be thought upon
Amongst us.

Enter a Servant,

Now? the news?

Serv. The Secretarie,
With the *Venetian* prisoner, desire
Admittance to your Lordship.

Cas. How? to me?
What mysterie is this? *Arcanes* can they,
Thinkst thou, mean any good?

Arc. My Lord, they dare not
Intend ought else but good.

Cas. 'Tis true, they dare not;
Arcanes welcom them: Come hither *Annophel*,
Stand close to me, we'l change our affability
Into a form of State: and they shall know
Our heart is still our own.

Enter *Arcanes*, *Fernando*, and *Gaspero*;

Arc. My Lord ———

Casp. *Arcanes*,
I know them both: *Fernando*, as you are
A man of greatness, I should under-value
The right my sword hath fought for, to observe
Low-fawning complements, but as you are
A Captive and a stranger, I can love you,
And must be kind. You are welcom.

Fern. 'Tis the all
Of my ambition.

Cas. And for proof how much
He truly honours your heroick virtues,
The Senate on his importunity,
Commend him to your Lordships guard.

Cas. For what?

Cas. During the time of his abode in *Candy*,
To be your household guest.

Fer. Wherein my Lord,
You shall more make me debtor to your nobleness,
Than if you had return'd me without ransom.

Cas. Are you in earnest Sir?

Fern. My sute to the Senate
Shall best resolve you that.

Cas. Come hither Secretarie,
Look that this be no trick now put upon me:
For if it be ——— Sirrah ———

Cas. As I have troth
(My Lord) it only is a favour granted
Upon *Fernando's* motion, from himself:
Your Lordship must conceive, I'de not partake
Ought, but what should concern your honour; Who
Has been the prop, our Countries shield, and safety,
But the renowned *Cassilane*?

Cas. Applause?
Is *Gaspero* — puff — nothing — why, young Lord,
Would you so much be sequester'd from those
That are the blazing Comets of the time,

To live a solitary life with me?
 A man forsaken? all my hospitality
 Is now contracted to a few; these two,
 The tempest-wearied Souldier, and this Virgin;
 We cannot feast your eyes with Masques and Revels,
 Or Courtly Anticks; the sad Sports we riot in,
 Are tales of foughten fields, of Martial scars,
 And things done long ago, when men of courage
 Were held the best, not those well-spoken Youths,
 Who only carry Conquest in their tongues:
 Now stories of this nature are unseasonable
 To entertain a great Duke's Son with.

Fer. Herein

Shall my Captivity be made my happiness,
 Since what I lose in freedom, I regain
 (With int'rest) by conversing with a Souldier,
 So matchless for experience, as great *Cassilane*:
 'Pray Sir, admit me.

Cas. If you come to mock me,
 I shall be angry.

Fer. By the love I bear

To goodness, my intents are honourable.

Cas. Then in a word, my Lord, your visitations
 Shall find all due respect: but I am now
 Grown old, and have forgot to be an Host;
 Come when you please, you are welcome.

Fer. Sir, I thank you.

Ann. Good Sir, be not too urgent; for my Father
 Will soon be mov'd: yet, in a noble way
 Of courtesie, he is as easily conquer'd.

Fer. Lady, your words are like your beauty, powerful;
 I shall not strive more how to do him service,
 Than how to be your servant.

Cas. She's my Daughter,
 And does command this House.

Fer. So I conceive her.

Cas. Do you hear?

Gas. My honour'd Lord.

Cas. Commend me to them:
 Tell 'em I thank them.

Gas. Whom, my Lord?

Cas. The Senate;

Why, how come you so dull? O they are gracious,
 And infinitely grateful—— Thou art eloquent,
 Speak modestly in mentioning my services;
 And if ought fall out in the By, that must
 Of meer necessity touch any act
 Of my deserving praises, blush when you talk on't,
 'Twill make them blush to hear on't.

Gas. Why, my Lord——

Cas. Nay, nay, you are too wise now; good, observe me.
 I do not rail against the hopeful Springall,
 That builds up Monuments in Bras; rears Trophies
 With Mottoes and Inscriptions, quaint devices
 Of Poetry and Fiction; let's be quiet.

Arc. You must not cross him.

Gas. Not for Candy's Wealth.

Fer. You shall for ever make me yours.

Ann. 'Twere pity to double your Captivity.

Arc. Who's here, *Decius*?

Enter Decius.

Cas. Ha! *Decius*? who nam'd *Decius*?

Dec. My duty to your Lordship, I am bold,
 Presuming on your noble, and known goodness
 To——

Cas. What?

Dec. Present you with this——

Cas. Letter?

Dec. Yes, my honour'd Lord.

Cas. From whom?

Dec. 'Please you peruse

The inside, and you shall find a name subscrib'd,
 In such humility, in such obedience,

That you your self will judge it tyranny
 Not to receive it favourably.

Cas. Hey-day!

Good words my Masters: this is Court-infection,
 And none but Cowards ply them: tell me, *Decius*,
 Without more circumstance, who is the Sender?

Dec. Your most griev'd Son, *Antinous*.

Cas. On my life

A Challenge; speak, as thou art worthy, speak;
 I'll answer't.

Dec. Honour'd Sir.

Cas. No honour'd Sirs——

Fool your young Idol with such pompous Attributes.
 Say briefly, what contains it?

Dec. 'Tis a lowly

Petition for your favour.

Cas. Rash young man,

But that thou art under my own roof, and know'st
 I dare not any way infringe the Laws
 Of Hospitality, thou should'st repent
 Thy bold and rude intrusion. But presume not
 Again to shew thy Letter, for thy life;
Decius, not for thy life.

Arc. Nay then, (my Lord)

I can with-hold no longer; you are too rough,
 And wrestle against nature with a violence
 More than becomes a Father; wherein would ye
 Come nearer to the likeness of God,
 Than in your being entreated? Let not thirst
 Of Honour, make you quite forget you are
 A Man, and what makes perfect manhoods, comforts
 A Father.

Ann. If a memory remain
 Of my departed Mother; if the purity
 Of her unblemish'd faith deserve to live
 In your remembrance, let me yet by these
 Awake your love to my uncomforted Brother.

Fer. I am a Stranger, but so much I tender
 Your Sons desertful Vertues, that I vow
 His Sword ne'r conquer'd me so absolutely,
 As shall your courtesie, if you vouchsafe
 At all our instances, to new receive him
 Into your wonted favour.

Gas. Sir, you cannot
 Require more low submission.

Ann. Am I not

Grown vile yet in your eyes? then by the name
 Of Father, let me once more sue for him,
 Who is the only now remaining Branch
 With me, of that most ancient root, whose Body
 You are, dear Sir.

Cas. 'Tis well, an host of furies
 Could not have baited me more torturingly,
 More rudely, or more most unnaturally.
Decius, I say, let me no more hear from him;
 For this time go thou hence, and know from me
 Thou art beholding to me that I have not
 Kill'd thee already, look to't next, look to't.

Arcanes fie, fie *Annophel*.

Arc. He's gone;

Chaf'd beyond sufferance; we must follow him.

Dec. Lady, this Letter is to you.

Ann. Come with me,

For we must speak in private; 'please you, Sir,
 To see what entertainment our sad house
 Can yield?

Fer. I shall attend you, Lady.

Gas. How do you like
 To sojourn here, my Lord?

Fer. More than to feast

With all the Princes of the Earth besides:
Gonzalo told me that thou wert honest.

Gas. Yes Sir,
 And you shall find it.

[Exit.

[Exit.

Fer.

Fer. Shall I?

Gaf. All my follies
Be else recorded to my shame.

Fer. Enough,
My heart is here for ever lodg'd.

Gaf. The Lady.

Fer. The place admits no time to utter all,
But *Gaspero* if thou wilt prove my friend,
I'll say thou art——

Gaf. Your Servant; I conceive ye,
We'll chuse some fitter leifure.

Fer. Never man
Was (in a moment) or more blest'd or wretched. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Hyparcha (placing two Chairs) Antinous,
and Erotia.*

Er. Leave us,

Hyp. I shall. [*Exit.*]

Er. *Antinous*, sit down.

Ant. Madam.

Er. I say sit down, I do command you sit;
For look what honour thou dost gain by me,
I cannot lose it: happy *Antinous*,
The graces and the higher Deities
Smil'd at thy Birth, and still continue it:
Then think that I (who scorn lesser examples)
Must do the like: such as do taste my power,
And talk of it with fear and reverence,
Shall do the same unto the man I favour.
I tell thee Youth, thou hast a conquest won,
Since thou cam'st home, greater than that last,
Which dignified thy Fame, greater than if
Thou should'st go out again, and conquer farther;
For I am not ashamed to acknowledge
My self subdued by thee.

Ant. Great Lady——

Er. Sit still, I will not hear thee else; now speak,
And speak like my *Antinous*, like my Souldier,
Whom *Cupid*, and not *Mars* hath sent to Battel.

Ant. I must (I see) be silent.

Er. So thou maist;

There's greater action in it than in clamour,
A look (if it be gracious) will begin the War,
A word conclude it; then prove no Coward,
Since thou hast such a friendly enemy,
That teaches thee to conquer.

Ant. You do amaze me, Madam,
I have no skill, no practice in this War,
And whether you be serious, or please
To make your sport on a dejected man,
I cannot rightly guess; but be it as it will,
It is a like unhappinefs to me:
My discontents bear those conditions in them,
And lay me out so wretched, no designs
(However truly promising a good)
Can make me relish ought but a sweet-bitter
Voluntary Exile.

Er. Why an Exile?

What comfort can there be in those Companions
Which sad thoughts bring along with?

Enter Hyparcha.

Hyp. Madam.

Er. Whence comes this well tun'd found? [*Musick.*]

Hyp. I know not, Madam.

Er. Listen Wench;

Whatever friendly hands they are that send it,
Let 'em play on; they are Masters of their faculty: [*Song.*]
Doth it please you, Sir?

Ant. According to the time.

Er. Go to 'em, Wench,
And tell 'em, we shall thank 'em; for they have kept
As good time to our disposition, as to their instruments;
Unless *Antinous* shall say he loves,

There never can be sweeter accents utter'd.

Enter Philander.

Phi. Let then the heart that did employ those hands;
Receive some small share of your thanks with them;
'Tis happinefs enough that you did like it;
A fortune unto me, that I should send it
In such a lucky minute; but to obtain
So gracious welcome did exceed my hopes.

Er. Good Prince, I thank you for't.

Phi. O Madam, pour not (too fast) joys on me,
But sprinkle 'em so gently I may stand 'em;
It is enough at first, you have laid aside
Those cruel angry looks out of your eyes,
With which (as with your lovely) you did strike
All your Beholders in an Ecstasie.

Er. *Philander*, you have long profest to love me.

Phi. Have I but profest it, Madam?

Er. Nay, but hear me?

Phi. More attentively than to an Oracle.

Er. And I will speak more truly, if more can be;
Nor shall my language be wrapt up in Riddles,
But plain as truth it self; I love this Gentleman,
Whose grief has made him so uncapable
Of Love, he will not hear, at least not understand it.
I, that have lookt with scornful eyes on thee,
And other Princes, mighty in their states,
And in their friends as fortunate, have now pray'd,
In a petitionary kind almost,
This man, this well-deserving man, (that I must say
To look upon this beauty, yet you see
He casts his eyes rather upon the ground,
Than he will turn 'em this way; *Philander*,
You look pale; I'll talk no more.

Phi. Pray go forward; I would be your Martyr,
To dye thus, were immortally to live.

Er. Will you go to him then, and speak for me?
You have loved longer, but not ferventer,
Know how to speak, for you have done it like
An Orator, even for your self; then how will you for me
Whom you profests to love above your self.

Phi. The Curses of Dissemblers follow me
Unto my Grave, and if I do not so.

Er. You may (as all men do) speak boldlier, better
In their friends cause still, than in your own;
But speak your utmost, yet you cannot feign;
I will stand by, and blush to witness it.

Tell him, since I beheld him, I have lost
The happinefs of this life, food, and rest;
A quiet bosome, and the state I went with.

Tell him how he has humbled the proud,
And made the living but a dead *Erotia*.
Tell him withal, that she is better pleas'd
With thinking on him, than enjoying these.
Tell him—— *Philander*, Prince; I talk in vain
To you, you do not mark me.

Phi. Indeed I do.

Er. But thou dost look so pale,
As thou wilt spoil the story in relating.

Phi. Not, if I can but live to tell it.

Er. It may be you have not the heart:

Phi. I have a will I am sure how e'r my heart
May play the Coward, but if you please, I'll try.

Er. If a kiss will strengthen thee, I give you leave
To challenge it, nay, I will give it you.

Phi. O that a man should taste such heavenly blifs,
And be enjoy'd to beg it for another!

Er. Alas, it is a misery I grieve
To put you to, and I will suffer rather
In his tyranny, than thou in mine,

Phi. Nay Madam, since I cannot have your love,
I will endeavour to deserve your pity;
For I had rather have within the grave
Your love, than you should want it upon earth.

But how can I hope, with a feeble tongue
To instruct him in the rudiments of love,
When your most powerful Beauty cannot work it?

Er. Do what thou wilt (*Philander*) the request
Is so unreasonable, that I quit thee of it.
I desire now no more but the true patience,
And fortitude of Lovers, with those helps
Of sighs and tears, which I think is all the Physick—

Phi. O if he did but hear you 'twere enough;
And I will 'wake him from his Apoplexie.

Antinous.

Ant. My Lord?

Phi. Nay, 'pray,
No courtesie to me, you are my Lord,
(Indeed you are) for you command her heart
That commands mine; nor can you want to know it.
For look you, she that told it you in words,
Explains it now more passionately in tears;
Either thou hast no heart, or a marble one,
If those drops cannot melt it; prithee look up
And see how sorrow sits within her eyes,
And love the grief she goes with (if not her)
Of which thou art the Parent; and never yet
Was there (by Nature) that thing made so stony
But it would love what ever it begot.

Ant. He that begot me did beget these cares
Which are good issues, though happily by him
Esteemed Monsters: Nay, the ill-judging World
Is likely enough to give them those Characters.

Phi. What's this to love, and to the Lady? he's old,
Wrathful, perverse, self-will'd, and full of anger,
Which are his faults; but let them not be thine;
He thrusts you from his love, she pulls thee on;
He doubts your Vertues, she doth double them;
O either use thine own eyes, or take mine,
And with them my heart, then thou wilt love her,
Nay, dote upon her more than on thy duty,
And men will praise thee equally for it,
Neglecting her, condemn thee as a man
Unworthy such a fortune: O *Antinous*,
'Tis not the friendship that I bear to thee,
But her command, that makes me utter this;
And when I have prevail'd, let her but say,
Philander, you must dye or this is nothing,
It shall be done together with a breath,
With the same willingness I live to serve her.

Er. No more, *Philander*.

Phi. All I have done, is little yet to purpose,
But ere I leave him I will perceive him blush;
And make him feel the passions that I do,
And every true Lover will assist me in't,
And lend me their sad sighs to blow it home,
For *Cupid* wants a Dart to wound this bosome.

Er. No more, no more, *Philander*, I can endure no more,
Pray let him go; go good *Antinous*, make peace
With your own mind, no matter though I perish. *Ex.*

Acius Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hyparcha, and Mochingo.

Hyp. I Cannot help it.

Moch. Nor do I require it,
The malady needs no Physician,
Help hospital people.

Hyp. I am glad to hear
You are so valiant.

Moch. Valiant?
Can any man be proud that is not valiant?
Foolish Woman, what would'st thou say? thou—
I know not what to call thee.

Hyp. I can you,

For I can call you Coxcomb, Ass, and Puppy.

Moch. You do doe it, I thank you.

Hyp. That you'll lose a Fortune,
Which a Cobler better deserves than thou dost.

Moch. Do not provoke my magnanimity,
For when I am incens'd I am insensible,
Go tell thy Lady, that hath sent me word
She will discard me, that I discard her,
And throw a scorn upon her, which I would not,
But that she does me wrong.

Enter Erota, and Antinous.

Erot. Do you not glory in your Conquest more,
To take some great man Prisoner, than to kill him?
And shall a Lady find less mercy from you,
That yields her self your Captive, and for her Ransome,
Will give the Jewel of her life, her heart,
Which she hath lockt from all men but thy self?
For shame (*Antinous*) throw this dulness off;
Art thou a man no where but in the field?

Hyp. He must hear Drums, and Trumpets ere he sleeps,
And at this instant dreams he's in his Armour;
These iron-hearted Souldiers are so cold,
Till they be beaten to a Womans Arms,
And then they love 'em better than their own;
No Fort can hold them out.

Ant. What pity it is (Madam) that your self,
Who are all Excellence, should become so wretched,
To think on such a Wretch as Grief hath made me!
Seldome despairing men look up to Heaven,
Although it still speak to 'em in its Glories;
For when sad thoughts perplex the mind of man,
There is a Plummert in the heart that weighs,
And pulls us (living) to the dust we came from;
Did you but see the miseries you pursue,
(As I the happiness that I avoid
That doubles my afflictions) you would flye
Unto some Wilderness, or to your Grave,
And there find better Comforts than in me,
For Love and Cares can never dwell together.

Er. They should,
If thou hadst but my Love and I thy Cares.

Ant. What wild Beast in the Desert but would be
Taught by this Tongue to leave his Cruelty,
Though all the beauties of the face were vail'd!
But I am savager than any Beast,
And shall be so till *Decius* does arrive,
Whom with so much submission I have sent
Under my hand, that if he do not bring
His Benediction back, he must to me
Be much more cruel than I to you.

Er. Is't but your Fathers pardon you desire?

Ant. With his love, and then nothing next that, like yours.

Enter Decius.

Er. *Decius* is come.

Ant. O welcome Friend; if I apprehend not
Too much of joy, there's comfort in thy looks.

Er. There is indeed; I prithee *Decius* speak it. (ter'd.

Dec. How! prithee *Decius*! this Woman's strangely al-

Ant. Why dost not speak (good friend) and tell me how
The reverend Blessing of my life receiv'd
My humble lines; wept he for joy?

Dec. No, there's a Letter will inform you more;
Yet I can tell you what I think will grieve you,
The Old Man is in want and angry still,
And poverty is the Bellows to the Coal
More than distaste from you as I imagine.

Ant. What's here? how's this? It cannot be! now sure
My griefs delude my senses.

Er. In his looks
I read a world of Changes; *Decius*, mark
With what a sad amazement he surveys

The News; canst thou guess what 'tis?

Dec. None good, I fear.

Er. I fear so too; and then——

Ant. It is her hand.

Er. Are you not well?

Ant. Too well: if I were ought

But Rock, this Letter would conclude my miseries,
Peruse it (Lady) and resolve me then,
In what a case I stand.

Dec. Sir, the worst is,
Your Fathers lowness and distaste.

Ant. No, *Decius*,
My Sister writes *Fernando* has made suit
For love to her; and to express sincerely
His constant truth, hath like a noble Gentleman,
Discovered plots of treachery; contriv'd
By false *Gonzalo*; not intending more
The utter ruine of our house, than generally
Candies Confusion.

Dec. 'Tis a generous part
Of young *Fernando*.

Ant. 'Tis, and I could wish
All thrift to his affections, *Decius*.
You find the sum on't, Madam.

Er. Yes, I do.

Ant. And can you now yet think a heart oppress'd
With such a throng of cares, can entertain
An amorous thought? Love frees all toils but one,
Calamity and it can ill agree.

Er. Will't please you speak my doom?

Ant. Alas, great Lady,
Why will you flatter thus a desperate Man
That is quite cast away? O had you not
Procur'd the Senates Warrant to enforce
My stay, I had not heard of these sad News.
What would ye have me do?

Er. Love me, or kill me,
One word shall sentence either; for as Truth
Is just, if you refuse me, I am resolute
Not to out-live my thraldome.

Ant. Gentle Lady.

Er. Say, must I live, or dye?

Dec. My Lord, how can you
Be so inexorable? here's Occasion
Of succouring your Father in his wants
Securely profer'd, pray Sir, entertain it.

Er. What is my sentence?

Ant. What you pleas'd to have it.

Er. As thou art gentle speak those words again.

Ant. Madam, you have prevail'd; yet give me leave
Without offence, ere I resign the interest
Your heart hath in my heart, to prove your secrecie.

Er. *Antinous*, 'tis the greatest argument
Of thy affections to me.

Ant. Madam, thus then,
My Father stands for certain sums engag'd
To treacherous *Gonzalo*; and has morgag'd
The greatest part of his estate to him;
If you receive this Morgage, and procure
Acquittance from *Gonzalo* to my Father,
I am what you would have me be.

Er. You'll love me then?

Ant. Provided (Madam) that my Father know not
I am an Agent for him.

Er. If I fail

In this, I am unworthy to be lov'd.
Ant. Then (with your favour) thus I seal my truth,
Today, and *Decius* witness how unchangingly
I shall still love *Erota*.

Er. Thou hast quickned
A dying heart, *Antinous*.

Dec. This is well;
Much happiness to both.

Enter Hyparcha.

Hyp. The Lord *Gonzalo*
Attends you, Madam.

Er. Comes as we could wish,
Withdraw *Antinous*, here's a Closet, where
You may partake his errand; let him enter.

Enter Gonzalo.

Ant. Madam you must be wary.

[Exit.

Er. Fear it not,
I will be ready for him; to entertain him
With smiling Welcome. Noble Sir, you take
Advantage of the time; it had been fit
Some notice of your presence might have fashion'd
A more prepared state.

Gonz. Do you mock me, Madam?

Er. Trust me, you wrong your judgment, to repute
My Gratitude a fault; I have examin'd
Your portly carriage, and will now confess
It hath not slightly won me.

Gonz. The Wind's turn'd;
I thought 'twould come to this; it pleas'd us, Madam,
At our last interview, to mention Love;
Have you consider'd on't?

Er. With more than common
Content: but Sir, if what you spoke you meant,
(As I have cause to doubt) then——

Gonz. What, (sweet Lady?)

Er. Methinks we should lay by this form of stateliness;
Loves Courtship is familiar, and for instance,
See what a change it hath begot in me,
I could talk humbly now, as Lovers use.

Gonz. And I, and I, we meet in one self-centre
Of blest Consent.

Er. I hope my weakness, Sir,
Shall not deserve neglect; but if it prove so
I am not the first Lady has been ruin'd
By being too credulous; you will smart for't one day.

Gonz. Angel-like Lady, let me be held a Villain,
If I love not sincerely.

Er. Would I knew it.

Gonz. Make proof by any fit Command.

Er. What, do you mean to marry me?

Gonz. How! mean? nay more, I mean
To make you Empress of my Earthly Fortunes,
Regent of my desires, for did you covet
To be a real Queen, I could advance you.

Er. Now I perceive you slight me, and would make me
More simple than my Sexes frailty warrants.

Gonz. But say your mind, and you shall be a Queen.

Er. On those Conditions, call me yours.

Gonz. Enough.

But are we safe?

Er. Assuredly.

Gonz. In short,
Yet, Lady, first be plain; would you not chuse
Much rather to prefer your own Sun-rising,
Than any's else though ne'r so near entituled
By Blood, or right of Birth?

Er. 'Tis a question
Needs not a resolution.

Gonz. Good; what if
I set the Crown of *Candy* on your head?

Er. I were a Queen indeed then.

Gonz. Madam, know
There's but a Boy 'twixt you and it; suppose him
Transhap'd into an Angel.

Er. Wife *Gonzalo*,
I cannot but admire thee.

Gonz. 'Tis worth thinking on;
Besides, your Husband shall be Duke of *Venice*.

Er. *Gonzalo*, Duke of *Venice*?

Gonz. You are mine you say?

Er.

Er. Pish : you but dally with me ; and would lull me
In a rich golden dream.

Gonz. You are too much distrustfull of my truth.

Er. Then you must give me leave to apprehend
The means, and manner how.

Gonz. Why thus ———

Er. You shall not,

We may be over-heard ; Affairs and counsels
Of such high nature, are not to be trusted
Not to the Air it self, you shall in writing,
Draw out the full design ; which if effected,
I am as I profess.

Gonz. O I applaud
Your ready care, and secrecie.

Er. Gonzalo,

There is a bar yet, 'twixt our hopes and us,
And that must be remov'd.

Gonz. What is't ?

Er. Old *Cassilane*.

Gonz. Ha ? fear not him : I build upon his ruines
Already.

Er. I would find a smoother course
To shift him off.

Gonz. As how ?

Er. We'l talk in private,
I have a ready plot.

Gonz. I shall adore you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Fernando, and Annophel.

Fer. Madam, although I hate unnooble practices,
And therefore have perform'd no more than what
I ought, for honours safety : yet *Annophel*,
Thy love hath been the spur, to urge me forward
For speedier diligence.

Anno. Sir your own fame
And memory will best reward themselves.

Fer. All gain is los (sweet beauty) if I mis
My comforts here : The Brother and the Sister
Have doubleconquer'd me, but thou maist triumph.

Anno. Good Sir, I have a Father.

Fern. Yes, a brave one ;
Could'st thou obscure thy beauty, yet the happiness
Of being but his Daughter, were a dower
Fit for a Prince : what say ye ?

Anno. You have deserv'd
As much as I should grant.

Fer. By this fair hand
I take possession.

Anno. What in words I dare not,
Imagine in my silence.

Fer. Thou art all vertue.

Enter Cassilanes, and Arcanes.

Cas. I'll tell thee how : *Baldwin* the Emperour,
Pretending title, more through tyranny ;
Than right of conquest, or descent, usurp'd
The stile of Lord o're all the *Greecian* Islands,
And under colour of an amity
With *Creet*, prefer'd the Marquess *Mountferato*
To be our Governor ; the *Cretians* vex'd
By the ambitious *Turks*, in hope of aid
From the Emperour, receiv'd for General,
This *Mountferato* ; he (the wars appeas'd)
Plots with the state of *Venice*, and takes money
Of them for *Candy* : they paid well, he steals
Away in secret ; since which time, that right
The state of *Venice* claims o're *Candy*, is
By purchase, not inheritance or Conquest :
And hence grows all our quarrel.

Arc. So an Usurer
Or Lumbard-Jew, might with some bags of trash,
Buy half the Western world.

Cas. Mony, *Arcanes*,
Is now a God on Earth : it cracks virginities,

And turns a Christian, Turk ;
Bribes justice, cut-throats honour, does what not ?

Arc. Not captives *Candy*.

Cas. Nor makes thee dishonest,
Nor me a Coward—Now Sir, here is homely,
But friendly entertainment.

Fer. Sir, I find it.

Arc. And like it, do ye not ?

Fer. My repair speaks for me.

Cas. *Fernando* we were speaking off—how this ?

Enter Gonzalo, and Gaspero, with a Casket.

Gon. Your friend, and servant.

Cas. Creditors, my Lord,
Are Masters and no Servants : as the world goes,
Debtors are very slaves to those to whom
They have been beholding to ; in which respect,
I should fear you *Gonzalo*.

Gon. Me, my Lord ?

You owe me nothing.

Cas. What, nor love, nor mony ?

Gon. Yes, love, I hope, not mony.

Cas. All this braverie
Will scarcely make that good.

Gonz. 'Tis done already :

See Sir, your Mortgage which I only took,
In case you and your son had in the wars
Miscarried : I yield it up again : 'tis yours.

Cas. Are ye so conscionable ?

Gonz. 'Tis your own.

Cas. Pish, pish, I'll not receive what is not mine,
That were a dangerous business.

Gon. Sir, I am paid for't,
The summes you borrowed, are return'd ; The bonds
Cancel'd, and your acquittance formerly seal'd :
Look here Sir, *Gaspero* is witness to it.

Cas. My honoured Lord, I am.

Gon. My Lord *Fernando*,
Arcanes and the rest, you all shall testifie,
That I acquit Lord *Cassilane* for ever,
Of any debts to me.

Cas. 'Tis plain and ample :
Fortune will once again smile on us fairly.

Cas. But hark ye, hark ye, if you be in earnest,
Whence comes this bounty ? or whose is't ?

Gon. In short,
The great *Erota* by this Secretary,
Return'd me my full due.

Cas. *Erota* ? why
Should she do this ?

Gon. You must ask her the cause,
She knows it best.

Cas. So ho, *Arcanes*, none
But women pity us ? soft-hearted women ?
I am become a brave fellow now, *Arcanes*,
Am I not ?

Arc. Why Sir, if the gracious Princess
Have took more special notice of your services,
And means to be more thankfull than some others,
It were an injury to gratitude,
To disesteem her favours.

Anno. Sir she ever
For your sake most respectfully lov'd me.

Cas. The Senate, and the body of this Kingdom
Are herein (let me speak it without arrogance)
Beholding to her : I will thank her for it ;
And if she have reserv'd a means whereby
I may repay this bounty with some service,
She shall be then my Patroness : come Sirs,
We'l taste a cup of wine together now.

Gon. *Fernando*, I must speak with you in secret.

Fer. You shall—Now *Gaspero*, all's well.

Cas. There's news
You must be acquainted with.

Come, there is no master-piece in Art, like Policie.
[*Exeunt.*]

AÆius Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Fernando, and Michael.

Fer. THE Senate is inform'd at full.
Mic. Gonzalo

Dreams not of my arrival yet.

Fer. Nor thinks
'Tis possible his plots can be discover'd :
He fatts himself with hopes of Crowns, and Kingdoms,
And laughs securely, to imagine how
He means to gull all but himself : when truly,
None is so grossly gull'd as he.

Mich. There was never
A more arch villain.

Fer. Peace, the Senate comes.

Enter Porphicio, Pof. Senators, and Gaspero, Attend.

Por. How closely Treason cloaks it self in forms
Of Civil honesty ?

Pof. And yet how palpably
Does heaven reveal it ? *Fer.* Gracious Lords.

Gaf. The Embassadour,
Lord *Paulo Michael*, Advocate
To the great Duke of *Venice*.

Por. You are most welcome,
Your Master is a just and noble Prince.

Mic. My Lords, he bad me say, that you may know
How much he scorns, and (as good Princes ought)
Defies base indirect, and godless treacheries ;
To your more Sacred wisdoms he refers
The punishment due to the false *Gonzalo*,
Or else to send him home to *Venice*.

Pof. Herein
The Duke is royal : *Gaspero*, the Prince
Of *Cyprus* answer'd he would come.

Gaf. My Lords,
He will not long be absent.

Enter Philander, and Melitus.

Porp. You *Fernando*,
Have made the State your debter : worthy Prince,
We shall be tutors to you for your presence,
In hearing, and determining of matters
Greatly concerning *Candy*.

Phi. Fathers, I am
A stranger.

Pof. Why, the cause, my Lord, concerns
A stranger : please you feat your self.

Phi. How e're
Unfit, since you will have it so, my Lords,
You shall command me.

Por. You my Lord *Fernando*,
With the Ambassador, withdraw a while.

Fer. My Lords, we shall.

Pof. Melitus, and the Secretary,
Give notice to *Gonzalo*, that the Senate
Requires his presence. [*Ex. Gaf. and Mel.*]

Enter Cassilane, and Arca.

Phi. What concerns the business ?

Por. Thus noble Prince

Cas. Let me alone, thou troublest me,
I will be heard.

Arc. You know not what you do.

Pof. Forbear : who's he that is so rude ? what's he that
To interrupt our counsels ? (dares

Cas. One that has guarded,
Those Purple robes from Cankers worse than Moths,

One that hath kept your fleeces on your backs,
That would have been snatch'd from you : but I see
'Tis better now to be a Dog, a Spaniel
In times of Peace, then boast the bruised scars,
Purchas'd with loss of blood in noble wars,
My Lords, I speak to you.

Por. Lord *Cassilane*,

We know not what you mean.

Cas. Yes, you are set

Upon a bench of justice ; and a day
Will come (hear this, and quake ye potent great ones)
When you your selves shall stand before a judge,
Who in a pair of scales will weigh your actions,
Without abatement of one grain : as then
You would be found full weight, I charge ye fathers
Let me have justice now.

Pof. Lord *Cassilane*,
What strange distemperature provokes distrust
Of our impartiality ? be sure
We'll flatter no mans injuries.

Cas. 'Tis well ;

You have a Law, Lords, that without remorse
Dooms such as are belepred with the curse
Of foul ingratitude unto death.

Por. We have.

Cas. Then do me justice.

Enter Antinous, Decius, Erotia, Hyparcha.

Dec. Mad man, whither run'st thou ?

Ant. Peace *Decius*, I am deaf.

Hyp. Will you forget

Your greatness, and your modesty ?

Er. *Hyparcha* leave, I will not hear.

Ant. Lady ; great, gentle, Lady.

Er. Prethee young man forbear to interrupt me,
Triumph not in thy fortunes ; I will speak.

Pof. More uproars yet ! who are they that disturb us ?

Cas. The viper's come ; his fears have drawn him hither,
And now, my Lords, be Chornicled for ever,
And give me justice against this vile Monster,
This bastard of my blood.

Er. 'Tis justice, Fathers,
I sue for too : and though I might command it,
(If you remember Lords, whose child I was)
Yet I will humbly beg it ; this old wretch
Has forfeited his life to me.

Cas. Tricks, tricks ;

Complots, devices, 'twixt these pair of young-ones,
To blunt the edge of your well temper'd Swords,
Wherewith you strike offenders, Lords, but I
Am not a baby to be fear'd with bug bears,
'Tis justice I require.

Er. And I.

Ant. You speak too tenderly ; and too much like your
To mean a cruelty ; which would make monstrous (self
Your Sex : yet for the loves sake, which you once
Pleas'd to pretend, give my griev'd Father leave
To urge his own revenge ; you have no cause
For yours : keep peace about ye.

Cas. Will you hear me ?

Phil. Here's some strange novelty.

Pof. Sure we are mock'd,
Speak one at once : say wherein hath your Son
Transgress'd the Law ?

Cas. O the gross mists of dulness !
Are you this Kingdomes Oracles, yet can be
So ignorant ? first hear, and then consider.
That I begot him, gave him birth and life,
And education, were, I must confess,
But duties of a Father : I did more ;
I taught him how to manage Arms, to dare
An Enemy ; to court both death and dangers ;
Yet these were but additions to compleat
A well accomplish'd Souldier : I did more yet.

I made him chief Commander in the field
Next to my self, and gave him the full prospect
Of honour, and preferment; train'd him up
In all perfections of a Martiallist:

But he unmindful of his gratitude,
You know with what contempt of my deserts,
First kick'd against mine honour, scorned all
My services; then got the palm of glory
Unto himself: yet not content with this,
He (lastly) hath conspir'd my death, and fought
Means to engage me to this Lady's debt,
Whose bounty all my whole estate could never
Give satisfaction to: now honoured Fathers,
For this cause only, if your Law be law,
And you the Ministers of justice; then
Think of this strange ingratitude in him.

Phil. Can this be so *Antinous*?

Ant. 'Tis all true,

Nor hath my much wrong'd father limn'd my faults
In colours half so black, as in themselves,
My guilt hath dy'd them: were there mercy left,
Yet mine own shame would be my Executioner:
Lords, I am guilty. *Er.* Thou beliefst, *Antinous*,
Thine innocence: alas, my Lords, he's desperate,
And talks he knows not what: you must not credit
His lunacy; I can my self disprove
This accusation: *Cassilane*, be yet
More mercifull; I beg it.

Cas. Time, nor fate,
The world, or what is in it, shall not alter
My resolution: he shall dye. *Er.* The Senats
Prayers, or weeping Lovers, shall not alter
My resolution: thou shalt dye. *Ant.* Why Madam,
Are ye all Marble?

Pos. Leave your shifts *Antinous*,
What plead you to your Fathers accusation?

Ant. Most fully guilty.

Pos. You have doom'd your self,
We cannot quit you now.

Cas. A burthen'd conscience
Will never need a hang-man: hadst thou dar'd
To have deni'd it, then this Sword of mine
Should on thy head have prov'd thy tongue a liar.

Er. Thy sword? wretched old man, thou hast liv'd too
To carry peace or comfort to thy grave; (long
Thou art a man condemn'd: my Lords, this tyrant
Had perish'd but for me, I still suppli'd
His miserable wants; I sent his Daughter
Mony to buy him food; the bread he eat,
Was from my purse: when he (vain-gloriously)
To dive into the peoples hearts, had pawn'd
His birth-right, I redeem'd it, sent it to him,
And for requitall, only made my suite,
That he would please to new receive his son
Into his favour, for whose love I toid him
I had been still so friendly: but then he
As void of gratitude, as all good nature,
Distracted like a mad man, boasted hither
To pull this vengeance on himself, and us;
For why, my Lords, since by the Law, all means
Is blotted out of your commission,
As this hard hearted Father hath accus'd
Noble *Antinous*, his unblemished Son,
So I accuse this Father, and crave judgement.

Cas. All this is but deceit, meer trifles forg'd
By combination to defeat the process
Of Justice, I will have *Antinous* life.

Arc. Sir, what do ye mean?

Er. I will have *Cassilane's*.

Ant. Cunning and cruel Lady, runs the stream
Of your affections this way? have you not
Conquest enough by treading on my grave?
Unless you send me thither in a shroud
Steept in my fathers blood? as you are woman,

As the protests of love you vow'd were honest;
Be gentler to my Father. *Er.* *Cassilane*;
Thou hast a heart of flint: let my intreaties,
My tears, the Sacrifice of griefs unfeigned,
Melt it: yet be a Father to thy son,
Unmask thy long besotted judgement, see
A low obedience kneeling at the feet
Of nature, I beseech you.

Cas. Pish, you cozen

Your hopes: your plots are idle: I am resolute.

Er. *Antinous*, urge no further.

Ant. Hence thou Sorcery
Of a beguiling softness, I will stand,
Like the earths center, unmov'd; Lords your breath
Must finish these divisions: I confesse
Civility doth teach I should not speak
Against a Lady of her birth, so high
As great *Erota*, but her injuries
And thankless wrongs to me, urge me to cry
Aloud for justice, Fathers.

Dec. Whither run you?

Ant. For (honoured fathers) that you all may know
That I alone am not unmatchable
In crimes of this condition, lest perhaps
You might conceive, as yet the case appears,
That this foul stain, and guilt runs in a blood;
Before this presence, I accuse this Lady
Of as much vile ingratitude to me.

Cas. Impudent Traitor!

Phi. Her? O spare *Antinous*;
The world reputes thee valiant, do not soyle
All thy past nobleness with such a cowardize.
As murdering innocent Ladies will stamp on thee.

Ant. Brave Prince, with what unwillingness I force
Her follies, and in those her sin, be witness,
All these about me: she is bloody minded,
And turns the justice of the Law to rigor:
It is her cruelites, not I accuse her:
Shall I have Audience?

Er. Let him speak my Lords.

Dec. Your memory will rot.

Ant. Cast all your eyes

On this, what shall I call her? truthless woman,
When often in my discontents, the sway
Of her untuly blood, her untam'd passion,
(Or name it as you list) had hour by hour
Solicited my love, she vow'd at last
She could not, would not live unless I granted
What shelong sued for: I in tender pity,
To save a Lady of her birth from ruine,
Gave her her life, and promis'd to be hers:
Nor urg'd I ought from her, but secrecie,
And then enjoyn'd her to supply such wants
As I perceiv'd my Fathers late engagements
Had made him subject to; what shall I heap up
Long repetitions? she to quit my pity,
Not only hath discover'd to my Father
What she had promis'd to conceal, but also
Hath drawn my life into this fatal forfeit;
For which since I must dye, I crave a like
Equality of justice against her;
Not that I covet blood, but that she may not
Practise this art of falsehood on some other,
Perhaps more worthy of her love hereafter.

Por. If this be true ———

Er. My Lords, be as the Law is,
Indifferent, upright, I do plead guilty:
Now Sir, what glory have you got by this?
'Las man, I meant not to outlive thy doom,
Shall we be friends in death?

Cas. Hear me, the villain
Scandals her, honour'd Lords.

Er. Leave off to doat,
And dye a wife man.

Ant. I am over-reach'd,
And master'd in my own resolution.

Phi. Will ye be wilfull Madam? here's the curse
Of loves disdain.

Caf. Why fit you like dumb Statues?
Demur no longer.

Pos. *Cassilane, Erotia,*
Antinous, death ye ask; and 'tis your dooms,
You in your follies liv'd, dye in your follies.

Caf. I am reveng'd, and thank you for it.

Er. Yes, and I: *Antinous* hath been gracious.

Ant. Sir, may I presume to crave a blessing from you
Before we part?

Caf. Yes, such a one as Parents
Bestow on curs'd sons, now now I laugh
To see how those poor younglings are both cheated
Of life and comfort: look ye, look ye, Lords,
I go but some ten minutes (more or less)
Before my time, but they have finely cozen'd
Themselves of many, many hopefull years
Amidst their prime of youth and glory; now

Enter Annophel.

My vengeance is made full. Welcom my joy,
Thou com'st to take a seasonable blessing
From thy half buried Fathers hand; I am dead
Already girle, and so is she and he,
We all are worms-meat now.

Anno. I have heard all;
Nor shall you dye alone: Lords on my knees
I beg for justice too.

Porp. 'Gainst whom, for what?

Anno. First let me be resolv'd; does the Law favour
None, be they ne're so mighty?

Porp. Not the greatest.

Anno. Then justly I accuse of foul ingratitude
My Lords, you of the Senate all, not one
Excepted. *Pos.* *Porp.* Us?

Phil. *Annophel* — *Ann.* You are the Authors
Of this unthrifty blood-shed; when your enemies
Came marching to your gates, your children suck'd not
Safe at their Mothers breasts, your very Cloysters
Were not secure, your starting-holes of refuge
Not free from danger, nor your lives your own:
In this most desperate Ecstasie, my Father,
This aged man, not only undertook
To guard your lives, but did so; and beat off
The daring foe; for you he pawn'd his lands,
To pay your Souldiers, who without their pay
Refus'd to strike a blow: but, Lords, when peace
Was purchas'd for you, and victorie brought home,
Where was your gratitude, who in your Coffers
Hoarded the rustie treasure which was due
To my unminded Father? he was glad
To live retir'd in want, in penurie,
Whilst you made feasts of surfeit, and forgot
Your debts to him: The sum of all is this,
You have been unthankfull to him; and I crave
The rigor of the Law against you all.

Caf. My Royal spirited daughter!

Ero. *Annophel*

Thou art a worthy wench; let me embrace thee.

Ann. Lords, why do ye keep your seats? they are no
For such as are offenders. (places)

Pos. Though our ignorance
Of *Cassilanes* engagements might asswage
Severity of justice, yet to shew
How no excuse should smooth a breach of Law,
I yield me to the trial of it. *Porp.* So must I:
Great Prince of *Cyprus*, you are left
The only Moderator in this difference;
And as you are a Prince be a Protector
To wofull *Candy*. *Phil.* What a Scene of miserie
Hath thine obdurate frowardness (old man)

Drawn on thy Countries bosom? and for that
Thy proud ambition could not mount so high
As to be stil'd thy Countries only Patron,
Thy malice hath descended to the depth
Of Hell, to be renowned in the Title
Of the destroyer? dost thou yet perceive
What curses all posterity will brand
Thy grave with? that at once hast rob'd this Kingdom
Of honour and of safety.

Erot. Children yet unborn
Will stop their ears when thou art nam'd.

Arc. The world will be too little to contain
The memorie of this detested deed;
The Furies will abhorr it.

Dec. What the sword
Could not enforce, your peevisish thirst of honour
(A brave, cold, weak, imaginarie fame)
Hath brought on *Candy*: *Candy* groans, not these
That are to die.

Phil. 'Tis happiness enough
For them, that they shall not survive to see
The wounds wherewith thou stab'st the land that gave
Thee life and name.

Dec. 'Tis *Candy's* wrack shall feel —

Caf. The mischief of your folly.

Porp. *Pos.* *Annophel* —

Ann. I will not be entreated.

Caf. Prethee *Annophel*.

Ann. Why would ye urge me to a mercy which
You in your self allow not?

Caf. 'Tis the Law,
That if the party who complains, remit
The offender, he is freed: is't not so Lords?

Porp. *Pos.* 'Tis so.

Caf. *Antinous*, By my shame observe:
What a close witch-craft popular applause is:
I am awak'd, and with clear eyes behold
The Lethargie wherein my reason long
Hath been be-charm'd: live, live, my matchless son,
Blest in thy Fathers blessing; much more blest
In thine own vertues: let me dew thy cheeks
With my unmanly tears: Rise, I forgive thee:
And good *Antinous*, if I shall be thy Father
Forgive me: I can speak no more.

Ant. Dear Sir,
You new beget me now — Madam your pardon;
I heartily remit you. *Erot.* I as freely
Discharge thee *Cassilane*.

Anno. My gracious Lords,
Repute me not a blemish to my Sex,
In that I strove to cure a desperate evil
With a more violent remedy: your lives,
Your honours are your own.

Phil. Then with consent
Be reconcil'd on all sides: Please you Fathers
To take your places.

Pos. Let us again ascend,
With joy and thankfulness to Heaven: and now
To other business Lords.

Enter Gaspero, and Melitus, with Gonzalo.

Mel. Two hours and more Sir,
The Senate hath been set.

Gonz. And I not know it?
Who sits with them?

Mel. My Lord, the Prince of *Cyprus*.

Gonz. *Gaspero*,
Why how comes that to pass?

Caf. Some weighty cause
I warrant you.

Gonz. Now Lords the business? ha?
Who's here, *Erota*?

Porp. Secretarie do your charge
Upon that Traitor.

Gonz. Traitor? *Gaf.* Yes, *Gonzalo*; Traitor,
Of treason to the peace and state of *Candy*,
I do arrest thee. *Gonz.* Me? thou Dog?

Enter Fernando, and Michael.

Mich. With Licence
From this grave Senate, I arrest thee likewise
Of treason to the State of *Venice*. *Gonz.* Ha?
Is *Michael* here? nay then I see
I am undone.

Erot. I shall not be your Queen,
Your Dutchess, or your Empress.

Gonz. Dull, dull brain.

O I am fool'd?

Gaf. Look Sir, do you know this hand? (to *Venice*,

Mic. Do you know this Seal? First, Lords, he writes
To make a perfect league, during which time
He would in private keep some Troops in pay,
Bribe all the Centinels throughout this Kingdom,
Corrupt the Captains; at a Banquet poyson
The Prince, and greatest Peers, and in conclusion
Yield *Candy* slave to *Venice*.

Gaf. Next, he contracted
With the illustrious Princess, the Lady *Erota*,
In hope of marriage with her, to deliver
All the *Venetian* gallantry, and strength,
Upon their first arrival, to the mercy
Of her and *Candy*. *Erot.* This is true, *Gonzalo*.

Gonz. Let it be true: what then?

Pos. My Lord Ambassadour,
What's your demand?

Mich. As likes the State of *Candy*,
Either to sentence him as he deserves
Here, or to send him like a slave to *Venice*.

Porph. We shall advise upon it.

Gonz. O the Devils,
That had not thrust this trick into my pate——
A Politician fool? destruction plague
Candy and *Venice* both.

Pos. *Porph.* Away with him.

Mel. Come Sir, I'll see you safe. [Exeunt *Gonz.* *Mel.*

Erot. Lords, e're you part

Be witness to another change of wonder;
Antinous, now be bold, before this presence,
Freely to speak, whether or not us'd
The humblest means affection could contrive,
To gain thy love. *Ant.* Madam, I must confess it,
And ever am your servant. *Erot.* Yes *Antinous*,
My servant, for my Lord thou shalt be never:
I here disclaim the interest thou hadst once
In my too passionate thoughts. Most noble Prince,
If yet a relique of thy wonted flames
Live warm within thy bosom, then I blush not
To offer up the assurance of my faith,
To thee that hast deserv'd it best. *Phil.* O Madam,
You play with my calamity. *Erot.* Let heaven
Record my truth for ever. *Phil.* With more joy
Than I have words to utter, I accept it.
I also pawn you mine.

Ero. The man that in requital
Of noble and un-sought affection
Grows cruel, never lov'd, nor did *Antinous*.
Yet herein (Prince) ye are beholding to him;
For his neglect of me humbled a pride,
Which to a vertuous wife had been a Monster.

Phil. For which I'll rank him my deserving friend.

Ant. Much comfort dwell with you, as I could wish
To him I honour most. *Caf.* O my *Antinous*,
My own, my own good son.

Fer. One suit I have to make.

Phil. To whom *Fernando*?

Fer. Lord *Cassilane* to you.

Caf. To me? *Fer.* This Lady

Hath promised to be mine. *Ann.* Your blessing Sir;
Brother your love. *Ant.* You cannot Sir bestow her
On a more noble Gentleman.

Caf. Saist thou so?

Antinous I confirm it. Here *Fernando*,
Live both as one; she is thine.

Ant. And herein Sister,

I honour you for your wise settled love.

This is a day of Triumph, all Contentions

Are happily accorded: *Candy's* peace

Secur'd, and *Venice* vow'd a worthy friend. [Exeunt.

THE

THE
F A L S E O N E.
 A
T R A G E D Y.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Julius Cæsar, *Emperour of Rome.*
 Ptolomy, *King of Ægypt.*
 Achoreus, *an honest Counsellor, Priest of Isis.*
 Photinus, *a Politician, minion to Ptolomy.*
 Achilles, *Captain of the Guard to Ptolomy.*
 Septimius, *a revolted Roman Villain.*
 Labienus, *a Roman Souldier, and Nuncio.*
 Apollodorus, *Guardian to Cleopatra.*
 Antonie, } *Cæsars Captains.*
 Dolabella, }

Sceva, *a free Speaker, also Captain to Cæsar's Guard.*
 Three lame Souldiers.
 Servants.

W O M E N.

Cleopatra, *Queen of Ægypt. Cæsar's Mistress.*
 Arsino, *Cleopatra's Sister.*
 Eros, *Cleopatra's waiting Woman.*

The Scene Ægypt.

The principal Actors were,

John Lowin.	}	Joseph Taylor.
John Underwood.		Nicholas Toolie.
Robert Benfield.		John Rice.
Richard Sharpe.		George Birch.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Achilles, and Achoreus.

Achil. **I** Love the King, nor do dispute his power,
 (For that is not confin'd, nor to be censur'd
 By me; that am his Subject) yet allow me
 The liberty of a Mah, that still would be
 A friend to Justice, to demand the motives
 That did induce young Ptolomy, or Photinus,
 (To whose directions he gives up himself,
 And I hope wisely) to commit his Sister,
 The Princess Cleopatra (if I said
 The Queen (*Achillas*) 'twere (I hope) no treason,
 She being by her Fathers Testament

(Whose memory I bow to) left Co-heir
 In all he stood possesst of.

Achil. 'Tis confess
 (My good *Achoreus*) that in these Eastern Kingdoms
 Women are not exempted from the Sceptre,
 But claim a priviledge, equal to the Male;
 But how much such divisions have ta'en from
 The Majesty of *Egypt*, and what factions
 Have sprung from those partitions, to the ruine
 Of the poor Subject, (doubtful which to follow,)
 We have too many, and too sad examples,
 Therefore, the wife *Photinus*, to prevent
 The Murthers, and the Massacres, that attend

On disinited Government, and to shew
The King without a Partner, in full splendour,
Thought it convenient the fair *Cleopatra*,
(An attribute not frequent to the Climate)
Should be committed in safe Custody,
In which she is attended like her Birth,
Until her Beauty, or her royal Dowre,
Hath found her out a Husband.

Ach. How this may
Stand with the rules of policy, I know not;
Most sure I am, it holds no correspondence
With the Rites of *Egypt*, or the Laws of Nature;
But grant that *Cleopatra* can sit down
With this disgrace (though insupportable)
Can you imagine, that *Romes* glorious Senate
(To whose charge, by the will of the dead King
This government was deliver'd) or great *Pompey*,
(That is appointed *Cleopatra's* Guardian
As well as *Ptolomies*) will e're approve
Of this rash counsel, their consent not sought for,
That should authorize it?

Achil. The Civil war
In which the *Roman* Empire is embarqu'd
On a rough Sea of danger, does exact
Their whole care to preserve themselves, and gives them
No vacant time to think of what we do,
Which hardly can concern them.

Ach. What's your opinion
Of the success? I have heard, in multitudes
Of Souldiers, and all glorious pomp of war,
Pompey is much superiour.

Achil. I could give you
A Catalogue of all the severall Nations
From whence he drew his powers: but that were tedious.
They have rich arms, are ten to one in number,
Which makes them think the day already won;
And *Pompey* being master of the Sea,
Such plenty of all delicates are brought in,
As if the place on which they are entrench'd,
Were not a Camp of Souldiers, but *Rome*,
In which *Lucullus* and *Apicius* joyn'd,
To make a publike Feast: they at *Dirachium*
Fought with success; but knew not to make use of
Fortunes fair offer: so much I have heard
Cesar himself confesse.

Ach. Where are they now?

Achil. In *Theffalie*, near the *Pharsalian* plains
Where *Cesar* with a handfull of his Men
Hems in the greater number: his whole troops
Exceed not twenty thousand, but old Souldiers
Flesh'd in the spoils of *Germany* and *France*,
Inur'd to his Command, and only know
To fight and overcome; And though that *Famine*
Raigns in his Camp, compelling them to tast
Bread made of roots, forbid the use of man,
(Which they with scorn threw into *Pompeys* Camp
As in derision of his Delicates)
Or corn not yet half ripe, and that a Banquet:
They still besiege him, being ambitious only
To come to blows, and let their swords determine
Who hath the better Cause.

Enter *Septinius*.

Ach. May Victory
Attend on't, where it is.

Achil. We every hour
Expect to hear the issue.

Sep. Save my good Lords;
By *Isis* and *Osiris*, whom you worship;
And the four hundred gods and goddesses
Ador'd in *Rome*, I am your honours servant.

Ach. Truth needs, *Septinius*, no oaths.

Achil. You are cruel,
If you deny him swearing, you take from him

Three full parts of his language.

Sep. Your Honour's bitter,
Confound me, where I love I cannot say it;
But I must swear't: yet such is my ill fortune,
Nor vows, nor protestations win belief,
I think, and (I can find no other reason)
Because I am a *Roman*.

Ach. No *Septinius*,
To be a *Roman* were an honour to you,
Did not your manners, and your life take from it,
And cry aloud, that from *Rome* you bring nothing
But *Roman* Vices, which you would plant here,
But no seed of her vertues.

Sep. With your reverence
I am too old to learn.

Ach. Any thing honest,
That I believe, without an oath.

Sep. I fear
Your Lordship has slept ill to night, and that
Invites this sad discourse: 'twill make you old
Before your time: — O these vertuous Morals,
And old religious principles, that fool us!
I have brought you a new Song, will make you laugh,
Though you were at your prayers.

Ach. What is the subject?

Be free *Septinius*.

Sep. 'Tis a Catalogue
Of all the Gamesters of the Court and City,
Which Lord lyes with that Lady, and what Gallant
Sports with that Merchants wife; and does relate
Who sells her honour for a Diamond,
Who, for a tiffew robe: whose husband's jealous,
And who so kind, that, to share with his wife,
Will make the match himself:

Harmless conceits,
Though fools say they are dangerous: I sang it
The last night at my Lord *Photinus* table.

Ach. How? as a Fidler?

Sep. No Sir, as a Guest,
A welcom guest too: and it was approv'd of
By a dozen of his friends, though they were touch'd in't:
For look you, 'tis a kind of merriment,
When we have laid by foolish modesty
(As not a man of fashion will wear it)
To talk what we have done; at least to hear it;
If meerily set down, it fires the blood,
And heightens Crest-faln appetite.

Ach. New doctrine!

Achil. Was't of your own composing?

Sep. No, I bought it
Of a skulking Scribler for two *Ptolomies*:
But the hints were mine own; the wretch was fearfull:
But I have damn'd my self, should it be question'd,
That I will own it.

Ach. And be punished for it:
Take heed: for you may so long exercise
Your scurrilous wit against authority,
The Kingdoms Counsels; and make profane Jest,
(Which to you (being an atheist) is nothing)
Against Religion, that your great maintainers
(Unless they would be thought Co-partners with you)
Will leave you to the Law: and then, *Septinius*,
Remember there are whips.

Sep. For whore's I grant you,
When they are out of date, till then are safe too,
Or all the Gallants of the Court are Eunuchs,
And for mine own defence I'll only add this,
I'll be admitted for a wanton tale
To some most private Cabinets, when your Priest-hood
(Though laden with the mysteries of your goddesses)
Shall wait without unnoted: so I leave you
To your pious thoughts.

Achil. 'Tis a strange impudence,
This fellow does put on.

[Exit.]

Ach.

Ach. The wonder great,
He is accepted of.

Achil. Vices, for him,
Make as free way as vertues doe for others.
'Tis the times fault: yet Great ones still have grace'd
To make them sport, or rub them o're with flattery,
Observers of all kinds.

Enter Photinus, and Septinius.

Ach. No more of him,
He is not worth our thoughts: a Fugitive
From *Pompeys* army: and now in a danger
When he should use his service.

Achil. See how he hangs
On great *Photinus* Ear.

Sep. Hell, and the furies,
And all the plagues of darkness light upon me:
You are my god on earth: and let me have
Your favour here, fall what can fall hereafter.

Pho. Thou art believ'd: dost thou want mony?

Sep. No Sir.

Pho. Or hast thou any suite? these ever follow
Thy vehement protestations.

Sep. You much wrong me;

How can I want, when your beams shine upon me,
Unless employment to express my zeal
To do your greatness service? do but think
A deed so dark, the Sun would blush to look on,
For which Man-kind would curse me, and arm all
The powers above, and those below against me:
Command me, I will on.

Pho. When I have use,
I'll put you to the test.

Sep. May it be speedy,
And something worth my danger: you are cold,
And know not your own powers: this brow was fashion'd
To wear a Kingly wreath, and your grave judgment,
Given to dispose of monarchies, not to govern
A child's affairs, the peoples eye's upon you,
The Souldier courts you: will you wear a garment
Of fordid loyalty when 'tis out of fashion?

Pho. When *Pompey* was thy General, *Septinius*,
Thou saidst as much to him.

Sep. All my love to him,
To *Cesar*, *Rome*, and the whole world is lost
In the Ocean of your Bounties: I have no friend,
Project, design, or Countrey, but your favour,
Which I'll preserve at any rate.

Pho. No more;
When I call on you, fall not off: perhaps
Sooner than you expect, I may employ you,
So leave me for a while.

Sep. Ever your Creature.

Pho. Good day *Achoreus*; my best friend *Achillas*,
Hath fame deliver'd yet no certain rumour
Of the great *Roman* Action?

Achil. That we are
To enquire, and learn of you Sir: whose grave care
For *Egypt's* happiness, and great *Ptolomies* good,
Hath eyes and ears in all parts.

Enter *Ptolomy*, *Labienus*, *Guard*.

Pho. I'll not boast,
What my Intelligence costs me: but 'ere long
You shall know more. The King, with him a *Roman*.

Ach. The scarlet livery of unfortunate war
Dy'd deeply on his face.

Achil. 'Tis *Labienus*
Cesars Lieutenant in the wars of *Gaul*,
And fortunate in all his undertakings:
But since these Civil jars he turn'd to *Pompey*,
And though he followed the better Cause
Not with the like success,

Pho. Such as are wife

Leave falling buildings, flye to those that rise;
But more of that hereafter.

Lab. In a word, Sir,
These gaping wounds, not taken as a slave,
Speak *Pompey's* loss: to tell you of the Battail,
How many thousand several bloody shapes
Death wore that day in triumph: how we bore
The shock of *Cesars* charge: or with what fury
His Souldiers came on as if they had been
So many *Cesars*, and like him ambitious
To tread upon the liberty of *Rome*:
How Fathers kill'd their Sons, or Sons their Fathers,
Or how the *Roman* Piles on either side
Drew *Roman* blood, which spent, the Prince of weapons,
(The sword) succeeded, which in Civil wars
Appoints the Tent on which wing'd victory
Shall make a certain Stand; then, how the Plains
Flow'd o're with blood, and what a cloud of vulturs
And other birds of prey, hung o're both armies,
Attending when their ready Servitors,
(The Souldiers, from whom the angry gods
Had took all sense of reason, and of pity)
Would serve in their own carcasses for a feast,
How *Cesar* with his Javelin force'd them on
That made the least stop, when their angry hands
Were lifted up against some known friends face;
Then coming to the body of the army
He shews the sacred *Senate*, and forbids them
To waite their force upon the Common Souldier,
Whom willingly, if e're he did know pity,
He would have spar'd.

Ptol. The reason *Labienus*?

Lab. Full well he knows, that in their blood he was
To pass to Empire, and that through their bowels
He must invade the Laws of *Rome*, and give
A period to the liberty of the world.
Then fell the *Lepidi*, and the bold *Corvini*,
The fam'd *Torquati*, *Scipio's*, and *Marcelli*,
(Names next to *Pompeys*, most renown'd on Earth)
The Nobles, and the Commons lay together,
And Pontique, Punique, and *Assyrian* blood
Made up one crimson Lake: which *Pompey* seeing,
And that his, and the fate of *Rome* had left him
Standing upon the Rampier of his Camp,
Though scorning all that could fall on himself,
He pities them whose fortunes are embark'd
In his unlucky quarrel; cries aloud too
That they should sound retreat, and save themselves:
That he desir'd not, so much noble blood
Should be lost in his service, or attend
On his misfortunes: and then, taking horse
With some few of his friends, he came to *Lesbos*,
And with *Cornelia*, his Wife, and Sons,
He's touch'd upon your shore: the King of *Parthia*,
(Famous in his defeature of the *Crassi*)
Offer'd him his protection, but *Pompey*
Relying on his Benefits, and your Faith,
Hath chosen *Egypt* for his Sanctuary,
Till he may recollect his scattered powers,
And try a second day: now *Ptolomy*,
Though he appear not like that glorious thing
That three times rode in triumph, and gave laws
To conquer'd Nations, and made Crowns his gift
(As this of yours, your noble Father took
From his victorious hand, and you still wear it
At his devotion) to do you more honour
In his declin'd estate, as the straightest Pine
In a full grove of his yet flourishing friends,
He flies to you for succour, and expects
The entertainment of your Fathers friend,
And Guardian to your self.

Ptol. To say I grieve his fortune
As much as if the Crown I wear (his gift)
Were ravish'd from me, is a holy truth;

Our Gods can witness for me: yet, being young,
And not a free disposer of my self;
Let not a few hours, borrowed for advice,
Beget suspicion of unthankfulness,
(Which next to Hell I hate) pray you retire,
And take a little rest, and let his wounds
Be with that care attended, as they were
Carv'd on my flesh: good *Labienu*, think
The little respite, I desire shall be
Wholly employ'd to find the readiest way
To doe great *Pompey* service.

Lab. May the gods
(As you intend) protect you.

Ptol. Sit: sit all,
It is my pleasure: your advice, and freely.

Ach. A short deliberation in this,
May serve to give you counsel: to be honest,
Religious and thankfull, in themselves
Are forcible motives, and can need no flourish
Or gloss in the perswader; your kept faith,
(Though *Pompey* never rise to th' height he's fallen from)
Cesar himself will love; and my opinion
Is (still committing it to graver censure)
You pay the debt you owe him, with the hazard
Of all you can call yours,

Ptol. What's yours, *Photinus*?

Pho. *Achoreus* (great *Ptolomy*) hath counsell'd
Like a Religious, and honest man,
Worthy the honour that he justly holds
In being Priest to *Isis*: But alas,
What in a man, sequester'd from the world,
Or in a private person, is prefer'd,
No policy allows of in a King,
To be or just, or thankfull, makes Kings guilty,
And faith (though prais'd) is punish'd that supports
Such as good Fate forsakes: joyn with the gods,
Observe the man they favour, leave the wretched,
The Stars are not more distant from the Earth
Than profit is from honesty; all the power,
Prerogative, and greatness of a Prince
Is lost, if he descend once but to steer
His course, as what's right, guides him: let him leave
The Scepter, that strives only to be good,
Since Kingdoms are maintain'd by force and blood.

Ach. Oh wicked!

Ptol. Peace: goe on.

Pho. Proud *Pompey* shews how much he scorns your youth,
In thinking that you cannot keep your own
From such as are or'e come. If you are tired
With being a King, let not a stranger take
What nearer pledges challenge: resign rather
The government of *Egypt* and of *Nile*
To *Cleopatra*, that has title to them,
At least defend them from the *Roman* gripe,
What was not *Pompey's*, while the wars endured,
The Conquerour will not challenge; by all the world
Forsaken and despis'd, your gentle Guardian
His hopes and fortunes desperate, makes choice of
What Nation he shall fall with: and pursu'd
By their pale ghosts, slain in this Civil war,
He flies not *Cesar* only, but the Senate,
Of which, the greater part have cloi'd the hunger
Of sharp *Pharsalian* fowl, he flies the Nations
That he drew to his Quarrel, whose Estates
Are sunk in his; and in no place receiv'd,
Hath found out *Egypt*, by him yet not ruin'd:
And *Ptolomy*, things consider'd, justly may
Complain of *Pompey*: wherefore should he stain
Our *Egypt*, with the spots of civil war?
Or make the peaceable; or quiet *Nile*
Doubted of *Cesar*? wherefore should he draw
His loss, and overthrow upon our heads?
Or choose this place to suffer in? already
We have offended *Cesar*, in our wishes,

And no way left us to redeem his favour
But by the head of *Pompey*.

Ach. Great *Osiris*,
Defend thy *Egypt* from such cruelty,
And barbarous ingratitude!

Pho. Holy trifles,
And not to have place in designs of State;
This sword, which Fate commands me to unsheath,
I would not draw on *Pompey*, if not vanquish'd.
I grant it rather should have pass'd through *Cesar*,
But we must follow where his fortune leads us;
All provident Princes measure their intents
According to their power, and so dispose them:
And thinkst thou (*Ptolomy*) that thou canst prop
His Ruines, under whom sad *Rome* now suffers?
Or 'tempt the Conquerours force when 'tis confirm'd?
Shall we, that in the Battail fate as Neuters
Serve him that's overcome? No, no, he's lost.
And though 'tis noble to a sinking friend
To lend a helping hand, while there is hope
He may recover, thy part not engag'd
Though one most dear, when all his hopes are dead,
To drown him, set thy foot upon his head.

Ach. Most execrable Counsel.

Pho. To be follow'd,
'Tis for the Kingdoms safety.

Ptol. We give up
Our absolute power to thee: dispose of it
As reason shall direct thee.

Pho. Good *Achillas*,
Seek out *Septinius*: do you but sooth him,
He is already wrought: leave the dispatch
To me of *Labienu*: 'tis determin'd
Already how you shall proceed: nor Fate
Shall alter it, since now the dye is cast,
But that this hour to *Pompey* is his last.

[Exit.]

SCENA II.

Enter Apollodorus, Eros, Arfino.

Apol. Is the Queen stirring, *Eros*?

Eros. Yes, for in truth
She touch'd no bed to night.

Apol. I am sorry for it,
And wish it were in me, with my hazard,
To give her ease.

Arf. Sir, she accepts your will,
And does acknowledge she hath found you noble,
So far, as if restraint of liberty
Could give admission to a thought of mirth,
She is your debtor for it.

Apol. Did you tell her
Of the sports I have prepar'd to entertain her?
She was us'd to take delight, with her fair hand,
To angle in the *Nile*, where the glad fish
(As if they knew who 'twas sought to deceive 'em)
Contended to be taken: other times
To strike the Stag, who wounded by her arrows,
Forgot his tears in death, and kneeling thanks her
To his last gasp, then prouder of his Fate,
Than if with Garlands Crown'd, he had been chosen
To fall a Sacrifice before the altar
Of the Virgin Huntress: the King, nor great *Photinus*
Forbid her any pleasure; and the Circuit
In which she is confin'd, gladly affords
Variety of pastimes, which I would
Encrease with my best service.

Eros. O, but the thought
That she that was born free, and to dispense
Restraint, or liberty to others, should be
At the devotion of her Brother, whom
She only knows her equal, makes this place
In which she lives (though stor'd with all delights)
A loathsome dungeon to her.

Apol.

Ap. Yet, (howe're
She shall interpret it) I'll not be wanting
To do my best to serve her: I have prepar'd
Choice Musick near her Cabinet, and compos'd
Some few lines, (set unto a solemn time)
In the praise of imprisonment. Begin Boy.

The SONG.

Look out bright eyes, and bless the air:
Even in shadows you are fair.
Shut-up beauty is like fire,
That breaks out clearer still and higher.
Though your body be confin'd,
And soft Love a prisoner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind
Neither check, nor chain hath found.
Look out nobly then, and dare
Even the Fetters that you wear.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. But that we are assur'd this tastes of duty,
And love in you, my *Guardian*, and desire
In you, my *Sister*, and the rest, to please us,
We should receive this, as a sawcy rudeness
Offer'd our private thoughts. But your intents
Are to delight us: alas, you wash an *Ethiop*:
Can *Cleopatra*, while she does remember
Whose Daughter she is, and whose *Sister*? (O
I suffer in the name) and that (in Justice)
There is no place in *Agypt*, where I stand,
But that the tributary Earth is proud
To kiss the foot of her, that is her *Queen*,
Can she, I say, that is all this, e're relish
Of comfort, or delight, while base *Photinus*,
Bond-man *Achillas*, and all other monsters
That reign o're *Ptolomy*, make that a Court,
Where they reside, and this, where I, a Prison?
But there's a *Rome*, a *Senate*, and a *Cesar*,
(Though the great *Pompey* lean to *Ptolomy*)
May think of *Cleopatra*.

Ap. Pompey, Madam?

Cleo. What of him? speak: if ill, *Apollodorus*,
It is my happiness: and for thy news
Receive a favour (*Kings* have kneel'd in vain for)
And kiss my hand:

Ap. He's lost.*Cleo.* Speak it again?

Ap. His army routed: he fled and pursu'd
By the all-conquering *Cesar*.

Cleo. Whither bends he?*Ap.* To *Egypt*.*Cleo.* Ha! in person?*Ap.* 'Tis receiv'd

For an undoubted truth.

Cleo. I live again,

And if assurance of my love, and beauty
Deceive me not, I now shall find a Judge
To do me right: but how to free my self,
And get access? the *Guards* are strong upon me,
This door I must pass through. *Apollodorus*,
Thou often hast profess'd (to do me service,)
Thy life was not thine own.

Ap. I am not alter'd;

And let your excellency propound a means,
In which I may but give the least assistance,
That may restore you, to that you were born to,
(Though it call on the anger of the King,
Or, (what's more deadly) all his Minion
Photinus can do to me) I, unmov'd,
Offer my throat to serve you: ever provided,
It bear some probable shew to be effected.
To lose my self upon no ground, were madness,
Not loyal duty.

Cleo. Stand off: to thee alone,
I will discover what I dare not trust
My *Sister* with, *Cesar* is amorous,
And taken more with the title of a *Queen*,
Than feature or proportion, he lov'd *Eunoe*,
A *Moor*, deformed too, I have heard, that brought
No other object to inflame his blood,
But that her Husband was a *King*, on both
He did bestow rich presents; shall I then,
That with a princely birth, bring beauty with me,
That know to prize my self at mine own rate,
Despair his favour? art thou raine?

Ap. I am.

Cleo. I have found out a way shall bring me to him,
Spight of *Photinus* watches; if I prosper,
(As I am confident I shall) expect
Things greater than thy wishes; though I purchase
His grace with loss of my virginity,
It skills not, if it bring home Majesty.

[Exeunt.]

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Septimius, with a head, Achilles, Guard.

Sep. 'TIS here, 'tis done, behold you fearfull viewers,
Shake, and behold the model of the world here,
The pride, and strength, look, look again, 'tis finish'd;
That, that whole Armies, nay whole nations,
Many and mighty Kings, have been struck blind at,
And fled before, wing'd with their fears and terrours,
That steel war waited on, and fortune courted,
That high plum'd honour built up for her own;
Behold that mightiness, behold that fierceness,
Behold that child of war, with all his glories;
By this poor hand made breathless, here (my *Achillas*)
Egypt, and *Cesar*, owe me for this service,
And all the conquer'd Nations.

Ach. Peace *Septimius*,

Thy words sound more ungratefull than thy actions;
Though sometimes safety seek an instrument
Of thy unworthy nature, thou (loud boaster)
Think not she is bound to love him too, that's barbarous.
Why did not I, if this be meritorious,
And binds the King unto me, and his bounties,
Strike this rude stroke? I'll tell thee (thou poor *Roman*)
It was a sacred head, I durst not heave at,
Not heave a thought.

Sep. It was.*Ach.* I'll tell thee truly,

And if thou ever yet heard'st tell of honour,
I'll make thee blush: It was thy General's;
That mans that sed thee once, that mans that bred thee,
The air thou breath'dst was his; the fire that warm'd thee,
From his care kindled ever, nay, I'll show thee,
(Because I'll make thee sensible of the business;
And why a noble man durst not touch at it)
There was no piece of Earth, thou putt'st thy foot on
But was his conquest; and he gave thee motion.
He triumph'd three times, who durst touch his person?
The very walls of *Rome* bow'd to his presence,
Dear to the Gods he was, to them that fear'd him
A fair and noble Enemy. Didst thou hate him?
And for thy love to *Cesar*, fought his ruine?
Arm'd in the red *Pharsalian* fields, *Septimius*,
Where killing was in grace, and wounds were glorious,
Where Kings were fair competitors for honour,
Thou shouldst have come up to him, there have fought him,
There, Sword to Sword.

Sep. I kill'd him on commandment,
If Kings commands be fair, when you all fainted,
When none of you durst look

T t

Ach.

Ach. On deeds so barbarous,
What hast thou got?

Sep. The Kings love, and his bounty,
The honour of the service, which though you rail at,
Or a thousand envious souls fling their foams on me,
Will dignifie the cause, and make me glorious:
And I shall live.

Ach. A miserable villain,
What reputation, and reward belongs to it
Thus (with the head) I seize on, and make mine;
And be not impudent to ask me why, Sirrah,
Nor bold to stay, read in mine eyes the reason:
The shame and obloquy I leave thine own,
Inherit those rewards, they are fitter for thee,
Your oyl's spent, and your snuff stinks: go out basely.

Sep. The King will yet consider.

[Exit.

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, Photinus.

Achil. Here he comes Sir.

Ach. Yet if it be undone: hear me great Sir,
If this inhumane stroak be yet unstrucken,
If that adored head be not yet sever'd
From the most noble Body, weigh the miseries,
The desolations that this great Eclipse works,
You are young, be provident: fix not your Empire
Upon the Tomb of him will shake all *Egypt*,
Whose warlike groans will raise ten thousand Spirits,
(Great as himself) in every hand a thunder;
Destructions darting from their looks, and sorrows
That easy womens eyes shall never empty.

Pho. You have done well; and 'tis done, see *Achillas*,
And in his hand the head.

Ptol. Stay come no nearer,
Me thinks I feel the very earth shake under me,
I do remember him, he was my guardian,
Appointed by the Senate to preserve me:
What a full Majesty sits in his face yet?

Pho. The King is troubled: be not frightened Sir,
Be not abus'd with fears; his death was necessary,
If you consider, Sir, most necessary,
Not to be mis'd: and humbly thank great *Isis*,
He came so opportunely to your hands;
Pity must now give place to rules of safety.
Is not victorious *Cæsar* new arriv'd,
And enter'd *Alexandria*, with his friends,
His *Navy* riding by to wait his charges?
Did he not beat this *Pompey*, and pursu'd him?
Was not this great man, his great enemy?
This Godlike vertuous man, as people held him,
But what fool dare be friend to flying vertue?

Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Dolabella, Sceva.

I hear their Trumpets, 'tis too late to stagger,
Give me the head, and be you confident:
Hail Conquerour, and head of all the world,
Now this head's off.

Cæsar. Ha?

Pho. Do not shun me, *Cæsar*,
From kingly *Ptolomy* I bring this present,
The Crown, and sweat of thy *Pharsalian* labour:
The goal and mark of high ambitious honour.
Before thy victory had no name, *Cæsar*,
Thy travel and thy loss of blood, no recompence,
Thou dreamst of being worthy, and of war;
And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers,
Here they take life: here they inherit honour,
Grow fixt, and shoot up everlasting triumphs:
Take it, and look upon thy humble servant,
With noble eyes look on the Princely *Ptolomy*,
That offers with this head (most mighty *Cæsar*)
What thou would'st once have given for it, all *Egypt*.

Ach. Nor do not question it (most royal Conquerour)
Nor disesteem the benefit that meets thee,
Because 'tis casily got, it comes the safer:

Yet let me tell thee (most imperious *Cæsar*)
Though he oppos'd no strength of Swords to win this,
Nor labour'd through no showres of darts, and lances:
Yet here he found a fort, that faced him strongly
An inward war: he was his Grand-fires Guest;
Friend to his Father, and when he was expell'd
And beaten from this Kingdom by strong hand,
And had none left him, to restore his honour,
No hope to find a friend, in such a misery;
Then in slept *Pompey*; took his feeble fortune:
Strengthen'd, and cherish'd it, and set it right again;
This was a love to *Cæsar*.

Sceva. Give me, hate, Gods.

Pho. This *Cæsar* may account a little wicked,
But yet remember, if thine own hands, Conquerour,
Had fallen upon him, what it had been then?
If thine own sword had touch'd his throat, what that way!
He was thy Son in Law, there to be tainted,
Had been most terrible: let the worst be render'd,
We have deserv'd for keeping thy hands innocent.

Cæsar. Oh *Sceva*, *Sceva*, see that head: see Captains,
The head of godlike *Pompey*.

Sceva. He was basely ruin'd,
But let the Gods be griev'd that suffer'd it,
And be you *Cæsar* ———

Cæsar. Oh thou Conquerour,
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity:
Thou awe of Nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus?
What poor fate follow'd thee, and pluckt thee on
To trust thy sacred life to an *Egyptian*;
The life and light of *Rome*, to a blind stranger,
That honorable war ne'r taught a nobleness,
Nor worthy circumstance shew'd what a man was,
That never heard thy name sung, but in banquets;
And loose lascivious pleasures? to a Boy,
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
No study of thy life to know thy goodness;
And leave thy Nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him (distrusted) that in tears falls with thee?
(In soft relenting tears) hear me (great *Pompey*)
(If thy great spirit can hear) I must task thee:
Thou hast most unnobly rob'd me of my victory,
My love, and mercy.

Ant. O how brave these tears shew!
How excellent is sorrow in an Enemy!

Dol. Glory appears not greater than this goodness.

Cæsar. *Egyptians*, dare you think your high *Pyramides*,
Built to out-dare the Sun, as you suppose,
Where your unworthy Kings lye rak'd in ashes,
Are monuments fit for him? no, (brood of *Nilus*)
Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heaven;
No *Pyramides* set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness
To which I leave him: take the head away,
And (with the body) give it noble burial,
Your Earth shall now be bless'd to hold a *Roman*,
Whose braveries all the worlds-Earth cannot ballance.

Sce. If thou bee'st thus loving, I shall honour thee,
But great men may dissemble, 'tis held possible,
And be right glad of what they seem to weep for,
There are such kind of Philosophers; now do I wonder
How he would look if *Pompey* were alive again,
But how he would set his face?

Cæsar. You look now, King,
And you that have been Agents in this glory,
For our especial favour?

Ptol. We desire it.

Cæsar. And doubtless you expect rewards.

Sceva. Let me give 'em:

I'll give 'em such as nature never dreamt of,
I'll beat him and his Agents (in a mortar)
Into one man, and that one man I'll bake then.

Cæsar. Peace: I forgive you all, that's recompence:
You are young, and ignorant, that pleads your pardon,

And.

And fear it may be more than hate provok'd ye,
Your Ministers, I must think, wanted judgment,
And so they err'd: I am bountiful to think this;
Believe me most bountiful; be you most thankful,
That bounty share amongst ye: if I knew
What to send you for a present, King of *Egypt*,
(I mean a head of equal reputation
And that you lov'd) though it were your brightest Sisters,
(But her you hate) I would not be behind ye.

Prot. Hear me, (Great *Cesar*.)

Ces. I have heard too much,
And study not with smooth shews to invade
My noble Mind as you have done my Conquest.
Ye are poor and open: I must tell ye roundly,
That Man that could not recompence the Benefits,
The great and bounteous services of *Pompey*,
Can never dote upon the Name of *Cesar*;
Though I had hated *Pompey*, and allow'd his ruine,
Hasty to please in Blood are seldom trusty;
And but I stand environ'd with my Victories,
My Fortune never failing to befriend me,
My noble strengths, and friends about my Person,
I durst not try ye, nor expect a Courtesie,
Above the pious love you shew'd to *Pompey*.
You have found me merciful in arguing with you;
Swords, Hangmen, Fires, Destructions of all natures,
Demolishments of Kingdoms, and whole Ruines
Are wont to be my Orators; turn to tears,
You wretched and poor seeds of Sun-burnt *Egypt*,
And now you have found the nature of a Conquerour,
That you cannot decline with all your flatteries,
That where the day gives light will be himself still,
Know how to meet his Worth with humane Courtesies,
Go, and embalm those bones of that great Souldier;
Howl round about his Pile, fling on your Spices,
Make a *Sabaean* Bed, and place this Phoenix
Where the hot Sun may emulate his Vertues,
And draw another *Pompey* from his ashes
Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the Worthies.

Prot. We will do all.

Ces. You have rob'd him of those tears
His Kindred and his Friends kept sacred for him;
The Virgins of their Funeral Lamentations:
And that kind Earth that thought to cover him,
(His Countries Earth) will cry out 'gainst your Cruelty,
And weep unto the Ocean for revenge,
Till *Nilus* raise his seven heads and devour ye;
My grief has stopt the rest: when *Pompey* liv'd
He us'd you nobly, now he is dead use him so. [Exit.]

Prot. Now, where's your confidence? your aim (*Photinus*)
The Oracles, and fair Favours from the Conquerour
You rung into mine Ears? how stand I now?
You see the tempest of his stern displeasure,
The death of him you urged a Sacrifice
To stop his Rage, prefaging a full ruine;
Where are your Counsels now?

Acho. I told you, Sir,

(And told the truth) what danger would flye after;
And though an Enemy, I satisfied you
He was a *Roman*, and the top of Honour;
And howsoever this might please Great *Cesar*,
I told ye that the foulness of his Death,
The impious baseness—

Pho. Peace, you are a Fool,
Men of deep ends must tread as deep ways to 'em;
Cesar I know is pleas'd, and for all his sorrows
(Which are put on for forms and meer dissemblings)
I am confident he's glad; to have told ye so,
And thank ye outwardly, had been too open,
And taken from the Wisdom of a Conquerour.
Be confident and proud ye have done this service;
Ye have deserv'd, and ye will find it highly:
Make bold use of this benefit, and be sure
You keep your Sister, (the high-soul'd *Cleopatra*)

Both close and short enough, she may not see him;
The rest, if I may counsel, Sir—

Prot. Do all;

For in thy faithful service rests my safety.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter *Septimius*.

Sept. Here's a strange alteration in the Court;
Mens Faces are of other setts and motions,
Their minds of subtler stuff; I pass by now
As though I were a Rascal, no man knows me,
No Eye looks after; as I were a Plague
Their doors shut close against me; and I wondred at
Because I have done a meritorious Murder;
Because I have pleas'd the Time, does the Time plague me?
I have known the day they would have hug'd me for it,
For a less stroke than this have done me Reverence;
Open'd their Hearts and secret Closets to me,
Their Purses, and their Pleasures, and bid me wallow.
I now perceive the great Thieves eat the less,
And the huge Leviathans of Villany
Sup up the merits, nay the men and all
That do them service, and spowt 'em out again
Into the air, as thin and unregarded
As drops of Water that are lost i'th' Ocean:
I was lov'd once for swearing, and for drinking,
And for other principal Qualities that became me,
Now a foolish unthankful Murder has undone me,
If my Lord *Photinus* be not merciful

Enter *Photinus*.

That set me on; And he comes, now Fortune.

Pho. *Cesar's* unthankfulness a little stirs me,
A little frets my blood; take heed, proud *Roman*,
Provoke me not, stir not mine anger farther;
I may find out a way unto thy life too,
(Though arm'd in all thy Victories) and seize it.
A Conquerour has a heart, and I may hit it.

Sept. May it please your Lordship?

Pho. O *Septimius*!

Sept. Your Lordship knows my wrongs.

Pho. Wrongs?

Sept. Yes, my Lord,

How the Captain of the Guard, *Achillas*, slights me.

Pho. Think better of him, he has much befriended thee,
Shew'd thee much love in taking the head from thee.

The times are alter'd (Souldier) *Cesar's* angry,
And our design to please him lost and perish'd;
Be glad thou art unnam'd, 'tis not worth the owning;
Yet, that thou maist be useful—

Sept. Yes, my Lord,

I shall be ready.

Pho. For I may employ thee
To take a rub or two out of my way,
As time shall serve, say that it be a Brother?
Or a hard Father?

Sept. 'Tis most necessary,
A Mother, or a Sister, or whom you please, Sir.

Pho. Or to betray a noble Friend?

Sept. 'Tis all one.

Pho. I know thou wilt stir for Gold.

Sept. 'Tis all my motion.

Pho. There, take that for thy service, and farewell;
I have greater business now.

Sept. I am still your own, Sir.

Pho. One thing I charge thee, see me no more, *Septimius*,
Unless I send. [Exit.]

Sept. I shall observe your hour.
So, this brings something in the mouth, some favour;
This is the Lord I serve, the Power I worship,
My Friends, Allies, and here lies my Allegiance.
Let People talk as they please of my rudeness,

And shun me for my deed; bring but this to 'em,
(Let me be damn'd for blood) yet still I am honourable,
This God creates new tongues, and new affections;
And though I had kill'd my Father, give me Gold
I'll make men swear I have done a pious Sacrifice;
Now I will out-brave all; make all my Servants,
And my brave deed shall be writ in Wine, for vertuous.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Dolabella, Sceva.

Cæf. Keep strong Guards, and with wary eyes (my friends)
There is no trusting to these base *Egyptians*;
They that are false to pious benefits,
And make compell'd necessities their faiths
Are Traitors to the gods.

Ant. We'll call ashore
A Legion of the best.

Cæf. Not a Man, *Antony*,
That were to shew our fears, and dim our greatness:
No, 'tis enough my Name's ashore.

Sce. Too much too,
A sleeping *Cæsar* is enough to shake them;
There are some two or three malicious Rascals
Train'd up in Villany, besides that *Cerberus*
That *Roman Dog*, that lick'd the blood of *Pompey*.

Dol. 'Tis strange, a *Roman* Souldier?

Sce. You are cozen'd,
There be of us as be of all other Nations,
Villains, and Knaves; 'tis not the name contains him,
But the obedience; when that's once forgotten,
And Duty flung away, then welcome Devil.
Photinus and *Achillas*, and this *Vermine*
That's now become a natural *Crocodile*
Must be with care observ'd.

Ant. And 'tis well counsel'd
No Confidence, nor trust——

Sce. I'll trust the Sea first,
When with her hollow murmurs she invites me,
And clutches in her storms, as politick Lions
Conceal their Claws; I'll trust the Devil first.

Cæf. Go to your rests, and follow your own Wisedoms,
And leave me to my thoughts: pray no more complement,
Once more strong Watches.

Dol. All shall be observ'd, Sir.

[Exit.]

Cæf. I am dull and heavy, yet I cannot sleep,
How happy was I in my lawful Wars,
In *Germany*, and *Gaul*, and *Britanny*?
When every night with pleasure I set down
What the day ministred? The sleep came sweetly:
But since I undertook this home-division,
This civil War, and past the *Rubicon*;
What have I done that speaks an ancient *Roman*?
A good, great man? I have enter'd *Rome* by force,
And on her tender Womb (that gave me life)
Let my insulting Souldiers rudely trample,
The dear Veins of my Country I have open'd,
And sail'd upon the torrents that flow'd from her,
The bloody streams that in their confluence
Carried before 'em thousand desolations;
I rob'd the Treasury, and at one gripe
Snatch'd all the wealth, so many worthy triumphs
Plac'd there as sacred to the Peace of *Rome*;
I raz'd *Massilia*, in my wanton anger:
Petreibus and *Afranius* I defeated:
Pompey I overthrew: what did that get me?
The stubber'd Name of an authoriz'd Enemy. [Noise within.]
I hear some Noise; they are the Watches sure.
What Friends have I ty'd fast by these ambitions?
Cato, the Lover of his Countries freedom,
Is now past into *Africk* to affront me,
Juba (that kill'd my friend) is up in Arms too;

The Sons of *Pompey* are Masters of the Sea,
And from the reliques of their scatter'd faction,
A new head's sprung; Say I defeat all these too;
I come home crown'd an honourable Rebel.
I hear the Noise still, and it still comes nearer;
Are the Guards fast? Who waits there?

Enter Sceva with a Packet, Cleopatra in it.

Sce. Are ye awake Sir?

Cæf. I'th' name of Wonder.

Sce. Nay, I am a Porter,

A strong one too, or else my sides would crack, Sir,
And my sins were as weighty, I should scarce walk with 'em.

Cæf. What hast thou there?

Sce. Ask them which stay without,
And brought it hither, your Presence I deny'd 'em,
And put 'em by; took up the load my self,
They say 'tis rich, and valu'd at the Kingdom,
I am sure 'tis heavy; if you like to see it
You may: if not, I'll give it back.

Cæf. Stay *Sceva*,
I would fain see it.

Sce. I'll begin to work then;
No doubt, to flatter ye they have sent ye something,
Of a rich value, Jewels, or some rich Treasure;
May be a Rogue within to do a mischief;
I pray you stand farther off, if there be villany,
Better my danger first; he shall 'scape hard too,
Ha! what art thou?

Cæf. Stand farther off, good *Sceva*,
What heavenly Vision! do I wake or slumber!
Farther off that hand, Friend.

Sce. What Apparition?

What Spirit have I rais'd? sure 'tis a Woman,
She looks like one; now she begins to move too:
A tempting Devil, o' my life; go off, *Cæsar*,
Bless thy self, off: a Bawd grown in mine old days?
Bawdry advanc'd upon my back? 'tis noble:
Sir, if you be a Souldier come no nearer,
She is sent to dispossess you of your honour,
A Sponge, a Sponge to wipe away your Victories:
And she would be cool'd, Sir, let the Souldiers trim her?
They'll give her that she came for, and dispatch her;
Be loyal to your self. Thou damned Woman,
Dost thou come hither with thy flourishes,
Thy flaunts, and faces to abuse mens manners?
And am I made the instrument of Bawdry?
I'll find a Lover for ye, one that shall hug ye.

Cæf. Hold, on thy life, and be more temperate,
Thou Beast.

Sce. Thou Beast?

Cæf. Could'st thou be so inhumane,
So far from noble Men, to draw thy Weapon
Upon a thing divine?

Sce. Divine, or humane,
They are never better pleas'd, nor more at hearts ease,
Than when we draw with full intent upon 'em.

Cæf. Move this way (Lady)

'Pray ye let me speak to ye.

Sce. And Woman, you had best stand.

Cæf. By the gods,
But that I see her here, and hope her mortal,
I should imagine some celestial sweetness,
The treasure of soft love.

Sce. Oh, this sounds mangily,
Poorly, and scurvily in a Souldiers mouth:
You had best be troubled with the Tooth-ach too,
For Lovers ever are, and let your Nose drop
That your celestial Beauty may befriend ye;
At these years do you learn to be fantastical?
After so many bloody fields, a Fool?
She brings her Bed along too, she'll lose no time,
Carries her Litter to lye soft, do you see that?

Invites

Invites ye like a Gamester : note that impudence,
For shame reflect upon your self, your honour,
Look back into your noble parts, and blush :
Let not the dear sweat of the hot *Pharsalia*,
Mingle with base Embraces ; am I he
That have receiv'd so many wounds for *Cesar* ?
Upon my Target groves of darts still growing ?
Have I endur'd all hungers, colds, distresses,
And (as I had been bred that Iron that arm'd me)
Stood out all weathers, now to curse my fortune ?
To ban the blood I lost for such a General ?

Cesar. Offend no more : be gone.

See. I will, and leave ye,

Leave ye to womens wars, that will proclaim ye :
You'll conquer *Rome* now, and the Capitol
With Fans, and Looking-glasses, farewell *Cesar*.

Cleo. Now I am private Sir, I dare speak to ye :
But thus low first, for as a God I honour ye.

See. Lower you'll be anon.

Cesar. Away.

See. And privater,
For that you covet all.

[Exit.

Cesar. Tempt me no farther.

Cleo. Contemn me not, because I kneel thus, *Cesar*,
I am a Queen, and coheir to this country,
The Sister to the mighty *Ptolomy*,
Yet one distress'd, that flies unto thy justice,
One that layes sacred hold on thy protection
As on an holy Altar, to preserve me.

Cesar. Speak Queen of beauty, and stand up.

Cleo. I dare not,

'Till I have found that favour in thine eyes,
That godlike great humanity to help me,
Thus, to thy knees must I grow (sacred *Cesar*,)
And if it be not in thy will, to right me,
And raise me like a Queen from my sad ruines,
If these soft tears cannot sink to thy pity,
And waken with their murmurs thy compassions ;
Yet for thy nobleness, for vertues sake,
And if thou beest a man, for despis'd beauty,
For honourable conquest, which thou doat'st on,
Let not those cankers of this flourishing Kingdom,
Photinus, and *Achillas*, (the one an Eunuch,
The other a base bondman) thus raig over me.
Seize my inheritance, and leave my Brother
Nothing of what he should be, but the Title,
As thou art wonder of the world.

Cesar. Stand up then

And be a Queen, this hand shall give it to ye,
Or choose a greater name, worthy my bounty :
A common love makes Queens : choose to be worshipped,
To be divinely great, and I dare promise it ;
A suitor of your sort, and blessed sweetness,
That hath adventur'd thus to see great *Cesar*,
Must never be denied, you have found a patron
That dare not in his private honour suffer
So great a blemish to the Heaven of beauty :
The God of love would clap his angry wings,
And from his singing bow let flye those arrows
Headed with burning griefs, and pining sorrows,
Should I neglect your cause, would make me monstrous,
To whom and to your service I devote me.

Enter *Seeva*.

Cleo. He is my conquest now, and so I'll work him,
The conquerour of the world will I lead captive,

See. Still with this woman, tilting still with Babies ?
As you are honest think the Enemy,
Some valiant Foe indeed now charging on ye :
Ready to break your ranks, and sling these ———

Cesar. Hear me,
But tell me true, if thou hadst such a treasure,
(And as thou art a Souldier, do not flatter me)
Such a bright gem, brought to thee, wouldst thou not

Most greedily accept ?

See. Not as an Emperour,

A man that first should rule himself, & then others ;
As a poor hungry Souldier, I might bite, Sir,
Yet that's a weakness too : hear me, thou Tempter :
And hear thou *Cesar* too, for it concerns thee,
And if thy flesh be deaf, yet let thine honour,
The soul of a commander, give ear to me,
Thou wanton bane of war, thou guilded Lethargy,
In whose embraces, ease (the rust of Arms)
And pleasure, (that makes Souldiers poor) inhabites.

Cesar. Fye, thou blasphem't.

See. I do, when she is a goddess.

Thou melter of strong minds, dar'st thou presume
To smother all his triumphs, with thy vanities,
And tye him like a slave, to thy proud beauties ?
To thy imperious looks ? that Kings have follow'd
Proud of their chains ? have waited on ? I shame Sir. [Exit.

Cesar. Alas thou art rather mad : take thy rest *Seeva*,
Thy duty makes thee erre, but I forgive thee :

Go, go I say, shew me no disobedience :
'Tis well, farewell, the day will break dear Lady,
My Souldiers will come in ; please you retire,
And think upon your servant ?

Cleo. Pray you Sir, know me,
And what I am.

Cesar. The greater, I more love ye,
And you must know me too.

Cleo. So far as modesty,
And majesty gives leave Sir, ye are too violent.

Cesar. You are too cold to my desires.

Cleo. Swear to me,
And by your self (for I hold that oath sacred)
You will right me as a Queen ———

Cesar. These lips be witness,
And if I break that oath ———

Cleo. You make me blush Sir,
And in that blush interpret me.

Cesar. I will do,
Come let's go in, and blush again : this one word,
You shall believe.

Cleo. I must, you are a conquerour.

[Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter *Ptolomy*, *Photinus*.

Pho. Good Sir, but hear.

Ptol. No more, you have undone me ;
That, that I hourly fear'd, is falln upon me,
And heavily, and deadly.

Pho. Hear a remedy.

Ptol. A remedy now the disease is ulcerous ?
And has infected all ? your secure negligence
Has broke through all the hopes I have, and ruin'd me :
My Sister is with *Cesar*, in his chamber,
All night she has been with him ; and no doubt
Much to her honour.

Pho. Would that were the worst, Sir,
That will repair it self : but I fear mainly,
She has made her peace with *Cesar*.

Ptol. 'Tis most likely,
And what am I then ?

Pho. 'Plague upon that Rascal
Apollodorus, under whose command,
Under whose eye ———

Enter *Achillas*.

Ptol. Curse on you all, ye are wretches.

Pho. 'Twas providently done, *Achillas*.

Achil. Pardon me.

Pho. Your guards were rarely wise, and wondrous

Achil.

(watchfull.

Achil. I could not help it, if my life had lain for't,
Alas, who would suspect a pack of bedding,
Or a small Truss of household furniture?
And as they said, for *Cesar's* use: or who durst
(Being for his private chamber) seek to stop it?
I was abus'd.

Enter Achoreus.

Ach. 'Tis no hour now for anger:
No wisdom to debate with fruitless choler,
Let us consider timely what we must do,
Since she is flown to his protection,
From whom we have no power to sever her,
Nor force conditions —

Protol. Speak (good *Achoreus*)

Ach. Let indirect and crooked counsels vanish,
And straight, and fair directions —

Pho. Speak your mind Sir.

Ach. Let us choose *Cesar*, (and endear him to us,)
An Arbitrator in all differences
Betwixt you, and your Sister; this is safe now:
And will shew off, most honourable.

Pho. Safe,

Most safe and poor; a servile, cold submission:
Hear me, and pluck your hearts up, like stout Counsellours,
Since we are sensible this *Cesar* loathes us,
And have begun our fortune with great *Pompey*,
Be of my mind.

Ach. 'Tis most uncomely spoken,
And if I say most bloodily, I lye not:
The law of hospitality it poysons,
And calls the Gods in question that dwell in us,
Be wife O King.

Protol. I will be: go my counsellour,
To *Cesar* go, and do my humble service:
To my fair Sister my commends negotiate,
And here I ratifie what e're thou treat'st on.

Ach. Crown'd with fair peace, I go.

Protol. My love go with thee,

And from my love go you, you cruel vipers:
You shall know now I am no ward, *Photinus*.

Pho. This for our service?

Princes do their pleasures,
And they that serve obey in all disgraces:
The lowest we can fall to, is our graves,
There we shall know no difference: heark *Achillas*,
I may do something yet, when times are ripe,
To tell this raw unthankfull King.

Achil. *Photinus*,

What e're it be I shall make one: and zealously:
For better dye attempting something nobly,
Than fall disgraced.

Pho. Thou lov'st me and I thank thee.

SCENA II.

Enter Antony, Dolabella, Sceva.

Dol. Nay there's no rowling him: he is bewitch'd sure,
His noble blood curdled, and cold within him;
Grown now a womans warrior.

Sce. And a tall one:

Studies her fortifications, and her breaches,
And how he may advance his ram to batter
The Bullwork of her chastitie.

Ant. Be not too angry,

For by this light, the woman's a rare woman,
A Lady of that catching youth, and beauty,
That unmatch'd sweetness —

Dol. But why should he be fool'd so?

Let her be what she will, why should his wisdom,
His age, and honour —

Ant. Say it were your own case,

Or mine, or any mans, that has heat in him:
'Tis true at this time when he has no promise

Of more security than his sword can cut through,
I do not hold it so discrete: but a good face, Gentlemen,
And eyes that are the winningst Orators:
A youth that opens like perpetual spring,
And to all these, a tongue that can deliver
The Oracles of Love —

Sce. I would you had her,
With all her Oracles, and Miracles,
She were fitter for your turn.

Ant. Would I had, *Sceva*,

With all her faults too: let me alone to mend 'em,
O'that condition I made thee mine heir.

Sce. I had rather have your black horse, than your harlots.

Dol. *Cesar* writes Sonnets now, the sound of war
Is grown too boystrous for his mouth: he sighs too.

Sce. And learns to fiddle most melodiously,
And sings, 'twould make your ears prick up, to hear him
Shortly she'l make him spin: and 'tis thought (Gent.
He will prove an admirable maker of Bonelace,
And what a rare gift will that be in a General?

Ant. I would he could abstain.

Sce. She is a witch sure,
And works upon him with some damn'd enchantment.

Dol. How cunning she will carry her behaviours,
And set her countenance in a thousand postures,
To catch her ends?

Sce. She will be sick, well, fullen,
Merry, coy, over-joy'd, and seem to dye
All in one half hour, to make an asse of him:
I make no doubt she will be drunk too damnably,
And in her drink will fight, then she fits him.

Ant. That thou shouldst bring her in?

Sce. 'Twas my blind fortune,
My Souldiers told me, by the weight 'twas wicked:
Would I had carried *Milo's* Bull a furlong,
When I brought in this Cow-Calf: he has advanced me
From an old Souldier, to a bawd of memory:
O, that the Sons of *Pompey* were behind him,
The honour'd *Cato*, and fierce *Juba* with 'em,
That they might whip him from his whore, and rowze him:
That their fierce Trumpets, from his wanton trances,
Might shake him like an Earth-quake.

Enter Septinius.

Ant. What's this fellow?

Dol. Why, a brave fellow, if we judge men by their clothes.

Ant. By my faith he is brave indeed: he's no commander?

Sce. Yes, he has a *Roman* face, he has been at fair wars
And plenteous too, and rich, his Trappings shew it.

Sep. And they will not know me now, they'l never know
Who dare blush now at my acquaintance? ha? (me.

Am I not totally a span-new Gallant,
Fit for the choycest eyes? have I not gold?
The friendship of the world? if they shun me now
(Though I were the arrantest rogue, as I am well forward)
Mine own curse, and the Devils too light on me.

Ant. Is't not *Septinius*?

Sce. Yes.

Dol. He that kill'd *Pompey*?

Sce. The same Dog, Scab; that guilded botch, that rascal.

Dol. How glorious villany appears in *Egypt*?

Sep. Gallants, and Souldiers, sure they do admire me.

Sce. Stand further off, thou stinkest.

Sep. A likely matter:

These Cloaths smell mustily, do they not, Gallants?
They stink, they stink, alas poor things, contemptible.
By all the Gods in *Egypt*, the perfumes
That went to trimming these clothes, cost me —

Sce. Thou stinkest still.

Sep. The powdering of this head too —

Sce. If thou hast it,

Ple tell thee all the Gumms in sweet *Arabia*
Are not sufficient, were they burnt about thee,
To purge the scent of a rank Rascal from thee.

Ant.

Ant. I smell him now : fie, how the Knave perfumes him,
How strong he scents of Traitor ?

Dol. You had an ill Millener,
He laid too much of the Gum of Ingratitude
Upon your Coat, you should have wash'd off that Sir,
Fie, how it choaks ! too little of your loyaltie,
Your honesty, your faith, that are pure Ambers ;
I smell the rotten smell of a hired Coward,
A dead Dog is sweeter.

Sep. Ye are merry Gentlemen,
And by my troth, such harmless mirth takes me too,
You speak like good blunt Souldiers ; and 'tis well enough :
But did you live at Court, as I do, Gallants,
You would refine, and learn an apter language ;
I have done ye simple service on your *Pompey*,
You might have lookt him yet this brace of twelve months
And hunted after him, like foundred Beagles,
Had not this fortunate hand ———

Ant. He brags on't too :
By the good Gods, rejoyses in't ; thou wretch
Thou most contemptible Slave.

See. Dog, mangy Mongrel,
Thou murdering mischief, in the shape of Souldier
To make all Souldiers hateful ; thou disease
That nothing but the Gallows can give ease to. ———

Dol. Thou art so impudent, that I admire thee,
And know not what to say.

Sep. I know your anger
And why you prate thus : I have found your melancholy :
Ye all want money, and you are liberal Captains,
And in this want will talk a little desperately :
Here's gold, come share ; I love a brave Commander :
And be not peevish, do as *Cesar* does :
He's merry with his wench now, be you jovial,
And let's all laugh and drink : would he have partners ?
I do consider all your wants, and weigh 'em,
He has the Mistress, you shall have the maids,
I'll bring 'em to ye, to your arms.

Ant. I blush,
All over me, I blush, and sweat to hear him :
Upon my conscience, if my arms were on now
Through them I should blush too : pray ye let's be walking.

See. Yes, yes : but e're we goe, I'll leave this lesson,
And let him study it : first Rogue, then Pander,
Next Devil that will be ; get thee from mens presence,
And where the name of Souldier has been heard of
Be sure thou live not : to some hungry desert
Where thou canst meet with nothing but thy conscience,
And that in all the shapes of all thy villainies
Attend thee still, where bruit Beasts will abhor thee,
And even the Sun will shame to give thee light,
Goe hide thy head : or if thou think'st it fitter
Goe hang thy self.

Dol. Hark to that clause.

See. And that speedily,
That nature may be eas'd of such a Monster. [Exit.]

Sep. Yet all this moves not me : nor reflects on me :
I keep my gold still, and my confidence,
Their want of breeding makes these fellows murmur,
Rude valors, so I let 'em pass ; rude honours :
There is a wench yet, that I know, affects me
And company for a King : a young plump villain,
That when she sees this gold, she'll leap upon me.

Enter Eros.

And here she comes : I am sure of her at midnight,
My pretty *Eros* welcom.

Eros. I have business.

Sep. Above my love, thou canst not.

Eros. Yes indeed Sir,
Far, far above.

Sep. Why, why so coy ? 'pray ye tell me
We are alone.

Eros. I am much ashamed we are so.

Sep. You want a new Gown now, & a handfom Petticoat,
A Skarf, and some odd to yes : I have gold here ready,
Thou shall have any thing.

Eros. I want your absence :
Keep on your way, I care not for your company.

Sep. How ? how ? you are very short : do you know me
And what I have been to ye ? (*Eros* ?

Eros. Yes I know ye :
And I hope I shall forget ye : Whilst you were honest
I lov'd ye too.

Sep. Honest ? come prethee kifs me.
Eros. I kifs no knaves, no Murderers, no Beasts,
No base betrayers of those men that fed 'em,
I hate their looks ; and though I may be wanton,
I scorn to nourish it with bloody purchase,
Purchase so foully got ; I pray ye unhand me
I had rather touch the plague, than one unworthy :
Goe seek some Mistress that a horse may marry,
And keep her company, she is too good for ye. [Exit.]

Sep. Marry this goes near ; now I perceive I am hateful,
When this light stuff can distinguish, it grows dangerous,
For money, seldom they refuse a Leper :
But sure I am more odious, more diseas'd too :

Enter three lame Souldiers.

It fits cold here ; what are these ? three poor Souldiers ?
Both poor and lame : their misery may make 'em
A little look upon me, and adore me,
If these will keep me company, I am made yet.

1 *Sol.* The pleasure *Cesar* sleeps in, makes us miserable,
We are forgot, our maims and dangers laugh'd at ;
He Banquets, and we beg.

2 *Sol.* He was not wont
To let poor Souldiers that have spent their Fortunes,
Their Bloods, and limbs, walk up and down like vagabonds.

Sep. Save ye good Souldiers : good poor men, heaven help
You have born the brunt of war, and shew the story. (ye :

1 *Sol.* Some new commander sue.
Sep. You look (my good friends)
By your thin faces, as you would be Suitors.

2 *Sol.* To *Cesar*, for our means, Sir.
Sep. And 'tis fit Sir.

3 *Sol.* We are poor men, and long forgot.
Sep. I grieve for it :
Good Souldiers should have good rewards, and favours,
I'll give up your petitions, for I pity ye,
And freely speak to *Cesar*.

All. O we honour ye.
1 *Sol.* A good man sure ye are : the Gods preserve ye.
Sep. And to relieve your wants the while, hold Soldiers,
Nay 'tis no dream : 'tis good gold : take it freely,
'Twill keep ye in good heart.

2 *Sol.* Now goodnels quit ye.
Sep. I'll be a friend to your afflictions,
And eat, and drink with ye too, and we'll be merry :
And every day I'll see ye.

1 *Sol.* You are a Souldier,
And one sent from the Gods, I think.
Sep. I'll cloth ye,
Ye are lame, and then provide good lodging for ye :
And at my Table, where no want shall meet ye.

Enter Sceva.

All. Was never such a man.
1 *Sold.* Dear honour'd Sir,
Let us but know your name, that we may worship ye.

2 *Sold.* That we may ever thank ?
Sep. Why, call me any thing,
No matter for my name, that may betray me.

See. A cunning thief, call him *Septimus*, Souldiers,
The villain that kill'd *Pompey*.

All. How ?
Sep. Call him the shame of men. [E-
1 *Sold.* O that this money

Were weight enough to break thy brains out : fling all :
And fling our curses next : let them be mortal,
Out bloody wolf, dost thou come guilded over,
And painted with thy charitie, to poyson us ?

2 *Sold.* I know him now : may never Father own thee,
But as a monst'rous birth shun thy base memory :
And if thou hadst a Mother (as I cannot
Believe thou wert a natural Burden) let her womb
Be curs'd of women for a bed of vipers.

3 *Sol.* Me thinks the ground shakes to devour this rascal,
And the kind air turns into foggs and vapours,
Infectious mists, to crown his villanies.
Thou maist go wander, like a thing heaven hated.

1 *Sold.* And valiant minds hold poysonous to remember.
The Hangman will not keep thee company,
He has an honourable house to thine,
No, not a thief though thou couldst save his life for't
Will eat thy bread, nor one, for thirst starv'd, drink with

2 *Sol.* Thou art no company for an honest dog, (thee.
And so we'll leave thee to a ditch (thy destiny.) [Exit.

Sep. Contemn'd of all ? and kickt too ? now I find it ;
My valour's fled too, with mine honesty,
For since I would be knave I must be Coward :
This 'tis to be a Traitor, and betrayer.
What a deformity dwells round about me !
How monstrous shews that man, that is ungratefull ?
I am afraid the very beasts will tear me,
Inspir'd with what I have done : the winds will blast me :
Now I am paid, and my reward dwells in me,
The wages of my fact, my soul's opprest ;
Honest and noble minds, you find most rest. [Exit

SCENA III.

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, Photinus, Achilles.

Ptol. I have commanded, and it shall be so,
A preparation I have set o' foot,
Worthy the friendship and the fame of *Cæsar*,
My Sisters favours shall seem poor and wither'd :
Nay she her self, (trim'd up in all her beautys)
Compar'd to what I'll take his eyes withall,
Shall be a dream.

Pho. Do you mean to shew the glory,
And wealth of *Egypt* ?

Ptol. Yes: and in that lustre,
Rome shall appear in all her famous Conquests,
And all her riches of no note unto it.

Ach. Now you are reconcil'd to your fair Sister,
Take heed Sir, how you step into a danger :
A danger of this precipice : but note Sir,
For what *Rome* ever rais'd her mighty armies ;
First for ambition, then for wealth : 'tis madness,
Nay more, a secure impotence, to tempt
An armed Guest : feed not an eye, that conquers,
Nor teach a fortunate sword the way to be covetous.

Ptol. Ye judge amiss, and far too wide to alter me,
Yet all be ready, as I gave direction :
The secret way of all our wealth appearing
Newly, and handsomely : and all about it :
No more dissuading : 'tis my will.

Ach. I grieve for't.

Ptol. I will dazel *Cæsar*, with excess of glory.

Pho. I fear you'll curse your will, we must obey ye. [Exit.

SCENA IV.

Enter *Cæsar*, Antony, Dolabella, *Scæva*, above.

Cæsar. I wonder at the glory of this Kingdom,
And the most bounteous preparation,
Still as I pass, they court me with.

Scæva. Ple tell ye :

In *Gaul*, and *Germany*, we saw such visions,
And stood not to admire 'em, but possess 'em :
When they are ours, they are worth our admiration.

Enter *Cleopatra*.

Ant. The young Queen comes : give room.

Cæsar. Welcom (my dearest)
Come blefs my side.

Scæva. I marry : here's a wonder,
As she appears now, I am no true Souldier,
If I be not readie to recant.

Cleo. Be merry Sir,
My Brother will be proud to do you honour
That now appears himself.

Enter *Ptolomy*, *Achoreus*, *Achillas*, *Photinus*, *Apollodorus*.

Pto. Haile to great *Cæsar*
My Royal Guest, first I will feast thine eyes
With wealthy *Egypt's* store, and then thy palate,
And wait my self upon thee. *Treasure brought in.*

Cæsar. What rich Service ?
What mines of treasure ?

Cleo. My *Cæsar*,
What do you admire ? pray ye turn, and let me talk to ye.
Have ye forgot me Sir ? how, a new object ?
Am I grown old o'th' sudden, *Cæsar* ?

Cæsar. Tell me
From whence comes all this wealth ?

Cleo. Is your eye that way ?
And all my Beauties banisht ?

Ptol. Ple tell thee *Cæsar*,
We owe for all this wealth to the old *Nilus* :
We need no dropping rain to cheer the husband-man,
Nor Merchant that ploughs up the Sea, to seek us ;
Within the wealthy womb of reverent *Nilus*,
All this is nourish'd : who to do thee honour,
Comes to discover his seven Deities,
(His conceal'd heads) unto thee : see with pleasure.

Cæsar. The matchless wealth of this Land !

Cleo. Come, ye shall hear me.

Cæsar. Away : let me imagine.

Cleo. How ? frown on me ?

The eyes of *Cæsar* wrapt in storms ?

Cæsar. I am sorry :

But let me think —

Musick, SONG.

Enter *Isis*, and three Labourers.

Isis, the Goddess of this Land,
Bids thee (great *Cæsar*) understand
And mark our Customes, and first know,
With greedy eyes these watch the flow
Of plenteous *Nilus* : when he comes,
With Songs, with Daunces, Timbrels, Drums
They entertain him, cut his way,
And give his proud Heads leave to play :
Nilus himself shall rise, and show
His matchless wealth in Over-flow.

Labourers SONG.

Come let us help the reverend Nile,
He's very old (alas the while)
Let us dig him easie wayes,
And prepare a thousand Playes :
To delight his streams let's sing
A loud welcom to our Spring.
This way let his curling Heads
Fall into our new made Beds.
This way let his wanton spawnes,
Frisk, and glide it o're the Lawns.
This way profit comes, and gain :
How he tumbles here amain !
How his waters haste to fall
Into our Channels ! Labour all

And

And let him in: Let Nilus flow,
And perpetual plenty show.
With Incense let us bless the brim,
And as the wanton fishes swim,
Let us Gums, and Garlands fling,
And loud our Tambrels ring.
Come (old Father) come away,
Our labour is our holy day.

Ifis. **H**ere comes the aged River now
With Garlands of great Pearl, his Brow
Begirt and rounded: In his Flow
All things take life; and all things grow.
A thousand wealthy Treasures still,
To do him service at his will
Follow his rising Flood, and pour
Perpetuall blessings in our store.
Hear him: and next there will advance,
His sacred Heads to tread a Dance,
In honour of my Royal Guest,
Mark them too: and you have a Feast.

Cleo. A little drops betray me?

Cesar. I am ashamed I warr'd at home, (my friends)
When such wealth may be got abroad: what honour?
Nay everlasting glory had Rome purchas'd,
Had she a just cause but to visit Egypt?

Nilus SONG, and Dance.

Make room for my rich waters fall,
and bless my Flood,
Nilus comes flowing, to you all
increase and good.
Now the Plants and Flowers shall spring,
And the merry Plough-man sing
In my bidden waves I bring
Bread, and wine, and every thing.
Let the Damsells sing me in:
Sing aloud that I may rise:
Your holy Feasts and hours begin,
And each hand bring a Sacrifice.
Now my wanton Pearls I show
That to Ladies fair necks grow.
Now my gold
And treasures that can ne're be told,
Shall bless this Land, by my rich Flow,
And after this, to crown your Eyes,
My hidden holy head arise.

Cesar. The wonder of this wealth so troubles me,
I am not well: good-night.

See. I am glad ye have it:

Now we shall stir again.

Ptol. Thou wealth, still haunt him.

See. A greedy spirit set thee on: we are happy.

Ptol. Lights: lights for Caesar, and attendance.

Cleo. Well,

I shall yet find a time to tell thee Caesar,
Thou hast wrong'd her Love: the rest here.

Ptol. Lights along still:

Musick, and Sacrifice to sleep for Caesar.

[Exeunt.]

Ætus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Ptolomy, Photinus, Achilles, Achoreus.

Ach. **I**told ye carefully, what this would prove to,
What this inestimable wealth and glory
Would draw upon ye: I advis'd your Majesty
Never to tempt a Conquering Guest: nor add
A bait, to catch a mind, bent by his Trade

To make the whole world his.

Pho. I was not heard Sir;

Or what I said, lost, and contemn'd; I dare say,
(And freshly now) 'twas a poor weakness in ye,
A glorious Childishness: I watch'd his eye,
And saw how Faulcon-like it tower'd, and flew
Upon the wealthy Quarry: how round it mark'd it:
I observ'd his words, and to what it tended;
How greedily he ask'd from whence it came,
And what Commerce we held for such abundance:
The shew of Nilus, how he laboured at
To find the secret wayes the Song delivered.

Ach. He never smil'd, I noted, at the pleasures,
But fixt his constant eyes upon the treasure;
I do not think his ears had so much leisure
After the wealth appear'd, to hear the Musique?
Most sure he has not slept since, his mind's troubled
With objects that would make their own still labour.

Pho. Your Sister he ne're gaz'd on: that's a main note,
The prime beauty of the world had no power over him.

Ach. Where was his mind the whilst?

Pho. Where was your carefulness

To shew an armed thief the way to rob ye?
Nay, would you give him this, 'twill excite him
To seek the rest. Ambition feels no gift,
Nor knows no bounds, indeed ye have done most weakly.

Ptol. Can I be too kind to my noble friend?

Pho. To be unkind unto your noble self, but favours
Of indiscretion, and your friend has found it.
Had ye been train'd up in the wants and miseries
A souldier marches through, and known his temperance
In offer'd courtesies, you would have made
A wiser Master of your own, and stronger.

Ptol. Why, should I give him all, he would return it:
'Tis more to him, to make Kings.

Pho. Pray be wiser,
And trust not with your lost wealth, your lov'd liberty.
To be a King still at your own discretion
Is like a King; to be at his, a vassail.
Now take good counsel, or no more take to ye
The freedom of a Prince.

Achil. 'Twill be too late else:
For, since the Masque, he sent three of his Captains
(Ambitious as himself) to view again
The glory of your wealth.

Pho. The next himself comes,
Not staying for your courtesie, and takes it.

Ptol. What counsel, my Achoreus?

Ach. Plea goe pray Sir,
(For that is best counsel now) the gods may help ye. [Ex.]

Pho. I found ye out a way but 'twas not credited,
A most secure way: whither will ye flye now? (follow.)

Achil. For when your wealth is gone, your power must
Pho. And that diminisht also, what's your life worth?
Who would regard it?

Ptol. You say true.

Achil. What eye
Will look upon King Ptolomy? if they do look,
It must be in scorn:

For a poor King, is a monster;
What can remember ye? 'twill be then a courtesie
(A noble one) to take your life too from ye:
But if reserv'd, you stand to fill a victory,
As who knows Conquerours minds? though outwardly
They bear fair streams.

O Sir, does this not shake ye?

If to be honoyed on to these afflictions ———

Ptol. I never will: I was a Fool.

Pho. For then Sir

Your Countreys cause falls with ye too, and fetter'd:
All Egypt shall be plough'd up with dishonour.

Ptol. No more: I am sensible: and now my spirit
Burns hot within me.

Achil. Keep it warm and fiery:

U u

Pho.

Tho. And last be counsel'd.
Fid. I will, though I perish.
Tho. Goe in; we'll tell you all: and then we'll execute.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENA II.

Enter Cleopatra, Arsino, Eros.*Ars.* You are so impatient.*Cleo.* Have I not cause?

Women of common Beauties, and low Births,
 When they are slighted, are allow'd their angers,
 Why should not I (a Princess) make him know
 The baseness of his usage?

Ars. Yes: 'tis fit:

But then again you know what man.

Cleo. He is no man:

The shadow of a Greatness hangs upon him,
 And not the vertue: he is no Conquerour,
 H'as suffer'd under the base dross of Nature:
 Poorly delivered up his power to wealth,
 (The god of bed-rid men) taught his eyes treason
 Against the truth of love: he has rais'd rebellion:
 Desi'd his holy flames.

Eros. He will fall back again,
 And satisfy your Grace.*Cleo.* Had I been old,

Or blasted in my bud, he might have shew'd
 Some shadow of dislike: But, to prefer
 The lustre of a little art, *Arsino*,
 And the poor glow-worm light of some faint Jewels,
 Before the life of Love, and soul of Beauty,
 Oh how it vexes me! he is no Souldier,
 (All honourable Souldiers are Loves servants)
 He is a Merchant; a meer wandring Merchant,
 Servile to gain: he trades for poor Commodities, (tains
 And makes his Conquests, thefts; some fortunate Cap-
 That quarter with him, and afe truly valiant,
 Have slung the name of happy *Cesar* on him,
 Himself ne're won it: he is so base and covetous,
 He'll sell his sword for gold.

Ars. This is too bitter.

Cleo. Oh I could curse my self, that was so foolish,
 So fondly childish to believe his tongue,
 His promising tongue, e're I could catch his temper,
 I had trash enough to have cloy'd his eyes withal,
 His covetous eyes; such as I scorn to tread on:
 Richer than e're he saw yet, and more tempting; (nour,
 Had I known he had stoop'd at that, I had sav'd mine ho-
 I had been happy still: but let him take it,
 And let him brag how poorly I am rewarded:
 Let him goe conquer still weak wretched Ladies:
 Love has his angry Quiver too, his deadly,
 And when he finds scorn, armed at the strongest:
 I am a fool to fret thus, for a fool:
 An old blind fool too: I lose my health? I will not:
 I will not cry: I will not honour him
 With tears diviner than the gods he worships:
 I will not take the pains to curse a poor thing.

Eros. Doe not: you shall not need.*Cleo.* Would I were prisoner

To one I hate, that I might anger him,
 I will love any man, to break the heart of him:
 Any, that has the heart and will to kill him.

Ars. Take some fair truce.

Cleo. I will goe study mischief,
 And put a look on, arm'd with all my cunning,
 Shall meet him like a Basilisque, and strike him:
 Love, put destroying flames into mine eyes,
 Into my smiles, deceits, that I may torture him,
 That I may make him love to death, and laugh at him.

Enter Apollodorus.*Ap.* *Cesar* commends his Service to your Grace.*Cleo.* His service? what's his service?*Eros.* Pray ye be patient,
 The noble *Cesar* loves still.*Cleo.* What's his will?*Ap.* He craves access unto your Highness.*Cleo.* No:

Say no: I will have none to trouble me.

Ars. Good Sister.*Cleo.* None I say: I will be private.

Would thou hadst slung me into *Nilus*, keeper,
 When first thou gav'st consent, to bring my body
 To this unthankfull *Cesar*.

Ap. 'Twas your will, Madam,
 Nay more, your charge upon me, as I honoured ye:
 You know what danger I endured.

Cleo. Take this,

And carry it to that Lordly *Cesar* sent thee:
 There's a new Love, a handsom one, a rich one:
 One that will hug his mind: bid him make love to it:
 Tell the ambitious Broker, this will suffer ———

Enter *Cesar*.*Ap.* He enters.*Cleo.* How?*Cesar.* I do not use to wait, Lady,
 Where I am, all the doers are free, and open.*Cleo.* I ghes so, by your rudeness.*Cesar.* Ye are not angry?

Things of your tender mold, should be most gentle;
 Why do you frown? good gods, what a set-anger
 Have you forc'd into your face? Come, I must temper ye:
 What a coy finile was there, and a disdainfull?
 How like an ominous flash it broke out from ye?
 Defend me, Love, Sweet, who has anger'd ye?

Cleo. Shew him a glass; that false face has betrai'd me:
 That base heart wrought me ———

Cesar. Be more sweetly angry;

I wrong'd ye fair?

Cleo. Away with your foul flatteries:

They are too gross: but that I dare be angry,
 And with as great a god as *Cesar* is,
 To shew how poorly I respect his memory,
 I would not speak to ye.

Cesar. Pray ye undoe this riddle,
 And tell me how I have vext ye?

Cleo. Let me think first

Whether I may put on a Patience
 That will with honour suffer me: know, I hate ye,
 Let that begin the story: Now I'll tell ye.

Cesar. But do it milder: In a noble Lady,
 Softness of spirit, and a sober nature, (ness;
 That moves like summer winds, cool, and blows sweet-
 Shews blessed like her self.

Cleo. And that great blessedness
 You first reap'd of me: till you taught my nature
 Like a rude storm to talk aloud, and thunder,
 Sleep was not gentler than my soul, and stiller;
 You had the Spring of my affections:
 And my fair fruits I gave you leave to taste of:
 You must expect the winter of mine anger:
 You slung me off, before the Court disgrac'd me,
 When in the pride I appear'd of all my beauty,
 Appear'd your *Mistress*, took into your eyes
 The common stumptet love of hated lucre,
 Courted with covetous heart, the slave of nature,
 Gave all your thoughts to gold, that men of glory,
 And minds adorn'd with noble love, would kick at:
 Souldiers of royal mark, scorn such base purchase:
 Beauty and honour are the marks they shoot at;
 I spake to ye then; I courted ye, and woo'd ye:
 Call'd ye dear *Cesar*, hung about ye tenderly:
 Was proud to appear your friend..

Cesar. You have mistaken me.

Cleo. But neither Eye, nor Favour, not a Smile
 Was I blessed back with; but shook off rudely,

And,

And, as ye had been sold to fordid infamy,
You fell before the Images of treasure,
And in your soul you worship'd : I stood slighted,
Forgotten and contemn'd ; my soft embraces,
And those sweet kisses you call'd Elyzium,
As letters writ in sand, no more remembered :
The name and glory of your *Cleopatra*
Laugh'd at, and made a story to your Captains,
Shall I endure ?

Cesar. You are deceiv'd in all this,
Upon my life you are, 'tis your much tenderness.

Cleo. No, no, I love not that way ; you are cozen'd :
I love with as much ambition as a Conquerour,
And where I love, will triumph.

Cesar. So you shall :
My heart shall be the Chariot that shall bear ye,
All I have won shall wait upon ye : By the gods
The bravery of this womans mind, has fired me :
Dear Mistress shall I but this night ? —

Cleo. How *Cesar* ?
Have I let slip a second vanity
That gives thee hope ?

Cesar. You shall be absolute,
And Reign alone as Queen : you shall be any thing.

Cleo. Make me a maid again, and then I'll hear thee ;
Examine all thy art of War, to do that ;
And if thou find'st it possible, I'll love thee :
Till when, farewell, unthankfull.

Cesar. Stay.

Cleo. I will not.

Cesar. I command.

Cleo. Command, and goe without, Sir.
I do command thee be my slave for ever,
And vex while I laugh at thee.

Cesar. Thus low, beauty.

Cleo. It is too late ; when I have found thee absolute,
The man that Fame reports thee, and to me,
May be I shall think better. Farewel Conquerour. [Exit.

Cesar. She mocks me too : I will enjoy her Beauty :
I will not be deni'd ; I'll force my longing.
Love is best pleas'd, when roundly we compel him,
And as he is Imperious, so will I be.
Stay fool, and be advis'd : that dulls the appetite,
Takes off the strength and sweetness of delight.
By Heaven she is a miracle, I must use
A handsom way to win : how now ; what fear
Dwells in your faces ? you look all distracted.

Enter *Sceva*, Anthony, *Dolabella*.

Sceva. If it be fear, 'tis fear of your undoing,
Not of our selves : fear of your poor declining :
Our lives and deaths are equall benefits,
And we make louder prayers to dye nobly, (here,
Than to live high, and wantonly : whilst you are secure
And offer Hecatombs of lazie kisses
To the lewd god of love, and cowardize,
And most lasciviously dye in delights,
You are begirt with the fierce *Alexandrians*.

Dol. The spawn of *Egypt* flow about your Palace,
Arm'd all : and ready to assault.

Ant. Led on
By the false and base *Photinus* and his Ministers ;
No stirring out ; no peeping through a loop-hole,
But straight saluted with an armed Dart.

Sce. No parley : they are deaf to all but danger,
They swear they will slay us, and then dry our Quarters :
A rather of a salt lover, is such a Shooing-horn :
Can you kiss away this conspiracy, and set us free ?
Or will the Giant god of love fight for ye ?
Will his fierce war-like bow kill a Cock-sparrow ?
Bring out the Lady, she can quell this mutiny :
And with her powerfull looks strike awe into them :
She can destroy, and build again the City,
Your Goddesses have mighty gifts : shew 'em her fair breasts,

The impregnable Bulworks of proud Love, and let 'em
Begin their battery there : she will laugh at 'em ;
They are not above a hundred thousand, Sir.
A mist, a mist, that when her Eyes break out,
Her powerfull radiant eyes, and shake their flashes,
Will flye before her heats.

Cesar. Begirt with Villains ?

Sce. They come to play you, and your Love a Huntsup.
You were told what this same whorson wenching, long
(agoe would come to :

You are taken napping now : has not a Souldier,
A time to kiss his friend, and a time to consider,
But he must lye still digging, like a Pioneer,
Making of mines, and burying of his honour there ?
'Twere good you would think —

Dol. And time too, or you will find else
A harder task, than Courting a coy Beauty.

Ant. Look out and then believe.

Sce. No, no, hang danger :
Take me provoking broth, and then goe to her :
Goe to your Love, and let her feel your valour ; (Sir,)
Charge her whole body, when the sword's in your throat
You may cry, *Cesar*, and see if that will help ye.

Cesar. I'll be my self again, and meet their furies,
Meet, and consume their mischiefs : make some shift, *Sceva*,
To recover the Fleet, and bring me up two Legions,
And you shall see me, how I'll break like thunder
Amongst these beds of slimy Eeles, and scatter 'em.

Sce. Now ye speak sense I'll put my life to the hazard,
Before I goe, No more of this warm Lady,
She will spoil your sword-hand.

Cesar. Goe : come, let's to Counsel
How to prevent, and then to execute.

SCENA III.

Enter Souldiers.

1 Sold. Did ye see this Penitence ?

2 Sold. Yes : I saw, and heard it.

3 Sold. And I too : look'd upon him, and observ'd it,
He's the strangest *Septinius* now —

1 Sold. I heard he was altered,
And had given away his Gold to honest uses :
Cry'd monstrously.

2 Sold. He cries abundantly :
He is blind almost with weeping.

3 Sold. 'Tis most wonderfull
That a hard hearted man, and an old Souldier (dy'd
Should have so much kind moisture : when his Mother
He laugh'd aloud, and made the wickedst Ballads —

1 Sold. 'Tis like enough : he never lov'd his Parents ;
Nor can I blame him, for they ne'r lov'd him.
His Mother dream'd before she was deliver'd
That she was brought abed with a Buzzard, and ever after
She whistl'd him up to th' world : his brave clothes too
He has flung away, and goes like one of us now :
Walks with his hands in's pockets, poor and sorrowfull,
And gives the best instructions. —

2 Sold. And telis stories
Of honest and good people that were honour'd,
And how they were remembered : and runs mad
If he but hear of any ungratefull person,
A bloody, or betraying man —

3 Sold. If it be possible
That an Arch-Villain may ever be recovered,
This penitent Rascal will put hard : 'twere worth our labour
To see him once again.

Enter *Septinius*.

1 Sold. He spares us that labour,
For here he comes.

1 Sep. — Bless ye my honest friends,
Bless ye from base unworthy men ; come not near me,
For I am yet too taking for your company.

1 *Sold.* Did I not tell ye?

2 *Sold.* What book's that?

1 *Sold.* No doubt

Some excellent Salve for a sore heart: are you
Septimius, that base knave, that betray'd *Pompey*?

Sep. I was, and am; unless your honest thoughts
Will look upon my penitence, and save me,
I must be ever Villain: O good Souldiers
You that have *Roman* hearts, take heed of falsehood:
Take heed of blood; take heed of foul ingratitude.
The Gods have scarce a mercy for those mischiefes,
Take heed of pride, 'twas that that brought me to it.

2 *Sol.* This fellow would make a rare speech at the gal-

2 *Sol.* 'Tis very fit he were hang'd to edifie us: (lows.)

Sep. Let all your thoughts be humble, and obedient,
Love your Commanders, honour them that feed ye:
Pray, that ye may be strong in honesty
As in the use of arms; Labour, and diligently
To keep your hearts from ease, and her base issues,
Pride, and ambitious wantonness, those spoil'd me.
Rather lose all your limbs, than the least honesty,
You are never lame indeed, till loss of credit
Benumb ye through: Scars, and those mains of honour
Are memorable crutches, that shall bear
When you are dead, your noble names to Eternity.

1 *Sol.* I cry.

2 *Sol.* And so do I.

3 *Sol.* An excellent villain.

1 *Sol.* A more sweet pious knave I never heard yet.

2 *Sol.* He was happie he was Rascal, to come to this.

Enter Achoreus.

Who's this? a Priest?

Sep. O stay, most holy Sir!
And by the Gods of *Egypt*, I conjure ye,
(*Isis*, and great *Osiris*) pity me,
Pity a loaden man, and tell me truly
With what most humble Sacrifice I may
Wash off my sin, and appease the powers that hate me?
Take from my heart those thousand thousand furies,
That restless gnaw upon my life, and save me.
Orestes bloody hands fell on his Mother,
Yet, at the holy altar he was pardon'd.

Ach. *Orestes* out of madness did his murder,
And therefore he found grace: thou (worst of all men)
Out of cold blood, and hope of gain, base lucre,
Slew'st thine own Feeder: come not near the altar,
Nor with thy recking hands pollute the Sacrifice,
Thou art markt for shame eternal. [Exit.

Sep. Look all on me,
And let me be a story left to time
Of blood and Infamy, how base and ugly
Ingratitude appears, with all her profits,
How monstrous my hop'd grace; at Court? good souldiers
Let neither flattery, nor the witching sound
Of high and soft preferment, touch your goodness:
To be valiant, old, and honest, O what blessedness —

1 *Sold.* Dost thou want any thing?

Sep. Nothing but your prayers.

2 *Sol.* Be thus, and let the blind Priest do his worst,
We have gods as well as they, and they will hear us.

3 *Sol.* Come, cry no more: thou hast wept out twenty
Pompeys.

Enter *Pho*tinus, *Achilles*.

Pho. So penitent?

Achil. It seems so.

Pho. Yet for all this

We must employ him.

1 *Sol.* These are the arm'd Souldier leaders:
Away: and let's toth' Fort, we shall be snapt else. [Exit.

Pho. How now? why thus? what cause of this dejection?

Achil. Why dost thou weep?

Sep. Pray leave me, you have ruin'd me,
You have made me a famous Villain.

Pho. Does that touch thee?

Achil. He will be hard to win: he feels his lewdness.

Pho. He must be won, or we shall want our right hand.
This fellow dares, and knows, and must be heartned.
Art thou so poor to blench at what thou hast done?
Is Conscience a comrade for an old Soldier?

Achil. It is not that: it may be some disgrace
That he takes heavily; and would be cherish'd,
Septimius ever scorn'd to shew such weakness.

Sep. Let me alone; I am not for your purpose,
I am now a new man.

Pho. We have new affairs for thee,
Those that would raise thy head.

Sep. I would 'twere off,
And in your bellies for the love you bear me.
I'll be no more Knave: I have stings enough
Already in my breast.

Pho. Thou shalt be noble:
And who dares think then that thou art not honest?

Achil. Thou shalt command in Chief, all our strong
And if thou serv'st an use, must not all justify it? (Forces

Sep. I am Rogue enough.

Pho. Thou wilt be more, and baser:

A poor Rogue is all Rogues: open to all shames:
Nothing to shadow him: dost thou think crying
Can keep thee from the censure of the Multitude?
Or to be kneeling at the altar save thee?

'Tis poor and servile:

Wert thou thine own Sacrifice

'Twould seem so low, people would spit the fire out.

Achil. Keep thy self glorious still, though ne're so stain'd,
And that will lessen it, if not work it out.

To goe complaining thus, and thus repenting
Like a poor Girl that had betray'd her maidend-head —

Sep. I'll stop mine ears.

Achil. Will shew so in a Souldier,
So simply, and so ridiculously, so tamely —

Pho. If people would believe thee, 'twere some honesty,
And for thy penitence would not laugh at thee
(As sure they will) and beat thee for thy poverty:
If they would allow thy foolery, there were some hope.

Sep. My foolery?

Pho. Nay, more than that, thy misery,
Thy monstrous misery.

Achil. He begins to hearken:

Thy misery so great, men will not bury thee.

Sep. That this were true!

Pho. Why does this conquering *Cesar*

Labour through the worlds deep Seas of toyls and troubles,
Dangers, and desperate hopes? to repent afterwards?

Why does he slaughter thousands in a Battel,

And whip his Country with the sword? to cry for't?

Thou kill'd'st great *Pompey*; he'll kill all his kindred,

And justify it: nay raise up *Trophies* to it.

When thou hear'st him repent, (he's held most holy too)

And cry for doing daily bloody murders,

Take thou example, and go ask forgiveness,

Call up the thing thou nam'st thy conscience,

And let it work: then 'twill seem well *Septimius*.

Sep. He does all this.

Achil. Yes: and is honour'd for it;
Nay call'd the honour'd *Cesar*, so maist thou be:

Thou wert born as near a Crown as he.

Sep. He was poor.

Pho. And desperate bloody tricks got him this credit.

Sep. I am afraid you will once more —

Pho. Help to raise thee:

Off with thy pining black, it dulls a Souldier,

And put on resolution like a man,

A noble Fate waits on thee.

Sep. I now feel

My self-returning Rascal speedily.

O that I had the power —

Achil. Thou shalt have all:

And do all through thy power, men shall admire thee,
And the vices of *Septinius* shall turn vertues.

Sep. Off: off: thou must off: off my cowardize,
Puling repentance off.

Pho. Now thou speakst nobly.

Sep. Off my dejected looks: and welcom impudence:

My daring shall be Deity, to save me:

Give me instructions, and put action on me:

A glorious cause upon my swords point, Gentlemen,

And let my wit, and valour work: you will raise me,

And make me out-dare all my miseries?

Pho. All this, and all thy wishes.

Sep. Use me then,

Womanish fear farewell: I'll never melt more,

Lead on, to some great thing, to wake my spirit:

I cut the Cedar *Pompey*, and I'll fell

This huge Oak *Cesar* too.

Pho. Now thou singst sweetly:

And *Protomy* shall crown thee for thy service.

Achil. He's well wrought: put him on apace for cooling.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cesar, Antony, Dolabella.

Ant. THE tumult still encreases.

Cesar. O my fortune!

My lustfull folly rather! but 'tis well,

And worthily I am made a bondmans prey,

That after all my glorious victories,

In which I pass'd so many Seas of dangers,

When all the Elements conspir'd against me,

Would yield up the dominion of this head

To any mortal power: so blind and stupid,

To trust these base *Egyptians*, that proclaim'd

Their perjuries, in noble *Pompeys* death,

And yet that could not warn me.

Dol. Be still *Cesar*,

Who ever lov'd to exercise his fate,

Where danger look't most dreadful.

Ant. If you fall,

Fall not alone: let the King and his Sister

Be buried in your ruines: on my life

They both are guilty: reason may assure you

Photinus nor *Achillas* durst attempt you,

Or shake one Dart, or sword, aim'd at your safety,

Without their warrant.

Cesar. For the young King I know not

How he may be misled; but for his Sister

(Unequall'd *Cleopatra*) 'twere a kind

Of blasphemy to doubt her: ugly treason

Durst never dwell in such a glorious building,

Nor can so clear and great a spirit, as hers is,

Admit of falsehood.

Ant. Let us seize on him then:

And leave her to her fortune.

Dol. If he have power

Use it to your security, and let

His honesty acquit him: if he be false

It is too great an honour he should dye

By your victorious hand.

Cesar. He comes: and I

Shall do as I find cause.

Enter Protomy, Achoreus, Apollodorus.

Ptol. Let not great *Cesar*

Impute the breach of hospitality,

To you (my guest) to me; I am contemn'd,

And my rebellious subjects lift their hands

Against my head: and would they aim'd no farther,

Provided that I fell a sacrifice

To gain you safety: that this is not feign'd,

The boldness of my innocence may confirm you:

Had I been privy to their bloody plot,

I now had led them on, and given fair gloss

To their bad cause, by being present with them:

But I that yet taste of the punishment,

In being false to *Pompey*, will not make

A second fault to *Cesar* uncompe'l'd

With such as have not yet shook off obedience,

I yield my self to you, and will take part

In all your dangers.

Cesar. This pleads your excuse,

And I receive it.

Ach. If they have any touch

Of justice, or religion, I will use

The authority of our Gods, to call them back

From their bad purpose.

Apo. This part of the palace

Is yet defensible: we may make it good,

Till your powers rescue us.

Cesar. *Cesar* besieg'd?

O stain to my great actions: 'twas my custom,

An Army routed, as my feet had wings

To be first in the chase: nor walls, nor Bulworks

Could guard those that escap'd the Battels fury

From this strong Arm; and I to be enclos'd?

My heart! my heart! but 'tis necessity,

To which the Gods must yield, and I obey,

'Till I redeem it by some glorious way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENA II.

Enter Photinus, Achillas, Septinius, Souldiers.

Pho. There's no retiring now, we are broke in:

The deed past hope of pardon: if we prosper

'Twill be stil'd lawfull, and we shall give laws

To those that now command us: stop not at

Or loyalty, or duty: bold ambition,

To dare and power to do, gave the first difference

Between the King, and subject, *Cesars Motto*,

Aut Cesar aut Nihil, each of us must claim,

And use it as our own.

Achil. The deed is bloody

If we conclude in *Ptolomies* death.

Pho. The better,

The globe of Empire must be so manur'd.

Sep. *Rome*, that from *Romulus* first took her name,

Had her walls water'd with a Crimson showr

Drain'd from a Brothers heart: nor was she rais'd

To this prodigious height, that overlooks

Three full parts of the Earth, that pay her tribute,

But by enlarging of her marrow bounds

By the Sack of Neighbour Cities, not made hers

Till they were Cemented with the Blood of those

That did possess 'em: *Cesar*, *Ptolomy*,

(Now I am steel'd) to me are empty names

Esteem'd as *Pompeys* was.

Pho. Well said *Septinius*,

Thou now art right again.

Achil. But what course take we

For the Princess *Cleopatra*?

Pho. Let her live

A while to make us sport: she shall authorize

Our undertakings to the ignorant people,

As if what we do were by her command:

But our *triumvirat* Government once confirm'd,

She bears her Brother company that's my Province:

Leave me to work her.

Achil. I will undertake

For *Ptolomy*.

Sep. *Cesar* shall be my task,

And as in *Pompey* I began a name

I'll perfect it in *Cesar*.

Enter

Enter (above) Cæsar, Ptolomy, Achoreus,
Apollodorus, Antony, Dolabella.

Pho. 'Tis resolv'd then,
We'll force our passage.

Achil. See, they do appear
As they desir'd a Parley.

Pho. I am proud yet
I have brought 'em to capitulate.

Ptol. Now, Photinus?

Pho. Now, Ptolomy?

Ptol. No addition?

Pho. We are equal,
Though Cæsars name were put into the scale,
In which our worth is weigh'd.

Cæs. Presumptuous Villain,
Upon what grounds hast thou presum'd to raise
Thy servile hand against the King, or me,
That have a greater name?

Pho. On those, by which
Thou didst presume to pass the *Rubicon*
Against the Laws of *Rome*; and at the name
Of Traitor smile; as thou didst when *Marcellus*,
The Consul, with the *Senates* full consent
Pronounc'd thee for an Enemy to thy Country,
Yet thou wentst on, and thy rebellious Cause
Was crown'd with fair success: Why should we fear then?
Think on that, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. O the gods! be brav'd thus,
And be compell'd to bear this from a Slave
That would not brook Great *Pompey* his Superiour?

Achil. Thy glories now have toucht the highest point,
And must descend.

Pho. Despair, and think we stand
The Champions of *Rome*, to wreak her wrongs,
Upon whose liberty thou hast set thy foot.

Sept. And that the Ghosts of all those noble *Romans*
That by thy Sword fell in this Civil War
Expect revenge.

Ant. Dar'it thou speak, and remember
There was a *Pompey*?

Pho. There is no hope to 'scape us:
If that against the odds we have upon you
You dare come forth, and fight, receive the honour
To dye like *Romans*, if ye faint, resolve
To starve like Wretches; I disdain to change
Another syllable with you.

[Exeunt.]

Ant. Let us dye nobly;
And rather fall upon each others Sword
Than come into these Villains hands.

Cæs. That Fortune,
Which to this hour hath been a Friend to *Cæsar*,
Though for a while she cloath her Brow with frowns,
Will smile again upon me: who will pay her,
Or sacrifice, or Vows, if she forsake
Her best of works in me? or suffer him,
Whom with a strong hand she hath led triumphant
Through the whole western world, and *Rome* acknowledg'd
Her Sovereign Lord, to end in gloriously
A life admir'd by all? The threatned danger
Must by a way more horrid be avoided,
And I will run the hazard; Fire the Palace,
And the rich Magazines that neighbour it,
In which the Wealth of *Egypt* is contain'd:
Start not, it shall be so; that while the people
Labour in quenching the ensuing flames,
Like *Cæsar*, with this handful of my friends
Through Fire, and Swords I force a passage to
My conquering Legions. King, if thou dar'd follow
Where *Cæsar* leads, or live or dye a Free man;
If not, stay here a Bond-man to thy Slave,
And dead, be thought unworthy of a Grave.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Septimius.

Sept. I feel my resolution melts again
And that I am not Knave alone, but fool,
In all my purposes. The Devil, *Photinus*,
Employs me as a Property, and grown useles
Will shake me off again; he told me so
When I kill'd *Pompey*; nor can I hope better,
When *Cæsar* is dispatch'd; Services done
For such as only study their own ends,
Too great to be rewarded, are return'd
With deadly hate; I learn'd this Principle
In his own School, yet still he fools me, well;
And yet he trusts me: Since I in my nature
Was fashion'd to be false, wherefore should I
That kill'd my General, and a *Roman*, one
To whom I ow'd all nourishments of life,
Be true to an *Egyptian*? To save *Cæsar*,
And turn *Photinus*'s plots on his own head,
As it is in my power, redeem my credit,
And live to lye and swear again in fashion,
Oh, 'twere a master-piece? ha! — me *Cæsar*,
How's he got off!

Enter Cæsar, Ptolomy, Antony, Dolabella, Achoreus,
Apollodorus, Souldiers.

Cæs. The fire has took,
And shews the City like a second *Troy*,
The Navy too is scorch'd, the people greedy
To save their Wealth and Houses, whilst their Souldiers
Make spoil of all; only *Achillas*'s Troops
Make good their Guard, break through them, we are safe;
I'll lead you like a Thunder-bolt.

Sept. Stay, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Who's this? the Dog, *Septimius*?

Ant. Cut his throat.

Dol. You bark'd but now, fawn you so soon?

Sept. O hear me,
What I'll deliver is for *Cæsars* safety,
For all your good.

Ant. Good from a mouth like thine, (days?)
That never belch'd but blasphemy, and treason on Festival

Sept. I am an altered man, altered indeed,
And will give you cause to say I am a *Roman*.

Dol. Rogue, I grant thee.

Sept. Trust me, I'll make the passage smooth, and easie
For your escape.

Ant. I'll trust the Devil sooner,
And make a safer Bargain.

Sept. I am trusted

With all *Photinus*'s secrets.

Ant. There's no doubt then
Thou wilt be false.

Sept. Still to be true to you.

Dol. And very likely.

Cæs. Be brief, the means?

Sept. Thus, *Cæsar*,
To me alone, but bound by terrible oaths
Not to discover it, he hath reveal'd
A dismal Vault, whose dreadful mouth does open
A mile beyond the City: in this Cave
Lye but two hours conceal'd.

Ant. If you believe him,
He'll bury us alive.

Dol. I'll flye in the Air first,

Sept. Then in the dead of night I'll bring you back
Into a private room, where you shall find
Photinus, and *Achillas*, and the rest
Of their Commanders close at Council.

Cæs. Good, what follows?

Sept. Fall me fairly on their throats,
Their heads cut off and shorn, the multitude
Will easily disperse.

Cæs.

Ces. O Devil! away with him;
Nor true to Friend nor Enemy? *Cesar* scorns
To find his safety, or revenge his wrongs
So base a way; or owe the means of life
To such a leprous Traytor. I have tow'r'd
For Victory like a Faulcon in the Clouds,
Nor dig'd for't like a Mole; our Swords and Cause
Make way for us, and that it may appear
We took a noble Course, and hate base Treason,
Some Souldiers that would merit *Cesar's* favour,
Hang him on yonder Turret, and then follow
The lane this Sword makes for you.

Exit.

1 *Sold.* Here's a Belt,
Though I dye for it I'll use it.

2 *Sold.* 'Tis too good
To trufs a Cur in.

Sept. Save me, here's Gold.

1 *Sold.* If *Rome*
Were offer'd for thy ransom, it could not help thee.

2 *Sold.* Hang not an arse.

1 *Sold.* Goad him on with thy Sword;
Thou dost deserve a worser end, and may
All such conclude so, that their friends betray. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter (severally) *Arsino*, *Eros*, *Cleopatra*.

Ars. We are lost.

Eros. Undone.

Ars. Confusion, Fire, and Swords,
And fury in the Souldiers face more horrid
Circle us round.

Eros. The Kings Command they laugh at,
And jeer at *Cesars* threats.

Ars. My Brother seiz'd on
By the *Roman*, as thought guilty of the tumult,
And forc'd to bear him company, as mark'd out
For his protection or revenge.

Eros. They have broke
Into my Cabinet; my Trunks are ranfack'd.

Ars. I have lost my jewels too: but that's the least:
The barbarous Rascals, against all humanity,
Or sense of pity, have kill'd my little Dog,
And broke my Monkeys Chain.

Eros. They rifled me:
But that I could endure, would they proceed no further.

Ars. O my Sister!

Eros. My Queen, my Mistrefs!

Ars. Can you stand unmov'd
VVhen the Earth-quake of Rebellion shakes the City,
And the Court trembles?

Cleo. Yes, *Arsino*,
And with a Masculine Constancy deride
Fortunes worst malice, as a Servant to
My Vertues, not a Mistrefs; then we forsake
The strong Fort of our selves, when we once yield,
Or shrink at her assaults; I am still myself,
And though disrob'd of Sovereignty, and ravish'd
Of ceremonious duty, that attends it,
Nay, grant they had slav'd my Body, my free mind
Like to the Palm-tree walling fruitful *Nile*,
Shall grow up straighter and enlarge it self
'Spight of the envious weight that loads it with:
Think of thy Birth (*Arsino*) common burdens
Fit common Shoulders; teach the multitude
By suffering nobly what they fear to touch at;
The greatness of thy mind does soar a pitch,
Their dim eyes (darkened by their narrow souls)
Cannot arrive at.

Ars. I am new created,
And owe this second being to you (best Sister)
For now I feel you have infus'd into me
Part of your fortitude.

Eros. I still am fearful;
I dare not tell a lie; you that were born
Daughters and Sisters unto Kings, may nourish
Great thoughts, which I, that am your humble handmaid
Must not presume to rival.

Cleo. Yet (my *Eros*)
Though thou hast profited nothing by observing
The whole course of my life, learn in my death,
Though not to equal, yet to imitate
Thy fearless Mistrefs.

Enter *Photinus*.

Eros. O, a man in Arms!
His Weapon drawn too?

Cleo. Though upon the point
Death fate, I'll meet it, and outdare the danger.

Pho. Keep the Watch strong, and guard the passage sure
That leads unto the Sea.

Cleo. What Sea of rudeness
Breaks in upon us? or what Subjects Breath
Dare raise a storm, when we command a calm?
Are Duty and Obedience fled to Heaven?
And in their room ambition and pride

Sent into *Egypt*? That Face speaks thee, *Photinus*,
A thing thy Mother brought into the World;
My Brother's and my Slave: but thy behaviour,
Oppos'd to that, an insolent intruder
Upon that Sovereignty thou shouldst bow to.
If in the Gulph of basing ingratitude,

All loyalty to *Ptolomy* the King
Be swallowed up, remember who I am,
Whose Daughter and whose Sister; or suppose
That is forgot too, let the name of *Cesar*
Which Nations quake at, stop the desperate madness
From running headlong on to thy Confusion.

Throw from thee quickly those rebellious Arms,
And let me read submission in thine Eyes;
Thy wrongs to us we will not only pardon,
But be a ready advocate to plead for thee
To *Cesar*, and my Brother.

Pho. Plead my Pardon?
To you I bow, but scorn as much to stoop thus
To *Ptolomy* or *Cesar*, Nay, the gods,
As to put off the figure of a man,
And change my Essence with a sensual Beast;
All my designs, my counsels, and dark ends
Were aim'd to purchase you.

Cleo. How durst thou, being
The scorn of baseness, nourish such a thought?
Pho. They that have power are royal; and those base
That live at the devotion of another.
VVhat birth gave *Ptolomy*, or fortune *Cesar*,
By Engines fashion'd in this Protean Anvil
I have made mine; and only stoop at you,
Whom I would still preserve free to command me;
For *Cesar's* frowns, they are below my thoughts,
And but in these fair Eyes I still have read
The story of a supream Monarchy,
To which all hearts with mine gladly pay tribute,
Photinus's Name had long since been as great
As *Ptolomies* e'r was, or *Cesars* is,
This made me as a weaker tye to unloose
The knot of Loyalty, that chain'd my freedom,
And slight the fear that *Cesars* threats might cause,
That I and they might see no Sun appear
But *Cleopatra* in the *Egyptian* Sphere.

Cleo. O Giant-like Ambition! married to
Cymmerian darkness! inconsiderate Fool,
(Though flatter'd with self love) couldst thou believe,
Were all Crowns on the Earth made into one,
And that (by Kings) set on thy head; all Scepters,
Within thy grasp, and laid down at my feet,
I would vouchsafe a kiss to a no-man?
A gelded Eunuch?

Pho.

Pho. Fairest, that makes for me,
And shews it is no sensual appetite,
But true love to the greatness of thy Spirit,
That when that you are mine shall yield me pleasures,
Hymen, though blessing a new married Pair
Shall blush to think on, and our certain issue,
The glorious splendor of dread Majesty,
Whole beams shall dazel *Rome*, and aw the world,
My wants in that kind others shall supply,
And I give way to it.

Cleo. Baser than thy Birth;
Can there be gods, and hear this, and no thunder
Ram thee into the Earth?

Pho. They are asleep,
And cannot hear thee;
Or with open Eyes,
Did *Jove* look on us, I would laugh and swear
That his artillery is cloy'd by me:
Or if that they have power to hurt, his Bolts
Are in my hand.

Cleo. Most impious!

Pho. They are dreams,
Religious Fools shake at: yet to assure thee,
If *Nemesis*, that scourges pride and scorn,
Be any thing but a name, she lives in me;
For by my self (an oath to me more dreadful
Than *Stix* is to your gods) weak *Ptolomy* dead,
And *Cæsar* (both being in my toil) remov'd,
The poorest Rascals that are in my Camp
Shall in my presence quench their lustful heat
In thee, and young *Arsino*, while I laugh
To hear you howl in vain:

I deride those gods,
That you think can protect you.

Cleo. To prevent thee,
In that I am the Mistress of my Fate;
So hope I of my sister to confirm it.
I spit at thee, and scorn thee.

Pho. I will tame
That haughty courage, and make thee stoop too.

Cleo. Never,
I was born to command, and will dye so.

Enter Achilles, and Souldiers, with the Body of Ptolomy.

Pho. The King dead? this is a fair entrance to
Our future happiness.

Ars. Oh my dear Brother!

Cleo. Weep not, *Arsino*, common women do so,
Nor lose a tear for him, it cannot help him;
But study to dye nobly.

Pho. *Cæsar* fled!
'Tis deadly aconite to my cold heart,
It choaks my vital Spirits: where was your care?
Did the Guards sleep?

Achil. Herowz'd them with his Sword;
We talk of *Mars*, but I am sure his Courage
Admits of no comparison but it self,
And (as inspir'd by him) his following friends
With such a confidence as young Eagles prey
Under the large wing of their fiercer Dam,
Brake through our Troops and scatter'd them, he went on
But still pursu'd by us, when on the sudden,
He turn'd his head, and from his Eyes flew terrour;
Which strook in us no less fear and amazement,
Than if we had encounter'd with the lightning
Hurl'd from *Jove's* cloudy Brow.

Cleo. 'Twas like my *Cæsar*

Achil. We faln back, he made on, and as our fear
Had parted from us with his dreadful looks,
Again we follow'd, but got near the Sea;
On which his Navy anchor'd; in one hand
Holding a Scroll he had above the waves,
And in the other grasping fast his Sword,
As it had been a Trident forg'd by *Vulcan*

To calm the raging Ocean, he made away
As if he had been *Neptune*, his friends like
So many *Tritons* follow'd, their bold shouts
Yielding a chearful musick; we showr'd darts
Upon them, but in vain, they reach'd their ships
And in their safety we are sunk; for *Cæsar*
Prepares for War.

Pho. How fell the King?

Achil. Unable

To follow *Cæsar*, he was trod to death
By the Pursuers, and with him the Priest
Of *Isis*, good *Achorus*.

Ars. May the Earth
Lye gently on their ashes.

Pho. I feel now,

That there are powers above us; and that 'tis not
Within the searching policies of man
To alter their decrees.

Cleo. I laugh at thee;
Where are thy threats now, Fool, thy scoffs and scorns
Against the gods? I see calamity
Is the best Mistress of Religion,
And can convert an Atheist. [Shout within.]

Pho. O they come,
Mountains fall on me! O for him to dye
That plac'd his Heaven on Earth, is an assurance
Of his descent to Hell; where shall I hide me?
The greatest daring to a man dishonest,
Is but a Bastard Courage, ever fainting. [Exit.]

Enter Cæsar, Sceva, Antony, Dolabella.

Cæs. Look on your *Cæsar*; banish fear, my fairest,
You now are safe.

Sce. By *Venus*, not a kiss
Till our work be done; the Traitors once dispatch'd
To it, and we'll cry aim.

Cæs. I will be speedy. [Exeunt.]

Cleo. Farewel again, *Arsino*; how now, *Eros*?
Ever faint-hearted?

Eros. But that I am assur'd,
Your Excellency can command the General,
I fear the Souldiers, for they look as if
They would be nibling too.

Cleo. He is all honour,
Nor do I now repent me of my favours,
Nor can I think that Nature e'r made a Woman
That in her prime deseru'd him.

Enter Cæsar, Sceva, Antonie, Dolabella, Souldiers, with the Heads.

Ars. He's come back,
Pursue no further; curb the Souldiers fury.

Cæs. See (beauteous Mistris) their accursed heads
That did conspire against us.

Sce. Furies plague 'em,
They had too fair an end to dye like Souldiers,
Pompey fell by the Sword, the Cross or Halter
Should have dispatch'd them.

Cæs. All is but death, good *Sceva*,
Be therefore satisfied: and now my dearest,
Look upon *Cæsar*, as he still appear'd
A Conquerour, and this unfortunate King
Entomb'd with honour, we'll to *Rome*, where *Cæsar*
Will shew he can give Kingdoms; for the Senate,
(Thy Brother dead) shall willingly decree
The Crown of *Egypt* (that was his) to thee. [Exeunt omnes.]

Prologue.

Prologue.

NEW Titles warrant not a Play for new,
 The Subject being old; and 'tis as true,
 Fresh and neat matter may with ease be fram'd
 Out of their Stories, that have oft been nam'd
 With glory on the Stage; what borrows he
 From him that wrote old Priam's Tragedy,
 That writes his love to Hecuba? Sure to tell
 Of Cæsars amorous heats, and how he felt
 In the Capitol, can never be the same
 To the Judicious; Nor will such blame
 Those who pen'd this, for Barr'ennes when they find
 Young Cleopatra here, and her great Mind
 Express'd to the height, with us a Maid, and free,
 And how he rated her Virginitie.
 We treat not of what boldness she did dye,
 Nor of her fatal Love to Antony.
 What we present and offer to your view,
 Upon their faiths the Stage yet never knew.
 Let Reason then first to your Wills give laws,
 And after judge of them and of their cause.

Epilogue.

I Now should wish another had my place,
 But that I hope to come off, and with Grace;
 And but express some sign that you are pleas'd,
 We of our doubts, they of their fears are eas'd.
 I would beg further (Gentlemen) and much say
 In favour of our selves, them, and the Play;
 Did I not rest assur'd, the most I see
 Hate Impudence, and cherish Modestie.

X x

THE

D

THE
 Little French Lawyer.
 A
 COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Dinant, a Gentleman that formerly loved, and still pretended to love Lamira.

Cleremont, a merry Gentleman, his Friend.

Champernell, a lame old Gentleman, Husband to Lamira.

Vertaign, a Noble-man, and a Judge.

Beaupre, Son to Vertaign.

Verdone, Nephew to Champernell.

Monsieur La Writt, a wrangling Advocate, or the Little Lawyer.

Sampson, a foolish Advocate, Kinsman to Vertaign. Provost.

Gentlemen.

Clients.

Servants.

W O M E N.

Lamira, Wife to Champernell, and Daughter to Vertaign.

Anabell, Niece to Champernell.

Old Lady, Nurse to Lamira.

Charlotte, Waiting Gentlewoman to Lamira.

The Scene France.

The principal Actors were,

Joseph Taylor.

John Lowin.

John Underwood.

Robert Benfield.

Nicholas Toolie.

William Egleston.

Richard Sharpe.

Thomas Holcomb.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Dinant, and Cleremont.

Din. **D**iffwade me not.
 Cler. It will breed a brawl.
 Din. I care not, I wear a Sword.
 Cler. And wear discretion with it,
 Or cast it off, let that direct your arm,
 'Tis madness else, not valour, and more base
 Than to receive a wrong.
 Din. Why would you have me
 Sit down with a disgrace, and thank the doer?

We are not Stoicks, and that passive courage
 Is only now commendable in Lackies,
 Peasants, and Tradesmen, not in men of rank
 And qualitie, as I am.

Cler. Do not cherish
 That daring vice, for which the whole age suffers.
 The blood of our bold youth, that heretofore
 Was spent in honourable action,
 Or to defend, or to enlarge the Kingdom,
 For the honour of our Country, and our Prince,
 Pours it self out with prodigal expence

Upon our Mothers lap, the Earth that bred us
For every trifle; and these private Duells,
Which had their first original from the *French*
(And for which, to this day, we are justly censured)
Are banisht from all civil Governments:
Scarce three in *Venice*, in as many years;
In *Florence*, they are rarer, and in all
The fair Dominions of the *Spanish* King,
They are never heard of: Nay, those neighbour Countries,
Which gladly imitate our other follies,
And come at a dear rate to buy them of us,
Begin now to detest them.

Din. Will you end yet ———

Cler. And I have heard that some of our late Kings,
For the lie, wearing of a Mistress favour,
A cheat at Cards or Dice, and such like causes,
Have lost as many gallant Gentlemen,
As might have met the great *Turk* in the field
With confidence of a glorious Victorie,
And shall we then ———

Din. No more, for shame no more,
Are you become a Patron too? 'tis a new one,
No more on't, burn't, give it to some Orator,
To help him to enlarge his exercise,
With such a one it might do well, and profit
The Curat of the Parish, but for *Cleremont*,
The bold, and undertaking *Cleremont*,
To talk thus to his friend, his friend that knows him,
Dinant that knows his *Cleremont*, is absurd,
And meer Apocrypha.

Cler. Why, what know you of me?

Din. Why if thou hast forgot thy self, I'll tell thee,
And not look back, to speak of what thou wert
At fifteen, for at those years I have heard
Thou wast flesh'd, and enter'd bravely.

Cler. Well Sir, well.

Din. But yesterday, thou wast the common second,
Of all that only knew thee, thou hadst bills
Set up on every post, to give thee notice
Where any difference was, and who were parties;
And as to save the charges of the Law
Poor men seek arbitrators, thou wert chosen
By such as knew thee not, to compound quarrels:
But thou wert so delighted with the sport,
That if there were no just cause, thou wouldst make one,
Or be engag'd thy self: This goodly calling
Thou hast followed five and twenty years, and studied
The Criticisms of contentions, and art thou
In so few hours transform'd? certain this night
Thou hast had strange dreams, or rather visions.

Cler. Yes, Sir,
I have seen fools, and fighters, chain'd together,
And the Fighters had the upper hand, and whipt first,
The poor Sots laughing at 'em. What I have been
It skills not, what I will be is resolv'd on.

Din. Why then you'll fight no more?

Cler. Such is my purpose.

Din. On no occasion?

Cler. There you stagger me.

Some kind of wrongs there are which flesh and blood
Cannot endure.

Din. Thou wouldst not willingly
Live a protested coward, or be call'd one?

Cler. Words are but words.

Din. Nor wouldst thou take a blow? (enemy

Cler. Not from my friend, though drunk, and from an
I think much less.

Din. There's some hope of thee left then,
Wouldst thou hear me behind my back disgrac'd?

Cler. Do you think I am a rogue? they that should do it
Had better been born dumb.

Din. Or in thy presence
See me o'recharg'd with odds?

Cler. I'd fall my self first.

Din. Would'st thou endure thy Mistress be taken from thee,
And thou sit quiet?

Cler. There you touch my honour,
No French-man can endure that.

Din. Pl ——— upon thee,
Why dost thou talk of Peace then? that dar'st suffer
Nothing, or in thy self, or in thy friend
That is unmanly?

Cler. That I grant, I cannot:
But I'll not quarrel with this Gentleman
For wearing stammel Breeches, or this Gamester
For playing a thousand pounds, that owes me nothing;
For this mans taking up a common Wench
In raggs, and lowfie, then maintaining her
Caroach'd in cloth of Tissue, nor five hundred
Of such like toys, that at no part concern me;
Marry, where my honour, or my friend is questioned,
I have a Sword, and I think I may use it
To the cutting of a Rascals throat, or so,
Like a good Christian.

Din. Thou art of a fine Religion,
And rather than we'll make a Schism in friendship
I will be of it: But to be serious,
Thou art acquainted with my tedious love-suit
To fair *Lamira*?

Cler. Too well Sir, and remember
Your presents, courtship, that's too good a name,
Your slave-like services, your morning musique;
Your walking three hours in the rain at midnight,
To see her at her window, sometimes laugh'd at,
Sometimes admitted, and vouchsaf'd to kiss
Her glove, her skirt, nay, I have heard, her slippers,
How then you triumph'd?
Here was love forsooth.

Din. These follies I deny not,
Such a contemptible thing my dotage made me,
But my reward for this ———

Cler. As you deserv'd,
For he that makes a goddess of a Puppet,
Merits no other recompence.

Din. This day friend,
For thou art so ———

Cler. I am no flatterer.

Din. This proud, ingratefull she, is married to
Lame *Champernel*.

Cler. I know him, he has been
As tall a Sea-man, and has thriv'd as well by't,
The loss of a legg and an arm deducted, as any
That ever put from *Marseilles*: you are tame,
Pl ——— on't, it mads me; if it were my case,
I should kill all the family.

Din. Yet but now
You did preach patience.

Cler. I then came from confession,
And 'twas enjoyn'd me three hours for a penance,
To be a peaceable man, and to talk like one,
But now, all else being pardon'd, I begin
On a new Tally, Foot do any thing,
I'll second you.

Din. I would not willingly
Make red, my yet white conscience, yet I purpose
In the open street, as they come from the Temple,
(For this way they must pass,) to speak my wrongs,
And do it boldly. [Musick playes.

Cler. Were thy tongue a Cannon,
I would stand by thee, boy, they come, upon 'em.

Din. Observe a little first.

Cler. This is fine fiddling.

Enter Vertaign, Champernel, Lamira, Nurse, Beaupre, Verdone. *An Epithalamium.*

SONG at the Wedding.

*C*ome away, bring on the Bride
And place her by her Lovers side:
You fair troop of Maids attend her,
Pure and holy thoughts befriend her.
Blush, and wish, you Virgins all,
Many such fair nights may fall.

Chorus.

*Hymen, fill the house with joy,
All thy sacred fires employ:
Bless the Bed with holy love,
Now fair orb of Beauty move.*

Din. Stand by, for I'll be heard.

Verta. This is strange rudeness.

Din. 'Tis courtship, ballanced with injuries,
You all look pale with guilt, but I will dy
Your cheeks with blushes, if in your fear'd veins
There yet remain so much of honest blood
To make the colour; first to ye my Lord,
The Father of this Bride, whom you have sent
Alive into her grave.

Champ. How? to her grave?

Dina. Be patient Sir, I'll speak of you anon
You that allow'd me liberal access,
To make my way with service, and approv'd of
My birth, my person, years, and no base fortune:
You that are rich, and but in this held wife too,
That as a Father should have look'd upon
Your Daughter in a husband, and aim'd more
At what her youth, and heat of blood requir'd
In lawfull pleasures, than the parting from
Your Crowns to pay her dowr: you that already
Have one foot in the grave, yet study profit,
As if you were assur'd to live here ever;
What poor end had you, in this choice? in what
Deserve I your contempt? my house, and honours
At all parts equal yours, my fame as fair,
And not to praise my self, the City ranks me
In the first file of her most hopefull Gentry:
But *Champernel* is rich, and needs a nurse,
And not your gold: and add to that, he's old too,
His whole estate in likelihood to descend
Upon your Family; Here was providence,
I grant, but in a Nobleman base thrift:
No Merchants, nay, no Pirates, fell for Bondmen
Their Country-men, but you, a Gentleman,
To save a little gold, have sold your Daughter
To worse than slavery.

Cler. This was spoke home indeed.

Beau. Sir, I shall take some other time to tell you,
That this harsh language was delivered to
An old man, but my Father.

Din. At your pleasure.

Cler. Proceed in your design, let me alone,
To answer him, or any man.

Verd. You presume

Too much upon your name, but may be couzen'd.

Din. But for you, most unmindfull of my service,
For now I may upbraid you, and with honour,
Since all is lost, and yet I am a gainer,
In being deliver'd from a torment in you,
For such you must have been, you to whom nature
Gave with a liberal hand most excellent form,
Your education, language, and discourse,
And judgement to distinguish, when you shall
With feeling sorrow understand how wretched

And miserable you have made your self,
And but your self have nothing to accuse,
Can you with hope from any beg compassion?
But you will say, you serv'd your Fathers pleasure,
Forgetting that unjust commands of Parents
Are not to be obey'd, or that you are rich,
And that to wealth all pleasure else are servants,
Yet but consider, how this wealth was purchas'd,
'Twill trouble the possession.

Champ. You Sir know
I got it, and with honour.

Din. But from whom?

Remember that, and how: you'll come indeed
To houses bravely furnish'd, but demanding
Where it was bought, this Souldier will not lie,
But answer truly, this rich cloth of Arras
I made my prize in such a Ship, this Plate
Was my share in another; these fair Jewels,
Coming a shore, I got in such a Village,
The Maid, or Matron kill'd, from whom they were ravish'd,
The Wines you drink are guilty too, for this,
This *Candie* Wine, three Merchants were undone,
These Suckets break as many more: in brief,
All you shall wear, or touch, or see, is purchas'd
By lawless force, and you but revel in
The tears, and groans of such as were the owners.

Champ. 'Tis false, most basely false.

Verta. Let losers talk.

Din. Lastly, those joyes, those best of joyes, which *Hy-*
Freely bestows on such, that come to tye
The sacred knot he blesses, won unto it
By equal love, and mutual affection,
Not blindly led with the desire of riches,
Most miserable you shall never taste of.
This Marriage night you'll meet a Widows bed,
Or failing of those pleasures all Brides look for,
Sin in your wish it were so.

Champ. Thou art a Villain,
A base, malicious slanderer.

Cler. Strike him.

Din. No, he is not worth a blow.

Champ. O that I had thee
In some close vault, that only would yield room
To me to use my Sword, to thee no hope
To run away, I would make thee on thy knees,
Bite out the tongue that wrong'd me.

Verta. Pray you have patience.

Lamira. This day I am to be your Sovereign,
Let me command you.

Champ. I am lost with rage,
And know not what I am my self, nor you:
Away, dare such as you, that love the smoke
Of peace more than the fire of glorious War,
And like unprofitable drones, feed on
Your grandfires labours, that, as I am now,
Were gathering Bees, and fill'd their Hive, this Country
With brave triumphant spoils, censure our actions?
You object my prizes to me, had you seen
The horrour of a Sea-fight, with what danger
I made them mine; the fire I fearless fought in,
And quenched it in mine enemies blood, which straight
Like oyle pour'd out on't, made it burn anew;
My Deck blown up, with noise enough to mock
The lowdest thunder, and the desperate fools
That boarded me, sent, to desie the tempests
That were against me, to the angrie Sea,
Frighted with men thrown o're; no victory,
But in despite of the four Elements,
The Fire, the Air, the Sea, and sands hid in it
To be achiev'd, you would confesse poor men,
(Though hopeless, such an honourable way
To get or wealth, or honour) in your selves
He that through all these dreadfull passages
Pursued and overtook them, unaffrighted,

Deserves reward, and not to have it stil'd
By the base name of theft.

Din. This is the Courtship,
That you must look for, Madam.

Cler. 'Twill do well,
When nothing can be done, to spend the night with:
Your tongue is sound good Lord, and I could wish
For this young Ladies sake this leg, this arm,
And there is something else, I will not name,
(Though 'tis the only thing that must content her)
Had the same vigour.

Champ. You shall buy these scoffs
With your best blood : help me once noble anger,
(Nay stir not, I alone must right my self)
And with one leg transport me, to correct
These scandalous praters : O that noble wounds
Should hinder just revenge ? D'ye jear me too ?
I got these, not as you do, your diseases
In Brothels, or with riotous abuse
Of wine in Taverns ; I have one leg shot,
One arm disabled, and am honour'd more,
By losing them, as I did, in the face
Of a brave enemy, than if they were
As when I put to Sea ; you are *French-men* only,
In that you have been laied, and cur'd, goe to :
You mock my leg, but every bone about you,
Makes you good Almanack-makers, to foretell
What weather we shall have.

Din. Put up your Sword,

Cler. Or turn it to a Crutch, there't may be usefull,
And live on the relation to your Wife
Of what a brave man you were once.

Din. And tell her,
What a fine vertue 'tis in a young Lady
To give an old man pap.

Cler. Or hire a Surgeon
To teach her to roul up your broken limbs.

Din. To make a Pulstefs, and endure the scent
Of oils, and nasty Plasters.

Verta. Fie Sir, fie,
You that have stood all dangers of all kinds, to
Yield to a Rivalls scoffe ?

Lamira. Shed tears upon
Your Wedding day ? this is unmanly Gentlemen.

Champ. They are tears of anger : O that I should live
To play the woman thus ! All powerfull heaven,
Restore me, but one hour, that strength again,
That I had once, to chastise in these men
Their folies, and ill manners, and that done,
When you please, P'le yield up the fort of life,
And do it gladly.

Cler. We ha' the better of him,
We ha' made him cry.

Verdo. You shall have satisfaction.
And I will do it nobly, or disclaim me.

Beaup. I say no more, you have a Brother, Sister,
This is your wedding day, we are in the street,
And howsoever they forget their honour,
'Tis fit I lose not mine, by their example.

Vert. If there be Laws in *Paris*, look to answer
This insolent affront.

Cler. You that live by them,
Study 'em for heavens sake ; for my part I know not
Nor care not what they are. Is their ought else
That you would say ?

Din. Nothing, I have my ends.

Lamira weeps, I have said too much I fear ;
So dearly once I lov'd her, that I cannot
Endure to see her tears. [*Exeunt Dinant, and Cleremont.*

Champ. See you perform it,
And do it like my Nephew. *Verdo.* If I fail in't
Ne'r know me more, Cousin *Beaupre.*

Champ. Repent not
What thou hast done, my life, thou shalt not find

I am decrepit ; in my love and service,
I will be young, and constant, and believe me,
For thou shalt find it true, in scorn of all
The scandals these rude men have thrown upon me
I'll meet thy pleasures with a young mans ardour ;
And in all circumstances of a Husband,
Perform my part.

Lamira. Good Sir, I am your servant,
And 'tis too late now, if I did repent,
(Which as I am a virgin yet, I do not)
To undoe the knot, that by the Church is tyed.
Only I would beseech ye, as you have
A good opinion of me, and my vertues,
For so you have pleas'd to stile my innocent weakness,
That what hath pass'd between *Dinant* and me,
Or what now in your hearing he hath spoken,
Beget not doubts, or fears.

Champ. I apprehend you,
You think I will be jealous ; as I live
Thou art mistaken sweet ; and to confirm it
Discourse with whom thou wilt, ride where thou wilt,
Feast whom thou wilt, as often as thou wilt,
For I will have no other guards upon thee
Than thine own thoughts.

Lamira. I'll use this liberty
With moderation Sir.

Beaup. I am resolv'd.
Steal off, I'll follow you.

Champ. Come Sir, you droop ;
Till you find cause, which I shall never give ;
Dislike not of your Son in Law.

Verta. Sir, you teach me
The language I should use ; I am most happy
In being so near you. [*Exeunt Verdane, and Beaupre.*

Lamira. O my fears ! good nurse
Follow my Brother unobserv'd, and learn
Which way he takes.

Nurse. I will be carefull Madam. [*Exit Nurse.*

Champ. Between us complements are superfluous,
On Gentlemen, th' affront we have met here
We'll think upon hereafter, 'twere unfit
To cherish any thought to breed unrest,
Or to our selves, or to our Nuptial feast. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dinant, and Cleremont.

Cler. We shall have sport, ne'r fear't.

Din. What sport I prethee ?

Cler. Why we must fight, I know it, and I long for't,
It was apparent in the fiery eye
Of young *Verdone*, *Beaupre* look'd pale and shook too,
Familiar signs of anger. They are both brave fellows
Tri'd and approv'd, and I am proud to encounter
With men, from whom no honour can be lost ;
They will play up to a man, and set him off.
When e're I go to the field, heaven keep me from
The meeting of an unlesh'd youth or, Coward,
The first, to get a name, comes on too hot,
The Coward is so swift in giving ground,
There is no overtaking him without
A hunting Nag, well breath'd too.

Din. All this while,
You ne'r think on the danger.

Cler. Why 'tis no more
Than meeting of a dozen friends at Supper,
And drinking hard ; mischief comes there unlook'd for,
I am sure as suddain, and strikes home as often,
For this we are prepar'd.

Din. *Lamira* Loves
Her Brother *Beaupre* dearly.

Cler. What of that ?

Din. And should he call me to account for what
But now I spake, nor can I with mine honour
Recant my words, that little hope is left me,
E're to enjoy what (next to Heaven) I long for,

Is taken from me.

Cler. Why what can you hope for,
She being now married?

Din. Oh my *Cleremont*,
To you all secrets of my heart I've open,
And I rest most secure that whatsoever
I lock up there, is as a private thought,
And will no farther wrong me. I am a *French-man*,
And for the greater part we are born Courtiers,
She is a woman, and however yet
No heat of service had the power to melt
Her frozen Chastity, time and opportunitie
May work her to my ends, I confess ill ones,
And yet I must pursue 'em: now her marriage,
In probability, will no way hurt,
But rather help me.

Cler. Sits the wind there? pray you tell me
How far off dwells your love from lust?

Din. Too near,
But prethee chide me not.

Cler. Not I, goe on boy,
I have faults my self, and will not reprehend
A crime I am not free from: for her Marriage,
I do esteem it (and most batchellors are
Of my opinion) as a fair protection,
To play the wanton without loss of honour.

Din. Would she make use of't so, I were most happy.

Cler. No more of this. Judge now,
Whether I have the gift of propheticie.

Enter Beaupre, and Verdone.

Beaup. Monsieur *Dinant*,
I am glad to find you, Sir.

Din. I am at your service.

Verd. Good Monsieur *Cleremont*, I have long wish'd
To be known better to you.

Cler. My desires
Embrace your wishes Sir.

Beaup. Sir, I have ever
Esteem'd you truly noble, and profess
I should have been most proud, to have had the honour
To call you Brother, but my Fathers pleasure
Denied that happiness. I know no man lives,
That can command his passions, and therefore
Dare not condemn the late intemperate language
You were pleas'd to use to my Father and my Sister,
He's old and she a woman, I most sorrie
My honour does compel me to entreat you,
To do me the favour, with your sword to meet me
A mile without the Citie.

Din. You much honour me
In the demand, I'll gladly wait upon you.

Beaup. O Sir you teach me what to say: the time?

Din. With the next Sun, if you think fit.

Beaup. The place?

Din. Near to the vineyard eastward from the Citie.

Beaup. I like it well, this Gentleman if you please
Will keep me company.

Cler. That is agreed on;
And in my friends behalf I will attend him.

Verd. You shall not miss my service.

Beaup. Good day Gentlemen. [*Ex.* *Beaup.* and *Verd.*]

Din. At your Commandment.

Cler. Proud to be your servants.

I think there is no Nation under Heaven
That cut their enemies throats with complement,
And such fine tricks as we do: If you have
Any few Prayers to say, this night you may
Call 'em to mind and use 'em, for my self,
As I have little to lose, my care is less,
So till to morrow morning I bequeath you
To your devotions; and those paid, but use
That noble courage I have seen, and we
Shall fight, as in a Castle.

Din. Thou art all honour,
Thy resolution would steel a Coward,
And I most fortunate in such a Friend;
All tenderness and nice respect of woman
Be now far from me, reputation take
A full possession of my heart, and prove
Honour the first place holds, the second Love. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lamira, Charlotte.

Lami. Sleeps my Lord still, *Charlotte*?

Char. Not to be wak'd.

By your Ladiships cheerfull looks I well perceive
That this night the good Lord hath been
At an unusual service, and no wonder
If he rest after it. *Lamira.* You are very bold.

Char. Your Creature Madam, and when you are pleas'd
Sadness to me's a stranger, your good pardon
If I speak like a fool, I could have wish't
To have ta'ne your place to night, had bold *Dinant*
Your first and most obsequious servant tasted
Those delicacies, which by his lethargie
As it appears, have cloy'd my Lord.

Lamira. No more.

Charl. I am silenc'd, Madam.

Lamira. Saw you my nurse this morning?

Charl. No, Madam.

Lamira. I am full of fears.

Knock within.

Who's that?

Charl. She you enquir'd for.

Lamira. Bring her in, and leave me. [*Exit* *Charlotte.*]
Now nurse what news?

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O Ladie dreadfull ones.
They are to fight this morning, there's no remedie.
I saw my Lord your Brother, and *Verdone*
Take horse as I came by.

Lamira. Where's *Cleremont*?

Nurse. I met him too, and mounted.

Lamira. Where's *Dinant*?

(trick,

Nurse. There's all the hope, I have staid him with a
If I have done well so.

Lamira. What trick?

Nurse. I told him,

Your Ladiship laid your command upon him,
To attend you presently, and to confirm it,
Gave him the ring he oft hath seen you wear,
That you bestowed on me: he waits without
Disguis'd, and if you have that power in him,
As I presume you have, it is in you
To stay or alter him.

Lamira. Have you learnt the place,
Where they are to encounter?

Nurse. Yes 'tis where

The Duke of *Burgundie* met *Lewis* th' eleventh.

Lamir. Enough, I will reward thee liberally, [*Exit* *Nurse.*]

Goe bring him in: full dear I loved *Dinant*,
While it was lawfull, but those fires are quench'd,
I being now anothers, truth forgive me
And let dissimulation be no crime,
Though most unwillingly I put it on
To guard a Brothers safetie.

Enter *Dinant.*

Din. Now your pleasure,
Though ill you have deserv'd it, you perceive
I am still your fool, and cannot but obey
What ever you command.

Lamira. You speak, as if
You did repent it, and 'tis not worth my thanks then,
But there has been a time, in which you would
Receive this as a favour.

Din. Hope was left then
Of recompence.

Lamira.

Lamira. Why I am still *Lamira*,
And you *Dinant*, and 'tis yet in my power,
I dare not say I'll put it into act,
To reward your love and service.

Din. There's some comfort.

Lami. But think not that so low I prize my fame,
To give it up to any man that refuses
To buy it, or with danger of performance
Of what I shall enjoin him.

Din. Name that danger
Be it of what horrid shape soever Ladie
Which I will shrink at; only at this instant
Be speedie in't.

Lamira. I'll put you to the trial:
You shall not fight to day, do you start at that?
Not with my Brother, I have heard your difference,
Mine is no *Helens* beauty to be purchas'd
With blood, and so defended; if you look for
Favours from me, deserve them with obedience,
There's no way else to gain 'em.

Din. You command
What with mine honour I cannot obey
Which lies at pawn against it, and a friend
Equally dear as that, or life, engag'd,
Not for himself, but me.

Lamira. Why, foolish man,
Dare you sollicit me to serve your lust,
In which not only I abuse my Lord,
My Father, and my family, but write whore,
Though not upon my forehead, in my conscience,
To be read hourly, and yet name your honour?
Yours suffers but in circumstance; mine in substance.
If you obey me, you part with some credit,
From whom? the giddy multitude; but mankind
Will censure me, and justly.

Din. I will lose,
What most I do desire, rather than hazard
So dear a friend, or write my self a coward,
'Tis better be no man.

Lamira. This will not do;
Why, I desire not, you should be a coward,
Nor do I weigh my Brothers life with yours,
Meet him, fight with him, do, and kill him fairly,
Let me not suffer for you, I am careles.

Din. Suffer for me?

Lamira. For you, my kindness to you
Already brands me with a strumpets name.

Din. O that I knew the wretch!

Lamira. I will not name him,
Nor give you any Character to know him;
But if you dare, and instantly ride forth
At the west port of the City, and defend there
My reputation, against all you meet,
For two hours only, I'll not swear *Dinant*,
To fatisfie, (though sure I think I shall)
What ever you desire, if you denie this,
Be desperate, for willingly, by this light,
I'll never see thee more.

Din. Two hours, do you say?

Lamira. Only two hours.

Din. I were no Gentleman,
Should I make scruple of it; this favour arms me,
And boldly I'll perform it.

Lamira. I am glad on't.

This will prevent their meeting yet, and keep
My Brother safe, which was the mark I shot at.

[Exit.

[Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleremont, as in the field.

Cler. I Am first i'th' field, that honour's gain'd of our side,
Pray Heaven I may get off as honourable,
The hour is past, I wonder *Dinant* comes not,
This is the place, I cannot see him yet;
It is his quarrel too that brought me hither,
And I ne'r knew him yet, but to his honour
A firm and worthy Friend, yet I see nothing,
Nor Horse nor man; 'twould vex me to be left here,
To th' mercy of two swords, and two approv'd ones.
I never knew him last.

Enter Beaupre, and Verdone.

Beaup. You are well met *Cleremont*.

(Sir.

Verdo. You are a fair Gentleman, and love your friend
What are you ready? the time has overta'ne us.

Beaup. And this you know the place.

Cler. No *Dinant* yet?

Beaup. We come not now to argue, but to do;
We wait you Sir.

Cler. There's no time past yet Gentlemen,
We have day enough: is't possible he comes not?
You see I am ready here, and do but stay
Till my Friend come, walk but a turn or two,
'Twill not be long.

Verd. We came to fight.

Cler. Ye shall fight Gentlemen,
And fight enough, but a short turn or two,
I think I see him, set up your watch, we'll fight by it.

Beaup. That is not he; we will not be deluded.

Cler. Am I hob'd thus? pray take a pipe of tobacco,
Or sing but some new air; by that time, Gentlemen——

Verd. Come draw your Sword, you know the custome
First come, first serv'd.

(here Sir,

Cler. Though it be held a custom,
And practis'd so, I do not hold it honest;
What honour can you both win on me single?

Beaup. Yield up your Sword then.

Cler. Yield my Sword? that's Hebrew;
I'll be first cut a pecies; hold but a while,
I'll take the next that comes.

Enter an old Gentleman.

You are an old Gentleman?

Gent. Yes indeed am I, Sir.

Cler. And wear no Sword?

Gent. I need none, Sir.

Cler. I would you did, and had one;
I want now such a foolish courtesie.
You see these Gentlemen?

Gent. You want a second.

In good Faith Sir, I was never handsom at it,
I would you had my Son, but he's in *Italy*,
A proper Gentleman; you may do well gallants
If your quarrel be not capital, to have more mercy,
The Gentleman may do his Country——

Cler. Now I beseech you, Sir,

If you dare not fight, do not stay to beg my pardon.
There lies your way.

Gent. Good morrow Gentlemen.

[Exit.

Verd. You see your fortune,
You had better yield your Sword.

Cler. Pray ye stay a little.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Upon mine honestie, you shall be fought with;
Well, *Dinant*, well, these wear swords and seem brave fel-
As you are Gentlemen, one of you supply me.

(lows.
I want

I want a Second now to meet these gallants,
You know what honour is.

1 *Gent.* Sir you must pardon us,
We goe about the same work, you are ready for;
And must fight presently, else we were your servants.

2 *Gent.* God speed you, and good day. [Exit *Gent.*

Cler. Am I thus Colted?

Beaup. Come either yield ———

Cler. As you are honest Gentlemen,
Stay but the next, and then I'll take my fortune,
And if I fight not like a man — *Fy Dinant,*
Cold now and treacherous.

Enter Monsieur La-writ, within.

La-writ. I understand your causes.
Yours about corn, yours about pins and glasses,
Will you make me mad, have I not all the parcells?
And his Petition too, about Bell-founding?
Send in your witnesses, what will you have me do?
Will you have me break my heart? my brains are melted;
And tell your Master, as I am a Gentleman,
His Cause shall be the first, commend me to your Mistress,
And tell her, if there be an extraordinary feather,
And tall enough for her—I shall dispatch you too,
I know your cause, for transporting of Farthingales
Trouble me no more, I say again to you,
No more vexation: bid my wife send me some puddings;
I have a Cause to run through, requires puddings,
Puddings enough. Farewel.

Cler. God speed you, Sir.

Beaup. Would he would take this fellow.

Verd. A rare Youth.

Cler. If you be not hastie, Sir.

La-writ. Yes, I am hastie,
Exceeding hastie, Sir, I am going to the Parliament,
You understand this bag, if you have any business
Depending there, be short, and let me hear it,
And pay your Fees.

Cler. Faith, Sir, I have a business,
But it depends upon no Parliament.

La-writ. I have no skill in't then.

Cler. I must desire you,

'Tis a Sword-matter, Sir.

La-writ. I am no Cutler,
I am an Advocate, Sir.

Beaup. How the thing looks?

Verd. When he brings him to fight.

Cler. Be not so hastie,
You wear a good Sword.

La-writ. I know not that,
I never drew it yet, or whether it be a Sword ———

Cler. I must entreat you try, Sir, and bear a part
Against these Gentlemen, I want a second;
Ye seem a man, and 'tis a noble office.

La-writ. I am a Lawyer, Sir, I am no fighter.

Cler. You that breed quarels, Sir, know best to satisfie.

Beaup. This is some sport yet.

Verd. If this fellow should fight. (ward,

La-writ. And for any thing I know, I am an arrant co-
Do not trust me, I think I am a coward.

Cler. Try, try, you are mistaken: walk on Gentlemen,
The man shall follow presently.

La-writ. Are ye mad Gentleman?

My business is within this half hour.

Cler. That's all one,

We'll dispatch within this quarter, there in that bottom,

'Tis most convenient Gentlemen.

Beaup. Well, we'll wait, Sir.

Verd. Why this will be a comick fight, you'll follow.

La-writ. As I am a true man, I cannot fight.
[Ex. *Beaupre, Verd.*

Cler. Away, away,
I know you can: I like your modesty,
I know you will fight and so fight, with such metal,

And with such judgement meet your enemies fury;
I see it in your eye, Sir.

La-writ. I'll be hang'd then;

And I charge you in the Kings name, name no more fight. (ting.

Cler. I charge you in the Kings name, play the man,
Which if you do not quickly, I begin with you,
I'll make you dance, do you see your fiddlestick?
Sweet Avocate thou shalt fight.

La-writ. Stand farther Gentleman,
Or I'll give you such a dust o'th' chapps ———

Cler. Spoke bravely,
And like thy self, a noble Advocate:
Come to thy tools.

La-writ. I do not say I'll fight;

Cler. I say thou shalt, and bravely.

La-writ. If I do fight;

I say, if I do, but do not depend upon't,
And yet I have a foolish itch upon me,
What shall become of my Writings?

Cler. Let 'em ly by,

They will not run away, man.

La-writ. I may be kill'd too;

And where are all my causes then? my business?
I will not fight, I cannot fight, my Causes ———

Cler. Thou shalt fight, if thou hadst a thousand causes,
Thou art a man to fight for any cause,
And carry it with honour.

La-writ. Hum, say you so? if I should
Be such a coxcombe to prove valiant now ———

Cler. I know thou art most valiant.

La-writ. Do you think so?

I am undone for ever, if it prove so,
I tell you that, my honest friend, for ever;
For I shall ne're leave quarrelling.
How long must we fight? for I cannot stay,
Nor will not stay, I have business.

Cler. We'll do't in a minute, in a moment. (belly,

La-writ. Here will I hang my bag then, it may save my
I never lov'd cold Iron there.

Cler. You do wisely. (quickly,

La-writ. Help me to pluck my Sword out then, quickly,
'Tis not ten Sun these ten years.

Cler. How it grumbles?

This Sword is vengeance angry.

La-writ. Now I'll put my hat up,
And say my prayers as I goe; away boy,
If I be kill'd, remember the little Lawyer. [Exit.

Enter Beaupre.

Beaup. They are both come on, that may be a stubborn
Take you that ground; (rascal,

Enter La-writ.

I'll stay here, fight bravely. (play,

La-writ. To't cheerfully my boyes, you'll let's have fair
None of your soyning tricks.

Beaup. Come forward Monsieur; Fight.

What hast thou there? a pudding in thy belly?
I shall see what it holds.

La-writ. Put your spoon home then:
Nay, since I must fight, have at you without wit, Sir:
God a mercy bagg. *Beaup.* Nothing but bumbast in ye?
The Rogue winks and fights.

La-writ. Now your fine fencing, Sir: *Beau. loses his sword.*
Stand off, thou diest on point else, *La-writ treads on it.*

I have it, I have it: yet further off:
I have his Sword. *Cler.* Then keep it, be sure you keep it.

La-writ. I'll put it in my mouth else.
Stand further off yet, and stand quietly,
And look another way, or I'll be with you,
Is this all? I'll undertake within these two daies
To furnish any Cutler in this Kingdom.

Beau. Pox, what fortune's this? difarm'd by a puppie?
A snail? a Dog?

La-writ.

La-writ. No more o' these words Gentleman,
Sweet Gentleman no more, do not provoke me,
Go walk i'th' horse-fair; whistle Gentleman,
What must I do now?

Enter Cleremont, pursued by Verdone.

Cler. Help me, I am almost breathless.

La-writ. With all my heart, there's a cold pye for you, Sir.

Cler. Thou strik'st me, fool.

La-writ. Thou fool, stand further off then,
Deliver, deliver.

Cler. Hold fast.

He strikes up the others heels,

La-writ. I never fail in't, *and takes his Sword too.*

There's twelve pence, go buy you two leaden Daggers,
Have I done well?

Cler. Most like a Gentleman.

Beau. And we two basely lost.

Verd. 'Tis but a fortune,

We shall yet find an hour.

[*Ex. Beau. Verd. sad.*]

Cler. I shall be glad on't.

La-writ. Where's my cloak, and my trinkets?
Or will you fight any longer, for a crash or two?

Cler. I am your noble friend, Sir.

La-writ. It may be so.

Cler. What honour shall I do you,
For this great courtesie?

La-writ. All I desire of ye, (more on't,

Is to take the quarrel to your self, and let me hear no
I have no liking to't, 'tis a foolish matter,
And help me to put up my Sword.

Cler. Most willingly.

But I am bound to gratifie you, and I must not leave you.

La-writ. I tell you, I will not be gratified,
Nor I will hear no more on't: take the Swords too,
And do not anger me but leave me quietly.
For the matter of honour, 'tis at your own disposeure,
And so, and so. [Exit *La-writ.*]

Cler. This is a most rare Lawyer:
I am sure most valiant. Well *Dinant*, as you satisfie me,
I say no more: I am loaden like an Armorer. [Exit *Cler.*]

Enter Dinant.

Din. To be dispatcht upon a sleeveless errand?
To leave my friend engag'd, mine honour tainted?
These are trim things. I am set here like a Perdue,
To watch a fellow, that has wrong'd my Mistris,
A scurvy fellow that must pass this way,
But what this scurvy fellow is, or whence,
Or whether his name be *William* or *John*,
Or *Anthony* or *Dick*, or any thing, I know not;
A scurvy rascally fellow I must aim at,
And there's the office of an Assie slung on me.
Sure *Cleremont* has fought, but how come off,
And what the world shall think of me hereafter:
Well, woman, woman, I must look your rascals,
And lose my reputation: ye have a fine power over us.
These two long hours I have trotted here, and curiously
Survey'd all goers by, yet find no rascal,
Nor any face to quarrel with: *La-writ sings within,*
What's that? *then Enters.*

This is a rascally voice, sure it comes this way.

La-writ. *He strook so hard, the Bason broke,*
And Tarquin heard the sound.

Din. What Mister thing is this? let me survey it.

La-writ. *And then he strook his neck in two.*

Din. This may be a rascal, but 'tis a mad rascal,
What an Alphabet of faces he puts on?
Hey how it fences? if this should be the rogue,
As 'tis the likeliest rogue I see this day —

La-wr. *Was ever man for Ladies sake? down, down.*

Di. And what are you good Sir? down, down, down, down.

La-writ. What's that to you good Sir? down, down.

Din. A pox on you good Sir, down, down, down,

You with your Buckram bag, what make you here? (now,
And from whence come you? I could fight with my shadow

La-wr. Thou fierce man that like Sir *Lancelot* dost appear,
I need not tell thee what I am, nor eke what I make here.

Din. This is a precious knave, stay, stay, good *Tristram*,
And let me ask thy mightiness a question,
Did ye never abuse a Lady?

La-writ. Not; to abuse a Lady, is very hard, Sir.

Din. Say you so, Sir?

Didst thou never abuse her honour?

La-writ. Not; to abuse her honour, is impossible.

Din. Certain this is the rascal: What's thy name?

La-writ. My name is *Cock o' two*, use me respectfully,
I will be Cock of three else. *Din.* What's all this?
You say, you did abuse a Lady. *La-writ.* You ly.

Din. And that you wrong'd her honour.

La-writ. That's two lyes,

Speak suddenly, for I am full of business. (goose,

Din. What art thou, or what canst thou be, thou pea-
That dar'st give me the ly thus? thou mak'st me wonder.

La-writ. And wonder on, till time make all things plain.

Din. You must not part so, Sir, art thou a Gentleman?

La-writ. Ask those upon whose ruins I am mounted.

Din. This is some Cavellero Knight o'th' Sun.

La-wr. I tell thee I am as good a Gentleman as the Duke;
I have atchieved — goe follow thy business.

Din. Bur for this Lady, Sir —

La-writ. Why, hang this Lady, Sir, (dies?
And the Lady Mother too, Sir, what have I to do with La-

Enter Cleremont.

Cler. 'Tis the little Lawyers voice: has he got my way?
It should be hereabouts.

Din. Ye dry bisket rogue,
I will so fwinge you for this blasphemie —
Have I found you out?

Cler. That should be *Dinants* tongue too. (tho.

La-wr. And I defy thee do thy worst: *O ho quoth Lancelot*
And that thou shalt know, I am a true Gentleman,
And speak according to the phrase triumphant;
Thy Lady is a scurvy Lady, and a shitten Lady,
And though I never heard of her, a deboshed Lady,
And thou, a squire of low degree; will that content thee?
Dost thou way-lay me with Ladies? A pretty sword, Sir,
A very pretty sword, I have a great mind to't.

Din. You shall not lose your longing, rogue.

Cler. Hold, hold.

Hold *Dinant*, as thou art a Gentleman.

La-writ. As much as you will, my hand is in now.

Cler. I am your friend, Sir: *Dinant* you draw your sword
Upon the Gentleman preserv'd your honour:
This was my second, and did back me nobly,
For shame forbear.

Din. I ask your mercy, Sir, and am your servant now.

La-writ. May we not fight then?

Cler. I am sure you shall not now.

La-wr. I am sorry for't, I am sure I'll stay no longer then,
Not a jot longer: are there any more on ye afore?
I will sing still, Sir. [Exit *La-writ, singing.*]

Din. I look now you should chide me, and 'tis fit,
And with much bitterness express your anger,
I have deserv'd: yet when you know —

Cler. I thank ye,

Do you think that the wrong you have off'red me,
The most unmanly wrong, unfriendly wrong —

Din. I do confess —

Cler. That boyish sleight —

Din. Not so, Sir.

Cler. That poor and base renouncing of your honour,
Can be allai'd with words?

Din. I give you way still.

Cler. Coloured with smooth excuses? Was it a friends
A Gentlemans, a mans that wears a Sword,
And stands upon the point of reputation,

To hide his head then, when his honour call'd him?
Call'd him aloud, and led him to his fortune?
To halt and slip the collar? by my life,
I would have given my life I had never known thee,
Thou hast eaten Canker-like into my judgement
With this disgrace, thy whole life cannot heal again.

Din. This I can suffer too, I find it honest.

Cler. Can you pretend an excuse now may absolve you,
Or any thing like honest, to bring you off?
Engage me like an Allè?

Din. Will you but hear me?

Cler. Expose me like a Jade to tug, and hale through,
Laugh'd at, and almost hooted? your disgraces
Invite mens Swords and angers to dispatch me.

Din. If you will be patient. (friend,

Cler. And be abus'd still: But that I have call'd thee
And to that name allow a Sanctuary,
You should hear further from me, I would not talk thus:
But henceforth stand upon your own bottom, Sir,
And bear your own abuses, I scorn my sword
Should travel in so poor and empty quarrels.

Din. Ha'you done yet? take your whole swing of anger,
I'll bear all with content.

Cler. Why were you absent?

Din. You know I am no Coward, you have seen that,
And therefore, out of fear forsook you not:
You know I am not false, of a treacherous nature,
Apt to betray my friend, I have fought for you too;
You know no business, that concern'd my state,
My kindred, or my life.

Cler. Where was the fault then?

Din. The honour of that Lady I adore,
Her credit, and her name: ye know she sent for me,
And with what haste.

Cler. What was he that traduc'd?

Din. The man i'th' Moon, I think, hither I was sent,
But to what end ———

Enter old Lady.

Cler. This is a pretty flim-flam.

O. La. I am glad I have met you Sir, I have been seeking,
And seeking every where.

Cler. And now you have found him,
Declare what business, our Embassadour. (Lady.

O. Lady. What's that to ye good man flouter? O Sir, my

Din. Prethee no more of thy Lady, I have too much on't.

Cler. Let me have a little, speak to me.

Old Lady. To you Sir?

'Tis more than time: All occasions set aside Sir,
Or whatsoever may be thought a business ———

Din. What then?

Old Lady. Repair to me within this hour.

Cler. Where? (sent for.

O. Lady. What's that to you? come you, Sir, when y'are

Cler. God a mercy *Mumpsimus*,
You may goe *Dinant*, and follow this old Fairie,
Till you have lost your self, your friends, your credit,
And Hunt away your youth in rare adventures,
I can but grieve I have known you.

Old Lady. Will ye goe Sir?

I come not often to you with these blessings,
You may believe that thing there, and repent it,
That dogged thing.

Cler. Peace touchwood.

Din. I will not goe:

Goe bid your Lady seek some fool to fawn on her,
Some unexperienc'd puppie to make sport with,
I have been her mirth too long, thus I shake from me
The fetters she put on; thus her enchantments
I blow away like wind, no more her beauty ———

Old Lady. Take heed Sir what you say.

Cler. Goe forward, *Dinant*.

Din. The charms shot from her eyes ———

Old Lady. Be wise.

Cler. Be Valiant.

(Clions
Din. That tongue that tells fair tales to mens destru-
Shall never rack me more.

Old Lady. Stay there.

Cler. Goe forward.

Din. I will now hear her, see her as a woman,
Survey her, and the power man has allow'd, Sir,
As I would do the course of common things,
Unmov'd, unstruck.

Cler. Hold there, and I forgive thee.

Din. She is not fair, and that that makes her proud,
Is not her own, our eyes bestow it on her,
To touch and kiss her is no blessedness,
A Sun-burnt Ethiops lip's as soft as her's.
Goe bid her stick some other triumph up,
And take into her favour some dull fool,
That has no pretious time to lose, no friends,
No honour, nor no life, like a bold Merchant,
A bold and banquerupt man, I have ventur'd all these,
And split my bottom: return this answer to her,
I am awake again and see her mischiefs,
And am not now, on every idle errand,
And new coyn'd anger, to be hurried,
And then despis'd again, I have forgot her.

Cler. If this be true ———

O. Lady. I am sorry, I have troubled you,
More forrie, that my Lady has adventur'd
So great a favour in so weak a mind:
This hour you have refus'd that when you come to know it,
Will run you mad, and make you curse that fellow,
She is not fair, nor handsom, so I leave you.

Cler. Stay Lady, stay, but is there such a business?

O. Lady. You would break your neck 'twere yours.

Cler. My back, you would say.

O. La. But play the friends part still, Sir, and undoe him,
'Tis a fair office.

Din. I have spoke too liberally.

O. Lady. I shall deliver what you say.

Cler. You shall be hang'd first,
You would fain be prating now; take the man with you.

O. Lady. Not I, I have no power.

Cler. You may goe *Dinant*.

O. Lady. 'Tis in's own will, I had no further charge, Sir,
Than to tell him what I did, which if I had thought
It should have been receiv'd so ———

Cler. 'Faith you may,

You do not know how far it may concern you.
If I perceiv'd any trick in't.

Din. 'Twill end there.

Cler. 'Tis my fault then, there is an hour in fortune,
That must be still observ'd: you think I'll chide you,
When things must be, nay see, an he will hold his head up?
Would such a Lady send, with such a charge too?
Say she has plaid the fool, play the fool with her again,
The great fool, the greater still the better.
He shall goe with you woman.

Old Lady. As it please him,
I know the way alone else.

Din. Where is your Lady?

O. Lady. I shall direct you quickly.

Din. Well, I'll goe,

But what her wrongs will give me leave to say. (you.

Cler. We'll leave that to your selves: I shall hear from

Din. As soon as I come off ———

Cler. Come on then bravely;

Farewel till then, and play the man.

Din. You are merry;

All I expect is scorn: I'll lead you Lady.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Champernel, Lamina, Beaupre,
Verdone, Charlotte.

Beaup. **W**E'l venture on him. (no more.)
Cham. Out of my doors I charge thee, see me

Lami. Your Nephew?

Cham. I disclaim him,

He has no part in me, nor in my blood,
My Brother that kept fortune bound, and left
Conquest hereditary to his Issue
Could not beget a coward.

Verd. I fought, Sir,
Like a good fellow, and a Souldier too,
But men are men, and cannot make their fates:
Ascribe you to my Father what you please,
I am born to suffer.

Cham. All disgraces wretch.

Lam. Good Sir be patient.

Cham. Was there no tree,
(For to fall by a noble enemies sword,
A Coward is unworthy) nor no River,
To force thy life out backward or to drown it,
But that thou must survive thy infamie?
And kill me with the sight of one I hate,
And gladly would forget?

Beaup. Sir, his misfortune
Deserves not this reproof.

Cham. In your opinion,
'Tis fit you two should be of one belief,
You are indeed fine gallants, and fight bravely
I'th' City with your tongues, but in the field
Have neither spirit to dare nor power to do,
Your swords are all lead there.

Beaup. I know no duty,
(How ever you may wreak your spleen on him,)
That binds me to endure this.

Cham. From Dinant
You'll suffer more; that ever cursed I,
Should give my honour up, to the defence
Of such a thing as he is, or my Lady
That is all Innocent, for whom a dove would
Assume the courage of a daring Eagle,
Repose her confidence in one that can
No better guard her. In contempt of you
I love Dinant, mine enemy, nay admire him,
His valour claims it from me, and with justice,
He that could fight thus, in a cause not honest,
His sword edg'd with defence of right and honour,
Would pierce as deep as lightning, with that speed too,
And kill as deadly.

Verd. You are as far from justice
In him you praise, as equitie in the censure
You load me with.

Beaup. Dinant? he durst not meet us.

Lam. How? durst not, Brother?

Beaup. Durst not, I repeat it.

Verd. Nor was it Cleremont's valour that disarm'd us,
I had the better of him; for Dinant,
If that might make my peace with you, I dare
Write him a Coward upon every post,
And with the hazard of my life defend it.

Lam. If 'twere laid at the stake you'd lose it, Nephew.

Cham. Came he not, say you?

Verd. No, but in his room,
There was a Devil, hir'd from some Magician
I'th' shape of an Attorney.

Beau. 'Twas he did it.

Verd. And his the honour.

Beau. I could wish Dinant —
But what talk I of one that stept aside,

And durst not come?

Lam. I am such a friend to truth,
I cannot hear this: why do you detract
Thus poorly (I should say to others basely)
From one of such approv'd worth?

Cham. Ha! how's this?

Lam. From one so excellent in all that's noble,
Whose only weakness is excess of courage?
That knows no enemies, that he cannot master,
But his affections, and in them, the worst
His love to me.

Cham. To you?

Lam. Yes, Sir, to me,
I dare (for what is that which Innocence dares not)
To you profess it; and he shun'd not the Combat
For fear or doubt of these: blush and repent,
That you in thought e're did that wrong to valour.

Beaup. Why, this is rare.

Cham. 'Fore heaven, exceeding rare;
Why modest Lady, you that sing such Encomiums
Of your first Suiter —

Verd. How can ye convince us
In your reports?

Lam. With what you cannot answer,
'Twas my command that staid him.

Cham. Your command?

Lam. Mine, Sir, and had my will rank'd with my power,
And his obedience, I could have sent him
With more ease, weaponless to you, and bound,
Than have kept him back, so well he loves his honour
Beyond his life.

Cham. Better, and better still.

Lam. I wrought with him in private to divert him
From your assur'd destruction, had he met you.

Cham. In private?

Lam. Yes, and us'd all Arts, all Charms
Of one that knew her self the absolute Mistress
Of all his faculties.

Cham. Gave all rewards too
His service could deserve; did not he take
The measure of my sheets?

Lam. Do not look yellow,
I have cause to speak; frowns cannot fright me,
By all my hopes, as I am spotless to you,
If I rest once assur'd you do but doubt me,
Or curb me of that freedom you once gave me —

Cham. What then?

Lam. Ple not alone abuse your bed, that's nothing,
But to your more vexation, 'tis resolv'd on,
Ple run away, and then try if Dinant
Have courage to defend me.

Champ. Impudent!

Verd. And on the sudden —

Beau. How are ye transform'd
From what you were?

Lam. I was an innocent Virgin,
And I can truly swear, a Wife as pure
As ever lay by Husband, and will dy so,
Let me live unsuspected, I am no servant,
Nor will be us'd like one: If you desire
To keep me constant as I would be, let
Trust and belief in you beget and nurse it;
Unnecessary jealousies make more whores
Than all baits else laid to entrap our frailties.

Beau. There's no contesting with her, from a child
Once mov'd, she hardly was to be appeas'd,
Yet I dare swear her honest.

Cham. So I think too,
On better judgement: I am no Italian
To lock her up: nor would I be a Dutchman,
To have my Wife, my sovereign, to command me:
Ple try the gentler way, but if that fail,
Believe it, Sir, there's nothing but extreams
Which she must feel from me.

Beau. That, as you please, Sir. (sweetly,
Charl. You have won the breeches, Madam, look up
My Lord limps toward you.

Lam. You will learn more manners.

Charl. This is a fee, for counsel that's unask'd for.

Cham. Come, I mistook thee sweet, prethee forgive me,
I never will be jealous: e're I cherish
Such a mechanick humour, I'll be nothing;
I'll say, *Dinant* is all that thou wouldst have him,
Will that suffice?

Lam. 'Tis well, Sir.

Cham. Use thy freedom
Uncheck'd, and unobserv'd, if thou wilt have it,
These shall forget their honour, I my wrongs.
We'll all dote on him, hell be my reward
If I dissemble.

Lam. And that hell take me
If I affect him, he's a lustfull villain,
(But yet no coward) and sollicit me
To my dishonour, that's indeed a quarrel,
And truly mine, which I will so revenge,
As it shall fright such as dare only think
To be adulterers.

Cham. Use thine own waies,
I give up all to thee.

Beau. O women, women!

When you are pleas'd you are the least of evils.

Verd. Ple rime to't, but provokt, the worst of Devils.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Monsieur Sampson, and three Clients.

Samp. I know Monsieur *La-writ*.

1 Cly. Would he knew himself, Sir.

Samp. He was a pretty Lawyer, a kind of pretty Lawyer,
Of a kind of unable thing.

2 Cly. A fine Lawyer, Sir,
And would have fir'd you up a business,
And out of this Court into that.

Samp. Ye are too forward
Not so fine my friends, something he could have done,
But short short.

1 Cly. I know your worships favour,
You are Nephew to the Judge, Sir.

Samp. It may be so, (friends;
And something may be done, without trotting i'th' dirt,
It may be I can take him in his Chamber,
And have an hours talk; it may be so,
And tell him that in's ear; there are such courtesies;
I will not say, I can.

3 Cly. We know you can, Sir. (*writ?*)

Samp. Peradventure I, peradventure no: but where's *La-*
Where's your sufficient Lawyer?

1 Cly. He's blown up, Sir.

2 Cly. Run mad and quarrels with the Dog he meets;
He is no Lawyer of this world now.

Samp. Your reason?

Is he defunct? is he dead?

2 Cly. No he's not dead yet, Sir;
But I would be loth to take a lease on's life for two hours:
Alas, he is posselt Sir, with the spirit of fighting
And quarrels with all people; but how he came to it —

Samp. If he fight well and like a Gentleman,
The man may fight, for 'tis a lawfull calling.
Look you my friends, I am a civil Gentleman,
And my Lord my Uncle loves me.

3 Cly. We all know it, Sir. (*business,*)

Samp. I think he does, Sir, I have business too, much
Turn you some forty or fifty Causes in a week;
Yet when I get an hour of vacancie,
I can fight too my friends, a little does well,
I would be loth to learn to fight.

1 Cly. But and't please you Sir,
His fighting has neglected all our business,
We are undone, our causes cast away, Sir,

His not appearance.

Sam. There he fought too long,
A little and fight well, he fought too long indeed friends;
But ne'r the less things must be as they may,
And there be ways —

1 Cly. We know, Sir, if you please —

Sam. Something I'll do: goe rally up your Causes.

Enter La-writ, and a Gentleman, at the door.

2 Cly. Now you may behold Sir,
And be a witness, whether we lie or no. (*men,*)

La-writ. I'll meet you at the Ordinary, sweet Gentle-
And if there be a wench or two —

Gen. We'll have 'em.

La-writ. No handling any Duells before I come,
We'll have no going else, I hate a coward.

Gen. There shall be nothing done.

La-writ. Make all the quarrels
You can devise before I come, and let's all fight,
There is no sport else.

Gen. We'll see what may be done, Sir.

1 Cly. Ha? Monsieur *La-writ*,

La-writ. Baffled in way of business,
My causes cast away, Judgement against us?
Why there it goes.

2 Cly. What shall we do the whilst Sir?

La-wr. Breed new dissentions, goe hang your selves
'Tis all one to me; I have a new trade of living.

1 Cli. Do you hear what he saies Sir?

Sam. The Gentleman speaks finely.

La-wr. Will any of you fight? Fighting's my occupation
If you find your selves aggriev'd.

Sam. A compleat Gentleman.

La-writ. Avant thou buckram budget of petitions,
Thou spittle of lame causes; I lament for thee,
And till revenge be taken —

Sam. 'Tis most excellent.

La-wr. There, every man chuse his paper, and his place.
I'll answer ye all, I will neglect no mans business
But he shall have satisfaction like a Gentleman,
The Judge may do and not do, he's but a Monsieur.

Sam. You have nothing of mine in your bag, Sir.

La-writ. I know not Sir,
But you may put any thing in, any fighting thing.

Sam. It is sufficient, you may hear hereafter.

La-writ. I rest your servant Sir.

Sam. No more words Gentlemen
But follow me, no more words as you love me,
The Gentleman's a noble Gentleman.
I shall do what I can, and then —

Cli. We thank you Sir. [*Ex. Sam. and Clients.*]

Sam. Not a word to disturb him, he's a Gentleman.

La-writ. No cause go o' my side? the judge cast all?
And because I was honourably employed in action,
And not appear'd, pronounce? 'tis very well,
'Tis well faith, 'tis well, Judge.

Enter Cleremont.

Cler. Who have we here?
My little furious Lawyer?

La-writ. I say 'tis well,
But mark the end.

Cler. How he is metamorphos'd?
Nothing of Lawyer left, not a bit of buckram,
No solliciting face now,
This is no simple conversion.
Your servant Sir, and Friend.

La-writ. You come in time, Sir,

Cler. The happier man, to be at your command then.

La-writ. You may wonder to see me thus; but that's all
Time shall declare; 'tis true I was a Lawyer, (*one,*)
But I have mew'd that coat, I hate a Lawyer,
I talk'd much in the Court, now I hate talking,
I did you the office of a man.

Cler

Cler. I must confess it.

Law. And budg'd not, no I budg'd not.

Cler. No, you did not.

Law. There's it then, one good turn requires another.

Cler. Most willing Sir, I am ready at your service.

Law. There, read, and understand, and then deliver it.

Cler. This is a Challenge, Sir,

Law. 'Tis very like, Sir,

I seldom now write Sonnets.

Cler. *O admirantis,*

To Monsieur *Vertaign*, the President.

Law. I chuse no Fool, Sir.

Cler. Why, he's no Sword-man, Sir.

Law. Let him learn, let him learn,

Time, that trains Chickens up, will teach him quickly.

Cler. Why, he's a Judge, an Old Man.

Law. Never too Old

To be a Gentleman; and he that is a Judge

Can judge best what belongs to wounded honour.

There are my griefs, he has cast away my causes,

In which he has bowed my reputation.

And therefore Judge, or no Judge.

Cler. 'Pray be rul'd Sir,

This is the maddest thing——

Law. You will not carry it.

Cler. I do not tell you so, but if you may be perswaded.

Law. You know how you us'd me when I would not

Do you remember, Gentleman? (fight,

Cler. The Devil's in him.

Law. I see it in your Eyes, that you dare do it,

You have a carrying face, and you shall carry it.

Cler. The least is Banishment.

Law. Be banish'd then;

'Tis a friends part, we'll meet in *Africa*,

Or any part of the Earth.

Cler. Say he will not fight.

Law. I know then what to say, take you no care, Sir,

Cler. Well, I will carry it, and deliver it,

And to morrow morning meet you in the Louver,

Till when, my service.

Law. A Judge, or no Judge, no Judge. [*Exit La-writ.*]

Cler. This is the prettiest Rogue that e'r I read of,

None to provoke to th' field, but the old President;

What face shall I put on? if I come in earnest,

I am sure to wear a pair of Bracelets;

This may make some sport yet, I will deliver it,

Here comes the President.

Enter Vertaign, with two Gentlemen.

Vert. I shall find time, Gentlemen,

To do your causes good, is not that *Cleremont*?

Gent. 'Tis he my Lord.

Vert. Why does he smile upon me?

Am I become ridiculous? has your fortune, Sir,

Upon my Son, made you contemn his Father?

The glory of a Gentleman is fair bearing.

Cler. Mistake me not my Lord, you shall not find that,

I come with no blown Spirit to abuse you,

I know your place and honour due unto it,

The reverence to your silver Age and Vertue.

Vert. Your face is merry still.

Cler. So is my business,

And I beseech your honour mistake me not,

I have brought you from a wild or rather Mad-man

As mad a piece of—— you were wont to love mirth

In your young days, I have known your Honour woo it,

This may be made no little one, 'tis a Challenge, Sir,

Nay, start not, I beseech you, it means you no harm,

Nor any Man of Honour, or Understanding,

'Tis to steal from your serious hours a little laughter;

I am bold to bring it to your Lordship.

Vert. 'Tis to me indeed:

Do they take me for a Sword-man at these years? (Sir,

Cler. 'Tis only worth your Honours Mirth, that's all

'T had been in me else a sawcy rudeness.

Vert. From one *La-writ*, a very punctual Challenge.

Cler. But if your Lordship mark it, no great matter.

Vert. I have known such a wrangling Advocate,

Such a little figent thing; Oh I remember him,

A notable talking Knave, now out upon him,

Has challeng'd me downright, defied me mortally

I do remember too, I cast his Causes.

Cler. Why, there's the quarrel, Sir, the mortal quarrel.

Vert. Why, what a Knave is this? as y'are a Gentle-

Is there no further purpose but meer mirth? (man,

What a bold Man of War! he invites me roundly.

Cler. If there should be, I were no Gentleman,

Nor worthy of the honour of my Kindred.

And though I am sure your Lordship hates my Person,

Which Time may bring again into your favour,

Yet for the manners——

Vert. I am satisfied,

You see, Sir, I have out-liv'd those days of fighting,

And therefore cannot do him the honour to beat him my

But I have a Kinsman much of his ability, (self;

His Wit and Courage, for this call him Fool,

One that will spit as senseless fire as this Fellow.

Cler. And such a man to undertake, my Lord?

Vert. Nay he's too forward; these two pitch Barrels to-

Cler. Upon my soul, no harm. (gether.

Vert. It makes me smile,

Why, what a stinking smother will they utter?

Yes, he shall undertake, Sir, as my Champion,

Since you propound it mirth, I'll venture on it,

And shall defend my cause, but as y'are honest

Sport not with blood.

Cler. Think not so basely, good Sir.

Vert. A Squire shall wait upon you from my Kinsman,

To morrow morning make you sport at full,

You want no Subject; but no wounds.

Cler. That's my care.

Vert. And so good day. [*Ex. Vertaign, and Gentlemen.*]

Cler. Many unto your honour.

This is a noble Fellow, of a sweet Spirit,

Now must I think how to contrive this matter,

For together they shall go.

Enter Dinant.

Din. O *Cleremont*,

I am glad I have found thee.

Cler. I can tell thee rare things.

Din. O, I can tell thee rarer,

Dost thou love me?

Cler. Love thee?

Din. Dost thou love me dearly?

Dar'st thou for my sake?

Cler. Any thing that's honest.

Din. Though it be dangerous?

Cler. Pox o' dangerous.

Din. Nay wondrous dangerous.

Cler. Wilt thou break my heart?

Din. Along with me then.

Cler. I must part to morrow.

Din. You shall, you shall, be faithful for this night,

And thou hast made thy friend.

Cer. Away, and talk not. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lamira, and Nurse.

Lam. O Nurse, welcome, where's *Dinant*?

Nurse. He's at my back.

'Tis the most liberal Gentleman, this Gold

He gave me for my pains, nor can I blame you,

If you yield up the fort.

Lam. How? yield it up?

Nurse. I know not, he that loves, and gives so largely,

And a young Lord to boot, or I am cozen'd,

May enter every where.

Lam. Thou'lt make me angry.

Enter

Enter Dinant, and Cleremont.

Nur. Why, if you are, I hope here's one will please you,
Look on him with my Eyes, good luck go with you:
Were I young for your sake——

Din. I thank thee, Nurse.

Nur. I would be tractable, and as I am——

Lam. Leave the room,
So old, and so immodest I and be careful,
Since whispers will 'wake sleeping jealousies,
That none disturb my Lord. [Exit Nurse.]

Cler. Will you dispatch?

Till you come to the matter be not rapt thus,
Walk in, walk in, I am your scout for once,
You owe me the like service.

Din. And will pay it.

Lam. As you respect our lives, speak not so loud.

Cler. Why, do it in dumb shew then, I am silent'd.

Lam. Be not so hasty, Sir, the golden Apples
Had a fell Dragon for their Guard, your pleasures
Are to be attempted with *Herculean* danger,
Or never to be gotten.

Din. Speak the means.

Lam. Thus briefly, my Lord sleeps now, and alas,
Each Night, he only sleeps.

Cler. Go, keep her stirring.

Lam. Now if he 'wake, as sometimes he does,
He only stretches out his hand and feels,
Whether I am a bed, which being assur'd of,
He sleeps again; but should he miss me, Valour
Could not defend our lives.

Din. What's to be done then?

Lam. Servants have servile faiths, nor have I any
That I dare trust; on noble *Cleremont*
We safely may rely.

Cler. What man can do,
Command and boldly.

Lam. Thus then in my place,
You must lye with my Lord.

Cler. With an old man?
Two Beards together, that's preposterous.

Lam. There is no other way, and though 'tis dangerous,
He having servants within call, and arm'd too,
Slaves fed to act all that his jealousy
And rage commands them, yet a true friend should not
Check at the hazard of a life.

Cler. I thank you,
I love my friend, but know no reason why
To hate my self; to be a kind of pander,
You see I am willing,
But to betray mine own throat you must pardon.

Din. Then I am lost, and all my hopes defeated,
Were I to hazard ten times more for you,
You should find, *Cleremont*——

Cler. You shall not outdo me,
Fall what may fall, I'll do't.

Din. But for his Beard——

Lam. To cover that you shall have my night Linnen,
And you dispos'd of, my *Dinant* and I
Will have some private conference.

Enter Champernel, privately.

Cler. Private doing,
Or I'll not venture.

Lam. That's as we agree. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Nurse, and Charlotte, pass over the Stage with
Pillows, Night cloaths, and such things. (Nour?)*

Cham. What can this Woman do, preserving her ho-
I have given her all the liberty that may be,
I will not be far off though, nor I will not be jealous,
Nor trust too much, I think she is vertuous,
Yet when I hold her best, she's but a Woman,
As full of frailty as of faith, a poor sleight Woman,

And her best thoughts, but weak fortifications,
There may be a Mine wrought: Well, let 'em work then,
I shall meet with it, till the signs be monstrous,
And stick upon my head, I will not believe it, [Stands private]
She may be, and she may not, now to my observation.

Enter Dinant, and Lamira.

Din. Why do you make me stay so? if you love me——

Lam. You are too hot and violent.

Din. Why do you shift thus
From one Chamber to another?

Lam. A little delay, Sir,
Like fire, a little sprinkled o'r with water
Makes the desires burn clear, and ten times hotter.

Din. Why do you speak so loud? I pray'e go in,
Sweet Mistriss, I am mad, time steals away,
And when we would enjoy——

Lam. Now fie, fie, Servant,
Like sensual Beasts shall we enjoy our pleasures?

Din. 'Pray do not kiss me then.

Lam. Why, that I will, and you shall find anon, servant.

Din. Softly, for heavens sake, you know my friend's en-
A little now, now; will ye go in again? (gag'd,

Lam. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Din. Why do you laugh so loud, Precious?
Will you betray me; ha' my friends throat cut!

Lam. Come, come, I'll kiss thee again.

Cham. Will you so? you are liberal,
If you do cozen me——

Enter Nurse with Wine.

Din. What's this?

Lam. Wine, Wine, a draught or two.

Din. What does this Woman here?

Lam. She shall not hinder you.

Din. This might have been spar'd,
'Tis but delay and time lost; pray send her softly off.

Lam. Sit down, and mix your spirits with Wine,
I will make you another *Hercules*.

Din. I dare not drink;
Fie, what delays you make? I dare not,
I shall be drunk presently, and do strange things then.

Lam. Not drink a cup with your Mistriss! O the pleasure.

Din. Lady, why this? [Musick]

Lam. We must have mirth to our Wine, Man.

Din. Pl—— o' the Musick.

Champ. God-a-mercy Wench,
If thou dost cuckold me I shall forgive thee.

Din. The house will all rise now, this will disturb all.
Did you do this?

Lam. Peace, and sit quiet, fool,
You love me, come, sit down and drink.

Enter Cleremont above.

Cler. What a Devil ail you?

How cold I sweat! a hogs pox stop your pipes, [Musick]
The thing will 'wake; now, now, methinks I find
His Sword just gliding through my throat. What's that?
A vengeance choak your pipes. Are you there, Lady?
Stop, stop those Rascals; do you bring me hither
To be cut into minced meat? why *Dinant*?

Din. I cannot do withal;

I have spoke, and spoke; I am betray'd and lost too.

Cler. Do you hear me? do you understand me?
'Plague dam your Whistles. [Musick ends.]

Lam. 'Twas but an over-sight, they have done, lye down.

Cler. Would you had done too,
You know not

In what a misery and fear I lye.

You have a Lady in your arms.

Din. I would have ——

Champ. I'll watch you Goodman Wou'd have. [again.]

Cler. Remove for Heavens sake,
And fall to that you come for.

Lam.

The Recorders

Lam. Lie you down,
'Tis but an hours endurance now.
Cler. I dare not, softly sweet Lady—— heart?
Lam. 'Tis nothing but your fear, he sleeps still soundly,
Lie gently down.
Cler. 'Pray make an end.
Din. Come, Madam.
Lam. These Chambers are too near. [*Ex. Din. Lam.*
Cham. I shall be nearer;
Well, go thy wayes, I'le trust thee through the world,
Deal how thou wilt: that that I never feel,
I'le never fear. Yet by the honour of a Souldier,
I hold thee truly noble: How these things will look,
And how their blood will curdle! Play on Children,
You shall have pap anon. O thou grand Fool,
That thou knew'st but thy fortune—— [*Musick done.*
Cler. Peace, good Madam,
Stop her mouth, *Dinant*, it sleeps yet, 'pray be wary,
Dispatch, I cannot endure this misery,
I can hear nothing more; I'll say my prayers,
And down again—— [*Whistle within.*
A thousand Alarms fall upon my quarters,
Heaven send me off; when I lye keeping Courtes.
Pl—— o' your fumbling, *Dinant*; how I shake!
'Tis still again: would I were in the *Indies*. [*Exit Cler.*

Enter Dinant, and Lamira: a light within.

Din. Why do you use me thus? thus poorly? basely?
Work me into a hope, and then destroy me?
Why did you send for me? this new way train me?
Lam. Mad-man, and fool, and false man, now I'll shew
Din. 'Pray put your light out. (thee.
Lam. Nay I'll hold it thus,
That all chaste Eyes may see thy lust, and scorn it.
Tell me but this when you first doted on me,
And made suit to enjoy me as your Wife,
Did you not hold me honest?
Din. Yes, most vertuous.
Lam. And did not that appear the only lustre
That made me worth your love and admiration?
Din. I must confes——
Lam. Why would you deal so basely?
So like a thief, a Villain?
Din. Peace, good Madam.
Lam. I'll speak aloud too; thus maliciously,
Thus breaking all the Rules of honesty,
Of honour and of truth, for which I lov'd you,
For which I call'd you servant, and admir'd you;
To steal that Jewel purchas'd by another,
Piously set in Wedlock, even that Jewel,
Because it had no flaw, you held unvaluable:
Can he that has lov'd good, dote on the Devil?
For he that seeks a Whore, seeks but his Agent;
Or am I of so wild and low a blood?
So nurs'd in infamies?
Din. I do not think so,
And I repent.
Lam. That will not serve your turn, Sir.
Din. It was your treaty drew me on.
Lam. But it was your villany
Made you pursue it; I drew you but to try
How much a man, and nobly thou durst stand,
How well you had deserv'd the name of vertuous;
But you like a wild torrent, mix'd with all
Beastly and base affections came floating on,
Swelling your poyson'd billows——
Din. Will you betray me?
Lam. To all the miseries a vext Woman may.
Din. I let me but out,
Give me but room to tofs my Sword about me,
And I will tell you y'are a treacherous woman,
O that I had but words!
Lam. They will not serve you.
Din. But two-edg'd words to cut thee; a Lady traytor?

Perish by a proud Puppet? I did you too much honour,
To tender you my love, too much respected you
To think you worthy of my worst embraces.
Go take your Groom, and let him dally with you,
Your greasie Groom; I scorn to imp your lame stock,
You are not fair, nor handsome, I lye'd loudly,
This tongue abus'd you when it spoke you beauteous.

Lam. 'Tis very well, 'tis brave.
Din. Put out your light,
Your lascivious eyes are flames enough
For Fools to find you out; a Lady Plotter!
Must I begin your sacrifice of mischief?
I and my friend, the first-fruits of that blood,
You and your honourable Husband aim at?
Crooked and wretched you are both.
Lam. To you, Sir,
Yet to the Eye of Justice straight as Truth.
Din. Is this a womans love? a womans mercy?
Do you profes this seriously? do you laugh at me?
Lam. Ha, ha.
Din. Pl—— light upon your scorns, upon your flatteries,
Upon your tempting faces, all distractions;
A bedrid winter hang upon your cheeks,
And blast, blast, blast those buds of Pride that paint you;
Death in your eyes to fright men from these dangers:
Raife up your trophy, *Cleremont*.
Cler. VVhat a vengeance ail you?
Din. VVhat dismal noise! is there no honour in you?
Cleremont, we are betrayed, betrayed, sold by a woman;
Deal bravely for thy self.
Cler. This comes of rutting;
Are we made stales to one another?
Din. Yes, we are undone, lost.
Cler. You shall pay for't grey-beard.
Up, up, you sleep your last esse. { *Lights above, two Ser-*
1 *Serv.* No, not yet, Sir, { *vants and Anabel.*
Lady, look up, would you have wrong'd this Beauty?
VVake so tender a Virgin with rough terms?
You wear a Sword, we must entreat you leave it.
2 *Serv.* Eye Sir, so sweet a Lady?
Cler. Was this my bed-fellow, pray give me leave to look,
I am not mad yet, I may be by and by.
Did this lye by me?
Did I fear this? is this a Cause to shake at?
Away with me for shame, I am a Rascal.
Enter Champenel, Beaupre, Verdone, Lamira,
Anabel, Cleremont, and two Servants.
Din. I am amaz'd too.
Beaup. VVe'll recover you.
Verd. You walk like *Robin good-fellow* all the house over,
And every man afraid of you.
Din. 'Tis well, Lady;
The honour of this deed will be your own,
The world shall know your bounty.
Beaup. VVhat shall we do with 'em?
Cer. Geld me,
For 'tis not fit I should be a man again,
I am an Ass, a Dog.
Lam. Take your revenges,
You know my Husbands wrongs and your own losses.
Anab. A brave man, an admirable brave man;
VVell, well, I would not be so tryed again;
A very handsome proper Gentleman.
Cler. VVill you let me lye by her but one hour more,
And then hang me? (bravely,
Din. We wait your malice, put your swords home
You have reason to seek blood.
Lam. Not as you are noble.
Cham. Hands off, and give them liberty, only disarm 'em.
Beaup. We have done that already.
Cham. You are welcome, Gentlemen,
I am glad my house has any pleasure for you,
I keep a couple of Ladies here, they say fair,

And you are young and handsome, Gentlemen;
Have you any more mind to Wenches?

Cler. To be abus'd too? Lady, you might have help'd this.

Ana. Sir now 'tis past, but 't may be I may stand
Your friend hereafter, in a greater matter.

Cler. Never whilst you live.

Ana. You cannot tell—— now, Sir, a parting hand.

Cler. Down and Roses:

Well I may live to see you again. A dull Rogue,
No revelation in thee.

Lam. Were you well frightened?

Were your fits from the heart, of all colds and colours?
That's all your punishment.

Cler. It might have been all yours,
Had not a block-head undertaken it.

Cham. Your swords you must leave to these Gentlemen.

Verd. And now, when you dare fight,
We are on even Ice again.

Din. 'Tis well:

To be a Mistress, is to be a monster,
And so I leave your house, and you for ever.

Lam. Leave your wild lusts, and then you are a master.

Cham. You may depart too.

Cler. I had rather stay here.

Cham. Faith we shall fright you worse.

Cler. Not in that manner,

There's five hundred Crowns, fright me but so again.

Din. Come Cleremont, this is the hour of fool.

Cler. Wiser the next shall be or we'll to School. [Exeunt.

Champ. How coolly these hot gallants are departed?

Faith Cousin, 'twas unconscionably done,
To lye so still, and so long.

Anab. 'Twas your pleasure,
If 'twere a fault, I may hereafter mend.

Champ. O my best Wife,
Take now what course thou wilt, and lead what life.

Lam. The more trust you commit, the more care still,
Goodness and vertue shall attend my will.

Cham. Let's laugh this night out now, and count our gains.
We have our honours home, and they their pains.

[Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleremont, Dinant.

Din. It holds, they will go thither.

Cler. To their Summer-house?

Din. Thither i'th' evening, and which is the most infliction,
Only to insult upon our miseries.

Cler. Are you provided?

Din. Yes, yes.

Cler. Thoroughly?

Din. Thoroughly.

Cler. Basta, enough, I have your mind, I will not fail you.

Din. At such an hour.

Cler. Have I a memory?

A Cause, and Will to do? thou art so fullen——

Din. And shall be, till I have a fair reparation.

Cler. I have more reason, for I scaped a fortune,
Which if I come so near again: I say nothing,
But if I sweat not in another fashion——

O, a delicate Wench.

Din. 'Tis certain a most handsome one.

Cler. And me thought the thing was angry with it self too
It lay so long conceal'd, but I must part with you,
I have a scene of mirth, to drive this from my heart,
And my hour is come.

Din. Miss not your time.

Cler. I dare not.

[Exeunt severally.

Enter Sampson, and a Gentleman.

Gent. I presume, Sir, you now need no instruction,
But fairly know, what belongs to a Gentleman;
You bear your Uncles cause.

Sam. Do not disturb me,

I understand my cause, and the right carriage.

Gent. Be not too bloody.

Sam. As I find my enemy; if his sword bite,
If it bite, Sir, you must pardon me.

Gent. No doubt he is valiant,

He durst not undertake else,

Sam. He's most welcome,

As he is most valiant, he were no man for me else.

Gent. But say he should relent.

Sam. He dies relenting,

I cannot help it, he must dies relenting,

If he pray, praying, *ipso facto*, praying,

Your honourable way admits no prayer,

And if he fight, he falls, there's his *quietus*.

Gent. Y'are nobly punctual, let's retire and meet 'em,
But still, I say, have mercy.

Samp. I say, honour.

[Exeunt.

Enter Champernel, Lamira, Anabel, Beaupre, Verdane, Charlotte and a Servant.

Lam. Will not you go sweet-heart?

Champ. Go? Ple fly with thee.

I stay behind?

Lam. My Father will be there too,

And all our best friends.

Beau. And if we be not merry,

We have hard luck, Lady.

Verd. Faith let's have a kind of play.

Cham. What shall it be?

Verd. The story of *Dinant*.

Lam. With the merry conceits of *Cleremont*,
His Fits and Feavers.

Ana. But Ple lie still no more.

Lam. That, as you make the Play, 'twill be rare sport,
And how 'twill vex my gallants, when they hear it?
Have you given order for the Coach?

Charl. Yes, Madam.

Cham. My easie Nag, and padd.

Serv. 'Tis making ready.

Champ. Where are your Horses?

Beau. Ready at an hour, Sir: we'll not be last.

Cham. Fie, what a night shall we have!

A roaring, merry night.

Lam. We'll flie at all, Sir.

Cham. Ple flie at thee too, finely, and so ruffle thee,
Ple try your Art upon a Country pallet.

Lam. Brag not too much, for fear I should expect it,
Then if you fail——

Cham. Thou saiest too true, we all talk.

But let's in, and prepare, and after dinner

Begin our mirthful pilgrimage.

Lam. He that's sad,

A crab-face'd Mistress cleave to him for this year. [Exeunt.

Enter Cleremont, and La-writ.

La-writ. Since it cannot be the Judge——

Cler. 'Tis a great deal better.

La-writ. You are sure, he is his kinsman? a Gentleman?

Cler. As arrant a Gentleman, and a brave fellow,
And so near to his blood——

La-writ. It shall suffice,

I'll set him further off, I'll give a remove

Shall quit his kindred, I'll lopp him.

Cler. Will ye kill him?

(him,

La-w. And there were no more Cousins in the world I kill
I do mean, Sir, to kill all my Lords kindred.

For every cause a Cousin.

Cler. How if he have no more Cousins?

La-writ.

La-writ. The next a kin then to his Lordships favour ;
The man he smiles upon.

Cler. Why this is vengeance, horrid, and dire.

La-writ. I love a dire revenge :

Give me the man that will all others kill,
And last himself,

Cler. You stole that resolution.

La-writ. I had it in a Play, but that's all one,
I wou'd see it done.

Cler. Come, you must be more merciful.

La-writ. To no Lords Cousins in the world, I hate 'em ;

A Lords Cousin to me is a kind of Cockatrice,
If I see him first, he dies.

A strange Antipathy.

Cler. What think you of their Nieces ?

La-writ. If I like 'em,
They may live, and multiply ; 'tis a cold morning.

Cler. 'Tis sharp indeed ; you have broke your fast ?

La-writ. No verily.

Cler. Your valour would have ask'd a good foundation.

La-writ. Hang him, I'll kill him fasting.

Enter Sampson and the Gent.

Cler. Here they come,
Bear your self in your language, smooth and gently,
When your swords argue.

La-writ. 'Pray Sir, spare your precepts.

Gent. I have brought you, Sir——

La-writ. 'Tis very well, no words,
You are welcome, Sir.

Sam. I thank you, Sir, few words.

La-writ. I'll kill you for your Uncles sake.

Sam. I love you,
I'll cut your throat for your own sake.

La-writ. I esteem of you.

Cler. Let's render 'em honest, and fair, Gentlemen,
Search my friend, I'll search yours.

Gent. That's quickly done.

Cler. You come with no Spells, nor Witchcrafts ?

Sam. I come fairly to kill him honestly.

La-writ. Hang Spells, and Witchcrafts,
I come to kill my Lords Nephew like a Gentleman,
And so I kiss his hand.

Gent. This Doublet is too stiff.

La-writ. Off with't, I hate it,
And all such fortifications, feel my skin,
If that be stiff, flea that off too.

Gent. 'Tis no soft one.

La-writ. Off with't, I say :

I'll fight with him like a flea'd Cat.

Gent. You are well, you are well.

Cler. You must uncase too.

Sam. Yes, Sir.

But tell me this, why should I mix mine honour
With a fellow, that has ne're a lace in's shirt ?

Gent. That's a main point, my friend has two.

Cler. That's true, Sir.

La-w. Base and degenerate Cousin, dost not thou know
An old, and tatter'd colours, to the enemy,
Is of more honour, and shews more ominous ?
This shirt, five times, victorious I have fought under,
And cut through squadrons of your curious cut-works,
As I will do through thine, shake, and be satisfied.

Cler. This is unanswerable.

Sam. But may I fight with a foul shirt ?

Gent. Most certain, so it be a fighting shirt,
Let it be ne're so foul, or lowsie, *Casár* wore such a one.

Sam. Saint *Denis* then : I accept your shirt.

Cler. Not so forward, first you must talk,
'Tis a main point, of the French method,
Talk civilly, and make your cause Authentick.

Gent. No weapon must be near you, nor no anger.

Cler. When you have done, then stir your resolutions,
Take to your Weapons bravely.

La-writ. 'Tis too cold ;
This for a Summer fight.

Cler. Not for a world you should transgress the rules.

Sam. 'Tis pievish weather,
I had rather fight without.

Gent. An 'twere in a River:

Cler. Where both stood up to th' chins.

La-writ. Then let's talk quickly,
Pl—— o' this circumstance.

Cler. Are the Horses come yet ?

Gent. Yes certain : give your swords to us, now civilly.

Cler. We'll stand a while off ; take the things, and leave 'em,
You know when, and let the children play :

This is a dainty time of year for puppies,
Would the old Lord were here.

Gent. He would dye with laughter.

Cler. I am sorry I have no time to see this game out,
Away, away.

Gent. Here's like to be a hot fight,
Call when y'are fit.

[*Ex. Cler. and Gent.*

La-writ. Why look you Sir, you seem to be a Gentleman,
And you come in honour of your Uncle, boh, boh, 'tis very
Your Uncle has offer'd me some few affronts, (cold ;
Pait flesh and blood to bear : boh, boh, wondrous cold.

Sam. My Lord, mine Uncle, is an honourable man,
And what he offers, boh, boh, cold indeed,
Having made choice of me, an unworthy kinsman,
Yet take me with you : boh, boh, pestilence cold,
Not altogether.

La-writ. Boh, boh, I say altogether.

Sam. You say you know not what then ? boh, boh, Sir.

La-writ. Sir me with your sword in your hand ;
You have a scurvy Uncle, you have a most scurvy cause,
And you are—— boh, boh.

Sam. Boh, boh, what ?

La-writ. A shitten scurvy Cousin.

Samp. Our Swords ; our Swords ;
Thou art a Dog, and like a Dog, our Swords.

La-w. Our weapons Gentlemen: ha ? where's your second ?

Sam. Where's yours ?

La-writ. So ho ; our weapons.

Sam. Wa, ha, ho, our weapons ;
Our Doublets and our weapons, I am dead.

La-w. First, second, third, a pl—— be wi'you Gentlemen.

Sam. Are these the rules of honour ? I am starv'd.

La-w. They are gone, and we are here ; what shall we do ?

Sam. O for a couple of Faggots.

La-w. Hang a couple of Faggots.

Dar'ft thou take a killing cold with me ?

Sam. I have it already.

(Doublets ?

La-w. Rogues, Thieves, boh, boh, run away with our
To fight at Buffets now, 'twere such a May-game.

Sam. There were no honour in't, pl—— on't, 'tis scurvy.

La-w. Or to revenge my wrongs at fifty-cuffs.

Sam. My Lord, mine Uncles cause, depend on Boxes ?

La-w. Let's go in quest, if we ever recover 'em.

Sam. I, come, our Colds together, and our Doublets.

La-w. Give me thy hand ; thou art a valiant Gentleman,
I say if ever we recover 'em——

Sam. Let's get into a house and warm our hearts.

La-w. There's ne're a house within this mile, beat me,
Kick me and beat me as I go, and I'll beat thee too,

To keep us warm ; if ever we recover 'em——

Kick hard, I am frozen : so, so, now I feel it.

Sam. I am dull yet.

La-w. I'll warm thee, I'll warm thee—— Gentlemen ?
Rogues, Thieves, Thieves : run now I'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Vertaign, Champernel, Beaupre, Verdone,
Lamira, Annabel, Charlotte, Nurse.*

Verta. Use legs, and have legs.

Cham. You that have legs say so,
I put my one to too much strefs.

Verdo. Your Horse, Sir,

Will meet you within half a mile.

Lam. I like

The walk so well, I should not miss my Coach,
Though it were further. *Amabel* thou art sad:
What ails my Niece?

Beau. She's still musing, Sister,
How quietly her late bed-fellow lay by her.

Nurse. Old as I am, he would have startled me,
Nor can you blame her.

Char. Had I ta'ne her place,
I know not, but I fear, I should ha' shreek'd,
Though he had never offer'd—

Ana. Out upon thee,
Thou wouldst have taught him.

Char. I think, with your pardon,
That you wish now you had.

Ana. I am glad I yield you
Such ample scope of mirth.

Cornet.

[Musick within.]

Verta. Nay, be not angry,
There's no ill meant: ha? Musick, and choice Musick?

Cham. 'Tis near us in the Grove; what courteous bounty
Bestows it on us? my dancing days are done;
Yet I would thank the giver, did I know him.

Verdo. 'Tis questionless, some one of your own Village,
That hearing of your purpos'd journey thither,
Prepares it for your entertainment, and
The honour of my Lady.

Lam. I think rather,
Some of your Lordships Clients.

Beaup. What say you Cousin,
If they should prove your Suitors?

Verd. That's most likely.

Nurse. I say if you are noble, be't who will,
Go presently and thank 'em: I can jump yet,
Or tread a measure.

Lam. Like a Millers Mare.

Nurf. I warrant you well enough to serve the Country,
I'll make one, and lead the way. [Exit.]

Charl. Do you note,
How zealous the old Crone is?

Lam. And you titter
As eagerly as she: come sweet, we'll follow,
No ill can be intended.

[Musick ends.]

Cham. I ne're fear'd yet.

[Exeunt.]

SONG in the Wood.

THIS way, this way come and hear,
You that hold these pleasures dear,
Fill your ears with our sweet sound,
Whilst we melt the frozen ground:
This way come, make haste oh fair,
Let your clear eyes gild the Air;
Come and bless us with your sight,
This way, this way, seek delight.

Enter a company of Gentlemen, like Russians.

1 Gent. They are ours, but draw them on a little further
From the foot path into the neighbouring thicket,
And we may do't, as safe as in a Castle.

2 Gent. They follow still; the President *Vertaigne*
Comes on a pace, and *Champernel* limps after;
The Women, as if they had wings, and walk't
Upon the Air, fly to us.

1 Gent. They are welcome,
We'll make 'em sport; make a stand here, all know
How we are to proceed.

2 Gent. We are instructed.

Still Musick within.

1 Gent. One strain or two more.

[Gent. off.]

Enter *Vertaigne*, *Champernel*, *Beaupre*, *Verdone*,
Lamira, *Anabel*, *Nurse*, *Charlotte*.

Excellent, they are come.

Nurse. We cannot miss, in such a business, yet

Mine ear ne'r fail'd me.

[Musick for the Dance.]

Charl. Would we were at it once,
I do not walk, but Dance.

1 Gent. You shall have dancing.

Begin, and when I give the word—

2 Gent. No more:

We are instructed.

[Dance.]

Beaupre. But win us fairly—

1 Gent. O Sir, we do not come to try your valour,
But to possess you, yet we use you kindly
In that, like English Thieves, we kill you not,
But are contented with the spoil.

Verta. Oh Heaven!

How hath mine age deserv'd this?

Cham. Hell confound it,

This comes of walking; had I kept my legs,
Or my good Horse, my Armour on,
My Staff in my rest, and this good Sword too, friend,
How I would break and scatter these.

All Gent. Ha, ha, ha.

Cham. Do you scorn me Rogues?

Nurf. Nay, Gentlemen, kind Gentlemen,
Or honest keepers of these woods, but hear me,
Be not so rough; if you are taken with
My beauty, as it hath been worth the seeking,
Some one or two of you try me in private,
You shall not find me squeamish.

Charl. Do not kill me,
And do your worst, I'll suffer.

Lam. Peace vile creatures,

Vert. Do you know me, or my place, that you presume not
To touch my person?

1 Gent. If you are well, rest so,
Provoke not angry Wasps.

Verta. You are Wasps indeed,
Never created to yield Wax or Honey,
But for your Countries torment; yet if you are men,
(As you seem such in shape) if true born French-men,
However want compels you to these courses,
Rest satisfied with what you can take from us,
(These Ladies honours, and our liberties safe)
We freely give it.

1 Gent. You give but our own.

Verta. Look on these grey hairs, as you would be old,
Their tears, as you would have yours to find mercy
When Justice shall o'rtake you.

Cham. Look on me,

Look on me Rascals, and learn of me too,
That have been in some part of your profession,
Before that most of you ere suck'd, I know it,
I have rode hard, and late too.

Verta. Take heed, Sir.

Cham. Then use me like a Brother of the Trade,
For I have been at Sea, as you on land are,
Restore my Matrimony undefil'd,
Wrong not my Niece, and for our gold or silver,
If I pursue you, hang me.

Nurf. 'Tis well offer'd,
And as I said, sweet Gentlemen, with sovre faces,
If you are high, and want some sport, or so,
(As living without action here, you may do)
Forbear their tender grissels, they are meat
Will wash away, there is no substance in it,
We that are expert in the game, and tough too,
Will hold you play.

Enter *Dinant* and *Cleremont*.

1 Gent. This Hen longs to be troden.

Din. Lackey, my Horse.

Cler. This way, I heard the cries
Of distress'd Women.

2 Gent. Stand upon your guard.

Din. Who's here? my witty, scornful Lady-plot
In the hands of Russians?

Cler.

Cler. And my fine cold virgini,
That was insensible of man, and woman?

Din. Justice too,
Without a sword to guard it self?

Cler. And valour with its hands bound?

Din. And the great Souldier dull?

Why this is strange.

Lam. *Dinant* as thou art noble ———

Ana. As thou art valiant *Cleremont* ———

Lam. As ever I appear'd lovely ———

Ana. As you ever hope

For what I would give gladly ———

Cler. Pretty conjurations.

Lam. All injuries a little laid behind you.

Ana. Shew your selves men, and help us.

Din. Though your many

And gross abuses of me should more move me
To triumph in your miseries than relieve you,—

Yet that hereafter you may know that I
The scorn'd and despis'd *Dinant*, know what does
Belong to honour, thus ———

Cler. I will say little,
Speak thou for me.

Fight.

Cham. 'Tis bravely fought.

Verta. Brave tempers,
To do thus for their enemies.

Cham. They are lost yet.

1 *Gent.* You that would rescue others, shall now feel
What they were born to.

2 *Gent.* Hurry them away. [*Ex. Manent Vert.*

Cham. That I could follow them. and *Champernel.*

Verta. I only can lament my fortune, and desire of heaven
A little life for my revenge.

Cham. The Provost

Shall fire the woods, but I will find 'em out,
No cave, no rock, nor hell shall keep them from
My searching vengeance.

Enter *La-writ*, and *Sampson*.

La-writ. O cold! O fearfull cold! plague of all seconds.

Samp. O for a pint of burnt wine, or a sip
Of *aqua-fortis*.

Cham. The rogues have met with these two
Upon my life and rob'd 'em.

La-writ. As you are honourable Gentlemen,
Impart unto a couple of cold combatants.

Sam. My Lord, mine uncle as I live.

La-writ. Pox take him.

How that word has warm'd my mouth?

Verta. Why how now Cousin?

Why, why? and where man, have you been? at a Poulterers
That you are cas'd thus like a rabbit? I could laugh now,
And I shall laugh, for all I have lost my Children,
Laugh monstrously.

Cham. What are they?

Verta. Give me leave Sir,
Laugh more and more, never leave laughing.

Cham. Why Sir?

Verta. Why 'tis such a thing I smell it Sir, I smell it,
Such a ridiculous thing, ———

La-writ. Do you laugh at me my Lord?

I am very cold, but that should not be laught at.

Cham. What art thou?

La-writ. What art thou?

Sam. If he had his doublet. ———

And his sword by his side, as a Gentleman ought to have.

Verta. Peace Monsieur *Sampson*.

Cham. Come hither little Gentleman.

La-writ. Bafe is the slave commanded: come to me.

Verta. This is the little advocate.

Cham. What advocate?

Verta. The little advocate that sent me a challenge,
I told you that my Nephew undertook it,
And what 'twas like to prove: now you see the issue.

Cham. Is this the little Lawyer?

La-writ. You have a sword Sir,
And I have none; you have a doublet too
That keeps you warm, and makes you merry.

Sam. If your Lordship knew
The nature, and the nobleness of the Gentleman,
Though he shew slight here, and at what gulfs of danger
His manhood has arrived,
But that

Mens fates are foolish,
And often headlong overrun their fortunes.

La-writ. That little Lawyer would so prick his ears up,
And bite your honour by the nose.

Cham. Say you so Sir? (too.

La-writ. So niggle about your grave shins Lord *Vertagine*

Sam. No more sweet Gentleman, no more of that Sir.

La-writ. I will have more, I must have more.

Verta. Out with it.

Sam. Nay he is as brave a fellow.—

Cham. Have I caught you? [*Strikes him down.*

Verta. Do not kill him, do not kill him.

Cham. No, no, no, I will not. Do you peep again?
Down down proud heart.

Sam. O valour,
Look up brave friend, I have no means to rescue thee,
My Kingdom for a sword.

Cham. Ple sword you presently,
Ple claw your skin coat too.

Verta. Away good *Sampson*,

You goe to gras else instantly.

Sam. But do not murder my brave friend.

Verta. Not one word.

Cham. If you do sirra—

Sam. Must I goe off dishonour'd?
Adversity tries valour, so I leave thee. [*Exit.*

Cham. Are you a Lawyer Sir?

La-writ. I was, I was Sir.

Cham. Nay never look, your Lawyers pate is broken,
And your litigious blood about your ears sirra;
Why do you fight and snarle?

La-writ. I was possest.

Cham. Ple dispossess you.

Verta. Ha, ha, ha.

La-writ. Et tu Brute?

Verta. Beat him no more.

Cham. Alas Sir I must beat him,
Beat him into his business again, he will be lost else.

Verta. Then take your way.

Cham. Ly still, and doe not struggle.

La-writ. I am patient,

I never saw my blood before, it jades me,
I have no more heart now than a goose. (of living,

Cham. Why sirra, why do you leave your trade, your trade
And send your challenges like thunderbolts,
To men of honour'd place?

La-writ. I understand Sir,

I never understood before your beating.

Cham. Does this work on you?

La-writ. Yes.

Cham. Do you thank me for't?

La-writ. As well as a beaten man can.

Cham. And do you promise me,
To fall close to your trade again? leave brawling?

La-writ. If you will give me leave and life.

Cham. And ask this noble man forgiveness?

La-writ. Heartily. (you

Cham. Rise then, and get you gone, and let me hear of
As of an advocate new vampt; no more words,
Get you off quickly, and make no murmurs,
I shall pursue you else.

La-writ. I have done sweet Gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Verta. But we forget our selves, our friends and Children.

Cham. We'l raise the country first, then take our fortunes.

[*Excunt.*
Enter

Enter one Gentleman, and Lamira.

1 *Gent.* Shall I entreat for what I may command?

Lam. Think on my birth.

1 *Gent.* Here I am only Noble,
A King, and thou in my dominions, fool,
A subject and a slave.

Lam. Be not a Tyrant,
A ravisher of honour, gentle Sir,
And I will think ye such, and on my knees,
As to my Sovereign, pay a Subjects duty,
With prayers and tears.

1 *Gent.* I like this humble carriage,
I will walk by, but kneel you still and weep too,
It shews well, while I meditate on the prey;
Before I seize it.

Lam. Is there no mercie, Heaven?

Enter second Gent. and Anabel.

2 *Gent.* Not kiss you?
I will kiss and kiss again.

Ana. Savage villain!
My Innocence be my strength, I do despise thee,
Thou scorn and spit at thee; will you come on Sir?
You are hot, there is a cooler.

2 *Gent.* A virago? (desp.)

Ana. No, loathsome Goat, more, more, I am that God-
That here with whips of steel in hell hereafter
Scourge rape and theft.

2 *Gent.* I'll try your deity.

Ana. My chastity, and this knife held by a Virgin,
Against thy lust, thy sword and thee a Beast,
Call on for the encounter.

2 *Gent.* Now what think you? *Throws her and
takes her Knife.*

Ana. In me their power suffers,
That should protect the Innocent.

1 *Gent.* I am all fire,
And thou shalt quench it, and serve my pleasures.

Come partner in the spoil and the reward,
Let us enjoy our purchase.

Lam. O *Dinant*!

O Heaven! O Husband!

Ana. O my *Cleremont*!

1 *Gent.* Two are our slaves they call on, bring 'em forth
As they are chain'd together, let them see
And suffer in the object.

*Enter Dinant, and Cleremont, bound by the
rest of the Gent.*

2 *Gent.* While we sit
And without pity hear 'em.

Cler. By my life,
I suffer more for thee than for my self.

Din. Be a man *Cleremont*, and look upon 'em
As such that not alone abus'd our service,
Fed us with hopes most bitter in digestion,
But when love fail'd, to draw on further mischief,
The baits they laid for us, were our own honours,
Which thus hath made us slaves too, worse than slaves.

2 *Gent.* He dies.

1 *Gent.* Pray hold, give him a little respite.

Din. I see you now beyond expression wretched,
The wit you brag'd of fool'd, that boasted honour,
As you believ'd compass'd with walls of brass,
To guard it sure, subject to be o'rthrown
With the least blast of lust.

Lam. A most sad truth.

Din. That confidence which was not to be shaken
In a perpetual fever, and those favours,
Which with so strong and Ceremonious duty
Your lover and a Gentleman long sought for,
Sought, sued, and kneel'd in vain for, must you yield up
To a licentious villain, that will hardly

Allow you thanks for't.

Cler. Something I must say too,
And to you pretty one, though crying one;
To be hang'd now, when these worshipful benchers please,
Though I know not their faces that condemn me,
A little startles me, but a man is nothing,
A Maidenhead is the thing, the thing all aim at;
Do not you wish now, and wish from your heart too,
When scarce sweet with my fears, I long lay by you
Those fears you and your good Aunt put upon me,
To make you sport, you had given a little hint,
A touch or so, to tell me I was mortal,
And by a mortal woman?

Ana. Pray you no more.

Cler. If I had loos'd that virgin Zone, observe me,
I would have hired the best of all our Poets
To have sung so much, and so well in the honour
Of that nights joy, that *Ovids* afternoon,
Nor his *Corinna* should again be mention'd.

Ana. I do repent, and wish I had.

Cler. That's comfort,
But now ———

2 *Gent.* Another that will have it offer'd,
Compel it to be offer'd, shall enjoy it.

Cler. A rogue, a ruffian.

2 *Gent.* As you love your throat, ———

1 *Gent.* Away with them.

Ana. O *Cleremont*!

Lam. O *Dinant*!

Din. I can but add your sorrows to my sorrows,
Your fears to my fears.

Cler. To your wishes mine,
This slave may prove unable to perform,
Till I perform the task that I was born for.

Ana. Amen, amen.

1 *Gent.* Drag the slaves hence, for you
A while I'll lock you up here, study all ways
You can to please me, or the deed being done,
You are but dead.

2 *Gent.* This strong Vault shall contain you,
There think how many for your maidenhead
Have pin'd away, and be prepar'd to lose it
With penitence.

1 *Gent.* No humane help can save you.

Ladies. Help, help?

2 *Gent.* You cry in vain, rocks cannot hear you.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

A Horrid noise of Musique within,
*Enter one and opens the door, in which Lamira and
Anabel were shut, they in all fear.*

Lam. O Cousin how I shake all this long night!
What frights and noises we have heard, still
The villains put on shapes to torture us, (they encrease,
And to their Devils form such preparations
As if they were a hatching new dishonours,
And fatal ruine, past dull mans invention.
Goe not too far, and pray good Cousin *Anabel*,
Hark a new noise. *A strange Musick.*

Ana. They are exquisite in mischief, *Sackbut & Troop*

I will goe on, this room gives no protection, *Musick.*
More than the next, what's that? how sad and hollow,
The sound comes to us. *Thieves peeping.*

Lam. Groaning? or singing is it? *Louder.*

Ana. The wind I think, murmuring amongst old rooms.

Lam. Now it grows lower, sure some sad preface
Of our soul lots ——— look now they peep.

Ana. Pox peep 'em.

Lam. O give them gentle language.

Ana. Give 'em rats-bane.

Peep above.
Lam.

Lam. Now they are above.
 Ana. I would they were i'th' Center.
 Lam. Thou art so foolish desperate.
 Ana. Since we must lose.
 Lam. Call 'em brave fellows, Gentlemen.
 Ana. Call 'em rogues,
 Rogues as they are, rude rogues, uncivil villains. (ger ?
 Lam. Look an thou woo't beware, dost thou feel the dan-
 Ana. Till the danger feel me, thus will I talk still,
 And worse when that comes too ; they cannot eat me.
 This is a punishment, upon our own prides
 Most justly laid ; we must abuse brave Gentlemen,
 Make 'em tame fools, and hobby-horses, laugh and jeer at
 Such men too, and so handfom and so Noble,
 That howsoe're we seem'd to carry it ———
 Wou'd 'twere to do again.
 Lam. I do confes cousin,
 I was too harsh, too foolish.
 Ana. Do you feel it ?
 Do you find it now ? take heed o'th' punishment,
 We might have had two gallant Gentlemen,
 Proper, young, O how it tortures me !
 Two Devils now, two rascals, two and twenty ———
 Lam. O think not so.
 Ana. Nay an we 'scape so modestly ———
 Lam. May we be worthy any eyes, or knowledge,
 When we are used thus ?
 Ana. Why not ? why do you cry ?
 Are we not women still ? what were we made for ?
 Lam. But thus, thus basely ———
 Ana. 'Tis against our villis,
 And if there come a thousand so, ———
 Lam. Out on thee.
 Ana. You are a fool, what we cannot resist,
 Why should we grieve and blush for ? there be women,
 And they that bear the name of excellent women
 Would give their whole estates to meet this fortune.
 Lam. Hark, a new noise. *New sound within.*
 Ana. Let 'em goe on, I fear not,
 If wrangling, fighting and scratching cannot preserve me,
 Why so be it Cousin ; if I be ordain'd
 To breed a race of rogues. ———
*Enter four over the stage with Beaupre, and Verdone,
 bound and halters about their necks.*
 Lam. They come. Ana. Be firm,
 They are welcom.
 Lam. What mask of death is this ? O my dear Brother.
 Ana. My Couz too ; why now y'are glorious villains.
 Lam. O shall we lose our honours ?
 Ana. Let 'em goe,
 When death prepares the way, they are but Pageants.
 Why must these dye ?
 Beau. Lament your own misfortunes,
 We perish happily before your ruins.
 Ana. Has mischief ne'r a tongue ?
 I Gent. Yes foolish woman,
 Our Captains will is death.
 Ana. You dare not do it.
 Tell thy base boisterous Captain what I say,
 Thy lawless Captain that he dares not ;
 Do you laugh you rogue ? you pamper'd rogue ?
 Lam. Good Sir,
 Good Cousin gently, as y'are a Gentleman, —
 Ana. A Gentleman ? a slave, a dog, the devils harbinger.
 Lam. Sir as you had a Mother.
 Ana. He a Mother ?
 Shame not the name of Mother, a she Bear
 A bloody old wolf bitch, a woman Mother ?
 Looks that rude lump, as if he had a Mother ?
 Intreat him ? hang him, do thy worst, thou dar'st not,
 Thou dar'st not wrong their lives, thy Captain dares not,
 They are persons of more price.
 Ver. What e're we suffer

Let not your angers wrong you.
 Ana. You cannot suffer,
 The men that do this deed, must live i'th' moon
 Free from the gripe of Justice.
 Lam. Is it not better ?
 Ana. Is it not better ? let 'em goe on like rascals
 And put false faces on ; they dare not do it ;
 Flatter such scabbs of nature ?
 Gent. Woman, woman
 The next work is with you.
 Ana. Unbind those Gentlemen,
 And put their fatal fortunes on our necks,
 Lam. As you have mercy do.
 Ana. As you are monsters. (nours
 Lam. Fright us no more with shipwrack of our ho-
 Nor if there be a guilt by us committed
 Let it endanger those.
 Ana. I say they dare not,
 There be a thousand galloufes, ye rogues,
 Tortures, ye bloody rogues, wheels.
 Gent. Away. Lam. Stay. Ana. Stay.
 Stay and I'll flatter too : good sweet fac'd Gentlemen,
 You excellent in honesty ; O Kinsmen !
 O Noble kinsmen !
 Gent. Away with 'em. [Ex. Ver. Beaup. and Gent.
 Ana. Stay yet.
 The Devil and his lovely dam walk with you,
 Come fortify your self, if they do dy,
 Which all their ruggedness cannot rack into me ;
 They cannot find an hour more Innocent,
 Nor more friends to revenge 'em.
Enter Cleremont, disguis'd.
 Lam. Now stand constant,
 For now our tryal's come.
 Cler. This beautie's mine,
 Your minute moves not yet.
 Lam. She sinks if Christian,
 If any spark of noble heat. ———
 Cler. Rise Lady
 And fearless rise, there's no dishonour meant you,
 Do you know my tongue ?
 Ana. I have heard it.
 Cler. Mark it better,
 I am one that loves you, fairly, nobly loves you,
 Look on my face ? Ana. O Sir ?
 Cler. No more words, softly
 Hark, but hark wisely how, understand well,
 Suspect not, fear not.
 Ana. You have brought me comfort.
 Cler. If you think me worthy of your husband,
 I am no rogue nor Begger, if you dare do thus ———
 Ana. You are Monsieur Cleremont.
 Cler. I am the same,
 If you dare venture, speak, if not I leave you,
 And leave you to the mercy of these villains
 That will not woove ye much.
 Ana. Save my reputation,
 And free me from these slaves.
 Cler. By this kifs I'll do it,
 And from the least dishonour they dare aim at you,
 I have a Priest too, shall be ready.
 Ana. You are forward.
 Lam. Is this my constant cousin ? how she whispers,
 Kisses and hugs the thief !
 Ana. You'll offer nothing.
 Cler. Till all be tyed,
 Not as I am a Gentleman.
 Ana. Can you relieve my Aunt too ?
 Cler. Not yet Mistris,
 But fear nothing, all shall be well, away quickly
 It must be done i'th' moment or ——— Ana. I am with ye.
 Cler. I'll know now who sleeps by me, keep your standing.
 [Ex. Cler. and Anabel.
 Lam.

Lam. Well, go thy way, and thine own shame dwell with
Is this the constancy she shew'd, the bravery? (thee.
The dear love and the life she ow'd her kinsmen?
O brave tongue, valiant glorious woman?
Is this the noble anger you arriv'd at?
Are these the thieves you scorn'd, the rogues you rail'd at?
The scabs and scums of nature? O fair modesty,
Excellent virtue, whither art thou fled?
What hand O Heaven is over us, when strong virgins
Yield to their fears, and to their fears their fortunes?
Never belief come near me more, farewell wench,
A long farewell from all that ever knew thee:
My turn is next,
I am resolv'd, it comes
But in a nobler shape, ha?

Enter Dinant.

Din. Bless'd ye Lady.

Lam. Indeed Sir, I had need of many blessings,
For all the hours I have had since I came here,
Have been so many curses. How got you liberty?
For I presume you come to comfort me.

Din. To comfort you, and love you, 'tis most true,
My bondage was as yours, as full of bitterness
And every hour my death.

Lam. Heaven was your comfort.

Din. Till the last evening, sitting full of sadness,
Wailing, sweet Mistress, your unhappy fortunes,
(Mine own I had the least care of) round about me
The Captain and the company stood gaping,
When I began the story of my love
To you fair Saint, and with so full a sorrow,
Follow'd each point, that even from those rude eyes,
That never knew what pity meant or mercy,
There stole down soft relentings: take heed Mistress,
And let not such unholy hearts outdo you,
The soft plum'd god will see again; thus taken,
As men transform'd with the strange tale I told,
They stood amaz'd, then bid me rise and live,
Take liberty and means to see your person,
And wish me prosperous in your love, wish you so,
Be wife and loving Lady, shew but you so.

Lam. O Sir, are these fit hours to talk of love in?
Shall we make fools of our afflictions?
Can any thing sound sweetly in mine ears,
Where all the noise of bloody horror is?
My Brother, and my Cousin, they are dead Sir,
Dead, basely dead, is this an age to fool in?
And I my self, I know not what I shall be,
Yet I must thank you, and if happily
You had ask'd me yesterday, when these were living,
And my fears less, I might have hearkned to you.

Din. Peace to your grief, I bind you to your word.

*Enter Cleremont, Anabel, Beaupre, Verdone,
Charlotte, Nurse, the two Gentlemen.*

Lam. How? do you conjure?

Din. Not to raise dreadfull apparitions, Madam,
But such as you would gladly see.

Lam. My Brother, and nephew living?

Beau. And both owe their lives
To the favour of these Gentlemen.

Verd. Who deserve
Our service, and for us, your gracious thanks.

Lam. Which I give freely, and become a suitor,
To be hereafter more familiar
With such great worth and virtue.

1 Gent. Ever think us
Your servants, Madam.

Cler. Why if thou wilt needs know
How we are freed, I will discover it,
And with laconick brevity: these Gentlemen
This night incountring with those outlaws that
Yesterday made us prisoners, and as we were

Attempted by 'em they with greater courage,
(I am sure with better fortune) not alone,
Guarded themselves, but forc'd the bloody thieves,
Being got between them, and this hellish Cave,
For safety of their lives, to fly up higher
Into the woods, all left to their possession,
This sav'd your Brother, and your nephew from
The gibbet, this redeem'd me from my Chains,
And gave my friend his liberty, this preserv'd
Your honour ready to be lost.

Din. But that

I know this for a ly, and that the thieves
And gentlemen, are the same men, by my practice
Suborn'd to this, he does deliver it
With such a constant brow, that I am doubtful,
I should believe him too.

1 Gent. If we did well,
We are rewarded.

2 Gent. Thanks but takes away
From what was freely purpos'd.

Cler. Now by this hand,
You have so cunningly discharg'd your parts,
That while we live, rest confident you shall
Command *Dinant* and *Cleremont*; nor *Beaupre*,
Nor *Verdone* scents it: for the Ladies, they
Were easie to be gull'd.

1 Gent. 'Twas but a jest,
And yet the jest may chance to break our necks
Should it be known.

Cler. Fear nothing. *Din. Cleremont,*
Say, what success?

Cler. As thou wouldst wish, 'tis done Lad,
The grove will witness with me, that this night
I lay not like a block: but how speed you?

Din. I yet am in suspence, devise some means
To get these off, and speedily.

Cler. I have it,
Come, we are dull, I think that the good fellows,
Our predecessors in this place, were not
So foolish, and improvident husbands, but
'Twill yield us meat and wine.

1 Gent. Let's ransack it,
'Tis ours now by the Law.

Cler. How say you sweet one,
Have you an appetite? *Ana.* To walk again
I'th' Woods, if you think fit, rather than eat.

Cler. A little respite prethee; nay blush not,
You ask but what's your own, and warrantable:

Monsieur, Beaupre, Verdone,
What think you of the motion?

Verd. Lead the way.

Beau. We follow willingly. [*Ex. Man. Din. and Lam.*]

Cler. When you shall think fit,
We will expect you. *Din.* Now be mistress of
Your promise Lady.

Lam. 'Twas to give you hearing.

Din. But that word hearing, did include a grant,
And you must make it good.

Lam. Must? *Din.* Must and shall,
I will be fool'd no more, you had your tricks;
Made properties of me, and of my friend;
Presum'd upon your power, and whip'd me with
The rod of mine own dotage: do not flatter
Your self with hope, that any humane help
Can free you, and for aid by miracle
A base unthankfull woman is unworthy.

Lam. You will not force me?

Din. Rather than enjoy you
With your consent, because I will torment you;
I'll make you feel the effects of abus'd love,
And glory in your torture.

Lam. Brother, Nephew,
Help, help, for Heavens sake.

Din. Tear your throat, cry louder,

Though every leaf, these trees bear, were an Echo,
And summon'd in your best friends to redeem you,
It should be fruitless: 'tis not that I love you,
Or value those delights you prize so high,
That I'll enjoy you, a French crown will buy
More sport, and a companion, to whom,
You in your best trim are an Ethiop.

Lam. Forbear me then.

Din. Not so, I'll do't in spite,
And break that stubborn disobedient will,
That hath so long held out, that boasted honour
I will make equal with a common Whores;
The spring of Chastity, that fed your pride,
And grew into a River of vain glory,
I will defile with mudd, the mudd of lust,
And make it loathsome even to goats!

Lam. O Heaven!

No pity Sir? *Din.* You taught me to be cruel,
And dare you think of mercy? I'll tell thee fool,
Those that surpriz'd thee, were my instruments,
I can plot too, good Madam, you shall find it:
And in the stead of licking of my fingers,
Kneeling and whipping like a boy new breech'd,
To get a toy forsooth, not worth an apple,
Thus make my way, and with Authority
Command what I would have.

Lam. I am lost for ever:

Good Sir, I do confess my fault, my gross fault,
And yield my self up, miserable guilty;
Thus kneeling I confess, you cannot study
Sufficient punishments to load me with;
I am in your power, and I confess again,
You cannot be too cruel: if there be,
Besides the loss of my long guarded honour,
Any thing else to make the ballance even,
Pray put it in, all hopes, all helps have left me;
I am girt round with sorrow, hell's about me,
And ravishment the least that I can look for,
Do what you please.

Din. Indeed I will do nothing,
Nor touch nor hurt you Lady, nor had ever
Such a lewd purpose.

Lam. Can there be such goodness,
And in a man so injur'd?

Din. Be confirm'd in't.

I seal it thus: I must confess you vex'd me,
In fooling me so often, and those fears
You threw upon me call'd for a requital,
Which now I have return'd, all unchast love
Dinant thus throws away; live to man-kind,
As you have done to me, and I will honour
Your virtue, and no more think of your beauty.

Lam. All I possess, comes short of satisfaction.

Din. No complements: the terrors of this night
Imagine but a fearful dream, and so
With ease forget it: for *Dinant*, that labour'd
To blast your honour, is a Champion for it,
And will protect and guard it.

Lam. 'Tis as safe then,
As if a compleat Army undertook it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter *La-writ*, *Sampson*, *Clyents*.

La-writ. Do not persuade me gentle Monsieur *Sampson*,
I am a mortal man again, a Lawyer,
My martial part I have put off.

Sam. Sweet Monsieur,
Let but our honours teach us.

La-writ. Monsieur *Sampson*,
My honourable friend, my valiant friend,
Be but so beaten, forward my brave Clients,
I am yours, and you are mine again, be but so thrasht,
Receive that Castigation with a cudgel.

Sam. Which calls upon us for a Reparation.

La-writ. I have, it cost me half a crown, I bear it

All over me, I bear it Monsieur *Sampson*;
The oyls, and the old woman that repairs to me,
To 'noint my beaten body.

Sam. It concerns you,
You have been swing'd.

La-writ. Let it concern thee too;
Goe and be beaten, speak scurvy words, as I did,
Speak to that Lion Lord, waken his anger,
And have a hundred *Baltinado's*, doe;
Three broken pates, thy teeth knockt out, do *Sampson*,
Thy valiant arms and leggs beaten to *Poultesses*,
Do silly *Sampson*, do.

1 Cly. You wrong the Gentleman,
To put him out of his right mind thus:
You wrong us, and our Causes.

La-writ. Down with him Gentlemen,
Turn him, and beat him, if he break our peace,
Then when thou hast been Lam'd, thy small guts perisht,
Then talk to me, before I scorn thy counsell,
Feel what I feel, and let my Lord repair thee.

Sam. And can the brave *La-writ*—

2 Cly. Tempt him no further,
Be warn'd and say no more.

La-writ. If thou doest, *Sampson*,
Thou see'st my *Mirmidons*, I'll let 'em loose,
That in a moment —

Sam. I say nothing, Sir, but I could wish —

La-writ. They shall destroy thee wishing;
There's ne'r a man of these, but have lost ten causes,
Dearer then ten mens lives; tempt, and thou die'st:
Goe home, and smile upon my Lord, thine Uncle,
Take Mony of the men thou mean'st to Cousin,
Drink Wine, and eat good meat, and live discreetly,
Talk little, 'tis an antidote against a beating; (*placket*,
Keep thy hand from thy sword, and from thy *Laundress*
And thou wilt live long.

1 Cly. Give ear, and be instructed.

La-writ. I find I am wiser than a Justice of Peace now,
Give me the wisdom that's beaten into a man
That sticks still by him: art thou a new man?

Sam. Yes, yes,
Thy learned precepts have enchanted me.

La-writ. Goe my son *Sampson*, I have now begot thee,
I'll send thee causes; speak to thy Lord, and live,
And lay my share by, goe and live in peace,
Put on new suits, and shew fit for thy place;
That man neglects his living, is an Ass: [*Exit Samp.*
Farewel; come chearily boyes, about our business,
Now welcom tongue again, hang Swords.

1 Cly. Sweet Advocate. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter *Nurse*, and *Charlotte*.

Nur. I know not wench, they may call 'em what they will,
Outlawes, or thieves, but I am sure, to me
One was an honest man, he us'd me well,
What I did, 'tis no matter, he complain'd not.

Char. I must confess, there was one bold with me too,
Some coy thing would say rude, but 'tis no matter,
I was to pay a Waiting womans ransom,
And I have don't, and I would pay't again,
Were I ta'n to morrow.

Nur. Alas, there was no hurt,
If't be a sin for such as live at hard meat,
And keep a long Lent, in the woods as they do,
To taste a little flesh.

Char. God help the Courtiers,
That lye at rack and manger. *Nur.* I shall love
A thief the better for this while I live,
They are men of a charitable vocation,
And give where there is need, and with discretion,
And put a good speed penny in my purse,
That has been empty twenty years.

Char. Peace *Nurse*,
Farewel, and cry not rost meat, me thinks *Cleremont*

And

And my Lady *Anabel* are in one night,
Familiarly acquainted. *Nur.* I observe it,
If she have got a penny too.

Enter Vertaign, Champernel, and Provost.

Charl. No more,
My Lord Monsieur *Vertaigne*, the provost too,
Haste and acquaint my Lady. [*Ex. Nur. and Char.*]

Pro. Wonderous strange.

Vert. 'Tis true Sir, on my credit.

Cham. O mine honour.

Pro. I have been provost-Marshal twenty years,
And have trussed up a thousand of these rascals,
But so near *Paris* yet I never met with
One of that Brotherhood.

Cham. We to our cost have,
But will you search the wood? *Pro.* It is beset,
They cannot scape us, nothing makes me wonder,
So much as having you within their power
They let you goe; it was a Courtesy,
That French thieves use not often, I much pity
The Gentle Ladies, yet I know not how,
I rather hope than fear.

*Enter Dinant, Cleremont, Verdone, Beaupre,
Lamira, Anabel, Charlotte, Nurse.*

Are these the prisoners? *Din.* We were such.

Verd. Kill me not, excess of joy.

Cham. I see thou livest, but hast thou had no foul play?

Lam. No on my soul, my usage hath been noble,
Far from all violence,

Cham. How were you freed?
But kiss me first, we'll talk of that at leisure,

I am glad I have thee; Niece how you keep off,
As you knew me not? *Ana.* Sir, I am where
I owe most duty. *Cler.* 'Tis indeed most true Sir,
The man that should have been your bed fellow
Your Lordships bed fellow, that could not smell out
A Virgin of sixteen, that was your fool,
To make you merry, this poor simple fellow
Has met the maid again, and now she knows
He is a man. *Cham.* How! is she dishonoured?

Cler. Not unless marriage be dishonourable,
Heaven is a witness of our happy contract,
And the next Priest we meet shall warrant it
To all the world: I lay with her in jeast,
'Tis turn'd to earnest now.

Cham. Is this true, Niece?

Din. Her blushing silence grants it; nay Sir storm not,
He is my friend, and I can make this good,
His birth and fortunes equal hers, your Lordship
Might have sought out a worse, we are all friends too,
All differences end thus. Now Sir, unless
You would raise new dissentions, make perfect
What is so well begun.

Vert. That were not manly.

Lam. Let me perswade you.

Cham. Well God give you joy,
She shall not come a Begger to you Sir.
For you Monsieur *Dinant* 'ere long I'll shew you
Another Niece, to this not much inferiour,
As you shall like proceed.

Din. I thank you Sir.

Cham. Back then to *Paris*: well that travel ends
That makes of deadly enemies perfect friends.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Prologue.

TO promise much, before a play begin,
And when 'tis done, ask pardon, were a sin
We'll not be guilty of: and to excuse
Before we know a fault, were to abuse
The writers and our selves, for I dare say
We all are fool'd if this be not a Play,
And such a play as shall (so should plays do)
Imp times dull wings, and make you merry too.
'Twas to that purpose writ, so we intend it
And we have our wisht ends, if you commend it.

Epilogue.

Gentlemen,

I Am sent forth to enquire what you decree
Of us and of our Poets, they will be
This night exceeding merry, so will we
If you approve their labours. They profess
You are their Patrons, and we say no less,
Resolve us then, for you can only tell
Whether we have done id'ly or done well.

THE
T R A G E D Y
 OF
V A L E N T I N I A N.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Valentinian, *Emperour of Rome.*
 Æcius, *the Emperours Loyal General.*
 Balbus, }
 Proculus, } *4 Noble Panders, and flatterers to the*
 Chilax, } *Emperour.*
 Licinius, }
 Maximus, *a great Souldier, Husband to Lucina.*
 Lycias, *an Eunuch.*
 Pontius, *an honest Cashier'd Centurion.*
 Phidias, } *two bold and faithful Eunuchs, Servants*
 Aretus, } *to Æcius.*
 Afranius, *an eminent Captain.*
 Paulus, *a Poet.*
 Licippus, *a Courtier.*

3 Senators.
Physicians.
Gentlemen.
Souldiers.

W O M E N.

Eudoxia, *Emperefs, Wife to Valentinian.*
 Lucina, *the chaste abused Wife of Maximus.*
 Claudia, } *Lucina's waiting W men.*
 Marcellina, }
 Ardelia, } *two of the Emperours Lawds.*
 Phorba, }

The Scene Rome.

The principal Actors were,

Richard Burbadge. } *William Ostler.*
Henry Condell. } *John Underwood.*
John Lowin. } }

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Balbus, Proculus, Chilax, Licinius.

Bal. **I** Never saw the like, she's no more stirr'd,
 No more another Woman, no more alter'd
 With any hopes or promises laid to her
 (Let 'em be ne're so weighty, ne're so winning)
 Than I am with the motion of mine own legs.

Pro. Chilax,

You are a stranger yet in these designs,
 At least in *Rome*; tell me, and tell me truth,
 Did you ere know in all your course of practice,
 In all the ways of Women you have run through
 (For I presume you have been brought up *Chilax*,
 As we to fetch and carry.)

Chi. True I have so.

Pro. Did you I say again in all this progress,
 Ever discover such a piece of beauty,
 Ever so rare a Creature, and no doubt
 One that must know her worth too, and affect it;
 I and be flatter'd, else 'tis none: and honest?
 Honest against the tide of all temptations,
 Honest to one man, to her Husband only,
 And yet not eighteen, not of age to know
 Why she is honest?

Chi. I confess it freely,
 I never saw her fellow, nor e're shall,
 For all our Grecian Dames, all I have tri'd,
 (And sure I have tri'd a hundred, if I say two

I speak within my compass) all these beauties,
And all the constancy of all these faces,
Maids, Widows, Wives, of what degree or calling,
So they be Greeks, and fat, for there's my cunning,
I would undertake and not sweat for't, *Proculus*,
Were they to try again, say twice as many,
Under a thousand pound, to lay 'em bedrid;
But this Wench staggers me.

Lyc. Do you see these Jewels?
You would think these pretty baits; now I'll assure ye
Here's half the wealth of *Asia*.

Bal. These are nothing
To the full honours I propounded to her;
I bid her think, and be, and presently
What ever her ambition, what the Counsel
Of others would add to her, what her dreams
Could more enlarge, what any President
Of any Woman rising up to glory,
And standing certain there, and in the highest,
Could give her more, nay to be Empress.

Pro. And cold at all these offers?

Bal. Cold as Crystal,
Never to be thaw'd again.

Chi. I tri'd her further,
And so far, that I think she is no Woman,
At least as Women go now.

Lyc. Why what did you?

Chi. I offered that, that had she been but Mistress
Of as much spleen as Doves have, I had reach'd her;
A safe revenge of all that ever hates her,
The crying down for ever of all beauties
That may be thought come near her.

Pro. That was pretty.

Chi. I never knew that way fail, yet I'll tell ye
I offer'd her a gift beyond all yours,
That, that had made a Saint start, well consider'd,
The Law to be her creature, she to make it,
Her mouth to give it, every creature living
From her aspect, to draw their good or evil
Fix'd in 'em spight of Fortune; a new Nature
She should be called, and Mother of all ages,
Time should be hers, and what she did, lame vertue
Should bless to all posterities: her Air
Should give us life, her earth and water feed us.
And last, to none but to the *Emperour*,
(And then but when she pleas'd to have it so)
She should be held for mortal.

Lyc. And she heard you?

Chi. Yes, as a Sick man hears a noise, or he
That stands condemn'd his judgment, let me perish,
But if there can be vertue, if that name
Be any thing but name and empty title,
If it be so as fools have been pleas'd to feign it,
A power that can preserve us after ashes,
And make the names of men out-reckon ages,
This Woman has a God of vertue in her.

Bal. I would the Emperor were that God.

Chi. She has in her
All the contempt of glory and vain seeming
Of all the *Stoicks*, all the truth of *Christians*,
And all their Constancy: Modesty was made
When she was first intended: when she blushes
It is the holiest thing to look upon;
The purest temple of her sect, that ever
Made Nature a blest Founder.

Pro. Is there no way
To take this *Phenix*?

Lyc. None but in her ashes.

Chi. If she were fat, or any way inclining
To ease or pleasure, or affected glory,
Proud to be seen and worship'd, 'twere a venture;
But on my soul she is chaster than cold Camphire.

Bal. I think so too; for all the waies of Woman,
Like a full sail she bears against: I askt her

After my many offers walking with her,
And her as many down-denyals, how
If the Emperour grown mad with love should force her;
She pointed to a *Lucrece*, that hung by,
And with an angry look, that from her eyes
Shot Vestal fire against me, she departed.

Pro. This is the first wench I was ever pos'd in,
Yet I have brought young loving things together
This two and thirty years.

Chi. I find by this wench
The calling of a Bawd to be a strange,
A wise, and subtle calling; and for none
But staid, discreet, and understanding people:
And as the Tutor to great *Alexander*,
Would say, a young man should not dare to read
His moral books, till after five and twenty;
So must that he or she, that will be bawdy,
(I mean discreetly bawdy, and be trusted)
If they will rise, and gain experience,
Well stept in years, and discipline, begin it,
I take it 'tis no Boys play.

Bal. Well, what's thought of?

Pro. The Emperour must know it.

Lyc. If the woman should chance to fail too.

Chi. As 'tis ten to one.

Pro. Why what remains, but new nets for the purchase?

Chi. Let's go consider then: and if all fail,
This is the first quick Eele, that fav'd her tail. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter *Lucina*, *Ardelia* and *Phorba*.

Ardel. You still insist upon that Idol, Honour,
Can it renew your youth, can it add wealth,
That takes off wrinkles: can it draw mens eyes,
To gaze upon you in your age? can honour,
That truly is a Saint to none but Souldiers,
And look'd into, bears no reward but danger,
Leave you the most respected person living?
Or can the common kisses of a Husband,
(Which to a sprightly Lady is a labour)
Make ye almost Immortal? ye are cozen'd,
The honour of a woman is her praises;
The way to get these, to be seen, and sought too,
And not to bury such a happy sweetness
Under a smoaky roof.

Luci. Ple hear no more.

Phor. That white, and red, and all that blessed beauty,
Kept from the eyes, that make it so, is nothing;
Then you are rarely fair, when men proclaim it;
The *Phenix*, were she never seen, were doubted;
That most unvalued Horn the Unicorn
Bears to oppose the Huntsman, were it nothing
But tale, and meer tradition, would help no man;
But when the vertue's known, the honour's doubled:
Vertue is either lame, or not at all,
And love a Sacrilege, and not a Saint,
When it bars up the way to mens Petitions.

Ard. Nay ye shall love your Husband too; we come not
To make a Monster of ye.

Luc. Are ye women?

Ard. You'll find us so, and women you shall thank too,
If you have grace to make your use.

Luc. Fye on ye.

Phor. Alas poor bashful Lady, by my soul,
Had ye no other vertue, but your blushes,
And I a man, I should run mad for those:
How daintily they set her off, how sweetly!

Ard. Come Goddess, come, you move too near the earth,
It must not be, a better Orb stays for you:
Here: be a Maid, and take 'em.

Luc. Pray leave me.

Phor. That were a sin sweet Lady, and a way
To make us guilty of your melancholy:

You must not be alone; in conversation
Doubts are resolv'd, and what sticks near the conscience
Made easie, and allowable.

Luc. Ye are Devils,

Ard. That you may one day blest for your damnation.

Luc. I charge ye in the name of Chastity,
Tempt me no more; how ugly ye seem to me?
There is no wonder men defame our Sex,
And lay the vices of all ages on us,
When such as you shall bear the names of women;
If ye had eyes to see your selves, or fence
Above the base rewards ye play the bawds for:
If ever in your lives ye heard of goodness,
(Though many Regions off, as men hear Thunder)
If ever ye had Mothers, and they souls:
If ever Fathers, and not such as you are;
If ever any thing were constant in you,
Besides your sins, or coming, but your courses;
If ever any of your Ancestors
Dyed worth a noble deed, that would be cherish'd;
Soul-frighted with this black infection,
You would run from one another, to repentance,
And from your guilty eyes drop out those sins,
That made ye blind, and beasts.

Phor. Ye speak well, Lady;
A sign of fruitful education,
If your religious zeal had wisdom with it.

Ard. This Lady was ordain'd to blest the Empire,
And we may all give thanks for't.

Phor. I believe ye.

Ard. If any thing redeem the Emperour
From his wild flying courses, this is she;
She can instruct him if ye mark; she is wise too.

Phor. Exceeding wise, which is a wonder in her,
And so religious, that I well believe,
Though she would sin she cannot.

Ard. And besides,
She has the Empires cause in hand, not loves;
There lies the main consideration,
For which she is chiefly born.

Phor. She finds that point
Stronger than we can tell her, and believe it
I look by her means for a reformation,
And such a one, and such a rare way carried
That all the world shall wonder at.

Ard. 'Tis true;
I never thought the Emperor had wisdom,
Pity, or fair affection to his Country,
Till he profess'd this love: gods give 'em Children,
Such as her vertues merit, and his zeal.
I look to see a *Numa* from this Lady,
Or greater than *Octavius*.

Phor. Do you mark too,
Which is a Noble vertue, how she blushes,
And what a flowing modesty runs through her,
When we but name the Emperour?

Ard. But mark it,
Yes, and admire it too, for she considers,
Though she be fair as Heaven, and vertuous
As holy truth, yet to the Emperour
She is a kind of nothing but her service,
Which she is bound to offer, and she'll do it,
And when her Countries cause commands affection;
She knows obedience is the key of vertues;
Then flye the blushes out like *Cupid's* arrows,
And though the tie of Marriage to her Lord
Would fain cry, stay *Lucina*, yet the cause
And general wisdom of the Princes love,
Makes her find surer ends and happier,
And if the first were chaste, this is twice doubled.

Phor. Her tartness unto us too.

Ard. That's a wife one.

Phor. I rarely like, it shews a rising wisdom;
That chides all common fools as dare enquire

What Princes would have private.

Ard. What a Lady
Shall we be blest to serve?

Luc. Go get ye from me:
Ye are your purses Agents, not the Princes:
Is this the vertuous Lore ye train'd me out to?
Am I a woman fit to imp your vices?
But that I had a Mother, and a woman
Whose ever living fame turns all it touches,
Into the good it self is, I should now
Even doubt my self, I have been search't so near
The very soul of honour: why should you two,
That happily have been as chaste as I am,
Fairer, I think, by much, for yet your faces,
Like ancient well built piles, shew worthy ruins,
After that Angel age, turn mortal Devils?
For shame, for woman-hood, for what ye have been,
For rotten Cedars have born goodly branches,
If ye have hope of any Heaven, but Court,
Which like a Dream, you'll find hereafter vanish,
Or at the best but subject to repentance,
Study no more to be ill spoken of;
Let women live themselves, if they must fall,
Their own destruction find 'em, not your Favours.

Ard. Madam, ye are so excellent in all,
And I must tell it you with admiration;
So true a joy ye have, so sweet a fear,
And when ye come to anger, 'tis so noble,
That for mine own part, I could still offend,
To hear you angry; women that want that,
And your way guided (else I count it nothing)
Are either Fools, or Cowards.

Phor. She were a Mistis for no private greatness;
Could she not frown a ravish'd kifs from anger,
And such an anger as this Lady learns us,
Stuck with such pleasing dangers. Gods (I ask ye)
Which of ye all could hold from?

Luc. I perceive ye,
Your own dark sins dwell with ye, and that price
You sell the chastity of modest wives at
Runs to diseases with your bones: I scorn ye,
And all the nets ye've pitch't to catch my vertues
Like Spiders Webs, I sweep away before me.
Go tell the Emperour, ye have met a woman;
That neither his own person, which is God-like,
The world he rules, nor what that world can purchase,
Nor all the glories subject to a *Cesar*,
The honours that he offers for my body,
The hopes, gifts, everlasting flatteries,
Nor any thing that's his, and apt to tempt me,
No not to be the Mother of the Empire,
And Queen of all the holy fires he worships;
Can make a Whore of.

Ard. You mistake us Lady.

Luc. Yet tell him this has thus much weaken'd me;
That I have heard his Knaves, and you his Matrons;
Fit Nurses for his sins, which gods forgive me;
But ever to be leaning to his folly,
Or to be brought to love his lust, assure him,
And from her mouth, whose life shall make it certain,
I never can: I have a noble Husband,
Pray tell him that too, yet a noble name,
A Noble Family, and last a Conscience:
Thus much for your answer: For your selves,
Ye have liv'd the shame of women, dye the better.

Phor. What's now to do?

Ard. Ev'n as she said, to dye,
For there's no living here, and women thus,
I am sure for us two.

Phor. Nothing stick upon her?

Ard. We have lost a mass of money; well Dame Vertue;
Yet ye may halt if good luck serve.

Phor. Worms take her,
She has almost spoil'd our trade.

Arđ. So godly ;
This is ill breeding, *Phorba.*

Phor. If the women
Should have a longing now to see this Monster,
And the convert 'em all.

Arđ. That may be, *Phorba,*
But if it be, I'll have the young men gelded ;
Come, let's go think, the must not 'scape us thus ;
There is a certain season, if we hit,
That women may be rid without a Bit. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Maximus, and Æcius.

Max. I cannot blame the Nations, noble friend,
That they fall off so fast from this wild man,
When (under our Allegiance be it spoken,
And the most happy tie of our affection) (virtue,
The worlds weight groans beneath him ; Where lives
Honour, discretion, wisdom ? who are call'd
And chosen to the steering of the Empire
But Bawds, and singing Girls ? O my Æcius
The glory of a Souldier, and the truth
Of men made up for goodness sake, like shells
Grow to the ragged walls for want of action ;
Only your happy self, and I that love you,
Which is a larger means to me than favour. (truths,

Æci. No more, my worthy friend, though these be
And though these truths would ask a Reformation,
At least a little squaring : yet remember,
We are but Subjects, *Maximus* ; obedience
To what is done, and grief for what is ill done,
Is all we can call ours : The hearts of Princes
Are like the Temples of the gods ; pure incense,
Until unhallowed hands defile those offerings,
Burns ever there ; we must not put 'em out,
Because the Priests that touch those sweets, are wicked ;
We dare not, dearest Friend, nay more, we cannot,
While we consider who we are, and how,
To what laws bound, much more to what Law-giver ;
Whilest Majesty is made to be obeyed,
And not to be inquired into, whilst gods and angels
Make but a rule as we do, though a stricter ;
Like desperate and unseason'd Fools let fly
Our killing angers, and forsake our honours.

Max. My noble Friend, from whose instructions
I never yet took surfeit, weigh but thus much,
Nor think I speak it with ambition,
For by the gods, I do not ; why Æcius,
Why are we thus, or how become thus wretched ?

Æcius. You'll fall again into your fit.

Max. I will not ;

Or are we now no more the Sons of *Romans*,
No more the followers of their happy fortunes,
But conquer'd *Gauls*, or *Quivers* for the *Parthians* ?
Why, is this *Emperour*, this man we honour,
This God that ought to be ?

Æcius. You are too curious.

Max. Good, give me leave, why is this Author of us ?

Æcius. I dare not hear ye speak thus.

Max. I'll be modest,

Thus led away, thus vainly led away,
And we Beholders ? misconceive me not,
I saw no danger in my words ; But wherefore,
And to what end, are we the Sons of Fathers
Famous and fast to *Rome* ? why are their Vertues
Stamp't in the dangers of a thousand Battels ?
For goodness sake, their honours, time outdaring ?
I think for our example.

Æcius. Ye speak nobly.

Max. Why are we seeds of these then, to shake hands
With Bawds and base informers, kiss discredit,
And court her like a Mistress ? 'pray, your leave yet ;
You'll say the *Emperour* is young, and apt

To take impresson rather from his pleasures
Than any constant worthiness, it may be,
But why do these, the people call his pleasures,
Exceed the moderation of a man ?
Nay to say justly, friend, why are they vices,
And such as shake our worths with forreign Nations ?

Æcius. You search the fore too deep, and I must tell ye,
In any other man this had been boldness,
And forwarded ; 'pray depress your spirit,
For though I constantly believe you honest,
Ye were no friend for me else, and what now
Ye freely spake, but good you owe to th' Empire,
Yet take heed, worthy *Maximus*, all ears
Hear not with that distinction mine do, few
You'll find admonishers, but urgers of your actions,
And to the heaviest (friend ;) and pray consider
We are but shadows, motions others give us,
And though our pities may become the times,
Justly our powers cannot ; make me worthy
To be your friend ever in fair Allegiance,
But not in force ; For durst mine own soul urge me,
(And by that Soul I speak my just affections)
To turn my hand from Truth, which is obedience,
And give the helm my Vertue holds, to Anger ;
Though I had both the Blessings of the *Bruti*,
And both their instigations, though my Cause
Carried a face of Justice beyond theirs,
And as I am a servant to my fortunes,
That daring soul, that first taught disobedience,
Should feel the first example : say the Prince,
As I may well believe, seems vicious,
Who justly knows 'tis not to try our honours ?
Or say he be an ill Prince, are we therefore
Fit fires to purge him ? No, my dearest friend,
The Elephant is never won with anger,
Nor must that man that would reclaim a Lion,
Take him by th' teeth.

Max. I pray mistake me not.

Æcius. Our honest actions, and the light that breaks
Like morning from our service, chaste and blushing,
Is that that pulls a Prince back ; then he sees,
And not till then truly repents his errours,
When Subjects Crystal Souls are glasses to him.

Max. My ever honour'd friend, I'll take your counsel.
The Emperour appears, I'll leave ye to him.
And as we both affect him, may he flourish. [Exit Max.

Enter the Emperour, and Chilax.

Emp. Is that the best news ?

Chil. Yet the best we know, Sir.

Emp. Bid *Maximus* come to me, and be gone then ;
Mine own head be my helper, these are fools :

How now Æcius, are the Souldiers quiet ?

Æcius. Better I hope, Sir, than they were.

Emp. They are pleas'd, I hear,
To censure me extreemly for my pleasures,
Shortly they'll fight against me.

Æcius. Gods defend, Sir.

And for their censures they are such shrew'd Judgers ;
A donative of ten Scstertias
I'll undertake shall make 'em ring your praises
More than they sang your pleasures.

Emp. I believe thee ;

Art thou in love, Æcius, yet ?

Æcius. O no Sir ;

I am too course for Ladies ; my embraces,
That only am acquainted with Alarms,
Would break their tender Bodies.

Emp. Never fear it,

They are stronger than ye think, they'll hold the Hammer.
My Empress swears thou art a lusty Souldier,
A good one I believe thee.

Æcius. All that goodness
Is but your Graces Creature.

Emp.

Emp. Tell me truly,
For thou dar'lt tell me.

Æcius. Any thing concerns ye,
That's fit for me to speak and you to pardon.

Emp. What say the Souldiers of me, and the same words,
Mince 'em not, good Æcius, but deliver
The very forms and tongues they talk withal.

Æcius. I'll tell your Grace, but with this caution
You be not stir'd, for should the gods live with us,
Even those we certainly believe are righteous,
Give 'em but drink, they would censure them too.

Emp. Forward.

Æcius. Then to begin, they say you sleep too much,
By which they judge your Majesty too sensual,
Apt to decline your strength to ease and pleasures,
And when you do not sleep, you drink too much,
From which they fear suspicions first, then ruines;
And when ye neither drink nor sleep, ye wench much,
Which they affirm first breaks your understanding,
Then takes the edge of Honour, makes us seem,
That are the ribs, and rampires of the Empire,
Fencers, and beaten Fools, and so regarded;
But I believe 'em not; for were these truths,
Your vertue can correct them.

Emp. They speak plainly.

Æc. They say moreover (since your Grace will have it,
For they will talk their freedoms, though the Sword
Were in their throat) that of late time, like Nero,
And with the same forgetfulness of glory,
You have got a vein of fiddling, so they term it.

Emp. Some drunken dreams, Æcius.

Æcius. So I hope, Sir:

And that you rather study cruelty,
And to be fear'd for blood, than lov'd for bounty,
Which makes the Nations, as they say, despise ye,
Telling your years and actions by their deaths,
Whose truth and strength of duty made you *Caesar*:
They say besides you nourish strange devourers,
Fed with the fat o'th' Empire, they call Bawds,
Lazie and lustful Creatures that abuse ye,
A People as they term 'em, made of paper,
In which the secret sins of each man's monies
Are seal'd and sent a working.

Emp. What sin's next?

For I perceive they have no mind to spare me.

Æcius. Nor hurt you o' my soul, Sir; but such People
(Nor can the power of man restrain it)
When they are full of meat and ease, must prattle.

Emp. Forward.

Æcius. I have spoken too much, Sir.

Emp. I'll have all.

Æcius. It fits not

Your ears should hear their Vanities; no profit
Can justly rise to you from their behaviour,
Unless ye were guilty of those crimes.

Emp. It may be

I am so, therefore forward.

Æcius. I have ever

Learn'd to obey, nor shall my life resist it.

Emp. No more Apologies.

Æcius. They grieve besides, Sir,

To see the Nations, whom our ancient Vertue
With many a weary march and hunger conquer'd,
With loss of many a daring life subdu'd,
Fall from their fair obedience, and even murmur
To see the warlike Eagles mew their honours
In obscure Towns, that wont to prey on Princes,
They cry for Enemies, and tell the Captains
The fruits of *Italy* are luscious, give us *Egypt*,
Or sandy *Africk* to display our valours,
There where our Swords may make us meat, and danger
Digest our well got Vyands; here our weapons
And bodies that were made for shining bras,
Are both unedg'd and old with ease and women.

And then they cry again, where are the *Germans*,
Lin'd with hot *Spain*, or *Gallia*, bring 'em on,
And let the Son of War, steel'd *Mithridates*,
Lead up his winged *Parthians* like a storm,
Hiding the face of Heaven with showers of Arrows?
Yet we dare fight like *Romans*; then as Souldiers
Tir'd with a weary march, they tell their wounds
Even weeping ripe they were no more nor deeper,
And glory in those scars that make them lovely,
And sitting where a Camp was, like sad Pilgrims
They reckon up the times, and living labours
Of *Julius* or *Germanicus*, and wonder
That *Rome*, whose Turrets once were topt with Honours,
Can now forget the Custom of her Conquests;
And then they blame your Grace, and say Who leads us,
Shall we stand here like Statues? were our Fathers
The Sons of lazie Moors, our Princes *Persians*,
Nothing but silks and softness? Curfes on 'em
That first taught *Nero* wantonness and blood,
Tiberius doubts, *Caligula* all vices;
For from the spring of these, succeeding Princes——
Thus they talk, Sir.

Emp. Well,

Why do you hear these things?

Æcius. Why do you do 'em?

I take the gods to witness, with more sorrow,
And more vexation do I hear these tainters
Than were my life dropt from me through an hour-glass.

Emp. Belike then you believe 'em, or at least
Are glad they should be so; take heed, you were better
Build your own Tomb, and run into it living,
Than dare a Princes anger.

Æcius. I am old, Sir,

And ten years more addition, is but nothing;
Now if my life be pleasing to ye, take it,
Upon my knees, if ever any service,
(As let me brag some have been worthy notice)
If ever any worth, or trust ye gave me
Deserv'd a fair respect, if all my actions,
The hazards of my youth, colds, burnings, wants;
For you, and for the Empire, be not vices;
By that stile ye have stamp't upon me, Souldier;
Let me not fall into the hands of Wretches.

Emp. I understand you not.

Æcius. Let not this body

That has look'd bravely in his blood for *Caesar*,
And covetous of wounds, and for your safety,
After the 'scape of Swords, Spears, Slings, and Arrows;
'Gainst which my beaten body was mine armour,
The Seas and thirsty Desarts now be purchase
For Slaves, and base Informers; I see anger, (ter,
And death look through your Eyes; I am markt for slaugh-
And know the telling of this truth has made me
A man clean lost to this World; I embrace it;
Only my last Petition, sacred *Caesar*,
Is, I may dye a *Roman*.

Emp. Rise, my friend still,

And worthy of my love, reclaim the Souldier,
I'll study to do so upon my self too,
Go, keep your Command, and prosper.

Æcius. Life to *Caesar*——

[Exit Æcius]

Enter Chilax.

Chi. Lord *Maximus* attends your Grace.

Emp. Go tell him

I'll meet him in the Gallery:
The honesty of this Æcius,
Who is indeed the Bull-wark of the Empire,
Has div'd so deep into me, that of all
The sins I covet, but this Womans beauty,
With much repentance now I could be quit of;
But she is such a pleasure, being good,
That though I were a god, she'd fire my blood.

[Exeunt.
Actus]

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Emperour, Maximus, Licinius, Proculus,
Chilax, as at Dice.

Emp. **N**ay ye shall set my hand out, 'tis not just
I should neglect my fortune now 'tis prosperous.

Lic. If I have any thing to set your Grace,
But Cloaths or good conditions, let me perish.
You have all my money, Sir.

Pro. And mine.

Chi. And mine too.

Max. Unless your Grace will credit us.

Emp. No bare board.

Lic. Then at my Garden-House.

Emp. The Orchard too.

Lic. And't please your Grace.

Emp. Have at 'em.

Pro. They are lost.

Lic. Why, farewell Fig-trees.

Emp. Who sets more?

Chi. At my horse, Sir.

Emp. The dapl'd Spaniard?

Chi. He.

Emp. He's mine.

Chi. He is so.

Max. Your short horse is soon curried.

Chi. So it seems, Sir,

So may your Mare be too, if luck serve.

Max. Ha?

Chi. Nothing my Lord, but grieving at my fortune.

Emp. Come Maximus, you were not wont to flinch thus.

Max. I have lost all.

Emp. There's a Ring yet.

Max. This was not made to lose, Sir.

Emp. Some love token;

Set it I say.

Max. I do beseech your Grace,
Rather name any house I have.

Emp. How strange

And curious you are grown of toys! redeem't
If so I win it, when you please, to morrow,
Or next day, as you will, I care not,
But only for my lucks sake; 'tis not Rings
Can make me richer.

Max. Will you throw, Sir? there 'tis.

Emp. Why, then have at it fairly, mine.

Max. Your Grace

Is only ever fortunate; to morrow,
And't be your pleasure, Sir, I'll pay the price on't.

Emp. To morrow you shall have it without price, Sir,
But this day 'tis my Victory; good Maximus,
Now I bethink my self, go to Aecius,
And bid him muster all the Cohorts presently;
They mutiny for pay I hear, and be you
Assistant to him; when you know their numbers,
Ye shall have monies for 'em, and above,
Something to stop their tongues withal.

Max. I will Sir,

And gods preserve you in this mind still.

Emp. Shortly I'll see 'em march my self.

Max. Gods ever keep ye——

[Exit Maximus.

Emp. To what end do you think this Ring shall serve
For ye are Fellows only know by rote, (now?)
As Birds record their lessons.

Chi. For the Lady.

Emp. But how for her?

Chi. That I confess I know not.

Emp. Then pray for him that does: fetch me an Eunuch
That never saw her yet; and you two see
The Court made like a Paradise.

[Exit Chilax.

Lic. We will, Sir.

Emp. Full of fair shews and Musicks; all your arts
(As I shall give instructions) screw to th' highest,
For my main piece is now a doing; and for fear
You should not take, I'll have another Engine,
Such as if vertue be not only in her,
She shall not chuse but lean to, let the Women
Put on a graver shew of welcome.

Pro. Well Sir.

Emp. They are a thought too eager.

Enter Chilax, and Lycias the Eunuch.

Chi. Here's the Eunuch.

Eun. Long life to Caesar.

Emp. I must use you, Lycias:

Come, let's walk in, and then I'll shew ye all;
If women may be frail, this wench shall fall.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Claudia, and Marcellina.

Claud. Sirrah, what ails my Lady that of late
She never cares for Company?

Mar. I know not,

Unless it be that Company causes Cuckolds.

Claud. That were a childish fear.

Mar. What were those Ladies,

Came to her lately

From the Court?

Claud. The same wench,
Some grave instructors on my life, they look
For all the world like old hatcht hilts.

Mar. 'Tis true, Wench,

For here and there, and yet they painted well too,
One might discover where the Gold was worn,
Their iron ages.

Claud. If my judgement fail not,
They have been sheathed like rotten Ships.

Mar. It may be.

Claud. For if you mark their rudders, they hang weakly.
Mar. They have past the line belike; wouldst live Claudia
Till thou wert such as they are?

Claud. Chimney pieces:

Now heaven have mercy upon me, and young men,
I had rather make a drallery till thirty,
While I am able to endure a tempest,
And bear my fights out bravely, till my tackle
Whist'd i'th' Wind, and held against all weathers,
While I were able to bear with my tyres,
And so discharge 'em, I would willingly
Live, Marcellina, not till barnacles
Bred in my sides.

Mar. Thou art i'th' right, Wench;
For who would live whom pleasures had forsaken,
To stand at mark, and cry a Bow short, Seigneur?
Were there not men came hither too?

Claud. Brave fellows:

I fear me Bawds of five i'th' Pound.

Mar. How know you?

Claud. They gave me great lights to it.

Mar. Take heed, Claudia.

Claud. Let them take heed, the spring comes on.

Mar. To me now

They seem'd as noble Visitants.

Claud. To me now

Nothing less, Marcellina, for I markt 'em,
And by this honest light, for yet 'tis morning,
Saving the reverence of their gilded doublets,
And Millan skins.

Mar. Thou art a strange Wench, Claudia.

Claud. Ye are deceiv'd, they shew'd to me directly
Court Crabs that creep a side-way for their living,
I know 'em by the Breeches that they beg'd last.

Mar. Peace, my Lady comes; what may that be?

Enter

Enter Lucina, and Lycias, the Eunuch.

Clau. A Sumner
That cites her to appear.
Mar. No more of that wench.
Eun. Madam, what answer to your Lord?
Luci. Pray tell him, I am subject to his will.
Eun. Why weep you Madam?
Excellent Lady, there are none will hurt you.
Luci. I do beseech you tell me Sir.
Eun. What, Lady?
Luci. Serve ye the Emperor?
Eun. I do.
Luci. In what place?
Eun. In's chamber Madam.
Luci. Do ye serve his will too?
Eun. In fair and just commands.
Luci. Are ye a Roman?
Eun. Yes noble Lady, and a Mantuan.
Luci. What office bore your parents?
Eun. One was Pretor.
Luci. Take heed then how you stain his reputation.
Eun. Why worthy Lady?
Luci. If ye know, I charge ye,
Ought in this Message, but what honesty,
The trust and fair obedience of a servant
May well deliver, yet take heed, and help me.
Eun. Madam, I am no Broker.
Claud. I'll be hang'd then.
Eun. Nor base procurer of mens lusts; Your husband,
Pray'd me to do this office, I have done it,
It rests in you to come, or no.
Luci. I will Sir.
Eun. If ye mistrust me, do not.
Luci. Ye appear so worthy,
And to all my sense so honest,
And this is such a certain sign ye have brought me,
That I believe.
Eun. Why should I cozen you?
Or were I brib'd to do this villany,
Can many prosper, or the fool that takes it,
When such a vertue falls?
Luci. Ye speak well Sir;
Would all the rest that serve the Emperour,
Had but your way.
Claud. And so they have *ad unguem.*
Luci. Pray tell my Lord, I have receiv'd his Token,
And will not fail to meet him; yet good Sir, thus much
Before you goe, I do beseech ye too,
As little notice as ye can, deliver
Of my appearance there.
Eun. It shall be Madam,
And so I wish you happinefs.
Luci. I thank you

SCENA II.

Enter Æcius, pursuing Pontius, the Captain,
and Maximus, following.

Max. Temper your self Æcius.
Pon. Hold my Lord,
I am a Roman, and a Souldier.
Max. Pray Sir.
Æci. Thou art a lying Villain, and a Traytor;
Give me my self, or by the Gods my friend
You'll make me dangerous; how dar'ft thou pluck
The Souldiers to sedition, and I living,
And sow Rebellion in 'em, and even then
When I am drawing out to action?
Pon. Hear me.
Max. Are ye a man?
Æci. I am a true hearted, Maximus,
And if the Villain live, we are dishonour'd.
Max. But hear him what he can say.

[Exeunt.
{ Tumult
& noise
within.

Æci. That's the way,
To pardon him; I am so easie natur'd,
That if he speak but humbly I forgive him.
Pon. I do beseech ye noble General.
Æci. Has found the way already, give me room,
One stroak, and if he scape me then he's mercy.
Pon. I do not call ye noble, that I fear ye,
I never car'd for death; if ye will kill me,
Consider first for what, not what you can do;
'Tis true, I know ye for my General,
And by that great Prerogative may kill:
But do it justly then.
Æci. He argues with me,
A made up Rebel.
Max. Pray consider,
What certain grounds ye have for this.
Æci. What grounds?
Did I not take him preaching to the Souldier
How lazily they liv'd, and what dishonours
It was to serve a Prince so full of woman?
Those were his very words, friend.
Max. These, Æcius,
Though they were rashly spoke, which was an error
(A great one Pontius) yet from him that hungers
For wars, and brave imployment, might be pardon'd.
The heart, and harbour'd thoughts of ill, make Traytors,
Not spleeny speeches.
Æci. Why should you protect him?
Goe to, it shews not honest.
Max. Taint me not,
For that shews worfe Æcius: All your friendship
And that pretended love ye lay upon me,
Hold back my honesty, is like a favour
You do your slave to day, to morrow hang him,
Was I your bosome piece for this?
Æci. Forgive me,
The nature of my zeal, and for my Country,
Makes me sometimes forget my self; for know,
Though I most strive to be without my passions,
I am no God: For you Sir, whose infection
Has spread it self like poyson through the army,
And cast a killing fog on fair allegiance,
First thank this noble Gentleman, ye had dy'd else;
Next from your place, and honour of a Souldier,
I here seclude you.
Pon. May I speak yet?
Max. Hear him.
Æci. And while Æcius holds a reputation,
At least command, ye bear no arms for Rome Sir.
Pon. Against her I shall never: the condemn'd man
Has yet that priviledge to speak, my Lord;
Law were not equall else.
Max. Pray hear Æcius,
For happily the fault he has committed,
Though I believe it mighty, yet considered,
If mercy may be thought upon, will prove
Rather a hastie sin, than heynous.
Æci. Speak.
Pon. 'Tis true my Lord, ye took me tir'd with peace,
My words almost as ragged as my fortunes.
'Tis true I told the Souldier, whom we serv'd,
And then bewail'd, we had an Emperour
Led from us by the flourishes of Fencers;
I blam'd him too for women.
Acc. To the rest Sir.
Pon. And like enough I blest him then as Souldiers
Will do sometimes: 'Tis true I told 'em too,
We lay at home, to show our Country
We durst goe naked, durst want meat, and mony,
And when the slave drinks wine, we durst be thirstie:
I told 'em this too, that the Trees and Roots
Were our best pay-masters; the Charity
Of longing women, that had bought our bodies,
Our beds, fires, Taylers, Nurfes. Nay I told 'em,

(For you shall hear the greatest sin, I said Sir)
By that time there be wars again, our bodies
Laden with scars, and aches, and ill lodgings,
Heats, and perpetual wants, were fitter prayers
And certain graves, than cope the foe on crutches:
'Tis likely too, I counsell'd 'em to turn
Their warlike pikes to plough-shares, their sure Targets
And Swords hatcht with the blood of many Nations,
To Spades, and pruning Knives, for those get mony,
Their warlike Eagles, into Daws, or Starlings,
To give an *Ave Cesar* as he pass'es,
And be rewarded with a thousand *drachm.*'s,
For thus we get but years and beets.

Acci. What think you,
Were these words to be spoken by a Captain,
One that should give example?

Max. 'Twas too much.

Pon. My Lord, I did not wooe 'em from the Empire,
Nor bid 'em turn their daring steel 'gainst *Cesar*,
The Gods for ever hate me, if that motion
Were part of me: Give me but employment, Sir;
And way to live, and where you hold me vicious,
Bred up in mutiny, my Sword shall tell ye,
And if you please, that place I held, maintain it,
'Gainst the most daring foes of *Rome*. I am honest,
A lover of my Country, one that holds
His life no longer his, than kept for *Cesar*.
Weigh not (I thus low on my knee beseech you)
What my rude tongue discovered, 'twas my want,
No other part of *Pontius*: you have seen me,
And you my Lord, do something for my Country,
And both beheld the wounds I gave and took,
Not like a backward Traytor.

Acci. All this language
Makes but against you *Pontius*, you are cast,
And by mine honour, and my love to *Cesar*,
By me shall never be restor'd, In my Camp
I will not have a tongue, though to himself
Dare talk but near sedition; as I govern,
All shall obey, and when they want, their duty
And ready service shall redress their needs,
Not prating what they would be.

Pon. Thus I leave ye,
Yet shall my prayers still, although my fortunes
Must follow you no more, be still about ye,
Gods give ye where ye fight the Victory,
Ye cannot cast my wishes.

Acci. Come my Lord,
Now to the Field again.

Max. Alas poor *Pontius*. ———

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENA IV.

Enter Chilax, at one door, Licinius, and Balbus,
at another.

Lici. How how?

Chi. She's come.

Bal. Then I'll to'th Emperour. ———

[*Exit* Balbus.]

Chi. Do; Is the Musick placed well?

Lici. Excellent.

Chi. *Licinius*, you and *Proclus* receive her
In the great Chamber, at her entrance,
Let me alone; and do you hear *Licinius*,
Pray let the Ladies ply her further off,
And with much more discretion: one word more.

Lici. Well.

Chi. Are the Jewels, and those ropes of Pearl,
Enter Emperour, Balbus, and *Proclus*.

Laid in the way she pass'es?

Lici. Take no care man ———

[*Exit* Licinius.]

Emp. What is she come?

Chi. She is Sir; but 'twere best,
Your Grace were seen last to her.

Emp. So I mean;

Keep the Court emptie *Proclus*.

Pro. 'Tis done Sir.

Emp. Be not too sudden to her.

Chi. Good your Grace,

Retire, and man your self; let us alone,
We are no children this way: do you hear Sir?

'Tis necessary that her waiting women
Be cut off in the Lobby, by some Ladies,
They'd break the business else.

Emp. 'Tis true, they shall.

Chi. Remember your place *Proclus*.

Pro. I warrant ye. ——— [*Exeunt* Emp. Bal. and Pro.]

Enter Lucina, Claudia, and Marcellina.

Chi. She enters: who are waiters there? the Emperour
Calls for his Horse to air himself.

Luci. I am glad,
I come so happily to take him absent,
This takes away a little fear; I know him,
Now I begin to fear again: O honour,
If ever thou hadst temple in weak woman,
And sacrifice of modesty burnt to thee,
Hold me fast now, and help me.

Chi. Noble *Madam*,
Ye are welcom to the Court, most nobly welcom,
Ye are a stranger Lady.

Luci. I desire so.

Chi. A wondrous stranger here,
Nothing so strange:
And therefore need a guide I think.

Luci. I do Sir,
And that a good one too.

Chi. My service Lady,
Shall be your guide in this place; But pray ye tell me,
Are ye resolv'd a Courtier?

Luci. No I hope Sir.

Clau. You are, Sir?

Chi. Yes, my fair one.

Clau. So it seems,
You are so ready to bestow your self,
Pray what might cost those Breeches?

Chi. Would you wear 'em?
Madam ye have a witty woman.

Mar. Two Sir,
Or else ye underbuy us.

Luci. Leave your talking:
But is my Lord here, I beseech ye, Sir?

Chi. He is sweet Lady, and must take this kindly,
Exceeding kindly of ye, wondrous kindly
Ye come so far to visit him: I'll guide ye.

Luci. Whither?

Chi. Why to your Lord.

Luci. Is it so hard Sir,
To find him in this place without a Guide?
For I would willingly not trouble you.

Chi. It will be so for you that are a stranger;
Nor can it be a trouble to do service
To such a worthy beauty, and besides ———

Mar. I see he will goe with us.

Clau. Let him amble.

Chi. It fits not that a Lady of your reckoning
Should pass without attendants.

Luci. I have two Sir.

Chi. I mean without a man; You'll see the Emperour?

Luci. Alas I am not fit Sir.

Chi. You are well enough,
He'll take it wondrous kindly: Hark.

Luci. Ye flatter,
Good Sir, no more of that.

Chi. Well, I but tell ye.

Luc. Will ye goe forward, since I must be man'd,
Pray take your place.

Claud. Cannot ye man us too Sir?

Chi.

Chil. Give me but time.
Mar. And you'll try all things.
Chil. No:

Ple make no such promise.

Claud. If ye do Sir,
Take heed ye stand to't.

Chil. Wondrous merry Ladies.

[*Ex.*

Enter Licinius, and Proculus, Balbus.

Luci. The wenches are dispos'd, pray keep your way Sir.

Lici. She is coming up the stairs; Now the Musick;
And as that stirs her, let's set on: perfumes there.

Pro. Discover all the Jewels.

Lici. Peace.

Musick.

SONGS.

Now the lusty Spring is seen,
Golden yellow, gaudy Blew,
Daintily invite the view.
Every where, on every Green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And inticing men to pull,
Lillies whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet hony full.
All Loves Emblems and all cry,
Ladys, if not pluckt we dye.

Yet the lusty Spring hath staid,
Blushing red and purest white,
Daintily to love invite,
Every Woman, every Maid,
Cherries kissing as they grow;
And inviting men to taste,
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waste:
All loves emblems and all cry,
Ladies, if not pluckt we dye.

SECOND.

Hear ye Ladies that despise
What the mighty Love has done,
Fear examples, and be wise,
Fair Calisto was a Nun,
Læda sailing on the stream,
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver Swan,
Danae in a Brazen Tower,
Where no love was, lov'd a Showr.

Hear ye Ladys that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do,
Fear the fierceness of the Boy,
The chaste Moon he makes to wooe:
Vesta kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the Altar dies.
Ilion in a short hour higher
He can build, and once more fire.

Enter Chilax, Lucina, Claudia, and Marcellina.

Luci. Pray Heaven my Lord be here, for now I fear it.
Well Ring, if thou bee'st counterfeit, or stoln,
As by this preparation I suspect it,
Thou hast betrai'd thy Mistris: pray Sir forward,
I would fain see my Lord.

Chil. But tell me *Madam*,
How do ye like the Song?

Luci. I like the air well,
But for the words, they are lascivious,

And over light for Ladies.

Chil. All ours love 'em.

Luci. 'Tis like enough, for yours are loving Ladies.

Lici. *Madam*, ye are welcom to the Court. Who waits?
Attendants for this Lady.

Luci. Ye mistake Sir;

I bring no triumph with me.

Lici. But much honour.

Pro. Why this was nobly done; and like a neighbour,
So freely of your self to be a visitant,
The Emperour shall give ye thanks for this.

Luci. O no Sir;

There's nothing to deserve 'em:

Pro. Yes, your presence.

Luci. Good Gentlemen be patient, and believe
I come to see my husband, on command too,
I were no Courtier else.

Lici. That's all one Lady,
Now ye are here, y'are welcom, and the Emperour
Who loves ye, but too well.

Luci. No more of that Sir.

I came not to be Catechiz'd.

Pro. Ah Sirrah;

And have we got you here? faith Noble Lady,
We'll keep you one month Courtier.

Luci. Gods defend Sir,

I never lik'd a trade worse.

Pro. Hark ye.

Luci. No Sir.

Pro. Ye are grown the strangest Lady:

Luci. How?

Pro. By Heaven,

'Tis true I tell ye, and you'll find it. *Luci.* I?
I'll rather find my grave, and so inform him.

Pro. Is it not pity Gentlemen, this Lady,
(Nay I'll deal roughly with ye, yet not hurt ye)
Shold live alone, and give such heavenly beauty
Only to walls, and hangings?

Luci. Good Sir, patience:

I am no wonder, neither come to that end,
Ye do my Lord an injury to stay me,
Who though ye are the Princes, yet dare tell ye
He keeps no wife for your wayes.

Bal. Well, well Lady;

However you are pleas'd to think of us,
Ye are welcom, and ye shall be welcome.

Luci. Shew it

In that I come for then, in leading me
Where my lov'd Lord is, not in flattery:—
Nay ye may draw the Curtain, I have seen 'em,
But none worth half my honesty.

Claud. Are these Sir,
Laid here to take?

Pro. Yes, for your Lady, Gentlewomen.

Mar. We had been doing else.

Bal. Meaner Jewels

Would fit your worths

Claud. And meaner clothes your bodies.

Luci. The Gods shall kill me first.

Lici. There's better dying;

I' th' Emperours arms goe to, but be not angry—
These are but talks sweet Lady.

Enter Phorba, and Ardelia.

Phor. Where is this stranger? rushes, Ladys, rushes;
Rushes as green as Summer for this stranger.

Pro. Here's Ladies come to see you.

Luci. You are gone then?

I take it 'tis your *Qu*

Pro. Or rather manners,

You are better fitted *Madam*, we but tire ye,
Therefore we'll leave you for an hour, and bring
Your much lov'd Lord unto you——

Luci. Then I'll thank ye,

[*Exeunt.*

I am betray'd for certain; well *Lucina*,
If thou do'st fall from vertue, may the Earth
That after death should shoot up gardens of thee,
Spreading thy living goodness into branches,
Fly from thee, and the hot Sun find thy vices.

Tho. You are a welcom woman.

Ard. Bless me Heaven,
How did you find the way to Court?

Luci. I know not,
Would I had never trod it.

Phor. Prethee tell me,
Good noble Lady, and good sweet heart love us,
For we love thee extremely; is not this place
A Paradise to live in?

Luci. To those people
That know no other Paradise but pleasure,
That little I enjoy contents me better.

Ard. What, heard ye any Musick yet?

Luci. Too much.

Phor. You must not be thus froward; what, this gown
Is one o'th' prettiest by my troth *Ardelia*,
I ever saw yet; 'twas not to frown in Lady,
Ye put this gown on when ye came.

Ard. How do ye?

Alas poor wretch how cold it is!

Luci. Content ye;
I am as well as may be, and as temperate,
If ye will let me be so: where's my Lord?
For there's the business that I came for Ladies.

Phor. We'll lead ye to him, he's i'th' Gallery.

Ard. We'll shew ye all the Court too.

Luci. Shew me him,
And ye have shew'd me all I come to look on.

Phor. Come on, we'll be your guides, and as ye goe,
We have some pretty tales to tell ye Lady,
Shall make ye merry too; ye come not here,
To be a sad *Lucina*.

Luci. Would I might not.——

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Chilax, and Balbus.

Chil. Now the soft Musick; *Balbus* run——

Bal. I flye Boy—— [Exit *Balbus*.]

Chil. The women by this time are worming of her,——
If she can hold out them, the Emperour
Takes her to task: he has her; hark the Musick.

Enter Emperour, and Lucina.

Luci. Good your Grace,
Where are my women Sir?

Emp. They are wife, beholding
What you think scorn to look on, the Courts bravery:
Would you have run away so sily Lady,
And not have seen me?

Luci. I beseech your Majestie,
Consider what I am, and whose.

Emp. I do so.

Luci. Believe me, I shall never make a whore Sir.

Emp. A friend ye may, and to that man that loves ye,
More than you love your vertue.

Luci. Sacred *Cesar*.

Emp. You shall not kneel to me sweet.

Luci. Look upon me,
And if ye be so cruel to abuse me,
Think how the Gods will take it; does this beauty
Afflict your soul? I'll hide it from you ever,
Nay more, I will become so leprous,
That ye shall curse me from ye: My dear Lord
Has serv'd ye ever truly, fought your Battels,
As if he daily long'd to dye for *Cesar*,
Was never Traytor Sir, nor never tainted
In all the actions of his life.

Emp. I know it.

Luci. His fame and family have grown together,
And spread together like to sailing Cedars,

Over the *Roman* Diadem; O let not,
As ye have any flesh that's humane in you,
The having of a modest wife decline him,
Let not my vertue be the wedge to break him.
I do not think ye are lascivious,
These wanton men belye ye, you are *Cesar*,
Which is the Father of the Empires honour,
Ye are too near the nature of the Gods,
To wrong the weakest of all creatures, women.

Emp. I dare not do it here, rise fair *Lucina*,
I did but try your temper, ye are honest,
And with the commendations wait on that
I'll lead ye to your Lord, and give you to him:
Wipe your fair eyes: he that endeavours ill,
May well delay, but never quench his hell.——

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Chilax, Licinius, Proculus, and Balbus.

Chil. 'TIS done *Licinius*.

Lici. How?

Chil. I shame to tell it,
If there be any justice, we are Villains,
And must be so rewarded.

Bal. If it be done,
I take it 'tis no time now to repent it,
Let's make the best o'th' trade.

Pro. Now vengeance take it,
Why should not he have settled on a beauty,
Whose honesty stuck in a piece of tissue,
Or one a Ring might rule, or such a one
That had an itching husband to be honourable,
And ground to get it: if he must have women,
And no allay without 'em, why not those
That know the misery, and are best able
To play a game with judgement? such as she is,
Grant they be won with long siege, endless travel,
And brought to opportunity with millions,
Yet when they come to motion, their cold vertue
Keeps 'em like cakes of Ice; I'll melt a Crystal,
And make a dead flint fire himself, e're they
Give greater heat, than new departing embers
Give to old men that watch 'em.

Lici. A good Whore
Had sav'd all this, and happily as wholsom,
I, and the thing once done too, as well thought of,
But this fame chastity forsooth.

Pro. A Pox on't,
Why should not women be as free as we are?
They are, but not in open, and far freer,
And the more bold ye bear your self, more welcom,
And there is nothing you dare say, but truth,
But they dare hear.——

Enter Emperour, and Lucina.

Chi. The Emperour! away,
And if we can repent, let's home and pray. [Exit.]

Emp. Your only vertue now is patience,
Take heed, and save your honour; if you talk.

Luci. As long as there is motion in my body,
And life to give me words, I'll cry for justice.

Emp. Justice shall never hear ye, I am justice.

Luci. Wilt thou not kill me, Monster, Ravisher,
Thou bitter bane o'th' Empire, look upon me,
And if thy guilty eyes dare see these ruines,
Thy wild lust hath laid level with dishonour,
The sacrilegious razing of this Temple,
The mother of thy black sins would have blush'd at,
Behold and curse thy self; the Gods will find thee,
That's all my refuge now, for they are righteous,
Vengeance and horror circle thee; the Empire,

In which thou liv'st a strong continued surfeit,
Like poyson will disgorge thee, good men raze thee
For ever being read again, ——— but vicious
Women, and fearfull Maids, make vows against thee :
Thy own Slaves, if they hear of this, shall hate thee ;
And those thou hast corrupted first fall from thee ;
And if thou let't me live, the Souldier,
Tir'd with thy Tyrannies, break through obedience,
And shake his strong Steel at thee.

Emp. This prevails not ;
Nor any Agony ye utter Lady,
If I have done a sin, curse her that drew me,
Curse the first cause, the witchcraft that abus'd me,
Curse those fair eyes, and curse that heavenly beauty,
And curse your being good too.

Luci. Glorious thief,
What restitution canst thou make to save me ?

Emp. I'll ever love, and honour you.

Luci. Thou canst not,
For that which was mine honour, thou hast murdered,
And can there be a love in violence ?

Emp. You shall be only mine.

Luci. Yet I like better
Thy villany, than flattery, that's thine own,
The other basely counterfeit ; flye from me,
Or for thy safety sake and wisdom kill me,
For I am worse than thou art ; thou maist pray,
And so recover grace ; I am lost for ever,
And if thou let'st me live, th'art lost thy self too.

Emp. I fear no losse but love, I stand above it.

Luci. Call in your Lady Bawds, and guilded Pander's
And let them triumph too, and sing to *Cesar*,
Lucina's fall, the chaste *Lucina's* conquer'd ;
Gods ! what a wretched thing has this man made me ?
For I am now no wife for *Maximus*,
No company for women that are vertuous,
No familie I now can claim, nor Country,
Nor name, but *Cesar's* whore ; O sacred *Cesar*,
(For that should be your title) was your Empire,
Your Rods, and Axes, that are types of Justice,
Those fires that ever burn, to beg you blessings,
The peoples adoration, fear of Nations,
What victory can bring ye home, what else
The usefull Elements can make your servants,
Even light it self, and suns of light, truth, Justice,
Mercy, and starlike pietie sent to you,
And from the gods themselves, to ravish women ?
The curses that I owe to Enemies,
Even those the *Sabines* sent, when *Romulus*,
(As thou hast me) ravish'd their noble Maids,
Made more, and heavier, light on thee.

Emp. This helps not.

Luci. The sins of *Tarquin* be remember'd in thee,
And where there has a chaste wife been abus'd,
Let it be thine, the shame thine, thine the slaughter,
And last for ever thine, the fear'd example.
Where shall poor vertue live, now I am falln ?
What can your honours now, and Empire make me,
But a more glorious Whore ?

Emp. A better woman,
But if ye will be blind, and scorn it, who can help it ?
Come leave these lamentations, they do nothing,
But make a noyse, I am the same man still,
Were it to do again ; therefore be wiser,
By all this holy light, I should attempt it,
Ye are so excellent, and made to ravish,
There were no pleasure in ye else.

Luci. Oh villain.

Emp. Sobred for mans amazement, that my reason
And every help to hold me right has lost me ;
The God of love himself had been before me
Had he but power to see ye ; tell me justly,
How can I choose but err then ? if ye dare
Be mine, and only mine, for ye are so pretious,

I envie any other should enjoy ye,
Almost look on ye ; and your daring husband
Shall know h'as kept an offering from the Empire,
Too holy for his Altars ; be the mightiest,
More than my self I'll make it : if ye will not
Sit down with this, and silence, for which wisdom
Ye shall have use of me, and much honour ever,
And be the same you were ; if ye divulge it,
Know I am far above the faults I do,
And those I do I am able to forgive too ;
And where your credit in the knowledge of it,
May be with gloss enough suspected, mine
Is as mine own command shall make it :
Princes though they be sometime subject to loose whispers,
Yet wear they two edged swords for open censures :
Your husband cannot help ye, nor the Souldier ;
Your husband is my creature, they my weapons,
And only where I bid 'em strike ; I feed 'em,
Nor can the Gods be angry at this action,
For as they make me moit, they mean me happiest,
Which I had never been without this pleasure :
Consider, and farewell : you'll find your women
At home before ye, they have had some sport too,
But are more thankful for it. ——— [Exit Emperour.]

Luci. Destruction find thee.

Now which way must I go ? my honest house
Will shake to shelter me, my husband flee me,
My Family, because they are honest, and desire to be so,
Must not endure me, not a neighbour know me :
What woman now dare see me without blushes,
And pointing as I pass, there, there, behold her,
Look on her little Children, that is she,
That handsome Lady, mark ; O my sad fortunes,
Is this the end of goodness, this the price
Of all my early prayers to protect me,
Why then I see there is no God but power,
Nor vertue now alive that cares for us,
But what is either lame or sensual,
How had I been thus wretched else ?

Enter Maximus, and Accius.

Acci. Let Titius

Command the company that *Pontius* lost,
And see the Fosses deeper.

Max. How now sweet heart,
What make you here, and thus ?

Acci. *Lucina* weeping !
This must be much offence.

Max. Look up and tell me,
Why are you thus ? My Ring ? O friend, I have found it,
Ye are at Court, sweet.

Luci. Yes, this brought me hither.

Max. Rise, and goe home : I have my fears *Accius* :
Oh my best friend, I am ruin'd ; go *Lucina*,
Already in thy tears I have read thy wrongs,
Already found a *Cesar* ; go thou Lilly,
Thou sweetly drooping flower : go silver Swan,
And sing thine own sad requiem : goe *Lucina*,
And if thou dar'st, outlive this wrong.

Luci. I dare not.

Acci. Is that the Ring ye lost ?

Max. That, that, *Accius*,
That cursed Ring, my self, and all my fortunes :
'Thas pleas'd the Emperour, my noble master,
For all my services, and dangers for him,
To make me mine own Pander, was this justice ?
Oh my *Accius*, have I liv'd to bear this ?

Luci. Farewel for ever Sir.

Max. That's a sad saying,
But such a one becomes ye well *Lucina* :
And yet me thinks we should not part so lightly,
Our loves have been of longer growth, more rooted
Than the sharp word of one farewell can scatter,
Kiss me : I find no *Cesar* here ; these lips

Talke not of Ravisher in my opinion.

Was it not so?

Luc. O yes.

Max. I dare believe thee,
For thou wert ever truth it self, and sweetness;
Indeed she was, *Æcius*.

Æcius. So she is still.

Max. Once more, O my *Lucina*, O my Comfort,
The blessing of my Youth, the life of my life.

Æcius. I have seen enough to stagger my obedience;
Hold me ye equal Gods, this is too sinful.

Max. Why wert thou chosen out to make a Whore of?
To me thou wert too chaste; fall Crystal Fountains,
And ever feed your streams you rising sorrows,
Till you have dropt your Mistress into Marble:
Now go for ever from me.

Luc. Long farewell, Sir.

And as I have been loyal, gods think on me.

Max. Stay, let me once more bid farewell, *Lucina*,
Farewel thou excellent example of us,
Thou starry Vertue, fare thee well, seek Heaven,
And there by *Cassiopea* shine in Glory,
We are too base and dirty to preserve thee.

Æcius. Nay, I must kiss too; such a kiss again,
And from a Woman of so ripe a Vertue,

Æcius must not take; Farewel thou *Phoenix*,
If thou wilt dye, *Lucina*; which well weigh'd,
If you can cease a while from these strange thoughts,
I wish were rather alter'd.

Luc. No.

Æcius. Mistake not;

I would not stain your honour for the Empire,
Nor any way decline you to discredit,
'Tis not my fair profession, but a Villains;
I find and feel your loss as deep as you do,
And am the same, *Æcius*, still as honest,
The same life I have still for *Maximus*,
The same Sword wear for you, where Justice wills me,
And 'tis no dull one; therefore misconceive me not;
Only I would have you live a little longer,
But a short year.

Max. She must not.

Luc. Why so long, Sir,

Am I not grey enough with grief already?

Æci. To draw from that wild man a sweet repentance,
And goodness in his days to come.

Max. They are so,

And will be ever coming, my *Æcius*.

Æcius. For who knows but the sight of you, presenting
His sworn sins at the full, and your fair virtues,
May like a fearful Vision fright his follies,
And once more bend him right again? which blessing
(If your dark wrongs would give you leave to read)
Is more than death, and the reward more glorious;
Death, only eases you, this, the whole Empire;
Besides, compell'd and forc'd with violence,
To what ye have done, the deed is none of yours,
No, nor the justice neither; ye may live,
And still a worthier Woman, still more honoured;
For are those trees the worse we tear the fruits from?
Or should the eternal gods desire to perish
Because we daily violate their truths,
Which is the Chastity of Heaven? No, Lady,
If ye dare live, ye may; and as our sins
Make them more full of equity and justice,
So this compulsive wrong makes you more perfect;
The Empire too will bless you.

Max. Noble Sir,

If she were any thing to me but honour,
And that that's wedded to me too, laid in,
Not to be worn away without my being;
Or could the wrongs be hers alone, or mine,
Or both our wrongs, not ty'd to after issues,
Not born anew in all our names and kindreds,

I would desire her live, nay more, compel her:
But since it was not Youth, but Malice did it,
And not her own, nor mine, but both our losses,
Nor stays it there, but that our names must find it,
Even those to come; and when they read, she liv'd,
Must they not ask how often she was ravish'd,
And make a doubt she lov'd that more than Wedlock?
Therefore she must not live.

Æcius. Therefore she must live,
To teach the world, such deaths are superstitious.

Luc. The tongues of Angels cannot alter me,
For could the World again restore my Credit,
As fair and absolute as first I bred it,
That world I should not trust again: The Empire
By my life, can get nothing but my story,
Which whilst I breath must be but his abuses;
And where ye counsel me to live, that *Cæsar*
May see his errors and repent, I'll tell ye,
His penitence is but encrease of pleasures,
His prayers never said but to deceive us,
And when he weeps (as you think) for his Vices,
'Tis but as killing drops from baleful Yew-Trees,
That rot their honest Neighbour; If he can grieve
As one that yet desires his free Conversion,
And almost glories in his penitence,
I'll leave him Robes to mourn in, my sad ashes.

Æcius. The farewells then of happy souls be with thee,
And to thy memory be ever sung
The praises of a just and constant Lady,
This sad day whilst I live, a Souldiers tears
I'll offer on thy Monument, and bring
Full of thy noble self with tears untold yet,
Many a worthy Wife, to weep thy ruine.

Max. All that is chaste upon thy Tomb shall flourish,
All living Epitaphs be thine, Time, Story;
And what is left behind to piece our lives
Shall be no more abus'd with tales and trifles,
But full of thee, stand to eternity.

Æci. Once more farewell, go find *Elyzium*, (sings,
There where the happy Souls are crown'd with Bless-
There where 'tis ever Spring and ever Summer. (nour,

Max. There where no bedrid justice comes; truth, ho-
Are keepers of that blessed Place; go thither,
For here thou liv'st chaste Fire in rotten Timber.

Æcius. And so our last farewells.

Max. Gods give thee Justice—— [Exit *Lucina*.

Æcius. His thoughts begin to work, I fear him, yet
He ever was a noble *Roman*, but
I know not what to think on't, he hath suffered
Beyond a man if he stand this.

Max. *Æcius*,

Am I alive, or has a dead sleep seiz'd me?
It was my Wife the Emperour abus'd thus,
And I must say I am glad I had her for him;
Must I not, my *Æcius*?

Æcius. I am stricken

With such a stiff amazement, that no answer
Can readily come from me, nor no comfort;
Will ye go home, or go to my house?

Max. Neither;

I have no home, and you are mad, *Æcius*,
To keep me company, I am a fellow
My own Sword would forsake, not tyed unto me;
A Pander is a Prince, to what I am fall;
I dare do nothing.

Æcius. Ye do better.

Max. I am made a branded Slave, *Æcius*,
And yet I bless the Maker;
Death o' my Soul, must I endure this tamely?
Must *Maximus* be mention'd for his tales?
I am a Child too; what should I do railing?
I cannot mend my self, 'tis *Cæsar* did it,
And what am I to him?

Æcius. 'Tis well consider'd;

However you are tainted, be no Traitor
Time may outwear the first, the last lives ever.

Max. O that thou wert not living, and my friend.

Æcius. I'll bear a wary Eye upon your actions,
I fear ye, *Maximus*, nor can I blame thee
If thou break'st out, for by the gods thy wrong
Deserves a general ruine: do ye love me?

Max. That's all I have to live on.

Æcius. Then go with me,
Ye shall not to your own house.

Max. Nor to any.

My griefs are greater far than Walls can compass,
And yet I wonder how it happens with me,
I am not dangerous, and o' my Conscience,
Should I now see the Emperour i'th' heat on't,
I should not chide him for't, an awe runs through me,
I feel it sensibly that binds me to it,
'Tis at my heart now, there it sits and rules,
And methinks 'tis a pleasure to obey it.

Æcius. 'This is a mask to cozen me; I know ye,
And how far ye dare do; no *Roman* farther,
Nor with more fearless Valour; and I'll watch ye,
Keep that obedience still.

Max. Is a Wifes loss
(For her abuse much good may do his Grace,
I'll make as bold with his Wife, if I can)
More than the fading of a few fresh colours,
More than a lusty spring lost?

Æcius. No more, *Maximus*,
To one that truly lives.

Max. Why, then I care not, I can live well enough,
For look you friend, for vertue, and those trifles,
They may be bought they say.

Æcius. He's craz'd a little,
His grief has made him talk things from his Nature.

Max. But Chastity is not a thing I take it
To get in *Rome*, unless it be bespoken
A hundred years before; Is it *Æcius*?
By'r Lady, and well handled too i'th' breeding.

Æcius. Will ye go any way?

Max. I'll tell thee, friend;
If my Wife for all this should be a Whore now,
A kind of Kicker out of sheets, 'twould vex me,
For I am not angry yet; the Emperour
Is young and handsome, and the Woman Flesh,
And may not these two couple without scratching?

Æcius. Alas, my noble friend.

Max. Alas not me,
I am not wretched, for there's no man miserable
But he that makes himself so.

Æcius. Will ye walk yet? (truth on't,

Max. Come, come, she dare not dye, friend, that's the
She knows the inticing sweets and delicacies
Of a young Princes pleasures, and I thank her,
She has made a way for *Maximus* to rise by.
Will't not become me bravely? why do you think
She wept, and said she was ravish'd? keep it here
And I'll discover to you.

Æcius. Well.

Max. She knows
I love no bitten flesh, and out of that hope
She might be from me, she contriv'd this knavery;
Was it not monstrous, friend?

Æcius. Does he but seem so,
Or is he mad indeed?

Max. Oh gods, my heart!

Æcius. Would it would fairly break.

Max. Methinks I am somewhat wilder than I was,
And yet I thank the gods I know my duty.

Enter Claudia.

Claud. Nay, you may spare your tears; she's dead.
She is so.

Max. Why, so it should be: how?

Claud. When first she enter'd

Into her house, after a world of weeping,
And blushing like the Sun-set, as we see her;
Dare I, said she, defile this house with Whore,
In which his noble Family has flourish'd?

At which she fell, and stir'd no more; we rub'd her. *Exit*

Max. No more of that; be gone; now my *Æcius*, *Clau*.
If thou wilt do me pleasure, weep a little,
I am so parch'd I cannot: Your example
Has brought the rain down now: now lead me friend,
And as we walk together, let's pray together truly,
I may not fall from faith.

Æcius. That's nobly spoken.

Max. Was I not wild, *Æcius*?

Æcius. Somewhat troubled.

Max. I felt no sorrow then; Now I'll go with ye,
But do not name the Woman; fye, what fool
Am I to weep thus? Gods, *Lucina*, take thee,
For thou wert even the best and worthiest Lady.

Æcius. Good Sir, no more, I shall be melted with it.

Max. I have done, and good Sir comfort me;
Would there were wars now.

Æcius. Settle your thoughts, come.

Max. So I have now, friend,

Of my deep lamentations here's an end. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Pontius, Phidias, and Aretus.

Phid. By my faith, Captain *Pontius*, besides pity
Of your fallen fortunes, what to say I know not,
For 'tis too true the Emperour desires not,
But my best master, any souldier near him:

Aret. And when he understands, he cast your fortunes
For disobedience, how can we incline him,
(That are but under persons to his favours)
To any fair opinion? Can ye sing?

Pont. Not to please him, *Aretus*, for my Songs
Go not to th' Lute, or Viol, but to th' Trumpet,
My tune kept on a Target, and my subject
The well struck wounds of men, not love, or women.

Phid. And those he understands not.

Pont. He should, *Phidias*.

Aret. Could you not leave this killing way a little?
You must, if here you would plant your self, and rather
Learn as we do, to like what those affect
That are above us; wear their actions,
And think they keep us warm too; what they say,
Though oftentimes they speak a little foolishly,
Not stay to construe, but prepare to execute,
And think however the end falls, the business
Cannot run empty handed.

Phid. Can ye flatter,
And if it were put to you, lye a little?

Pont. Yes, if it be a living

Aret. That's well said then.

Pont. But must these lies and flatteries be believ'd then?

Phid. Oh yes, by any means.

Pont. By any means then

I cannot lie nor flatter.

Aret. Ye must swear too,

If ye be there.

Pont. I can swear if they move me.

Phid. Cannot ye forswear too?

Pont. The Court for ever,

If it be grown so wicked.

Aret. You should procure a little too.

Pont. VVhat's that?

Mens honest sayings for my truth?

Aret. Oh no, Sir;

But womens honest actions for your trial.

Pont. Do you do all these things?

Phid. Do you not like 'em?

Pont. Do you ask me seriously, or trifle with me?

I am not so low yet to be your mirth.

Aret. You do mistake us, Captain, for sincerely,

VVe ask you how you like 'em?

Pont. Then sincerely,

I tell ye I abhor 'em; they are ill ways,
And I will stave before I fall into 'em,
The doers of 'em Wretches, their base hungers
Care not whose Bread they eat, nor how they get it.

Arct. What then, Sir?

Pont. If you profess this wickedness,
Because ye have been Souldiers, and born Arms,
The Servants of the brave *Æcius*,
And by him put to th' Emperour, give me leave,
Or I must take it else, to say ye are Villains,
For all your Golden Coats, debosh'd, base Villains,
Yet I do wear a Sword to tell you so,
Is this the way you mark out for a Souldier,
A Man that has commanded for the Empire,
And born the Reputation of a Man?
Are there not lazie things enough call'd fools and cowards,
And poor enough to be prefer'd for Panders,
But wanting Souldiers must be Knaves too? ha!
This the trim course of li'e; were not ye born Bawds,
And so inherit but your Rights? I am poor,
And may expect a worse; yet digging, pruning,
Mending of broken ways, carrying of water,
Planting of Worts and Onions, any thing
That's honest, and a Mans, I'll rather chuse,
I, and live better on it, which is juster,
Drink my well gotten water with more pleasure,
When my endeavours done, and wages paid me,
Than you do wine, eat my course Bread, not curst,
And mend upon't, your diets are diseases,
And sleep as soundly, when my labour bids me,
As any forward Pander of ye all,
And rise a great deal honest; my Garments,
Though not as yours, the soft sins of the Empire,
Yet may be warm, and keep the biting wind out,
When every single breath of poor opinion
Finds you through all your Velvets.

Arct. You have hit it,

Nor are we those we seem, the Lord *Æcius*
Put us good men to th' Emperour, so we have serv'd him,
Though much neglected for it; So dare be still;
Your Curses are not ours; we have seen your fortune,
But yet know no way to redeem it: Means,
Such as we have, ye shall not want, brave *Pontius*,
But pray be temperate, if we can wipe out
The way of your offences, we are yours, Sir;
And you shall live at Court an honest Man too.

Phid. That little meat and means we have, we'll share it,
Fear not to be as we are; what we told ye,
Were but meer tryals of your truth: y'are worthy,
And so we'll ever hold ye; suffer better,
And then you are a right Man, *Pontius*,
If my good Master be not ever angry,
Ye shall command again.

Pont. I have found two good men: use my life,
For it is yours, and all I have to thank ye— [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Maximus.

Max. There's no way else to do it, he must dye,
This friend must dye, this soul of *Maximus*,
Without whom I am nothing but my shame,
This perfectness that keeps me from opinion,
Must dye, or I must live thus branded ever:
A hard choice, and a fatal; Gods ye have given me
A way to credit, but the ground to go on,
Ye have levell'd with that precious life I love most,
Yet I must on, an i'though, for if I offer
To take my way without him, like a Sea
He bears his high Command 'twixt me and vengeance,
And in mine own road sinks me, he is honest,
Of a most constant loyalty to *Cesar*,
And when he shall but doubt, I dare attempt him,
But make a question of his ill, but say

What is a *Cesar*, that he dare do this,
Dead sure he cuts me off; *Æcius* dyes,
Or I have lost my self: why should I kill him?
Why should I kill my self? for 'tis my killing,
Æcius is my root, and wither him,
Like a decaying Branch I fall to nothing.
Is he not more to me than Wife, than *Cesar*?
Though I had now my safe revenge upon him,
Is he not more than rumour, and his friendship
Sweeter than the love of women? what is honour
We all so strangely are bewitch'd withal?
Can it relieve me if I want? he has;
Can honour 'twixt the incensed Prince and Envy,
Bear up the lives of worthy men? he has;
Can honour pull the wings of fearful Cowards,
And make 'em turn again like Tigers? he has;
And I have liv'd to see this, and preserv'd so:
Why should this empty word incite me then
To what is ill and cruel? let her perish.
A friend is more than all the world, than honour;
She is a woman and her loss the less,
And with her go my griefs; but hark ye *Maximus*,
Was she not yours? Did she not dye to tell ye
She was a ravish'd woman? Did not Justice
Nobly begin with her that not deserv'd it,
And shall he live that did it? Stay a little,
Can this abuse dye here? Shall not mens tongues
Dispute it afterward, and say I gave
(Affecting dull obedience, and tame duty,
And led away with fondness of a friendship)
The only vertue of the world to slander?
Is not this certain, was not she a chaste one,
And such a one, that no compare dwelt with her,
One of so sweet a vertue that *Æcius*,
Even he himself, this friend that holds me from it,
Out of his worthy love to me, and justice,
Had it not been on *Cesar*, had reveng'd her?
He told me so; what shall I do then?

Enter a Servant.

Can other men affect it, and I cold?
I fear he must not live.

Serv. My Lord, the General
Is come to seek ye.

Max. Go, entreat him to enter;
O brave *Æcius*, I could wish thee now
As far from friendship to me, as from fears,
That I might cut thee off, like that I weigh'd not,
Is there no way without him to come near it?
For out of honesty he must destroy me
If I attempt it, he must dye as others,
And I must lose him; 'tis necessity,
Only the time and means is the difference;
But yet I would not make a murder of him,
Take him directly for my doubts; he shall dye,
I have found a way to do it, and a safe one,
It shall be honour to him too: I know not
What to determine certain, I am so troubled,
And such a deal of conscience presses me;

Enter Æcius.

Would I were dead my self.

Æcius. You run away well;
How got you from me, friend?

Max. That that leads mad men,
A strong imagination made me wander.

Æcius. I thought you had been more settled.

Max. I am well,
But you must give me leave a little sometimes
To have a buzzing in my brains.

Æcius. Ye are dangerous,
But I'll prevent it if I can; ye told me
You would go to th' Army.

Max. Why, to have my throat cut?
Must he not be the bravest man, *Æcius*,
That strikes me first?

Æci. You promised me a freedom
From all these thoughts, and why should any strike you?

Max. I am an Enemy, a wicked one,
Worse than the fogs of *Rome*, I am a Coward,
A Cuckold, and a Coward, that's two causes
Why every one should beat me.

Æci. Ye are neither;
And durst another tell me so, he dyed for't,
For thus far on mine honour, I'll assure you
No man more lov'd than you, and for your valour,
And what ye may be, fair; no man more follow'd.

Max. A doughty man indeed: but that's all one,
The Emperour nor all the Princes living
Shall find a flaw in my Coat; I have suffer'd,
And can yet; let them find inflictions,
I'll find a body for 'em, or I'll break it.

'Tis not a Wife can thrust me out, some look't for't;
But let 'em look till they are blind with looking,
They are but fools; yet there is anger in me,
That I would fain disperse, and now I think on't,
You told me, friend, the Provinces are stirring,
We shall have sport I hope then, and what's dangerous,
A Battle shall beat from me.

Æci. Why do ye eye me,
With such a fetled look?

Max. Pray tell me this,
Do we not love extremly? I love you so.

Æci. If I should say I lov'd not you as truly,
I should do that I never durst do, I ye.

Max. If I should dye, would it not grieve you much?

Æci. Without all doubt.

Max. And could you live without me?

Æci. It would much trouble me to live without ye.
Our loves, and loving souls have been so us'd
But to one household in us: but to dye
Because I could not make you live, were woman,
Far much too weak, were it to save your worth,
Or to redeem your name from rooting out,
To quit you bravely fighting from the foe,
Or fetch ye off, where honour had ingag'd ye,
I ought, and would dye for ye.

Max. Truly spoken.
What beast but I, that must, could hurt this man now?
Would he had ravish'd me, I would have paid him,
I would have taught him such a trick, his Eunuchs
Nor all his black-eyed Boys dreamt of yet;
By all the Gods I am mad now; now were *Cesar*
Within my reach, and on his glorious top
The pile of all the world, he went to nothing;
The Destinies, nor all the dames of Hell,
Were I once grapp'd with him, should relieve him,
No not the hope of mankind more; all perished;
But this is words, and weakness.

Æci. Ye look strangely.

Max. I look but as I am, I am a stranger.

Æci. To me?

Max. To every one, I am no *Roman*;
Nor what I am do I know.

Æci. Then I'll leave ye.

Max. I find I am best so, if ye meet with *Maximus*
Pray bid him be an honest man for my sake,
You may do much upon him; for his shadow,
Let me alone.

Æci. Ye were not wont to talk thus,
And to your friend; ye have some danger in you,
That willingly would run to action,
Take heed, by all our love take heed.

Max. I danger?
I, willing to do any thing, I dig.
Has not my Wife been dead two dayes already?
Are not my mournings by this time moth-eaten?

Are not her sins dispers'd to other Women,
And many one ravish'd to relieve her?
Have I shed tears these twelve hours?

Æci. Now ye weep.

Max. Some lazie drops that staid behind.

Æci. I'll tell ye

And I must tell ye truth, were it not hazard,
And almost certain loss of all the Empire,
I would join with ye: were it any mans
But his life, that is life of us, he lost it
For doing of this mischief: I would take it,
And to your rest give ye a brave revenge:
But as the rule now stands, and as he rules,
And as the Nations hold in disobedience,
One pillar failing, all must fall; I dare not:
Nor is it just you should be suffer'd in it,
Therefore again take heed: On forraign foes
We are our own revengers, but at home
On Princes that are eminent and ours,
'Tis fit the Gods should judge us: be not rash,
Nor let your angry steel cut those ye know not,
For by this fatal blow, if ye dare strike it,
As I see great aims in ye, those unborn yet,
And those to come of them, and these succeeding
Shall bleed the wrath of *Maximus*: for me
As ye now bear your self, I am your friend still,
If ye fall off I will not flatter ye,
And in my hands, were ye my soul, you perish'd:
Once more be careful, stand, and still be worthy,
I'll leave you for this hour. [Exit.

Max. Pray do, 'tis done:

And friendship, since thou canst not hold in dangers.
Give me a certain ruin, I must through it. [Exit.

Æcius Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Emperour, Licinius, Chilax, and Balbus.

Emper. Dead?

Chil. So 'tis thought, Sir.

Emper. How?

Lici. Grief, and disgrace,
As people say.

Empe. No more, I have too much on't,
Too much by you, you whetters of my follies,
Ye Angel formers of my sins, but Devils;
Where is your cunning now? you would work wonders,
There was no chastity above your practice,
You would undertake to make her love her wrongs,
And doate upon her rape: mark what I tell ye,
If she be dead——

Chil. Alas Sir.

Empe. Hang ye Rascals,
Ye blasters of my youth, if she be gone,
'Twere better ye had been your Fathers Camels,
Groan'd under daily weights of wood and water:
Am I not *Cesar*?

Lici. Mighty and our Maker.

Empe. Than thus have given my pleasures to destruction.
Look she be living, slaves.

Lici. We are no Gods Sir,

If she be dead, to make her new again.

Empe. She cannot dye, she must not dye; are those
I plant my love upon but common livers?

Their hours as others, told 'em? can they be ashes?
Why do ye flatter a belief into me
That I am all that is, the world's my creature,
The Trees bring forth their fruits when I say Summer;
The Wind that knows no limit but his wildness,
At my command moves not a leaf; the Sea
With his proud mountain waters envying Heaven,
When I say still, run into Crystal mirrors,

Can I do this and sine dye? Why ye bubbles
That with my least breath break, no more remembred;
Ye moths that fly about my flame and perish,
Ye golden canker-worms, that eat my honours,
Living no longer than my spring of favour:
Why do ye make me God that can do nothing?
Is she not dead?

Chil. All Women are not with her.

Empe. A common Whore serves you, and far above ye,
The pleasures of a body lam'd with lewdness;
A meer perpetual motion makes ye happy:
Am I a man to traffick with Diseases?
Can any but a chastity serve *Cesar*?
And such a one that Gods would kneel to purchase?
You think because you have bred me up to pleasures,
And almost run me over all the rare ones,
Your Wives will serve the turn: I care not for 'em,
Your Wives are Fencers Whores, and shall be Footmens,
Though sometimes my nice will, or rather anger
Have made ye Cuckolds for variety;
I would not have ye hope, nor dream ye poor ones
Alwaies so great a blessing from me; go
Get your own infamy hereafter Rascals,
I have done too nobly for ye, ye enjoy
Each one an heir, the Royal seed of *Cesar*,
And I may curse ye for't; your wanton Gennets
That are so proud, the wind get's 'em with fillies,
Taught me this foul intemperance: Thou *Licinius*
Hast such a *Messalina*, such a *Lais*,
The backs of Bulls cannot content, nor Stallions,
The sweat of fifty men a night do's nothing.

Lici. Your Grace but jets I hope.

Empe. 'Tis Oracle.

The sins of other Women put by hers
Shew off like sanctities: Thine's a fool, *Chilax*,
Yet she can tell to twenty, and all lovers,
And all lien with her too, and all as she is,
Rotten, and ready for an Hospital.
Yours is an holy Whore, friend *Balbus*.

Bal. Well Sir.

Empe. One that can pray away the sins she suffers,
But not the punishments: she has had ten Bastards,
Five of 'em now are Lictors, yet she prays;
She has been the Song of *Rome*, and common *Paquil*;
Since I durst see a Wench, she was Camp Mistris,
And muster'd all the cohorts, paid 'em too,
They have it yet to shew, and yet she prays;
She is now to enter old men that are Children,
And have forgot their rudiments: am I
Left for these withered vices? and but one,
But one of all the world that could content me,
And snatch'd away in shewing? If your Wives
Be not yet Witches, or your selves now be so
And save your lives, raise me this noble beauty
As when I forc'd her, full of constancy,
Or by the Gods—

Lici. Most sacred *Cesar*.

Empe. Slaves.

Enter *Proculus*.

Lici. Good *Proculus*.

Pro. You shall not see it,
It may concern the Empire.

Emp. Ha: what said'st thou?
Is she not dead?

Pro. Not any one I know, Sir;
I come to bring your Grace a Letter, here
Scatter'd belike i'th' Court: 'tis sent to *Maximus*
And bearing danger in it.

Emp. Danger? where?
Double our Guard.

Pro. Nay no where, but i'th' Letter.

Emp. What an afflicted Conscience do I live with,
And what a beast I am grown? I had forgotten

To ask Heaven mercy for my fault, and was now
Even ravishing again her memory,
I find there must be danger in this deed:
Why do I stand disputing then and whining?
For what is not the gods to give, they cannot
Though they would link their powers in one, do mischief.
This Letter may betray me, get ye gone [Exit
And wait me in the Garden, guard the house well,
And keep this from the Empress: the name *Maximus*
Runs through me like a favour, this may be
Some private Letter upon private business,
Nothing concerning me: why should I open't?
I have done him wrong enough already; yet
It may concern me too, the time so tells me;
The wicked deed I have done, assures me 'tis so.
Be what it will, I'll see it, if that be not
Part of my fears, among my other sins,
I'll purge it out in prayers:
How? what's this?

Letter read] Lord *Maximus*, you love *Arcius*,
And are his noble friend too; bid him be less,
I mean less with the people, times are dangerous:
The Army's his, the Emperour in doubts;
And as some will not stick to say, declining,
You stand a constant man in either fortune;
Perswade him, he is lost else: Though ambition
Be the last sin he touches at, or never;
Yet what the people mad with loving him,
And as they willingly desire another
May tempt him to, or rather force his goodness,
Is to be doubted mainly: he is all,
(As he stands now) but the meer name of *Cesar*,
And should the Emperour inforce him lesser,
Not coming from himself, it were more dangerous:
He is honest, and will hear you: doubts are scatter'd,
And almost come to growth in every household:
Yet in my foolish judgment, were this master'd,
The people that are now but rage, and his,
Might be again obedience: you shall know me
When *Rome* is fair again; till when I love you.
No name! this may be cunning, yet it seems not;
For there is nothing in it but is certain,
Besides my safety.
Had not good *Germanicus*,
That was as loyal, and as straight as he is,
If not prevented by *Tiberius*,
Been by the Souldiers forc'd their Emperour?
He had, and 'tis my wisdom to remember it.
And was not *Corbulo*, even that *Corbulo*,
That ever fortunate and living *Roman*,
That broke the heart-frings of the *Parthians*,
And brought *Arsaces* line upon their knees,
Chain'd to the awe of *Rome*, because he was thought
(And but in wine once) fit to make a *Cesar*,
Cut off by *Nero*? I must seek my safety:
For 'tis the same again, if not beyond it:
I know the Souldier loves him more than Heaven,
And will adventure all his gods to raise him;
Me he hates more than peace: what this may breed,
If dull security and confidence
Let him grow up, a fool may find and laught at.
But why Lord *Maximus* I injur'd so,
Should be the man to counsel him, I know not;
More than he has been friend, and lov'd allegiance:
What now he is I fear, for his abuses
Without the people dare draw blood; who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Your Grace.

Emp. Call *Phidias* and *Aretus* hither:
I'll find a day for him too; times are dangerous,
The Army his, the Emperour in doubts:
I find it is too true; did he not tell me
1. As if he had intent to make me odious,

2. And to my face; and by a way of terror,
What vices I was grounded in, and almost
Proclaim'd the Souldiers hate against me? is not
The sacred name and dignity of *Cesar*
(Were this *Accius* more than man) sufficient
To shake off all his honesty? He's dangerous
Though he be good, and though a friend, a fear'd one,
And such I must not sleep by: are they come yet?
I do believe this fellow, and I thank him;
'Twas time to look about, if I must perish,
Yet shall my fears go foremost.

Enter *Phidias*, and *Aretus*.

Phi. Life to *Cesar*.

Emp. Is Lord *Accius* waiting?

Phi. Not this morning,

I rather think he's with the Army.

Emp. Army?

I do not like that Army: go unto him,
And bid him straight attend me, and do ye hear,
Come private without any; I have business
Only for him.

Phi. Your Graces pleasure———[*Exit Phidias*.

Emp. Go;

What Souldier is the same, I have seen him often,
That keeps you company, *Aretus*?

Are. Me Sir?

Emp. I you, Sir.

Are. One they call *Pontius*,

And't please your Grace.

Emp. A Captain?

Are. Yes, he was so;

But speaking something roughly in his want,
Especially of Wars, the Noble General
Ouz of strict allegiance cast his fortunes.

Emp. H'as been a valiant fellow.

Are. So he's still.

Emp. Alas, the General might have pardon'd follies,
Souldiers will talk sometimes.

Are. I am glad of this.

Emp. He wants preferment as I take it.

Are. Yes Sir;

And for that noble Grace his life shall serve.

Emp. I have a service for him:

I shame a Souldier should become a Begger:

I like the man *Aretus*.

Are. Gods protect ye.

Emp. Bid him repair to *Proculus*, and there
He shall receive the business, and reward for't:
Ple see him settled too, and as a Souldier,
We shall want such.

Are. The sweets of Heaven still crown ye.

Emp. I have a fearful darkness in my soul,
And till I be deliver'd, still am dying.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.

Enter *Maximus* alone.

Max. My way has taken: all the Court's in guard,
And business every where, and every corner
Full of strange whispers: I am least in rumour,

Enter *Accius* and *Phidias*.

And so I'll keep my self. Here comes *Accius*,
I see the bait is swallow'd: If he be lost
He is my *Martyr*, and my way stands open,
And honour on thy head, his blood is reckon'd. (arm'd?)

Acc. Why how now friend, what makes ye here un-
Are ye turn'd Merchant?

Max. By your fair persuasions,
And such a Merchant trafficks without danger;
I have forgotten all, *Accius*,
And which is more, forgiven.

Acc. Now I love ye,

Truly I do, ye are a worthy *Roman*.

Max. The fair repentance of my Prince to me
Is more than sacrifice of blood and vengeance,
No eyes shall weep her ruins, but mine own.

Acc. Still ye take more love from me: virtuous friend
The gods make poor *Accius* worthy of thee.

Max. Only in me y'are poor Sir: and I worthy
Only in being yours:

But why your arm thus,
Have ye been hurt *Accius*?

Acc. Bruis'd a little:
My horse fell with me friend: which till this morning
I never knew him do.

Max. Pray gods it boad well;
And now I think on't better, ye shall back,
Let my persuasions rule ye.

Acc. Back, why *Maximus*?
The Emperour commands me come.

Max. I like not
At this time his command.

Acc. I do at all times,
And all times will obey it, why not now then?

Max. I'll tell ye why, and as I have been govern'd,
Be you so, noble friend: The Court's in Guard,
Arm'd strongly, for what purpose, let me fear;
I do not like your going.

Acc. Were it fire;
And that fire certain to consume this body,
If *Cesar* sent, I would goe; never fear man,
If he take me, he takes his arms away,
I am too plain and true to be suspected.

Max. Then I have dealt unwisely.

Acc. If the Emperour,
Because he meercly may, will have my life,
That's all he has to work on, and all shall have:
Let him, he loves me better: here I wither,
And happily may live, till ignorantly
I run into a fault worth death: nay more, dishonour.
Now all my sins, I dare say those of duty
Are printed here, and if I fall so happy,
I blefs the grave I lye in, and the gods
Equal, as dying on the Enemy,
Must take me up a Sacrifice.

Max. Goe on then,

And I'll goe with ye.

Acc. No, ye may not friend.

Max. He cannot be a friend, bars me *Accius*,
Shall I forsake ye in my doubts?

Acc. Ye must.

Max. I must not, nor I will not; have I liv'd
Only to be a Carpet friend for pleasure?
I can endure a death as well as *Cato*.

Acc. There is no death nor danger in my going,
Nor none must goe along.

Max. I have a sword too,
And once I could have us'd it for my friend.

Acc. I need no sword, nor friend in this, pray leave me;
And as ye love me, do not overlove me;
I am commanded none shall come: at supper
I'll meet ye, and we'll drink a cup or two,
Ye need good Wine, ye have been sad: Farewel.

Max. Farewel my noble friend, let me embrace ye
E're ye depart; it may be one of us
Shall never do the like again.

Acc. Yes often.

Max. Farewel good dear *Accius*.

Acc. Farewel *Maximus*

Till night: indeed you doubt too much.——— [Exit.

Max. I do not:

Goe worthy innocent, and make the number
Of *Cesars* sins so great, Heaven may want mercy:
I'll hover hereabout to know what passes:
And if he be so devilish to destroy thee,
In thy blood shall begin his Tragedy.———

SCENA III.

Enter Proculus, and Pontius.

Pro. Besides this, if you do it, you enjoy
The noble name *Patrician*: more than that too,
The friend of *Cæsar* ye are stil'd: there's nothing
Within the hopes of *Rome*, or present being,
But you may safely say is yours.

Pon. Pray stay Sir;
What has *Accius* done to be destroy'd?
At least I would have a colour.

Pro. Ye have more,
Nay all that may be given, he is a Traitor,
One, any man would strike that were a subject.

Pon. Is he so foul?

Pro. Yes, a most fearfull Traytor.

Pon. A fearfull plague upon thee, for thou lye'st;
I ever thought the Souldier would undoe him
With his too much affection.

Pro. Ye have hit it,
They have brought him to ambition.

Pon. Then he is gone.

Pro. The Emperour out of a foolish pitie,
Would save him yet.

Pon. Is he so mad?

Pro. He's madder!

Would goe to th' Army to him.

Pon. Would he so?

Pro. Yes *Pontius*; but we consider ———

Pon. Wisely.

Pro. How else man, that the state lies in it.

Pon. And your lives too.

Pro. And every mans.

Pon. He did me

All the disgrace he could.

Pro. And scurvily.

Pon. Out of a mischief meerly: did you mark it?

Pro. Yes well enough.

Now ye have means to quit it,
The deed done, take his place.

Pon. Pray let me think on't,

'Tis ten to one I do it.

Pro. Do and be happy. ——— [Exit *Pro.*]

Pon. This Emperour is made of nought but mischief,
Sure, Murther was his Mother: none to lop,
But the main link he had? upon my conscience
The man is truly honest, and that kills him;
For to live here, and study to be true,
Is all one to be Traitors: why should he die?
Have they not Slaves and Rascals for their Offerings
In full abundance; Bawds more than beasts for slaughter?
Have they not singing whores enough, and knaves too,
And millions of such Martyrs to sink *Charon*,
But the best sons of *Rome* must sail too? I will shew him
(since he must dye) a way to do it truly:
And though he bears me hard, yet shall he know,
I am born to make him blefs me for a blow. ——— [Exit.]

SCENA II.

Enter Phidias, Aretus, and Æcius.

Phi. Yet ye may 'scape to th' Camp, we'l hazard with ye.

Aret. Lose not your life so basely Sir: ye are arm'd,
And many when they see your sword out, and know why,
Must follow your adventure.

Æci. Get ye from me:

Is not the doom of *Cæsar* on this body,
Do not I bear my last hour here, now sent me?
Am I not old *Accius*, ever dying?
You think this tenderness and love you bring me,
'Tis treason, and the strength of disobedience,
And if ye tempt me further, ye shall feel it:
I seek the Camp for safety, when my death

Ten times more glorious than my life, and lasting
Bids me be happy? Let the fool fear dying,
Or he that weds a woman for his honour,
Dreaming no other life to come but kisses;
Accius is not now to learn to suffer:
If ye dare shew a just affection, kill me,
I stay but those that must: why do ye weep?
Am I so wretched to deserve mens pities?
Goe give your tears to those that lose their worths,
Bewail their miseries, for me wear Garlands,
Drink wine, and much; sing *Pæans* to my praise,
I am to triumph friends, and more than *Cæsar*,
For *Cæsar* fears to die, I love to die.

Phi. O my dear Lord!

Æci. No more, goe, goe I say;
Shew me not signs of sorrow, I deserve none:
Dare any man lament, I should die nobly?
Am I grown old to have such enemies?
When I am dead, speak honourably of me,
That is, preserve my memory from dying;
There if you needs must weep your ruin'd Master,
A tear or two will seem well: this I charge ye,
(because ye say you yet love old *Accius*)
See my poor body burnt, and some to sing
About my Pile, and what I have done and suffer'd,
If *Cæsar* kill not that too: at your banquets
When I am gone, if any chance to number
The times that have been sad and dangerous,
Say how I fell, and 'tis sufficient:
No more I say, he that laments my end
By all the gods dishonours me; be gone
And suddainly, and wisely from my dangers,
My death is catching else.

Phi. We fear not dying.

Æci. Yet fear a wilfull death, the just Gods hate it,
I need no company to that that Children
Dare do alone, and Slaves are proud to purchase;
Live till your honesties, as mine has done,
Make this corrupted age sick of your vertues,
Then dye a sacrifice, and then ye know
The noble use of dying well, and *Roman*.

Aret. And must we leave ye Sir?

Æci. We must all die,

All leave our selves, it matters not where, when,
Nor how, so we die well: and can that man that does so
Need lamentation for him? Children weep
Because they have offended, or for fear;
Women for want of will, and anger; is there
In noble man, that truly feels both poyfes
Of life and death, so much of this wet weakness,
To drown a glorious death in child and woman?
I am asham'd to see ye; yet ye move me,
And were it not my manhood would accuse me,
For covetous to live, I should weep with ye.

Phi. O we shall never see you more.

Æci. 'Tis true;

Nor I the miseries that *Rome* shall suffer,
Which is a benefit life cannot reckon:
But what I have been, which is just, and faithfull;
One that grew old for *Rome*, when *Rome* forgot him,
And for he was an honest man durst die,
Ye shall have daily with ye: could that dye too,
And I return no traffick of my travels,
No pay to have been Souldier, but this Silver,
No *Annals* of *Æcius*, but he liv'd,
My friends, ye had cause to weep, and bitterly;
The common overflows of tender women,
And children new born crying, were too little
To shew me then most wretched: if tears must be,
I should in justice weep 'em, and for you,
You are to live, and yet behold those slaughters
The drie, and wither'd bones of death would bleed at:
But sooner, than I have time to think what must be,
I fear you'l find what shall be;

If ye love me,
Let that word serve for all, be gone and leave me;
I have some little practice with my soul,
And then the sharpest sword is welcome't; goe,
Pray be gone, ye have obey'd me living,
Be not for shame now stubborn; so I thank ye,
And fare ye well, a better fortune guide ye

[*Exeunt Phi. and Aretus.*]

I am a little thirstie, not for fear,
And yet it is a kind of fear, I say so;
Is it to be a just man now again,
And leave my flesh unthought of? 'tis departed:
I hear 'em come, who strikes first?
I stay for ye:

— Enter Balbus, Chilax, Licinius.

Yet I will dye a Souldier, my sword drawn,
But against none:

Why do ye fear? come forward.

Bal. You were a Souldier *Chilax.*

Chil. Yes, I muster'd

But never saw the Enemy.

Lici. He's drawn,

By heaven I dare not do it.

Acci. Why do ye tremble?

I am to die, come ye not now from *Cesar*

To that end, speak?

Bal. We do, and we must kill ye,

'Tis *Cesar's* will.

Chil. I charge you put your sword up,
That we may do it handsomly.

Acci. Ha, ha, ha,

My sword up, handsomly? where were ye bred?

Ye are the merriest murderers my masters

I ever met withal; Come forward fools,

Why do ye stare? upon mine honour Bawds,

I will not strike ye.

Lici. I'll not be first.

Bal. Nor I.

Chil. You had best die quietly: the Emperour
Sees how you bear your self.

Acci. I would die Rascals,

If you would kill me quietly.

Bal. ——— of *Proculus,*

He promis'd us to bring a Captain hither,
That has been used to kill.

Acci. I'll call the Guard,

Unless you will kill me quickly, and proclaim
What beastly, base, and cowardly companions
The Emperour has trusted with his safetie:

Nay I'll give out, ye fell of my side, villains,
Strike home ye bawdy slaves.

Chil. He will kill us,

I mark'd his hand, he waits but time to reach us,
Now do you offer.

Acci. If ye do mangle me,

And kill me not at two blows, or at three,
Or not so stagger me, my senses fail me,
Look to your selves.

Chil. I told ye.

Acci. Strike me manly,

And take a thousand strokes. ———

Enter Pontius.

Bal. Here's *Pontius.*

Pon. Not kill'd him yet?

Is this the love ye bear the Emperour?

(*Lici.* runs

Nay then I see ye are Traitors all, have at ye. ——— away.

Chi. Oh I am hurt.

Bal. And I am kill'd ———

[*Exeunt Chil. and Bal.*]

Pon. Dye Bawds;

As ye have liv'd and flourish'd.

Acci. Wretched fellow,

What hast thou done?

Pon. Kill'd them that durst not kill,
And you are next.

Acci. Art thou not *Pontius*?

Pon. I am the same you cast *Accius*,
And in the face of all the Camp disgrac'd.

Acc. Then so much nobler, as thou wert a Souldier,
Shall my death be: is it revenge provok'd thee,
Or art thou hir'd to kill me?

Pon. Both.

Acci. Then do it.

Pon. Is that all?

Acci. Yes.

Pon. Would you not live?

Acci. Why should I,
To thank thee for my life?

Pon. Yes, if I spare it.

Acci. Be not deceiv'd, I was not made to thank
For any courtesie, but killing me,
A fellow of thy fortune; do thy duty.

Pon. Do not you fear me?

Acci. No.

Pon. Nor love me for it?

Acci. That's as thou dost thy business.

Pon. When you are dead,
Your place is mine *Accius*.

Acci. Now I fear thee,

And not alone thee *Pontius*, but the Empire.

Pon. Why, I can govern Sir.

Acci. I would thou couldst,

And first thy self: Thou canst fight well, and bravely,
Thou canst endure all dangers, heats, colds, hungers;
Heavens angry flashes are not suddainer,
Than I have seen thee execute; nor more mortal;
The winged feet of flying enemies
I have stood and view'd thee mow away like rushes,
And still kill the killer: were thy minde,
But half so sweet in peace, as rough in dangers,
I died to leave a happy heir behind me;
Come strike, and be a General.

Pon. Prepare then:

And, for I see your honour cannot lessen,
And 'twere a shame for me to strike a dead man,
Fight your short span out.

Acci. No thou knowst I must not,
I dare not give thee so much vantage of me,
As disobedience.

Pon. Dare ye not defend ye
Against your enemy?

Acci. Not sent from *Cesar*,

I have no power to make such enemies;
For as I am condemn'd, my naked sword
Stands but a hatchment by me; only held
To shew I was a Souldier; had not *Cesar*
Chain'd all defence in this doom, let him die,
Old as I am, and quench'd with scarrs, and sorrows,
Yet would I make this wither'd Arm do wonders,
And open in an enemy such wounds
Mercy would weep to look on.

Pon. Then have at ye,
And look upon me, and be sure ye fear not:
Remember who you are, and why you live,
And what I have been to you: cry not hold,
Nor think it base injustice I should kill ye.

Acci. I am prepar'd for all.

Pon. For now *Accius*,
Thou shalt behold and find I was no traitor, { *Pontius*
And as I do it, blefs me; die as I do. ——— } *kills himself*
Acci. Thou hast deceiv'd me *Pontius*, and I thank thee;
By all my hopes in Heaven, thou art a *Roman*.

Pon. To shew you what you ought to do, this is not;
For slanders self would shame to find you coward,
Or willing to out-live your honestie:
But noble Sir, ye have been jealous of me,
And held me in the rank of dangerous persons,

And I must dying say it was but justice,
 Ye cast me from my credit; yet believe me,
 For there is nothing now but truth to save me,
 And your forgiveness, though ye held me hainous,
 And of a troubled spirit, that like fire
 Turns all to flames it meets with, ye mistook me;
 If I were foe to any thing, 'twas ease,
 Want of the Souldiers due, the Enemy
 The nakedness we found at home, and scorn,
 Children of peace, and pleasures, no regard
 Nor comfort for our scars, but how we got 'em,
 To rusty time, that eat our bodies up,
 And even began to prey upon our honours,
 To wants at home, and more than wants, abuses,
 To them, that when the Enemy invaded
 Made us their Saints, but now the foes of Rome;
 To silken flattery, and pride plain'd over,
 Forgetting with what wind their feathers sail,
 And under whose protection their soft pleasures
 Grow full and numberless: to this I am foe,
 Not to the state, or any point of duty:
 And let me speak but what a Souldier may,
 Truly I ought to be so; yet I err'd,
 Because a far more noble sufferer
 Shew'd me the way to patience, and I lost it:
 This is the end I die Sir; to live basely,
 And not the follower of him that bred me,
 In full account and virtue, *Pontius* dare not,
 Much less to out-live what is good, and flatter.

Acci. I want a name to give thy virtue Souldier,
 For only good is far below thee *Pontius*,
 The gods shall find thee one; thou hast fashion'd death
 In such an excellent, and beauteous manner,
 I wonder men can live: Canst thou speak once more,
 For thy words are such harmony, a soul
 Would choose to flye to Heaven in.

Pon. A farewell:
 Good noble General your hand, forgive me,
 And think what ever was displeasing you,
 Was none of mine: ye cannot live.

Acci. I will not:
 Yet one word more.

Pon. Dye nobly: *Rome* farewell:
 And *Valentinian* fall, thou hast broke thy Basis.
 In joy ye have given me a quiet death,
 I would strike more wounds, if I had more breath

(he dyes.)

Acci. Is there an hour of goodness beyond this?
 Or any man would out-live such a dying?
 Would *Cesar* double all my honours on me,
 And stick me o're with favours, like a Mistis;
 Yet would I grow to this man: I have loved,
 But never doated on a face till now:
 O death thou art more than beautie, and thy pleasure
 Beyond posterity: Come friends and kill me;
Cesar be kind, and send a thousand swords,
 The more, the greater is my fall: why stay ye?
 Come, and I'll kiss your weapons: fear me not,
 By all the gods I'll honour ye for killing:
 Appear, or through the Court, and world, I'll search ye:
 My sword is gone; ye are Traitors if ye spare me,
 And *Cesar* must consume ye: all base cowards?
 I'll follow ye, and ere I dye proclaim ye
 The weeds of *Italy*; the drops of nature——
 Where are ye, villains, traytors, slaves.—— [Exit.]

Enter Proculus, and 3 others running over the Stage.

Pro. I knew
 H'ad kill'd the Captain.

1. Here's his sword.

Pro. Let it alone, 'twill fight it self else; friends,
 An hundred men are not enough to do it,
 I'll to the Emperour, and get more aid.

Acci. None strike a poor condemned man?

Pro. He is mad:

Shift for your selves my Masters.——

[Exeunt.]

—— Enter *Aecius*.

Aecius. Then *Aecius*,
 See what thou darst thy self; hold my good sword,
 Thou hast been kept from blood too long, I'll kiss thee,
 For thou art more then friend now, my preserver,
 Shew me the way to happiness, I seek it:
 And all you great ones, that have fallen as I do,
 To keep your memories, and honours living,
 Be present in your virtues, and assist me,
 That like strong *Cato*, I may put away
 All promises, but what shall crown my ashes;
Rome, fare thee well: stand long, and know to conquer
 Whilst there is people, and ambition:
 Now for a stroak shall turn me to a Star:
 I come ye blessed spirits, make me room
 To live for ever in *Elyzium*:
 Do men fear this? O that posterity
 Could learn from him but this, that loves his wound,
 There is no pain at all in dying well, (kills himself.)
 Nor none are lost, but those that make their hell

—— Enter *Proculus*, and two others.

1 *Within.* He's dead, draw in the Guard again.

Pro. He's dead indeed,

And I am glad he's gone; he was a Devil:

His body, if his Eunuchs come, is theirs;

The Emperour out of his love to virtue,

[Exeunt.]

Has given 'em that: Let no man stop their entrance.

—— Enter *Phidias*, and *Aretus*.

Phi. O my most noble Lord, look here *Aretus*,
 Here's a sad sight. *Aret.* O cruelty! O *Cesar*!
 O times that bring forth nothing but destruction,
 And oversows of blood: why wast thou kill'd?
 Is it to be a just man now again,
 As when *Tiberius* and wild *Nero* reign'd,
 Only assurance of his overthrow?

Phil. It is *Aretus*: he that would live now,
 Must like the Toad, feed only on corruptions,
 And grow with those to greatness: honest virtue,
 And the true *Roman* honour, faith and valour
 That have been all the riches of the Empire,
 Now like the fearful tokens of the Plague,
 Are meer fore-runners of their ends that owe 'em.

Aret. Never enough lamented Lord: dear Master ——

Enter *Maximus*.

Of whom now shall we learn to live like men?
 From whom draw out our actions just, and worthy?
 Oh thou art gone, and gone with thee all goodness,
 The great example of all equitie,
 O thou alone a *Roman*, thou art perish'd,
 Faith, fortitude, and constant nobleness,
 Weep *Rome*, weep *Italy*, weep all that knew him,
 And you that fear'd him as a noble Foe,
 (If Enemies have honourable tears)
 Weep this decay'd *Aecius* fallen, and scattered——
 By foul, and base suggestion.

Pho. O Lord *Maximus*,
 This was your worthy friend.

Max. The gods forgive me:
 Think not the worse my friends, I shed not tears,
 Great griefs lament within; yet now I have found 'em:
 Would I had never known the world, nor women,
 Nor what that cursed name of honour was,
 So this were once again *Aecius*:
 But I am destin'd to a mighty action,
 And begg my pardon friend, my vengeance taken,
 I will not be long from thee: ye have a great loss,
 But bear it patiently, yet to say truth
 In justice 'tis not sufferable: I am next,
 And were it now, I would be glad on't: friends,

Who

Who shall preserve you now ?

Are. Nay we are lost too.

Max. I fear ye are, for likely such as love
The man that's slain, and have been nourish'd by him,
Do not stay long behind: 'Tis held no wisdom.
I know what I must do. O my *Æcius*,
Canst thou thus perish, pluckt up by the roots,
And no man feel thy worthiness? From boys
He bred you both I think.

Phi. And from the poorest.

Max. And lov'd ye as his own.

Are. We found it Sir.

Max. Is not this a loss then?

Phi. O, a loss of losses;

Our lives, and ruines of our families,
The utter being nothing of our names,
Were nothing near it.

Max. As I take it too,
He put ye to the Emperour.

Are. He did so.

Max. And kept ye still in credit.

Phi. 'Tis most true Sir.

Max. He fed your Fathers too, and made them means,
Your Sisters he prefer'd to noble Wedlocks,
Did he not friends?

Are. Oh yes Sir. *Max.* As I take it
This worthy man would not be now forgotten,
I tell ye to my grief, he was basely murdered;
And something would be done, by those that lov'd him:
And something may be: pray stand off a little,
Let me bewail him private: O my dearest.

Phi. *Aretus*, if we be not sudden, he outdoes us,
I know he points at vengeance; we are cold,
And base ungratefull wretches, if we shun it:
Are we to hope for more rewards, or greatness,
Or any thing but death, now he is dead?
Dar'st thou resolve? *Are.* I am perfect.

Phi. Then like flowers
That grew together all we'll fall together,
And with us that that bore us: when 'tis done
The world shall stile us two deserving servants:
I fear he will be before us.

Are. This night *Phidias*. *Phi.* No more.
Max. Now worthy friends I have done my mournings,
Let's burn this noble body: Sweets as many
As sun-burnt *Meroe* breeds, I'll make a flame of,
Shall reach his soul in Heaven: he that shall live
Ten ages hence, but to rehearse this story,
Shall with the sad discourse on't, darken Heaven,
And force the painful burdens from the wombs
Conceiv'd a new with sorrow: even the Grave
Where mighty *Sylla* sleeps shall rend asunder
And give her shadow up, to come and groan
About our piles, which will be more, and greater
Than green *Olympus*, *Ida*, or old *Latmus*
Can feed with Cedar, or the East with Gums,
Greece with her wines, or *Thessalie* with flowers,
Or willing heaven can weep for in her showres.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Phidias, with his dagger in him, and
Aretus, poyson'd.*

Are. HE has his last.

Phi. Then come the worst of danger,
Æcius to thy soul we give a *Caesar*.
How long is't since ye gave it him?

Are. An hour,
Mine own two hours before him: how it boils me!

Phi. It was not to be cur'd I hope.

Are. No *Phidias*,

I dealt above his Antidotes: Physicians
May find the cause, but where the cure?

Phi. Done bravely,

We are got before his Tyranny *Aretus*.

Are. We had lost our worthiest end else *Phidias*.

Phi. Canst thou hold out a while?

Are. To torture him

Anger would give me leave, to live an age yet;
That man is poorly spirited, whose life
Runs in his blood alone, and not in's wishes,
And yet I swell, and burn like flaming *Aetna*,
A thousand new found fires are kindled in me,
But yet I must not die this four hours *Phidias*.

Phi. Remember who dies with thee, and despise death.

Are. I need no exhortation, the joy in me
Of what I have done, and why, makes poyson pleasure,
And my most killing torments mistresses.
For how can he have time to dye, or pleasure
That falls as fools unsatisfied, and simple?

Phi. This that consumes my life, yet keeps it in me,
Nor do I feel the danger of a dying,
And if I but endure to hear the curses
Of this fell Tyrant dead, I have half my Heaven.

Are. Hold thy soul fast but four hours *Phidias*,
And thou shalt see to wishes beyond ours,
Nay more beyond our meanings.

Phi. Thou hast steel'd me:
Farewel *Aretus*, and the souls of good men,
That as ours do, have left their *Roman* bodies
In brave revenge for vertue, guide our shadows,
I would not faint yet.

Are. Farewel *Phidias*

And as we have done nobly, gods look on us. ———

[*Exeunt
severally.*]

SCENA II.

Enter Lycias, and Proculus.

Lyci. Sicker, and sicker *Proculus*?

Pro. Oh *Lycias*,
What shall become of us? would we had di'd
With happy *Chilax*, or with *Balbus*, bedrid ———

Enter Licinius.

And made too lame for justice.

Licinius. The soft Musick;
And let one sing to fasten sleep upon him:
Oh friends, the Emperour.

Pro. What say the Doctors?

Lici. For us a most sad saying, he is poyson'd,
Beyond all cure too. *Lici.* Who?

Lici. The wretch *Aretus*,
That most unhappy villain.

Lici. How do you know it?

Lyci. He gave him drink last: let's disperse and find him,
And since he has opened misery to all,
Let it begin with him first: Softly he slumbers.

*Enter Emperour, sick in a Chair, with Eudoxia the
Empress, and Physicians, and Attendants.*

Musick and SONG.

Care charming sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to death, sweetly thy self dispose
On this afflicted Prince, fall like a Cloud
In gentle showrs, give nothing that is lowd,
Or painfull to his slumbers; easie, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of night,
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver Rain,
Into this Prince gently, Oh gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a Bride.

Exeunt.

Emp. O gods, gods: drink, drink, colder, colder
Than snow on *Scythian* Mountains: O my heart-strings.

Eudo. How does your Grace?

Phyf. The Empress speaks Sir.

Emp. Dying,

Dying *Eudoxia*, dying.

Phyf. Good Sir patience.

Eudo. What have ye given him?

Phyf. Precious things dear Lady

We hope shall comfort him.

Emp. O flatter'd fool,

See what thy god-head's come to: Oh *Eudoxia*.

Eudo. O patience, patience Sir.

—Enter *Proculus*, *Licinius*, with *Arctus*.

Emp. *Danubius*

I've brought through my body.

Eudo. Gods give comfort.

Emp. And *Volga*, on whose face the North wind freezes,
I find an hundred hals, a hundred Piles
Already to my Funerals are flaming,
Shall I not drink?

Phyf. You must not Sir.

Emp. By Heaven

I've let my breath out that shall burn ye all
If ye deny me longer: tempests blow me,
And inundations that have drunk up Kingdoms
Flow over me, and quench me: where's the villain?
Am I immortal now ye slaves? by *Numa*
If he do scape: Oh, oh.

Eudo. Dear Sir.

Emp. Like *Nero*,

But far more terrible, and full of slaughter,
I'th' midst of all my flames I've fire the Empire:
A thousand fans, a thousand fans to cool me:
I invite the gentle winds *Eudoxia*.

Eudo. Sir.

Emp. Oh do not flatter me, I am but flesh,
A man, a mortal man: drink, drink, ye dunces;
What can your doses now do, and your scrapings,
Your oyles, and *Mithridates*? if I do die,
You only words of health, and names of sickness
Finding no true disease in man but money,
That talk your selves into Revenues, oh
And e're ye kill your patients, begger'em,
I've have ye dead, and dri'd.

Pro. The Villain Sir;

The most accursed wretch.

Emp. Be gone my Queen,

This is no sight for thee: goe to the Vestals,
Cast holy incense in the fire, and offer
One powerfull sacrifice to free thy *Cesar*.

Pro. Goe goe and be happy.

[Exit *Eudoxa*.

Arct. Goe, but give no ease,

The Gods have set thy last hour *Valentinian*,
Thou art but man, a bad man too, a beast,
And like a sensuall bloody thing thou die'st.

Pro. Oh Traitor.

Arct. Curse your selves ye flatterers,

And howle your miseries to come ye wretches,
You taught him to be poyson'd.

Emp. Yet no comfort?

Arct. Be not abus'd with Priests, nor Potheccaries,

They cannot help thee; Thou hast now to live
A short half hour, no more, and I ten minutes:

I gave thee poyson for *Accius* sake,
Such a destroying poyson would kill nature;

And, for thou shalt not die alone, I took it.

If mankind had been in thee at this murder,

No more to people earth again, the wings

Of old time clipt for ever, reason lost,

In what I had attempted, yet O *Cesar*

To purchase fair revenge, I had poyson'd them too.

Emp. O villain: I grow hotter, hotter. *Arct.* Yes;

But not near my heat yet; what thou feel'st now,
Mark me with horror *Cesar*, are but Embers
Of lust and leachery thou hast committed:
But there be flames of murder.

Emp. Fetch out tortures.

Arct. Do, and I'll flatter thee, nay more I'll love thee:

Thy tortures to what now I suffer *Cesar*,
At which thou must arrive too, e're thou dy'st,
Are lighter, and more full of mirth and laughter.

Emp. Let 'em alone: I must drink.

Arct. Now be mad,

But not near me yet.

Emp. Hold me, hold me, hold me,
Hold me; or I shall burst else.

Arct. See me *Cesar*,

And see to what thou must come for thy murder;
Millions of womens labours, all diseases.

Emp. Oh my afflicted soul too.

Arct. Womens fears, horrors,
Despairs, and all the Plagues the hot Sun breeds.—

Emp. *Accius*, O *Accius*: O *Lucina*.

Arct. Are but my torments shadows?

Emp. Hide me mountains;

The gods have found my sins:

Now break.

Arct. Not yet Sir;

Thou hast a pull beyond all these.

Emp. Oh Hell,

Oh villain, cursed villain.

Arct. O brave villain,

My poyson dances in me at this deed:
Now *Cesar*, now behold me, this is torment,
And this is thine before thou die'st, I am wildfire:
The brazen Bull of *Phalaris* was feign'd,
The miseries of souls despising Heaven
But Emblems of my torments.

Emp. Oh quench me, quench me, quench me.

Arct. Fire, a flattery;

And all the Poets tales of sad *Avercus*,
To my pains less than fictions: Yet to know thee
What constant love I bore my married master;
Like a Southwind, I have sung through all these tempests
My heart, my wither'd heart, fear, fear thou Monster,
Fear the just gods, I have my peace.— *He dies.*

Emp. More drink.

A thousand *April* snowres fall in my bosom:
How dare ye let me be tormented thus?
Away with that prodigious body, gods,
Gods, let me ask ye what I am, ye lay
All your inflictions on me, hear me, hear me;
I do confesse I am a ravisher,
A murderer, a hated *Cesar*; oh,
Are there not vows enough, and flaming altars,
The fat of all the world for sacrifice,
And where that fails, the blood of thousand captives?
To purge those sins? but I must make the incense?
I do despise ye all, ye have no mercy,
And wanting that, ye are no Gods, your paroll
Is only preach'd abroad to make Fools fearfull,
And women made of awe, believe your heaven:
Oh torments, torments, torments, pains above pains,
If ye be any thing but dreams, and ghosts,
And truly hold the guidance of things mortal;
Have in your selves times past, to come, and present,
Fashion the souls of men, and make flesh for 'em,
Weighing our fates, and fortunes beyond reason,
Be more than all the Gods, great in forgiveness,
Break not the goodly frame ye build in anger;
For you are things men teach us, without passions,
Give me an hour to know ye in: Oh save me
But so much perfect time ye make a foul in,
Take this destruction from me; no, ye cannot,
The more I would believe ye, more I suffer,
My brains are ashes, now my heart, my eyes friends;

I goe,

I goe, I goe, more air, more air ; I am mortal. — *He dyes.*

Pro. Take in the body : oh *Licinius*,
The misery that we are left to suffer ;
No pity shall find us.

Lici. Our lives deserve none :
Would I were chain'd again to slavery,
With any hope of life.

Pro. A quiet grave,
Or a consumption now *Licinius*,
That we might be too poor to kill, were something.

Lici. Let's make our best use, we have mony *Proculus*,
And if that cannot save us, we have swords.

Pro. Yes, but we dare not dye.

Lici. I had forgot that :
There's other countries then.

Pro. But the same hate still,
Of what we are.

Lici. Think any thing, I'll follow —

Enter a Messenger.

Pro. How now, what news ?

Mess. Shift for your selves, ye are lost else :
The Souldier is in arms for great *Aecius*,
And their Lieutenant general that stopt 'em,
Cut in a thousand pieces : they march hither :
Beside, the women of the Town have murder'd
Phorba, and loose *Ardelia*, *Cesar's* she-Bawds.

Lici. Then here's no staying *Proculus* ?

Pro. O *Cesar*,
That we had never known thy lusts : Let's fly,
And where we find no womans man let's dye. —

SCENA III.

Enter Maximus.

Max. Gods, what a sluice of blood have I let open !
My happy ends are come to birth, he's dead,
And I reveng'd ; the Empire's all a fire,
And desolation every where inhabits :
And shall I live that am the author of it,
To know *Rome* from the awe o'th' world, the pity ?
My friends are gone before too of my sending,
And shall I stay ? is ought else to be liv'd for ?
Is there an other friend, another wife,
Or any third holds half their worthiness,
To linger here alive for ? Is not vertue
In their two everlasting souls departed,
And in their bodies first flame fled to heaven ?
Can any man discover this, and love me ?
For though my justice were as white as truth,
My way was crooked to it, that condemns me :
And now *Aecius*, and my honored Lady,
That were preparers to my rest and quiet,
The lines to lead me to *Elyzium* :
You that but stept before me, on assurance
I would not leave your friendship unrewarded,
First smile upon the sacrifice I have sent ye,
Then see me coming boldly : stay, I am foolish,
Somewhat too suddain to mine own destruction,
This great end of my vengeance may grow greater :
Why may not I be *Cesar* ? Yet no dying ;
Why should not I catch at it ? fools and children
Have had that strength before me, and obtain'd it,
And as the danger stands, my reason bids me,
I will, I dare ; my dear friends pardon me,
I am not fit to dye yet, if not *Cesar* ;
I am sure the Souldier loves me, and the people,
And I will forward, and as goodly Cedars
Rent from *Oeta* by a sweeping tempest
Jointed again and made tall malls, desie
Those angry winds that split 'em, so will I
New piece again ; above the fate of women,
And made more perfect far, than growing private,
Stand and desie bad fortunes : If I rise,

My wife was ravish'd well ; If then I fall,
My great attempt honours my Funeral. —

[*Exit.*

SCENA IV.

Enter 3 Senators, and Affranius.

1. Guard all the posterns to the Camp *Affranius*,
And see 'em fast, we shall be rifled else,
Thou art an honest, and a worthy Captain.

2. Promise the Souldier any thing.

3. Speak gently,
And tell 'em we are now in council for 'em,
Labouring to choose a *Cesar* fit for them,
A Souldier, and a giver.

1. Tell 'em further,
Their free and liberal voices shall goe with us.

2. Nay more, a negative say we allow 'em.

3. And if our choice displease 'em, they shall name him.

1. Promise three donatives, and large, *Affranius*.

2. And *Cesar* once elected, present foes,
With distribution of all necessaries,
Corn, Wine, and Oyle.

3. New garments, and new Arms,
And equal portions of the Provinces
To them, and to their families for ever.

1. And see the City strengthned.

Affra. I shall do it. — [*Exit Affranius.*

2. *Sempronius*, these are wofull times.

3. O *Brutus*,

We want thy honesty again ; these *Cesars*,
What noble Consuls got with blood, in blood
Consume again, and scatter.

1. Which way shall we ?

2. Not any way of safety I can think on.

3. Now go our wives to ruin, and our daughters,
And we beholders *Fulvius*.

1. Every thing

Is every mans that will.

2. The Vestals now
Must only feed the Souldiers fire of lust,
And sensual Gods be glutted with those Offerings,
Age like the hidden bowels of the earth,
Open'd with swords for treasure.

Gods defend us,
We are chaff before their fury else.

2. Away,
Let's to the Temples.

1. To the Capitol.

'Tis not a time to pray now, let's be strengthned---

Enter Affranius.

3. How now *Affranius* : what good news ?

Affra. A *Cesar*.

1. Oh who ?

Affr. Lord *Maximus* is with the Souldier,
And all the Camp rings, *Cesar, Cesar, Cesar* :
He forced the Empre's with him for more honour.

2. A happy choice : let's meet him.

3. Blessed fortune !

1. Away, away, make room there, room there, room.

— [*Exeunt Senators, Flourish.*

Within. Lord *Maximus* is *Cesar, Cesar, Cesar* ;
Hail *Cesar Maximus*.

Affra. Oh turning people !
Oh people excellent in war, and govern'd,
In peace more raging than the furious North,
When he ploughs up the Sea, and makes him brine,
Or the lowd falls of *Nile* ; I must give way,
Although I neither love nor hope this :
Or like a rotten bridge that dares a current,
When he is swell'd and high crackt, and farewell.

Enter

Enter Maximus, Eudoxa, Senat. and Souldiers.

Sen. Room for the Emperour.

Soul. Long life to *Cæsar*.

Afra. Hail *Cæsar Maximus*.

Emp. *Max*. Your hand *Afranius*.

Lead to the Palace, there my thanks in general,
I'll showre among ye all: gods give me life,
First to defend the Empire, then you Fathers,
And valiant friends, the heirs of strength and vertue,
The rampires of old *Rome*, of us the refuge;
To you I open this day all I have,
Even all the hazard that my youth hath purchas'd,
Ye are my Children, family, and friends
And ever so respected shall be, forward.
There's a Proscription, grave *Sempronius*,
Gainst all the flatterers, and lazie Bawds
Led loose-liv'd *Valentinian* to his vices,
See it effected.

[Flourish.]

Sen. Honour wait on *Cæsar*.

Sould. Make room for *Cæsar* there. [Exeunt all but *Afra*.]

Afra. Thou hast my fears,

But *Valentinian* keeps my vows: Oh gods,
Why do we like to feed the greedy Ravenne
Of these blown men, that must before they stand,
And fixt in eminence, cast life on life,
And trench their safeties in with wounds, and bodies?
Well froward *Rome*, thou wilt grow weak with changing,
And die without an heir, that lov'st to breed
Sons for the killing hate of sons: for me,
I only live to find an enemy.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.

Enter Paulus (a Poet,) and Licippus (a Gent.)

Pau. When is the Inauguration?

Lic. Why to morrow.

Paul. 'Twill be short time.

Lic. Any device that's handsome,
A *Cupid*, or the God o'th' place will do it,
Where he must take the *Fasces*.

Pau. Or a Grace.

Lic. A good Grace has no fellow.

Pau. Let me see,

Will not his name yield something? *Maximus*
By th' way of Anagram? I have found out *Axis*,
You know he bears the Empire.

Lic. Get him wheels too,
'Twill be a cruel carriage else.

Pau. Some songs too.

Lic. By any means some songs: but very short ones,
And honest language *Paulus*, without bursting,
The air will fall the sweeter.

Pau. A Grace must do it,

Lic. Why let a Grace then.

Pau. Yes it must be so;

And in a Robe of blew too, as I take it.

Lic. This Poet is a little kin to th' Painter
That could paint nothing but a ramping Lion,
So all his learned fancies are blew Graces.

Pau. What think ye of a Sea-nymph, and a Heaven?

Lic. Why what should she do there man? there's no water.

Pau. That's true, it must be a Grace, and yet
Me thinks a Rain bow.

Lic. And in blew.

Pau. Oh yes;

Hanging in arch above him, and i'th' midle—

Lic. A showre of Rain.

Pau. No, no, it must be a Grace.

Lic. Why prethee Grace him then.

Pau. Of *Orpheus*,
Coming from Hell.

Lic. In blew too.

Pau. 'Tis the better;

And as he rises, full of fires.

Lic. Now blefs us,
Will not that spoil his Luteftrings, *Paulus*?

Pau. Singing,
And crossing of his arms.

Lic. How can he play then?

Pau. It shall be a Grace, I'll do it.

Lic. Prethee do,
And with as good a grace as thou canst possible;
Good fury *Paulus*, be i'th' morning with me,
And pray take measure of his mouth that speaks it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Enter Maximus and Eudoxa.

Max. Come my best lov'd *Eudoxa*: let the souldier
Want neither Wine nor any thing he calls for,
And when the Senate's ready, give us notice:
In the mean time leave us.
Oh my dear sweet.

Eud. Is't possible your Grace
Should undertake such dangers for my beauty,
If it were excellent?

Max. 'Tis all
The world has left to brag of.

Eud. Can a face
Long since bequeath'd to wrinkles with my sorrows,
Long since ras'd out o'th' book of youth and pleasure,
Have power to make the strongest man o'th' Empire,
Nay the most staid, and knowing what is Woman;
The greatest aim of perfectness men liv'd by,
The most true constant lover of his wedlock,
Such a still blowing beauty, earth was proud of,
Lose such a noble wife, and wilfully;
Himself prepare the way, nay make the rape.
Did ye not tell me so?

Max. 'Tis true *Eudoxa*.

Eud. Lay desolate his dearest piece of friendship,
Break his strong helm he stear'd by, sink that vertue,
That valour, that even all the gods can give us,
Without whom he was nothing, with whom worthiest,
Nay more, arrive at *Cæsar*, and kill him too,
And for my sake? either ye love too dearly,
Or deeply ye dissemble, Sir?

Max. I do so;

And till I am more strengthen'd, so I must do;
Yet would my joy, and Wine had fashion'd out
Some safer lye: Can these things be, *Eudoxa*,
And I dissemble? Can there be but goodness
And only thine dear Lady, any end,
Any imagination but a lost one,
Why I should run this hazard? O thou vertue!
Were it to do again, and *Valentinian*
Once more to hold thee, sinful *Valentinian*,
In whom thou wert set, as Pearls are in salt Oysters,
As Roses are in rank weeds, I would find,
Yet to thy sacred self a dearer danger,
The Gods know how I honour thee.

Eud. What love, Sir,
Can I return for this, but my obedience?
My life, if so you please, and 'tis too little.

Max. 'Tis too much to redeem the world.

Eud. From this hour,
The sorrows for my dead Lord, fare ye well,
My living Lord has dried ye; and in token,
As Emperour this day I honour ye,
And the great caster new of all my wishes,
The wreath of living Lawrel, that must compass
That sacred head, *Eudoxa* makes for *Cæsar*:
I am methinks too much in love with fortune;
But with you ever Royal Sir my maker,
The once more Summer of me, meer in love,
Is poor expression of my doting.

Max. Sweetest.

Eud.

Eud. Now of my troth ye have bought me dear Sir.

Max. No,
Had I at los of mankind.

Enter a Messenger.

Eud. Now ye flatter.

Meff. The Senate waits your Grace.

Max. Let 'em come on,
And in a full form bring the ceremony:
This day I am your servant, dear, and proudly,
I'll wear your honoured favour.

Eud. May it prove so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter Paulus and Licippus.

Lic. Is your Grace done?

Paul. 'Tis done.

Lic. Who speaks?

Paul. A Boy.

Lic. A dainty blue Boy, *Paulus*?

Paul. Yes.

Lic. Have ye viewed
The work above?

Paul. Yes, and all up, and ready.

Lic. The Empress does you simple honour, *Paulus*,
The wreath your blue Grace must present, she made.
But hark ye, for the Souldiers?

Paul. That's done too:

I'll bring 'em in I warrant ye.

Lic. A Grace too?

Paul. The same Grace serves for both.

Lic. About it then:

I must to th' Cupbord; and be sure good *Paulus*
Your Grace be fasting, that he may hang cleanly.
If there should need another voice, what then?

Paul. I'll hang another Grace in.

Lic. Grace be with ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

*Enter in state Maximus, Eudoxa, with Souldiers and
Gentlemen of Rome, the Senators, and Rods and
Axes born before them.*

*A Synnet with } { With a Banket prepared, with
Trumpets. } { Hoboies, Musick, Song, wreath.*

3 Sen. Hale to thy imperial honour sacred *Cæsar*,
And from the old *Rome* take these wishes;
You holy gods, that hitherto have held
As justice holds her Ballance equal pois'd,
This glory of our Nation, this full *Roman*,
And made him fit for what he is, confirm him:
Look on this Son O *Jupiter* our helper,
And *Romulus*, thou Father of our honour,
Preserve him like thy self, just, valiant, noble,
A lover, and increaser of his people,
Let him begin with *Numa*, stand with *Caro*,
The first five years of *Nero* be his wishes,
Give him the age and fortune of *Emylius*,
And his whole raign renew a great *Augustus*.

SONG.

*Honour that is ever living,
Honour that is ever giving,
Honour that sees all and knows
Both the ebbs of man and flowes,
Honour that rewards the best,
Sends thee thy rich labours rest;
Thou hast studied still to please her,
Therefore now she calls thee Cæsar:*
Chor. Hale, hale, Cæsar, hale and stand,
And thy name outlive the Land.
Noble Fathers to his brows
Bind this wreath with thousand vows.

All. Stand to eternity.

Max. I thank ye Fathers,
And as I rule, may it still grow or wither:
Now to the Banket, ye are all my guessts,
This day be liberal friends, to wine we give it;
And smiling pleasures: Sit, my Queen of Beauty;
Fathers, your places: these are fair Wars Souldiers,
And thus I give the first charge to ye all;
You are my second, sweet, to every cup,
I add unto the Senate a new honour,
And to the sons of *Mars* a donative.

SONG.

*God Lyeus ever young,
Ever honour'd, ever sung;
Stain'd with blond of lusty Grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes;
Dance upon the Mazers brim,
In the Crimson liquor swim:
From thy plenteous hand divine,
Let a River run with Wine:
God of youth, let this day here.
Enter neither care nor fear.*

Boy. *Bellona's* seed, the glory of old *Rome*,
Envy of conquer'd Nations, nobly come
And to the fulness of your war-like noise
Let your feet move, make up this hour of joys;
Come, come I say, range your fair Troop at large,
And your high measure turn into a charge.

Semp. The Emperor's gown heavy with his wine.

Afra. The Senate staies Sir for your thanks.

Semp. Great *Cæsar*.

Eud. I have my wish.

Afra. Wilt please your Grace speak to him?

Eud. Yes, but he will not hear Lords.

Semp. Stir him *Lucius*; the Senate must have thanks.

2 Sen. Luc. Your Grace, Sir *Cæsar*.

Eud. Did I not tell you he was well? he's dead.

Semp. Dead? treason, guard the Court, let no man pass,
Souldiers, your *Cæsar's* murdered.

Eud. Make no tumult,

Nor arm the Court, ye have his killer with ye;
And the just cause, if ye can stay the hearing:
I was his death; that wreath that made him *Cæsar*,
Has made him earth.

Sould. Cut her in thousand pieces.

Eud. Wife men would know the reason first: to die,
Is that I wish for, *Romans*, and your swords,
The heaviest way of death: yet Souldiers grant me
That was your Empress once, and honour'd by ye,
But so much time to tell ye why I kill'd him,
And weigh my reasons well, if man be in you;
Then if ye dare do cruelly, condemn me.

Afr. Hear her ye noble *Romans*, 'tis a Woman,
A subject not for swords, but pity: Heaven
(If she be guilty of malicious murder)
Has given us Laws to make example of her,
If only of revenge, and blood hid from us,
Let us consider first, then execute.

Semp. Speak bloody Woman.

Eud. Yes; This *Maximus*,

That was your *Cæsar*, Lords, and noble Souldiers,
(And if I wrong the dead, Heaven perish me;
Or speak to win your favours but the truth)
Was to his Country, to his friends, and *Cæsar*
A most malicious Traitor.

Semp. Take heed woman.

Eud. I speak not for compassion. Brave *Acidius*
(Whose blessed soul if I live shall afflict me)
The man that all the world lov'd, you ador'd,
That was the master-piece of Arms, and bounty;
Mine own grief shall come last: this friend of his,
This Souldier, this your right Arm, noble *Romans*,

By a base letter to the Emperor;
 Stuff full of fears, and poor suggestions,
 And by himself, unto himself directed;
 Was cut off basely, basely, cruelly;
 Oh loss, O innocent, can ye now kill me?
 And the poor stale my Noble Lord, that knew not
 More of this villain, than his forc'd fears;
 Like one foreseen to satisfie, dy'd for it:
 There was a murder too, *Rome* would have blusht at;
 Was this worth being *Cesar*? or my patience? nay his Wife
 By Heaven he told it me in wine, and joy;
 And swore it deeply, he himself prepar'd
 To be abus'd, how? let me grieve not tell ye;
 And weep the sins that did it: and his end
 Was only me, and *Cesar*: But me he lyed in:
 These are my reasons *Romans*, and my soul

Tells me sufficient; and my deed is justice:
 Now as I have done well, or ill, look on me.
Afra. What less could nature do, what less had we done,
 Had we known this before? *Romans*, she is righteous;
 And such a piece of justice Heaven must smile on:
 Bend all your swords on me, if this displease ye.
 For I must kneel, and on this vertuous hand;
 Seal my new joy and thanks, thou hast done truly.
Semp. Up with your arms, ye strike a Saint else *Romans*,
 May'st thou live ever spoken our Protector:
Rome yet has many Noble Heirs: Let's in
 And pray, before we choose, then plant a *Cesar*
 Above the reach of envy, blood, and murder.
Afra. Take up the body nobly to his urn,
 And may our sins, and his together burn.

[Exeunt.
 A dead March.]

EPILOGUE.

WE would fain please ye, and as fain be pleas'd;
 'Tis but a little liking, both are eas'd:
 We have your money, and you have our ware,
 And to our understanding good and fair:
 For your own wisdoms sake, be not so mad,
 To acknowledge ye have bought things dear and bad:
 Let not a brack i'th' Stuff, or here and there
 The fading gloss, a general loss appear:
 We know ye take up worse Commodities,
 And dearer pay, yet think your bargains wise;
 We know in Meat and Wine, ye fling away
 More time and wealth, which is but dearer pay,
 And with the Reckoning all the pleasure lost.
 We bid ye not unto repenting cost:
 The price is easie, and so light the Play,
 That ye may new digest it every day.
 Then noble friends, as ye would choose a Miss,
 Only to please the eye a while and kiss,
 Till a good Wife be got: So let this Play
 Hold ye a while until a better may.

Monfieur Thomas.

A

COMEDY.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Alice, and Valentine.

Alice. **H**OW dearly welcome you are!
Val. I know it, (fright,
 And my best Sister, you are as dear to my
 And pray let this confirm it: how you

have govern'd
 My poor state in my absence, how my servants,
 I dare, and must believe, else I should wrong ye,
 The best and worthiest.

Alice. As my womans wit, Sir,
 Which is but weak and crazie.

Val. But good *Alice*,
 Tell me how fares the gentle *Cellide*,
 The life of my affection, since my travel,
 My long and lazie Travel? is her love still
 Upon the growing hand? does it not stop
 And wither at my years? has she not view'd
 And entertain'd some younger smooth behaviour,
 Some Youth but in his blossom, as her self is?
 There lies my fears.

Alice. They need not, for believe me
 So well you have manag'd her, and won her mind,
 Even from her hours of childhood, to this ripeness,
 And in your absence, that by me enforc'd still,
 So well distill'd your gentleness into her,
 Observ'd her, fed her fancy, liv'd still in her,
 And though Love be a Boy, and ever youthful,
 And young and beauteous objects ever aim'd at,
 Yet here ye have gone beyond love, better'd nature,
 Made him appear in years, in grey years fiery,
 His Bow at full bent ever; fear not Brother,
 For though your body has been far off from her,
 Yet every hour your heart, which is your goodness,
 I have forc'd into her, won a place prepar'd too,
 And willingly to give it ever harbour;
 Believe she is so much yours, and won by miracle,
 (Which is by age) so deep a stamp set on her
 By your observances, she cannot alter.
 Were the Child living now ye lost at Sea
 Among the *Genona* Gallies, what a happiness!
 What a main Blessing!

Val. O no more, good Sister,
 Touch no more that string, 'tis too harsh and jarring.
 With that Child all my hopes went, and you know
 The root of all those hopes, the Mother too
 Within few days.

Alice. 'Tis too true, and too fatal,
 But peace be with their souls.

Val. For her loss

I hope the beauteous *Cellide*.

Alice. You may, Sir,
 For all she is, is yours.

Val. For the poor Boys loss,
 I have brought a noble friend, I found in Travel,
 A worthier mind, and a more temperate spirit,
 If I have so much judgment to discern 'em,
 Man yet was never master of.

Alice. What is he?

Val. A Gentleman, I do assure my self,
 And of a worthy breeding, though he hide it;
 I found him at *Valentia*, poor and needy,
 Only his mind the master of a Treasure.
 I fought his friendship, won him by much violence,
 His honesty and modesty still fearing
 To thrust a charge upon me; how I love him,
 He shall now know, where want and he hereafter
 Shall be no more Companions; use him nobly,
 It is my will, good Sister, all I have
 I make him free companion in, and partner,
 But only——

Alice. I observe ye, hold your Right there,
 Love and high Rule allows no Rivals, Brother,
 He shall have fair regard, and all observance.

Enter Hylas.

Hylas. You are welcome, noble Sir.

Val. What, Monsieur *Hylas*!
 I'm glad to see your merry Body well yet.
Hyl. 'Faith y'are welcome home, what news beyond seas?
Val. None, but new men expected, such as you are,
 To breed new admirations; 'Tis my Sister,
 'Pray ye know her, Sir.

Hylas. With all my heart; your leave Lady?

Alice. You have it, Sir.

Hylas. A shrewd smart touch, which does prognosticate
 A Body keen and active, somewhat old,
 But that's all one; age brings experience
 And knowledge to dispatch: I must be better,
 And nearer in my service, with your leave, Sir,
 To this fair Lady.

Val. What, the old 'squire of Dames still! (now,

Hyl. Still the admirer of their goodness, with all my heart
 I love a woman of her years, a pacer
 That lays the bridle in her Neck, will travel
 Forty, and somewhat fulsome is a fine dish.
 These young Colts are too skittish.

Enter Mary.

Alice. My Cousin *Mary*
 In all her joy, Sir, to congratulate

D d d 2

Your

Your fair return.

Val. My loving and kind Cousin,
A thousand welcomes.

Mary. A thousand thanks to heaven, Sir,
For your safe voyage, and return.

Val. I thank ye;
But where's my Blessed *Cellide*? her slackness
In visitation.

Mary. Think not so, dear Uncle,
I left her on her knees, thanking the gods
With tears and prayers.

Val. Ye have given me too much comfort.

Mary. She will not be long from ye.

Hyl. Your fair Cousin?

Val. It is so, and a bait you cannot balk Sir,
If your old rule reign in you, ye may know her:
A happy stock ye have, right worthy Lady,
The poorest of your servants vows his duty
And obliged faith.

Mary. O 'tis a kiss you would, Sir,
Take it, and tye your tongue up.

Hylas. I am an Ass
I do perceive now, a blind Ass, a Blockhead;
For this is handsomness, this that that draws us
Body and Bones: Oh what a mounted forehead,
What eyes and lips, what every thing about her!
How like a Swan she swims her pace, and bears
Her silver Breasts! this is the Woman, she,
And only she, that I will so much honour
As to think worthy of my love, all older Idols
I heartily abhor, and give to Gunpowder,
And all Complexions besides hers, to Gypsies.

Enter Francis at one door, and Cellide at another.

Val. O my dear life, my better heart, all dangers,
Distresses in my travel, all misfortunes,
Had they been endless like the hours upon me,
In this kiss had been buried in oblivion;
How happy have ye made me, truly happy?

Cell. My joy has so much overmastered me,
That in my tears for your return——

Val. O dearest;
My noble friend too! what a Blessedness
Have I about me now! how full my wishes
Are come again, a thousand hearty welcomes
I once more lay upon ye; all I have,
The fair and liberal use of all my servants
To be at your command, and all the uses
Of all within my power.

Fran. Ye are too munificent,
Nor am I able to conceive those thanks, Sir.

Val. Ye wrong my tender love now, even my service,
Nothing accepted, nothing stuck between us
And our intire affections but this woman,
This I beseech ye friend.

Fran. It is a jewel,
I do confess, would make a Thief, but never
Of him that's so much yours, and bound your servant,
That were a base ingratitude.

Val. Ye are noble,
'Pray be acquainted with her, keep your way, Sir,
My Cousin and my Sister.

Alice. Ye are most welcome.

Mary. If any thing in our poor powers, fair Sir,
To render ye content, and liberal welcome
May but appear, command it.

Alice. Ye shall find us
Happy in our performance.

Fran. The poor Servant
Of both your goodness's presents his service.

Val. Come, no more Complement; Custom has made it
Dull, old, and tedious; ye are once more welcome
As your own thoughts can make ye, and the same ever.
And so we'll in to ratifie it.

Hyl. Hark ye, *Valentine*:
Is wild Oats yet come over?

Val. Yes, with me, Sir.

Mary. How does he bear himself?

Val. A great deal better;
Why do you blush? the Gentleman will do well.

Mary. I should be glad on't, Sir

Val. How does his father?

Hyl. As mad a worm as e'er he was.

Val. I lookt for't:

Shall we enjoy your Company?

Hyl. I'll wait on ye:

Only a thought or two.

Val. We bar all prayers.

[*Exeunt all but Hylas.*]

Hyl. This last Wench! I, this last wench was a fair one,
A dainty Wench, a right one; a Devil take it,
What do I ail? to have fifteen now in liking,
Enough a Man would think to stay my stomach?
But what's fifteen, or fifteen score to my thoughts?
And wherefore are mine Eyes made, and have lights,
But to encrease my Objects? This last Wench
Sticks plaguey close to me, a hundred pound
I were as close to her; If I lov'd now,
As many foolish men do, I should run mad.

SCENE II.

Enter old Sebastian, and Launcelot.

Seb. Sirrah, no more of your French shrugs I advise you.
If you be lowzie shift your self.

Laun. May it please your Worship.

Seb. Only to see my Son, my Son, good *Launcelot*;
Your Master and my Son; Body O me Sir,
No money, no more money, *Monsieur Launcelot*,
Not a Denier, sweet Signior; bring the Person,
The person of my Boy, my Boy *Tom*, *Monsieur Thomas*,
Or get you gone again, *du gata whee*, Sir;
Bassamicu, good *Launcelot*, *valetote*.
My Boy or nothing.

Laun. Then to answer punctually.

Seb. I say to th' purpose.

Laun. Then I say to th' purpose,
Because your Worships vulgar Understanding
May meet me at the nearest; your Son, my Master,
Or *Monsieur Thomas*, (for so his Travel stiles him)
Through many foreign plots that Vertue meets with,
And dangers (I beseech ye give attention)
Is at the last arriv'd

To ask your (as the French man calls it sweetly)
Benediction de jour en jour.

Seb. Sirrah, do not conjure me with your French furies.

Laun. *Che ditt'a vou*, Monsieur.

Seb. *Che dog'a vou*, Rascal;
Leave me your rotten language, and tell me plainly,
And quickly, Sirrah, lest I crack your French Crown,
What your good Master means; I have maintain'd
You and your Monsieur, as I take it, *Launcelot*,
These two years at your *ditty vous*, your *jours*.
Four me no more, for not another penny
Shall pass my purse.

Laun. Your Worship is erroneous,
For as I told you, your Son *Tom*, or *Thomas*,
My master and your Son is now arriv'd
To ask you, as our Language bears it nearest,
Your quotidian Blessing, and here he is in Person.

Enter Thomas.

Seb. What, *Tom*! Boy, welcome with all my heart, Boy
Welcome, 'faith thou hast gladdened me at soul, Boy,
Infinite glad I am, I have pray'd too, *Thomas*,
For you wild *Thomas*, *Tom*, I thank thee heartily
For coming home.

Thom. Sir, I do find your Prayers
Have much prevail'd above my sins.

Seb. How's this?

Thom. Else certain I had perish'd with my rudeness,
Ere I had won my self to that discretion,
I hope you shall hereafter find.

Seb. Humh, humh,
Discretion? is it come to that? the Boy's spoil'd.

Thom. Sirrah, you Rogue, look for't, for I will make thee
Ten times more miserable than thou thought'st thy self
Before thou travell'dst; thou hast told my Father,
I know it, and I find it, all my Rogueries
By meer way of prevention to undo me.

Laun. Sir, as I speak eight languages, I only
Told him you came to ask his benediction,
De jour en jour.

Thom. But that I must be civil,
I would beat thee like a Dog. Sir, however
The Time I have mispent may make you doubtful,
Nay harden your belief 'gainst my Conversion.

Seb. A pox o' travel, I say.

Thom. Yet dear Father
Your own experience in my after courses.

Enter Dorothea.

Seb. Prithee no more, 'tis scurvy; there's thy Sister
Undone without Redemption; he eats with picks,
Utterly spoil'd, his spirit baffled in him:
How have I find that this affliction
Should light so heavy on me? I have no more Sons;
And this no more mine own, no spark of Nature
Allows him mine now, he's grown tame; my grand curse
Hang o'r his head that thus transform'd thee: travel?
I'll send my horse to travel next; we Monsieur.
Now will my most canonical dear Neighbours
Say I have found my Son, and rejoyce with me,
Because he has mew'd his mad tricks off: I know not,
But I am sure this Monsieur, this fine Gentleman
Will never be in my Books like mad *Thomas*,
I must go seek an Heir, for my inheritance
Must not turn Secretary; my name and quality
Has kept my Land three hundred years in madness,
And it slip now, may it sink.

[Exit.]

Thom. Excellent Sister,
I am glad to see thee well; but where's thy father?

Dor. Gone discontent, it seems.

Thom. He did ill in it
As he does all; for I was uttering
A handsome Speech or two, I have been studying
E'r since I came from *Paris*: how glad to see thee!

Dor. I am gladder to see you, with more love too
I dare maintain it, than my Father's sorry
To see (as he supposes) your Conversion;
And I am sure he is vext, nay more, I know it,
He has pray'd against it mainly; but it appears, Sir,
You had rather blind him with that poor opinion
Than in your self correct it: dearest Brother,
Since there is in our uniform resemblance,
No more to make us two but our bare Sexes;
And since one happy Birth produc'd us hither,
Let one more happy mind.

Thom. It shall be, Sister,
For I can do it when I list; and yet, Wench,
Be mad too when I please; I have the trick on't:
Beware a Traveller.

Dor. Leave that trick too.

Thom. Not for the world: but where's my Mistress,
And prithee say how does she? I melt to see her,
And presently: I must away.

Dor. Then do so,

For o' my faith, she will not see you Brother.

Thom. Not see me? I'll——

Dor. Now you play your true self;
How would my father love this! I'll assure you
She will not see you; she has heard (and loudly)
The gambols that you plaid since your departure,

In every Town ye came, your several mischiefs,
Your rowfes and your wenches; all your quarrels,
And the no causes of 'em; these I take it
Although she love ye well, to modest ears,
To one that waited for your reformation,
To which end travel was propounded by her Uncle,
Must needs, and reason for it, be examined,
And by her modesty, and fear'd too light too,
To fyie with her affections; ye have lost her
For any thing I see, exil'd your self.

Thom. No more of that, sweet *Doll*, I will be civil.

Dor. But how long?

Thom. Would'st thou have me lose my Birth-right?
For yond old thing will disinherite me
If I grow too demure; good sweet *Doll*, prithee,
Prithee, dear Sister, let me see her.

Dor. No.

Thom. Nay, I beseech thee, by this light.

Dor. I, swagger.

Thom. Kifs me, and be my friend, we two were twins,
And shall we now grow strangers?

Dor. 'Tis not my fault.

Thom. Well, there be other women, and remember
You, you were the cause of this; there be more lands too,
And better People in 'em, fare ye well,
And other loves; what shall become of me
And of my vanities, because they grieve ye? (there?)

Dor. Come hither, come, do you see that Cloud that flies
So light are you, and blown with every fancy:

Will ye but make me hope ye may be civil?
I know your Nature's sweet enough, and tender,
Not grated on, nor curb'd: do you love your Mistress?

Thom. He lies that says I do not.

Dor. Would ye see her?

Thom. If you please, for it must be so.

Dor. And appear to her

A thing to be belov'd?

Thom. Yes.

Dor. Change then

A little of your wildness into wisdom,
And put on a more smoothness;
I'll do the best I can to help ye, yet
I do protest she swore, and swore it deeply,
She would never see you more; where's your mans heart
What, do you faint at this? (now?)

Thom. She is a woman;

But him she entertains next for a servant,
I shall be bold to quarter.

Dor. No thought of fighting;

Go in, and there we'll talk more, be but rul'd,
And what lies in my power, ye shall be sure of. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Alice, and Mary:

Alice. He cannot be so wild still.

Mary. 'Tis most certain,
I have now heard all, and all the truth.

Alice. Grant all that;

Is he the first that has been giv'n a lost man,
And yet come fairly home? he is young and tender,
And fit for that impression your affections
Shall stamp upon him, age brings on discretion,
A year hence, these mad toys that now possess him
Will shew like Bugbears to him, shapes to fright him;
Marriage dissolves all these like mists.

Mary. They are grounded
Hereditary in him, from his father,
And to his grave they will haunt him.

Alice. 'Tis your fear

Which is a wife part in you; yet your love
However you may seem to lessen it
With these dislikes, and choak it with these errors,
Do what you can, will break out to excuse him,

Ye have him in your heart, and planted, Cousin,
From whence the power of reason, nor discretion
Can ever root him.

Mary. Planted in my heart, Aunt?
Believe it no, I never was so liberal;
What though he shew a so so comely fellow
Which we call pretty? or say it may be handfom?
What though his promises may stumble at
The power of goodness in him, sometimes use too?

Al. How willingly thy heart betrays thee, Cousin?
Cozently self no more; thou hast no more power
To leave off loving him than he that's thirsty
Has to obtain from drink standing before him;
His mind is not so monstrous for his shape,
If I have Eyes, I have not seen his better.
A handsome brown Complexion.

Mary. Reasonable,
Inclining to a tawney.

Alice. Had I said so
You would have wish'd my tongue out; then his making.

Mary. Which may be mended; I have seen legs straighter,
And cleaner made.

Alice. A body too.

Mary. Far neater,
And better set together.

Alice. God forgive thee,
For against thy Conscience thou lyest stubbornly.

Mary. I grant 'tis neat enough.

Alice. 'Tis excellent,
And where the outward parts are fair and lovely,
(Which are but moulds o'th'mind) what must the soul be?
Put case youth has his swinge, and fiery Nature
Flames to mad uses many times.

Mary. All this
You only use to make me say I love him;
I do confess I do, but that my fondness
Should fling it self upon his desperate follies.

Alice. I do not counsel that, see him reclaim'd first,
Which will not prove a miracle, yet *Mary*,
I am afraid 'twill vex thee horribly
To stay so long.

Mary. No, no Aunt, no, believe me.

Alice. What was your dream to night? for I observ'd ye
Hugging of me, with good dear sweet *Tom*.

Mary. Fye, Aunt,
Upon my Conscience.

Alice. On my word 'tis true, Wench;
And then ye kiss'd me, *Mary*, more than once too,
And sigh'd, and O sweet *Tom* again; nay, do not blush,
Ye have it at the heart, Wench.

Mary. I'll be hang'd first,
But you must have your way.

Enter Dorothea.

Alice. And so will you too,
Or break down hedges for it. *Dorothea*,
The welcom'st woman living; how does thy Brother?
I hear he's turn'd a wondrous civil Gentleman
Since his short travel.

Dor. 'Pray Heaven he make it good, *Alice*.

Mary. How do ye friend? I have a quarrel to ye,
Ye stole away and left my company.

Dor. O pardon me, dear friend, it was to welcome
A Brother that I have some Cause to love well.

Mary. Prithce how is he? thou speak'st truth.

Dor. Not perfect,
I hope he will be.

Mary. Never: h'as forgot me,
I hear Wench, and his hot love too.

Alice. Thou would'st howl then.

Mary. And I am glad it should be so; his travels
Have yielded him variety of Mistresses,
Fairer in his eye far.

Alice. O cogging Rascal!

Mary. I was a fool, but better thoughts I thank heaven.

Dor. 'Pray do not think so, for he loves you dearly,
Upon my troth most firmly, would fain see you.

Mary. See me friend! do you think it fit?

Dor. It may be,
Without the loss of credit too; he's not
Such a prodigious thing, so monstrous,
To fling from all society.

Mary. He's so much contrary
To my desires, such an antipathy
That I must sooner see my grave.

Dor. Dear friend,
He was not so before he went.

Mary. I grant it,
For then I daily hop'd his fair Conversion.

Alice. Come, do not mask your self, but see him freely,
Ye have a mind.

Mary. That mind I'll master then.

Dor. And is your hate so mortal?

Mary. Not to his person,
But to his qualities, his mad-cap follies,
Which still like *Hydras* heads grow thicker on him.
I have a credit, friend, and Maids of my sort,
Love where their modesties may live untainted.

Dor. I give up that hope then; 'pray for your friends sake,
If I have any interest within ye,
Do but this courtesie, accept this Letter.

Mary. From him?

Dor. The same; 'tis but a minutes reading,
And as we look on shapes of painted Devils,
Which for the present may disturb our fancy,
But with the next new object lose 'em, so
If this be foul, ye may forget it, 'pray.

Mary. Have ye seen it, friend?

Dor. I will not lie; I have not,
But I presume, so much he honours you,
The worst part of himself was cast away
When to his best part he writ this.

Mary. For your sake,
Not that I any way shall like his scribbling.

Alice. A shrewd dissembling Quean.

Dor. I thank ye, dear friend,
I know she loves him.

Alice. Yes, and will not lose him,
Unless he leap into the Moon, believe that,
And then she'll scramble too; young wenches loves
Are like the course of quartans, they may shift
And seem to cease sometimes, and yet we see
The least distemper pulls 'em back again,
And seats 'em in their old course; fear her not,
Unless he be a Devil.

Mary. Now Heaven blefs me.

Dor. What has he writ?

Mary. Out, out upon him.

Dor. Ha, what has the mad man done?

Mary. Worse, worse, and worse still.

Alice. Some Northern Toy, a little broad.

Mary. Still fouler?

Hey, hey Boys, goodness keep me; Oh.

Dor. What ail ye?

Mary. Here, take your Spell again, it burns my fingers.
Was ever Lover writ so sweet a Letter?

So elegant a style? pray look upon't;
The rarest inventory of rank Oaths
That ever Cut-purse cast.

Alice. What a mad Boy is this?

Mary. Only i'th' bottom
A little Julip gently sprinkled over
To cool his mouth, lest it break out in blisters,
Indeed law. Yours for ever.

Dor. I am sorry.

Mar. You shall be welcome to me, come when you please,
And ever may command me vertuously,
But for your Brother, you must pardon me,

Till I am of his nature, no access friend,
No word of visitation, as ye love me,
And so for 'now I'le leave ye.

[Exit.

Alice. What a letter
Has this thing written, how it roars like thunder?
With what a state he enters into stile?
Dear Mistrefs.

Dor. Out upon him bedlam.

Alice. Well, there be waies to reach her yet: such likenefs
As you two carry me thinks.

Dor. I am mad too,
And yet can apprehend ye: fare ye well,
The fool shall now fish for himself.

Alice. Be sure then
His tewgh be tith and strong: and next no swearing,
He'l catch no fish else, Farewel *Dol.*

Dor. Farewel *Alice.*

[Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Alice, and Cellide.

Cel. I Ndeed he's much chang'd, extremly alter'd,
His colour faded strangely too.

Val. The air,
The sharp and nipping air of our new climate
I hope is all, which will as well restore
To health again th' affected body by it,
And make it stronger far, as leave it dangerous;
How do's my sweet, our blessed hour comes on now
Apace my *Cellide*, (it knocks at door)
In which our loves, and long desires like rivers
Rising asunder far, shall fall together,
Within these too daies dear.

Cel. When heaven, and you Sir
Shall think it fit: for by your wills I am govern'd.

Alice. 'Twere good some preparation.

Enter Frank.

Val. All that may be:
It shall be no blind wedding: and all the joy
Of all our friends I hope: he looks worse hourly,
How does my friend, my self? he sweats too coldly,
His pulse, like the slow dropping of a spout,
Scarce gives his function: how is't man, alas Sir,
You look extreme ill: is it any old grief,
The weight of which?

Fra. None, gentle Sir, that I feel,
Your love is too too tender,
Nay believe Sir.

Cel. You cannot be the master of your health,
Either some feaver lyes in wait to catch ye,
Whose harbinger's already in your face
We see preparing: or some discontent,
Which if it lye in this house, I dare say
Both for this noble Gentleman, and all
That live within it, shall as readily
Be purg'd away, and with as much care soften'd,
And where the cause is.

Fra. 'Tis a joy to be ill,
Where such a vertuous fair Physitian
Is ready to relieve: your noble cares
I must, and ever shall be thankfull for,
And would my service (I dare not look upon her)
But be not fearfull, I feel nothing dangerous,
A grudging caus'd by th' alteration
Of air, may hang upon me: my heart's whole,
(I would it were.)

Val. I knew the cause to be so.

Fra. No, you shall never know it.

Alice. Some warm broths
To purge the blood, and keep your bed a day Sir,

And sweat it out.

Cel. I have such cordials,
That if you will but promise me to take 'em,
Indeed you shall be well, and very quickly,
I'le be your Doctor, you shall see how finely
I'le fetch ye up again.

Val. He sweats extremly:
Hot, very hot: his pulse beats like a drum now,
Feel Sister, feel, feel sweet.

Fra. How that touch stung me?

Val. My gown there.

Cel. And those julips in the window.

Alice. Some see his bed made.

Val. This is most unhappy,
Take courage man; 'tis nothing but an ague.

Cel. And this shall be the last fit.

Fra. Not by thousands:

Now what 'tis to be truly miserable,
I feel at full experience.

Alice. He grows fainter.

Val. Come, lead him in, he shall to bed: a vomit,
I'le have a vomit for him.

Alice. A purge first,
And if he breath'd a vein.

Val. No, no, no bleeding,
A Clyster will cool all.

Cel. Be of good cheer Sir.

Alice. He's loth to speak.

Cel. How hard he holds my hand aunt?

Alice. I do not like that sign.

Val. Away to's chamber,
Softly, he's full of pain, be diligent
With all the care ye have: would I had scus'd him.

[Exeunt.

SCENA II.

Enter Dorothea, and Thomas.

Dor. Why do you rail at me? do I dwell in her
To force her to do this or that? your letter,
A wilde-fire on your letter; your sweet Letter;
You are so learned in your writs: ye stand now
As if ye had worried sheep: you must turn tippet,
And suddenly, and truly, and discreetly
Put on the shape of order and humanity,
Or you must marry *Malkyn* the May Lady:
You must, dear Brother: do you make me carrier
Of your confound-mee's, and your culverings?
Am I a seemly agent for your oaths?
Who would have writ such a debosh'd?

Thom. Your patience,
May not a man profess his love?

Dor. In blasphemies?
Rack a maids tender ears, with dam's and Devils?

Thom. Out, out upon thee,
How would you have me write?
Begin with my love premised? surely,
And by my truly Mistrefs.

Dor. Take your own course,
For I see all persuasion's lost upon ye:
Humanitie, all drown'd: from this hour fairly
I'le wash my hands of all ye do: farewell Sir.

Tho. Thou art not mad?

Dor. No, if I were, dear Brother
I would keep you company: get a new Mistrefs
Some suburb Saint, that six pence, and some others
Will draw to parley: carowse her health in Cans
And candles ends, and quarrel for her beauty,
Such a sweet heart must serve your turn: your old love
Releaseth ye of all your tyes; disclaims ye
And utterly abjures your memory
Till time has better manag'd ye, will ye command me—

Thom. What, bob'd of all sides?

Dor. Any worthy service

Unto my Father Sir, that I may tell him
 Even to his peace of heart, and much rejoicing
 Ye are his true Son *Tom* still? will it please ye
 To beat some half a dozen of his servants presently,
 That I may testify you have brought the same faith
 Unblemish'd home, ye carried out? or if it like you
 There be two chambermaids within, young wenches,
 Handfom and apt for exercise: you have been good, Sir,
 And charitable though I say it Signiour
 To such poor orphans: and now, by th' way I think on't
 Your young rear Admiral, I mean your last bastard
Don John, ye had by Lady *Blanch* the Dairy Maid,
 Is by an Academy of learned Gypsies,
 Foreseeing some strange wonder in the infant
 Stolen from the Nurse, and wanders with those Prophets.
 There is plate in the parlour, and good store Sir,
 When your wants shall supply it. So most humbly
 (First rendring my due service) I take leave Sir. [Exit.]

Tho. Why *Doll*, why *Doll* I say: my letter sub'd too,
 And no access without I mend my manners?
 All my designs in Limbo? I will have her,
 Yes, I will have her, though the Devil roar,
 I am resolv'd that, if she live above ground,
 I'll not be bob'd i'th' nose with every bobtail:
 I will be civil too, now I think better,
 Exceeding civil, wondrous finely carried:
 And yet be mad upon occasion,
 And stark mad too, and save my land: my Father,
 I'll have my will of him, how e're my wench goes. [Exit.]

Enter Sebastian, and Launcelot.

Seb. Sirrah, I say still you have spoil'd your Master: leave
 I say thou hast spoil'd thy Master. (your stitches:)

Lau. I say how Sir?

Seb. Marry thou hast taught him like an arrant rascal,
 First to read perfectly: which on my blessing
 I warn'd him from: for I knew if he read once,
 He was a lost man. Secondly, Sir *Launcelot*,
 Sir lowsie *Launcelot*, ye have suffer'd him
 Against my power first, then against my precept,
 To keep that simpring sort of people company,
 That sober men call civil: mark ye that Sir?

Lau. And't please your worship.

Seb. It does not please my worship,
 Nor shall not please my worship: thirdly and lastly,
 Which if the law were here, I would hang thee for,
 (However I will lame thee) like a villain,
 Thou hast wrought him
 Clean to forget what 'tis to do a mischief,
 A handfom mischief, such as thou knew'st I lov'd well.
 My servants all are sound now, my drink sower'd,
 Not a horse pawn'd, nor plaid away: no warrants
 Come for the breach of peace.
 Men travel with their mony, and nothing meets 'em:
 I was accurs'd to send thee, thou wert ever
 Leaning to laziness, and loss of spirit,
 Thou slept'st still like a cork upon the water.

Lau. Your worship knows, I ever was accounted
 The most debosh'd, and please you to remember,
 Every day drunk too, for your worships credit,
 I broke the Butlers head too.

Seb. No, base Palliard,
 I do remember yet that anslaight, thou wast beaten,
 And fledst before the Butler; a black jack
 Playing upon thee furiously, I saw it:
 I saw thee scatter'd rogue, behold thy Master.

Enter Thomas, with a Book.

Thom. What sweet content dwells here!

Lau. Put up your Book Sir,
 We are all undone else.

Seb. *Tom*, when is the horse-race?

Thom. I know not Sir.

Seb. You will be there?

Tho. Not I Sir,
 I have forgot those journeys.

Seb. Spoil'd for ever.

The Cocking holds at *Derby*, and there will be
Jack Wild-oats, and *Will* Purfer.

Tho. I am sorry, Sir,
 They should employ their time so slenderly,
 Their understandings will bear better courses.

Seb. Yes, I will marry again: but Monsieur *Thomas*,
 What say ye to the Gentleman that challeng'd ye
 Before he went, and the fellow ye fell out with?

Tho. O good Sir,
 Remember not those follies; where I have wrong'd, Sir,
 (So much I have now learn'd to discern my self)
 My means, and my repentance shall make even,
 Nor do I think it any imputation
 To let the Law perswade me.

Seb. Any Woman:

I care not of what colour, or complexion,
 Any that can bear Children: rest ye merry. [Exit.]

La. Ye have utterly undone; clean discharg'd me,
 I am for the ragged Regiment.

Tho. Eight languages,
 And wither at an old mans words?

La. O pardon me.

I know him but too well: eightscore I take it
 Will not keep me from beating, if not killing:
 I'll give him leave to break a leg, and thank him:
 You might have sav'd all this, and sworn a little:
 What had an oath or two been? or a head broke,
 Though 'thad been mine, to have satisfied the old man?

Tho. I'll break it yet.

La. Now 'tis too late, I take it:
 Will ye be drunk to night, (a less intreaty
 Has serv'd your turn) and save all yet? not mad drunk,
 For then ye are the Devil, yet the drunker,
 The better for your Father still: your state is desperate,
 And with a desperate cure ye must recover it:
 Do something, do Sir: do some drunken thing,
 Some mad thing, or some any thing to help us.

Tho. Go for a Fidler then: the poor old Fidler
 That sayes his Songs: but first where lyes my Mistris,
 Did ye enquire out that?

La. I'th' Lodge, alone Sir,
 None but her own Attendants.

Tho. 'Tis the happier:
 Away then, find this Fidler, and do not mis me
 By nine a Clock.

La. Via.

Tho. My Father's mad now,
 And ten to one will disinherite me:
 I'll put him to his plunge, and yet be merry.
 What *Ribabald*?

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Hyl. *Don Thomasio*.
De bene venew.

Tho. I do embrace your body:
 How do'st thou *Sam*?

Sam. The same *Sam* still: your friend Sir.

Tho. And how is't bouncing boyes?

Hyl. Thou art not alter'd,
 They said thou wert all Monsieur.

Tho. O believe it,
 I am much alter'd, much another way:
 The civil'st Gentleman in all your Country:
 Do not ye see me alter'd? yea, and nay Gentlemen,
 A much converted man: where's the best wine boyes?

Hyl. A sound Convertite.

Tho. What, hast thou made up twenty yet?

Hyl. By'r Lady,
 I have giv'n a shrewd push at it, for as I take it,
 The last I fell in love with, scor'd sixteen.

Tho. Look to your skin, *Rambaldo* the sleeping Gyant

Will rowze and rent thee piece-meal.

Sam. He ne'r perceives 'em
Longer than looking on.

Thom. Thou never meanest then
To marry any that thou lov'st?

Hyl. No surely,
Nor any wife man I think; marriage?
Would you have me now begin to be prentice,
And learn to cobble other mens old Boots?

Sam. Why, you may take a Maid.

Hyl. Where? can you tell me?
Or if 'twere possible I might get a Maid,
To what use should I put her? look upon her,
Dandle her upon my knee, and give her sugar-sops?
All the new Gowns i'th' Parish will not please her,
If she be high bred, for there's the sport she aims at,
Nor all the feathers in the Fryars.

Thom. Then take a Widow,
A good stanch wench, that's tith.

Hyl. And begin a new order,
Live in a dead mans monument, not I, Sir;
I'll keep mine own road, a true mendicant;
What pleasure this day yields me, I never covet
To lay up for the morrow; and methinks ever
Another mans Cook dresses my diet neatest. (nosed,

Thom. Thou wast wont to love old women, fat and flat
And thou would'st say they kifs'd like Flounders, flat
All the face over.

Hyl. I have had such damfels
I must confes.

Thom. Thou hast been a precious Rogue.

Sam. Only his eyes; and o' my Conscience
They lye with half the Kingdom.

[Enter over the Stage, Physicians and others.

Thom. What's the matter?
Whither go all these men-menders, these Physicians?
Whose Dog lies sick o'th' mulligrubs?

Sam. O the Gentleman,
The young smug Seignour, Master *Valentine*,
Brought out of travel with him, as I hear,
Is faln sick o'th' sudder, desperate sick,
And likely they go thither.

Thom. Who? young *Frank*?
The only temper'd spirit, Scholar, Souldier,
Courtier; and all in one piece? 'tis not possible.

Enter *Alice*.

Sam. There's one can better fatisfie you.

Thom. Mistres *Alice*,
I joy to see you, Lady.

Alice. Good Monsieur *Thomas*,
You're welcome from your travel; I am hasty,
A Gentleman lyes sick, Sir.

Thom. And how dost thou?
I must know, and I will know.

Alice. Excellent well,
As well as may be, thank ye.

Thom. I am glad on't,
And prithee hark.

Alice. I cannot stay.

Thom. A while, *Alice*. (still.

Sam. Never look so narrowly, the mark's in her mouth

Hyl. I am looking at her legs, prithee be quiet.

Alice. I cannot stay.

Thom. O sweet *Alice*.
Hyl. A clean instep,
And that I love a life, I did not mark
This woman half so well before, how quick
And nimble like a shadow, there her leg shew'd;
Byt' mafs a neat one, the colour of her Stocking,
A much inviting colour.

Alice. My good Monsieur,
I have no time to talk now.

Hyl. Pretty Breeches,

Finely becoming too.

Thom. By Heaven.

Alice. She will not,
I can assure you that, and so.

Thom. But this word.

Alice. I cannot, nor I will not, good Lord. [Exit.

Hyl. Well, you shall hear more from me.

Thom. We'll go visit,
'Tis Charity; besides, I know she is there;
And under visitation I shall see her;

Will ye along?

Hyl. By any means.

Thom. Be sure then
I be a civil man: I have sport in hand, Boys,
Shall make mirth for a Marriage-day.

Hyl. Away then. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter three Physicians with an Urinal.

1 *Phy.* A Pleurisie, I see it.

2 *Phy.* I rather hold it

For tremor Cordis.

3 *Phy.* Do you mark the Faces?

'Tis a most pestilent contagious Feaver,
A surfeit, a plaguey surfeit; he must bleed.

1 *Phy.* By no means.

3 *Phy.* I say bleed.

1 *Phy.* I say 'tis dangerous;

The Person being spent so much before-hand,
And Nature drawn so low, Clysters, cool Clysters.

2 *Phy.* Now with your favours I should think a Vomit:
For take away the Cause, the Effect must follow,
The Stomach's foul and fur'd, the pot's unflam'd yet.

3 *Phy.* No, no, we'll rectifie that part by mild means,
Nature so sunk must find no violence.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Will't please ye draw near? the weak Gentleman
Grows worse and worse still.

1 *Phy.* Come, we will attend him.

2 *Phy.* He shall do well, my friend.

Serv. My Masters love, Sir.

1 Excellent well I warrant thee, right and straight, friend.

3 *Phy.* There's no doubt in him, none at all, ne'r fear him. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter *Valentine*, and *Michael*.

Mich. That he is desperate sick I do believe well;
And that without a speedy cure it kills him,
But that it lyes within the help of Physick
Now to restore his health, or art to cure him;
Believe it you are cozen'd; clean beside it.
I would tell ye the true cause too, but 'twould vex ye;
Nay, run ye mad.

Val. May all I have restore him?
So dearly and so tenderly I love him,
I do not know the cause why, yea my life too.

Mich. Now I perceive ye so well set, I'll tell you,
Hei mihi quod nullis Amor est medicabilis herbis.

Val. 'Twas that I only fear'd: good friend go from me,
I find my heart too full for further conference;
You are assur'd of this?

Mich. 'Twill prove too certain,
But bear it nobly; Sir, Youth hath his errors.

Val. I shall do, and I thank ye; pray ye no words on't.

Mich. I do not use to talk; Sir. [Exit.

Val. Ye are welcome;

Is there no Constancy in earthly things,
Nor happiness in us, but what must alter?
No life without the heavy load of Fortune?
What miseries we are, and to our selves,

Even then when full content seems to sit by us,
What daily fores and sorrows ?

Enter Alice.

Alice. O dear Brother,
The Gentleman if ever you will see him
Alive as I think.

Enter Cellide.

Cel. O he faints, for Heavens sake,
For Heavens sake, Sir.

Val. Go comfort him, dear Sister. *[Exit Alice.]*
And one word, sweet, with you : then we'll go to him.
What think you of this Gentleman ?

Cel. My pity thinks, Sir,
'Tis great misfortune that he should thus perish.

Val. It is indeed, but *Cellide*, he must dye.

Cel. That were a cruelty, when care may cure him,
Why do you weep so, Sir ? he may recover.

Val. He may, but with much danger ; my sweet *Cellide*,
You have a powerful tongue.

Cel. To do you service.

Val. I will betray his grief ; he loves a Gentlewoman,
A friend of yours, whose heart another holds,
He knows it too ; yet such a sway blind fancy,
And his not daring to deliver it,
Have won upon him, that they must undo him :
Never so hopeful and so sweet a Spirit,
Misfortune fell so foul on.

Cel. Sure she's hard hearted,
That can look on, and not relent, and deeply
At such a misery ; she is not married ?

Val. Not yet.

Cel. Nor near it ?

Val. When she please.

Cel. And pray Sir,
Does he deserve her truly, that she loves so ?

Val. His love may merit much, his Person little,
For there the match lyes mangled.

Cel. Is he your friend ?

Val. He should be, for he is near me.

Cel. Will not he dye then,
When th'other shall recover ?

Val. Ye have pos'd me.

Cel. Methinks he should go near it, if he love her ;
If she love him.

Val. She does, and would do equal.

Cel. 'Tis a hard task you put me ; yet for your sake
I will speak to her, all the art I have ;
My best endeavours ; all his Youth and Person,
His mind more full of beauty ; all his hopes
The memory of such a sad example,
Ill spoken of, and never old ; the curses
Of loving maids, and what may be alledg'd
I'll lay before her : what's her Name ? I am ready.

Val. But will you deal effectually ?

Cel. Most truly ;

Nay, were it my self, at your entreaty.

Val. And could ye be so pitiful ?

Cel. So dutiful ;
Because you urge it, Sir.

Val. It may be then
It is your self.

Cel. It is indeed, I know it,
And now know how ye love me.

Val. O my dearest,
Let but your goodness judge ; your own part's pity ;
Set but your eyes on his afflictions ;
He is mine, and so becomes your charge : but think
What ruine Nature suffers in this young man,
What less humanity, and noble manhood ;
Take to your better judgment my declining,
My Age hung full of impotence, and ills,
My Body budding now no more : see Winter

Hath seal'd that sap up, at the best and happiest
I can but be your infant, you my Nurse,
And how unequal dearest ; where his years,
His sweetness, and his ever spring of goodness,
My fortunes growing in him, and my self too,
Which makes him all your old love ; misconceive not,
I say not this as weary of my bondage,
Or ready to infringe my faith ; bear witness,
Those eyes that I adore still, those lamps that light me
To all the joy I have.

Cel. You have said enough, Sir,
And more than e'r I thought that tongue could utter,
But you are a man, a false man too.

Val. Dear *Cellide*.

Cel. And now, to shew you that I am a woman
Rob'd of her rest, and fool'd out of her fondness,
The Gentleman shall live, and if he love me,
Ye shall be both my triumphs ; I will to him,
And as you carelessly fling off your fortune,
And now grow weary of my easie winning,
So will I lose the name of *Valentine*,
From henceforth all his flatteries, and believe it,
Since ye have so slightly parted with affection,
And that affection you have pawn'd your faith for ;
From this hour no repentance, vows, nor prayers
Shall pluck me back again ; what I shall do,
Yet I will undertake his cure, expect it,
Shall minister no comfort, no content
To either of ye, but hourly more vexations.

Val. Why, let him dye then.

Cel. No, so much I have loved
To be commanded by you, that even now,
Even in my hate, I will obey your wishes.

Val. What shall I do ?

Cel. Dye like a fool unforrow'd,
A bankrupt fool, that flings away his Treasure ;
I must begin my cure.

Val. And I my Crosses.

[Exeunt.]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Frank sick, Physicians, and an Apothecary.

1 *Phy.* **C**lap on the Cataplasim.
Frank. Good Gentlemen,
Good learned Gentlemen.

2 *Phy.* And see these broths there,
Ready within this hour, pray keep your arms in,
The air is raw, and ministers much evil.

Fran. Pray leave me ; I beseech ye leave me, Gentlemen,
I have no other sickness but your presence,
Convey your Cataplasms to those that need 'em,
Your Vomits, and your Clysters.

3 *Phy.* Pray be rul'd, Sir.

1 *Phy.* Bring in the Lettice Cap ; you must be shaved, Sir,
And then how suddenly we'll make you sleep !

Frank. Till dooms-day : what unnecessary nothings
Are these about a wounded mind ?

2 *Phy.* How do ye ?

Fra. What questions they propound too ! how do you, Sir ?
I am glad to see you well.

3 *Phy.* A great distemper, it grows hotter still.

1 *Phy.* Open your mouth, I pray, Sir.

Frank. And can you tell me
How old I am then ? there's my hand, pray shew me
How many broken shins within this two year.
Who would be thus in fetters, good master Doctor,
And you dear Doctor, and the third sweet Doctor,
And precious master Apothecary, I do pray ye
To give me leave to live a little longer,
Ye stand before me like my Blacks.

2 *Phy.* 'Tis dangerous,
For now his fancy turns too.

Enter

Enter Cellide.

Cell. By your leave Gentlemen :
And pray ye your leave a while too, I have ſomething
Of ſecret to impart unto the Patient.

1. With all our hearts.

3 I mary ſuch a Phyſick

May chance to find the humour : be not long Lady,
For we muſt miniſter within this half hour. [*Ex. Phyſ.*]

Cell. You ſhall not ſtay for me.

Fra. Would you were all rotten

That ye might only intend one anothers itches :
Or would the Gentlemen with one conſent
Would drink ſmall Beer but ſeven years, and abolifh
That wild fire of the blood, unfatiate wenching,
That your two Indies, ſprings and falls might fail ye,
What torments theſe intruders into bodies.

Cell. How do you worthy Sir?

Fran. Bleſs me, what beams

Flew from theſe Angel eyes! O what a miſery
What a moſt ſtudied torment 'tis to me now
To be an honeſt man! dare ye ſit by me?

Cell. Yes, and do more than that too: comfort ye,
I ſee ye have need.

Fran. You are a fair Phyſician:

You bring no bitterneſs guilt o're, to gull us,
No danger in your looks, yet there my death lyes.

Cell. I would be ſorry, Sir, my charity
And my good wiſhes for your health ſhould merit
So ſtubborn a conſtruction: will it pleaſe ye
To taſte a little of this Cordial

Enter Valentine.

For this I think muſt cure ye.

Fra. Of which Lady?

Sure ſhe has found my grief: why do you bluſh ſo?

Cell. Do you not underſtand? of this, this Cordial.

Val. O my afflicted heart: ſhe is gone for ever.

Fra. What heaven have ye brought me Lady?

Cell. Do not wonder:

For 'tis no impudence, nor want of honour
Makes me do this: but love to ſave your life, Sir,
Your life too excellent to loſe in wiſhes,
Love, vertuous love.

Fra. A vertuous bleſſing crown ye,
O goodly ſweet, can there be ſo much charity
So noble a compaſſion in that heart
That's fill'd up with anothers fair affections?
Can mercy drop from thoſe eyes?

Can miracles be wrought upon a dead man,
When all the power ye have, and perfect object
Lyes in anothers light, and his deſerves it?

Cell. Do not deſpair: nor do not think too boldly,
I dare abuſe my promiſe, 'twas your friends
And ſo faſt tyed, I thought no time could ruin:
But ſo much has your danger, and that ſpell
The powerful name of friend, prevail'd above him
To whom I ever owe obedience,
That here I am, by his command to cure ye,
Nay more for ever, by his full reſignment,
And willingly I ratifie it.

Fra. Hold for Heaven ſake,

Muſt my friends miſery make me a triumph?

Bear I that noble name, to be a Traitor?

O vertuous goodneſs, keep thy ſelf untainted:

You have no power to yield, nor he to render,
Nor I to take: I am reſolv'd to die firſt.

Val. Ha! ſaiſt thou ſo? nay then thou ſhalt not periſh.

Fra. And though I love ye above the light ſhines on me,
Beyond the wealth of Kingdoms, free content,
Sooner would ſnatch at ſuch a bleſſing offer'd
Than at my pardon'd life by the law forfeited,
Yet, yet O noble Beauty, yet O Paradife
For you are all the wonder reveal'd of it,

Yet is a gratitude to be preſerv'd,
A worthy gratitude to one moſt worthy
The name, and nobleneſs of friends.

Cell. Pray tell me

If I had never known that Gentleman,
Would not you willingly embrace my offer?

Fra. Do you make a doubt?

Cell. And can ye be unwilling

He being old and impotent? his aim too
Level'd at you, for your good? not conſtrain'd,
But out of cure, and counſel? Alas conſider,
Play but the Woman with me, and conſider
As he himſelf does, and I now dare ſee it;
Truly conſider, Sir, what miſery.

Fra. For vertues ſake take heed!

Cell. What loſs of youth,

What everlaſting baniſhment from that
Our years do only covet to arrive at,
Equal affections and ſhot together:
What living name can dead age leave behind him,
What art of memory but fruitleſs doating?

Fra. This cannot be.

Cell. To you unleſs ye apply it

With more and firmer faith, and ſo digeſt it,
I ſpeak but of things poſſible, not done
Nor like to be, a Poſſet cures your ſickneſs,
And yet I know ye grieve this; and howſoever
The worthineſs of friend may make ye ſtagger,
Which is a fair thing in ye, yet my Patient,
My gentle Patient, I would fain ſay more
If you would underſtand.

Val. O cruel Woman.

Cell. Yet ſure your ſickneſs is not ſo forgetful,
Nor you ſo willing to be loſt.

Fra. Pray ſtay there:

Me thinks you are not fair now; me thinks more,
That modeſt vertue, men delivered of you,
Shews but like ſhadow to me, thin, and fading.

Val. Excellent friend.

Fra. Ye have no ſhare in goodneſs:

Ye are belyed; you are not *Cellide*,
The modeſt, immaculate: who are ye?
For I will know: what Devil, to do miſchief
Unto my vertuous friend, hath ſhifted ſhapes
With that unblemifhed beauty?

Cell. Do not rave, Sir,

Nor let the violence of thoughts diſtract ye;
You ſhall enjoy me: I am yours: I pity,
By thoſe fair eyes I do.

Fra. O double hearted!

O Woman, perfect Woman! what diſtraction
Was meant to mankind when thou waſ't made a Devil?
What an inviting Hell invented? tell me,
And if you yet remember what is goodneſs,
Tell me by that, and truth, can one ſo cheriſh'd
So fainted in the ſoul of him, whoſe ſervice
Is almoſt turn'd to ſuperſtition,
Whoſe every day endeavours and deſires
Offer themſelves like Incenſe on your Altar,
Whoſe heart holds no intelligence, but holy
And moſt Religious with his love; whoſe life
(And let it ever be remembred Lady)
Is drawn out only for your ends.

Val. O miracle!

Fra. Whoſe all, and every part of man: pray make me
Like ready Pages wait upon your pleaſures;
Whoſe breath is but your bubble. Can ye, dare ye,
Muſt ye caſt off this man, though he were willing,
Though in a nobleneſs, ſo croſs my danger
His frienſhip durſt confirm it, without baſeneſs,
Without the ſtain of honour? ſhall not people
Say liberally hereafter, there's the Lady
That loſt her Father, friend, herſelf, her faith too,
To fawn upon a ſtranger, for ought you know

As faithless as your self, in love as fruitless.

Val. Take her with all my heart, thou art so honest
That 'tis most necessary I be undone.

Call. With all my soul possess her. [Exit Val.]

Till this minute,
I scorn'd, and hated ye, and came to cozen ye :
Utter'd those things might draw a wonder on me,
To make ye mad.

Fra. Good Heaven, what is this Woman ?

Call. Nor did your danger, but in charity,
Move me a whit : nor you appear unto me
More than a common object ; yet now truly,
Truly, and nobly I do love ye dearly,
And from this hour ye are the man I honour,
You are the man, the excellence, the honesty,
The only friend, and I am glad your sickness
Fell so most happily at this time on ye,
To make this truth the worlds.

Fra. Whither do you drive me ?

Call. Back to your honesty, make that good ever,
'Tis like a strong built Castle, seated high,
That draws on all ambitions, still repair it,
Still fortifie it : there are thousand foes
Besides the Tyrant Beauty, will assail it :
Look to your Centinels that watch it hourly,
Your eyes, let them not wander.

Fra. Is this serious ?

Or dos the play still with me ?

Call. Keep your ears,
The two main Ports that may betray ye, strongly
From light belief first, then from flattery,
Especially where Woman beats the parley :
The body of your strength, your noble heart
From ever yielding to dishonest ends,
Rig'd round about with virtue, that no breaches,
No subtil minds may meet ye.

Fra. How like the Sun
Labouring in his Eclipse, dark, and prodigious,
She shew'd till now ? when having won her way,
How full of wonder he breaks out again,
And sheds his vertuous beams : excellent Angel,
For no less can that heavenly mind proclaim thee,
Honour of all thy sex, let it be lawful,
And like a Pilgrim thus I kneel to beg it,
Not with prophane lips now, nor burnt affections,
But, reconcil'd to faith, with holy wishes,
To kiss that virgin hand.

Cl. Take your desire, Sir,
And in a nobler way, for I dare trust ye,
No other fruit my love must ever yield ye,
I fear no more : yet your most constant memory
(So much I am wedded to that worthiness)
Shall ever be my Friend, Companion, Husband.
Farewel, and fairly govern your affections,
Stand, and deceive me not : O noble young man,
I love thee with my soul, but dare not say it :
Once more farewel, and prosper.

Fra. Goodness guide thee :
My wonder like to fearful shapes in dreams,
Has wakened me out of my fit of folly,
But not to shake it off : a spell dwells in me,
A hidden charm shot from this beauteous Woman,
That fate can ne'r avoid, nor Physick find,
And by her counsel strengthen'd : only this
Is all the help I have, I love fair virtue.
Well, something I must do, to be a friend,
Yet I am poor, and tardy : something for her too
Though I can never reach her excellence,
Yet but to give an offer at a greatness.

Enter Valentine, Thomas, Hylas, and Sam.

Val. Be not uncivil Tom, and take your pleasure.
Tho. Do you think I am mad ? you'll give me leave
To try her fairly ?

Val. Do your best.

Tho. Why there Boy,
But where's the sick man ?

Hyl. Where are the Gentlewomen
That should attend him ? there's the Patient.
Me thinks these Women——

Tho. Thou think'st nothing else.

Val. Go to him friend, and comfort him : I'll lead ye :
O my best joy, my worthiest friend, pray pardon me,
I am so over-joy'd I want expression :
I may live to be thankful : bid your friends welcome.

Tho. How do'st thou Frank ? how do'st thou Boy ? bear
What, shrink i'th' sinews for a little sickness ? (up man :
Deavolo morte.

Fra. I am o'th' mending hand. (man ?

Tho. How like a Flute thou speak'st : o'th' mending hand
Gogs bores, I am well, speak like a man of worship.

Fran. Thou art a mad companion : never staid Tom.

Tho. Let Rogues be staid that have no habitation,
A Gentleman may wander : sit thee down Frank,
And see what I have brought thee : come discover,
Open the Scene, and let the work appear.
A friend at need you Rogue is worth a million.

Fra. What hast thou there, a julip ?

Hyl. He must not touch it,

'Tis present death.

Tho. Ye are an Ass, a wirepipe,
A Jeffery John bo peepe, thou mimifer,
Thou mend a left-handed pack-saddle, out puppyey,
My friend Frank, but a very foolish fellow :
Do'st thou see that Bottle ? view it well.

Fran. I do Tom.

Tho. There be as many lives in't, as a Cat carries,
'Tis everlasting liquor.

Fran. What ?

Tho. Old Sack, Boy,
Old reverend Sack, which for ought that I can read yet,
Was that Philosophers Stone the wife King Ptolomus
Did all his wonders by.

Fran. I see no harm Tom,

Drink with a moderation.

Tho. Drink with fuger,
Which I have ready here, and here a glass boy,
Take me without my tools.

Sam. Pray Sir be temperate,

You know your own state best.

Fra. Sir, I much thank ye,
And shall be careful : yet a glass or two
So fit I find my body, and that so needful.

Tho. Fill it, and leave your fooling : thou say'st true Frank.

Hyl. Where are these Women I say ?

Tho. 'Tis most necessary,
Hang up your Julips and your Portugal Possets,
Your barley Broths, and sorrel Sops, they are mangy,
And breed the Scratches only : give me Sack :
I wonder where this Wench is though : have at thee.

Hyl. So long, and yet no bolting ?

Fra. Do, I'll pledge thee. (man

Tho. Take it off thrice, and then cry heigh like a Hunt-
With a clear heart, and no more fits I warrant thee.

The only Cordial, Frank. [Phys. and Serv. within.]

Phys. Are the things ready ?

And is the Barber come ?

Ser. An hour ago, Sir.

Phys. Bring out the Oyls then.

Fran. Now or never Gentlemen,

Do me a kindness and deliver me.

Tho. From whom boy ?

Fra. From these things, that talk within there,
Physicians, Tom, Physicians, scowring-sticks,
They mean to read upon me.

Enter three Phys. Apoth. and Barber.

Hyl. Let 'em enter.

Tho. And be thou confident, we will deliver thee :
For look ye Doctor, say the Devil were sick now,
His horns saw'd off, and his head bound with a Biggin,
Sick of a Calenture, taken by a Surfeit
Of stinking souls at his Nephews, and St *Dunstons*,
What would you minister upon the fudden ?
Your judgment short and found.

1 Phy. A fools head.

Tho. No Sir,

It must be a Physicians for three causes,
The first because it is a bald-head likely,
Which will down easily without Applepap.

3 Phy. A main cause.

Tho. So it is, and well consider'd.

The second, for 'tis fill'd with broken Greek, Sir,
Which will so tumble in his stomach, Doctor,
And work upon the crudities, conceive me,
The fears, and the fiddle-strings within it,
That those damn'd souls must disembogue again.

Hyl. Or meeting with the Itygian humour.

Tho. Right, Sir.

Hyl. Forc'd with a Cataplasm of Crackers.

Tho. Ever.

Hyl. Scowre all before him, like a Scavenger.

Tom. *Satisficisti domine*, my last cause,
My last is, and not least, most learned Doctors,
Because in most Physicians heads (I mean those
That are most excellent, and old withal,
And angry, though a Patient say his prayers,
And *Paracelsians* that do trade with poisons,
We have it by tradition of great writers)
There is a kind of Toad-stone bred, whose vertue
The Doctor being dri'd.

1 Phy. We are abus'd sirs.

Hyl. I take it so, or shall be, for say the Belly-ake
Caus'd by an inundation of Pease-porridge,
Are we therefore to open the port Vein,
Or the port Esquiline ?

Sam. A learned question :

Or grant the Diaphragma by a Rupture,
The sign being then in the head of *Capricorn*.

Tho. Meet with the passion *Hyperchondriaca*,
And so cause a Carnosity in the Kidneys.
Must not the brains, being butter'd with this humour—
Answer me that.

Sam. Most excellently argued.

2 Phy. The next fit you will have, my most fine Scholar,
Bedlam shall find a Salve for : fare ye well Sir,
We came to do you good, but these young Doctors
It seems have bor'd our Noses.

3 Phy. Drink hard Gentlemen,

And get unwholesome drabs : 'tis ten to one then
We shall hear further from ye, your note alter'd. [Exeunt.]

Tho. And wilt thou be gone, saies one ?

Hyl. And wilt thou be gone, saies t'other ?

Tho. Then take the odd crown

To mend thy old Gown.

Sam. And we'll be gone all together.

Fra. My learned Tom.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, the young Gentlewomen
Sent me to see what company ye had with ye,
They much desire to visit ye.

Fra. Pray ye thank 'em,
And tell 'em my most sickness is their absence :
Ye see my company.

Tho. Come hither Crab,
What Gentlewomen are these? my Mistris?

Ser. Yes Sir.

Hyl. And who else ?

Ser. Mistris Alice.

Hyl. Oh!

Tho. Hark ye firrah,
No word of my being here, unless she know it.

Ser. I do not think she does.

Tho. Take that, and mum then.

Ser. You have ty'd my tongue up.

Tho. Sit you down good *Francis*,
And not a word of me till ye hear from me,
And as you find my humour, follow it :
You two come hither, and stand close, unseen Boys,
And do as I shall tutor ye.

Fran. What, new work ?

Tho. Prethee no more but help me now.

Hyl. I would fain talk

With the Gentlewomen.

Tho. Talk with the Gentlewomen ?

Of what forsooth ? whose Maiden-head the last Mask
Suffer'th' impression ? or whose Clyster wrought best ?
Take me as I shall tell thee.

Hyl. To what end ?

What other end came we along ?

Sam. Be rul'd though.

Tho. Your weafel face must needs be ferretting

About the Farthing-ale ;

Do as I bid ye,

Or by this light—

Hyl. Come then.

Thom. Stand close and mark me.

Fran. All this forc'd foolery will never do it.

Enter Alice and Mary.

Ali. I hope we bring ye health, Sir : how is't with ye ?

Ma. You look far better trust me, the fresh colour
Creeps now again into his cheeks.

Ali. Your enemy

I see has done his worst. Come, we must have ye
Lusty again, and frolick man; leave thinking.

Ma. Indeed it does ye harm, Sir.

Fran. My best visitants,
I shall be govern'd by ye.

Ali. You shall be well then,

And suddenly, and soundly well.

Ma. This Air, Sir,

Having now season'd ye, will keep ye ever.

Tho. No, no, I have no hope, nor is it fit friends,
My life has been so lewd, my loose condition,
Which I repent too late, so lamentable,
That any thing but curses light upon me,
Exorbitant in all my wayes.

Ali. Who's that, Sir,

Another sick man ?

Ma. Sure I know that voice well.

Tho. In all my courses, careless disobedience.

Fran. What a strange fellow's this ?

Tho. No counsel friends,
No look before I leapt.

Ali. Do you know the voyce, Sir ?

Fra. Yes, 'tis a Gentlemans that's much afflicted
In's mind : great pity Ladies.

Ali. Now heaven help him.

Fra. He came to me, to ask free pardon of me,
For some things done long since, which his distemper
Made to appear like wrong, but 'twas not so.

Ma. O that this could be truth.

Hyl. Perfwade your self.

Tho. To what end Gentlemen, when all is perish'd
Upon a wrack, is there a hope remaining ?

The Sea, that ne'r knew sorrow, may be pitiful,
My credit's split, and sunk, nor is it possible,
Were my life lengthened out as long as—

Ma. I like this well.

Sam. Your mind is too mistrustful.

Tho. I have a virtuous Mistris, but I scorn'd her,

A Mistris too, a noble Gentlewoman,
For goodness all out going.

Alice. Now I know him.

Tho. With these eyes friends, my eyes must never see more.

Alice. This is for your sake *Mary*: take heed Cousin,
A man is not so soon made.

Tho. O my fortune!

But it is just, I be despis'd and hated.

Hyl. Despair not, 'tis not manly: one hours goodness
Strikes off an infinite of ills.

Alice. Weep truly
And with compassion, Cousin.

Fra. How exactly
This cunning young Thief playes his part!

Ma. Well *Tom*,
My *Tom* again, if this be truth.

Hyl. She weeps Boy.

Tho. O I shall die.

Ma. Now Heaven defend.

Sam. Thou hast her.

Tho. Come lead me to my Friend to take his farewell,
And then what fortune shall befall me, welcome,
How does it show?

Hyl. O rarely well.

Ma. Say you so, Sir.

Fra. O ye grand Afs.

Ma. And are ye there my Juggler?
Away we are abus'd, *Alice*.

Alice. Fool be with thee. [Ex. *Mary and Alice*.]

Tho. Where is she?

Fra. Gone; she found you out, and finely,
In your own noose she halter'd ye: you must be whispering
To know how things shew'd: not content to fare well
But you must roar out roast-meat; till that suspicion
You carried it most neatly, she believed too
And wept most tenderly; had you continu'd,
Without doubt you had brought her off.

Tho. This was thy Roguing,
For thou wert ever whispering: fye upon thee
Now could I break thy head.

Hyl. You spoke to me first.

Tho. Do not anger me,
For by this hand I'll beat the buzard blind then.
She shall not scape me thus: farewell for this time.

Fra. Good night, 'tis almost bed time: yet no sleep
Must enter these, till I work a wonder. [Exit.]

Tho. Thou shalt along too, for I mean to plague thee
For this nights sins, I will never leave walking of thee
Till I have worn thee out.

Hyl. Your will be done, Sir.

Tho. You will not leave me, *Sam*.

Sam. Not I.

Tho. Away then: I'll be your guide now, if my man be trusty,
My spiteful Dame, I'll pipe ye such a hunsup
Shall make ye dance a tipvaes: keep close to me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter *Sebastian*, and *Dorothy*.

Seb. Never perswade me, I will marry again,
What should I leave my state to, Pins and Poaking sticks,
To Farthingals, and frownces? to fore-horses
And an old Leather Bawdy house behind 'em,
To thee?

Dor. You have a Son, Sir.

Seb. Where, what is he?
Who is he like?

Dor. Your self.

Seb. Thou lyest, thou hast marr'd him,
Thou, and thy prayer books: I do disclaim him:
Did not I take him singing yesternight
A godly Ballad, to a godly tune too,
And had a Catechism in's pocket, Damsel,
One of your dear disciples, I perceive it?

When did he ride abroad since he came over?

What Tavern has he us'd to? what things done
That shews a man, and mettle? when was my house
At such a shame before, to creep to bed
At ten a clock, and twelve, for want of company?
No singing, nor no dancing, nor no drinking?
Thou think'st not of these scandals; when, and where
Has he but shew'd his sword of late?

Dor. Despair not

I do beseech you, Sir, nor tempt your weakness,
For if you like it so, I can assure you
He is the same man still.

Seb. Would thou wert ashes
On that condition; but believe it Gossip
You shall know you have wrong'd.

Dor. You never, Sir,
So well I know my duty: and for Heaven sake,
Take but this counsel with ye ere you marry,
You were wont to hear me: take him, and confess him,
Search him to the quick, and if you find him false,
Do as you please; a Mothers name I honour.

Seb. He is lost, and spoil'd, I am resolv'd my roof
Shall never harbour him: and for you Minion
I'll keep you close enough, lest you break loose,
And do more mischief; get ye in: who waits? [Exit *Dor*.]

Enter *Servant*.

Ser. Do you call, Sir?

Seb. Seek the Boy: and bid him wait
My pleasure in the morning: mark what house
He is in, and what he does: and truly tell me.

Ser. I will not fail, Sir.

Seb. If ye do, I'll hang ye. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter *Thomas*, *Hylas*, and *Sam*.

Tho. Keep you the back door there, and be sure
None of her servants enter, or go out,
If any Woman pass, she is lawful prize, Boys,
Cut off all convoyes.

Hyl. Who shall answer this?

Tho. Why, I shall answer it, you fearful widgeon,
I shall appear to th' action.

Hyl. May we discourse too,
On honourable terms?

Tho. With any Gentlewoman
That shall appear at window: ye may rehearse too
By your commission safely, some sweet parcels
Of Poetry to a Chamber-maid.

Hyl. May we sing too?
For there's my master-piece.

Tho. By no means, no Boys,
I am the man reserv'd for Air, 'tis my part,
And if she be not rock, my voyce shall reach her:
Ye may record a little, or ye may whistle,
As time shall minister, but for main singing,
Pray ye satisfie your selves: away, be careful.

Hyl. But hark ye, one word *Tom*, we may be beaten,
Tho. That's as ye think good your selves: if you deserve it,
Why 'tis the easiest thing to compass: beaten?

What Bugbears dwell in thy brains? who should beat thee?

Hyl. She has men enough.

Tho. Art not thou man enough too?
Thou hast flesh enough about thee: if all that mass
Will not maintain a little spirit, hang it,
And dry it too for dogs-meat: get you gone;
I have things of moment in my mind: that door,
Keep it as thou would'st keep thy Wife from a Servingman.
No more I say: away, *Sam*.

Sam. At your will, Sir. [Exeunt *Hylas and Sam*.]

Enter *Launcelot*, and *Fidler*.

Lan. I have him here, a rare Rogue, good sweet Master,
Do

Do something of some favour suddenly,
That we may eat, and live: I am almost starv'd,
No point manieur, no point devcin, no Signieur,
Not by the vertue of my languages,
Nothing at my old matters to be hoped for,
O Signieur *du*, nothing to line my life with,
But cold Pyes with a cudgel, till you help us.

Tho. Nothing but famine frights thee: come hitler Fidler,
What Ballads are you seen in best? be short Sir.

Fidler. Under your masterships correction, I can sing
The Duke of *Norfolk*, or the merry Ballad
Of *Diverus* and *Lazarus*, the Rose of *England*,
In *Creet* when *Dedimus* first began,
Jonas his crying out against *Coventry*.

Tho. Excellent,
Rare matters all.

Fid. *Mawdlin* the Merchants Daughter,
The Devil, and ye dainty Dames.

Tom. Rare still.

Fid. The landing of the Spaniards at *Bow*,
With the bloody battel at *Mile-end*.

Tho. All excellent:
No tuning as ye love me; let thy Fidle
Speak Welch, or any thing that's out of all tune,
The vilder still the better, like thy self,
For I presume thy voice will make no trees dance.

Fid. Nay truly, ye shall have it ev'n as homely.

Tho. Keep ye to that key, are they all abed trow?

Lan. I hear no stirring any where, no light
In any window, 'tis a night for the nonce Sir.

Tho. Come strike up then: and say the Merchants daughter,
We'l bear the burthen: proceed to incision Fidler. *Song.*

Enter Servant, above.

Ser. Who's there? what noise is this? what rogue
At these hours?

Thom. O what is that to you my fool?

O what is that to you,

Pluck in your face you bawling Ass,

Or I will break your brow. *hey down, down, down.*

A new Ballad, a new, a new.

Fid. The twelfth of *April*, on *May* day,
My house and goods were burnt away, &c. *Maid above.*

Maid. Why who is this?

Lan. O damsel dear,

Open the door, and it shall appear,

Open the door,

O gentle squire.

Maid. I'll see thee hang'd first: farewell my dear,

'Tis master *Thomas*, there he stands.

Enter Mary above.

Mary. 'Tis strange
That nothing can redeem him: rail him hence,
Or sing him out in's own way, any thing
To be deliver'd of him.

Maid. Then have at him:

My man *Thomas* did me promise.

He would visit me this night.

Tho. I am here Love, tell me dear Love,

How I may obtain thy sight.

Maid. Come up to my window love, come, come, come,

Come to my window my dear,

The wind, nor the rain shall trouble thee again,

But thou shalt be lodged here.

Thom. And art thou strong enough?

Lan. Up, up, I warrant ye.

Mary. What do'st thou mean to do?

Maid. Good Mistres peace,

I'll warrant ye we'l cool him: *Madge.* *Madge above.*

Madge. I am ready.

Tho. The love of *Greece*, and it tickled him so,

That he devised a way to goe.

Now sing the Duke of *Northumberland*.

Fidler. And climbing to promotion,
He fell down suddenly. *Madge with a Devils*
vizard roaring, offers to kiss him, and he falls down.

Maid. Farewel Sir.

Mary. What hast thou done? thou hast broke his neck.

Maid. Not hurt him,

He pitcht upon his legs like a Cat.

Tho. O woman:

O miserable woman, I am spoil'd,

My leg, my leg, my leg, oh both my legs!

Mary. I told thee what thou hadst done, mischief go with

Tho. O I am lam'd for ever: O my leg, *(thee.*

Broken in twenty places: O take heed,

Take heed of women, Fidler: oh a Surgeon,

A Surgeon, or I dye: oh my good people,

No charitable people, all despightfull,

Oh what a misery am I in! oh my leg.

Lan. Be patient Sir, be patient: let me bind it.

Enter Samuel, and Hylas, with his head broken.

Tho. Oh do not touch it rogue.

Hyl. My head, my head,

Oh my head's kill'd.

Sam. You must be courting wenches

Through key-holes, Captain *Hylas*, come and be comforted,

The skin is scarce broke.

Tho. O my leg. *Sam.* How do ye Sir?

Tho. Oh maim'd for ever with a fall, he's spoil'd too,

I see his brains.

Hyl. Away with me for Gods sake,

A Surgeon.

Sam. Here's a night indeed.

Hyl. A Surgeon. *[Ex. all but Fidler.*

Enter Mary, and Servant below.

Mary. Go run for help.

Tho. Oh.

Mary. Run all, and all too little,

O curfed beast that hurt him, run, run, flye,

He will be dead else.

Tho. Oh.

Mary. Good friend go you too.

Fid. Who pays me for my Musick?

Mary. Pox o' your Musick,

There's twelve pence for ye.

Fid. There's two groats again forfooth,

I never take above, and rest ye merry. *[Exit.*

Ma. A greafe pot guild your fidle strings: how do you,

How is my dear?

Tom. Why well I thank ye sweet heart,

Shall we walk in, for now there's none to trouble us?

Ma. Are ye so crafty, Sir? I shall meet with ye,

I knew your trick, and I was willing: my *Tom*,

Mine own *Tom*, now to fatisie thee, welcom, welcom,

Welcom my best friend to me, all my dearest.

Tom. Now ye are my noble Mistres: we lose time sweet.

Ma. I think they are all gone.

Tom. All, ye did wisely.

Ma. And you as craftily.

Tom. We are well met Mistres.

Ma. Come, let's goe in then lovingly: O my Skarf *Tom*.

I lost it thereabout, find it, and wear it

As your poor Mistres favour. *[Exit.*

Tom. I am made now,

I see no venture is in no hand: I have it,

How now? the door lock't, and she in before?

Am I so trim'd?

Ma. One parting word sweet *Thomas*,

Though to save your credit, I discharg'd your Fidler,

I must not fatisie your folly too Sir,

Ye're subtle, but believe it Fox, I'll find ye;

The Surgeons will be here straight, roar again boy,

And break thy legs for shame, thou wilt be sport else,

Good night.

Tom. She saies most true, I must not stay: she has bob'd me,
Which if I live, I'll recompence, and shortly,
Now for a Ballad to bring me off again.
All young men be warn'd by me, how you do goe a wooing.
Seek not to climb, for fear ye fall, thereby comes your undoing, &c.
[*Exeunt.*]

Æius Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Alice, and Servant.

Val. HE cannot goe and take no farewel of me,
Can he be so unkind? he's but retir'd
Into the Garden or the Orchard: see Sirs.

Ali. He would not ride there certain, those were planted
Only for walks I take it.

Val. Ride? nay then,
Had he a horse out?

Ser. So the Groom delivers
Somewhat before the break of day.

Val. He's gone,
My best friend's gone *Alice*; I have lost the noblest,
The truest, and the most man I e're found yet.

Alice. Indeed Sir, he deserves all praise.

Val. All Sister,
All, all, and all too little: O that honesty,
That ermine honesty, unspotted ever,
That perfect goodness.

Alice. Sure he will return Sir,
He cannot be so harsh.

Val. O never, never,
Never return, thou know'st not where the cause lyes.

Alice. He was the worthiest welcome.

Val. He deserv'd it.

Alice. Nor wanted, to our knowledge.

Val. I will tell thee,
Within this hour, things that shall startle thee,
He never must return.

Enter Michael.

Mich. Good morrow Signieur.

Val. Good morrow Master *Michael*.

Mich. My good neighbour,
Me thinks you are stirring early since your travel,
You have learn'd the rule of health sir, where's your mistress?
She keeps her warm I warrant ye, i' bed yet?

Val. I think she does.

Alice. 'Tis not her hour of waking.

Mich. Did you lye with her, Lady?

Alice. Not to night Sir,
Nor any night this week else.

Mich. When last saw ye her?

Alice. Late yeste night.

Mich. Was she 'bed then?

Alice. No Sir,

I left her at her prayers: why do ye ask me?

Mich. I have been strangely haunted with a dream
All this long night, and after many wakings,
The same dream still; me thought I met young *Cellide*
Just at *S. Katherines* gate the Nunnery.

Val. Ha?

Mich. Her face slubber'd o're with tears, and troubles,
Me thought she cry'd unto the Lady Abbess,
For charity receive me holy woman,
A Maid that has forgot the worlds affections,
Into thy virgin order: me thought she took her,
Put on a Stole, and sacred robe upon her,
And there I left her. *Val.* Dream?

Mich. Good Mistress *Alice*
Do me the favour (yet to satisfie me)
To step but up, and see.

Alice. I know she's there Sir,

And all this but a dream.

Mich. You know not my dreams,
They are unhappy ones, and often truths;
But this I hope, yet. *Alice.* I will satisfie ye. [Exit.]

Mich. Neighbours, how does the Gentleman?
Val. I know not,
Dream of a Nunnery?

Mich. How found ye my words
About the nature of his sickness *Valentine*?
Val. Did she not cry out, 'twas my folly too
That forc'd her to this nunnery? did she not curse me?
For God sake speak: did you not dream of me too,
How basely, poorly, tamely, like a fool,
Tir'd with his joyes?

Mich. Alas poor Gentleman,
Ye promis'd me Sir to bear all these crosses.

Val. I bear 'em till I break again.

Mich. But nobly,
Truly to weigh.

Val. Good neighbours, no more of it,
Ye do but sling flax on my fire: where is she?

Enter Alice.

Ali. Not yonder Sir, nor has not this night certain
Been in her bed.

Mich. It must be truth she tells ye,
And now I'll shew ye why I came: this morning
A man of mine being employed about business,
Came early home, who at *S. Katherines* Nunnery,
About day peep, told me he met your Mistress,
And as I spoke it in a dream, so troubled
And so received by the Abbess, did he see her,
The wonder made me rise, and hast unto ye
To know the cause.

Val. Farewel, I cannot speak it. [Exit Val.]

Alice. For Heaven sake leave him not.

Mich. I will not Lady.

Alice. Alas, he's much afflicted,

Mich. We shall know shortly more, apply your own care
At home good *Alice*, and trust him to my counsel,
Nay, do not weep, all shall be well, despair not. [Exeunt.]

SCENA II.

Enter Sebastian, and a Servant.

Seb. At *Valentines* house so merry?

Ser. As a pie Sir.

Seb. So gamefom dost thou say?

Ser. I am sure I heard it.

Seb. Ballads, and Fiddles too?

Ser. No, but one Fidle;
But twenty noyses.

Enter Launcelot.

Seb. Did he do devises?

Ser. The best devises Sir: here's my fellow *Launcelot*
He can inform ye all: he was among 'em,
A mad thing too: I stood but in a corner.

Seb. Come Sir, what can you say? is there any hope yet
Your Master may return?

Laun. He went far else,
I will assure your worship on my credit
By the faith of a Travellor, and a Gentleman,
Your son is found again, the son, the *Tom*.

Seb. Is he the old *Tom*?

Laun. The old *Tom*.

Seb. Go forward.

Laun. Next, to consider how he is the old *Tom*.

Seb. Handle me that.

Laun. I would ye had seen it handled
Last night Sir, as we handled it: *cap à pe*,
Footra for leers, and learings; O the noise,
The noise we made.

Seb. Good, good.

Laun.

Lan. The windows clattering
And all the Chambermaids in such a whobub,
One with her smock half off, another in haste
With a ferving mans hose upon her head.

Seb. Good still.

Lan. A fellow railing out of a loop-hole there,
And his mouth stopt with dirt.

Seb. P' faith a fine Boy.

Lan. Here one of our heads broke.

Seb. Excellent good still.

Lan. The Gentleman himself, young M. Thomas,
Inviron'd with his furious Myrmidons
The fiery Fidler, and my self; now singing,
Now beating at the door, there parlying,
Courting at that window, at the other scalling
And all these several noises to two Trenchers,
Strung with a bottom of brown thred, which show'd admi-

Seb. There eat, and grow again, I am pleas'd. (rable.

Lan. Nor here Sir,

Gave we the frolick over : though at length
We quit the Ladies Skonce on composition ;
But to the silent streets we turn'd our furies :
A sleeping watchman here we stole the shooes from,
There made a noise, at which he wakes, and follows :
The streets are durty, takes a queen-hith cold,
Hard cheefe, and that choaks him o' Munday next :
Windows, and signs we sent to *Erebus* ;
A crue of bawling curs we entertain'd last,
When having let the pigs loose in out parishes,
O the brave cry we made as high as *Algate!*
Down comes a Constable, and the Sow his Sister
Most traiterously tramples upon Authority,
There a whole stand of rug gowns rowted manly
And the Kings peace put to flight : a purblind pig here
Runs me his head into the Admirable Lanthorn,
Out goes the light, and all turns to confusion :
A potter rises, to enquire this passion,
A Boar imboss takes sanctuary in his shop,
When twenty dogs rush after, we still cheering,
Down goe the pots, and pipkins, down the pudding pans,
The cream-bolls cry revenge here, there the candlesticks.

Seb. If this be true, thou little tyney page,
This tale that thou tell'st me,
Then on thy back will I presently hang
A handfom new Livery :
But if this be false, thou little tyney page
As false it well may be,
Then with a cudgel of four foot long
P'le beat thee from head to toe.

Enter Servant.

Seb. Will the boy come ?

Ser. He will Sir.

Enter Thomas.

Seb. Time tries all then.

Lan. Here he comes now himself Sir.

Seb. To be short *Thomas,*

Because I feel a scruple in my conscience
Concerning thy demeanour, and a main one,
And therefore like a Father would be fatish'd,
Get up to that window there, and presently
Like a most compleat Gentleman, come from *Tripoly.*

Tom. Good Lord Sir, how are you misled : what fancies
(Fitter for idle boys, and drunkards, let me speak't,
And with a little wonder I beseech ou)

Choak up your noble judgement ?

Seb. You Rogue *Launcelot,*
You lying Rascal.

Lan. Will ye spoil all again Sir.
Why, what a Devil do you mean ?

Tom. Away knave,
Ye keep a company of sawcy fellows,
Deboish'd, and daily drunkards, to devour ye,

Things, whose dull souls, tend to the Celler only,
Ye are ill advis'd Sir, to commit your credit.

Seb. Sirrah, Sirrah.

Lan. Let me never eat again Sir,
Nor feel the blessing of another blew-coat,
If this young Gentleman, sweet Master *Thomas,*
Be not as mad as heart can wish : your heart Sir,
If yesternights discourse : speak fellow *Robin,*
And if thou speakest less than truth.

Tom. 'Tis strange these varlets.

Ser. By these ten bones Sir, if these eyes, and ears
Can hear and see.

Tom. Extreame strange, should thus boldly
Bud in your sight, unto your son.

Lan. O *den guin*

Can ye deny, ye beat a Constable
Last night ?

Tom. I touch Authoritie, ye Rascal ?
I violate the Law ?

Lan. Good Master *Thomas.*

Ser. Did you not take two wenches from the watch too
And put 'em into pudding lane ?

Lan. We mean not

Those civil things you did at M. *Valentines,*
The Fiddle, and the fa'las.

Tom. O strange impudence !

I do beseech you Sir give no such licence
To knaves and drunkards, to abuse your son thus :
Be wise in time, and turn 'em off : we live Sir
In a State govern'd civilly, and soberly,
Where each mans actions should confirm the Law,
Not crack, and cancel it.

Seb. *Lancelot du Lake,*

Get you upon adventures : cast your coat
And make your exit.

Lan. *Pur lamour de dieu.*

Seb. *Pur me no purs :* but *pur* at that door, out Sirrah,
P'le beat ye purblind else, out ye eight languages.

Lan. My blood upon your head.

[Exit Lan.]

Tom. Purge me 'em all Sir.

Seb. And you too presently.

Tom. Even as you please Sir.

Seb. Bid my maid servant come, and bring my Daughter,
I will have one shall please me.

[Exit servant.]

Tom. 'Tis most fit Sir.

Seb. Bring me the mony there : here M. *Thomas.*

Enter two Servants with two bags.

I pray sit down, ye are no more my son now,
Good Gentleman be cover'd.

Tom. At your pleasure.

Seb. This mony I do give ye, because of whilom
You have been thought my son, and by my self too,
And some things done like me : ye are now another :
There is two hundred pound, a civil summe
For a young civil man : much land and Lordship
Will as I take it now, but prove temptation
To dread ye from your settled, and sweet carriage.

Tom. You say right Sir.

Seb. Nay I beseech ye cover.

Tom. At your dispose : and I beseech ye too Sir,
For the word civil, and more settled course
It may but put to use, that on the interest
Like a poor Gentleman.

Seb. It shall, to my use,
To mine again : do you see Sir : good fine Gentleman,
I give no brooding mony for a Scrivener,
Mine is for present traffick, and so I'll use it.

Tom. So much for that then.

Enter Dorothy, and four Maids.

Seb. For the main cause Monsieur,
I sent to treat with you about, behold it ;
Behold that piece of stony work, and view it.

I want a right heir to inherit me,
Not my estate alone, but my conditions,
From which you are revolted, therefore dead,
And I will break my back, but I will get one.

Tom. Will you choose there Sir?

Seb. There, among those Damsels,
In mine own tribe: I know their qualities
Which cannot fail to please me: for their beauties
A matter of a three farthings, makes all perfect,
A little beer, and beef broth: they are found too.
Stand all a breast: now gentle *M. Thomas*
Before I choose, you having liv'd long with me,
And happily sometimes with some of these too,
Which fault I never frown'd upon; pray shew me
(For fear we confound our Genealogies)
Which have you laid aboard? speak your mind freely,
Have you had copulation with that Damsel?

Tom. I have.

Seb. Stand you aside then: how with her Sir?

Tom. How, is not seemly here to say.

Dor. Here's fine sport.

Seb. Retire you too: speak forward *M. Thomas*.

Tom. I will: and to the purpose; even with all Sir.

Seb. With all? that's somewhat large.

Dor. And yet you like it.

Was ever sin so glorious?

Seb. With all *Thomas*?

Tom. All surely Sir.

Seb. A sign thou art mine own yet,

In again all: and to your several functions. [*Ex. Maids.*]

What say you to young *Luce*, my neighbours Daughter,
She was too young I take it, when you travel'd;
Some twelve years old?

Tom. Her will was fifteen Sir.

Seb. A pretty answer, to cut off long discourse,
For I have many yet to ask ye of,
Where I can choose, and nobly, hold up your finger
When ye are right: what say ye to *Valeria*
Whose husband lies a dying now? why two,
And in that form?

Tom. Her husband is recover'd.

Seb. A witty moral: have at ye once more *Thomas*,
The Sisters of *St. Albons*, all five; dat boy,
Dat's mine own boy.

Dor. Now out upon thee Monster.

Tom. Still hoping of your pardon.

Seb. There needs none man:

A straw on pardon: prethee need no pardon:
I'll aske no more, nor think no more of marriage,
For o' my conscience I shall be thy Cuckold:
There's some good yet left in him: bear your self well,
You may recover me, there's twenty pound Sir,
I see some sparkles which may flame again,
You may eat with me when you please, you know me.

[*Exit Seb.*]

Dor. Why do you lye so damnably, so foolishly?

Tom. Do'st thou long to have thy head broke? hold thy
And do as I would have thee, or by this hand (peace)
I'll kill thy Parrat, hang up thy small hand,
And drink away thy dowry to a penny.

Dor. Was ever such a wilde Ass?

Tom. Prethee be quiet.

Dor. And do'st thou think men will not beat thee mon-
For abusing their wives and children? (strously)

Tom. And do'st thou think
Mens wives and children can be abus'd too much?

Dor. I wonder at thee.

Tom. Nay, thou shalt adjure me
Before I have done.

Dor. How stand ye with your mistress?

Tom. I shall stand nearer
E're I be twelve hours older: there's my business,
She is monstrous subtle *Dol*.

Dol. The Devil I think

Cannot out-subtile thee.

Tom. If he play fair play,
Come, you must help me presently.

Dor. I discard ye.

Tom. Thou shalt not sleep nor eat.

Dor. I'll no hand with ye,
No bawd to your abuses.

Tom. By this light *Dol*,
Nothing but in the way of honesty.

Dor. Thou never knew'st that road: I hear your vigils.

Tom. Sweet honey *Dol*, if I do not marry her,
Honestly marry her, if I mean not honourably,
Come, thou shalt help me, take heed how you vex me,
I'll help thee to a husband too, a fine Gentleman,
I know thou art mad, a tall young man, a brown man,
I swear he has his maidenhead, a rich man.

Dor. You may come in to dinner, and I'll answer ye.

Tom. Nay I'll go with thee *Dol*: four hundred a year wench.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Michael, and Valentine.

Mich. Good Sir go back again, and take my counsel,
Sores are not cur'd by sorrows, nor time broke from us,
Pull'd back again by sighs.

Val. What should I do friend?

Mich. Do that that may redeem ye, go back quickly,
Sebastians Daughter can prevail much with her,
The Abbess is her Aunt too.

Val. But my friend then
Whose love and loss is equal ty'd.

Mich. Content ye,
That shall be my task if he be alive,
Or where my travel and my care may reach him,
I'll bring him back again.

Val. Say he come back
To piece his poor friends life out? and my Mistress
Be vow'd for ever a recluse?

Mich. So suddenly
She cannot, hast ye therefore instantly away Sir,
To put that Daughter by; first as to a Father,
Then as a friend she was committed to ye,
And all the care she now has: by which priviledge
She cannot do her this violence,
But you may break it, and the law allows ye.

Val. O but I forc'd her to it.

Mich. Leave disputing
Against your self, if you will needs be miserable
Spight of her goodness, and your friends periwasions.
Think on, and thrive thereafter.

Val. I will home then.

And follow your advice, and good, good *Michael*.

Mich. No more, I know your soul's divided, *Valentine*,
Cure but that part at home with speedy marriage
E're my return, for then those thoughts that vext her,
While there ran any stream for loose affections,
Will be stopt up, and chaste ey'd honour guide her.
Away, and hope the best still: I'll work for ye,
And pray too heartily, away, no more words. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Hylas, and Samuel.

Hyl. I care not for my broken head,
But that it should be his plot, and a wench too,
A lowzie, lazie wench prepar'd to do it.

Sam. Thou hadst as good be quiet, for o' my conscience
He'll put another on thee else.

Hyl. I am resolv'd
To call him to account, was it not manifest
He meant a mischief to me, and laughed at me,
When he lay roaring out, his leg was broken,
And no such matter? had he broke his neck,

Indeed

Indeed 'twould ne'r have griev'd me ; gallows gall him.

Why should he chuse out me ?

Sam. Thou art ever ready

To thrust thy self into these she occasions,
And he as full of knavery to accept it.

Hyl. Well, if I live I'll have a new trick for him.

Sam. That will not be amifs, but to fight with him
Is to no purpose ; besides, he's truly valiant,
And a most deadly hand ; thou never fought'st yet,
Nor o' my Conscience haft no faith in fighting.

Hyl. No, no, I will not fight.

Sam. Besides the quarrel,

Which has a woman in't to make it scurvey,
Who would lye stinking in a Surgeons hands,
A month or two this weather ? for believe it,
He never hurts under a quarters healing.

Hyl. No, upon better thought, I will not fight, *Sam,*
But watch my time.

Sam. To pay him with a project ;
Watch him too, I would wish ye ; prithee tell me,
Dost thou affect these women still ?

Hyl. Yes, 'faith, *Sam,*

I love 'em ev'n as well as e'r I did,
Nay, if my brains were beaten out, I must to 'em.

Sam. Dost thou love any woman ?

Hyl. Any woman

Of what degree or calling.

Sam. Of any age too ?

Hyl. Of any age, from fourscore to fourteen, Boy,
Of any fashion.

Sam. And defect too ?

Hyl. Right,

For those I love to lead me to repentance ;
A woman with no Nose, after my surquedry,
Shews like King *Philip's* Moral, *Memento mori* ;
And she that has a wooden leg, demonstrates
Like *Hypocrites*, we halt before the gallows ;
An old one with one tooth, seems to say to us,
Sweets meats have fowr fauce ; she that's full of aches,
Crum not your Bread before you taste your Porridge,
And many morals we may find.

Sam. 'Tis well, Sir,
Ye make so worthy uses ; but *quid igitur*,
What shall we now determine ?

Hyl. Let's consider

An hour or two how I may fit this fellow.

Sam. Let's find him first, he'll quickly give occasion,
But take heed to your self, and say I warn'd ye ;
He has a plaguey pate.

Hyl. That at my danger.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Musick.*

SCENE V.

Enter Saylers singing to them, Michael, and Francis.

Sayl. Aboard, aboard, the wind stands fair.

Mich. These call for Passengers, I'll stay and see
What men they take aboard.

Fran. A Boat, a Boat, a Boat.

Sayl. Away then.

Fran. Whither are ye bound, Friends ?

Sayl. Down to the Straits.

Mich. Ha ! 'tis not much unlike him.

Fran. May I have passage for my money ?

Sayl. And welcome too.

Mich. 'Tis he, I know 'tis he now.

Fran. Then merrily aboard, and noble friend,
Heavens goodness keep thee ever, and all vertue
Dwell in thy bosome, *Cellide*, my last tears
I leave behind me thus, a sacrifice,
For I dare stay no longer to betray ye.

Mich. Be not so quick, Sir ; Saylers I here charge ye
By virtue of this Warrant, as you will answer it,
For both your Ship and Merchant I know perfectly,

Lay hold upon this fellow.

Fran. Fellow ?

Mich. I, Sir.

Sayl. No hand to Sword, Sir, we shall master ye,
Fetch out the manacles.

Fran. I do obey ye ;

But I beseech you, Sir, inform me truly
How I am guilty.

Mich. You have rob'd a Gentleman,
One that you are bound to for your life and being ;
Money and horse unjustly ye took from him, (man.
And something of more note, but—— for y'are a Gentle-

Fra. It shall be so, and here I'll end all miseries,
Since friendship is so cruel, I confess it,
And which is more, a hundred of these robberies :

This Ring I stole too from him, and this Jewel,
The first and last of all my wealth ; forgive me
My innocence and truth, for saying I stole 'em,
And may they prove of value but to recompence
The thousandth part of his love, and bread I have eaten ;
'Pray see 'em render'd noble Sir, and so
I yield me to your power.

Mich. Guard him to th' water,
I charge you, Saylers ; there I will receive him,
And back convey him to a Justice.

Sayl. Come, Sir,
Look to your neck, you are like to fail i'th' air now.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Thomas, Dorothy, and Maid.

Thom. Come quickly, quickly, paint me handsomely,
Take heed my nose be not in grain too ;
Come *Doll*, *Doll*, disen me.

Dor. If you should play now
Your Devils parts again.

Thom. Yea and nay, *Dorothy.*

Dor. If ye do any thing, but that ye have sworn to,
Which only is access.

Thom. As I am a Gentleman ;
Out with this hair, *Doll*, handsomely.

Dor. You have your Breeches ? (ticklish,

Thom. I prithee away, thou know'st I am monstrous
What, dost thou think I love to blast my Buttocks ?

Dor. I'll plague ye for this Roguery ; for I know well
What ye intend, Sir.

Thom. On with my muffler.

Dor. Ye are a sweet Lady ; come, let's see you courtesie ;
What, broke i'th' bum ? hold up your head.

Thom. Plague on't,
I shall bepifs my Breeches if I cowr thus,
Come, I am ready.

Maid. At all points as like, Sir,
As if you were my Mistress.

Dor. Who goes with ye ?

Thom. None but my fortune, and my self. [*Exit Tho.*

Dor. 'Bless ye :

Now run for thy life, and get before him,
Take the by-way, and tell my Cousin *Mary*
In what shape he intends to come to cozen her ;
I'll follow at thy heels my self, fly Wench.

Maid. I'll do it.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sebastian, and Thomas.

Dor. My Father has met him ; this goes excellent,
And I'll away in time ; look to your Skin, *Thomas.* [*Exit.*

Seb. What, are you grown so corn fed, *Goody Gillian*,
You will not know your Father ? what vagaries
Have you in hand ? what out-leaps, dirty heels,
That at these hours of night ye must be gadding,
And through the Orchard take your private passage ?
What, is the breeze in your Breech ? or has your Brother
Appointed you an hour of meditation

How to demean himself; get ye to bed, drab,
Or I'll so crab your Shoulders; ye demure Slut,
Ye civil dish of sliced Beef, get ye in.

Thom. I wi' not, that I wi' not.

Seb. Is't ev'n so, Dame?

Have at ye with a night Spell then.

Thom. 'Pray hold, Sir.

Seb. St. George, St. George, our Ladies Knight,
He walks by day, so does he by night,
And when he had her found,
He her beat, and her bound,
Until to him her troth she plight,
She would not stir from him that night.

Thom. Then have at ye with a Counter Spell,
From Elves, Hobs, and Fayries, that trouble our Dayries,
From Fire-Drakes and Fiends, and such as the Devil sends,
Defend us good Heaven. [Exit.]

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Bless me master; look up, Sir, I beseech ye
Up with your eyes to heaven.

Seb. Up with your nose, Sir,
I do not bleed, 'twas a found knock she gave me,
A plaguey mankind Girl, how my brains totters?
Well, go thy ways, thou hast got one thousand pound more
With this dog trick,
Mine own true spirit in her too.

Laun. In her? alas Sir,
Alas poor Gentlewomen, she a hand so heavy,
To knock ye like a Calf down, or so brave a courage
To beat her father? if you could believe, Sir. (Devil?)

Seb. Who would'st thou make me believe it was, she

Laun. One that spits fire as fast as he sometimes, Sir,
And changes shapes as often; your Son Thomas;
Never wonder, if it be not he, straight hang me.

Seb. He? if it be so,
I'll put thee in my Will, and there's an end on't.

Laun. I saw his legs, h'as Boots on like a Player,
Under his wenches cloaths, 'tis he, 'tis Thomas
In his own Sisters Cloaths, Sir, and I can wait him.

Seb. No more words then, we'll watch him, thou'lt not be-
How heartily glad I am. (lieve Launce,

Laun. May ye be gladder,
But not this way, Sir.

Seb. No more words, but watch him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

Enter Mary; Dorothy, and Maid.

Mary. When comes he?

Dor. Presently.

Mary. Then get you up, Doll,
Away, I'll straight come to you: is all ready?

Maid. All.

Mary. Let the light stand far enough.

Maid. 'Tis placed so.

Mary. Stay you to entertain him to his chamber,
But keep close, Wench, he flies at all.

Maid. I warrant ye.

Mary. You need no more instruction?

Maid. I am perfect. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.

Enter Valentine, and Thomas.

Tho. More stops yet? sure the fiend's my ghostly father,
Old Valentine; what wind's in his poop?

Val. Lady,
You are met most happily; O gentle Doll,
You must now do me an especial favour.

Tho. What is it, master Valentine? I am sorely troubled
With a salt rheum fall'n i' my gums.

Val. I'll tell ye,
And let it move you equally; my blest Mistress,

Upon a slight occasion taking anger,
Took also (to undo me) your Aunts Nunnery,
From whence by my persuasion to redeem her,
Will be impossible: nor have I liberty
To come and visit her; my good, good Dorothy,
You are most powerful with her, and your Aunt too,
And have access at all hours liberally,
Speak now or never for me.

Thom. In a Nunnery?

That course must not be suffered, Master Valentine,
Her Mother never knew it; rare sport for me;
Sport upon sport, by th' break of day I'll meet ye,
And fear not, Man, we'll have her out I warrant ye,
I cannot stay now.

Val. You will not break?

Thom. By no means.

Good night.

Val. Good night kind Mistress Doll. [Exit.]

Thom. This thrives well,
Every one takes me for my Sister, excellent;
This Nunnery's fall'n so pat too, to my figure,
Where there be handsome wenches, and they shall know it,
If once I creep in, ere they get me out again;
Stay, here's the house, and one of her Maids.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Who's there?

O Mistress Dorothy! you are a stranger.

Thom. Still Mistress Dorothy? this geer will cotton.

Maid. Will you walk in, Forsooth?

Thom. Where is your Mistress?

Maid. Not very well; she's gone to bed, I am glad
You are come so fit to comfort her.

Thom. Yes, I'll comfort her.

Maid. 'Pray make not much noise, for she is sure asleep,
You know your side, creep softly in, your company
Will warm her well.

Thom. I warrant thee I'll warm her.

Maid. Your Brother has been here, the strangest fellow.

Thom. A very Rogue, a rank Rogue.

Maid. I'll conduct ye
Even to her Chamber-door, and there commit ye. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.

Enter Michael, Francis, and Officers.

Mich. Come Sir, for this night I shall entertain ye,
And like a Gentleman, how e'r your fortune
Hath cast ye on the worst part.

Fran. How you please, Sir,
I am resolv'd, nor can a joy or misery
Much move me now.

Mich. I am angry with my self now
For putting this forc'd way upon his patience,
Yet any other course had been too slender:
Yet what to think I know not, for most liberally
He hath confess'd strange wrongs, which if they prove so,
How e'r the others long love may forget all,
Yet 'twas most fit he should come back, and this way.
Drink that; and now to my care leave your Prisoner,
I'll be his guard for this night.

Officers. Good night to your Worship.

Mich. Good night, my honest friends; come, Sir, I hope
There shall be no such cause of such a sadness
As you put on.

Fran. 'Faith, Sir, my rest is up,
And what I now pull shall no more afflict me
Than if I plaid at span-Counter, nor is my face
The map of any thing I seem to suffer,
Lighter affections seldom dwell in me, Sir.

Mich. A constant Gentleman; would I had taken
A Fever when I took this harsh way to disturb him.
Come, walk with me, Sir; ere to morrow night
I doubt not but to see all this blown over. [Exeunt.]

Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.

Enter Hylas.

Hyl. I Have dog'd his Sister, sure 'twas she,
And I hope she will come back again this night too;

Sam. I have lost of purpose; now if I can
With all the art I have, as she comes back,
But win a parley for my broken Pate,
Off goes her maiden-head, and there's *vindicta*.
They stir about the house, I'll stand at distance. [Exit.

Enter Mary and Dorothy, and then Thomas and Maid.

Dor. Is he come in?

Mary. Speak softly,

He is, and there he goes.

Thom. Good night, good night, Wench.

[A Bed discovered with a Black-moore in it.

Maid. As softly as you can. [Exit.

Thom. I'll play the mouse, *Nan*,

How close the little thief lies!

Mary. How he itches?

Dor. What would you give now to be there, and I
At home, *Mall*?

Mary. Peace for shame.

Thom. In what a figure.

The little fool has pull'd it self together!

Anon you will lye straighter;

Ha! there's rare circumstance

Belongs to such a treatise; do ye tumble?

I'll tumble with ye straight, wench: she sleeps soundly,

Full little think 'st thou of thy joy that's coming,

The sweet, sweet joy, full little of the kisses,

But those unthought of things come ever happiest.

How soft the Rogue feels! O ye little Villain,

Ye delicate coy Thief, how I shall thrum ye?

Your fy away, good servant, as you are a Gentleman.

Mary. Prithee leave laughing.

Thom. Out upon ye, *Thomas*,

What do you mean to do? I'll call the house up.

O God, I am sure ye will not, shall not serve ye,

For up ye go now and ye were my father.

Maid. Your courage will be cool'd anon.

Thom. If it do I'll hang for't,

Yet I'll be quartered here first.

Dor. O fierce Villain.

Ma. What would he do indeed, *Doll*?

Dor. You had best try him.

Tho. I'll kiss thee ere I come to bed, sweet *Mary*.

Ma. Prithee leave laughing.

Dor. O for gentle *Nicholas*.

Tho. And view that stormy face that has so thundred me,

A coldness crept over't now? by your leave, candle,

And next door by yours too, so, a pretty, pretty,

Shall I now look upon ye? by this light it moves me.

Ma. Much good may it do you, Sir.

Thom. Holy Saints defend me,

The Devil, Devil, Devil, O the Devil.

Ma. *Dor.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, the Devil, O the Devil.

Thom. I am abus'd most damnedly, most beastly,

Yet if it be a she-Devil; but the house is up,

And here's no staying longer in this Cassock.

Woman, I here disclaim thee; and in vengeance

I'll marry with that Devil, but I'll vex thee.

Ma. By'r Lady, but you shall not, Sir, I'll watch ye.

Tho. Plague o' your Spanish leather hide: I'll waken ye;

Devil good night: good night, good Devil.

Moor. Oh.

Thom. Roar again, Devil, roar again. [Exit Tho.

Moor. O, O, Sir.

Ma. Open the doors before him; let him vanish:

Now, let him come again, I'll use him kinder.

How now Wench?

Moor. 'Pray lye here your self next, Mistrefs,
And entertain your sweet-heart.

Ma. What said he to thee?

Moor. I had a soft Bed, and I slept out all
But his kind farewell: ye may bake me now,
For o' my conscience, he has made me Venison.

Ma. Alas poor *Kate*: I'll give thee a new Petticoat.

Dor. And I a Wastecoat, wench.

Ma. Draw in the Bed, Maids,
And see it made again; put fresh sheets on too,
For *Doll* and I; come Wench, let's laugh an hour now.
To morrow, early, will we see young *Cellide*,
They say she has taken a Sanctuary; Love and they
Are thick fown, but come up so full of thistles.

Dor. They must needs, *Mall*, for 'tis a pricking age grown,
Prithee to bed, for I am monstrous sleepy.

Mary. A match, but art not thouthy Brother?

Dor. I would I were, Wench,
You should hear further.

Ma. Come, no more of that, *Doll*. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Hylas, and Thomas.

Hyl. I heard the doors clap; now, and't be thy will, wench.
By th' Mafs she comes; you are surely met fair Gentlewo-
I take it, Mistrefs *Doll Sebastian's* Daughter. (man,

Thom. I take right, Sir; *Hylas*, are you ferretting?
I'll fit you with a penny-worth presently. (guarded?

Hyl. How dare you walk so late, sweet, so weak

Thom. 'Faith Sir, I do no harm, nor none I look for;
Yet I am glad I have met so good a Gentleman,
Against all chances; for though I never knew ye,
Yet I have heard much good spoke of ye.

Hyl. Hark ye,
What if a man should kiss ye?

Thom. That's no harm, Sir;

'Pray God he 'scapes my Beard, there lies the mischief.

Hyl. Her lips are monstrous rugged, but that surely
Is but the sharpness of the weather; hark ye once once more,
And in your ear, sweet Mistrefs, for ye are so,
And ever shall be from this hour: I have vow'd it:

Enter Sebastian, and Launcelot.

Seb. Why, that's my daughter, Rogue, dost thou not see
Kissing that fellow there, there in that corner? (her

Laun. Kissing?

Seb. Now, now, now they agree o'th' match too.

Thom. Nay then you love me not.

Hyl. By this white hand, *Doll*.

Thom. I must confess I have long desir'd your sight, Sir.

Laun. Why, there's the Boots still, Sir.

Seb. Hang Boots, Sir,

Why, they'll wear Breches too.

Thom. Dishonest me?

Not for the World.

Seb. Why, now they kiss again, there
I knew 'twas she, and that her crafty stealing
Out the back way must needs have such a meaning.

Laun. I am at my small wits ends.

Thom. If ye mean honourably.

Laun. Did she ne'r beat ye before, Sir?

Seb. Why dost thou follow me?

Thou Rascal, Slave, hast thou not twice abus'd me?
Hast thou not spoil'd the Boy? by thine own Covenant,
Wouldst thou not now be hang'd?

Laun. I think I would, Sir,

But you are so impatient; does not this shew, Sir,
(I do beseech ye speak, and speak with judgment;
And let the case be equally consider'd)

Far braver in your Daughter? in a Son now,
'Tis nothing, of no mark; every man does it;
But to beget a Daughter, a man maiden,

That

That reaches at these high exploits, is admirable;
Nay, she goes far beyond him; for when durst he,
But when he was drunk, do any thing to speak of?
This is *Sebastian* truly.

Seb. Thou sayest right, *Luince*,
And there's my hand once more.

Thom. Not without Marriage.

Seb. Didst thou hear that?

Luinc. I think she spoke of Marriage.

Seb. And he shall marry her, for it seems she likes him,
And their first Boy shall be my heir.

Luinc. I, marry,
Now ye go right to work.

Thom. Fye, fie, Sir,
Now I have promis'd ye this night to marry,
Would ye be so intemperate? are ye a Gentleman?

Hyl. I have no maw to marriage, yet this Rascal
Tempt me extremely: will ye marry presently?

Thom. Get you afore, and stay me at the Chapel,
Close by the Nunnery, there you shall find a night Priest,
Little Sir *Hugh*, and he can say the Matrimony
Over without Book, for we must have no company,
Nor light, for fear my Father know, which must not yet be;
And then to morrow night.

Hyl. Nothing to night, Sweet?

Thom. No, not a bit, I am sent of business,
About my dowry, Sweet, do not spoil all now,
'Tis of much haste: I can scarce stay the marriage,
Now if you love me, get you gone.

Hyl. You'll follow?

Thom. Within this hour, my sweet Chick.

Hyl. Kifs.

Thom. A Rope kifs ye,
Come, come, I stand o' thorns.

Hyl. Methinks her mouth still
Is monstrous rough, but they have ways to mend it,
Farewel.

Thom. Farewel, I'll fit ye with a wife, Sir.

Seb. Come, follow close, I'll see the end she aims at,
And if he be a handsome fellow, *Launcelot*,
Fiat, 'tis done, and all my 'state is settled. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Abbess, Cellide, and Nuns.

Ab. Come to your Mattins Maids; these early hours
My gentle Daughter, will disturb a while
Your fair eyes, nurtur'd in ease.

Cel. No, vertuous Mother,
'Tis for my holy health, to purchase which,
They shall forget the Child of ease, soft slumbers.
O my afflicted heart, how thou art tortur'd!
And Love, how like a Tyrant thou reign'st in me,
Commanding and forbidding at one instant;
Why came I hither, that desire to have
Only all liberty to make me happy?
Why didst thou bring that young man home, O *Valentine*,
That vertuous Youth? why didst thou speak his goodness
In such a phrase, as if all tongues, all praises
Weremade for him? O fond and ignorant!
Why didst thou foster my affection
Till it grew up to know no other Father,
And then betray it?

Ab. Can ye sing?

Cel. Yes, Mother,
My sorrows only.

Ab. Be gone, and to the Quire then. [Exeunt.]

[Musick singing.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Michael and Servant, and Francis.

Mich. Hast thou enquir'd him out?

Serv. He's not at home, Sir,
His Sister thinks he's gone to th' Nunnery.

Mich. Most likely; I'll away, an hour hence, Sirrah,
Come you along with this young Gentleman,
Do him all service, and fair office.

Serv. Yes Sir. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Enter Hylas, and Sam.

Sam. Where hast thou been, man?

Hyl. Is there ne'r a shop open?

I'll give thee a pair of Gloves, *Sam*.

Sam. What's the matter?

Hyl. What dost thou think?

Sam. Thou art not married?

Hyl. By th' mas but I am, all to be married,
I am i'th' order now, *Sam*.

Sam. To whom prithee?

I thought there was some such trick in't, you stole from me,
But who, for Heavens sake?

Hyl. Ev'n the sweetest woman,
The rarest Woman, *Samuel*, and the lustiest,
But wondrous honest, honest as the ice, Boy,
Not a bit before hand, for my life, Sirrah,
And of a lusty kindred.

Sam. But who, *Hylas*?

Hyl. The young Gentleman and I are like to be friends
The fates will have it so. (again,

Sam. Who, Monsieur *Thomas*?

Hyl. All wrongs forgot.

Sam. O now I smell ye, *Hylas*;

Does he know of it?

Hyl. No, there's the trick I owe him;
'Tis done, Boy, we are fast'faith, my Youth now
Shall know I am aforehand, for his qualities.

Sam. Is there no trick in't?

Hyl. None, but up and ride, Boy:

I have made no Joynture neither, there I have paid him.

Sam. She's a brave wench.

Hyl. She shall be as I'll use her,
And if she anger me, all his abuses
I'll clap upon her Cassock.

Sam. Take heed, *Hylas*.

Hyl. 'Tis past that, *Sam*, come, I must meet her presently,
And now shalt see me a most glorious Husband. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Enter Dorothy, Mary, Valentine.

Dor. In troth, Sir, you never spoke to me.

Val. Can ye forget me?

Did not you promise all your help and cunning
In my behalf, but for one hour to see her,
Did you not swear it? by this hand, no strictness
Nor rule this house holds, shall by me be broken.

Dor. I saw ye not these two days.

Val. Do not wrong me,
I met ye, by my life, just as you entred
This gentle Ladies Lodge, last night, thus suited
About eleven a clock.

Dor. 'Tis true, I was there,
But that I saw or spoke to you.

Mar. I have found it,
Your Brother *Thomas*, *Doll*.

Dor. Pray Sir, be satisfi'd,
And wherein I can do you good, command me.
What a mad fool is this? stay here a while, Sir,
Whilst we walk in, and make your peace. [Exit.]

Enter Abbess.

Val. I thank ye. [Squeak within.]

Ab. Why, what's the matter there among these maids?
Now *benedicite*, have ye got the breeze there?
Give me my holy sprinkle.

Enter

Enter 2 Nuns.

1 Nun. O Madam, there's a strange thing like a Gentlewo-
Like Mistrefs *Dorothy*, I think the fiend (man,
Crept into th' Nunnery we know not which way,
Plays revel rout among us.

Ab. Give me my holy water-pot.

1 Nun. Here, Madam.

Ab. Spirit of earth or air, I do conjure thee, } *Squeak*
Of water or of fire. } *within.*

1 Nun. Hark Madam, hark.

Ab. Be thou Ghost that cannot rest,
Or a shadow of the blest,
Be thou black, or white, or green,
Be thou heard, or to be seen.

Enter Thomas and Cellide.

2 Nun. It comes, it comes.

Cell. What are ye? speak, speak gently,
And next, what would ye with me?

Tho. Any thing you'll let me.

Cell. You are no Woman certain.

Tho. Nor you no Nun, nor shall not be.

Cell. What make ye here?

Tho. I am a holy Fryer.

Ab. Is this the Spirit?

Tho. Nothing but spirit Aunt.

Ab. Now out upon thee.

Tho. Peace, or I'll conjure too, Aunt.

Ab. Why come you thus?

Tho. That's all one, here's my purpose:
Out with this Nun, she is too handsome for ye,
I'll tell thee, Aunt, and I speak it with tears to thee,
If thou keepst her here, as yet I hope thou art wiser,
Mark but the mischief follows.

Ab. She is a Votrefs.

Tho. Let her be what she will, she will undo thee,
Let her but one hour out, as I direct ye,
Or have among your Nuns again.

Ab. You have no project
But fair and honest?

Tho. As thine eyes, sweet *Abbefs.*

Ab. I will be rul'd then.

Tho. Thus then and perswade her,
But do not juggle with me, if ye do Aunt.

Ab. I must be there my self.

Tho. Away and fit her.

Ab. Come Daughter, you must now be rul'd, or never.

Cell. I must obey your will.

Ab. That's my good Daughter.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter Dorothy, and Mary.

Ma. What a coyle has this fellow kept i'th' Nunnery,
Sure he has run the *Abbefs* out of her wits.

Do. Out of the Nunnery I think, for we can neither see her,
Nor the young *Cellide*.

Ma. Pray Heavens he be not teasing. (structures.

Dor. Nay you may thank your self, 'twas your own

Enter Hylas, and Sam.

Sam. Why there's the Gentlewoman.

Hyl. Mafs 'tis she indeed;

How smart the pretty Thief looks? 'morrow Mistrefs.

Dor. Good morrow to you, Sir.

Sam. How strange she bears it?

Hyl. Maids must do so, at first.

Dor. Would ye ought with us, Gentlemen?

Hyl. Yes marry would I,

A little with your Ladyship.

Dor. Your will, Sir.

Hyl. Doll, I would have ye presently prepare your self
And those things you would have with you,
For my house is ready.

Dor. How, Sir?

Hyl. And this night not to fail, you must come to me,
My friends will all be there too: for Trunks, and those things,
And household-stuff, and cloaths you would have carried,
To morrow, or the next day, I'll take order:
Only what mony you have, bring away with ye,
And Jewels.

Dor. Jewels, Sir?

Hyl. I, for adornment,

There's a bed up, to play the game in, *Dorothy*:
And now come kiss me heartily.

Dor. Who are you?

Hyl. This Lady shall be welcome too.

Ma. To what, Sir?

Hyl. Your neighbour can resolve ye.

Dor. The man's foolish,

Sir, you look soberly: who is this fellow,
And where's his business?

Sam. By Heaven, thou art abus'd still.

Hyl. It may be so: Come, ye may speak now boldly,
There's none but friends, Wench.

Dor. Came ye out of Bedlam?

Alas, 'tis ill, Sir, that ye suffer him
To walk in th' open Air thus: 'twill undo him.

A pretty handsome Gentleman: great pity.

Sam. Let me not live more if thou be'st not cozen'd.

Hyl. Are not you my Wife? did not I marry you last night
At *S^t Michael's* Chapel?

Dor. Did not I say he was mad?

Hyl. Are not you Mistrefs *Dorothy*, *Thomas's* Sister?

Mar. There he speaks fence, but I'll assure ye, Gentleman,
I think no Wife of yours: at what hour was it?

Hyl. 'S pretious; you'll make me mad; did not the Priest,
Sir *Hugh*, that you appointed, about twelve a Clock
Tye our hands fast? did not you swear you lov'd me?
Did not I court ye, coming from this Gentlewoman's?

Ma. Good Sir, go sleep: for if I credit have,
She was in my arms then, abed.

Sam. I told ye.

Hyl. Be not so confident.

Dor. By th' mafs, she must, Sir;

For I'll no Husband here, before I know him:

And so good morrow to ye: Come, let's go seek 'em.

Sam. I told ye what ye had done.

Hyl. Is the Devil stirring?

Well, go with me; for now I will be married. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

Enter Michael, Valentine, and Alice.

Mich. I have brought him back again.

Val. You have done a friendship,
Worthy the love you bear me.

Mich. Would he had so too.

Val. O he's a worthy young man.

Mich. When all's try'd,
I fear you'll change your faith: bring in the Gentleman.

Enter Francis, Servant, *Abbefs*, and *Cellide*, severally.

Val. My happy Mistrefs too! now Fortune help me,
And all you Stars that govern chaste desires
Shine fair, and lovely.

Ab. But one hour, dear Daughter,
To hear your Guardian, what he can deliver
In Loves defence, and his: and then your pleasure.

Cell. Though much unwilling, you have made me yield,
More for his sake I see: how full of sorrow

Sweet catching sorrow, he appears? O love,
That thou but knew'st to heal, as well as hurt us.

Mich. Be rul'd by me: I see her eye fast on him:
And what ye heard, believe, for 'tis so certain
He neither dar'd, nor must oppose my evidence;
And be you wise, young Lady, and believe too,
This man you love, Sir?

Val. As I love my soul, Sir.

Mich. This man you put into a free possession
Of what his wants could ask: or your self render?

Val. And shall do still.

Mich. Nothing was barr'd his liberty
But this fair Maid; that friendship first was broken,
And you, and she abus'd; next, (to my sorrow
So fair a form should hide so dark intentions)
He hath himself confess'd (my purpose being
Only to stop his journey, by that policy
Of laying Felony to his charge, to fright the Sailers)
Divers abuses done, Thefts often practis'd,
Monyes, and Jewels too, and those no trifles.

Cell. O where have I bestrew'd my faith! in neither!
Let's in for ever now, there is virtue.

Mich. Nay do not wonder at it, he shall say it:
Are ye not guilty thus?

Fran. Yes: O my Fortune!

Mich. To give a proof I speak not enviously,
Look here; do you know these Jewels?

Cell. In, good Mother.

*Enter Thomas, Dorothy, and Mary: then Sebastian,
and Launcelot.*

Val. These Jewels I have known.

Dor. You have made brave sport.

Tho. I'll make more, if I live Wench,
Nay do not look on me; I care not for ye.

Lan. Do you see now plain? that's Mistress Dorothy,
And that's his Mistress.

Seb. Peace, let my joy work easily,
Ha, boy! art there my boy? mine own boy, Tom, boy,
Home Lance, and strike a fresh piece of Wine, the Town's

Val. Sure, I have know these Jewels. (ours.)

Alice. They are they, certain.

Val. Good Heaven, that they were.

Alice. I'll pawn my life on't,
And this is he; come hither Mistress Dorothy,
And Mistress Mary: who does that face look like;
And view my Brother well?

Dor. In truth like him.

Ma. Upon my troth exceeding like.

Mich. Beshrew me,
But much, and main resemblance, both of face
And lineaments of body: now Heaven grant it.

Ali. My Brother's full of passion, I'll speak to him.
Now, as you are a Gentleman, resolve me,
Where did you get these Jewels?

Fran. Now I'll tell ye,
Because blind fortune yet may make me happy,
Of whom I had 'em I have never heard yet,
But from my infancy, upon this arm
I ever wore 'em.

Ali. 'Tis Francisco, Brother,
By Heaven I ty'd 'em on: a little more, Sir,
A little, little more, what parents have ye?

Fra. None,
That I know yet: the more my stubborn fortune,
But as I heard a Merchant say that bred me,
Who, to my more affliction, dyed a poor man,
When I reach'd eighteen years.

Ali. What said that Merchant?

Fra. He said, an infant, in the Genoway Gallies,
But from what place he never could direct me,
I was taken in a Sea-fight, and from a Mariner,
Out of his manly pity he redeem'd me.

He told me of a Nurse that waited on me;
But she, poor soul, he said was killed.
A Letter too I had enclos'd within me,
To one *Castruccio* a Venetian Merchant,
To bring me up: the man, when years allow'd me,
And want of friends compell'd, I fought, but found him
Long dead before, and all my hopes gone with him.
The Wars was my retreat then, and my travel
In which I found this Gentlemans free bounty,
For which Heaven recompenc'd him: now ye have all.

Val. And all the worldly blifs that Heaven can send me,
And all my prayers and thanks.

Alice. Down o' your knees, Sir,
For now you have found a Father, and that Father
That will not venture ye again in Gallies.

Mich. 'Tis true, believe her, Sir, and we all joy with ye.

Val. My best friend still: my dearest: now Heaven blefs
And make me worthy of this benefit. (thee,
Now my best Mistress.

Cell. Now Sir, I come to ye.

Ab. No, no, let's in Wench.

Cell. Not for the world, now, Mother,
And thus, Sir, all my service I pay to you,
And all my love to him.

Val. And may it prosper,
Take her *Francisco*: now no more young *Callidon*,
And love her dearly, for thy Father does so.

Fran. May all hate seek me else, and thus I seal it.

Val. Nothing but mirth now, friends.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Hyl. Nay, I will find him.

Sam. What do all these here?

Tho. You are a trusty Husband,
And a hot lover too.

Hyl. Nay then, good morrow,
Now I perceive the Knavery.

Sam. I still told ye.

Tho. Stay, or I'll make ye stay: come hither, Sister.

Val. Why how now Mistress Thomas?

Tho. Peace a little,
Thou would'st fain have a Wife?

Hyl. Not I, by no means. (Hylas,

Tho. Thou shalt have a wife, and a fruitful wife, for I find,
That I shall never be able to bring thee Children.

Seb. A notable brave boy.

Hyl. I am very well, Sir. (a year,

Tho. Thou shalt be better, *Hylas*, thou hast 7 hundred pound
And thou shalt make her 3 hundred joynture.

Hyl. No.

Tho. Thou shalt boy, and shalt bestow
Two hundred pound in Cloaths, look on her,
A delicate lusty wench, she has fifteen hundred,
And feasible: strike hands, or I'll strike first.

Dor. You'll let me like?

Mar. He's a good handsome fellow,
Play not the fool.

Tho. Strike, Brother *Hylas*, quickly.

Hyl. If you can love me, well.

Dor. If you can please me.

Tho. Try that out soon, I say, my Brother *Hylas*.

Sam. Take her, and use her well, she's a brave Gentlewo-

Hyl. You must allow me another Mistress. (man.

Dor. Then you must allow me another Servant.

Hyl. Well, let's together then, a lusty kindred.

Seb. I'll give thee five hundred pound more for that word.

Ma. Now Sir, for you and I to make the feast full.

Tho. No, not a bit, you are a vertuous Lady,
And love to live in contemplation.

Ma. Come fool, I am friends now.

Tho. The fool shall not ride ye,
There lye my Woman, now my man again,
And now for travel once more.

Seb. Ple barr that firſt.

Ma. And I next.

Tho. Hold your ſelf contented: for I ſay I will travel,
And ſo long I will travel, till I find a Father
That I never knew, and a Wife that I never look'd for,
And a ſtate without expectation,
So reſt you merry Gentlemen.

Ma. You ſhall not,
Upon my faith, I love you now extreamly,
And now Ple kiſs ye.

Tho. This will not do it, Miſtreſs.

Ma. Why when we are married, we'l do more.

Seb. There's all Boy,

The keys of all I have, come, let's be merry,
For now I ſee thou art right.

Tho. Shall we to Church ſtraight?

Val. Now preſently, and there with nuptial
The holy Prieſt ſhall make ye happy all.

Tho. Away then, fair afore.

Exeunt.

T O T H E
N O B L E H O N O U R E R
O F T H E

Dead Author's Works and Memory,

Maſter C H A R L E S C O T T O N.

SIR,

M*Y directing of this piece unto you, renders me obvious to many cen-
ſures, which I would willingly prevent by declaring mine own and
your right thereto. Mine was the fortune to be made the unworthy
preſerver of it; yours is the worthy opinion you have of the Author and his
Poems; neither can it eaſily be determined, whether your affection to them hath
made you (by obſerving) more able to judge of them, than your ability to judge
of them hath made you to affect them, deſervedly, not partially. In this pre-
ſumptuous act of mine, I expreſs my twofold zeal; to him and your noble ſelf,
who have built him a more honourable monument in that fair opinion you
have of him, than any inſcription ſubject to the wearing of time can be.
You will find him in this Poem as active as in others, to many of which, the
dull apprehenſions of former times gave but ſlender allowance, from malicious
cuſtom more than reaſon: yet they have ſince by your candid ſelf and others,
been clearly vindicated. You ſhall oblige by your acceptance of this acknow-
ledgment (which is the beſt I can render you, mine own weak labours being
too unworthy your judicious peruſal) him that is ambitious to be known*

Your moſt humble Servant,

RICHARD BROME.

THE
CHANCES.
A
COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Duke of Ferrara.

Petruccio, Governour of Bologna.

*Don John, } two Spanish Gentlemen, and Come-
Don Frederick, } rades.*

Antonio, an old stout Gentleman, Kinsman to Petruccio.

Three Gentlemen, friends to the Duke.

Two Gentlemen, friends to Petruccio.

Francisco, a Musician, Antonio's Boy.

Peter Vecchio, a Teacher of Latine and Musick, a reputed Wizard.

*Peter and }
Anthony, } two Servants to Don John and Frederick.
A Surgeon.*

W O M E N.

Constancia, Sister to Petruccio, and Mistress to the Duke.

Gentlewoman, Servant to Constancia.

Old Gentlewoman, Landlady to Don John and Frederick.

Constancia, a Whore to old Antonio.

Bawd.

The Scene Bologna.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter 2. Serving-men, Peter and Anthony.

Peter. **I** WOULD we were remov'd from this town,
(*Anthony,*
That we might taste some quiet; for mine own
(*part,*

I'm almost melted with continual trotting;
After enquiries, dreams, and revelations,
Of who knows whom, or where? serve wenching soldiers,
That knows no other Paradise but Plackets:
I'll serve a Priest in Lent first, and eat Bell-ropes.

Ant. Thou art the froward'st fool——

Pet. Why, good tame *Anthony*?

Tell me but this; to what end came we hither?

Ant. To wait upon our Masters.

Pet. But how, *Anthony*?

Answer me that; resolve me there, good *Anthony*?

Ant. To serve their uses.

Pet. Shew your uses, *Anthony*.

Ant. To be employ'd in any thing.

Pet. No *Anthony*,

Not any thing I take it; nor that thing
We travel to discover, like new islands;
A salt itch serve such uses; in things of moment

Concerning things, I grant ye, not things errant,
Sweet Ladies things, and things to thank the Surgeon;
In no such things, sweet *Anthony*, put case——

Ant. Come, come, all will be mended; this invisible wo-
Of infinite report for shape and vertue, (man
That bred us all this trouble to no purpose,
They are determin'd now no more to think on,
But fall close to their studies.

Pet. Was there ever
Men known to run mad with report before?

Or wonder after they know not where
To find? or if found, how to enjoy? are mens brains
Made now adays of malt, that their affections
Are never sober? but like drunken People
Founder at every new Fame? I do believe too
That men in love are ever drunk, as drunken men
Are ever loving.

Ant. Prithee be thou sober,
And know, that they are none of those, not guilty
Of the least vanity of love, only a doubt
Fame might too far report, or rather flatter
The Graces of this Woman, made them curious
To find the truth, which since they find so blocked

And

And lockt up from their searches, they are now settled
To give the wonder over.

Pet. Would they were settled
To give me some new shoes too: for I'll be sworn
These are e'en worn out to the reasonable souls
In their good worships business; and some sleep
Would not do much amiss, unless they mean
To make a Bell man on me; and what now
Mean they to study, *Anthony*, moral Philosophy
After their mar-all women?

Ant. Mar a fools head.

Pet. 'Twill mar two fools heads and they take not heed,
Besides the Giblets to 'em.

Ant. Will you walk, Sir,
And talk more out of hearing? your fools head
May chance to find a wooden night-cap else.

Pet. I never lay in any.

Enter Don John, and Frederick.

Ant. Then leave your lying,
And your blind prophesying: here they come,
You had best tell them as much.

Pet. I am no tell-tale.

[*Exeunt.*]

John. I would we could have seen her though; for sure
She must be some rare Creature, or Report lies.
All mens Reports too.

Fred. I could well wish I had seen her;
But since she is so conceal'd, so beyond venture
Kept and preserv'd from view, so like a Paradise,
Plac'd where no knowledge can come near her; so guarded,
As 'twere impossible, though known, to reach her,
I have made up my belief.

John. Hang me from this hour
If I more think upon her, or believe her,
But as she came a strong Report unto me,
So the next Fame shall lose her.

Fred. 'Tis the next way;
But whither are you walking?

John. My old Round
After my meat, and then to Bed.

Fred. 'Tis healthful.

John. Will not you stir?

Fred. I have a little business.

John. Upon my life this Lady still

Fred. Then you will lose it.

John. 'Pray let's walk together.

Fred. Now I cannot.

John. I have something to impart.

Fred. An hour hence

I will not miss to meet you.

John. Where?

Fred. I th' high street;
For not to lie, I have a few Devotions
To do first, then I am yours.

John. Remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, and two Gentlemen.

Ant. Cut his wind-pipe I say.

1 Gent. Fye, *Antonio*.

Ant. Or knock his brains out first, and then forgive him,
If you do thrust, be sure it be to th'hilts,
A Surgeon may see through him.

1 Gent. You are too violent.

2 Gent. Too open undiscreef.

Pet. Am I not ruin'd?

The honour of my house crack'd? my blood poyson'd?
My Credit and my Name?

2 Gent. Be sure it be so,
Before ye use this violence: Let not doubt,
And a suspecting anger so much sway ye,
Your wisdom may be question'd.

Ant. I say kill him,

And then dispute the cause; cut off what may be,
And what is shall be safe.

2 Gent. Hang up a true man,
Because 'tis possible he may be thievish!
Alas, is this good Justice?

Pet. I know as certain
As day must come again, as clear as truth,
And open as belief can lay it to me,
That I am basely wrong'd, wrong'd above recompence;
Maliciously abus'd, blasted for ever
In name and honour, lost to all remembrance,
But what is smear'd, and shameful; I must kill him,
Necessity compells me.

1 Gent. But think better.

Pet. There is no other cure left; yet witness with me,
All that is fair in man, all that is noble,
I am not greedy of this life I seek for,
Nor thirst to shed mans blood, and would 'twere possible,
I wish it with my soul, so much I tremble
To offend the sacred Image of my Maker,
My Sword could only kill his Crimes; no, 'tis Honour,
Honour, my noble friends, that Idol, Honour,
That all the world now worships, not *Petruchio*
Must do this Justice.

Ant. Let it once be done,
And 'tis no matter, whether you, or honour,
Or both, be accessary.

2 Gent. Do you weigh, *Petruchio*,
The value of the person, power, and greatness,
And what this spark may kindle?

Pet. To perform it,
So much I am ty'd to Reputation,
And Credit of my house, let it raise wild-fires,
That all this Dukedom smoak, and storms that tofs me
Into the waves of everlasting ruine,
Yet I must through; if ye dare side me.

Ant. Dare?

Pet. Y'are friends indeed, if not.

2 Gent. Here's none flies from you,
Do it in what design ye please, we'll back ye.

1 Gent. But then be sure ye kill him.

2 Gent. Is the cause
So mortal, nothing but his life?

Pet. Believe me,
A less offence has been the desolation
Of a whole name.

2 Gent. No other way to purge it?

Pet. There is, but never to be hoped for.

2 Gent. Think an hour more,
And if then ye find no safer Road to guide ye,
We'll set up our Rests too.

Ant. Mine's up already,
And hang him for my part
Goes less than life.

2 Gent. If we see noble cause, 'tis like our Swords
May be as free and forward as your words. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Don John.

John. The civil order of this Town, *Bologna*,
Makes it belov'd and honour'd of all Travellers,
As a most safe retirement in all troubles;
Beside the wholesome seat, and noble temper
Of those minds that inhabit it, safely wise,
And to all strangers vertuous; But I see
My admiration has drawn night upon me,
And longer to expect my friend may pull me
Into suspicion of too late a stirrer,
Which all good Governments are jealous of.
I'll home, and think at liberty: yet certain,
'Tis not so far night as I thought; for see,
A fair house yet stands open, yet all about it
Are close, and no lights stirring, there may be foul play;

I'll venture to look in: if there be knaves,
I may do a good office.

(*woman within.*)

Within. Signieur?

John. What? how is this?

Within. Signieur *Fabritio*?

John. I'll go nearer.

Within. *Fabritio*?

Job. This is a womans tongue, here may be good done.

Within. Who's there?

Fabritio?

John. I.

Within. Where are ye?

Job. Here.

Within. O come, for Heavens sake!

Job. I must see what this means.

Enter Woman with a Child.

Within. I have stay'd this long hour for you, make no
For things are in strange trouble: here, be secret, (noise,
'Tis worth your care; begon now; more eyes watch us,
Than may be for our safeties.

Job. Hark ye?

Within. Peace: good night.

Job. She is gone, and I am loaden; fortune for me;
It weighs well, and it feels well; it may chance
To be some pack of worth: byth' mafs 'tis heavie;
If it be Coyn or Jewels, 'tis worth welcom:
I'll ne're refuse a fortune: I am confident
'Tis of no common price: now to my lodging:
If it hit right, I'll blefs this night.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis strange,
I cannot meet him; sure he has encountred
Some light o' love or other, and there means
To play at in and in for this night. Well *Don John*,
If you do spring a leak, or get an itch,
Till ye claw off your curl'd pate, thank your night-walks:
You must be still a bootehalling: one round more,
Though it be late, I'll venture to discover ye,
I do not like your out-leaps.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Duke, and 3 Gentlemen.

Duke. Welcom to Town, are ye all fit?

1 Gent. To point Sir.

Duke. Where are the horses?

2 Gent. Where they were appointed.

Duke. Be private, and whatsoever fortune
Offer it self, let's stand sure.

3 Gent. Fear not us,
E're ye shall be endangered, or deluded,
We'll make a black night on't.

Duke. No more, I know it;
You know your Quarters?

1 Gent. Will you go alone Sir?

Du. Ye shall not be far from me, the least noise
Shall bring ye to my rescue.

2 Gent. We are counsell'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Don John.

John. Was ever man so paid for being curious?
Ever so bob'd for searching out adventures,
As I am? did the Devil lead me? must I needs be peeping
Into mens houses where I had no business,
And make my self a mischief? 'Tis well carried;
I must take other mens occasions on me,
And be I know not whom: most finely handled:
What have I got by this now? what's the purchase?

A piece of evening Arras work, a child,
Indeed an Infidel: this comes of peeping:
A lump got out of laziness; good white bread
Let's have no bawling with ye: 'death, have I
Known wenches thus long, all the ways of wenches,
Their snares and subtilties? have I read over
All their School learnings, div'd into their quiddits,
And am I now bum-sidled with a Bastard?
Fetch'd over with a Card of five, and in mine old days,
After the dire massacre of a million
Of Maiden heads? caught the common way, i'th' night too
Under anothers name, to make the matter
Carry more weight about it? well *Don John*,
You will be wiser one day, when ye have purchas'd
A beavy of these Butter-prints together,
With searching out conceal'd iniquities,
Without commission: why, it would never grieve me,
If I had got this Ginger-bread: never stirr'd me,
So I had had a stroak for't: 't had been Justice
Then to have kept it; but to raise a dayrie
For other mens adulteries, consume my self in candles,
And scowring works, in Nurfses Bells and Babies,
Only for charity, for meer I thank you,
A little troubles me: the least touch for it,
Had but my breeches got it, had contented me.
Whose e're it is, sure 't had a wealthy Mother,
For 'tis well clothed, and if I be not cozen'd,
Well lin'd within: to leave it here were barbarous,
And ten to one would kill it: a more sin
Then his that got it: well, I will dispose on't,
And keep it, as they keep deaths heads in rings,
To cry *memento* to me; no more peeping.
Now all the danger is to qualifie
The good old gentlewoman, at whose house we live;
For she will fall upon me with a Catechism
Of four hours long: I must endure all;
For I will know this Mother: Come good wonder,
Let you and I be jogging: your starv'd trebble
Will waken the rude watch else: all that be
Curious night-walkers, may they find my fee.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Sure he's gone home:
I have beaten all the purlaws,
But cannot bolt him: if he be a bobbing,
'Tis not my care can cure him: To morrow morning
I shall have further knowledge from a Surgeon's
Where he lyes moor'd, to mend his leaks.

Enter Constantia.

Con. I'm ready,
And through a world of dangers am flown to ye.
Be full of haste and care, we are undone else:
Where are your people? which way must we travel?
For Heaven sake stay not here Sir.

Fred. What may this prove?

Con. Alas I am mistaken, lost, undone,
For ever perish'd. Sir, for Heaven sake tell me,
Are ye a Gentleman?

Fred. I am.

Con. Of this place?

Fred. No, born in Spain.

Con. As ever you lov'd honour,
As ever your desires may gain their ends,
Do a poor wretched woman but this benefit,
For I am forc'd to trust ye.

Fred. Y'ave charm'd me,
Humanity and honour bids me help ye;
And if I fail your trust.

Con. The time's too dangerous
To stay your protestations: I believe ye,
Alas, I must believe ye: From this place,

Good noble Sir, remove me instantly,
And for a time, where nothing but your self,
And honest conversation may come near me,
In some secure place fertle me: what I am
And why thus boldly I commit my credit
Into a strangers hand, the fears and dangers,
That force me to this wild course, at more leisure
I shall reveal unto you.

Fred. Come, be hearty,
He must strike through my life that takes me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII

Enter Petruccio, Antonio, and others.

Petr. He will sure come. Are ye well?

Ant. Never fear us.

Here's that will make 'em dance with a fiddle.

Petr. We are to look for no weak foes, my friends,
Nor unadvised ones.

Ant. Best gamesters make the best game,
We shall fight close and handfom then.

1 Gent. Antonio,

You are a thought too bloody.

Ant. Why? all Physicians

And penny Almanacks allow the opening
Of veins this moneth: why do ye take me bloody?

What come we for, to fall to cuffs and blows?

What, would ye make the cause a quarrel?

On what terms stands this man? Is not his honour

Open'd to his hand, and pickt out like an Oyiter?

His credit like a quart pot knockt together,

Able to hold no liquor? clear but this point.

Petr. Speak softly, gentle cousin.

Ant. Ple speak truly;

What should men do ally'd to these disgraces,
Lick o're his enemy, sit down, and dance him?

2 Gent. You are as far o'th' bow hand now.

Ant. And crie;

That's my fine boy, thou wilt do so no more child.

Petr. Here are no such cold pitie.

Ant. By Saint Jaques

They shall not find me one: here's old tough *Andrew,*

A special friend of mine, and he but hold,

Ple strike 'em such a hornpipe: knocks I come for,

And the best blood I light on; I profess it,

Not to scare Coster-mongers; If I lose mine own,

Mine audits cast, and farewell five and fifty.

Petr. Let's talk no longer, place your selves with silence,

As I directed ye, and when time calls us,

As ye are friends, so shew your selves.

Ant. So be it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Enter Don John, and his Land-lady.

Land. Nay Son, if this be your regard.

John. Good Mother.

Land. Good me no goods; your cousin, and your self
Are welcom to me, whilst you bear your selves
Like honest and true Gentlemen: Bring hither
To my house, that have ever been reputed
A Gentlewoman of a decent, and fair carriage,
And so behav'd my self

John. I know ye have.

Land. Bring hither, as I say, to make my name
Stink in my neighbours nostrils? your Devises,
Your Brats, got out of Alligant, and broken oaths?
Your Linsy Woolfy work, your hasty puddings?
I, foster up your filch'd iniquities?
Y'are deceiv'd in me, Sir, I am none
Of those receivers.

John. Have I not sworn unto you,

'Tis none of mine, and shew'd you how I found it?

Land. Ye found an easie fool that let you get it,

She had better have worn patterns.

John. Will ye hear me? (ends,

Lan. Oaths? what do you care for oaths to gain your

When ye are high and pamper'd? What Saint know ye?

Or what Religion, but your purpos'd lewdness,

Is to be look'd for of ye? nay, I will tell ye,

You will then swear like accus'd Cut-purses,

As far off truth too; and lye beyond all Faulconers:

I'm sick to see this dealing.

John. Heaven forbid Mother.

Lan. Nay, I am very sick.

John. Who waits there?

Ant. Sir. [*within.*]

John. Bring down the bottle of Canary wine.

Lan. Exceeding sick, Heav'n help me.

John. Haste ye Sirrah,

I must ev'n make her drunk; nay gentle mother.

Lan. Now fie upon ye, was it for this purpose

You fetch'd your evening walks for your digestions,

For this pretended holiness? no weather,

Not before day could hold ye from the Matins.

Were these your bo-peep prayers? ye've pray'd well,

And with a learned zeal: watcht well too; your Saint

It seems was pleas'd as well: still sicker, sicker.

Enter Anthony, with a bottle of wine.

John. There is no talking to her till I have drencht her.

Give me: here mother take a good round draught,

'Twill purge spleen from your spirits: deeper mother.

Lan. I, I, son, you imagine this will mend all.

John. All i' faith Mother.

Lan. I confes the Wine

Will do his part.

John. Ple pledge ye.

Lan. But son *John.*

John. I know your meaning mother; touch it once more,

Alas you look not well; take a round draught,

It warms the blood well, and restores the colour,

And then we'll talk at large.

Land. A civil Gentleman?

A stranger? one the Town holds a good regard of?

John. Nay I will silence thee.

Lan. One that should weigh his fair name? oh, a stitch!

John. There's nothing better for a stitch, good Mother,

Make no spare of it, as you love your health,

Mince not the matter.

Land. As I said, a Gentleman,

Lodge in my house? now heav'ns my comfort, Signior!

John. I look'd for this.

Lan. I did not think you would have us'd me thus;

A woman of my credit: one, heaven knows,

That lov'd you but too tenderly.

John. Dear Mother,

I ever found your kindness, and knowledge it.

Lan. No, no, I am a fool to counsel ye. Where's the in-

Come, let's see your Workmanship. (fant?)

John. None of mine, Mother,

But there'tis, and a lusty one.

Land. Heaven blefs thee,

Thou hadst a hasty making; but the best is,

'Tis many a good mans fortune: as I live

Your own eyes Signior, and the nether lip

As like ye, as ye had spit it.

John. I am glad on't.

Lan. Blefs me, what things are these?

John. I thought my labour

Was not all lost, 'tis gold, and these are jewels,

Both rich, and right I hope.

Lan. Well, well son *John,*

I see ye are a wood-man, and can chuse

Your dear, though it be i'th' dark, all your discretion

Is not yett lost; this was well clapt aboard:

Here I am with you now; when as they say

Your pleasure comes with profit; when ye must needs do,

Do where ye may be done to, 'tis a wisdom
Becomes a young man well : be sure of one thing,
Lose not your labour and your time together,
It feals on of a fool, son, time is pretious,
Work wary whilst ye have it : since ye must traffick
Sometimes this slippery way, take sure hold Signior,
Trade with no broken Merchants, make your lading,
As you would make your rest, adventurously,
But with advantage ever.

John. All this time Mother,
The child wants looking to, wants meat and Nurfes.

Lan. Now b'essing o' thy care ; it shall have all,
And instantly ; I'll seek a Nurse my self, son ;
'Tis a sweet child : ah my young Spaniard,
Take you no further care Sir.

John. Yes of these Jewels,
I must by your leave Mother : these are yours,
To make your care the stronger : for the rest
I'll find a Master ; the gold for bringing up on't,
I freely render to your charge.

Lan. No more words,
Nor no more children, (good son) as you love me,
This may do well.

John. I shall observe your Morals.
But where's *Don Frederick*, Mother ?

Lan. Ten to one
About the like adventure : he told me,
He was to find you out. [Exit.]

John. Why should he stay thus ?
There may be some ill chance in't : sleep I will not,
Before I have found him : now this woman's pleas'd,
I'll seek my friend out, and my care is eas'd. [Exit.]

SCENE X.

Enter Duke, and Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Believe Sir, 'tis as possible to do it,
As to remove the City ; the main faction
Swarm though the streets like hornets, arm'd with angers
Able to ruine States : no safety left us,
Nor means to dye like men, if instantly
You draw not back again.

Duke. May he be drawn
And quarter'd too, that turns now ; were I surer
Of death than thou art of thy fears, and with death
More than those fears are too.

1 Gent. Sir, I fear not.

Du. I would not crack my vow, start from my honour,
Because I may find danger ; wound my soul,
To keep my body safe. *1 Gent.* I speak not Sir,
Out of a baseness to you. *Du.* No, nor do not
Out of a baseness leave me : what is danger,
More than the weakness of our apprehensions ?
A poor cold part o'th' blood ? who takes it hold of ?
Cowards, and wicked livers : valiant minds
Were made the Masters of it : and as hearty Sea-men
In desperate storms, stem with a little Rudder
The tumbling ruines of the Ocean :
So with their cause and swords do they do dangers.
Say we were sure to dye all in this venture,
As I am confident against it : is there any
Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pamper'd,
Would chuse luxuriously to lye a bed,
And purge away his spirit, send his soul out
In Sugar-sops, and Syrups ? Give me dying
As dying ought to be, upon mine enemy,
Parting with man-kind, by a man that's manly :
Let 'em be all the world, and bring along
Cain's envy with 'em, I will on.

2 Gent. You may Sir,
But with what safety ?

1 Gent. Since 'tis come to dying,
You shall perceive Sir, here be those amongst us
Can dye as decently as other men,

And with as little ceremony : on brave Sir.

Duke. That's spoken heartily.

1 Gent. And he that flinches,
May he dye lowzie in a ditch.

Duke. No more dying,
There's no such danger in it :
What's a clock ?

3 Gent. Somewhat above your hour.

Duke. Away then quickly,
Make no noise, and no truble will attend us. [Exeunt.]

SCENE XI.

Enter Frederick, and Peter, (with a candle.)

Fred. Give me the candle : so, go you out that way.

Peter. What have we now to do ?

Fred. And o' your life Sirrah,
Let none come near the door without my knowledge,
No not my Landlady, nor my friend. *Peter.* 'Tis done Sir.

Fred. Nor any serious business that concerns me.

Peter. Is the wind there again ?

Fred. Be gone. *Peter.* I am Sir. [Exit.]

Enter Constantia.

Fre. Now enter without fear. ——— And noble Lady
That safety and civility ye wish'd for
Shall truly here attend you : no rude tongue
Nor rough behaviour knows this place, no wishes
Beyond the moderation of a man,
Dare enter here ; your own desires and Innocence,
Joyn'd to my vow'd obedience, shall protect you,
Were dangers more than doubts.

Const. Ye are truly noble,
And worth a womans trust : let it become me,
(I do beseech you, Sir) for all your kindness,
To render with my thanks, this worthless trifle ;
I may be longer troublesome. *Fred.* Fair offices
Are still their own rewards : Heav'n blefs me Lady
From selling civil courtesies : may it please ye,
If ye will force a favour to oblige me,
Draw but that cloud aside, to satisfie me
For what good Angel I am engag'd.

Const. It shall be,
For I am truly confident ye are honest :
The Piece is scarce worth looking on.

Fred. Trust me
The abstract of all beauty, foul of sweetness,
Defend me honest thoughts, I shall grow wild else :
What eyes are there, rather what little heavens,
To stir mens contemplations ? what a Paradise
Runs through each part she has ? good blood be temperate :
I must look off : too excellent an object
Confounds the sense that sees it. Noble Lady,
If there be any further service to cast on me,
Let it be worth my life, so much I honour ye,
Or the engagement of whole Families.

Const. Your service is too liberal, worthy Sir,
Thus far I shall entreat.

Fred. Command me Lady,
You make your power too poor.

Const. That presently
With all convenient haste, you would retire
Unto the street you found me in.

Fred. 'Tis done.

Const. There, if you find a Gentleman oppress
With force and violence, do a mans office,
And draw your sword to rescue him.

Fred. He's safe,
Be what he will, and let his foes be Devils,
Arm'd with your pity, I shall conjure 'em.
Retire, this key will guide ye : all things necessary
Are there before ye.

Const. All my prayers go with ye. [Exit.]

Fred. Ye clap on proof upon me : men say gold

Does

Does all, engages all, works through all dangers :
 Now I say beauty can do more : The Kings Exchequer,
 Nor all his wealthy *Indies*, could not draw me
 Through half those miseries this piece of pleasure
 Might make me leap into : we are all like sea-Cards,
 All our endeavours and our motions,
 (As they do to the North) still point at beauty,
 Still at the fairest : for a handsom woman,
 (Setting my soul aside) it should go hard,
 But I would strain my body : yet to her,
 Unless it be her own free gratitude,
 Hopes ye shall dye, and thou tongue rot within me,
 E're I infringe my faith : now to my rescue. [Exit.]

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, pursued by Petruccio, Antonio,
 and that Faction.

Duke. You will not all oppress me? (him.
 Ant. Kill him i'th' wanton eye : let me come to
 Duke. Then ye shall buy me dearly.
 Petr. Say you so Sir?
 Ant. I say cut his Wezand, spoil his piping ;
 Have at your love-sick heart Sir.

Enter Don John.

John. Sure 'tis fighting.
 My friend may be engag'd : fie Gentlemen,
 This is unmanly odds.
 Ant. Ple stop your mouth Sir. { Du. falls down,
 John. Nay, then have at thee freely : Don John be-
 There's a plumb Sir to satisfy your longing. strides him.
 Petr. Away : I hope I have sped him : here comes rescue,
 We shall be endangered : where's Antonio?
 Ant. I must have one thrust more Sir.
 John. Come up to me.
 Ant. A mischief confound your fingers.
 Petr. How is't?
 Ant. Well :
 Ha's given me my *quietus est*, I felt him
 In my small guts, I'me sure, has feez'd me :
 This comes of siding with ye.
 2 Gent. Can you go Sir?
 Ant. I should go man, and my head were off,
 Never talk of going.
 Petr. Come, all shall be well then,
 I hear more rescue coming.

Enter the Dukes Faction.

Ant. Let's turn back then ;
 My skull's uncloven yet, let me but kill.
 Petr. Away for Heaven sake with him.
 John. How is't?
 Duke. Well Sir,
 Only a little stagger'd.
 Faction Duke. Let's pursue 'em.
 Du. No not a man, I charge ye : thanks good coat,
 Thou hast sav'd me a shrewd welcom : 'twas put home too,
 With a good mind I'me sure on't.
 John. Are ye safe then?
 Duke. My thanks to you brave Sir, whose timely valour,
 And manly courtesie came to my rescue.
 John. Ye had foul play offer'd ye, and shame befall him
 That can pass by oppression.
 Duke. May I crave Sir,
 But thus much honour more, to know your name?
 And him I am so bound to?
 John. For the Bond Sir,
 'Tis every good mans tye : to know me further
 Will little profit ye ; I am a stranger,
 My Country *Spain* ; my name *Don John*, a Gentleman

That lye here for my study.

Duke. I have heard Sir,
 Much worthy mention of ye, yet I find
 Fame short of what ye are.

John. You are pleas'd Sir,
 To express your courtesie : may I demand
 As freely what you are, and what mischance
 Cast you into this danger?

Duke. For this present
 I must desire your pardon : you shall know me
 E're it be long Sir, and a nobler thanks
 Than now my will can render.

John. Your will's your own Sir.

Duke. What is't you look for sir, have you lost any thing?

John. Only my hat i'th' scuffle ; sure these fellows
 Were night-snaps.

Duke. No, believe Sir : pray ye use mine,
 For 'twill be hard to find your own now.

John. No Sir.

Du. Indeed ye shall, I can command another :
 I do beseech ye honour me.

John. I will Sir,
 And so I'll take my leave.

Duke. Within these few days
 I hope I shall be happy in your knowledge,
 Till when I love your memory. [Exit Duke, &c.]

John. I yours.

This is some noble fellow.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis is tongue sure.

Don John?

John. Don Frederick?

Fred. Ye're fairly met Sir :

I thought ye had been a Bat-fowling : prethee tell me,
 What Revelations hast thou had to night,
 That home was never thought of?

John. Revelations?

I'll tell thee *Frederick*, but before I tell thee,
 Settle thy understanding.

Fred. 'Tis prepar'd, Sir.

John. Why then mark what shall follow. This night
 This bawdy night.

Fred. I thought no less.

John. This blind night,
 What dost think I have got?

Fred. The Pox it may be.

John. Would 'twere no worse : ye talk of Revelations,
 I have got a Revelation will reveal me
 An arrant Coxcomb while I live.

Fred. What is't?

Thou hast lost nothing?

John. No, I have got I tell thee.

Fred. What hast thou got?

John. One of the Infantry, a child.

Fred. How?

John. A chopping child, man.

Fred. 'Give ye joy, Sir.

John. A lump of lewdness *Frederick*, that's the truth on't:
 This Town's abominable.

Fred. I still told ye *John*

Your whoring must come home ; I counsell'd ye :
 But where no grace is——

John. 'Tis none o' mine, man.

Fred. Answer the Parish so.

John. Cheated intoth :

Peeping into a house, by whom I know not,
 Nor where to find the place again : no *Frederick*,
 Had I but kist the ring for't ; 'tis no poor one,
 That's my best comfort, for't has brought about it
 Enough to make it man.

Fred. Where is't?

John. At home.

Fred. A saving voyage : But what will you say Signior,
 To

To him that searching out your serious worship,
Has met a stranger fortune?

John. How, good *Frederick*?

A militant girl now to this boy would hit it? (Sir

Fred. No, mine's a nobler venture: What do you think
Of a distressed Lady, one whose beauty
Would overfell all *Italy*?

John. Where is she——

Fred. A woman of that rare behaviour,
So qualified, as admiration
Dwells round about her: of that perfect spirit——

John. I marry Sir.

Fred. That admirable carriage,
That sweetness in discourse; young as the morning,
Her blushes staining his.

John. But where's this creature?
Shew me but that.

Fred. That's all one, she's forth-coming,
I have her sure Boy.

John. Hark ye *Frederick*,
What truck betwixt my Infant?

Fred. 'Tis too light Sir,
Stick to your charges good *Don John*, I am well.

John. But is there such a wench?

Fred. First tell me this,
Did ye not lately as ye walk'd along,
Discover people that were arm'd, and likely
To do offence?

John. Yes marry, and they urg'd it
As far as they had spirit.

Fred. Pray go forward.

John. A Gentleman I found ingag'd amongst 'em,
It seems of noble breeding, I'm sure brave metal,
As I return'd to look you, I set in to him,
And without hurt (I thank heaven) rescued him,
And came my self off safe too.

Fred. My work's done then:
And now to satisfy you, there is a woman,
Oh *John*, there is a woman——

John. Oh, where is she?

Fred. And one of no less worth than I assure ye;
And which is more, fallen under my protection.

John. I am glad of that: forward sweet *Frederick*.

Fred. And which is more than that, by this night's wan-
And which is most of all, she is at home too Sir. (dring,

John. Come, let's be gone then.

Fred. Yes, but 'tis most certain,
You cannot see her, *John*.

John. Why?

Fred. She has sworn me
That none else shall come near her: not my Mother,
Till some few doubts are clear'd.

John. Not look upon her? What chamber is she in?

Fred. In ours.

John. Let's go I say:

A woman's oaths are wafers, break with making,
They must for modestie a little: we all know it.

Fred. No, I'll assure you Sir.

John. Not see her?

I smell an old dog trick of yours, well *Frederick*,
Ye talkt to me of whoring, let's have fair play,
Square dealing I would wish ye.

Fred. When 'tis come,
(Which I know never will be) to that issue,
Your spoon shall be as deep as mine Sir.

John. Tell me,

And tell me true, is the cause honourable,
Or for your ease?

Fred. By all our friendship, *John*,
'Tis honest, and of great end.

John. I am answer'd:

But let me see her though: leave the door open
As ye go in.

Fred. I dare not.

John. Not wide open,
But just so, as a jealous husband
Would level at his wanton wife through.

Fred. That courtesie,
If ye desire no more, and keep it strictly,
I dare afford ye: come, 'tis now near morning.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Peter, and Anthony.

Pet. Nay the old woman's gone too.

Ant. She's a Catterwauling
Among the gutters: But conceive me, *Peter*,
Where our good Masters should be?

Pet. Where they should be
I do conceive, but where they are, good *Anthony*——

Ant. I, there it goes: my Masters bo-peep with me,
With his slye popping in and out again,
Argued a cause, a frippery cause.

Pet. Believe me,
They bear up with some carvel.

Ant. I do believe thee,
For thou hast such a Master for that chase,
That till he spend his main Mast——

Pet. Pray remember
Your courtesie good *Anthony*, and withal,
How long 'tis since your Master sprung a leak,
He had a found one since he came.

Ant. Hark. *Pet.* What?

Ant. Dost not hear a Lute?

Again? *Pet.* Where is't?

Ant. Above in my Masters chamber.

Pet. There's no creature: he hath the key himself man.

{ Lute sounds
within.

SING within.

Merciless Love, whom nature hath deny'd
The use of eyes, lest thou should'st take a pride
And glorie in thy murders: Why am I
That never yet transgress'd thy deity,
Never broke vow, from whose eyes never
Flew disdainfull dart
Whose hard heart never,
Slew those rewarders?
Thou art young and fair,
Thy Mother soft and gentle as the air,
Thy holy fire still burning, blown with praier.
Then everlasting Love restrain thy will
'Tis God-like to have power but not to kill.

Ant. This is his Lute: let him have it.

Pet. I grant you; but who strikes it?

Ant. An admirable voice too, hark ye.

Pet. *Anthony*,

Art sure we are at home?

Ant. Without all doubt, *Peter*.

Pet. Then this must be the Devil.

Ant. Let it be, [Sing again.

Good Devil sing again: O dainty Devil!

Peter believe it, a most delicate Devil,

The sweetest Devil——

Enter *Frederick*, and *Don John*.

Fred. If ye could leave peeping.

John. I cannot by no means.

Fred. Then come in softly,
And as ye love your faith, presume no further
Than ye have promised.

John. Basta.

Fred. What make you up so early Sir?

John. You Sir in your contemplations.

Pet. O pray ye peace Sir.

Fred. Why peace Sir?

Pet.

Pet. Do you hear?
John. 'Tis your Lute.
Fred. Pray ye speak softly,
 She's playing on't.
Ant. The house is haunted Sir,
 For this we have heard this half year.
Fred. Ye saw nothing?
Ant. Not I.
Pet. Nor I Sir.
Fred. Get us our breakfast then,
 And make no words on't; we'll undertake this spirit,
 If it be one.
Ant. This is no Devil *Peter*.
 Mum, there be Bats abroad. *Sing.*
[*Exeunt Servants.*
Fred. Stay, now she sings.
John. An Angels voice I'le swear.
Fred. Why did'st thou shrug so?
 Either allay this heat; or as I live
 I will not trust ye.
John. Pafs: I warrant ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Constantia.

Con. To curse those stars, that men say govern us,
 To rail at fortune, fall out with my Fate,
 And tax the general world, will help me nothing:
 Alas, I am the same still, neither are they
 Subject to helps, or hurts: Our own desires
 Are our own fates, our own stars, all our fortunes,
 Which as we sway 'em, so abuse, or bless us.

Enter Frederick, and Don John, peeping.

Fred. Peace to your meditations.
John. Pox upon ye,
 Stand out o'th' light.
Const. I crave your mercy Sir,
 My minde o're-charg'd with care made me unmannerly.
Fred. Pray ye set that mind at rest, all shall be perfect.
John. I like the body rare; a handsom body,
 A wondrous handsom body: would she would turn:
 See, and that spiteful puppy be not got
 Between me and my light again.
Fred. 'Tis done,
 As all that you command shall be: the Gentleman
 Is safely off all danger.
John. O de dios.
Const. How shall I thank ye Sir? how satisfie?
Fr. Speak softly, gentle Lady, all's rewarded,
 Now does he melt like Marmalad.
John. Nay, 'tis certain,
 Thou art the sweetest woman I e're look'd on:
 I hope thou art not honest.
Fred. None disturb'd ye?
Const. Not any Sir, nor any sound came near me,
 I thank your care.
Fred. 'Tis well.
John. I would fain pray now,
 But the Devil and that flesh there, o' the world,
 What are we made to suffer?
Fred. He'll enter;
 Pull in your head and be hang'd.
John. Hark ye *Frederick*,
 I have brought ye home your Pack-saddle.
Fred. Pox upon ye.
Con. Nay let him enter: fie my Lord the Duke,
 Stand peeping at your friends.
Fred. Ye are cozen'd Lady,
 Here is no Duke.
Const. I know him full well Signior.
John. Hold thee there wench.
Fred. This mad-brain'd fool will spoil all.
Const. I do beseech your grace come in.
John. My Grace,
 There was a word of comfort.
Fred. Shall he enter?

Who e're he be?

John. Well follow'd *Frederick*.
Const. With all my heart.
Fred. Come in then.

Enter Don John.

John. 'Bless ye Lady.
Fr. Nay start not, though he be a stranger to ye;
 He's of a noble Itrain, my kinsman, Lady,
 My Country-man, and fellow Traveller,
 One bed contains us ever, one purse feeds us;
 And one faith free between us; do not fear him,
 He's truly honest.

John. That's a lye.

Fred. And trusty:

Beyond your wishes: valiant to defend,
 And modest to converse with, as your blushes:
Jo. Now may I hang my self; this commendation
 Has broke the neck of all my hopes: for now
 Must I cry, no forsooth, and I forsooth, and surely,
 And truly as I live; and as I am honest.
 Has done these things for 'noncetoo; for he knows
 Like a most envious Rascal as he is,
 I am not honest, nor desire to be,
 Especially this way: h'as watch'd his time,
 But I shall quit him.

Const. Sir, I credit ye.

Fred. Go kits her *John*.

John. Plague o' your commendation's.

Const. Sir, I shall now desire to be a trouble:

John. Never to me, sweet Lady: Thus I seal
 My faith, and all my service.

Const. One word Signior.

John. Now 'tis impossible I should be honest,
 She kisses with a conjuration
 Would make the Devil dance: what points she at?
 My leg I warrant, or my well knit body;
 Sit fast *Don Frederick*.

Fred. 'Twas given him by that Gentleman
 You took such care of; his own being lost i'th' scuffle.

Con. With much joy may he wear it: 'tis a right one;
 I can assure ye Gentleman, and right happy
 May you be in all fights for that fair service.

Fred. Why do ye blush?

Const. 'T had almost cozen'd me,
 For not to lye, when I saw that, I look'd for
 Another Master of it: but 'tis well. [*Knock within.*

Fred. Who's there?

Enter Anthony.

Stand ye a little close: Come in Sir, [*Exit Const.*
 Now what's the news with you?

Anth. There is a Gentleman without,
 Would speak with *Don John*.

John. Who Sir?

Ant. I do not know Sir; but he shews a man
 Of no mean reckoning.

Fred. Let him shew his name,
 And then return a little wiser.

Ant. Well Sir. [*Exit Anthony.*

Fred. How do you like her *John*?

John. As well as you *Frederick*,
 For all I am honest: you shall find it so too.

Fred. Art thou not honest?

John. Art thou an Ass?
 And modest as her blushes? What block-head
 Would e're have popt out such a dry Apologie;
 For his dear friend? and to a Gentlewoman,
 A woman of her youth, and delicacy.

They are arguments to draw them to abhor us.
 An honest moral man? 'tis for a Constable:
 A handsome man, a wholesome man, a tough man;
 A liberal man, a likely man, a man
 Made up like *Hercules*, unslak'd with service:

The same to night, to morrow night, the next night,
And so to perpetuities of pleasures,
These had been things to hearken to, things catching :
But you have such a ipic'd consideration,
Such qualms upon your worships conscience,
Such chil-blains in your blood, that all things pinch ye,
Which nature, and the liberal world makes custom,
And nothing but fair honour, O sweet honor,
Hang up your Eunuch honour : That I was trusty,
And valiant, were things well put in ; but modest !
A modest Gentleman ! O wit where wast thou ?

Fred. I am sorrie *John*.

John. My Ladies Gentwoman
Would laugh me to a Shool-boy, make me blush
With playing with my Codpiece point : fie on thee,
A man of thy discretion ?

Fred. It shall be mended :
And henceforth ye shall have your due.

Enter Anthony.

John. I look for't : How now, who is't ?

Ant. A Gentleman of this Town
And calls himself *Petrucchio*.

Enter Constantia.

John. Ple attend him.

Const. How did he call himself ? *Fred.* *Petrucchio*,
Does it concern you ought ?

Const. O Gentlemen,
The hour of my destruction is come on me,
I am discover'd, lost, left to my ruine :
As ever ye had pity ———

John. Do not fear,
Let the great devil come, he shall come through me:
Lost here, and we about ye ?

Fred. Fall before us ?

Const. O my unfortunate estate, all angers
Compar'd to his, to his ———

Fred. Let his, and all mens,
Whilst we have power and life — stand up for heaven sake.

Con. I have offended heaven too ; yet heaven knows ———

John. We are all evil :
Yet Heaven forbid we should have our deserts.
What is he ? *Con.* Too too near to my offence Sir ;
O he will cut me piece-meal.

Fred. 'Tis no Treason ?

John. Let it be what it will, if he cut here,
I'll find him cut-work.

Fred. He must buy you dear,
With more than common lives.

John. Fear not, nor weep not :
By heaven I'll fire the Town before ye perish,
And then, the more the merrier, we'll jog with ye.

Fred. Come in, and dry your eyes.

John. Pray no more weeping :
Spoil a sweet face for nothing ? my return
Shall end all this I warrant you.

Const. Heaven grant it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Petrucchio, with a Letter.

Petr. This man should be of special rank :
For these commends carry no common way,
No slight worth with 'em :
He shall be he.

Enter Don John.

John. 'Save ye Sir : I am sorrie
My business was so unmannerly, to make ye
Wait thus long here.

Petr. Occasions must be serv'd Sir :
But is your name *Don John* ?

John. It is Sir. *Petr.* Then,

First, for your own brave sake I must embrace ye :
Next, from the credit of your noble friend
Hernando de Alvara, make ye mine :
Who lays his charge upon me in this Letter
To look ye out, and for the goodness in ye,
Whilst your occasions make ye resident
In this place, to supply ye, love and honour ye ;
Which had I know sooner ———

John. Noble Sir,

You'll make my thanks too poor : I wear a sword, Sir,
And have a service to be still dispos'd of,
As you shall please command it.

Petr. Gentle Sir,

That manly courtesie is half my business :
And to be short, to make ye know I honour ye,
And in all points believe your worth like Oracle,
And how above my friends, which are not few,
And those not slack, I estimate your vertues,
Make your self understand, This day *Petrucchio*,
A man that may command the strength of this place,
Hazard the boldest spirits, hath made choice
Only of you, and in a noble office.

John. Forward, I am free to entertain it.

Petr. Thus then :

I do beseech ye mark me.

John. I shall do it.

Petr. *Ferrara's* Duke, would I might call him worthie,
But that he has raz'd out from his family,
As he has mine with Infamie, This man,
Rather this powerfull Monster, we being left
But two of all our house, to stock our memories,
My Sister, and my self ; with arts, and witchcrafts,
Vows, and such oaths heaven has no mercy for,
Drew to dishonour this weak maid, by stealths,
And secret passages I knew not of,
Oft he obtain'd his wishes, oft abus'd her :
I am asham'd to say the rest : This purchas'd,
And his hot blood allay'd, as friends forsake us
At a miles end upon our way, he left her,
And all our name to ruine.

John. This was foul Play,
And ought to be rewarded so.

Petr. I hope so ;

He scap'd me yester-night : which if he dare
Again adventure for, Heaven pardon him,
I shall with all my heart.

John. For me, brave Signior,
What do ye intend ?

Petr. Only, fair Sir, this trust,
Which from the commendations of this Letter,
I dare presume well plac'd, nobly to bear him
By word of mouth a single challenge from me,
That man to man, if he have honour in him,
We may decide all difference.

John. Fair, and noble,
And I will do it home : When shall I visite ye ?

Petr. Please you this after-noon, I will ride with you :
For at a Castle six miles hence, we are sure
To find him.

John. I'll be ready.

Petr. To attend ye,
My man shall wait : with all my love.

[*Ex. Petr.*]

John. My service shall not fail ye.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now ?

John. All's well : who dost thou think this wench is ?
Ghes, and thou canst ?

Fred. I cannot.

John. Be it known then,
To all men by these presents, this is she,
She, she, and only she, our curious coxcombs
Were errant two moneths after.

Fred. Who, *Constantia* ?

Thou talk'st of Cocks and Bulls.

John. I talk of wenches,
Of cocks and Hens *Don Frederick*; this is the Pullet
We two went proud after.

Fred. It cannot be.

John. It shall be;
Sister to *Don Petrucchio*: I know all man.

Fred. Now I believe.

John. Go to, there has been stirring,
Fumbling with Linnen *Frederick*;

Fred. 'Tis impossible,

You know her fame was pure as fire.

John. That pure fire

Has melted out her maiden-head: she is crackt;
We have all that hope of our side, boy.

Fred. Thou tell'st me,
To my imagination, things incredible:
I see no loose thought in her.

John. That's all one,
She is loose i'th' hilts by heaven: but the world must know
A fair way, upon vow of marriage.

Fred. There may be such a slip.

John. And will be, *Frederick*;
Whil'st the old game's a foot: I fear the boy
Will prove hers too I took up.

Fred. Good circumstance
May cure all this yet.

John. There thou hitst it, *Frederick*:
Come, let's walk in and comfort her: her being here
Is nothing yet suspected: anon I'll tell thee
Wherefore her Brother came, who by this light
Is a brave noble fellow, and what honour
H'as done to me a stranger: there be Irons
Heating for some, will hiss into their heart blouds,
E're all be ended; so much for this time.

Fred. Well Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Land-lady, and Peter.

Land. Come, ye do know.

Pet. I do not by this hand Mistress.
But I suspect.

Land. What?

Peter. That if egges continue
At this price, women will ne're be fav'd
By their good works.

Land. I will know.

Peter. Ye shall, any thing
Lyes in my power: The Duke of *Lorraine* now
Is seven thousand strong: I heard it of a fish-wife,
A woman of fine knowledge.

Land. Sirrah, Sirrah.

Pet. The Popes Bulls are broke loose too, and 'tis suspected
They shall be baited in *England*:

Land. Very well Sir.

Peter. No, 'tis not so well neither:

Land. But I say to ye,
Who is it keeps your Master company?

Peter. I say to you, *Don John*.

Land. I say what woman?

Peter. I say so too.

Land. I say again, I will know.

Peter. I say 'tis fit ye should.

Land. And I tell thee
He has a woman here.

Peter. And I tell thee

'Tis then the better for him.

Land. You are no Bawd now?

Peter. Would I were able to be call'd unto it:
A worshipfull vocation for my elders;

For as I understand it is a place
Fitting my betters far.

Land. Was ever Gentlewoman
So frumpt off with a fool? well sawcy Sirrah,
I will know who it is, and for what purpose;
I pay the rent, and I will know how my house
Comes by these Inflammations: if this geer hold,
Best hang a sign-post up, to tell the Signiors,
Here ye may have lewdness at Liverie.

Enter Frederick.

Peter. 'Twould be a great ease to your age.

Fred. How now?

Why what's the matter Land-lady?

Land. What's the matter?

Ye use me decently among ye Gentlemen.

Fred. Who has abus'd her, you Sir?

Land. 'Ods my witness

I will not be thus treated, that I will not.

Peter. I gave her no ill language.

Land. Thou lyest lewdly,

Thou tookst me up at every word I spoke,
As I had been a Mawkin, a flurt Gillian;
And thou thinkst, because thou canst write and read,
Our noses must be under thee.

Fred. Dare you Sirrah?

Pet. Let but the truth be known Sir, I beseech ye,
She raves of wenches, and I know not what Sir.

Land. Go to, thou know'st too well, thou wicked varlet,
Thou instrument of evil.

Peter. As I live Sir,

She is ever thus till dinner.

Fred. Get ye in,

I'll answer you anon Sir.

Peter. By this hand

I'll break your Posset pan.

Land. Then by this hood

I'll lock the meat up.

Fred. Now your grief, what is't?

For I can ghesse ———

Land. Ye may with shame enough,
If there were shame amongst ye; nothing thought on,
But how ye may abuse my house? not satisfi'd
With bringing home your Bastards to undoe me,
But you must drill your whores here too? my patience
(Because I bear, and bear, and carry all,
And as they say am willing to groan under)
Must be your make-sport now.

Fred. No more of these words,
Nor no more murmurings Lady: for you know
That I know something. I did suspect your anger,
But turn it presently and handsomely,
And bear your self discreetly to this woman,
For such an one there is indeed.

Land. 'Tis well son.

Fred. Leaving your devils Matins, and your melancholies,
Or we shall leave our lodgings.

Land. You have much need

To use these vagrant ways, and to much profit:
Ye had that might content

(At home within your selves too) right good Gentlemen,
Wholsome, and ye said handsom: But you gallants,
Beast that I was to believe ye ———

Fred. Leave your suspicion:

For as I live there's no such thing.

Land. Mine honour;

And 'twere not for mine honour.

Fred. Come, your honour,
Your house, and you too, if you dare believe me,
Are well enough: sleek up your self, leave crying,
For I must have ye entertain this Lady
With all civility, she well deserves it,
Together with all secrecie: I dare trust ye;
For I have found ye faithfull: when you know her,

You will find your own fault : no more words, but do it.

Land. You know you may command me.

Enter Don John.

John. Worshipful Lady;
How does thy velvet Scabbard? by this hand
Thou lookst most amiably, now could I willingly,
And 'twere not for abusing thy *Geneva* print there,
Venture my Body with thee.

Land. You'll leave this Roguery
When you come to my years.

John. By this light
Thou art not above fifteen yet, a meer Girl,
Thou hast not half thy teeth: come——

Fred. Prithee *John*
Let her alone, she has been vex'd already;
She'll grow stark mad, man.

John. I would see her mad,
An old mad woman——

Fred. Prithee be patient.
John. Is like a Millers Mare, troubled with tooth-ach.
She'll make the rarest faces.

Fred. Go, and do it,
And do not mind this fellow.

Land. Well, *Don John*,
There will be times again; when O good Mother,
What's good for a Carnosity in the Bladder?
O the green water, Mother.

John. Doting take ye;
Do ye remember that?

Fred. She has paid ye now, Sir.

Land. Clary, sweet mother, clary.

Fred. Are ye satisfied?

Land. I'll never whore again, never give petticoats
And Waistcoats at five pound apiece: good mother,
Quickly mother; now mock on Son.

John. A Devil grind your old Chaps. [*Exit Landlady.*]

Fred. By this hand, wench,
I'll give thee a new hood for this.
Has she met with your Lordship?

John. Touch-wood take her.

Enter Anthony.

She's a rare ghostly Mother.

Ant. Below attends ye
The Gentlemans man, Sir, that was with you.

John. Well, Sir;
My time is come then; yet if my project hold,
You shall not stay behind; I'll rather trust

Enter Constantia.

A Cat with sweet milk, *Frederick*; by her face,
I feel her fears are working.

Const. Is there no way,
I do beseech ye think yet, to divert
This certain danger?

Fred. 'Tis impossible;
Their Honours are engag'd.

Const. Then there must be murther,
Which, Gentlemen, I shall no sooner hear of,
Than make one in't: you may if you please, Sir,
Make all go less yet.

John. Lady, were't mine own Cause,
I could dispense; but loaden with my friends trust,
I must go on; though general massacres
As much I fear——

Const. Do ye hear, Sir; for Heavens pity
Let me request one love of you.

Fred. Yes, any thing.

Const. This Gentleman I find too resolute,
Too hot and fiery for the Cause; as ever
You did a vertuous deed, for honours sake
Go with him, and allay him; your fair temper
And noble disposition, like wish'd shows,

May quench those eating fires, that would spoil all else.
I see in him destruction.

Fred. I will do it;
And 'tis a wise consideration,
To me a bounteous favour, hark ye, *John*;
I will go with ye.

John. No.

Fred. Indeed I will,
Ye go upon a hazard; no denial,
For as I live, I'll go.

John. Then make ye ready,
For I am straight o' horse-back.

Fred. My Sword on,
I am as ready as you; what my best labour,
With all the art I have can work upon 'em,
Be sure of, and expect fair end; the old Gentlewoman
Shall wait upon you; she is both grave and private,
And ye may trust her in all points.

Const. You are noble;
And so I kiss your hand.

John. That seal for me too,
And I hope happy issue, Lady.

Const. All Heavens Care upon ye, and my Prayers.

John. So,
Now my mind's at rest.

Fred. Away, 'tis late, *John*.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio, a Surgeon; and 2 Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Come, Sir, be hearty, all the worst is past.

Ant. Give me some Wine.

Sur. 'Tis death, Sir.

Ant. 'Tis a Horse, Sir.

To be dress'd to the tune of Ale only!
Nothing but sawces to my fores!

2 *Gent.* Fie, *Antonio*,
You must be govern'd.

Ant. H'as given me a damn'd Clyster,
Only of sand and snow water, Gentlemen,
Has almost scour'd my guts out.

Sur. I have giv'n you that, Sir,
Is fittest for your state.

Ant. And here he feeds me
With rotten ends of Rooks, and drown'd Chickens,
Stew'd Pericraniums, and Pia-maters;
And when I go to bed (by Heaven 'tis true Gentlemen)
He rolls me up in Lints, with Labels at 'em,
That I am just the man i'th' Almanack,
In Head and Face, is *Aries* place.

Sur. Will't please ye
To let your friends see you open'd?

Ant. Will't please you, Sir,
To let me have a wench? I feel my Body
Open enough for that yet.

Sur. How, a Wench?

Ant. Why look ye, Gentlemen; thus I am us'd still,
I can get nothing that I want.

1 *Gent.* Leave these things,
And let him open ye.

Ant. D'ye hear, Surgeon?

Send for the Musick, let me have some pleasure
To entertain my friends, besides your Sallads,
Your green salves, and your searches, and some Wine too,
That I may only smell to it; or by this light
I'll dye upon thy hand, and spoil thy custome.

1 *Gent.* Let him have Musick.

Enter Rowl. with Wine.

Sur. 'Tis in the house, and ready,
If he will ask no more but Wine——

2 *Gent.* He shall not drink it.

Sur. Will these things please ye?

Ant. Yes, and let 'em sing

[*Musick.*]

John

John Dorrie.

2 Gent. 'Tis too long.

Ant. I'll have John Dorrie,

For to that warlike tune I will be open'd : (geon,
Give me some drink, have ye stopt the leaks well, Sur-
All will run out else?

Surg. Fear not.

Ant. Sit down, Gentlemen :

And now advance your Plaisters. [Song of John Dorrie.
Give 'em ten shillings, friends ; how do ye find me ?
What symptoms do you see now ?

Surg. None, Sir, dangerous ;
But if you will be rul'd——

Ant. What time ?

Surg. I can cure you
In forty days, if you will not transgress me.

Ant. I have a Dog shall lick me whole in twenty ;
In how long canst thou kill me ?

Surg. Presently.

Ant. Do it, there's more delight in't.

1 Gent. You must have patience.

Ant. Man, I must have business ; this foolish fellow
Hinders himself ; I have a dozen Rascals
To hurt within these five days ; good man-mender,
Stop me with some Parsley, like stuf Beef,
And let me walk abroad.

Surg. Ye shall walk shortly.

Ant. For I must find *Petrucchio*.

2 Gent. Time enough. (these three days

1 Gent. Come, lead him in, and let him sleep : within
We'll beg ye leave to play.

2 Gent. And then how things fall,
We'll certainly inform ye.

Ant. But Surgeon, promise me
I shall drink Wine then too.

Surg. A little temper'd.

Ant. Nay, I'll no tempering, Surgeon.

Surg. Well, as't please ye,
So ye exceed not.

Ant. Farewell : and if ye find
The mad Slave that thus slash'd me, commend me to him,
And bid him keep his Skin close.

1 Gent. Take your rest, Sir.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Constantia, and Land-lady.

Const. I have told ye all I can, and more than yet
Those Gentlemen know of me ; ever trusting
Your Counsel and Concealment ; for to me
You seem a worthy Woman ; one of those
Are seldom found in our Sex ; wife and vertuous,
Direct me I beseech ye.

Land. Ye say well, Lady,
And hold ye to that point, for in these businesses
A Womans Counsel that conceives the matter,
(Do ye mark me ? that conceives the matter, Lady)
Is worth ten mens engagements : She knows something,
And out of that can work like Wax ; when men
Are giddy-headed, either out of Wine,
Or a more Drunkenness, vain Ostentation,
Discovering all ; there is no more keep in 'em
Than hold upon an Eeles tail ; Nay, 'tis held fashion
To defame now all they can.

Const. I, but these Gentlemen——

Land. Do not you trust to that ; these Gentlemen
Are as all Gentlemen of the same Barrel ;
I, and the self same pickle too. Be it granted,
They have us'd ye with respect and fair behaviour,
Ere since ye came, do you know what must follow ?
They are Spaniards, Lady, Gennets of high mettle,
Things that will thrash the Devil, or his Dam,
Let 'em appear but cloven.

Const. Now Heaven blefs me.

Land. Mad Colts will court the wind ; I know 'em, Lady,
To the least hair they have ; and I tell you,
Old as I am, let but the pint pot blefs 'em,
They'll offer to my years——

Const. How ?

Land. Such rude gambols——

Const. To you ?

Land. I, and so handle me, that oft I am forc'd
To fight of all four for my safety ; there's the younger,
Don John, the arrantest *Jack* in all this City ;
The other, Time has blasted, yet he will stoop,
If not o'rflown, and freely on the quarry ;
Has been a Dragon in his days. But *Tarmont*,
Don Jenkin is the Devil himself, the dog days,
The most incomprehensible Whore master,
Twenty a night is nothing ; Beggars, Broom-women,
And those so miserable, they look like famine,
Are all sweet Ladies in his drink.

Const. He's a handsome Gentleman ;
Pity he should be master of such follies.

Land. He's ne'r without a noife of Sirynges
in's Pocket, those proclaim him ; birding Pills,
Waters to cool his Conscience, in small Viols :
With thousand such sufficient emblems ; the truth is,
Whose Chastity he chops upon he cares not,
He flies at all ; Bastards upon my conscience,
He has now in making, multitudes ; the last night
He brought home one ; I pity her that bore it,
But we are all weak Vessels, some rich Woman
(For wife I dare not call her) was the mother,
For it was hung with Jewels ; the bearing Cloth
No less than Crimson Velvet.

Const. How ?

Land. 'Tis true, Lady.

Const. Was it a Boy too ?

Land. A brave Boy ; deliberation
And judgment shew'd in's getting, as I'll say for him,
He's as well paced for that sport——

Const. May I see it ?

For there is a neighbour of mine ; a Gentlewoman,
Has had a late mischance, which willingly
I would know further of ; now if you please
To be so courteous to me.

Land. Ye shall see it :

But what do ye think of these men now ye know 'em,
And of the cause I told ye of ? Be wise,
Ye may repent too late else ; I but tell you
For your own good, and as you will find it, Lady.

Const. I am advis'd.

Land. No more words then ; do that,
And instantly, I told ye of. be ready ;
Don John, I'll fit you for your frumps.

Const. I shall be :

But shall I see this Child ?

Land. Within this half hour,
Let's in, and there think better ; she that's wife
Leaps at occasion first ; the rest pay for it.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter *Petrucchio*, *Don John*, and *Frederick*.

John. Sir, he is worth your knowledg, and a Gentleman
If I that so much love him, may commend him,
Of free and vertuous parts ; and one, if foul play
Should fall upon us, for which fear I brought him,
Will not flye back for phillips.

Pet. Ye much honour me ;

And once more I pronounce ye both mine.

Fred. Stay, what Troop

Is that below i' th' Valley there ?

John. Hawking I take it.

Pet. They are so ; 'tis the Duke, 'tis even he, Gentlemen,
Sirrah, draw back the Horses till we call ye,
I know him by his Company.

Fred.

Fred. I think too
He bends up this way.

Pet. So he does.

John. Stand you still

Within that Covert till I call: you, *Frederick*,
By no means be not seen, unless they offer
To bring on odds upon us; he comes forward,
Here will I wait him fairly: to your Cabins.

Pet. I need no more instruct ye?

John. Fear me not,
I'll give it him, and boldly. [Ex. *Pet. and Fred.*

Enter Duke and his faction.

Duke. Feed the Hawks up,
We'll lie no more to day, O my blest fortune!
Have I so fairly met the man?

John. Ye have, Sir,
And him you know by this.

Duke. Sir all the honour,
And love——

John. I do beseech your Grace stay there,
(For I know you too now) that love and honour
I come not to receive; nor can you give it,
Till ye appear fair to the world; I must beseech ye
Dismiss your train a little.

Duke. Walk aside,
And out of hearing I command ye: Now, Sir.

John. Last time we met, I was a friend.

Duke. And Nobly,
You did a friends office; let your business
Be what it may, you must be still——

John. Your pardon,
Never a friend to him, cannot be friend
To his own honour.

Duke. In what have I transgress'd it?
Ye make a bold breach at the first, Sir.

John. Bolder,
You made that breach that let in infamy,
And ruine, to surprize a noble stock.

Duke. Be plain, Sir.

John. I will, and short;
Ye have wrong'd a Gentleman,
Little behind your self, beyond all justice,
Beyond mediation of all friends.

Duke. The man, and manner of wrong?

John. *Petrucchio*,
The wrong, ye have Whor'd his Sister.

Duke. What's his will in't?

John. His will is to oppose you like a Gentleman,
And single, to decide all.

Duke. Now stay you, Sir,
And hear me with the like belief: this Gentleman,
His Sister that you nam'd, 'tis true I have long lov'd,
Nor was that love lascivious, as he makes it;
As true, I have enjoy'd her: no less truth,
I have a Child by her: but that she, or he,
Or any of that family are tainted,
Suffer disgrace, or ruin, by my pleasures,
I wear a Sword to satisfy the world no,
And him in this cause when he please; for know, Sir,
She is my Wife, contracted before Heaven,
(Witness I owe more tye to, than her Brother)
Nor will I flye from that name, which long since
Had had the Churches approbation,
But for his jealous danger.

John. Sir, your pardon,
And all that was my anger, now my service.

Duke. Fair Sir, I knew I should convert ye; had we
But that rough man here now too——

John. And ye shall, Sir,
Whoa, hoa, hoo.

Duke. I hope ye have laid no Ambush?

Enter Petrucchio.

John. Only friends.

Duke. My noble Brother welcome:
Come put your anger off, we'll no fighting,
Unless you will maintain I am unworthy
To bear that name.

Pet. Do you speak this heartily?

Duke. Upon my soul, and truly; the first Priest
Shall put you out of these doubts.

Pet. Now I love ye;
And I beseech you pardon my suspicions,
You are now more than a Brother, a brave friend too.

John. The good man's over-joy'd.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How, how, how goes it? (*Frederick,*

John. Why, the man has his Mare again, and all's well,
The Duke professes freely he's her Husband.

Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.

John. Yes, for modest Gentlemen.
I must present ye: may it please your Grace,
To number this brave Gentleman, my friend,
And noble kinsman, amongst those your servants. (me

Duke. O my brave friend! you shower your bounties on
Amongst my best thoughts, Signior, in which number
You being worthily dispos'd already,
May place your friend to honour me.

Fred. My love, Sir,
And where your Grace dares trust me, all my service.

Pet. Why? this is wondrous happy: But now Brother,
Now comes the bitter to our sweet: *Constantia*.

Duke. Why, what of her?

Pet. Nor what, nor where, do I know?
Wing'd with her fears last night, beyond my knowledge,
She quit my house, but whither——

Fred. Let not that——

Duke. No more good Sir, I have heard too much.

Pet. Nay sink not,
She cannot be so lost.

John. Nor shall not, Gentlemen;
Be free again, the Lady's found; that smile, Sir,
Shews ye distrust your Servant.

Duke. I do beseech ye.

John. Ye shall believe me: by my soul she is safe.

Duke. Heaven knows, I would believe, Sir.

Fred. Ye may safely.

John. And under noble usage: this fair Gentleman
Met her in all her doubts last night, and to his Guard,
(Her fears being strong upon her) she gave her person,
Who waited on her to our lodging; where all respect,
Civil and honest service now attend her.

Pet. Ye may believe now.

Duke. Yes, I do, and strongly:
Well my good friends, or rather my good Angels,
For ye have both preserv'd me; when these vertues
Dye in your friends remembrance——

John. Good your Grace,
Lose no more time in complement, 'tis too precious,
I know it by my self there can be no Hell
To his that hangs upon his hopes; especially
In way of lustly pleasures.

Pet. He has hit it.

Fred. To horse again then, for this night I'll crown
With all the joyes ye wish for.

Pet. Happy Gentlemen. [Exeunt.

Enter Francisco.

Fran. This is the maddest mischief: never fool
Was so sob'd off, as I am; made ridiculous,
And to my self mine own Ass: trust a Woman?
I'll trust the Devil first; for he dare be
Better than's word sometime: what faith have I broke?
In what observance fail'd? Let me consider,

Enter

Enter Don John, and Frederick.

For this is monstrous usage.

Fred. Let them talk,

We'll ride on fair and softly.

Fran. Well, *Constantia*.

Fred. *Constantia*, what's this fellow? stay by all means.

Fran. Ye have spun your self a fair thread now.

Fred. Stand still, *John*.

Fran. What cause had you to fly? what fear possest ye?

Were you not safely lodg'd from all suspicion?

Us'd with all gentle means? did any know

How ye came thither, or what your sin was.

Fred. *John*,

I smell some juggling, *John*.

John. Yes, *Frederick*, I fear it will be found so.

Fran. So strangely,

Without the counsel of your friends; so desperately

To put all dangers on ye?

Fred. 'Tis she.

Fran. So deceitfully,

After a strangers lure!

John. Did ye mark that, *Frederick*?

Fran. To make ye appear more monster; and the Law

More cruel to reward ye? to leave all,

All that should be your safegard, to seek evils?

Was this your wisdom? this your promise? well,

He that incited ye——

Fred. Mark that too.

John. Yes Sir.

Fran. 'Had better have plough'd farther off; now Lady,

What will your last friend, he that should preserve ye,

And hold your credit up, the brave *Antonio*,

Think of this slip? he'll to *Petrucchio*,

And call for open justice.

John. 'Tis she, *Frederick*.

Fred. But what that he is, *John*?

Fra. I do not doubt yet

To bolt ye out, for I know certainly

Ye are about the Town still: ha, no more words. [Exit.

Fred. Well.

John. Very well.

Fred. Discreetly.

John. Finely carried.

Fred. You have no more of these tricks?

John. Ten to one, Sir,

I shall meet with 'em if ye have.

Fred. Is this honest?

John. Was it in you a friends part to deal double?

I am no As *Don Frederick*.

Fred. And *Don John*,

It shall appear I am no fool:

Disgrace me to make your self a lecher?

'Tis boyish, 'tis base.

John. 'Tis false, and most unmanly to upbraid me,

Nor will I be your bolster, Sir.

Fra. Thou wanton boy, thou hadst better have been Eunuch,

Thou common womans courtesie, than thus

Lascivious, basely to have bent mine honour.

A friend? I'll make a horse my friend first.

John. Holla, holla,

Ye kick too fast, Sir: what strange brains have you got,

That dare crow out thus bravely? I better been an Eunuch?

I privy to this dog trick? clear your self,

For I know where the wind sits, and most nobly,

Or as I have a life——

Fred. No more: they're horses. [A noise within

Nor shew no discontent: to morrow comes; [like horses.

Let's quietly away: if she be at home,

Our jealousies are put off.

John. The fellow,

Enter Duke, Petrucchio.

We have lost him in our spleens, like fools.

Duke. Come, Gentlemen,
Now set on roundly: suppose ye have all Mistresses,
And mend your pacc according.

Petr. Then have at ye.

[Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Petrucchio, Frederick, and John.

Petr. NOW to *Bologna*, my most honoured Brother,
I dare pronounce ye a hearty, and safe welcome,
Our loves shall now way-lay ye; welcome, Gentlemen.

John. The same to you brave Sir; *Don Frederick*,

Will ye step in and give the Lady notice

Who comes to honour her?

Petr. Bid her be sudden,

We come to see no curious wench: a night-gown

Will serve the turn: here's one that knows her nearer.

Fred. I'll tell her what ye say, Sir. [Exit Fred.

Duke. My dear brother,

Ye are a merry Gentleman.

Petr. Now will the sport be,

To observe her alterations; how like a wildfire

She'll leap into your bosom; then seeing me,

Her conscience, and her fears creeping upon her,

Dead as a fowl at soufe, she'll sink.

Duke. Fair Brother,

I must intreat you——

Petr. I conceive your mind, Sir,

I will not chide her: yet ten Duckets, Duke,

She falls upon her knees, ten more she dare not——

Duke. I must not have her frightened.

Petr. Well you shall not:

Enter Frederick, and Peter.

But like a Summers evening against heat,

Mark how I'll guild her cheeks?

John. How now?

Fred. Ye may, Sir:

Not to abuse your patience, noble friends,

Nor hold ye off with tedious circumstance;

For you must know——

Petr. What?

Duke. Where is she?

Fred. Gone, Sir.

Duke. How?

Petr. What did you say, Sir?

Fred. Gone, by Heaven removed,

The woman of the house too.

John. Well *Don Frederick*,

Fred. *Don John*, it is not well, but——

Petr. Gone?

Fred. This fellow

Can testifie I lye not.

Petr. Some four hours after

My Master was departed, with this Gentleman,

My fellow and my self being sent of business,

(As we must think) of purpose——

Petr. Hang these circumstances,

They appear like Owls, to ill ends.

John. Now could I eat

The Devil in his own broth, I am so tortur'd.

Gone?

Petr. Gone?

(me say?)

Fred. Directly gone, fled, shifted: what would you have

Duke. Well, Gentlemen,

Wrong not my good opinion.

Fred. For your Dukedom

I will not be a Knave, Sir.

John. He that is,

A rot run in his bloud.

Petr. But hark ye Gentlemen,

Are ye sure ye had her here, did ye not dream this?

John. Have you your nose, Sir?

Petr. Yes, Sir.

John. Then we had her.

Petr. Since you are so short, believe your having her shall suffer more construction.

John. Let it suffer,

But if I be not clear of all dishonour,
Or practice that may taint my reputation,
And ignorant of where this Woman is,
Make me your Cities monster.

Duke. I believe ye.

John. I could lye with a Witch now, to be reveng'd,
Upon that Rascal did this.

Fred. Only thus much

I would desire your Grace, for my mind gives me
Before night yet she is yours: stop all opinion,
And let no anger out, till full cause call it,
Then every mans own work's to justify him,
And this day let us give to search: my man here
Tells me, by chance he saw out of a window
(Which place he has taken notice of) such a face
As our old Landladies, he believes the same too,
And by her hood assures it: Let's first thither,
For she being found, all's ended.

Duke. Come, for Heavens sake,
And Fortune, and thou be'st not ever turning,
If there be one firm step in all thy reelings,
Now settle it, and save my hopes: away friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio and his Servant.

Ant. With all my Jewels?

Ser. All, Sir.

Ant. And that mony

I left i'th' trunk?

Ser. The Trunk broke, and that gone too.

Ant. Francisco of the plot?

Ser. Gone with the wench too.

Ant. The mighty pox go with 'em: belike they thought
I was no man of this world, and those trifles
Would but disturb my conscience.

Ser. Sure they thought, Sir,
You would not live to persecute 'em.

Ant. Whore and Fidler,
Why, what a consort have they made? Hen and Bacon?
Well my sweet Mistris, well good Madam mar-tail?
You that have hung about my neck, and lick't me,
I'll try how handfomely your Ladyship
Can hang upon a Gallows, there's your Master-piece;
But hark ye Sirrah, no imagination
Of where they should be?

Ser. None, Sir, yet we have search'd
All places we suspected; I believe, Sir,
They have taken towards the Ports.

Ant. Get me a conjurer,
One that can raise a water Devil, I'll port 'em;
Play at duck and drake with my mony; take heed Fidler;
I'll dance ye by this hand, your Fiddle-stick
I'll grease of a new fashion, for presuming
To meddle with my degamboys: get me a Conjurer,
Enquire me out a man that lets out Devils:
None but my C. Cliffe serve your turn?

Ser. I know not—

Ant. In every street, Tom fool, any blear-ey'd people
With red heads, and flat noses can perform it;
Thou shalt know 'em by their half Gowns and no Breeches:
Mount my Mare Fidler? ha boy! up at first dash?
Sit sure, I'll clap a nettle, and a smart one,
Shall make your Filly firke: I will fine Fidler,
I'll put you to your plunge, Boy: Sirrah meet me
Some two hours hence at home; in the mean time
Find out a conjurer and know his price,

How he will let his Devils by the day out,
I'll have 'em, and they be above ground.

[*Ex. Ant.*]

Ser. Now blefs me,

What a mad man is this? I must do something
To please his humour: such a man I'll ask for,
And tell him where he is: but to come near him,
Or have any thing to do with his don Devils,
I thank my fear, I dare not, nor I will not.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

*Enter Duke, Petrucchio, Frederick, John, Peter,
and Servant with Bottles.*

Fred. Whither wilt thou lead us?

Petr. 'Tis hard by, Sir.

And ten to one this wine goes thither.

Duke. Forward.

Petr. Are they grown so merry?

Duke. 'Tis most most likely,
She has heard of this good fortune, and determines
To wash her sorrows off.

Petr. 'Tis so; that house, Sir,
Is it: out of that window certainly
I saw my old Mistresses face.

Petr. They are merry indeed,
Hark I hear Musick too.

[*Musick.*]

Duke. Excellent Musick.

John. Would I were ev'n among 'em, and alone now;
A pallat for the purpose in a corner,
And good rich Wine within me; what gay sport
Could I make in an hour now?

SONG.

*Welcome sweet liberty, and care farewell,
I am mine own,
She is twice damn'd, that lives in Hell,
When Heaven is shown.
Budding beauty, blooming years
Were made for pleasure, farewell fears,
For now I am my self, mine own command,
My fortune always in my hand.*

Fred. Hark a voice too;
Let's not stir yet by any means.

John. Was this her own voice?

Duke. Yes, sure.

Fred. 'Tis a rare one.

Enter Bawd (above.)

Du. The Song confirms her here too: for if ye mark it,
It spake of liberty, and free enjoying
The happy end of pleasure.

Petr. Look ye there, Sir,
Do ye know that head?

Fred. 'Tis my good Landlady,
I find fear has done all this.

John. She I swear,
And now do I know by the hanging of her Hood,
She is parcel drunk: shall we go in?

Duke. Not yet, Sir.

Petr. No, let 'em take their pleasure

Duke. When it is highest, [Musick.]
We'll step in, and amaze 'em: peace, more Musick.

John. This Musick murders me: what bloud have I now?

Fred. I should know that face. [Enter Fran. and Exis.]

John. By this light 'tis he, Frederick,
That bred our first suspicions, the same fellow.

Fred. He that we overtook, and overheard too,
Discoursing of *Constantia*.

John. Still the same;
Now he slips in.

Duke. What's that?

Fred.

Fred. She must be here Sir:
This is the very fellow; I told your Grace

Enter Francisco.

We found upon the way; and what his talk was.

Petr. Why, sure I know this fellow; yes, 'tis he,
Francisco, Antonio's Boy, a rare Musician,
He taught my Sister on the Lute, and is ever
(She loves his voice so well) about her: certain,
Without all doubt she is here: it must be so.

John. Here? that's no question: what should our hen o'th'
Do here without her? if she be not here (game else
(I am so confident) let your grace believe,
We two are arrant Rascals, and have abus'd ye.

Fred. I say so too.

John. Why there's the hood again now,
The guard that guides us; I know the fabrick of it,
And know the old tree of that saddle yet, 'twas made of,
A hunting hood, observe it.

Duke. Who shall enter?

Petr. I'll make one.

John. I, another.

Duke. But so carry it,
That all her joys flow not together.

John. If we told her,
Your grace would none of her?

Duke. By no means Signior,
'Twould turn her wild, stark frantick.

John. Or assur'd her ———

Duke. Nothing of that stern nature: this ye may Sir,
That the conditions of our fear yet stand
On nice and dangerous knittings: or that a little
I seem to doubt the child.

John. Would I could draw her
To hate your grace with these things.

Petr. Come let's enter. [Ex. Petr. and John.

And now he sees me not, I'll search her soundly.

Duke. Now luck of all sides. [Musick.

Fred. Doubt it not: more Musick:
Sure she has heard some comfort.

Duke. Yes, stand still Sir.

Fred. This is the maddest song.

Duke. Applied for certain
To some strange melancholy she is loaden with.

Fred. Now all the sport begins—hark?

Duke. They are amongst 'em,
The fears now, and the shakings? [Trampling above.

Fred. Our old Lady

(Hark how they run) is even now at this instant
Ready to lose her head-piece by Don John,

Or creeping through a Cat hole. [Petr. and John within.

Petr. Bring 'em down,
And you Sir, follow me.

Duke. He's angry with 'em,
I must not suffer this.

John, within. Bowl down the Bawd there
Old Erra mater: you Lady leachery,
For the good will I bear to th' game, most tenderly
Shall be lead out, and lash'd.

Enter Petrucchio, John, Whore, and Bawd,
with Francisco.

Duke. Is this Constantia?
Why Gentlemen? what do you mean? is this she?

Whore. I am Constantia Sir.

Duke. A whore ye are Sir.

Whore. 'Tis very true: I am a whore indeed Sir.

Petr. She will not lye yet, though she steal.

Whore. A plain whore,
If you please to imploy me.

Duke. And an impudent ———

Whore. Plain dealing now is impudence.
One, if you will Sir, can shew ye as much sport
In one half hour, and with as much variety,

As a far wiser woman can in half a year:
For there my way lies.

Duke. Is she not drunk too?

Whore. A little guilded o're Sir,
Old sack, old sack boys:

Petr. This is saliant.

John. A brave bold quean.

Duke. Is this your certainty?

Do ye know the man ye wrong thus, Gentlemen?
Is this the woman meant? Fred. No.

Duke. That your Land-lady?

John. I know not what to say.

Duke. Am I a person
To be your sport, Gentlemen?

John. I do believe now certain

I am a knave; but how, or when ———

Duke. What are you?

Petr. Bawd to this piece of pye meat.

Bawd. A poor Gentlewoman
That lyes in Town, about Law busines;
And't like your worships.

Petr. You shall have Law, believe it.

Bawd. I'll shew your Mastership my case.

Petr. By no means,
I had rather see a Custard.

Bawd. My dead Husband
Left it even thus Sir.

John. Bless mine eyes from blasting,
I was never so frighted with a case.

Bawd. And so Sir ———

Petr. Enough, put up good velvet head.

Duke. What are you two now,
By your own free confessions?

Fred. What you shall think us,
Though to my self I am certain, and my life
Shall make that good and perfect, or fall with it.

John. We are sure of nothing, Fred. that's the truth on't:
I do not think my name's Don John, nor dare not
Believe any thing that concerns me, but my debts,
Nor those in way of payment: things are so carried,
What to entreat your grace, or how to tell ye
We are, or we are not, is past my cunning,
But I would fain imagine we are honest,
And o' my conscience, I should fight in't ———

Duke. Thus then,
For we may be all abus'd.

Petr. 'Tis possible,
For how should this concern them?

Duke. Here let's part ———
Until to morrow this time: we to our way,
To make this doubt out, and you to your way;
Pawning our honours then to meet again,
When if she be not found.

Fred. We stand engaged
To answer any worthy way we are call'd to.

Duke. We ask no more.

Whore. Ye have done with us then?

Petr. No, Dame.

Duke. But is her name Constantia?

Petr. Yes a moveable
Belonging to a friend of mine: come out Fidler,
What say you to this Lady? be not fearfull.
Fra. Saving the reverence of my Masters pleasure,
I say she is a whore, and that she has robb'd him,
Hoping his hurts would kill him.

Whore. Who provok't me?
Nay Sirrah squeak, I'll see your treble strings
Ty'd up too; if I hang, I'll spoil your piping,
Your sweet face shall not save ye.

Petr. Thou damn'd impudence,
And thou dry'd Devil; where's the officer?

Petr. He's here Sir.

Enter Officer.

Petr. Lodge these safe, till I send for 'em;
Let none come to 'em, nor no noise be heard
Of where they are, or why: away.

John. By this hand
A handfom whore: Now will I be arrested,
And brought home to this officers: a stout whore,
I love such stirring ware: pox o' this business,
A man must hunt out morsels for another,
And starve himself: a quick-ey'd whore, that's wild-fire,
And makes the blood dance through the veins like billows.
I will relieve this whore.

Duke. Well, good luck with ye.

Fred. As much attend your grace.

Petr. To morrow certain ———

John. If we out-live this night Sir.

Fred. Come *Don John*,
We have something now to do.

John. I am sure I would have.

Fred. If she be not found, we must fight.

John. I am glad on't,
I have not fought a great while.

Fred. If we dye ———

Jo. There's so much mony sav'd in lecherie. [Exit.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Petrucchio, below, and Vecchio, above.

Duke. IT should be hereabouts.

Petr. Your grace is right,
This is the house, I know it.

Vec. Grace? *Duke.* 'Tis further
By the description we received.

Petr. Good my Lord the Duke,
Believe me, for I know it certainly,
This is the very house.

Vec. My Lord the Duke?

Duke. Pray Heaven this man prove right now.

Petr. Believe it, he's a most sufficient Scholar,
And can do rare tricks this way; for a figure,
Or raising an appearance, whole Christendom
Has not a better; I have heard strange wonders of him.

Duke. But can he shew us where she is?

Petr. Most certain,
And for what cause too she departed.

Duke. Knock then,
For I am great with expectation,
Till this man satisfy me: I fear the *Spaniards*,
Yet they appear brave fellows: can he tell us?

Petr. With a wet finger, whether they be false.

Duke. Away then. *Petr.* Who's within here?

Enter Vecchio.

Vec. Your grace may enter.

Duke. How can he know me?

Petr. He knows all.

Vec. And you Sir. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Don John, and Frederick.

John. What do you call his name?

Fred. Why, *Peter Vecchio*.

John. They say he can raise Devils,
Can he make 'em
Tell truth too, when he has rais'd 'em? for believe it,
These Devils are the lyingst Rascals.

Fred. He can compel 'em.

John. With what? can he
Tye squibs in their tails, and fire the truth out?

Or make 'em eat a bawling Puritan,
VVhose sanctified zeal shall rumble like an Earth-quake?

Fred. VVith Spells man.

John. I with spoons as soon, dost thou think
The Devil such an Ass as people make him?
Such a poor coxcomb? such a penny foot-post?
Compel'd with crosses and pile to run of errands?
VVith *Asteroth*, and *Behemoth*, and *Belfagor*?
VVhy should he shake at sounds, that lives in a smiths forge?
Or if he do ———

Fred. VVithout all doubt he do's *John*.

John. VVhy should not *Bilbo* raise him, or a pair of bul-
They go as big as any? or an unshod Car, (lyons,
VVhen he goes tumble, tumble o're the stones,
Like *Anacreons* drunken verses,
These make as fell a noise; me thinks the colick
VVell handled, and fed with small beer ———

Fred. 'Tis the vertue ———

John. The vertue? nay, and goodness fetch him up once,
H'as lost a friend of me; the wise old Gentleman
Knows when, and how; I'le lay this hand to two pence,
Let all the Conjurers in Christendom,
VVith all their spells, and vertues call upon him,
And I but think upon a wench, and follow it,
He shall be sooner mine than theirs; where's vertue?

Fred. Thou art the most sufficient, (I'le say for thee)
Not to believe a thing ———

John. O Sir, slow credit
Is the best child of knowldge; I'le go with ye,
And if he can do any thing, I'le think
As you would have me.

Fred. Let's enquire along,
For certain we are not far off.

John. Nor much nearer. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Duke, Petrucchio, and Vecchio.

Vec. You lost her yester-night.

Petr. How think you Sir?

Duke. Is your name *Vecchio*?

Vec. Yes Sir. *Du.* And you can shew me
These things you promise.

Vec. Your graces word bound to me,
No hand of Law shall seize me.

Duke. As I live Sir ———

Petr. And as I live, that can do something too Sir.

Vec. I take your promises: stay here a little,
Till I prepare some Ceremonies, and I'le satisfy ye.
The Ladies name's *Constantia*? *Petr.* Yes.

Vec. I come straight. [Exit *Vec.*

Duke. Sure he's a learned man.

Petr. The most now living;
Did your grace mark when we told all these circumstances,
How ever and anon he bolted from us
To use his studies help?

Duke. Now I think rather
To talk with some familiar.

Petr. Not unlikely,
For sure he has 'em subject.

Duke. How could he else
Tell when she went, and who went with her?

Petr. True.

Du. Or hit upon mine honour: or assure me
The Lady lov'd me dearly?

Enter Vecchio, in his habiliments.

Petr. 'Twas so.

Vec. Now,
I do beseech your grace sit down, and you Sir;
Nay pray sit close like Brothers.

Petr. A rare fellow.

Vec. And what ye see, stir not at, nor use a word,
Until I ask ye; for what shall appear

Is but weak apparition and thin air,
Not to be held, nor spoken to: [Knocking within.]

[John, Frederick, and a Servant within.]

Duke. We are counsell'd—

Vec. What noise is that without there?

Fred. within. We must speak with him.

Serv. within. He's busie, Gentlemen.

John within. That's all one friend,
We must and will speak with him.

Duke. Let 'em in, Sir,
We know their tongues and businefs, 'tis our own,
And in this very cause that we now come for,
They also come to be instructed.

Vec. Let 'em in then:
Sit down, I know your meaning.

Enter Frederick, John, and Servant.

Fred. The Duke before us?
Now we shall sure know something.

Vec. Not a question,
But make your Eyes your Tongues—

John. This is a strange Jugler,
Neither indent before-hand for his payment,
Nor know the Breadth of the businefs; sure his Devil
Comes out of Lapland, where they sell men Winds
For dead drink, and old Doublets.

Fred. Peace, he conjures.

John. Let him, he cannot raise my Devil.

Fred. Prithee Peace.

Vec. *Appear, appear,
And you soft Winds so clear,
That dance upon the leaves, and make them sing
Gentle Love-lay: to the Spring,
Gilding all the Vales below,
With your Verdure as ye blow,
Raise these forms from under ground
With a soft and happy sound.* [Soft Musick.

John. This is an honest Conjurer, and a pretty Poet;
I like his words well, there's no bumbast in 'em,
But do you think now he can cudgel up the Devil
With this short Staff of Verfes?

Fred. Peace, the Spirits— [2 Shapes of women pass]

John. Nay, and they be no worse— (sing by.)

Vec. Do ye know these faces?

Duke. No. (lows;)

Vec. Sit still upon your lives then, and mark what fol-
Away, away.

John. These Devils do not paint sure?
Have they no sweeter shapes in Hell?

Fred. Hark now, John. [Constantia passes by.]

John. I, marry, this moves something like, this Devil
Carries some metal in her gate.

Vec. I find ye,
You would see her face unvail'd?

Duke. Yes.

Vec. Be uncovered.

Duke. O Heaven!

Vec. Peace.

Pet. See how she blushes.

John. Frederick,

This Devil for my mony; this is she, Boy,
Why dost thou shake? I burn.

Vec. Sit still, and silent.

Duke. She looks back at me, now she smiles, Sir.

Vec. Silence.

Duke. I must rise, or I burst. [Exit Constantia.]

Vec. Ye see what follows—

Duke. O gentle Sir, this shape agen.

Vec. I cannot.

'Tis all dissolv'd again; this was the Figure?

Duke. The very same, Sir.
No hope once more to see it?

Vec. You might have kept it longer, had ye spar'd it,
Now 'tis impossible.

Du. No means to find it?

Vec. Yes, that there is, sit still a while, there's Wine
To thaw the wonder from your hearts; drink well, Sir. [Exit Vecchio.]

John. This Conjurer is a right good fellow too,
A Lad of mettle; two such Devils more
Would make me a Conjurer; what wine is it?

Fred. Hollock.

John. The Devil's in it then; look how it dances:
Well, if I be—

Pet. We are all before ye,
That's your best comfort, Sir.

John. By th' Mafs, brave Wine;
Nay, and the Devils live in this Hell, I dare venture
Within these two months yet to be delivered
Of a large Legion of 'em.

Enter Vecchio.

Du. Here he comes,
Silence of all sides, Gentlemen.

Vec. Good your Grace,
Observe a stricter temper, and you too, Gallants,
You'll be deluded all else. This merry Devil
That next appears, for such a one you'll find it,
Must be call'd up by a strange incantation,
A Song, and I must sing it: 'pray bear with me,
And pardon my rude Pipe; for yet, ere parting
Twenty to one I please ye.

Du. We are arm'd, Sir.

Pet. Nor shall you see us more transgress.

Fred. What think'st thou
Now, John?

John. Why, now do I think, Frederick,
(And if I think amiss Heaven pardon me)
This honest Conjurer, with some four or five
Of his good fellow Devils, and my self,
Shall be yet drunk ere midnight.

SONG.

Come away, thou Lady gay,
Hoist; how she stumbles?
Hark how she mumbles.
Dame Gillian. Answer. I come, I come.
By old Claret I enlarge thee,
By Canary thus I charge thee,
By Britain, Mathewglin, and Peeter,
Appear and answer me in meeter.

Why when?

Why Gill?

Why when?

Answer. You'll tarry till I am ready.

Once again I conjure thee,
By the Pose in thy Nose,
And the Gout in thy Toes;
By thine old dryed Skin,
And the Mummie within;
By thy little, little Ruff,
And thy Hood that's made of Stuff;
By thy Bottle at thy Breech,
And thine old salt Itch;
By the Stakes, and the Stones,
That have worn out thy Bones.

Appear.

Appear.

Appear.

Answer. Oh I am here.

Fred. Peace, he conjures.

(now,

John. Why, this is the Song, Frederick; twenty pound
To see but our Don Gillian.

Enter Landlady and the Child.

Fred. Peace, it appears.

John. I cannot peace; Devils in French hoods, *Frederick?*
Satan's old Syringes? *Duke.* What's this?

Vec. Peace. *John.* She, Boy.

Fred. What dost thou mean?

John. She, Boy, I say. *Fred.* Ha?

John. She Boy,

The very Child too, *Frederick,*

Fred. She laughs on us

Aloud, *John,* has the Devil these affections?

I do believe 'tis she, indeed.

Vec. Stand still.

John. I will not;

Who calls *Feronimo* from his naked Bed?

Sweet Lady, was it you? if thou beest the Devil,

First, having cost me self, to keep out wildfire,

Then said some special Prayers to defend me

Against thy most unhallowed Hood, have at thee.

Land. Hold, Sir, I am no Devil.

John. That's all one.

Land. I am your very Landlady.

John. I defie thee;

Thus as St. *Dunstan* blew the Devil's Nose

With a pair of tongs, even so, Right Worshipful--

Land. Sweet Son, I am old *Gillian.*

Duke. This is no Spirit.

John. Art thou old *Gillian,* flesh and bone?

Land. I am, Son.

Vec. Sit still, Sir, now I'll shew you all. [*Ex. Vec.*]

John. Where's thy Bottle?

Land. Here, I beseech ye, Son—

John. For I know the Devil

Cannot assume that shape.

Fred. 'Tis she, *John,* certain—

John. A hogs pox o' your mouldy chaps, what makes you
Tumbling and juggling here?

Land. I am quit now, Seignior,

For all the pranks you plaid, and railings at me,

For to tell true, out of a trick I put

Upon your high behaviours, which was a lie,

But then it serv'd my turn, I drew the Lady

Un o my Kinsman's here, only to torture

Your *Don* ships for a day or two; and secure her

Out of all thoughts of danger; here she comes now.

Enter Vecchio, and Constantia.

Duke. May I yet speak?

Vec. Yes, and embrace her too,

For one that loves you dearer—

Duke. O my Sweetest.

Pet. Blush not, I will not chide ye.

Const. To add more

Unto the joy I know, I bring ye, see Sir,

The happy fruit of all our Vows!

Duke. Heavens Blessing

Be round about thee ever.

John. Pray bless me too,

For if your Grace be well instructed this way,

You'll find the keeping half the getting.

Duke. How, Sir?

John. I'll tell you that anon.

Const. 'Tis true, this Gentleman

Has done a charity worthy your favour,

And let him have it, dear Sir.

Duke. My best Lady

He has, and ever shall have: so must you, Sir,

To whom I am equal bound as to my being.

Fred. Your Graces humble servant—

Du. Why kneel you, Sir?

Vec. For pardon for my boldness: yet 'twas harmless,

And all the art I have, Sir; those your Grace saw,

Which you thought spirits, were my Neighbours Children

Whom I instruct in Grammar here, and Musick;

Their shapes, the Peoples fond opinions,

Believing I can conjure, and oft repairing
To know of things stoln from 'em, I keep about me,
And always have in readiness, by conjecture
Out of their own confessions, I oft tell 'em
Things that by chance have fallen out so; which way
(Having the persons here, I knew you sought for)
I wrought upon your Grace; my end is mirth,
And pleasing, if I can, all parties.

Duke. I believe it,

For you have pleas'd me truly: so well pleas'd me,
That when I shall forget it—

Pet. Here's old *Antonio,*

I spy'd him at a window, coming mainly
I know about his Whore, the man you light on,
As you discovered unto me; good your Grace,
Let's stand by all, 'twill be a mirth above all,
To observe his pelting fury.

Vec. About a wench, Sir?

Pet. A young whore that has rob'd him.

Vec. But do you know, Sir,

Where she is?

Pet. Yes, and will make that perfect—

Vec. I am instructed well then.

John. If he come

To have a Devil shew'd him, by all means
Let me be he, I can roar rarely.

Pet. Be so,

But take heed to his anger.

Vec. Slip in quickly,

There you shall find suits of all sorts: when I call
Be ready and come forward. [*Exeunt all but Vecchio.*]

Who's there comes in?

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Are you the Conjurer?

Vec. Sir, I can do a little

That way, if you please to employ me.

Ant. Presently, shew me a Devil that can tell—

Vec. Where your wench is.

Ant. You are i'th' right; as also where the Fidler
That was consenting to her.

Vec. Sit ye there, Sir,

Ye shall know presently: can ye pray heartily?

Ant. Why, is your Devil so furious?

Vec. I must shew ye

A form may chance affright ye.

Ant. He must fart fire then:

Take you no care for me.

Vec. Ascend, *Asterth,*

Enter Don John like a Spirit.

Why, when, appear I say— Now question him.

Ant. Where is my whore, *Don Devil?*

John. Gone to *China,*

To be the great *Chams* Mistrefs.

Ant. That's a lye, Devil,

Where are my jewels?

John. Pawn'd for Petticoats.

Ant. That may be: where's the Fidler?

John. Condemn'd to th' Gallows

For robbing of a Mill.

Ant. The lyingst Devil

That e'r I dealt withal, and the unlikeliest!
What was that Rascal hurt me?

John. I.

Ant. How?

John. I.

Ant. Who was he?

John. I.

Ant. Do you hear conjurer,
Dare you venture your Devil?

Vec. Yes.

Ant. Then I'll venture my dagger;
Have at your Devils pate; do you mew?

Enter

Enter all.

Vcc. Hold.
 Pet. Hold there,
 I do command you hold.
 Ant. Is this the Devil?
 Why, Conjuror——
 Pet. He has been a Devil to you, Sir;
 But now you shall forget all; your whore's safe,
 And all your jewels, your Boy too.
 John. Now the Devil indeed
 Lay his ten claws upon thee, for my pate
 Finds what it is to be a Fiend.
 Ant. All safe?
 Pet. 'Pray ye know this person; all's right now.
 Ant. Your Grace

May now command me then: but where's my whore?
 Pet. Ready to go to whipping.
 Ant. My whore whipt?
 Pet. Yes, your whore without doubt, Sir.
 Ant. Whipt! 'pray Gentlemen.
 Duke. VVhy, would you have her once more rob ye? the
 You may forgive, he was entic'd. (young Boy)
 John. The whore, Sir,
 VVould rather carry pity: a handsome whore:
 Ant. A Gentleman I warrant thee.
 Pet. Let's in all,
 And if we see contrition in your whore, Sir,
 Much may be done.
 Duke. Now my dear fair to you,
 And the full consummation of my Vow, [Exeunt]

Prologue.

A Ptness for Mirth to all, this instant Night
 Thalia hath prepar'd for your delight,
 Her Choice and curious Viands, in each part
 Season'd with rarities of Wit and Art;
 Nor fear I to be tax'd for a vain boast,
 My Promise will find Credit with the most,
 When they know ingenious Fletcher made it, he
 Being in himself a perfect Comedie:
 And some sit here, I doubt not, dare averr
 Living he made that House a Theatre
 Which he pleas'd to frequent; and thus much we
 Could not but pay to his loud Memorie.
 For our selves, we do extreat that you would not
 Expect strange turns, and windings in the Plot,
 Objects of State, and now and then a Rhime,
 To gall particular Persons with the time;
 Or that his towering Muse hath made her flight
 Nearer your apprehension than your sight;

But if that sweet Expressions, quick Conceit,
 Familiar Language, fashion'd to the weight
 Of such as speak it, have the power to raise
 Your Grace to us, with Trophies to his Praise;
 We may profess, presuming on his Skill,
 If his Chances please not you, our Fortune's ill.

Epilogue.

WE have not held you long, nor do I see
 One Brow in this selected Companie
 Assuring a dislike, our Pains were eas'd
 Could we be confident that all rise pleas'd:
 But such ambition soars too high; If We
 Have satisfi'd the best, and they agree
 In a fair Censure, We have our Reward,
 And in them arm'd desire no surer Guard.

THE
 Bloody Brother;
 OR,
 R O L L O.
 A
 T R A G E D Y.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Rollo, } Brothers, Dukes of Normandy.
 Otto, }
 Aubrey, *their kinsman.*
 Gisbert, *the Chancellour.*
 Baldwin, *the Princes Tutor.*
 Grandpreé, } Captains of Rollo's faction.
 Verdon, }
 Trevile, } Captains of Otto's faction.
 Duprete, }
 Latorch, *Rollo's Earwig.*
 Hamond, *Captain of the Guard to Rollo.*
 Allan, *his Brother.*
 Norbrett, }
 La Fisk, }
 Ruffee, } *Five cheating Rogues.*
 De Bube, }
 Pipeau, }

Cook.
 Teoman of the Seller.
 Butler.
 Pantler.
 Lords.
 Sheriff.
 Guard.
 Officers.
 Boys.

W O M E N.

Sophia, *Mother to the Dukes.*
 Matilda, *her Daughter.*
 Edith, *Daughter to Baldwin.*

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gisbert and Baldwin.

Bal. THE Brothers then are met?

Gif. They are, Sir.

Bald. 'Tis thought, they may be reconcil'd.

Gif. 'Tis rather wish't, for such, whose reason

Doth direct their thoughts without self flattery,
 Dare not hope it.

Bald. The fires of Love, which the dead Duke believ'd
 His equal care of both would have united,
 Ambition hath divided: and there are
 Too many on both parts, that know they cannot
 Or rise to wealth or honour, their main ends,
 Unless the tempest of the Princes fury
 Make troubled Seas, and those Seas yield fit Billows
 In their bad Arts to give way to a calm,
 Which yielding rest and good, prove their ruin,

And in the shipwrack of their hopes and fortunes,
 The Dukedom might be sav'd, had it but ten
 That stood affected to the general good,
 With that confirm'd zeal which brave *Aubrey* does.

Gif. He is indeed the perfect character
 Of a good man, and so his actions speak him.

Bald. But did you observe the many doubts, and cautions
 The Brothers stood upon before they met?

Gif. I did; and yet, that ever Brothers should
 Stand on more nice terms, than sworn Enemies
 After a War proclaim'd, would with a stranger
 Wrong the reporters credit; they saluted
 At distance; and so strong was the suspicion
 Each had of other, that before they durst
 Embrace, they were by sev'ral servants searcht,
 As doubting conceal'd weapons, Antidotes
 Ta'ne openly by both, fearing the room

Appointed for the enter-view was poyson'd,
The Chairs, and Cushions, with like care survey'd;
And in a word in every circumstance
So jealous on both parts, that it is more
Than to be fear'd, concord can never joyn,
Minds so divided.

Bald. Yet our best endeavours,
Should not be wanting, *Gisbert.*

Gif. Neither shall they.

Enter Grandpree, and Verdon.

But what are these?

Bald. They are without my knowledge;
But by their manners, and behaviours,
They should express themselves.

Grand. Since we serve *Rollo*
The Elder Brother, we'll be *Rollians*,
Who will maintain us, lads, as brave as *Romans*;
You stand for him?

Ver. I do.

Grand. Why, then observe
How much the business, your so long'd for business,
By men that are nam'd from their swords, concerns you.
Lethery, our common friend, so long kept under,
With whips, and beating fatal hems, shall rise,
And *Bawdery*, in a French-hood plead, before her
Virginity shall be Carted.

Ver. Excellent!

Grand. And Hell but grant, the quarrel that's between
The Princes may continue, and the business
That's of the sword, t'outlast three suits in Law,
And we will make *Attornies* *Lansprisdoces*,
And our brave gown-men practisers of back-sword;
The pewter of all *Serjeants* maces shall
Be melted, and turn'd into common *Flaggons*,
In which it shall be lawful to carouse
To their most lowly fortunes.

Bald. Here's a Statesman.

Grand. A creditor shall not dare, but by *Petition*,
To make demand of any debt; and that
Only once every leap-year, in which, if
The debtor may be won for a French Crown,
To pay a *Soulz*, he shall be registred
His benefactor.

Ver. The Chancellor hears you.

Grand. Fear not, I now dare speak as loud as he,
And will be heard, and have all I speak, Law;
Have you no eyes? there is a reverence due,
From Children of the Gown, to Men of Action.

Gif. How's this?

Gran. Even so; the times, the times are chang'd,
All business is not now prefer'd in Parchment,
Nor shall a grant pass that wants this broad seal;
This seal d'ye see? your gravity once laid
My head and heels together in the Dungeon,
For cracking a scald Officers crown, for which
A time is come for vengeance, and expect it;
For know, you have not full three hours to live.

Gif. Yes, somewhat longer.

Gran. To what end?

Gif. To hang you; think on that, *Ruffian*.

Gran. For you, *School-master*,

You have a pretty Daughter; let me see,
Near three a Clock, (by which time I much fear,
I shall be tyr'd with killing some five hundred)
Provide a Bath, and her to entertain me,
And that shall be your Ransom.

Bald. Impudent Rascal.

Enter to them Trevile and Duprete.

Gif. More of the crew?

Grand. What are you? *Rollians*?

Tre. No; this for *Rollo*, and all such as serve him;
We stand for *Otto*.

Grand. You seem men of fashion,
And therefore I'll deal fairly, you shall have
The honour this day to be *Chronicled*
The first men kill'd by *Grandpree*; you see this sword,
A pretty foolish toy, my valour's Servant,
And I may boldly say a Gentleman,
It having made when it was *Charlemaigns*,
Three thousand Knights; this, Sir, shall cut your throat,
And do you all fair service else.

Tre. I kiss your hands for the good offer; here's another
too, the servant of your servant shall be proud to be scour'd
in your sweet guts; till when pray you command me.

Grand. Your Idolater, Sir. [*Exeunt. Manent Gif. & Bal.*]

Gif. That e're such should hold the names of men,
Or Justice be held cruelty, when it labours
To pluck such weeds up!

Bald. Yet they are protected, and by the great ones.

Gif. Not the good ones, *Baldwin*.

Enter to them Aubrey.

Aub. Is this a time to be spent thus by such
As are the principal Ministers of the State?
When they that are the heads, have fill'd the Court
With factions, a weak Woman only left
To stay their bloody hands? can her weak arms
Alone divert the dangers ready now
To fall upon the Common-wealth, and bury
The honours of it, leaving not the name
Of what it was. Oh *Gisbert*, the fair tryals,
And frequent proofs which our late master made,
Both of your love and faith, gave him assurance;
To chuse you at his death a Guardian; nay,
A Father to his Sons; and that great trust,
How ill do you discharge? I must be plain,
That, at the best, y'are a sad looker on
Of those bad practices you should prevent.
And where's the use of your Philosophy
In this so needful a time? be not secure;
For, *Baldwin*, be assur'd, since that the Princes,
When they were young, and apt for any form,
Were given to your instruction, and grave ordering;
'Twill be expected that they should be good,
Or their bad manners will b' imputed yours.

Bald. 'Twas not in one, my Lord, to alter nature.

Gif. Nor can my counsels work on them that will not
Vouchsafe me hearing.

Aub. Do these answers sort,
Or with your place, or persons, or your years?
Can *Gisbert* being the pillar of the Laws,
See them trod under foot, or forc'd to serve
The Princes unjust ends; and with a frown
Be silenc'd from exclaiming on th' abuse?
Or *Baldwin* only weep the desp'rate madness
Of his seduced pupills? see their minds,
Which with good Arts he labour'd to build up
Examples of succeeding times, o'return'd
By undermining parasites; no one precept
Leading to any Art, or great, or good,
But is forc'd from their memory, in whose room
Black counsels are receiv'd, and their retirements,
And secret conference producing only
Dev'lish designs, a man would shame to father;
But I talk when I should do, and chide others
For that I now offend in: see't confirm'd,
Now do, or never speak more.

Gif. We are yours.

*Enter Rollo, Latorch, Trevile, Grandpree, Otto,
Verdon, and Duprete.*

Rol. You shall know who I am.

Otto. I do, my equal.

Rol. Thy Prince; give way — were we alone, I'de force
In thy best blood, to write thy self my subject,
And glad I would receive it.

Aub.

Aub. Sir. *Gif.* Dear Lord.

Otto. Thy subject?

Rol. Yes, nor shall tame patience hold me
A minute longer, only half my self;
My birth gave me this Dukedom, and my sword
Shall change it to the common grave of all
That tread upon her bosom, e're I part with
A piece of earth, or title that is mine.

Otto. It needs not, and I would scorn to receive,
Though offer'd, what I want not: therefore know
From me, though not deliver'd in great words,
Eyes red with rage, poor pride, and threatned action;
Our Father at his death, then, when no accent,
Wer't thou a Son, could fall from him in vain,
Made us Co-heirs, our part of Land and Honours
Of equal weight; and to see this confirm'd,
The Oaths of these are yet upon record,
Who though they should forsake me, and call down
The plagues of perjury on their sinful heads,
I would not leave my self.

Tre. Nor will we see the Will of the dead Duke infring'd.

Lar. Nor I the elder rob'd of what's his right.

Grand. Nor you?

Let me take place, I say, I will not see't;
My sword is sharpest.

Aub. Peace you tinder-boxes,
That only carry matter to make a flame,
Which will consume you.

Rol. You are troublesome, [To Baldwin.]
This is no time for arguments, my Title
Needs not your School-defences, but my sword,
With which the Gordian of your Sophistry
Being cut, shall shew th' Imposture. For your laws { To Gif-
It is in me to change them when I please, } bert.
I being above them; *Gisbert*, would you have me protect (them;
Let them now stretch their extreamest rigour,
And seize upon that Traytor; and your tongue
Make him appear first dangerous, then odious;
And after, under the pretence of safety
For the sick State, the Lands and Peoples quiet,
Cut off his head: and I'll give up my sword,
And fight with them at a more certain weapon
To kill, and with Authority. (out

Gif. Sir, I grant the Laws are useful weapons, but found
T'assure the Innocent, not to oppress.

Rol. Then you conclude him Innocent? (Crime.

Gif. The power your Father gave him, must not prove a

Aub. Nor should you so receive it.

Bald. To which purpose,
All that dare challenge any part in goodness,
Will become suppliants to you.

Rol. They have none
That dare move me in this: hence, I despise you,
Be of his party, bring it to your Laws,
And thou thy double heart, thou popular fool,
Your moral rules of justice and her ballance;
I stand on mine own guard.

Otto. Which thy injustice
Will make thy enemies; by the memory
Of him, whose better part now suffers for thee,
Whose reverend ashes with an impious hand
Thou throw'st out to contempt, in thy repining
At this so just decree; thou art unworthy
Of what his last Will, not thy merits, gave thee,
That art so swoln within, with all those mischiefs
That e're made up a Tyrant, that thy breast,
The prison of thy purposes, cannot hold them,
But that they break forth, and in thy own words
Discover, what a monster they must serve
That shall acknowledge thee.

Rol. Thou shalt not live to be so happy.

Aub. Nor your miseries begin in murder.

[He offers his sword at Otto, the faction joyning,

[Aubrey between severs the Brothers.

Duty, allegiance, and all respects of what you are, forsake me.
Do you flare on? is this a Theater?
Or shall these kill themselves, like to mad fencers,
To make you sport? keep them asunder, or
By Heaven I'll charge on all.

Grand. Keep the peace,
I am for you, my Lord, and if you'll have me,
I'll act the Constables part.

Aub. Live I to see this?
Will you do that your enemies dare not wish,
And cherish in your selves those furies, which
Hell would cast out? Do, I am ready; kill me,
And these, that would fall willing sacrifices
To any power that would restore your reason,
And make you men again, which now you are not.

Rol. These are your bucklers boy.

Otto. My hinderances;
And were I not confirm'd, my justice in
The taking of thy life, could not weigh down
The wrong, in shedding the least drop of blood
Of these whose goodness only now protects thee,
Thou should'st feel I in act would only prove my self
What thou in words do'st labour to appear.

Rol. Hear this, and talk again? I'll break through all,
But I will reach thy heart.

Otto. 'Tis better guarded.

Enter Sophia.

Soph. Make way, or I will force it, who are those?
My Sons? my shames; turn all your swords on me,
And make this wretched body but one wound,
So this unnatural quarrel find a grave
In the unhappy womb that brought you forth:
Dare you remember that you had a Mother,
Or look on these gray hairs, made so with tears,
For both your goods, and not with age; and yet
Stand doubtful to obey her? from me you had
Life, Nerves, and faculties, to use these weapons;
And dare you raise them against her, to whom
You owe the means of being what you are?

Otto. All peace is meant to you.

Soph. Why is this War then?
As if your arms could be advanc'd, and I
Not set upon the rack? your blood is mine,
Your dangers mine, your goodness I should share in;
I must be branded with those impious marks
You stamp on your own foreheads and on mine,
If you go on thus: for my good name therefore,
Though all respects of honour in your selves
Be in your fury choakt, throw down your swords;
Your duty should be swifter than my tongue;
And joyn your hands while they be innocent;
You have heat of blood, and youth apt to Ambition,
To plead an easie pardon for what's past:
But all the ills beyond this hour committed,
From Gods or men must hope for no excuse.

Gif. Can you hear this unmov'd?
No Syllable of this so pious charm, but should have power
To frustrate all the juggling deceits,
With which the Devil blinds you.

Otto. I begin to melt, I know not how.

Rol. Mother, I'll leave you;
And, Sir, be thankful for the time you live,
Till we meet next (which shall be soon and sudden)
To her persuasion for you.

Soph. O yet, stay,
And rather than part thus, vouchsafe me hearing,
As enemies; how is my soul divided?
My love to both is equal, as my wishes;
But are return'd by neither; my griev'd heart,
Hold yet a little longer, and then break.
I kneel to both, and will speak so, but this
Takes from me th' authority of a mothers power;

And therefore, like my self, *Otto*, to thee,
(And yet observe, son, how thy mothers tears
Outstrip her forward words, to make way for 'em)
Thou art the younger, *Otto*, yet be now
The first example of obedience to me,
And grow the elder in my love.

Otto. The means to be so happy?

Soph. This; yield up thy sword,
And let thy piety give thy mother strength
To take that from thee, which no enemies force
Could e're despoil thee of: why do'st thou tremble,
And with a fearful eye fixt on thy Brother,
Observ'st his ready sword, as bent against thee?
I am thy armour, and will be pierc'd through,
Ten thousand times, before I will give way
To any peril may arrive at thee;
And therefore fear not.

Otto. 'Tis not for my self,
But for you, mother; you are now engag'd
In more that lies in your unquestion'd vertue;
For, since you have disarm'd me of defence,
Should I fall now, though by his hand, the world
May say it was your practice.

Soph. All worlds perish,
Before my piety turn treasons parent,
Take it again, and stand upon your guard,
And while your Brother is, continue arm'd;
And yet, this fear is needless, for I know,
My *Rollo*, though he dares as much as man,
So tender of his yet untainted valour,
So noble, that he dares do nothing basely.
You doubt him; he fears you; I doubt and fear
Both; for others safety, and not mine own.
Know yet, my sons, when of necessity
You must deceive, or be deceiv'd; 'tis better
To suffer Treason, than to act the Traytor;
And in a War like this, in which the glory
Is his that's overcome; consider then
What 'tis for which you strive: is it the Dukedom?
Or the command of these so ready subjects?
Desire of wealth? or whatsoever else
Fires your ambition? This still desp'rate madness,
To kill the people which you would be Lords of;
With fire, and sword to lay that Country waste
Whose rule you seek for: to consume the treasures,
Which are the sinews of your Government,
In cherishing the factions that destroy it:
Far, far be this from you: make it not question'd
Whether you have interest in that Dukedom,
Whose ruine both contend for.

Otto. I desire but to enjoy my own, which I will keep.

Rol. And rather than posterity shall have cause
To say I ruin'd all, divide the Dukedom,
I will accept the moiety.

Ott. I embrace it.

Soph. Divide me first, or tear me limb by limb,
And let them find as many several Graves
As there are villages in *Normandy*:
And 'tis less sin, than thus to weaken it.
To hear it mention'd doth already make me
Envy my dead Lord, and almost Blaspheme
Those powers that heard my prayer for fruitfulness,
And did not with my first birth close my womb:
To me alone my second blessing proves
My first of misery, for if that Heaven
Which gave me *Rollo*, there had staid his bounty,
And *Otto*, my dear *Otto*, ne're had been,
Or being, had not been so worth my love,
The stream of my affection had run constant
In one fair current, all my hopes had been
Laid up in one; and fruitful *Normandy*
In this division had not lost her glories:
For as 'tis now, 'tis a fair Diamond,
Which being preserv'd intire, exceeds all value,

But cut in pieces (though these pieces are
Set in fine gold by the best work-mans cunning)
Parts with all estimation: So this Dukedom,
As 'tis yet whole, the neighbouring Kings may covet,
But cannot compass; which divided, will
Become the spoil of every barbarous foe
That will invade it.

Gif. How this works in both!

Bal. Prince *Rollo*'s eyes have lost their fire.

Gif. And anger, that but now wholly possessed
Good *Otto*, hath given place to pity. (gun.

Aub. End not thus Madam, but perfect what's so well be-

Soph. I see in both, fair signs of reconciliation,
Make them sure proofs they are so: the Fates offer
To your free choice, either to live Examples
Of Piety, or wickedness: if the later
Blinds so your understanding, that you cannot
Pierce through her painted outside, and discover
That she is all deformity within,
Boldly transcend all precedents of mischief,
And let the last, and the worst end of tyrannies;
The murder of a Mother, but begin
The stain of blood you after are to heighten:
But if that vertue, and her sure rewards,
Can win you to accept her for your guide,
To lead you up to Heaven, and there fix you
The fairest Stars in the bright Sphere of honour;
Make me the parent of an hundred sons,
All brought into the world with joy, not sorrow,
And every one a Father to his Country,
In being now made Mother of your concord.

Rol. Such, and so good, loud fame for ever speak you.

Bal. I, now they meet like Brothers.

[The Brothers cast away their Swords and embrace.

Gif. My hearts joy flows through my eyes.

Aub. May never Womans tongue
Hereafter be accus'd, for this ones Goodness.

Otto. If we contend, from this hour, it shall be
How to o'recome in brotherly affection.

Rol. *Otto* is *Rollo* now, and *Rollo*, *Otto*,
Or as they have one mind, rather one name:
From this atonement let our lives begin,
Be all the rest forgotten.

Aub. Spoke like *Rollo*.

Soph. And to the honour of this reconciliation,
We all this night will at a publick Feast
With choice Wines drown our late fears, and with Musick
Welcome our comforts.

Bald. Sure and certain ones. [Exeunt.

[Manent Grandpree, Verdon, Trevile and Duprete.

Grand. Did ever such a hopeful business end thus?

Ver. 'Tis fatal to us all, and yet you *Grandpree*,
Have the least cause to fear.

Grand. Why; what's my hope?

Ver. The certainty that you have to be hang'd;
You know the Chancellours promise.

Grand. Plague upon you.

Ver. What think you of a Bath, and a Lords Daughter
To entertain you?

Grand. Those desires are off.

Frail thoughts, all friends, no *Rollians* now, nor *Ottoes*:
The sev'ral court'sies of our swords and servants
Defer to after consequence; let's make use
Of this nights freedom, a short Parliament to us,
In which it will be lawful to walk freely.
Nay, to our drink we shall have meat too, that's
No usual business to the men o'th' sword.
Drink deep with me to night, we shall to morrow,
Or whip, or hang the merrier.

Tre. Lead the way then.

[Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Latorch, and Rollo.

Lato. WHY should this trouble you?

Rol. It does, and must do till I find ease.

Lato. Consider then, and quickly;
And like a wise man, take the current with you,
Which once turn'd head, will sink you; blest occasion
Offers her self in thousand safeties to you;
Time standing still to point you out your purpose,
And resolution (the true child of Vertue)
Readie to execute: what dull cold weaknes
Has crept into your bosom, whose meer thoughts
Like tempests, plowing up the sayling Forests,
Even with their swing were wont to shake down hazards.
What is't, your Mothers tears?

Rol. Pray thee be patient.

Lato. Her hands held up? her prayers, or her curses?
Oh power of paper dropt through by a woman!
Take heed the Souldiers see it not; 'tis miserable,
In Rollo below miserable; take heed your friends,
The sinews of your cause, the strength you stir by,
Take heed, I say, they find it not: take heed
Your own repentance (like a passing-bell)
Too late, and too loud, tell the world y'are perisht:
What noble spirit, eager of advancement,
Whose imployment is his plough; what sword whose sharp-
Waits but the arm to wield it; or what hope, (nefs)
After the world has blown abroad this weaknes,
Will move again, or make a wish for Rollo?

Rol. Are we not friends again by each oath ratified,
Our tongues the Heralds to our hearts?

Lato. Poor hearts then.

Rol. Our worthier friends.

Lato. No friends Sir, to your honour;
Friends to your fall: where is your understanding,
The noble vessel that your full soul sail'd in,
Rib'd round with honours; where is that? 'tis ruin'd,
The tempest of a womans sighs has sunk it.
Friendship, take heed Sir, is a smiling harlot
That when she kisses, kills, a soder'd friendship
Piec'd out with promises; O painted ruine!

Rol. Latorch, he is my Brother.

Lato. The more doubted;

For hatred hatcht at home is a tame Tiger,
May fawn and sport, but never leaves his nature;
The jars of Brothers, two such mighty ones,
Is like a small stone thrown into a river,
The breach scarce heard, but view the beaten current,
And you shall see a thousand angry rings
Rise in his face, still swelling and still growing;
C. jars circling distrusts, distrusts breed dangers,
And dangers death, the greatest extreme shadow,
Till nothing bound 'em but the shoar their graves;
There is no manly wisdom, nor no safety
In leaning to this league, this piec'd patcht friendship;
This rear'd up reconcilment on a billow,
Which as it tumbles, totters down your fortune;
Is't not your own you reach at? Law and nature
Ushering the way before you; is not he
Born and bequeath'd your subject?

Rol. Ha.

Lato. What fool would give a storm leave to disturb his
When he may shut the casement? can that man (peace,
Has won so much upon your pity,
And drawn so high, that like an ominous Comet,
He darkens all your light; can this toucht Lyon
(Though now he licks and locks up his fell paws,
Craftily humming, like a catt to cozen you)
But when ambition whets him, and time fits him,
Leap to his prey, and seiz'd once, suck your heart out?

Do you make it conscience?

Rol. Conscience, Latorch, what's that?

Lato. A fear they tye up fools in, natures coward,
Palling the blood, and chilling the full spirit
With apprehension of meer clouds and shadows.

Rol. I know no conscience, nor I fear no shadows.

Lato. Or if you did, if there were conscience,
If the free soul could suffer such a curb
To the fiery mind, such puddles to put it out;
Must it needs like a rank Vine, run up rudely,
And twine about the top of all our happiness,
Honour and rule, and there sit shaking of us?

Rol. It shall not, nor it must not; I am satisfied,
And once more am my self again:

My Mothers tears and womanish cold prayers,
Farewel, I have forgot you; if there be conscience,
Let it not come betwixt a crown and me,
Which is my hope of blis, and I believe it:

Otto, our friendship thus I blow to air,
A bubble for a boy to play withal;
And all the vows my weaknes made, like this,
Like this poor heartless rush, I rend in pieces.

Lato. Now you go right, Sir, now your eyes are open.

Rol. My Fathers last petition's dead as he is,
And all the promises I clos'd his eyes with,
In the same grave I bury.

Lato. Now y'are a man, Sir.

Rol. Otto, thou shewst my winding sheet before me,
Which e're I put it on, like Heavens blest fire
In my descent I'll make it blush in blood;
A Crown, A Crown, Oh sacred Rule, now fire me,
Nor shall the pity of thy youth, false Brother,
Although a thousand Virgins kneel before me,
And every dropping eye a court of mercy,
The same blood with me, nor the reverence
Due to my mothers blest womb that bred us,
Redeem thee from my doubts: thou art a wolf here,
Fed with my fears, and I must cut thee from me:
A Crown, A Crown; Oh sacred Rule, now fire me:
No safety else.

Lato. But be not too much stir'd, Sir, nor too high
In your execution: swallowing waters
Run deep and silent, till they are satisfied,
And smile in thousand Circles, to guild their craft;
Let your sword sleep, and let my two edg'd wit work,
This happy feast, the full joy of your friendships
Shall be his last.

Rol. How, my Latorch?

Lato. Why thus, Sir;

I'll presently go dive into the Officers
That minister at Table: gold and goodness,
With promise upon promise, and time necessary,
I'll pour into them.

Rol. Canst thou do it neatly?

Lato. Let me alone, and such a bait it shall be,
Shall take off all suspicion.

Rol. Go, and prosper.

Lato. Walk in then, and your smoothest face put on Sir.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter the Master Cook, Butler, Pantler, Yeoman of the
Cellar, with a Jack of Beer and a Dish.

Cook. A hot day, a hot day, vengeance hot day boys,
Give me some drink, this fire's a plaguy fretter:
Body of me, I'm dry still; give me the Jack boy;
This wooden Skiff holds nothing.

Pant. And faith master, what brave new meats; for here
Will be old eating.

Coo. Old and young, boy, let 'em all eat, I have it;
I have ballast for their bellies, if they eat a gods name,
Let them have ten tire of teeth a piece, I care not;

But. But what new rare munition?

Coo. Fish, a thousand;

I'll make you piggs speak *French* at table, and a fat swan
Come sailing out of *England* with a challenge;
I'll make you a dish of calves feet dance the Canaries,
And a consort of cramm'd capons fiddle to 'em;
A calves head speak an Oracle, and a dozen of Larks
Rife from the dish, and sing all supper time;
'Tis nothing boyes: I have framed a fortification
Out of Rye paste, which is impregnable,
And against that, for two long hours together,
Two dozen of marrow-bones shall play continually:
For fish, I'll make you a standing lake of white broth,
And pikes come ploughing up the plums before them;
Arion, like a Dolphin, playing Lachrymæ,
And brave King Herring with his oyle and onyon
Crown'd with a Limon pill, his way prepar'd
With his strong Guard of Pilchers.

Pant. I marry Master.

Coo. All these are nothing: I'll make you a stubble Goose
Turn o'th' toe thrice, do a cross point presently,
And sit down again, and cry come eat me:
These are for mirth. Now Sir, for matter of mourning,
I'll bring you in the Lady Loyn of Veal,
With the long love she bore the Prince of *Orenge*.

All. Thou boy, thou.

Coo. I have a trick for thee too,
And a rare trick, and I have done it for thee.

Yeo. What's that good master?

Coo. 'Tis a sacrifice.

A full Vine bending, like an Arch, and under
The blown god *Bacchus*, sitting on a Hogthead,
His Altar Beer: before that, a plump Vintner
Kneeling, and offering incense to his deitie,
Which shall be only this, red Sprats and Pilchers.

But. This when the Table's drawn, to draw the wine on.

Coo. Thou hast it right, and then comes thy Song, Butler.

Pant. This will be admirable.

Yeo. Oh Sir, most admirable.

Coo. If you'll have the patty speak, 'tis in my power,
I have fire enough to work it; come, stand close,
And now rehearse the Song, we may be perfect,
The drinking Song, and say I were the Brothers.

The drinking SONG.

Drink to day and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do it to morrow.
Best while you have it use your breath,
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
There is no cure 'gainst age but it.
It helps the head ach, cough and tiffick,
And is for all diseases Physick.

Then let us swill boyes for our health,
Who drinks well, loves the common-wealth.
And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf still in October.

Well have you born your selves; a red Deer Pye, Boyes,
And that no lean one, I bequeath your vertues;
What friends hast thou to day? no citizens?

Pant. Yes Father, the old Crew.

Coo. By the mass true wenches:

Sirrah, set by a chine of Beef, and a hot Pasty,
And let the Joll of Sturgeon be corrected:
And do you mark Sir, stalk me to a Pheasant,
And see if you can shoot her in the Sellar.

Pant. God a mercy Lad, send me thy roaring bottles,
And with such Nestar I will see 'em fill'd,
That all thou speak'st shall be pure Helicon.

Enter Latorch.

Monseur Latorch? what news with him? Save you.

Lat. Save you Master, save you Gentlemen,
You are casting for this preparation;
This joyfull supper for the royal Brothers:
I'm glad I have met you fitly, for to your charge
My bountifull brave Butler, I must deliver
A Bevie of young Lasses, that must look on
This nights solemnity, and see the two Dukes,
Or I shall lose my credit; you have Stowage?

But. For such freight I'll find room, and be your servant.

Coo. Bring them, they shall not starve here, I'll send 'em
(*Victuals*)

Shall work you a good turn, though't be ten days hence, Sir.

Lat. God a mercy noble Master.

Coo. Nay, I'll do't.

Yeo. And wine they shall not want, let 'em drink like Ducks.

Lat. What misery it is that minds so royal,
And such most honest bounties, as yours are,
Should be confin'd thus to uncertainties?

But. I, were the State once settled, then we had places.

Yeo. Then we could shew our selves, and help our friends,

Coo. I, then there were some favour in't, where now (Sir)
We live between two stools, every hour ready
To tumble on our noses; and for ought we know yet,
For all this Supper, ready to fast the next day.

Lat. I would fain speak unto you out of pitie,
Out of the love I bear you, out of honesty,
For your own goods; nay, for the general blessing.

Coo. And we would as fain hear you, pray go forward.

Lat. Dare you but think to make your selves up certainties
Your places and your credits ten times doubled,
The Princes favour, *Rollo's*?

But. A sweet Gentleman.

Yeo. I, and as bounteous, if he had his right too.

Coo. By the mass, a Royal Gentleman indeed Boyes,
He'd make the chimneys smoak.

Lat. He would do't friends,
And you too, if he had his right, true Courtiers;
What could you want then? dare you?

Coo. Pray you be short Sir.

Lat. And this my soul upon't, I dare assure you,
If you but dare your parts.

Coo. Dare not me Monsieur,
For I that fear nor fire nor water, Sir,
Dare do enough, a man would think.

Yeo. Believ't, Sir;
But make this good upon us you have promis'd,
You shall not find us flinchers.

Lat. Then I'll be fudden.

Pant. What may this mean? and whither would he drive

Lat. And first, for what you must do, because all danger
Shall be apparantly ty'd up and muzl'd,
The matter seeming mighty: there's your pardons.

Pant. Pardon's? is't come to that? gods defend us. (nest,

Lat. And here's five hundred Crowns in bounteous ear.
And now behold the matter. *Latorch gives*

But. What are these, Sir?

each a paper.

Yeo. And of what nature? to what use?

Lat. Imagine.

Coo. Will they kill Rats? they eat my pyes abominably,
Or work upon a woman cold as Cbrilmas?
I have an old Jade sticks upon my fingers,
May I taste them?

Lat. Is your will made?

And have you said your prayers? for they'll pay you:
And now to come up to you, for your knowledge,
And for the good you never shall repent you
If you be wise men now.

Coo. Wife as you will, Sir.

Lat. These must be put then into the several meats
Young *Otto* loves, by you into his wine, Sir,
Into his bread by you, by you into his linnen.
Now if you desire, you have found the means
To make you, and if you dare not, you have
Found your ruine; resolve me e're you go.

K k k 2

But

But. You'll keep your faith with us.
Lat. May I no more see light else.
Coo. Why 'tis done then?
But. 'Tis done.
Pan. 'Tis done which shall be undone.
Lat. About it then, farewell, y'are all of one mind.
Coo. All?
All. All, All.
Lat. Why then, all happye. [Exit.
But. What did we promise him?
Yeo. Do you ask that now?
But. I would be glad to know what 'tis.
Pan. I'll tell you,
 It is to be all villains, knaves, and traytors.
Coo. Fine wholesome titles.
Pan. But if you dare, go forward.
Coo. We may be hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd.
Pan. Very true, Sir.
Coo. What a goodly swing I shall give the gallows? yet
 I think too, this may be done, and yet we may be rewarded,
 not with a rope, but with a royal master: and yet we may
 be hang'd too.
Yeo. Say it were done; who is it done for? is it not for *Rollo*?
 And for 'tis right?
Coo. And yet we may be hang'd too.
But. Or say he take it, say we be discover'd?
 Is not the same man bound still to protect us?
 Are we not his?
But. Sure, he will never fail us.
Coo. If he do, friends, we shall find that will hold us.
 And yet me thinks, this prologue to our purpose,
 These crowns should promise more: 'tis easily done,
 As ease as a man would roast an egge,
 If that be all; for look you, Gentlemen,
 Here stand my broths, my finger slips a little,
 Down drops a dose, I stir him with my ladle,
 And there's a dish for a Duke: *Olla Podrida*.
 Here stands a bak'd meat, he wants a little seasoning,
 A foolish mistake; my Spice-box, Gentlemen,
 And put in some of this, the matter's ended;
 Dredge you a dish of plovers, there's the Art on't.
Yeo. Or as I fill my wine.
Coo. 'Tis very true, Sir,
 Blessing it with your hand, thus quick and neatly first, 'tis
 And done once, 'tis as easie (past
 For him to thank us for it, and reward us.
Pan. But 'tis a damn'd fin.
Coo. O, never fear that.
 The fire's my play-fellow, and now I am resolv'd, boyes.
But. Why then, have with you.
Yeo. The same for me.
Pan. For me too.
Coo. And now no more our worships, but our Lordships.
Pan. Not this year, on my knowledge, I'll unlord you.

SCENE III.

Enter Servant, and Sewer.

Ser. Perfume the room round, and prepare the table,
 Gentlemen officers, wait in your places.

Sew. Make room there,
 Room for the Duke's meat. Gentlemen, be bare there,
 Clear all the entrance: Guard, put by those gapers,
 And Gentlemen-ushers, see the gallery clear,
 The Dukes are coming on.

Hoboyes, a banquet.

Enter *Sophia*, between *Rollo*, and *Otto*, *Aubry*,
Latoch, *Gispert*, *Baldwin*, *Attendants*,
Hamond, *Matilda*, *Edith*.

Ser. 'Tis certainly inform'd.

Ot. Reward the fellow, and look you mainly to it.

Ser. My life for yours, Sir.

Soph. Now am I straight, my Lords, and young again,

My long since blasted hopes shoot out in blossomes,
 The fruits of everlasting love appearing;
 Oh! my blest boys, the honour of my years,
 Of all my cares, the bounteous fair rewarders.
 Oh! let me thus embrace you, thus for ever
 Within a Mothers love lock up your friendships:
 And my sweet sons, once more with mutual twinings,
 As one chaste bed begot you, make one body:
 Blessings from heaven in thousand showers fall on you.
Aub. Oh! womans goodness never to be equal'd,
 May the most sinfull creatures of thy sex
 But kneeling at thy monument, rise saints.
Soph. Sit down my worthy sons; my Lords, your places.
 I, now me thinks the table's nobly furnisht;
 Now the meat nourishes; the wine gives spirit;
 And all the room stuck with a general pleasure,
 Shews like the peacefull boughs of happiness.
Aub. Long may it last, and from a heart fill'd with it
 Full as my cup; I give it round, my Lords.
Bald. And may that stubborn heart be drunk with sorrow
 Refuses it; men dying now should take it,
 And by the vertue of this ceremony
 Shake off their miseries, and sleep in peace.
Rol. You are sad, my noble Brother.
Ot. No, indeed, Sir.
Soph. No sadness my son this day.
Rol. Pray you eat,
 Something is here you have lov'd; taste of this dish,
 It will prepare your stomach.
Ot. Thank you brother: I am not now dispos'd to eat.
Rol. Or that,
 You put us out of heart man, come, these bak't meats
 Were ever your best dyet.
Ot. None, I thank you.
Soph. Are you well, noble child?
Ot. Yes, gracious Mother.
Rol. Give him a cup of wine, then, pledge the health,
 Drink it to me, I'll give it to my Mother.
Soph. Do, my best child.
Ot. I must not, my best Mother,
 Indeed I dare not: for of late, my body
 Has been much weakned by excess of dyet;
 The promise of a fever hanging on me,
 And even now ready, if not by abstinence——
Rol. And will you keep it in this general freedom;
 A little health prefer'd before our friendship?
Ot. I pray you excuse me, Sir.
Rol. Excuse your self Sir,
 Come 'tis your fear, and not your favour Brother,
 And you have done me a most worthy kindness
 My Royal Mother, and you noble Lords;
 Here, for it now concerns me to speak boldly;
 What faith can be expected from his vows,
 From his dissembling smiles, what fruit of friendship
 From all his dull embraces, what blest issue,
 When he shall brand me here for base suspicion?
 He takes me for a poysoner.
Sop. Gods defend it son.
Rol. For a foul knave, a villain, and so fears me.
Ot. I could say something too.
Sop. You must not so Sir,
 Without your great forgetfulness of vertue;
 This is your Brother, and your honour'd Brother.
Rol. If he please so.
Sop. One noble Father, with as noble thoughts,
 Begot your minds and bodies: one care rockt you,
 And one truth to you both was ever sacred;
 Now see my *Otto*, whither flies your goodness?
 Because the right hand has the power of cutting,
 Shall the left presently cry out 'tis maimed?
 They are one my child, one power, and one performance,
 And joy'd together thus, one love, one body.
Aub. I do beseech your grace, take to your thoughts
 More certain counsellors than doubts or fears,

They strangle nature, and disperse themselves
(If once believ'd) into such fogs and errors
That the bright truth her self can never sever:
Your Brother is a royal Gentleman
Full of himself, honour, and honesty,
And take heed Sir, how nature bent to goodness,
(So streight a Cedar to himself) uprightnes
Be wrested from his true use, prove not dangerous.

Rol. Nay my good Brother knows I am too patient.

Lat. Why should your grace think him a poysoner?
Has he no more respect to piety?
And but he has by oath ty'd up his fury
Who durst but think that thought?

Aub. Away thou firebrand.

Lat. If man of his sort, of his power, and place
The eldest son in honour to this Dukedom. (togue)

Bald. Fo. shame contain thy tongue, thy poysonous
That with her burning venome will infect all,
And once more blow a wilde fire through the Dukedom.

Gif. *Latorch*, if thou be'st honest, or a man,
Contain thy self.

Aub. Go to, no more, by Heaven
You'll find y'have plai'd the fool else, not a word more.

Sop. Prethee sweet son.

Rol. Let him alone sweet Mother, and my Lords
To make you understand how much I honour
This sacred peace, and next my innocence,
And to avoid all further difference

Discourse may draw on to a way of danger
I quit my place, and take my leave for this night,
Wishing a general joy may dwell among you.

Aub. Shall we wait on your grace?

Rol. I dare not break you. *Latorch.* [Ex. *Rol.* and *Lat.*]

Or. Oh Mother that your tenderness had eyes,
Discerning eyes, what would this man appear then?
The tale of *Synon* when he took upon him
To ruine *Troy*; with what a cloud of cunning
He hid his heart, nothing appearing outwards;
But came like innocence, and dropping pity,
Sighs that would sink a Navie, and had tales
Able to take the ears of Saints, belief too,
And what did all these? blew the fire to *Ilium*.
His crafty art (but more refin'd by study)
My Brother has put on: oh I could tell you
But for the reverence I bear to nature,
Things that would make your honest blood run backward.

Sop. You dare tell me?

Or. Yes, in your private closet
Where I will presently attend you; rise
I am a little troubled, but 'twill off.

Sop. Is this the joy I look'd for?

Or. All will mend,
Be not disturb'd dear Mother, Ple not fail you.

[Ex. *Sop.* and *Otto*.]

Bald. I do not like this.

Aub. That is still in our powers,
But how to make it so that we may like it.

Bald. Beyond us ever; *Latorch* me thought was busie,
That fellow, if not lookt to narrowly, will do a suddain

Aub. Hell look to him, (mischief.
For if there may be a Devil above all, yet
That Rogue will make him; keep you up this night,
And so will I, for much I fear a danger.

Bald. I will, and in my watches use my prayers.

[Exeunt.]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter *Sophia*, *Otto*, *Matilda*, *Edith*.

Or. You wonder Madam, that for all the shews
My Brother *Rollo* makes of hearty love
And free possession of the Dukedom 'twixt us;
I notwithstanding should stand still suspicious,
As if beneath those veils, he did convey
Intents and practices of hate, and treason?

Sob. It breeds indeed my wonder.

Or. Which makes mine,
Since it is so safe and broad a beaten way,
Beneath the name of friendship to betray.

Sop. Though in remote and further off affections,
These falsehoods are so common, yet in him
They cannot so force nature.

Or. The more near
The bands of truth bind, the more oft they sever,
Being better cloaks to cover falshood over.

Sop. It cannot be, that fruits the tree so blasting
Can grow in nature; take heed gentle Son
Lest some suborn'd suggester of these treasons,
Believ'd in him by you, provok'd the rather
His tender envies, to such foul attempts;
Or that your too much love to rule alone
Breed not in him this jealous passion;
There is not any ill we might not bear
Were not our good held at a price too dear.

Or. So apt is treachery to be excused,
That innocence is still aloud abused,
The fate of vertue even her friends perverts,
To plead for vice oft times against their hearts,
Heavens blessing is her curse, which she must bear
That she may never love.

Sop. Alas, my son, nor fate, nor heaven it self,
Can or would wrest my whole care of your good
To any least secureness in your ill:
What I urge issues from my curious fear,
Lest you should make your means to scape your snare.
Doubt of sincereness is the only mean
Not to incense it, but corrupt it clean.

Or. I rest as far from wrong of sincereness,
As he flies from the practice, trust me Madam,
I know by their confessions, he suborn'd,
What I should eat, drink, touch, or only have scented,
This evening feast was poysoned, but I fear
This open violence more, that treacherous odde
Which he in his insatiate thirst of rule
Is like to execute.

Sop. Believe it Son,
If still his stomach be so foul to feed
On such gross objects, and that thirst to rule
The state alone be yet unquench'd in him,
Poysons and such close treasons ask more time
Than can suffice his fiery spirits halt:
And were there in him such desire to hide
So false a practice, there would likewise rest
Conscience and fear in him of open force,
And therefore close nor open you need fear.

Mat. Good Madam, stand not so inclin'd to trust
What proves his tenderest thoughts to doubt it just,
Who knows not the unbounded flood and sea,
In which my Brother *Rollo*'s appetites
Alter and rage with every puffe and breath?
His swelling blood exhales, and therefore hear,
What gives my temperate Brother cause to use
His readiest circumspection, and consult
For remedy against all his wicked purposes;
If he arm, arm, if he strew mines of treason,
Meet him with countermines, it is justice still
(For goodness sake) t'encounter ill with ill.

Sop. Avert from us such justice, equal heaven,
And all such cause of justice.

Or. Past all doubt
(For all the sacred privilege of night)
This is no time for us to sleep or rest in;
Who knows not all things holy are prevented
With ends of all impietic, all but
Lust, gain, ambition.

Enter Rollo, armed, and Latorch.

Rol. Perish all the world
E're I but lose one foot of possible Empire,
Be slights and colour us'd by slaves and wretches,
I am exempt by birth from both these curbs,
And since above them in all justice, since
I sit above in power, where power is given,
Is all the right suppos'd of Earth and Heaven.

Lat. Prove both Sir, see the traytor.

Or. He comes arm'd, see Mother, now your confidence.

Sop. What rage affects this monster?

Rol. Give me way or perish.

Sop. Make thy way viper, if thou thus affect it.

Or. This is a treason like thee.

Rol. Let her go.

Sop. Embrace me, wear me as thy shield, my Son;
And through my breast let his rude weapon run,
To thy lives innocence.

Or. Play not two parts,
Traicher and coward both; but yield a sword,
And let thy arming thee be odds enough
Against my naked bosom.

Rol. Loose his hold.

Mat. Forbear base murtherer.

Rol. Forsake our Mother.

Sop. Mother, dost thou name me, and put'st off nature thus?

Rol. Forsake her traytour,
Or by the spouse of nature through hers
This leads unto thy heart.

Or. Hold.

Sop. Hold me still.

Or. For twenty hearts and lives I will not hazard
One drop of blood in yours.

Sop. Oh thou art lost then.

Or. Protect my innocence, Heaven.

Sop. Call out murther.

Mat. Be murthered all, but save him.

Ed. Murther, murther.

Rol. Cannot I reach you yet?

Or. No, fiend.

Rol. Latorch, rescue, I'me down.

Lat. Up then, your sword cools Sir,
Ply it i'th' flame, and work your ends out.

Rol. Ha, have at your there Sir.

Enter Aubrey.

Aub. Author of prodigies, what sights are these?

Or. Oh give me a weapon, *Aubrey.*

Sop. Oh part 'em, part 'em.

Aub. For Heavens sake no more.

Or. No more resist his fury, no rage can
Add to his mischief done. *Dyes.*

Sop. Take spirit my *Otto*,
Heaven will not see thee dye thus. (goodness.)

Mat. He is dead, and nothing lives but death of every

Sop. Oh he hath slain his Brother, curse him heaven.

Rol. Curse and be cursed, it is the fruit of cursing,

Latorch, take off here, bring too, of that blood
To colour o're my shirt, then raise the Court
And give it out how he attempted us
In our bed naked: shall the name of Brother
Forbid us to enlarge our state and powers?
Or place affects of blood above our reason?
That tells us all things good against another,
Are good in the same line against a Brother.

[Exit.]

Enter Gisbert, Baldwin.

Gif. What affairs inform these out-cries?

Aub. See and grieve.

Gif. Prince *Otto* slain!

Bal. Oh execrable slaughter!

What hand hath author'd it?

Aub. Your Scholars, *Baldwin.*

Bald. Unjustly urg'd, Lord *Aubrey*, as if I,
For being his Schoolmaster, must own this doctrine,
You are his Counsellours, did you advise him
To this foul parricide?

Gif. If rule affect this licence, who would live
To worse, than dye in force of his obedience?

Bal. Heavens cold and lingring spirit to punish sin,
And humane blood so fiery to commit it,
One so outgoes the other, it will never
Be turn'd to fit obedience.

Aub. Burst it then

With his full swing given, where it brooks no bound,
Complaints of it are vain; and all that rests
To be our refuge (since our powers are strengthless)
Is to conform our wills to suffer freely,
What with our murmurs we can never master;
Ladys, be pleas'd with what heavens pleasure suffers,
Erect your princely countenances and spirits,
And to redress the mischiefs now resistless,
Sooth it in shew, rather than curse or cross it;
Which all amends, and vow to it your best,
But till you may perform it, let it rest.

Gif. Those temporizings are too dull and servile,
To breath the free air of a manly soul,
Which shall in me expire in execrations,
Before for any life I sooth a murtherer.

Bal. Pour lives before him, till his own be dry
Of all lives services and humane comforts;
None left that looks at heaven is half so base
To do those black and hellish actions grace.

Enter Rollo, Lat. Ham. and Guard.

Rol. Haste *Latorch*

And raise the Citie as the Court is rais'd,
Proclaiming the abhor'd conspiracy
In plot against my life.

Lat. I haste my Lord.

[Exit.]

Rol. You there that mourn upon the justly slain,
Arise and leave it if you love your lives,
And hear from me what (kept by you) may save you.

Mat. What will the Butcher do? I will not stir.

Rol. Stir, and unforc't stir, or stir never more:
Command her, you grave Beldam, that know better
My deadly resolutions, since I drew them
From the infective fountain of your own,
Or if you have forgot, this fiery prompter
Shall fix the fresh impresson on your heart.

Sop. Rise Daughter, serve his will in what we may,
Left what we may not he enforce the rather,
Is this all you command us?

Rol. This addition only admitted, that when I endeavour
To quit me of this slaughter, you presume not
To cross me with a syllable for your souls;
Murmur, nor think against it, but weigh well,
It will not help your ill, but help to more,
And that my hand wrought thus far to my will,
Will check at nothing till his circle fill.

Mat. Fill it, so I consent not, but who sooths it
Consents, and who consents to tyrannie, does it.

Rol. False traytrefts die then with him.

(self)

Aub. Are you mad, to offer at more blood, and make your
More horrid to your people? I'le proclaim,
It is not as your instrument will publish.

Rol. Do, and take that along with you—so nimble!
Resign my sword, and dare not for thy soul

To

To offer what thou insolently threatnest ;
One word, proclaiming cros to what *Latorch*
Hath in Commission, and intends to publish.

Aub. Well, Sir, not for your threats, but for your good,
Since more hurt to you would more hurt your Country,
And that you must make Vertue of the need
That now compels you, I'll consent as far
As silence argues to your will proclaimed :
And since no more Sons of your Princely Father
Survive to rule but you, and that I wish
You should rule like your Father, with the love
And zeal of all your Subjects ; this foul slaughter
That now you have committed made ashamed
With that fair blessing, that in place of plagues,
Heaven trys our mending disposition with :
Take here your sword, which now use like a Prince,
And no more like a Tyrant.

Rol. This sounds well, live and be gracious with us.

Gif. and Bal. Oh Lord *Aubrey*.

Mat. He flatter thus ?

Sop. He temporizes fitly.

Rol. Wonder invades me ; do you two think much,
That he thus wisely, and with need consents
To what I authour for your Countries good ?
You being my Tutor, you my Chancellour.

Gif. Your Chancellour is not your Flatterer, Sir.

Bal. Nor is it your Tutors part to shield such doctrine.

Rol. Sir, first know you,

In praise of your pure Oratory that rais'd you,
That when the people, who I know by this
Are rais'd out of their rests, and hastening hither
To witness what is done here, are arrived
With our *Latorch*, that you, *ex tempore*,
Shall fashion an Oration to acquit
And justifie this forced fact of mine ;
Or for the proud refusal lose your head.

Gif. I fashion an Oration to acquit you ?
Sir, know you then, that 'tis a thing less easie
To excuse a parricide than to commit it.

Rol. I do not wish you, Sir, to excuse me,
But to accuse my Brother, as the cause
Of his own slaughter by attempting mine.

Gif. Not for the World, I should pour blood on blood ;
It were another murder to accuse
Him that fell innocent.

Rol. Away with him, hence, hail him straight to execution.

Aub. Far slye such rigour, your amendful hand.

Rol. He perishes with him that speaks for him ;
Guard do your office on him, on your lives pain.

Gif. Tyrant, 'twill haste thy own death.

Rol. Let it wing it,
He threatens me, Villains tear him piece-meal hence.

Guard. Avant Sir.

Ham. Force him hence.

Rol. Dispatch him, Captain,
And bring me instant word he is dispatched,
And how his Rhetorick takes it.

Ham. I'll not fail, Sir.

Rol. Captain, besides remember this in chief ;
That being executed, you deny
To all his friends the Rites of Funeral,
And cast his Carcass out to Dogs and Fowls.

Ham. 'Tis done, my Lord.

Rol. Upon your life not fail.

Bal. What impious daring is there here of Heaven !

Rol. Sir, now prepare your self, against the people
Make here their entry, to discharge the Oration,
He hath denied my will.

Bal. For fear of death ? ha, ha, ha.

Rol. Is death ridiculous with you ?

Works misery of Age this, or thy judgment ?

Bal. Judgment, false Tyrant.

Rol. You'll make no Oration then ?

Bal. Not to excuse, but aggravate thy murder if thou wilt,

Which I will so enforce, I'll make thee wreek it
(With hate of what thou win't by't) on thy self,
With such another justly merited murder.

Rol. I'll answer you anon.

Enter Latorch.

Lat. The Citizens are hasting, Sir, in heaps, all full re.
By my perswasion of your Brothers Treasons. (solv'd,

Rol. Honest *Latorch*.

Enter Hamond.

Ham. Sec, Sir, here's *Gisberts* head.

Rol. Good speed ; was't with a Sword ?

Ham. An Axe, Sir.

Rol. An Axe ? 'twas vilely done, I would have had
My own fine Headfman done it with a Sword ;
Go, take this *Dotard* here, and take his head
Off with a Sword.

Ham. Your Schoolmaster ?

Rol. Even he.

Bal. For teaching thee no better ; 'tis the best
Of all thy damned justices ; away,
Captain, I'll follow. (and fury,

Ed. Oh stay there, Duke, and in the midst of all thy blood
Hear a poor Maids Petitions, hear a Daughter,
The only Daughter of a wretched Father ;
Oh stay your haste as you shall need this mercy.

Rol. Away with this fond woman.

Ed. You must hear me

If there be any spark of pity in you,
If sweet humanity and mercy rule you ;
I do confesse you are a Prince, your anger
As great as you, your Execution greater.

Rol. Away with him.

Ed. Oh Captain, by thy manhood,
By her soft soul that bare thee, I do confesse, Sir,
Your doom of justice on your foes most righteous ;
Good noble Prince look on me.

Rol. Take her from me.

Ed. A curse upon his life that hinders me ;
May Fathers Blessing never fall upon him,
May Heaven never hear his Prayers : I beseech you,
Oh Sir, these few tears beseech you ; these chaste hands woo
That never yet were heav'd but to things holy, (you,
Things like your self, you are a god above us ;
Be as a God then, full of saving mercy ;
Mercy, Oh mercy, for his sake mercy ;
That when your stout heart weeps shall give you pity ;
Here I must grow.

Rol. By Heaven, I'll strike thee, woman.

Ed. Most willingly, let all thy anger seek me,
All the most studied torments, so this good man,
This old man, and this innocent escape thee.

Rol. Carry him away I say.

Ed. Now blessing on thee, Oh sweet pity,
I see it in thy Eyes, I charge you Souldiers
Even by the Princes power, release my Father ;
The Prince is merciful, why do you hold him ?
He is old, why do you hurt him ? speak, Oh speak, Sir ;
Speak as you are a man ; a mans life hangs, Sir,
A friends life, and a foster life upon you :
'Tis but a word, but mercy quickly spoke, Sir ;
Oh speak, Prince, speak.

Rol. Will no man here obey me ?

Have I no rule yet ? as I live he dyes
That does not execute my will, and suddenly. (me.

Bal. All that thou canst do takes but one short hour from

Rol. Hew off her hands.

Ham. Lady hold off.

Ed. Nay, hew 'em,

Hew off my innocent hands as he commands you.

[*Exeunt Guard, Count Baldwin.*

They'll hang the faster on for Deaths convulsion.

Thou seed of Rocks, will nothing move thee then ?

Are all my tears lost? all my righteous Prayers
Drown'd in thy drunken wrath? I stand thus then,
Thus boldly, bloody Tyrant,
And to thy face in Heavens high Name defie thee;
And may sweet mercy when thy soul sighs for it,
When under thy black mischiefs thy flesh trembles,
When neither strength, nor youth, nor friends, nor gold
Can stay one hour, when thy most wretched Conscience
Wak'd from her dream of death, like fire shall melt thee,
When all thy Mothers tears, thy Brothers wounds,
Thy Peoples fears and curses, and my loss,
My aged fathers loss shall stand before thee.

Rol. Save him I say, run, save him, save her Father,
Fly, and redeem his head. [Exit Latorch.

Ed. May then that pity,
That comfort thou expect'st from Heaven, that mercy
Be lockt up from thee, fly thee, howling find thee,
Despair, Oh my sweet father, storms of terrours,
Blood till thou burst again.

Rol. Oh fair sweet anger.

Enter Latorch and Hamond with a Head.

Lat. I am too late, Sir, 'twas dispatch'd before,
And his Head is here.

Rol. And my Heart there; go bury him,
Give him fair Rites of Funeral, decent Honours.

Ed. Wilt thou not take me, Monster? highest Heaven
Give him a punishment fit for his mischief.

Lat. I fear thy Prayer is heard, and he rewarded:
Lady, have patience, 'twas unhappy speed;
Blame not the Duke, 'twas not his fault, but Pates;
He sent, you know, to stay it, and commanded
In care of you, the heavy object hence
Soon as it came: have better thoughts of him.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Where's this young Traytor?

Lat. Noble Citizens, here,
And here the wounds he gave your sovereign Lord.

1 *Cit.* This Prince of force must be
Belov'd of Heaven, whom Heaven hath thus preserv'd.

2 *Cit.* And if he be belov'd of Heaven, you know,
He must be just, and all his actions so.

Rol. Concluded like an Oracle, Oh how great
A grace of Heaven is a wife Citizen!
For Heaven 'tis makes 'em wise, as't makes me just,
As it preserves me, as I now survive
By his strong hand to keep you all alive:
Your Wives, your Children, Goods and Lands kept yours,
That had been else preys to his tyrannous Power,
That would have prey'd on me, in Bed assaulted me
In sacred time of Peace; my Mother here,
My Sister, this just Lord, and all had felt
The certain Gulph of this Conspiracy,
Of which my Tutor and my Chancellour,
(Two of the gravest, and most counted honest
In all my Dukedom) were the monstrous Heads;
Oh trust no honest men for their sakes ever,
My politick Citizens, but those that breathe
The Names of Cut-throats, Usurers and Tyrants,
Oh those believe in, for the foul-mouth'd World
Can give no better terms to simple goodness:
Even me it dares blaspheme, and thinks me tyrannous
For saving my own life fought by my Brother;
Yet those that fought his life before by poyson
(Though mine own servants, hoping to please me)
I'll lead to death for't, which your Eyes shall see.

1 *Cit.* Why, what a Prince is here!

2 *Cit.* How just!

3 *Cit.* How gentle!

Rol. Well, now my dearest Subjects, or much rather
My Nerves, my Spirits, or my vital Blood;
Turn to your needful rests, and settled peace,
Fix'd in this root of steel, from whence it sprung

In Heavens great help and Blessing: but ere sleep
Bind in his sweet oblivion your dull senses,
The Name and Vertue of Heavens King advance
For yours, in chief, for my deliverance.

Cit. Heaven and his King save our most pious Sovereign.
[Exit Citizens.

Rol. Thanks my good people. Mother, and kind Sister,
And you my noble Kinsmen, things born thus
Shall make ye all command what ever I
Enjoy in this my absolute Empire,
Take in the Body of my Princely Brother,
For whose Death, since his Fate no other way
Would give my eldest birth his supream Right;
We'll mourn the cruel influence it bears,
And wash his Sepulchre with kindly tears.

Ans. If this game end thus, Heavens will rule the set.
What we have yielded to, we could not let.

[Exit omnes præter Latorch, and Edith.

Lat. Good Lady rise, and raise your Spirits withal,
More high than they are humbled; you have cause,
As much as ever honour'd happiest Lady;
And when your Ears are freer to take in
Your most amendful and unmatched fortunes,
I'll make you drown a hundred helpless deaths
In Sea of one life pour'd into your Bosome;
With which shall flow into your arms, the Riches,
The Pleasures, Honours, and the rules of Princes;
Which though death stop your ears, methinks should open
Assay to forget death. ('em,

Ed. Oh slaughter'd Father.

Lat. Taste of what cannot be redress'd, and bless
The Fate that yet you curse so; since for that
You spake so movingly, and your sweet eyes
With so much Grace fill'd, that you set on fire
The Dukes affection, whom you now may rule
As he rules all his Dukedome, is't not sweet?
Does it not shine away your sorrows Clouds?
Sweet Lady, take wise heart, and hear and tell me.

Ed. I hear no word you speak.

Lat. Prepare to hear then,
And be not barr'd up from your self, nor add
To your ill fortune with your far worse judgment;
Make me your servant to attend with all joys,
Your sad estate, till they both bless and speak it:
See how they'll bow to you, make me wait, command me
To watch out every minute, for the stay
Your modest sorrow fancies, raise your graces,
And do my hopes the honour of your motion,
To all the offered heights that now attend you:
Oh how your touches ravish! how the Duke
Is slain already with your flames embrac'd!
I will both serve and visit you, and often.

Ed. I am not fit, Sir.

Lat. Time will make you, Lady.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

*Enter the Guard, 3 or 4 Boys, then the Sheriff, Cook,
Yeoman of the Cellar, Butler, Pantler to execution.*

1 *Guard.* Come, bring in these fellows, on, away with 'em.

2 *Guard.* Make room before there, room for the Priso-
(ners.

1 *Boy.* Let's run before, Boys, we shall have no places else.

2 *Boy.* Are these the youths?

Cook. These are the youths you look for,
And, pray my honest friends, be not so hasty,
There will be nothing done till we come, I assure you.

3 *Boy.* Here's a wife hanging; are there no more?

Butl. Do you hear, Sir? you may come in for your share
if you please.

Cook. My friend, if you be unprovided of a hanging,
You

You look like a good fellow, I can afford you
A reasonable penny-worth.

2 Boy. Afore, afore, Boys, here's enough to make us sport.

Yeom. 'Pox take you,

Do you call this sport? are these your recreations?
Must we be hang'd to make you mirth?

Cook. Do you hear?

You Cullard Pate, we go to't for high Treason,
An honourable fault: thy foolish Father
Was hang'd for stealing Sheep.

Boys. Away, away, Boys.

Cook. Do you see how that sneaking Rogue looks now?
You, Chip, Pantler, you peaking Rogue, that provided us
these Necklaces; you poor Rogue, you coltive Rogue, you.

Pant. Pray, pray, fellows.

Cook. 'Pray for thy crusty soul? where's your reward now,
Goodman Manchet, for your fine discovery?

I do beseech you, Sir, where are your Dollers?

Draw with your fellows and be hang'd.

Yeom. He must now;

For now he shall be hang'd first, that's his comfort,
A place too good for thee, thou meal-mouth'd Rascal.

Coo. Hang handfomly for shame, come, leave your praying.

You peaking Knave, and dye like a good Courtier,

Dye honestly, and like a man; no preaching,

With I beseech you take example by me,

I liv'd a lewd man, good People. 'Pox on't, (you.

Dye me as if thou hadst din'd, say Grace, and God be with

Guard. Come, will you forward?

Cook. Good Mr. Sheriff, your leave, this hasty work
Was ne'r done well; give us so much time as but to sing

Our own Ballads, for we'll trust no man,

Nor no tune but our own; 'twas done in Ale too,

And therefore cannot be refus'd in Justice.

Your penny-pot Poets are such pelting thieves,

They ever hang men twice; we have it here, Sir,

And so must every Merchant of our Voyage.

He'll make a sweet return else of his Credit.

Yeom. One fit of our own mirth, and then we are for you.

Guard. Make haste then, dispatch.

Yeom. There's day enough, Sir. (younger.

Cook. Come, Boys, sing chearfully, we shall ne'r sing
We have chosen a loud tune too, because it should like well.

The SONG.

*Come, Fortune's a Whore, I care not who tell her,
Would offer to strangle a Page of the Celler,
That should by his Oath to any Mans thinking,
And place, have had a defence for his drinking;
But thus she does still, when she pleases to palter,
Instead of his Wages, she gives him a Halter.*

Three merry Boys, and three merry Boys, and three merry
Boys are we,
Asever did sing in a hempen string under the Gallow-tree.

II.

*But I that was so lusty,
And ever kept my Bottles,
That neither they were musty,
And seldome less than Pottles;
For me to be thus stopt now,
With Hemp instead of Cork, Sir,
And from the Gallows lopt now,
Shews that there is a fork, Sir,
In death, and this the token,
Man may be two ways killed,
Or like the Bottle, broken,
Or like the Wine, be spilled.*

Three merry Boys, &c.

III.

*Oh yet but look on the Master Cook, the glory of the Kitchen,
In sowing whose sate, at so lofty a rate, no Taylor e'r had stitching,
For though he makes the Man, the Cook yet makes the Dishes,
The which no Taylor can, wherein I have my wishes,*

*That I who at so many a Feast, have pleas'd so many tasters,
Should now my self come to be drest, a dish for you my Masters.
Three merry Boys, &c.*

Cook. There's a few Copies for you; now farewell friends:
And good Mr. Sheriff let me not be printed
With a bras Pot on my head.

But. March fair, march fair, afore, good Captain Pantler.

IV.

Pant. *Oh man or beast, or you at least,
That wear or brow or antler,
Prick up your ears, unto the tears
Of me poor Paul the Pantler,
That thus am clipt, because I chipt
The cursed Crust of Treason
With Loyal Knife; Oh doleful strife,
To hang thus without reason.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Aubrey, and Latorch.

Aub. **L**atorch, I have waited here to speak with you,
And you must hearken; set not forth your leg
Of hatte, nor put your face of business on;
An honest affair than this I urge too,
You will not easily think on; and 'twill be
Reward to entertain it; 'tis your fortune
To have our Masters ear above the rest
Of us that follow him, but that no man envies;
For I have well considered, Truth sometimes
May be convey'd in by the same Conduits
That Falshood is; These courfes that he takes
Cannot but end in ruine; Empire got
By blood and violence, must so be held;
And how unsafe that is, he first will prove,
That toiling still to remove Enemies
Makes himself more; It is not now a Brother,
A faithful Councillour of estate or two,
That are his danger; they are far dispatch'd;
It is a multitude that begin to fear,
And think what began there must end in them;
For all the fine Oration that was made 'em,
And they are not an easie Monster quell'd.
Princes may pick their suffering Nobles out;
And one by one employ 'em to the block; but when they
once grow formidable to their Clowns, and Coblers, ware
then, guard themselves; if thou durst tell him this, Latorch,
the service would not discredit the good name you hold with
men, besides the profit to your Master, and the publick.

Lat. I conceive not so, Sir: (fancy?
They are airy fears; and why should I object them unto his
Wound what is yet found? your counfels colour not,
With reason of state, where all that's necessary still is just.
The actions of the Prince, while they succeed,
Should be made good, and glorified; not question'd.
Men do but shew their ill affections, that——

Aub. What? speak out.

Lat. Do; murmur against their Masters.

Aub. Is this to me?

Lat. It is to whosoever mislikes of the Dukes courfes.

Aub. I! is't so? at your stateward, Sir?

Lat. I'm sworn to hear nothing may prejudice the Prince.

Aub. Why do you? or have you, ha? (times.

Lat. I cannot tell, mens hearts shew in their words some-

Aub. I ever thought thee

Knave of the Chamber, art thou the Spye too?

Lat. A watchman for the State, and one that's known;
Sir, to be rightly affected.

Aub. Bawd of the State;

No less than of thy matters lusts. I now
 See nothing can redeem thee; dost thou mention
 Affection, or a Heart, that ne'r hadst any?
 Knowst not to love or hate, but by the State,
 As thy Prince does't before thee? that dost never
 Wear thy own face, but put'st on his, and gather'st
 Baits for his Ears: liv'st wholly at his beck,
 And e're thou dar'st utter a thought's thine own,
 Must expect his; creep'st forth and wad'st into him
 As if thou wert to pass a Ford, there proving
 Yet if thy tongue may step on safely or no;
 Then bring'st his vertue asleep, and stay'st the wheel
 Both of his reason and judgment, that they move not,
 Whit'st over all his vices; and at last
 Dost draw a Cloud of words before his eyes,
 Till he can neither see thee nor himself?
 Wretch, I dare give him honest counsels, I,
 And love him while I tell him truth; old *Aubrey*
 Dares goe the straightest way, which still's the shortest,
 Walk on the thorns thou scatter'st, Parasite,
 And tread 'em into nothing: and if thou
 Then let'st a look fall, of the least dislike,
 I'll rip thy Crown up with my Sword at height,
 And pluck thy skin over thy face, in sight
 Of him thou flatter'st; unto thee I speak it,
 Slave, against whom all Laws should now conspire,
 And every Creature that hath sense, be arm'd,
 As 'gainst the common Enemy of Mankind;
 That sleep'st within thy Masters Ear, and whisper'st
 'Tis better for him to be fear'd than lov'd;
 Bid'st him trust no mans friendship, spare no blood
 That may secure him: 'tis no cruelty
 That hath a specious end; for Sovereignty
 Break all the Laws of kind; if it succeed,
 An honest, noble, and praise-worthy deed;
 While he that takes thy poysons in, shall feel
 Their virulent workings in a point of time,
 When no Repentance can bring aid, but all
 His spirits shall melt, with what his Conscience burn'd,
 And dying in flatterers arms, shall fall unmourn'd.
 There's matter for you now.

Lat. My Lord, this makes not for loving of my Master.

Aub. Loving? no;

They hate ill Princes most that make them so.

Enter Rollo, Hamond, Allan, *Guard.*

Rol. I'll hear no more.

Ham. Alas, 'tis for my Brother: I beseech your Highness.

Rol. How, a Brother? had not I one my self? did tittle
 Move me when it was fit that he should dye? away.

All. Brother, lose no word more, leave my good Cause
 T'upbraide the Tyrant, I'm glad I'm slain
 Now in those times that will'd some great example
 T'assure men we can dye for honesty.

Rol. Sir, you are brave, 'pray that you hold your neck
 As bravely forth anon unto your Headsman.

All. Would he would strike as bravely, and thou by,
Rollo, 'twould make thee quake to see me dye.

Aub. What's his offence?

(*Master.*)

Ham. For giving *Gisbert* burial, who was sometimes his

All. Yes, Lord *Aubrey,*

My gratitude and humanity are my crimes.

Rol. Why bear you him not hence?

Aub. My Lord, (stay Souldiers)

I do beseech your Highness, do not lose
 Such men for such slight causes. This is one
 Has still been faithful to you, a try'd soul
 In all your fathers Battles; I have seen him
 Besstride a friend against a score of Foes,
 And look, he looks as he would kill his hundred
 For you, Sir, were you in some danger.

All. Till he kill'd his Brother, his Chancellour, then his
 Master, to which he can add nought to equal *Nero,*
 but killing of his Mother.

Aub. Peace, brave Fool,
 Thou valiant Ass: here is his Brother too, Sir,
 A Captain of your Guard, hath serv'd you long,
 With the most noble witnesses of his truth
 Mark'd in his face, and every part about him,
 That turns not from an enemy. But view him,
 Oh do not grieve him, Sir, if you do mean
 That he shall hold his place: it is not safe
 To tempt such spirits, and let them wear their Swords,
 You'll make your Guards your terrours by these Acts,
 And throw more hearts off from you than you hold;
 And I must tell you, Sir, (with my old freedom,
 And my old faith to boot) you have not liv'd so
 But that your state will need such men, such hands
 Of which here's one, shall in an hour of tryal,
 Do you more certain service with a stroke,
 Than the whole bundle of your flatterers
 With all the unfavory unktion of their tongues.

Rol. Peace, talker.

Aub. One that loves you yet, my Lord,
 And would not see you pull on your own ruines.
 Mercy becomes a Prince, and guards him best,
 Awe and affrights are never eyes of Love;
 And when men begin to fear the Prince, they hate him.

Rol. Am I the Prince, or you?

Aub. My Lord, I hope I have not utter'd ought should
 urge that question.

Rol. Then practise your obedience, see him dead.

Aub. My Lord?

Rol. I'll hear no more.

Aub. I'm sorry then; there's no small despair, Sir, of their
 Safety, whose ears are blockt up against truth; come, captain.

Ham. I thank you, Sir.

(*honest?*)

Aub. For what? for seeing thy brother die a man, and
 Live thou so, Captain, I will assure thee,
 Although I die for't too; come—— [*Ex. all but Rol. & Lat.*]

Rol. Now *Latorch,* what do you think? (of the boldest.)

Lat. That *Aubrey's* speech and manners sound somewhat

Rol. 'Tis his custome.

Lat. It may be so, and yet be worth a fear. (ly too.)

Rol. If we thought so, it should be worth his life, and quick-

Lat. I dare not, Sir, be authour

Of what I would be, 'tis so dangerous:

But with your Highness favour and your licence.

Rol. He talks, 'tis true; he is licens'd: leave him,

We now are Duke alone, *Latorch,* secur'd;

Nothing left standing to obscure our prospect,

We look right forth, beside, and round about us,

And see it ours with pleasure: only one

Wish'd joy there wants to make us to possess it,

And that is *Edith,* *Edith,* she that got me

In blood and tears, in such an opposite minute,

As had I not at once felt all the flames

And shafts of Love shot in me (his whole armory)

I should have thought him as far off as Death.

Lat. My Lord, expect a while, your happiness

Is nearer than you think it, yet her griefs

Are green and fresh, your vigilant *Latorch*

Hath not been idle; I have leave already

To visit her, and send to her.

Rol. My life.

Lat. And if I find not out as speedy ways,

And proper instruments to work and bring her

To your fruition; that she be not watch'd

Tame to your Highness wish, say you have no servant

Is capable of such a trust about you,

Or worthy to be Secretary of your pleasure.

Rol. Oh my *Latorch,* what shall I render thee

For all thy travels, care, and love? (grant me.)

Lat. Sir, one suit, which I will ever importune, till you

Rol. About your Mathematicians?

Lat. Yes, to have

The Scheme of your Nativity judg'd by them,

I have't already erected; O my Lord,

You do not know the labour of my fears,
My doubts for you are such as cannot hope
Any security, but from the Stars;
Who, being rightly ask'd, can tell man more
Than all power else, there being no power beyond them.

Rol. All thy petitions still are care of us,
Ask for thy self.

Lat. What more can concern me, than this?

Rol. Well, rise true honest man, and go then,
We'll study our selves a means how to reward thee.

Lat. Your grace is now inspir'd; now, now your highness
Begins to live, from this hour count your joyes:
But, Sir, I must have warrants, with blanks figur'd,
To put in names, such as I like.

Rol. You shall.

Lat. They dare not else offer, Sir, at your figure?

Oh I shall bring you wonders; there's a Frier
Rufee, an admirable man, another
A Gentleman, and then *Lafiske*,
The mirrour of his time; 'twas he that set it.
But there's one *Norbret*, (him I never saw)
Has made a mirrour, a meer Looking-glass,
In shew you'd think't no other; the form oval,
As I am given to understand by letter,
Which renders you such shapes, and those so differing;
And some that will be question'd and give answers;
Then has he set it in a frame, that wrought
Unto the revolutions of the Stars,
And so compact by due proportions
Unto their harmony, doth move alone
A true automaton; thus *Dædalus* Statues,
Or *Vulcans* Tools ———

Rol. Dost thou believe this?

Lat. Sir? why, what should stay my faith, or turn my
He has been about it above twenty years, (sense?)
Three sevens, the powerfull, and the perfect numbers;
And Art and time, Sir, can produce such things.

What do I read there of *Hiarbas* banquet?
The great Gymnosophist, that had his Butlers
And carvers of pure gold waiting at table?
The images of *Mercury*, too, that spoke?
The wooden door that flew? a snake of brasse
That hiss'd? and birds of Silver that did sing?
All those new done by the Mathematicks,
Without which there's no science, nor no truth.

Rol. You are in your sphear, *Latorch*: and rather
Than I'll contend w'ye for it, I'll believe it,
Y'have won upon me that I wish to see
My fate before me now, what e're it be.

Lat. And I'll endeavour, you shall know with speed,
For which I should have one of trust go with me,
If you please, *Hamond*, that I may by him
Send you my first dispatches; after I
Shall bring you more, and as they come still more.

Rol. Take your way,
Choose your own means, and be it prosperous to us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Rufee, de Bube, la Fiske, Norbret, Pippeau.

Ruf. Come, bear up Sirs, we shall have better days,
My Almanack tells me.

Bub. What is that? your rump?

Ruf. It never itch'd in vain yet, slide *la Fiske*,
Throw off thy sluggish face, I cannot abide
To see thee look like a poor Jade i'th' pound,
That saw no meat these three days.

Fiske. 'Slight, to me
It seems thirteen dayes since I saw any.

Ruf. How?

Fis. I can't remember that I ever saw
Or meat or mony, you may talk of both
To open a mans stomach or his purse,
But feed 'em still with air.

Bub. Friar, I fear

You do not say your Office well a dayes.

Nor. Pox, he feeds

With leachery, and lives upon th'exchange
Of his two Eggs and Puddings with the market women.

Ruf. And what do you Sir, with the Advocates wife,
Whom you perswade, upon your Doctoral bed,
To take the Mathematical trance so often?

Fis. Come, we are stark naught all, bad's the best of us,
Four of the seven deadly spots we are;
Besides our Leachery, we are envious,
And most, most gluttonous when we have it thus,
Most covetous now we want it; then our Boy
He is a fifth spot, sloth and he undoes us.

Bub. 'Tis true, the child was wont to be industrious,
And now and then sent to a Merchants wife
Sick of the Husband, or a swearing Butler
That mist of his Bowls, a crying Maid
Had lost a Silver spoon; the Curry comb
Sometimes was wanting; there was something gotten;
But now ———

Pip. What now? Did not I yester-morning
Bring you in a Cardecu there from the Peasant,
Whose ass I had driven aside, and hid, that you
Might conjure for him? and then last night,
Six Soulz from the Cooks wife, you shar'd among you
To set a figure for the Pestle I stole,
It is not at home yet; these things, my Masters,
In a hard time, they would be thought on: you
Talk of your lands and Castles in the air,
Of your twelve houses there: but it is I
That bring you in your rents for 'em, 'tis *Pippeau*
That is your bird-call.

Nor. Faith he does well,
And cuts through the Elements for us, I must needs say
In a fine dextrous line.

Fis. But not as he did
At first, then he would sail with any wind
Int' every Creek and Corner.

Pip. I was light then,
New built and rigg'd when I came to you, Gentlemen,
But now with often and far venturing for you
Here be leaks sprung, and whole Planks wanting see you;
If you'll new sheath me again, yet I am for you
To any bog or sleights, where e're you'll send me,
For as I am, where can this ragged Bark
Put in for any service; 'less it be
O'th' Isle of Rogues, and there turn Pirate for you.

Nor. Faith he says reason, Fryer, you must leave
Your neat crisp Claret, and fall to your Cyder
A while; and you *la Fiske*, your larded Capons
And Turkys for a time, and take a good
Clean Tripe in your way; *de Bube* too must content him with
wholsom two souz'd petitoes, no more Crown Ordinaries,
till we have cloath'd our Infant.

Bub. So you'll keep
Your own good motions, Doctor, your dear self.

Fis. Yes, for we all do know the Latitude
Of your Concupiscence.

Ruf. Here about your belly.

Bub. You'll pick a bottle open or a whimsey,
As soon as the best of us.

Fis. And dip your wrist-bands,
(For Cuffs y'have none) as comely in the sauce [*the Bell*
As any Courtier — hark, the Bell, who is there? rings.

Ruf. Good luck I do conjure thee; Boy look out.

Pip. They are Gallants, courtiers, one of 'em is [*Exit and*
Of the Dukes bed-chamber. enter again.

Ruf. *Latorch*, down,
On with your gown, there's a new suite arriv'd, [*To Nor-*
Did I not tell you, Sons of hunger? Crowns, bret.

Crowns are coming toward you, wine and wenches
You shall have once again, and Fidlers:
Into your studies close; each lay his ear

To his door, and as you hear me to prepare you
So come, and put me on that visard only.

Enter Latorch, Hamond.

Lat. You'l not be far hence Captain, when the
Business is done you shall receive present dispatch.

Ham. Ple walk Sir, in the Cloyster.

Ruf. Monsieur *Latorch*; my Son,
The Stars are happy still that guide you hither.

Lat. I'me glad to hear their Secretary say so,
My learned Father *Ruffe*; where's *la Fiske*,
Monsieur *de Bube*, how do they?

Ruf. At their studies,
They are the Secretaries of the Stars, Sir,
Still at their books, they will not be pull'd off,
They stick like cupping glasses; if ever men
Spoke with the tongue of destiny, 'tis they.

Lat. For loves sake let's salute 'em.

Ruf. Boy, go see,
Tell them who's here, say, that their friends do challenge
Some portion of their time, this is our minute,
Pray 'em they'l spare it: they are the Sun and Moon
Of knowledge; pity two such noble lights
Should live obscur'd here in an University,
Whose beams were fit to illumine any court
Of Christendom.

Enter *la Fisk*, *de Bube*, and *Pippeau*.

Lat. The Duke will shortly know 'em.

Fif. Well, look upon the Astrolabe; you'l find it
Four Almucanturies at least.

Bub. It is so.

Ruf. Still of their learned stuff, they care for nothing,
But how to know, as negligent of their bodies
In dyet, or else, especially in their cloaths,
As if they had no change.

Pip. They have so little
As well may free them from the name of shifters.

Fif. Monsieur *Latorch*?

Lat. How is it, learned Gentlemen, with both your ver-

Bub. A most happy hour, when we see you, Sir. (tues?)

Lat. When you hear me then

It will be happier; the Duke greets you both
Thus, and though you may touch no money, Father,
Yet you may take it.

Ruf. 'Tis his highness bounty,
But yet to me, and these that have put off
The world, superfluous.

Fif. We have heard of late of his highness good success.

Bub. And gratulate it.

Lat. Indeed he hath scap'd a strange Conspiracy,
Thanks to his Stars; which Stars he prays by me,
You would again consult, and make a Judgement
On what you lately erected for my love.

Ruf. Oh, Sir, we dare not.

Fif. For our lives.

Bub. It is the Princes Schem.

Lat. T'incounter with that fear,
Here's to assure you, his Signet, write your names,
And be secured all three.

Bud. We must intreat some time, Sir.

Lat. I must then intreat, it be as present as you can.

Fif. Have you the Schem here?

Lat. Yes.

Ruf. I would you had Sir another warrant.

Lat. What would that do?

Ruf. Marry we have a Doctor Sir, that in this business
Would not perform the second part.

Lat. Not him that you writ to me of?

Ruf. The very same.

Lat. I should have made it, Sir, my suit to see him,
Here is a warrant Father, I conceiv'd
That he had solely applyed himself to Magick.

Ruf. And to their studies too Sir, in this field

He was initiated, but we shall hardly
Draw him from his chair.

Lat. Tell him he shall have gold.

Fif. Oh, such a syllable would make him to forswear
Ever to breath in your sight.

Lat. How then?

Fif. Sir, he if you do please to give him any thing,
Must have't convey'd under a paper.

Ruf. Or left behind some book in his study.

Bub. Or in some old wall. (him, Sir.)

Fif. Where his familiars may tell him of it, and that pleases

Bub. Or else I'll go and assay him.

Lat. Take gold with you.

Ruf. That will not be amiss; give it the Boy, Sir,
He knows his holes, and how to bait his Spirits.

Pip. We must lay in several places, Sir.

Ruf. That's true, that if one come not, the other may hit.

Lat. Well, go then, is he so learned, Gentlemen?

Fif. The very top of our profession; mouth of the fates,
Pray Heaven his Spirits be in a good humor to take,
They'l sling the gold about the house else.

Bub. I, and beat the Fryer if he go not well
Furnisht with holy-water,

Fif. Sir, you must observe him.

Bub. Not cross him in a word, for then he's gone.

Fif. If he do come, which is a hazard, yet—
Mafs he's here, this is speed.

Enter *Norbert*, *Rufs*, *Pippeau*.

Nor. Where is our Scheme,
Let's see, dispatch, nay fumbling now, who's this?

Ruf. Chief Gentleman of the Dukes Chamber, Doctor.

Nor. Oh, let him be, good even to him, he's a courtier,
I'll spare his complement, tell him: what's here?

The geniture Nocturnal, Longitude
At forty nine and ten minutes? How are the cardins?

Fif. Libra in twenty four, forty four minutes,
And Capricorn.

Nor. I see it, see the Planets,
Where, how are they dispos'd? the Sun and *Mercury*,
Mars with the Dragons tail in the third house,
And *pars Fortuna* in the *Imo Caeli*,

Then *Jupiter* in the twelfth, the *Cacodemon*.

Bub. And *Venus* in the second *Inferna Porta*.

Nor. I see it, peace, then *Saturn* in the Fifth,
Luna i'th' Seventh, and much of *Scorpio*,
Then *Mars* his *Gaudium*, rising in th'alcendent,
And joyn'd with *Libra* too, the house of *Venus*,
And *Juniu Caeli*, *Mars* his exaltation
In the seventh house, *Aries* being his natural house
And where he is now seated, and all these shew him
To be the Almuten.

Ruf. Yes, he's Lord of the Geniture,
Whether you examine it by *Ptolomeys* way,
Or *Messethales*, *Lael*, or *Alkindus*.

Fif. No other Planet hath so many dignities
Either by himself, or in regard of the Cusps.

Nor. Why hold your tongue then if you know it; *Venus*
The Lady of the Horoscope, being *Libra*,
The other part, *Mars* rules: So that the geniture,
Being Nocturnal, *Luna* is the highest,
None else being in sufficient dignity,
She being in *Aries* in the Seventh house,
Where *Sol* exalted, is the Alchoroden.

Bub. Yes, for you see he hath his Termin
In the degrees where she is, and enjoys
By that, six dignities.

Fif. Which are clearly more
Than any else that view her in the Schem.

Nor. Why I saw this, and could have told you too,
That he beholds her with a Trine aspect
Here out of *Sagittary*, almost partile,
And how that *Mars* out of the self same house,
(But another Sign) here by a Platique aspect

Looks at the Hilege, with a Quartile ruling
The house where the Sun is; all this could I
Have told you, but that you'll outrun me; and more,
That this same Quartile aspect to the Lady of life,
Here in the seventh, promises some danger,
Cauda Draconis being so near *Mars*,

And *Caput Algol* in the house of Death.

Lat. How, Sir? I pray you clear that.

Nor. What is the question first?

Ruf. Of the Dukes life, what dangers threaten him?

Nor. Apparent, and those suddain, when the Hyley
Or Alchorodon by direction come
To a Quartile opposition of the place
Where *Mars* is in the Geniture (which is now
At hand) or else oppose to *Mars* himself; expect it.

Lat. But they may be prevented.

Nor. Wisdom only

That rules the Stars, may do it; for *Mars* being
Lord of the Geniture in *Capricorn*,
Is, if you mark it, now a *Sextile* here,
With *Venus* Lady of the Horoscope.
So she being in her Exilium, which is *Scorpio*,
And *Mars* his Gaudium, is o'rerul'd by him,
And clear debilitated five degrees
Beneath her ordinary power, so
That, at the most she can but mitigate.

Lat. You cannot name the persons bring this danger?

Nor. No, that the Stars tell us not, they name no man,
That is a work, Sir, of another place.

Ruf. Tell him whom you suspect, and he'll guess shrewdly.

Lat. Sir, we do fear one *Aubrey*; if 'twere he
I should be glad; for we should soon prevent him.

Fif. I know him, the Dukes Kinsman, a tall man?
Lay hold of 't *Norbret*.

Nor. Let me pause a little,
Is he not near of kin unto the Duke?

Lat. Yes, reverend Sir. (what high of stature?)

Nor. 'Fart for your reverence, keep it till then; and some-

Lat. He is so.

Nor. How old is he?

Fif. About seven and fifty.

Nor. His head and beard inclining to be grey.

Lat. Right, Sir.

Fif. And fat?

Nor. He is somewhat corpulent, is he not?

Lat. You speak the man, Sir.

Nor. Well, look to him, farewell. [Exit *Norb.*]

Lat. Oh, it is *Aubrey*; Gentlemen, I pray you,

Let me receive this under all your hands.

Ruf. Why, he will shew you him in his Magick glass
If you intreat him, and but gratifie
A spirit or two more.

Lat. He shall eat gold

If he will have it, so shall you all; there's that
Amongst you first, let me have this to send
The Duke in the mean time; and then what fights
You please to shew; I'll have you so rewarded
As never Artists were, you shall to Court
Along with me, and there wait you fortunes.

Bub. We have a pretty part of 't in our pockets;
Boy we will all be new, you shall along too. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter *Sophia*, *Matilda*, and *Edith*.

Mat. Good Madam, hear the suit that *Edith* urges,
With such submits beseeches; nor remain
So strictly bound to sorrow for your son,
That nothing else, though never so besitting,
Obtains your ears, or observation.

Sop. What would she say? I hear.

Edith. My suit is, Madam,
That you would please to think as well of justice
Due to your sons revenge, as of more wrong added

To both your selves for it, in only grieving.
Th' undaunted power of Princes should not be
Confin'd in deedless cold calamity;
Anger, the Twin of sorrow, in your wrongs
Should not be smother'd, when his right of birth
Claims th' Air as well, and force of coming forth.

Sop. Sorrow is due already, anger never
Should be conceived but where it may born
In some fact fit t'employ his active flame,
That else consumes who bears it, and abides
Like a false star that quenches as it glides.

Ed. I have such means t'employ it as your wish
Can think no better, easier, or securer;
And such as but th' honours I intend
To your partakings, I alone could end:
But your parts in all dues to crying blood
For vengeance in the shedder, are much greater:
And therefore should work your hands to his slaughter.
For your consent to which, 'twere infinite wrong
To your severe and most impartial justice,
To move you to forget so false a son
As with a Mothers duty made you curse him.

Mat. *Edith*, he is forgot, for any son
Born of my Mother, or to me a Brother.
For should we still perform our rights to him
We should partake his wrongs, and as foul be
In blood and damned parricide as he.

And therefore tell the happy means that Heaven
Puts in thy hand, for all our long'd for freedom
From so abhor'd and impious a monster.

Sop. Tell what she will, I'll lend nor hand nor ear
To whatsoever Heaven puts in her power. [Exit *Sophia*.]

Mat. How strange she is to what she chiefly wishes?
Sweet *Edith* be not any thought the more
Discourag'd in thy purpose, but assured,
Her heart and prayers are thine; and that we two
Shall be enough to all we wish to do.

Edith. Madam, my self alone, I make no doubt
Shall be afforded power enough from Heaven
To end the murderer; all I wish of you,
Is but some richer Ornaments and Jewels
Than I am able to provide my self,
To help out the defects of my poor Beauty,
That yet hath been enough, as now it is,
To make his fancy mad with my desire?
But you know, Madam, Women never can
Be too fair to torment an amorous man;
And this mans torments I would heighten still,
Till at their highest he be fit to kill.

Mat. Thou shalt have all my Jewels and my Mothers,
And thou shalt paint too, that his bloods desire
May make him perish in a painted fire;
Hast thou been with him yet?

Edith. Been with him? no;
I set that hour back to haste more his longing;
But I have promis'd to his instruments,
The admittance of a visit at our house,
Where yet I would receive him with all lustre
My sorrow would give leave to, to remove
Suspicion of my purpose.

Mat. Thou shalt have
All I can add, sweet wench, in Jewels, tyres,
I'll be my self thy dresser; nor may I
Serve my own love with a contracted Husband
More sweetly, nor more amply than maist thou
Thy forward will with his bewitch'd affections:
Affect'st thou any personal aid of mine
My noblest *Edith*?

Edith. Nought but your kind prayers
For full effect and speed of my affair.

Mat. They are thine, my *Edith*, as for me, my own;
For thou well know'st, if blood shed of the best
Should cool and be forgotten, who would fear
To shed blood still? or where, alas, were then

The endless love we owe to worthy men?

Ed. Love of the worthiest ever blefs your highness. [Exit.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rollo with a glass, Aubrey, and Servants.

Rol. I Never studied my glass till now,
It is exceeding well; now leave me; Cousin,
How takes your eye the object?

Aub. I have learn'd

So much Sir of the Courtier, as to say
Your person does become your habit;
But being called unto it by a noble War,
Would grace an armour better.

Rol. You are still

For that great Art of which you are the Master;
Yet I must tell you, that to the encounters
We oft attempt, arm'd only thus, we bring
As troubled blood, fears mixt with flatt'ring hopes,
The danger in the service too as great,
As when we are to charge quite through and through
The body of an Army.

Aub. I'll not argue

How you may rank the dangers, but will die in't,
The ends which they arrive at, are as distant
In every circumstance, as far as honour
Is from shame and repentance.

Rol. You are fowr?

Aub. I would speak my free thoughts, yet not appear so;
Nor am I so ambitious of the title
Of one that dares talk any thing that was
Against the torrent of his own opinion,
That I affect to speak ought may offend you:
And therefore gracious Sir, be pleas'd to think
My manners or discretion have inform'd me
That I was born, in all good ends, to serve you:
And not to check at what concerns me not:
I look not with fore eyes on your rich out-side,
Nor rack my thoughts to find out to what purpose
'Tis now employ'd; I wish it may be good,
And that, I hope, offends not for a subject
Towards his Prince in things indifferent;
To use the austereness of a censuring *Cato*
Is arrogance, not freedom.

Rol. I commend

This temper in you, and will cherish it.

Enter Hamond with Letters.

They come from *Rome*, *Latorch* employed you?

Ham. True Sir.

Rol. I must not now be troubled with a thought
Of any new design; good *Aubrey* read 'em,
And as they shall direct you, use my power,
Or to reply or execute.

Aub. I will, Sir.

Rol. And Captain bring a squadron of our Guard
To th' house that late was *Baldwins*, and there wait me.

Ham. I shall.

Rol. Some two hours hence.

Ham. With my best care.

Rol. Inspire me Love, and be thy deity,
Or scorn'd or fear'd, as now thou favour'st me. [Exit Rollo.

Ham. My stay to do my duty, may be wrongs
Your Lordships privacy.

Aub. Captain, your love
Is ever welcome; I intreat your patience
While I peruse these.

Ham. I attend your pleasure.

Aub. How's this, a plot on me?

Ham. What is contain'd
In th' letters that I brought, that thus transports him?

Aub. To be wrought on by Rogues, and have my head
Brought to the Axe by Knaves that cheat for bread?

The Creatures of a Parasite, a slave;
I find you here *Latorch*, not wonder at it;
But that this honest Captain should be made
His instrument, afflicts me; I'll make trial
Whether his will or weakness made him do it.
Captain you saw the Duke when he commanded
I should do what these letters did direct me,
And I presume you think I'll not neglect
For fear or favour, to remove all dangers
How near soever that man can be to me
From whom they should have birth.

Ham. It is confirm'd.

Aub. Nor would you Captain, I believe, refuse,
Or for respect of thankfulness, or hopes,
To use your sword with fullest confidence
Where he shall bid you strike.

Ham. I never have done.

Aub. Nor will I think——

Ham. I hope it is not question'd.

Aub. The means to have it so, is now propos'd you.
Draw, so, 'tis well, and next cut off my head.

Ham. What means your Lordship?

Aub. 'Tis, Sir, the Dukes pleasure:
My innocence hath made me dangerous,
And I must be remov'd, and you the man
Must act his will.

Ham. I'll be a Traytor first, before I serve it thus.

Aub. It must be done,

And that you may not doubt it, there's your warrant,
But as you read, remember *Hamond*, that
I never wrong'd one of your brave profession;
And, though it be not manly, I must grieve
That man of whose love I was most ambitious
Could find no object of his hate but me.

Ham. It is no time to talk now, honour'd Sir,
Be pleas'd to hear thy servant, I am wrong'd,
And cannot, being now to serve the Duke,
Stay to express the manner how; but if
I do not suddenly give you strong proofs,
Your life is dearer to me than my own,
May I live base, and dye so: Sir, your pardon. [Exit Ham.

Aub. I am both waies ruin'd, both waies mark't for slaugh-
On every side, about, behind, before me, (ter

My certain fate is fix't: were I a Knaves now,
I could avoid this: had my actions
But meer relations to their own ends, I could 'scape now:
Oh honesty! thou elder child of vertue,
Thou seed of Heaven, why to acquire thy goodness
Should malice and distrust stick thorns before us,
And make us swim unto thee, hung with hazards?
But Heaven is got by suffering, not disputing;
Say he knew this before-hand, where am I then?
Or say he does know it, where's my Loyalty?
I know his nature, troubled as the Sea,
And as the Sea devouring when he's vex'd,
And I know Princes are their own expounders.
Am I afraid of death? of dying nobly?
Of dying in mine innocence uprightly?
Have I met death in all his forms, and fears,
Now on the points of Swords, now pitch'd on Lances?
In fires, and storms of Arrows, Battels, breaches,
And shall I now shrink from him, when he courts me
Smiling and full of sanctity? I'll meet him;
My Loyal hand and heart shall give this to him,
And though it bear beyond what Poets feign
A punishment, duty shall meet that pain;
And my most constant heart to do him good,
Shall check at neither pale affright nor blood.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The Dutchess presently would crave your presence.

Aub. I come; and *Aubrey* now resolve to keep
Thy honour living, though thy body sleep.

[Exit.
SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Edith, a Boy, and a Banquet set out.

Edith. Now for a Fathers murther, and thy ruine,
All chastity shall suffer if he raigin ;
Thou blessed soul, look down, and steel thy Daughter,
Look on the sacrifice she comes to send thee,
And through the bloody clouds behold my piety,
Take from my cold heart fear, from my sex pity,
And as I wipe these tears off, shed for thee,
So all remembrance may I lose of mercy ;
Give me a womans anger bent to blood,
The wildness of the winds to drown his prayers,
Storm-like may my destruction fall upon him,
My rage like roving billows as they rise,
Pour'd on his soul to sink it, give me flattery,
(For yet my constant soul ne'r knew dissembling)
Flattery the food of Fools, that I may rock him
And lull him in the Down of his desires ;
That in the height of all his hopes and wishes,
His Heaven forgot, and all his lusts upon him,
My hand, like thunder from a cloud, may seize him.
I hear him come, go boy, and entertain him.

Enter Rollo.

SONG.

Take, Oh take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, like break of day,
Lights that do mislead the Morn,
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though seal'd in vain.

Hide, Oh hide those hills of Snow,
Which thy frozen blossome bears,
On whose tops the Pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears,
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those Ivy chains by thee.

Rol. What bright star, taking beauties form upon her,
In all the happy lustre of Heavens glory,
Has drop'd down from the Skye to comfort me ?
Wonder of nature, let it not prophane thee
My rude hand touch thy beauty, nor this kiss,
The gentle sacrifice of love and service,
Be offer'd to the honour of thy sweetness.

Edi. My gracious Lord, no deity dwells here,
Nor nothing of that vertue, but obedience,
The servant to your will affects no flattery.

Rol. Can it be flattery to swear those eyes
Are loves eternal lamps he fires all hearts with ?
That tongue the smart string to his bow ? those sighs
The deadly shafts he sends into our souls ?
Oh, look upon me with thy spring of beauty.

Edi. Your grace is full of game.

Rol. By Heaven, my *Edith*,
Thy Mother fed on Roses when she bred thee.

Ed. And thine on brambles that have prick'd her heart out.

Rol. The sweetness of the Arabian wind still blowing
Upon the treasures of perfumes and spices,
In all their pride and pleasures call thee Mistris.

Edi. Will't please you sit Sir ?

Rol. So you please sit by me.

Fair gentle maid, there is no speaking to thee,
The excellency that appears upon thee
Tyes up my tongue : pray speak to me.

Edi. Of what Sir ?

Rol. Of any thing, any thing is excellent.

Will you take my directions ? speak of love then ;
Speak of thy fair self *Edith* ; and while thou speak'st,
Let me, thus languishing, give up my self wench.

Edi. H'as a strange cunning tongue, why do you sigh Sir ?
How masterly he turns himself to catch me ?

Rol. The way to Paradise, my gentle maid ;

Is hard and crooked, scarce Repentance finding,
With all her holy helps, the door to enter,
Give me thy hand, what dost thou feel ?

Edi. Your tears Sir.

You weep extreemly ; strengthen me now justice.
Why are these sorrows Sir ?

Rol. Thou't never love me

If I should tell thee, yet there's no way left
Ever to purchase this blest Paradise,
But swimming thither in these tears.

Edi. I stagger. *Rol.* Are they not drops of blood ?

Edi. No. *Rol.* They're for blood then,
For guiltless blood, and they must drop, my *Edith*,
They must thus drop, till I have drown'd my mischiefs.

Edi. If this be true, I have no strength to touch him.

Rol. I prethee look upon me, turn not from me ;

Alas I do confesse I'me made of mischiefs,
Begot with all mans miseries upon me ;
But see my sorrows, maid, and do not thou,
Whose only sweetest sacrifice is softness,
Whose true condition, tenderness of nature.

Edi. My anger melts, Oh, I shall lose my justice.

Rol. Do not thou learn to kill with cruelty,
As I have done, to murder with thy eyes,
(Those blessed eyes) as I have done with malice,
When thou hast wounded me to death with scorn,
(As I deserve it Lady) for my true love,
When thou hast loaden me with earth for ever,
Take heed my sorrows, and the stings I suffer ;
Take heed my nightly dreams of death and horrour
Pursue thee not : no time shall tell thy griefs then,
Nor shall an hour of joy adde to thy beauties.
Look not upon me as I kill'd thy Father,
As I was smear'd in blood, do not thou hate me,
But thus in whiteness of my wash't repentance,
In my hearts tears and truth of love to *Edith*,
In my fair life hereafter.

Edi. He will fool me.

Rol. Oh with thine Angel eyes behold and close me,
Of Heaven we call for mercy and obtain it ;
To Justice for our right on Earth and have it ;
Of thee I beg for love, save me, and give it.

Edi. Now heaven thy help, or I am gone for ever,
His tongue has turn'd me into melting pity.

Enter Hamond, and Guard.

Ham. Keep the doors safe, and upon pain of death
Let no man enter till I give the word.

Guard. We shall Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ham. Here he is in all his pleasure ; I have my wish.

Rol. How now ? why dost thou stare so ?

Edi. A help, I hope.

Rol. What dost thou here ? who sent thee ?

Ham. My Brother, and the base malicious Office
Thou mad'st me do to *Aubrey* ; pray. *Rol.* Pray ?

Ham. Pray, pray if thou canst pray, I shall kill thy soul else,
Pray suddenly. *Rol.* Thou can'st not be so trayterous.

Ham. It is a Justice ; stay Lady ;

For I perceive your end ; a womans hand
Must not rob me of vengeance. *Edi.* 'Tis my glory.

Ham. 'Tis mine, stay, and share with me ; by the gods, *Rollo* ;
There is no way to save thy life. *Rol.* No ?

Ham. No, it is so monstrous, no repentance cures it.

Rol. Why then thou shalt kill her first, and what this blood
Will cast upon thy cursed head. *Ham.* Poor Guard Sir.

Edi. Spare not brave Captain.

Rol. Fear, or the Devil has thee.

Ham. Such fear Sir as you gave your honor'd Mother ;
When your most vertuous Brother, shield-like, held her ;
Such I'll give you, put her away.

Rol. I will not, I will not die so tamely. (on thee ?)

Ham. Murtherous villain, wilt thou draw seas of blood up-

Edi. Fear not, kill him good Captain, any way dispatch
Him, my body's honor'd with that sword that through me,
Sends

Sends his black soul to Hell : Oh, but for one hand.

Ham. Shake him off bravely.

Edi. He's too strong, strike him.

Ham. Oh, am I with you Sir ? now keep you from him, What, has he got a knife ?

Edi. Look to him Captain, for now he will be mischievous.

Ham. Do you smile Sir ?

Do's it so tickle you ? have at you once more.

Edi. Oh bravely thrutt ; take heed he come not in Sir ; To him again, you give him too much respite.

Rol. Yet will you save my life, and I'll forgive thee, And give thee all, all honours, all advancements, Call thee my friend. *Ed.* Strike, strike, and hear him not, His tongue will tempt a Saint. *Rol.* Oh for my foul sake.

Edi. Save nothing of him.

Ham. Now for your farewell, Are you so wary ? take you that. *Rol.* Thou, that too ; Oh thou hast kill'd me basely, basely, basely. (*Dies.*)

Edi. The just reward of murder falls upon thee.

How do you Sir ? has he not hurt you ?

Ham. No, I feel not any thing.

Aub. I charge you let us passe. [*within.*]

Gua. You cannot yet Sir. *Aub.* I'll make way then.

Gua. We are sworn to our Captain, and till he give the word.

Enter Sophia, Matilda, Aubrey, Lords and attendants.

Ham. Now let them in there. *Sop.* Oh, here he lies, Sorrow on sorrow seeks me, Oh, in his blood he lyes.

Aub. Had you spoke sooner This might have been prevented ; Take the Dutchess, And lead her off, this is no sight for her eyes.

Mat. Oh, bravely done wench.

Edi. There stands the noble doer.

Mat. My honour ever seek thee for thy justice, Oh 'twas a deed of high and brave adventure, A justice even for heaven to envy at, Farewel my sorrows, and my tears take truce, My wishes are come round : Oh bloody Brother, Till this hour never beauteous ; till thy life, Like a full sacrifice for all thy mischiefs, Flow'd from thee in these rivers, never righteous : Oh how my eyes are quarri'd with their joys now ? My longing heart even leaping out for lightness ? But dye thy black sins with thee, I forgive thee.

Aub. Who did this deed ?

Ham. I, and I'll answer it. (*Dies.*)

Edi. He faints, oh that same cursed knife has kill'd him.

Aub. How ?

Edi. He snatch'd it from my hand, for whom I bore it, And as they grapp'd.

Aub. Justice is ever equal, Had it not been on him, th'adst dy'd too honest. Did you know of his death ?

Edi. Yes, and rejoyce in't.

Aub. I'me sorry for your youth then ; though the strictness Of Law shall not fall on you, that of life Must presently, go to a Cloyster, carry her, And there for ever lead your life in penitence.

Edi. Best Father to my soul, I give you thanks, Sir, And now my fair revenges have their ends, My vows shall be my kin, my prayers my friends. [*Exit.*]

Enter Latorch, and Juglers.

Lat. Stay there, I'll step in and prepare the Duke.

Nor. We shall have brave rewards ?

Fif. That is without question.

Lat. By this time where's my huffing friend Lord Aubrey ? Where's that good Gentleman ? oh, I could laugh now, And burst my self with meer imagination ; A wise man, and a valiant man, a just man ; To suffer himself be juggl'd out of the world, By a number of poor Gipseys ? farewell Swash-buckler, For I know thy mouth is cold enough by this time ;

A hundred of ye I can shave as neatly, And ne'r draw blood in shew : now shall my honour, My power and vertue walk alone : my pleasure Observ'd by all, all knees bend to my worship, All futes to me as Saint of all their fortunes, Prefer'd and crowded to, what full place of credit, And what place now ? your Lordship ? no, 'tis common, But that I'll think to morrow on ; now for my business.

Aub. Who's there ?

Lat. Dead, my Master dead ? Aubrey alive too ?

Gua. Latorch, Sir. *Aub.* Seize his body.

Lat. My Master dead ?

Aub. And you within this half hour ; Prepare your self good Devil, you must to it, Millions of gold shall not redeem thy mischief, Behold the Justice of thy practice, villain ; The mass of murders thou hast drawn upon us : Behold thy doctrine ; you look now for reward, Sir, To be advanc'd, I'm sure, for all your labours ? And you shall have it, make his gallows higher By ten foot at the least, and then advance him. *Lat.* Mercy, mercy. *Aub.* 'Tis too late fool, Such as you meant for me, away with him. *He is led out.* What gaping knaves are these, bring 'em in fellows, Now, what are you ?

Nor. Mathematicians, if it please your Lordship.

Aub. And you drew a figure ?

Fif. We have drawn many.

Aub. For the Duke, I mean ; Sir Latorchs knaves you are.

Nor. We know the Gentleman.

Aub. What did he promise you ?

Nor. We are paid already.

Aub. But I will see you better paid, go whip them.

Nor. We do beseech your Lordship, we were hir'd.

Aub. I know you were, and you shall have your hire ; Whip 'em extremely, whip that Doctor there, Till he record himself a Rogue.

Nor. I am one, Sir.

Aub. Whip him for being one, and when th'are whip't, Lead 'em to the gallows to see their patron hang'd ; Away with them. *They are led out.*

Nor. Ah, good my Lord.

Aub. Now to mine own right, Gentlemen.

1 Lord. You have the next indeed, we all confesse it, And here stand ready to invest you with it.

2 Lord. Which to make stronger to you, and the surer Than blood or mischiefs dare infringe again, Behold this Lady, Sir, this noble Lady, Full of the blood as you are, of that nearness, How blessed would it be ?

Aub. I apprehend you, and so the fair Matilda dare accept Me her ever constant servant.

Mat. In all pureness, In all humility of heart and services, To the most noble Aubrey, I submit me.

Aub. Then this is our first tye, now to our business.

1 Lord. We are ready all to put the honour on you, Sir.

Aub. These sad rites must be done first, take up the bodys, This, as he was a Prince, so Princely funeral Shall wait upon him : on this honest Captain, The decency of arms ; a tear for him too.

So, sadly on, and as we view his blood, May his Example in our Rule raise good.

T H E
 Wild-Goose Chase;
 A
 C O M E D Y.

Persons Represented in the Play.

De-Gard, *A Noble stay'd Gentleman that being newly lighted from his Travels, assists his Sister Oriana in her chase of Mirabel the Wild-Goose.*
 La-Castre, *the Indulgent Father to Mirabell.*
 Mirabell, *the Wild-Goose, a Travell'd Monsieur, and great desyer of all Ladies in the way of Marriage, otherwise their much loose servant, at last caught by the despis'd Oriana.*
 Pinac, *his fellow Traveller, of a lively spirit, and Servant to the no less sprightly Lillia-Bianca.*
 Belleur, *Companion to both, of a stout blunt humour, in love with Rosalura.*
 Nantolet, *Father to Rosalura and Lillia-Bianca.*
 Lugier, *the rough and confident Tutor to the Ladies,*

and chief Engine to entrap the Wild-Goose.
 Oriana, *the fair betroth'd of Mirabell, and witty follower of the Chase.*
 Rosalura, } *the Airie Daughters of Nantolet.*
 Lillia-Bianca, }
 Petella, *their Waiting-woman.*
 Mariana, *an English Courtezan.*
 A young Factor.
 Page.
 Servants.
 Singing-Boy.
 Two Merchants.
 Priest.
 Four Women.

The Scene Paris.

The Actors were,

Robert Benfield.	} John Lowin.	} William Trigg.
Richard Robinson.	} William Penn.	} Sander Gough.
Joseph Taylor.	} Hilliard Swanston.	} Mr. Shank.
Thomas Pollard.	} Stephen Hammerton.	} John Hony-man.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Monsieur De Gard, and a Foot-Boy.

Sirrah, you know I have rid hard ; stir my Horse well And let him want no Litter.
 Boy. I am sure I have run hard, Would some body would walk me, & see me Litter'd ;
 For I think my fellow-horse, cannot in reason Desire more rest, nor take up his Chamber before me, But we are the Beasts now, and the Beasts are our Masters.
 De Ga. When you have done, step to the Ten-Crown Ordinary.
 Boy. With all my heart, Sir ;
 For I have a Twenty Crown stomach.
 De Ga. And there bespeak a dinner.
 Boy. Yes Sir, presently.

De Ga. For whom, I beseech you, Sir?
 Boy. For my self, I take it, Sir.
 De Ga. In truth ye shall not take it, 'tis not meant for you, There's for your Provender : Bespeak a Dinner For Monsieur Mirabell, and his Companions, They'll be in Town within this hour.
 When you have done, Sirrah,
 Make ready all things at my Lodging, for me, And wait me there.
 Boy. The Ten Crown Ordinary?
 De Ga. Yes Sir, if you have not forgot it.
 Boy. I'll forget my feet first ;
 'Tis the best part of a Foot-mans faith.
 De Ga. These youths

[Exit Boy.]

For all they have been in *Italy*, to learn thrift,
And seem to wonder at mens lavish waies,
Yet they cannot rub off old friends, their French itches;
They must meet sometimes to disport their Bodies
With good Wine, and good Women; and good store too.
Let 'em be what they will, they are Arm'd at all points,
And then hang saving. Let the Sea grow high,
This *Ordinary* can fit 'em of all sizes,

Enter La-Castre and Oriana.

They must salute their Country with old customes.

Ori. Brother.

De G. My dearest Sister.

Ori. Welcome, welcome:

Indeed ye are welcome home, most welcome.

De G. Thank ye,

You are grown a handsome woman, *Oriana*,
(Blush at your faults) I am wondrous glad to see ye.

Monieur La-Castre: Let not my Affection
To my fair Sister, make me be held unmannerly:

I am glad to see ye well, to see ye lusty,

Good health about ye, and in your company,

Believe me, I am proud——

La-Cast. Fair Sir, I thank ye:

Monieur de Gard, you are welcome from your journey,
Good men, have still good welcome: give me your hand, Sir.
Once more, you are welcome home: you look still younger.

De G. Time has no leisure to look after us.

We wander every where: Age cannot find us.

La-Cast. And how does all?

De G. All well, Sir; and all lusty.

La-Cast. I hope my Son be so, I doubt not, Sir,
But you have often seen him in your journeys,
And bring me some fair News.

De G. Your Son is well, Sir,

And grown a proper Gentleman: he is well, and lusty,
Within this eight hours, I took leave of him,
And over-ey'd him, having some slight business
That forc'd me out o' th' way: I can assure you
He will be here to night.

La-Cast. Ye make me glad, Sir,
For o' my faith, I almost long to see him,
Me thinks he has been away——

De G. 'Tis but your tenderness;

What are three years? a love-sick wench will allow it:
His friends that went out with him are come back too;
Belleur, and young *Pinac*: he bid me say little,
Because he means to be his own glad Messenger.

La-Ca. I thank ye for this news, Sir, he shall be welcome,
And his friends too: indeed I thank you heartily:

And how (for I dare say, you will not flatter him)

Has *Italy* wrought on him? has he mew'd yet

His wild fantastick Toyes? they say that Climate

Is a great purger of those humorous Fluxes.

How is he improved, I pray ye?

De G. No doubt, Sir, well.

H'as born himself a full, and noble Gentleman,
To speak him farther is beyond my Charter.

La-Cast. I am glad to hear so much good; Come, I see
You long to enjoy your Sister: yet I must intreat ye
Before I go, to sup with me to night

And must not be deny'd.

De G. I am your servant.

(pany.

La-C. Where you shall meet fair, merry, and noble Com-
neighbour *Naiot*, and his two fair Daughters.

De G. Your supper's season'd well, Sir. I shall wait upon ye.

La-C. Till then I'll leave ye: and ye are once more welcome.

De G. I thank ye, noble Sir. Now, *Oriana*, (Exit.

How have ye done since I went? have ye had your health

And your mind free? (well?

Ori. You know I am not bated;

Merry, and eat my meat.

De G. A good preservative.

And how have you been us'd? You know, *Oriana*,

Upon my going out, at your request,
I left your Portion in *La-Castre's* hands,
(The main Means you must stick to) for that reason
(And 'tis no little one) I ask ye, Sister,
With what humanity he entertains ye,
And how ye find his courtesie?

Ori. Most ready.

I can assure you, Sir, I am us'd most nobly.

De G. I am glad to hear it: But I prethee tell me,
(And tell me true) what end had you, *Oriana*,
In trusting your mony here? He is no Kinsman,
Nor any tie upon him of a Guardian;
Nor dare I think ye doubt my prodigality.

Or. No, certain, Sir, none of all this provok'd me;
Another private reason.

De G. 'Tis not private,
Nor carry'd so: 'tis common (my fair Sister)

Your love to *Mirabel*; your blushes tell it:

'Tis too much known, and spoken of too largely;

And with no little shame I wonder at it.

Ori. Is it a shame to love?

De G. To love indiscreetly:

A Virgin should be tender of her honour,
Close, and secure.

Ori. I am as close as can be,
And stand upon as strong and honest guards too;
Unless this Warlike Age need a Port-cullis:
Yet I confess, I love him.

De G. Hear the people.

Ori. Now I say hang the people: He that dares
Believe what they say, dares be mad, and give
His Mother, nay his own Wife up to Rumor;
All grounds of truth they build on, is a Tavern,
And their best censure's Sack, Sack in abundance:
For as they drink, they think: they ne're speak modestly
Unless the wine be poor, or they want mony.
Believe them? believe *Amadis de Gaul*,
The Knight o' th' Sun, or *Palmerin of England*;
For these, to them, are modest, and true stories.
Pray understand me; if their tongues be truth,
And if in *Vino veritas* be an Oracle,

What Woman is, or has been ever honest?

Give 'em but ten round cups, they'll swear *Lucretia*

Dy'd not for want of power to resist *Tarquin*,

But want of Pleasure, that he stay'd no longer:

And *Portia*, that was famous for her Piety

To her lov'd Lord, they'll face ye out, dy'd o' th' Pox.

De G. Well, there is something, Sister.

Ori. If there be, Brother,

'Tis none of their things, 'tis not yet so monstrous;

My thing is Marriage: And at his return

I hope to put their Quint-eyes right again.

De G. Marriage? 'tis true; his Father is a rich man;

Rich both in land and money: he his heir,

A young and handsome man, I must confess too;

But of such qualities, and such wild flings,

Such admirable imperfections, Sister,

(For all his Travel, and bought experience)

I should be loth to own him for my Brother:

Methinks a rich mind in a state indifferent

Would prove the better fortune.

Ori. If he be wild,

The reclaiming him to good, and honest, (Brother)

Will make much for my honour; which, if I prosper,

Shall be the study of my love, and life too. (too.

De G. Ye say well; would he thought as well, and lov'd

He Marry? he'll be hanged first: he knows no more

What the conditions and the ties of Love are,

The honest purposes and grounds of Marriage,

Nor will know, nor be ever brought t' endeavour,

Than I do how to build a Church; he was ever

A loose and strong deser of all order,

His Loves are wanderers, they knock at each door,

And taste each dish, but are no residents:

Or say he may be brought to think of Marriage,
(As 'twill be no small labour) thy hopes are strangers.
I know there is a labour'd match, now follow'd,
(Now at this time, for which he was sent for home too)
Be not abus'd, *Natolet* has two fair Daughters,
And he must take his choice.

Or. Let him take freely;
For all this I despair not; my mind tells me
That I, and only I, must make him perfect;
And in that hope I rest.

De-Gar. Since y'are so confident,
Prosper your hope; I'll be no adversary;
Keep your self fair and right, he shall not wrong ye.

Or. When I forget my vertue, no man know me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Mirabel, Pinac, Bellure, and Servants.

Mir. Welcome to *Paris* once more, Gentlemen;
We have had a merry and a lusty Ordinary,
And Wine, and good meat, and a bounding Reckoning;
And let it go for once; 'Tis a good Physick,
Only the Wenches are not for my diet,
They are too lean and thin; their embraces brawn-faln.
Give me the plump *Venetian*, fat, and lusty,
That meets me soft and supple; finiles upon me,
As if a Cup of full Wine leapt to kiss me;
These slight things I affect not.

Pin. They are ill built;
Pin-buttockt, like your dainty Barbaries,
And weak i'th' pasterns; they'll endure no hardnes.

Mir. There's nothing good, or handsom bred amongst us:
Till we are travel'd, and live abroad, we are Coxcombs:
Ye talk of *France*, a slight unseason'd Country,
Abundance of gross food, which makes us Block-heads:
We are fair set out indeed, and soare fore-horses:
Men say we are great Courtiers, men abuse us:
We are wise, and valiant too, *non credo, Seigneur*:
Our Women the best Linguists? they are Parrats;
O' this side the *Alpes* they are nothing but meer Drolleries:
Ha, *Roma la Santa, Italy* for my money,
Their policies, their customs, their frugalities,
Their courtesies so open, yet so reserved too,
As when ye think y'are known best, ye are a stranger;
The very pick-teeth speak more man than we do,
And season of more salt.

Pin. 'Tis a brave Country:
Not pester'd with your stubborn precise Puppies,
That turn all useful and allow'd contentments
To scabs and scruples; hang 'em Capon-worshippers.

Bel. I like that freedom well, and like their Women too,
And would fain do as others do; but I am so bashful,
So naturally an Afs: Look ye, I can look upon 'em,
And very willingly I go to see 'em,
(There's no man willinger) and I can kiss 'em,
And make a shift——

Mir. But if they chance to flout ye,
Or say ye are too bold; fie, Sir, remember;
I pray sit farther off;——

Bel. 'Tis true, I am humbled,
I am gone, I confess ingenuously I am silenced,
The spirit of Amber cannot force me answer.

Pin. Then would I sing and dance.

Bel. You have wherewithal, Sir.

Pin. And charge her up again.

Bel. I can be hang'd first;
Yet where I fasten well I am a tyrant.

Mir. Why, thou darst fight?

Bel. Yes, certainly, I dare fight;
And fight with any man at any weapon,
Would the other were no more; but a pox on't,
When I was sometimes in my height of hope,
And reasonable valiant that way, my heart harden'd,

Some scornful jest or other chops between me (men)
And my desire: what would ye have me to do then, Gentle
Mir. *Belvere*, you must be bolder: Travel three years,
And bring home such a Baby to betray ye
As bashfulness? a great fellow, and a Souldier?

Bel. You have the gift of impudence, be thankful;
Every man has not the like talent: I will study
And if it may be reveal'd to me.

Mir. Learn of me,
And of *Pinac*: no doubt you'll find employment;
Ladies will look for Courtship.

Pin. 'Tis but fleshing, (marriage?)
But standing one good brunt or two: hast thou any mind to
We'll provide thee some soft natur'd wench, that's dumb too.

Mir. Or an old woman that cannot refuse thee in charity.

Bel. A dumb woman, or an old woman, that were eager
And car'd not for Discourse, I were excellent at.

Mir. You must now put on boldness, there's no avoiding it;
And stand all hazards; flye at all games bravely;
They'll say you went out like an Oxe, and return'd like an

Bel. I shall make danger sure. (Afs else.)

Mir. I am sent for home now,
I know it is to marry, but my Father shall pardon me,
Although it be a witty Ceremony,

And may concern me hereafter in my Gravity;
I will not lose the freedom of a Traveller;
A new strong lusty Bark cannot ride at one Anchor;

Shall I make divers suits to shew to the same eyes?
'Tis dull and home-spun; Study several pleasures,
And want employments for 'em? I'll be hang'd first;
Tye me to one smock? make my travels fruitless?
I'll none of that; for every fresh behaviour,
By your leave, Father, I must have a fresh Mistress,
And a fresh favour too.

Bel. I like that passingly;
As many as you, will so they be willing,
Willing, and gentle, gentle.

Pin. There's no reason
A Gentleman, and a Traveller should be clapt up,
For 'tis a kind of Bæboes to be married
Before he manifest to the World his good parts:
Tug ever like a Rascal at one Oar?
Give me the *Italian* liberty.

Mir. That I study;
And that I will enjoy; Come, go in Gentlemen,
There mark how I behave my self, and follow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Enter La-Castre, Natolet, Lugien, Rosa Lieura,
Lylia-Biancha.* (come,

La-Cas. You and your beauteous daughters are most wel-
Beshrew my blood they are fair ones; welcom Beauties,
Welcome, sweet Birds.

Nat. They are bound much to your courtesies.

La-Cas. I hope we shall be nearer acquainted.

Nat. That's my hope too.
For certain, Sir, I much desire your Alliance:
You see 'em, they are no Gypsies, for their breeding,
It has not been so coarse, but they are able
To rank themselves with women of fair fashion;
Indeed they have been trained well.

Lug. Thank me.

Nat. Fit for the Heirs of that State I shall leave 'em;
To say more, is to sell 'em. They say your Son
Now he has travel'd must be wondrous curious,
And choice in what he takes: these are no coarse ones;
Sir, here's a merry wench, let him look to himself,
(All heart, i'faith) may chance to startle him;
For all his care, and travel'd caution,
May creep into his Eye; if he love Gravity,
Affect a solemn face, there's one will fit him.

La-C. So young, and so demure?

Nat. She is my Daughter,

Else I would tell you, Sir, she is a Mistress
Both of those manners and that modesty
You would wonder at: She is no often Speaker,
But when she does, she speaks well; Nor no Reveller,
Yet she can dance, and has studied the Court Elements,
And sings, as some say, handsomely; if a woman,
With the decency of her Sex, may be a Scholar,
I can assure ye, Sir, she understands too.

La.C. These are fit Garments, Sir.

Lug. Thank them that cut 'em; (too;
Yes, they are handsome women; they have handsome parts
Pretty becoming parts.

La.C. 'Tis like they have, Sir.

Lug. Yes, yes, and handsome Education they have had too,
Had it abundantly: they need not blush at it;
I taught it, I'll avouch it.

La.C. You say well, Sir.

Lug. I know what I say, Sir, and I say but right, Sir;
I am no Trumpet of their Commendations
Before their Father; else I should say farther.

La.C. 'Pray ye, what's this Gentleman?

Nat. One that lives with me, Sir;
A man well bred and learn'd, but blunt and bitter,
Yet it offends no wise man; I take pleasure in't:
Many fair gifts he has, in some of which
That lye most easie to their understandings,
H'as handsomely bred up my Girls, I thank him.
I have put it to 'em, that's my part, I have urg'd it,
It seems they are of years now to take hold on't.
He's wondrous blunt.

La.C. By my faith I was afraid of him:
Does he not fall out with the Gentlewomen sometimes?

Nat. No, no, he's that way moderate, and discreet, Sir.

Rof. If he did, we should be too hard for him.

Lug. Well said Sulphur:
Too hard for thy Husbands head if he wear not armour.

Enter Mirabel, Pinac, De-Gard, and Oriana.

Nat. Many of these bickrings, Sir.

La.C. I am glad they are no Oracles;
Sure, as I live, he beats them, he's so puisant.

Or. Well, if ye do forget——

Mir. Prithee hold thy peace;
I know thou art a pretty wench; I know thou lov'st me,
Preserve it till we have a fit time to discourse on't,
And a fit place: I'll ease thy heart I warrant thee:
Thou see'st I have much to do now.

Or. I am answer'd, Sir:
With me ye shall have nothing on these conditions.

De-Gard. Your Father and your friends.

La.C. You are welcome home, 'Sir;
'Bless ye, ye are very welcome:
'Pray know this Gentleman,
And these fair Ladies.

Nat. Monsieur *Mirabell*,
I am much affected with your fair return, Sir;
You bring a general joy.

Mir. I bring you service,
And these bright Beauties, Sir.

Nat. Welcome home, Gentlemen,
Welcome, with all my heart.

Bel. Pin. We thank ye, Sir.

La.C. Your friends will have their share too.

Bel. Sir, we hope
They'll look upon us, though we shew like strangers.

Nat. Monsieur *De Gard*, I must salute you also,
And this fair Gentlewoman: you are welcome from your
All welcome, all. (Travel too.)

De-Gard. We render ye our loves, Sir:
The best Wealth we bring home: By your Favours, Beauties,
One of these two: you know my meaning.

Or. Well, Sir:
They are fair and handsome, I must needs confes it;
And let it prove the worst, I shall live after it,

Whilst I have meat and drink Love cannot starve me;
For if I dye o' th' first fit I am unhappy,
And worthy to be buried with my heels upward.

Mir. To marry, Sir?

La.C. You know I am an old man,
And every hour declining to my Grave,
One foot already in, more Sons I have not,
Nor more I dare not seek whilst you are worthy,
In you lies all my hope, and all my name,
The making good or wretched of my memory,
The safety of my state.

Mir. And you have provided
Out of this tenderness these handfom Gentlewomen,
Daughters to this rich man, to take my choice of?

La.C. I have, dear Son.

Mir. 'Tis true, ye are old, and feebled;
Would ye were young again, and in full vigor;
I love a bounteous Fathers life, a long one,
I am none of those that when they shoot to ripeness,
Do what they can to break the boughs they grew on;
I wish ye many years and many Riches,
And pleasures to enjoy 'em: But for Marriage,
I neither yet believe in't, nor affect it,
Nor think it fit.

La.C. You will render me your reasons?

Mir. Yes, Sir, both short and pithy, and these they are:
You would have me marry a Maid?

La.C. A Maid? what else?

Mir. Yes, there be things called Widows, dead mens
I never lov'd to prove those; nor never long'd yet
To be buried alive in another mans cold monument.

And there be maids appearing, and maids being:
The appearing are fantastick things, meer shadows;
And if you mark 'em well, they want their heads too;
Only the World to cozen misty eyes,

Has clapt 'em on new faces. The maids being,
A man may venture on, if he be so mad to marry;
If he have neither fear before his eyes, nor fortune;
And let him take heed how he gathers these too,
For look ye, father, they are just like melons,
Musk-melons are the emblems of these maids;
Now they are ripe, now cut 'em, they taste pleasantly,
And are a dainty fruit, digested easily:

Neglect this present time, and come to morrow,
They are so ripe they are rotten gone, their sweetness
Run into humour, and their taste to surfeit.

La.C. Why, these are now ripe, Son.

Mir. I'll try them presently,
And if I like their taste——

La.C. 'Pray ye please your self, Sir.

Mir. That liberty is my due, and I'll maintain it:
Lady, what think you of a handfom man now?

Rof. A wholsom too, Sir.

Mir. That's as you make your Bargain.
A handfom, wholsom man then, and a kind man,
To cheer your heart up, to rejoyce you, Lady?

Rof. Yes Sir, I love rejoycing.

Mir. To lye close to you?
Close as a Cockle? keep the cold nights from you?

Rof. That will be lookt for too, our bodies ask it.

Mir. And get two Boys at every Birth?

Rof. That's nothing,
I have known a Cobler do it, a poor thin Cobler;
A Cobler out of mouldy Cheese perform it,
Cabbage, and coarse black Bread; methinks a Gentleman
Should take foul scorn to have an awl outname him.
Two at a Birth? why, every house-Dove has it:
That man that feeds well, promises as well too,
I should expect indeed something of worth from.
Ye talk of two?

Mir. She would have me get two dozen,
Like Buttons, at a Birth.

Rof. You love to brag, Sir.

If you proclaim these offers at your Marriage,

You are a pretty timber'd man, take heed.
They may be taken hold of, and expected,
Yes, if not hoped for at a higher rate too.

Mir. I will take heed, and thank ye for your counsel:
Father, what think you?

La-C. 'Tis a merry Gentlewoman;
Will make, no doubt, a good wife.

Mir. Not for me:
I marry her, and happily get nothing;
In what a state am I then? Father, I shall suffer
For any thing I hear to the contrary, *more majorum*,
I were as sure to be a Cuckold, Father,
A Gentleman of Antler.

La-C. Away, away, fool.

Mir. As I am sure to fail her expectation,
I had rather get the Pox than get her Babies.

La-C. Ye are much to blame; if this do not affect ye,
'Pray try the other; she's of a more demure way.

Bel. That I had but the audacity to talk thus!
I love that plain-spoken Gentlewoman admirably,
And certain I could go as near to please her,
If down-right doing— she has a per'ous Countenance,
If I could meet one that would believe me,
And take my honest meaning without circumstance.

Mir. You shall have your will, Sir, I will try the other,
But 'twill be to small use. I hope, fair Lady
(For methinks in your eyes I see more mercy)
You will enjoin your Lover a less penance;
And though I'll promise much, as men are liberal,
And vow an ample sacrifice of service,
Yet your discretion, and your tenderness,
And thriftiness in Love, good huswives carefulness
To keep the stock entire—

Lil. Good Sir, speak louder,
That these may witness too ye talk of nothing,
I should be loth alone to bear the burthen
Of so much indiscretion.

Mir. Hark ye, hark ye;
Ods bobs, you are angry, Lady.

Lil. Angry? no, Sir;
I never own'd an anger to lose poorly.

Mir. But you can love for all this, and delight too,
For all your set-austerity, to hear
Of a good husband, Lady?

Lil. You say true, Sir:
For by my troth, I have heard of none these ten years,
They are so rare, and there are so many, Sir,
So many longing-women on their knees too,
That pray the dropping down of these good husbands,
The dropping down from heaven; for they are not bred there,
That you may guess at all my hope, but hearing—

Mir. Why may not I be one?

Lil. You were near 'em once, Sir,
When ye came over the *Alpes*; those are near Heaven;
But since ye mis'd that happiness, there is no hope of ye.

Mir. Can ye love a man?

Lil. Yes, if the man be lovely;
That is, be honest, modest; I would have him valiant,
His anger slow, but certain for his honour;
Travell'd he should be, but through himself exactly;
For 'tis fairer to know manners well than Countries;
He must be no vain Talker, nor no Lover
To hear himself talk, they are brags of a wanderer,
Of one finds no retreat for fair behaviour;
Would ye learn more?

Mir. Yes.

Lil. Learn to hold your peace then,
Fond Girls are got with tongues, women with tempers.

Mir. Women, with I know what; but let this vanish:
Go thy way good Wife *Bias*; sure thy Husband (else.
Must have a strong Philosophers stone, he will ne'r please thee
Here's a starcht piece of austerity; do you hear, Father?
Do you hear this moral Lecture?

La-C. Yes, and like it.

Mir. Why, there's your judgment now; there's an old bolt
This thing must have the strangest observation, (shot:
Do you mark me (father?) when she is married once,
The strangest custom too of admiration
On all she does and speaks, 'twill be past sufferance;
I must not lie with her in common language,
Nor cry have at thee, *Kate*, I shall be his'd then;
Nor eat my meat without the sawce of sentences,
Your powder'd Beef, and Problems, a rare diet;
My first Son, Monsieur *Aristotle*, I know it,
Great Master of the Metaphysicks, or so;
The second *Solon*, and the best Law-setter;
And I must look *Egyptian* God-fathers,
Which will be no small trouble: my eldest daughter
Sapho, or such a sidling kind of Poetess,
And brought up, *invita Minerva*, at her needle.
My dogs must look their names too, and all *Spartan*,
Lelaps, *Melampus*; no more *Fox* and *Baudiface*.
I married to a fullen set of sentences?

To one that weighs her words and her behaviours
In the gold weights of discretion? I'll be hang'd first.

La-C. Prithee reclaim thy self.

Mir. 'Pray ye give me time then;
If they can set me any thing to play at,
That seems fit for a Gamester, have at the fairest.
Till I see more, and try more.

La-C. Take your time then,
I'll bar ye no fair liberty: come Gentlemen,
And Ladies come: to all once more welcome;
And now let's in to supper.

Mir. How dost' like 'em?

Pin. They are fair enough, but of so strange behaviours.

Mir. Too strange for me; I must have those have mettle,
And mettle to my mind; Come, let's be merry.

Bel. 'Bless me from this woman: I would stand the Can,
Before ten words of hers. (non

De-Gar. Do you find him now?
Do you think he will be ever firm?

Or. I fear not.

[*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mirabel, Pinac, Belleur.

Mir. NE'r tell me of this happiness, 'tis nothing;
The state they bring with being sought to scur-
I had rather make mine own play, and I will do. (vey,
My happiness is in mine own content,
And the despising of such glorious trifles,
As I have done a thousand more. For my humour;
Give me a good free fellow, that sticks to me;
A jovial fair Companion; there's a Beauty:
For women, I can have too many of them;
Good women too, as the Age reckons 'em,
More than I have employment for.

Pin. You are happy.

Mir. My only fear is, that I must be forced
Against my nature, to conceal my self.
Health, and an able Body are two jewels.

Pi. If either of these two women were offered to me now,
I would think otherwise, and do accordingly:
Yes, and recant my heresies, I would fain, Sir;
And be more tender of opinion,
And put a little off my travel'd liberty
Out of the way, and look upon 'em seriously:
Methinks this grave carried wench.

Bel. Methinks the other,
The home-spoken Gentlewoman, that desires to be fruitful,
That treats of the full manage of the matter,
For there lies all my aim; that wench, methinks
If I were but well set on; for she is a fable,
If I were but hounded right, and one to teach me:

She

She speaks to th' matter, and comes home to th' point :
Now do I know I have such a body to please her,
As all the Kingdom cannot fit her with, I am sure on't,
If I could but talk my self into her favour.

Mir. That's easily done.

Bel. That's easily said, would 'twere done ;
You should see then how I would lay about me ;
If I were virtuous, it would never grieve me,
Or any thing that might justify my modesty,
But when my nature is prone to do a charitie,
And my calfs tongue will not help me.

Mir. Will ye go to 'em ?

They cannot but take it courteously.

Pi. I'll do my part,

Though I am sure 'twill be the hardest I e're plaid yet,
A way I never try'd too, which will stagger me,
And if it do not shame me, I am happy.

Mir. Win 'em, and wear 'em, I give up my interest.

Pi. What say ye, *Monsieur Bellure* ?

Bel. Would I could say,
Or sing, or any thing that were but handsom,
I would be with her presently.

Pi. Yours is no venture ;
A merry ready wench.

Bel. A vengeance squibber ;
She'll flee me out of faith too.

Mir. I'll be near thee ;
Pluck up thy heart, I'll second thee at all brunts ;
Be angry if she abuse thee, and beat her a little,
Some women are won that way.

Bel. Pray be quiet,
And let me think : I am resolv'd to go on ;
But how I shall get off again ———

Mir. I am perswaded
Thou wilt so please her, she will go near to ravish thee.

Bel. I would 'twere come to that once: let me pray a little.

Mir. Now for thine honour *Pinac*; board me this modesty,
Warm but this frozen snow-ball, 'twill be a conquest
(Although I know thou art a fortunate Wencher,
And hast done rarely in thy daies) above all thy ventures.

Bel. You will be ever near ?

Mir. At all necessities,
And take thee off, and set thee on again, Boy ;
And cherish thee, and stroak thee.

Bel. Help me out too ?
For I know I shall stick i'th' mire : if ye see us close once,
Be gone, and leave me to my fortune, suddenly,
For I am then determin'd to do wonders.
Farewel, and sling an old shooc : how my heart throbs !
Would I were drunk : Farewel *Pinac* ; Heaven send us
A joyfull and a merry meeting, man. *Pi.* Farewel,
And chear thy heart up ; and remember *Bellure*
They are but women.

Bel. I had rather they were Lyons.

Mir. About it ; I'll be with you instantly. [Exeunt.

Enter Oriana.

Shall I ne'r be at rest ? no peace of conscience ?
No quiet for these creatures ? Am I ordain'd
To be devour'd quick by these she-Canibals ?
Here's another they call handsom, I care not for her,
I ne'r look after her : when I am half tripled
It may be I should turn her, and peruse her,
Or in my want of women, I might call for her ;
But to be haunted when I have no fancie,
No maw to th' matter ——— Now, why do you follow me ?

Ori. I hope, Sir, 'tis no blemish to my vertue,
No need you (out of scruple) ask that question,
If you remember ye, before your Travel
I contract you ty'd to me : 'tis my love, Sir,
I cannot let me see't; ye, to confirm your memory,
Asking being fair and good, I cannot suffer :

Mir. To what ?

Ori. For that fair piece of honesty ye shew'd, Sir,
That constant nobleness.

Mir. How ? for I am short headed.

Ori. Ple tell ye then ; for refusing that free offer
Of *Monsieur Natolets* ; those handsom Beauties,
Those two prime Ladies, that might well have prest ye,
If not to have broken, yet to have bow'd your promise,
I know it was for my sake, for your faith sake,
You slipt 'em off : your honesty compell'd ye.
And let me tell ye, Sir, it shew'd most handsomly.

Mir. And let me tell thee, there was no such matter :
Nothing intended that way of that nature ;
I have more to do with my honesty than to fool it,
Or venture it in such leak barks as women ;
I put 'em off, because I lov'd 'em not,
Because they are too queazie for my temper,
And not for thy sake, nor the Contract sake,
Nor vows, nor oaths ; I have made a thousand of 'em,
They are things indifferent, whether kept or broken ;
Meer venial slips, that grow not near the conscience ;
Nothing concerns those tender parts ; they are trifles ;
For, as I think, there was never man yet hop'd for
Either constancie, or secrecie, from a woman,
Unless it were an As's ordain'd for sufferance ;
Nor to contract with such can be a Tial ;
So let them know again ; for 'tis a Justice,
And a main point of civil policie,
What e're we say or swear, they being Reprobates,
Out of the state of faith, we are clear of all sides,
And 'tis a curious blindness to believe us.

Ori. You do not mean this sure ?

Mir. Yes sure, and certain,
And hold it positively, as a Principle, (fluxes,
As ye are strange things, and made of strange fires and
So we are allow'd as strange wayes to obtain ye,
But not to hold ; we are all created Errant.

Ori. You told me other tales.

Mir. I not deny it ;
I have tales of all sorts for all sorts of women,
And protestations likewise of all sizes,
As they have vanities to make us coxcombs ;
If I obtain a good turn, so it is,
I am thankfull for it: if I be made an As's,
The mends are in mine own hands, or the Surgeons,
And there's an end on't.

Ori. Do not you love me then ?

Mir. As I love others, heartily I love thee,
When I am high and lusty, I love thee cruelly :
After I have made a plenteous meal, and satisfi'd
My senses with all delicates, come to me,
And thou shalt see how I love thee.

Ori. Will not you marry me ?

Mir. No, certain, no, for any thing I know yet ;
I must not lose my liberty, dear Lady,
And like a wanton slave cry for more shackles.
What should I marry for ? Do I want any thing ?
Am I an inch the farther from my pleasure ?
Why should I be at charge to keep a wife of mine own,
When other honest married men will ease me ?
And thank me too, and be beholding to me :
Thou thinkst I am mad for a Maiden-head, thou art cozen'd ;
Or if I were addicted to that diet
Can you tell me where I should have one ? thou art eighteen
And if thou hast thy Maiden-head yet extant, (now,
Sure 'tis as big as Cods-head : and those grave dishes
I never love to deal withal : Do'st thou see this book here ?
Look over all these ranks ; all these are women, (quests,
Maids, and pretenders to Maiden-heads ; these are my con-
All these I swore to marry, as I swore to thee,
With the same reservation, and most righteously,
Which I need not have done neither ; for alas they made no
And I enjoy'd 'em at my will, and left 'em : (scruple,
Some of 'em are married since, and were as pure maids again,
Nay o' my conscience better than they were bred for ;

The

The rest fine sober women.

Ori. Are ye not ashamed, Sir?

Mir. No by my troth, Sir; there's no shame belongs to it; I hold it as commendable to be wealthy in pleasure, As others do in rotten sheep, and pasture.

Enter de Gard.

Ori. Are all my hopes come to this? is there no faith? No troth? nor modesty in men?

de Ca. How now Sister, Why weeping thus? did I not prophesie? Come tell me why ———

Ori. I am not well; 'pray ye pardon me. [Exit.]

de Ga. Now Monsieur *Mirabel*, what ails my Sister? You have been playing the wag with her.

Mir. As I take it, She is crying for a cod-piece; is she gone? Lord, what an Age is this! I was calling for ye, For as I live I thought she would have ravish'd me.

de Ga. Ye are merry Sir.

Mir. Thou know'st this book, *de Gard*, this Inventory.

de Ga. The debt-book of your Mistresses, I remember it.

Mir. Why this was it that anger'd her; she was stark mad She found not her name here, and cry'd down-right, Because I would not pity her immediately, And put her in my list.

de Ga. Sure she had more modesty.

Mir. Their modesty is anger to be over-done; They'll quarrel sooner for precedence here, And take it in more dudgeon to be slighted, Than they will in publique meetings; 'tis their natures: And alas I have so many to dispatch yet, And to provide my self for my affairs-too, That in good faith ———

de Gard. Be not too glorious foolish; Summe not your Travels up with vanities, It ill becomes your expectation: Temper your speech, Sir; whether your loose story Be true, or false (for you are so free, I fear it) Name not my Sister in't; I must not hear it; Upon your danger name her not: I hold her A Gentlewoman of those happy parts and carriage, A good mans tongue may be right proud to speak her.

Mir. Your Sister, Sir? d'ye blench at that? d'ye cavil? Do you hold her such a piece, she may not be play'd withal? I have had an hundred handfomer and nobler, Have su'd to me too for such a courtesie: Your Sister comes i'th' rear: since ye are so angry, And hold your Sister such a strong Recusant, I tell ye I may do it, and it may be will too, It may be have too, there's my free confession; Work upon that now.

de Gard. If I thought ye had, I would work, And work such stubborn work, should make your heart ake; But I believe ye, as I ever knew ye, A glorious talker, and a Legend maker Of idle tales, and trifles; a depraver Of your own truth; (their honours fly about ye; And so I take my leave, but with this caution, Your sword be surer than your tongue, you'll smart else.

Mir. I laugh at thee, so little I respect thee; And I'll talk louder, and despise thy Sister; Set up a Chamber-maid that shall out-shine her, And carry her in my Coach too, and that will kill her. Go get thy Rents up, go.

de Gard. Ye are a fine Gentleman. [Exit.]

Mir. Now have at my two youths, I'll see how they do, How they behave themselves, and then I'll study What wench shall love me next, and when I'll lose her. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter Pinac, and a Servant.

Pinac. Art thou her servant, saist thou?

Ser. Her poor creature, But servant to her horse, Sir.

Pinac. Canst thou shew me The way to her chamber? or where I may conveniently See her, or come to talk to her?

Ser. That I can, Sir; But the question is whether I will or no.

Pinac. Why I'll content thee.

Ser. Why I'll content thee then; now ye come to me.

Pi. There's for your diligence.

Ser. There's her chamber, Sir; And this way she comes out; stand ye but here, Sir, You have her at your prospect, or your pleasure.

Pi. Is she not very angry?

Ser. You'll find that quickly: May be she'll call ye sawcy scurvey fellow, Or some such familiar name: 'may be she knows ye, And will fling a Pifs-pot at ye, or a Pantofle, According as ye are in acquaintance: if she like ye, 'May be she'll look upon ye, 'may be no, And two moneths hence call for ye.

Pinac. This is fine. She is monstrous proud then?

Ser. She is a little haughtie; Of a small body, she has a mind well mounted. Can ye speak Greek?

Pinac. No, certain.

Ser. Get ye gone then; And talk of stars, and firmaments, and fire-drakes. Do you remember who was *Adams* School-master, And who taught *Eve* to spin? she knows all these, And will run ye over the beginning o'th' world As familiar as a Fidler. Can ye sit seven hours together, and say nothing? Which she will do, and when she speaks, speak Oracles; Speak things that no man understands, nor her self neither.

Pi. Thou mak'st me wonder.

Ser. Can ye smile?

Pi. Yes willingly:

For naturally I bear a mirth about me.

Ser. She'll ne'r endure ye then; she is never merry; If she see one laugh, she'll swoond past *Aqua vite*: Never come near her, Sir; if ye chance to venture, And talk not like a Doctor, you are damn'd too; I have told enough for your crown, and so good speed ye. [Ex.]

Pi. I have a pretty task, if she be thus curious, As sure it seems she is; if I fall off now, I shall be laugh'd at fearfully; if I go forward, I can but be abus'd, and that I look for; And yet I may hit right, but 'tis unlikely. Stay, in what mood and figure shall I attempt her? A careles way? no, no, that will not waken her; Besides, her gravity will give me line still, And let me lose my self; yet this way often Has hit, and handsomly. A wanton method? I, if she give it leave to sink into her consideration; But there's the doubt: if it but stir her blood once, And creep into the crannies of her phansie, Set her a gog: but if she chance to flight it, And by the pow'r of her modesty fling it back, I shall appear the arrantest Rascal to her, The most licentious knave, for I shall talk lewdly. To bear my self austerely? rate my words, And fling a general gravitie about me, As if I meant to give Laws? but this I cannot do, This is a way above my understanding; Or if I could, 'tis odds she'll think I mock her; For serious and sad things are ever still suspicious. Well, Ple say something.

But learning I have none, and less good manners; Especially for Ladies; well, I'll set my best face;

Enter Lilia, Petella.

I hear some coming; this is the first woman

I ever

I ever fear'd yet, the first face that shakes me,
Li. Give me my hat *Petella*, take this veil off,
 This fullen cloud, it darkens my delights;
 Come wench be free, and let the Musick warble,
 Play me some lusty measure.

Pi. This is the sure,
 The very same I saw, the very woman,
 The Gravitie I wonder'd at: Stay, stay,
 Let me be sure; ne'r trust me, but she danceth,
 Summer is in her face now, and she skippeth:
 I'll go a little nearer.

Li. Quicker time fellows,

Enter Mirabel.

I cannot find my legs yet, now *Petella*.

Pi. I am amaz'd, I am founder'd in my fancies.

Mr. Hah, say ye so; is this your gravitie?
 This the austeritie ye put upon ye?
 I'll see more o' this sport.

Lil. A Song now;
 Call in for a merry, and a light Song,
 And sing it with a liberal spirit.

Enter a Man.

Man. Yes, Madam. (company.)

Lil. And be not amaz'd Sirrah, but take us for your own
 Let's walk our selves: come wench, would we had a man or

Pi. Sure she has spi'd me, and will abuse me dreadfully, (two.)
 She has put on this for the purpose; yet I will try her.

Madam, I would be loth my rude intrusion,
 Which I must crave a pardon for ———

Lil. O ye are welcom,
 Ye are very welcom, Sir, we want such a one;
 Strike up again: I dare presume ye dance well:
 Quick, quick, Sir, quick, the time steals on.

Pi. I would talk with ye.

Lil. Talk as ye dance.

Mr. She'll beat him off his legs first,
 This is the finest Masque.

Lil. Now how do ye, Sir?

Pi. You have given me a shrewd heat.

Lil. I'll give ye a hundred.
 Come sing now, sing; for I know ye sing well,
 I see ye have a singing face.

Pi. A fine Modesty!
 If I could, she'd never give me breath,
 Madam would I might sit and recover.

Lil. Sit here, and sing now,
 Let's do things quickly, Sir, and handfomly,
 Sit close wench, close, begin, begin.

Song.

Pi. I am lesson'd.

Lil. 'Tis very pretty i'faith, give me some wine now.

Pi. I would fain speak to ye.

Lil. You shall drink first, believe me:
 Here's to ye a lusty health.

Pi. I thank ye Lady,
 Would I were off again; I smell my misery;
 I was never put to this rack; I shall be drunk too. (much)

Mr. If thou be'st not a right one, I have lost mine aim
 I thank Heaven that I have scap'd thee; To her *Pinac*;
 For thou art as sure to have her, and to groan for her——
 I'll see how my other youth does; this speeds trimly:
 A fine grave Gentlewoman, and worth much honour. [*Exit.*]

Lil. Now? how do ye like me, Sir?

Pi. I like ye rarely.

Lil. Ye see, Sir, though sometimes we are grave and silent,
 And put on sadder dispositions,
 Yet we are compounded of free parts, and sometimes too
 Our lighter, airie, and our fierie mettles (Sir?)
 Break out, and shew themselves; and what think you of that

Pi. Good Lady sit, for I am very weary;
 And then I'll tell ye.

Lil. Fic, a young man idle?
 Up, and walk; be still in action.

The motions of the body are fair beauties,
 Besides 'tis cold; ods-me Sir, let's walk faster,
 What think ye now of the Lady *Felicia*?
 And *Bella fronte* the Dukes fair Daughter? ha?
 Are they not handfom things? there is *Duarta*,
 And brown *Olivia*.

Pi. I know none of 'em.

Lil. But brown must not be cast away, Sir; if young *Lelia*
 Had kept her self till this day from a Husband,
 Why what a Beauty, Sir? you know *Ismena*
 The fair Iem of Saint *German's*?

Pi. By my troth I do not.

Lil. And then I know you must hear of *Brisac*,
 How unlike a Gentleman ———

Pi. As I live I have heard nothing.

Lil. Strike me another Galliard.

Pi. By this light I cannot;
 In troth I have sprain'd my leg, Madam.

Lil. Now sit ye down, Sir,
 And tell me why ye came hither, why ye chose me out?
 What is your business? your errant? dispatch, dispatch?
 'May be ye are some Gentlemans man, and I mistook ye,
 That have brought me a Letter, or a haunch of Venison,
 Sent me from some friend of mine.

Pi. Do I look like a Carrier?

You might allow me what I am, a Gentleman.

Lil. Cry 'ye mercie, Sir, I saw ye yesterday,
 You are new come out of Travel, I mistook ye;
 And how do all our impudent friends in *Italie*?

Pi. Madam, I came with duty, and fair courtesie,
 Service, and honour to ye.

Lil. Ye came to jear me:
 Ye see I am merry, Sir, I have chang'd my copy:
 None of the Sages now, and 'pray ye proclaim it,
 Fling on me what asperion you shall please, Sir,
 Of wantonnefs, or wildness, I look for it;
 And tell the world I am an hypocrite,
 Mask in a forc'd and borrow'd shape, I expect it;
 But not to have you believ'd; for mark ye, Sir,
 I have won a nobler estimation,
 A stronger tie by my discretion
 Upon opinion (how e're you think I forced it)
 Than either tongue or art of yours can slubber,
 And when I please I will be what I please, Sir,
 So I exceed not Mean; and none shall brand it
 Either with scorn or shame, but shall be slighted.

Pi. Lady, I come to love ye.

Lil. Love your self, Sir,
 And when I want observers, I'll send for ye:
 Heigh, ho; my fit's almost off, for we do all by fits, Sir:
 If ye be weary, sit till I come again to ye. [*Exit.*]

Pi. This is a wench of a dainty spirit; but hang me if I know yet
 Either what to think, or make of her, she had her will of me,
 And baited me abundantly, I thank her,
 And I confess I never was so blurred,
 Nor ever so abus'd; I must bear mine own sins;
 Ye talk of Travels, here's a curious Country,
 Yet I will find her out, or forswear my facultie. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Rosalura, and Oriana.

Ros. Ne'r vex your self, nor grieve; ye are a fool then.

Or. I am sure I am made so: yet before I suffer
 Thus like a girl, and give him leave to triumph——

Ros. You say right; for as long as he perceives ye
 Sink under his proud scornings, he'll laugh at ye:
 For me secure your self; and for my Sister,
 I partly know her mind too: howsoever
 To obey my Father we have made a tender
 Of our poor beauties to the travel'd *Monsieur*;
 Yet two words to a bargain; he slights us
 As skittish things, and we shun him as curious.
 May be my free behaviour turns his stomach,

And

And makes him seem to doubt a loose opinion.
I must be so sometimes, though all the world saw it.

Ori. Why should not ye? Are our minds only measur'd?
As long as here ye stand secure.

Rof. Ye say true;
As long as mine own Conscience makes no question,
What care I for Report? That Woman's miserable
That's good or bad for their tongues sake: Come let's retire.
And get my veil Wench: By my troth your sorrow,
And the consideration of mens humorous maddings,
Have put me into a serious contemplation.

Enter Mirabel and Belleur.

Oria. Come 'faith, let's sit, and think.

Rof. That's all my business. (ward.

Mir. Why standst thou peeping here? thou great slug, for-

Bel. She is there, peace.

Mir. Why standst thou here then,
Sneaking, and peaking, as thou would'st steal linnen?
Hast thou not place and time?

Bel. I had a rare speech
Studied, and almost ready, and your violence
Has beat it out of my brains.

Mir. Hang your rare speeches,
Go me on like a man.

Bel. Let me set my Beard up.
How has *Pinac* performed?

Mir. He has won already:
He stands not thrumming of caps thus.

Bel. Lord, what should I ail? (Hum.
What a cold I have over my stomach; would I had some
Certain I have a great mind to be at her:
A mighty mind.

Mir. On fool.

Bel. Good words, I beseech ye;
For I will not be abused by both.

Mir. Adieu, then,
I will not trouble you, I see you are valiant,
And work your own way.

Bel. Hift, hift, I will be rul'd,
I will 'faith, I will go presently:
Will ye forsake me now and leave me i'th' fuds?
You know I am false-hearted this way; I beseech ye,
Good sweet *Mirabel*; I'le cut your throat if ye leave me,
Indeed I will sweet heart.

Mir. I will be ready,
Still at thine elbow; take a mans heart to thee,
And speak thy mind: the plainer still the better.
She is a woman of that free behaviour,
Indeed that common courtesie, she cannot deny thee;
Go bravely on.

Bel. Madam— keep close about me,
Still at my back. Madam, sweet Madam—

Rof. Ha;
What noise is that, what faucy sound to trouble me?

Mir. What said she?

Bel. I am faucy.

Mir. 'Tis the better.

Bel. She comes; must I be faucy still?

Mir. More faucy.

Rof. Still troubled with these vanities? Heaven bless us;
What are we born to? would ye speak with any of my people?
Go in, Sir, I am busie.

Bel. This is not she sure:
Is this two Children at a Birth? I'le be hang'd then:
Mine was a merry Gentlewoman, talkt daintily,
Talkt of those matters that befitted women;
This is a parcel-pray'r-book; I'm serv'd sweetly;
And now I am to look too; I was prepar'd for th' other way.

Rof. Do you know that man?

Oria. Sure I have seen him, Lady.

Rof. Methinks 'tis pity such a lusty fellow
Should wander up and down and want employment.

Bel. She takes me for a Rogue: you may do well, Madam,

To stay this wanderer, and set him a work, forsooth,
He can do something that may please your Ladiship.
I have heard of Women that desire good breedings,
Two at a birth, or so.

Rof. The fellow's impudent.

Oria. Sure he is crazed.

Rof. I have heard of men too, that have had good manners;
Sure this is want of grace; indeed 'tis great pity.
The young man has been bred so ill; but this lewd Age
Is full of such examples.

Bel. I am founder'd,
And some shall rue the setting of me on.

Mir. Ha? so bookish, Lady, is it possible?
Turn'd holy at the heart too? I'le be hang'd then:
Why this is such a feat, such an activity,
Such fast and loose: a veyl too for your Knavery?
O dio, dio!

Rof. What do you take me for, Sir?

Mir. An hypocrite, a wanton, a dissembler,
How e're ye seem, and thus ye are to be handled.
Mark me *Belleur*, and this you love, I know it.

Rof. Stand off, bold Sir.

Mir. You wear good Cloaths to this end,
Jewels, love Feasts, and Masques.

Rof. Ye are monstrous faucy.

Mir. All this to draw on fools? and thus, thus Lady,
Ye are to be lull'd.

Bel. Let her alone, I'le swinge ye else,
I will 'faith; for though I cannot skill o'this matter
My self, I will not see another do it before me,
And do it worse.

Rof. Away, ye are a vain thing;
You have travell'd far, Sir, to return again
A windy and poor Bladder: you talk of Women,
That are not worth the favour of a common one;
The grace of her grew in an Hospital:
Against a thousand such blown fooleries
I am able to maintain good Womens honours,
Their freedoms, and their fames, and I will do it.

Mir. She has almost struck me dumb too.

Rof. And declaim
Against your base malicious tongues; your noises;
For they are nothing else: You teach behaviours?
Or touch us for our freedoms? teach your selves manners,
Truth and sobriety, and live so clearly
That our lives may shine in ye; and then task us:
It seems ye are hot, the suburbs will supply ye.
Good Women scorn such Gamesters; so I'le leave ye,
I am sorry to see this: 'faith Sir, live fairly. [Exit.

Mir. This woman, if she hold on, may be vertuous,
'Tis almost possible: we'll have a new day.

Bel. Ye brought me on, ye forced me to this foolery;
I am asham'd, I am scorn'd, I am flurtd; yes, I am so:
Though I cannot talk to a woman like your worship,
And use my phrases, and my learned figures,
Yet I can fight with any man.

Mir. Fie.

Bel. I can, Sir,
And I will fight.

Mir. With whom?

Bel. With you, with any man;
For all men now will laugh at me.

Mir. Prethee be moderate.

Bel. And I'le beat all men. Come.

Mir. I love thee dearly.

Bel. I beat all that love, Love has undone me;
Never tell me, I will not be a History.

Mir. Thou art not.

Bel. 'Sfoot I will not; give me room,
And let me see the proudest of ye jeer me,
And I'le begin with you first.

Mir. 'Prethee *Belleur*;

If I do not satisfie thee—

Bel. Well, look ye do:

But now I think on't better, 'tis impossible ;
I must beat some body, I am maul'd my self,
And I ought in justice——

Mir. No, no, no, ye are couzen'd ;
But walk, and let me talk to thee.

Bel. Talk wisely,
And see that no man laugh upon no occasion ;
For I shall think then 'tis at me.

Mir. I warrant thee.

Bel. Nor no more talk of this.

Mir. Do'st think I am maddish ?

Bel. I must needs fight yet ; for I find it concerns me,
A pox on't, I must fight.

Mir. Faith thou shalt not.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter De Gard, and Leverdure, alias Lugier.

De G. Know ye are a Scholar, and can do wonders.

Lug. There's no great Scholarship belongs to this,
What I am, I am ; I pity your poor Sister,
And heartily I hate these Travellers,
These Gim-cracks, made of Mops, and Motions :
There's nothing in their houses here but hummings ;
A Bee has more brains. I grieve, and vex too
The insolent licentious carriage
Of this out-facing fellow, *Mirabell*,
And I am mad to see him prick his plumes up.

De Gar. His wrongs you partly know.

Lug. Do not you stir, Sir,
Since he has begun with wit, let wit revenge it ;
Keep your sword close, we'll cut his throat a new way.
I am asham'd the Gentlewoman should suffer
Such base lewd wrongs.

De Gar. I will be rul'd, he shall live,
And left to your revenge.

Lug. I, I, I'll fit him :
He makes a common scorn of handsome Women ;
Modesty, and good manners are his May-games :
He takes up Maidenheads with a new Commission ;
The Church warrant's out of date : follow my Counsel,
For I am zealous in the Cause.

De Gar. I will, Sir ;
And will be still directed : for the truth is
My Sword will make my Sister seem more monstrous :
Besides there is no honour won on Reprobates.

Lug. You are i'th' right: The slight he has shew'd my Pupils,
Sets me a fire too : go I'll prepare your Sister,
And as I told ye.

De Gar. Yes all shall be fit, Sir.

Lug. And seriously, and handsomely.

De Gar. I warrant ye.

Lug. A little counsel more.

De Gar. 'Tis well.

Lug. Most stately.
See that observ'd ; and then.

De Gar. I have ye every way.

Lug. Away then and be ready.

De Gar. With all speed, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Lillia, Rosalure, and Oriana.

Lug. We'll learn to travel too, may be beyond him.
Good day, Fair beauties.

Lil. You have beautified us.
We thank ye, Sir, ye have set us off most gallantly
With your grave precepts.

Ros. We expected Husbands
Out of your Documents, and taught behaviours ; (us,
Excellent Husbands, thought men would run stark mad on
Men of all Ages, and all states: we expected
An Inundation of desires, and offers,

A Torrent of trim Suitors : all we did,
Or said, or purpos'd to be Spells about us,
Spells to provoke——

Lil. Ye have provoke'd us finely,
We follow'd your directions, we did rarely,
We were Stately, Coy, Demure, Careless, Light, Giddy,
And play'd at all points : This you swore would carry.

Ros. We made Love, and contemn'd Love. Now seem'd holy
With such a reverent put-on Reservation
Which could not miss according to your Principles,
Now gave more hope again. Now close, now publick,
Still up and down, we beat it like a Billow ;
And ever those behaviours you read to us,
Subtil, and new. But all this will not help us.

Lil. They help to hinder us of all Acquaintance,
They have frighted off all Friends : what am I better
For all my Learning, if I love a Dunce,
A handsome dunce ? to what use serves my Reading ?
You should have taught me what belongs to Horses,
Doggs, Dice, Hawks, Banquets, Masks, free and fair Meet-
To have studied Gowns and Dressings. (ings,

Lug. Ye are not mad sure.

Ros. We shall be if we follow your encouragements ;
I'll take mine own way now.

Lil. And I my fortune :
We may live Maids else till the Moon drop Mil-stones ;
I see your modest Women are taken for monsters,
A Dowry of good breeding is worth nothing. (yet,

Lug. Since ye take it so to th' heart, pray'ye give me leave
And ye shall see how I'll convert this Heretick ;
Mark how this *Mirabell*——

Lil. Name him no more :
For, though I long for a Husband, I hate him,
And would be married sooner to a Monkey,
Or to a Jack of Straw, than such a Juggler.

Ros. I am of that mind too ; he is too nimble,
And plays at fast and loose too learnedly
For a plain-meaning Woman ; that's the truth on't.
Here's one too, that we love well, would be angry ;
And reason why : No, no, we will not trouble ye
Nor him, at this time : may he make you happy.
We'll turn our selves loose now, to our fair fortunes,
And the down-right way.

Lil. The winning-way we'll follow,
We'll bait, that men may bite fair, and not be frighted ;
Yet we'll not be carryed so cheap neither : we'll have some
Some mad-Morris or other for our mony, Tutor. (sport,

Lug. 'Tis like enough : prosper your own Devices ;
Ye are old enough to choose : But for this Gentlewoman,
So please her, give me leave.

Oria. I shall be glad, Sir,
To find a friend, whose pity may direct me.

Lug. I'll do my best, and faithfully deal for ye ;
But then ye must be ruled.

Oria. In all, I vow to ye.

Ros. Do, do : he has a lucky hand sometimes, I'll assure ye :
And hunts the recovery of a lost Lover deadly.

Lug. You must away straight.

Oria. Yes.

Lug. And I'll instruct ye :
Here ye can know no more.

Oria. By your leave, sweet Ladies,
And all our Fortunes, arrive at our own wishes.

Lil. Amen, Amen.

Lug. I must borrow your man.

Lil. Pray take him ;
He is within : to do her good, take any thing,
Take us, and all.

Lug. No doubt ye may find Takers ;
And so we'll leave ye to your own disposcs. [*Exeunt.*

Lil. Now which way, Wench.

Ros. We'll go a brave way ; fear not :
A safe, and sure way too : and yet a by-way,
I must confess I have a great mind to be married.

—*Lil.*

Lel. So have I too, a grudging of good-will that way ;
And would as fain be dispatch'd. But this *Monsieur Quicksilver*.

Rof. No, no : we'll bar him, by, and Main : Let him trample ;
There is no safety in his Surquedrie :

An Army-Royal of women, are too few for him,
He keeps a Journal of his Gentlenefs,
And will go near to print his fair dispatches,
And call it his triumph over time and women :
Let him pass out of memory : what think ye
Of his two Companions ?

Lel. *Pinac* methinks is reasonable ;
A little modestie he has brought home with him,
And might be taught in time some handfom duty.

Rof. They say he is a wench too.

Lel. I like him better :
A free light touch or two becomes a Gentleman,
And sets him seemly off : so he exceed not,
But keep his compass, clear he may be lookt at ;
I would not marry a man that must be taught,
And conjur'd up with kisses ; the best game
Is plaid still by the best Gamesters.

Rof. Fie upon thee !
What talk hast thou ?

Lel. Are not we alone, and merry ? (Gentleman)
Why should we be ashamed to speak what we think ? thy
The tall fat fellow ; he that came to see thee.

Rof. Is't not a goodly man ?

Lel. A wondrous goodly !
H'as weight enough I warrant thee : Mercy upon me ;
What a Serpent wilt thou seem under such a *S. George*.

Rof. Thou art a fool ; give me a man brings Mettle,
Brings substance with him ; needs no Broths to Lare him :
These little fellows shew like Fleas in boxes,
Hop up and down, and keep a stir to vex us ;
Give me the puissant Pike, take you the small shot.

Lel. Of a great thing I have not seen a duller,
Therefore methinks, sweet Sister ———

Rof. Peace : he's modest :
A bashfulness, which is a point of grace, wench :
But when these fellows come to moulding, Sister,
To heat, and handling : as I live, I like him ;

Enter *Mirabel*.

And methinks I could form him.

Lel. Peace : the Fire-drake.

Mir. 'Bless ye sweet beauties: sweet incomparable Ladies:
Sweet wits : sweet humours : 'Bless you, learned Lady,
And you, most holy Nun ; 'Bless your Devotions. (Sir,

Lel. And 'bless your brains, Sir, your most pregnant brains,
They are in Travel, may they be delivered
Of a most hopeful Wild-Goose.

Rof. 'Bless your manhood :
They say ye are a Gentleman of action,
A fair accomplish'd man ; and a rare Engineer,
You have a trick to blow up Maidenheads,
A subtle trick, they say abroad.

Mir. I have Lady.

Rof. And often glory in their Ruines.

Mir. Yes forsooth ;
I have a speedy trick : please you to try it :
My Engine will dispatch ye instantly.

Rof. I would I were a woman, Sir, fit for ye,
As there be such, no doubt, may Engine you too ;
May with a Counter-mine blow up your valour :
But in good faith, Sir, we are both too honest :
And the plague is, we can not be perswaded :
For, look ye : if we thought it were a glory
To be the last of all your lovely Ladies. (Market ;

Mir. Come, come ; leave prating : this has spoil'd your
This pride, and pufft-up heart, will make ye fast, Ladies,
Fast, when ye are hungry too.

Rof. The more our pain, Sir.

Lel. The more our health, I hope too.

Mir. Your behaviours

Have made men stand amaz'd ; those men that lov'd ye ;
Men of fair States and parts ; your strange conventions
Into I know not what, nor how, nor wherefore ;

Your scorns of those that came to visit ye ;
Your studied Whim-whams ; and your fine set faces :
What have these got ye ? proud, and harsh opinions :
A Travel'd *Monsieur*, was the strangest Creature,
The wildest Monster to be wondred at :

His Person made a publique Scoff, his knowledge,
(As if he had been bred 'mongst Bears or Bandoggs)
Shunn'd and avoided : his conversation snufft at.
What Harvest brings all this ?

Rof. I pray ye proceed, Sir.

Mir. Now ye shall see in what esteem a Traveller,
An understanding Gentleman, and a Monsieur
Is to be held, and to your griefs confess it,
Both to your griefs, and galls.

Lel. In what I pray ye, Sir ?
We would be glad to understand your excellence.

Mir. Go on, (sweet Ladies) it becomes ye rarely.
For me, I have blest me from ye, scoff on seriously,
And note the Man ye mock'd : you, (Lady Learning)
Note the poor Traveller, that came to visit ye,
That flat unfurnish'd fellow : note him throughly,
You may chance to see him anon.

Lel. 'Tis very likely.

Mir. And see him Courted by a Travell'd Lady,
Held dear, and honour'd by a vertuous virgin,
May be a Beautie, not far short of yours, neither
It may be, clearer.

Lel. Not unlikely. *Mir.* Younger :
As killing eyes as yours : a wit as poynant
May be, a State to that may top your Fortune ;
Enquire how she thinks of him, how she holds him ;
His good parts ; in what precious price already ;
Being a stranger to him, how she courts him ;
A stranger to his Nation too, how she dotes on him :
Enquire of this ; be sick to know : Curse, Lady,
And keep your chamber : cry, and curse: a sweet one,
A thousand in yearly land, well bred, well friended :
Travell'd, and highly followed for her fashions.

Lel. 'Bless his good fortune, Sir.

Mir. This scurvy fellow ;
I think they call his name *Pinac* ; this serving-man
That brought ye Venison, as I take it, Madam ;
Note but this Scab ; 'tis strange that this course creature,
That has no more set off, but his jugglings ;
His travell'd tricks.

Lel. Good, Sir, I grieve not at him,
Nor envy not his fortune : yet I wonder,
He's handfom ; yet I see no such perfection.

Mir. Would I had his fortune : for 'tis a woman
Of that sweet temper'd nature, and that judgment,
Besides her state, that care, clear understanding,
And such a wife to bless him.

Rof. Pray ye whence is she ?

Mir. Of *England*, and a most accomplish'd Lady ;
So modest that mens eyes are frighted at her,
And such a noble carriage. How now Sirrah ?

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, the great English Lady.

Mir. What of her, Sir ?

Boy. Has newly left her coach, and coming this way ;
Where you may see her plain : Monsieur *Pinac*,
The only man that leads her.

Enter *Pinac*, *Mariana*, and *Attendants*.

Mir. He is much honored ;
Would I had such a favour : now vex Ladies,
Envy, and vex, and rail.

Rof. Ye are short of us, Sir.

Mir. 'Bless your fair fortune, Sir.

Pi. I nobly thank ye.

Mir. Is she married, friend?

Pi. No, no.

Mir. A goodly Lady;
A sweet and delicate aspect: mark, mark, and wonder!
Hast thou any hope of her?

Pi. A little.

Mir. Follow close then:
Lose not that hope.

Pi. To you, Sir.

Mir. Gentle Lady.

Ref. She is fair indeed.

Lel. I have seen a fairer, yet
She is well.

Ref. Her clothes sit handfom too.

Lel. She dresses prettily.

Ref. And by my faith she is rich, she looks still sweeter.
A well bred woman, I warrant her.

Lel. Do you hear, Sir;
May I crave this Gentlewoman's name?

Pi. *Mariana*, Lady.

Lel. I will not say I owe ye a quarrel Monsieur
For making me your Stale: a noble Gentleman
Would have had more courtesie; at least, more faith,
Than to turn off his Mistress at first trial:
You know not what respect I might have shew'd ye;
I find ye have worth.

Pi. I cannot stay to answer ye;
Ye see my charge: I am beholding to ye
For all your merry tricks ye put upon me,
Your bobs, and base accounts: I came to love ye,
To wooe ye, and to serve ye; I am much indebted to ye
For dancing me off my legs; and then for walking me;
For telling me strange tales I never heard of,
More to abuse me; for mistaking me,
When ye both knew I was a Gentleman,
And one deier'd as rich a match as you are.

Lel. Be not so bitter, Sir.

Pi. You see this Lady:
She is young enough, and fair enough to please me,
A woman of a loving mind, a quiet,
And one that weighs the worth of him that loves her,
I am content with this, and blefs my fortune,
Your curious Wits, and Beauties.

Lel. Faith see me once more.

Pi. I dare not trouble ye.

Lel. May I speak to your Lady?

Pi. I pray ye content your self: I know ye are bitter,
And in your bitterness, ye may abuse her;
Which if she comes to know, (for she understands ye not)
It may breed such a quarrel to your kindred,
And such an indiscretion sling on you too;
For she is nobly friended. *Lel.* I could eat her.

Pi. Rest as ye are, a modest noble Gentlewoman,
And afford your honest neighbours some of your prayers.

[Exit.]

Mir. What think you now?

Lel. Faith she's a pretty Whiting;
She has got a pretty catch too.

Mir. You are angry;
Monstrous angry now; grievously angry;
And the pretty heart does swell now.

Lel. No in troth, Sir.

Mir. And it will cry anon; a pox upon it:
And it will curse it self: and eat no meat, Lady;
And it will fight.

Lel. Indeed you are mistaken;
It will be very merry.

Ref. Why, Sir, do you think
There are no more men living, nor no handfomer
Than he, or you, By this light there be ten thousand?
Ten thousand thousand: comfort your self, dear Monsieur,
Faces, and bodies, Wits, and all Abiliments
There are so many we regard 'em not.

Enter Belleur, and two Gentlemen.

Mir. That such a noble Lady, I could burst now,
So far above such trifles?

Bel. You did laugh at me,
And I know why ye laughed.

1 Gent. I pray ye be satisfied;
If we did laugh, we had some private reason,
And not at you.

2 Gent. Alas, we know you not, Sir.

Bel. Ple make you know me; set your faces soberly;
Stand this way, and look sad; I'll be no May-game;
Sadder; demurer yet.

Ref. What's the matter?
What ails this Gentleman?

Bel. Go off now backward, that I may behold ye;
And not a simper on your lives.

Lel. He's mad sure.

Bel. Do you observe me too?

Mir. I may look on ye.

Bel. Why do you grin? I know your minde.

Mir. You do not,
You are strangely humorous: is there no mirth, nor pleasure,
But you must be the object?

Bel. Mark, and observe me;
Where ever I am nam'd;
The very word shall raise a general sadness,
For the disgrace this scurvy woman did me;
This proud pert thing; take heed ye laugh not at me;
Provoke me not, take heed.

Ref. I would fain please ye;
Do any thing to keep ye quiet.

Bel. Hear me,
Till I receive a satisfaction
Equal to the disgrace, and scorn ye gave me:
Ye are a wretched woman; till thou woo'st me,
And I scorn thee as much, as seriously
Jear, and abuse thee; ask what Gill thou art;
Or any baser name; I will proclaim thee;
I will so sing thy vertue; so be-paint thee.

Ref. Nay, good Sir, be more modest.

Bel. Do you laugh again?
Because ye are a woman ye are lawless,
And out of compass of an honest anger.

Ref. Good Sir, have a better belief of me.

Lel. Away dear Sister.

[Exit.]

Mir. Is not this better now, this seeming madness,
Than falling out with your friends?

Bel. Have I not frightened her?

(humor,

Mir. Into her right wits, I warrant thee: follow this
And thou shalt see how prosperously 'twill guide thee.

Bel. I am glad I have found a way to woo yet, I was afraid
I never should have made a civil Suiter.

(once

Well, I'll about it still.

[Exit.]

Mir. Do, do, and prosper.

What sport do I make with these fools? What pleasure
Feeds me, and fats my sides at their poor innocence?

Enter Leverduce, alias Lugier, Mr. Illiard.

Wooing and wiving, hang it: give me mirth,
Witty and dainty mirth: I shall grow in love sure
With mine own happy head. Who's this? To me, Sir?
What youth is this?

Lev. Yes, Sir, I would speak with you,
If your name be Monsieur *Mirabel*.

Mir. Ye have hit it,
Your business, I beseech ye?

Lev. This it is, Sir,
There is a Gentlewoman hath long time affected ye,
And lov'd ye dearly.

Mir. Turn over, and end that story,
'Tis long enough: I have no faith in women, Sir.

Lev. It seems so, Sir: I do not come to woo for her,
Or sing her praises, though she well deserve 'em,

I come

I come to tell ye, ye have been cruel to her,
Unkind and cruel, falser of faith, and careles,
Taking more pleasure in abusing her,
Wresting her honour to your wild disposes,
Than noble in requiting her affection:
Which, as ye are a man, I must desire ye
(A Gentleman of rank) not to persist in,
No more to load her fair name with your injuries.

Mir. Why, I beseech ye, Sir?

Lev. Good Sir, Ple tell ye,
And Ple be short: Ple tell ye, because I love ye,
Because I would have you shun the shame may follow:
There is a noble man, new come to Town, Sir,
A noble and a great man that affects her,
A Coutrey-man of mine, a brave Savoyan,
Nephew to th'Duke, and so much honours her,
That 'twill be dangerous to pursue your old way,
To touch at any thing concerns her honour,
Believe, most dangerous: her name is Oriana,
And this great man will marry her: take heed, Sir;
For howfoe'r her Brother, a staid Gentleman,
Lets things pass upon better hopes, this Lord, Sir,
Is of that fiery, and that poynant metal,
(Especially provok'd on by affection)
That 'twill be hard: but you are wise.

Mir. A Lord, Sir?

Lev. Yes, and a noble Lord.

Mir. Send her good fortune,
This will not stir her Lord; a Barronness,
Say ye so; say ye so? by'r Lady, a brave title;
Top, and top gallant now; 'save her great Ladiship.
I was a poor servant of hers, I must confess, Sir,
And in those daies, I thought I might be jovy,
And make a little bold to call into her:
But Basto, now; I know my rules and distance;
Yet, if she want an Usher: such an implement;
One that is throughly pac'd; a clean made Gentleman;
Can hold a hanging up; with approbation
Plant his hat formally, and wait with patience
I do beseech you, Sir.

Lev. Sir, leave your scoffing;
And as ye are a Gentleman, deal fairly:
I have given ye a friends counsel, so Ple leave ye.

Mir. But hark ye, hark ye, Sir; is't possible
I may believe what you say?

Lev. You may chuse, Sir. (Nooses?)

Mir. No Baits? No Fish-hooks, Sir? No Gins? No
No Pitfals to catch Puppies?

Lev. I tell ye certain;
You may believe; if not, stand to the danger. [Exeunt.]

Mir. A Lord of Savoy saies he? The Dukes Nephew?
A man so mighty? By Lady a fair marriage;
By my faith, a handfom fortune: I must leave prating;
For to confess the truth, I have abused her,
For which I should be sorry, but that will seem scurvy;
I must confess, she was ever since I knew her
As modest, as she was fair: I am sure she lov'd me;
Her means good; and her breeding excellent;
And for my sake she has refus'd fair matches:
I may play the fool finely. Stay who are these?

Enter De-Gard, Oriana, and Attendants.

'Tis she, I am sure; and that the Lord it should seem,
He carries a fair Port; is a handfom man too:
I do begin to feel, I am a Coxcomb.

Ori. Good my Lord, chuse a nobler: for I know
I am so far below your rank and honour,
That what ye can say this way, I must credit
But spoken to beget your self sport: Alas, Sir,
I am so far off from deserving you,
My beauty so unfit for your Affection,
That I am grown the scorn of common Railers,
Of such injurious things, that when they cannot

Reach at my person, lie with my reputation:
I am poor besides.

de-Ga. Ye are all wealth and goodness;
And none but such as are the scum of men,
The Ulcers of an honest state; Spight weavers,
That live on poyson only, like twoln spiders,
Dare once profane such excellence, such sweetness.

Mir. This man speaks loud indeed.

de-Ga. Name but the men, Lady;
Let me but know, these poor, and base depravers;
Lay but to my revenge their persons open,
And you shall see how suddenly, how fully
For your most beauteous sake, how direfully
Ple handle their despights. Is this thing one?
Be what he will.

Mir. Sir.

de-Ga. Dare your malicious tongue, Sir?

Mir. I know you not; nor what you mean.

Ori. Good my Lord.

de-Ga. If he, or any he.

Ori. I beseech your honour.

This Gentleman's a stranger to my knowledge,
And no doubt, Sir, a worthy man.

de-Ga. Your mercy;
But had he been a tainter of your honour;
A blaster of those beauties raign within ye;
But we shall find a fitter time: dear Lady,
As soon as I have freed ye from your Guardian,
And done some honour'd offices unto ye,
Ple take ye with those faults the world flings on ye;
And dearer than the whole world Ple esteem ye. [Exeunt.]

Mir. This is a thundring Lord; I am glad I scap'd him:
How lovingly the wench disclaim'd my villany?
I am vext now heartily that he shall have her;
Not that I care to marry, or to lose her;
But that this Bilbo-Lord shall reap that Maiden-head
That was my due; that he shall rig and top her;
I'de give a thousand Crowns now, he might miss her.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Nay, if I bear your blows, and keep your counsel,
you have good luck, Sir; Ple teach ye to strike lighter.

Mir. Come hither, honest fellow; canst thou tell me
Where this great Lord lies? This Savoy Lord? Thou met'st
He now went by thee certain. (him)

Ser. Yes, he did, Sir;
I know him; and I know you are fool'd.

Mir. Come hither,
Here's all this, give me truth.

Sir. Not for your mony;
(And yet that may do much) but I have been beaten:
And by the worshipfull Contrivers beaten, and Ple tell ye;
This is no Lord, no Savoy Lord.

Mir. Go forward.

Ser. This is a Trick, and put upon ye grossly
By one Lugier; the Lord is Monsieur de-Gard, Sir;
An honest Gentleman, and a neighbour here;
Their ends you understand better than I, sure.

Mir. Now I know him.
Know him now plain.

Ser. I have discharg'd my colours; so God b'y ye, sir. [Exit.]

Mir. What a purblind Puppy was I; now I remember
All the whole cast on's face, though 'twere umber'd, (him)
And mask'd with patches: what a dunder-whelp
To let him domineer thus: how he strutted,
And what a load of Lord he clapt upon him?
Would I had him here again, I would so bounce him,
I would so thank his Lordship for his lewd plot: (bird-pots.)
Do they think to carry it away, with a great band made of
And a pair of pin-buttock breeches? Ha! 'Tis he again
He comes, he comes, he comes; have at him.

Enter de-Gard, Oriana, &c.

Sings. My Savoy Lord; why dost thou frown on me?

And

And will that favour never sweeter be?
 Wilt thou I say, for ever play the fool?
de Gard be wise, and *Savoy* go to School.
 My Lord *de-Gard*, I thank ye for your Antick;
 My Lady bright, that will be sometimes Frantick;
 You worthy Train, that wait upon this Pair,
 'Send you more wit, and they a bouncing Baire
 And so I take my humble leave of your honours. [Exit.
de-Ga. We are discover'd, there's no remedy
Lelia Biancha's man upon my life,
 In stubbornness, because *Lugier* corrected him.
 (A shameless slaves plague on him for a Rascal.)
Ori. I was in a perfect hope; the bane on't is now,
 He will make mirth on mirth, to persecute us.
de-Ga. We must be patient; I am vext to the proof too,
 P'le try once more; then if I fail: Here's one speaks.
Ori. Let me be lost, and scorn'd first.
de-Ga. Well, we'll consider,
 Away, and let me shift; I shall be hooted else.

[Exeunt.]

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Lugier*, *Lelia*, *Servants*.

Lug. Faint not; but do as I direct ye, trust me;
 Believe me too, for what I have told ye, Lady,
 As true as you are *Lelia*, is Authentick;
 I know it, I have found it; 'tis a poor courage
 Flies off for one repulse; these Travellers
 Shall find before we have done, a home-spun wit,
 A plain *French* understanding may cope with 'em;
 They have had the better yet, thank your sweet Squire, here;
 And let 'em brag: you would be reveng'd?

Lel. Yes surely.*Lug.* And married too? *Lel.* I think so.*Lug.* Then be Counsel'd,

You know how to proceed: I have other Irons
 Heating as well as yours: and I will strike
 Three blows with one Stone home, be rul'd, and happie;
 And so I leave ye. Now is the time.

Lel. I am ready,
 If he do come to do me.

Ser. Will ye stand here,
 And let the people think, ye are God knows what Mistris?
 Let Boys, and Prentices presume upon ye?

Lel. Pre'thee hold thy peace.*Ser.* Stand at his dore, that hates ye?*Lel.* Pre'thee leave prating.

(there,

Sir. 'Pray ye go to th' Tavern. P'le give ye a Pint of wine
 If any of the Mad-cap Gentlemen should come by
 That take up women upon speciall warrant,
 You were in a wise case now.

Enter *Mirabel*, *Pinac*, *Mariana*, *Priest*, *Attendants*.*Lel.* Give me the Garland,
 And wait you here.

Mir. She is here to seek thee, Sirrah.
 I told thee what would follow; she is mad for thee;
 Shew, and advance. So early stirring Lady?
 It shews a busie mind, a fancie troubled:
 A willow Garland too? Is't possible?
 'Tis pity so much beautie should lie mustic,
 But 'tis not to be help'd now.

Lel. The more's my Miseric.

Good fortune to ye, Ladie, you deserve it:
 To me, too late Repentance; I have sought it:
 I do not envy, though I grieve a little,
 You are Mistris of that happiness, those Joies
 That might have been, had I been wise: but fortune.

Pi. She understands ye not, 'pray ye do not trouble her;

And do not cross me like a Hare thus, 'tis as ominous.

Lel. I come not to upbraid your Levitic
 Though ye made shew of Love, and though I lik'd ye
 To claim an interest; we are yet both Strangers,
 But what we might have been, had you persever'd, Sir,
 To be an eye-fore to your loving Lady;
 This garland shews, I give my self forsaken;
 (Yet she must pardon me, 'tis most unwillingly:)
 And all the power and interest I had in ye;
 As I perswade my self, somewhat ye lov'd me;
 Thus patiently I render up, I offer
 To her that must enjoy ye: and so bless ye;
 Only, I heartily desire this Courtesie,
 And would not be deni'd: to wait upon ye
 This day, to see ye ty'd, then no more trouble ye.

Pi. It needs not, Ladie.*Lel.* Good Sir, grant me so much.*Pi.* 'Tis private, and we make no invitation.*Lel.* My presence, Sir, shall not proclaim it publick.*Pi.* May be 'tis not in Town.*Lel.* I have a Coach, Sir,

And a most ready will to do you service.

Mir. Strike now or never; make it sure: I tell thee,
 She will hang her self, if she have thee not.

Pi. 'Pray ye, Sir,

Entertain my noble Mistris: only a word or two
 With this importunate woman, and I'll relieve ye.
 Now ye see what your flings are, and your fancies,
 Your states, and your wild stubbornness, now ye mind
 What 'tis to gird and kick at mens fair services,
 To raise your pride to such a pitch, and glory
 That goodness shews like gnats, scorn'd under ye,
 'Tis ugly, naught, a self will in a woman,
 Chain'd to an over-weening thought, is pestilent,
 Murthers fair fortune first; then fair opinion:
 There stands a Pattern, a true patient Pattern,
 Humble, and sweet.

Lel. I can but grieve my ignorance,
 Repentance some say too, is the best sacrifice;
 For sure, Sir, if my chance had been so happy,
 (As I confess I was mine own destroyer)
 As to have arrived at you; I will not prophesie,
 But certain, as I think, I should have pleas'd ye;
 Have made ye as much wonder at my courtesie,
 My love, and duty, as I have dishearten'd ye,
 Some hours we have of youth, and some of folly;
 And being free-born Maids, we take a liberty,
 And to maintain that, sometimes we strain highly.

Pi. Now ye talk reason.

Lel. But being yoak'd, and govern'd,
 Married, and those light vanities purg'd from us;
 How fair we grow, how gentle, and how tender,
 We twine about those loves that shoot-up with us?
 A fullen woman fear, that talks not to ye;
 She has a sad and darkn'd soul, loves dully:
 A merry and a free wench, give her liberty;
 Believe her in the lightest form she appears to ye,
 Believe her excellent, though she despise ye,
 Let but these fits and flashes pass, she will shew to ye;
 As Jewels rub'd from dust, or Gold new burnish'd:
 Such had I been, had you believ'd.

Pi. Is't possible?

Lel. And to your happiness, I dare assure ye
 If True love be accounted so; your pleasure,
 Your will, and your command had tyed my Motions:
 But that hope's gone; I know you are young, and giddy,
 And till you have a Wife can govern with ye,
 You sail upon this wold-Sea, light and empty;
 Your Bark in danger daily; 'tis not the name neither
 Of Wife can steer ye; but the noble nature,
 The diligence, the care, the love, the patience,
 She makes the Pilot, and preserves the Husband,
 That knows, and reckons every Rib he is built on;
 But this I tell ye, to my shame.

Pi.

Pin. I admire ye,
And now am sorry, that I aim beyond ye.

Mir. So, so, so, fair and softly. She is thine own, Boy,
She comes now, without Lure.

Pin. But that it must needs
Be reckon'd to me as a wantonness,
Or worse, a madness, to forsake a Blessing,
A Blessing of that hope.

Lel. I dare not urge ye,
And yet, dear Sir.

Pin. 'Tis most certain, I had rather,
If 'twere in my own choice, for you are my country-woman,
A Neighbour, here born by me, she a Stranger;
And who knows how her friends?

Lel. Do as you please, Sir,
If ye be fast; not all the World; I love ye,
'Tis most true, and clear, I would perswade ye;
And I shall love you still.

Pin. Go, get before me;
So much you have won upon me; do it presently:
Here's a Priest ready; I'll have you.

Lel. Not now, Sir,
No, you shall pardon me; advance your Lady,
I dare not hinder your most high Preferment,
'Tis honour enough for me I have unmask'd ye.

Pin. How's that?
Lel. I have caught ye, Sir, alas, I am no States-woman,
Nor no great Traveller, yet I have found ye,
I have found your Lady too, your beauteous Lady;
I have found her birth and breeding too, her discipline;
Who brought her over, and who kept your Lady;
And when he laid her by, what vertuous Nunnery
Receiv'd her in; I have found all these: are ye blank now?
Methinks such travel'd wisdoms should not fool thus;
Such excellent indiscretions.

Mir. How could she know this? (now,
Lel. 'Tis true, she's English born, but most part French
And so I hope you'll find her, to your comfort,
Alas, I am ignorant of what she cost ye;
The price of these hired cloaths I do not know Gentlemen;
Those Jewels are the Brokers, how ye stand bound for 'em.

Pin. Will you make this good?
Lel. Yes, yes, and to her face, Sir,
That she is an English Whore, a kind of fling dust,
One of your London Light o' Loves; a right one,
Came over in thin Pumps, and half a Petticoat,
One Faith, and one Smock, with a broken Haberdasher;
I know all this without a Conjurer;
Her name is jumping Joan, an ancient Sin-Weaver;
She was first a Ladies Chamber-maid, there slip'd
And broke her leg above the knee; departed
And set up shop her self. Stood the fierce Conflicts
Of many a furious Term; there lost her colours,
And last slip'd over hither.

Mir. We are betray'd.
Lel. Do you come to fright me with this mystery?
To stir me with a stink none can endure, Sir?
I pray ye proceed, the Wedding will become ye;
Who gives the Lady? you? an excellent Father;
A careful man, and one that knows a Beauty,
'Send ye fair Shipping, Sir, and so I'll leave ye,
Be wife and manly, then I may chance to love ye. [Exit.

Mir. As I live I am ashamed, this wench has reach'd me,
Monstrous ashamed, but there's no remedy,
This skew'd eye'd Carrion.

Pin. This I suspected ever,
Come, come, unsafe, we have no more use of ye;
Your Cloaths must back again.

Mar. Sir, ye shall pardon me;
'Tis not our English use to be degraded;
If you will visit me, and take your venture,
You shall have pleasure for your properties;
And so sweet heart.

Mir. Let her go, and the Devil go with her;

We have never better luck with these preludiums;
Come, be not daunted; think she is but a woman,
And let her have the Devils wit, we'll reach her.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Rosalure, and Lugier.

Ros. Ye have now redeem'd my good opinion, Tutor,
And ye stand fair again.

Lug. I can but labour,
And sweat in your affairs; I am sure Belleur
Will be here instantly, and use his anger,
His wonted harshness.

Ros. I hope he will not beat me.
Lug. No sure, he has more manners; be you ready.
Ros. Yes, yes, I am, and am resolv'd to fit him,
With patience to outdo all he can offer;
But how does Oriana?

Lug. Worse, and worse still;
There is a sad house for her: she is now,
Poor Lady, utterly distracted.

Ros. Pity!
Infinite pity! 'tis a handsome Lady,
That *Mirabel's* a Beast, worse than a Monster,
If this affliction work not.

Enter Lelia Biancha.

Lel. Are ye ready?
Belleur is coming on, here, hard behind me,
I have no leisure to relate my Fortune.
Only I wish you may come off as handsomely,
Upon the sign you know what.

[Exit.

Ros. Well, well, leave me.

Enter Belleur.

Bel. How now?
Ros. Ye are welcome, Sir.
Bel. 'Tis well ye have manners:
That Court'sie again, and hold your Countenance staidly;
That look's too light; take heed: so, sit ye down now,
And to confirm me that your Gall is gone,
Your bitterness dispers'd, for so I'll have it:
Look on me stedfastly, and whatsoe'r I say unto ye,
Move not, nor alter in your face, ye are gone then;
For if you do expresse the least distaste,
Or shew an angry wrinkle, mark me, woman,
We are now alone, I will so conjure thee;
The third part of my Execution
Cannot be spoke.

Ros. I am at your dispose, Sir. (ty:
Bel. Now rise, and woo me a little, let me hear that facult:
But touch me not, nor do not lie I charge ye.
Begin now.

Ros. If so mean and poor a Beauty
May ever hope the Grace.

Bel. Ye cog, ye flatter,
Like a lewd thing ye lie: may hope that grace?
Why, what grace canst thou hope for? Answer not,
For if thou dost, and liest again I'll swindle thee:
Do not I know thee for a pestilent Woman?

A proud at both ends? Be not angry,
Nor stir not o' your life.

Ros. I am counsell'd, Sir.
Bel. Art thou not now (confess, for I'll have the truth out)
As much unworthy of a man of merit,
Or any of ye all? Nay, of meer man?
Though he were crooked, cold, all wants upon him:
Nay, of any dishonest thing that bears that figure:
As Devils are of mercy?

Ros. We are unworthy.
Bel. Stick to that truth, and it may chance to save thee.
And is it not our bounty that we take ye?
That we are troubled, vex'd, or tortur'd with ye?

Our

Our meer and special bounty ?

Ros. Yes.

Bel. Our pity,

That for your wickedness we swindle ye soundly ;
Your stubbornness, and your stout hearts, we be-labour ye,
Answer to that.

Ros. I do confess your pity.

Bel. And dost not thou deserve in thine own person ?

(Thou Impudent, thou Pert ; do not change countenance.)

Ros. I dare not, Sir.

Bel. For if ye do.

Ros. I am settled.

Bel. Thou Wag-tail, Peacock, Puppy, look on me:

I am a Gentleman.

Ros. It seems no less, Sir.

Bel. And darest thou in thy Surquedry ?

Ros. I beseech ye ;

It was my weakness, Sir, I did not view ye,
I took no notice of your noble parts,
Nor call'd your person, nor your proper fashion.

Bel. This is some amends yet.

Ros. I shall mend, Sir, daily,
And study to deserve.

Bel. Come a little nearer ;

Canst thou repent thy villainy ?

Ros. Most seriously.

Bel. And be ashamed ?

Ros. I am ashamed.

Bel. Cry.

Ros. It will be hard to do, Sir.

Bel. Cry instantly ;

Cry monstrously, that all the Town may hear thee ;
Cry seriously, as if thou hadst lost thy Monkey ;
And as I like thy tears.

Enter Lelia, and four Women laughing.

Ros. Now.

Bel. How ? how ? do ye jeer me ?

Have ye broke your bounds again, Dame ?

Ros. Yes, and laugh at ye,
And laugh most heartily.

Bel. What are these, Whirl-winds ?

Is Hell broke loose, and all the Furies flutter'd ?

Am I greas'd once again ?

Ros. Yes indeed are ye ;

And once again ye shall be, if ye quarrel ;

Do you come to vent your fury on a Virgin ?

Is this your Manhood, Sir ?

1 Wom. Let him do his best,
Let's see the utmost of his indignation,
I long to see him angry ; Come, proceed, Sir.
Hang him, he dares not stir, a man of Timber.

2 Wom. Come hither to fright maids with thy Bul-faces ?
To threaten Gentlewomen ? Thou a man ? A May-pole,
A great dry Pudding.

2 Wom. Come, come, do your worst, Sir ;
Be angry if thou darst.

Bel. The Lord deliver me !

4 Wom. Do but look scurvily upon this Lady,
Or give us one foul word. We are all mistaken,
This is some mighty Dairy-maid in Mans Cloaths.

Lil. I am of that mind too.

Bel. What will they do to me !

Lil. And hired to come and abuse us ; a man has manners,
A Gentleman, Civility, and Breeding :
Some Tinkers Trull, with a Beard glew'd on.

1 Wom. Let's search him ;
And as we find him.

Bel. Let me but depart from ye,
Sweet Christian-women.

Lil. Hear the Thing speak, Neighbours.

Bel. 'Tis but a small request ; if e'r I trouble ye,
If e'r I talk again of beating Women,
Or beating any thing that can but turn to me ;

Of ever thinking of a handsome Lady
But virtuously and well ; of ever speaking
But to her honour ; This I'll promise ye,
I will take Rhubarb, and purge Cholera mainly ;
Abundantly I'll purge.

Lil. I'll send ye Broths, Sir.

Bel. I will be laugh'd at, and endure it patiently,
I will do any thing.

Ros. I'll be your Bayl then ;
When ye come next to woo, 'pray come not boisterously,
And furnish'd like a Bear-ward.

Bel. No in truth, forfooth.

Ros. I scented ye long since.

Bel. I was to blame sure,

I will appear a Gentleman.

Ros. 'Tis the best for ye,
For a true noble Gentleman's a brave thing ;
Upon that hope we quit ye. You fear seriously ?

Bel. Yes truly do I ; I confess I fear ye,
And honour ye, and any thing.

Ros. Farewel then.

Wom. And when ye come to woo next bring more mercy.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter two Gentlemen.

Bel. A Dairy-maid ! a Tinkers-Trull ! Heaven blefs me !
Sure if I had provok'd 'em, they had quarter'd me.
I am a most ridiculous Ass, now I perceive it :
A Coward, and a Knave too.

1 Gent. 'Tis the mad Gentleman :
Let's set our Faces right.

Bel. No, no, laugh at me ;
And laugh aloud.

2 Gent. We are better manner'd, Sir.

Bel. I do deserve it ; call me Patch, and Puppy,
And beat me if you please.

1 Gent. No indeed, we know ye.

Bel. 'Death, do as I would have ye.

2 Gent. You are an Ass then ;
A Coxcomb, and a Calf.

Bel. I am a great Calf ;
Kick me a little now : Why, when ? Sufficient :
Now laugh aloud, and scorn me ; so good b'ye ;
And ever when ye meet me laugh.

1 Gent. We will, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Nantolet, La-Castre, De-Gard, Lugier, Mirabel.

Mir. Your patience, Gentlemen ; why do ye bait me ?

Nan. Is't not a shame you are so stubborn hearted,
So stony and so dull to such a Lady,
Of her Perfections, and her Misery ?

Lug. Does she not love ye ? does not her distraction
For your sake only, her most pitied lunacie
Of all but you, shew ye ? does it not compel ye ? (ly.

Mir. Soft and fair, Gentlemen, pray ye proceed temperate-

Lug. If ye have any feeling, any sense in ye,
The least touch of a noble heart.

La-Cas. Let him alone ;

It is his glory that he can kill Beauty,
Ye bear my Stamp, but not my Tenderness ;
Your wild unfavoury Courses set that in ye !
For shame, be sorry, though ye cannot cure her,
Shew something of a Man, of a fair Nature.

Mir. Ye make me mad.

De-Gard. Let me pronounce this to ye,
You take a strange felicity in slighting
And wronging Women, which my poor Sister feels now,
Heavens hand be gentle on her : Mark me, Sir,
That very hour she dies, there's small hope otherwise,
That minute you and I must grapple for it,
Either your life or mine.

Mir. Be not so hot, Sir,
I am not to be wrought on by these policies,

In truth I am not ; Nor do I fear the tricks,
Or the high founding threats of a Savoyan ;
I glory not in Cruelty, ye wrong me ;
Nor grow up water'd with the tears of Women ;
This let me tell ye, howsoe'r I shew to ye,
Wild, as ye please to call it, or self-will'd ;
When I see cause I can both do and suffer,
Freely, and feelingly, as a true Gentleman.

Enter Rosalure, and Lelia.

Ros. O pity, pity, thousand, thousand pities !

Lel. Alas poor Soul ! she will dye ; she is grown senseless ;
She will not know, nor speak now.

Ros. Dye for love !

And love of such a Youth ! I would dye for a Dog first,
He that kills me I'll give him leave to eat me ;
I'll know men better ere I sigh for any of 'em.

Lel. Ye have done a worthy act, Sir ; a most famous ;
Ye have kill'd a Maid the wrong way, ye are a conqueror.

Ros. A Conquerour ? a Cobler ; hang him Sowter ;
Go hide thy self for shame, go lose thy memory ;
Live not 'mongst Men ; thou art a Beast, a Monster ;
A Blatant Beast.

Lel. If ye have yet any honesty,
Or ever heard of any ; take my Counsel ;
Off with your Garters : and seek out a Bough, (tleman ;)
A handsom Bough ; (for I would have ye hang like a Gen-
And write some doleful matter to the World,
A Warning to hard hearted men.

Mir. Out Kitlings !

What Catterwauling's here ? what Gibbing ?
Do you think my heart is softned with a black Santis ?
Shew me some reason.

Enter Oriana on a Bed.

Ros. Here then, here is a reason.

Nant. Now, if ye be a man, let this sight shake ye.

La-C. Alas poor Gentlewoman ! do you know me, Lady ?

Lug. How she looks up, and stares !

Ori. I know ye very well ;

You are my Godfather ; and that's the Monsieur.

De-Gar. And who am I ?

Ori. You are *Amadis de Gaul*, Sir.

Oh oh, my heart ! were ye never in love, sweet Lady ?
And do you never dream of Flowers and Gardens ?
I dream of walking Fires ; take heed, it comes now ;
Who's that ? pray stand away ; I have seen that face sure ;
How light my head is !

Ros. Take some rest.

Ori. I cannot,

For I must be up to morrow to go to Church,
And I must drefs me, put my new Gown on,
And be as fine to meet my Love : Heigh ho !

Will not you tell me where my Love lies buried ?

Mir. He is not dead : beshrew my heart, she stirs me.

Ori. He is dead to me.

Mir. Is't possible my Nature
Should be so damnable, to let her suffer ?

Give me your hand.

Ori. How soft you feel, how gentle !

I'll tell you your fortune, Friend.

Mir. How she stares on me !

Ori. You have a flattering face, but 'tis a fine one ;

I warrant you may have a hundred Sweet-hearts ;

Will ye pray for me ? I shall dye to morrow,

And will ye ring the Bells ?

Mir. I am most unworthy,

I do confes, unhappy ; do you know me ?

Ori. I would I did.

Mir. Oh fair tears, how ye take me !

Ori. Do you weep too ? you have not lost your Lover ;
You mock me ; I'll go home, and pray.

Mir. 'Pray ye pardon me :

Or if it please ye to consider justly,

Scorn me, for I deserve it : Scorn, and shame me :
Sweet Oriana.

Lel. Let her alone, she trembles ;

Her fits will grow more strong if ye provoke her.

La-Caf. Certain she knows ye not, yet loves to see ye :
How she smiles now ! (me ;

Bel. Where are ye ? Oh, why do you laugh ? come, laugh at
What a Devil ? art thou sad, and such a subject,
Such a ridiculous subject as I am
Before thy face ?

Mir. Prithee put off this lightness ; (on't :
This is no time for mirth, nor place ; I have us'd too much
I have undone my self, and a sweet Lady,
By being too indulgent to my foolery,
Which truly I repent ; look here.

Bel. What ails she ?

Mir. Alas, she's mad.

Bel. Mad ?

Mir. Yes, too sure for me too. (fo ;

Bel. Dost thou wonder at that ? by this light they are all
They are coz'ning mad, they are brawling mad, they are
(proud mad :

They are all, all mad ; I came from a World of mad Women.
Mad as *March-Hares* ; get 'em in Chains, then deal with 'em.
There's one that's mad ; she seems well, but she is dog mad.
Is she dead dost' think ?

Mir. Dead ! Heaven forbid.

Bel. Heaven further it ;

For till they be key cold dead, there's no trusting of 'em,
Whate'r they seem, or howsoe'r they carry it,
Till they be chap fain, and their Tongues at peace,
Nail'd in their Coffins sure, I'll ne'r believe 'em,
Shall I talk with her ?

Mir. No, dear friend, be quiet,

And be at peace a while.

Bel. I'll walk aside,

And come again anon : but take heed to her,
You say she is a Woman ? Mir. Yes.

Bel. Take great heed :

For if she do not cozen thee, then hang me.

Let her be mad, or what she will, she'll cheat thee. [Exit.

Mir. Away, wild Fool : how vile this shews in him now !

Now take my faith, before ye all I speak it,

And with it, my repentant love.

La-C. This seems well.

Mir. Were but this Lady clear again, whose sorrows
My very heart melts for ; were she but perfect
(For thus to marry her would be two miseries,)
Before the richest and the noblest Beauty,
France, or the World could shew me ; I would take her
As she is now, my Tears and Prayers shall wed her.

De-Gar. This makes some small amends.

Ros. She beckons to ye,

To us too, to go off.

Nant. Let's draw aside all.

Ori. Oh my best friend ; I would fain.

Mir. What ? she speaks well,

And with another voice.

Ori. But I am fearful,

And shame a little stops my tongue.

Mir. Speak boldly. (not ;

Ori. Tell ye, I am well, I am perfect well : 'pray ye mock

And that I did this to provoke your Nature,

Out of my infinite and restless love,

To win your pity ; pardon me.

Mir. Go forward ;

Who set ye on ?

Ori. None, as I live, no Creature ;

Not any knew, or ever dream'd what I meant ;

Will ye be mine ?

Mir. 'Tis true, I pity ye :

But when I marry ye, ye must be wiser :

Nothing but Tricks ? Devices ?

Ori. Will ye shame me ?

Mir. Yes, marry will I: Come near, come near, a miracle;
The Woman's well; she was only mad for Marriage,
Stark mad to be ston'd to death; give her good counsel,
Will this world never mend? are ye caught, Damfel?

*Enter Belleur, La-Castre, Lugier, Nantolet, De Gard,
Rosalure, and Bianca.*

Bel. How goes it now?

Mir. Thou art a kind of Prophet,
The Woman's well again, and would have gull'd me;
Well, excellent well: and not a taint upon her.

Bel. Did not I tell ye? Let 'em be what can be;
Saints, Devils, any thing, they will abuse us;
Thou wert an Ass to believe her so long, a Coxcomb;
Give 'em a minute they'll abuse whole millions.

Mir. And am not I a rare Physician, Gentlemen,
That can cure desperate mad minds?

De Gard. Be not insolent.

Mir. Well, go thy waies: from this hour, I disclaim thee,
Unless thou halt a trick above this: then I'll love thee.

Ye owe me for your Cure; pray have a care of her,
For fear she fall into Relapse: come *Belleur*
We'll set up Bills, to Cure Diseas'd Virgins.

Bel. Shall we be merry?

Mir. Yes.

Bel. But I'll no more projects;
If we could make 'em mad, it were some mastery. [*Exeunt.*]

Lil. I am glad she is well again.

Ros. So am I, certain,
Be not ashamed.

Oria. I shall never see a man more.

De Gard. Come ye are a fool: had ye but told me this trick,
He should not have gloried thus.

Lug. He shall not long neither.

La-C. Be rul'd, and be at peace: ye have my consent,
And what power I can work with.

Nant. Come, leave blushing;
We are your friends; an honest way compell'd ye;
Heaven will not see so true a love unrecompenc'd;
Come in, and slight him too.

Lug. The next shall hit him. [*Exeunt.*]

AÆius Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter De Gard, and Lugier.

De G. 'T Will be discover'd.

Lug. That's the worst can happen:
If there be any way to reach, and work upon him;
Upon his nature suddenly, and catch him: that he loves,
Though he dissemble it, and would shew contrary,
And will at length relent, I'll lay my Fortune,
Nay more, my life.

De G. Is she won?

Lug. Yes, and ready,
And my designments set.

De G. They are now for Travel,
All for that Game again: they have forgot wooing.

Lug. Let 'em; we'll travel with 'em.

De G. Where's his Father?

Lug. Within; he knows my mind too and allows it;
Pities your Sisters Fortune most sincerely;
And has appointed, for our more assistance,
Some of his secret Friends.

De G. 'Speed the Plough.

Lug. Well said;
And be you serious too.

De G. I shall be diligent.

Lug. Let's break the Ice for one, the rest will drink too
(Believe me, Sir) of the same Cup; my young Gentlewomen
Wait but who sets the game a foot; though they seem stub-
born, and proud now, yet I know their hearts, (born,

Their Pulses how they beat, and for what cause, Sir;
And how they long to venture their Abilities
In a true Quarrel; Husbands they must, and will have,
Or Nunneties, and thin Collations
To cool their bloods; let's all about our business,
And if this fail, let Nature work.

De G. Ye have arm'd me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Mirabel, Nantolet, and La-Castre.

La-Cast. Will ye be wilful then?

Mir. 'Pray, Sir, your pardon,
For I must Travel: lie lazy here,
Bound to a Wife? Chain'd to her subtleties,
Her humours, and her wills, which are meer Fetters;
To have her to day pleas'd, to morrow peevish,
The third day mad, the fourth rebellious?
You see, before they are married, what Moriscoes,
What Masques, and Mummeries they put upon us,
To be ty'd here, and suffer their Lavalto's?

Nan. 'Tis your own seeking.

Mir. Yes, to get my freedom;
Were they as I could wish 'em.

La-Cast. Fools, and Meacocks,
To endure what you think fit to put upon 'em:
Come, change your mind.

Mir. Not before I have chang'd Air, Father.
When I know Women worthy of my company,
I will return again and wait upon 'em;
Till then (dear Sir) I'll amble all the world over,
And run all hazards, misery, and poverty,

Enter Pinac, and Belleur.

So I escape the dangerous Bay of Matrimony.

Pin. Are ye resolv'd?

Mir. Yes certain; I will out again.

Pin. We are for ye, Sir; we are your servants once more;
Once more we'll seek our fortune in strange Countries;
Ours is too scornful for us.

Bel. Is there ne're a Land

That ye have read, or heard of, (for I care not how far it be,
Nor under what pestiferous Star it lies)

A happy Kingdom where there are no Women?

Nor have been ever? Nor no mention

Of any such lewd things, with lewder qualities?

For thither would I Travel; where 'tis Felony

To confess he had a Mother: a Misstris, Treason.

La-Cast. Are you for Travel too?

Bel. For any thing;

For living in the Moon, and stopping hedges,

E're I stay here to be abus'd, and baw'd. (*Daughters;*

Nan. Why did ye not break your minds to me? they are my

And sure I think I should have that command over 'em,

To see 'em well bestow'd: I know ye are Gentlemen,

Men of fair Parts and States; I know your Parents;

And had ye told me of your fair Affections—

Make but one tryal more; and let me second ye.

Bel. No I'll make Hob-nails first, and mend old Kettles:

Can ye lend me an Armour of high proof, to appear in,

And two or three Field-pieces to defend me?

The Kings Guard are meer Pigmeys.

Nant. They will not eat ye.

Bel. Yes, and you too, and twenty fatter Monfieurs,

If their high stomachs hold: they came with Chopping-knives,

To cut me into Rands, and Sirloins, and so powder me.

Come, shall we go?

Nant. You cannot be so discourteous

(If ye intend to go) as not to visit 'em,

And take your leaves.

Mir. That we dare do, and civilly,

And thank 'em too.

Pin. Yes, Sir, we know that honesty.

Bel. I'll come i'th' Rear, forty foot off, I'll assure ye,
With

With a good Gun in my hand ; I'le no more Amazons,
I mean, no more of their frights ; I'le make my three legs
Kifs my hand twice ; and if I smell no danger ;
If the enterview be clear, may be I'le speak to her ;
I'le wear a privy coat too ; and behind me,
To make those parts secure, a Bandog.

La-Cast. You are a merry Gentleman.

Bel. A wary Gentleman ; I do assure ye,
I have been warn'd, and must be arm'd.

La-Cast. Well, Son,

These are your hafty thoughts, when I see you are bent to it,
Then I'le believe, and joyn with ye ; So we'll leave ye :
There's a Trick will make ye stay.

Nant. I hope so.

[*Exeunt.*

Mir. We have won immortal Fame now, if we leave 'em.

Pin. You have, but we have lost.

Mir. *Pinac*, thou art cozen'd ;

I know they love ye ; and to gain ye handfomly,
Not to be thought to yield, they would give millions ;
Their Fathers willingnes, that must needs shew ye.

Pin. If I thought so.

Mir. Ye shall be hang'd, ye Recreant,
Would ye turn Renegado now ?

Bel. No let's away, Boys,
Out of the Air, and tumult of their Villanies ;
Though I were married to that Grasshopper, (me.
And had her fast by th' legs I should think she would cozen

Enter a young Factor.

Fac. Monsieur *Mirabel*, I take it ?

Mir. Y'are i'th' right, Sir. (Fathers,

Fac. I am come to seek ye, Sir ; I have been at your
And understanding you were here.

Mir. Ye are welcom :

May I crave your name ?

Fac. *Fof*, Sir, and your servant ;
That you may know me better ; I am Factor
To your old Merchant, *Leverdure*.

Mir. How do's he ?

Fac. Well, Sir, I hope : he is now at *Orleance*,
About some business.

Mir. You are once more welcom,
Your Master's a right honest man ; and one
I am much beholding to, and must very shortly
Trouble his love again.

Fac. You may be bold, Sir.

Mir. Your business if you please now ?

Fac. This it is, Sir,
I know ye well remember in your travel
A *Genoa* Merchant.

Mir. I remember many.

Fac. But this man, Sir, particular ; your own benefit
Must needs imprint him in ye : one *Alberto* ;
A Gentleman you sav'd from being Murther'd
A little from *Bollonia*,
I was then my self in *Italie*, and suppli'd ye,
Though haply, you have forgot me now.

Mir. No, I remember ye,
And that *Alberto* too : a noble Gentleman :
More to remember, were to thank my self, Sir.
What of that Gentleman ?

Fac. He is dead.

Mir. I am sorry.

Fac. But on his death-bed, leaving to his Sister
All that he had, beside some certain Jewels,
Which with a Ceremony, he bequeath'd to you,
In gratefull memory : he commanded strictly
His Sister, as she lov'd him and his peace,
To see those Jewels safe, and true deliver'd ;
And with them, his last love. She, as tender
To observe his will, not trusting friend, nor servant,
With such a weight, is come her self to *Paris*,
And at my Masters house.

Mir. You tell me a wonder.

Fac. I tell ye a truth, Sir : She is young, and handfom,
And well attended : of much State, and Riches ;
So loving, and obedient to her Brother ;
That on my conscience, if he had given her also,
She would most willingly have made her tender.

Mir. May not I see her ?

Fac. She desires it heartily.

Mir. And presently ?

Fac. She is now about some business,
Passing accompts of some few debts here owing ;
And buying Jewels of a Merchant.

Mir. Is she wealthy.

Fac. I would ye had her, Sir, at all adventure,
Her Brother had a main State.

Mir. And fair too ?

Fac. The prime of all those parts of *Italie*,
For beautie, and for Courtesie.

Mir. I must needs see her.

Fac. 'Tis all her business, Sir. Ye may now see her,
But to morrow will be fitter for your visitation ;
For she is not yet prepared.

Mir. Only, her sight, Sir ;
And when you shall think fit for further visit.

Fac. Sir, ye may see her ; and I'le wait your coming.

Mir. And I'le be with ye instantly. I know the house,
Mean time, my love, and thanks, Sir.

Fac. Your poor Servant.

[*Exit Alberto.*

Pin. Thou hast the strangest Luck : what was that ?

Mir. An honest noble Merchant, 'twas my chance
To rescue from some rogues had almost slain him ;
And he in kindness to remember this.

Bel. Now we shall have you,
For all your protestations, and your forwardness,
Find out strange fortunes in this Ladies eyes,
And new enticements to put off your journey ;
And who shall have honour then ?

Mir. No, no, never fear it :

I must needs see her, to receive my Legacy.

Bel. If it be ty'd up in her smock, heaven help thee :
May not we see too ?

Mir. Yes, afore we go :

I must be known my self e're I be able
To make thee welcom : wouldst thou see more women ?
I thought you had been out of love with all.

Bel. I may be,
I find that, with the least encouragement :
Yet I desire to see whether all Countries
Are naturally possess'd with the same spirits ;
For if they be, I'le take a Monastery,
And never travel ; for I had rather be a Frier,
And live mew'd up, than be a fool, and flouted.

Mir. Well, well, I'le meet ye anon ; then tell you more, boys ;
How e'er stand prepar'd, prest for our journey ;
For certain, we shall go, I think, when I have seen her,
And view'd her well.

Pin. Go, go, and we'll wait for ye ;
Your fortune directs ours.

Bel. You shall find us i'th' Tavern,
Lamenting in Sack and Sugar for our losses ;
If she be right *Italian*, and want servants,
You may prefer the properest man.
How I could worry a woman now ?

Pin. Come, come, leave prating ;
Ye may have enough to do, without this boasting.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter *Lugier*, de-Gard, *Rosalu*. and *Lelia*.

Lug. This is the last adventure.

de-Ga. And the happiest,
As we hope too.

Rof. We should be glad to find it.

Lel. Who shall conduct us thither ?

Lug. Your man is ready,

For I must not be seen; no, nor this Gentleman;
That may beget suspicion: all the rest
Are people of no doubt; I would have ye, Ladies,
Keep your old liberties, and as we instruct ye:
Come, look not pale; you shall not lose your wishes;
Nor beg 'em neither: but be your selves; and happy.

Ros. I tell ye true, I cannot hold off longer,
Nor give no more hard language.

de-Ga. You shall not need.

Ros. I love the Gentleman, and must now show it;
Shall I beat a proper man out of heart?

Lug. There's none advises ye.

Lel. 'Faith I repent me too.

Lug. Repent, and spoil all,
Tell what ye know, ye had best.

Lel. Ple tell what I think;

For if he ask me now, if I can love him,
Ple tell him yes, I can: The man's a kind man;
And out of his true honesty affects me;
Although he plaid the fool, which I requited;
Must I still hold him at the staves end?

Lug. You are two strange women.

Ros. We may be, if we fool still.

Lug. Dare ye believe me?

Follow but this advice I have set you in now,
And if ye lose: would ye yield now so basely?
Give up without your honours saved?

de-Gard. Fie, Ladies.

Persevere your freedom still.

Lel. Well, well, for this time.

Lug. And carry that full state.

Ros. That's as the wind stands:

If it begin to chop about, and scant us;
Hang me, but I know what I'll do: come direct us,
I make no doubt, we shall do handsomly.

de-Ga. Some part o'th' way we'll wait upon ye, Ladies;
The rest your man supplies.

Lug. Do well, Ple honour ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Factor, and Mirabel, Oriana, and two Merchants.

Fac. Look ye, Sir, there she is, you see how busie;
Methinks you are infinitely bound to her, for her journey.

Mir. How gloriously she shews! She is a tall woman.

Fac. Of a fair Size, Sir. My Master not being at home,
I have been so out of my wits, to get her company:
I mean, Sir, of her own fair sex, and fashion.

Mir. Afar off, she is most fair too.

Fac. Near, most Excellent.

At length, I have entreated two fair Ladies,
And happily you know 'em: the young Daughters
Of Monsieur Nantoleet.

Mir. I know 'em well, Sir.

What are those? Jewels?

Fac. All.

Mir. They make a rich shew?

Fac. There is a matter of ten thousand pounds too
Was owing here: you see those Merchants with her;
They have brought it in now.

Mir. How handsomly her shape shews?

Fac. Those are still neat: your Italians are most curious:
Now she looks this way.

Mir. She has a goodly presence,
How full of courtesie? Well, Sir, Ple leave ye,
And if I may behold to bring a friend or two;
Good noble Gentlemen.

Fac. No doubt, ye may, Sir.

For you have most command.

Mir. I have seen a wonder.

[*Exit.*]

Ori. Is he gone?

Fac. Yes.

Ori. How?

Fac. Taken to the utmost,
A wonder dwells about him.

Ori. He did not guess at me?

Fac. No, be secure; ye shew another woman,
He is gone to fetch his friends.

Ori. Where are the Gentlewomen?

Fac. Here, here, now they are come,
Sit still, and let them see ye.

Enter Rosalure, Lelia, Servant.

Ros. Pray ye, where's my friend, Sir? (woman,

Fac. She is within, Ladies, but here's another Gentle-
A stranger to this Town: so please you visit her;
'Twill be well taken.

Lel. Where is she?

Fac. There, above, Ladies.

Ser. 'Bless me: what thing is this? two Pinacles
Upon her pate! Is't not a glode to catch Wood-cocks?

Ros. Peace, ye rude knave.

Ser. What a bouncing Bum she has too?
There's Sail enough for a Carrack.

Ros. What is this Lady?

For as I live, she's a goodly woman.

Fac. Ghess, ghess.

Lel. I have not seen a nobler Prefence. (pence,

Ser. 'Tis a lustie wench: now could I spend my forty-
With all my heart, to have but one fling at her;
To give her but a washing blow.

Lel. Ye Rascal.

Ser. I that's all a man has, for's good will: 'twill be long
Before ye cry come *Anthonie*, and kiss me. (enough,

Lel. Ple have ye whipt.

Ros. Has my friend seen this Lady?

Fac. Yes, yes, and is well known to her.

Ros. I much admire her Prefence.

Lel. So do I too:

For I protest, she is the handsomest,
The rarest, and the newest to mine eye
That ever I saw yet.

Ros. I long to know her;
My friend shall do that kindness.

Ori. So she shall Ladies,

Come, pray ye come up.

Ros. O me.

Lel. Hang me if I knew her:
Were I a man my self, I should now love ye;
Nay, I should doat.

Ros. I dare not trust mine eyes;
For as I live ye are the strangest alter'd,
I must come up to know the truth.

Ser. So must I, Lady;
For I am a kind of unbeliever too.

Lel. Get ye gone, Sirrah;
And what ye have seen, be secret in: you are paid else,
No more of your long tongue.

Fac. Will ye go in Ladies,
And talk with her? These venturers will come straight:
Away with this fellow.

Lel. There, Sirrah, go, disport ye.

Ser. I would the trunk-hos'd-woman would go with me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Mirabel, Pinac, Belleur.

Pin. Is she so glorious handsome?

Mir. You would wonder:

Our Women look like Gipsies, like Gills to her:
Their Clothes and fashions beggerly, and Bankrupt:
Base, old, and scurvy.

Bel. How looks her face?

Mir. Most heavenly:

And the becoming-motion of her bodie
So sets her off.

Bel.

Bel. Why then we shall stay.
Mir. Pardon me :
 That's more than I know : if she be that woman,
 She appears to be.
Bel. As 'tis impossible.
Mir. I shall then tell ye more :
Pin. Did ye speak to her ?
Mir. No, no, I only saw her : She was busie :
 Now I go for that end : and mark her, Gentlemen,
 If she appear not to ye one of the sweetest,
 The handsomest, the fairest in behaviour : (her,
 We shall meet the two wenches there too, they come to visit
 To wonder, as we do.
Pin. Then we shall meet 'em.
Bel. I had rather meet two Bears.
Mir. There you may take your leaves, dispatch that business,
 And as ye find their humours.
Pin. Is your love there too ?
Mir. No certain, she has no great heart to set out again.
 This is the house, I'll usher ye.
Bel. I'll bless me,
 And take a good heart if I can.
Mir. Come, nobly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Enter Factor, Rosalure, Lelia, Oriana.

Fac. They are come in : Sit you two off, as strangers,
 There Ladie : where's the boy ? be readie, Sirrah,
 And clear your Pipes, the Musick now : they enter. [Musick]

Enter Mirabel; Pinac, and Belleur.

Pin. What a state she keeps ! how far off they sit from her !
 How rich she is ! I marry, this shews bravely.
Bel. She is a lusty wench : and may allure a good man,
 But if she have a tongue, I'll not give two pence for her :
 There sits my Fury : how I shake to see her !
Fac. Madam, this is the Gentleman.
Mir. How sweet she kisses !
 She has a Spring dwells on her lips : a paradise :
 This is the Legacie.

SONG.

From the honor'd dead I bring
 Thus his love and last offering.
 Take it nobly, 'tis your due,
 From a friendship ever true.
 From a faith &c.

Ori. Most noble Sir,
 This from my now dead Brother, as his love,
 And gratefull memory of your great benefit :
 From me my thanks, my wishes, and my service.
 Till I am more acquainted I am silent,
 Only I dare say this, you are truly noble.

Mir. What should I think ?

Pin. Think ye have a handfom fortune,
 Would I had such another.

Ros. Ye are well met Gentlemen,
 We hear ye are for travel ?

Pin. Ye hear true, Ladie,
 And come to take our leaves.

Lel. We'll along with ye,
 We see you are grown so witty by your Journey,
 We cannot choose but step out too : This Lady
 We mean to wait upon as far as Italy

Bel. I'll travel into Wales, amongst the mountains;
 I hope they cannot find me.

Ros. If you go further;
 So good, and free society we hold ye,
 We'll jog along too.

Pin. Are ye so valiant Lady ?

Lel. And we'll be merry, Sir, and laugh.

Pin. It may be
 We'll go by Sea:
Lel. Why 'tis the only voyage;
 I love a Sea-voyage, and a blustering tempest;
 And let all split.

Pin. This is a dainty Damosel :
 I think 'twill tame ye : can ye ride post ?

Lel. O excellently : I am never weary that way :
 A hundred mile a day is nothing with me.

Bel. I'll travel under ground : do you hear (sweet Lady ?)
 I find it will be dangerous for a woman.

Ros. No danger, Sir, I warrant ; I love to be under.

Bel. I see she will abuse me all the world over :
 But say we pass through Germany, and drink hard ?

Ros. We'll learn to drink and swagger too.

Bel. She'll beat me.

Lady, I'll live at home.

Ros. And I'll live with thee ;

And we'll keep house together.

Bel. I'll keep hounds first ;

And those I hate right heartily.

Pin. I go for Turkey,

And so it may be up into Persia.

Lel. We cannot know too much, I'll travel with ye.

Pin. And you'll abuse me ?

Lel. Like enough.

Pin. 'Tis dainty.

Bel. I will live in a bawdy-house.

Ros. I dare come to ye.

Bel. Say, I am dispos'd to hang my self ?

Ros. There I'll leave ye.

Bel. I am glad I know how to avoid ye.

Mir. May I speak yet ?

Fac. She beckons to ye.

Mir. Lady, I could wish, I knew to recompence,
 Even with the service of my life, those pains,
 And those high favours you have thrown upon me ;
 Till I be more desertful in your eye ;

And till my duty shall make known I honour ye :
 Noblest of women, do me but this favour,
 To accept this back again, as a poor testimony.

Ori. I must have you too with 'em ; else the will,
 That says they must rest with ye, is infring'd, Sir ;
 Which pardon me, I dare not do.

Mir. Take me then ;
 And take me with the truest love.

Ori. 'Tis certain,
 My Brother lov'd ye dearly, and I ought
 As dearly to preserve that love. But, Sir,
 Though I were willing, these are but your Ceremonies.

Mir. As I have life, I speak my soul.

Ori. I like ye.
 But how you can like me, without I have Testimony,
 A Stranger to ye.

Mir. I'll marry ye immediately,
 A fair State I dare promise ye.

Bel. Yet she'll couzen thee.

Ori. Would some fair Gentleman durst promise for ye.

Mir. By all that's good.

Enter La-Castre, Nantolet, Lugier, & de-Gard.

All. And we'll make up the rest, Lady.

Ori. Then Oriana takes ye ; nay, she has caught ye ;
 If ye start now let all the world cry shame on ye :
 I have out-travell'd ye.

Bel. Did not I say she would cheat thee ?

Mir. I thank ye, I am pleas'd, ye have deceiv'd me ;
 And willingly I swallow it, and joy in't ;
 And yet perhaps I know ye : whose plot was this ?

Lug. He is not ashamed that cast it : he that executed,
 Followed your Fathers will.

Mir. What a world's this, nothing but craft, and cozenage ?

Ori. Who begun, Sir ?

Mir. Well ; I do take thee upon meer Compassion ;

And

And I do think, I shall love thee. As a Testimony,
I'll burn my book, and turn a new leaf over,
But these fine clothes you shall wear still.

Ori. I obey you, Sir, in all. (Gentlemen?)

Nant. And how! how, daughters! what say you to these
What say ye, Gentlemen, to the Girls?

Pen. By my troth — if she can love me.

Lel. ——— How long?

Pin. Nay, if once ye love.

Lel. Then take me,

And take your chance.

Pin. Most willingly, ye are mine, Lady:
And if I use ye not, that ye may love me.

Lel. A Match i' faith.

Pin. Why now ye travel with me.

Rof. How that thing stands!

Bel. It will if ye urge it.

'Bless your five wits.

Rof. Nay, 'prethee stay, I'll have thee.

Bel. You must ask me leave first.

Rof. Wilt thou use me kindly;
And beat me but once a week?

Bel. If ye deserve no more.

Rof. And wilt thou get me with child?

Bel. Dost thou ask me seriously?

Rof. Yes indeed do I.

Bel. Yes, I will get thee with child: come presently,
And 't be but in revenge, I'll do thee that courtesie.

Well, if thou wilt fear God, and me; have at thee.

Rof. I'll love ye, and I'll honour ye.

Bel. I am pleas'd then.

(sides.

Mir. This *Wild-Goose Chase* is done, we have won o' both
Brother, your love: and slow to Church of all hands;
Let's lose no time.

Pin. Our travelling, lay by.

Bel. No more for *Italy*; for the *Low-Countries*. [Exeunt.

A

Wife for a Month;

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Alphonso, *King of Naples, elder Brother to Frederick.*
 Frederick, *unnatural and libidinous Brother to*
Alphonso, and usurper of his Kingdom.

Sorano, *a Lord, Brother to Evanthe, Frederick's*
wicked instrument.

Valerio, *a noble young Lord, servant to Evanthe.*

Camillo, }
 Cleanthes, } *three honest Court Lords.*
 Menallo, }

Rugio, *an honest Lord, friend to Alphonso.*

Marco, *a Frier, Alphonso's friend.*

Podramo, *a necessary creature to Sorano.*

Cupid, } *with other Masquers.*
 Graces, }

Tonie, *King Frederick's Knavish fool.*

Castruccio, *Captain of the Cittadel, an honest man.*

Citizens.

Lawyer.

Physician.

Captain.

Cut-purse.

Fool.

Attendants.

W O M E N.

Queen, Wife to Frederick, a vertuous Lady.

Evanthe, Sister to Sorano, the chaste Wife of Valerio,
or a Wife for a Month.

Cassandra, an old Bawd, Waiting-woman to Evanthe.

Ladies.

City-Wives.

The Scene Naples.

The principal Actors were,

Joseph Taylor.

Richard Robinson.

Nicholas Toolie.

Robert Benfield.

John Underwood.

George Birch.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter King Frederick, Sorano, Valerio, Camillo,
Cleanthes, Menallo, and Attendants.

Sor. **W**ILL your Grace speak?
Fre. Let me alone, *Sorano,*
 Although my thoughts seem sad, they
 (are welcome to me.)

Sor. You know I am private as your secret wishes,
 Ready to fling my soul upon your service,
 E're your command be on't.

Fre. Bid those depart.

Sor. You must retire my Lords.

Cam. What new design is hammering in his head now?

Cle. Let's pray heartily
 None of our heads meet with it, my Wife's old,
 That's all my comfort.

Men. Mine's ugly, that I am sure on,
 And I think honest too, 'twould make me start else.

Cam. Mine's troubled in the Country with a Feaver,
 And some few infirmities else; he looks again,
 Come let's retire, certain 'tis some she-busines,
 This new Lord is imployed.

Val. I'll not be far off, because I doubt the cause. [*Ex.*

Fre. Are they all gone?

Sor. All but your faithful Servant.

Fre. I would tell thee,

But

But 'tis a thing thou canst not like.

Sor. Pray ye speak it, is it my head? I have it ready for ye, Is't any action in my power? my wit?

I care not of what nature, nor what follows.

Fred. I am in love.

Sor. That's the least thing of a thousand, The easiest to achieve.

Fred. But with whom, *Sorano*?

Sor. With whom you please, you must not be deny'd, Sir.

Fred. Say it be with one of thy Kinswomen.

Sor. Say withal,

I shall more love your Grace, I shall more honour ye, And would I had enough to serve your pleasure.

Fred. Why 'tis thy Sister then, the fair *Evanthe*, P'le be plain with thee.

Sor. P'le be as plain with you, Sir, She brought not her perfections to the world, To lock them in a case, or hang 'em by her, The use is all she breeds 'em for, she is yours, Sir.

Fred. Dost thou mean seriously?

Sor. I mean my Sister,

And if I had a dozen more, they were all yours: Some Aunts I have, they have been handsome Women, My Mother's dead indeed, and some few Cousins That are now shooting up, we shall see shortly.

Fred. No, 'tis *Evanthe*.

Sor. I have sent my man unto her, Upon some business to come presently Hither, she shall come; your Grace dare speak unto her? Large golden promises, and sweet language, Sir, You know what they work, she is a compleat Courtier, Besides P'le set in.

Fred. She waits upon my Queen, What jealousy and anger may arise, Incensing her?

Sor. You have a good sweet Lady, A Woman of so even and still a temper, She knows not anger; say she were a fury, I had thought you had been absolute, the great King, The fountain of all honours, plays and pleasures, Your will and your commands unbounded also; Go get a pair of Beads and learn to pray, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, your servant stays.

Sor. Bid him come hither, and bring the Lady with him.

Fred. I will woo her, And either lose my self, or win her favour.

Sor. She is coming in.

Fred. Thy eyes shoot through the door, They are so piercing, that the beams they dart Give new light to the room.

Enter Podramo and Evanthe.

Evan. Whither dost thou go? This is the Kings side, and his private lodgings, What business have I here?

Pod. My Lord sent for ye.

Evan. His lodgings are below, you are mistaken, We left them at the stair foot.

Pod. Good sweet Madam,

Evan. I am no Counsellor, nor important Tutor, Nor have no private business through these Chambers, To seek him this way, o' my life thou art drunk, Or worse than drunk, hir'd to convey me hither To some base end; now I look on thee better, Thou hast a bawdy face, and I abhor thee, A beastly bawdy face, P'le go no further.

Sor. Nay shrink not back, indeed you shall good Sister, Why do you blush? the good King will not hurt ye, He honours ye, and loves ye.

Evan. Is this the business?

Sor. Yes, and the best you ever will arrive at if you be wife.

Evan. My Father was no bawd, Sir,

(Sir: Nor of that worshipful stock as I remember.

Sor. You are a Fool.

Evan. You are that I shame to tell ye.

Fred. Gentle *Evanthe*.

Evan. The gracious Queen, Sir, Is well and merry, Heaven be thanked for it, And as I think she waits you in the Garden.

Fred. Let her wait there, I talk not of her Garden, I talk of thee sweet Flower.

Evan. Your Grace is pleasant, To mistake a Nettle for a Rose.

Fred. No Rose, nor Lilly, nor no glorious Hyacinth Are of that sweetness, whiteness, tenderness, Softness, and satisfying blessedness As my *Evanthe*.

Evan. Your Grace speaks very feelingly, I would not be a handsome wench in your way, Sir, For a new Gown.

Fred. Thou art all handsomness, Nature will be ashamed to frame another Now thou art made, thou hast rob'd her of her cunning: Each several part about thee is a beauty.

Sor. Do you hear this Sister?

Evan. Yes, unworthy Brother, but all this will not do.

Fred. But love *Evanthe*.

Thou shalt have more than words, wealth, ease, and honours, My tender Wench.

Evan. Be tender of my credit, And I shall love you, Sir, and I shall honour ye.

Fred. I love thee to enjoy thee, my *Evanthe*, To give thee the content of love.

Evan. Hold, hold, Sir, ye are too fleet, I have some business this way, your Grace can ne'r content.

Sor. You stubborn toy.

Evan. Good my Lord *Bawd* I thank ye.

Fred. Thou shalt not go believe me, sweet *Evanthe*, So high I will advance thee for this favour, So rich and potent I will raise thy fortune, And thy friends mighty.

Evan. Good your Grace be patient, I shall make the worst honourable wench that ever was, Shame your discretion, and your choice.

Fred. Thou shalt not.

Evan. Shall I be rich do you say, and glorious, And shine above the rest, and scorn all beauties, And mighty in command?

Fred. Thou shalt be any thing.

Eva. Let me be honest too, and then P'le thank ye. Have you not such a title to bestow too?

If I prove otherwife, I would know but this, Sir; Can all the power you have or all the riches, But tye mens tongues up from discoursing of me, Their eyes from gazing at my glorious folly, Time that shall come, from wondering at my impudence, And they that read my wanton life from curses? Can you do this? have ye this Magick in ye? This is not in your power, though you be a Prince, Sir, No more than evil is in holy Angels, Nor I, I hope: get wantonness confirm'd By Act of Parliament an honesty, And so receiv'd by all, P'le hearken to ye. Heaven guide your Grace.

Fred. *Evanthe*, stay a little,

P'le no more wantonness, P'le marry thee.

Evan. What shall the Queen do?

Fred. P'le be divorced from her.

Eva. Can you tell why? what has she done against ye? Has she contrived a Treason 'gainst your Person? Abus'd your bed? does disobedience urge ye?

Fred. That's all one, 'tis my will.

Evan. 'Tis a most wicked one, A most absurd one, and will show a Monster; I had rather be a Whore, and with less sin, To your present lust, than Queen to your injustice.

Yours is no love, Faith and Religion lly it,
Nor has no taste of fair affection in it,
Some Hellish flame abuses your fair body,
And Hellish furies blow it; look behind ye,
Divorce ye from a Woman of her beauty,
Of her integrity, her piety?
Her love to you, to all that honours ye,
Her chaste and vertuous love, are these fit causes?
What will you do to me, when I have cloy'd ye?
You may find time out in eternity,
Deceit and violence in heavenly Justice,
Life in the grave, and death among the blessed,
Ere stain or brack in her sweet reputation.

Sor. You have fool'd enough, be wife now, and a woman,
You have shew'd a modesty sufficient,
If not too much for Court.

Evan. You have shew'd an impudence,
A more experienc'd bawd would blush and shake at;
You will make my kindred mighty.

Fred. Prethee hear me.

Evan. I do Sir, and I count it a great offer.

Fred. Any of thine.

Evan. 'Tis like enough you may clap honour on them;
But how 'twill sit, and how men will adore it,
Is still the question. I'll tell you what they'll say, Sir,
What the report will be, and 'twill be true too,
And it must needs be comfort to your Master,
These are the issues of her impudence:

I'll tell your Grace, so dear I hold the Queen,
So dear that honour that she nurs'd me up in,
I would first take to me, for my lust, a Moor,
One of your Gally-slaves, that cold and hunger,
Decrepit misery, had made a mock-man,
Than be your Queen.

Fred. You are bravely resolute.

Evan. I had rather be a Leper, and be shun'd,
And dye by pieces, rot into my grave,
Leaving no memory behind to know me,
Than be a high Whore to eternity.

Fra. You have another Gamester I perceive by ye,
You durst not slight me else,

Sor. I'll find him out,
Though he lye next thy heart hid, I'll discover him,
And ye proud peat, I'll make you curse your insolence.

Val. Tongue of an Angel, and the truth of Heaven,
How am I blest! [Exit Val.]

Sor. *Podramo* go in haste
To my Sisters Gentlewoman, you know her well,
And bid her send her Mistress presently
The lesser Cabinet she keeps her Letters in,
And such like toys, and bring it to me instantly. Away.

Pod. I am gone. [Exit.]

Enter the Queen with two Ladies.

Sor. The Queen.

Fred. Let's quit the place, she may grow jealous. [Exit Fred. Sorano.]

Queen. So suddenly departed! what's the reason?
Does my approach displease his Grace? are my eyes
So hateful to him? or my conversation
Infected, that he flies me? Fair *Evanthe*,
Are you there? then I see his shame.

Evan. 'Tis true, Madam,
'Thas pleas'd his goodness to be pleasant with me.

Que. 'Tis strange to find thy modesty in this place,
Does the King offer fair? does thy face take him?
Ne'r blush *Evanthe*, 'tis a very sweet one,
Does he rain gold, and precious promises
Into thy lap? will he advance thy fortunes?
Shalt thou be mighty, Wench?

Evan. Never mock, Madam;
'Tis rather on your part to be lamented,
At least reveng'd, I can be mighty Lady,
And glorious too, glorious and great, as you are.

Que. He will Marry thee?

Evan. Who would not be a Queen, Madam?

Que. 'Tis true *Evanthe*; 'tis a brave ambition,
A golden dream, that may delude a good mind,
What shall become of me?

Evan. You must learn to pray,
Your age and honour will become a Nunnery.

Que. Wilt thou remember me? [Weeps.]

Evan. She weeps. Sweet Lady
Upon my knees I ask your sacred pardon,
For my rude boldness; and know, my sweet Mistress;
If e're there were ambition in *Evanthe*,
It was and is to do you faithful duties;
'Tis true I have been tempted by the King,
And with no few and potent charms, to wrong ye;
To violate the chaste joyes of your bed;
And those not taking hold, to usurp your state;
But she that has been bred up under ye,
And daily fed upon your vertuous precepts,
Still growing strong by example of your goodness,
Having no errant motion from obedience,
Flies from these vanities; as meer illusions;
And arm'd with honesty, defies all promises:
In token of this truth; I lay my life down
Under your sacred foot, to do you service.

Que. Rise my true friend, thou vertuous bud of beauty,
Thou Virgins honour, sweetly blow and flourish,
And that rude nipping wind, that seeks to blast thee;
Or taint thy root, be curst to all posterity;
To my protection from this hour I take ye;
Yes, and the King shall know——

Evan. Give his heat way, Madam,
And 'twill go out again, he may forget all. [Exit.]

Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, and Menallo.

Cam. What have we to do with the times? we cannot cure
Let 'em go on, when they are swoln with Surfeits 'em.
They'll burst and stink, then all the world shall smell 'em.

Cle. A man may live a bawd, and be an honest man.

Men. Yes, and a wise man too, 'tis a vertuous calling.

Cam. To his own Wife especially, or to his Sister,
The nearer to his own blood, still the honestest;
There want such honest men, would we had more of 'em.

Men. To be a villain is no such rude matter:

Cam. No, if he be a neat one, and a perfect;
Art makes all excellent: what is it, Gentlemen,
In a good cause to kill a dozen Coxcombs,
That blunt rude fellows call good Patriots?
Nothing, nor ne'r look'd after.

Men. 'Tis e'en as much, as easie too, as honest, and as clear,
To ravish Matrons, and deflower coy Wenches,
But here they are so willing, 'tis a complement.

Cle. To pull down Churches with pretension
To build 'em fairer, may be done with honour,
And all this time believe no gods. (angers,

Cam. I think so, 'tis faith enough if they name 'em in their
Or on their rotten Tombs ingrave an Angel;
Well, brave *Alphonso*, how happy had we been,
If thou had'st raig'n'd!

Men. Would I had his Disease,
Tyed like a Leprosie to my posterity,
So he were right again.

Cle. What is his Malady?

Cam. Nothing but sad and silent melancholy,
Laden with griefs and thoughts, no man knows why neither;
The good *Brandino* Father to the Princess,
Used all the art and industry that might be,
To free *Alphonso* from this dull calamity,
And seat him in his rule, he was his eldest
And noblest too, had not fair nature stopt in him;
For which cause this was chosen to inherit,
Frederick the younger.

Cle. Does he use his Brother
With that respect and honour that befits him?

Cam. He is kept privately, as they pretend,
To give more ease and comfort to his sickness;
But he has honest servants, the grave *Ruggio*,
And Fryar *Marco*, that wait upon his Person.
And in a Monastery he lives.

Men. 'Tis full of sadness,
To see him when he comes to his Fathers Tomb,
As once a day that is his Pilgrimage,
Whilst in Devotion, the Quire sings an Anthem:
How piously he kneels, and like a Virgin
That some cross Fate had cozen'd of her Love,
Weeps till the stubborn Marble sweats with pity,
And to his groans the whole Quire bears a Chorus.

Enter Frederick, Sorano, with the Cabinet, and Podramo.

Cam. So do I too. The King with his Contrivers,
This is no place for us. [Exeunt Lords.]

Fred. This is a jewel,
Lay it aside, what paper's that?

Pod. A Letter,
But 'tis a womans, Sir, I know by the hand,
And the false Orthography, they write old Saxon.

Fred. May be her ghostly Mother's that instructs her.

Sor. No, 'tis a Cousins, and came up with a great Cake.

Fred. What's that?

Sor. A pair of Gloves the Dutchess gave her,
For so the outside says

Fred. That other paper? (Saints and Crosses.)

Sor. A Charm for the tooth-ach, here's nothing but

Fred. Look in that Box, methinks that should hold secrets.

Pod. 'Tis Paint, and curls of Hair, she begins to exercise.
A glass of Water too, I would fain taste it,
But I am wickedly afraid 'twill silence me,
Never a Conduit-Pipe to convey this water.

Sor. These are all Rings, Deaths heads, and such *Memento's*
Her Grandmother, and worm-eaten Aunts left to her,
To tell her what her Beauty must arrive at.

Fred. That, that. (dies;)

Pod. They are written songs, Sir, to provoke young La-
Lord, here's a Prayer-Book, how these agree!
Here's a strange union. (tient.)

Sor. Ever by a surfeit you have a julep set to cool the Pa-

Fred. Those, those.

Sor. They are Verses to the blest *Evanthe*.

Fred. Those may discover,
Read them out, *Sorano*.

To the blest *Evanthe*.

Let those complain that feel Loves cruelty,
And in sad legends write their woes,
With Roses gently has corrected me,
My War is without rage or blows:
My Mistriss eyes shine fair on my desires,
And hope springs up inflam'd with her new fires.
No more an Exile will I dwell,
With folded arms, and sighs all day,
Reckoning the torments of my Hell,
And flinging my sweet joys away:
I am call'd home again to quiet peace,
My Mistriss smiles, and all my sorrows cease.
Yet what is living in her Eye?
Or being blest with her sweet tongue,
If these no other joys imply?
A golden Give, a pleasing wrong:
To be your own but one poor Month, I'd give
My Youth, my Fortune, and then leave to live.

Fred. This is my Rival, that I knew the hand now.

Sor. I know it, I have seen it, 'tis *Valerio's*,
That hopeful Gentlemans, that was brought up with ye,
And by your charge, nourish'd and fed
At the same Table, with the same allowance.

Fred. And all this courtesie to ruine me?
Cross my desires? 'had better have fed humbler,

And stood at greater distance from my fury:
Go for him quickly, find him instantly,
Whilst my impatient heart swells high with choler;
Better have lov'd despair, and safer kiss'd her. [Ex. Lords.]

Enter *Evanthe*, and *Cassandra*.

Evan. Thou old weak fool, dost thou know to what end,
To what betraying end he got this Casket?
Durst thou deliver him without my Ring,
Or a Command from mine own mouth, that Cabinet
That holds my heart? you unconsiderate Ass,
You brainless Ideot.

Cas. I saw you go with him,
At the first word commit your Person to him,
And make no scruple, he is your Brothers Gentleman,
And for any thing I know, an honest man;
And might not I upon the same security deliver him a Box?

Evan. A Bottle-head.

Fred. You shall have cause to chafe, as I will handle it.

Evan. I had rather thou hadst delivered me to Pirates,
Betray'd me to incurable diseases,
Hung up my Picture in a Market-place,
And sold me to wild Bawds.

Cas. As I take it, Madam,
Your maiden-head lies not in that Cabinet,
You have a Closer, and you keep the Key too,
Why are you vex'd thus?

Evan. I could curse thee wickedly,
And wish thee more deformed than Age can make thee,
Perpetual hunger, and no teeth to satisfy it,
Wait on thee still, nor sleep be found to ease it;
Those hands that gave the Casket, may the Palsie
For ever make unuseful, even to feed thee:
Long winters, that thy Bones may turn to Iicles,
No Hell can thaw again, inhabit by thee.
Is thy Care like thy Body, all one crookedness?
How scurvily thou cryest now? like a Drunkard,
I'll have as pure tears from a dirty spout;
Do, swear thou didst this ignorantly, swear it,
Swear and be damn'd, thou half Witch.

Cas. These are fine words, well Madam, Madam.

Evan. 'Tis not well, thou mummy,
'Tis impudently, basely done, thou dirty——
Fred. Has your young sanctity done railing, Madam,
Against your innocent 'Squire? do you see this Sonnet,
This loving Script? do you know from whence it came too?

Evan. I do, and dare avouch it pure, and honest.

Fred. You have private Visitants, my noble Lady,
That in sweet numbers court your goodly Vertues,
And to the height of adoration.

Evan. Well, Sir,
There's neither Heresie nor Treason in it. (with ye;
Fred. A Prince may beg at the door, whilst these feast
A favour or a grace, from such as I am,

Enter *Valerio*, and *Podramo*.

Course common things. You are welcome; Pray come near
Do you know this paper? (Sir,

Val. I am betray'd; I do, Sir,
'Tis mine, my hand and heart, if I dye for her,
I am thy Martyr, Love, and time shall honour me.

Cas. You sawcy Sir, that came in my Ladies name,
For her gilt Cabinet, you cheating Sir too,
You scurvly Usher, with as scurvly legs,
And a worse face, thou poor base hanging holder,
How durst thou come to me with a lye in thy mouth?
An impudent lye?

Pod. Hollow, good Gill, you hobble.

Cas. A stinking lye, more stinking than the teller,
To play the pilfering Knave? there have been Rascals
Brought up to fetch and carry, like your Worship,
That have been hang'd for less, whipt they are daily,
And if the Law will do me right——

Pod. What then old Maggot?

Cas.

Caf. Thy Mother was carted younger ; I'll have thy hide,
Thy mangy hide, embroider'd with a dog-whip,
As it is now with potent Pox, and thicker.

Fred. Peace good Antiquity, I'll have your Bones else
Ground into Gunpowder to shoot at Cats with ;
One word more, and I'll blanch thee like an almond,
There's no such cure for the she-falling sickness
As the powder of a dryed Bawds Skin, be silent.
You are very prodigal of your service here, Sir,
Of your life more it seems.

Val. I repent neither,
Because your Grace shall understand it comes
From the best part of Love, my pure affection,
And kindled with chaste flame, I will not flye from it,
If it be errour to desire to marry,
And marry her that sanctity would dote on,
I have done amifs, if it be a Treason
To graft my soul to Vertue, and to grow there,
To love the tree that bears such happinefs ;
Conceive me, Sir, this fruit was ne'r forbidden ;
Nay, to desire to taste too, I am Traytor ;
Had you but plants enough of this blest Tree, Sir,
Set round about your Court, to beautifie it,
Deaths twice so many, to dismay the approachers,
The ground would scarce yield Graves to noble Lovers.

Fred. 'Tis well maintain'd, you wish and pray to fortune,
Here in your Sonnet, and she has heard your prayers,
So much you dote upon your own undoing,
But one Month to enjoy her as your Wife,
Though at the expiring of that time you dye for't.

Val. I could wish many, many Ages, Sir,
To grow as old as Time in her embraces,
If Heaven would grant it, and you smile upon it ;
But if my choice were two hours, and then perish,
I would not pull my heart back.

Fred. You have your wish,
To morrow I will see you nobly married,
Your Month take out in all content and pleasure ;
The first day of the following Month you dye for't ;
Kneel not, not all your Prayers can divert me ;
Now mark your sentence, mark it, scornful Lady,
If when *Valerio's* dead, within twelve hours,
For that's your latest time, you find not out
Another Husband on the same condition
To marry you again, you dye your self too.

Evan. Now you are merciful, I thank your Grace.

Fred. If when you are married, you but seek to 'scape
Out of the Kingdom, you, or she, or both,
Or to infect mens minds with hot commotions,
You dye both instantly ; will you love me now, Lady ?
My tale will now be heard, but now I scorn ye. [Exit.

[*Moment Valerio, and Evanthe.*

Evan. Is our fair love, our honest, our entire,
Come to this hazard ? (lice for it,

Val. 'Tis a noble one, and I am much in love with ma-
Envy could not have studied me a way,
Nor fortune pointed out a path to Honour,
Straighter and nobler, if she had her eyes ;
When I have once enjoy'd my sweet *Evanthe*,
And blest my Youth with her most dear embraces,
I have done my journey here, my day is out,
All that the World has else is foolery,
Labour, and loss of time ; what should I live for ?
Think but mans life a Month, and we are happy.
I would not have my joys grow old for any thing ;
A Paradise, as thou art, my *Evanthe*,
Is only made to wonder at a little,
Enough for human eyes, and then to wander from.
Come, do not weep, sweet, you dishonour me,
Your tears and griefs but question my ability,
Whether I dare dye ; Do you love intirely ?

Evan. You know I do.

Val. Then grudge not my felicity.

Evan. I'll to the Queen.

Val. Do any thing that's honest,
But if you sue to him, in Death I hate you. [Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, and Menallo.

Cam. WAS there ever heard of such a Marriage ?
Men. Marriage and Hanging go by destiny,
'Tis the old Proverb, now they come together.

Cle. But a Month married, then to lose his life for't ?
I would have a long Month sure, that pays the Souldiers.

Enter Tony with Urinal.

Cam. Or get all the Almanacks burnt, that were a rare
And have no Month remembered. How now *Tony* ? (trick ;
Whose water are you casting ?

Tony. A sick Gentlemans,
Is very sick, much troubled with the Stone,
He should not live above a Month, by his Urine,
About *St. David's* Day it will go hard with him,
He will then be troubled with a pain in his Neck too.

Men. A pestilent fool ; when wilt thou marry, *Tony* ?

Ton. When I mean to be hang'd, & 'tis the surer contract.

Cle. What think you of this Marriage of *Valerio's* ?

Tony. They have given him a hot Custard, and mean to
burn his mouth with it ; had I known he had been given to
dye honourably, I would have helpt him to a Wench ; a
rare one, should have kill'd him in three weeks, and sav'd
the sentence. (too.

Cam. There be them would have spared ten days of that

Tony. It may be so, you have Women of all Vertues :
There be some Guns that I could bring him too,
Some mortar-pieces that are plac'd i'th' Suburbs,
Would tear him into quarters in two hours,
There be also of the race of the old Cockatrices,
That would dispatch him with once looking on him.

Men. What Month wouldst thou chuse, *Tony*, if thou
hadst the like Fortune ?

Tony. I would chuse a mull'd sack-month, to comfort my
Belly, for sure my Back would ake for't, and at the months
end I would be most dismally drunk, & scorn the gallows:

Me. I would chuse *March*, for I would come in like a Lion.

To. But you'd go out like a Lamb when you went to hang-

Ca. I would take *April*, take the sweet o'th' year, (ing.
And kiss my Wench upon the tender flowrets,
Tumble on every Green, and as the Birds sung,
Embrace, and melt away my Soul in pleasure.

Tony. You would go a *Maying* gayly to the Gallows.

Cle. Prithee tell us some news.

Tony. I'll tell ye all I know,
You may be honest, and poor fools, as I am,
And blow your fingers ends.

Cam. That's no news, Fool. (knaves,

Tony. You may be knaves then when you please, stark
And build fair houses, but your heirs shall have none of 'em.

Men. These are undoubted.

Tony. Truth is not worth the hearing,
I'll tell you news then ; There was a drunken Saylor,
That got a Mermaid with child as she went milking ;
And now she sues him in the Bawdy-Court for it,
The infant-Monster is brought up in *Fish-Street*.

Cam. I, this is something.

Tony. I'll tell you more, there was a Fish taken,
A monstrous Fish, with a sword by his side, a long sword,
A Pike in's Neck, and a Gun in's Nose, a huge Gun,
And letters of Mart in's mouth, from the Duke of *Florence*.

Cle. This is a monstrous lye.

Tony. I do confests it : (em ?
Do you think I would tell you truths, that dare not hear
You are honest things, we Courtiers scorn to converse with.

[Exit.

Cam.

Cam. A plaguey fool: but let's consider, Gentlemen,
Why the Queen strives not to oppose this sentence,
The Kingdoms honour suffers in this cruelty.

Men. No doubt the Queen, though she be vertuous,
Winks at the Marriage, for by that only means
The Kings flame lessens to the youthful Lady,
If not goes out; within this Month, I doubt not,
She hopes to rock asleep his anger also;
Shall we go see the preparation?

'Tis time, for strangers come to view the wonder. (dings.

Cam. Come, let's away, send my friends happier wed-
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Queen and Evanthe.

Queen. You shall be merry, come, I'll have it so,
Can there be any nature so unnoble?
Or anger so inhumane to pursue this?

Evan. I fear there is.

Queen. Your fears are poor and foolish,
Though he be hasty, and his anger death,
His will like torrents, not to be resisted,
Yet Law and Justice go along to guide him;
And what Law, or what Justice can he find
To justify his Will? what Act or Statute,
By Humane, or Divine establishment,
Left to direct us, that makes Marriage death?
Honest fair Wedlock? 'twas given for encrease,
For preservation of Mankind I take it;
He must be more than man then that dare break it.
Come, dress ye handsomely, you shall have my jewels,
And put a face on that contemns base fortune,
'Twill make him more insult to see you fearful,
Outlook his anger.

Evan. O my *Valerio*!

Be witness my pure mind, 'tis thee I grieve for.

Queen. But shew it not, I would so crucifie him
With an innocent neglect of what he can do,
A brave strong pious scorn, that I would shake him;
Put all the wanton *Cupids* in thine eyes,
And all the graces on that nature gave thee,
Make up thy beauty to that height of excellence,
I'll help thee, and forgive thee, as if *Venus*
Were now again to catch the god of War,
In his most rugged anger, when thou hast him,
(As 'tis impossible he should resist thee)
And kneeling at thy conquering feet for mercy,
Then shew thy Vertue, then again despise him,
And all his power, then with a look of honour
Mingled with noble chastity, strike him dead.

Evan. Good Madam dress me,
You arm me bravely.

Queen. Make him know his cruelty
Begins with him first, he must suffer for it,
And that thy sentence is so welcome to thee,
And to thy noble Lord, you long to meet it.
Stamp such a deep impression of thy Beauty
Into his soul, and of thy worthiness,
That when *Valerio* and *Evanthe* sleep
In one rich earth, hung round about with blessings,
He may run mad, and curse his act; be lusty,
I'll teach thee how to dye too, if thou fear'st it.

Ev. I thank your Grace, you have prepar'd me strongly,
And my weak mind.

Queen. Death is unwelcome never,
Unless it be to tortur'd minds and sick souls,
That make their own Hells; 'tis such a benefit
When it comes crown'd with honour, shews so sweet too!
Though they paint it ugly, that's but to restrain us,
For every living thing would love it else,
Fly boldly to their peace ere Nature call'd 'em;
The Rest we have from labour, and from trouble
Is some incitement, every thing alike,
The poor Slave that lies private has his liberty,
As amply as his Master, in that Tomb

The Earth as light upon him, and the flowers
That grow about him, smell as sweet, and flourish.
But when we love with honour to our ends,
When Memory and Vertue are our Mourners;
What pleasure's there! they are infinite, *Evanthe*;
Only, my vertuous Wench, we want our senses,
That benefit we are barr'd, 'twould make us proud else,
And lazy to look up to happier life,
The Blessings of the people would so swell us.

Evan. Good Madam, dress me, you have dress'd my soul,
The merriest Bride I'll be for all this misery,
The proudest to some Eyes too.

Queen. 'Twill do better, come, shrink no more.

Evan. I am too confident. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Frederick, and Sorano.

Sor. You are too remis and wanton in your angers,
You mold things handsomely, and then neglect 'em;
A powerful Prince should be constant to his power still,
And hold up what he builds, then People fear him:
When he lets loose his hand it shews a weakness,
And men examine or contemn his greatness:
A scorn of this high kind should have call'd up
A revenge equal, not a pity in you.

Fred. She is thy Sister.

Sor. And she were my Mother,
Whilst I conceive 'tis you she has wrong'd, I hate her,
And shake her nearness off; I study, Sir,
To satisfy your angers that are just,
Before your pleasures.

Fred. I have done that already,
I fear has pull'd too many curses on me.

Sor. Curses or envies, on *Valerio's* head,
Would you take my counsel, Sir, they should all light,
And with the weight not only crack his skull,
But his fair credit; the exquisite vexation
I have devis'd, so please you give way in't,
And let it work, shall more afflict his soul,
And trench upon that honour that he brags of,
Than fear of Death in all the frights he carries;
If you sit down here they will both abuse ye,
Laugh at your poor relenting power, and scorn ye.
What satisfaction can their deaths bring to you,
That are prepar'd, and proud to dye, and willingly,
And at their ends will thank you for that honour?
How are you nearer the desire you aim at?
Or if it be revenge your anger covets,
How can their single deaths give you content, Sir?
Petty revenges end in blood, sleight angers,
A Princes rage should find out new diseases,
Death were a pleasure too, to pay proud fools with.

Fred. What should I do?

Sor. Add but your power unto me,
Make me but strong by your protection,
And you shall see what joy, and what delight,
What infinite pleasure this poor Month shall yield him.
I'll make him wish he were dead on his Marriage-day,
Or bed-rid with old age, I'll make him curse,
And cry and curse, give me but power.

Fred. You have it,
Here, take my Ring, I am content he pay for't.

Sor. It shall be now revenge, as I will handle it,
He shall live after this to beg his life too,
Twenty to one by this thread, as I'll weave it,
Evanthe shall be yours.

Fred. Take all authority, and be most happy.

Sor. Good Sir, no more pity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tony, three Citizens, and three Wives.

1 *Wife.* Good Master *Tony*, put me in.

Tony. Where do you dwell?

(*Mutton.*

1 *Wife.* Forsooth, at the sign of the great Shoulder of

Ton. A hungry man would hunt your house out instantly,
Keep the Dogs from your door; Is this Lettice Ruff your
Husband?

Husband? a fine sharp faller to your sign.

2 Wife. Will you put me in too?

3 Wife. And me, good Master Tony.

Tony. Put ye all in? you had best come twenty more; you Think 'tis easie, a trick of legerdemain, to put ye all in, 'Twould pose a fellow that had twice my body, Though it were all made into chines and fillets.

2 Wi. Put's into th' wedding, Sir, we would fain see that.

1 Wife. And the brave Masque too.

To. You two are pretty women, are you their husbands?

2 Citiz. Yes, for want of better.

Tony. I think so too, you would not be so mad else To turn 'em loose to a company of young Courtiers, That swarm like Bees in May, when they see young wen- You must not squeak. (ches;

3 Wife. No Sir, we are better tutor'd.

Tony. Nor if a young Lord offer you the courtesie——

2 Wife. We know what 'tis, Sir.

Tony. Nor you must not grumble, If you be thrust up hard, we thrust most furiously.

1 Wife. We know the worst.

Tony. Get you two in then quietly, And shift for your selves; we must have no old women, They are out of use, unless they have petitions, Besides they cough so loud they drown the Musick. You would go in too, but there is no place for ye? I am sorry for't, go and forget your wives, Or pray they may be able to suffer patiently. You may have Heirs may prove wise Aldermen, Go, or I'll call the Guard.

3 Citiz. We will get in, we'll venture broken pates else.

[Ex. Citiz. and Women.]

Tony. 'Tis impossible, You are too securely arm'd; how they flock hither, And with what joy the women run by heaps To see this Marriage: they tickle to think of it, They hope for every month a husband too; Still how they run, and how the wittals follow 'em, The weak things that are worn between the leggs, That brushing, dressing, nor new naps can mend, How they post to see their own confusion? This is a merry world.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Look to the door Sirrah, Thou art a fool, and may'st do mischief lawfully.

Tony. Give me your hand, you are my Brother fool, You may both make the Law, and marr it presently. Do you love a wench?

Fred. Who does not, fool? (marry her.)

Tony. Not I, unless you will give me a longer lease to

Fre. What are all these that come, what business have they?

Tony. Some come to gaze, those are my fellow fools; Some to get home their wives, those be their own fools; Some to rejoyce with thee, those be the times fools; And some I fear to curse thee, those are poor fools,

Enter Cassander, an old Lady passing over.

A set people call them honest. Look, look King, look, A weather-beaten Lady new caresn'd,

Fred. An old one.

Tony. The glasses of her eyes are new rub'd over, (ly? And the worm-eaten records in her face are daub'd up neat- She layes her breasts out too, like to poch'd eggs That had the yolks sucked out; they get new heads also, New teeth, new tongues, for the old are all worn out, And as 'tis hop'd, new tayls. Fred. For what?

Tony. For old Courtiers, The young ones are too stirring for their travels.

Fred. Go leave your knavery, and help to keep the door I will have no such prefs. (well,

Tony. Lay thy hand o'thy heart King.

Fred. I'll have ye whipt.

Tony. The fool and thou art parted.

Fred. Sorano work, and free me from this spell, 'Twixt love and scorn there's nothing felt but hell. [Exit.]

Enter Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, and Servants.

Val. Tye on my Scarf, you are so long about me, Good my Lords, help, give me my other Cloak, That Hat and Feather, Lord what a Taylor's this, To make me up thus straight! one sigh would burst me, I have not room to breath, come button, button, Button, apace.

Cam. I am glad to see you merry Sir.

Val. 'Twould make you merry had you such a wife, And such an age to enjoy her in.

Men. An age Sir?

Val. A moneth's an age to him that is contented; What should I seek for more? give me my sword. Ha my good Lords, that every one of you now Had but a Lady of that youth and beauty To bless your selves this night with, would ye not? Pray ye speak uprightly:

Cle. We confes ye happy; And we could well wish such another Banquet; But on that price my Lord——

Val. 'Twere nothing else, No man can ever come to aim at Heaven, But by the knowledge of a Hell. These shoes are heavy, And if I should be call'd to dance they'll clog me, Get me some pumps; I'll tell ye brave Camillo; And you dear friends, the King has honour'd me, Out of his gracious favour has much honour'd me, To limit me my time, for who would live long? Who would be old? 'tis such a weariness, Such a disease, that hangs like lead upon us. As it increases, so vexations, Griefs of the minde, pains of the feeble body, Rheums, coughs, catarrhs, we are but our living coffins; Besides, the fair soul's old too, it grows covetous, Which shews all honour is departed from us, And we are Earth again.

Cle. You make fair use Sir.

Val. I would not live to learn to lye Cleanthes For all the world, old men are prone to that too; Thou that hast been a Souldier, Menallo, A noble Souldier, and defied all danger, Adopted thy brave arm the heir to victory, Would'st thou live so long till thy strength forsook thee? Till thou grew'st only a long tedious story Of what thou hadst been? till thy sword hang by, And lazie Spiders fill'd the hilt with cobwebs?

Men. No sure, I would not;

Val. 'Tis not fit ye should, To dye a young man is to be an Angel, Our great good parts put wings unto our souls: We'll have a rouse before we go to bed friends, Pray ye tell me, is't a handsome Mask we have?

Cam. We understand so.

Val. And the young gent. dance?

Cle. They do Sir, and some dance well.

Val. They must before the Ladies, We'll have a rouse before we go to bed friends, A lusty one, 'twill make my blood dance too. [Musick]

Cam. Ten if you please.

Val. And we'll be wondrous merry, They stay sure, come, I hear the Musick forward, You shall have all Gloves presently. [Exit.]

Men. We attend Sir, but first we must look to th' Doors. Knocking within. The King has charged us. [Exeunt.]

Enter two Servants:

1 Ser. What a noise do you keep there? call my fellows O' the Guard; you must cease now untill the King be Enter'd, he is gone to th' Temple now.

2 Ser.

2 *Serv.* Look to that back door, and keep it fast,
They swarm like Bees about it.

Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, Tony, following.

Cam. Keep back those Citizens, and let their wives in,
Their handsome wives.

Tony. They have crowded me to Veriuyce,
I sweat like a Butter-box.

1 *Serv.* Stand further off there.

Men. Take the women aside, and talk with 'em in private,
Give 'em that they came for.

Tony. The whole Court cannot do it;
Besides, the next Mask if we use 'em so,
They'l come by millions to expect our larges;
We have broke a hundred heads.

Cle. Are they so tender?

Ton. But 'twas behind, before they have all murrions.

Cam. Let in those Ladies, make 'em room for shame there.

Ton. They are no Ladies, there's one bald before 'em,
A gent. bald, they are curtail'd queans in hired clothes,
They come out of *Spain* I think, they are very sultry.

Men. Keep 'em in breath for an Embassadour.

Knocks within.

Me thinks my nose shakes at their memories,
What bounting's that?

Within. I am one of the Musick Sir.

Within. I have sweat-meats for the banquet.

Cam. Let 'em in.

Ton. They lye my Lord, they come to seek their wives,
Two broken Citizens.

Cam. Break 'em more, they are but brusled yet.
Bold Rascals, offer to disturb your wives?

Cle. Lock the doors fast, the Musick, hark, the King comes.

A Curtain drawn.

*The King, Queen, Valerio, Evanthe, Ladies, Attendants,
Camillo, Cleanthes, Sorano, Menallo.*

A Mask.

*Cupid descends, the Graces sitting by him, Cupid being bound the
Graces unbind him, he speaks.*

Cup. Unbind me, my delight, this night is mine,
Now let me look upon what Stars here shine,
Let me behold the beauties, then clap high
My cullor'd wings, proud of my Deity;
I am satisfied, bind me again, and fast,
My angry Bow will make too great a wast
Of beauty else, now call my Maskers in,
Call with a Song, and let the sports begin;
Call all my servants the effects of love,
And to a measure let them nobly move.
Come you servants of proud love,

Come away:

Fairly, nobly, gently move.
Too long, too long you make us stay;
Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear,
Distrust and Jealousie, be you too here;
Consuming Care, and raging Ire,
And Poverty in poor attire,
March fairly in, and last Despair;
Now full Musick strike the Air.

*Enter the Maskers, Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear,
Distrust, Jealousie, Care, Ire, Despair, they dance, after
which Cupid speaks.*

Cup. Away, I have done, the day begins to light,
Lovers, you know your fate, good night, good night.

Cupid and the Graces ascend in the Chariot.

King. Come to the Banquet, when that's ended Sir,
'le see you i' bed, and so good night; be merry,
You have a sweet bed fellow.

Val. I thank your Grace,

And ever shall be bound unto your noblenefs.

King. I pray I may deserve your thanks, set forward.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter divers Monks, Alphonso going to the Tomb, Rugio,
and Frier Marco, discover the Tomb and a Chair.*

Mar. **T**He night grows on, lead softly to the Tomb,
And sing not till I bid ye; let the Musick
Play gently as he passes.

Rug. O fair picture,

That wert the living hope of all our honours;
How are we banisht from the joy we dreamt of?
Will he ne're speak more?

Mar. 'Tis full three moneths Lord *Rugio*,
Since any articulate sound came from his tongue,
Set him down gently. *Sits in a Chair.*

Rug. What should the reason be Sir?

Mar. As 'tis in nature with those loving Husbands,
That sympathize their wives pains, and their throes
When they are breeding, and 'tis usuall too,
We have it by experience; so in him Sir,
In this most noble spirit that now suffers;
For when his honour'd Father good *Brandino*
Fell sick, he felt the griefs, and labour'd with them,
His fits and his disease he still inherited,
Grew the same thing, and had not nature check'd him,
Strength, and ability, he had dyed that hour too.

Rug. Embleme of noble love!

Mar. That very minute
His Fathers breath forfook him, that same instant,
A rare example of his piety,
And love paternal, the Organ of his tongue
Was never heard to sound again; so near death
He seeks to wait upon his worthy Father,
But that we force his meat, he were one body.

Rug. He points to'th' Tomb.

Mar. That is the place he honours,
A house I fear he will not be long out of.
He will toth' Tomb, good my Lord lend your hand;
Now sing the Funeral Song, and let him kneel,
For then he is pleas'd. *A Song.*

Rug. Heaven lend thy powerfull hand,
And ease this Prince.

Mar. He will pass back again. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Valerio.

Val. They drink abundantly, I am hot with wine too,
Lustily warm, 'le steal now to my happiness,
'Tis midnight, and the silent hour invites me,
But she is up still, and attends the Queen;
Thou dew of wine and sleep hang on their eye-lids,
Steep their dull senses in the healths they drink,
That I may quickly find my lov'd *Evanthe*.
The King is merry too, and drank unto me,
Sign of fair peace, O this nights blessedness!
If I had forty heads I would give all for 't.
Is not the end of our ambitions,
Of all our humane studies, and our travels,
Of our desires, the obtaining of our wishes?
Certain it is, and there man makes his Center.
I have obtain'd *Evanthe*, I have married her,
Can any fortune keep me from enjoying her?

Enter Sorano.

I have my wish, what's left me to accuse now?
I am friends with all the world, but thy base malice;
Go glory in thy mischiefs thou proud man,
And cry it to the world thou hast ruin'd vertue;

How

How I contemn thee and thy petty malice!
And with what scorn, I look down on thy practice!

Sor. You'lsing me a new Song anon *Valerio*,
And with these hot words ———

Val. I despise thee fellow,
Thy threats, or flatteries, all I sling behind me;
I have my end, I have thy noble Sister,
A name too worthy of thy blood; I have married her,
And will enjoy her too.

Sor. 'Tis very likely.

Val. And that short moneth I have to blefs me with her
P'le make an age, P'le reckon each embrace
A year of pleasure, and each night a Jubile,
Every quick kifs a Spring; and when I mean
To lose my self in all delightfulness,
Twenty sweet Summers I will tye together
In spite of thee, and thy malignant Master:
I will dye old in love, though young in pleasure.

Sor. But that I hate thee deadly, I could pity thee,
Thou art the poorest miserable thing
This day on earth; P'le tell thee why *Valerio*,
All thou esteemeft, and build'ft upon for happiness,
For joy, for pleasure, for delight is past thee,
And like a wanton dream already vanisht.

Val. Is my love false?

Sor. No, she is constant to thee,
Constant to all thy misery she shall be,
And curse thee too.

Val. Is my strong body weakn'd,
Charim'd, or abus'd with subtle drink? speak villain.

Sor. Neither, I dare speak, thou art still as lusty
As when thou lov'dst her first, as strong and hopeful,
The month thou hast given thee is a month of misery,
And where thou think'ft each hour shall yield a pleasure,
Look for a killing pain, for thou shalt find it
Before thou dyest, each minute shall prepare it,
And ring so many knels to sad afflictions;
The King has given thee a long month to dye in,
And miserably dye.

Val. Undo thy Riddle,
I am prepar'd what ever fate shall follow.

Sor. Dost thou see this Ring?

Val. I know it too.

Sor. Then mark me,
By vertue of this Ring this I pronounce to thee,
'Tis the Kings will.

Val. Let me know it suddenly.

Sor. If thou dost offer to touch *Euanthes* body
Beyond a kifs, though thou art married to her,
And lawfully as thou think'ft may'ft enjoy her,
That minute she shall dye.

Val. O Devil ———

Sor. If thou discover this command unto her,
Or to a friend that shall importune thee;
And why thou abstainest, and from whose will, ye all perish,
Upon the self-same forfeit: are ye fitted Sir?
Now if ye love her, ye may preserve her life still,
If not, you know the worst, how falls your month out?

Val. This tyranny could never be invented
But in the school of Hell, Earth is too innocent;
Not to enjoy her when she is my wife?
When she is willing too?

Sor. She is most willing,

And will run mad to mis; but if you hit her,
Be sure you hit her home, and kill her with it;
There are such women that will dye with pleasure:
The Axe will follow else, that will not fail
To fetch her Maiden head, and dispatch her quickly;
Then shall the world know you are the cause of Murder,
And as 'tis requisite your life shall pay for't.

Val. Thou dost but jest, thou canst not be so monstrous
As thou proclaim'ft thy self; thou art her Brother,
And there must be a feeling heart within thee
Of her afflictions; wert thou a stranger to us,

And bred amongst wild rocks, thy nature wild too,
Affection in thee as thy breeding, cold,
And unrelenting as the rocks that nourisht thee,
Yet thou must shake to tell me this; they tremble
When the rude sea threatens divorce amongst 'em,
They that are senceless things shake at a tempest;
Thou art a man ———

Sor. Be thou too then, 'twill try thee,
And patience now will best become thy nobleness.

Val. Invent some other torment to afflict me,
All, if thou please, put all afflictions on me,
Study thy brains out for 'em, so this be none
I care not of what nature, nor what cruelty,
Nor of what length.

Sor. This is enough to vex ye.

Val. The tale of *Tantalus* is now prov'd true;
And from me shall be registred Authentick;
To have my joyes within my arms, and lawfull;
Mine own delights, yet dare not touch.
Even as thou hatest me Brother, let no young man know this,
As thou shalt hope for peace when thou most needest it,
Peace in thy soul, desire the King to kill me,
Make me a traitor, any thing, P'le yield to it,
And give thee cause so I may dye immediately;
Lock me in Prison where no Sun may see me,
In walls so thick no hope may e're come at me;
Keep me from meat, and drink, and sleep, P'le blefs thee;
Give me some damned potion to deliver me,
That I may never know my self again, forget
My Country, kindred, name and fortune; last,
That my chaste love may never appear before me,
This were some comfort.

Sor. All I have I have brought ye,
And much good may it do ye my dear Brother,
See ye observe it well; you will find about ye
Many eyes set, that shall o're-look your actions,
If you transgress ye know, and so I leave ye. [Exit.]

Val. Heaven be not angry, and I have some hope yet. [Exit.]

Enter Frederick, and Sorano.

Fred. Hast thou been with him?

Sor. Yes, and given him that Sir
Will make him curse his Birth; I told ye which way:
Did you but see him Sir, but look upon him,
With what a troubled and dejected nature
He walks now in a mist, with what a silence,
As if he were the shrowd he wrapt himself in,
And no more of *Valerio* but his shadow,
He seeks obscurity to hide his thoughts in,
You would wonder and admire for all you know it;
His jollity is down, valed to the ground Sir,
And his high hopes of full delights and pleasures
Are turn'd tormenters to him, strong diseases:

Fred. But is there hope of her?

Sor. It must fall necessary,
She must dislike him, quarrel with his person,
For women once deluded are next Devils,
And in the height of that opinion Sir,
You shall put on again, and she must meet ye.

Fred. I am glad of this.

Sor. P'le tell ye all the circumstance
Within this hour, but sure I heard your grace
To day as I attended, make some stops,
Some broken speechs, and some sighs between,
And then your Brothers name I heard distinctly,
And some sad wishes after.

Fred. Ye are i'th' right Sir,
I would he were as sad as I could wish him,
Sad as the Earth.

Sor. Would ye have it so?

Fred. Thou hearest me,
Though he be sick with small hope of recovery,
That hope still lives, and mens eyes live upon it,

And in their eye their wishes; my *Sorano*,
Were he but cold once in the tomb he dotes on,
As 'tis the fittest place for melancholy,
My Court should be another Paradise,
And flow with all delights.

Sor. Go to your pleasures, let me alone with this,
Hope shall not trouble ye, nor he three dayes.

Fred. I shall be bound unto thee.

Enter Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo.

Sor. I'll do it neatly too, no doubt shall catch me. (Em.

Fred. Be gone, they are going to bed, I'll bid good night to

Sor. And mark the man, you'll scarce know 'tis *Valerio*.
[Exit.

Cam. Cheer up my noble Lord, the minute's come,
You shall enjoy the abstract of all sweetness,
We did you wrong, you need no wine to warm ye,
Desire shoots through your eyes like sudden wild-fires.

Val. Beshrew me Lords, the wine has made me dull,
I am I know not what.

Fred. Good pleasure to ye,
Good night and long too, as you find your appetite
You may fall to.

Val. I do beseech your grace,
For which of all my loves and services
Have I deserved this?

Fred. I am not bound to answer ye.

Val. Nor I bound to obey in unjust actions.

Fred. Do as you please, you know the penalty,
And as I have a soul it shall be executed;
Nay look not pale, I am not used to fear Sir,
If you respect your Lady, good night to ye.

Val. But for respect to her and to my duty,
That reverent duty that I owe my Soveragin,
Which anger has no power to snatch me from,
The good night should be thine; good night for ever.
The King is wanton Lords, he would needs know of me
How many nick chafes I would make to night.

Men. My Lord, no doubt you'll prove a perfect gamester.

Val. Faith no, I am unacquainted with the pleasure,
Bungle a set I may: how my heart trembles,
And beats my breast as it would break his way out!
Good night my noble friends.

Cle. Nay we must see you toward your bed my Lord.

Val. Good faith it needs not,
'Tis late, and I shall trouble you.

Cam. No, no, till the Bride come Sir.

Val. I beseech you leave me,
You will make me bashfull else, I am so foolish,
Besides, I have some few devotions Lords,
And he that can pray with such a book in's arms— (ye.

Cam. We'll leave ye then, and a sweet night wait upon

Men. And a sweet issue of this sweet night crown ye.

Cle. All nights and days be such till you grow old Sir.
[Exit Lords.

Val. I thank ye, 'tis a curse sufficient for me,
A labour'd one too, though you mean a blessing.
What shall I do? I am like a wretched Debtor,
That has a summe to tender on the forfeit
Of all he is worth, yet dare not offer it.
Other men see the Sun, yet I must wink at it;
And though I know 'tis perfect day, deny it:
My veins are all on fire, and burn like *Aina*,
Youth and desire beat larums to my blood,
And adde fresh fuel to my warm affections.
I must enjoy her, yet when I consider,
When I collect my self, and weigh her danger,
The tyrants will, and his power taught to murder,
My tender care contralls my blood within me,
And like a cold fit of a peevish Ague
Creeps to my soul, and flings an Ice upon me,

Enter Queen, Evanthe, Ladies, and Fool.

That locks all powers of youth up: but prevention--

O what a blessedness 'twere to be old now,
To be unable, bed-rid with diseases,
Or halt on Crutches to meet holy *Hymen*;
What a rare benefit! but I am curst,
That that speaks other men most freely happy,
And makes all eyes hang on their expectations,
Must prove the bane of me, youth, and ability.
She comes to bed, how shall I entertain her?

Tony. Nay I come after too, take the fool with ye,
For lightly he is ever one at Weddings.

Queen. *Evanthe*, make ye unready, your Lord staies for ye,
And prethee be merry.

Tony. Be very merry, Chicken,
Thy Lord will pipe to thee anon, and make thee dance too.

Lady. Will he so, good-man afs?

Tony. Yes good filly,
And you had such a Pipe, that piped so sweetly, (pace.
You would dance to death, you have learnt your sinque a

Evan. Your grace desires that that is too free in me,
I am merry at the heart.

Tony. Thou wilt be anon, the young smug boy will give
(thee a sweet cordial.

Evan. I am so taken up in all my thoughts,
So posselt Madam with the lawfull sweets
I shall this night partake of with my Lord,
So far transported (pardon my immodesty.)

Val. Alas poor wench, how shall I recompence thee?

Evan. That though they must be short, and snatcht away
E're they grow ripe, yet I shall far prefer 'em (too,
Before a tedious pleasure with repentance.

Val. O how my heart akes!

Evan. Take off my Jewels Ladies;
And let my Ruff loose, I shall bid good night to ye,
My Lord staies here.

Queen. My wench, I thank thee heartily,
For learning how to use thy few hours handsomly,
They will be years I hope; off with your Gown now,
Lay down the bed there?

Tony. Shall I get into it and warm it for thee? a fools fire
And I'll so bus thee. (is a fine thing,

Queen. I'll have ye whipt ye Rascal.

Tony. That will provoke me more, I'll talk with thy hus-
He's a wife man I hope. (band,

Evan. Good night dear Madam,
Ladies, no further service, I am well,
I do beseech your grace to give us this leave,
My Lord and I to one another freely,
And privately, may do all other Ceremonies,
Women and Page we'll be to one another,
And trouble you no farther.

Tony. Art thou a wife man?

Val. I cannot tell thee *Tony*, ask my neighbours.

Tony. If thou beest so, go'ye with me to night,
The old fool will lye quieter than the young one,
And give thee more sleep, thou wilt look to morrow else
Worse than the prodigal fool the Ballad speaks of,
That was squeez'd through a horn.

Val. I shall take thy counsel.

Queen. Why then good night, good night my best *Evan-*
My worthy maid, and as that name shall vanish, (the,
A worthy wife, a long and happy; follow Sirrah.

Evan. That shall be my care,
Goodness rest with your Grace.

Queen. Be lusty Lord, and take your Lady to ye,
And that power that shall part ye be unhappy.

Val. Sweet rest unto ye, to ye all sweet Ladies;
Tony good night.

Tony. Shall not the fool stay with thee?

Queen. Come away Sirrah. [Exit Queen, Ladies.

Tony. How the fool is sought for! sweet Malt is made of
(ealie fire,
A hasty horse will quickly tire, a sudden leaper sticks i'th'
(mire,
Phlebotomy

Phlebotomy and the word lye nigher, take heed of friend I
(thee require;
This from an Almanack I stole, and learn this Lesson from a
(fool.
Good night my Bird. [Exit Tony.

Evant. Good night wife Master Tony;
Will ye to bed my Lord? Come, let me helpe ye.
Val. To bed *Evanthe*, art thou sleepy?
Evant. No, I shall be worse if you look sad upon me,
Pray ye let's to bed.
Val. I am not well my love.
Evant. I'll make ye well, there's no such Physick for ye
As your warm Mistris arms.
Val. Art thou so cunning?
Evant. I speak not by experience, 'pray ye mistake not;
But if you love me ———
Val. I do love so dearly,
So much above the base bent of desire,
I know not how to answer thee.

Evant. To bed then,
There I shall better credit ye; fie my Lord,
Will ye put a maid to't, to teach ye what to do?
An innocent maid? Are ye so cold a Lover?
In truth you make me blush, 'tis midnight too,
And 'tis no stoln love, but authorised openly,
No sin we covet, pray let me undress ye,
You shall help me; prethee sweet *Valerio*;
Be not so sad, the King will be more mercifull.
Val. May not I love thy mind?
Evant. And I yours too,
'Tis a most noble one, adorn'd with vertue;
But if we love not one another really,
And put our bodies and our mind together,
And so make up the concord of affection,
Our love will prove but a blind superstition:
This is no school to argue in my Lord,
Nor have we time to talk away allow'd us,
Pray let's dispatch, if any one should come
And find us at this distance, what would they think?
Come, kiss me and to bed.

Val. That I dare do, and kiss again.
Evant. Spare not, they are your own Sir.
Val. But to enjoy thee is to be luxurious;
Too sensuall in my love, and too ambitious;
O how I burn! to pluck thee from the stalk,
Where thou grow'st a sweet bud and a beauteous,
And best the prime and honour of the Garden,
Is but to violate thy spring, and spoil thee.

Evant. To let me blow, and fall alone would anger ye.
Val. Let's sit together thus, and as we sit

Feed on the sweets of one anothers souls,
The happiness of love is contemplation,
The blessedness of love is pure affection,
Where no allay of actual dull desires,
Of pleasure that partakes with wantonness,
Of humane fire that burns out as it kindles,
And leaves the body but a poor repentance,
Can ever mix, let's fix on that *Evanthe*,
That's everlasting, the tother casuall;
Eternity breeds one, the other fortune,
Blind as her self, and full of all afflictions.
Shall we love vertuously?

Evant. I ever loved so.
Val. And only think our love; the rarest pleasure,
And that we most desire, let it be humane,
If once enjoyed grows stale, and cloyes our appetites;
I would not lessen in my love for any thing,
Nor find thee but the same in my short journey,
For my loves safety.

Evant. Now I see I am old Sir,
Old and ill favour'd too, poor and despis'd,
And am not worth your noble Fellowship,
Your fellowship in Love, you would not else
Thus cunningly seek to betray a maid,

A maid that honours you thus piously;
Strive to abuse the pious love she brings ye.
Farewel my Lord, since ye have a better Mistris,
For it must seem so, or ye are no man,
A younger, happier, I shall give her room,
So much I love ye still.

Val. Stay my *Evanthe*,
Heaven bear me witness, thou art all I love,
All I desire, and now have pity on me,
I never lyed before; forgive me Justice,
Youth and affection stop your ears unto me.

Evant. Why do you weep? if I have spoke too harshly,
And unbefecming, my beloved Lord,
My care and duty, pardon me.

Val. O hear me,
Hear me *Evanthe*; I am all on torture,
And this lye tears my conscience as I vent it;
I am no man.

Evant. How Sir?

Val. No man for pleasure, no womans man.

Eva. Goodness forbid my Lord, sure you abuse your self.

Val. 'Tis true *Evanthe*;

I shame to say you will find it.

Weeps.

Evant. He weeps bitterly,
'Tis my hard fortune, bless all young maids from it;
Is there no help my Lord in art will comfort ye?

Val. I hope there is.

Evant. How long have you been destitute?

Val. Since I was young.

Evant. 'Tis hard to dye for nothing,
Now you shall know 'tis not the pleasure Sir,
(For I am compell'd to love you spiritually)
That women aim at, I affect ye for,
'Tis for your worth; and kiss me, be at peace,
Because I ever loved ye, I still honour ye,
And with all duty to my Husband follow ye;
Will ye to bed now? ye are asham'd it seems;
Pygmalion pray'd and his cold stone took life,
You do not know with what zeal I shall ask Sir,
And what rare miracle that may work upon ye;
Still blush? prescribe your Law.

Val. I prethee pardon me,
To bed, and I'll sit by thee, and mourn with thee,
Mourn both our fortunes, our unhappy ones:
Do not despise me, make me not more wretched,
I pray to Heaven when I am gone *Evanthe*,
As my poor date is but a span of time now,
To recompence thy noble patience,
Thy love and vertue with a fruitfull husband,
Honest and honourable.

Evant. Come, you have made me weep now,
All fond desire dye here, and welcom chastity,
Honour and chastity, do what you please Sir. [Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter at one door *Rugio*, and *Frier Marco*, at the
other door *Sorano*, with a little glass viol.

Rug. **W**Hat ails this piece of mischief to look sad?
He seems to weep too.

Mar. Something is a hatching,
And of some bloody nature too, Lord *Rugio*,
This Crocodile mourns thus cunningly.

Sor. Hail holy Father,
And good day to the good Lord *Rugio*,
How fares the sad Prince I beseech ye Sir?

Rug. 'Tis like you know, you need not ask that question,
You have your eyes and watches on his miseries
As near as ours, I would they were as tender.

Mar. Can you do him good? as the King and you appoin-
So he is still, as you desir'd I think too, (ted him,

For every day he is worse (Heaven pardon all)
 Putoff your sorrow, you may laugh now Lord,
 He cannot last long to disturb your Master,
 You have done worthy service to his Brother,
 And he most memorable love.

Sor. You do not know Sir
 With what remorse I ask, nor with what weariness
 I groan and bow under this load of honour,
 And how my soul sighs for the beastly services,
 I have done his pleasures, these be witnesses with me,
 And from your piety believe me Father,
 I would as willingly unclothe my self
 Of title, that becomes me not I know ;
 Good men, and great names best agree together ;
 Cast off the glorious favours, and the trappings
 Of sound and honour, wealth and promises,
 His wanton pleasures have slung on my weakness,
 And chuse to serve my countries cause and virtues,
 Poorly and honestly, and redeem my ruines,
 As I would hope remission of my mischiefs.

Rug. Old and experienc'd men, my Lord *Sorano*,
 Are not so quickly caught with gilt hypocrisie,
 You pull your claws in now and fawn upon us,
 As lions do to intice poor foolish beasts ;
 And beasts we should be too if we believ'd ye,
 Go exercise your Art.

Sor. For Heaven sake scorn me not,
 Nor adde more Hell to my afflicted soul
 Than I feel here ; as you are honourable,
 As you are charitable look gently on me,
 I will no more to Court, be no more Devil,
 I know I must be hated even of him
 That was my Love now, and the more he loves me
 For his foul ends, when they shall once appear to him,
 Muster before his conscience and accuse him,
 The fouler and the more falls his displeasure,
 Princes are fading things, so are their favours. (*morse.*

Mar. He weeps again, his heart is toucht sure with re-

Sor. See this, and give me fair attention good my Lord,
 And worthy Father see, within this viol
 The remedy and cure of all my honour,
 And of the sad Prince lyes.

Rug. What new trick's this ?

Sor. 'Tis true, I have done Offices abundantly
 Ill and prodigious to the Prince *Alphonso*,
 And whilst I was a knave I sought his death too.

Rug. You are too late convicted to be good yet.

Sor. But Father, when I felt this part afflict me,
 This inward part, and call'd me to an audit
 Of my misdeeds and mischiefs ———

Mar. Well, go on Sir.

Sor. O then, then, then what was my glory then Father ?
 The favour of the King, what did that ease me ?
 What was it to be bow'd to by all creatures ?
 Worship, and courted, what did this avail me ?
 I was a wretch, a poor lost wretch.

Mar. Still better.

Sor. Till in the midst of all my grief I found
 Repentance, and a learned man to give the means to it,
 A Jew, an honest and a rare Physician,
 Of him I had this Jewel ; 'tis a Jewel,
 And at the price of all my wealth I bought it :
 If the King knew it I must lose my head,
 And willingly, most willingly I would suffer,
 A child may take it, 'tis so sweet in working.

Mar. To whom would you apply it ?

Sor. To the sick Prince,
 It will in half a day dissolve his melancholy.

Rug. I do believe, and give him sleep for ever.
 What impudence is this, and what base malice,
 To make us instruments of thy abuses ?
 Are we set here to poison him ?

Sor. Mistake not, yet I must needs say, 'tis a noble care,
 And worthy vertuous servants ; if you will see

A flourishing estate again in *Naples*,
 And great *Alphonso* reign that's truly good,
 And like himself able to make all excellent ;
 Give him this drink, and this good health unto him. *Drinks.*
 I am not so desperate yet to kill my self,
 Never look on me as a guilty man,
 Nor on the water as a speedy poison :
 I am not mad, nor laid out all my treasure,
 My conscience and my credit to abuse ye ;
 How nimbly and how chearfully it works now
 Upon my heart and head ! sure I am a new man,
 There is no sadness that I feel within me,
 But as it meets it, like a lazic vapour
 How it flies off. Here, give it him with speed,
 You are more guilty than I ever was,
 And worthier of the name of evil subjects,
 If but an hour you hold this from his health.

Rug. 'Tis some rare vertuous thing sure, he is a good man,
 It must be so, come, let's apply it presently,
 And may it sweetly work.

Sor. Pray let me hear on't, and carry it close my Lords.

Mar. Yes, good *Sorano*. [*Ex. Rugio, Marco.*

Sor. Do my good fools, my honest pious coxcombs,
 My wary fools too : have I caught your wifedom's ?
 You never dream't I knew an Antidote,
 Nor how to take it to secure mine own life ;
 I am an Ass, go, give him the fine cordial,
 And when you have done go dig his grave, good Frier,
 Some two hours hence we shall have such a bawling,
 And roaring up and down for *Aqua vita*,
 Such rubbing, and such nointing, and such cooling,
 I have sent him that will make a bonfire in's belly,
 If he recover it, there is no heat in Hell sure. [*Exit.*

Enter Frederick, and Podrano.

Fred. Podrano ? Pod. Sir.

Fred. Call hither Lord *Valerio*, and let none trouble us.

Pod. It shall be done Sir. [*Exit.*

Fred. I know he wants no additions to his tortures,
 He has enough for humane blood to carry,
 Yet I must vex him further ;
 So many that I wonder his hot youth
 And high-bred spirit breaks not into fury ;
 I must yet torture him a little further,
 And make my self sport with his miseries,
 My anger is too poor else. Here he comes,

Enter Val.

Now my young married Lord, how do you feel your self ?
 You have the happiness you ever aim'd at,
 The joy and pleasure.

Val. Would you had the like Sir.

Fred. You tumble in delights with your sweet Lady,
 And draw the minutes out in dear embraces,
 You live a right Lords life.

Val. Would you had tryed it,
 That you might know the vertue but to suffer,
 Your anger though it be unjust and insolent,
 Sits handsomer upon you than your scorn,
 To do a wilfull ill and glory in it,
 Is to do it double, double to be damn'd too.

Fred. Hast thou not found a loving and free Prince,
 High in his favours too ; that has confer'd
 Such hearts ease, and such heaps of comfort on thee,
 All thou cou'dst ask ?

Val. You are grown a tyrant too
 Upon so suffering, and so still a subject ;
 You have put upon me such a punishment,
 That if your youth were honest it would blush at :
 But you are a shame to nature, as to vertue.
 Pull not my rage upon ye, 'tis so just,
 It will give way to no respect ; my life,
 My innocent life, I dare maintain it Sir,
 Like a wanton prodigal you have slung away,
 Had I a thousand more I would allow 'em,

And be as careles of 'em as your will is ;
But to deny those rights the Law hath given me,
The holy Law, and make her life the penance,
Is such a studied and unheard of malice,
No heart that is not hired from Hell dare think of ;
To do it then too, when my hopes were high,
High as my Blood, all my desires upon me,
My free affections ready to embrace her,

Enter Cassandra.

And she mine own ; do you smile at this ? is't done well ?
Is there not Heaven above you that sees all ? *[Exit Val.]*

Fred. Come hither Time, how does your noble Mistress ?

Cas. As a Gentlewoman may do in her case that's newly married, Sir :

Sickly sometimes, and fond on't, like your Majesty.

Fred. She is breeding then ?

Cas. She wants much of her colour,
And has her qualms as Ladies use to have, Sir,
And her disgusts.

Fred. And keeps her Chamber ?

Cas. Yes Sir.

Fred. And eats good Broths and Jellies.

Cas. I am sure she sighs, Sir, and weeps, good Lady.

Fred. Alas, good Lady, for it,
She should have one could comfort her, *Cassandra*,
Could turn those tears to joys, a lusty Comforter.

Cas. A comfortable man does well at all hours,
For he brings comfortable things. *(eaten Onions,*

Fred. Come hither, & hold your fann between, you have
Her breath stinks like a Fox, her teeth are contagious,
These old women are all Elder-Pipes, do ye mark me ?

[Gives a Purse.]

Cas. Yes, Sir, but does your Grace think I am fit, . . .
That am both old and vertuous ?

Fred. Therefore the fitter, the older still the better,
I know thou art as holy as an old Cope,
Yet upon necessary use —

Cas. 'Tis true, Sir.

Fred. Her feeling sense is fierce still, speak unto her,
You are familiar ; speak I say, unto her,
Speak to the purpose ; tell her this, and this.

Cas. Alas, she is honest, Sir, she is very honest,
And would you have my gravity —

Fred. I, I, your gravity will become the cause the better,
I'll look thee out a Knight shall make thee a Lady too,
A lusty Knight, and one that shall be ruled by thee,
And add to these, I'll make 'em good, no mincing,
Nor ducking out of nicety, good Lady,
But do it home, we'll all be friends too, tell her,
And such a joy —

Cas. That's it that stirs me up, Sir,
I would not for the World attempt her Chastity,
But that they may live lovingly hereafter.

Fred. For that I urge it too. *(good, Sir,*

Cas. A little evil may well be suffered for a general
I'll take my leave of your Majesty. *[Exit.]*

Enter Valerio.

Fred. Go fortunately, be speedy too: here comes *Valerio*,
If his affliction have allayed his spirit
My work has end. Come hither, Lord *Valerio*,
How do you now ?

Val. Your Majesty may guess,
Not so well, nor so fortunate as you are,
That can tie up mens honest wills, and actions.

Fred. You clearly see now, brave *Valerio*,
What 'tis to be the Rival to a Prince,
To interpose against a raging Lion ;
I know you have suffer'd, infinitely suffer'd,
And with a kind of pity I behold it,
And if you dare be worthy of my mercy,
I can yet heal you, yield up your *Evantbe*,
Take off my sentence also.

Val. I fall thus low, Sir,
My poor sad heart under your feet I lay,
And all the service of my life.

Fred. Do this then, for without this 'twill be impossible,
Part with her for a while.

Val. You have parted us,
What should I do with that I cannot use Sir ?

Fred. 'Tis well consider'd, let me have the Lady,
And thou shalt see how nobly I'll befriend thee,
How all this difference —

Val. Will she come do you think, Sir ?

Fred. She must be wrought, I know she is too modest,
And gently wrought, and cunningly.

Val. 'Tis fit, Sir.

Fred. And secretly it must be done.

Val. As thought.

Fred. I'll warrant ye her honour shall be fair still,
No soil nor stain shall appear on that, *Valerio*,
You see a thousand that bear sober faces,
And shew of as inimitable modesties ;
You would be sworn too that they were pure Matrons,
And most chaste maids : and yet to augment their fortunes,
And get them noble friends —

Val. They are content, Sir,
In private to bestow their Beauties on 'em. *(for't,*

Fred. They are so, and they are wise, they know no want
Nor no eye sees they want their honesties.

Val. If it might be carried thus.

Fred. It shall be, Sir.

Val. I'll see you dead first, with this caution,
Why, sure I think it might be done.

Fred. Yes, easily.

Val. For what time would your Grace desire her Body ?

Fred. A month or two, it shall be carried still
As if she kept with you, and were a stranger,
Rather a hater of the grace I offer ;
And then I will return her with such honour —

Val. 'Tis very like I dote much on your Honour.

Fred. And load her with such favour too, *Valerio* —

Val. She never shall claw off ? I humbly thank ye.

Fred. I'll make ye both the happiest, and the richest,
And the mightiest too —

Val. But who shall work her, Sir ?
For on my Conscience she is very honest,
And will be hard to cut as a rough Diamond. *(tongue,*

Fred. Why, you must work her, any thing from your
Set off with golden, and perswasive Language,
Urging your dangers too.

Val. But all thistime

Have you the conscience, Sir, to leave me nothing,
Nothing to play withal ?

Fred. There be a thousand, take where thou wilt.

Val. May I make bold with your Queen,
She is useles to your Grace, as it appears, Sir,
And but a loyal Wife that may be lost too ;
I have a mind to her, and then 'tis equal ?

Fred. How, Sir ?

Val. 'Tis so, Sir, thou most glorious impudence,
Have I not wrongs enow to suffer under,
But thou must pick me out to make a Monster ?
A hated Wonder to the World ? Do you start
At my intrenching on your private liberty,
And would you force a high-way through mine honour,
And make me pave it too ? But that thy Queen
Is of that excellent honesty,
And guarded with Divinity about her,
No loose thought can come near, nor flame unhallowed,
I would so right my self.

Fred. Why, take her to ye,
I am not vex'd at this, thou shalt enjoy her,
I'll be thy friend if that may win thy courtesie.

Val. I will not be your Bawd, though for your Royalty.
Was I brought up, and nourish'd in the Court,
With thy most Royal Brother, and thy self,

Upon thy Fathers charge, thy happy Fathers,
And suckt the sweetness of all humane arts,
Learn'd Arms and Honour, to become a Rascal;
Was this the expectation of my Youth,
My growth of Honour? Do you speak this truly,
Or do you try me, Sir? for I believe not,
At least I would not, and methinks 'tis impossible
There should be such a Devil in a Kings shape,
Such a malignant Fiend.

Fred. I thank ye, Sir,
To-morrow is your last day, and look to it,
Get from my sight, away.

Val. Ye are— Oh, my heart's too high and full to think
(upon ye.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Evanthe, and Cassandra.

Evan. You think it fit then, mortified *Cassandra*,
That I should be a Whore?

Caf. Why a Whore, Madam?
If every Woman that upon necessity
Did a good turn, for there's the main point, mark it,
Were term'd a Whore, who would be honest, Madam?
Your Lords life, and your own are now in hazard,
Two precious lives may be redeem'd with nothing,
Little or nothing; say an hours or days sport,
Or such a toy, the end to it is wantonness.
(That we call lust that maidens lose their fame for)
But a compell'd necessity of honour,
Fair as the day, and clear as innocence,
Upon my life and conscience, a direct way——

Evan. To be a Rascal.

Caf. 'Tis a kind of Rape too,
That keeps you clear, for where your will's compell'd
Though you yield up your Body you are safe still.

Evan. Thou art grown a learned Bawd, I ever look'd
Thy great sufficiency would break out.

Caf. You may,
You that are young, and fair scorn us old Creatures,
But you must know my years, ere you be wife, Lady,
And my experience too; say the King loved ye?
Say it were nothing else?

Evan. I, marry wench, now thou comest to me.

Caf. Do you think Princes favours are such sleight things,
To sling away when you please? there be young Ladies
Both fair and honourable, that would leap to reach 'em,
And leap aloft too.

Evan. Such are light enough;
I am no Vaultcr, Wench, but canst thou tell me,
Though he be a King, whether he be found or no?
I would not give my Youth up to infection.

Caf. As found as honour ought to be, I think, Lady;
Go to, be wise, I do not bid you try him;
But if he love you well, and you neglect him,
Your Lords life hanging on the hazard of it,
If you be so wilful proud.

Evan. Thou speakest to the point still; (woman?)
But when I have lain with him, what am I then, Gentle-

Caf. What are you? why, the same you are now, a wo- (man,
A virtuous Woman, and a noble Woman,
Touching at what is noble, you become so.
Had *Lucrece* e'r been thought of but for *Tarquin*?
She was before a simple unknown Woman,
When she was ravish'd, she was a reverend Saint;
And do you think she yielded not a little?
And had a kind of will to have been re-ravish'd?
Believe it, yes: there are a thousand stories
Of wondrous loyal Women, that have slipt,
But it has been on the ice of tender honour,
That kept 'em cool till to the World. I think you are blest,
If at have such an occasion in your hands to beget a Chro-
A faithful one. (nicle,

Evan. It must needs be much honour.

Caf. As you may make it, infinite, and safe too,

And when 'tis done, your Lord and you may live
So quietly, and peaceably together,
And be what you please.

Evan. But suppose this, Wench,
The King should so delight me with his Company,
I should forget my Lord, and no more look on him.

Caf. That's the main hazard, for I tell you truly,
I have heard report speak he is an infinite pleasure,
Almost above belief; there be some Ladies,
And modest to the world too, wondrous modest,
That have had the blessedness to try his body,
That I have heard proclaim him a new *Hercules*.

Evan. So strongly able?

Caf. There will be the danger,
You being but a young and tender Lady,
Although your mind be good, yet your weak Body,
At first encounter too, to meet with one
Of his unconquer'd strength.

Evan. Peace, thou rude Bawd,
Thou studied old corruptness, tye thy tongue up,
Your hired base tongue; is this your timely counsel?
Dost thou seek to make me dote on wickedness?
Because 'tis ten times worse than thou deliver'st it?
To be a Whore, because he has sufficiency
To make a hundred? O thou impudence!
Have I reliev'd thy Age to mine own ruine?
And worn thee in my Bosome, to betray me?
Can years and impotence win nothing on thee
That's good and honest, but thou must go on still?
And where thy blood wants heat to sin thy self,
Force thy decrepit will to make me wicked?

Caf. I did but tell ye.

Evan. What the damnedst Woman,
The cunning'st and the skilfull'st Bawd comes short of;
If thou hadst liv'd ten Ages to be damn'd in,
And exercis'd this Art the Devil taught thee,
Thou could'st not have express'd it more exactly.

Caf. I did not bid you sin.

Evan. Thou woo'd'st me to it,
Thou that art fit for Prayer and the Grave,
Thy Body Earth already, and Corruption,
Thou taught'st the way; go follow your fine function,
There are houses of delight, that want good Matrons,
Such grave Instructors, get thee thither, Monster,
And read variety of sins to wantons,
And when they roar with pains, learn to make plaisters.

Caf. This we have for our good wills.

Evan. If e'r I see thee more,
Or any thing that's like thee, to affright me,
By this fair light I'll spoil thy Bawdery,
I'll leave thee neither Eyes nor Nose to grace thee.
When thou wantest Bread, and common pity towards thee,

Enter Frederick.

And art a starving in a Ditch, think of me,
Then dye, and let the wandring Bawds lament thee;
Be gone, I charge thee leave me.

Caf. You'll repent this.

Fred. She's angry, and t'other crying too, my suit's cold.
I'll make your heart ake, stubborn Wench, for this;
Turn not so angry from me, I will speak to you,
Are you grown proud with your delight, good Lady,
So pamper'd with your sport you scorn to know me?

Evan. I scorn ye not, I would you scorn'd not me, Sir,
And forc't me to be weary of my duty,
I know your Grace, would I had never seen ye.

Fred. Because I love you, because I dote upon ye,
Because I am a man that seek to please ye.

Evan. I have man enough already to content me,
As much, as noble, and as worthy of me,
As all the World can yield.

Fred. That's but your modesty,
You have no man, nay never look upon me,

I know

I know it, Lady, no man to content ye,
No man that can, or at the least, that dares,
Which is a poorer man, and nearer nothing.

Evan. Be nobler, Sir, inform'd.

Fred. I'll tell thee, Wench,
The poor condition of this poorer fellow,
And make thee blush for shame at thine own error,
He never tendred yet a husbands duty,
To thy warm longing bed.

Evan. How should he know that?

Fred. I am sure he did not, for I charg'd him no,
Upon his life I charg'd him, but to try him;
Could any brave or noble spirit stop here?
Was life to be preferr'd before affection?
Lawful and long'd for too?

Evan. Did you command him?

Fred. I did in policy to try his spirit.

Evan. And could he be so dead cold to observe it?
Brought I no beauty, nor no love along with me?

Fred. Why, that is it that makes me scorn to name him.
I should have lov'd him if he had ventur'd for't,
Nay, doted on his bravery.

Evan. Only charg'd?

And with that spell sit down? dare men fight bravely
For poor slight things, for drink, or ostentation?
And there indanger both their lives and fortunes,
And for their lawful loves fly off with fear? (thee?)

Fred. 'Tis true, and with a cunning base fear too to abuse
Made thee believe, poor innocent *Evanthe*,
Wretched young Girl, it was his impotency;
Was it not so? deny it. (young man!)

Evan. O my anger! at my years to be cozen'd with a

Fred. A strong man too, certain he lov'd ye dearly.

Evan. To have my shame and love mingled together,
And both slung on me like a weight to sink me,
I would have dyed a thousand times.

Fred. So would any,
Any that had the spirit of a man;
I would have been kill'd in your arms.

Evan. I would he had been,
And buried in mine arms, that had been noble,
And what a monument would I have made him?
Upon this breast he should have slept in peace,
Honour, and everlasting love his mourners;
And I still weeping till old time had turn'd me,
And pitying powers above into pure crystal.

Fred. Hadst thou lov'd me, and had my way been stuck
With deaths, as thick as frosty nights with stars,
I would have ventur'd. (Coward.)

Evan. Sure there is some trick in't: *Valerio* ne'r was

Fred. Worse than this too,
Tamer, and seasoning of a baser nature,
He set your woman on ye to betray ye,
Your bawdy woman, or your sin solicitor;
I pray but think what this man may deserve now,
I know he did, and did it to please me too.

Evan. Good Sir afflict me not too fast, I feel
I am a woman, and a wrong'd one too,
And sensible I am of my abuses,
Sir, you have loved me. (upon thy person.)

Fred. And I love thee still, pity thy wrongs, and dote

Evan. To set my woman on me 'twas too base, Sir.

Fred. Abominable vile.

Evan. But I shall fit him.

Fred. All reason and all Law allows it to ye,
And ye are a fool, a tame fool, if you spare him.

Evan. You may speak now, and happily prevail too,
And I beseech your Grace be angry with me.

Fred. I am at heart. She staggers in her faith,
And will fall off I hope, I'll ply her still.
Thou abused innocence, I suffer with thee,
If I should give him life, he would still betray thee;
That fool that fears to dye for such a Beauty,
Would for the same fear sell thee unto misery.

I do not say he would have been Bawd himself too.

Evan. Follow'd thus far? nay then I smell the malice,
It tastes too hot of practis'd wickedness,
There can be no such man, I am sure no Gentleman;
Shall my anger make me whore, and not my pleasure?
My sudden inconsiderate rage abuse me?

Come home again, my frightened faith, my virtue,
Home to my heart again; he be a Bawd too?

Fred. I will not say he offered fair *Evanthe*.

Evan. Nor do not dare, 'twill be an impudence,
And not an honour for a Prince to lye;
Fye, Sir, a person of your rank to trifle,
I know you do lye.

Fred. How?

(but one day,

Evan. Lye shamefully, and I could wish my self a man
To tell you openly you lye too basely.

Fred. Take heed, wild fool.

Evan. Take thou heed, thou tame Devil,
Thou all *Pandora's* Box in a Kings figure,
Thou hast almost whor'd my weak belief already,
And like an Engineer blown up mine honour;
But I shall countermine, and catch your mischief,
This little Fort you seek, I shall man nobly,
And strongly too, with chaste obedience
To my dear Lord, with vertuous thoughts that scorn ye.
Victorious Thomyris ne'r won more honour
In cutting off the Royal head of *Cyrus*,
Than I shall do in conquering thee; farewell,
And if thou canst be wise, learn to be good too.
'Twill give thee nobler lights than both thine eyes do;
My poor Lord and my self are bound to suffer,
And when I see him faint under your sentence,
I'll tell ye more, it may be then I'll yield too.

Fred. Fool unexampled, shall my anger follow thee?

[Exeunt.]

Enter *Rugio*, and *Fryar Marco*, amazed.

Rugio. Curse on our sights, our fond credulities,
A thousand curses on the Slave that cheated us,
The damn'd Slave.

Mar. We have e'n sham'd our service,
Brought our best care and loyalties to nothing,
'Tis the most fearful poyson, the most potent,
Heaven give him patience; Oh it works most strongly,
And tears him, Lord.

Rug. That we should be so stupid
To trust the arrant'st Villain that e'r flatter'd,
The bloodiest too, to believe a few soft words from him,
And give way to his prepar'd tears.

Within, *Alphonso*. Oh, Oh, Oh.

Rug. Hark, *Fryar Marco*, hark, the poor Prince, that
we should be such Block-heads,
As to be taken with his drinking first! (for't;
And never think what Antidotes are made for!
Two wooden sculls we have, and we deserve to be hang'd
For certainly it will be laid to our charge;
As certain too, it will dispatch him speedily,
Which way to turn, or what to——

Mar. Let's pray, Heavens hand is strong.

Rug. The poyson's strong, you would say.

Enter *Alphonso*, carried on a Couch by two *Fryars*.

Would any thing—— He comes, let's give him comfort.

Alph. Give me more air, air, more air, blow, blow,
Open thou Eastern Gate, and blow upon me,
Distill thy cold dews, O thou icy Moon,
And Rivers run through my afflicted spirit.
I am all fire, fire, fire, the raging dog star
Reigns in my blood, Oh which way shall I turn me?
Aetna, and all his flames burn in my head,
Fling me into the Ocean or I perish;

Dig, dig, dig, till the Springs fly up,
The cold, cold Springs, that I may leap into 'em,
And bathe my scorcht Limbs in their purling Pleasures.

Or

Or shoot me up into the higher Region,
Where treasures of delicious Snow are nourisht,
And Banquets of sweet Hail.

Rug. Hold him fast Fryer, O how he burns!

Alph. What will ye sacrifice me?
Upon the Altar lay my willing body,
And pile your Wood up, fling your holy incense;
And as I turn me you shall see all flame,
Consuming flame, stand off me, or you are ashes.

Barb. Most miserable wretches.

Alph. Bring hither Charity
And let me hug her, Fryer, they say she's cold,
Infinite cold Devotion cannot warm her;
Draw me a river of false lovers tears
Clean through my breast, they are dull, cold, and forgetful,
And will give ease, let Virgins sigh upon me,
Forfaken souls, the sighs are precious,
Let them all sigh: Oh hell, hell, hell, Oh horror.

Mar. To bed, good Sir.

Alph. My bed will burn about me,
Like *Phaeton*, in all consuming flames
I am inclosed, let me fly, let me fly, give room;
Betwixt the cold Bear, and the raging Lyon
Lyes my safe way; O for a cake of Ice now,
To clap unto my heart to comfort me;
Decrepit Winter hang upon my shoulders,
And let me wear thy frozen Isicles
Like Jewels round about my head, to cool me;
My eyes burn out, and sink into their sockets,
And my infected brain like brimstone boils,
I live in Hell, and several furies vex me;
O carry me where no Sun ever shew'd yet
A face of comfort, where the earth is Crystal,
Never to be dissolv'd, where naught inhabits
But night and cold, and nipping frosts, and winds
That cut the stubborn rocks and make them shiver;
Set me there friends. (he has?)

Rug. Hold fast, he must to bed, Fryer, what scalding sweats

Mar. He'll scald in Hell for't, that was the cause.

Alph. Drink, drink, a world of drink,
Fill all the cups and all the antick vessels,
And borrow pots, let me have drink enough,
Bring all the worthy drunkards of the time,
The experienc'd drunkards, let me have them all,
And let them drink their worst, I'll make them Ideots,
I'll lye upon my Back and swallow Vessels;
Have Rivers made of cooling Wine run through me,
Not stay for this mans health, or this great Princes,
But take an Ocean, and begin to all; Oh, oh.

Mar. He cools a little, now away with him,
And to his warm bed presently.

Alph. No drink? no wind? no cooling air?

Rug. You shall have any thing.

His hot fit lessens, Heaven put in a hand now,
And save his life; there's drink Sir in your chamber,
And all cool things.

Alph. Away, away, let's fly to 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Valerio and Evanthe.

Evan. To say you were impotent, I am ashamed on't,
To make your self no man, to a fresh Maid too,
A longing Maid, upon her wedding night also,
To give her such a dor.

Val. I prethee pardon me.

Evan. Had you been drunk, 't had been excusable,
Or like a Gentleman under the Surgions hands,
And so not able, there had been some colour,
But wretchedly to take a weakness to ye,
A fearful weakness, to abuse your body,
And let a lye work like a spell upon ye,
A lye, to save your life.

Val. Will you give me leave, sweet?

Ev. You have taken too much leave, and too base leave too,
To wrong your love; hast thou a noble spirit?

And canst thou look up to the peoples loves,
That call thee worthy, and not blush, *Valerio*?
Canst thou behold me that thou hast betray'd thus,
And no shame touch thee?

Val. Shame attend the sinful, I know my innocence.

Evan. Ne'r think to face it, that's a double weakness,
And shews thee falser still; the King himself,
Though he be wicked, and our Enemy,
But juster than thou art, in pity of my injuries,
Told me the truth.

Val. What did he tell thee, *Evanthe*?

Evan. That but to gain thy life a fortnight longer,
Thy lov'd poor life, thou gav'st up all my duties.

Val. I swear 'tis false; my life and death are equal,
I have weigh'd 'em both, and find 'em but one fortune,
But Kings are men, and live as men, and dye too,
Have the affections men have, and their falsehoods;
Indeed they have more power to make 'em good;
The King's to blame, it was to save thy life Wench,
Thy innocent life, that I forbore thy bed,
For if I had toucht thee thou hadst dyed, he swore it.

Evan. And was not I as worthy to dye nobly?

To make a story for the time that follows,
As he that married me? what weakness, Sir,
Or disability do you see in me,
Either in mind or body? to defraud me
Of such an opportunity? Do you think I married you
Only for pleasure, or content in lust?

To lull you in my arms, and kifs you hourly?
Was this my end? I might have been a Queen, Sir,
If that had caught me, and have known all delicates;
There's few that would have shun'd so fair an offer.
O thou unfaithful fearful man, thou hast kill'd me,
In saving me this way, thou hast destroy'd me,
Rob'd me of that thy love can never give more;
To be unable to save me? O misery!

Had I been my *Valerio*, thou *Evanthe*,
I would have lye with thee under a Gallows,
Though the Hangman had been my *Hymen*, and the furies
With iron whips and forks, ready to torture me.

I would have hug'd thee too, though Hell had gap'd at me;
Save my life! that expected to dye bravely,
That would have woo'd it too: Would I had married
An *Eunuch*, that had truly no ability,
Then such a fearful lyar, thou hast done me
A scurvy courtesie, that has undone me.

Val. I'll do no more, since you are so nobly fashion'd,
Made up so strongly, I'll take my share with ye,
Nay, dear, I'll learn of you.

Evan. He weeps too tenderly;
My anger's gone, good my Lord pardon me,
And if I have offended, be more angry,
It was a Womans flash, a sudden valour,
That could not lye conceal'd.

Val. I honour ye, by all the rites of holy marriage,
And pleasures of chaste love, I wonder at ye,
You appear the vision of a Heaven unto me,
Stuck all with stars of honour shining clearly,
And all the motions of your mind Celestial;
Man is a lump of Earth, the best man spiritless,
To such a woman; all our lives and actions
But counterfeits in *Arras* to this vertue;
Chide me again, you have so brave an anger,
And flows so nobly from you, thus deliver'd,
That I could suffer like a Child to hear ye,
Nay make my self guilty of some faults to honour ye.

Eva. I'll chide no more, you have rob'd me of my courage,
And with a cunning patience checkt my impudence;
Once more forgiveness? [*She kneels.*]

Val. Will this serve, *Evanthe*? [*Kisses her.*]
And this my love? Heavens mercy be upon us;
But did he tell no more? (me;

Evan. Only this trifle: you set my woman on me, to betray
'Tis true, she did her best, a bad old woman,

It stir'd me, Sir.

Val. I cannot blame thee, Jewel. (way—

Evan. And me thought when your name was founded that

Val. He that will spare no fame, will spare no name, sweet;

Though as I am a man, I am full of weakness,

And may slip happily into some ignorance,

Yet at my years to be a bawd, and cozen

Mine own hopes with my Doctrine— (row.

Evan. I believe not, nor never shall; our time is out to mor-

Val. Let's be to night then full of fruitfulness,

Now we are both of one mind, let's be happy,

I am no more a wanting man, *Evanthe*,

Thy warm embraces shall dissolve that impotence,

And my cold lye shall vanish with thy kisses;

You hours of night be long, as when *Alcmena*

Lay by the lusty side of *Jupiter*;

Keep back the day, and hide his golden beams,

Where the chaste watchful morning may not find 'em;

Old doting *Typhon* hold *Aurora* fast,

And though she blush the day-break from her cheeks,

Conceal her still; thou heavy *Wain* stand firm,

And stop the quicker revolutions;

Or if the day must come, to spoil our happiness,

Thou envious Sun peep not upon our pleasure,

Thou that all Lovers curse, be far off from us.

Enter *Castruchio* with *Guard*.

Evan. Then let's to bed, and this night in all joys
And chaste delights—

Cast. Stay, I must part ye both;

It is the Kings command, who bids me tell ye,

To morrow is your last hour.

Val. I obey, Sir,

In Heaven we shall meet, Captain, where King *Frederick*
Dare not appear to part us. (Office,

Cast. Mistake me not, though I am rough in doing of my
You shall find, Sir, you have a friend to honour ye.

Val. I thank ye, Sir.

Evan. Pray captain tell the King,
They that are sad on Earth, in Heaven shall sing. [Exeunt.

Aëius Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Fryer Marco*, and *Rugio*.

Rug. Have you writ to the Captain of the Castle?

Mar. Yes, and charged him
Upon his souls health, that he be not cruel,
Told him *Valerio's* worth among the people,
And how it must be punisht in posterity,
Though he scape now.

Rug. But will not he, *Fryer Marco*, betray this to the King?
(yet he is honest,

Mar. Though he be stubborn, and of a rugged nature,
And honours much *Valerio*.

Rug. How does *Alphonso*?
For now me thinks my heart is light again,
And pale fear fled.

Mar. He is as well as I am;
The Rogue against his will has sav'd his life,
A desperate poison has re-cur'd the Prince.

Rug. To me 'tis most miraculous.
Mar. To me too, till I consider why it should do so,
And now I have found it a most excellent Physick,
It wrought upon the dull cold misty parts,
That clog'd his soul, which was another poison;
A desperate too, and found such matter there,
And such abundance also to resist it,
And wear away the dangerous heat it brought with it,
The pure blood and the spirits scap'd untainted.

Rug. 'Twas Heavens high hand; none of *Sorano's* pity.

Mar. Most certain 'twas; had the malicious villain

Enter *Castruchio*.

Given him a cooling poison, he had paid him.

Rug. The Captain of the Castle.

Mar. O ye are welcome, how does your Prisoner?

Cast. He must go for dead;

But when I do a deed of so much villany,
I'll have my skin pull'd o're mine ears, my Lord,

Enter *Alphonso* and *Fryers*.

Though I am the Kings, I am none of his abuses;
How does your Royal charge? that I might see once.

Mar. I pray see now, you are a trusty Gentleman.

Alph. Good Fathers, I thank Heaven, I feel no sickness.

Cast. He speaks again.

Alph. Nothing that bars the free use of my spirit,
Me thinks the air's sweet to me, and company

A thing I covet now, *Castruchio*. (pate Lord,

Cast. Sir, he speaks; and knows, for Heaven sake break my
That I may be sure I sleep not.

Alph. Thou wert honest,
Ever among the rank of good men counted,

I have been absent long out of the world,

A dream I have lived, how does it look *Castruchio*?

What wonders are abroad? (goodness,

Cast. I fling off duty to your dead Brother, for he is dead in
And to the living hope of brave *Alphonso*,

The noble heir of nature, and of honour,
I fasten my Allegiance. (blest secret,

Mar. Softly Captain, we dare not trust the Air with this
Good Sir, be close again, Heaven has restor'd ye,

And by miraculous means, to your fair health,

And made the instrument your enemies malice,

Which does prognosticate your noble fortune;

Let not our careless joy lose you again, Sir,

Help to deliver ye to a further danger,

I pray you pass in, and rest a while forgotten,

For if your Brother come to know you are well again,

And ready to inherit as your right,

Before we have strength enough to assure your life,

What will become of you? and what shall we

Deserve in all opinions that are honest,

For our loss of judgment, care, and loyalty?

Rug. Dear Sir, pass in, Heaven has begun the work,

And blest us all, let our indeavours follow,

To preserve this blessing to our timely uses,

And bring it to the noble end we aim at;

Let our cares work now, and our eyes pick out

An hour to shew ye safely to your Subjects,

A secure hour.

Alph. I am counsel'd; ye are faithful.

Cast. Which hour shall not be long, as we shall handle it.
Once more the tender of my duty.

Alph. Thank ye.

Cast. Keep you the Monastery.

Rug. Strong enough I'll warrant ye. [Exeunt.

Enter the *Fool*, and *Podrano*.

Pod. Who are all these that crowd about the Court, Fool?
Those strange new faces?

Fool. They are Suitors, Coxcomb,
Dainty fine Suitors to the Widow Lady, (handsomly
Thou hadst best make one of 'em, thou wilt be hang'd as
At the Month's end, and as much joy follow'd,
And 'twere to morrow; as many mourning Bawds for thee,
And holy Nuns, whose vestal fire ne'r vanishes,
In sackcloth Smocks, as if thou wert Heir apparent
To all the impious Suburbs, and the sink-holes.

Pod. Out you base Rogue.

Fool. Why dost abuse thy self?

Thou art to blame, I take thee for a Gentleman,
But why does not thy Lord and Master marry her?

Pod. Why, she is his Sister.

Fool. 'Tis the better, Fool,

He may make bold with his own flesh and blood,
For o' my conscience there's none else will trust him;
Then he may pleasure the King at a dead pinch too,
Without a *Mephestophilus*, such as thou art,
And ingross the Royal disease like a true Subject.

Pod. Thou wilt be whipt.

Fool. I am sure thou wilt be hang'd,
I have lost a Ducklet else, which I would be loth to venture
Without certainty. They appear. [*Suitors pass by.*]

Pod. Why these are Rascals. (better kindred?)

Fool. They were meant to be so, does thy Master deserve

Pod. There's an old Lawyer,
Trim'd up like a Gally Foist, what would he do with her?

Fool. As Usurers do with their Gold, he would look on her,
And read her over once a day, like a hard report,
Feed his dull eye, and keep his fingers itching;
For any thing else, she may appeal to a Parliament,
Sub Pœna's and *Post Kaes* have spoil'd his Codpiece;
There's a Physician too, older than he,
And *Gallen Gallinacius*, but he has lost his spurs,
He would be nibbling too.

Pod. I marked the man, if he be a man.

Fool. H'as much ado to be so,
Searcloths and SIRRUPS glew him close together,
He would fall a pieces else; mending of the Patients,
And then trying whether they be right or no
In his own person, there's the honest care on't,
Has mollifi'd the man; if he do marry her,
And come but to warm him well at *Cupids* Bonfire,
He will bulge so subtilly and suddenly,
You may snatch him up by parcels, like a Sea Rack:
Will your Worship go, and look upon the rest, Sir?
And hear what they can say for themselves. [*Exeunt.*]

Pod. I'll follow thee.

Enter Camillo, Menallo, Cleanthes, and Castruchio.

Cam. You tell us wonders.

Cast. But I tell you truths, they are both well.

Men. Why are not we in Arms then?

And all the Island given to know—— (else,

Cast. Discreetly and privately it must be done, 'twill miss
And prove our ruines; most of the noble Citizens
Know it by me, and stay the hour to attend it,
Prepare your hearts and friends, let their's be right too,
And keep about the King to avoid suspicion;

Enter Frederick and Sorano.

When you shall hear the Castle Bell, take courage,
And stand like men, away, the King is coming.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Fre. Now Captain, what have you done with your prisoner?

Cast. He is dead, Sir, and his body flung into the Sea,
To feed the fishes, 'twas your will, I take it,
I did it from a strong Commission,
And stood not to capitulate.

Fred. 'Tis well done,
And I shall love you for your faith. What anger
Or sorrow did he utter at his end?

Cast. Faith little, Sir, that I gave any ear to,
He would have spoke, but I had no Commission
To argue with him, so I flung him off;
His Lady would have seen, but I lockt her up,
For fear her womans tears should hinder us.

Fred. 'Twas trusty still. I wonder, my *Sorano*,
We hear not from the Monastery; I believe
They gave it not, or else it wrought not fully.

Cast. Did you name the Monastery?

Fred. Yes, I did Captain.

Cast. I saw the Fryer this morning, and Lord *Rugio*,
Bitterly weeping, and wringing of their hands,
And all the holy men hung down their heads.

Sora. 'Tis done I'll warrant ye.

Cast. I ask'd the reason.

Fred. What answer hadst thou?

Cast. This in few words, Sir,
Your Brother's dead, this morning he deceas'd,
I was your servant, and I wept not, Sir,
I knew 'twas for your good.

Fred. It shall be for thine too,
Captain, indeed it shall. O my *Sorano*,
Now we shall live.

Sor. I, now there's none to trouble ye.

Fred. Captain, bring out the woman, and give way
To any Suitor that shall come to marry her,
Of what degree soever.

Cast. It shall be done, Sir.

[*Exit Cast.*]

Fre. O let me have a lusty Banquet after it,

Enter Evanthé, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, Fool.

I will be high and merry.

Sor. There be some Lords

That I could counsel ye to fling from Court, Sir,
They pry into our actions, they are such
The foolish people call their Countries honours,
Honest brave things, and stile them with such Titles,
As if they were the patterns of the Kingdom,
Which makes them proud, and prone to look into us,
And talk at random of our actions,
They should be lovers of your commands,
And followers of your will; bridles and curbs
To the hard headed Commons that malign us,
They come here to do honour to my Sister,
To laugh at your severity, and fright us;
If they had power, what would these men do?
Do you hear, Sir, how privily they whisper?

Fred. I shall silence 'em,
And to their shames within this week *Sorano*,
In the mean time have patience.

Sor. How they jeer, and look upon me as I were a Monster?
And talk and jeer? how I shall pull your plumes, Lords
How I shall humble ye within these two daies?

Your great names, nor your Country cannot save ye.

Fred. Let in the Suitors. Yet submit, I'll pardon ye,
You are half undone already, do not wind
My anger to that height, it may consume ye,

Enter Lawyer, Physician, Captain Cutpurse.

And utterly destroy thee, fair *Evanthe*: yet I have mercy.

Evan. Use it to your bawds,
To me use cruelty, it best becomes ye,
And shews more Kingly: I contemn your mercy,
It is a cozening, and a bawdy mercy;
Can any thing be hoped for, to relieve me? (Lord.

Or is it fit? I thank you for a pity, when you have kill'd my

Fred. Who will have her?

Evan. My tears are gone,
My tears of love to my dear *Valerio*,
But I have fill'd mine eyes again with anger;
O were it but so powerful to consume ye.
My tongue with curses I have arm'd against ye,
With Maiden curses, that Heaven crowns with horrors,
My heart set round with hate against thy tyranny;
O would my hands could hold the fire of Heaven,
Wrapt in the thunder that the Gods revenge with,
That like stern Justice I might fling it on thee;
Thou art a King of Monsters, not of men,
And shortly thou wilt turn this Land to Devils.

Fred. I'll make you one first, and a wretched Devil,
Come who will have her?

Law. I an't like your Majesty, I am a Lawyer,
I can make her a Joynture of any mans Land in *Naples*,
And she shall keep it too, I have a trick for it.

Fool. Canst thou make her a Joynture of thine honesty?
Or thy ability, thou lewd abridgment?
Those are non suted and flung o're the bar.

Phy. An't please your Majesty to give me leave,
I dare accept her; and though old I seem, Lady,
Like *Aeson*, by my art I can renew youth and ability.

Fool.

Fool. In a powdering Tub
Stew thy self tender again, like a Cock Chicken,
The broth may be good, but the flesh is not fit for dogs sure.

Capt. Lady, take me, and I'll maintain thine honour,
I am a poor Captain, as poor people call me,
Very poor people, for my Souldiers
They are quartered in the outside of the City,
Men of ability, to make good a high way;
We have but two grand Enemies that oppose us,
The *Don Gout*, and the Gallows. (Jointure;

Fool. I believe ye, and both these you will bind her for a
Now Signior firr.

Cut-purse. Madam, take me and be wife,
I am rich and nimble, and those are rare in one man,
Every mans pocket is my Treasury,
And no man wears a Sute but fits me neatly;
Cloaths you shall have, and wear the purest Linnen,
I have a tribute out of every Shop, Lady,
Meat you shall eat, I have my Caters out too,
The best and lustiest, and drink good Wine, good Lady,
Good quickening Wine, Wine that will make you caper.
And at the worst—

Fool. It is but capering short, Sir,
You seldom stay for Agues or for Surfeits,
A shaking fit of a whip sometimes o'retakes ye,
Marry you dye most commonly of choakings,
Obstructions of the halter are your ends ever;
Pray leave your horn and your knife for her to live on.

Eva. Poor wretched people, why do you wrong your selves?
Though I fear'd death, I should fear you ten times more,
You are every one a new death, and an odious,
The earth will purifie corrupted bodies,
You'll make us worse and stink eternally.
Go home, go home and get good Nurfes for you,
Dream not of Wives.

Fred. You shall have one of 'em, if they dare venture for ye.

Evan. They are dead already,
Crawling diseases that must creep into
The next grave they find open, are these fit Husbands
For her you have loved, Sir? though you hate me now,
And hate me mortally, as I hate you,
Your nobleness, in that you have done other wise,
And named *Evanthe* once as your poor Mistris,
Might offer worthier choice. (dye?)

Fred. Speak, who dare take her for one moneth, and then

Phy. Dye, Sir?

Fred. I, dye Sir, that's the condition.

Phy. One moneth is too little
For me to repent in for my former pleasure,
To go still on, unless I were sure she would kill me,
And kill me delicately before my day,
Make it up a year, for by that time I must dye,
My body will hold out no longer.

Fred. No Sir, it must be but a moneth.

Law. Then farewell Madam,
This is like to be a great year of dissention
Among good people, and I dare not lose it,
There will me money got.

Capt. Bles your good Ladiship, there's nothing in the
(grave but bones and ashes,
In Taverns there's good wine, and excellent wenches,
And Surgeons while we live.

Cutp. Adieu sweet Lady,
Lay me when I am dead near a rich Alderman,
I cannot pick his Purse, no, I'll no dying,
Though I steal Linnen, I'll not steal my shrowd yet.

All. Send ye a happy match. [Exeunt.]

Fool. And you all halters, you have deserved 'em richly.
These do all Villanies, and mischiefs of all sorts, yet those
(they fear not,
To flinch where a fair wench is at the stake.

Evan. Come, your sentence, let me dye: you see, Sir,
None of your valiant men dare venture on me,
A Moneth's a dangerous thing.

Enter Valerio disguised.

Fred. Away with her, let her dye instantly.

Evan. Will you then be willing
To dye at the time prefixt? that I must know too,
And know it beyond doubt.

Fred. What if I did wench?

Evan. On that condition if I had it certain,
I would be your any thing, and you should enjoy me,
How ever in my nature I abhor you,
Yet as I live I would be obedient to you;

But when your time came how I should rejoyce,
How then I should bestir my self to thank ye
To see your throat cut, how my heart would leap, Sir!
I would dye with you, but first I would so torture ye,
And cow you in your end, so despise you,
For a weak and wretched coward, you must end sure;
Still make ye fear, and shake, despised, still laugh at ye.

Fred. Away with her, let her dye instantly.

Cam. Stay, there's another, and a Gentleman,
His habit shews no less, may be his business
Is for this Ladies love.

Fred. Say why ye come, Sir, and what you are.

Val. I am descended nobly, a Prince by birth, and by my trade
A Princes fellow, *Abidos* brought me forth, (a Souldier,
My Parents Duke *Agenor*, and fair *Egla*,
My business hither to renew my love.

With a young noble spirit, call'd *Valerio*;
Our first acquaintance was at Sea, in fight
Against a Turkish man of War, a stout one,
Where Lyon-like I saw him shew his valour,
And as he had been made of compleat vertue,
Spirit, and fire, no dregs of dull earth in him. (him.)

Evan. Thou art a brave Gentleman, and bravely speakest

Val. The Vessel dancing under him for joy,
And the rough whistling winds becalm'd to view him;
I saw the child of honour, for he was young,
Deal such an Alms amongst the spiteful Pagans,
His towering sword flew like an eager Falcon,
And round about his reach invade the *Turks*,
He had intrencht himself in his dead quarries;
The silver Crescents on the tops they carried
Shrunk in their heads to see his rage so bloody,
And from his fury suffered sad eclipses;
The game of death was never plaid more nobly,
The meager thief grew wanton in his mischiefs,
And his shrunk hollow eyes smil'd on his ruines.

Evan. Heaven keep this Gentleman from being a Suitor,
For I shall ne'r deny him, he's so noble.

Val. But what can last long? strength and spirit wasted,
And fresh supplies flew on upon this Gentleman,
Breathless and weary with oppression,
And almost kill'd with killing, 'twas my chance
In a tall Ship I had to view the fight;
I set into him, entertain'd the *Turk*,
And for an hour gave him so hot a breakfast,
He clapt all linnen up he had to save him,
And like a Lovers thought he fled our fury;
There first I saw the man I lov'd, *Valerio*,
There was acquainted, there my soul grew to him,
And his to me, we were the twins of friendship.

Evan. Fortune protect this man, or I shall ruine him.

Val. I made this voyage to behold my friend,
To warm my love anew at his affection;
But since I landed, I have heard his fate:
My Father's had not been to me more cruel,
I have lamented too, and yet I keep
The treasure of a few tears for you Lady,
For by description you were his *Evanthe*.

Evan. Can he weep that's a stranger to my story?
And I stand still and look on? Sir, I thank ye;
If noble spirits after their departure,
Can know, and wish, certain his soul gives thanks too;
There are your tears again, and when yours fail, Sir,

Pray ye call to me, I have some store to lend ye. Your name?

Val. Urbino.

Evan. That I may remember,
That little time I have to live, your friendships,
My tongue shall study both. (*Urbino?*)

Fred. Do you come hither, only to tell this story, Prince

Val. My business now is, Sir, to woo this Lady.

Evan. Blessing defend ye; do you know the danger?

Val. Yes, and I fear it not, danger's my play-fellow,
Since I was man 'thas been my best companion,
I know your doom, 'tis for a Moneth you give her,
And then his life you take that marries her.

Fred. 'Tis true, nor can your being born a Prince,
If you accept the offer, free you from it.

Val. I not desire it, I have cast the worst,
And even that worst to me is many blessings;
I lov'd my friend, not measur'd out by time,
Nor hired by circumstance of place and honour,
But for his wealthy self and worth I lov'd him,
His mind and noble mold he ever mov'd in,
And wooe his friend because she was worthy of him,
The only relique that he left behind, Sir;
To give his ashes honour, Lady take me,
And in me keep *Valerio's* love alive still,
When I am gone, take those that shall succeed me,
Heaven must want light, before you want a Husband,
To raise up heirs of love and noble memory,
To your unfortunate—— (*affliction?*)

Evan. Am I still hated? hast thou no end, O fate, of my
Was I ordain'd to be a common Murtherer?

And of the best men too? Good Sir——

Val. Peace Sweet, look on my hand.

Evan. I do accept the Gentleman, I faint with joy.

Fr. I stop it, none shall have her, convey this stranger hence.

Val. I am no stranger—— Hark to the bell, that rings,
Hark, hark, proud *Frederick*, that was King of mischief,
Hark, thou abhorred man, dost thou hear thy sentence?
Does not this bell ring in thine ears thy ruine?

Fred. What bell is this?

Cam. The Castle bell: Stand sure, Sir, and move not, if
(you do you perish.)

Men. It rings your knell; *Alphonso*, King *Alphonso*.

All. *Alphonso*, King *Alphonso*.

Fred. I am betray'd, lock fast the Palace.

Cam. We have all the keys, Sir.

And no door here shall shut without our Licence.

Cle. Do you shake now, Lord *Sorano*? no new trick?
Nor speedy poison to prevent this business?

No bawdy meditation now to fly to?

Fred. Treason, Treason, Treason.

Cam. Yes, we hear ye,

Enter *Alphonso*, *Rugio*, *Marco*, *Castruchio*, *Queen*,
with *Guard*.

And we have found the Traytor in your shape, Sir,
We'll keep him fast too.

Fred. Recover'd! then I am gone,
The Sun of all my pomp is set and vanish.

Alp. Have you not forgot this face of mine, King *Frederick*?
Brother, I am come to see you, and have brought
A Banquet to be merry with your Grace;
I pray sit down, I do beseech your Majesty,
And eat, eat freely, Sir, why do you start?
Have you no stomach to the meat I bring you?
Dare you not taste? have ye no Antidotes?
You need not fear; *Sorano's* a good Apothecary,
Me thinks you look not well, some fresh wine for him,
Some of the same he sent me by *Sorano*;
I thank you for't, it sav'd my life, I am bound to ye,
But how 'twill work on you—— I hope your Lordship
Will pledge him too, me thinks you look but scurvily,
And would be put into a better colour,
But I have a candid Toad for your Lordship.

Sor. Would I had any thing that would dispatch me,

So it were down, and I out of this fear once.

Fred. Sir, Thus low as my duty now compells me,
I do confess my unbounded sins, my errours,
And feel within my soul the smarts already;
Hide not the noble nature of a Brother,
The pity of a friend, from my afflictions;
Let me a while lament my misery,
And cast the load off of my wantonness,
Before I find your fury, then strike home,
I do deserve the deepest blow of Justice,
And then how willingly, O death, I'll meet thee!

Alp. Rise, Madam, those sweet tears are potent speakers,
And Brother live, but in the Monastery,
Where I lived, with the self same silence too,
I'll teach you to be good against your will, Brother,
Your tongue has done much harm, that must be dumb now;
The daily pilgrimage to my Fathers Tomb,
Tears, sighs, and groans, you shall wear out your daies with,
And true ones too, you shall perform dear Brother;
Your diet shall be slender to enforce these; too light a pe-
Fred. I do confess it. (nance, Sir.)

Alph. *Sorano* you shall——

Sor. How he studies for it!

Hanging's the least part of my penance certain.

[*Evanthe Kneels.*]

Alph. What Lady's that that kneels?

Cast. The chaste *Evanthe*.

Alph. Sweet, your Petition?

Evan. 'Tis for this bad man, Sir,
Abominable bad, but yet my Brother.

Alph. The bad man shall attend as bad a Master,
And both shall be confin'd within the Monastery;
His rank flesh shall be pull'd with daily fasting,
But once a week he shall swell meat, he will surfeit else,
And his immodest mind, compell'd to prayer;
On the bare boards he shall lye, to remember
The wantonness he did commit in beds;
And drink fair water, that will ne'r inflame him;
He sav'd my life, though he purpos'd to destroy me,
For which I'll save his, though I make it miserable:
Madam, at Court I shall desire your company,
You are wise and vertuous, when you please to visit
My Brother *Frederick*, you shall have our Licence,
My dear best friend, *Valerio*.

Val. Save *Alphonso*.

Omn. Long live *Alphonso*, King of us, and *Naples*.

Alph. Is this the Lady that the wonder goes on?
Honour'd sweet Maid, here take her my *Valerio*,
The King now gives her, she is thine own without fear:
Brother, have you so much provision that is good?
Not season'd by *Sorano* and his Cooks?
That we may venture on with honest safety,
We and our friends?

Fred. All that I have is yours, Sir.

Alph. Come then, let's in, and end this Nuptial,
Then to our Coronation with all speed:
My vertuous Maid, this day I'll be your Bride-man,
And see you bedded to your own desires too;
Beshrew me Lords, who is not merry hates me,
Only *Sorano* shall not bear my cup:
Come, now forget old pains and injuries,
As I must do, and drown all in fair healths;
That Kingdom's blessed, where the King begins
His true love first, for there all loves are twins.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Prologue.

Prologue.

You are wellcome Gentlemen, and would our Feast
 Were so well season'd, to please every Guest;
 Ingenious appetites, I hope we shall,
 And their examples may prevail in all.
 Our noble friend, who writ this, bid me say,
 He had rather dress, upon a Triumph day,
 My Lord Majors Feast, and make him Sawces too,
 Sawce for each several mouth, nay further go,
 He had rather build up those invincible Pyes
 And Castle Custards that affright all eyes,
 Nay eat 'em all and their Artillery,
 Than dress for such a curious company
 One single dish; yet he has pleas'd ye too,
 And you've confest he knew well what to do;
 Be hungry as you were wont to be, and bring,
 Sharp stomachs to the stories he shall sing,

And he dare yet, he saies, prepare a Table
 Shall make you say, well drest, and be well able.

Epilogue.

WE have your favours, Gentlemen, and you
 Have our indeavours, (dear Friends
 grudge not now,)
 There's none of you, but when you please can sell
 Many a lame Horse, and many a fair tale tell;
 Can put off many a Maid unto a friend,
 That was not so since th' action at Mile-end;
 Ours is a Virgin yet, and they that love
 Untainted flesh, we hope our friends will prove.

THE
LOVERS PROGRESS.
A
TRAGEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

King of France.

Cleander, Husband to Calista.

Lidian, Brother to Calista. } both in love with O-
Clarange, Rival to Lidian, } lida.

Dorilaus, Father to Lidian and Calista, a merry old
man.

Lisander, a noble Gentleman, in love with Calista.

Alcidon, a friend, and second to Lidian.

Beronte, Brother to Cleander.

Lemear, a noble Courtier.

Leon, a Villain, Lover of Clarinda.

Mallfort, a foolish Steward of Cleander.

Lancelot, Servant to Lisander.

Fryar.

Hosts ghost.

Chamberlain.

Servants.

W O M E N.

Calista, a vertuous Lady, Wife to Cleander.

Olinda, a noble Maid, and rich Heir, Mistress to
Lidian and Clarange.

Clarinda, a lustful Wench, Calista's waiting woman.

The Scene France.

The principal Actors were,

<i>Joseph Taylor.</i>	}	<i>John Lowin.</i>
<i>Robert Benfield.</i>	}	<i>John Underwood.</i>
<i>Thomas Polard.</i>	}	<i>Richard Sharpe.</i>
<i>George Birch.</i>	}	<i>John Thomson.</i>

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leon, and Mallfort.

Mal.

AND as I told you, Sir.

Leon. I understand you,
Clarinda's still perverse.

Mal. She's worse, obdurate,
Finty, relentless, my love-passions jeer'd at,
My Presents scorn'd

Leon. 'Tis strange a waiting woman,
In her condition apt to yield, should hold out
A man of your place, reverend Beard and shape,
Besieging her.

Mal. You might add too my wealth,
Which she contemns, five hundred Crowns *per annum*,
For which I have ventur'd hard, my Conscience knows it,
Not thought upon, though offer'd for a Joynture;

This Chain which my Lords Pefants worship, flouted;
My solemn hums and ha's, the servants quake at,
No Rhetorick with her; every hour she hangs out
Some new Flag of defiance to torment me;
Last Lent, my Lady call'd me her *Poor John*,
But now I am grown a walking *Skeleton*,
You may see through, and through me.

Leon. Indeed you are much faln away.

Mal. I am a kind of nothing,
As she hath made me; Love's a terrible Clyster,
And if some Cordial of her favours help not,
I shall like an *Italian*, dye backward,
And breathe my last the wrong way.

Leon. As I live, you have my pity; but this is cold comfort,
And in a friend lip-physick; and now I think on't,
I should do more, and will, so you deny not

Your

Your self the means of comfort.

Mal. I'll be hang'd first ; one dram of't I beseech you.

Leon. You are not jealous of any mans access to her ?

Mal. I would not receive the *Dor*, but as a bosome
You shall direct me, still provided that (friend
I understand who is the man, and what
His purpose, that pleads for me.

Leon. By all means :

First, for the undertaker, I am he ;
The means that I will practise, thus——

Mal. Pray you forward.

Leon. You know your Lady, chaste *Calista* loves her.

Mal. Too well, that makes her proud.

Leon. Nay, give me leave,

This beauteous Lady, I may stile her so,
(Being the paragon of *France* for feature)
Is not alone contented in her self
To seem, and be good, but desires to make
All such as have dependance on her, like her ;
For this *Clarinda's* liberty is restrain'd ;
And though her kinsman, the gate's shut against me ;
Now if you please to make your self the door,
For my conveyance to her, though you run
The hazard of a check for't, 'tis no matter.

Mal. It being for mine own ends.

Leon. I'll give it o'r,

If that you make the least doubt otherwise :
Study upon't : good morrow.

Mal. Pray you stay, Sir ;

You are my friend ; yet as the Proverb says,
When love puts in, friendship is gone : suppose
You should your self affect her ?

Leon. Do you think I'll commit incest ? for it is no less,
She being my Cousin German. Fare you well, Sir.

Mal. I had forgot that, for this once forgive me.

Only to ease the throbbing of my heart,
(For I do feel strange pangs) instruct me what
You will say for me.

Leon. First, I'll tell her that

She hath so far besotted you, that you have
Almost forgot to cast accompt.

Mal. Meer truth, Sir.

Leon. That of a wife and provident Steward,
You are turn'd stark Asfs.

Mal. Urge that point home, I am so.

Leon. That you adore the ground she treads upon,
And kiss her footsteps.

Mal. As I do when I find their print in the snow.

Leon. A loving fool I know it,
By your bloudless frosty lips ; then having related
How much you suffer for her, and how well
You do deserve it——

Mal. How ? to suffer ?

Leon. No, Sir, to have your love return'd.

Mal. That's good, I thank you.

Leon. I will deliver her an Inventory

Of your good parts : as this, your precious nose
Dropping affection ; your high forehead reaching
Almost to the Crown of your head ; your slender waste,
And a back not like a threshers, but a bending,
And Court-like back, and so forth, for your Body.
But when I touch your mind, for that must take her,
(Since your out-side promises little) I'll enlarge it,
(Though ne'r so narrow) as your arts to thrive,
Your composition with the Cook and Butler
For Cony-Skins and Chippings, and half a share
With all the under Officers of the house,
In strangers bounties, that she shall have all,
And you as'twere her Bailiff.

Mal. As I will be.

Leon. As you shall, so I'll promise. Then your qualities,
As playing on a Gyttern, or a Jews-Trump.

Mal. A little too on the Viol.

Leon. Fear you nothing.

Then singing her asleep with curious Catches
Of your own making ; for as I have heard,
You are Poetical.

Mal. Something given that way ;
Yet my works seldom thrive : and the main reason
The Poets urge for't, is, because I am not
As poor as they are.

Leon. Very likely ; fetch her
While I am in the vein.

Mal. 'Tis an apt time, my Lady being at her Prayers.

Leon. Let her pray on.

Nay go, and if upon my intercession
She do you not some favour, I'll disclaim her ;
I'll ruminat on't the while.

Mal. A hundred Crowns is your reward.

Leon. Without 'em —— nay no trifling. [Ex. Mal.

That this dull clod of ignorance should know
How to get money, yet want eyes to see
How grossly he's abus'd, and wrought upon!
When he should make his will, the Rogue's turn'd rampant,
As he had renew'd his youth ; a handsome wench,
Love one a spittle-whore would run away from ?
Well, Matter Steward, I will plead for you
In such a method, as it shall appear
You are fit to be a property.

Enter Malfort, and Clarinda.

Mal. Yonder he walks

That knows my worth and value, though you scorn it.

Clar. If my Lady know not this——

Mal. I'll answer it :

If you were a Nun I hope your Cousin German
Might talk with you through a grate, but you are none,
And therefore may come closer ; ne'r hang off,
As I live you shall bill ; ye may salute as strangers
Custom allows it. Now, now, come upon her
With all your Oratory,
As a young Advocate should, and leave no Vertue
Of mine unmentioned, I'll stand centinel ;
Nay keep the door my self. [Exit.

Clar. How have you work'd

This picce of motley to your ends ?

Leon. Of that at leisure, Mistrißs. [Kissing.

Clar. Lower, you are too loud,

Though the fool be deaf, some of the house may hear you.

Leon. Suppose they should, I am a Gentleman,
And held your Kinsman, under that I hope
I may be free.

Clar. I grant it, but with caution ;

But be not seen to talk with me familiarly,
But at fit distance, or not seen at all,
It were the better ; you know my Ladies humour ;
She is all honour, and compos'd of goodness,
(As she pretends) and you having no business,
How jealous may she grow ?

Leon. I will be rul'd.

But you have promis'd, and I must enjoy you.

Clar. We shall find time for that ; you are too hasty,
Make your self fit and I shall make occasion,
Deliberation makes best in that business,
And contents every way.

Leon. But you must feed

This foolish Steward with some shadow of
A future favour, that we may preserve him
To be our instrument.

Clar. Hang him.

Leon. For my sake, Sweet,
I undertook to speak for him, any Bauble,
Or slight employment in the way of service,
Will feed him fat.

Enter Malfort.

Clar. Leave him to me.

Mal. She comes, my Lady.

Clar.

Clar. I will satisfy her.

Malf. How far have you prevail'd?

Leon. Observe.

Clar. Monsieur *Malfort*,

I must be brief, my cousin hath spoke much
In your behalf, and to give you some proof,
I entertain you as my servant,
You shall have the grace.

Leon. Upon your knee receive it.

Clar. And take it as a special favour from me,
To tie my shoe.

Malf. I am o're-joy'd.

Leon. Good reason.

Clar. You may come higher in time.

Leon. No more, the Lady.

Enter *Calista*.

Malf. She frowns.

Clar. I thank you for this visit cousin,
But without leave hereafter from my Lady,
I dare not change discourse with you.

Malf. Pray you take your mornings draught.

Leon. I thank you: [Exeunt *Leon*, *Malf.*

Happiness attend your honour.

Calist. Who gave warrant to this private parle?

Clar. My innocence; I hope
My conference with a kinsman cannot call
Your anger on me.

Calist. Kinsman? Let me have
No more of this, as you desire you may continue mine.

Clar. Why madam (under pardon)
Suppose him otherwise: yet coming in
A lawful way, it is excusable.

Calist. How's this?

Clar. I grant you are made of pureness,
And that your tenderness of honour holds
The soveraigntie o're your passions. Yet you have
A noble Husband, with allow'd embraces,
To quench lascivious fires, should such flame in you,
As I must ne're believe. Were I the wife
Of one that could but zanic brave *Cleander*,
Even in his least perfections, (excuse
My o're-bold inference) I should desire
To meet no other object.

Cal. You grow saucie. Do I look further?

Clar. No, dear Madam: and
It is my wonder or astonishment rather,
You could deny the service of *Lisander*;
A man without a rival: one the King
And Kingdom gazes on with admiration,
For all the excellencies a Mother could
Wish in her only Son.

Cal. Did not mine honour
And obligation to *Cleander*, force me
To be deaf to his complaints?

Clar. 'Tis true; but yet
Your rigor to command him from your presence,
Argu'd but small compassion; the Groves
Witness his grievous sufferings, your fair name
Upon the rinde of every gentle Poplar,
And amorous Myrtle, (trees to *Venus* sacred)
With adoration carv'd, and knee'd unto,
This you (unseen of him) both saw and heard
Without compassion, and what receiv'd he
For his true sorrows? but the heavy knowledge,
That 'twas your peremptory will and pleasure,
(How e're my Lord liv'd in him) he should quit
Your sight and house for ever.

Cal. I confess I gave him a strong potion to work
Upon his hot blood, and I hope 'twill cure him:
Yet I could wish the cause had concern'd others,
I might have met his sorrows with more pity;
At least have lent some counsel to his miseries,
Though now for honours sake, I must forget him,

And never know the name more of *Lisander*:

Yet in my justice I am bound to grant him,
(Laying his love aside) most truly noble.
But mention him no more, this instant hour
My Brother *Lidian*, new return'd from travel,
And his brave friend *Clarange*, long since rivals
For fair and rich *Olinda*, are to hear
Her absolute determination, whom
She pleases to elect: see all things ready
To entertain 'em: and on my displeasure
No more words of *Lisander*.

(her own:

Clar. She endures to hear him nam'd by no tongue but
How e're she carries it, I know she loves him. [Exit.

Cal. Hard nature: hard condition of poor women!

That where we are most su'd to, we must flye most.

The trees grow up, and mix together freely,
The Oak's not envious of the failing Cedar,
The lustie Vine not jealous of the Ivie
Because she clips the Elm; the flowers shoot up,
And wantonly kifs one another hourly,
This blossome glorying in the others beauty,
And yet they smell as sweet, and look as lovely:

But we are ty'd to grow alone. O honour,
Thou hard Law to our lives, chain to our freedoms
He that invented thee had many curses;
How is my soul divided? O *Cleander*,
My best deserving husband! O *Lisander*,
The truest lover that e're sacrific'd
To *Cupid* against *Hymen*! O mine honour;
A Tyrant, yet to be obey'd! and 'tis
But justice we should thy strict Laws endure,
Since our obedience to thee keeps us pure. [Exit.

Enter *Cleander*, *Lidian*, and *Clarange*.

Clean. How insupportable the difference
Of dear friends is, the sorrow that I feel
For my *Lisanders* absence, one that stamps
A reverend print on friendship, does assure me.
You are rivals for a Lady, a fair Lady,
And in the acquisition of her favours,
Hazard the cutting of that Gordian knot
From your first childhood to this present hour,
By all the tyes of love and amity fasten'd.
I am blest in a wife (Heaven make me thankfull)
Inferiour to none (sans pride I speak it)
Yet if I were a free-man, and could purchase
At any rate the certainty to enjoy
Lisanders conversation while I liv'd,
Forgive me my *Calista*, and the Sex,
I never would seek change.

Lid. My Lord and Brother,
I dare not blame your choice, *Lisanders* worth
Being a Mistress to be ever courted;
Nor shall our equal suit to fair *Olinda*
Weaken, but adde strength to our true affection,
With zeal so long continued.

Clar. When we know
Whom she prefers, as she can choose but one,
By our so long tri'd friendship we have vow'd
The other shall desist.

Clea. 'Tis yet your purpose,
But how this resolution will hold
In him that is refus'd, is not alone
Doubtfull, but dangerous.

Enter *Malfort*.

Malf. The rich heir is come Sir.

Cleand. Madam *Olinda*?

Malf. Yes Sir, and makes choice,
After some little conference with my Lady,
Of this room to give answer to her suitors.

Cle. Already both look pale, between your hopes
To win the prize, and your despair to lose
What you contended for.

Lid.

Lid. No Sir, I am arm'd.

Clar. I confident of my interest.

Cle. I'll believe ye when you have endur'd the test.

Enter Calista, Olinda, and Clarinda.

Malf. Is not your garter
Unty'd? you promis'd that I should grow higher
In doing you service.

Clar. Fall off or you lose me. [Exit Malfort.]

Cle. Nay take your place, no *Paris* now sits judge
On the contending goddesses. You are
The Deitie that must make curst or happy
One of your languishing servants.

Oli. I thus look with equal eyes on both; either deserves
A fairer fortune than they can in reason
Hope for from me; from *Lidian* I expect,
When I have made him mine, all pleasures that
The sweetness of his manners, youth, and virtues
Can give assurance of: but turning this way
To brave *Clarange*, in his face appears
A kind of Majesty which should command,
Not sue for favour. If the fairest Lady
Of *France*, set forth with natures best endowments
Nay should I adde a Princess of the blood,
Did now lay claim to either for a husband,
So vehement my affection is to both,
My envie at her happiness would kill me.

Cle. The strangest love I ever heard.

Cal. You can enjoy but one.

Clar. The more I say the merrier.

Oli. Witness these tears I love both, as I know
You burn with equal flames, and so affect me;
Abundance makes me poor; such is the hard
Condition of my fortune; be your own judges;
If I should favour both, 'twill taint my honour,
And that before my life I must prefer;
If one I lean to, the other is disvalued;
You are fierie both, and love will make you warmer.

Clar. The warmer still the fitter. You are a fool Lady.

Oli. To what may love, and the Devil jealousy spur you
Is too apparent: my name's call'd in question:
Your swords flie out, your angers range at large:
Then what a murder of my modesty follows?

Clar. Take heed of that by any means: O innocent,
That will deny a blessing when 'tis offer'd,
Would I were murder'd so, I would thank my modesty.

Cle. What pause you on?

Oli. It is at length resolv'd.

Clar. We are on the Rack, uncertain expectation
The greatest torture.

Lidi. Command what you please,
And you shall see how willingly we will execute.

Oli. Then hear what for your satisfaction,
And to preserve your friendship I resolve
Against my self, and 'tis not to be alter'd:
You are both brave gentlemen, I'll still profess it,
Both noble servants, for whose gentle offers,
The undeserving, and the poor *Olinda*
Is ever bound; you love both, fair, and vertuously;
Would I could be so happy to content both:
Which since I cannot, take this resolute answer;
Go from me both contentedly, and he
That last makes his return, and comes to visit,
Comes to my bed. You know my will: farewell;
My heart's too big to utter more: come friend.

Cal. I'll wait on you to your Coach.

[Exit Olinda, Calista, Clarinda.]

Cle. You both look blank, I cannot blame you.

Lid. We have our dispatches.

Clara. I'll home.

Lid. And I'll abroad again, Farewel.

Clara. Farewel to ye.

[Exit Clarange, and Lidian.]

Cle. Their blunted departure troubles me: I fear

A suddain and a dangerous division
Of their long love will follow: have you took
Your leave of fair *Olinda*?

Enter Calista, with a purse.

Cl. She is gone Sir.

Cle. Had you brought news *Lisander* were return'd too,
I were most happy.

Cal. Still upon *Lisander*?

Cle. I know he loves me, as he loves his health:
And Heaven knows I love him.

Cal. I find it so:

For me you have forgot, and what I am to you.

Cle. O think not so. If you had lost a Sister
You lock'd all your delights in, it would grieve you:
A little you would wander from the fondness
You ow'd your husband: I have lost a friend,
A noble friend, all that was excellent
In man, or man kind, was contain'd within him,
That loss my wife ———

Enter Malfort.

Malf. Madam, your noble Father ———
A fee for my good news.

Cal. Why? what of him Sir?

Mal. Is lighted at the door, and longs to see you.

Calist. Attend him hither.

Clean. O my dear *Lisander*.

But I'll be merry: let's meet him my *Calista*.

Cal. I hope *Lisander's* love will now be buried:
My Father will bring joy enough for one moneth,
To put him out of memorie.

Enter Dorilaus, his arm in a scarff.

Dor. How do you Son?
Bless my fair child, I am come to visit yee,
To see what house you keep, they say you are bountifull,
I like the noise well, and I come to trie it.
Ne're a great belly yet? how have you triff'd?
If I had done so (Son) I should have heard on't
On both sides by Saint *Demis*.

Clean. You are nobly welcom Sir:
We have time enough for that.

Dorilaus. See how she blushes!
'Tis a good sign you'll mend your fault, how dost thou,
My good *Calista*?

Cal. Well, now I see you Sir;
I hope you bring a fruitfulness along with ye.

Dor. Good luck, I never miss, I was ever good at it:
Your mother groan'd for't wench, so did some other,
But I durst never tell.

Cal. How does your arm Sir?

Cle. Have you been let blood of late?

Dor. Against my will Sir.

Cal. A fall dear Father?

Dor. No, a Gun, dear Daughter;
Two or three Guns; I have one here in my buttock,
'T would trouble a Surgeons teeth to pull it out.

Cal. O me! O me!

Dor. Nay, if you fall to fainting,
'Tis time for me to trudge: art such a coward,
At the meer name of hurt to change thy colour?
I have been shot that men might see clean through me,
And yet I fainted not: besides my self,
Here are an hospital of hurt men for ye.

Enter Servants, wounded in several places.

Clean. What should this wonder be?

Cal. I am amaz'd at it.

(soudly,

Doril. What think ye of these? they are every one hurt
Hurt to the proof, they are through, and through I assure ye;
And that's good game, they scorn your puling scratches.

Cal. Who did this Sir?

Dor. Leave crying, and I'll tell you,

And

And get your plaiters, and your warm stupes ready :
Have you ne're a Shepherd that can tar us over ?

'Twill prove a business else, we are so many.

Coming to see you, I was set upon,
I and my men, as we were singing frolickly,
Not dreaming of an ambush of base Rogues,
Set on i'th' forest, I have forgot the name ———

Cle. 'Twixt this, and *Fountain-Bleau*,
In the wild Forest ?

Dor. The same, the same, in that accursed Forest,
Set on by villains, that make boot of all men,
The Peers of *France* are pillage there, they shot at us,
Hurt us, un-hors'd us, came to the sword, there plid us,
Opprest us with fresh multitudes, fresh shot skill,
Rogues that would hang themselves for a fresh doublet,
And for a Scarlet Callock kill their Fathers.

Cle. Lighted you among these ?

Dor. Among these murderers,
Our poor blonds were engag'd : yet we strook bravely,
And more than once or twice we made them shun us,
And shrink their rugged heads : but we were hurt all.

Cle. How came you off ? for I even long to hear that.

Dor. After our prayers made to Heaven to help us,
Or to be mercifull unto our souls ;
So near we were. Alas poor wench, wipe, wipe.
See Heaven sends remedy.

Cle. I am glad 'tis come Sir,
My heart was even a bleeding in my body.

Dor. A curl'd hair Gentleman slept in, a stranger,
As he rod by, belike he heard our bickering,
Saw our distresses, drew his sword, and prov'd
He came to execute, and not to argue.
Lord what a lightning methought flew about him,
When he once toss'd his blade ! in face *Adonis*,
While peace inhabited between his eye-brows :
But when his noble anger stirr'd his metal,
And blew his fierie parts into a flame,
Like *Pallas*, when she sits between two armies,
Viewing with horrid brows their sad events,
Such then he look'd : and as her shield had arm'd him.

Cle. This man Sir were a friend to give an age for.
This Gentleman I must love naturally :
Nothing can keep me off ; I pray you go on Sir.

Dor. I will, for now you please me : this brave youth,
This bud of *Mars*, for yet he is no riper,
When once he had drawn blood, and flesh'd his sword,
Fitted his manly metal to his spirit,
How he bestirr'd him ! what a lane he made !
And through their fierie Bullets thrust securely :
The hardned villains wondring at his confidence,
Lame as I was I follow'd, and admir'd too,
And stirr'd, and laid about me with new spirit,
My men too with new hearts thrust into action,
And down the Rogues went.

Cle. I am struck with wonder.

Dor. Remember but the storie of strong *Hector*,
When like to lightning he broke through his vanguard,
How the *Greeks* frighted ran away by Troops,
And trod down Troops to save their lives : so this man
Dispers'd these slaves : had they been more and mightier,
He had come off the greater, and more wonder.

Cle. Where is the man, good Sir, that we may honour him ?

Cal. That we may fall in superstition to him.

Dor. I know not that, from me he late departed,
But not without that pious care to see safe
Me, and my weak men lodg'd, and dress'd ; I urg'd him
First hither, that I might more freely thank him :
He told me he had business, crav'd my pardon,
Business of much import.

Cle. Know you his name ?

Dor. That he deny'd me too : a vow had bar'd him.

Cal. In that he was not noble to be nameless.

Dor. Daughter you must remember him when I am dead,
And in a noble sort requite his piety,

'Twas his desire to dedicate this service
To your fair thoughts.

Cal. He knows me then ?

Dor. I nam'd you,

And nam'd you mine : I think that's all his knowledge.

Cle. No name, no being ?

Cal. Now I am mad to know him :
Saving mine honour, any thing I had now
But to enjoy his sight, but his bare picture ;
Make me his Saint, I must needs honour him.

Serv. I know his name.

Cal. There's thy reward for't, speak it.

Ser. His man told me, but he desir'd my silence.

Cal. O *Jasper* speak, 'tis thy good Masters cause too :
We all are bound in gratitude to compel thee.

Ser. *Lisander* ? Yes, I am sure it was *Lisander*.

Cal. *Lisander* ? 'twas *Lisander*.

Cle. 'Tis *Lisander*. O my base thoughts ! my wicked !
To make question this act could be another mans :

'Tis *Lisander*, a handsome timber'd man ?

Ser. Yes.

(mourn'd ?)

Cle. My *Lisander* ! Was this friends absence to be

Cal. I grant it :

I'le mourn his going now, and mourn it seriously :
When you weep for him, Sir, I'le bear you company.

That so much honour, so much honesty
Should be in one man, to do things thus bravely,
Make me his Saint, to me give this braye service :

What may I do to recompence his goodness ?
I cannot tell.

Cle. Come Sir, I know you are sickly, so are your men.

Dor. I must confess I am weak,
And fitter for a bed than long discourses.

Cle. You shall hear to morrow, to morrow provide Sur-

Dor. *Lisander* ———

(geons.

Cal. What new fire is this ? *Lisander* ——— [Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Lisander*, and *Lancelot*.

Lis. **P**Rethee good *Lancelot* remember that
Thy Master's life is in thy trust, and therefore
Be very carefull.

Lanc. I will lose mine own, rather than hazard yours.

Lisa. Take what disguise
You in your own discretion shall think fittest,
To keep your self unknown.

Lanc. I warrant ye ;

'Tis not the first time I have gone invisible :
I am as fine a Fairie in a business
Concerning night-work ———

Lisa. Leave your vanities :
With this purse (which deliver'd,
You may spare your Oratory) convey this Letter to
Calista's woman.

Lanc. 'Tis a handsom girle, Mistris *Clarinda*.

Lisa. I have made her mine. You know your work.

Lanc. And if I sweat not in it,
At my return discard me.

[Exit.

Lisa. O *Calista* ! the fairest ! cruellest !

Enter *Clarange*.

Clar. So early stirring ? a good day to you.

Lisa. I was viewing Sir,
The site of your house, and the handsomness about it :
Believe me it stands healthfully and sweetly.

Clar. The house and Master of it really
Are ever at your service.

Lisa. I return it :

Now if you please go forward in your storie

Of your dear friend and Mistress.

Clar. I will tell it,
And tell it short, because 'tis breakfast time,
(And love is a tedious thing to a quick stomach)
You eat not yester-night.

Lisa. I shall endure Sir.

Clara. My self (and as I then deliver'd to you)
A Gentleman of noble hope, one *Lidian*,
Both brought up from our infancy together,
One company, one friendship, and one exercise
Ever affecting, one bed holding us,
One grief, and one joy parted still between us,
More than companions, twins in all our actions,
We grew up till we were men, held one heart still :
Time call'd us on to Arms, we were one Souldier,
Alike we fought our dangers and our honours,
Gloried alike one in anothers nobleness :
When Arms had made us fit, we were one lover;
We lov'd one woman, lov'd without division,
And woo'd a long time with one fair affection ;
And she, as it appears, loves us alike too.
At length considering what our love must grow to,
And covet in the end, this one was parted,
Rivals and honours make men stand at distance.
We then woo'd with advantage, but were friends still,
Saluted fairly, kept the peace of love,
We could not both enjoy the Ladies favour,
Without some scandal to her reputation,
We put it to her choice, this was her sentence,
To part both from her, and the last returning
Should be her Lord ; we obey'd, and now you know it ;
And for my part, (so truly I am touch'd with't)
I will go far enough, and be the last too,
Or ne're return.

Lisa. A sentence of much cruelty ;
But mild, compar'd with what's pronounc'd on me.
Our loving youth is born to many miseries.

What is that *Lidian* pray ye? (Lady.)

Clar. *Calista's* Brother, if ever you have heard of that fair

Lisa. I have seen her Sir.

Clar. Then you have seen a wonder.

Lisa. I do confes: of what years is this *Lidian*?

Clar. About my years : there is not much between us.

Lisa. I long to know him.

Clar. 'Tis a vertuous longing,
As many hopes hang on his noble head,
As blossoms on a bough in *May*, and sweet ones.

Lisa. Ye are a fair storie of your friend.

Clar. Of truth Sir: now, what's the matter ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. There is a Gentleman
At door, would speak with you on private businefs.

Clar. With me ?

Serv. He saies so, and brings haste about him.

Clar. Wait on him in. [Exit Servant.]

Lisa. I will retire the while, to the next room.

Clar. We shall not long disturb you.

Enter Alcidon.

Alci. Save ye, Sir:

Clara. The like to you, fair Sir: pray you come near.

Alci. Pray you instruct me for I know you not.
With Monsieur *Clarange* I would speak.

Clar. I am he, Sir:

Ye are nobly welcome; I wait your businefs.

Alci. This will inform you.

Clar. Will you please to sit down? [Reads.]

He shall command me Sir, I'll wait upon him
Within this hour.

Alci. Y're a noble Gentleman,
Will't please you bring a friend? we are two of us,
And pity either; Sir, should be unfurnish'd.

Clar. I have none now, and the time is set so short,

'Twill not be possible.

Alci. Do me the honour:

I know you are so full of brave acquaintance,
And worthy friends, you cannot want a partner:
I would be loth to stand still, Sir; besides,
You know the custom, and the vantage of it,
if you come in alone.

Clar. And I must meet it.

Alci. Send, we'll defer an hour, let us be equal:
Games won and lost on equal terms shew fairest.

Clar. 'Tis to no purpose to send any whither,
Unless men be at home by Revelation:
So please you breath a while; when I have done with him,
You may be exercis'd too: I'll trouble no man.

Enter Lifander.

Lisa. They are very loud. Now what's the news?

Clar. I must leave you,
Leave you a while, two hours hence I'll return friend.

Lisa. Why, what's the matter?

Clar. A little business.

Lisa. And't be but a little, you may take me with ye.

Clar. 'Twill be a trouble to you.

Lisa. No indeed, to do you service, I account a pleasure.

Clar. I must alone.

Lisa. Why?

Clar. 'Tis necessity ———

Before you pass the walks, and back again,
I will be with ye.

Lisa. If it be not unmannerly
To press you, I would go.

Clar. I'll tell you true, Sir,
This Gentleman and I upon appointment,
Are going to visit a Lady.

Lisa. I am no *Capuchin*, why should not I go?

Alci. Take the Gentleman,
Come he may see the Gentlewoman too,
And be most welcom, I do beseech you take him.

Lis. By any means, I love to see a Gentlewoman,
A prettie wench too.

Clar. Well, Sir, we'll meet you,
And at the place: My service to the Lady.

Alci. I kiss your hand.

Clar. Prethee read o're her Letter.

[Exit.]

Lifander reads.

Monsieur,

I know you have consider'd the dark sentence *Olinda* gave us
and that (however she disguis'd it) it pointed more at
swords edges than our bodies barshments; the last must inie
if we retire, our youths are lost in wandring; in emul
shall grow old men, and feeble, which is the scorn of
rust of honour, and so return more fit to wed our *Sepu*
the Saint we aim at; let us therefore make our journey
our hearts ready, and with our swords in our hands put it to
tune, which shall be worthy to receive that blessing, I'll stay
on the mountain, our old hunting place, this Gentleman alone runs
the hazard with me, and so I kiss your hand.

Your Servant *Lidian*.

Is this your wench? you'll find her a sharp Mistress.
What have I thrust my self into? is this that *Lidian*
You told me of?

Clar. The same.

Lisa. My Ladies Brother?

No cause to heave my sword against but his?
To save the Father yesterday, and this morning,
To help to kill the Son? this is most courteous?
The only way to make the Daughter doat on me.

Clar. Why do you muse? would ye go off?

Lisa. No, no, I must on now; this will be kindly taken;
No life to sacrifice, but part of hers?
Do you fight straight?

S f f

Clara.

Clara. Yes, presently.

Lisander. To morrow then,
The balefull tidings of this day will break out,
And this nights Sun will set in blood; I am troubl'd:
If I am kill'd, I am happy.

Clara. Will you go friend?

Lisander. I am ready Sir, fortune thou hast made me monstrous.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Malfort, and Clarinda.

Malf. Your cousin, and my true friend, lusty *Leon*,
Shall know how you use me.

Clara. Be more temperate,
Or I will never use, nor know you more
P'th' way of a servant: all the house takes notice
Of your ridiculous fopperie; I have no sooner
Perform'd my duties in my Ladies chamber,
And the scarce down the stairs, but you appear
Like my evil spirit to me.

(*der*)

Malf. Can the fish live out of the water, or the Salaman-
Out of the fire? or I live warm, but in
The frying-pan of your favour?

Clara. Pray you forget
Your curious comparisons, borrowed from
The pond, and kitchen, and remember what
My Ladies pleasure is for th' entertainment
Of her noble Father.

Mal. I would learn the art of memory in your table book.

Clara. Very good sir, no more but up and ride, I apprehend
Your meaning, soft fire makes sweet mault Sir:
P'le answer you in a Proverb.

Mal. But one kiss from thy hony lip.

Clara. You fight too high, my hand is
A fair ascent from my foot, his slavering kisses
Spoil me more gloves,—enough for once, you'l surfeit
With too much grace.

Mal. Have you no employment for me?

Clara. Yes, yes, go send for *Leon*, and convey him
Into the private Arbour, from his mouth
I hear your praises with more faith.

Mal. I am gone; yet one thing e're I go, there's at the door
The rarest Fortune-teller, he hath told me
The strangest things; he knows ye are my Mistris,
And under seal deliver'd how many Children
I shall beget on you, pray you give him hearing,
He'l make it good to you.

Clara. A cunning man
Of your own making, how soe'er P'le hear him
At your intreaty.

Mal. Now I perceive ye love me,
At my entreaty, come in friend—remember
To speak as I directed, he knows his lesson,
And the right way to please her; this it is
To have a head-piece.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Lancelot, like a Fortune-teller, with a Purse,
and two Letters in it.*

Clara. 'Tis said you can tell fortunes to come.

Lan. Yes Mistris and what's past;
Unglove your hand, by this straight line I see
You have lain crooked.

Clara. How? lain crooked?

Lan. Yes; and in that posture plaid at the old game,
(No body hears me, and P'le be no blab)
And at it lost your maiden-head.

Clara. A shrewd fellow;
'Tis truth, but not to be confes'd; in this
Your palmistry deceives you, something else Sir.

Lan. Ye are a great woman with your Lady, and
Acquainted with her counsels.

Clara. Still more strange.

Lan. There is a noble Knight *Lisander* loves her,
Whom she regards not, and the destinies
With whom I am familiar, have deliver'd

That by your means alone, he must enjoy her.
Your hand again, yes, yes; you have already
Promis'd him your assistance, and what's more,
Tasted his bounty, for which, from the skye
There are 200. crowns dropp'd in a Purse,
Look back, you'l find it true; nay, open it,
'Tis good Gold I assure you.

(to my Lady?)

Clara. How, two Letters? the first indors'd to me? this
Subscrib'd *Lisander*?

Lan. And the fortune-teller, his servant *Lancelot*.

Clara. How had I lost my eyes,
That I could not know thee? not a word of the loss
Of my virginity.

Lan. Nor who I am.

Clara. P'le use all speedy means for your dispatch
With a welcom answer, but till you receive it,
Continue thus disguis'd, Monsieur *Malfort*
(You know the way to humour him) shall provide
A lodging for you, and good entertainment;
Nay, since we trade both one way, thou shalt have
Some feeling with me, take that.

(*ment.*)

Lan. Bountifull wench may'st thou ne're want employ-

Clara. Nor such pay boy.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Lidian, Alcidon, (at one door) Lisander,
Clarange, (at another.)*

Lidian. You're welcom.

Alcidon. Let us do our office first,
And then make choice of a new piece of ground
To try our fortunes.

Lisander. All's fair here.

Alcidon. And here, their swords are equal.

Lisander. If there be any odds in mine, we will exchange.

Alcidon. We'l talk of that

When we are farther off, farewell.

Lisander. Farewel friend.

[*Ex. Lisander, and Alcidon.*]

Lidian. Come let us not be idle.

Clara. I will find you employment, fear not.

Lidian. You know Sir, the cause that brings us hither.

Clara. There needs no more discourfing,
No time, nor place for repetition now.

Lidian. Let our swords argue, and I wish *Clarange*,
The proud *Olinda* saw us.

Clara. Would she did;

What ever estimation she holds of me,
She should behold me like a man fight for her.

Lidian. 'Tis nobly said; set on love; and my fortune—

Clara. The same for me, come home brave *Lidian*,
'Twas manly thrust, this token to the Lady,
Ye have it Sir, deliver it, take breath,
I see ye bleed apace, ye shall have fair play.

Enter Lisander.

Lisander. You must lye there a while, I cannot help you.

Lidian. Nay, then my fortune's gone, I know I must dye:
Yet dearly will I sell my love, come on both,
And use your fortunes, I expect no favour;
Weak as I am, my confidence shall meet ye.

Clara. Yield up your cause and live.

Lidian. What dost thou hold me?

A recreant, that prefers life before credit?
Though I bleed hard, my honour finds no Issue,
That's constant to my heart.

Clara. Have at your life then.

Lisander. Hold, or P'le turn, and bend my sword against ye;
My cause *Clarange* too, view this brave Gentleman,
That yet may live to kill you, he stands nobly,
And has as great a promise of the day
As you can tye unto your self, he's ready,
His sword as sharp, view him with that remembrance,
That you deliver'd him to me *Clarange*:
And with those eyes, that clearness will become ye:
View him, as you reported him; survey him,
Fix on your friendship Sir, I know you are noble,

And

And step but inward to your old affection ;
Examine but that soul grew to your bosom,
And try then if your sword will bite, it cannot,
The edge will turn again, asham'd, and blunted ;
Lidian, you are the pattern of fair friendship,
Exampled for your love, and imitated,
The Temple of true hearts, stor'd with affections,
For sweetness of your spirit made a Saint,
Can you decline this nobleness to anger ?
To mortal anger ? 'gainst the man ye love most ?
Have ye the name of vertuous, not the nature ?

Lid. I will sit down.

Clar. And I'll sit by you, *Lidian*. (things ?)

Lif. And I'll go on, can Heaven be pleas'd with these
To see two hearts that have been twin'd together,
Married in friendship to the world, to wonder,
Of one growth, of one nourishment, one health,
Thus mortally divorc'd for one weak woman ?
Can love be pleas'd ? love is a gentle spirit,
The wind that blows the *April* flowers, not softer ;
She is drawn with doves to shew her peacefulness,
Lions and bloody *Pards* are *Mars's* servants ;
Would ye serve love ? do it with humbleness,
Without a noise, with still prayers, and soft murmurs ;
Upon her Altars offer your obedience,
And not your brawls ; she's won with tears, not terrors :
That fire ye kindle to her deity
Is only gratefull when it's blown with sighs,
And holy Incense stung with white hand-innocence ;
Ye wound her now ; ye are too superstitious,
No sacrifice of blood, or death she longs for :

Lid. Came he from Heaven ?

Clar. He tells us truth good *Lidian*.

Lisa. That part of noble love which is most sweet,
And gives eternal being to fair beauty,
Honour, you hack i' pieces with your swords,
And that ye fight to crown, ye kill, fair credit.

Clar. Thus we embrace, no more fight, but all friendship,
And where love pleases to bestow his benefits,
Let us not argue.

Lid. Nay, brave Sir, come in too ;
You may love also, and may hope, if ye do,
And not rewarded for't, there is no justice ;
Farewel friend, here let's part upon our pilgrimage,
It must be so, *Cupid* draws on our sorrows.
And where the lot lights ———

Clar. I shall count it happiness,
Farewel, dear friend.

Lif. First, let's relieve the Gentleman
That lyes hurt in your cause, and bring him off,
And take some care for your hurts, then I will part too,
A third unfortunate, and willing wanderer. [Exeunt.]

Enter *Olinda*, and *Calista*.

Oli. My fears foresaw 'twould come to this.

Cal. I would your sentence had been milder.

Olin. 'Tis past help now.

Cal. I share in your despair, and yet my hopes
Have not quite left me, since all possible means
Are practis'd to prevent the mischief following
Their mortal meeting, my Lord is coasted one way,
My Father, though his hurts forbid his travel,
Hath took another, my Brother in Law *Beronte*
A third, and every minute we must look for
The certain knowledge, which we must endure
With that calm patience heav'n shall please to lend us.

Enter *Dorilaus*, and *Cleander*, severally.

Dor. Dead both ?

Clea. Such is the rumour, and 'tis general.

Olin. I hear my passing bell.

Cal. I am in a fevour.

Cle. They say their seconds too; but what they are,
Is not known yet, some worthy fellows certain.

Dor. Where had you knowledge ?

Clea. Of the Country people, 'tis spoken every where.

Dor. I heard it so too ;

And 'tis so common, I do half believe it,
You have lost a Brother, wench, he lov'd you well,
And might have liv'd to have done his country service,
But he is gone, thou fell'st untimely, *Lidian*,
But by a valiant hand, that's soine small comfort,
And took him with thee too, thou lov'st brave company,
Weeping will do no good, you lost a servant,
He might have liv'd to have been your Master, Lady,
But you fear'd that.

Olin. Good Sir, be tender to me,
The news is bad enough, you need not press it,
I lov'd him well, I lov'd 'em both.

Dor. It seems so.

How many more have you to love so Lady ?
They were both fools to fight for such a Fiddle ;
Certain there was a dearth of noble anger,
When a slight woman was thought worth a quarrel.

Olin. Pray you think nobler.

Dor. I'll tell thee what I think, the plague, war, famine,
Nay put in dice and drunkenness (and those
You'll grant are pretty helps) kill not so many
(I mean so many noble) as your loves do,
Rather your lewdness, I crave your mercy, women,
Be not offended if I anger ye.

I am sure ye have touch'd me deep, I came to be merry,
And with my children, but to see one ruin'd
By this fell accident ——— are they all dead ?
If they be, speak ?

Clea. What news ?

Enter *Beronte*, *Alcidon*, *Clarinda*, following
with a Letter.

Ber. What, dead ? ye pose me ;
I understand you not.

Clea. My Brother *Lidian*, *Clarange*, and their seconds.

Ber. Here is one of 'em, and sure this Gentleman's alive.

Alci. I hope so, so is your Son, Sir, so is brave *Clarange* :
They fought indeed, and they were hurt sufficiently ;
We were all hurt, that bred the general rumour,
But friends again all, and like friends we parted.

Clea. Heard ye of *Lisander* ?

Ber. Yes, and miss'd him narrowly : (man,
He was one of the combatants, fought with this Gentle-
Second against your Brother, by his wisdom
(For certainly good fortune follows him)
All was made peace, I'll tell you the rest at dinner;
For we are hungry.

Alci. I before I eat
Must pay a vow I am sworn to ; my life, Madam,
Was at *Lisander's* mercy, I live by it ;
And for the noble favour, he desir'd me
To kiss your fair hand for him, offering
This second service as a Sacrifice
At the Altar of your virtues.

Dor. Come joy on all sides ;
Heaven will not suffer honest men to perish.

Clea. Be proud of such a friend.

Dor. Forgive me, Madam,
It was a grief might have concern'd you near too.

Clea. No work of excellence but still *Lisander*,
Go thy waies, Worthy.

Olin. We'll be merry too,
Were I to speak again, I would be wiser.

[Ex. Manent *Cal.* *Clarin.*
Cal. Too much of this rare cordial makes me sick,
However I obey you.

Clarin. Now or never is an apt time to move her, Madam.

Cal. Who's that ?

Clarin. Your servant, I would speak with your Ladyship.

Cle. Why dost thou look about ?

Clarin. I have private business

That none must hear but your *Lisander*——

Cal. Where?

Clar. Nay, is not here, but would entreat this favour,
Some of your Balsam from your own hand given,
For he is much hurt, and that he thinks would cure him.

Cal. He shall have all, my Prayers too.

Clar. But conceive me,
It must be from your self immediately,
Pity so brave a Gentleman should perish,
He is superstitious, and he holds your hand
Of infinite power; I would not urge this, Madam,
But only in a mans extreams to help him. (happy in't,

Cal. Let him come (good wench) 'tis that I wish, I am
My husband his true friend, my noble father,
The fair *Olinda*, all desire to see him;
He shall have many hands.

Clar. That he desires not,
Nor eyes but yours, to look upon his miseries,
For then he thinks 'twould be no perfect cure, Madam,
He would come private.

Cal. How can that be here?
I shall do wrong unto all those that honour him,
Besides my credit.

Clar. Dare ye not trust a hurt man?
Not strain a courtesie to save a Gentleman?
To save his life that has sav'd all your family?
A man that comes like a poor mortifi'd Pilgrim,
Only to beg a Blessing and depart again?
He would but see you, that he thinks would cure him.
But since you find fit reasons to the contrary,
And that it cannot stand with your clear honour,
Though you best know how well he has deserv'd of yet
I'll send him word back though I grieve to do it,
Grieve at my soul, for certainly 'twill kill him,
What your will is.

Cal. Stay, I will think upon't; where is he, Wench?

Clar. If you desire to see him,
Let not that trouble you, he shall be with you,
And in that time that no man shall suspect ye;
Your honour, Madam, is in your own free keeping;
Your care in me; in him all honesty;
If ye desire him not, let him pass by ye,
And all this business reckon but a dream.

Cal. Go in, and counsel me, I would fain see him,
And willingly comfort him.

Clar. 'Tis in your power;
And if you dare trust me, you shall do it safely,
Read that, and let that tell you, how he honours you.
[Exeunt.]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Clarinda with a Key, and Leon.

Leon. **T**His happy Night. [Kisses her.]

Clar. Preserve this eagerness
Till we meet nearer, there is something done
Will give us opportunity.

Leon. Witty Girl, the plot?

Clar. You shall hear that at leisure,
The whole house reels with joy at the report
Of *Lidians* safety, and that joy encreas'd
From their affection to the brave *Lisander*,
In being made the happy instrument to compound
The bloody difference.

Leon. They will hear shortly that
Will turn their mirth to mourning, he was then
The principal means to save two lives, but since
There are two slain, and by his single hand,
For which his life must answer, if the King,
Whose arm is long, can reach him. (this Key,

Clar. We have now no spare time to hear stories, take

'Twill make your passage to the banquetting house
I'th' Garden free.

Leon. You will not fail to come? (*sander.*

Clar. For mine own sake ne'r doubt it; now for *Li-*
[Exit.]

Enter Dorilaus, Cleander, Servants with lights.

Dor. To bed, to bed, 'tis very late.

Clean. To bed all, I have drunk a health too much.

Dor. You'll sleep the better,
My usual physick that way.

Clean. Where's your Mistress?

Clar. She is above, but very ill, and aguish;
The late fright of her Brother has much troubl'd her:
She would entreat to lye alone.

Clean. Her pleasure. (health,

Dor. Commend my love to her, and my Prayers for her
I'll see her ere I go. [Exeunt; manet Clarinda.]

Clar. All good rest to ye;
Now to my watch for *Lisander*, when he is furnish'd,
For mine own friend, since I stand Centinel,
I love to laugh i'th' evenings too, and may,
The priviledg of my place will warrant it. [Exit.]

Enter Lisander, and Lancelot.

Lis. You have done well hitherto; where are we now?

Lanc. Not far from the house, I hear by th' Owls,
There are many of your Welch falkoners about it;
Here were a night to chuse to run away with
Another mans Wife, and do the feat.

Lis. Peace Knave,
The house is here before us, and some may hear us;
The Candles are all out.

Lanc. But one i'th' Parlour,
I see it sinper hither, pray come this way.

Lis. Step to the Garden-door, and feel and't be open.

Lanc. I am going, luck deliver me from the saw-pits,
Or I am buried quick; I hear a Dog,
No, 'tis a Cricket, ha? here's a Cuckold buried,
Take heed of his horns, Sir, here's the door, 'tis open.
[Clarinda at the door.]

Clar. Who's there?

Lis. Friend.

Clar. Sir, *Lisander*?

Lis. I.

Clar. Ye are welcome, follow me, and make no noise.

Lis. Go to your horse, and keep your watch with care,
And be sure ye sleep not. (Sirrah,
[Exeunt Lisander, Clarinda.]

Lanc. Send me out the Dairy-maid
To play at trump with me, and keep me waking,
My fellow horse and I must now discourse
Like two learned Almanack-Makers, of the Stars,
And tell what a plentiful year 'twill prove of Drunkards.
If I had but a pottle of Sack, like a sharp prickle,
To knock my Nose against when I am nodding,
I should sing like a Nightingale, but I must
Keep watch without it, I am apt to dance,
Good fortune guide me from the Faries Circles. [Exit.]

*Enter Clarinda with a Taper, and Lisander with a Pistol,
two Chairs set out.*

Clar. Come near, [Calista sitting behind a Curtain.]
I'll leave ye now, draw but that Curtain,
And have your wish; now, *Leon*, I am for thee;
We that are servants must make use of stoln hours,
And be glad of snatch'd occasions. [Exit.]

Lis. She is asleep,
Fierce Love hath clos'd his lights, I may look on her,
Within her eyes 'has lockt the graces up,
I may behold and live; how sweet she breaths!
The orient morning breaking out in odours
Is not so full of perfumes, as her breath is;
She is the abstract of all Excellence, and scorns a Parallel.
Cal.

Cal. Who's there?

Lif. Your servant, your most obedient slave (adored Lady)
That comes but to behold those eyes again,
And pay some Vows I have to sacred Beauty,
And so pass by; I am blind as ignorance,
And know not where I wander, how I live,
Till I receive from their bright influence
Light to direct me, for Devotions sake,
You are the Saint I tread these holy steps to,
And holy Saints are all relenting sweetness,
Be not enrag'd, nor be not angry with me;
The greatest attribute of Heaven is mercy;
And 'tis the Crown of Justice, and the glory
Where it may kill with right, to save with pity.

Cal. Why do you kneel? I know you come to mock me,
T'upbraid me with the benefits you have giv'n me,
Which are too many, and too mighty, Sir,
For my return; and I confess 'tis justice,
That for my cruelty you should despise me,
And I expect however you are calm now,
A foyl you strive to set your cause upon,
It will break out; *Calista* is unworthy,
Coy, proud, disdainful, I acknowledge all,
Colder of Comfort than the frozen North is,
And more a stranger to *Lisanders* worth,
His youth and faith, than it becomes her gratitude,
I blush to grant it, yet take this along,
A sovereign medicine to allay displeasure,
May be an argument to bring me off too;
She is married, and she is chaste, how sweet that sounds?
How it perfumes all air 'tis spoken in?

O dear *Lisander*! would you break this union?

Lif. No, I adore it; let me kiss your hand,
And seal the fair faith of a Gentleman on it.

Cal. You are truly valiant, would it not afflict ye
To have the horrid name of Coward touch you?
Such is the Whore to me.

Lif. I nobly thank ye;
And may I be the same when I dishonour ye;
This I may do again. [Kissing her hand.]

Cal. Ye may, and worthily;
Such comforts Maids may grant with modesty,
And neither make her poor nor wrong her bounty;
Noble *Lisander*, how fond now am I of ye?
I heard you were hurt.

Lif. You dare not heal me, Lady?
I am hurt here; how sweetly now she blushes?
Excellent Objects kill our sight, she blinds me;
The Roses in the pride of *May* shew pale to her;
O Tyrant, Custom! and O Coward, Honour!
How ye compel me to put on mine own Chains?
May I not kiss ye now in superstition?
For you appear a thing that I would kneel to;
Let me err that way. [Kisses her.]

Cal. Ye shall err for once, I have a kind of noble pity on
Among your manly sufferings, make this most, (you,
To err no farther in desire, for then, Sir,
You add unto the gratuities I owe you;
And after death, your dear friends soul shall bless you.

Lif. I am wondrous honest.
Cal. I dare try. [Kisses.]
Lif. I have tasted a blessedness too great for dull morta-
Once more, and let me dye. (lity,

Cal. I dare not murder,
How will maids curse me if I kill with kisses?
And young men fly th' embraces of fair Virgins?
Come, pray sit down, but let's talk temperately.

Lif. Is my dear friend abed?
Cal. Yes, and asleep;
Secure asleep, 'tis midnight too, *Lisander*,
Speak not so loud.

Lif. You see I am a Statue,
I could not stand else as I had eaten Ice,
Or took into my blood a drowzie Poyson,

And Natures noblest, brightest flame burns in me;
Midnight? and I stand quietly to behold it so?
The Alarm rung, and I sleep like a Coward?
I am worn away, my faith, my dull obedience
Like Crutches, carry my decayed Body
Down to the Grave, I have no youth within me,
Yet happily you love too.

Cal. Love with honour.

Lif. Honour? what's that? 'tis but a specious title
We should not prize too high.

Cal. Dearer than life.

Lif. The value of it is as time hath made it,
And time and custome have too far insulted,
We are no gods, to be always tyed to strictness,
'Tis a presumption to shew too like 'em;
March but an hour or two under Loves Ensigns,
We have Examples of great memories——

Cal. But foul ones too, that greatness cannot cover,
That Wife that by Example sins, sins double,
And pulls the Curtain open to her shame too;
Methinks to enjoy you thus——

Lif. 'Tis no joy, Lady,
A longing Bride if she stop here, would cry,
The Bridegroom too, and with just cause curse *Hymen*;
But yield a little, be one hour a Woman,
(I do not speak this to compel you, Lady)
And give your Will but motion, let it stir
But in the taste of that weak fears call evil,
Try it to understand it, we'll do nothing,
You'll ne'r come to know pure good else.

Cal. Fie, Sir.

Lif. I have found a way, let's slip into this error
As Innocents, that know not what we did;
As we were dreaming both, let us embrace;
The sin is none of ours then, but our fancies;
What have I said? what blasphemy to honour?
O my base thoughts! pray ye take this and shoot me.

My Villain thoughts! [Noise within.]

Cal. I weep your miseries, and would to heaven--- what
Lif. It comes on louder. (noise?)

Kill me, and save your self; save your fair honour,
And lay the fault on me, let my life perish,
My base lascivious life, shoot quickly, Lady.

Cal. Not for the World, retire behind the hangings,
And there stand close—— my husband, close, *Lisander*.

Enter Cleander with a Taper.

Clean. Dearest, are you well?

Cal. O my sad heart, my head, my head.

Clean. Alas, poor soul! what do you do out of your bed?
You take cold, my *Calista*; how do ye?

Cal. Not so well, Sir, to lie by ye, my Brothers fright——

Clean. I had a frightful dream too,
A very frightful dream, my best *Calista*;
Methought there came a Dragon to your Chamber;
A furious Dragon (Wife) I yet shake at it;
Are all things well?

Lif. Shall I shoot him?

Cal. No, all well, Sir,
'Twas but your care of me, your loving care,
Which always watches.

Clean. And methought he came
As if he had risen thus out of his Den;
As I do from these Hangings.

Lif. Dead.

Cal. Hold, good Sir.

Clean. And forc'd ye in his arms thus.

Cal. 'Twas but fancy
That troubled ye, here's nothing to disturb me;
Good Sir, to rest again, and I am now drowzie,
And will to bed; make no noise, dear Husband,
But let me sleep; before you can call any body, I am abed.

Clean. This, and sweet rest dwell with ye. [Exit.]

Cal. Come out again, and as you love, *Lisander*,

Make

Make haste away, you see his mind is troubled ;
Do you know the door ye came in at ?

Lis. Well, sweet Lady.

Cal. And can ye hit it readily ?

Lis. I warrant ye ;

And must I go ? Must here end all my happiness ?
Here in a dream, as if it had no substance ?

Cal. For this time, friend, or here begin our ruins ;
We are both miserable.

Lis. This is some comfort
In my afflictions ; they are so full already,
They can find no increase.

Cal. Dear, speak no more.

Lis. You must be silent then.

Cal. Farewel, *Lisander*, thou joy of man, farewel.

Lis. Farewel, bright Lady,
Honour of woman-kind, a heavenly blessing.

Cal. Be ever honest.

Lis. I will be a dog else ;
The vertues of your mind I'll make my Library,
In which I'll study the celestial beauty ;
Your Constancy, my Armour that I'll fight in ;
And on my Sword your Chastity shall sit,
Terror to rebel blood.

Cal. Once more, farewel ; [Noise within.
O that my modesty cou'd hold you still, Sir—— he comes

Lis. Heaven keep my hand from murder, (again.
Murder of him I love.

Cal. Away, dear friend,
Down to the Garden stairs, that way, *Lisander*,
We are betray'd else.

Enter Cleander.

Lis. Honour guard the innocent. [Exit Lisander.

Clean. Still up ? I fear'd your health.

Cal. 'Has mis'd him happily ;

I am going now, I have done my meditations,
My heart's almost at peace.

Clean. To my warm Bed then.

Cal. I will, pray ye lead. [A Pistol shot within.

Clean. A Pistol shot i'th' house ?

At these hours ? sure some thief, some murderer ;
Rise, ho ! rise all, I am betray'd.

Cal. O Fortune !
O giddy thing ! he has met some opposition,
And kill'd ; I am confounded, lost for ever.

Enter Dorilaus.

Dor. Now, what's the matter ?

Clean. Thieves, my noble Father, Villains and Rogues.

Dor. Indeed ! I heard a Pistol, let's search about.

Enter Malfort, Clarinda, and Servants.

Mal. To bed again, they are gone, Sir,
I will not bid you thank my valour for't ;
Gone at the Garden door ; there were a dozen,
And bravely arm'd, I saw 'em.

Clar. I am glad, glad at the heart.

Serv. One shot at me, and mis'd me.

Mal. No, 'twas at me, the Bullet flew close by me,
Close by my ear ; another had a huge Sword,
Flourish'd it thus ; but at the point I met him,
But the Rogue taking me to be your Lordship,
(As sure your Name is terrible, and we
Not much unlike in the dark) roar'd out aloud,
'Tis the kill-Crow, *Dorilaus*, and away
They ran as they had flown ; now you must love me,
Or fear me for my Courage, Wench.

Clar. O Rogue !

O lying Rogue, *Lisander* stumbled, Madam,
At the Stair-head, and in the fall the shot went off ;
Was gone before they rose.

Cal. I thank Heaven for't.

Clar. I was frighted too, it spoil'd my game with *Leon*.

Cle. You must sit up ; and they had come to your Chamber
What pranks would they have plaid ? how came the door
Ma. I heard 'em when they forc'd it ; up I rose, (open ?
Took *Durindana* in my hand ; and like
Orlando, issu'd forth.

Clar. I know you are valiant.

Clean. To bed again,
And be you henceforth provident, at sun-rising
We must part for a while.

Dor. When you are a bed,
Take leave of her, there 'twill be worth the taking ;
Here 'tis but a cold Ceremony, ere long
We'll find *Lisander*, or we have ill-fortune.

Clean. Lock all the doors fast.

Mal. Though they all stood open,
My name writ on the door, they dare not enter. [Exeunt.

Enter Clarange, Fryar with a letter.

Clar. Turn'd Hermit ?

Fry. Yes, and a devout one too ; I heard him preach.

Clar. That lessens my belief,
For though I grant my *Lidian* a Scholar,
As far as fits a Gentleman, he hath studied
Humanity, and in that he is a Master ;
Civility of manners, Courtship, Arms ;
But never aim'd at (as I could perceive)
The deep points of Divinity.

Fry. That confirms his
Devotion to be real, no way tainted
With ostentation, or hypocrisy,
The cankers of Religion ; his Sermon
So full of gravity, and with such sweetness
Deliver'd, that it drew the admiration
Of all the hearers on him ; his own Letters
To you, which witness he will leave the World,
And these to fair *Olinda*, his late Mistress,
In which he hath with all the moving language
That ever express'd Rhetorick, solicited
The Lady to forget him, and make you
Blessed in her embraces, may remove
All scrupulous doubts.

Clar. It strikes a sadness in me.
I know not what to think of't.

Fry. Ere he entred
His solitary Cell, he pen'd a Ditty,
His long, and last farewel to Love and Women,
So feelingly, that I confess however
It stands not with my order to be taken
With such poetical Raptures ; I was mov'd,
And strangely with it.

Clar. Have you the Copy ?

Fry. Yes, Sir ;
My Novice too can sing it, if you please
To give him hearing.

Clar. And it will come timely,
For I am full of melancholy thoughts,
Against which I have heard with reason Musick
To be the speediest cure, 'pray you apply it.

A Song by the Novice.

A Dieu fond love, farewel you wanton powers,
I am free again ;
Thou dull Disease of blood, and idle hours ;
Bewitching pain,
Flye to the Fools that sigh away their time,
My nobler love to Heaven doth climb,
And there behold Beauty still young,
That Time can ne'r corrupt, nor Death destroy ;
Immortal sweetness by fair Angels sung,
And honour'd by Eternity and Joy :
There lives my love, thither my hopes aspire,
Fond love declines, this heavenly loves grows higher.

Fri. How do ye approve it ?

Clar. To its due desert,
It is a Heavenly Hymn, no ditty Father,
It passes through my ears unto my soul,
And works divinely on it ; give me leave
A little to consider ; shall I be
Outdone in all things ? nor good of my self,
Nor by example ? shall my loose hope still,
The viands of a fond affection, feed me
As I were a sensual beast ? spiritual food
Refus'd by my sick palat ? 'tis resolv'd.
How far off Father, doth this new made Hermit
Make his abode ?

Fri. Some two dayes journey Son.

Clar. Having reveal'd my fair intentions to ye,
I hope your piety will not deny me
Your aids to further 'em ?

Fri. That were against a good mans charity.

Clar. My first request is,
You would some time, for reasons I will shew you,
Defer delivery of *Lidians* Letters
To fair *Olinda*.

Fri. Well Sir.

Clar. For what follows,
You shall direct me ; something I will do,
A new born zeal, and friendship prompts me to. [Ex.

Enter Dorilaus, Cleander, Chamberlain, Table,
Tapers, and three stools.

Clea. We have suppd well friend ; let our beds be ready,
We must be stirring early.

Cham. They are made Sir.

Dor. I cannot sleep yet, where's the jovial host
You told me of ? 'thas been my custom ever
To parley with mine host.

Clea. He's a good fellow,
And such a one I know you love to laugh with ;
Go call your Master up.

Cham. He cannot come Sir.

Dor. Is he a bed with his wife ?

Cham. No certainly.

Dor. Or with some other guests ?

Cham. Neither and't like ye.

Clea. Why then he shall come by your leave my friend,
I'll fetch him up my self.

Cham. Indeed you'll fail Sir.

Dor. Is he i'th' house ?

Cham. No, but he is hard by Sir ;
He is fast in's grave, he has been dead these three weeks.

Dor. Then o' my conscience he will come but lamely,
And discourse worse.

Clea. Farewel mine honest Host then,
Mine honest merry Host ; will you to bed yet ?

Dor. No, not this hour, I prethee sit and chat by me.

Clea. Give us a quart of wine then, we'll be merry.

Dor. A match my Son ; pray let your wine be living,
Or lay it by your Master.

Cham. It shall be quick Sir. [Exit.

Dor. Has not mine Host a wife ?

Dor. A good old woman.

Dor. Another coffin, that is not so handsom ;
Your Hostesses in Innes should be blith things,
Pretty, and young to draw in passengers ;
She'll never fill her beds well, if she be not beauteous.

Clea. And courteous too.

Enter Chamberlain, with wine.

Dor. I, I, and a good fellow,
That will mistake sometimes a Gentleman
For her good man ; well done ; here's to *Lisander*.

Clea. My full love meets it ; make fire in our lodgings,
We'll trouble thee no farther ; to your Son. [Ex. Cham.

Dor. Put in *Clarange* too ; off with't, I thank ye ;
This wine drinks merrier still, O for mine Host now,

Were he alive again, and well dispos'd,
I would so claw his pate.

Clea. Y'are a hard drinker.

Dor. I love to make mine Host drunk, he will lye then
The rarest, and the roundest, of his friends,
His quarrels, and his guests, and they are the best bauds too,
Take 'em in that tune.

Clea. You know all.

Dor. I did Son, but time, and arms have worn me out.

Clea. 'Tis late Sir, I hear none stirring. *A lute is struck,*

Dor. Hark, what's that, a Lute ?

'Tis at the door I think.

Clea. The doors are shut fast.

Dor. 'Tis morning sure, the Fiddlers are got up
To fright mens sleeps, have we ne're a pispot ready ?

Clea. Now I remember, I have heard mine Host that's
Touch a lute rarely, and as rarely sing too, (dead,
A brave still mean.

Dor. I would give a brace of *French Crowns*
To see him rise and Fiddle—— Hark, a Song.

A SONG.

'TIS late and cold, stir up the fire ;
Sit close, and draw the Table nigher ;
Be merry, and drink wine that's old,
A hearty medicine 'gainst a cold.
Your bed of wanton down's the best,
Where you shall tumble to your rest ;
I could wish you wenches too,
But I am dead and cannot do ;
Call for the best the house may bring,
Sack, White, and Claret let them bring,
And drink apace while breath you have ;
You'll find but cold drink in the grave ;
Plover, Partridge for your dinner,
And a Capon for the sinner,
You shall find ready when you are up,
And your horse shall have his sup :
Welcom welcom shall flye round,
And I shall smile though under ground.

Clea. Now as I live, it is his voice.

Dor. He sings well, the Devil has a pleasant pipe.

Clea. The fellow lyed fure.

Enter Host.

He is not dead, he's here : how pale he looks !

Dor. Is this he ?

Clea. Yes.

Host. You are welcom noble Gentlemen,
My brave old guest most welcom.

Clea. Lying knaves,

To tell us you were dead, come sit down by us ;
We thank ye for your Song.

Host. Would 't had been better.

Dor. Speak, are ye dead ?

Host. Yes indeed am I Gentlemen,
I have been dead these three weeks.

Dor. Then here's to ye, to comfort your cold body.

Clea. What do ye mean ? stand further off.

Dor. I will stand nearer to him,
Shall he come out on's coffin to bear us company ;
And we not bid him welcom ? come mine Host,
Mine honest Host, here's to ye.

Host. Spirits Sir, drink not.

Clea. Why do ye appear ?

Host. To wait upon ye Gentlemen,
'Thas been my duty living, now my farewell ;
I fear ye are not us'd accordingly.

Dor. I could wish you warmer company mine Host,
How ever we are us'd.

Host. Next to entreat a courtesie,
And then I go to peace.

Clea.

Clea. Is't in our power?

Hofst. Yes and 'tis this, to see my body buried
In holy ground, for now I lye unhallowed,
By the clarks fault; let my new grave be made
Amongst good fellows, that have died before me,
And merry Hofstes of my kind.

Clea. It shall be done.

Dor. And forty stoops of wine drank at thy funeral.

Clea. Do you know our travel?

Hofst. Yes, to seek your friends,
That in afflictions wander now.

Clea. Alas!

Hofst. Seek 'em no farther, but be confident
They shall return in peace.

Dor. There's comfort yet.

(*Hofst.*

Clea. Pray ye one word more, is't in your power mine
Answer me softly, some hours before my death,
To give me warning?

Hofst. I cannot tell ye truly,
But if I can, so much alive I lov'd ye,
I will appear again, adieu.

[*Exit.*

Dor. Adieu, Sir.

Clea. I am troubl'd; these strange apparitions are
For the most part fatal.

Dor. This if told, will not
Find credit, the light breaks apace, let's lie down
And take some little rest, an hour or two,
Then do mine host's desire, and so return,
I do believe him.

Clea. So do I, to rest, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Calista, and Clarinda.

Cal. Clarinda?

Clarinda. Madam.

Cal. Is the house well ordered?

The doors look'd to now in your Masters absence?
Your care, and diligence amongst the Servants?

Clarinda. I am stirring, Madam.

Cal. So thou art, Clarinda,
More than thou ought'st I am sure, why dost thou blush?

Clarinda. I do not blush.

Cal. Why dost thou hang thy head wench?

Clarinda. Madam, ye are deceiv'd, I look upright,
I understand ye not: she has spied Leon,
Shame of his want of caution.

[*Aside.*

Cal. Look on me; what, blush again?

Clarinda. 'Tis more than I know, Madam;
I have no cause that I find yet.

Cal. Examine then.

Clarinda. Your Ladyship is set I think to shame me.

Cal. Do not deserv't, who lay with you last night?
What bed-fellow had ye? none of the maids came near ye.

Clarinda. Madam, they did.

Cal. 'Twas one in your Cousins cloaths then,
And wore a sword; and sure I keep no Amazons;
Wench do not lye, 'twill but proclaim thee guilty;
Lyes hide our sins like nets; like perspectives,
They draw offences nearer still, and greater:
Come, tell the truth.

Clarinda. You are the strangest Lady
To have these doubts of me; how have I liv'd, Madam?
And which of all my careful services deserves these shames?

Cal. Leave facing, 'twill not serve ye,
This impudence becomes thee worse than lying.
I thought ye had liv'd well, and I was proud of't;
But you are pleas'd to abuse my thoughts; who was't?
Honest repentance yet will make the fault less.

Clarinda. Do ye compel me? do you stand so strict too?
Nay, then have at ye; I shall rub that fore, Madam,
(Since ye provoke me) will but vex your Ladyship;
Let me alone.

Cal. I will know.

Clarinda. For your own peace,
The peace of your own conscience ask no farther;

Walk in, and let me alone.

Cal. No, I will know all.

Clarinda. Why, then I'll tell ye, 'twas a man I lay with,
Never admire, 'tis easie to be done, Madam,
And usual too, a proper man I lay with;
Why should you vex at that? young as *Lisander*,
And able too; I grudge not at your pleasure,
Why should you stir at mine? I steal none from ye.

Cal. And dost thou glory in this sin?

Clarinda. I am glad on't, to glory in't is for a mighty Lady
That may command.

Cal. Why didst thou name *Lisander*?

Clarinda. Does it anger ye? does it a little gall ye?
I know it does, why would ye urge me Lady?
Why would ye be so curious to compel me?

I nam'd *Lisander* as my president,
The rule I err'd by, you love him, I know it,
I grudg'd not at it, but am pleas'd it is so;
And by my care and diligence you enjoy'd him,
Shall I for keeping counsel, have no comfort?

Will you have all your self? ingross all pleasure
Are ye so hard hearted? why do ye blush now, Madam?

Cal. My anger blushes, not my shame, base woman.

Clarinda. I'll make your shame blush, since you put me to't.
Who lay with you t'other night?

Cal. With me? ye monster.

(bands;

Clarinda. Whose sweet embraces circled ye? not your hus-
I wonder ye dare touch me in this point, Madam?
Stir her against ye in whose hand your life lies?

More than your life, your honour? what smug *Amazon*
Was that I brought you? that maid had ne're a petticoat?

Cal. She'll half perswade me anon, I am a beast too,
And I mistrust my self, though I am honest
For giving her the Helm, thou knowest, *Clarinda*,

(Ev'n in thy conscience) I was ever vertuous;
As far from lust in meeting with *Lisander*,
As the pure wind in welcoming the morning;
In all the conversation I had with him,
As free, and innocent, as yon fair Heaven;
Didst not thou perswade me too?

Clarinda. Yes, I had reason for't,
And now you are perswaded I'll make use on't.

Cal. If I had sin'd thus, and my youth entic'd me,
The nobleness and beauty of his person,
Beside the mighty benefits I am bound to,

Is this sufficient warrant for thy weakness?
If I had been a whore, and crav'd thy counsel
In the conveyance of my fault and faithfulness,
Thy secrecie, and truth in hiding of it;

Is it thy justice to repay me thus?
To be the Master sinner to compel me?

And build thy lusts security on mine honour?
Clarinda. They that love this sin, love their security;
Prevention, Madam, is the nail I knock'd at,
And I have hit it home, and so I'll hold it,
And you must pardon me, and be silent too,
And suffer what ye see, and suffer patiently;
I shall do worse else.

Cal. Thou canst not touch my credit:

Truth will not suffer me to be abus'd thus. (Madam,

Clarinda. Do not you stick to truth, she is seldom heard,
A poor weak tongue she has, and that is hoarse too
With pleading at the bars, none understand her,
Or if you had her, what can she say for ye?
Must she not swear he came at midnight to ye,
The door left open, and your husband cozen'd
With a feign'd sickness? (honest,

Cal. But by my soul I was honest, thou know'st I was

Clarinda. That's all one what I know,
What I will testify is that shall vex ye;
Trust not a guilty rage, with likelihoods,
And on apparent proof, take heed of that, Madam;
If you were innocent (as it may be ye are)
I do not know, I leave it to your conscience,

It were the weakest and the poorest part of ye,
Men being so willing to believe the worst,
So open eyed in this age to all infamie,
To put your fame in this weak bark to the venture.

Cal. What do I suffer! O my precious honour,
Into what box of evils have I lock'd thee!
Yet rather than be thus outbrav'd, and by
My drudg, my footstool, one that sued to be so;
Perish both life, and honour. Devil thus
I dare thy worst, despise thee, spit at thee,
And in my vertuous rage, thus trample on thee;
Awe me thy Mistris, whore, to be thy baud?
Out of my house, proclaim all that thou knowest,
Or malice can invent, fetch jealousy
From Hell, and like a surie breath it in
The bosom of my Lord; and to thy utmost
Blast my fair fame, yet thou shalt feel with horror
To thy fear'd conscience, my truth is built
On such a firm base, that if e're it can
Be forc'd, or undermin'd by thy base scandals,
Heaven keeps no guard on innocence.

Clarin. I am lost,
In my own hopes forsaken, and must fall
The greatest torment to a guilty woman
Without revenge, till I can fashion it
I must submit, at least appear as if
I did repent, and would offend no farther.
Monsieur *Beronte* my Lords Brother is
Oblig'd unto me for a private favour;
'Tis he must mediate for me; but when time
And opportunity bids me strike, my wreak
Shall pour it self on her nice chaltitie
Like to a torrent, deeds, not words shall speak me. [Exit.]

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Alcidon, and Beronte, severally.

Alci. YE are opportunely met. (some fear.)

Ber. Your countenance expresses hast mixt with
Alci. You'l share with me in both, as soon as you are made
Acquainted with the cause, if you love vertue,
In danger not secure; I have no time
For circumstance, instruct me if *Lisander*
Be in your Brothers house?

Ber. Upon my knowledge he is not there.

Alci. I am glad on't.

Ber. Why good Sir?

(Without offence I speak it) there's no place
In which he is more honour'd, or more safe,
Than with his friend *Cleander*.

Alci. In your votes

I grant it true, but as it now stands with him,
I can give reason to make satisfaction
For what I speak; you cannot but remember
The ancient difference between *Lisander*
And *Cloridon*, a man in grace at Court?

Ber. I do; and the foul plot of *Cloridons* kinsman
Upon *Lisanders* life, for a fall given to *Cloridon*
'Fore the King, as they encountred at a solemn tilting:

Alci. It is now reveng'd:

In brief, a challenge was brought to *Lisander*
By one *Chrystantes*; and as far as valour
Would give him leave, declin'd by bold *Lisander*:
But peace refus'd, and braves on braves heap'd on him;
Alone he met the opposites, ending the quarrel
With both their lives.

Ber. I am truly sorry for't.

Alci. The King incens'd for his favorites death,
Hath set a price upon *Lisanders* head,
As a reward to any man that brings it

Alive, or dead; to gain this, every where
He is pursu'd, and laid for; and the friendship
Between him and your noble Brother known,
His house in reason cannot pass unsearcht,
And that's the principal cause that drew me hither,
To hasten his remove, if he had chosen
This Castle for his sanctuary.

Ber. 'Twas done nobly,
And you most welcom; this night pray you take
A lodging with us; and at my intreaty
Conceal this from my Brother, he is grown
Exceeding sad of late; and the hard fortune
Of one he values at so high a rate,
Will much encrease his melancholy.

Alci. I am tutor'd: pray you lead the way.

Ber. To serve you I will shew it. [Exeunt.]

Enter Cleander, with a Book.

Cle. Nothing more certain than to dye, but when
Is most uncertain: if so, every hour
We should prepare us for the journey, which
Is not to be put off, I must submit
To the divine decree, not argue it,
And chearfully I welcom it: I have
Dispos'd of my estate, confess'd my sins,
And have remission from my Ghostly Father;
Being at peace too here: the apparition
Proceeded not from fancy, *Dorilaus*
Saw it, and heard it with me, it made answer
To our demands, and promis'd, if 'twere not
Deny'd to him by fate, he would forewarn me
Of my approaching end, I feel no symptome
Of sickness, yet I know not how a dulness
Invades me all over. Ha?

Enter Host.

Host. I come Sir,
To keep my promise; and as far as spirits
Are sensible of sorrow for the living,
I grieve to be the messenger to tell you,
E're many hours pass, you must resolve
To fill a grave.

Cle. And feast the worms?

Host. Even so Sir.

Clea. I hear it like a man.

Host. It well becomes you, there's no evading it.

Cle. Can you discover by whose means I must dye?

Host. That is deny'd me:

But my prediction is too sure; prepare
To make your peace with heaven. So farewell Sir. [Ex.]

Cle. I see no enemy near; and yet I tremble
Like a pale coward: my sad doom pronounc'd
By this aerial voice, as in a glass
Shews me my death in its most dreadfull shape.
What rampire can my humane frailty raise
Against the assault of fate? I do begin
To fear my self, my inward strengths forsake me;
I must call out for help. Within there? haste,
And break in to my rescue.

Enter Dorilaus, Calista, Olinda, Beronte, Alcidon,
Servants, and Clarinda, at several doors.

Dor. Rescue? where? shew me your danger.

Cal. I will interpose

My loyall breast between you and all hazard.

Ber. Your Brothers Sword secures you.

Alci. A true friend will dye in your defence.

Clean. I thank ye,

To all my thanks. Encompass'd thus with friends
How can I fear? and yet I do, I am wounded,
Mortally wounded: nay it is within,
I am hurt in my minde: One word——

Dor. A thousand.

Cl. I shall not live to speak so many to you.

Dor. Why? what forbids you?

Cl. But even now the spirit

Of my dead Host appear'd, and told me, that
This night I should be with him: did you not meet it?
It went out at that door.

Dor. A vain *Chimera*

Of your imagination: can you think
Mine Host would not as well have spoke to me now,
As he did in the Inn? these waking dreams
Not alone trouble you, but strike a strange
Distraction in your Family: see the tears
Of my poor Daughter, fair *Olinda's* sadness,
Your Brothers, and your friends grief, servants sorrow.
Good Son bear up, you have many years to live
A comfort to us all: let's in to supper;
Ghosts never walk till after mid-night, if
I may believe my Grannam. We will wash
These thoughts away with Wine, spight of *Hobgoblins*.

Cl. You reprehend me justly: gentle Madam,
And all the rest, forgive me, I'll endeavour
To be merry with you.

Dor. That's well said.

Beron. I have procur'd your pardon.

Cal. Once more I receive you
Into my service: but take especial care
You fall no further.

Clar. Never Madam: Sir,
When you shall find fit time to call me to it,
I will make good what I have said.

Ber. Till when, upon your life be silent.

Dor. We will have a health unto *Lisander*.

Cl. His name, Sir,
Somewhat revives me; but his sight would cure me.
How ever let's to supper.

Olin. Would *Clarange*

And *Lidian* were here too, as they should be,
If wishes cou'd prevail.

Cal. They are fruitless, Madam.

[*Ex.*

Enter Leon.

Leon. If that report speak truth, *Clarinda* is
Discharg'd her Ladies service, and what burthen
I then have drawn upon me is apparent,
The crop she reapt from her attendance was
Her best Revenue, and my principal means
Clarinda's bounty, though I labour'd hard for't,
A younger Brother's fortune: must I now
Have soure fawce after sweet meats? and be driv'n
To leavie half a Crown a week, besides
Clouts, Sope, and Candles, for my heir Apparent,
If she prove, as she swears she is with child;
Such as live this way, find like me, though wenching
Hath a fair face, there's a Dragon in the tail of't
That stings toth' quick. I must skulk here, until
I am resolv'd: how my heart pants between
My hopes and fears! she's come; are we in the Port?
If not, let's sink together.

Enter Clarinda.

Clar. Things go better
Than you deserve; you carry things so openly,
I must bear every way, I am once more
In my Ladies grace.

Leon. And I in yours.

Clar. It may be; but I have sworn unto my Lady never
To sin again.

Leon. To be surpriz'd—— the sin
Is in it self excusable; to be taken
Is a crime, as the Poet writes.

Clar. You know my weakness,
And that makes you so confident. You have got
A fair sword; was it not *Lisanders*?

Leon. Yes Wench,

And I grown valiant by the wearing of it:
It hath been the death of two. With this *Lisander*
Slew *Clorindon*, and *Chrysanthes*. I took it up,
Broken in the handle, but that is reform'd,
And now in my possession; the late Master
Dares never come to challenge it: this sword,
And all the weapons that I have, are ever
Devoted to thy service: Shall we bill?
I am very gamefome.

Clar. I must first dispose of
The fool *Malfort*; he hath smoak'd you, and is not,
But by some new device to be kept from me:
I have it here shall fit him: you know where
You must expect me, with all possible silence
Get thither.

Leon. You will follow?

Clar. Will I live?

She that is forfeited to lust must dye,
That humour being unfed; begone, here comes [Exit *Le.*

Enter Malfort in Armour.

My champion in Armour.

Malf. What adventure
I am bound upon I know not, but it is
My Mistresses pleasure that I should appear thus,
I may perhaps be terrible to others,
But as I am, I am sure my shadow frights me,
The clashing of my Armour in my ears,
Sounds like a passing-bell; and my Buckler, puts me
In mind of a Bier; this my broad Sword a pick-axe
To dig my grave: O love, abominable love,
What Monsters issue from thy dismal den,
Clarinda's placket, which I must encounter,
Or never hope to enter?

Clar. Here's a Knight errant, Monsieur *Malfort*.

Malf. Stand, stand, or I'll fall for ye.

Clar. Know ye not my voice?

Malf. Yes, 'twas at that I trembl'd.

But were my false friend *Leon* here——

Clar. 'Tis he.

Malf. Where? where?

Clar. He is not come yet.

Malf. 'Tis well for him,
I am so full of wrath.

Clar. Or fear—— This *Leon*,
Howe're my Kinsman, hath abus'd you grossly,
And this night vowes to take me hence perforce,
And marry me to another: 'twas for this,
(Prefuming on your love) I did entreat you
To put your armour on, that with more safety
You might defend me.

Mal. And I'll do it bravely.

Clar. You must stand here to beat him off, and suffer
No humane thing to pass you, though it appear
In my Lords shape, or Ladies: be not cozen'd
With a disguise.

Mal. I have been fool'd already, but now I am wise.

Clar. You must swear not to stir hence.

Mal. Upon these lips.

Clar. Nor move until I call you?

Mal. I'll grow here rather.

Clar. This nights task well ended,
I am yours to morrow. Keep sure guard. [Exit *Clar.*

Malf. Adieu;

My honey-comb how sweet thou art, did not
A nest of Hornets keep it? what impossibilities
Love makes me undertake? I know my self
A natural Coward, and should *Leon* come,
Though this were Cannon proof, I should deliver
The wench before he ask'd her. I hear some footing:
'Tis he; where shall I hide my self? that is
My best defence.

Enter

Enter Cleander.

Cle. I cannot sleep, strange visions
Make this poor life, I fear'd of late to lose,
A toy that I grow weary of.

Malf. 'Tis Leon.

Cle. What's that?

Malf. If you are come, Sir, for *Clarinda*;
I am glad I have her for you; I resign
My interest; you'll find her in her Chamber,
I did stay up to tell you so.

Clean. *Clarinda*, and *Leon*!

There is something more in this
Than I can stay to ask.

[Exit.

Malf. What a cold pickle

(And that none of the sweetest) do I find
My poor self in?

Clean. [Speaks within.] Yield villain.

Enter *Clarinda* and *Leon*, running.

Cleander following.

Clar. 'Tis my Lord,
Shift for your self.

Leon. His life
Shall first make answer
For this intrusion.

[Kills Cleander.

Malf. I am going away,
I am gone already.

[Falls in a swoon.

Clean. Heaven take mercy on
My soul; too true presaging Host.

Clar. He's dead,
And this wretch little better:
Do you stare upon your
Handy work?

Leon. I am amaz'd.

Clar. Get o're the Garden wall, flye for your life,
But leave your sword behind; enquire not why:
I'll fashion something out of it, though I perish,
Shall make way for revenge.

Leon. These are the fruits
Of lust, *Clarinda*.

Clar. Hence, repenting Milk-sop. [Exit Leon.
Now 'tis too late. *Lisander's* sword, I that, } Puts the sword in
That is the Base I'll build on. So, I'll raise } Malfort's hand.
The house. Help, murder, a most horrid
Murder. Monsieur *Beronte*, noble *Dorilaus*,
All buried in sleep? Aye me a murder,
A most unheard-of murder.

Enter *Dorilaus* as from bed.

Dor. More lights Knaves;
Beronte, *Alcidon*; more lights.

Enter *Beronte*, *Alcidon*, and *Servants* with lights.

Clar. By this I see too much.

Dor. My Son *Cleander* bathing
In his own gore. The Devil, to tell truth, i'th' shape of
An Host!

Ber. My Brother?

Malf. I have been
I'th' other world, in Hell I think, these Devils
With fire-brands in their paws sent to torment me,
Though I never did the deed, for my lewd purpose
To be a Whore-master.

Dor. Who's that?

Alci. 'Tis one in Armour. A bloody sword in his hand.

Dor. Sans question the murderer.

Malf. Who I? you do me wrong,
I never had the heart to kill a Chicken;
Nor do I know this sword.

Alc. I do, too well.

Ber. I have seen *Lisander* wear it.

Clar. This confirms
What yester-night I whisper'd: let it work,

The circumstance may make it good.

Malf. My Lord? and I his murtherer?

Ber. Drag the villain hence,
The Rack shall force a free confession from him.

Malf. I am struck dumb;
You need not stop my mouth.

Ber. Away with him.

[Exit with Malfort.

Enter *Calista*, and *Olinda*.

Cal. Where is my Lord?

Dor. All that

Remains of him lies there: look on this object,
And then turn marble.

Cal. I am so already,
Made fit to be his Monument: but wherefore
Do you, that have both life and motion left you,
Stand sad spectators of his death.

And not bring forth his murtherer?

Ber. That lies in you: you must, and shall produce him.

Dor. She, *Beronte*?

Ber. None else.

Dor. Thou ly'st, I'll prove it on thy head,
Or write it on thy heart.

Alc. Forbear, there is
Too much blood shed already.

Ber. Let not choler
Stifle your judgment; many an honest Father
Hath got a wicked Daughter. If I prove not
With evident proofs her hand was in the blood
Of my dear Brother, (too good a Husband for her)
Give your revenge the reins, and spur it forward.

Dor. In any circumstance but shew her guilty,
I'll strike the first stroak at her.

Ber. Let me ask
A question calmly: do you know this Sword?
Have you not seen *Lisander* often wear it?

Dor. The same with which he rescued me.

Cal. I do, what inference from this to make me guilty?

Ber. Was he not with you in the house to night?

Cal. No on my soul.

Ber. Nor ever heretofore
In private with you, when you feign'd a sickness,
To keep your Husband absent?

Cal. Never, Sir, to a dishonest end.

Ber. Was not this Woman
Your instrument? her silence does confess it:
Here lyes *Cleander* dead, and here the sword
Of false *Lisander*, too long cover'd with
A masque of seeming truth.

Dor. And is this all
The proof you can alledge? *Lisander* guilty,
Or my poor Daughter an Adulteress?
Suppose that she had chang'd discourse with one
To whom she ow'd much more?

Cal. Thou hast thy ends, wicked *Clarinda*. [She falls.

Oli. Help, the Lady sinks, malice hath kill'd her.

Dor. I would have her live,
Since I dare swear she's innocent: 'tis no time
Or place to argue now: this cause must be
Decided by the Judge; and though a Father,
I will deliver her into the hands
Of Justice. If she prove true gold when try'd,
She's mine: if not, with curses I'll disclaim her:
Take up your part of sorrow, mine shall be
Ready to answer with her life the fact
That she is charg'd with.

Ber. Sir, I look upon you as on a Father.

Dor. With the eyes of sorrow
I see you as a Brother: let your witness
Be ready.

Ber. 'Tis my care.

Alc. I am for *Lidian*.

This accident no doubt will draw him from
His Hermits life.

Clar. Things yet go right, persist, Sir.

Enter Lisander, and Lancelot.

Lisan. Are the horses dead?

Lanc. Out-right. If you ride at this rate,
You must resolve to kill your two a day,
And that's a large proportion.

Lisan. Will you please
At any price, and speedily, to get fresh ones.
You know my danger, and the penalty
That follows it, should I be apprehended.
Your duty in obeying my commands,
Will in a better language speak your service,
Than your unnecessary, and untimely care of my expence.

Lanc. I am gone, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Lisan. In this thicket
I will expect you: Here yet I have leisure
To call my self unto a strict account
For my pass'd life, how vainly spent: I would
I stood no farther guilty: but I have
A heavier reckoning to make: This hand
Of late as white as innocence, and unspotted,
Now wears a purple colour, dy'd in gore,
My soul of the same tincture; pur-blind passion,
With flattering hopes, would keep me from despair,
Pleading I was provok'd to it; but my reason
Breaking such thin and weak defences, tells me
I have done a double murder; and for what?
Was it in service of the King? his Edicts
Command the contrary: or for my Country?
Her *Genius*, like a mourning mother, answers
In *Cloridon*, and *Chrysanthes* she hath lost
Two hopeful sons, that might have done their parts,
To guard her from Invasion: for what cause then?
To keep th' opinion of my valour upright,
Th' popular breath, a sandy ground to build on;
Bought with the Kings displeasure, as the breach
Of Heavens decrees, the loss of my true comforts,
In Parents, Kinsmen, Friends, as the fruition
Of all that I was born to, and that sits
Like to a hill of Lead here, in my exile,
(Never to be repeal'd, if I escape so)
I have cut off all hopes ever to look on

Enter Lidian, like a Hermite.

Divine *Calista*, from her sight, and converse,
For ever banish'd.

Lid. I should know this voice,
His naming too my Sister, whom *Lisander*
Honour'd, but in a noble way, assures me
That it can be no other: I stand bound
To comfort any man I find distress'd:
But to aid him that sav'd my life, Religion
And Thankfulness commands, and it may be
High providence for this good end hath brought him
Into my solitary walk. *Lisander*, noble *Lisander*.

Lif. Whatfoe'er thou art,
That honorable attribute thou giv'st me,
I can pretend no right to: come not near me,
I am infectious, the sanctity
Of thy profession (for thou appearest
A reverend *Hermite*) if thou flye not from me,
As from the Plague or Leprosie, cannot keep thee
From being polluted.

Lid. With good counsel, Sir,
And holy prayers to boot I may cure you,
Though both wayes so infect'd. You look wildly,
Peace to your conscience, Sir, and stare upon me,
As if you never saw me: hath my habit
Alter'd my face so much, that yet you know not
Your servant *Lidian*?

Lif. I am amaz'd!
So young, and so religious? (world:

Lid. I purpose (Heaven make me thankful for't) to leave the

[*Exeunt.*]
I have made some trial of my strengths in this
My solitary life; and yet I find not
A faintness to go on.

Lif. Above belief: do you inhabit here?

Lid. Mine own free choice, Sir:

I live here poorly, but contentedly,
Because I find enough to feed my fortunes;
Indeed too much: these wild fields are my gardens,
The Crystal Rivers they afford their waters,
And grudge not their sweet streams to quench afflictions;
The hollow rocks their beds, which though they are hard,
(The Emblems of a doting lovers fortune)
Yet they are quiet; and the weary slumbers
The eyes catch there, softer than beds of Down, Friend;
The Birds my Bell to call me to devotions;
My Book the story of my wandring life,
In which I find more hours due to repentance
Than time hath told me yet.

Lif. Answer me truly.

Lid. I will do that without a conjuration.

Lif. Th' depth of meditation do you not
Sometimes think of *Olinda*?

Lid. I endeavour

To raze her from my memory, as I wish
You would do the whole Sex, for know, *Lisander*,
The greatest curse brave man can labour under,
Is the strong Witch-craft of a Womans eyes;
Where I find men I preach this doctrine to 'em:
As you are a Scholar, knowledge make your Mistress,
The hidden beauties of the Heavens your study;
There shall you find fit wonder for your faith,
And for your eye in-imitable objects:
As you are a profess'd souldier, court your honour,
Though she be stern, she is honest, a brave Mistress;
The greater danger you oppose to win her,
She shews the sweeter, and rewards the nobler;
Womans best loves to hers meer shadows be,
For after death she weds your memory.
These are my contemplations.

Lif. Heavenly ones;

And in a young man more remarkable.
But wherefore do I envy, and not tread in
This blessed tract? here's in the heart no falshood
To a vow'd friend, no quarrels seconded
With Challenges, which answer'd in defence
Of the word Reputation, murder follows.
A man may here repent his sins, and though
His hand like mine be stain'd in blood, it may be
With penitence and true contrition wash'd off;
You have prov'd it, *Lidian*.

Lid. And you'll find it true, if you persevere.

Lif. Here then ends my flight,
And here the fury of the King shall find me
Prepar'd for Heaven, if I am mark'd to dye;
For that I truly grieve for.

Enter Fryar, and Clarange in Fryars habit.

Fry. Keep your self conceal'd, I am instructed.

Clar. How the sight
Of my dear friend confirms me.

Lif. What are these?

Lid. Two reverend Fryers, one I know.

Fry. To you
This journey is devoted.

Lid. Welcome, Father.

Fry. I know your resolution so well grounded,
And your adieu unto the world so constant,
That though I am th' unwilling messenger
Of a strange accident to try your temper,
It cannot shake you. You had once a friend,
A noble friend, *Clarange*.

Lid. And have still, I hope, good Father.

Fry. Your false hopes deceive you,
He's dead.

Lif. *Clarange* dead ?

Fry. I buried him ;
Some said he dy'd of melancholy, some of love,
And of that fondness perish'd.

Lid. O *Clarange* !

Clar. Hast thou so much brave nature, noble *Lidian*,
So tenderly to lovethy Rivals memory ?
The bold *Lisander* weeps too.

Fry. I expected that you would bear this better

Lid. I am a man, Sir, and my great loss weigh'd duly—

Fry. His last words were

After confession, live long, dear *Lidian*,
Possess'd of all thy wishes ; and of me
He did desire, bathing my hand with tears,
That with my best care, I should seek, and find you,
And from his dying mouth prevail so with you,
That you a while should leave your Hermits strictness,
And on his Monument pay a tear or two,
To witness how you lov'd him. (he had not

Lid. O my heart ! to witness how I lov'd him ? would
Lid me into his Grave, but sacrific'd

His sorrows upon mine, he was my friend,
My noble friend, I will bewail his ashes ;
His fortunes, and poor mine were born together,
And I will weep 'em both ; I will kneel by him,
And on his hallow'd Earth do my last duties.
I'll gather all the pride of Spring to deck him,
Wood-bines shall grow upon his honour'd Grave ;
And as they prosper, clasp to shew our friendship,
And when they wither, I'll dye too.

Clar. Who would not
Desire to dye, to be bewail'd thus nobly ?

Fry. There is a Legacy he hath bequeath'd you ;
But of what value I must not discover,
Until those Rites and pious Ceremonies
Are duly tender'd.

Lid. I am too full of sorrow to be inquisitive.

Lif. To think of his,
I do forget mine own woes.

Enter *Alcidon*.

Alc. Graze thy fill, now
Thou hast done thy business ; ha ! who have we here ?

Lisander, *Lidian*, and two Reverend Fryars ?
What a strange scene of sorrow is express'd
In different postures, in their looks and station ?

A common Painter eying these to help
His dull invention, might draw to the life
The living Sons of *Priam*, as they stood
On the pale Walls of *Troy*, when *Hector* fell
Under *Achilles*'s Spear ; I come too late,
My Horse, though good and strong, mov'd like a Tortoise ;
Ill News had wings, and hath got here before me.
All *Pythagoreans* ? not a word ?

Lid. O *Alcidon*—
Deep Rivers with soft murmurs glide along
The shallow roar ; *Clarange* !

Lif. *Cloridon*, *Chrysanthus*, spare my grief, and apprehend
What I should speak.

Alc. Their fates I have long since
For your sakes mourn'd ; *Clarange*'s death, for so
Your silence doth confirm, till now I heard not ;
Are these the bounds that are prescrib'd unto
The swelling seas of sorrow ?

Lif. The bounds, *Alcidon* ?
Can all the winds of mischief, from all Quarters,
Euphrates, *Ganges*, *Tigris*, *Volga*, *Po*,
Paying at once their tribute to this Ocean,
Make it swell higher ? I am a Murthrer,
Banish'd, proscrib'd, is there ought else that can
Be added to it ?

Lid. I have lost a friend,
Priz'd dearer than my being, and he dead,
My miseries at the height condemn the worst

Of Fortunes malice.

Alc. How our humane weakness,
Grown desperate from small disasters, makes us
Imagine them a period to our sorrows !
When the first syllable of greater woes
Is not yet written.

Lid. How ?

Lif. Speak it at large,
Since grief must break my heart, I am ambitious
It should be exquisite.

Alc. It must be told,
Yet ere you hear it, with all care put on
The surest armour anvil'd in the Shop
Of passive fortitude ; the good *Cleander*,
Your friend, is murth'r'd.

Lif. 'Tis a terrible pang,
And yet it will not do, I live yet, act not
The Torturers part ; if that there be a blow
Beyond this, give it, and at once dispatch me.

Alc. Your Sword died in his heart-bloud was found near
Your private Conference at mid-night urg'd (him,
With fair *Calista* ; which by her whose pure truth,
Would never learn to tell a lie, being granted,
She by enrag'd *Beronte* is accus'd
Of Murth'r and Adultery, and you
(However I dare swear it false) concluded
Her principal Agent,

Lid. Wave upon wave rowls o'r me.
My Sister ? my dear Sister ?

Clar. Hold, great heart.

Fry. Tear open his Doublet.

Lif. Is this wound too narrow
For my life to get out at ? Bring me to
A Cannon loaded, and some pitying friend
Give fire unto it, while I nail my breast
Unto his thundring mouth, that in the instant ;
I may be piece-meal torn, and blown so far,
As not one joint of my dismember'd limbs
May ever be by search of man found out.

Cleander ! Yet, why name I him ? however
His fall deserv'd an Earth-quake, if compar'd
With what true honour in *Calista* suffers,
Is of no moment ; my good Angel keep me
From Blasphemy, and strike me dumb before,
In th' agony of my spirit, I do accuse
The Powers above, for their unjust permission
Of Vertue, innocent Vertue, to be branded
With the least vicious mark.

Clar. I never saw a man so far transported.

Alc. Give it way, 'tis now no time to stop it:

Enter *Lancelot*.

Lanc. Sir, I have bought
Fresh horses ; and as you respect your life,
Speedily back 'em ; the Archers of the Kings guard
Are every where in quest of you.

Lif. My life ?
Perish all such with thee that wish it longer,
Let it but clear *Calista*'s innocence, [Strikes *Lancelot*.
And *Nestor*'s Age, to mine was Youth, I'll flye
To meet the rage of my incensed King,
And wish his favourites Ghost appear'd in Flames,
To urge him to revenge ; let all the tortures
That Tyranny e're found out circle me,
Provided Justice set *Calista* free.

[Exeunt *Lisander*, *Alcidon*; and *Lancelot*.

Alc. I'll follow him.

Lid. I am rooted here. (dangers,

Fry. Remember your dear friends last request, your sisters
With the aids that you may lend her

Lid. Pray you support me,
My Legs deny their Office.

Clar. I grow still

Farther

Farther engag'd unto his matchless vertues,
And I am dead indeed, until I pay
The debt I owe him in a noble way.

[Exeunt.]

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Dorilaus, and Servant.

Dor. Thou hast him safe?

Serv. As fast as locks can make him;
He must break through three doors, and cut the throats
Of ten tall fellows, if that he 'scape us;
Besides, as far as I can apprehend,
He hath no such invention, for his looks
Are full of penitence.

Dor. Trust not a Knaves look,
They are like a Whores Oaths;
How does my poor Daughter
Brook her restraint?

Serv. With such a resolution
As well becomes your Lordships Child.

[Knock within.]

Dor. Who's that?

Enter Lemure.

Serv. Monsieur Lemure.

Dor. This is a special favour,
And may stand an example in the Court
For courtelic; it is the Clients duty
To wait upon his Patron; you prevent me,
That am your humble Suitor.

Lem. My near place
About the King, though it swell others, cannot
Make me forget your worth and Age, which may
Challenge much more respect; and I am sorry
That my endeavours for you have not met with
The good success I wish'd; I mov'd the King
With my best advantage both of time and place,
I th' favour of your Daughter.

Dor. How do you find his Majesty affected?

Lem. Not to be

Sway'd from the rigour of the Law; yet so far
The rarity of the Cause hath won upon him,
That he resolves to have in his own person
The hearing of it; her tryal will be noble,
And to my utmost strength, where I may serve her
My aids shall not be wanting.

Dor. I am your servant.

Lem. One word more; if you love *Lisanders* life,
Advise him, as he tenders it, to keep
Out of the way; if he be apprehended,
This City cannot ransom him; so good morrow.

[Exit.]

Dor. All happiness attend you; go thy ways,
Thou hast a clear and noble soul; for thy sake
I'll hold that man mine enemy, who dares mutter,
The Court is not the sphere where vertue moves,
Humanity, and Nobleness waiting on her.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Two Gentlemen (but what they are I know not,
Their faces are so muffled) press to see you,
And will not be deny'd.

Dor. What e'r they are, I am too old to fear.

Serv. They need no Usher, they make their own way.

Enter Lisander, Alcidon.

Dor. Take you yours, *Lisander*; [Exit Servant.]
My joy to see you, and my sorrow for
The danger you are in, contend so here,
Though different passions, nay oppos'd in Nature,
I know not which to entertain.

(justice,

Lis. Your hate should win the victory from both, with
You may look on me as a Homicide,

A man whose life is forfeited to the Law,
But if (howe'r I stand accus'd) in thought
I sin'd against *Cleanders* life, or live
Guilty of the dishonour of your Daughter,
May all the miseries that can fall on man
Here, or hereafter, circle me.

Dor. To me this protestation's useless, I embrace you,
As the preserver of my life, the man
To whom my son owes his, with life, his honour,
And howsoever your affection
To my unhappy Daughter, though it were
(For I have sifted her) in a noble way,
Hath printed some taint on her fame, and brought
Her life in question, yet I would not purchase
The wish'd recovery of her reputation,
With strong assurance of her innocence
Before the King her Judge, with certain loss
Of my *Lisander*, for whose life, if found,
There's no redemption; my excess of love,
(Though to enjoy you one short day would lengthen
My life a dozen years) boldly commands me,
Upon my knees, which yet were never bent,
But to the King and Heaven, to entreat you
To fly hence with all possible speed, and leave
Calista to her fortune.

Lis. O blessed Saints, forsake her in affliction? can you
Be so unnatural to your own blood,
To one so well deserving, as to value
My safety before hers? shall innocence
In her be branded, and my guilt escape
Unpunish'd? does she suffer so much for me,
For me unworthy, and shall I decline
(Eating the bitter bread of banishment)
The course of Justice to draw out a life?
(A life? I style it false, a living death)
Which being un-compell'd, laid down will clear her,
And write her name anew in the fair legend
Of the best women? seek not to dissuade me,
I will not, like a careless Poet, spoil
The last Act of my Play, till now applauded,
By giving the World just cause to say, I fear'd
Death more than loss of Honour.

Dor. But suppose Heaven hath design'd some
Other saving means for her deliverance?

Lis. Other means? that is
A mischief above all I have groan'd under;
Shall any other pay my debt, while I
Write my self Bankrupt? or *Calista* owe
The least beholdingness for that which she
On all the bonds of gratitude I have seal'd to,
May challenge from me to be freely tender'd?
Avert it mercy! I will go to my Grave,
Without the curses of my Creditors;
I'll vindicate her fair name, and so cancel
My obligation to her, to the King,
To whom I stand accountable for the loss
Of two of his lov'd subjects lives, I'll offer
Mine own in satisfaction, to Heaven
I'll pay my true Repentance, to the times,
Present, and future, I'll be register'd
A memorable President to admonish
Others, however valiant, not to trust
To their abilities to dare, and do,
And much less for the airy words of Honour,
And false stamp'd reputation to shake off
The Chains of their Religion and Allegiance,
The principal means appointed to prefer
Societies and Kingdoms.

[Exit.]

Dor. Let's not leave him; his mind's much troubled.

Alc. Were your Daughter free,
Since from her dangers his distraction rises,
His cause is not so desperate for the slaughter
Of *Cloridon*, and *Chrysanthes*, but it may
Find passage to the mercy of the King,

The motives urg'd in his defence, that forc'd him
To act that bloody Scene.

Dor. Heaven can send ayds,
When they are least expected, let us walk,
The hour of tryal draws near.

Alci. May it end well.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Olinda, and Lidian.

Oli. That for my love you should turn Hermit *Lidian*,
As much amazes me, as your report *Clarange's* dead.

Lidi. He is so, and all comforts
My youth can hope for, Madam, with him buried;
Nor had I ever left my cell, but that
He did injoin me at his death to shed
Some tears of friendship on his Monument,
And those last Rites perform'd, he did dequeath you
As the best legacie a friend could give,
Or I indeed could wish to my embraces.

Oli. 'Tis still more strange, is there no foul play in it?
I must confes I am not sorry Sir
For your fair fortune; yet 'tis fit I grieve
The most untimely death of such a Gentleman,
He was my worthy Servant.

Lid. And for this acknowledgment, if I could prize you at
A higher rate I should, he was my friend:
My dearest friend.

Oli. But how should I be assur'd Sir
(For slow belief is the best friend of truth)
Of this Gentlemans death? if I should credit it,
And afterward it fall out contrary,
How am I sham'd? how is your vertue tainted?

Lid. There is a Frier that came along with me,
His business to deliver you a Letter
From dead *Clarange*: You shall hear his Testimonie.
Father, my reverend Father, look upon him,
Such holy men are Authors of no Fables.

Enter Clarange, (with a Letter writ out) and Frier.

Oli. They should not be, their lives and their opinions,
Like brightest purest flames should still burn upwards,
To me Sir? (*delivers the Letter.*)

Clar. If you are the fair *Olinda*——

Frier. I do not like these crosse points.

Clar. Give me leave, I am nearest to my self. What I have
Shall be pursu'd: you must not over-rule me. (*plotted*)

Oli. Do you put the first hand to your own undoing?
Play to betray your game? Mark but this letter.
Lady I am come to claim your noble promise, (*Reads.*)
If you be Mistris of your word, ye are mine,
I am last return'd: your riddle is dissolv'd,
And I attend your faith. Your humble servant *Clarange*.
Is this the Frier that saw him dead? *Lid.* 'Tis he.

Clarange on my life: I am defeated:
Such reverend habits juggle? my true sorrow
For a false friend not worth a tear derided?

Fri. You have abus'd my trust.

Oli. It is not well, nor like a Gentleman.

Clar. All stratagems

In love, and that the sharpest war, are lawfull,
By your example I did change my habit,
Caught you in your own toyle, and triumph in it,
And what by policy's got, I will maintain
With valour, no *Lisander* shall come in again to fetch you off.

Lid. His honour'd name
Pronounc'd by such a treacherous tongue is tainted,
Maintain thy treason with thy sword? With what
Contempt I hear it! in a WilderNESS
I durst encounter it, and would, but that
In my retired hours, not counterfeited
As thy religious shape was, I have learn'd
When Justice may determine such a cause,
And of such weight as this fair Lady is,
Must not be put to fortune, I appeal
Unto the King, and he whose wisdom knows

To do his subjects right in their estates,
As graciously with judgement will determine
In points of honour.

Oli. Ple steer the same course with you.

Clar. Ple stand the tryal.

Fri. What have you done? or what intend you?

Clar. Ask not, ple come off with honour. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Beronte, Clarinda, Malfort, a Bar set forth, Officers

Ber. Be constant in your proofs: should you shrink back
Your life must answer it, nor am I safe. (*now,*)
My honour being engag'd to make that good
Which you affirm.

Clar. I am confident, so dearly
I honour'd my dead Lord, that no respect,
Or of my Ladies bounties (which were great ones
I must confes) nor of her former life,
For while that she was chaste, indeed I lov'd her,
Shall hinder me from lending my assistance
Unto your just revenge—— mine own I mean,
If *Leon* keep far off enough, all's secure:
Lisander dares not come in, modest blushes
Parted with me long since, and impudence
Arm'd with my hate, unto her innocence shall be
The weapon I will fight with now.

Aside.

Ber. The rack
Being presented to you, you'l roar out
What you conceal yet,

Mal. Conceal? I know nothing
But that I shall be hang'd, and that I look for,
It is my destiny, I ever had
A hanging look; and a wise woman told me,
Though I had not the heart to do a deed
Worthy the halter, in my youth or age,
I should take a turn with a wry mouth, and now
'Tis come about: I have pen'd mine own ballad
Before my condemnation, in fear
Some rimer should prevent me: here's my Lady?
Would I were in heaven, or a thousand miles hence,
That I might not blush to look on her.

Enter Dorilaus, Calista, Olinda.

Dor. You behold this preparation, and the enemies
Who are to fight against your life, yet if
You bring no witness here, that may convince ye
Of breach of faith to your Lords bed, and hold up
Unspotted hands before the King, this tryal
You are to undergo, will but refine,
And not consume your honour.

Cal. How confirm'd
I am here, whatsoever Fate falls on me,
You shall have ample testimony; till the death
Of my dear Lord, to whose sad memory
I pay a mourning widows tears, I liv'd
Too happy in my holy-day trim of glorie,
And courted with felicitie, that drew on me,
With other helps of nature, as of fortune,
The envie, not the love of most that knew me;
This made me to perfume too much, perhaps
Too proud; but I am humbled; and if now
I do make it apparent, I can bear
Adversity with such a constant patience
As will set off my innocence, I hope Sir,
In your declining age, when I should live
A comfort to you, you shall have no cause,
How e're I stand accus'd, to hold your honour
Ship-wrack'd in such a Daughter.

Oli. O best friend, my honour's at the stake too, for——

Dor. Be silent; the King.

Enter King, Lemure, and Attendants.

Lem. Sir, if you please to look upon
The Prisoner, and the many services
Her Father hath done for you——

King.

King. We must look on
The cause, and not the persons. Yet beholding
With an impartial eye, th' excelling beauties
Of this fair Lady, which we did believe
Upon report, but till now never saw'em,
It moves a strange kind of compassion in me;
Let us survey you nearer, she's a book
To be with care perus'd; and 'tis my wonder,
If such mishapen guests, as lust and murder,
At any price should ever find a lodging
In such a beauteous Inn! Mistake us not,
Though we admire the outward structure, if
The rooms be foul within, expect no favour.
I were no man, if I could look on beautie
Distress'd, without some pity; but no King,
If any superficial gloss of feature
Could work me to decline the course of Justice.
But to the cause, *Cleander's* death, what proofs
Can you produce against her?

Ber. Royal Sir, touching that point my Brothers death,
We build on suppositions. (demn'd

King. Suppositions? how? Is such a Lady Sir to be con-
On suppositions? *Ber.* They are well grounded Sir:
And if we make it evident she is guilty
Of the first crime we charge her with, Adulterie,
That being the parent, it may find belief,
That murder was the issue. *King.* We allow
It may be so; but that it may be, must not
Infer a necessary consequence
To cast away a Ladies life. What witnesses
To make this good?

Ber. The principal, this woman,
For many years her servant; she hath taken
Her oath in Court. Come forward.

King. By my Crown a lying face.

Clar. I swore Sir for the King:
And if you are the partie, as I do
Believe you are, for you have a good face,
How ever mine appears, swearing for you Sir,
I ought to have my oath pass.

King. Impudent too? well, what have you sworn?

Clar. That this Lady was
A goodly tempting Lady, as she is:
How thinks your Majestie? and I her servant,
Her officer as one would say, and trusted
With her closest Chamber-service; that *Lisander*
Was a fine timber'd Gentleman, and active,
That he cou'd do fine gambolls
To make a Lady merrie; that this pair,
A very loving couple, mutually
Affected one another: so much for them Sir.
That I, a simple waiting-woman, having taken
My bodily oath, the first night of admittance
Into her Ladiships service, on her slippers,
(That was the book) to serve her will in all things,
And to know no Religion but her pleasure,
'Tis not yet out of fashion with some Ladies;
That I, as the premisses shew, being commanded
To do my function, in conveyance of
Lisander to her chamber, (my Lord absent,
On a pretended sickness) did the feat,
(It cannot be deny'd) and at dead mid-night
Left 'em together: what they did, some here
Can easily imagine? I have said, Sir.

Dor. The Devils Oratrix.

King. Then you confess you were her Bawd?

Clar. That's course, her Agent Sir.

King. So, goodie Agent? and you think there is
No punishment due for you agentship?

Clar. Let her suffer first,
Being my better, for adulterie,
And I'll endure the Mulfet impos'd on Bawds,
Call it by the worst name.

Cal. Live I to hear this?

King. Take her aside. Your answer to this Lady?

Cal. Heav'n grant me patience: to be thus confronted,
(O pardon Royal Sir a womans passion)
By one, and this the worst of my mis-fortunes,
That was my slave, but never to such ends Sir,
Would give a statue motion into furie:
Let my pass'd life, my actions, nay intentions,
Be by my grand accuser justly censur'd,
(For her I scorn to answer) and if they
Yield any probability of truth
In that she urges, then I will confess
A guilty cause; the peoples voyce, which is
The voyce of truth, my husbands tenderness
In his affection to me, that no dotage
But a reward, of humbleness, the friendship
Echo'd through *France* between him and *Lisander*,
All make against her; for him, in his absence,
(What ever imputation it draw on me)
I must take leave to speak: 'tis true, he lov'd me,
But not in such a wanton way, his reason
Master'd his passions: I grant I had
At mid-night conference with him; but if he
Ever receiv'd a farther favour from me,
Than what a Sister might give to a Brother,
May I sink quick: and thus much, did he know
The shame I suffer for him, with the loss
Of his life for appearing, on my soul
He would maintain.

Enter *Lisander*, and *Alcidon*.

Lisa. And will, thou clear example of womens pureness.

King. Though we hold her such,
Thou hast express'd thy self a desperate fool,
To thrust thy head into the Lions jaws,
The justice of thy King.

Lisan. I came prepar'd for't,
And offer up a guilty life to clear
Her innocence; the oath she took, I swear to;
And for *Cleanders* death, to purge my self
From any colour malice can paint on me,
Or that she had a hand in't, I can prove
That fatal night when he in his own house fell,
And many daies before, I was distant from it
A long daies journey.

Clarin. I am caught. *Ber.* If so,
How came your sword into this stewards hands? stand forth.

Mal. I have heard nothing that you spake:
I know I must dye, and what kind of death
Pray you resolve me, I shall go away else
In a qualm; I am very faint.

Enter *Leon*, *Servants*, and *Guard*.

King. Carry him off, his fear will kill him. [Ex. with *Mal.*

Dor. Sir, 'twas my ambition,
My Daughters reputation being wounded
I th' general opinion, to have it
Cur'd by a publick trial; I had else
Forborn your Majesties trouble: I'll bring forth
Cleanders murderer, in a wood I heard him
As I rode sadly by, unto himself
With some compunction, though this devil had none,
Lament what he had done, cursing her lust,
That drew him to that bloody fact. *Le.* To lessen
The foulness of it, for which I know justly
I am to suffer, and with my last breath
To free these innocents, I do confess all;
This wicked woman only guilty with me.

Clari. Is't come to this? thou puling Rogue, dye thou
With prayers in thy mouth; I'll curse the laws
By which I suffer, all I grieve for is,
That I dye unreveng'd. *Leon.* But one word more Sir,
And I have done; I was by accident where
Lisander met with *Cloridon*, and *Crysanthes*,
Was an ear witness when he fought for peace,

Nay, begg'd it upon colder terms than can
Almost find credit, his past deeds considered,
But they deaf to his reasons, severally
Assaulted him, but such was his good fortune,
That both fell under it; upon my death
I take it uncompel'd, that they were guilty
Of their own violent ends; and he against
His will, the instrument.

Alci. This I will swear too, for I was not far off.

Dor. They have alledg'd

As much to wake your sleeping mercy, Sir,
As all the Advocates of *France* can plead
In his defence. *King.* The criminal judge shall sentence
These to their merits — with mine own hand, Lady,
I take you from the bar and do my self
Pronounce you innocent. [Ex. with Leon, and Clari.]

All. Long live the King.

King. And to confirm you stand high in our favour,
And as some recompence for what you have
With too much rigour in your trial suffered;
Ask what you please, becoming me to grant,
And be posses'd of't. *Cal.* Sir, I dare not doubt
Your royal promise, in a King it is
A strong assurance, that emboldens me
Upon my humble knees to make my boon,
Lisander's pardon.

Dor. My good *Genius* did prompt her to it.

Leon. At your feet thus prostrate, I second her petition.

Alci. Never King

Pour'd forth his mercie on a worthier subject.

Ber. To witness my repentance for the wrong
In my unjust suspicion I did both;
I join in the same suit. *Lis.* The life you give,
Still ready to lay down for your service,
Shall be against your enemies employ'd,
Nor hazarded in brawles. *All.* Mercie, dread Sir.

King. So many pressing me, and with such reasons
Moving compassion, I hope it will not
Be censur'd levity in me, though I borrow
In this from justice to relieve my mercy;
I grant his pardon at your intercession,
But still on this condition; you *Lisander,*

In expiation of your guilt, shall build
A monument for my *Cloridon*, and *Crysanthus*;
And never henceforth draw a Sword, but when
By us you are commanded, in defence of
The flower de Luce, and after one years sorrow
For your dear friend, *Cleanders* wretched fate,
Marry *Calista*.

Enter *Lidian*.

Lis. On your sacred hand, I vow to do it seriously.

Lid. Great Sir, stay,
Leave not your seat of justice, till you have
Given sentence in a cause as much important
As this you have determined.

King. *Lidian*?

Enter *Clarange*, and *Frier*.

Lid. He Sir, your humblest subject, I accuse *Clarange*
Of falshood in true friendship at the height;
We both were suiters to this Lady, both
Injoyn'd one pennance. *Clar.* Trouble not the King
With an unnecessary repetition
Of what the court's familiar with already. *King.* *Clarange*?

Dor. With a shaven crown? *Olin.* Most strange.

Clar. Look on thy rival, your late servant, Madam,
But now devoted to a better Mistress,
The Church, whose orders I have took upon me:
I here deliver up my interest to her;
And what was got with cunning as you thought,
I simply thus surrender: heretofore,
You did outstrip me in the race of friendship,
I am your equal now. *Dor.* A suit soon ended.

Clar. And joyning thus your hands, I know both willing,
I may do in the Church my *Friers* Office
In marrying you. *Lid.* The victory is yours, Sir.

King. It is a glorious one, and well sets off
Our Scene of mercy; to the dead we tender
Our sorrow, to the living ample wishes
Of future happiness: 'tis a Kings duty
To prove himself a Father to his subjects:
And I shall hold it if this well succeed,
A meritorious, and praise worthy deed.

[Exeunt.]

Prologue.

A Story, and a known one, long since writ,
Truth must take place, and by an able wit,
Foul mouth'd detraction daring not deny
To give so much to *Fletcher's* memory;
If so, some may object, why then do you
Present an old piece to us for a new?
Or wherefore will your profest Writer be
(Not tax'd of theft before) a Plagiary?
To this he answers in his just defence,
And to maintain to all our Innocence,
Thus much, though he hath travell'd the same way,
Demanding, and receiving too the pay
For a new Poem, you may find it due,
He having neither cheated us, nor you;
He vows, and deeply, that he did nor spare
The utmost of his strengths, and his best care
In the reviving it, and though his powers

Could not as be desired, in three short hours
Contract the Subject, and much less express
The changes, and the various passages
That will be lock'd for, you may hear this day
Some Scenes that will confirm it is a play,
He being ambitious that it should be known
What's good was *Fletcher's*, and what ill his own.

Epilogue.

Still doubtfull, and perplex'd too, whether he
Hath done *Fletcher* right in this *Historie*;
The Poet sits within, since he must know it,
He with respect desires that you would shew it
By some accustomed sign, if from our action,
Or his indeavours you meet satisfaction,
With ours he hath his ends, we hope the best,
To make that certainty in you doth rest.

THE
PILGRIM.
A
COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Governour, of Segovia.
Verdugo, a Captain under him.
Alphonso, an old angry Gentleman.
Curio, } two Gentlemen, friends to Alphonso.
Seberto, }
Pedro, the Pilgrim, a noble Gentleman, Servant to Alinda.
An old Pilgrim.
Lopes, } two Out laws under Roderigo.
Jaques, }
Roderigo, rival to Pedro, Captain of the Out-laws.
A Gentleman, of the Country.
Courtiers.
Porter.

Master & } of the Mad folks.
Keepers, }
3 Gentlemen.
4 Peasants.
A Scholar,
A Parson, } Madmen.
An Englishman, }
Jenkin,
Fool.

W O M E N.

Alinda, Daughter to Alphonso, Pedro's Lady.
Juletta, Alinda's Maid, a witty Lass.
Ladies.

The Scene Spain.

The principal Actors were,

<i>Joseph Taylor.</i>	}	<i>John Lowin.</i>
<i>Nicholas Toolie.</i>		<i>John Underwood.</i>
<i>Robert Benfield.</i>		<i>George Birch.</i>
<i>John Thompson.</i>		<i>James Horn.</i>

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Alphonso, Curio, and Seberto.

Curio **S**ignior *Alphonso*, ye are too rugged to her,
 Believe too full of harshness.
Alph. Yes, it seems so.
Seb. A Father of so sweet a child, so happy,
 Eye, Sir, so excellent in all endowments,
 In blessedness of beauty, such a mirror.
Alph. She is a fool, away.
Seb. Can ye be angry?
 Can any wind blow rough, upon a blossom
 So fair, and tender? Can a Fathers nature,

A noble Fathers too?

Alp. All this is but prating:
 Let her be rul'd; let her observe my humour,
 With my eyes let her see; with my ears listen;
 I am her Father: I begot her, bred her,
 And I will make her——

Cur. No doubt ye may compel her,
 But what a mischievous, unhappy fortune
 May wait upon this will of yours, as commonly
 Such forcings ever end in hates and ruines.

Alph. Is't not a man I wish her to? a strong man?
 What can she have? what could she have? a Gentleman?

A young man? and an able man? a rich man?
A handsome man? a valiant man? do you mark me?
None of your pieced-companions, your pin'd-Gallants,
That flie to fitters, with every flaw of weather:
None of your impt bravadoes: what can she ask more?
Is not a metal'd man fit for a woman?

A strong chin'd man? I'll not be fool'd, nor flurled.

Seb. I grant ye *Roderigo* is all these,
And a brave Gentleman: must it therefore follow
Upon necessity he must doat upon him?

Will ye allow no liberty in choosing?

Cur. Alas she is tender yet.

Alp. Enough, enough, enough, Sir:
She is malleable: she'll endure the hammer,
And why not that strong workman that strikes deepest?
Let me know that? she is fifteen, with the vantage,
And if she be not ready now for mannage—

Seb. You know he is a banish'd man: an Out-law;
And how he lives: his nature rough, and bloody
By customary Rapines: now, her sweet humour
That is as easie as a calm, and peaceful,
All her affections, like the dews on Roses,
Fair as the flowers themselves: as sweet and gentle:
How would you have these meet?

Alp. A bed, a bed, Sir:
Let her be the fairest Rose, and the sweetest,
Yet I know this fair Rose must have her prickles:
I grant ye *Roderigo* is an out-Law.
An easie composition calls him in again,
He is a valiant man, and he is a rich man,
And loves the fool: a little rough by custom:
She'll like him ten times better. She'll doat upon him,
If ere they come to grappling, run mad for him;
But there is another in the wind, some Castrel
That hovers over her, and dares her daily,
Some flickring slave.

Cur. I dare not think so poorly.

Alp. Something there is, and must be: but I shall scent it
And hunt it narrowly.

Seb. I never saw her yet
Make offer at the least glance of affection,
But still so modest, wise—

Alp. They are wise to gull us.
There was a fellow, old *Ferando's* son,
I must confess handsome, but my enemy,
And the whole family I hate: young *Pearo*,
That fellow I have seen her gaze upon,
And turn, and gaze again, and make such offers,
As if she would shoot her eyes like Meteors at him:
But that cause stands removed.

Cur. You need not doubt him,
For long since as 'twas thought on a griev'd Conscience,
He left his Father, and his Friends: more pity:
For truth reports he was a noble Gentleman.

Alp. Let him be what he will: he was a beggar,
And there I'll leave him.

Seb. The more the Court must answer;
But certainly I think, though she might favour him,
And love his goodness, as he was an honest man:
She never with loose eyes stuck on his person.

Alp. She is so full of Conscience too, and charity,
And outward holiness, she will undo me:
Relieves more Beggars, than an Hospital;

Enter Alinda, and Julietta.

And all poor Rogues, that can but say their prayers,
And tune their pipes to Lamentations,
She thinks she is bound to dance to: good morrow to you,
And that's as ye deserve too: you know my mind,
And study to observe it: do it cheerfully,
And readily, and home.

Alin. I shall obey ye.

But, noble Sir.

Alp. Come, come, away with your flatteries,
And your fine phrases.

Cur. Pray ye be gentle to her.

Alp. I know 'em; and know your feats: if you will find me
Noble and loving, seek me in your duty,
You know I am too indulgent.

Seb. Alas, poor Lady.

Alp. To your devotions: I take no good thing from you.
Come Gentlemen; leave pitying, and moaning of her
And praising of her vertues: and her whim-whams,
It makes her proud, and sturdy.

Seb. Cur. Good hours wait on ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alin. I thank ye, Gentlemen: I want such comforts:
I would thank you too Father: but your cruelty
Hath almost made me senseless of my duty,
Yet still I must know: would I had known nothing.
What Poor attend my charity to day, wench?

Jul. Of all sorts, Madam; your open handed bounty
Make's 'em flock every hour: some worthy your pity,
But others that have made a trade of begging.

Alin. Wench, if they ask it truly, I must give it:
It takes away the holy use of charity
To examine wants.

Jul. I would you would be merry:
A cheerful giving hand, as I think, Madam,
Requires a heart as chearful.

Alin. Alas *Julietta*,
What is there to be merry at? what joy now,
Unless we fool our own afflictions,
And make them shew ridiculous?

Jul. Sure, Madam,
You could not seem thus serious, if you were married;
Thus sad, and full of thoughts.

Alin. Married? to whom, wench?
Thou thinkst if there be a young handsome fellow,
As those are plentiful, our cares are quenched then.

Jul. Madam, I think a lusty handsome fellow
If he be kind, and loving, and a right one,
Is even as good a Pill, to purge this melancholy,
As ever *Galen* gave, I am sure more natural:
And merrier for the heart, than Wine and Saffron:
Madam, wanton youth is such a Cataplasme.

Alin. Who has been thy Tutor, Wench?

Jul. Even my own thoughts, Lady:
For though I be bar'd the liberty of talking,
Yet I can think unhappily, and as near the mark, Madam,
'Faith, marry, and be merry.

Alin. Who will have me?
Who will be troubled with a pettish Girl?
It may be proud, and to that vice expenceful?
Who can assure himself, I shall live honest?

Jul. Let every man take his fortune.

Alin. And o' my Conscience
If once I grow to breeding, a whole Kingdom
Will not contain my stock.

Jul. The more the merrier:
'Tis brave to be a mother of new Nations.

Alin. Why, I should bury a hundred Husbands.

Jul. 'Tis no matter!
As long as ye leave sufficient men to stock ye.

Alin. Is this thy mirth? are these the joyes of marriage?
Away light-headed fool; are these contentments?
If I could find a man—

Jul. You may a thousand.

Alin. Meer men I know I may: and there a Woman
Has liberty, (at least she'll venture for it)
To be a monster and become the time too;
But to enjoy a man, from whose example
(As from a compass) we may steer our fortunes,
Our actions, and our age; and safe arrive at
A memory that shall become our ashes,
Such things are few, and far to seek; to find one
That can but rightly mannage the wild beast, Woman,
And sweetly govern with her. But no more of this, Wench,
'Tis not for thy discourse: Let's in, and see
What poor afflicted wait our charity.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter a Porter, 4 Beggers, Pedro, and a Pilgrim.

Por. Stand off, and keep your ranks: twenty foot further:
There louse your selves with reason and discretion.
The Sun shines warm: the farther still the better,
Your beasts will bolt anon, and then 'tis dangerous.

1 Beg. Heaven blefs our Mistris.

Por. Does the crack go that way?
'Twill be o'th' other side anon.

2 Beg. Pray ye friend.

Por. Your friend? and why your friend? why goodman turn-
What dost thou see within me, or without me,
Or what itch dost thou know upon me, tell me,
That I should be thy friend? what do I look like
Any of thy acquaintance hung in Gibbets?
Hast thou any Friends, Kindred, or Alliance,
Or any higher ambition, than an Alms-basket?

2 Beg. I would be your worships friend.

Por. So ye shall, Sirrah,
When I quarter the same louse with ye.

3 Beg. 'Tis twelve o' clock.

Por. 'Tis ever so with thee, when thou hast done scratching,
For that provokes thy stomach to ring noon;
O the infinite Seas of Porridge thou hast swallow'd!
And yet thou lookst as if they had been but Glysters;
Thou feedst abundance, thou hadst need of sustenance;
Alms do you call it to relieve these Rascals?

Enter Alphonso, Curio, and Seberto.

Nothing but a general rot of sheep can satisfie 'em.

Alp. Did not I tell you, how she would undo me?
What Marts of Rogues, and Beggers?

Seb. 'Tis charity
Methinks, you are bound to love her for——

Alp. Yes, I warrant ye,
If men could sale to Heaven in Porridge-pots, (make?)
With malts of Beef, and Mutton, what a Voyage should I
What are all these?

1 Beg. Poor people, and 't like your worship.

1 Beg. Wretched poor people.

3 Beg. Very hungry people.

Alp. And very Lousy.

4 Beg. Yes forsooth, so, so.

Por. I'll undertake five hundred head about 'em,
And that's no needy Grafsier.

Alp. What are you?

Pil. Strangers that come to wonder at your charity,
Yet people poor enough to beg a blessing.

Cur. Use them with favour, Sir, their shews are reverent,
It seems ye are holy Pilgrims?

Pil. Ye guess right, Sir,
And bound far off, to offer our devotions.

Alp. What make ye this way? we keep no Reliques here,
Nor holy Shrines.

Pil. The holiest we ere heard of;
Ye keep a living monument of goodness,
A Daughter of that pious excellence,
The very Shrines of Saints sink at her vertues,
And swear they cannot hold pace with her pieties,
We come to see this Lady: not with prophane eyes,
Nor wanton bloods. to doat upon her beauties,
But through our tedious wayes to beg her blessings.

Alp. This is a new way of begging, and a neat one,
And this cries mony for reward, good store too;
These commendations beg not with bag, and bottle;
Well, well, the Saining of this Woman, Gentlemen,
I know what it must come to: these Women Saints
Are plaguy heavy Saints: they out-weigh a he-saint
Three thousand thick; I know: I feel.

Seb. Ye are more afraid than hurt, Sir.

Alp. Have you your commendations ready too?
He bows, and nods.

Cur. A handsome well built person.

Alp. What Country-craver are you? nothing but motion?
A puppet-Pilgrim?

Pil. He's a stranger, Sir;
This four days I have Travel'd in his Company,
But little of his business, or his Language
As yet I have understood.

Seb. Both young and handsome,
Only the Sun has been too saucy with him. (blessing)

Alp. Would ye have mony, Sir, or meat? what kind of
Does your devotion look for? Still more ducking?
Be there any Saints, that understand by signs only?
More motion yet? this is the prettiest Pilgrim,
The pink of Pilgrims: I'll be for ye, Sir;
Do ye discourse with signs? ye are heartily welcome:
A poor viaticum; very good gold, Sir:
But holy men affect a better treasure.

I kept it for your goodness, but ne'rtheless
Since it can prove but burthensome to your holiness,
And that you affect light prayer, fit for carriage,
I'll put this up again.

Cur. Ye are too unreverent.

Alp. Ye talk too broad! must I give way, and wealth too
To every toy, that carries a grave seeming?
Must my good Angels wait on him? if the proud hilding
Would yield but to my will, and know her duty
I know what I would suffer.

Seb. Good Sir, be patient,
The wrongs ye do these men, may light on you,
Too heavy too: and then you will wish you had said less;
A comely and sweet usage becomes strangers.

Alp. We shall have half the Kingdom strangers shortly,
And this fond prodigality be suffer'd;
But I must be an Ass, see 'em relieved, sirrah;
If I were young again, I would sooner get Bear-whelps,
And safer too, than any of these she-saints,
But I will break her.

Cur. Such a face for certain.

Seb. Me thinks I have seen it too: but we are cozen'd;
But fair befall thee Pilgrim, thou lookst lovely. [Exit.]

Por. Will ye troop up, ye Porridge Regiment?

Enter Alinda, and Julietta.

Captain Poors quarter will ye move?

Alin. Ye dull Knave,
Are not these wretches served yet?

Beg. 'Bless my Mistris.

Alin. Do you make sport, Sir, with their miseries?
Ye droulie Rogue.

Por. They are too high fed, Madam,
Their stomachs are a sleep yet.

Alin. Serve 'em plentifully,
Or I'll serve you out next: even out o' doors, sirrah;
And serve 'em quickly too.

Beg. Heaven blefs the Lady.

Alin. Bless the good end I mean it for.

Jul. I would I knew it:

If it be for any mans sake, I'll cry Amen too.
Well, Madam, ye have even as pretty a port of Pensioners.

Alin. Vain glory would seek more, and handsomer.
But I appeal to vertue what my end is; [Ex. Beggers.]
What men are these?

Jul. It seems they are holy Pilgrims:
That handsome youth should suffer such a penance,
Would I were even the Saint they make their vows to,
How easily I would grant!

Pil. Heavens grace in-wheel ye:
And all good thoughts, and prayers dwell about ye,
Abundance be your friend; and holy charity
Be ever at your hand to crown ye glorious.

Alin. I thank ye, Sir; peace guide your travels too,
And what you wish for most, end all your troubles;
Remember me by this: and in your prayers
When your strong heart melts, meditate my poor fortunes.

Pil. All my Devotions wait upon your service.

Alin. Are you of this Country, Sir?

Pil. Yes, worthiest Lady,
But far off bred; my Fortunes farther from me.

Alin. Gentle, I dare believe.

Pil. I have liv'd freer.

Alin. I am no inquisitor, that were too curious;
Whatever Vow, or Penance pulls you on, Sir;
Conscience, or Love, or stubborn Disobedience,
The Saint ye kneel to, hear, and ease your travels.

Pil. Yours ne'r begin; and thus I seal my Prayers.

[Exit.

Alin. How constantly this man looks? how he sighs?
Some great affliction hatches his Devotions,
Right holy Sir, how young, and sweet he suffers?

Jul. Would I might suffer with him.

Alin. He turns from us;

Alas, he weeps too; something presses him
He would reveal, but dare not; Sir, be comforted,
Ye come for that; and take it; if it be want, Sir,
To me ye appear so worthy of relieving,
I am your Steward; Speak, and take; he's dumb still;
Now as I have a faith, this man so stirs me,
His modesty makes me afraid I have trespassed.

Jul. Would he wou'd stir me too, I like his shape well.

Alin. May be he would speak alone; go off, *Juletta*,
Afflicted hearts fear their own motions.

Be not far off.

Jul. Would I were nearer to him,
A young smug handsom holiness has no fellow. [Exit.

Al. Why do you grieve? do you find your penance sharp?

Or are the vows ye've made too mighty for ye?
Does not the World allure ye to look back,
And sorrow for the sweet time ye have lost?
Ye are young, and fair; be not deluded, Sir,
A manly made-up heart contemns these shadows,
And yours appear no less, griefs for your fears,
For hours ill-spent, for wrongs done rash, and rudely,
For foul contempts, for faiths ill violated,
Become fears well; I dare not task your goodness;
And then a sorrow shews in his true glory,
When the whole heart is excellently sorry,
I pray ye be comforted.

Ped. I am, dear Lady,
And such a comfort ye have cast upon me,
That though I struggle with mine own calamities
Too mighty, and too many for my mannage,
And though, like angry waves, they curl'd upon me,
Contending proudly who should first devour me,
Yet I would stem their danger.

Alin. He speaks nobly;
What do you want?

Ped. All that can make me happy;
I want my self.

Alin. Your self? who rob'd ye, Pilgrim?
Why does he look so constantly upon me?
I want my self; indeed, ye holy Wanderers
Are said to seek much, but to seek your selves—

Ped. I seek my self, and am but my self's shadow,
'Have lost my self; and now am not so noble.

Alin. *I seek my self*; something I yet remember
That bears that Motto; 'tis not he, he's younger,
And far more tender; for that self-sake (Pilgrim)
Be who it will, take this.

Ped. Your hand I dare take,
That be far from me, Lady, thus I kiss it;
And thus I bless it too; *Be constant fair still*,
Be good, and live to be a great example. [Exit.

Alin. One word more (Pilgrim) has amaz'd me strang-
Be constant fair still; 'tis the Posie here; (ly,
And here without, *Be good*; he wept to see me. *Juletta*.

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Madam.

Alin. Take this Key, and fetch me

The marygold-Jewel that lies in my little Cabinet;
I think 'tis that; what eyes had I to miss him? [Ex. *Jul.*
O me, what thoughts? he had no beard then, and
As I remember well, he was more ruddy.

Enter Juletta.

If this be he, he has a manly face yet;
A goodly shape.

Jul. Here Madam.

Alin. Let me see it;
'Tis so true, it must be he, or nothing,
He spake the words just as they stand engraven here:
I seek my self, and am but my self's shadow;
Alas, poor man! didst thou not meet him, *Juletta*?
The Pilgrim, Wench?

Jul. He went by long ago, Madam.

Alin. I forgot to give him something.

Jul. 'Twas ill done, Lady;
For o' my troth, he is the handsomest man
I saw this many a day; would he had all my wealth,
And me to boot; what ails she to grow so fullen?

Alin. Come, I forgot, but I will recompence it.

[Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Alphonso, Curio, Seberto, Juletta,
Porter, and Servants.

(solve me;

Alph. CAN she slip through a Cat-hole? tell me that; re-
Can she fly in the air? is she a thing invisible?
Gone, and none know it!

Seb. You amaze your servants. (ing,

Alph. Some pelting Rogue has watcht her hour of itch-
And claw'd her, claw'd her, do you mark me? claw'd her;
Some that I foster up.

Cur. They are all here, Sir.

Alph. Let 'em be where they will, they are arrant Rascals,
And by this hand, I'll hang all.

Seb. Deal calmly;

You will not give 'em time to answer ye.

Al. I'll choak 'em, famish 'em, what say you, Wagtail?
You knew her mind; you were of counsel with her,
Tell me, and tell me true.

Cur. Ask with discretion.

Alph. Discretion? hang discretion, hang ye all:
Let me know where she is.

Jul. Would you know o' me, Sir?

Al. O' thee, Sir? I, o' thee, Sir; what art thou Sir?

Jul. Her woman, Sir, and't like your Worship, Sir.

Alph. Her Bawd, her Fiddle-stick;
Her Lady-fairy, to oyl the doors o' nights,
That they may open with discretion,
Her Gin, her Nut-Crack.

Jul. 'Tis very well, Sir. (ble;

Alph. Thou lyest; 'tis damnable ill, 'tis most abomina-
Will ye confess (Thing?)

Jul. Say I were guilty, Sir;
I would be hang'd before I would confess;
Is this a World to confess in?

Cur. Deal directly.

Jul. Yes, if my matter lye direct before me;
But when I am forc'd, and ferretted.

Alph. Tell me the truth,
And as I live, I'll give thee a new Petticoat.

Jul. And you would give me ten, I would not tell ye,
Truths bear a greater price than you are aware of.

Seb. Deal modestly.

Jul. I do not pluck my Cloaths up,

Al. What say you, Sirrah? you? or you? are ye dumb all?
Port. I saw her last night, and't shall like your Worship,
When I serv'd in her Livery.

Alph

Alph. What's that, Sirrah?

Port. Her Chamber-pot, and't please you.

Seb. A new Livery.

Alph. Where lay she? who lay with her?

Port. In truth, not I, Sir;

I lay with my fellow *Frederick* in the flea-Chamber,
And't like your Worship, we are almost worried.

Jul. I left her by her self, in her own Closet,
And there I thought she had slept.

Alph. Why lay you from her?

Jul. It was her will I should; she is my Mistress,
And my part is obedience.

Alph. Were all the doors lock'd?

Port. All mine.

Ser. And mine; she could not get out those ways
Unless she leapt the walls; and those are higher
Than any Womans courage dare aspire at.

Alph. Come, you must know.

Cur. Conceal it not, but deal plain.

Jul. If I did know, and her trust lay upon me,
Not all your angers nor your flatteries
Should make me speak, but having no more interest
Than I may well deliver to the air,
I'll tell ye what I know, and tell it liberally,
I think she is gone, because we cannot find her;
I think she is weary of your tyranny,
And therefore gone; may be she is in love;
May be in love, where you show no great liking,
And therefore gone; May be some point of Conscience,
Or vow'd Devotion.

Alph. These are nothing, minion;
You that can aim at these, must know the truth too.

Jul. Any more truth than this if I know, hang me,
Or where to search for it, if I make a lye
To gain your love, and envy my best Mistress,
Pin me against a wall with my heels upward,

Alph. Out of my doors.

Jul. That's all my poor petition;
For if your house were Gold, and she not in it,
Sir, I should count it but a Cage to whistle in.

Alph. Whore, if she be above ground, I will have her.

Jul. I would live in a Coal-pit then, were I your daughter.

Seb. Certain she does not know, Sir. (ter.)

Alph. Hang her, hang her;

She knows too much; search all the house, all corners,
And where'tis possible she may go out, [Ex. Servants.]
If I do find your tricks.

Jul. Reward me for 'em.

Or if I had such tricks, you could discover
So weak, and slightly woven, you might look through,
All the young Girls should hoot me out o' th' Parish;
You are my Master, but you own an anger
Becomes a School-Boy that hath lost his Apples;
Will ye force things into our knowledges?

Alph. Come hither, *Julietta*, thou didst love me.

Jul. And do still,

You are my Ladies Father, and I reverence ye.

Alph. Thou would'st have pleas'd my humour.

Jul. Any good way,
That carried not suspicion in't, or flattery,
Or fail of trust.

Alph. Come, come, thou wouldst have——

Jul. Stay, Sir.

Alph. And thou hast felt my bounty for't, and shalt do.
Dost thou want Cloaths or Money?

Jul. Both.

Alph. 'Shalt have both.

Jul. But not this way, I had rather be an Adamite,
And bring Fig-tree leaves into fashion again.
If you were young, Sir,
Handsome, and fitted to a Womans appetite;
And I a giddy-headed Girl, that car'd for nothing,
Much might be done; then you might fumble with me,
And think to grope out matters of some moment,

Which now you will put too short for;

For what you have seen hitherto,
And know by me, has been but honest service,
Which I dare pin i'th' market-place to answer;
And let the World, the Flesh, and Devil examine it,
And come you in too, I dare stand your strictest.
And so much good may do you, with your dreams of cour-
Alph. This is most monstrous. (teste)

Enter Porter, and Servants.

Seb. Sure she does not know, Sir;
She durst not be so confident, and guilty. (covered?)

Alph. How now, what news? what hopes and steps dis-
Speak any thing that's good, that tends to th' matter;
Do you stand staring still?

1 Serv. We are no gods, Sir,
To say she is here or there, or what she is doing;
But we have search'd.

Port. I am sure she is not i'th' Cellar;
For look you, Sir, if she had been i'th' Cellar——

Alph. I am sure thou hast been there.

Port. As I carried the matter,
For I search'd every piece of Wine; yes sure, Sir,
And every little Terefe, that could but testify;
And I drew hard to bolt her out.

Alph. Away with him;
Fling him i'th' Hay-mow, let him lye a mellowing;
He stinks of Muskadel like an *English Christmas*;
Are these your cares? your services?

2 Serv. Pray ye hear, Sir,
We have found where she went out, her very footing.

Alph. Where, where? go on.

Cur. Observe then with more stayedness.

2 Ser. Searching the Garden at the little Postern
That opens to the Park, we first discovered it.

Alph. A little foot?

1 Serv. It must be hers, or none, Sir.

Alph. How far beyond that?

1 Serv. To the Park it leads us,
But there the ground being hard, we could not mark it.

Alph. She always kept that Key; I was a Coxcomb,
A Fool, an Ass, to give a Girl that liberty;
Saddle my Horses, Rogues, ye drunken Varlets,
Your precious diligence lies in Pint-pots,
Your Brains in Butts, my Horses, ye pin-Buttocks.
You'll bear me Company?

Seb. We dare not leave ye,
Unless we found a quieter soul within ye.

Cur. If we may do the Lady any service,
Sweet, gentle Soul.

Alph. I say again, my horses,
Are ye so hot? have ye your private Pilgrimages?
Must ye be jumping, Joan? I'll wander with ye;
I'll jump ye, and I'll juggle ye, my horses;
And keep me this young Lirry-poop within doors,
I will discover, Dame.

Jul. 'Tis fit you should, Sir,
If ye knew what; well Love, if thou beest with her,
Or what power else that arms her resolution,
Conduct her fair, and keep her from this mad-man,
Direct her to her wishes; dwell about her,
That no dishonourable end o'rtake her,
Danger, or want; and let me try my fortune.

Alph. You know the place we meet in?

Seb. We shall hit it.

Alph. And as ye are honest Gentlemen, endeavour.

Cur. We'l search the best we can; if she light in our hands.

Alph. I'll tye her to the horse-tail.

Seb. We know how to use her,
But not your way, for all your state.

Alph. Make haste there; (Damsel,
And get you in, and look to th' house. If you stir out,
Or set a foot any new motion this way,
When I come home (which will be suddenly)

You know my mind ; if you do play the Rascal,
I have my eyes and ears in fundry places,
If ye do prounce.

Fil. I shall do that that's fit, Sir ;
And fit to cross your fooleries ; I'll fail else :
And so I'll to my Chamber.

Alph. To your Prayers,
And leave your stubborn tricks ; she is not far yet,
She cannot be, and we dividing suddenly.

Cur. Keep her from thy hands, I beseech.

Alph. Our horses ;
Come cheerfully. I'll teach her to run gadding. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Roderigo, and four Out-Laws.

1 *Out-law.* Captain, y'are not merry.

Rod. We get nothing,
We have no sport ; whoring and drinking spoils us,
We keep no Guards.

2 *Out-law.* There come no Passengers,
Merchants, nor Gentlemen, nor whosoever,
But we have tribute.

Rod. And whilst we spend that idly,
We let those pass that carry the best purchase.
I'll have all search'd, and brought in : Rogues, and Beggars,
Have got the trick now to become Bank-masters.
I'll have none scape ; only my friends and neighbours,
That may deliver to the King my innocence ;
Those I would have regarded ; 'tis policy.
But otherwise nor gravities, nor shadows,
Appear they how they will, they may have purses,
For they shall pay.

3 *Out-law.* You speak now like a Captain.
And if we spare, fley us, and coin our Cassocks,
Will ye look blith ?

Rod. You hear no preparation
The King intends against us yet ?

4 *Out-law.* Not a word, Sir,
Good man, he's troubled with matter of more moment,
Humming of higher nature vex his brains, Sir,
Do not we see his Garrisons ?

Rod. Who are out now ? (stirring)

4 *Out-law.* Good fellows, Sir, that if there be any purchase
Will strike it dead ; *Jaques*, and *Lopez*, Lads,
That know their Quarters, as they know their Knapfacks ;
And will not off.

Rod. Where is the Boy ye brought me ?
A pretty Lad, and of a quick capacity,
And bred up neatly.

1 *Out-law.* He's within at meat, Sir,
The Knave is hungry, yet he seasons all
He eats or drinks with many tears and sighings,
The saddest appetite I ever lookt on ;
The Boy is young, 'tis fear, and want of company,
He knows, and loves ; use him not rough, and harshly,
He will be quickly bold ; I'll entertain him ;
I want a pretty Boy to wait upon me,
And when I am sad or sleepy, to prate to me ;
Besides there's something in his face I like well.
And still the more I look, more like ; let him want nothing,
And use him gently, all.

2 *Out-law.* Here's a small Box, Sir,
We took about him, which he griev'd to part with,
May be some Wealth.

Rod. Alas, some little money
The poor Knave carried to defray his lodgings,
I'll give it him again, and add unto it.
'T were sin to open such a petty purchase.

Enter *Lopez*, and *Jaques* with *Pedro*. (diers ?)

How now, who is this ? what have you brought me, Soul-
Lop. We know not well, what a strange staving fellow,
Sullen enough I am sure.

Rod. Where took ye him ?

Jaq. Upon the Skirt o' th' wood, viewing, and gaping,
And sometime standing still, as if he had meant
To view the best accesles to our quarters ;
Money he has enough ; and when we threatned him,
He smil'd, and yielded ; but not one word utter'd.

Lop. His habit says he's holy, if his heart
Keep that proportion too, 'tis best ye free him,
We keep his wallet here ; I am sure 'tis heavy.

Rod. Pilgrim, come hither, Sir, are you a Pilgrim ?
A piece of pretty holiness ; do you shrink, Sir ?
A simg young Saint. What Country were you born in ?
Ye have a *Spanish* face ; In a dumb Province ?
And had your Mother too this excellent Vertue ?
No tongue do you say ? sure she was a matchless woman ;
What a fine family is this man sprung from !

Certain he was begotten in a Calm,
When all was hush'd ; the Midnight was dumb Midnight ;
Are ye seal'd up ? or do you scorn to answer ?
Ye are in my hands, and I have Medicines for ye
Can make ye speak : pull off his Bonnet, Souldiers ;
Ye have a speaking face.

Lop. I am sure a handsome ;
This Pilgrim cannot want She-Saints to pray to.

Rod. Stand nearer, ha ?

Ped. Come, do your worst, I am ready. (him ;)

Rod. Is your tongue found ? go off, and let me talk with
And keep your watches round.

All. We are ready, Captain.

Rod. So, now what are ye ?

Ped. Am I ?

My habit shews me what I am.

Rod. Thy heart
A desperate fool, and so thy fate shall tell thee.
What Devil brought thee hither ? for I know thee.

Ped. I know thou dost, and since it is my fortune
To light into thy fingers, I must think too
The most malicious of all Devils brought me,
Yet some men say thou art noble.

Rod. Not to thee,
That were a benefit to mock the Giver ;
Thy father hates my friends, and family,
And thou hast been the heir of all this malice.
Can two such storms meet then, and part with kissing ?

Ped. You have the mightier hand.

Rod. And so I'll use it.
Ped. I cannot hinder ye ; less can I beg
Submissive at his knees that knows not honour,
That bears the Stamp of Man, and not his Nature ;
Ye may do what ye please.

Rod. I will do all. (ruine,
Ped. And when you have done all, which is my poor
(For farther your base malice cannot venture)
Dishonours self will cry you out a Coward.
Hadst thou been brave, and noble, and an Enemy,
Thou wouldst have fought me whilst I carried Arms,
Whilst my good Sword was my profession,
And then have cryed out, *Pedro*, I despise thee ;
Then stuck *Alphonso's* quarrel on the point,
The mercenary anger thou serv'st under,
To get his Daughter. Then thou shouldst have brav'd me,
And arm'd with all thy Families hate upon thee,
Done something worthy feat ; Now poor and basely
Thou setst Toyls to betray me ; and like the Peasant,
That dares not meet the Lion in the face,
Dig'st crafty pit-falls : thou sham'st the *Spanish* Honour ;
Thou hast neither point of Man, nor Conscience in thee.

Rod. Sir, Sir, y'are brave, ye plead now in a Sanctuary,
You think your Pilgrims Bulwark can defend ye ;
You will not find it so,

Ped. I look not for't.
The more unhallowed soul hast thou to offer it. (est,

Rod. When you were bravest, Sir, and your sword sharp-
I durst affront ye ; when the Court Sun gilded ye,
And

And every cry was the young hopeful *Pedro*,
Alonso's sprightly Son; then durst I meet ye,
 When you were Master of this fame, and fashion,
 And all your glories in the full Meridian,
 The Kings proof-favour buckled on your body;
 Had we then come to competition,
 Which I have often sought.

Pedro. And I desir'd too. (slight it,

Rod. You should have seen this Sword, how e're you
 And felt it too; sharper than sorrow felt it,
 In execution quicker than thy scorns;
 Thou should'st have seen all this, and shrunk to see it,
 Then like a Gentleman I would have us'd thee,
 And given thee the fair fortune of thy being,
 Then with a Souldiers arm I had honour'd thee;
 But since thou stealst upon me like a Spie,
 And thief-like thinkst that holy case shall carry thee
 Through all my purposes, and so betray me,
 Base as the act, thy end be, and I forget thee.

Ped. What poor evasions thou buildst on, to abuse me?
 The goodness of a man ne'r taught these principles.
 I come a Spie? durst any noble spirit
 Put on this habit, to become a Traitor?
 Even in an Enemy shew me this antipathy
 Where there is *Christian* faith, and this not reverenced:
 I come a Spie? no *Roderigo*, no,
 A hater of thy person, a maligner?
 So far from that, I brought no malice with me,
 But rather when I meet thee, tears to soften thee;
 When I put on this habit, I put off
 All fires, all angers, all those starts of youth
 That clapt too rank a bias to my being,
 And drew me from the right mark all should aim at;
 In stead of stubborn steel, I put on prayers;
 For rash and hasty heats, a sweet repentance:
 Long weary steps, and vows, for my vain-glories.

O *Roderigo*.

Rod. If thy tongue could save thee,
 Prating be thy bail, thou hast a rare benefit.
 Souldiers, come out, and bring a halter with ye;
 I'll forgive your holy habit, Sir, but I'll hang you.

Enter *Out-laws*, *Loper*, *Jaques*.

1 *Out-l.* Wherefore this halter Captain?

Rod. For this traytor.

Go, put it on him, and then tie him up.

1. Do you want a Band Sir? this is a course wearing,
 'Twill fit but scurvily upon this collar;
 But patience is as good as a *French* Pickadel.

Lop. What's his fault, Captain?

Rod. 'Tis my will he perish,
 And that's his fault.

Ped. A Captain of good government.
 Come Souldiers, come, ye are roughly bred, and bloody,
 Shew your obedience, and the joy ye take
 In exccuting impious commands;
 Ye have a Captain seals your liberal pardons,
 Be no more *Christians*, put religion by,
 'Twill make ye cowards: feel no tendernefs,
 Nor let a thing call'd conscience trouble ye;
 Alas, 'twill breed delay. Bear no respect
 To what I seem; were I a Saint indeed,
 Why should that stagger ye? you know not holiness:
 To be excellent in evil, is your goodness;
 And be so, 'twill become ye: have no hearts,
 For fear you should repent: that will be dangerous:
 For if there be a knocking there, a pricking,
 And that pulse beat back to your considerations,
 How ye have laid a stiff hand on Religion——

Rod. Trufts him I say.

Ped. And violated faith.

Rod. Hear him not prate.

Ped. Why, what a thing will this be?
 What strange confusion then will breed among ye?

Rod. Will none of ye obey?

Ped. What Devils vex ye?

The fears ye live in and the hourly dangers
 Will be delights to these: those have their ends,
 But these outlive all time, and all repentance:
 And if it creep into your conscience once,
 Be sure ye lock that close.

Rod. Why stand ye gazing?

Ped. Farewel sleep, peace, all that are humane comforts,
 Better ye had been Trees, or Stones, and happier;
 For those die here, and seek no further being,
 Nor hopes, nor punishments.

Rod. Rots take ye, Rascals.

Jaq. What would you have us do?

Rod. Dispatch the prater.

Jaq. And have religious blood hang on our consciences?
 We are bad enough already: sins enough
 To make our graves even loath us.

Rod. No man love me?

Lop. Although I be a thief, I am no hangman;
 They are two mens trades, and let another execute.
 Lay violent hands on holy things?

Rod. Base Cowards,

Put to your powers, ye rascals, I command ye.
 Holy, or unholy, if I say it,
 I'll have it done.

1 *Out-l.* If I do't, let me starve for't.

2. Or I.

3. Or I: we will obey things handfom,
 And bad enough, and overdo obedience:
 But to be made such instruments of mischief.

Jaq. I have done as many villanies as another,
 And with as little reluctance,
 Let me come clear of these, and wipe that score off.
 Put me upon a felt and known perdition?

Rod. Have ye conspir'd, ye slaves?

Ped. How vilely this shows,
 In one that would command anothers temper,
 And bear no bound in's own?

Rod. Am I thus jaded?

Ped. Is it my life thou long'st for *Roderigo*?
 And can no sacrifice appease thy malice,
 But my blood spilt? do it thy self, dispatch it;
 And as thou takst the whole revenge unto thee,
 Take the whole sin upon thee; and be mighty,
 Mighty in evil, as thou art in anger:
 And let not these poor wretches houl for thy sake.
 Those things that in thine own glass seem most monstrous,
 Wouldst thou abuse their weak fights with, for amiable?
 Is it, thou thinkst to fear me with thy terrors,
 And into weak condition draw my vertue?
 If I were now to learn to die I would sue thee:
 Or did I fear death, then I would make thee glorious.
 But knowing what, and how far I can suffer;
 And all my whole life being but deaths preface,
 My sleep but at next door.

Rod. Are ye so valiant?

I'll make ye feel: I'll make ye know, and feel too;
 And Rascals, you shall tremble. Keep him here,
 And keep him safe too: if he scape your guards——

Ped. Fear not, I will not.

Rod. As I live, ye die for't;

I will not be thus baffled.

[*Exit.*
Ja. What a Devil have ye done, Pilgrim? or what mischief
 Have you conspir'd, that he should rage and rave thus?
 Have you kill'd his Father, or his Mother? or strangled any
 (of his kindred?)

Lop. Has he no Sisters? have you not been bouncing
 About their belly-pieces?

Jaq. Why should that be dangerous,
 Or any way deserve death? is it not natural?

Bar us the *Christian* liberty of women,
 And build us up with brick, take away our free-stone. (ence

1 *Out-l.* Because thou art holier than he, upon my consci-
 He

He does not envy thee : that's not his quarrel ;
For, look you, that might be compounded without prayers.

Lop. Nor that thou seemst an honest man : for here
We have no trading with such Tinsel-stuff ;
To be an excellent thief, is all we aim at. (us?)
Wilt thou take a spit and stride, and see if thou canst outrun

Ped. I scorn to shift his fury, keep your obedience ;
For though your government admit no president,
Keep your selves carefull in't.

Faq. Thou wilt be hang'd then.

Ped. I cannot die with fewer faults upon me. (in him
2 *Out-l.* 'Tis ten to one he will shoot him : for the Devil's
If he hang him himself.

Lop. He has too proud a nature :
He will compel some one.

Faq. I am confident.

Lop. And so are all I think.

Ped. Be not molested,

If I must die, let it not trouble you ;
It stirs not me : it is the end I was born for.

Only this honest office I desire ye,
(If there be courtesie in men of your breed)

To see me buried ; not to let his fury
Expose my body to the open violence
Of beasts, and fowls : so far I urge humanity.

Enter Roderigo, Alinda.

Faq. He shall not deny us that : we'll see ye under ground,
And give ye a volly of as good cups of Sack,
For that's our Discipline.

Lop. He comes again,
As high in rage as ever ; the boy with him.

1 *Out-l.* Will he compel the child ?

Lop. He is bent to do it,
And must have some body.

Rod. If thou lov'st me do it :
Love me, or love me not, I say thou shalt do it :
Stare not, nor stagger, Sirrah ; if ye deny me,
Do you see this Rogue ?

Alin. What would ye have me do Sir ?
Heavens goodness blefs me.

Rod. Do ? why hang a Rascal,
That would hang me.

Alin. I am a boy, and weak, Sir.

Rod. Thou art strong enough to tie him to a Bough,
And turn him off : come, thou shalt be my Jewel,
And I'll allow thee horse, and all thy pleasures,
And twenty gallant things : I'll teach thee arms too ;
Make thee mine heir.

Alin. Let me inherit death first.

Rod. Make me not angry, Sirrah.

Alin. Which is the man, Sir ?
I'll pluck up the best heart I can yet.

Rod. Fear not,
It is my will : That in the Pilgrims coat there,
That Devil in the Saints skin.

Alin. Guard me goodness.

Rod. Dispatch him presently.

Ped. I wait your worst, Sir.

Faq. Will the boy do it ? is the rogue so confident ?
So young, so deep in blood ?

Lop. He shakes, and trembles. (ence,

Ped. Dost thou seek more coals still to fear thy consci-
Work sacred innocence, to be a Devil ?
Do't thy self for shame, thou best becom'st it.

Rod. Sirrah, I scorn my finger should be fil'd with thee ;
And yet I'll have it done : this child shall strangle thee,
A crying Girle, if she were here, should master thee.

Alin. How should I save him ? how my self from violence ?

Ped. Leave your tongue-valour, and dispatch your hate, Sir ;
The patience of my death, shall more torment thee,
(Thou painted honour, thou base man made backward)
Than all my life has fear'd thee.

Rod. Gag him, Sirrah.

Faq. The Boy looks cheerfully now : sure he will do it.

Lop. He will mall him else.

Alin. Are ye prepar'd to die, Sir ?

Ped. Yes boy, and ready ; prethee to thy business.

Alin. Why are ye then so angry ? so perplext, Sir ?
Patience wins Heaven, and not the heat of passion.
Why do you rayle ?

Lop. The boy's a pretty Priest.

Ped. I thank ye gentle child, you teach me truly.

Alin. You seem to fear too.

Ped. Thou feest more, than I feel, boy.

Alin. You tremble sure.

Ped. No sure boy, 'tis thy tenderness :
Prethee make haste, and let that gulph be satisfied.

Alin. Are ye so willing to go to it ?

Ped. Most willing :

I would not borrow from his courtesie
One hour of life, to gain an age of glory.

Alin. And is your reckoning straight Sir ?

Ped. As straight as truth, boy :

I cannot go more joyfully to a wedding.

Alin. Then to your prayers : I'll dispatch ye presently.

Now guide my tongue, thou blessedness.

Rod. A good boy.

Alin. But hark ye Sir, one word ; and pray ye resolve me.
Let me speak privately.

Rod. What wouldst thou have child ?

Alin. Shall this man die ?

Rod. Why dost thou make that question ?

Alin. Pray ye be not angry : if he must, I'll do it.
But must he now ?

Rod. What else ? who dare reprieve him ?

Alin. Pray ye think again ; and as your injuries
Are great, and full, you suffer from this fellow,
Do not ye purpose so to suit your vengeance ?

Rod. I do, and must.

Alin. You cannot if he die now.

Rod. Cannot ?

Alin. No, cannot : be not vext, you'll find it :
I have considered, and I know it certain,
Ye suffer below him : lose all your angers.

Rod. Why, my best boy ?

Alin. I love, and tender ye,
I would not tell ye else. Is that revenge,
To slight your cause, and Saint your enemy,
Clap the Doves wings of downy peace unto him,
And let him soar to Heaven, whilst you are fighting ?
Is this revenge ?

Rod. I would have him die.

Alin. Prepar'd thus ?

The blessing of a Father never reach'd it :
His contemplation now scorns ye, contemns ye,
And all the tortures ye can use. Let him die thus ;
And these that know and love revenge will laugh at ye :
Here lies the honour of a well-bred anger,
To make his enemy shake and tremble under him ;
Doubt, nay, almost despair, and then confound him.
This man ye rock asleep, and all your rages
Are Requiems to his parting soul, meer Anthems.

Rod. Indeed he is strongly built.

Alin. You cannot shake him ;
And the more weight ye put on his foundation,
Now as he stands, ye fix him still the stronger ;
If ye love him, honour him, would heap upon him
Friendships and benefits beyond example,
Hope him a Star in Heaven, and there would stick him,
Now take his life.

Rod. I had rather take mine own, Boy.

Alin. I'll ease him presently.

Rod. Stay, be not hasty.

Alin. Bless my tongue still.

Lop. What has the boy done to him ?
How dull, and still he looks ?

Alin. You are a wise man,

And long have buckled with the worlds extremities,
A valiant man, and no doubt know both fortunes,
And would ye work your Master piece thus madly,
Take the bare name of honour, that will pity ye
When the world knows ye have prey'd on a poor Pilgrim?

Rod. The boy has stagger'd me: what would'st thou have

Al. Have ye? do you not feel Sir? do's it not stir ye? (me?)
Do you ask a child? I would have ye do most bravely,
Because I most affect ye: like your self Sir,
Scorn him, and let him go; seem to contemn him,
And now ye have made him shake, seal him his pardon,
When he appears a subject fit for anger,
And fit for you, his pious Armour off,
His hopes no higher than your sword may reach at,
Then strike, and then ye know revenge; then take it.
I hope I have turn'd his mind.

Rod. Let the fool go there,
I scorn to let loose so base an anger
May light on thee: See me no more, but quit me;
And when we meet again.

Ped. Ple thank ye Captain.

Alin. Why this was like your self: but which way goes
Shall we ne're happy meet? [Exit. (he?)

Rod. I am drowlic: Boy,
Go with me, and discourse: I like thy company
O Child! I love thy tongue.

Alin. I shall wait on ye.

Lop. The Boy has don't: a Plaguey witty Rascal.
And I shall love him terribly.

Jaq. 'Twas he most certain,
For if ye mark, how earnest he was with him,
And how he labour'd him.

Lop. A cunning villain,
But a good rogue; 'This boy will make's all honest.

1 Out-l. I scarce believe that: but I like the boy well.
Come let's to Supper; then upon our watches.

Lop. This Pilgrim scap'd a joyfull one.

Jaq. Let's drink round
To the boys health, and then about our business.

[Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Roderigo, Jaques, Lopez, and three Out-Laws.

Rod. None of you know her?

Jaq. Alas Sir, we never saw her:
Nor ever heard of her, but from your report.

Rod. No happy eye?

Lop. I do not think 'tis she, Sir,
Me thinks a woman dares not.

Rod. Thou speak'st poorly,
What dares not woman, when she is provok'd?
Or what seems dangerous to Love, or fury?
That it is she, this has confirm'd me certain,
These Jewels here, a part of which I sent her,
And though unwilling, yet her Father wrought her
To take, and wear.

Lop. A wench, and we not know it?
And among us? where were our understandings?
I could have guess'd unhappily: have had some feeling
In such a matter: Here are as pretty fellows,
At the discovery of such a jigambob:
A handsome wench too? sure we have lost our faculties,
We have no motions: what should she do here, Sir?

Rod. That's it that troubles me: O that base rascal!
There lies the misery: how cunningly she quit him,
And how she urg'd? had ye been constant to me,
I ne're had suffer'd this.

1 Out-l. Ye might have hang'd him:
And would he had been hang'd, that's all we care for't:
So our hands had not don't.

Rod. She is gone again too,
And what care have ye for that? gone, and contemn'd me;
Matter'd my will, and power, and now laughs at me.

Lop. The Devil that brought her hither, Sir I think
Has carry'd her back again invisible,
For we ne're knew, nor heard of her departure.

Jaq. No living thing came this night through our watches.
She went with you.

Rod. Was by me till I slept,
But when I wak'd, and call'd: O my dull pate here,
If I had open'd this when it was given me,
This Roguy Box.

Enter Alphonso, and 2 Out-laws.

Lop. We could but give it ye.

Rod. Pilgrim? a Pox o' Pilgrims, there the game goes,
There's all my fortune fled; I know it, I feel it.

Al. Bring me unto thy Captain: where's thy Captain?
I am founder'd, melted, some fairy thing or other
Has led me dancing; the Devil has haunted me
I'th' likeness of a voyce: give me thy Captain.

2 Out-l. He's here Sir, there he stands.

Al. How do'st thou Captain?
I have been fool'd and jaded, made a dog-bolt.
My Daughter's run away: I have been haunted too,
I have lost my horse; I am hungry, and out of my wits also.

Rod. Come in: Ple tell you what I know: strange things
And take your ease; Ple follow her recovery,
These shall be yours the whil'st, and do ye service.

Al. Let me have drink enough: I am almost choak'd too.

Rod. You shall have any thing; what think you now,
Jaq. I think a woman, is a woman, that's (Souldiers?)
any thing.

The next we take, we'l search a little nearer,
We'l not be boyed again with a pair of breeches. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Juletta.

Jul. He's gone in here: This is *Roderigo's* quarter,
And I'll be with him soon: Ple startle him,
A little better than I have done: all this long night
I have let him out o'th' way, to try his patience,
And made him swear, and curse; and pray, and swear again,
And cry for anger; I made him leave his horse too,
Where he can never find him more; whistled to him,
And then he would run through thick and thin, to reach me,
And down in this ditch; up again, and shake him,
And swear some certain blessings; then into that bush
Pop goes his pate, and all his face is comb'd over,
And I sit laughing: a hundred tricks, I have serv'd him:
And I will double 'em, before I leave him;
Ple teach his anger to dispute with women.
But all this time, I cannot meet my Mistress,
I cannot come to comfort her; that grieves me,
For sure she is much afflicted: till I do,
Ple haunt thy Ghost *Alphonso*; Ple keep thee waking,
Yes, I must get a Drum: I am villanous weary,
And yet Ple trot about these villages
Till I have got my will, and then have at ye.
Ple make your anger drop out at your elbows e're I leave ye.
[Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Seberto, and Curio.

Seb. 'Tis strange, in all the circuit we have ridden,
We cannot cross her: no way light upon her.

Cur. I do not think she is gone thus far, or this way,
For certain if she had, we should have reach'd her, (thing.
Made some discovery, heard some news; we have seen no-

Seb. Nor pass by any body that could promise any thing.
She is certainly disguis'd, her modesty
must never venture else. *Cur.* Let her take any shape,
And let me see it once, I can distinguish it.

Seb.

Seb. So should I think too: has not her Father found her:
Cur. No, Ple be hang'd then; he has no patience
 Unless she light in's teeth, to look about him.
 He guesles now, and chafes and frets like Tinsel.
Seb. Let him go on, he cannot live without it.
 But keeper her from him, heaven: where are we *Curio*?
Cur. In a wood I think, hang me if I know else.
 And yet I have ridden all these coasts, at all hours,
 And had an aim.
Seb. I would we had a guide.
Cur. And if I be not much awry *Seberto*,
 Not far off should be *Roderigo's* quarter,
 For in this fastness if I be not cozen'd,
 He and his out-laws live.
Seb. This is the place then

Enter Alinda.

We appointed him to meet in.
Cur. Yes, I think so. (that there?)
Seb. Would we could meet some living thing: what's
Cur. A boy, I think, stay; why may not he direct us?
Alin. I am hungry, and I am weary, and I cannot find him.
 Keep my wits Heaven, I feel 'em wavering,
 O God my head.
Seb. Boy, dost thou hear, thou stripling?
Alin. Now they will tear me, torture me, now *Roderigo*
 Will hang me without mercy; ha?
Cur. Come hither.
 A very pretty boy: what place is this, child?
 And whither dost thou travel? how he stares!
 Some stubborn Master has abus'd the boy,
 And beaten him: how he complains! whither goest thou?
Alin. I go to *Segovia* Sir, to my sick Mother,
 I have been taken here by drunken thieves,
 And (O my bones!) I have been beaten Sir.
 Mis-us'd, and rob'd: extreamly beaten Gentlemen,
 O God, my side!
Seb. What beasts would use a boy thus?
 Look up, and be of good cheer.
Alin. O, I cannot.
 My back, my back, my back.
Cur. What thieves?
Alin. I know not.
 But they call the Captain *Roderigo*.
Cur. Look ye,
 I knew we were thereabouts.
Seb. Dost thou want any thing?
Alin. Nothing but ease, but ease, Sir.
Cur. There's some mony,
 And get thee to thy Mother.
Alin. I thank ye Gentlemen.
Seb. This was extreamly foul, to vex a child thus.
 Come, let's along, we cannot lose our way now. [Ex.
Alin. Though ye are honest men, I fear your fingers,
 And glad I am got off; O how I tremble!
 Send me but once within his arms dear fortune,
 And then come all the world: what shall I do now?
 'Tis almost night again, and where to lodge me,

Enter Julietta.

Or get me meat, or any thing, I now not.
 These wild woods, and the fancies I have in me,
 Will run me mad.
Jul. Boy, Boy.
Alin. More set to take me?
Jul. Dost thou hear boy? thou pointer.
Alin. 'Tis a boy too,
 A Lacky Boy: I need not fear his fierceness.
Jul. Canst thou beat a Drum?
Alin. A Drum?
Jul. This thing, a Drum here. (ble?)
 Didst thou never see a Drum? Canst thou make this grum-
Alin. Juliettas face, and tongue; is she run mad too?
 Here may be double craft: I have no skill in't.

Jul. Ple give thee a royal but to go along with me.
Alin. I care not for thy royal, I have other business,
 Drum to thy self, and daunce to it.
Jul. Sirrah, Sirrah. (me)
 Thou scurvy Sirrah; thou snotty-nos'd scab, dost thou hear
 If I lay down my Drum.

Enter Roderigo, and two Outlaws.

Alin. Here comes more Company,
 I fear a plot, Heaven send me fairly from it. [Exit.
Jul. Basto; who's here?
Lop. Captain, do you need me farther?
Rod. No not a foot: give me the gown: the sword now.
Jul. This is the Devil thief, and if he take me,
 Woe be to my Gally gaskins.
Lop. Certain Sir,
 She will take her patches off, and change her habit.
Rod. Let her do what she please: No, no *Alinda*
 You cannot cozen me again in a Boys figure,
 Nor hide the beauty of that face in patches,
 But I shall know it.
Jul. A boy his face in patches?
Rod. Nor shall your tongue again bewitch mine anger,
 If she be found i'th' woods, send me word presently,
 And I'll return; she cannot be far gone yet:
 If she be not, expect me; when ye see me,
 Use all your service to my friend *Aphonso*,
 And have a care to your business: farewell,
 No more, farewell. [Exeunt.
Jul. I am heartily glad thou art gone yet.
 This boy in patches, was the boy came by me,
 The very same, how hastily it shifted?
 What a mop-eyed ass was I, I could not know her,
 This must be she, this is she, now I remember her;
 How loth she was to talk too, how she fear'd me:
 I could now piss mine eyes out for meer anger:
 Ple follow her, but who shall vex her Father then?
 One flurt at him, and then I am for the voyage,
 If I can cross the Captain too: Come Tabor. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Jaques, and 1 Out-Law.

Jaq. Are they all set?
1 Out-l. All, and each quarter quiet.
Jaq. Is the old man asleep?
1 Out-l. An hour agoe Sir.
Jaq. We must be very carefull in his absence,
 And very watchfull.
1 Out-l. It concerns us nearly,
 He will not be long from us.
Jaq. No, he cannot.
1 Out-l. A little heat of love, which he must wander out.
 [Drum a far off.
 And then again: hark.
Jaq. What?
1 Out-l. 'Tis not the wind sure:
 That's still and calm, no noise, nor flux of waters.
Jaq. I hear a Drum, I think.
1 Out-l. That, that;
 It beats again now.
Jaq. Now it comes nearer: sure we are surprized, Sir;
 Some from the Kings command: we are lost, we are
 (dead all.
1 Out-l. Hark, hark, a charge now: my Captain has
 (betray'd us,
 And left us to this ruine, run away from us.

Enter two Out-Laws.

Lop. Another beats o' that side.
2 Out-l. Fly, lie, Jaques,
 We are taken in a toyle: snapt in a pitfall;
 Methinks I feel a Sword already shave me.
3 Out-l. A thousand horse and foot, a thousand pioneers,
 X x x 2 If

If we get under-ground, to fetch us out again;
And every one an Axe to cut the woods down.

Lop. This is the dismalst night——

Enter Alphoso.

Alp. Where's my Nag now?
And what make I here to be hang'd? What Devil
Brought me into this danger? Is there ne'er a hole,
That I may creep in deep enough, and die quickly?
Ne'er an old ditch to choke in? I shall be taken
For their Commander now, their General,
And have a commanding Gallows set up for me
As high as a May-pole; and nasty Songs made on me,
Be printed with a Pint-pot and a Dagger.
They are all kill'd by this time: Can I pray?
Let me see that first: I have too much fear to be faithful.
Where's all my State now? I must go hunt for Daughters;
Daughters, and Damfels of the Lake, damned Daughters.
A hundred Crowns for a good tod of Hay,
Or a fine hollow Tree, that would contain me;
I hear 'em coming: I feel the nooze about me.

Enter Seberto, Curio, Outlaws, and Jaques.

Seb. Why do you fear, and fly? here are no Souldiers;
None from the King to vex ye.

1 Outl. The Drum, the Drum, Sir.

Cur. I never saw such Pigeon-hearted people: (there?)
What Drum? what danger? who's that that shakes behind
Mercy upon me, Sir, why are ye fear'd thus?

Alp. Are we all kill'd, no mercy to be hoped for?
Am I not shot do you think?

Seb. You are strangely frightened,
Shot with a fiddle-stick: who's here to shoot ye?
A drum we saw indeed, a boy was beating it,
And hunting Squirrels by Moon-light.

Lop. Nothing else, Sir?

Cur. Not any thing: no other person stirring.

Alp. O that I had that boy: 'tis that Devil,
That fairy Rogue, that haunted me last night;
H'as sleeves like Dragons wings.

Seb. A little Foot-boy.

Alp. Come, let's go in, and let me get my cloaths on;
If ere I stay here more to be thus martyr'd——
Did ye not meet the wench?

Seb. No sure, we met her not.

Alp. She has been here in Boys apparel, Gentlemen,
A gallant thing, and famous for a Gentlewoman.
And all her face patcht over for discovery:
A Pilgrim too, and thereby hangs a circumstance,
That she hath plaid her master-prize, a rare one.
I came too short.

Cur. Such a young Boy we met, Sir.

Alp. In a gray Hat.

Cur. The same: his face all patcht too.

Alp. 'Twas she, a rot run with her; she, that rank she;
Walk in, I'll tell ye all, and then we'll part again,
But get some store of Wine: this fright sits here yet. [Exit.

Enter Juletta.

Jul. What a fright I have put 'em in; what a brave hurry.
If this do bolt him, I'll be with him again
With a new part, was never play'd; I'll ferk him.
As he hunts her, so I'll hunt him: I'll claw him.
Now will I see if I can cross her footing:
Yet still I'll watch his water, he shall pay for't;
And when he thinks most malice, and means worse,
I'll make him know the Mare's the better Horse. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Enter Pedro, and a Gentleman.

Gent. Ye are a stranger, Sir, and for humanity,
Being come within our walls, I would shew you something.
Ye have seen the Castle?

Ped. Yes Sir, 'tis a strong one,
And well maintain'd.

Gent. Why are you still thus sad, Sir?
How do ye like the walks?

Ped. They are very pleasant;
Your Town stands cool and sweet.

Gent. But that I would not
Affect you with more sadness, I could shew ye
A place worth view.

Ped. Shows seldom alter me, Sir;
Pray ye speak it, and then shew it.

Gent. 'Tis a house here
Where people of all forts, that have been visited
With Lunacies, and Follies wait their cures,
There's fancies of a thousand stamps and fashions,
Like flies in several shapes buz round about ye,
And twice as many gestures; some of pity,
That it would make ye melt to see their passions:
And some as light again, that would content ye.
But I see, Sir, your temper is too modest,
Too much inclin'd to contemplation,
To meet with these?

Ped. You could not please me better;
And I beseech you, Sir, do me the honour
To let me wait upon ye.

Gent. Since ye are willing,
To me it shall be a pleasure to conduct ye.

Ped. I never had such a mind yet to see misery. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Enter two Keepers.

1 Keep. Carry mad *Befs* some meat, she roars like Thunder;
And tie the Parson short, the Moon's i'th' full,
H'as a thousand Pigs in's brains: Who looks to the Prentice?
Keep him from Women, he thinks h'as lost his Mistris;
And talk of no silk stuffs, 'twill run him horn mad.

2 Keep. The Justice keeps such a stir yonder with his
And such a coil with warrants. (Charges,

1 Keep. Take away his Statutes;
The Devil has possess't him in the likeness
Of penal Laws: keep him from *Aqua vita*,
For if that spirit creep into his *Quorum*,
He will commit us all: how is it with the Scholar?

2 Keep. For any thing I see, he's in his right wits.

1 Keep. Thou art an ass; in's right wits, goodman coxcomb?
As though any man durst be in's right wits, and be here.
It is as much as we dare be that keep 'em.

Enter English madman.

Engl. Give me some drink.

1 Keep. O, there's the *English* man.

Engl. Fill me a thousand pots, and froth 'em, froth 'em.
Down o' your knees, ye Rogues, and pledge me roundly;
One, two, three, and four; we shall all be merry within this
To the great Turk. (hour.

1 Keep. Peace, peace thou Heathen drunkard;
These *English* are so Malt-mad, there's no meddling with 'em;
When they have a fruitful year of Barly there,
All the whole Island's thus.

Engl. A snuff, a snuff, a snuff.

A lewd notorious snuff: give't him again, boy.

Enter she-fool.

Fool. God-ye-good even, Gaffer.

2 Keep. Who let the Fool loose?

1 Keep. If any of the mad-men take her, she is pepper'd,
They'll bounce her loins.

Fool. Will ye walk into the coal house?

1 Keep. She is as leacherous too as a she-Ferret.

2 Keep. Who a vengeance looks to her? go in *Kate*,
I'll give thee a fine Apple.

Fool. Will ye buss me?

And tickle me, and make me laugh?

1 Keep.

1 *Keep.* I'll whip ye.
Engl. Fool, fool, come up to me fool.
Fool. Are ye peeping?
Engl. I'll get thee with five fools.
Fool. O fine, O dainty.
Engl. And thou shalt lie in a horse-cloth, like a Lady.
Fool. And shall I have a Coach?
Engl. Drawn with four Turkeys,
 And they shall tread thee too.
Fool. We shall have eggs then;
 And shall I sit upon 'em?
Engl. I, I, and they shall be all addle,
 And make an admirable Tanzey for the Devil.
 Come, come away, I am taken with thy love fool,
 And will mightily belabour thee.
 1 *Keep.* How the fool bridles? how she twitters at him?
 These *English* men would stagger a wise woman.
 If we should suffer her to have her will now,
 We should have all the women in *Spain* as mad as she here.
 2 *Keep.* They would strive who should be most fool:
 Away with her.

Enter Master, three Gentlemen, a mad Scholar, and Pedro.

Fool. Pray ye stay a little: let's hear him sing, h'as a fine breast.
 1 *Keep.* Here comes my Master; to the spit ye whore,
 And stir no more abroad, but tend your business;
 You shall have no more sops i'th' pan else, nor no Porridge:
 Besides, I'll whip your breech.
Fool. I'll go in presently.
 1 *Gent.* I'll assure ye, Sir, the Cardinal's angry with ye
 For keeping this young man.
Master. I am heartily sorry.
 If ye allow him sound, pray ye take him with ye.
 1 *Gent.* This is the place, and now observe their humours.
 2 *Gent.* We can find nothing in him light, nor tainted;
 No startings, nor no rubs, in all his answers,
 In all his Letters nothing but discretion,
 Learning, and handsome stile.
Master. Be not deceived, Sir,
 Mark but his look.
 1 *Gent.* His grief, and his imprisonment
 May stamp that there.
Master. Pray talk with him again then. (enough,
 2 *Gent.* That will be needless, we have tried him long
 And if he had a taint we should have met with't.
 Yet to discharge your care—
Ped. A sober youth:
 Pity so heavy a cross should light upon him.
 2 *Gent.* You find no sickness?
Schol. None Sir, I thank Heaven,
 Nor nothing that diverts my understanding.
 1 *Gent.* Do you sleep a nights?
Schol. As sound, and sweet, as any man.
 2 *Gent.* Have ye no fearful dreams?
Schol. Sometimes, as all have
 That go to bed with raw and windy stomachs;
 Else I am all one piece.
 1 *Gent.* Is there no unkindness
 You have conceiv'd from any friend or parent?
 Or scorn from what ye lov'd?
Schol. No, truly Sir:
 I never yet was master of a faith
 So poor, and weak, to doubt my friend or kindred,
 And what love is, unless it lie in learning
 I think I am ignorant.
 1 *Gent.* This man is perfect,
 A civiller discourser I ne'r talk'd with.
Master. You'll find it otherwise.
 2 *Gent.* I must tell ye true, Sir,
 I think ye keep him here to teach him madness.
 Here's his discharge from my Lord Cardinal;
 And come Sir, go with us.
Schol. I am bound unto ye,
 And farewell Master.

Master. Farewel *Stephano*,
 Alas poor man.
 1 *Gent.* What flaws, and whirls of weather,
 Or rather storms have been aloft these three daies;
 How dark, and hot, and full of mutiny!
 And still grows louder.
Master. It has been stubborn weather.
 2 *Gent.* Strange work at Sea, I fear me there's old tumbling.
 1 *Gent.* Bless my old Unkles Bark, I have a venture.
 2 *Gent.* And I more than I would wish to lose.
Schol. Do you fear?
 2 *Gent.* Ha! how he looks?
Master. Nay, mark him better Gentlemen.
 2 *Gent.* Mercy upon me: how his eyes are altered?
Master. Now tell me how ye like him: whether now
 He be that perfect man ye credited?
Schol. Do's the Sea stagger ye?
Master. Now ye have hit the nick.
Schol. Do ye fear the billows?
 1 *Gent.* What ails him? who has stir'd him?
Schol. Be not shaken,
 Nor let the singing of the storm shoot through ye,
 Let it blow on, blow on: let the clouds wrastle,
 And let the vapours of the earth turn mutinous,
 The Sea in hideous mountains rise and tumble
 Upon a Dolphins back, I'll make all tremble,
 For I am *Neptune*.
Master. Now what think ye of him?
 2 *Gent.* Alas poor man.
Schol. Your Bark shall plough through all,
 And not a Surge so saucy to disturb her.
 I'll see her safe, my power shall sail before her.

*Down ye angry waters all,
 Ye loud whistling whirlwinds fall;
 Down ye proud Waves, ye storms cease;
 I command ye, be at peace.
 Fright not with your churlish Notes,
 Nor bruise the Keel of Bark that flotes:
 No devouring Fish come nigh,
 Nor Monster in my Empery,
 Once shew his head, or terror bring;
 But let the weary Saylor sing:
 Amphitrite with white arms
 Strike my Lute, I'll sing Charms.*

Master. He must have Musick now: I must observe him,
 His fit will grow too full else. [*Musick, Song.*]
 2 *Gent.* I must pity him.
Master. Now he will in himself most quietly,
 And clean forget all, as he had done nothing.
 1 *Gent.* We are sorry, Sir: and we have seen a wonder;
 From this hour we'll believe, and so we'll leave ye. [*Ex.*]
Ped. This was a strange fit.
Master. Did ye mark him, Sir?
Ped. He might have cozen'd me with his behaviour.
Master. Many have sworn him right, and I have thought so:
 Yet on a sudden, from some word, or other,
 When no man could expect a fit, he has flown out:
 I dare not give him will.

Enter Alinda.

Ped. Pray Heaven recover him.
Alin. Must I come in too?
Master. No, my pretty Lad;
 Keep in thy Chamber Boy; 'shalt have thy supper.
Ped. I pray ye what is he, Sir?
Master. A strange Boy, that last night
 Was found i'th' Town, a little craz'd, distracted,
 And so sent hither.
Ped. How the pretty Knave looks,
 And plays, and peeps upon me! sure such eyes
 I have seen, and lov'd: what fair hands? certainly—
Master. Good Sir, you'll make him worse.
Ped. I pray believe not.

Alas, why should I hurt him? how he smiles!
The very shape, and sweetness of *Alinda*;
Let me look once again: were it in such clothes
As when I saw her last; this must be she.
How tenderly it stroaks me?

Mastr. Pray ye be mild Sir;
I must attend elsewhere.

[Exit.

Ped. Pray ye be secure Sir,
What would ye say? how my heart beats and trembles!
He holds me hard by th' hand; O my life, her flesh too!
I know not what to think: her tears, her true ones;
Pure orient tears: Hark, do you know me little one?

Alin. O *Pedro Pedro!*

Ped. O my foul!

Gent. What fit's this?

The Pilgrim's off the hooks too.

Alin. Let me hold thee,
And now come all the world, and all that hate me.

Ped. Be wise, and not discovered: O how I love ye!
How do ye now?

Alin. I have been miserable;
But your most vertuous eyes have cur'd me, *Pedro*;
Pray ye think it no immodesty, I kiss ye,
My head's wild still.

Ped. Be not so full of passion,
Nor do not hang so greedily upon me;
'Twill be ill taken.

Alin. Are ye weary of me?
I will hang here eternally, kiss ever,
And weep away for joy.

Enter *Master*.

Master. I told ye Sir,
What ye would do: for shame do not afflict him;
You have drawn his fit upon him fearfully:
Either depart, and presently; I'll force ye else.
Who waits within?

Enter two *Keepers* to fetch 'em off.

Ped. Alas good Sir.
This is the way never to hope recovery. (Governour,
Mastr. Stay but one minute more, I'll complain to the
Bring in the boy: do you see how he swells, and tears himself?
Is this your cure? Be gone; if the boy miscarry
Let me ne'r find you more, for I'll so hamper ye——

Gent. You were to blame: too rash.

Ped. Farewel for ever.

[Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Alphonso*, *Gent.* *Juletta*.

Gent. YOU are now within a mile o'th' Town Sir: if
(my business
Would give me leave, I would turn and wait upon ye;
But for such Gentlemen as you enquire of,
Certain, I saw none such: But for the boy ye spoke of,
I will not say 'tis he, but such a one;
Just of that height.

Alph. In such clothes?

Gent. I much mistake else,
Was sent in th' other night, a little maddish,
And where such people wait their cures——

Alph. I understand ye.

Gent. There you may quickly know.

Alph. I thank ye Sir.

Jul. So do I too: and if there be such a place,
I ask no more: but you shall hear more of me,
She may be there, and you may play the tyrant;
I'll see what I can do: I am almost foundred
In following him; and yet I'll never leave him,
I'll crawl of all four first; my cause is meritorious,

And come what can come.

Gent. All you have told me is certain;
Complexion, and all else.

Alph. It may be she then;
And I'll so fumble her: is she grown mad now?
Is her blood set so high? I'll have her maddened,
I'll have her worm'd.

Jul. Mark but the end, old *Master*,
If thou beest not sick o'th' Bots within these five hours,
And kickst and roar'st; I'll make ye fart fire, *Signior*.

Enter *Alinda*, as a fool.

Gent. Here's one o'th' house, a fool, an idiot Sir;
May be she is going home; she'll be a guide to ye:
And so I kiss your hand.

[Exit.

Alph. I am your servant.

Alin. O now I am lost, lost, lost, Lord, how I tremble!
My Father, arm'd in all his hates and angers;
This is more misery than I have escap'd yet.

Alph. Fool, fool.

Alin. He knows me not; will ye give me two pence?
And gaffer, here's a Crow-flower, and a Dazie;
I have some pie in my pocket too.

Alph. This is an arrant fool,
An ignorant thing.

Alin. Believe so, and I am happy.

Alph. Dost thou dwell in *Sigovia*, fool?

Alin. No no, I dwell in Heaven.

And I have a fine little house, made of Marmalad.
And I am a lone woman, and I spin for Saint *Peter*; (me.
I have a hundred little children, and they sing Psalms with

Alph. 'Tis pity this pretty thing should want understanding.
But why do I stand talking with a coxcombe?
If I do find her, if I light upon her,
I'll say no more. Is this the way to th' Town, fool?

Alin. You must go over the top of that high steeple, *Gaf-*

Alph. A plague o' your fools face. (fer.

Jul. No, take her counsel. (over,

Alin. And then you shall come to a River twenty mile
And twenty mile and ten: and then you must pray, *Gaffer*;
And still you must pray, and pray.

Alph. Pray Heaven deliver me
From such an ass, as thou art.

Alin. Amen, sweet *Gaffer*.

And fling a sop of Sugar-cake into it;
And then you must leap in naked.

Jul. Would he would believe her.

Alin. And sink seven daies together; can ye sink *Gaffer*?

Alph. Yes coxcomb, yes; prethee farewel: a pox on thee.
A plague o' that fool too, that set me upon thee.

Alin. And then I'll bring you a sup of Milk shall serve ye:
I am going to get Apples.

Alph. Go to th' Devil:

Was ever man tormented with a puppy thus?
Thou tell me news? thou be a guide?

Alin. And then Nunkle—— (rail now

Alph. Prethee keep on thy way (good Naunt) I could
These ten hours at mine own improvidence:
Get Apples, and be choak'd: farewel. [Exit.

Alin. Farewel Nunkle.

Jul. I rejoyce in any thing that vexes him;
And I shall love this fool extremely for't:
Could I but see my Mistris now, to tell her
How I have truly, honestly wrought for her,
How I have worn my self away, to serve her.
Fool, there's a Royal for the sport thou mad'st me,
In crossing that old fool, that parted from thee.

Alin. Thou art honest sure; but yet thou must not see me:
I thank ye little Gentleman: Heaven blefs ye
And I'll pray for ye too: pray ye keep this Nutmeg.
'Twas sent me from the Lady of the Mountain,
A golden Lady.

Jul. How prettily it prattles!

Alin. 'Tis very good to rub your understanding:

And

And so good night, the Moon's up.

Ful. Pretty innocent.

Alm. Now fortune, if thou darst do good, protect me.

[Exit.

Ful. I'll follow him to yond'Town; he shall not scape me. Stay, I must counterfeit a Letter by the way first, (elle, And one that must carry some credit with it; I am wide And all this to no purpose that I aim at.

A Letter must be had, and neatly handled; And then, if Goodwife Fortune do not fail me, Have at his Skirts; I shall worse anger him Than ever I have done, and worse torment him.

It does me good to think how I shall conjure him, And crucifie his crabbedness; he's my Master, But that's all one; I'll lay that on the left hand, He would now persecute my harmless Mistribs, A fault without forgiveness, as I take it; And under that bold Banner flies my vengeance, A meritorious War, and so I'll make it.

I'th' name of innocence, what's this the fool gave me? She said 'twas good to rub my understanding. nut; What strange Concealment? Bread or Cheese, or a Chef-

Ha! 'tis a Ring, a pretty Ring, a right one; A Ring I know too! the very same Ring; O admirable Blockhead! O base Eyes!

A Ring my Mistribs took from me, and wore it; I know it by the Posie:

None could deliver this, but she her self too; Am I twice sand-blind? twice so near the Blessing I would arrive at? and block-like never know it?

I am veng'ance angry, but that shall light on thee, And heavily, and quickly, I pronounce it; There are so many cross ways, there's no following her; And yet I must not now; I hope she is right still, For all her outward shew, for sure she knew me; And in that hope, some few hours I'll forget her. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. She is not to be recovered, which I vex at; And he beyond my veng'ance, which torments me; O! I am fool'd and sleighted, made a Rascal; My hopes are flatter'd, as my present fortunes; Why should I wander thus, and play the Coxcomb? Tire out my peace and pleasure for a Girl? A Girl that scorns me too? a thing that hates me? And considered at the best, is but a short Breakfast For a hot appetite: why should I walk and walk thus? And fret my self, and travel like a Carrier, (me, And peep, and watch? want Meat, and Wine, to cherish When thousand women may be had, ten thousand, And thank me too, and I sit still: well, trim Beauty And Chastity, and all that seem to ruine me, Let me not take ye, let me not come near ye, For I'll so trim ye, I'll so bustle with ye; 'Tis not the name of Virgin shall redeem ye, I'll change that property: nor tears, nor angers; I bear a hate about me scorns those follies. To find this Villain too, for there's my main prize: And if he snap me then.

Enter Alinda.

Alind. Is not that *Pedro*?

'Tis he, 'tis he: O!

Rod. What art thou?

Alind. Ha? now, now, now, O now most miserable.

Rod. What a Devil art thou?

Alin. No end of my misfortunes, Heaven?

Rod. What antick?

Speak Puppet, speak.

Alind. That habit to betray me?

Ye holy Saints, can ye see this?

Rod. It danceth;

The Devil in a Fools Coat, is he turn'd Innocent? What mops and mows it makes! heigh! how it frisketh? Is't not a Fairy, or some small Hobgoblin? It has a mortal face, and I have a great mind to it, But if it should prove the Devil then.

Alin. Come hither.

Rod. I think 'twill ravish me, It is a handsome thing, but horribly Sun-burnt; What's that it points at?

Alin. Dost thou see that star there, That just above the Sun? Prithee go thither, and light me this Tobacco, And stop it with the horns o'th' Moon.

Rod. The thing's mad, Abominably mad, her brains are butter'd, Go sleep, fool, sleep.

Alin. Thou canst not sleep so sweetly; For so I can say my Prayers, and then slumber.

*I am not proud, nor full of Wine,
This little Flower will make me fine;
Cruel in Heart, for I will cry,
If I see a Sparrow dye;
I am not watchful to do ill,
Nor glorious to pursue it still;
Nor pitiless to those that weep;
Such as are, bid them go sleep.*

Do, do, do, and see if they can.

Rod. It said true.

I feel it sink into me forcibly: Sure 'tis a kind of *Sibyl*, some mad Prophet; I feel my wildness bound, and fetter'd in me.

Alin. Give me your hand, and I'll tell you what's your

Rod. Here, prithee speak. (fortune.

Alin. Fye, fye, fye, fye, fye.

Wash your hands, and pare your nails, and look finely, You shall never kiss the Kings Daughter else.

Rod. I wash 'em daily.

Alin. But still you foul 'em faster.

Rod. This goes nearer.

Alin. You'll have two Wives.

Rod. Two Wives?

Alin. I, two fine Gentlewomen, Make much of 'em; for they'll stick close to you, Sir: And these two, in two days.

Rod. That's a fine Riddle.

Alin. To day you shall wed sorrow, And repentance will come to morrow.

Rod. Sure she's inspired.

Alin. I'll sing ye a fine Song, Sir.

*He called down his merry men all,
By one, by two, by three,
William would fain have been the first,
But now the last is he.*

Rod. This the meer Chronicle of my mishaps. (yonder,

Alin. I'll bid you good ev'n, for my Boat stays for me And I must sup with the Moon to Night in the *Mediterraneum*. [Exit.

Rod. When fools and mad folks will be Tutors to me, And feel my sores, yet I unsensible; Sure it was set by Providence upon me To steer my heart right, I am wondrous weary, My thoughts too, which add more burthen to me; I have been ill, and (which is worse) pursu'd it, And still run on; I must think better, nobler, And be another thing, or not at all.

Enter four *Pesants*.

Still I grow heavier, heavier, Heaven defend me; I'll lye down, and take rest; and goodness guard me.

1 *Pes.* We have 'scap'd to day well; certain if the Out-laws Had known we had been stirring, we had paid for't.

2 *Pes.* 'Plague on 'em, they have rob'd me thrice.

3 *Pef.* And me five times:
Beside they made my Daughter one of us too
An arrant Drum: O, they are the lewdest Rascals,
The Captain such a damn'd piece of iniquitie:
But we are far enough off on 'em, that's the best on't,
They cannot hear.

4. They'le come to me familiarly
And eat up all I have: drink up my wine too,
And if there be a Servant that contents 'em,
Let her keel hold, they'l give her Stowage enough:
We have no Children now, but Thieves, and Outlaws.
The very Brats in their Mothers bellies have their qualities.
They'l steal into the world.

1. Would we had some of 'em here.

3. I, o' that condition we could Master 'em,
They are sturdy knaves.

3. A Devil take their sturdiness,
We can neither keep our wives from 'em nor our States,
We pay the Rent, and they possess the benefit.

1. What's this lies here? is it drunk, or sober?
It sleeps, and soundly too.

2. 'Tis an old woman

That keeps sheep hereabouts: it turns, and stretches.

4. Do's she keep sheep with a sword?

3. It has a Beard too.

1. Peace, peace: it is the Devil *Roderigo*,
Peace of all hands, and look.

2. 'Tis he.

3. Speak softly.

4. Now we may sit him.

3. Stay, stay: let's be provident.

1. Kill him, and wake him then.

4. Let me come to him,

Ev'n one blow at his pate, if e're he wake more.

3. So, so, so, lay that by.

2. I must needs kill him,

It stands with my reputation,

3. Stand off, I say:

And let us some way make him sure; then torture him.

To kill him presently, has no pleasure in't.

H'as been tormenting of us, at least this twelve moneth.

Rod. Oh me!

All. He comes: he comes.

4. Has he no Guns about him?

3. Softly again: no, no: take that hand easily,
And tye it fast there: that to th' other bough there.

Fast, fast, and easie lest he wake.

2. Have we got ye?

This was a benefit we never aim'd at.

3. Out with your knives, and let's carve this Cockthief,
Daintily carve him.

2. I would he had been used thus

Ten year agoe; we might have thought we had children.

3. O, that Sir *Nicholas* now our Priest were here,

What a sweet Homily would he say over him,

For ringing all in, with his wife in the Bell-frey?

He would stand up stiffe girt, now pounce him lightly

And as he roars, and rages, let's go deeper:

Come near: you are dim-ey'd: on with your spectacles.

Rod. O, what torments me thus? what slaves, what
O spare me, do not murder me. (villains?)

3. We'l but tickle ye,

You have tickled us at all points.

4. Where are his Emblemes?

Enter Pedro.

Rod. As ye are men, and *Christians*.

2. Yes we hear ye,

And you shall hear of us too.

Rod. Oh no mercy.

Ped. What noise is this? what roar? I cannot find her,
She is got free again: but where, or which way?

Rod. O villains, beasts.

Ped. Murdering a man, ye Rascals?

Ye inhumane slaves, off, off, and leave this cruelty,
Or as I am a Gentleman: do ye brave me?
Then have among ye all, ye slaves, ye cowards,
Take up that sword, and stand: stay ye base rascals,
Ye cut-throat rogues.

All. Away, away.

[*Exeunt Pef.*]

Ped. Ye dog-whelps.

Rod. O, I am now more wretched far, than ever.

Ped. A violence to that habit? ha? *Roderigo*,
What makes he here, thus clad? is it repentance,
Or only a fair shew to guile his mischiefs?

Rod. This benefit has made me shame to see him,
To know him, blush.

Ped. You are not much hurt?

Rod. No Sir;

All I can call a hurt, sticks in my conscience,
That pricks and tortures me.

Ped. Have ye consider'd

The nature of these men, and how they us'd ye?
Was it fair play? did it appear to you handfom?

Rod. I dare not speak: or if I do 'tis nothing
Can bring me off, or justifie me.

Ped. Was it noble

To be o're-laid with odds, and violence?

Manly, or brave in these thus to oppress ye?

Do you blush at this, in such as are meer rudeness,

That have stopt souls, that never knew things gentle?

And dare you glorifie worse in your self Sir?

Ye us'd me with much honour, and I thank ye,

In this I have requited some: ye know me:

Come turn not back, ye must, and ye shall know me;

Had I been over season'd with base anger,

And suited all occasions to my mischiefs,

Bore no respect to honesty, Religion,

No faith, no common tye of man, humanity,

Had I had in me, but given reins, and licence

To a tempestuous will, as wild as winter,

This day, know *Roderigo*, I had set

As small a price upon thy life and fortunes,

As thou didst lately on mine innocence;

But I reserve thee to a nobler service.

Rod. I thank ye, and I'll study more to honour ye:

You have the nobler soul, I must confesse it,

And are the greater Master of your goodness.

Though it be impossible I would now recover,

And my rude will grow handfom in an instant,

Yet touching but the pureness of your metal,

Something shall shew like gold, at least shall glister,

That men may hope, although the mind be rugged,

Stony, and hard to work, yet time, and honour

Shall find and bring forth that, that's rich and worthy.

Ped. I'll trie that: and toth' purpose: ye told me Sir

In noble emulation, so I take it;

I'll put your hatred far off, and forget it,

You had a fair desire to try my valour:

You seem'd to court me to it; you have found a time,

A weapon in your hand, an equal enemy,

That, as he puts this off, puts off all injuries,

And only now for honours sake defies ye:

Now, as you are a man, I know you are valiant,

As you are gentle bred, a Souldier fashioned.

Rod. His vertue startles me. I dare fight *Pedro*.

Ped. And as you have a Mistris that you honour,

Mark me, a Mistris.

Rod. Ha?

Ped. A handsome Mistris,

As you dare hold your self deserving of her.

Rod. Deserving? what a word was that to fire me?

Ped. I could compel ye now without this circumstance,

But I'll deal free, and fairly, like a Gentleman:

As ye are worthy of the name ye carry,

A daring man.

Rod. O that I durst not suffer:

For all I dare do now, implies but penance.

Ped.

Ped. Now do me noble right.

Rod. I'll satisfie ye;

But not by th' sword, pray you hear me, and allow me;
I have been rude; but shall I be a Monster,
And teach my Sword to hurt that that preserv'd me?
Though I be rough by nature, shall my name
Inherit that eternal stain of barbarous?
Give me an enemy, a thing that hates ye,
That never heard of yet, nor felt your goodness,
That is one main antipathy to sweetness;
And set me on, you cannot hold me Coward;
If I have ever err'd, 'thas been in hazard;
The temper of my Sword starts at your Vertue,
And will fly off, nay it will weep to light ye;
Things excellently mingled, and of pure nature,
Hold sacred Love, and peace with one another,
See how it turns.

Ped. This is a strange Conversion:

And can ye fail your Mistress? can ye grow cold
In such a case?

Rod. Those heats that they add to us;

(O noble *Pedro*) let us feel 'em rightly;
And rightly but consider how they move us:

Ped. Is not their honour ours?

Rod. If they be vertuous,

And then the Sword adds nothing to their lustre,
But rather calls in question what's not doubted;
If they be not, the best Swords, and best valours
Can never fight 'em up to fame again;
No, not a Christian War; and that's held pious.

Ped. How bravely now he is tempered! I must fight,
And rather make it honourable, than angry,
I would not task those sins to me committed.

Rod. You cannot, Sir, you have cast those by: discarded
And in a noble mind, so low, and loosely
To look back, and collect such lumps, and lick 'em
Into new horrid forms again—

Ped. Still braver.

Rod. To fight, because I dare, were worse and weaker
Than if I had a woman in my cause, Sir,
And more proclaim'd me fool: yet I must confess
I have been covetous of all occasions,
And this I have taken upon trust, for noble,
The more shame mine: devise a way to fight thus,
That like the wounded air, no blood may issue,
Nor where the Sword shall enter, no lost spirit,
And set me on: I would not scare that body,
That vertuous, valiant body, nor deface it
To make the Kingdom mine: if one must bleed,
Let me be both the Sacrifice and Altar,
And you the Priest; I have deserv'd to suffer.

Ped. The noble *Roderigo*, now I call ye,
And thus my love shall ever count, and hold ye,

Rod. I am your servant, Sir, and now this habit;
Devotion, not distrust shall put upon me,
I'll wait upon your fortunes, that's my way now,
And where you grieve, or joy, I'll be a Partner.

Ped. I thank ye, Sir, I shall be too proud of ye,
O I could tell ye strange things.

Rod. I guess at 'em,
And I could curse my self, I made 'em stranger;
Yet my mind says you are not far from happiness.

Ped. It shall be welcome; come, let's keep up thus still,
And be as we appear; Heavens hand may bless us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter *Alphonso*, *Master* and *Keepers*.

Maft. Yes, Sir, here be such people; but how pleasing
They will appear to you.

Alph. 'Pray let me see 'em,
I come to that end; 'pray let me see 'em all.

Maft. They will confound ye, Sir, like Bells rung back-
They are nothing but Confusion, and meer Noises.

Alph. May be I love a noise; but hark ye, Sir,
Have ye no Boys? handsome young Boys?

Maft. Yes, one, Sir,
A very handsome Boy.

Alph. Long here?

Maft. But two days;
A little crazed; but much hope of recovery.

Alph. I, that Boy, let me see, may be I know him,
That Boy I say; this is the Boy he told me of,
And it must need be she; that Boy, I beseech ye, Sir,
That Boy I come to see.

Maft. And ye shall see him;
Or any else: but pray be not too violent.

Alph. I know what to do, I warrant ye; I am for all fan-
I can talk to 'em, and dispute.

1 *Keep.* As madly;

For they are very mad, Sir!

Alph. Let 'em be horn mad. (their own, Sir,

1 *Keep.* We have few Citizens: they have Bedlams of
And are mad at their own charges.

Alph. Who lyes here?

Maft. 'Pray ye do not disturb 'em, Sir, here lie such youths
Will make you start if they but dance their trenchmores,
Fetch out the Boy, Sirrah; hark!

[*Shake Irons within. English mad-men; Scholar,*
[*Parson, Jerkin.*]

Alph. Heigh Boys.

Eng. Bounce,
Clap her o'th' star-board; bounce, top the Can.

Schol. Dead ye dog, dead, do ye quarrel in my Kingdom?
Give me my trident.

Eng. Bounce, 'twixt wind and water,
Loaden with Mackrel; O brave meat.

Schol. My Sea horses;
I'll charge the Northern Wind, and break his Bladder,

Parf. I'll sell my Bells before I be out-brav'd thus.

Alph. What's he? what's he?

Maft. A Parson, Sir, a Parson

That run mad for tyth Goslings.

Alph. Green sawce cure him.

Parf. I'll curse ye all, I'll excommunicate ye;

Thou *English* Heretick, give me the tenth Pot.

Eng. Sue me, I'll drink up all, bounce I say once more,
O have I split your Mizen? blow, blow thou West-wind;

Blow till thou rive, and make the Sea run roaring.

I'll hiss it down again with a Bottle of Ale.

Schol. Triton, why Triton:

Eng. Triton's drunk with *Metheglin*.

Seb. Strike, strike the farges, strike.

Eng. Drink, drink, 'tis day light;

Drink, didle, didle, didle, drink, *Parson*, proud *Parson*;

A Pigs tail in thy teeth, and I defie thee.

Par. Give me some porridg, or I'll damn thee, *English*.

Alph. How comes this *English* mad man here?

Maft. Alas, that's no question;

They are mad every where, Sir;

Their fits are cool now, let 'em rest.

Enter *Keepers* and *She-fools*.

Alph. Mad Gallants;

Most admirable mad; I love their faces. (lookt to him?)

1 *Keep.* Ye stinking Whore, who knew of this? who
'Pox take him, he was sleepy when I left him.

2 *Keep.* Certain he made the fool drunk.

Maft. How now, who's this here?

Where is the Boy?

1 *Keep.* The Boy, Sir?

Maft. I, the Boy, Sir.

1 *Keep.* Here's all the Boys we found.

Maft. These are his Cloaths.

But where's the Boy?

She-fool. The Boy is gone a Maying, (ster?)

He'll bring me home a Cuckows Nest; do you hear; *Ma-*

I put my Cloaths off, and I dizen'd him,
And pin'd a Plum in's forehead, and a feather;

And bul's'd him twice, and bid him go seek his fortune;
He gave me this fine money, and fine Wine too,
And bid me sop; and gave me these trim Cloaths too,
And put 'em on.

Alph. Is this the Boy you would shew?

She fool. I'll give you two pence, Master.

Alph. Am I fool'd of all sides?

I met a fool i'th' Woods, they said she dwelt here,
In a long pied Coat.

Maft. That was the very Boy, Sir.

She-f. I, I, I, I gave him leave to play, forsooth,
He'll come again to morrow, and bring peascods.

Maft. I'll bring your bones.

Alph. 'Pox o' your fools, and Bedlams,
'Plague o' your Owls and Apes.

Maft. 'Pray ye, Sir, be tamer,
We cannot help this presently, but we shall know;
I'll recompence your Care too.

Alph. Know me, a pudding,
You juggle, and ye fiddle; fart upon ye;
I am abused.

Maft. 'Pray ye, Sir. [Welsh mad-man.]

Alph. And I will be abused, Sir,
And you shall know I am abused.

Welsh. Whaw, Mr. Keeper.

Alph. 'Pox o' thy whaws, and thy whyms,
'Pox o' thy urship. (wash-brew,

Wel. Give me some Ceeze, and Onions; give me some
I have—in my bellies, give me abundance,
Pendragon was a Shentleman, marg you, Sir,
And the Organs at *Rixum* were made by Revelations,
There is a spirit blows, and blows the Bellows,
And then they sing.

Alph. What Moon-calf's this? what dream?

Maft. 'Pray ye, Sir, observe him,
He is a Mountaineer, a man of *Goteland*.

Welsh. I will beat thy face as black as a blue Clout,
I will leave no more sheet in thine eyes.

Maft. He will not hurt ye.

Welsh. Give me a great deal of Guns; thou art the Devils,
I know thee by thy tails; poor *Owen's* hungry,
I will peg thy bums full of Bullets.

Alph. This is the rarest Rascal,
He speaks as if he had butter-milk in's mouth,
Is this any thing akin to th' *English*?

Maft. The elder Brother, Sir,
He run mad because a Rat eat up's Cheefe.

Alph. H'ad a great deal of reason, Sir.

Welsh. *Basilus manus*, is for an old Codpifs, mark ye,
I will borrow thy Urships Whore to seal a Letter.

Maft. Now he grows villainous.

Alph. Methinks he's best now.

Maft. Away with him.

Alph. He shall not.

Maft. Sir, he must.

Welsh. I will sing and dance,
Do any thing.

Alph. Wilt thou declaim in Greek?

Maft. Away with the fool,

And whip her soundly, Sirrah.

She fool. I'll tell no more tales.

Alph. Or wilt thou flye i'th' air?

Eng. Do, and I'll catch thee,
And like a wisp of Hay, I'll whirl, and whirl thee,
And puff thee up, and puff thee up.

Schol. I'll save thee,

And thou shalt fall into the Sea, soft, softly. (men.)

Welsh. I'll get upon a mountain, and call my Country.

Maft. They all grow wild, away with him for Heavens
Sir, ye are much to blame. (fake,

Alph. No, no, 'tis brave, Sir,

Ye have cozen'd me; I'll make you mad.

Maft. In with him,

And lock him fast.

Alph. I'll see him in his lodging.

[Exit.]

Maft. What means this Gentleman?

Enter Julietta.

Jul. He's in; have at him,
Are you the Master, Sir?

Maft. What would you with him?

Jul. I have a business from the Duke of *Medina*,
Is there not an old Gentleman come lately in?

Maft. Yes, and a wild one too, but not a Prisoner.

Jul. Did you observe him well? 'tis like it may be he.

Maft. I have seen younger men of better temper.

Jul. You have hit the cause I come for; there's a Letter,
Pray ye peruse it well; I shall be wi' ye;
And suddenly, I fear not, finely, daintily,
I shall so feed your fierce vexation,

And raise your Worships storms; I shall so niggle ye,
And juggle ye, and fiddle ye, and firk ye:
I'll make ye curse the hour ye vex a Woman;
I'll make ye shake when our Sex are but founded;
For the Lords sake we shall have him at; I long to see it
As much as for my wedding night; I gape after it.

Maft. This Letter says the Gentleman is lunatick;
I half suspected it.

Jul. 'Tis very true, Sir,
And such pranks he has plaid.

Maft. He's some great man;
The Duke commands me with such care to look to him,

And if he grow too violent, to correct him,
To use the speediest means for his recovery,
And those he must find sharp.

Jul. The better for him.

Maft. How got ye him hither?

Jul. With a train, I told him;
He's in love with a Boy, there lyes his melancholy.

Maft. Hither he came to seek one.

Jul. Yes, I sent him,

Now had we dealt by force, we had never brought him.

Maft. Here was a Boy.

Jul. He saw him not?

Maft. He was gone first.

Jul. It is the better; look you to your charge well;
I'll see him lodged, for so the Duke commanded me,
He will be very rough.

Maft. We are us'd to that, Sir,
And we as rough as he, if he give occasion.

Jul. You will find him gainful, but be sure ye curb him,
And get him, if ye can fairly, to his lodging,

Enter Alphonso.

I am afraid ye will not.

Maft. We must sweat then. (noise,

Alph. What dost thou talk to me of noises? I'll have more
I'll have all loose, and all shall play their prizes;
Thy Master has let loose the Boy I lookt for,
Bafely convey'd him hence.

Keep. Will ye go out, Sir?

Alph. I will not out; I will have all out with me,

[Shake Irons.]

I'll have thy Master in; he's only mad here: (Boys.)
And Rogues, I'll have ye all whipt; heigh, mad Boys, mad

Jul. Do you perceive him now?

Maft. 'Tis too apparent.

Jul. I am glad she is gone; he raves thus.

Maft. Do you hear, Sir?

'Pray will ye make less stir, and see your Chamber,
Call in more help, and make the Clofets ready. (ye.)

Keep. I thought he was mad; I'll have one long lash at

Alph. My Chamber? where my Chamber? why my
Where's the young Boy? (Chamber?)

Maft. Nay, Pray ye, Sir, be more modest

For your own Credit sake; the people see ye,
And I would use ye with the best.

Alph. Best, hang ye,

What

What dost thou think me mad ?

Mast. Pray, and be civil,
Heaven may deliver ye.

Alph. Into a rogues hands.

Mast. You do but draw more misery upon ye,
And add to your disease.

Alph. Get from me.

Mast. No Sir,

You must not be left so : bear your self civilly,
And 'twill be better for ye : swell not, nor chafe not.

Alph. I am a Gentleman, and a neighbour, rascal.

Mast. A great deal the more pity : I have heard of ye.

Jul. Excellent Master.

Mast. The Duke is very tender too.

Alph. Am I lunatique ? am I run mad ?

What dost thou talk to me of Dukes, and Devils,
Why do the people gape so ?

Mast. Do not anger 'em,
But go in quietly, and slip in softly
They will so tew ye, else, I am commanded Sir.

Alph. Why, prethee why ?

Mast. Ye are dog-mad : you perceive it not,
Very far mad : and whips will scant recover ye.

Alph. Ha ! whips ?

Mast. I whips, and fore whips, and ye were a Lord Sir,
If ye be stubborn here.

Alph. Whips ? what am I grown ?

Jul. O I could burst : hold, hold, hold, hold o' both ends,
How he looks, pray heaven, he be not mad indeed.

Alph. I do not perceive I am so ; but if you think it,
Nor I'le be hangd if 't be so.

Mast. Do you see this Sir ? *Irons brought in.*
Down with that Devil in ye.

Alph. Indeed I am angry,
But I'le contain my self : O I could burst now,
And tear my self, but these rogues will torment me,
Mad in mine old days ? make mine own afflictions ?

Mast. What do you mutter Sir ?

Alph. Nothing, Sir, nothing ;
I will go in, and quietly, most civilly : *(me,*
And good Sir, let none of your tormentors come about
You have a gentle face ; they look like Dragons.

Mast. Be civil and be safe : come, for these two daies
Ye must eat nothing neither : 'twill ease your fits Sir.

Alph. 'Twill starve me Sir ; but I must bear it joyfully.
I may sleep ?

Mast. Yes, a little : go in with these men.

Alph. O miserable me ! *[Exit.*

Mast. I'le follow presently,
You see 'tis done Sir.

Jul. Ye have done it handsomely,
And I'le inform the Duke so : pray ye attend him,
Let him want nothing, but his will:

Mast. He shall not,
And if he be rebellious ———

Jul. Never spare him :
H'as flesh, and hide enough, he loves a whipping.

Mast. My service to his Grace. *[Exit.*

Jul. I shall commend it.
So, thou art fast : I must go get some fresh room
To laugh, and caper in : O how it tickles me !
O how it tumbles me with joy ! thy mouth's stopt :
Now if I can do my Mistris good, I am Sainted. *[Exit.*

Aëius Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Seberto, Curio.

Seb. **N**OW, o' my conscience, we have lost him utterly,
He's not gone home : we heard from thence this
And since our parting last at *Roderigo's* *(morning,*
You know what ground we have travel'd.

Cur. He's asleep sure :

For if he had been awake, we should have met with him :
'Faith let's turn back, we have but a fruitless journey ;
And to hope further of *Alindas* recovery,
(For sure she'l rather perish than return)
Is but to seek a Moth i'th' Sun.

Seb. We'l on sure ;
Something we'l know, some cause of all this fooling,
Make some discovery.

Cur. Which way shall we cast then,
For all the Champion Country, and the villages,
And all those sides ?

Seb. We'l cross these woods awhile then :
Here if we fail, we'l gallop to *Segovia*.
And if we light of no news there, hear nothing ;
We'l even turn fairly home, and coast the other side.

Cur. He may be sick, or falln into some danger ;
He has no guide, nor no man to attend him.

Seb. He's well enough, he has a travel'd body,
And though he be old, he's tough, and will endure well ;
But he is so violent to finde her out,
That his anger leads him a thousand wild-goose chases :
I'le warrant he is well.

Cur. Shall we part company ?

Seb. By no means, no : that were a sullen business :
No pleasure in our journey : come, let's cross here first,
And where we find the paths, let them direct us.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Juletta, Alinda.

Jul. Why are you still so fearfull of me, Lady ?
So doubtfull of my faith, and honest service ?
To hide your self from me, to fly my company ?
Am I not yours ? all yours ? by this light you shake still ;
Do ye suspect me false ? did I ever fail ye ?
Do you think I am corrupted ? base ? and treacherous ?
Lord, how ye look ! Is not my life ty'd to ye ?
And all the power I have to serve, and honour ye ?
Still do ye doubt ? still am I terrible ?

I will not trouble ye : good Heaven preserve ye,
And send ye what ye wish : I will not see ye,
Nor once remember I had such a Mistris.
I will not speak of ye, nor name *Alinda*,
For fear you should suspect I would betray ye :
Goodness and peace conduct ye.

Alin. Prethee pardon me,
I know thou art truly faithfull : and thou art welcom,
A welcom partner to my miseries ;
Thou knowst I love thee too.

Jul. I have thought so, Lady.

Alin. Alas, my fears have so distracted me
I durst not trust my self.

Jul. Come, pray ye think better,
And cast those by : at least consider, Lady,
How to prevent 'em : pray ye put off this fools coat,
Though it have kept ye secret for a season,
'Tis known now, and will betray ye ; your arch enemy
Roderigo is abroad : many are looking for ye.

Alin. I know it : and those many I have cozen'd.

Jul. You cannot still do thus.

Alin. I have no means to shift it.

Jul. I have : and shift you too. I lay last night
At a poor widows house here in the Thicket,
Whither I will conduct ye, and new shape ye,
My self too to attend ye.

Alin. What means hast thou ?
For mine are gone.

Jul. Fear not, enough to serve ye ;
I came not out so empty.

Alin. Prethee tell me,
(For thou hast struck a kind of comfort through me.)
When saw'st thou *Roderigo* ?

Jul. Even this morning,

And in these woods : take heed, h'as got a new shape.

Alm. The habit of a Pilgrim ? yes, I know it,
And I hope shall prevent it ; was he alone ?

Jul. No Madam, and which made me wonder mightily,
He was in company with that handsom Pilgrim,
That had sweet man.

Alm. That I forgot to give to ?

Jul. The same, the very same, that you so pitied,
A man as fit to suit his villanies.

Alm. And did they walk together ?

Jul. Wondrous civilly.

Alm. Talk, and discourse ?

Jul. I think so, for I saw 'em
Make many stands, and then embrace each other,

Alm. The Pilgrim is betray'd, a *Judas* dwells with him,
A *Simon*, that will seem a Saint to choak him.
Canst thou but shew me this ?

Jul. Lord how she trembles !
Not thus, for all the world, ye are undone then ;
But let's retire, and alter, then we'll walk free ;
And then I'll shew ye any thing.

Alm. Come, good wench,
And speedily : for I have strange faiths working,
As strange fears too, I'll tell thee all my life then.

Jul. Come quick, I'll conduct ye, and still serve ye,
And do not fear ; hang fear, it spoils all projects.
This way ; I'll be your guide.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Governour, Verdugo, Citizens.

Gov. Use all your sports,
All your solemnities ; 'tis the Kings day to morrow,
His birth-day, and his marriage, a glad day,
A day we ought to honour, all.

1 Cit. We will Sir,
And make *Segovia* ring with our rejoycings.

Gov. Be sumptuous, but not riotous ; be bounteous,
But not in drunken *Bacchanals* : free to all strangers,
Easie, and sweet in all your entertainments,
For 'tis a Royal day admits no rudeness. (your self,

2 Cit. Your Lordship will do us the honour to be here
And grace the day ?

Gov. 'Tis a main part of my service. (deration

3 Cit. I hope your honour has taken into your confi-
The miseries we have suffered by these Out-laws,
The losses, hourly tears ; the rude abuses
Strangers that travel to us are daily loaden with,
Our Daughters, and our wives complaints.

Gov. I am sorry for't,
And have Commission from the King to ease it :
You shall not be long vext.

1 Cit. Had we not walls, Sir,
And those continually man'd too with our watches,
We should not have a bit of meat to feed us.
And yet they are our friends, and we must think so,
And entertain 'em so sometimes, and feast 'em,
And send 'em loaden home too, we are lost else. (*Christians,*

2 Cit. They'll come to Church amongst us, as we hope
When all their zeal is but to steal the Chalice ;
At this good time now, if your Lordship were not here,
To awe their violence with your authority,
They would play such gombals.

Gov. Are they grown so heady ? (Bonfires ;

2 Cit. They would drink up all our Wine, piss out our
Then, like the drunken *Centaures*, have at the fairest,
Nay, have at all : four-score and ten's a Goddess,
Whilst we, like fools, stand shaking in our cellars.

Gov. Are they so fierce upon so little sufferance ?
I'll give 'em such a purge, and suddenly.

Verdugo, after this solemnity is over,
Call on me for a charge of men, of good men,
To see what house these knaves keep : of good Souldiers,
As sturdy as themselves : that dare dispute with 'em,

Dare walk the woods as well as they, as fearless,
But with a better faith belabour 'em ;
I'll know what claim they have to their possession.

'Tis pity of their Captain *Roderigo*,
A well-bred Gentleman, and a good Souldier,
And one his Majesty has some little reason
To thank, for sundry services, and fair ones ;
That long neglect bred this, I am sorry for him.

Ver. The hope of his estate keeps back his pardon,
There's divers wasps, that buz about that hony-box,
And long to lick themselves full.

Gov. True *Verdugo*,
Would he had but the patience to discern it,
And policy to wipe their lips.

Verd. To fetch him in Sir,
By violence, he being now no infant,
Will ask some bloody crowns. I know his people
Are of his own choice men, that will not totter,
Nor blench much at a Bullet ; I know his order,
And though he have no multitude, h'as manhood ;
The elder-twin to that too, staid experience.

But if he mult be forced, Sir,——
Gov. There's no remedy,
Unless he come himself.

Ver. That will be doubtfull.

Did you never hear yet of the noble *Pedro* ?

Gov. I cannot by no means : I think he's dead sure ;
The court bewails much his untimely loss :
The King himself laments him.

Verd. He was sunk ;
And if he be dead, he died happily,
He buried all he had in the Kings service,
And lost himself.

Gov. Well : if he be alive, Captain,
(As hope still speaks the best) I know the Kings mind
So inwardly and full, he will be happy.
Come, to this preparation ; when that's done,
The Out-laws expedition is begun.

Cit. We'll contribute all to that, and help our selves too.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Roderigo, Pedro.

Rod. How sweet these solitary places are ! how wantonly
The wind blows through the leaves, and courts, and playes
(with 'em !

Will ye sit down, and sleep ? the heat invites ye.
Hark how yond purling stream dances, and murmurs,
The Birds sing softly too : pray take some rest, Sir.
I would fain wooe his fancie to a peace,
It labours high and hastily upon him ;
Pray ye sit, and I'll sit by.

Ped. I cannot sleep friend,
I have those watches here admit no slumbers,
Saw ye none yet ?

Rod. No creature.

Ped. What strange Musick
Was that we heard as far off ?

Rod. I cannot guess ;
'Twas loud, and shrill : sometimes it shew'd hard by us,
And by and by the sound fled as the wind does ;
Here's no inhabitants.

Ped. It much delighted me.

Rod. They talk of Fairies, and such demi-devils,
This is a fine place to dance their gambols.——

Ped. Me thought I heard a voyce. [*Musick and Birds.*

Rod. They can sing admirably, (way
They never lose their maiden-heads : I would fool any
To make him merry now : methink yond rocks yonder
Shew like enchanted Cells, where they inhabit.

[*Musick as far off. Pot Birds.*
Ped. 'Tis here again, hark gentle *Roderigo*,
Hark, hark : O sweet, sweet, how the Birds record too !
Mark how it flies now every way. O love,

In such a harmony art thou begotten,
In such soft air, so gentle, lull'd and nourish'd,
O my best Mistress!

Rod. How he weeps! dear Heaven
Give him his hearts content, and me forgive too.
I must melt too.

Ped. The Birds sing louder, sweeter,
And every note they emulate one another. (hours,
Lie still and hear: These when they have done their la-

Enter Alinda, and Juletta, like old Women.

Their pretty airs, fall to their rests, enjoy 'em.
Nothing rocks Love asleep, but death.

Rod. Who are these?

Ped. What.

Rod. Those there, those, those things that come upon us,
Those grandam things, those strange antiquities.
Did not I say these woods begot strange wonders?

Jul. Now ye may view 'em.

Alin. Ha?

Jul. The men ye long'd for,
Here they are both: now ye may boldly talk with 'em,
And never be ghets'd at: be not afraid, nor faint not;
They wonder at us; let's maintain that wonder;
Shake not, but what ye purpose do discreetly,
And from your tongue I'll take my part.

Alin. Ha?

Jul. There: before ye, there, do not turn coward Mistress,
If ye do love, carry your Love out handsomely.

Alin. 'Tis he and Roderigo; what a peace
Dwells in their faces, what a friendly calm
Crowns both their souls?

Rod. They show as if they were mortal,
They come upon us still.

Ped. Be not afraid; Man,
Let 'em be what they will, they cannot hurt us,
Rod. That thing i'th' Button'd-cap looks terribly.
She has Guns in her eyes, the Devils Ingeneer.

Ped. Come, stand, and let's go meet 'em.

Rod. Go you first.

I have less faith: when I have said my Prayers —

Ped. There needs no fear, hale reverend dames.

Alin. Good even.

What do ye seek?

Ped. We would seek happier fortunes.

Rod. That little devil has main need of a Barber,
What a trim beard she has?

Alin. Seek 'em, and make 'em,
Lie not still, nor longer here,
Here inhabits nought but fear,
Be constant good, in faith be clear,
Fortune will wait ye every where.

Ped. Whither should we go? for we believe thy reverence,
And next obey.

Alin. Go to Segovia,
And there before the Altar pay thy vows,
Thy gifts, and prayers: unload thy heaviness,
To morrow shed thy tears, and gain thy fruit,
Such honest noble shows, ne're wanted fruit.

Jul. Stand you out too.

Rod. I shall be hang'd, or whipt now:
These know, and these have power.

Jul. See how he shakes.

A secure conscience never quakes,
Thou hast been ill; be so no more,
A good retreat is a great store.
Thou hast commanded men of might,
Command thy self, and then thou art right.

Alin. Command thy will: thy foul desires.
Put out and quench thy unhallowed fires:
Command thy mind, and make that pure;
Thou art wise then, valiant, and secure.
A blessing then thou maist beget.

Jul. A curse else that shall never set
Will light upon thee: Say thy Prayers,
Thou hast as many sins, as hairs.
Thou art a Captain, let thy men
Be honest, and good thoughts, and then
Thou maist command, and lead in chief,
Yet thou art bloody, and a thief.

Rod. What shall I do? I do confess.

Alin. Retire,
And purge thee perfect in his fire:
His life observe; live in his School,
And then thou shalt put off the fool.

Jul. Pray at Segovia too, and give
Thy Offerings up, repent, and live.

Alin. Away, away: enquire no more,
Do this, ye are rich, else fools, and poor;
What musick's this?

Jul. Retire? 'tis some neat Joy,
In honour of the Kings great day: they wonder,
This comes in right to confirm their reverence.
Away, away, let them admire, it makes
For our advantage: how the Captain shakes!

Ped. This was the Musick.

Rod. Yes, yes, how I sweat!
I was never so deserted; sure these woods
Are only inhabited with rare dreams, and wonders;
I would not be a knave again, a villain:
O how I loath it now: for these know all Sir,
And they would find me out.

Ped. They are excellent women,
Deep in their knowledge, friend.

Rod. I would not be traitor,
And have these of my Jury; how light I am,
And how my heart laughs now me thinks within me?
Now I am Catechiz'd, I would ever dwell here,
For here is a kind of Court of Reformation;
Had I been stubborn friend.

Ped. They would have found it.

Rod. And then they would have handled me a new way,
The Devils dump had been danced then.

Ped. Let's away
And do their great commands, and do 'em handsomely:
Contrite, and true, for I believe Roderigo,
And constantly believe, we shall be happy.

Rod. So you do well; fall edge or flat o' my side;
All I can stagger at is the Kings anger,
Which if it come, I am prepar'd to meet it.

Ped. The King has mercy, friend, as well as Justice:
And when you fall: no more —

Rod. I hope the fairest.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Enter Master, Seberto, Curio.

(Sought him:
Cur. We have told ye what he is: what time we have
His nature, and his name: the seeming Boy too
Ye had here, how, and what by your own relation, (him
All circumstances we have clear'd: That the Duke sent
We told ye how impossible; he knows him not;
That he is mad himself, and therefore fit
To be your Prisoner, we dare swear against it. (him;

Seb. Take heed Sir, be not madder than you would make
Though he be rash, and suddain (which is all his wildness)
Take heed ye wrong him not: he is a Gentleman,
And so must be restor'd and clear'd in all points;
The King shall be a Judge else.

Cur. 'Twas some trick
That brought him hither: the boy, and letter counterfeit,
Which shall appear, if ye dare now detain him.

Master. I dare not Sir; nor will not: I believe ye,
And will restore him up: had I known sooner
H'ad been a neighbour, and the man you speak him;
(Though as I live, he carried a wild seeming)

My

My Service, and my self had both attended him
How I have us'd him, let him speak.

Seb. Let's in, and visit him :
Then to the holy Temple : there pay our duties,
And so we'll take our leaves.

Majr. Ple wait upon you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

An Altar prepar'd.

Solemn Musick.

Enter Governour, Verdugo, Courtiers, Ladies, &c.

Gov. This to devotion sacred be,
This to the Kings prosperity,
This to the Queen, and Chastity.

(*Musick.*

Ver. These Oblations first we bring
To purge our selves : These to the King.
To love, and beautie these : now sing.

(*Musick.*

Ladies. Holy Altar, daign to take
These for our selves : For the Kings sake
And honour these : These sacred bye
To Vertue, Love, and Modesty,
Our wishes to Eternity.

(*Musick.*

Enter Pedro, and Roderigo.

Ped. For our selves first, thus we bend,
Forgive us heaven, and be our friend.

Rod. And happy fortune to us send.

Ped. To the King, honour, and all Joy,
Long, and happy from annoy.

Rod. Prosperous be all his dayes
Every new hour, a new praise.

Ped. Every minute thus be seen,

Both. And thousand honours Crown the Queen. *Musick.*

Enter Alphonso, Curio, Seberto.

Seb. Come to the Altar : let us do our duties.

Alph. I have almost forgot a Church.

Cur. Kneel reverently.

Alph. For my loft wits (let me see)
First I pray : and secondly
To be at home again, and free,
And if I travel more, hang me.
For the King, and for the Queen,
That they may be wise, and seen
Never in the Mad-mans Inne.
For my Daughter, I would pray
But she has made a holy day,
And needs not my devotion now
Let her take her own course, Heaven,
Whether it be odd, or even,

(*Musick.*

Enter Alinda, and Juletta, like Shepherds.

And if that please not, take her you.

Seb. A short, and sweet Meditation : what are these here?

Alin. Hale to this sacred place.

Jul. They are all here, Madam :

No violence dare touch here ; be sectre :
My Bilbo Master too : how got he loose again ?
How lamentably he looks ! he has had discipline.
I dare not let him know my pranks.

Seb. 'Tis she sure. *Cur.* 'Tis certainly.

Ped. Ha ! do I dazel ?

Rod. 'Tis the fair *Alinda.*

Gov. What wonder stand these strangers in ?

Rod. Her woman by her.

The same Sir, as I live,

Alph. I had a Daughter,
With such a face once : such eyes and nose too,
Ha, let me see, 'tis wondrous like *Alinda,*

Their devotion ended, Ple mark 'em and nearer.
And she had a Filly that waited on her,
Just with such a favour :

Do they keep Goats now ?

Alin. Thus we kneel, and thus we pray
A happy honour to this day,
Thus our Sacrifice we bring
Ever happy to the King.

Jul. These of Purple, Damask green
Sacred to the vertuous Queen
Here we hang.

Alin. As these are now
Her glories ever spring, and show.
These for our selves : our hopes, and loves,
Full of pinks, and Ladies gloves,
Of hearts-ease too, which we would fain.

As we labour for, attain ;
Hear me Heaven, and as I bend,
Full of hope, some comfort send.

Jul. Hear her : hear her : if there be
A spotless Sweetness, this is she.

(*Musick.*

Ped. Now Roderigo stand.

Rod. He that divides ye

Divides my life too.

Gov. Pedro, Noble Pedro,
Do not you know your friend ?

Ped. I know, and honour ye.

Gov. Lady this leave Ple crave, pray be not angry,
I will not long divide you : how happy, *Pedro,*
Would all the court be now, might they behold thee ?
Might they but see you thus, and thus embrace you ?
The King will be a joyfull man believe it,
Most joyfull, *Pedro.*

Ped. I am his humble Servant.

Nay, good Sir, speak your will, I see you wonder, one easie
word from you ———

Alph. I dare say nothing

My tongue's a new tongue Sir, and knows his tither,
Let her do what she please, I dare do nothing,
I have been damn'd for doing, will the King know him ?
That fellow there, will he respect and honour him ?
He has been look'd upon they say : will he own him ?

Gov. Yes certainly and grace him, ever honour him,
Restore him every way, he has much lamented him.

Alp. Is't your will too ? this is the last time of asking.

Rod. I am sure, none else shall touch her, none else en-
If this, and this hold. (*joy her.*

Al. You had best begin the game then, I have notitle in her,
Pray take her, and dispatch her, and commend me to her,
And let me get me home, and hope I am sober :
Kiss, kiss, it must be thus : stand up *Alinda,*
I am the more child, and more need of blessing.
Ye had a waiting woman, one *Juletta,*
A pretty desperate thing, just such another
As this sweet Lady ; we call'd her nimble chaps.
I pray is this the party ? *Jul.* No indeed Sir,
She is at home ; I am a little Foot-Boy,
That walk a nights, and fright old Gentlemen ;
Make 'em lose Hats and Cloaks.

Alph. And Horses too. (*ditches ;*

Jul. Sometimes I do Sir, teach 'em the way through
And how to break their worships shins, and noses
Against old broken Stiles, and Stumps.

Alph. A fine art.

I feel it in my bones yet.

Jul. I am a Drum Sir,

A Drum at mid-night, ran tan tan tan tan Sir,
Do you take me for *Juletta* ? I am a Page Sir,
That brought a letter from the Duke of *Medina*
To have one senior *Alphonso,* just such another
As your old worship, worm'd for running mad Sir.
Alas, you are mistaken.

Alph. Thou art the Devil,
And so thou hast used me.

Ful. I am any thing,
An old woman, that tells fortunes.

Rod. Ha.

Ful. And frights good people,
And sends them to *Segovia* for their fortunes:
I am strange airs, and excellent sweet voyces.
I am any thing, to do her good, believe me;
She now recovered, and her wishes crown'd
I am *Fuletta* again, pray Sir forgive me.

Alph. I dare not do otherwise, for fear thou should'st
(still follow me,

Prethee be forgiven, and I prethee forgive me too:
And if any of you will marry her.

Ful. No I beseech you Sir;
My Mistress is my husband, with her I'll dwell still,
And when you play any more pranks you know where to
(have me.

Ped. You know him Sir.

Gov. Know him, and much lament him:

The King's incens'd much, much Sir, I can assure you.

Ped. Noble Governour.

Gov. But since he is your friend, and now appears,
In honour of this day and love to you Sir:

I'll try the power I have, to the pinch I'll put it;
Here's my hand *Roderigo*, I'll set you fair again.

Rod. And here's mine, to be true, and full of service.

Gov. Your people too, shall have their general pardons,
We'll have all peace and love.

Rod. All shall pray for you.

Gov. To my house now, and suite you to your worths;
Off with these weeds, and appear glorious:
Then to the Priest, that shall attend us here,
And this be stil'd Loves new and happy year.

Rod. The Kings and Queens, two noble honours meet,
To grace this day, two true loves at their feet.

Alph. Well well, since wedding will come after wooing,
Give me some *Rose-Mary*, and let's be going.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

THE
CAPTAIN.
A
COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Julio, *a noble Gentleman, in Love with Lelia.*
 Angelo, *a Gentleman, friend to Julia.*
 Lodovico, } *two Cowardly Gulls.*
 Pifo, }
 Frederick, *a Gentleman, Brother to Frank.*
 Jacomo, *an angry Captain, a Woman-hater.*
 Fabritio, *a merry Souldier, friend to Jacomo.*
 Lelia's Father, *an old poor Gentleman.*
 Host.
 Vintner.
 Drawers.
 Servants.

W O M E N.

Frank, *Sister to Frederick, a Lady passionately
in love with Jacomo.*
 Clara, *Sister to Fabritio, a witty companion to
Frank.*
 Lelia, *a cunning wanton Widow.*
 Waiting-woman.
 Maid Servants.

The Scene Venice, Spain.

The principal Actors were,

Richard Burbadge. } *William Ostler.*
Henry Condell. } *Alexander Cooke.*

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Lodovico, and Pifo.

Lodovico.

TH E truth is, *Pifo*, so she be a woman
 And rich and wholsome, let her be of what
 Condition and Complexion it please,
 She shall please me I am sure; Those men are fools
 That make their eyes their choosers, not their needs.

Pifo. Me thinks I would have her honest too, and handsom.

Lod. Yes if I could have both, but since they are
 Wishes so near impossibilities,
 Let me have that that may be.

Pifo. If it were so,
 I hope your conscience would not be so nice
 To start at such a blessing.

Lod. No believe me,
 I do not think I should.

Pifo. But thou would'st be
 I do not doubt upon the least suspicion
 Unmercifully jealous.

Lod. No I should not,
 For I believe those mad that seek vexations.
 A Wife, though she be honest, is a trouble;
 Had I a Wife as fair as *Hellen* was
 That drew so many Cuckolds to her cause,
 These eyes should see another in my Saddle
 Ere I believe my beast would carry double.

Pifo. So should not I by your Lady, and I think
 My patience (by your leave) as good as yours,
 Report would stir me mainly, I am sure on't.

Lod. Report? You are unwise; report is nothing;
 For if there were a truth in what men talk,
 I mean of this kind, this part of the world
 I am sure would be no more call'd *Christendom*.

Pifo.

Piso. What then?

Lod. Why *Cuckoldom*, for we should lose
Our old faiths clean, and hold their new opinions:
If talk could make me swear, before I would marry
I'd tie a surer knot, and hang my self;
I tell thee there was never woman yet,
(Nor never hope there shall be) though a Saint,
But she has been a subject to mens tongues,
And in the worse sense: and that desperate Husband,
That dares give up his peace, and follow humours
(Which he shall find too busie, if he seek 'em)
Besides the forcing of himself an Ass
He dyes in chains, eating himself with anger.

Piso. Having these Antidotes against opinion
I would marry any one; an arrant Whore.

Lod. Thou dost not feel the nature of this Physick
Which I prescribe not to beget diseases,
But where they are, to stop them.

Piso. I conceive ye:
What thinkest thou, thy way, of the widow *Lelia*?

Lod. Faith thou hast found out one I must confess
Would stagger my best patience: From that woman
As I would bless my self from plagues and surfeits,
From Men of war at Sea, from storms, and quicksands,
From hearing Treason and concealing it,
From daring of a Madman, or a Drunkard,
From Heresie, ill Wine, and stumbling post Horse;
So would I pray each morning, and each night
(And if I said each hour, I should not lye)
To be delivered of all these in one,
The woman thou hast named.

Enter Julio, Angelo, and Father.

Piso. Thou hast set her in a pretty Litany.

Ang. Pray take my counsel.

Jul. When I am my self
I'll hear you any way; love me though thus
As thou art honest, which I dare not be
Left I despise my self. Farewel. [Exit Julio.]

Piso. Do you hear my friend: Sir, are you not a setter,
For the fair widow here of famous memory?

Fa. Ha? am I taken for a Bawd? Oh Heaven!
To mine own child too? misery, I thank thee
That keptst me from their knowledge: Sir, believe me
I understand ye not.

Lod. You love plain dealing.
Are you not parcel Bawd? confess your Function,
It may be we would use it.

Fa. Were she worse,
As I fear strangely she is ill enough,
I would not hear this tamely.

Piso. Here's a shilling
To strike good luck withal.

Fa. Here's a Sword, Sir,
To strike a Knave withal, thou lyeest, and basely,
Be what thou wilt.

Ang. Why how now Gentlemen?

Fa. You are many: I shall meet you, Sir, again,
And make you understand, y'have wrong'd a Woman
Compar'd with whom thy Mother was a sinner. Farewel.

Piso. He has amazed me. [Exit Father.]

Ang. With a blow?
By'r Lady 'twas a sound one; are ye good
At taking knocks? I shall know you hereafter:
You were to blame to tempt a man so far
Before you knew him certain: h'as not hurt ye?

Piso. No I think.

Lod. We were to blame indeed to go so far,
For men may be mistaken: if he had swinged us
H'had serv'd us right: Beshrew my heart, I think,
We have done the Gentlewoman as much wrong too,
For hang me if I know her
In my particular.

Piso. Nor I; this 'tis to credit

Mens idle tongues; I warrant they have said
As much by our two Mothers.

Lod. Like enough.

Ang. I see a beating now and then does more
Move and stir up a mans contrition
Than a sharp Sermon, here *probatum est*.

Enter Frederick, and Servant.

Ser. What shall I tell your Sister?

Fred. Tell her this,
Till she be better conversation'd
And leave her walking by her self, and whining
To her old melancholy Lute, I'll keep
As far from her as the Gallows. [Exit Servant.]

Ang. Who's that, *Frederick*?

Fred. Yes marry is't. O *Angelo* how dost thou?

Ang. Save you Sir, how does my Mistress?

Fred. She is in love I think, but not with you
I can assure you: saw ye *Fabritio*?

Ang. Is he come over?

Fred. Yes a week ago: Shall we dine?

Ang. I cannot.

Fred. Prethee do.

Ang. Believe me I have business.

Fred. Have you too, Gentlemen?

Piso. No Sir.

Fred. Why then let's dine together.

Lod. With all my heart.

Fred. Go then: Farewel good *Angelo*;
Commend me to your friend.

Ang. I will. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Frank, and Clora.

Clo. Do not dissemble *Frank*, mine eyes are quicker
Than such observers, that do ground their faith
Upon one smile or tear; y'are much alter'd,
And are as empty of those excellencies
That were companions to you; I mean mirth
And free disposure of your blood and Spirit;
As you were born a mourner.

Fran. How I prethee?
For I perceive no such change in my self.

Clo. Come, come, this is not wise, nor provident
To halt before a Cripple: if you love,
Be liberal to your friend, and let her know it,
I see the way you run, and know how tedious
'Twill prove without a true companion.

Fran. Sure thou wouldst have me love.

Clo. Yes marry would I;
I should not please ye else.

Fran. And who for Heavens sake?
For I assure my self, I know not yet:
And prethee *Clora*, since thou'lt have it so
That I must love, and do I know not what:
Let him be held a pretty handsome fellow,
And young, and if he be a little valiant
'Twill be the better; and a little wife,
And faith a little honest.

Clo. Well I will found ye yet for all your craft.

Fran. Heigh ho! I'll love no more.

Clo. Than one; and him
You shall love *Frank*.

Fran. Which him? thou art so wise
People will take thee shortly for a Witch:
But prethee tell me *Clora*, if I were
So mad as thou wouldst make me, what kind of man
Wouldst thou imagine him?

Clo. Faith some pretty fellow,
With a clean strength, that cracks a cudgel well
And dances at a Wake, and plays at Nine-holes.

Fran. O what pretty commendations thou hast given him!
Faith if I were in love as I thank Heaven

I do not think I am; this short *Epistle*
before my love would make me burn the *Legend*.

Clor. You are too wild, I mean some Gentleman.

Fran. So do not I, till I can know 'em wiser:
Some Gentleman? no *Clora*, till some Gentleman
Keep some land, and fewer whores, believe me
I'll keep no love for him, I do not long
To go a foot yet, and solicit causes.

Clor. What think you then of an adventurer?
I'm an some wealthy Merchant.

Fra. Let him venture
In some decay'd Ware, or Carack of his own: he shall not
Rig me out, that's the short bn't; out upon't:
What young thing of my years would endure
To have her Husband in another Country
Within a month after she is married
Chopping for rotten Rattins, and lye pining
At home under the mercy of his fore-man? no,
Thoug' they be wealthy, and indifferent wise
I do not see that I am bound to love 'em.

Clor. I see ye are hard to please; yet I will please ye.

Fra. Faith not so hard neither, if considered
What woman may deserve as she is worthy:
But why do we bestow our time so idly?
Prethee let us entertain some other talk,
This is as sickly to me as faint weather.

Clor. Now I believe I shall content you *Frank*,
What think you of a Courtier?

Fran. Faith so ill,
That if I should be full, and speak but truth,
I would shew as if I wanted charity,
For the good wench let me not rail upon 'em,
Yet I have an excellent stomach, and must do it;
I have no mercy of these Infidels
Since I am put in mind on't, good wench bear with me.

Clor. Can no man sit you? I will find him out.

Fran. This Summer fruit, that you call Courtier,
While you continue cold and frosty to him
Hangs fast, and may be found: but when you sling
Too full a heat of your affections
Upon his foot, and make him ripe too soon,
You'll find him rotten i'th' handling;
His oaths and affections are all one
With his apparel, things to set him off,
He has as many Mistresses as Faiths,
And all *Apocrypha*: his true belief
Is only in a private Surgion,
And for my single self, I'd sooner venture
A new conversion of the *Indies*,
Than to make Courtiers able men, or honest.

Clor. I do believe you love no Courtier,
And by my troth to ghes you into love
With any I can think of, is beyond
Either your will, or my imagination.
And yet I am sure y'are caught: and I will know him.
There's none I ft now worthy the thinking of,
Unless it be a Souldier, and I am sure,
I would ever bless my self from such a fellow.

Fran. Why prethee?

Clor. Out upon 'em fire-locks,
They are nothing i'th' world but Buff and Scarlet,
Tough un'hewn pieces, to hack swords upon;
I had as lieve be courted by a Cannon,
As one of those

Fran. Thou art too malicious,
Upon my faith me thinks they're worthy men.

Clor. Say ye so? Ple pull ye on a little further.
What worth can be in those men, whose profession
Is nothing i'th' world but drink and damn me,
Out of whose violence they are possess'd
With legions of unwholsome whores and quarrels;
I am of that opinion, and will dye in't,
There is no understanding, nor can be
In a stout Souldier.

Fran. Now 'tis ignorance

I easily perceive that thus provokes thee,
And not the love of truth; I'll lay my life
If thou'dst been made a man, thou hadst been a coward.

Clor. If to be valiant, be to be a Souldier; I'll tell ye true,
I had rather be a Coward, I am sure with less sin.

Fra. This Herefie must be look'd to in time: for if it spread
'Twill grow too Pestilent; were I a Scholar
I would so hamper thee for thy opinion,
That ere I left, I would write thee out of credit
With all the world, and make thee not believ'd
Even in indifferent things; that I would leave thee
A reprobate out of the state of honour.
By all good things, thou hast flung aspersions
So like a fool (for I am angry with thee)
Upon a sort of men, that let me tell thee
Thy mothers mother would have been a Saint
Had she conceiv'd a Souldier; they are people
(I may commend 'em, while I speak but truth)
Of all the old world, only left to keep
Man as he was, valiant and vertuous.
They are the model of those men, whose honours
We heave our hands at when we hear recited.

Clor. They are, and I have all I fought for, 'tis a souldier
You love, hide it no longer; you have betray'd your self;
Come, I have found your way of commendations,
And what I said, was but to pull it from ye.

Fran. 'Twas pretty, are you grown so cunning, *Clora*?
I grant I love a souldier; But what souldier
Will be a new task to ye? But all this
I do imagine was but laid to draw me
Out of my melancholy.

Clor. I will have the man
Ere I forsake ye.

Fran. I must to my Chamber.

Clor. May not I go along?

Fran. Yes, but good wench
Move me no more with these fond questions,
They work like Rhubarb with me.

Clor. Well, I will not.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Lelia and her Waiting-woman.

Lel. How now? who was that you staid to speak withal.

Wom. The old man forsooth.

Lel. What old man? (you call Father.)

Wom. The poor old man that uses to come hither, he that

Lel. Have you dispatched him?

Wom. No, he would fain speak with you.

Lel. Wilt thou never learn more manners,
Than to draw in such needy Rascals to disquiet me?
Go, answer him I will not be at leaseure.

Wom. He will needs speak with you; and good old man he
That by my troth I have not the heart to deny him,
Pray let him speak with you.

Lel. Lord how tender stomach'd you are grown of late?
You are not in love with him, are ye?

If ye be, strike up the match; you shall have
Three l. and a pair of blankets! will ye go answer him?

Wom. Pray let him speak with you, he will not away else.
(Heaven I am

Lel. Well, let him in then if there be no remedy; I thank
Able to abuse him, I shall ne'r come clear else of him.

Enter Father.

Now Sir, what is your business? pray be short; for I have other
Matters of more moment to call me from ye.

Fa. If you but look upon me like a Daughter
And keep that love about ye that makes good
A Fathers hope, you'll quickly find my business;
And what I would say to you, and before
I ask, will be a giver: say that sleep,
I mean that love, or be but num'd within ye,

The nature of my want is such a searcher,
And of so mighty power, that where he finds
This dead forgetfulness, it works so strongly,
That if the least heat of a child's affection
Remain unperish'd, like another nature,
It makes all new again; pray do not scorn me,
Nor seem to make your self a greater business
Than my relieving.

Lel. If you were not old
I should laugh at ye; what a vengeance ails ye
To be so childish to imagine me
A founder of old fellows? make him drink, wench,
And if there be any cold meat in the Buttery,
Give him some broken bread, and that, and rid him.

Fa. Is this a child's love? or a recompence
Fit for a Fathers care? O *Lelia*,
Had I been thus unkind, thou hadst not been;
Or like me miserable: But 'tis impossible
Nature should dye so utterly within thee,
And lose her promises; thou art one of those
She set her stamp more excellently on,
Than common people, as fore-telling thee,
A general example of her goodness;
Or say she could lye, yet Religion
(For love to Parents is Religious)
Would lead thee right again: Look well upon me,
I am the root that gave thee nourishment,
And made thee spring fair, do not let me perish
Now I am old and sapless.

Lelia. As I live
I like ye far worse now ye grow thus holy,
I grant you are my Father; am I therefore
Bound to consume my self, and be a Beggar
Still in relieving you? I do not feel
Any such mad compassion yet within me.

Fa. I gave up all my state to make yours thus.

Lel. 'Twas as ye ought to do, and now ye cry for't
As children do for babies back again.

Fath. How wouldst thou have me live?

Lel. I would not have ye,
Nor know no reason Fathers should desire
To live, and be a trouble, when children
Are able to inherit, let them dye,
'Tis fit, and lookt for, that they should do so.

Fa. Is this your comfort?

Lel. All that I feel yet.

Fa. I will not curse thee.

Lel. If you do I care not.

Fa. Pray you give me leave to weep.

Lel. Why pray take leave;
If it be for your ease.

Fa. Thy Mother dyed,
Sweet peace be with her, in a happy time.

Lel. She did, Sir, as she ought to do, would you
Would take the pains to follow; what should you,
Or any old man do wearing away
In this world with Diseases, and desire
Only to live to make their Children scourge-sticks,
And hoard up mill-mony? me thinks a Marble
Lyes quieter upon an old mans head
Than a cold fit o'th' Palsy.

Fa. O good Heaven!
To what an impudence thou wretched woman,
Hast thou begot thy self again! well, justice
Will punish disobedience.

Lel. You mistake, Sir;
'Twill punish Beggars, fye for shame go work,
Or serve, you are grave enough to be a Porter
In some good man of worships house, and give
Sententious answers to the comers in.
A pretty place; or be of some good Consort,
You had a pleasant touch o'th' Cistern once,
If idleness have not bereft you of it:
Be any thing but old and Beggarly,

Two sins that ever do outgrow compassion;
If I might see you offer at a course
That were a likely one, and shew'd some profit,
I would not stick for ten Groats, or a Noble.

Fath. Did I beget this woman?

Lel. Nay, I know not:

And till I know, I will not thank you for't;
How ever, he that got me had the pleasure,
And that me thinks, is a reward sufficient.

Fath. I am so strangely stricken with amazement,
I know not where I am, nor what I am. (bring ye

Lel. You had best take fresh air some where else, 'twill
Out of your trance the sooner.

Fath. Is all this

As you mean, *Lelia*?

Lel. Yes believe me is it,

For yet I cannot think you are so foolish,
As to imagine you are young enough
To be my heir, or I so old to make
A Nurse at these years for you, and attend
While you sup up my state in penny pots
Of *Malmsey*: when I am excellent at Cawdles,
And Cullices, and have enough spare gold
To boil away, you shall be welcome to me;
'Till when I'd have you be as merry, Sir,
As you can make your self with that you have,
And leave to trouble me with these relations;
Of what you have been to me, or you are,
For as I hear them, so I lose them; this
For ought I know yet, is my resolution.

Fath. Well, God be with thee, for I fear thy end
Will be a strange example. [Exit Father.

Lel. Fare ye well, Sir;

Now would some poor tender hearted fool have wept,
Relented, and have been undone: such Children
(I thank my understanding) I hate truly,
For by my troth I had rather see their tears
Than feel their pities: my desires and ends
Are all the Kindred that I have, and friends:

Enter Woman.

Is he departed?

Wom. Yes, but here's another.

Lel. Not of his tribe I hope; bring me no more
I would wish you such as he is; if thou see'st
They look like men of worth, and state, and carry
Ballast of both sides like tall Gentlemen
Admit 'em, but no snakes to poyson us
With poverty; wench you must learn a wise rule;
Look not upon the youths of men, and making,
How they descend in blood, nor let their tongues,
Though they strike suddainly, and sweet as musick
Corrupt thy fancy: see, and say them fair too,
But ever keep thy self without their distance;
Unless the love thou swallow be a pill
Gilded to hide the bitterness it brings,
Then fall on without fear, wench, yet so wisely
That one encounter cloy him not; nor promise
His love hath made thee more his, than his monies;
Learn this and thrive,
Then let thine honour ever
(For that's the last rule) be so stood upon,
That men may fairly see
'Tis want of means, not vertue makes thee fall;
And if you weep 'twill be a great deal better,
And draw on more compassion, which includes
A greater tenderness of love and bounty:
This is enough at once, digest it well:
Go let him in wench, if he promise profit;
Not else.

Enter Julio.

O you are welcome my fair Servant,
Upon my troth I have been longing for ye:

Z z z 2

Wom.

Wom. This, by her rule, should be a liberal man,
I see the best on's may learn every day.

Lel. There's none come with you?

Jul. No.

Lel. You do the wifer,
For some that have been here (I name no man)
Out of their malice, more than truth, have done me
Some few ill offices.

Jul. How, Sweet?

Lel. Nay, nothing,

Only have talkt a little wildly of me;
As their unruly Youth directed 'em;
Which though they bite me not, I would have wisht
Had light upon some other that deserv'd 'em.

Jul. Though the deserve this of the loofest tongue
(Which makes my sin the more) I must not see it;
Such is my misery. I would I knew him.

Lel. No, no, let him go,

He is not worth your anger; I must chide you
For being such a stranger to your Mistress,
Why would you be so, Servant?

Jul. I should chide,
If chiding would work any thing upon you,
For being such a stranger to your Servant,
I mean to his desires; when, my dear Mistress,
Shall I be made a happy man?

Lel. Fye, Servant,

What do you mean? unhand me, or, by Heav'n,
I shall be very angry, this is rudeness.

Jul. 'Twas but a kiss or two, that thus offends you.

Lel. 'Twas more I think, than you have warrant for.

Jul. I am sorry I deserv'd no more.

Lel. You may,

But not this rough way, Servant; we are tender,
And ought in all to be respected so;
If I had been your Horse, or Whore, you might
Back me with this intemperance; I thought
You had lov'd as worthy men, whose fair affections
Seek pleasures warranted, not pull'd by violence,
Do so no more:

Jul. I hope you are not angry?

Lel. I should be with another man, I am sure,
That durst appear but half thus violent.

Jul. I did not mean to ravish ye.

Lel. You could not.

Jul. You are so willing——

Lel. How?

Jul. Methinks this shadow,
If you had so much shame as fits a woman,
At least of your way, Mistress, long e're this
Had been laid off to me that understand ye.

Lel. That understand me? Sir, ye understand,
Nor shall, no more of me than modesty
Will, without fear, deliver to a stranger;
You understand I am honest, else I tell ye,
(Though you were better far than *Julia*)
You, and your understanding are two foals,
But were we Saints, thus we are still rewarded:
I see that Woman had a pretty catch on't,
That had made you the Master of a kindness,
She durst not answer openly; O me!
How easily we Women may be cozen'd!

I took this *Julio*, as I have a faith,
(This young Dissembler with the sober *Vizard*)
For the most modest, temper'd Gentleman,
The coolest, quietest, and best Companion;
For such an one I could have wish'd a Woman.

Jul. You have wish'd me ill enough o' conscience,
Make me no worse for shame; I see the more
I work by way of service to obtain ye,
You work the more upon me. Tell me truly
(While I am able to believe a Woman,
For if you use me thus, that faith will perish)
What is your end, and whither you will pull me;

Tell me, but tell me that I may not start at,
And have a cause to curse ye.

Lel. Bless me goodness!

To curse me did you say, Sir? let it be
For too much loving you then, such a curse
Kill me withal, and I shall be a *Martyr*,
You have found a new way to reward my doting,
And I confess a fit one for my folly,
For you your self, if you have good within ye,
And dare be Master of it, know how dearly
This heart hath held you ever; Oh good Heaven!
That I had never seen that false mans eyes,
That dares reward me thus with fears and curses;
Nor never heard the sweetness of that tongue,
That will, when this is known, yet cozen women;
Curse me, good *Julio*, curse me bitterly,
I do deserve it for my confidence,
And I beseech thee if thou hast a goodness
Or power yet in thee to confirm thy wishes,
Curse me to earth, for what should I do here
Like a decaying flower, still withering
Under his bitter words, whose kindly heat
Should give my poor heart life? No, curse me, *Julio*,
Thou canst not do me such a benefit
As that, and well done, that the Heav'n's may hear it.

Jul. O fair tears! were you but as chaste as subtil,
Like Bones of Saints, you would work miracles;
What were these women to a man that knew not
The thousand, thousand ways of their deceiving?
What riches had he found? O he would think
Himself still dreaming of a blessedness,
That like continual spring should flourish ever.
For if she were as good as she is seeming,
Or, like an Eagle, could renew her virtues,
Nature had made another world of sweetness.
Be not so griev'd, sweet Mistress, what I said,
You do, or should know, was but passion;
Pray wipe your eyes and kiss me; take these trifles,
And wear them for me, which are only rich
When you will put them on: indeed I love ye,
Beswew my sick heart, if I grieve not for ye.

Lel. Will you dissemble still? I am a fool,
And you may easily rule me, if you flatter,
The sin will be your own.

Jul. You know I do not.

Lel. And shall I be so childish once again,
After my late experience of your spight
To credit you? you do not know how deep
(Or if you did you would be kinder to me.)
This bitterness of yours has struck my heart.

Jul. I pray, no more.

Lel. Thus you would do I warrant,
If I were married to you.

Jul. Married to me?

Is that your end?

Lel. Yes, is not that the best end,
And, as all hold, the noblest way of love?
Why do you look so strange, Sir? do not you
Desire it should be so?

Jul. Stay.

Lel. Answer me.

Jul. Farewel.

Lel. I! are you there? are all these tears lost then?
Am I so overtaken by a fool
In my best days and tricks? my wife fellow,
I'll make you smart for't, as I am a woman,
And if thou beest not timber, yet I'll warm thee;
And is he gone?

Enter Woman.

Wom. Yes.

Lel. He's not so lightly struck,
To be recovered with a base repentance,
I should be sorry then; Fortune, I prithee

Give

Give me this man but once more in my arms,
And if I lose him, women have no charms.

[Exeunt.]

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Jacomo, and Fabricio.

Jac. Signior, what think you of this sound of Wars?

Fab. As only of a sound; they that intend
To do, are like deep waters that run quietly,
Leaving no face of what they were, behind 'em.
This rumour is too common, and too loud
To carry truth.

Jac. Shall we never live to see
Men look like men again,
Upon a March?
This cold dull rusty peace makes up appear
Like empty Pictures, only the faint shadows
Of what we should be;
Would to Heaven my Mother
Had given but half her will to my begetting,
And made me woman, to sit still and sing,
Or be sick when I list, or any thing
That is too idle for a man to think of;
Would I had been a Whore, 't had been a course
Certain, and (o' my Conscience) of more gain
Than two commands, as I would handle it:
'Faith, I could wish I had been any thing
Rather than what I am, a Souldier;
A Carrier or a Cobler, when I knew
What 'twas to wear a Sword first; for their trades
Are, and shall be a constant way of life,
While men fend Cheefes up, or wear out Buskins.

Fab. Thou art a little too impatient,
And mak'st thy anger a far more vexation
Than the not having Wars; I am a Souldier,
Which is my whole inheritance, yet I
Though I could wish a breach with all the world,
If not dishonourable, I am not so malicious,
To curse the fair peace of my Mother Country;
But thou want'st money, and the first supply
Will bury these thoughts in thee.

Jac. 'Pox o' peace,
It fills the Kingdom full of holydays,
And only feeds the wants of Whores and Pipers;
And makes the idle drunken Rogues get Spinsters:
'Tis true, I may want money, and no little,
And almost Cloaths too; of which if I had both
In full abundance; yet against all peace,
That brings up mischiefs thicker than a shower,
I would speak louder than a Lawyer;
By Heaven, it is the surfeit of all youth,
That makes the toughness, and the strength of Nations
Melt into Women. 'Tis an ease that broods
Thieves, and Bastards only.

Fab. This is more,
(Though it be true) than we ought to lay open,
And favours only of an indiscretion.
Believe me, Captain, such distemper'd spirits
Once out of motion, though they be proof valiant,
If they appear thus violent and fiery,
Breed but their own disgraces; and are nearer
Doubt and suspect in Princes, than rewards.

Jac. 'Tis well they can be near 'em any way.
But call you those true spirits ill affected,
That whilst the wars were, serv'd like walls and ribs
To girdle in the Kingdom?
And now fall
Through a faint Peace into affliction,
Speak but their miseries? come, come, Fabricio,
You may pretend what patience ye please,
And seem to yoak your wants like passions;

But while I know thou art a Souldier,
And a deserver, and no other Harvest
But what thy Sword reaps for thee to come in,
You shall be pleas'd to give me leave to tell ye,
You wish a Devil of this musty peace;
To which Prayer,
As one that's bound in Conscience, and all
That love our trade, I cry, Amen.

Fab. Prithee no more, we shall live well enough,
There's ways enough besides the wars to men
That are not logs, and lye still for the hands
Of others to remove 'em.

Jac. You may thrive, Sir,
Thou art young and handsome yet, and well enough
To please a Widow; thou canst sing, and tell
These foolish love-tales, and indite a little;
And if need be, compile a pretty matter,
And dedicate it to the honourable,
Which may awaken his compassion,
To make ye Clark o'th' Kitchen, and at length,
Come to be married to my Ladies Woman,
After she's crackt i'th' Ring.

Fab. 'Tis very well, Sir.

Jac. But what dost thou think shall become of me,
With all my imperfections? let me dye,
If I think I shall ever reach above
A forlorn Tapster, or some frothy fellow,
That stinks of stale Beer.

Fab. Captain Jacomo,

Why should you think so hardly of your vertues?

Jac. What vertues? by this light, I have no vertue,
But down-right buffetting, what can my face,
That is no better than a ragged Mapnow
Of where I have march'd and travell'd, profit me?
Unless it be for Ladies to abuse, and say
'Twas spoil'd for want of a Bongrace when I was young,
And now 'twill make a true prognostication
Of what man must be? Tell me of a fellow
That can mend Noses, and complain,
So tall a Souldier should want teeth to his Stomach;
And how it was great pity, that it was,
That he that made my Body was so buffed
He could not stay to make my Legs too; but was driven
To clap a pair of Cat-tlicks to my Knees, for which
I am indebted to two School-Boys; this
Must follow necessary.

Fab. There's no such matter.

Jac. Then for my Morals, and those hidden pieces,
That Art bestows upon me, they are such,
That when they come to light, I am sure will shame me,
For I can neither write, nor read, nor speak
That any man shall hope to profit by me;
And for my Languages, they are so many,
That put them all together, they will scarce
Serve to beg single Beer in; the plain truth is,
I love a Souldier, and can lead him on,
And if he fight well, I dare make him drunk;
This is my vertue, and if this will do,
I'll scramble yet amongst 'em.

Fab. 'Tis your way

To be thus pleasant still, but fear not, man,
For though the Wars fail, we shall screw our selves
Into some course of life yet.

Jac. Good Fabricio,

Have a quick eye upon me, for I fear
This Peace will make me something that I love not;
For by my troth, though I am plain and dudgion,
I would not be an Afs; and to sell parcels,
I can as soon be hang'd: prithee bestow me,
And speak some little good, though I deserve not.

Enter Eather.

Fab. Come, we'll consider more; stay, this
Should be another wind-fall of the Wars.

Jac. He looks indeed like an old tatter'd Colours,
That every wind would borrow from the Staff :
These are the hopes we have for all our hurts ;
They have not cast his tongue too.

Fath. They that say
Hope never leaves a wretched man that seeks her,
I think are either patient fools, or liers,
I am sure I find it so, for I am master'd,
With such a misery and grief together
That that stay'd Anchor, men lay hold upon
In all their needs, isto me Lead that bows,
Or breaks with every strong sea of my sorrows.
I could now question Heaven (were it well
To look into their Justice) why those faults,
Those heavy sins others provoke 'em with
Should be rewarded on the head of us,
That hold the least alliance to their vices ;
But this would be too curious ; for I see
Our sufferings, not disputing, is the end,
Reveal'd to us of all these miseries.

Jac. Twenty such holy *Hermits* in a Camp
Would make 'em all *Carthusians*, I'll be hang'd
If he know what a Whore is, or a health,
Or have a nature liable to learn,
Or so much honest nurture to be drunk.
do not think he has the spleen to swear
A greater Oath than Semiters utter Socks with,
S'pur him a question.

Fath. They are strangers both
To me, as I to them I hope ; I would not have
Me and my shame together known by any,
I'll rather lie my self unto another.

Fab. I need not ask you, Sir, your Country,
I hear you speak this tongue, 'pray what more are you ?
Or have you been ? if it be not offensive
To urge ye so far, misery in your years
Gives every thing a tongue to question it.

Fath. Sir, though I could be pleas'd to make my ills
Only mine own, for grieving other men,
Yet to so fair and courteous a demander
That promises compassion, at worst pity,
I will relate a little of my story.

I am a Gentleman, however thus
Poor and unhappy ; which believe me, Sir,
Was not born with me ; for I well have try'd
Both the extreams of Fortune, and have found
Both dangerous ; my younger years provok'd me,
Feeling in what an ease I slept at home,
Which to all stirring spirits is a sickness,
To see far-Countrys, and observe their Customs :
I did so, and I travell'd till that course
Stor'd me with language, and some few slight manners,
Scarce worth my money ; when an itch possess'd me
Of making Arms my active end of travel.

Fab. But did you so ?

Fath. I did, and twenty Winters
I wore the Christian Cause upon my Sword
Against his Enemies, at *Buda* Siege
Full many a cold Night have I lodg'd in armour,
When all was frozen in me but mine Honour ;
And many a day, when both the Sun and Cannon
Strove who should most destroy us ; have I stood
Mail'd up in Steel, when my tough sinew shrunk,
And this parch'd Body ready to consume
As soon to ashes, as the Pike I bore ;
Want has been to me as another Nature,
Which makes me with this patience still profess it ;
And if a Souldier may without vain glory
Tell what h'as done, believe me, Gentlemen,
I could turn over annals of my dangers ;
With this poor weakness have I man'd a breach,
And made it firm with so much blood, that all
I had to bring me off alive was anger ;
Thrice was I made a Slave, and thrice redeem'd

At price of all I had ; The miseries
Of which times, if I had a heart to tell,
Would make ye weep like Children ; but 'll spare ye.

Jac. *Fabricio*, we two have been Souldiers
Above these fourteen years, yet o' my Conscience,
All we have seen, compar'd to his experience
Has been but cudgel-play, or Cock-fighting.
By all the faith I have in Arms, I reverence
The very poverty of this brave fellow ;
Which were enough it self, and his to strengthen
The weakest town against half *Christendom*.

I was never so asham'd of service
In all my life before, now I consider
What I have done, and yet the Rogues would swear
I was a valiant fellow ; I do find
The greatest danger I have brought my life through,
Now I have heard this worthy, was no more
Than stealing of a *May* pole, or at worst,
Fighting at single Billet with a Barge-man.

Fab. I do believe him, *Jacomo*.

Jac. Believe him ?

I have no faith within me, if I do not.

Fath. I see they are Souldiers ;
And if we may judge by affections,
Brave and deserving men ; how they are stir'd
But with a meer relation of what may be ?
Since I have won belief, and am not known,
Forgive me, Honour, I'll make use of thee.

Fab. Sir, would I were a man, or great, or able
To look with liberal eyes upon your vertue.

Jac. Let's give him all we have, and leave off prating.
Here, Souldier, there's even five months pay, be merry,
And get thee handsom Cloaths.

Fab. What mean you, *Jacomo* ?

Jac. Ye are a fool,

The very story's worth a hundred pound.
Give him more money.

Fath. Gentlemen, I know not
How I am able to deserve this blessing ;
But if I live to see fair days again,
Something I'll do in honour of your goodness,
That shall shew thankfulness, if not desert.

Fab. If you please, Sir, till we procure ye place,
To eat with us, or wear such honest Garments
As our poor means can reach to, you shall be
A welcome man ; to say more, were to feed ye
Only with words ; we honour what y'have been,
For we are Souldiers, though not near the worth
You spake of lately.

Fath. I do guess ye so,
And knew, unless ye were a Souldier,
Ye could not find the way to know my wants.

Jac. But methinks all this while y'are too temperate ;
Do you not tell men sometimes of the dulness
When you are grip't, as now you are with need ?
I do, and let them know those silks they wear,
The War weaves for 'em ; and the bread they eat
We sow, and reap again to feed their hunger ;
I tell them boldly, they are masters of
Nothing but what we fight for ; their fair women
Lye playing in their arms, whilst we, like *Lares*
Defend their pleasures ; I am angry too,
And often rail at these forgetful great men
That suffer us to sue for what we ought
To have flung on us, e're we ask.

Fath. I have

Too often told my griefs that way, when all
I reapt, was rudeness of behaviour ;
In their opinion men of War that thrive,
Must thank 'em when they rail, and wait to live.

Fab. Come, Sir, I see your wants need more relieving,
Than looking what they are ; pray go with us.

Fath. I thank you, Gentlemen ; since you are pleas'd
To do a benefit, I dare not cross it,

And what my service or endeavours may
Stand you in stead, you shall command, not pray.

[*Exeunt.*

Jac. So you shall us, I'll to the Taylors with you bodily.

SCENE II.

Enter Frederick, Lodovico, and Pifo.

Lod. Well, if this be true, I'll believe a Woman
When I have nothing else to do.

Pifo. 'Tis certain, if there be a way of truth
In blushes, smiles, and commendations;
For by this light, I have heard her praise yond' fellow
In such a pitch, as if sh'ad studied
To crowd the worths of all men into him,
And I imagine these are seldom us'd
Without their special ends, and by a maid
Of her desires and youth.

Fred. It may be so.

She's free, as you, or I am, and may have
By that Prerogative, a liberal choice
In the bestowing of her love.

Lod. Bestowing?

If it be so, she has bestow'd her self
Upon a trim youth, *Pifo*, what do you call him?

Pifo. Why, Captain *Jacomo*.

Lod. O, Captain Jack-boy,
That is the Gentleman.

Fred. I think he be
A Gentleman at worst.

Lod. So think I too,
Would he would mend, Sir.

Fred. And a tall one too.

Lod. Yes, of his teeth; for of my faith I think
They are sharper than his sword, and dare do more
If the Buff meet him fairly.

Fred. Very well.

Pifo. Now do I wonder what she means to do
When she has married him.

Lod. Why, well enough;
Trail his Pike under him, and be a Gentlewoman
Of the brave Captains Company.

Fred. Do you hear me?
This woman is my Sister, Gentlemen.

Lod. I am glad she is none of mine; but *Frederick*
Thou art not such a fool sure to be angry
Unless it be with her; we are thy friends, man.

Fred. I think ye are.

Lod. Yes, 'faith, and do but tell thee
How she will utterly overthrow her credit,
If she continue gracing of this pot-gun.

Pifo. I think she was bewicht, or mad or blind,
She would never have taken such a scar-Crow else
Into protection; of my life he looks
Of a more rusty swarth Complexion
Than an old arming Doublet.

Lod. I would send
His face to the Cutlers then, and have it sanguin'd,
'Twill look a great deal sweeter; then his Nose
I would have shorter, and my reason is,
His face will be ill mounted else.

Pifo. For his Body,
I will not be my own Judge, lest I seem
A Railer, but let others look upon't,
And if they find it any other thing
Than a Trunk seller, to send wines down in,
Or a long walking bottle, I'll be hang'd for't;
His Hide (for sure he is a Beast) is ranker
Than the *Muscovy*-Leather, and grain'd like it:

And by all likelihoods he was begotten
Between a stubborn pair of Winter boots;
His body goes with straps, he is so churlish.

Lod. He's poor and beggarly besides all this,
And of a nature far uncapable

Of any benefit; for his manners cannot
Shew him a way to thank a man that does one,
He's so uncivil; you may do a part
Worthy a Brother, to persuade your Sister
From her undoing; if she prove so foolish
To marry this call Captain, look to find her
Within a month, where you, or any good man,
Would blush to know her; selling cheese and pines,
And retail'd Bottle-Ale; I grieve to think,
Because I lov'd her, what a march this Captain
Will set her into.

Fred. You are both, believe me,
Two arrant Knaves, and were it not for taking
So just an execution from his hands
You have bely'd thus, I would swaddle ye,
Till I could draw off both your skins like Scabbards.
That man that you have wrong'd thus, though to me
He be a stranger, yet I know so worthy,
However low in fortune, that his worst parts,
The very wearing of his Cloaths, would make
Two better Gentlemen than you dare be,
For there is vertue in his outward things.

Lod. Belike you love him then?

Fred. Yes marry do I.

Lod. And will be angry for him.

Fred. If you talk,

Or pull your face into a stich again,
As I love truth I shall be very angry.
Do not I know thee, though thou hast some land
To set thee out thus among Gentlemen,
To be a prating, and vain-glorious Ass?
I do not wrong thee now, for I speak truth.
Do not I know thou hast been a cunning Coward,
That has no cure for shame but Cloath of Silver
And think'st the wearing of a gawdy Suit
Hides all disgraces?

Lod. I understand you not, you hurt not me,
Your anger flies so wide.

Pifo. Signior *Frederick*,
You much mistake this Gentleman.

Fred. No, Sir.

Pifo. If you would please to be less angry,
I would tell you how.

Fred. You had better study, Sir,
How to excuse your self if ye be able,
Or I shall tell you once again.

Pifo. Not me, Sir;
For I protest what I have said, was only
To make you understand your Sisters danger.

Lod. He might, if it pleas'd him, conceive it so.

Fred. I might, if it pleas'd me, stand still and hear
My Sister made a *May*-game, might I not?
And give allowance to your liberal jests
Upon his Person, whose least anger would
Consume a Legion of such wretched people,
That have no more to justify their actions
But their tongues ends? that dare lie every way
As a Mill grinds? from this hour, I renounce
All part of fellowship that may hereafter
Make me take knowledg of ye, but for Knaves;
And take heed, as ye love whole skins and coxcombs,
How, and to whom, ye prate thus; for this time,
I care not if I spare ye; do not shake,
I will not beat ye, though ye do deserve it
Richly.

Lod. This is a strange Course, *Frederick*;
But sure you do not, or you would not know us;
Beat us?

Pifo. 'Tis somewhat low, Sir, to a Gentleman.

Fred. I'll speak but few words, but I'll make 'em truths;
Get you gone both, and quickly, without murmuring,
Or looking big; and yet before you go,
I will have this confess'd, and seriously,
That you two are two Rascals.

Lod.

Lod. How?

Fred. Two Rascals.

Come speak it from your hearts, or by this light
My sword shall lye among ye; answer me,
And to the point directly.

Piso. You shall have

Your will for this time: since we see y'are grown
So far untemperate; Let it be so Sir
In your opinion.

Fred. Do not mince the matter,
But speak the words plain; and you *Lodovick*
That stand so tally on your reputation,
You shall be he shall speak it.

Lod. This is pretty.

Fred. Let me not stay upon't.

Lod. Well we are Rascals,

Yes *Piso*, we are Rascals. [Ex. *Lod. and Piso.*]

Fred. Get ye gone now, not a word more, y'are Rascals.

Enter Fabricio, and Jacomo.

Fab. That should be *Frederick*,

Jac. 'Tis he: *Frederick*?

Fred. Who's that?

Jac. A friend Sir.

Fred. It is so, by the voyce:

I have sought you Gentlemen, and since I have found you,
So near our house, I'll force ye stay a while,
I pray let it be so.

Fab. It is too late,
We'll come and dine to morrow with your Sister,
And do our services.

Jac. Who were those with you?

Fab. We met two came from hence.

Fred. Two idle fellows,
That you shall beat hereafter, and I'll tell ye
Some fitter time a cause sufficient for it.

Fab. But *Frederick*, tell me truly; do you think
She can affect my friend?

Fred. No certainer

Than when I speak of him, or any other,
She entertains it with as much desire
As others do their recreations.

Fabr. Let not him have this light by any means;
He will but think he's mockt, and so grow angry,
Even to a quarrel: he's so much distrustfull
Of all that take occasion to commend him

Women especially: for which he shuns
All conversation with 'em, and believes
He can be but a mirth to all their Sex.
Whence is this musique?

Fred. From my Sisters chamber.

Fab. The touch is excellent, let's be attentive.]

Jac. Hark, are the Waits abroad?

Fab. Be softer prethee,

'Tis private musick.

Jac. What a dyn it makes?

I had rather hear a Jews trump than these Lutes,
They cry like School-boys.

Fabr. Prethee *Jacomo*.

Jac. Well I will hear, or sleep, I care not whether

THE SONG.

Enter at the Window Frank, and Clora.

1. Tell me dearest what is Love?
2. 'Tis a lightning from above,
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call Desire.
Both. 'Tis a grave,
Gapes to have
Those poor fools that long to prove.

1. Tell me more, are Women true?

2. Yes, some are, and some as you.

Some are willing, some are strange,
Since you men first taught to change.

Both. And till troth

Be in both,

All shall love, to love anew.

1. Tell me more yet can they grieve?

2. Yes, and sicken sore, but live:

And be wise, and delay,
When you men are as wise as they.

Both. Then I see

Faith will be,

Never till they both believe.

Fran. *Clora*, come hither; who are these below there?

Clor. Where? Fran. There.

Clor. Ha? I should know their shapes
Though it be darkish; there are both our Brothers,
What should they make thus late here?

Fran. What's the tother?

Clor. What tother?

Fran. He that lyes along there.

Clor. O, I see him

As if he had a branch of some great Petigree
Grew out on's belly.

Fran. Yes.

Clor. That should be,
If I have any knowledge in proportion.

Fab. They see us.

Fred. 'Tis no matter.

Fab. What a log

Is this, to sleep such musique out?

Fred. No more, let's hear 'em.

Clor. If I have any knowledge in proportion
The Captain *Jacomo*, those are his legs
Upon my conscience.

Fran. By my faith, and neat ones.

Clor. You mean the boots, I think they are neat by nature.

Fra. As thou art knavish, would I saw his face!

Clor. 'T would scare you in the dark.

Fran. A worse than that

Has never scar'd you *Clora* to my knowledge.

Clor. 'Tis true, for I never have seen a worse;
Nor while I say my prayers heartily,
I hope I shall not.

Fran. Well, I am no tell tale:

But is it not great pity, tell me *Clora*,
That such a brave deserving Gentleman
As every one delivers this to be,
Should have no more respect, and worth flung on him
By able men? Were I one of these great ones,
Such vertues should not sleep thus.

Clor. Were he greater

He would sleep more I think: I'll waken him.

Fran. Away ye fool.

Clor. Is he not dead already, and they two taking order
About his Blacks? me thinks they are very busie,
A fine clean coarse he is: I would have him buried
Even as he lyes, cross legg'd, like one o'th' *Templers*
(If his *Westphalia* gammons will hold crossing)
And on his brest, a buckler with a pike in't,
In which I would have some learned Cutler
Compile an Epitaph, and at his feet
A musquet, with this word upon a Label
Which from the cocks mouth thus should be delivered,
I have discharg'd the office of a Souldier.

Fran. Well, if thy Father were a Souldier
Thus thou wouldst use him.

Clora. Such a Souldier,
I would indeed.

Fab. If he hear this, not all
The power of man could keep him from the windows

Till they were down and all the doors broke open :
For Gods sake make her cooler : I dare not venture
To bring him else : I know he will go to buffers
Within five words with her, if she holds this spirit ;
Let's waken him, and away, we shall hear worfe else.

Fran. Well if I be not even with thee *Clora*
Let me be hang'd for this : I know thou dost it
Only to anger me, and purge thy wit
Which would break out else.

Clora. I have found ye,
I'll be no more cross, bid 'em good night.

Fran. No, no, they shall not know we have seen 'em ;
Shut the window. [*Ex. Fran. and Clora.*]

Fab. Will you get up Sir ?

Jac. Have you paid the Fiddlers ?

Fab. You are not left to do it : Fie upon thee,
Hast thou forsworn manners ?

Jac. Yes unless

They would let me eat my meat without long graces
Or drink without a preface to the pledger ;
Oft, will it please you, shall I be so bold Sir,
Let me remember your good bed-fellow,
And lye and kiss your hand unto my Mistris
As often as an Ape does for an Aple ;
These are meer Schisms in Souldiers ; where's my friend ?
These are to us as bitter as purgations,
We love that general freedom we are bred to ;
Hang these faint fooleries, they smell of peace,
Do they not friend ?

Fab. Faith Sir to me they are
As things indifferent, yet I use 'em not,
Or if I did, they would not prick my conscience.

Fred. Come, shall we go ? 'tis late.

Jac. Yes any whither,

But no more Musick, it has made me dull.

Fab. Faith any thing but drinking disturbs thee *Jacomo*,
We'll ev'n to bed. *Jac.* Content.

Fab. Thou wilt dream of wenches.

Jac. I never think of any I thank Heaven
But when I am drunk, and then 'tis but to cast
A cheap way how they may be all destroy'd
Like vermine ; let's away, I am very sleepy.

Fab. I, thou art ever so, or angry, come. [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Julio, and Angelo.

Jul. I Will but see her once more *Angelo*,
That I may hate her more, and then I am
My self again.

Ang. I would not have thee tempt lust,
'Tis a way dangerous, and will deceive thee,
Hadst thou the constancy of all men in thee.

Jul. Having her sins before me, I dare see her
Were she as catching as the plague, and deadly,
And tell her she is fouler than all those
And far more pestilent, if not repentant,
And like a strong man, chide her well, and leave her.

Ang. 'Tis easily said, of what complexion is she ?

Jul. Make but a curious frame unto thy self
As thou wouldst shape an Angel in thy thought ;
Such as the Poets, when their fancies sweat,
Imagine *Juno* is, or fair ey'd *Pallas*,
And one more excellent, than all those figures
Shalt thou find her ; she's brown, but of a sweetness,
(If such a poor word may exprefs her beauty)
Believe me *Angelo*, would do more mischief
With a forc't smile, than twenty thousand *Cupids*
With their love quivers, full of Ladies eyes,
And twice as many flames, could fling upon us.

Ang. Of what age is she ?

Jul. As a Rose at fairest,
Neither a bud, nor blown, but such a one ;
Were there a *Hercules* to get again
With all his glory, or one more than he,
The god would choose out amongst a race of women
To make a Mother of : she is outwardly
All that bewitch's sense ; all that entices,
Nor is it in our vertue to uncharm it.
And when she speaks, oh *Angelo*, then musick
(Such as old *Orpheus* made, that gave a soul
To aged mountains, and made rugged beasts
Lay by their rages ; and tall trees that knew
No sound but tempests, to bow down their branches
And hear, and wonder ; and the Sea, whose surges
Shook their white heads in Heaven, to be as mid-night
Still, and attentive) steals into our souls
So suddenly, and strangely, that we are
From that time no more ours, but what she pleases.

Ang. Why look, how far you have thrust your self again
Into your old disease ? are you that man
With such a resolution, that would venture
To take your leave of folly, and now melt
Even in repeating her ?

Jul. I had forgot me.

Ang. As you will still do.

Jul. No, the strongest man
May have the grudging of an ague on him,
This is no more ; let's go, I would fain be fit
To be thy friend again, for now I am no mans.

Ang. Go you, I dare not go, I tell you truly
Nor were it wise I should.

Jul. Why ? *Ang.* I am well,
And if I can, will keep my self so.

Jul. Ha ? thou mak'st me smile, though I have little cause,
To see how prettily thy fear becomes thee ;
Art thou not strong enough to see a woman ?

Ang. Yes, twenty thousand : but not such a one
As you have made her : I'll not lye for th' matter :
I know I am frail, and may be cozen'd too
By such a Syren.

Jul. Faith thou shalt go, *Angelo*.

Ang. Faith but I will not ; no I know how far Sir
I am able to hold out, and will not venture
Above my depth : I do not long to have
My sleep ta'ne from me, and go pulingly
Like a poor wench had lost her market-mony ;
And when I see good meat, sit still and sigh,
And call for small beer ; and consume my wit
In making *Anagrams*, and faithful posies ;
I do not like that Itch, I am sure I had rather
Have the main pox, and safer.

Jul. Thou shalt go,

I must needs have thee as a witness with me
Of my repentance ; as thou lov'st me go.

Ang. Well I will go, since you will have it so,
But if I prove a fool too, look to have me
Curse you continually, and fearfully,

Jul. And if thou see'st me fall again, good *Angelo*
Give me thy counfel quickly lest I perish.

Ang. Pray Heaven I have enough to save my self ;
For as I have a soul, I had rather venture
Upon a savage Island, than this woman. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Father, and Servant.

Fath. From whom Sir, comes this bounty ? for I think
You are mistaken.

Serv. No Sir, 'tis to you
I am sure my Mistris sent it.

Fath. Who's your Mistris,
That I may give her thanks ?

Serv. The vertuous Widow.

Fath. The vertuous widow Sir ? I know none such :

A a a

Pray

Pray what's her name? *Ser.* Lælia.

Fath. I knew you err'd,
'Tis not to me I warrant ye; there Sir,
Carry it to those she feeds fat with such favours,
I am a stranger to her.

Serv. Good Sir take it,
And if you will, I'll swear she sent it to you,
For I am sure mine eye never went off ye
Since you forsook the Gentlemen you talk'd with
Just at her door.

Fath. Indeed I talkt with two
Within this half hour in the street.

Serv. 'Tis you Sir,
And none but you I am sent to: wiser men
Would have been thankful sooner, and receiv'd it,
'Tis not a fortune every man can brag of,
And from a woman of her excellence.

Fa. Well Sir, I am Catechiz'd; what more belongs to't?

Ser. This only Sir; she would intreat you come
This evening to her without fail.

Fath. I will.

Serv. You ghes where.

Fath. Sir I have a tongue else. [Exit Ser.]
She is down right Devil; or else my wants
And her disobedience have provok't her
To look into her foul self, and be sorry.
I wonder how she knew me? I had thought
I had been the same to all, I am to them
That chang'd me thus: Heaven pardon me for lying,
For I have paid it home: many a good man
That had but found the profit of my way
Would forswear telling true again in haste.

Enter Lodovico, and Pifo.

Here are my praters; now if I did well
I should belabour 'em, but I have found
Away to quiet 'em, worth a thousand on't.

Lod. If we could get a fellow that would do it.

Fat. What villany is now in hand?

Pif. 'Twill be hard to be done in my opinion
Unless we light upon an *English-man*
With seven-score surfeits in him.

Lod. Are the *English-men* such stubborn drinkers?

Pifo. Not a leak at Sea

Can suck more liquor; you shall have their children
Christened in mull'd sack, and at five years old, able
To knock a *Dane* down: Take an *English-man*
And cry *St. George*, and give him but a rasher,
And you shall have him upon even terms
Defy a hoghead; such a one would do it
Home boy, and like a work-man: at what weapon?

Lod. Sherry sack: I would have him drink stark dead
If it were possible: at worst past portage.

Pifo. What is the end then?

Lod. Dost thou not perceive it?

If he be drunk dead, there's a fair end of him.
If not, this is my end, or by enticing,
Or by deceiving, to conduct him where
The fool is, that admires him; and if sober,
His nature be so rugged, what will't be
When he is hot with wine? come let's about it,
If this be done but handsomely, I'll pawn
My head she hath done with Souldiers.

Pifo. This may do well.

Fat. Here's a new way to murder men alive,
I'll choak this train: God save ye Gentlemen.
It is to you, stay: yes it is to you.

Lod. VVhat's to me?

Fath. You are fortunate,
I cannot stand to tell you more now, meet me
Here soon, and you'll be made a man. [Exit Father.]

Lod. What Vision's this?

Pifo. I know not.

Lod. Well, I'll meet it,

Think you o'th' other, and let me a while
Dream of this fellow.

Pifo. For the Drunkard, *Lodovick*,
Let me alone.

Lod. Come, let's about it then. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Clora, and Frank.

Clor. Ha, ha, ha, pray let me laugh extreamly.

Fra. Why? prethee why? hast thou such cause?

Clor. Yes faith, my Brother will be here straightway,
Fra. VVhat? (and ———)

Clor. The other party: ha, ha, ha.

Fra. VVhat party?

VVench thou art not drunk?

Clor. No faith.

Fra. Faith thou hast been among the bottles *Clora*.

Clor. Faith but I have not *Frank*: Prethee be handfom,
The Captain comes along too, wench.

Fra. O is that it

That tickles ye?

Clor. Yes, and shall tickle you too,
You understand me?

Fran. By my troth thou art grown
A strange lewd wench: I must e'ne leave thy company,
Thou wilt spoil me else.

Clor. Nay, thou art spoil'd to my hand;
Hadst thou been free, as a good wench ought to be,
When I went first a birding for thy Love,
And roundly said, that is the man must do it,
I had done laughing many an hour agoe.

Fra. And what dost thou see in him, now thou knowst him
To be thus laught at?

Clor. Prethee be not angry
And I'll speak freely to thee.

Fran. Do, I will not.

Clor. Then as I hope to have a handfom husband,
This fellow in mine eye, (and *Frank* I am held
To have a shrewd ghes at a pretty fellow)
Appears a strange thing.

Fra. Why, how strange for *Gods* sake?
He is a man, and one that may content
(For any thing I see) a right good woman:
And sure I am not blind.

Clor. There lyes the question?
For, (but you say he is a man, and I
Will credit you,) I should as soon have thought him
Another of *Gods* creatures; out upon him,
His body, that can promise nothing
But laziness and long strides.

Fra. These are your eyes;
Where were they *Clora*, when you fell in love
With the old foot-man, for singing of *Queen Dido*?
And swore he look'd in his old velvet trunks
And his sic't *Spanish* Jerkin, like *Don John*?
You had a parlous judgment then, my *Clora*.

Clora. Who told you that?

Fran. I heard it.

Clora. Come, be friends,
The Souldier is a *Mars*, no more, we are all
Subject to slide away.

Fra. Nay, laugh on still.

Clor. No faith, thou art a good wench, and 'tis pity
Thou shouldst not be well quarried at thy entring,
Thou art so high flown for him: Look, who's there?

Enter Fabricio, and Jacomo.

Jac. Prethee go single, what should I do there?
Thou knowst I hate these visitations,
As I hate peace or perry.

Fab. Wilt thou never
Make a right man?

Jac. You make a right fool of me
To lead me up and down to visit women,
And be abus'd and laugh'd at; let me stavre
If I know what to say, unless I ask 'em
What their shoes cost?

Fab. Fye upon thee, coward,
Canst thou not sing?

Jac. Thou knowest I can sing nothing
But *Plumpton* park.

Fab. Thou't be bold enough,
When thou art enter'd once.

Jac. I had rather enter
A breach: if I miscarry, by this hand
I will have you by th' ears for't.

Fab. Save ye Ladies.

Clo. Sweet Brother I dare swear, you're welcom hither,
So is your Friend;

Fab. Come, blush not, but salute 'em.

Fra. Good Sir believe your Sister; you are most welcom,
So is this worthy Gentleman whose vertues
I shall be proud to be acquainted with.

Jac. She has found me out already, and has paid me;
Shall we be going?

Fab. Peace;
Your goodnes Lady
Will ever be afore us, for my self
I will not thank you single, lest I leave
My friend, this Gentleman, out of acquaintance.

Jac. More of me yet?

Fra. Would I were able, Sir,
From either of your worths to merit thanks.

Clor. But Brother, is your friend thus sad still? methinks
'Tis an unseemly nature in a Souldier.

Jac. What hath she to do with me, or my behaviour?

Fab. He do's but shew so, prethee to him Sister.

Jac. If I do not break thy head, I am no Christian,
If I get off once.

Clor. Sir, we must intrcat you
To think your self more welcom, and be merry,
'Tis pity a fair man of your proportion
Should have a foul of sorrow.

Jac. Very well;
Pray Gentlewoman what would you have me say?

Clora. Do not you know, Sir?

Jac. Not so well as you
That talk continually.

Fra. You have hit her, Sir.

Clora. I thank him, so he has,
Fair fall his sweet face for't.

Jac. Let my face
Alone, I would wish you, lest I take occasion
To bring a worse in question.

Clora. Meaning mine?
Brother, where was your friend brought up? h'as sure
Been a great lover in his youth of pottage,
They lye so dull upon his understanding.

Fab. No more of that, thou'lt anger him at heart.

Clo. Then let him be more manly, for he looks
Like a great School-boy that had been blown up
Last night at dust-point.

Fra. You will never leave
Till you be told how rude you are, fye *Clora.*
Sir will it please you sit?

Clora. And I'll sit by you.

Jac. Woman be quiet, and be rul'd I would wish you.

Clora. I have done, Sir Captain.

Fab. Art thou not asham'd?

Jac. You are an asse, I'll tell you more anon,
You had better have been hang'd than brought me hither.

Fab. You are grown a fullen fool; either be handsome,
Or by this light I'll have wenches bait thee;
Go to the Gentlewoman, and give her thanks;
And hold your head up; what?

Jac. By this light I'll brain thee:

Fra. Now o' my faith this Gentleman do's nothing
But it becomes him rarely; *Clora,* look
How well this little anger, if it be one,
Shews in his face.

Clo. Yes, it shews very sweetly.

Fra. Nay do not blush Sir, o' my troth it does,
I would be ever angry to be thus.

Fabritio, o' my conscience if I ever
Do fall in love, as I will not forswear it
Till I am something wiser, it must be,
I will not say directly with that face,
But certainly, such another as that is,
And thus dispose my chance to hamper me.

Fab. Dost thou hear this, and stand still?

Jac. You will prate still;
I would you were not women, I would take
A new course with ye.

Clora. Why couragious?

Jac. For making me a stone to whet your tongues on.

Clora. Prethee sweet Captain.

Jac. Go, go spin, go hang.

Clo. Now could I kiss him.

Jac. If you long for kicking,
You'r best come kiss me, do not though, I'de wish ye;
I'll send my Foot-man to thee, he shall leap thee,
And thou wantst horsing: I'll leave ye Ladies.

Fra. Bewhrew my heart you are unmannerly
To offer this unto a Gentleman
Of his deserts, that comes so worthily
To visit me, I cannot take it well.

Jac. I come to visit you, you foolish woman?

Fra. I thought you did Sir, and for that I thank you,
I would be loth to lose those thanks; I know
This is but some odd way you have, and faith
It do's become you well to make us merry;
I have heard often of your pleasant vein.

Fab. What wouldst thou ask more?

Jac. Pray thou scurvy fellow
Thou hast not long to live; adieu dear Damsels,
You filthy women farewell, and be sober,
And keep your chambers.

Clor. Farewel old *Don Diego.*

Fra. Away, away, you must not so be angry,
To part thus roughly from us; yet to me
This do's not shew, as if it were yours, the wars
May breed men something plain I know,
But not thus rude; give me your hand good Sir
I know 'tis white, and ———

Jac. If I were not patient,
What would become of you two prating houswives?
Clo. For any thing I know, we would in to supper,
And there begin a health of lusty Claret
To keep care from our hearts, and it should be ———

Fab. Faith to whom? Mark but this *Jacomo.*

Clo. Even to the handsomest fellow now alive.

Fab. Do you know such a one?

Fra. He may be ghest at,
Without much travel.

Fab. There's another item.

Clor. And he should be a Souldier.

Fra. 'Twould be better.

Clor. And yet not you sweet Captain.

Fra. Why not he?

Jac. Well; I shall live to see your husbands beat you,
And his 'em on like ban-dogs.

Clora. Ha, ha, ha.

Jac. Green sicknesses and serving-men light on ye
With greasy Codpieces, and woollen stockings,
The Devil (if he dare deal with two women)
Be of your counsels: farewell Plaisterers ——— [Exit *Jac.*

Clora. This fellow will be mad at Mid-summer
Without all doubt.

Fab. I think so too.

Fra. I am sorry,

He's gone in such a rage; but sure this holds him
Net every day.

Fab. Faith every other day
If he come near a woman.

Clor. I wonder how his mother could endure
To have him in her Belly, he's so boysterous.

Fra. He's to be made more tractable I doubt not.

Clor. Yes, if they taw him as they do whit-leather
Upon an iron, or beat him soft like Stock-fish.

SCENE IV.

Enter Lelia and her waiting-woman with a Vail.

Lel. Art t' sure 'tis he?

Wom. Yes, and another with him.

Lel. The more the merrier; did you give that money
And charg'd it to be delivered where I shew'd you?

Wom. Yes, and what else you bad me.

Lel. That brave fellow,
Though he be old, whate'r he be, shews toughnefs,
And such a one I long for, and must have
At any price; these young soft melting gristles
Are only for my safer ends.

Wom. They are here.

Lel. Give me my Vail, and bid the Boy go sing
That song above, I gave him; the sad song;
Now if I miss him, I am curst, go, wench,
And tell 'em I have utterly forsworn
All company of men, yet make a venture
At last to let 'em in; thou knowst these things,
Do 'em to th' life.

Wom. I warrant you I am perfect.

Lel. Some ill woman for her use would give
A million for this Wench, she is so subtle.

Enter to the door Julio, and Angelo.

Wom. Good Sir, desire it not, I dare not do it,
For since your last being here, Sir, believe me,
She has griev'd her self out of all Company,
And (sweet Soul) almost out of life too.

Jul. Prithee,
Let me but speak one word.

Wom. You will offend, Sir,
And yet your name is more familiar with her
Than any thing but sorrow, good Sir, go.

Ang. This little Varlet hath her Lesson perfect,
These are the baits they bob with.

Jul. 'Faith I will not.

Wom. I shall be chidden cruelly for this;
But you are such a Gentleman——

Jul. No more.

(nough.)

Ang. There's a new Tyre, wench; peace, thou art well e-

Jul. What, has she musick?

Wom. Yes, for Heavens sake stay,
'Tis all she feeds upon.

Jul. Alas, poor soul.

Ang. Now will I pray devoutly, for there's need on't.

The SONG.

A Way delights, go seek some other dwelling,
For I must dye:

Farewel false Love, thy tongue is ever telling
Lye after Lye.

For ever let me rest now from thy smarts,

Alas, for pity go,
And fire their hearts

That have been hard to thee, mine was not so.

Never again deluding Love shall know me,

For I will dye;

And all those griefs that think to over-grow me,
Shall be as I:

For ever will I sleep, while poor Maids cry,

Alas, for pity stay,

And let us dye

With thee, men cannot mock, us in the day.

Jul. Mistrifs? not one word, Mistrifs if I grieve ye
I can depart again.

Ang. Let's go then quickly,
For if she get from under this dark Cloud,
We shall both sweat I fear, for't.

Jul. Do but speak

Though you turn from me, and speak bitterly,
And I am gone, for that I think will please you.

Ang. Oh, that all women were thus silent ever,
What fine things they were!

Jul. You have look'd on me,
When (if there be belief in Womens words
Spoken in tears) you swore you lov'd to do so.

Lel. O me, my heart!

Ang. Now, *Julio*, play the man,
Or such another O me will undo thee:
Would I had any thing to keep me busie,
I might not hear her; think but what she is,
Or I doubt mainly, I shall be i'th' mash too.

Jul. 'Pray speak again.

Lel. Where is my Woman?

Wom. Here.

Ang. Mercy upon me! what a face she has?
Would it were vail'd again.

Lel. Why did you let

This flattering man in to me? did not I
Charge thee to keep me from his eyes again,
As carefully as thou wouldst keep thine own?
Thou hast brought me poyson in a shape of Heaven,
Whose violence will break the hearts of all,
Of all weak Women, as it hath done mine,
That are such fools to love, and look upon him.
Good Sir, be gone, you know not what an ease
Your absence is.

Ang. By Heaven she is a wonder,
I cannot tell what 'tis, but I am quamish.

Jul. Though I desire to be here more than Heaven,
As I am now, yet if my sight offend you,
So much I love to be commanded by you,
That I will go; farewell——

Lel. I should say something
E're you depart, and I would have you hear me;
But why should I speak to a man that hates me,
And will but laugh at any thing I suffer?

Jul. If this be hate——

Lel. Away, away, deceiver.

Jul. Now help me, *Angelo*!

Ang. I am worse than thou art.

Lel. Such tears as those might make another Woman
Believe thee honest, *Julio*, almost me,
That know their ends, for I confes they stir me.

Ang. What will become of me? I cannot go now
If you would hang me, from her; O brave Eye!
Steal me away, *Julio*.

Jul. Alas, poor man! I am lost again too, strangely.

Lel. No, I will sooner trust a Crocodile
When he sheds tears, for he kills suddenly,
And ends our cares at once; or any thing
That's evil to our Natures, than a man;
I find there is no end of his deceivings,
Nor no avoiding 'em, if we give way;
I was requesting you to come no more
And mock me with your service, 'tis not well,
Nor honest, to abuse us so far; you may love too;
For though, I must confes, I am unworthy
Of your love every way; yet I would have you
Think I am somewhat too good to make sport of.

Jul. Will you believe me?

Lel. For your Vows and Oaths,
And such deceiving tears as you shed now,
I will, as you do, study to forget 'em.

Jul. Let me be most despis'd of men——

Lel. No more;

There is no new way left, by which your cunning

Shall once more hope to catch me ; no, thou false man,
I will avoid thee, and for thy sake all
That bear thy stamp, as counterfeit in love,
For I am open ey'd again, and know thee ;
Go, make some other weep, as I have done,
That dare believe thee ; go, and swear to her
That is a stranger to thy cruelty,
And knows not yet what man is, and his lyings,
How thou di'st daily for her ; pour it out
In thy best lamentations ; put on sorrow,
As thou canst, to deceive an Angel, *Julio*,
And vow thy self into her heart, that when
I shall leave off to curse thee for thy falsehood,
Still a forsaken Woman may be found,
To call to Heaven for vengeance.

Ang. From this hour,
I heartily despise all honest Women ;
I care not if the World took knowledg on't,
I see there's nothing in them, but that folly
Of loving one man only ; give me henceforth,
(Before the greatest Blessing can be thought of)
If this be one, a Whore ; that's all I aim at.

Jul. Mistress, the most offending man is heard
Before his sentence, why will you condemn me
E're I produce the truth to witness with me,
How innocent I am of all your angers ?

Lel. There is no trusting of that tongue, I know't,
And how far if it be believ'd, it kills ; no more, Sir.

Jul. It never lied to you ; if it did,
'Twas only when it call'd you mild and gentle.

Lel. Good Sir, no more ; make not my understanding,
After I have suffer'd thus much evil by you,
So poor to think I have not reach'd the end
Of all your forc'd affections ; yet because
I once lov'd such a sorrow too too dearly,
As that would strive to be ; I do forgive ye
Even heartily, as I would be forgiven,
For all your wrongs to me ; my charity
Yet loves you so far, (though again I may not)
And wish when that time comes, you will love truly,
(If you can ever do so) you may find
The worthy fruit of your affections,
True love again, not my unhappy Harvest,
Which, like a fool, I sow'd in such a heart,
So dry and stony, that a thousand showers
From these two eyes, continually raining,
Could never ripen.

Jul. Y' have conquer'd me ;
I did not think to yield, but make me now,
Even what you will, my *Lelia*, so I may
Be but so truly happy to enjoy you.

Lel. No, no, those fond imaginations,
Are dead and buried in me, let 'em rest.

Jul. I'll marry you.

Ang. The Devil thou wilt, *Julio*,
How that word waken'd me ! come hither, friend,
Thou art a fool, look stedfastly upon her,
Though she be all that I know excellent,
As she appears, though I could fight for her,
And run through fire ; though I am stark mad too
Never to be recover'd, though I would
Give all I had i'th' World to lye with her
Even to my naked soul, I am so far gone,
Yet, methinks still, we should not dote away
That that is something more than ours, our honours.
I would not have thee marry her by no means,
Yet I should do so ; is she not a Whore ?

Jul. She is ; but such a one——

Ang. 'Tis true, she's excellent,
And when I well consider, *Julio*,
I see no reason we should be confin'd
In our affections ; when all Creatures else
Enjoy still where they like.

Jul. And so will I then.

Lel. He's fast enough I hope now, if I hold him.

Ang. You must not do so though, now I consider
Better what 'tis.

Jul. Do not consider, *Angelo*,
For I must do it.

Ang. No, I'll kill thee first,
I love thee so well, that the worms shall have thee
Before this Woman, friend.

Jul. It was your counsel.

Ang. As I was a Knave,
Not as I lov'd thee.

Jul. All this is lost upon me, *Angelo*,
For I must have her ; I will marry ye
When ye please : pray look better on me.

Ang. Nay then no more, friend ; farewell, *Julio*,
I have so much discretion left me yet
To know, and tell thee, thou art miserable.

Jul. Stay, thou art more than she, and now I find it.

Lel. Is he so ?

Jul. Mistress.

Lel. No, I'll see thee starv'd first. [Exit *Lelia*.

Jul. Friend.

Ang. Fly her as I do, *Julio*, she's a Witch.

Jul. Beat me away then, I shall grow here still else.

Ang. That were the way to have me grow there with thee,
Farewel for ever. [Exit *Angelo*.

Jul. Stay, I am uncharm'd,
Farewel thou curf'd house, from this hour be
More hated of me than a Leprosie.

[Exit *Julio*.

Enter *Lelia*.

Lel. Both gone ? a plague upon 'em both,
Am I deceiv'd again ? Oh, I would rail
And follow 'em, but I fear the spight of people,
Till I have emptied all my gall ; the next
I seize upon shall pay their follies
To the last penny ; This will work me worse,
He that comes next, by Heav'n shall feel their curse. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Enter *Jacomo* at one door, *Fabricio* at another.

Fab. O, ye are a sweet youth, so uncivilly
To rail, and run away ?

Jac. O ! are you there, Sir ?
I am glad I have found ye, you have not now your Ladies,
To shew your wit before.

Fab. Thou wou'lt not, wou'lt 'ou ?

Jac. What a sweet youth I am, as you have made me,
You shall know presently.

Fab. Put up your Sword,
I have seen it often, 'tis a Fox.

Jac. It is so,
And you shall feel it too ; will you dispatch, Sir ?
And leave your mirth out ? or I shall take occasion
To beat ye, and disgrace ye too.

Fab. Well, since there is no other way to deal with you,
Let's see your Sword, I am sure you scorn all odds,
I will fight with you——

Jac. How now ? [They measure, and *Fab.* gets his Sword.

Fab. Nay, stand out,
Or by this light, I'll make ye.

Jac. This is scurvy,
And out of fear done.

Fab. No, Sir, out of judgment,
For he that deals with thee, thou'rt grown so boysterous,
Must have more wits, or more lives than another ;
Or always be in Armour, or enchanted,
Or he is miserable.

Jac. Your end of this, Sir ?

Fab. My end is only mirth to laugh at thee,
Which now I'll do in safety ; ha, ha, ha.

Jac. 'Sheart ? then I am grown ridiculous.

Fab. Thou art ;

And

And wilt be shortly sport for little Children,
If thou continuest this rude stubbornness.

Fac. O God, for any thing that had an edge?

Fab. Ha, ha, ha.

Fac. Fye, what a shame it is,
To have a Lubber shew his teeth?

Fab. Ha, ha.

Fac. Why dost thou laugh at me, thou wretched fellow?
Speak with a Pox; and look ye render me
Just such a reason——

Fab. I shall dye with laughing.

Fac. As no man can find fault with; I shall have
Another Sword, I shall, ye flearing Puppy.

Fab. Does not this tellness shew finely in thee?
Once more take heed of Children, if they find thee,
They'll break up School to bear thee Company,
Thou wilt be such a pastime, and whoot at thee,
And call thee Bloody-Bones, and Spade, and Spit-fire,
And Gaffer Mad-man; and go by *Feronimo*,
And will with a wisp, and come aloft, and crack rope,
And old Saint *Dennis* with the dudgeon Codpifs?
And twenty such names.

Fac. No, I think they will not.

Fab. Yes, but they will; and Nurfs still their Children
Only with thee, and here take him, *Jacomo*.

Fac. God's precious, that I were but over thee
One Steeple height, I would fall and break thy Neck.

Fab. This is the reason I laugh at thee,
And while thou art thus, will do; tell me one thing.

Fac. I wonder how thou durst thus question me;
Prithee restore my Sword.

Fab. Tell me but one thing,
And it may be I will; Nay Sir, keep out. (Sir.)

Fac. Well, I will be your fool now, speak your mind,

Fab. Art thou not breeding teeth?

Fac. How? Teeth?

Fab. Yes, teeth, thou wouldst not be so froward else.

Fac. Teeth?

Fab. Come, 'Twill make thee
A little rheumatick, but that's all one,
We'll have a Bib, for spoiling of thy Doublet;
And a fring'd Muckender hang at thy Girdle,
I'll be thy Nurfe, and get a Coral for thee,
And a fine Ring of Bells.

Fac. 'Faith, this is somewhat
Too much, *Fabricio*, to your friend that loves you;
Methinks your goodness rather should invent
A way to make my follies less, than breed 'em;
I should have been more moderate to you,
But I see ye despise me.

Fab. Now I love ye,
There, take your Sword: continue so; I dare not
Stay now to try your patience, soon I'll meet ye,
And as you love your honours, and your state,
Redeem your self well to the Gentlewoman,
Farewel till soon. [Exit Fabricio.]

Fac. Well, I shall think of this. [Exit Jacomo.]

SCENE IV.

Enter *Hofst*, *Piso*, and *Boy* with a *Glass* of *Wine*.

Pis. Nothing i'th' World, but a dry'd Tongue or two——

Hofst. Taste him, and tell me.

Pis. Is a valiant wine,
This must be mine, *Hofst*.

Hofst. This shall be *ipse*,
Oh, he's a devilish biting wine, a Tyrant
Where he lays hold, Sir, this is he that scorns
Small Beer should quench him; or a foolish Caudle
Bring him to Bed; no, if he flinch I'll shame him,
And draw him out to mull amongst old Midwives.

Pis. There is a Souldier, I would have thee better
Above the rest, because he thinks there's no man
Can give him drink enough.

Hofst. What kind of man?

Pis. That thou mayst know him perfectly, he's one
Of a left-handed making, a lank thing;
As if his Belly were ta'n up with straw
To hunt a match.

Hofst. Has he no Beard to shew him?

Pis. 'Faith, but a little, yet enough to note him,
Which grows in parcels, here and there a remnant;
And that thou mayst not miss him, he is one
That wears his forehead in a velvet scabbard.

Hofst. That note's enough, he's mine, I'll fuddle him,
Or lye i'th' fuds; you will be here too?

Pis. Yes, 'Till soon, farewel, and bear up.

Hofst. If I do not,
Say I am recreant, I'll get things ready.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Julio*, and *Angelo*.

Jul. 'TIS strange thou should'st be thus, with thy dif-
Ang. I am sure I am so. (cretion.)

Jul. I am well you see.

Ang. Keep your self warm then, and go home, & sleep,
And pray thou mayst continue so;
Would I had gone to th' Devil of an arrant,
When I was made a fool to see her; Leave me,
I am not fit for conversation.

Jul. Why, thou art worse than I was.

Ang. Therefore leave me,
The nature of my sickness is not eas'd
By company or counsel, I am mad,
And if you follow me with questions,
Shall shew my self so.

Jul. This is more than error.

Ang. 'Pray be content, that you have made me thus,
And do not wonder at me. (gone.)

Jul. Let me know, but what you mean to do, and I am
I would be loth to leave you thus else.

Ang. Nothing
That needs your fear, that is sufficient;
Farewel, and pray for me.

Jul. I would not leave you.

Ang. You must, and shall.

Jul. I will then, would yond' Woman
Had been ten fathom under ground, when first
I saw her eyes.

Ang. Yet she had been dangerous,
For to some wealthy Rock of precious stone,
Or mine of Gold, as tempting, her fair Body
Might have been turn'd, which once found out by labour,
And brought to use, having her Spells within it,
Might have corrupted States, and ruin'd Kingdoms,
Which had been fearful, (Friend) go, when I see thee
Next, I will be as thou art, or no more.

'Pray do not follow me, you'll make me angry.

Jul. Heav'n grant you may be right again.

Ang. Amen. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter *Tavern-Boys*, &c.

Boy. Score a gallon of Sack, and a pint of Olives to the U.
Above, within. Why drawer? (nicorn.)

Boy. Anon, anon.

Another Boy. Look into the Nags-head there.

2. Boy. Score a quart of Claret to the Bar,
And a pound of Saufages into the Flower-pot.

Enter first *Servant* with *Wine*.

1. Serv. The Devil's in their throats; anon, anon.

Enter

Enter second Servant.

2 Ser. Mull a pint of Sack there for the women in the Flower-deluce, and put in ginger enough, they belch like

(potguns, And Robin fetch Tobacco for the Peacock, they will not be Drunk till mid-night else : how now, how does my Master?

2 Boy. Faith he lyes drawing on a pace.

1 Boy. That's an ill sign.

2 Boy. And fumbles with the pots too.

1 Boy. Then there's no way but one with him.

2 Boy. All the rest,

Except the Captain, are in *Limbo patrum*, Where they lye sod in sack.

1 Boy. Does he bear up still?

2 Boy. Afore the wind still, with his lights up bravely,

All he takes in I think he turns to Juleps,

Or h'as a world of Stowage in his belly,

The rest look all like fire-drakes, and lye scatter'd

Like rushes round about the room. My Master

Is now the loving'st man, I think, above ground.

1 Boy. Would he were always drunk then.

Within. Drawer.

2 Boy. Anon, anon Sir.

1 Boy. And swears I shall be free to morrow, and so weeps And calls upon my Mistress.

2 Boy. Then he's right. (her

1 Boy. And swears the Captain must lye this night with

And bad me break it to her with discretion,

That he may leave an issue after him,

Able to entertain a *Dutch Ambassador*,

And tells him feelingly how sweet she is,

And how he stole her from her friends i'th' Country;

And brought her up disguiz'd with the Carriers,

And was nine nights bereaving her her maidenhead,

And the tenth got a drawer, here they come.

Enter Giacomo, Host, Lod. Pifo.

Within cry drawer. Anon, anon, speak to the Tyger, Peter.

Host. There's my Bells boys, my silver Bell.

Pifo. Would he were hang'd

As high as I could ring him.

Host. Captain. Fac. Hoe Boy.

Lod. Robin, sufficient single Beer, as cold as crystal,

Quench Robin, quench.

1 Boy. I am gone Sir.

Host. Shall we bear up still? Captain how I love thee!

Sweet Captain let me kiss thee, by this hand

I love thee next to Malmsey in a morning,

Of all things transitory.

Fac. I love thee too, as far as I can love a fat man.

Host. Do'st thou Captain?

Sweetly? and heartily?

Fac. With all my heart Boy. (Captain

Host. Then welcom death, come close mine eyes sweet

Thou shalt have all.

Fac. What shall your wife have then? (spoon,

Host. Why she shall have besides my blessing, and a silver

Enough to keep her stirring in the world,

Three little Children, one of them was mine

Upon my conscience, th' other two are Pagans.

Fac. 'Twere good she had a little foolish mony,

To rub the time away with.

Host. Not a rag,

Not a *Deniere*, no, let her spin a Gods name:

And raise her house again.

Fac. Thou shalt not dye though:

Boy see your Master safe delivered,

He's ready to lye in.

Host. Good night.

Fac. Good morrow,

Drink till the Cow come home, 'tis all pay'd boyes.

Lod. A pox of Sack.

Host. Marry blefs my Buts, Sack is a jewel,

'Tis comfortable, Gentlemen.

Fac. More Beer boy,
Very sufficient single Beer.

Boy. Here Sir.

How is it Gentlemen?

Fac. But ev'n so, so.

Host. Go before finely Robin, and prepare
My wife, bid her be right and streight, I come boy.

And Sirrah, if they quarrel, let 'em use

Their own discretions, by all means, and stir not,

And he that's kill'd shall be as sweetly buried;

Captain, adieu, adieu sweet bully Captain,

One kiss before I dye, one kiss.

Fac. Farewel Boy.

Host. All my sweet boys farewell. [Exit Host.

Lod. Go sleep, you are drunk.

Fac. Come gentlemen, I'll see you at your lodging,

You look not lustily, a quart more.

Lod. No Boy.

Pifo. Get us a Torch.

Boy. 'Tis day Sir.

Fac. That's all one.

Pifo. Are not those the stars, thou scurvy Boy?

Lod. Is not Charles-wain there, tell me that, there?

Fac. Yes;

I have paid 'em truly: do not vex him Sirrah.

Pifo. Confess it Boy, or as I live I'll beat

Mid-night into thy brains.

Boy. I do confess it.

Pifo. Then live, and draw more small Beer presently.

Fac. Come Boyes, let's hug together, and be loving,

And sing, and do brave things cheerly my hearts,

A pox o' being sad; now could I fly

And turn the world about upon my finger,

Come ye shall love me, I am an honest fellow:

Hang care and fortune, we are friends.

Lod. No Captain.

Fac. Do not you love me? I love you two dearly.

Pifo. No by no means; you are a fighting Captain,

And kill up such poor people as we are, by th' dozens.

Lod. As they kill flies with Fox-tails, Captain.

Fac. Well Sir.

Lod. Me thinks now as I stand, the Captain shews

To be a very mercifull young man.

(And pre'thee Pifo, let me have thy opinion)

Pifo. Then he shall have mercy, that merciful is,

Or all the Painters are Apocrypha.

Fac. I am glad you have your wits yet, will ye go?

Pifo. You had best say we are drunk.

Fac. Ye are. Lod. Ye lye.

Fac. Y'are rascals, drunken rascals.

Pifo. 'Tis sufficient.

Fac. And now I'll tell you why, before I beat ye,

You have been tampring any time these three days,

Thus to disgrace me.

Pifo. That's a lye too.

Fac. Well Sir,

Yet I thank fate I have turn'd your points on you,

For which I'll spare ye somewhat, half a beating.

Pifo. I'll make you fart fire Captain, by this hand;

And ye provoke, do not provoke I'de wish you.

Fac. How do you like this?

Lod. Sure I am enchanted.

Pifo. Stay till I draw.

Fac. Dispatch then, I am angry.

Pifo. And thou shalt see how suddenly I'll kill thee. (ards,

Fac. Thou darst not draw, ye cold, tame, mangy Cow-

Ye drunken Rogues, can nothing make you valiant?

Not wine, nor beating?

Lod. If this may be suffer'd,

'Tis very well.

Fac. Go there's your way, go and sleep:

I have pity on you, you shall have the rest

To morrow when we meet.

Piso. Come *Lodowick*,
He's monitrous drunk now, there's no talking with him.
Jac. I am so; when I am sober, I'll do more.
[*Ex. Lod. and Piso.*]

Boy where's mine Host?
Boy. He's on his bed asleep Sir. [Ex. Boy.]
Jac. Let him alone then: now am I high proof
For any action, now could I fight bravely,
And charge into a wild fire; or I could love
Any man living now, or any woman,
Or indeed any creature that loves Sack
Extreamly, monstrously; I am so loving,
Just at this instant, that I might be brought
I feel it, with a little labour, now to talk
With a Justice of peace, that to my nature
I hate next an ill Sword: I will do
Some strange brave thing now, and I have it here:
Pray Heaven the air-keep out; I feel it buzzing. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Enter Frederick, Frank, Clora.

Clora. She loves him too much, that's the plain truth
For which if I might be believ'd, I think her
A strange forgetter of her self; there's *Julio*,
Or twenty more. [Frederick,

Fred. In your eye I believe you,
But credit me the Captain is a man,
Lay but his rough affections by, as worthy.

Clora. So is a resty Jade a horse of service,
If he would leave his nature; give me one
By your leave Sir to make a husband of
Not to be wean'd, when I should marry him;
Me thinks a man is misery enough.

Fred. You are too bitter,
I would not have him worse.
Yet I shall see you hamper'd one day Lady,
I do not doubt it, for this heresie.

Clora. I'll burn before; come pre'thee leave this sadness;
This walking by thy self to see the Devil,
This mumps, this Lachrymæ, this love in sippets;
It fits thee like a French-hood.

Fra. Does it so?
I am sure it fits thee to be ever talking,
And nothing to the purpose, take up quickly;
Thy wit will founder of all four else wench,
If thou hold'st this pace; take up when I bid thee.

Clora. Before your Brother, fy?
Fred. I can endure it.

Enter Giacomo.

Clora. Here's Raw-head come again; Lord how he looks!
Pray we 'scape with broken pates.

Fra. Were I he,
Thou should'st not want thy wish, he has been drinking,
Has he not *Frederick*?

Fred. Yes, but do not find it.

Clora. Peace and let's hear his wisdom.

Fred. You will mad him.

Jac. I am somewhat bold, but that's all one.

Clora. A short and pithy saying of a Soukdier.

Fra. A I live

Thou art a strange mad wench.

Clora. To make a Parson.

Jac. Ladies I mean to kiss ye.

Clora. How he wipes his mouth like a young Preacher;
We shall have it.

Jac. In order as you lye before me; first
I'll begin with you.

Fra. With me Sir?

Jac. Yes.

Fra. If you will promise me to kiss in ease,
I care not if I venture.

Jac. I will kiss according to mine own inventions

As I shall see cause; sweetly I would wish you,
I love ye.

Fra. Do you Sir?

Jac. Yes indeed do I,
Would I could tell you how.

Fra. I would you would Sir.

Jac. I would to Heaven I could, but 'tis sufficient,
I love you with my heart.

Fra. Alas poor heart.

Jac. And I am sorry; but we'll talk of that
Hereafter, if it please Heaven.

Fra. Ev'n when you will Sir.

Clora. He's dismal drunk, would he were muzzled.

Jac. You

I take it are the next.

Fra. Go to him fool.

Clora. Not I, he will bite me.

Jac. When wit? when?

Clora. Good Captain.

Jac. Nay, and you play bo-peep; I'll ha' no mercy
But catch as catch may.

Fred. Nay, I'll not defend ye.

Clora. Good Captain do not hurt me, I am sorry
That e're I anger'd ye.

Jac. I'll tew you for't

By this hand wit, unless you kiss discreetly.

Clora. No more Sir.

Jac. Yes a little more sweet wit,
One tast more o' your office: go thy wayes
With thy small kettle Drums; upon my conscience
Thou art the best, that e're man laid his leg o'er.

Clora. He smells just like a Cellar,
Fye upon him.

Jac. Sweet Lady now to you.

Clora. For loves sake kiss him.

Fred. I shall not keep my countenance.

Fra. Trye pre'thee.

Jac. Pray be not coy sweet woman, for I'll kiss ye,
I am blunt

But you must pardon me.

Clora. O God, my sides.

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Jac. Why ha, ha, ha? why laugh?
Why all this noise sweet Ladies?

Clora. Lusty *Laurence*,

See what a Gentlewoman you have saluted;
Pray God she prove not quick.

Fred. Where were thine eyes

To take me for a woman? ha, ha, ha.

Jac. Who art 'a, art 'a mortal?

Fred. I am *Frederick*.

Jac. Then *Frederick* is an Ass,
A scurvy *Frederick* to laugh at me.

Fra. Sweet Captain.

Jac. Away woman;
Go stich and serve, I despise thee woman,
And *Frederick* shall be beaten; 'Sfute ye Rogue
Have you none else to make your puppies of, but me?

Fred. I pre'thee be more patient

There's no hurt done.

Jac. 'Sfute but there shall be, Scab.

Clora. Help, help for loves sake.

Fra. Who's within there?

Fred. So now you have made a fair hand.

Jac. Why?

Fred. You have kill'd me ——— [Fall as kill'd.]

Clora. Call in some Officers, and stay the Captain.

Jac. You shall not need.

Clora. This is your drunkenness.

Fra. O me, unhappy Brother, *Frederick*,
Look but upon me, do not part so from me,
Set him a little higher, he is dead.

Clora. O villain, villain.

Enter

Enter Fabritio, and Servants.

Fab. How now what's the matter ?

Fra. O Sir my Brother ! O my dearest Brother !

Clor. This drunken trowgh has kill'd him.

Fab. Kill'd him ?

Clor. Yes.

For Heavens sake hang him quickly, he will do
Ev'ry day such a murder else, there is nothing
But a strong Gallows that can make him quiet,
I finde it in his nature too late.

Fab. Pray be quiet,
Let me come to him.

Clor. Some go for a Surgeon.

Fra. O what a wretched woman has he made me !
Let me alone good Sir.

Fab. To what a fortune,
Hast thou reserv'd thy life !

Jac. Fabritio.

Fab. Never entreat me, for I will not know thee,
Nor utter one word for thee, unless it be
To have thee hang'd ; for Heaven sake be more temperate.

Jac. I have a sword still, and I am a villain.

Clor. &c. Hold, hold, hold. Jac. Ha ?

Clor. Away with him for Heavens sake
He's too desperate for our enduring.

Fab. Come, you shall sleep, come strive not
I'll have it so, here take him to his lodging, and
See him laid before you part. [Exeunt Jac. with Ser.

Serv. We will Sir.

Fred. Ne're wonder, I am living yet, and well,
I thank you Sister for your grief, pray keep it
Till I am fitter for it.

Fab. Do you live Sir ?

Fred. Yes, but 'twas time to counterfeit, he was grown
To such a madness in his wine.

Fab. 'Twas well Sir,
You had that good respect unto his temper,
That no worse follow'd. (perish'd.

Fred. If I had stood him, certain one of us must have
How now Frank ?

Fra. Beshrew my heart I tremble like an aspin.

Clor. Let him come here no more for Heavens sake
Unless he be in chains.

Fra. I would fain see him
After he has slept, Fabritio, but to try
How he will be ; chide him, and bring him back.

Clor. You'll never leave till you be worried with him.

Fra. Come Brother, we'll walk in, and laugh a little
To get this Fever off me.

Clor. Hang him squib,
Now could I grind him into priming powder.

Fra. Pray will you leave your fooling ?

Fab. Come, all friends.

Fra. Thou art enough to make an age of men so,
Thou art so cross and peevish.

Fab. I will chide him,
And if he be not graceless, make him cry for't.

Clor. I would go a mile (to see him cry) in slippers
He would look so like a whey cheefe.

Fra. Would we might see him once more.

Fab. If you dare
Venture a second tryal of his temper
I make no doubt to bring him.

Clor. No, good Frank,
Let him alone, I see his vein lyes only
For falling out at Wakes and Bear-baitings,
That may express him sturdy.

Fab. Now indeed
You are too sharp sweet Sister, for unless
It be this sin, which is enough to drown him,
I mean this fownness, he's as brave a fellow,
As forward, and as understanding else
As any he that lives.

Fra. I do believe you,
And good Sir when you see him, if we have
Distasted his opinion any way,
Make peace again.

Fab. I will : I'll leave ye Ladies.

Clor. Take heed you had best, h'as sworn to pay you else.

Fab. I warrant you, I have been often threatned. (ach,

Clor. When he comes next, I'll have the cough or tooth-
Or something that shall make me keep my chamber,
I love him so well.

Fra. Would you would keep your tongue. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. I cannot keep from this ungodly woman,
This Lelia, whom I know too, yet am caught,
Her looks are nothing like her ; would her faults
Were all in Paris print upon her face,
Cum Privilegio, to use 'em still,
I would write an Epistle before it, on the inside of her masque
And dedicate it to the whore of Babylon, with a preface upon
Her nose to the gentle Reader ; and they should be to be sold
At the sign of the whores head i'th' pottage pot, in what
Street you please. But all this helps not me ; ——— I
Am made to be thus catch'd, past any redress, with a thing
I contemn too.

I have read Epictetus twice over against the
Desire of these outward things, and still her face runs in
My mind, I went to say my prayers, and they were
So laid out o'th' way, that if I could find any prayers I
Had, I'm no Christian, ———
This is the door, and the short
Is, I must see her again. ——— [He knocks.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Who's there ?

Ang. 'Tis I, I would speak with your Mistress.

Maid. Did she send for you ?

Ang. No, what then ? I would see her, prethee by thy leave.

Maid. Not by my leave ; for she will not see you, but
doth hate you, and ——— (so proper
Your friend, and doth wish you both hang'd, which being
Men, is great pity, that you are not.

Ang. How's this ? (perswaded your

Maid. For your sweet self in particular, who she resolves
Friend to neglect her, she deemeth whip-cord the most
Convenient unction for your back and shoulders.

Ang. Let me in, I'll satisfy her. (my speeches,

Ma. And if it shall happen that you are in doubt of these
Infomuch that you shall spend more time in arguing at the
Door, I am fully perswaded that my Mistress in person from
Above, will utter her mind more at large by way of
Urine upon your head, that it may sink the more soundly
Into your understanding faculties.

Ang. This is the strangest thing, good pretty soul, why
dost thou use me so ?
I pray thee let me in sweet-heart.

Maid. Indeed I cannot sweet-heart. (not become thee.

Ang. Thou art a handsome one, and this crossness do's

Maid. Alas I cannot help it. (said I lik'd thee of

Ang. Especially to me ; thou knowst when I was here, I
All thy Mistress Servants. (press

Maid. So did I you, though it be not my fortune to ex-
It at this present : for truly if you would cry, I cannot
Let you in. (you

Ang. Pox on her, I must go the down-right way : look
Here is ten pound for you, let me speak with her.

Maid. I like your gold well, but it is a thing by heaven
I cannot do, she ——— (affairs.

Will not speak with you, especially at this time, she has
Ang. This makes her leave her jesting yet, but take it
And let me see her, bring me to a place
Where undiscerned of her self I may

Feed my desiring eyes but half an hour.

Maid. Why faith I think I can, and I will stretch my wits
And body too for gold: if you will swear as you
Are gentle, not to stir, or speak, where you shall (you.
See or hear, now, or hereafter: give me your gold, I'll plant

Ang. Why, as I am a Gentleman, I will not.

Maid. Enough, quick, follow me.

[*Ex.* Angelo, and *Maid.*

Enter Servant.

S. Why where's this maid, she has much care of her business,
I think she be sunk; — why *Nell* — whiew — (*Nell?*

Maid within. What's the matter?

Enter Maid.

Ser. I pray you heartily come away, oh, come, come, the
(Gentleman
My Mistress invited, is coming down the street, and the
(banquet

Not yet brought out? — (*They bring in the Banquet.*

Lel. within. Nell, Sirrah.

Maid. I come forsooth. (in hand, my

Ser. Now must I walk: when there's any fleshly matters
Mistress sends me of a four hours errand: but if I go not
About mine own bodily business as well as she, I am a Turk.

[*Exit Servant.*

Enter Father.

Fa. What, all wide open? 'Tis the way to sin
Doubtless; but I must on; the gates of Hell
Are not more passable than these; how they
Will be to get out, God knows, I must try.

'Tis very strange, if there be any life
Within this house, would it would shew it self.
What's here? a Banquet? and no mouth to eat,
Or bid me do it? this is something like

The entertainment of adventurous Knights
Entering enchanted Castles: For the manner
Though there be nothing dismal to be seen
Amazes me a little; what is meant

By this strange invitation? I will sound
My Daughters meaning ere I speak to her,
If it be possible, for by my voice —

She will discover me! hark, whence is this.

[*Musique.*

The SONG.

Come hither you that love, and hear me sing
of joys still growing
Green, fresh, and lusty, as the pride of Spring,
and ever blowing.

Come hither youths that blush, and dare not know
what is desire,
And old men worse than you, that cannot blow
one spark of fire.

And with the power of my enchanting Song,
Boyes shall be able men, and old men young.

Enter Angelo, above.

Come hither you that hope, and you that cry,
leave off complaining,
Youth, strength, and beauty, that shall never dye,
are here remaining.

Come hither fools, and blush, you stay so long
from being blest,
And mad men worse than you, that suffer wrong,
Yet seek no rest.

And in an hour, with my enchanting Song,
You shall be ever pleas'd, and young maids long.

Enter Lelia, and her Maid with a Night-gown and Slippers.

Lel. Sir you are welcom hither, as this kiss
Given with a larger freedom than the use

Of strangers will admit, shall witness to you.
Put the gown on him, in this chair sit down;
Give him his slippers: be not so amaz'd,
Here's to your health, and you shall feel this wine;
Stir lively in me, in the dead of night,
Give him some wine; fall to your banquet Sir,
And let us grow in mirth; though I am set
Now thus far off you, yet four glasses hence
I will sit here,

And try, till both our bloods
Shoot up and down to find a passage out,
Then mouth to mouth will we walk up to bed,
And undress one another as we go;
Where both my treasure, body, and my soul
Are your's to be dispos'd of.

Fa. Umh, umh. — *Makes signs of his white head & beard.*

Lel. You are old,

Is that your meaning? why, you are to me
The greater novelty, all our fresh youth
Are daily offer'd me, though you perform
As you think little, yet you satisfy

My appetite: from your experience
I may learn something in the way of lust
I may be better for. But I can teach

These young ones;

But this day I did refuse

A paire of 'em, *Julio*, and *Angelo*,

And told them they were as they were

Raw fools and whelps. ^a

Maid. Pray God he speak not. ^b *Ang. makes discontented signs.*
Lel. Why speak you not sweet sir? ^b *Maid lates her finger cross her mouth to him.*

Fath. Umh. — (*Stops his ears, shews he is troubled with*

Lel. Peace there, that mulique, now Sir speak (*the Musick*

To me.

Fath. Umh. —

Points at the Maid.

Lel. Why? would you have her gone? you need not keep

Your freedom in for her; she knows my life

That she might write it;

Think she is a stone.

She is a kind of bawdy Confessor,

And will not utter secrets.

Fath. Umh. —

(Points at her again.)

Lel. Be gone then, since he needs will have it so,

'Tis all one. [*Exit Maid.* — *Fath. locks the door.*

Is all now as you would? come meet me then,

And bring a thousand kisses on thy lips,

And I will rob thee of 'em, and yet leave

Thy lips as wealthy as they were before.

Fath. Yes, all is as I would but thou.

Lel. By Heaven 'tis my Father. —

Starts.

Fath. And I do beseech thee

Leave these unheard of lusts which worse become thee,

Than mocking of thy Father; let thine eyes

Reflect upon thy soul, and there behold

How loathed black it is; and whereas now

Thy face is heavenly fair, but thy mind foul,

Go but into thy Closet, and there cry

Till thou hast spoil'd that face, and thou shalt find

How excellent a change thou wilt have made

For inward beauty. *Lel.* Though I know him now

To be my Father, never let me live

If my lust do abate,

I'll take upon me

To have known him all this while.

Fath. Look, dost thou know me?

Lel. I knew ye Sir before.

Fath. What didst thou do?

Lel. Knew you, and so unmov'dly have you born

All the sad crosses that I laid upon you,

With such a noble temper, which indeed

I purposely cast on you, to discern

Your carriage in calamity, and you

Have undergone 'em with that brave contempt,

That I have turn'd the reverence of a child

Into the hot affection of a Lover.
Nor can there on the earth be found but yours
A spirit fit to meet with mine.

Fath. A woman? thou art not sure.

Lel. Look and believe.

Fath. Thou art

Something created to succeed the Devil
When he grows weary of his envious course,
And compassing the World; but I believe thee
Thou didst but mean to try my patience,
And dost so still; but better be advis'd,
And make thy tryal with some other things,
That safer will admit a dalliance;
And if it should be earnest, understand
How curst thou art, so far from Heaven,
That thou believ'st it not enough to damn alone,
Or with a stranger, but wouldst heap all sins
Unnatural upon this aged head,
And draw thy Father to thy Bed, and Hell.

Lel. You are deceiv'd, Sir, 'tis not against nature
For us to lye together; if you have
An Arrow of the same Tree with your Bow,
Is't more unnatural to shoot it there
Than in another? 'Tis our general nature
To procreate, as fire is to consume,
And it will trouble you to find a stick
The fire will turn from; If't be Natures will
We should not mix, she will discover to us
Some most apparent crossness, as our organs
Will not be fit; which, if we do perceive,
We'll leave, and think it is her pleasure
That we should deal with others.

Fath. The doors are fast, thou shalt not say a Prayer,
'Tis not Heavens will thou shouldst; when this is done
I'll kill my self, that never man may tell me
I got thee.

[*Father draws his Sword, Angelo discovers himself.*]

Lel. I pray you, Sir, help her, for Heavens sake, Sir.

Ang. Hold, Reverend Sir, for honour of your Age.

Fath. Who's that?

Ang. For safety of your Soul, and of the Soul
Of that too-wicked woman yet to dye.

Fath. What art thou? and how cam'st thou to that place?

Ang. I am a man so strangely hither come,
That I have broke an Oath in speaking this,
But I believe 'twas better broke than kept,
And I desire your patience; let me in,
And I protest I will not hinder you
In any act you wish, more than by word,
If so I can perswade you, that I will not
Use violence, I'll throw my Sword down to you;
This house holds none but I, only a maid
Whom I will lock fast in as I come down.

Fath. I do not know thee, but thy tongue doth seem
To be acquainted with the truth so well,
That I will let thee in; throw down thy Sword.

Ang. There 'tis.

Lel. How came he there? I am betray'd to shame,
The fear of sudden death struck me all over
So violently, that I scarce have breath

[*He lets in Angelo, and locks the Door.*]

To speak yet; but I have it in my head,
And out it shall, that (Father) may perhaps
O'r-reach you yet.

Enter Father, and Angelo.

Fath. Come, Sir, what is't you say?

Lel. My *Angelo*, by all the joys of love,
Thou art as welcome as these pliant arms
Twin'd round, and fast about thee, can perswade thee.

Ang. Away.

Lel. I was in such a fright before thou cam'st;
Yond' old mad fellow (it will make thee laugh,
Though it feared me) has talkt so wildly here—

Sirrah, he rush'd in at my doors, and swore
He was my Father, and I think believ'd it;
But that he had a Sword, and threatned me—
I' faith he was good sport, good, thrust him out,
That thou and I may kifs together; wilt thou?

Fath. Are you her Champion? and with these fair words
Got in to rescue her from me? [*Offers to run at him.*]

Ang. Hold, Sir,
I swear I do not harbour such a thought,
I speak it not, for that you have two Swords,
But for 'tis truth.

Lel. Two Swords, my *Angelo*?
Think this, that thou hast two young brawny arms
And ne'r a Sword, and he has two good Swords,
And ne'r an arm to use 'em; rush upon him,
I could have beaten him with this weak Body,
If I had had the spirit of a man.

Ang. Stand from me, and leave talking, or, by Heaven,
I'll trample thy last damning word out of thee.

Fath. Why do you hinder me then? stand away,
And I will rid her quickly.

Lel. Would I were
Clear of this business, yet I cannot pray.

Ang. Oh, be advis'd, why you were better kill her
If she were good, convey her from this place,
Where none but you, and such as you appoint,
May visit her; where, let her hear of nought
But death and damning, which she hath deserv'd,
Till she be truly, justly sorrowful,
And then lay mercy to her, who does know
But she may mend?

Fath. But whither should I bear her?

Ang. To my house,
'Tis large, and private, I will lend it you.

Fath. I thank you, Sir, and happily it fits
With some design I have: but how shall we
Convey her?

Lel. Will they carry me away?

Fath. For she will scratch and kick, and scream so loud
That people will be drawn to rescue her.

Ang. Why? none can hear her here but her own maid,
Who is as fast as she.

Fath. But in the street?

Ang. Why, we will take 'em both into the Kitchen,
There bind 'em, and then gag 'em, and then throw 'em
Into a Coach I'll bring to the back-door,
And hurry 'em away.

Fath. It shall be so,
I owe you much for this, and I may pay you,
There is your Sword, lay hold upon her quickly,
This way with me, thou disobedient Child,
Why does thy stubborn heart beat at thy breast?
Let it be still, for I will have it search'd
Till I have found a Well of living tears
Within it, that shall spring out of thine eyes,
And flow all o'r thy Body foul'd with sin,
Till it have wash'd it quite without a stain. [*They drag her.*]

Lel. Help, help, ah! ah!
Murder, I shall be murdered, I shall be murdered.

Fath. This helps thee not.

Lel. Basely murdered, basely.

Fath. I warrant you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Æius Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Lodowick, and Pifo.

Lod. **T**His roguey Captain has made fine work with us.
Pif. I would the Devil in a storm would carry
Home to his Garrison again; I take all over, (him
That I am sure of; certainly my Body
of a wild-fire, for my head rings backward;

Or else I have a morise in my brains.

Lod. I'll deal no more with Souldiers; well remembred,
Did not the Vision promise to appear
About this time again?

Pis. Yes, here he comes;
He's just on's word.

Enter Father.

Fath. O, they be here together,
She's penitent, and by my troth I stagger
Whether (as now she is) either of these
Two fools be worthy of her; yet because
Her youth is prone to fall again, ungovern'd,
And marriage now may stay her, one of 'em;
And *Piso*, since I understand him abler,
Shall be the man; the other bear the charges,
And willingly, as I will handle it.
I have a Ring here, which he shall believe
Is sent him from a woman I have thought of;
But e're I leave it, I'll have one of his
In pawn worth two on't; for I will not lose
By such a mess of sugar-fops as this is:
I am too old.

Lod. It moves again, let's meet it.

Fath. Now if I be not out, we shall have fine sport,
I am glad I have met you, Sir, so happily,
You do remember me I am sure.

Lod. I do, Sir.

Pis. This is a short præludium to a challenge.

Fa. I have a message, Sir, that much concerns you,
And for your special good; nay, you may hear too.

Pis. What should this fellow mean?

Fath. There is a Lady,
(How the poor thing begins to warm already)
Come to this town, (as yet a stranger here, Sir)
Fair, young, and rich, both in possessions,
And all the graces that make up a Woman,
A Widow, and a vertuous one; it works,
He needs no broth upon't.

Lod. What of her, Sir?

Fath. No more but this; she loves you.

Lod. Loves me?

Fath. Yes,

And with a strong affection, but a fair one, (matter.
If ye be wise and thankful ye are made; there's the whole

Lod. I am sure I hear this.

Fath. Here is a Ring, Sir, of no little value;
Which after she had seen you at a window,
She bad me haste, and give it, when she blush'd
Like a blown Rose.

Lod. But pray, Sir, by your leave——
Methinks your years should promise no ill meaning.

Fath. I am no Bawd, nor Cheater, nor a Courser
Of broken-winded women; if you fear me,
I'll take my leave, and let my Lady use
A fellow of more form; an honest
I am sure she cannot.

Lod. Stay, you have confirm'd me,
Yet let me feel; you are in health?

Fath. I hope so,

My water's well enough, and my pulse.

Lod. Then

All may be excellent; pray pardon me,
For I am like a Boy that had found money,
Afraid I dream still.

Pis. Sir, what kind of woman?
Of what proportion is your Lady?

Lod. I.

Fath. I'll tell you presently her very Picture,
Do you know a woman in this town they call
(Stay, yes, it is so) *Lelia*?

Piso. Not by sight.

Fath. Nor you, Sir?

Lod. Neither.

Fath. These are precious Rogues
To rail upon a woman they never saw;
So they would use their Kindred.

Pis. We have heard though
She is very fair and goodly.

Fath. Such another,
Just of the same Complexion, making, speech,
But a thought sweeter is my Lady.

Lod. Then
She must be excellent indeed.

Fath. Indeed she is,
And you will find it so; you do believe me?

Lod. Yes marry do I, and I am so alter'd——

Fath. Your happiness will alter any man:
Do not delay the time, Sir; at a house
Where *Don Valasco* lay, the Spanish Seignior
(Which now is Seignior *Angelo's*) she is.

Lod. I know it.

Lod. But before you shew your self,
Let it be night by all means, willingly
By day she would not have such Gallants seen
Repair unto her, 'tis her modesty.

Lod. I'll go and fit my self.

Fath. Do, and be sure
You send provision in, in full abundance,
Fit for the Marriage; for this night I know
She will be yours, Sir, have you never a token
Of worth to send her back again? you must,
She will expect it.

Lod. Yes, pray give her this.
And with it all I have; I am made for ever. [Exit Lod.]

Pis. Well, thou hast fools luck; should I live as long
As an old Oak, and say my prayers hourly,
I should not be the better of a penny;
I think the Devil be my ghostly father;
Upon my conscience I am full as handsome,
I am sure I have more wit, and more performance,
Which is a pretty matter.

Fath. Do you think, Sir,
That your friend, Seignior *Piso*, will be constant
Unto my Lady? you should know him well.

Piso. Who? Seignior *Piso*?

Fath. Yes, the Gentleman.

Piso. Why, you are wide, Sir.

Fath. Is not his name *Piso*?

Piso. No, mine is *Piso*.

Fath. How?

Piso. 'Tis indeed, Sir,

And his is *Lodowick*.

Fath. Then I am undone, Sir,
For I was sent at first to *Piso*; what a Rascal
Was I, so ignorantly to mistake you?

Piso. Peace,
There is no harm done yet.

Fath. Now 'tis too late,
I know my errour;
At turning of a Street,
For you were then upon the right hand of him,
You chang'd your places suddenly; where I
(Like a cross block-head) lost my memory;
What shall I do? my Lady utterly
Will put me from her favour.

Piso. Never fear it,
I'll be thy guard I warrant thee; O, O,
Am I at length reputed? for the Ring,
I'll fetch it back with a light vengeance from him;
H'ad better keep tame Devils than that Ring;
Art thou not Steward?

Fath. No.

Pis. Thou shalt be shortly.

Fath. Lord, how he takes it!

Piso. I'll go shift me streight;

Art t' sure was to *Piso*?

Fath. O, too sure, Sir.

Piso. I'll mount thee if I live for't,
Give me patience, heav'n, to bear this blessing I beseech thee,
I am but man, I prithee break my head
To make me understand I am sensible.

Fath. Lend me your Dagger, and I will, Sir.

Piso. No.

I believe now like a good Christian.

Fath. Good Sir, make hast; I dare not go without ye
Since I have so mistaken.

Piso. 'Tis no matter,
Meet me within this half hour at St. Marg'rets.

Well, go thy ways, old Lad, thou hast the trick on't.

[Exit Piso.]

Enter Angelo, and Julio.

Ang. How now? the news?

Fath. Well, passing well, I have 'em,
Both in a leash, and made right for my purpose.

Jul. I am glad on't, I must leave you.

Ang. VVhither man?

Jul. If all go right I may be fast enough too.

Ang. I cry you mercy, Sir, I know your meaning,
Clora's the woman, she's Frank's Bedfellow,

Commend me to 'em, go, Julio,
Bring 'em to supper all, to grace this matter;
They will serve for witnesses.

Jul. I will, farewell.

[Exit Julio at one door, and Ang. and Fath. at another.]

SCENE II.

Enter Clora, Frank, and Frederick, and Maid.

Fred. Sister, I brought you Jacomo to the door,
He has forgot all that he said last night;
And shame of that makes him loth to come,
I left Fabricio perswading him, but 'tis in vain.

Fran. Alas, my fortune, Clora.

Clor. Now Frank, see what a kind of man you love,
That loves you when he's drunk. Fran. If so,

'Faith, I would marry him; my friends I hope
Would make him drink. (mours then,

Clor. 'Tis well consider'd, Frank, he has such pretty hu
Besides, being a Souldier, 'tis better he should love
You when he's drunk, than when he's sober, for then he
Will be sure to love you the greatest part on's life.

Fran. And were not I a happy woman then?

Clor. That ever was born, Frank, i' faith——

Fred. How now, what says he?

Enter Fabricio.

(and Bell

Fab. 'Faith, you may as well 'tice a Dog up with a Whip
As him, by telling him of Love and Women, he swears
They mock him.

Fred. Look how my Sister weeps.

Fab. Why, who can help it?

Fred. Yes, you may safely swear she loves him.

Fab. Why, so I did; and may do all the oaths,
Arithmetick can make, e're he believe me;
And since he was last drunk, he is more jealous
They would abuse him; if we could perswade him
She lov'd, he would embrace it.

Fred. She her self

Shall bate so much of her own modesty
To swear it to him, with such tears as now
You see rain from her.

Fab. I believe 'twould work,
But would' you have her do't i'th' open street?
Or if you would, he'll run away from her,
How shall we get him hither?

Fred. By entreaty.

Fab. 'Tis most impossible, no, if we could
Anger him hither, as there is no way
But that to bring him, and then hold him fast,

Women, and men, whilst she delivers to him the truth
Seal'd with her tears, he would be plain
As a pleas'd Child; he walks below for me
Under the window.

Clor. We'll anger him I warrant ye,
Let one of the maids take a good Bowl of water,
Or say it be a piss-pot, and pour't on's head.

Fab. Content, hang me if I like not the cast of it rarely,
(for no question

It is an approv'd Receipt to fetch such a fellow; (one,
Take all the women-kind in this house, betwixt the Age of
And one hundred, and let them take unto them a pot or a
Bowl containing seven quarts or upwards, and let them
Never leave, till the above named

Pot or Bowl become full, then let one of them stretch out
Her Arm, and pour it on his head, and *probatum est*, it
Will fetch him, for in his anger he will run up, and then let
Us alone.

Clor. Go you and do it.

[Exit Maid.

Fran. Good Clora, no.

(that

Clor. Away I say, & do it, never fear, we have enough of
Water ready distill'd.

Fran. Why, this will make him mad, Fabricio,
He'll neither love me drunk nor sober now.

Fab. I warrant you; what, is the wench come up?

Enter Wench.

Clor. Art thou there, wench?

Wench. I.

Fab. Look out then if thou canst see him. (could not
Wench. Yes, I see him, and by my troth he stands so fair I
Hold were he my Father, his hat's off too, and he's scratching
His head.

Fab. O, wash that hand I prithee. (thrown thee

Wench. 'Send thee good luck, this the second time I have
Out to day, ha, ha, just on's head.

Fran. Alas!

Fab. What does he now? (Street windows.

Wench. He gathers stones, God's light, he breaks all the

Jac. VVhorses, Bawds, your windows, your windows.

Wench. Now he is breaking all the low windows with
His Sword, (him,

Excellent sport, now he's beating a fellow that laugh'd at
Truly the man takes it patiently; now he goes down the street
Gravelly, looking on each side, there's not one more dare

Fran. Does he go on?

(laugh.

Wench. Yes.

Fran. Fabricio, you have undone a Maid

[Frank kneels.

By treachery; know you some other better,
You would prefer your friend to? if you do not
Bring him again, I have no other hope,
But you that made me lose hope, if you fail me,
I ne'r shall see him, but shall languish out
A discontented life, and dye contemn'd.

Fab. This vexes me, I pray you be more patient,

[Lifts her up.

If I have any truth, let what will happen,
I'll bring him presently, do ye all stand
At the Street door, the maids, and all, to watch
VVhen I come back, and have some private place
To shuffle me into; for he shall follow
In fury, but I know I can out-run him
As he comes in, clap all fast hold on him;
And use your own discretions.

Fred. VVe will do it.

Fab. But suddenly, for I will bring him hither
VVith that unstopt speed, that he shall run over
All that's in's way; and though my life be ventur'd
'Tis no great matter, I will do't.

Fran. I thank you,

VVorthy Fabricio.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Jacomo.

Jac. I ever knew no woman could abide me,
But am I grown so contemptible, by being once drunk
Amongst 'em, that they begin to throw piss on my head?
For surely it was piss, huh, huh. (Seem to smell.)

Enter Fabritio.

Fab. *Jacomo*, how do'st thou?

Jac. Well, something troubled with waterish humours.

Fab. Foh, how thou stink'st! pre'thee stand further off me,
Me thinks these humours become thee better than thy dry
Cholerick humours, or thy wine-wet humours; ha?

Jac. You're pleasant, but *Fabritio* know I am not in the
Suffering jests. (mood of)

Fab. If you be not i'th' mood I hope you will not be moody,
But truly I cannot blame the Gentlewomen, you stood
Under their window, and would not come up. (evesdropping)

Jac. Sir, I suspect now, by your idle talk
Your hand was in't, which if I once believe,
Be sure you shall account to me. (you already,

Fab. The Gentlewomen and the Maids have counted to
The next turn I see is mine.

Jac. Let me dye but this is very strange; good *Fabritio*
Do not provoke me so. (there's no)

Fab. Provoke you? you're grown the strangest fellow;
Keeping company with you, phish; take you that.

Jac. O all the Devils! stand Slave. *Fab.* gives him a box o'th' ear suddenly, and throws him from him, and goes his way, whilst *Jaco.* draws his sword.

Fab. Follow me if thou dar'st.

Jac. Stay coward, stay. ——— *Jac.* runs after *Fabritio*.

SCENE IV.

Enter Fred. Fra. Clora, and Servant, and Maid.

Clora. Be ready for I see *Fabritio* running,
And *Jacomo* behind him.

Enter *Fabritio*.

Fab. Where's the place?

Fred. That way *Fabritio*. [Exit *Fabritio*.

Enter *Jacomo*.

Jac. Where art thou traitor, *Fred.* *Clor.* and *Maid*, lay hold on *Jacomo*.
What is the matter Sirs?

Why do you hold me? I am basely wrong'd,
Torture, and hell be with you; let me go. *they drag him to a chair and hold him down in't.*

Fred. Good *Jac.* be patient, and but hear
What I can say, you know I am your friend,
If you yet doubt it, by my soul I am.

Jac. S'death stand away;
I would my breath were poyson.

Fred. As I have life, that which was thrown on you,
And this now done, were but to draw you hither
For causes weighty, that concern your self,
Void of all malice, which this Maid my Sister
Shall tell you.

Jac. Puh, a pox upon you all; you will not hold me
For ever here, and till you let me go,
I'll talk no more.

Fran. As you're a Gentleman
Let not this boldness make me be believ'd
To be immodest; if there were a way
More silently to be acquainted with you,
God knows, that I would choose, but as it is
Take it in plainness: I do love you more
Than you do your content, if you refuse
To pity me, I'll never cease to weep,
And when mine eyes be out I will be told
How fast the tears I shed for you do fall,
And if they do not flow abundantly,

I'll fetch a sigh shall make 'em start, and leap,
As if the fire were under.

Jac. Fine mocking, fine mocking.

Fred. Mocking? look how she weeps.

Jac. Do's she counterfeit crying too?

Fred. Behold how the tears flow, or pity her
Or never more be call'd a man. (sible think you,

Jac. How's this? soft you, soft you my Masters: is't pos-
She should be in earnest? (sleeps,

Clor. Earnest? I in earnest: she's a fool to break so many
That would have been found ones, & venture such a fane, and
So much life, for e're an humorous assé i'th' world.

Fra. Why *Clora*? I have known you cry as much
For *Julio*, that has not half his worth,
All night you write and weep too much I fear,
I do but what I should.

Clora. If I do write,
I am answer'd *Frank*,

Fran. I would I might be so.

Jac. Good *Frederick* let me go, I would fain try
If that thing do not counterfeit.

Fred. Give me your Sword then.

Jac. No, but take my word,

As I am man, I will not hurt a creature
Under this roof, before I have deliver'd
My self, as I am now, into your hands,
Or have your full consent.

Fred. It is enough.

Jac. Gentlewoman, I pray you let me feel your face; I am an
Infidel, if she do not weep: Stay, where's my handkerchief?
I'll wipe the old wet off, fresh tears come, pox on't
I am a handsom, gracious fellow amongst women, and (are
Knew't not Gentlewoman; how should I know these tears
For me? is not your Mother dead?

Fran. By heaven they are for you. (morrow

Jac. 'Slight I'll have my head curl'd, and powder'd to
By break of day; if you love me, I pray you kiss me,
For if I love you, it shall be such love, as I will not be
Asham'd of, if this be a mock ——— (kisses.

It is the heartiest, and the sweetest mock
That e're I tasted, mock me so again ——— (kiss again

Fred. Fy *Jacomo*? why do you let her kneel
So long?

Jac. It's true I had forgot it ——— (lifts her up.
And should have done this twelve-moneth; pray you rise.

(she could
Frederick, if I could all this while have been perswaded
Have lov'd me, dost thou think I had not rather kiss her
Than another should? and yet you may gull me for ought
I know, but if you do, hell take me if I do not cut
All your throats sleeping.

Fred. Oh do not think of such a thing.

Jac. Otherwise, if she be in earnest, the short is I am.

Fran. Alas, I am.

Jac. And I did not think it possible any woman
Could have lik'd this face, it's good for nothing, is't?

Clor. Yes it's worth forty shillings to pawn, being lin'd
(almost quite

Through with velvet.

Fran. 'Tis better than your *Julio*'s.

Jac. Thou thinkest so,
But other wife, in faith it is not *Frank* ——— whilst *Jacomo* is
kissing *Frank*.

Enter *Fabritio*.

Fab. Hist *Jacomo*; How do'st thou Boy? ha?

Jac. Why very well, I thank you Sir. (fages

Fab. Do'st thou perceive the reason of matters, and pas-
Yet Sirrah, or no?

Jac. 'Tis wondrous good Sir. (ten to some

Fab. I have done simply for you, but now you are bea-
Understanding, I pray you dally not with the Gentlewoman
But dispatch your Matrimony, with all convenient speed.

Fred. He gives good counsel.

Jac. And I will follow it.

Fab.

Fab. And I you, prethee do not take it unkindly,
For trust me I boxt thee for thy advancement,
A foolish desire I had to joggle thee into preferment.

Jac. I apprehend you Sir, and if I can ludy out a course
How a bastinadoing may any wayes raise your fortunes
In the State, you shall be sure on't.

Fab. Oh Sir keep your way, God send you much joy.

Clora. And me my *Julio*.

O God I hear his voyce, now he is true, (but *Fred.*
Have at a marriage *Frank*, as soon as you — [Exit all

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir I would speak with you.

Fred. What is your hastily business friend? (Court.

Mess. The Duke commands your present attendance at

Fred. The cause?

Mess. I know not in particular; but this
Many are sent for more, about affairs
Forraign I take it Sir.

Fred. I will be there

Within this hour, return my humble service.

Mess. I will Sir. [Exit Messenger.

Fred. Farewel friend, what new's with you?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Mistris would desire you Sir to follow
With all the hast you can, she is gone to Church,
To marry Captain *Jacomo*, and *Julio*
To do as much for the young merry Gentlewoman,
Fair Mistris *Clora*? *Fred.* *Julio* marry *Clora*?
Thou art deceiv'd I warrant thee.

Ser. No sure Sir,
I saw their lips as close upon the bargain
As Cockles.

Fred. Give 'em joy, I cannot now go,
The Duke hath sent for me in hast. (where they are. [Ex.

Ser. This note Sir, when you are free, will bring you

Fred. reads. You shall find us all at Signeur *Angelo's*,
Where *Piso*, and the worthy *Lelia*
Of famous memory are to be married,
And we not far behind.

Would I had time
To wonder at this last couple in hell.

Enter Messenger again.

Mess. You are stai'd for Sir.

Fred. I come, pray God the business
Hold me not from this sport, I would not lose it. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Enter Father, *Piso*, *Angelo*, and *Lelia*.

Ang. God give you joy, and make you live together
A happy pair.

Piso. I do not doubt we shall.

There was never poor gentleman had such a sudden fortune,
I could thrust my head betwixt two pales, and strip me out of
My old skin like a Snake: will the guests come thou saidst
Thou sentest for to solemnize the Nuptials?

Fath. They will, I lookt for 'em e're this.

Enter *Julio*, *Jacomo*, *Fabritio*, *Frank*, *Clora*.

Jul. By your leave all.

Fath. They're here Sir.

Jul. Especially fair Lady

I ask your pardon, to whose marriage-bed
I with all good success, I have here brought you
Such guests as can discern your happiness,
And best do know how to rejoyce at it;
For such a fortune they themselves have run,
The worthy *Jacomo*, and his fair Bride,
Noble *Fabritio*, whom this age of peace
Has not yet taught to love ought but the warrs,
And his true friends, this Lady who is but

A piece of me.

[Exit Father.

Leli. Sir, you are welcom all,

Are they not Sir? (fool

Piso. Bring in some wine, some of the wine *Lodowick* the
Sent hither: who ever thou bid'st welcom shall find it.

Leli. An unexpected honour you have done
To our too hally wedding.

Jac. Faith Madam, our weddings were as hasty as yours,
We are glad to run up and down any whither, to see where
We can get meat to our wedding.

Piso. That *Lodowick* hath provided too, good Assé.

Ang. I thought you *Julio* would not thus have stolen a
(marriage

Without acquainting your friends.

Jul. Why I did give thee inklings. (e're almost

Ang. If a marriage should be thus stubber'd up in a play,
Any body had taken notice you were in love, the Spectators
Would take it to be but ridiculous.

Jul. This was the first, and I will never hide
Another secret from you.

Enter Father.

Fath. Sir, yonder's your friend *Lodowick*, hide your self
And 'twill be the best sport —

Piso. Gentlemen, I pray you take no notice, I'm here.
The coxcomb *Lodowick* is coming in.

Enter *Lodowick*.

Lod. Is that the Lady?

Fath. That is my Lady.

Lod. As I live she's a fair one; what make all these here?

Fath. O Lord Sir she is so pester'd —

Fab. Now will the sport be, it runs right as *Julio* told us.

Lod. Fair Lady health to you; some words I have, that
Require an utterance more private,
Than this place can afford.

Leli. Ple call my husband,
All business I hear with his ears now.

Lod. Good Madam no, but I perceive your jest,
You have no husband, I am the very man
That walk'd the streets so comely.

Leli. Are you so?

Lod. Yes faith, when *Cupid* first did prick your heart.
I am not cruel, but the love begun
I'th' street I'le satisfie i'th' chamber fully.

Leli. To ask a Madman whether he be mad
Were but an idle question, if you be,
I do not speak to you, but if you be not
Walk in the streets again; and there perhaps
I may dote on you, here I not endure you.

Lod. Good Madam stay, do not you know this Ring?

Leli. Yes it was mine, I sent it by my Man,
To change and so he did, it has a blemish,
And this he brought me for it; did you change it?
Are you a Goldsmith?

Lod. Sure the world is mad,
Sirrah, did you not bring me this ring from your Lady?

Fath. Yes surely Sir, did I, but your worship must ev'n
(bear with me;

For there was a mistaking in it, and so, as I was
Saying to your worship, my Lady is now married.

Lod. Married? to whom?

Fa. To your worships friend *Piso*.

Lod. S'death to *Piso*?

Piso within. Ha, ha, ha.

Ang. Yes Sir I can assure you she's married to him, I saw't
With these gray eyes.

Lod. Why what a Rogue art thou then? thou hast made
Me send in provision too. (in's mouth.

Fa. O a Gentleman should not have such foul words
But your Worships provision could not have come in at a
(fitter time;

Will it please you to tast any of your own wine?
It may be the Vintner has cozen'd you.

Lod.

Lod. Pox I am mad.
Ang. You have always plots Sir, and see how they fall out.
Jac. You had a plot upon me, how do you like this?
Lod. I do not speak to you.
Fab. Because you dare not. (this Ring.
Lod. But I will have one of that old Rogues teeth set in
Fat. Do'st not thou know that I can beat thee?
 Dost thou know it now? (*discovers himself.*)
Lod. He beat me once indeed.
Fat. And if you have for got it, I can call a witness,
 Come forth *Piso* — remember you it?
Piso. Faith I do call to minde such a matter.
Fat. And if I cannot still do't, you are young
 And will assist your Father in law.
Piso. My Father in law?
Ang. Your Father in law, as sure as this is widow *Lelia*.
Piso. How widow *Lelia*?
Fat. I' faith 'tis she, Son.
Lod. Ha, ha, ha, let my provision go, I am glad I
 Have mist the woman.
Piso. Have you put a whore upon me?
Lel. By heaven you do me wrong, I have a heart
 As pure as any womans, and I mean
 To keep it so for ever.
Fa. There is no starting now, Son, if you offer't
 I can compel you, her estate is great,
 But all made o're to me, before this match,
 Yet if you use her kindly, as I swear
 I think she will deserve, you shall enjoy it
 During your life, all save some slender piece
 I will reserve for my own maintenance,
 And if God blefs you with a child by her,
 It shall have all.

Piso. So I may have the means,
 I do not much care what the woman is:
 Come my sweet heart, as long as I shall find
 Thy kisses sweet, and thy means plentiful,
 Let people talk their tongues out.
Lel. They may talk
 Of what is past, but all that is to come
 Shall be without occasions.
Jul. Shall we not make *Piso*, and *Lodowick* friends?
Jac. Hang 'em they dare not be Enemies, or if they be,
 The danger is not great, welcom *Frederick*.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. First joy unto you all; and next I think
 We shall have wars.
Jac. Give me some wine, I'le drink to that.
Fab. Ple pledge.
Fran. But I shall lose you then. (a Souldier.
Jac. Not a whit wench; I'le teach thee presently to be
Fred. *Fabritio*'s command, and yours are both restor'd.
Jac. Bring me four glasses then.
Fab. Where are they?
Ang. You shall not drink 'em here, 'tis supper time,
 And from my house no creature here shall stir
 These three dayes, mirth shall flow as well as wine.
Fa. Content, within I'le tell you more at large
 How much I am bound to all, but most to you,
 Whose undeserved liberality
 Must not escape thus unrequited.
Jac. 'Tis happiness to me, I did so well:
 Of every noble action, the intent
 Is to give worth reward, vice, punishment.

[*Exeunt Om.*

Prologue.

TO please you with this Play, we fear will be
 (So does the Author too) a mystery
 Somewhat above our Art; For all mens eyes,
 Ears, faiths, and judgements, are not of one size.
 For to say truth, and not to flatter ye,
 This is nor Comedy, nor Tragedy,
 Nor History, nor any thing that may
 (Yet in a week) be made a perfect Play:
 Yet those that love to laugh, and those that think
 Twelve pence goes farther this way than in drink,
 Or Damsels, if they mark the matter through,
 May stumble on a foolish toy, or two
 Will make 'em shew their teeth: pray, for my sake
 (That likely am your first man) do not take

A distaste before you feel it: for ye may
 When this is hist to ashes, have a Play.
 And here, to out-his this; be patient then,
 (My honour done) y'are welcom Gentlemen.

Epilogue.

IF you mislike (as you shall ever be
 Your own free Judges) this Play utterly,
 For your own Nobleness yet do not his,
 But as you go by, say it was amiss;
 And we will mend: Chide us, but let it be
 Never in cold blood: O' my honesty
 (If I have any) this Ple say for all,
 Our meaning was to please you still, and shall.

THE
PROPHETESS.
 A
 Tragical History.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Charinus, *Emperour of Rome.*
 Cosroe, *King of Persia.*
 Diocles, *of a private Souldier elected Co-Emperour.*
 Maximinian, *Nephew to Diocles, and Emperour by his donation.*
 Volutius Aper, *Murthurer of Numerianus, the late Emperour.*
 Niger, *a noble Souldier, servant to the Emperour.*
 Camurius, *a Captain, and Creature of Aper's, Persian Lords.*
Senators.
Souldiers.
Guard.
Suitors.
Ambassadors.

Lictors.
Flamen.
Attendants.
Shepherd.
Country-men.
 Geta, *a Jester, servant to Diocles, a merry Knave.*

W O M E N.

Aurelia, *sister to Charinus.*
 Cassana, *sister to Cosroe, a Captive, waiting on Aurelia.*
 Delphia, *a Prophetess.*
 Drusilla, *Niece to Delphia, in love with Diocles.*

The Scene Rome.

The principal Actors were,

John Lowin.	}	Joseph Taylor.
Robert Benfield.		Nicholas Toolie.
John Shanke.		George Birch.
Richard Sharpe.		Thomas Holcombe.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, Niger.

Cha. **Y**OU buz into my head strange likelihoods,
 And fill me full of doubts; but what proofs,
 (Niger,
 What certainties, that my most noble Bro-
 (ther

Came to his end by murthrer? Tell me that,
 Assure me by some circumstance.

Niger. I will, Sir,
 And as I tell you truth, so the gods prosper me,

I have often nam'd this *Aper.*

Char. True, ye have done;
 And in mysterious fenses I have heard ye
 Break out o'th' sudder, and abruptly.

Niger. True, Sir;
 Fear of your unbelief, and the times giddiness
 Made me I durst not then go farther. So your Grace please,
 Out of your wonted goodness, to give credit,
 I shall unfold the wonder.

Aur. Do it boldly;
 You shall have both our hearty loves, and hearings.

C c c c

Niger.

Niger. This *Aper* then, this too much honour'd Villain,
(For he deserves no mention of a good man)
Great Sir, give ear; this most ungrateful, spiteful,
Above the memory of mankind, mischievous,
With his own bloody hands.

Char. Take heed.

Nig. I am in, Sir;
And if I make not good my story.

Aur. Forward;

I see a truth would break out; be not fearful.

Nig. I say this *Aper*, and his damn'd Ambition,
Cut off your Brothers hopes, his life, and fortunes;
The honour'd *Numerianus* fell by him,
Fell basely, most untimely, and most treacherously:
For in his Litter, as he bore him company,
Most privately and cunningly he kill'd him;
Yet still he fills the faithful Souldiers ears
With stories of his weakness, of his life,
That he dare not venture to appear in open,
And shew his warlike face among the Souldiers;
The tenderness and weakness of his eyes
Being not able to endure the Sun yet.

Slave that he is, he gives out this infirmity
(Because he would dispatch his honour too)
To arise from wantonness, and love of women,
And thus he juggles still.

Aur. O most pernicious,
Most bloody, and most base! Alas, dear Brother,
Art thou accus'd, and after death thy memory
Loaden with shames and lies? Those pious tears
Thou daily shower'st upon my Fathers monument,
(When in the *Persian* Expedition
He fell unfortunately by a stroke of Thunder)
Made thy defame and sins? those wept out eyes,
The fair examples of a noble nature,
Those holy drops of Love, turn'd by depravers
(Malicious poyson'd tongues) to thy abuses?
We must not suffer this.

Char. It shows a truth now;
And sure this *Aper* is not right nor honest,
He will not come near me.

Nig. No, he dare not;
He has an inmate here, that's call'd a conscience,
Bids him keep off.

Char. My Brother honour'd him,
Made him first Captain of his Guard, his next friend;
Then to my Mother (to assure him nearer)
He made him Husband.

Nig. And withal ambitious;
For when he trod so nigh, his false feet itch'd, Sir,
To step into the State.

Aur. If ye believe, Brother,
Aper a bloody Knaves (as 'tis apparent)
Let's leave disputing, and do something noble.

Char. Sister, be rul'd, I am not yet so powerful
To meet him in the field; he has under him
The Flower of all the Empire, and the strength,
The *Britain*, and the *German* Cohorts; pray ye be patient,
Niger, how stands the Souldier to him?

Nig. In fear more, Sir,
Than love or honour; he has lost their fair affections,
By his most covetous and greedy griping:
Are ye desirous to do something on him,
That all the World may know ye lov'd your Brother?
And do it safely too without an Army?

Char. Most willingly.

Nig. Then send out a Proscription,
Send suddenly; And to that man that executes it
(I mean, that brings his head) add a fair payment,
No common Suram; then ye shall see I fear not,
Even from his own Camp, from those men that follow him,
Follow, and flatter him, we shall find one,
And if he mis, one hundred that will venture it.

Aur. For his reward, it shall be so, dear Brother,

So far I'll honour him that kills the Villain;
For so far runs my love to my dead Brother,
Let him be what he will, base, old, or crooked,
He shall have me; nay, which is more, I'll love him.
I will not be deny'd.

Char. You shall not, Sister;
But ye shall know, my love shall go along too;
See a *Proscription* drawn; and for his recompence,
My Sister, and half Partner in the Empire;
And I will keep my word.

Aur. Now ye do bravely.

Nig. And though it cost my life, I'll see it publish'd.

Char. Away then for the business.

Nig. I am gone, Sir;
You shall have all dispatch'd to night.

Char. Be prosperous.

Aur. And let the Villain fall.

Nig. Fear nothing, Madam.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter *Delphia*, and *Drusilla*.

Dru. 'Tis true, that *Diocles* is courteous,
And of a pleasant nature, sweet and temperate;
His Cousin *Maximian* proud and bloody.

Delph. Yes, and mistrustful too, my Girl, take heed,
Although he seem to love thee, and affect
Like the more Courtier, curious complement;
Yet have a care.

Dru. You know all my affection,
And all my heart-desires are set on *Diocles*;
But, Aunt, how coldly he requites this courtesie!
How dull and heavily he looks upon me!
Although I woo him sometimes beyond modesty,
Beyond a Virgins care; how still he slights me,
And puts me still off with your Prophecy,
And the performance of your late prediction,
That when he is Emperour, then he will marry me;
Alas, what hope of that?

Del. Peace, and be patient,
For though he be now a man most miserable,
Of no rank, nor no badge of honour on him,
Bred low and poor, no eye of favour shining;
And though my sure Prediction of his Rising
(Which can no more fail than the day or night does,
Nay, let him be asleep, will overtake him)
Hath found some rubs and stops, yet hear me, Neece,
And hear me with a faith, it shall come to him;
I'll tell thee the occasion.

Dru. Do, good Aunt;
For yet I am ignorant.

Del. Chiding him one day
For being too near, and sparing for a Souldier,
Too griping, and too greedy; he made answer,
When I am *Cesar*, then I will be liberal.
I, presently inspir'd with holy fire,
And my prophetick Spirit burning in me,
Gave answer from the gods, and this it was,
Imperator eris Romæ, cum Aprum grandem interfeceris:
Thou shalt be Emperour, O *Diocles*,
When thou hast kill'd a mighty Boar. From that time
(As giving credit to my words) he has employ'd
Much of his life in hunting; many Boars
Hideous and fierce, with his own hands he has kill'd too,
But yet not lighted on the fatal one,
Should raise him to the Empire; Be not sad, Neece,
E're long he shall; Come, let's go entertain him,
For by this time I guess he comes from hunting;
And by my Art I find this very instant
Some great design's o' foot.

Dru. The gods give good, Aunt.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, Geta, with a Boar.

Dio. Lay down the Boar.

Get. With all my heart; I am weary on't; I shall turn Jew if I carry many such burthens: Do you think, Master, to be Emperour With killing Swine? you may be an honest Butcher, Or allied to a seemly family of sowse-wives.

Can you be such an Ass, my Reverend Master, To think these springs of Pork will shoot up *Cesars*?

Max. The fool says true.

Dio. Come, leave your fooling, Sirrah, And think of what thou shalt be when I am Emperour.

Get. Would it would come with thinking, for then o' my I should be at least a Senator. (conscience,

Max. A Sowter;

For that's a place more fitted to thy nature, If there could be such an expectation; Or say, the Devil could perform this wonder; Can such a Rascal as thou art, hope for honour? Such a log carrying Lowt?

Get. Yes, and bear it too, And bear it swimmingly, I am not the first Ass, Sir, Has born good office, and perform'd it reverently.

(a Senator?)

Dio. Thou being the Son of a Tiler, canst thou hope to be

Get. Thou being the Son of a Tanner, canst thou hope to (be an Emperour?)

Dio. Thou sayst true, *Geta*, there's a stop indeed; But yet the bold and vertuous——

Get. Ye are right, Master, Right as a Gun; For we the vertuous, Though we be Kennel-rakers, Scabs, and Scoundrels, We the discreet and bold; and yet, now I remember it, We Tilers may deserve to be Senators; And there we step before you thick-skin'd Tanners, For we are born three stories high; no base ones, None of your groundlings, master.

Dio. I like thee well, Thou hast a good mind, as I have, to this Honour.

Get. As good a mind, Sir, of a simple plaisterer—— And when I come to execute my office, Then you shall see.

Max. What?

Get. An Officer in fury; An Officer as he ought to be; do you laugh at it? Is a Senator (in hope) worth no more reverence? By these hands I'll clap you by th' heels the first hour of it.

Max. O' my Conscience, the fellow believes.

Dio. I, do, do, *Geta*, For if I once be Emperour——

Get. Then will I (For wise men must be had to prop the Republick) Not bate ye a single ace of a sound Senator.

Dio. But what shall we do the whilst?

Get. Kill Swine, and sowse 'em, And eat 'em when we have bread.

Max. Why didst thou run away When the Boar made toward thee? art thou not valiant?

Get. No indeed am I not; and 'tis for mine honour too; I took a Tree, 'tis true, gave way to the Monster; Hark what discretion says, let fury pass; From the tooth of a mad Beast, and the tongue of a Slanderer Preserve thine honour.

Dio. He talks like a full Senator: Go, take it up, and carry it in, 'tis a huge one, We never kill'd so large a Swine, so fierce too, I never met with yet.

Max. Take heed, it stirs again; How nimbly the Rogue runs up! he climbs like a Squirrel.

Dio. Come down, ye Dunce, is it not dead?

Get. I know not.

Dio. His throat is cut, and his bowels out.

Get. That's all one,

I am sure his teeth are in; and for any thing I know, He may have Pigs of his own nature in's Belly.

Dio. Come, take him up I say, and see him dress'd, He is fat, and will be lusty in at: away with him, And get some of him ready for our Dinner.

Get. Shall he be roasted whole, And serv'd up in a souce-tub? a portly service, I'll run i'th' wheel my self.

Max. Sirrah, leave your prating, And get some piece of him ready presently, We are weary both, and hungry.

Get. I'll about it.

What an inundation of Brewiss shall I swim in? [Exit.

Dio. Thou art ever dull and melancholy, Cousin, Distrustful of my hopes.

Max. Why, can you blame me?

Do men give credit to a Jugler?

Dio. Thou knowst she is a Prophetess.

Max. A small one, And as small profit to be hop'd for by her.

Dio. Thou art the strangest man; how does thy hurt? The Boar came near you, Sir.

Max. A scratch, a scratch.

Dio. It akes and troubles thee, and that makes thee angry.

Max. Not at the pain, but at the practice, Uncle, The butcherly, base custom of our lives now; Had a brave enemies Sword drawn so much from me, Or danger met me in the head o'th' Army, To have blush'd thus in my blood, had been mine honour. But to live base, like Swine-herds, and believe too, To be fool'd out with tales, and old wives dreams, Dreams, when they are drunk.

Dio. Certain you much mistake her. (ors,

Max. Mistake her? hang her; to be made her Purvey-To feed her old Chaps; to provide her daily, And bring in Feasts while she sits farting at us, And blowing out her Prophecies at both ends.

Dio. Prithee be wise; Dost thou think, *Maximilian*, So great a reverence, and so staid a knowledge——

Max. Sur-reverence, you would say; what truth? what What any thing but eating is good in her? (knowledg?) 'T would make a fool prophesie to be fed continually; What do you get? your labour and your danger; Whilst she sits bathing in her larded fury, Inspir'd with full deep Cups, who cannot prophesie? A Tinker, out of Ale, will give Predictions; But who believes?

Dio. She is a holy *Druid*, A woman noted for that faith, that piety, Belov'd of Heaven.

Max. Heaven knows, I do not believe it: Indeed I must confes they are excellent Juglers; Their age upon some fools too flings a confidence: But what grounds have they? what elements to work on: Show me but that; the Sieve, and Sheers? a learned one, I have no patience to dispute this Question, 'Tis so ridiculous; I think the Devil does help 'em, Or (rather mark me well) abuse 'em, Uncle; For they are as fit to deal with him; these old women, They are as jump, and squar'd out to his nature——

Dio. Thou hast a perfect malice.

Max. So I would have Against these purblind Prophets; for look ye, Sir, Old women will lie monstrously; so will the Devil, Or else he has had much wrong; upon my knowledge, Old women are malicious; so is he; They are proud and covetous, revengeful, lecherous; All which are excellent attributes of the Devil; They would at least seem holy; so would he; And to vail over these villainies, they would prophesie; He gives them leave now and then to use their cunningings, Which is, to kill a Cow, or blast a Harvest,

Make young Pigs pipe themselves to death, choak poultry,
And chase a dairy-wench into a fever
With pumping for her butter.

But when he makes these Agents to raise Emperours,
When he disposes Fortune as his Servant,
And ties her to old wives tails——

Dio. Gothy ways,
Thou art a learned Scholar, against credit,
You hear the Prophecie?

Max. Yes, and I laugh at it;
And so will any man can tell but twenty,
That is not blind, as you are blind and ignorant:
Do you think she knows your fortune?

Dio. I do think it.
Max. I know she has the name of a rare Sooth-sayer;
But do you in your Conscience believe her holy?
Inspir'd with such prophetick Fire?

Dio. Yes, in my conscience.
Max. And that you must upon necessity,
From her words, be a *Cesar*?

Dio. If I live.
Max. There's one stop yet.
Dio. And follow her directions.

Max. But do not juggle with me.
Dio. In faith, Cousin,
So full a truth hangs ever on her Prophecies,
That how I should think otherwise.

Max. Very well, Sir;
You then believe (for methinks 'tis most necessary)
She knows her own Fate?

Dio. I believe it certain.
Max. Dare you but be so wise to let me try it,
For I stand doubtful.

Dio. How?
Max. Come nearer to me,
Because her cunning Devil shall not prevent me;
Close, close, and hear; If she can turn this destiny,
I'll be of your faith too.

Dio. Forward, I fear not;
For if she knows not this, sure she knows nothing;
Enter Delphia.

I am so confident——
Max. 'Faith, so am I too,
That I shall make her Devils sides hum.

Dio. She comes here;
Go take your stand.
Max. Now holly, or you howl for't. [Exit.]

Dio. 'Tis pity this young man should be so stubborn.
Valiant he is, and to his valour temperate,
Only distrustful of delays in Fortune;
I love him dearly well.

Del. Now, my Son *Diocles*,
Are ye not weary of your game to day?
And are ye well?

Dio. Yes, Mother, well and lusty,
Only ye make me hunt for empty shadows. (day:
Del. You must have patience, Rome was not built in one
And he that hopes, must give his hopes their Currents.
You have kill'd a mighty Boar.

Dio. But I am no Emperour:
Why do you fool me thus, and make me follow
Your flattering expectation hour by hour?

Rise early, and sleep late? to feed your appetites,
Forget my Trade, my Arms? forsake mine honour,
Labour and sweat to arrive at a base memory?
Oppose my self to hazards of all sorts,
Only to win the barbarous name of Butcher?

Del. Son, you are wise.
Dio. But you are cunning, Mother;
And with that Cunning, and the faith I give you,
Ye lead me blindly to no end, no honour:
You find ye are daily fed, you take no labour;
Your family at ease, they know no market,
And therefore to maintain this, you speak darkly,

As darkly still ye nourish it, whilst I,
Being a credulous and obsequious Coxcomb,
Hunt daily, and sweat hourly, to find out
To clear your mystery; kill Boar on Boar,
And make your Spits and Pots bow with my Bounties;
Yet I still poorer, further still——

Del. Be provident,
And tempt not the gods dooms; stop not the glory
They are ready to fix on ye. Ye are a fool then;
Chearful and grateful takers, the gods love,
And such as wait their pleasures with full hopes;
The doubtful and distrustful man Heaven frowns at.
What I have told you by my inspiration,
I tell ye once again, must, and shall find ye.

Dio. But when? or how?
Del. *Cum Aprum interfeceris.*
Dio. I have kill'd many.

Del. Not the Boar they point ye;
Nor must I reveal further, till you clear it.
The lots of glorious men are wrapt in mysteries,
And so deliver'd; common and slight Creatures,
That have their ends as open as their actions,
Ease and open fortunes follow.

Max. I shall try
How deep your inspiration lies hid in ye,
And whether your brave spirit have a buckler
To keep this arrow off, I'll make you smoke else.

Dio. Knowing my fortune so precisely, punctually,
And that it must fall without contradiction,
Being a stranger, of no tie unto ye,
Methinks you should be studied in your own,
In your own destiny, methinks, most perfect,
And every hour, and every minute, Mother,
So great a care should Heaven have of her Ministers;
Methinks your fortunes both ways should appear to ye,
Both to avoid and take. Can the Stars now,
And all those influences you receive into you,
Or secret inspirations ye make shew of,
If an hard fortune hung, and were now ready
To pour it self upon your life, deliver ye?
Can they now say, take heed?

Del. Ha? pray ye come hither. (ye,
Max. I would know that; I fear your Devil will cozen
And stand as close as ye can, I shall be with ye.

Del. I find a present ill.
Dio. How?
Del. But I scorn it.

Max. Do ye so? do ye so?
Del. Yes, and laugh at it, *Diocles.*

Is it not strange these wild and foolish men
Should dare to oppose the power of Destiny?
That power the gods shake at? Look yonder, Son.

Max. Have ye spy'd me? then have at ye.
Del. Do, shoot boldly,
Hit me, and spare not, if thou canst.

Dio. Shoot, Cousin.
Max. I cannot; mine arm's dead, I have no feeling;
Or if I could shoot, so strong is her arm'd Vertue,
She would catch the arrow flying.

Del. Poor doubtful people,
I pity your weak faiths.
Dio. Your mercy, Mother,
And from this hour a Deity I crown ye.

Del. No more of that.
Max. O let my Prayers prevail too,
Here like a tree, I dwell else; free me, Mother,
And greater than great Fortune, I'll adore thee.

Del. Be free again, and have more pure thoughts in ye.
Dio. Now I believe your words most constantly,
And when I have that power ye have promis'd to me.
Del. Remember then your Vow, my Niece *Drusilla*,
I mean to marry her, and then ye prosper.

Dio. I shall forget my life else.
Del. I am a poor weak woman, to me no worship.

Enter

Enter Niger, Geta, and Souldiers.

Get. And shall he have as you say, that kills this *Aper*?

Del. Now mark and understand.

Nig. The Proscription's up
I'th' Market place, 'tis up, there ye may read it,
He shall have half the Empire.

Get. A pretty farm i' faith.

Nig. And the Emperours Sister, bright *Aurelia*,
Her to his wife.

Get. Ye say well, Friend, but hark ye,
Who shall do this?

Nig. You, if you dare.

Get. I think so;

Yet I could poyson him in a Pot of Perry,
He loves that veng'ancely; But when I have done this,
May I lye with the Gentlewoman?

Nig. Lye with her? what else, man?

Get. Yes, man,

I have known a man married that never lay with his Wife:
Those dancing days are done.

Nig. These are old Souldiers,
And poor it seems, I'll try their appetites.
'Save ye, brave Souldiers.

Max. Sir, ye talkt of Proscriptions?

Nig. 'Tis true, there is one set up from the Emperour
Against *Volutius Aper*.

Dio. *Aper*?

Del. Now;

Now have you found the Boar?

Dio. I have the meaning;

And blessed Mother——

Nig. He has scorn'd his Master,
And bloodily cut off by treachery
The noble Brother to him.

Dio. He lives here, Sir,
Sickly and weak.

Nig. Did you see him?

Max. No.

Nig. He is murdered;

So ye shall find it mentioned from the Emperour;
And honest faithful Souldiers, but believe it;
For, by the gods, ye will find it so, he is murdered,
The manner how, read in the large Proscription.

Del. It is most true, Son; and he cozens ye,
Aper's a Villain false.

Dio. I thank ye, Mother,
And dare believe ye; hark ye, Sir, the recompence?
As ye related.

Nig. Is as firm as faith, Sir;
Bring him alive or dead.

Max. You took a fit time, (him not,
The General being out o' th' Town; for though we love
Yet had he known this first, you had paid for't dearly.

Dio. 'Tis *Niger*, now I know him; honest *Niger*,
A true sound man, and I believe him constantly;
Your business may be done, make no great hurry
For your own safety.

Nig. No, I am gone; I thank ye. [Exit.

Dio. Pray, *Maximinian*, pray.

Max. I'll pray, and work too.

Dio. I'll to the Market-place, and read the offer,
And now I have found the Boar.

Del. Find your own faith too,
And remember what ye have vow'd.

Dio. O Mother,

Del. Prosper. (ours,

Get. If my master and I do this, there's two Empe-
And what a show will that make? how we shall bounce it?

[Exeunt.

Aetus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Drusilla*, and *Delphia*.

Dru. Leave us, and not vouchsafe a parting kiss
To her that in his hopes of greatnets lives,
And goes along with him in all his dangers?

Del. I grant 'twas most inhumane.

Dru. O, you give it

Too mild a name; 'twas more than barbarous,
And you a Partner in't.

Del. I, *Drusilla*?

Dru. Yes,

You have blown his swoln Pride to that vastness,
As he believes the Earth is in his fathom,
This makes him quite forget his humble Being;
And can I hope that he, that only fed
With the imagin'd food of future Empire,
Disdains even those that gave him means and life
To nourish such desires, when he's possess'd
Of his ambitious ends (which must fall on him,
Or your Predictions are false) will ever
Descend to look on me!

Del. Were his intents

Perfidious as the Seas or Winds, his heart
Compos'd of falshood; yet the benefit,
The greatnets of the good he has from you,
(For what I have confer'd, is thine, *Drusilla*)
Must make him firm, and thankful; But if all
Remembrance of the debts he stands engag'd for,
Find a quick Grave in his Ingratitude,
My powerful Art, that guides him to this height
Shall make him curse the hour he e'r was rais'd,
Or sink him to the Centre.

Dru. I had rather

Your Art could force him to return that ardour
To me, I bear to him; or give me power
To moderate my passions; yet I know not,
I should repent your grant, though you had sign'd it,
(So well I find he's worthy of all service)
But to believe that any check to him
In his main hopes, could yield content to me,
Were treason to true love, that knows no pleasure;
The object that it dotes on ill affected.

Del. Pretty simplicity; I love thee for't,

And will not sit an idle looker on,
And see it cozen'd; dry thy innocent eyes,
And cast off jealous fears, (yet promises
Are but lip comfort) and but fancy ought
That's possible in Nature, or in Art,
That may advance thy comfort, and be bold
To tell thy Soul 'tis thine; therefore speak freely.

Dru. You new create me. To conceal from you

My virgin-fondness, were to hide my sickness
From my Physician! O dear Aunt, I languish
For want of *Diocles's* sight; he is the Sun
That keeps my blood in a perpetual Spring;
But in his absence, cold-benumbing Winter
Seizes on all my faculties. Would you bind me
(That am your Slave already) in more fetters,
And (in the place of service) to adore you?

O bear me then (but 'tis impossible;

I fear to be effected) where I may
See how my *Diocles* breaks thro'ow his dangers,
And in what heaps his honours flow upon him,
That I may meet him, in the height and pride
Of all his glories; and there (as your gift)
Challenge him as mine own.

Del. Enjoy thy wishes;

This is an easie Boon, which at thy years,
I could have given to any; but now grown

Perfect in all the hidden mysteries
Of that inimitable Art, which makes us
Equal even to the gods, and Natures wonders,
It shall be done, as fits my skill and glory:
To break thorow bolts, and locks, a Scholars prize
For Thieves, and Pick-locks: to pass thorow an Army
Cover'd with night, or some disguise, the practice
Of poor and needy Spies: No, my *Drusilla*,
From *Ceres* I will force her winged Dragons,
And in the air hung over the Tribunal;
(The Musick of the Spheres attending on us.)
There, as his good Star, thou shalt shine upon him,
If he prove true, and as his Angel guard him.
But if he dare be false, I, in a moment
Will put that glorious light out, with such horreur,
As if the eternal Night had seiz'd the Sun,
Or all things were return'd to the first Châos,
And then appear like Furies.

Dru. I will do

What e're you shall command.

Del. Rest then assur'd,

I am the Mistress of my Art, and fear not.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Soft Musick.*

SCENE II.

Enter Aper, Camurius, Guard, a Litter covered.

Aper. Your care of your sick Emperour, fellow-fouldiers,
In colours to the life, doth shew your love,
And zealous duty: O continue in it.
And though I know you long to see and hear him,
Impute it not to pride, or Melancholy,
That keeps you from your wishes: such State-vices
(Too too familiar with great Princes) are
Strangers to all the actions of the life
Of good *Numerianus*: Let your patience
Be the Physitian to his wounded eyes,
(Wounded with pious sorrow for his Father)
Which time and your strong Patience will recover,
Provided it prove constant.

1 Guard. If he counterfeit,
I will hereafter trust a prodigal heir,
When he weeps at his Fathers Funeral. (band,

2 Guard. Or a young widow following a bed-rid hus-
(After a three years groaning) to the Fire.

3 Guard. Note his humility, and with what soft murmurs
He does enquire his pleasures.

1 Guard. And how soon
He is instructed.

2 Guard. How he bows again too.

Aper. All your commands (dread *Cesar*) I'll impart
To your most ready Souldier, to obey them;
So take your rest in peace. It is the pleasure
Of mighty *Cesar* (his thanks still remembred
For your long patience, which a donative,
Fitting his State to give, shall quickly follow)
That you continue a strict Guard upon
His sacred person, and admit no stranger
Of any other Legion, to come near him;
You being most trusted by him. I receive
Your answer in your silence. Now, *Camurius*,
Speak without flattery; Hath thy *Aper* acted
This passion to the life?

Cam. I would applaud him,
Were he saluted *Cesar*: but I fear
These long protracted counsels will undo us;
And 'tis beyond my reason, he being dead,
You should conceal your self, or hope it can
Continue undiscover'd.

Aper. That I have kill'd him,
Yet feed these ignorant fools with hopes he lives,
Has a main end in't. The *Pannonian* Cohorts
(That are my own, and sure) are not come up,
The *German* Legions waver, and *Charinus*
(Brother to this dead dog) (hells plagues on *Niger*)

Is jealous of the murther; and, I hear,
Is marching up against me. 'Tis not safe,
Till I have power, to justify the Act,
To shew my self the authour: be therefore careful
For an hour or two (till I have fully sounded
How the Tribunes and Centurions stand affected)
That none come near the Litter. If I find them
Firm on my part, I dare profess my self,
And then live *Aper's* equal.

Cam. Does not the body
Begin to putrifie?

Aper. That exacts my haste:
When, but even now, I feign'd obedience to it,
As I had some great business to impart,
The scent had almost choak'd me: be therefore curious:
All keep at distance. [*Exit.*

Cam. I am taught my part;
Haste you to perfect yours.

1 Guard. I had rather meet
An enemy in the field, than stand thus nodding
Like to a rug-gown'd Watch-man.

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, Geta.

Geta. The Watch at noon?
This is a new device.

Cam. Stand.

Dio. I am arm'd
Against all danger.

Max. If I fear to follow,
A Cowards name pursue me.

Dio. Now my Fate
Guide and direct me.

Cam. You are rude and sawcy,
With your forbidden feet to touch this ground,
Sacred to *Cesar* only, and to these
That do attend his person; Speak, what are you?

Dio. What thou, nor any of thy faction are,
Nor ever were: Souldiers, and honest men.

Cam. So blunt?

Geta. Nay, you shall find he's good at the sharp too.

Dio. No instruments of craft: engines of murther,
That serve the Emperour only with oil'd tongues,
Sooth and applaud his vices, play the Bauds
To all his appetites; and when you have wrought
So far upon his weakness, that he's grown
Odious to the subject and himself,
And can no further help your wicked ends,
You rid him out of the way.

Cam. Treason?

Dio. 'Tis truth,
And I will make it good.

Cam. Lay hands upon 'em,
Or kill them suddenly.

Geta. I am out at that;
I do not like the sport.

Dio. What's he that is
Owner of any vertue worth a *Roman*,
Or does retain the memory of the Oath
He made to *Cesar*, that dares lift his Sword
Against the man that (careless of his life)
Comes to discover such a horrid Treason,
As when you hear't, and understand how long
Y'ave been abus'd, will run you mad with fury?
I am no stranger, but (like you) a Souldier,
Train'd up one from my youth: and there are some
With whom I have serv'd, and (not to praise my self)
Must needs confess they have seen *Diocles*
In the late *Britain* wars, both dare and do
Beyond a common man.

1 Guard. *Diocles*?

2 Guard. I know him,
The bravest Souldier of the Empire.

Cam. Stand:
If thou advance an inch, thou art dead. [*Dio. kills Camu.*

Dio.

Dio. Die thou,
That durst oppose thy self against a truth
That will break out, though mountains cover it.

Get. I fear this is a sucking Pig; no Boar,
He falls so easie.

Dio. Hear me, fellow Souldiers;
And if I make it not apparent to you
This is an act of Justice, and no Murther,
Cut me in pieces; I'll disperse the cloud
That hath so long obscur'd a bloody act
Ne'r equal'd yet: you all knew with what favours
The good *Numerianus* ever grac't
The Provost *Aper*?

Guard. True.

Dio. And that those bounties
Should have contain'd him (if he e're had learn'd
The Elements of honesty and truth)
In loyal duty: But ambition never
Looks backward on desert, but with blind haste
Boldly runs on. But I lose time. You are here
Commanded by this *Aper* to attend
The Emperours person; to admit no stranger
To have access to him, or come near his Litter,
Under pretence (forsooth) his eyes are sore,
And his minde troubled: no, my friends, you are cozen'd;
The good *Numerianus* now is past
The sence of wrong or injury.

Guard. How, dead?

Dio. Let your own eyes inform you.

Get. An Emperours Cabinet?
Fough, I have known a Charnel-house smell sweeter.
If Emperours flesh have this favour, what will mine do,
When I am rotten?

1 *Guard.* Most unheard of villany.

2 *Guard.* And with all cruelty to be reveng'd.

3 *Guard.* Who is the murtherer? name him, that we may
Punish it in his family.

Dio. Who but *Aper*?

The barbarous and most ingrateful *Aper*,
His desperate Poniard printed on his breast
This deadly wound: hate to vow'd enemies
Finds a full satisfaction in death;
And Tyrants seek no farther. He (a Subject,
And bound by all the Ties of love and duty)
Ended not so; but does deny his Prince
(Whose ghost forbad passage to his rest,
Mourns by the *Stygian* shore) his Funeral-Rites.
Nay, weep not; let your loves speak in your anger;
And, to confirm you gave no suffrage to
The damned Plot, lend me your helping hands
To wreak the Parricide: and if you find
That there is worth in *Diocles* to deserve it,
Make him your leader.

Guard. A *Diocles*, a *Diocles*.

Dio. We'll force him from his Guards. And now, my
If you have any good for me in store, (Stars,
Shew it, when I have slain this fatal Boar. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*Enter Delphia and Drusilla, in a Throne drawn
by Dragons.*

Del. Fix here, and rest a while your Sail-stretch'd wings
That have out-strip'd the winds: the eye of Heaven
Durst not behold your speed, but hid it self
Behind the grossest clouds; and the pale Moon
Pluckt in her silver horns, trembling for fear
That my strong Spells should force her from her Sphere;
Such is the power of Art.

Dru. Good Aunt, where are we?

Del. Look down, *Drusilla*, on these lofty Towers,
These spacious streets, where every private house
Appears a Palace to receive a King:
The site, the wealth, the beauty of the place,

Will soon inform thee 'tis imperious *Rome*,
Rome, the great Mistress of the conquer'd world.

Dru. But without *Diocles*, it is to me
Like any wilderness we have pass'd o're:
Shall I not see him?

Del. Yes, and in full glory,
And glut thy greedy eyes with looking on
His prosperous success: Contain thy self;
For though all things beneath us are transparent,
The sharpest sighted, were he Eagle-ey'd,
Cannot discover us: nor will we hang
Idle Spectators to behold his triumph:

*Enter Diocles, Maximinian, Guard, Aper,
Senators, Geta, Officers, with Litter.*

But when occasion shall present it self,
Do something to add to it. See, he comes.

Dru. How god-like he appears! with such a grace
The Giants that attempted to scale Heaven,
When they lay dead on the *Phlegrean* plain,
Mars did appear to *Jove*.

Del. Forbear.

Dio. Look on this,
And when with horror thou hast view'd thy deed,
(Thy most accursed deed) be thine own judge,
And see (thy guilt consider'd) if thou canst
Perswade thy self (whom thou stand'st bound to hate)
To hope or plead for mercy.

Aper. I confess
My life's a burden to me.

Dio. Thou art like thy name,
A cruel Boar, whose snout hath rooted up
The fruitfull Vineyard of the common-wealth:
I long have hunted for thee, and since now
Thou art in the Toyl, it is in vain to hope
Thou ever shalt break out: thou dost deserve
The Hangmans hook, or to be punished
More majorum, whipt with rods to death,
Or any way, that were more terrible.

Yet, since my future fate depends upon thee,
Thus, to fulfill great *Delphia's* Prophecie,
Aper (thou fatal Boar) receive the honour [Kills *Aper*.
To fall by *Diocles* hand. Shine clear, my Stars,
That usher'd me to taste this common air
In my entrance to the world, and give applause
To this great work. [Musick

Del. Strike Musick from the Spheres.

Dru. O now you honour me.

Dio. Ha! in the Air!

All. Miraculous.

Max. This shews the gods approve
The Person, and the Act: then if the Senate
(For in their eyes I read the Souldiers love)
Think *Diocles* worthy to supply the place
Of dead *Numerianus*, as he stands
His Heir, in his revenge, with one consent
Salute him Emperour.

Senat. Long live *Diocles*:
Augustus, *Pater Patriæ*, and all Titles,
That are peculiar only to the *Cæsars*,
We gladly throw upon him.

Guard. We confirm it,
And will defend his honour with our Swords
Against the world: raise him to the Tribunal.

1 *Sen.* Fetch the Imperial Robes: and as a sign
We give him absolute power of life and death,
Bind this Sword to his side.

2 *Sen.* Omit no Ceremony
That may be for his honour.

SONG.

Max. Still the gods
Express that they are pleas'd with this election.
Geta. My Master is an Emperour, and I feel

A Senators Itch upon me : would I could hire
These fine invisible Fiddlers to play to me
At my instalment.

Dio. I embrace your loves,
And hope the honours that you heap upon me,
Shall be with strength supported. It shall be
My studie to appear another *Atlas*,
To stand firm underneath this heaven of Empire,
And bear it boldly. I desire no Titles,
But as I shall deserve 'em. I will keep
The name I had, being a private man,
Only with some small difference ; I will add
To *Diocles* but two short syllables,
And be called *Dioclesianus*.

Geta. That is fine :
I'll follow the fashion ; and when I am a Senator,
I will be no more plain *Geta*, but be call'd
Lord *Getianus*.

Dru. He ne'er thinks of me,
Nor of your favour.

Enter Niger.

Del. If he dares prove false,
These glories shall be to him as a dream,
Or an enchanted banquet.

Niger. From *Charinus*,
From great *Charinus*, who with joy hath heard
Of your proceedings, and confirms your honours :
He, with his beauteous Sister, fair *Aurelia*,
Are come in person, like themselves attended
To gratulate your fortune. [*Loūd Musick.*]

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, Attendants.

Dio. For thy news,
Be thou in *France* Pro-consul : let us meet
The Emperour with all honour, and embrace him.

Dru. O Aunt, I fear this Princess doth eclipse
Th' opinion of my beauty, though I were
My self to be the judge.

Del. Rely on me.

Char. 'Tis vertue, and not birth that makes us noble :
Great actions speak great minds, and such should govern ;
And you are grac't with both. Thus, as a Brother,
A fellow, and Co-partner in the Empire,
I do embrace you : may we live so far
From difference, or emulous Competition,
That all the world may say, Although two Bodies,
We have one Mind.

Aur. When I look on the Trunk
Of dear *Numerianus*, I should wash
His wounds with tears, and pay a Sisters sorrow
To his sad fate : but since he lives again
In your most brave Revenge, I bow to you,
As to a power that gave him second life,
And will make good my promise. If you find
That there is worth in me that may deserve you,
And that in being your wife, I shall not bring
Disquiet and dishonour to your Bed,
Although my youth and fortune should require
Both to be su'd and sought to, here I yield
My self at your devotion.

Dio. O you gods,
Teach me how to be thankful : you have pour'd
All blessings on me, that ambitious man
Could ever fancie : till this happy minute,
I ne'er saw beauty, or believ'd there could be
Perfection in a woman. I shall live
To serve and honour you : upon my knees
I thus receive you ; and, so you vouchsafe it,
This day I am doubly married ; to the Empire,
And your best-self.

Del. False and perfidious villain.——

Dru. Let me fall headlong on him : O my stars !
This I foresaw and fear'd.

Cha. Call forth a *Flamen*,
This knot shall now be ti'd.

Del. But I will loose it,
If Art or Hell have any strength.

Enter a Flamen, Thunder, and Lightning.

Cha. Prodigious !

Max. How soon the day's orecast !

Fla. The Signs are fatal :

Juno smiles not upon this Match, and shews too
She has her thunder.

Dio. Can there be a stop
In my full fortune ?

Cha. We are too violent,
And I repent the haste : we first should pay
Our latest duty to the dead, and then
Proceed discreetly. Let's take up the body,
And when we have plac'd his ashes in his Urn,
We'll try the gods again for wise men say,
Marriage and Obsequies do not suit one day.

[*Senate Exit.*]

Del. So, 'tis deferr'd yet, in despite of falshood :
Comfort *Drusilla*, for he shall be thine,
Or wish, in vain, he were not. I will punish [*Ascend.*]
His perjury to the height. Mount up, my birds ;
Some Rites I am to perform to *Hecate*,
To perfect my designs ; which once perform'd,
He shall be made obedient to thy Call,
Or in his ruine I will bury all. [*Ascends throne.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Maximinian, (solus.)

Max. What powerful Star shin'd at this mans Nativity ?
And bless'd his homely Cradle with full glory ?
What throngs of people press and buz about him,
And with their humming flatteries sing him *Cesar* ?
Sing him aloud, and grow hoarse with saluting him ?
How the fierce-minded Souldier steals in to him,
Adores and courts his honour ? at his devotion
Their lives, their vertues, and their fortunes laying ?
Charinus sues, the Emperour intreats him,
And as a brighter flame, takes his beams from him.
The bless'd and bright *Aurelia*, she doats on him,
And, as the god of Love, burns incense to him.
All eyes live on him. Yet I am still *Maximinian*,
Still the same poor and wretched thing, his servant.
What have I got by this ? where lies my glory ?
How am I rais'd and honour'd ? I have gone as far
To woo this purblind honour, and have pass'd
As many dangerous Expeditions,
As noble, and as high ; nay, in his destinie
(Whilst 'twas unknown) have run as many hazards,
And done as much ; sweat thorow as many perils ;
Only the Hang-man of *Voluntius Aper*
(Which I mistook) has made him Emperour,
And me his slave.

Enter Delphia, and Drusilla.

Del. Stand still ; he cannot see us,
Till I please : mark him well, this discontentment
I have forc'd into him, for thy cause, *Drusilla*.

Max. Can the gods see this ;
See it with justice, and confer their blessings
On him, that never slung one grain of incense
Upon their Altars ? never bow'd his knee yet ;
And I that have march'd foot by foot, struck equally,
And whilst he was a gleaner, have been praying,
Contemning his base covetous ——

Del. Now we'll be open.

Max. Bless me, and with all reverence.

Del.

Del. Stand up, Son,
And wonder not at thy ungratefull Uncle :
I know thy thoughts, and I appear to ease 'em.

Max. O Mother, did I stand the tenth part to ye
Engag'd and fetter'd, as mine Uncle does,
How would I serve, how would I fall before ye ?
The poorer powers we worship.

Del. Peace, and flatter not ;
Necessitie and anger draws this from ye ;
Of both which I will quit ye : For your Uncle
I spoke this honour, and it fell upon him ;
Fell, to his full content : he has forgot me,
For all my care ; forgot me, and his vow too :
As if a dream had vanish'd, so h'as lost me,
And I him : let him now stand fast. Come hither ;
My care is now on you.

Max. O blessed Mother !

Del. Stand still, and let me work. So now, *Maximilian*,
Go, and appear in Court, and eye *Aurelia* :
Believe, what I have done, concerns ye highly.
Stand in her view, make your addresses to her :
She is the Stair of honour. I'll say no more,
But Fortune is your servant : go.

Max. With reverence ; ———

All this as holy truths. [Exit.]

Del. Believe, and prosper.

Dru. Yet all this cures not me ; but as much credit,
As much belief from *Dioclesian*.

Enter *Geta*, *Lictors*, and *Suitors*, (with *Petitions*.)

Del. Be not dejected ; I have warn'd ye often :
The proudest thoughts he has, I'll humble. Who's this ?
O 'tis the fool and knave grown a grave Officer :
Here's hot and high preferment.

Get. What's your Bill ?

For Gravel for the *Appian* way, and Pills ?
Is the way rheumatick ?

1 Suitor. 'Tis Piles, and't please you.

Get. Remove me those Piles to Port *Esquiline*,
Fitter the place, my friend : you shall be paid.

1 Suit. I thank your worship.

Get. Thank me when ye have it ;
Thank me another way, ye are an Ass else.
I know my office : you are for the streets, Sir.
Lord, how ye throng ! that knave has eaten Garlick ;
Whip him, and bring him back.

3 Suitor. I beseech your Worship ;

Here's an old reckoning for the dung and dirt, Sir.

Get. It stinks like thee : away. Yet let him tarry,
His Bill shall quit his Breath. Give your *Petitions*
In seemly sort, and keep your hat off, decently.
For scowring the water-courses thorow the Cities ?
A fine periphrafs of a kennel-raker.

Did ye scour all, my friend ? ye had some business :
Who shall scour you ? you are to be paid, I take it,
When Surgeons swear you have perform'd your office.

4 Suit. Your Worship's merry.

Get. We must be sometimes wittie,
To nick a knave ; 'tis as useful as our gravitie.
I'll take no more *Petitions* ; I am peester'd ;
Give me some rest.

4 Suit. I have brought the gold (and't please ye)
About the Place ye promised.

Get. See him enter'd.

How does your Daughter ?

4 Suit. Better your worship thinks of her.

Get. This is with the least. But let me see your Daughter.
'Tis a good forward maid ; I'll joyn her with ye.
I do beseech ye, leave me.

Lictor. Ye see the *Edile's* busie.

Get. And look to your places, or I'll make ye smoke else.
Sirrah, I drank a cup of wine at your house yesterday ;
A good smart wine.

Lictor. Send him the piece, he likes it.

Get. And ate the best wild Boar at that same Farmers.

2 Su. I have half left yet : your worship shall command it.

Get. A bit will serve : give me some rest : gods help me.
How shall I labour when I am a Senator ?

Del. 'Tis a fit place indeed. 'Save your Master ship ;
Do you know us, Sir ?

Get. These women are still troublesome.
There be houses providing for such wretched women,
And some small Rents, to set ye a spinning.

Dru. Sir,

We are no Spinsters ; nor, if you look upon us,
So wretched as you take us.

Del. Docs your Mightiness
That is a great destroyer of your Memorie,
Yet understand our faces ?

Get. 'Prethee keep off, woman ;
It is not fit I should know every creature.
Although I have been familiar with thee heretofore,
I must not know thee now : my place neglects thee.
Yet, because I daign a glimpse of your remembrances,
Give me your Suits, and wait me a month hence.

Del. Our Suits are, Sir, to see the Emperour,
The Emperour *Dioclesian*, to speak to him,
And not to wait on you. We have told you all, Sir.

Get. I laugh at your simplicitie, poor women :
See the Emperour ? why you are deceiv'd : now
The Emperour appears but once in seven years,
And then he shines not on such weeds as you are.
Forward, and keep your State, and keep beggers from me.

Dru. Here is a prettie youth. [Exeunt.]

Enter *Diocles*.

Del. He shall be prettie,
Or I will want my will, since ye are so high, Sir :
I'll raise ye higher, or my art shall fail me.
Stand close, he comes.

Dio. How am I cross'd and tortur'd ?
My most wish'd happiness, my lovely Mistris,
That must make good my hopes, and link my greatness,
Yet fever'd from mine arms ? Tell me, high heaven,
How have I sinn'd, that you should speak in thunder,
In horrid thunder, when my heart was ready
To leap into her breast ? the Priest was ready ?
The joyful virgins and the young men ready ?
When *Hymen* stood with all his flames about him
Blessing the bed ? the house with full joy sweating ?
And expectation, like the *Roman* Eagle,
Took stand, and call'd all eyes ? It was your honour ;
And e're you give it full, do you destroy it ?
Or was there some dire Star ? some Devil that did it ?
Some sad malignant Angel to mine honour ?
With you I dare not rage.

Del. With me thou canst not,
Though it was I. Nay, look not pale and frighted ;
I'll fright thee more. With me thou canst not quarrel ;
I rais'd the thunder, to rebuke thy falshood :
Look here, to her thy falshood. Now be angry,
And be as great in evil as in Empire.

Dio. Bless me, ye Powers.

Del. Thou hast full need of blessing.
'Twas I, that at thy great Inauguration,
Hung in the air unseen : 'twas I that honour'd thee
With various Musicks, and sweet sounding airs :
'Twas I inspir'd the Souldiers heart with wonder,
And made him throw himself, with love and duty,
Low at thy feet : 'twas I that fix'd him to thee,
But why did I all this ? To keep thy honestie,
Thy vow and faith ; that once forgot and slighted
Aurelia in regard, the Marriage ready,
The Priest and all the Ceremonies present,
'Twas I that thundred loud ; 'twas I that threatned ;
'Twas I that cast a dark face over heaven,
And smote ye all with terrour. *Dru.* Yet consider,
As ye are noble, as I have deserv'd ye ;

D d d d

For

For yet ye are free : if neither faith nor promise,
The deeds of elder times may be remembred,
Let these new-dropping tears ; for I still love ye,
These hands held up to heaven.

Dio. I must not pity ye ;

'Tis not wise in me.

Del. How ? not wise ?

Dio. Nor honourable.

A Princess is my Love, and doats upon me :
A fair and lovely Princess is my Mistress.
I am an Emperour : consider, Prophetess,
Now my embraces are for Queens and Princesses,
For Ladies of high mark, for divine beauties :
To look so low as this cheap common sweetness,
Would speak me base, my names and glories nothing.

I grant I made a vow ; what was I then ?
As the is now, of no fort, (hope made me promise)
But now I am ; to keep this vow, were monstrous,
A madness, and a low inglorious fondness.

Del. Take heed, proud man.

Drus. Princes may love with Titles,
But I with Truth.

Del. Take heed ; here stands thy destinie ;
Thy Fate here follows.

Dio. Thou doating Sorceress,
Wouldst have me love this thing, that is not worthy
To kneel unto my Saint ? to kiss her shadow ?
Great Princes are her slaves ; selected beauties
Bow at her beck : the mighty *Persian's* Daughter
(Bright as the breaking East, as mid-day glorious)
Waits her commands, and grows proud in her pleasures.
I'll see her honour'd : some Match I shall think of,
That shall advance ye both ; mean time I'll favour ye. [*Exit.*]

Del. Mean time I'll haunt thee. Cry not (wench) be con-
E're long, thou shalt more pity him (observe me) (fident,
And pity him in truth, than now thou seek'st him :
My art and I are yet companions. Come, Girl. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Geta, Lictors.

Get. I am too merciful, I find it, friends,
Of too soft a nature to be an Officer ;
I bear too much remorse.

1 Lict. 'Tis your own fault, Sir ;
For look you, one so newly warm in Office
Should lay about him blindfold, like true Justice,
Hit where it will : the more ye whip and hang, Sir,
(Though without cause ; let that declare it self afterward)
The more ye are admired.

Get. I think I shall be. ———

2 Lict. Your worship is a man of a spare body,
And prone to anger.

Get. Nay, I will be angry,
And, the best is, I need not shew my reason.

2 Lict. You need not, Sir, your place is without reason ;
And what you want in growth and full proportion,
Make up in rule and rigour.

Get. A rare Counsellor ;
Instru't me further. Is it fit, my friends,
The Emperour my Master *Dioclesian*
Should now remember or the times or manners
That call'd him plain down *Diocles* ?

1 Lict. He must not,
It stands not with his Royaltie.

Get. I grant ye,
I being then the *Edile Getianus*,
A man of place, and Judge, is it held requisite
I should commit to my consideration
Those Rascals of removed and ragged hours,
That with unreverend mouths call'd me Slave *Geta* ?

2 Lict. You must forget their names ; your honour bids

Get. I do forget ; but I'll hang their natures : (ye.
I will ascend my place, which is of Justice ;

And mercy, I forget thee. *Suitor.* A rare Magistrate !
Another *Solon* sure.

Get. Bring out the offenders.

1 Lict. There are none yet, Sir, but no doubt there will be.
But if you please touch some things of those natures.

Get. And am I ready, and mine anger too ?
The melancholy of a Magistrate upon me,
And no offenders to execute my fury ?

Ha ? no offenders, knaves ?

1 Lict. There are knaves indeed, Sir,
But we hope shortly to have 'em for your worship.

Get. No men to hang or whip ? are you good officers,
That provide no fuel for a Judges fury ?
In this place something must be done ; this Chair, I tell ye,
When I sit down, must favour of Severitie :
Therefore I warn ye all, bring me lewd people,
Or likely to be lewd ; twigs must be cropt too :

Let me have evil persons in abundance,
Or make 'em evil ; 'tis all one, do but say so,
That I may have fit matter for a Magistrate ;
And let me work. If I sit empty once more,
And lose my longing, as I am true *Edile*,
And as I hope to rectifie my Countrie,
You are those scabs I will scratch off from the Common-
You are these Rascals of the State I treat of, (wealth ;
And you shall find and feel. ———

2 Lict. You shall have many,
Many notorious people.

Get. Let 'em be people,
And take ye notorious to your selves. Mark me, my Lictors,
And you, the rest of my Officials ;
If I be angry, as my place will ask it,
And want fit matter to dispose my Authoritie,
I'll hang a hundred of ye : I'll not stay longer,
Nor enquire no further into your offences :
It is sufficient that I find no Criminals,
And therefore I must make some : if I cannot,
Suffer my self ; for so runs my Commission.

Suitor. An admirable, zealous and true Justice

1 Lict. I cannot hold : if there be any people,
Of what degree foever, or what qualitie,
That would behold the wonderful works of Justice
In a new Officer, a man conceal'd yet,
Let him repair, and see, and hear, and wonder
At the most wise and gracious *Getianus*.

Enter Delphia, and Drusilla.

Get. This qualifies a little. What are these ?

Del. You shall not mourn still : times of recreation,
To allay this sadness, must be sought. What's here ?
A superstitious flock of senseless people
Worshipping a sign in Office ?

Get. Lay hold on her,
And hold her fast,
She'll slip thorow your fingers like an Eel else ;
I know her tricks : hold her, I say, and bind her,
Or hang her first, and then I'll tell her wherefore.

Del. What have I done ?

Get. Thou hast done enough to undo thee ; (warrant,
Thou hast pressed to the Emperours presence without my
I being his key and image.

Del. You are an image indeed,
And of the courtest stuff, and the worst making (Affe.
That e're I look'd on yet : I'll make as good an image of an
Get. Besides, thou art a woman of a lewd life.

Del. I am no whore, Sir, nor no common fame
Has yet proclaim'd me to the people, vitious.

Get. Thou art to me a damnable lewd woman,
Which is as much as all the people swore it ;
I know thou art a keeper of tame Devils :
And whereas great and grave men of my place
Can by the Laws be allow'd but one apiece,
For their own services and recreations ;

Thou,

Thou, like a traitorous quean; keepst twenty devils;
Twenty in ordinary.

Del. Pray ye, Sir, be pacified,
If that be all: and if ye want a servant,
You shall have one of mine shall serve for nothing;
Faithful, and diligent, and a wise Devil too;
Think for what end.

Get. Let her alone, 'tis us'ful;
We men of business must use speedie servants:
Let me see your family.

Del. Think but one, he is ready.

Get. A Devil for intelligence? No, no,
He will lye beyond all travellers. A State Devil?
Neither; he will undo me at mine own weapon.
For execution? he will hang me too.

I would have a handfom, pleasant and a fine she-devil,
To entertain the Ladies that come to me;
A travell'd Devil too, that speaks the tongues,
And a neat carving Devil. [Musick.

Enter a she-devil.

Del. Be not fearful.

Get. A prettie brown devil i'faith; may I not kifs her?

Del. Yes, and embrace her too; she is your servant.
Fear not; her lips are cool enough.

Get. She is marvellous well mounted; what's her name?

Del. *Lucifera.*

Get. Come hither, *Lucifera*, and kifs me.

Del. Let her sit on your knee.

Get. The Chair turns: hey-boys:

Pleasant i'faith, and a fine facetious Devil. [Dance.

Del. She would whisper in your ear, and tell ye wonders.

Get. Come; what's her name?

Del. *Lucifera.*

Get. Come, *Lucie*, come, speak thy mind. I am certain

[Exeunt.

I have a kind of Glasse-house in my cod-piece.
Are these the flames of State? I am roasted over,
Over, and over-roasted. Is this Office?
The pleasure of authoritie? I'le no more on't,
Till I can punish Devils too; I'le quit it.
Some other Trade now, and some course less dangerous,
Or certainly I'le tyle again for two pence. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, Cassana, Ambassadors, Attendants.

Aur. Never dispute with me; you cannot have her:
Nor name the greatness of your King; I scorn him:
Your knees to me are nothing; should he bow too,
It were his dutie, and my power to flight him.

Cha. She is her woman; never sue to me;
And in her power to render her, or keep her;
And she, my Silter, not to be compell'd,
Nor have her own snatch'd from her.

Amb. We desire not,
But for what ransom she shall please to think of;
Jewels, or Towns, or Provinces. *Aur.* No ransom,
No, not your Kings own head, his crown upon it,
And all the low subjections of his people.

Amb. Fair Princes should have tender thoughts.

Aur. Is she too good
To wait upon the mighty Emperours Sister?
What Princess of that sweetness, or that excellence,
Sprung from the proudest, and the mightiest Monarchs,
But may be highly blest to be my servant?

Cas. 'Tis most true, mighty Lady.

Aur. Has my fair usage
Made you so much despise me and your fortune,
That ye grow weary of my entertainments?
Henceforward, as ye are, I will command ye,
And as you were ordain'd my prisoner,
My slave, and one I may dispose of any way,
No more my fair Companion: tell your King so:

And if he had more Sisters, I would have 'em,
And use 'em as I please. You have your answer. (it. [Ex
Amb. We must take some other way: force must compe

Enter Maximinian.

Max. Now if thou beest a *Prophetess*, and canst do
Things of that wonder that thy tongue delivers,
Canst raise me too: I shall be bound to speak thee:
I half believe, confirm the other to me,
And Monuments to all succeeding Ages,
Of thee, and of thy piety. — Now she eyes me.
Now work great power of art: she moves unto me:
How sweet, how fair, and lovely her aspects are!
Her eyes like bright Eoan flames shoot thorow me.

Aur. O my fair friend, where have you been?

Max. What am I?

What does she take me for? work still, work strongly.

Aur. Where have you fled, my loves and my embraces?

Max. I am beyond my wits.

Aur. Can one poor Thunder,
Whose causes are as common as his noises,
Make ye defer your lawful and free pleasures?
Strike terrour to a Souldiers heart, a Monarchs?
Thorow all the fires of angry heaven, thorow tempests
That sing of nothing but destruction,
Even underneath the bolt of *Jove*, then ready,
And aiming dreadfully, I would seek you,
And flie into your arms.

Max. I shall be mighty,
And (which I never knew yet) I am goodly;
For certain, a most handfom man.

Cha. Fie, Sister,
What a forgetful weakness is this in ye?
What a light presence? these are words and offers
Due only to your husband *Dioclesian*;
This free behaviour only his.

Aur. 'Tis strange
That only empty names compel affections:
This man, ye see, give him what name or title,
Let it be ne're so poor, ne're so despis'd, Brother,
This lovely man. —

Max. Though I be hang'd, I'le forward:
For, certain, I am excellent, and knew not.
Aur. This rare and sweet young man, see how he looks,
Max. I'le juggle hard, dear Uncle. (Sir.
Aur. This thing, I say,
Let him be what he will, or bear what fortune,
This most unequal'd man, this spring of beauty
Deserves the bed of *Juno*.

Cha. You are not mad.

Max. I hope she be; I am sure I am little better.

Aur. O fair, sweet man!

Cha. For shame refrain this impudence. (blessing:
Max. Would I had her alone, that I might seal this
Sure, sure she should not beg: if this continue,
As I hope, Heaven, it will; Uncle, I'le nick ye,
I'le nick ye, by this life. Some would fear killing
In the pursuit now of so rare a venture;

Enter Diocles.

I am covetous to die for such a beauty.
Mine Uncle comes: now, if she stand, I am happie.

Cha. Be right again, for honours sake.

Dio. Fair Mistris —

Aur. What man is this? Away. What sawcy fellow?
Dare any such base groom press to salute me?
Dio. Have ye forgot me, Fair, or do you jest with me?
I'le tell ye what I am: come, pray ye look iovely.
Nothing but frowns and scorns?

Aur. Who is this fellow?

Dio. I'le tell ye who I am: I am your husband.

Aur. Husband to me?

Dio. To you. I am *Dioclesian*.

Max. More of this sport, and I am made, old Mother:
D d d d z Effect

effect but this thou hast begun.

Dio. I am he, Lady,

Revenge'd your Brothers death; slew cruel *Aper*;
I am he the Souldier courts, the Empire honours,
Your Brother loves; am he (my lovely Mistress)
Will make you Empress of the World.

Max. Still excellent;

Now I see too, mine Uncle may be cozen'd:
An Emperour may suffer like another.

Well said, old Mother, hold up this miracle.

Aur. Thou liest, thou art not he: thou a brave fellow?

Char. Is there no shame, no modesty in women?

Aur. Thou one of high and full mark?

Dio. Gods! what ails she?

Aur. Generous and noble? Fie, thou liest most basely.

Thy face, and all aspects upon thee, tell me
Thou art a poor *Dalmatian* Slave, a low thing,
Not worth the name of *Roman*; stand off farther.

Dio. What may this mean?

Aur. Come hither, my *Endymion*;

Come, shew thy self, and all eyes be blessed in thee.

Dio. Ha? what is this?

Aur. Thou fair star that I live by,

Look lovely on me, break into full brightness;
Look, here's a face now, of another making,
Another mold; here's a divine proportion,
Eyes fit for *Phœbus* self to gild the World with;
And there's a brow arch'd like the State of Heaven;
Look how it bends, and with what radiance,
As if the Synod of the gods sate under;
Look there, and wonder; now behold that fellow,
That admirable thing, cut with an Axe out. (pence,

Max. Old Woman, though I cannot give thee recom-
Yet certainly, I'll make thy name as glorious.

Dio. Is this in truth?

Char. She is mad, and you must pardon her.

Dio. She hangs upon him; see.

Char. Her fit is strong now,

Be not you passionate.

Dio. She kisses.

Char. Let her;

'Tis but the fondness of her fit.

Dio. I am fool'd,

And if I suffer this.

Char. Pray ye, friend, be pacified,

This will be off anon; she goes in.

[Exit *Aurelia*.

Dio. Sirrah.

Max. What say you, Sir?

Dio. How dare thy lips, thy base lips?

Max. I am your Kinsman, Sir, and no such base one;

I fought no kisses, nor I had no reason
To kick the Princess from me; 'twas no manners;
I never yet compell'd her; of her courtesie,
What she bestows, Sir, I am thankful for.

Dio. Be gone, Villain.

Max. I will, and I will go off with that glory,
And magnifie my fate.

[Exit.

Dio. Good Brother, leave me,

I am to my self a trouble now.

Char. I am sorry for't;

You'll find it but a woman-fit to try ye.

Dio. It may be so, I hope so.

Char. I am astonish'd, and what I think I blush at. [Exit.

Dio. What misery hath my fortune bred me?

And how far must I suffer? Poor and low States,
Though they know wants and hungers, know not these,
Know not these killing Fates; little contents them,
And with that little they live, Kings commanding,
And ordering both their ends and loves. O Honour!
How greedily men seek thee, and once purchased,
How many Enemies to mans peace bringst thou!
How many griefs and sorrows, that like sheers,
Like fatal Sheers, are sheering off our lives still!
How many sad Eclipses do we shine thorow!

Enter *Delphia*, *Drusilla*, *vail'd*.

When I presum'd I was blessed in this fair woman,

Del. Behold him now, and tell me how thou lik'st him.

Dio. When all my hopes were up, and Fortune dealt me
Even for the greatest, and the happiest Monarch,
Then to be cozen'd, to be cheated basely?

By mine own Kinsman cross'd? O villain Kinsman!

Curse of my blood; because a little younger,

A little smother fac'd; O false, false woman,

False and forgetful of thy faith; I'll kill him.

But can I kill her hate too? No, he woos not,

Nor worthy is of death, because she follows him,

Because she courts him; Shall I kill an innocent?

O *Diocles*! would thou hadst never known this,

Nor surfeited upon this sweet Ambition,

That now lies bitter at thy heart; O Fortune,

That thou hast none to fool, and blow like bubbles,

But Kings, and their Contents!

Del. What think you now, Girl?

Dru. Upon my life, I pity his misfortune:
See how he weeps; I cannot hold.

Del. Away, fool;

He must weep bloody tears before thou hast him.

How fare ye now, brave *Dioclesian*?

What! lazy in your loves? has too much pleasure

Dull'd your most mighty faculties?

Dio. Art thou there!

More to torment me? dost thou come to mock me?

Del. I do, and I do laugh at all thy sufferings:

I, that have wrought 'em, come to scorn thy wailings;

And as thou uselt her, so thou shalt prosper.

It is not in thy power to turn this destiny,

Nor stop the torrent of those miseries

(If thou neglectst her still) shall fall upon thee.

Sith that thou art dishonest, false of faith,

Proud, and dost think no Power can cross thy pleasures;

Thou wilt find a Fate above thee.

Dru. Good Aunt, speak mildly;

See how he looks and suffers.

Dio. I find and feel, woman,

That I am miserable.

Del. Thou art most miserable.

Dio. That as I am the most, I am most miserable.

But didst thou work this?

Del. Yes, and will pursue it.

Dio. Stay there, and have some pity, fair *Drusilla*

Let me persuade thy mercy, thou hast lov'd me,

Although I know my suit will sound unjustly

To make thy love the means to lose it self,

Have pity on me.

Dru. I will do.

Del. Peace, Niece,

Although this softness may become your love,

Your care must scorn it. Let him still contemn thee,

And still I'll work; the same affection

He ever shews to thee, be it sweet or bitter,

The same *Aurelia* shall shew him; no further;

Nor shall the wealth of all his Empire free this.

Dio. I must speak fair. Lovely young Maid, forgive me,

Look gently on my sorrows; you that grieve too,

I see it in your eyes, and thus I meet it.

Dru. O Aunt, I am bless'd.

Dio. Be not both young and cruel,

Again I beg it thus.

Dru. Thus, Sir, I grant it.

Enter *Aurelia*.

He's mine own now, Aunt.

Del. Not yet, Girl, thou art cozen'd.

(ence?

Aur. O my dear Lord, how have I wrong'd your pati-

How wandred from the truth of my affections?

How (like a wanton fool) shun'd that I lov'd most?

But you are full of goodness, to forgive, Sir,

As I of grief to beg, and shame to take it;
Sure I was not my self, some strange illusion,
Or what you please to pardon.

Dio. All, my Dearest;
All, my Delight; and with more pleasure take thee;
Than if there had been no such dream: for certain,
It was no more.

Aur. Now you have seal'd forgiveness,
I take my leave, and the gods keep your goodness.

Del. You see how kindness prospers; be but so kind
To marry her, and see then what new fortunes;
New joys and pleasures; far beyond this Lady,
Beyond her Greatness too.

Dio. I'll dye a dog first:
Now I am reconcil'd, I will enjoy her
In spite of all thy spirits, and thy witchcrafts.

Del. Thou shalt not, fool.
Dio. I will, old dotting Devil;
And wert thou any thing but air and spirit,
My Sword should tell thee.

Del. I contemn thy threatnings,
And thou shalt know I hold a power above thee.
We must remove *Aurelia*; Come, farewell, fool,
When thou shalt see me next, thou shalt bow to me.

Dio. Look thou appear no more to cross my pleasures.

[Exit.]

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter CHORUS.

So full of matter is our Historie,
Yet mixt I hope with sweet varietie,
The accidents not vulgar too, but rare,
And fit to be presented, that there wants
Room in this narrow Stage, and time to express
In Action to the life, our *Dioclesian*
In his full lustre: Yet (as the Statuary,
That by the large size of *Alcides's* foot,
Guess'd at his whole proportion) so we hope
Your apprehensive judgments will conceive
Out of the shadow we can only shew,
How fair the Body was; and will be pleas'd,
Out of your wonted goodness, to behold
As in a silent Mirror, what we cannot
With fit conveniency of time, allow'd
For such Presentments, cloath in vocal sounds.
Yet with such Art the Subject is convey'd,
That every Scene and passage shall be clear
Even to the grossest Understander here.

[Loud Musick.]

Dumb Shew.

Enter, at one Door, *Delphia*, *Ambassadors*,
They whisper together; they take an Oath
upon her hand; She circles them (kneeling)
with her Magick-rod; they rise and draw
their Swords. Enter, at the other door, *Dioclesian*,
Charinus, *Maximinian*, *Niger*, *Aurelia*,
Cassana, *Guard*; *Charinus* and *Niger* perswa-
ding *Aurelia*; She offers to embrace *Maximini-*
an; *Diocles* draws his Sword, keeps off *Maxi-*
minian, turns to *Aurelia*, kneels to her, lays his
Sword at her feet, she scornfully turns away:

Delphia gives a sign; the *Ambassadors* and
Souldiers rush upon them, seize on *Aurelia*, *Cas-*
sana, *Charinus*, and *Maximinian*; *Dioclesian*, and
others offer to rescue them; *Delphia* raises a
mist; *Exeunt* *Ambassadors* and *Prisoners*, and
the rest discontented.

The skilful *Delphia* finding by sure proof
The presence of *Aurelia* dim'd the Beauty
Of her *Drusilla*; and in spite of Charms,
The Emperour her Brother, Great *Charinus*,
Still urg'd her to the love of *Dioclesian*,
Deals with the *Persian Legats*, that were bound
For the Ransom of *Cassana*, to remove
Aurelia, *Maximinian*, and *Charinus*
Out of the sight of *Rome*; but takes their Oaths
(In lieu of her assistance) that they shall not
On any terms, when they were in their power,
Presume to touch their lives; This yielded to,
They lye in ambush for 'em. *Dioclesian*
Still mad for fair *Aurelia*, that doted
As much on *Maximinian*, twice had kill'd him,
But that her frown restrain'd him: He pursues her
With all humility; but she continues
Proud and disdainful. The sign given by *Delphia*,
The *Persians* break thorow, and seize upon
Charinus and his Sister, with *Maximinian*,
And free *Cassana*. For their speedy rescue,
Enraged *Dioclesian* draws his Sword,
And bids his Guard assist him; Then too weak
Had been all opposition and resistance
The *Persians* could have made against their fury,
If *Delphia* by her Cunning had not rais'd
A foggy Mist, which, as a Cloud, conceal'd them,
Deceiving their Pursuers. Now be pleas'd,
That your imaginations may help you
To think them safe in *Persia*, and *Dioclesian*
For this disaster circled round with sorrow,
Yet mindful of the wrong. Their future fortunes
We will present in Action; and are bold,
In that which follows, that the most shall say,
'Twas well begun, but the End crown'd the Play.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter *Diocles*, *Niger*, *Senators*, *Guard*.

Dio. Talk not of comfort; I have broke my faith,
And the gods fight against me; and proud man,
However magnified, is but as dust
Before the raging whirl-wind of their justice.
What is it to be great? ador'd on Earth?
When the immortal Powers that are above us
Turn all our Blessings into horrid Curses,
And laugh at our resistance, or prevention
Of what they purpose? O the Furies that
I feel within me! whipt on, by their angers,
For my tormentors. Could it else have been
In Nature, that a few fugitive *Persians*,
Unfriended, and unarmed too, could have rob'd me
(In *Rome*, the World's Metropolis, and her glory;
In *Rome*, where I command, environ'd round
With such invincible Troops that know no fear,
But want of noble Enemies) of those jewels
I priz'd above my life, and I want power
To free them, if those gods I have provok'd
Had not given spirit to the undertakers,
And in their deed protected 'em?

Nig. Great *Caesar*,
Your safety does confirm you are their care,
And that howe'r their practices reach others,

You

You stand above their malice.

1 *Sen.* Rome in us

Offers (as means to further your revenge)
The lives of her best Citizens,
And all they stand possess'd of.

1 *Guard.* Do but lead us on

With that invincible and undaunted Courage
Which waited bravely on you, when you appear'd
The minion of Conquest; married rather
To glorious Victory, and we will drag
(Though all the Enemies of life conspire
Against our undertakings) the proud *Persian*,
Out of his strongest hold.

2 *Guard.* Be but your self,
And do not talk but do.

3 *Guard.* You have hands and swords,
Limbs to make up a well proportion'd Army,
That only want in you an Head to lead us.

Dio. The gods reward your goodness; and believe,
Howe'r (for some great sin) I am mark't out
The object of their hate, though *Jove* stood ready
To dart his three-fold thunder on this head,
It could not fright me from a fierce pursuit
Of my revenge; I will redeem my friends,
And with my friends mine honour; at least fall
Like to my self, a Souldier.

Nig. Now we hear
Great *Dioclesian* speak.

Dio. Draw up our Legions,
And let it be your care (my much lov'd *Niger*)
To hasten the remove; And, fellow Souldiers,
Your love to me will teach you to endure
Both long and tedious Marches.

1 *Guard.* Dye he accurs'd
That thinks of rest or sleep, before he sets
His foot on *Persian*-Earth.

Nig. We know our glory;
The dignity of *Rome*, and what's above
All can be urg'd, the quiet of your mind
Depends upon our haste.

Dio. Remove to night;
Five days shall bring me to you.

All. Happiness

To *Cesar*, and glorious victory.

[*Exeunt.*]

Dio. The cheerfulness of my Souldiers gives assurance
Of good success abroad; if first I make
My peace at home here. There is something chides me,
And sharply tells me, that my breach of faith
To *Delphia* and *Drusilla*, is the ground
Of my misfortunes; And I must remember,
While I was lov'd, and in great *Delphia's* Grace,
She was as my good Angel, and bound Fortune
To prosper my designs; I must appease her;
Let others pay their Knees, their Vows, their Prayers
To weak imagin'd Powers; She is my All,
And thus I do invoke her. Knowing *Delphia*,
Thou more than Woman, and though thou vouchsafest
To grace the Earth with thy celestial Steps,
And taste this grosser air, thy heavenly Spirit
Hath free access to all the secret Counsels
Which a full Senate of the gods determine
When they consider man: The brass-leav'd Book
Of Fate lies open to thee, where thou read'st,
And fashionest the destinies of men
At thy wish'd pleasures; Look upon thy creature,
And as thou twice hast pleas'd to appear
To reprehend my fallhood, now vouchsafe
To see my low submission. [*Delphia and Drusilla appear.*]

Del. What's thy Will?
False, and unthankful, (and in that deserving
All humane sorrows) darst thou hope from me
Relief or Comfort?

Dio. Penitence does appease
Th' incens'd Powers, and Sacrifice takes off

Their heavy angers; thus I tender both;
The Master of great *Rome*, and in that, Lord
Of all the Sun gives heat and being to,
Thus sues for mercy; Be but as thou wert;
The Pilot to the Bark of my good fortunes,
And once more steer my actions to the Port
Of glorious Honour, and if I fall off
Hereafter from my faith to this sweet *Virgin*;
Joyn with those Powers that punish perjury,
To make me an example to deter
Others from being false.

Dru. Upon my soul,
You may believe him; nor did he e'r purpose
To me but nobly; he made tryal how
I could endure unkindness; I see Truth
Triumphant in his sorrow. Dearest Aunt,
Both credit him, and help him; and on assurance
That what I plead for, you cannot deny,
I raise him thus, and with this willing kiss
I seal his pardon.

Dio. O that I e'r lookt
Beyond this abstract of all womans goodness.

Del. I am thine again; thus I confirm our league;
I know thy wishes, and how much thou suffer'st
In honour for thy friends; thou shalt repair all;
For to thy Fleet I'll give a fore-right wind
To pass the *Persian* Gulf; remove all lets
That may molest thy Souldiers in their March
That pass by land, and destiny is false,
If thou prove not victorious; Yet remember,
When thou art rais'd up to the highest point
Of humane happiness, such as move beyond it
Must of necessity descend. Think on't,
And use those Blessings that the gods pour on you
With moderation.

Dio. As their Oracle
I hear you, and obey you, and will follow
Your grave directions.

Del. You will not repent it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Niger, Geta, Guard, Souldiers, Ensigns.

Nig. How do you like your entrance to the War?
When the whole Body of the Army moves,
Shews it not gloriously?

Get. 'Tis a fine *May-game*;
But eating and drinking I think are forbad in't,
(I mean, with leisure) we walk on, and feed
Like hungry Boys that haste to School; or as
We carried Fish to the City, dare stay no where,
For fear our ware should stink.

1 *Guard.* That's the necessity
Of our speedy March.

Get. Sir, I do love my ease,
And though I hate all Seats of Judicature,
I mean in the City, for conveniency,
I still will be a Justice in the War,
And ride upon my foot-cloth. I hope a Captain
(And a gown'd-Captain too) may be dispenc'd with.
I tell you, and do not mock me, when I was poor,
I could endure like others, cold and hunger;
But since I grew rich, let but my finger ake,
Or feel but the least pain in my great Toe,
Unless I have a Doctor, mine own Doctor,
That may assure me, I am gone.

Nig. Come, fear not;
You shall want nothing.

1 *Guard.* We will make you fight,
As you were mad.

Get. Not too much of fighting, friend;
It is thy trade, that art a common Souldier;
We Officers, by our place, may share the spoil,
And never sweat for't.

2 *Guard.*

2 *Guard*. You shall kill for practice
But your dozen or two a day.

Get. Thou talkst as if
Thou wert lousing thy self; but yet I will make danger,
If I prove one of the Worthies, so; However,
I'll have the fear of the gods before my eyes,
And do no hurt I warrant you.

Nig. Come, march on,
And humour him for our mirth.

1 *Guard*. 'Tis a fine peak-Goose.

Nig. But one that fools to the Emperour, and in that,
A wife man, and a Souldier.

1 *Guard*. True morality.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE IV.

Enter *Cosroe*, *Cassana*, *Persians*; and *Charinus*, *Maximilian*, *Aurelia*, bound, with *Souldiers*.

Cof. Now by the *Persian* gods, most truly welcome,
Encompas'd thus with tributary Kings,
I entertain you. Lend your helping hands
To seat her by me; and thus rais'd, bow all
To do her honour; O my best *Cassana*,
Sister, and Partner of my Life and Empire,
We'll teach thee to forget with present pleasures
Thy late Captivity; and this proud *Roman*,
That us'd thee as a Slave, and did disdain
A Princely Ransome, shall, if she repine,
Be forc'd by various Tortures, to adore
What she of late contemn'd.

Caf. All greatness ever
Attend *Cosroe*; though *Persia* be styl'd
The Nurse of Pomp and Pride, we'll leave to *Rome*
Her native Cruelty. For know, *Aurelia*,
A Roman Princess, and a *Casars* Sister
Though late, like thee captiv'd, I can forget
Thy barbarous usage; and though thou to me
(When I was in thy power) didst shew thy self,
A most insulting Tyranness, I to thee
May prove a gentle Mistriss.

Aur. O my Stars,
A Mistriss? can I live and owe that name
To flesh and blood? I was born to command,
Train'd up in Sovereignty; and I, in death
Can quit the name of Slave; she that scorns life,
May mock Captivity.

Char. *Rome* will be *Rome*
When we are nothing; and her power's the same
Which you once quak'd at.

Max. *Dioclesian* lives;
Hear it and tremble; Lives (thou King of *Persia*)
The Master of his Fortune, and his Honour;
And though by devilish arts we were surpriz'd,
And made the prey of Magick and of Theft,
And not won nobly, we shall be redeem'd,
And by a *Roman* War; and every wrong
We suffer here, with interest, be return'd
On the insulting doer.

1 *Per*. Sure these *Romans*
Are more than men.

2 *Per*. Their great hearts will not yield,
They cannot bend to any adverse Fate,
Such is their Confidence.

Cof. They then shall break.
Why, you rebellious Wretches, dare you still
Contend when the last breath, or nod of mine
Marks you out for the fire? or to be made
The prey of Wolves or Vulturs? the vain name
Of *Roman* Legions, I slight thus, and scorn;
And for that boasted bug-bear, *Dioclesian*,
(Which you presume on) would he were the master
But of the spirit, to meet me in the field,
He soon should find that our immortal Squadrons,
That with full numbers ever are supply'd,

(Could it be possible they should decay)
Dare front his boldest Troops, and scatter him;
As an high to wing Falcon on her stretches,
Severs the fearful fowl. And by the Sun,
The Moon, the Winds, the nourishers of life,
And by this Sword, the instrument of death,
Since that you fly not humbly to our mercy
But yet dare hope your liberty by force;
If *Dioclesian* dare not attempt
To free you with his Sword, all slavery
That cruelty can find out to make you wretched;
Falls heavy on you.

Max. If the Sun keep his course,
And the Earth can bear his Souldiers march, I fear not.

Aur. Or liberty, or revenge.

Char. On that I build too.

[*A Trumpet*.

Aur. A *Roman* Trumpet!

Max. 'Tis; comes it not like
A pardon to a man condemn'd?

Cof. Admit him.

Enter *Niger*.

The purpose of thy coming?

Nig. My great Master,
The Lord of *Rome*, (in that all Power is spoken)
Hoping that thou wilt prove a noble Enemy,
And (in thy bold resistance) worth his conquest;
Desies thee, *Cosroe*.

Max. There is fire in this.

Nig. And to encourage thy laborious powers
To tug for Empire, dares thee to the field,
With this assurance, if thy Sword can win him,
Or force his Legions with thy barbed horse,
But to forsake their ground, that not alone
Wing'd Victory shall take stand on thy Tent,
But all the Provinces, and Kingdoms held
By the *Roman* Garrisons in this *Eastern* World,
Shall be deliver'd up, and he himself
Acknowledge thee his Sovereign. In return
Of this large offer, he asks only this,
That till the doubtful Die of War determine
Who has most power, and should command the other,
Thou wouldst entreat thy Prisoners like their Births,
And not their present Fortune; and to bring 'em,
Guarded, into thy Tent, with thy best strengths,
Thy ablest men of War, and thou thy self
Sworn to make good the place. And if he fail
(Maugre all opposition can be made)
In his own person to compel his way,
And fetch them safely off, the day is thine;
And he, like these, thy Prisoner.

Cof. Though I receive this
But as a *Roman* Brave, I do embrace it,
And love the sender. Tell him, I will bring
My Prisoners to the field, and without odds,
Against his single force, alone defend 'em;
Or else with equal numbers. Courage, noble Princes,
And let Posterity record, that we
This memorable day restor'd to *Persia*,
That Empire of the World, great *Philip's* Son,
Ravish'd from us, and *Greece* gave up to *Rome*.
This our strong comfort, that we cannot fall
Ingloriously, since we contend for all.

[*Exeunt*.

[*Flourish*. *Alarms*.

SCENE V.

Enter *Geta*, *Guard*, *Souldiers*.

Get. I'll swear the Peace against 'em, I am hurt,
Run for a Surgeon, or I faint.

1 *Guard*. Bear up, man,
'Tis but a scratch.

Get. Scoring a man o'r the Coxcomb
Is but a scratch with you! ———o' your occupation,

Your

Your scurvy scuffling trade; I was told before
My face was bad enough; but now I look
Like bloody Bone, and raw head, to fright Children;
I am for no use else.

2 *Guard*. Thou shalt fright men.

1 *Guard*. You look so terrible now; but see your face
In the Pummel of my Sword.

Get. I dye, I am gone.
Oh my sweet physiognomy.

Enter three Persians.

2 *Guard*. They come,
Now fight, or dye indeed.

Get. I will 'scape this way;
I cannot hold my Sword; what would you have
Of a main'd man?

1 *Guard*. Nay, then I have a goad
To prick you forward, Oxe.

2 *Guard*. Fight like a Man,
Or dye like a Dog.

Get. Shall I, like *Cæsar*, fall
Among my friends? no mercy? *Et tu Brute?*
You shall not have the honour of my death,
I'll fall by the Enemy first.

1 *Guard*. O brave, brave *Geta*, [Persians driven off.
He plays the Devil now.

Enter Niger.

Nig. Make up for honour,
The *Persians* shrink. The passage is laid open,
Great *Dioclesian*, like a second *Mars*,
His strong arm govern'd by the fierce *Bellona*,
Performs more than a man; his shield struck full
Of *Persian* Darts, which now are his defence
Against the Enemies Swords, still leads the way.
Of all the *Persian* Forces, one strong Squadron,

[Alarm's continued.

In which *Cosroe* in his own person fights,
Stands firm, and yet unrouted; Break thorow that,
The day, and all is ours. [Retreat.

All. Victory, Victory. [Exeunt. Flourish.

SCENE VI.

Enter, in Triumph with Roman Ensigns, Guard, Dioclesian, Charinus, Aurelia, Maximinian, Niger, Geta, Cosroe, Cassana, Persians, as Prisoners; Delphia, and Drufilla, privately.

Dio. I am rewarded in the Act; your freedome
To me's ten thousand Triumphs; You Sir, share,
In all my glories. And unkind *Aurelia*,
From being a Captive, still command the Victor.
Nephew, remember by whose gift you are free;
You I afford my pity; baser minds
Insult on the afflicted, you shall know,
Vertue and Courage are admir'd and lov'd
In Enemies; but more of that hereafter.
Thanks to your valour; to your Swords I owe
This Wreath triumphant. Nor be thou forgot
My first poor Bondman, *Geta*, I am glad
Thou art turn'd a fighter.

Get. 'Twas against my will;
But now I am content with't.

Char. But imagine
What honours can be done to you beyond these,
Transcending all example; 'tis in you
To will, in us to serve it.

Nig. We will have
His Statue of pure gold set in the Capitol,
And he that bows not to it as a god,
Makes forfeit of his head.

Max. I burst with envy;
And yet these honours, which conferr'd on me,

Would make me pace on air, seem not to move him.

Dio. Suppose this done, or were it possible
I could rise higher still, I am a man,
And all these glories, Empires heap'd upon me,
Confirm'd by constant friends, and faithful Guards,
Cannot defend me from a shaking Feaver,
Or bribe the uncorrupted Dart of Death
To spare me one short minute. Thus adorn'd
In these triumphant Robes, my body yields not
A greater shadow, than it did when I
Liv'd both poor and obscure; a Swords sharp point
Enters my flesh as far; dreams break my sleep
As when I was a private man; my passions
Are stronger tyrants on me; nor is Greatness
A saving Antidote to keep me from
A Traytors poyson. Shall I praise my fortune,
Or raise the building of my happiness
On her uncertain favour? or presume
She is mine own, and sure, that yet was never
Constant to any? Should my reason fail me
(As flattery oft corrupts it) here's an example,
To speak how far her smiles are to be trusted;
The rising Sun, this morning, saw this man
The *Persian* Monarch, and those Subjects proud
That had the honour but to kiss his feet;
And yet e're his diurnal progress ends,
He is the scorn of Fortune: but you'll say,
That she forsook him for his want of courage,
But never leaves the bold. Now by my hopes
Of peace and quiet here, I never met
A braver Enemy; and to make it good,
Cosroe, *Cassana*, and the rest, be free,
And ransomless return.

Cos. To see this vertue
Is more to me than Empire; and to be
O'rcome by you, a glorious victory.

Max. What o' Devil means he next?

Dio. I know that glory
Is like *Alcides's* Shirt, if it stay on us
Till pride hath mixt it with our blood; nor can we
Part with it at pleasure: when we would uncase,
It brings along with it both flesh and sinews,
And leaves us living Monsters.

Max. Would it were come
To my turn to put it on: I'd run the hazard.

Dio. No, I will not be pluck'd out by the ears
Out of this glorious Castle; uncompell'd
I will surrender rather; Let it suffice
I have toucht the height of humane happiness,
And here I fix *nil ultra*. Hitherto
I have liv'd a servant to ambitious thoughts,
And fading glories; what remains of life,
I dedicate to Vertue; and to keep
My faith untainted, farewell Pride and Pomp,
And circumstance of glorious Majestie,
Farewel for ever. Nephew, I have noted,
That you have long with sore eyes look'd upon
My flourishing Fortune; you shall have possession
Of my felicity; I deliver up
My Empire, and this gem I priz'd above it,
And all things else that made me worth your envy,
Freely unto you. Gentle Sir, your suffrage,
To strengthen this; the Souldiers love I doubt not;
His valour, Gentlemen, will deserve your favours,
Which let my prayers further. All is yours;
But I have been too liberal, and giv'n that
I must beg back again.

Max. What am I fallen from!

Dio. Nay, start not; it is only the poor Grange,
The Patrimony which my father left me,
I would be Tenant to.

Max. Sir, I am yours;
I will attend you there.

Dio. No, keep the Court;

Seek you in Rome for honour : I will labour
To find content elsewhere. Disswade me not,
By —, I am resolv'd. And now *Drusilla*,
Being as poor as when I vow'd to make thee
My wife, if thy love since hath felt no change,
I am ready to perform it. *Drus.* I still lov'd
Your Person, not your fortunes : in a cottage,
Being yours, I am an Empress.

Del. And I'll make
The change most happy.

Dio. Do me then the honour,
To see my vow perform'd. You but attend
My Glories to the urn ; where be it ashes,
Welcom my mean estate : and as a due,
With rest to me, I honour unto you.

[Exit.]

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. The War with glory ended ; and *Cosroc*
(Acknowledging his fealtie to Charinus)
Dismiss'd in peace, returns to Persia :
The rest, arriving safely unto Rome,
Are entertain'd with triumphs : Maximinian,
By the grace and intercession of his Uncle,
Saluted Cæsar : but good *Dioclesian*,
Weary of Pomp and State, retires himself
With a small Train, to a most private Grange
In Lombardie ; where the glad Countrey strives
With Rural Sports to give him entertainment :
With which delighted, he with ease forgets
All specious trifles, and securely tastes
The certain pleasures of a private life.
But oh Ambition, that eats into
With venom'd teeth, true thankfulness, and honour,
And to support her greatness, fashions fears,
Doubts, and preventions to decline all dangers,
Which in the place of safetie, prove her ruine :
All which be pleas'd to see in Maximinian,
To whom, his confer'd Soveraginsy was like
A large sail fill'd full with a fore-right wind,
That drowns a smaller Bark : and he once fall'n
Into ingratitude, makes no stop in mischief,
But violently runs on. Allow Maximinian all,
Honour, and Empire, absolute command ;
Yet being ill, long great he cannot stand.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter Maximinian, and Aurelia.

Aur. Why droops my Lord, my Love, my life, my Cæsar?
How ill this dulness doth comport with greatness !
Does not (with open arms) your fortune court you ?
Rome know you for her Master, I my self
Confess you for my husband ? love, and serve you ?
If you contemn not these, and think them curses,
I know no blessings that ambitious flesh
Could wish to feel beyond 'em. *Max.* Best *Aurelia*,
The parent and the nurse to all my Glories,
'Tis not that thus embracing you, I think
There is a Heaven beyond it, that begets
These sad retirements ; but the fear to lose
What it is hell to part with : better to have liv'd
Poor and obscure, and never scal'd the top
Of hilly Empire, than to die with fear
To be thrown headlong down, almost as soon
As we have reach'd it. *Aur.* These are Pannick terrours
You fashion to your self : Is not my Brother
(Your equal and copartner in the Empire)
Vow'd and confirm'd your friend ? the Souldier constant ?
Hath not your Uncle *Dioclesian* taken

His last farewell o'th' world ? What then can shake ye ?

Max. The thought I may be shaken : and assurance
That what we do possess is not our own,
But has depending on anothers favour :
For nothing's more uncertain (my *Aurelia*)
Than power that stands not on his proper Basis,
But borrows his foundation. I'll make plain
My cause of doubts and fears ; for what should I
Conceal from you, that are to be familiar
With my most private thoughts ? Is not the Empire
My Uncles gift ? and may he not resume it
Upon the least distaste ? Does not *Charinus*
Cross me in my detigus ? And what is Majestie
When 'tis divided ? Does not the insolent Souldier
Call my command his donative ? And what can take
More from our honour ? No (my wife *Aurelia*,)
If I to you am more than all the world,
As sure you are to me ; as we desire
To be secure, we must be absolute,
And know no equal : when your Brother borrows
The little splendor that he has from us,
And we are serv'd for fear, not at entreaty,
We may live safe ; but till then, we but walk
With heavie burthens on a sea of glass,
And our own weight will sink us.

Aur. Your Mother brought you
Into the world an Emperour : you perswade
But what I would have counsell'd : Nearness of blood,
Respect of pietie, and thankfulness,
And all the holy dreams of vertuous fools
Mult vanish into nothing, when Ambition
(The maker of great minds, and nurse of honour)
Puts in for Empire. On then, and forget
Your simpl' Uncle ; think he was the Master
(In being once an Emperour) of a Jewel,
Whose worth and use he knew not : For *Charinus*,
No more my Brother, if he be a stop
To what you purpose ; he to Me's a stranger,
And so to be remov'd. *Max.* Thou more than woman,
Thou masculine Greatness, to whose roaring spirit
To touch the stars seems but an easie night ;
O how I glory in thee ! those great women
Antiquitie is proud of, thou but nam'd,
Shall be no more remembred : but persevere,
And thou shalt shine among those lesser lights,

Enter Charinus, Niger, Guard.

To all posteritie like another *Phebe*,
And so ador'd as she is. *Aur.* Here's *Charinus*,
His brow furrow'd with anger.

Max. Let him storm,
And you shall hear me thunder. *Cha.* He dispose of
My Provinces at his pleasure ? and confer
Those honours (that are only mine to give)
Upon his creatures ? *Nig.* Mighty Sir, ascribe it
To his assurance of your love and favour,
And not to pride or malice. *Cha.* No, good *Niger*,
Courtesie shall not fool me ; he shall know
I lent a hand to raise him, and defend him,
While he continues good : but the same strength
If pride make him usurp upon my Right,
Shall strike him to the Center. You are well met, Sir.

Max. As you make the Encounter : Sir, I hear,
That you repine, and hold your self much griev'd,
In that, without your good leave, I bestow'd
The Gallian Proconsulship upon
A follower of mine. *Cha.* 'Tis true : and wonder
You durst attempt it.

Max. Durst, *Charinus* ? *Cha.* Durst :
Again, I speak it : Think you me so tame,
So leaden and unactive, to sit down
With such dishonour ? But, recal your grant,
And speedily ; or by the Roman —
Thou triplst thine own heels up, and hast no part

E. e. e. e

In

In Rome, or in the Empire. *Max.* Thou hast none,
But by permission: Alas, poor *Charinus*,
Thou shadow of an Emperour, I scorn thee,
Thee, and thy foolish threats: the gods appoint him
The absolute disposer of the Earth,
That has the sharpest sword. I am sure, *Charinus*,
Thou wear'st one without edge. When cruel *Aper*
Had kill'd *Numerianus*, thy Brother,
(An act that would have made a trembling coward
More daring than *Alcides*) thy base fear
Made thee wink at it: then rose up my Uncle
(For the honour of the Empire, and of *Rome*)
Against the Traitor, and among his Guards
Punish'd the treason: This bold daring act
Got him the Souldiers suffrages to be *Cesar*.
And howsoever his too gentle nature
Allow'd thee the name only, as his gift,
I challenge the succession.

Cha. Thou are cozen'd.
When the receiver of a courtesie
Cannot sustain the weight it carries with it,
'Tis but a Trial, not a present Act.
Thou hast in a few dayes of thy short Reign,
In over-weening pride, riot and lusts,
Sham'd noble *Dioclesian*, and his gift:
Nor doubt I, when it shall arrive unto
His certain knowledge, how the Empire groans
Under thy Tyranny, but he will forsake
His private life, and once again resume
His laid-by Majestie: or at least, make choice
Of such an *Atlas* as may bear this burthen,
Too heavie for thy shoulders. To effect this,
Lend your assistance, Gentlemen, and then doubt not
But that this mushroom (sprung up in a night)
Shall as soon wither. And for you, *Aurelia*,
If you esteem your honour more than tribute
Paid to your loathsome appetite, as a Furie
Flic from his loose embraces: so farewell;
E're long you shall hear more.

Aur. Are you struck dumb,
That you make no reply?

Max. Sweet, I will do,
And after talk: I will prevent their plots,
And turn them on their own accursed heads.
My Uncle? good: I must not know the names
Of Pictie or Pitie. Steel my heart,
Desire of Empire, and instruct me, that
The Prince that over others would bear sway,
Checks at no Let that stops him in his way.

[Exeunt.]

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter three Shepherds, and two Countrey-men.

1 *Shep.* Do you think this great man will continue here?
2 *Shep.* Continue here? what else? he has bought the
(great Farm;

A great man, with a great Inheritance,
And all the ground about it, all the woods too;
And stock'd it like an Emperour. Now, all our sports again
And all our merry Gambols, our may-Ladies,
Our evening-daunces on the Green, our Songs,
Our Holiday good cheer, our Bag-pipes now Boyes,
Shall make the wanton Lasses skip again,
Our Sheep-sheerings, and all our knacks.

3 *Shep.* But hark ye,
We must not call him Emperour.

1 *Count.* That's all one;
He is the King of good fellows, that's no treason;
And so Ple call him still, though I be hang'd for't.
I grant ye, he has given his honour to another man,
He cannot give his humour: he is a brave fellow,
And will love us, and we'll love him. Come hither *Ladon*,
What new Songs, and what geers?

3 *Shep.* Enough: Ple tell ye

He comes abroad anon to view his grounds,
And with the help of *Thirsis*, and old *Egon*,
(If his whorson could be gon) and *Amaryllis*,
And some few more o'th' wenches, we will meet him,
And strike him such new springs, and such free welcomes,
Shall make him scorn an Empire, forget Majestie,
And make him blest the hour he liv'd here happy.

2 *Count.* And we will second ye, we honest Carters,
We lads o'th' lash, with some blunt entertainment,
Our Teams to two pence, will give him some content;
Or we'll bawl fearfully.

3 *Shep.* He cannot expect now
His Courtly entertainments, and his rare Musicks,
And Ladies to delight him with their voyces;
Honest and cheerful toys from honest meanings,
And the best hearts they have. We must be neat all:
On goes my russet jerkin with blue buttons.

1 *Shep.* And my green slops I was married in; my bonnet
With my carnation point with Silver tags, boyes:
You know where I won it.

1 *Count.* Thou wilt ne're be old, *Alexis*.

1 *Shep.* And I shall find some toys that have been favors,
And nose-gayes, and such knacks: for there be wenches.

3 *Shep.* My mantle goes on too I plaid young *Paris* in,
And the new garters *Amaryllis* sent me.

1 *Count.* Yes, yes: we'll all be handfom, and wash our faces.
Neighbour, I see a remnant of March duft
That's hatch'd into your chaps: I pray ye be careful,

Enter Geta.

And mundifie your muzzel.

2 *Count.* Ple to th' Barbers,
It shall cost me I know what. Who's this?

3 *Shep.* Give room, neighbours,
A great man in our State: gods blest your worship.

2 *Count.* Encrease your Mastership.

Get. Thanks, my good people:
Stand off, and know your duties: as I take it
You are the labouring people of this village,
And you that keep the sheep. Stand farther off yet,
And mingle not with my authoritie,
I am too mighty for your companie.

3 *Shep.* We know it Sir; and we desire your worship
To reckon us amongst your humble servants,
And that our Country Sports, Sir, ———

Get. For your Sports, Sir,
They may be seen, when I shall think convenient,
When out of my discretion, I shall view 'em,
And hold 'em fit for licence. Ye look upon me,
And look upon me seriously, as ye knew me:

'Tis true, I have been a Rascal, as you are,
A fellow of no mention, nor no mark,
Just such another piece of durt, so fashion'd:
But Time, that purifies all things of merit,
Has set another stamp. Come nearer now,
And be not fearfull; I take off my austeritie:
And know me for the great and mighty Steward
Under this man of honour: know ye for my vassals,
And at my pleasure I can dispeople ye,
Can blow you and your cattel out o'th' Country:
But fear me, and have favour. Come, go along with me,
And I will hear your Songs, and perhaps like 'em.

3 *Shep.* I hope you will, Sir.

Geta. 'Tis not a thing impossible,
Perhaps Ple sing my self, the more to grace ye,
And if I like your women.

3 *Shep.* We'll have the best, Sir,
Handfom young Girls.

Geta. The handfomer, the better.

Enter Delphia.

'May bring your wives too, 'twill be all one charge to ye;
For I must know your families. *Del.* 'Tis well said,
'Tis well said, honest friends; I know ye are hatching

Some

Some pleasurable sports for your great Landlord :
Fill him with joy, and win him a friend to ye,
And make this little Grange seem a large Empire,
Let out with home contents : I'll work his favour,
Which daily shall be on ye.

3 *Shep.* Then we'll sing daily,
And make him the best Sports.

Del. Instruct 'em *Geta*,
And be a merry man again.

Geta. Will ye lend me a devil,
That we may dance a while ?

Del. I'll lend thee two.
And Bag-pipes that shall blow alone.

Get. I thank ye :
But I'll know your devils of a cooler complexion first.
Come, follow, follow ; I'll go sit and see ye. [Exit.

Enter *Diocles*, and *Drusilla*.

Del. Do ; and be ready an hour hence, and bring 'em ;
For in the Grove you'll find him. *Dio.* Come *Drusilla*,
The partner of my best contents : I hope now
You dare believe me. *Dru.* Yes, and dare say to ye,
I think ye now most happy. *Dio.* You say true, Sweet,
For by my ———, I find now by experience,
Content was never Courtier.

Dru. I pray ye walk on, Sir ;
The cool shades of the Grove invite ye.

Dio. O my Dearest !
When man has cast off his ambitious greatness,
And sunk into the sweetness of himself ;
Built his foundation upon honest thoughts,
Not great, but good desires his daily servants ;
How quietly he sleeps ! how joyfully
He wakes again, and looks on his possessions,
And from his willing labours feeds with pleasure ?
Here hang no Comets in the shapes of Crowns,
To shake our sweet contents : nor here, *Drusilla*,
Cares, like Eclipses, darken our endeavours :
We love here without rivals, kiss with innocence ;
Our thoughts as gentle as our lips ; our children
The double heirs both of our forms and faiths.

Dru. I am glad ye make this right use of this sweetness,
This sweet retiredness.

Dio. 'Tis sweet indeed, love,
And every circumstance about it, shews it.
How liberal is the spring in every place here ?
The artificial Court shews but a shadow,
A painted imitation of this glory.
Smell to this flower, here nature has her excellence :
Let all the perfumes of the Empire pass this,
The carefullest Ladies cheek shew such a colour,
They are gilded and adulterate vanities.
And here in Poverty dwells noble nature.
What pains we take to cool our wines, to allay us,

[Musick below.

And bury quick the fuming god to quench us,
Methinks this Crystal Well. — Ha ! what strange Musick ?
'Tis underneath, sure : how it stirs and joys me ?
How all the birds set on ? the fields redouble
Their odoriferous sweets ? Hark how the echo's ———

Enter a Spirit from the Well.

Dru. See, Sir, those flowers
From out the Well, spring to your entertainment.

Enter *Delphia*.

Dio. Bless me.

Dru. Be not afraid, 'tis some good Angel
That's come to welcome ye.

Del. Go near and hear, Son. [SONG.

Dio. O Mother, thank ye, thank ye, this was your will.

Del. You shall not want delights to bless your presence.
Now ye are honest, all the Stars shall honour ye.

Enter *Shepherds* and *dancers*.

Stay, here are Country-shepherds ; here is some sport too,
And you must grace it, Sir ; 'twas meant to welcome ye ;
A King shall never feel your joy. Sit down Son.

A dance of *Shepherds* and *Shepherdesses* ; *Pan* leading
the men, *Ceres* the maids.

Hold, hold, my Messenger appears : leave off, friends,
Leave off a while, and breathe.

Dio. What news ? ye are pale, Mother.

Del. No, I am careful of thy safety, Son,
Be not affrighted, but sit still ; I am with thee.

Enter *Maximinian*, *Aurelia*, *Souldiers*.

And now dance out your dance. Do you know that person ?
Be not amaz'd, but let him shew his dreadfullest.

Max. How confident he sits amongst his pleasures,
And what a cheerful colour shews in's face,
And yet he sees me too, the Souldiers with me.

Aur. Be speedie in your work, (you will be stooped else)
And then you are an Emperour.

Max. I will about it.

Dio. My Royal Cousin, how I joy to see ye,
You, and your Royal Emperess !

Max. You are too kinde, Sir.

I come not to eat with ye, and to surfeit
In these poor Clownish pleasures ; but to tell ye
I look upon ye like my Winding-sheet,
The Coffin of my Greatness, nay, my Grave :
For whilst you are alive ———

Dio. Alive, my Cousin ?

Max. I say, Alive. I am no Emperour ;
I am nothing but mine own disquiet. *Dio.* Stay, Sir.

Max. I cannot stay. The Souldiers doat upon ye.
I would fain spare ye ; but mine own securitie
Compels me to forget you are my Uncle,
Compels me to forget you made me *Cesar* :
For whilst you are remembred, I am buried.

Dio. Did not I make ye Emperour, dear Cousin,
The free gift from my special grace ?

Del. Fear nothing.

Dio. Did not I chuse this povertie, to raise you ?
That Royal woman gave into your arms too ?
Bless'd ye with her bright beautie ? gave the Souldiers,
The Souldier that hung to me, fix'd him on ye ?
Gave ye the worlds command ?

Max. This cannot help ye.

Dio. Yet this shall ease me. Can ye be so base, Cousin,
So far from Nobleness, so far from nature,
As to forget all this ? to tread this Tie out ?
Raise to your self so foul a monument
That every common foot shall kick a funder ?
Must my blood glue ye to your peace ?

Max. It must, Uncle ;

I stand too loose else, and my foot too feeble :
You gone once, and their love retir'd, I am rooted.

Dio. And cannot this remov'd poor State obscure me ?
I do not seek for yours, nor enquire ambitiously
After your growing fortunes. Take heed, my kinsman,
Ungratefulness and blood mingled together,
Will, like two furious Tides ———

Max. I must sail thorow 'em :

Let 'em be Tides of death, Sir, I must stem up.

Dio. Hear but this last, and wisely yet consider :
Place round about my Grange a Garison,
That if I offer to exceed my limits,

Or ever in my common talk name Emperour,
Ever converse with any greedy Souldier,
Or look for adoration, nay, for courtesie
Above the days salute. ——— Think who has fed ye,
Think, Cousin, who I am. Do ye slight my misery ?
Nay, then I charge thee ; nay, I meet thy cruelty.

Max. This cannot serve ; prepare : now fall on, souldiers,
And all the treasure that I have. [Thunder and Lightning.
Sould.

Sould. The Earth shakes ;
We totter up and down ; we cannot stand, Sir ;
Me thinks the mountains tremble too.

2 *Sould.* The flames
How thick and hot they come ? we shall be burn'd all.

Del. Fall on, Souldiers :
You that fell innocent blood, fall on full bravely.

Sould. We cannot stir.
Del. You have your libertie,
So have you, Lady. One of you come do it.

[*A hand with a Bolt appears above.*

Do you stand amaz'd ? Look o're thy head, *Maximinian*,
Look to thy terrour, what over-hangs thee :
Nay, it will nail thee dead ; look how it threatens thee :
The Bolt for vengeance on ungrateful wretches ;
The Bolt of innocent blood : read those hot characters,
And spell the will of heaven. Nay, lovely Lady,
You must take part too, as spur to ambition,
Are ye humble ? Now speak ; my part's ended.
Does all your glory shake ?

Max. Hear us, great Uncle,
Cool and great Sir, be pitiful unto us :
Below your feet we lay our lives : be merciful :
Begin you, heaven will follow.

Aur. Oh, it shakes still.
Max. And dreadfully it threatens. We acknowledge
Our base and foul intentions. Stand between us ;
For faults confes'd, they say, are half forgiven.
We are sorry for our sins. Take from us, Sir,
That glorious weight that made us swell, that poison'd us ;
That mass of Majestie I laboured under,
(Too heavie and too mighty for my manage)
That my poor innocent days may turn again,
And my mind pure, may purge me of these curses ;

By your old love, the blood that runs between us.

[*The hand taken in.*

Aur. By that love once ye bare to me, by that Sir,
That blessed maid enjoys ———

Dio. Rise up, dear Cousin,
And be your words your judges : I forgive ye :
Great as ye are, enjoy that greatness ever,
Whilst I mine own content make mine own Empire.
Once more I give ye all ; learn to deserve it,
And live to love your Good more than your Greatness.
Now shew your loves to entertain this Emperour
My honest neighbours. *Geta*, see all handsom.
Your Grace must pardon us, our house is little ;
But such an ample welcom as a poor man
And his true love can make you and your Empress.
Madam, we have no dainties.

Aur. 'Tis enough, Sir ;
We shall enjoy the riches of your goodness.

Sould. Long live the good and gracious *Dioclesian*.
Dio. I thank ye, Souldiers, I forgive your rashness.
And Royal Sir, long may they love and honour ye.

[*Drums march afar off.*

What Drums are those ?

Del. Meet 'em, my honest Son,
They are thy friends, *Charinus* and the old Souldiers
That come to rescue thee from thy hot Cousin.
But all is well, and turn all into welcoms :
Two Emperours you must entertain now.

Dio. O dear Mother,
I have will enough, but I want room and glory. (*rily,*

Del. That shall be my care. Sound your pipes now mer-
And all your handsom sports. Sing 'em full welcoms.

Dio. And let 'em know, our true love breeds more stories
And perfect joys, than Kings do, and their glories.

[*Exeunt.*

The Queen of Corinth,

A

TRAGICOMEDY.

The Persons Represented in the Play.

Agenor, <i>Prince of Argos.</i>	Onos or Lamprias, <i>A very foolish Traveller.</i>
Theanor, <i>Son to the Qu. of Corinth, a vicious Prince.</i>	Tutor and } <i>to Onos, two foolish Knaves.</i>
Leonidas, <i>The Corinthian General, Brother to Merione.</i>	Uncle }
Euphanes, <i>A noble young Gentleman, Favorite to the Qu.</i>	Gentlemen <i>Servants to Agenor.</i>
Crates, <i>Elder brother to Eupha. a malicious beautefeu.</i>	A Page <i>to Lord Euphanes.</i>
Conon, <i>Euphenes Confident, and fellow-Traveller.</i>	Marshal,
Neanthes, } <i>Courtiers,</i>	Vintner,
Soficles, }	Drawers,
Eraton }	

WOMEN.

Merione, { <i>A virtuous Lady, honourably solicited by</i>	Queen of { <i>A wise and virtuous Widow, Mo-</i>
Beliza, <i>A noble Lady, Mistress to Euphanes.</i>	Corinth, { <i>ther of Theanor,</i>

The Scene Corinth.

The Principal Actors were

<i>Richard Burbadge,</i>	<i>Nathan Feild,</i>
<i>Henry Condel,</i>	<i>John Lowin,</i>
<i>John Underwood,</i>	<i>Nich. Toolie,</i>
<i>Thomas Polard,</i>	<i>Tho. Holcomb,</i>

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima

Enter Neanthes, Soficles, Eraton.

Era. He General is returned then?
Nean. With much honour.
Sof. And peace concluded with
the Prince of Argos?
Nean. To the Queens wishes: the
conditions sign'd
So far beyond her hopes, to the ad-
vantage
Of Corinth, and the good of all her Subjects;
That though Leonidas our brave General
Ever came home a fair and great example,
He never yet return'd, or with less loss

Or more deserved honour.
Era. Have you not heard
The motives to this general good?
Nean. The main one
Was admiration first in young Agenor,
(For by that name we know the Prince of Argos)
Of our Leonidas wisdom and his valour,
Which though an enemy, first in him bred wonder;
That liking, Love succeeded that, which was
Followed by a desire to be a friend
Upon what terms soever to such goodness;
They had an interview; and that their friendship

A

Might

Might with our peace be ratified, 'twas concluded,
Agenor yielding up all such strong places
 As he held in our territories, should receive
 (With a sufficient Dower, paid by the Queen)
 The fair *Merione* for his wife.

Era. But how
 Approves the Queen of this? since we well know
 Nor was her Highness ignorant, that her Son
 The Prince *Theanor* made love to this Lady,
 And in the noblest way.

Nean. Which she allowed of,
 And I have heard from some familiar with
 Her nearest secrets, she so deeply priz'd her
 Being from an Infant train'd up in her service,
 (Or to speak better, rather her own Creature)
 She once did say, That if the Prince should steal
 A Marriage without her leave, or knowledge,
 With this *Merione*, with a little suit
 She should grant both their pardons: whereas now
 To shew her self forsooth a *Spartan* Lady,
 And that 'tis in her power, now it concerns
 The common good, not alone to subdue
 Her own affections, but command her Sons;
 She has not only forc'd him with rough threats
 To leave his Mistress, but compell'd him when
Agenor made his entrance into *Corinth*
 To wait upon his Rival.

Sof. Can it be
 The Prince should sit down with this wrong?

Nean. I know not,
 I am sure I should not.

Era. Trust me nor I,
 A Mother is a name, but put in ballance
 With a young Wench 'tis nothing; where did you leave him?

Nean. Near *Vesta's* Temple, for there he disinis'd me,
 And full of troubled thoughts, calling for *Crates*:
 He went with him, but whither, or to what purpose
 I am a stranger.

Enter Theanor and Crates.

Era. They are come back *Neantbes*.

The. I like the place well.

Cra. Well Sir? it is built
 As if the Architect had been a Prophet,
 And fashion'd it alone for this night's action;
 The Vaults so hollow, and the Walls so strong,
 As *Dian* there might suffer violence,
 And with loud shrieks in vain call *Jove* to help her;
 Or should he hear, his Thunder could not find
 An entrance to it.

The. I give up my self
 Wholly to thy direction, worthiest *Crates*;
 And yet the desperate cure that we must practice
 Is in it self so foul, and full of danger,
 That I stand doubtful whether 'twere more manly
 To dye not seeking help, or that help being
 So deadly, to pursue it.

Cra. To those reasons
 I have already urg'd, I will add these.
 For but consider Sir——

Era. It is of weight
 What e'r it be, that with such vehement action,
 Of Eye, Hand, Foot, may all his bodies motion,
Crates incites the Prince to.

Nean. Then observe,
 With what variety of passions he
 Receives his reasons; now he's pale, and shakes
 For fear or anger; now his natural red
 Comes back again, and with a pleasing smile
 He seems to entertain it; 'tis resolv'd on
 Be it what 'twill: to his ends may it prosper
 Though the State sink for't.

Cra. Now you are a Prince

Fit to rule others, and in shaking off
 The Bonds in which your Mother fetters you
 Discharge your debt to nature, she's your guide,
 Follow her boldly, Sir.

The. I am confirm'd,
 Fall what may fall.

Cra. Yet still disguise your malice
 In your humility.

The. I am instructed.

Cra. Though in you heart there rage a thousand tempests,
 All calmness in your looks.

The. I shall remember.

Cra. And at no hand, though these are us'd as agents
 Acquaint them with your purpose till the instant
 That we employ them; 'tis not fit they have
 Time to consider, when 'tis done, reward
 Or fear will keep them silent: yet you may
 Grace them as you pass by, 'twill make them surer,
 And greedier to deserve you.

The. I'll move only
 As you would have me: Good-day Gentleman;
 Nay, spare this ceremonious form of duty
 To him that brings love to you, equal love,
 And is in nothing happier, than in knowing
 It is return'd by you; we are as one.

Sof. I am o'r-joy'd, I know not
 How to reply: but——

Era. Hang all butts; my Lord,
 For this your bounteous favour——

Nean. Let me speak,
 If to feed Vultures here, after the halter
 Has done his part, or if there be a Hell
 To take a swinge or two there, may deserve this.

Sof. We are ready.

Era. Try us any way.

Nean. Put us to it.

The. What jewels I have in you?

Cra. Have these souls,
 That for a good look, and a few kind words
 Part with their Essence?

The. Since you will compell me
 To put that to the tryal, which I doubt not,
Crates, may be, suddainly will instruct you
 How, and in what to shew your loves; obey him
 As you would bind me to you:

Cra. 'Tis well-grounded;
 Leave me to rear the building.

Nean. We will do.

Cra. I know it.

Era. Any thing you'll put us to.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda,

Enter Leonidas, Merione, Beliza, Servants.

Leo. Sister, I reap the harvest of my labours
 In your preferment, be you worthy of it,
 And with an open bosom entertain
 A greater fortune than my love durst hope for;
 Be wife, and welcome it: play not the coy
 And foolish wanton, with the offered bounties
 Of him that is a Prince. I was woo'd for you,
 And won *Merione*: then if you dare
 Believe the object that took me was worthy,
 Or trust my judgement, in me think you were
 Courted, sued to, and conquer'd.

Mer. Noble Brother,
 I have, and still esteem you as a Father,
 And will as far obey you; my heart speaks it:
 And yet without your anger, give me leave
 To say, That in the choice of that on which
 All my lifes joyes or sorrows have dependance,
 It had been fit e'r you had made a full
 And absolute grant of me to any other,
 I should have us'd mine own eyes, or at least

Made you to understand, whether it were
Within my power to make a second gift
Of my poor self.

Leo. I know what 'tis you point at,
The Prince *Theanor's* love; let not that cheat you;
His vows were but meer Courtship; all his service
But practice how to entrap a credulous Lady:
Or grant it serious, yet you must remember
He's not to love, but where the Queen his Mother
Must give allowance, which to you is barr'd up
And therefore study to forget that ever
You cherish such a hope.

Mer. I would I could.

Leo. But brave *Agenor*, who is come in person
To celebrate this Marriage, for your love
Forgives the forfeit of ten thousand lives,
That must have fall'n under the sword of War
Had not this peace been made; which general good
Both Countreys owe to his affection to you:
O happy Sister, ask this noble Lady
Your bosome friend (since I fail in my credit)
What palme *Agenor's* name, above all Princes
That *Greece* is proud of, carries, and with lustre.

Bel. Indeed Fame gives him out for excellent;
And friend, I doubt not but when you shall see him (*Ent. a Ser.*)
He'll so appear to you. Art sure 'tis he?

Ser. As I live Madam —

Bel. Virtue enable me to contain my joy.

'Tis my *Euphanes*.

Ser. Yes.

Bel. And he's in health?

Ser. Most certainly Madam.

Bel. I'll see him instantly.

So prethee tell him.

Exit Ser.

Mer. I yield my self too weak
In argument to oppose you: you may lead me
Whither you please.

Leo. 'Tis answer'd like my Sister;
And if in him you find not ample cause
To pray for me, and daily on your knees,
Conclude I have no judgement.

Mer. May it prove so:
Friend, shall we have your company?

Bel. Two hours hence

I will not fail you.

Leo. At your pleasure Madam. *Ex. Leo. and Mer.*

Enter Euphanes.

Bel. Could I in one word speak a thousand welcomes
(And hearty ones) you have 'em: Fie, my hand,
We stand at no such distance, by my life
The parting kiss you took before your travel
Is yet a Virgin on my lips, preserv'd
With as much care as I would do my fame
To entertain your wish'd return.

Euph. Best Lady,
That I do honour you, and with as much reason
As ever man did virtue; that I love you,
Yet look upon you with that reverence
As Holy men behold the Sun, the Stars,
The Temples, and their gods, they all can witness;
And that you have deserv'd this duty from me;
The life, and means of life, for which I owe you,
Commands me to profess it, since my fortune
Affords no other payment.

Bel. I had thought,
That for the trifling courtesies, as I call them,
(Though you give them another name) you had
Made ample satisfaction in th' acceptance,
And therefore did presume you had brought home
Some other Language.

Euph. No one I have learn'd
Yields words sufficient to express your goodness;

Nor can I ever choose another theme
And not be thought unthankful.

Bel. Pray you no more
As you respect me.

Euph. That charm is too powerful
For me to disobey it: 'Tis your pleasure,
And not my boldness Madam.

Bel. Good *Euphanes*,
Believe I am not one of those weak Ladies,
That (barren of all inward worth) are proud
Of what they cannot truly call their own,
Their birth or fortune, which are things without them:
Nor in this will I imitate the world,
Whose greater part of men think when they give
They purchase bondmen, not make worthy friends;
By all that's good I swear, I never thought
My great estate was an addition to me,
Or that your wants took from you.

Euph. There are few
So truly understanding or themselves
Or what they do possess.

Bel. Good *Euphanes*,
Where benefits
Are ill conferr'd, as to unworthy men,
That turn them to bad uses, the bestower
For wanting judgement how, and on whom to place them,
Is partly guilty: but when we do favours
To such as make them grounds on which they build
Their noble actions, there we improve our fortunes
To the most fair advantage. If I speak
Too much, though I confess I speak well,
Prethee remember 'tis a womans weakness,
And then thou wilt forgive it.

Euph. You speak nothing
But what would well become the wisest man:
And that by you deliver'd is so pleasing
That I could hear you ever.

Bel. Fly not from
Your word, for I arrest it: and will now
Express my self a little more, and prove
That whereas you profess your self my debtor,
That I am yours.

Euph. Your Ladyship then must use
Some Sophistry I ne'r heard of.

Bel. By plain reasons,
For look you, had you never sunk beneath
Your wants, or if those wants had found supply
From *Crates*, your unkind and covetous brother,
Or any other man, I then had mis'd
A subject upon which I worthily
Might exercise my bounty: whereas now
By having happy opportunity
To furnish you before, and in your travels,
With all conveniencies that you thought useful,
That Gold which would have rusted in my Coffers
Being thus employ'd, has rendred me a partner
In all your glorious actions. And whereas
Had you not been, I should have dy'd a thing
Scarce known, or soon forgotten: there's no Trophy
In which *Euphanes* for his worth is mentioned,
But there you have been careful to remember,
That all the good you did came from *Beliza*.

Euph. That was but thankfulness.

Bel. 'Twas such an honour,
And such a large return for the poor trash
I ventur'd with you, that if I should part
With all that I possess, and my self too
In satisfaction for it, 'twere still short
Of your deservings.

Euph. You o'r-prize them Madam.

Bel. The Queen her self hath given me gracious thanks
In your behalfe, for she hath heard *Euphanes*
How gallantly you have maintain'd her honour
In all the Courts of *Greece*: and rest assur'd

(Though yet unknown) when I present you to her,
Which I will do this evening, you shall find
That he intends good to you.

Euph. Worthiest Lady,
Since all you labour for is the advancement
Of him that will live ever your poor servant,
He must not contradict it.

Bel. Here's your Brother,
'Tis strange to see him here.

Enter Crates.

Cra. You are welcome home, Sir,
(Your pardon Madam) I had thought my house,
Considering who I am, might have been worthy
Of your first visit.

Euph. 'Twas not open to me
When last I saw you ; and to me 'tis wonder
That absence which still renders men forgotten
Should make my presence wish'd for.

Bel. That's not it,
Your too kind Brother understanding that
You stand in no need of him, is bold to offer
His entertainment.

Cra. He had never wanted,
Or yours, or your assistance, had he practis'd
The way he might have took, to have commanded,
Whatever I call mine,

Euph. I studied many,
But could find none.

Cra. You would not find your self, Sir,
Or in your self, what was due to me from you :
The privilege my birth bestow'd upon me
Might challenge some regard.

Euph. You had all the Land, Sir,
What else did you expect ? and I am certain
You kept such strong Guards to preserve it yours
I could force nothing from you.

Cra. Did you ever
Demand help from me ?

Euph. My wants have, and often,
With open mouths, but you nor heard, nor saw them ;
May be you look'd I should petition to you
As you went to your Horse ; flatter your servants,
To play the Brokers for my furtherance,,
Sooth your worst humors, act the Parasite
On all occasions, write my name with thiers
That are but one degree remov'd from slaves,
Be drunk when you would have me, then wench with you,
Or play the Pander ; enter into Quarrels
Although unjustly grounded, and defend them
Because they were yours ; these are the tyrannies
Most younger Brothers groan beneath ; yet bear them
From the insulting Heir, selling their freedoms
At a less rate than what the State allows
The fallary of base and common Strumpets :
For my part, e'r on such low terms I feed
Upon a Brothers trencher, let me dye
The Beggars death, and starve.

Cra. 'Tis bravely spoken,
Did what you do rank with it.

Bel. Why, what does he
You would not wish were yours ?

Cra. I'll tell you Lady,
Since you rise up his Advocate, and boldly,
(For now I find, and plainly in whose favor
My Love and Service to you was neglected)
For all your wealth, nay, add to that your beauty,
And put your virtues in, if you have any,
I would not yet be pointed at, as he is.
For the fine Courtier, the womans man,
That tells my Lady stories, dissolves Riddles,
Ushers her to her Coach, lies at her feet
At solemn Masks, applauding what she laughs at ;

Reads her asleep anights, and takes his oath
Upon her Pantoffles, that all excellence
In other Madams do but zany hers:
These you are perfect in, and yet these take not
Or from your birth and freedom.

Euph. Should another
Say this, my deeds, not looks should shew —

Bel. Contemn it :
His envie fains this, and he's but reporter,
Without a second, of his own dry fancies.

Cra. Yes Madam, the whole City speaks it with me,
And though in my distaste, 'tis certain you
Are brought into the scene, and with him censur'd ;
For you are given out for the provident Lady,
That not to be unfurnish'd for her pleasures
(As without them to what vain use is greatness)
Have made choice of an able man, a young man
Of an *Herculean* back to do you service,
And one you may command too, that is active,
And does what you would have him.

Bel. You are foul-mouth'd.

Cra. That can speak well, write Verses too, and good ones,
Sharp and conceited, whose wit you may lie with
When his performance fails him ; one you have
Maintain'd abroad to learn new ways to please you,
And by the gods you well reward him for it,
No night (in which while you lye sick and panting)
He watches by you, but is worth a talent :
No conference in your Coach, which is not paid with
A Scarlet Suit ; this the poor people mutter,
Though I believe, for I am bound to do so,
A Lady of your youth, that feeds high too,
And a most exact Lady, may do all this
Out of a virtuous love, the last bought vizard
That Leachery purchas'd.

Euph. Not a word beyond this,
The reverence I owe to that one womb
In which we both were embrions, makes me suffer
What's past ; but if continu'd —

Bel. Stay your hand,
The Queen shall right my honor.

Cra. Let him do it,
It is but marrying him ; and for your anger
Know that I slight it : when your goddess here
Is weary of your sacrifice, as she will be,
You know my house, and there amongst my servants
Perhaps you'll find a livery.

Bel. Be not mov'd,
I know the rancor of his disposition,
And turn it on himself by laughing at it ;
And in that let me teach you.

Euph. I learn gladly.

Exit.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Neanthes, Sofines, and Eraton severally.

Neau. You are met unto my wishes, if you ever
Desir'd true mirth so far as to adventure
To dye with the extremity of laughter,
I come before the object that will do it ;
Or let me live your fool.

Sof. Who is't *Neanthes* ?

Nea. *Lamprias* the Ufurers Son.

Era. *Lamprias* ? the youth
Of six and fifty ?

Sof. That was sent to travel
By rich *Beliza*, till he came to age,
And was fit for a Wife ?

Nea. The very same,
This gallant with his Guardian, and his Tutor,
(And of the three, who is most fool I know not)
Are newly come to *Corinth*, I'll not stale them
By giving up their characters, but leave you
To make your own discoveries: here they are, Sir.

Enter

Enter Onos, Uncle and Tutor.

Tutor. That leg a little higher; very well.
Now put your Face into the Travellers posture;
Exceeding good.

Uncle. Do you mark how they admire him?

Tut. They will be all my Scholars; when they know
And understand him truly.

Era. Phobus guard me
From this new Python.

Sof. How they have trimm'd him up
Like an old Reveller?

Nea. Curl'd him and perfum'd him,
But that was done with judgement, for he looks
Like one that purg'd perpetually; trust me,
That Witches face of his is painted too,
And every ditch upon it buries more
Then would set off ten Bawds, and all their tenants.

Sof. See how it moves towards us.

Nea. There's a salutation:

'Troth Gentlemen, you have bestowed much travel
In training up your Pupil.

Tut. Sir, great buildings
Require great labours, which yet we repent not,
Since for the Countreys good we have brought home
An absolute man.

Unc. As any of his years,
Corinth can shew you.

Era. He's exceeding meagre.

Tut. His contemplation——

Unc. Besides, 'tis fit
Learners should be kept hungry.

Nea. You all contemplate;
For three such wretched pictures of lean famine
I never saw together.

Unc. We have fat minds, Sir,
And travell'd to save charges. Do you think
'Twas fit a young and hopeful Gentleman
Should be brought up a glutton? he's my Ward,
Nor was there ever where I bore the bag
Any superfluous waste.

Era. Pray you can it speak?

Tut. He knows all Languages, but will use none,
They are all too big for his mouth, or else too little
'T'express his great conceits: and yet of late
With some impulsion he hath set down
In a strange method by the way of question,
And briefly to all business whatsoever
That may concern a Gentleman.

Nea. Good Sir, let's hear him.

Tut. Come on, Sir.

Nea. They have taught him like an Ape,
To do his tricks by signs: now he begins.

Onos. When shall we be drunk together?

Tut. That's the first.

Onos. Where shall we whore to night?

Unc. That ever follows.

Era. 'Odds me, he now looks angry.

Onos. Shall we quarrel?

Nea. With me at no hand, Sir.

Onos. Then lets protest.

Era. Is this all?

Tut. These are, Sir, the four new Virtues
That are in fashion: many a mile we measur'd
Before we could arrive to this knowledge.

Nea. You might have spar'd that labour, for at home here
There's little else in practice: Ha? the Queen?
Good friends, for half an hour remove your motion,
To-morrow willingly when we have more leisure
We'll look on him again.

Onos. Did I not rarely?

Unc. Excellent well.

Tut. He shall have six Plumbs for it.

Exeunt.

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, Theanor, Queen, Merione,
Beliza, Euphanes, Crates, Ladies, Attendants with
Lights.

Qu. How much my Court is honour'd Princely Brother?
In your vouchsafing it your long'd-for presence
Were tedious to repeat, since 'tis already
(And heartily) acknowledg'd; may the gods
That look into Kings actions, smile upon
The league we have concluded; and their justice
Find me out to revenge it, if I break
One Article.

Age. Great miracle of Queens,
How happy I esteem my self in being
Thought worthy to be numbred in the rank
Of your confederates; my love and best service
Shall teach the world hereafter: but this gift
With which you have confirm'd it, is so far
Beyond my hopes and means e'r to return,
That of necessity I must dye oblig'd
To your unanswer'd bounty.

The. The sweet Lady
In blushes gives your Highness thanks.

Qu. Believe it
On the Queens word, she is a worthy one,
And I am so acquainted with her goodness,
That but for this peace that hath chang'd my purpose,
And to her more advancement, I should gladly
Have call'd her Daughter.

The. Though I am depriv'd of
A blessing, 'tis not in the Fates to equal,
To shew my self a Subject as a Son,
Here I give up my claim, and willingly
With mine own hand deliver you what once
I lov'd above my self; and from this hour
(For my affection yields now to my duty)
Vow never to sollicite her.

Cra. 'Tis well cover'd;
Neanthes, and the rest, Exeunt Cra. Nea. Sof. Era.

Qu. Nay, for this night
You must (for 'tis our Countrey fashion, Sir)
Leave her to her Devotions, in the morning
We'll bring you to the Temple.

Leo. How in this
Your Highness honours me?

Mer. Sweet rest to all.

Age. This kiss, and I obey you

Bel. Please it your Highness,
This is the Gentleman.

Qu. You are welcome home, Sir,
(Now as I live, one of a promising presence)
I have heard of you before, and you shall find
I'll know you better: find out something that
May do you good, and rest assur'd to have it.
Were you at Sparta lately?

Euph. Three daies since
Madam, I came from thence.

Qu. 'Tis very late,
Good night my Lord, do you Sir follow me,
I must talk further with you.

Ag. All rest with you. Exeunt.

Enter Crates, Neanthes, Eraton, Sosicles disguis'd.

Cra. She must pass through this Cloyster, suddainly
And boldly seize upon her.

Nea. Where's the Prince?

Cra. He does expect us at the place I shew'd you.

Enter Merione and Servant.

I hear ones footing, peace, 'tis she;

Mer. Now leave me,
I know the way, though Vesta witness with me
I never trode it with such fear: help, help.

Cra. Stop her mouth close, out with the Light, I'll guide
you. Exeunt.
Actus

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Merione (as newly ravished.)

Mer. **T**O whom now shall I cry? What pow'r thus kneel
And beg my ravilht honor back upon me (to?)
Deaf, deaf, you gods of goodness, deaf to me,
Deaf Heaven to all my cries; deaf hope, deaf justice,
I am abus'd, and you, that see all, saw it;
Saw it, and smil'd upon the villain did it:
Saw it, and gave him strength: why have I pray'd to ye,
When all the world eyes have been sunk in slumbers?
Why have I then pow'r'd out my tears? kneel'd to ye?
And from the Altar of a pure heart sent ye
Thoughts like your selves, white, innocent, vows purer
And of a sweeter flame than all the earths odours?
Why have I sung your praises, strew'd your Temples,
And crown'd your Holy Priests with Virgin Roses?
Is it we hold ye powerful, to destroy us?
Believe, and honor ye, to see us ruin'd?
These tears of anger thus I sprinkle toward ye,
You that dare sleep secure whilst Virgins suffer,
These stick like Comets, blaze eternally,
Till, with the wonder, they have wak'd your justice,
And forc't ye fear our curses, as we yours.

Enter Theanor, Crates, with vizards.

My shame still follows me, and still proclaims me;
He turns away in scorn, I am contemned too,
A more unmanly violence than the other;
Bitten, and flung away? What e'r you are
Sir, you that have abus'd me, and now most basely
And sacrilegiously robb'd this fair Temple,
I fling all these behind me, but look upon me,
But one kind loving look, be what ye will,
So from this hour you will be mine, my Husband;
And you his hand in mischief, I speak to you too,
Counsel him nobly now; you know the mischief,
The most unrighteous act he has done, perswade him,
Perswade him like a friend, knock at his Conscience
Till fair Repentance follow: yet be worthy of me,
And shew your self, if ever good thought guided ye;
You have had your soul will, make it yet fair with marriage;
Open your self and take me, wed me now: } *Draws his*
More fruits of villany? your Dagger? come } *Dagger.*
Ye are merciful, I thank you for your medicine:
Is that too worthy too?

Enter the rest disguis'd.

Devil, thou with him,
Thou penny Bawd to his Lust, will not that stir thee?
Do you work by tokens now? Be sure I live not,
For your own safeties knaves. I will sit patiently:
But as ye are true villains, the Devils own servants,
And those he loves and trusts, make it as bloody
An Act, of such true horror, Heaven would shake at,
'Twill shew the braver: goodness hold my hope fast,
And in thy mercies look upon my ruines,
And then I am right: my eyes grow dead and heavy:

Enter six disguis'd, singing and dancing to a horrid Musick,
and sprinkling water on her face.

Wrong me no more as ye are men.

The. She is fast.

Cra. Away with her.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Agenor, and Gentlemen.

Age. Now Gentlemen, the time's come now t' enjoy
That fruitful happinels my heart has long'd for:
This day be happy call'd, and when old Time
Brings it about each year, crown'd with that sweetness
It gives me now, see every man observe it,
And laying all aside bears shew of business,
Give this to joy and triumph: How sits my cloaths?

1 Gen. Handsome, and wondrous well, Sir.

Age. Do they shew richly?

For to those curious eyes even beauty envies,
I must not now appear poor, or low fashion'd;
Methinks I am younger than I was, far younger;
And such a promise in my blood I feel now,
That if there may be a perpetual youth
Bestowed on man, I am that soul shall win it:
Does my hair stand well, Lord how ill-favour'dly
You have dress'd me to day? how baldly? why this Cloak?

2 Gen. Why 'tis the richest, Sir,

Age. And here ye have put me on

A pair of Breeches look like a pair of Bagpipes.

1 Gen. Believe Sir, they shew bravely.

Age. Why these Stockins?

2 Gen. Your Leg appears——

Age. Peuh, I would have had 'em Peach-colour,
All young, and new about me: and this Scarf here
A goodly thing: you have trickt me like a Puppet.

1 Gen. I'll undertake to rig forth a whole Navy,
And with less labor than one man in love.

They are never pleas'd.

2 Gen. Methinks he looks well.

1 Gen. Well:

As man can look, as handsome: now do I wonder
He found not fault his Nose was put on ugly,
Or his Eyes lookt too gray, and rail at us,
They are the waywards things, these Lovers.

2 Gen. All will be right

When once it comes to th' push.

1 Gen. I would they were at it

For our own quiet sake.

Age. Come, wait upon me,

And bear your selves like mine, my friends, and nobly. Ex

Scena Tertia.

Enter Theanor, Crates, and Erates, bringing Merione.

Erat. This is her Brothers door.

Cra. There lay her down then.

Lay her along: she is fast still.

Ser. As forgetfulness.

Cra. Be not you stirr'd now, but away to your Mother
Give all attendance, let no stain appear
Of fear, or doubt in your face: carry your self confidently.

The. But whither runs your drift now?

Cra. When she wakes,

Either what's done will shew a meer dream to her,
And carry no more credit: or say she find it,
Say she remember all the circumstances,
Twenty to one the shapes in which they were acted,
The horrors, and the still affrights we shew'd her,
Rising in wilder figures to her memory
Will run her mad, and no man guessthe reason:
If all these fail, and that she rise up perfect,
And so collect her self, believe this, Sir,
Not knowing who it was that did this to her,
Nor having any power to ghes; the thing done too
Being the utter undoing of her honor
If it be known, and to the worlds eye publish'd,
Especially at this time when Fortune courts her,
She must and will conceal it; nay, forget it,
The woman is no Lucrece; get you gone Sir,
And as you would have more of this sport, fear not.

The.

The. I am confirm'd, farewell.

Crz. Farewel, away Sir:

Disperse your selves, and as you love his favour,
And that that crowns it, Gold, no tongues amongst ye.
You know your charge, this way goes no suspicion. Ex.

Enter Agenor, and Leonides, with two Gent.

Ag. You are stirring early, Sir.

Leo. It was my duty

To wait upon your Grace.

Ag. How fares your Sister,

My beauteous Mistris, what is she ready yet? (way

Leo. No doubt she'll lose no time Sir, young Maids in her

Tread upon thorns, and think an hour an age

Till the Priest has done his part, that theirs may follow:

I saw her not since yesterday i' th' evening:

But Sir, I am sure she is not slack; believe me,

Your grace will find a loving soul.

Ag. A sweet one,

And so much joy I carry in the thought of it,

So great a happiness to know she is mine;

Believe me noble Brother, that to express it

Methinks a Tongue's a poor thing: can do nothing,

Imagination less: who's that that lies there?

Leo. Where Sir?

Ag. Before the door, it looks like a woman:

Leo. This way I came abroad, but then there was no
One of the Maids o'rwatch'd belike; (thing,

Ag. It may be.

Leo. But methinks this is no fit place to sleep in.

i Gent. 'Tis sure a woman Sir, she has jewels on too:

She fears no foul play sure.

Leo. Bring a Torch hither,

Yett'tis not perfect day: I should know those Garments.

Ag. How sound she sleeps?

Leo. I am sorry to see this.

Ag. Do you know her?

Leo. And you now I am sure Sir.

Ag. My Mistris, how comes this?

Enter Queen, Theonor, Beliza, Euphanes, Neanthes,
Attendants.

Leo. The Queen and her train?

Qu. You know my pleasure.

Euph. And will be most careful.

Qu. Be not long absent, the suit you prefer'd
Is granted.

Nea. This fellow mounts apace, and will
Towre o'rus like a Falcon.

Qu. Good morrow to ye all, why stand ye wondring?

Enter the house Sir, and bring out your Mistris,

You must observe our Ceremonies: what's the matter?

What's that ye stand at? How Merione?

Asleep i' th' street? belike some sudden Palsie

As she slept out last night upon devotion,

To take her farewell of her Virgin state,

The air being sharp and piercing, struck her suddenly:

See if she breath.

Leo. A little.

Qu. Wake her then,

'Tis sure a fit.

Ag. She wakes her self,

Give room to her.

Qu. See how the spirits struggle to recover,

And strongly reinforce their strength; for certain

This was no natural sleep.

The. I am of your mind, Madam.

Qu. No Son, it cannot be.

The. Pray Heaven no trick in't;

Good Soul she little merits such a mischief.

Qu. She is broad awake now, and her sence cleers up,

'Twas sure a fit; stand off.

Mer. The Queen, my Love here,

And all my noble friends? Why where am I?

How am I tranç'd, and moap'd? i' th' street? Heaven blefs me,
Shame to my Sex; o th' ground too? O I remember —

Leo. How wild she looks?

Ag. Oh my cold heart, how she trembles?

Mer. Oh I remember, I remember.

Qu. What's that?

Mer. My shame, my shame, my shame: Oh I remember
My never-dying shame.

The. Here has been villanic.

Qu. I fear so too.

Mer. You are no Furies are ye?

No horrid shapés sent to affright me?

Ag. No sweet,

We are your friends: look up, I am Agenor,

O my Merione, that loves you dearly:

And come to marry ye.

Leo Sister, what ail ye?

Speak out your griefs, and boldly —

Ag. Something sticks here

Will choak ye else.

Mer. I hope it will.

Qu. Be free Lady,

You have your loving friends about ye.

Ab. Dear Merione,

By the unspotted love I ever bore ye,

By thine own goodness —

Mer. Oh 'tis gone, 'tis gone Sir,

I am now I know not what: pray ye look not on me,

No name is left me, nothing to inherit

But that detested, base, and branded —

Ag. Speakit,

And how; diseases of most danger

Their causes once discover'd are easily cur'd:

My fair Merione.

Mer. I thank your love Sir;

When I was fair Merione, unspotted,

Pure, and unblasted in the bud you honour'd,

White as the heart of truth, then Prince Agenor,

Even then I was not worthy of your favour;

Wretch that I am, less worthy now of pitty:

Let no good thing come near me, virtue flie me;

You that have honest noble names despise me,

For I am nothing now but a main pestilence

Able to poison all. Send those unto me

That have forgot their names, ruin'd their fortunes,

Despis'd their honours; those that have been Virgins

Ravish'd and wrong'd, and yet dare live to tell it.

The. Now it appears too plain.

Mer. Send those sad people

That hate the light, and curse society; (nually

Whose thoughts are Graves, and from whose eyes conti-

Their melting souls drop out, send those to me;

And when their sorrows are most excellent,

So full that one grief more cannot be added,

My Story like a torrent shall devour 'em.

Hark, it must out; but pray stand close together;

And let not all the world hear.

Leo. Speak it boldly.

Mer. And Royal Lady, think but charitably,

Your Grace has known my breeding.

Qu. Prethee speak it.

Mer. Is there no stranger here? send off your servants,

And yet it must be known: I shake.

Ag. Sweet Mistris.

Mer. I am abus'd, basely abus'd; do you ghes yet?

Come close, I'll tell ye plainer; I am whor'd,

Ravish'd, and robb'd of Honour.

Leo. Oh the Devil.

Ag. What hellish Slave was this?

The. A wretch, a wretch,

A damned wretch: do you know the Villain, Lady?

Mer. No.

The. Not by ghes?

Mer. Oh no.

The. It must be known,

Qu. Where was the place?

Mer. I know not neither.

Ag. O Heaven,

Is this the happy time? my hope to this come?

Leo. Neither the man nor circumstances?

The. His tongue,

Did you not hear his tongue, no voice?

Mer. None, none Sir:

All I know of him was his violence.

Ag. How came ye hither, Sweet?

Mer. I know not neither.

The. A cunning piece of villany.

Mer. All I remember

Is only this: Going to *Vestas* Temple

To give the goddess my last Virgin prayers,

Near to that place I was suddenly surpriz'd,

By five or six disguis'd, and from thence violently

To my dishonour hal'd: that Act perform'd,

Brought back, but how, or whether, till I wak'd here.—

The. This is so monstrous, the gods cannot suffer it;

I have not read in all the villainies

Committed by the most obdurate Rascals,

An act so truly impious.

Leo. Would I knew him.

The. He must be known, the Devil cannot hide him.

Qu. If all the Art I have, or power can do it,

He shall be found, and such a way of justice

Inflicted on him: A Lady wrong'd in my Court,

And this way rob'd, and ruin'd?

The. Be contented Madam,

if he be above ground I will have him.

Ag. Fair virtuous Maid, take comfort yet and flourish,

In my love flourish: the stain was forc'd upon ye

None of your wills, nor yours; rise, and rise mine still,

And rise the same white, sweet, fair soul, I lov'd ye,

Take me the same.

Mer. I kneel and thank ye, Sir,

And I must say ye are truly honourable:

and dare confess my Will, yet still a Virgin;

But so unfit and weak a Cabinet

To keep your love and virtue in am I now,

That have been forc'd and broken, lost my lustre,

I mean this body, so corrupt a Volume

For you to study goodness in, and honor,

I shall intreat your Grace, confer that happiness

Upon a beauty sorrow never saw yet:

And when this grief shall kill me, as it must do,

Only remember yet ye had such a Mistress;

And if ye then dare shed a tear, yet honour me:

Good Gentlemen, express your pities to me,

In seeking out this villany; and my last suit

Is to your Grace, that I may have your favour

To live a poor recluse Nun with this Lady,

From Court and company, till Heaven shall hear me,

And send me comfort, or death end my misery.

Qu. Take your own Will, my very heart bleeds for thee.

Ag. Farewell *Merione*, since I have not thee.

I'll wed thy goodness, and thy memory.

Leo. And I her fair revenge.

The. Away: let's follow it,

For he is so rank i' th' wind we cannot miss him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Crates and Conon.

Cra. *Conon*, you are welcome home, ye are wondrous

Is this your first arrival? *(welcome,*

Co. Sir, but now

I reacht the Town.

Cra. Ye are once more welcome then.

Co. I thank ye, noble Sir.

Cra. Pray ye do me the honor

To make my poor house first—

Con. Pray Sir excuse me,

I have not seen mine own yet; nor made happy

These longing eyes with those I love there: what's this a

Cra. It seems so by the outside.

(Tavern?)

Co. Step in here then,

And since it offers it self so freely to us,

A place made only for liberal entertainment,

Let's seek no further, but make use of this,

And after the *Greek* fashion, to our friends

Crown a round cup or two.

Enter Vintner and Drawer.

Cra. Your pleasure, Sir.

Drawers, who waits within?

Draw. Anon, anon Sir.

Vint. Look into the *Lilly-pot*: why *Mark* there;

You are welcome Gentlemen; heartily welcome

My noble friend.

Cra. Let's have good Wine mine Host,

And a fine private room.

Vint. Will ye be there Sir?

What is't you'll drink? I'll draw your Wine my self:

Quillions ye knaves: why when?

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Anon, anon Sir.

Vint. *Chios*, or *Lebos*, *Greek*?

Cra. Your best and neatest.

Vint. I'll draw ye that snall dance.

Cra. Away, be quick then.

Exit. Vintner

Con. How does your Brother, Sir, my noble friend

The good *Euphanes*? in all my course of travel

I met not with a Gentleman so furnish'd

In gentleness and courtesie; believe Sir,

So many friendly Offices I receiv'd from him,

So great, and timely, and enjoy'd his company

In such an open and a liberal sweetness,

That when I dare forget him—

Cra. He's in good health, Sir,

But you will find him a much alter'd man,

Grown a great Courtier, Sir.

Co. He's worthy of it.

Cra. A man drawn up, that leaves no print behind him

Of what he was: those goodnesses you speak of

That have been in him, those that you call freedoms,

Societies, and sweetness, look for now, Sir,

You'll find no shadows of them left, no sound,

The very Air he has liv'd in alter'd: now behold him,

And you shall see a thing walk by, look big upon ye,

And cry for place; I am the Queens, give room there:

If you bow low, may be he'll touch the Bonnet,

Or sling a forced smile at ye for a favour.

Co. He is your brother, Sir.

Cra. These forms put off,

Which travel, and Court Holy-water sprinkle on him,

I dare accept, and know him: you'll think it strange, Sir,

That even to me, to me his natural Brother,

And one by birth he owes a little honor too—

Enter Vintner with Wine.

(But that's all one) come, give me some Wine, mine Host,
Here's to your fair return.

Con. I wonder at it,

But sure he has found a nature not worth owning

In this way; else I know he is tender carried.

I thank ye, Sir: and now durst I presume

For all you tell me of these alterations,

And stops in his sweet nature, which till I find so,

I have known him now so long, and look'd so through him,

You must give me leave to be a little faithless:

I say for all these, if you please to venture

O my fair Sir, *Lampree*, the careful Unkle
To this young hopeful issue; Monsieur *Tutor* too,
The father to his mind; Gome, come, let's hug Boyes,
Why what a bunch of travel do I embrace now,
Methinks I put a Girdle about *Europe*;
How has the boy profited?

Unc. He has enough Sir,
If his too fiery mettle do not mar it.

Con. Is he not thrifty yet?

Tut. That's all his fault,
Too bounteous minded being under age too,
A great consumer of his stock in Pippins,
Had ever a hot stomach.

Con. Come hither *Onos*,
Will you love me for this fine Apple?

Onos. We.

Con. And will ye be rul'd by me sometimes?

Onos. Faith I will.

Con. That's a good boy.

Unc. Pray give not the child so much fruit,
He's of a raw Complexion

Euph. You Monsieur hard ege,
Do you remember me? Do you remember
When you and your Consort travell'd through *Hungary*?

Con. He's in that circuit still.

Euph. Do you remember
The cantell of immortal Cheese ye carried with ye,
The half cold Gabbedge in a leather Sachell,
And those invincible Eggs that would lye in your bowells
A fortnight together, and then turn to bedstaves;
Your sowre milk that would choak an *Irish* man,
And bread was bak'd in *Cæsars* time for the Army?

Con. Providence, providence.

Tut. The soul of travel.

Euph. Can the boy speak yet?

Tut. Yes, and as fine a Gentleman,
I thank my able knowledge, he has arriv'd at,
Only a little sparing of his Language,
Which every man of observation —

Unc. And of as many tongues.

Tut. Pray be content Sir,
You know you are for the bodily part, the Purse,
I for the magazin, the mind.

Euph. Come hither springall.

On. That in the *Almain* Tongue signifies a Gentleman.

Euph. What think you of the forms of *Italy* or *Spain*?

Onos. I love mine own Countrey Pippin.

Tut. Nobly answer'd,
Born for his Countrey first.

Euph. A great Philosopher:
What Horses do you prefer?

Onos. The white horse Sir,
There where I lye; honest and a just beast,
Tut. O *caput lepidum*: a Child to say this,
Are these figures for the mouths of Infants?

Con. *Onos*, what wenches?

Come, tell me true.

On. I cannot speak without book.

Con. When shall we have one, *lia*?

On. Steal me from mine Unkle,
For look you, I am broke out horribly
For want of fleshy Physick: they say I am too young,
And that 'twill spoyle my growth but could you help me?

Con. Meet me to morrow man, no more.

Euph. You think now
Ye have open'd such a shame to me of travell,
By shewing these thin Cubs: ye have honour'd us
Against your will, proclaim'd us excellent:
Three Frails of Sprats carried from Mart; to Mart,
Are as much Meat as these, to more use travell'd;
A bunch of bloted fools: me thinks your judgment
Should look abroad sometimes without your envy.

Cra. Such are most of you: so I take my leave,
And when you find your Womens favor fail,

'Tis ten to one you'll know your self, and seek me
Upon a better Muster of your manners.

Con. This is not handsome Sir.

Euph. Pray take your pleasure,
You wound the wind as much —

Cra. Come you with me,
I have business for you presently: there's for your Wine,
I must confes I lost it.

On. Shall I steal to ye
And shall we see the Wench?

Con. A dainty one.

On. And have a dish of Pippins?

Con. What a peck man.

Tut. Will you wait Sir.

Con. Pray let's meet oftner Gentlemen,
I would not lose ye.

Tut. O sweet Sir.

Con. Do you think I would,
Such noted men as you?

Onos, Unc. Tut. We are your Servants. *Exeunt.*

Euph. That thing they would keep in everlasting nonage,
My brother for his own ends has thrust on
Upon my Mistris, 'tis true, he shall be rich
If ever he can get that Rogue his Unkle
To let him be of years to come to inherit it,
Now what the main drift is —

Con. Say ye so? no more words,
I'll keep him company till he be of years,
Though it be a hundred years, but I'll discover it;
And ten to one I'll cross it too.

Euph. You are honest,
And I shall study still your love: farewell Sir,
For these few hours I must desire your pardon,
I have business of importance: once a day
At least I hope you'll see me: I must see you else:
So, once more ye are welcome.

Con. All my thanks Sir,
And when I leave to love you, life go from me. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Theanor and Crates.

Cra. **W**HY Sir, the Kingdomes his, and no man now
Can come to *Corinth*, or from *Corinth* go
Without his Licence; he puts up the tithes
Of every office through *Achaia*;
From Courtier to the Carter hold of him:
Our Lands, our Liberties, nay very Lives
Are shut up in his Closet, and let loose
But at his pleasure; Books, and all discourse
Have now no Patron, nor direction,
But glorified *Euphanes*: our Cups are guilty
That quench our thirsts, if not unto his health;
Oh, I could eat my heart, and fling away
My very Soul for anguish: gods, nor men
Should tolerate such disproportion.

The. And yet is he belov'd: whether't be virtue,
Or seeming virtue which he makes the cloak
To his ambition.

Cra. Be it which it will:
Your Highness is too tame, your eyes too film'd
To see this, and sit still: the Lion should not
Tremble to hear the bellowing of the Bull;
Nature excuse me, though he be my Brother,
You are my Countries Father, therefore mine:
One parallel line of Love I bend on him,

All lines of love and duty meet in you
As in their Center: therefore hear, and weigh
What I shall speak: You know the Queen your Mother
Did, from a private state your Father raise,
So all your Royalty you hold from her;
She is older than she was, therefore more doating,
And what know we but blindness of her love
(That hath from underneath the foot of fortune
Set even *Euphanes* foot, on fortunes head)
Will take him by the hand, and cry, Leap now
Into my bed; 'tis but a trick of age;
Nothing impossible.

The. What do you infer on this?

Cra. Your pardon Sir:

With reverence to the Queen; yet why should I
Fear to speak plain what pointeth to your good?
A good old Widow is a hungry thing,
(I speak of other Widows, not of Queens.)

The. Speak to thy purpose.

Cra. I approach it: Sir,

Should young *Euphanes* claspe the Kingdome thus,
And please the good old Lady some one night;
What might not she be wrought to put on you,
Quite to supplant your birth? neither is she
Past children as I take it.

The. *Crates*, Thou shak'st me;

Thou, that dost hate thy Brother for my love,
In my love find one; henceforth be my brother:
This Gyant I will fell beneath the earth;
I will shine out, and melt his artful wings:
Euphanes, from my mothers sea of favors
Spreads like a River, and runs calmly on,
Secure yet from my stormes; like a young pine
He grows up planted under a fair Oake,
Whose strong large branches yet do's shelter him,
And every Traveller admires his beauty;
But like a wind, I'll work into his crancks,
Trouble his stream, and drown all Vessels that
Ride on his Greatness: under my Mothers arms,
Like to a stealing tempest will I search,
And rend his root from her protection.

Cra. I, now *Theanor* speaks like Prince *Theanor*.

The. But how shall we provoke him to our snares?
He has a temper malice cannot move
To exceed the bounds of judgement; he is so wise,
That we can pick no cause to affront him.

Cra. No?

What better than his crossing your intent?
The suit I had to ye? *Conons* forfeit state
(Before he travel'd) for a Riot he
Hath from your Mother got restored to him:

The. Durst he? what is this *Conon*?

Cra. One that hath,
As people say, in foreign Countries pleasur'd him.

Enter Onos, Uncle, Tutor, Neanthes, Socrates, Eraton.

But now no more;
They have brought the Travellers I told you of,
That's the sweet youth, that is my Brothers Rivall,
That curls his head, for he has little hair,
And paints his vizer, for it is no face,
That so desires to follow you, my Lord:
Shew 'em some countenance, and it will beget
Our sport at least.

The. What villanous Crab-tree legs he makes?
His shins are full of true-love knots.

Cra. His legs were ever villanous, since I knew him.

Era. Faith his Uncles shanks are somewhat the better.

Nea. But is't possible he should believe he is not of age?
He is so man, in's *Jubile* I warrant: s'light, he (why
Looks older then a goat, the very stamp on's face is
Worne out with handling. (him speak,

Sof. Why I tell you all men believe it when they hear

He utters such single matter in so instantly a voice.

Nea. He looks as like a fellow that I have seen accom-
modate Gentlemen with Tobacco in our Theaters.

Onos. Most illustrious Prince.

Era. A pox on him, he is guelt, how he trebles?

Onos. I am a Gentleman a both sides.

Tut. He means (sot' please your highness) both by *Fa-
Sof.* Thou a Gentleman? thou an *As.* (ther and Mother.

Nea. He is nere the farther from being a Gent. I assure you.

Tut. May it please your Grace, I am another,

Nea. He is another *As.* he says, I believe him.

Uncle. We be three; Heroicall Prince.

Nea. Nay then we must have the Picture of 'em, and the
Word *Nos sumus*.

Tut. That have travell'd all parts of the Globe together.

Unc. For my part, I have seen the vicissitude of fortune
before.

Onos. Peace *Uncle*, for though you speak a little better

Nea. 'Tis a very little, in truth. (than I

Onos. Yet we must both give place, as they say to the
The Tutor. (best Speaker

Tut. Yet since it hath pleased your radiance to decline so
Poor and unworthy dunghils— (low, as on us,

Nea. What a stinking knaves this?

Tut. Our Peregrination was nere so facilitated, as since we
enter'd the line of your gracious favor, under whose beamy
aspect, and by which infallible Mathematical compass,
may we but hereafter presume to sail, our industries have
reach't their desir'd termination and period; and we shall
voluntarily sacrifice our lives to your resplendent eyes,
both the Altars and fires of our devoted offerings.

Onos. Oh divine Tutor!

Cra. Can you hold Sir? (in *Corinth*.

Era. He has spoken this very speech to some Whore

Nea. A plague on him for a fustian Dictionary; on my
conscience this is the *Ulyssian* Traveller that sent home
his Image riding upon Elephants to the great *Mogoll*.

Sof. The same: his wit is so huge, nought but an Ele-
phant could carry him.

Era. So heavy you mean.

Nea. These three, are ev'n the fin'st one fool tripartite,
that was ere discovered.

Sof. Or a treatise of famine divided into three branches.

Era. The Prince speaks.

The. I thank ye for your loves; but as I told you,
I have so little means, to do for those
Few followers I have already, that
I would have none shiprack themselves, and fortune,
Upon my barren shelf: Sue to *Euphanes*.
For he is Prince, and Queen, I would have no man
Curse me in his old age.

Cra. Alas Sir, they desire to follow you
But a far off, the farther off the better.

Tut. I Sir, and't be seven mile off, so we may but fol-
low you, only to countenance us in the confronts and af-
fronts, which (according to your Highness will) we
mean on all occasions to put upon the Lord *Eupha-
nes*.

Onos. He shall not want gibing nor jceering, I warrant
him, if he do, I'll forswear wit.

Nea. It has forsworn thee, I'll swear, it is the ancient
enemy to thy house.

The. Well, be it so; I here receive ye; for my fol-
lowers a great way off.

Nea. Seven miles, my Lord, no further.

Onos. By what time, Sir, (by this measure) may I come
to follow him in his Chamber?

Nea. Why when his Chamber, Sir, is seven miles long.

Enter Euphanes, Conon, Page, Gent. Attendants.

Gent. Make way there for my Lord *Euphanes*.

Cra. Look Sir, *Jove* appears;
The Peacock of our State, that spreads a train
Brighter than *Iris* blushes after rain.

Euph. You need not thank me *Conon*; in your love

You Antidated what I can do for you,
And I, in gratitude, was bound to this,
And am to much more: and what ere he be
Can with unthankfulness assoile me, let him
Dig out mine eyes, and sing my name in verse,
In Ballad verse, at every drinking house,
And no man be so charitable to lend me
A Dogg to guide my steps.

Nes. Haile to *Euphanes*.

Sof. Mighty *Euphanes*.

Er. The great Prince *Euphanes*.

Tut. Key of the Court, and Jewell of the Queen.

Uns. *Sol* in our Firmament.

Onos. Pearl in the States eye.

Nes. Being a black man.

Er. Mistress of the Land.

Nes. Our humble, humble poor Petitions are,
That we may hold our places.

All. May we?

Euph. Yes; be you malicious knaves still; and you fools.

Con. This is the Princes, and your brothers spight.

Euph. I know't, but will not know it.

Con. Yonder they are.

Who's fine child's this?

Uns. Sir.

Onos. Uncle, le'be,

Let him alone, he is a mighty Prince.

Euph. I ask your Highness pardon: I protest
By *Jupiter* I saw you not.

The. Humh, it may be so,

You have rais'd such mountaines 'twixt your eyes and me,
(That I am hidden quite: what do ye mean Sir?
You much forget your self.

Euph. I should much more,
Not to remember my due duty to your Grace;
I know not wherein I have so transgress'd
My service to your Highness, to deserve
This rigour and contempt, not from you only
But from your followers, with the best of whom
I was an equal in my lowest ebbe:
Beseech you Sir, respect me as a Gentleman,
I will be never more in heart to you:
Five fair Descents I can derive my self,
From Fathers worthy both in Arts and Armes.
I know your goodness companies your greatness
But that you are perverted: Royal Sir,
I am your humblest subject, use your pleasure,
But do not give protection to the wrongs
Of these subordinate Slaves, whom I could crush
For that great destined favor, which my Mistress
And your majestick Mother deignes to me,
But in respect of you: I know lean envy
Waites ever on the steps of virtue advanc'd:
But why your Mothers grace gets me disgrace,
Or renders me a slave to bear these wrongs
I do not know.

On Mediocrity,

Thou prizeless jewel, only mean men have
But cannot value; like the precious Jem,
Found in the Mukhill by the ignorant Cock.

The. Your creamy words, but cozen: how durst you
Intercept me so lately to my Mother?
And what I meant your Brother, you obtain'd
Unto the forfeitoe again.

Cra. Your answer to that my Lord, my Brother.

Euph. May I perish

If ere I heard you intended such a suit,
Though 'twould have stuck an ignominious brand
Upon your Highness, to have given your servant
A Gentlemans whole state of worth and quality,
Confiscate only for a youthful brawle.

The. Your rudiments are too sawcy: teach your Page.

Con. I, so are all things but your flatterers.

Onos. Hold you your prating.

Con. You know where you are, you flecten face.

Euph. Yet Sir, to appease and fatisfie your anger.
Take what you please from me, and give it him
In lieu of this: you shall not take it neither,
I freely will impart it, half my state,
Which Brother if you please——

Cra. Ile starve in Chains first,
Eat my own armes.

Euph. Oh that you saw your self:
You ne'r made me such offer in my poorness,
And 'cause (to do you ease) I fought not to you.
You thus maligne me; yet your nature must not
Corrupt mine, nor your rude examples lead me:
If mine can mend you, I shall joy; you know
I fear you not: you have seen me proved a man
In every way of fortune, 'tis my comfort
I know no more such Brothers in the World
As *Crates* is.

Con. Nor I such as *Euphanes*:
The temper of an Angel reigns in thee.

Euph. Your Royal Mother Sir, (I had forgot)
Entreats your presence.

The. You have done her errand,
I may do yours.

Euph. Let it be truth my Lord.

Con. *Crates*, Ile question you for this.

Cra. Pish, your worst.

Con. Away you hounds after your scent.

Onos. Come, we'll scorn to walk to'm: now they are gone,
We'l away too.

Con. Why bear you this my Lord?

Euph. To shew the passive fortitude the best;
Vertue's a solid Rock, whereat being aym'd
The keenest darts of envy, yet unhurt
Her Marble *Heroes* stand, built of such Bases,
Whilst they recoyle, and wound the Shooters faces.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Con. My Lord, the Queen.

Quee. Gentle *Euphanes*, how,
How do'st thou honest Lord? oh how I joy
To see what I have made, like a choyce Workman,
That having fram'd a Master-piece, doth reap
An universal commendation.
Princes are Gods in this. I'll build thee yet
(The good foundation so pleases me)
A story or two higher; let dogs bark,
They are fools that hold them dignified by blood,
They should be only made great that are good.

Euph. Oraculous Madam.

Quee. Sirrah, I was thinking
If I should marry thee, what merry tales
Our neighbour Islands would make of us;
But let that pass, you have a Mistress
That would forbid our Banes: troth I have wish'd
A thousand times that I had been a man,
Than I might sit a day with thee alone,
And talk,
But as I am I must not; there's no skill
In being good, but in not being thought ill.
Sirrah, who's that?

Euph. So't please your Majesty

Conon, the friend I su'd for.

Quee. 'Tis dispatch'd.

Con. Gracious Madam.

I owe the gods and you my life.

Quee. I thank you,

I thank you heartily; and I do think you
A very honest man, he says you are:
But now I'll chide thee; what's the cause my Son,
For my eye's every where, and I have heard,
So insolently do's thee Contumelies
Past sufferance (I am told) yet you complain not,
As if my justice were so partial

As not to right the meauelt: credit me,
I'll call him to a strict account, and fright,
By his example, all that dare curb me
In any thing that's just: I sent you for him.

Euph. Humbly he did return, he would wait on you:
But let me implore your Majesty, not to give
His Highness any check, for worthless me;
They are Court canckers, and not Counsellors
That thus inform you: they do but hate the Prince,
And would subvert me: I should curse my fortune
Even at the highest, to be made the ginne
To unscrew a Mothers love unto her Son:
Better had my pale flame in humble shades
Been spent unseen, than to be raised thus high,
Now to be thought a meteor to the State,
Portending ruine and contagion:

Beseech you then rest satisfi'd, the Prince
Is a most noble natur'd Gentleman,
And never did to me but what I took
As favors from him, my blown billowes must not
Strive 'gainst my shore, that should confine me, nor
Justle with Rocks to break themselves to pieces.

Quee. Well, thou'rt the composition of a god:
My Lion, Lamb, my Eaglet, and my Dove,
Whose soul runs clearer then *Dianas* Fount,
Nature pick'd several flowers from her choyce banks
And bound them up in thee, sending thee forth
A Poise for the bosome of a Queen.

Lady. The Prince attends you.

Quee. Farewell my good Lord.
My honest man; stay, hast no other suit?
I prathee tell me; Sirrah, thine eye speaks
As if thou hadst: out with it modest fool.

Euph. With favor Madam, I would crave your leave
To Marry, where I am bound in gratitude,
The immediate means she was to all my Being:
Nor do I think your wisdom sacred Queen
Fetters in favors, taking from me so
The liberty that meanest men enjoy.

Quee. To marry? you are a fool: thou'lt anger'd me:
Leave me, I'll think on't: *Exit Euph. and Conon.*
Only to try thee this, for though I love thee,

Enter Theanor.

I can subdue my self: but she that can
Enjoy thee, doth enjoy more than a man.
Nay rise without a blessing, or kneel still:
What's Sir the reason you oppose me thus,
And seek to darken what I would have shine?
Eclipse a fire much brighter than thy self,
Making your Mother not a competent Judge
Of her own actions?

The. Gracious Madam, I
I have done no more than what in royalty
(And to preserve your fame) was fit to do:
Heard you the peoples talk of you, and him
You favor so, his greatness, and your love,
The pittie given to me, you would excuse me,
They prate as if he did dishonor you:
And what know I, but his own lavish tongue
Has uttered some such speeches; he is call'd
The King of *Corinth*.

Quee. They are traitors all:
I wear a Christal casement 'fore my heart,
Through which each honest eye may look in to't:
Let it be prospect unto all the world,
I care not this.

The. This must not be my way;
Your pardon gracious Madam: these incitements
Made me not shew so clear a countenance
Upon the Lord *Euphanes* as I would:
Which since your Majesty affects so grievously
I'll clear the black cloud of it, and henceforth

Vow on this knee all love and grace to him.

Quee. Rise with my blessing, and to prove this true,
Bear him from me this Cabinet of Jewels
In your own person, tell him, for his marrying
He may dispose him how, and when he please. *Exit Quee*
The. I shall discharge my duty and your will. *Crates?*

Enter Crates.

Cra. I have heard all my Lord, how luckily
Fate pops her very spindle in our hands:
This Marriage with *Beliza* you shall cross,
Then have I one attempt for *Lamprias* more
Upon this *Phaeton*: where's *Merione's* Ring,
That in the Rape you took from her?

The. 'Tis here.

Cra. In and affect our purpose: you my Lord
Shall disobey your Mothers charge, and send
This Cabinet by some servant of her own,
That what succeeds may have no reference
Unto your Highness.

The. On, my engine on.

Cra. Now, if we be not struck by Heavens own hand,
We'l ruine him, and on his ruines stand. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, Merione, Beliza.
A sad Song.

WEEP no more, nor sigh nor groan
Sorrow calls no time that's gone
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest raine
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerefully
Fates bidd', ends, eyes cannot see.
Joyes as winged dreams fly fast
Why should sadness longer last.
Grief is but a wound to woe
Gent'lest fair, mourne, mourne no moe.

Ag. These heavy Ayres feed sorrow in her Lady;
And nourish it too strongly; like a Mother
That spoiles her Child with giving on't the will.

A lighter Song.

COURT Ladies laugh, and wonder. Here is one
That weeps because her Maiden head is gone
Whilst you do never fret, nor chafe, nor cry
But when too long it keeps you company,
Too well you know, Maids are like Towns on fire
Wasting themselves, if no man quenck desire.
Weep then no more fool: a new Maidenhead
Thou suffer'st loss of, in each chaste tear shed.

Bel. Some lighter note.

Leo. How like a hill of Snow she sits, and melts
Before the unchaste fire of others lust?

What heart can see her passion and not break?

Ag. Take comfort gentle Madam; you know well
Even actual sins committed without will,
Are neither sins nor shame, much more compell'd;
Your honor's no whit less, your Chastity
No whit impair'd, for fair *Merione*
Is more a Virgin yet then all her Sex:
Alas, 'tis done; why burne these Tapers now?
Wicked and frantick Creatures joy in night.

Leo. Imagine faire *Merione* had dream'd
She had been ravish'd, would she sit thus then
Excruciate?

Mer. Oh.

Bel. Fye, fye, how fond is this?
What reason for this surfeit of remorse?
How many that have done ill and proceed,

Women that take degrees in wantonness,
Commence, and rise in rudiments of Lust,
That feel no scruple of this tenderness?

Mer. Pish.

Bel. Nor are you matchless in misnap, even I
Do bear an equal part of misery;
That love, belov'd, a man the Crown of men,
Whom I have friended, and how rais'd 'tis better
That all do know and speak it than my self:
When he sail'd low I might have made him mine,
Now at his full gale, it is questionable
If ever I o're-take him.

Ag. Wherefore sits
My *Phebe* strowdow'd in a sable cloud?
Those pearly drops which thou let's fall like beades,
Numbring on them thy vestal Orisons
Alas are spent in vain: I love thee still,
In mid't of all these showres thou sweetlier sent'st,
Like a green Meadow on an *April* day,
In which the Sun and west-wind play together,
Striving to catch and drink the balmy drops.

Enter Euphanes and Servant.

Ser. The Lord *Euphanes* Madam.

Exit Mer.

Ag. Poor *Merione*,

She loathes the light, and men.

Exit.

Euph. The virtuous gods preserve my Mistress.

Bel. O my most honor'd Lord, those times are chang'd,

Euph. Let times and men change, could Heaven change,
Should never change, to be devoted ever

(*Euphanes*)

To fair *Beliza*, should my load of honors,
Or any Grace which you were Author of
Detract mine honor, and diminish Grace?

The gods forbid: you here behold your servant,
Your Creature, gentle Lady, whose sound sleeps
You purchas'd for him: whose food you paid for,
Whose garments were your charge, whose first preferment
You founded: then, what since the gracious Queen
Hath, or can rear, is upon your free Land,
And you are Mistress of.

Bel. Mock me not gentle Lord,
You shine now in too high a spear for me,
We are Planets now disjoyn'd for ever: yet
Poor superstitious innocent that I am,
Give leave that I may lift my hands, and love
Not in Idolatry, but perfect zeal:
For credit me, I repent nothing I have done,
But were it to begin would do the same.

Euph. There are two Seas in *Corinth*, and two Queens,
And but there, not two such in the spacious Universe;
I came to tender you the man you have made,
And like a thankful stream to retribute
All you my Ocean have enrich'd me with.
You told me once you'd marry me.

Bel. Another mock? you were wont to play fair play,
You scorn poor helps; he that is sure to win,
May slight mean hearts, whose hand commands the Queen.

Euph. Let me be held the Knave through all the Stock
When I do slight my Mistress; you know well
The gracious inclination of the Queen,
Who sent me leave this morning to proceed
To marry as I saw convenience,
And a great gift of Jewels: Three days hence
The general sacrifice is done to *Vesta*,
And can you by then be accommodated
Your servant shall wait on you to the Temple.

Bel. Till now
I never felt a real joy indeed.

Euph. Here then I seal my duty, here my love,
Till which vouchsafe to wear this Ring, dear Mistress;
'Twas the Queens Token, and shall celebrate
Our Nuptials.

Bel. Honour still raise, and preserve

My honor'd Lord, as he preserves all honor. *Exit Euph.*

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, Merione.

Ag. Why shift you places thus *Merione*,
And will not lend a word? Could'st thou so soon
Leave sorrow as the place, how blest were I,
But 'twill not be; grief is an impudent guest,
A follower every where, a hanger on,
That words nor blows can drive away.

Leo. Dear Sister.

Bel. Who can be sad? out with these Tragick Lights,
And let day repossess her natural howres:
Tear down these blacks, cast ope' the Casements wide,
That we may joycondly behold the Sun.

I did partake with sad *Merione*
In all her mourning: let her now rejoyce
With glad *Beliza*, for *Euphanes* is
As full of love, full of humility
As when he wanted.

Mer. Oh — that.

Leo. Help, she faints:

Her grief has broke her heart.

Mer. No — that — that.

Ag. Mistress, what point you at?
Her lamps are out, yet still she extends her hand

As if she saw something antipathous
Unto her virtuous life.

Leo. Still, still she points,
And her lips move, but no articulate sound
Breathes from 'em: Sister, speak, what moves you thus?

Bel. Her spirits return.

Mer. Oh, hide that fatal Ring,
Where had it you *Beliza*?

Bel. What hid fate
Depends on it? *Euphanes* gave it me
As holy pledge of future Marriage.

Mer. Then is *Euphanes* the foul Ravisher?
Let me speak this and dye. That dismal night
Which seal'd my shame upon me, was that Ring,
The partner of my rob'd virginity.

Leo. *Euphanes*?

Ag. Strange.

Bel. Impossible.

Mer. Impossible to have redress on him,
Chief servant to the Queen — ha! I have read
Somewhere I am sure, of such an injury
Done to a Lady: and how she durst dye.

Exit.

Ag. Oh follow her *Beliza*.

Bel. To assure her,
The unlikelihood of this.

Ag. Love hides all sins.

What's to be done *Leonidas*?

Exit.

Leo. Why this:

Amazement takes up all my faculties;
The plagues of gods and men will muster all
To avenge this tyranny. Oh frontless man,
To dare do ill, and hope to bear it thus:
First let's implore, then cure.

Ag. Who, who can trust
The gentle looks and words of two-fac'd man?
Like *Corinths* double torrent, you and I
Will rush upon the Land; nor shall the Queen
Defend this Villain in his villany:
Lusts violent flames can never be withstood
Nor quench'd, but with as violent streams of blood.

Exeunt

Actus

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Crates, Uncle, Tutor, and Onos

Ono. **T**Hinks he to carry her and live.

Cra. It seems so,
And she will carry him the story says.

On. Well, hum—
Have I for this thou fair but falsest fair
Stretch'd this same simple leg over the Sea?
What though my bashfulness, and tender years,
Durst ne're reveal my affection to thy teeth?
Deep love ne're tattles, and (say they) loves bit
The deeper dip'd, the sweeter still is it.

Tut. Oh, see the power of Love: he speaks in ryme.

Cra. Oh, love would make a dog howle in ryme:
Of all the Lovers yet I have heard or read
This is the strangest: but his Guardian,
And you his Tutor should inform him better,
Thinks he, that love is answer'd by instinct?

Tut. He should make means,
For certain Sir, his bashfulness undo's him,
For from his Cradle h'had a shameful face.
Thus walks he night and day, eats not a bit,
Nor sleeps one jot, but's grown so humerous;
Drinks Ale, and takes Tobacco as you see;
Wear's a Steeletto at his Codpeece close,
Stabs on the least occasion: stroaks his beard,
Which now he puts i'th posture of a T.
The Roman T. your T. beard is the fashion,
And twifold doth expresse the enamour'd Courtier,
As full as your fork-carving Travellor.

On. Oh, black clouds of discontent invelopp me,
Garters fly off: go Hatband, bind the browes
Of some dull Citizen that fears to ake:
And Leg appear now in simplicity
Without the trapings of a Courtier:
Burst Bottons, burst, your Bachelor is worm'd.

Cra. A worm-eaten Batchelor th'rt indeed.

On. And Devil melancholly posselles me now.

Unc. Cross him not in this fit I advise you Sir.

On. Dye crimson Rose, that didst adorn these cheeks,
For yth of love is now broke forth on me. (scabby.)

Unc. Poor Boy, 'tis true: his wrists and hands are
Burn eyes out in your sockets, sink and sink:

Teeth I will pick ye to the very bones,
Hang hair like Hemp, or like the *Ifling* Curs,
For never Powder, nor the Crisping-iron
Shall touch these dangling locks — oh — Ruby lips,
Love hath to you been like Wine-vinegar,
Now you look wan and pale, lips, ghosts ye are,
And my disgrace sharper than Mustard-seed.

Cra. How like a Chaundler he do's vent his passions,
Risum teneatis?

On. Well sung the Poet,
Love is a golden *bubo*, full of Dreams:
That ripen'd breaks, and fills us with extreame.

Tut. A gold buble, pupill, Oh gross *solacisme*
To chaster eares that understand the *Latine*.

On. I will not be corrected now:
I am in love, revenge is now the Cud
That I do chew: I'll challenge him.

Cra. I marry Sir.

Unc. Your honor bids you Nephew, on, and prosper.

On. But none will bear it from me, times are dangerous.

Cra. Carry it your self man.

On. Tutor, your counsel: I'll do nothing Sir
Without him.

Unc. This may rid thee, (valiant Cuz.)
Whom I have kept this forty year my Ward:
Fain would I have his state, and now of late
He did inquire at *Ephesus* for his age,
But the Church Book being burnt with *Dian's* Temple
He lost his ayne: I have try'd to famish him,
Marry he'll live o'th stones: and then for Poysons,
He is an Antidote 'gainst all of 'em;
He sprung from *Mitbridates*; he is so dry and hot,
He will eat Spiders faster than a Monkey:
His Maw (unhurt) keeps Quicksilver like a bladder,
The largest dose of *Camphire*, *Opium*,
Harmes not his Brain; I think his Skul's as empty
As a suckt Egg; *Vitriol* and Oyle of *Tartar*
He will eat tolls of: *Henbane* I am sure
And *Hemlock* I have made his Pot-herbs often.

Cra. If he refuse you, yours is then the honor:
If he accept, he being so great, you may
Crave both to choose the Weapon, time, and place,
Which may be ten years hence, and *Calicut*,
Or underneath the line to avoid advantage.

On. I am resolved.

Tut. By your favor Pupill,
Whence shall this challenge rise? for you must ground it
On some such fundamental base, or matter
As now the Gentry set their lives upon.
Did you ere cheat him at some Ordinary,
And durst he say so, and be angry? if thus,
Then you must challenge him: liath he call'd your whore,
Whore; though she be (beside yours) twenty mens?
Your honor, reputation is touched then,
And you must challenge him: Has he deny'd
On thirty damme's to accommodate money,
Though he have broke threescore before to you?
Here you must challenge him: Durst he ever shun
To drink two pots of Ale wi'ye? or to wench
Though weighty business otherwise importun'd?
He is a proud Lord,
And you may challenge him: Has he familiarly
Dislik'd your yellow Starch, or said your Dublet
Was not exactly frenchif'd? or that, that report
In fair terms was untrue? or drawn your Sword,
Cry'd 'twas ill mounted? Has he given the lye
In circle, or oblique, or semi-circle,
Or direct parrallel? you must challenge him.

On. He never gave my direct apparel the lye in's life.

Tut. But for the crown of all, Has he refus'd
To pledge your Mistris health though he were sick?

Enter Neanthes and Page.

And crav'd your pardon? you must challenge him,
There's no avoiding: one or both must drop.

On. Exquisite Tutor.

(here
Nean. Crates, I have sought you long, what make you
Fooling with these three farthings, while the Town
is all in uproar, and the Prince our Master
Seis'd by *Leonidas*, and *Agenor*) carried
And Prisoner kept i'the Castle, flanckes
The west part of the City, where they vow
To hold him, till your Brother, Lord *Euphanes*
Be rendr'd to 'em, with his life to satisfie
The Rape, by him suspected to *Merione*?
The Queen refuses to deliver him,
Pawning her knowledge for his-innocency,
And dares 'em do their worst on Prince *Theonor*,
The whole State's in combustion.

Cra. Fatall Ring.

Unc. What will become of us?

Nean. And she hath given Commission to *Euphanes*
And *Conon* (who have leaved men already)
With violence to surprize the Towre, and take 'em.

What

What will you do?

Crates. Along wi'ye, and prevent
A farther mischief: Gentlemen, our intents
We must defer: you are the Princes followers.

Nes. Will ye walk with us?

Unc. You shall pardon us.

Tut. We are his followers afar off you know.
And are contented to continue so.

Exit Crates and Neant.

Onor. Sir Boy.

Page. Sir Fool? a Challenge to my Lord?
How dar'st thou, or thy ambs--ace here think of him,
Ye Crow-pick'd heads, which your thin shoulders bear
As does the Poles on *Corinth* Bridge the Traitors:
Why you three Nine-pins you talk of my Lord,
And challenges? you shall not need: come draw,
His Page is able to swindle three such whelpes:
Uncle, why stand ye off: long-man advance.

Onos. Sight, what have we done Tutor?

Tut. He is a Boy,

And we may run away with honour.

Page. That ye shall not,
And being a Boy I am fitter to encounter
A Child in Law as you are, under twenty:
Thou sot, thou three-score Sot, and that's a Child
Again I grant you.

Unc. Nephew, here's an age:
Boyes are turn'd men, and men are Children.

Page. Away you Pezants with your bought Gentry;
Are not you he, when your fellow Passengers,
Your last transportment being assay'd by a Galley
Hid your self i'the Cabbin: and the Fight done
Peep'd above Hatches, and cry'd, Have we taken,
Or are we tane? Come, I do want a slipper,
But this shall serve: Swear all as I would have you,
Or I will call some dozen brother Pages,
(They are not far off I am sure) and we will blanket
You untill you piss again.

All. Nay, we will swear Sir.

Page. T'is your best course:
First, you shall swear never to name my Lord,
Or hear him nam'd hereafter, but bare-headed.
Next, to begin his health in every place,
And never to refuse to pledge it, though
You surfeit to the death. Lastly, to hold
The poorest, litlest Page in reverence;
To think him valianter, and a better Gentleman
Than you three stamp'd together: and to give him
Wine and Tobacco whereoe're you meet,
And the best meat if he can stay.

All. We swear it loyally.

Page. Then I dismiss you
True Leigemen to the Pantoffle:
I had more Articles, but I have business
And cannot stay now: so adieu dear Monsieur,
Tres noble & tres puissant.

Unc. Adieu Monsieur.

On. A vostre service & commandement.

Tut. I told you Pupill, you'd repent this foolery.

On. Who, I repent? you are mistaken Tutor,
I ne're repented any thing yet in my life,
And scorne to begin now: Come, let's be melancholly.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queen, Euphanes, Conon, Lords.

Lord. 'Twere better treat with 'em.

Queen. I will no Treaties
With a League-breaker and a Rebell; shall I
Article with a Traitor? be compell'd
To yield an innocent unto their fury
Whom I have prov'd so to you?

Euph. Gracious Queen,
Though your own god-like disposition
Would succor Virtue, and protect the right,

Yet for the publick good, for the dear safety
Of your most Royal only Son, consent
To give me up the sacrifice to their malice,
My life is aym'd at, and 'twere better far
The blood of twenty thousand such as I
Purpled our Seas, than that that your Princely Son
Should be endanger'd.

Queen. Still well said honest Fool,
Were their demand but one hair from thy head,
By all the gods I'd scorn 'em: were they here,
The Majesty that dwels upon this brow
Should strike 'em on their knees: As for my Son,
Let 'em no more dare than they'l answer, I
An equal Mother to my Countrey, am,
And every virtuous Son of it is Son
Unto my bosome, tender as mine own.

Con. Oh, you are heavenly Madam, and the gods
Can suffer nothing pass to injure you:
The life that *Conon* promis'd, he stands now
Ready to pay with joy.

Queen. Farewell both,
Success attend you: you have Souldiers been,
Tam Marti quam Mercurio: if you bring not peace
Bring me their heads.

Con. I will put fair for one. *Exeunt Queen, Lords.*

Euph. Double the Guard upon her Highness Person,

Conon. You must perform a friendly part,
Which I shall counsel you.

Con. I am your servant. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Theanor, Agenor, Leonidas above.

Leo. Make good that Fortification, and the Watch
Keep still upon the Battlements; Royall Sir,
Weigh but our injuries, we have told you fully
The manner and the matter hailes us thus;
Nor shall this upstart *Musstrum* bred i'th night,
Sit brooding underneath your Mothers wings
His damn'd impieties.

Ag. For your self brave Prince,
Fear nothing that this face of arms presents:
We ask the Ravisher, and have no means
To win him from your most indulgent Mother
But by this practice.

The. Stout *Leonidas*,
Princely *Agenor*, your wrongs cry so loud,
That who so would condemn you is not heard:
I blame you not, who but *Euphanes* durst
Make Stories like to this? My wrong's as strong
Aske my revengeful arm to strengthen yours:
As for my fear, know you, and *Greece* throughout.

Enter Euphanes and Conon.

Our Mother was a *Spartan* Princess born,
That never taught me to spell such a word.

Con. Sir, you do tempt your life.

Euph. *Conon*, no more.
Do thus as thou wouldst save it. *Sound Trumpet within.*

Ag. What Trumpet's this?

Leo. Beneath I do perceive
Two armed men, single, that gives us summons
As they would treat.

Ag. Let us descend.

Con. My Lord,
I would you would excuse me, and proceed
According to the Queens directions.

Euph. Friend,
As thou wouldst wear that title after death.

Enter below Theanor, Agenor, Leonidas, and Soldiers.
Perform my charge: no Soldier on his life
Approach us nearer.

Con.

Con. Safety to both the Princes, Loyalty
To you Lord General, the Queen, your Mistriſs
As well as ours, though not to fear, to cut
Civil diſſention from her Land, and ſave
Much guiltleſs blood, that uprore ever thirſts,
And for the ſafeguard of her Son, by me
(As you demand) hath ſent the Lord *Euphanes*
To plead his own cauſe, or to ſuffer death
As you ſhall find him worthy; ſo delivering
The Prince back, I ſhall leave him to your Guard.

Leo. The Queen is good and gracious: kiſs her hand.

Ag. And ſeal our duties: Sir, depart in peace.

The. Oh Sir, you now perceive, when in the ſcales
Nature, and fond affection weigh together,
One poizes like a feather, and you know my Lords
What's to be done.

Euph. Your Highneſs is unarm'd,
Pleaſe you to uſe mine, and to lead the Army
Back to your Mother: *Conon*, march you with 'em.

Con. I will my Lord: But not ſo far as not
To bring you help if danger look upon you.

Euph. Why do you look ſo ſtrangely, fearfully,
Or ſtay your deathful hand, be not ſo wiſe
To ſtop your rage: look how unmov'dly, here
I give my ſelf my Countreys ſacrifice,
An innocent ſacrifice: Truth laughs at death,
And terrifies the killer more than kill'd;
Integrity thus armleſs ſeeks her foes,
And never needs the Target nor the Sword,
Bow, nor invenom'd ſhafts.

Leo. We are amaz'd,
Not at your eloquence, but impudence,
That dare thus front us.

Ag. Kill him, who knows not
The iron forehead that bold miſchief wears.

Leo. Forbear a while *Agenor*, I do tremble,
And ſomething ſits like virtue in his face,
Which the gods keep.

Euph. *Agenor*, ſtrike *Leonidas*
You that have purchas'd Fame on certain grounds,
Loſe it on ſuppoſition? ſnear your hands
In guiltleſs blood, laugh at my Martyrdom:
But yet remember, when Poſterity
Shall read your Volumes fill'd with virtuous acts,
And ſhall arrive at this black bloody leaf,
Noting your fooliſh barbariſms, and my wrong,
(As time ſhall make it plain) what follows this
Diſciplining any noble deed of yours
Shall be quite loſt, for men will read no more.

Leo. Why? dare you ſay you are innocent?

Euph. By all the gods, as they
Of this foul crime, why Gent. pry clean through my life,
Then weigh theſe circumſtances: think you that he
Which made day night, and men to furies turn'd,
Durſt not truſt ſilence, vizors, nor her ſence
That ſuffer'd; but with Charms and Potions
Caſt her aſleep, (for all this I have enquir'd
Acted the Fable of *Proſerpines* Rape,
The place (by all deſcription) like to Hell:
And all to perpetrate unknown his Luſt,
Would fondly in his perſon bring a Ring,
And give it a betrothed Wife, ith' ſame houſe
Where the poor injur'd Lady liv'd and groan'd.

Ag. Hell gives us Art to reach the depth of ſin,
But leaves us wretched fools, when we are in.

Euph. Had it given me that Art, and left me ſo,
I would not thus into the Lions jaws
Have thruſt my ſelf (defenceleſs for your good,
The Princes ſafety, or the Common-weals:
You know the Queen deny'd me, and ſent us
Commanders to ſurprize you, and to raze
This Tower down, we had power enough to do it,
Or ſtarve you, as you ſaw, and not to tender
My Perſon to your wrath, which I have done,

Knowing my heart as pure as infants ſleep.

Leo. What think you, Sir?

Ag. No harm I am ſure: I weep.

Euph. The gods are juſt, and mighty: but to give you
Further aſſurance, and to make your ſelves
Judges and witneſſes of my innocence
Let me demand this queſtion, On what night
Was this foul deed committed?

Ag. On the Eave before our Marriage meant.

Euph. *Leonidas*,
(Your rage being off, that ſtill drowns memory)
Where was your ſelf and I that very night,
And what our conference?

Leo. By the gods 'tis true:
Both in her Highneſs Chamber conferring
Even of this Match until an hour of day,
And then came I to call you: we are ſham'd.

Ag. Utterly loſt, and ſham'd.

Euph. Neither be chear'd,
He that could find this out, can pardon it,
And know this Ring was ſent me from the Queen;
How ſhe came by it, yet is not enquir'd,
Deeper occurrents hang on't: and pray Heaven
That my ſuſpicions prove as falſe as yours,
Which (for the World) till I have greater proof
I dare not utter what, nor whom they touch;
Only this build upon, with all my nerves
I'll labour with ye, till time waken truth.

Ag. There are our ſwords Sir, turn the points on us,

Leo. Punish rebellion, and revenge your wrong,

Euph. Sir, my revenge ſhall be to make your peace,
Neither was this rebellion, but raſh love.

Enter Conon.

Co. How's this? unarm'd left, now found doubly arm'd?
And thoſe that would have ſlain him at his feet?
Oh Truth, thou art a mighty Conquererſs:
The Queen (my Lord) perplex'd in care of you,
That croſs to her command; hazard your ſelf
In perſon, here is come into the Field,
And like a Leader, marches in the head
Of all her Troops, vows that ſhe will demolish
Each ſtone of this proud Tower be you not fafe:
She chafes like ſtorms in Groves, now ſighs, now weeps,
And both ſometimes, like Rain and Wind commixt,
Abjures her Son for ever, leſs himſelf
Do fetch you off in perſon, that did give
Your ſelf to ſave him of your own free will,
And ſwears he muſt not, nor is it to live.

Euph. Oh ſhe's a Miſtriſs for the gods.

Ag. And thou a godlike ſervant fit for her.

Leo. Wide Greece

May boaſt, becauſe ſhe cannot boaſt thy like.

Euph. Thus *Conon* tell her Highneſs.

Co. My joy flies.

Euph. Let's toward her march: ſtern Drum ſpeak gentle peace.

Leo. We are priſoners, lead us, ne'r was known
A preſident like this: one unarm'd man
(Suspected) to captive with golden words
(Truth being his ſhield) ſo many arm'd with ſwords. *Ex.*

Enter (at one door) Queen, Theanor, Crates, Conon, Lords, Soldiers, (at another) Euphanes (with two ſwords) Agenor, Leonidas, Soldiers: Euphanes preſents Leonidas on his knees to the Queen: Agenor bare-headed, makes ſhew of ſorrow to the Queen, ſhe ſtamps, and ſeems to be angry at the firſt. Euphanes perſwades her, lay as their ſwords at her feet, ſhe gives them their ſwords again, they kiſs her hand and embrace, the Soldiers liſt up Euphanes, and ſhout: Theanor and Crates diſcovered, Conon whiſpers with Crates, Euphanes with Agenor, and Leonidas obſerves it, who ſeem to promiſe ſomething, Euphanes directs his Page ſomewhat.

Exeunt all but Theanor and Crates.

The. We are not lucky *Crates*, this great torrent
Bears all before him.

Cra. Such an age as this
Shall ne'r be seen again: virtue grows fat,
And villany pines; the Furies are asleep,
Mischief 'gainst goodness aim'd, is like a stone,
Unnaturally forc'd up an eminent hill
Whose weight falls on our heads and buries us,
We springe our selves, we sink in our own bogs.

The. What's to be done?

Cra. Repent and grow good.

The. Pish,

'Tis not the fashion (fool) till we grow old:
The peoples love to him now scares me more
Than my fond Mothers: both which, like two floods
Bearing *Euphanes* up; will o'rflow me,
And he is worthy, would he were in Heaven,
But that hereafter: *Crates* help me now,
And henceforth be at ease.

Cra. Your Will my Lord?

The. *Beliza* is to marry him forthwith,
I long to have the first touch of her too,
That will a little quiet me.

Cra. Fie Sir,

You'll be the Tyrant to Virginity;
To fall but once is manly, to persevere
Beastly, and desperate.

The. Cross me not, but do't:

Are not the means, the place, the instruments
The very fame? I must expect you suddenly.

Cra. I must obey you.

Who is in evil once a companion
Can hardly shake him off, but must run on.
Here I appointed *Conon* to attend
Him, and his sword: he promis'd to come single.

Enter Conon and Page.

To avoid prevention: he is a man on's word.

Co. You are well met *Crates*.

Cra. If we part so *Conon*.

Co. Come, we must do these mutual offices,
We must be our own Seconds, our own Surgeons,
And fairly fight, like men, not on advantage.

Cra. You have an honest bosom.

Co. Yours seems so.

Cra. Let's pair our swords: you are a just Gentleman.

Co. You might be so: now shake hands if you please,
I hough't be the cudgel fashion, 'tis a friendly one.

Cra. So, stand off.

Page. That's my cue to beckon 'em.

Co. *Crates*, to expostulate your wrongs to me
Were to doubt of 'em, or wish your excuse
In words, and so return like maiden Knights:
I freely thus much I profess, your spleen
And rugged carriage toward your honour'd Brother
Hath much more stirr'd me up, than mine own cause,
For I did ne'r affect these bloody men,
Nor hold 'em fitter be made publick Hangmen:
Nor Butchers call'd, than valiant Gentlemen:
For true stamp'd valour does upon just grounds,
For whom justlier should I expose my life
To save him, unto whose virtue I owe all

Cra. *Conon*, you think by this great deed of yours
To insinuate your self a lodging nearer
To my Brothers heart: such men as you
Are on their undertakings for their Lords,
I more disable them by answering for 'em
Than if they sate still, make 'em but their whores,
Which end Gallants now adays do fight:
Where we come not to upbraid; what men
Do, the rash world will judge; but what they are
I know: and this—Horses, we are descry'd,
And broke for fear of laughter.

Enter Euphanes, Agenor, Leonidas, Page.

Half a score.

Euph. Hold, hold: on your allegiance hold.

Ag. He that strikes next—

Leo. Falls like a Traitor on our swords.

Euph. Oh Heaven, my Brother bleeds: *Conon*, thou art
A villain, an unthankful man, and shalt
Pay me thy blood for his, for his is mine:
Thou wert my friend, but he is still my Brother;
And though a friend sometimes be nearer said
In some gradation it can never be
Where that same Brother can be made a friend,
Which dearest *Crates* thus low I implore;
What in my poverty I would not seek,
Because I would not burthen you, now here
In all my height of bliss I beg of you,
Your friendship; my advancement, Sir, is yours;
I never held it strange, pray use it so:
We are but two, which Nature fram'd
In the most useful faculties of man,
To strengthen mutually and relieve each other:
Two eyes, two ears, two arms, two legs and feet,
That where one faild, the other might supply;
And I, your other eye, ear, your arm and leg,
Tender my service, help and succor to ye.

Ag. *Leo.* A most divine example.

Euph. For dear Brother,

You have been blind, and lame, and deaf to me,
Now be no more so: in humility
I give ye the duty of a younger Brother,
Which take you as a Brother, not a Father,
And then you'll pay a duty back to me.

Cra. Till now I have not wept these thirty years.

Euph. Discording Brothers, are like mutual legs
Supplanting one another: he that seeks
Aid from a stranger and forsakes his Brother,
Does but like him that madly lops his arm,
And to his body joyns a wooden one:
Cuts off his natural leg, and trusts a Crutch,
Plucks out his eye to see with Spectacles.

Cra. Most dear *Euphanes*, in this crimson floud
Wash my unkindness out: you have o'rcome me,
Taught me humanity and brotherhood;
Full well knew Nature thou wert fitter far
To be a Ruler o'r me than a Brother,
Which henceforth be: *Jove* surely did descend
When thou wert gotten in some heavenly shape
And greet my Mother, as the Poets tell
Of other Women.

Ag. Be this Holy-day.

Leo. And noted ever with the whitest stone.

Co. And pardon me my Lord, look you, I bleed
Faster than *Crates*; what I have done I did
To reconcile your loves, to both a friend,
Which my blood cement, never to part or end.

Ag. Most worthy *Conon*.

Leo. Happy rise, this day

Contracts more good than a whole age hath done.

Euph. Royal *Agenor*, brave *Leonidas*,
You are main causes, and must share the fame.

Cra. Which in some part this hour shall requite
For I have aim'd my black shafts at white marks,
And now I'll put the clew into your hands
Shall guide ye most perspicuously to the depth
Of this dark Labyrinth, where so long ye were lost
Touching this old Rape, and a new intent.
Wherein your counsel, and your active wit
My dearest Brother will be necessary.

Euph. My Prophecie is come, prove my hopes true
Agenor shall have right, and you no wrong,
Time now will pluck her daughter from her Cave:
Let's hence to prevent rumour; my dear Brother,
Nature's divided streams the highest shelf
Will over-run at last, and flow to it self.

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Crates, Euphanes, Neanthes, Socrates, Eraton.

Euph. I Have won the Lady to it, and that good
Which is intended to her, your faith only
And secresie must make perfect; Think not Sir, (tryal.
I speak as doubting it, for I dare hazard My soul upon the

Cra. You may safely,
But are *Agenor*, and *Leonidas* ready
To rush upon him in the Act, and seize him
In the height of his security?

Euph. At all parts as you could wish them.

Cra. Where's the Lady?

Euph. There
Where you appointed her to stay.

Cra. 'Tis wisely order'd.

Euph. Last, when you have him sure, compel him this way,
For as by accident here I'll bring the Queen
To meet you, 'twill strike greater terror to him,
To be tane unprovided of excuse,
And make more for our purposes. *Exit.*

Cra. Come *Neanthes*, our Fames and all are at the stake.

Nea. 'Tis fit that since relying on your skill, we venture
So much upon one game, you play with cunning.

Enter Theanor.

Or we shall rise such losers as —

Sof. The Prince.

Cra. The plot is laid Sir, howsoe'r I seem'd
A little scrupulous, upon better judgement
I have effected it.

The. 'Tis the last service
Of this foul kind I will employ you in.

Cra. We hope so Sir.

The. And I will so reward it —

Nea. You are bound to that; in every Family
That does write lustful, your fine Bawd gains more
(For like your Broker, he takes fees on both sides)
Than all the Officers of the house.

Sof. For us then

To be a great mans Panders, and live poor,
That were a double fault.

Cra. Come, you lose time Sir,
We will be with you instantly: the deed done,
We have a Mask that you expect not.

The. Thou art ever careful: for *Joves Mercury*
I would not change thee.

Era. There's an honour for you.

Nea. To be compar'd with the celestial Pimp,
Joves smock-sworn Squire, *Don Hermes*.

Cra. I'll deserve it,
And Gentlemen be assur'd, though what we do now
Will to the Prince *Theanor* look like Treason
And base disloyalty, yet the end shall prove,
When he's first taught to know himself, then you,
In what he judg'd us false, we were most true. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Euphanes, Agenor, Leonidas, Conon.

Euph. Only make haste (my Lords) in all things else
You are instructed: you may draw your swords
For shew if you think good, but on my life
You will find no resistance in his servants,
And he's himself unarm'd.

Aq. I would he were not,
My just rage should not then be lost.

Euph. Good Sir,
Have you a care no injury be done
Unto the person of the Prince: but *Conon*,
Have you an eye on both, it is your trust that I relye on.

Co. Which I will discharge, assure your self most faithfully.

Euph. For the Lady,

I know your best respect will not be wanting:
Then to avoid suspicion and discovery,
I hold it requisite, that as soon as ever
The Queen hath seen her, she forsake the place,
And sit her self for that which is projected
For her good, and your honour.

Leo. If this prosper, Believe it you have made a purchase of
My service and my life.

Euph. Your love I aim at.

Leo. Here I shall find you?

Euph. With the Queen.

Co. Enough Sir.

Enter Page.

Page. The Queen enquires for you my Lord, I have met
A dozen Messengers in search of you.

Enter Queen, Ladies, Attendants.

Euph. I knew I should be sought for, as I wish'd
She's come her self in person.

Qu. Are you found Sir?

I wonder where you spend your hours, methinks
Since I so love your company, and profess
'Tis the best comfort this life yields me; mine
Should not be tedious to you.

Euph. Gracious Madam,
To have the happiness to see and hear you,
Which by your bounty is conferr'd upon me,
I hold so great a blessing, that my honours
And wealth compar'd to that, are but as Cyphers
To make that number greater: yet your pardon
For borrowing from my duty so much time
As the provision for my sudden Marriage
Exacted from me.

Qu. I perceive this Marriage
Will keep you often from me: but I'll bear it.
She's a good Lady, and a fair, *Euphanes*,
Yet by her leave I will share with her in you:
I am pleas'd that in the night she shall enjoy you
And that's sufficient for a Wife: the day-time
I will divorce you from her.

Leo. within. We will force you if you resist.

Qu. What noise is that?

The. within. Base Traytors.

Euph. It moves this way.

Enter Agenor, Leonidas with Theanor, Nerione like Beliza.
Conon, Crates, Neanthes, Socrates Eraton, Guard.

Qu. What e'r it be I'll meet it,
I was not born to fear: Who's that *Beliza*?

Euph. My worthiest, noblest Mistriß.

Exit

Qu. Stay her, ha?

All of you look as you were rooted here,
And wanted motion: what new *Gorgons* head
Have you beheld, that you are all turn'd Statues?
This is prodigious: has none a tongue
To speak the cause?

Leo. Could every hair, great Queen
Upon my head yield an articulate sound,
And altogether speak, they could not yet
Express the villany we have discoverd,
And yet, when with a few unwilling words
I have deliver'd what must needs be known,
You'll say I am too eloquent, and wish
I had been born without a tongue.

Qu. Speak boldly,
For I, unmov'd with any loss, will hear.

Leo. Then know, we have found out the Ravisher
Of my poor Sister, and the place, and means
By which th'unfortunate, though fair *Beliza*
Hath met a second violence.

Euph. This confirms what but before I doubted to my ruine.
My Lady ravish'd.

Qu. Point me out the villain;

That guilty wretched monster that hath done this,
I hat I may look on him, and in mine eye
He reads his Sentence.

Leo. That I truly could
Name any other but the Prince, that heard,
You have it all.

Qu. Wonder not that I shake,
The miracle is greater that I live,
Having endur'd the thunder that thy words
Have thrown upon me: dar'it thou kneel, with hope
Of any favor, but a speedy death,
And that too in the dreadful'st shape that can
Appear to a despairing leprous soul,
If thou hast any? no, libidinous beast,
Thy lust hath alter'd so thy former Being,
By Heaven I know thee not.

Th. Although unworthy
Yet still I am your Son.

Qu. Thou lyest, lyest falsely,
My whole life never knew but one chaste bed,
Nor e'r desir'd warmth but from lawful fires,
Can I be then the Mother to a Goat,
Whose lust is more insatiate than the grave,
And like infectious air ingenders plagues,
To murder all that's chaste, or good in Woman?
The gods I from my youth have serv'd and fear'd,
Whose holy Temples thou hast made thy Brothels;
Could a Religious Mother then bring forth
So damn'd an Atheist? read but o'r my life,
My actions, manners, and made perfect in them
But look into the story of thy self
As thou art now, not as thou wert *Theonor*,
And reason will compel thee to confess,
Thou art a stranger to me.

Ag. Note but how heavy
The weight of guilt is: it so low hath sunk him
That he wants power to rise up in defence
Of this bad cause-

Qu. Perswade me not *Euphanes*,
This is no Prince, nor can claim part in me:
My Son was born a Free-man, this a Slave
To beastly passions, a Fugitive,
And run away from virtue: bring bonds for him.
By all the honour that I owe to Justice
He loses me for ever that seeks to save him:
Bind him I say, and 'ts like a wretch that knows
He stands condemn'd before he hears the Sentence,
With his base Agents, from my sight remove him,
And lodge them in the Dungeon: As a Queen
And Patroness to Justice I command it:
Thy tears are like unseasonable showers,
And in my heart now steel'd can make no entrance:
Thou art cruel to thy self (Fool) 'tis not want
In me of soft compassion; when thou left'st
To be a Son, I ceas'd to be a Mother;
Away with them: The children I will leave
To keep my name, to all posterities,
Shall be the great examples of my Justice,
The government of my Countrey which shall witness
How well I rul'd my self: bid the wrong'd Ladies
Appear in Court to morrow, we will hear them;
And by one Act of our severity
For fear of punishment, or love to virtue,
Teach others to be honest: all will shun
To tempt her Laws, that would not spare her Son. *Ex.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Onos*, Uncle, and Tutor.

Unc. Nay Nephew.

Tut. Pupill, hear but reason.

On. No, I have none, and will hear none; oh my honor,
My honor blasted in the bud, my youth,
My hopeful youth, and all my expectation
Ever to be a man, are lost for ever.

Unc. Why Nephew, we as well as you are dub'd
Knights of the Pantofle.

Tut. And are shouted at,
Kick'd, scorn'd, and laugh'd at by each Page and Groom,
Yet with erected heads we bear it.

Onos. Alas,
You have years, and strength to do it; but were you
(As I) a tender gristle, apt to bow,
You would like me with Cloaks enveloped,
Walk thus, then stamp, then stare.

Unc. He will run mad
I hope, and then all's mine.

Tut. Why look you Pupill,
There are for the recovery of your honor
Degrees of Medicines; for a tweak by the Nose
A man's to travel but six months, then blow it
And all is well again: the Bastinado
Requires a longer time, a year or two,
And then 'tis buried: I grant you have been baff'd,
'Tis but a journey of some thirty years
And it will be forgotten.

Onos. Think you so?

Tut. Assuredly.

Unc. He may make a shorter cut,
But hang or drown himself, and on my life
'Twill no more trouble him.

Onos. I could ne'r endure
Or Hemp or Water, they are dangerous tools
For youth to deal with: I will rather follow
My Tutors counsel,

Tut. Do so.

Onos. And put in
For my security, that I'll not return
In thirty years, my whole 'state to my Uncle.

Unc. That I like well of.

On. Still provided Uncle,
That at my coming home you will allow me
To be of age, that I may call to account
This Page that hath abus'd me.

Unc. 'Tis a match.

On. Then *Corinth*, thus the bashful *Lamprias*
Takes leave of thee: and for this little time
Of thirty years, will labour all he can,
Though he goes young forth, to come home a man. *Ex.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Euphanes* and Marshal.

Euph. Are your Prisoners ready?

Mar. When it shall please the Queen
To call them forth my Lord.

Euph. Pray you do me the favour
To tell me how they have born themselves this night
Of their imprisonment?

Mar. Gladly Sir; your Brother
With the other Courtiers willingly receiv'd
All courtesies I could offer; eat, and drank,
And were exceeding merry, so dissembling
Their guilt, or confident in their innocence,
That I much wondred at it. But the Prince,
That (as born highest) should have grac'd his fall
With greatest courage, is so sunk with sorrow,
That to a common judgement he would seem
To suffer like a Woman: but to me,
That from the experience I have had of many
Look further in him, I do find the deep
Consideration of what's past, more frights him
Than any other punishment.

Euph. That is indeed
True magnanimity: the other but
A desperate bastard valour.

Mar. I press'd to him,
And notwithstanding the Queens strict command,
(Having your Lordships promise to secure me)

Offer'd

Offer'd to free him from his bonds, which he Refus'd, with such a sorrow, mixt with scorn That it amaz'd me; yet I urg'd his Highness To give one Reason for't: he briefly answer'd, That he had fate in judgement on himself, And found that he deserv'd them: that he was A Ravisher, and so to suffer like one, Which is the reason of my tears: he addeth, For wer't not I again should break the Laws, By scorning all their rigor can inflict, I should dye smiling.

Euph. I forbear to wonder That you were mov'd that saw this: I am struck With the relation so. 'Tis very well; See all things ready. I do wish I could Send comfort to the Prince; be ready with him; 'Tis in the Queens breast only which for us } Bar brought } in. To search into were fauciness, to determine What she thinks fit.

Enter Leonidas with Merione (in white) Euphanes with Beliza (in black) Queen, Agenor, Conon, Marshal, with Theamor, Crates, Solicles, Eraton, Lords, Ladies, Guard.

Lord. Make way there for the Queen.

Quee. Read first the Law, and what our Ancestors Have in this case provided to deter Such like offenders: To you gentle Ladies This only, Would I could as well give comfort, As bid you you be secure from fear or doubt Of our displeasure be as confident As if your plea were 'gainst a common man, To have all right from us; I will not grieve For what's not worth my pitty: Read the Law.

Clerk reads.

Lycurgus the nineteenth against Rapes: It is provided: and publickly enacted and confirmed, That any man of what degree soever, offering violence to the chastity of a Virgin, shall (Ipso facto) be liable to her accusation, and according to the said Law be censur'd; Ever provided, that it shall be in the choice of the said Virgin so abused, either to compell the Offender to marry her without a Dowry, if so she will be satisfied, or demanding his head for the offence, to have that accordingly performed.

Qu. You hear this: what do you demand?

Mer. The benefit

The Law allows me.

Bel. For the injury

Done to mine Honor, I require his head.

Mer. I likewise have an eye upon mine Honor, But knowing that his death cannot restore it I ask him for my Husband.

Bel. I was ravish'd, And will have justice.

Mer. I was ravish'd too, I kneel for mercy.

Bel. I demand but what The Law allows me.

Mer. That which I desire Is by the same Law warranted.

Bel. The Rape

On me hath made a forfeit of his life, Which in revenge of my disgrace I plead for.

Mer. The Rape on me gives me the priviledge To be his Wife, and that is all I sue for.

Age. A doubtful case.

Leo. Such pretty Lawyers, yet I never saw nor read of.

Euph. May the Queen Favour your sweet plea, Madam

Bel. Is that justice?

Shall one that is to suffer for a Rape Be by a Rape defended? Look upon

The publick enemy of chastity, This lustful Satyr, whose enrag'd desires The ruine of one wretched Virgins honor Would not suffice; and shall the wrack of two Be his protection? May be I was ravish'd For his lust only, thou for his defence; O sine evasion! shall with such a slight Your Justice be deluded? your Laws cheated? And he that for one fact deserv'd to die, For sinning often, find impunity? But that I know thee I would swear thou wert A false Impostor, and suborn'd to this; And it may be thou art *Merione*: For hadst thou suffer'd truly what I have done, Thou wouldst like me complain, and call for vengeance, And our wrongs being equal, I alone Should not desire revenge: But be it so, If thou prevail, even he will punish it, And foolish mercy shew'd to him undo thee, Consider, fool, before it be too late, What joys thou canst expect from such a Husband, To whom thy first, and what's more, forc'd embraces, Which men say heighten pleasure, were distastful.

Mer. 'Twas in respect, that then they were unlawful, Unblest'd by *Hymen*, and left stings behind them, Which from the marriage-bed are ever banish'd. Let this Court be then the image of *Joves* throne, Upon which grace and mercy still attend, To intercede between him and his Justice; And since the Law allows as much to me As she can challenge, let the milder sentence, Which best becomes a Mother, and a Queen Now overcome; nor let your wisdom suffer In doing right to her, I in my wrong Indure a second Ravishment.

Bel. You can free him

Only from that which does concern your self, Not from the punishment that's due to me: Your injuries you may forgive, not mine; I plead mine own just wreak, which will right both, Where that which you desire robs me of justice; 'Tis that which I appeal to.

Mer. Bloody Woman, Dost thou desire his punishment? Let him live then; For any man to marry where he likes not Is still a lingring torment.

Bel. For one Rape

One death's sufficient, that way cannot catch me.

Mer. To you I fly then, to your mercy Madam, Exempting not your Justice, be but equal; And since in no regard I come behind her, Let me not so be undervalu'd in Your Highness favor, that the world take notice You so prefer'd her, that in her behalf You kill'd that Son, you would not save for me; Mercy, O mercy Madam.

Bel. Great Queen, justice.

Age. With what a Masculine constancy the grave Lady hath heard them both?

Leo. Yet how unmov'd she sits In that which most concerns her?

Con. Now she rises?

And having well weigh'd both their arguments, Resolves to speak.

Euph. And yet again she pauses; O *Conon*, such a resolution once A *Roman* told me he had seen in *Cato* Before he kill'd himself.

Qu. 'Tis now determin'd.

Merione, I could wish I were no Queen, To give you satisfaction; no Mother *Beliza*, to content you; and would part, Even with my being, both might have their wishes; But since that is impossible, in few words

I will deliver what I am resolv'd on:
 The end for which all profitable Laws
 Were made, looks two ways only, the reward
 Of innocent good men, and the punishment
 Of bad Delinquents: Ours, concerning Rapes,
 Provided that same latter of Marriage
 For him that had fall'n once, not then foreseeing
 Mankind could prove so monstrous, to tread twice
 A path so horrid. The great Law-giver
Draco, That for his strange severity
 Was said to write his stern Decrees in blood,
 Made none for Parricides, presuming that
 No man could be so wicked; Such might be
Lycurgus answer (did he live) for this.
 But since I find that in my Sonnet, which was not
 Doubted in any else, I will add to it;
 He cannot marry both, but for both dying,
 Both have their full revenge: You see *Beliza*
 You have your wish; with you *Merione*
 I'll spend a tear or two, so Heaven forgive thee.
The. Upon my knees I do approve your judgement,
 And beg that you would put it into act
 With all speed possible; only that I may,
 Having already made peace with my self,
 Part so with all the world: Princely *Agenor*
 I ask your pardon; yours my Lord *Euphanes*;
 And *Crates* with the rest too, I forgive you;
 Do you the like for me: Yours, gracious Mother,
 I dare not ask, and yet if that my death
 Be like a Son of yours, though my life was not,
 Perhaps you may vouchsafe it: Lastly, that
 Both these whom I have wrong'd, may with my ashes
 No heavy burden, e'r I suffer death,
 For the restoring of *Meriones* honor,
 Let me be married to her, and then dye
 For you *Beliza*.

Qu. Thou hast made in this
 Part of amends to me, and to the world,
 Thy suit is granted, call a *Flamyn* forth
 To do this holy work; with him a Headfman.

Enter Flamyn and Executioner.

Raise up thy weeping eyes *Merione*,
 With this hand I confirm thy Marriage,
 Wishing that now the gods would shew some miracle,
 That this might not divorce it.

Cra. To that purpose
 I am their Minister, stand not amaz'd,
 To all your comforts I will do this wonder,
 Your Majesty (with your pardon I must speak it)
 Allow'd once heretofore of such a Contract,

Which you repenting afterwards, revok'd it,
 Being fully bent to match her with *Agenor*,
 The griev'd Prince knowing this, and yet not daring
 To cross what you determin'd, by an oath
 Bound me and these his followers to do something
 That he might once enjoy her, we swore to it,
 And easily perswaded, being assur'd
 She was his Wife before the face of Heaven,
 Although some ceremonious forms were wanting,
 Committed the first Rape, and brought her to him,
 Which broke the Marriage; but when we perceiv'd
 He purpos'd to abuse our ready service
 In the same kind: upon the chaste *Beliza*,
 Holding our selves less ty'd to him than goodness;
 I made discovery of it to my Brother,
 Who can relate the rest.

Euph. It is most true.

Qu. I would it were:

Euph. In every circumstance

It is upon my soul: For this known to me,
 I wan *Merione* in my Ladies habit,
 To be again (but willingly) surpriz'd,
 But with *Agenor*, and her noble Brother,
 With my approv'd friend *Conon*, with such speed
 She was pursu'd, that the lewd act scarce ended,
 The Prince (assur'd he had enjoy'd *Beliza*,
 For all the time *Meriones* face was cover'd)
 Was apprehended and brought to your presence,
 But not till now discover'd, in respect
 I hop'd the imminent danger of the Prince,
 To which his loose unquenched heats had brought him,
 Being pursu'd unto the latest tryal
 Would work in him compunction, which it has done;
 And these two Ladies in their feign'd contentions,
 To your delight I hope have serv'd as Maskers
 To their own Nuptials.

Qu. My choice was worthy

When first I look'd on thee, as thou hast order'd
 All shall be done, and not the meanest that
 Plaid in this unexpected Comedy,
 But shall partake our bounty: And my Lord,
 That with the rest you may seem satisfi'd,
 If you dare venture on a Queen, not yet
 So far in debt to years, but that she may
 Bring you a lusty Boy, I offer up
 My self and Kingdom, during my life to you.

Ag. It is a blessing which I durst not hope for,
 But with all joy receive.

All. We all applaud it.

Qu. Then on unto the Temple, where the rights
 Of Marriage ended, we'll find new delights.

Exeunt.

Here endeth the Queen of Corinth.

BONDUCA,

A

TRAGEDY.

[The Persons Represented in the Play.

Caratach, *General of the Britains, Cousin to Bonduca.*

Nenius, *A great Soldier, a Britain Commander.*

Hengo, *A brave boy, Nephew to Caratach.*

Suetonius, *General to the Roman Army in Britain*

Penius, } *A brave Roman Commander, but stubborn to*
 } *the General.*

Junius, } *A Roman Captain, in love with Bonduca's*
 } *Daughter.*

Petilus, *A merry Captain, but somewhat wanton.*

Demetrius, } *Two Roman Commanders.*
Decius, }

Regulus, }

Drusus, }

Macer, }

Curius, }

Judas, *A Corporal, a merry hungry knave.*

Herald.

Druides.

Soldiers.

WOMEN.

Bonduca, } *Queen of the Iceni, a brave Virago, by Pro-*
 } *sutagus.*

Her two Daughters.

The Scene Britain.

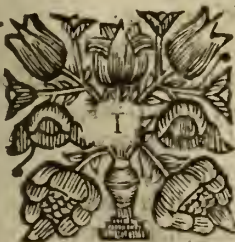
The Principal Actors were

*Richard Burbadge,
Henry Condel,
William Eglestone,
Nich. Toolie,*

*William Ostler,
John Lowin,
John Underwood,
Richard Robinson.*

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima

Enter Bonduca, Daughters, Hengo, Nennius, Soldiers.

Bon.  He hardy Romans? O ye gods of
Britain,
The rust of Arms, the blushing
shame of soldiers;
Are these the men that conquer
by inheritance?
The Fortune-makers? these the
Julians.

Enter Caratach.

That with the Sun measure the end of Nature,
Making the World but one Rome and one *Cæsar*?
Shame, how they flee! *Cæsar's* soft soul dwells in 'em;

Their Mothers got 'em sleeping, Pleasure nurst 'em,
Their Bodies sweat with sweet Oils, Loves allurements,
Not lustie Arms. Dare they send these to seek us,
These Roman Girls? Is *Britain* grown so wanton?
Twice we have beat 'em, *Nennius* scatter'd 'em,
And through their big-bon'd *Germans*, on whose Pikes
The honour of their actions sit in triumph,
Made Themes for Songs to shame 'em, and a Woman,
A Woman beat 'em, *Nennius*; a weak Woman,
A Woman beat these Romans.

Car. So it seems.

A man would shame to talk so.

Bon. Who's that?

Car. I.

Bon. Cousin, do you grieve at my fortunes:

Car. No, *Bonduca*,

If I grieve, 'tis at the bearing of your fortunes;
You put too much wind to your sail: Discretion
And hardy valour are the twins of honour,
And nurs'd together, make a Conqueror:
Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth.

That *Rome* has fled before us twice, and routed;
A truth we ought to crown the gods for, Lady,
And not our tongues. A truth is none of ours,
Nor in our ends, more than the noble bearing:
For then it leaves to be a virtue, Lady;
And we that have been Victors, beat our selves,
When we insult upon our honors subject.

Bon. My valiant Cousin, is it foul to say
What liberty and honor bid us do,
And what the gods allow us?

Car. No, *Bonduca*,

So what we say exceed not what we do.
Ye call the *Romans* fearful, fleeing *Romans*,
And *Roman* Girls, the lees of tainted pleasures:
Does this become a doer? are they such?

Bon. They are no more.

Car. Where is your Conquest then?

Why are your Altars crown'd with wreaths of flowers,
The beasts with gilt horns waiting for the fire?
The holy *Druides* composing Songs
Of everlasting life to Victory?

Why are these triumphs, Lady? for a *May-game*?
For hunting a poor herd of wretched *Romans*?

Is it no more? shut up your Temples, *Britains*,
And let the Husbandman redeem his heifers;
Put out our holy fires; no *Timbrel* ring;
Let's home, and sleep; for such great overthrows;
A Candle burns too bright a sacrifice,
A Glow-worms tail too full of flame. O *Nennius*;
Thou hadst a noble Uncle knew a *Roman*,
And how to speak him, how to give him weight
In both his fortunes.

Bon. By—I think

Ye doat upon these *Romans*, *Caratach*.

Car. Witness these wounds, I do; they were fairly given,
I love an enemy, I was born a Soldier;
And he that in the head on's Troop defies me,
Bending my manly Body with his sword,
I make a Mistress. Yellow-tressed *Hymen*
Ne'er ty'd a longing Virgin with more joy,
Than I am married to that man that wounds me:
And are not all these *Romans*? Ten struck Battels
I suck'd these honour'd scars from, and all *Roman*:
Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches,
When many a frozen storm sing thorow my Curaffe,
And made it doubtful whether that or I
Were the more stubborn metall, have I wrought thorow,
And all to try these *Romans*. Ten times a night
I have swom the Rivers, when the Stars of *Rome*
Shot at me as I floated, and the billows
Tumbled their watry ruins on my shoulders,
Charging my batter'd sides with troops of *Agues*;
And still to try these *Romans*, whom I found
(And if I lye, my wounds be henceforth backward,
And be you witness, gods, and all my dangers)
As ready, and as full of that I brought
(Which was not fear nor flight) as valiant,
As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,
Ever advanced as forward as the *Britains*,
Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours.
I, and as subtil, Lady. 'Tis dishonour,
And follow'd, will be impudence, *Bonduca*,
And grow to no belief, to taint these *Romans*.
Have not I seen the *Britains*——

Bon. What?

Car. Disheartned,

Run, run, *Bonduca*, not the quick rack swifter;

The Virgin from the hated Ravisher
Not half so fearful? not a flight drawn home.

A round stone from a sling, a Lovers wish
E'r made that haste that they have. By——
I have seen these *Britains*, that you magnifie,
Run as they would have out-run time and roaring
Bafely for mercy, roaring: the light shadows,
That in a thought scur o'r the fields of Corn,
Halted on crutches to'em.

Bon. O ye Powers,
What scandals do I suffer?

Car. Yes, *Bonduca*,

I have seen thee run too, and thee, *Nennius*;
Yea, run apace, both; then when *Penyus*
The *Roman* Girl, cut thorow your armed Carts,
And drive 'em headlong on ye down the hill:
Then when he hunted ye like *Britain-Foxes*.
More by the scent than fight: then did I see
These valiant and approved men of *Britain*;
Like boading Owls, creep into tods of *Ivie*.
And hoot their fears to one another nightly.

Nen. And what did you then, *Caratach*?

Car. I fled too,

But not for fast; your Jewel had been lost then,
Young *Hengo* there; he trasht me, *Nennius*:
For when your fears out-run him, then stept I,
And in the head of all the *Romans* fury
Took him, and, with my tough Belt, to my back
I buckled him: behind him, my sure Shield;
And then I follow'd. If I say I fought
Five times in-bringing off this bud of *Britain*,
I lye not, *Nennius*. Neither had ye heard
Me speak this, or ever seen the child more,
But that the Son of Virtue, *Penyus*
Seeing me steer thorow all these storms of danger,
My Helm still in my hand, my Sword my prow,
Turn'd to my foe my face, he cry'd out nobly,
Go *Britain*, bear thy Lions whelp off safely;
Thy manly sword has ransom'd thee: grow strong,
And let me meet thee once again in Arms;
Then if thou stand'st, thou art mine. I took his offer,
And here I am to honour him.

Bon. O Cousin,

From what a flight of honour hast thou checkt me?
What wouldst thou make me, *Caratach*?

Car. See, Lady,

The noble use of others in our losses:
Does this afflict ye? Had the *Romans* cry'd this,
And as we have done theirs, sung out these fortunes,
Rail'd on our base condition, hooted at us,
Made marks as far as the earth was ours, to shew us
Nothing but sea could stop our flights; despis'd us,
And held it equal, whether banqueting
Or beating of the *Britains* were more business,
It would have gall'd ye.

Bon. Let me think we conquer'd.

Car. Do; but so think, as we may be conquer'd:
And where we have found virtue, though in those
That came to make us slaves, let's cherish it.
There's not a blow we gave since *Julius* landed,
That was of strength and worth, but like records,
They file to after-ages. Our Registers,
The *Romans*, are for noble deeds of honour;
And shall we burn their mentions with upbraidings?

Bon. No more, I see my self: thou hast made me, Cousin,
More than my fortunes durst, for they abus'd me,
And wound me up so high, I swell'd with glory:
Thy temperance has cur'd that Tympany,
And given me health again, nay, more discretion.
Shall we have peace? for now I love these *Romans*.

Car. Thy love and hate are both unwise ones, Lady.

Bon. Your reason?

Nen. Is not peace the end of Arms?

Car. Not where the cause implies a general conquest:

Had we a difference with some petty Ille,
Or with our neighbors (Lady) for our Land-marks,
The taking in of some rebellious Lord,
Or making a head against Commotions,
After a day of Blood, Peace might be argued:
But where we grapple for the ground we live on,
The Liberty we hold as dear as life,
The gods we worship, and next those, our Honors;
And with those swords that know no end of Battel:
Those men beside themselves allow no neighbor;
Those minds that where the day is, claim inheritance,
And where the Sun makes ripe the fruits, their harvest,
And where they march, but measure out more ground
To add to *Rome*, and here i' th' bowels on us;
It must not be; no, as they are our foes,
And those that must be so, until we tire 'em,
Let's use the peace of Honor, that's fair dealing,
But in our ends, our swords. That hardy *Romane*
That hopes to graft himself into my stock;
Must first begin his kindred under-ground,
And be alli'd in asties.

Bon. Caratach,
As thou hast nobly spoken, shall be done;
And *Hengo* to thy charge I here deliver:
The *Romans* shall have worthy Wars.

Car. They shall.
And, little Sir, when your young bones grow stiffer,
And when I see ye able in a morning
To beat a dozen boys, and then to breakfast,
I'll tye ye to a sword.

Heng. And what then Uncle?
Car. Then ye must kill, Sir, the next valiant *Romane*
that calls ye knave.

Hen. And must I kill but one?

Car. An hundred, boy, I hope.

Hen. I hope five hundred.

Car. That's a noble boy. Come, worthy Lady,
Let's to our several charges, and henceforth
Allow an enemy both weight and worth.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Junius and Petillius, two Roman Captains.

Pet. What ail'st thou, man? dost thou want meat?

Jun. No.

Pet. Clothes?

Jun. Neither. For heavens love, leave me.

Pet. Drink?

Jun. Ye tire me.

Pet. Come, 'tis drink; I know 'tis drink.

Jun. 'Tis no drink.

Pet. I say 'tis drink: for what affliction
Can light so heavy on a Soldier,
To dry him up as thou art, but no drink?
Thou shalt have drink.

Jun. Prethee *Petillius*—

Pet. And by mine honor, much drink, valiant drink:
Never tell me, thou shalt have drink. I see,
Like a true friend, into thy wants: 'tis drink;
And when I leave thee to a desolation,
Especially of that dry nature, hang me.

Jun. Why do you this to me?

Pet. For I see.

Although your modesty would fain conceal it,
Which sits as sweetly on a Soldier,
As an old side-saddle.

Jun. What do you see?

Pet. I see as far as day, that thou want'st drink.
Did I not find thee gaping like an Oyster
For a new tide? thy very thoughts lie bare
Like a low ebb? thy Soul that rid in Sack,
Lies moor'd for want of liquor? Do but see

Into thy self; for by—I do:

For all thy body's chapt and crackt like timber
For want of moisture, what is't thou wantst there, *Junius*,
And if it be not drink?

Jun. You have too much on't.

Pet. It may be a whore too; say it be: come, meecher,
Thou shalt have both: a pretty valiant fellow,
Die for a little lap and lechery?

No, it shall ne'r be said in our Countrey,
Thou dy'dst o' th' Chin-cough. Hear, thou noble *Roman*,
The Son of her that loves a Soldier,
Hear what I promised for thee; thus I said,
Lady, I take thy Son to my companion,
Lady, I love thy son, thy Son loves War,
The war loves danger, danger drink, drink discipline,
Which is society and lechery;

These two beget Commanders: fear not, Lady,
Thy Son shall lead,

Jun. 'Tis a strange thing, *Petillius*.
That so ridiculous and loose a mirth
Can master your affections.

Petil. Any mirth,
And any way, of any subject, *Junius*,
Is better than unmanly mustiness:
What harm's in drink, in a good wholesome wench?
I do beseech ye, Sir, what error? yet
It cannot out of my head handsomely,
But thou wouldst fain be drunk: come, no more fooling,
The General has new wine, new come over.

Jun. He must have new acquaintance for it too,
For I will none, I thank ye.

Pet. None I thank ye?

A short and touchie answer. None I thank ye:
Ye do not scorn it, do ye?

Jun. Gods defend, Sir;
I owe him still more honor.

Pet. None, I thank ye:

No company, no drink, no wench, I thank ye.
Ye shall be worse intreated, Sir.

Jun. Petillius,
As thou art honest, leave me.

Pet. None, I thank ye;

A modest and a decent resolution,
And well put on. Yes, I will leave ye, *Junius*,
And leave ye to the boys, that very shortly
Shall all salute ye, by your new surname

Of *Junius* None I thank ye. I would starve now,
Hang, drown, despair, deserve the forks, lie open
To all the dangerous passes of a wench,
Bound to believe her tears, and wed her aches,
E'r I would own thy follies. I have found ye,
Your lays, and out-leaps *Junius*, haunts, and lodges:
I have view'd ye, and I have found ye by my skill
To be a fool o' th' first head, *Junius*,
And I will hunt ye: ye are in love, I know it:
Ye are an ass, and all the Camp shall know it.
A peevish idle boy; your Dame shall know it;

Enter Corporal Judas, and four Soldiers.

Jud. A Bean? a Princely diet, a full Banquet,
To what we compass.

1 *Sold.* Fight like Hogs for Acorns?

2 *Sold.* Venture our lives for Pig-nuts?

Pet. What ail these Rascals?

3 *Sold.* If this hold, we are starv'd.

Jud. For my part, friends,
Which is but twenty Beans a day, a hard world
For Officers, and men of action;
And those so clipt by master Mouse, and rotten:
For understand 'em *French* Beans, where the fruits
Are ripen'd like the people in old tubs.
For mine own part, I say, I am starv'd already.
Not worth another Bean, consum'd to nothing,

D

Nothing

Nothing but flesh and bones left, miserable:
Now if this mustie provender can prick me
To honourable matters of atchievement, Gentlemen,
Why there's the point.

4 Sold. I'll fight no more.

Petill. You'll hang then,
A fovereign help for hunger. Ye eating Rascals,
Whose gods are Beef and Brewis, whose brave angers
Do execution upon these, and Chibbals:
Ye dogs heads i'th' porridge-pot; you fight no more?
Does Rome depend upon your resolution
For eating mouldy Pie-crust?

3. Sold. Would we had it.

Jud. I may do service, Captain.

Petill. In a Fish-market.

You, Corporal Curry-Comb, what will your fighting
Profit the Common-wealth? do you hope to triumph,
Or dare your vamping valour, goodman Coblér,
Clap a new soul to th' Kingdom? s'death, ye dog-whelps
You, fight, or not fight.

Jud. Captain.

Petill. Out, ye flesh-flies,
Nothing but noise and nastiness.

Jud. Give us meat,
Whereby we may do.

Petill. Whereby hangs your valour?

Jud. Good bits afford good blows.

Petill. A good position:

How long is't since thou eat'st last, wipe thy mouth,
And then tell truth.

Jud. I have not eat to th' purpose — Garlick?

Petill. To th' purpose? what's that? half a Cow and
Ye Rogues, my company eat Turf, and talk not;
Timber they can digest, and fight upon't;
Old mats, and mud with spoons, rare meats. Your shoes
Dare ye cry out for hunger, and those extant? (slaves?)
Suck your Sword-hilts, ye slaves, if ye be valiant,
Honor will make 'em march-pain: to the purpose?
A grievous penance. Dost thou see that Gentleman,
That melancholly Monsieur?

Jun. Pray ye, Petillius.

Pet. He has not eat these three weeks.

2 Sold. 'Has drunk the more then,

3 Sold. And that's all one.

Petill. Nor drunk nor slept these two months.

Jud. Captain, we do beseech you as poor Soldiers,
Menthat have seen good days, whose mortal stomachs
May sometime feel afflictions.

Jun. This, Petillius,
Is not so nobly done.

Petill. 'Tis common profit;
Urge him to th' point, he'll find you out a food
That needs no teeth nor stomach; a strange furmity
Will feed ye up as fat as hens i'th' foreheads,
And make ye fight like Fichocks, to him.

Jud. Captain.

Jun. Do you long to have your throats cut?

Petill. See what metal

It makes in him: two meals more of this melancholly,
And there lies Caratach.

Jud. We do beseech ye,

2 Sold. Humbly beseech your valour.

Jun. Am I only

Become your sport Petillius?

Jud. But to render

In way of general good, in preservation.

Jun. Out of my thoughts, ye slaves.

4 Sold. Or rather pity.

3 Sold. Your warlike remedy against the maw-worms.

Jud. Or notable receipt to live by nothing.

Petill. Out with your Table-books.

Jun. Is this true friendship?

And must my killing-griefs make others May-games?

Stand from my swords point, slaves, your poor starv'd spirits

Can make me no oblations; else, O love,
Thou proudly blind destruction, I would send thee
Whole Hecatombs of hearts, to bleed my sorrows.

Jud. Alas, he lives by love, Sir.

Exit Junius.

Pet. So he does, Sir,

And cannot you do so too? All my Company
Are now in love, ne'r think of meat, nor talk
Of what Provant is: *Aymeas*, and *Heartly hey-boes*,
Are Sallets fit for Soldiers. Live by meat;
By larding up your bodies? 'tis lewd, and lazie,
And shews ye meerly mortal, dull, and drives ye
To fight like Camels, with baskets at your noses.
Get ye in love; ye can whore well enough,
That all the world knows: fast ye into Famine,
Yet ye can crawl like Crabs to wenches, handsomely,
Fall but in love now, as ye see example,
And follow it but with all your thoughts, *probatum*,
There's so much charge sav'd, and your hunger's ended.
Away, I hear the General: get ye in love all, } *Drum afar*
Up to the ears in love, that I may hear } *off.*
No more of these rude murmurings; and discreetly
Carry your stomachs, or I prophesie
A pickel'd Rope will choak ye. Jog, and talk not. *Exeunt.*

Enter Swetonius, Demetrius, Decius, Drum, Colours.

Swet. Demetrius, is the messenger dispatch'd
To *Penyus*, to command him to bring up
The *Volans* Regiment?

Dem. He's there by this time.

Swet. And are the Horse well view'd we brought from
Dec. The Troops are full, and lusty. (Mona)

Swet. Good Petillius,

Look to those eating Rogues, that bawl for victuals,
And stop their throats a day or two: provision
Waits but the wind to reach us.

Pet. Sir, already

I have been tampring with their stomachs, which I find
As deaf as Adders to delays: your clemency
Hath made their murmurs, mutinies, nay, rebellions:
Now, and they want but Mustard, they'r in uproars
No oil but Candy, *Lusitanian* Figs
And Wine from *Lesbos* now can satisfie 'em:
The *British* waters are grown dull and muddy,
The fruit disgustful: *Orontes* must be sought for,
And Apples from the happy Isles: the truth is,
They are more curious now in having nothing,
Than if the sea and land turn'd up their treasures:
This lost the Colonies, and gave *Bonduca*
(With shame we must record it) time and strength
To look into our Fortunes; great discretion
To follow offered Victory; and last, full pride
To brave us to our teeth, and scorn our ruines.

Swet. Nay, chide not, good Petillius, I confess
My will to conquer *Mona*, and long stay
To executethat Will, let in these losses:
All shall be right again, and as a Pine
Rent from *Oeta* by a sweeping tempest,
Joynted again, and made a Mast, defies
Those angry winds that split him: so will I,
Pic'd to my never-failing strength and fortune,
Steer thorow these swelling dangers; plow their prides up,
And bear like thunder through their loudest tempests:
They keep the field still.

Dem. Confident and full.

Pet. In such a number, one would swear they grew,
The hills are wooded with their partizans.
And all the valleys overgrown with darts,
As moors are with rank rushes: no ground left us
To charge upon, no room to strike: say fortune
And our endeavours bring us in to 'em,
They are so infinite, so ever-springing.
We shall be kill'd with killing; of desperate Women,
That neither fear, or shame e'r found, the devil

Has rank'd amongst 'em multitudes: say the men fail,
They'll poison us with their petticoats: say they fail,
They have priests enough to pray us into nothing.

Sweet. These are imaginations, dreams of nothing,
The man that doubts or fears.

Dec. I am free of both.

Dem. The self-same I.

Petill. And I as free as any;
As careless of my flesh, of that we call life;
So I may lose it nobly; as indifferent
As if it were my diet. Yet, noble General,
It was a wisdom learn'd from you; I learn'd it,
And worthy of a Soldiers care, most worthy,
To weigh with most deliberate circumstance
The ends of accidents, above their offers;
How to go on and get, to save a *Roman*,
Whose one life is more worth in way of doing,
Than millions of these painted wasps; how viewing
To find advantage out; how, how, found, to follow it
With counsel and discretion, lest meer fortune
Should claim the victory.

Sweet. 'Tis true, *Petilius*,
And worthily remembred: the rule's certain,
Their uses no less excellent: but where time
Cuts off occasions, danger, time and all
Tend to a present peril, 'tis required
Our Swords and Manhoods be best counsellors,
Our expeditions, presidents. To win, is nothing,
Where reason, time and counsel are our Camp-masters:
But there to bear the field, then to be conquerors,
Where pale destruction takes us, takes us beaten,
In wants, and mutinies, our selves but handfuls,
And to our selves, our own fears, needs a new way,
A sudden and a desperate execution:
Here, how to save, is loss; to be wise, dangerous;
Only a present well-united strength,
And minds made up for all attempts, dispatch it:
Disputing and delay here, cools the courage;
Necessity gives time for doubts; things infinite,
According to the spirit they are preach'd to,
Rewards like them; and names for after-ages,
Must steel the Soldier; his own shame help to arm him;
And having forc'd his spirit, e'r he cools.
Fling him upon his enemies; sudden and swift,
Like Tigers amongst Foxes, we must fight for't:
Fury must be our Fortune; shame we have lost,
Spur ever in our sides to prick us forward:
There is no other wisdom nor discretion
Due to this day of ruine, but destruction;
The Soldiers order first, and then his anger.

Dem. No doubt they dare redeem all.

Sweet. Then no doubt

The day must needs be ours. That the proud Woman
Is infinite in number, better likes me,
Than if we dealt with squadrons: half her Army
Shall choak themselves, their own swords dig their graves.
I'll tell ye all my fears, one single valour,
The virtues of the valiant *Caratach*
More doubts me than all *Britain*: he's a Soldier
So forg'd out, and so temper'd for great fortunes,
So much man thrust into him, so old in dangers,
So fortunate in all attempts, that his mere name
Fights in a thousand men, himself in millions,
To make him *Roman*. But no more. *Petilius*,
How stands your charge?

Petill. Ready for all employments,
To be commanded too, Sir.

Sweet. 'Tis well govern'd;
To morrow we'll draw out, and view the Cohorts:
I'th' meantime, all apply their offices.

Where's *Junius*?

Petill. In's Cabin,
Sick o' th' mumps, Sir.

Sweet. How?

Petill. In love, indeed in love, most lamentably loving;
To the tune of *Queen Dido*.

Dec. Alas poor Gentleman.

Sweet. 'Twill make him fight the nobler. With what Lady?
I'll be a spokesman for him.

Petill. You'll scant speed, Sir.

Sweet. Who is't?

Petill. The devil's dam, *Bonduca's* daughter,
Her youngest, crackt i'th' ring.

Sweet. I am sorry for him:
But sure his own discretion will reclaim him,
He must deserve our anger else. Good Captains,
Apply your selves in all the pleading forms
Ye can, unto the Soldiers; fire their spirits,
And set 'em fit to run this action;
Mine own provision shall be shar'd amongst 'em,
Till more come in: tell 'em, if now they conquer,
The fat of all the kingdom lies before 'em.
Their shames forgot, their honors infinite,
And want for ever banisht. Two days hence,
Our fortunes, and our swords, and gods be for us. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Enter *Penyus*, *Regulus*, *Macer*, *Drufius*.

Pen. I must come?

Ma. So the General commands, Sir.

Pen. I must bring up my Regiment?

Ma. Believe, Sir,
I bring no lye.

Pen. But did he say, I must come?

Ma. So delivered.

Pen. How long is't, *Regulus*, since I commanded
In *Britain* here?

Reg. About five years, great *Penyus*.

Pen. The General some five months. Are all my actions
So poor, and lost, my services so barren,
That I'm remembred in no nobler language
But Must come up?

Ma. I do beseech ye, Sir,
Weigh but the times estate.

Pen. Yes, good Lieutenant,
I do, and his that sways it. Must come up;
Am I turn'd bare Centurion? Must, and shall,
Fit Embasses to court my honor?

Ma. Sir——

Pen. Set me to lead a handful of my men
Against an hundred thousand barbarous slaves
That have marcht name by name with *Romes* best doers?
Serve 'em up some other meat; I'll bring no food
To stop the jaws of all those hungry wolfs.
My Regiment's mine own. I must, my language.

Enter *Curius*.

Cur. *Penyus*, where lies the Host?

Pen. Where fate may find 'em.

Cur. Are they ingirt?

Pen. The Battel's lost.

Cur. So soon?

Pen. No; but 'tis lost, because it must be won:
The *Britains* must be Victors. Who e'r saw
A troop of bloody vultures hovering
About a few corrupted carcasses,
Let him behold the silly *Roman* host,
Girded with millions of fierce *Baitains* Swains,
With deaths as many as they have had hopes;

And then go thither, he that loves his shame ;
I scorn my life, yet dare not lose my name.

Cur. Do not you hold it a most famous end,
When both our names and lives are sacrific'd
For *Rome's* increase?

Pen. Yes, *Curius* ; but mark this too ;
What glory is there, or what lasting Fame
Can be to *Rome* or us? what full example,
When one is smother'd with a multitude,
And crouded in amongst a nameless prefs?
Honor got out of Flint, and on their heads
Whose virtues, like the Sun, exhal'd all valours,
Must not be lost in mists and fogs of people,
Noteless, and out of name, but rude and naked :
Nor can *Rome* task us with impossibilities,
Or bid us fight against a flood : we serve her,
That she may proudly say she has good soldiers,
Not slaves to choak all hazards. Who but fools,
That make no difference betwixt certain dying,
And dying well, would fling their Fames and Fortunes
Into this *Britain*-gulf, this quick-sand ruine,
That sinking, swallows us, What noble hand
Can find a subject fit for blood there? or what sword
Room for his execution? What air to cool us,
But poison'd with their blasting breaths and curses,
Where we lie buried quick above the ground,
And are with labouring sweat, and breathless pain,
Kill'd like to slaves, and cannot kill again?

Dru. *Penusus*, mark antient Wars, and know that then
Captains weigh'd an hundred thousand men.

Pen. *Drusus*, mark antient wisdom, and you'll find then,
He gave the overthrow that sav'd his men,
I must not go.

Reg. The soldiers are desirous,
Their Eagles all drawn out, Sir.

Pen. Who drew up, *Regulus* ?
Ha? speak: did you whose bold Will durst attempt this?
Drawn out? why, who commands, Sir? on whose warrant
Durst they advance?

Reg. I keep mine own obedience.

Dru. 'Tis like the general cause, their love of honor,
Relieving of their wants.

Pen. Without my knowledge?
Am I no more? my place but at their pleasures?
Come, who did this?

Dru. By—Sir, I am ignorant.

{ *Drum softly within; then enter Soldiers*
with Drum and Colours.

Pen. What am I grown a shadow? Harke, they march.
I will know, and will be my self. Stand, disobedience;
He that advances one foot higher, dies for't.
Run thorow the Regiment upon your duties,
And charge 'em on command: beat back again,
By—I'll tith'em all else

Reg. We'll do our best.

Exeunt Drusus and Regulus

Pen. Back; cease your bawling Drums there,
I'll beat the Tubs about your brains else. Back:
Do I speak with less fear than Thunder to ye?
Must I stand to beseech ye? home, home: ha?
Do ye stare upon me? Are those minds I moulded,
Those honest valiant tempers I was proud
To be a fellow to, those great discretions
Made your names fear'd and honor'd, turn'd to wild-fires?
O gods, to disobedience? Command, farewell:
And be ye witness with me, all things sacred,
I have no share in these mens shames. March, Soldiers,
And seek your own sad ruines; your old *Penusus*
Dares not behold your murders.

Sold. Captain.

2 *Sold.* Captain.

3 *Sold.* Dear honour'd Captain.

Pen. Too too dear lov'd Soldiers,

Which made ye weary of me: and Heaven yet knows,
Though in your mutinies, I dare not hate you;
Take your own Wills; 't is fit your long experience
Should now know how to rule your selves: I wrong ye,
In wishing ye to save your lives and credits,
To keep your necks whole from the Ax hangs o'r ye:
Alas, I much dishonour'd ye: go, seek the *Britains*,
And say ye come to glut their sacrifices;
But do not say I sent ye. What ye have been,
How excellent in all parts, good, and govern'd,
Is only left of my Command, for story;
What now ye are, for pitie. Fare ye well.

Enter Drusus and Regulus.

Dru. Oh turn again, great *Penusus*; see the Soldier
In all points apt for duty.

Reg. See his sorrow
For his disobedience, which he says was haste,
And haste (he thought) to please you with. See Captain,
The toughness of his courage turn'd to water;
See how his manly heart melts.

Pen. Go, beat homeward,
There learn to eat your little with obedience,
And henceforth strive to do as I direct ye.

Exeunt Soldiers.

Ma. My answer, Sir.

Pen. Tell the Great General
My Companies are no fagots to fill breaches;
My self no man that must, or shall, can carry:
Bid him be wise; and where he is, he's safe then;
And when he finds out possibilities,
He may command me. Commend me to the Captains.

Ma. All this I shall deliver.

Pen. Farewel, *Macer*.

Exit Penusus.

Cur. Pray gods this breed no mischief.
Reg. It must needs,

If stout *Suetonius* win; for then his anger,
Besides the Soldiers loss of due, and honor,
Will break together on him.

Dru. He's a brave fellow;
And but a little hide his haughtiness,
(Which is but sometimes neither, on some causes)
He shews the worthiest *Roman* this day living.
You may, good *Curius*, to the General
Make all things seem the best.

Cur. I shall endeavour:
Pray for our fortunes, Gentlemen, If we fall,
This one farewell serves for a Funeral.
The gods make sharp our swords, and steel our hearts;
We dare, alas, but cannot fight our parts.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Junius, Petillius and a Herald observing Junius.

Petill. Let him go on: stay, now he talks.

Jun. Why?

Why should I love mine enemy? what is beauty?
Of what strange violence, that like the plague,
It works upon our spirits? blind they feign him,
I am sure, I find it so.

Petill. A Dog shall lead ye.

Jun. His fond affections blinder.

Petill. Hold ye there still.

Jun. It takes away my sleep.

Petill. Alas, poor chicken.

Jun. My company, content; almost my fashion.

Petill. Yes, and your weight too, if you follow it.

Jun. 'Tis sure the plague, for no man dare come near me
Without an Antidote: 'tis far worse; Hell.

Petill. Thou art damn'd without redemption then.

Jun. The way to't

Strew'd

Strew'd with fair Western smiles, and April blushes,
Led by the brightest constellations; eyes,
And sweet proportions, envying heaven: but from thence
No way to guide, no path, no wisdom bring us.

Petill. Yes, a smart water, Junius.

Jun. Do I fool?

Know all this, and fool still? Do I know further,
That when we have enjoy'd our ends, we lose 'em,
And all our appetites are but as dreams
We laugh at in our ages.

Petill. Sweet Philosopher!

Jun. Do I know on still, and yet know nothing? Mercy
Why am I thus ridiculous? (gods,

Petill. Motley on thee,
Thou art an arrant Ass.

Jun. Can red and white,
An Eye, a Nose, a Cheek,

Petill. But one cheek, Junius?
An half-fac'd Mistress?

Jun. With a little trim,
That wanton fools call Fashion, thus abuse me?
Take me beyond my reason? Why should not I
Doat on my horse well trapt, my sword well hatch'd?
They are as handsome things, to me more useful,
And possible to rule too. Did I but love,
Yet 'twere excusable, my youth would bear it;
But to love there, and that no time can give me,
Mine honor dare not ask: she has been ravish'd
My nature must not know; she hates our Nation.
Thus to dispose my spirit!

Petill. Stay a little,
He will declaim again,

Jun. I will not love; I am a man, have reason,
And I will use it: I'll no more tormenting,
Nor whining for a wench, there are a thousand,

Petill. Hold thee there boy.

Jun. A thousand will intreat me.

Petill. Ten thousand, Junius,

Jun. I am young and lusty,
And to my fashion valiant; can please nightly.

Petill. I'll swear thy back's *probatum*, for I have known
Leap at sixteen like a strong Stallion. (thee

Jun. I will be man again.

Petill. Now mark the working,
The devil and the spirit tug for't: twenty pound
Upon the devils head.

Jun. I must be wretched.

Petill. I knew I had won,

Jun. Nor have I so much power
To shun my fortune.

Petill. I will hunt thy fortune
With all the shapes imagination breeds, *Musick.*
But I will fright thy devil: Stay, he sings now.

Song, by Junius, and Petillius, after him in mockage.

Jun. Must I be thus abus'd?

Petill. Yes marry must ye.

Let's follow him close: oh, there he is, now read it.

Herald reads. *It is the Generals command, that all sick, persons old and unable, retire within the Trenches; he that fears his liberty, to leave the Field: Fools, Boys, and Lovers must not come near the Regiments, for fear of their infections; especially those Cowards they call Lovers.*

Jun. Ha?

Petill. Read on.

Herald. *If any common Soldier love an enemy, he's whip'd and made a slave: If any Captain, cast, with loss of honors, flung out o'th' Army, and made unable ever after to bear the name of a Soldier.*

Jun. The — consume ye all, Rogues. *Exit Jun.*

Petill. Let this work:

H'as something now to chew upon: he's gone,
Come, shake no more.

Her. Well, Sir, you may command me,
But not to do the like again for Europe;
I would have given my life for a bent two-pence.
If I e'r read to Lovers whilst I live again,
Or come within their confines—

Petill. There's your payment,
And keep this private.

Her. I am school'd for talking.

Exit Herald.

Enter Demetrius.

Petill. How now, Demetrius, are we drawn?

Dem. 'Tis doing:

Your Company stands fair; but pray ye, where's Junius?
Half his command are wanting, with some forty
That Decius leads.

Petill. Hunting for Victuals:
Upon my life free-booting Rogues, their stomachs
Are like a widows lust, ne'r satisfied.

Dem. I wonder how they dare stir, knowing the enemy
Master of all the Countrey.

Petill. Resolute hungers
Know neither fears nor faiths, they tread on ladders,
Ropes, Gallows, and overdoe all dangers.

Dem. They may be hang'd though.

Petill. There's their joyful supper,
And no doubt they are at it.

Dem. But for heavens sake,
How does young Junius?

Petill. Drawing on, poor Gentleman.

Dem. What, to his end?

Petill. To th' end of all flesh: woman.

Dem. This Love has made him a stout Soldier.

Petill. O, a great one,
Fit to command young Gossings: but what news?

Dem. I think the messengers come back from Penys
By this time, let's go know.

Petill. What will you say now
If he deny to come, and take exceptions
At some half syllable, or sound deliver'd
With an ill accent, or some stile left out?

Dem. I cannot think he dare.

Petill. He dare speak treason,
Dare say, what no man dares believe, dares do—
But that's all one: I'll lay you my black armor
To twenty crowns, he comes not.

Dem. Done.

Petill. You'll pay.

Dem. I will.

Petill. Then keep thine old use Penys,
Be stubborn and vain glorious, and I thank thee.
Come let's go pray for six hours: most of us
I fear will trouble heaven no more: two good blows
Struck home at two Commanders of the Britains,
And my part's done.

Dem. I do not think of dying.

Petill. 'Tis possible we may live. But Demetrius,
With what strange legs, and arms, and eyes, and noses,
Let Carpenters and Copper-smiths consider.
If I can keep my heart whole, and my wind-pipe,
That I may drink yet like a Soldier—

Dem. Come, let's have better thoughts; mine's on
your Armour.

Petill. Mine's in your purse, Sir; Let's go try the wager.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Judas and his four companions (halters about their necks) Bonduca, her Daughters, Nennius following.

Bon. Come, hang 'em presently.

Nen. What made your Rogueships
Harrying for victuals here? Are we your friends;
Or do you come for Spies? tell me directly,
Would you not willingly be hang'd now? do not ye long for't?

Jud.

Jud. What say ye? shall we hang in this vain? Hang
And 'tis as good to dispatch it merrily, (we must
As pull an arle like dogs to't.

1 *Sold.* Any way,
So it be handsome.

3 *Sold.* I had as lief 'twere toothsome too: but all agree,
And I'll not out Boys.

4 *Sold.* Let's hang pleasantly.

Jud. Then pleasantly be it: Captain, the truth is,
We had as lief hang with meat in our mouths,
As ask your pardon empty.

Ben. These are brave hungers.

What say you to a leg of Beef now, s'irrah?

Jud. Bring me acquainted with it, and I'll tell ye.

Ben. Torment 'em wench: I must back; then hang 'em.

Jud. We humbly thank your Grace.

1 *Daugh.* The Rogues laugh at us.

2 *Daugh.* S'irrah, What think you of a wench now?

Jud. A wench, Lady?

I do beseech your Ladyship, retire.

I'll tell ye presently, ye see the time's short;
One crash; even to the settling of my conscience.

Nen. Why, is't no more but up, boys?

Jud. Yes, ride too Captain
Will you but see my seat?

1 *Daugh.* Ye shall be set, Sir,
Upon a jade shall shake ye.

Jud. Sheets, good Madam,
Will do it ten times better.

1 *Daugh.* Whips, good Soldier.
Which ye shall taste before ye hang, to mortifie ye;
'Tis pity ye should die thus desperate.

2 *Daugh.* These are the merry *Romans* the brave mad-
'Tis ten to one we'll cool your resolutions. (caps.
Bring out the whips.

Jud. Would your good Ladyships
Would exercise 'em too.

4 *Sold.* Surely Ladies,
We'll shew you a strange patience.

Nen. Hang 'em Rascals,
They'll talk thus on the wheel.

Enter Caratach.

Car. Now, what's the matter?
What are these fellows? what's the crime committed,
That they wear necklaces?

Nen. They are *Roman* Rogues,
Taken a Forraging.

Car. Is that all, *Nennius*?

Jud. Would I were fairly hang'd; this is the devil,
The kill-cow, *Caratach*,

Car. And you would hang 'em.

Nen. Are they not enemies?

1 *Sol.* My breech makes buttons.

1 *Daugh.* Are they not our tormentors?

Car. Tormentors? Flea-traps.

Pluck off your halters, fellows.

Nen. Take heed, *Caratach*,

Taint not your wisdom.

Car. Wisdom, *Nennius*?

Why, who shall fight against us, make our honors,
And give a glorious day into our hands,
If we dispatch our foesthus? what's their offence?
Stealing a loaf or two to keep out hunger,
A piece of greazie bacon, or a pudding?

Do these deserve the gallows, they are hungry,
Poor hungry knaves, no meat at home left, starv'd:
Art thou not hungry?

Jud. Monstrous hungry.

Car. He looks like hungers self: get 'emsome victuals,
And Wine to cheer their hearts, quick: Hang up poor pil-

2 *Sold.* This is the bravest Captain— (chers?)

Nen. *Caratach*,

I'll leave you to your Will.

Car. I'll answer all, Sir.

2 *Daugh.* Let's up and view his entertainment of e'm.

I am glad they are shifted any way, their tongues esse
Would still have murdred us.

1 *Daugh.* Let's up and see it.

Exeunt.

Enter Hengo.

Car. Sit down poor knaves: why where's this Wine and
Victuals?
Who waits there?

Swet. within. Sir, 'tis coming.

Hen. Who are these Uncle?

Car. They are *Remans*, boy.

Hen. Are these they

That vex mine Aunt so? can these fight? they look
Like empty scabbards, all, no mettle in 'em,
Like men of clouts, set to keep crows from orchards;
Why, I dare fight with these.

Car. That's my good chicken. And how do ye?
How do you feel your stomachs?

Jud. Wonderful apt, Sir,
As shall appear when time calls.

Car. That's well, down with't,
A little grace will serve your turns: eat softly,
You'll choak ye knaves else: give 'em Wine.

Jud. Not yet, Sir,
We're even a little busie.

Hen. Can that fellow
Do any thing but eat? thou fellow.

Jud. Away boy,
Away, this is no boys play.

Hen. By—, Uncle,
If his valour lie in's teeth, he's the most valiant.

Car. I am glad to hear ye talk, Sir,

Hen. Good Uncle tell me,
What's the price of a couple of cramm'd *Romans*

Car. Some twenty *Britains* boy; these are good Soldiers,

Hen. Do not the cowards eat hard too?

Car. No more, boy.

Come, I'll sit with you too; sit down by me, boy.

Jud. Pray bring your dish then.

Car. Hearty knaves: More meat there.

1 *Sol.* That's a good hearing.

Car. Stay now and pledge me.

Jud. This little piece, Sir.

Car. By— square eaters,
More meat I say: upon my conscience

The poor Rogues have not eat this month: how terribly
They charge upon their victuals: dare ye fight thus?

Jud. Believe it, Sir, like devils.

Car. Well said famine,

Here's to thy General.

Jud. Most excellent Captain, I will now pledg thee.

Car. And to morrow night say to him,

His Head is mine.

Jud. I can assure ye Captain,

He will not give it for this washing.

Car. Well said.

Daughters above.

1 *Daugh.* Here's a strange entertainment: how the
thieves drink.

2 *Daugh.* Danger is dry, they look'd for colder liquor.

Car. Fill 'em more wine, give 'em full bowls; which of
you all now

In recompence of this good, dare but give me
A sound knock in the battel?

Jud. Delicate Captain,

To do thee a sufficient recompence,

I'll knock thy brains out.

Car. Do it.

Hen. Thou dar'st as well be damn'd: thou knock his
brains out.

Thou skin of man? Uncle, I will not hear this.

Jud. Tie up your whelp.

Hen. Thou kill me Uncle?

Would

Would I had but a sword for thy sake, thou dry'd dog.

Car. What a mettle
This little vermin carries.

Heng. Kill mine Uncle?

Car. He shall not, child.

Hen. He cannot: he's a Rogue,
An only eating Rogue: Kill my sweet Uncle?
Oh that I were a man.

Jud. By this Wine,
Which I will drink to Captain *Junius*, (daughter
Who loves the Queens most excellent Majesties little
Most sweetly, and most fearfully I will do it,

Heng. Uncle, I'll kill him with a great pin.

Car. No more, Boy.

I'll pledge thy Captain: To ye all good fellows.

2 Daugh. In love with me? that love shall cost your lives
all:

Come Sister, and advise me; I have here
A way to make an easie conquest of 'em,
If fortune favour me.

Car. Let's see ye sweat
Tomorrow, blood and spirit, Boys, this Wine
Turn'd to stern valour.

1 Sold. Hark ye *Judas*,
If he should hang us after all this.

Jud. Let him:

I'll hang like a Gentleman and a *Roman*:

Car. Take away there,
They have enough.

Jud. Captain, we thank you heartily
For your good cheer, and if we meet to-morrow,
One of us pays for't.

Car. Get 'em guides, their Wine
Has over-master'd 'em.

Enter second Daughter, and a Servant.

2 Daugh. That hungry fellow
With the red beard there, give it him, and this,
To see it well delivered.

Car. Farewel knaves;
Speak nobly of us, keep your words to-morrow.

Enter a Guide.

And do something worthy your meat. Go, guide 'em,
And see 'em fairly onward.

Jud. Meaning me, Sir?

Serv. The same.

The youngest daughter to the Queen intreats ye
To give this privately to Captain *Junius*,
This for your pains

Jud. I rest her humble servant,
Commend me to thy Lady. Keep your Files, boys.

Serv. I must instruct ye farther.

Jud. Keep your Files there.
Order, sweet friends: faces about now.

Guide. Here Sir;
Here lies your way.

Jud. 'Bless the Founders, I say
Fairly, good foldiers, fairly march now: close, boys.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Swetonius, Petillius, Demetris, Decius, Macer.

Swet. Bid me be wise, and keep me where I am,
And so be safe: not come, because commanded;
Was it not thus?

Ma. It was, Sir.

Pet. What now think ye?

Swet. Must come, so hainous to him, so distasteful?

Pet. Give me my money.

Dem. I confes 'tis due, Sir,
And presently I'll pay it.

Swet. His obedience.
So blind at his years and experience.
It cannot find where to be tendred?

Ma. Sir,
The Regiment was willing, and advanc'd too,
The Captains at all points steel'd up: their preparations
Full of resolve, and confidence; Youth and fire,
Like the fair breaking of a glorious day,
Guilded their *Phalanx*: when the angry *Penynus*
Stept like a stormy cloud 'twixt them and hopes,

Swet. And stopt their resolutions?

Ma. True: his reason
To them was ods, and ods so infinite,
Discretion durst not look upon.

Swet. Well *Penynus*,
I cannot think thee coward yet; and treacherous
I dare not think thou hast lopt a limb off from me,
And let it be thy glory, thou wast stubborn,
Thy wisdom, that thou leftst thy General naked:
Yet e'r the Sun set, I shall make thee see,
All valour dwels not in thee; all command
In one experience. Thou wilt too late repent this,
And wist, I must come up, had been thy blessing.

Petill. Let's force him.

Swet. No, by no means; he's a torrent
We cannot easily stemme.

Petill. I think, a Traitor.

Swet. No ill words: let his own shame first revile him.

That Wine I have, see it (*Demetrius*)
Distributed amongst the soldiers,
To make 'em high and lusty: when that's done;
Petillius, give the word through, that the Eagles
May presently advance: no man discover,
Upon his life, the enemies full strength,
But make it of no value: *Decius*,
Are your starv'd people yet come home?

Dec. I hope so.

Swet. Keep 'em in more obedience: This is no time
To chide, I could be angry else, and say more to ye:
But come, let's order all: whose sword is sharpest,
And valour equal to his sword this day,
Shall be my Saint.

Petill. We shall be holy all then.

Exeunt.

Enter Judas and his company,

Jud. Captain, Captain, I have brought 'em off again;
The drunkennest slaves.

Dec. — Confound your Rogueships;
I'll call the General, and have ye hang'd all.

Jud. Pray who will you command then:

Dec. For you, sirrah,
That are the ring-leader to these devises,
Whose maw is never cramm'd, I'll have an engine.

Jud. A wench, sweet Captain.

Dec. Sweet *Judas*, even the *Forks*.
Where ye shall have two *Lictors* with two whips
Hammer your hide.

Jud. Captain, good words, fair words,
Sweet words, good Captain; if you like not us;
Farewell, we have employment.

Dec. Where hast thou been;

Jud. There where you dare not be with all your valour.

Dec. Where's that?

Jud. With the best good fellow living.

1 Sold. The king of all good fellows.

Dec. Who's that?

Jud. *Caratach*.

Shake now, and say, We have done something worthy,
Mark me; with *Caratach*: By this — *Caratach*:
Do you as much now and you dare: sweet *Caratach*.
Ye talk of a good fellow, of true drinking;

Well,

Well, go thy waies old *Caratach* : besides the drink Captain,
The bravest running Banquet of black puddings,
Pieces of glorious beef.

Dec. How scap'd ye hanging?

Jud. Hanging's a dog's death, we are Gentlemen,
And I say still, old *Caratach*.

Dec. Belike then,
You are turn'd Rebels all.

Jud. We are *Roman* boys all,
And boys of mettle: I must do that Captain,
This day, this very day.

Dec. Away, ye Rascal.

Jud. Fair words, I say again.

Dec. What must you do, Sir?

Jud. I must do that my heart-strings yern to do:
But my word's past.

Dec. What is it?

Jud. Why, kill *Caratach*.

That's all he ask'd us for our entertainment.

Dec. More than you'll pay.

Jud. Would I had sold my self
Unto the skin I had not promis'd it:
For such another *Caratach*——

Dec. Come Fool,

Have ye done your Countrey service?

Jud. I have brought that

To Captain *Junius*.

Dec. How?

Jud. I think will do all:

I cannot tell, I think so.

Dec. How? to *Junius*?

I'll more enquire of this: You'll fight now?

Jud. Promise:

Take heed of promise, Captain.

Dec. Away, and rank then.

Jud. But harke ye Captain, there is Wine distributing,
I would fain know what share I have.

Dec. Be gone,

Ye have too much,

Jud. Captain, no Wine, no fighting.

There's one call'd *Caratach* that has Wine.

Dec. Well, Sir,

If you'll be rul'd now, and do well.

Jud. Do excellent.

Dec. Ye shall have Wine, or any thing: go file;
I'll see ye have your share: drag out your dormise,
And stow 'em somewhere, where they may sleep handsomly,
They'll hear a hunt's up shortly.

Jud. Now I love thee:

But no more *Forks* nor *Whips*.

Dec. Deserve 'em not then:

Up with your men, I'll meet ye presently;

And get 'em sober quickly.

Jud. Arm, arm, Bullies;

All's right again and straight; and which is more,
More Wine, more Wine: Awake ye men of *Memphis*,
Be sober and discreet, we have much to do boys.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare there for the sacrifice, the Queen comes.

(*Musick.*
Enter in solemnity the Druids singing, the second Daughter
strewing Flowers: then Bonduca, Nennius, and
others.

Bond. Ye powerful gods of *Britain*, hear our prayers;
Hear us you great Revengers, and this day
Take pity from our swords, doubt from our valours,
Double the sad remembrance of our wrongs
In every brest; the vengeance due to those.
Make infinite and endless: on our pikes.
This day pale terror sit, horrors and ruines
Upon our executions; claps of thunder
Hang on our armed carts. and 'fore our Troops
Despair and death; shame beyond these attend 'em.
Rise from the dust, ye relics of the dead,
Whose noble deeds our holy *Druids* sing,
Oh rise, ye valiant bones, let not base earth
Oppress your honors, whilst the pride of *Rome*
Treads on your Stocks, and wipes out all your stories.

Nen. Thou great *Tiranes*, whom our sacred Priests,
Armed with dreadful thunder, plac'd on high
Above the rest of the immortal gods,
Send thy consuming fires, and deadly bolts,
And shoot 'em home, stick in each *Roman* heart
A fear fit for confusion; blast their spirits,
Dwell in 'em to destruction; thorow their *Phalanx*
Strike, as thou strik'st a proud tree; shake their Bodies,
Make their strengths totter, and their toplefs fortunes
Unroot and reel to ruine.

1 Daugh. O thou god,
Thou feared god, if ever to thy justice
Insulting wrongs, and ravishments of Women,
Women deriv'd from thee, their flames, the sufferings
Of those that daily fill'd thy Sacrifice
With Virgin incense, have access, now hear me,
Now snatch thy thunder up, now on these *Romans*,
Despisers of thy power, of us defacers,
Revenge thy self, take to thy killing anger,
To make thy great work full, thy justice spoken,
An utter rooting from this blessed Isle
Of what *Rome* is or has been.

Bon. Give more incense,
The gods are deaf and drowsie; no happy flame
Rises to raise our thoughts: Pour on.

2 Daugh. See heaven.
And all you pow'rs that guide us, see, and shame
We kneel so long for pity over your Altars;
Since 'tis no light oblation that you look for,
No incense offering, will I hang mine eyes;
And as I wear these stones with hourly weeping,
So will I melt your pow'rs into compassion.
This tear for *Prosutagus* my brave Father,
Ye gods, now think on *Rome*; this for my Mother,
And all her miseries; yet see, and save us;
But now ye must be open-ey'd. See; heaven,
Oh see thy show'rs stoln from thee; our dishonours,

A smook from the Altar.
Oh Sister, our dishonors: can ye be gods,
And these sins smother'd?

Bon. The fire takes.

Car. It does so,
But no flame rises. Cease your fearful prayers,

Your

Your whinnings, and your tame petitions;
 The gods love courage arm'd with confidence,
 And prayers fit to pull them down: weak tears
 And troubled hearts, the dull twins of cold spirits,
 They sit and smile at. Hear how I salute 'em:
 Divine *Andate*, thou who hold'st the reins
 Of furious Battels, and disordred War,
 And proudly roll'st thy swarty chariot wheels
 Over the heaps of wounds and carcasses,
 Sailing through seas of blood; thou sure-steel'd sternness,
 Give us this day good hearts, good enemies,
 Good blowes o'both sides, wounds that fear or flight
 Can claim no share in; steel us both with angers,
 And warlike executions fit thy viewing;
 Let *Rome* put on her best strength, and thy *Britain*,
 Thy little *Britain*, but as great in fortune,
 Meet her as strong as she, as proud, as daring;
 And then look on, thou red'ey'd god: who does best,
 Reward with honor; who despair makes she,
 Unarm for ever, and brand with infamy:
 Grant this, divine *Andate*, 'tis but justice;
 And my first blow thus on thy holy Altar *A flame arises.*
 I sacrifice unto thee.

Bon. It flames out Musick.

Car. Now sing ye *Druides.* Song.

Bon. 'Tis out again.

Car. H'as given us leave to fight yet; we ask no more,
 The rest hangs in our resolutions:
 Tempt her no more.

Bon. I would know farther Cosen.

Car. Her hidden meaning dwels in our endeavors;
 Our valors are our best gods. Cheer the Soldier,
 And let him eat.

Mes. He's at it, Sir.

Car. Away then;

When he has done, let's march. Come, fear not Lady,
 This day the *Roman* gains no more ground here,
 But what his body lies in.

Bon. Now I am confident. Exeunt.
Recorders.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Junius, Curius, Decius.

Dec. We dare not hazard it: beside our lives,
 It forfeits all our understandings.

Jun. Gentlemen,
 Can ye forsake me in so just a service,
 A service for the Common-wealth, for honor?
 Read but the Letter; you may love too.

Dec. Read it:
 If there be any safety in the circumstance,
 Or likelihood 'tis love, we will not fail ye.
 Read it good *Curius*.

Cur. Willingly.

Jun. Now mark it.

Cur. reads. Health to thy heart, my honoured *Junius*,
 And all thy love requited: I am thine,
 Thine everlastingly, thy love has won me,
 And let it breed no doubt; our new acquaintance
 Compels this, 'tis the gods decree to bless us.
 The times are dangerous to meet; yet fail not,
 By all the love thou bear'st me I conjure thee,
 Without distrust of danger, to come to me,
 For I have purpos'd a delivery
 Both of my self and fortune this blest day
 Into thy hands, if thou thinkst good: to shew thee
 How infinite my Love is, even my Mother
 Shall be thy prisoner, the day yours without hazard;
 For I beheld your danger like a Lover,
 A just affecter of thy faith: Thy goodness,
 I know, will use us nobly, and our Marriage

If not redeem, yet lessen *Romes* Ambition.
 I 'm weary of these miseries: Use my Mother,
 (if you intend to take her) with all honour,
 And let this disobedience to my parents
 Be laid on love, not me. Bring with thee, *Junius*,
 Spirits resolv'd to fetch me off, the noblest,
 Forty will serve the turn; just at the joyning
 Of both the battels, we will be weakly guarded;
 And for a guide, within this hour shall reach thee
 A faithful friend of mine: the gods, my *Junius*,
 Keep thee, and me to serve thee: young *Bonvica*.

Cur. This letter carries much belief, and most objections
 Answer'd, we must have doubted.

Dec. Is that fellow

Come to ye for a guide yet?

Jun. Yes.

Dec. And examin'd?

Jun. Far more then that; he has felt tortures, yet
 He vows he knows no more than this truth.

Dec. Strange.

Cur. If she mean what she writes, as't may be probable,
 'Twill be the happiest vantage we can lean to.

Jun. I'll pawn my soul she means truth.

Dec. Think an hour more,
 Then if your confidence grow stronger on ye,
 We'll set in with ye.

Jun. Nobly done; I thank ye;
 Ye know the time.

Cur. We will be either ready
 To give ye present counsell, or joyn with ye.

Enter Swetonius, Petillius, and Demetrius, Macer.

Jun. No more as ye are Gentlemen. The general.

Swet. Draw out apace, the enemy waits for us;
 Are ye all ready?

Jun. All our Troops attend, Sir.

Swet. I am glad to hear you say so, *Junius*.
 I hope ye are dispossest.

Jun. I hope so too, Sir,

Swet. Continue so. And Gentlemen, to you now;
 To bid you fight is needless, ye are *Romans*,
 The name will fight it self; To tell ye who
 You go to fight against, his power, and nature,
 But loss of time: yet know it, know it poor,
 And oft have made it so. To tell ye farther,
 His Body shows more dreadful than it has done,
 To him that fears, less possible to deal with,
 Is but to stick more honor on your actions,
 Load ye with virtuous names, and to your memories
 Tye never dying time, and fortune constant.
 Go on in full assurance, draw your swords
 As daring and as confident as justice;
 The gods of *Rome* fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,
 Pitch'd on the topless *Apenine*, and blows
 To all the under world: all Nations,
 The seas, and unfrequented deserts, where the snow dwels,
 Wakens the ruin'd monuments, and there
 Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,
 Informs again the dead bones. With your virtues,
 Go on, I say, valiant and wise, rule heaven,
 And all the great aspects attend 'em. Do but blow
 Upon this enemy, who, but that we want foes,
 Cannot deserve that name; and like a myff,
 A lazie fog, before your burning valors
 You'll find him fly to nothing, This is all,
 We have swords, and are the sons of antient *Romans*,
 Heirs to their endless valors, fight and conquer.

De. Dem. 'Tis done.

Petill. That man that loves not this day,
 And hugs not in his arms the noble danger,
 May he dye fameless and forgot.

Swet. Sufficient,
 Up to your Troops, and let your drums beat thunder,
E
March

March close, and sudden like a tempest: all executions

March.

Done without sparkling of the Body: keep your phalanx
Sure lin'd, and piec'd together; your pikes forward,
And so march like a moving Fort: ere this day run,
We shall have ground to add to Rome, well won. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caratach and Nennius.

Nen. The Roman is advanc'd from yound' hills brow,
We may behold him, *Caratach.* *A March.*

Drums within at one place afar off.

Car. Let's thither,
I see the dust flie. Now I see the body,
Observe 'em, *Nennius*, by—a handsome Body,
And of a few, strongly and wisely joynted:
Suetonius is a Souldier.

Nen. As I take it,
That's he that gallops by the Regiments,
Viewing their preparations.

Car. Very likely,
He shews no less than General: see how bravely
The Body moves, and in the head how proudly
The Captains stick like plumes: he comes apace on;
Good *Nennius* go, and bid my stout Lieutenant
Bring on the first square Body to oppose 'em,
And as he charges, open to inclose 'em:
The Queen move next with hers, and wheel about,
To gain their backs, in which I'll lead the Vantguard.
We shall have bloody crowns this day, I see by't;
Hast thee good *Nennius*, I'll follow instantly.

Exit Nennius.

How close they march, as if they grew together? *March.*
No place but lin'd alike: fuge from oppression;
They will not change this figure: we must charge 'em,
And charge 'em home at both ends, Van and Rere,

Drums in another place afar off.

They never totter else. I hear our Musick,
And must attend it: Hold good sword, but this day,
And bite hard where I hound thee, and hereafter
I'll make a relique of thee, for young Souldiers
To come like Pilgrimes to, and kiss for Conquests.

Exit.

Scena quarta.

Enter Junius, Curius, and Decius.

Jun. Now is the time, the fellow stays.

Dec. What think ye?

Cur. I think 'tis true.

Jun. Alas, if 'twere a question,
If any doubt or hazzard fell into't,
Do ye think mine own discretion so self-blind,
My care of you so naked, to run headlong?

Dec. Let's take *Petilius* with us.

Jun. By no means:

He's never wise but to himself, nor courteous,
But where the end' his own: we are strong enough,
If not to many. Behind yonder hill
The fellow tells me she attends, weak guarded,
Her Mother and her Sister.

Car. I would venture.

Jun. We shall not strike five blows for't, weigh the good,
The general good may come.

Dec. Away, I'll with ye,
But with what doubt?

Jun. Fear not, my soul for all.

Exeunt.

*Alarms, Drums and Trumpets in several places afar
off, as at a main Battell.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Drufus and Penyus above.

Dru. Here ye may see 'em all, Sir; from this hill
The Country shews off levell.

Pen. Gods defend me,
What multitudes they are, what infinites?
The Roman power shews like a little Star
Hedg'd with a double hollo. Now the knell rings,

Loud shouts.

Heark how they shout to th' battel; how the air
Totters and reels, and rends apieces, *Drufus*,
With the huge vollied clamours.

Dru. Now they charge.
Oh gods, of all sides, fearfully.

Pen. Little Rome,
Stand but this growing *Hydra* one short hour,
And thou hast out-done *Hercules*.

Dru. The dust hides 'em,
We cannot see what follows.

Pen. They are gone,
Gone, swallow'd *Drufus*, this eternal Sun
Shall never see 'em march more.

Dru. O turn this way,
And see a modell of the field, some forty,
Against four hundred.

Pen. Well fought, bravely follow'd;
O nobly charg'd again, charg'd home too: *Drufus*,
They seem to carry it: now they charge all, *Loud.*
Close, close, I say; they follow it: ye gods,
Can there be more in men? more daring spirits?
Still they make good their fortunes. Now they are gone too,

For ever gone: see *Drufus* at their backs
A fearful Ambush rises. Farewell valours,
Excellent valours: O Rome, where's thy wisdom?

Dru. They are gone indeed, Sir.

Pen. Look out toward the Army,
I am heavy with these slaughters.

Dru. 'Tis the same still,
Covered with dust and fury.

*Enter the two Daughters, with Junius, Curius, Decius,
and Souldiers.*

2. Daugh. Bring 'em in,
Tie 'em, and then unarm 'em.

1. Daugh. Valiant Romans,
Ye are welcome to your Loves.

2. Daugh. Your death, fools.

Dec. We deserve 'em,
And women do your worst.

1. Daugh. Ye need not beg it.

2. Daugh. Which is kind *Junius*?

Serv. This.

2. Daugh. Are you my sweet heart?
It looks ill on't: how long is't, pretty soul,
Since you and I first lov'd? Had we not reason
To doat extreanly upon one another?
How does my Love? this is not he: my chicken
Could prate finely, sing a love-song.

Jun. Monster.

2. Daugh. Oh, now it courts.

Jun. Arm'd with more malice
Then he that got thee has the divell.

2. Daugh. Good.

Proceed, sweet chick.

Jun. I hate thee, that's my last.

2. Daugh. Nay, and ye love me, forward: No? Come
Let's prick our answers on our arrows points, *(sister,*
And make 'em laugh a little. Ye damn'd Leachers,
Ye proud improvident fools, have we now caught ye?
Are ye i'th' noose? Since ye are such loving creatures,
We'll be your *Cupids*: Do ye see these arrows?

Wee'11

We'll send them to your wanton livers, goats.

1. *Dau.* O how I'll trample on your hearts, ye villains, Ambitious salt-itch slaves: *Romes* master sins, The mountain Rams topt your hot mothers.

2. *Daugh.* Dogs, To whose brave founders a salt whore gave suck; Theeves, honors hangmen, do ye grin? perdition Take me for ever, if in my self anger, *Enter Caratach.* I do not out-do all example.

Car. Where, Where are these Ladies? ye keep noble quarters, Your Mother thinks ye dead or taken; upon which, She will not move her Battel. Sure these faces I have beheld and known, they are *Roman* Leaders, How came they here?

2. *Daugh.* A trick Sir, that we us'd, A certain policy conducted 'em Unto our snare: we have done ye no small service; These us'd as we intend, we are for th' battel,

Car. As you intend? taken by treachery?

1. *Daugh.* Is't not allow'd?

Car. Those that should gild our Conquest, Make up a Battel worthy of our winning, Catch'd up by craft?

2. *Daugh.* By any means that's lawful.

Car. A womans wisdom in our triumphs? out, Out ye sluts, ye follies; from our swords Filch our revenges basely? arm again, Gentlemen: Soldiers, I charge ye help 'em.

2. *Daugh.* By—— Uncle, We will have vengeance for our rapes.

Car. By——

You should have kept your legs close then: dispatch there.

1. *Daug.* I will not off thus.

Car. He that stirs to execute, Or she, though it be your selves, by him that got me, Shall quickly feel mine anger: one great day given us, Not to be snatch'd out of our hands but basely; And we must shame the gods from whence we have it, With setting snares for Soldiers? I'll run away first, Be hooted at, and children call me coward, Before I set up scales for Victories: Give 'em their swords.

2. *Daugh.* O gods.

Car. Bear off the women Unto their Mother.

2. *Dau.* One shot, gentle Uncle.

Car. One cut her fiddle-string: Bear 'em off I say.

1. *Dau.* The—— take this fortune.

Car. Learn to spin, And curse your knotted hemp: go Gentlemen, *Exeunt Daughters.*

Safely go off, up to your Troops: be wiser, There thank me like tall Soldiers: I shall seek ye. *Exit Caratach.*

Cur. A noble worth.

Dec. Well *Junius.*

Jun. Pray ye no more.

Cur. He blushes, do not load him.

Dec. Where's your love now? *Drums loud again.*

Jun. Puffe, there it flies: Come, let's redeem our follies. *Exeunt Junius, Curius, Decius.*

Dru. Awake, Sir; yet the *Roman* Bodie's whole, I see 'em clear again.

Pen. Whole? 'tis not possible:

Drusus they must be lost.

Dru. By—— they are whole, Sir, And in brave doing; see, they wheel about To gain more ground.

Pen. But see there, *Drusus*, see, See that huge Battel moving from the mountains, Their gilt coats shine like Dragons scales, their march Like a rough tumbling storm; see them, and view 'em, And then see *Rome* no more: say they fail; look,

Look where the armed carts stand; a new Army: Look how they hang like falling rocks, as murdring Death rides in triumph *Drusus*: fell destruction Lashes his fiery horse, and round about him His many thousand ways to let out souls. Move me again when they charge, when the mountain Melts under their hot wheels, and from their Ax'trees Hnge claps of thunder plough the ground before 'em, Till then I'll dream what *Rome* was.

Enter Swetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, Macer.

Swet. O bravely fought; honor till now nere show'd Her golden fate i'th' field. Like Lions, Gentlemen, Y'have held your heads up this day: Where's young *Junius*, *Curius* and *Decius*?

Petill. Gone to heaven, I think, Sir. do ye?

Sw. Their worths go with 'em: breathe a while: How

Pet. Well; some few scurvy wounds, my heart's whole

Dem. Would they would give us more ground. (yet.

Swet. Give? we'll have it.

Petill. Have it? and hold it too, despight the devill.

Enter Junius, Decius, Curius.

Jun. Lead up to th' head, and line: sure the *Qs.* Battell Begins to charge like wild-fire: where's the General?

Swet. Oh, they are living yet. Come my brave foldiers, Come, let me powr *Romes* blessing on ye; Live, Live, and lead Armies all: ye bleed hard.

Jun. Best:

We shall appear the sterner to the foe.

Dec. More wounds, more honor.

Petill. Lose no time.

Swet. Away then,

And stand this shock, ye have stood the world.

Petill. Wee'll grow to't.

Is not this better than lowsie loving?

Jun. I am my self, *Petillius.*

Petill. 'Tis I love thee. *Exeunt Romans.*

Enter Bonduca, Caratach, Daughters, Nennius.

Car. Charge 'em i'th' flanks: O ye have plaid the fool, The fool extreemly, the mad fool.

Bon. Why Cousin?

Car. The woman fool. Why did you give the word Unto the carts to charge down, and our people In gross before the Enemy? we pay for't, Our own swords cut our throats: why? —— on't; Why do you offer to command? the divell, The divell, and his dam too, who bid you Meddle in mens affairs? *Exeunt Queen, &c.*

Bond. I'll help all.

Car. Home,

Home and spin woman, spin, go spin, ye trifle.

Open before there, or all's ruine. How, *Shows within.*

Now comes the Tempest; on our selves, by——

Victoria within.

O woman, scurvie woman, beastly woman. *Exeunt.*

Dru. Victoria, Victoria.

Pen. How's that, *Drusus*?

(Sir,

Dru. They win, they win, they win; oh look, look, look, For heavens sake look, the *Britains* fly, the *Britains* fly. *Victoria.*

Enter Swetonius, Soldiers, and Captains.

Swet. Soft, soft, pursue it soft; excellent Soldiers, Close, my brave fellows, honorable *Romans*: Oh cool thy mettle *Junius*, they are ours, The world cannot redeem 'em: stern *Petillius*, Govern the conquest nobly: soft, good Soldiers. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bonduca, Daughters, and Britains.

Bond. Shame, whither flie ye, ye unlucky Britains?
Will ye creep into your mothers wombs again? Back
cowards.

Hares, fearful Hares, Doves in your angers; leave me?
Leave your Queen desolate? her hapless children.

Enter Caratach and Hengo.

To Roman rape again and fury?

Car. Flye, ye buzzards,
Ye have wings enough, ye fear: get thee gone, woman,
Loud shout within.

Shame tread upon thy heels: all's lost, all's lost, heark,
Heark how the Romans ring our knels. *Ext. Bond, &c.*

Hen. Good Uncle,
Let me go too.

Car. No boy, the fortune's mine,
I must not leave thee; get behind me; shake not,

Enter Petillius, Junius, Decius.

I'll breech ye, if ye do boy: Come, brave Romans,
All is not lost yet.

Jun. Now I'll thank thee, *Caratach.* *Fight. Drums.*

Car. Thou art a Soldier: strike home, home, have at ye.

Pen. His blows fall like huge sledges on an anvil.

Dec. I am weary.

Pet. So am I.

Car. Send more swords to me.

Jun. Let's sit and rest. *Sit down.*

Drum. What think ye now?

Pen. O Drusus,

I have lost mine honor, lost my name,
Lost all that was my light: these are true Romans,
And I a Britain coward, a base Coward;
Guide me where nothing is but desolation,
That I may never more behold the face
Of Man, or Mankind know me: O blind Fortune,
Hast thou abus'd me thus?

Drum. Good Sir, be comforted;

It was your wisdom rul'd ye; pray ye go home,
Your day is yet to come, when this great fortune
Shall be but soil unto it. *Retreat.*

Pen. Fool, fool, Coward. *Exit Penus and Drusus.*

Enter Swetonius, Demetrius, Soldiers, Drum and Colours.

Swet. Draw in, draw in: well have you fought, and worthy
Romes noble recompence; look to your wounds,
The ground is cold and hurtful: the proud Queen
Has got a Fort, and there she and her Daughters
Defie us once again. To morrow morning
Wee'll seek her out, and make her know, our Fortunes
Stop at no stubborn walls: Come, sons of honor,
True virtues heirs; thus hatch'd with Britain blood,
Let's march to rest, and set in gules like Suns.
Beat a soft march, and each one ease his neighbours.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Petillius, Junius, Decius, Demetrius singing.

Petill. Smooth was his cheek,

Dec. And his chin it was sleek,

Jun. With whoop, he has done wooing.

Dem. Junius was this Captains name,

A lad for a lasses viewing,

Pet. Full black his eye, and plump his thigh,

Dec. Made up for loves pursuing:

Dem. Smooth was his cheek,

Petill. And his chin it was sleek.

Jun. With whoop, he has done wooing.

Petill. O my vex'd thief, art thou come home again?
Are thy brains perfect?

Jun. Sound as bells.

Petill. Thy back-worm

Quiet, and cast his sting, boy?

Jun. Dead, Petillius,

Dead to all folly, and now my anger only.

Pet. Why, that's well said: hang Cupid and his quiver,
A drunken brawling Boy; thy honour'd faint
Be thy ten shillings, Junius, there's the money,
And there's the ware; square dealing: this but sweats thee
Like a Mesh nag, and makes thee look pin buttock'd;
The other runs thee whining up and down
Like a pig in a storm, fills thy brains full of madness,
And shews thee like a long Lent, thy brave body
Turn'd to a tail of green-fish without butter.

Dec. When thou lov'st next, love a good cup of Wine,
A Mistress for a King, she leaps to kiss thee,
Her red and white's her own; she makes good blood,
Takes none away; what she heats sleep can help,
Without a groping Surgeon.

Jun. I am counsell'd,

And henceforth, when I doat again,—

Dem. Take heed,

Ye had almost paid for't.

Petill. Love no more great Ladies,

Thou canst not step amidst them; there's no delight in 'em;
All's in the whistling of their snacht up silks;
They're only made for handsome view, nor handling;
Their bodies of so weak and wasp a temper,
A rough pac'd bed will shake 'em all to pieces;
A tough hen pulls their teeth out, tyres their souls;
Plene rimarum sunt, they are full of rynnnet,
And take the skin off where they are tasted; shun 'em,
They live in cullisies like rotten cocks
Stew'd to a tenderness, that holds no tack:
Give me a thing I may crush.

Jun. Thou speak'st truly:

The Wars shall be my Mistress now.

Petill. Well chosen,

For she's a bownsing lass, she'll kiss thee at night, boy,
And break thy pate i'th' morning.

Jun. Yesterday

I found those favors infinite.

Dem. Wench good enough,

But that she talks too loud.

Pet. She talks to th' purpose,

Which never Woman did yet: she'll hold grappling,
And he that layes on best, is her best servant:

All other loves are meer catching of dotrels,
Stretching of legs out only, and trim laziness.

Here comes the General. *Enter Swet. Curius, & Macer.*

Swet. I am glad ye have found ye:

Are those come in yet that pursu'd bold Caratach?

Pet. Not yet Sir, for I think they mean to lodge him;
Take him I know they dare not, 'twill be dangerous.

Swet. Then haste Petillius, haste to Penus,

I fear the strong conceit of what disgrace

Has pull'd upon himself, will be his ruine:

I fear his soldiers fury too; haste presently,

I would not lose him for all Britain. Give him, Petillius,

Petill. That that shall, choak him.

Swet. All the noble counsell,
His fault forgiven too, his place, his honor,

Petill. For me, I think, as handsome.

Swet. All the comfort.

And

And tell the Soldier, 'twas on our command
He drew not to the Battell.
Petill. I conceive Sir,
And will do that shall cure all.
Swet. Bring him with ye
Before the Queens Fort, and his Forces with him,
There you shall find us following of our Conquest:
Make halte.

Petill. The best I may. *Exit.*

Swet. And noble Gentlemen,
Up to your Companies: we'll presently
Upon the Queens pursuit: there's nothing done
Till she be seiz'd; without her nothing won. *Exeunt.*
Short flourish.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caratach and Hengo.

Car. How does my Boy?

Hen. I would do well, my heart's well;
I do not fear.

Car. My good Boy.

Hen. I know, Uncle,
We must all dye; my little brother dy'd,
I saw him dye, and he dy'd smiling; sure,
There's no great pain in't Uncle. But pray tell me,
Whither must we go when we are dead?

Car. Strange questions!
Why, to the blessed't place Boy: ever sweetness
And happiness dwells there.

Hen. Will you come to me?

Car. Yes, my sweet boy.

Hen. Mine Aunt too, and my Cousins?

Car. All, my good child.

Hen. No Romans, Uncle?

Car. No Boy.

Heng. I should be loath to meet them there.

Car. No ill men,

That live by violence, and strong oppression,
Come thither: 'tis for those the gods love, good men.

Heng. Why, then I care not when I go; for surely
I am perswaded they love me: I never
Blasphem'd 'em, Uncle, nor transgress't my parents;
I always said my Prayers.

Car. Thou shalt go then,
Indeed thou shalt.

Heng. When they please.

Car. That's my good boy.

Art thou not weary, *Hengo*?

Heng. Weary, Uncle?

I have heard you say you have march'd all day in Armour.

Car. I have, boy.

Heng. Am not I your Kinsman?

Car. Yes.

Heng. And am not I as fully allyed unto you
In those brave things, as blood?

Car. Thou art too tender.

Heng. To go upon my legs? they were made to bear me.
I can play twenty mile a day, I see no reason
But to preserve my Countrey and my self,
I should march forty.

Car. What, wouldst thou be
Living to wear a mans strength?

Heng. Why a *Caratach*,
A *Roman*-hater, a scourge sent from Heaven *Drum*
To whip these proud thieves from our Kingdom. *Heark,*
Heark, Uncle, *heark,* I hear a *Drum.*

Enter Judas and his people to the door.

Jud. Beat softly,
Softly, I say; they are here: who dare charge?

i. sold. He.

That dares be knockt o'th' head: I'll not come near him.

Jud. Retire again, and watch then. How he stares!

H'as eyes would kill a dragon: mark the boy well;

If we could take or kill him. A—on ye,

How fierce ye look? see how he broods the boy;

The devil dwels in's scabbard. Back, I say,

Apace, apace, h'as found us.

They retire.

Car. Do ye hunt us?

Heng. Uncle, good Uncle see, the thin starv'd Rascal,

The eating *Roman*, see where he thrids the thickets:

Kill him, dear Uncle, kill him; one good blow

To knock his brains into his breech; strike's head off,

That I may piss in's face.

Car. Do ye make us Foxes?

Here, hold my charging staff, and keep the place boy.

I'am at bay, and like a bull I'll bear me.

Stand, stand, ye Rogues, ye Squirrels.

Exit.

Heng. Now he pays'em:

O that I had a mans strength.

Enter Judas, &c.

Jud. Here's the boy;

Mine own, I thank my Fortune.

Heng. Uncle, uncle;

Famine is falln upon me, uncle.

Jud. Come, Sir,

Yield willingly, your Uncle's out of hearing,

I'll ticle your young tail else.

Heng. I defie thee,

Thou mock-made man of mat: charge home, sirha:

Hang thee, base slave, thou snak'ft.

Jud. Upon my conscience

The boy will beat me: how it looks, how bravely,

How confident the worm is: a scabb'd boy

To handle me thus? yield or I cut thy head off.

Heng. Thou dar'st not cut my finger: here't is, touch it.

Jud. The boy speaks sword and buckler, Prethee yield,

Come, here's an apple, yield. (boy:

Heng. By——he fears me.

I'll give you sharper language: When, ye coward,

When come ye up?

Jud. If he should beat me——

Heng. When, Sir?

I long to kill thee; come, thou can'st not scape me.

I have twenty ways to charge thee; twenty deaths

Attend my bloody staff.

Jud. Sure't is the devil,

A dwarf, devil in a doublet.

Heng. I have kill'd a Captain, sirha, a brave Captain,

And when I have done, I have kickt him thus. Look here,

See how I charge this staff.

Jud. Most certain

This boy will cut my throat yet.

Enter two Soldiers running.

i. Sold. Flee, flee, he kills us.

2. Sould. He comes, he comes.

Jud. The devil take the hindmost. (Rogues.

Heng. Run, run, ye Rogues, ye precious Rogues, ye rank

A comes, a comes, a comes, a comes: that's he, boys.

What a brave cry they make?

Enter Caratach with a head.

Car. How does my chicken?

Heng. 'Faith, uncle, grown a Soldier, a great Soldier;

For by the virtue of your charging-staff,

And a strange fighting face I put upon't,

I have outbrav'd hunger.

Car. That's my boy, my sweet boy.

Here, here's a *Roman*'s head for thee.

Heng. Good provision.

Before I starve, my sweet-fac'd Gentleman,

I'll trie your favour.

Car.

Car. A right compleat Soldier.
Come, chicken, let's go seek some place of strength
(The Countrey's full of Scouts) to rest a while in,
Thou wilt not else be able to endure
The journey to my Countrey, fruits, and water,
Must be your food a while, boy.

Heng. Any thing:
I can eat moss, I can live on anger,
To vex these Romans. Let's be wary, Uncle.

Car. I warrant thee; come cheerfully.

Heng. And boldly

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Penyus, Drufus, and Regulus.*

Reg. The soldier shall not grieve ye.

Pen. Pray ye forsake me;
Look not upon me, as ye love your Honors;
I am so cold a coward, my infection
Will choke your virtues like a damp else.

Dru. Dear Captain.

Reg. Most honour'd Sir.

Pen. Most hated, most abhor'd;
Say so, and then ye know me, nay, ye please me.
O my dear credit, my dear credit.

Reg. Sure
His mind is dangerous.

Dru. The good gods cure it. (breaches)

Pen. My honour got thorow fire, thorow stubborn
Thorow Battels that have been as hard to win as heaven,
Thorow death himself, in all his horrid trims,
Is gone for ever, ever, ever, Gentlemen,
And now I am left to scornful tales and laughters,
To hootings at, pointing with fingers, That's he,
That's the brave Gentleman forsook the battel,
The most wise *Penyus*, the disputing coward.
O my good sword, break from my side, and kill me;
Cut out the coward from my heart.

Reg. Ye are none.

Pen. He lyes that says so: by—he lyes, lyes basely,
Baser than I have done. Come, soldiers, seek me,
I have robb'd ye of your virtues: Justice, seek me,
I have broke my fair obedience, lost: shame take me,
Take me, and swallow me, make ballads of me;
Shame, endless shame: and pray do you forsake me.

Dru. What shall we do?

Pen. Good Gentlemen forsake me:
You were not wont to be commanded. Friends, pray do it,
And do not fear; for as I am a coward
I will not hurt my self: when that mind takes me,
I'll call to you, and ask your help. I dare not.

Enter *Petillius.*

Petill. Good morrow, Gentlemen; where's the Tribune?

Reg. There.

Dru. Whence come ye, good *Petillius*?

Petill. From the General.

Dru. With what, for heavens sake?

Petill. With good counsel, *Drufus*,
And love, to comfort him.

Dru. Good *Regulus*

Step to the Soldier, and allay his anger;
For he is wild as winter.

Exit *Drufus and Regulus.*

Petill. O, are ye there? have at ye. Sure he's dead,
It cannot be he dare out-live this fortune:
He must die, 'tis most necessary; men expect it;
And thought of life in him, goes beyond coward.
Forsake the field so basely? lie upon't:
So poorly to betray his worth; so coldly
To cut all credit from the soldier? sure

If this man mean to live, as I should think it
Beyond belief, he must retire where never
The name of *Rome*, the voice of Arms, or Honour
Was known or heard of yet: he's certain dead,
Or strongly means it; he's no Soldier else,
No *Roman* in him; all he has done, but outside,
Fought either drunk or desperate. Now he rises.
How does Lord *Penyus*?

Pen. As ye see.

Petill. I am glad on't;
Continue so still. The Lord General,
The valiant General, great *Svetonius*——

Pen. No more of me is spoken; my name's perish'd.

Petill. He that commanded fortune and the day
By his own valour and discretion,
When, as some say, *Penyus* refused to come,
But I believe 'em not, sent me to see ye.

Pen. Ye are welcome; and pray see me; see me well,
Ye shall not see me long.

Petill. I hope so, *Penyus*;
The gods defend, Sir.

Pen. See me, and understand me: This is he
Left to fill up your triumph; he that basely
Whistled his honour off to th'wind; that coldly
Shrunk in his politick head, when *Rome* like reapers
Sweat blood, and spirit, for a glorious harvest,
And bound it up, and brought it off: that fool,
That having gold and copper offer'd him,
Refus'd the wealth, and took the waft: that soldier
That being courted by loud fame and fortune,
Labour in one hand, that propounds us gods,
And in the other, glory that creates us,
Yet durst doubt, and be damned.

Petill. It was an errour.

Pen. A foul one, and a black one.

Petill. Yet the blackest
May be wash'd white again.

Pen. Never.

Petill. Your leave, Sir,
And I beseech ye note me; for I love ye,
And bring all comfort: Are we gods,
Alli'd to no infirmities? are our natures
More than mens natures? when we slip a little
Out of the way of virtue, are we lost?
Is there no medicine called Sweet mercy?

Pen. None, *Petillius*;
There is no mercy in mankind can reach me,
Nor is it fit it should; I have sinn'd beyond it.

Petill. Forgiveness meets with all faults.

Pen. 'Tis all faults,
All sins I can commit, to be forgiven:
'Tis loss of whole man in me, my discretion
To be so stupid, to arrive at pardon.

Petill. O but the General——

Pen. He's a brave Gentleman,
A valiant, and a loving; and I dare say
He would, as far as honor durst direct him,
Make even with my fault, but 'tis not honest,
Nor in his power: examples that may nourish
Neglect and disobedience in whole bodies.
And totter the estates and faiths of armies,
Must not be plaid withall; nor out of pitty
Make a General forget his duty:
Nor dare I hope more from him than is worthy.

Petill. What would ye do?

Pen. Dye.

Petill. So would fullen children,
Women that want their wills, slaves, disobedient,
That fear the law, die. Fie, great Captain; you
A man to rule men, to have thousand lives
Under your Regiment, and let your passion
Betray your reason? I bring you all forgiveness,
The noblest kind commends, your place, your honour.

Pen. Prethee no more; 'tis foolish: didst not thou?

By—— thou didst, I over-heard thee, there,
There where thou standst now, deliver me for fascal,
Poor, dead, cold coward, miserable, wretched,
If I out-liv'd this ruine?

Petill. I?

Pen. And thou dist it nobly,
Like a true man, a souldier: and I thank thee,
I thank thee, good *Petillius*; thus I thank thee,

Petill. Since ye are so justly made up, let me tell ye,
'Tis fit ye dye indeed.

Pen. O how thou lov'st me! (pers

Petill. For say he had forgiven ye; say the peoples whif-
Were tame again, the time run out for wonder,
What must your own Command think, from whose Swords
Ye have taken off the edges, from whose valours
The due and recompence of Arms; nay, made it doubtful
Whither they knew obedience? must not these kill ye?

Say they are won to pardon ye, by meer miracle
Brought to forgive ye; what old valiant Souldier,
What man that loves to fight, and fight for *Rome*,
Will ever follow you more? dare ye know these ventures?
If so, I bring ye comfort; dare ye take it?

Pen. No, no, *Petillius*, no.

Petill. If your mind serve ye.

Ye may live still; but how? yet pardon me,
You may outwear all too, but when? and certain
There is a mercy for each fault, if tamely
A man will take't upon conditions.

Pen. No, by no means: I am only thinking now, Sir,
(For I am resolv'd to go) of a most base death,
Fitting the baseness of my fault. I'll hang.

Petill. Ye shall not; y^e are a Gentleman I honor,
I would else flatter ye, and force ye live,
Which is far baser. Hanging? 'tis a dogs death,
An end for slaves.

Pen. The fitter for my baseness.

Petill. Besides, the man that's hang'd, preaches his end,
And sits a sign for all the world to gape at.

Pen. That's true: I'll take a fitter poison.

Petill. No,

'Tis equal ill; the death of rats and women,
Lovers, and lazie boys, that fear correction,
Die like a man.

Pen. Why my sword then.

Petill. I, If your Sword be sharp, Sir,
There's nothing under heaven that's like your Sword;
Your Sword's a death indeed.

Pen. It shall be sharp, Sir.

Petill. Why *Mithridates* was an arrant assie
To dye by poison, if all *Bosphorus*
Could lend him Swords: your Sword must do the deed:
'Tis shame to dye choak'd, fame to dye and bleed.

Pen. Thou hast confirmed me: and, my good *Petillius*,
Tell me no more I may live.

Petill. 'Twas my Commission;
But now I see ye in a nobler way,
A way to make all even.

Pen. Fare-well, Captain:
Be a good man, and fight well: be obedient:
Command thy self, and then thy men. Why shakest thou?

Petill. I do not Sir.

Pen. I would thou hadst, *Petillius*:
I would find something to forsake the world with
Worthy the man that dies: a kind of earth-quake
Through all stern valors but mine own.

Petill. I feel now
A kind of trembling in me.

Pen. Keep it still,
As thou lov'st virtue, keep it.

Petill. And brave Captain,
The graet and honoured *Penynus*.

Pen. That again:
O how it heightens me! again, *Petillius*.

Petill. Most excellent Commander.

Pen. Those were mine,
Mine, only mine.

Petill. They are still.

Pen. Then to keep 'em
For ever falling more, have at ye, heavens,
Ye everlasting powers, I am yours: The work's done,
Kills himself.

That neither fire nor age, nor melting envy
Shall ever conquer. Carry my last words
To the great General: kiss his hands and say,
My soul I give to heaven, my fault to justice
Which I have done upon my self: my virtue,
If ever there was any in Poor *Penynus*,
Made more, and happier, light on him. I faint.
And where there is a foe. I wish him fortune.
I dye: lye lightly on my ashes, gentle earth.

Petill. And on my sin. Farewell, great *Penynus*,
Noise within.

The souldier is in fury. Now I am glad
'Tis done before he comes. This way, for me,
The way of toile; for thee, the way of honor. *Exit.*

Enter Drusus and Regulus with Souldiers.

Sould. Kill him, kill him, kill him.

Dru. What will ye do?

Reg. Good soldiers, honest soldiers.

sould. Kill him, kill him, kill him.

Dru. Kill us first; we command too.

Reg. Valiant Soldiers,

Consider but whose life ye seek. O *Drusus*,
Bid him be gone, he dies else. Shall *Rome* say
(Ye most approved Souldiers) her dear children
Devoured the fathers of the fights? shall rage
And stubborn fury guide those swords to slaughter,
To slaughter of their own, to civil ruine?

Dru. O let 'em in: all's done, all's ended, *Regulus*,
Penynus has found his last eclipse. Come, Souldiers,
Come, and behold your miseries: come bravely,
Full of your mutinous and bloody angers,
And here bestow your darts. O only *Romane*,
O father of the Wars.

Reg. Why stand ye stupid?

Where be your killing furies? whose sword now
Shall first be sheath'd in *Penynus*? do ye weep?
Howl out, ye wretches, ye have cause: howl ever.
Who shall now lead ye fortunate? whose valor
Preserve ye to the glory of your Countrey?
Who shall march out before ye, coy'd and courted
By all the Mistresses of War, care, counsel,
Quick-ey'd experience, and victory twin'd to him?
Who shall beget ye deeds beyond inheritance
To speak your names, and keep your honors living,
When children fail, and time that takes all with him,
Build houses for ye to oblivion?

Dru. O ye poor desperate fools: no more now, souldiers?
Go home, and hang your arms up; let rust rot 'em;
And humble your stern valors to soft prayers;
For ye have sunk the frame of all your virtues;
The sun that warm'd your bloods is set for ever:
I'll kiss thy honor'd cheek. Farewell, great *Penynus*,
Thou thunder-bolt, farewell. Take up the body:
To morrow morning to the Camp convey it.
There to receive due Ceremonies. That eye
That blinds himself with weeping, gets most glory.

Exeunt with a dead march.

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Swetonius, Junius, Decius, Demetrius, Curius, and
Souldiers: Bonduca, two Daughters, and Nennius,
above. Drum and Colours.*

Swet. Bring up the Catapults and shake the wall,
We will not be out out-brav'd thus.

Nen.

Nen. Shake the earth,
Ye cannot shake our souls. Bring up your Rams,
And with their armed heads, make the Fort totter;
Ye do but rock us into death.

Exit Nennius.

Jun. See, Sir,
See the *Icenian* Queen in all her glory
From the strong battlements proudly appearing,
As if she meant to give us lalkes.

Dec. Yeild, Queen.

Bond. I am unacquainted with that language, *Roman.*

Swet. Yield honour'd Lady, and expect our mercy,

Exit Decius.

We love thy nobleness.

Bond. I thank ye, ye say well;
But mercy and love are sins in *Rome* and hell.

Swet. Ye cannot scape our strength; ye must yield, Lady,
Ye must adore and fear the power of *Rome.*

Cond. If *Rome* be earthly, why should any knee
With bending adoration worship her?
She's vitious; and your partial selves confesse,
Aspires the height of all impiety:

Therefore 'tis fitter I should reverence
The thatched houses where the *Britains* dwell
In careless mirth, where the blest household gods
See nought but chaste and simple purity.

'Tis not high power that makes a place divine,
Nor that the men from gods derive their line.

But sacred thoughts in holy bosoms stor'd,
Make people noble, and the place ador'd.

Swet. Beat the wall deeper.

Bond. Beat it to the center,
We will not sink one thought.

Swet. I'll make ye.

Bond. No.

2. *Dau.* O mother, these are fearful hours: speak gently.

Enter Petillius.

To these fierce men, they will afford ye pitty.

Bond. Pitty? thou fearful girl; 'tis for those wretches
That misery makes tame. Wouldst thou live less?

Wast not thou born a Princess? Can my blood,
And thy brave fathers spirit, suffer in thee
So base a separation from thy self,
As mercy from these Tyrants? Thou lov'st lust sure,
And long'st to prostitute thy youth and beauty
To common slaves for bread. Say they had mercy;
The diuel a relenting conscience:
The lives of Kings rest in their Diadems,
Which to their bodies lively souls do give,
And ceasing to be Kings, they cease to live.
Show such another fear, and ———

I'll sling thee to their fury.

Swet. He is dead then?

Petill. I think so certainly; yet all my means, Sir,
Even to the hazzard of my life ———

Swet. No more:

We must not seem to mourn here.

Enter Decius.

Dec. There's a breach made,
Is it your will we charge, Sir?

Swet. Once more mercy,
Mercy to all that yield

Bond. I scorn to answer:
Speak to him girl; and hear thy Sister.

1. *Dau.* General,
Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon me
Directly in my face, my womans face.
Whose only beauty is the hate it bears ye;
See with thy narrowest eyes, thy sharpest wishes,
Into my soul, and see what there inhabits;
See if one fear, one shadow of a terror,
One paleness dare appear but from my anger,
To lay hold on your mercies. No, ye fools,
Poor fortunes fools, we were not born for triumphs,
To follow your gay sports, and fill your slaves

With hoots and acclamations.

Petill. Brave behaviour.

1. *Dau.* The children of as great as *Rome*, as noble,
Our names before her, and our deeds her envy;
Must we guild ore your Conquest, make your State,
That is not fairly strong, but fortunate?

No, no, ye *Romans*, we have ways to scape ye,
To make ye poor again, indeed our prisoners,
And stick our triumphs full.

Petill. 's death, I shall love her.

1. *Dau.* To torture ye with suffering, like our slaves;
To make ye curse our patience, with the world
Were lost again, to win us only, and esteem
The end of all ambitions.

Bond. Do ye wonder?

We'll make our monuments in spite of fortune,
In spite of all your Eagles wings: we'll work
A pitch above ye; and from our height we'll stoop
As fearless of your bloody soars; and fortunate,
As if we prey'd on heartless doves.

Swet. Strange stiffness.

Decius, go charge the breach.

Exit Decius.

Bond. Charge it home, *Roman*,
We shall deceive thee else. Where's *Nennius*?

Enter Nennius.

Nen. They have made a mighty breach.

Bond. Stick in thy body,
And make it good but half an hour.

Nen. I'll do it.

1. *Dau.* And then be sure to dye.

Nen. It shall go hard else.

Bond. Fare well with all my heart; we shall meet yonder,
Where few of these must come.

Nen. Gods take thee, Lady.

Exit Nennius.

Bond. Bring up the swords, and poison.

Enter one with Swords, and a great Cup.

2. *Dau.* O my fortune!

Bond. How, how, ye whore?

2. *Dau.* Good mother, nothing to offend ye.

Bond. Here, wench:

Behold us, *Romans.*

Swet. Mercy yet.

Bond. No talking:

Puff, there goes all your pitty. Come, short prayers,
And let's dispatch the business: you begin,
Shrink not; I'll see ye do't.

2. *Dau.* O gentle mother,

O *Romans*, O my heart; I dare not.

Swet. Woman, woman,

Unnatural woman.

2. *Dau.* O perswade her, *Romans*:

Alas, I am young, and would live. Noble mother,
Can ye kill that ye gave life? are my years
Fit for destruction?

Swet. Yield, and be a Queen still,
A mother and a friend.

Bond. Ye talk: come, hold it,
And put it home.

1. *Dau.* Fie, sister, fie,
What would you live to be?

Bond. A whore still.

2. *Dau.* Mercy.

Swet. Hear her, thou wretched woman.

2. *Dau.* Mercy, mother:

O whither will you send me? I was once
Your darling, your delight.

Bond. O gods,

Fear in my family? do it, and nobly.

2. *Dau.* O do not frown then.

1. *Dau.*

1 *Daugh.* Do it, worthy Sister:
'Tis nothing, 'tis a pleasure; we'll go with ye,
2 *Daugh.* Oh if I knew but whither.
1 *Daugh.* To the blessed,
Where we shall meet our Father.
Swet. Woman.
Bond. Talk not.
1 *Daugh.* Where nothing but true joy is. (close to thee.
Bond. That's a good wench, mine own sweet girl; put it
2 *Daugh.* Oh comfort me still for heavens sake.
1 *Daugh.* Where eternal
Our youths are, and our beauties; where no Wars come,
Nor lustful slaves to ravish us.
2 *Daugh.* That steels me:
Along farewell to this world.
Bond. Good: I'll help thee.
1 *Daugh.* The next is mine.
Shew me a *Roman* Lady in all our stories,
Dare do this for her honor: they are cowards,
Eat coals like compell'd Cats: your great Saint *Lucrece*
Dy'd not for honor; *Tarquin* topt her well,
And mad she could not hold him, bled.
Petil. By——
am in love: I would give an hundred pound now
But to lie with this womans behaviour. Oh the devil.
1 *Daugh.* Ye shall see me example, All your *Rome*,
If I were proud and lov'd ambition;
If I were lustful, all your ways of pleasure;
If I were greedy, all the wealth ye conquer——
Bond. Make haste.
1 *Daugh.* I will. Could not intice to live
But two short hours this frailty: would ye learn
How to die bravely *Romans*, to sling off
This case of flesh, lose all your cares for ever?
Live as we have done, well, and fear the gods,
Hunt Honor, and not Nations with your swords,
Keep your minds humble, your devotions high;
So shall ye learn the noblest part, to die. *Dies.*
Bond. I come, wench; to ye all Fates hangmen; you
That ease the aged destinies, and cut
The threads of Kingdoms, as they draw 'em: here,
Here's the draught would ask no less than *Cæsar*
To pledge it for the glories sake.
Cur. Great Lady.
Swet. Make up your own conditions.
Bond. So we will.
Swet. Stay.
Dem. Stay,
Swet. Be any thing.
Bond. A Saint, *Svetonius*,
When thou shalt fear, and die like a slave. Ye fools,
Ye should have ti'd up death first, when ye conquer'd,
Ye sweat for us in vain else: see him here,
He's ours still, and our friend; laughs at your pities;
And we command him with as easie reins
As do our enemies. I feel the poison.
Poor vanquish'd *Romans*, with what matchless tortures
Could I now rack ye? But I pittie ye,
Desiring to die quiet: nay, so much
I hate to prosecute my victory,
That I will give ye counsel e'r I die.
If you will keep your Laws and Empire whole,
Place in your *Romans* flesh, a *Britain* soul. *Dies.*

Enter Decius.

Swet. Desperate and strange,
Dec. 'Tis won, Sir, and the *Britains*
All put to th' sword.
Swet. Give her fair Funeral;
She was truly noble, and a Queen.
Pet. — Take it,
A Love-mange grown upon me? what, a spirit?
Jun. I am glad of this, I have found ye.

Petil. In my belly,
Oh how it tumbles?
Jun. Ye good gods, I thank ye.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Caratach upon a rock, and Hengo by him, sleeping.

Car. Thus we afflicted *Britains* climb for safeties,
And to avoid our dangers, seek destructions;
Thus we awake to sorrows. O thou Woman,
Thou agent for adversities, what curses
This day belong to thy improvidence?
To *Britanie* by thy means, what sad millions
Of Widows weeping eyes? The strong mans valour
Thou hast betray'd to fury; the childs fortune
To fear and want of friends: whose pieties
Might wipe his mournings off, and build his sorrows
A house of rest by his blest Ancestors:
The Virgins thou hast rob'd of all their wishes,
Blasted their blowing hopes, turn'd their songs,
Their mirthful marriage-sons to funerals,
The Land thou hast left a wilderness of wretches.
The boy begins to stir: thy safety made,
Would my soul were in Heaven.

Heng. O noble Uncle,
Look out: I dream'd we were betray'd.

A soft dead march within.

Car. No harm, boy;
'Tis but thy emptiness that breeds these fancies:
Thou shalt have meat anon,
Heng. A little, Uncle,
And I shall hold out bravely. What are those?
Look, Uncle, look, those multitudes that march there?
They come upon us stealing by.

Car. I see 'em;
And prethee be not fearful.

Heng. Now ye hate me,
Would I were dead.

Car. Thou know'st I love thee dearly.
Heng. Did I e'r shrink yet, Uncle? were I a man now,
I should be angry with ye.

Enter Drufus, Regulus, and Soldiers, with Penysus's
Herse, Drums and Colours.

Car. My sweet chicken,
See, they have reach'd us, and as it seems they bear
Some soldiers body, by their solemn gestures,
And sad solemnities; it well appears too
To be of eminence. Most worthy Soldiers,
Let me intreat your knowledge to inform me
What noble Body that is which you bear
With such a sad and ceremonious grief,
As if yemeant to wooe the World and Nature
To be in love with death? Most honorable
Excellent *Romans*, by your antient valours,
As ye love Fame, resolve me.

Sold. 'Tis the Body
Of the great Captain *Penysus*, by himself
Made cold and spiritless.

Car. O stay, ye *Romans*,
By the Religion which you owe those gods
That lead ye on to Victories, by those glories
Which made even pride a virtue in ye.

Dru. Stay:
What's thy Will, *Caratach*

Car. Set down the body,
The body of the noblest of all *Romans*,

As ye expect an offering at your Graves
From your friends sorrows, set it down awhile.
That with your griefs an enemy may mingle;
A noble enemy that loves a Soldier;
And lend a tear to virtue, even your foes,
Your wild foes, as you call'd us, are yet stor'd
With fair affections, our hearts fresh, our spirits,
Though sometime stubborn, yet when virtue dies,
Soft and relenting as a Virgins prayers,
Oh set it down.

Drum. Set down the body, soldiers.

Car. Thou hallowed relique, thou rich Diamond
Cut with thine own dust; thou for whose wide fame
The world appears too narrow, mans all thoughts,
Had they all tongues, too silent; thus I bow
To thy most honour'd ashes: though an enemy,
Yet friend to all thy worths: sleep peaceably;
Happiness crown thy soul, and in thy earth
Some Lawrel fix his seat, there grow, and flourish,
And make thy grave an everlasting triumph.
Farewell all glorious Wars, now thou art gone,
And honest Arms adieu: all noble battels
Maintain'd in thirst of honour, not of blood,
Farewell for ever.

Heng. Was this *Roman*, Uncle,
So good a man?

Car. Thou never knew'st thy Father.

Heng. He dy'd before I was born.

Car. This worthy *Roman*

Was such another piece of endless honor,
Such a brave soul dwelt in him: their proportions
And faces were not much unlik, boy, excellent nature,
See how it works into his eyes, mine own boy.

Heng. The multitudes of these men, and their fortunes,
Could never make me fear yet: one mans goodness —

Car. O now thou pleasest me: weep still, my child,
As if thou saw'st me dead; with such a flux
Or flood of sorrow: still thou pleasest me.
And worthy soldiers, pray receive these pledges,
These hatchments of our griefs, and grace us so much
To place 'em on his Hearse. Now if ye please,
Bear off the noble burden; raise his pile
High as *Olympus*, make heaven to wonder
To see a star upon earth out-shining theirs.
And ever loved, ever living be
Thy honoured and most sacred memory.

Drum. Thou hast done honestly, good *Caratach*,
And when thou die'st, a thousand virtuous *Romans*
Shall sing thy soul to heaven. Now march on, soldiers.

Exeunt. A dead march.

Car. Now dry thine eyes, my boy.

Heng. Are they all gone?

I could have wept this hour yet.

Car. Come, take cheer,
And raise thy spirit, child: if but this day
Thou canst bear out thy faintness, the night coming
I'll fashion our escape.

Heng. Pray fear not me;
Indeed I am very hearty.

Car. Be so still;
His mischiefs lessen, that controuls his ill.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Petillius.

Pet. What do I ail, i'th' name of heaven I did but see her,
And see her die: she stinks by this time strongly,
Abominably stinks: she was a woman,
A thing I never car'd for: but to die so,
So confidently, bravely, strongly; Oh the devil,
I have the bots, by — she scorn'd us strangely,
All we could do, or durst do; threatned us
With such a noble anger, and so governed

With such a fiery spirit —; the plain bots;
A — upon the bots, the love-bots: hang me,
Hang me even out o' th' way, directly hang me.
Oh penny pipers, and most painful penners
Of bountiful new Ballads, what a subject,
What a sweet subject for your silver sounds,
Is crept upon ye?

Enter Junius.

Jun. Here he is; have at him.

Sings.

She set the sword unto her Breast.

great pity it was to see,

That three drops of her Life-warm blood,
run trickling down her knee.

Art thou there, bonny boy? and i'faith how dost thou?

Petil. Well, gramercie, how dost thou? h'as found me,
Sented me out: the shame the devil ow'd me.

H'as kept his day with. And what news, *Junius*?

Jun. *It was an old tale ten thousand times told,*

Of a young Lady was turn'd into mold,

Her life it was lovely, her death, it was bold.

Pet. A cruel rogue, now h'as drawn, pursue it on me,

He hunts me like a devil. No more singing;

Thou hast got a cold: come, let's go drink some Sack, boy.

Jun. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

Pet. Why dost thou laugh?

What Mares nest hast thou found?

Jun. Ha, ha, ha.

I cannot laugh alone: *Decius, Demetrius,*

Curius, oh my sides, Ha, ha, ha,

The strangest jest.

Petil. Prethee no more.

Jun. The admirablest fooling.

Pet. Thou art the prettiest fellow.

Jun. Sirs.

Pet. Why *Junius*,

Prethee away, sweet *Junius*.

Jun. Let me sing then.

Pet. Whoa, here's a stir now: sing a song o' six pence,

By — (if) prethee; — on't: *Junius*.

Jun. I must either sing; or laugh.

Pet. And what's your reason?

Jun. What's that to you?

Pet. And I must whistle.

Jun. Do so.

Oh, I hear 'em coming.

Pet. I have a little business.

Jun. Thou shalt not go, believe it: what a Gentleman
Of thy sweet conversation?

Pet. Captain *Junius*,

Sweet Captain, let me go with all celerity;

Things are not always one: and do not question,

Nor jeer, nor gybe: none of your doleful Ditties,

Nor your sweet conversation, you will find then

I may be anger'd.

Jun. By no means, *Petillius*;

Anger a man that never knew passion?

'Tis most impossible: a noble Captain,

A wife and and generous Gentleman?

Pet. Tom Puppie.

Leave this way to abuse me: I have found ye,

But for your mothers sake I will forgive ye.

Your subtil understanding may discover

(As you think) some trim toy to make you merry;

Some straw to tickle ye; but do not trust to't;

Y'are a young man, and may do well: be sober:

Carry your self discreetly.

Enter Decius, Demetrius, Curius.

Jun. Yes forsooth.

Dem. How does the brave *Petillius*?

Jun. Monstrous merry:

We two were talking what a kind of thing
I was when I was in love; what a strange monster
For little Boys and Girls to wonder at;
How like a fool I lookt.

Dec. So they do all,
Like great dull flavering fools.

Jun. *Petillius* saw too.

Pet. No more of this, 'tis scurvie, peace.

Jun. How nastily,
Indeed, how beastly all I did became me?
How I forgot to blow my nose? there he stands,
An honest and a wise man; if himself
(I dare avouch it boldly, for I know it)
Should find himself in love—

Petill. I am angry.

Jun. Surely his wife self would hang his beastly self,
His understanding-self so mawl his afs-self—

Dec. He's bound to do it; for he knows the follies,
The p'verties, and baseness that belongs to't,
Ha's ready on the reformations long.

Petill. I am so.

He's bound to do it, and he must do't:
Nor is it fit indeed any such coward—

Petill. You'll leave prating.

Jun. Should care come near the Regiments, especially
Those curious puppies (for believe there are such)
That only love behaviours: those are dog-whelps,
Dwindle away, because a Woman dies well;
Commit with passions only: fornicate
With the free spirit merely: you, *Petillius*,
For you have long observ'd the World.

Petill. Dost thou hear?

I'll beat thee damnably within these three hours:
Go pray; may be I'll kill thee. Farewel Jack-daws. *Exit.*

Dec. What a strange thing he's grown?

Jun. I am glad he is so;

And stranger he shall be before I leave him.

Cur. Is't possible her mere death—

Jun. I observ'd him,

And found him taken, infinitely taken
With her bravery, I have follow'd him,
And seen him kiss his sword since, court his scabbard,
Call dying, dainty deer; her brave mind, Mistriss;
Casting a thousand ways, to give those forms,
That he might lie with 'em, and get old Armors:
He had got me o' th' hip once: it shall go hard, friends,
But he shall find his own coin.

Enter Macer.

Dec. How now *Macer*?

Is *Judas* yet come in?

Enter Judas.

Mac. Yes, and has lost

Most of his men too. Here he is.

Car. What news?

Jud. I have lodg'd him; rouze him he that dares.

Dem. Where, *Judas*?

Jud. On a steep rock i' th' woods, the boy too with him,
And there he swears he will keep his *Christmas* Gentlemen,
But he will come away with full conditions,
Bravely, and like a *Britain*: he paid part of us.
Yet I think we fought bravely: for mine own part,
I was four several times at half sword with him,
Twice stood his partizan: but the plain truth is,
He's a meer devil, and no man; i' th' end he swing'd us,
And swing'd us soundly too, he fights by Witchcraft:
Yet for all that I see him lodg'd.

Jun. Take more men,

And scout him round. *Macer*, march you along.
What victuals has he?

Jud. Not a piece of Bisket,
Not so much as will stop a tooth; nor Water,
More than they make themselves: they lie
Just like a brace of Bear-whelps, close, and crafty,

Sucking their fingers for their food.

Dec. Cut off then

All hope of that way: take sufficient forces.

Jun. But use no foul play, on your lives: that man
That does him mischief by deceit, I'll kill him.

Macer. He shall have fair play, he deserves it.

Jud. Hark ye.

What should I do there then? you are brave Captains,
Most valiant men; go up your selves; use virtue,
See what will come on't: pray the Gentleman
To come down, and be taken. Ye all know him,
I think ye have felt him too: there ye shall find him,
His sword by his side, plums of a pound weight by him
Will make your chops ache: you'll find it a more labour
To win him living, than climbing of a Crows-nest.

Dec. Away, and compass him; we shall come up
I am sure within these two hours. Watch him close.

Macer. He shall flee thorow the air, if he escape us.

A sad noise within.

Jun. What's this loud lamentation?

Mac. The dead body

Of the great *Penyus* is new come to the Camp, Sir.

Dem. Dead!

Macer. By himself, they say.

Jun. I fear'd that fortune.

Cur. Peace guide him up to heaven.

Jun. Away good *Macer*. *Exeunt Macer and Judas.*

Enter Swetonius, Drufus, Regulus, Petillius.

Swet. If thou be'st guilty,
Some fullen plague thou hat'st most light upon thee:
The Regiment return on *Junius*,
He well deserves it.

Petill. So.

Swet. Draw out three Companies,
Yours *Decius*, *Junius*, and thou *Petillius*,
And make up instantly to *Caratach*,
He's in the Wood before ye; we shall follow
After due ceremony done to the dead,
The noble dead: Come: let's go burn the Body.

Exeunt all but Petillius.

Petill. The Regiment given from me; disgrac'd openly;
In love too with a triflet o' abuse me?

A merry world, a fine world: serv'd seven years

To be an afs o' both sides, sweet *Petillius*, Sir,

You have brought your hogs to a fine market: you are wise,

Your honourable brain-pan full of crotchets,

An understanding Gentleman; your projects

Cast with assurance ever: wouldst not thou now

Be bang'd about the pate, *Petillius*

Answer to that sweet soldier; surely, surely,

I think ye would; pull'd by the nose, kick'd; hang thee,

Thou art the arrant'st Rascal: trust thy wisdom

With any thing of weight; the wind with feathers.

Out ye blind puppie; you command? you govern?

Dig for a groat a day, or serve a Swine-herd;

Too noble for thy nature too. I must up;

But what I shall do there, let time discover. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macer and Judas, with meat and a bottle,

Mac. Hang it o' th' side o' th' rock, as though the *Britains*
Stole hither to relieve him; who first ventures
To fetch it off, is ours. I cannot see him.

Jud. He lies close in a hole above, I know it;

Gnawing upon his anger: ha? no, 'tis not he,

Macer. 'Tis but the shaking of the boughs,

Jud.—— Shake 'em,

I am sure they shake me soundly. There:

Macer. 'Tis nothing.

Jud. Make no noise if he stir, a deadly tempest
Of huge stones fall upon us: 'tis done: away close. *Exit.*

Enter Caratach.

Car. Sleep still, sleep sweetly child, 'tis all thou feedst on.
No gentle *Britain* near; no valiant charity
To bring thee food: poor knave, thou art sick extreme sick,
Almost grown wild for meat; and yet thy goodnefs
Will not confess, nor shew it. All the woods
Are double lin'd with soldiers; no way left us
To make a noble scape: I'll sit down by thee,
And when thou wak'st, either get meat to save thee,
Or lose my life i'th' purchase, Good gods comfort thee.

Enter Junius, Decius, Petillius, Guide.

Guide. Ye are not far off now, Sir.

Jun. Draw the Companies
The closest way thorow the woods; we'll keep on this way.

Guide. I will Sir: half a furlong more you'll come
Within the sight o' th' Rock; keep on the left side,
You'll be discover'd else: I'll lodge your Companies
In the wild Vines beyond ye.

Dec. Do ye mark him?

Jun. Yes, and am sorry for him.

Petill. Junius,

Pray let me speak two words with you.

Jun. Walk afore,

I'll overtake ye straight.

Dec. I will.

Jun. Now, Captain.

Petill. You have oft told me, you have lov'd me, Junius.

Jun. Most sure I told you truth then.

Petill. And that love

Should not deny me any honest thing.

Jun. It shall not.

Petill. Dare ye swear it?

I have forgot all passages between us

That have been ill, forgiven too, forgot you:

Jun. What would this man have? By —— I do, Sir,
So it be fit to grant ye.

Petill. 'Tis most honest.

Jun. Why, then I'll do it.

Petill. Kill me.

Jun. How?

Petill. Pray kill me.

Jun. Kill ye?

Pet. I, kill me quickly, suddenly,
Now kill me.

Jun. On what reason? ye amaze me.

Pet. If ye do love me, kill me, ask me not why:
I would be killed, and by you.

Jun. Mercy on me,

What ails this man? *Petillius.*

Petill. Pray ye dispatch me,
Ye are not safe whilst I live: I am dangerous,
Troubled extreemly, even to mischief, Junius,
An enemy to all good men: fear not, 'tis justice;
I shall kill you else.

Jun. Tell me but the cause,
And I will do it.

Petill. I am disgrac'd, my service
Slighted, and unrewarded by the General,
My hopes left wild and naked; besides these,
I am grown ridiculous, an ass, a folly
I dare not trust my self with: prethee kill me.

Jun. All these may be redeem'd as easily
As you would heal your finger.

Petill. Nay——

Jun. Stay, I'll do it,
You shall not need your anger: But first, *Petillius,*
You shall unarm your self; I dare not trust
A man so bent to mischief.

Petill. There's my sword;
And do it handsomely.

Jun. Yes, I will kill ye,
Believe that certain: but first I'll lay before ye
The most extreme fool ye have plaid in this,
The honor purpos'd for ye, the great honor
The General intended ye,

Petill. How?

Jun. And then I'll kill ye,
Because ye shall die miserable. Know Sir,
The Regiment was given me, but till time
Call'd yet to do some worthy deed, might stop
The peoples ill thoughts of ye, for Lord *Penys,*
I mean his death. How soon this time's come to ye,
And halted by *Swetonius*? Go, says he,
Junius and *Decius,* and go thou *Petillius*;
Distinctly, thou *Petillius,* and draw up,
To take stout *Caratach*; there's the deed purpos'd,
A deed to take off all faults, of all natures:
And thou *Petillius*; Mark it, there's the honor,
And that done, all made even.

Petill. Stay.

Jun. No, I'll kill ye.

He knew thee absolute, and full in soldier,
Daring beyond all dangers, found thee out
According to the boldness of thy spirit,
A Subject, such a Subject.

Petill. Harke ye *Junius,*
I will live now.

Jun. By no means. Wooed thy worth,
Held thee by the chin up, as thou sunk'st, and shew'd thee
How Honor held her arms out: Come, make ready,
Since ye will die an ass.

Petill. Thou wilt not kill me?

Jun. By——but I will, Sir: I'll have no man dangerous
Live to destroy me afterward. Besides, you have gotten
Honor enough, let young men rise now. Nay,
I do perceive too by the General, (which is
One main cause ye shall die) how e'r he carry it,
Such a strong doting on ye, that I fear,
You shall command in chief: how are we paid then?
Come, if you will pray, dispatch it.

Petill. Is there no way?

Jun. Not any way to live.

Petill. I will do any thing,
Redeem my self at any price: good *Junius,*
Let me but die upon the Rock, but offer
My life up like a Soldier.

Jun. You will seek then
To out-doe every man.

Petill. Believe it *Junius,*
You shall goe stroke by stroke with me.

Jun. You'll leave off too,
As you are noble, and a soldier,
For ever these mad fancies.

Petill. Dare ye trust me?
By all that's good and honest.

Jun. There's your sword then,
And now come on a new man: Virtue guide thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Caratach, and Hengo on the Rock.

Car. Courage my Boy, I have found meat: look *Hengo,*
Look where some blessed *Britain,* to preserve thee,
Has hung a little food and drink: cheer up Boy,
Do not forsake me now.

Hengo. Oh Uncle. Uncle,
I feel I cannot stay long: yet I'll fetch it,
To keep your noble life: Uncle, I am heart-whole,
And would live.

Car. Thou shalt, long I hope.

Hen. But my head, Uncle:
Methinks the Rock goes round.

Enter

Enter Macer and Judas.

M^a. Mark 'em well, Judas.

J^{ud}. Peace, as you love your life.

H^{en}. Do not you hear

The noise of Bels?

C^{ar}. Of Bels Boy? 'tis thy fancie,

Alas, thy bodies full of wind.

H^{en}. Methinks, Sir,

They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation
To some near funeral of State: nay, weep not,
Mine own sweet Uncle, you will kill me sooner.

C^{ar}. Oh my poor chicken.

H^{en}. Fie, faint-hearted Uncle:

Come, tie me in your Belt, and let me down.

C^{ar}. I'll go my self Boy.

H^{en}g^o. No, as ye love me, Uncle;

I will not eat it, if I do not fetch it;

The danger only I desire: pray tie me.

C^{ar}. I will, and all my care hang o'r thee: come child,
My valiant child,

H^{en}. Let me down apace, Uncle,

And ye shall see how like a Daw I'll whip it
From all their policies: for 'tis most certain

A Roman train: and ye must hold me sure too,
You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it Uncle,

We'll be as merry—

C^{ar}. Go! th' name of heaven, Boy.

H^{en}. Quick, quick, Uncle, I have it. Oh.

Judas shoots Hengo.

C^{ar}. What ail'st thou?

H^{en}. O my best Uncle, I am slain.

C^{ar}. I see ye, and heaven direct my hand: destruction

Caratach kills Judas with a stone from the rock.

Go with thy coward soul. How dost thou Boy?

Oh villain, pocky villain.

H^{en}. Oh Uncle, Uncle,

Oh how it pricks me: am I preserv'd for this?

Extremely pricks me.

C^{ar}. Coward, rascal Coward,

Dogs eat thy flesh.

H^{en}. Oh I bleed hard: I faint too, out upon't,

How sick I am? the lean Rogue, Uncle.

C^{ar}. Look Boy,

I have laid him sure enough.

H^{en}. Have ye knockt his brains out?

C^{ar}. I warrant thee for stirring more: cheer up, child.

H^{en}. Hold my sides hard, stop, stop, oh wretched fortune,

Must we part thus? Still I grow sicker, Uncle.

C^{ar}. Heaven look upon this noble child.

H^{en}. I once hop'd

I should have liv'd to have met these bloody Romans

At my swords point, to have reveng'd my Father,

To have beaten 'em: oh hold me hard. But Uncle—

C^{ar}. Thou shalt live still I hope Boy. Shall I draw it?

H^{en}. Ye draw away my soul then, I would live

A little longer; spare me heavens, but only

To thank you for your tender love. Good Uncle,

Good noble Uncle weep not.

C^{ar}. Oh my chicken,

My dear Boy, what shall I lose?

H^{en}. Why, a child,

That must have died however: had this scap'd me,
Feaver or famine—I was born to die. Sir.

C^{ar}. But thus unblown, my boy?

H^{en}. I go the straighter

My journey to the gods: Sure I shall know ye

When ye come, Uncle.

C^{ar}. Yes, Boy

H^{en}. And I hope

We shall enjoy together that great blessedness

You told me of.

C^{ar}. Most certain, child.

H^{en}. I grow cold,

Mine eyes are going.

C^{ar}. Lift 'em up.

H^{en}. Pray for me;

And noble Uncle, when my bones are ashes;

Think of your little Nephew. Mercy.

C^{ar}. Mercy.

You blessed Angels take him.

H^{en}. Kiss me: so.

Farewel, farewel.

Dies.

C^{ar}. Farewel the hopes of Britain,

Thou Royal graft, farewel for ever. Time and Death,

Ye have done your worst. Fortune now see, now proudly

Pluck off thy vail, and view thy triumph: Look

Look what thou hast brought this Land to. Oh fair flower,

How lovely yet thy ruins show, how sweetly

Even death embraces thee! The peace of heaven,

The fellowship of all great souls be with thee.

Enter Petillius and Junius on the rock.

Hah? dare ye Romans? ye shall win me bravely.

Thou art mine.

Fight

J^{un}. Not yet, Sir,

C^{ar}. Breath ye, ye poor Romans,

And come up all, with all your antient valors,

Like a rough wind I'll shake your souls, and send 'em—

Enter Swetonius, and all the Roman Captains.

Swet. Yield thee bold Caratach; by all—

As I am Soldier, as I envie thee,

I'll use thee like thy self, the valiant Britain.

Pet. Brave soldier yield; thou stock of Arms and Honor,

Thou filler of the World with Fame and Glory.

J^{un}. Most worthy man, we'll wooe thee, be thy prisoners.

Swet. Excellent Britain, do me but that Honor,

That more to me than Conquests, that true happiness,

To be my friend.

C^{ar}. Oh Romans, see what here is:

Had this Boy liv'd—

Swet. For Fames sake, for thy Swords sake,

As thou desirest to build thy virtues greater:

By all that's excellent in man, and honest—

C^{ar}. I do believe: Ye have had me a brave foe;

Make me a noble friend, and from your goodnes,

Give this Boy honourab'e earth to lie in.

Swet. He shall have fitting Funeral.

C^{ar}. I yield then.

Not to your blows, but your brave courtesies.

Petill. Thus we conduct then to the arms of Peace

The wonder of the World.

Swet. Thus I embrace thee,

Flourish.

And let it be no flattery that I tell thee,

Thou art the only Soldier.

C^{ar}. How to thank ye,

I must hereafter find upon your usage.

I am for Rome.

Swet. Ye must.

C^{ar}. Then Rome shall know

The man that makes her spring of glory grow.

Swet. Petillius, you have shown much worth this day,

redeem'd much error,

Ye have my love again, preserve it, Junius,

With you I make him equal in the Regiment.

J^{un}. The elder and the nobler: I'll give place, Sir.

Swet. Ye shew a friends soul.

March on, and through the Camp in every tongue.

The Virtues of great Caratach be sung.

Exant.

THE

The Knight of the Burning Pestle.

To the Readers of this COMEDY.

Gentlemen, the World is so nice in these our times, that for Apparel, there is no fashion, For Musick, which is a rare Art, (though now slighted) No Instrument; For Diet, none but the *French* Kickshoes that are delicate; and for Plaies, no invention but that which now runneth an invective way, touching some particular persons, or else it is contemned before it is throughly understood. This is all that I have to say, That the Author had no intent to wrong any one in this *Comedy*, but as a merry passage, here and there interlaced it with delight, which he hopes will please all, and be hurtful to none.

The PROLOGUE.

Where the Bee can suck no Honey, she leaves her sting behind; and where the Bear cannot find Origanum to heal his grief, he blasteth all other leaves with his breath. We fear it is like to fare so with us; that seeing you cannot draw from our labours sweet content, you leave behind you a sower mis-like, and with open reproach blame our good meaning, because you cannot reap the wonted mirth. Our intent was at this time to move inward delight, not outward lightness; and to breed (if it might be) soft smiling, not loud laughing: knowing it (to the wise) to be a great pleasure, to hear Counsel mixed with Wit, as to the foolish to have sport mingled with rudeness. They were banished the Theater of Athens, and from Rome hissed, that brought Parasites on the Stage with apish actions, or Fools with uncivil habits, or Courtezans with immodest words. We have endeavoured to be as far from unseemly speeches, to make your ears glow, as we hope you will be free from unkind reports, or mistaking the Authors intention (who never aimed at any one particular in this Play,) to make our cheeks blush. And thus I leave it, and thee to thine own censure, to like, or dislike. Vale.

The Actors Names.

The Prologue.
Then a Citizen.
The Citizens wife, and *Ralph* her man, sitting below amidst the Spectators.
A rich Merchant.
Jasper his Apprentice,
Master *Humphrey*, a friend to the Merchant.
Luce, the Merchants Daughter.
Mistress *Merry-thought*, *Jaspers* Mother.
Michael, a second Son of Mistress *Merry-thought*.

Old *M. Merry-thought*.
A Squire.
A Dwarf.
A Tapster.
A Boy that Danceth and Singeth.
An Host.
A Barber.
Two Knights.
A Captain.
A Sergeant.
Soldiers.

Enter Prologue.



From all that's near the Court, from
all that's great
Within the compass of the City-walls
We now have brought our Scene.

Enter Citizen.

Cit. Hold your peace good-man boy.

Pro. What do you mean Sir?

Cit. That you have no good meaning: These seven years there hath been Plays at this House, I have observed it, you have still girds at Citizens; and now you call your Play *The London Merchant*. Down with your Title, Boy, down with your Title.

Pro. Are you a member of the noble City?

Cit. I am.

Pro. And a Free-man?

Cit. Yea, and a Grocer.

Pro. So Grocer, then by your sweat favour, we intend no abuse to the City.

Cit.

Cit. No sir,
Yes sir,
If you were not resolv'd to play the Jacks,
What need you study for new subjects,
Purposely to abuse your betters?
Why could not you be contented,
As well as others,
With the Legend of *Whittington*,
Or the life and death of *Sir Thomas Gresham*?
With the building of the *Royal Exchange*?
Or the storie of *Queen Elenor*,
With the rearing of *London bridge* upon *Woollfacks*?

Pro. You seem to be an understanding man:
What would you have us do sir?

Cit. Why?
Present something notably
In honor of the Commons of the City.

Pro. Why,
What do you say, to the life and death of fat *Drake*,
Or the repairing of *Fleet Privies*?

Cit. I do not like that,
But I will have a Citizen,
And he shall be of my own Trade.

Pro. Oh,
You should have told us your mind
A month since,
Our Play is ready to begin now.

Cit. 'Tis all one for that,
I will have a Grocer,
And he shall do admirable things.

Pro. What will you have him do?

Cit. Marry I will have him —

Wife. Husband, Husband.

Wife below. Ralph below.

Ralph. Peace, Mistrifs.

Wife. Hold thy peace *Ralph*,
I know what I do,
I warrant ye.
Husband, Husband.

Cit. What say'st thou *Conie*?

Wife. Let him kill a Lion with a Pestle Husband,
Let him kill a Lion with a Pestle.

Cit. So he shall,
I'll have him kill a Lion with a pestle.

Wife. Husband,
Shall I come up Husband?

Cit. I Cony.

Ralph. help your Mistrifs this way:
Pray Gentlemen make her a little room,
I pray you sir
Lend me your hand to help up my Wife:
I thank you sir.
So.

Wife. By your leave Gentlemen all,
I'm something troublesome,
I'm a stranger here,
I was ne'r at one of these Play, as they say, before;
But I should have seen *Jane Shore* once,
And my Husband
Hath promised me any time this Twelvemonth,
To carrie me to the *Bold Beauchams*,

But in truth he did not,
I pray you bear with me.

Cit. Boy,
Let my Wife and I have a couple of stools,
And then begin,
And let the Grocer do rare things.

Pro. But sir,
We have never a Boy to play him,
Every one hath a part already.

Wife. Husband, Husband,
For gods fake let *Ralph* play him,
Beshrew me if I do not think
He will go beyond them all.

Cit. Well remembered wife,
Come up *Ralph*,
I'll tell you Gentlemen,
Let them but lend him a suit of reparable,
and necessaries,
And by gad,
If any of them all blow wind in the tail on him,
I'll be hang'd.

Wife. I pray you youth,
Let him have a suit of reparable,
I'll be sworn Gentlemen,
My Husband tells you true,
He will a^d you sometimes at our house,
That all the neighbors cry out on him:
He will fetch you up a couraging part so in the *Garret*,
That we are all as fear'd I warrant you,
That we quake again:
We'll fear our children with him,
If they be never so unruly,
Do but cry,
Ralph comes, Ralph comes to them,
And they'll be as quiet as Lambs.
Hold up thy head *Ralph*,
Shew the Gentlemen what thou canst do,
Speak a huffing part,
I warrant you the Gentlemen will accept of it.

Cit. Do *Ralph*, do.

Ralph. By heaven
(Methinks) it were an easie leap
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the Sea,
Where never fathome line toucht any ground,
And pluck up drowned honor
From the lake of Hell.

Cit. How say you Gentlemen,
Is it not as I told you?

Wife. Nay Gentlemen,
He hath plaid before, my husband says, *Musidorus*
Before the Wardens of our company.

Cit. I, and he should have plaid *Jeronimo*
With a shoo-maker for a wager.

Pro. He shall have a suit of apparel,
If he will go in.

Cit. In *Ralph*, in *Ralph*,
And set out the Grocers in their kind,
If thou lov'st me.

Wife. I warrant our *Ralph* will look finely,
When he's drest,

Pro. But what will you have it call'd?

Cit. The Grocers Honor.

Pro. Methinks,

Me thinks *The Knight of the burning Pestle* were better.

Wife. I'll be sworn Husband.
That's as good a name as can be.

Cit. Let it be so, begin, begin;
My Wife and I will sit down.

Pro. I pray you do.

Cit. What stately Musick have you?
You have Shawnes.

Pro. Shawns? no.

Cit. No?
I'm a thief if my mind did not give me so.
Ralph plaies a stately part,
And he must needs have Shawns:
I'll be at the charge of them my self,
Rather than we'll be without them.

Pro. So you are like to be.

Cit. Why and so I will be,
There's two shillings,
Let's have the Waits of *Southwark*,
They are as rare fellows as any are in *England*;
And that will fetch them all o'r the water, with a vengeance,
As if they were mad.

Pro. You shall have them:
Will you sit down then?

Cit. I, come Wife.

Wife. Sit you merry all Gentlemen,
I'm bold to sit amongst you for my ease.

Pro. From all that's near the Court,
From all that's great
Within the compass of the City walls,
We now have brought our Scène:
Flie far from hence
All private taxes, immodest phrases,
What e'r may but shew like vicious:
For wicked mirth never true pleasure brings,
But honest minds are pleas'd with honest things.
Thus much for that we do:
But for *Ralph's* part
You must answer for your self.

Cit. Take you no care for *Ralph*,
He'll discharge himself I warrant you.

Wife. P'faith Gentlemen,
I'll give my word for *Ralph*.

Actus Primus.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Merchant and Jasper his Man.

Merch. Sirrah, I'll make you know you are my Prentice,
And whom my charitable love redeem'd
Even from the fall of fortune; gave thee heat
And growth, to be what now thou art, new cast thee,
Adding the trust of all I have at home,
In forreign Staples, or upon the Sea
To thy direction, ti'de the good opinions
Both of self and friends to thy endeavors,
So fair were thy beginnings: but with these
As I remember you had never charge,
To love your Masters Daughter, and even then,
When I had found a wealthy Husband for her,
I take it, Sir, you had not: but however,
I'll break the neck of that Commission,
And make you know you are but a Merchants Factor.

Jasp. Sir,
I do liberally confes I am yours,
Bound both by love and duty to your service;
In which my labor hath been all my profit;
I have not lost in bargain, nor delighted
To wear your honest gains upon my back,
Nor have I given a pension to my bloud,
Or lavishly in play consum'd your stock.
These, and the miseries that do attend them,
I dare with innocence, proclaim are strangers
To all my temperate actions: for your Daughter,
If there be any love to my deservings,
Born by her virtuous self, I cannot stop it:
Nor am I able to refrain her wishes.
She's private to her self, and best of knowledge,
Whom she'll make so happy as to sigh for:
Besides, I cannot think you mean to match her,
Unto a fellow of so lame a presence,
One that hath little left of *Nature* in him.

Mer. 'Tis very well, Sir, I can tell your wisdom
How all this shall be cur'd.

Jasp. Your care becomes you.

Merc. And thus it shall be, Sir, I here discharge you,
My house, and service, take your liberty,
And when I want a Son I'll fend for you.

Exit.

Jasp. These be the fair rewards of them that love,
Oh you that live in freedom never prove
The travel of a mind led by desire.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Why how now friend, struck with my Fathers thun-
(der?)

Jasp. Struck, and struck dead, unless the remedy
Be full of speed and virtue; I am now,
What I expected long, no more your father's.

Luce. But mine.

Jasp. But yours, and only yours I am,

That's

That's all I have to keep me from the statute :
You dare be constant still ?

Luce. O fear me not.

In this I dare be better than a woman.
Nor shall his anger, nor his offers move me,
Were they both equal to a Princes power.

Jasp. You know my Rival ?

Luce. Yes, and love him dearly,
Even as I love an ague, or foul weather,
I prethee *Jasper* fear him not.

Jasp. Oh no,

I do not mean to do him so much kindness,
But to our owne desires you know the plot
We both agreed on.

Luce. Yes, and will perform
My part exactly.

Jasp. I desire no more,
Farewel, and keep my heart, 'tis yours.

Luce. I take it,
He must do miracles,
Makes me forsake it.

Exeunt.

Cit. Fie upon 'em little infidels,
What a matter's here now ?
Well, I'll be hang'd for a half-penny,
If there be not some abomination knavery in this Play,
Well, let 'em look to't,

Ralph must come,

And if there be any tricks a brewing —

Wife. Let 'em brew and bake too Husband, a gods name,
Ralph will find all out I warrant you,
And they were older than they are.

I pray my pretty youth, is *Ralph* ready ?

Boy. He will be presently.

Wife. Now I pray you make my commendations unto him,
And withal, carry him this stick of Licoras,
Tell him his Mistris sent it him,
And bid him bite apiece,
'Twill open his pipes the better, say.

Enter Merchant, and Master Humphrey.

Mer. Come, Sir, she's yours, upon my faith she's yours,
You have my hand, for other idle letts
Between your hopes and her, thus, with a wind,
They are scattered, and no more: my wanton Prentice,
That like a bladder blew himself with love,
I have lett out, and sent him to discover
New masters yet unknown.

Humph. I thank you Sir,
Indeed I thank you, Sir, and e'r I stir,
It shall be known however you do deem,
I am of gentle blood and gentle seem.

Mer. Oh Sir, I know it certain.

Hum. Sir, my friend,
Although as Writers say, all things have end,
And that we call a Pudding, hath his two,
Oh let it not seem strange I pray to you,
If in this bloody simile, I put
My love, more endless, than frail things or gut.

Wife. Husband,
I prethee sweet lamb tell me one thing,
But tell me truly:
Stay youths I beseech you,
Till I question my Husband.

Cit. What is it Mouse ?

Wife. Sirrah,
Didst thou ever see a prettier child ?
How it behaves it self, I warrant ye:
And speaks and looks, and pearts up the head ?
I pray you brother with your favour,
Were you never none of Mr. *Moncasters* Scholars ?

Cit. Chickin,

I prethee heartily contain thy self,
The childer are pretty childer,
But when *Ralph* comes, Lamb.

Wife. I when *Ralph* comes, Conic,
Well my youth you may proceed

Mar. Well Sir, you know my love, and rest, I hope
Assur'd of my consent; get but my daughters,
And wed her when you please: you must be bold,
And clap in close unto her, come, I know
You have language good enough to win a wench.

Wife. A whorefone tyrant,
Hath been an old stringer in his days,
I warrant him.

Hum. I take your gentle offer, and withal
Yield love again for love reciprocal.

Enter Luce.

Mar. What *Luce*, within there ?

Luce. Call'd you Sir ?

Mer. I did

Give entertainment to this Gentleman,
And see you be not froward to her, Sir :

Exit.

My presence will but be an eye-soar to you.

Hum. Fair Mistris *Luce*, how do you, are you well ?

Give me your hand, and then I pray you tell,
How doth your little Sister, and your Brother ?
And whether you love me or any other.

Luce. Sir, these are quickly answer'd.

Hum. So they are,

Where Women are not cruel: but how far
Is it now distant from the place we are in,
Unto that blessed place your Fathers Warren.

Luce. What makes you think of that, Sir ?

Hum. Even that face,
For stealing Rabbets whilome in that place,
God *Cupid*, or the Keeper, I know not whether,
Unto my cost and charges brought you thither,
And there began.

Luce. Your game, Sir.

Hum. Let no game,
Or anything that tendeth to the same,
Be evermore remembred, thou fair killer
For whom I sate me down and brake my Tiller.

Wife. There's a kind Gentleman, I warrant you, when
will you do as much for me *George* ?

Luce. Beshrew me Sir, I am forry for your losses,
But as the proverb says, *I cannot cry*,
I would you had not seen me.

Hum. So would I.

Unless you had more maw to do me good.

Luce. Why, cannot this strange passion be withstood,
Send for a Constable and raise the Town.

Hum. Oh no, my valiant love will batter down
Millions of Constables, and put to flight,
Even that great Watch of Midsummer day at night.

Luce. Beshrew me, Sir, 'twere good I yielded then,
Weak Women cannot hope, where valiant men
Have no resistance.

Hum. Yield then, I am full
Of pity, though I say it, and can pull
Out of my pocket thus a pair of Gloves.
Look *Lucy*, look, the dogs tooth, nor the Doves
Are not so white as these; and sweet they be,
And whipt about with filk, as you may see:
If you desire the price, sute from your eye,
A beam to this place, and you shall espie
F. S. which is to say my sweetest Honey,
They cost me three and two pence, or no money.

G

Luce.

Luce. Well Sir, I take them kindly, and I thank you; What would you more?

Hum. Nothing.

Lu. Why then farewell.

Hum. Nor so, nor so, for Lady I must tell, Before we part, for what we met together, God grant me time, and patience, and fair weather.

Luce. Speak and declare your mind in terms so brief.

Hum. I shall; then first and foremost for relief I call to you, if that you can afford it, I care not at what price, for on my word, it shall be repaid again, although it cost me More than I'll speak of now, for love hath tost me In furious blanket like a Tennis-ball, And now I rise aloft, and now I fall.

Luce. Alas good Gentleman, alas the day.

Hum. I thank you heartily, and as I say, Thus do I still continue without rest, P'th' morning like a man, at night a beast, Roaring and bellowing mine own disquiet, That much I fear, forsaking of my diet, Will bring me presently to that quandary, I shall bid all adieu.

Lu. Now by *S. Mary* That were great pity.

Hum. So it were beshrew me,

Then ease me lusty *Luce*, and pity shew me.

Luce. Why Sir, you know my will is nothing worth Without my Fathers grant, get his consent, And then you may with assurance try me.

Hum. The Worshipful your Sire will not deny me, For I have ask'd him, and he hath reply'd, Sweet Master *Humphrey*, *Luce* shall be thy Bride.

Luce. Sweet Master *Humphrey* then I am content.

Hum. And so am I in truth.

Lu. Yet take me with you, There is another clause must be annex, And this it is I swore, and will perform it, No man shall ever joy me as his wife, But he that stole me hence: if you dare venture, I am yours; you need not fear, my father loves you: If not, farewell for ever.

Hum. Stay Nymph, stay, I have a double Gelding coloured bay, Sprung by his Father from *Barbarian* kind, Another for my self, though somewhat blind, Yet true as trusty tree.

Luce. I am satisfied, And so I give my hand, our course must lie Through *Walshum* Forrest, where I have a friend Will entertain us, so farewell Sir *Humphrey*. *Exit Luce.* And think upon your business.

Hum. Though I die, I am resolv'd to venture life and lim, For one so young, so fair, so kind, so trim, *Exit Hum.*

Wife. By my faith and troth *George*, and as I am virtuous, it is e'n the kindest young man that ever trode on shoe-leather: well, go thy waies, if thou hast her not, 'tis not thy fault 'faith.

Cit. I prethee Mousse be patient, a shall have her, or I'll make some of 'em smoak for't.

Wife. Thats my good lamb *George*, sic, this stinking Tobacco kills men, would there were none in *England*: now I pray Gentlemen, what good does this stinking Tobacco? do you nothing; I warrant you make chimneys a your faces: Oh Husband, Husband, now, now there's *Ralph*, there's *Ralph*.

Enter Ralph, like a Grocer in's shop, with two Prentices, reading Palmerin of England.

Cit. Peace fool, let *Ralph* alone, hark you *Ralph*; do not strain your self too much at the first, peace, begin *Ralph*.

Ralph. Then *Palmerin* and *Trineus* snatching their Lances from their Dwarfs, and clasping their Helmets, gallopt amain after the Giant, and *Palmerin* having gotten a fight of him, came posting amain, saying, Stay traiterous thief, for thou maist not so carry away her, that is worth the greatest Lord in the World, and with these words gave him a blow on the Shoulder, that he struck him besides his Elephant; and *Trineus* coming to the Knight that had *Agricola* behind him, set him soon besides his horse, with his neck broken in the fall, so that the Princess getting out of the throng, between joy and grief said; All happy Knight, the mirror of all such as follow Arms, now may I be well assured of the love thou bearest me, I wonder why the Kings do not raise an Army of fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand men, as big as the Army that the Prince of *Portigo* brought against *Rosicler*, and destroy these Giants, they do much hurt to wandring Damsels, that go in quest of their Knights.

Wife. Faith Husband, and *Ralph* says true, for they say the King of *Portugal* cannot sit at his meat, but the Giants and the Ettins will come and snatch it from him.

Cit. Hold thy tongue; on *Ralph*.

Ralph. And certainly those Knights are much to be commended, who neglecting their possessions, wander with a Squire and a Dwarf through the Defarts, to relieve poor Ladies.

Wife. I by my faith are they *Ralph*, let 'em say what they will, they are indeed: our Knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.

Ralph. There are no such courteous, and fair well-spoken Knights in this age, they will call one the Son of a whore, that *Palmerin* of *England*, would have called fair Sir; and one that *Rosicler* would have called Right beautiful Damsel, they will call Damn'd bitch.

Wife. I'll be sworn will they *Ralph*, they have called me so an hundred times about a scurvy pipe of Tobacco.

Ralph. But what brave spirit could be content to sit in his shop with a flapet of Wood, and a blew Apron before him selling *Metbridatam* and *Dragons water* to visited houses, that might pursue feats of Arms, and through his noble achievements, procure such a famous History to be written of, in his Heroick prowess.

Cit. Well said *Ralph*, some more of those words *Ralph*.

Wife. They go finely by my troth.

Ralph. Why should I not then pursue this course, both for the credit of my self and our company, for amongst all the worthy Books of Achievements, I do not call to mind, that I yet read of a Grocer Errant, I will be the said Knight: Have you heard of any that hath wandred unfurnished of his Squire and Dwarf? my elder Prentice *Tom* shall be my trusty Squire, and little *George* my Dwarf, hence my blew Apron, yet in remembrance of my former Trade, upon my shield shall be pourtraid a *Burning Pestle*, and I will be call'd the *Knight of the burning Pestle*.

Wife. Nay, I dare swear thou wilt not forget thy old Trade, thou wert ever meek. *Ralph. Tim,*

Tim. Anon.

Ralph. My beloved Squire, and *George* my Dwarf, I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other name, but the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle*, and that you never call any Female by the name of a Woman or Wench, but fair Lady, if she have her desires; if not, distressed Damsel; that you call all Forrests and Heaths, Defarts, and all Horses Palfries.

Wife. This is very fine: faith do the Gentlemen like *Ralph*, think you Husband?

Cit. I, I warrant thee, the Players would give all the shoes in their shop for him.

Ralph. My beloved Squire *Tim*, stand out, admit this were a Defart, and over it a Knight Errant pricking, and I should bid you enquire of his intents, what would you say?

Tim. Sir, my Master sent me to know whither you are riding?

Ralph.

Ralph. No, thus; fair Sir, the *Right courteous, and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle*, commanded me to enquire upon what adventure you are bound, whether to relieve some distressed Damfel, or otherwife.

Cit. Whorson blockhead cannot remember.

Wife. P'faith, and *Ralph* told him on't before: all the Gentlemen heard him, did he not Gentlemen, did not *Ralph* tell him on't?

George. *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle*, here is a distressed Damfel, to have a halfpenny worth of Pepper.

Wife. That's a good boy, see, the little boy can hit it, by my troth it's a fine child.

Ralph. Relieve her with all courteous language, now shut up shop, no more my Prentice, but my trusty Squire and Dwarf, I must bespeak my Shield, and arming Pestle.

Cit. Go thy ways *Ralph*, as I am a true man, thou art the best on 'em all.

Wife. *Ralph, Ralph.*

Ralph. What say you Mistrifs?

Wife. I prethee come again quickly, sweet *Ralph.*

Ralph. By and by. *Exit Ralph.*

Enter Jasper and his Mother Mistrifs Merry-thought.

Mist. Mer. Give thee my blessing? no, I'll never give thee my blessing, I'll see thee hang'd first; it shall ne'r be said I gave thee my blessing: thou art thy Fathers own Son, of the blood of the *Merry-thoughts*; I may curse the time that e'r I knew thy Father, he hath spent all his own, and mine too, and when I tell him of it, he laughs and dances, and sings and cries; *A merry heart lives long-a.* And thou art a wast-thrift, and art run away from thy Master, that lov'd thee well, and art come to me, and I have laid up a little for my younger Son *Michael*, and thou thinkst to bezie that; but thou shalt never be able to do it, Come hither *Michael*, come *Michael*, down on thy knees, thou shalt have my blessing. *Enter Michael.*

Mich. I pray you Mother pray to God to bless me.

Mist. Mer. God bless thee: but *Jasper* shall never have my blessing, he shall be hang'd first, shall he not *Michael*? how saist thou?

Mich. Yes forsooth Mother and grace of God.

Mist. Mer. That's a good boy.

Wife. P'faith it's a fine spoken child:

Jasp. Mother, though you forget a Parents love, I must preserve the duty of a child: I cannot from my Master, nor return To have your stock maintain my idleness.

Wife. Ungracious child I warrant him, harke how he chops Logick with his Mother: thou hadst best tell her she lies, do, tell her she lies.

Cit. If he were my son, I would hang him up by the heels, and flea him, and salt him, whorson halter-sack.

Jasp. My coming only is to beg your love, Which I ever though I never gain it, And howsoever you esteem of me, There is no drop of blood hid in these veins, But I remember well belongs to you, That brought me forth; and would be glad for you To rip them all again, and let it out.

Mist. Mer. P'faith I had sorrow enough for thee: (God knows) but I'll hamper thee well enough: get thee in thou vagabond, get thee in, and learn of thy brother *Michael*.

Old Mer. within. *Nose, Nose, jolly red Nose, and who gave thee this jolly red Nose?*

Mist. Mer. Hark my Husband he's singing and hoiting, And I'm fain to cark and care, and all little enough. Husband, *Charles, Charles Merry-thought.*

Enter Old Merry-thought.

Old Mer. Nutmegs and Ginger, Cinamon and Cloves, And they gave me this jolly red Nose.

Mist. Mer. If you would consider your estate, you would have little list to sing, I-wisse.

Old Mer. It should never be consider'd, while it were an estate, if I thought it would spoil my singing.

Mist. Mer. But how wilt thou do *Charles*, thou art an old man, and thou canst not work, and thou hast not forty shillings left, and thou eatest good meat, and drinkest good drink, and laughest?

Old Mer. And will doe.

Mist. Mer. But how wilt thou come by it *Charles*?

Old Mer. How? why how have I done hitherto these forty years? I never came into my Dining-room, but at eleven and six a clock, I found excellent meat and drink a'th' Table: my Cloaths were never worn out, but next morning a Tailor brought me a new suit; and without question it will be so ever! use makes perfectness, If all should fail, it is but a little straining my self extraordinary, and laugh my self to death.

Wife. It's a foolish old man this: is not he *George*?

Cit. Yes Cunny.

Wife. Give me a penny i' th' purse while I live *George*.

Cit. I by Lady Cunnie, hold thee there.

Mist. Mer. Well *Charles*, you promis'd to provide for *Jasper*, and I have laid up for *Michael*: I pray you pay *Jasper* his portion, he's come home, and he shall not consume *Michaels* stock: he saies his Master turn'd him away, but I promise you truly, I think he ran away.

Wife. No indeed *Mistrifs Merry-thought*, though he be a notable gallows, yet I'll assure you his Master did turn him away, even in this place, 'twas i' faith within this half hour, about his Daughter, my Husband was by.

Cit. Hang him rogue, he serv'd him well enough: love his Masters Daughter! by my troth Cunnie, if there were a thousand boys, thou wouldst spoil them all, with taking their parts; let his Mother alone with him.

Wife. I *George*, but yet truth is truth.

Old Mer. Where is *Jasper*? he's welcome however, call him in, he shall have his portion, is he merry?

Enter Jasper and Michael.

Mist. Mer. I foul chive him, he is too merry. *Jasper. Michael.*

Old Mer. Welcome *Jasper*, though thou run'st away, welcome, God bless thee, 'tis thy mothers mind thou shouldst receive thy portion: thou hast been abroad, and I hope hast learnt experience enough to govern it: thou art of sufficient years, hold thy hand: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, there is ten shillings for thee, thrust thy self into the world with that, and take some settled course, if fortune cross thee, thou hast a retiring place; come home to me, I have twenty shillings left, be a good Husband, that is, wear ordinary Cloaths, eat the best meat, and drink the best drink; be merry, and give to the poor, and and believe me, thou hast no end of thy goods.

Jasp. Long may you live free from all thought of ill, And long have cause to be thus merry still. But Father?

Old Mer. No more words *Jasper*, get thee gone, thou hast my blessing, thy Fathers spirit upon thee. Farewel *Jasper*; but yet, or e'r you part (oh cruel!) kiss me, kiss me sweeting, mine own dear jewel: So, now begone; no words.

Enter Jasper,

Mist. Mer. So *Michael*, now get thee gone too.

Mich. Yes forsooth Mother, but I'll have my Father's blessing first.

Mist. Mer. No *Michael*, 'tis no matter for his blessing; thou hast my blessing, begone; I'll fetch my money and jewels, and follow thee: I'll stay no longer with him I warrant thee; truly *Charles* I'll begon too.

Old Mer. What you will not?

Old Mer. What you will not?

Mist. Mer. Yes indeed will I.

Old Mer. Hay ho, farewell *Nan*, I'll never trust wench more again, if I can.

Mist. Mer. You shall not think (when all your own is gone) to spend that I have been scraping up for *Michael*.

Old Mer. Farewel good wife, I expect it not; all I have to do in this world, is to be merry: which I shall, if the ground be not taken from me: and if it be, When Earth and Seas from me are rest, The Skies aloft for me are left.

Exeunt.

Boy danceth, Musick.

Finis Actus Primi.

Wife. I'll be sworn he's a merry old Gentleman for all that: Hark, hark Husband, hark, Fiddles, Fiddles; now surely they go finely. They say 'tis present death for these Fidlersto tune their Rebeck before the great *Turks* grace, is 't not *George*? But look, look, here's a youth dances: now good youth do a turn o' th' toe; Sweet:heart, I'faith I'll have *Ralph* come, and do some of his Gambols; he'll ride the Wild Mare Gentlemen, 'twould do your hearts good to see him: I thank you kind youth, pray bid *Ralph* come.

Cit. Peace Connie. Sirrah, you scurvy boy, bid the Players send *Ralph*, or by gods—and they do not, I'll tear some of their Periwigs beside their heads: this is all Riff-Raff.

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Merchant and Humphrey.

Merch. And how faith? how goes it now Son *Humphrey*?

Hum. Right worshipful and my beloved friend And Father dear, this matter's at an end.

Merch. 'Tis well, it should be so, I'm glad the Girl is found so tractable.

Hum. Nay, she must whirl From hence, and you must wink: for so I say, The story tells to morrow before day.

Wife. *George*, dost thou think in thy conscience now 'twill be a match? tell me but what thou think'st sweet Rogue, thou see'st the poor Gentleman (dear heart) how it labours and throbs I warrant you, to be at rest: I'll go move the Father for't.

Cit. No, no, I prethee sit still Honey-suckle, thou'lt spoil all; if he deny him, I'll bring half a dozen good fellows my self, and in the shutting of an evening knock't up, and there's an end.

Wife. I'll bufs thee for that I'faith boy; well *George*, well you have been a wag in your days I warrant you: but God forgive you, and I do with all my heart.

Mer. How was it Son? you told me that to morrow Before day break, you must convey her hence.

Hum. I must, I must, and thus it is agreed, Your Daughter rides upon a brown-bay Steed, I on a Sorrel, which I bought of *Brian*, The honest Host of the red roaring Lion In *Waltham* situate: then if you may, Consent in seemly sort, lest by delay, The fatal Sisters come, and do the office, And then you'll sing another Song.

Merch. Alas.

Why should you be thus full of grief to me, That do as willing as your self agree To anything so it be good and fair? Then steal her when you will, if such a pleasure

Content you both, I'll sleep and never see it, To make your joys more full: but tell me why You may not here perform your marriage?

Wife. Gods blessing o'thy soul, old man, i' faith thou art loth to part true hearts: I see a has her, *George*, and I'm as glad on't, well, go thy ways *Humphrey* for fair a spoken man, I believe thou hast not thy fellow within the walls of *London*, and I should say the Suburbs too, I should not lie: why dost not thou rejoyce with me *George*?

Cit. If I could but see *Ralph* again, I were as merry as (mine Host i' faith.

Cit. The cause you seem to ask, I thus declare; Help me oh *Muses* nine, your Daughter sware A foolish oath, the more it was the pity: Yet none but my self within this City Shall dare to say so, but a bold defiance Shall meet him, were he of the noble Science. And yet she sware, and yet why did she swear? Truly I cannot tell, unless it were For her own ease: for sure sometimes an oath, Being sworn thereafter, is like cordial broth. And this it was, she swore never to marry, But such a one whose mighty arm could carry (As meaning me, for I am such a one) Her bodily away through stick and stone, Till both of us arrive at her request, Some ten miles off in the wide *Waltham* Forrest.

Merch. If this be all, you shall not need to fear Any denial in your love, proceed, I'll neither follow, nor repeat the deed.

Hum. Good night, twenty good nights, and twenty more, And twenty more good nights, that makes threescore.

Exeunt.

Enter Mistress Merry-thought, and her Son Michael.

Mist. Mer. Come *Michael*, art thou not weary Boy?

Mich. No forsooth Mother not I.

Mist. Mer. Where be we now child?

Mich. Indeed forsooth Mother I cannot tell, unless we be at *Mile-end*, is not all the world *Mile-end*, Mother?

Mist. Mer. No *Michael*, not all the world boy; but I can assure thee *Michael*, *Mile-end* is a goodly matter, there has been a pitch field my child, between the naughty *Spaniels*, and the *Englishmen*, and the *Spaniels* ran away *Michael*, and the *Englishmen* followed: my neighbor *Coxstone* was there boy, and kill'd them all with a birding-piece.

Mich. Mother forsooth.

Mist. Mer. What says my white boy?

Mich. Shall not my Father go with us too?

Mist. Mer. No *Michael*, let thy Father go snick up, he shall never come between a pair of sheets with me again, while he lives: let him stay at home and sing for his supper boy; come child sit down, and I'll shew my boy fine knacks indeed, look here *Michael*, here's a Ring, and here's a Bruch, and here's a Bracelet, and here's two Rings more, and here's Money, and Gold by th' eye my boy.

Mich. Shall I have all this Mother?

Mist. Mer. I *Michael* thou shalt have all *Michael*.

Cit. How lik'st thou this wench?

Wife. I cannot tell, I would have *Ralph*, *George*; I'll see no more else indeed: law, and I pray you let the youths understand so much by word of mouth, for I will tell you truly, I'm afraid o'my boy: come, come *George*, let's be merry and wise, the child's a fatherless child, and say they should put him into a strait pair of Gaskins, 'twere worse than knot-grafs, he would never grow after it.

Enter *Ralph*, Squire, and Dwarf.

Cit. Here's *Ralph*, here's *Ralph*

Wife. How do you *Ralph*? you are welcome *Ralph*, as I may say, it's a good boy, hold up thy head, and be not afraid, we are thy friends. *Ralph*, the Gentlemen will praise thee *Ralph*, if thou plai'st thy part with audacity, begin *Ralph* a Gods name.

Ralph.

Ralph. My trusty Squire unlace my Helme, give me my hat, where are we, or what desert might this be?

Dw. Mirror of Knighthood, this is, as I take it, the perilous *Waltham Down*; in whole bottom stands the enchanted Valley.

Mist. Mer. Oh *Michael*, we are betraid, we are betraid, here be Giants, flie boy, flie boy flie.

Exeunt Mother and Michael.

Ralph. Lace on my Helme again: what noise is this?

A gentle Lady flying the embrace
Of some uncourteous Knight, I will relieve her.
Go Squire, and say, the Knight that wears this Pestle
In honor of all Ladies swears revenge
Upon that recreant Coward that pursues her,
Goe comfort her, and that same gentle Squire
That bears her company.

Squ. I go brave Knight.

Ralph. My trusty Dwarf and friend, reach me my shield,
And hold it while I swear, first by my Knighthood,
Then by the soul of *Amadis de Gaule*,
My famous Ancestor, then by my Sword,
The beauteous *Briouella* girt about me,
By this bright burning Pestle of mine honor,
The living Trophie, and by all respect
Due to distressed Damsels, here I vow
Never to end the quest of this fair Lady,
And that forsaken Squire, till by my valour
I gain their liberty.

Dw. Heaven blefs the Knight

That thus relieves poor errant Gentlewomen. *Exit.*

Wife. I marry *Ralph*, this has some favour in't, I would see the proudest of them all offer to carry his Books after him. But *George*, I will not have him go away so soon, I shall be sick if he go away, that I shall; call *Ralph* again *George*, call *Ralph* again, I prethee sweetheart let him come fight before me, and let's ha some Drums, and Trumpets, and let him kill all that comes near him, and thou lov'st me *George*.

Cit. Peace a little bird, he shall kill them all, and they were twenty more on 'em then there are,

Enter Jasper.

Jasp. Now fortune, if thou be'st not only ill,
Shew me thy better face, and bring about
Thy desperate wheel, that I may climb at length
And stand, this is our place of meeting,
If love have any constancy. Oh age!

Where only wealthy men are counted happy:
How shall I please thee? how deserve thy smiles?
When I am only rich in misery?

My fathers blessing, and this little coin
Is my inheritance, a strong revenue,
From earth thou art, and to earth I give thee,
There grow and multiply, whilst fresher air
Breeds me a fresher fortune: how, illusion!
What hath the Devil coyn'd himself before me?
'Tis mettle good, it rings well, I am waking,
And taking too I hope, now Gods dear blessing
Upon his heart that left it here, 'tis mine,
These pearls, I take it, were not left for Swine. *Exit.*

Wife. I do not like that this unthrifty youth should embesil away the money, the poor Gentlewoman his mother will have a heavy heart for it, God knows.

Cit. And reason good, sweet heart.

Wife. But let him go, I'll tell *Ralph* a tale in's ear, shall fetch him again with a wanion, I warrant him, if he be above ground; and besides *George*, here be a number of sufficient Gentlemen can witness, and my self, and your self, and the Musicians, if we be call'd in question, but here comes *Ralph*, *George*, thou shalt hear him speak, as he were an Emperal.

Enter

Enter Ralph and Dwarf.

Ralph. Comes not Sir Squire again?

Dwarf. Right courteous Knight,
Your Squire doth come, and with him comes the Lady.

Enter Mistress Mer. and Michael, and Squire.

For and the Squire of Damsels as I take it.

Rafe. Madam, if any service or devoir
Of a poor errant Knight may right your wrongs,
Command it, I am prest to give you succor,
For to that holy end I bear my Armour.

Mist. Mer. Alas, Sir, I am a poor Gentlewoman, and I have lost my money in this Forrest.

Desart, you would say, Lady, and not lost
Whilst I have Sword and Launce, dry up your tears.
Which ill befits the beauty of that face:

And tell the story, if I may request it,
Of your disastrous fortune.

Mist. Mer. Ont alas, I left a thousand pound, a thousand pound, e'n all the money I had laid up for this youth, upon the sight of your Mastership, you lookt so grim, and as I may say it, saving your presence, more like a Giant than a mortal man.

Ralph. I am as you are, Lady, so are they
All mortal, but why weeps this gentle Squire?

Mist. Mer. Has he not cause to weep do you think, when he has lost his inheritance?

Ralph. Young hope of valour, weep not, I am here

That will confound thy foe, and pay it dear

Upon his coward head, that dare denie,

Distressed Squires, and Ladies equity.

I have but one horse, on which shall ride

This Lady fair behind me, and before

This courteous Squire, fortune will give us more

Upon our next adventure; fairly speed

Beside us Squire and Dwarf to do us need. *Exeunt.*

Cit. Did not I tell you *Nell* what your man would do? by the faith of my body wench, for clean action and good delivery, they may all cast their caps at him.

Wife. And so they may i'faith, for I dare speak it boldly, the twelve Companies of *London* cannot match him, timber for timber: well *George*, and he be not inveigled by some of these paltery Players, I ha much marvel: but *George* we had done our parts, if the Boy have any grace to be thankful.

Cit. Yes, I warrant you duckling.

Enter Humphrey and Luce.

Hum. Good Mistress *Luce*, how ever I in fault am,
For your lame horse; you're welcome unto *Waltham*.
But which way now to go, or what to say
I know not truly till it be broad day.

Luce. O fear not master *Humphrey*, I am guide
For this place good enough.

Hum. Then up and ride,
Or if it please you, walk for your repose,
Or sit, or if you will, go pluck a Rose:

Either of which shall be indifferent,
To your good friend and *Humphrey*, whose consent
Is so intangled ever to your will,

As the poor harmless horse is to the ill.

Luce. Faith and you say the word, we'll e'n sit down,
And take a nap.

Hum. 'Tis better in the Town,
Where we may nap together: for believe me,
To sleep without a snatch would mickle grieve me.

Luce. You're merry master *Humphrey*.

Hum. So I am,
And have been ever merry from my Dam.

Luce. Your Nurse had the less labour.

Hum.

Hum. Faith it may be,
Unless it were by chance I did beray me.

Enter Jasper.

Jasp. *Luce*, dear friend *Luce*,

Luce. Here *Jasper*.

Jasp. You are mine.

Hum. If it be so, my friend, you use me fine:
What do you think I am?

Jasp. An arrant Noddy.

Hum. A word of obloquie: now by gods body,
I'll tell thy Master, for I know thee well.

Jasp. Nay, and you be so forward for to tell,
Take that, and that, and tell him, Sir, I gave it:
And say I paid you well.

Hum. O Sir I have it,
And do confess the payment, pray be quiet.

Jasp. Go, get you to your night-cap and the dict,
To cure your beaten bones.

Luce. Alas, poor *Humphrey*,
Get thee some wholesome broth with Sage and Cumfrie:
A little oil of Roses and a Feather
To noint thy back withal.

Hum. When I came hither,
Would I had gone to *Paris* with *John Dorry*.

Luce. Farewel my pretty Nump, I am very sorry
I cannot bear thee company.

Hum. Farewel,
The Devils Dam was ne'r so bang'd in Hell. *Exeunt.*
Manet Humphrey.

Wife. This young *Jasper* will prove me another Things,
a my conscience and he may be suffered; *George*, dost not
see *George* how a swaggers, and flies at the very heads a fokes
as he were a Dragon; well if I do not do his lesson for
wronging the poor Gentleman, I am no true Woman, his
friends that brought him up might have been better occu-
pied, I wis, then have taught him these segaries: he's e'n
in the high-way to the Gallows, God bless him.

Cit. You're too bitter, *Connie*, the young man may do
well enough for all this.

Wife. Come hither master *Humphrey*, has he hurt you?
now beshrew his fingers for't, here Sweet-heart, here's some
Green Ginger for thee, now beshrew my heart, but a has
Pepper-nel in's head, as big as a Pullets egg: alas, sweet
Lamb, how thy Temples beat; take the peace on him sweet
heart, take the peace on him.

Enter a Boy.

Cit. No, no, you talk like a foolish woman, I'll ha *Ralph*
fight with him, and swinge him up well-favour'dly: sirrah
boy come hither, let *Ralph* come in and fight with *Jasper*,

Wife. I and beat him well, he's an unhappy boy.

Boy. Sir, you must pardon us, the plot of our Play lies
contrary, and 'twill hazard the spoiling of our Play.

Cit. Plot me no plots, I'll ha *Ralph* come out, I'll make
your houte too hot for you else.

Boy. Why Sir, he shall, but if any thing fall out of order,
the Gentlemen must pardon us.

Cit. Go your ways good-man boy, I'll hold him a penny
he shall have his belly full of fighting now, ho here comes
Ralph, no more.

Enter Ralph, Mist. Merry. Michael, Squire. and Dwarf.

Ralph. What Knight is that, Squire, ask him if he keep
The passage bound by love of Lady fair,
Or else but prickant.

Hum. Sir, I am no Knight,
But a poor Gentleman, that this same night,
Had stoln from me on yonder Green,
My lovely Wife, and suffered to be seen

Yet extant on my shoulderr such a greeting,
That whilst I live, I shall think of that meeting.

Wife. I *Ralph*, he beat him unmercifully, *Ralph*, and thou
spar't him *Ralph*, I would thou wert hang'd,

Cit. No more, wife, no more.

Ralph. Where is the Caitiff wretch hath done this deed,
Lady, your pardon, that I may proceed
Upon the quest of this injurious Knight.
And thou fair Squire repute me not the worse,
In leaving the great venture of the purse,

Enter Jasper and Luce.

And the rich Casket till some better leisure.

Hum. Here comes the Broker hath purloin'd my treasure.

Ralph. Go, Squire, and tell him I am here,
An Errant Knight at Arms, to crave delivery
Of that fair Lady to her own Knights arms.
If he deny, bid him take choice of ground,
And so desie him.

Squire. From the Knight that bears
The Golden Pestle, I desie thee Knight.
Unless thou make fair restitution
Of that bright Lady.

Jasp. Tell the Knight that sent thee
He is an ass, and I will keep the wench,
And knock his Head-piece.

Ralph. Thou art but dead,
If thou recall not thy uncourteous terms:

Wife. Break's pate *Ralph*, break's pate *Ralph*, foundly.

Jasp. Come Knight, I am ready for you, now your Pestle.
Snatches away his Pestle.

Shall try what temper, Sir, your Mortar's of:
With that he stood upright in his stirrops,
And gave the Knight of the Calve-skin such a knock,
That he forsook his horse, and down he fell,
And then he leaped upon him, and plucking off his Helmet.

Hum. Nay, and my noble Knight be down so soon,
Though I can scarcely go, I needs must run-

Exit Humphrey and Ralph.

Wife. Run *Ralph*, run *Ralph*, run for thy life boy, *Jasper*
comes, *Jasper* comes.

Jasp. Come *Luce*, we must have other Arms for you,
Humphrey and *Golden Pestle* both adieu. *Exeunt.*

Wife. Sure the Devil, God bless us, is in this Springald,
why *George*, didst ever see such a fire-drake, I am afraid
my boy's miscarried; if he be, though he were Master
Merry-thoughts Son a thousand times, if there be any Law in
England, I'll make some of them smart for't.

Cit. No, no, I have found out the matter sweet-heart,
Jasper is enchanted as sure as we are here, he is enchanted,
he could no more have stood in *Ralph's* hands, than I
can stand in my Lord *Mayor's*: I'll have a Ring to discover
all enchantments, and *Ralph* shall beat him yet: be no more
vext, for it shall be so.

*Enter Ralph, Squire, Dwarf, Mistris Merry-thought,
and Michael.*

Wife. Oh Husband, here's *Ralph* again, stay *Ralph*, let
me speak with thee, how dost thou *Ralph*? art thou not
shrewdly hurt? the foul great Lungies laid unmercifully on
thee, there's some Sugar-candy for thee, proceed, thou
shalt have another bout with him.

Cit. If *Ralph* had him at the Fencing-School, if he did
not make a puppy of him, and drive him up and down
the School, he should ne'r come in my shop more.

Mist. Mer. Truly master Knight of the *Burning Pestle*, I
am weary.

Mich. Indeed-law Mother, and I am very hungry.

Ralph. Take comfort gentle Dame, and your fair Squire.
For in this Desert there must needs be plac'd
Many strong Castles, held by courteous Knights,
And till I bring you safe to one of those
I swear by this my Order ne'r to leave you.

Wife.

Wife. Well said *Ralph*, *George*, *Ralph* was ever comfortable, was he not?

Cit. Yes Duck.

Wife. I shall ne'r forget him: when we had lost our child, you know it was straid almost alone, to *Puddle-wharfe*, and the Cryers were abroad for it, and there it had drown'd it self but for a Sculler, *Ralph* was the most comfortablest to me: peace *Mistris*, saies he, let it go, I'll get you another as good, did he not *George*? did he not say so?

Cit. Yes indeed did he Mouse.

Dwarfe. I would we had a mess of Pottage, and a pot of Drink, Squire, and were going to bed.

Squire. Why we are at *Walsham* Towns end, and that's the *Bell* Inne. (Squire,

Dwarfe. Take courage valiant Knight, Damsel, and I have discovered, not a stone cast off, An antient Castle held by the old Knight Of the most holy Order of the *Bell*,

Who gives to all Knights Errant entertain:
There plenty is of food, and all prepar'd,
By the white hands of his own Lady dear.
He hath three Squires that welcome all his Guests:
The first, High Chamberlain, who will see
Our beds prepar'd, and bring us snowy sheets,
Where never Footman stretch'd his butter'd Hams.

The second height *Tapstro*, who will see
Our pots full filled, and no froth therein;
The third, a gentle Squire *Ostlero* height,
Who will our Palfries lick with wisps of straw,
And in the Maunger put them Oats enough,
And never greafe their teeth with Candle-snuffe.

Wife. That same *Dwarfe*'s a pretty boy, but the *Squire*'s a grout-nold.

Ralph. Knock at the Gates my Squire, with stately Lance.

Enter *Tapster*.

Tap. Who's there, you're welcome Gentlemen, will you see a room?

Dwarfe. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the *Burning Pestle*, This is the Squire *Tapstro*.

Ralph. Fair Squire *Tapstro*, I a wandring Knight,
Height of the *Burning Pestle* in the quest
Of this fair Ladies Casket, and wrought purse,
Losing my self in this vast wilderness,
And to this Castle well by fortune brought,
Where hearing of the goodly entertain
Your Knight of holy Order of the *Bell*,
Gives to all Damsels, and all Errant Knights,
I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter.

Tapst. An't please you see a chamber, you are very welcome. *Exeunt.*

Wife. *George*, I would have something done, and I cannot tell what it is.

Cit. What is it *Nell*?

Wife. Why *George*, shall *Ralph* beat no body again? prethee sweet-heart let him.

Cit. So he shall *Nell*, and if I joyn with him, we'll knock them all.

Enter *Humphrey* and Merchant.

Wife. O *George*, here's master *Humphrey* again now, that lost *Mistris Luce*, and *Mistris Luce*'s Father, master *Humphrey* will do some bodies arrant I warrant him.

Hum. Father, it's true in arms I ne'r shall clasp her, For she is stoln away by your man *Jasper*.

Wife. I thought he would tell him.

Mer. Unhappy that I am to lose my child:
Now I begin to think on *Jasper*'s words,
Who oft hath urg'd to me thy foolishness,
Why didst thou let her go, thou lov'st her not,
That wouldst bring home thy life, and not bring her.

Hum. Father forgive me, I shall tell you true,

Look on my shoulders they are black and blue,
Whilst too and fro fair *Luce* and I were winding,
He came and basted me with a hedge binding.

Mer. Get men and horses straight, we will be there
Within this hour; you know the place again?

Hum. I know the place where lie my loins did swaddle,
I'll get six horses, and to each a saddle.

Mer. Mean time I'll go talk with *Jasper*'s Father.

Exeunt.

Wife. *George*, What wilt thou lay with me now, that Master *Humphrey* has not *Mistris Luce* yet, speak *George* what wilt thou lay with me?

Cit. No *Nell*, I warrant thee, *Jasper* is at *Puckeridge* with her by this.

Wife. Nay *George*, you must consider *Mistris Lucie*'s feet are tender, and besides, 'tis dark, and I promise you truly, I do not see how he should get out of *Walsham* Forrest with her yet.

Cit. Nay Cunny, what wilt thou lay with me that *Ralph* has her not yet.

Wife. I will not lay against *Ralph*, Honny, because I have not spoken with him: but look *George*, peace, here comes the merry old Gentleman again.

Enter old Merry-thought.

Old Mer. When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came *Margarets* grimly Ghost,
And stood at *William*'s feet.

I have money, and meat, and drink before hand, till to morrow at noon, why should I be sad? methinks I have halfe a dozen jovial spirits within me, I am three merry men, and three merry men: To what end should any man be sad in this world? give me a man that when he goes to hanging cries troul the black bould to me: and a Woman that will sing a catch in her Travel. . I have seen a man come by my door, with a serious face, in a black cloak, without a Hatband, carrying his head as if he lookt for pins in the street. I have lookt out of my window halfe a year after, and have spied that mans head upon *London Bridge*: 'tis vile, never trust a Tailor that does not sing at his work, his mind is of nothing but filching.

Wife. Mark this *George*, 'tis worth noting: *Godfrey* my Tailor, you know never sings, and he had fourteen yards to make this Gown; and I'll be sworn, *Mistris Penistone* the Drapers Wife had one made with twelve.

Old Mer. 'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than Wine, or Sleep, or Food,
Let each man keep his heart at ease
No man dies of that disease,
He that would his body keep
From diseases, must not weep,
But whoever laughs and sings,
Never his body brings
Into Feavers, Gouts, or Rhumes,
Or lingeringly his Lungs consumes:
Or meets with aches in the bone,
Or Catarrhs, or griping Stone:
But contented lives for aye,
The more he laughs, the more he may.

Wife. Look *George*, how sayst thou by this *George*? is't not a fine old man? Now Gods blessing a thy sweet lips. When wilt thou be so merry *George*? Faith thou art the frowningst little thing, when thou art angry, in a Countrey.

Enter Merchant.

Cit. Peace Conny, Thou shalt see him took down too I warrant thee: here's *Luce*'s Father come now.

Old Mer. As you came from *Walsingham*, from the Holy Land, there met you not with my true love by the way as you came.

Mer. Oh Master *Merry-thought*! my Daughters gone,

This

I his mirth becomes you not, my Daughter's gone.

Old Mer. Why an if she be, what care I?

Or let her come, or go, or tarry.

Merch. Mock not my misery, it is your Son,
Whom I have made my own, when all forsook him,
Has stoln my only joy, my child away.

Old Mer. He set her on a milk white Steed, and himself up-
He never turn'd his face again, but he bore her quite away.

Merch. Unworthy of the kindness I have shewn
To thee, and thine: too late, I well perceive
Thou art consenting to my Daughters los.

Old Mer. Your Daughter, what a-stirs here wi' y'r daugh-
Let her go, think no more on her, but sing loud. If both my
sons were on the gallows, I would sing down, down, down:
they fall down, and arise they never shall.

Merch. Oh might I behold her once again.
And she once more embrace her aged fire.

Old Mer. Fic, how scurvily this goes: and she once more
embrace her aged fire? you'll make a dog on her, will ye;
she cares much for her aged fire, I warrant you.

Merch. She cares not for her Daddy, nor she cares not for her Mam-
For she is, she is, she is my Lord of *Low-gaves* Lassie.

Merch. For this thy scorn I will pursue
That son of thine to death.

Old Mer. Do, and when you ha kill'd him,
Give him flowers i' now Palmer, give him flowers i' now,
Give him red and white, and blue, green, and yellow.

Merch. I'll fetch my Daughter.

Old Mer. I'll hear no more o' your Daughter, it spoils my
mirth.

Merch. I say I'll fetch my Daughter.

Old Mer. Was never man for Ladies sake, down, down,
Tormented as I Sir *Guy*? *de derry down*,
For *Lucies* sake, that Lady bright, down, down,
As ever men beheld with eye? *de derry down*.

Merch. I'll be reveng'd by heaven.

Exeunt.

Musick.

Finis Acti. Secund.

Wife. How dost thou like this *George*?

Cit. Why this is well *Cunnie*: but if *Ralph* were hot once:
thou shouldst see more.

Wife. The Fiddlers go again Husband.

Cit. I *Nell*, but this is scurvy *Musick*: I gave the whore-
son gallows money, and I think he has not got me the Waits
of *Southwark*, if I hear him not anan, I'll twinge him
by the ears.

Your Musicians play *Baloo*.

Wife. No good *George*, let's ha *Lachrymæ*.

Cit. Why this is it *Cunny*.

Wife. It's all the better *George*: now sweet *Lamb*, what
story is that painted upon the cloth? the confutation of
Saint Paul?

Cit. No *Lamb*, that's *Ralph* and *Lucrece*.

Wife. *Ralph* and *Lucrece*? which *Ralph*? our *Ralph*?

Cit. No *Mouse*, that was a *Tartarian*.

Wife. A *Tartarian*? well, I wo'd the Fiddlers had done,
that we might see our *Ralph* again.

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter Jasper and Luce.

Jasp. Come my dear, though we have lost our way,
We have not lost our selves: are you not weary
With this nights wandring, broken from your rest?
And frighted with the terror that attends
The darkness of this wild unpeopled place?

Luce. No my best friend, I cannot either fear,
Or entertain a weary thought, whilst you
(The end of all my full desires) stand by me:
Let them that lose their hopes, and live to languish
Amongst the number of forsaken Lovers,

Tell the long weary steps, and number time,
Start at a shadow, and shrink up their blood,
Whilst I (possess with all content and quiet)
Thustake my pretty love, and thus embrace him.

Jasp. You have caught me *Luce*, so fast, that whilst I live
I shall become your faithful prisoner:

And wear these chains for ever. Come, sit down,
And rest your body, too too delicate
For these disturbances; so, will you sleep?

Come, do not be more able than you are,
I know you are not skilful in these Watches,
For Women are no soldiers; be not nice,
But take it, sleep I say.

Luce. I cannot sleep.

Indeed I cannot friend.

Jasp. Why then we'll sing,
And try how that will work upon our senses.

Luce. I'll sing, or say, or any thing but sleep.

Jasp. Come little Mermaid, rob me of my heart
With that enchanting voice.

Luce. You mock me *Jasper*

S O N G.

Jasp. Tell me (dearest) what is Love?

Luce. 'Tis a lightning from above,

'Tis an Arrow, 'tis a Fire,

'Tis a Boy they call desire.

'Tis a smile

Doth beguile

Jasp. The poor hearts if men that prove,
Tell me more, are Women true?

Luce. Some Love change, and so do you.

Jasp. Are they fair, and never kind?

Luce. Yes, when men turn with the wind.

Jasp. Are they forward?

Luce. Ever toward

Those that love, to love anew.

Jasp. Dissemble it no more, I see the God
Of heavy sleep, lay on his heavy Mace,
Upon your eye-lids.

Luce. I am very heavy.

Jasp. Sleep, sleep, and quiet rest crown thy sweet thoughts:
Keep from her fair blood distempers, startings,
Horrors and fearful shapes: let all her dreams
Be joys, and chaste delights, embraces, wishes,
And such new pleasures as the ravish'd soul
Gives to the senses. So my charms have took.
Keep her you powers divine, whilst I contemplate
Upon the wealth and beauty of her mind.
She is only fair, and constant: only kind,
And only to thee *Jasper*. Oh my joyes!
Whither will you transport me? let not fulness
Of my poor buried hopes come up together,
And over-charge my spirits; I am weak,
Some say (how ever ill) the Sea and Women
Are govern'd by the Moon, both ebb and flow,
Both full of changes: yet to them that know,
And truly judge, these but opinions are,
And heresies to bring on pleasing War
Between our tempers, that without these were
Both void of after-love, and present fear.
Which are the best of *Cupid*. O thou child!
Bred from despair, I dare not entertain thee,
Having a love without the faults of Women,
And greater in her perfect goods than men:
Which to make good, and please my self the stronger,
Though certainly I am certain of her love,
I'll try her, that the world and memory
May sing to after-times her constancy.

Luce. *Luce* awake. *Luce*, why do you fright me friend,
With those distempered looks? what makes your sword
Drawn in your hand? who hath offended you?
I prethee *Jasper* sleep, thou art wild with watching,

Jasp.

Jasp. Come make your way to Heaven, and bid the world
(With all the villanies that stick upon it)
Farewell; you're for another life. *Luce.* Oh *Jasper*.
How have my tender years committed evil,
(Especially against the man I love)
Thus to be cropt untimely? *Jasp.* Foolish girl,
Canst thou imagine I could love his daughter
That flung me from my fortune into nothing?
Discharged me his service, shut the doors
Upon my poverty, and scorn'd my prayers,
Sending me, like a boat without a mast,
To sink or swim? Come, by this hand you dye,
I must have life and blood to satisfie
Your fathers wrongs.

Wife. Away *George*, away, raise the Watch at *Ludgate*,
and bring a *Mittimus* from the Justice for this despe-
rate Villain. Now I charge you Gentlemen, see the
Kings peace kept. O my heart what a varlet's this,
to offer Man-slaughter upon the harmless Gentlewo-
man?

Cit. I warrant thee (sweet heart) we'll have him ham-
pered.

Luce. Oh *Jasper*! be not cruel,
If thou wilt kill me, smite, and do it quickly.
And let not many deaths appear before me.
I am a woman made of fear and love
A weak, weak woman, kill not with thy eyes,
They shoot me through and through. Strike I am ready.
And dying still I love thee.

Enter Merchant, Humphrey, and his Men.

Merch. Whereabouts?

Jasp. No more of this, now to my self again.

Hum. There, there he stands with Sword like martial
Knight.

Drawn in his hand, therefore beware the fight
You that are wise: for were I good Sir *Bevis*,
I would not stay his coming, by your leaves.

Merc. Sirrah, restore my daughter. *Jasp.* Sirrah, no.

Merch. Upon him then.

Wife. So, down with him, down with him, down with him:
cut him i'the leg boyes, cut him i'th'leg.

Merc. Come your ways Minion, I'll provide a Cage for
you, you're grown so tame. Horfe her away.

Hum. Truly I'm glad your forces have the day. *Exeunt*

Jasp. They are gone, and I am hurt, my Love is lost, *manet*
Never to get again. Oh me unhappy! *Jasper.*

Bleed, bleed, and dye, I cannot: Oh my folly!
Thou hast betray'd me, Hope where art thou fled?

Tell me if thou be'st any where remaining.

Shall I but see my love again? Oh no!

She will not dain to look upon her Butcher,

Nor is fit she should; yet I must venter.

Oh chance, or fortune, or what ere thou art

That men adore for powerful, hear my cry,

And let me loving live; or loosing dye.

Wife. Is a gone *George*?

Cit. I conny.

Wife. Marry and let him go (sweet heart) by the faith a
my body a has put me into such a fright, that I tremble (as
they say) as 'twere an Aspine leaf: look a my little finger
George, how it shakes: now in truth every member of my
body is the worse for't.

Cit. Come, hug in mine arms sweet Mause, he shall not
fright thee any more: alas mine own dear heart how it qui-
vers.

Enter Mistris Merry-thought, Rafe, Michael, Squire,
Dwarfe, Host, and a Tapster.

Wife. O *Rafe*, how dost thou *Rafe*? how hast thou slept
to night? has the Knight us'd thee well?

Cit. Peace *Nell*, let *Rafe* alone.

Tapst. Master, the reckoning is not paid.

Rafe. Right courteous Knight, who for the orders sake
Which thou hast tane, hang't out the holy *Bell*,
As I this flaming Pestle bear about,
We render thanks to your puissant self,
Your beauteous Lady, and your gentle Squires,
For thus refreshing of our wearied limbs,
Stifned with hard atchievements in wild Defart.

Tapst. Sir, there is twelve shillings to pay.

Rafe. Thou merry Squire *Tapstero*, thanks to thee,
For comforting our souls with double Jug,
And if adventurous Fortune prick thee forth,
Thou jovial Squire, to follow feats of Arms,
Take heed thou tender every Ladies cause,
Every true Knight, and every Danisel fair
But spill the blood of treacherous *Sarazens*;
And false enchanters, that with Magick spels,
Have done to death full many a noble Knight.

Host. Thou valiant Knight of the burning *Pestle*, give ear
to me, there is twelve shillings to pay, and as I am a true
Knight, I will not bate a penny.

Wife. *George*, I prethee tell me, must *Rafe* pay twelve
shillings now?

Cit. No, *Nel*, no, nothing but the old Knight is merry
with *Rafe*.

Wife. O is't nothing else? *Rafe* will be as merry as he.

Rafe. Sir Knight, this mirth of yours becomes you well,
But to requite this liberal courtesie,
If any of your Squires will follow Arms,
He shall receive from my Heroick hand
A Knighthood, by the virtue of this Pestle.

Host. Fair Knight, I thank you for your noble offer,
Therefore gentle Knight,
Twelve shillings you must pay, or I must cap you.

Wife. Look *George*, did not I tell thee as much, the Knight
of the *Bell* is in earnest, *Rafe* shall not be beholding to
him, give him his money *George*, and let him go snick
up.

Cit. Cap *Rafe*? no, hold your hand sir Knight of the *Bell*,
there's your Money, have you any thing to say to *Rafe*
now? cap *Rafe*?

Wife. I would you should know it, *Rafe* has friends that
will not suffer him to be capt for ten times so much, and ten
times to the end of that, now take thy course *Rafe*.

M. mer. Come *Michael*, thou and I will go home to thy
father, he hath enough left to keep us a day or two, and
we'll set fellows abroad to cry our Purse and Casket: Shall
we *Michael*?

Mich. I, I pray mother, in truth my feet are full of chil-
blains with travelling.

Wife. Faith and those chilblains are a foul trouble, Mi-
stris *Merry-thought* when your youth comes home, let him rub
all the soles of his feet, and his heels, and his ankles, with a
Moufeskine; or if none of your can catch a Mause, when he
goes to bed, let him rowl his feet in the warm embers, and I
warrant you he shall be well, and you may make him put his
fingers between his toes, and smell to them, it's very sove-
rain for his head, if he be costive.

Mist. mer. Master Knight of the burning *Pestle*, my son
Michael, and I bid you farewell, I thank your Worship har-
tily for your kindness.

Rafe. Fare-well fair Lady, and your tender Squire.
If pricking through these Defarts, I do hear
Of any traiterous Knight who through his guile,
Hath light upon your Casket and your Purse,
I will despoil him of them and restore them.

Mist. mer. I thank your Worship. *Exit with Michael*

Rafe. Dwarf bear my shield, Squire elevate my lance,
And now farewell you Knight of holy *Bell*,

Cit. I, I *Rafe*, all is paid.

Rafe. But yet before I go, speak worthy Knight,
If oft you do of sad adventures know,
Where errant Knights may through his prowess win
Eternal fame, and free some gentle souls,
From endless bounds of steel and lingring pain.

Host. Sirrah go to Nick the Barber, and bid him prepare himself, as I told you before quickly.

Tap. I am gone Sir.

Exit Tapster.

Host. Sir Knight, this wilderness affordeth none But the great venture, where full many a Knight Hath tried his prowess, and come off with shame, And where I would not have you loose your life, Against no man, but furious fiend of Hell.

Rafe. Speak on Sir Knight, tell what he is, and where: For here I vow upon my blazing badge, Never to blaze a day in quietness; But bread and water will I only eat, And the green herb and rock shall be my couch Till I have queld that man, or beast, or fiend, That works such damage to all Errant Knights.

Host. Not far from hence, near a craggy cliff At the North end of this distressed Town, There doth stand a lowly house Ruggedly builded, and in it a Cave In which an ugly Giant now doth won, Ycleped *Barbaroso*: in his hand He shakes a naked Lance of purest steel, With sleeves turn'd up, and him before he wears, A motly garment to preserve his clothes From blood of those Knights which he massacres, And Ladies Gentle: without his door doth hang A copper bason, on a prickant Spear; At which, no sooner gentle Knights can knock, But the shrill sound, fierce *Barbaroso* hears, And rushing forth, brings in the Errant Knight, And sets him down in an enchanted chair:

Then with an Engine, which he hath prepar'd With forty teeth, he claws his courtly crown, Next makes him wink, and underneath his chin, He plants a brazen piece of mighty board, And knocks his bullets round about his cheeks, Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument With which he snaps his hair off, he doth fill The wretches ears with a most hideous noyse. Thus every Knight Adventurer he doth trim, And now no creature dares encounter him.

Rafe. In Gods name, I will fight with him, kind sir, Go but before me to this dismal Cave Where this huge Giant *Barbaroso* dwells, And by that virtue that brave *Rosicleere*, That damn'd brood of ugly Giants slew, And *Palmer in Frannarco* overthrew: I doubt not but to curb this Traytor foul, And to the Devil send his guilty Soul.

Host. Brave sprighted Knight, thus far I will perform This your request, I'll bring you within sight Of this most loathsome place, inhabited By a more loathsome man: but dare not stay, For his main force swoops all he sees away.

Rafe. Saint *George* set on before, march Squire and Page.

Exeunt.

Wife. *George*, dost think *Rafe* will confound the Giant?

Cit. I hold my cap to a farthing he does: why *Nell*, I saw him wrestle with the great Dutchman, and hurle him.

Wife. Faith and that Dutchman was a goodly man, if all things were answerable to his bigness: and yet they say there was a Scottishman higher than he, and that they two and a Knight met, and saw one another for nothing: but of all the fights that ever were in *London*, since I was married, methinks the little child that was so fair grown about the members, was the prettiest, that and the *Hermaphrodite*.

Cit. Nay, by your leave *Nil*, *Ninivie* was better.

Wife. *Ninivie*, O that was the story of *Jone* and the wall, was it not *George*?

Cit. Yes lamb.

Enter Mistris Merry-totgght.

Wife. Look *George*, here comes Mistris *Merry-totgght*, and I would have *Rafe* come and fight with the Gyant, I tell you true I long to see't.

Cit. Good Mistris *Merry-totgght* be aone, I pray you for my sake, I pray you forbear a little, you shall have audience presently, I have a little business.

Wife. Mistris *Merry-totgght*, if it please you to refrain your passion a little, till *Rafe* have dispatht the Giant out of the way, we shall think our selves much bound to thank you: I thank you good Mistris *Merry-totgght*.

Exit Mistris Merry-totgght.

Enter a Boy.

Cit. Boy, come hither, send away *Rafe* and this whore-son Giant quickly.

Boy. In good faith sir we cannot, you'll utterly spoil our Play, and make it to be hist, and it cost money, you will not suffer us to go on with our plots, I pray Gentlemen rule him.

Cit. Let him come now and dispatht this, and I'll trouble you no more.

Boy. Will you give me your hand of that?

Wife. Give him thy hand *George*, do, and I'll kiss him, I warrant thee the youth means plainly.

Boy. I'll send him to you presently.

Exit Boy.

Wife. I thank you little youth, feth the child hath a sweet breath *George*, but I think it be troubled with the Worms, *Carduus Benedictus* and Mares milk were the only thing in the world for't. O *Rafe*'s here *George*; God send thee good luck *Rafe*.

Enter Rafe, Host, Squire, and Dwarf.

Host. Puissant Knight yonder his Mansion is, Lo, where the Spear and Copper Bason are, Behold the string on which hangs many a tooth, Drawn from the gentle jaw of wandring Knights, I dare not stay to sound, he will appear. *Exit Host.*

Rafe. O faint not heart, *Susan* my Lady dear: The Coblers Maid in Milkstreet, for whose sake, I take these Arms, O let the thought of thee, Carry thy Knight through all adventurous deeds, And in the honor of thy beauteous self, May I destroy this monster *Barbaroso*, Knock Squire upon the Bason till it break *Enter.* With the shrill strokes, or till the Giant spake. *Barba.*

Wife. O *George*, the Giant, the Giant, now *Rafe* for thy life.

Bar. What fond unknowing wight is this, that dares, So rudely knock at *Barbarossa*'s Cell, Where no man comes, but leaves his fleece behind?

Rafe. I, traitorous Caitiffe, who am sent by fate To punish all the sad enormities Thou hast committed against Ladies gentle, And Errant Knights, Traytor to God and men: Prepare thy self, this is the disinal hour Appointed for thee to give strict account Of all thy beastly treacherous villanies.

Bar. Fool-hardy Knight, full soon thou shalt aby This fond reproach, thy body will I bang, *He takes down his pole.* And loe upon that string thy teeth shall hang: Prepare thy self, for dead soon shalt thou be.

Rafe. Saint *George* for me

They fight.

Barba. *Gargantua* for me.

Wife. To him *Rafe*, to him, hold up the Giant, set out thy leg before *Rafe*.

Cit. Falsifie a blow *Rafe*, falsifie a blow, the Giant lies open on the left side.

Wife. Bear't off, bear't off still; there boy, O *Rafe*'s almost down, *Rafe*'s almost down.

Rafe. *Susan* inspire me, now have up again.

Wife. Up, up, up, up, up, so *Rafe*, down with him, down with him *Rafe*.

Cit. Fetch him over the hip boy.

Wife. There boy, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, *Rafe*.

Cit. No *Rafe*, get all out of him first.

Rafe.

Rafe. Presumptuous man, see to what desperate end
Thy treachery hath brought thee, the just Gods,
Who never prosper those that do despise them,
For all the villanies which thou hast done
To Knights and Ladies, now have paid thee home,
By my stiff arm, a Knight adventurous.
But say, vile wretch, before I send thy soul
To sad *Avernus*, whither it must go,
What captives holdst thou in thy fable cave?

Barb. Go in and free them all, thou hast the day.

Rafe. Go Squire and Dwarf, search in this dreadful ca. e,
And free the wretched prisoners from their bonds.

Exit Squire and Dwarf.

Barb. I crave for mercy as thou art a Knight,
And scornst to spill the blood of those that beg.

Rafe. Thou shewest no mercy, nor shalt thou have any,
Prepare thy self, for thou shalt surely dye.

Enter Squire leading one winking, with a Bason under his chin.

Squire. Behold brave Knight here is one prisoner,
Whom this wild man hath used as you see.

Wife. This is the wiseword I hear the Squire speak.

Rafe. Speak what thou art, and how thou hast been us'd,
That I may give him condign punishment.

1. *Kni.* I am a Knight that took my journey post
Northward from *London*, and in courteous wife,
This Gyant train'd me to his den,
Under pretence of killing of the itch,
And all my body with a powder strew'd,
That sinarts and stings, and cut away my beard,
And my curl'd locks wherein were Ribands ty'd,
And with a water washt my tender eyes,
Whilst up and down about me still he skipt,
Whose virtue is, that till my eyes be wip't
With a dry cloth, for this my foul disgrace,
I shall not dare to look i'th'face.

Wife. Alas poor Knight, relieve him *Rafe*, relieve poor
Knights whilst you live.

Rafe. My trusty Squire convey him to the Town,
Where he may find relief, adieu fair Knight. *Exit Knight.*

Enter Dwarf leading one with a patch o'er his Nose,

Dwar. Puissant Knight of the *burning Pestle* height,
See here another wretch, whom this foul beast
Hath scorcht and scor'd in this inhumane wise.

Rafe. Speak me thy name, and eke thy place of birth,
And what hath been thy usage in this Cave.

2. *Knight.* I am a Knight, Sir *Pock-hole* is my name,
And by my birth I am a *Londoner*,
Free by my Copy, but my Ancestors
Were *Frenchmen* all, and riding hard this way.
Upon a trotting horse my bones did ake,
And I faint Knight to ease my weary limbes,
Light at this Cave, when straight this furious fiend,
With sharpest instrument of purest steel,
Did cut the gristle of my Nose away,
And in the place this velvet plaster stands,
Relieve me gentle Knight out of his hands.

Wife. Good *Rafe* relieve Sir *Pockhole*, and send him away,
for in truth his breath stinks.

Rafe. Convey him straight after the other Knight:
Sir *Pockhole* fare you well.

3. *Knight.* Kind Sir goodnight *Exit.*

Cries within.

Man. Deliver us. *Woman.* Deliver us.

Wife. Harke *George*, what a woful cry there is, I think
some woman lyes in there. *Man.* Deliver us

Woman. Deliver us.

Rafe. What gantly noise is this? speak *Barbaroso*
Or by this blazing steel thy head goes off.

Barb. Prisoners of mine, whom I in diet keep,
Send lower down into the Cave,

And in a Tub that's heated smoaking hot,
There may they find them and deliver them.

Rafe. Run Squire and Dwarf, deliver them with speed.

Exeunt Squire and Dwarf.

Wife. But will not *Rafe* kill this Giant, surely I am afraid if
he let him go he will do as much hurt, as ever he did.

Citizen. Not so Mouse neither, if he could convert him.

Wife. I *George*, if he could convert him; but a Gyant is
not so soon converted as one of us ordinary people. There's
a pretty tale of a Witch, that had the Divels mark about
her, God blefs us, that had a Gyant to her son, that was
call'd *Lob-lie-by-the-fire*, didst never hear it *George*.

*Enter Squire leading a man with a glass of Lotion in his
hand, and the Dwarf leading a woman, with
Dyets-bread and Drink.*

Cit. Peace *Nell*, here comes the prisoners.

Dwar. Here be these pined wretches, manfull Knight,
That for this six weeks have not seen a wight.

Raph. Deliver what you are, and how you came
To this sad Cave, and what your usage was?

Man. I am an errant Knight that followed *Arms*,
With spear and shield, and in my tender years
I stricken was with *Cupids* fiery shaft,
And fell in love with this my Lady dear,
And stole her from her friends in *Turne-ball* street,
And bore her up and down from Town to Town,
Where we did eat and drink and Musick here;
Till at the leugh at this unhappy Town
We did arrive, and coming to this Cave,
This beast us caught, and put us in a Tub,
Where we this two months sweat, and should have done.
Another Month if you had not relieved us.

Wom. This bread and water hath our dyet been,
Together with a rib cut from a neck
Of burned Mutton, hard hath been our fare,
Release us from this ugly Gyants snare.

Man. This hath been half the food we have receiv'd,
But only twice a day for novelty,
He gave a spoonful of his hearty broth *Pulls out a sringe.*
To each of us, through this same tender quill.

Raph. From this infernall Monster you shall go,
That useth Knights and gentle Ladies so.
Convey them hence. *Exeunt man and woman.*

Cit. Cunny, I can tell thee the Gentleman like *Rafe*.

Wife. I *George*, I see it well enough. Gentlemen I thank
you all heartily for gracing my man *Raph*, and I promise
you, you shall see him oftner.

Bar. Mercy great Knight, I do recant my ill,
And henceforth never gentle blood will spill.

Raph. I give thee mercy, but yet thou shalt swear
Upon my burning Pestle to perform
Thy promise utter'd.

Bar. I swear and kifs.

Raph. Depart then and amend.

Come Squire and Dwarf, the Sun grows towards his set,
And we have many more adventures yet. *Exeunt.*

Cit. Now *Raph* is in this humor, I know he would ha beaten
all the boys in the house, if they had been set on him.

Wife. I *George*, but it is well as it is: I warrant you the gen-
tlemen do consider what it is to overthrow a Gyant: but
look *George*, here comes *Mistris Merri-thought*, and her
son *Michael*, now you are welcome *Mistris Merri-thought*,
now *Raph* has done you may go on.

Enter Mistris Merry-thought and Michael.

Mist. mer. *Micke* My Boy?

Mich. I forsooth Mother.

Mist. mer. Be merry *Micke*, we are at home now: where
I warrant you, yon shall find the house flung out of the
windows:

windows: Hark: hey dogs, hey, this is the old world y'faith with my Husband: I'll get in among them, I'll play them such lesson, that they shall have little list to come scraping hither again. Why Master *Merry-thought*, Husband, *Charles Merry-thought*.

Old Mer. within. If you will sing, and dance, and laugh, and hollow, and laugh again: and then cry there boys there: why then,

One, two, three, and four,
We shall be merry within this hour.

Mist. Mer. Why *Charles* do you not know your own natural wife? I say open the door, and turn me out those mangy companions; 'tis more than time that they were fellow like with you: you are a Gentleman *Charles*, and an old man, and father of two children; and I my self, (though I say it) by my mothers side, Niece to a Worshipful Gentleman, and a Conductor, he has been three times in his Majesties service at *Chyster*, and is now the fourth time, God bless him, and his charge upon his journey.

Old Mer. Go from my window, love go:
Go from my window my dear,
The wind and the rain will drive you back again,
You cannot be lodged here.

Hark you *Mistress Merri-thought*, you that walk upon Adventures, and forsake your Husband, because he sings with never a penny in his purse; what shall I think my self the worse? Faith no, I'll be merry.

You come not here, here's none but Lads of mettle, lives of a hundred years, and upwards, care never drunk their bloods, nor want made them warble.

Hey-ho, my heart is heavy.

Mist. Mer. Why *M. Merri-thought*, what am I that you should laugh me to scorn thus abruptly? am I not your fellow-feeler, (as we may say) in all our miseries? your comforter in health and sickness? have I not brought you Children? are they not like you *Charles*? look upon thine own Image, hard-hearted man; and yet for all this—

Old Mer. within. Begon, begon my juggy, my puggy, begon my love my dear.

The weather is warm, 'twill do thee no harm, thou canst not be lodged here.

Be merry boys, some light musick, and more wine.

Wife. He's not in earnest, I hope *George*, is he?

Cit. What if he be, sweet heart?

Wife. Marry if he be *George*, I'll make bold to tell him he's an ingrant old man, to use his bed-fellow so scurvily.

Cit. What how does he use her Honey?

Wife. Marry come up sir sauce-box, I think you'll take his part, will you not? Lord how hot are you grown: you are a fine man an you had a fine Dog, it becomes you sweetly.

Cit. Nay, prethee *Nell* chide not: for as I am an honest man, and a true Christian Grocer, I do not like his doings.

Wife. I cry you mercy then *George*, you know we are all frail, and full of infirmities. Deehear Master *Merri-thought*, may I crave a word with you?

Old Mer. within. Strike up lively lads.

Wife. I had not thought in truth, Master *Merri-thought*, that a man of your age and discretion (as I may say) being a Gentleman, and therefore known by your gentle conditions, could have used so little respect to the weakness of his wife: for your wife is your own flesh, the staff of your age, your yoke-fellow, with whose help you draw through the myre of this transitory world: Nay, she's your own rib. And again—

Old Mer. I come not hither for thee to teach,
I have no pulpit for thee to preach,
I would thou hadst kist me under the breech,
As thou art a Lady gay.

Wife. Marry with a vengeance,
I am heartily sorry for the poor Gentlewoman: but if I

were thy wife, i'faith gray-beard, i'faith—

Cit. I prethee sweet Honey-suckle, be content.

Wife. Give me such words that am a Gentlewoman born, hang him hoary Rascal. Get me some drink *George*, I am almost molten with fretting: now beshrew his Knaves heart for it.

Old mer. Play me a light *Lavalto*: come, be frolick, fill the good fellows wine.

Mist. mer. Why Master *Merri-thought*, are you disposed to make me wait here: you'll open I hope, i'll fetch them that shall open else.

Old mer. Good woman, if you will sing, I'll give you something, if not—

S O N G.

You are no love for me *Maraget*, I am no love for you.
Come aloft Boys, aloft.

Mist. mer. Now a *Charles* fart in your teeth Sir: Come *Mick*, we'll not trouble him, a shall not ding us i'th'teeth with his bread and his broth, that he shall not: come boy, I'll provide for thee, I warrant thee: wee'll go to Master *Venterwels* the Merchant, I'll get his letter to mine Host of the *Bell* in *Waltham*, there I'll place thee with the Tapster, will not that do well for thee *Mick*? and let me alone for that old Cuckoldly Knave your father, I'll use him in his kind, I warrant ye.

Wife. Come *George*, where's the beer?

Cit. Here Love.

Wife. This old fornicating fellow will not out of my mind yet; Gentlemen, I'll begin to you all, I desire more of your acquaintance, with all my heart. Fill the Gentlemen some beer *George*.

Finis Actus Tertii. Musick.

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Boy danceth.

Wife. Look *George*, the little boy's come again, methinks he looks something like the Prince of *Orange* in his long stocking, if he had a little harness about his neck. *George*, I will have him dance *Fading*; *Fading*, is a fine Jig I'll assure you Gentlemen: begin brother, now a capers sweet heart, now a turn a th'toe, and then tumble: cannot you tumble youth?

Boy. No indeed forsooth.

Wife. Nor eat fire? *Boy.* Neither.

Wife. Why then I thank you heartily, there's two pence to buy you points withall.

Enter *Jasper* and *Boy*.

Jasp. There boy, deliver this: but do it well. Hast thou provided me four lusty fellows?

Able to carry me? and art thou perfect In all thy business? *Boy.* Sir you need not fear, I have my lesson here, and cannot miss it: The men are ready for you, and what else Pertains to this employment. *Jasp.* There my boy, Take it, but buy no land. *Boy.* Faith sir 'twere rare To see so young a purchaser: I flie,
And on my wings carry your destiny. *Exit.*

Jasp. Go, and be happy: Now my latest hope Forfake me not, but sling thy Anchor out,
And let it hold: stand, fix thou rolling stone,

Till

Till I enjoy my dearest: hear me all
You powers that rule in men celestial. *Exit.*

Wife. Go thy ways, thou art as crooked a sprig as ever grew, in *London*, I warrant him he'll come to some naughty end or other: for his looks say no less: Besides, his father (you know *George*) is none of the best, you heard him take me up like a Gill flirt: and sing bawdy Songs upon me: but i'faith if I live *George* —

Cit. Let me alone sweet-heart, I have a trick in my head shall lodge him in the Arches for one year, and make him sing *Peccavi*, 'ere I leave him, and yet he shall never know who hurt him neither.

Wife. Do my good *George*, do.

Cit. What shall we have *Rafe* do now boy?

Boy. You shall have what you will sir.

Cit. Why so sir, go and fetch me him then, and let the Sophy of *Persia* come and christen him a child.

Boy. Believe me Sir, that will not do so well, 'tis stale, it has been had before at the Red Bull.

Wife. *George*, let *Rafe* travell over great hills, and let him be weary, and come to the King of *Cracovia*'s house, covered with velvet, and there let the Kings daughter stand in her window all in beaten gold, combing her golden locks with a comb of Ivory, and let her spye *Rafe*, and fall in love with him, and come down to him, and carry him into her fathers house, and then let *Rafe* talk with her.

Cit. Well said *Nel*, it shall be so: boy let's ha't done quickly.

Boy. Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you shall hear them talk together: but we cannot present a house covered with black Velvet, and a Lady in beaten gold.

Cit. Sir Boy, lets ha't as you can then.

Boy. Besides, it will shew ill-favoredly to have a Grocers Prentice to court a Kings daughter.

Cit. Will it so Sir? you are well read in Histories: I pray you what was *Sir Dagonet*? was not he Prentice to a Grocer in *London*? read the Play of the *Four Prentices of London*, where they tose their Pikes so: I pray you fetch him in Sir, fetch him in.

Boy. It shall be done, it is not our fault Gentlemen.

Exit.

Wife. Now we shall see fine doings I warrant thee *George*. O here they come; how prettily the King of *Cracovia*'s daughter is drest.

Enter Rafe and the Lady, Squire and Dwarf.

Cit. I *Nel*, it is the fashion of that Countrey, I warrant thee.

Lady. Welcome sir Knight unto my fathers Court. King of *Moldavia*, unto me *Pompiona* His daughter dear: but sure you do not like Your entertainment, that will stay with us No longer but a night. *Raph.* Damsell right fair, I'm on many sad adventures bound, That call me forth into the Wilderness: Besides, my horses back is something gal'd, Which will enforce me ride a sober pace. But many thanks (fair Lady) be to you, For using errant Knight with courtesie.

Lady. But say (brave Knight) what is your name and birth?

Rafe. My name is *Rafe*, I am an Englishman, As true as steel, a hearty Englishman, And Prentice to a Grocer in the *Strand*, By deed indent, of which I have one part: But fortune calling me to follow Arms, On me this holy Order I did take, Of *burning Pestle*, which in all mens eyes, I bear, confounding Ladies enemies.

Lady. Oft have I heard of your brave Countrymen, And fertile soil, and store of wholesome food;

My father oft will tell me of a drink
In *England* found, and *Nipitato* call'd.
Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts.

Rafe. Lady 'tis true, you need not lay your lips
To better *Nipitato* than there is.

Lady. And of a wild-fowl he will often speak,
Which poudred beef and mustard called is:
For there have been great Wars 'twixt us and you,
But truly *Rafe*, it was not long of me.

Tell me then *Rafe* could you contented be,
To wear a Ladies favor in your shield?

Rafe. I am a Knight of Religious Order,
And will not wear a favor of a Ladies
That trusts in Antichrist, and false traditions.

Cit. Well said *Rafe*, convert her if thou canst.

Rafe. Besides, I have a Lady of my own
In merry *England*; for whose virtuous sake
I took these Arms, and *Susan* is her name,
A Coblers maid in Milkstreet, whom I vow
Nere to forsake, whilst life and Pestle last.

Lady. Happy that Cobling Dame, who ere she be
That for her own (dear *Rafe*) hath gotten thee.
Unhappy I, that nere shall see the day
To see thee more, that bear'st my heart away.

Rafe. Lady farewell, I must needs take my leave.

Lady. Hard-hearted *Rafe*, that Ladies dost deceive.

Cit. Hark thee *Rafe*, there's money for thee; give
something in the King of *Cracovia*'s house, be not be-
holding to him.

Rafe. Lady before I go, I must remember
Your fathers Officers, who truth to tell,
Have been about me very diligent:
Hold up thy snowy hand thou princely maid,
There's twelvecence for your fathers Chamberlain.
And another shilling for his Cook,
For by my troth the Goose was roasted well.

And twelve pence for your fathers Horse-keeper,
For nointing my horse back, and for his butter
There is another shilling to the maid
That wash't my boot-hose, there's an English groat,
And twopence to the boy that wip't my boots.
And last, fair Lady, there is for your self
Three pence to buy you pins at *Bumbo* Fair.

Lady. Full many thanks, and I will keep them safe
Till all the heads be 'off, for thy sake *Rafe*.

Rafe. Advance my Squire and Dwarf, I cannot stay.

Lady. Thou kil'st my heart in parting thus away.

Exeunt.

Wife. I commend *Rafe*, yet that he will not stoop to a
Cracovian, there's properer women in *London* than any are
there I-wis. But here comes Master *Humphrey*, and his love
again, now *George*.

Cit. I Cunny, peace.

Enter Merchant, Humphrey, Luce, and Boy.

Merc. Go get you up, I will not be intreated.
And Gossip mine I'll keep you sure hereafter
From gadding out again, with boys and unthrifts,
Come they are womens tears, I know your fashion.
Go sirrah, lock her in, and keep the key. *Exit Luce and Boy.*
Safe as your life. Now my son *Humphrey*,
You may both rest assured of my love
In this, and reap your own desire.

Hum. I see this love you speak of, through your daughter.
Although the hole be little, and hereafter
Will yield the like in all I may or can,
Fitting a Christian, and a Gentleman.

Merc. I Do believe you (my good son) and thank you.
For 'twere an impudence to think you flattered.

Hum. It were indeed, but shall I tell you why,
I have been beaten twice about the lye.

Merc. Well son, no more of complement, my daughter
Is yours again; appoint the time and take her.

Woe'l

Wee'll have no stealing for it, I my self
And some few of our friends will see you married.

Hum. I would you would i'faith, for be it known
I ever was afraid to lye alone.

Mer. Some three days hence then.

Hum. Three days, let me see,
'Tis somewhat of the molt, yet I agree,
Because I mean against the pointed day,
To visit all my friends in new array. *Enter servant.*

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without would speak
with your Worship. *Mer.* What is she?

Ser. Sir I askt her not.

Mer. Bid her come in.

Enter Mistress Merry-thought, and Michael.

Mist. mer. Peace be to your Worship, I come as a poor
Suitor to you Sir, in the behalf of this child.

Mer. Are you not wife to *Merri-thought*?

Mist. mer. Yestruly, would I had nere seen his eyes, he
has undone me and himself, and his children, and there
he lives at home and sings, and hoyts, and revels among
his drunken companions, but I warrant you, where to
get a penny to put bread in his mouth, he knows not:
And therefore if it like your Worship, I would intreat
your Letter, to the honest Host of the *Bell in Walham*,
that I may place my child under the protection of his *Tap-
ster*, in some settled course of life.

Mer. I'm glad the heavens have heard my prayers: thy
Husband

When I was ripe in sorrows laught at me,
Thy son, like an unthankful wretch, I having
Redeem'd him from his fall, and made him mine,
To shew his love again, first stole my daughter:
Then wrong'd this Gentleman, and last of all,
Gave me that grief, had almost brought me down
Unto my grave, had not a stronger hand
Reliev'd my sorrows, go, and weep as I did,
And be unpittied, for here I profess
An everlasting hate to all thy name.

Mist. mer. Will you so Sir, how say you by that? come
Micke, let him keep his wind to cool his Pottage, we'll go
to thy Nurses, *Micke*, she knits silk stockings boy, and
we'll knit too boy, and be beholding to none of them all.

Exeunt Michael and Mother.

Enter a Boy with a Letter.

Boy. Sir, I take it you are the Master of this house.

Mer. How then boy?

Boy. Then to your self Sir, comes this Letter.

Mer. From whom my pretty boy?

Boy. From him that was your servant, but no more
Shall that name ever be, for he is dead,
Grief of your purchas'd anger broke his heart,
I saw him dye, and from his hand receiv'd
This paper with a charge to bring it hither,
Read it, and satisfie your self in all.

LETTER.

Merch. **S**IR that I have wronged your love, I must confess, in
which I have purchast to my self, besides mine own
undoing, the ill opinion of my friends, let not your anger, good
Sir, outlive me, but suffer me to rest in peace with your forgive-
ness; let my body (if a dying man may so much prevail with you)
be brought to your daughter, that she may know my hot flames
are now buried, and withall, receive a testimony of the zeal I
bore her vertue: farewell for ever, and be ever happy.

Jasper.

Gods hand is great in this, I do forgive him,
Yet am I glad he's quiet, where I hope
He will not bite again: boy bring the bosly,
And let him have his will, if that be all.

Boy. 'Tis here without Sir. *Mer.* So Sir, if you please
You may conduct it in, I do not fear it.

Hum. I'll be your Usher boy, for though I say it,
He ow'd me something once, and well did pay it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Luce alone.

Luce. If there be any punishment inflicted
Upon the miserable, more than yet I feell,
Let it together seize me, and at once
Press down my soul, I cannot bear the pain
Of these delaying tortures: thou that art
The end of all, and the sweet rest of all;
Come, come oh death bring me to thy peace,
And blot out all the memory Inourish
Both of father and my cruel friend.
O wretch'd maid still living to be wretched,
To be a say to fortune in her changes.
And grow to number times and woes together,
How happy had I been, if being born
My grave had been my cradle? *Enter servant.*

Ser. By your leave
Young Mistress, here's a boy hath brought a Coffin,
What a would say I know not: but your father
Charg'd me to give you notice, here they come.

Enter two bearing a Coffin, Jasper in it.

Luce. For me I hope 'tis come, and 'tis most welcome.

Boy. Fair Mistress, let me not add greater grief
To that great store you have already; *Jasper*
That whilst he liv'd was yours, now dead,
And here inclos'd, commanded me to bring
His body hither, and to crave a tear
From those fair eyes, though he deserve not pitty,
To deck his Funeral; for so he bid me
Tell her for whom he di'd. *Luce.* He shall have many:

Exeunt Coffin-carrier and Boy.

Good friends depart a little, whilst I take
My leave of this dead man, that once I lov'd:
Hold, yet a little, life, and then I give thee
To thy first heavenly being; O my friend!
Hast thou deceiv'd me thus, and got before me?
I shall not long be after, but believe me,
Thou wert too cruel *Jasper* 'gainst thy self,
In punishing the fault I could have pardoned,
With so untimely death; thou didst not wrong me,
But ever wer't most kind, most true, most loving;
And I the most unkind, most false, most cruel.
Didst thou but ask a tear? I'll give thee all,
Even all my eyes can pour down, all my sigh's
And all my self, before thou goest from me
There are but sparing Rites: But if thy soul
Be yet about this place, and can behold
And see what I prepare to deck thee with,
It shall go up, born on the wings of peace,
And satisfied: first will I sing thy Dirge,
Then kiss thy pale lips, and then dye my self,
And fill one Coffin and one grave together.

SONG.

Come you whose loves are dead,
And whilst I sing
Weep and wring
Every hand and every bead,
Bind with Cipress and sad Ewe,
Ribbands black, and Candles blue,
For him that was of men most true.

Come with heavy mourning,
And on his grave
Let him have
Sacrifice of sighs and groaning,
Let him have fair flowers enow,

White and purple, green and yellow,
For him that was of men most true.

Thou sable cloth, sad cover of my joys,
I lift thee up, and thus I meet with death.

Jasp. And thus you meet the living. *Luce.* Save me Heaven.

Jisp. Nay, do not flye me fair, I am no spirit,
Look better on me, do you know me yet?

Luce. O thou dear shadow of my friend.

Jasp. Dear substance,
I swear I am no shadow feel my hand,
It is the same it was, I am your *Jasper*,
Your *Jasper* that's yet living, and yet loving,
Pardon my rash attempt, my foolish proof
I put in practice of your constancy:
For sooner should my sword have drunk my blood,
And set my soul at liberty, than drawn
The least drop from that body, for which boldness
Doom me to any thing: if death, I take it
And willingly. *Luce.* This death I'll give you for it,
So, now I am satisfied: you are no spirit,
But my own truest, truest, truest friend,
Why do you come thusto me?

Jasp. First, to see you,
Then to convey you hence.

Luce. It cannot be,
For I am lockt up here, and watcht at all hours,
That 'tis impossible for me to scape.

Jasp. Nothing more possible, within this Coffin
Do you convey your self, let me alone,
I have the wits of twenty men about me,
Only I crave the shelter of your Closet
A little, and then fear me not; creep in
That they may presently convey you hence:
Fear nothing dearest love, I'll be your second,
Lye close, so, all goes well yet; boy.

Boy. At hand Sir.

Jasp. Convey away the Coffin, and be wary.

Boy. 'Tis done already.

Jasp. Now must I go conjure.

Exit.

Enter Merchant.

Merch. Boy, boy.

Boy. Your servant Sir.

Merch. Do me this kindness boy, hold here's a crown: be-
fore thou bury the body of this fellow, carry it to his
old merry father, and salute him from me, and bid him sing,
he hath cause.

Boy. I will Sir.

Merch. And then bring me word what tune he is in, and
have another crown: but do it truly.

I have fitted him a bargain, now, will vex him.

Boy. God blefs your Worships health Sir.

Merch. Farewell boy.

Exeunt.

Enter Master Merry-thought.

Wife. Ah old *Merry-thought*, art thou there again? let's
hear some of thy Songs.

Old Mer. Who can sing a merrier note
Than he that cannot change a great?

Not a Dinner left, and yet my heart leaps; I do wonder
yet, as old as I am, that any man will follow a Trade, or
serve, that may sing and laugh, and walk the streets: my
wife and both my sons are I know not where, I have no-
thing left, nor know I how to come by meat to supper, yet
am I merry still; for I know I shall find it upon the Table
at six a Clock; therefore hang Thought
I would not be a Servingman to carry the cloke-bag
still.

Nor would I be a Fawloner the greedy Hawkes to fill.
But I would be in a good house, and have a good Master
too:

But I would eat and drink of the best, and no work would
I do.

This is that keeps life and soul together, mirth: this is
the Philosophers stone that they write so much on, that keeps
a man ever young.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, they say they know all your Money is gone, and
they will trust you for no more drink.

Old mer. Will they not? let 'em chuse: the best is I have
mirth at home, and need not send abroad for that; let them
keep their drink to themselves.

For *Jillian of Berry*, she dwells on a hill,
And she hath good Beer and Ale to sell,
And of good fellows she thinks no ill,
And thither will we go now, now, now, and thither
Will we go now.

And when you have made a little stay,
You need not know what is to pay,
But kiss your Hostess and go your way. And thither, &c.

Enter another Boy.

2. *Boy.* Sir, I can get no bread for supper.

Old mer. Hang bread and supper, let's preserve our mirth,
and we shall never feel hunger, I'll warrant you, let's have a
Catch, boy follow me, come sing this Catch.

*Ho, ho, no body at home, meat, nor drink, nor money ha we none,
fill the pot Eedy, never more need I.*

Old mer. So boyes enough, follow me, let's change our
place and we shall laugh afresh.

Exeunt.

Wife. Let him go *George*, a shall not have any counte-
nance from us, not a good word from any i'th' Company,
if I may strike stroke in't.

Cit. No more, a shannot love; but *Nell*, I will have *Rafe*,
do a very notable matter now, to the eternal honour and
glory of all *Grocers*: firrah, you there, boy, can none of
you hear?

Boy. Sir, your pleasure.

Cit. Let *Rafe* come out on May day in the morning, and
speak upon a Conduit with all his Scarfs about him, and his
Feathers, and his Rings, and his Knacks.

Boy. Why sir, you do not think of our plot, what will be-
come of that then?

Cit. Why sir, I care not what become on't, I'll have him
come out, or I'll fetch him out my self, I'll have something
done in honor of the City: besides he hath been long enough
upon Adventures, bring him out quickly, for I come amongst
you—

Boy. Well sir, he shall come out, but if our Play miscarry,
Sir you are like to pay for't.

Exit.

Cit. Bring him away then.

Wife. This will be brave i'faith: *George* shall not he dance
the Morrice too for the credit of the Strand.

Cit. No sweet-heart it will be too much for the boy. O
there he is *Nell*, he's reasonable well in reparael, but he has
not Rings enough.

Enter Rafe.

Rafe. London, to thee I do present the merry Mouth of
May,

Let each true Subject be content to hear me what I say:
For from the top of Conduit head, as plainly may appear,
I will both tell my name to you, and wherefore I came here.
My name is Rafe, by due descent, though not ignoble I,
Yet far inferiour to the flock of gracious Grocery.
And by the Common-counsel of my fellows in the Strand,
Wish gilded Staff, and crossed Skarfe, the May-lord here
I stand.

Rejoyce

Rejoyce O English hearts, rejoyce, rejoyce O Lovers dear ;
 Rejoyce O City, Town, and Countrey, rejoyce eke eve ry
 Shire ;
 For now the flagrant flowers do spring and sprout in seemly
 sort,
 The little Birds do sit and sing, the Lambs do make fine
 sport,
 And now the Burchin Tree doth bud that makes the Schoolboy
 cry,
 The Morrice rings while Hobby horse doth foot it featuouf-
 ly :
 The Lords and Ladies now abroad for their disport and
 play,
 Do kiss sometimes upon the Grass, and sometimes in the
 Hay.
 Now butter with a leaf of Sage is good to purge the blood,
 Fly Venus and Phlebotomy for they are neither good.
 Now little fish on tender stone, begin to cast their bellies,
 And sluggish snails, that erst were mute, do creep out of their
 shellies,
 The rumbling Rivers now do warm for little boys to paddle,
 The Sturdy Steed, now goes to grass, and up they hang his
 saddle.
 The heavy Hart, the blowing Buck, the Rascall and the
 Pricket,
 Are now among the Yeomans Pease, and leave the fearful
 ibicket.
 And be like them, O you, I say, of this same noble Town,
 And lift aloft your velvet heads, and slipping of your gown :
 With bels on legs, and napkins clean unto your shoulders i'de,
 With Scarfs and Garters as you please, and Hey for our Town
 cry'd :
 March out and shew your willing minds, by twenty, and by
 twenty,
 To Hogsdon or to Newington, where Ale and Cakes are
 plenty.
 And let it nere be said for shame, that we the youths of Lon-
 don,
 Lay thruming of our caps at home, and left our custom un-
 done.
 Up then I say, both young and old, both man and maid a
 Maying
 With Drums and Guns that bounce aloud, and merry Taber
 playing :
 Which to prolong, God save our King, and send his Countrey
 peace,
 And root out Treason from the Land, and so my friends I
 cease.

Finis Act. 4.

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Merchant solus.

Merch. I will have no great store of company at the wed-
 ding, a couple of neighbors and their wives, and we will
 have a Capon in stewed broth, with marrow, and a good
 piece of beef, stuck with Rose-mary.

Enter Jasper and his face mealed.

Jasp. Forbear thy pains fond man, it is too late.
 Merch. Heaven blefs me: Jasper?

Jasp. I, I am his Ghost
 Whom thou hast injur'd for his constant love :
 Fond worldly wretch, who dost not understand
 In death that true hearts cannot parted be.
 First know thy daughter is quite born away,
 On wings on Angels: through the liquid Ayre
 Too far out of thy reach, and never more
 Shalt thou behold her face: But she and I
 Will in another world enjoy our loves,
 Where neither fathers anger, poverty,
 Nor any cross that troubles earthly men
 Shall make us sever our united hearts,
 And never shalt thou sit, or be alone
 In any place, but I will visit thee
 With gasty looks, and put into thy mind
 The great offences which thou didst to me.
 When thou art at thy Table with thy friends,
 Merry in heart, and fill'd with swelling wine,
 I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,
 Invisible to all men but thy self,
 And whisper such a sad tale in thine ear,
 Shall make thee let the Cup fall from thy hand,
 And stand as mute and pale as Death it self.

Merch. Forgive me Jasper; Oh! what might I do?
 Tell me to satisfie thy troubled Ghost?

Jasp. There is no means, too late thou thinkst on this.

Mer. But tell me what were best for me to do?

Jasp. Repent thy deed, and satisfie my father,
 And beat fond Humphrey out of thy doors. *Ex it Jasp*

Enter Humphrey.

Wife. Look George, his very Ghost would have folks bea-
 ten.

Hum. Father, my bride is gone, fair Mistris Luce,
 My soul's the font of vengeance, mischiefs sluice.

Mer. Hence fool out of my sight, with thy fond passion,
 Thou hast undone me.

Hum. Hold my father dear,
 For Luce thy daughters fake, that had no peer.

Mer. Thy father fool? there's some blows more,
 begon.

Jasper, I hope thy Ghost be well appeas'd,
 To see thy will perform'd, now I'll go
 To satisfie thy father for thy wrongs. *Exit.*

Hum. What shall I do? I have been beaten twice.

And Mistris Luce is gone? help me device:
 Since my true-love is gone, I never more,
 Whilst I do live, upon the Skie will pore;
 But in the dark will wear out my shoo-soles
 In passion, in Saint Faiths Church under Pauls. *Exit.*

Wife. George call Rafe hither, if you love me call Rafe hither,
 I have the bravest thing for him to do George; prethee.
 call him quickly

Cit. Rafe, why Rafe boy.

Enter Rafe.

Rafe. Here Sir.

Cit. Come hither Rafe, come to thy Mistris Boy.

Wife. Rafe I would have thee call all the youths together
 in battle-ray, with Drums, and Guns, and flags, and march
 to Mile-end in pompous fashion, and there exhort your
 Souldiers to be merry and wise, and to keep their beards
 from burning Rafe, and then skirmish, and let your flags
 fly, and cry, kill, kill, kill: my husband shall lend you
 his Jerkin Rafe, and there's a Scarfe for the rest, the
 house shall furnish you, and we'll pay for't: do it brave-
 ly Rafe, and think before whom you perform, and what
 person you represent.

Rafe. I warrant you Mistris, if I do it not, for the ho-
 nor of the City, and the credit of my Master, let me ne-
 ver hope for freedome.

Wife

Wife. 'Tis well spoken 'faith; go thy waies, thou art a spark indeed.

Cit. Ralph, double your files bravely *Ralph.*

Ralph. I warrant you Sir, *Exit Ralph.*

Cit. Let him look narrowly to his service, I shall take him else; I was there my self a Pike-man once, in the hottest of the day, wench, had my feather shot shaer away, the fringe of my pike burnt off with powder, my pate broken with a scouring-stick, and yet I thank God I am here.

Drum within.

Wife. Hark *George,* the Drums.

Cit. Ran, tan; tan, tan, ran tan: Oh wench an thou hadst but seen little *Ned* of *Aldgate,* drum *Ned,* how he made it roar again, and laid on like a tyrant: and then struck softly till the Ward came up, and then thundred again, and together we go: sa, sa, sa, bounce quoth the Guns: courage my hearts, quoth the Captains: Saint *George,* quoth the pike-men; and withal here they lay, and therè they lay: And yet for all this I am here wench.

Wife. Bethankful for it *George,* for indeed 'tis wonderful.

Enter Ralph and his company with Drums and Colours.

Ralph. March fair my hearts; Lieutenant beat the rear up: Ancient let your Colours flie; but have a great care of the Butchers hooks at *White-Chappel,* they have been the death of many a fair Ancient. Open your files, that I may take a view both of your persons and munition: Serjeant call a Muster.

Serg. A stand, *William Hamerton* Pewterer.

Ham. Here Captain.

Ralph. A Corlet and a Spanish Pike; 'tis well, can you shake it with a terror?

Ham. I hope so Captain.

Ralph. Charge upon me, 'tis with the weakest: put more strength *William Hamerton,* more strength: as you were again; proceed Serjeant.

Serj. George Green-goose, Poulterer.

Green. Here.

Ralph. Let me see your Peece neighbor *Green-goose,* when was she shot in?

Green. And like you master Captain, I made a snot even now, partly to scour her, and partly for audacity.

Ralph. It should seem so certainly, for her breath is yet inflamed: besides, there is a main fault in the touch-hole, it runs and stinketh; and I tell you moreover, and believe it. Ten such touch-holes would breed the Pox in the Army; Get you a Feather, neighbor, get you a Feather, sweet Oil, and Paper, and your Peece may do well enough yet. Where's your Powder?

Green. Here.

Ralph. What in a Paper? As I am a Soldier and a Gentleman, it craves a Martial Court: you ought to die for't. Where's your horn? answer me to that.

Green. An't like you Sir, I was oblivious.

Ralph. It likes me not it should be so; 'tis a shame for you, and a scandal to all our Neighbors, being a man of worth and estimation, to leave your horn behind you: I am afraid 'twill breed example. But let me tell you no more on't; stand, till I view you all. What's become o'th' nose of your flaske?

1 Sold. Indeed law Captain, 'twas blown away with powder.

Ralph. Put on a new one at the Cities Charge. Where's the stone of this Peece?

2 Sold. The Drummer took it out to light Tobacco.

Ralph. 'Tis a fault my friend, put it in again: you want a Nose, and you a Stone; Serjeant, take a note on't, for I mean to stop it in the pay. Remove and march, soft and fair Gentlemen; soft and fair: double and files, as you were, faces about. Now you with the foddren face, keep in there: look to your Match firrah, it will be in your fellows flask anon. So make a Crescent now, advance your Pikes; stand and give ear, Gentlemen, Countrey-men, Friends, and

my fellow-Soldiers, I have brought you this day from the Shop of Security, and the Counters of Content, to measure out in these furious fields, Honor by the ell, and Prowess by the pound: Let it not, O let it not, I say, be told hereafter, the noble issue of this City fainted: but bear your selves in this fair action, like men, valiant men, and free men: Fear not the face of the enemy: nor the noise of the Guns: for believe me brethren, the rude rumbaling of a Brewers Carr is more terrible, of which you have a daily experience: Neither let the stink of Powder offend you, since a more valiant stink is nightly with you. To a resolved mind, his home is every where: I speak not this to take away the hope of your return; for you shall see (I do not doubt it) and that very shortly, your loving wives again, and your sweet children, whose care doth bear you company in baskets. Remember then whose cause you have in hand, and like a sort of true-born Scavengers, scour me this famous Realm of enemies. I have no more to say but this: Stand to your tacklings lads, and shew to the world, you can as well brandish a sword, as shake an Apron. Saint *George,* and on my hearts. *Omnes.* Saint *George,* Saint *George.* *Exeunt.*

Wife. 'Twas well done *Ralph,* I'll send thee a cold Capon a field, and a bottle of March-beer; and, it may be, come my self to see thee.

Cit. Nel, the boy hath deceiv'd me much, I did not think it had been in him: he has perform'd such a matter wench, that if I live, next year I'll have him Captain of the Gallioist, or I'll want my Will.

Enter Old Merry-thought.

Old Mer. Yet I thank God, I break not a rinkle more than I had, not a stoop boys? *Care* live with Cats, I defie thee, my heart is as sound as an Oak; and though I want drink to wet my whistle, I can sing.

Come no more there boys, come no more there:

For we shall never whilst we live, come any more there.

Enter a Boy with a Coffin.

Boy. God save you Sir.

Old Mer. It's a brave Boy: canst thou sing?

Boy. Yes Sir, I can sing, but 'tis not so necessary at this time.

Old Mer. Sing we, and chaunt it, whilst love doth grant it.

Boy. Sir, Sir, if you knew what I have brought you, you would have little list to sing.

Old Mer. Oh the Mimon round, full long I have thee fought. And now I have thee found, and what hast thou here brought?

Boy. A Coffin, Sir, and your dead Son *Jasper* in it.

Old Mer. Dead? why farewell he:

Thou wast a bonny boy, and I did love thee.

Enter Jasper.

Jasp. Then I pray you Sir, do so still.

Old Mer. *Jasper's* Ghost? thou art welcome from *Stygi-an lake* so soon,

Declare to me what wondrous things in *Pluto's* court are done

Jasp. By my troth sir, I ne'r came there, 'tis too hot for me Sir.

Old Mer. A merry Ghost, a very merry Ghost.

And where is your true love? Oh where is yours?

Jasp. Marry look you Sir.

Heaves up the Coffin.

Old Mer. Ah ha! Art thou good at that i' faith?

With hey trixie terlerie-whiskin, the world it runs on wheels. When the young mans — up goes the Maidens heels.

Mistress Merry-thought and Michael within.

Mist. Mer. What Mr. *Merri-thought,* will you not let's in? what do you think shall become of us?

Mist. Mer. What voice is that that calleth at our door?

Mist. Mer. You know me well enough, I am sure I have not been such a stranger to you.

Old Mer. And some they whistled, and some they sang, Hey down, down: and some did loudly say, ever as the Lord Barnets horn blew, Away Musgrave away.

Mist. Mer. You will not have us starve here, will you Master Merry-thought?

Jasp. Nay, good Sir be perswaded, she is my Mother: if her offences have been great against you, let your own love remember she is yours, and so forgive her.

Luce. Good master Merry-thought, let me intreat you, I will not be denied.

Mist. Mer. Why Master Merry-thought, will you be a vexed thing still?

Old Mer. Woman I take you to my love again, but you shall sing before you enter: therefore dispatch your song, and so come in.

Mist. Mer. Well, you must have your Will when all's done, *Mich.* what song canst thou sing Boy?

Mich. I can sing none forsooth, but a Ladies Daughter of Paris properly.

Mich. Mer. Song. It was a Ladies Daughter, &c.

Old Mer. Come, you're welcome home again.

If such danger be in playing, and jest must to earnest turn, You shall go no more a Maying.

Merch. within. Are you within Sir, Master Merry-thought?

Jasp. It is my Masters voice, good Sir, go hold him talk whilst we convey our selves into some inward room.

Old Mer. What are you? are you merry? you must be very merry if you enter.

Mer. I am Sir.

Old Mer. Sing then.

Mer. Nay, good Sir open to me.

Old Mer. Sing, I say, or by the merry heart, you come not in.

Mer. Well Sir, I'll sing.

Fortune my foe, &c.

Old Mer. You are welcome Sir, you are welcome: you see your entertainment, pray you be merry.

Mer. Oh Master Merry-thought, I am come to aske you Forgiveness for the wrongs I offered you, And your most virtuous Son, they're infinite, Yet my contrition shall be more than they. I do confesse my hardness broke his heart.

For which just heaven hath given me punishment More than my age can carry, his wandring spirit Not yet at rest, pursues me every where, Crying. I'll haunt thee for thy cruelty.

My Daughter she is gone, I know not how, Taken invisible, and whether living,

Or in grave, 'tis yet uncertain to me.

Oh Master Merry-thought, these are the Weights, Will sink me to my grave, forgive me Sir.

Old Mer. Why Sir, I do forgive you, and be merry. And if the wag in's life time, plaid the knave.

Can you forgive him too?

Mer. With all my heart Sir.

Old Mer. Speak it again, and heartily.

Mer. I do Sir.

Now by my soul I do.

Old Mer. With that came out his Paramour, She was as white as the Lilly Flower, Hey troul, trolie lolie.

Enter Luce and Jasper.

With that came out her own dear Knight, He was as true as ever did fight, &c.

Sir, if you will forgive 'em, clap their hands together, there's no more to be said i'th' matter.

Mer. I do, I do.

Cit. I do not like this, peace boys, hear me one of you, every bodies part is come to an end but *Ralph's*, and he's left out,

Boy. 'Tis long of your self Sir, we have nothing to do with his part.

Cit. Ralph. Come away, make on him as you have done of the rest- boys come.

Wife. Now good Husband, let him come out and die.

Cit. He shall *Nell, Ralph*, come away quickly and die boy.

Boy. 'Twill be very unfit he should die sir, upon no occasion, and in a Comedy too.

Cit. Take you no care for that Sir boy, is not his part at an end, think you, when he's dead? come away

Ralph.

Enter Ralph, with a forked arrow through his head.

Ralph. When I was mortal, this my costive corps Did lap up Figs and Raisons in the Strand, Where sitting I esp'd a lovely Dame, Whose Master wrought with Lingell and with All, And underground he vampied many a Boot, Straight did her love prick forth me, tender sprig: To follow feats of Arms in warlike wise, Through *Waltham* Defart; where I did perform Many achievements, and did lay on ground Huge *Barbaroso*, that insulting Giant, And all his Captives soon set at liberty. Then honor prickt me from my native soil, Into *Moldavia*, where I gain'd the love Of *Pompiana* his beloved Daughter: But yet prov'd constant to the black thumm'd Maid *Susan*, and scorn'd *Pompianaes* love: Yet liberal I was, and gave her pins, And money for her Fathers Officers, I then returned home, and thrust my self In action, and by all means chosen was The Lord of *May*, where I did flourish it, With Scarfs and Rings, and Poesie in my hand: Afer this action I preferred was, And chosen City-Captain at *Mile-end*, With Hat and Feather, and with leading staff, And train'd my men, and brought them all off clear Save one man that beraid him with the noise. But all these things I *Ralph* did undertake, Only for my beloved *Susans* sake.

Then coming home, and sitting in my shop With Apron blew, Death came unto my stall To cheapen *Aquavita*; but e'r I

Could take the bottle down, and fill a taste, Death came and caught a pound of Pepper in his hand, And sprinkled all my Face and Body o'r, And in an instant vanished away.

Cit. 'Tis a pretty fiction i'faith.

Ralph. Then took I up my Bow and Shaft in hand, And walkt in *Moor-fields*, to cool my self, But there grim cruel death met me again, And shot this forked Arrow through my head, And now I faint, therefore be warn'd by me, My fellows every one, of forked heads.

Farewel all you good boys in merry *London*, Ne'r shall we more upon *Shrove-Tuesday* meet, And pluck down houses of iniquity.

My pain increaseth: I shall never more Hold open, whilst another pumps both legs, Nor daub a Sattin Gown with rotten Eggs: Set up a stake, Oh never more I shall, I die, flie, flie my soul to Grocers Hall. oh, oh, oh, &c.

Wife. Well said *Ralph*, do your obeysance to the Gentlemen, and go your ways well said *Ralph*.

Exit Ralph.

Old Mer. Methinks all we, thus kindly and unexpectedly reconciled, should not part without a Song.

Merch. A good motion.

Old Mer. Strike up then.

SONG.

SONG.

Better Musick ne'r was known,
Than a Quire of hearts in one.
Let each other that hath been,
Troubled with the gall or spleen:
Learn of us to keep his brow,
Smooth and plain as ours are now.
Sing though before the hour of dying
He shall rise, and then be crying,
Hey ho, 'Tis nought but mirth,
That keeps the bodie from the earth.

Exeunt omnes.

Epilogus.

Cit. Come Nell. shall we go, the Play's done?
Wife. Nay, by my faith George, I have more manners than so, I'll speak to these Gentlemen first: I thank you all Gentlemen, for your patience and countenance to *Ralph*, a poor fatherless child, and if I may see you at my house, it should go hard, but I would have a pottle of Wine, and a Pipe of Tobacco for you, for truly I hope you like the youth, but I would be glad to know the truth: I refer it to your own discretions, whether you will applaud him or no, for I will wink, and whilst you shall do what you will, I thank you with all my heart, God give you good night, come *George*.

I 2

LOVES

Loves Pilgramage, a Comedy.

The Persons Represented in the Play.

Governor of *Barcellona*.

Leonardo, a noble *Genoese*, Father to *Mark Antonio*.

Don Zanchio, an old lame angry Soldier, Father to *Leocadia*.

Alphonso, a choleric Don, Father to *Theodosia*.

Philippo, Son to *Alphonso*, Lover of *Leocadia*.

Marc-Antonio, Son to *Leonardo*.

Pedro, a Gentleman and friend to *Leonardo*.

Rodorigo, General of the *Spanish Gallies*.

Incubo, Bailiff of *Castel Bianco*.

Diego, Host of *Osuna*.

Lazaro, Hostler to *Diego*.

Host of *Borcellona*.

Bailiff of *Barcellona*.

Chirurgeons.

Soldiers.

Attendants.

Townsmen.

Attendants.

W O M E N.

Theodosia, Daugh. to *Alphonso* } Love-sick Ladies in
Leocadia, Daugh. to Don *Zanchio*. } Pursuit of *M. Anton.*

Eugenia, Wife to the Governor of *Barcellona*.

Hostess, Wife to *Diego*.

Hostess, Wife to the Host of *Barcellona*.

The Scene Barcellona and the Road.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima

Enter Incubo the Bailiff, Diego the Host.

Inc. Signior Don *Diego*, and mine Host, save thee.

Die. I thank you Mr. Bailiff.

Inc. O the block!

Die. Why, how should I have answer'd?

Inc. Not with that

Negligent rudeness: But I kiss your hands

Signior Don *Incubo de Hambre*, and then

My Titles: Master Bailiff of *Castle-blanco*:

Thou ne'er wilt have the elegance of an Host;

I sorrow for thee, as my friend and Gossip:

No smook, nor steam out-breathing from the kitchen?

There's little life i'th Hearth then.

Die. I, there, there,

That is his friendship, harkening for the spit,

And sorrow that he cannot smell the pot-boil.

Inc. Strange

An Inn should be so curst, and not the sign

Blasted, nor withered; very strange, three days now,

And not an Egg eat in it, nor an Onion. (traps, I,

Die. I think they ha' strew'd the high-ways with cal-

No horse dares pass 'em; I did never know

A week of so sad doings, since I first

Stood to my Sign-post,

Inc. Gossip, I have found

The root of all: kneel, it is thy self

Art cause thereof: each person is the Founder

Of his own fortune, good or bad; but mend it,

Call for thy Cloak, and Rapier.

Die. How?

Inc. Do, call,

And

And put 'em on in haste: Alter thy fortune,
By appearing worthy of her: Dolt thou think
Her good face e'r will know a man in *cuervo*?
In single body, thus? in Hose, and Doublet
The horse-boys garb? base blank, and halfe blank *cuervo*?
Did I, or Mr Dean of *Sivil* our neighbor
E'r reach our dignities in *cuervo*, think'st thou,
In squirting Hose and Doublet? Signior, no,
There went more to't: there were Cloaks, Gowns, Cassocks,
And other *paramentos*; Call, I say,
His Cloak, and Rapier here.

Enter Hostess.

Host. What means your Worship?

Inc. Bring forth thy Husbands Sword: so hang it on,
And now his cloak, here cast it up; I mean
Gossip, to change your luck, and brink you guests.

Host. Why? is there charm in this?

Inc. Expect; now walk,
But not the pace of one that runs on errands;
For, want of gravity in an Host, is odious:
You may remember Gossip, if you please,
(Your Wife being then th' Infanta of the Gipsies,
And your self governing a great mans Mules then)
Me a poor Squire at *Madrid* attending
A Master of Ceremonies; But a man, believe it,
That knew his place to the gold weight, and such
Have I heard him ought say, ought every Host
Within the Catholique Kings Dominions
Be in his own house.

Die. How?

Inc. A Master of Ceremonies;
At least Vice-Master, and to do nought in *cuervo*,
That was his Maxim, I will tell thee of him:
He would not speak with an Ambassadors Cook,
See a cold bake-meat from a forreign part
In *cuervo*: had a dog but staid without,
Or beast of quality, as an *Englisb* Cow,
But to present it self, he would put on
His *Savoy* chain about his neck, the ruff
And cuffs of *Holland*, then the *Naples* Hat
With the *Rome* Hat-band, and the *Florentine* Agat,
The *Millan* Sword, the Cloak of *Genoa*, set
With *Flemish* buttons; all his given pieces
To entertain 'em in, and complement *Knock within.*
With a tame Conie, as with the Prince that sent it.

Die. List. who is there?

Inc. A guest and 't be thy will.

Die. Look Spowfe, cry luck, and we be encounter'd: ha?

Host. Luck then, and good, for 't is a fine brave guest,
With a brave horse.

Inc. Why now, believe of *cuervo*.

Enter Theodosia.

As you shall see occasion: go, and meet him.

Theo. Look to my horse, I pray you, well.

Die. He shall, Sir.

Inc. Oh how beneath his rank and call was that now?
Your horse shall be entreated as becomes
A horse of fashion, and his inches.

Theo. Oh.

Inc. Look to the Cavalier: what ails he? stay
If it concern his horse, let it not trouble him,
He shall have all respect the place can yield him
Either of barley, or fresh straw.

Die. Good Sir

Look up.

Inc. He sinks, somewhat to cast upon him,
He'll go away in *cuervo* else.

Die. What, Wife!

Oh your hot waters quickly, and some cold
To cast in his sweet face.

Host. Alas, fair flower?

Die. Does any body entertain his Horse?

Host. Yes, *Lazaro* has him.

Enter Hostess with a glass of water.

Inc. Go you see him in person.

Host. Sir, taste a little of this, of mine own water,
I did distill't my self; sweat Lilly look upon me,
You are but newly blown, my pretty Tulip.
Faint not upon your stalk, 'tis firm and fresh
Stand up so bolt upright, you are yet in growing

The. Pray you let me have a chamber.

Host. That you shall, Sir.

The. And where I may be private, I intreat you.

Host. For that in troth Sir, we ha no choice: our house
Is but a *vent* of need, that now and then
Receives a guest, between the greater Towns
As they come late; only one room,

Inc. She means, Sir, it is none
Of those wild, scatter'd heaps, call'd Inns, where scarce
The Host is heard, though he wind his horn t' his people,
Here is a competent pile, wherein the man,
Wife, Servants, all do live within the whistle

Host. Only one room.

Inc. A pretty modest quadrangle
She will describe to you.

Host. Wherein stands two Beds Sir.

Enter Diego.

We have, and where, if any guest do come,
He must of force be lodg'd, that is the truth, Sir.

Theo. But if I pay you for both your beds, methinks
That should alike content you.

Host. That it shall, Sir.

If I be paid, I am paid.

Theo. Why, there's a Ducket
Will that make your content?

Host. Oh the sweet face on you:
A Ducket? yes, and there were three beds Sir,
And twice so many rooms, which is one more,
You should be private in 'em all, in all Sir,
No one should have a piece of a bed with you
Not master Dean of *Sivil* himself, I swear.
Though he came naked hither, as once he did
When h' had like t' have been tane a bed with the *Moor*
And guelt by her Master: you shall be as private,
As if you lay in's own great house that's haunted,
Where no body comes, they say:

Theo. I thank you Hostess.
Pray you, will you shew me in.

Host. Yes marry will I Sir,
And pray that not a flea, or a chink vex you.

Exit Host and Theo.

Inc. You forget supper: Gossip: move for supper
Die. 'Tis strange what love to a beast may do, his Horse
Threw him into this fit.

Inc. You shall excuse me
It was his being in *cuervo*, meerly caus'd it.

Die. Do you think so Sir?
Inc. Most unlucky *cuervo*.
Naught else, he looks as he would eat Partridge,
This guest; ha' you 'em ready in the house?
And a fine piece of Kid now? and fresh garlick

Enter Hostess.

With *Sardinia* and *Zant* Oil? how now?
Has he bespoke, what will he have a brace,
Or but one Partridge, or a short leg'd Hen,
Daintly carbonado'd?

Host. 'Las the dead
May be as ready for a supper as he.

Inc.

Inc. Ha?

Host. He has no mind to eat, more than his shadow:

Inc. Say you.

Die. How does your worship

Inc. I put on

My left shoe first to day, now I perceive it,
And skipt a bead in saying 'em 'ore; else
I could not be thus crois'd: He cannot be
Above seventeen; one of his years, and have
No better a stomach?

Host. And in such good cloaths too.

Die. Nay, these do often make the stomach worse, wife,
That is no reason.

Inc. I could, at his years, Gossips
(As temperate as you see me now) have eaten
My brace of Ducks, with my half Goose, my Conie,
And drink my whole twelve *Marcedis* in Wine
As easie as I now get down three Olives

Die. And, with your temperance-favour, yet I think
Your worship would put to't at six and thirty
For a good wager; and the meal in too.

Inc. I do not know what mine old mouth can do.
I ha not prov'd it lately.

Die. That's the grief, Sir.

Inc. Put is he without hope then gone to bed?

Host. I fear so, Sir, h'as lock'd the door close to him
Sure he is very ill.

Inc. That is with fasting,
You should ha told him Gossip, what you had had,
Given him the Inventory of your kitchen,
It is the picklock in an Inn, and often
Opens a close barr'd stomach: what may he be troh?

Die. Oh a brave Jennet,
As e'r your worship saw.

Inc. And he eats?

Die. Strongly,

Inc. A mighty Solecifine, heaven give me patience,
What creatures has he?

Host. None.

Inc. And so well cloath'd,
And so well mounted?

Die. That's all my wonder, Sir,
Who he should be, he is attir'd and hors'd
For the *Constables* Son of Spain.

Inc. My wonders more
He should want appetite: well a good night
To both my Gossips: I will for this time
Put off the thought of supping: In the morning
Remember him of breakfast pray you.

Host. I shall Sir.

Die. A hungry time Sir.

Inc. We that live like mice } *Exit*
On others meat, must watch when we can get it. } *Incubo.*

Host. Yes, but I would not tell him: Our fair guest
Says, though he eats no supper he will pay for one.

Die. Good news: we'll eat it sponse, t' his health,
'Twas politickly done t' admit no sharers.

Enter Philippo.

Phi. Look to the Mules there, where's mine Host?

Die. Here Sir.

Another Fayerie.

Host. Elefs me.

Phi. From what sweet Hostess?
Are you afraid o' your guests?

Host. From Angels, Sir,
I think there's none but such come here to night,
My house had never so good luck afore
For brave, fine guests; and yet the ill luck on't is
I cannot bid you welcome.

Phi. No?

Host. Not lodge you Sir.

Phi. Not, Hostess?

Host. No in troth Sir, I do tell you
Because you may provide in time: my beds
Are both tane up by a young Cavalier
That will and must be private.

Die. He has paid Sir
For all our Chambers.

Host. Which is one: and Beds
Which I already ha told you are two: But Sir,
So sweet a creature, I am very sorry
I cannot lodge you by him; you look so like him
Yo' are both the loveliest pieces.

Phi. What train has he?

Die. None but himself

Phi. And will no less than both beds
Serve him?

Host. H'as given me a Duckt for 'em.

Phi. Oh.

You give me reason Hostess: Is he handsome,
And young do you say?

Host. Oh Sir, the delicat'st flesh
And finest cloths withal, and such a horse,
With such a Saddle.

Phi. She's in love with all.

The horse and him, and Saddle, and cloths, good woman,
Thou justifiest thy Sex; lov'st all that's brave:

Enter Incubo.

Sure though I lye o' th' ground, I'll stay here now
And have a sight of him: you'll give me house-room,
Fire, and fresh meat, for money, gentle Hostess;
And make me a pallat?

Inc. Sir, she shall do reason. . . .

I understood you had another Guest, Gossips,
Pray you let his Mule be lookt to, have good straw,
And store of bran: And Gossip, do you hear,
Let him not stay for supper: What good Fowl ha' you?
This Gentleman would eat a Pheasant.

Host. 'Lafs Sir;
We ha' no such.

Inc. I kiss your hands fair Sir.

What ha you then? speak what you have? I'm one Sir
Here for the Catholique King, an Officer
T'enquire what guests come to these places; you Sir
Appear a person of quality, and 'tis fit
You be accommodated: why speak you not,
What ha' you Woman? are you afraid to vent
That which you have?

Phi. This is a most strange man;
T'appoint my meat.

Host. The half of a cold hen, Sir,
And a boil'd quarter of Kid, is all i' th' house.

Inc. Why all's but cold; let him see it forth,
Cover, and give the eye some satisfaction,
A Travellers stomach must see bread and salt,
His belly is nearer to him, than his kindred;
Cold hen's a pretty meat Sir.

Phi. What you please;
I am resolv'd t'obey.

Inc. So is your Kid,
With Pepper, Garlick, and the juyce of an Orange:
She shall with Sallads help it, and clean linnen;
Dispatch; what news at Court Sir?

Phi. Faith, new tires
Most of the Ladies have, the men old Suits:
Only the Kings Fool has a new Coat
To serve you.

Inc. I did guess you came from thence, Sir.

Phi. But I do know I did not.

Inc. I mistook Sir.

What hear you of the Archdukes?

Phi. Troth your question.

Enter

Enter Hostess and Servants with Table.

Inc. Of the French business, What?

Pbi. As much.

Inc. No more?

They say the French: Oh that's well: come, I'll help you:
Have you no Jiblets now? or a broil'd rather.

Or some such present dish t' assist?

Hst. Not any Sir.

Inc. The more your fault: you nev'r should be without
Such aids: what cottage would ha' lack'd a Pheasant
At such a time as this? well, bring your Hen,
And Kid forth quickly.

Pbi. That should be my prayer
To scape his Inquisition.

Inc. Sir, the French,
They say are divided 'bout their match with us,
What think you of it.

Pbi. As of naught to me, Sir.

Inc. Nay, it's as little to me too: but I love
To ask after these things, to know the affections
Of States and Princes, now and then for bettring.

Pbi. Of your own ignorance.

Inc. Yes Sir:

Pbi. Many do so.

Inc. I cannot live without it: what do you hear
Of our Indian Fleet; they say they are well return'd.

Pbi. I had no venture with 'em Sir; had you?

Enter Hostess and Servants with meat.

Inc. Why do you ask Sir?

Pbi. 'Cause it might concern you,
It does not me.

Inc. Oh here's your meat come.

Pbi. Thanks,

I welcome it at any price.

Inc. Some stools here,

And bid mine Host bring Wine, I'll try your Kid,
If he be sweet: he looks well, yes, he is good;
I'll carve you Sir.

Pbi. You use me too too Princely:

Taft, and carve too.

Inc. I love to do these Offices.

Pbi. I think you do: for whose sake?

Inc. For themselves Sir,

The very doing of them is reward

Pbi. 'Had little faith would not believe you, Sir.

Inc. Gossip, some Wine.

Enter Diego with Wine.

Die. Here 'tis: and right St. Martyn.

Inc. Measure me out a glass.

Pbi. I love the humanity

Us'd in this place:

Inc. Sir, I salute you here.

Phil. I kiss your hands Sir.

Inc. Good wine, it will beget an appetite:
Fill him, and sit down, Gossip, entertain
Your noble guest here, as becomes your title.

Die. Please you to like this Wine Sir?

Pbi. I dislike

Nothing mine Host, but that I may not see
Your conceal'd guest: here's to you.

Die. In good faith Sir,

I wish you as well as him: would you might see him

Inc. And wherefore may he not:

Die. 'Has lock'd himself Sir

Up, and has hir'd both the beds o' my wife
At extraordinary rate.

Pbi. I'll give as much

If that will do't, for one, as he for both;

What say you mine Host, the door once open

I'll fling my self upon the next bed to him
And there's an end of me till morning; noise
I will make none

Die. I wish your worship well — but

Inc. His honor is engag'd: And my she-Gossip
Hath past her promise, hath she not?

Die. Yes truly:

Inc. That toucheth to the credit of the house:
Well, I will eat a little, and think: how say you Sir
Unto this brawn o' th' Hen?

Pbi. I ha' more mind

To get this bed Sir.

Inc. Say you so: Why then

Giv't me agen, and drink to me: mine Host
Fill him his Wine: thou'rt dull, and dost not praise it,
I eat but to teach you the way Sir.

Phil. Sir:

Find but the way to lodge me in this chamber
I'll give mine Host two Duckets for his bed,
And you Sir two Reals: here's to you

Inc. Excuse me,

I am not mercenary: Gossip pledge him for me,
I'll think a little more; but ev'n a one bit
And then talk on: you cannot interrupt me.

Die. This piece of wine Sir, cost me

Inc. Stay: I have found:

This little morsel, and then: here's excellent garlick:
Have you not a bunch of grapes now: or some Bacon
To give the mouth a relish?

Die. Wife, do you hear?

Inc. It is no matter: Sir. give mine Host your Duckets.

Die. How Sir?

Inc. Do you receive 'em: I will save
The honesty of your house: and yours too Gossip,
And I will lodge the Gentleman: shew the chamber.

Die. Good Sir do you hear.

Inc. Shew me the chamber.

Die. Pray you Sir,

Do not disturb my guests.

Inc. Disturb? I hope

The Catholick King Sir, may command a lodging
Without disturbing in his Vassals house,
For any Minister of his, emplot

In business of the State. Where is the door?

Open the door, who are you there? within?

In the Kings name.

Theodosia within.

Theo. What would you have?

Inc. Your key Sir,

And your door open: I have here command
To lodge a Gentleman, from the Justice, sent
Upon the Kings affairs.

Theod. Kings and necessities

Must be obey'd: the key is under the door.

Inc. How now Sir, are you fitted? you secur'd?

Pbi. Your two Reals are grown a piece of Eight.

Inc. Excuse me Sir.

Pbi. 'Twill buy a Hen; and Wine
Sir, for to morrow.

Exit Phil.

Inc. I do kiss your hands Sir

Well this will bear my charge yet to the Gallies
Where I am owing a Ducket: whither this night
By the Moonsleave I'll march: for in the morning

Early, they put from Port St. Maries. Ex. all but Diego.

Die. Lazaro.

Enter Lazaro.

How do the horses?

Laz. Would you would go and see Sir,
A — of all Jades, what a clap h'as given me:
As sure as you live Master he knew perfectly
I couzen'd him on's Oats: he lookt upon me
And then he sneer'd, as who should say, take heed firrah:
And when he saw our half Peck, which you know

Was but an old Court dish, lord how he stamp't :
I thought 't had been for joy, when suddenly
He cuts me a back caper with his heels
And takes me just o'th' crupper, down came I,
And all my ounce of Oats: Then he neigh'd out
As though he had had a Mare by th' tail.

Die. Faith *Lazaro*

We are too blame to use the poor dumb serviters
So cruelly.

Laz. Yonder's this other Gentleman's horse
Keeping our Lady Eve: the devil a bit
H'as got since he came in yet: there he stands
And looks, and looks, but 'tis your pleasure, Sir,
He shall look lean enough: h'as Hay before him
But 'tis as big as Hemp, and will as soon choak him,
Unless he eat it butter'd: he had four shooes
And good ones when he came: 'tis a strange wonder
With standing still he should cast three.

Die. O *Lazaro*.

The Devil's in this Trade: truth never knew it
And to the devil we shall travel, *Lazaro*
Unless we mend our manners: once every week
I meet with such a knock to mollifie me
Sometimes a dozen to awake my conscience
Yet still I sleep securely.

Laz. Certain Master

We must use better dealing.

Die. 'Faith for mine own part

Not to give ill example to our issues,
I could be well content to steal but two girths,
And now and then a saddle-cloth: change a bridle
Only for exercise.

Laz. If we could stay there

There were some hope on's Master: but the devil is
We are drunk so early we mistake whole Saddles
Sometimes a horse; and then it seems to us too
Every poor jade has his whole peck, and tumbles
Up to his ears in clean straw, and every bottle
Shews at the least a dozen; when the truth is, Sir,
There's no such matter, not a smell of Provinder,
Not so much straw as would tie up a horse tail,
Nor anything i' th' rack, but two old Cobwebs
And so much rotten Hay as had been a hens nest.

Die. Well, these mistakings must be mended, *Lazaro*,
These apparitions, that abuse our senses,
And make us ever apt to sweep the manger.
But put in nothing; these fancies must be forgot
And we must pray it may be reveal'd to us
Whose horse we ought, in conscience, to couzen,
And how, and when; A Parsons Horse may suffer
A little greazing in his teeth, 'tis wholesome;
And keeps him in a sober shuffle: and his Saddle
May want a stirrop. and it may be sworn
His Learning lay on one side, and so broke it:
H'as ever Oats in's Cloak-bag to prevent us
And therefore 'tis a meritorious office
To tythe him soundly.

Laz. And a Grazier may

(For those are pinching pucker-fists, and suspicious)
Suffer a myst before his eyes sometimes too,
And think he sees his horse eat halfe a bushel:
When the truth is, rubbing his gums with salt,
Till all the skin come off: he shall but mumble
Like an old Woman that were chewing Brawn,
And drop 'em out again.

Die. That may do well too,

And no doubt 'tis but venial, But good *Lazaro*
Have you a care of understanding horses,
Horses that know the world: let them have meat
Till their teeth ake; and rubbing till their ribs
Shine like a wench's forehead; they are devils

Laz. And look into our dealings: as sure as we live
These Courtiers horses are a kind of *Welsh* Prophets,
Nothing can be hid from 'em: For mine own part

The next I cozen of that kind shall be founde'd,
And of all four too: I'll no more such complements
Upon my crupper.

Die. Steal but a little longer
Till I am lam'd too, and we'll repent together,
It will not be above two daies.

Laz. By that time
I shall be well again, and all forgot Sir.

Die. Why then I'll stay for thee.

Exit

Scena Secunda.

Enter Theodosio and Phillipos on several Beds.

Theo. Oh,—ho? oh—ho?

Phi. Ha?

Theo. Oh—oh? heart—heart—heart—heart?

Phil. What's that?

Theo. When wilt thou break?—break, break, break?

Phil. Ha?

I would the voice were strong, or I nearer,

Theo. Shame, shame, eternal shame? what have I done?

Phil. Done?

Theo. And to no end, what a wild journey

Have I more wildly undertaken?

Phil. Journey?

Theo. How, without counsel? care? reason, or fear?

Phil. Whither will this fit carry?

Theo. Oh my folly,

Phil. This is no common sickness.

Theo. How have I left

All I should love, or keep? oh heaven.

Phil. Sir,

Theo. Ha?

Phil. How do you gentle Sir?

Theo. Alas my fortune

(*nefs*,

Phil. It seems your sorrow oppresses: please your good-
Let me bear half, Sir: a divided burthen
Is so made lighter.

Theo. Oh,

Phil. That sigh betraies

The fulness of your grief

Theo. I, if that grief

Had not bereft me of my understanding,
I should have well remembred where I was,
And in what company; and clapt a lock
Upon this tongue for talking.

Phil. Worthy Sir

Let it not add to your grief, that I have heard

A sigh or groan come from you: That is all Sir:

Theo. Good Sir no more: you have heard too much I fear,
Would I had taken Poppy when I spake it.

Phi. It seems you have an ill belief of me
And would have fear'd much more, had you spoke ought
I could interpret. But believe it Sir
Had I had means to look into your breast,
And tane you sleeping here, that so securely
I might have read all that your woe would hide
I would not have betraid you.

Theo. Sir, that speech

Is very noble, and almost would tempt
My need to trust you.

Phil. At your own election,

I dare not make my faith so much suspected
As to protest again: nor am I curious
To know more than is fit.

Theo. Sir, I will trust you

But you shall promise Sir to keep your bed,
And whatsoe'r you hear, not to importune
More I beseech you from me

Phi. Sir I will not.

Theo. Than I am prone to utter.

Phi. My faith for it.

Theo. If I were wise, I yet should hold my peace

You

You will be noble?

Phil. You shall make me so

If you'll but think me such.

Theo. I do : then know

You are deceiv'd with whom you have talk'd so long.

I am a most unfortunate lost woman.

Phil. Ha?

Theo. Do not stir Sir : I have here a Sword.

Phil. Not I sweet Lady : of what blood, or name,

Theo. You'll keep your faith.

Phil. I'll perish else.

Theo. Believe then

Of birth too noble for me, so descended—

I am ashamed, no less than I am affrighted.

Phil. Fear not : by all good things, I will not wrong you.

Theo. I am the Daughter of a noble Gentleman

Born in this part of *Spain* : my fathers name Sir :

But why should I abuse that reverence

When a child's duty has forsaken me.

Phil. All may be mended, in fit time too : speak it

Theo. *Alphonso*, sir.

Phil. *Alphonso*? What's your own name?

Theo. Any base thing you can invent.

Phil. Deal truly.

Theo. They call me *Theodosia*.

Phil. Ha? and love

Is that that hath chang'd you thus?

Theo. Ye have observ'd me

Too nearly Sir, 'tis that indeed : 'tis love Sir :

And love of him (oh heavens) why should men deal thus?

Why should they use their arts to cozen us?

That have no cunning, but our fears about us?

And ever that too late too ; no dissembling

Or double way but doating : too much loving?

Why should they find new oaths, to make more wretches?

Phil. What may his name be?

Theo. Sir, a name that promises

Methinks no such ill usage : *Mark-Antonio*

A noble neighbors son : Now I must desire ye

To stay a while : else my weak eyes must answer

Phil. I will :—Are ye yet ready? what is his quality?

Theo. His best a thief Sir : that he would be known by

Is heir to *Leonardo*, a rich Gentleman :

Next of a handsome body, had heaven made him

A mind fit to it. To this man my fortune,

(My more than purblind fortune) gave my faith,

Drawn to it by as many shews of service

And signs of truth, as ever false tongue utter'd :

Heaven pardon all.

Phil. 'Tis well said : forward Lady.

Theo. Contracted Sir, and by exchange of rings

Our souls deliver'd : nothing left unfinished

But the last work, enjoying me, and Ceremony.

For that I must confess was the first wife doubt

I ever made : yet after all this love Sir,

All this profession of his faith ; when daily

And hourly I expected the blest Priest

He left me like a dream, as all this story

Had never been, nor thought of, why, I know not ;

Yet I have called my conscience to confession,

And every syllable that might offend

I have had in shrift : yet neither loves Law Signior,

Nor ye of Maidens duty, but desiring

Have I transgressed in : left his father too,

Nor whither he is gone, or why departed

Can any tongue resolve me : All my hope

(Which keeps me yet alive, and would persuade me

I may be once more happy, and thus shapes me

A shame to all my modest Sex) is this Sir,

I have a Brother and his old Companion,

Student in *Salamanca*, there my last hope

If he be yet alive, and can be loving

Is left me to recover him : For which travel

In this Sute left at home of that dear Brothers

Thus as you find me, without fear, or wisdom,

I have wander'd from my Father, fled my friends,

And now am only child of hope and danger :

You are now silent Sir : this tedious story

(That ever keeps me waking) makes you heavy :

'Tis fit it should do so : for that, and I

Can be but troubles.

Phil. No, I sleep not Lady :

I would I could : oh heaven is this my comfort?

Theo. What ail you gentle Sir?

Phil. Oh.

Theo. Why do you groan so?

Phil. I must, I must ; oh misery ;

Theo. But now Sir,

You were my comfort : if any thing afflict ye

Am not I fit to bear a part on't? and by your own rule?

Phil. No ; if you could heal, as you have wounded me,

But 'tis not in your power.

Theo. I fear intemperance.

Phil. Nay, do not seek to shun me : I must see you :

By heaven I must : ho! there mine Host : a Candle :

Strive not, I will not stir ye.

Theo. Noble Sir

This is a breach of promise.

Phil. Tender Lady

It shall be none but necessary : ho! there,

Some light, some light for heavens sake.

Theo. Will ye betray me?

Are ye a Gentleman?

Phil. Good woman :

Theo. Sir.

Enter Diego with a light.

Phil. If I be prejudicial to you, curse me.

Dieg. Ye are early stirring Sir.

Phil. Give me your Candle

And so good morrow for a while.

Dieg. Good morrow Sir.

Theo. My Brother Don *Philippo* : nay Sir, kill me

I ask no mercy Sir, for none dare know me,

I can deserve none : As ye look upon me

Behold in infinite these foul dishonors,

My noble Father, then your self, last all

That bear the name of kindred, suffer in me :

I have forgot whose child I am ; whose Sister :

Do you forget the pity tied to that :

Let not compassion sway you : you will be then

As foul as I, and bear the same brand with me,

A favourer of my fault : ye have a sword Sir,

And such a cause to kill me in.

Phil. Rise Sister,

I wear no sword for Women : nor no anger

While your fair chastity is yet untouch'd.

Theo. By those bright Stars, it is Sir.

Phil. For my Sister

I do believe ye : and so neer blood has made us

With the dear love I ever bore your virtues

That I will be a Brother to your griefs too :

Becomforted, 'tis no dishonor Sister

To love, nor to love him you do : he is a Gentleman

Of as sweet hopes, as years, as many promises,

As there be growing Truths, and great ones.

Theo. O Sir I

Phil. Do not despair.

Theo. Can ye forgive?

Phil. Yes Sister,

Though this be no small error, a far greater.

Theo. And think me still your Sister?

Phil. My dear Sister.

Theo. And will you counsel me?

Phil. To your own peace too :

Ye shall love still.

Theo. How good ye are?

Phil. My business,

And duty to my Father : which now drew me

K

Exit.

From

From *Salamanca* I will lay aside
And only be your Agent to perswade ye
To leave both love, and him, and well retire ye;

Theo. Oh gentle Brother.

Phil. I perceive 'tis folly:

Delays in love, more dangerous.

Theo. Noble Brother.

Phil. Fear not, I'll run your own way: and to help you,
Love having rackt your passions beyond counsel:
I'll hazard mine own fame: whether shall we venture?

Theo. Alas, I know not Sir

Phil. Come, 'tis bright morning

Let's walk out, and consider: you'll keep this habit.

Theo. I would Sir.

Phil. Then it shall be: what must I call ye?

Come, do not blush: pray speak, I may spoil all else.

Theo. Pray call me *Theodoro*.

Enter *Diego*.

Dieg. Are ye ready?

The day draws on apace: once more good morrow.

Theo. Good morrow gentle Host: now I must thank ye:

Phil. Who dost thou think this is?

Dieg. Were you a wench Sir,
I think you would know before me.

Phil. Mine own Brother.

Dieg. By th' Masse your noses are akin: should I then
Have been so barbarous to have parted Brothers?

Phi. You knew it then.

Dieg. I knew 'twas necessary
You should be both together: Instinct Signior,
Is a great matter in an Host.

Theo. I am satisfied.

Enter *Pedro*.

Ped. Is not mine Host up yet?

Phi. Who's that?

Dieg. I'll see.

Phil. Sister, withdraw your self.

Ped. Signior *Philippo*.

Phil. Noble Don *Pedro*, where have you been this way?

Ped. I came from Port *St. Maries*, whence the Gallies
Put this last tide, and bound for *Barcelona*,

I brought *Mark-antonie* upon his way

Phi. *Marc-antonie*?

Ped. Who is turn'd Soldier,
And entertain'd in the new Regiment;
For *Naples*?

Phi. Is it possible?

Ped. I assure you.

Phi. And put they in at *Barcelona*?

Ped. So

One of the Masters told me.

Phi. Which way go you Sir?

Ped. Home.

Phi. And I for *Sivil*: pray you Sir; say not
That you saw me, if you shall meet the question,
I have some little business

Ped. Were it less Sir.

it shall not become me, to lose the caution:
Shall we breakfast together?

Phi. I'll come to you Sir:

Sister you hear this: I believe your fortune
Begins to be propitious to you: we will hire
Males of mine Host here: if we can, himself
To be our guide, and straight to *Barcelona*,
This was as happy news, as unexpected
Stay you till I rid him away.

Theo. I will.

Exeunt

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Enter *Alphonso* and a *Servant*.

Alpb. **K**nock at the door.

Ser. 'Tis open Sir,
Alpb. That's all one,
Knock when I bid you.

Ser. Will not your Worship enter?

Alpb. Will not you learn more manners Sir, and do that
Your Master bids ye; knock ye knave, or I'll knock
Such a round peal about your pate: I enter
Under his roof, or come to say god save ye
To him, the Son of whose base dealings has undone me?
Knock louder, louder yet: I'll starve, and rot first,
This open air is every mans.

2 *Ser. within.* Come in Sir.

Enter two *Servants*.

Alpb. No, no Sir, I am none of these *Come in Sirs*,
None of those visitants: bid your wife Master
Come out, I have to talk unto him: go Sir

2 *Ser.* Your worship may be welcome.

Alpb. Sir, I will not,
I come not to be welcome: good my three Duckets,
My pickell'd sprat a day, and no oil to't,
And once a year a cotten coat, leave prating
And tell your Master I am here.

2 *Ser.* I will Sir.

This is a strange old man.

Exit.

Alpb. I welcome to him?

I'll be first welcome to a Pesthouse: Sirrah
Let's have your valour now cas'd up, and quiet
When an occasion calls, 'tis wisdom in ye,
A Servingman's discretion: if you do draw,

Enter *Leonardo*, and *Don Zanchio* (carried by
two *Servants* in a chair.)

Draw but according to your entertainment;
Five Nobles worth of fury.

Leo. Signior *Alphonso*,

I hope no discontent from my Will given,
Has made ye shun my house:

An credit me amongst my fears 'tis greatest
To minister offences.

Alpb. O good Signior

I know ye for *Italian* breed, fair tongu'd,
Spare your Apologies, I care not for 'em,
As little for your love Sir; I can live
Without your knowledge, eat mine own, and sleep
Without dependences, or hopes upon ye.

I come to ask my Daughter.

Leo. Gentle Sir.

Alpb. I am not gentle Sir, nor gentle will be
Till I have justice, my poor child restor'd
Your caper-cutting boy has run away with?
Young Signior smooth-face, he that takes up wenches
With smiles, and sweet behaviors, Songs, and Sonnets,
Your high fed Jennet, that no hedge can hold
They say you bred him for a Stallion.

Zanch. Fie Signior, there be times, and terms of honor
To argue these things in, descidements able
To speak ye noble Gentlemen, ways punctual
And to the life of credit, ye are too rugged.

Alpb. I am too tame Sir.

Leo. Will ye hear but reason?

Alpb. No, I will hear no reason: I come not hither
To be popt off with reason; reason then.

Zanch.

Zanch. Why Signior, in all things there must be method,
Ye choak the child of honor else, discretion,
Do you conceive an injury?

Alph. What then Sir?

Zanch. Then follow it in fair terms, let your sword bite
When time calls, not your tongue.

Alph. I know Sir

Both when and what to do without directions,
And where, and how, I come not to be tutor'd,
My cause is no mans but mine own: you Signior,
Will ye restore my Daughter?

Leo. Who detains her?

Alph. No more of these slight shifts

Leo. Ye urge me Signior

With strange injustice: because my Son has err'd

Zanch. Mark him.

Leo. Out of the heat of youth: dos't follow
I must be father of his crimes,

Alph. I say still.

Leave off your Rhetorick, and restore my Daughter.
And suddainly: bring in your rebel too,
Mountdragon, he that mounts without commission
That I may see him punished, and severely,
Or by that holy Heaven, I'll fire your house,
And there's my way of honor.

Zanch. Pray give me leave

Was not man made the noblest creature?

Alph. Well Sir.

Zanch: Should not his mind then answer to his making,

And to his mind his actions, if this ought to be,
Why do we run a blind way from our worths,
And cancel our discretions, doing those things
To cure offences, are the most offences?

We have rules of justice in us; to those rules

Let us apply our angers: you can consider

The want in others of these terminations

And how unfurnish'd they appear.

Alph. Hang others,

And where the wrongs are open, hang respects,
I come not to consider.

Leo. Noble Sir,

Let us argue coolly, and consider like men.

Alph. Like men!

Leo. Ye are too suddain still.

Alph. Like men Sir?

Zanch. It is fair language, and ally'd to honor.

Alph. Why, what strange beast would your grave reve-
Make me appear? like men! (rence)

Zanch. Taste but that point Sir,
And ye recover all.

Alph. I tell thy wisdom

I am as much a man, and as good a man.

Leo. All this is granted Sir.

Alph. As wise a man.

Zanch. Ye are not tainted that way.

Alph. And a man

Dares make thee no man; or at best, a base man.

Zanch. Fie, fie, here wants much carriage.

Alph. Hang much carriage.

Leo. Give me good language.

Alph. Sirrah Signior, Give me my Daughter.

Leo. I am as gentle as your self, as free born.

Zanch. Observe his way.

Leo. As much respect ow'd to me.

Zanch. This hangs together nobly.

Leo. And for Civil,

A great deal more it seems: go look your Daughter.

Zanch. There ye went well off Signior.

Leo. That rough tongue

You understand at first: you never think Sir

Out of your mightiness, of my loss: here I stand

A patient Anvil, to your burning angers

Made subject to your dangers; yet my loss equal:

Who shall bring home my Son?

Alph. A whipping Beadle.

Leo. Why, is your Daughter whorish?

Alph. Ha, thou dar'st not,
By heaven I know thou dar'st not.

Leo. I dare more Sir

If you dare be uncivil.

Alph. Laugh too, Pidgeon.

Zanch. A fitter time for fames sake: two weak Nurses
Would laugh at this; are there no more days coming,
No ground but this to argue on? no swords left
Nor friends to carry this, but your own furies?
Alas! it shows too weakly.

Alph. Let it show,

I come not here for shews: laugh at me sirrah?

I'll give ye cause to laugh.

Leo. Ye are as like sir

As any man in Spain.

Alph. By heaven I will,

I will brave Leonardo.

Leo. Brave Alphonso.

I will expect it then.

Zanch. Hold ye there both,

These terms are noble.

Alph. Ye shall hear shortly from me.

Zanch. Now discreetly.

Alph. Assure your self ye shall: do ye see this sword sir?
He has not cast his teeth yet.

Zanch. Rarely carried.

Alph. He bites deep: most times mortal: Signior
I'll hound him at the fair and home.

Zanch. Still nobly.

Alph. And at all those that dare maintain ye.

Zanch. Excellent.

Leo. How you shall please sir, so it be fair, though certain,
I had rather give you reason.

Zanch. Fairly urg'd too.

Alph. This is no age for reason; prick your reason
Upon your swords point.

Zanch. Admirably follow'd.

Alph. And there I'll hear it: so till I please, live Sir. Exit.

Leo. And so farewell, you're welcome.

Zanch. The end crowns all things

Signior, some little business past, this cause I'll argue

And be a peace between ye, if't so please ye,

And by the square of honor to the utmost:

I feel the old man's master'd by much passion,

And too high rackt, which makes him overshoot all

His valour should direct at, and hurt those

That stand but by as blenchers: this he must know too,

As necessary to his judgement, doting women

Are neither safe nor wise adventurers: conceive me,

If once their will have wander'd; nor is't then

A time to use our rages: for why should I

Bite at the stone, when he that throws it wrongs me?

Do not we know that Women are most woers

Though closest in their carriage? Do not all men know,

Scarce all the compass of the Globe can hold 'em

If their affections be afoot? shall I then cover

The follies of a she-fool, that by nature

Must seek her like, by reason, be a woman,

Sink a tall ship, because the sails desie me?

No, I disdain that folly; he that ventures

Whilst they are fit to put him on, has found out

The everlasting motion in his scabbard.

I doubt not to make peace: and so for this time

My best love, and remembrance.

Leo. Your poor Servant.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Diego, Philippo, and Theodofia.

Phil. Where will our Horses meet us?

K 2

Die.

Diego. Fear not you Sir,
Some half mile hence my worships man will stay us,
How is it with my young bloods? come, be jovial,
Let's travel like a merry flock of wild Geese,
Every tongue talking.

Phil. We are very merry;
But do you know this way, Sir?

Theo. Is't not dangerous?
Methinks these woody thickets should harbor knaves.

Die. I fear none but fair wenches; those are thieves,
May quickly rob me of my good conditions,
If they cry Stand once: but the best is Signiors
They cannot bind my hands: for any else,
They meet an equal knave, and there's my Passport:
I have seen fine sport in this place: had these three tongues,
They would tell ye pretty matters: do not you fear, though
— they are not every daies delights.

Phil. What sport Sir?

Die. Why to say true, the sport of all sports.

Phil. What was't?

Die. Such turning up of Taffataes; and you know
To what rare whistling tunes they go, far beyond
A soft wind in the shrowds: such stand there,
And down i'th' other place; such supplications
And subdivisions for those toys their honors,
One, as ye are a Gentleman in this bush,
And oh sweet Sir, what mean ye? there's a bracelet,
And use me I beseech ye like a woman;
And her petition's heard: another scratches,
And cries she will die first, and then swoonds: but certain
She is brought to life again, and does well after.
Another, save mine honor, oh mine honor,
My Husband serves the Duke, Sir, in his kitchen;
I have a cold pie for ye; fie, fie, fie Gentlemen,
Will nothing satisfy, where's my Husband?
Another cries, do ye see Sir how they use me,
Is there no Law for these things?

Theo. And good mine Host,
Do you call these fine sports?

Die. What should I call 'em,
They have been so call'd these thousand years and upwards.

Phil. But what becomes o'th' men?

Die. They're stript and bound,
Like so many Adams, with fig-leaves afore 'em,
And there's their innocence.

Theo. Would we had known this?
Before we reacht this place.

Phil. Come, there's no danger,
These are but sometimes chances.

Enter Bailiff.

Host. Now we must through.

Theo. Who's that?

Host. Stand to it Signiors.

Phil. No it needs not,
I know the face; 'tis honest.

Bayl. What mine Host:
Mine everlasting honest Host.

Host. Mafs Baily:
Now in the name of an ill reckoning
What make you walking this round?

Bayl. A—— of this round,
And of all business too, through woods, and rascals,
They have rounded me away a dozen Duckets,
Besides a fair round Cloak: Some of 'em knew me,
Else they had cas'd me like a Cunnie too,
As they have done the rest, and I think roasted me,
For they began to baste me soundly: my young Signiors,
You may thank heaven, and heartily, and hourly,
You set not out so early; ye had been smoak'd else
By this true hand he had Sirs, finely smoak'd,
Had ye been Women, smockt too.

Theo. Heaven defend us.

Bayl. Nay, that had been no prayer, there were those
That run that prayer out of breath, yet fail'd too.
There was a Fryer, now ye talk of prayer,
With a huge bunch of Beads, like a rope of Onions:
I am sure as big, that out of fear and prayer,
In halfe an hour, wore 'em as small as Bugles,
Yet he was flead too.

Phil. At what hour was this?

Bayl. Some two hours since.

Theo. Do you think the passage sure now.

Bayl. Yes, a rope take 'em, as it will, and bless 'em,
They have done for this day sure.

Phil. Are many rifled?

Bayl. At the least a dozen,
And there left bound.

Theo. How came you free?

Bayl. A curtesie

They use out of their rogueships, to bequeath
To one, that when they give a sign from far
Which is from out of danger; he may presently
Release the rest, as I met you, I was going,
Having the sign from yonder hill to do it.

Theo. Alas poor men.

Phil. Mine Host, pray go untie 'em.

Die. Let me alone for cancelling: where are they?

Bayl. In every bush, like black birds, you cannot miss 'em.

Die. I need not stalk unto 'em,

Exit.

Bayl. No, they'll stand ye,

My busie life for yours Sir: you would wonder
To see the several tricks and strange behaviours
Of the poor rascals in their miseries,
One weeps, another laughs at him for weeping,
A third is monstrous angry, he can laugh
And cries, go too, this is no time; he laughs still,
A fourth exhorts to patience: him a fifth man
Curses for tameness; him a Fryer schools,
All hoot the Fryer, here one sings a Ballad,
And there a little Curate confutes him,
And in this linsley-woolsey way, that would make a dog
Forget his dinner, or an old man fire,
They rub out for their ransoms: Amongst the rest,
There is a little boy rob'd, a fine child,
It seems a Page: I must confess my pitty
(As tis a hard thing in a man of my place)
To shew compassion, stirr'd at him, so finely
And without noise he carries his afflictions,
And looks as if he had but dreamt of losing.

Enter Host and Leocadia, and others as rob'd.

This boy's the glory of this robbery,
The rest but shame the action: now ye may hear 'em,
Host. Come lads, 'tis Holy-day: hang cloaths, 'tis hot,
And sweating Agues are abroad.

1, It seems so;

For we have met with rare Physicians
To cure us of that malady.

Host. Fine footing,

Light and deliver: now my boys: Master Fryer,
How does your Holiness, bear up man; what
A cup of neat Sack now and a toast: ha, Fryer,
A warm plaister to your belly Father,
There were a blessing now.

Fryer. Ye say your mind Sir.

Host. Where my fine Boy: my poynter.

Bayl. There's the wonder.

Host. A rank whore scratch their sides till the pox follow
For robbing thee, thou hast a thousand ways
To rob thy self boy, Dice, and a Chamber-Devil.

Leo. Ye are deceiv'd Sir.

Host. And thy Master too boy.

Phil. A sweet-fac'd boy indeed: what rogues were these?
What barbarous, brutish slaves to strip this beauty?

Theo. Come hither my boy: alas! he's cold, mine Host,

We

We must intreat your Cloak.
Host. Can ye intreat it.
Phil. We do presume so much, you have other garments.
Host. Will you intreat those too?
Theo. Your Mule must too,
 To the next Town, you say 'tis near: in pitty
 You cannot see this poor Boy perish.
 I know ye have a better soul, we'll satisfie ye.
Host. 'Tis a strange foolish trick I have, but I cannot help it,
 I am ever cozen'd with mine own commendations;
 It is determin'd then I shall be robb'd too.
 To make up vantage to this dozen: here Sir,
 Heaven has provided ye a simple garment
 To set ye off: pray keep it handfomer
 Than you kept your own; and let me have it render'd,
 Brush'd and discreetly folded.
Leo. I thank ye Sir.
Host. Who wants a Doublet?
 2. I.
Host. Where will you have it?
 2. From you Sir, if you please.
Host. Oh, there's the point, Sir.
Phil. My honest friends, I am sorry for your fortunes,
 But that's but poor relief: here are ten Duckets,
 And to your distribution, holy Sir,
 I render 'em: and let it be your care
 To see 'em, as your wants are, well divided.
Host. Plain dealing now my friends: and Father Fryer,
 Set me the Sadle right; no wringing Fryer,
 Norkthing to the Church, these are no duties;
 Scour me your conscience, if the Devil tempt ye
 Off with our cord, and swinge him.
Fry. Ye say well Sir.
All. Heaven keep your goodnes.
Theo. Peace keep you, farewell friends.
Host. Farewel light-Horse-men. *Ex. the rob'd.*
Phil. Which way travel you Sir.
Bayl. To the next Town.
Theo. Do you want any thing.
Bail. Only discretion to travel at good hours,
 And some warm meat to moderate this matter,
 For I am most outrageous cruel hungry.
Host. I have a stomach too such as it is.
 Would pose a right good pasty, I thank heaven for't.
Bayl. Cheese, that would break the teeth of a new handsaw,
 I could endure now like an Oastrich, or salt beef,
 That *Cesar* left in pickel.
Phil. Take no care,
 We'll have meat for you, and enough: I th' mean time
 Keep you the horse way, lest the fellow mis us,
 We'll meet ye at the end o' th' wood.
Host. Make haste then. *Ex. Host and Bayl.*
Theo. My pretty Sir till your necessities
 Be full supplied, so please you trust our friendships,
 We must not part.
Leo. Ye have pull'd a charge upon ye,
 Yet such a one as ever shall be thankful.
Phil. Ye have said enough, may I be bold to ask ye,
 What Province you were bred in? and of what Parents?
Leo. Ye may Sir: I was born in *Andaluzia*,
 My name *Francisco*, son to Don *Henriques*
De Cardinas.
Theo. Our noble neighbor.
Phil. Son to Don *Henriques*?
 I know the Gentleman: and by your leave Sir,
 I know he has no son.
Leo. None of his own Sir,
 Which makes him put that right upon his Brother
 Don *Zanchio's* childrne: one of which I am,
 And therefore do not much err.
Phil. Still ye do Sir,
 For neither has Don *Zanchio* any son;
 A Daughter, and a rare one is his heir,

Which though I uever was so blest to see,
 Yet I have heard great good of.
Theo. Urge no further,
 He is ashamed, and blushes.
Phil. Sir,
 If it might import you to conceal your self,
 I ask your mercy, I have been so curious:
Leo. Alas! I must ask yours Sir: for these lies,
 Yet they were useful ones; for by the claiming
 Such noble parents, I believ'd your bounties
 Would shew more gracious: The plain truth is Gentlemen,
 I am Don *Zanchio's* Stewards son, a wild boy,
 That for the fruits of his unhappines,
 Is fain to seek the wars.
Theo. This is a lie too.
 If I have any ears.
Phil. Why?
Theo. Mark his language,
 And ye shall find it of too sweet a relish
 For one of such a breed: I'll pawn my hand,
 This is no boy.
Phil. No boy? what would you have him?
Theo. I know no boy: I watch how fearfully,
 And yet how suddainly he cur'd his lies,
 The right wit of a Woman: Now I am sure.
Phil. What are ye sure?
Theo. That 'tis no boy: I'll burn in't.
Phil. Now I consider better, and take council,
 Methinks he shows more sweetness in that face,
 Than his fears dare deliver.
Theo. No more talk on't,
 There hangs some great weight by it: soon at night
 I'll tell ye more.
Phil. Come Sir, what e'r you are
 With us, embrace your liberty, and our helps
 In any need you have.
Leo. All my poor service
 Shall be at your commaund Sir, and my prayers.
Phil. Let's walk apace; hunger will cut their throats else.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Rodorigo, Markantonio, and a Ship-master,
 two Chairs set out.*

Rod. Call up the Master.
Mastr. Here Sir.
Rod. Honest Master,
 Give order all the Gallies with this tyde
 Fall round, and near upon us; that the next wind
 We may weigh off together, and recover
 The Port of *Bareelona*, without parting.
Mastr. Your pleasure's done Sir. *Ex.*
Rod. Signior Markantonio,
 Till meat be ready, let's sit here and prepare
 Our stomachs with discourfes.
Mar. What you please Sir.
Rod. Pray ye answer me to this doubt.
Marc. If I can Sir.
Rod. Why should such plants as you are, pleasure children,
 That owe their blushing years to gentle objects,
 Tenderly bred, and brought up in all fulness,
 Desire the stubborn wars?
Marc. In those 'tis wonder,
 That make their ease their god, and not their honor:
 But noble General my end is other,
 Desire of knowledge Sir, and hope of tying
 Discretion to my time, which only shews me,
 And not my years, a man, and makes that more.
 Which we call handsome, the rest is but Boys beauty,
 And with the Boy consum'd.
Rod. Ye argue well Sir.

Mar. Nor do I wear my youth, as they wear breeches,
For object, but for use: my strength for danger,
Which is the liberal part of man, not dalliance,
The wars must be my Mistress Sir,

Rod. Oh Signior,
You'll find her a rough wench.

Mar. When she is won once,
She'll show the sweeter Sir.

Rod. You can be pleas'd, though
Sometimes to, take a tamer?

Mar. 'Tis a truth Sir,
So she be handsome, and not ill condition'd.

Rod. A Soldier should not be so curious.

Marc. I can make shift with any for a heat Sir.

Rod. Nay, there you wrong your youth too: and however
You are pleas'd to appear to me, which shows well Signior,
A tougher soul than your few years can testify:
Yet, my young Sir, out of mine own experience.
When my spring was, I am able to confute ye,
And say, y' had rather come to th' shock of eies,
And boldly march up to your Mistress mouth,
Then to the Cannons.

Mar. That's as their lading is Sir.

Rod. There be Trenches
Fitter and warmer for your years, and safer
Than where the bullet plaies.

Mar. Ther's it I doubt Sir.

Rod. You'll easily find that faith: But come, be liberal,
What kind of Woman, could you make best wars with

Mar. They are all but heavy marches.

Rod. Fie Marcantonio,
Beauty in no more reverence?

Mar. In the Sex Sir,
I honor it, and next to honor, love it,
For there is only beauty; and that sweetness.
That was first meant for modesty: sever it
And put it in one woman, it appears not,
'Tis of too rare a nature, she too gross
To mingle with it.

Rod. This is a meer heresie.

Marc. Which makes 'em ever mending; for that gloss
That cozens us for beauty, is but bravery,
An outward shew of things well set, no more:
For heavenly beauty, is as heaven it self Sir,
Too excellent for object, and what is seen
Is but the veil then, airy clouds; grant this
It may be seen, 'tis but like stars in twinklings.

Rod. 'Twas no small study in their Libraries
Brought you to this experience: But what think ye
Of that fair red and white, which we call Beauty?

Mar. Why? 'tis our creature Sir, we give it 'em,
Peccause we like those colours, else 'tis certain
A blew face with a motley nose would do it;
And be as great a beauty, so we lov'd it;
That we cannot give, which is only beauty,
Is a fair Mind.

Rod. By this rule, all our choices
Are to no ends.

Marc. Except the dull end, Doing.

Rod. Then all to you seem equal?

Mar. Very true Sir,
And that makes equal dealing: I love any
That's worth love.

Rod. How long love ye Signior?

Marc. Till I have other business.

Rod. Do you never
Love stedfastly one woman?

Mar. 'Tis a toil Sir
Like riding in one rode perpetually,
It offers no variety.

Rod. Right youth,
He must needs make a Soldier; nor do you think
One Woman, can love one man?

Mar. Yes, that may be.

Though it appear not often; they are things ignorant,
And therefore apted to that superstition
Of doting fondness; yet of late years Signior,
That worlds well mended with 'em, fewer are found now
That love at length, and to the right mark, all
Stir now as as the time stirs; fame and fashion
Are ends they aim at now, and to make that love
That wiser ages held ambition;
They that cannot reach this may love by Index;
By every days surveying who best promises,
Who has done best, who may do, and who mended
May come to do again: who appear nearest
Either in new stamp'd clothes, or courtesies, (things
Done but from hand to mouth neither; nor love they these
Longer than new are making, nor that succession
Beyond the next fair feather: Take the City,
There they go to't by gold weight, no gain from 'em
All they can work by fire and water to 'em,
Profit is all they point at, if there be love
'Tis shew'd ye by so dark a light, to bear out
The bracks and old frains in it, that ye may purchase
French Velvet better cheap, all loves are endless.

Rod. Faith, if you have a Mistress, would she heard you.

Mar. 'T were but the vent'ring of my place, or swearing
I meant it but for argument, as Schoolmen
Dispute high questions.

Rod. What a world is this

When young men dare determine what those are
Age and the best experience ne'r could aim at. (bigger

Marc. They were thick ey'd then Sir; now the print is
And they may read their fortunes without spectacles,

Rod. Did you ne'r love?

Mar. Faith yes, once after supper,

And the fit held till midnight.

Rod. Hot, or shaking.

Mar. To say true, both.

Rod. How did ye rid it?

Mar. Thus Sir,

I laid my hand upon my heart, and blest me
And then said over certain charms I had learn'd
Against mad dogs, for love and they are all one;
Last thought upon a windmill, and so slept,
And was well ever after.

Rod. A rare Physitian,
What would your practise gain ye?

Mar. The wars ended,
I mean to use my Art, and have these fools
Cut in the head like Cats, to save the kingdom;
Another Inquisition.

Rod. So old a Soldier
Out of the wars, I never knew yet practised.

Mar. I shall mend every day; but noble General,
Believe this, but as this you nam'd. discourses,

Rod. Oh ye are a cunning Gamester.

Mar. Mirths and toys

To cosin time withal, for o' my troth Sir,
I can love; I think, well too; well enough
And think as well of women as they are,
Pretty fantastick things, some more regardful,
And some few worth a service: I am so honest,
I wish 'em all in heaven, and you know how hard Sir
'Twill be to get in there with their great farthingals.

Rod. Well Marcantonio, I would not loose thy company
For the best Galley I command.

Mar. Faith General,
If these discourses please ye, I shall fit ye
Once every day.

Rod. Thou canst not please me better: hark, they call
Below to dinner: ye are my Cabbin guest,
My bosom's, so you please Sir.

Marc. Your poor Servant.

Knock within.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter second Host, and his Wife.

Host. Let 'em have meat enough Woman, half a Hen;
There be old rotten Pilchards, put 'em off too,
'Tis but a little new anointing of 'em.

And a strong onion, that confounds the stink.

Host. They call for more Sir.

Host. Knock a dozen eggs down,

But then beware your wench.

Host. More than this too?

Host. Worts, worts, and make 'em porridge: pop 'em up
But they shall pay for Cullyses.

Host. All this is nothing;

They call for Kid and Partridge.

Host. Well remembered,

Where's the Faulconers half dog he left?

Host. It stinks Sir,

Past all hope that way.

Host. Run it o'r with Garlick,

And make a Roman dish on't.

Host. Pray ye be patient,

And get provision in; these are fine gentlemen,

And liberal gentlemen; they have *unde quare*

No mangey Mulcters, nor pinching Posts.

That feed upon the parings of Musk-millions

And Radishes, as big and tough as Rasters:

Will ye be stirring in this business? here's your brother,

Mine old Host of *Ossana*, as wise as you are,

That is, as knavish; if ye put a trick,

Take heed he do not find it.

Host. I'll be wagging.

Host. 'Tis for your own commodity: why wench:

Anon forsooth.

Hostess. Who makes a fire there? and who gets in water? *within.*

Let *Oliver* goe to the Justice, and beseech his Worship

We may have two spits going; and do you hear *Druce*,

Let him invite his Worship, and his Wives Worship,

To the left-Meat to morrow.

Enter Bayliff.

Bayl. Where's this Kitchen?

Hostess. Even at the next door Signior: what old Don?

We meet but seldom.

Bayl. Prethee be patient Hostess,

And tell me where the meat is.

Host. Faith Master Baylie,

How have ye done? and how man?

Bayl. Good sweet Hostess,

What shall we have to dinner?

Hostess. How does your woman,

And a fine Woman she is, and a good Woman;

Lord, how you bear your years?

Bayl. Is't Veal or Mutton,

Beef, Bacon, Pork, Kid, Pheasant, or all these,

And are they ready all?

Host. The hours that have been

Between us two, the merry hours: Lord!

Bayl. Hostess,

Dear Hostess do but hear; I am hungry.

Hostess. Ye are merrily dispos'd Sir,

Bayl. Monstrous hungry,

And hungry after much meat, I have brought hither

Right worshipful to pay the reckoning,

Money enough too with 'em, desire enough

To have the best meat, and of that enough too:

Come to the point sweet wench, and so I kiss thee.

Hostess. Ye shall have any thing, and instantly

E'r you can lick your ears, Sir.

Bayl. Portly meat,

Bearing substantial stuff, and fit for hunger

I do beseech ye Hostess first, then some light garnish,

Two Pheasants in a dish, if ye have Leverits,
Rather for way of ornament, than appetite
They may be look'd upon, or Larks: for Fish,
As there is no great need, so I would not wish ye
To serve above four dishes, but those full ones;
Ye have no Cheefe of *Parma*?

Hostess. Very old Sir.

Bayl. The less will serve us, some ten pound,

Hostess. Alas Sir,

We have not halfe these dainties.

Bayl. Peace good Hostess,

And make us hope ye have.

Hostess. Ye shall have all Sir,

Bayl. That may be got for money.

Enter Diego, the Host, and a Boy.

Host. Diego, Where's your Master?

Bring me your Master, Boy: I must have liquor

Fit for the *Mermydons*; no dashing now child

No conjurings by candle light, I know all;

Strike me the oldest Sack, a piece that carries

Point blank to this place boy, and batters; Hostess,

I kiss thy hands through which many a round reckoning

And things of moment have had motion.

Hostess. Still mine old Brother.

Host. Die. Set thy Seller open,

For I must enter, and advance my Colours,

I have brought three Dons indeed wench, Dons with Duckets

And those Dons must have dainty Wine, pure *Bacchus*

That bleeds the life blood: what is your cure ended?

Bayl. We shall have Meat man,

Host. Die. Then we will have Wine man,

And Wine upon Wine, cut and drawn with Wine.

Hostess. Ye shall have all, and more than all.

Bayl. All, well then.

Host. Die. Away, about your business, you with her

For old acquaintance sake, to stay your stomach. *Exit Ho-*

And Boy, be you my guide, *ad inferos,*

For I will make a full descent in equipage.

Boy. I'll shew you rare Wine.

Host. Die. Stinging geer.

Boy. Divine Sir.

Host. Die. O divine boy, march, march my child, rare Wine *(boy.*

Boy. As any is in *Spain* Sir.

Host. Die. Old; and strong too,

Oh my fine boy, clear too?

Boy. As Christal Sir, and strong as truth.

Host. Die. Away boy,

I am enamor'd, and I long for Dalliance,

Stay no where child, not for thy fathers blessing,

I charge thee not to save thy Sisters honor,

Nor to close thy Dames eies, were she a dying

Till we arrive, and for thy recompence

I will remember thee in my Will.

Boy. Ye have said Sir,

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter Philippo, and 2 Host.

Phi. Mine Host, is that Apparel got ye spoke of?

Ye shall have ready money.

2 Host. 'Tis come in, Sir, he has it on Sir

And I think 'twill be fit, and o' my credit

'Twas never worn but once Sir, and for necessity

Pawn'd to the man I told ye of.

Phi. Pray bargain for it,

And I will be the pay-master.

2 Host. I will Sir.

Phi.

Pbi. And let our meat be ready when you please,
I mean as soon.

2 Hof. It shall be presently.

Pbi. How far stands *Barcelona*?

2 Hof. But two Leagues off Sir,
You may be there by three a clock.

Pbi. I am glad on't.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scena Secunda.

Enter Theodosia, and Leocadia.

Theo. Signior *Francisco*, why I draw you hither
To this remote place, marvel not, for trust me
My innocence yet never knew ill dealing,
And as ye have a noble temper, start not
Into offence, at any thing my knowledge,
And for your special good, would be inform'd of,
Nor think me vainly curious.

Leo. Worthy Sir,

The courtesies you and your noble Brother,
Even then when few men find the way to do 'em,
I mean in want, so freely show'd upon me,
So truly, and so timely minister'd,
Must, if I should, suspect those minds that made 'em,
Either proclaim me an unworthy taker,
Or worse, a base beleever; Speak your mind Sir
Freely, and what you please, I am your Servant

Theo. Then my young Sir know, since our first acquaintance
Induc'd by circumstances that deceive not
To clear some doubts I have; nay blush not Signior,
I have beheld ye narrowly: more blushes.

Sir, ye give me so much light, I find ye
A thing confess'd already: yet more blushes?
You would ill cover an offence might sink ye
That cannot hide your self; why do ye shake so?
I mean no trouble to ye; this fair hand
Was never made for hardness, nor those eies
(Come do not hide 'em,) for rough objects, harke ye,
Ye have betraid your self, that sigh confirms me;
Another? and a third too? then I see
These boys cloths do but pinch ye, come, be liberal,
Ye have found a friend that has found you, disguise not
That loaden soul that labors to be open:
Now you must weep, I know it, for I see
Your eies down laden to the lids, another
Manifest token that my doubts are perfect;
Yet I have found a greater; tell me this
Why were these holes left open, there was an error,
A foul one my *Francisco*, have I caught ye?
Oh pretty Sir, the custom of our Countrey
Allows men none in this place: Now the show'r comes.

Leo. Oh Signior *Theodoro*.

Theo. This sorrow shows so sweetly
I cannot choose but keep it company:
Take truce and speak Sir: and I charge your goodness
By all those perfect hopes that point at virtue
By that remembrance these fair tears are shed for,
If any sad misfortune have thus form'd ye,
That either care or counsel may redeem,
Pain, purse, or any thing within the power
And honor of free gentlemen, reveal it,
And have our labors.

Leo. I have found ye noble

And ye shall find me true; your doubts are certain,
Nor dare I more dissemble; I am a woman,
The great example of a wretched woman.
Here you must give me leave to shew my sex;
And now to make ye know how much your credit
Has won upon my soul, so it please your patience,
I'll tell you my unfortunate sad story.

Theo. Sit down and say on Lady:

Leo. I am born Sir

Of good and honest parents, rich, and noble,
And not to lie, the Daughter of *Don Zanchio*,

If my unhappy fortune have not lost me:
My name call'd *Leocadia*, even the same
Your worthy brother did the special honor
To name for beautiful; and without pride
I have been often made believe so Signior;
But that's impertinent: Now to my sorrows;
Not far from us a Gentleman of worth,
A neighbor and a noble visitor,
Had his abode; who often met my Father
In gentle sports of Chase, and River-Hawking
In Course and Riding; and with him often brought
A Son of his, a young and hopeful Gentleman,
Nobly train'd up, in years fit for affection,
A sprightly man, of understanding excellent,
Of speech and civil 'haviour, no less powerful;
And of all parts, else my cies lied, abundant:
We grew acquainted, and from that acquaintance
Nearer into affection; from affection
Into belief.

Theo. Well.

Leo. Then we durst kiss.

Theo. Go forward.

Leo. But oh, man, unconstant, careless man,
Oh subtle man, how many are thy mischiefs;
Oh *Mark-antonio*, I may curse those kisses.

Theo. What did you call him Lady?

Leo. *Mark-antonio*

The name to me of misery.

Theo. Pray foreward.

Leo. From these we bred desires sir; but lose me heaven
If mine were lustful.

Theo. I believe.

Leo. This nearness

Made him importunate; When to save mine honor
Love having full possession of my powers,
I got a Contract from him.

Theo. Sealed?

Leo. And sworn too;

Which since, for some offence heaven laid upon me,
I lost among my monies in the robbery,
The loss that makes me poorest: this won from him
Fool that I was; and too too credulous,
I pointed him a by-way to my chamber
The next night at an hour.

Theo. Pray stay there Lady;

And when the night came, came he, kept he touch with ye?
Be not so shamefac'd; had ye both your wishes?
Tell me, and tell me true, did he enjoy ye,
Were ye in one anothers arms abed? the Contract
Confirm'd in full joys there? did he lie with ye?
Answer to that; ha? did your father know this,
The good old man, or kindred privy to't?
And had ye their consents? did that nights promise
Make ye a Mother?

Leo. Why do you ask so nearly?

Good Sir, do's it concern you any thing?

Theo. No Lady.

Only the pitty why you should be used so
A little stirs me, but did he keep his promise?

Leo. No, no Signior,

Alas he never came, nor never meant it,
My Love was fool'd, time numbred to no end,
My expectation flouted, and ghesse you Sir,
What dor unto a doating Maid this was,
What, a base breaking off?

Theo. All's well then Lady;

Go forward in your Story.

Leo. Not only fail'd Sir

Which is a curse in Love, and may he find it
When his affections are full-wing'd, and ready
To stoop upon the quarry, then when all
His full hopes are in's arms: not only thus Sir
But more injurious, faithless, treacherous,
Within two daies fame gave him far remov'd

With a new love, which much against my conscience
 But more against my cause, which is my hell
 I must confess a fair one, a right fair one,
 Indeed of admirable sweetness, Daughter
 Unto another of our noble neighbors
 The thief call'd *Theodosia*; whose perfections
 I am bound to ban for ever, curse to wrinkles,
 As heaven I hope will make 'em soon; and aches;
 For they have rob'd me poor unhappy wench
 Of all, of all Sir, all that was my glory
 And left me nothing but these tears, and travel:
 Upon this certain news, I quit my Father
 And if you be not milder in construction
 I fear mine honour too: and like a Page
 Stole to *Ossuna*, from that place to *Sivil*,
 From thence to *Barcelona* I was travelling
 When you o'er-took my misery, in hope to hear of
 Gallies bound up for *Italy*; for never
 Will I leave off the search of this bad man
 This filcher of affections, this love-Pedler,
 Nor shall my curses cease to blast her beauties
 And make her name as wrangling as her nature
 Till standing face to face before their lusts
 I call heavens justice down.

Theo. This shows too angry
 Nor can it be her fault she is belov'd,
 If I give meat, must they that eat it surfeit?

Leoc. She loves again Sir, there's the mischief of it
 And in despite of me to drown my blessings
 Which she shall dearly know.

Theo. Ye are too violent.

Leoc. She has Devils in her eyes, to whose devotion
 He offers all his service.

Theo. Who can say
 But she may be forsaken too? he that once wanders
 From such a perfect sweetness, as you promise
 Has he not still the same rule to deceive?

Leoc. No, no they are together, love together
 Past all deceit of that side; sleep together,
 Live, and delight together, and such deceit
 Give me in a wild desert.

Theo. By your leave Lady
 I see no honour in this cunning.

Leoc. Honour?
 True, none of her part, honour, she deserves none,
 'Tis ceas'd with wandring Ladies such as she is,
 So bold and impudent.

Theo. I could be angry
 Extremely angry now beyond my nature
 And 'twere not for my pitty: what a man
 Is this to do these wrongs: believe me Lady
 I know the maid, and know she is not with him.

Leoc. I would you knew she were in heaven.

Theo. And so well know her
 That I think you are cozen'd.

Leoc. So I say Sir.

Theo. I mean in her behaviour
 For trust my faith so much I dare adventure for her credit
 She never yet delighted to do wrong.

Leoc. How can she then delight in him? dare she think?
 Be what she will, as excellent as Angels
 My love so fond, my wishes so indulgent
 That I must take her prewnings; stop at that
 She has tyr'd upon; No Sir, I hold my beauty
 Wash but these sorrows from it, of a sparkle
 As right and rich as hers, my means as equal,
 My youth as much unblown; and for our worths
 And weight of virtue

Theo. Do not task her so far.

Leoc. By heaven she is cork, and clouds, light, light Sir, vapor
 But I shall find her out, with all her witchcrafts,
 Her paintings, and her pownings: for 'tis art
 And only art preserves her, and meer spels
 That work upon his powers; let her but shew me

A ruin'd cheek like mine, that holds his colour
 And writes but sixteen years in spite of sorrows
 An unbathed body, smiles, that give but shaddows,
 And wrinkle not the face; besides she is little,
 A demy dame, that makes no object.

Theo. Nay.

Then I must say you err; for credit me
 I think she is taller than your self.

Leoc. Why let her
 It is not that shall mate me; I but ask
 My hands may reach unto her.

Theo. Gentle Lady
 'Tis now ill time of farther argument,
 For I perceive your anger voyd of counsel,
 Which I could wish more temperate.

Leoc. Pray forgive me
 If I have spoken uncivilly: they that look on
 See more than we that play: and I beseech ye
 Impute it loves offence, not mine; whose torments,
 If you have ever lov'd, and found my crosses
 You must confess are seldom ty'd to patience,
 Yet I could wish I had said less.

Theo. No harm then;
 Ye have made a full amends; our company
 You may command, so please you in your travels
 With all our faith and furtherance; let it be so.

Leoc. Ye make too great an offer.

Theo. Then it shall be
 Go in and rest your self, our wholesome dyet
 Will be made ready straight: But heark ye Lady
 One thing I must entreat, your leave, and sufferance
 That these things may be open to my Brother
 For more respect and honor.

Leoc. Do your pleasure.

Theo. And do not change this habit by no means
 Unless ye change your self.

Leoc. Which must not yet be.

Theo. It carries ye concealed and safe.

Leoc. I am counsell'd.

Exit.

Enter Philipo.

Phil. What's done?

Theo. Why all we doubted; 'tis a woman,
 And of a noble strain too, ghefs.

Phil. I cannot.

Theo. You have heard often of her.

Phil. Stay I think not.

Theo. Indeed ye have; 'tis the fair *Leocadia*
 Daughter unto Don *Zanbio*, our noble neighbor.

Phil. Nay?

Theo. 'Tis she Sir, o'my credit.

Phil. *Leocadia*,
 Pish *Leocadia*, it must not be.

Theo. It must be, or be nothing.

Phil. Pray give me leave to wonder, *Leocadia*?

Theo. The very fame.

Phil. The Damsel *Leocadia*
 I ghest it was a woman, and a fair one
 I see it through her shape, transparent plain
 But that it should be she; tell me directly.

Theo. By heavens 'tis she.

Phil. By heaven then 'tis a sweet one.

Theo. That's granted too.

Phil. But heark ye, heark ye Sister,
 How came she thus disguis'd?

Theo. I'll tell you that too

As I came on the self-same ground, so us'd too.

Phil. By the same man?

Theo. The same too.

Phil. As I live
 You lovers have fine fancies,
 Wonderous fine ones.

Theo. Pray heaven you never make one.

L

Phil.

Phil. Faith I know not,
But in that mind I am, I had rather cobble,
'Tis a more Christian Trade; pray tell me one thing
Are not you two now monstrous jealous
Of one another?

Theo. She is much of me
And has ray'd at me most unmercifully
And to my face, and o'my conscience
Had she but known me, either she or I
Or both, had parted with strange faces
She was in such a fury.

Phil. Leocadia?
Do's she speak handsomly?

Theo. Wondrous well Sir
And all she do's becomes her, even her anger.

Phil. How seem'd she when you found her?

Theo. Had you seen
How sweetly fearful her pretty self
Betray'd her self, how neat her sorrow show'd,
And in what handsome phrase she put her story,
And as occasion stirr'd her how she started
Though roughly, yet most aptly into anger
You would have wonder'd.

Phil. Do's she know ye?

Theo. No,
Nor must not by no means.

Phil. How stands your difference?

Theo. I'll tell ye that some fitter time, but trust me
My *Marc-antonio* has too much to answer.

Phil. May I take knowledge of her?

Theo. Yes she is willing.

Phil. Pray use her as she is, with all respects then,
For she is a woman of a noble breeding.

Theo. Ye shall not find me wanting.

Phil. Which way bears she?

Theo. Our way, and to our end.

Phil. I am glad on't; hark ye,
She keeps her shape?

Enter Leocadia.

Theo. Yes, and I think by this time
Has mew'd her old.

Phil. She is here: by heaven a rare one,
An admirable sweet one, what an eye
Of what a full command she bears, how gracious.
All her aspect shows; bless me from a fever
I am not well o'th suddain.

Leoc. Noble friends
Your meat and all my service waits upon ye.

Phil. Ye teach us manners Lady; all which service
Must now be mine to you, and all too poor too;
Blush not, we know ye, for by all our faiths
With us your honor is in sanctuary
And ever shall be.

Leoc. I do well believe it,
Will ye walk nearer Sir.

Exit.

Theo. She shows still fairer,
Yonger in every change, and clearer, neater;
I know not, I may fool my self, and finely
Nourish a wolfe to eat my heart out; Certain
As she appears now, she appears a wonder,
A thing amazes me; what would she do then
In womans helps, in ornaments apt for her
And deckings to her delicacy? without all doubt
She would be held a miracle; nor can I think
He has forsaken her: Say what she pleas'd,
I know his curious-eye, or say he had,
Put case he could be so boy-blind and foolish;
Yet still I fear she keeps the Contract with her
Not stoln as she affirms, nor lost by negligence,
She would loose her self first, 'tis her life, and there
All my hopes are dispatch'd; O noble love
That thou couldst be without this jealousie,
Without this passion of the heart, how heavenly
Wouldst thou appear unto us? Come what may come
I'll see the end on't: and since chance has cast her

Naked into my refuge, all I can
She freely shall command, except the man.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Leonardo, and Don Pedro.

Leon. Don Pedro do you think assuredly
The Gallies will come round to *Barcelona*
Within these two days?

Ped. Without doubt.

Leo. And think ye
He will be with 'em certainly?

Ped. He is sir

I saw him at their setting off,

Leo. Must they needs

Touch there for water as you say?

Ped. They must sir

And for fresh meat too. few or none go by it
Beside so great a Fleet must needs want trimming
If they have met with fowl seas, and no harbor
On this side *Spain*, is able without danger.
To moore 'em, but that haven.

Leo. Are the wars

His only end?

Ped. So he professes.

Leo. Bears he

Any command amongst 'em?

Ped. Good regard

With all; which quickly will prefer him.

Leo. Pray Sir tell me,

And as you are a Gentleman be liberal.

Ped. I will Sir, and most true.

Leo. Who saw ye with him;

Ped. None but things like himself; young Souldiers
And Gentlemen desirous to seek honor.

Leo. Was there no woman there, nor none disguis'd
That might be thought a woman in his language?

Did he not let slip something of suspicion
Touching that wanton way.

Ped. Believe me Sir

I neither saw, nor could suspect that face
That might be doubted womans, yet I am sure
Aboard him I see all that past, and 'tis impossible
Among so many high set bloods there should be
A woman, let her clofe her self within a cockle,
But they would open her, he must not love
Within that place alone, and therefore surely
He would not be so foolish had he any,
To trust her there; for his discourse, 'twas ever
About his business, war, or mirth to make us
Relish a Can of Wine well; when he spoke private
'Twas only the remembrance of his service,
And hope of your good prayers for his health Sir,
And so I gave him to the seas.

Leo. I thank ye,

And now am satisfisd, and to prevent
Suspitions that may nourish dangers Signior,
For I have told you how the mad *Alphonso*
Chafes like a Stag i'th toyl, and bends his fury
'Gainst all, but his own ignorance; I am determin'd
For peace sake and the preservation
Of my yet untoucht honor, and his cure
My self to seek him there, and bring him back
As testimony of an unfought injury
By either of our actions; That the world,
And he if he have reason, may see plainly
Opinion is no perfect guide; nor all fames
Founders of truths: In the mean time this courtesie
I must intreat of you Sir, Be my self here
And as my self command my family.

Ped. Ye lay too much trust on me.

Leo. 'Tis my love Sir,
I will not be long from ye; if this question

Chance

Chance to be call'd upon ere my return
I leave your care to answer; so Farewell Sir.

Ped. Ye take a wise way; All my best endeavors
Shall labor in your absence; peace go with ye. *Exit Lec.*
A noble honest Gentleman, free hearted
And of an open faith, much loving, and much loved,
And father of that goodness only malice
Can truly stir against, what dare befall
Till his return I'll answer. *Exit Ped.*

Enter Alphonso, and Servant.

Alph. Walk off Sirrah,
But keep your self within my call?

Serv. I will Sir.

Alph. And stir my horse for taking cold: within there,
Hoe people; you that dwell there my brave Signior
What are ye all a sleep? is't that time with ye?
I'll ring a little louder.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Sir who seek ye?

Alph. Not you Sir; Where's your Master?

Ped. I serve no man

In way of pay Sir.

Alph. Where's the man o'th house then?

Ped. What would you have with him Sir?

Alph. Do you stand here Sir

To ask men questions when they come?

Ped. I would sir

Being his friend, and hearing such alarmes
Know how men come to visit him.

Alph. Ye shall Sir,

Pray tell his nightiness here is a Gentleman
By name *Alphonso*, would intreat his conference
About affairs of State Sir, are ye answer'd?

Enter Sanchio carried.

Ped. I must be Sir,

Sanch. Stay, set me down, stay Signior,
You must stay, and ye shall stay.

Alph. Meaning me Sir?

Sanch. Yes you Sir, you I mean, I mean you.

Alph. Well Sir.

Why should I stay?

Sanch. There's reason.

Alph. Reason Sir?

Sanch. I reason Sir

My wrong is greatest, and I will be served first,
Call out the man of fame?

Alph. How serv'd Sir,

Sanch. Thus sir,

Alph. But not before me.

Sanch. Before all the world sir

As my case stands.

Alph. I have lost a daughter sir.

Sanch. I have lost another worth five score of her sir.

Alph. Ye must not tell me so.

Sanch. I have, and heark ye?

Make it up five score more: Call out the fellow,
And stand you by sir.

Ped. This is the mad morriss.

Alph. And I stand by?

Sanch. I say stand by, and do it.

Alph. Stand by among thy lungs.

Sanch. Tuin presently

And say thy prayers; thou art dead.

Alph. I scorn thee

And scorn to say my prayers more than thou do'st,
Mine is the most wrong, and my daughter dearest
And mine shall first be righted.

Sanch. Shall be righted.

Ped. A third may live I see, pray hear me Gentlemen.

Sanch. Shall be.

Alph. I shall be righted.

Sanch. Now?

Alph. Now.

Sanch. Instantly.

Alph. Before I stir.

Sanch. Before me.

Alph. Before any.

(friends here

Sanch. Dost thou consider what thou say'st? hast thou

Able to quench my anger, or perswade me
After I have beaten thee into one main bruist
And made thee spend thy state in rotten apples,
Thou canst at length be quiet, shall I kill thee
Divide thee like a rotten Pumpkin,
And leave thee stinking to posterity,
There's not the least blow I shall give; but do's this
Urge me no farther: I am first.

Alph. I'll hang first.

No goodman glory, 'tis not your bravado's,
Your punctual honor, nor foldadoship.

Sanch. Set me a little nearer.

Alph. Let him fally.

Sanch. Lin'd with your quircks of carriage and discretion
Can blow me off my purpose. Where's your credit
With all your school points now? your decent arguing
And apt time for performing: where are these toys,
These wise ways, and most honorable courses,
To take revenge? how dar'st thou talk of killing,
Or think of drawing any thing but squirts
When lechery has dry foundrerd thee?

Sanch. Neerer yet,

That I may spit him down: thou look'st like a man.

Ped. I would be thought so Sir.

Sanch. Prethee do but take me,
And fling me upon that Puppy.

Alph. Do for heavens sake,
And see but how I'll hug him,

Sanch. Yet take warning.

Ped. Faith Gentlemen, this is a needless quarrel.

Sanch. And do you desire to make one?

Ped. As a friend Sir,

To tell you all this anger is but lost Sir,
For *Leonardo* is from home.

Alph. No, no Sir.

Ped. Indeed he is.

Sanch. Where dare he be, but here Sir,
When men are wrong'd, and come for satisfaction.

Ped. It seems he has done none Sir; for his business
Clear of those cares, hath carried him for sometime
To *Barcelona*: if he had been guilty,
I know he would have stayd, and clear'd all difference
Either by free confession, or his sword.

Sanch. This must not be.

Ped. Sure as I live, it is Sir.

Alph. Sure, as we all live,

He's run away for ever: *Barcelona*!

Why? 'tis the key for *Italy*, from whence
He stole first hither.

Sanch. And having found his knaveries
Too gross to be forgiven, and too open,
He has found the same way back again: I believe too
The good graft Gentleman, for his own ease,
Has taken one o'th'Fillyes: Is not his stuff fold.

Alph. I fear his worships shoos too; to escape us,
I do not think he has a dish within doors,
A lonse left of his linnage.

Ped. Ye are too wide Sir.

Alph. Or one poor wooden spoon,

Ped. Come in and see Sir

Alph. I'll see his house on fire first.

Ped. Then be pleased Sir

To give better censure.

Sanch. I will after him,

And search him like conceal'd land, but I'll have him,
And though I find him in his shrift, I'll kill him.

Alph. I'll bear ye company.

Sanct. Pray have a care then,
A most special care, indeed a fear,
Ye do not anger me.

Alph. I will observe ye,
And if I light upon him handfomly.

Sanct. Kill but a piece of him, leave some *Alphonso*
For your poor Friends.

Ped. I fear him not for all this.

Alph. Shall we first go home,
For it may prove a voyage, and dispose
Of things there; heaven knows what may follow.

Sanct. No,
I'll kill him in this shirt I have on: let things
Govern themselves, I am master of my honor
At this time, and no more; let wife, and land,
Lie lay till I return.

Alph. I say amen to't:
But what care for our monies?

Sanct. I will not spend
Above three shillings, till his head be here,
Four is too great a sum for all his Fortunes.
Come take me up instantly.

Alph. Farewell to you Sir,
And if your friend be in a featherbed,
Sow'd up to shrowd his fears, tell him 'tis folly,
For no course but his voluntary hanging
Can get our pardons.

Ped. These I think would be
Offence enough, if their own indiscretions
Would suffer 'em: two of the old seditious,
When they want enemies, they are their own foes:
Were they a little wiser, I should doubt 'em:
Till when I'll ne'r break sleep, nor suffer hunger
For any harm he shall receive: for 'tis as easie
If he be guilty, to turn these two old men
Upon their own throats, and look on, and live still,
As 'tis to tell five pound: a great deal sooner,
And so I'll to my meat, and then to hawking.

Exeunt.

Exit.

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Markantonio, and a Gentleman.

Marc. Sir, this is complement; I pray you leave me.

Gent. Sir, it is not.

Marc. Why? I would only see the Town.

Gent. And only that I come to shew you.

Marc. Which I can see without you.

Gent. So you may
Plainly, not safely: For such difference
As you have seen betwixt the sea and earth
When waves rise high, and land would beat 'em back
As fearful of Invasion; such we find
When we land here at *Barcelona*.

Marc. Sir.

Gent. Besides our General of the Gallies, fearing
Your hasty nature, charg'd me not return
Without you safe.

Marc. O Sir, that *Roderigo*
Is noble, and do's mistake my temper.
There is not in the world, a mind less apt
To conceive wrongs, or do 'em; has he seen me
In all this voyage, in the which he pleases.

Enter Eugenia, with divers Attendants.

To call me friend, let slip a hasty word?
S'light Sir: yonder is a Lady valid,
For properness beyond comparison,
And sure her face is like the rest: we'll see't.

Gent. Why? you are hasty Sir already: know you
What 'tis you go about.

Marc. Yes, I would see
The womans face.

Gent. By heaven you shall not do't:
You do not know the custom of the place:
To draw that curtain here, though she were mean,
Is mortall.

Marc. Is it? earth must come to earth
At last, and by my troth, I'll try it Sir.

Gent. Then I must hold you fast. By all the faith
That can be plac'd in man, 'tis an attempt
More dangerous than death, 'tis death and shame:
I know the Lady well.

Marc. Is she a Lady?
I shall the more desire to see her Sir.

Gent. She is *Alonso's* wife, the Governor,
A noble Gentleman.

Marc. Then let me go,
If I can win her, you and I will govern
This Town Sir, fear it not, and we will alter
These barbarous customs then; for every Lady
Shall be seen daily, and seen over too.

Gent. Come, do not jest, nor let your passions bear you
To such wild enterprises: hold you still,
For as I have a foul, you shall not do't.

She is a Lady of unblemish'd fame,
And here to offer that affront, were base:
Hold on your way, and we will see the Town,
And overlook the Ladies.

Marc. I am school'd,
And promise you I will: but good Sir, see,
She will pass by us now; I hope I may
Salute her thus far off.

Gent. 'S foot, are you mad?
'Twill be as ill as th'other.

i. Attend. What's the matter?
What would that fellow have?

Gent. Good Sir forbear.

i. Atten. It seems you are new landed: would you beg
Any thing here?

Marc. Yes Sir, all happiness
To that fair Lady, as I hope.

Gent. *Markantonio*.

Marc. Her face, which needs no hiding: I would beg
A sight of.

Gent. Now go on, for 'tis too late
To keep this from a tumult.

i. Attend. Sirrah, you
Shall see a fitter object for your eyes,
Then a fair Ladies face.

Eug. For heavens sake, raise not
A quarrel in the streets for me.

i. Attend. Slip in then;
This is your door.

Eug. Will you needs quarrel then?
i. Attend. We must, or suffer
This outrage: is't not all your minds Sirs, speak?
All. Yes.

Eug. Then I do beseech ye, let my Lord.

Enter three or four Souldiers.

Not think the quarrel about me; for 'tis not.
Gent. See happily some of our Galley souldiers
Are come ahoar.

i. Attend. Come on Sir, you shall see

Exit.

Faces

Faces enough.

Gent. Some one of you call to.

Enter certain Townsmen.

Our General, the whole rore of the Town
Comes in upon us.

Marc. I have seen Sir better
Perhaps, than that was cover'd; and will yet.

Enter Philippo, Theodosia, and Leocadia.

See that, or spoil yours.

Phil. On, why start you back?

Theo. Alas Sir, they are fighting.

Leoc. Let's begon,

See, see, a handsome man strook down.

Gent. Ho General,

Look out, *Antonio* is in distress.

Enter Roderigo above.

Theo. Antonio.

Leoc. Antonio! 'tis he.

Rod. within. Ho, Gunner make a shot into the Town,
I'll part you: bring away *Antonio* *a shot.*
Into my Cabben. *Exit Attendants*

Gent. I will do that office. *and Townsmen.*

I fear it is the last, that I shall do him.

Exit Souldiers and Gentlemen with Marckantonio.

Theo. The last, why will he dye?

Leoc. Since I have found him: happiness leave me,
When I leave him.

Phil. Why *Theodosia*?

My sister; wake: alas, I griev'd but now
To see the streets so full; and now I grieve
To see them left so empty: I could wish,
Tumult himself were here, that yet at least
Amongst the band, I might espie some face
So pale and fearful, that would willingly
Embrace an arrand for a Cordial,
Or *Aquaviva*, or a cup of sack,
Or a Physitian: but to talk of these
She breaths: stand up, O *Theodosia*,
Speak but as thou wert wont, give but a sigh,
Which is but the most unhappy piece of life,
And I will ever after worship sadness,
Apply my self to grief; prepare and build
Altars to sorrow.

Theo. O *Philippo*, help me.

Phil. I do; these are my arms, *Philippo's* arms,
Thy Brothers arms that hold thee up.

Theo. You help me

To life: but I would see *Antonio*
That's dead.

Phil. Thou shalt see any thing; how dost thou?

Theo. Better, I thank you.

Phil. Why that's well: call up

Thy senses, and uncloud thy cover'd spirits.
How now?

Theo. Recover'd: but *Antonio*,

Where is he?

Phil. We will find him: art thou well?

Theo. Perfectly well, saving the miss of him;
And I do charge you here, by our allyance,
And by the love which would have been betwixt us,
Knew we no kindred; by that killing fear,
Mingled with twenty thousand hopes and doubts,
Which you may think, plac'd in a Lovers heart,
And in a Virgins too, when she wants help,
To grant me your assistance, to find out
This man alive, or dead; and I will pay you
In service, tears, or prayers, a world of wealth:
But other treasure, I have none: alas!

You men have strong hearts; but we feeble maids
Have tender eyes, which only given be
To blind themselves, crying for what they see.

Phil. Why dost thou charge me thus? have I been
found

Slow to perform, what I could but imagine
Thy wishes were; have I at any time
Tender'd a business of mine own, beyond
A vanity of thine? have I not been
As if I were a senseless creature, made
To serve thee without pow'r of questioning,
If so, why fear'st thou?

Theo. I am satisfied.

Phil. Come; then let's go: where's *Leocadia*?

Theo. I know not Sir.

Phil. Where's *Leocadia*?

Theo. I do not know,

Phil. Leocadia,

This Tumult made the streets as dead as night,
A man may talk as freely: what's become
Of *Leocadia*? *Theo.* She's run away.

Phil. Begone, and let us never more behold
Each others face, till we may, both together,
Fasten our eyes on her: accursed be
Those tender cozening names of charity,
And natural affection, they have lost
Me only by observing them, what cost
Travel, and fruitless wishes may in vain.
Search through the world, but never find again.

Theo. Good Sir be patient, I have done no fault
Worthy this banishment.

Phil. Yes *Leocadia*,

The Lady so distress'd, who was content
To lay her story, and to lay her heart
As open as her story to your self,
Who was content, that I should know her Sex,
Before dissembl'd and to put her self
Into my conduct, whom I undertook
Safely to guard, is in this Tumult lost.

Theo. And can I help it Sir?

Phil. No, would thou couldst,

You might have done, but for that zeald religion
You women bear to swownings, you do pick
Your times to faint when some body is by:
Bound or by nature, or by love, or service
To raise you from that well dissembled death:
Inform me but of one that has been found
Dead in her private chamber by her self,
Where sickness would no more forbear, than here,
And I will quit the rest for her.

Theo. I know not

What they may do, and how they may dissemble;
But by my troth, I did not.

Phil. By my troth,

Would I had try'd; would I had let thee layn,
And followed her.

Theo. I would you had done so

Rather, than been so angry: where's *Antonio*?

Phil. Why dost thou vex me with these questions?

I'll tell thee where, he's carried to the Gallies,
There to be chain'd, and row, and beat, and row
With knotted ropes, and pizzels; if he swound,
He has a dose of bisket.

Theo. I am glad

He is alive.

Phil. Was ever man thus troubled,
Tell me where *Leocadia* is?

Theo. Good brother be not so hasty, and I think I can:
You found no error in me, when I first
Told you she was a woman, and believe me
Something I have found out, which makes me think.
Nay, almost know so well, that I durst swear
She follow'd hurt *Antonio*.

Phil. What do we

Enter

Enter the Governor, two Attendants, and the Townsmen.

Then lingering here; we will aboard the Galleys
And find her.

Gov. Made he a shot into the Town?

1. *Attend.* He did Sir.

Gov. Call back those Gentlemen.

1. *Attend.* The Governor, commands you back.

Phil. We will obey him Sir.

Gov. You gave him cause to shoot; I know, he is
So far from rash offence, and holds with me
Such curious friendship: could not one of you
Have call'd me while 'twas doing, such an uproar,
Before my dore too? (publick cause, of our own

1. *Townsf.* By my troth Sir, we were so busy in the
Private falling out: that we forgot it: at home we see now
You were not, but as soon as the shot made us fly, we ran
Away as fast as we could to seek your honor.

Gov. 'Twas gravely done; but no man tells the cause
Or chance, or what it was that made you differ.

1. *Townsf.* For my part Sir, if there were any that I knew
Of, the shot drove it out of my head, do you know any
all. Not we, not we. (neighbours.

Gov. Not we! nor can you tell.

1. *Attend.* No other cause,

But the old quarrel betwixt the Town and the Galleys.

Gov. Come nearer Gentlemen: what are your names?

Phil. My name *Philippo*.

Theo. And mine *Theodoro*.

Gov. Strangers you are it seems.

Phil. Newly arriv'd.

Gov. Then you are they begun this Tumult.

Phil. No Sir.

Gov. Speak one of you.

1. *Attend.* They are not, I can quit 'em.

Theo. Yet we saw part, and an unhappy part
Of this debate, a long fought friend of ours
Strook down for dead, and born unto the Galleys,
His name is *Markantonio*.

Phil. And another

Of our company, a Gentleman
Of noble birth, besides accompanied
With all the gifts of nature, raviſh'd hence
We know not how, in this dissention.

Gov. Get you home all, and work; and when I hear
You meddle with a weapon any more

Put those belonging to your Trades, I'll lay you

Where your best Customers shall hardly find you. *Exit.*

I am sorry gentlemen, I troubled you, *Townsf-*

Being both strangers, by your tongues, and looks, *men.*

Of worth: To make ye some part of amends

If there be any thing in this poor Town

Of *Barcelona* that you would command,

Command me.

Theo. Sir, this wounded Gentleman,
If it might please you, if your pow'r and love

Extend so far, I would be glad to wish

Might be remov'd into the Town for cure:

The Galleys stay not, and his wound I know

Cannot endure a voyage.

Gov. Sir, he shall,

I warrant you: Go call me hither Sirrah,

One of my other Servants. *Exit 1. attendant.*

Phil. And besides.

The Gentleman we lost, Signior *Francisco*,

Shall be render'd too.

Enter a Servant.

Gov. And he Sir too: Go sirrah, bear this ring

To *Roderigo*, my most noble friend,

The General of the Galleys: Tell him this. *Exit servant.*

Whispers to his Servant.

Theo. Now we shall have 'em both.

Phil. Blest be thy thoughts
For apprehending this: blest be thy breath
For uttering it.

Gov. Come Gentlemen, you shall
Enter my roof: and I will send for Surgeons,
And you shall see your friends here presently.

Theo. His name was *Markantonio*.

Gov. I know it,
And have sent word so.

Phil. Did you not forget
Francisco's name?

Gov. Nor his: y'are truly welcome,
To talk about it more, were but to say
The same word often over: you are welcome. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Markantonio*, carried, *Leocadia* following; and the
Servant. 2 Soldiers carrying him.

Serv. This is the house Sir.

Mar. Enter it, I pray you,
For I am faint, although I think my wound
Be nothing. Soldiers, leave us now: I thank you.

1. *Sold.* Heaven fend you health Sir.

Serv. Let me lead you in.

Mark. My wound's not in my feet; I shall entreat 'em
I hope to bear me so far. *Exit.* (neral made a

2. *Sold.* How seriously these land men fled, when our Ge-
Shot, as if he had been a warning to call 'em to their Hall.

1. *Sold.* I cannot blame 'em, What man have they now
in the

Town, able to maintain a Tumult, or uphold a matter out
Of square if need be? O the quiet hurley burleys that I
Have seen in this Town, when we have fought four hours
Together, and not a man amongst us so impertinent or
Modest to ask why? but now the pillars that bare
Up this blessed Town in that regular debate, and
Scambling, are dead, the more's the pitty.

2. *Sold.* Old *Ignatio* lives still. (mans liver:

1. *Sold.* Yes, I know him: he will do prettily well at a
But where is there any man now living in the Town
That hath a steady hand, and understands *Anatomy*
Well? if it come to a particular matter of the lungs,
Or the spleen, why? alas *Ignatio* is to seek; are
There any such men left as I have known, that
Would say they would hit you in this place? is there
Ever a good heartist, or a member-percer, or a
Small-gut man left in the Town, answer
Me that?

2. *Sold.* Mafs, I think there be not.

1. *Sold.* No, I warrant thee. Come, come, 'tis time
We were at the Galleys. *Exeunt.*

Enter Governor, *Eugenia*, *Markantonio*, *Philippo*, *Theo-*
dofia, *Leocadia*, *Attendants*.

Gov. Sir, you may know by what I said already,
You may command my house; but I must beg
Pardon to leave you, if the publick business
Forc'd me not from you, I myself should call it
Unmannerly: but good Sir, do you give it
A milder name: it shall not be an hour
Ere I return.

Mar. Sir, I was nere so poor.
In my own thoughts, as that I want a means
To requite this with.

Gov. Sir, within this hour. *Exit.*

Marc. This the Lady that I quarrell'd for?
O lust if wounds cannot restrain thy power,
Let shame: nor do I feel my hurt at all,
Nor is it ought, only I was well beaten:
If I pursue it, all the civil world

That

That ever did imagine the content
Found in the band of man and wife unbroke,
The reverence due to households, or the blemish
That may be stuck upon posterity
Will catch me, bind me, burn upon my forehead,
This is the wounded stranger, that receiv'd
For charity into a house, attempted——
I will not do it.

Eng. Sir, how do you do now?
That you walk off.

Marc. Worse Madam, than I was;
But it will over.

Eng. Sit, and rest a while.

Marc. Where are the Surgeons?

Eng. Sir, it is their manner,
When they have seen the wound especially,
The patient being of worth, to go consult,
Which they are now at in another room,
About the dressing.

Marc. Madam, I do feel my self not well

Theo. Alas!

Leoc. How do you Sir.

Eng. Will you drink waters?

Marc. No good Madam, 'tis not
So violent upon me; nor I think
Any thing dangerous: but yet there are
Some things that sit so heavy on my conscience,
That will perplex my mind, and stop my cure,
So that unless I utter 'em. A scratch
Here on my thumb will kill me: Gentlemen,
I pray you leave the room, and come not in
Your selves, or any other till I have
Open'd my self to this most honour'd Lady:

Phil. We will not

Theo. O blest! he will discover now
His love to me.

Leoc. Now he will tell the Lady
Our Contract.

Eng. I do believe he will confes to me
The wrong he did a Lady in the streets;
But I forgive him.

Marc. Madam, I perceive
My self grow worse and worse.

Eng. Shall I call back your friends?

Marc. O no, but e'r I do impart
What burthens me so sore, let me intreat you,
(For there is no trust in these Surgeons)
To look upon my wound; it is perhaps
My last request: But tell me truly too,
That must be in: how far do you imagine
It will have pow'r upon me.

Eng. Sir, I will.

Marc. For heavens sake, softly: oh, I must needs lay
My head down easily, whilst you do it.

Eng. Do Sir,
'Tis but an ordinary blow; a child
Of mine has had a greater, and been well;
Are you faint hearted?

Marc. Oh.

Eng. Why do you sigh?
There is no danger in the world in this;
I wonder it should make a man sit down;
What do you mean, why do you kiss my breasts?
Lift up your head, your wound, may well endure it.

Marc. O Madam, may I not express affection,
Dying-affection too I fear, to those
That do me favors, such as this of yours.

Eng. If you mean so, 'tis well; but what's the business
Lies on your conscience?

Marc. I will tell you Madam.

Eng. Tell me and laugh?

Marc. But I will tell you true
Though I do laugh, I know as well as you
My wound is nothing, nor the power of earth

Could lay a wound upon me in your presence,
That I could feel; but I do laugh to think
How covertly, how far beyond the reach
Of men, and wise men too, we shall deceive 'em,
Whilst they imagine I am talking here
With that short breath I have, ready to sfound
At every full point; you my ghostly Mother
To hear my sad confession, you and I
Will on that bed within, prepar'd for me,
Debate the matter privately.

Eng. Forbear,
Thou wert but now as welcome to this house
As certain cures to sick men, and just now
This sudden alteration makes thee look
Like plagues come to infect it; if thou knewst
How loathsome thou wilt be, thou wouldst intreat
These wals, or posts to help thee to a hurt,
Past thy dissimulation.

Mar. Gentle Madam
Call 'em not in?

Eng. I will not yet, this place
I know to be within the reach of tongue,
And ears, thou canst not force me; therefore hear me
What I will tell thee quickly, thou art born
To end some way more disesteem'd than this,
Or which is worse, to dye of this hurt yet,
Come Gentlemen.

Enter Leocadia.

Mar. Good Madam.

Eng. Gentlemen.

Leoc. Madam how is't? is *Mark-antonio* well?
Methinks your looks are alter'd, and I see
A strange distemper in you.

Eng. I am wrought
By that dissembling man, that fellow worth
Nothing but kicking.

Exit.

Enter Philippo and Theodosia.

Leo. Gentle Madam speak
To me alone let not them understand
His fault, he will repent I dare swear.

Eng. I'll tell it you in private.

Phil. Mark-antonio,
How do you?

Mar. Stand farther off I pray you
Give me some ayre.

Theo. Good Brother, will he scape;
The Surgeons say there is no danger.

Phil. Scape?
No doubt he will.

Leo. Alas will he not leave
This trying all; Madam, I do beseech you
Let me but speak to him, you and these by,
And I dare almost promise you to make him
Shew himself truly sorrowful to you, besides a story I shall
Not put in so good words but in it self (open to you,
So full of chance, that you will easily
Forgive my tediousness, and be well pleas'd
With that so much afflicts me.

Eng. Good Sir do.

Leo. And I desire no interruption
Of speech may trouble me till I have said
What I will quickly do.

Theo. What will she say.

Eng. Come Gentlemen, I pray you lend your ears,
And keep your voyces.

Leo. Signior *Mark-antonio*

How do you do?

Mar. Oh the Surgeons.

Leoc. Let me tell you

Who

Who know as well as you, you do dissemble,
It is no time to do so; leave the thoughts
Of this vain world, forget your flesh and blood,
And make your spirit an untroubled way
To pass to what it ought.

Mar. Y're not in earnest?

Why I can walk Sir, and am well.

Leoc. 'Tis true

That you can walk, and do believe y're well:
It is the nature, as your Surgeons say
Of these wounds, for a man to go, and talk,
Nay merrily, till his last hour, his minute:
For heaven sake Sir, sit down again.

Mar. Alas

Where are the Surgeons?

Leoc. Sir, they will not come,

If they should dress you, you would dye they say
Ere one would tell twenty; trouble not your mind,
Keep your head warm, and do not stir your body,
And you may live an hour.

Mar. Oh heavens, an hour?

Alas, it is to little too remember
But half the wrongs that I have done; how short
Then for contrition, and how least of all
For satisfaction?

Leoc. But you desire

To satisfy?

Mar. Heaven knows I do.

Leoc. Then know

That I am he, or she, or what you will
Most wrong'd by you; your *Leocadia*,
I know you must remember me.

Mar. Oh heaven!

Leoc. That lost her friends, that lost her fathers house,
That lost her fame in loosing of her Sex,
With these strange garments, there is no excuse
To hinder me it is within your power
To give me satisfaction; you have time
Left in this little piece of life to do it:
Therefore I charge you for your conscience sake,
And for our fame, which I would fain have live
When both of us are dead, to celebrate
That Contract; which you have both seal'd and sworn
Yet ere you dye, which must be hastily
Heaven knows.

Mar. Alas, the sting of conscience
To death-ward for our faults; draw nearer all
And hear what I unhappy man shall say;
First Madam I desire your pardon; next
(I feel my spirits fail me) Gentlemen
Let me shake hands with you, and let's be friends,
For I have done wrong upon wrong so thick
I know not where, that every man methinks
Should be mine enemy; Forgive me both.
Lastly 'tis true (oh I do feel the power
Of death seize on me) that I was contracted
By seal and oath to *Leocadia*;

(I must speak fast, because I fear my life
Will else be shorter than my speech would be)
But 'tis impossible to satisfy

You *Leocadia*, but by repentance,
Though I can dyingly, and boldly say
I know not your dishonor, yet that was
Your virtue, and not mine, you know it well;
But herein lies th'impossibility,

O *Theodosia*, *Theodosia*

I was betroth'd to *Theodosia*

Before I ever saw thee; heaven forgive me
She is my wife this half hour whilst I live.

Theo. That's I, that's I, I'm *Theodosia*,
Hear me a little now, who have not suffer'd
Disgrace at all methinks, since you confess
What I so long have sought for, here is with me
Philippo too my Brother.

Mar. I am glad;
All happiness to him; come let me kiss thee
Beg pardon of that Maid for my offence,
And let me farther, with a dying breath
Tell in thine ear the rest of my desires.

Eug. I am afraid they will all four turn women
If we hold longer talk.

Leoc. Alas there is

No hope for me; that's *Theodosia*
And that her Brother, I am only sorry
I was beholding to 'em; I will search
Over the world, as careless of my fortunes,
As they of me, till I can meet a curse
To make these almost killing-furrows worse.

Exit.

Theo. Sir, as I live she ly'd, only to draw
A just confession from you, which she hath
A happy one for me, ask of this Lady,
Ask of my Brother.

Eug. Sir, she did dissemble,
Your wound is nothing.

Phil. *Leocadia*'s gone.

Exit.

Theo. Rise up, and stir your self, 'tis but amazement
And your imagination that afflicts you,
Look you Sir now.

Mar. I think 'tis so indeed.

Theo. The Surgeons do not come, because they swear
It needs no dressing.

Eug. You shall talk with 'em

Within, for your own fancy.

Mar. Where's your Brother, and *Leocadia*?

Eug. Within belike.

Mar. I feel my self methinks as well as ever.

Eug. Keep then your mind so too; I do forgive
The fault you did to me; But here is one
Must not be wrong'd hereafter.

Mar. Neither shall she

When I make jests of oaths again, or make
My lust play with religion, when I leave
To keep true joys for her, and yet within
My self true sorrow for my pass'd deeds
May I want grace, when I would fain repent,
And find a great and sodain punishment.

Exeunt.

Actus V.

Scena Prima.

Enter Philippo, Diego, and Incubo.

Phil. **W**Here is mine Host, did not he see him neither?

Die. Not I, i'faith Sir.

Phil. Nor the muleter?

Inc. Nay he is past seeing, unless it be in's sleep;
By this time; all his visions were the pots,
Three hours since Sir.

Phil. Which way should she take?

Nay, look you now; do you all stand still? good Heaven
You might have lighted on him, now this instant?
For loves sake see him out, who ever find him
I will reward his fortune as his diligence;
Get all the Town to help, that will be hir'd,
Their pains I'll turn to annual holiday,
If it shall chance, but one bring word of her,
Pray you about it.

Inc. Her Sir? who do you mean?

Phil. (I had forgot my self) the Page I meant
That came along with us.

Die. He you gave the clothes too?

Phil. I ga' the clothes to; Rascal?

Die.

Die. Nay good Sir.

Phi. Why dost thou mention or upbraid my courtesies
Slave?

Die. For your honor Sir.

Phi. Wretch; I was honor'd,
That she would wear 'em (he, I would say) 's death?
Go, get, and find 'em out, or never see me,
I shall betray my love e'r I possess it,
Some Star direct me, or ill Planet strike me. *Exit Phil.*

Inc. Best to divide.

Die. I'll this way.

Inc. And I this.

Die. I, as you, find him for a *Real*.

Inc. 'Tis done.

Die. My course is now directly to some Pie-house
I know the Pages compafs.

Inc. I think rather

The smock-side o'th' Town, the surer harbor
At his years to put in.

Die. If I do find

The hungry haunt, I take him by the teeth now.

Inc. I by the tail, yet I as you.

Die. No more. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Philippo.

Phi. Dear *Leocadia*, where canst thou be fled
Thus like a spirit hence? and in a moment?
What cloud can hide thee from my following search
If yet thou art a body? sure she hath not
Tane any house? she did too late leave one
Where all humanity of a place receiv'd her,
And would, (if she had staid) have help'd to right
The wrong her fortune did her; yet she must
Be enter'd somewhere, or be found, no street,
Lane, passage, corner, turn, hath scap'd enquiry:
If her despair had ravish'd her to air
She could not yet be rarified so
But some of us should meet her? though their eyes
Perhaps be leaden, and might turn; mine would
Strike out a lightning for her, and divide
A mist as thick as ever darkness was,
Nay see her through a quarry; they do lye,
Lye grossly that say love is blind; by him,
And heaven they lye; he has a sight can pierce
Through Ivory, as clear as it were horn,
And reach his object.

Enter Incubo.

Inc. Sir, he's found, he's found.

Phi. Ha? where? But reach that happy Note again
And let it relish truth, thou art an Angel.

Inc. He's here; fast by Sir, calling for a Boat
To go aboard the Gallies.

Phi. Where, where; hold thee. *Exit.*

Inc. He might ha' kept this now, I had nought to shew for't,
If he had had the wit, t' have gone from's word,
These direct men, they are no men of fashion,
Talk what you will, this is a very smelt. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Leonardo with a Surgeon.

Leo. Upon your Art Sir, and your faith to assist it
Shall I believe you then his wound's not mortal?

Surg. Sir, 'tis not worth your question; less your fear.

Leo. You doe restore me Sir, I pray you accept
This small remembrance of a fathers thanks
For so assur'd a benefit.

Surg. Excuse me.

Leo. Sir, I can spare it, and must not believe
But that your fortune may receiv't, except
You'd ha' methink you live not by your practice.

Sur. I crave your pardon Sir; you teach me manners.

Leo. I crave your love and friendship, and require
As I have made now, both my self and business
A portion of your care, you will but bring me
Under the person of a call'd assistant

To his next opening, where I may but see him,
And utter a few words to him in private,
And you will merit me; for I am loth
Since here I have not to appear my self,
Or to be known unto the Governor,
Or make a tumult of my purpose.

Surg. Neither

I hope will be your need Sir; I shall bring you
Both there, and off again without the hazard. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Philippo, and Leocadia.

Pb. Will you not hear me!

Leo. I have heard so much
Will keep me deaf for ever; No, *Mark-antonio*
After thy sentence, I may hear no more,
Thou hast pronounc'd me dead.

Phi. Appeal to reason,
She will reprieve you from the power of grief,
Which rules but in her absence; Hear me say
A sovereign message from her, which in duty,
And love to your own safety, you ought hear:
Why do you strive so? whither would you flie?
You cannot wrest your self away from care
You may from counsel; you may shift your place
But not your person; and another Clyme
Makes you no other.

Leo. Oh.

Phi. For passions sake,
(Which I do serve, honor, and love in you)
If you will sigh, sigh here; If you would vary
A sigh to tears, or out-cry, do it here.
No shade, no desert, darkness, nor the grave
Shall be more equal to your thoughts than I,
Only but hear me speak.

Leo. What would you say?

Phi. That which shall raise your heart, or pull down mine,
Quiet your passion, or provoke mine own;
We must have both one balsome, or one wound,
For know (lov'd fair) since the first providence
Made me your rescue, I have read you through,
And with a wondring pity look'd on you,
I have observ'd the method of your blood,
And waited on it even with sympathy
Of alike Red, and Paleness in mine own;
I knew which blush was angers, which was loves;
Which was the eye of sorrow, which of truth:
And could distinguish honor from disdain
In every change: and you are worth my study;
I saw your voluntary misery
Sustain'd in travel: A disguis'd Maid
Wearied with seeking: and with finding lost,
Neglected, where you hop'd most, or put by;
I saw it, and have laid it to my heart,
And though it were my Sister which was righted,
Yet being by your wrong, I put off nature,
Could not be glad, where I must bound to triumph;
My care for you, so drown'd respect of her;
Nor did I only apprehend your bonds,
But studied your release: and for that day
Have I made up a ransom, brought you a health
Preservative 'gainst chance, or injury
Please you apply it to the grief; my self.

Leo. Humph.

Phi. Nay, do not think me less than such a cure,
Antonio was not; And 'tis possible
Philippo may succeed: My blood and house

Are as deep rooted: and as fairly spread;
As *Mark-antonio*, and in that, all seek,
Fortune hath given him no precedency:
As for our thanks to Nature I may burn
Incense as much as he; I ever durst
Walk with *Antonio* by the self-same light
At any feast, or triumph, and ne'r car'd
Which side my Lady or her woman took
In their survey; I durst have told my tale too
Though his discourse new ended.

Leo. My repulse.

Phi. Let not that torture you, which makes me happy
Nor think that conscience (fair) which is no shame
'Twas no repulse, I was your Dowry rather:
For then methought a thousand graces met
To make you lovely, and ten thousand stories
Of constant virtue, which you then out-reach'd,
In one example did proclaim you rich:
Nor do I think you wretched, or disgrac'd,
After this suffering, and do therefore take
Advantage of your need; but rather know
You are the charge and business of those powers,
Who, like best Tutors, do inflict hard tasks
Upon great Natures, and of noblest hopes;
Read trivial Lessons, and halfe lines to slugs;
They that live long, and never feel mischance,
Spend more than halfe their age in ignorance.

Leo. 'Tis well you think so.

Phi. You shall think so too,
You shall sweet *Leocadia*, and do so.

Leo. Good Sir no more; you have too fair a shape
To play so foul a part in, as the Tempter:
Say that I could not make peace with fortune, who,
Who should absolve me of my vow yet; ha?
My Contract made?

Phi. Your Contract?

Leo. Yes, my Contract,
Am I not his? his wife?

Phi. Sweet, nothing less.

Leo. I have no name then?

Phi. Truly then you have not;
How can you be his wife, who was before
Another's Husband?

Leo. Oh, though he dispence
With his faith given, I cannot with mine.

Phi. You do mistake (cleer soul) his precontract
Doth annul yours, and you have giv'n no faith:
That ties you in Religion, or humanity,
You rather sin against that greater precept,
To covet what's another's; Sweet, you do
Believe me, who dare not urge dishonest things,
Remove that scruple therefore, and but take
Your dangers now, into your judgements skale
And weigh them with your safeties: Think but whither
Now you can goe: what you can do to live?
How near you ha' barr'd all Ports to to your own succor,
Except this one that I here open Love
Should you be left alone, you were a prey
To the wild lust of any, who would look
Upon this shape like a temptation

And think you want the man you personate
Would not regard this shift, which love put on
As virtue forc'd, but covet it like vice;
So should you live the slander of each Sex,
And be the child of error and of shame,
And which is worse, even *Mark-antonie*.
Would be call'd just, to turn a wanderer off.
And Fame report you worthy his contempt;
Where if you make new choice, and settle here
There is no further tumult in this flood,
Each current keeps his course, and all suspicions
Shall return honors: Came you forth a Maid?
Go home a Wife? alone? and in disguise?
Go home a waited *Leocadia*:

Go home, and by the viruue of that charm
Transform all mischiefs, as you are transform'd;
Turn your offended Fathers wrath to wonder.
Add all his loud grief to a silent welcome:
Unfold the Riddles you have made, what say you?

Enter Sanchio carried, Alphonso, and Servants.

Now is the time; delay is but despair,
If you be chang'd, let a kiss tell me so.

Leo. I am: but how, I rather feel than know.

Sanc. Come Sir; you are welcome now to *Barcelona*;
Take off my hood.

Phi. Who be these? stay, let's view 'em?

Alph. 'Twas a long journey: are you not weary Sir?

Sanc. Weary? I could have rid it in mine Armour.

Leo. Alas!

Phi. What ail you dear?

Leo. It is my Father,

Phi. Your Father: which?

Leo. He that is carried: oh

Let us make hence.

Phi. For loves sake: good my heart.

Leo. Into some house before he see me.

Phi. Dear,

Be not thus frighted,

Leo. Oh his wrath is tempest.

Phi. Sweet, take your spirit to you, and stay, be't he,
He cannot know you in this habit, and me
I'm sure he less knows, for he never saw me.

Alph. Ha? who is that? my Son *Philippo*?

Phi. Sir,

Alph. Why, what make you here? Is this *Salamanca*?
And that your study? ha? nay stay him too,
We'll see him by his leave.

Serv. You must not strive Sir!

Alph. No, no, come near.

Sanc. My Daughter: *Leocadia*?

Alph. How Sir, your Daughter?

Sanc. Yes Sir, and as sure

As that's your Son: Come hither: what now? run
Out o' your sex? breech'd? was't not enough
At once to leave thy Father, and thine honor,
Unless th' hadst quit thy self too.

Phi. Sir, what fault

She can be urg'd of, I must take on me
The guilt and punishment.

Sanc. You must Sir: how

If you shall not, though you must? I deal not
With boys Sir; I, you have a Father here
Shall do me right.

Alph. Thou art not mad *Philippo*?

Art thou *Mark-antonie*? Son to *Leonardo*?
Our business is to them.

Sanc. No, no, no, no.

I'll ha' the business now: with you, none else,
Pray you let's speak, in private: (carry me to him)
Your Son's the ravisher Sir, and here I find him:
I hope you'll give me cause to think you noble,
And do me right, with your sword Sir, as becomes
One gentleman of honor to another;
All this is fair Sir: here's the Sea fast by,
Upon the sands, we will determine
'Tis that I call you to; let's make no daies on't;
I'll lead your way; to the sea-side Rascals.

Phil. Sir

I would beseech your stay; he may not follow you.

San. No, turn, I'll kill him here then: Slaves, Rogues,
Blocs.

Why do you not bear me to him? ha? you been
Acquainted with my motions, loggs, so long
And yet not know to time 'em.

Phi. Were you Sir
Not impotent.

Alph. Hold you your peace Boy.

Sanc. Impotent,

'Death, I'll cut his throat first, and then his Fathers.

Alph. You must provide you then a sharper Razor Than is your tongue, for I not fear your sword.

Sanc. 'Heart bear me to either of 'em.

Pbi. Pray Sir your patience.

Enter Governor and Attendants.

Alph. My curse light on thee if thou stay him.

Pbi. Hold.

Gov. Why, what's the matter, Gentlemen, what tumult Is this you raise i'th' street? before my door?

Know you what 'tis to draw a weapon here?

Sanc. Yes, and to use it (bear me up to him, Rogues) Thus, at a Traitors heart.

Alph. Truer than thine.

Gov. Strike, strike; Some of the people difarm 'em, Kill 'em if they resist.

Pbi. Nay generous Sir

Let not your courtesie turn fury now.

Gov. Lay hold upon 'em, take away their weapons, I will be worth an answer, e'r we part.

Pbi. 'Tis the Governor Sir.

Alph. I yield my self.

(tell me.

Sanch. My Sword? what thinkst thou of me? pray thee

1 *Attend.* As of a Gentleman.

Sanch. No more?

1 *Attend.* Of worth,

And quality.

Sanch. And I should quit my sword There were small worth or quality in that friend; Pray thee learn thou more worth and quality Than to demand it.

Gov. Force it I say.

1 *Attend.* The Governor

You hear, commands.

Sanch. The Governr shall pardon me.

Pbi. How, *Leocadia* gone again?

Exit Phi.

Sanch. He shall friend

I' th' point of honor; by his leave, so tell him, His person and authority I acknowledge, And do submit me to it; but my Sword, He shall excuse me, were he fifteen Governors; That and I dwell together, and must yet Till my hands part, assure him.

Gov. I say force it.

Sanch. Stay, hear me. Hast thou ever read *Caranza*? Understandst thou honor, Noble Governor?

Gov. For that we'll have more fit dispute.

Sanch. Your name Sir?

Gov. You shall know that too: but on colder terms, Your blood and brain are now too hot to take it.

Sanch. Force my Sword from me? this is an affront.

Gov. Bring 'em away.

Sanch. You'll do me reparation.

Exeunt.

Enter Philippo.

Pbi. I have for ever lost her, and am lost, And worthily my tameness hath undone me; She's gone hence, ashamed of me; yet I seek her. Will she be ever found to me again, Whom she saw stand so poorly, and dare nothing In her defence, here? when I should have drawn This Sword out like a Meteor, and have shot it In both our Parents eies, and left 'em blind Unto their impotent angers? Oh I am worthy On whom this loss and scorn should light to death. Without the pity that should wish me better, Either alive, or in my Epitaph,

Enter Leonardo, Mark-Antonio.

Leo. Well Son, your Father is too near himself And hath too much of nature to put off Any affection that belongs to you, I could have only wish'd you had acquainted Her Father, whom it equally concerns, Though y'had presum'd on me: it might have open'd An easier gate, and path to both our joyes: For though I am none of those flinty Fathers That when their children do but natural things, Turn rock and offence straight: yet *Mark-antonio*; All are not of my quarry.

Mar. 'Tis my fear Sir; And if hereafter I should e'r abuse So great a piety, it were my malice.

Enter Attendants.

Atten. We must intreat you Gentlemen to take Another room, the Governor is coming Here, on some business.

Enter Governor, Sanchio, Alphonso. Attendants.

Mar. We will give him way.

Sanch. I will have right Sir on you; that believe; If there be any Marshals Court in *Spain*.

Gov. For that Sir we shall talk.

Sanch. — Do not slight me, Though I am without a Sword.

Gov. Keep to your Chair Sir.

Sanch. — Let me fall, and hurle my chair! (slaves) at him.

Gov. You are the more temper'd man Sir: let me intreat Of you the manner how this brawl fell out,

Alph. Fell out? I know not how: nor do I care much:

But here we came Sir to this Town together, Both in one business, and one wrong, engag'd, To seek one *Leonardo*, an old *Genoese*, I ha' said enough there; would you more? false father Of a false son, call'd *Mark-antonio*, Who had stole both our Daughters; and which Father Conspiring with his Son in treachery, It seem'd, to flie our satisfaction, Was, as we heard, come private to this Town Here to take ship for *Italy*,

Leo. You heard

More than was true then: by the fear, or falshood, And though I thought not to reveal my self (Pardon my manners in't to you) for some Important reasons; yet being thus character'd And challeng'd, know I dare appear, and doe To who dares threaten.

Mar. I say he is not worthy The name of man, or any honest preface, That dares report or credit such a slander. Do you Sir say it?

Alph. I doe say it.

Gov. Hold.

Is this your father Signior *Mark-antonio*? You have ill requited me thus to conceal him From him would honor him, and do him service,

Enter Eugenia.

Leon. 'Twas not his fault Sir.

Eug. Where's my Lord?

Gov. Sweet-heart.

Eug. Know you these Gentlemen? they are all the fathers Unto our friends.

Gov. So it appears my Dove.

Sanch. Sir, I say nothing: I do want a Sword. And till I have a Sword I will say nothing.

Eug. Good Sir, command these Gentlemen their Arms,
Entreat 'em as your friends, not as your prisoners.

Where be their Swords?
Gov. Restore each man his weapon.

Sanch. It seems thou hast not read *Caranza*, fellow
I must have reparation of honor,
As well as this: I find that wounded.

Gov. Sir,
I did not know your quality, if I had
'Tis like I should have done you more respects.

Sanch. It is sufficient, by *Caranza*'s rule.

Eug. I know it is Sir.

Sanch. Have you read *Caranza* Lady?

Eug. If you mean him that writ upon the Duel,
He was my kinsman.

Sanch. Lady, then you know
By the right noble writings of your kinsman,
My honor is as dear to me, as the Kings.

Eug. 'Tis very true Sir.

Sanch. Therefore I must crave
Leave to go on now with my first dependance.

Eug. What ha' you more?

Gov. None here good Signior.

Sanch. I will, refer me to *Caranza* still.

Eug. Nay love, I prethee let me manage this.
With whom is't Sir?

Sanch. With that false man *Alphonso*.

Eug. Why he has th' advantage Sir, in legs.

Sanch. But I

In truth, in hand and heart, and a good Sword.

Eug. But how if he will not stand you Sir?

Alph. For that,

Make it no question Lady, I will stick
My feet in earth down by him, where he dare.

Sanch. O would thou wouldst.

Alph. I'll do't.

Sanch. Let me kiss him.

I fear thou wilt not yet.

Eug. Why Gentlemen,

If you'll proceed according to *Caranza*,
Methinks an easier way, were too good chairs,
So you would be content Sir, to be bound,
'Cause he is lame? I'll fit you with like weapons,
Pistols and Ponyards, and ev'n end it. If
The difference between you be so mortal.
It cannot be tane up.

Sanch. Tane up? take off

This head first.

Alph. Come bind me in a chair.

Eug. Yes, do.

Gov. What mean you, Dove.

Eug. Let me alone,

And set 'em at their distance: when you ha' done
Lend me two Ponyards; I'll have Pistols ready
Quickly.

Exit.

Enter Philippo.

Phi. She is not here *Mark-antonio*,
Saw you not *Leocadia*?

Mar. Not I brother.

(*her.*

Phi. Brother let's speak with you; you were false unto

Mar. I was, but have ask'd pardon: why do you urge it?

Phi. You were not worthy of her.

Mar. Maybe I was not;

But 'tis not well, you tell me so.

Phi. My Sister

Is not so fair.

Mar. It skills not.

Phi. Nor so virtuous.

Mar. Yes, she must be as virtuous.

Phi. I would fain——

Mar. What brother?

Phi. Strike you.

Mar. I shall not bear strokes,

Though I do these strange words.

Phi. Will you not kill me?

Mar. For what good brother?

Phi. Why, for speaking well

Of *Leocadia*,

Mar. No indeed.

Phi. Nor ill

Of *Theodosia*?

Enter Eugenia, Leocadia, Theodosia, and one with two Pistols.

Mar. Neither.

Phi. Fare you well then.

Eug. Nay, you shall have as noble seconds too
As ever Duellists had; give 'em their weapons:

Now *St. Jago*:

Sanch. Are they charg'd?

Eug. Charg'd Sir?

I warrant you.

Alph. Would they were well discharg'd.

Sanch. I like a Sword much better I confess.

Eug. Nay, wherefore stay you? shall I mend your mark?
Strike one another, thorough these?

Phi. My love.

Alph. My *Theodosia*.

Sanch. I ha' not the heart.

Alph. Nor I.

Eug. Why here is a dependance ended.
Unbind that Gentleman; come take here to you
Your Sons and Daughters, and be friends. A feast
Waits you within, is better than your fray:
Lovers, take you your own, and all forbear
Under my roof, either to blush or fear.
My love, what say you? could *Caranza* himself
Carry a business better?

Gov. It is well:

All are content I hope, and we well eas'd.

If they for whom we have done all this be pleas'd.

Exeunt.

PROLOGUE.

TO this place Gentlemen, full many a day
We have bid ye welcome; and to many a Play:
And those whose angry souls were not diseas'd
With Law, or lending Money, we have pleas'd;
And make no doubt to do again. This night
No mighty matter, nor no light,
We must intreat you look for: A good tale,
Told in two hours, we will not fail
If we be perfect, to rehearse ye: New
I am sure it is, and handsome; but how true

Let them dispute that writ it. Ten to one
We please the Women, and I would know that man
Follows not their example? If ye mean
To know the Play well, travel with the Scene.
For it lies upon the Road; if we chance tire,
As ye are good men, leave us not i' th' mire,
Another bait may mend us: If you grow
A little gall'd or weary; cry but ho,
And we'll stay for ye. When our journey ends
Every mans Pot I hope, and all part friends.

T H E
DOUBLE MARRIAGE.
 A Tragedy.

The Persons Represented in the Play.

<p>Ferrand, <i>The libidinous Tyrant of Naples.</i> Virolet, <i>A noble Gent. studious of his Countries freedom.</i> Briffonet, } <i>Two honest Gentlemen, confederates with Virolet.</i> Camillo, } Ronvere, <i>A villain, Captain of the Guard.</i> Villio, <i>A Court fool.</i> Castruccio, <i>A court Parasite,</i> Pandulpho, <i>A noble Gentleman of Naples, Father to Virolet.</i> The Duke of Sesse, <i>An enemy to Ferrand, proscribed and turn'd Pirate.</i></p>	<p>Ascanio, <i>Nephew and successor to Ferrand.</i> Boy, <i>Page to Virolet.</i> Master, Gunner, Boat-swain, Chirurgion, Sailors, Doctor, Citizens, Guard, Soldiers, Servants,</p>
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W O M E N.

Juliana, *The matchleses Wife of Virolet,*
 Martia, *Daughter to the Duke of Sesse.*

The Scene Naples.

The principal Actors were

Joseph Taylor,
Robert Benfield,
John Underwood,
George Birch,

John Lowin,
Rich. Robinson,
Nich. Tooly,
Rich. Sharp.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Virolet, and Boy.

Vir. **B**oy.
Boy. Sir?
Vir. If my wife seek me, tell her that
 Defigns of weight, too heavy for her know-
 ledge,
 Exact my privacy
Boy. I shall, Sir.
Vir. Do then,
 And leave me to my self.

Boy. 'Tis a raw morning
 And would you please to interpret that for duty
 Which you may construe boldness, I could wish
 To arm your self against it, you would use
 More of my service.

Vir. I have heat within here,
 A noble heat (good boy) to keep it off,
 I shall not freeze; deliver my excuse,
 And you have done your part,

Boy. That is prevented,
 My Lady follows you.

Enter
 Juliana.

Vir.

Vir. Since I must be crost then,
Let her perform that office.

Boy. I obey you.

Vir. Prethee to bed; to be thus fond's more tedious
Than if I were neglected.

Jul. 'Tis the fault then
Of Love and Duty, which I would fall under,
Rather than want that care which you may challenge
As due to my obedience.

Vir. I confels
This tenderness argues a loving Wife,
And more deserves my hearts best thanks; than anger.
Yet I must tell ye Sweet, you do exceed
In your affection, if you would ingross me
To your delights alone.

Jul. I am not jealous,
If my embraces have distasted you,
As I must grant you every way so worthy
That 'tis not in weak woman to deserve you,
Much less in miserable me, that want
Those graces, some more fortunate are stor'd with.
Seek any whom you please, and I will study
With my best service to deserve those favors,
That shall yield you contentment.

Vir. You are mistaken.

Jul. No, I am patient Sir, and so good morrow;
I will not be offensive.

Vir. Hear my reasons.

Jul. Though in your life a widdows bed receives me,
For your sake I must love it. May she prosper
That shall succeed me in it, and your ardor
Last longer to her.

Vir. By the love I bear,
First to my Countreys peace; next to thy self
To whom compar'd, my life I rate at nothing;
Stood here a Lady that were the choice abstract
Of all the beauties nature ever fashion'd,
Or Art gave ornament to, compar'd to thee,
Thus as thou art obedient and loving,
I should contemn and loath her.

Jul. I doe believe.

How I am blest
In my assur'd belief? this is unfeign'd;
And why this sadness then?

Vir. Why *Juliana*,
Believe me, these my sad and dull retirements,
My often, nay almost continued Fasts,
Sleepbanisht from my eyes, all pleasures, strangers,
Have neither root nor growth from any cause
That may arrive at Woman. Shouldst thou be,
As chastity forbid, false to my bed,
I should lament my fortune, perhaps punish
Thy falsehood, and then study to forget thee:
But that which like a never-emptied spring;
Feeds high the torrent of my swelling grief,
Is what my Countrey suffers; there's a ground
Where sorrow may be planted, and spring up,
Through yielding rage, and womanish despair,
And yet not shame the owner.

Jul. I do believe it true,
Yet I should think my self a happy woman,
If, in this general and timely mourning,
I might or give to you, or else receive
A little lawful comfort.

Vir. Thy discretion
In this may answer for me; look on *Naples*
The Countrey where we both were born and bred,
Naples the Paradise of *Italy*,
As that is of the earth; *Naples*, that was
The sweet retreat of all the worthiest *Romans*,
When they had shar'd the spoils of the whole world;
This flourishing Kingdom, whose inhabitants
For wealth and bravery, liv'd like petty Kings,
Made subject now to such a tyrannie.

Exit.

As that fair City that receiv'd her name
From *Constantine* the great, now in the power
Of barbarous Infidels, may forget her own;
To look with pity on our miseries;
So far in our calamities we transcend her.
For since this *Arragonian* tyrant, *Ferrand*,
Seiz'd on the government, there's nothing left us
That we can call our own, but our afflictions.

Jul. And hardly those; the Kings strange cruelty,
Equals all presidents of tyranny.

Vir. Equal say you?
He has out-gone, the worst compar'd to him;
Nor *Phalaris*, nor *Dionysus*,
Caligula, nor *Nero* can be mention'd;
They yet as Kings, abus'd their Regal power;
This as a Merchant, all the Countreys fat.
He wholly does ingross unto himself;
Our Oils he buys at his own price, then sells them
To us, at dearer rates; our Plate and Jewels,
Under a fain'd pretence of publique use,
He borrows; which deny'd his instruments force,
The Races of our horses he takes from us;
Yet keeps them in our pastures; rapes of Matrons,
And Virgins, are too frequent; never man
Yet thank'd him for a pardon; for Religion,
It is a thing he dreams not of.

Jul. I have heard,
How true it is, I know not; that he sold
The Bishoprick of *Tarent* to a Jew,
For thirteen thousand Duckets.

Vir. I was present,
And saw the money paid; the day would leave me,
E'r I could number out his impious actions;
Or what the miserable Subject suffers;
And can you entertain in such a time,
A thought of dalliance? tears, and sighs, and groans,
Would better now become you.

Jul. They indeed are,
The only weapons, our poor Sex can use,
When we are injur'd; and they may become us;
But for me that were born free men, of Rank;
That would be Registred Fathers of their Countrey;
And to have on their Tombs in Golden Letters,
The noble stile of Tyrant-killers, written;
To weep like fools and Women, and not like wise men.
To practise a redress, deserves a name,
Which fits not me to give.

Vir. Thy grave reproof:
If what thou dost desire, were possible
To be effected, might well argue it,
As wise as loving; but if you consider,
With what strong guards this Tyrant is defended:
Ruffins, and male-contents drawn from all quarters;
That only know, to serve his impious Will;
The Cittadels built by him in the neck
Of this poor City; the invincible strength,
Nature by Art assisted, gave this Castle;
And above all his fear; admitting no man
To see him, but unarm'd; it being death
For any to approach him with a weapon.
You must confels, unless our hands were Cannons,
To batter down these walls; our weak breath Mines,
To blow his Forts up; or our curses lightning,
To force a passage to him; and then blast him;
Our power is like to yours, and we, like you,
Weep our misfortunes.

Jul. Walls of Brass resist not
A noble undertaking; nor can vice,
Raite any Bulwark, to make good the place,
Where virtue seeks to enter; then to fall
In such a brave attempt, were such an honor
That *Brunus*, did he live again, would envy,
Were my dead Father in you, and my Brothers;
Nay, all the Ancestors I am deriv'd from;

As you, in being what you are, are all these.
I had rather wear a mourning Garment for you,
And should be more proud of my widdowhood;
You dying for the freedom of this Countrey;
Than if I were assur'd, I should enjoy
A perpetuity of life and pleasure
With you, the Tyrant living.

Vir. Till this minute,
I never heard thee speak; O more than woman!
And more to be belov'd; can I find out
A Cabinet, to lock a secret in,
Of equal trust to thee? all doubts, and fears,
That scandalize your Sex, be far from me;
Thou shalt partake my near and dearest councils,
And further them with thine.

Jul. I will be faithful,
Vir. Know then this day, stand heaven propitious to us,
Our liberty begins.

Jul. In *Ferrands* death?
Vir. 'Tis plotted love, and strongly, and believe it,
For nothing else could do it, 'twas the thought,
How to proceed in this design and end it.
That made strange my embraces,

Jul. Curs'd be she,
That's so indulgent to her own delights,
That for their satisfaction, would give
A stop to such a glorious enterprize:
For me, I would not for the world, I had been
Guilty of such a crime; go on and prosper.
Go on my dearest Lord, I love your Honor
Above my life; nay, yours; my prayers go with you;
Which I will strengthen with my tears: the wrongs
Of this poor Countrey, edge your sword; Oh may it
Pierce deep into this Tyrants heart, and then
When you return bath'd in his guilty blood;
I'll wash you clean with fountains of true joy.
But who are your assistants? though I am
So covetous of your glory, that I could wish
You had no sharer in it.

Vir. Be not curious.
They come, however you command my bosom,
To them I would not have you seen.

Jul. I am gone Sir,
Be confident; and may my resolution
Be present with you.

Vir. Such a Masculine spirit.
With more than Womans virtues, were a Dower
To weigh down a Kings fortune.

Enter *Briffonet*, *Camillo*, *Ronvere*.

Briff. Good day to you.

Cam. You are an early stirrer.

Vir. What new face,
Bring you along?

Ron. If I stand doubted Sir?
As by your looks I guess it: you much injure
A man that loves, and truly loves this Countrey,
With as much zeal as you doe; one that hates
The Prince by whom it suffers, and as deadly;
One that dares step as far to gain my freedom,
As any he that breaths; that wears a sword
As sharp as any's.

Cam. Nay, no more comparisons.

Ron. What you but whisper, I dare speak aloud,
Stood the King by; have means to put in act too
What you but coldly plot; if this deserve then
Suspition in the best, the boldest, wisest?
Pursue your own intents, I'll follow mine;
And if I not out-strip you —

Briff. Be assur'd Sir,
A conscience like this can never be ally'd
To treachery.

Cam. Who durst speak so much,

But one that is like us, a sufferer,
And stands as we affected?

Vir. You are cozen'd
And all undone; every Intelligencer
Speaks Treason with like licence; is not this
Ronvere, that hath for many years been train'd
In *Ferrand's* School, a man in trust and favour,
Rewarded too, and highly?

Cam. Grant all this,
The thought of what he was, being as he is now
A man disgrac'd, and with contempt thrown off;
Will spurr him to revenge, as swift as they,
That never were in favour.

Vir. Poor and childish.
Briff. His regiment is cast, that is most certain;
And his command in the Castle given away.

Cam. That on my knowledge.
Vir. Grosser still, what Shepheard
Would yield the poor remainder of his Flock,
To a known Wolf; though he put on the habit
Of a most faithful dog, and bark like one?
As this but only talks.

Cam. Yes, he has means too.
Vir. I know it to my grief, weak men I know it;
To make his peace, if there were any war
Between him and his Master, betraying
Our innocent lives.

Ron. You are too suspitious
And I have born too much, beyond my temper;
Take your own waies, I'll leave you.

Vir. You may stay now;
You have enough, and all indeed you fish'd for;
But one word Gentlemen: have you discover'd
To him alone our plot?

Briff. To him and others, that are at his devotion.

Vir. Worse and worse:
For were he only conscious of our purpose;
Though with the breach of Hospitable laws,
In my own house, I'd silence him for ever:
But what is past my help, is past my care:
I have a life to lose.

Knock.

Cam. Have better hopes. (further'd)

Ron. And when you know, with what charge I have
Your noble undertaking, you will swear me
Another man; the guards I have corrupted:
And of the choice of all our noblest youths,
Attir'd like Virgins; such as Hermits would
Welcome to their sad cells, prepar'd a Maske;
As done for the Kings pleasure.

Vir. For his safety
I rather fear; and as a pageant to
Usher our ruine.

Ron. We as Torch-bearers
Will wait on these, but with such art and cunning;
I have convey'd sharp poniards in the Wax,
That we may pass, though search't through all his guards
Without suspition, and in all his glory,
Oppresshim, and with safety.

Cam. 'Tis most strange.

Vir. To be effected.

Ron. You are doubtful still.

Briff. But we resolv'd to follow him, and if you
Desist now *Virolet*, we will say 'tis fear,
Rather than providence.

Exeunt.

Cam. And so we leave you,

Enter *Julian*.

Jul. To your wise doubts, and to my better counsels;
Oh! pardon me my Lord, and trust me too;
Let me not like *Cassandra* prophesie truths,
And never be believ'd, before the mischief:
I have heard all; know this *Ronvere* a villain,
A villain that hath tempted me, and plotted

This for your ruine, only to make way
To his hopes in my embraces; at more leisure
I will acquaint you, wherefore I conceal'd it
To this last minute; if you stay, you are lost,
And all prevention too late. I know,
And 'tis to me known only, a dark cave
Within this house, a part of my poor Dower,
Where you may lie conceal'd, as in the center,
Till this rough blast be o'r, where there is air,
More then to keep in life; *Ferrand* will find you,
So curious his fears are.

Vir. 'Tis better fall
Than hide my head, now 'twas thine own advice,
My friends engag'd too.

Jul. You stand further bound,
Than to weak men that have betray'd themselves,
Or to my counsel, though then just and loyal:
Your phantise hath been good, but not your judgement,
In choice of such to side you; will you leap
From a steep Tower, because a desperate fool
Does it, and trusts the wind to save his hazard?
There's more expected from you; all menseies are fixt
On *Violet*, to help, not hurt them;
Make good their hopes and ours, you have sworn often,
That you dare credit me; and allow'd me wise
Although a woman; even Kings in great actions,
Wait opportunity, and so must you, Sir,
Or loose your understanding.

Vir. Thou art constant;
I am uncertain fool, a most blind fool;
Be thou my guide.

Jul. If I fail to direct you,
For torment or reward, when I am wretched,
May constancy forsake me.

Vir. I've my safety.

Enter *Castruchio* and *Villio*.

Vil. Why are you rapt thus?

Cast. Peace, thou art a fool.

Vil. But if I were a flatterer like your worship,
I should be wise and rich too;
There are few else that prosper, Bawds excepted,
They hold an equal place there.

Cast. A shrewd knave;
But oh the King, the happy King

Vil. Why happy?
In bearing a great burthen.

Cast. What bears he,
That's born on Princes shoulders?

Vil. A Crowns weight,
Which sets more heavy on his head, than the Oar
Slaves dig out of the Mines, of which 'tis made.

Cast. Thou worthily art his fool, to think that heavy
That carries him in the air; the reverence due
To that most sacred Gold, makes him ador'd,
His Footsteps kiss, his smiles to raise a begger
To a Lords fortune; and when he but frowns,
The City quakes.

Vil. Or the poor Cuckolds in it,
Coxcombs I should say, I am of a fool,
Grown a Philosopher, to hear this parasite.

Cast. The delicates he is serv'd with see and envy.
Vil. I had rather have an Onion with a stomach,
Than these without one.

Cast. The Celestial Musick,
Such as the motion of the eternal spheres
Yields *Jove*, when he drinks *Nectar*. *Still musick.*

Vil. Here's a fine knave, yet hath too many fellows.

Cast. Then the beauties,
That with variety of chice embraces,
Renew his age. *These pass o'r.*

Vil. Help him to crouch rather, *(that way.)*
And the *French* Cringe, they are excellent Surgeons

Cast. Oh Majesty! let others think of heaven,
While I contemplate thee.

Vil. This is not *Asheisme*, but Court observance.

Cast. Now the God appears, usher'd with earth-quakes.

Vil. Base Idolatry. *Flourish.*

Enter *Ferrand*, *Guard*, *Women*, *Servants*.

Fer. These meats are poisoned, hang
The Cooks; no note more on
Forfeit of your fingers; do you
Envie me a minutes slumber, what are these?

1 Gu. The Ladies appointed by your Majesty.

Fer. To the purpose, for what appointed?

1 Gu. For your graces pleasure.

Fer. To suck away the little blood is left me,
By my continual cares; I am not apt now,
Enjoy them first, taste of my Diet once;
And your turns serv'd, for fifty Crowns apiece
Their Husbands may redeem them.

Wo. Great Sir, mercy.

Fer. I am deaf, why stare you? is what we command
To be disputed, who's this? bring you the dead
T' upbraid me to my face?

Cast. Hold Emperor;
Hold mightiest of Kings, I am thy vassal,
Thy footstool that durst not presume to look
On thy offended face.

Fer. *Castruchio* rise.

Cast. Let not the lightning of thy eie consume me,
Nor hear that musical tongue, in dreadful thunder,
That speaks all mercy.

Vil. Here's no flattering rogue.

Cast. *Ferrand*, that is the Father of his people,
The glory of mankind.

Fer. No more, no word more;
And while I tell my troubles to my self,
Be Statues without motion of voice,
Though to be flatter'd is an itch to greatness;
It now offends me.

Vil. Here's the happy man;
But speak who dares.

Fer. When I was innocent;
I yet remember I could eat and sleep,
Walk unaffrighted, but now terrible to others:
My guards cannot keep fear from me
It still pursues me; Oh! my wounded conscience,
The Bed I would rest in, is stuf't with thorns;
The grounds strew'd o'r with adders, and with aspicks
Where e'r I set my foot, but I am in,
And what was got with cruelty, with blood,
Must be defended, though this life's a hell,
I fear a worse hereafter. Ha!

Enter *Ronvere* and *Guard*.

Ron. My Lord.

Fer. Welcome *Ronvere*, welcome my golden plummet
With which I found mine enemies depths and angers,
Hast thou discover'd.

Ron. All as you could wish Sir,
The Plot, and the contrivers; was made one
Of the conspiracie.

Fer. Is *Violet* in?

Ron. The head of all, he only scented me;
And from his fear, that I plaid false is fled;
The rest I have in fetters

Fer. Death and Hell.

Next to my mortal foe the pirate *Sesse*,
I aim'd at him; he's virtuous, and wise,
A lover of his freedom and his Countries
Dangerous to such as govern by the sword,
And so to me: no tract which way he went,
No means to overtake him?

Ron. There's some hope left;
But with a rough hand, to be seiz'd upon.

Fer. What is't?

Ron.

Ron. If any know, or where he is,
Or which way he is fled, it is his wife;
Her with his Father I have apprehended,
And brought among the rest.

Fer. 'Twas wisely order'd,
Go fetch them in, and let my executioners *Exit Ronvere.*
Appear in horror with the rack.

Vil. I take it Signior, this is no time for you to flatter,
Or me to fool in. *(near Jove.)*

Caj: Thou art wise in this, let's off; it is unsafe to be
When he begins to thunder.

Vil. Good morality. *Exit.*

Fer. I that have pierc'd into the hearts of men;
Forc'd them to lay open with my looks,
Secrets, whose least discovery was death,
Will rend for what concerns my life, the fortrefs,
Of a weak womans faith.

*Enter Ronvere, Guard, Executioners, with a Rack,
Camillo, Brissonet, Pandulfo, Juliana.*

Ca. What e're we suffer,
The weight that loads a Traitors
Heart sits ever, heavy on thine.

Briff. As we are caught by thee,
Fall thou by others.

Ron. Pish poor fools, your curses will
Never reach me.

Jul. Now by my *Violet's* life;
Father, this is a glorious stage of murder.
Here are fine properties too, and such spectators,
As will expect good action, to the life;
Let us perform our parts, and we shall live,
When these are rotten, would we might begin once;
Are you the Master of the company?
Troth you are tedious now.

Fer. She does deride me.

Jul. Thee and thy power, if one poor syllable
Could win me an assurance of thy favor,
I would not speak it, I desire to be
The great example of thy cruelty,
To what which on, know *Ferrand*, I alone
Can make discovery, where my *Violet* is,
Whose life, I know thou aim'st at, but if tortures
Compel me to't, may hope of heaven forsake me;
I dare thy worst.

Fer. Are we contemn'd?

Jul. Thou art,
Thou and thy Ministers, my life is thine;
But in the death of victory shall be mine.

Pand. We have such a Mistress here to teach us courage,
That cowards might learn from her.

Fer. You are slow; *Put on the rack;*
Begin the Scene thou miserable fool,
For so I'll make thee.

Jul. 'Tis not in thy reach;
I am happy in my sufferings, thou most wretched.

Fer. So brave! I'll tame you yet, pluck hard villains;
Is she insensible? no sigh nor groan? or is she dead?

Jul. No tyrant, though I suffer
More than a woman, beyond flesh and blood;
'Tis in a cause so honourable, that I scorn
With any sign that may express a sorrow
To shew I do repent.

Fer. Confess yet,
And thou shalt be safe.

Jul. 'Tis wrapt up in my soul,
From whence thou canst not force it.

Fer. I will be
Ten daies a killing thee.

Jul. Be twenty thousand,
My glory lives the longer.

Ron. 'Tis a miracle,
She tires th' executioners,
And me.

Fer. Unloose her, I am conquer'd, I must take
Some other way; reach her my chair, in honor
Of her invincible fortitude.

Ron. Will you not
Dispatch the rest?

Fer. When I seem merciful,
Assure thy self *Ronvere*, I am most cruel.
Thou wonder of thy Sex, and of this Nation,
That hast chang'd my severity to mercy,
Not to thy self alone, but to thy people,
In which I do include these men, my enemies:
Unbind them.

Pand. This is strange.

Fer. For your intent
Against my life, which you dare not denie,
I only ask one service.

Cam. Above hope.

Fer. There rides a Pyrate neer, the Duke of *Sesse*,
My enemy and this Countreys, that in bonds
Holds my dear friend *Ascanio*: free this friend:
Or bring the Pyrats head; besides your pardon,
And honor of the action, your reward
Is forty thousand Ducates. And because
I know that *Violet* is as bold as wise,
Be he your General, as pledge of your faith,
That you will undertake it, let this old man,
And this most constant Matron stay with me:
Of whom, as of my self, I will be careful;
She shall direct you where her Husband is.
Make choice of any ship you think most useful.
They are rig'd for you.

Exeunt Guard, with Juliana and Pand.

Briff. We with joy accept it.

Cam. And will proclaim King *Ferrant* merciful.

Exeunt.

Ron. The mysterie of this, my Lord? or are you
Chang'd in your nature?

Fer. I'll make thee private to it.
The lives of these weak men, and desperate woman,
Would no way have secur'd me, had I took them;
'Tis *Violet* I aim at; he has power,
And knows to hurt. If they encounter *Sesse*,
And he prove conqueror, I am assur'd
They'll find no mercy: if that they prove victors,
I shall recover, with my friend his head
I most desire of all men.

Ron. Now I have it.

Fer. I'll make thee understand the drift of all.
So we stand sure, thus much for those that fall.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Boatswain and Gunner.

Boatsf. Lay here before the wind; up with your Canvase,
And let her work, the wind begins to whistle;
Clap all her streamers on, and let her dance,
As if she were the Minion of the Ocean.
Let her bestride the billows till they roar,
And curl their wanton heads. Ho, below there:
Ho, ho, within.
Lay her North-east, and thrust her missen out,
The day grows fair and clear, and the wind courts us.
Oh for a luffy sail now, to give chase to.

Gun. A stubborn Bark, that wou'd but bear up to us,
And change a broadside bravely.

Boatsf. Where's the Duke?

Gun. I have not seen him stir to day.

Boatsf. Oh Gunner,

What bravery dwells in his age, and what valour?
And to his friends, what gentleness and bounty?
How long have we been inhabitants at Sea here?

Gun. Some fourteen years.

Boatf. By fourteen lives I swear then,
This Element never nourisht such a Pirate;
So great, so fearless, and so fortunate,
So patient in his want, in Act so valiant.
How many sail of well mann'd ships before us,
As the *Bonito* does the flying Fish,
Have we pursued and scour'd, that to outstrip us,
They have been fain to hang their very shirts on?
What Gallies have we bang'd, and sunk, and taken;
Whose only fraughts were fire, and stern defiance?
And nothing spoke but Bullet in all these.
How like old *Neptune* have I seen our General
Standing i' th' Poop, and tossing his Steel Trident,
Commanding both the Sea and Winds to serve him?

Gun. His Daughter too, which is the honor Boatswain,
Of all her sex; that Martial Maid.

Boatf. A brave wench.

Gun. How oftentimes, a fight being new begun,
Has she leap'd down, and took my Linstock from me,
And crying, now fly right, and fir'd all my chafers?
Then like the Image of the warlike Goddess,
Her Target brac'd upon her arm, her sword drawn,
And anger in her eies leapt up again,
And bravely hall'd the Bark. I have wondred Boatswain,
That in a body made so delicate,
So soft for sweet embraces, so much fire,
And manly soul, not starting at a danger.

Boatf. Her noble Father got her in his fury,
And so she proves a Soldier.

Gun. This too I wonder at
Taking so many strangers as he does,
He uses them with that respect and coolness,
Not making prize, but only borrowing
What may supply his want: nor that for nothing;
But renders back what they may stand in need of,
And then parts lovingly: Where, if he take
His Countrymen, that should be nearest to him,
And stand most free from danger, he sure pays for't:
He drowns or hangs the men, ransacks the Bark,
Then gives her up a Bonfire to his fortune. (trey)

Boatf. The wrongs he has receiv'd from that dull Coun-
That's all I know has purchas'd all his cruelty.
We fare the better; cheerly, cheerly boys,
The ship runs merrily, my Captain's melancholly,
And nothing cures that in him but a Sea-fight:
I hope to meet a sail-boy, and a right one.

Gun. That's my hope too; I am ready for the pastime.

Boatf. I' th' mean time let's bestow a Song upon him,
To shake him from his dumps, and bid good day to him.
Ho, in the hold.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Here, here.

Boatf. To th' Main top, Boy.
And thou kenst a ship that dares despise us,
Here's Gold,

Boy. I am gone.

Exit Boy.

Boatf. Come sirs, a quaint *Levet.* *Trump.* a *Levet.*
To waken our brave General. Then to our labor.

*Enter Duke of Sessie above, and his daughter Martia
like an Amazon.*

Ses. I thank you loving mates; I thank you all,
There's to prolong your mirth, and good morrow to you.

Daugh. Take this from me, you're honest, valiant friends;
And such we must make much of. Not a sail stirring?

Gun. Not any within ken yet.

Boatf. Without doubt Lady

The wind standing so fair and full upon us,
We shall have sport anon. But noble General,
Why are you still so sad? you take our edge off;
You make us dull, and spiritless.

Ses. I'll tell ye,

Because I will provoke you to be fortunate;
For when you know my cause, 'twill double arm you.
I his woman never knew it yet; my daughter,
Some discontents she has.

Daugh. Pray sir go forward.

Ses. These fourteen years, I have stored it here at Sea,
Where the most curious thought could never find it.

Boatf. Call up the Master, and all the Mates.

Enter below the Master and Sailors.

Ses. Good morrow.

Mastr. Good morrow to our General, a good one,
And to that Noble Lady all good wishes.

Daugh. I thank you Master.

Ses. Mark me, thus it is then;
Which I did never think to have discovered,
Till full revenge had wooed me; but to fatisfie
My faithful friends, thus I cast off my burden.
In that short time I was a Courtier,
And followed that most hated of all Princes,
Ferrant, the full example of all mischiefs,
Compell'd to follow to my soul a stranger,
It was my chance one day to play at Chess
For some few Crowns, with a mynion of this Kings,
A mean poor man, that only serv'd his pleasures;
Removing of a Rook, we grew to words;
From this to hotter anger: to be short,
I got a blow.

Daugh. How, how my Noble Father:

Ses. A blow my girl, which I had soon repaid,
And sunk the slave for ever, had not odds
Thrust in betwixt us. I went away disgrac'd —

Daugh. For honors sake not so Sir.

Ses. For that time, wench;

But call'd upon him, like a Gentleman,
By many private friends; knockt at his valour,
Court'd his honor hourly to repair me;
And though he were a thing my thoughts made slight on,
And only worth the fury of my footman,
Still I pursu'd him Nobly.

Daugh. Did he escape you?

My old brave father, could you sit down so coldly?
Ses. Have patience, and know all. Pursu'd him fairly,
Till I was laugh'd at, scorn'd, my wrongs made Maygames.

By him unjustly wrong'd, should be all justice,
The slave protected; yet at length I found him,
Found him, when he suppos'd all had been buried;
And what I had received, durst not be questioned;
And then he fell, under my Sword he fell,
For ever sunk; his poor life, like the air,
Blown in an empty bubble, burst, and left him,
No noble wind of memory to raise him.
But then began my misery, I fled;
The Kings frowns following, and my friends despair;
No hand that durst relieve: my Country fearful,
Bafely and weakly fearful of a tyrant;
Which made his bad Will worse, stood still and wondred,
Their virtues bedrid in 'em; then my girl,
A little one, I snatch'd thee from thy Nurse,
The modell of thy fathers miseries:
And some small wealth was fit for present carriage,
And got to Sea; where I profess my anger,
And will do, whilst that base ungrateful Country,
And that bad King, have blood or means to quench me.
Now ye know all.

Mastr. We know all, and admire all;
Go on, and do as still, and still be fortunate.

Daugh. Had you done less, or lost this Noble anger,
You

You had been worthy then mens empty pities,
And not their wonders. Go on, and use your justice,
And use it still with that fell violence,
It first appeared to you; if you go less,
Or take a dyating mercy to protection,
The honor of a Father I disclaim in you,
Call back all duty; and will be prouder of
Th' infamous and base name of a whore,
Than daughter to a great Duke and a coward.

Sef. Mine own sweet *Martia*, no: thou knowst my nature,
It cannot, must not be.

Daugh. I hope it shall not.

But why Sir do you keep alive still young *Ascanio*,
Prince of *Rossana*, King *Ferrants* most belov'd one,
You took two months agoe?

Why is not he flung overboard, or hang'd?

Sef. I'll tell thee girl:

It were a mercy in my nature now,
So soon to break the bed of his afflictions;
I am not so far reconcil'd yet to him,
To let him die that were a benefit.
Besides, I keep him as a bait and diet,
To draw on more, and nearer to the King,
I look each hour to hear of his *Armados*,
And a hot welcome they shall have.

Daugh. But hark you?

If you were overfway'd with odds—

Sef. I find you:

I would not yield; no girl, no hope of yielding,
Nor fling my self one hour into their mercies,
And give the tyrant hope to gain his kingdom.
No, I can sink wench, and make shift to die;
A thousand doors are open, I shall hit one.
I am no niggard of my life so it go nobly:
All waies are equal, and all hours; I care not.

Daugh. Now you speak like my father.

Mast. Noble General,

If by our means they inherit ought but bangs,
The mercy of the mainyard light upon us.
No, we can sink too, Sir, and sink low enough,
To pose their cruelties, to follow us:
And he that thinks of life, if the world go that way,
A thousand cowards suck his bones.

Gun. Let the worst come,
I can unbreech a Cannon, and without much help
Turn her into the Keel; and when she has split it,
Every man knows his way, his own prayers,
And so good night I think.

Mast. We have liv'd all with you,
And will die with you General.

Boy a top.

Sef. I thank you Gentlemen.

Boy above. A Sail, a Sail.

Mast. A cheerful sound.

Boy. A Sail.

Boatsf. Of whence? of whence boy?

Boy. A lusty Sail.

Daugh. Look right, and look again.

Boy. She plows the Sea before her,
And foimes i' th' mouth.

Boatsf. Of whence?

Boy. I ken not yet sir.

Sef. Oh may she prove of *Naples*.

Mast. Prove the Devil,

We'll spit out fire as thick as she.

Boy. Hoy.

Mast. Brave boy.

Boy. Of *Naples*, *Naples*, I think of *Naples* Master,
Methinks I see the Arms.

Mast. Up, up another,
And give more certain signs.

Exit Sailor.

Sef. All to your business,
And stand but right and true.

Boatsf. Hang him that halts now.

Boy. Sh'as us in chafe.

Mast. We'll spare her our main-top-sail,
He shall not look us long, we are no starters.
Down with the fore-sail too, we'll spoon before her.

Mart. Gunner, good noble Gunner, for my honor
Load me but these two Minions in the chape there;
And load 'em right, that they may bid fair welcome,
And be thine eye, and level as thy heart is.

Gun. Madam, I'll scratch 'em out, I'll piss 'em out else.

Sayl, above. Ho.

Sef. Of whence now?

Sail. Of *Naples*, *Naples*, *Naples*.

I see her top-Flag, how she quarters *Naples*.

I hear her Trumpets.

Sef. Down, she's welcome to us.

Exit. Mast. Boatsf. Gun. Sail.

Every man to his charge, mann her i' th' bow well.

And place your Rakers right, Daughter be sparing.

Mart. I swear I'll be above Sir, in the thickest,
And where most danger is, I'll seek for honor.

They have begun, hark how their Trumpets call us.

Hark how the wide-mouth'd Cannons sing amongst us.

Hark how they fail; out of our shels for shame Sir.

Sef. Now fortune and my cause.

Mart. Be bold and conquer.

Exit.

Charge Trumpets and shot within.

Enter Master and Boatswain.

Mast. They'll board us once again, they're tuff and valiant.

Boatsf. Twice we have blown 'em into th' air like feathers.
And made 'em dance.

Mast. Good boys, fight bravely, manly.
They come on yet, clap in her stern, and yoke 'em.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. You should not need, I have provision for 'em;
Let 'em board once again, the next is ours.

Stand bravely to your Pikes, away, be valiant.

I have a second course of service for 'em,

Shall make the bowels of their Bark ake, boy,

The Duke fights like a Dragon. Who dares be idle? *Exit.*

Charge Trumpets, Pieces go off.

Enter Master, Boatswain following.

Mast. Down with 'em, stow 'em in (the Sea.

Boatsf. Cut their throats, 'tis brotherhood to fling 'em into
The Duke is hurt, so is his lovely Daughter *Martia*.
We have the day yet.

Enter Gunner.

(yet flew.

Gun. Pox fire 'em, they have smoak'd us, never such plums
Boatsf. They have rent the ship, and bor'd a hundred holes
She swims still lustily.

Mast. She made a brave fight, and she shall be cur'd
And make a braver yet.

Gun. Bring us some Canns up, I am as hot as fire.

Enter boy with three Canns.

Boat. I am sure I am none o' th' coolest.

Gun. My Cannons rung like Bels. Here's to my Mistris.
The dainty sweet brags Minion: split their Fore-Mast,
She never fail'd. (men;

Mast. Ye did all well, and truly, like faithful honest

Boatsf. But is she rich Master? *Trumpets flourish.*

Enter Sesse, Martia, Virolet, Sailors.

Mast. Rich for my Captains purpose howsoever,
And we are his. How bravely now he shows,
Heated in blood and anger? how do you Sir?
Not wounded mortally I hope?

Sef. No Master, but only wear the livery of fury.
I am hurt, and deep.

Maft. My Miftrifs too?

Mart. A scratch man,
My needle would ha done as much good Sir?
Be provident and careful.

Sef. Prethee peace girl,
This wound is not the first blood I have blusht in,
Ye fought all like tall men, my thanks among ye,
That speaks not what my purse means, but my tongue, fol
(diers.

Now Sir, to you that fought me out, that found me,
That found me what I am, the Tyrant's Tyrant;
You that were imp'd, the weak arm to his folly,
You are welcome to your death.

Vir. I do expect it,
And therefore need no compliment, but wait it.

Sef. Thou bor'ft the face once of a Noble Gentleman,
Rankt in the first file of the virtuous,
By every hopeful spirit, shewed and pointed,
Thy Countries love; one that advanc'd her honor,
Not tainted with the base and servile uses
The Tyrant ties mens souls to. Tell me *Violet*,
If shame have not forsook thee, with thy credit?

Vir. No more of these Racks; what I am, I am.
I hope not to go free with poor confessions;
Nor if I shew ill, will I seem a monster,
By making my mind prisoner; do your worst.
When I came out to deal with you, I cast it,
Only those base afflictions fit for slaves,
Because I am a Gentleman.——

Sef. Thou art none.
Thou wast while thou stoodst good, th'art now a villain.
And agent for the devil.

Vir. That tongue lies.
Give me my sword again, and stand all arm'd;
I'll prove it on ye all, I am a Gentleman,
A man as fair in honor, rate your prisoners,
How poor and like a Pedagogue it shews?
How far from Nobleness? 'tis fair, you may kill's;
But to defame your victory with foul language.

Sef. Go sling him over-board; I'll teach you sirrah.

Vir. You cannot teach me to die. I could kill you now
With patience, in despising all your cruelties.
And make you choke with anger.

Sef. Away I say.
Mar. Stay Sir, h'as given you such bold language,
I am not reconcil'd to him yet, and therefore
He shall not have his wish observ'd so nearly,
To die when he please; I beseech you stay Sir.

Sef. Do with him what thou wilt.
Mar. Carry him to th' *Bilboes*,
And clap him fast there, with the Prince.

Vir. Do Lady,
For any death you give, I am bound to bless you.

Exit Violet, and Sailors.

Mar. Now to your Cabin, Sir; pray lean upon me,
And take your rest, the Surgeons wait all for you.

Sef. Thou mak'st me blush to see thee bear thy fortunes;
Why, sure I have no hurt, I have not fought sure?

Maft. You bleed apace, Sir.

Mart. Ye grow cold too.
Sef. I must be rul'd, no leaning,
My deepest wounds scorn Crutches.

All. A brave General. *Flour. Trumpets, Cornets.*

Exeunt omnes.

Enter two Sailors.

1 Sail. Will they not moore her?
2 Sail. Not till we come to the Fort,
This is too weak a place for our defences,
The Carpenters are hard at work; she swims well,

And may hold out another fight. The ship we took
Burns there to give us light.

1 Sail. She made a brave fight.

2 Sail. She put us all in fear.

1 Sail. Beshrew my heart did she.

Her men are gone to *Candia*, they are pepper'd,
All but this prisoner.

2 Sail. Sure he's a brave fellow.

1 Sail. A stubborn knave, but we have pul'd his bravery.

He discovers Violet and Alcanio in the Bilboes.

Look how he looks now: come let's go serve his dyet,
Which is but bread and water.

2 Sail. He'll grow fat on't.

Exeunt Sailors.

Asca. I must confess I have endur'd much misery,
Even almost to the ruine of my spirit,
But ten times more grows my affliction,
To find my friend here.

Vir. Had we serv'd our Country,
Or honesties, as we have serv'd our follies,
We had not been here now?

Asca. 'Tis too true *Violet*.

Vir. And yet my end in vent'ring for your safety,
Pointed at more than *Ferrant's* Will, a base one;
Some service for mine own, some for my Nation,
Some for my friend; but I am rightly paid,
That durst adventure such a noble office,
From the most treacherous command of mischief;
You know him now?

Asca. And when I nearer knew him,
Then when I waited, Heaven be witness with me,
(And if I lie my miseries still load me)
With what tears I have wooed him, with what prayers.

What weight of reasons I have laid, what dangers;
Then, when the peoples curses flew like storms;
And every tongue was whetted to defame him,
To leave his doubts, his tyrannies, his slaughters,
His fell oppressions: I know I was hated too.

Vir. And all mankind that knew him: these confessions
Do no good to the world, to heaven they may.

Let's study to die well, we have liv'd like coxcombs.

Asca. That my misfortune, should lose you too.

Vir. Yes;

And not only me, but many more, and better:
For my life, 'tis not this; or might I save yours,
And some brave friends I have engag'd, let me go;
It were the meritorious death I wish for,
But we must hang or drown like whelps.

Asca. No remedy.

Vir. On my part I expect none. I know the man,
And know he has been netted to the quick too,
I know his nature.

Asca. A most cruel nature.

Vir. His wrongs have bred him up. I cannot blame him.

Asca. He has a daughter too, the greatest scorner,
And most insulter upon misery.

Vir. For those, they are toys to laugh at, not to lead men:

A womans mirth or anger, like a meteor
Glides and is gone, and leaves no crack behind it;

Our miseries would seem like masters to us,

And shake our manly spirits into feavers;

If we respected those; the more they glory.

And raise insulting Trophies on our ruines;

The more our virtues shine in patience.

Sweet Prince, the name of death was never terrible

To him that knew to live; nor the loud torrent

Of all afflictions, singing as they swim,

A gall of heart, but to a guilty conscience:

Whilst we stand fair, though by a two-edg'd storm,

We find untimely falls, like early Roses;

Bent to the earth, we bear our native sweetnaess.

Asca. Good Sir go on.

Vir. When we are little children,
And cry and fret for every toy comes cross us;
How sweetly do we shew, when sleep steals on us?

When

When we grow great, but our affections greater,
 And struggle with this stubborn twin, born with us;
 And tug and pull, yet still we find a Giant:
 Had we not then the priviledge to sleep,
 Our everlasting sleep? he would make us Idiots;
 The memory and monuments of good men
 Are more than lives, and though their tombs want tongues,
 Yet have they eies that daily sweat their losses;
 And such a tear from stone, no tinte can value.
 To die both young and good, are natures curses
 As the world saies; ask truth, they are bounteous blessings:
 For then we reach at Heaven, in our full virtues,
 And fix our selves new Stars, crown'd with our goodnes.

Asc. You have double arm'd me. *Strange Musick*
 Hark what noise is this? *within, Hoboys.*
 What horrid noise is the Sea pleas'd to sing.
 A hideous *Dinge* to our deliverance?
Vir. Stand fast now.

Within strange cries, horrid noise, Trumpets.

Asc. I am fixt.
Vir. We fear ye not. *Enter Martia.*
 Let death appear in all shapes, we smile on him.

Asc. The Lady now.
Vir. The face o' th' Mask is alter'd.
Asc. What will she do?
Vir. Do what she can, I care not.
Asc. She looks on you Sir.
Vir. Rather she looks through me,
 But yet she stirs me not.

Mart. Poorwretched slaves,
 Why do you live? or if ye hope for mercy,
 Why do not you houl out, and fill the hold
 With lamentations, cries, and base submissions,
 Worthy our scorn?

Vir. Madam, you are mistaken;
 We are no slaves to you, but to blind fortune;
 And if she had her eyes, and durst be certain,
 Certain our friend, I would not bow unto her;
 I would not cry, nor ask so base a mercy:
 If you see any thing in our appearance,
 Worthy your sexes softness and your own glory:
 Do it for that, and let that good reward it:
 We cannot beg.

Mart. I'll make you beg, and bow too.
Vir. Madam for what?
Mart. For life; and when you hope it,
 Then will I laugh and triumph on your baseness.
Asc. Madam, 'tis true, there may be such a favour
 And we may ask it too; ask it with honor;
 And thank you for that favour, nobly thank you,
 Though it be death; but when we beg a base life,
 And beg it of your scorn—

Vir. Y'are couzen'd woman,
 Your handfomness may do much, but not this way;
 But for your glorious hate—

Mart. Are ye so stubborn?
 'Death, I will make you bow.

Vir. It must be in your bed then;
 There you may work me to humility.

Mart. Why, I can kill thee.
Vir. If you do it handsomely;

It may be I can thank you, else—

Mart. So glorious?
Asc. Her cruelty now works.

Mart. Yet woot thou?
Vir. No.

Mart. Wilt thou for life sake?
Vir. No, I know your subtilty.

Mart. For honor sake?
Vir. I will not be a Pageant,

My mind was ever firm, and so I'll lose it.

Mart. I'll starve thee to it.
Vir. I'll starve my self, and cross it.

Mart. I'll lay thee on such miseries—

Vir. I'll wear 'em,
 And with that wantonness, you do your Bracelets.

Mart. I'll be a month a killing thee.

Vir. Poor Lady,
 I'll be a month a dying then: what's that?

There's many a Calenture out—does your cruelty.

Mart. How might I do in killing of his body,
 To save his Noble mind? Who waits there?

Enter a Sailor, with a rich Cap and Mantle.

Sayl. Madam.
Mart. Unbolt this man, and leave those things behind you:

And so away, now put 'em on. *Exit*

Vir. To what end? *Sailer*

Mart. To my End, to my Will.
Vir. I will.

Mart. I thank you.
Vir. Nay, now you thank me, I'll do more. I'll tell ye,

I am a servant to your courtesie.

And so far will be woo'd: but if this triumph
 Be only aim'd to make your mischief glorious;

Lady, y'ave put a richer shroud upon me,
 Which my strong mind shall suffer in.

Mart. Come hither,
 And all thy bravery put into thy carriage,
 For I will admire thee.

Vir. Whither will this woman?
Asc. Take heed my friend.

Mart. Look as thou scorn'dst my cruelty:
 I know thou dost.

Vir. I never fear'd nor flatter'd.

Mart. No if thou hadst, thou hadst died, and I had gloried.

I suffer now, and thou which art my prisoner,
 Hast nobly won the free power to despise me.

I love thee, and admire thee for thy Nobleness;
 And, for thy manly sufferance, am thy servant.

Vir. Good Lady, mock me not.
Mart. By heaven I love thee;

And by the soul of love, am one piece with thee.

Thy mind, thy mind; thy brave, thy manly mind:
 That like a Rock, stands all the storms of fortune,
 And beats 'em roaring back they cannot reach thee:

That lovely mind I dote on, not the body;
 That mind has rob'd me of my liberty:

That mind has darken'd all my bravery,
 And into poor despis'd things, turn'd my angers.

Receive me to your love Sir, and instruct me;
 Receive me to your bed, and marry me;

I'll wait upon you, bless the hour I knew you.

Vir. Is this a new way?
Mart. If you doubt my faith.

First take your liberty; I'll make it perfect,
 Or any thing within my power.

Vir. I love you;
 But how to recompence your love with marriage?

Alas, I have a wife.

Mart. Dearer than I am?
 That will adventure so much for your safety?

Forget her father's wrongs, quit her own honor,
 Pull on her, for a strangers sake, all curses?

Vir. Shall this Prince have his freedom too?
 Else all I love is gone, all my friends perish.

Mart. He shall.
Vir. What shall I do?

Mart. If thou despise my courtesie,
 When I am dead, for grief I am forsaken,
 And no soft hand left to asswage your sorrows;

Too late, but too true, curse your own cruelties.

Asc. Be wife; if she be true, no thred is left else,
 To guide us from this labyrinth of mischief;

Nor no way for our friends.

Vir. Thus then I take you:
 I bind ye to my life, my love.

Mart. I take you,
And with the like bond tye my heart your servant;
W^e are now almost at Harbor, within this hour,
In the dead watch, I'll have the Long-boat ready;
And when I give the word, be sure you enter,
I'll see ye furnisht both immediately,
And like your self some trusty man shall wait you,
The watch I'll make mine own; only my love
Requires a stronger vow, which I'll administer
Before we go.

Vir. I'll take it to confirm you.

Mart. Goe, in there are the keys, unlock his fetters,
And am ye Nobly both; I'll be with you presently;
And so this loving kiss.

Afcario. Be constant Lady.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter the Duke of Sesse by Torch-light, Master
and Surgeon with him.*

Surg. You grow so angry Sir, your wound goes backward.

Sef. I am angry at the time, at none of you,
That sends but one poor subject for revenge;
I would have all the Court, and all the villanie,
Was ever practis'd under that foul *Ferrant*
Tyrant, and all to quench my wrath.

Mast. Be patient,
Your grace may find occasion every hour,
For certain they will seek you to satisfie,
And to the full, your anger.

Sef. 'Death, they dare not:
They know that I command death, feed his hunger,
And when I let him loose—

Surg. You'll never heal Sir,
If these extreams dwell in you, you are old,
And burn your spirits out with this wild anger.

Sef. Thou liest, I am not old, I am as lusty
And full of manly heat as them, or thou art.

Mast. No more of that.

Sef. And dare seek out a danger;
And hold him at the swords point, when thou tremblest
And creepest into thy box of salves to save thee.
Oh Master, I have had a dreadful dream to night!
Me-thought the ship was all on fire, and my lov'd Daughter
To save her life, leapt into the Sea; where suddainly
A stranger snatcht her up, and swam away with her.

Mast. 'Twas but the heat o' th' fight Sir.

Boatswain within, and Sailor.

Boatsf. Look out, what's that?

Sail. The Long-boat as I live.

Boatsf. Ho, there! th' Long-Boat.

Sef. What noise is that?

I hear Sir, —

Boatsf. The devil or his dam; hail her agen boys.

Sail. The Long-boat, ho, the Long-boat.

Sef. Why, the Long-boat.

Where is the Long-boat?

Boatsf. She is stolen off.

Enter Master.

Sef. Who stole her?

Oh my propheticque soul!

Mast. Your Daughters gone Sir?

The prisoners and six Sailors, Rogues.

Sef. Mischief, six thousand plagues sail with 'em;
They'r in her yet, make out.

Mast. We have ne'r a Boat.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. Who knew of this trick?

Sef. Weigh Anchors and away.

Boatsf. We have no wind Sir,
They'll beat us with their Oars.

Sef. Then sink 'em Gunner,
Oh sink 'em, sink 'em, sink 'em, claw 'em Gunner;
As ever thou hast lov'd me.

Gun. I'll do reason,
But I'll be hang'd before I'll hurt the Lady. *Exit Gun.*
Sef. Who knew of this? *Trump. a piece or*
Mast. We stand all clear. *two go off.*

Sef. What Devil
Put this base trick into her tail? my Daughter,
And run away with rogues! I hope she's sunk,
Or torn to pieces with the shot, rots find her, } *A piece or*
The leprosie of whore stick ever to her, } *two.*
Oh she has ruin'd my revenge.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. She is gone, Sir.
I cannot reach her with my shot.

Sef. Rise winds,
Blow till ye burst the Air, and swell the Seas,
That they may sink the Stars, Oh dance her, dance her;
Shee's impudently wanton, dance her, dance her,
Mount her upon your surges, cool her, cool her;
She runs hot like a whore, cool her, cool her
Oh now a shot to sink her, cut Cables,
I will away, and where she sets her foot
Although it be in *Ferrants* Court, I'll follow her,
And such a Fathers vengeance shall she suffer—
Dare any man stand by me?

Mast. All, all.

Boatsf. All Sir.

Gun. And the same cup you taste.

Sef. Cut Cables then;
For I shall never sleep nor know what peace is,
Till I have pluckt her heart out;

All within. Oh main there.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter Ferrant, Ronvere, Castruccio, Villio, and Guard.

Ron. You are too gentle, Sir.

Flourish Cornets

Fer. You are too careless:

The creatures I have made, no way regard me:
Why should I give you names, titles of honor,
Rob families to fill your private houses.
For your advancement, draw all curses on me,
Wake tedious winter nights, to make them happy
That for me break no slumber?

Ron. What we can,

We dare do.

Fer. Why is your Sovereigns life then
(In which you live, and in whose fall your honors,
Your wealth, your pomp, your pride, and all must suffer)
No better guarded? Oh my cruel Stars,
That mark me out a King, raising me on
This pinnacle of greatness, only to be
The nearer blasting!

Vil. What think you now *Castruccio*?

Is not this a merry life?
Cast. Still thou art couzen'd;
It is a glorious royal discontentment;
How bravely it becomes him!

Fer. To be made
The common Butt, for every slave to shoot at;
No peace, no rest I take, but their alarms
Beat at my heart: why do I live, or seek then,
To add a day more to these glorious troubles?
Or to what end when all I can arrive at,
Is but the summing up of fears and sorrows.
What power has my command, when from my bosom
Afcario, my most dear, and lov'd *Afcario*,
Was snatch'd, spite of my Will, spite of my Succor,

And

And by mine own proud slave, retain'd most miserable?
And still that villain lives to nip my pleasures,
It being not within my power to reach him.

Ron. Time may restore all this; and would you hear
Whose counsel never fail'd you.

Fer. Tell me no more,
I faint beneath the burthen of my cares;
And yield my self most wretched.

Ron. On my knees
I beg it, mighty Sir, vouchsafe me hearing.

Fer. Speak, speak, and I thus low, such is my fortune,
Will hear what thou canst say.

Vil. Look but on this,
Has not a man that has but means to keep
A Hawk, a Greyhound, and a Hunting Nag,
More pleasure than this King?

Cast. A dull fool still,
Make me a King, and let me scratch with care,
And see who'll have the better; give me rule
Command, obedience, pleasure of a King,
And let the Devil roar? The greatest corrosive
A King can have, is of more precious tickling,
And handled to the height, more dear delight,
Than other mens whole lives, let 'em be safe too.

Vil. Think of the mutinous people.

Cast. Hang the people,
Give me the pleasure, let me do all, awe all,
Enjoy their Wives and States at my discretion,
And peg 'em when I please, let the slaves mumble.

Vil. But say they should be vex'd, and rise against thee?

Cast. Let 'em rise, let 'em rise: give me the bridle here,
And see if they can crack my girths: ah Villio,
Under the Sun there's nothing so voluptuous
As riding of this Monster, till he founder.

Fer. Who's that so loud?

Cast. I am dumb: is not this rare?
Kings looks make Pythagoreans; is not this
A happiness Villio?

Vil. Yes, to put to silence
A fawning sycophant.

Fer. Thou speak'st truth in all,
And mercy is a vice, when there needs rigor,
Which I, with all severity, will practice;
And since, as subjects they pay not obedience,
They shall be forc'd as slaves: I will remove
Their means to hurt, and with the means, my fears;
Goe you the fatal executioners

Of my commands, and in our name proclaim,
That from this hour I do forbid all meetings,
All private conferences in the City:

To feast a neighbor shall be death: to talk,
As they meet in the streets, to hold discourse,
By writing, nay by signs; see this perform'd,
And I will call your cruelty, to those

That dare repine at this, to me true service.

1 Gard. This makes for us.

2 Gard. I, now we have employments,
If we grow not rich, 'twere fit we should be beggars.

Fer. Ronvere.

Exit Guard.

Ron. My Lord.

Cast. Thou enemy to Majesty?

What think'st thou of a kingdom?

Vil. As of a man

That hath power to do ill.

Cast. Or a thing rather
That does divide an Empire with the gods;
Observe but with how little breath he shakes
A populous City, which would stand unmov'd
Against a whirlwind.

Vil. Then you make him more
Than him that rules the winds.

Cast. For me I do profess it,
Were I offer'd to be any thing on earth
I would be mighty Ferrant.

Fer. who names me?

Deliver thy thoughts slave, thy thoughts, and truly
Or be no more.

Cast. They rather will deserve.
Your favour than your fury; I admire,
(As who does not, that is a loyal subject?)
Your wisdom, power, your perfect happiness,
The most blest of mankind.

Fer. Didst thou but feel.
The weighty sorrows that sit on a Crown,
Though thou shouldst find one in the streets *Castruccio*.
Thou wouldst not think it worth the taking up;
But since thou art enamour'd of my fortune,
Thou shalt e'r long taste of it.

Cast. But one day,
And then let me expire.

Fer. Goe to my Wardrobe,
And of the richest things I wear, cull out,
What thou thinkst fit: do you attend him firrah;

Vil. I warrant you I shall be at his elbow,
The fool will never leave him. *Exit Cast. Villio*

Cast. Made for ever.

A shout within.

Fer. What shout is that, draw up our Guards.

Enter Virolet, Ascanio, and a Servant.

Ron. Those rather
Speak joy than danger.
Bring her to my house,
I would not have her seen here.

Fer. My Ascanio!
The most desir'd of all men, let me die
In these embraces; how wert thou redeem'd?
Asc. Sir, this is my preserver.

Fer. At more leisure,
I will enquire the manner, and the means,
I cannot spare so much time now from my
More strickt embraces: *Virolet*, welcome too,
This service weighs down your intended Treason;
You long have been mine enemy, learn now
To be my friend and loyal, I ask no more,
And live as free as *Ferrant*; let him have
The forty thousand crowns I gladly promis'd,
For my *Ascanio*'s freedom, and deliver
His Father, and his wife to him in safety,
Something hath pass'd which I am sorry for,
But 'twill not now be help'd; come my *Ascanio*,
And reap the harvest of my winter travels.

My best *Ascanio*, my lov'd *Ascanio*.

Vir. My Lord, all former passages forgot,
I am become a suitor.

Ron. To me *Virolet*?

Vir. To you yet will not beg the courtesie,
But largely pay you for it.

Ron. To the purpose.

Vir. The forty thousand crowns the King hath given me,
I will bestow on you, if by your means
I may have liberty for a divorce
Between me and my wife.

Ron. Your *Juliano*?

That for you hath indur'd so much, so nobly?

Vir. The more my sorrow; but it must be so.

Ron. I will not hinder it: without a bribe,
For mine own ends, I would have further'd this.
I will use all my power.

Vir. 'Tis all I aske:

Oh my curs'd fate, that ever man should hate
Himself for being belov'd, or be compell'd
To cast away a Jewel, Kings would buy,
Though with the loss of Crown and Monarchy!

Exeunt.

Enter Sesse, Master, Boatswain, Gunner.

Sesse. How do I look?

Maft

Mat. You are so strangely alter'd.
We scarce can know you, so young again, and utterly
From that you were, figure, or any favour;
Your friends cannot discern you.

Ses. I have none,
None but my fair revenge, and let that know me!
You are finely alter'd too.

Boatf. To please your humour,
But we may pass without disguise, our living
Was never in their element.

Gun. This Jew sure,
That alter'd you, is a mad knave:

Ses. O! a most excellent fellow. (off.)

Gun. How he has mew'd your head, has rub'd the snow
And run your beard into a peak of twenty.

Boatf. Stopt all the crannies in your face,

Mat. Most rarely.

Boatf. And now you look as plump, your eies as sparkling,
As if you were to leap into a Ladies saddle.
Has he not set your nose awry?

Ses. The better.

Boatf. I think it be the better, but 'tis awry sure;
North and by East, I, there's the point it stands in;
Now halfe a *point to the Southward*.

Ses. I could laugh,
But that my business requires no mirth now;
Thou art a merry fellow,

Boatf. I would the Jew Sir,
Could steer my head right, for I have such a swimming in't,
Ever since I went to Sea first.

Mat. Take Wine and purge it.

Boatf. I have had a thousand pills of Sack, a thousand;
A thousand pottle Pills.

Gun. Take more.

Boatf. Good Doctor,
Your patient is easily perswaded.

Mat. The next fair open weather
Methinks this *Jew*

If he were truly known to founder'd Courtiers,
And decay'd Ladies that have lost their fleeces
On every busn, he might pick a pretty living.

Boatf. The best of all our gallants, should be glad of him;
For if you mark their marches, they are tender,
Soft, soft, and tender; then but observe their bodies,
And you shall find 'em cemented by a Surgeon,
Or some Physitian for a year or two,
And then to th' tub again, for a new pickle.
This *Jew* might live a *Gentile* here.

Ses. What are these? (Ent. 2 Citizens at
both doors, salu-
ting afar off.)
Stand close and mark?

Boatf. These are no men, th'are motions.

Ses. What sad and ruthful faces!

Boatf. How they duck!

This senceless, silent courtesie methinks,
Shews like two *Turks*, saluting one another,
Upon two *French Porters* backs.

Ses. They are my Country-men,
And this, some forc'd infliction from the tyrant;
What are you, why is this? why move thus silent
As if you were wandring shadows? why so sad?
Your tongues scal'd up; are ye of several Countries?
You understand not one another?

Gun. That's an *Englisman*,
He looks as though he had lost his dog.

Ses. Your habits
Shew ye all *Neopolitanes*; and your faces
Deliver you oppressed things; speak boldly:
Do you groan and labor under this stiff yolk?

Mat. They shake their heads and weep.

Ses. Oh misery!
Give plenteous sorrow, and no tongues to shew 'em!
This is a studied cruelty.

1 Cit. Begone Sir,
t seems you are a stranger, and save your self;

2 Cit. You wonder here at us; as much we wonder
To hear you speak so openly, and boldly,
The Kings command being publisht to the contrary;
'Tis death here, above two, to talk together;
And that must be but common salutation neither,
Short, and so part.

Boatf. How should a man buy mustard,
If he be forc'd to stay the making of it?

Within 1. Clear all the streets before the King:

1 Cit. Get off Sir,
And shift as we must do.

Exeunt Citizens.

Ses. I'll see his glory.

Mat. Stand fast now and like men. *Flourish Colours.*

*Enter Castruccio like the King, in the midst of a
Guard. Villio.*

Cast. Begin the game, Sir,
And pluck me down the Row
Of houses there.

They hide the view o' th' hill; and sink those Merchants,
The r ships are foul and stink.

Mat. This is a sweet youth.

Cast. All that are taken in assemblies,
Their houses and their wives, their wealths are forfeit,
Their lives at your devotion. Villains, Knaves,
I'll make you bow and shake, I'll make you kneel Rogues.
How brave 'tis to b a King?

Gun. Here's fine tumbling,

Cast. No man shall sit i' th' temple near another

Boatf. Nor lie with his own wife.

Cast. All upon pain
Of present death, forget to write.

Boatf. That's excellent,
Carriers and Footposts, will be arrant rebels.

Cast. No character, or stamp; that may deliver
This mans intention, to that man i' th' Countrey.

Gun. Nay, an you cut off, after my hearty commenda-
Your friend and *Oliver*. No more. (tinous.)

Cast. No man smile,
And wear face of mirth; that fellows cunning,
And hides a double heart, he's your prize, smoke him.

*Enter Virolet, Ronvero, Ascanio, and Martia
passing over.*

Ses. What base abuse is this? Ha? 'tis her face sure,
My prisoners with her too? by heaven wild whore
Now is my time.

Mat. Do what you will.

Ses. Stay hold yet,
My Countrey shall be serv'd first, let her go,
We'll have an hour for her to make her tremble.
Now shew our selves, and bless you with your valours.

Guard. Here's a whole plump of Rogues. } *Virolet and they*

Ses. Now for your Countrey. } *off again.*

Cast. Away with 'em and hang 'em; shew no mercy,
I say no mercy.

Ses. Be it so upon 'em.

Guard. Treason, treason, treason.

Boatf. Cut the slaevs to gidgets.

Gun. Down with the Bul-beefs.

Ses. Hold, hold, I command you, — look here.

Cast. A miserable thing, I am no King Sir.

Ses. Sirrah your fools-face has preserv'd your life.
Wear no more Kings coats, you have scap'd a scouring.

Boatf. I'll not the King.

Ses. No, 'tis a prating Rascal,
The puppy makes him mirth.

Cast. Yes Sir I am a puppy.

Boatf. I beseech you let me hang him,
I'll do't in my Belt straight.

Cast. As you are honourable,
It is enough you may hang me.

Gun. I'll hang a squib at's tail
That shall blow both his buttocks; like a petard

Cast.

Cast. Do any thing.
 But do not kill me Gentlemen. *Enter Citizen.*
Boates. Let's flea him, and have him flye blown.
Cit. Away, and save your lives.
 The King himself is coming on; if you stay,
 You are lost for ever; let not so much nobleness
 Wilfully perish.
Sess. How near?
 2. *Cit.* He's here behind you. *Ex. Sess. Boatsw.*
Sess. We thank you. *vanish.* *Saylers, Citizens.*

Enter Ferand, Ronvere Florish Cornets.

Fer. Double the Guards and take in men that dare,
 These slaves are frighted; where are the proud Rebels?
 To what protection fled? what villain leads 'em?
 Under our nose distur'd our rest?

Ronver. We shall hear,
 For such a search I have sent, to hunt the Traytors.

Fer. Yet better men I say, we stand too open:
 How now *Castruchio*? how do you like our glory?

Cast. I must confess, 'twas somewhat more than my
 This open glory agrees not with my body, (match Sir;
 But if it were ith' Castle, or some strength,
 Where I might have my swinge.

Vil. You have been swing'd brother;
 How these delights have tickled you? you itch yet?
 Will you walk out again in pomp?

Cast. Good Fool.

Vil. These rogues must be rebuked, they are too sawcy,
 These peremptory Knaves Will you walk out Sir,
 And take the remnant of your Coronation?
 The people stay to see it.

Fer. Do not vex him,
 H'as grief enough in's bones; you shall to the Citadel,
 And like my self command, there use your pleasure,
 But take heed to your person.

Vil. The more danger,
 Still the more honor Brother.

Cast. If I reign not then,
 And like a King, and thou shalt know it fool,
 And thou shalt feel it fool.

Vil. Fools still are freemen,
 I'll sue for a protection, till thy reign's out.

Fer. The people have abus'd the liberty
 I late allow'd, I now proclaim it straighter,
 No men shall walk together nor salute;
 For they that do shall dye.

Ronver. You hit the right Sir;
 That liberty cut off, you are free from practise.

Fer. Renew my guards.

Ronver. I shall.

Fer. And keep strict watches;
 One hour of joy I ask.

Ron. You shall have many. *Exeunt Flor. Cor.*

*Pandulfo and Juliana, led by two of the guard,
 as not yet fully recovered.*

1. *Guard.*

You are now at liberty, in your own house Lady,
 And here our charge takes end.

Pand. 'Tis now a Custom.

We must even wooe those men deserve worst of us,
 And so we thank your labors; there's to drink,
 For that, and mischief are your occupations;
 And to mean well to no man, your chief'st harvests.

2. *Gard.* You give liberally; we hope Sir, cr't be long,
 To be oftner acquainted with your bounty,
 And so we leave you.

Pand. Do, for I dote not on ye;

Jul. But where's my Husband? what should I do here?
 Or what share have I in this joy, call'd liberty,
 Without his company? Why did you flatter me,
 And tell me he was return'd; his service honor'd?

1. *Gard.* He is so, and stands high in the Kings favor,

His friends redeemed, and his own liberty,
 From which yours is deriv'd, confirm'd; his service,
 To his own wish, rewarded: so fare-well Lady. *Ex. Guard.*

Pand. Go persecute the good, and hunt ye hell-hounds,
 Ye Leeches of the time, suck till ye burst slaves;
 How does my girl?

Jul. Weak yet, but full of comfort;

Pand. Sit down, and take some rest.

Jul. My heart's whole Father;
 That joys, and leaps, to hear my *Violet*,
 My Dear, my life, has conquer'd his afflictions.

Pand. Those rude hands, and that bloody will that did
 That durst upon thy tender body print (this,
 These Characters of cruelty; hear me heaven.

Jul. O Sir be sparing.

Pand. I'll speak it, tho I burst;
 And tho the ayr had ears, and serv'd the Tyrant,
 Out it should go: O here me thou great Justice;
 The miseries that wait upon their mischiefs,
 Let them be numberless, and no eye pittie

Them when their souls are loaden, and in labour, (ror-
 And wounded through, and through, with guilt and hor;
 As mine is now with grief; let men laugh at 'em 'em,
 Then, when their monstrous sins, like earth-quakes, shake
 And those eyes, that forgot heaven would look upward,
 The bloody 'larms, of the conscience beating,
 Let mercy flye, and day strook into darknes,
 Leave their blind souls, to hunt out their own horrors.

Jul. Enough, enough, we must forget dear Father;
 For then we are glorious formes of heaven; and live,
 When we can suffer, and as soon forgive.

But where's my Lord? methinks I have seen this house,
 And have been in't before.

Pand. Thine own house jewel.

Jul. Mine, without him? or his, without my company?
 I think it cannot be; it was not wont Father. (heaven)

Pand. Some business with the King, (let it be good,
Enter Boy.

Jul. It must be good and noble,
 For all men that he treats with tast of virtue;
 His words and actions are his own; and Honour's
 Not brought, nor compell'd from him.

Pand. Here's the Boy.

He can confirm us more, how sad the child looks?
 Come hither *Lucio*; how, and where's thy Master?

Jul. Speak gentle Boy.

Pand. Is he return'd in safety?

Jul. If not, and that thou knowst is miserable,
 Our hopes and happines declin'd for ever;
 Study a sorrow excellent as thy Master,
 Then if thou canst live leave us.

Lucio. Noble Madam,
 My Lord is safe return'd, safe to his friends, and fortune,
 Safe to his Countrey, entertain'd with honour,
 Is here within the house.

Jul. Do not mock me.

Lucio. But such a melancholly hangs on his mind,
 And in his eyes inhabit such sad shadowes;
 But what the cause is—

Pand. Go tell him we are here Boy,
 There must be no cause now.

Jul. Hast thou forgot me?

Lucio. No noblest Lady.

Jul. Tell him I am here,
 Tell him his wife is here, found my name to him,
 And thou shalt see him start; speak *Juliana*,
 And like the Sun that labors through a tempest,
 How suddainly he will disperse his sadness?

Pand. Go I command thee instantly,
 And charge him on his duty.

Jul. On his love Boy:

I would fain go to him.

Pand. Away, away, you are foolish.

Jul. Bear all my service sweet Boy.

O

Pand.

Pand. Art thou here still?

Jul. And tell him what thou wilt that shall become

Pand. Ith' hquise, and know we are here. *Ex. Boy.* (thee.

Jul. No, no, he did not;

I warrant you he did not: could you think
His love had less than wings, had he but seen me;
His strong affection any thing but fire
Consuming all weak lets and rubs before it,
Till he had met my flame, and made one body?
If ever heavens high blessings met in one man,
And there erected to their holy uses
A sacred mind fit for their services,
Built all of polish'd honor, 'twas in this man:
Misdoubt him not.

Pand. I know he's truly noble;
But why this sadness, when the general cause
Requires a Jubile of joy?

Jul. I know not.

Enter Virolet and Boy.

Pand. Pray heaven you find it not.

Jul. I hope I shall not:

O here he comes, and with him all my happiness;
He stays and thinks, we may be too unmannerly;
Pray give him leave.

they stand off.

Pand. I do not like this sadness.

Vir. O hard condition of my misery!

Unheard of plagues! when to behold that woman,
That chaste and virtuous woman, that preserv'd me,
That pious wife, wedded to my afflictions,
Must be more terrible than all my dangers.
O fortune, thou hast rob'd me of my making,
The noble building of a man, demolish'd,
And flung me headlong, on a sin so base
Man and mankind contemn; even beasts abhor it,
A sin more dull than drink, a shame beyond it;
So foul, and far from faith; I dare not name it,
But it will cry it self out, loud ingratitude.
Your blessing Sir.

Pand. You have it in abundance;
So is our joy, to see you safe.

Vir. My Dear one;

Jul. Has not forgot me yet: O take me to you Sir.

Vir. Must this be added to increase my misery,
That she must weep for joy, and loose that goodness?
My *Juliana*, even the best of women,
Of wives the perfectest, let me speak this,
And with a modesty declare thy virtues,
Chaster than Chrystal, on the *Scythian* Cliffs
The more the proud winds Court, the more the purer.
Sweeter in thy obedience than a Sacrifice;
And in thy mind a Saint, that even yet living,
Producest miracles, and women daily,
With crooked and lame souls creep to thy goodness,
Which having toucht at, they become examples.
The fortitude of all their sex, is Fable
Compar'd to thine; and they that fill'd up glory,
And admiration, in the age behind us,
Out of their celebrated urns, are started,
To stare upon the greatness of thy spirit;
Wondring what new Martyr heaven has begot,
To fill the times with truth, and ease their stories:
Being all these, and excellent in beauty,
(For noble things dwell in the noblest buildings)
Thou hast undone thy husband, made him wretched,
A miserable man, my *Juliana*,
Thou hast made thy *Virolet*.

Jul. Now goodness keep me;
Oh! my dear Lord.

Pand. She wrong you? what's the meaning?
Weep not, but speak, I charge you on obedience;
Your Father charges you, she make you miserable?
That you your self confesse.

Vir. I do, that kills me;
And far less I have spoke her than her merit.

Jul. It is some sin of weakness, or of ignorance?

For sure my Will——

Vir. No, 'tis a sin of excellence:

Forgive me heaven, that I prophane thy blessings:
Sit still; I'll shew you all.

Exit Virolet.

Pand. What means this madness?

For sure there is no tast of right man in it;
Grieves he our liberty, our preservation?
Or has the greatness of the deed he has done,
Made him forget, for whom, and how he did it,
And looking down upon us, scorn the benefit?
Well *Virolet*, if thou beest proud, or treacherous.

Jul. He cannot Sir, he cannot; he will shew us,
And with that reason ground his words.

Enter Virolet, Martia, Ronvere.

Pand. He comes.

What Masque is this? what admirable beauty?
Pray heaven his heart be true.

Jul. A goodly woman.

Vir. Tell me my dear; and tell me without flattery,
As you are nobly honest, speak the truth;
What think you of this Lady?

Jul. She is most excellent.

Vir. Might not this beauty tell me it's a sweet one,
Without more setting off, as now it is,
Thanking no greater Mistress than meer nature,
Stagger a constant heart?

Pand. She is full of wonder I
But yet; yet *Virolet*.

Vir. Pray by your leave Sir!

Jul. She would amaze:

Vir. O! would she so? I thank you;
Say to this beauty, she have all additions,
Wealth, noble birth.

Pand. O hold there.

Vir. All virtues,
A mind as full of candor as the truth is,
I, and a loving Lady.

Jul. She must needs

(I am bound in conscience to confesse) deserve much.

Vir. Nay, say beyond all these, she be so pious,
That even on slaves condemn'd she showre her benefits,
And melt their stubborn Bolts with her soft pitty,
What think you then?

Pand. For such a noble office,
At these years, I should dote my self; take heed boy,
Jul. If you be he, that have receiv'd these blessings,
And this the Lady: love her, honor her;
You cannot do too much, to shew your gratitude,
Your greatest service will shew off too slender.

Vir. This is the Lady; Lady of that bounty,
That wealth, that noble name, that all I spoke of:
The Prince *Ascanio* and my self, the slaves
Redeem'd, brought home, still guarded by her goodness,
And of our liberties you tast the sweetness;
Even you she has preserv'd too, lengthen'd your lives.

Jul. And what reward do you purpose? it must be a main
If love will do it we'll all, so love her, serve her. (one,
Vir. It must be my love.

Jul. Ha!

Vir. Mine, my only love,
My everlasting love:

Pand. How?

Vir. Pray have patience.
The recompence she ask'd, and I have render'd,
Was to become her husband: then I vowed it,
And since I have made it good.

Pand. Thou durst not.

Vir. Done Sir,

with me,

Jul. Be what you please, his happiness yet stays
You have been mine; oh my unhappy fortune.

Pand. Nay, break and dye;

Jul. It cannot yet: I must live,

Till

Till I see this man, blest in his new love,
And then :

Pand. What hast thou done? thou base one tell me,
Thou barren thing of honesty, and honor;
What hast thou wrought? Is not this she, look on her,
Look on her, with the eyes of gratitude,
And wipe thy false tears off; Is not this she,
That three times on the Rack, to guard thy safety,
When thou stood'st lost, and naked to the Tyrant;
Thy aged Father here, that shames to know thee,
Inag'd ith' jaws of danger; was not this she,
That then gave up her body to the torture?
That tender body, that the wind sings through;
And three times, when her sinews, crack'd and tortur'd,
The beauties of her body turn'd to ruines;
Even then, within her patient heart, she lock'd thee;
Then hid thee from the Tyrant, then preserv'd thee,
And canst thou be that slave?

Martia. This was but duty,
She did it for her Husband, and she ought it;
She has had the pleasure of him, many an hour,
And if one minutes pain cannot be suffer'd;
Mine was above all these, a nobler venter,
I speak it boldly, for I lost a Father.
He has one still, I left my friends, he has many;
Expos'd my life, and honor to a cruelty,
That if it had seiz'd on me, racks and tortures,
Alas, they are Triumphs to it: and had it hit,
For this mans love, it should have shewed a triumph,
Twice lost, I freed him; *Rossana* lost before him,
His fortunes with him; and his friends behind him:
Twice was I rack'd my self for his deliverance,
In honor first and name, which was a torture
The hang-man never heard of; next at Sea,
In our escape, where the proud waves took pleasure
To toss my little Boat up like a bubble,
Then like a meteor in the ayr he hung,
Then catch'd and flung him in the depth of darknes;
The Cannon from my incens'd Fathers Ship,
Ringing our Knell, and still as we peep'd upward,
Beating the raging surge, with fire and Bullet,
And I stood fixt for this mans sake, and scorn'd it;
Compare but this:

Vir. 'Tis too true; O my fortune!
That I must equally be bound to either:
Jul. You have the better and the nobler Lady,
And now I am forc'd, a lover of her goodness.
And so far have you wrought for his deliverance,
That is my Lord, so lovingly and nobly,
That now methinks I stagger in my Title.
But how with honesty? for I am a poor Lady,
In all my dutious service but your shadow,
Yet would be just; how with fair fame and credit,
I may go off; I would not be a strumpet:

O my dear Sir, you know:

Vir. O truth, thou knowest too.

Jul. Nor have the world suspect, I fell to mischief.

Law. Take you no care for that, here's that has done it,
A fair divorce, 'tis honest too.

Pand. The devil,
Honest? to put her off?

Law. Most honest Sir,
And in this point most strong.

Pand. The cause, the cause Sir?

Law. A just cause too.

Pand. As any is in hell, Lawyer.

Law. For barrenness, she never brought him children.

Pand. Why art thou not divorc'd? thou canst not get 'em,
Thy neighbors, thy rank neighbors: O base juggling,
Is she not young?

Jul. Women at more years Sir,
Have met that blessing; 'tis in heavens high power.

Law. You never can have any:

Pand. Why quick Lawyer?

My Philosophical Lawyer.

Law. The Rack has spoil'd her
The distentions of those parts, hath stopt all fruitfulness.

Pand. O I could curse.

Jul. And am I grown so miserable,
That mine own pitty must make me wretched?
No cause against me, but my love, and duty?
Farewell Sir, like obedience, thus I leave you,
My long farewell: I do not grudge, I give Sir,
And if that be offensive, I can dye,
And then you are fairly free: good Lady love him;
You have a noble, and an honest Gentleman,
I ever found him so, the world has spoke him,
And let it be your part still to deserve him:
Love him no less than I have done, and serve him,
And heaven shall bless you; you shall bless my ashes
I give you up the house, the name of wife,
Honor, and all respect I borrowed from him,
And to my grave I turn: one farewell more;
Nothing divide your Loves, not want of Children,
Which I shall pray against, and make you fruitful;
Grow like two equal flames, rise high and glorious,
And in your honor'd age burn out together:
To all I know, farewell:

Ronver. Be not so griev'd Lady,
A nobler fortune.

Jul. Away thou parasite.
Disturb not my sad thoughts, I hate thy greatness.

Ron. I hate not you, I am glad she's off these hinges,
Come, let's pursue. *Ex. Ronvere and Law.*

Pand. If I had breath to curse thee,
Or could my great heart utter, farewell villain,
Thy house, nor face agen, *Exit Pand.*

Mar. Let 'em all go.

And now let us rejoyce, now freely take me,
And now embrace me *Violet*, give the rites
Of a brave Husband to his love.

Vir. I'll take my leave too.

Mar. How take your leave too?

Vir. The house is furnish'd for you,
You are Mistress, may command.

Mar. Will you to bed Sir?

Vir. As soon to hell, to any thing I hate most;
You must excuse me, I have kept my word.
You are my Wife, you now enjoy my fortune.
Which I have done to recompence your bounty:
But to yield up those chaste delights and pleasures,
Which are not mine, but my first vowes.

Mar. You jeast.

Vir. You will not find it so, to give you those
I have divorc'd, and lost with *Juliana*,
And all fires of that nature —

Mar. Are you a Husband?

Vir. To question hers, and satisfie your flames,
That held an equal beauty, equal bounty —
Good heaven forgive; no, no, the strict forbearance,
Of all those joys, like a full sacrifice,
I offer to the sufferings of my first love,
Honor, and wealth, attendance, state, all duty,
Shall wait upon your will, to make you happy,
But my afflicted mind, you must give leave Lady,
My weary Trunk must wander.

Mart. Not enjoy me?

Go from me too?

Vir. For ever thus I leave you;
And how so e're I fare, live you still happy. *Exit Virol.*

Mar. Since I am scorn'd, I'll hate thee, scorn thy gifts too,
Thou miserable fool, thou fool to pitty,
And such a rude, demolisht thing, I'll leave thee,
In my revenge: for foolish love, farewell now,
And anger, and the spite of woman enter,
That all the world shall say, that read this story,
My hate, and not my love, begot my glory.

Exit Martia.
Alcius

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter *Seff. Boatswaine, Master, Gunner.*

Seff. He that fears death, or tortures, let him leave me.
The stops that we have met with, Crown our Conquest.
Common attempts are fit for common men;
The rare, the rarest spirits. Can we be daunted?
We that have fini'd at Sea at certain ruines,
Which men on shore but hazarded would shake at:
We that have liv'd free, in despite of fortune,
Laught at the out-stretch'd Arm of Tyranny,
As still too short to reach us, shall we faint now?
No my brave mates, I know your fiery temper,
And that you can, and dare, as much as men:
Calapity, that severs worldly friendships,
Could ne'r divide us, you are still the same;
The constant followers of my banisht fortunes;
The Instruments of my revenge; the hands
By which I work, and fashion all my projects.

Maft. And such we will be ever.

Gun. 'Slight Sir, Cramme me
Into a Cannons mouth, and shoot me at
Proud *Ferrand's* head; may only he fall with me,
My life I rate at nothing.

Boatfw. Could I but get,
Within my swords length of him; and if then
He scape me, may th'account of all his sins
Be added unto mine.

Maft. 'Tis not to dye Sir,
But to dye unreveng'd, that staggers me:
For were your ends serv'd, and our Countrey free,
We would fall willing sacrifices.

Seff. To rise up.
Most glorious Martyrs.

Boatfw. But the reason why
We wear these shapes?

Seff. Only to get access:
Like honest men, we never shall approach him,
Such are his fears, but thus attir'd like *Switzers*,
And fashioning our language to our habits;
Bold, bloody, desperate, we may be admitted
Among his guard. But if this fail I'll try
A thousand others, out-do *Proteus*
In various shapes, but I will reach his heart.
And seal my anger on't.

Enter *Ronvere and the Guard.*

Maft. The Lord *Ronvere*.

Boatfw. Shall we begin with him?

Seff. He is not ripe yet,
Nor fit to fall: as you see me begin,
With all care Imitate.

Gun. We are instructed.

Boatfw. Would we were at it once.

Ron. Keep a strict watch,
And let the guards be doubled, this last night
The King had fearful dreams.

Seff. 'Tis a good Omen
To our attempts.

Ron. What men are these? what seek you?

Seff. Employment.

Ron. Of what nature?

Seff. We are Soldiers;
We have seen Towns and Churches set on fire;
The Kennels runing blood, Coy virgins ravish'd;
The Altars ranfack'd, and the holy reliques,

Yea, and the Saints themselves, made lawful spoils,
Unto the Conquerors: but these good days are past,
And we made Beggars, by this idle peace,
For want of action. I am Sir no stranger
To the Government of this state, I know the King
Needs men, that only do what he commands,
And search no farther: 'tis the profession
Of all our Nation, to serve faithfully,
Where th'are best payed: and if you entertain us,
I do not know the thing you can command,
Which we'll not put in act.

Ron. A goodly Personage.

Maft. And if you have an Enemy, or fo
That you would have dispatch'd.

Gun. They are here, can fit you.

Boatfw. Or if there be an Itch, though to a man.

Seff. You shall tye
Our consciences in your purse strings.

Ron. Gentlemen,
I like your freedome: I am now in hast,
But wait for my return. I like the Rascals,
They may be useful.

Seff. We'll attend you Sir:

Ron. Do, and be confident of entertainment;
I hope you will deserve it. *Exit Ron. and Guard.*

Seff. O, no doubt Sir:
Thus far we are prosperous; we'll be his guard;
Till Tyranny and pride find full reward: *Exeunt.*

Enter *Pandulfo, and Juliana.*

Pand. My blessing? no; a Fathers heavy curse,
Pursue, and overtake him,

Jul. Gentle Sir.

Pand. My name, and Family, end in my self
Rather then live in him.

Jul. Dear Sir forbear,
A fathers curses, hit far off, and kill too.
And like a murdering piece ayms not at one,
But all that stand within the dangerous level.
Some bullet may return upon your self too,
Though against nature, if you still go on
In this unnatural course.

Pand. Thou art not made
Of that same stuff as other women are:
Thy injuries would teach patience to blaspheme,
Yet still thou art a Dove.

Jul. I know not malice, but like an innocent, suffer.

Pand. More miraculous!
I'll have a woman Chronicled, and for goodness,
Which is the greatest wonder. Let me see,
I have no Son to inherit after me;
Him I disclaim.

What then? I'll make thy vertues my sole heir;
Thy story I'll have written, and in Gold too;
In prose and verse, and by the ablest doers:
A word or two of a kind step-father
I'll have put in, good Kings and Queens shall buy it.
And if the actions of ill great women,
And of the modern times too, are remembred,
That have undone their husbands and their families,
What will our story do? It shall be so,
And I will streight about it. *Exit Pand.*

Enter *Boy.*

Jul. Such as love
Goodness for glory, have it for reward;
I love mine for it self: let innocence
Be written on my Tomb, though ne're so humble;
'Tis all I am ambitious of. But I
Forget my vows.

Boy. Fore me you are not modest,
Nor is this Courtlike. Would you take it well,

If she should rudely press into your Closet,
When from your several Boxes you choose paint,
To make a this days face with?

Jul. What's the matter:

Boy. Pray know her pleasure first.

Jul. To whom speak you Boy?

Boy. Your Ladships pardon. That proud Lady thief,
That stole away my Lord from your embraces,
(Wrinkles at two and twenty on her cheeks for't,
Or *Mercury* unallayed, make blisters on it)
Would force a visit.

Jul. And dare you deny her,
Or any else that I call mine? No more,
Attend her with all reverence and respect;
The want in you of manners, my Lord may
Construe in me for malice. I will teach you
How to esteem and love the beauty he dotes on;
Prepare a Banquet.

Enter Martia and Boy.

Madam, thus my duty
Stoops to the favor you vouchsafe your servant,
In honouring her house.

Mart. Is this in scorn?

Jul. No by the life of *Violet*: give me leave
To swear by him, as by a Saint I worship,
But am to know no farther, my heart speaks that
My servants have been rude, and this boy (doting
Upon my sorrows) hath forgot his duty:
In which, that you may think I have no share,
Sirra, upon your knees, desire her pardon.

Boy. I dare not disobey you.

Mart. Prethee rise,
My anger never looks so low: I thank you.
And will deserve it, if we may be private,
I came to see and speak with you.

Jul. Be gone.
Good Madam sit.

Exit Boy.

Mart. I rob you of your place then.

Jul. You have deserv'd a better, in my bed;
Make use of this too: Now your pleasure Lady.
If in your breast there be a worthy pitty,
That brings you for my comfort, you do nobly:
But if you come to triumph in your conquest,
Or tread on my calamities, 'twill wrong
Your other excellencies. Let it suffice,
That you alone enjoy the best of men,
And that I am forsaken.

Mart. He the best?
The scum and shame of mankind.

Jul. *Violet*, Lady?

Mart. Blest in him? I would my youth had chosen
Consuming feavers, bed-rid age
For my companions, rather than a thing
To lay whose baseness open, would even poison
The tongue that speaks it.

Jul. Certainly from you
At no part he deserves this; and I tell you,
Durst I pretend but the least title to him,
I should not hear this.

Mart. He's an impudent villain,
Or a malicious wretch: to you ungrateful;
To me beyond expression barbarous.
I more than hate him; from you he deserves
A death most horrid: from me, to dye for ever,
And know no end of torments. Would you have comfort?
Would you wash off the stain that sticks upon you,
In being refus'd? Would you redeem your fame,
Shipwrack'd in his base wrongs? if you desire this,
It is not to be done with slavish suffering,
But by a Noble anger, making way
To a most brave revenge, we may call justice;
Our injuries are equal; joyn with me then,

And share the honor,

Jul. I scarce understand you,
And know I shall be most unapt to learn
To hate the man I still must love and honor.

Mart. This foolish dotage in soft-hearted women,
Makes proud men insolent: but take your way,
I'll run another course.

Jul. As you are noble,
Deliver his offence.

Mart. He has denied
The rites due to a wife.

Jul. O me most happy,
How largely am I paid for all my sufferings?
Most honest *Violet*, thou just performer
Of all thy promises: I call to mind now,
When I was happy in those joys you speak of,
In a chaste bed, and warranted by Law too,
He oft would swear, that if he should survive me,
(Which then I knew he wisht not) never woman
Should taste of his embraces; this one act
Makes me again his debtor.

Mart. And was this
The cause my youth and beauty were contemn'd?
If I sit down here! wel —

Jul. I dare thy worst,
Plot what thou canst, my piety shall guard him
Against thy malice. Leave my house and quickly,
Thou wilt infect these innocent walls. By virtue
I will inform him of thy bloody purpose,
And turn it on thine own accursed head;
Believ't I will.

Exit Juliana.

Mart. But 'tis not in thy power
To hinder what I have decreed against him.
I'll set my self to sale, and live a strumpet;
Forget my birth, my father, and his honor,
Rather than want an instrument to help me
In my revenge. The Captain of the guard,
(Blest opportunity) courts me.

Enter Ronvere.

Ron. Sad and troubled?
How brave her anger shews? how it sets off
Her natural beauty? under what happy star
Was *Violet* born, to be belov'd and sought to,
By two incomparable women? noblest Lady,
I have heard your wrongs and pitty them: and if
The service of my life could give me hope
To gain your favor, I should be most proud
To be commanded.

Mart. 'Tis in you, my Lord,
To make me your glad servant.

Ron. Name the means.

Mart. 'Tis not preferment, Jewels, Gold, or Courtship.
He that desires to reap the harvest of
My youth and beauty, must begin in blood,
And right my wrongs.

Ron. I apprehend you Madam,
And rest assured 'tis done; I am provided
Of instruments to fit you: To the King,
I'll instantly present you; if I fail,
He shall make good your aymes: he's less than man,
That to achieve your favor, would not do
Deeds, fiends would fear to put their agents to. *Exeunt.*

Enter Violet Reading.

Vir. *Quod invitus facis, non est scelus.* 'Tis an *axiome*,
Now whether willingly I have departed
With that I lov'd: with that, above her life
Lov'd me again, crown'd me a happy husband,
Was full of children her afflictions,
That I begot, that when our age must perish,
And all our painted frailties turn'd to ashes,

Then

Then shall they stand and propogate our honors.
 Whether this done, and taking to protection
 A new strange beauty, it was a useful one:
 How to my lust? if it be so, I am sinful;
 And guilty of that crime I would sling from me.
 Was there not in it this fair course of virtue?
 This pious course, to save my friends, my Countrey,
 That even then had put on a mourning garment,
 And wept the desolation of her children?
 Her noblest children? Did not she thrust me on,
 And to my duty clapt the spur of honor?
 Was there a way, without this woman, left me
 To bring 'em off? the marrying of this woman?
 If not, why am I stung thus? why tormented?
 Or had there been a wild desire joyn'd with it,
 How easily, both these, and all their beauties
 Might I have made mine own? why am I toucht thus,
 Having perform'd the great redemption,
 Both of my friends and family? fairly done it?
 Without base and lascivious ends; O Heaven,
 Why am I still at War thus? why this a mischief,
 That honesty and honor had propounded,
 I, and absolv'd my tender will, and chid me,
 Nay then unwillingly flung me on?

Enter Juliana and the Boy.

Boy. He's here Madam;
 This is the melancholly walk he lives in,
 And chooses ever to increase his sadness.

Jul. Stand by.

Vir. 'Tis she: how I shake now and tremble?
 The virtues of that mind are torments to me.

Jul. Sir, if my hated face shall stir your anger,
 Or this forbidden path I tread in vex you;
 My love, and fair obedience left behind me,
 Your pardon asked, I shall return and bless you.

Vir. Pray stay a little, I delight to see you;
 May not we yet, though fortune have divided us,
 And set an envious stop between our pleasures,
 Look thus one at another? sigh and weep thus?
 And read in one anothers eyes, the Legends,
 And wonders of our old loves? be not fearful,
 Though you be now a Saint, I may adore you:
 May I not take this hand, and on it sacrifice
 The sorrows of my heart? white seal of virtue.

Jul. My Lord, you wrong your wedlock.

Vir. Were she here,
 And with her all severe eyes to behold us,
 We might do this; I might name *Juliana*,
 And to the reverence of that name, bow thus:
 I might sigh *Juliana* she was mine once;
 But I too weak a guard for that great treasure—
 And whilst she has a name, believe me Lady,
 This broken heart shall never want a sorrow.

Jul. Forget her sir, your honor now commands you
 You are anothers, keep those griefs for her,
 She richly can reward 'em. I would have spoken with you.

Vir. What is your will? for nothing you can ask,
 So full of goodness are your words and meanings,
 Must be denied: speak boldly.

Jul. I thank you sir. I come not
 To beg, or flatter, only to be believ'd,
 That I desire: for I shall tell a story,
 So far from seeming truth, yet a most true one;
 So horrible in nature, and so horrid;
 So beyond wickedness, that when you hear it,
 It must appear the practice of another,
 The cast and malice of some one you have wrong'd much,
 And me, you may imagine me accuse too,
 Unless you call to mind my daily sufferings;
 The infinite obedience I have born you,
 That hates all name and nature of revenge.
 My love, that nothing but my death can sever,

Rather than hers I speak of.

Vir. Juliana,

To make a doubt of what you shall deliver,
 After my full experience of your virtues,
 Were to distrust a providence; to think you can lie,
 Or being wrong'd, seek after soul reparings,
 To forge a Creed against my faith.

Jul. I must do so, for it concerns your life Sir;
 And if that word may stir you, hear and prosper:
 I should be dumb else, were not you at stake here.

Vir. What new friend have I found, that dares deliver
 This loaden trunk from his afflictions?
 What pitying hand, of all that feels my miseries,
 Brings such a benefit?

Jul. Be wise and manly,
 And with your honor fall, when Heaven shall call you,
 Not by a hellish mischief.

Vir. Speak my blest one,
 How weak and poor I am, now she is from me?

Jul. Your wife.

Vir. How's that?

Jul. Your wife.

Vir. Be tender of her, I shall believe else—

Jul. I must be true; your ear, sir;
 For 'tis so horrible, if the ayr catch it,
 Into a thousand plagues, a thousand monsters,
 It will disperse it self, and fright resistance. *Whispers.*

Vir. She seek my life with you? make you her agent?
 Another love? O speak but truth.

Jul. Be patient,
 Dear as I love you, else I leave you wretched.

Vir. Forward, 'tis well, it shall be welcome to me;
 I have liv'd too long, numbred too many days,
 Yet never found the benefit of living;
 Now when I come to reap it with my service,
 And hunt for that my youth and honor aims at,
 The Sun sets on my fortune red and bloody,
 And everlasting night begins to close me,
 'Tis time to dye.

Enter Martia and Ronvere.

Jul. She comes her self.

Ron. Believe Lady,
 And on this Angel hand, your servant seals it,
 You shall be Mistress of your whole desires,
 And what ye shall command.

Mart. Ha mynion,
 My precious Dame, are you there? nay go forward,
 Make your complaints, and pour out your fain'd pitties,
 slave, like to him you serve: I am the same still,
 And what I purpose, let the world take witness,
 Shall be so finisht, and to such example,
 Spite of your poor preventions, my dear Gentleman,
 My honorable man, are you there too?
 You and your hot desire? your mercy Sir,
 I had forgot your greatness,

Jul. 'Tis not well Lady.

Mart. Lord, how I hate this fellow now; how despe-
 My stomach stands against him; this base fellow,
 This gelded fool!

Jul. Did you never hear of modesty?

Mart. Yes, when I heard of you and so believ'd it,
 Thou bloodless, brainless fool.

Vir. How?

Mart. Thou despised fool,
 Thou only sign of man, how I contemn thee!
 Thou woven worthy in a piece of Arras,
 Fit only to enjoy a wall; thou beast
 Beaten to use; Have I preserv'd a beauty,
 A youth, a love, to have my wishes blasted?
 My dotings, and the joys I came to offer,
 Must they be lost, and sleighted by a dormouse?

Jul. Use more respect; and woman, 'twill become you;

At

At least, less tongue.

Mart. I'll use all violence,
Let him look for't.

Jul. Dare you stain those beauties,
Those heavenly stamps, that raise men up to wonder,
With harsh and crooked motions? are you she
That overdid all ages, with your honor;
And in a little hour dare loose this triumph?
Is not this man your husband?

Mart. He's my halter;
Which (having sued my pardon) I fling off thus,
And with him all I brought him, but my anger;
Which I will nourish to the desolation,
Not only of his folly, but his friends,
And his whole name.

Vir. 'Tis well, I have deserved it.
And if I were a woman, I would rail too.

Mart. Nature nere promised thee a thing so noble.
Take back your love, your vow, I give it freely;
I poorly scorn it; graze now where you please:
That that the dulness of thy soul neglected,
Kings sue for now. And mark me, *Violet*,
Thou image of a man, observe my words well.
At such a bloody rate I'll sell this beauty,
This handsomness thou scornst and flingst away,
Thy proud ungrateful life shall shake at: take your house;
The petty things you left me give another;
And last, take home your trinket: fare you well, Sir,

Ron. You have spoke like your self;
Y'are a brave Lady. *Exeunt Ronvcre and Martia.*

Jul. Why do you smile, Sir?

Vir. O my *Juliana*,
The happiness this womans scorn has given me,
Makes me a man again; proclaims it self,
In such a general joy, through all my miseries,
That now methinks——

Jul. Look to your self dear Sir,
And trifle not with danger that attends you;
Be joyful when y'are free.

Vir. Did you not hear her?
She gave me back my vow, my love, my freedom;
I am free, free as air; and though to-morrow
Her bloody will meet with my life, and sink it,
And in her execution tear me piecemeal:
Yet have I time once more to meet my wishes,
Once more to embrace my best, my noblest, truest;
And time that's warranted.

Jul. Good Sir, forbear it:
Though I confess, equal with your desires
My wishes rise, as covetous of your love,
And to as warm alarms spur my will to:
Yet pardon me, the Seal oth' Church dividing us,
And hanging like a threatening flame between us,
We must not meet, I dare not.

Vir. That poor disjoynting
That only strong necessity thrust on you,
Not crime, nor studied cause of mine: how sweetly,
And nobly I will bind again and cherish;
How I will recompence one dear embrace now,
One free affection! how I burn to meet it!
Look now upon me.

Jul. I behold you willingly,
And willingly would yield, but for my credit.
The love you first had was preserv'd with honor,
The last shall not cry whore; you shall not purchase
From me a pleasure, that have equally
Lov'd your fair fame as you, at such a rate:
Your honesty and virtue must be bankrupt,
If I had lov'd your lust, and not your lustre;
The glorious lustre of your matchless goodness,
I would compel you now to be! —— forgive me,
Forgive me Sir, how fondly still I love you!
Yet nobly too; make the way straight before me,
And let but holy *Hymen* once more guide me;

Under the Ax upon the Rack again,
Even in the bed of all afflictions,
Where nothing sings our Nuptials but dire sorrows,
With all my youth and pleasure I'll embrace you,
Make Tyranny and death stand still affrighted,
And at our meeting souls amaze our mischiefs;
Till when, high heaven defend you, and peace guide you.
Be wise and manly, make your fate your own,
By being master of a providence,
That may controle it.

Vir. Stay a little with me,
My thoughts have chid themselves: may I not kiss you?
Upon my truth I am honest.

Jul. I believe ye;
But yet what that may raise in both our fancies,
What issues such warm parents breed.

Vir. I obey you,
And take my leave as from the Saint that keeps me.
I will be right again, and once more happy
In thy unimitable love.

Jul. I'll pray for ye,
And when you fall I have not long to follow. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sesse, Master, Botefwain, and Gunner, at one door,
Martia and Ronvcre, at another.*

Ses. Now we have got free credit with the Captain.
Mast. Soft, soft, he's here again: Is not that Lady—
Or have I lost mine eyes? a salt rhume seizes 'em;
But I should know that face.

Botf. Make him not madder,
Let him forget the woman; steer a lar-board.

Mast. He will not kill her.
Botf. Any thing he meets;
He's like a Hornet now, he hums, and buzzes;
Nothing but blood and horror.

Mast. I would save the Lady,
For such another Lady.

Botf. There's the point;
And you know there want women of her mettle.
Mast. 'Tis true, they bring such children now,
Such demilancies,
Their fathers socks will make them Christning clothes.

Gunn. No more, they view us.
Ses. You shall play a while,
And sun your self in this felicity,
You shall you glorious whore, I know you still.
But I shall pick an hour when most securely——
I say no more.

Ron. Do you see those? those are they
Shall act your will; come hither my good fellows:
You are now the Kings. Are they not goodly fellows?

Mart. They have bone enough, if they have stout heart
Mast. Still the old wench. *(to it.)*

Sesf. Pray Captain, let me ask you
What Noble Lady's that? 'tis a rude question,
But I desire to know.

Ron. She is for the King, Sir;
Let that suffice for answer.

Sesf. Is she so Sir?
In good time may she curse it.
Must I breed hackneys for his grace?

Ron. What wouldst thou do
To merit such a Ladies favor?

Sesf. Any thing.
Ron. That can supply thy wants, and raise thy fortunes?
Sesf. Let her command, and see what I dare execute.

I keep my conscience here; if any man
Oppose her will, and she would have him humbled,
Whole families between her and her wishes——
Mast. 'We have seen bleeding throats sir, Citics factt;
And infants stuck upon their pikes.

Botef. Houses a fire, and handsome mothers weeping.
Sesf. Which we have heaped upon the pile like sacrifices.
Churches

Churches and Altars, Priests and all devotions,
Tumbled together into one rude *Chaos*.

Gun. We know no fear Sir, but want of employment.

Seff. Nor other faith but what our purses preach.
To gain our ends we can do any thing,
And turn our souls into a thousand figures;
But when we come to do—

Mart. I like these fellows.

Ron. Be ready and wait here within this hour
I'll shew you to the King, and he shall like ye:
And if you can devise some entertainment
To fill his mirth, such as your Countrey uses,
Present it, and I'll see it grac'd.
After this *Comicke Scene* we shall imploy you,
For one must dye.

Seff. What is he sir? speak boldly,
For we dare boldly do.

Ron. This Ladies husband;
His name is *Violet*.

Seff. We shall dispatch it. *Exit Martia, Ronvere.*
O damned, damned thing: a base whore first:
And then a murtherer, I'll look to you.

Botf. Can she be grown so strange?

Seff. She has an itch;
I'll scratch you my dear daughter, I'll so claw you;
I'll curry your hot hide; married and honour'd?
And turn those holy blessings into brothels?
Your beauty into blood? I'll hunt your hotness.
I'll hunt you like a train.

Mart. We did all pitty her.

Seff. Hang her, she is not worth mans memory;
She's false and base, and let her fright all stories.
Well, though thou beest mine enemy, I'll right thee,
And right thee Nobly.

Botf. Faith sir, since she must go,
Let's spare as few as may be.

Seff. We'll take all,
And like a torrent sweep the slaves before us.
You dare endure the worst?

Mart. You know our hearts sir,
And they shall bleed the last, ere we start from ye.

Gun. We can but dye, and ere we come to that,
We shall pick out some few examples for us.

Seff. Then wait the first occasion, and like *Curtius*,
I'll leap the gulph before you, fearless leap it:
Then follow me like men, and if our virtues
May buoy our Countrey up, and set her shining
In her first state; our fair revenges taken,
We have our noble ends or else our ashes. *Exeunt.*

Actus V.

Scena Prima.

Enter Ascanio, and Martia above.

Mart. As you are noble, keep me from discovery,
And let me only run a strangers fortune;
For when the King shall find I am his daughter
He ever holds most ominous, and hates most:
With what eyes can he look, how entertain me,
But with his fears and cruelties?

Asc. I have found you,
Suspect not, I am bound to what you like best,
What you intend, I dare not be so curious
To question now, and what you are, lies hid here.

Enter Ferrand and Ronvere above.

The King comes, make your fortune, I shall joy in't.

Ron. All things are ready sir to make you merry,
And such a King, you shall behold him now.

Fer. I long for't,
For I have need of mirth.

Ron. The Lady sir.

Fer. Now as I am a King, a sprightly beauty,
A goodly sweet aspect! my thanks *Ronvere*,
My best thanks; on your lips I seal your wishes,
Be what you can; imagine mine, and happy.
And now sit down and smile; come my *Ascanio*;
And let this Monarch enter.

Enter Seff. and Mr. Bortfw. Gunner, and Saylor.

Ronv. These are the *Switzers*:
I told your grace of.

Fer. Goodly promising fellows,
With faces to keep fools in awe, I like 'em;
Go guard the presence well, and do your duties,
To morrow I shall take a farther view:

Seff. You shall Sir,
Or I shall loose my will; how the whore's mounted?
How she sits thron'd? thou blasing muddy meteor,
That frightest the under world with lustful flashes,
How I shall dash thy flames? away, no word more:
Ex. Seff. and his company. Flourish Cor.

Enter Villio, Castruchio, Doctor, and a Guard.

Fer. Now, here he comes in glory; be merry Masters,
A Banquet too? *meat conveyed away.*

Ron. O, he must sit in State Sir!

Asca. How rarely he is usher'd? can he think now
He is a King indeed?

Ron. Mark but his countenance.

Cast. Let me have pleasures infinite, and to the height,
And women in abundance, many women,

Enter Ladies.

I will disport my grace,
Stand there and long for me.
What have ye brought me here? is this a Feast
Fit for a Prince? a mighty Prince? are these things,
These preparations, ha?

Doct. May it please your grace? *Marchpanes,*

Cast. It does not please my grace: where are the
The Custards double royal, and the subtilties?
Why, what weak things are you to serve a Prince thus?
Where be the delicates oth' earth and ayr?
The hidden secrets of the Sea? am I a plow-man,
You pop me up with porridge? hang the Cooks.

Fer. O most Kingly:

What a Majestick anger?

Cast. Give me some wine.

Asca. He cools agen now.

Cast. Fool where are my Players?

Let me have all in pomp; let 'em play some love matter,
To make the Ladies itch, I'll be with you anon Ladies;
You black eyes, I'll be with you.
Give me some wine I say,
And let me have a Masque of Cuckolds enter:
Of mine own Cuckolds,
And let them come in, peeping and rejoycing.
Just as I kiss their wives, and somewhat glorying.
Some wine I say, then for an excellent night-piece,
To shew my glory to my loves, and minions,
I will have some great Castle burnt.

Vil. Hark you brother:

If that be to please these Ladies, ten to one
The fire first takes upon your own, look to that;
Then you may shew a night piece.

Cast. Where's this wine?

Why shall I choak? do ye long all to be tortur'd?

Doct. Here Sir.
 Cast. Why, what is this? why Doctor.
 Doct. Wine and water Sir.
 'Tis Sovereign for your heat, you must endure it.
 Vil. Most excellent to cool your night-piece Sir.
 Doct. You are of a high and choleric complexion,
 And you must have allayes.
 Cast. Shall I have no sheere wine then?
 Doct. Not for a world: I tender your dear life Sir;
 And he is no faithful subject—
 Vil. No, by no means:
 Of this you may drink, and never hang, nor quarter,
 Nor never whip the fool, this liquors merciful.
 Cast. I will sit down and eat then: Kings when th'are
 May eat I hope? (hungry,
 Doct. Yes, but they eat discreetly.
 Cast. Come, tast this dish, and cut me liberally;
 I like sauce well.
 Doct. Fie 'tis too hot Sir:
 Too deeply season'd with the spice, away with't,
 You must acquaint your stomach with those dyets
 Are temperately nourishing.
 Cast. But pray fray Doctor,
 And let me have my meat again.
 Doct. By no means:
 I have a charge concerns my life.
 Cast. No meat neither;
 Do Kings never eat Doctor?
 Doct. Very little Sir.
 And that too very choice.
 Vil. Your King never sleeps Brother,
 He must not sleep, his cares still keep him waking.
 Now he that eats and drinks much is a dormouse;
 The third part of a wafer is a weeks diet.
 Cast. Appoint me something then.
 Doct. There.
 Cast. This I feel good,
 But it melts too suddainly; yet, how, that gone too!
 Ye are not mad! I charge you: *take away.*
 Doct. For your health Sir,
 A little quickens nature, much depresses.
 Cast. Eat nothing for my health? that's a new dyet,
 Let me have something, something has some savor.
 Why thou uncourteous Doctor, shall I hang thee?
 Doct. 'Tis better Sir than I should let you forfeit,
 My death were nothing.
 Vil. To loose a King, were terrible.
 Cast. Nay, then I'll carve my self, I'll stay no ceremonies.
 This is a Patridge Pye, I am sure that's nourishing,
 Or Galen is an Ass: 'tis rarely season'd:
 Ha Doctor have I hit right? a mark a mark there? *take away.*
 Vil. What ails thy grace?
 Cast. Retriv those Patridges.
 Or as I am a King—
 Doct. Pray Sir be patient,
 They are slown too far.
 Vil. These are breath'd pyes an't please you,
 And your hawkes are such Buzards.
 Cast. A King and have nothing,
 Nor can have nothing!
 Vil. What think you of pudding?
 A pudding Royal?
 Cast. To be royally starv'd,
 Whip me this fool to death; he is a blockhead.
 Vil. Let 'em think they whip me, as we think you a King:
 'Twill be enough.
 Cast. As for your dainty Doctor, the Table taken away,
 All gone, all snatch'd away, and I unsatisfied,
 Without my wits being a King and hungry?
 Suffer but this thy treason? I tell thee Doctor.
 I tell it thee, in earnest, and in anger,
 I am damnably hungry, my very grace is hungry.
 Vil. A hungry grace is fittest to no meal Sir.
 Doct. Some two hours hence, you shall see more: but still Sir

You must retain an excellent and strict dyet. (Sir
 Vil. It sharpens you, and makes your wit so poynant,
 Your very words will kill.
 Doct. A bit of Marmalade
 No bigger than a Pease.
 Vil. And that well butter'd,
 The ayr thrice purified, and three times spirited;
 Becomes a King: your rare conserve of nothing
 Breeds no offence.
 Cast. Am I turn'd King *Camelion*,
 And keep my Court ith'ayr?
 Fer. They vex him cruelly.
 Asca. In two days more they'll starve him:
 Fer. Now the women, there's no food left but they.
 Asca. They'll prove small nourishment.
 Yet h'as another stomach and a great one,
 I see by his eye.
 Cast. I'll have mine own power here;
 Mine own Authority; I need no tutor.
 Doctor this is no dyet.
 Doct. It may be Sir
 Vil. Birlady, it may turn to a dry dyet;
 And how thy grace, will ward that—
 Cast. Stand off Doctor;
 And talk to those that want faith.
 Fer. Hot and mighty.
 Asca. He will cool apace, no doubt.
 Cast. Fair, plump, and red,
 A forehead high, an eye revives the dead;
 A lip like ripest fruit, inviting still.
 Vil. But O, the rusny well below the hill,
 Take heed of that, for though it never fail
 Take heed I say, for thereby hangs a tail.
 Cast. I'll get ye all with Child.
 Vil. With one Child Brother,
 So many men in a Blew Coat.
 Cast. Had I fed well.
 And drunk good store of wine, ye had been blest all,
 Blest all with double Births; come kiss me greedily,
 And think no more upon your foolish Husbands,
 They are transitory things: a Kings same meets you.
 Doct. Vanish away. *Ex. Women.*
 Cast. How, they gone too? my guard there:
 Take me this devil Doctor, and that fool there,
 And sow 'em in a sack; bring back the women,
 The lovely women, drown these rogues or hang 'em.
 Asca. He is in earnest Sir.
 I must needs take him off.

Enter Sess. Master, Boatsw. Gunner and Saylor.

Fer. In serious earnest,
 Sess. Now, now be free.
 Now liberty, now Countrey-men shake from ye
 The Tyrants yoke.
 All liberty, liberty, liberty.
 Guard. Treason, treason, treason.
 Fer. We are betray'd, fly to the Town, cry treason,
 And raise our faithful friends; O my *Ascanio*.
 Asca. Make hast, we have way enough.
 Guard. Treason, treason. *Ex. Fer. Asca. and guard.*
 Sess. Spare none, put all to th'sword: a vengeance shake
 Art thou turn'd King again? (thee;
 Cast. I am a Rascal:
 Spare me but this time, if ever I see King more,
 Or once believe in King.
 Sess. The ports are ours.
 The treasure and the port, fight bravely Gentlemen;
 Cry to the Town, cry liberty and honor;
crying liberty and freedom within.
 Waken their persecuted souls, cry loudly,
 We'll share the wealth among ye.
 Cast. Do you hear Captain?
 If ever you hear me, name a King.

Self. You shall not

Cast. Or though I live under one, obey him.

Gun. This Rogue again.

Self. Away with him good Gunner.

Cast. Why look ye Sir? I'll put you to no charge; I'll never eat.

Gun. I'll take a course, you shall not, Come, no more words.

Enter Boatswain.

Cast. Say nothing when you kill me.

Self. He's taken to the Towers strength; Now stand sure Gentlemen.

We have him in a pen, he cannot scape us, The rest oth' Castle's ours; liberty, liberty? What is this City up?

Boatsw. They are up and glorious, And rousing like a storm they come; their Tents Ring nothing but liberty and freedom. The women are in Arms too.

Self. Let 'em come all. Honour and liberty.

All. Honor and liberty.

Exeunt.

Enter Juliana.

Jul. This woman threatens, her eyes, even red with fury Which like prodigious meteors, foretold Assur'd destruction, are still before me. Besides I know such natures unacquainted With any mean, or in their love, or hatred, And she that dar'd all dangers to possess him, Will check at nothing, to revenge the loss Of what she held so dear, I first discover'd Her bloody purposes, which she made good, And openly profess'd 'em; that in me Was but a cold affection; charity Commands so much to all; for *Violet* Methinks I should forget my Sexes weakness, Rise up, and dare beyond a womans strength; Then do not counsel: he is too secure, And in my judgment, 'twere a greater service To free him from a deadly Enemy, Then to get him a friend. I undertook too, To cross her plots, oppos'd my piety, Against her malice; and shall vertue suffer? No *Martia*, wer't thou here equally armed, I have cause, spite of thy masculine breeding, That would assure the victory: my angel Direct and help me.

Enter Violet, like *Ronvere*.

Vir. The State in Combustion, Part of the Cittadel forc'd, the treasure seiz'd on; The guards corrupted, arm themselves against Their late protected Master; *Ferrant* fled too, And with small strength, into the Castle's Tower, The only *Aventine*, that now is left him? And yet the undertakers, nay, performers, Of such a brave and glorious enterprize, Are yet unknown: they did proceed like men, I like a child; and had I never trusted So deep a practice unto shallow fools, Besides my souls peace, in my *Juliana*, The honor of this action had been mine, In which, accrues'd, I now can claim no share.

Jul. *Ronvere*! 'tis he, a thing, next to the devil I most detest and like him terrible; *Martia*'s right hand, the instrument I fear too, That is put to her bloody will, into act. Have I not will enough, and cause too mighty? Weak womens fear, fly from me.

Vir. Sure this habit,

This likeness to *Ronvere*, which I have studied, Either admits me safe to my design, Which I too cowardly have halted after, And suffer'd to be raviht from my glory; Or sinks me and my miseries together; Either concludes me happy.

Jul. He stands musing, Some mischief is now hatching: In the full meditation, of his wickedness, I'll sink his curst soul: guide my hand heaven, And to my tender arm give strength, and fortune, That I may do a pious deed, all ages Shall bless my name for; all remembrance crown me.

Vir. It shall be so.

Jul. It shall not, take that token, And bear it to the lustful arms of *Martia*, Tell her, for *Violets* dear sake, I sent it.

Vir. O I am happy, let me see thee, That I may bless the hand that gave me liberty, O courteous hand, nay thou hast done most nobly, And heaven has guided thee, 'twas their great justice; O blessed wound that I could come to kiss thee! How beautiful, and sweet thou shew'st!

Jul. Oh!

Vir. Sigh not, Nor weep not dear, shed not those sovereign Balfames Into my blood; which must recover me; Then I shall live again, to do a mischief, Against the mightiness of love and virtue, Some base unhallowed hand shall rob thy right of. Help me, I faint: so.

Jul. O unhappy wench!

How has my zeal abus'd me; you that guard virtue, Were ye asleep? or do you laugh at innocence? You suffer'd this mistake? O my dear *Violet*! An everlasting curse follow that forme I strook thee in, his name be ever blasted: For his accursed shadow has betray'd The sweetness of all youth, the nobleness, The honour, and the valor; wither'd for ever The beauty and the bravery of all mankind: O my dull, devils eyes.

Vir. I do forgive you, By this, and this I do? I know you were cozen'd; The shadow of *Ronvere*, I know you aym'd at, And not at me; but 'twas most necessary, I should be struck, some hand above directed you: For *Juliana* could not shew her justice Without depriving high heaven of his glory, Or any subject fit for her, but *Violet*: Forgive me too, and take my last breath sweet one, This the new marriage of our souls together; Think of me *Juliana*, but not often, For fear my faults should burthen your affections, Pray for me, for I faint.

Jul. O stay a little, A little little Sir.

Offers to kill her self.

Vir. Fye *Juliana*.

Jul. Shall I outlive the virtue, I have murder'd?

Vir. Hold, or thou hat'st my peace, give me the dagger, On your obedience, and your love, deliver it. If you do thus; we shall not meet in heaven sweet; No guilty blood comes there; kill your intentions, And then you conquer: there where I am going, Would you not meet me Dear?

Jul. Yes.

Vir. And still love me?

Jul. And still behold you.

Vir. Live then till heaven calls you. Then ripe and full of sweetness you rise fainted. Then I that went before you to prepare, Shall meet and welcome you, and daily court you With Hymnes of holy Love—I go out,

Give me your hand, farewell, in peace farewell,
Remember me, farewell.

dyes.

Jul. Sleep you sweet glasses,
An everlasting slumber crown those Chrystals,
All my delight adue, farewell, Dear *Violet*,
Dear, Dear, most Dear; O I can weep no more,
My body now is fire, and all consuming,
Here will I sit, forget the world and all things,
And only wait what heaven shall turn me to,
For, now methinks I should not live. *She sits down.*

Enter Pandulfo.

Pand. O my sweet daughter,
The work is finisht now, I promis'd thee:
Here are thy virtues shewed, here register'd,
And here shall live for ever.

Jul. Blot it, burn it,
I have no virtue, hateful I am as hell is.

Pand. Is not this *Violet*?

Jul. Ask no more questions,
Mistaking him I kill'd him.

Pand. O my Son,
Nature turns to my heart again, my dear Son,
Son of my age, would'st thou go out so quickly?
So poorly take thy leave, and never see me?
Was this a kind stroak daughter? could you love him?
Honour his Father, and so deadly strike him?
O wither'd timeles youth, are all thy promises,
Thy goodly growth of Honors come to this?
Do I halt still ith' world, and trouble nature,
When her main pieces founder, and fail dayly?

Enter Boy, and three Servants.

Boy. He does weep certain: what bodie's that lies by him?
How do you do Sir?

Pand. O look there *Lucio*,
Thy Master, thy best Master.

Boy. Woe is me.
They have kill'd him, slain him basely, O my Master!

Pand. Well daughter well, what heart had you to do this?
I know he did you wrong; but 'twas his fortune,
And not his fault, for my sake that have lov'd you,
But I see now you scorn me too.

Boy. O Mistress?
Can you sit there, and his cold body breathles?
Basely upon the earth?

Pand. Let her alone Boy,
She glories in his end.

Boy. You shall not sit here;
And suffer him you loved-ha! good Sir come hither,
Come hither quickly, heave her up; O heaven Sir,
O God, my heart, sh's cold; cold and stiff too:
Stiff as a stake, she's dead.

Pand. She's gone, nere bend her.
I know her heart, she could not want his company:
Blessing go with thy soul, sweet Angels shadow it
O, that I were the third now, what a happiness?
But I must live, to see you layd in earth both,
Then build a Chapel to your memories,
Where all my wealth shall fashion out your stories.
Then dig a little grave besides, and all's done.
How sweet she looks, her eyes are open smiling,
I thought she had been alive, you are my charge Sir,
And amongst you, I'll see his goods distributed.
Take up the bodies, mourn in heart my friends,
You have lost two noble succors; follow me,
And thou sad Countrey, weep this misery. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sess. Boatswaine, Master, Gunner, Citizens, and
Souldiers, as many as may be.

Sess. Keep the Ports strongly mann'd, and let none enter,

But such as are known Patriots.

All. Liberty, liberty,

Sess. 'Tis a substantial thing, and not a word
You men of *Naples*, which if once taken from us,
All other blessings leave us; 'tis a jewel
Worth purchasing, at the dear rate of life,
And so to be defended. O remember
What you have suffer'd, since you parted with it;
And if again you wish not to be slaves,
And properties to *Ferrand's* pride and lust;
Take noble courage, and make perfect what
Is happily begun.

1. *Cit.* Our great preserver,
You have infranchis'd us, from wretched bondage.

2. *Cit.* And might be known, to whom we owe our freedom,
We to the death would follow him.

3. *Cit.* Make him King,
The Tyrant once remov'd.

Sess. That's not my end.
'Twas not ambition that brought me hither,
With these my faithful friends, nor hope of spoil;
For when we did possess the Tyrants treasure,
By force extorted from you, and employed,
To load you with most miserable thraldome,
We did not make it ours, but with it purchas'd
The help of these, to get you liberty,
That for the same price kept you in subjection.
Nor are we *Switzers*, worthy Countrey-men,
But *Neapolitans*, now eye me well;
And tho the reverend Emblems of mine age,
My silver locks are shorne, my beard cut off,
Partaking yet of an adulterate Colour;
Tho 14 years you have not seen this face,
You may remember it, and call to mind,
There was a Duke of *Sess*, A much wrong'd Prince,
Wrong'd by this Tyrant *Ferrand*.

1. *Cit.* Now I know him.

2. *Cit.* 'Tis he, long live the Duke of *Sess*.

Sess. I thank you.

The injuries I receiv'd, I must confess,
Made me forget the love I owed this Country,
For which I hope, I have given satisfaction,
In being the first that stir'd, to give it freedom;
And with your loves and furtherance, will call back,
Long banisht peace, and plenty, to this people:

2. *Cit.* Lead where you please, we'll follow.

1. *Cit.* Dare all dangers.

*Enter Pandulf, the Bodies of Violet, and Juliana
upon a Hearse.*

Sess. What solemn funeral's this?

Pand. There rest a while,
And it's not possible there can be added
Wings to your swift desire of just revenge,
Hear, (if my tears will give way to my words)
In brief a most sad story.

Sess. Speak, what are they?

I know thee well *Pandulfe*.

Pand. My best Lord?
As far as sorrow will give leave, most welcome;
This *Violet* was, and but a Son of mine,
I might say, the most hopeful of our Gentry;
And though unfortunate, never ignoble:
But I'll speak him no farther. Look on this,
This face, that in a savage would move pity,
The wonder of her Sex, and having said
'Tis *Juliana*, Eloquence will want words
To set out her deservings; this blest Lady
That did indure the Rack, to save her Husband,
That Husband, who, in being forc'd to leave her,
Indur'd a thousand tortures; by what practise,
I know not, (but 'twas sure a cunning one)
Are made, the last I hope, but sad examples

Of *Ferrands* tyranny. Convey the bodies hence.

Seff. Express your sorrow
In your revenge, not teares, my worthy Soldiers:
That fertile earth that teem'd so many children,
To feed his cruelty, in her wounded wombe,
Can hardly now receive 'em.

Boats. We are cold,
Cold walls shall not keep him from us. (for a

Gun. Were he cover'd with mountains, and room only
Bullet to be sent level at him, I would speed him.

Mer. Let's scale this petty Tower; at Sea we are Falcons,
And fly unto the main top in a moment.
What then can stop us here?

1 *Cit.* We'll tear him piece-meal.

2 *Cit.* Or eat a passage to him.

Seff. Let discretion
Direct your anger; that's a victory,
Which is got with least loss, let us make ours such:
And therefore friends, while we hold parley here,
Raise your scalado on the other side,
But enter'd wreak your sufferings.

Exit Saylor and Soldiers.

1 *Cit.* In our wrongs.

There was no mean.

2 *Cit.* Nor in our full revenge
Will we know any.

Seff. Be pleas'd good man,
No sorrow can redeem them from death's Prison;
What his inevitable hand hath seiz'd on,
The world cannot recover. All the comfort
That I can give to you, is to see vengeance
Pour'd dreadfully upon the Authors head,
Of which their ashes may be sensible,
That have salu by him.

Sound a parley.

Enter Ferrand, Martia, Ascanio, and Ronvere, above.

Paad. They appear.

Fer. 'Tis not that we esteem rebellious Traytors
Worthy an answer to their proudest Summons
That we vouchsafe our presence; or to exchange
One syllable with 'em: but to let such know,
Though circled round with treason, all points bent
As to their Center at my heart, 'tis free,
Free from fear; villains, and in this weak Tower
Ferrand commands as absolute, as when
He trod upon your necks, and as much forns you.
And when the Sun of Majesty shall break through
The clouds of your rebellion, every beam
Instead of comfortable heat shall send
Consuming plagues among you; and you call
That government which you term'd tyrannous
Hereafter, gentle.

Seff. Flatter not thy self
With these deluding hopes, thou cruel beast,
Thou art it's toyle, and the glad Huntsman prouder,
By whom thou art taken, of his prey, than if
(Like thee) he should command, and spoil his Forrest.

Fer. What art thou?

Seff. To thy horror Duke of *Seffe*.

Fer. The Diuel.

Seff. Reserv'd for thy damnation.

Fer. Why shakes my love?

Mart. O I am lost for ever;
Mountains divide me from him; some kind hand
Prevent our fearful meeting: Or lead me
To the steep rock, whose rugged brows are bent
Upon the swelling main; there let me hide me:
And as our bodies then shall be divided,
May our souls never meet.

Fer. Whence grows this, Sweetest?

Mart. There are a thousand furies in his looks;
And in his deadly silence more loud horror,

Than when in hell the tortur'd and tormentors
Contend whose shrieks are greater. Wretched me!
It is my father.

Seff. Yes, and I will own her, Sir,
Till my revenge. It is my daughter, *Ferrand*;
My daughter thou hast whor'd.

Fer. I triumph in it:
To know she's thine, affords me more true pleasure,
Than the act gave me, when even at the height,
I crack'd her Virgin zone. Her shame dwell on thee,
And all thy family; may they never know
A female issue, but a whore; *Ascanio*.
Ronvere, look cheerfull; be thou a man too,
And learn of me to dye. That we might fall,
And in our ruins swallow up this Kingdom,
Nay the whole world, and make a second *Chaos*.
And if from thence a new beginning rise,
Be it recorded this did end with us;
And from our dust hath embryon.

Ron. I liv'd with you,
And will dye with you; your example makes me
Equally bold.

Asc. And I resolv'd to bear
What ere my fate appoints me.

Seff. They are ours,
Now to the spoyl.

Boats. Pity the Lady; to all else be deaf. *Exeunt.*
Within, Kill, kill, kill. *Alarm Flo. Trumpets.*
Retreat.

*Enter Seffe with Ferrands head, the Citizens, Master,
Boatswaine, Gunner, Souldiers bringing in
Ascanio, and Martia.*

Seff. Cruel beginnings meet with cruel ends;
And the best sacrifice to Heaven for peace,
Is tyrants blood: and those that stuck fast to him,
Flesh'd instruments in his commands to mischief,
With him dispatch'd.

Boats. They are cut off.

Seff. 'Tis well.

All. Thanks to the Duke of *Seffe*.

Seff. Pay that to Heaven,

And for a general joy, give general thanks:
For blessings nere descend from Heaven, but when
A grateful Sacrifice ascends from men.
To your devotion, leave me, there's a Scene,
Which I would act alone; yet you may stay,
For wanting just spectators, 'twill be nothing.
The rest forbear me.

Cit. Liberty, liberty, liberty.

Mar. I would I were as far beneath the Centre,
As now I stand above it; how I tremble!
Thrice happy they that dyed; I dying live
To stand the whirlwind of a fathers fury.
Now it moves toward me.

Seff. Thou, I want a name,
By which to stile thee: All articulate sounds
That do express the mischief of vile woman,
That are, or have been, or shall be, are weak
To speak thee to the height. Witch, Parricide,
For thou, in taking leave of modesty,
Hast kild thy father, and his honor lost;
He's but a walking shadow to torment thee.
To leave, and rob thy father; then set free
His foes, whose slavery he did prefer
Above all treasure, was a strong defeazance
To cut off, even the surest bonds of mercy.
After all this, having given up thy self,
Like to a sensual beast, a slave to lust,
To play the whore, and then (high Heaven it racks me)
To find out none to quench thy appetite,
But the most cruel King, whom next to Hell,
Thy father hated; and whose black imbraces

Thou

Thou shouldst have fled from, as the whips of furies;
What canst thou look for?

Enter Pandulph, and bodies born on the Harse.

Mart. Death; and 'tis not in you
To hurt me farther: my old resolution,
Take now the place of fear; in this I liv'd,
In this I'll dye, your daughter.

Pand. Look but here;
You had I know, a guilty hand in this;
Repent it Lady.

Mart. Juliana dead?
And Violet?

Pand. By her unwilling hand.

Mart. Fates you are equal. What can now fall on me,
That I will shrink at? now unmov'd I dare
Look on your anger, and not bend a knee
To ask your pardon; let your rage run higher
Than billows rais'd up by a violent Tempest,
And be, as that is, deaf to all intreaties:
They are dead, and I prepar'd; for in their fall
All my desires are summ'd up.

Seff. Impudent too?
Die in it wretch.

Boatf. Stay Sir.

Boatf. kills her.

Seff. How dar'st thou villain,
Snatch from my sword the honor of my justice?

Boatf. I never did you better service Sir,
Yet have been ever faithful. I confess
That she deserv'd to dye; but by whose hand?
Not by a fathers. Double all her guilt,
It could not make you innocent, had you done it.
In me 'tis murder, in you 'twere a crime
Heaven could not pardon. Witness that I love you,
And in that love I did it.

Seff. Thou art Noble,
I thank thee for't; the thought of her dye with her.

Asc. My turn is next: since she could find no mercy,
What am I to expect?

Cit. With one voyce, Sir,
The Citizens salute you with the stile
Of King of Naples.

Seff. I must be excus'd,
The burden is too heavy for my shoulder,
Bestow it where 'tis due. Stand forth *Ascanio*,
It does belong to you; live long and wear it,
And warn'd by the example of your Unkle,
Learn that you are to govern men, not beasts:
And that it is a most improvident head,
That strives to hurt the limbs that do support it.
Give burial to the dead; for me, and mine,
We will again to Sea, and never know
The place, which in my birth first gave me woe. *Exeunt*

Flor. Trumpets.

FINIS.

T H E
Maid in the Mill.
A C O M E D Y.

The Persons Represented in the Play.

<p>Don Philippo King of Spain. Otrante a Spanish Count, in love with Florimel. Julio, A Noble Man, Uncle to Antonio. Bellides, Father to Ismenia, Enemy to Julio. Lifauro, Brother to Ismenia, Bellides Son. Terzo, Kinsman to Lifauro, and friend to Bellides. Antonio, In love with Ismenia, an enemy to Bellides. Martino, Friend to Antonio, and his secret Rival Gerasto, Friend to Otrante. Pedro. { Moncado. {</p>	<p>Gostanzo, Giraldo, { Philippo, { Vertigo, A French Taylor. Lords, attending the King in progress. Franio, A Miller, supposed Father to Florimell. Bustopha, Franio his Son, a Clown. Constable. Officers. Pedro A Songster. Servants.</p>
<p>Two Courtiers.</p>	

W O M E N.

<p>Ismenia, Daughter to Bellides, Mistris of Antonio. Aminta, Cousen to Ismenia, and her private competrix in Antonio's love.</p>	<p>Florimell, Supposed Daughter to Franio, Daughter to Julio, stolen from him a child. Gillian, Franio the Millers Wife. Countrey Maids.</p>
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The Scene Spaine.

The principal Actors were

<p>Joseph Taylor, John Lowin, John Underwood, William Rowly,</p>	<p>John Thomson. Robert Benfield, Tho. Polard.</p>
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Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Lifauro, Terzo, Ismenia, and Aminta.

Lif. **L** Et the Coach go round, we'll walk along these Meadows:
— **L** And meet at Port again: Come my fair Sister, These cool shades will delight ye,
Am. Pray be merry,
The Birds sing as they meant to entertain ye,
Every thing smiles abroad; methinks the River

(As he steals by) curls up his head, to view ye:
Every thing is in love.

Ism. You would have it so.
You that are fair, are easie of belief, Cosen,
The theam slides from your tongue.

Am. I fair? I thank ye:
Mine's but shadow when your Sun shines by me.

Ism. No more of this, you know your worth (Aminta)
Where are we now?

Am. Hard by the Town (Ismena)

Ter. Close by the Gates;
Ism. 'Tis a fine Ayr.
Lif. A delicate;
 The way so sweet and even, that the Coach
 Would be a tumbling trouble to our pleasures:
 Methinks I am very merry:
Ism. I am sad:
Am. You are ever so when we entreat ye (*Cofen*)
Ism. I have no reason: such a trembling here
 Over my heart methinks:
Am. Sure you are fasting;
 Or not slept well to night; some dream (*Isimena?*) (cent,
Ism. My dreams are like my thoughts, honest and inno-
 Yours are unhappy? who are these that coast us? *Enter*
 You told me the walk was private. *Antonio and Martin.*
Ter. 'Tis most commonly:
Ism. Two proper men: It seems they have some business,
 With me none sure; I do not like their faces;
 They are not of our Company:
Ter. No *Cofen*:
Lisuro, we are dog'd.
Lif. I find it (*Cofen*)
Am. What handsome Lady?
Mar. Yes, she's very handsome.
 They are handsome both.
Am. *Martin,* stay we are *cofen'd*.
Mar. I will go up; a woman is no wild-fire.
Am. Now by my life she is sweet: Stay good *Martin*,
 They are of our enemies; the house of *Belides*.
 Our mortal enemies:
Mar. Let 'em be devils,
 They appear so handsomly, I will go forward;
 If these be enemies, I'll ne'r seek friends more.
Am. Prethee forbear, the Gentlewomen.
Mar. That's it (man)
 That moves me like a Gin.
 'Pray ye stand off Ladies:
Lif. They are both our enemies: both hate us equally;
 By this fair day our mortal foes.
Ter. I know 'em,
 And come here to affront: how they gape at us?
 They shall have gaping work.
Ism. Why your swords, Gentlemen?
Ter. Pray ye stand you off, *Cofen*,
 And good now leave your whistling: we are abus'd all:
 Back, back I say:
Lif. Go back.
Am. We are no dogs Sir,
 To run back on command.
Ter. We'll make ye run, Sir.
Am. Having a civil charge of handsome Ladies,
 We are your servants: pray ye no quarrel Gentlemen.
 There's way enough for both.
Lif. We'll make it wider.
Am. If you will fight, arm'd from this Saint; have at ye.
Ism. O me unhappy, are ye Gentlemen?
 Discreet, and Civil, and in open view thus?
Am. What will men think of us; nay you may kill us;
 Mercy o'me; through my petticoat; what bloody Gentlemen!
Ism. Make way through me, ye had best, and kill an innocent
 Brother, why *Cofen*: by this light I'll dye too:
 This Gentleman is temperate: be you merciful:
 Alas, the Swords.
Am. You had best run me through
 'Twill be a valiant thrust.
Ism. I faint amongst ye.
Am. Pray ye be not fearful: I have done (sweet Lady)
 My swords already aw'd, and shall obey ye:
 I come not here to violate sweet beauty,
 I bow to that.
Ism. Brother, you see this Gentleman,
 This noble Gentleman.
Lif. Let him avoid then,
 And leave our Walk.

Am. The Lady may command Sir,
 She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon.
Ism. What a sweet nature this man has? dear brother,
 Put up your sword.
Ter. Let them put up and walk then: (us:
Am. No more loud words: there's time enough before
 For shame put up, do honor to these beauties:
Mar. Our way is this,
 We will not be denyed it.
Ter. And ours is this, we will not be cross'd in it.
Am. What ere your way is (Lady) 'tis a fair one;
 And may it never meet with rude hands more,
 Nor rough uncivil Tongues. *Exeunt.*
Ism. I thank ye Sir,
 Indeed I thank ye nobly: a brave Enemy,
 Here's a sweet temper now: This is a man (Brother)
 This Gentleman's anger is so nobly feated,
 That it becomes him: Yours proclaim ye Monsters.
 What if he be our House-Foe? we may brag on't:
 We have ne'er a friend in all our House so honorable:
 I had rather from an Enemy, my Brother,
 Learn worthy distances and modest difference,
 Than from a race of empty friends, loud nothings;
 I am hurt between ye.
Am. So am I, I fear too: Dear *Cofen*
 Why look ye pale? where are ye hurt?
Ism. I know not,
 But here methinks.
Lif. Unlace her gentle *Cofen*.
Ism. My heart, my heart, and yet I bless the Hurter.
Am. Is it so dangerous?
Ism. Nay, nay, I faint not.
Am. Here is no blood that I find, sure 'tis inward:
Ism. Yes, yes, 'tis inward: 'twas a subtle weapon,
 The hurt not to be cur'd I fear.
Lif. The Coach there.
Am. May be a fright.
Ism. *Aminta*, 'twas a sweet one,
 And yet a cruel.
Am. Now I find the wound plain:
 A wondrous handsome Gentleman.
Ism. Oh no deeper:
 Prethee be silent, (wench) it may be thy case.
Am. You must be searched; the wound will rancle, *Cofen*
 And of so sweet a nature.
Ism. Dear *Aminta*:
 Make it not sorer.
Am. And on my life admires ye.
Ism. Call the Coach, *Cofen*.
Am. The Coach, the Coach.
Ter. 'Tis ready bring the Coach there.
Lif. Well my brave Enemies, we shall yet meet ye,
 And our old hate shall testify.
Ter. It shall (*Cofen*) *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Antonio and Martine.

Am. Their swords, alas, I weigh 'em not (dear Friend)
 The indiscretion of the Owners blunts 'em;
 The fury of the House affrights not me,
 It spends it self in words: (Oh me *Martine*)
 There was a two edg'd eye, a Lady carried
 A weapon that no valor can avoyd,
 Nor Art (the hand of Spirit) put aside.
 O Friend, it broke out on me like a bullet
 Wrapt in a cloud of fire: that point (*Martine*)
 Dazled my fence, and was too subtle for me,
 Shot like a Comet in my face, and wounded
 (To my eternal ruine, my hearts valor.
Mar. Methinks she was no such piece.
Am. Blaspheme not Sir,
 She is so far beyond weak commendation,

That

That impudence will blush to think ill of her.

Mar. I see it not, and yet I have both eyes open:
And I could judge, I know there is no beauty
Till our eyes give it 'em, and make 'em handsome,
What's red and white, unless we do allow 'em?
A green face else; and me-thinks such an other.

Ant. Peace thou leud Heretick; Thou judge of beauties?
Thou hast an excellent sense for a sign-post (Friend)
Dost thou not see? P'ill swear thou art soon blind else,
As blind as ignorance; when she appeared first
Aurora breaking in the east, and through her face,
As if the hours and graces had strew'd Roses,
A blush of wonder flying; when she was frighted
At our uncivil swords, didst thou not mark
How far beyond the purity of snow
The soft wind drives whiteness of innocence,
Or any thing that bears Celestial paleness,
She appear'd o'th' sodain? Didst thou not see her tears
When she intreated? O thou Reprobate!
Didst thou not see those orient tears flow'd from her,
The little Worlds of Love? A set (*Martine*)
Of such sanctified Beads, and a holy heart to love
I could live ever a Religious Hermite.

Mar. I do believe a little, and yet methinks
She was of the lowest stature.

Ant. A rich Diamond
Set neat and deep, Natures chief Art (*Martine*)
Is to reserve her Models curious,
Not cambersome and great; and such an one
For fear she should exceed, upon her matter
Has she fram'd this; Oh 'tis a spark of beauty,
And where they appear so excellent in little,
They will bat flame in great; Extention spoils 'em:
Martine learn this, the narrower that our eyes
Keep way unto our object, still the sweeter
That comes unto us: Great bodies are like Countries,
Discovering still, toyl and no pleasure finds 'em.

Mar. A rare Cosmographer for a small Island,
Now I believe she is handsome.

Ant. Believe heartily,
Let thy belief, though long a coming, save thee.

Mar. She was (certain) fair.
Ant. But heark ye (friend *Martine*)
Do not believe your self too far before me,
For then you may wrong me, Sir.

Mar. Who bid ye teach me?
Do you show me meat, and stich my lips (*Antonio*)?
Is that fair play?

Ant. Now if thou shouldst abuse me,
And yet I know thee for an errant wench,
A most immoderate thing, thou canst not love long.

Mar. A little serves my turn, I fly at all games,
But I believe.

Ant. How if we never see her more?
She is our enemy.

Mar. Why are you jealous then?
As far as I conceive she hates our whole House.

Ant. Yet (good *Martine*)
Mar. Come, come, I have mercy on ye:
You shall enjoy her in your dream (*Antonio*)
And I'll not hinder: though now I perswade my self.

Enter Aminta with a Letter.

Ant. Sit with perswasion down, and you deal honestly:
I will look better on her.

Mar. Stay, who's this, Friend?
Ant. Is't not the other Gentlewoman?
Mar. Yes, a Letter.

She brings to challenge sure: if she do (*Antonio*)
I hope she'll be a Second too; I am for her.

Ant. A good hour Gentlemen.
Ant. You are welcome Lady;
'Tis like our late rude passage has powr'd on us

Some reprehension.

Am. No I bring no anger,
Though some deserv'd it.
Ant. Sure we were all to blame, Lady;
But for my part (in all humility
And with no little shame) I ask your pardons,
Indeed I wear no sword to fright sweet beauties.

Am. You have it, and this Letter; pray ye Sir view it,
And my Commission's done.

Mar. Have ye none for me Lady?
Am. Not at this time.
Mar. I am sorry for't; I can read too.

Am. I am glad: but Sir, to keep you in your exercise,
You may chance meet with one ill written.

Mar. Thank ye,
So it be a womans, I can pick the meaning,
For likely they have but one end.

Am. You say true Sir. *Exit.*
Ant. *Martine*, my wishes are come home and loaden,
Loaden with brave return: most happy, happy:
I am a blessed man: where's the Gentlewoman?
Mar. Gone, the spirit's gone, what news?
Ant. 'Tis from the Lady;
From her we saw: from that same miracle,
I know her name now: read but these three lines;
Read with devotion, friend, the lines are holy.

Martine reads.

*I dare not chide ye in my Letter, (Sir)
'Twill be too gentle: If you please to look me
In the West-street, and find a fair Stone window,
Carved with white Cupids; there I'll entertain ye:
Night and discretion guide ye.*

Call me Ismena.

Ant. Give it me again: Come, come, fly, fly, I am all fire.
Mar. There may be danger.
Ant. So there is to drink
When men are thirsty, to eat hastily
When we are hungry: so there is in sleep, Friend,
Obstructions then may rise and smother us,
We may dye laughing, choak'd even at devotions:
An Apoplexie, or a sodain Palsey
May strike us down.

Mar. May be a train to catch ye.
Ant. Then I am caught: and let Love answer for it.
'Tis not my folly, but his infamy,
And if he be ador'd, and dare do vild things.

Mar. Well, I will go.
Ant. She is a Lady, Sir,
A Maid, I think, and where that holy spell
Is slung about me, I ne're fear a villany,
'Tis almost night: away friend.

Mar. I am ready,
I think I know the house too.

Ant. Then are we happy. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Ismena, and Aminta.

Ism. Did you meet him?
Am. Yes.
Ism. And did you give my Letter?
Am. To what end went I?
Ism. Are ye sure it was he?
Was it that Gentleman?
Am. Do you think I was blind?
I went to seek no Carrier, nor no Midwife.
Ism. What kind of man was he? thou mayst be deceiv'd Friend
Am. A man with a nose on's face: I think he had eyes too,
And hands: for sure he took it. (troubled?)
Ism. What an answer?
Am. What questions are these to one that's hot and
Do

Do you think me a Babe? am I not able (Cofin)
At my years and discretion, to deliver
A Letter handſomely! Is that ſuch a hard thing?
Why every Wafer-woman will undertake it:
A Sempſters girl, or a Tailors wife will not miſs it:
A Puritan Holters (Cofin) would ſcorn theſe queſtions.
My legs are weary.

Iſm. I'll make 'em well again.

Am. Are they at ſupper?

Iſm. Yes, and I am not well,

Nor deſire no company: look out, 'tis darkiſh.

Am. I ſee nothing yet: aſſure your ſelf, *Iſmena*,

If he be a man, he will not miſs.

Iſm. It may be he is modeſt,
And that may pull him back from ſeeing me;
Or has made ſome wild conſtruction of my eaſineſs:
I bluſh to think what I writ.

Am. What ſhould ye bluſh at?

Bluſh when you act your thoughts, not when you write 'em;
Bluſh ſoft between a pair of ſheets, ſweet Cofin,
Though he be a curious carried Gentleman, I cannot think
He's ſo unnatural to leave a woman,
A young, a noble, and a beauteous woman,
Leave her in her deſires: Men of this age
Are rather prone to come before they are ſent for.
Hark, I hear ſomething: up to th' Chamber, Cofin,
You may ſpoil all eſſe.

Enter Antonio and Martine.

Iſm. Let me ſee, they are Gentlemen;
It may be they.

Am. They are they: get ye up,
And like a Land-ſtar draw him.

Iſm. I am ſhame-fac'd

Ant. This is the ſtreet.

Mar. I am looking for the houſe:
Cloſe, cloſe, pray ye cloſe here.

Ant. No, this is a Merchants;
I know the man well:

Mar. And this a Pothecaries: I have lain here many times.
For a looſeneſs in my hilts.

Ant. Have ye not paſt it?

Mar. No ſure:

There is no houſe of mark that we have ſcaped yet.

Ant. What place is this?

Mar. Speak ſofter: 'may be ſpies;
If any, this, a goodly window too,
Carv'd far above, that I perceive: 'tis dark,
But ſhe has ſuch a luſtre.

Enter Iſmena and Aminta above with a Taper.

Ant. Yes *Martine*,
So radiant ſhe appears.

Mar. Elſe we may miſs, Sir:
The night grows vengeance black, pray heaven ſhe ſhine
clear:

Hark, hark, a window, and a candle too.

Ant. Step cloſe, 'tis ſhe: I ſee the cloud diſperſe,
And now the beauteous Planet.

Mar. Ha, 'tis indeed,
Now by the ſoul of love a Divine Creature.

Iſm. Sir, Sir.

Ant. Moſt bleſſed Lady.

Iſm. 'Pray ye ſtand out.

Am. You need not fear, there's no body now ſtirring.

Mar. Beyond his commendation I am taken,
Infinite ſtrangely taken.

Am. I love that Gentleman,
Methinks he has a dainty nimble body:

I love him heartily.

Iſm. 'Tis the right Gentleman:
But what to ſay to him, Sir.

Am. Speak.

Ant. I wait ſtill,

And will do till I grow another Pillar,
To prop this houſe, ſo it pleaſe you.

Iſm. Speak ſoftly,

And 'pray ye ſpeak truly too.

Ant. I never ly'd, Lady.

Iſm. And don't think me impudent to aſk ye,
I know ye are an enemy, ſpeak low,
But I would make ye a friend.

Ant. I am friend to beauty;

There's no handſomneſs, I dare be foe to.

Iſm. Are ye married?

Ant. No.

Iſm. Are ye betrothed?

Ant. No, neither?

Iſm. Indeed (fair Sir.)

Ant. Indeed (fair ſweet) I am not.

Moſt beauteous Virgin, I am free as you are.

Iſm. That may be, Sir, then ye are miſerable,
For I am bound.

Ant. Happy the bonds that hold ye;
Or do you put them on your ſelf for pleaſure?
Sure they be ſweeter far than liberty:

There is no bleſſedneſs but in ſuch bondage:
Give me that freedom (Madam) I beſeech ye,
(Since you have queſtion'd me ſo cunningly)
To aſk you whom you are bound to, he muſt be certain
More than humane, that bounds in ſuch a beauty:
Happy that happy chain, ſuch links are heavenly.

Iſm. Pray ye do not mock me, Sir.

Ant. Pray ye (Lady) tell me.

Iſm. Will ye believe, and will ye keep it to ye?
And not ſcorn what I ſpeak?

Ant. I dare not, Madam,

As Oracle what you ſay, I dare ſwear to.

Iſm. I'll ſet the candle by: for I ſhall bluſh now;
Fie, how it doubles in my mouth? it muſt out,
'Tis you I am bound to.

Ant. Speak that word again.

I underſtand ye not.

Iſm. 'Tis you I am bound to.

Ant. Here is another Gentleman.

Iſm. 'Tis you, Sir.

Am. He may be lov'd too.

Mar. Not by thee, firſt curſe me.

Iſm. And if I knew your name.

Ant. Antonio (Madam)

Iſm. Antonio, take this kiſs, 'tis you I am bound to.

Ant. And when I ſet ye free, may heaven forſake me,
Iſmena.

Iſm. Yes, now I perceive ye love me,
You have learn'd my name.

Ant. Hear but ſome vows I make to ye:
Hear but the proteſtations of a true love.

Iſm. No, no, not now: vows ſhould be cheerful things,
Done in the cleereſt light, and nobleſt testimony:
No vow, dear Sir, tie not my fair belief
To ſuch ſtrict terms: thoſe men have broken credits,
Looſe and diſinembred faiths (my dear Antonio)
That ſplinter 'em with vows: am I not too bold?
Correct me when you pleaſe.

Ant. I had rather hear ye,
For ſo ſweet Muſick never ſtruk mine ears yet:
Will you believe now?

Iſm. Yes.

Ant. I am yours.

Iſm. Speak louder,

If ye answer the Priest ſo low, you will loſe your wedding.

Mar. Would I might ſpeak, I would holloa.

Ant. Take my heart,

And if it be not firm and honeſt to you,
Heaven—

Iſm. Peace, no more: I'll keep your heart, and credit it.

Keep

Keep you your word: when when will you come again
(Friend?)

For this time we have woo'd indifferently.
would fain see ye, when I dare be bolder.

Ant. Why any night: only (dear noble Mistrifs)
Pardon three daies: my Uncle *Julio*
Has bound me to attend him upon promise,
Upon expectation too: we have rare sports there,
Rare Countrey sports, I would you could but see 'em.
Dare ye so honor me?

Ism. I dare not be there,
You know I dare not, no, I must not (Friend)
Where I may come with honourable freedom:
Alas, I am ill too; we in love.

Ant. You flout me.

Ism. Trust me I do not: I speak truth, I am sickly,
And am in love: but you must be Physician.

Ant. I'll make a plaister of my best affection.

Ism. Be gone, we have supp'd, I hear the people stir,
Take my best wishes: give me no cause (*Antonio*)
To curse this happy night.

Ant. I'll lose my life first,
A thousand kisses.

Ism. Take ten thousand back again.

Mar. I am dumb with admiration: shall we goe, Sir?

Exeunt.

Ism. Dost thou know his Uncle?

Am. No, but I can ask, Cosin.

Ism. I'll tell thee more of that, come, let's to bed both,
And give me handsome dreams, Love, I beseech thee.

Am. 'Has given ye a handsome subject.

Ism. Pluck to the windows.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Bustofa.

Bust. **T**He thundring Seas, whose watry fire washes
The whiting mops:

The gentle Whale whose feet so fell
Flies o'r the Mountains tops.

within Franio.

Fra. Boy.

Bust. The thundring.

Fra. Why boy *Bustofa*.

Bust. Here I am, the gentle Whale.

Enter Franio.

Fra. Oh, are you here, Sir? where's your Sister?

Bust. The gentle Whale flies o'r the Mountain tops.

Fra. Where's your Sister (man)

Bust. Washes the whiting-Mops.

Fra. Thou ly'st, she has none to wash Mops?

The boy is half way out of his wits, sure:
Sirrah, who am I?

Bust. The thundring Seas.

Fra. Mad, stark mad.

Bust. Will you not give a man leave to con?

Fra. Yes, and fesse too, e'r I have done with you Sirrah,
Am I your father?

Bust. The question is too hard for a child, ask me any thing
That I have learn'd, and I'll answer you.

Fra. Is that a hard question? Sirrah, am not I your Father

Bust. If I had my Mother-wit I could tell you.

Fra. Are you a thief?

Bust. So far forth as the Son of a Miller.

Fra. Will you be hang'd?

Bust. Let it go by eldership. The gentle Whale. —

Fra. Sirrah, lay by your foolish study there,
And beat your brains about your own affairs: or —

Bust. I thank you; you'd have me goe under the sails
And beat my brains about your Mill? a natural
Father you are. —

Fra. I charge you goe not to the sports to day:
Last night I gave you leave, now I recant.

Bust. Is the wind turn'd since last night?

Fra. Marry is it, Sir, go no farther than my Mill;
There's my command upon you.

Bust. I may go round about then as your Mill does?
I will see your Mill gelded, and his Stones fry'd in steaks,
E'r I deceive the Countrey so: have I not my part to study?
How shall the sports go forward, if I be not there?

Fra. They'll want their fool indeed, if thou be'st not there.

Bust. Consider that, and go your self.

Fra. I have fears, (Sir,) that I cannot utter,
You goe not, nor your Sister: there's my charge.

Bust. The price of your golden thumb cannot hold me.

Fra. I, this was sport that I have tightly lov'd,
I could have kept company with the Hounds.

Bust. You are fit for no other company yet. (y'faith:

Fra. Run with the Hare; and bin in the whore's tail

Bust. That was before I was born,
I did ever mistrust I was a Bastard,
Because *Lapis* is in the singular number with me.

Enter Otrante and Gerafto.

Otr. Leave thou that game (*Gerafto*) and chase here,
Do thou but follow it with my desires,
Thou'lt not return home empty.

Ger. I am prepar'd
(My Lord) with advantages: and see
Yonder's the subject I must work upon:

Otr. Her brother 'tis: methinks it should be easie:
That gross compound cannot but diffuse
The soul in such a latitude of ease,
As to make dull her faculties, and lazie:
What wit above the least can be in him,
That Reason ties together?

Ger. I have prov'd it, Sir,
And know the depth of it: I have the way
To make him follow me a hackney-pace,
With all that flesh about him; yes, and dragg
His Sister after him: This baits the old one,
Rid you him, and leave me to the other.

Exit.

Otr. 'Tis well: Oh *Franio*, the good day to you;
You were not wont to hear this Musick standing:
The Beagle and the Bugle ye have lov'd,
In the first rank of Huntsmen.

Bust. The dogs cry out of him now.

Fra. Sirrah, leave your barking, I'll bite you else:

Bust. Curr, Curr.

Fra. Slave, do'st call me dog?

Otr. Oh fie Sir, he speaks *Latine* to you,
He would know why you'll bite him.

Bust. *Responde cur*; You see his understanding (my Lord.)

Fra. I shall have a time to curry you for this:
But (my Lord) to answer you, the daies have been
I must have footed it before this Horn-pipe,
Though I had hazard'd my Mill a fire,
And let the stones grind empty: but those dancings
Are done with me: I have good will to it still,
And that's the best I can do,

Otr. Come, come, you shall be hors'd:
Your company deserves him, though you kill him,
Run him blind, I care not.

Bust. He'll do't o'th' purpose (my Lord) to bring him
up to the Mill.

Fra. Do not tempt me too far (my Lord.)

Otr. There's a footi' th' stirrop: I'll not leave you now:
You shall see the Game fall once again:

Fra. Well (my Lord) I'll make ready my legs for you,
And try 'em once a horseback: sirrah, my charge, keep it.

Exit.

Bust.

Bust. Yes, when you pare down your dish for conscience
When your thumb's coyn'd into *bone & legalis*, (fake.)
When you are a true Man-Miller.

Otr. What's the matter *Bustofa*? (the staggers,

Bust. My Lord; if you have e'r a drunken Jade that has
That will fall twice the height of our Mill with him: set him
(out o' the

O' th' back on him: a galled *Fennet* that will winch him
Saddle, and break one on's necks, or a shank of him (there
was

A fool going that way, but the Ass had better luck;) Or one of your brave *Barbaries*, that would pass the Straits,
and run (would

Into his own Countrey with him; the first Moor he met,
Cut his throat for Complexions fake: there's as deadly feud
between

A Moor and a Miller, as between black and white.

Otr. Fie, fie, this is unnatural *Bustofa*,
Unless on some strong cause.

Bust. Be Judge. (my Lord)
I am studied in my part: the *Julian Feast* is to day: the
Countrey (sen for

Expects me; I speak all the dumb shews: my Sister cho-
A Nymph. The gentle Whale whose feet so fell: Cry ntercy,
That was some of my part: But his charge is to keep the
And disappoint the Revels. (Mill,

Otr. Indeed, there it speaks shrewdly for thee; the Coun-

Bust. I, and for mine own grace too. (trey expecting.

Otr. Yes, and being studied too: and the main Speaker too.

Bust. The main? why all my Speech lies in the main,
And the dry ground together: The thundering seas, whose,
&c. (else.

Otr. Nay, then thou must go, thou'lt be much condemn'd
But then o' th' other side, obedience.

Bust. Obedience?

But speak your conscience now (my Lord)
Am not I past asking blessing at these years?
Speak as you're a Lord, if you had a Miller to your father.

Otr. I must yield to you (*Bustofa*,) your reasons
Are so strong, I cannot contradict: This I think,
If you goe, your Sister ought to go along with you.

Bust. There I stumble now: she is not at age.

Otr. Why, she's fifteen, and upwards.

Bust. Thereabouts.

Otr. That's womans ripe age; as full as thou art
At one and twenty: she's manable, is she not?

Bust. I think not: poor heart, she was never try'd in my
conscience.

'Tis a coy thing; she will not kiss you a clown, not if he
Would kiss her.

Otr. What man?

Bust. Not if he would kiss her, I say.

Otr. Oh, 'twas cleanlier than I expected: well Sir,
I'll leave you to your own; but my opinion is,
You may take her along: this is half way:
The rest (*Gerasto*) and I hunt my prey, — *Exit.*

Bust. Away with the old Miller (my Lord) and the Mill
Strikes fail presently.

Enter Pedro, with Gerasto blind, singing.

S O N G.

Ger. Come follow me (you Countrey-Lasses)
And you shall see such sport as passes:
You shall Dance, and I will Sing;
Pedro he shall rub the string:
Each shall have a loose bodied Gown
Of green; and laugh till you lie down.
Come follow me, come follow, &c.

Enter Florimel.

Bust. O sweet *Diego*, the sweetest *Diego*, stay: Sister
Florimel.

Flo. What's that, Brother?

Bust. Didst not hear *Diego*? Hear him, and thou'lt be
ravish'd.

Flo. I have heard him sing, yet unravish'd, Brother.

Bust. You had the better luck (Sister.) I was ravish'd
By my own consent: Come away: for the Sports.

Flo. I have the fear of a Father on me (Brother.)

Bust. Out: the thief is as safe as in his Mill: he's hunt-
ing with our

Great Land-lord, the Don *Otrante*. Strike up *Diego*.

Flo. But say he return before us, where's our excuse?

Bust. Strike up *Diego*. Hast no strings to thy apron?

Flo. Well, the fault lie upon your head (Brother.)

Bust. My faults never mount so high (girl) they rise but to
My middle at most. Strike up *Diego*.

Ger. Follow me by the ear, I'll lead thee on (*Bustofa*) and
Pretty *Florimel* thy Sister: oh that I could see her.

Bust. Oh *Diego*, there's two pities upon thee; great pi-
tie thou art blind;

And as great a pity, thou canst not see.

S O N G.

Ger. You shall have Crowns of Roses, Dayies,
Buds, where the honey-maker gazes;
You shall taste the golden thighs,
Such as in Wax-Chamber lies.
What fruit please you, taste, freely pull,
Till you have all your bellies full.

Come follow me. &c.

Bust. Oh, *Diego*, the Don was not so sweet when he per-
fum'd the Steeple. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Antonio and Martine.

Mar. Why, how now (Friend) thou art not lost agen?

Ant. Not lost? why, all the world's a wilderness;
Some places peopled more by braver beasts
Than others are: But faces, faces (man)
May a man be caught with faces?

Mar. Without wonder,
'Tis odds against him: May not a good face
Lead a man about by th' nose? 'las,
The nose is but a part against the whole.

Ant. But is it possible that two faces
Should be so twin'd in form, complexion,
Figure, aspect? that neither wen, nor mole;
The Table of the brow, the eyes lustre,
The lips cherry; neither the blush nor smile
Should give the one distinction from the other?
Does Nature work in molds?

Mar. Altogether.
We are all one mold, one dust.

Ant. Thy reason's moldie.
I speak from the Form, thou the Matter.
Why? was't not ever one of Natures Glories;
Nay, her great piece of wonder, that amongst
So many millions millions of her works
She left the eye distinction, to cull out
The one from th' other; yet all one name, the face?

Mar. You must compare 'em by some other part
Of the body, if the face cannot do't.

Ant. Didst ask her name?

Mar. Yes, and who gave it her?
And what they promis'd more, besides a spoon,
And what Apostles picture: she is christned too;
In token wherefore she is call'd *Isabella*,
The daughter of a Countrey plow-swain by:
If this be not true, she lies.

Ant. She cannot;
It would be seen a blister on her lip,
Should falsehood touch it, it is so tender:

Had her name held, 't had been *Ismenia*,
And not another of her name.

Mar. Shall I speak?

Ant. Yes, if thou'lt speak truth: Is she not wondrous like?

Mar. As two garments of the same fashion,
Cut from the same piece, yet if any excell,
This has the first; and in my judgement 'tis so.

Ant. 'Tis my opinion.

Mar. Were it the face

Where mine eye should dwell, I would please both
With this, as soon as one with the other.

Ant. And yet the other is the case of this.

Had I not look'd upon *Ismenia*,
I ne'r had staid beyond good-morrrows time
In view of this.

Mar. Would I could leave him here,
'Twere a free passage to *Ismenia*:
I must now blow, as to put out the fire
Yet kindle't more. You not consider Sir,
The great disparitie is in their bloods,
Estates and fortunes: there's the rich beauty
Which this poor homeliness is not endow'd with;
There's difference enough.

Ant. The least of all.

Equality is no rule in Loves Grammar:
That sole unhappiness is left to Princes
To marry blood: we are free disposers,
And have the power to equalize their bloods
Up to our own; we cannot keep it back,
'Tis a due debt from us.

Mar. I Sir, had you
No Father nor Uncle, nor such hinderers,
You might do with your self at your pleasure;
But as it is.

Ant. As it is; 'tis nothing:
Their powers will come too late, to give me back
The yesterday I lost.

Mar. Indeed, to say sooth,
Your opposition from the other part
Is of more force; there you run the hazard
Of every hour a life, had you supply;
You meet your dearest enemy in love
With all his hate about him: 'Twill be more hard
For your *Ismenia* to come home to you,
Than you to go to Countrey *Isabell*.

Enter Julio.

Ant. Tush; 'tis not fear removes me.

Mar. No more: your Uncle.

Jul. Oh, the good hour upon you Gentlemen:
Welcome Nephew; Speak it to your friend Sir,
It may be happier receiv'd from you,
In his acceptance.

Ant. I made bold, Uncle,
To do it before; and I think he believes it.

Mar. 'Twas never doubted, Sir.

Jul. Here are sports (*Dons*)
That you must look on with a loving eye,
And without Censure, 'less it be giving
My countrey neighbors loves their yearly offerings
That must not be refus'd; though't be more pain
To the Spectator, than the painful Actor,
'Twill abide no more test than the tinsel
We clad our Masks in for an hours wearing,
Or the Livery Lace sometimes on the cloaks
Of a great *Don*'s Followers: I speak no further
Than our own Countrey, Sir.

Mar. For my part, Sir,
The more absurd, 't shall be the better welcome.

Jul. You'll find the guest you look for: I heard Confin,
You were at *Toledo* th' other day.

Ant. Not late, Sir.

Jul. Oh fie! must I be plainer? You chang'd the point

With *Tirso* and *Lisandro*, two of the Stock
Of our Antagonists, the *Belides*.

Ant. A meer proffer, Sir; the prevention
Was quick with us: we had done somewhat else:
This Gentleman was engag'd in't.

Jul. I am

The enemy to his foe for it: that wild-fire
Will crave more than fair water, to quench it
I suspect. Whence it will come I know not.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Ant. I was about a gentle reconcilment,
But I do fear I shall goe back agen.

Jul. Come, come; The Sports are coming on us:
Nay, I have more guests to grace it: Welcome
Don Gostanco, Giraldo, Philippo: Seat, seat all.

Musick.

Enter a Cupid.

Cup. Love is little, and therefore I present him;
Love is a fire, therefore you may lament him.

Mar. Alas poor Love, who are they that can quench him?

Jul. He's not without those members, fear him not.

Cup. Love shoots, therefore I bear his bow about.
And Love is blind, therefore my eyes are out. (fore.

Ma. I never heard Love give reason for what he did be-

Enter Bustoza (for Paris.)

Cup. Let such as can see, see such as cannot: behold,
Our goddesses all three strive for the ball of Gold:
And here fair *Paris* comes, the hopeful youth of *Troy*,
Queen *Hecub*'s darling-son, King *Priams* only joy.

Mar. Is this *Paris*? I should have taken him for *Hector*
rather.

Bust. *Paris* at this time: Pray you hold your prating.

Ant. *Paris* can be angry.

Jul. Oh at this time

You must pardon him; he comes as a Judge.

Mar. — Mercy on all that looks upon him, say I.

Bust. The thundring seas whose watry fire washes the
Whiting Mops. tops.

The gentle Whale, whose feet so fell, flies o'r the mountain
No roars so fierce, no throats so deep, no howls can bring
such fears.

As *Paris* can, if Garden from he call his Dogs and Bears.

Mar. I, those they were, that I fear'd all this while.

Bust. Yes *Jack-an-Apes*.

Mar. I thank you good *Paris*.

Bust. You may hold your peace, and stand further out o'th
way then:

The lines will fall where they light, (mirth,
Yes *Jack-an-Apes*, he hath to sports, and faces make like
Whilst bellowing bulls, the horned beasts; do toss from
ground to earth:

Blind Bear there is, as *Cupid* blind.

Ant. That Bear would be whip'd for losing of his eyes.

Bust. Be whipped man may see,

But we present no such content, but *Nymphs* such as they be.

Ant. These are long lines.

Mar. Can you blame him, leading Bulls and Bears in 'em

Enter Shepherd singing, with *Ismena, Aminta, Florimel*,
(as *Juno, Pallas, Venus*,) and three *Nymphs* attending.

Bust. Go *Cupid* blind, conduct the dumb, for Ladies must
not speak here:
Let shepherds sing with dancing feet, and cords of
musick break here.

Song.

fall,

Now Ladies fight, with heels so light, by lot your luck must
Where *Paris* please, to do you ease, and give the golden
Ball.

Dance.

Mar.

Mar. If you plaid *Paris* now *Antonia*, where would you

Ant. I prethee, Friend, bestow it?

Take the full freedom of thought, but no words.

Mar. 'Protest there's a third, which by her habit,

Should personate *Venus*, and by consequence

Of the Story, receive the honors prize:

And were I a *Paris*, there it should be.

Do you note her?

Ant. No; mine eye is so fix'd,

I cannot move it.

Cap. The dance is ended; Now to judgement *Paris*.

Bust. Here *Juno*, here: but stay, I do spy

A pretty gleeke coming from *Pallas* eye:

Here *Pallas*, here: yet stay agen: methinks

I see the eye of lovely *Venus* winks:

Oh close them both: shut in those golden ey'n,

And I will kiss those sweet blind cheeks of thine.

Juno is angry: yes, and *Pallas* frowns,

Would *Paris* now were gone from *Ida*'s downs.

They both are fair, but *Venus* has the Mole,

The fairest hair, and sweetest dimple hole:

To her, or her, or her, or neither;

Can one man please three Ladies altogether?

No, take it *Venus*, tofs it at thy pleasure,

Thou art the Lovers friend beyond his measure,

Jul. *Paris* has done what man can do, pleas'd one,

Who can do more?

Mar. Stay, here's another person?

Enter *Gerasto*, (as *Mars*.)

Ger. Come lovely *Venus*, leave this lower Orb,

And mount with *Mars*, up to his glorious Sphere.

Bust. How now, what's he:

Flor. I'm ignorant what to do, Sir.

Ger. Thy silver-yoke of Doves are in the Team,

And thou shalt fly through *Apollo*'s Beam:

I'll see thee seated in thy golden Throne,

And hold with *Mars* a sweet conjunction.

Exit.

Bust. Ha? what fellow's this? has carried away my Sister

He never rehears'd his part with me before.

(*Venus*.)

Jul. What follows now Prince *Paris*?

Flor. within. — Help, help, help.

Bust. Hue and cry, I think Sir, this is *Venus* voice,

Mine own Sister *Florinels*.

Mar. What is there some Tragick-Act behind?

Bust. No, no, altogether Comical; *Mars* and *Venus*

Are in the old conjunction it seems.

Mar. 'Tis very improper then, for *Venus*

Never cries out when she conjoyns with *Mars*.

Bust. That's true indeed: they are out of their parts sure,

It may be 'Tis the Book-holders fault: I'll go see. — Exit.

Jul. How like you our Countrey Revels, Gentlemen?

All *Gent.* Oh, they commend themselves, Sir.

Ant. Methinks now

Juno and *Minerva* should take revenge on *Paris*.

It cannot end without it.

Mar. I did expect

Instead of *Mars*, the Storm-Goaler *Eolus*,

And *Juno* proff'ring her *Deiopeia*

As satisfaction to the blustering god,

To send his Tossers forth.

Jul. It may so follow,

Lets not prejudicate the History.

Enter *Bustofa*.

Bust. Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Jul. So, here's a Passion towards.

Bust. Help, help, if you be Gentlemen; my Sister,

My *Venus*; she's stolen away.

Jul. The story changes from our expectation, *Mars*.

Bust. Help my father the Miller will hang me else: god

Is a bawdy Villain: he said she should ride upon Doves:

She's hors'd, she's hors'd, whether she will or no.

Mar. Sure I think he's serious.

(in the breech

Bust. She's hors'd upon a double Gelding, and a Stone-horse

Of her: the poor wench cries help, and I cry help, and none

Of you will help.

Jul. Speak, is it the show, or dost thou bawl?

Bust. A pox on the Ball: my Sister bawls, and I bawl:

Either bridle horse and follow, or give me a halter

To hang my self: I cannot run so fast as a hog.

Jul. Follow me, I'll fill the Countrey with pursuit

But I will find the thief: my house thus abus'd?

Bust. 'Tis my house that's abus'd, the Sister of my flesh

and blood: oh, oh,

Exeunt.

1 *Wench.* 'Tis time we all shift for our selves, if this be

2. However I'll be gone.

(serious.

3. And I.

Exeunt.

Ant. You need not fright your beauties pretty souls,

With the least pale complexion of a fear.

(screet

Mar. *Juno* has better courage: and *Minerva*'s more di-

Ism. Alas my courage was so counterfeit

It might have been struck from me with a Feather.

Juno ne'r had so weak a presenter.

Am. Sure I was ne'r the wifer for *Minerva*,

That I find yet about me.

Ism. My dwelling, Sir?

'Tis a poor yeomans roof, scarce a league off,

That never sham'd me yet.

Ant. Your gentle pardon:

I vow my erring eies had almost cast you

For one of the most mortal enemies

That our Family has.

Ism. I'm sorry, Sir,

I am so like your foe: 'Twere fit I hasted

From your offended sight.

Ant. Oh, mistake not,

It was my error, and I do confess it:

You'll not believe you'r welcome; nor can I speak it;

But there's my friend can tell you, pray hear him.

Mar. Shall I tell her Sir? I'm glad of the employment.

Ant. A kinswoman to that beauty:

Am. A kin to her, Sir,

But nothing to her beauty.

Ant. Do not wrong it, 'tis not far behind her.

Am. Her hinder parts are not far off, indeed, Sir.

Mar. Let me but kiss you with his ardor now,

You shall feel how he loves you.

Ism. Oh forbear:

'Tis not the fashion with us, but would you.

Perfwade me that he loves me?

Mar. I'll warrant you

He dies in't: and that were witness enough on't.

Ism. Love me Sir? can you tell me for what reason?

Mar. Fie, will you ask me that which you have about you?

Ism. I know nothing Sir.

Mar. Let him find it then;

He constantly believes you have the thing

That he must love you for: much is apparent,

A sweet and lovely beauty.

Ism. So Sir; Pray you

Show me one thing: Did he ne'r love before?

(I know you are his bosom-Counsellor)

Nay then I see your answer is not ready:

I'll not believe you if you study farther.

Mar. Shall I speak truth to you?

Ism. Or speak no more.

Mar. There was a smile thrown at him, from a Lady

Whose deserts might buy him trebble, and lately

He receiv'd it, and I know where he lost it,

In this face of yours: I know his heart's within you.

Ism. May I know her name?

Mar. In your ear you may

With vow of silence.

Am. He'll not give over Sir:

If he speak for you, he'll sure speed for you.

Ant. But that's not the answer to my question.

Am.

Am. You are the first in my Virgin-conscience
That e'er spoke Love to her : oh, my heart !

Ant. How do you?

Am. Nothing Sir : but would I had a better face.
How well your pulse beats.

Ant. Healthfully, does it not ?

Am. It thumps prettily, methinks.

Ism. Alack, I hear it

With much pity : how great is your fault too,
In wrong to the good Lady ?

Mar. You forget

The difficult passage he has to her,
A hell of fend's between the Families.

Ism. And that has often Love wrought by advantage
To peaceful reconcilment.

Mar. There impossible.

Ism. This way 'tis worser ; 't may feed again in her
Unto another generation :

For where (poor Lady) is her satisfaction ?

Mar. It comes in me ; to be truth, I love her
(I'll go no farther for comparison)

As dear as he loves you.

Ism. How if she love not ?

Mar. Tush : be that my pains : You know not what Art
have those ways.

Ism. Bestrow you, you have practis'd upon me,
Well, speed me here, and you with your *Ismenia*.

Mar. Go, the condition's drawn, ready dated,
There wants but your hand to't.

Am. Truly you have taken great pains, Sir.

Mar. A friendly part, no more (sweet Beauty)

Am. They are happy, Sir, have such friends as you are.

But do you know you have done well in this ?

How will his Allies receive it ? she (though I say't)
Is of no better blood than I am.

Mar. There I leave it, I'm at farthest that way.

Ism. You shall extend your vows no larger now.

My heart calls you mine own : and that's enough.
Reason, I know, would have all yet conceal'd.

I shall not leave you unsaluted long
Either by Pen or Person.

Ant. You may discourse

With me, when you think y'are alone, I shall
Be present with you.

Ism. Come Cousin, will you walk ?

Am. Alas, I was ready long since : in conscience
You would with better will yet stay behind.

Ism. Oh Love, I never thought thou'dst been so blind.

Mar. You'll answer this Sir.

Exeunt.

Ant. If e'er't be spoke on :

I purpose not to propound the question.

Enter Julio.

Jul. 'Tis true, the poor knave said : some Ravisher,
Some of Lusts Blood-hounds have seiz'd upon her :
The Girl is hurried, as the devil were with 'em
And help'd their speed.

Mar. It may be not so ill, Sir.

A well-prepared Lover may do as much
In hot blood as this, and perform't honestly.

Jul. What ? steal away a Virgin 'gainst her will ?

Mar. It may be any mans case ; despise nothing :
And that's a thief of a good quality,
Most commonly he brings his theft home again,
Though with a little shame.

Jul. There's a charge by't

Fall'n upon me : *Paris* (the Millers son)
Her brother, dares not venture home again
Till better tidings follow of his Sister.

Ant. Y'are the more beholding to the mischance, Sir :
Had I gone a Boot-haling, I should as soon
Have stol'n him as his Sister : Marry then,
To render him back in the same plight he is

May be costly : his flesh is not maintain'd with little.

Jul. I think the poor knave will pine away,
He cries all to be pittied yonder,

Mar. Pray you Sir, let's go see him : I should laugh
To see him cry, sure.

Jul. Well, you are merry, Sir.

Antonio, keep this charge ; I have fears
Move me to lay it on you : Pray forbear
The ways of your enemies, the *Bellides*.
I have reason for my Injunction, Sir.

Exeunt.

Enter Aminta (as a Page with a Letter.)

Ant. To me, Sir ? from whom ?

Am. A friend, I dare vow, Sir.

Though on the enemies part : the Lady *Ismenia*.

Mar. Take heed, blush not too deep ; let me advise you
In your answer, 't must be done heedfully.

Ant. I should not see a Masculine in peace
Out of that house.

Am. Alas, I'm a child, Sir,

Your hates cannot last till I wear a sword.

Ant. Await me for your answer.

Mar. He must see her,
To manifest his shame : 'tis my advantage ;
While our blood's under us, we keep above :
But then we fall, when we do fall in love.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter Julio and Franio.

Fra. **M**Y Lord, my Lord, your house hath injur'd me,
Rob'd of all the joys I had on earth.

Jul. Where wert thou brought up (fellow ?)

Fra. In a Mill.

You may perceive it by my loud exclams,
Which must rise higher yet.

Jul. Obstreperous Carle,
If thy throats tempest, could oe'rturn my house,
What satisfaction were it for thy child :
Turn thee the right way to thy journeys end,
Wilt have her where she is not ?

Fra. Here was she lost,

And here must I begin my footing after ;
From whence, until I meet a pow'r to punish,
I will not rest : You are not quick to grief.
Your hearing's a dead sense. Were yours the loss,
Had you a Daughter, perhaps be-whor'd,
(For to what other end should come the thief ?
You'd play the Miller then, be loud and high.
But being not a sorrow of your own,
You have no help nor pity for another,

Jul. Oh, thou hast op'd a Sluce was long shut up,
And let a flood of grief in ; a buried grief
Thy voice hath wak'd again : a grief as old
As likely 'tis thy child is ; friend, I tell thee,
I did once lose a Daughter.

Fra. Did you, Sir ?

Befeech you then, how did you bear her loss ?

Jul. With thy grief trebled.

Fra. But was she stolen from you ?

Jul. Yes, by devouring thieves, from whom cannot
Ever return a satisfaction :

The wild beasts had her in her swathing clothes.

Fra. Oh much good do 'em with her.

Jul. Away tough churle.

Fra. Why, she was better eaten than my child,
Better by beasts, than beastly men devoured,

They

They took away a life, no honor from her :
Those beasts might make a Saint of her, but these
Will make my child a devil but was she, Sir,
Your only Daughter ?

Enter Gilian.

Jul. I ne'r had other (Friend.)

Gil. Where are you (man?) your business lies not here,
Your Daughters in the Pound, I have found where ;
'Twill cost you dou dear, her freedom.

Fra. I'll break it down,
And free her without pay :
Horse-locks nor chains shall hold her from me.

Jul. I'll take this relief.

I now have time to speak alone with grief.

Exit.

Fra. How? my Landlord? he's Lord of my Lands

But not my Cattle : I'll have her again (*Gil.*)

Gil. You are not mad upon the sudden now.

Fra. No *Gill.* I have been mad these five hours :
I'll sell my Mill, and buy a Roring.

I'll batter down his house, and make a Stewes on't,

Gill. Will you gather up your wits a little
And hear me? the King's near by in progress,
Here I have got our supplication drawn,
And there's the way to help us.

Fra. Give it me (*Gill.*)

I will not fear to give it to the King :

To his own hands (God blefs him) will I give it,
And he shall set the Law upon their shoulders,
And hang 'em all that had a hand in it.

Gill. Where's your Son?

Fra. He shall be hang'd in fitches :

The Dogs shall eat him in *Lent*, there's Cats-meat
And Dogs-meat enough about him.

Gil. Sure the poor Girl is the *Counts* whore by this time.

Fra. If she be the *Counts* whore, the whores *Count*
Shall pay for it : He shall pay for a new Maiden-head.

Gil. You are so violous : this I'm resolv'd,
If she be a whore once, I'll renounce her,
You know, if every man had his right,
She's none of our child, but a meer foundling,
(And I can guess the owner for a need too)
We have but foster'd her.

Fra. *Gill.* no more of that,

I'll cut your tongue out, if you tell those tales.
Hark, hark, these *Toaters* tell us the King's coming :
Get you gone ; I'll see if I can find him.

Exit.

Enter Lisauro, Tersa, Pedro, and Moncado.

Lif. Does the King remove to day?

Ter. So saies the Harbengers,
And keeps his way on to *Valentia*,
There ends the progress.

Ped. He hunts this morning Gentlemen,
And dines i' th' fields : the Court is all in readines.

Lif. *Pedro*, did you send for this Tailor? or you *Moncado*?

This light *French* Demi-launce that follows us.

Ped. No, I assure ye on my word, I am guiltless,
I owe him too much to be inward with him.

Mon. I am not quit I am sure : there is a reckoning
Of some four scarlet cloaks, and two lac'd suits
Hangs on the file still, like a fearful Comet
Makes me keep off.

Lif. I am in too Gentlemen,
I thank his faith, for a matter of three hundred.

Ter. And I fortwo, what a devil makes he this way?
I do not love to see my sins before me.

Ped. 'Tis the vacation, and these things break out
To see the Court, and glory in their debtors.

Ter. What do you call him for? I never love
To remember their names that I owe money to,
'Tis not gentle; I shun 'em like the plague ever.

Lif. His name's *Vertigo* : hold your heads, and wonder,
A French-man, and a founder of new Fashions :
The revolutions of all shapes and habits
Run madding through his brains;

Enter Vertigo.

Monc. He is very brave.

Lif. The shreds of what he steals from us, believe it,
Makes him a mighty man : he comes, have at ye.

Ver. Save ye together, my sweet Gentlemen,
I have been looking——

Ter. Not for Money, Sir?
You know the hard time.

Ver. Pardon me sweet (*Signior*) (men,
Good faith the least thought in my heart, your love Gentle-
Your love's enough for me : Money, hang money :
Let me preserve your love.

Lif. Yes marry shall ye,
And we our credit, you would see the Court?

Mon. He shall see every place.

Ver. Shall I i' faith Gentlemen?

Ped. The Cellar, and the Buttry, and the Kitchen,
The Pastry, and the Pantry.

Ter. I, and taste too
Of every Office : and be free of all too :
That he may say when he comes home in glory.

Ver. And I will say, i' faith, and say it openly,
And say it home too : Shall I see the King also?

Lif. Shalt see him every day : shalt see the Ladies
In their *French* clothes : shalt ride a hunting with him,
Shalt have a Mistris too : we must fool handsomely
To keep him in belief, we honor him,
He may call on us else,

Ped. A pox upon him.

Let him call at home in's own house for salt butter.

Ver. And when the King puts on a new suit.

Ter. Thou shalt see it first,
And defect his doublets : that thou maist be perfect.

Ver. The Wardrobe I would fain view, Gentlemen,
Fain come to see the Wardrobe.

Lif. Thou shalt see it,
And see the secret of it, dive into it :
Sleep in the Wardrobe, and have Revelations
Of fashions five years hence.

Ver. Ye honor me.

Ye infinitely honor me.

Ter. Anything i' th' Court, Sir,
Or within the compass of a Courtier.

Ver. My wife shall give ye thanks.

Ter. You shall see any thing.
The privatest place, the stool, and where 'tis emptied.

Ver. Ye make me blush, ye pour your bounties, Gentlemen,
In such abundance.

Lif. I will shew thee presently
The order that the King keeps when he comes
To open view, that thou may'st tell thy neighbors
Over a shoulder of mutton, thou hast seen something,
Nay, thou shalt present the King for this time.

Ver. Nay, I pray Sir.

Lif. That thou maist know what State there does belong
Stand there I say, and put on a sad countenance, (to it;
Mingled with height : be cover'd, and reserved ;
Move like the Sun, by soft degrees, and glorious,
Into your order (Gentlemen) uncover'd,
The King appears ; We'll sport with you a while, Sir,
I am sure you are merry with us all the year long (Tailor)
Move softer still, keep in that fencing leg ; *Monsieur*,
Turn to no side.

Enter Franio out of breath.

Ter. What's this that appears to him?

Lif. 'Has a petition, and he looks most lamentably,
Mistake him, and we are made.

Fra. This is the King sure,
The glorious King, I know him by his gay clothes.

Lif. Now bear your self that you may say hereafter.

Fra.

Fra. I have recover'd breath, I'll speak unto him present-
May it please your gracious Majesty to consider (ly,
A poor mans case?

Ver. What's your Will, Sir?

Lif. You must accept, and read it.

Ter. The Tailor will run mad upon my life for't.

Ped. How he mumps and bridles: he will ne'r cut clothes

Ter. And what's your grief? (again.)

Mon. He speaks i' th' nose like his goose.

Fra. I pray you read there; Panibus'd and frumpt, Sir,
By a great man that may do ill by authority;
Poor honest men are hang'd for doing less, Sir,
My child is stolen, the Count *Otrante* stole her;
A pretty child she is, although I say it,
A handsome Mother, he means to make a whore of her,
A silken whore, his knaves have filch'd her from me;
He keeps lewd knaves, that do him beastly offices:
I kneel for Justice. Shall I have it Sir?

Enter King Philippo, and Lords.

Phil. What Pageant's this?

Lif. The King:

Tailor, stand off, here ends your aparition:
Miller, turn round, and there address your paper,
There, there's the King indeed.

Fra. May it please your Majesty.

Phil. Why didst thou kneel to that fellow?

Fra. In good faith, Sir,
I thought he had been a King, he was so gallant:
There's none here wears such gold.

Phil. So foolishly,
You have golden business sure; because I am homely
Clad, in no glitt'ring suit, I am not look'd on:
Ye fools that wear gay cloaths, love to gap'd at,
What are you better when your end calls on you?
Will gold preserve ye from the grave? or jewels?
Get golden Minds, and sling away your Trappings
Unto your bodies, minister warm raiments,
Wholsome and good; glitter within and spare not:
Let my Court have rich souls, their suits I weigh not:
And what are you that took such State upon ye?
Are ye a Prince?

Lif. The Prince of Tailors, Sir,
We owe some money to him, and't like your Majesty.

Phil. If it like him, would ye ow'd more, be modest,
And you less saucy, Sir: and leave this place:
Your Pressing-iron will make no perfect Courtier:
Goe stich at home, and cozen your poor neighbors,
Show such another pride, I'll have ye whipt for't,
And get worse clothes, these but proclaim your felony.
And what's your Paper?

Fra. I beseech you read it.

Phil. What's here? the Count *Otrante* task'd for a base
For stealing of a maid? villany,

Lord. The Count *Otrante*?
Is not the fellow mad, Sir?

Fra. No, no, my Lord,
I am in my wits, I am a labouring man,
And we have seldome leisure to run mad,
We have other business to employ our heads in,
We have little Wit to lose too: if we complain,
And if a heave load lie on your shoulders,
Worse than a sack of Meal, and oppress our poverties,
We are mad streight, and whop'd, and ty'd in fetters,
Able to make a horse mad, as you use us,
You are mad for nothing, and no man dare proclaim it,
In you a wildness is a noble trick,
And cherish'd in ye, and all men must love it:
Oppressions of all sorts, sit like new clothes,
Neatly and handsomely upon your Lordships:
And if we pick when your honors spur us,
We are Knaves and Jades, and ready for the Justice.
I am a true Miller.

Phil. Then thou art a wonder.

2 Lor. I know the the man reputed for a good man
An honest and substantial fellow.

Phil. He speaks sence,
And to the point: Greatness begets much rudeness,
How dare you (Sirrah) 'gainst so main a person,
A man of so much Noble note and honor,
Put up this base complaint? Must every Peasant
Upon a saucy Will affront great Lords!
All fellows (Miller?)

Fra. I have my reward, Sir,
I was told one greatness would protect another,
As beams support their fellows; now I find it:
If't please your Grace to have me hang'd, I am ready,
'Tis but a Miller, and a Thief dispatch'd:
Though I steal bread, I steal no flesh to tempt me.
I have a wife, and 't please him to have her too,
With all my heart; 'twill make my charge the less, Sir,
She'll hold him play awhile: I have a boy too,
He's able to instruct his Honors hogs,
Or rub his horse-heels: when it please his Lordship
He may him his slave too, or his bawd:
The boy is well bred, can exhort his Sister:
For me, the Prison, or the Pillory,
To lose my gods, and have mine ears cropt off;
Whipt like a Top, and have a paper stuck before me,
For abominable honesty to his own Daughter,
I can endure, Sir: the Miller has a stout heart,
Though as his Toal-pin.

Phil. I suspect this shrewdly,
Is it his Daughter that the people call
The Millers fair Maid?

2 Lor. It should seem so, Sir.

Phi. Be sure you be i' th' right, Sirrah.

Fra. If I be i' th' wrong, Sir,
Be sure you hang me, I will ask no courtesie:
Your Grace may have a Daughter, think of that, Sir,
She may be fair, and she may be abused too:
A King is not exempted from these cases:
Stolen from your loving care.

Phil. I do much pity him.

Fra. But heaven forbid she should be in that venture
That mine is in at this hour: I'll assure your Grace
The Lord wants a water-Mill, and means to grind with her
Would I had his stones to set, I would fit him for it.

Phil. Follow me, Miller, and let me talk with ye farther,
And keep this private all upon your Loyalties:
To-morrow morning, though I am now beyond him,
And the less look for, I'll break my Fast with the good Count.
No more, away, all to our sports, be silent. *Exeunt.*

Ver. What Grace shall I have now?

Lif. Choose thine own Grace,
And go to dinner when thou wilt, *Vertigo*,
We must needs follow the King.

Ter. You heard the sentence.

Mon. If you stay here
I'll send thee a shoulder of Venison:
Go home, go home, or if thou wilt disguise,
I'll help thee to a place to feed the dogs.

Ped. Or thou shalt be special Tailor to the Kings Monkey,
'Tis a fine place, we cannot stay.

Ver. No Money,
Nor no Grace, Gentlemen?

Ter. 'Tis too early Tailor.

The King has not broke his Fast yet.

Ver. I shall look for ye
The next Term, Gentlemen.

Ped. Thou shalt not miss us:
Prethee provide some clothes, and dost thou hear *Vertigo*
Commend me to thy Wife: I want some shirts too.

Ver. I have Chambers for ye all.

Lif. They are too musty,
When they are clear we'll come.

Ver. I must be patient
And provident, I shall never get home else. *Exeunt.*
Scena

Scena Secunda.

Enter Otrante and Florimell.

Otr. Prethee be wiser wench, thou canst not scape me, Let me with love and gentleness enjoy that That may be still preserv'd with love, and long'd for: If violence lay rough hold, I shall hate thee, And after I have enjoy'd thy Maiden-head, Thou wilt appear so stale and ugly to me I shall despise thee, cast thee off.

Flor. I pray ye Sir, Begin it now, and open your doors to me, I do confesse I am ugly; let me go, Sir: A Gipsy-girl: Why would your Lordship touch me? Fye, 'tis not noble: I am homely bred, Course, and unfit for you: why do you flatter me? There be young Ladies, many that will love ye, That will dote on ye: you a handsome Gentleman, What will they say when once they know your quality? A Lord, a Miller? take your Toal dish with ye: You that can deal with Gudgins, and course slower, 'Tis pittie you should tast what manchet means: Is this fit Sir, for your repute and honor?

Otr. I'll love thee still.

Flor. You cannot, there's no sympathy Between our birthis, or breeding, arts, conditions, And where these are at difference, ther's no liking: This hour it may be I seem handsome to you, And you are taken with variety More than with beauty: to morrow when you have enjoy'd me,

Your heat and lust asswag'd, and come to examine Out of a cold and penitent condition What you have done, whom you have shar'd your love with, Made partner of your bed, how it will vex ye, How you will curse the devil that betrayd ye, And what shall become of me then?

Otr. Wilt thou hear me?

Flor. As hasty as you were then to enjoy me, As precious as this beauty shew'd unto ye, You'll kick me out of dores, you will whore and ban me: And if I prove with child with your fair issue, Give me a pension of five pound a year To breed your Heir withall, and so good speed me.

Otr. I'll keep thee like a woman.

Flor. I'll keep my self Sir, Keep my self honest Sir; there's the brave keeping: If you will marry me.

Otr. Alas poor Florimell.

Flor. I do confesse I am too course and base Sir To be your wife, and it is fit you scorn me, Yet such as I have crown'd the lives of great ones: To be your whore I am sure I am too worthy, (For by my troth Sir, I am truly honest) And that's an honor equal to your greatness.

Otr. I'll give thee what thou wilt.

Flor. Tempt me no more then: Give me that peace, and then you give abundance, I know ye do but try me, ye are noble, All these are but to try my modesty, If you should find me easie, and once coming, I see your eyes already how they would fright me; I see your honest heart how it would swell And burst it self into a grief against me: Your tongue in noble anger, now, even now Sir, Ready to rip my loose thoughts to the bottom, And lay my shame unto my self, wide open: You are a noble Lord, you pittie poor maids, The people are mistaken in your courses: You, like a father, try 'em to the uttermost. As they do Gold: you purge the dross from them, And make them shine.

Otr. This cunning cannot help ye: I love ye to enjoy: I have stol'n ye To enjoy ye now, not to be fool'd with circumstance, Yield willingly, or else.

Flor. What?

Otr. I will force ye.

I will not be delay'd, a poor base wench That I, in curtesie, make offer to, Argue with me?

Flor. Do not, you will loose your labor, Do not my Lord, it will become ye poorly: Your courtesie may do much on my nature, For I am kind as you are, and as tender: If you compel, I have my strengths to flye to, My honest thoughts, and those are guards about me: I can cry too, and noise enough I dare make, And I have curses, that will call down thunder, For all I am a poor wench, heaven will hear me: My body you may force, but my will never; And be sure I do not live if you do force me, Or have no tongue to tell your beastly Story, For if I have, and if there be a justice.

Otr. Pray ye go in here: I'll calm my self for this time. And be your friend again.

Flor. I am commanded.

Exit.

Otr. You cannot scape me, yet I must enjoy ye, I'll lie with thy wit, though I miss thy honesty: Is this a wench for a Boors hungry bosom? A morsel for a Peasants base embraces? And must I starve, and the meat in my mouth? I'll none of that.

Enter Gerafto.

Ger. How now my Lord, how speed ye? Have ye done the deed?

Otr. No, pox upon't, she is honest.

Ger. Honest, what's that? you take her bare denial, Was there ever wench brought up in a mill, and honest? That were a wonder worth a Chronicle, Is your belief so large? what did she say to ye?

Otr. She said her honesty was all her dowry, And preach'd unto me, how unfit, and homely, Nay how dishonourable it would seem in me To act my will; popt me i'th mouth with modesty.

Ger. What an impudent Quean was that? that's their trick ever.

Otr. And then discours'd to me very learnedly What fame and loud opinion would tell of me: A wife she touch'd at

Ger. Out upon her Varlet.

Was she so bold? these home-spun things are evils, They'll tell ye a thousand lies, if you'll believe 'em; And stand upon their honors like great Ladies, They'll speak unhappily too: good words to cozen ye, And outwardly seem Saints: they'll cry down-right also, But 'tis for anger that you do not crush 'em. Did she not talk of being with child?

Otr. She toucht at it,

Ger. The trick of an arrant whore to milk your Lordship; And then a pension nam'd?

Otr. No, no, she scorn'd it: I offer'd any thing, but she refus'd all, Refus'd it with a confident hate.

Ger. You thought so, You should have taken her then, turn'd her, and tew'd her i'th strength of all her resolution, flatter'd her, And shak't her stubborn will: she would have thank'd ye, She would have lov'd ye infinitely, they must seem modest, It is their parts: if you had plaid your part Sir. And hand'd her as men do unman'd Hawks, Cast her, and malde her up in good clean linnen, And there have coyed her, you had caught her heart-strings These tough Virginities they blow like white thornes

In storms and tempests.

Otr. She is beyond all this,
As cold, and harden'd, as the Virgin Crystal.

Ger. Oh force her, force her, Sir, she longs to be ravish'd
Some have no pleasure but in violence;
To be torn in pieces is their paradise:
'Tis ordinary in our Countrey, Sir, to ravish all
They will not give a penny for their sport.
Unless they be put to it, and terribly,
And then they swear they'll hang the man comes near 'em,
And swear it on his lips too.

Otr. No, no forcing,
I have another course, and I will follow it,
I command you, and do you command your fellows,
That when you see her next, disgrace, and scorn her,
I'll seem to put her out o'th' dores o'th' sodain
And leave her to conjecture, then seize on her
Away, be ready straight.

Ger. We shall not fail, Sir.

Exit.

Otr. Florimell.

Enter Florimell.

Flo. My Lord.

Otr. I am sure you have now consider'd
And like a wise wench weigh'd a friend's displeasure,
Repented your proud thoughts, and cast your scorn off.

Flo. My Lord, I am not proud, I was never beautiful.
Nor scorn I any thing that's just and honest.

Otr. Come, to be short, can ye love yet? you told me
Kindness would far compell ye: I am kind to ye,
And mean to exceed that way.

Flo. I told ye too, Sir,
As far as it agreed with modesty,
With honour, and with honesty I would yield to ye:
Good my Lord: take some other Theam: for Love,
Alas, I never knew yet what it meant,
And on the sudden Sir, to run through Volumes
Of his most mystick art, 'tis most impossible;
Nay, to begin with lust, which is an Heresie,
A foul one too; to learn that in my childhood:
O good my Lord.

Otr. You will not out of this song,
Your modesty, and honesty, is that all?
I will not force ye.

Flo. Ye are too noble, Sir.

Otr. Nor will I woo ye at that infinite price
It may be you expect.

Flo. I expect your pardon,
And a discharge (my Lord) that's all I look for.

Otr. No, nor fall sick for love.

Flo. 'Tis a heathful year Sir.

Otr. Look ye, I'll turn ye out o'dores, and scorn ye.

Flo. Thank ye my Lord.

Otr. A proud slight Peat I found ye,
A fool (it may be too.)

Flo. An honest woman,
Good my Lord think me.

Otr. And a base I leave ye,
So fare-ye-well.

Exit.

Enter Gerasto and Servants.

Ger. What dost thou stay for? dost thou not know the
Thou base unprovident whore? (way,

Flo. Good words, pray ye Gentlemen.

1 *Ser.* Has my Lord smok'd ye over, good-wife Miller?
Is your Mill broken that you stand so useles?

2 *Ser.* An impudent Quean, upon my life she is unwholsome
Some base discarded thing my Lord has found her,
He would not have turn'd her off o'th' sudden else.

Ger. Now against every sack (my honest sweet heart)
With every Smig and Smug.

Flo. I must be patient.

Ger. And every greasie guest, and sweaty Rascall
For his Royal hire between his fingers, Gentlewoman.

1 *Ser.* I fear thou hast given my Lord the—thou damn'd
thing.

2 *Ser.* I have seen her in the Stewes.

Ger. The knave her father

Was Bawd to her there, and kept a Tipling house,
You must even to it again: a modest function.

Flo. If ye had honesty, ye would not use me
Thus, basely, wretchedly, though your Lord bid ye,
But he that knows.

Ger. Away thou carted impudence,
You meat for every man: a little meal
Flung in your face, makes ye appear so proud.

Flo. This is inhumane. Let these tears persuade you,
If ye be men, to use a poor girl better;
I wrong not you, I am sure I call you Gentlemen.

Enter Otrante.

Otr. What business is here? away, are not you gone yet?

Flo. My Lord, this is not well: although you hate me,
For what I know not; to let your people wrong me,
Wrong me maliciously, and call me.—

Otr. Peace,

And mark me what we say advisedly;
Mark, as you love that that you call your credit;
Yield now, or you are undone: your good name's perish'd
Not all the world can buy your reputation;

'Tis sunk for ever else, these peoples tongues will poison ye
Though you be white as innocence they'll taint ye,
They will speak terrible and hideous things,
And people in this age are prone to credit,
They'll let fall nothing that may brand a woman,
Consider this, and then be wise and tremble,
Yield yet, and yet I'll save ye.

Flo. How?

Otr. I'll show ye,
Their mouths I'll seal up, they shall speak no more
But what is honorable and honest of ye,
And Saintlike they shall worship ye: they are mine,
And what I charge them *Florimell.*

Flo. I am ruin'd,
Heaven will regard me yet, they are barbarous wretches:
Let me not fall (my Lord.)

Otr. You shall not *Florimell*:
Mark how I'll work your peace, and how I honor ye.
Who waits there? come all in.

Enter Gerasto and Servants.

Ger. Your pleasure Sir.

Otr. Who dare say this sweet beauty is not heavenly?
This virgin, the most pure the most untainted,
The holiest thing?

Ger. We know it (my dear Lord)
We are her slaves: and that proud impudence
That dares disparage her, this sword (my Lord.)

1 *Ser.* They are rascals, base, the sons of common women
That wrong this virtue, or dare own a thought
But fair and honorable of her: when we slight her,
Hang us, or cut's in pieces: let's tug i'th' Gallies.

2 *Ser.* Brand us for villains.

Flo. Why sure I dream: these are all Saints.

Otr. Go, and live all her slaves.

Ger. We are proud to do it.

Exeunt.

Otr. What think ye now? am not I able *Florimell*
Yet to preserve ye?

Flo. I am bound to your Lordship,
Ye are all honour, and good my Lord but grant me,
Untill to morrow, leave to weigh my fortunes,
I'll give you a free answer, perhaps a pleasing,
Indeed I'll do the best I can to satisfy ye.

Otr. Take your good time, this kiss, till then farewell,
Sweet.

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus IV.

Scena Prima.

Enter Antonio, Martine, *Bustofa*.

Mar. By all means discharge your follower.
Ant. If we can get him off: Sirrah *Bustofa*
 Thou must needs run back.
Bust. But I must not unless you send
 A Bier, or a Lictor at my back, I do not use to run
 From my friends.
Ant. Well, go will serve turn: I have forgot.
Bust. What Sir?
Ant. See if I can think on't now.
Bust. I know what 'tis now.
Ant. A Pistolet of that.
Bust. Done, you have forgot a devise to send me away,
 You are going a smocking perhaps.
Mar. His own, due, due i'faith *Antonio*,
 The Pistolet's his own.
Ant. I confes it,
 There 'tis: now if you could afford out of it
 A reasonable excuse to mine Uncle.
Bust. Yes, I can:
 But an excuse will not serve your turn: it must be a lye,
 A full lye, 'twill do no good else: if you'll go to
 The price of that?
Ant. Is a lye dearer than an excuse?
Bust. Oh, treble; this is the price of an excuse: but a lye
 is two more:
 Look how many foyles go to a fair fall, so many excuses to
 A full lye, and less cannot serve your turn, let any Tailor
 I' th' Town make it.
Mar. Why 'tis reasonable, give him his price:
 Let it be large enough now.
Bust. I'll warrant you, cover him all over.
Ant. I would have proof of one now.
Bust. What? scale my invention before hand? you shall
 pardon
 Me for that; well, I'll commend you to your Uncle, and
 Tell him you'll be at home at supper with him.
Ant. By no means, I cannot come to night (man)
Bust. I know that too, you do not know a lye when you
 see it.
Mar. Remember it must stretch for all night.
Bust. I shall want stufte, I doubt 'twill come to the other
Pistolet.
Ant. Well, lay out, you shall be no looser Sir.
Bust. It must be faced, you know, there will be a yard
 of dissimulation
 At least (City-measure) and cut upon an untroth or two:
 Lyned
 With Fables, that must needs be, cold weather's coming,
 if it had
 A gallon of hypocrisie, 'twould do well: and hooked
 Together with a couple of conceits,
 That's necessity; well, I'll bring in my
 Bill: I'll warrant you as fair a lye by that time I have done
 With it, as any Gentleman i' th' Town can swear to, if he
 Would betray his Lord and Master. *Exit.*
Ant. So, so, this necessary trouble's over.
Mar. I would you had bought an excuse of him
 Before he went: you'll want one for *Ismenia*.
Ant. Tush, there needs none, there's no suspicion yet,
 And I'll be arm'd before the next encounter,
 In a fast tye with my fair *Isabel*.

Enter *Bustofa*.

Mar. Yes, you'll find your errand is before you now.
Bust. Oh Gentlemen, look to your selves, ye are
 Men of another world else; your enemies are upon you;
 The old house of the *Bellides* will fall upon your heads:
 Signior *Lisauro*.
Ant. *Lisauro*?
Bust. And *Don* what call you him? he's a Gentleman:
 Yet he has but a Yeomans name,
Don Tarso, Tarso, and a dozen at their heels.
Ant. *Lisauro, Tarso*, nor a dozen more
 Shall fright me from my ground, nor shun my path,
 Let 'em come on in their ablest fury.
Mar. 'Tis worthily resolved: I'll stand by you Sir,
 This way, I am thy true friend.
Bust. I'll be gone Sir, that one may live to tell what's
 become of you.
 Put up, put up, will you never learn to know a lye
 From an *Esop's* Fables? there's a taft for you now. *Exit.*

Enter *Ismenia* and *Aminta*.

Mar. Look Sir, what time of day is it? (now,
Ant. I know not, my eyes go false, I dare not trust 'em
 I prethee tell me (*Martine*) if thou canst,
 Is that *Ismenia* or *Isabella*.
Mar. This is the Lady, forget not, *Isabella*.
Ant. If this face may be borrowed and lent out,
 If it can shift shoulders, and take other tyres,
 So, 'tis mine where ere I find it.
Ism. Be fudden. *Exit Aminta.*
 I cannot hold out long.
Mar. Believ't she frowns.
Ant. Let it come, she cannot frown me off on't!
 How prettily it woos me to come nearer?
 How do you do (Lady) since yesterdays pains?
 Were you not weary? of my faith.
Ism. I think you were.
Ant. What Lady?
Ism. Weary of your faith; 'tis a burthen
 That men faint under, though they bear little of it.
Mar. So, this is to the purpose.
Ant. You came home
 In a fair hour I hope?

Enter *Aminta*.

Ism. From whence Sir?
Am. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without desires to
 speak with you.
Ant. They were pretty homely toys: but your presence
 Made them illustrious.
Ism. My Cosen speaks to you.
Am. A Gentlewoman Sir, *Isabella*
 She names her self.
Mar. So, so, it hits finely now.
Ant. Name your self how you please: speak what you
 I'll hear you cheerfully. (please)
Ism. You are not well,
 Request her in, she may have more acquaintance
 With his passions, and better cure for 'em.
Am. She's nice in that (Madam) poor soul it seems
 She's fearful of your displeasure.
Ism. I'll quit her
 From that presently, and bring her in my self. *Exit.*
Mar. How carelessly do you behave your self,
 When you should call all your best faculties
 To counsel in you? how will you answer
 The breach you made with fair *Ismenia*?
 Have you forgot the retrograde vow you took
 With her, that now is come in evidence?
 You'll dye upon your shame, you need no more

Enemies of the house, but the Lady now:
You shall have your dispatch.

Enter Ismenia like Juno.

Ant. Give me that face,
And I am satisfied upon whose shoulders
So ere it grows: *Juno* deliver us
Out of this amazement: Beseech you Goddess
Tell us of our friends, how does *Ismenia*?
And how does *Isabella*? both in good health
I hope, as you your self are.

Ism. I am at farthest
In my counterfeit: my *Antonio*
I have matter against you may need pardon,
As I must crave of you.

Ant. Observe you Sir,
What evidence is come against me? what think you
The *Hydra*-headed Jury will say to't?

Mar. 'Tis I am fool'd,
My hopes are pour'd into the bottomless tubs,
'Tis labour for the house of *Bellides*:
I must not seem so yet: but in sooth (Lady)
Did you imagine your changeable face
Hid you from me? By this hand I knew you.

Ant. I went by the face: and by these eyes I
Might have been deceived.

Ism. You might indeed (*Antonio*)
For this Gentleman did vow to *Isabella*,
That he it was that lov'd *Ismenia*,
And not *Antonio*?

Mar. Good, was not that
A manifest confession that I knew you?
I else had been unjust unto my friend:
'Twas well remembred, there I found you out
And speak your conscience now.

Ant. But did he so protest?

Ism. Yes, I vow to you, had *Antonio*
Wedded *Isabella*, *Ismenia*
Had not been lost, there had been her lover.

Ant. Why much good do you friend, take her to you:
I crave but one, here have I my wish full,
I am glad we shall be so near neighbors.

Mar. Take both Sir, *Juno* to boot: three parts in one,
S. Hilarie bless you, now opportunity
Beware to meet with falsehood, if thou canst
Shun it, my friends faith's turning from him.

Ism. Might I not justly accuse *Antonio*.
For a love-wanderer? you know no other
But me, for another, and confess troth now?

Ant. Here was my guide, where ere I find this face,
I am a Lover, marry, I must not miss
This freckle then, I have the number of 'em,
Nor this dimple, nor a silk from this brow,
I carry the full Idea ever with me;
If nature can so punctually parallel,
I may be cozened.

Ism. Well, all this is even:
But now, to perfect all, our love must now
Come to our Enemies hands, where neither part
Will ever give consent to't.

Ant. Most certain:
For which reason it must not be put to'em:
Have we not prevention in our own hands.
Shall I walk by the tree? desire the fruit,
Yet be so nice to pull till I ask leave
Of the churlish Gard'ner, that will deny me?

Ism. O *Antonio*.

Ant. 'Tis manners to fall to
When grace is said.

Ism. That holy acts to come.

Mar. You may open an oyster or two before grace.

Ant. Are there not double vows, as valuable
And as well spoke as any Frier utters?

Heaven has heard all.

Ism. Yes: but staves the blessing,
Till all dues be done: heaven is not serv'd by halves.
We shall have ne'r a fathers blessing here,
Let us not lose the better, from above.

Ant. You take up weapons of unequal force,
It shows you cowardly: heark in your ear.

Am. Have I lost all employment? Would this proffer
Had been to me, though I had paid it
With a reasonable pennance.

Mar. Have I past
All thy fore-lock (Time?) I'll stretch a long arm
But I'll catch hold again: Do but look back
Over thy shoulder, and have a pull at thee.

Ism. I hear you (Sir) nor can I hear too much
While you speak well: You know th'accustom'd place
Of our night-parley: if you can ascend,
The window shall receive you. You may find there
A corrupted Church-man to bid you welcome.

Ant. I would meet no other man.

Ism. *Aminta*, you hear this.

Am. With joy (Madam) 'cause it pleases you.
It may be mine own case another time:
Now you go the right way; ask the Banes out,
Put it past father, or friends, to forbid it,
And then you're sure. Sir, your *Hymen* Taper
I'll light up for you: the window shall show you
The way to *Sestos*.

Ant. I'll venture drowning.

Mar. The simile holds not; 'tis hanging rather.
You must ascend your Castle by a Ladder;
To the foot I'll bring you.

Ant. Leave me to climb it.

Mar. If I do turn you off?

Ant. Till night fare-well:
Then better.

Ism. Best it should be;
But peevish hatred keeps back that degree. *Exeunt.*

Mar. I never look'd so smooth as now I purpose:
And then beware: Knave is at worst of knave
When he smiles best, and the most seems to save. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Julio.

Jul. My mind's unquiet; while *Antonio*
My Nephew's abroad, my heart is not at home,
Only my fears stay with me; bad company:
But I cannot shift 'em off. This hatred
Betwixt the house of *Bellides* and us,
Is not fair war: 'tis civil, but uncivil.
We are near neighbors, were of love as near,
Till a cross misconstruction ('twas no more
In conscience) put us so far asunder:
I would 'twere reconcil'd; it has lasted
Too many Sun-sets, if grace might moderate;
Man should not lose so many days of peace
To satisfy the anger of one minute.
I could repent it heartily. I sent
The knave to attend my *Antonio* too,
Yet he returns no comfort to me neither.

Enter Bustofa.

Bust. No: I must not.

Jul. Hah; hee's come.

Bust. I must not: 'twill break his heart to hear it.

Jul. How? there's bad tidings: I must obscure and hear it;
He will not tell me for breaking of my heart,
'Tis half split already.

Bust. I have spi'd him: Now to knock down a Don
with a lye, a silly harmless lye; 'twill be valiantly done,
and nobly perhaps.

Jul.

Jul. I cannot hear him now.

Bust. Oh the bloody days that we live in; the envious, malicious, deadly days that we draw breath in!

Jul. Now I hear too loud.

Bust. The Children that ever shall be born may rue it; for men that are slain now might have liv'd to have got children, that might have curs'd their fathers.

Jul. Oh, my posterity is ruin'd.

Bust. Oh sweet *Antonio*.

Jul. Oh dear *Antonio*.

Bust. Yet it was nobly done of both parts: When he and *Lisauero* met.

Jul. Oh, death Has parted 'em.

Bust. Welcome my mortal foe (says one,) Welcome my deadly enemy (says th'other :) off go their doublets, they in their shirts, and their swords stark naked; here lies *Antonio*, here lies *Lisauero*: he comes upon him with an *Embroiderado*, that he puts by with a *puncta reversa*; *Lisauero* recoils me two paces and some six inches back, takes his career, and then, on.

Jul. Oh.

Bust. Runs *Antonio* quite thorow,

Jul. Oh villain.

Bust. Quite thorow between the arm and the body: so yet he had no hurt at that bout.

Jul. Goodness be praised.

Bust. But then, at next encounter, he fetches me up *Lisauero*; *Lisauero* makes out a long at him, which he thinking to be a *Passado*, *Antonio*'s foot slipping: down: oh down.

Jul. O now thou art lost.

Bust. Oh, but the quality of the thing: both Gentlemen, both Spanish Christians, yet one man to shed

Jul. Say his enemies blood.

Bust. His hair, may come by divers casualties, though he never go into the field with his foe: but a man to lose nine ounces and two drams of blood at one wound, thirteen and a scruple at another, and to live till he dye in cold blood: yet the Surgeon (that cur'd him) said if *Pia-mater* had not been perish'd, he had been a lives man till this day.

Jul. There he concludes he is gone.

Bust. But all this is nothing: now I come to the point.

Jul. I, the point, that's deadly: the antient blow Over the buckler, ne'r went half so deep.

Bust. Yet pitty bids me keep in my charity: for me to pull an old man's ears from his head with telling of a Tale: oh fowle Tale! No, be silent Tale. Farthermore, there is the charge of Buriall; every one will cry Blacks, Blacks, that had but the least finger dipt in his blood, though ten degrees remov'd when 'twas done. Moreover, the Surgeon (that made an end of him) will be paid: Sugar-plums and sweet breads; yet I say, the man may recover again, and dye in his bed.

Jul. What motley stuff is this? Sirrha, speak truth. What hath befallen my dear *Antonio*?
 Restrain your pitty in concealing it;
 Tell me the danger full; take off your care
 Of my receiving it: kill me that way,
 I'll forgive my death; what thou keepst back from truth
 Thou shalt speak in pain; do not look to find
 A limb in his right place, a bone unbroke,
 Nor so much flesh unbroil'd of all that mountain,
 As a worm might sup on, dispatch, or be dispatch'd.

Bust. Alas Sir, I know nothing, but that *Antonio* is a man of Gods making to this hour, 'tis not two since I left him so.

Jul. Where didst thou leave him?

Bust. In the same clothes he had on when he went from you.

Jul. Does he live?

Bust. I saw him drink.

Jul. Is he not wounded?

Bust. He may have a cut i'th' leg by this time; for *Don Martin* and he were at whole slashes.

Jul. Met he not with *Lisauero*?

Bust. I do not know her.

Jul. Her? *Lisauero* is a man, as he is.

Bust. I saw ne'er a man like him.

Jul. Didst thou not discourse a fight betwixt *Ant.* and *Lis*?

Bust. I to my self; I hope a man may give himself the lye if it please him.

Jul. Didst thou lye then?

Bust. As sure as you live now.

Jul. I live the happier by it: when will he return?

Bust. That he sent me to tell you, within these ten days at farthest.

Jul. Ten days? he's not wont to be absent two.

Bust. Nor I think he will not, he said he would be at home to morrow, but I love to speak within my compass.

Jul. You shall speak within mine Sir, now. Within there.

Enter Servants.

Take this fellow into custody, keep him safe I charge you.

Bust. Safe? do you hear? take notice what plight you find me in, if there want but a collop or a steak o'me, look to't.

Jul. If my Nephew return not in his health to morrow, Thou goest to th'Rack.

Bust. Let me go to th'manger first; I had rather eat oats than hay.

Exeunt.

Enter Bellides with a Letter.

Bel. By your leave, Sir.

Jul. For ought I know yet, you are welcome Sir. (easie,

Bel. Read that, and tell me so: or if thy spectacles be not Keep thy nose unsadl'd, and ope thine ears; I can speak thee the contents, I made 'em; 'Tis a challenge, a fair one, I'll maintain't: I scorn to hire my Second to deliver't, I bring't my self: Dost know me, *Julio*?

Jul. Bellides?

Bel. Yes: is not thy hair on end now?

Jul. Somewhat amaz'd at thy rash hardiness; How durst thou come so near thine enemy?

Bel. Durst?

I dare come nearer: thou'rt a fool, *Julio*.

Jul. Take it home to thee with a knave to boot.

Bel. Knave to thy teeth again: and all that's quit: Give me not a fool more than I give thee, Or if thou dost, look to hear on't again.

Jul. What an encounter's this?

Bel. A noble one:

My hand is to my words, thou hast it there, There I do challenge thee, if thou dar'st be Good friends with me; or I'll proclaim thee coward,

Jul. Be friends with thee?

Bel. I'll shew thee reasons for't:
 A pair of old Coxcombs (now we go together)
 Such as should stand examples of discretion,
 The rules of Grammar to unwilling youth
 To take out lessons by; we that should check
 And quench the raging fire in others bloods,
 We strike the battel to destruction?
 Read 'em the black art? and make 'em believe
 It is divinity? Heathens, are we not?
 Speak thy conscience, how hast thou slept this month,
 Since this Fiend haunted us?

Jul. Sure some Good Angel

Was with us both last night: speak thou truth now, Was it not last nights motion?

Bel. Dost not think

I would not lay hold of it at first proffer?
 Should I n'er sleep again?

Jul. Take not all from me;

I'll tell the doctrine of my vision.
 Say that *Lisauero* (best of thy blood)
 Or any one, the least allyed to thee,

Should

Should be the prey unto *Lisandro's* sword,
Or any of the house of *Bellides*?

Bel. Mine was the just inversion: on, on.

Jul. How would thine eyes have emptied thee in sorrow,
And left the Conduit of nature drie?
Thy hands have turn'd rebellious to the balls,
And broke the glasses, with thine own curses
Have torn thy soul, left thee a Statue
To propagate thy next posterity.

Bel. Yes, and thou causer: so it said to me,
They fight but your mischiefs: the young men were friends,
As is the life and blood coagulate
And curded in one body; but this is yours,
An inheritance that you have gather'd for 'em,
A Legacie of blood to kill each other
Throughout your Generations. Was't not so?

Jul. Word for word.

Bel. Nay, I can go farther yet.

Jul. 'Tis far enough; Let us atone it here.
And in a reconciled circle fold
Our friendship new again.

Bel. The sign's in *Gemini*,
An auspicious house, 't has join'd both ours again.

Jul. You cannot proclaim me coward now, *Don Bellides*.

Bel. No: thou 'rt a valiant fellow: so am I:
I'll fight with thee at this hug, to the last leg
I have to stand on, or breath or life left.

Jul. This is the salt unto humanity,
And keeps it sweet.

Bel. Love! oh life stinks without it.
I can tell you news.

Jul. Good has long been wanting.

Bel. I do suspect, and I have some proof on't,
(So far as a Love-Epistle comes to)
That *Antonio* (your Nephew) and my daughter
Ismenia are very good friends before us.

Jul. That were a double wall about our houses,
Which I could wish were built.

Bel. I had it
From *Antonio's* Intimate, *Don Martin*:
And yet (me thought) it was no friendly part
To show it me.

Jul. Perhaps 't was his consent:
Lovers have policies as well as Statesmen:
They look not always at the mark they aim at.

Bel. Wee'll take up cudgels, and have one bowt with 'em,
They shall know nothing of this union:
And till they find themselves most desperate,
Succor shall never see 'em.

Jul. I'll take your part Sir.

Bel. It grows late; there's a happy day past us.

Jul. The example I hope to all behind it. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Aminta (above) with a Taper.

Am. Stand fair, light of Love, which epithite and place
Adds to thee honour, to me it would be shame,
We must be weight in love, no grain too light;
Thou art the Land-mark, but if love be blind,
(As many that can see have so reported)
What benefit canst thou be to his darkness?
Love is a jewel (some say) inestimable,
But hung at the ear, deprives our own sight,
And so it shines to others, not our selves.
I speak my skill, I have only heard on't,
But I could wish a nearer document,
Alas, the ignorant desire to know:
Some say Love's but a toy, and with a but.
Now methinks I should love it ne'er the worse,
A toy is harmless sure, and may be plaid with,
It seldome goes without his adjunct, pretty,
A pretty toy we say, 'tis meeter to joy too.

Well, here may be a mad night yet for all this,
Here's a Priest ready, and a Lady ready:
A chamber ready, and a bed ready,
'Tis then but making unready, and that's soon done:
My Lady is my Cosen; I, my self,
Which is nearest then? My desires are mine,
Say they be hers too, is't a hanging matter?
It may be ventur'd in a worser cause,
I must go question with my conscience:
I have the word; Centinel, do thou stand,
Thou shalt not need to call, I'll be at hand. *Exit.*

Enter Antonio and Martin.

Ant. Are we not dog'd behind us, thinkst thou friend?

Mar. I heard not one bark, Sir.

Ant. There are that bite

And bark not (man:) me-thought I spy'd two fellows
That through two streets together walk'd aloof,
And wore their eyes suspiciously upon us.

Mar. Your Jealousie, nothing else; or such perhaps
As are afraid as much of us, who knows
But about the like business? but for your fears fake
I'll advise and intreat one curtesie.

Ant. What's that friend?

Mar. I will not be denyed, Sir,
Change your upper garments with me.

Ant. It needs not.

Mar. I think so too, but I will have it so,
If you dare trust me with the better Sir.

Ant. Nay then.

Mar. If there should be danger towards,
There will be the main mark I'm sure.

Ant. Here thou tak'st from me.

Mar. Tush, the General
Must be safe, how ere the Battle goes:
See you the Beacon yonder?

Ant. Yes, we are near shore.

Enter 2. Gentlemen with weapons drawn, they set upon Martin: Antonio pursues them out in rescue of Martin.

Mar. Come, Land, land, you must clamber by the cliffe,
Here are no stairs to rise by.

Ant. I are you there? *fight and Exeunt.*

Enter Aminta above, and Martin return'd again ascends.

Am. Antonio?

Mar. Yes *Ismenia*.

Am. Thine own.

Mar. Quench the light, thine eyes are guides illustrious.

Am. 'Tis necessary. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio.

Mar. Your legs have sav'd your lives, who ere you are,
Friend. *Martin*? where art thou? not hurt I hope:
Sure I was farthest in the pursuit of 'em:
My pleasures are forgotten through my fears:
The lights extinct, it was discreetly done:
They could not but have notice of the broil,
And fearing that might call up company,
Have carefully prevented, and closed up:
I do commend the heed; oh, but my friend;
I fear his hurt: friend? friend? it cannot be
So mortal, that I should lose thee quite, friend?
A groan, anything that may discover thee:
Thou art not sunk so far, but I might hear thee:
I'll lay mine ear as low as thou canst fall:
Friend, *Don Martin*, I must answer for thee,
'Twas in my cause thou feel'st, if thou be'st down,
Such dangers stand betwixt us and our ioyes,
That should we forethink ere we undertake,

Wee'd

Wee'd sit at home, and save. What a night's here?
 Purpos'd for so much joy, and now dispos'd
 To so much wretchedness? I shall not rest in't:
 If I had all my pleasures there within,
 I should not entertain 'em with a smile.
 Good night to you: Mine will be black and sad,
 A friend cannot, a woman may be bad.

Exit.

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Ismenia and Aminta.

Ism. O thou false,

Am. Do your daringst, he's mine own,
 Soul and body mine, church and chamber mine,
 Totally mine.

Ism. Dar'st thou face thy falshood?

Am. Shall I not give a welcome to my wishes
 Come home so sweetly: farewell your company
 Till you be calmer woman.

Exit.

Ism. Oh what a heap
 Of misery has one night brought with it.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Where is he? do you turn your shame from me?
 You'r a blind Adulterers, you know you are.

Ism. How's that Antonio?

Ant. Till I have vengeance,
 Your sin's not pardonable: I'll have him,
 If hell hide him not: y'have had your last of him.

Exit.

Ism. What did he speak? I understood him not,
 He call'd me a foul name, it was not mine,
 He took me for another sure.

Enter Bellides.

Bell. Ha? are you there?
 Where's your sweet heart? I have found you Traytor
 To my house: wilt league with mine enemy?
 You'll shed his blood, you'll say: hah? will you so?
 And fight with your heels upwards? No Minion,
 I have a husband for you, since y'are so rank,
 And such a husband as thou shalt like him,
 Whether thou wilt or no: Antonio?

Ism. It thunders with the storm now.

Bel. And to night
 I'll have it dispatch'd: I'll make it sure, I,
 By to morrow this time thy Maiden-head
 Shall not be worth a Chicken, if it were
 Knockt at an out-cry: go, I'll ha'ye before me:
 Shough, shough, up to your coop, Pea-Hen.

Ism. Then I'll try my wings.

Exit.

Bel. I, are you good at that? stop, stop thief, stop there.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Otrante and Florimell singing.

1. SONG.

Flo. Now having leisure, and a happy wind,
 Thou mayst at pleasure cause the stones to grind,
 Sayls spread, and grist here ready to be ground,
 Fie, stand not idly, but let the Mill go round.

Otr. Why dost thou sing and dance thus? why so merry?

Why dost thou look so wantonly upon me?
 And kiss my hands?

Flo. If I were high enough,
 I would kiss your lips too.

Otr. Do, this is some kindness,
 This tastes of willingness, nay, you may kiss
 Still, but why o'th' sudden now does the fit take ye,
 Unoffer'd, or uncompell'd? why these sweet curtelies?
 Even now you would have blush'd to death to kiss thus:
 Prethee let me be prepar'd to meet thy kindness,
 I shall be unfurnish'd else to hold thee play, wench:
 Stay now a little, and delay your blessings;
 If this be love, methinks it is too violent:
 If you repent you of your strictness to me,
 It is so sudden, it wants circumstance.

Flo. Fy, how dull?

2. SONG.

How long shall I pine for love?
 how long shall I sue in vain?
 How long like the Turtle-Dove
 shall I heavenly thus complain?
 Shall the sayls of my love stand still?
 Shall the grists of my hopes be unground?
 Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie,
 Let the Mill, let the Mill go round.

Otr. Prethee be calm a little,
 Thou mak'st me wonder, thou that wert so strange,
 And read such pious rules to my behavior
 But yesternight, thou that wert made of modesty,
 Shouldst in a few short minutes turn thus desperate.

Flo. You are too cold.

Otr. I do confess I freeze now,
 I am another thing all over me:
 It is my part to woe, not to be courted:
 Unfold this Riddle, 'tis to me a wonder,
 That now 'oth' instant ere I can expect,
 Ere I can turn my thoughts, and think upon
 A separation of your honest carriage
 From the desires of youth, thus wantonly,
 Thus beyond expectation:

Flo. I will tell ye,
 And tell ye seriously, why I appear thus,
 To hold ye no more ignorant and blinded,
 I have no modestie, I am truly wanton:
 I am that you look for Sir; now come up roundly:
 If my strict face and counterfeited statelynes
 Could have won on ye, I had caught ye that way, (ye.
 And you should never have come to have known who hurt
 Prethee (sweet Count) be more familiar with me.
 How ever we are open in our natures,
 And apt to more desires than you dare meet with,
 Yet we affect to lay the gloss of good on't:
 I saw you touch not at the bait of chastity,
 And that it grew distasteful to your palate
 To appear so holy, therefore I take my true shape:
 Is your bed ready Sir? you shall quickly find me.

3. SONG

On the bed Ile throw thee, throw thee down;
 Down being laid, shall we be afraid
 To try the rights that belong to love?
 No, no, there I'll woe thee with a Crown,
 Crown our desires, kindle the fires,
 When love requires we should wanton prove,
 We'll kiss, we'll sport, we'll laugh, we'll play,
 If thou com'st short, for thee I'll stay,
 If thou unskilful art on the ground,
 I'll kindly teach, we'll have the Mill go round.

Otr. Are ye no Maid.

Flo.

Flo. Alas (my Lord) no certain:
I am sorry you are so innocent to think so,
Is this an age for silly Maids to thrive in?
It is so long too since I lost it Sir,
That I have no belief I ever was one:
What should you do with Maiden-heads? you hate 'em,
They are peevish, petty things, that hold no game up,
No pleasure neither, they are sport for Surgeons:
I'll warrant you I'll fit you beyond Maiden-head:
A fair and easie way men travel right in,
And with delight, discourse, and twenty pleasures,
They enjoy their journey; mad men creep through hedges.
Otr. I am metamorphos'd: why do you appear,
I conjure ye, beyond belief thus wanton?
Flo. Because I would give ye
Pleasure beyond belief.

4. S O N G.

*Think me still in my Fathers Mill,
where I have oft been found-a
Thrown on my back, on a well-fill'd sack,
while the Mill has still gone round-a:
Pretbe firrah try thy skill,
and again let the mill go round-a.*

Otr. Then you have traded?
Flo. Traded? how should I know else how to live Sir,
And how to satisfie such Lords as you are,
Our best guests, and our richest?
Otr. How I shake now?
You take no base men?
Flo. Any that will offer,
All manner of men, and all Religions Sir,
There be toucht in our time: all States and Ages,
We exempt none.

5. S O N G.

*The young one, the old one, the fearful, the bold one,
the lame one, though nere so unsound,
The Jew or the Turk, have leave for to work,
the whilst that the Mill goes round.*

Otr. You are a common thing then.
Flo. No matter since you have your private pleasure,
And have it by an Artist excellent,
Whether I am thus, or thus, your men can tell ye.
Otr. My Men? Defend me, how I freeze together,
And am on Ice? do I bite at such an Orange
After my men? I am preferr'd.
Flo. Why stay ye?
Why do we talk my Lord, and lose our time?
Pleasure was made for lips, and sweet embraces,
Let Lawyers use their tongues: pardon my Modesty,
This desperate way must help; or I am miserable.
Otr. She turns, and wipes her face, she weeps for certain,
Some new way now, she cannot be thus beastly,
She is too excellent: fair to be thus impudent:
She knows the elements of common looseness,
The art of lewdness: that, that, that, how now, Sir?

Enter a servant.

Scr. The King (and't please your Lordship) is alighted
Close at the gate.
Otr. The King?
Scr. And calls for ye Sir.
Means to break-fast here too.
Flo. Then I am happy.
Otr. Stol'n so suddenly? go lock her up.
Lock her up where the Courtiers may not see her,
Lock her up closely, firrah, in my closet.
Scr. I will (my Lord) what does she yield yet? *Exit.*

Otr. Peace:

She is either a damn'd divel, or an Angel,
No noise (upon your life Dame) but all silence.

Enter King, Lords, Vertigo, Lifauro, Terfo.

Otr. Your Majesty heaps too much honor on me,
With such delight to view each several corner
Of a rude pile: there's no proportion in't, Sir.
Phil. Me-thinks 'tis handsome, and the rooms along
Are neat, and well contriv'd: the Gallery
Stands pleasantly and sweet: what rooms are these?

Otr. They are luttish ones.
Phil. Nay, I must see.
Otr. Pray ye do Sir,
They are lodging-chambers over a homely garden.
Phil. Fit still, and handsome; very well: and those?
Otr. Those lead to the other side o'th' house, and't like ye
Phil. Let me see those.
Otr. Ye may, the doers are open.
What would this view mean? I am half suspicious.
Phil. This little Room?
Otr. 'Tis mean: a place for trash Sir,
For rubbish of the house.
Phil. I would see this too:
I will see all.

Otr. I beseech your Majesty,
The favor of it, and the courie appearance. (with it,
Phil. 'Tis not so bad, you would not offend your house
Come, let me see.

Otr. Faith Sir,
Phil. P'faith I will see.
Otr. My Groom has the key Sir, and'tis ten to one —
Phil. But I will see it: force the lock (my Lords)
There be smiths enough to mend it: I perceive
You keep some rarethings here, you would not show Sir.

Florimel discover'd.

Ter. Here's a fair maid indeed.
Phil. By my faith is she;
A handsome girl: come forward, do not fear wench.
I marry, here's a treasure worth concealing:
Call in the Miller.

Otr. Then I am discover'd.
I confess all before the Miller comes Sir,
'Twas but intention, from all act I am clear yet.

Enter Franio.

Phil. Is this your daughter?
Fra. Yes, and't please your Highness.
This is the shape of her, for her substance Sir,
Whether she be now honorable or dishonorable:
Whether she be a white-rose, or a canker is the question:
I thank my Lord, he made bold with my Philly,
If she be for your pace, you had best preserve her Sir,
She is tender mouth'd, let her be broken handsomly.

Phil. Maid, were you stol'n?
Flo. I went not willingly,
And't please your Grace, I was never bred so boldly.
Phil. How has he us'd ye?
Flo. Yet Sir, very nobly.

Phil. Be sure ye tell truth, and be sure (my Lord)
You have not wrong'd her: if ye have, I tell ye
You have lost me, and your self too: speak again (wench)
Flo. He has not wrong'd me, Sir; I am yet a maid:
By all that's white and innocent, I am Sir,
Only I suffer'd under strong temptations
The heat of youth; but heaven deliver'd me.
My Lord, I am no whore, for all I faign'd it,
And faign'd it cunningly, and made ye loath me:
'Twas time to out-do you: I had been rob'd else,
I had been miserable, but I forgive ye.

Phil.

Phil. What recompence for this?

Ort. A great one Sir,
Forgive me sweet.

Flo. I do my Lord.

Ort. I thank ye;

The next take this, and these: all I have *Florimel*.

Flo. No good my Lord, these often corrupt Maidens:
I dare not touch at these; they are lime for Virgins;
But if you'll give me.

Ort. Any thing in my power.
Or in my purchase.

Flo. Take heed (noble Sir)
You'll make me a bold asker.

Ort. Ask me freely.

Flo. Ask you? I do ask you, and I deserve ye,
I have kept ye from a crying sin would damn ye
To Men and Time: I have preserv'd your credit,
That would have died to all posterity:
Curfes of maids shall never now afflict ye,
Nor Parents bitter tears make your name barren:
If he deserves well that redeems his Countrey,
And as a Patriot be remembred nobly,
Nay, set the highest: may not I be worthy
To be your friend, that have preserv'd your honor?

Ort. You are, and thus I take ye: thus I seal ye
Mine own, and only mine.

Phil. Count, she deserves ye,
And let it be my happiness to give ye,
I have given a virtuous maid, now I dare say it,
'Tis more then blood; I'll pay her portion Sir,
And't shall be worthy you.

Fra. I'll sell my Mill,

I'll pay some too: I'll pay the Fiddlers.
And we'll have all i'th' Country at this wedding,
Pray let me give her too, here my Lord take her,
Take her with all my heart, and kiss her freely,
Would I could give you all this hand has stol'n too,
In portion with her, 'twould make her a little whiter.
The wind blows fair now, get me a young Miller.

Ver. She must have new clothes.

Tir. Yes.

Vir. Yes marry must she.

If't please ye (Madam) let me see the state of your body.
I'll fit you instantly.

Phil. Art not thou gone yet? (now)

Ver. And't please your Grace, a gown, a handsome gown
An orient gown.

Phil. Nay, take thy pleasure of her.

Ver. Of cloth of Tifflew I can fit ye (Madam)
My Lords, stand out o'th' light, a curious body,
The neatest body in *Spain* this day: with embroidered flow'rs,
A clinquant Petticoat of some rich stuffe,
To catch the eye: I have a thousand fashions.
O sleeve, O sleeve: I'll study all night (Madam)
To magnifie your sleeve.

Ort. Do, superstitious Tailor,
When ye have more time.

Flo. Make me no more then woman,
And I am thine.

Ort. Sir, haply my Wardrobe with your help
May fit her instantly: will you try her?

Ver. If I fit her not, your Wardrobe cannot.
But if the fashion be not there, you marre her.

Enter Antonio, Constable, Officers.

Ant. Is my offence so great, ere I be convict,
To be torn with Rascals? If it be Law,
Let 'em be wild horses rather than these.

Phil. What's that? (Grace)

Con. This is a man suspected of murder, if it please your

Phil. It pleases me not (friend) But who suspects him?

Const. We that are your Highness's extraordinary officers,
We that have taken our oaths to maintain you in peace.

Phil. 'Twill be a great charge to you.

Const. 'Tis a great charge indeed; but then we call our
neighbors to help us. This Gentleman and another were
fallen out (yet that's more then I am able to say, for I heard
no words between 'em, but what their weapons spoke,
Clash, and Clatter) which we seeing, came with our Bills
of government, and first knock'd down their weapons,
and then the men.

Phil. And this you did to keep the peace?

Const. Yes, and't like your Grace, we knock'd 'em down
to keep the peace: this we laid hold on, the other we set
in the stocks. That I could do by mine own power, with-
out your Majesty.

Enter Aminta.

Phil. How so, Sir?

Const. I am a Shoo-maker by my Trade.

Am. Oh my Husband!

Why stands my husband as a man endanger'd?
Restore him me, as you are merciful,
I'll answer for him.

Ant. What woman's this? what husband? hold thy bawl-
I know thee for no wife. (ing)

Am. You married me last night.

Ant. Thou lyest: I neither was in Church nor house
Last night, nor saw I thee: a thing that was my friend,
I scorn to name now, was with *Isfenia*,
Like a thief, and there he violated
A sacred trust. This thou mayst know (*Aminta*.)

Am. Are not you he?

Ant. No; nor a friend of his:
Would I had kill'd him: I hope I have.

Am. That was my Husband (Royal Sir) that man,
That excellent man.

Enter Bellides.

Ant. That villain, that thief.

Bel. Have I caught you Sir? well overtaken.
This is mine enemy: pardon, (my Sovereign.)

Phil. Good charity, to crave pardon for your enemy.

Bel. Mine own pardon (Sir) for my joyes rudeness:
In what place better could I meet my foe,
And both of us so well provided too?

He with some black blood-thirsty crime upon him,
That (ere the horse-leech burst) will suck him dry:
I with a second accusation,
Enough to break his neck, if need should be,
And then to have even Justice it self to right us:
How should I make my joyes a little civil,
They might not keep this noyse?

Ant. Here is some hope.

Should the ax be dull, the halter's preparing,

Phil. What's your accusation, Sir? We have heard the
former.

Enter Julio.

Bel. Mine (my Lord?) a strong one.

Jul. A false one, Sir.

At least malicious: an evidence
Of hatred and despight: He would accuse
My poor kinsman of that he never dream'd of,
Nor waking saw; the stealing of his daughter,
She whom, I know, he would not look upon.
Speak *Antonio*, Didst thou ever see her?

Ant. Yes Sir, I have seen her.

Bel. Ah ha, friend *Julio*.

Jul. He might, but how? with an unheedful eye;
An accidental view, as men see multitudes
That the next day dare not precisely say
They saw that face, or that amongst 'em all,
Didst thou so look on her?

S

Bel.

Bel. Guilty, guilty:
His looks hang themselves.

Phil. Your patience (Gentleman.)
I pray you tell me if I be in error,
I may speak often when I should but hear:
This is some show you would present us with,
And I do interrupt it: Pray you speak,
(It seems no more) Is't any thing but a show?

Bel. My Lord, this Gentlewoman can show you all,
So could my daughter too: if she were here;
By this time they are both inmodest enough:
Shee's fled me, and I accuse this thief for't.
Don *Martin*, his own friend's my testimony:
A practis'd night-work.

Phil. That *Martin's* the other
In your custodie; he was forgotten:
Fetch him hither.

Const. Wee'll bring the Stocks and all else, and't please
your Grace.

Enter *Bustofa* and *Ismenia*.

Am. That man's my husband certain, instead of this:
Both would have deceiv'd, and both beguil'd.

Bust. Soh hoh, Miller, Miller, look out Miller: is there
n'ere a Miller amongst you here, Gentlemen?

Tir. Yes Sir, here is a Miller amongst Gentlemen,
A Gentleman Miller.

Bust. I should not be far off then; there went but a pair
of sheers and a bodkin between us. Will you to work Mil-
ler? Here's a maid has a sack full of news for you: shall
your stones walk? will you grind Miller?

Phil. This your son, *Franio*?

Fra. My ungracious, my disobedient,
My unnatural, my rebel son (my Lord.)

Bust. Fie, your hopper runs over, Miller.

Fra. This villain (of my own flesh and blood) was accessary
To the stealing of my daughter.

Bust. Oh Mountain,
Shalt thou call a molehill a scab upon the face
Of the earth? though a man be a thief, shall a Miller call
Him so? Oh egregious!

Jul. Remember *Sirra*, who you speak before.

Bust. I speak before a Miller,
A thief in grain; for he steals corn: He that steals
A wench, is a true man to him.

Phil. Can you prove that? you may help another cause
that was in pleading.

Bust. I'll prove it strongly.
He that steals corn, steals the bread of the Common-wealth;
He that steals a wench, steals but the flesh. (the flesh?)

Phil. And how is the bread stealing more criminal then

Bust. He that steals bread, steals that which is lawful
every day:

He that steals flesh, steals nothing from the fasting day:
Ergo to steal the bread is the arranter theft.

Phil. This is to some purpose. (full:

Bust. Again, he that steals flesh steals for his own belly
He that steals bread, robs the guts of others:

Ergo, The arranter thief the bread-stealer.

Again he that steals flesh, steals once, and gives over;
yes, and often pays for it: the other steals every day, with-
out satisfaction. To conclude, Bread-stealing is the more
capital crime: for what he steals he puts it in at the head:
he that steals flesh (as the Dutch Author says) puts it in
at the foot (the lower member.) Will you go as you are
now, Miller?

Phil. How has this satisfied you, Don *Bellides*?

Bel. Nothing (my Lord) my cause is serious.
I claim a daughter from that loving thiefe there.

Ant. I would I had her for you, Sir.

Bel. Ah ha, *Julio*. (daughter?)

Jul. How said you, *Antonio*? With you, you had his

Ant. With my soul I wish her; and my body

Shall perish, but I'll enjoy my souls with.
I would have slain my friend for his deceit,
But I do find his own deceit hath paid him.

Jul. Will you vex my soul forth? no other choice
But where my hate is rooted? Come hither Girl,
Whose pretty maid art thou?

Ism. The child of a poor man, Sir.

Jul. The better for it. With my Sovereigns leave,
I'll wed thee to this man, will he, will he.

Phil. Pardon me, Sir, I'll be no Love enforcer:
I use no power of mine unto those ends.

Jul. Wilt thou have him?

Ism. Not unless he love me.

Ant. I do love thee: Farewell all other Beauties:
I settle here: you are *Ismenia*.

Ism. The same I was: better nor worse, (*Antonio*)

Ant. I shall have your consent here, I'm sure, Sir.

Bel. With all my heart, Sir. Nay, if you accept it,
I'll do this kindness to mine enemy,
And give her as a Father.

Ant. Shee'll thank you as a Daughter.

Will you not, *Ismenia*?

Bel. How? *Ismenia*?

Ism. Your daughter, Sir.

Bel. Is't possible? Away you feeble witted things,
You thought you had caught the old ones: you wade, you
wade

In shallow fords: we can swim, we: look here,
We made the match: we are all friends good friends;
Thin, thin: why the fool knew all this, this fool.

Bust. Keep that to your self, Sir; What I knew I knew:
This sack is a witness. Miller, this is not for your thum-
ming. Here's gold lace: you may see her in her holliday
clothes if you will; I was her ward-robe-man.

Enter *Martin*, *Aminta*, *Constable*, *Officers*.

Ant. You beguil'd me well, Sir.

Mar. Did you speak to me, Sir?

Ant. It might seem to you, *Martin*, your conscience
Has quick ears.

Mar. My sight was a little dim i'th' dark indeed,
So was my feeling cozen'd; yet I'm content:
I am the better understander now,
I know my wife wants nothing of a woman;
There y'are my *Junior*.

Ant. You are not hurt?

Mar. Not shrewdly hurt; I have good flesh to heal, you see,
Good round flesh: these cherries will be worth chopping,
Crack stones and all; I should not give much to boot
To ride in your new, and you in my old ones now.

Ant. You mistake the weapon: are you not hurt?

Mar. A little scratch: but I shall claw it off well enough.

Enter *Gillian*.

Gill. I can no longer own what is not mine
With a free conscience: My Liege, your pardon.

Phil. For what? who knows this woman?

Fra. I best, my Lord,

I have been acquainted with her these forty Summers,
And as many Winters, were it Spring agen;
She's like the Gout I can get no cure for her.

Phil. Oh, your Wife, *Franio*?

Fra. 'Tis oh my wife indeed, my Lord,
A painful stich to my side; would it were pick'd out.

Phil. Well Sir, your silence.

Bust. Will you be older and older every day than other?
the longer you live the older still? Must his Majesty com-
mand your silence ere you'll hold your tongue?

Phil. Your reprehension runs into the same fault:
'Pray Sir, will you be silent.

Bust. I have told him of this before now, my Liege, but
Age will have his course, and his weaknesses.

Phil.

Phil. Good Sir, your forbearance.
Bust. And his frailties, and his follies, as I may say, that cannot hold his tongue ere he be bidden.
Phil. Why Sirha?
Bust. But I believe your Majesty will not be long troubled with him: I hope that woman has something to confess will hang them both.
Phil. Sirha, you'll pull your destiny upon you if you cease not the sooner.
Bust. Nay, I have done, my Liege, yet it grieves me that I should call that man Father, that should be so shameless, that being commanded to hold his tongue.
Phil. To th'Porters Lodge with him.
Bust. I thank your Grace, I have a friend there.
Phil. Speak woman, if any interruption meet thee more, it shall be punish'd sharply.
Gill. Good my Liege, (I dare not) Ask you the question why that old man weeps.
Phil. Who? Count *Julio*? I observ'd it not. You hear the question Sir, will you give the cause?
Jul. Oh my Lord, it hardly will get passage, It is a sorrow of that greatness grown, 'Less it dissolve in tears, and come by parcels.
Gill. I'll help you Sir, in the delivery, And bring you forth a joy. You lost a daughter.
Jul. 'Twas that recounted thought brought forth these sorrows.
Gill. Shee's found again. Know you this mantle Sir?
Jul. Hah?
Gill. Nay leave your wonder, I'll explain it to you. This did enwrap your child, whom ever since I have call'd mine; when Nurse *Amaranta* In a remove from *Mora* to *Corduba* Was seiz'd on by a fierce and hungry Bear, She was the Ravins prey, as heaven so would, He with his booty fill'd, forsook the babe: All this was in my sight: and so long I saw, Untill the cruel creature left my sight, At which advantage I adventur'd me To rescue the sweet Lamb: I did it Sir, And ever since I have kept back your joy, And made it mine: but age hath wearied me, And bids me back restore unto the owner What I unjustly kept these fourteen years.
Jul. Oh, thou hast ta'n so many years from me, And made me young as was her birth day to me. Oh (good my Liege) give my joys a pardon, I must go power a blessing on my child, Which here would be too rude and troublesome. *Exit.*
Phil. *Franio*, you knew this before.
Bust. Oh, oh; *Item* for you Miller.
Fra. I did (my Liege) I must confess I did, And I confess, I ne'r would have confess'd, Had not that womans tongue begun to me: We poor ones love, and would have comforts, Sir, As well as great: this is no strange fault, Sir, There's many men keep other mens children As though they were their own.
Bust. It may stretch farther yet, I beseech you (my Liege) let this woman be a little farther examin'd; let the words of her conscience be search'd, I would know how she came by me: I am a lost child, if I be theirs: though I have been brought up in a Mill, yet I had ever a mind (me-

thought) to be a greater man.
Phil. She will resolve you sure.
Gill. I, I Boy: thou art mine own flesh and blood, Born of mine own body.
Bust. 'Tis very unlikely that such a body should bear me; There's no trust in these Millers. Woman, tell the truth: my father shall forgive thee, whatsoever he was, were he Knight, Squire, or Captain; less he should not be.
Gill. Thou art mine own child, Boy.
Bust. And was the Miller my Father?
Gill. Wouldst thou make thy Mother a whore, Knave?
Bust. I, if she make me a Bastard. The rack must make her confess (my Lord) I shall never come to know who I am else. I have a worshipful mind in me sure: methinks I do scorn poor folks.

Enter Otrante, Florimel and Julio, &c.

Phil. Here comes the brightest glory of the day: Love yolk'd with love, the best equality, Without the level of estate or person.
Jul. You both shall be rewarded bountifully, Wee'll be-a kin too; Brother and Sister Shall be chang'd with us ever.
Bust. Thank you (Unkle) my sister is my cosen yet at the last cast: Farewell sister foster. If I had known the Civil Law would have allowed it, thou hadst had another manner of Husband then thou hast: but much good do thee; I'll dance at thy wedding, kiss the Bride, and so.
Jul. Why, how now Sirha?
Bust. 'Tis lawful now, she's none of my Sister. It was a Miller and a Lord That had a scabbard and a sword He put it up in the Countrey word The Miller and his daughter. She has a face, and she can sing, She has a Grace, and she can spring, She has a place with another thing Tradoodle.
Fra. A knavish Brother of yours (my Lord.)
Bust. Would I were acquainted with your Taylor (Noble Brother.)
Otr. You may: there he is: mine, newly entertain'd.
Ver. If you have any work for me, I can fit you Sir, I fitted the Lady.
Bust. My Sister (Tailor,) what fits her will hardly fit me.
Ver. Who fits her may fit you Sir, the Tailor can do both.
Bust. You have a true yard (Tailor.)
Ver. Ne'r a whit too long, I warrant you.
Bust. Then (Tailor) march with me away I scorn these robes I must be gay, My noble Brother he shall pay *Tom Tailor. Exit.*
Phil. Your recovered friendships are sound, Gentlemen?
Bel. At heart, at heart (my Lord) the worm shall not Beyond many ages find a breach to enter at.
Phil. These Lovers unities I will not doubt of: How happy have you made our progress then, To be the witness of such fair Accords? Come, now we'll eat with you (my Lord *Otrante*,) 'Tis a charge sav'd: you must not grudge your guest, 'Tis both my welcome, and your Wedding-Feast. *Exit.*

The Knight of Malta.

The Persons Represented in the Play.

Valetta, <i>The Grand Master of Malta.</i>	Rocca, <i>Servant and Instrument to Montferrat.</i>
Miranda, <i>An Italian Gentleman, the Knight of Malta.</i>	2 Bishops.
Astorius	Souldiers.
Castriott { <i>Two Knights of the Order.</i>	Corporal.
Montferrat, <i>A Knight of the Order, but a villain.</i>	Prisoners.
Gomera, <i>A deserving Spanish Gentleman.</i>	2 Marshals.
Norandine, <i>A valiant merry Dane, Commander in chief of the Gallies of Malta.</i>	Doctor.
Collona alias Angelo, <i>A Captive redeemed from the Gallies, and beloved of Miranda.</i>	1 of the Esguard.
	Servants.

WOMEN.

Oriana, <i>Sister to Valetta, and Wife of Gomera</i>	Luscinda, <i>A beautiful Turkish Woman, contracted to Angelo, Prisoner to Miranda.</i>
Velleda, <i>Attendant on Oriana.</i>	Two Gentlewomen.
Zanthia alias Abdella, <i>a Moore Servant to Oriana.</i>	

The Scene Malta.

The principal Actors were

Rich: Burbadge,
Nathan Field,
John Underwood,
Rich. Sharpe,

Henry Condel,
Robert Benfeild,
John Lowin,
Thomas Holcome.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Mountferrat.

Mount. **D**Ares she dispise me thus? me that with spoil
And hazardous exploits, full sixteen years
Have led (as hand-maids) Fortune, Victory
Whom the Maltezi call my servitors?
Tempests I have subdued, and fought them calm,
Out-lighten'd lightning in my Chivalry;
Rid (tame as patience) billows that kick'd heaven,
Whistl'd enraged Boreas till his gusts
Were grown so gentle, that he seem'd to sigh,
Because he could not show the ayr my keel,
And yet I cannot conquer her bright eyes,
Which though they blaze both comfort, and invite
Neither by force, nor fraud pass through her ear
(Whose guard is only blushing Innocence)

To take the least possession of her heart,
Did I attempt her with a thred-bare name-unapt with me-
ritorious actions,
She might with colour dis-allow my suit:
But by the honor of this Christian cross
(In blood of Infidels so often dy'd)
Which mine own Soul and Sword hath fixed here
And neither favor, nor births priviledge
Oriana shall confes, although she be
Valettas Sister our Grand-master here,
The wages of scorn'd Love is baneful hate,
And if I rule not her, Ple rule her fate.
Rocca, my trusty Servant, welcome.

Enter Rocca.

Rocca. Sir.

I wish

I wish my news deserv'd it: hapless I
That being lov'd, and trusted fail to bring
The loving answer that you do expect. (send forth)

Mount. Why speak'st thou from me: thy pleas'd eyes
Beams brighter than the star that ushers day,
Thy smiles, restore sick expectation.

Roc. I bring you Sir, her smiles, not mine.

Mount. Her smiles?

Why they are presents for Kings eldest Sons,
Great *Solyman* that wearies his hot eyes,
But to peruse his deck'd *Seraglio*,
When from the number of his Concubines.
He chooseth one for that night in his pride
Of them, wives, wealth, is not so rich as I
In this one smile, from *Oriana* sent.

Roc. Sir, fare ye well.

Mount. Oh *Rocca*! thou art wise,
And woul'st not have the torrent of my joy
Ruine me headlong; aptly thou conceiv'st
If one reviving smile can raise me thus,
What trances will the sweet words which thou bring'st
Call me into? I felt (my dearest friend,
No more my Servant) when I employ'd thee.
That knew'st to look, and speak as Lovers should,
And carry faithfully thy Masters sighs,
That it must work some heat in her cold heart,
And all my labors now come fraughted home
With ten fold prize.

Roc. Will you yet hear me?

Mount. Yes,
But take heed (gentle *Rocca*) that thou do'st
Tenderly by degrees assault mine ears
With her consent, now to embrace my love,
For thou well know'st I have been so plung'd, so torn
With her resolv'd reject, and neglect:
That to report her soft acceptance now,
Will stupifie sense in me, if not kill:
Why shew'st thou this distemper?

Roc. Draw your sword,
And when I with my breath have blasted you,
Kill me with it:
I bring you smiles of pitty, not affection:
For such she sent.

Mount. Oh! can she pitty me?
Of all the paths lead to a womans love,
Pitties the straightest.

Roc. Waken Sir, and know
That her contempt (if you can name it so)
Continues still: she bids you throw your Pearl
Into strong streams, and hope to turn them so,
Ere her too foul dishonor, writ your plaints
In rocks of Coral grow'n above the Sea,
Them hope to soften to compassion,
Or change their modest blush to love sick pale,
Ere work her to your impious requests;
All your loose thoughts she chides you home again,
But with such calm behaviour, and mild looks,
She gentlier denies than others grant,
For just as others love so doth she hate:
She says, that by your order you are bound
From marrying ever, and much marvels then
You would thus violate her and your own faith,
That being the virgin you should now protect,
Hitherto she professes she has conceal'd
Your lustful Batteries, but the next she vows,
(In open Hall, before the honor'd cross
And her great Brother) she will quite disclose
Calling for justice, to your utter shame.

Mount. Hence, find the Blackamore that waits upon her,
Bring her unto me, she doth love me yet,
And I must her now, at least seem to do:
Cupid, thy brands that glow thus in my veins,
I will with blood extinguish—ar't not gone?
Shall my desires, like beggars wait at dore

Whil'st any others revel in her breast?
Sweat on my spirits: know thou trickt up toy,
My love's a violent flood, where art thou falln,
Playing with which tide thou'dst been gently toss'd,
But crossing it, thou art or'whelm'd, and lost.

Enter *Astorius* and *Castriot*.

Cast. Monsieur, good day.

Ast. Good morrow valiant Knight,
What, are you for this great solemnity
This morn intended?

Mount. What solemnity?

Ast. The inveting of the Martial *Spaniard*,
Peter Gomera, with our *Christian* Badge.

Cast. And young *Miranda* the *Italian*,
Both which with wondrous prowess, and great luck
Have dar'd and done for *Malta*, such high feats,
That not one Fort in it, but rings their names
As loud as any mans.

Mount. As any mans?

Why, we have fought for *Malta*.

Ast. Yes *Mountferrat*.

No bold Knight ever past you, but we wear
The dignity of Christians on our breasts,
And have a long time triumph'd for our conquests;
These conquer'd a long time, not triumph'd yet;

Mount. *Astorius*, you are a most indulgent Knight,
Detracting from your self, to add to others,
You know this title is the period
To all our labors, the extremity
Of that tall pyramid, where honer hangs.
Which we with sweat and agony have reach'd,
And should not then so easily impart
So bright a wreath to every cheap desert.

Cast. How is this French man chang'd *Astorius*?
Some sullen discontent posselles him,
That makes him envy, what he heretofore
Did most ingeniously but emulate.

Mount. Oh furious desire, how like a whirl-wind
Thou hurriest me beyond mine honors point?
Out of my heart, base lust, or heart, I vow
Those flames that heat me thus, I'll burn thee in.

Ast. Do' ye observe him?

Mount. What news of the *Dane*,
That valiant Captain *Norandine*?

Cast. He fights still,
In view oth' Town; he playes the devil with 'em,
And they the *Turks* with him.

Mount. They'r well met then, 'twere sin to sever 'em
Pish—woman.—Memory—
Would one of ye would leave me:

Ast. Six fresh Gallies

I in *St. Angelo* from the promontory
This morne descride, making a Girdle for him;
But our great Master doth intend relief
This present meeting: will you walk along?

Mount. Humh—I have read, Ladies enjoy'd, have been
The gulphs of worthiest men, buried their names,
Their former valor, bounty, beauty, virtue,
And sent 'em stinking to untimely graves.
I that cannot enjoy, by her disdain,
Am like to prove as wretched; woman then
Checking or granting, is the grave of men.

Ast. He's saying of his prayers sure.

Cast. Will you go Sir?

Mount. I cry you mercy: I am so transported
(Your pardon, noble Brothers) with a business
That doth concern all *Malta*, that I am
(Anon you'l hear't) almost blind, and deaf.
Lust neither sees nor hears ought but it self:
But I will follow instantly: your cross.

Ast. Not mine.

Cast. Nor mine, 'tis yours.

(dropt.

Ast.

Adj. Cast. Good morrow Brother.

Exeunt.

Mount. White innocent sign, thou do'st abhor to dwell,
So near the dim thoughts of this troubled breast,

Enter Zanthia, alias Abdella, with two Letters.

Yet I must weas thee to protect my crimes,
If not for conscience, for hypocrisie,
Some Churchmen so wear Callocks: Oh my *Zan.*
My Pearl, that scorns a stain! I must repent
All my neglect: let me *Ixion* like,
Embrace my black cloud, since my *Juno* is
So wrathful, and aversé; thou art more soft
And full of dalliance than the fairest flesh,
And far more loving.

Zan. I, you say so now,
But like a property, when I have serv'd
Your turns, you'll cast me off, or hang me up
For a sign, somewhere.

Mount. May my life then forsake me
Or from my expected blifs, be cast to hell.

Zan. My tongue Sir, cannot lisp to meet you so,
Nor my black cheek put on a feigned blush,
To make me seem more modest than I am.
This ground-work, will not bear adulterate red,
Nor artificial white, to cozen love.

These dark locks, are not purchas'd, nor these teeth,
For every night, they are my bed-fellows;
No bath, no blanching water; smoothing oyles,
Doth mend me up; and yet *Mountferrat*, know,
I am as full of pleasure in the touch
As ere a white fac'd puppet of 'em all,
Juicy, and firm, unsledge 'em of their tyres,
Their wires, their partlets; pins, and Periwigs,
And they appear like bald cootes, in the nest;
I can as blithly work in my loves bed,
And deck thy fair neck, with these Jetty chains,
Sing thee asleep, being wearied, and refresh'd,
With the same organ, steal sleep off again.

Mount. Oh my black swan, sleeker then Cignets plush,
Sweeter than is the sweet of Pomander,
Breath'd like curl'd *Zephyrus*, cooling *Lymon-trees*,
Straight as young pines, or Cedars in the grove,
Quickly descend lovers best Canopie
Still night, for *Zanthia* doth enamour me
Beyond all continence perpetrate (deer wench)
What thou hast promis'd, and I vow by heaven
Malta, I'll leave in't my honours here,
And in some other Country (*Zanthia*) make
My wife, and my best fortune.

Zan. From this hope,
Here is an answer to that Letter, which
I lately shew'd you sent from *Tripoly*,
By the great *Easha*, which importunes her
Love unto him, and treachery to the Island,
Which will she undertake, by *Mahomet*
The *Turk* there vows, on his blest *Alcharon*,
Marriage unto her: this the Master knows,
But is resolv'd of her integrity
(As well as he may) sweet Lady yet for love,
For love of thee *Mountferrat*, (Oh! what Chains
Of deity, or duty can hold love?)
I have this answer fram'd, so like her hand
As if it had been moulded off: returning
The *Balthas* Letter safe into her pocket;
What will you do with it, your self best knows,
Farewel, keep my true heart, keep true your vows.

Exit

Mount. Till I be dust, my *Zanthia* be confirm'd.
Sparrows, and Doves, sit coupling twixt thy lips,
It is not love, but strong *Libidinous* will
That triumphs o're me, and to satiate that,
What difference twixt this *Moore*, and her fair Dame?
Night makes their hews alike, their use is so,
Whose hand is so subtle, he can colours name,

Zan.

If he do winck, and touch 'em? lust being blind,
Never in women did distinction find.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter two Gentlewomen.

1. But yfaith dost thou think my Lady was never in love?
2. I rather think she was ever in love: in perfect charity.
1. I mean, with all the world.
2. A most christian answer I promise you: but I mean in Love with a man.
2. With a man? what else? would'st have her in love with
(a beast?)
1. You are somewhat quick: but if she were, it were no President: did, you never read of *Europa*, the fair, that leapt A bull, that leapt the Sea, that swoom to land, and then
2. Oh heavens, a bull? (leapt her?)
1. Yes, a white bull.
2. Lord, how could she sit him? where did she hold?
1. Why, by the horn, since which time, no woman (almost) is

Contented, till she have a horn of her own, to hold by.

2. Thou art very knavish.
1. And thou very foolish: but sirah, why dost not thou
2. Because I would be no mans looking-glasse? (marry?)
1. As how?
2. As thus, there is no Wife, if she be good, and true, will honor, and obey, but must reflect the true countenance of her husband upon him; if he look sad upon her she must not look merrily upon him: if he look merrily, she must not sorrowfully, else she is a false glass, and fit for nothing but breaking: his anger must not be her discontent; his pleasure, her delight: if he weep, she must cry: if he laugh, she must show her teeth: if he be sick, she must not be in health; if he eat Cawdles, she must eat pottage, she must have no proper passion of her own; and is not this a tyranny?

1. Yes, yfaith, Marriage may well be called a yoaik; Wives then are but like superficial lines in Geometry, that have no proper motion of their own, but as their bodies their husbands move, yet I know some Wives, that are never freely merry, nor truly pleased, but when they are farthest off their husbands.

2. That's because the Moon governs 'em which hath most light and shines brightest, the more remote it is from the Sun; and contrary is more fullen, dim, and showes least splendor, when it is neerest.

1. But if I were to marry I would marry a fair effeminate fool.

2. Why?
1. Because I would lead the blind whither I list.
2. And I the wisest man I could get for money, because I had rather follow the cleer-sighted: blefs me from a husband That sales by his Wives compass?

1. Why?
2. Why 'tis ten to one but she breaks his head in her youth, and when she is old shee'l never leave till she has broke his back too—

But what scurvey Knight have you here in *Malta*, &c.

Enter Zanthia.

Zan. Hist, wenches: my Lady calls, she's entring
The Tarrase, to see the show.

1. Oh black pudding.
2. My little labor in vain.
1. But what scurvey Knights have we here in *Malta*, that when they are dubd take their oath of allegiance to live poor, and chafly ever after?
2. 'Faith many Knights in other Nations (I have heard) are as poor as ours: marry where one of 'em has taken the Oath of chastity, we want a new *Columbus* to find out.

Exeunt.
Scena

Scene Terzia.

Enter (above) Oriana, Zanchia, two Gentlemen, (beneath)
Valetta, Mountferrat, Altorius, Caltriot, Gomera,
Miranda, Attendants of Knights, &c.

Mount. Are you there Lady?

Ori. Thou art a naughty man,
Heaven mend thee.

Val. Our greet meeting princely brothers,
Ye holy Souldiers of the *Christian Cross*,
Is to relieve our Captain *Norandine*,
Now fighting for *Valetta* with the *Turk*,
A valliant Gentleman, a noble *Dane*
As ere the Countrey bred, endangered now
By fresh supply of head-bound Infidels.
Much means, much blood this warlike *Dane* hath spent
To advance our flag, above their horned moons,
And oft hath brought in profitable conquest:
We must not see him perish in our view:
How far off fight they?

Mir. Sir, within a League.

Val. 'Tis well: our next occasion of conventing
Are these too gentlemen, standing in your sight.
(Ye are noble props of *Malta*) royally
Descended are they both, valiant as war,
Miranda, and *Gomera*, full ten years
They have serv'd this Island, perfected exploits
Matchless, and infinite, they are honest, wise,
Not empty of one ornament of man:
Most eminent agents were they in that slaughter
That great marvelous slaughter of the *Turks*,
Before *St. Elms*, where five and twenty thousand
Fell, for five thousand of our *Christians*:
These ripe considerations moving us
(Having had your allowance on their worths)
Here we would call 'em to our Brothethood;
If any therefore can their manners tax,
Their faith, their chastity, any part of life,
Let 'em speak now.

Al. None do's.

All. None can, great Master.

Val. The dignity then dignifie, by them,
As their reward: tender *Miranda* first
(Because he is to succor *Norandine*)
Our sacred Robe of Knight-hood, our white Cross,
The holy cognizance of him we serve,
The sword, the spurs.

Mir. Grave, and most honor'd Master,
With humble duty, and my souls best thanks
To you, and all this famous Conventicle,
Let me, with modesty refuse acceptance
Of this high order: I (alafs) am yet
Unworthy, and incapable of such honor,
That merit, which with favor you enlarge
Is far, far short, of this propos'd reward.
Who take upon him such a charge as this,
Must come with pure thoughts, and a gathered mind
That time, nor all occasions ever may
After disperse, or stain; did this title here
Of Knighthood, ask no other ornaments
Then other Countries glittering show, poor pride,
A gingling spur, a feather, a white hand,
A frizled hayr, powder'd, perfumes, and lust,
Drinking sweet wines, surfeits, and ignorance,
Rashly, and easily should I venture on't,
But this requires another kind of man.

Mount. A staid, and mature judgement; speak on sir.

Mir. May it please you then to allow me some small time
To rectifie my self, for that high feat,
Or give my reasons to the contrary.
Ith mean space, to dismiss me to the ayd

Of *Norandine*: my Ships ride in the bay
Ready to disembogue, tack'led, and mann'd
Even to my wishes.

Mount. His request
Is fair and honest.

Val. At your pleasure go.

Mir. I humbly take my leave of all: of you
My noble friend *Mountferrat*; grations Mistress,
Oh that auspicious smile doth arm your souldier,
Who fights for those eyes, and this sacred Cross,
Can neither meet sad accident, nor loss.

Exit.

Ori. The mighty master of that Livory,
Conduct thee safely to these eyes again.

Mount. Blowes the wind that way?

Val. Equally belov'd,
Equally meriting, *Gomera*, you
Without excuse receive that dignity:
Which our provincial chapter hath decreed you.

Gom. Great Master of *Jerusalem's* Hospital,
From whence to *Rhodes* this blest Fraternity
Was driven, but now among the *Maltois* stands,
Long may it flourish, whilst *Gomera* serves it,
But dares not enter farther.

All. This is strange.

Val. What do ye object?

Gom. Nothing against it, but my self (fair Knights)
I may not wear this Robe.

Val. Express your reasons;
Doth any hid sin goar your conscience?

Al. Are you unstedfast in Religion?

Cast. Or do ye intend to forsake *Malta* now,
And visit your own Countrey fruitful *Spaine*.

Gom. Never good fir.

Val. Then explicate your thoughts.

Gom. This then: I should be perjur'd to receive it,
Once in *Melita*, your next City here,
When I was yonger, read I the decrees
Touching this point, being ambitious then
To approach it once, none but a Gentleman
Can be admitted.

Val. That's no obstacle
In you.

Gom. I should be sorry that were it,
No married man.

Mount. You never felt that yoaik.

Gom. None, that hath been contracted.

Cast. Were you ever?

Gom. Nor married, nor contracted, none that ever
Hath vowed his love to any woman kind,
Or finds that secret fire within his thoughts:
Here I am cast, this Article my heart
Objects against the title of my fame,
I am in love; laugh not: though time hath set
Some wrinkles in this face, and these curl'd locks
Will shortly dye into an other hew,
Yet, yet I am in love: (yfaith your smile)
What age, what sex, or what profession
Divine, or humane, from the man that cries
For Almes the high way, to him that sings
At the high Altar, and doth sacrifice,
Can truly say he knows not what is Love?

Val. 'Tis honestly profest; with whom *Gomera*?
Name the Lady, that with all the advantage
We may advance your suit.

Gom. But will you Sir?

Val. Now by our holy rock were it our Sister:
Spaniard, I hold thee worthy, freely name her.

Gom. Be master of your word: it is the Sir,
The matchless *Oriana*.

Val. Come down Lady,
You have made her blush, let her consent I will
Make good my oath.

Mount. Is't so? stay: I do love
So tenderly *Gomera* your bright flame,

As not to suffer your perdition.

Gom. What means *Mountferrat*?

Enter Guard.

Mount. This whole *anberge* hath
(A Guard upon this Lady) wonder not,
'Tane publick notice of the *Bassas* love
Of *Tripoli* unto her, and contented
She should return this answer, as he writ
For her conversion, and betraying *Malta*,
She should advise him betray *Tripoli*,
And turning *Christian*, he should marry her.

All. All this was so.

Mount. How weakly do's this court then
Send Vessels forth to Sea, to guard the Land
Taking such special care to save one Bark,
Or strive to add fam'd men unto our cloak,
When they lurk in our bosomes would subvert
This State, and us, presuming on their blood,
And partial indulgence to their sex?

Val. Who can this be?

Mount. Your Sister, great *Valetta*,
Which thus I prove: demand the *Bassa's* Letter.

Ori. 'Tis here, nor from this pocket hath been mov'd
Nor answer'd, nor perus'd by——

Mount. Do not swear

Cast not away your fair foul, to your treason
Add not foul perjury: is this your hand?

Ori. 'Tis very like it.

Mount. May it please the Master,
Confer these Letters, and then read her answer,
Which I have intercepted; pardon me
Reverend *Valetta*, that am made the means
To punish this most beautiful Treachery;
Even in your Sister, since in it I save
Malta from ruine I am bolder in't,
Because it is so palpable and withall
Know our great Master to this Countrey, firm.
As was the *Roman Marcus*, who spar'd not
As dear a Sister in the publique cause.

Val. I am amaz'd; attend me.

Reads the Letter.

Let your Forces by the next even be ready, my Brother
feasts then; put in at St. Michaels, the ascent at that Port
is easiest; the Keys of the Castle, you shall receive at my hands:
that possess, you are Lord of Malta, and may soon desiroy
all by fire, then which I am hotter, till I embrace you,
Farewell,

Your Wife
O R I A N A.

From this time let me never read again.

Get. 'Tis certain her hand.

Val. This Letter too

So close kept by her self, could not be answered
To every period thus, but by her self.

Ori. Sir, hear me.

Val. Peace, thou fair sweet bank of flowers,
Under whose beauty Scorpions lie, and kill;
Wert thou a kin to me, in some new name
Dearer then Sister, Mother, or all blood,
I would not hear thee speak: bear her to prison,
So gross is this, it needs no formal course,
Prepare thy self, to morrow thou shalt dye.

Ori. I dye a Martyr then, and a poor maid,
Almost yfaith as innocent as born,
Thou know'st thou art wicked, Frenchman heaven forgive

All. This Scene is strangely turn'd. (thee *Ex.*)

Val. Yet can nature be

So dead in me? I would my charge were off,
Mountferrat should perceive my Sister had
A Brother would not live to see her dye
Unfought for, since the statutes of our state

Allow (in case of accusations)

A Champion to defend a Ladies truth.
Peter Gomera, thou hast lost thy wife,
Death pleads a precontract.

Gom. I have lost my Tongue,
My sence, my heart, and every faculty:
Mountferrat go not up: with reverence
To our great Master, and this consistory
(I have considered it, it cannot be)

Thou art a villain, and a forger.
A blood-sucker of innocence, an hypocrite,
A most unworthy wearer of our Cross;
To make which good take (if thou dar'st) that gage
And arm'd at all points like a Gentleman
Meet me to morrow morning, where the Master,
And this fraternity shall design, where I
Will cram this slander back into thy throat,
And with my swords point thrust it to thy heart,
The very nest, where lust and slander breeds.
Pardon my passion; I will tear those spurs
Off from thy heels, and stik 'em in thy front
As a mark'd villain.

Mount. This I look'd not for:
Ten times more villain, I return my gage,
And crave the Law of Arms.

Gom. 'Tis that I crave.

All. It cannot be denide.

Gom. Do not I know

With thousand gifts, and importunacies,
Thou often hast sollicitd this Lady
(Contrary to thy oath of chastity)
Who ne'r disclosing this thy hot reign'd lust,
Yet tender to prevent a publique scandal,
That *Christendome* might justly have impos'd,
Upon this holy institution,
Thou now hast drawn this practise 'gainst her life
To quit her charity.

Mount. *Spaniard*, thou liest.

Ajt. No more *Gomera*, thou art granted combat,
And you *Mountferrat* must prepare against
To morrow morning in the valley here
Adjoyning to *St. Georges* Port: a Lady
in case of life 'gainst whom one witness comes
May have her champion.

Val. And who hath most right
With, or against our Sister, speed in fight.

Florish
Exit.

Enter Rocca.

Mount. *Rocca*, the first news of *Mirandas* service
Let me have notice of.

Roc. You shall: The *Moore*
Waites you without.

Mount. Admit her, ha, ha, ha.
Oh, how my fancies run at tilt! *Gomera*
Loves *Oriana*; she as I should ghes,
Affects *Miranda*; these are two dear friends,
As firm, and full of fire, as steel and flint.
To make 'em so now, one against the other: *Enter Zanthia.*
Stay let me like it better, *Zanthia*;
First tell me this, did *Don Gomera* use
To give his visits to your Mistrifs?

Zan. Yes, and *Miranda* too: but severally.

Mount. Which did she most apply to?

Zan. Faith to neither:

Yet infinitely I have heard her praise 'em both,
And in that manner, that were both one man
I think she was in love with't.

Mount. *Zanthia*,
Another Letter you must frame for me
Instantly, in your Ladies Character,
To such a purpose as I'll tell thee strait,
Go in, and stay me: Go my Tinder-box,
Cross lines I'll cross; so, so: my after-game

I must

I must play better: woman, I will spread
My vengeance over *Malta*, for thy sake:
Spaniard, Italian, like my steel and stone,
I'll knock you thus together, wear ye out
To light my dark deeds, whilst I seem precise,
And wink to save the sparkles from mine eyes. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

A Sea-fight within, alarm.

Enter Norandine, Miranda, and Soldiers, and Gentlemen.

Mir. **H**ow is it Sir?
Nor. Pray set me down; I cool,
And my wounds smart.
Mir. I hope yet
Though there be many, there's none dangerous.
Nor. I know not, nor I care not much, I got 'em
Like a too forward fool, but I hope the Surgeons
Will take an order I shall not leave 'em so,
I make the rogues more work than all the Island,
And yet they give me the hardest words for my money.
Mir. I am glad ye are so sprightly: ye fought bravely
Go call the Surgeons Soldiers: wondrous nobly
Upon my life, I have not seen such valour;
Maintained so long, and to so large a ruine,
The odds so strong against ye.
Nor. I thank ye,
And thank ye for your help, your timely succor.
By th'mass, it came i' th' nick Sir, and well handled;
Stoutly, and strongly handled: we had duct else,
My *Turk* had *Turk'd* me else: but he has well paid for't.
Why what a Sign for an Almanack h'as made me?

Enter Astorius.

Ast. I am glad to find ye here Sir, of necessity,
I must have come aboard else; and brave Captain
We all joy much in your fair victory,
And all the Island speaks your valour nobly.
Have ye brought the *Turk* in, that ye took?
Mir. He ridesthere.
Nor. If he were out again, the devil should bring him.
H'as truly circumcis'd me.
Ast. I have a business
Which much concerns ye, presently concerns ye;
But not this place nor people: pray ye draw off, Sir,
For 'tis of that weight to ye.
Mir. I'll wait on ye,
I must crave leave awhile: my care dwels with ye,
And I must wait my self.
Nor. Your servant, Sir.
Mir. Believe I shall, and what my love can minister;
Keep your stout heart still.
Nor. That's my best Physitian.
Mir. And I shall keep your fame fair. *Exit.*
Nor. Ye are too Noble.

A brave young fellow of a matchless spirit;
He brought me off like thunder, charg'd, and boarded,
As if he had been shot to save mine honor:
And when my fainting men, tyr'd with their labour,
And lack of blood, gave to the *Turk* assurance
The day was his; when I was cut in shreds thus,
And not a corn of Powder left to bless us;
Then flew his Sword in, then his Cannon roar'd,
And let sie blood and death and storms amongst 'em.
Then might I hear their sleepy Prophet howl too,
And all their *silver Crescents* then I saw
Like falling Meteors spent, and set for ever
Under the Cross of *Malta*; death so wanton
I never lookt upon, so full of revel.

Enter Surgeon.

I will not be drest yet: Methought that fellow
Was fit for no conversation, nor no *Christian*
That had not halfe his brain's knockt out, no Soldier.
Oh valiant young man, how I love thy virtue.
1 Sol. Pray ye Sir be drest, alas ye bleed apace yet.
Nor. 'Tis but the sweat of honor (alas) thou milkfop,
Thou man of March-pain, canst thou fear to see
A few light hurts, that blush they are no bigger,
A few small scratches? get ye a Cawdle, Sirrah,
Your finger akes, and let the old wives watch thee:
Bring in the booty: and the prisoners;
By heaven I'll see 'em, and dispose 'em first,
Before I have a drop of blood wip'd from me, goe. *Exeunt Soldiers.*
Surg. You'll faint Sir.
Nor. No, ye lie, Sir, like an Ass, Sir;
I have no such pigs hurt in my belly.
Sur. By my life Captain
These hurts are not to be jested with.
Nor. If thou hadst 'em:
They are my companions fool, my family;
I cannot eat nor sleep without their company:
Dost take me for *St. Davy*, that fell dead
With seeing of his nose bleed?

Enter Soldiers with booty.

Sur. Here they come, Sir:
But would you would be drest.
Nor. Pox: drest thy self first.
Thou faint'st a great deal faster: what's all this,
1 Sold. The money and the merchandize ye took Sir,
Nor. A goodly purchase; Is it for this we venture
Our liberties and lives? what can all this do?
Get me some dozen surfeits, some seven fresh whores,
And twenty pot-Allies; and then I am virtuous.
Lay the Knights part by, and that to pay the Soldier:
This is mine own, I think I have deserv'd it:
Come, now look to me, and grope me like a Chambermaid,
I'll neither start nor squeak; what's that i' th' Trusse there?
2 Sold. 'Tis cloth of Tissue, Sir, and this is Scarlet.
Nor. I shall look redder shortly then, I fear me,
And as a Captain ought, a great deal prouder.
Can ye cure me of that crack, Surgeon?
Sur. Yes, when your Suit's at pawn, Sir.
Nor. There's for your plaister.
A very learned Surgeon: what's in that pack there?
1 Sold. 'Tis *English* Cloth.
Nor. That's a good wear indeed,
Both strong, and rich: but it has a virtue
A twang of the own Countrey, that spoils all:
A man shall ne'r be sober in't: Where are the Gentlemen,
That ventur'd with me, both their lives and fortunes?
Come forward my fair spirits; *Norandine*
Forgets his worth, when he forgets your valours,
You have lost an eye, I saw ye face all hazards:
You have one left yet, to choose your Mistriss.
You have your leg broke with a shot; yet sitting,
I saw you make the place good with your Pike still.
And your hand's gone; a good heart wants no instruments;
Share that amongst ye, there's an eye, an arm,
And that will bear you up, when your legs cannot.
Oh, where's the honest Sailor? that poor fellow,
Indeed that bold brave fellow, that with his Musket
Taught them new ways how to put their caps off;
That stood the fire of all the fight, twice blown,
And twice I gave him drown'd: welcome ashore knave;
Give me thy hand, if they be not both lost: faith thou art
welcome,
My tough knave welcome: thou wilt not shrink i' th' washing
Hold, there's a piece of Scarlet, get thee handsom.
And this to buy thee buttons.
Sail. Thank ye Captain.
Command my life at all hours;

Nor. Thou durst give it.
You have deserv'd too.

3 Sold. We have seen the fight Sir.

Nor. Yes: coil'd up in a Cable, like salt Eels,
Or buried low i' th' ballast, do you call that fighting?
Where be your wounds? your knocks? your want of limbs
rogues?

Art not thou he that ask'd the Master-gunner
Where thou mightst lie safest? and he strait answered,
Put thy head in that hole, new bor'd with a Cannon;
For 'twas an hundred to one, another shot would not hit
Your wages you shall have, but for rewards (there:
Take your own waies: and get ye to the Taverns;
There, when ye are hot with Wine, 'mongst your ad-
mirers.

Take Ships, and Towns, and Castles at your pleasures,
And make the Great *Turk* shake at your valors.
Bring in the prisoners now, my brave Muslemen.

Enter Prisoners, and Luscinda.

You that are Lords o' th' Sea, and scorn us *Christians*,
Which of your mangy lives is worth this hurt here?
Away to prison with 'em, see 'em safe;
You shall find we have Gallies too, and slaves too.

1 Sol. What shall be done with this woman, Sir?

Nor. Pox take her,

'Twas she that set me on to fight with these rogues,
That Ring-worm, rot it: what can you do now
With all your paintings, and your pouncings, Lady,
To restore my blood again? you, and your *Cupid*
That have made a Carbinado of me; plague take ye,
Ye are too deep ye rogue, this is thy work woman,
Thou louse woman; 'death, you goe too deep still.
The seeing of your simpring sweetness: — ye Filly,
Ye Tit, ye Tomboy, what can one nights gingling,
Or two, or ten, sweet heart, and oh my dear chicken,
Scratching my head, or fumbling with my fore-mast,
Doe me good now? ye have powder'd me for one year,
I am in souce I thank ye; thank your beauty,
Your most sweet beauty: pox upon those goggles.
We cannot fight like honest men, for honor,
And quietly kill one another as we ought,
But in steps one of you; the devils holiness
And you must have a daunce: away with her,
She stinks to me now.

1 Sold. Shall I have her Captain?

2 Sold. Or I?

3 Sold. I'll marry her.

4 Sold. Good Captain, I.

3 Sold. And make her a good *Christian*; lay hands off her;
I know she's mine.

2 Sold. I'll give my full share for her: have ye no manners;
To thrust the woman so?

Nor. Share her among ye;
And may she give ye as many hurts as I have,
And twice as many aches.

Lusc. Noble Captain,
Be pleas'd to free me from these Soldiers wildness,
Till I but speak two words.

Nor. Now for your Maidenhead,
You have your book, proceed.

Lusc. Victorious Sir,
'Tis seldom seen in men so valiant,
Minds so devoid of virtue: he that can conquer,
Should ever know how to preserve his conquest,
'Tis but a base theft else. Valour's a virtue,
Crown of mens actions here; yours as you make it.
And can you put so rough a foyl as violence,
As wronging of weak woman to your triumph?

Nor. Let her alone.

Lusc. I have lost my husband, Sir;
You feel not that: him that I love; you care not:
When fortune falls on you thus, you may grieve too:

My liberty, I kneel not for; mine honor,
(If ever virtuous honor, toucht your heart yet)
Make dear, and precious, Sir: you had a mother.

Nor. The rougy thing speaks finely, neat, who took ye?
For he must be your guard.

Lusc. I wish no better,
A noble Gentleman, and Nobly us'd me,
They call'd his name *Miranda*.

Nor. You are his then?
Ye have light upon a young man worth your service,
I free ye from all the rest: and from all violence;
He that doth offer 't, by my head he hangs for't:
Goe see her safe kept, till the Noble Gentleman
Be ready to dispose her: thank your tongue,
You have a good one, and preserve it good still:
Soldiers, come wait on me, I'll see ye paid all. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Miranda and Astorius.

Ast. I knew ye lov'd her, virtuously ye lov'd her,
Which made me make that haste: I knew ye priz'd her
As all fair minds do goodness.

Mir. Good *Astorius*,
I much confes I do much honor her,
And worthily I hope still.

Ast. 'Tis no doubt, Sir,
For on my life she is much wrong'd.

Mir. Very likely:
And I as much tormented I was absent.

Ast. You need not fear, *Peter Gomera's* Noble,
Of a try'd faith and valour.

Mir. This I know too:
But whilst I was not there, and whilst she suffer'd;
Whilst Virtue suffer'd, friend, oh how it loads me!
Whilst innocence and sweetness sunk together,
How cold it sits here? if my arm had fought her,
My truth, though naked, stood against all treasons,
My sword here grasped, Love on the edge, and Honor,
And but a signal from her eye to seal it;
If then she had been lost; I brag too late,
And too much I decline the Noble *Peter*.
Yet some poor service I would do her sweetness,
Alas she needs it, my *Astorius*,
The gentle Lady needs it.

Ast. Noble spirit.

Mir. And what can: prethee bear with this weakness.
Often I do not use these Womens weapons
But where true pity is. I am much troubl'd,
And something have to do, I cannot form yet.

Ast. I'll take my leave, Sir, I shall but disturb ye.

Mir. And please you for a while: and pray to fortune
to smile upon this Lady.

Ast. All my help, Sir. *Exit.*

Mir. *Gomera's* old and stiff: and he may lose her,
The winter of his years and wounds upon him:
And yet he has done bravely hitherto;
Mountferrat's fury, in his heat of Summer,
The whistling of his Sword like angry storms,
Renting up life by th' roots, I have seen him scale
As if a Falcon had run up a train,
Clashing his warlike pinions, his steel'd Curasse,
And at his pitch innew the Town below him.
I must doe something.

Enter Collonna.

Col. Noble Sir, for Heaven sake
Take pity of a poor afflicted *Christian*
Redeem'd from one affliction to another.

Mir. Boldly you ask that, we are bound to give it.
From what affliction, Sir?

Col. From cold, and hunger:

From nakedness and stripes.

Mir. A prisoner?

Col. A slave, Sir, in the *Turkish* prize, new taken; That in the heat of fight, when your brave hand Brought the *Dane* succor, got my irons off, And put my self to mercy of the Ocean.

Mer. And swom to Land?

Col. I did Sir, Heaven was gracious; But now a stranger, and my wants upon me, Though willingly I would preserve this life, Sir, With honesty and truth I am not look'd on; The hand of pity that should give for heaven lake, And charitable hearts are grown so cold, Sir, Never remembering what their fortunes may be.

Mir. Thou sayst too true: of what profession art thou?

Col. I have been better train'd; and can serve truly, Where trust is laid upon me.

Mir. A handsome fellow; Hast thou e'r bore Arms?

Col. I have trod full many a march, Sir, And some hurts have to shew: before me too, Sir.

Mir. Pity this thing should starve, or, forced for want, Come to a worse end. I know not what thou mayst be. But if thou thinkst it fit to be a servant, I'll be a Master, and a good one to thee, If ye deserve, Sir,

Col. Else I ask no favour.

Mir. Then Sir, to try your trust, because I like you, Go to the *Dane*, of him receive a woman, A *Turkish* prisoner, for me receive her, I hear she is my prize, look fairly to her, For I would have her know, though now my prisoner, The *Christians* need no Schoolmasters for honor. Take this to buy thee clothes, this Ring, to help thee Into the fellowship of my house: ye are a stranger, And my servants will not know ye else; there keep her, And with all modesty preserve your service.

Col. A foul example find me else: Heaven thank ye. Of Captain *Norandine*?

Mir. The same.

Col. 'Tis done, Sir:

And may Heavens goodness ever dwell about ye.

Mir. Wait there till I come home,

Col. I shall not fail, Sir,

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mountferrat with a Letter, and Abdella.

Abd. 'Tis strange it should be so, that your high mettle Should check thus poorly, dully; most unmanly.

Mount. Let me alone.

Abd. Thus leadenly?

Mount. — Take ye.

Abd. At every childish fear? at every shadow? Are you *Mountferrat* that have done such deeds? Wrought through such bloody fields, men shake to speak of? Can ye go back? is there a safety left yet? But fore-right? is not ruine round about ye? Have ye not still these arms, that Sword, that heart-whole? Is't not a man ye fight with, and an old man, A man half kill'd already? Am not I here? As lovely in my black to entertain thee, As high and full of heat to meet thy pleasures?

Mount. I will be alone.

Abd. Ye shall: farewell, Sir; And do it bravely, never think of conscience: There is none to a man resolved; be happy.

Exit.

Enter Miranda.

Mount. No, most unhappy wretch as thou hast made me More devil than thy self, I am.

Mir. Alone,

And troubled too, I take it: how he starts? All is not handsome in thy heart *Mountferrat*. God speed ye Sir, I have been seeking of ye? They say you are to fight to day.

Mount. What then?

Mir. Nay, nothing but good fortune to your Sword, Sir. Ye have a cause requires it, the Islands safety, The Orders, and your Honors.

Mount. And do you make a question I will not fight it Nobly?

Mir. Ye dare fight, Ye have, and with as great a confidence as justice; I have seen ye strike as home, and hit as deadly.

Mount. Why are these questions then?

Mir. I'll tell ye quickly.

Ye have a Lady in your cause, a fair one, A gentler never trod on ground, a Nobler.

Mount. Do ye come on so fast? I have it for ye.

Mir. The Sun ne'r saw a sweeter,

Mount. These I grant ye: Nor dare I against beauty heave my hand up, It were unmanly, Sir; too much unmanly: But when these excellencies turn to ruine, To ruine of themselves, and those protect 'em; When virtue's lost lust, and dishonor enter'd, Loss of our selves and souls basely projected —

Mir. Do you think 'tis so?

Mount. Too sure.

Mir. And can it be?

Can it be thought *Mountferrat*, so much sweetness, So great a Magazine of all things precious, A mind so heavenly made, prethee observe me:

Mount. I thought so too: now by my Holy Order, He that had told me, (till experience found it Too bold a proof) this Lady had been vitious — I wear no dull Sword Sir, nor hate I virtue,

Mir. Against her brother? to the man has bred her? Her Bloud and Honor?

Mount. Where ambitious lust Desires to be above the rule prescrib'd her, Takes hold, and wins, poor chastity, cold duty; Like fashions old forgot, she flings behind her, And puts on bloud and mischief, death, and ruine, To raise her new-bui't hopes, new faith to fasten her: *Ma'foy*, she is as foul, as Heaven is beauteous.

Mir. Thou liest; thou liest *Mountferrat*: thou liest basely, Stare not, nor swell not with thy pride: thou liest; And this shall make it good.

Mount. Out with your heat first, Ye shall be fought withal.

Mir. By — that Lady, The virtue of that woman, were all the good deeds Of all thy families, bound in one Fagot, From *Adam* to this hour, but with one sparkle Would fire that wispe, and turn it to light ashes.

Mount. Oh pitiful young man, struck blind with beauty! Shot with a womans smile: poor, poor *Miranda*; Thou hopeful young man once; but now thou lost man: Thou naked man of all that we call Noble, How art thou cozen'd? didst thou know what I do, And how far thy dear honor (mark me fool) Which like a father I have kept from blasting, Thy tender honor is abus'd: but fight first, And then too late, thou shalt know all.

Mir. Thou liest, still.

Mount. Stay, now I'll shew thee all, and then I'll kill thee. I love thee so dear, time shall not disgrace thee. Read that.

Mir. It is her hand: it is most certain; Good Angels keep me: that I should be her Agent To betray *Maliba*, and bring her to the *Basha*, That on my tender love lay all her project! Eyes never see again, melt out for sorrow,

Did the Devil do this?

Mount. No, but his Dam did it,
The virtuous Lady that you love so dearly;
Come, will ye fight again?

Mir. No, prethee kill me:
For Heaven sake, and for goodness sake dispatch me,
For the disgrace sake that I gave thee, kill me.

Mount. Why, are ye guilty?

Mir. I have liv'd *Mountferrat*,
To see dishonor swallow up all virtue,
And now would die: by heavens eternal brightness,
I am as clear as innocence.

Mount. I knew it,
And therefore kept this Letter from all knowledge,
And this sword from anger, ye had died else.
And yet I lye, and basely lye.

Mir. O virtue!
Unspotted virtue, whither art thou vanish'd?
What hast thou left to abuse our frailties
In shape of goodness?

Mount. Come, take courage, man,
I have forgiven, and forgot your rashness,
And hold you fair as light in all your actions,
And by my troth I griev'd your loves; take comfort,
There be more women.

Mir. And more mischief in 'em.

Mount. The justice I shall do, to right these villanies
Shall make ye man again: I'll strike it sure, Sir.
Come, look up bravely: put this puling passion
Out of your mind; one knock for thee *Miranda*.
And for the Boy, the grave *Gomera* gave thee,
When she accepted thee her Champion;
And in thy absence, like a valiant Gentleman,
I yet remember it: he is too young,
Too Boyish, and too tender, to adventure:
I'll give him one sound rap for that: I love thee,
Thou art a brave young spark.

Mir. Boy, did he call me?

Gomera call me Boy?

Mount. It pleas'd his gravity,
To think so of ye then: they that do service,
And honest service, such as thou, and I doe,
Are either knaves, or boys.

Mir. Boy, by *Gomera*?
How look'd he when he said it? for *Gomera*
Was ever wont to be a virtuous Gentleman,
Humane, and sweet.

Mount. Yes when he will, he can be;
But let it go, I would not breed dissention;
'Tis an unfriendly office, and had it been
To any of a higher strain than you, Sir,
The well known, well approved, and lov'd *Miranda*,
I had not thought on't: 'twas hap'ly his haste too,
And zeal to her.

Mir. A Traitor and a Boy too?
Shame take me if I suffer't: puff: farewell love.

Mount. Ye know my business, I must leave ye, Sir,
My hour grows on apace.

Mir. I must not leave you
I dare not, nor I will not, till your goodness
Have granted me one courtesie: ye say ye love me?

Mount. I doe, and dearly: ask? and let that courtesie
Nothing concern mine honor,

Mir. You must do it.
Or you will never see me more:

Mount. What is it?
It shall be great that puts ye off; pray speak it.

Mir. Pray let me fight to day: good, dear *Mountferrat*,
Let me, and hold *Gomera*——

Mount. Fie *Miranda*,
Doe ye weigh my worth so little?

Mir. On my knees,
As ever thou hadst true touch of a sorrow
Thy friend conceiv'd, as ever honor lov'd thee.

Mount. Shall I turn recreant now?

Mir. 'Tis not thy cause,
Thou hast no reputation wounded in't,
Thine's but a general zeal: 'death: I am tainted,
The dearest twyn to life, my credit's murder'd,
Bast'd and boy'd,

Mount. I am glad ye have swallow'd it,
I must confess I pity ye; and 'tis a justice,
A great one too, you should revenge these injuries:
I know it, and I know ye fit and bold to do it,
And man, as much as man may: but *Miranda*,
Why do ye kneel;

Mir. By——I'll grow to the ground here,
And with my sword dig up my grave, and fall in't
Unless thou grant me: dear *Mountferrat*, friend,
Is any thing in my power, to my life, Sir?
The honor shall be yours.

Mount. I love ye dearly,
Yet so much I should tender.

Mir. I'll preserve all:
By——I will: or all the sin fall with me,
Pray let me.

Mount. Ye have won: I'll once be coward
To pleasure you.

Mir. I kiss your hands, and thank ye.

Mount. Be tender of my credit, and fight bravely.

Mir. Blow not the fire that flames.

Mount. I'll send mine Armor,
My man shall presently attend ye with it,
For you must arm immediately, the hour calls,
I know 'twill fit ye right; be sure, and secret,
And last be fortunate; farewell: ye are fitted:
I am glad the load's off me.

Mir. My best *Mountferrat*.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Norandine and Doctor.

Nor. Doctor, I will see the Combat, that's the truth on't
If I had never a leg, I would crawl to see it.

Doct. You are most unfit, if I might counsel ye,
Your wounds so many, and the air——

Nor. The Halter;
The air's as good an air, as fine an air;
Wouldst thou have me live in an Oven?

Doct. Beside the noise, Sir:
Which to a tender body.

Nor. That's it, Doctor,
My body must be cur'd withal: if you'll heal me quickly,
Boil a Drum-head in my broth: I never prosper,
With knuckles o' Vcal, and birds in Sorrel sops,
Cawdles, and Cullysses; they wash me away
Like a horse had eaten grains: if thou wilt cure me,
A pickled herring, and a pottle of Sack: Doctor,
And half a dozen Trumpets.

Doct. Y' are a strange Gentleman,

Nor. As e'r thou knew'st: wilt thou give me another glister
That I may sit cleanly there like a *French Lady*,
When she goes to a Mask at Court; where'st hy hoboy?

Doct. I am glad ye are grown so merry.

Nor. Welcome Gentlemen.

Enter Astor, and Castr.

Ast. We come to see you, Sir; and glad we are
To see you thus, thus forward to your health, Sir.

Nor. I thank my Doctor here.

Doct. Nay, thank your self, Sir,
For by my troth, I know not how he's cur'd,
He ne'r observes any of our prescriptions. (*Doctor,*

Nor. Give me my Money again then, good sweet
Wilt thou have twenty shillings a day for vexing me.

Doct.

Doct. That shall not serve ye Sir ;

Nor. Than forty shall Sir,

And that will make ye speak well : hark the Drums.

Capt. They begin to beat to th' field : Oh noble *Dane*,
Never was such a stake, I hope of innocence
Plaid for in *Malta*, and in blood before.

Ast. It makes us hang our heads all.

Nor. A bold villain :

If there be treason in it : accuse poor Ladies ?

And yet they may do mischief too : I'll be with ye :

If she be innocent, I shall find it quickly,

And something then I'll say.

Ast. Come, lean on us, Sir.

Nor. I thank ye Gentlemen : and *Domine Doctor*,
Pray bring a little freezing powder in your pocket,
For fear I found when I see my blood.

Doct. You are pleasant.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Marshals.

1. Are the Combatants come in ?

2. Yes.

1. Make the field clear there.

2. That's done too.

*The Scaffold set
out, and the stairs.*

1. Then to the prisoner : the grand Master's coming,
Let's see that all be ready there.

2. Too ready.

How ceremonious our very ends are ?

Alas, sweet Lady,

If she be innocent,

No doubt but justice will direct her Champion

Away : I hear 'em come :

1. Pray heaven she prosper.

Flourish.

Enter Valetta, Norandine, Astor, Castriot, &c.

Val. Give Captain *Norandine* a chair.

Nor. I thank your Lordship.

Val. Sit Sir, and take your ease : your hurts require it
You come to see a womans cause decided
That's all the knowledge now, or name I have for her :
They say a false, a base, and treacherous woman,
And partly prov'd too.

Nor. Pity it should be so :

And if your Lordship durst ask my opinion,

Sure, I should answer no : so much I honor her :

And answer't with my life too : But *Gomera*

Is a brave Gentleman ; the other valiant,

And if he be not good, dogs gnaw his flesh off,

And one above 'em both will find the truth out.

He never fails, Sir,

Val. That's the hope rests with me.

Nor. How nature and his honor struggle in him !

A sweet, clear, noble Gentleman. *Within, make room there.*

Guard. Make room there.

Val. Go up, and what you have to say, say there,

Enter Oriana, Ladies, Executioner, Abdella, and Guard.

Ori. Thus I ascend : nearer I hope to heaven,
Nor doe I fear to tread this dark black Mansion :

The Image of my grave, each foot we move,

Goes to it still : each hour we leave behind us,

Knols sadly toward it : My noble Brother

For yet mine innocence dares call ye so,

And you the friends to virtue, that come hither,

The *Chorus* to this *Tragick Scene*, behold me,

Behold me with your Justice, not with Pity,

(My cause was ne'r so poor to ask compassion,)

Behold me in this spotless White I wear,

The *Emblem* of my life, of all my actions,

So ye shall find my story, though I perish :

Behold me in my Sex, I am no Soldier,

Tender, and full of fears our blushing Sex is,

Unhardned with relentless thoughts ; unhatcht

With blood, and bloody practice : alas we tremble ;

Drums afar off.

A low March.

But when an angry dream allicts our fancies,
Die with a tale well told : had I been practis'd,
And known the way of mischief, travell'd in it
And given my blood, and honor up to reach it,
Forgot Religion, and the line I sprung on,
Oh heaven, I had been fit then for thy justice,
And then in black, as dark as Hell, I had howl'd here.
Last, in your own opinions weigh mine innocence,
Amongst ye I was planted from an Infant
(Would then, if heaven had so been pleas'd, I had perish'd)
Grew up, and goodly, ready to bear fruit,
The honourable fruit of marriage :

And am I blasted in my bud with Treason ?

Boldly, and basely of my fair name ravish'd,

And hither brought to find my rest in ruine ?

But he that knows all, he that rights all wrongs,

And in his time restores, knows me : I have spoken.

Val. If ye be innocent, heaven will protect ye,

And so I leave ye to his Sword strikes for ye,

Farewell.

Ori. Oh that went deep, farewell dear brother,

And howso'er my cause goes, see my body

(Upon my knees I ask it) buried chastely ;

For yet, by holy truth, it never trespass'd.

Ast. Justice sit on your cause ; and heaven fight for ye.

Nor. Two of ye Gentlemen, do me but the honor

To lead me to her : good my Lord, your leave too :

Val. You have it Sir.

Nor. Give me your fair hands fearless,

As white as this I see your Innocence,

As spotless, and as pure : be not afraid Lady,

You are but here brought to your nobler fortune,

To add unto your life immortal story :

Vertue, through hardest things arrives at happiness,

Shame follow that blunt sword that looses you :

And he that strikes against you : I shall study

A curse or two for him : once more your fair hands,

I never brought ill luck yet ; be fearless happy.

Ori. I thank ye, noble Captain.

Nor. So I leave ye.

Val. Call in the Knights severally.

Enter severally Gomera and Miranda.

Ori. But two words to my champion,

And then to heaven and him, I give my cause up :

Val. Speak quickly, and speak short.

Ori. I have not much Sir.

Noble *Gomera*, from your own free virtue,

You have undertaken here a poor Maids honor.

And with the hazard of your life : and happily

You may suspect the cause, though in your true worth

You will not shew it, therefore take this testimony

(And as I hope for happiness, a true one)

And may it steel your heart, and edge your good sword,

Ye fight for her, as spotless of these mischiefs,

As heaven is of our sins, or truth of errors,

And so desie that treacherous man, and prosper.

Nor. Blessing o'thy heart Lady.

Val. Give the signal to 'em.

Low Alarms.

Nor. 'Tis bravely fought *Gomera* ; follow that blow,

Well struck again boy : look upon the Lady,

And gather spirit : brave again : lye close.

Lye close I say : he fights aloft, and strongly :

Close for thy life : a vengeance o' that fell buffet :

Retire, and gather breath : ye have day enough Knights ;

Look lovely on him Lady : to't again now

Stand, stand *Gomera*, stand : one blow for all now.

Gather thy strength together ; God bless the woman :

Why, where's thy noble heart ? heaven bless the Lady.

All. Oh, oh !

Val. She is gone, she is gone :

Nor. Now strike it.

Hold, hold : he yields : hold thy brave sword he's conquer'd :

He's

He's thine *Gomera*, now be joyful Lady :
What could this thief have done, had his cause been equal ?
He made my heart-strings tremble.

Val. Off with his Caske there ;
And Executioner take you his head next.

Abdel. Oh cursed fortune !

Gom. Stay, I beseech ye, Sir, and this one honor
Grant me : I have deserv'd it ; that this villain
May live one day, to envy at my justice,
That he may pine and dye, before the sword fall.
Viewing the glory, I have won her goodness.

Val. He shall, and you the harvest of your valour
Shall reap brave Sir, abundantly.

Gom. I have sav'd her.
Preserv'd her spotless worth from black destruction,
Her white name to eternity deliver'd,
Her youth, and sweetness, from a timeless ruine.
Now Lord *Valetta*, if this bloody labour
May but deserve her favour.

Mir. Stay, and hear me first.

Val. Off with his Cask, this is *Miranda's* voice.

Nor. 'Tis he indeed, or else mine eies abuse me,
What makes he here thus ?

Ori. The young *Miranda* ?

Is he mine enemy too ?

Mir. None has deserv'd her
If worth must carry it, and service seek her,
But he that sav'd her honor.

Gom. That's I *Miranda*.

Mir. No, no, that's I *Gomera*, be not so forward,
In bargain for my love, ye cannot cozen me.

Gom. I fought it.

Mir. And I gave it : which is nobler ?
Why every Gentleman would have done as much
As you did : fought it : that's a poor desert, Sir,
They are bound to that ; but then to make that fight sure,
To do as I did, take all danger from it
Suffer that coldness, that must call me now
Into disgrace for ever, into pity.

Gom. I undertook first, to preserve from hazard.

Mir. And I made sure no hazard should come near her.

Gom. 'Twas I deserv'd *Mountferat*.

Mir. 'Twas I wrought him,
You had had a dark day else ; 'Twas I deserv'd
His conscience first, 'twas I that shook him there,
Which is the brave defiance.

Gom. My life and honor
At stake I laid,

Mir. My care ; and truth lay by it
Least that stake might be lost : I have deserv'd her,
And none but I ; the Lady might have perish'd,
Had Fell *Mountferat* struck it, from whose malice
With cunning, and bold confidence I catch'd it,
And 'twas high time, and such a service Lady
For you, and for your innocence, for who knows not
The all-devouring sword of fierce *Mountferat* ?
I shew'd ye what I could do, had I been spiteful
Or Master but of halfe the poison he bears,
(Hell take his heart for't) and beshrew these hands Madam,
With all my heart, I wish a mischief on 'em,
They made ye once look sad : such another fright
I would not put ye in, to owe the Island,
Yet pardon me, 'twas but to shew a Soldier,
Which, when I had done, I ended your poor coward.

Val. Let some look out, for the base Knight *Mountferat*.

Ab. I hope he's far enough, if his man be trusty :
This was a strange misfortune ; I must not know it.

Val. That most debauch'd Knight, come down sweet Sister
My spotless Sister : now, pray thank these Gentlemen,
They have deserv'd both truly, nobly of ye.
Both excellently, dearly, both all the honor
All the respect and favour.

Ori. Both shall have it ;
And as my life, their memories I'll nourish.

Val. Ye are both true Knights, and both most worthy Lo-
Here stands a Lady ripen'd with your service, (vers,
Young, fair, and (now I dare say) truly honourable :

'Tis my Will she shall marry : marry now,
And one of you (she cannot take more nobly) your deserts
Begot this Will, and bred it ; both her beauty
Cannot enjoy : dare ye mark me your umpier ?

Gom. Mir. With all our Souls.

Val. He must not then be angry
That looses her.

Gom. Oh that were Sir, unworthy,

Mir. A little sorrow he may find.

Val. 'Tis manly.

Gomera, you are a brave accomplish'd Gentleman
A braver no where lives than is *Miranda*,
In the white way of virtue, and true valour.
Ye have been a pilgrim long : yet no man farther
Has trod those thorny steps, than young *Miranda*,
You are gentle : he is gentleness it self : Experience
Calls you her brother ; this her hopeful heir

Nor. The young man now, and 't bethy Will.

Val. Your hand, Sir ;
You undertook first : nobly undertook,
This Ladies cause : you made it good, and fought it
You must be serv'd first, take her, and enjoy her ;
I give her to you : kiss her, are you pleas'd now ?

Gom. My joy's so much I cannot speak.

Val. Nay, fairest Sir ;
You must not be displeas'd : you break your promise.

Mir. I never griev'd at good, nor dare I now, Sir,
Though something seem strange to me.

Val. I have provided
A better match for you : more full of Beauty,
I'll wed ye to our Order : there's a Mistress,
Whose beauty ne'r decays : time stands below her :
Whose honor, *Ermin-like*, can never suffer,
Spot, or black foil ; whose eternal issue
Fame brings up at her breasts, and leaves 'em fainted,
Her you shall marry.

Mir. I must humbly thank ye.

Val. Saint *Thomas Fort*, a charge of no small value
I give ye too, in present, to keep waking
Your noble spirits ; and to breed ye pious,
I'll send ye a probation Robe, wear that
Till ye shall please to be our brother : how now ?

Enter Astorius.

As. *Mountferat's* fled, Sir.

Val. Let him go awhile
Till we have done these Rites, and seen these coupled :
His mischief now lies open : come all friends now.
And so let's march to th' Temple, sound those Instruments,
That were the signal to a day of blood ;
Evil beginning hours may end in good. *Flourish.*

Nor. Come, we'll have wenches man, and all brave things.
— Let her go : we'll want no Mistresses,
Good Swords, and good strong Armors.

Mir. Those are best Captain. (after us.)

Nor. And fight till Queens be in love with us, and run
I'll see ye at the Fort within these two days,
And let's be merry prethee.

Mir. By that time I shall.

Nor. Why that's well said : I like a good heart truly.

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter Norandine, and Servant, Corporal and Soldiers above.

Ser. **T**He day's not yet broke, Sir.
Nor. 'Tis the cooler riding,
I must goe see *Miranda*: bring my horse
Round to the *South Port*: I'll out here at the beach
And meet ye at the end o' th' *Sycamores*:
'Tis a sweet Walk, and if the wind be stirring
Serves like a Fan to cool.

Corporal and Watch above singing.

SONG.

1. **S**It Soldiers, sit and sing, the Round is clear
And Cock-a-loodle-looe, tells us the day is near.
Each tofs his Cann, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh and sing, the Soldier has no fellow.
2. To thee a full pot, my little Lance-presado,
And when thou hast done, a pipe of *Trinidado*.
Our glafs of life runs wine, the *Vintner* sinks it
Whilst with his Wife the frolick Soldier drinks it.
3. The Drums beat, Ensigns wave, and Cannons thump it
Our Game is Ruffe, and the best heart doth trump it:
Each tofs his Cann until his throat be mellow
Drink, Laugh, and Sing, the Soldier has no fellow.
4. I'll pledge thee my Corporal, were it a Flagon
After Watch fiercer, than George did the Dragon,
What blood we loose i' th' Town, we gain i' th' Tuns,
Furr'd Gowns, and flat Caps, give the wall to Guns
Each tofs his Cann, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing, the Soldier has no fellow.

Ser. Which Walk?

Nor. Why that, Sir,

Where the fine City Dames meet to make matches.

Ser. I know it.

Nor. Speed ye then: what mirth is this?

The Watches are not yet discharg'd, I take it:
These are brave careles Rogues; I'll hear the Song out
And then I'll fit ye for't, merry Companions:
Here's notable Order, now for a trick to tame ye—
Owgh, owgh.

1 Wat. Hark, hark, what's that below us, who goes there?

Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh.

2 Wat. 'Tis a Bear broke loose: pray call the Corporal.

1 Wat. The *Dutchmans* huge fat Sow.

2 Wat. I see her now, and five fine pigs.

Nor. Owgh, owgh.

Corp. Now, what's the matter?

1 Wat. Here's the great fat Sow, Corporal.

The *Dutchmans* Sow, and all the Pigs, brave fat Pigs,
You have been wishing long she would break loose.

Nor. Owgh, owgh.

Cor. 'Tis she indeed, there's a white pig now sucking,
Look, look, do you see it, Sirs?

1 Wat. Yes very well, Sir.

Cor. A notable fat whorson; come two of ye.
Go down with me, we'll have a tickling breakfast.

2 Wat. Let's eat 'em at the Cross.

Cor. There's the best liquor.

Nor. I'll liquor some of ye, ye lazie rogues,
Your minds are of nothing but eating and swilling:
What a sweet Beast they have made of me? a Sow?
Hogg upon hogg, I hear 'em come.

Enter Cor. below, and Watch.

Cor. Go softly, and fall upon 'em finely, nithbly.

1 Wat. Bless me.

Cor. Why, what's the matter?

1 Wat. Oh the devil?

The devil, as high as a Steeple.

2 Wat. There he goes Corporal;
His feet are Cloven too.

Cor. Stand, stand I say: death, how I shake?

Where be your Muskets?

1 Wat. There's no good of them:

Where be our Prayers, man?

2 Wat. Lord, how he stalks: speak to him Corporal.

Cor. Why, what a devil art thou.

Nor. Owgh, owgh.

Cor. A dumb devil.

The worst devil that could come, a dumb devil,
Give me a Musket; he gathers in to me,
I' th' name of—speak what art thou?—speak devil;
Or I'll put a plumb in your belly.

Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh.

Cor. Fie, fie, in what a sweat I am! Lord bless me;
My Musket's gone too, I am not able to stir it:

Nor. Who goes there? stand, speak.

Corp. Sure I am enchanted.

Yet here's my Halbert still: nay, who goes there, Sir?

What have I lost my self? what are ye?

Nor. The Guard.

Corp. Why, what are we then: he's not half so long now.

Nor he has no tail at all, I shake still damnably.

Nor. The word.

Corp. Have mercy on me, what word does he mean?
Prethee devil, if thou be'st the devil,
Do not make an Ass of me; for I remember yet
As well as I am here, I am the Corporal,
I'll lay my life on't devil.

Nor. Thou art damn'd:

Corp. That's all one: but am not I the Corporal?
I would give a thousand pound to be resolv'd now,
Had not I Soldiers here?

Nor. No, not a man,
Thou art debauch'd, and cozen'd.

Corp. That may be,
It maybe I am drunk; Lord, where have I been?
Is not this my Halbert in my hand?

Nor. No, 'tis a *May-pole*.

Cor. Why then I know not who I am, nor what,
Nor whence I come.

Nor. Ye are an arrand Rascal;
You Corporal of a Watch.

Cor. 'Tis the *Dane's* voice: you are no devil then:

Nor. No, nor no Sow, Sir.

Cor. Of that I am right glad, Sir,
I was ne'r so frighted in my life, as I am a Soldier.

Nor. Tall watchmen,
A guard for a Goose, you sing away your Centuries.
A careful company: let me out o' th' port here,
I was a little merry with your worships:
And keep your guards strong, though the devil walk.
Hold, there's to bring ye into your wits again.
Goe off no more to hunt Pigs: such another trick
And you will hunt the gallows.

Cor. Pray Sir pardon us:
And let the devil come next, I'll make him stand
Or make him stink.

Nor. Doe, doe your duty truly.
Come let me out, and come away: no more rage.

Exe.

Scena

Enter

Scena Secunda.

Enter Abdella with a Letter, and Rocca.

Ab. Write thus to me? he hath fearfully, and basely Betraid his own cause: yet to free himself He now ascribes the fault to me.

Roc. I know not.

What he hath done: but what he now desires, His Letters have inform'd you.

Ab. Yes, he is

Too well acquainted with the power he holds, Over my mad affections: I want time To write: but pray you tell him, if I were No better steel'd in my strong resolutions Than he hath shown himself in his; or thought There was a hell hereafter, or a Heaven, But in enjoying him, I should stick here, And move no further: bid him yet take comfort; For something I would do, the devil would quake at, But I'll untie this Nuptial knot of love, And make way for his wishes: in the mean time Let him lie close, for he is strictly fought for, And practise to love her, that for his ends Scorns fear and danger.

Enter Oriana and Velleda.

Roc. All this I will tell him.

Exit Rocca.

Ab. Do so: farewell. My Lady, with my fellow, So earnest in discourse! what e'er it be I'll second it.

Vel. He is such a noble Husband, In every circumstance so truly loving, That I might say, and without flattery, Madam The Sun sees not a Lady but your self That can deserve him.

Abd. Of all men I say That dare (for 'tis a desperate adventure) Wear on their free necks the sweet yoke of woman, (For they that do repine, are no true husbands) Give me a Soldier.

Ori. Why, are they more loving Than other men?

Abd. And love too with more judgement; For, but observe, your Courtier is more curious To set himself forth richly than his Lady; His baths, perfumes, nay paintings too, more costly Than his frugality will allow to her, His clothes as chargeable; and grant him but A thing without a beard, and he may pass At all times for a woman, and with some Have better welcome: Now, your man of Lands For the most part is careful to manure them, But leaves his Lady fallow; your great Merchant Breaks oftner for the debt he owes his wife, Than with his creditors; and that's the reason She looks elsewhere for payment: Now your Soldier —

Vel. I marry do him right.

Abd. First, who has one, Has a perpetual guard upon her honor; For while he wears a sword, slander her self Dares not bark at it: next, she sits at home Like a great Queen, and sends him forth to fetch in Her tribute from all parts; which being brought home, He laies it at her feet, and seeks no further For his reward, than what she may give freely, And with delight too, from her own Exchequer Which he finds ever open.

Ori. Be more modest.

Abd. Why, we may speak of that we are glad to taste of, Among our selves I mean.

Ori. Thou talkst of nothing.

Abd. Of nothing Madam? You have found it something;

Or with the raising up this pretty mount here, My Lord hath dealt with spirits.

Enter Gomera.

Ori. Two long hours absent?

Gom. Thy pardon sweet: I have been looking on The Prize that was brought in by the brave *Dane*, The valiant *Norandine*, and have brought something, That may be thou wilt like of; but one kiss, And then possess my purchase: there's a picce Of cloth of Tissue, this of purple Velvet, And as they swear, of the right *Tyrian* dye, Which others here but weakly counterfeit: If they are worth thy use, wear them; if not, Bestow them on thy women.

Abd. Here's the Husband.

Gom. While there is any trading on the Sea Thou shalt want nothing; 'tis a Soldiers glory, However he neglect himself, to keep His Mistris in full lustre.

Ori. You exceed, Sir.

Gom. Yet there was one part of the prize dispos'd of Before I came, which I grieve that I miss'd of, Being almost assur'd, it would have been A welcome present.

Ori. Pray you say, what was it?

Gom. A *Turkish* Captive of incomparable beauty, And without question, in her Countrey Noble; Which, as companion to thy faithful *Moor*, I would have given thee for thy slave.

Ori. But was she Of such an exquisite form?

Gom. Most exquisite.

Ori. And well descended?

Gom. So the habit promis'd, In which she was taken.

Ori. Of what years?

Gom. 'Tis said A Virgin of fourteen.

Ori. I pity her, And wish she were mine, that I might have the means T'entertain her gently.

Gom. She's now *Miranda's*, And as I have heard, made it her suit to be so.

Ori. *Miranda's*? then her fate deserves not pity, But envy rather.

Gom. Envy *Oriana*?

Ori. Yes, and their envy that live free.

Gom. How's this?

Ori. Why, she's falln into the hands of one, So full of that, which in men we stile goodness, That in her being his slave, she is happier far Than if she were confirm'd the *Sultan's* Mistris.

Gom. *Miranda* is indeed a Gentleman Of fair desert, and better hopes, but yet He hath his equals.

Ori. Where? I would go far, As I am now, though much unfit for travails, But to see one that without injury Might be put in the scale, or paralell'd, In any thing that's Noble, with *Miranda*; His knowledge in all services of war, And ready courage, to put into act That knowing judgement, as you are a Soldier You best may speak of. Nor can you deliver, Nor I hear with delight, a better subject. And heaven did well, in such a lovely feature To place so chaste a mind; for he is of So sweet a carriage, such a winning nature, And such a bold, yet well-dispos'd behaviour; And to all these, h'as such a charming tongue, That if he would serve under Loves fresh colours, What monumental Trophies might he raise,

Of his free conquests, made in Ladies favors?

Gom. Yet you did resist him, when he was
An earnest suitor to you.

Ori. Yes I did;
And if I were again sought to, I should;
But must ascribe it, rather to the fate
That did appoint me yours, than any power
Which I can call mine own.

Gom. Even so?

Abd. Thanks fortune,
The plot I had to raise, in him, doubts of her,
Thou hast effected.

Ori. I could tell you too,
What cause I have to love him, with what reason.
In thankfulness, he may expect from me,
All due observance; but I pass that, as
A benefit, for which, in my behalf,
You are his debtor.

Abd. I perceive it takes,
By his chang'd looks.

Ori. He is not in the City?
Is he my Lord?

Gom. Who Lady?

Ori. Why *Miranda*,
Having you here, can there be any else
Worth my enquiry?

Gom. This is somewhat more
Than love to virtue,

Ori. Faith when he comes hither
(As sometimes, without question you shall meet him)
Invite him home.

Gom. To what end?

Ori. To dine with us,
Or sup.

Gom. And then to take a hard bed with you:
Mean you not so?

Ori. If you could win him to it,
'Twould be the better; for his entertainment,
Leave that to me, he shall find Noble usage,
And from me a free welcome.

Gom. Have you never
Heard of a *Roman Lady (Oriana)*
Remembered as a president for Matrons,
(Chaste ones, I pray you understand) whose husband
Tax'd for his sovre breath by his enemy,
Condemn'd his wife, for not acquainting him
With his infirmity?

Ori. 'Tis a common one;
Her answer was, having kiss'd none but him,
She thought it was a general disease
All men were subject to; but what infer you
From that my Lord?

Gom. Why, that this virtuous Lady
Had all her thoughts so fixed upon her Lord,
That she could find no spare time to sing praises
Of any other; nor would she employ
Her husband (though perhaps in debt to years
As far as I am) for an instrument
To bring home younger men that might delight her
With their discourse, or —

Ori. What my Lord?

Gom. Their persons,
Or if I should speak plainer —

Ori. No it needs not,
You have said enough to make my innocence know
It is suspected.

Gom. You betray your self
To more than a suspicion; could you else
To me that live in nothing but love to you
Make such a gross discovery, that your lust
Had sold that heart I thought mine, to *Miranda*?
Or rise to such a height in impudence,
As to presume to work my yielding weakness
To play for your bad ends, to my disgrace,

The Wittal, or the Pander?

Ori. Do not study

To print more wounds, (for that were tyranny)
Upon a heart that is pierced through already.

Gom. Thy heart? thou hast pierc'd through mine honor
The honor of my house, fool that I was, (false one,
To give it up to the deceiving trust
Of wicked woman: for thy sake vild creature,
For all I have done well, in my life,
I have dig'd a grave, all buried in a wife;
For thee I have des'd my constant Mistress,
That never fail'd her servant, glorious war;
For thee, refus'd the fellowship of an Order
Which Princes, through all dangers, have been proud
To fetch as far as from *Jerusalem*:
And am I thus rewarded?

Vel. By all goodness,

You wrong my Lady, and deserve her not,
When you are at your best: repent your rashness;
'Twill show well in you.

Abd. Do, and ask her pardon.

Ori. No, I have liv'd too long, to have my faith
(My tri'd faith) call'd in question, and by him
That should know true affection is too tender
To suffer an unkind touch, without ruine;
Study ingratitude, all, from my example;
For to be thankful now, is to be false.
But be it so, let me dye, I see you wish it;
Yet dead for truth, and pities sake, report
What weapon you made choice of, when you kild me.

Vel. She faints.

Abd. What have ye done?

Ori. My last breath cannot
Be better spent, than to say I forgive you;
Nor is my death untimely, since with me
I take along, what might have been hereafter
In scorn delivered for the doubtful issue
Of a suspected mother.

Vel. Oh, she's gone.

Abd. For ever gone. Are you a man?

Gom. I grow here.

Abd. Open her mouth, and power this Cordial in it;
If any spark of life be unquench'd in her,
This will recover her.

Vel. 'Tis all in vain,
She's stiffe already: live I, and she dead?
Gom. How like a murtherer I stand? look up,
And hear me curse my self, or but behold
The vengeance I will take for't *Oriana*,
And then in peace forsake me: Jealousie,
Thou loathsome vomit of the fiends below,
What desperate hunger made me to receive thee
Into my heart, and soul? I'll let thee forth,
And so in death finde ease; and does my fault then
Deserve no greater punishment? no, I'll live
To keep thee for a fury to torment me,
And make me know what hell is on the earth:
All joyes and hopes forsake me; all mens malice,
And all the plagues they can inflict, I wish it
Fall thick upon me: let my tears be laught at,
And may mine enemies smile to hear me groane;
And dead, may I be pitied of none.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Collonna and Lucinda.

Luc. Pray you Sir why was the Ordnance of the Fort.
Discharg'd so sodainly?

Col. 'Twas the Governors pleasure,
In honor of the *Dane*, a custom us'd,
To speak a Soldiers welcome.

Luc. 'Tis a fit one:
But is my Master here too?

Col. Three days since.

Luc. Might I demand without offence, so much,
Is't pride in him (however now a slave)
That I am not admitted to his presence?

Col. His curtesie to you, and to mankind
May easily resolve you, he is free
From that poor vice which only empty men
Esteem a virtue.

Luc. What's the reason then,
As you imagine, Sir?

Col. Why I tell you;
You are a woman of a tempting beauty,
And he, however virtuous, as a man
Subject to humane frailties; and how far
They may prevail upon him, should he see you,
He is not ignorant: and therefore chooses,
With care t'avoid the cause that may produce
Some strange effect, which will not well keep ranck
With the rare temperance, which is admired
In his life hitherto.

Luc. This much increases
My strong desire to see him.

Col. It should rather
Teach you to thank the Prophet that you worship,
That you are such a mans, who though he may
Do any thing which youth and heat of blood
Invites him to, yet dares not give way to them:
Your entertainment's Noble, and not like
Your present fortune; and if all those tears
Which made grief lovely in you, in the relation
Of the sad story, that forc'd me to weep too,
Your husbands hard fate were not counterfeit;
You should rejoyce that you have means to pay
A chaste life to his memory, and bring to him
Those sweets, which while he liv'd, he could not tast of;
But if you wantonly bestow them on
Another man you offer violence
To him, though dead; and his griev'd spirit will suffer
For your immodest looseness.

Luc. Why, I hope, Sir,
My willingness to look on him, to whom
I owe my life and service, is no proof
Of any unchaste purpose.

Col. So I wish too,
And in the confidence it is not, Lady,
I dare the better tell you he will see you
This night, in which by him I am commanded,
To bring you to his chamber, to what end
I easily should guess, were I *Miranda*;
And therefore, though I can yield little reason,
(But in a general love to womens goodness)
Why I should be so tender of your honor,
I willingly would bestow some counsail of you,
And would you follow it?

Luc. Let me first hear it,
And then I can resolve you.

Col. My advice then
Is, that you would not, (as most Ladies use
When they prepare themselves for such encounters)
Study to add, by artificial dressings
To native excellence; yours (without help)
But seen as it is now, would make a Hermit
Leaves his deaths head, and change his after hopes
Of endless comforts for a few short minutes
Of present pleasures; to prevent which, Lady,
Practice to take away from your perfections,
And to preserve your chastity unstain'd,
The most deform'd shape that you can put on
To cloud your bodies fair gifts, or your minds,
(It being laboured to so chaste an end)
Will prove the fairest ornament.

Luc. To take from
The workmanship of Heaven is an offence
As great, as to endeavor to add to it;

Of which, I'll not be guilty: Chastity
That lodges in deformity, appears rather
A mule't impos'd by nature, than a blessing;
And 'tis commendable only when it conquers,
Though nere so oft assaulted, in resistance:
For me, I'll therefore so dispose my self,
That if I hold out, it shall be with honor;
Or if I yield, *Miranda* shall find something
To make him love his victory.

Exit.

Col. With what cunning
This woman argues for her own damnation?
Nor should I hold it for a miracle,
Since they are all born *Sophisters* to maintain
That lust is lawful, and the end and use
Of their creation: would I never had
Hop'd better of her; or could not believe,
Though seen the ruin, I must ever grieve.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, Servants with Lights.

Mir. I'll see you in your chamber.

A Table out,
two stools.

Nor. Pray ye no farther:
It is a ceremony I expect not,
I am no stranger here, I know my lodging,
An have slept soundly there, when the *Turks* Cannon
Playd thick upon't: O 'twas Royal Musick,
And to procure a sound sleep for a Souldier,
Worth forty of our Fiddles. As you love me
Press it no farther.

Mir. You will overcome.
Wait on him carefully.

Nor. I have took since supper
A rouse or two too much, and by——
It warms my blood.

Mir. You'll sleep the better for't.
Nor. —on't, I should, had but I a kind wench
To pull my Boot-hose off, and warm my night-cap,
There's no charm like it: I love old *Adams* way;
Give me a diligent *Eve*, to wait towards bed-time,
Hang up your smooth chin page: and now I think on't,
Where is your *Turkish* Prisoner?

Mir. In the Castle,
But yet I never saw her.

Nor. Fie upon you:
See her for shame; or hark ye, if you would
Perform the friends part to me, the friends part,
It being a fashion of the last edition,
Far from panderism, now send her to me;
You look strange on't, no entertainment's perfect
Without it on my word; no livery like it;
There's no suit got without it,
Gold is an ass to't.

Mir. Go to bed, to bed.
Nor. Well, if she come, I doubt not to convert her,
If not, the sin lye on your head.
Good night

Exit *Nor.* and *Servants*.

Enter Colonna and Lucinda.

Col. There you shall find him Lady: you know what I
And if you please you may make use. (have said,

Luc. No doubt Sir.

Col. From hence I shall hear all.

Mir. Come hither young one.
Besheiw my heart: a handsome wench: come nearer,
A very handsome one: do not you grieve, Sweet,
You are a prisoner?

Luc. The loss of liberty
No doubt Sir, is a heavy and a sharp burden
To them that feel it truly: But your servant,
Your humble handmayd, never felt that rigor,
Thanks to that noble will: no want, no hunger,
(Companions still to slaves) no violence

Nor

Nor any unbecoming act, we start at,
Have I yet with; all content and goodness,
Civility, and sweetness of behaviour
Dwell round about me; therefore worthy Master,
I cannot say I grieve my liberty.

Mir. Do not you fancy me too cold a Soldier,
Too obstinate an enemy to youth,
That had so fair a jewel in my Cabinet,
And in so long a time, would nere look on it?

Col. What can she say now?

Luc. Sure I desir'd to see ye,
And with a longing wish.

Col. There's all her virtue.

Luc. Pursu'd that full desire to give ye thanks Sir,
The only Sacrifice I have left, and service,
For all the virtuous care you have kept me safe with.

Col. She holds well yet.

Mir. The pretty fool speaks finely:
Come sit down here.

Luc. O Sir, 'tis most unseemly.

Mir. I'll have it so: sit close, now tell me truly,
Did you ere love yet?

Luc. My years will answer that Sir.

Mir. And did you then love truly?

Luc. So I thought Sir.

Mir. Can ye love me so?

Col. Now!

Luc. With all my duty;
I were unworthy of those favors else,
You daily showre upon me.

Mir. What thinkst thou of me?

Luc. I think ye are a truly worthy Gentleman,
A pattern, and a pride to the age ye live in,
Sweet as the commendations all men give ye.

Mir. A pretty flattering rogue, dare ye kiss that sweet
Ye speak so sweetly of? Come. (man

Col. Farewell virtue.

Mir. What hast thou got between thy lips? kiss once
Sure thou hast a spell there. (more.

Luc. More than ere I knew Sir.

Col. All hopes go now. (hear me,

Mir. I must tell you a thing in your ear, and you must
And hear me willingly, and grant me so too,
'Twill not be worth my asking else.

Luc. It must be
A very hard thing Sir, and from my power,
I shall deny your goodness.

Mir. 'Tis a good wench; I must lye with ye Lady.

Luc. 'Tis something strange:
For yet in all my life I knew no bedfellow.

Mir. You will quickly find that knowledge.

Luc. To what end Sir?

Mir. Art thou so innocent, thou canst not guess at it?
Did thy dreams never direct thee?

Luc. 'Faith none yet Sir. (pleasure;

Mir. I'll tell thee then: I would meet thy youth, and
Give thee my youth for that, by heaven she fires me,
And teach thy fair white arms, like wanton Ivies
A thousand new embraces.

Luc. Is that all Sir?

And say I should try, may not we lie quietly?
Upon my conscience I could.

Mir. That's as we make it. (then?

Luc. Grant that, that likes ye best, what would ye do

Mir. What would I do? certainly I am no baby,
Nor brought up for a Nun; hark in thine ear.

Luc. Fie, fie, Sir.

Mir. I would get a brave boy on thee,
A warlike boy.

Luc. Sure we shall get ill Christians.

Mir. We'll mend 'em in the breeding then.

Luc. Sweet Master.

Col. Never belief in woman come near me more.

Luc. My best and noblest Sir, if a poor Virgin,

(For yet by—I am so) should chance so far
(Seeing your excellence, and able sweetness)
To forget her self, and slip into your bosome,
Or to your bed, out of a doting on ye,
Take it the best way; have you that cruel heart,
That murd'ring mind too?

Mir. Yes by my troth (sweet) have I,
To lie with her.

Luc. And do you think it well done? (wench,

Mir. That's as she'll think when 'tis done; come to bed
For thou art so pretty, and so witty a companion,
We must not part to night.

Luc. Faith let me go Sir,
And think better on't.

Mir. Yfaith thou shalt not;
I warrant thee I'll think on't.

Luc. I have heard 'em say here,
You are a Maid too.

Mir. I am sure I am, wench,
If that will please thee.

Luc. I have seen a wonder,
And would you loose that for a little wantonness,
(Consider my sweet Master, like a man, now,)
For a few honied kisses, sleight embraces,
That glory of your youth that crown of sweetness?
Can ye deliver that unvalued treasure?

Would ye forsake, to seek your own dishonor,
What gone, no age recovers, nor repentance,
To a poor stranger?

Col. Hold there again, thou art perfect.

Luc. I know you do but try me.

Mir. And I know

I'll try you a great deal farther: prethee to bed;
I love thee, and so well: come kiss me once more;
Is a maiden-head ill bestow'd o'me?

Luc. What's this Sir?

Mir. Why, 'tis the badge (my Sweet) of that holy Order
I shortly must receive, the Cross of Malta.

Luc. What virtue has it?

Mir. All that we call virtuous.

Luc. Who gave it first?

Mir. He that gave all, to save us.

Luc. Why then 'tis holy too?

Mir. True sign of holiness,
The badge of all his Soldiers that profess him.

Luc. The badge of all his Soldiers that profess him,
Can't save in dangers?

Mir. Yes.

Luc. In troubles comfort?

Mir. You say true, sweet.

Luc. In sickness, restore health?

Mir. All this it can do.

Luc. Preserve from evils that afflict our frailties.

Mir. I hope she will be Christian: all these truly.

Luc. Why are you sick then, sick to death with lust?
In danger to be lost? no holy thought,
In all that heart, nothing but wandring frailties
Wild as the wind, and blind as death or ignorance,
Inhabit there.

dMir. Forgive me heaven, she says true.

Luc. Dare ye profess that badge, prophane that goodness?

Col. Thou hast redeem'd thy self again, most rarely.

Luc. That holiness and truth ye make me wonder at?
Blast all the bounty heaven gives, that remembrance.

Col. O excellent woman.

Luc. Fling it from ye quickly,
If ye be thus resolv'd; I see a virtue
Appear in't like a sword, both edges flaming
That will consume ye, and your thoughts, to ashes,
Let them profess it that are pure, and noble,
Gentle, and just of thought, that build the cross,
Not those that break it, by—if ye touch me,
Even in the act, I'll make that cross, and curse ye.

Mir. You shall not (fair) I did dissemble with ye,

And but to try your faith, I fashion'd all this:
Yet something you provokt me: this fair cross:
By me (if he but please to help, first gave it)
shall nee'r be worn upon a heart corrupted;
Go to your rest, my modest, honest servant,
My fair, and virtuous maid, and sleep secure there,
For when you suffer, I forget this sign here.

Col. A man of men too: O most perfect Gentleman!

Luc. All sweet rest to you sir; I am half a *Christian*,
The other half, I'll pray for; then for you, Sir;

Mir. This is the fowlest play I'll shew, good night, sweet.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Mountferrat and Rocca.

Mount. The Sun's not set yet?

Roc. No Sir.

Mount. Would it were,
Never to rise again to light the world.
And yet, to what vain purpose do I wish it.
Since though I were environ'd with thick mists,
Black as *Cymerian* darkness, or my crimes,
There is that here, upon which as an anvil
Ten thousand hammers strike, and every spark
They force from it, to me's an other Sun
To light me to my shame?

Roc. Take hope, and comfort.

Mount. They are aides indeed, but yet as far from me,
As I from being innocent: this cave fashion'd
By provident nature, in this solid Rock
To be a den for beasts, alone, receives me,
And having prov'd an enemy to mankind,
All humane helps forsake me.

Roc. I'll nee'r leave you,
And wish you would call back that noble courage
That old invincible fortitude of yours
That us'd to shrink at nothing.

Mount. Then it did not.

But 'twas when I was honest; then in the height
Of all my happiness, of all my glories,
Of all delights, that made life pretious to me
I durst dye *Rocca*; death it self then to me
Was nothing terrible, because I knew,
The fame of a good Knight would ever live
Fresh on my memory; but since I fell
From my integrity, and dismiss'd those guards,
Those strong assurances of innocence,
That constancy fled from me, and what's worse,
Now I am loathsome to my self; and life
A burthen to me, rack'd with sad remembrance
Of what I have done, and my present horrors
Un-sufferable to me, tortur'd with despair
That I shall nee'r find mercy: hell about me,
Behind me, and before me, yet I dare not,
Still fearing worse, put off my wretched Being.

Enter Abdella.

Roc. To see this would deter a doubtful man
From mischievous intents, much more the practice
Of what is wicked: here's the *Moore*, look up Sir,
Some ease may come from her.

Mount. New trouble rather,
And I expect it.

Abd. Who is this? *Mountferrat*?

Rise up for shame, and like a river dri'd up
With a long drought, from me, your bounteous Sea
Receive those tides of comfort that flow to you;
If ever I look lovely: if desert.

Could ever challenge welcome; if revenge,
And unexpected wreek, were ever pleasing
Or could endear the giver of such blessings,
All these I come adorn'd with, and, as due,
Make challenge of those so long wish'd embraces
Which you (unkind) have hitherto deny'd me.

Mount. Why, what have you done for me?

Abd. Made *Gomera*

As truly miserable, as you thought him happy,
Could you wish more?

Mount. As if his sickness could
Recover me; the injuries I receiv'd
Were *Oriana's*.

Abd. She has paid dear for 'em,
She's dead.

Mount. How?

Abd. Dead; my hate could reach no farther:
Taking advantage of her in a swoon,
Under pretence to give a Cordial to her
I poyson'd her: what stupid dulness is this?
What you should entertain with sacrifice,
Can you receive so coldly?

Mount. Bloody deeds

Are grateful offerings, pleasing to the devill,
And thou, in thy black shape, and blaker actions
Being hel's perfect character, art delighted
To do what I thought infinitely wicked,
Tremble to hear: thou hast, in this taen from me
All means to make amends with penitence,
To her wrong'd virtues, and dispoil'd me of
The poor remainder of that hope was left me,
For all I have already, or must suffer.

Abd. I did it for the best.

Mount. For thy worst ends,
And be assur'd but that, I think to kill thee
Would but prevent, what thy despair must force thee
To do unto thy self, and so to add to
Thy most assur'd damnation, thou wert dead now.
But get thee from my sight: and if lust of me
Did ever fire thee (love I cannot call it)
Leap down from those steep Rocks, or take advantage
Of the next tree to hang thy self, and then
I may laugh at it.

Abd. In the mean time

I must be bold, to do so much for you, ha, ha.

Mount. Why grinst thou, devil?

Abd. That 'tis in my power,

To punish thy ingratitude; I made trial
But how you stood affected, and since I know
I'm us'd only for a property,
I can, and will revenge it to the full.
For understand, in thy contempt of me,
Those hopes of *Oriana*, which I could
Have chang'd to certainties, are lost for ever.

Mount. Why, lives she?

Abd. Yes, but never to *Mountferrat*,
Although it is in me, with as much ease
To give her freely up to thy possession,
As to remove this rust; which yet despair of:
For by much wrong'd love, gattery, nor threats,
Tears, prayers, nor vows, shall ever win me to it:
So with my curse I leave thee.

Mount. Prethee stay,

Thou know'st I dote on thee, and yet thou art
So peevish, and perverse, so apt to take
Trifles unkindly from me.

Abd. To perswade me

To break my neck, to hang, then damn my self,
With you are trifles.

Mount. 'Twas my melancholy

That made me speak I know not what: forgive,
I will redem my fault.

Roc. Believe him Lady.

Mount. A thousand times I will demand thy pardon,

And keep the reckoning on thy lips with kisses.

Abd. There's something else, that would prevail more
(with me.)

Mount. Thou shalt have all thy wishes do but bless me
With means to satisfy my mad desires
For once in *Oriana* and for ever
I am thine, only thine my best *Abdella*.

Abd. Were I assur'd of this, and that you would
Having enjoy'd her——

Mount. Any thing: make choice of
Thine own conditions.

Abd. Swear then, that perform'd,
(To free me from all doubts and fears hereafter)
To give me leave to kill her.

Mount. That our safety
Must of necessity urge us to.

Abd. Then know
It was not poyson, but a sleeping potion
Which she receiv'd; yet of sufficient strength
So to bind up her senses, that no sign
Of life appear'd in her: and thus thought dead,
In her best habit, as the custom is
You know in *Malta*, with all ceremonies
She's buried in her families monument,
In the Temple of *St. John*; I'll bring you thither,
Thus, as you are disguis'd; some six hours hence
The potion will leave working.

Ros. Let us haste then.

Mount. Be my good angel, guide me.

Abd. But remember,
You keep your Oath.

Mount. As I desire to prosper
In what I undertake.

Abd. I ask no more.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, and Collonra.

Col. Here sir, I have got the Key; I borrow'd it
Of him that keeps the Church, the door is open.

Mir. Look to the horses then, and please the fellow.
After a few devotions, I'll retire.

Be not far off, there may be some use of ye,
Give me the light: come friend, a few good prayers
Were not bestow'd in vain now, even from you Sir.

Menthat are bred in blood, have no way left 'em,
No bath, no purge, no time to wear it out
Or wash it off, but penitence, and prayer:
I am to take the order, and my youth
Loaden I must confess with many follies,
Circled and bound about with sins as many
As in the house of memory live figures.
My heart I'll open now, my faults confess,
And raise a new man, heaven, I hope, to a new life.

Nor. I have no great devotion, at this instant,
But for a prayer or two, I will not out Sir,
Hold up your finger, when you have pray'd enough.

Mir. Go you to that end.

Nor. I shall ne'er pray alone sure,
I have been so us'd to answer the Clerk: would I had a
cushion, for I shall ne'er make a good Hermit, and kneel
till my knees are horn, these stones are plaguy hard;
where shall I begin now? for if I do not observe a method,
I shall be out presently.

Ori. Oh, oh.

Nor. What's that Sir? did ye hear?

Mir. Ha; to your prayers.

Nor. 'Twas hereabouts, t'has put me clean away now,
I shall ne'er get in again, ha, by Land,
And water, all children, and all women,
I there it was I left.

Ori. Oh, oh.

Nor. Never tell me Sir,
Here's something got amongst us.

Mir. I heard a groan:

A dismal one, —— *Ori.* Oh, Oh.

Nor. Here, 'tis here Sir, 'tis here Sir;
A devil in the wall.

Mir. 'Tis some illusion
To fright us from devotion —— *Ori.* Oh, oh.

Nor. Why 'tis here,
The spirit of a huntsman choak'd with butter:
Here's a new tomb, new trickments too.

Mir. For certain,
This has not been three days here.

Nor. And a Tablet
With rimes upon't.

Mir. I prethee read 'em *Norandine*.

Nor. An Epi--and Epi--taff. I think 'tis, I 'tis taff, an
Upon the most excell, excell--lent--and. (Epitaff.)

Mir. Thou canst not read.

Nor. I have spoyl'd mine eyes with gunpowder,

Mir. An *Epitaph* upon the most virtuous, and excellent
The honor of Chastity, *Oriana*. (Lady)

Nor. The grand masters sister: how a devil came she here?
When slipt she out o'th'way, the stone's but half upon her.

Mir. 'Tis a sodain change: certain the mischief
Mounferrat offer'd to her broak her heart-strings.

Nor. Would he were here, I would be the clerk my self,
And by this little light, I would bury him alive here:
Here's no lamenting now. *Ori.* Oh, oh.

Nor. There 'tis (for her.)

Mir. Sure from the monument, the very stone groanes
Oh, dear Lady: blessing of women, virtue of thy sex;
How art thou set for ever, how stol'n from us.

Babbling, and prating now converse with women.

Nor. Sir, it rises, it looks up. *She rises up.*

Mir. Heaven bless us.

Nor. It is in womans cloathes, it rises higher.

Mir. It looks about, and wonders, sure she lives Sir.

'Tis she, 'tis *Oriana*, 'tis that Lady.

Nor. Shall I go to her? *Ori.* Where am I!

Mir. Stand still.

Ori. What place is this?

Nor. She is as live as I am.

Ori. What smell of earth, and rotten bones, what dark
Lord, whither am I carried? (place?)

Nor. How she stares,
And sets her eyes upon him.

Mir. How is't dear Lady?

Do you know me, how she snakes?

Ori. You are a man.

Mir. A man that honors you.

Ori. A cruel man,

Ye are all cruel: are you in your grave too?

For there's no trusting cruel man, above ground.

Nor. Byr'Lady that goes hard.

Mir. To do you service

And to restore ye to the joys you were in.

Ori. I was in joyes indeed, and hope——

Mir. She sinks again

Again she's gone; she's gone: gone as a shadow,
She sinks for ever, friend.

Nor. She is cold now,

She is certainly departed, I must cry too.

Mir. The blessed angels guide thee: put the stone too,
Beauty thou art gone to dust, goodness to ashes.

Nor. Pray take it well: we must all have our hours
Sir.

Mir. I, thus we are; and all our painted glory,
A bubble that a boy blows in toth' ayr,
And there it breaks.

Nor. I am glad ye sav'd her honor yet.

Mir. Would I had sav'd her life now too: oh heaven
For such a blessing, such a timely blessing

O friend, what dear content 'twould be, what story

To keep my name from worms?

Oria Oh, oh.

Nor. She lives again.

'Twas

Twas but a trance.

Mir. Pray ye call my man in presently
Help with the stone first, oh she stirs again.

Oh call my man away.

Nor. I fly, I fly Sir.

Mir. Upon my knees O heaven, O heaven I thank thee.

Enter Colonna, and Norand.

The living heat steals into every member;
Come help the Coffin out softly, and sodainly;
Where is the Clerk?

Col. Drunk above he is sure Sir.

Mir. Sirrah, you must be secret.

Col. As your soul Sir.

Mir. Softly good friend, take her into your armes.

Nor. Put in the crust again.

Mir. And bring her out there when I am a horseback
My man, and I will tenderly conduct her
Unto the Fort; stay you, and watch what issue,
And what inquirie's for the body.

Nor. Well Sir.

Mir. And when ye have done, come back to me.

Nor. I will.

Mir. Softly, oh softly.

Nor. She grows warmer still Sir.

Col. What shall I do with the Key?

Mir. Thou canst not stir now,

Leave it ith'door, go get the horses ready. *Exeunt.*

Enter Rocca, Mountferrat, Abdella, with a dark Lanthorn.

Roc. The door's already open, the Key in it.

Mount. What were those past by?

Roc. Some scout of Soldiers, I think.

Mount. It may well be so, for I saw their horses:

They saw not us I hope.

Abd. No, no, we were close,

Beside they were far off.

Mount. What time of night is't?

Abd. Much about twelve I think.

Roc. Let me go in first

For by the leaving open of the door here
There may be some body in the Church: give me the

Abd. You'll love me now I hope. (Lanthorne.)

Mount. Make that good to me

Your promise is engaged for.

Abd. Why she is there

Ready prepar'd, and much about this time
Life will look up again.

Roc. Come in all's sure,

Not a foot stirring, nor a tongue.

Mount. Heaven blefs me,

I never enter'd with such unholy thoughts

This place before.

Abd. Ye are a fearful fool,

If men have appetites allow'd 'em,
And warm desires, are there not ends too for 'em?

Mount. Whether shall we carry her?

Roc. Why, to the bark, Sir,

I have provided one already waits us;

The wind stands wondrous fair too for our passage.

Abd. And there when ye have enjoy'd her, for ye have
Let me alone to send her to feed fishes: (that liberty
I'll no more fights for her.

Mount. Where is the monument?

Thou art sure she will awake about this time?

Abd. Most sure, if she be not knockt oth'head: give me
Here 'tis, how is this, the stone off? (the Lanthorn,

Roc. I, and nothing

Within the monument, that's worse; no body

I am sure of that, nor sign of any here,

But an empty Coffin.

Mount. No Lady?

Roc. No, nor Lord Sir,

This Pye has been cut up before.

Abd. Either the Devil

Must do these tricks——

Mount. Or thou, damn'd one, worse;
Thou black swoln pitchy cloud, of all my afflictions:
Thou night hag, gotten when the bright Moon suffer'd:
Thou hell it self confin'd in flesh: what trick now?
Tell me, and tell me quickly what thy mischief
Has done with her, and to what end, and whether
Thou hast remov'd her body, or by this holy place
This Sword shall cut thee into thousand pieces,
A thousand thousand, strow thee ore the Temple
A sacrifice to thy black fire, the Devil.

Rod. Tell him, you see he's angry

Abd. Let him burst,

Neither his sword, nor anger do I shake at,
Nor will yield to feed his poor suspitions,
His idle jealousies, and mad dogs heats
One thought against my self: ye have done a brave deed;
A manly, and a valiant piece of Service:
When ye have kill'd me, reckon't amongst your Battels;
I am sorry ye are so poor, so weak a Gentleman,
Able to stand no fortune: I dispose of her?
My mischief make her away? a likely project,
I must play booty against my self, if any thing cros ye,
I am the devil, and the devils heir,
All plagues, all mischiefs.

Mount. Will ye leave and do yet?

Ab. I have done too much,

Far, far too much, for such a thankless fellow,
If I be devil, you created me;
I never knew those arts, nor bloody practises
(— o' your cunning heart, that mine of mischief)
Before your flatteries won 'em into me.
Here did I leave her, leave her with that certainty
About this hour to wake again.

Mount. Where is she?

This is the last demand.

Ab. Did I now know it,

And were I sure, this were my latest minute,
I would not tell thee: strike, and then I'll curse thee:

Roc. I see a light, stand close, and leave your angers.
We all miscarry else.

Enter Gomera, Page with Torch.

Ab. I am now careles,

Mount. Peace, prethee peace, sweet, peace, all friends.

Abd. Stand close then.

Gom. Wait there Boy, with the light, till I call to
In darkness was my soul and senses clouded (thee:
When my fair Jewel fell, the night of jealousy,
In all her blackness drawn about my judgment:
No light was let into me, to distinguish
Betwixt my suddain anger and her honor,
A blind sad Pilgrimage shall be my pennance,
No comfort of the day will I look up at:
Far darker than my jealous Ignorance
Each place of my aboad shall be my prayers
No ceremonious lights shall set off more:
Bright Armes, and all that carry lustre, life,
Society, and solace, I forsake ye.

And were it not once more to see her beauties,
(For in her bed of death, she must be sweet still,)
And on her cold sad lips seal my repentance;
Thou child of heaven, fair light I could not miss thee.

Mount. I know the tongue, would I were out again.

I have done him too much wrong to look upon him.

Ab. There is no shifting now, boldness, and confidence
Must carry it now away: he is but one neither,
Naked as you are, of a strength far under.

Mount. But he has a cause above me.

Ab. That's as you handle it.

Roc. Peace: he may go again, and never see us.

Gom. I feel I weep apace, but where's the flood,
The torrent of my tears, to drown my fault in?
I would I could now, like a loaden cloud,
Begotten in the moist south, drop to nothing.
Give me the Torch, Boy.

Roc. Now he must discover us.

Ab. He has already, never hide your head
Be bold and brave, if we must dye together.

Gom. Who's there? what friend to sorrow? The Tomb
The Stone off too? the body gone, by— (wide open
Look to the door Boy: keep it fast, who are ye?
What sacrilegious villains? false Mounteferrat,
The wolf to honor, has thy hellish hunger,
Brought thee to tear the body out oth'tomb too?
Has thy foul mind so far wrought on thee? ha,
Are you there too? nay, then I spie a villany
I never dream'd of yet, thou sinful usher
Bred from that rottenness, that bawd to mischief,
Do you blush through all your blackness? will not that hide
Ab. I cannot speak. (it?

Gom. You are well met, with your dam, Sir,
Art thou a Knight? did ever on that sword,
The Christian cause sit nobly? could that hand fight,
Guided by fame, and fortune? that heart inflame thee,
With virtuous fires of valor, to fall off,
Fall off so suddainly, and with such foulness,
As the false Angels did, from all their glory?
Thou art no Knight, honor thou never heard'st of,
Nor brave desires could ever build in that breast.
Treason, and tainted thoughts, are all the Gods
Thou worship'st, all the strength thou hadst, and fortune;
Thou didst things out of fear, and false heart, villain
Out of close traps and treacheries, they have raised thee.

Mount. Thou rav'st old man.

Gom. Before thou get'st off from me,
Hast thou the glory of thy first fights on thee
Which thou hast basely lost, thy noblest fortunes,
And in their greatest lustres, I would make thee,
Before we part, confes, nay, kneel, and do it,
Nay, crying kneel, coldly, for mercy, crying:
Thou art the recreant'st Rogue, time ever nourish'd,
Thou art a dog, I will make thee swear, a dog
A mangy Cur-dog; do you creep behind the Altar?
Look how it sweats, to shelter such a rascal;
First, with thy venemous tooth infect her chaste life,
And then not dare to do; next, rob her rest,
Steal her dead body out oth'grave.

Mount. I have not.

Gom. Prethee come out, this is no place to quarrel in,
Valiant Mountferrat come,

Mount. I will not stir.

Gom. Thou hast thy sword about thee,
That good sword, that never faill'd thee: prethee come,
We'll have but five stroaks for it; on, on Boy,
Here's one would fain be acquainted with thee,
Would wondrous fain cleave that Calves-head of yours Sir,
Come, prethee let's dispatch, the Moon shines finely:
Prethee be kill'd by me, thou wilt be hang'd else,
But it may be, thou long'st to be hang'd.

Roc. Out with him, Sir,
You shall have my sword too: when he's dispatch'd once,
We have the world before us.

Gom. Wilt thou walk fellow,
I never knew a Rogue, hang arse-ward so,
And such a desperate knave too.

Ab. Pray go with him,
Something I'll promise too,

Mount. You would be kill'd then?
No remedy; I see,

Gom. If thou dar'st do it?

Mount. Yes, now I dare; lead out, I'll follow presently
Under the Mount I'll meet ye.

Gom. Go before me,
I'll have ye in a string too.

Mount. As I am a Gentleman,
And by this holy place I will not fail thee,
Fear not, thou shalt be kill'd, take my word for it
I will not fail.

Gom. If thou scap'st thou hast Cats luck.

The Mount?

Mount. The same: make hast, I am there before else.

Gom. Go get ye home; now if he scape I am a Coward.

Mount. Well, now I am resolv'd, and he shall find it.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Miranda, Lucinda, Collonna.

Mir. How is it with the Lady?

Luc. Sir, as well

As it can be with one, who feeling knowes now
What is the curse the divine justice lay'd
On the first sinful woman.

Mir. Is she in travel?

Luc. Yes sir; and yet the troubles of her mind
Afflict her more, than what her body suffers,
For in the extremity of her pain, she cryes out,
Why am I here? Where is my Lord Gomera,
Then sometimes names Miranda, and then sighes,
As if to speak, what questionless she loves well,
If heard, might do her injury.

Col. Heavens sweet mercy

Look gently on her,

Mir. Prethee tell her, my Prayers
Are present with her, and good wench provide
That she want nothing: what's thy name?

Luc. Lucinda.

Mir. Lucinda? there's a prosperous omen in it,
Be a Lucina to her, and bring word
That she is safe delivered of her burthen,
And thy reward's thy liberty: come Collonna,
We will go see how th'Engineer has mounted
The Cannon the great Master sent, be careful
To view the works, and learn the discipline
That is us'd here: I am to leave the world
And for your service, which I have found faithful,
The charge that's mine, if I have any power
Hereafter may concern you.

Col. I still find

A noble Master in you,

Mir. 'Tis but justice,
Thou do'st deserve it in thy care, and duty. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Gomera, Mountferrat, Rocca, Abdella, with a Pistol.

Gom. Here's even ground, I'll stir no foot beyond it,
Before I have thy head.

Mount. Draw Rocca.

Gom. Coward,
Hath inward guilt, robb'd thee as well of courage
As honesty? that without odds thou dar'st not
Answer a single Enemy?

Mount. All advantage
That I can take, expect.

Roc. We know you are valiant,
Nor do we purpose to make farther trial
Of what you can do now: but to dispatch you.

Mount. And therefore fight, and pray together,
Gom. Villains;

Whose baseness, all disgraceful words made one,
Cannot expres; so strong is the good cause
That seconds me, that you shall feel, with horror
To your proud hopes, what strength is in that arm,
Though old, that holds a sword made sharp by justice.

Ab. You come then here, to prate? fight.

Mount. Help Rocca, now,
Or I am lost for ever; how comes this?
Are villany and weakness twyns?

Roc. I am gone too.

Gom. You shall not scape me, wretches;

Ab. I must do it,

All will go wrong else.

shoots him.

Com. Treacherous bloody woman,
What hast thou done?

Ab. Done a poor womans part,
And in an instant, what these men so long
Stood fooling for.

Mount. This ayd was unexpected,
I kiss thee for't,

Roc. His right arms only shot,
And that compell'd him to forsake his sword,
He's else unwounded.

Mount. Cut his throat.

Ab. Forbear.

Yet do not hope 'tis with intent to save thee.
But that thou mayst live to thy farther torment,
To see who triumphs over thee: come *Mountferrat*,
Here join thy foot to mine, and let our hearts
Meet with our hands, the contract that is made
And cemented with blood, as this of ours is,
Is a more holy sanction, and much surer,
Than all the superstitious ceremonies
You *Christians* use.

Enter Norandine.

Roc. Who's this?

Mount. Betray'd again?

Nor. By the report it made, and by the wind
The Pistol was discharg'd here.

Gom. *Norandine.*

As ever thou lov'st valor, or wear'st Arms
To punish baseness, shew it.

Nor. O the devil,

Gomera wounded, and my *Brache black beauty*
An actor in it?

Ab. If thou strik'st, I'll shoot thee.

Nor. How? fright me with your Pot-gun? what art thou?
Good heaven, the Rogue, the traytor rogue *Mountferrat*,
To swinge the nest of you, is a sport unlook'd for,
Hels — consume you.

Mount. As thou art a man,
I am wounded, give me time to answer thee.

Gom. Durst thou urge this? this hand can hold a sword yet.

Nor. Well done: to see this villain, makes my hurts
Bleed fresh again, but had I not a bone whole,
In such a cause I should do thus, thus Rascals.

Enter Corporal and watch.

Cor. Disarm them, and shoot any that resists.

Gom. Hold Corporal; I am *Gomera*,

Nor. 'Tis well yet, that once in an age you can
Remember what you watch for: I had thought
You had again been making out your parties
For sucking piggs.

'Tis well:

Nor. As you will answer

The contrary with your lives, see these forth coming.

Cor. That we shall do.

Nor. You bleed apace: good Soldiers
Go help him to a Surgeon,

Roc. Dare the worst,
And suffer like your self.

Ab. From me learn courage.

Nor. Now for *Miranda*, this news will beto him
As welcome as 'tis unexpected: Corporal,
There's something for thy care to night; my horse there.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Oriana, and Lucinda.

Ori. How do's my Boy?

Luc. Oh, wondrous lusty Madam,
A little Knight already: you shall live
To see him to'ss a *Turk*.

Ori. Gentle *Lucinda*,
Much must I thank thee for thy care, and service.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, Colonna.

And may I grow but strong to see *Valetta*,
My husband, and my brother, thou shalt find
I will not barely thank thee.

Mir. Look Captain, we must ride away this morning
The Auberge sits to day, and the great Master
Writes plainly, I must or deliver in
(The year expir'd) my probation weed,
Or take the Cloak: you likewise *Norandine*
For your full service, and your last assistance
In false *Mountferrats* apprehension
Are here commanded to associate me; my twin in this high
honor.

Nor. I'll none on't: do they think to bind me to live
chast, sober, and temperately, all days of my life? they
may as soon tye an *Englishman* to live so; I shall be a
sweet *Dane*, a sweet Captain, go up and down drinking
small beer, and swearing 'ods neagues, no, I'll live
a Squire at Arms still, and do thou so too; and thou
bee'st wife: I have found the mystery now, why the Gen-
tlemen wear but three bars of the cross, and the Knights
the whole one.

Mir. Why Captain?

Nor. Marry Sir, to put us in remembrance, we are but
three quarters cross'd in our licence, and pleasures: but
the poor Knights cross'd altogether; the brothers at
Arms, may yet meet with their Sisters at Arms, now
and then, in brotherly love; but the poor Knights can-
not get a Lady for love, nor money: 'tis not so in other
Countries I wis, pray haste you, for I'll along, and see
what will come on't. *Exit.*

Mir. *Colonna*, provide strait, all necessaries
For this remove, the Lytter for the Lady,
And let *Lucinda* bear her company,
You shall attend on me.

Col. With all my duties

Mir. How fare you gracious Mistris? *Exit.*

Ori. O *Miranda*.

You pleas'd to honor me with that fair title
When I was free, and could dispose my self;
But now, no smile, no word, no look, no touch
Can I impart to any, but as theft
From my *Gomera*, and who dares accept,
Is an usurper.

Mir. Leave us; I have touch'd thee,
(Thou fairer virtue, than thou'rt beautiful)
Hold but this test, so rich an ore was never
Tryed by the hand of man, on the vast earth:
Sit brightest *Oriana*, is it sin
Still to profess I love you, still to vow
I shall do ever? heaven my witness be,
'Tis not your eye, your cheek, your tongue, no part
That superficially doth snare young men,
Which has caught me; read over in your thoughts
The story that this man hath made of you,
And think upon his merit.

Ori. Only thought

Can comprehend it.

Mir. And can you be so
Cruel, thankless, to destroy his youth
That sav'd your honor, gave you double life?
Your own, and your fair Infants? that when fortune
(The blind foe to all beauty, that is good,)
Bandied you from one hazard to another,
Was even heavens Messenger, by providence
Call'd to the Temple, to receive you there,
Into these Arms, to give ease to your throwes,
As if't had thunder'd; take thy due *Miranda*,
For she was thine; *Gomera's* jealousie
Struck death unto thy heart; to him be dead,
And live to me, that gave thee second life:
Let me but now enjoy thee: Oh regard
The torturing fires of my affections.

Ori. Oh master them, *Miranda*, as I mine;
Who follows his desires, such tyrants serves
As will oppress him insupportably.
My flames, *Miranda*, rise as high as thine,
For I did love thee 'fore my marriage,
Yet would I now consent, or could I think
Thou wert in earnest, (which by all the souls
That have (for chastity) been sanctified
I cannot) in a moment I do know
Thou'dst call fair temperance up to rule thy blood,
Thy eye was ever chaste, thy countenance too honest,
And all thy wooings was like Maidens talk;
Who yieldeth unto pleasures, and to lust
Is a poor captive, that in Golden Fetters
(And pretious (as he thinks) but holding gyves)
Frets out his life.

Mir. Find such another woman,
And take her for his labour, any man:

Ori. I was not worthy of thee, at my best,
Heaven knew I was not, I had had thee else;
Much less now gentle Sir; *Miranda's* deeds
Have been as white as *Oriana's* fame,
From the beginning to this point of time,
And shall we now begin to stain both thus?
Think on the legend which we two shall breed
Continuing as we are, for chasteest dames
And boldest Soldiers to peruse and read,
I and read thorough, free from any act
To cause the modest cast the book away,
And the most honour'd Captain fold it up.

Mir. Fairest; let go my hand: my pulse beats thick,
And my mov'd blood, rides high in every vein,
Lord of thy self now, Soldier, and ever:
I would not for *Aleppo*, this frail Bark,
This bark of flesh, no better steers-man had
Than has *Mountferrat's*: may you kiss me, Lady?

Ori. No; though't be no essential injury,
It is a circumstance due to my Lord,
To none else: and my dearest friend, if hands
Playing together, kindle heat in you,
What may the game at Lips provoke unto?

Mir. Oh what a tongue is here? whil'st she doth teach
My heart to hate my fond unlawful love,
She talks me more in love, with love to her,
My fires she quenches with her arguments,
But as she breathes 'em, they blow fresher fires.
Sit further: now my flame cools; Husband, Wife,
There is some holy mystery in those names
That sure the unmarried cannot understand.

Ori. Now thou art strait, and dost enamour me,
So far beyond a carnal earthly love;
My very soul doats on thee, and my spirits
Do embrace thine, my mind doth thy mind kiss,
And in this pure conjunction we enjoy
A heavenlier pleasure than if bodies met:
This, this is perfect love, the other short,
Yet languishing fruition, every Swain
And sweating Groom may clasp, but ours refin'd

Two in ten ages cannot reach unto;
Nor is our spiritual love, a barren joy,
For mark what blessed issue we'll beget,
Dearer than children to posterity,
A great example to mens continence,
And womens chastity, that is a child
More fair and comfortable, than any heir.

Mir. If all wives were but such, lust would not find
One corner to inhabit, sin would be
So strange, remission superfluous:
But one petition, I have done.

Ori. What (Sweet)

Mir. To call me Lord, if the hard hand of death
Seize on *Gomera* first.

Ori. Oh, much too worthy;
How much you undervalue your own price,
To give your unbought self, for a poor woman,
That has been once sold, us'd, and lost her show?
I am a garment worn, a vessel crack'd,
A Zone unti'd, a Lilly trode upon,
A fragrant Flower cropt by another hand,
My colour sully'd, and my odor's chang'd,
If when I was new blossom'd, I did fear
My self unworthy of *Miranda's* spring:
Thus over-blown, and feeded, I am rather
Fit to adorn his Chimney, than his bed.

Mir. Rise miracle: save *Malta*, with thy virtue,
If words could make me proud, how has she spoke,
Yet I will try her to the very block:
Hard-hearted, and uncivil *Oriana*,
Ingrateful payer of my Industries,
That with a soft painted hypocrisie
Cozen'st, and jeer'st my perturbation,
Expect a witty, and a fell revenge:
My comfort is, all men will think thee false,
Beside thy Husband having been thus long
(On this occasion) in my Fort, and power.

Enter Nor. Collonna, & Lucinda, with a Child.

I'll hear no more words: Captain, let's away
With all care see to her: and you *Lucinda*
Attend her diligently: she is a wonder.

Nor. Have you found she was well deliver'd:
What, had she a good Midwife, is all well?

Mir. You are merry *Norandine*.

Luc. Why weep you, Lady?

Ori. Take the poor Babe along.

Col. Madam, 'tis here.

Ori. Dissembling death, why didst thou let me live
To see this change, my greatest cause to grieve? *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Astorius, Castriot, Valetta, Gomera, Synnet, Knights,
two Bishops, Mountferrat guarded by Corporal and Soldi-
ers, Abdella, a Gentleman with a Cloak, sword, and Spurs:
Gomera.

Val. A tender Husband hast thou shew'd thy self
My dearest brother, and thy memory
After my life in brazen Characters;
Shall monumentally be register'd
To ages consequent, till times running hand,
Beats back the world, to undistinguish'd *Chaos*,
And on the top of that thy name shall stand
Fresh, and without decay.

Gom. Oh honor'd Sir!
If hope of this, or any bliss to come,
Could lift my load of grief off from my soul,
Or expiate the trespass 'gainst my wife,
That in one hours suspicion I begat,
I might be won to be a man again,
And fare like other Husbands, sleep and eat,
Laugh, and forget my pleasing penitence;

But till old nature can make such a wife
Again, I vow ne'r to resume the order
And habits that to men are necessary,
All breath I'll spend in sighs, all sound in groans,
And know no company but my wailing moans.

Ast. This will be wilful murder on your self,
Nor like a Christian do you bear the chance
Which th' inscrutable Will of Heaven admits.

Gom. What would you have my weakness do, that
Suffer'd it self thus to be practis'd on,
By a damn'd hell-hound, and his agent dam,
The impious Midwife, to abortive births,
And cruel instrument to his decrees?
By forgery they first assail'd her life,
Heaven playing with us yet, in that, he wrought
My dearest friend, the servant to her virtue
To combat me, against his Mistress truth.
That yet effectless, this enchanting Witch,
Bred baneful jealousy against my Lady,
My most immaculate Lady, which seiz'd on her
Almost to death: Oh yet! not yet content,
She in my hand put (to restore her life
As I imagin'd) what did execute
Their devilish malice, farther, great with child,
Was this poor innocent, that too was lost,
They doubled death upon her, not staying there,
They have done violence unto her Tomb,
Not granting rest unto her in the grave:
I wish *Miranda* had enjoy'd my prize;
For sure I'm punish'd for usurping her,
Oh what a Tyger is resisted Lust?
How it doth forrage all?

Mount. Part of this tale

I grant you true; but 'twas not poison given her?

Ab. I would it had, we had been far enough,
If we had been so wise, and had not now
Stood curtesing for your mercies here.

Mount. Beside,

What is become o'th' body? we know not.

Val. Peace impudence,
And dear *Gomera* practise patience
As I my self must, by some means at last
We shall dissolve this Riddle.

Gom. Wherefore comes
This villain in this festival array,
As if he triumph'd for his treachery?

Cast. That is by our appointment: give us leave,
You shall know why anon.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, Collona.

Val. One of the *Esquard*.

Esg. The Gentlemen are come.

Val. Truce then awhile,
With our sad thoughts; what are you both resolv'd?

Nor. Not I my Lord, your down-right Captain still
I'll live, and serve you, not that altogether
I want compunction of conscience,
I have enough to save me, and that's all,
Bar me from drink, and drabs, ev'n hang me too,
You must ev'n make your Captains Capons first,
I have too much flesh for this spiritual Knighthood,
And therefore do desire forbearance, Sir,
Till I am older, or more mortifi'd,
I am too sound yet,

Val. What say you *Miranda*?

Mir. With all pure zeal to Heaven, duty to you,
I come to undergo it.

Val. Proceed to th' ceremony.

Gom. Before you match with this bright honor'd title,
Admir'd *Miranda*, pardon what in thought
I ever did transgress against your virtue;
And may you find more joy with your new Bride
Than poor *Gomera* e'r enjoy'd with his,

But 'twas mine own crime, and I suffer for't:
Long wear your dignity, and worthily,
Whilst I obscurely in some corner vanish.

Mir. Have stronger thoughts, and better, first I crave
According to the order of the Court
I may dispose my Captives, and the Fort,
That with a clean and purified heart
The fittier I may endue my Robe.

All. 'Tis granted.

Enter Oriana veil'd, Ladies, Lucinda, Child.

Mir. Bring the Captives. To your charge
And staid tuition, my most noble friend;
I then commend this Lady; start not off
A fairer, and a chaster never liv'd;
By her own choice you are her Guardian,
For telling her I was to leave my Fort,
And to abandon quite all worldly cares.
Her own request was, to *Gomera's* hands
She might be given in custody, for sh'ad heard
He was a Gentleman wife, and temperate,
Full of humanity to Women-kind,
And 'cause he had been married, knew the better
How to entreat a Lady.

Val. What Countrey-woman is she?

Mir. Born a *Greek*.

Val. *Gomera*, 'twill be barbarous to denie
A Lady, that unto your refuge flies,
And seeks to throwd her under virtues wing.

Gom. Excuse me noble Sir; oh think me not
So dull a devil, to forget the loss
Of such a matchless wife as I possess'd,
And ever to endure the sight of woman:
Were she the abstract of her sex for form,
The only warehouse of perfection.
Were there no *Rose* nor *Lilly* but her Cheek,
No *Musick* but her tongue, *Virtue* but hers;
She must not rest near me, my vow is graven,
Here in my heart, irrevocably breath'd
And when I break it.

Ast. This is rudeness *Spaniard*,
Unseasonably you play the *Timonist*,
Put on a disposition is not yours,
Which neither fits you, nor becomes you.

Gom. Sir.

Cast. We cannot force you, but we would persuade.

Gom. Beseech you Sir, no more, I am resolv'd
To forsake *Malta*, tread a pilgrimage
To fair *Jerusalem*, for my Ladies soul,
And will not be diverted.

Mir. You must bear
This Child along w'ye then.

Gom. What Child?

All. How's this?

Mir. Nay then *Gomera*, thou art injurious,
This Child is thine, and this rejected Lady
Thou hast as often known, as thine own wife,
And this I'll make good on thee, with my sword.

Gom. Thou durst as well blaspheme: if such a scandal—
(I crave the rights due to a Gentleman)
Woman unvail.

Ori. Will you refuse me yet?

Gom. My Wife!

Val. My Sister!

Gom. Some body, thank Heaven
I cannot speak.

All. All praise be ever given:

Mount. This saves our lives, yet would she had been dead;
The very sight of her afflicts me more
Than fear of punishment, or my disgrace.

Val. How came you to the Temple?

Mir. Sir, to do

My poor devotions, and to offer thanks

For scaping a temptation near perform'd
With this fair Virgin. I restore a wife
Earth cannot parallel: and busie nature
If thou wilt still make women, but remember
To work 'em by this sampler; take heed, Sir,
Henceforth you never doubt, Sir.

Gom. When I do
Death take me suddainly.

Mir. To increase your happiness
To your best wife take this addition.

Gom. Alack my poor knave.

Val. The confession
The Moor made 't seems was truth.

Nor. Marry was it Sir; the only truth that ever issued out
of hell, which her black jawes resemble; a plague o' your
bacon-face, you must be giving drinks with a vengeance;
ah thou branded bitch: do' ye stare goggles, I hope to make
winter-boots o' thy hide yet, she fears not damning: hell
fire cannot parch her blacker than she is: d' ye grin, chim-
ney-sweeper.

Ori. What is't *Miranda*?

Mir. That you would please *Lucinda* might attend you.

Col. That suit Sir, I consent not to.

Luc. My husband?
My dearest *Angelo*?

Nor. More *Figgam-bobs*; is not this the fellow that swom
Like a duck to th' shore in our sea-service?

Col. The very same, do not you know me now, Sir,
My name is *Angelo*, though *Colonna* vail'd it,
Your Countrey-man and kinsman born in *Florence*,
Who from the neighbor-Island here of *Goza*
Was captive led, in that unfortunate day
When the *Turk* bore with him three thousand souls;
Since in *Constantinople* have I liv'd
Where I beheld this *Turkish* Damsel first.
A tedious suitor was I for her love,
And pitying such a beauteous case should hide
A foul prophan'd with infidelity,
I labour'd her conversion with my love,
And doubly won her; to fair faith her soul
She first betroth'd, and then her faith to me,
But fearful there to consummate this contract
We fled, and in that flight were ta'en again
By those same Gallies, 'fore *Valetta* fought.
Since in your service I attended her,
Where, what I saw, and heard, hath joy'd me more
Than all my past afflictions griev'd before.

Val. Wonders crown wonders: take thy wife *Miranda*.
Be henceforth called our *Malta's* better Angel,
And thou her evil *Mountferrat*.

Nor. We'll call him *Cacodemon*, with his black gib there,
his *Succuba*, his devils seed, his spawn of *Phlegeton*, that
o' my conscience was bred o' the spume of *Cocitus*; do ye
snarle you black Jill? she looks like the Picture of *America*.

Val. Why stay we now.

Mir. This last petition to the Court,
I may bequeath the keeping of my Fort
To this my kinsman, toward the maintenance
Of him, and his fair virtuous wife; discreet,
Loyal, and valiant I dare give him you.

Val. You must not ask in vain, Sir.

Col. My best thanks
To you my noble Cousin, and my service
To the whole Court; may I deserve this bounty.

Val. Proceed to th' ceremony, one of our *Esquard*
Degrade *Mountferrat* first.

Mount. I will not sue
For mercy, 'twere in vain; fortune thy worst.

Musick.

*An Altar discover'd, with Tapers, and a Book on it. The two
Bishops stand on each side of it; Mountferrat, as the Song
is singing, ascends up the Altar.*

*See, see, the stain of honor, virtues foe,
Of Virgins fair fames, the foul overbrow,
That broken hath his oath of chastity
Dishonor'd much this holy dignity,
Off with his Robe, expell him forth this place,
Whilst we rejoyce, and sing at his disgrace.*

Val. Since by thy actions thou hast made thy self
Unworthy of that worthy sign thou wear'st,
And of our sacred order, into which
For former virtues we receiv'd thee first,
According to our Statutes, Ordinances,
For praise unto the good, a terror to
The bad, and an example to all men;
We here deprive thee of our habit, and
Declare thee unworthy our society,
From which we do expell thee, as a rotten
Corrupted and contagious member.

Esq. Using th' authority th' Superior
Hath given unto me, I untie this knot,
And take from thee the pleasing yolk of heaven:
We take from off thy breast this holy cross
Which thou hast made thy burthen, not thy prop;
Thy spurs we spoil thee of, leaving thy heels;
Pare of thy honor, that have kick'd against
Our Orders precepts: next we reave thy sword,
And give thee armless to thy enemies,
For being foe to goodness, and to Heaven,
Last, 'bout thy stiffneck, we this halter hang,
And leave thee to the mercy of thy Court.

Val. Invest *Miranda*.

S O N G.

*Fair child of virtue, honors bloom
That here with burning zeal dost come
With joy to ask the white cross cloak,
And yield unto this pleasing yolk,
That being young, vows chastity,
And choos'est wilful poverty;
As this flame mounts, so mount thy zeal, thy glory
Rise past the Stars, and fix in Heaven thy story.*

1 Bish. Whar crave you, gentle Sir?

Mir. Humble admittance

To be a brother of the holy Hospital
Of great *Jerusalem*.

2 Bish. Breathe out your vow.

Mir. To heaven, and all the bench of Saints above
Whose succor I implore t' enable me,
I vow henceforth a chaste life, not to enjoy
Any thing proper to my self; obedience
To my superiors, whom Religion,
And Heaven shall give me: ever to defend
The virtuous fame of Ladies, and to oppugne
Even unto death the *Christian* enemy,
This do I vow to accomplish.

Esq. Who can tell,
Has he made other vow, or promis'd marriage
To any one, or is in servitude?

All. He's free from all these.

1 Bish. Put on his spurs, and girt him with the sword,
The scourge of Infidels, and tipes of speed.
Buildst thy faith on this?

Mir. On him that dy'd
On such a sacred figure, for our sins.

2 Bish. Here, then we fix it on thy left side, for
Thy increase of faith, *Christian* defence, and service
To th' poor, and thus near to thy heart we plant it
That thou maist love it even with all thy heart,

With thy right hand protect, preserve it whole,
 For if thou fighting 'gainst heavens enemies
 Shalt flie away, abandoning the cross
 The Ensign of thy holy General,
 With shame thou justly shalt be robb'd of it
 Chas'd from our company, and cut away
 As an infectious putrified limb,

Mir. I ask no favour.

Bish. Then receive the yoke
 Of him that makes it sweet, and light, in which,
 Thy soul find her eternal rest.

Val. Most welcome.

All. Welcome, our noble Brother.

Val. Break up the Court; *Mountferrat*, though your deeds

Conspiring 'gainst the lives of innocents
 Hath forfeited your own, we will not stain
 Our white cross with your blood: your doom is then
 To marry this coagent of your mischiefs
 Which done, we banish you the continent,
 If either, after three daies here be found
 The hand of Law laies hold upon your lives.

Nor. Away *French* stallion, now you have a *Barbary* mare
 of your own, go leap her, and engender young devillings.

Val. We will find something, noble *Norandine*

To quit your merit: so to civil feasts,
 According to our customs; and all pray
 The dew of grace, bless our new Knight to day.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

Loves Cure, or the Martial Maid

A COMEDY.

The Persons Represented in the Play.

Assistant, or Governor	Pachieco, a Cobler
Vitelli, a young Gentleman, enemy to Alvarez,	Mendoza, a Botcher, } of worship.
Lamoral, a fighting Gallant, friend to Vitelli.	Metaldie, a Smith, }
Anastro, an honest Gentleman, friend to Vitelli,	Lazarillo, Pachieco his hungry servant
Don Alvarez, a noble Gent. Father to Lucio, and Clara.	Bobbadilla, a witty knave, servant to Eugenia, and
Siavedra, a friend to Alvarez.	Steward vant to Alvarez.
Lucio, Son to Alvarez, a brave young Gent. in womans habit.	Herald,
Alguazeir, a sharking panderly Constable.	Officer.

WOMEN.

Eugenia, a virtuous Lady, wife to Don Alvarez.	Genevora, Sister to Vitelli, in love with Lucio.
Clara, Daughter to Eugenia, a martial Maid, valiant and chaste, enamoured of Vitelli.	Malroda, a wanton Mistress of Vitelli.

The Scene Sevil.

A PROLOGUE

At the reviving of this PLAY.

C *Tatnes and Pictures challenge price and fame;*
If they can justly boast, and prove they came
From Phidias or Apelles. None denie,
Poets and Painters hold a sympathy;
Yet their works may decay, and lose their grace,
Receiving blemish in their Limbs or Face.
When the Minds Art has this preheminnence,
she still retaineth her first excellence.
Then why should not this dear Piece be esteem'd
Child to the richest fancies that e'r teem'd?

When not their meanest off-spring, that came forth,
but bore the image of their Fathers worth.
Beaumonts, and Fletchers, whose desert out-wayes
The best applause, and their least sprig of Boyes
Is worth Phæbus; and who comes to gather
their fruits of wit, he shall not rob the treasure.
Nor can you ever surfeit of the plenty,
Nor can you call them rare, though they be dainty.
The more you take, the more you do them right,
And we will thank you for your own delight.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, Anastro.

Vit. Alvarez pardon'd?
 Ana. And return'd
 Lamo. I saw him land
 At St. Lucars, and such a general welcome,
 Fame as harbinger to his brave actions,
 Had with the easie people, prepar'd for him,

As if by his command alone, and fortune
 Holland, with those low Provinces, that hold out
 Against the Arch-Duke, were again compell'd
 With their obedience to give up their lives
 To be at his Devotion.

Vit. You amaze me,
 For though I have heard, that when he fled from Sevil

To save his life (than forfeited to Law
For murthering Don *Pedro* my dear Uncle)
His extrem wants enforce'd him to take pay
I'th' Army, fate down then before *Ostend*,
'Twas never yet reported, by whose favour
He durst presume to entertain a thought
Of coming home with pardon.

Ana. 'Tis our nature
Or not to hear, or not to give belief
To what we wish far from our enemies.

Lam. Sir, 'tis most certain, the *Infanta's* Letters
Assisted by the Arch-Dukes, to King *Philip*,
Have not alone secur'd him from the rigor
Of our *Casilian* Justice, but return'd him
A free man and in grace.

Vit. By what curs'd means
Could such a fugitive arise unto
The knowledge of their Highnesses? much more
(Though known) to stand but in the least degree
Of favour with them?

Lam. To give satisfaction
To your demand, though to praise him I hate,
Can yield me small contentment, I will tell you,
And truly, since should I detract his worth,
'Twould argue want of merit in my self.
Briefly to pass his tedious pilgrimage
For sixteen years, a banish'd guilty man,
And to forget the storms, th' affrights, the horrors
His constancy, not fortune, overcame,
I bring him, with his little son, grown man
(Though 'twas said here, he took a Daughter with him)
To *Ostend's* bloody siege that stage of war,
Wherein the flower of many Nations acted,
And the whole Christian world spectators were;
There by his Son, or were he by adoption,
Or nature his, a brave Scene was presented,
Which I make choice to speak of, since from that
The good success of *Alvarez*, had beginning.

Vit. So I love virtue in an enemy
That I desire in the relation of
This young mans glorious deed, you'd keep your self
A friend to truth, and it.

Lam. Such was my purpose;
The Town being oft assaulted, but in vain,
To dare the proud defendents to a sally,
Weary of ease, Don *Inigo Peralta*,
Son to the General of our *Catiline* forces,
All arm'd, advanc'd within shot of their Walls,
From whence the Musquetiers plaid thick upon him,
Yet he (brave youth) as careless of the danger,
As careful of his honor, drew his sword,
And waving it about his head; as if
He dar'd one spirited like himself, to trial
Of single valor, he made his retreat
With such a slow, and yet majestique pace,
As if he still call'd loud, dare none come on?
When sodainly, from a postern of the Town
Two gallant horsemen issued, and o'ertook him,
The Army looking on, yet not a man
That durst relieve the rash adventurer,
Which *Lucio*, son to *Alvarez* then seeing,
As in the Vant-guard he fate bravely mounted,
Or were it pity of the youths misfortune,
Care to preserve the honor of his Countrey,
Or bold desire to get himself a name,
He made his brave Horse like a whirlwind bear him,
Among the Combatants: and in a moment
Discharg'd his Petronel, with such sure aim
That of the adverse party from his horse,
One tumbled dead, then wheeling round, and drawing
A Faulcion, swift as lightning he came on
Upon the other, and with one strong blow,
In view of the amazed Town, and Camp,
He struck him dead, and brought *Peralta* off

With double honor to himself.

Vit. 'Twas brave:
But the success of this?

Lam. The Camp receiv'd him
With acclamations of joy and welcome;
And for addition to the fair reward
Being a massy chain of Gold given to him
By young *Peralta's* Father, he was brought
To the *Infanta's* presence, kiss'd her hand,
And from that Lady, (greater in her goodness
Than her high birth) had this encouragement:
Go on young man; yet not to feed thy valour
With hope of recompence to come, from me,
For present satisfaction of what's past,
Ask any thing that's fit for me to give,
And thee to take, and be assur'd of it.

Ana. Excellent Princess.

Vit. And stil'd worthily
The heart-bloud, nay the Soul of Soldiers.
But what was his request?

Lam. That the repeal
Of *Alvarez* makes plain: he humbly begg'd
His Fathers pardon, and so movingly
Told the sad story of your Uncles death
That the *Infanta* wept, and instantly
Granting his suit, working the Arch-Duke to it,
Their Letters were directed to the King,
With whom they so prevail'd, that *Alvarez*
Was freely pardon'd.

Vit. 'Tis not in the King
To make that good.

Ana. Not in the King? what subject
Dares contradict his power?

Vit. In this I dare,
And will: and not call his prerogative
In question, nor presume to limit it.
I know he is Master of his Laws,
And may forgive the forfeits made to them,
But not the injury done to my honor;
And since (forgetting my brave Uncles merits
And many services, under Duke *D'Alva*)
He suffers him to fall, wresting from Justice
The powerful sword, that would revenge his death,
I'll fill with this *Astrea's* empty hand,
And in my just wreak, make this arm the Kings,
My deadly hate to *Alvarez*, and his house,
Which as I grew in years, hath still encreas'd,
As if it call'd on time to make me man,
Slept while it had no object for her fury
But a weak woman, and her talk'd of Daughter:
But now, since there are quarries, worth her fight
Both in the father, and his hopeful son,
I'll boldly cast her off, and gorge her full
With both their hearts: to further which, your friendship,
And oaths: will your assistance, let your deeds
Make answer to me: useles are all words
Till you have writ performance with your swords.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Bobadilla and Lucio.

Luc. Go fetch my work: this Ruffe was not well starch'd,
So tell the maid, 't has too much blew in it,
And look you that the Partridge and the Pullen
Have clean meat, and fresh water, or my Mother
Is like to hear on't,

Bob. Oh good *St. Jaques* help me: was there ever such
an Hermaphrodite heard of? would any wench living, that
should hear and see what I do, be wrought to believe, that
the best of a man lies under this Petticoat, and that a Cod-
piece were far fitter here, than a Pinn'd Placket?

Luc. You had best talk filthily: do; I have a tongue

To

To tell my Mother, as well as ears to hear
Your ribaldry.

Bob. Nay you have ten womens tongues that way I am sure: why my young Master or Mistrifs, Madam, Don, or what you will, what the devil have you to do with Pullen, or Partridge? or to sit pricking on a clout all day? you have a better needle, I know, and might make better work, if you had grace to use it.

Luc. Why, how dare you speak this before me, sirrah?

Bob. Nay rather, why dare not you do what I speak? — though my Lady your mother, for fear of *Vielli* and his faction, hath brought you up like her Daughter, and has kept you these 20 years, which is ever since you were born, a close prisoner within doors, yet since you are a man, and are as well provided as other men are, methinks you should have the same motions of the flesh, as other Cavaliers of us are inclin'd unto

Luc. Indeed you have cause to love those wanton motions, They having hope you to an excellent whipping, For doing something, I but put you in mind of it, With the *Indian Maid*, the Governor sent my mother From *Mexico*.

Bob. Why, I but taught her a *Spanish* trick in charity, and holpe the King to a subject that may live to take *Grave Maurice* prisoner, and that was more good to the State, than a thousand such as you are ever like to doe: and I will tell you, (in a fatherly care of the Infant I speak it) if he live (as blest the babe, in passion I remember him) to your years, shall he spend his time in pinning, painting, purling, and perfuming as you do? no, he shall to the wars, use his *Spanish Pike*, though with the danger of the lash, as his father has done, and when he is provoked, as I am now, draw his *Toledo* desperately, as —

Luc. You will not kill me? oh.

Bob. I knew this would silence him: how he hides his eyes? If he were a wench now, as he seems, what an advantage Had I, drawing two *Toledo's*, when one can do this? But oh me, my Lady: I must put up: young Master I did but jest: Oh custom, what hast thou made of him?

Enter Eugenia and Servants.

Eug. For bringing this, be still my friend; no more A servant to me.

Bob. What's the matter?

Eug. Here,

Even here, where I am happy to receive Assurance of my *Alvarez* return, I will kneel down: and may those holy thoughts That now possess me wholly, make this place A Temple to me, where I may give thanks For this unhop'd for blessing Heavens kind hand Hath pour'd upon me.

Luc. Let my duty Madam Presume, if you have cause of joy, to intreat I may share in it.

Bob. 'Tis well, he has forgot how I frighted him yet.

Eug. Thou shalt: but first kneel with me *Lucio*, No more *Posthumia* now, thou hast a Father, A Father living to take off that name, Which my too credulous fears, that he was dead, Bestow'd upon thee: thou shalt see him *Lucio* And make him young again, by seeing thee, Who only hadst a being in my Womb When he went from me, *Lucio*: Oh my joyes, So far transport me, that I must forget The ornaments of Matrons, modesty, And grave behaviour; but let all forgive me If in th' expression of my soul's best comfort Though old, I do a while forget mine age And play the wanton in the entertainment Of those delights I have so long despair'd of.

Luc. Shall I then see my Father?

Eug. This hour *Lucio*;

Which reckon the beginning of thy life I mean that life, in which thou shalt appear To be such as I brought thee forth, a man, This womanish disguise, in which I have So long conceal'd thee, thou shalt now cast off, And change those qualities thou didst learn from me, For masculine virtues, for which seek no tutor, But let thy fathers actions be thy precepts; And for thee *Zancho*, now expect reward For thy true service.

Bob. Shall I? you hear fellow *Stephano*, learn to know me more respectfully; how dost thou think I shall become the Stewards chair, ha? will not these slender hanches show well with a chain, and a gold night-Cap after supper, when I take the accompts?

Eug. Hast, and take down those Blacks with which my Hath like the widow, her sad Mistrifs, mourn'd, (chamber And hang up for it, the rich *Persian Arras*, Us'd on my wedding night, for this to me Shall be a second marriage: send for Musique, And will the Cooks to use their best of cunning To please the palat.

Bob. Will your Ladyship have a Potato-pie, 'tis a good stirring dish for an old Lady, after a long *Lent*.

Eug. Begone I say: why Sir, you can goe faster?

Bob. I could Madam: but I am now to practise the Stewards pace, that's the reward I look for: every man must fashion his gate, according to his calling: you fellow *Stephano*, may walk faster, to overtake preferment: so, usher me.

Luc. Pray Madam, let the waistcoat I last wrought Be made up for my Father: I will have A Cap, and Boot-hose futable to it.

Eug. Of that

We'll think hereafter *Lucio*: our thoughts now Must have no object but thy Fathers welcome, To which thy help —

Luc. With humble gladness, Madam.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alvarez, Clara.

Alv. Where lost we *Syavedra*?

Cl. He was met

Ent'ring the City by some Gentlemen Kinsmen, as he said of his own, with whom For compliment sake (for so I think he term'd it) He was compell'd to stay: though I much wonder A man that knows to do, and has done well In the head of his troop, when the bold foe charg'd home, Can learn so sodainly to abuse his time In a pish entertainment: for my part (By all the glorious rewards of war) I had rather meet ten enemies in the field All sworn to fetch my head, than be brought on To change an hours discourse with one of these Smooth City-fools, or Tissue-Cavaliers, The only Gallants, as they wisely think, To get a Jewel, or a wanton Kiss From a Court-lip, though painted.

Alv. My Love *Clara*,

(For *Lucio* is a name thou must forget With *Lucio's* bold behaviour) though thy breeding I th' Camp, may plead something in the excuse Of thy rough manners, custom having chang'd, Though not thy Sex, the softness of thy nature, And fortune (then a cruel stepdame to thee) Impos'd upon thy tender sweetness, burthens Of hunger, cold, wounds, want, such as would crack The sinews of a man, not born a Soldier: Yet now she smiles, and like a natural mother Looks gently on thee, *Clara*, entertain Her proffer'd bounties with a willing bosom; Thou shalt no more have need to use thy sword;

Thy

Thy beauty (which even *Belgia* hath not alter'd)
Shall be a stronger guard, to keep my *Clara*,
Than that has been, (though never us'd but nobly)
And know thus much.

Cl. Sir, I know only that
It stands not with my duty to gain-say you,
In any thing: I must, and will put on
What fashion you think best: though I could wish
I were what I appear.

Alv. Endeavour rather
To be what you are, *Clara* entring here,
As you were born, a woman.

Enter *Eugenia*, *Lucio*, *Servants*.

Eug. Let choice *Musick*
In the best voice that e'er touch'd humane ear,
For joy hath t'ild my tongue up, speak your welcome.

Alv. My soul (for thou giv'st new life to my spirit)
Myriads of joyes, though short in number of
Thy virtues, fall on thee; Oh my *Eugenia*,
Th' assurance that I do embrace thee, makes
My twenty years of sorrow but a dream,
And by the Nectar, which I take from these,
I feel my age restor'd, and like old *Aeson*
Grow young again.

Eug. My Lord, long wish'd for welcome,
'Tis a sweet briefness, yet in that short word
All pleasures which I may call mine, begin,
And may they long increase, before they find
A second period: let mine eyes now surfeit
On this so wish'd for object, and my lips
Yet modestly pay back the parting kifs
You trusted with them, when you fled from *Sevil*,
With little *Clara* my sweet daughter: lives she?
Yet I could chide my self, having you here
For being so covetous of all joyes at once,
T' enquire for her, you being alone, to me
My *Clara*, *Lucio*, my Lord, my self,
Nay more than all the world.

Alv. As you, to me are

Eug. Sit down, and let me feed upon the story
Of your past dangers, now you are here in safety
It will give relish, and fresh appetite
To my delights, if such delights can cloy me.
Yet do not *Alvarez*, let me first yield you
Account of my life in your absence, and
Make you acquainted how I have preserv'd
The Jewel left lock'd up in my womb,
When you, in being forc'd to leave your Country,
Suffer'd a civil death.

Within clashing swords

Alv. Do my *Eugenia*,
'Tis that I most desire to hear,

Eug. Then know.

Sayavedra within,

Alv. What noise is that?

Says. If you are noble enemies,
Oppress me not with odds, but kill me fairly,

Vitelli within.

Vit. Stand off, I am too many of my self.

Enter *Bobadilla*.

Bob. Murther, murther, murther, your friend my Lord,
Don Sayavedra is set upon in the streets, by your enemies
Vitelli, and his Faction: I am almost kill'd with looking on
them.

Alv. I'll free him, or fall with him: draw thy sword
And follow me.

Clar. Fortune, I give thee thanks
For this occasion once more to use it. (hang me *Exit.*)

Bob. Nay, hold not me Madam; if I do any hurt,

Luc. Oh I am dead with fear! let's flie into
Your Closet, Mother.

Eug. No hour of my life
Secure of danger? heav'n be merciful,

Or now at once dispatch me:

Enter *Vitelli*, pursued by *Alvarez*, and *Sayavedra*, *Clara*
beating of *Anastro*.

Cl. Follow him

Leave me to keep these of.

Alv. Assault my friend

So near my house?

Vit. Nor in it will spare thee,

Though 'twere a Temple: and I'll make it one,
I being the Priest, and thou the sacrifice,
I'll offer to my Uncle.

Alv. Halte thou to him,

And say I sent thee:

Cl. 'Twas put bravely by,

And that: and yet comes on, and boldly rare,

In the wars, where emulation and example

Joyn to increase the courage, and make less

The danger; valour, and true resolution

Never appear'd so lovely, brave again:

Sure he is more than man, and if he fall;

The best of virtue, fortitude would dye with him:

And can I suffer it? forgive me duty,

So I love valour, as I will protect it

Against my Father, and redeem it, though

'Tis forfeited by one I hate.

Vit. Come on,

All is not lost yet: You shall buy me dearer
Before you have me: keep off.

Cl. Fear me not,

Thy worth has took me prisoner, and my sword

For this time knows thee only for a friend,

And to all else I turn the point of it.

Say. Defend your Fathers enemy?

Alv. Art thou mad?

Cl. Are you men rather? shall that valour, which

Begot you lawful honor in the wars,

Prove now the Parent of an infamous Bastard

So foul, yet so long liv'd, as murther will

Be to your shames? have each of you, alone

With your own dangers only, purchas'd glory

From multitudes of enemies, not allowing

Those nearest to you, to have part in it,

And do you now joyn, and lend mutual help

Against a single opposite? hath the mercy

Of the great King, but newly wash'd away

The blood, that with the forfeit of your life

Cleav'd to your name, and family like an ulcer,

In this again to set a deeper dye

Upon your infamy: you'll say he is your foe,

And by his rashness call'd on his own ruin;

Remember yet, he was first wrong'd, and honor

Spurr'd him to what he did, and next the place

Where now he is: your house, which by the laws

Of hospitable duty should protect him;

Have you been twenty years a stranger to it,

To make your entrance now in blood? or think you

Your country-man, a true born *Spaniard*, will be

An offering fit, to please the *genius* of it?

No, in this I'll presume to teach my Father,

And this first Act of disobedience shall

Confirm I am most dutiful.

Alv. I am pleas'd

With what I dare not give allowance to;

Unnatural wretch, what wilt thou do?

Cl. Set free

A noble enemy: come not on, by —

You pass to him, through me: the way is open:

Farewel: when next I meet you, do not look for

A friend, but a vow'd foe; I see you worthy,

And therefore now preserve you, for the honor

Of my sword only:

Vit. Were this man a friend,

How would he win me, that being my vow'd foe

Deserves

Deserves so well? I thank you for my life;
But how I shall deserve it, give me leave
Hereafter to consider.

Exit.

Alv. Quit thy fear,
All danger is blown over: I have Letters
To the Governor, in the Kings name, to secure us,
From such attempts hereafter: yet we need not,
That have such strong Guards of our own, dread others;
And to increase thy comfort, know, this young man
Whom with such fervent earnestness you eye,
Is not what he appears, but such a one
As thou with joy wilt bless, thy Daughter *Clara*.

Eug. A thousand blessings in that word.

Alv. The reason
Why I have bred her up thus, at more leisure
I will impart unto you, wonder not
At what you have seen her do, it being the least
Of many great and valiant undertakings
She hath made good with honor.

Eug. I'll return
The joy I have in her, with one as great
To you my *Alvarez*: you, in a man,
Have given to me a Daughter: in a Woman,
I give to you a Son, this was the pledge
You left here with me, whom I have brought up
Different from what he was, as you did *Clara*,
And with the like success; as she appears
Alter'd by custom, more than Woman, he
Transform'd by his soft life, is less than man.

Alv. Fortune, in this gives ample satisfaction
For all our sorrows past.

Luc. My dearest Sister.

Clara. Kind Brother.

Alv. Now our mutual care must be
Employ'd to help wrong'd nature, to recover
Her right in either of them, lost by custom:
To you I give my *Clara*, and receive
My *Lucio* to my charge: and we'll contend
With loving industry, who soonest can
Turn this man woman, or this woman man.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Pachieco, and Lazarillo.

Pac. Boy: and Cloak, and Rapier; it fits not a Gentle-
man of my rank, to walk the streets in *Querpo*.

Laz. Nay, you are a very rank Gent. Signior, I am very
hungry, they tell me in *Sevil* here, I look like an Eel, with
a mans head: and your neighbor the Smith here hard by,
would have borrowed me th' other day, to have fish'd with
me, because he had lost his Angle-rod.

Pac. Oh happy thou *Lazarillo* (being the cause of other
mens wits) as in thine own: live lean, and witty still: op-
press not thy stomach too much: gross feeders, great sleep-
ers, fat bodies; fat bodies, lean brains: No *Lazarillo*, I will
make thee immortal, change thy Humanity into Deity, for
I will teach thee to live upon nothing.

Laz. Faith Signior, I am immortal then already, or ve-
ry near it, for I do live upon little or nothing: belike that's
the reason the Poets are said to be immortal, for some of
them live upon their wits, which is indeed as good as little
or nothing: But good Master, let me be mortal still, and
let's goe to supper.

Pac. Be abstinent; shew not the corruption of thy gene-
ration: he that feeds, shall die, therefore, he that feeds not
shall live.

Laz. I; but how long shall he live? there's the question.

Pac. As long as he can without feeding: didst thou read
of the miraculous Maid in *Flanders*?

Laz. No, nor of any Maid else; for the miracle of Vir-
gineity now-a-days ceases, e'r the Virgin can read Virgi-
nity?

Pac. She that liv'd three years without any other suste-
nance, than the smell of a Rose.

Laz. I heard of her Signior, but they say her guts shrunk
all into Lute-strings, and her neather-parts cling'd toge-
ther like a Serpents Tail, so that though she continued a
woman still above the girdle, beneath yet she was mon-
ster.

Pac. So are most women, believe it.

Laz. Nay all women Signior, that can live only upon
the smell of a Rose.

Pac. No part of the History is fabulous.

Laz. I think rather no part of the Fable is Historical:
but for all this, Sir, my rebellious stomach will not let me
be immortal: I will be as immortal, as mortal hunger will
suffer: put me to a certain stint Sir, allow me but a red her-
ring a day.

Pac. O' de dios: wouldst thou be gluttonous in thy deli-
cacies?

Laz. He that eats nothing but a red herring a day, shall
ne'r be broil'd for the devil's rasher: a Pilchard, Signior, a
Surdiny, an Olive, that I may be a Philosopher first, and
immortal after.

Pac. Patience *Lazarillo*; let contemplation be thy food
awhile: I say unto thee, one Pease was a Soldiers Provant a
whole day,

At the destruction of *Jerusalem*.

Enter Metaldi, and Mendoza.

Laz. I; and it were any where but at the destruction
of a place, I'll be hang'd.

Met. Signior Pachieco Alasto, my most ingenious
Cobler of *Sevil*, the *bonos noxios* to your Signiorie.

Pac. Signior Metaldi de Forgio, my most famous Smith,
and man of Mettle, I return your courtesie ten fold, and do
humble my Bonnet beneath the Shooe-sole of your congie:
the like to you Signior Mendoza *Pediculo de Vermim*, my most
exquisite Hofe-heeler.

Laz. Here's a greeting betwixt a Cobler, a Smith, and a
Botcher: they all belong to the foot, which makes them
stand so much upon their Gentry.

Mend. Signior Lazarillo.

Laz. Ah Signior see: nay, we are all Signiors here in
Spain, from the Jakes-farmer to the Grandee, or *Adelantado*:
this Botcher looks as if he were Dough-bak'd, a little But-
ter now, and I could eat him like an Oaten-cake: his fathers
diet was new Cheese and Onions when he got him: what
a scallion-fac'd rascal 'tis?

Met. But why Signior Pachieco, do you stand so much on
the priority, and antiquity of your quality (as you call it)
in comparison of ours?

Mend. I; your reason for that.

Pac. Why thou Iron-pated Smith: and thou Woollen-
witted Hofe-heeler: hear what I will speak indifferently
(and according to antient Writers) of our three professi-
ons: and let the upright *Lazarillo* be both judge and mode-
rator.

Laz. Still am I the most immortally hungry; that may be.

Pac. Suppose thou wilt derive thy Pedigree, like some
of the old Heroes, (as *Hercules*, *Aeneas*, *Achilles*) lineally
from the gods, making *Saturn* thy great Grandfather, and
Vulcan thy Father: *Vulcan* was a god.

Laz. He'll make *Vulcan* your godfather by and by.

Pac. Yet I say, *Saturn* was a crabbed block-head, and
Vulcan a limping Horn-head, for *Venus* his wife was a strum-
pet, and *Mars* begot all her Children; therefore however,
thy original must of necessity spring from Bastardie: fur-
ther, what can be a more deject spirit in man, than to lay
his hands under every ones horses feet, to do him service,
as thou dost? For thee, I will be brief, thou dost botch,
and not mend, thou art a hider of enormities, viz, Scabs,
Chilblains,

chilblains, and kib'd heels: much prone thou art to Sects, and Heresies, disturbing State, and Government; for how canst thou be a sound member in the common-weath, that art so subject to stiches in the ankles? blush, and be silent then, oh ye Mechanicks, compare no more with the politick Cobler: For Coblers (in old time) have prophesied, what may they do now then, that have every day waxed better, and better? have we not the length of every mans foot? are we not daily menders? yea, and what menders? not horse-menders.

Laz. Nor manners-menders.

Pac. But soul-menders: Oh divine Coblers; do we not, like the wise man, spin out our own threds, (or our wives for us?) do we not by our sowing the Hide, reap the Beef? are not we of the Gentle-craft, whilst both you are but Crafts-men; You will say, you fear neither Iron nor Steel, and what you get is wrought out of the fire; I must answer you again, though, all this is but forgery: You may likewise say, a man's a man, that has but a hose on his head: I must likewise answer, that man is a botcher, that has a heel'd hose on his head: to conclude, there can be no comparison with the Cobler, who is all in all in the Commonwealth, has his politique eye and ends on every mans steps that walks, and whose course shall be lasting to the worlds end.

Met. I give place: the wit of man is wonderful: thou hast hit the nail on the head, and I will give thee six pots for't, though I ne'r clinch shooe again.

Enter Vitelli and Alguazier.

Pac. Who's this? oh our *Alguazier*: as arrant a knave as e'er wore one head under two offices: he is one side *Alguazier*.

Met. The other side Serjeant,

Mend. That's both sides carrion I am sure.

Pac. This is he apprehends whores in the way of justice, and lodges 'em in his own house, in the way of profit: he with him, is the Grand Don *Vitelli*, 'twixt whom and *Fernando Alvarez*, the mortal hatred is; he is indeed my Don's Bawd, and does at this present, lodge a famous Curtizan of his, lately come from *Madrid*.

Vit. Let her want nothing *Signior*, she can aske: What loss or injury you may sustain I will repair, and recompence your love: Only that fellows coming I dislike, And did fore-warn her of him: bear her this With my best love, at night I'll visit her.

Alg. I rest your Lordships Servant.

Vit. Good ev'n, Signiors:

Oh *Alvarez*, thou hast brought a Son with thee Both brightens, and obscures our Nation, Whose pure strong beams on us, shoot like the Suns On baser fires: I would to heaven my blood Had never stain'd thy bold unfortunate hand, That with mine honor I might emulate, Not persecute such virtue: I will see him, Though with the hazard of my life: no rest In my contentious spirits, can I find Till I have gratify'd him in like kind.

Exit.

Alg. I know you not: what are ye? hence ye base *Beseignios*.

Pac. *Mary Caizo Signior Alguazier*, d'ye not know us? why, we are your honest neighbors, the Cobler, Smith, and Botcher, that have so often fate snoring cheek by joll with your Signiorie, in rug at midnight.

Laz. Nay, good Signior, be not angry: you must understand, a Cat, and such an Officer see best in the dark.

Met. By this hand, I could find in my heart to shooe his head,

Pac. Why then know you, *Signior*; thou mongril, begot at midnight, at the Goal gate, by a Beadle, on a Catchpoles wife, are not you he that was whipt out of *Toledo* for perjury.

Men. Next; condemn'd to the Gallies for pilfery, to the Buls pizel.

Met. And after call'd to the Inquisition, for Apostacie.

Pac. Are not you he that rather than you durst goe an industrious voyage being press'd to the Islands, skulk'd till the Fleet was gone, and then earn'd your Royal a day by squiring puncks, and puncklings up and down the City?

Laz. Are not you a *Portuguize* born, descended o' the *Moors*, and came hither into *Sevil* with your Master, an arrant Tailor, in your red Bonnet, and your blue Jacket, lousie, though now your block-head be cover'd with the *Spanish* block, and your lashed Shoulders with a Velvet Pee.

Pac. Are not you he that have been of thirty callings, yet ne'r a one lawful? that being a Chandler first, profess'd sincerity, and would sell no man Mustard to his Beef on the Sabbath, and yet sold Hypocrisie all your life time?

Met. Are not you he, that were since a Surgeon to the Stews, and undertook to cure what the Church it self could not, Strumpets that rise to your office by being a great Don's Bawd?

Laz. That commit men nightly, offenceless, for the gain of a groat a prisoner, which your Beadle seems to put up, when you share three pence?

Mend. Are not you he that is a kisser of men, in drunkenness, and a berayer in sobriety?

Alg. *Diabolo*: they'll rail me into the Gallies again.

Pac. Yes Signior, thou art even he we speak of all this while: thou mayst by thy place now, lay us by the heels: 'tis true: but take heed, be wiser, pluck not ruin on thine own head: for never was there such an Anatomie, as we shall make thee then: be wise therefore, thou child of the night! be friends, and shake hands, thou art a proper man, if thy beard were redder: remember thy worshipful function, a Constable; though thou turn'st day into night, and night into day, what of that? watch less and pray more: Let not thy mittens abate the talons of thy authority, but gripe theft and whoredom, wheresoever thou meet'st 'em: bear 'em away like a tempest, and lodge 'em safely in thine own house:

Laz. Would you have whores and thieves lodgd in such a house?

Pac. They ever do so: I have found a thief, or a whore there, when the whole Suburbs could not furnish me.

Laz. But why do they lodge there?

Pac. That they may be safe and forth-coming: for in the morning usually, the thief is sent to the Goal, and the whore prostrates her self to the Justice.

Men. Admirable *Pachiecho*.

Met. Thou Cobler of *Christendom*.

Alg. There is no railing with these rogues: I will close with 'em, till I can cry quittance: why Signiors, and my honest neighbors, will you impute that as a neglect of my friends, which is an imperfection in me? I have been Sand-blind from my infancy: to make you amends you shall sup with me.

Laz. Shall we sup with ye, Sir? O' my conscience, they have wrong'd the Gentleman extreemly.

Alg. And after supper, I have a project to employ you in, shall make you drink and eat merrily this month: I am a little knavish: why, and doe not I know all you to be knaves?

Pac. I grant you, we are all knaves, and will be your knaves: But oh, while you live, take heed of being a proud knave.

Alg. On then pass: I will bear out my staffe, and my staffe shall bear out me.

Laz. Oh *Lazarillo*, thou art going to supper.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and Bobadilla.

Luc. Pray be not angry.

Bob. I am angry, and I will be angry *Diabolo*: what should

should you do in the Kitchin, cannot the Cooks lick their fingers without your overseeing? nor the maids make pot-tage, except your dogs-head be in the pot? *Don Lucio*, *Don Quot-Quean*, *Don Spinster*, wear a Petticoat still, and put on your Smock a' Monday: I will have a baby o' clouts made for it, like a great girl: nay, if you will needs be starching of Ruffs, and sowing of Black-work, I will of a mild, and loving Tutor, become a Tyrant, your Father has committed you to my charge, and I will make a man or a mouse on you.

Luc. What would you have me do? this scurvy sword So galls my thigh: I would't were burnt: pish, look, This Cloak will ne'r keep on: these Boots too hide-bound, Make me walk stiff, as if my legs were frozen, And my Spurs gingle like a Morris-dancer: Lord, how my head akes with this roguish Hat; This masculine attire is most uneasy, I am bound up in it: I had rather walk in *folio*, again, loose like a woman.

Bob. In *Folio*, had you not? Thou mock to heav'n, and nature, and thy Parents, Thou tender Leg of Lamb; oh, how he walks As if he had bepifs'd himself, and fleers! Is this a gate for the young Cavalier, *Don Lucio*, Son and Heir to *Alvarez*? Has it a corn? or do's it walk on conscience, It treads so gingerly? Come on your ways, Suppose me now your Fathers foe, *Vitelli*, And spying you i'th' street, thus I advance I twist my Beard, and then I draw my sword.

Luc. Alas.
Bob. And thus accost thee: traitorous brat, How durst thou thus confront me? impious twig Of that old stock, dew'd with my kinsmans gore, Draw, for I'll quarter thee in pieces four.

Luc. Nay, prethee *Bobadilla*, leave thy fooling, Put up thy sword, I will not meddle with ye; I, juggle me, I care not: I'll not draw, Pray be a quiet man.

Bob. D' ye hear: answer me, as you would do *Don Vitelli*, or I'll be so bold as to lay the pomel of my sword over the hilts of your head: my name's *Vitelli*, and I'll have the wall.

Luc. Why then I'll have the kennel: what a coil you keep? Signior, what happen'd 'twixt my Sire and your Kinsman, was long before I saw the world, No fault of mine, nor will I justify My Fathers crimes: forget Sir, and forgive. 'Tis Christianity: I pray put up your sword, I'll give you any satisfaction That may become a Gentleman: however I hope you are bred to more humanity Than to revenge my Fathers wrong on me That crave your love, and peace: law-you-now *Zancho* Would not this quiet him, were he ten *Vitellies*.

Bob. Oh craven-chicken of a Cock o'th' game: well, what remedy? did thy Father see this, O' my conscience, he would cut off thy Masculine gender, crop thine ears, beat out thine eyes, and set thee in one of the Pear trees for a scare-crow: As I am *Vitelli*, I am satisfied; but as I am *Bobadilla*, *Spindola*, *Zancho*, Steward of the house, and thy Fathers Servant, I could find in my heart to lop off the hinder part of thy face, or to beat all thy teeth into thy mouth: Oh thou whay-blooded milk-sop, I'll wait upon thee no longer, thou shalt ev'n wait upon me: come your ways Sir, I shall take a little pains with ye else.

Enter Clara.

Cl. Where art thou brother *Lucio*? ran tan tan ta ran tan ran tan tan ta, ta ran tan tan tan. Oh, I shall no more see those golden daies, these clothes will never fadge with me: a——O' this filthy vardingale, this hip-hape: brother, why are womens hanches only limited, confin'd, hoop'd

in, as it were with these same scurvy vardingales?

Bob. Because womens hanches only are most subject to display and shie out.

Cl. *Bobadilla*, rogue, ten Duckets, I hit the prepuce of thy Codpiece.

Luc. Hold, if you love my life, Sister: I am not *Zancho Bobadilla*, I am your brother *Lucio*: what a fright you have put me in?

Cl. Brother? and wherefore thus?

Luc. Why, Master Steward here, *Signior Zancho*, made me change: he does nothing but mis-use me, and call me Coward, and swears I shall wait upon him.

Bob. Well: I do no more than I have authority for: would I were away though: for she's as much too manish, as he too womanish: I dare not meddle with her, yet I must set a good face on't (if I had it) I have like charge of Madam, I am as well to mollifie you, as to quallifie him: what have you to do with Armors, and Pistols, and Javelins, and swords, and such tools? remember Mistresses; nature hath given you a sheath only, to signifie women are to put up mens weapons, not to draw them: look you now, is this a fit trot for a Gentlewoman? You shall see the Court-Ladies move like Goddeses, as if they trode air; they will swim you their measures, like Whiting-mops, as if their feet were fins, and the hinges of their knees oil'd: doe they love to ride great horses, as you do? no, they love to ride great asses sooner: faith, I know not what to say t' ye both: Custom hath turn'd nature topsie-turvie in you.

Cl. Nay, but Master Steward.

Bob. You cannot trot so fast, but he ambles as slowly.

Cl. *Signior Spindle*, will you hear me,

Bob. He that shall come to bestride your Virginitie, had better be a toot o'er the Dragon.

Cl. Very well.

Bob. Did ever *Spanish Lady* pace so?

Cl. Hold these a little.

Luc. I'll not touch 'em, I.

Cl. First doe I break your Office o're your pate, You Dog-skin-fac'd rogue, pilcher, you poor *Jour*, Which I will beat to Stock-fish.

Luc. Sister.

Bob. Madam.

Cl. You Cittern-head, who have you talk'd to, ha? You nasty, stinking, and ill-countenanc'd Cur.

Bob. By this hand, I'll bang your brother for this, when I get him alone.

Cl. How? kick him *Lucio*, he shall kick you *Bob*, Spight o' the nose, that's flat: kick him, I say, Or I will cut thy head off.

Bob. Softly y' had best.

Cl. Now, thou lean, dry'd, and ominous visag'd knave, Thou false and peremptory Steward, pray, For I will hang thee up in thine own chain.

Luc. Good Sister do not choak him.

Bob. Murder, murder.

Exit.

Cl. Well: I shall meet with ye: *Lucio*, who bought this?

'Tis a reasonable good one; but there hangs one *Spain's Champion* ne'er us'd truer: with this Staffe Old *Alvarez* has led up men so close, They could almost spit in the Cannons mouth, Whilst I with that, and this well mounted, scour'd A Horse-troop through, and through, like swift desire, And seen poor rogues retire, all gore, and gash'd Like bleeding Shads.

Luc. Bless us, Sister *Clara*.

How desperately you talk: what d' ye call This Gun a dag?

Cl. I'll give't thee: a *French* petronel: You never saw my *Barbary*, the *Infanta* Bestow'd upon me, as yet *Lucio*?

Walk down, and see it

Luc. What into the Stable?

Not I, the Jades will kick: the poor Groom there

Was almost spoil'd the other day.

Cl. Fie on thee,
Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy Mother.
Luc. When will you be a woman?

Enter Alvarez and Bobadilla.

Cl. Would I were none.
But natures privy Seal allures me one.
Alv. Thou anger'st me: can strong habitual custome
Work with such Magick on the mind and manners,
In spite of sex and nature? find out firrah,
Some skilful fighter.

Bob. Yes Sir.
Alv. I will rectifie,
And redeem eithers proper inclination,
Or bray 'em in a mortar, and new mold 'em. *Exit.*
Bob. Believe your eyes, Sir, I tell you, we wash an *Ethiop.*
Cl. I strike it for ten Duckets.

Alv. How now *Clara*,
Your Breeches on still? and your petticoat
Not yet off *Lucio*? art thou not guelt?
Or did the cold *Muscovite* beget thee,
That lay here Lieger in the last great frost?
Art not thou *Clara*, turn'd a man indeed
Beneath the girdle? and a woman thou?
I'll have you search'd by, — I strongly doubt;
We must have these things mended: come goe in. *Exit.*

Enter Vitelli and Bobadilla.

Bob. With *Lucio* say you? there is for you.
Vit. And there is for thee.
Bob. I thank you: you have now bought a little advice
Of me; if you chance to have conference with that
Lady there, be very civil, or look to your head: she has
Ten nails, and you have but two eies: If any foolish
Hot motions should chance to rise in the Horizon
Under your equinoctial there, qualifie it as well as
You can, for I fear the elevation of your pole will
Not agree with the *Horoscope* of her constitution:
She is *Bell the Dragon* I assure you.
Vit. Are you the *Lucio*, Sir, that sav'd *Vitelli*?
Luc. Not I indeed, Sir, I did never brable;
There walks that *Lucio* Metamorphos'd. *Exit.*

Vit. Doye mock me?
Cl. No, he does not: I am that
Supposed *Lucio* that was, but *Clara*,
That is, and daughter unto *Alvarez*.
Vit. Amazement daunts me; would my life were riddles,
So you were still my fair Expositor:
Protected by a Lady from my death.
Oh, I shall wear an everlasting blush
Upon my cheek from this discovery:
Oh, you the fairest Soldier, I e'er saw;
Each of whose eyes, like a bright beamy Shield,
Conquers without blows, the contentious.

Cl. Sir, guard your self, you are in your enemies house,
And may be injur'd.

Vit. 'Tis impossible:
Foe, nor oppressing odds dares prove *Vitelli*,
If *Clara* side him, and will call him friend;
I would the difference of our bloods were such
As might with any shift be wip'd away:
Or would to heaven your self were all your name;
That having lost blood by you, I might hope
To raise blood from you. But my black-wing'd fate
Hovers averfely over that fond hope:
And he, whose tongue thus gratifies the daughter,
And Sister of his enemy, wears a sword
To rip the Father and the Brother up.
Thus you that sav'd this wretched life of mine,
Have sav'd it to the ruin of your friends,
That my affections should promiscuously

Dart love and hate at once, both worthily?
Pray let me kiss your hand.

Cl. You are treacherous,
And come to do me mischief.

Vit. Speak on still:
Your words are falser (fair) than my intents,
And each sweet accent far more treacherous; for
Though you speak ill of me, you speak so well,
I doe desire to hear you.

Cl. Pray be gone:
Or kill me if you please.

Vit. Oh, neither can I,
For to be gone, were to destroy my life;
And to kill you, were to destroy my soul:
I am in love, yet must not be in love:
I'll get away apace: yet valiant Lady,
Such gratitude to honor I do owe,
And such obedience to your memory,
That if you will bestow something, that I
May wear about me, it shall bind all wrath,
My most inveterate wrath, from all attempts,
Till you and I meet next.

Cl. A favour, Sir?
Why, I will give ye good counsel.

Vit. That already,
You have bestowed; a Ribbon, or a Glove.
Cl. Nay, those are tokens for a waiting-maid
To trim the Butler with,

Vit. Your feather.
Cl. Fie; the wenches give them to their serving-men.

Vit. That little Ring.
Cl. 'Twill hold you but by th' finger;
And I would have have you faster.

Vit. Any thing
That I may wear, and but remember you.
Cl. This smile: my good opinion, or my self.
But that it seems you like not

Vit. Yes, so well:
When any smiles, I will remember yours;
Your good opinion shall in weight poize me
Against a thousand ill: Lastly, your self,
My curious eye now figures in my heart,
Where I will wear you, till the Table break.
So, whitest Angels guard you.

Cl. Stay Sir, I
Have fitly thought to give, what you as fitly
May not disdain to wear.

Vit. What's that?
Cl. This Sword.
I never heard a man speak till this hour.
His words are golden chains, and now I fear
The Lyonessè hath met a tamer here:

Fie, how his tongue chimes: what was I saying?
Oh: this favour I bequeath you, which I tie
In a Love-knot, fast, ne'er to hurt my friends;
Yet be it fortunate 'gainst all your foes
(For I have neither friend, nor foe, but yours.)
As e'er it was to me: I've kept it long,
And value it, next my Virginity:
But good, return it, for I now remember
I vow'd, who purchas'd it, should have me too.

Vit. Would that were possible: but alas it is not;
Yet this assure your self, most honour'd *Clara*,
I'll not infringe a particle of breath
My vow hath offer'd to ye: nor from this part
Whilst it hath edge, or point, or I a heart. *Exit.*

Cl. Oh, leave me living: what new exercise
Is crept into my breast, that blancheth clean
My former nature? I begin to find
I am a woman, and must learn to fight
A softer sweeter battel, than with swords.
I am sick methinks, but the disease I feel
Pleaseth, and punisheth: I warrant love
Is very like this, that folks talke of so;

I skill not what it is, yet sure even here,
Even in my heart, I sensibly perceive
It glows, and riseth like a glimmering flame,
But know not yet the Essence on't, nor name.

Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter Malroda and Alguazier,

Mal. HE must not? nor he shall not, who shall lett him?
You politique *Diego*, with your face of wisdom;
Don-blirt, the—— on your Aphorismes,
Your grave, and Sage-Ale Physiognomy:
Do not I know thee for the *Alguazier*,
Whose dunghil all the Parish Scavengers
Could never rid? thou Comedy to men,
Whose serious folly is a Butt for all
To shoot their wits at; whilst thou hast not wit,
Nor heart, to answer, or be angry.

Alg. Lady.

Mal. Peace, peace, you rotten Rogue, supported by
A staffe of rottener office: dare you check
Any accesses, that I will allow?

Piorato is my friend, and visits me
In lawful sort to espouse me as his wife;
And who will crosse, or shall our enter-views?
You know me sirrah, for no Chambermaid,
That cast her belly, and her wastecoate lately;
Thou think'st thy Constableness is much: not so,
I am ten offices to thee: I, thy house,
Thy house, and office is maintain'd by me.

Alg. My house-of-office is maintain'd i' th' garden:
Go too, I know you, and I have contriv'd;
Y^e are a delinquent, but I have contriv'd
A poison, though not in the third degree:
I can say, black's your eye, though it be grey;
I have conniv'd at this, your friend, and you:
But what is got by this connivency?

I like his feather well: a proper man,
Of good discourse, fine conversation,
Valiant, and a great carrier of the business,
Sweet breasted, as the Nightingale, or Thrush:
Yet I must tell you; you forget your self,
My Lord *Vitellies* love, and maintenance

Deserves no other Jack i' th' box, but he:
What though he gather'd first the golden fruit,
And blew your pigs-coat up into a blister,
When you did wait at Court upon his mother;
Has he not well provided for the barn?
Beside, what profit reap I by the other?

If you will have me serve your pleasure, Lady,
Your pleasure must accommodate my service;
As good be virtuous and poor, as not
Thrive by my knavery, all the world would be
Good, prosper'd goodness like to villany.
I am the Kings Vice-gerent by my place;
His right Lieutenant in mine own precinct.

Mal. Thou art a right rascal in all mens precincts;
Yet now my pair of twins, of fool, and knave,
Look we are friends; there's Gold for thee, admit
Whom I will have, and keep it from my *Don*;
And I will make thee richer than thou'rt wife:
Thou shalt be my Bawd, and my Officer:
Thy children shall eat still, my good night Owl,
And thy old wife sell Andirons to the Court,
Be countenanced by the *Dons*, and wear a hood,
Nay, keep my Garden-house; I'll call her Mother,
Thee Father, my good poysonous Red-hair'd Dill,
And Gold shall daily be thy Sacrifice,
Wrought from a fertile Island of mine own,

Which I will offer, like an *Indian* Queen.

Alg. And I will be thy devil, thou my flesh,
With which I'll catch the world.

Mal. Fill some *Tobacco*,
And bring it in: if *Piorato* come
Before my *Don*, admit him; if my *Don*
Before my Love, conduct him, my dear Devil. *Exit.*

Alg. I will my dear Flesh: first come, first serv'd. Well said
Oh equal Heaven, how wisely thou disposest
Thy several gifts? one's born a great rich fool,
For the subordinate knave to work upon:
Another's poor, with wits addition,
Which well or ill-us'd, builds a living up;
And that too from the Sire oft descends:
Only fair virtue, by traduction
Never succeeds, and seldom meets success,
What have I then to do with't? My free will
Left me by heaven, makes me or good, or ill:
Now since vice gets more in this vicious world
Than Piety, and my Stars confluence
Enforce my disposition to affect
Gain, and the name of rich, let who will practise
War, and grow that way great: religious,
And that way good: my chief felicity
Is wealth the nurse of sensuality:
And he that mainly labours to be rich,
Must scratch great scabs, and claw a Strumpets itch. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Piorato*, and *Babadilla*, with Letters.

Pio. To saay, Sir, I will wait upon your Lord,
Were not to understand my self.

Bob. To say Sir,
You will do any thing but wait upon him,
Were not to understand my Lord.

Pio. I'll meet him
Some half hour hence, and doubt not but to render
His Son a man again: the cure is easie,
I have done divers.

Bob. Women do ye mean, Sir?

Pio. Cures I do mean, Sir: be there but one spark
Of fire remaining in him unextinct,
With my discourse I'll blow it to a flame;
And with my practice into action:
I have had one so full of childish fear,
And womanish-hearted sent to my advice,
He durst not draw a knife to cut his meat.

Bob. And how Sir, did you help him?

Pio. Sir, I kept him
Seven daies in a dark room by a Candle-light,
A plenteous Table spread with all good meats,
Before his eyes, a Case of keen broad Knives,
Upon the board, and he so watch'd he might not
Touch the least modicum, unless he cut it:
And thus I brought him first to draw a knife.

Bob. Good.

Pio. Then for ten daies did I diet him
Only with burnt Pork, Sir, and gammons of Bacon;
A pill of Caveary now and then,
Which breeds choler adust you know,

Bob. 'Tis true.

Pio. And to purge phlegmatick humor, and cold crudities,
In all that time he drank me *Aqua-fortis*,
And nothing else but——

Bob. *Aqua-vita* Signior,
For *Aqua-fortis* poisons.

Pio. *Aqua-fortis*
I say again: what's one man's poison, Signior,
Is another's meat or drink.

Bob. Your patience, Sir;
By your good patience. h' had a huge cold stomach.

Pio. I fir'd it: and gave him, then three sweats

In the Artillery-yard three drilling daies:
And now he'll shoot a Gun, and draw a Sword,
And fight with any man in *Cbristendom*.

Bob. A receipt for a coward: I'll be bold, Sir,
To write your good prescription.

Pio. Sir, hercafter
You shall, and underneath it put *probatum*:
is your chain right?

Bob. 'Tis both right and just Sir;
For though I am a Steward, I did get it
With no mans wrong.

Pio. You are witty.

Bob. So, so.

Could you not cure one Sir, of being too rash
And over-daring? there now's my disease:
Fool-hardy as they say, for that infooth,
I am.

Pio. Most easily.

Bob. How?

Pio. To make you drunk, Sir,
With small Beer once a day, and beat you twice,
Till you be bruise'd all over: if that help not,
Knock out your brains.

Bob. This is strong Physick Signior,
And never will agree with my weak body:
I find the medicine worse than the malady,
And therefore will remain fool-hardy still:
You'll come, Sir?

Pio. As I am a Gentleman.

Bob. A man o' th' Sword should never break his word.

Pio. I'll overtake you: I have only, Sir
A complimental visitation
To offer to a Mistris lodg'd here by.

Bob. A Gentlewoman?

Pio. Yes Sir.

Bob. Fair, and comely?

Pio. Oh Sir, the Paragon, the Non-paril
Of *Sevil*, the most wealthy Mine of *Spain*,
For beauty, and perfection.

Bob. Say you so?

Might not a man entreat a crurtesie,
To walk along with you Signior, to peruse
This dainty Mine, though not to dig in't Signior?
Hauh——I hope you'll not denie me, being a stranger;
Though I am a Steward, I am flesh and blood,
And frail as other men,

Pio. Sir, blow your nose:
I dare not for the world: no, she is kept
By a great Don, *Vitelli*.

Bob. How?

Pio. 'Tis true,

Bob. See, things will veer about: this Don *Vitelli*
Am I to seek now, to deliver Letters
From my young Mistris *Clara*: and I tell you,
Under the Rose, because you are a stranger,
And my special friend, I doubt there is
A little foolish love betwixt the parties,
Unknown unto my Lord.

Pio. Happy discovery:
My fruit begins to ripen: hark you Sir,
I would not wish you now, to give those Letters:
But home, and opethis to *Madona Clara*,
Which when I come I'll justifie, and relate
More amply, and particularly.

Bob. I approve
Your counsel, and will practise it: *bazilos manos*:
Here's two chewres chew'd: when wisdom is employ'd
'Tis ever thus: your more acquaintance, Signior:
I say not better, least you think, I thought not
Yours good enough.

Exit.

Enter Alguazier.

Pio. Your servant excellent Steward.

Would all the Dons in *Spain* had no more brains,
Here comes the *Alguazier*: *dieu vous guard Monsieur*.
Is my Cuz stirring yet?

Alg. Your Cuz (good cosin?)
A whore is like a fool, a kinto all
The gallants in the Town: Your Guz, good Signior,
Is gone abroad; Sir, with her other Cosin,
My Lord *Vitelli*: since when there hath been
Some dozen Cosins here to enquire for her.

Pio. She's greatly ally'd Sir.

Alg. Marry is she, Sir,
Come of a lusty kindred: the truth is,
I must connive no more: no more admittance
Must I consent to; my good Lord has threatned me,
And you must pardon.

Pio. Out upon thee man,
Turn honest in thine age? one foot i'th' grave?
Thou shalt not wrong thy self so, for a million:
Look, thou three-headed *Cerberus* (for wit
I mean) here is one sop, and two, and three,
For every chop a bit.

Alg. I marry Sir:
Well, the poor heart loves you but too well.
We have been talking on you 'faith this hour:
Where, what I said, goe too: she loves your valour;
Oh, and your Musick most abominably:
She is within Sir, and alone: what mean you?

Pio. That is your Sergeants fide, I take it Sir;
Now I endure your Constables much better;
There is less danger in't: for one you know
Is a tame harmless monster in the light,
The Sergeant salvage both by day, and night

Alg. I'll call her to you for that.

Pio. No, I will charm her.

Enter Malroda.

Alg. She's come.

Pio. My Spirit.

Mal. Oh my Sweet,
Leap hearts to lips, and in our kisses meet.

S O N G.

Pio. Turn, turn thy beauteous face away,
How pale and sickly looks the day,
In emulation of thy brighter beams!
Oh envious light, fly, fly, begone,
Come night, and piece two breasts as one;
When what love does, we will repeat in dreams.
Yet (thy eyes open) who can day hence fright,
Let but their Lids fall, and it will be night.

Alg. Well, I will leave you to your fortitude;
And you to temperance: ah, ye pretty pair,
'Twere sinto sunder you. Lovers being alone
Make one of two, and day and night all one.
But fall not out, I charge you, keep the peace;
You know my place else.

Exit.

Mal. No, you will not marry:
You are a Courtier, and can sing (my Love)
And want no Mistrisses: but yet I care not,
I'll love you still; and when I am dead for you,
Then you'll believe my truth.

Pio. You kill me (fair)
It is my lesson that you speak: have I
In any circumstance deserv'd this doubt?
I am not like your false and perjur'd Don
That here maintains you, and has vow'd his faith,
And yet attempts in way of marriage
A Lady not far off.

Mal. How's that?

Pio. 'Tis so:
And therefore Mistris, now the time is come

You

You may demand his promise; and I swear
To marry you with speed.

Mal. And with that Gold
Which Don *Vitelli* gives, you'll walk some voyage
And leave me to my Trade; and laugh, and brag,
How you o'er-reach'd a whore, and gull'd a Lord.

Pio. You anger me extremly: fare you well.
What should I say to be believ'd? expose me
To any hazard; or like jealous *Juno*
(Th' incensed step-mother of *Hercules*)
Design me labours most impossible,
I'll doe 'em, or die in 'em; so at last
You will believe me.

Mal. Come, we are friends: I do,
I am thine, walk in: my Lord has sent me outsidés,
But thou shalt have 'em, the colours are too sad:

Pio. 'Faith Mistrifs, I want clothes indeed.

Mal. I have
Some Gold too, for my servant.

Pio. And I have
A better mettal for my Mistrifs.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Vitelli and Alguazier, at several doors.

Alg. Undone—wit now or never help me: my Master
He will cut my throat, I am a dead Constable;
And he'll not be hang'd neither, there's the grief:
The party, Sir, is here.

Vit. What?

Alg. He was here;
I cry your Lordship mercy: but I ratled him;
I told him here was no companions
For such debauch'd, and poor condition'd fellows;
I bid him venture not so desperately
The cropping of his ears, flitting his nose,
Or being gelt.

Vit. 'Twas well done.

Alg. Please your honor,
I told him there were Stews, and then at last
Swore three or four great oaths she was remov'd,
Which I did think I might, in conscience,
Being for your Lordship.

Vit. What became of him?

Alg. Faith Sir, he went away with a flea in's ear,
Like a poor cur, clapping his trundle tail
Betwixt his legs.—*A chi ha, a chi ha, a chi ha*—now luck.

Enter Malroda and Piorato.

Mal. 'Tis he, do as I told thee: Bless thee Signior.
Oh, my dear Lord.

Vit. *Malroda*, what alone?

Mal. She never is alone, that is accompanied
With noble thoughts, my Lord; and mine are such,
Being only of your Lordship.

Vit. Pretty Lafs.

Mal. Oh my good Lord, my Picture's done: but 'faith
It is not like; nay, this way Sir, the light
Strikes best upon it here.

Pio. Excellent wench.

Alg. I am glad the danger's over.

Vit. 'Tis wondrous like,

But that Art cannot counterfeit what Nature
Could make but once,

Mal. All's clear; another tune
You must hear from me now: *Vitelli*, thou'rt
A most perfidious and a perjurd man,
As ever did usurp Nobility:

Vit. What meanst thou *Mal*?

Mal. Leave your betraying smiles,
And change the tunes of your inticing tongues
To penitential prayers; for I am, great

Exit.

Exit.

In labour, even with anger, big with child
Of womans rage, bigger than when my womb
Was pregnant by thee: go seducer, flie
Out of the world, let me the last wretch be
Dishonored by thee: touch me not, I loath
My very heart, because thou lay'st there long;
A woman's well help'd up, that's confident
In e'er a glittering outside on you all:
Would I had honestly been match'd to some
Poor Countrey-swain, e'er known the vanity
Of Court: peace then had been my portion,
Nor had been cozen'd by an hours pomp
To be a whore unto my dying day.

Vit. Oh the uncomfortable waies such women have,
Their different speech and meaning, no assurance
In what they say or do: Dissemblers
Even in their prayers, as if the weeping *Greek*
That flatter'd *Troy* a-fire, had been their Adam;
Lyers, as if their mother had been made
Only of all the falshood of the man,
Dispos'd into that rib: Do I know this,
And more: nay, all that can concern this Sex,
With the true end of my creation?

Can I with rational discourse sometimes
Advance my spirit into Heaven, before
'T has shook hands with my body, and yet blindly
Suffer my filthy flesh to master it,
With sight of such fair frail beguiling objects?
When I am absent, easily I resolve
Ne'er more to entertain those strong desires
That triumph o'er me, even to actual sin;
Yet when I meet again those forcerers eies,
Their beams my hardest resolutions thaw,
As if that cakes of Ice and *July* met,
And her sighs powerful as the violent North,
Like a light feather twirl me round about
And leave me in mine own low state again.
What ayl'st thou? prethee weep not: Oh, those tears
If they were true, and rightly spent, would raise
A flow'ry spring i'th' midst of *January*:
Celestial Ministers with *Chrystal* cups
Would stoop to save 'em for immortal drink:
But from this passion; why all this?

Mal. Do ye ask?

You are marrying: having made me unfit
For any man, you leave me fit for all:
Porters must be my burthens now, to live,
And fitting me your self for Carts, and Beadles,
You leave me to 'em: And who of all the world
But the *virago*, your great Arch-foes daughter?
But on: I care not, this poor rush: 'twill breed
An excellent Comedy: ha, ha: 't makes me laugh:
I cannot choose: the best is, some report
It is a match for fear, not love o' your side.

Vit. Why how the devil knows she, that I saw
This Lady? are all whores, piec'd with some witch?
I will be merry, 'faith 'tis true, sweet heart,
I am to marry?

Mal. Are you? you base Lord,
By—I'll pistol thee.

Vit. A roaring whore?

Take heed, there's a Correction-house hard by: (you of,
You ha' learn'd this o' your swordman, that I warn'd
Your Fencers, and your drunkards: but whereas
You upbraid me with oaths, why I must tell you
I ne'er promis'd you marriage, nor have vow'd,
But said I lov'd you, long as you remain'd
The woman I expected, or you swore,
And how you have fail'd of that (sweet-heart) you know.
You fain would shew your power, but fare you well,
I'll keep no more faith with an infidel.

Mal. Nor I my bosome for a *Turk*: d' ye hear?
Goe, and the devil take me, if ever
I see you more: I was too true.

Vit.

Vit. Come, pith:
That devil take the falsest of us two.

Mal. Amen.

Vit. You are an ill Clark; and curse your self:
Madness transports you: I confess, I drew you
Unto my Will: but you must know that must not
Make me doat on the habit of my sin.
I will, to settle you to your content,
Be master of my word: and yet he ly'd
That told you I was marrying, but in thought:
But will you slave me to your tyranny
So cruelly I shall not dare to look
Or speak to other women? make me not
Your smock's Monopolie: come, let's be friends:
Look, here's a Jewel for thee: I will come
At night, and —

Mal. What 'yfaith: you shall not, Sir.

Vit. 'Faith, and troth, and verily, but I will

Mal. Half drunk, to make a noise, and rail?

Vit. No, no,

Sober, and dieted for the nounce: I am thine,
I have won the day.

Mal. The night (though) shall be mine.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clara, and Bobadilla with Letters.

Cl. What said he, sirrah?

Bob. Little, or nothing: faith I saw him not,
Nor will not: he doth love a strumpet, Mistriß,
Nay, keeps her spitefully, under the Constables nose,
It shall be justified by the Gentleman
Your brothers Master that is now within
A practising: there are your Letters: come
You shall not cast your self away, while I live,
Nor will I venture my Right worshipful place
In such a business—here's your Mother, down:
And he that loves you: another 'gates fellow, I wish,
If you had any grace.

Enter Eugenia and Sayavedra.

Cl. Well rogue.

Bob. I'll in, to see Don *Lucio* manage, he'll make
A pretty piece of flesh, I promise you,
He does already handle his weapon finely.

Exit.

Eug. She knows your love, Sir, and the full allowance
Her Father and my self approve it with,
And I must tell you, I much hope it hath
Wrought some impression by her alteration;
She sighs, and saies, forsooth, and cries heigh-ho,
She'll take ill words o' th' Steward, and the Servants,
Yet answer affably, and modestly:
Things Sir, not usual with her: there she is,
Change some few words.

Say. Madam, I am bound t'ye;
How now, fair Mistrißs, working?

Cl. Yes forsooth,
Learning to live another day.

Say. That needs not.

Cl. No forsooth: by my truly but it does,
We knew not what we may come to.

Eug. 'Tis strange.

Say. Come, I ha' begg'd leave for you to play.

Cl. Forsooth

'Tis ill for a fair Lady to be idle.

Say. She had better be well-busied, I know that.
Turtle: me thinks you mourn, shall I sit by you?

Cl. If you be weary, Sir, you had best be gone
(I work not a true stitch) now you're my mate.

Say. If I be so, I must do more than side you.

Cl. Ev'n what you will, but tread me.

Say. Shall we bill?

Cl. Oh no, forsooth.

Say. Being so fair, my *Clara*,
Why d'ye delight in Black-work?

Cl. Oh White, Sir,
The fairest Ladies like the blackest men:
I ever lov'd the colour: all black things
Are least subject to change,

Say. Why, I do love
A black thing too: and the most beauteous faces
Have oftneß of them: as the blackest eyes,
Jet-arched brows, such hair: I'll kiss your hand.

Cl. 'Twill hinder me my work Sir: and my Mother
Will chide me, if I do not do my taske.

Say. Your Mother, nor your Father shall chide: you
Might have a prettier taske, would you be rul'd,
And look with open eyes.

Cl. I stare upon you:

And broadly see you, a wondrous proper man,
Yet 'twere a greater taske for me to love you
Than I shall ever work Sir, in seven year,

—O' this stitching, I had rather feel
Two, than fow one:—this rogue h' as given me a fitch
Clean cross my heart:

Now you grow troublesome: pish, the man is foolish.

Say. Pray wear these trifles.

Cl. Neither you, nor trifles,
You are a trifle, wear your self, Sir, out,
And here no more trifle the time away.

Say. Come; you're deceiv'd in me, I will not wake,
Nor fast, nor dye for you.

Cl. Goose, be not you deceiv'd,
I cannot like, nor love, nor live with you,
Nor fast, nor watch, nor pray for you.

Eug. Her old fit.

Say. Sure this is not the way, nay, I will break
Your melancholly.

Cl. I shall break your pate then,
Away, you sanguine scabbard.

Eug. Out upon thee
Thou'lt break my heart, I am sure,

Enter Alvarez, Piorato, Lucio, and Bobadilla.

Say. She's not yet tame.

Alv. On Sir; put home: or I shall goad you here
With this old Fox of mine, that will bite better:

Oh, the brave age is gone; in my young daies

A *Chevalier* would stock a needles point

Three times together: strait i' th' hams?

Or shall I give ye new Garters?

Bob. Faith old Master.

There's little hope: the linnen sure was danck

He was begot in, he's so faint, and cold:

Ev'n send him to *Toledo*, there to study,

For he will never fadge with these *Toledos*;

Bear ye up your point there; pick his teeth: Oh base.

Pio. Fie: you are the most untoward Scholar: bear

Your body gracefully: what a posture's there?

You lie too open-breasted.

Luc. Oh!

Pio. You'd never

Make a good States-man:

Luc. Pray no more.

I hope to breathe in peace, and therefore need not

The practise of these dangerous qualities,

I do not mean to live by't; for I trust

You'll leave me better able.

Alv. Not a Button:

Let's goe get us a new heir.

Eug. I by my troth: your daughter's as untoward.

Alv. I will break thee bone by bone, and bake thee,

E'r I'll ha' such a wooden Son to inherit:

Take him a good knock; see how that will work.

Pio. Now, for your life Signior:

Luc.

Luc. Oh; alas, I am kill'd
My eye is out: look Father *Zancho*:
I'll play the fool no more thus, that I will not.

Clara. 'Heart: ne'r a rogue in *Spain* shall wrong my brother
Whilst I can hold a sword.

Pio. Hold Madam, Madam.

Alv. Clara.

Eug. Daughter.

Bob. Mistrefs:

Pio. *Bradamante*.

Hold, hold I pray,

Alv. The devil's in her, o'the other side sure,
There's Gold for you: they have chang'd what ye call'ts:
Will no cure help? well I have one experiment,
And if that fail, I'll hang him, then here's an end on't.
Come you along with me: and you Sir: *Exeunt.*

Bob. Now are you going to drowning. *Alv. Eug. Luc.*

Say. I'll ev'n along with ye: she's too great a Lady *Bob.*
For me, and would prove more then my match. *Exit*

Clara. You'r he spoke of *Vitelli* to the Steward:

Pio. Yes, and I thank you, you have beat me for't.

Clara. But are you sure you do not wrong him?

Pio. Sure?

So sure, that if you please venture your self
I'll shew you him, and his Cokatrice together,
And you shall hear 'em talk.

Clara. Will you? by —— Sir

You shall endear me ever: and I ask
You mercy

Pio. You were somewhat boystrous. *(pains,*

Clara. There's Gold to make you amends: and for this
I'll gratifie you farther: I'll but masque me
And walk along with ye: faith let's make a night on't. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Mendoza, Metaldi,
Lazarillo.

Alg. Come on my brave water-Spaniels, you that hunt
Ducks in the night: and hide more knavery under your
gownes than your betters: observe my precepts, and edifie
by my doctrine: at yond corner will I fet you; if drun-
kards molest the street, and fall to brabbling, knock you
down the malefactors, and take you up their cloaks and
hats, and bring them to me: they are lawful prisoners,
and must be ransom'd ere they receive liberty: what else:
you are to execute upon occasion, you sufficiently know,
and therefore I abbreviate my Lecture.

Met. We are wise enough, and warm enough.

Men. Vice this night shall be apprehended.

Pach. The terror of rug-gownes shall be known: and
Discharge us of after reckonings. *(our bills)*

Laz. I will do any thing, so I may eat.

Pach. *Lazarillo*, We will spend no more; now we are
grown worse, we will live better: let us follow our calling
faithfully. *(and who)*

Alg. Away, then the Common-wealth is our Mistrefs:
Would serve a common Mistrefs, but to gain by her?

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Vitelli, Lamorall, Genevora, Anastro, and two
Pages with lights.

Lam. I pray you see the Masque, my Lord.

Ana. 'Tis early night yet.

Gen. O if it be so late, take me along:
I would not give advantage to ill tongues
To tax my being here, without your presence
To be my warrant.

Vit. You might spare this, Sister,
Knowing with whom I leave you; one that is
By your allowance, and his choice, your Servant,
And may my counsel and persuasion work it,
Your husband speedily: For your entertainment
My thanks; I will not rob you of the means
To do your Mistrefs some acceptable service
In waiting on her to my house.

Gen. My Lord,

Vit. As you respect me, without farther trouble
Retire, and tast those pleasures prepar'd for you,
And leave me to my own ways.

Lam. When you please Sir.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Malroda, and Alguazier.

Mal. You'll leave my Chamber?

Alg. Let us but bill once,
My Dove, my Sparrow, and I, with my office
Will be thy slaves for ever.

Mal. Are you so hot?

Alg. But tast the difference of a man in place,
You'll find that when authority pricks him forward,
Your *Don*, nor yet your *Diego* comes not near him
To do a Lady right: no men pay dearer
For their stoln sweets, than we: three minutes trading
Affords to any finner a protection
For three years after: think on that, I burn;
But one drop of your bounty.

Mal. Hence you Rogue,
Am I fit for you? is't not grace sufficient
To have your staff, a bolt to bar the door
Where a *Don* enters, but that you'l presume
To be his taster?

Alg. Is no more respect
Due to his rod of justice?

Mal. Do you dispute?
Good Doctor of the Dungeon, not a word more,
——If you do, my Lord *Vitelli* knows it.

Alg. Why I am big enough to answer him,
Or any man.

Mal. 'Tis well.

Vitelli within.

Vit. *Malroda.*

Alg. How?

Mal. You know the voice, and now crouch like a Cur,
Tane worrying sheep: I now could have you guelled
For a Bawd rampant: but on this submission
For once I spare you

Alg. I will be reveng'd ——
My honorable Lord.

Enter Vitel.

Vit. There's for thy care

Alg. I am mad, stark mad: proud Pagan scorn her host?
I would I were but valiant enough to kick her,

Enter Piorato, and Clara above.

I'll wish no manhood else.

Mal. What's that?

Alg. I am gone.

Exit.

Pio. You see I have kept my word.

Clara. But in this object
Hardly deserv'd my thanks.

Pio. Is there ought else
You will command me?

Clara. Only your sword
Which I must have: nay willingly I yet know
To force it, and to use it.

Z

Pio.

Pio. 'Tis yours Lady.

Cl. I ask no other guard.

Pio. If so I leave you:

And now, if that the Constable keep his word,
A poorer man may chance to gull a Lord.

Mal. By this good—you shall not.

Vit. By this——

I must, and will, *Maltrada*; What do you make
A stranger of me?

Mal. I'll be so to you,
And you shall find it.

Vit. These are your old arts
T'endear the game you know I come to hunt for,
Which I have born too coldly.

Mal. Do so still,
For if I heat you, hang me.

Vit. If you do not
I know who'll starve for't: why, thou shame of women,
Whose folly, or whose impudence is greater
Is doubtful to determine; this to me
That know thee for a whore.

Mal. And made me one,
Remember that.

Vit. Why should I but grow wise
And tie that bounty up, which nor discretion
Nor honor can give way to; thou wouldst be
A Bawd e're twenty, and within a Month
A barefoot, lowzie, and diseased whore,
And shift thy lodgings oftner than a rogue
That's whipt from post to post.

Mal. Pish: all our Colledge
Know you can rail well in this kind.

Cl. For me
He never spake so well.

Vit. I have maintain'd thee
The envy of great fortunes, made thee shine
As if thy name were glorious: stuck thee full
Of jewels, as the firmament of Stars,
And in it made thee so remarkable
That it grew questionable, whether virtue poor,
Or vice so fet forth as it is in thee,
Were even by modesties self to be preferr'd,
And am I thus repaid?

Mal. You are still my debtor;
Can this (though true) be weigh'd with my lost honor,
Much less my faith? I have liv'd private to you,
And but for you, had ne'r known what lust was,
Nor what the sorrow for't.

Vit. 'Tis false.

Mal. 'Tis true,
But how return'd by you, thy whole life being
But one continued act of lust, and Shipwrack
Of womens chastities.

Vit. But that I know
That she that dares be damn'd, dares any thing,
I should admire thy tempting me: but presume not
On the power you think you hold o're my affections,
It will deceive you: yield, and presently
Or by the inflamed blood, which thou must quench
I'll make a forcible entry.

Mal. Touch me not:
You know I have a throat,——if you do
I will cry out a rape, or sheath this here,
Ere I'll be kept, and us'd for Julip-water
T'allay the heat which luscious meats and wine
And not desire hath rais'd.

Vit. A desperate devil,
My blood commands my reason; I must take
Some milder way.

Mal. I hope (dear *Don*) I fit you.
The night is mine, although the day was yours
You are not fasting now: this speeding trick
Which I would as a principle leave to all,

Exit.

That make their maintenance out of their own *Indies*,
As I do now; my good old mother taught me,
Daughter, quoth she, contest not with your lover
His stomach being empty; let wine heat him,
And then you may command him: 'tis a sure one:
His looks shew he is coming.

Vit. Come this needs not,
Especially to me: you know how dear
I ever have esteem'd you.

Cl. Lost again.

Vit. That any sight of yours, hath power to change
My strongest resolution, and one tear
Sufficient to command a pardon from me,
For any wrong from you, which all mankind
Should kneel in vain for.

Mal. Pray you pardon those
That need your favor, or desire it.

Vit. Prethee.
Be better temper'd: I'll pay as a forfeit
For my rash anger, this purse fil'd with Gold.
Thou shalt have servants, gowns, attires, what not?
Only continue mine.

Mal. 'Twas this I fish'd for

Vit. Look on me, and receive it.

Mal. Well, you know
My gentle nature, and take pride t'abuse it:
You see a trifle pleases me, we are friends;
This kiss, and this confirms it.

Cl. With my ruine.

Mal. I'll have this diamond, and this pearl.

Vit. They are yours.

Mal. But will you not, when you have what you came for,
Take them from me to-morrow? 'tis a fashion
Your Lords of late have us'd.

Vit. But I'll not follow.

Cl. That any man at such a rate as this
Should pay for his repentance.

Vit. Shall we to bed now?

Mal. Instantly, Sweet; yet now I think on't better
There's something first that in a word or two
I must acquaint you with.

Cl. Can I cry ay me,
To this against my self? I'll break this match,
Or make it stronger with my blood.

Descends.

Enter Alguazier, Piorato, Pacchieco, Metaldi, Mendoza,
Lazarillo, &c.

Alg. I am yours.

A *Don's* not priviledg'd here more than your self,
Win her, and wear her.

Pio. Have you a Priest ready?

Alg. I have him for thee, Lad; and when I have
Married this scornful whore to this poor gallant,
She will make suit to me; there is a trick
To bring a high-pris'd wench upon her knees:
For you my fine neat *Harpyes* stretch your tallons
And prove your selves true night-Birds.

Pach. Take my word
For me and all the rest.

Laz. If there be meat
Or any banquet stirring, you shall see
How I'll bestow my self.

Alg. When they are drawn,
Rush in upon 'em: all's fair prize you light on:
I must away: your officer may give way
To the Knavery of his watch, but must not see it.
You all know where to find me.

Exit.

Met. There look for us.

Vit. Who's that?

Mal. My *Piorato*, welcome, welcome:
Faith had you not come when you did my Lord
Had done I know not what to me.

Vit. I am gul'd,
First cheated of my Jewels, and then laug'd at:

Sirha,

Sirha, what makes you here?

Pio. A business brings me,
More lawful than your own,
Vit. How's that, you slave?

Mal. He's such, that would continue her a whore
Whom he would make a wife of.

Vit. I'll tread upon
The face you doat on, strumpet.

Enter Clara.

Pach. Keep the peace there.

Vit. A plot upon my life too?

Met. Down with him.

Cl. Show your old valor, and learn from a woman,
One Eagle has a world of odds against
A flight of Dawes, as these are.

Pio. Get you off,
I'll follow instantly.

Pach. Run for more help there. *Exeunt all but Vit. and*
Vit. Los of my gold, and jewels, and the wench too (*Clara.*
Afflicts me not so much, as th'having *Clara*
The witness of my weakness.

Cl. He turns from me,
And yet I may urge merit, since his life
Is made my second gift.

Vit. May I ne'r prosper
If I know how to thank her.

Cl. Sir, your pardon
For pressing thus beyond a Virgins bounds
Upon your privacies: and let my being
Like to a man, as you are, be th'excuse
Of my soliciting that from you, which shall not
Be granted on my part, although desir'd
By any other: Sir, you understand me,
And 'twould shew nobly in you, to prevent
From me a farther boldness, which I must
Proceed in, if you prove not merciful,
Thought with my loss of blushes and good name.

Vit. Madam, I know your will, and would be thankful
If it were possible I could affect
The daughter of an enemy.

Cl. That fair false one
Whom with fond dotage you have long pursu'd
Had such a father: she to whom you pay
Dearer for your dishonor, than all titles
Ambitious men hunt for, are worth.

Vit. 'Tis truth.

Cl. Yet, with her, as a friend you still exchange
Health for diseases, and, to your disgrace,
Nourish the rivals to your present pleasures,
At your own charge, us'd as a property
To give a safe protection to her lust,
Yet share in nothing but the shame of it.

Vit. Grant all this so, to take you for a wife
Were greater hazard; for should I offend you
(As 'tis not easy still to please a woman)
You are of so great a spirit, that I must learn
To wear your petticoat, for you will have
My breeches from me.

Cl. Rather from this hour
I here abjure all actions of a man,
And will esteem it happiness from you
To suffer like a woman: love, true love
Hath made a search within me, and expell'd
All but my natural softness, and made perfect
That which my parents care could not begin.
I will show strength in nothing, but my duty,
And glad desire to please you, and in that
Grow every day more able.

Vit. Could this be,
What a brave race might I beget? I find
A kind of yielding; and no reason why
I should hold longer out: she's young, and fair,

And chaste; for sure, but with her leave, the Devil
Durst not attempt her: Madam, though you have
A Soldiers arm, your lips appear as if
They were a Ladies,

Cl. They dare Sir, from you
Endure the tryal.

Vit. Ha: once more I pray you:
The best I ever tasted; and 'tis said
I have prov'd many, 'tis not safe I fear
To ask the rest now: well, I will leave whoring
And luck herein send me with her: worthiest Lady,
I'll wait upon you home, and by the way
(If ere I marry, as I'll not forswear it)
Tell you, you are my wife.

Cl. Which if you do,
From me all man-kind women, learn to woe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alguaziér, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza,
Lazarillo.

Alg. A cloak? good purchase, and rich hangers? well,
We'll share ten Pistolets a man.

Laz. Yet still
I am monstrous hungry: could you not deduct
So much out of the gross sum, as would purchase
Eight loynes of Veal, and some two dozen of Capons?

Pach. O strange proportion for five.

Laz. For five? I have
A legion in my stomach that have kept
Perpetual fast these ten years: for the Capons,
They are to me but as so many black Birds:
May I but eat once, and be satisfied,
Let the fates call me, when my ship is fraught,
And I shall hang in peace.

Alg. Steal well to night,
And thou shalt feed to morrow; so now you are
Your selves again, I'll raise another watch
To free you from suspicion: set on any
You meet with boldly: I'll not be far off,
I'll assist you, and protect you. *Exit.*

Met. O brave officer.

Enter Alvarez, Lucio, Bobadilla.

Pach. Would every ward had one but so well given,
And we would watch, for rug, in gowns of velvet.

Mend. Stand close, a prize.

Met. Satten, and gold Lace, Lads.

Alv. Why do'st thou hang upon me?

Luc. 'Tis so dark
I dare not see my way: for heaven sake father
Let us go home.

Bob. No, ev'n here we'll leave you:
Let's run away from him, my Lord.

Luc. Oh 'las.

Alv. Thou hast made me mad: and I will beat thee dead,
Then bray thee in a mortar, and new mold thee,
But I will alter thee.

Bob. 'Twill never be:
He has been three days practising to drink,
Yet still he sips like to a waiting woman,
And looks as he were murdering of a fart
Among wild Irish swaggers.

Luc. I have still
Your good word, *Zancho*, father.

Alv. Milk-sop, coward;
No house of mine receives thee: I disclaim thee,
Thy mother on her knees shall not entreat me
Hereafter to acknowledge thee.

Luc. Pray you speak for me.

Bob. I would; but now I cannot with mine honor.

Alv. There's only one course left, that may redeem thee,
Which is, to strike the next man that you meet,
And if we chance to light upon a woman,
Take her away, and use her like a man,
Or I will cut thy hamstrings.

Pach. This makes for us.

Alv. What do'st thou do now?

Luc. Sir, I am saying my prayers;
For being to undertake what you would have me,
I know I cannot live.

Enter Lamorall, Genevora, Anastro, and Pages
with Lights.

Lam. Madam, I fear
You'll wish you had us'd your coach: your brothers house
Is yet far off.

Gen. The better sir: this walk
Will help digestion after your great supper,
Of which I have fed largely.

Alv. To your task,
Or else you know what follows:

Luc. I am dying:
Now Lord have mercy on me: by your favor,
Sir I must strike you.

Lam. For what cause?

Luc. I know not:
And I must likewise talk with that young Lady,
An hour in private.

Lam. What you must, is doubtful,
But I am certain Sir, I must beat you.

Luc. Help, help.

Alv. Not strike again?

Lam. How, Alvarez?

An. This for my Lord *Vitellis* love.

Pach. Break out,
And like true thieves, make prey on either side,
But seem to help the stranger.

Bob. Oh my Lord,
They have beat him on his knees.

Luc. Though I want courage:
I yet have a sons duty in me, and
Compassion of a fathers danger; that,
That wholly now possesses me.

Alv. *Lucia.*

This is beyond my hope.

Met. So *Lazarillo*,
Take up all boy: well done.

Pach. And now steal off
Closely and cunningly.

An. How? have I found you?
Why Gentlemen, are you mad, to make your selves
A prey to Rogues?

Lam. Would we were off.

Bob. Thieves, thieves.

Lam. Defer our own contention: and down with them.

Luc. I'll make you sure.

Bob. Now he plays the Devil.

Gen. This place is not for me. *Exit.*

Luc. I'll follow her
Half of my pennance is past o'er. *Exit.*

Enter Alguazier, Assistant, and other Watches.

Alg. What noise?
What tumult's there? keep the Kings peace I charge you.

Pach. I am glad he's come yet.

Alv. O, you keep good Guard
Upon the City, when men of our ranck
Are set upon in the streets.

Lam. The assistants
Shall hear on't be assur'd.

An. And if he be
That careful Governor he is reported,

You will smart for it.

Alg. Patience, good Signiors:

Let me survey the Rascals: O, I know them,
And thank you for them: they are pilf'ring rogues
Of *Andaluzia* that have perus'd
All Prisons in *Castile*: I dare not trust
The dungeon with them: no, I'll have them home
To my own house.

Pach. We had rather go to prison.

Alg. Had you so dog-bolts? yes, I know you had:
You there would use your cunning fingers on
The simple locks; you would: but I'll prevent you.

Lam. My Mistrißs lost, good night. *Exit.*

Bob. Your Son's gone too,
What should become of him?

Alv. Come of him, what will:
Now he dares fight, I care not: I'll to bed,
Look to your prisoners *Alguazier.* *Exit with Boba.*

Alg. All's clear'd:

Droop not for one disaster: let us hug,
And triumph in our knaveries.

Assist. This confirms

What was reported of him.

Met. 'Twas done bravely.

Alg. I must a little glory in the means
We Officers have, to play the Knaves, and safely:
How we break through the toyles, pitch'd by the Law,
Yet hang up them that are far less delinquents:
A simple shopkeeper's carted for a bawd
For lodging (though unwittingly) a smock-Gamster:
Where, with rewards, and credit I have kept
Malroda in my house, as in a cloyster,
Without taint, or suspicion.

Pach. But suppose

The Governor should know't?

Alg. He? good Gentleman,
Let him perplex himself with prying into
The measures in the market, and th'abuses
The day stands guilty of: the pillage of the night
Is only mine, mine own fee simple;
Which you shall hold from me, tenants at will,
And pay no rent for't.

Pach. Admirable Landlord.

Alg. Now we'll go search the Taverns, commit such
As we find drinking: and be drunk our selves
With what we take from them: these silly wretches
Whom I for form sake only have brought hither
Shall watch without, and guard us.

Assist. And we will

See you safe lodg'd, most worthy *Alguazier*,
With all of you his comrads.

Met. 'Tis the Governor.

Alg. We are betray'd?

Assist. My guard there; bind them fast:

How men in high place and authority
Are in their lives and estimations wrong'd
By their subordinate Ministers? yet such
They cannot but employ: wrong'd justice finding
Scarce one true servant in ten officers.
'T'expostulate with you, were but to delay
Your crimes due punishment, which shall fall upon you
So speedily, and severely, that it shall
Fright others by th'example: and confirm
How ever corrupt Officers may disgrace
Themselves, 'tis not in them to wrong their place.
Bring them away.

Alg. We'll suffer nobly yet,
And like to *Spanish* Gallants.

Pach. And we'll hang so.

Laz. I have no stomach to it: but I'll endeavor.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lucio, and Genevora.

Gen. Nay you are rude; pray you forbear, you offer now
More than the breeding of a Gentleman
Can give you warrant for.

Luc. 'Tis but to kiss you,
And think not I'll receive that for a favour
Which was enjoy'd me for a penance, Lady.

Gen. You have met a gentle confessor, and for once
(So then you will rest satisfied) I vouchsafe it.

Luc. Rest satisfied with a kiss? why can a man
Desire more from a woman? is there any
Pleasure beyond it? may I never live
If I know what it is.

Gen. Sweet Innocence.

Luc. What strange new motions do I feel? my veins
Burn with an unknown fire: in every part
I suffer alteration: I am poison'd,
Yet languish with desire again to taste it,
So sweetly it works on me.

Gen. I ne'er saw
A lovely man, till now.

Luc. How can this be?
She is a woman, as my mother is,
And her I have kiss'd often, and brought off
My lips unscorch'd; yours are more lovely, Lady,
And so should be less hurtful: pray you vouchsafe
Your hand to quench the heat tane from your Lip,
Perhaps that may restore me.

Gen. Willingly.

Luc. The flame increaseth: if to touch you, burn thus,
What would more strict embraces do? I know not,
And yet methinks to die so, were to ascend
To heaven, through Paradise.

Gen. I am wounded too,
Though modesty forbids that I should speak
What ignorance makes him bold in: why do you fix
Your eyes so strongly on me?

Luc. Pray you stand still,
There is nothing else, that is worth the looking on:
I could adore you, Lady.

Gen. Can you love me?

Luc. To wait on you, in your chamber, and but touch
What you, by wearing it, have made divine,
Were such a happiness. I am resolved,
I'll sell my liberty to you for this glove,
And write my self your slave.

Enter Lamorall.

Gen. On easier terms,
Receive it as a friend.

Lam. How! giving favor!
I'll have it with his heart.

Gen. What will you do?

Luc. As you are merciful, take my life rather.

Gen. Will you depart with't so?

Lam. Do's that grieve you?

Gen. I know not: but even now you appear valiant.

Luc. 'Twas to preserve my father: in his cause
I could be so again. (enemy?)

Gen. Not in your own? Kneel to thy Rival and thine
Away unworthy creature, I begin
To hate my self, for giving entrance to
A good opinion of thee: for thy torment,
If my poor beauty be of any power,
Mayst thou doat on it desperately: but never
Presume to hope for grace, till thou recover
And wear the favor that was ravish'd from thee.

Lam. He wears my head too then.

Gen. Poor fool, farewell.

Exit.

Luc. My womanish soul, which hitherto hath govern'd
This coward flesh, I feel departing from me;
And in me by her beauty is inspir'd
A new, and masculine one: instructing me
What's fit to do or suffer; powerful love
That hast with loud, and yet a pleasing thunder
Rous'd sleeping manhood in me, thy new creature,
Perfect thy work so that I may make known
Nature (though long kept back) will have her own.

Exeunt.

Actus V.

Scena Prima.

Enter Lamorall and Lucio.

Lam. Can it be possible, that in six short hours
The subject still the same, so many habits
Should be remov'd? or this new Lucio, he
That yesternight was baffled and disgrac'd,
And thank'd the man that did it, that then kneeld
And blubber'd like a woman, should now dare
On terms of honor seek reparation
For what he then appear'd not capable of?

Luc. Such miracles, men that dare do injuries
Live to their shames to see, and for punishment
And scourge to their proud follies.

Lam. Prethee leave me:
Had I my Page, or foot-man here to flesh thee,
I durst the better hear thee.

Luc. This scorn needs not:
And offer such no more.

Lam. Why say I should,
You'll not be angry?

Luc. Indeed I think I shall,
Would you vouchsafe to shew your self a Captain,
And lead a little farther, to some place
That's less frequented.

Lam. He looks pale.

Luc. If not,
Make use of this.

Lam. There's anger in his eyes too:
His gesture, voyce, behaviour, all new fashion'd;
Well, if it does endure in act the triall
Of what in show it promises to make good,

Ulysses Cyclops, Ios transformation,
Eurydice fetch from Hell, with all the rest
Of Ovids Fables, I'll put in your Creed;
And for proof, all incredible things may be,
Write down that Lucio, the coward Lucio,
The womanish Lucio fought.

Luc. And Lamorall,
The still employ'd great duellist Lamorall,
Took his life from him.

Lam. 'Twill not come to that sure:
Methinks the only drawing of my Sword
Should fright that confidence.

Luc. It confirms it rather.
To make which good, know you stand now oppos'd
By one that is your Rival, one that wishes
Your name and title greater, to raise his;
The wrong you did, less pardonable than it is,
But your strength to defend it, more than ever
It was when justice friended it. The Lady
For whom we now contend, Genevora
Of more desert, (if such incomparable beauty
Could suffer an addition) your love
To Don Vitelli multipli'd, and your hate
Against my father and his house increas'd;

And

And lastly, that the Glove which you there wear,
To my dishonour, (which I must force from you)
Were dearer to you than your life.

Lam. You'll find

It is, and so I'll guard it:

Luc. All these must meet then

With the black infamy, to be foild by one
That's not allow'd a man: to help your valor,
That falling by your hand, I may, or dye,
Or win in this one single opposition
My Mistriss, and such honor as I may
Enrich my fathers Arms with.

Lam. 'Tis said Nobly;
My life with them are at the stake.

Luc. At all then.

Fight.

Lam. She's yours, this and my life too follow your fortune,
And give not only back that part, the looser
Scorns to accept of —

Luc. What's that?

Lam. My poor life,

Which do not leave me as a farther torment,
Having dispoild me of my Sword, mine honor,
Hope of my Ladies grace, fame, and all else
That made it worth the keeping.

Luc. I take back

No more from you, than what you forc'd from me;
And with a worser title: yet think not
That I'll dispute this, as made insolent
By my success, but as one equal with you,
If so you will accept me; that new courage,
Or call it fortune if you please, that is
Conferr'd upon me by the only fight
Of fair *Genevora*, was not bestow'd on me
To bloody purposes: nor did her command
Deprive me of the happiness to see her
But till I did redeem her favor from you;
Which only I rejoyce in, and share with you
In all you suffer else.

Lam. This curtesie

Wounds deeper than your Sword can, or mine own;
Pray you make use of either, and dispatch me.

Luc. The barbarous Turk is satisfied with spoil;
And shall I, being posses'd of what I came for,
Prove the more Insidel?

Lam. You were better be so,
Than publish my disgrace, as 'tis rhe custom,
And which I must expect.

Luc. Judge better on me:

I have no tongue to trumpet mine own praise
To your dishonor: 'tis a bastard courage
That seeks a name out that way, no true born one;
Pray you be comforted; for by all goodness
But to her virtuous self, the best part of it,
I never will discover on what terms
I came by these: which yet I take not from you,
But leave you in exchange of them, mine own,
With the desire of being a friend; which if
You will not grant me, but on farther trial
Of manhood in me, seek me when you please,
(And though I might refuse it with mine honor)
Win them again, and wear them: so good morrow. *Exit.*

Lam. I ne'r knew what true valor was till now;
And have gain'd more by this disgrace, than all
The honors I have won: they made me proud,
Presumptuous of my fortune; a mere beast,
Fashion'd by them, only to dare and do:
Yielding no reasons for my wilful actions
But what I stuck on my Swords point, presuming
It was the best Renew. How unequal
Wrongs well maintain'd makes us to others, which
Ending with shame teach us to know our selves,
I will think more on't.

Enter Vitelli.

Vit. Lamorall.

Lam. My Lord?

Vit. I came to seek you.

Lam. And unwillingly;

You ne'r found me tell now: your pleasure Sir?

Vit. That which will please thee friend: thy vow'd love to me
Shall now be put in action: means is offer'd
To use thy good Sword for me; that which still
Thou wearst, as if it were a part of thee.
Where is it?

Lam. 'Tis chang'd for one more fortunate:
Pray you enquire not how.

Vit. Why, I ne'r thought
That there was musick in't, but ascribe
The fortune of it to the arm.

Lam. Which is grown weaker too. I am not (in a word)
Worthy your friendship: I am onenew vanquish'd,
Yet shame to tell by whom.

Vit. But I'll tell thee
'Gainst whom thou art to fight, and there redeem
Thy honor lost, if there be any such:
The King, by my long suit, at length is pleas'd
That *Alvarez* and my self, with eithers Second,
Shall end the difference between our houses,
Which he accepts of, I make choice of thee;
And where you speak of a disgrace, the means
To blot it out, by such a publick trial
Of thy approved valor, will revive
Thy antient courage. If you imbrace it do;
If not, I'll seek some other.

Lam. As I am
You may command me.

Vit. Spoke like that true friend
That loves not only for his private end. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Genevora, with a Letter and Bobadilla.

Gen. This from *Madona Clara*?

Bob. Yes, an't please you.

Gen. *Alvarez* daughter?

Bob. The same, Lady.

Gen. She,

That sav'd my brothers life?

Bob. You are still in the right,
She wil'd me wait your walking forth: and knowing
How necessary a discreet wife man
Was in a business of such weight, she pleas'd
To think on me: it may be in my face
Your Ladyship, not acquainted with my wisdom,
Finds no such matter: what I am, I am;
Thought's free, and think you what you please.

Gen. 'Tis strange,

Bob. That I should be wise, Madam?

Gen. No, thou art so;

There's for thy pains: and prethee tell thy Lady
I will not fail to meet her: I'll receive
Thy thanks and duty in thy present absence:
Farewell, farewell, I say, now thou art wise. *Exit Bob.*
She writes here, she hath something to impart
That may concern my brothers life; I know not,
But general fame does give her out so worthy,
That I dare not suspect her: yet wish *Lucio*,

Enter Lucio.

Were Master of her mind: but she upon't;
Why do I think on him? see, I am punish'd for it,
In his unlook'd for presence: Now I must
Endure another tedious piece of Courtship,

Would

Would make one forswear curtesie.

Luc. Gracious Madam,
The sorrow paid for your just anger towards me
Arising from my weakness, I presume
To press into your presence, and despair not
An easie pardon.

Gen. He speaks fence: oh strange.

Luc. And yet believe, that no desire of mine,
Though all are too strong in me, had the power
For their delight, to force me to infringe
What you commanded, it being in your part
To lessen your great rigor when you please,
And mine to suffer with an humble patience
What you'll impose upon it.

Gen. Courtly too.

Luc. Yet hath the poor, and contemn'd *Lucio*, Madam,
(Made able only by his hope to serve you)
Recover'd what with violence, not justice,
Was taken from him: and here at your feet
With these, he could have laid the conquer'd head
Of *Lamorall* ('tis all I say of him)
For rudely touching that, which as a relique
I ever would have worship'd, since 'twas yours.

Gen. Valiant, and every thing a Lady could
Wish in her servant.

Luc. All that's good in me,
That havenly love, the opposite to base lust,
Which would have all men worthy, hath created;
Which being by your beams of beauty form'd,
Cherish as your own creature.

Gen. I am gone

Too far now to dissemble: rise, or sure
I must kneel with you too: let this one kiss
Speak the rest for me: 'tis too much I do,
And yet, if chastity would, I could wish more.

Luc. In overjoying me, you are grown sad;
What is it Madam? by——
There's nothing that's within my nerves (and yet
Favour'd by you, I should as much as man)
But when you please, now or on all occasions
You can think of hereafter, but you may
Dispose of at your pleasure.

Gen. If you break.

That oath again, you loose me. Yet so well
I love you, I shall never put you to't;
And yet forget it not: rest satisfied
With that you have receiv'd now: there are eyes
May be upon us, till the difference
Between our friends are ended: I would not
Be seen so private with you.

Luc. I obey you.

Gen. But let me hear oft from you, and remember
I am *Vitellies* Sister.

Luc. What's that Madam?

Gen. Nay nothing, fare you well: who feels loves fire,
Would ever ask to have means to desire. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Assisente, Sayavedra, Anaastro, Herald,
Attendants.

Assf. Are they come in?

Har. Yes.

Assf. Read the Proclamation,
That all the people here assembled may
Have satisfaction, what the Kings dear love,
In care of the Republick, hath ordained;
Attend with silence: read aloud.

Herald Reads.

FOrasmuch as our high and mighty Master, Philip, the
potent and most Catholick King of Spain, hath not only
in his own Royal person, been long, and often solicited, and
grieved, with the deadly and honorable hatred, sprung up be-
twixt the two antient and most incurable descended Houses of
these his two dearly and equally beloved Subjects, Don Ferdi-
nando de Alvarez, and Don Pedro de Vitelli: (all which
in vain his Majesty hath often endeavored to reconcile and qua-
lifie:) But that also through the debates, quarrels, and outrages
daily arising, falling, and flowing from these great heads,
his publick civil Government is seditiously and barbarously mo-
lested and wounded, and many of his chief Gentry (no less ten-
der to his Royal Majesty then the very branches of his own sa-
cred blood) spoyld, lost, and submerged, in the impious inunda-
tion and torrent of their still-growing malice: It hath therefore
pleas'd His sacred Majesty, out of his infinite affection to pre-
serve his Common-wealth, and general peace, from farther vio-
lation, (as a sweet and heartily loving father of his people)
and on the earnest petitions of these arch-enemies, to Order,
and ordain, that they by ready, each with his well-chosen and
beloved friend, armed at all points like Gentlemen, in the
Castle of St. Jago, on this present Monday morning betwixt
eight and nine of the clock, where (before the combattants be al-
lowed to commence this granted Duel) This to be read aloud for
the publick satisfaction of his Majesties well beloved Sub-
jects.

'Save the King.

Drums within.

Say. Hark their Drums speak their insatiate thirst
Of blood, and stop their ears 'gainst pious peace,
Who gently whispering, implores their friendship?

Assf. Kings nor authority can master fate;
Admit 'em then, and blood extinguish hate.

Enter severally, Alvarez, and Lucio, Vitelli and
Lamora.

Say. Stay, yet be pleas'd to think, and let not daring
Wherein men now adaies exceed even beasts,
And think themselves not men else, so transport you
Beyond the bounds of *Christianity*:

Lord Alvarez, Vitelli, Gentlemen,
No Town in *Spain*, from our *Metropolis*
Unto the rudest hovel, but is great
With your assured valors daily proofs:
Oh will you then, for a superfluous fame,
A sound of honor, which in these times, all
Like hereticks profess (with obstinacy)
But most erroneously venture your souls,
'Tis a hard task, through a Sea of blood
To fail, and land at Heaven?

Vit. I hope not

If justice be my Pilot: but my Lord,
You know, if argument, or time, or love,
Could reconcile, long since we had shook hands;
I dare protest, your breath cools not a vein
In any one of us, but blows the fire
Which nought but blood reciprocal can quench.

Alv. Vitelli, thou sayst bravely, and sayst right,
And I will kill thee for't, I love thee so.

Vit. Ha, ha, old man: upon thy death I'll build
A story (with this arm) for thy old wife
To tell thy daughter *Clara* seven years hence
As she sits weeping by a winters fire,
How such a time *Vitelli* slew her husband
With the same Sword his daughter favor'd him,
And lives, and wears it yet: Come *Lamorall*,
Redeem thy self.

Lam. Lucio, Genevora

Shall on this Sword receive thy bleeding heart,
For my presented hat, laid at her feet.

Luc

Luc. Thou talk'st well *Lamorall*, but 'tis thy head
That I will carry to her to thy hat:
Fie Father, I do cool too much.

Alv. Oh boy:
Thy fathers true Son:
Beat Drums, — and so good morrow to your Lordship.

Enter above Eugenia, Clara, Genevora.

Say. Brave resolutions.

Anast. Brave, and Spanish right.

Gen. Lucio.

Cl. Vitelli.

Eng. Alvarez.

Alv. How the devil
Got these Cats into th' gutter? my pussè too?

Eng. Hear us.

Gen. We must be heard.

Cl. We will be heard

Vitelli, look, see *Clara* on her knees
Imploring thy compassion: Heaven, how frenly
They dart their emulous eyes, as if each scorn'd
To be behind the other in a look!
Mother, death needs no Sword here: oh my Sister
(Fate fain would have it so) persuade, entreat,
A Ladies tears are silent Orators
(Or should be so at least) to move beyond
The honest tongu'd-Rhetorician:
Why will you fight? why do's an uncles death
Twenty year old, exceed your love to me
But twenty days? whose forc'd cause, and fair manner
You could not understand, only have heard.
Custom, that wrought so cunningly on nature
In me, that I forgot my sex, and knew not
Whether my body femaie were, or male,
You did unweave, and had the power to charm
A new creation in me, made me fear
To think on those deeds I did perpetrate,
How little power though you allow to me
That cannot with my sighs, my tears, my prayers
Move you from your own loss, if you should gain.

Vit. I must forget you *Clara*, 'till I have
Redeem'd my uncles blood, that brands my face
Like a pestiferous Carbuncle: I am blind
To what you do: deaf to your cries: and Marble
To all impulsive exorations.
When in this point, I have perch'd thy fathers soul,
'Til tender thee this bloody reeking hand
Drawn forth the bowels of that murderer:
If thou canst love me then, I'll marry thee,
And for thy father lost, get thee a Son;
On no condition else.

Assit. Most barbarous.

Say. Savage.

Anast. Irreligious.

Gen. Oh *Lucio*!

Be thou merciful: thou bear'st fewer years,
Art lately wean'd from soft effimacy,
A maidens manners, and a maidens heart
Are neighbors still to thee: be then more mild,
Proceed not to this combat; be'st thou desperate
Of thine own life? yet (dearest) pittymine
Thy valour's not thine own, I gave it thee,
These eyes begot it, this tongue bred it up,
This breast would lodge it: do not use my gifts
To mine own ruine: I have made thee rich,
Be not so thankless, to undo me for't

Luc. Mistrifs, you know I do not wear a vein.
I would not rip for you, to do you service:
Life's but a word, a shadow, a melting dream,
Compar'd to essential, and eternal honor.
Why, would you have me value it beyond
Your btother: if I first cast down my sword
May all my body here, be made one wound,

And yet my soul not find heaven thorough it.

Alv. You would be catter-walling too, but peace,
Go, get you home, and provide dinner for
Your Son, and me: wee'll be exceeding merry:
Oh *Lucio*, I will have thee cock of all
The proud *Vitellies* that do live in *Spain*:
Fie, we shall take cold: hunch: — I am hoarse
Already.

Lam. How your Sister whets my spleen!
I could eat *Lucio* now:

Gen. Vitelli, Brother,
Ev'n for your Fathers soul, your uncles blood,
As you do love my life: but last, and most
As you respect your own Honor, and Fame,
Throw down your sword; he is most valiant
That herein yields first.

Vit. Peace, you fool.

Cl. Why *Lucio*,
Do thou begin; 'tis no disparagement:
He's elder, and thy better, and thy valor
Is in his infancy.

Gen. Or pay it me,
To whom thou ow'st it: Oh, that constant time
Would but go back a week, then *Lucio*
Thou would'st not dare to fight.

Eng. Lucio, thy Mother,
Thy Mother begs it: throw thy sword down first.

Alv. I'll throw his head down after then.

Gen. Lamorall.

You have often swore you'd be commanded by me.

Lam. Never to this: your spight, and scorn *Genevora*,
Has lost all power in me:

Gen. Your hearing for six words.

Ass. Say. An. Strange obstinacy!

Al. Vit. Lu. Lam. We'll stay no longer.

Cl. Then by thy oath *Vitelli*,
Thy dreadful oath, thou would'st return that Sword
When I should ask it, give it to me, now,
This instant I require it.

Gen. By thy vow,
As dreadful *Lucio*, to obey my will
In any one thing I would watch to challenge,
I charge thee not to strike a stroak: now he
Of our two brothers that loves perjury
Best, and dares first be damn'd, infringe his vow.

Say. Excellent Ladies.

Vit. Pish, you tyrannize.

Luc. We did equivocate.

Alv. On.

Cl. Then *Lucio*,
So well I love my husband, for he is so,
(Wanting but ceremony) that I pray
His vengeful sword may fall upon thy head
Succesfully for false-hood to his Sister.

Gen. I likewise pray (*Vitelli*) *Lucio*'s sword
(Who equally is my husband as thou hers)
May find thy false heart, that darst gage thy faith,
And durst not keep it.

Assit. Are you men, or stone.

Alv. Men, and we'll prove it with our swords:

Eng. Your hearing for six words, and we have done,
Zancho come forth — we'll fight our challenge too:
Now speak your resolutions.

Gen. These they are, *Enter Bobidilla with two
swords and a Pistol.*
The first blow given betwixt you, sheathes these swords
in one anothers bosomes.

Eng. And rogue, look
You at that instant do discharge that Pistol
Into my breast: if you start back, or quake,
I'll stick you like a Pig.

Alv. — Hold, you are mad.

Gen. This we said: and by our hope of bliss
This we will do: speak your intents.

Cl. Gen. Strike.

Eng. Shoot.

All. Vit. Lat. La. Hold, hold: all friends.

Affist. Come down.

Alv. These devilish women

Can make men friends and enemies when they list.

Say. A gallant undertaking and a happy;

Why this is noble in you: and will be

A welcomer present to our Master *Philip*

Than the return from his *Indies*.

Enter Clara, Genevora, Eugenia, and Bobadilla.

Cl. Father, your blessing.

Alv. Take her: if ye bring not

Between you, boys that will find out new worlds,

And win 'em too, I'm a false Prophet.

Vit. Brother.

There is a Sister, long divided streams

Mix now at length, by fate.

Bob. I am not regarded: I was the careful Steward that provided these Instruments of peace, I put the longest weapon in your Sisters hand, (my Lord) because she was the shortest Lady: For likely the shortest Ladies love the longest---men: And for mine own part, I could have discharged it: my Pistol is no ordinary Pistol, it has two ramming bullets; but thought I, why should I shoot my two bullets into my old Lady? if they had gone, I would not have staid long after: I would ev'n have died too, bravely y'faith, like a Roman Steward: hung my self in mine own chain, and there had been a story of *Bobadilla, Spindola, Zanco*, for after ages to lament: hum: I perceive, I am not only not regarded, but also not rewarded.

Alv. Prethee peace: 'shalt have a new chain, next Saint *Jaques* day, or this new gilt:

Bob. I am satisfied: let virtue have her due: And yet I am melancholy upon this atonement: pray heaven the State rue it not: I would my Lord *Vitellie's* Steward, and I could meet: they should find it should cost 'em a little more to make us friends: well, I will forswear wine, and women for a year: and then I will be drunk to morrow, and run a whoring like a dog with a broken bottle at's tail; then will I repent next day, and forswear 'em again more vehemently: be forsworn next day again, and repent my repentance: for thus a melancholy Gentleman doth, and ought to live.

Affist. Nay, you shall dine with me: and afterward I'll with ye to the King: But first, I will Dispatch the Castles business, that this day May be compleat. Bring forth the malefactors.

Enter Alguazier, Pacheco, Metaldi, Mendoza, Lazaril, Piorato, Malroda, and Guard.

You *Alguazier*, the Ringleader of these Poor fellows, are degraded from your office, You must return all stolen goods you receiv'd, And watch a twelve month without any pay: This, if you fail of, (all your goods confiscate) You are to be whipt, and sent into the Gallies.

Alg. I like all, but restoring that Catholique Doctrine.

I do dislike: Learn all ye officers

By this to live uprightly (if you can.)

Exit.

Affist. You Cobler, to translate your manners new, Are doom'd to th' Cloisters of the Mendicants, With this your brother, botcher, there for nothing To cobble, and heel hose for the poor Friers, Till they allow you penance for sufficient, And your amendment; then you shall be freed, And may set up again,

Pach. *Mendoza*, come, Our souls have trode awry in all mens fight, We'll underlay 'em, till they go upright,

Exe. Pach. and Mend.

Affist. *Smith*, in those shackles you for your hard heart Must lie by th' heels a year.

Met. I have shod your horse, my Lord.

Exit.

Affist. Away: for you, my hungry white-loaf'd face, You must to th' Gallies, where you shall be sure To have no more bits, than you shall have blows.

Laz. Well, though herrings want, I shall have rowes.

Affist. Signior, you have prevented us, and punish'd Your selfe severelier than we would have done.

You have married a whore: may she prove honest.

Pio. 'Tis better, my Lord, than to marry an honest woman; That may prove a whore,

Vit. 'Tis a handsome wench: and thou canst keep her tame I'll send you what I promis'd.

Pio. Joy to your Lordships.

Alv. Hear may all Ladies learn, to make of foes The perfect'st friends: and not the perfect'st foes Of dearest friends, as some do now a daies.

Vit. Behold the power of love, to nature lost By custome irrecoverably, past the hope Of friends restoring, Love hath here retriev'd To her own habit, made her blush to see Her so long monstrous Metamorphoses, May strange affairs never have worse success.

Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

Our Author fears there are some Rebel hearts,
Whose dulness doth oppose loves piercing darts;
Such will be apt to say there wanted wit,
The language low, very few scenes are writ

With spirit and life; such odd things as these
He cares not for, nor ever means to please;
For if your selves a Mistriss or loves friends,
Are lik'd with this smooth Play he hath his ends.

FINIS.

W O M E N P L E A S E D

A

T R A G Y - C O M E D Y.

The Persons Represented in the Play.

Duke of Siena, *Suitor to Belvidere.*
 Silvio, *A Gentleman of quality, servant to Belvidere.*
 Claudio, *Silvio's friend, brother to Isabella.*
 Bartello, *Captain of the Citadel, Uncle to Silvio.*
 Lopez, *A sordid Usurer, the jealous Husband of Isabella*
 Lords of Florence.
 Lords of Siena.
 Councillors.
 Courtiers,

Penurio, *A hungry servant to Lopez.*
 Soto, *A merry servant to Claudio.*
 A Farmer, *Father to Soto.*
 Captain.
 Soldiers of the Guard.
 A Clarke.
 Bomby, *An enemy to Watches and May-poles.*
 Morrice-dancers.
 Masquers.

W O M E N.

Dutchess of Florence.
 Belvidere, *A virtuous Princess, daughter to the Dutchess*
in love with Silvio.

Rodope, *wife to Bartello.*
 Isabella, *Wife to Lopez, and Sister to Claudio.*
 Jaquenett, *servant to Isabella.*
 Two Gentlewomen.

The Scene Florence.

The principal Actors were

Joseph Taylor,
John Underwood,
Rob. Bensfield,
Rich. Sharpe,

John Lowin,
Will. Egglestone,
Nicholas Toolie,
Thomas Holcombe.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Bartello and Silvio.

Sil. **T**is true she is a right good Princess, and a just one,
 And Florence when she sets, has lost a Planet.

Bar. My Mistriss? I tell thee gentle Nephew,
 There is not such another friend to goodness,
 To down-right dealing, to faith and true heart
 Within the Christian confines: Before she blest us,
 Justice was a Cheese-monger, a meer Cheese-monger,
 Weigh'd nothing to the world but Mites and Maggots,
 And a main stink: Law like a Horse-courser,
 Her rules, and precepts hung with gawdes and ribbons
 And pamper'd up to couzen him that bought her,
 When she her self was hackney, lame, and founder'd.

Sil. But the sweet Lady,

Belvidere the bright one —

Bar. I, there's a face indeed: Oh my dear Nephew,
 Could a young fellow of thy fiery mettle
 Freeze, and that Lady in his Arms?

Sil. I think not.

Bar. Thou hast a parlous judgement; but let that pass,
 She is as truly virtuous, fair, and noble,
 As her great Mother's good: and that's not ordinary.

Sil. But why (so many Princes, and so great ones
 Being Suitors) should the Dutchess deny to match her?

Bar. She is a Jewel man, hangs in her bosom,
 Her only Child: with her eies she sees all things,
 Discourses with her tongue, and pluck her from her
 (So dotingly the old one loves her young one)
 You pluck her heart out too: Besides, of late daies,

The Duke of *Milan*, who could never win her
By Love, nor Treaty, laid a close train for her
In her own private Walks: some forty Horse-men,
So to surprize her; which we found, and dealt with,
And sent 'em running home to the Duke their Master,
Like Dogs with bottles at their tails.

Sil. Since that, I heard Sir,
She has sent her to your Cittadel to secure her,
My colin *Rodope*, your wife attending her.

Bar. You hear a truth, and all convenient pleasures
Are there proportion'd for her.

Sil. I would fain, Sir,
Like one that owes a dutious service to her
Sometimes to please you—

Bar. Gentle Colin pardon me,
I must not, nor you must not dare to offer,
The last Edict lies on his life pursues it;
Your friend, Sir, to command, abroad to love you
To lend ye any thing I have, to wait upon ye,
But in the Cittadel where I stand charg'd,
Not a bit upon a march: no service, Sir,
No, good Sir by no means: I kiss your hands, Sir. *Exit.*

Sil. To your keeping only? none else to look upon her?
None but *Bartello* worthy her attendance?
No faith but his to serve her? Oh *Belvidere*,
Thou Saint to whom my youth is sacrific'd,
Thou point to which my life turns, and my fortune,
Art thou lock'd from me now? from all my comforts,
Art thou snatch'd violently? thou hear'st me not,
Nor canst thou see (fair soul) thy servants mournings,
Yet let thy gentle heart feel what his absence,
The great divorce of minds so truly loving,
So long, and nurs'd in one affection
Even from our infant eyes, suck'd in and nourish'd:
Oh let it feel but that, and there stand constant
And I am blest. My dear Aunt *Rodope*,
That is her Governess, did love me dearly,
There's one hope yet to see her: when he is absent
It may be ventur'd, and she may work it closely:
I know the Ladies will goe equal with me,
And so the danger of the Edict avoided;
Let me think more, for I must try all hazards.

Enter Claudio and Soto.

Soto. Will ye go yonder, Sir?

Cla. Yes marry will I Sir.

Soto. And by this Ladder?

Cla. By that Ladder, coxcombe.

Soto. Have ye any more necks at home when this is broken,
For this will crack with the best friend he has Sir?
Or can you pitch of all four, like an Ape now?
Let me see you tumble.

Cla. You are very pleasant Sir,

Soto. No truly Sir, I should be loath to see ye
Come fluttering down like a young Rook, cry squab,
And take ye up with your brains beaten into your buttocks.

Cla. Hold your peace Ass: who's this stands musing here?
Sylvio?

Sil. Who calls me?

Cla. One most glad to see you Sir.

Sil. My dearest *Claudio*? what make you thus private,
And with a preparation of this nature? (nefts.)

Soto. We have leave to play, and are going to climb Birds

Sil. Prethee what is it friend? why start ye from me?
Is your old Mistris grown so coy and cruel,
She must be scal'd? it seems you are loath to tell me,
Since twenty years continuance of our friendship

May not be worth the weight of such a secret,
'Twill be but rude to aske again: save ye.

Cla. Nay stay, dear *Silvio*, if you love me take it:
For till you know it, never woman labour'd
As I do now.

Sil. I'll doe my best to ease it.

Cla. You have heard the Lady *Belvidere*—

Sil. What heard Sir?

Cla. Heard to the Cittadel, upon some fears
She is confin'd.

Sil. Why dreams he on this beauty?
'Tis true, I have heard it.

Cla. And that no access,
No blessing from those eyes, but with much hazard,
Even hazard of a life.

Sil. He dares not love her;
I have heard that too: but whither points your purpose?

Cla. Oh *Silvio*, let me speak that none may hear me,
None but thy truth: I have lov'd this Lady long,
Long given away my life to her devotion,
Long dwelt upon that beauty to my ruine.

Sil. Do's she know this?

Cla. No, there begins my misery,
Ixion-like, I have only yet clasp'd clouds,
And fed upon poor empty dreams that starve me.

Sil. And what do you mean to do now?

Cla. Though I dye for't.
Though all the tortures in the world hung on me,
Arm'd with imperious Love, I stand prepar'd now,
With this to reach her Chamber: there to see her,
And tell her boldly with what truth I love her.

Sil. 'Twill not be easily done Sir.

Cla. Oh my *Silvio*,
The hardest things are sweetest in possession.

Sil. Nor will shew much discretion.

Cla. Love is blind man,
And he that looks for reason there far blinder.

Sil. Have ye consider'd ripely?

Cla. All that may fall,
And arm'd against that all.

Sil. Her honor too?

What she may suffer in this rash adventure
The beauty of her name?

Cla. I'll doe it closely,
And only at her window, with that caution—

Sil. Are there no Guards?

Cla. Corruption chokes their service.

Sil. Or do you hold her bred so light a woman
To hold commerce with strange tongues?

Cla. Why this service,
This only hazard of my life must tell her,
Though she were *Vestas* self, I must deserve her.

Sil. I would not have ye go: pray let it sink here;
And think a nobler way to raise your service,
A safer and a wiser.

Cla. 'Tis too late, Sir.

Sil. Then I must say, You shall not goe.

Cla. I shall not?

Sil. You shall not go: that part bred with ye, friendship
Bids me say boldly so, and you observe me.

Cla. You stretch that tye too far.

Sil. I'll stretch it farther:

The honor that I bear that spotless virtue
You foully seek to taint, unnobly covet,
Bids me command ye stay: if not, thus force ye.

Soto. This will be worse than climbing.

Cla. Why do ye draw Sir?

Sil. To kill thee, if thy base will be thy Master.

Cla. I ever was your friend.

Sil. Whilst thou wert honest,
And not a Night-thief of anothers honor;
I never call'd a fool my friend, a mad man,
That durst expose his fame to all opinions,
His life to dishonest dangers: I never lov'd him,
Durst know his name, that fought a Virgins ruine,
Nor ever took I pleasure in acquaintance
With men, that give as loose reins to their fancies
As the wild Ocean to his raging fluxes:
A noble soul I twin with, and my love
Followes his life, dares master his affections.

Will ye give off, or fight?

Cl. I will not fight with ye:

The sacred name of friend ties up that anger,
Rather I'll study.

Sil. Do, to be a friend still.

Cl. If this way, I shall never hold.

Sil. I'll watch ye:

And if I catch ye false: by heaven ye dye for't,
All love forgot.

Cl. When I fear that, I am fit for't.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lopez at a Table with Jewels and Money upon it, an Egg roasting by a Candle.

Lop. Whilst prodigal young gaudy fools are banqueting,
And launching out their states to catch the giddy,
Thus do I study to preserve my fortune,
And hatch with care at home the wealth that Saints me.
Here's Rubies of *Bengala*, rich, rich, glorious;
These Diamonds of *Ormus* bought for little,
Here vented at the price of Princes Ransomes;
How bright they shine like constellations,
The South Seas treasure here, Pearl, fair and orient
Able to equal *Cleopatra's* Banquet:
Here chains of lesser stones for Ladies lusters,
Ingotts of Gold, Rings, Brooches, bars of Silver,
These are my studies to set off in sale well,
And not in sensual surfeits to consume 'em;
How roasts mine egg; he heats apace, I'll turn him:
Penurio, where you knave do you wait? *Penurio*,
You lazie knave.

Pen. Did you call Sir?

Lop. Where's your Mistris?

What vanity holds her from her attendance?

Pen. The very sight of this egg has made him cockish,
What would a dozen butter'd do? She is within Sir.

Lop. Within Sir, at what thrif ye knave? what getting?
(get meat to it,

Pen. Getting a good stomach Sir, and she knew where to
She is praying heartily upon her knees Sir,
That Heaven would fend her a good bearing dinner.

Lop. Nothing but gluttony and surfeit thought on,
Health flung behind: had she not yesternight firrah
Two Sprats to supper, and the oil allowable?
Was she not sick with eating? Hadst not thou,
(Thou most ungrateful knave, that nothing satisfies)
The water that I boild my other egg in
To make thee hearty broth?

Pen. 'Tis true, I had Sir;
But I might as soon make the Philosophers Stone on't,
You gave it me in water, and but for manners sake,
I could give it you again, in wind, it was so hearty
I shall turn pissing-Conduit shortly: my Mistris comes, Sir.

Enter Isabella.

Lop. Welcome my Dove.

Isab. Pray ye keep your welcome to ye,
Unless it carries more than words to please me,
Is this the joy to be a Wife? to bring with me,
Besides the nobleness of blood I spring from,
A full and able portion to maintain me?
Is this the happiness of youth and beauty,
The great content of being made a Mistris,
To live a Slave subject to wants and hungers,
To jealousies for every eye that wanders?
Unmanly jealousie.

Lop. Good *Isabella*.

Isab. Too good for you: do you think to famish me,
Or keep me like an Alms-woman in such rayment,
Such poor unhandsome weeds? am I old, or ugly?
I never was bred thus: and if your misery

Will suffer wilful blindness to abuse me,
My patience shall be no Bawd to mine own ruine.

Pen. Tickle him Mistris: to him.

Isab. Had ye love in ye,
Or any part of man——

Pen. Follow that Mistris.

Isab. Or had humanity but ever known ye,
You would shame to use a woman of my way thus,
So poor, and basely; you are strangely jealous of me
If I should give ye cause.

Lop. How *Isabella*?

Isab. As do not venture this way to provoke me.

Pen. Excellent well Mistris,

Lop. How's this *Isabella*?

Isab. 'Twill stir a Saint, and I am but a woman,
And by that tenure may——

Lop. By no means chicken,
You know I love ye: fie, take no example
By those young gadding Dames: (you are noted virtuous)
That stick their Husbands wealth in trifles on 'em
And point 'em but the way to their own miseries:
I am not jealous, kiss me, — I am not:
And for your Diet, 'tis to keep you healthful,
Surfeits destroy more than the sword: that I am careful
Your meat should be both neat, and cleanly handled
See, Sweet, I am Cook my self, and mine own Cater.

Pen. A——of that Cook cannot lick his fingers.

Lop. I'll add another dish: you shall have Milk to it,
'Tis nourishing and good.

Pen. With Butter in't Sir?

Lop. This knave would breed a famine in a Kingdom:
And cloths that shall content ye: you must be wise then,
And live sequestred to your self and me,
Not wandring after every toy comes cross ye, (*Penurio*.
Nor struck with every spleen: what's the knave doing?

Pen. Hunting Sir, for a second course of Flies here,
They are rare new Sallads.

Lop. For certain *Isabella*
This ravening fellow has a Wolf in's fellow:
Untemperate knave, will nothing quench thy appetite?
I saw him eat two Apples, which is monstrous.

Pen. If you had given me those 't had been more monstrous.

Lop. 'Tis a main miracle to feed this villain,
Come *Isabella*, let us in to supper,
And think the *Roman* dainties at our Table,
'Tis all but thought.

Exeunt.

Pen. Would all my thoughts would do it:
The Devil should think of purchasing that Egg-shell,
To victual out a Witch for the *Burmoathes*:
'Tis Treason to any good stomach living now
To hear a tedious Grace said, and no meat to't,
I have a Radish yet, but that's but transitory.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Soto.

Soto. Can any living man, unless a Rascal
That neither knows himself, nor a fashion'd Gentleman
Take me for a worse man than my Master now?
I am naturally proud in these clothes: but if pride now
Should catch a fall in what I am attempting,
'Tis but a Proverb sound, and a neck broken,
That's the worst can come on't, a Gentleman's gone then,
A Gentleman o'th' first house, there's the end on't:
My Master lies most pitifully complaining,
Wringing and kicking up to th' ears in love yonder,
And such a lamentable noise he keeps, it kills me:
I have got his cloaths, and if I can get to her
By hook or crook here, such a song I'll sing her——
I think I shall be hang'd, but that's no matter, (*Elephant*,
What's a hanging among friends: I am valiant now as an
I have consider'd what to say too: let me seenow,
This is the place, 'tis plaguy high: stay at that lower window

Let

Let me aim finely now, like a good Gunner,
It may prove but a whipping.

Enter Silvio.

Sil. I saw some body
Pass by me now, and though it were dark, me-thought yet
I knew the clothes: ha, let me not be cozen'd,
The Ladder too, ready to sling it? monstrous,
'Tis he, 'tis *Claudio*: most voluptuous villain,
Scandal to womans credit: Love, I forget thee, (there?)
Soto. What will he do i'th' name of Heaven, what's that
Sil. And all the friendship that I bore thee, bury here.
Soto. What has he in's hand? I hope but a Cudgel.
Sil. Thy fault's forgive O Heaven: farewell thou traitor.
Soto. I am slain: I am slain.
Sil. He's down, and dead: dead certain,
'Twas too rash, too full of spleen, stark dead:
This is no place now to repent in, only
Would I had given this hand that shot the Pistol
I had mis'd thee, and thou wer't once more *Claudio*. *Exit.*

Enter Claudio.

Cl. Why should I love thus foolishly? thus desperately?
And give away my heart where no hope's left me?
Why should not the true counsel of a friend restrain me?
The Devils mouth I run into affright me,
The honor of the Lady, charm my wildness;
I have no power, no Being of my self,
No reason strong enough now left within me
To bind my Will: Oh Love, thou god, or devil,
Or what thou art, that playes the tyrant in me.

Soto. Oh.

Cl. What's that cry?

Soto. A Surgeon, a Surgeon,
Twenty good Surgeons.

Cl. 'Tis not far from me,
Some murder o' my life,

Soto. Will you let me dye here?
No drink come, nor no Surgeon?

Cl. 'Tis my man sure,
His voice, and here he lies: how is it with thee?

Soto. I am slain, Sir, I am slain.

Cl. Slain? Who has slain thee?

Soto. Kill'd, kill'd, out-right kill'd.

Cl. Where's thy hurt?

Soto. I know not,
But I am sure I am kill'd.

Cl. Canst thou sit up,
That I may find the hurt out?

Soto. I can sit up,
But ne'er the less I am slain.

Cl. 'Tis not o' this side?

Soto. No Sir, I think it be not.

Cl. Nor o' this side,
Was it done with a sword?

Soto. A Gun, a Gun, sweet Master.

Cl. The devil a bullet has been here: thou art well man.

Soto. No sure I am kill'd.

Cl. Let me see thy thighs, and belly,
As whole as a fish for any thing I see yet:
Thou bleed'st no where.

Soto. I think I do not bleed, Sir,
But yet I am afraid I am slain.

Cl. Stand up fool,
Thou hast as much hurt as my nail; who shot thee,
A Pottle, or a Pint?

Soto. Signior *Silvio* shot me
In these clothes; taking me for you, and seeing
The Ladder in my hand here, which I stole from ye, (for ye
Thinking to have gone to the Lady my self, and have spoke

Cl. If he had hit ye home, he had serv'd ye right firrah,
You faucy rogue, how poor my intent shews to me,
How naked now, and foolish?

Soto. Are ye sure he has not hit me,

It gave a monstrous bounce?

Cl. You rose o' your right side,
And said your prayers too, you had been payed else:
But what need'st thou a Bullet, when thy fear kisses thee?
Sirrah, keep your own counsel for all this, you'll be hang'd
If it be known. (else,

Soto. If it be by my means, let me;
I am glad I a n not kill'd, and far more gladder
My Gentleman-like humor's out: I feel 'tis dangerous,
And to be a gentleman, is to be kill'd twice a week.

Cl. Keep your self close i'th' Countrey for a while firrah.
There's Money, walk to your friends.

Soto. They have no Pistols,
Nor are no Gentlemen, that's my comfort. *Exit.*

Cl. I will retire too, and live private; for this *Silvio*,
Inflam'd with nobleness, will be my death else;
And if I can forget this love that loads me,
At least the danger: and now I think on't better,
I have some conclusions else invites me to it. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Rodope, and Silvio at several doors.

Rod. Nephew.

Sil. My dear Aunt.

Rod. Would you go by thus sily,
And never see me, not once send in to me
Your loving Aunt? she that above all those
I call my kindred, honour'd you, and placed you
Nearest my heart?

Sil. I thank you worthy Aunt
But such at this time are my occasions——

Rod. You shall not goe yet, by my faith you shall not,
I will not be deny'd: why look ye sad Nephew?

Sil. I am seldom other: Oh, this blood sits heavy:
As I walk'd this way late last night,
In meditation of some things concern'd me——

Rod. What Nephew?

Sil. Why methought I heard a Piece, Lady,
A Piece shot off, much about this place too,
But could not judge the cause, nor what it boaded,
Under the Castle-wall.

Rod. We heard it too,
And the Watch pursu'd it presently, but found nothing,
Not any tract.

Sil. I am right glad to hear it:
The Ruffians surely that command the night
Have found him, stript him: and into the River
Convey'd the body.

Rod. You look still sadder, Nephew,
Is any thing within these walls to comfort ye?
Speak, and be Master of it.

Sil. Ye are a right Courtier,
A great Professor, but a poor performer.

Rod. Do you doubt my faith: you never found me that
I dare well speak it boldly, but a true friend. (way.

Sil. Continue then.

Rod. Try me, and see who falters.

Sil. I will, and presently: 'tis in your power
To make me the most bound man to your courtesie.

Rod. Let me know how, and if I fail——

Sil. 'Tis thus then,
Get me access to the Lady *Belvidere*,
But for a minute, but to see her: your Husband now
Is safe at Court, I left him full employ'd there.
Rod. You have ask'd the thing without my power to
The Law lies on the danger: if I lov'd ye not (grant ye,
I would

I would bid ye goe, and there be found, and dye for't.

Sil. I knew your love, and where there shew'd a danger
How far you durst step for me: give me a true friend;
That where occasion is to do a benefit
Aims at the end, and not the rubs before it;
I was a fool to ask ye this, a more fool
To think a woman had so much noble nature
To entertain a secret of this burthen;
Ye had best to tell the Dutchess I perswaded ye,
That's a fine course, and one will win ye credit;
Forget the name of Cofin, blot my blood out,
And so you raise your self, let me grow shorter.
A woman friend? he that believes that weaknes
Steers in a stormy night without a Compass.

Rod. What is't I durst not do might not impeach ye?

Sil. Why this ye dare not do, ye dare not think of.

Rod. 'Tis a main hazard.

Sil. If it were not so

I would not come to you to seek a favour.

Rod. You will lose your self.

Sil. The loss ends with my self then.

Rod. You will but see her?

Sil. Only look upon her.

Rod. Not stay:

Sil. Prescribe your time.

Rod. Not traffique with her

In any close dishonourable action?

Sil. Stand you your self by.

Rod. I will venture for ye,

Because ye shall be sure I am a touch'd friend,
I'll bring her to ye: come walk, you know the Garden,
And take this key to open the little Postern,
There stand no guards.

Sil. I shall soon find it Aunt.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter two Soldiers.

1 Sol. Is the Captain come home?

2 Sol. No, who commands the Guard to night?

1 Sold. I think *Perruchio*.

2 Sold. What's the Word?

1 Sold. None knows yet,

2 Sol. I would this Lady were married out o'th' way once,
Or out of our custodies; I wish they would take in more
(companies,
For I am sure we feel her in our duties shrewdly.

1 Sol. 'Tis not her fault I warrant ye, she is ready for't,
And that's the plague, when they grow ripe for marriage
They must be slipt like Hawkes,

2 Sol. Give me a mean wench,
No State doubt lies on her, she is alwayes ready.

1 Sol. Come to the Guard, 'tis late, and sure the Captain
Can not be long away.

2 Sol. I have watch'd these three nights,
To morrow they may keep me tame for nothing. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Silvio, Belvidere, and Rodope with a Light.

Sil. This is the place I think; what Light is that there?
The Lady and my Cofin?

Bel. Is this the Garden?

Rod. Yes Madam.

Sil. Oh my blessed Mistrifs,
Saint of my soul.

Bel. Speak softly: take me to ye,
Oh *Silvio*, I am thine, thine ever *Silvio*.

Rod. Is this your promise, Sir? Lady your honor?
I am undone if this be seen, disgrac'd,

Fallen under all discredit.

Bel. Do you love still?

Dear, do you keep your old faith?

Sil. Ever Lady;

And when that fails me, all that's good forsake me.

Rod. Do not you shame? Madam, I must not suffer this,
I will not suffer it; men call you virtuous,
What do you mean to lose your self thus; *Silvio*?
I charge thee get away, I charge you retire ye,
I'll call the Watch else,

Sil. Call all the world to see us,
We live in one anothers happiness,
And so will die.

Bel. Here will I hang for ever.

Rod. As ye respect me, as hereafter Madam
You would enjoy his love—nothing prevail with ye?
I'll try my strength then; get thee gone thou villain,
Thou Promise-breaker.

Sil. I am tide, I cannot.

Rod. I'll ring the Bell then.

Sil. Ring it to death, I am fixt here.

Enter Bartello, two Soldiers with lights.

Bart. I saw a Light over the Garden walk,
Hard by the Ladies Chamber, here's some knavery
As I live, I saw it twice.

Rod. The Guard, the Guard there;
I must not suffer this, it is too mischievous.

Bart. Light up the Torch, I fear'd this, ha? young *Silvio*?
How got he in?

1 Sold. The Devil brought him in sure
He came not by us.

Bart. My wife between 'em bustling?
Guard, pull him off.

Rod. Now, now, ye feel the misery.

Bart. You, Madam, at an hour so far undecent?
Death, O my soul! this is a foul fault in ye,
Your mothers care abus'd too, Light's to her Chamber,
I am sorry to see this,

Bel. Farewel my *Silvio*,
And let no danger sink thee.

Sil. Nor death Lady.

Exeunt Bell. Rod.

Bart. Are ye so hot? I shall prepare ye Physick
Will purge ye finely, neatly: you are too fiery,
Think of your prayers, Sir, an you have not forgot 'em;
Can ye flie i' th' air, or creep ye in at key-holes?
I have a Gin will catch ye though you conjur'd:
Take him to Guard to night, to strong and sure Guard;
I'll back to th' Dutchess presently: no less sport serve ye,
Than the Heir to a Dukedom? play at push-pin there Sir?
It was well aim'd, but plague upon't, you shot short,
And that will lose your game.

Sil. I know the loss then.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Claudio like a Merchant.

Claud. Now, in this habit may I safely see
How my incensed friend carries my murther,
Who little I imagin'd had been wrought
To such a height of rage, and much I grieve now
Mine own blind passion had so master'd me,
I could not see his love, for sure he loves her,
And on a nobler ground than I pretended.

Enter Penurio.

It must be so, it is so; what *Penurio*,
My shotten friend, what wiad blew you?

Pen. Faith 'tis true,
Any strong wind will blow me like a Feather,
I am all Air, nothing of earth within me,
Nor have not had this month, but that good Dinner
Your Worship gave me yesterday, that staves by me,

And

And gives me ballast, else the Sun would draw me?

Cl. But does my Mistress speak still of me?

Pen. Yes, Sir,

And in her sleep, that makes my Master mad too,
And turn and fart for anger.

Cl. Art sure she saw me?

Pen. She saw ye at a window.

Cl. 'Tis most true,

In such a place I saw a Gentlewoman,
A young, sweet, handsome woman.

Pen. That's she, that's she Sir.

Cl. And well she view'd me, I view'd her.

Pen. Still she Sir.

Cl. At last she blush'd, and then look'd off.

Pen. That blush, Sir,

If you can read it truly —

Cl. But didst thou tell her,

Or didst thou fool me, thou knew'st such a one?

Pen. I told her, and I told her such a sweet tale —

Cl. But did she hear thee?

Pen. With a thousand ears, Sir,

And swallow'd what I said as greedily,
As great-belly'd women do Cherries, stones and all Sir.

Cl. Methinks she should not love thy Master?

Pen. Hang him Pilcher,

There's nothing loves him: his own Cat cannot endure him,
She had better lye with a Bear, for he is so hairy,
That a tame Warren of Fleas frisk round about him.

Cl. And wilt thou work still?

Pen. Like a Miner for ye.

Cl. And get access,

Pen. Or conjure you together,

'Tis her desire to meet: she is poyson'd with him,
And till she take a sweet fresh air, that's you Sir.

Cl. There's money for thee: thou art a precious Varlet
Be fat, be fat, and blow thy Master backward.

Pen. Blow you my Mistress, Sir, as flat as a Flounder,
Then blow her up again, as Butchers blow their Veals;
If she dye upon the same
Bury her, bury her in Gods name.

Cl. Thou art a merry knave: by this hand I'll feed thee,
Till thou crack'st at both ends, if thou dar'st do this
Thou shalt eat no fantastical Porridge,
Nor lick the dish where oil was yesterday,
Dust, and dead Flies to day; Capons, fat Capons —

Pen. Oh hearty sound.

Cl. Cramb'd full of itching Oysters.

Pen. Will ye have the Dutchess?

Cl. And Lobsters big as Gauntlets,
Thou shalt despise base Beef.

Pen. I do despise it,

And now methinks I feel a Tart come sliding.

Cl. Leaping into thy mouth: but first deal faithfully.

Pen. When will ye come?

Cl. To morrow.

Pen. I'll attend ye,

For then my Master will be out in business.

Cl. What news abroad?

Pen. 'Mas, as I was coming to you,
I heard that Signior *Silvio*, a good Gentleman,
Many a good meal I have eaten wit him —

Cl. What of him?

Pen. Was this day to be arraigned before the Dutchess,
But why, I could not hear.

Cl. *Silvio* arraign'd?

Go, get ye gone, and think of me.

Pen. I flie Sir.

Exit Pen.

Cl. Arraign'd? for what? for my supposed death? no,
That cannot be sure, there's no rumor of it,
Be it what it will, I will be there and see it,
And if my help will bring him off, he has it.

Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Dutchess, Lords, Silvio prisoner, Belvidere, Bartello, Rodope, Clark, Counsellors, Attendants.

Du. Read the Edict last made,
Keep silence there.

Clerk. If any man of what condition soever, and a subject,
after the publishing of this Edict, shall without special Licence
from the great Dutchess, attempt or buy, offer, or make
an attempt, to solicit the love of the Princess Belvidere,
the person so offending, shall forfeit his life.

Couns. The reason why my Royal Mistress here
In her last Treaty with *Sien* as Duke,
Promis'd her beauteous daughter there in marriage,
The Duke of *Milan*, rival in this fortune,
Un-nobly sought by practice to betray her;
Which found, and cross'd, the Cittadel receiv'd her
There to secure her Mothers word; the last cause
So many Gentlemen of late enamour'd
On this most beauteous Princess, and not brooking
One more than other, to deserve a favour,
Bloud has been spilt, many brave spirits lost,
And more, unless she had been kept close from their violence,
Had like to have followed: therefore for due prevention
Of all such hazards and unnoble actions,
This last Edict was publish'd, which thou *Silvio*
Like a false man, a bad man, and a Traitor
Hast rent a-peeces, and contemn'd, for which cause
Thou standest a guilty man here now.

Enter Claudio.

Clark. Speak *Silvio*,

What canst thou say to avoid the hand of Justice?

Sil. Nothing, but I confess, submit and lay my head to it.

Bel. Have ye no eyes my Lords, no understandings?

The Gentleman will cast himself away,
Cast himself wilfully: are you, or you guilty?
No more is he, no more taint sticks upon him:
I drew him thither; 'twas my way betray'd him,
I got the entrance kept, I entertain'd him,
I hid the danger from him, forced him to me,
Poor gentle soul, he's in no part transgressing,
I wrote unto him.

Sil. Do not wrong that honor.

Cast not upon that pureness these aspersions,
It was my love, my violence,
My life must answer it: I broke in to her,
Tempted the Law, solicited unjustly.

Bel. As there is truth in Heaven, I was the first cause:
How could this man have come to me, left naked
Without my counsel and provision?
What hour could he find out to pass the Watches,
But I must make it sure first? Reverend Judges,
Be not abus'd, nor let an innocent life lie
Upon your shaking Conscience; I did it,
My love the main wheel that set him a going:
His motion but compell'd.

Sil. Can ye believe this?

And know with what a modesty and whiteness
Her life was ever ranck'd? Can you believe this
And see me here before ye, young and wilful?
Apt to what danger Love dares thrust me on,
And where Law stops my way, apt to contemn it?
If I were bashful, old, or dull, and sleepy
In Loves allarms, a woman might awake me,
Direct, and clew me out the way to happiness:
But I, like fire, kindled with that bright beauty,
Catch hold of all occasions, and run through 'em.

Bel. I charge ye, as your honest souls will answer it.

Sil. I charge ye, as you are the friends to virtue,

That

That has no pattern living but this Lady.

Bel. Let not his blood—

Sil. Let not her wilfulness—

For then you act a Scene Hell will rejoyce at.

Bel. He is clear.

Sil. She is as white in this as Infants.

Cl. The god of Love protect your cause, and help ye,
Two nobler pieces of affection

These eyes ne'er look'd on, if such goodness perish,

Let never true hearts meet again, but break. *Exit.*

1 Lord. A strange exemple of strong love, a rare one.

2 Lord. Madam, we know not what to say, to think on.

Dutch. I must confess it strikes me tender too,
Searches my Mothers heart: you found 'em there?

Bar. Yes certain Madam.

Dutch. And so linked together?

Bar. As they had been one piece of Alabaster.

Dutch. Nothing dishonourable?

Sil. So let my soul have happiness,
As that thought yet durst never seek this bosom.

Dutch. What shall I do? 'Tis broke my Law, abus'd me,
Fain would I know the truth, either confess it,
And let me understand the main offender,
Or both shall feel the torture.

Sil. Are ye a Mother;

The Mother of so sweet a Rose as this is?
So pure a Flower? and dare ye lose that nature?
Dare ye take to your self so great a wickedness,
(Oh holy Heaven) of thinking what may ruine
This goodly building? this Temple where the gods dwell?
Give me a thousand tortures, I deserve 'em,
And shew me death in all the shapes imagin'd.

Bel. No death but I will answer it, meet it, seek it;
No torture but I'll laugh upon't, and kiss it.

1 Lord. This is no way.

2 Lord. They say no more for certain
Than their strong hearts will suffer.

Dutch. I have bethought me;

No Lords, although I have a Child offending,
Nature dares not forget she is a Child still;
Till now, I never look'd on love imperious:
I have bethought me of a way to break ye,
To separate, though not your loves, your bodies:
Silvio attend, I'll be your Judge my self now,
The sentence of your death (because my Daughter
Will bear an equal part in your afflictions)

I take away and pardon: this remains then
An easie and a gentle punishment,
And this shall be fulfill'd: because unnobly
You have sought the love, and marriage of a Princess,
The absolute and sole Heir of this Dukedom,
By that means, as we must imagine strongly,
'To plant your self into this rule hereafter,
We here pronounce ye a man banish'd from us

Sil. For ever banish'd Lady?

Dutch. Yet more mercy,

But for a year: and then again in this place
To make your full appearance: yet more pitty,
If in that time you can absolve a question,
Writ down within this scrawl, absolve it rightly,
This Lady is your wife, and shall live with ye;
If not, you loose your head.

Sil. I take this honor,

And humbly kiss those Royal hands. *(Princesses,*

Dutch. Receive it: *Bartello*, to your old guard take the
And so the Court break up.

Sil. Farewel to all,

And to that spotless heart my endless service. *Exit.*

1 Lord. What will this prove?

2 Lord. I'll tell you a year hence, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Penurio, Isabella, Claudio.

Pen. Are you pleas'd now? have not I wrought this won- *(der*
Non eben fatto Signieur.

Cl. Rarely *Penurio*

Pen. Close, close then, and work wax.

Cl. I am studying for thee
A dinner, that shall victual thee for ten year.

Pen. Do you hear Mistrifs?

You know what a dundir whelp my Master is,
I need not preach to ye, how unfit and wanting
To give a woman satisfaction:

How he stinks, and snores, a Bull's a better bed-fellow;
And for his love, never let that deceive ye.

Isab. Nay sure he loves me not.

Pen. If he could coyn ye,
Or turn ye into mettal, much might be then;
He loves not any thing but what is traffique:
I have heard him swear, he would sell ye to the *Grand Signior.*

Isab. The *Turk*?

Pen. The very *Turke*, and how they would use ye.

Isab. I'll fit him for't: the *Turk*?

Pen. I know the price too:

Now ye have time to pay him, pay him home Mistrifs;
Pay him o' th' pate, clout him for all his courtesies;
Here's one that dances in your eyes, young delicate
To work this vengeance; if ye let it slip now,
There is no pittying of ye, od's precious, Mistrifs,
Were I his wife, I would so mall his Mazard,
'Tis charity, meer charity, pure charity,
Are you the first? has it not been from *Eves* time,
Women would have their safe revenges this way?
And good and gracious women, excellent women;
Is't not a handsome Gentleman? a sweet Gentleman;
View him from head to foot, a compleat Gentleman;
When can ye hope the like again? I leave ye,
And my revenge too, with ye; I know my office,
I'll not be far off, be not long a fumbling,
When danger shall appear, I'll give the 'larme. *Exit.*

Isab. You are welcome, Sir, and would it were my fortune
To afford a Gentleman of your fair seeming,
A freer entertainment than this house has,
You partly know, Sir. —

Cl. Know, and pity Lady,
Such sweetness in the bud, should be so blasted;
Dare you make me your Servant?

Isab. Dare you make Sir,
That service worthy of a womans favour
By constancy and goodness?

Cl. Here I swear to ye,
By the unvalued love I bear this beauty,
(And kiss the Book too) never to be recreant,
To honour ye, to truly love, and serve ye,
My youth to wait upon ye, what my wealth has.

Isab. Oh make me not so poor to sell affection,
Those bought loves Sir, wear faster than the moneys;
A handsome Gentleman.

Cl. A most delicate sweet one,
Let my truth purchase then.

Isab. I should first try it,
But you may happily. —

Cl. You shall not doubt me,
I hope she loves me; when I prove false, shame take me;
Will ye believe a little?

Isab. I fear, too much, Sir.

Cl. And will ye love a little?

Isab. That should be your part:

Cl. Thus I begin then, thus and thus.

Isab. A good beginning,
We have a proverb saies, makes a good ending.

Cl. Say ye so? 'tis well inferr'd.

Isab. Good Sir, your patience:

Methinks I have ventur'd now, like a weak Bark
Upon a broken billow, that will swallow me,
Upon a rough Sea of suspitions,
Stuck round with jealous rocks.

Pen. within. A hem, a hem there.

Ifab. This is my man; my fears too soon have found me,

Enter Penurio.

Now what's the news?

Pen. A pox of yonder old Rigel,
The Captain, the old Captain.

Ifab? What old Captain?

Pen. Captain courageous yonder of the Castle,
Captain, Don Diego, old Bartello.

Ifab. Where is he?

Pen. He's coming in:

'Twould vex the Devil, that such an old Potgun as this,
That can make no sport, should hinder them that can do it.

Ifab. I would not have him see the Gentleman,
For all the world, my credit were undone then.

Pen. Shall I fling a piss-pot on's head as he comes in,
And take him into th' kitchen, there to drie him.

Ifab. That will not do; and he is so humorous too
He will come in.

Cl. What is he?

Ifab. One much troubles me.

Pen. And can do nothing, cannot eat.

Ifab. Your fight now,

Out o' a driveling dotage he bears to me,
May make him tell my husband, and undo me.

Cl. What would ye have me do?

Ifab. But for a while Sir,
Step here behind this hanging, presently
I'll answer him, and then —

Cl. I will obey ye.

Enter Bartello.

Bar. Where's my rich Jeweller? I have stones to sett.

Pen. He is abroad, and sure Sir.

Bart. There's for your service:

Where's the fair Lady? all alone sweet beauty?

Ifab. She's never much alone Sir, that's acquainted
With such companions as good honest thoughts are.

Bar. I'll sit down by thee, and I'll kiss thy hand too,
And in thine ear swear by my life I love thee.

Ifab. Ye are a merry Captain.

Bar. And a mad one, Lady;

By th' mas thou hast goodly eyes, excellent eyes, wench,
Ye twinkling rogues, look what thy Captain brings thee,
Thou must needs love me; love me heartily,
Hug me, and love me, hug me close.

Ifab. Fie Captain.

Bar. Nay, I have strength, and I can strain ye sirrah,
And vault into my seat as nimbly, little one.

As any of you smooth-chinn'd boys in Florence,
I must needs commit a little folly with ye,

I'll not be long, a brideling cast, and away wench;
The hob-nail thy husband's as fitly out o' th' way now?

Ifab. Do you think he keeps a bawdy-house?

Bar. That's all one.

Ifab. Or did you ever see that lightness in my carriage,
That you might promise to your self —

Bar. Away fool,

A good turn's a good turn; I am an honest fellow.

Ifab. You have a handsome wife, a virtuous Gentlewoman.

Bar. They are not for this time o' th' year.

Ifab. A Lady,

That ever bore that great respect to you,
That noble constancy.

Bar. That's more than I know.

Enter Maid, and Penurio.

Maid. Oh Mistrifs, ye are undone, my Master's coming
Pen. Coming hard by here.

Bar. Plague consume the Rascal,
Shall I make petty-patties of him?

Ifab. Now what love Sir?

Fear of your coming made him jealous first;
Your finding here, will make him mad and desperate,
And what in that wild mood he will execute —

Bar. I can think of nothing, I have no wit left me;
Certain my head's a Mustard-pot.

Ifab. I have thought Sir,
And if you'll please to put in execution
What I conceive —

Bar. I'll do it, tell it quickly.

Ifab. Draw your sword quickly, and go down in rag'd,
As if you had persu'd some foe up hither,
And grumble to your self extremely, terribly,
But not a word to him, and so pass by him.

Bar. I'll do it perfectly.

Enter Lopez.

Ifab. Stand you still good Sir.

Bar. Rascal, slave, villain, take a house so poorly,
After thou hast wrong'd a Gentleman, a Soldier,
Base Poultrou boy, you will forsake your neast sirrah.

Lop. The matter, good sweet Captain?

Bart. Run-away rogue,
And take a house to cover thy base cowardize,
I'll whip ye, I'll so scourge ye.

Exit.

Lop. Mercy upon me,
What's all this matter wife?

Ifab. Did you meet the mad man?

Lop. I never saw the Captain so provok'd yet.

Ifab. Oh he's a Devil sure' a most bloody devil,
He follow'd a young Gentleman, his sword drawn,
With such a fury, how I shake to think on't,
And foyn'd, and slash'd at him, and swore he'd kill him,
Drove him up hither, follow'd him still bloodily,
And if I had not hid him, sure had slain him;
A merciless old man.

Bla. Most virtuous Lady,

Even as the giver of my life, I thank ye.

Lop. This fellow must not stay here, he is too handsome;
He is gone Sir, and you may pass now with all security,
I'll be your guide my self, and such a way
I'll lead ye, none shall cross, nor none shall know ye.
The door's left open Sirrah, I'll starve you for this trick,
I'll make thee fast o' Sundaies; and for you Lady,
I'll have your Lodgings farther off, and closer,
I'll have no street-lights to you; will you go Sir?

Cl. I thank ye Sir: the devil take this fortune;
And once more all my service to your goodness.

Exit.

Pen. Now could I eat my very arms for madness,
Cross'd in the nick o' th' matter? vengeance take it,
And that old Cavalier that spoil'd our Cock-fight,
I'll lay the next plot surer.

Ifab. I am glad and sorry,
Glad, that I got so fairly off suspicion;
Sorry, I lost my new lov'd friend.

Pen. Not lost Mistrifs;

I'll conjure once again to raise that spirit;
in, and look soberly upon the matter,
We'll ring him one peal more, and if that fall,
The devil tak the Clappers, Bells, and all.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter Dutchesse, Lords, and Rhodope.

Dutch. Now *Rhodope*, How do you find my daughter?
Rho. Madam, I find her now what you would have her,

What the State wishes her; I urg'd her fault to her,
 Open'd her eyes, and made her see the mischief
 She was running with a headlong will into,
 Made her start at her folly, shake and tremble,
 At the meer memory of such an ignorance,
 She now contemns his love, hates his remembrance,
 Cannot endure to hear the name of *Silvio*;
 His person spits at.

Dutch. I am glad to hear this.

Rho. And humbly now to your Will, your care, Madam,
 Bends her affections, bows her obedience;
Syenna's Duke, with new eyes now she looks on,
 And with a Princely love, fit for his person.
 Returns that happiness and joy he look'd for;
 The general good of both the neighbor Dukedoms,
 Not any private end, or rash affection
 She aims at now: hearing the Duke arriv'd too,
 (To whom she owes all honor, and all service,)
 She charg'd me kneel thus at your Graces feet,
 And not to rise without a general pardon.

Dutch. She has it, and my love again, my old love,
 And with more tenderness I meet this penitence,
 Than if she ne'er had started from her honor;
 I thank ye *Rhodope*, am bound to thank ye,
 And daily to remember this great service,
 This honest faithful service; go in peace,
 And by this Ring, delivered to *Bartello*,
 Let her enjoy our favour, and her liberty,
 And presently to this place, with all honor,
 See her conducted.

Rho. Your Grace has made me happy.

Exit.

Enter 1 Lord.

1 Lord. *Syenna's* noble Duke, craves his admittance.

Enter Duke of *Syenna* with Attendants.

Dutch. Go; wait upon his Grace, fair Sir, you are welcome,
 Welcome to her ever admir'd your virtues:
 And now methinks, my Court looks truly noble;
 You have taken too much pains Sir.

Syen. Royal Lady,
 To wait upon your Grace is but my service.

Dutch. Keep that Sir, for the Saint ye have vow'd it to.

Syen. I keep a life for her: since your Grace pleases
 To jump so happily into the matter,
 I come indeed to claim your Royal promise,
 The beauteous *Belvidere* in marriage,
 I come to tender her my youth, my fortune,
 My everlasting love.

Enter *Belvidere*, *Bartello*, *Rhodope*, Attendants.

Dutch. You are like to win, Sir:
 All is forgot, forgiven too; no sadness
 My good Child, you have the same heart still here.
 The Duke of *Syenna*, Child, pray use him nobly.

Sy. An Angel beauty.

Bel. Your Grace is fairly welcome,
 And what in modesty a blushing maid may
 Wish to a Gentleman of your great goodness;

But wishes are too poor a pay for Princes.

Sy. You have made me richer than all States and Titles,
 One kiss of this white hand's above all honors,
 My faith dear Lady, and my fruitful service,
 My duteous zeal—

Bel. Your Grace is a great Master,
 And speaks too powerfully to be resisted:
 Once more you are welcome, Sir, to me you are welcome,
 To her that honors ye; I could say more Sir,
 But in another's tongue 'twere better spoken,

Sy. As wife as fair, you have made your servant happy;
 I never saw so rich a Mine of sweetness.

Dutch. Will your Grace please, after your painful journey
 To take some rest? Are the Dukes Lodgings ready?

Lord. All Madam.

Dutch. Then wait upon his Grace, all, and to morrow, Sir,
 We'll shew ye in what high esteem we hold ye,
 Till then a fair repose.

Sy. My fairest service.

Exit Duke, &c.

Dutch. You have so honour'd me, my dearest daughter,
 So truly pleas'd me in this entertainment,
 I mean your loving carriage to *Syenna*,
 That both for ever I forget all trespasses,
 And to secure you next of my full favour,
 Ask what you will within my power to grant ye,
 Ask freely: and if I forget my promise—
 Ask confidently.

Bel. You are too Royal to me;
 To me that have so foolishly transgress'd you,
 So like a Girl, so far forgot my virtue,
 Which now appears as base and ugly to me,
 As did his Dream, that thought he was in Paradise,
 Awak'd and saw the Devil; how was I wander'd?
 With what eyes could I look upon that poor, that court thing,
 That wretched thing call'd *Sylvio*? that (now) despis'd thing,
 And lose an object of that graceful sweetness,
 That god-like presence as *Syenna* is?
 Darkness, and cheerful day, had not such difference:
 But I must ever bless your care, your wisdom,
 That led me from this labyrinth of folly,
 How had I sunk else? what example given?

Dutch. Prethee no more, and as thou art my best one,
 Ask something that may equal such a goodness.

Bel. Why did ye let him go so slightly from ye,
 More like a man in triumph, than condemn'd:
 Why did ye make his pennance but a question,
 A Riddle, every idle wit unlocks.

Dutch. 'Tis not so,
 Nor do not fear it so: he will not find it,
 I have given that (unless my self discover it)
 Will cost his head.

Bel. 'Tis subject to construction?

Dutch. That it is too.

Bel. It may be then absolv'd,
 And then are we both scorn'd and laugh'd at, Madam;
 Beside the promise you have ty'd upon it,
 Which you must never keep.

Dutch. I never meant it.

Bel. For heaven sake let me know it, 'tis my Suit to ye,
 The Boon you would have me ask; let me but see it,
 That if there be a way to make't so strong,
 No wit nor powerful reason can run through it,
 For my disgrace, I may beg of heaven to grant it.

Dutch. Fear not, it has been put to sharper judgements
 Than e'er he shall arrive at: my dear Father,
 That was as fiery in his understanding,
 And ready in his wit as any living,
 Had it two years, and studied it, yet lost it:
 This night ye are my Bed-fellow, there Daughter
 Into your bosom I'll commit this secret,
 And there we'll both take counsel.

Bel. I shall find
 Some trick I hope too strong yet for his mind.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Penurio.

Pen. Methinks I am batten'd well of late, grown lusty,
Fat, high, and kicking, thanks to the bounteous *Rugio*;
And now, methinks I scorn these poor repasts,
Cheese-parings, and the stinking tongues of Pilchers;
But why should I remember these? they are odious,
They are odious in mine eyes; the full fat dish now,
The bearing dish is that I reverence,
The dish an able Serving-man sweats under,
And bends i' th' hams, as if the house hung on him,
That dish is the dish: hang your bladder Bankets,
Or halfe a dozen of Turnops and two Mushrumps,
These when they breed their best, hatch but two belches;
The state of a fat Turkey, the decorum
Hemarches in with, all the train and circumstance;
'Tis such a matter, such a glorious matter,
And then his fauce with Oranges and Onions,
And he displaid in all parts, for such a dish now,
And at my need I would betray my Father,
And for a roasted Conger, all my Country.

Enter Bartello.

(Mistress?)

Bar. What my friend *Lean-gut*, how does thy beauteous
And where's your Master Sirrah? where's that horn-pipe?

Pen. My Mistress, Sir, does as a poor wrong'd Gentlewo-
Too much, heaven knows, oppress'd with injuries; (man,
May do and live.

Bar. Is the old fool still jealous?

Pen. As old fools are, and will be still the same, Sir.

Bar. He must have cause: he must have cause.

Pen. 'Tis true, Sir,
And would he had with all my heart.

Bar. He shall have.

Pen. For then he had Salt to his Saffron porridge.

Bar. Why do not I see thee sometime? why thou starv'd
Why do not ye come to me, you precious bow-case? (rascal?)
I keep good meat at home, good store.

Pen. Yes Sir, I will not fail ye all next week.

Bar. Thou art welcome,
I have a secret I would fain impart to thee,
But thou art so thin, the wind will blow it from thee,
Or men will read it through thee.

Pen. Wrap't up in beef Sir,
In good gross beef, let all the world look on me,
The English have that trick to keep intelligence.

Bar. A witty knave, first there's to tie your tongue up.

Pen. Dumb as a Dog, Sir.

Bar. Next, hark in your ear, Sirrah.

Pen. Well, very well, excellent well: 'tis done, Sir,
Say no more to me.

Bar. Say and hold.

Pen. 'Tis done, Sir.

Bar. As thou lov'st butter'd eggs, swear.

Pen. Let me kiss the Book first,
But here's my hand, brave Captain.

Bar. Look ye hold, sirrah.

Exit.

Pen. Oh the most precious vanity of this world;
When such dry'd Neats-tongues must be soak'd and larded
With young fat supple wenches? Oh the Devil.
What can he do, he cannot suck an egg off
But his back's loose i' th' hilts: go thy wayes Captain,
Well may thy warlike name work Miracles,
But if e'er thy founder'd courser win much more,
Or stand right but one train —

Enter three Gentlemen.

1 Gen. Now Signior *Shadow*,
What art thou thinking of, how to rob thy Master?

Pen. Of his good deeds? The Thief that undertakes that
Must have a hook will poze all Hell to hammer:

Have ye dined Gentlemen, or do you purpose?

2 Gen. Dined, two long hours ago.

Pen. Pray ye take me with ye.

3 Gen. To supper dost thou mean?

Pen. To any thing

That has the smell of meat in't: tell me true, Gentlemen,
Are not you three going to be sinful?

To iropard a joynt, or to? I have found your faces,
And see whore written in your eyes.

1 Gen. A parlous rascal,

Thou art much upon the matter.

Pen. Have a care Gentlemen,

'Tis a fore age, very fore age, lewd age,
And women now are like old Kniglus adventures,
Full of enchanted flames, and dangerous.

2 Gen. Where the most danger is, there's the most honor.

Pen. I grant ye, honor most consists in sufferance,
And by that rule you three should be most honorable.

3 Gen. A subtle Rogue: but canst thou tell *Penurio*
Where we may light upon —

Pen. A learned Surgeon?

(wenches.)

3 Gen. Pox take ye fool; I mean good wholesome

Pen. 'Faith wholesome women will but spoil ye too,
For you are so us'd to snap-haunces: But take my counsel,
Take fat old women, fat, and five and fifty,
The Dog-dayes are come in.

2 Gen. Take fat old women?

Pen. The fatter and the older, still the better,
You do not know the pleasure of an old Dame,
A fat old Dame, you do not know the knack on't:
They are like our country Grotts, as cool as *Christmas*,
And sure i' th' keels.

1 Gen. Hang him starv'd fool: he mocks us.

3 Gen. *Penurio*, thou know'st all the handsome wenches?
What shall I give thee for a Merchants wife now?

Pen. I take no money Gentlemen, that's base,
I trade in meat, a Merchants wife will cost ye
A glorious Capon; a great shoulder of Mutton;
And a Tart as big as a Conjurers Circle

3 Gen. That's cheap enough.

1 Gen. And what a Haberdashers?

Pen. Worse meat will serve for her, a great Goose-Pie,
But you must send it out o' th' Countrey to me,
It will not do else: with a piece of Bacon,
And if you can, a pot of Butter with it.

2 Gen. Now do I aim at horse-flesh: what a Parsons?

Pen. A Tithe-Pig has no fellow, if I fetch her,
If she be Puritane, Plumb-porridge does it,
And a fat loin of Veal, well sauc'd and roasted,

2 Gen. We'll meet one night, and thou shalt have all these;
O' that condition we may have the wenches
A dainty rascal.

Pen. When your stomachs serve ye,
(For mine is ever ready) I'll supply ye.

1 Gen. Farewel, and there's to fill thy paunch,

Pen. Brave Gentleman.

2 Gen. Hold sirrah, there.

Pen. Any young wench i' th' Town, Sir.

3 Gen. It shall go round.

Exit Gen.

Pen. Most honorable Gentlemen,
All these are Courtiers, but they are meer Coxcombs,
And only for a wench, their purses open,
Nor have they so much judgement left to chuse her;
If e'r they call upon me, I'll so fit 'em,
I have a pack of wry-mouth'd mackrel Ladies,
Stink like a standing ditch, and those dear Damfels;
But I forget my business, I thank ye Monsieurs,
I have a thousand whimsies in my brain now.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter (to a Banquet) Dutchess, Syenna, Lords, Attendants.

Dutch. Your Grace shall now perceive how much we honor
And in what dear regard we hold your friendship : (ye
Will you sit Sir, and grace this homely Banquet ?

Sy. Madam, to your poor friend, you are too magnificent.

Dutch. To the Dukes health, and all the joyes I wish him,
Let no man miss this cup : have we no Musick ?

Sy. Your noble favours still you heap upon me,
But where's my virtuous Mistris, such a Feast,
And not her sparkling beauty here to bless it ?
Methinks it should not be, it shews not fully.

Dutch. Young Ladies Sir, are long, and curious
In putting on their trims, forget how day goes,
And then 'tis their good morrow when they are ready :

Go some and call her, and wait upon her hither,
Tell her the Duke and I desire her company :

I warrant ye, a hundred dressings now
She has survey'd, this, and that fashion look'd on,
For Ruffs and Gowns; cast this away, these Jewels
Suited to these and these knots : o' my life Sir,

She fears your curious eye will soon discover else :
Why stand ye still, why gape ye on one another ?
Did I not bid ye go, and tell my Daughter ?

Are ye nailed here ? nor stir ? nor speak ? who am I,
And who are you ?

1 Lord. Pardon me, gracious Lady,
The fear to tell you that you would not hear of
Makes us all dumb, the Princess is gone, Madam.

Dutch. Gone ? whither gone ? some wiser fellow answer me

2 Lord. We fought the Court all over, and believe Lady
No news of where she is, nor how convey'd hence.

Dutch. It cannot be, it must not be.

1 Lord. 'Tis true, Madam,
No room in all the Court, but we search'd through it,
Her women found her want first, and they cry'd to us.

Dutch. Gone ? stol'n away ? I am abus'd, dishonour'd,

Sy. 'Tis I that am abus'd, 'tis I dishonour'd.
Is this your welcome, this your favour to me ?

To foist a trick upon me, this trick too,
To cheat me of my love ? Am I not worthy ?
Or since I was your guest, am I grown odious ?

Dutch. Your Grace mistakes me, as I have a life, Sir.

Sy. And I another, I will never bear this,
Never endure this dor.

Dutch. But hear me patiently.

Sy. Give me my Love.

Dutch. As soon as care can find her,
And all care shall be used.

Sy. And all my care too,
To be reveng'd ; I smell the trick, 'tis too rank,
Fie, how it smells o' th' Mother.

Dutch. You wrong me, Duke.

Sy. For this disgrace ten thousand *Florentines*
Shall pay their dearest bloods, and dying curse ye,
And so I turn away your mortal enemy. *Exit.*

Duc. Since ye are so high and hot Sir, ye have half arm'd us,
Be careful of the Town, of all the Castles,
And see supplies of Soldiers every where,
And Musters for the Field when he invites us,
For he shall know 'tis not high words can fright us,
My Daughter gone ? has she so finely cozen'd me ?
This is for *Silvio's* fake sure, Oh cunning false one ;
Publish a Proclamation thorough the Dukedom,
That whoso'er can bring to th' Court young *Silvio*,
Alive or dead, beside our thanks and favour,
Shall have two thousand Duckets for his labour ;
See it dispatch'd, and sent in haste : Oh base one. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scena Quarta.

Enter Isabella, and Penurio with a Light.

Isab. Was't thou with *Rugio* ?

Pen. Yes marry was I closely.

Isab. And does he still remember his poor Mistris ?
Does he desire to see me ?

Pen. Yes, and presently :

Puts off all business else, lives in that memory,
And will be here according to directions,

Isab. But where's thy Master ?

Pen. Where a coxcomb should be,
Waiting at Court with his Jewels,
Safe for this night I warrant ye.

Isab. I am bound to thee.

Pen. I would ye were, as close as I could tye ye,

Isab. Thou art my best, my truest friend.

Pen. I labour

I moil and toil for ye : I am your hackney.

Isab. If ever I be able —

Pen. Steal the great Cheese Mistris,
Was sent him out o' th' Countrey.

Isab. Any thing.

Pen. That's meat, 'tis lawful Mistris : where's the Castle
He got at Court ? *(Custard.)*

Isab. He has lock'd it in's study.

Pen. Get a warrant to search for counterfeit Gold.

Isab. Give me thy Candle,
I'll find a time to be thy careful Cater.

Pen. And many a time I'll find to be his Cook,
And dress his Calves head to the sweetest sauce Mistris.

Isab. To bed *Penurio*, go, the rest is my charge,
I'll keep the Watch out.

Pen. Now if you spare him —

Exit.

Isab. Peace fool,

I hope my *Rugio* will not fail, 'twould vex me :
Now to my string ; so, sure he cannot miss now,
And this end to my finger I'll lie down,
For on a suddain I am wondrous heavy,
'Tis very late too ; if he come and find this,
And pull it, though it be with easie motion
I shall soon waken, and as soon be with him.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Thou secret friend, how am I bound to love thee ?
And how to hug thee for thy private service ?
Thou art the Star all my suspicions sail by,
The fixed point my wronged honor turns to,
By thee I shall know all, find all the subtilties
Of devilish women, that torment me daily :
Thou art my Conjurer, my Spell, my Spirit,
All's hush'd and still, no sound of any stirring,
No tread of living thing : the Light is in still,
And there's my Wife, how prettily the fool lies,
How sweet, and handsomely, and in her clothes too,
Waiting for me upon my life ; her fondness
Would not admit her rest till I came to her :
O careful fool, why am I angry with thee ?
Why do I think thou hat'st thy loving Husband ?
I am an Ass, an over-doting Coxcomb,
And this sweet soul, the mirror of perfection :
How admirable fair and delicate,
And how it stirs me, I'll sing thy sweets a Requiem,
But will not waken thee.

SONG.

OH fair sweet face, oh eyes celestial bright,
Twin Stars in Heaven, that now adorn the night ;
Oh fruitful Lips, where Cherries ever grow,
And Damask cheeks, where all sweet beauties blow ;
Oh thou from head to foot divinely fair,
Cupid's most cunning Nets made of that hair,

And

*And as he weaves himself for curious eyes;
Ob me, Ob me, I am caught my self, he cries:
Sweet rest about thee sweet and golden sleep,
Soft peaceful thoughts, your hourly watches keep,
Whilst I in wonder sing this sacrifice,
To beauty sacred, and those Angel-eyes.*

Now will I steal a kiss, a dear kiss from her,
And suck the Rosie breath of this bright beauty;
What a Devil is this? ty'd to her finger too?
A string, a damned string to give intelligence
Oh my lov'd key, how truly hast thou serv'd me;
I'll follow this: soft, soft, to th' door it goes,
And through to th' other side; a damned string 'tis,
I am abus'd, topt, cuckolded, fool'd, jaded,
Ridden to death, to madness; stay, this helps not:
Stay, stay, and now invention help me,
I'll sit down by her, take this from her easily,
And thus upon mine own: Dog, I shall catch ye,
With all your cunning, Sir: I shall light on ye,
I felt it pull sure: yes, but wondrous softly,
'Tis there again, and harder now, have at ye,
Now and thou scap'st, the Devil's thy ghostly father. *Exit.*

Isab. Sure 'twas my husband's voice, the string is gone too,
He has found the trick on't: I am undone, betray'd,
And if he meet my friend he perishes,
What fortune follows me, what spightful fortune?
Ho! Jaquet.

Enter Jaquet,

Jaq. Here Mistress, do you call me?

Isab. Didst thou hear no noise?

Jaq. I hear my Master mad yonder,
And swears, and chafes—

Isab. Dar'st thou do one thing for me?
One thing concerns mine honor, all is lost else?

Jaq. Name what you will.

Isab. It can bring but a beating,
Which I will recompence so largely—

Jaq. Name it.

Isab. Sit here, as if thou wert asleep.

Jaq. Is that all?

Isab. When he comes in, whate'er he do unto thee
(The worst will be but beating) speak not a word,
Not one word as thou lovest me.

Jaq. I'll run through it.

Isab. I'll carry away the Candle.

Jaq. And I the blows Mistress. *Exit.*

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Have you put your light out? I shall stumble to ye,
You whore, you cunning whore, I shall catch your rogue too,
H'as light legs else, I had so Ferret-claw'd him:

Oh have I found ye? do ye play at dog-sleep still whore?
Do you think that can protect ye? yes, I will kill thee,
But first I'll bring thy friends to view thy villainies,
Thy whorish villainies: and first I'll beat thee,
Beat thee to pin-dust, thou salt whore, thou varlet,
Scratch out thine eyes; I'll spoil your tempting visage;
Are ye so patient? I'll put my nails in deeper,
Is it good whoring? whoring ye base rascal?
Is it good tempting men with strings to ride ye?
So, I'll fetch your kindred, and your friends, whore,
And such a Justice I will act upon thee. *Exit.*

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What is he gone?

Jaq. The Devil go with him Mistress,
Has harrowed me, plough'd Land was ne'r so harrow'd:
I had the most adoe to save mine eyes.

Isab. Has paid thee,
But I'll heal all again with good Gold. *Jaquet;*

H'as damned nails.

Jaq. They are ten-penny nails I think Mistress:
I'll undertake he shall strike 'em through an inch board.

Isab. Go up, and wash thy self: take my Pomatum,
And now let me alone to end the Tragedy.

Jaq. You had best beware.

Isab. I shall deal stoutly with him,
Reach me my Book, and see the door made fast wench,
And so good night: now to the matter politick.

Lopez knocks within.

Lop. Within. You shall see what she is, what a sweet jewel.

Isab. Who's there, what mad-man knocks? is this an hour
And in mine Husband's absence?

Lop. Within. Will ye open?

You know my voice ye whore, I am that Husband:
Do you mark her subtilty? but I have paid her,
I have so ferk'd her face: here's the blood Gentlemen,
Ecce signum: I have spoil'd her Goatish beauty,
Observe her how she looks now, how she is painted,
Oh 'tis the most wicked'st whore, and the most treacherous—

Enter Lopez, Bartello, Gent. and two Gentlewomen.

Gent. Here walks my cosin full of meditation,
Arm'd with religious thoughts.

Bar. Is this the monster?

1 Gentlew. Is this the subject of that rage you talk'd of,
That naughty woman you had pull'd a-pieces?

Bar. Here's no such thing.

1 Gentlew. How have ye wrong'd this beauty?
Are not you mad my friend? what time o' th' moon is 't?
Have not you Maggots in your brains?

Lop. 'Tis she sure.

Gent. Where's the scratch'd face ye spoke of, the torn gar-
And all the hair pluck'd off her head? *(ments,*

Bar. Believe me.

'Twere better far you had lost your pair of pibbles,
Than be the least adornment of that sweetness.

Lop. Is not this blood?

1 Gentlew. This is a monstrous folly,
A base abuse.

Isab. Thus he does ever use me,
And sticks me up a wonder, not a woman;
Nothing I doe, but's subject to suspicion;
Nothing I can do, able to content him.

Bar. Lopez, you must not use this.

2 Gentlew. 'Twere not amiss, Sir.
To give ye sauce to your meat, and suddainly.

1 Gentlew. You that dare wrong a woman of her goodness,
Thou have a Wife, thou have a Bear ty'd to thee,
To scratch thy jealous itch, were all o' my mind,
I mean all women, we would disburthen ye
Of that that breeds these fits, these dog-flaws in ye,
A Sow-guelder should trim ye.

Bar. A rare cure Lady,
And one as fit for him as a Thief for a halter,
You see this youth: will you not cry him quittance,
Body 'me, I would pine, but I would pepper him,
I'll come anon, he, hang him, poor pompillion:
How like a wench be his he looks, I'll come Lady;
Lopez. The Law must teach ye what a wife is,
A good, a virtuous wife.

Isab. I'll ne'r live with him,
I crave your loves all to make known my cause,
That so a fair Divorce may pass between us,
I am weary of my life: in danger hourly.

Bar. You see how rude you are, I will not miss ye,
Unfufferable rude: I'll pay him foundly,
You should be whipt in Bedlam: I'll reward him.

2 Gentlew. Whipping's too good.

Lop. I think I am alive still,
And in my wits.

Bar. I'll put a trick upon him,
And get his goods confiscate: you shall have 'em;

I will

I will not fail at nine.

Lop. I think I am here too,
And once I would have sworn I had taken her napping,
I think my name is *Lopez*.

Gent. Fie for shame, Sir,
You see you have abus'd her, foully wrong'd her,
Hung scandalous and course opinions on her,
Which now you find but children of suspicion:
Ask her forgiveness, shew a penitence,
She is my kinswoman, and what she suffers
Under so base and beately jealousies,
I will redress else, I'll seek satisfaction.

Bar. Why, every boy i' th' Town will piss upon thee.

Lop. I am sorry for't.

1 Gentlem. Down o' your marrow-bones.

Lop. Even sorry from my heart: forgive me sweet wife,
Here I confess most freely I have wrong'd ye,

As freely here I beg a pardon of ye,
From this hour no debate, no cross suspicion——

Isab. To shew ye Sir I understand a wives part,
Thus I assure my love, and seal your pardon.

2 Gentlem. 'Tis well done, now to bed, and there confirm

Gent. And so good night.

Bar. Aware relapses, *Lopez*.

Lop. Now *Isabella* tell me truth, and suddainly,
And do not juggle with me, nor dissemble,
For as I have a life ye dye then: I am not mad,
Nor does the Devil work upon my weakness,
Tell me the trick of this, and tell me freely.

Isab. Will then that satisfie ye?

Lop. If ye deal ingeniously.

Isab. I'll tell ye all; and tell ye true and freely.

Barcelo was the end of all this jealousy,
His often visitations brought by you, first
Bred all these fits, and these suspicions:
I knew your false key, and accordingly
I fram'd my plot, to have you take him finely,
Too poor a penance for the wrong his wife bears,
His worthy virtuous wife: I felt it sensibly
When ye took off the string, and was much pleas'd in't,
Because I wish'd his importunate dotage paid well,
And had you staid two minutes more, ye had had him.

Lop. This sounds like truth.

Isab. Because this shall be certain,
Next time he comes; as long he cannot tarry,
Your self shall see, and hear, his lewd temptations.

Lop. Till then I am satisfied, and if this prove true,
Hence-forward Mistrifs of your self I give ye,
And I to serve ye: For my lusty Captain,
I'll make him dance, and make him think the Devil
Claws at his breech, and yet I will not hurt him:
Come now to bed, and prove but constant this way,
I'll prove the man you ever wish'd.

Isab. You have blest me.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Silvio.

Silv. **V**hat labour and what travel have I run through
And through what Cities to absolve this Riddle
Diviners, Dreamers, School-men, deep Magicians,
All have I try'd, and all give several meaning,
And from all hope of any future happiness,
To this place am I come at length, the Countrey,
The people simple, plain, and harmless witty,
Whose honest labours Heaven rewards with plenty
Of Corn, Wine, Oyl, which they again as thankful,
To their new Crops, new pastimes celebrate,

And crown their joyful harvests with new voices;
By a rich Farmer here I am entertain'd,
And rank'd among the number of his servants,
Not guessing what I am, but what he would have me,
Here may be so much wit (though much I fear it)
To undo this knotty question; and would to Heaven.

Enter Soto with a Proclamation.

My fortunes had been hatch'd with theirs, as innocent,
And never known a pitch above their plainness.

Soto. That it is, that it is, what's this word now? this
Is a plaguy word, that it is *r. e. a.* that it is, reason,
By your leave, Mr. *Soto*, by your leave, you are too quick,
There's a strange parlous *T.* before the reason, (Sir,
A very tall *T.* which makes the word *High Treason.*

Sil. What Treason's that? does this fellow understand
Himself?

Soto. Pitch will infect, I'll meddle no more with this geer;
What a devil ails this fellow? this foolish fellow?

Being admitted to be one of us too,
That are the masters of the sports proceeding,
Thus to appear before me too, unmorris'd?

Do you know me friend?

Sil. You are my Masters Son, Sir.

Soto. And do you know what sports are now in season?

Sil. I hear there are some a-foot.

Soto. Where are your Bells then?

Your Rings, your Ribons, friend? & your clean Napkins?
Your Nolegay in your hat, pinn'd up, am not I here?
My fathers eldest Son, and at this time, Sir, (want
I would have ye know it, though ye be ten times his ser-
A better man than my father far, Lord of this Harvest, Sir,
And shall a man of my place want attendance?

Sil. 'Twas want of knowledge, Sir, not duty, bred this,
I would have made Suit else for your Lordships service.

Soto. In some sort I am satisfied now, mend your manners,
But thou art a melancholy fellow, vengeance melancholy,
And that may breed an insurrection amongst us;
Go too, I'll lay the best part of two pots now
Thou art in love, and I can guess with whom too,
I saw the wench that twir'd and twinkled at thee,
The other day; the wench that's new come hither,
The young smug wench.

Sil. You know more than I feel Sir. (for thee,

Soto. Go too, I'll be thy friend, I'll speak a good word
And thou shalt have my Lordships countenance to her;
May be I have had a snap my self, may be I, may be no,
We Lords are allow'd a little more.

Sil. 'Tis fit, Sir,

I humbly thank ye, you are too too tender of me,
But what Sir, I beseech ye, was that paper,
Your Lordship was so studiously employed in,
When ye came out a-doors?

Soto. Thou meanest this paper.

Sil. That Sir, I think.

Soto. Why, 'tis a Proclamation,
A notable piece of villany, as ever thou heard'st in thy life,
By mine honor it is.

Sil. How Sir? or what concerns it?

Soto. It comes ye from the Dutchess, a plaguy wise woman,
To apprehend the body of one *Silvio*,
As arrant a Rascal as ever pist against a post,
And this same *Silvio*, or this foresaid rascal,
To bring before her, live or dead; for which good service
The man that brings him, has two thousand Duckets;
Is not this notable matter now?

Sil. 'Tis so indeed,

This Proclamation bears my bane about it;
Can no rest find me? no private place secure me?
But still my miseries like blood-hounds haunt me?
Unfortunate young man, which way now guides thee,
Guides thee from death? the Countrey's laid round for
thee;

Oh

Oh *Claudio*, now I feel thy blood upon me,
Now it speaks loudly here, I am sure against me,
Time now has found it out, and truth proclaim d it,
And Justice now cries out, I must die for it.

Soto Hast thou read it?

Sil. Yes.

Soto. And dost thou know that *Silvio*.

Sil. I never saw him, Sir.

Soto. I have, and know him too,
I know him as well as I know thee, and better,
And if I light upon him, for a trick he plaid me once,
A certain kind of dog-trick, I'll so fiddle him,
Two thousand Duckets, I'll so pepper him,
And with that money I'll turn Gentleman,
Worth a brown Baker's dozen of such *Silvios*.

Sil. There is no staying here, this rogue will know me,
And for the money sake betray me too;
I must bethink me suddenly and safely.

Enter Morris-dancers.

Soto. Mine own dear Lady, have-at-thy honey-comb,
Now, for the honor of our Town, Boyes, trace sweetly,
Cry within of, Arm, Arm.
Who a vengeance ails this whobub: pox refuse 'em,
Cannot they let us dance in our own defence here?

Enter Farmer and Captain.

Capt. Arm, honest friends, arm suddenly and bravely,
And with your antient resolutions follow me; *(bores)*
Look how the Beacons show like Comets, your poor neigh-
Run maddingly affrighted through the Villages;
Syenna's Duke is up, burns all before him,
And with his sword, makes thousand mothers childless.

Soto. What's this to our Morris-dancers?

Sil. This may serve my turn. *(game.)*

Soto. There's ne'r a Duke in *Christendom* but loves a May-

Capt. At a horse you were always ceaz'd, put your Son
on him,

And arm him well i' th' States name, I command ye;
And they that dare go voluntary, shall receive reward.

Soto. I dare go no way, Sir, this is strange, Master Cap-
tain,

You cannot be content to spoil our sport here,
Which I do not think your Worship's able to answer,
But you must set us together by the ears with I know not
We are for the bodily part o' th' dance. *who too?*

Cap. Arm him suddainly,

This is no time to fool, I shall return ye else,
A rebel to the General, State, and Duches,
And how you'll answer then —

Far. I have no more Sons, Sir,

This is my only boy; I beseech ye Master Captain.

Soto. I am a rank coward too, to say the truth, Sir,
I never had good luck at buffets neither.

Far. Here's vorty shillings, spare the child

Cap. I cannot.

Soto. Are ye a man? will ye cast away a May-Lord?
Shall all the wenches in the Countrey curse ye?

Sil. An't please you Captain, I'll supply his person,
'Tis pity their old custom should be frighted,
Let me have Horse, and good Arms, I'll serve willingly,
And if I shrink a foot of ground, Hell take me.

Cap. A promising Aspect, face full of courage,
I'll take this man, and thank ye too!

Far. There's for thee,
'Tis in a clout, but good old Gold.

Sil. I thank ye Sir

Far. Goe saddle my fore-horse, put his feather on, too,
He'll prounce it bravely; friend, he fears no Colours,
And take the Armor down, and see him dizin'd, *(matter,*

Soto. Farewel, and if thou cary'st thy self well in this
I say no more; but this, there must be more May-Lords,
And I know who are fit.

Sil. Dance you, I'll fight, Sir,

Cap. Away, away.

Sil. Farewel, I am for the Captain.

Exit.

Far. Now to this matter again my honest fellows,
For if this goe not forward, I oresee friends,
This war will fright our neighbors out o' th' villages;
Cheer up your hearts, we sha hear better news, boys.

Hob. Surely I will dance no more, 'tis most ridiculous,
I find my wives instructions now mere verities,
My learned wives, she often hath pronounc'd to me
My safety *Bomby*, desie these sports, thou art damn'd else,
This Feast of *Babylon*, I will never back again,
His pace is sure prophane, and his lewd W i-hees,
The Sons of *Hymyn* and *Gymyn*, in the wilderness:

Far. Fic neighbor *Bomby*, in your fits again,
Your zeal sweats, this is not careful, neighbor,
The Hobby-horse, is a seemly Hobby-horse.

Soto. And as pretty a beast on's inches, though I say it.

Hob. The Beast is an unseemly, and a lewd Beast,
And got at *Rome* by the Popes Coach-Horses,
His mother was the Mare of ignorance.

Soto. Cobler thou ly'st, and thou wert a thousand Coblers
His mother was an honest Mare, and a Mare of good credit,
I know the Mare, and if need be, can bring witness;
And in the way of honesty I tell thee,
Scorn'd any Coach-Horse the Pope had: thou art foolish,
And thy blind zeal makes thee abuse the Beast.

Hob. I do desie thee, and thy foot-cloth too,
And tell thee to thy face, this prophane riding
I feel it in my conscience, and I dare speak it,
This un-edified ambling, hath brought a scourge upon us,
This Hobby-horse sincerity we liv'd in
War, and the sword of slaughter: I renounce it,
And put the beast off; thus, the beast polluted,
And now no more shall hop on high *Bomby*,
Follow the painted pipes of high pleasures,
And with the wicked, dance the devils measures;

Away thou pamper'd jade of vanity,
Stand at the Livery of lewd delights now,
And eat the provinder of prick-ear'd folly,
My dance shall be to the pipe of persecution.

Far. Will you dannee no more neighbor?

Hob. Surely no,

Carry the Beast to his Crib: I have renounc'd him
And all his works.

Soto. Shall the Hobby-horse be forgot then?
The hopeful Hobby-horse, shall he lye founder'd?

If thou do'st this, thou art but a cast-away Cobler:

My anger's up, think wisely, and think quickly,
And look upon the *quondam* beast of pleasure,
If thou dost this (mark me, thou serious Sowter)
Thou Bench-whistler of the old tribe of toe-pieces,
If thou dost this, there shall be no more shooe-mending,
Every man shall have a special care of his own soul:
And in his pocket carry his two Confessors,
His Yugel, and his Nawl: if thou dost this —

Far. He will dance again for certain.

Hob. I cry out on't,

'Twas the fore-running sin brought in those Tilt-staves,
They brandish 'gainst the Church, the devil calls *May*-poles,

Soto. Take up your Horse again, and girth him to ye,
And girth him handsomely, good neighbor *Bomby*.

Hob. I spit at him.

Soto. Spit in the Horse face, Cobler?

Thou out of tune, *Psalm*-singing slave; spit in his visnomy?

Hob. I spit again, and thus I rise against him:

Against this Beast: that signify'd destruction.

Fore-shew'd i' th' falls of Monarchies:

Soto. I' th' face of him?

Spit such another spit, by this hand Cobler

I'll make ye set a new piece o' your nose there,

Tak't up I say, and dance without more bidding;

And dance as you were wont: you have been excellent

And art still, but for this new nicity,

And

And your wives learned Lectures: take up the Hobby-horse
Come, 'tis a thing thou hast lov'd with all thy heart *Bomby*,
And would'st do still but for the round-breech'd brothers:
You were not thus in the morning; tak't up I say,
Do not delay but do it: you know I am officer;
And I know 'tis unfit all these good fellows
Should wait the cooling of your zealous porridge;
Chuse whether you will dance, or have me execute:
I'll clap your neck i' th' stocks, and thre I'll make ye
Dance a whole day, and dance with these at night too,
You mend old shooes well, mend your old manners better,
And suddenly see you leave off this sincereness.
This new hot Batch, borrowed from some brown Baker,
Some learned brother, or I'll so bait ye for't,
Take it quickly up.

Hob. I take my persecution,
And thus I am forc'd a by-word to my brethren.

Soto. Strike up, strike up: strike merrily.

Far. To it roundly,
Now to the harvest feast: then sport again boyes. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Silvio, arm'd

Sil. What shall I do? live thus unknown, and base still?
Or thrust my self into the head o' th' Battel?
And there like that I am, a Gentleman,
And one that never fear'd the face of danger,
(So in her angry eyes she carried honor)
Fight nobly, and (to end my cares) die nobly?

Song within.

*Silvio go on, and raise thy noble mind
To noble ends; sling course base thoughts behind:
Silvio, thou Son of everliving fame,
Now aim at virtue, and a Noble Name.
Silvio consider, Honor is not won,
Nor virtue reach'd, till some brave thing be done:
Thy Countrey calls thee now; she burns, and bleeds,
Now raise thy self, young man, to noble deeds.
Into the battel Silvio, there seek forth
Danger, and blood, by them stands sacred worth.*

What heavenly voice is this that follows me?
This is the second time 't has waited on me,
Since I was arm'd, and ready for the battel;
It names me often, steels my heart with courage.

Enter Belvidere deformed.

And in a thousand sweet notes comforts me;
What Beldam's this? how old she is, and ugly,
Why does she follow me?

Bel. Be not dismay'd Son,
I wait upon thee for thy good, and honor,
'Twas I that now sung to thee, stirr'd thy mind up,
And rais'd thy spirits to the pitch of nobleness.

Sil. Though she be old, and of a crooked carkas,
Her voice is like the harmony of Angels.

Bel. Thou art my darling, all my love dwels on thee
The Son of virtue, therefore I attend thee;
Enquire not what I am, I come to serve thee,
For if thou be'st inquisitive, thou hast lost me:
A thousand long miles hence my dwelling is,
Deep in a Cave, where but mine own, no foot treads,
There by mine Art, I found what danger (*Silvio*)
And deep distress of heart, thou wert grown into,
A thousand Leagues I have cut through empty air,
Far swifter than the sayling rack that gallops
Upon the wings of angry winds, to seek thee,
Sometimes o'er a swelling tide, on a Dolphins back I ride,
Sometimes pass the earth below, and through the unmoved
Center go;

Sometimes in a flame of fire, like a Meteor I aspire,
Sometimes in mine own shape, thus, when I help the vir-
tuous,

Men of honourable minds, command my Art in all his
kinds;

Pursue the noble thought of War, from thy Guard I'll not
be far,

Get thee worship on thy foe, lasting Fame is gotten so.

Single *Syennas* Duke alone, hear thy friends, thy Countrey
groan,

And with thy manly arm strike sure, then thou hast wrought
thine own free cure.

Sil. Some *Sybel* sure, some soul heaven loves, and favours.
And lends her their free powers, to work their wonders?
How she incites my courage?

Bel. Sylvio,
I knew thee many daies ago,
Forefaw thy love to *Belvidere*, the Dutchess daughter, and
her Heir;

Knew she lov'd thee, and know what past; when you were
found i' th' Castle fast

In one anothers arms; forfaw the taking of ye, and the Law
And so thy innocence I loved, the deepest of my skill I
proved;

Berul'd by me, for to this hour, I have dwelt about thee
with my power.

Sil. I will, and in the course of all observe thee,
For thou art sure an Angel sent to me.

Bel. Get thee gone then to the fight, longer stay but robs
thy right;

When thou grow'st weary I'll be near, then think on beau-
teous *Belvidere*,

For every precious thought of her, I'll lend thine honor a
new spurre;

When all is done, meet here at night; Go and be happy in
the fight. *Exit.*

Sil. I certainly believe I shall do nobly,
And that I'll bravely reach at too, or die. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Claudio, and Penurio:

Cla. Is she so loving still?

Pen. She is mad with Love,
As mad as ever unworm'd dog was, Signior,
And does so weep, and curse, for your prevention,
Your crosses in your love; it frets me too,
I am fall'n away to nothing, to a spindle,
Grown a meer man of mat, no soul within me,
Pox o' my Master, Sir, will that content ye?

Cla. This rogue but cozens me, and she neglects me,
Upon my life there are some other gamesters,
Nearer the wind than I, and that prevents me,
Is there no other holds acquaintance with her?
Prethee be true; be honest, do not mock me,
Thou knowest her heart, no former interest
She has vow'd a favour too? and cannot handsomely
Go off, but by regaining such a friendship?
There are a thousand handsome men, young, wealthy,
That will not stick at any rate, nor danger,
To gain so sweet a prize; nor can I blame her,
If where she finds a comfort, she deal cunningly,
I am a stranger yet.

Pen. Ye are all she looks for,
And if there be any other, she neglects all,
And all for you: I would you saw how grievously
And with what hourly lamentations.

Cla. I know thou flatter'st me; tell me but truth,
Look here, look well, the best meat in the Dukedom,
The rarest, and the choicest of all Diets,
The will I give thee, but to satisfy me;
That is, not to dissemble; this rare Lobster,
This Pheasant of the Sea, this dish for Princes,

And

And all this thou shalt enjoy, eat all thy self,
Have good *Greek Wine*, or anything belongs to it,
A wench, if it desire one.

Pen. All this, Signior?

Cl. All, and a greater far than this.

Pen. A greater?

Cl. If thou deserve by telling truth.

Pen. A wench too?

Cl. Or any thing, but if you play the knave now,
The cozening knave, besides the loss of this,
In which thou hast parted with a paradise,
I ne'er will give thee meat more, nor a morsel,
No smell of meat by my means shall come near thee,
Nor name of any thing that's nourishing,
But to thy old part *Tantalus* again,
Thou shalt return, and there snap at a shadow.

Pen. Upon this point, had I intended Treason,
Or any thing might call my life in question,
Follow'd with all the tortures time could think on,
Give me but time to eat this lovely Lobster,
This Alderman o'th' Sea, and give me Wine to him,
I would reveal all, and if that all were too little,
More than I knew; *Bartello* holds in with her,
The Captain of the Cittadel, but you need not fear him,
His tongue's the stiffest weapon that he carries.
He is old, and out of use; there are some other,
Men, young enough, handsome, and bold enough,
Could they come but to make their game once, but they want
They want the *unde quare*, they are laid by then. (Sir,

Enter Bartello.

You only are the man shall knock the nail in——

Bar. How now *Penurio*?

Pen. Your worship's fairly met, Sir.

You shall hear further from me, steal aside, Sir.

Cl. Remember your Master for those Chains.

Pen. They are ready, Sir. (Merchant;

Bart. What young thing's this? by his habit he's a
I fear he trades my way too, you dried dog-fish,
What bait was that?

Pen. Who Sir, the thing went hence now?
A notable young whelp.

Bart. To what end sirrah?

Pen. Came to buy Chains and Rings, is to be married,
An Assè, a Coxcomb, h'as nothing in's house Sir;
I warrant you think he came to see my Mistress?

Bart. I doubt it shrewdly.

Pen. Away, away 'tis foolish;
He has not the face to look upon a Gentlewoman,
A poor skim'd thing, his Mothers maids are fain, Sir
To teach him how to kiss, and against he is married,
To shew him on which side the stirrop stands.

Bart. That's a fine youth.

Pen. Thou wouldst hang thy self, that thou hadst half
Thou empty Potgun. (his power,

Bart. Am I come fit *Penurio*?

Pen. As fit as a fiddle,

My Master's now abroad about his business. (pected

Bart. When thou cam'st to me home to day, I half sus-
My wife was jealous, that she whispered to thee.

Pen. You deserve well the whilst, there's no such matter,
She talk'd about some toys my Master must bring to her,
You must not know of.

Bart. I'll take no noat *Penurio*.

Pen. No, nor you shall not, till you have it soundly.

This is the bravest *Capitano Pompo*.

Enter Isabella.

But I shall pump ye anon, Sir.

Isab. Oh my *Bartello* (Rogue,

Bart. Ye pretty Rogue, you little Rogue, you sweet
Away *Penurio*, go and walk i'th' Horse-Fair.

Isab. You do not love me?

Bart. Thou liest, thou little rascal;

There sirrah, to your Centry.

Pen. How the Colt itches?

I'll help ye to a Curry-comb shall claw ye. Exit.

Isab. And how much dost thou love me?

Bart. Let's go in quickly,

I'll tell thee presently, I'll measure it to thee.

Isab. No bullsè first? sit o' my knee, my brave boy,
My valiant boy; do not look so fiercely on me,
Thou wilt fright me with thy face; come buss again Chick,
Smile in my face you mad thing.

Bart. I am mad indeed wench,
Precious, I am all o' fire.

Isab. I'll warm thee better.

Bar. I'll warm thee too, or I'll blow out my bellows;
Ha, ye sweet rogue, you loving rogue, a boy now,
A Soldier I will get shall prove a fellow.

Enter Jaquenet and Penurio.

Jaq. Mistress, look to your self, my Master's coming.

Bar. The devil come, and go with him.

Pen. The devil's come indeed, he brings your wife, Sir.

Isab. We are undone, undone then.

Bar. My wife with him?

Why this is a dismal day.

Pen. They are hard by too, Sir.

Bar. I must not, dare not see her.

Isab. Nor my Husband,
For twenty thousand pound.

Bar. That I were a Cat now,

Or any thing could run into a Bench-hole,
Saint *Antonies* Fire upon the rogue has brought her;
Where shall I be? just i'th' nick o'th' matter?
When I had her at my mercy? think for heaven sake,
My wife, all the wild furies hell has.

Pen. Up the Chimney.

Bar. They'll smoke me out there presently.

Isab. There, there, it must be there,
We are all undone else: it must be up the Chimney.

Bar. Give me a Ladder.

Isab. You must use your Art, Sir,

Alas, we have no Ladders.

Bar. Pox o'thy Husband,
Does he never mend his house?

Pen. No, nor himself neither:

Up nimbly, Sir, up nimbly.

Bar. Thou know'st I am fat,

Thou mercilefs lean rogue.

Pen. Will ye be kill'd?

For if he take ye——

Bar. Lend me thy shoulder.

Pen. Soft, Sir,

You'll tread my shoulder-bones into my sides else;

Have ye fast hold o'th' barrs?

Bar. A vengeance barr'em.

Isab. Patience good Captain, Patience: quickly, quickly.

Bar. Do you think I am made of smoke?

Pen. Now he talks of smoke,

What if my Master should call for fire?

Bar. Will ye Martyr me?

Isab. He must needs have it.

Bar. Will ye make me Bacon?

Isab. We'll do the best we can, are all things ready?

Pen. All, all, I have 'em all.

Bar. Go let 'em in then,

Not a word now on your life.

Bar. I hang like a Meteor.

Enter Lopez and Rhodope.

Lop. You are welcome Lady.

Rho. You are too too courteous,

C c

But

But I shall make amends, fair *Ifabella*.

Ifab. Welcome my worthy friend, most kindly welcome.

Rbo. I hear on't, and I'll fit him for his foolery.

Lop. Some Sweet meats wife: some Sweet meats presently.

Rbo. Oh my sowre fauce.

Lop. Away quick *Ifabella*.

Exit Ifab.

Did you hear him?

Rbo. Yes, yes, perfectly, proceed, Sir.

Lop. Speak loud enough: Dare ye at length but pity me?

Rbo. Faith Sir, you have us'd so many reasons to me, And those so powerfully —

Lop. Keep this kiss for me.

Bar. And do I stand and hear this?

Rbo. This for me, Sir,

This is some comfort now: Alas my Husband —

But why do I think of so poor a fellow, So wretched, so debauch'd?

Bar. That's I, I am bound to hear it.

Rbo. I dare not lye with him, he is so rank a Whoremaster.

Lop. And that's a dangerous point.

Rbo. Upon my conscience, Sir, He would stick a thousand base diseases on me.

Bar. And now must I say nothing.

Lop. I am found Lady.

Rbo. That's it that makes me love ye.

Lop. Let's kiss again then.

Rbo. Do, do.

Bar. Do, the Devil

And the grand Pox do with ye.

Lop. Do ye hear him? well —

Enter Penurio and Ifabella.

Now, what's the news with you?

Pen. The sound of War, Sir, Comes still along: The Duke will charge the City; We have lost they say.

Lop. What shall become of me then, And my poor wealth;

Bar. Even hang'd, I hope.

Rbo. Remove your Jewels presently, And what you have of wealth into the Cittadel, There all's secure.

Lop. I humbly thank ye Lady:

Penurio, get me some can climb the Chimney, For there my Jewels are, my best, my richest, I hid 'em, fearing such a blow.

Pen. Most happily:

I have two boys that use to sweep foul Chimneys, Truly I brought 'em, Sir, to mock your worship, For the great Fires ye keep, and the full Diet.

Lop. I forgive thee knave, where are they?

Pen. Here Sir, here:

Monsieur Black, will your small worship mount:

Enter two Boys.

1 Boy. Madam è be com to creep up into your Chimney, and make you
Cleane, as any Lady in de world: Ma litla, litla frera,
and è,
Chanta, frere, chanta.

Pen. Come Monsieur, mountè, mountè, mount Monsieur Mustard-pot.

1 Boy. Monsieur è have dis for vostra barba, ple ta vou Monsieur.

Pen. Mountè Monsieur, mountè dere be some fine tings.

1 Boy. He will creep like de Ferret Monsieur.

Pen. Dere in the Chimney. *The Boy above singing.*

1 Boy. He be de sheilde due shaufon, Madam.
Boys goes in behind the Arras.

Pen. There's a Birds-nest, I wou'd have ye climb it Monsieur,

Up my fine singing Monsieur: that's a fine Monsieur.

Lop. Watch him, he do not steal.

Pen. I warrant ye Sir.

Lop. These Boys are knavish.

Boy within, Madam here be de Rat, de Rat, Madam.

Pen. I'll look to him tightly

Lop. Lord, what comes here, A walking apparition?

Ifab. Saint *Christopher*.

Rbo. Mercy o' me, what is it?

How like my Husband it looks?

Bar. Get ye down devil,

I'll break your neck else: was ever man thus chimnied?

Lop. Go pay the boys well; see them satisfied.

Pen. Come Monsieur Devils, come my Black-berries I'll butter ye o' both sides.

Boy Exit.

Ifab. Nay, ev'n look Sir, are you cooled now, Captain?

Bar. I am cuckolded, and fool'd to boot too: Fool'd fearfully, fool'd shamefully.

Lop. You are welcome Sir,

I am glad I have any thing within these doors Sir To make ye merry: you love my wife, I thank ye. You have shew'd your love.

Bar. Wife, am I this? this odd matter, This monstrous thing?

Rbo. You ought, but yet you are not: I have been bold with you Sir, but yet not basely, As I have faith I have not.

Lop. Sir, believe it,

'Twas all meant but to make you feel your trespass; We knew your hour, and all this fashion'd for it.

Bar. Were you o'th' plot too?

Ifab. Yes by my troth, sweet Captain.

Bar. You will forgive me wife?

Rbo. You will deserve it?

Bar. Put that toth' venture.

Rbo. Thus am I friends again then, And as you ne'er had gone astray, thus kiss ye.

Bar. And I'll kiss you, and you too ask forgiveness, Kiss my wife *Lopez*, 'tis but in jest remember;

And now all friends together to my Castle, Where we'll all dine, and there discourse these stories, And let him be Chimney-swept in's lust that glories. *Ex.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Silvio and Belvidere severally.

Sil. Hail reverend Dame, heaven wait upon thy studies.

Bel. You are all well met Son: what is the Battel ended?

Sil. Mother, 'tis done.

Bel. How has thy honour prosper'd?

Sil. The Dutchess has the day, *Syenna's* prisoner: Arm'd with thy powerful Art, this arm dismounted him, Receiv'd him then on foot, and in fair valour.

Forc'd him mine own, this Jewel I took from him, It hung upon his cask, the Victors triumph:

And to the Dutchess now a Prisoner

I have render'd him: Come off again unknown, Mother.

Bel. 'Tis well done, let me see the Jewel Son; 'Tis a rich one, curious set, fit for a Princess Burgonet: This rich Token late was sent, by the Dutchess with intent, The Marriage next day to begin: Dost thou know what's hid within?

Wipe thine eyes, and then come near, see the beauteous

Belvidere:

Now behold it.

Sil. Oh my Saint.

Bel. Wear it nobly, do not faint.

Sil. How blest am I in this rich spoil, this Picture, For ever will I keep it here, here Mother, For ever honor it: how oft, how chafly Have I embrac'd the life of this, and kist it?

Bel.

Bel. The day draws on that thou must home return,
And make thy answer to the Dutchess's question
I know it troubles thee, for if thou fail in't.

Sil. Oh, I must dye.

Bel. Fear not, fear not, 'Ill benign,
Cast thy trouble on my back, Art nor cunning shall not lack,
To preserve thee, still to keep, what thy envious foemen
seek;

Go boldly home, and let thy mind, no distrustful crosses find:
All shall happen for the best; souls walk through sorrows
that are blest.

Sil. Then I go confident.

Bel. But first my Son, a thankful service must be done,
The good old woman for her pain, when every thing stands
fair again,
Must ask a poor Boon, and that granting, there's nothing to
thy journey wanting.

Sil. Except the trial of my soul to mischief,
And as I am a Knight, and love mine honor,
I grant it whatsoever.

Bel. Thy pure soul
Shall never sink for me, nor howl.

Sil. Then any thing.

Bel. When I shall ask, remember.

Sil. If I forget, heavens goodness forget me.

Bel. On thy journey then awhile, to the next cross way
and stile,
I'll conduct thee, keep thee true, to thy Mistriss and thy
vow,
And let all their envies fall, I'll be with thee, and quench
all.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Dutchess, Syenna, and Lords.

Sy. **L**ady, the stubborn war's more mild than you are,
That allows Ransom, and the Prisoner taken—

Dutch. We must not be too hasty: Remember Sir,
The wrong and violence you have offer'd us,
Burnt up our frontier Towns, made prey before ye
Both of our Beasts, and Corn; slain our dear subjects,
Open'd the fountain eyes of thousand widows,
That daily fling their curses on your fury;
What ordinary satisfaction can salve this?
What hasty thought-on Ransome give a remedy?
You must excuse us yet, we'll take more counsel:
In the mean time, not as a prisoner,
But as a noble Prince we entertain ye.

Sy. I am at your mercy Lady, 'tis my fortune,
My stubborn fate; the day is yours, you have me,
The valour of one single man has cross'd me,
Cross'd me and all my hope; for when the Battel's
Were at the hottest game of all their furies,
And conquest ready then to crown me Victor.
One single man broke in, one sword, one virtue,
And by his great example thousands followed,
Oh how I shame to think on't, how it shakes me!
Nor could our strongest head then stop his fury,
But like a tempest bore the field before him,
Till he arriv'd at me, with me he buck'led,
A while I held him play; at length his violence
Beat me from my saddle, then on foot pursu'd me,
There triumph'd once again, then took me prisoner:
When I was gone, a fear possess'd my people.

Dutch. One single arm, in a just cause, heaven prospers.
Is not this stranger Knight as yet discover'd,
That we may give his virtue a due honor?

Lord. Not yet that we hear Madam, but to that purpose,
Two daies ago we publish'd Proclamations.

Enter Soto with a Trumpet, and Silvio.

Soto. Oh dainty Dutchess, here I bring that Knight
Before thy fragrant face, that warlike wight,
He that *Syenna's* Duke, and all his Lonts
Beat (as the Proverb seemly saies) to clouts:
He that unhors'd the man o' fame to boot,
And bootless taught his Grace to walk afoot:
He that your writings (pack'd to every pillar)
Promis'd promotion to, and store of siller,
That very man I set before thy Grace,
And once again pronounce, this man it was.

Dutch. A pretty foolish Squire, what must the Knight be?

Sy. Some Jugler or some Mad man,

Sil. I was not so,

When thy faint Troops in flocks I beat before me,
When, through the thickest of thy warlike horse,
I shot my self even to thy Standard Duke,
And there found thee, there singled thee, there shew'd thee
The temper of my Sword. 'Tis true, thou stoodst me,
And like a noble soldier bidst me welcome;
And this I'll say, More honor in that arme,
I found and tryed, than all thy Army carried:
What follows thy imprisonment can tell thee.

Sy. His fair relation carries truth and virtue,
And by those Arms I see, (for such were his,
So old, so rusty) this may be he that forc'd me.

Sil. Do you know this Jewel, from your Cask I rent it,
Even as I clos'd, and forced ye from your saddle;
Do you now remember me—

Sy. This is the valour
Madam, for certain he, it must be he,
That day I wore this Jewel, you remember it.

Dutch. Yes, very well; not long before I sent it.

Sy. That day I lost this Jewel, in fight I lost it,
I felt his strokes, and felt him take it from me,
I wore it in my Cask; take it again Sir,
You won it nobly, 'tis the prize of honor

Soto. My Father and my self are made for ever.

Dutch. Kneel down brave Sir, thus my Knight first I raise ye,
Gird on a Sword; next General of my Army, *Discovers*
Give him a staff; last, one in Counsel near me. *himself.*

Now, make us happy with your fight: how? *Silvio?*
Have I on thee bestow'd this love, this honor?
The Treasons thou hast wrought set off with favours?
Unarm him presently: Oh thou foul Traitor,
Traitor to me, mine honor, and my Countrey,
Thou kindler of these Wars.

Sil. Mistake not Madam.

Dutch. Away with him to prison,
See him safe kept, the Law shall shortly sirrah,
Find him fitter Titles for ye, than I gave ye.

Soto. This is the youth that kill'd me, I'll be quit with him,
What a blind rogue was I, I could never know him?
And 't please your Grace, I claim the benefit
Of the Proclamation that proclaim'd him Traitor,
I brought him in.

Dutch. Thou shalt have thy reward for't.

Soto. Let him be hang'd, or drown'd then,

Dutch. Away with him.

Sil. Madam, I crave your promise first, you are tyed to it,
You have past your Princely word.

Dutch. Prove it, and take it.

Sil. This is the day appointed,
Appointed by your Grace for my appearance;
To answer to the Question.

Dutch. I remember it.

Sil. I claim it then,

Dutch. If you perform it not,
The penalty you claim too.

Sil. I not repent it;
If I absolve the words?

Dutch. Your life is free then,
You have drawn a speedy course above my wishes,

To my revenge, be sure ye hit it right,
Or I'll be sure you shall not scape the danger.

Sil. My rest is up now Madam.

Dutch. Then play it cunningly. mises,

Sil. Now, where's the Hag? where now are all her pro-
She would be with me, strengthen me, inform me?
My death will now be double death, ridiculous?
She was wont still to be near, to feel my miseries,
And with her Art, I see her no where now;
What have I undertaken? now she fails me,
No comfort now I find, how my soul staggers?
Till this hour never fear nor doubt possess me,
She cannot come, she will not come, she has fool'd me;
Sure, she is the Devil, has drawn me on to ruine,
And now to death bequeaths me in my danger.

Sy. He stands distracted, and his colour changes.

Dutch. I have given him that will make his blood forsake
Shortly his life. him;

Sy. His hands and contemplation
Have motion still, the rest is earth already. (out Sir;

Duc. Come, will ye speak or pray? your time grows
How every where he looks? he's at last cast.

Enter Belvidere, and secretly gives him a paper, and Exit.

Sy. His colour comes again fresh.

Duc. 'Tis a flash, Sir,
Before the flame burns out; can ye yet answer?

Sil. Yes Madam, now I can.

Duc. I fear you'll fail in't.

Sil. And do not think my silence a presage,
Or Omen to my end, you shall not find it;
I am bred a Soldier, not an Orator:
Madam, peruse this scrowl, let that speak for me;
And as you are Royal, wrong not the construction.

Dutch. By heaven you shall have fair play.

Sil. I shall look for't.

Question.

Tell me what is that only thing,
For which all women long;
Yet having what they most desire,
To have it do's them wrong.

Answer.

Tis not to be chaste, nor fair,
Such gifts malice may impair;
Richly trimm'd to walk or ride,
Or to wanton unesp'y'd;
To preserve an honest name,
And so to give it up to fame;
These are toys. In good or ill
They desire to have their Will;
Yet when they have it, they abuse it,
For they know not how to use it.

Dutch. You have answer'd right, and gain'd your life,
I give it.

Sil. Oh happy Hag! But my most gracious Madam,
Your promise ty'd a nobler favour to me.

Dutch. 'Tis true, my Daughter too.

Sil. I hope you will keep it.

Dutch. 'Tis not in my power now, she is long since wander'd,
Stol'n from Court, and me; and what I have not
I cannot give: no man can tell me of her,
Nor no search find her out: and ifot *Silvi o,*
Which strongly I believe——

Sil. Mock me not Lady,
For as I am a servant to her virtue,
Since my first hour of exile, I ne'er saw her.

Lord. That she is gone, 'tis too too true, and lamentable,
Our last hope was in you.

Sil. What do I hear then,

And wherefore have I life bestow'd and honor?

To what end do I walk? for men to wonder at,
And fight, and fool? pray ye take your honors from me,
(My sorrows are not fit companions for 'em)
And when ye please my life: Art thou gone Mistress,
And wander't heaven knows where? this vow I make thee,
That till I find thee out, and see those fair eyes;
Those eyes that shed their lights, and life into me,
Never to know a friend, to seek a kindred,
To rest where pleasure dwels, and painted glory,
But through the world; the wide world, thus to wander,
The wretched world alone, no comfort with me,
But the meer meditations of thy goodness:
Honor and greatness, thus adieu.

Enter Belvidere.

Bel. Stay *Silvio,*
And Lady sit again, I come for Justice.

Sil. What would she now?

Bel. To claim thy promise *Silvio,*
The boon thou swor't to give me.

Sy. What may this be,
A Woman or a Devil?

Dutch. 'Tis a Witch sure,
And by her means he came to untwist this Riddle.

Sil. That I am bound to her for my life, mine honor;
And many other thousand ways for comfort
I here confess: confess a promise too,
That what she would aske me to requite these favours,
Within the endeavour of my life to grant,
I would; and here I stand my words full master.

Bel. I wish no more: great Lady, witness with me,
The boon I crave for all my service to thee,
Is now to be thy wife, to grant me marriage.

Sil. How? for to marry thee? ask again woman,
Thou wilful woman, ask again.

Bel. No more Sir.

Sil. Ask Land, and Life.

Bel. I aske thee for a Husband.

Soto. Marry her, and beat her into Gun-powder,
She would make rare Crackers.

Sil. Ask a better fortune,
Thou art too old to marry: I a Soldier,
And always married to my sword.

Bel. Thy word Fool,
Break that, and I'll break all thy fortunes yet.

Dutch. He shall not,

I am witness to his faith? and I'll compel it.

Sy. 'Tis fit ye hold your word, Sir.

Sil. Oh most wretched.

Dutch. This was a fortune now beyond my wishes,
For now my Daughter's free, if e'er I find her.

Sy. But not from me.

Dutch. You are sharer in this happiness,
My self will wait upon this marriage,
And do the old woman all the honor possible. (ance,

Sy. I'll lead the Knight, and what there wants in dalli-
We'll take it out in drink.

Sil. Oh wretched *Silvio.*

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lopez and Isabella.

Lop. Hast thou sent for him,

Ifab. Yes.

Lop. A young man, faist thou?

Ifab. Yes, very young, and very amorous.

Lop. And handsome?

Ifab. As the Town affords.

Lop. And dar't thou

Be so far good, and Mistress of thine honor;
To slight these?

Ifab.

Ifab. For my Husband's sake to curse 'em,
And since you have made me Mistress of my fortune,
Never to point at any joy, but Husband,
I could have cozen'd ye, but so much I love ye,
And now so much I weigh the estimation
Of an unspotted wife——

Lop. I dare believe thee,
And never more shall doubt torment my spirit.

Enter Penurio.

Ifab. How now Penurio?

Pen. The thing is coming, Mistress.

Lop. I'll take my standing.

Pen. Do, and I'll take mine.

Exit Lopez.

Ifab. Where didst thou leave him?

Pen. I left him in a Cellar,
Where he has paid me titely, paid me home Mistress,
We had an hundred and fifty healths to you, sweet Mistress,
And three score and ten damnations to my Master;
Mistress, shall I speak a foolish word to ye?

Ifab. What's that Penurio?

The fellow's drunk.

Pen. I would fain know your body.

Ifab. How's that? how's that prethee?

Pen. I would know it carnally,

I would conglutinate.

Ifab. The reason sirrah?

Pen. Lobster, sweet Mistress, Lobster.

Ifab. Thy Master hears.

Pen. Lobster, sweet Master, Lobster.

Ifab. Thou art the most pretious rogue.

Enter Claudio.

Pen. Most pretious Lobster.

Ifab. Do you see who's here? go sleep ye drunken rascal.

Pen. Remember you refuse me arm'd in Lobster. Exit.

Ifab. Oh my lost *Rugio*, welcome, welcome, welcome,
A thousand welcomes here I'll seal.

Cl. Pray ye stay, Lady,
Do you love me ever at this rate? or is the fit now,
By reason of some wrong done by your Husband,
More fervent on ye?

Ifab. Can I chuse but love thee?
Thou art my Martyr, thou hast suffered for me,
My sweet, sweet *Rugio*.

Cl. Do you do this seriously?
'Tis true, I would be entertained thus.

Ifab. These are nothing,
No kisses, no embraces, no endearments,
To those——

Cl. Do what you will,
Ifab. Those that shall follow,
Those I will crown our love withal; why sigh ye?
Why look ye sad my dear one?

Cl. Nay, faith nothing,
But methinks so sweet a beauty, as yours shews to me,
And such an innocence as you may make it,
Should hold a longer Siege.

Ifab. Ha, you speak truth, Sir,

Cl. I would not have it so.

Ifab. And now methinks,
Now I consider truly what becomes me,
I have been cozen'd, fearfully abus'd,
My reason blinded.

Cl. Nay, I did but jest with ye.

Ifab. I'll take ye at your word, and thank ye for't Sir;
And now I see no sweetness in that person,
Nothing to stir me to abuse a Husband,
To ruine my fair fame.

Cl. Good *Isabella*.

Ifab. No handsome man, nor any thing to doat on,
No face, no tongue to catch me, poor at all points,

And I an ass.

Cl. Why do ye wrong me Lady?
If I were thus, and had no youth upon me,
My service of so mean a way to win ye,
(Which you your self are conscious must deserve ye,
If you had thrice the beauty you possess, must reach ye)
If in my tongue your fame lay wrack'd, and ruin'd
With every cup I drink: if in opinion
I were a lost, defam'd man: but this is common
Where we love most, where most we stake our fortunes,
There least and basest we are rewarded: fare ye well,
Know now I hate you too as much, contemn ye,
And weigh my credit at as high a value.

Ifab. May be I did but jest.

Cl. Ye are a woman,
And now I see your wants, and mine own follies,
And task my self with indiscretion,
For doating on a face so poor.

Ifab. Say ye so Sir,
(I must not lose my end) I did but jest with you,
Only fool'd thus to try your faith: my *Rugio*,
Do you think I could forget?

Cl. Nay, 'tis no matter.

Ifab. Is't possible I should forsake a constancy,
So strong, so good, so sweet?

Cl. A subtle woman.

Ifab. You shall forgive me, 'twas a trick to try ye,
And were I sure he lov'd me——

Cl. Do you doubt now?

Ifab. I do not doubt, but he that would profess this,
And bear that full affection you make shew of,
Should do——

Cl. What should I do?

Ifab. I cannot shew ye.

Cl. I'll try thee damnedst Devil: hark ye Lady,
No man shall dare do more, no service top me,
I'll marry ye.

Ifab. How Sir?

Cl. Your Husband's sentenc'd,
And he shall dye.

Ifab. Dye?

Cl. Dye for ever to ye,
The danger is mine own.

Ifab. Dye did ye tell me?

Cl. He shall dye, I have cast the way.

Ifab. Oh foul man,
Malicious bloody man.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. When shall he dye, Sir,
By whom, and how?

Cl. Hast thou betraid me, woman?

Ifab. Base man, thou would'st have ruin'd me, my name too
And like a Toad, poison'd my virtuous memory:
Further than all this, dost thou see this friend here,
This only friend, shame take thy Lust and thee,
And shake thy soul, his life, the life I love thus,
My life in him, my only life thou aim'st at.

Cl. Am I catcht thus?

Lop. The Law shall catch ye better.

Ifab. You make a trade of betraying Womens honors,
And think it noble in ye to be lustful,
Report of me hereafter——

Cl. Fool'd thus finely?

Lop. I must intreat ye walk, Sir, to the Justice,
Where if he'll bid ye kill me——

Cl. Pray stay awhile, Sir,
I must use a Players shift, do you know me now Lady?

Lop. Your brother *Claudio* sure.

Ifab. Oh me, 'tis he Sir,
Oh my best brother.

Cl. My best sister now too,
I have tryed ye, found ye so, and now I love ye,

Love ye so truly nobly.

Lop. Sir, I thank ye,
You have made me a most happy man.

Clia. Thank her Sir,
And from this hour preserve that happiness,
Be no more fool'd with jealousy.

Lop. I have lost it,
And take me now new born again, new natur'd.

Isab. I do, and to that promise tye this faith,
Never to have a false thought tempt my virtue.

Lop. Enough, enough, I must desire your presence,
My Cousin *Rhodope* has sent in all haste for us,
I am sure you will be welcome.

Clia. I'll wait on ye.

Lop. What the Project is —

Isab. We shall know when we are there, Sir, *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Dutchess, Syenna, Lords, Sylvio.

Dutch. Joy to you *Sylvio*, and your young fair Bride,
You have stolen a day upon us; you cannot wooe, Sir.

Sil. The joyes of Hell hang over me, oh mischief,
To what a fortune has the Devil driven me?
Am I reserv'd for this?

Sy. Beshrew me, Sir,
But you have gotten you a right fair bedfellow,
Let you alone to chuse.

Sil. I beseech your Grace,
'Tis misery enough to have met the Devil,
Not mens reproaches too.

Sy. How old is she?

Dutch. A very Girl, her eye delivers it.

Sy. Her teeth are scarce come yet.

Lord. What goodly children

Will they two have now? she is rarely made to breed on,
What a sweet timber'd body?

Dutch. Knotty i' th' back,
But will hold out the stronger; What a nose?

Sy. I marry, such a nose, so rarely mounted,
Upon my conscience, 'twas the part he doted on.

Dutch. And that fine little eye to it, like an Elephant's.

Lord. Yes, if her feet were round, and her ears sachels.

Sy. For any thing we know.

Sil. Have ye no mercy?

No pity in your bloods to use a wretch thus?
You Princes in whose hearts the best compassions,
Nearest to those in Heaven, should find fit places,
Why do you mock at misery? sling scorns and baseness
Upon his broken back, that sinks with sorrows?
Heaven may reward you too, and an hour come,
When all her great designs shall shew ridiculous,
And your hearts pinch'd like mine.

Musick in divers places.

Dutch. Fie Sir, so angry
Upon your wedding day? go sinug your self,
The Maid will come anon: what Musick's this?

Sy. I warrant you some noble preparation.

Dutch. Let's take our places then.

Sil. More of these Devils dumps?

Must I be ever haunted with these witchcrafts?

*Enter a Masquerado of several shapes, and Dances, after
which, enter Belvidere and disperses them; before the Mask-
ers enter two Presenters, among which are Bartello, Lopez,
Claudio, Isabella, Rhodope, Soto, Penurio, Jaquet.*

r Pre. Room, room for merry spirits, room,
Hither on command we come,
From the good old Beldam sent,
Cares and sorrows to prevent.

2. Look up *Sylvio*, smile, and sing,
After winter comes a Spring.

1. Fear not faint fool what may follow,
Eyes that now are sunk and hollow,
By her Art may quick return
To their flames again, and burn.

2. Art commands all youth, and blood,
Strength and beauty it makes good.

1. Fear not then, despair not, sing
Round about as we do spring:
Cares and sorrows cast away,
This is the old wives Holy-day.

Dance here, then enter Belvidere.

Dutch. Who is this?

Sy. The shape of *Belvidere*.

Bel. Now *Sylvio*,

How dost thou like me now?

Sil. Thus I kneel to thee.

Bel. Stand up, and come no nearer, mark me well too,
For if thou troublest me, I vanish instantly:

Now chuse wisely, or chuse never,
One thou must enjoy for ever.

Dost thou love me thus?

Sil. Most dearly.

Bel. Take heed fool, it concerns thee nearly.

If thou wilt have me young and bright,

Pleasing to thine eye and sight,

Courtly, and admir'd of all,

Take heed lest thy fame do fall,

I shall then be full of scorn,

Wanton, proud, beware the horn,

Hating what I lov'd before,

Flattery apt to fall before,

All consuming, nothing getting,

Thus thy fair name comes to setting.

But if old, and free from these

Thou shalt chuse me, I shall please:

I shall then maintain thee still,

With my virtue and my skill

Still increase and build thy name,

Chuse now *Sylvio*, here I am.

Sil. I know not what to say, which way to turn me,
Into thy Sovereign will I put my answer.

Bel. I thank ye Sir, and my Will thus rewards ye,
Take your old Love, your best, your dearest *Sylvio*:

No more Spells now, nor further shapes to alter me,
I am thy *Belvidere* indeed. Dear Mother,

There is no altering this; heavens hand is with it:

And now you ought to give me, he has fairly won me.

Sil. But why that Hag?

Bel. In that shape most secure still,
I followed all your fortunes, serv'd, and counsell'd ye,

I met ye at the Farmers first, a Countrey wench,

Where fearing to be known, I took that habit,

And to make ye laughing sport at this mad marriage,
By secret aid of my friend *Rhodope*

We got this Maske.

Sil. And I am sure I have ye.

Bel. For ever now, for ever.

Dutch. You see it must be,
The wheel of destiny hath turn'd it round so.

Sy. It must, it is, and curs'd be he that breaks it.

Dutch. I'll put a choice to you, Sir: ye are my prisoner.

Sy. I am so, and I must be so, till it please you —

Dutch. Chuse one of these, either to pay a Ransom,

At what a rate I shall set it, which shall be high enough,

And so return a Free man, and a Batchelor,

Or give me leave to give you a fit wife,

In honor every way yours Graces equal,

And so your Ransom's paid.

Sy. You say most nobly,
Sylvio's example's mine, pray chuse you for me.

Dutch. I thank ye Sir, I have got the mastery too,

And here I give your Grace a Husbands freedom:

Give

Give me your hand, my Husband.

Sy. You much honor me,
And I shall ever serve ye for this favour.

Bart. Come *Lopez*, let us give our wives the breeches too,
For they will have 'em.

Lop. Whilst they rule with virtue
I'll give 'em, skin and all.

Isa. We'll scratch it off else.

Sil. I am glad ye live, more glad ye live to honor,
And from this hour a stronger love dwell with us ;
Pray you take your man again.

Cl. He knows my house, Sir.

Dutch. 'Tis sin to keep you longer from your loves,
We'll lead the way ; and you young men that know not
How to preserve a wife, and keep her fair,
Give 'em their soveraign Wills, and pleas'd they are.

Exeunt.

Here endeth Women pleas'd.

THE
NIGHT-WALKER,
OR THE
LITTLE THIEF.
A Comedy.

The Actors Names.

Tom Lurcher,
Jack Wild-brain
Gentlemen.
Justice Algripe.
Frank Hartlove.
Toby.
Servants.
Sexton.

Bell-Ringers.
Boy.
A Lady, Mother to Maria.
Maria.
Nurse.
Mistriss New-love.
Women.
Mistriss.

Actus Primus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Tom Lurcher, and Jack Wild-brain.

Lur. *J*ack.

Wild. What wind bro'ght thee hither?
In what hollow tree, or rotten wall
Hast thou been like a Swallow all this winter,
Where hast thou been men?

Lur. Following the Plow.

Wild. What Plow? Thou hast no Land,
Stealing is thy own purchase.

Lur. The best inheritance.

Wild. Not in my opinion,
Thou hadst five hundred pound a year.

Lur. 'Tis gone,

Prethee no more on't, have I not told thee,
And oftentimes, nature made all men equal,
Her distribution to each child alike;
Till labour came and thrust a new Will in,
Which I allow not: till men won a priviledge

By that they call endeavour, which indeed
Is nothing but a lawful Cosenage,
An allowed way to cheat, why should my neighbor
That hath no more soul than his Horse-keeper,
Nor bounteous faculties above a Broom-man,
Have forty thousand pounds, and I four groats;
Why should he keep it?

Will. Thy old opinion still.

Lur. Why should that Scrivener,
That ne'er writ reason in his life, nor anything
That time e'ver gloried in, that never knew
How to keep any courtesie conceal'd,
But *Noverint Universi* must proclaim it,
Purchase perpetually, and I a rascal:
Consider this, why should that mouldy Cobler
Marry his Daughter to a wealthy Merchant,
And give five thousand pounds, is this good justice?
Because he has a tougher constitution;
Can feed upon old Songs, and save his money,
Therefore must I go beg?

Will.

Wil. What's this to thee?

Thou canst not mend, if thou beest determin'd
To rob all like a Tyrant, yet take heed
A keener justice do not overtake thee,
And catch you in a Nooze.

Lur. I am no Wood-cock,
He that shall sit down frightened with that foolery
Is not worth pity, let me alone to shuffle,
Thou art for wenching.

Wil. For beauty I, a safe course,
No halter hangs in the way, I desic it.

Lur. But a worse fate, a wilful poverty,
For where thou gain'st by one that indeed loves thee,
A thousand will draw from thee, 'tis thy destiny;
One is a kind of weeping cross *Jack*,
A gentle Purgatory, do not sling at all,
You'll pay the Box so often, till you perish.

Wil. Take you no care for that sir, 'tis my pleasure,
I will employ my wits a great deal faster
Than you shall do your fingers, and my loves,
If I mistake not, shall prove ripe harvest
And handsomer, and come within less danger.
Where's thy young Sister?

Lur. I know not where she is, she is not worth caring for,
She has no wit.

Oh you'd be nibbling with her,
She's far enough I hope, I know not where,
She's not worth caring for, a fullen thing,
She wou'd not take my counsel *Jack*,
And so I parted from her.

Wil. Leave her to her wants?

Lur. I gave her a little money, what I could spare,
She had a mind to th' Country, she is turn'd,
By this, some Farriers dairy maid, I may meet her
Riding from Market one day, 'twixt her Dorsers,
If I do, by this hand I wo't spare
Her butter pence.

Wil. Thou wilt not rob thy Sister.

Lur. She shall account me for her Eggs and Cheeses.

Wil. A pretty Girl, did not old *Algripe* love her?
A very pretty Girl she was.

Lur. Some such thing,

But he was too wise to fasten; let her pass.

Wil. Then where's thy Mistress?

Lur. Where you sha'not find her,
Nor know what stuff she is made on; no indeed Sir,
I choose her not for your use.

Wil. Sure she is handsome.

Lur. Yes indeed is she, she is very handsome, but that's
all one.

Wil. You'll come to th' Marriage?

Lur. Is it to day.

Wil. Now, now, they are come from Church now.

Lur. Any great preparation,
Does Justice *Algripe* shew his power?

Wil. Very glorious, and glorious people there.

Lur. I may meet with him yet e're I dye as cunning as
he is.

Wil. You may do good *Tom*, at the carriage,
We have plate and dainty things.

Lur. Do you no harm Sir;
For yet methinks the Marriage should be mar'd
If thou maist have thy will, farewell, say nothing. *Exit.*

Enter Gentlemen.

Wil. You are welcome noble friends. 1. I thank you Sir,
Nephew to the old Lady, his name is *Wildbrain*,
And wild his best condition. 2. I have heard of him,
I pray ye tell me Sir, is young *Maria* merry
After her Marriage rites? does she look lively?
How does she like her man? *Wil.* Very scurvily,
And as untowardly she prepares her self,
But 'tis mine Aunts will, that this dull mettal
Must be mixt with her to allay her handsomeness.

1. Had *Heartlove* no fast friends?

Wil. His means are little,

And where those littles are, as little comforts
Ever keep company: I know she loves him,
His memory beyond the hopes of —
Beyond the *Indies* in his mouldy Cabinets,
But 'tis her unhandsome fate.

Enter Heartlove.

1. I am sorry for't,

Here comes poor *Frank*, nay we are friends, start not Sir,
We see you'r willow and are sorry for't,
And though it be a wedding we are half mourners.

Fr. Good Gentlemen remember not my fortunes,
They are not to be help'd by words.

Wil. Look up man,
A proper sensible fellow and shrink for a wench?
Are there no more? or is she all the handsomness?

Fr. Prethee leave fooling.

Wil. Prethee leave thou whining,
Have maids forgot to love?

Fr. You are injurious.

Wil. Let 'em alone a while, they'll follow thee.

1. Come good *Frank*,

Forget now, since there is no remedy,
And shew a merry face, as wise men would do.

2. Be a free guest, and think not of those passages.

Wil. Think how to nick him home, thou knowst she
Graff me a dainty medler on his crabstocke; (dotes on thee
Pay me the dreaming puppy.

Fr. Well, make your mirth, the whilst I bear my misery:
Honest minds would have better thoughts.

Wil. I am her Kinsman,
And love her well, am tender of her youth,
Yet honest *Frank*, before I would have that stinkard,
That walking rotten tombe, enjoy her maidenhead.

Fr. Prethee leave mocking.

Wil. Prethee *Frank* believe me,
Go to consider, hark, they knock to dinner. *Knock within.*
Come wo't thou go?

2. I prethee *Frank* go with us,
And laugh and dance as we do.

Fr. You are light Gentlemen,
Nothing to weigh your hearts, pray give me leave,
I'll come and see, and take my leave.

Wil. We'll look for you,
Do not despair, I have a trick yet. *Exit.*

Fr. When I am mischievous I will believe your projects:
She is gone, for ever gone, I cannot help it,
My hopes and all my happiness gone with her.
Gone like a pleasing dream: what mirth and joillity
Raigns round about this house? how every office
Sweats with new joyes, can she be merry too?
Is all this pleasure set by her appointment?
Sure she hath a false heart then; still they grow lowder,
The old mans God, his gold, has won upon her,
(Light hearted Cordial Gold) and all my services
That offered naked truth, are clean forgotten:
Yet if she were compell'd, but it cannot be,
If I could but imagine her will mine,
Although he had her body.

Enter Lady and Wildbrain.

La. He shall come in.
Walk without doors o'this day, though an enemy,
It must not be.

Wil. You must compel him Madam.

La. No she shall fetch him in, Nephew it shall be so.

Wil. It will be fittest. *Exit.*

Fr. Can fair *Maria* look again upon me?
Can there be so much impudence in sweetness?

Enter Maria.

Or has she got a strong heart to desic me?
She comes her self: how rich she is in Jewels!

D d

Methinks

Methinks they show like frozen Icicles,
Cold winter had hung on her, how the Roses
That kept continual spring within her cheeks
Are withered with old mans dull embraces?
She would speak to me. I can sigh too Lady
But from a sounder heart: yes, and can weep too
But 'tis for you, that ever I believ'd you,
Tears of more pious value than your marriage;
You would encase your self, and I must credit you,
So much my old obedience compels from me;
Go, and forget me, and my poverty,
I need not bid you, you are too perfect that way:
But still remember that I lov'd *Maria*,
Lov'd with a loyal love, nay turn not from me,
I will not ask a tear more, you are bountiful,
Go and rejoyce, and I will wait upon you
That little of my life left.

Mr. Good Sir hear me,
What has been done, was the act of my obedience
And not my will: forc'd from me by my parents,
Now 'tis done, do as I do, bear it handsomly
And if there can be more society
Without dishonor to my tie of marriage
Or place for noble love, I shall love you still,
You had the first, the last, had my will prosper'd;
You talk of little time of life: dear *Frank*,
Certain I am not married for eternity,
The joy my marriage brings tells me I am mortal.
And shorter liv'd than you, else I were miserable;
Nor can the gold and ease his age hath brought me
Add what I coveted, content go with me,
They seek a day of joy, prethee let's show it,
Though it be forc'd, and by this kiss believe me
However, I must live at his command now,
I'll dye at yours.

Fr. I have enough, I'll honor ye.

Exeunt.

Enter Lurcher.

Lur. Here are my trinkets, and this lusty marriage
I mean to visit, I have shifts of all sorts,
And here are a thousand wheels to set 'em working,
I am very merry, for I know this wedding
Will yield me lusty pillage: if mad *Wildgoose*
That debosh'd rogue keep but his antient revels,
And breed a hubbub in the house I am happy.

Enter Boy.

Now what are you?

Boy. A poor distressed Boy, Sir,
Friendless and comfortless, that would intreat
Some charity and kindness from your worship,
I would fain serve, Sir, and as fain endeavour
With dutious labour to deserve the love
Of that good Gentleman should entertain me.

Lur. A pretty Boy, but of too mild a breeding,
Too tender, and too bashful a behaviour,
What canst thou do?

Boy. I can learn any thing,
That's good and honest, and shall please a Master.

Lur. He blushes as he speaks, and that I like not,
I love a bold and secure confidence,
An impudence that one may trust, this boy now:
Had I instructed him, had been a Jewel,
A treasure for my use, thou canst not lye?

Boy. I would not willingly.

Lur. Nor thou hast not wit
To dissemble neatly?

Boy. Do you love such boys, Sir?

Lur. Oh mainly, mainly, I would have my Boy impudent,
Out-face all truth, yet do it piously:
Like *Proteus*, cast himself into all forms,
As suddain and as nimble as his thoughts,

Blanch at no danger, though it be the Gallows,
Nor make no conscience of a cosenage,
Though it be i'th' Church. Your soft, demure, still children—
Are good for nothing, but to get long Graces—
And sing Songs to dull tunes; I would keep thee
And cherish thee, hadst thou any active quality,
And be a tender Master to thy knavery,
But thou art not for my use.

Boy. Do you speak this seriously?

Lur. Yes indeed do I.

Boy. Would you have your boy Sir
Read in these moral mischiefs?

Lur. Now thou mov'st me.

Boy. And be a well-train'd youth in all activities?

Lur. By any means.

Boy. Or do you this to try me,
Fearing a pronefs.

Lur. I speak this to make thee.

Boy. Then take me Sir, and cherish me, and love me,
You have me what you would: believe me, Sir
I can do any thing for your advantage,
I guess at what you mean; I can lie naturally,
Aseasily, as I can sleep Sir, and securely:
As naturally I can steal too.

Lur. That I am glad on,
Right heartily glad on, hold thee there, thou art excellent.

Boy. Steal any thing from any body living.

Lur. Not from thy Master.

Boy. That's mine ownbody:
And must not be.

Lur. The boy mends mightily.

Boy. A rich man, that like snow heaps up his moneys,
I have a kind of pious zeal to meet still;
A fool that not deserves 'em, I take pitty on,
For fear he should run mad, and so I ease him.

Lur. Excellent boy, and able to instruct me,
Of mine own nature just.

Boy. I scorn all hazard,
And on the edge of danger I do best, Sir,
I have a thousand faces to deceive,
And to those, twice so many tongues to flatter,
An impudence, no brags was ever tougher,
And for my conscience.

Lur. Peace, I have found a Jewel,
A Jewel all the *Indies* cannot match,
And thou sha't feel —

Boy. This title, and I ha' done, Sir;
I never can confess, I ha' that spell on me;
And such rare modesties before a Magistrate,
Such innocence to catch a Judge, such ignorance.

Lur. I'll learn of thee, thou art mine own, come boy,
I'll give thee action presently,

Boy. Have at you.

Lur. What must I call thee?

Boy. *Snap*, Sir.

Lur. 'Tis most natural,
A name born to thee, sure thou art a Fairy,
Shew but thy skill, and I shall make thee happy.

Enter Lady, Nurse, Mistrijs, Newlove, Tobie.

La. Where be these knaves? who strues up all the liveries.
Is the Bride's bed made?

Tob. Yes Madam and a Bell
Hung under it artificially.

La. Out knave, out,
Must we have 'larms now?

Tob. A little warning
That we may know to begin our healths Madam;
The Justice is a kind of old Jade, Madam,
That will goe merriest with a Bell.

La. All the house drunk.

Tob. This is a house of Jubile.

La. Are the best hangings up? and the Plate set out?
Who makes the Posset, Nurse?

Nur.

Nur. The dayrie mayd,
And shee'll put that in, will make him caper:
Well Madam, well, you might ha' chose another,
A handfomer for your years.
La. Peace, he is rich Nurse,
He is rich, and that's beauty.
Nur. I am sure he is rotten,
Would he had been hang'd when he first saw her. *Termagant!*
La. What an angry Quean is this, where,
Who looks to him?
Tob. He is very merry Madam,
M. Wildbrain, has him in hand, ich'bottom o'th'Sellar
He sighs and tipples.
Nur. Alas good Gentleman,
My heart's fore for thee.
La. Sorrow must have his course, sirra,
Give him some Sack to dry up his remembrance,
How does the Bridegroom, I was afraid of him.
Nur. He is a trim youth to be tender of, hemp take him.
Must my sweet new blown Rose find such a winter
Before her spring be near.
La. Peace, peace, thou art foolish.
Nur. And dances like a Town-top: and reels, and hobbles.
La. Alas, good Gentleman, give him not much wine.
Tob. He shall ha' none by my consent.
La. Are the women comforting my daughter?
Nur. Yes, yes, Madam,
And reading to her a pattern of true patience,
They read and pray for her too.
Nur. They had need,
Ye had better marry her to her grave a great deal:
There will be peace and rest, alas poor Gentlewoman,
Must she become a Nurse now in her tenderness?
Well Madam, well my heart bleeds.
La. Thou art a fool still.
Nur. Pray heaven I be.
La. And an old fool to be vext thus.
'Tis late she must to bed, go knave be merry,
Drink for a boy, away to all your charges.

Enter Wildbrain, and Franck Heartlove.

Wil. Do as thou wo't, but if thou dost refuse it
Thou art the stupid'st ass, there's no long arguing,
Time is too precious *Franke.*
Fr. I am hot with wine.
And apt now to believe, but if thou dost this
Out of a villany, to make me wrong her.
As thou art prone enough.
Wil. Does she not love thee?
Did she not cry down-right e'n now to part with thee?
Had she not swoounded if I had not caught her?
Canst thou have more?
Fr. I must confesse all this.
Wil. Do not stand prating, and misdoubting, casting,
If she go from thee now, she's lost for ever;
Now, now she's going, she that loves thee going,
She whom thou lov'st.
Fr. Pray let me think a little.
Wil. There is no leisure; think when thou hast imbrac'd
her
Can she imagine thou dost ever honor her?
Ever believe thy oaths, that tamely suffer'st
An old dry ham of horse-flesh to enjoy her?
Enjoy her maiden-head; take but that from her
That we may tell posterity a man had it,
A handsome man, a Gentleman, a young man,
To save the honor of our house, the credit,
'Tis no great matter I desire. *Fr.* I hear you.
Wil. Free us both from the fear of breeding fools
And ophs, got by this shadow: we talk too long.
Fr. She is going to bed, among the women,
What opportunity can I have to meet her?
Wil. Let me alone, hast thou a will? speak foundly,

Speak discreetly, speak home and handfomly,
Is't not pittie, nay misery, nay infamy to leave
So rare a pie to be cut up by a raskal.
Fr. I will go presently, now, now, I stay thee.
Wil. Such a dainty Doe, to be taken
By one that knows not neck-beef from a Pheasant,
Nor cannot relish Braggat from Ambrosia.
Is it not conscience?
Fr. Yes, yes, now I feel it.
Wil. A meritorious thing.
Fr. Good Father *Wildgoose,*
I do confesse it.
Wil. Come then follow me.
And pluck a mans heart up, I'll lock thee privately,
Where she alone shall presently pass by,
None near to interrupt thee but be sure;
Fr. I shall be sure enough, lead on, and crown me.
Wil. No wringings in your mind now as you love me. *Ex.*

Enter Lady, Maria, Justice, Gent. Nurse, Newlove.

La. 'Tis time you were a bed.
Ju. I prethee sweet-heart
Consider my necessity, why art sad?
I must tell you a tale in your ear anon.
Nur. Of *Tom Thumb.*
I believe that will prove your stiffest story.
New. I pittie the young wench.
1. And so do I too.
2. Come, old sticks take fire.
1. But the plague is, he'll burn out instantly;
Give him another cup.
2. Those are but flashes,
A tun of sack wonot set him high enough.
Will ye to bed? *M.* I must.
1. Come, have a good heart,
And win him like a bowle to lye close to you,
Make your best use.
Ju. Nay prethee Duck go instantly,
I'll dance a Jig or two to warm my body.

Enter Wildbrain.

Wil. 'Tis almost midnight.
La. Prethee to bed *Maria.*
Wil. Go you afore, and let the Ladies follow,
And leave her to her thoughts a while, there must be
A time of taking leave of these same fooleries
Bewailing others maiden-heads.
La. Come then,
We'll wait in the next room.
Ju. Do not tarry.
For if thou dost, by my troth I shall fall asleep *Mall.* *Ex.*
Wit. Do, do, and dream of Doterels, get you to bed
quickly,
And let us ha' no more stir, come now, no crying,
'Tis too late now, carry your selves discreetly.
The old thief loves thee dearly, that's the benefit.
For the rest you must make your own play, Nay not that way,
They'll pull ye all to pieces, for your whim-whams,
Your garters and your gloves, go modestly,
And privately steal to bed, 'tis very late *Mall,*
For if you go by them such a new larum.
Ma. I know not which way to avoid'em.
Wi. This way,
This through the Cloysters: and so steal to bed,
When you are there once, all will separate
And give ye rest, I came out of my pittie
To shew you this.
Ma. I thank you. *Wi.* Here's the keyes,
Go presently and lock the doors fast after ye,
That none shall follow.
Ma. Good night.
Wi. Good night sweet Cosen.
Ma. A good, and sweet night, or I'll curse thee *Frank.* *Exit*
Ente

Enter Frank Hartlove

Fr. She stays long, sure young *Wildgoose* has abus'd me,
He has made sport wi' me, I may yet get out again,
And I may see his face once more, I ha' foul intentions,
But they are drawn on by a fouler dealing

Enter Maria.

Hark, hark, it was the door,
Something comes this way, wondrous still and stealing
May be some walking spirit to affright me.

Ma. Oh heaven my fortune.

Fr. 'Tis her voice, stay.

Ma. Save me,

Bless me you better powers.

Fr. I am no devil.

Ma. Y'are little better to disturb me now.

Fr. My name is *Hartlove*.

Ma. Fye, fye, worthy friend.

Fye noble Sir.

Fr. I must talk farther with ye,

You know my fair affection.

Ma. So preserve it,

You know I am married now, for shame be civiler,

Not all the earth shall make me.

Fr. Pray walk this way,

And if you ever lov'd me.

Ma. Take heed *Frank*

How you divert that love to hate, go home prethee.

Fr. Shall he enjoy that sweet?

Ma. Nay pray unhand me.

Fr. He that never felt what love was.

Ma. Then I charge you stand farther off.

Fr. I am tame, but let me walk wi' ye,

Talk but a minute.

Ma. So your talk be honest,

And my untainted honor suffer not,

I'll walk a turn or two.

Fr. Give me your hand then.

Exit.

Enter *Wildbrain*, Justice, Lady, Nurse, Gent.
Women, Newlove.

Just. Shee's not in her Chamber

La. She is not here.

Wil. And I'll tell you what I dream'd.

Ju. Give me a Torch.

1. *G.* Be not too hasty Sir.

Wil. Nay let him go.

For if my dream be true he must be speedy,
He will be trickt, and blaz'd else.

Nur. As I am a woman

I cannot blame her if she take her liberty,
Would she would make thee Cuckold, thou old bully,
A notorious cuckold for tormenting her.

La. I'll hang her then.

Nur. I'll bless her then, she does justice,
Is this old stinking dogs-flesh for her dyet?

Wil. Prethee honest Nurse do not fret too much,
For fear I dream you'll hang your self too.

Just. The Cloister?

Wil. Such was my fancy, I do not say 'tis true,
Nor do I bid you be too confident.

Ju. Where are the keys, the keys I say.

Wil. I dream'd she had 'em to lock her self in.

Nur. What a devil do you mean?

Enter *reSvant*.

Wil. No harm, good Nurse be patient.

Ser. They are not in the window, where they use to be.

Wil. What foolish dreams are these?

Ju. I am mad.

Wil. I hope so,

If you be not mad, I'll do my best to meyake.

1. This is some trick.

2. I smell the *Wildgoose*.

Ju. Come Gentlemen, come quickly I beseech you,
Quick as you can, this may be your case Gentlemen.
And bring some light, some lights.

Exit.

Wil. Move faster, faster, you'll come too late else.
I'll stay behind and pray for ye, I had rather she were dishonest
Than thou shouldst have her.

Enter *Maria*, and *Frank*.

Ma. Y'are most unmanly, yet I have some breath left,
And this steel to defend me, come near me,
For if you offer but another violence,
As I have life I'll kill you, if I miss that,
Upon my own heart will I execute,
And let that fair belief out, I had of you.

Fr. Most vertuous Maid, I have done, forgive my follies:
Pardon, O pardon, I now see my wickedness,
And what a monstrous shape it puts upon me,
On your fair hand I seal.

Enter *Ju.*

Ju. Down with the door.

Ma. We are betraid, oh *Frank*, *Frank*,

Fr. I'll dye for ye

Rather than you shall suffer, I'll—

Enter all.

Ju. Now enter.

Enter sweet Gentlemen, mine eyes, mine eyes,
Oh how my head asks.

1. Is it possible?

2. Hold her, she sinks.

Ma. A plot upon my honor

To poyson my fair name, a studied villany,
Farewell, as I have hope of peace, I am honest,

Ju. My brains, my brains, my monstrous brains, they
bud sure.

Nu. She is gone, she is gone.

Ju. A handsome riddance of her.

Would I could as easily lose her memory.

Nur. Is this the sweet of Marriage, have I bred thee
For this reward?

1. Hold, hold, he's desperate too.

Ju. Be sure ye hold him fast, we'll bind him over
To the next Sessions, and if I can, I'll hang him.

Fr. Nay then I'll live to be a terror to thee,
Sweet Virgin Rose farewell: heaven has thy beauty,
That's only fit for heaven. I'll live a little
To find the Villain out that wrought this injury,
And then most blessed soul, I'll climb up to thee.
Farewell, I feel my self another creature.

Exit.

La. Oh misery of miseries.

Nu. I told ye Madam.

La. Carry her in, you will pay back her portion?

Ju. No not a penny, pay me back my credit,
And I'll condition wi' ye.

La. A sad wedding,

Her grave must be her Bridal bed: oh *Mall*,
Would I had wed thee to thy own content,
Then I had had thee still.

Ju. I am mad, farewell,
Another wanton wife will prove a hell.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Tom. Lurch, and his Boy.

Lur. What hast thou done ?

Boy. I have walked through all the lodgings.

A silence as if death dwelt there inhabits.

Lur. What hast thou seen ?

Boy. Nought but a sad confusion

Every thing left in such a loose disorder

That were there twenty theeves, they would be laden.

Lur. 'Tis very well, I likethy care, but 'tis strange

A wedding night should be so solitary.

Boy. Certainly there is some cause, some death or sickness

Is falln suddenly upon some friend,

Or some strange news is come.

Lur. Are they all a bed ?

Boy. I think so, and sound asleep, unless it be
Some women that keep watch in a low parlor,
And drink, and weep, I know not to what end.

Lur. Where's all the plate ?

Boy. Why lockt up in that room.

I saw the old Lady, ere she went to bed

Put up her plate, and some of the rich hangings

In a small long chest, and chains and rings are there too,
It stands close by the Table on a form.

Lur. 'Twas a good notice, didst thou see the men.

Boy. I saw them sad too, and all take their leaves,
But what they said I was too far to hear Sir.

Lur. 'Tis daintily discover'd, we shall certainly
Have a most prosperous night, which way ?

Boy. A close one,
A back door, that the women have left open,
To go in and out to fetch necessaries,
Close on the Garden side.

Lur. I love diligence,
Wert thou not fearful ?

Boy. Fearful ? I'll be hang'd first.

Lur. Say they had spied thee.

Boy. I was then determin'd

To have cry'd down right too, and have kept 'em company,
As one that had an interest in their sadness,
Or made an errand to I know not whom Sir.

Lur. My dainty Boy, let us discharge, that plate
Makes a perpetual motion in my fingers,
Till I have fast hold of it.

Boy. Pray be wise Sir, do't handsomly, be not greedy,
Lets handle it with such an excellence
As if we would bring thieving into honor :
We must disguise, to fright these reverend wathces.

Lur. Still my blest Boy.

Boy. And clear the room of drunken jealousies,
The chest is of some weight, and we may make
Such noise ith'the carriage we may be snap'd.

Lur. Come open, here's a devils face.

Boy. No, no, Sir, wee'l have no shape so terrible,
We will not do the devil so much pleasure,
To have him face our plot.

Lur. A winding sheet then.

Boy. That's too cold a shift,

I would not wear the reward of my wickedness,
I wonder you are an old thief, and no cunninger,
Where's the long Cloak ?

Lur. Here, here.

Boy. Give me the Turbant

And the false beard, I hear some coming this way,
Stoop, stoop, and let me sit upon your shoulders,
And now as I direct, stay, let them enter,
And when I touch move forward, make no noise.

Enter Nurse and Tobie.

Nur. Oh 'tis a sad time, all the burnt wine is burnt
Nic.

Tob. We may thank your drychaps for't, the Canarie's
gone too

No substance for a sorrowful mind to work upon,
I cannot mourn in beer, if she should walk now
As discontented spirits are wont to do.

Nur. And meet us in the Cellar.

Tob. What fence have we with single beer against her ?
What heart can we desie the Devil with ?

Nur. The March' beer's open.

Tob. A fortification of March beer will do well,
I must confess 'tis a most mighty Armour,
For I presume I cannot pray.

Nur. Why Nicolas ?

Tob. We Coachmen have such tumbling faiths, no prayers
Can go an even pace.

Nur. Hold up your candle

Tob. Verily Nurse, I have cry'd so much
For my young Mistriss, that is mortified,
That if I have not more sack to support me,
I shall even sleep: heihö, for another slagon;
These Burials, and Christnings are the mournful matters,
And they ask more drink.

Nur. Drink to a sad heart's needful.

To. Mine's ever sad, for I am ever dry Nurse.

Nur. Methinks the light burns blew, I prethee snuff it,
There's a thief in't I think.

To. There may be one near it.

Nur. What's that that moves there, ith' name of—
Nicholas ?

That thing that walks.

To. Would I had a Ladder to behold it,
Mercy upon me, the Ghost of one oth' Guard sure,
'Tis the devil by his clawes, he finels of Brimstone,
Sure he farts fire, what an Earth-quake I have in me;
Out with thy Prayer-book Nurse.

Nur. It fell ith' the frying pan, and the Cat's eat it.

Tob. I have no power to pray, it grows still onger,
'Tis Steeple high now, and it sayls away Nurse.

Lets call the butler up, for he speaks Latine,
And that will daunt the devil: I am blasted,
My belly's grown to nothing.

Nur. Fye, fye, Tobie.

Exit.

Boy. So let them go, and whilst they are astonish'd
Let us presently upon the rest now suddenly.

Lur. Off, off, and up agen, when we are near the parlor,
Art sure thou knowst the Chest ?

Boy. Though it were ith'dark Sir,
I can go to't.

Lur. On then and be happy.

Exit.

Enter Tobie.

Tob. How my haunches quake, is the thing here still ?
Now can I out-do any Button-maker, at his own trade,
I have fifteen fits of an Ague, Nurse, 'tis gone I hope,
The hard-hearted woman has left me alone. Nurse—
And she knows too I ha but a lean conscience to keep me
company.

Noise within.

The devil's among 'em in the Parlour sure,
The Ghost three stories high, he has the Nurse sure,
He is boyling of her bones now, hark how she whistles :
There's Gentlewomen within too, how will they do ?
I'll to the Cook, for he was drunk last night,
And now he is valiant, he is a kin to th'devil too,
And fears no fire.

Enter Lurcher and Boy.

Lur. No light ?

Boy. None left Sir,

They

They are gone, and carried all the candles with 'em,
Their fright is infinite, let's make good use on't,
We must be quick sir, quick, or the house will rise else.

Lur. Was this the Chest?

Boy. Yes, yes.

Lur. There was two of 'em.

Or I mistake.

Boy. I know the right, no stay Sir,
Nor no discourse, but to our labor lustily,
Put to your strength and make as little noise,
Then presently out at the back door.

Lur. Come Boy.

Come happy child and let me hug thy excellence. *Exit.*

Enter Wildbrain.

Wil. What thousand noises pass through all the rooms?
What cries and hurries? sure the devil's drunk.
And tumbles through the house, my villainies
That never made me apprehend before
Danger or fear, a little now molest me;
My Cofens death sits heavy o'my conscience,
Would I had been half hang'd when I hammer'd it.
I aim'd at a living divorce, not a burial
That *Frank* might have had some hope: hark still
In every room confusion, they are all mad,
Most certain all stark mad within the house,
A punishment inflicted for my lewdness,
That I might have the more sense of my mischief,
And run the more mad too, my Aunt is hang'd sure,
Sure hang'd her self, or else the fiend has fetch'd her.
I heard a hundred cries, the Devil, the Devil,
Than roaring, and then tumbling, all the chambers
Are a meer Babel, or another Bedlam.
What should I think? I shake my self too:
Can the Devil find no time, but when we are merry,
Here's something comes.

Enter Newlove.

New. Oh that I had some company,
I care not what they were, to ease my misery,
To comfort me.

Wil. Whose that?

New. Again? may then receive—

Wil. Hold, hold I am no fury.

The Merchants wife.

New. Are ye a man? pray heaven you be.

Wil. I am.

New. Alas I have met Sir
The strangest things to night.

Wil. Why do you stare.

New. Pray comfort me, and put your candle out,
For if I see the spirit again I dye for't.

And hold me fast, for I shall shake to pieces else.

Wil. I'll warrant you, I'll hold ye,
Hold ye as tenderly; I have put the light out,
Retire into my Chamber, there I'll watch wi'ye,
I'll keep you from all frights.

New. And will ye keep me.

Wil. Keep you as secure Lady.

New. You must not wrong me then, the devil will have us.

Wil. No, no, I'll love you, then the devil will fear us.
For he fears all that love, pray come in quickly,
For this is the malicious house he walks in,
The hour he blasts sweet faces, lames the limbs in,
Depraves the senses, now within this half hour
He will have power to turn all Citizens wives
Into strange Creatures, Owles, and long-tail'd Monkeys,
Jays, Pies, and Parrots, quickly, I smell his brimstone.

New. It comes agen I am gone shift for your self Sir. *Exit.*

Wil. Sure this whole night is nothing but illusion,
Here's nothing comes, all they are mad, damn'd devil
To drive her back again, 't had been thy policy

To have let us alone, we might have done some fine thing
To have made thy hel-hood laugh, 'tis a dainty wench,
If I had her again, not all your fellow goblins,
Nor all their claws should scratch her hence, I'll stay still,
May be her fright will bring her back again,
Yet I will hope.

Enter Toby.

Tob. I can find no bed, no body, nor no chamber,
Sure they are all ith' Cellar, and I cannot find that neither,
I am led up and down like a tame ass, my light's out
And I grope up and down like blind-man-buffe,
And break my face, and break my pate.

Wil. It comes again sure
I see the shadow, I'll have faster hold now,
Sure she is mad, I long to lye with a mad-woman,
She must needs have rare new tricks.

Tob. I hear one whisper
If it be the devil now to allure me into his clutches,
For devils have a kind of tone like crickets,
I have a glimpse of her guise, 'tis she would steal me,
But I'll stand sure.

Tob. I have but a dram of wit left,
And that's even ready to run, oh for my bed now.

Wil. She nam'd a bed, I like that, she repents sure,
Where is she now?

Tob. Who's that?

Wil. Are you there, In, In, In presently.

Tob. I feel his talents through me,
'Tis an old haggard devil, what will he do with me?

Wil. Let me kiss thee first, quick, quick.

Tob. A lecherous Devil.

Wil. What a hairy whore 'tis, sure she has a muffler.

Tob. If I should have a young Satan by him, for I dare
not deny him,

In what case were I? who durst deliver me?

Wil. 'Tis but my fancy, she is the same, in quickly,
gently my Sweet girl.

Tob. Sweet devil be good to me.

Exeunt.

Enter Lurch, and Boy.

Lur. Where's my love, Boy.

Boy. She's coming with a Candle

To see our happy prize.

Lur. I am cruel weary.

Boy. I cannot blame ye, plate is very heavy
To carry without light or help.

Lur. The fear too

At every stumble to be discover'd boy,
At every cough to raise a Constable,
Well, we'll be merry now.

Boy. We have some reason;
Things compass'd without fear or eminent danger,
Are too luxurious sir to live upon.
Money and wealth got thus are as full venture,
And carry in their nature as much merit
As his, that digs 'em out 'oth' mine, they last too
Season'd with doubts and dangers most deliciously,
Riches that fall upon us are too ripe,
And dull our appetites.

Lu. Most learned child.

Enter Mistrifs.

Mi. Y'are welcome, where have you left it.

Lu. In the next room, hard by.

Mi. Is it plate all.

Lu. All, all, and Jewels, I am monstrous weary,
Prethee let's go to bed.

Mi. Prethee let's see it first.

Lu. To morrow's a new day sweet.

Mi. Yes to melt it,

But let's agree to night, how it shall be handled,
I'll have a new gown.

Lur. 'Shat have any thing.

Mi. And such a riding suit as *Mistress Newlover's*:
What though I be no Gentlewoman born,
I hope I may achieve it by my carriage.

Lu. Thou sayst right.

Mi. You promis'd me a horse too, and a lackquay.

Lur. Thou shalt have horses six, and a postilion.

Mi. That will be stately sweet heart, a postilion.

Lu. Nay, we'll be in fashion; he shall ride before us
In winter, with as much dirt would dampe a musket;
The inside of our coach shall be of scarlet.

Mi. That will be dear.

Lu. There is a dye projecting
Will make it cheap, wench, come thou shalt have any thing.

Mi. Where is this chest, I long, sweet, to behold
Our Indies.

Boy. *Mistress* lets melt it first, and then 'tis fit
You should dispose it, then 'tis safe from danger.

Mi. I'll be a loving *Mistress* to my boy too.
Now fetch it in and lets rejoyce upon't.

Boy. Hold your light *Mistress*, we may see to enter.

Mi. Ha what's here? call you this a chest?

Boy. We ha mist Sir.

Our haste and want of light made us mistake.

Mi. A very Coffin.

Lu. How! a Coffin? *Boy*, 'tis very like one.

Boy. The devil ow'd us a shame, and now he has paid
us.

Mi. Is this your Treasure?

Boy. Bury me alive in't.

Lu. It may be there is no room.

Mi. Nay, I will search it:

I'll see what wealth's within, — a womans face,
And a fair womans.

Boy. I cannot tell sir,
Belike this was the sadness that posses't 'em;
The plate stood next, I'm sure.

Lur. I shake, I shake *Boy*, what a cold sweat? —

Boy. This may work, what will become on's Sir?

Mi. She is cold, dead cold: de'e find' your conscience,
De'e bring your Gillians hither — nay, she's punish'd,
You conceal'd love's cas'd up?

Lur. 'Tis *Maria*, the very same, the Bride, new horror!

Mi. These are fine tricks, you hope she's in a sound
But I'll take order she shall ne'r recover
To bore my Nose, come, take her up and bury her
Quickly, or I'll cry out; take her up instantly.

Lu. Be not so hasty fool, that may undo us;
We may be in for murder so; be patient,
Thou see'st she's dead, and cannot injure thee.

Mi. I am sure she shall not.

Boy. Be not, Sir, dejected,
Too much a strange mistake! this had not been else,
It makes me almost weep to think upon't.

Lu. What an unlucky thief am I?

Mi. I'll no considering, either bestir your self, or —

Lu. Hold.

Mi. Let it not stay, to smell then, I will not
Indure the stink of a Rival.

Lu. Would 'twere there again.

Boy. We must bury her.

Lur. But were o'th fudden, or with what providence,
That no eyes watch us.

Mi. Take a Spade and follow me,
The next fair ground we meet, make the Church-yard;
As I live, I'll see her lodg'd. *Exit.*

Lu. It must be so,

How heavy my heart is, I ha no life left.

Boy. I am past thinking too, no understanding,
That I should miss the right Chest.

Lu. The happy Chest.

Boy. That, which I saw and markt too.

Lu. Well passion wo'not help us,
Had I twenty falls for this?

Boy. 'Twas my fault sir.
And twenty thousand fears for this, oth'devil,
Now could I curse, well, we have her now,
And must dispose her.

Enter Mistress.

Mi. Hang both for two blind buzzards, here's a Spade
Quickly or I'll call the neighbors.
There's no remedy,
Would the poor hungry prisoners had this pastie. *Exit.*

Enter Justice, and a Servant with a light.

Ser. 'Twas a strange mischance Sir.

Ju. Mischance, sayst? No 'twas happiness to me,
There's so much charge sav'd, I have her portion,
I'll marry twenty more on such conditions.

Ser. Did it not trouble you Sir,
To see her dead?

Ju. Not much, I thank my conscience;
I was tormented till that happen'd, furies
Were in my brain to think my self a Cuckold
At that time of the night:

When I come home, I charge you shut my doors,
Locks, bolts, and bars, are little enough to secure me.

Ser. Why, and please you?

Ju. Fool to ask that question;
To keep out women, I expect her Mother
Will visit me with her clamors, oh I hate
Their noise, and do abhor the whole sex heartily;
They are all walking Devils, Harpyes: I will study
A week together how to rail sufficiently,
Upon 'em all, and that I may be furnish'd,
Thou shalt buy all the railing Books and Ballads,
That Malice hath invented against women,
I will read nothing else, and practise 'em,
Till I grow fat with curses.

Ser. If you'll go
To th'charge, let me alone to find you Books.

Ju. They come neer us

Ser. Whats that?

Ju. Where? hold up the Torch Knave.

Ser. Did you hear nothing, 'tis a —

Ju. Why dost make a stand?

Ser. Whats that?

Ju. Where, where, dost see any thing?
We are hard by the Church-yard, and I was never
Valiant at midnight in such irksome places;
They say Ghosts walk sometimes, hark, de'e hear nothing?

Enter Lurcher, Boy, and Mistress.

Mi. No farther, dig here, and lay her in quickly.

Lur. What light is that *Boy*, we shall be discover'd;
Set the Coffin up an end, and get behind me,
There's no avoiding.

Boy. Oh!

Ju. Where's that groan? I begin to be afraid.

Ser. What shall we do Sir?

Ju. We are almost at home now, thou must go forward,
Perhaps 'twas my imagination.

Lur. 'Tis he?

Boy. I know him too, let me alone.

Ser. Oh Sir, a Ghost, the very Ghost of *Mistress* Bride,
I have no power to run away.

Ju. Cursed Ghost, bless me, preserve me,
I do command thee what so ere thou art,
I do conjure thee leave me; do not fright me;
If thou beest a devil vex me not so soon,
If thou beest.

The spirit of my wife.

Boy.

Boy. Thy Wife.

Ju. I shall be tormented.

Boy. Thy abus'd wife, that cannot peaceably
Enjoy her death, thou hast an evil conscience.

Ju. I know it

Boy. Among thy other sins which black thy soul,
Call to thy mind thy vow made to another,
Whom thou hast wrong'd, and make her satisfaction
Now I am dead, thou perjurd man: or else
A thousand black tormentors shall pursue thee,
Untill thou leap into eternal flames;
Where gold which thou ador'st here on earth
Melted, the fiends shall powre into thy throat;
For this time pass, go home and think upon me.

Lur. Away.

Scr. There are more spirits.

Ju. Thank you dear wife,
I'll bestow twenty nobles of a Tomb for thee,
Thou shalt not walk and catch cold after death.

They go Backward in.

Lu. So, so, they'r gone, 'twas my ingenious rascal:
But how dost thou know he made vows to another?

Boy. I over-heard the woman talk to night on't;
But now let's lose no time Sir, pray lets bury
This Gentlewoman, where's my Mistress?

Enter Mistress.

Mi. Here I durst not tarry.

Lu. We ha so cosen'd the old forty i'th hundred,
And the devil hinder him not, he'll go a pilgrimage;
But come, about our business, set her down again.

Mar. Oh!

Lur. She groans, ha.

Mar. Oh!

Lur. Again, she stirs.

Mi. Lets fly, or else we shall be torn in pieces.

Lur. And you be good at that, bury your self,
Or let the Sexton take ye for his fee,
Away boy.

Exit.

Mar. I am very cold, dead cold;
Where am I? What's this? a Coffin? where have I been?
Mercy defend me: Ha? I do remember
I was betray'd, and swoounded, my heart akes,
I am wondrous hungry too, dead bodies eat not;
Sure I was meant for burial, I am frozen;
Death, 'like a cake of Ice dwells round about me;
Darkness spreads o're the world too, where? what path?
Best providence direct me.

Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Lady, Wildbraine, Women, Toby.

La. Thou art the most unfortunate fellow;

Wil. Why Aunt what have I done?

La. The most malicious varlet,
Thy wicked head never at rest, but hammering,
And haching hellish things, and to no purpose,
So thou mayst have thy base will.

Wi. Why do you rail thus?
Cannot a scurvy accident fall out,
But I must be at one end on't?

La. Thou art at both ends.

Wi. Cannot young fullen wenches play the fools
And marry, and dye, but I must be the agent?
All that I did (and if that be an injury,
Let the world judge it) was but to perswade her,
And (as I take it) I was bound to it too,
To make the reverend coxcombe her husband Cuckold:

What else could I advise her? was there harm i'this?
You are of years, and have run through experience,
Would you be content if you were young again,
To have a continual cough grow to your pillow?
A rottenness, that vaults are perfumes to;
Hang in your roof, and like a fog infect you?
Anointed hammes, to keep his hinges turning,
Reek ever in your nose, and twenty night caps,
With twenty several sweats?

To. Some Jew, some Justice,
A thousand heathen sinels to say truth Madam,
And would you mellow my young pretty Mistress
In such a mis-ken?

La. Sirra,
Where's the body of my Girl?

Wi. I know not,
I am no Conjurer, you may look the body,
I was like to be stol'n away my self, the Spirit
Had like to ha surpris'd me in the shape of a woman,
Of a young woman, and you know those are dangerous.

To. So had I Madam, simply though I stand here,
I had been ravish'd too: I had twenty Spirits,
In every corner of the house a Fiend met me.

La. You lye like Raskals,
Was Mistress Newlove such a spirit Sir?

To fright your worship;
Well, I discharge you Sir, y'are now at liberty,
Live where you please, and do what pranks you fancy,
You know your substance: though you are my Nephew,
I am no way bound Sir to protect your mischief;
So fare you well.

Wi. Farewell good Aunt, I thank you,
Adieu honest Nick, the devil if he have power,
Will persecute your old bones, for this Marriage,
Farewell Mistress Win.

To. And shall we part with dry lips?
Shall we that have been fellow devils together
Flinch for an old womans fart?

Wi. 'Tis a fine time a night too, but we must part Nick.

To. Shall we never ring again? ne're tofs the tenor,
And roul the changes into a Cup of Clarret?
You shall not want what ere I lay my hands on,
As I am sure Automedon the Coachman,
Shall be distributed; bear up, I say, hang sorrow,
Give me that bird abroad that lives at pleasure,
Sam the Butler's true, the Cook a reverend Trojan,
The Faulkner shall sell his Hawks, and swear they were
rotten,

There be some wandring spoons, that may be met with,
I'll pawn a Coach horse, peace, utter no sentences.
The harshness shall be us'd in our wars also;
Or shall I drive her (tell me but your will now,
Say but the word) over some rotten bridg,
Or by a Marl-pit side, she may slip in daintily,
Let me alone for my self.

Wi. No, no, farewell Toby,
Farewell spiny Nicholas, no such thing,
There be ways i'the world, if you see me
A day or two hence, may be wee'l crack a quart yet,
And pull a bell, commend to the household;
Nay, cry not Toby, 'twill make thy head giddy.

To. Sweet Master Wildbraine.

Wi. No more Toby, go the times may alter——
But where's the coarse of my dead cosen,
(If she be dead) I hop'd 'thad but dissembled
That sits heavy here: Toby, honest Toby,
Lend me thy Lanthorn, I forgot 'twas dark,
I had need look to my ways now.

To. Take a lodging with me to night in the Stable,
And ride away to morrow with one of the horses,
Next your heart, pray do.

Wi. No, good night good neighbor Toby, I will wander,
I scorn to submit my self, ere I have rambled,
But whither, or with what, that's more material;

No matter, and the worst come, it is but stealing,
And my Aunt wo't see me hang'd for her own credit,
And farewell in a Halter costs me nothing. *Exit*

Enter Hartlove.

Fran. The night, and all the evil the night covers,
The Goblins, Hags, and the black spawn of darkness,
Cannot fright me: no death, I dare thy cruelty.
For I am weary both of life and light too;
Keep my wits heaven, they say spirits appear
To melancholy minds, and the graves open,
I would fain see the fair *Maria's* shadow,
But speak unto her spirit e'er I dyed,
But ask upon my knees a mercy from her;
I was a villain, but her wretched kinsman,
That set his plot, shall with his heart-blood satisfy
Her injur'd life and honor, what light's this?

Enter Wildbrain with a Lanthorn.

Wild. It is but melancholy walking thus;
The Tavern doors are baracado'd too,
Where I might drink till morn in expectation;
I cannot meet the Watch neither; nothing in
The likeness of a Constable, whom I might,
In my distress, abuse, and so be carried,
For want of other lodging, to the Counter.

Fra. 'Tis his voice, Fate, I thank thee.

Wild: Ha, who's that, and thou be'st a man speak?

Frank Hartlove, then I bear my destinies,
Thou art the man of all the world I wish'd for;
My Aunt has turn'd me out a doors, she has,
At this unchristian hour, and I do walk,
Methinks like *Guido Faux* with my dark Lanthorn,
Stealing to set the Town a fire; i' th' Countrey
I should be tane for *William o' the Wispe,*
Or: *Robin Good-fellow,* and how dost *Frank*?

Ha. The worse for you.

Wild. Come, thart a fool, art going to thy lodging?
I'll lie with thee to night, and tell thee stories,
How many devils we ha met withal;
Our house is haunted *Frank,* whole legions,
I saw fifty for my share.

Fr. Didst not fright 'em?

Wild. How; fright 'em? no, they frighted me sufficiently.

Fr. Thou hadst wickedness enough to make them stare,
And be afraid o'thee, malicious devil;
And draw thy sword, for by *Maria's* soul;
I will not let thee scape to do more mischief.

Wild. Thou art mad, what dost mean?

Fr. To kill thee, nothing else will ease my anger,
The injury is fresh, I bleed withal,
Nor can that word express it, theres no peace in't,
Nor must it be forgiven, but in death;
Therefore call up thy valour, if thou'st any.
And summon up thy spirits to defend thee;
Thy heart must suffer for thy damn'd practises,
Against thy noble cosin, and my innocence.

Wild. Hold, hear a word; did I do anything
But for your good, that you might have her,
That in that desperate time I might redeem her,
Although with shew of loss.

Fr. Out ugly villain,
Fling on her the most hated name of whore
To the worlds eye, and face it out in courtesie,
Bring him to see't, and make me drunk to attempt it.

Enter Maria.

Ma. I hear some voices this way.

Fr. No more, if you can pray, do it as you fight.

Ma. What new frights oppose me? I have heard that tongue

Wild. 'Tis my fortune.

You could not take me in a better time, Sir,
I ha nothing to lose but the love I lent thee,
My life my sword protect.

Ma. I know 'em both, but to prevent their ruines,
Must not discover —— stay men most desperate;
The mischief you are forward to commit
Will keep me from my grave, and tie my spirit
To endless troubles else.

Wild. Ha, 'tis her Ghost.

Fr. Maria?

Ma. Hear me both, each wound you make
Runs through my soul, and is a new death to me,
Each threatening danger will affright my rest;
Look on me *Hartlove,* and my kinsman view me;
Was I not late in my unhappy marriage,
Sufficient miserable? full of all misfortunes?
But you must add, with your most impious angers,
Unto my sleeping dust this insolence?

Would you teach time to speak eternally
Of my disgraces; make Records to keep 'em,
Keep them in brass? fight then, and kill my honor;
Fight deadly both, and let your bloody swords,
Through my reviv'd, and reeking infamy
(That never shall be purg'd) find your own ruines:
Hartlove, I lov'd thee once, and hop'd again
In a more blessed love to meet thy spirit,
If thou kill'st him, thou art a murderer,
And murder shall never inherit heaven:
My time is come, my concealed grave expects me,
Farewel, and follow not, your feet are bloody,
And will pollute my peace: I hope they are melted,
This is my way sure

Exit.

Fr. Stay blessed soul.

Wi. Would she had come sooner, and ha sav'd some blood.

Fr. Dost bleed?

Wild. Yes certainly, I can both see and feel it.

Fr. Now I well hope it is not dangerous;
Give me thy hand, as honor guides me,
I'll know thee again.

Wild. I thank thee heartily;
I know not where to get a Surgeon;
This vision troubles me, sure she is living,
And I was foolish blind, I could not find it;
I bleed apace still, and my heart grows heavy,
If I go far I faint, I'll knock at this house,
They may be charitable, would 'twere perfect day.

Enter Mistress.

Mist. 'Tis not he: What would you, Sir?

Wild. I would crave a little rest Lady,
And for my hurts some Surgerie, I am a Gentleman
That fortune of a fight

Mist. A handsome Gentleman,
Alas he bleeds, a very handsome Gentleman,
Wild. A sweet young wench, beshrew my heart a fair one,
Fortune has made me some recompence,

Mist. Pray come in, the air is hurtful for you,
Pray let me lead you, I'll have a bed for you presently,
I'll be your Surgeon too, alas sweet Gentleman,

Wild. I feel no hurts, the morning comes too fast now.

Mist. Softly, I beseech you.

Exit.

Enter Lady and Toby.

Tob. He is not up yet Madam, what meant you
To come forth so early?

La. You blockhead;
Your eyes are sow'd up still, they cannot see
When it is day: oh my poor *Maria*;
Where be the women?

Tob. They said they would follow us.

La. He shall not laugh thus at my misery,
And kill my child, and steal away her body,

And keep her portion too.

Tob. Let him be hang'd for't,
You have my voice.

La. These women not come yet?
A Son-in-law, I'll keep a Conjurer,
But I'll find out his knavery.

Tob. Do, and I'll help him.
And if he were here, this whip should conjure him,
Here's a *Capias*, and it catch hold on's breech,
P'ce make him soon believe the Devil were there.

La. An old Usurer.

Tob. He married the money, that's all he lookt for;
For your daughter, let her sink or swim.

La. I'll swim him;
This is his house, I wonder they stay thus,
That we might rail him out on's wits.

Tob. They'll come,
Fear not Madam, and bring clappers with 'em,
Or some have lost their old wont, I have heard,
No disparagement to your Ladyship, some o' their tongues
Like *Tom-a-Lincoln*, three miles off.

La. Oh sic,
How tedious are they?

Tob. What and we lost no time,
You and I shall make a shift to begin with him,
And tune our Instruments till the Comfort come
To make up the full noise, I'll knock.

Ju. Who's that rapt so saucily?

Tob. 'Tis I, *Toby*, come down, or else we'll fetch you down,
Alas, this is but the Saints-bell, here's a Gentlewoman
Will ring you another peal, come down, I say.

Ju. Some new fortifications, look to my doors,
Put double barrs, I will not have her enter,
Nor any of her Tribe, they come to terrifie me:
Keep out her tongue too, if you can.

La. I hear you,
And I will send my tongue up to your worship,
The eccho of it shall flye o'er the street;
My Daughter that thou killedst with kindness (Jew)
That thou betrayedst to death, thou double Jew,
And after stol'st her body.

Tob. Jew's too good for him,

Ju. I desie you both;
Thy daughter plaid the villain and betraid me.
Betrai'd my honor.

La. Honor, Rascal,
And let that bear an action, I'll try it with thee,
Horor?

Tob. Oh Reprobate!

La. Thou musty Justice,
Buy an honourable halter and hang thy self.

Tob. A worshipping ropes end is too good for him.

La. Get honor that way, thou wot die a dog else.

Tob. Come and be whipt first.

La. Where is her Portion.

Enter Nurse and Women.

Ju. Where I'll keep it safely.

Nur. Traitor, thou shalt not keep it.

Ju. More of the kennel? put more bolts to th' doors there,
And arm your selves, hell is broke loose upon us.

Tob. I am glad y'are come, we'll blow the house down.

La. Oh Nurse, I have such cause——

Wo. Villain, viper, although you had no cause, we are bound
To help.

Nur. Yes, and believe, we come not here to examine,
And if you please we'll fire the house

Ju. Call the Constable.

Tob. A charitable motion, fire is comfortable.

La. No, no, we'll only let him know our minds,
We will commit no outrage, he's a Lawyer,

Ju. Give me my Musket.

La. Where's my daughters body,

That I may bury it?

Wo. Speak, or we'll bury thee,

Nur. Alive, we'll bury thee, speak old Iniquity.

Tob. Bury him alive by all means for a testimony.

Ju. Their voices make my house reel, oh for Officers,
I am in a dream, thy daughters spirit
Wa'ks a nights, and troubles all the neighbors:
Go hire a Conjurer, I'll say no more.

La. The Law shall say more,

Wo. Nur. We are witnesses,
And if thou be'st not hang'd ——

Enter Lurcher and Boy.

Lur. Buy a Book of good manners,
A short Book of good manners.

Boy. Buy a ballad, a ballad of the maid was got with child

Tob. That might ha been my case last night,
I'll ha't, what e'er it cost me.

Boy. A ballad of the Witches hang'd at *Ludlow*.

Tob. I will have that too;
There was an Aunt of mine. I think amongst 'em,
I would be glad to hear her Testament.

Lur. A new Eook of Women,

Ju. The thunder's laid, how they stare at him

Lur. A new Eook of Fools, a strange Book,
Very strange fools.

Ju. I'll owe thee a good turn, whate'er thou art.

Lur. A Book of Walking Spirits.

Ju. That I like not.

Tob. Nor I, they walk'd me the Fools Morris.

Lur. A Book of Wicked Women.

Ju. That's well thought on.

Dur. Of rude, malicious Women, of proud Women,
Of scolding Women, we shall ne'er get in.

Boy. A ballad of wrong'd Maids.

La. I'll buy that.

Lur. A little, very little Book,
Of good and godly Women, a very little one,
So little you may put it in a Nutshel.

Tob. With a small print that no body can read it.

Nur. Peace firrah, or I'll tear your Books.

Ju. Open the door and let him in, I love him.

Lur. A Book of evil Magistrates.

La. I marry d'ye hear that Justice.

Lur. And their eviller wives,
That wear their Places in their Petticoats.

Ju. D'ye hear that Lady.

Boy. A Eook new printed against Playing,
Dancing, Masking, May-poles; a zealous Brothers Book,
And full of Fables.

Lur. Another Book of Women, of mad women,
Women that were born in *March*.

Exit.

La. Are you got in?

We would ha pull'd your knaves hide else; this fellow
Was sent to abuse us, but we shall have time
To talk more with this Justice.

Ju. Farewel Madam, as you like this, come visit me agen,
You and your treble strings, now scold your hearts out——

Wo. Shall he carry it thus away?

Nur. Go to the Judge, and what you'll have us swear——

La. I thank ye heartily,
I'll keep that for the last, I will go home,
And leave him to his Conscience for a while,
If it sleep long, I'll wake it with a vengeance.

Exit.

Enter Servants.

1. What book has he given thee?

2. A dainty book, a book of the great Navy,
Of fifteen hundred ships of Cannon-proof,
Built upon Whales to keep their keels from sinking:
And Dragons in 'em, that spit fire ten mile;
And Elephants that carry goodly Castles.

1. Dost thou believe it?
2. Shall we not believe Books in print?
 1. I have *John Taylors* book of Hempseed too, Which for two lines I hapned on by chance, I reverence.
 2. I prethee what are they?
 1. They are so pat upon the time, as if He studied to answer the late *Histrionastix*, Talking of change and transformations, That wittily, and learnedly he bangs him, So many a Puritans ruff, though starch'd in print, Be turn'd to Paper, and a Playwrit in't And confute *Horace* with a Water Poet: A Play in the Puritans ruff? I'll buy his Works for't, What hast there a Ballad too?
 2. This is a piece of Poetry indeed;

He sings; Justice cries within.

What noise is that?

1. Some cry i th' streets; prethee sing on. *Sing again.*
2. Agen, dost not hear? 'tis i th' house certainly?
1. 'Tis a strange noise? and has a tang o th' Justice.
2. Let's see? *Exit.*

Enter the Servants bringing in their Master bound and gagg'd.

1. Untie his feet, pull out his gag, he will choak else; What desperate rogues were these.

2. Give him fresh air.

Ju. I will never study books more: I am undone, these villains have undone me. Rifled my Desk, they have undone me learnedly: A fire take all their Books, I'll burn my Study: Where were you rascals when the villains bound me, You could not hear?

1. He gave us Books, Sir, dainty Books to busie us; And we were reading, in that which was the Brew-house; A great way off, we were singing Ballads too; And could not hear

Ju. This was a precious thief, A subtle trick to keep my servants safe.

2. What ha you lost Sir?

Ju. They ransack'd all before my face, and threatned To kill me if I cough'd, they have a chain, My rings, my box of casting gold, my purse too. They robb'd me miserably; but that which most grieves me, They took away some Writings; 'twas a rogue That knew me, and set on by the old Lady, I will indite her for't.

1. Shall we pursue 'em?

Ju. Run, run, cursed raskals, I am out of my wits, let not a creature in, No not with necessaries.

2. We shall be starv'd.

Ju. I'll buy my meat at window as they pass by; I wo'nt trust my Scrivenor, he has books too; And bread I'll ha slung up; I charge ye all Burn all the books i th' house.

1. Your little Prayer Book?

Ju. I'll never pray agen, I'll have my doors Made up, nothing but walls, and thick ones too; No sound shall tempt me agen, remember I Have forswore books,

2. If you should be call'd to take your oath?

Ju. I will forswear all oaths, rather than see A thing but in the likeness of a book: And I were condemn'd, I'll rather chuse to hang, Than read agen; come in, and search all places, They may be about the house, were the doors lock'd?

1. But the keys in 'em, and if they be gone, They could not want wit to lock us in, Sir,

Ju. Never was a man so miserably undone, I would lose a limb, to see their rogueships totter.

Exeunt.

Enter Lady and Nurse.

La. Thy brothers daughter, saist, and born in *Wales*?

Nur. I have long time desired to see her, and I hope Your Ladyship will not be offended.

La. No, no.

Nur. I should be happy, if she might be serviceable To you Madam.

La. Beshrew me, but at first, she took me much, Is she not like *Maria*? setting aside Her language very like her, and I love her The better for't, I prethee call her hither, She speaks feat English.

Nur. Why *Guennib, Guennib, du hummah Guennib.* She is course Madam, after her countrey guise, And were she in fine cloths——

La. I'll have her handsome:

Enter Maria.

What part of *Wales* were you born in?

Ma. In *Abebundis* Madam.

Nur. She speaks that name in *Welsh*, which we call *Breck-*

La. What can you do? *(nock.*

Ma. Her was toe many rings in *Walls*, know not the falhion in *Londons*? her was milk the Cows, make secze and butters, and spin very well the *Welsh* freeze, her was *Cooke* to te Mountain Cots, and sing very fine prittish tunes, was mage good ales and breds, and her know to dance on Sundays, marge you now Madams.

La. A pretty innocence, I do like her infinitely, *Nurse*, And if I live——

Enter Servant.

Ser. Here is Mr. *Hartlove*, Madam, come to see you.

La. Alas poor Gentleman, prethee admit him.

Enter Hartlove and Gent.

Ha. Madam, I am come to take my last leave.

La. How Sir?

Ha. Of all my home affections, and my friends, For the interest you had once in *Maria*, I would acquaint you when I leave the kingdom.

La. Would there were any thing in my poor power That might divert your Will, and make you happy; I am sure I have wrong'd her too, but let your pardon Assure me you are charitable; she's dead Which makes us both sad: What do you look on? The likest face——

Ma. Plesse us awle, why does that sentilman make such unders and mazements at her, I know her not.

Ha. Be not offended maid. *(to him.*

La. How the wench blushes, she represents *Marias* los

Ma. Will the sentilman hurt her? pray you be her defences, was have mad phisnomies, is her troubled with *Lunaticks* in her prain pans, blefs us awle.

Ha. Where had you this face?

Ma. Her faces be our none, I warrant her.

Ha. I wonot hurt you, all the lineaments That built *Maria* up; all those springing beauties Dwell on this thing, change but her tongue I know her: Let me see your hand.

Ma. *Du Guin.* was never thieves, and robberies; here is no findge in her hands warrant her.

Ha. Trust me, the self same white, And softness, prethee speak our English Dialect.

Ma. Ha leggs? what does her speage hard urds to her, to make poor *Guennib* ridicles, was no mannerly sentilman to abuse her.

Ha. By the love, That everlasting love I bear *Maria*——

Ma. *Maria*, her name was *Guenith*, and good names, was poor else, oman maid, her have no fine kanags to madge her trickfic

in her own cuntries was held a fine ense her can tels her, and honest ense too, marg you dat now, her can keep her little legs close enough, warrant her.

La. How prettily this anger shews.

1. She gabbles innocently.

Ha. Madam farewell, and all good fortune dwell we'e, With me my own affections; farewell Maid, Fair gentle Maid.

2. She sighs.

Ma. Du cat a whee.

Ha. I cannot goe, there's somewhat calls me back.

Ma. Poor *Fränke*,

How gladly would I entertain thy love, And meet thy worthy flame, but shame forbids, me: If please her Ladyship dwell here with *Guenneth*, and learn to spinn and card ull, to mage flannells, and linsfeyes ulseis, fall tawgco'd urds to her Ladyships urships for her.

The tears flow from him.

The tears of true affection, woe is me, Oh cursed love that glories in maids miseries, And true mens broken hearts. (forgive her.)

La. Alas I pity him, the wench is rude, and knows you not,

Ma. Wype your nyes yray you, though was porn in Walls 'mong craggy rocks, and mountains, yet heart is soft, look you hur can weep too, when hur see men mage prinie tears and lamentations.

Ha. How hard she holds me?

Just as *Maria* did, weeps the same drops, Now as I have a living soul, her sight too; What shall I think, is not your name *Maria*, If it be not, delude me with so much charity To say it is.

Ma. Upon her life, you was mighty deal in love with some podies, your pale seekes and hollow nyes, and pantings upon her posom, know very well, because look you, her think her honest sentilman, you fall call her *Maria*.

Ha. Good Madam, think not ill I am thus fancy,

La. Oh no Sir, be you not angry with the wench.

Ha. I am most pleas'd.

1. Lets interrupt him, he'll be mad outright else.

2. Observe a little more.

Ha. Would I could in your language beg a kifs,

Ma. If her have necessities of a kifs, look you, dere is one in farities.

Ha. Let me suffer death,

If in my apprehension two twinn'd cherries Be more a kinn, than her lips to *Maria*'s: And if this harsh illusion would but leave her, She were the same, good Madam, shall I have Your consent now?

La. To what?

Ha. To give this Virgin to me.

La. She's not mine, this is her kinswoman, And has more power to dispose; alas, I pity him. Pray gentleman prevail with him to goe; More that I wish his comfort than his absence.

Ha. You have been always kind to me, will you Deny me your fair Cosin?

Nu. 'Twere fit you first obtain'd her own consent.

Ha. She is no friend that wishes my departure, I doe not trouble you.

1. 'Tis not *Maria*.

Ha. Her shadow is enough, I'll dwell with that, Pursue your own ways, shall we live together?

Ma. If her will come to morrow and tauge to her, her will tell her more of her meanings, and then if her be melancholy, her will sing her a Welch Song too, to make her merries, but *Guenith* was very honest; her was never love bnt one sentleman, and he was bear her great teal of good-ills too, was marry one day *S. Davy*, her give her five pair of white gloves, if her will dance at her weddings.

Ha. All I am worth,

And all my hopes this strange voice would forsake her, For then she snud be——prethee stay a little,

Hark in thine ear, dissemble not, but tell me, And save my life; I know you are *Maria*: Speak but as I doe, ten words to confirm me; You have an *English* soul, do not disguise it From me with these strange accents—She pinch'd hard Again, and sigh'd.

La. What ails the Wench?

Exit.

Nu. Why, *Guenith*.

Ha. She's gone too.

2. Come leave this dream.

Ha. A dream? I think so;

But 'twas a pleasing one, now I'll obey, And forget all these wonders, lead the way.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Wildbrain and Toby.

Wil. Honest Toby?

To. Sweet Mr. *Wildbrain*,—I am glad I ha met

Wild. Why, did my Aunt send for me?

(w'ye

Tob. Your Aunt's a mortal, and thinks not on you For ought I can perceive.

Wild. Is my cosin alive agen?

Tob. Neither, and yet we do not hear That she's buried.

Wild. What should make thee glad then?

Tob. What should make me glad? have I not cause, To see your Princely body well, and walk thus, Look blithe and bonny, and your Wardrobe whole still?

Wild. The case is clear, and I ha found a Mine, A perfect *Indie*, since my Aunt cashier'd me; What think'st of this?

Tob. Oh delicate bells.

Wild. Thou puttest me in mind, We are to ring anon, I mean to send for thee; Meet me at the old Parish Church.

Tob. Say no more.

Wild. When thy Lady is a bed, we ha conspir'd A midnight peal for joy.

Tob. If I fail, hang me i'th' bell-ropes.

Wild. And how? and how does my Aunt?

Tob. She's up to th' ears in Law;

I do so whirl her to the Counsellors chambers, And back again, and bounce her for more money, And too again, I know not what they do with her; But she's the merriest thing among these Law-drivers; And in their studies half a day together; If they do get her with *Magna Charta*, she swears, By all the ability of her old body, She will so claw the Justice, she will sell The tiles of the house she vows, and Sack out o'th' Cellar, (That she worships to Idolatry) but she'll hang him.

Wild. I would she could: but hark thee honest *Toby*. If a man have a Mistrifs, may we not, Without my Aunts leave, borrow now and then A Coach to tumble in, towards the Exchange, And so forth?

Tob. A Mistrifs?

Wil. She may be thine when we are married.

Tob. Command, I'll carry you both in pomp; And let my Lady go a foot a Law-catching, And exercise her corns: where is the Master *John*?

Wild. 'Shat see her.

Tob. Shall we ring for her?

Wild. And drink her health?

Tob. Drink stilly for five hours.

Wild. We'll drink fifteen.

Tob.

Tob. To night? we will ha twenty Torches then,
And through the streets drive on triumphantly;
Triumphantly we'll drive, by my Ladies door,
As I am a Christian, Coachman, I will rattle you
And Urine in her porch, and she shall fear me:
If you say more, I shall run mad outright,
I will drink Sack, and surfeit instantly;
I know not where I am now.

Exit,

Enter Lurcher.

Wi. Hold for thy buttons sake, the knave's transported.

Lur. Jack Wildbrain? (thee now?)

Wild. Honest Tom, how thrives the felonious world with

Lur. You look and talk as you were much exalted.

Wild. Th'art i'th' right Tom. I'll tell thee first,
I ha shook off my Aunt, and yet I live still,
And drink, and sing; her house had like to ha spoil'd me;
I keep no hours now;
Nor need any false key

To the old womans Cabinets, I ha money
Upon my word, and pawn no oaths to th' Butler.

No matrimonial protestations
For Sack-pollsets to the Chambermaid,
I praise my Fate, there be more ways to th' wood Tom.

Lur. Prethee release my wonder.

Wild. I'll increase it, wipe thine eyes,
Here is a chain worth money, and some man had it,
A foolist Diamond, and other trifles——

Lur. The very same, Oh Gipsy! Infidel!
All that I sweat, and ventur'd my neck for,
He has got already; who would trust a strumpet:

Wild. This? This is nothing to what I possess
At home.

Lur. What home?

Wild. A house that shall be nameless;
The Mistris of it mine too, such a piece
For flesh and blood, added to that so loving——

Lur. Is she married?

Wild. I know not, nor I care not;
But such a prize, so mounting, so delicious,
Thou wilt run mad, I'll tell thee more hereafter,

Lur. Nay, prethee a word more.

Wild. I took no pains to find out all this Paradise,
My destiny threw me upon't i'th' dark, I found it
Wanting a Lodging too.

Lur. No old acquaintance?

Wild. Never, never saw her;
But these things happen not in every age:
I cannot stay, if thou wilt meet anon
At my own randevow, thou knowest the Tavern,
We'll sup together, after that a company
Of merry lads have made a match to ring.

Lur. You keep your exercise, i'th' old Church?

Wild. No other,
There is no Musick to the Bells, we wo'd
Have Bonfires if we durst, and thou wo'd come
It shall cost thee nothing Tom, hang pilfering,
And keep me company, in time I may
Shew thee my wench too.

Lur. I cannot promise; but you will be there?

Wild. We'll tofs the Bells, and make the Steeple
Roar boy, but come to supper then.

Lur. My hand, and expect me:

Yes, I will come or send, and to some purpose;
Art come boy?

Enter Boy with Gown, Beard, and Constables staff.

Excellent, Knave, how didst thou purchase these?

Boy. The staff I stole last night from a sleeping Con-
The rest I borrowed by my acquaintance with (stable;
The Players boyes; you were best to lose no time, Sir.

Lur. So, so, help boy, 'tis very well, do I not look

Like one that breaks the Kings peace with authority?
You know your charge, prepare things handfomely,
My diligent boy, and leave me to my office,

Boy. There wants nothing already; but I fly Sir. *Exit.*

Lur. Now Fortune prove no flut, and I'll adore thee.

Within. Ser. Whose there? *Knocks.*

Lur. A friend wo'd speak with Master Justice.

Ser. Who are you?

Lur. I am the Constable.

Ser. My Master is not at leasure to hear business.

Lur. How? Not at leasure to do the King service;
Take heed what you say, Sir; I know his worship,
if he know my business, would no excuse.

Ser. You must go to another Justice, I'll assure
My Master is not well in health.

Lur. I know not,

But if your worshipful be not at leasure
To do himself a benefit, I am gone Sir,
An infinite benefit, and the State shall thank him for't;
Thank him, and think on him too; I am an Officer.

And know my place, but I do love the Justice;

I honor any authority above me:

Beside, he is my neighbor, and I worship him.
Ser. You have no Books, nor Ballads, Mr Constable,
About you?

Lur. What should I doe with Books? does it become

A man of my place to understand such matters?

Pray call your Master, if he please to follow me,

I shall discover to him such a plot,

Shall get him everlasting fame, I'll be hang'd for't,

And he be not knighted instantly, and for reward

Have some of the malefactors Lands, I'll bring him too;

But I cannot delay time. *Within.*

Ju. Who's that?

Ser. A Constable Sir, would speak about some business,
He says will bring you Fame, and mighty profit.

Lur. Please your worship come down, I'll make you happy;

The notabl'st piece of villany I have in hand Sir,

And you shall find it out; I ha made choice

To bring your worship to the first knowledge, and

Thank me, as you find the good on't afterwards.

Ju. What is it? Treason?

Lur. 'Tis little better, I can tell you I have lodg'd

A crew of the most rank and desperate villains:

They talk of robberies and waies they did 'em;

And how they left men bound iu their studies.

Ju. With Books and Ballads?

Lur. That Sir, that, and murders,

And thousand knaveries more, they're very rich Sir,

In Money, Jewels, Chains, and a hundred more

Devices.

Ju. Happy, happy Constable, I meet ye

At the back door, get ready knaves.

Lur. Not a man I beseech you,

I have privately appointed strength about me,

They cannot start, your men would breed suspicion;

All my desire is, you would come alone;

That you might have the hope of the enterprife,

That you might hear 'em first, and then proceed, Sir,

Ju. I come, I come.

Lur. 'Tis very well. *Exit.*

Ju. Keep all my doors fast, 'tis something late.

Lur. So, so, and please your worship I direct you.

Enter Boy.

Boy. My Master staves, I doubt his lime-twigs catch not,
if they doe, all's provided; but I all

This while forget my own state, fair Maria

Is certainly alive, I met her in

Another habit, with her Nurse, 'twas she:

There is some trick in't, but when this is over,

I'll find it out, this project for the Usurer

May have good effect; however, 'twill be sport

To mortifie him a little;

Enter

Enter Lurcher.

He's come without him :
Have you fail'd, Sir ?

Lur. Prosper'd? my little Engineer; away,
He is i'th' next room, be not you seen, firrah.

Boy. The pitfall's ready, never Justice
Was catcht in such a nooze: e'er he get out,
He shall run through a scouring purgatory,
Shall purge him to the quick, 'tis night already. Exit.

Enter Algripe and Lurcher.

Lur. Come softly, yet Sir, softly, are you not weary?

Ju. Th'ast brought me into a melancholy place,
I see no creature.

Lur. This is, Sir, their Den
Where they suppose themselves secure, I am faint,
With making haste; but I must be thus troubled,
And therefore never go without a Cordial;
Without this I should dye; } Seems to
How it refreshes me } drink.
Already? will't please your worship? I might have had
The manners to ha'. let you drink before me;
Now am I lusty.

Ju. 'Twas a good taste.

Lur. Taste? how d'ye find the virtue, nay Sir, spare it not:
My wife has the Receipt, does it not stir
Your Worships body? when you come to examine,
'Twill make you speak like thunder.

Ju. Hoy he.

Lur. It works already.

Ju. Is there never a chair, I was wearier than I thought,
But who shall we have to take 'em. Mr. Constable?

Lur. Let me alone, when I but give the watch-word
We will have men enough to surprize an Army.

Ju. I begin to be sleepy; what, hast a chair?

Enter another with a chair.

Lur. They do not dream of us, 'tis early rising;
Care, care, and early rising, Common-wealths men
Are ever subject to the nods; sit down, Sir,
A short nap is not much amiss; so, so, he's fast;
Fast as a fish i'th' net, he has winking powder
Shall work upon him to our wish, remove him,
Nay, we may cut him into collops now
And he ne'r feel; have you prepar'd the vault, firrah?

Boy. Yes, yes, Sir, every thing in's place.

Lur. When you have plac'd him, you and I boy
Must about another project hard by, his potion
Will bind him sure enough till we return,
This villany weighs mainly, But we'll purge ye. Exit.

Bells ring.

Enter Sexton.

Sex. Now for mine ears, mine ears be constant to me;
They ring a wager, and I must deal justly, ha boys.

Enter Lurcher and Boy.

Lur. Dost hear 'em, hark, these be the Ringers?

Boy. Are you sure the same?

Lur. Or my directions fail;
The coast is clear:

How the bells go? how daintily they tumble?
And methinks they seem to say; Fine fools I'll fit you.

Sex. Excellent agen, good boys—oh that was nought.

Lur. Who's that?

Boy. Be you conceal'd by any means yet, hark,
They stop, I hope they'll to't agen, close Sir.

Enter Wildbrain, Toby, Ringers.

Wild. A palpable knock.

Ring. 'Twas none.

To. Be judg'd by the Sexton then,
If I have ears.

Sex. A knock, a knock, a grofs one.

To. Carman, your gallon of wine, you ring most impiouly,
Art thou o'th' worshipful company of the Knights o'th West,
And handle a bell with no more dexterity?

You think you are in *Thames-street*
Juggling the Carts: oh a clean hand's a Jewel.

Boy. Good speed to your good exercise.

To. Y'are welcome

Boy. I come, Sir, from a Gentleman, and neighbor hard by,
One that loves your Musick well.

To. He may have more on't,
Handle a bell, as you were haling timber?

Grofs, grofs, and base, absurd.

Ring. I'll mend it next peal.

Boy. To intreat a knowledge of you, whether it be
By the Ear you ring thus cunningly, or by the Eye;
For to be plain, he has laid ten pounds upon't.

Wild. But which way has he laid?

Boy. That your Ear guides you,
And not your Eye.

To. Has won, has won, the Ear's our only instrument:

Boy. But how shall we be sure on't.

To. Put all the lights out, to what end serve our eyes then?

Wild. A plain Case,

Boy. You say true, 'tis a fine cunning thing to ring by th'
And can you ring i'th' dark so? (Ear sure:

Wild. All night long, boy.

Boy. 'Tis wonderful, let this be certain Gentlemen,
And half his wager he allows among ye;
Is't possible you should ring so?

To. Possible, thou art a child, I'll ring when I am dead drunk
Out with the lights, no twinkling of a candle,
I know my rope too, as I know my nose,
And can bang it soundly i'th' dark, I warrant you..

Wi. Come, let's confirm him straight, and win the wager. Ex.

Boy. Let me hear to strengthen me;
And when y'ave rung, I'll bring the money to you.

Lur. So, so, follow 'em;

They shall have a cool reward, one hath gold of mine,
Good store in's pocket,

But this will be reveng'd in a short warning.

They are at it lustily; hey, how wantonly
They ring away their cloaths, how it delights me;

Boy. Here, here, Sir. Ring.

Enter Boy with cloaths.

Lur. Hast Wildbrain's?

Boy. His whole case, Sir; I felt it out, and by the guards
This should be the Coachmans, another suit too.

Lur. Away boy, quickly now to the Ufurer,
His hour to wake approaches.

Boy. That once finished,
You'll give me leave to play, Sir: here they come. Ex.

Enter Wildbrain, Toby, and Ringers.

Wild. I am monstrous weary.

To. Fie, how I sweat? Reach me my cloak to cover me,
I run to oyl like a Porpise; 'twas a brave peal.

Sex. Let me light the candle first, then I'll wait on you.

Wild. A very brave peal.

To. Carman, you came in close now.

Wild. Sure 'tis past midnight.

Ring. No stirring in the streets I hear.

To. Walk further, was that a pillar? 'tis harder than my
Where's the boy promis'd us five pounds? (nose;

Wild.

Wild. Room, I sweat still ; come, come, my cloak,
I shall take cold.

Enter Sexton.

Sex. Where lies it ?

Wild. Here, here, and all our cloaths.

Sex. Where, where ?

King. I th' corner.

To. Is thy candle blind too, give me the bottle,
I can drink like a Fish now, like an Elephant.

Sex. Here are the corners, but here are no cloaths ;
Yes, here is a cuff.

Wild. A cuff? give me the candle,
Cuffes wonot cover me—I sinell the knavery.

Tob. Is't come to a cuff? my whole suit turned to a button?

Wild. Now am I as cold again as though 'twere Christmas;
Cold with my fear, I'll never ring by the ear more.

To. My new cloaths vanish'd?

Wild. All my cloaths *Toby.*

King. Here's none.

Tob. Not one of my dragons wings left to adorn me,
Have I muted all my feathers ?

Wild. Cheated by the car ; a plot to put out the candle ;
I could be mad ; my chain, my rings, the gold, the gold.

Tob. The cold, the cold I cry, and I cry truly,
Not one sleeve, nor a cape of a cloak to warm me.

Wild. What miserable fools were we ?

Tob. We had e'en best, gentlemen,
Every man chuse his rope again, and fasten it,
And take a short turn to a better fortune,
To be bawds to our miseries, and put our own lights out ?

Wild. Prethee Sexton lets have a fire at thy house.
A good fire, we'll pay thee some way for't, I am stone cold.

Sex. Alas I pity you, come quickly Gentlemen.

Wild. Sure I ha been in a dream, I had no Mistris,
Nor gold, nor cloaths, but am a ringing rascal.

Tob. Fellows in affliction, let's take hands all,
Now are we fit for tumblers.

Enter Lurcher and others, bringing in Algripe.

Lur. So, so, presently his sleep will leave him.
And wonder seize upon him,
Bid 'em within be ready.

Ju. What sound's this ?
What horrid dinne? what dismal place is this?
I never saw before, and now behold it ;
But by the half light of a Lamp, that burns here :
My spirits shake, tremble through my body ;
Help, help,

Enter two Furies, with black Tapers.

Mercy protect me, my soul quakes,
What dreadful apparitions! how I shudder!

1. 2. *Fu.* *Algripe.*

Ju. What are you ?

1. We are hellhounds, hellhounds, that have commission
From the Prince of darkness,
To fetch thy black soul to him.

Ju. Am I not alive still ?

1. Thou art, but we have brought thee instruments
Will quickly rid thy miserable life, Stabb,
2. Poyson.

1. Hang thy self, this choice is offer'd,
2. Thou canst not hope for heaven; thy base soul is
Lost to all hope of mercy.

2. Quickly, quickly,
The torments cool.

1. And all thy friends expect thee.
Come with us to that pit of endless horror,
Or we will force thee.

Ju. Oh, oh, oh.

1. Groans are too late, sooner the ravisher,
Whose soul is hurl'd into eternal frost,
Stung with the force of twenty thousand winters,
To punish the distempers of his blood,
Shall hope to get from thence, than thou avoid
The certainty of meeting hell where he is.
Shall murderers be there for ever dying,
Their souls shot through with Adders, torn on Engines,
Dying as many deaths for killing one,
Could any imagination number them,
As there be moments in eternity :
And shall that Justice spare thee, that hast slain,
Murdered by thy extortion so many ?

Ju. Oh, oh.

2. Do execution quickly, or we'll carry thee alive to hell

Ju. Gently, gentle devils, do not force me
To kill my self, nor do not you do't for me ;
Oh let me live, I'll make amends for all.

1. Tell us of thy repentance? perjur'd villain,
Pinch off his flesh, he must be whipt, salted and whipt.

Ju. Oh misery of miseries!

Recorders 1. 2. Tear his accursed limbs, to hell with him, ha!
A mischief on that innocent face, away. *Creeps in.*

Enter Boy like an Angel.

Boy. Malicious furies hence, choak not the seeds
Of holy penitence.

Ju. This must be an Angel,
How at his presence the fiends crawl away ?
Here is some light of mercy.

Boy. Be thou wise,
And entertain it, wretched, wretched man ;
What poor defence hath all thy wealth been to thee?
What says thy conscience now ?

Ju. Be my good Angel, here I promise thee,
To become honest, and renounce all villany ;
Enjoyn me any pennance, I'll build Churches ;
A whole City of Hospitals.

Boy. Take heed,
There is no dallying, nor are these impos'd.

Ju. Name any thing within my power, sweet Angel ;
And if I do not faithfully perform it,
Then whip me every day, burn me each minute,
Whole years together let me freeze to llices.

Boy. I th' number of thy foul oppressions ;
Thou hast undone a faithful Gentleman,
By taking forfeit of his Land.

Ju. Young *Lurcher*,
I do confes.

Boy. He lives most miserable,
And in despair may hang or drown himself ;
Prevent his ruine, or his blood will be
More sin in thy account : hast thou forgotten
He had a sister ?

Ju. I do well remember it.

Boy. Couldst thou for Mammon break thy solemn vow,
Made once to that unhappy maid, that weeps
A thousand tears a day for thy unkindness,
Was not thy faith contracted, and thy heart ?
And couldst thou marry another ?

Ju. But she is dead,
And I will make true satisfaction.

Boy. What do I instance these that hast been false
To all the world.

Ju. I know it, and will henceforth
Practice repentance, do not frown sweet Angel ;
I will restore all Mortgages, forswear
Abominable Usury, live chaste ;
For I have been wanton in my shroud, my age ;
And if that poor innocent maid, I so abus'd,
Be living, I will marry her, and spend
My days to come religiously.

Boy. I was commanded but a Messenger

To tell thee this, and rescue thee from those,
Whose malice would have dragg'd thee quick to hell,
If thou abuse this mercy and repent not,
Double damnation will expect thee for it;
But if thy life be virtuous hereafter,
A blessedness shall reward thy good example,
Thy fright hath much distracted thy weak senses,
Drink of this viol, and renew thy spirits
I ha done my office, think on't and be happy.

Lur. So, so, he gapes already, now he's fast;
Thou hast acted rarely, but this is not all;
First, help to convey him out o' th' vault.

Boy. You will dispense with me now, as you promis'd, Sir,
Lur. We will make shift without thee, th'ast done well,
By our device this bondage may scape hell. *Exit.*

Enter Lady, Nurse, Maria.

La. Didst think *Maria*, this poor outside, and
Dissembling of thy voice could hide thee from
A mothers searching eye, though too much fear,
Lest thou wert not the same, might blind a Lover
That thought thee dead too; oh my dear *Maria*,
I hardly kept my joyes in from betraying thee:
Welcome again to life, we shall find out
The mystery of thy absence; conceal
Thy person still, for *Algrips* must not know thee:
And exercise this pretty Dialect;
If there be any course in Law to free thee,
Thou shalt not be so miserable; be silent
Good Nurse.

Nur. You should not need to fear me, Madam,
I do not love the usuring Jew so well;
Beside, 'twas my trick to disguise her so.

La. Be not dejected *Mall.*

Ma. Your care may comfort me;
But I despair of happiness:

Hartlove, I dare not see him.

Nur. We'll withdraw.

Lur. I shall but grieve to see his passions too,
Since there's no possibility to relieve him.

Enter Hartlove.

Ha. The world's a Labyrinth, where unguided men
Walk up and down to find their weariness;
No sooner have we measured with much toil
One crooked path with hope to gain our freedom,
But it betrays us to a new affliction;
What a strange mockery will man become
Shortly to all the creatures?

Oh *Mariab!*

if thou be'st dead, why does thy shadow fright me?
Sure 'tis because I live; were I but certain
To meet thee in one grave, and that our dust
Might have the privilege to mix in silence,
How quickly should my soul shake off this burthen!

Enter Boy.

Thus far my wishes have success, I'll lose
No time: Sir, are not you call'd Mr. *Hartlove*?
Pardon my rudeness.

Ha. What does that concern
Thee Boy, 'tis a name cannot advantage thee;
And I am weary on't.

Boy. Had you conceal'd,
Or I forgot it, Sir, so large were my
Directions, that you could not speak this language,
But I should know you by your sorrow.

Ha. Thou
Wert well inform'd, it seems; well, what's your business?

Boy. I come to bring you comfort.

Ha. Is *Maria*

Alive agen? that's somewhat, and yet not
Enough to make my expectation rise, to
Past half a blessing; since we cannot meet
To make it up a full one; th'art mistaken.

Boy. When you have heard me, you'll think otherwise:
In vain I should report *Maria* living:
The comfort that I bring you, must depend
Upon her death.

Ha. Th'art a dissembling boy,
Some one has sent thee to mock me; though my anger
Stoop not to punish thy green years unripe
For malice; did I know what person sent thee
To tempt my sorrow thus, I should reveng it.

Boy. Indeed I have no thought so uncharitable,
Nor am I sent to grieve you, let me suffer
More punishment than ever boy deserv'd,
If you do find me false; I serve a Mistress
Would rather dye than play with your misfortunes;
Then good Sir hear me out.

Ha. Who is your Mistress?

Boy. Before I name her, give me some encouragement,
That you receive her message: she is one
That is full acquainted with your misery,
And can bring such a portion of her sorrow
In every circumstance so like your own,
You'll love and pity her, and wish your griefs
Might marry one anothers.

Ha. Thou art wild?

Canst thou bring comfort from so sad a creature?
Her miserable story can at best,
But swell my Volume, large enough already.

Boy. She was late belov'd, as you were, promis'd faith,
And marriage; and was worthy of a better
Than he, that stole *Maria's* heart.

Ha. How's that?

Boy. Just as *Maria* dealt with your affection,
Did he that married her deal with my Mistress,
When careless both of Honor and Religion;
They cruelly gave away their hearts to strangers.

Ha. Part of this truth I know, but prethee boy
Proceed to that thou cam'st for; thou didst Promise
Something, thy language cannot hitherto
Encourage me to hope for.

Boy. That I come to:

My Mistress thus unkindly dealt withal,
You may imagine, wanted no affliction;
And had e'r this, wept her self dry as Marble,
Had not your fortune come to her relief,
And twinn to her own sorrow brought her comfort.

Ha. Could the condition of my fate so equal,
Lessen her sufferings?

Boy. I know not how

Companions in grief sometimes diminish
And make the pressure easie by degrees:
She threw her troubles off, remembering yours,
And from her pity of your wrongs, there grew
Affection to your person thus increas'd,
And with it, confidence, that those whom Nature
Had made so even in their weight of sorrow,
Could not but love as equally one another,
Were things but well prepar'd, this gave her boldness
To employ me thus far.

Ha. A strange message, boy.

Boy. If you incline to meet my Mistress love,
It may beget your comforts; besides that,
'Tis some revenge, that you above their icorn
And pride can laugh at them, whose perjury
Hath made you happy, and undone themselves.

Ha. Have you done boy?

Boy. Only this little more;
When you but see, and know my Mistress well,
You will forgive my tediousness, she's fair,
Fair as *Maria* was.

Ha. I'll hear no more,

Go foolish boy, and tell thy fonder Mistriſs
She has no ſecond Faith to give away;
And mine was given to *Maria*, though her death
Allow me freedom, ſee the Picture of her.

Enter Maria, Nurſe.

I would give ten thouſand Empires for the ſubſtance;
Yet for *Maria's* ſake, whoſe divine Figure
That rude frame carries, I will love this counterfeit
Above all the world, and had thy Miſtriſs had all
The grace and bloſſom of her ſex; now ſhe
Is gone, that was, walking, a Spring of beauty,
I would not look upon her.

Boy. Sir, your pardon,
I have but done a meſſage, as becomes
A ſervant, nor did ſhe on whoſe commands
I gladly waited, bid me urge her love
To your diſquiet, ſhe would chide my diligence
If I ſhould make you angry.

Ha. Pretty boy.

Boy. Indeed I fear I have offended you:
Pray if I have, enjoyn me any penance for it:
I have perform'd one duty, and could as willingly
To purge my fault, and ſhew I ſuffer with you,
Plead your cauſe to another.

Ha. And I'll take thee
At thy word boy, thou haſt a moving language,
That pretty innocent, Copy of *Maria*
Is all I love, I know not how to ſpeak,
Winn her to think well of me, and I will
Reward thee to thy wiſhes.

Boy. I undertake
Nothing for gain, but ſince you have reſolv'd,
To love no other, I'll be faithful to you,
And my prophetick thoughts bid me already
Say I ſhall proſper.

Ha. Thou wert ſent to bleſs me.

Boy. Pray give us opportunity.

Ha. Be happy. *Exit.*

Nur. He's gone.

Boy. With your fair leave Miſtriſs.

Ma. Have you buſineſs with her pray you?

Boy. I have a meſſage from a Gentleman,
Pleaſe you vouchſafe your ear more private.

Nur. You ſhall have my abſence Neece. *Exit.*

Ma. Was the gentleman afraid to declare his matters
openly, here was no bodies was not very honeſt, if her like
not her errands the better, was wiſt to keep her preaths
to cool her porridges, can tell her, that now for aule her
private hearings and tawgings.

Boy. You may, if pleaſe you, find another language.
And with leſs pains be underſtood.

Ma. What is her meaning?

Boy. Come, pray ſpeak your own Engliſh.

Ma. Have boyes loſt her itts and memories? bleſs us aule.

Boy. I muſt be plain then, come, I know you are
Maria, this thin vail cannot obſcure you:
I'll tell the world you live, I have not loſt ye,
Since firſt with grief and ſhame to be ſurpriz'd,
A violent trance; took away ſhew of life;
I could diſcover by what accident

You were convey'd away at midnight; in
Your coffin, could declare the place, and minute,
When you reviv'd; what you have done ſince as perfectly—

Ma. Alas, I am betraid to new miſfortunes.

Boy. You are not, for my knowledge, I'll be dumb
For ever, rather than be ſuch a traitor;
Indeed I pity you, and bring no thoughts,
But full of peace, call home your modeſt blood,
Pale hath too long uſurp'd upon your face;
Think upon love agen, and the poſſeſſion
Of full blown joyes, now ready to ſalute you.

Ma. Theſe words undo me more than my own griefs.

Boy. I ſee how fear would play the tyrant with you,
But I'll remove ſuſpition; have you in
Your heart, an entertainment for his love
To whom your Virgin faith made the firſt promiſe?

Ma. If thou mean'ſt *Hartlove*, thou doſt wound me ſtill,
I have no life without his memory,
Nor with it any hope to keep it long:
Thou ſeeſt I walk in darkneſs like a thief,
That fears to ſee the world in his own ſhape,
My very ſhadow frights me, 'tis a death
To live thus, and not look day in the face,
Away, I know thee not.

Boy. You ſhall hereafter know, and thank me Lady,
I'll bring you a diſcharge at my next viſit,
Of all your fears, be content, fair *Maria*,
'Tis worth your wonder.

Ma. Impoſſible.

Boy. Be wiſe and ſilent,
Dreſs your ſelf, you ſhall be what you wiſh.

Ma. Do this, and be
My better Angel.

Boy. All your care's on me.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Lurch. and Boy.

Lur. I Muſt applaud thy diligence.

Boy. It had been nothing
To have left him in the Porch; I call'd his ſervants,
With wonders they acknowledg'd him, I pretended
It was ſome ſpice, ſure of the falling ſickneſs,
And that, 'twas charity to bring him home;
They rubb'd and chaſ'd him, ply'd him with Strong water,
Still he was ſenſeleſs, clamors could not wake him;
I wiſh'd 'em then get him to bed, they did ſo,
And almoſt ſmother'd him with ruggs and pillows;
And cauſe they ſhould have no cauſe to ſuſpect me,
I watch'd them till he wak'd.

Lur. 'Twas excellent.

Boy. When his time came to yawn, and ſtretch himſelf,
I bid 'em not be haſty to diſcover
How he was brought home; his eyes fully open
With trembling he began to call his ſervants,
And told 'em he had ſeen ſtrange viſions,
That ſhould convert him from his heathen courſes;
They wondred, and were ſilent, there he preach'd
How ſweet the air of a contented conſcience
Smelt in his noſe now, ask'd 'em all forgiveness
For their hard paſture ſince they liv'd with him;
Bid 'em believe, and fetch out the cold Sur-loin;
Pierce the ſtrong beer, and let the neighbors joy in't:
The conceal'd Muſkadine ſhould now lie open
To every mouth; that he would give to th' poor,
And mend their wages; that his doors ſhould be
Open to every miſerable ſutor.

Lur. What ſaid his ſervants then?

Boy. They durſt not ſpeak,
But bleſt themſelves, and the ſtrange means that had
Made him a Chriſtian in this over-joy,
I took my leave, and bad 'em ſay their prayers,
And humor him, leſt he turn'd Jew agen.

Lur. Enough, enough. Who's this?

Enter Toby.

'Tis one of my ringers; ſtand cloſe, my Ladies Coachman.
To. Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat;
Would I were at rack and manger among my horſes;
We have divided the Sextons

Household-stuff among us, one has the rugg, and he's
Turn'd Irish, and another has a blanket, and he must beg in't
The sheets serve another for a frock, and with the bed-cord,
He may pass for a Porter, nothing but the mat would fall
To my share, which with the help of a tune and a hassock
Out o'th' Church, may disguise me till I get home ;
A pox o' bell-ringing by the ear, if any man take me
At it agen, let him pull mine to the Pillory: I could wish
I had lost mine ears, so I had my cloaths again:
The weather wo' not allow this fashion,
I do look for an Ague besides.

Lur. How the raskal shakes?

To. Here are company :

Buy a Mat for a Bed, buy a Mat,
A hassock for your feet, or a Piss clean and sweet ;
Buy a Mat for a Bed, buy a Mat:
Ringing I renounce thee, I'll never come to church more.

Lur. You with a Mat.

Tob. I am call'd.

If any one should offer to buy my Mat, what a case were I in?
Oh that I were in my Oat-tub with a horse-loaf,
Something to hearten me :
I dare not hear 'em ;
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat.

Lur. He's deaf.

Tob. I am glad, I am : buy a mat for a bed.

Lur. How the raskal sweats? What a pickle he's in?
Every street he goes through will be a new torment.

Tob. If ever I meet at midnight more a jangling :

I am cold, and yet I drop ; buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat.

Lur. He has punishment enough.

Exit.

Enter Wildbrain.

Who's this, my tother youth? he is turn'd Bear.

Wild. I am halfe afraid of my self: this poor shift
I got o'th' Sexton to convey me handsomly
To some harbor, the wench will hardly know me ;
They'll take me for some Watchman o'th' parish ;
I ha ne'r a penny left me, that's one comfort ;
And ringing has begot a monstrous stomach,
And that's another mischief: I were best go home,
For every thing will scorn me in this habit.
Besides, I am so full of these young bell-ringers ;
If I get in adoors, not the power o'th' countrey,
Nor all my Aunts curses shall disemboogie me.

Lur. Bid her come hither presently, — hum, 'tis he.

Exit. Serv.

Wild. I am betraid to one that will eternally laugh at me,
Three of these rogues will jeer a horse to death.

Lur. 'Tis Mr. *Wildbrain* sure, and yet me thinks
His fashion's strangely alt' red, firrah Watchman,
ou rugamuffin, turn you lou w ears skin :
ou with the Bed-rid Bill.

Wild. H'as found me out ;
There's no avoiding him, I had rather now
Be arraign'd at *Newgate* for a robbery,
Than answer to his Articles: your Will Sir,
I am in haste.

Lur. Nay, then I will make bold wi' ye ;
A Watchman, and asham'd to shew his countenance,
His face of authority? I have seen that physiognomy ;
Were you never in prison for pilfering?

Wild. How the rogue worries me.

Lur. Why may not this
Be the villain robb'd my house last night,
And walks disguis'd in this malignant rugg,
Arm'd with a tun of Iron? I will have you
Before a Magistrate.

Wild. What will become of me?

Lur. What art thou? speak.

Wild. I am the wandring Jew, and please your worship.

Lur. By your leave *Rabbi*, I will shew you then
A Synagogue, iclip't *Bridewel*, where you,
Under correction, may rest your self :

You have brought a bill to guard you, there bedog-whpiss
To firke such rugg'd currs, whips without bells
Indeed.

Wild. Bells.

Lur. How he sweats?

Wild. I must be known, as good at first ; now jeer on,
But do not anger me too impudently,
The *Rabbi* will be mov'd then.

Lur. How? *Jack Wildbrain*,
What time o'th' Moon man, ha? what strange bells
Hast in thy brains?

Wild. No more bells,
No more bells, they ring backwards.

Lur. Why, where's the wench, the blessing that besel thee?
The unexpected happiness? where's that *Jack*?

Wild. It was his trick, as sure as I am louzic,
But how to be reveng'd —

Lur. Fie, fie, *Jack*,

Marry a Watchmans widow in thy young daies,
With a revenue of old Iron and a Rugg?
Is this the Paragon, the dainty piece,
The delicate divine rogue?

Wild. 'Tis enough, I am undone,
Mark'd for a misery, and so leave prating ;
Give me my Bill.

Lur. You need not ask your Taylors,
Unless you had better Linings; it may be,
To avoid suspition, you are going thus
Disguis'd to your fair Mistriss.

Wild. Mock no further,
Or as I live, I'll lay my Bill o'thy pate,
I'll take a Watchmans fury into my fingers,
To ha no judgement to distinguish persons,
And knock thee down.

Lur. Come, I ha done, and now
Will speak some comfort to thee, I will lead thee
Now to my Mistriss hitherto conceal'd ;
She shall take pity on thee too, she loves
A handsome man; thy misery invites me
To do thee good, I'll not be jealous, *Jack*;
Her beauty shall commend it self; but do not,
When I have brought you into grace, supplant me.

Wild. Art thou in earnest? by this cold iron —

Lur. No oaths, I am not coftive; here she comes.

Enter Mistriss.

Sweet-heart, I have brought a Gentleman,
A friend of mine to be acquainted with you,
He's other than he seems; why d'ye stare thus?

Mist. Oh Sir, forgive me, I have done ye wrong.

Lur. What's the matter? didst ever see her afore *Jack*?

Wild. Prethee do what thou wot wi' me, if thou hast
A mind, hang me up quickly.

Lur. Never despair, I'll give thee my share rather,
Take her, I hope she loves thee at first sight,
She has petticoats will patch thee up a suit ;
I resign all, only I'll keep these trifles.

I took some pains for 'em, I take it *Jack*;
What think you pink of beauty, come let me
Counsel you both to marry, she has a trade,
If you have audacity to hook in Gamesters :
Let's ha a wedding, you will be wondrous rich ;
For she is impudent, and thou art miserable ;
'Twill be a rare match.

Mist. As you are a man, forgive me, I'll redeem all.

Lur. You wo' not to this geer of marriage then?

Wild. No, no, I thank you *Tom*, I can watch for
A groat a night, and be every gentlemans fellow. *Exit Mi.*

Lur. Rise and be good, keep home and tend your business.

Wild. Thou hast don't to purpose, give me thy hand *Tom*;
Shall we be friends? thou see'st what state I am in,
I'll undertake this pennance to my Aunt,

Just

Just as I am, and openly I'll goe ;
Where, if I be received again for currant,
And fortune smile once more —

Nur. Nay, nay, I'm satisfied, so farewell honest louzie *Jack*.
Wild. I cannot help it, some men meet with strange desti-
nies. If things go right thou mayst be hang'd, and I
May live to see't, and purchase thy apparel:
So farewell *Tom*. commend me to thy Polcat.

Enter Lady, Nurse, Servant.

La. Now that I have my counsel ready, and my cause
The Judges all inform'd of the abuses ;
Now that he should be gone.

Nur. No man knows whether,
And yet they talk he went forth with a Constable
That told him of strange business that would bring him
Money and Lands, and Heaven knows what ; but they
Have search'd, and cannot find out such an Officer :
And as a secret, Madam, they told your man
Nicholas, whom you sent thither as a spie,
They had a shrewd suspicion 'twas the devil
I' th' likeness of a Constable, that has tempted him :
By this time to strange things ; there have been men
As rich as he, have met convenient rivers,
And so forth ; many trees have born strange fruits :
D'ye think he has not hang'd himself ?

La. If he be hang'd, who has his goods ?

Nur. They are forfeited, they say.

La. He has hang'd himself for certain then,
Only to cosin me of my Girls portion.

Nur. Very likely.

La. Or did not the Constable carry him to some prison ?

Nur. They thought on that too, and search'd every where.

La. He may be close for treason, perhaps executed.

Nur. Nay, they did look among the quarters too,
And mustered all the bridge-house for his night-cap.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, here is the gentleman agen.

La. What Gentleman ?

Ser. He that lov'd my young Mistris.

La. Alas, 'tis *Hartlove*, 'twill but feed his melancholy.
To let him see *Maria*, since we dare not
Yet tell the world she lives ; and certainly,
Did not the violence of his passion blind him,
He would see past her borrowed tongue and habit.

Nur. Please you entertain him awhile, Madam,
I'll cast about for something with your daughter.

La. Do what thou wot, pray Mr. *Hartlove* enter.

Exit *Ser.* and *Nur.* severally.

Enter *Hartlove*.

Ha. Madam, I come to ask your gentle pardon.

La. Pardon, for what ? you ne'r offended me.

Ha. Yes, if ye be the mother of *Maria*.

La. I was her mother, but that word is cancell'd,
And buried with her in that very minute
Her soul fled from her ; we lost both our names
Of mother and of daughter.

Ha. Alas, Madam,
If your relation did consist but in
Those naked terms, I had a title nearer,
Since love unites more than the tie of blood ;
No matter for the empty voice of mother ;
Your nature still is left, which in her absence
Must love *Maria*, and not see her ashes
And memory polluted.

La. You amaze me, by whom ?

Ha. By me, I am the vile profaner.

La. Why do you speak thus indiscreetly, Sir ?
You ever honour'd her.

Ha. I did live,
But since she died, I ha been a villain to her.

La. I do beseech you say not so ; all this
Is but to make me know how much I sinn'd
In forcing her to marry.

Ha. Do not mock me,
I charge you by the Virgin you have wept for ;
For I have done an impious act against her,
A deed able to fright her from her sleep,
And through her marble, ought to be reveng'd ;
A wickedness, that if I should be silent,
You as a witness must accuse me for't.

La. Was I a witness ?

Ha. Yes, you knew I lov'd
Maria once ; or grant, you did but think so,
By what I ha profest, or she has told you,
Was't not a fault unpardonable in me,
When I should drop my tears upon her grave,
Yes, and proof sufficient.

La. To what ?

Ha. That I, forgetful of my fame and vows
To fair *Maria*, e'r the worm could pierce
Her tender shroud, had chang'd her for another ;
Did you not blush to see me turn a rebel ?
So soon to court a shadow, a strange thing,
Without a name ? Did you not curse my levity,
Or think upon her death with the less sorrow
That she had scap'd a punishment more killing,
Oh how I shame to think on't.

La. Sir, in my
Opinion, 'twas an argument of love
To your *Maria*, for whose sake you could
Affect one that but carried her small likeness.

Ha. No more, you are too charitable, but
I know my guilt, and will from henceforth never
Change words with that strange maid, whose innocent face
Like your *Maria*'s won so late upon me :
My passions are corrected, and I can
Look on her now, and woman-kind, without
Love in a thought ; 'tis thus, I came to tell you,
If after this acknowledgement, you'll be
So kind to shew me in what silent grave
You have dispos'd your daughter, I will ask
Forgiveness of all her dust, and never leave,
Till with a loud confession of my shame,
I wake her ghost, and that pronounce my pardon :
Will you deny this favour ? then farewell,
I'll never see you more : ha !

Enter *Nurse*, *Maria* in her own apparel, after some
shew of wonder, he goes towards her.

La. Be not deluded, Sir, upon my life
This is the soul whom you but thought *Maria*
In my daughters habit ; what did you mean *Nurse* ?
I knew she would but cozen you, is she not like now ?
One dew unto another is not nearer.

Nur. She thinks she is a gentlewoman ;
And that imagination has so taken her,
See scorns to speak, how handsomly she carries it,
As if she were a well bred thing, her body ?
And I warrant you, what looks ?

La. Pray be not foolish.

Ha. I disturb no body, speak but half a word
And I am satisfied, but what needs that ?
I'll swear 'tis she.

La. But do not, I beseech you,
For trust me, Sir, you know not what I know.

Ha. Peace then,
And let me pray, she holds up her hands with me.

La. This will betray all.

Ha. Love ever honor'd,
And ever young, thou Sovereign of all hearts,
Of all our sorrows, the sweet ease.

She weeps now.
Does

Does she still cosin me?

Nur. You will see anon,
'Twas her desire, expect the issue, Madam.

Hi. My soul's so big, I cannot pray; 'tis she,
I will go nearer.

Enter Algripe, Lurcher, Boy.

Nur. Here's Mr. *Algripe*, and other strangers, Madam.

Al. Here good Lady,
Upon my knees I ask thy worships pardon;
Here's the whole sum I had with thy fair Daughter;
Would she were living, I might have her peace too,
And yield her up again to her old liberty:
I had a wife before, and could not marry;
My pennance shall be on that man that honor'd her,
To confer some Land.

La. This is incredible.

Al. 'Tis truth

Lu. Do you know me, Sir?

Al. Ha. the Gentleman I deceiv'd.

Lur. My name is *Lurcher*.

Al. 'Shat have thy Mortgage.

Lu. I ha that already, no matter for the Deed
if you release it.

Al. I'll do't before thy witness;
But where's thy Sister? if she live I am happy, though
I conceal our contract, which was
Stolen from me with the Evidence of this Land.

*The Boy goes to Maria, and gives her a paper; she wonders,
and smiles upon Hartlove, he amaz'd, approaches her:
afterward she shews it her mother, and then gives it to
Hartlove.*

Nur. Your daughter smiles.

Lur. I hope she lives, but where, I cannot tell, Sir.

Boy. Even here, and please you, Sir.

Al. How?

Boy. Nay, 'tis she;

To work thy fair way, I preserved you brother,
That would have lost me willingly, and serv'd ye
Thus like a boy; I served you faithfully,
And cast your plots to preserve your credit;
Your foul ones I diverted to fair uses;
So far as you would hearken to my counsel;
That all the world may know how much you owe me.

Al. Welcome entirely, welcome my dear *Alathe*,
And when I lose thee agen, blessing forsake me:
Nay, let me kiss thee in these cloaths.

Lur. And I too, (thief?)

And bless the time I had so wise a sister, wer't thou the little

Boy. I stole the contract, I must confess,
And kept it to my self, it most concern'd me.

Hi. Contracted? this destroys his after marriage.

Mr. Dare you give this hand
To this young Gentleman? my heart goes with it.

Al. *Maria* alive! how my heart's exalted, 'tis my duty;

Take her *Frank Hartlove*, take her; and all joyes
With her; besides some Lands to advance her Joynture:

La. What I have is your own, and blessings crown ye.

Hi. Give me room,
And fresh air to consider, Gentlemen,
My hopes are too high.

Mr. Be more temperate,
Or I'll be Welsh again.

Al. A day of wonder.

Lur. Lady, your love, I ha kept my word; there was
A time, when my much suffering made me hate you,
And to that end I did my best to cross you:
And fearing you were dead, I stole your Coffin,
That you might never more usurp my Office:
Many more knacks I did, which at the Weddings
Shall be told of as harmless tales.

Shout within.

Enter Wildbrain.

Wild. Hollow your throats apieces, I am at home;
If you can roar me out again——

La. What thing is this?

Lur. A continent of Fleas: room for the Pageant;
Make room afore there; your kinsman Madam.

La. My kinsman? let me wonder!

Wild. Do, and I'll wonder too to see this company
At peace one with another; 'tis not worth
Your admiration, I was never dead yet;
Y' remerry Aunt, I see, and all your company:
If ye be not, I'll fool up, and provoke ye:
I will do any thing to get your love again:
I'll forswear Midnight, Taverns and Temptations;
Give good example to your Grooms, the Maids
Shall go to bed, and take their rest this year;
None shall appear with blisters in their bellies.

Lur. And when you will fool again, you may go ring.

Wild. Madam, have mercy.

La. Your submission, Sir,
I gladly take; we will
Enquire the reason of this habit afterwards;
Now you are soundly sham'd, well, we restore you
Where's *Toby*?

Where's the Coachman?

Nur. He's a bed, Madam.

And has an ague, he says.

Lur. I'll be his Physitian.

La. We must afoot then.

Lur. E'er the Priest ha done
Toby shall wait upon you with his Coach,
And make your *Flanders* Mares dance back agen we'ye,
I warrant you Madam you are mortified,
Your sute shall be granted too.

Wild. Make, make room afore thee.

La. Home forward with glad hearts, home child.

Ma. I wait you.

Ha. On joyfully, the cure of all our grief,
Is owing to this pretty little Thief. (Exeunt omnes.)

THE
W O M A N S P R I Z E,
 O R
THE TAMER TAM'D.
A Comedy.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Moroso, *an old rich doating Citizen, suitor to Livia.*
 Sophocles, } *Two Gentlemen, friends to Petruchio.*
 Tranio, }
 Petruchio, *An Italian Gent. Husband to Maria.*
 Rowland, *A young Gent. in love with Livia.*
 Petronius, *Father to Maria and Livia.*

Jaques, }
 Pedro } *Two witty servants to Petruchio.*
 Doctor,
 Apothecarie,
 Watchmen,
 Porters,

Women.

Maria, *A chaste witty Lady,* } *The two masculine daugh-*
 Livia, *Mistris to Rowland.* } *ters of Petronius.*
 Biancha, *Their Cousin, and Commander in chief.*

City Wives, } *To the relief of the Ladies, of which,*
 Country Wives, } *two were drunk.*
 Maids.

The Scene London.

P R O L O G U E.

Ladies to you, in whose defence and right,
 Fletchers brave Muse prepar'd her self to fight
 A battel without blood, 'twas well fought too,
 (The victory's yours, though got with much ado.)
 We do present this Comedy, in which
 A rivulet of pure wit flows, strong and rich
 In Fancy, Language, and all parts that may
 Add Grace and Ornament to a merry Play.
 Which this may prove. Yet not to go too far
 In promises from this our Female War.

We do intreat the angry men would not
 Expect the mazes of a subtle plot,
 Set Speeches, high Expressions, and what's worse,
 In a true Comedy, politick discourse.
 The end we aim at, is to make you sport;
 Yet neither gall the City, nor the Court.
 Hear, and observe his Comique strain, and when
 You are sick of melancholy, see't agen.
 'Tis no dear Physick since 'twill quit the cost:
 Or his intentions with our pains, are lost.

Actus Primus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Moroso, Sophocles, and Tranio, with Rosemary, as from a wedding.

Mo. Od give 'em joy.

Tra. Amen.

Soph. Amen, say I too: (wench.)

The pudding's now i'th' proof, alas poor
 Through what a mine of patience must thou
 work,

E'r thou know'st good hour more?

Tra. 'Tis too true: Certain,
 Methinks her father has dealt harshly with her,
 Exceeding harshly, and not like a Father,
 To match her to this Dragon; I protest
 I pity the poor Gentlewoman.

Mor. Methinks now,
 He's not so terrible as people think him.

Soph. This old thief flatters, out of meer devotion,
 To please the Father for his second daughter.

Tra.

Tra. But shall he have her?

Soph. Yes, when I have *Rome*.
And yet the father's for him.

Mor. I'll assure ye,
I hold him a good man.

Soph. Yes sure a wealthy,
But whether a good womans man, is doubtful.

Tra. Would 'twere no worse.

Mor. What though his other wife,
Out of her most abundant soberness,
Out of her daily hue and cries upon him,
(For sure she was a rebel) turn'd his temper,
And forc'd him blow as high as she? dos't follow
He must retain that long since buried Tempest,
To this soft Maid?

Soph. I fear it.

Tra. So do I too:

And so far, that if God had made me woman,
And his wife that must be——

Mor. What would you do, Sir?

Tra. I would learn to eat coals with an angry Cat,
And spit fire at him: I would (to prevent him)
Do all the ramping, roaring tricks, a whore
Being drunk, and tumbling ripe, would tremble at:
There is no safety else, nor moral wisdom.
To be a wife, and his.

Soph. So I should think too.

Tra. For yet the bare remembrance of his first wife
(I tell ye on my knowledge, and a truth too)
Will make him start in's sleep, and very often
Cry out for Cudgels, Colestaves, any thing;
Hiding his breeches out of fear, her Ghost
Should walk, and wear 'em yet. Since his first marriage,
He is no more the still *Petruchio*,
Than I am *Babylon*.

Soph. He's a good fellow,
And on my word I love him: but to think
A fit match for this tender soul——

Tra. His very frown, if she but say her prayers
Louder than men talk treason, makes him tinder;
The motion of a Dial, when he's tefty,
Is the same trouble to him as a Water-work;
She must do nothing of her self; not eat,
Drink, say Sir, how do ye? make her ready, unready,
Unleis he bid her.

Soph. He will bury her,
Ten pound to twenty shillings, within these three weeks

Tra. I'll be your half.

Enter Jaques with a pot of Wine.

Mor. He loves her most extreemly,
And so long 'twill be Honey-moon. Now *Jaques*.
You are a busie man I am sure.

Jaq. Yes certain,
This old sport must have eggs,

Sop. Not yet this ten daies.

Jaq. Sweet Gentlemen with Muskadel.

Tra. That's right, Sir.

Mor. This fellow broods his Master: speed ye *Jaques*.

Soph. We shall be for you presently.

Jaq. Your worships
Shall have it rich and neat: and o' my conscience
As welcome as our *Lady-day*: Oh my old Sir,
When shall we see your worship run at Ring?
That hour, a standing were worth money.

Mor. So Sir.

Jaq. Upon my little honesty, your Mistrifs,
If I have any speculation, must think
This single thrumming of a Fiddle,
Without a Bow, but even poor sport.

Mor. Y'are merry.

Jaq. Would I were wise too: so God blefs your worship.

Tra. The fellow tells you true.

Exit Jaq.

Soph. When is the day man?

Come, come, you'll steal a marriage.

Mor. Nay, believe me:

But when her Father pleases, I am ready,
And all my friends shall know it.

Tra. Why not now?

One charge had ferv'd for both.

Mor. There's reason in't.

Soph. Call'd *Rowland*——

Mor. Will ye walk?

They'll think we are lost: Come Gentlemen.

Tra. You have wip'd him now.

Soph. So will he never the wench, I hope.

Tra. I wish it.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Rowland and Livia.

Row. Now *Livia*, if you'll go away to night,
If your affections be not made of words.

Liv. I love you, and you know how dearly *Rowland*,
Is there none near us? my affections ever
Have been your servants; with what superstition
I have ever Sainted you——

Row. Why then take this way.

Liv. 'Twill be a childish, and a less prosperous course,
Than his that knows not care: why should we do
Our honest and our hearty love such wrong,
To over-run our fortunes?

Row. Then you flatter.

Liv. Alas, you know I cannot.

Rom. What hope's left else
But flying to enjoy ye?

Liv. None so far,

For let it be admitted, we have time,
And all things now in other expectation,
My father's bent against us; what but ruine,
Can such a by-way bring us? if your fears
Would let you look with my eyes, I would shew you,
And certain, how our staying here would win us
A course, though somewhat longer, yet far surer.

Row. And then *Moroso* h'as ye.

Liv. No such matter

For hold this certain, begging, stealing, whoring,
Selling (which is a sin unpardonable)
Of counterfeit Cods, or musty English *Croacus*;
Switches, or Stones for th' tooth-ache sooner finds me,
Than that drawn Fox *Moroso*.

Row. But his money,

If wealth may win you——

Liv. If a Hog may be

High Priest among the *Jews*? his money *Rowland*?

Oh Love forgive me, what faith hast thou?

Why, can his money kiss me?

Row. Yes.

Liv. Behind,

Laid out upon a Petticoat: or graspe me
While I cry, Oh good thank you? o' my troth
Thou mak'st me merry with thy fear: or lie with me,
As you may do? alas, what fools you men are?
His mouldy money? half a dozen Riders,
That cannot sit, but stamp fast to their Saddles?
No *Rowland*, no man shall make use of me;
My beauty was born free, and free I'll give it
To him that loves, not buys me. You yet doubt me,

Row. I cannot say I doubt ye.

Liv. Goe thy ways,

Thou art the prettiest puling piece of passion:
Y'faith I will not fail thee.

Row. I had rather——

Liv. Prethce believe me, if I do not carry it,
For both our goods——

Row. But——

Liv.

Liv. What but ?
Row. I would tell you.
Liv. I know all you can tell me ; all's but this,
 You would have me, and lie with me ; is't not so ?
Row. Yes.
Liv. Why you shall ; will that content you ? Goe.
Row. I am very loth to goe.

Enter *Byancha and Maria.*

Liv. Now o' my conscience
 Thou art an honest fellow : here's my Sister ;
 Go, prethee go ; this kifs, and credit me,
 E'r I am three nights older, I am for thee :
 You shall hear what I do.
 Farewel.

Row. Farewel.

Exit *Rowland.*

Liv. Alas poor fool, how it looks ?
 It would ev'n hang it self, should I but cross it.
 For pure love to the matter I must hatch it.
Bya. Nay, never look for merry hour, *Maria,*
 If now you make it not ; let not your blushes,
 Your modesty, and tendernefs of spirit,
 Make you continual Anvile to his anger :
 Believe me, since his first wife set him going,
 Nothing can bind his rage : Take your own council,
 You shall not say that I perswaded you.
 But if you suffer him—

Mar. Stay, shall I do it ?

Bya. Have you a stomach to't ?

Mar. I never shew'd it.

Bya. 'Twill shew the rarer and the stronger in you.
 But do not say I urg'd you.

Mar. I am perfect,

Like *Curtius*, to redeem my Country, I have
 Leap'd into this gulph of marriage, and I'll do it.
 Farewel all poorer thoughts, but spight and anger,
 Till I have wrought a miracle. Now cosin,
 I am no more the gentle, tame *Maria* ;
 Mistake me not ; I have a new soul in me
 Made of a North wind, nothing but tempest ;
 And like a tempest shall it make all ruin,
 Till I have run my Will out.

Bya. This is brave now,
 If you continue it ; but your own Will lead you.

Mar. Adieu all tendernefs, I dare continue ;
 Maids that are made of fears, and modest blushes,
 View me, and love example.

Bya. Here is your Sister.

Mar. Here is the brave old mans love.

Bya. That loves the young man.

Mar. I and hold thee there wench : what a grief of heart
 When *Paphos* Revels should rowze up old night,
 To sweat against a Cork ; to lie and tell
 The clock o'th lungs, to rise sport starv'd ?

Liv. Dear Sister,
 Where have you been, you talk thus ?

Mar. Why at Church, wench ;
 Where I am ti'd to talke thus : I am a wife now.

Liv. It seems so, and a modest.

Mar. You are an ass ;
 When thou art married once, thy modesty
 Will never buy thee pins.

Liv. 'Bless me.

Mar. From what ?

Bya. From such a tame fool as our cosin *Livia* ?

Liv. You are not mad.

Mar. Yes wench, and so must you be,
 Or none of our acquaintance : mark me *Livia* ;
 Or indeed fit for our sex : 'Tis bed time.
 Pardon me yellow *Hymen*, that I mean
 Thine offerings to protract, or to keep fasting
 My valiant Bridegroom.

Liv. Whither will this woman ?

Bya. You may perceive her end.

Liv. Or rather fear it.

Mar. Dare you be partner in't ?

Liv. Leave it *Maria*,

I fear I have mark'd too much, for goodnefs leave it ;
 Divest you with obedient hands, to bed.

Mar. To bed ? no *Livia*, there are Comets hang
 Prodigious over that yet ; there's a fellow
 Must yet before I know that heat (ne'r start wench)
 Be made a man, for yet he is a monster ;
 Here must his head be *Livia*.

Liv. Never hope it.

'Tis as easie with a Sive to scoop the Ocean, as
 To tame *Petruchio*.

Mar. Stay : *Lucina* hear me,
 Never unlock the treasure of my womb
 For humane fruit, to make it capable ;
 Nor never with thy secret hand make brief
 A mothers labor to me ; if I do
 Give way unto my married Husband's Will,
 Or be a Wife in any thing but hopes,
 Till I have made him easie as a child,
 And tame as fear, he shall not win a smile,
 Or a pleas'd look, from this austeritey,
 Though it would pull another Joynture from him,
 And make him ev'ry day another man ;
 And when I kifs him, till I have my Will,
 May I be barren of delights, and know
 Only what pleasures are in dreams, and guesses.

Liv. A strange *Exordium*.

Bya. All the several wrongs
 Done by Imperious Husbands to their Wives
 These thousand years and upwards, strengthen thee :
 Thou hast a brave cause.

Mar. And I'll do it bravely,
 Or may I knit my life out ever after.

Liv. In what part of the world got she this spirit ?
 Yet pray *Maria*, look before you truly,
 Besides the obedience of a wife ;
 Which you will find a heavy imputation,
 Which yet I cannot think your own, it shews
 So distant from your sweetness.

Mar. 'Tis I swear.

Liv. Weigh but the person, and the hopes you have,
 To work this desperate cure.

Mar. A weaker subject
 Would shame the end I aim at, disobedience.
 You talk too tamely : By the faith I have
 In mine own noble Will, that childish woman
 That lives a prisoner to her Husbands pleasure,
 Has lost her making, and becomes a beast,
 Created for his use, not fellowship.

Liv. His first wife said as much.

Mar. She was a fool,
 And took a scurvy course ; let her be nam'd
 'Mongst those that wish for things, but dare not do 'em :
 I have a new dance for him.

Liv. Are you of this faith ?

Bya. Yes truly, and will die in't.

Liv. Why then let's all wear breeches.

Mar. Now thou com'st near the nature of a woman ;
 Hang these tame hearted Eyassés, that no sooner
 See the Lure out, and hear their Husbands hollow,
 But cry like Kites upon 'em : The free Haggard
 (Which is that woman, that hath wing, and knows it,
 Spirit and plume) will make an hundred checks,
 To shew her freedom, sail in ev'ry air,
 And look out ev'ry pleasure ; not regarding
 Lure, nor quarry, till her pitch command
 What she desires, making her foundred keeper
 Be glad to sling out trains, and golden ones,
 To take her down again.

Liv. You are learned, Sister ;
 Yet I say still take heed.

Mar.

Mar. A witty saying;
I'll tell thee *Livia*, had this fellow tired
As many wives as horses under him,
With spurring of their patience; had he got
A Patent, with an Office to reclaim us,
Confirm'd by Parliament; had he all the malice
And subtilty of Devils, or of us,
Or any thing that's worse than both.

Liv. Hey, hey boys, this is excellent.

Mar. Or could he

Cast his wives new again, like Bels, to make 'em
Sound to his Will; or had the fearful name
Of the first breaker of wild women: yet,
Yet would I undertake this man, thus single,
And, spight of all the freedom he has reach'd to,
Turn him and bend him as I list, and mold him
Into a babe again; that aged women,
Wanting both teeth and spleen, may Master him.

Bya. Thou wilt be chronic'd.

Mar. That's all I aim at.

Liv. I must confess, I do with all my heart
Hate an imperious Husband, and in time
Might be so wrought upon.

Bya. To make him cuckold?

Mar. If he deserve it.

Liv. Then I'll leave ye Ladies.

Bya. Thou hast not so much noble anger in thee.

Mar. Go sleep, go sleep, what we intend to do,
Lies not for such starv'd souls, as thou hast *Livia*.

Liv. Good night: the Bridegroom will be with you pre-

Mar. That's more than you know, (sently.)

Liv. If ye work upon him,

As you have promised, ye may give example,
Which no doubt will be followed.

Mar. So.

Bya. Good night; we'll trouble you no further.

Mar. If you intend no good, pray do no harm.

Liv. None, but pray for you.

Exit Livia.

Bya. Cheer wench.

Mar. Now *Byancha*,

Those wits we have, let's wind 'em to the height.
My rest is up wench, and I pull for that
Will make me ever famous. They that lay
Foundations, are half-builders, all men say.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. My Master forsooth.

Mar. Oh how does thy Master? prethee commend me

Jaq. How's this? my Master stays forsooth. (to him.)

Mar. Why let him stay, who hinders him forsooth?

Jaq. The Revel's ended now,
To visit you.

Mar. I am not sick.

Jaq. I mean to see his chamber forsooth.

Mar. Am I his Groom? where lay he last night forsooth?

Jaq. In the low matted Parlour.

Mar. There lies his way by the long Gallery.

Jaq. I mean your chamber: y'are very merry Mistriifs.

Mar. 'Tis a good sign I am found hearted *Jaques*:
But if you'll know where I lie, follow me;
And what thou see'st, deliver to thy Master.

Bya. Do gentle *Jaques*.

Exeunt.

Ja. Ha, is the wind in that door?

By'r Lady we shall have foul weather then:

I do not like the shuffling of these women,

They are mad beasts, when they knock their heads together:

I have observ'd them all this day; their whispers,

One in another's ear, their signs and pinches,

And breaking often into violent laughters:

As if the end they purpos'd were their own.

Call you this weddings? Sure this is a knavery,

A very trick, and dainty knavery,

Marvellous finely carried, that's the comfort:

What would these women do in ways of honor?

That are such Masters this way? Well, my Sir
Has been as good at finding out these toys,
As any living; if he lose it now,
At his own peril be it. I must follow.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Servants with Lights, Petruchio, Petronius,,
Moroso, Tranio, and Sophocles.*

Pet. You that are married, Gentlemen; have at ye
For a round wager now.

Soph. Of this nights Stage?

Petru. Yes.

(shillings.)

Soph. I am your first man, a pair of Gloves of twenty

Petru. Done: who takes me up next? I am for all bets.

Mar. Well lusty *Lawrence*, were but my night now,
Old as I am, I would make you clap on Spurs,
But I would reach you, and bring you to your trot too:

I would Gallants.

(ha?)

Petru. Well said good Will; but where's the staff boy,
Old father Time, your hour-glass is empty.

Tra. A good tough train would break thee all to pieces;
Thou hast not breath enough to say thy prayers.

Petron. See how these boys despise us. Will you to bed son?
This pride will have a fall.

Petru. Upon your daughter;
But I shall rise again, if there be truth
In Eggs, and butter'd Parsnips.

Petro. Will you to bed son, and leave talking?

To morrow morning we shall have you look,
For all your great words, like *St. George* at *Kingston*,

Running a foot-back from the furious Dragon,
That with her angry tail belabours him

For being lazie.

Tra. His courage quench'd, and so far quench'd—

Petru. 'Tis well Sir.

What then?

Soph. Fly, fly, quoth then the fearful dwarfe;
Here is no place for living man.

Petru. Well my masters, if I do sink under my business,
as I find 'tis very possible, I am not the first that has mis-
carried; So that's my comfort, what may be done with-
out impeach or waste, I can and will do.

Enter Jaques.

How now, is my fair Bride a bed?

Jaq. No truly, Sir.

Petron. Not a bed yet? body o' me: we'll up and rife
her: here's a coil with a Maiden-head, 'tis not intail'd, is
it?

Petru. If it be, I'll try all the Law i'th' Land, but I'll cut
it off: let's up, let's up, come.

Jaq. That you cannot neither.

Petru. Why?

Jaq. Unless you'll drop through the Chimney like a Daw,
or force a breach i'th' windows: you may untile the house,
'tis possible.

Petru. What dost thou mean?

Jaq. A moral, Sir, the Ballad will express it:

*The wind and the rain, has turn'd you back again,
And you cannot be lodged there.* The truth is, all the doors
Are baracadoed; not a Cathole, but holds a murd'rer in't.
She's victuall'd for this month.

Petru. Art not thou drunk?

Soph. He's drunk, he's drunk; come, come, let's up.

Jaq. Yes, yes, I am drunk: ye may go up, ye may Gen-
tlemen, but take heed to your heads: I say no more.

Soph. I'll try that.

Exit Soph.

Petron. How dost thou say? the door fast lock'd fellow?

Jaq. Yes truly Sir, 'tis lock'd, and guarded too; and
two as desperate tongues planted behind it, as e'er yet bat-
ter'd: they stand upon their honors, and will not give up
without

without strange composition, I'll assure you; marching a way with their Pieces cockt, and Bullets in their mouths, will not satisfie them.

Petru. How's this? how's this? they are—
Is there another with her?

Jaq. Yes marry is there, and an Enginier.

Mor. Who's that for Heavens sake?

Jaq. Colonel *Byanba*, she commands the works: *Spinola's* but a Ditcher to her, there's a half-moon: I am but a poor man, but if you'll give me leave, I'll venture a years wages, draw all your force before it, and mount your ablest Piece of battery, you shall not enter it these three nights yet.

Enter Sophocles.

Petru. I should laugh at that good *Jagues*.

Soph. Beat back again, she's fortified for ever.

Jaq. Am I drunk now, Sir?

Soph. He that dares most, go up now, and be cool'd.
I have escap'd a pretty scowring.

Petru. What are they mad? have we another *Bedlam*?
They do not talke I hope?

Soph. Oh terribly, extreemly fearful, the noise at *London-bridge* is nothing near her.

Petru. How got she tongue?

Soph. As you got tail, she was born to't.

Petru. Lock'd out a doors, and on my wedding-night?
Nay, and I suffer this, I may goe graze:
Come Gentlemen, I'll batter; are these virtues?

Soph. Do, and be beaten off with shame, as I was: I went up, came to th' door, knock'd, no body answer'd; knock'd louder, yet heard nothing: would have broke in by force; when suddainly a Water-work flew from the window with such violence, that had I not duck'd quickly like a Fryer, *catera quis nescit*? The chamber's nothing but a meer *Ostend*, in every window Pewter Cannons mounted, you'll quickly find with what they are charg'd, Sir.

Petru. Why then *tantara* for us.

Soph. And all the lower Works lin'd sure with small shot, long tongues with Fire-locks, that at twelve score blank hit to the heart: now and ye dare go up.

Enter Maria and Byanca above.

Mor. The window opens, beat a parley first;
I am so much amaz'd, my very hair stands.

Petru. Why how now Daughter: what intrench'd?

Mar. A little guarded for my safety, Sir.

Petru. For your safety Sweet-heart? why who offends
I come not to use violence. (you?)

Mar. I think you cannot, Sir, I am better fortified.

Petru. I know your end,
You would fain reprieve your Maiden-head
A night, or two.

Mar. Yes, or ten, or twenty, or say an hundred;
Or indeed, till I list lie with you.

Soph. That's a shrewd saying from this present hour,
I never will believe a silent woman.

When they break out they are bonfires.

Petru. Till you list, lie with him? why who are you Madam?

Bya. That trim Gentlemans wife, Sir.

Petru. Cry you mercy, do you command too?

Mar. Yes marry does she, and in chief.

Bya. I do command, and you shall go without:
(I mean your wife, for this night)

Mar. And for the next too wench, and so as't follows

Petru. Thou wilt not, wilt'a?

Mar. Yes indeed dear father,
And till he seal to what I shall set down,
For any thing I know for ever.

Soph. Indeed these are Bug-words.

Tra. You hear Sir, she can talk, God be thanked.

Petru. I would I heard it not, Sir.

Soph. I find that all the pity bestow'd upon this woman,
Makes but an Anagram of an ill wife,
For she was never virtuous.

Petru. You'll let me in I hope, for all this jesting;

Mar. Hope still, Sir.

Petron. You will come down I am sure.

Mar. I am sure I will not.

Petron. I'll fetch you then.

Bya. The power of the whole County cannot, Sir,
Unless we please to yield, which yet I think
We shall not; charge when you please, you shall
Hear quickly from us.

Mor. Bless me from a chicken of thy hatching,
Is this wiving?

Petru. Prethee *Maria* tell me what's the reason,
And doe it freely, you deal thus strangely with me?

You were not forc'd to marry, your consent
Went equally with mine, if not before it:

I hope you do not doubt I want that mettle

A man should have to keep a woman waking;

I would be sorry to be such a Saint yet:

My person, as it is not excellent,

So'tis not old, nor lame, nor weak with Physick,

But well enough to please an honest woman,

That keeps her house, and loves her Husband.

Mar. 'Tis so.

Petru. My means and my conditions are no shamers
Of him that owes 'em, all the world knows that,
And my friends no reliers on my fortunes.

Mar. All this I believe, and none of all these parcels
I dare accept against; nay more, so far

I am from making these the ends I aim at,

These idle outward things, these womens fears,

That were I yet unmarried, free to choose

Through all the Tribes of man, I'll take *Petruchio*

In's shirt, with one ten Groats to pay the Priest,

Before the best man living, or the ablest

That e'er leap'd out of *Lancashire*, and they are right ones.

Petron. Why do you play the fool then, and stand prating
Out of the window like a broken Miller!

Petru. If you will have me credit you *Maria*,
Come down, and let your love confirm it.

Mar. Stay there, Sir, that bargain's yet to make.

Bya. Play sure wench, the Pack's in thine own hand.

Soph. Let me die lowsie, if these two wenches
Be not brewing knavery to stock a Kingdom.

Petru. Why this is a Riddle:

I love you, and I love you not.

Mar. It is so:

And till your own experience do untie it,

This distance I must keep,

Petru. If you talk more,

I am angry, very angry.

Mar. I am glad on't, and I will talk.

Petru. Prethee peace,

Let me not think thou art mad. I tell thee woman,
If thou goest forward, I am still *Petruchio*.

Mar. And I am worse, a woman that can fear

Neither *Petruchio Furius*, nor his fame,

Nor any thing that tends to our allegiance;

There's a short method for you, now you know me.

Petru. If you can carry't so, 'tis very well.

Bya. No, you shall carry it, Sir.

Petru. Peace gentle Low-bel.

Petron. Use no more words, but come down instantly,
I charge thee by t'ie duty of a child.

Petru. Prethee come *Maria*, I forgive all.

Mar. Stay there; That duty, that you charge me by
(If you consider truly what you say)

Is now another man's, you gave't away

I th' Church, if you remember, to my Husband:

So all you can exact now, is no more

But only a due reverence to your person,

Which thus I pay : Your blessing, and I am gone
To bed for this night.

Petru. This is monstrous :
That blessing that *St. Dunstan* gave the Devil,
If I were near thee, I would give thee —
Pull thee down by th' nose.

By. Saints should not rave, Sir ;
A little Rubarb now were excellent.

Petru. Then by that duty you owe to me *Maria*,
Open the door, and be obedient : I am quiet yet.

Mar. I do confess that duty, make your best on't.

Petru. Why give me leave, I will.

By. Sir, there's no learning
An old stiff Jade to trot, you know the moral.

Mar. Yet as I take it, Sir, I owe no more
Than you owe back again.

Petru. You will not Article?
All I owe, presently, let me but up, I'll pay.

Mar. Y' are too hot, and such prove Jades at length ;
You do confess a duty, or respect to me from you again :
That's very near, or full the same with mine ?

Petru. Yes.

Mar. Then by that duty, or respect, or what
You please to have it, go to bed and leave me,
And trouble me no longer with your fooling ;
For know, I am not for you.

Petru. Well, what remedy ?

Petron. A fine smart Cudgel. Oh that I were near thee.

By. If you had teeth now, what a case were we in ?

Mor. These are the most authentique Rebels, next
Tyrone, I ever read of.

Mar. A week hence, or a fortnight, as you bear you,
And as I find my Will observ'd, I may,
With intercession of some friends, be brought
May be to kiss you ; and so quarterly
To pay a little Rent by composition,
You understand me ?

Soph. Thou Boy thou.

Petru. Well there are more Maids than *Maudlin*, that's
my comfort.

Mar. Yes, and more men than *Michael*. (Lady.)

Petru. I must not to bed with this stomach, and no meat

Mar. Feed where you will, so it be found and wholesome,
Else live at Livery, for I'll none with you.

By. You had best back one of the Dairy Maids, they'll
carry.

But take heed to your girths, you'll get a bruise else.

Petru. Now if thou wouldst come down and tender me :
All the delights due to a marriage-bed,

Study such kisses as would melt a man,
And turn thy self into a thousand Figures,
To add new flames unto me, I would stand
Thus heavy, thus regardless, thus despising
Thee, and thy best allurings : all the beauty
That's laid upon your bodies, mark me well,
For without doubt your mind's are miserable,
You have no Masques for them : all this rare beauty,
Lay but the Painter and the Silk-worm by,
The Doctor with his Dyets, and the Tailor,
And you appear like flea'd Cats, not so handsome.

Mar. And we appear like her that sent us hither,
That only excellent and beauteous nature ;
Truly our selves for men to wonder at,
But too divine to handle ; we are Gold,
In our own natures pure ; but when we suffer
The husbands stamp upon us, then allays,
And base ones of you men are mingled with us,
And make us blush like Copper.

Petru. Then, and never
Till then are women to be spoken of,
For till that time you have no souls I take it :
Good night : come Gentlemen ; I'll fast for this night,
But by this hand, well ; I shall come up yet ?

Mar. No.

Petru. There will I watch thee like a wither'd Jury,
Thou shalt neither have meat, Fire, nor Candle,
Nor any thing that's easie : do you rebel so soon ?
Yet take mercy.

By. Put up your Pipes : to bed Sir, I'll assure you
A months siege will not shake us.

Moro. Well said Colonel.

Mar. To bed, to bed *Petruchio* : good night Gentlemen.
You'll make my Father sick with sitting up :
Here you shall find us any time these ten days,
Unless we may march off with our contentment.

Petru. I'll hang first.

Mar. And I'll quarter if I do not,
I'll make you know, and fear a wife *Petruchio*,
There my cause lies.

You have been famous for a woman-tamer,
And bear the fear'd-name of a brave Wife-breaker :
A woman now shall take those honors off, (me,
And tame you ; nay, never look so bigg, she shall believe
And I am she : what think ye ; good night to all,
Ye shall find Centinels.

By. If ye dare fally.

Exeunt above.

Petro. The devil's in 'em, ev'n the very devil, the down-
right devil.

Petru. I'll devil 'em : by these ten bones I will : I'll bring
it to the old Proverb, no sport no pie : — taken down
i'th' top of all my speed ? this is fine dancing : Gentlemen,
stick to me. You see our Freehold's touch'd, and by this
light, we will beleagure 'em, and either starve 'em out,
or make 'em recreant.

Petro. I'll see all passages stopt, but those about 'em :
If the good women of the Town dare succor 'em,
We shall have wars indeed.

Soph. I'll stand perdue upon 'em.

Mor. My Regiment shall lie before.

Jaq. I think so. 'tis grown too old to stand.

Petru. Let's in, and each provide his tackle,
We'll fire 'em out, or make 'em take their pardons :
Hear what I say on their bare knees —
Am I *Petruchio*, fear'd, and spoken of,
And on my wedding night am I thus jaded ? *Exeunt omn.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rowland and Pedro at several doors.

Row. Now Pedro ?

Ped. Very busie Master Rowland.

Row. What haste man ?

Ped. I beseech you pardon me,
I am not mine own man.

Row. Thou art not mad ?

Ped. No ; but believe me, as hasty —

Row. The cause good Pedro ?

Ped. There be a thousand Sir ; you are not married ?

Row. Not yet.

Ped. Keep your self quiet then.

Row. Why ?

Ped. You'll find a Fiddle
That never will be tun'd else : from all women — *Exit.*

Row. What ails the fellow tro ? *Jaqes ?*

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Your friend Sir.

But very full of business.

Row. Nothing but business ?

Prethee the reason, is there any dying ?

Jaq. I would there were Sir.

Row. But thy business ?

Jaq. I'll tell you in a word, I am sent to lay
An Imposition upon Soufe and Puddings,
Palties, and penny Custards, that the women
May not relieve you Rebels : Fare ye well, Sir.

Row. How does my Mistrifs ?

Jaq. Like a resty jade.

She's

She's spoil'd for riding.
Row. What a devil ail they?

Enter Sophocles.

Custards, and penny Pasties, Fools and Fiddles,
What's this to th' purpose? Oh well met.

Soph. Now Rowland.

I cannot stay to talk long.

Row. What's the matter?

Here's stirring, but to what end? whither goe you?

Soph. To view the Works.

Row. What Works?

Soph. The womens Trenches.

Row. Trenches? are such to see?

Soph. I do not jest, Sir.

Row. I cannot understand you.

Soph. Do not you hear

In what a state of quarrel the new Bride
Stands with her Husband?

Row. Let him stand with her, and there's an end.

Soph. It should be, but by'r Lady

She holds him out at Pikes end, and defies him,

And now is fortifi'd, such a Regiment of Rutters

Never defied men braver: I am sent

To view their preparation.

Row. This is news

Stranger, than Arms in the air: you saw not

My gentle Mistriſs?

Soph. Yes, and meditating

Upon some secret business, when she had found it

She leap'd for joy, and laugh'd, and straight retir'd

To shun *Moroso*.

Row. This may be for me.

Soph. Will you along?

Row. No.

Soph. Farewel.

Exit Sophocles.

Row. Farewel, Sir.

What should her musing mean, and what her joy in't,

If not for my advantage? stay ye; may not

Enter *Livia* at one door, and *Moroso* at another, barking.

That bob-tail jade *Moroso*, with his Gold,

His gew-gaudes, and the hope she has to send him

Quickly to dust, excite this? here she comes,

And yonder walks the Stallion to discover:

Yet I'll salute her: save you beauteous Mistriſs.

Liv. The Fox is kennel'd for me: save you Sir.

Row. Why do you look so strange?

Liv. I use to look Sir

Without examination.

Mor. Twenty Spur-Royals for that word.

Row. Belike then

The object discontents you?

Liv. Yes it does.

Row. Is't come to this? you know me, do you not?

Liv. Yes, as I may know many by repentance.

Row. Why do you break your faith?

Liv. I'll tell you that too,

You are under age, and no band holds upon you.

Mor. Excellent wench.

Liv. Sue out your understanding,

And get more hair to cover your bare knuckle;

(For boys were made for nothing, but dry kisses)

And if you can, more manners.

Mor. Better still.

Liv. And then if I want *Spanish* Gloves, or Stockings,

A ten pound Wastecoat, or a Nag to hunt on,

It may be I shall grace you to accept 'em.

Row. Farewel, and when I credit women more,

May I to *Smithfield*, and there buy a Jade,

(And know him to be so) that breaks my neck.

Liv. Because I have known you, I'll be thus kind to you;

Farewel, and be a man, and I'll provide you;

Because I see y'are desperate, some staid Chamber-maid

Exit Jaques.

That may relieve your youth with wholesome doctrine.

Mor. She's mine from all the world: ha wench?

Liv. Ha Chicken? — gives him a box o'th' ear, and Ex.

Mor. How's this? I do not love these favors: save you.

Row. The devil take thee — wrings him by th' nose.

Mor. Oh!

Row. There's a Love-token for you: thank me now.

Mor. I'll think on some of ye, and if I live,

My nose alone shall not be plaid withal.

Exit.

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Enter *Petronius*, and *Moroso*.

Petro. A Box o'th' ear do you say?

Mor. Yes sure, a sound one,

Beside my nose blown to my hand; if *Cupid*

Shoot Arrows of that weight, I'll swear devoutly,

H'as sued his Livery, and is no more a boy.

Petro. You gave her some ill language?

Mor. Not a word,

Petro. Or might be you were fumbling?

Mor. Would I had Sir.

I had been a forehead then; but to be baff'd,

And have no feeling of the cause —

Petro. Be patient,

I have a medicine clapt to her back will cure her.

Mor. No sure it must be afore, Sir.

Petro. O' my conscience,

When I got these two wenches (who till now

Ne'r shew'd their riding) I was drunk with Bastard,

Whose nature is to form things like it self

Heady, and monstrous: did she slight him too?

Mor. That's all my comfort: a meer Hobby-horse

She made child *Rowland*: s'foot she would not know him,

Not give him a free look, not reckon him

Among her thoughts, which I held more than wonder,

I having seen her within's three days kiss him.

With such an appetite as though she would eat him.

Petro. There is some trick in this: how did he take it;

Mor. Ready to cry; he ran away.

Petro. I fear her.

And yet I tell you, ever to my anger,

She is as tame as innocency; it may be

This blow was but a favour.

Mor. I'll be sworn 'twas well tied on then.

Petro. Goe too, pray forget it,

I have bespoke a Priest: and within's two hours

I'll have ye married; will that please you?

Mor. Yes.

Petro. I'll see it done my self, and give the Lady

Such a sound exhortation for this knavery

I'll warrant you, shall make her smell this month on't.

Mor. Nay good Sir be not violent.

Petro. Neither — Mor. It may be

Out of her earnest love there grew a longing

(As you know women have such toys) in kindness,

To give me a box o'th' ear, or so.

Petro. It may be.

Mor. I reckon for the best still: this night then

I shall enjoy her.

Petro. You shall handsel her.

Mor. Old as I am, I'll give her one blow for't

Shall make her groan this twelve-month,

Petro. Where's your Joynture?

Mor. I have a Joynture for her.

Petro. Have your Council perus'd it yet?

Mor. No Council but the night, and your sweet daugh- (ter,

Shall e'r peruse that joynture.

Petro. Very well, Sir.

Moro. I'll no demurrers on't, nor no rejoinders.
The other's ready seal'd.

Petro. Come then let's comfort
My Son *Petruchio*, he's like little Children
That loose their baubles, crying ripe.

Mor. Pray tell me,
Is this stern woman still upon the flaunt
Of bold defiance?

Petro. Still, and still she shall be,
Till she be starv'd out, you shall see such justice,
That women shall be glad after this tempest,
To tie their husbands shooes, and walk their horses.

Mor. That were a merry world: do you hear the rumor?
They say the women are in insurrection,
And mean to make a—

Petro. They'll sooner
Draw upon walls as we do: Let 'em, let 'em,
We'll ship 'em out in Cuck-stools, there they'll sail
As brave *Columbus* did, till they discover
The happy Islands of obedience.
We stay too long, Come.

Mor. Now *St. George* be with us.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Livia alone.

Liv. Now if I can but get in handsomely,
Father I shall deceive you; and this night
For all your private plotting, I'll no wedlock;
I have shifted sail, and find my Sisters safety
A sure retirement; pray to heaven that *Rowland*
Do not believe too far, what I said to him,
For yon old Foxcase forc'd me, that's my fear.
Stay, let me see, this quarter fierce *Petruchio*
Keeps with his *Myrmidons*, I must be suddain,
If he seize on me, I can look for nothing
But Marshal-Law; to this place have I scap'd him;
Above there.

Enter Maria and Byancha' above.

Mar. Cheval'a.

Liv. A friend.

By. Who are you?

Liv. Look out and know.

Mar. Alas poor wench, who sent thee?
What weak fool made thy tongue his Orator?
I know you come to parly.

Liv. Y'are deceiv'd,
Urg'd by the goodness of your cause, I come
To do as you do.

Mar. Y'are too weak, too foolish,
To cheat us with your smoothness: do not we know
Thou hast been kept up tame?

Liv. Believe me.

Mar. No, prethee good *Livia*
Utter thy Eloquence somewhere else.

By. Good Cousin

Put up your Pipes; we are not for your palate
Alas we know who sent you.

Liv. O' my word—

By. Stay there; you must not think your word,
Or by your Maidenhead, or such Sunday oaths,
Sworn after Even-Song, can inveigle us
To lose our hand-fast: did their wisdoms think
That sent you hither, we would be so foolish,
To entertain our gentle Sister *Sinon*,
And give her credit, while the wooden *Jade*
Petruchio stole upon us: no good Sister,
Go home, and tell the merry *Greeks* that sent you,
Ilium shall burn, and I, as did *Aeneas*,

Will on my back, spite of the *Myrmidons*,
Carry this warlike Lady, and through Seas
Unknown, and unbeliev'd, seek out a Land,
Where like a race of noble *Amazons*
We'll root our selves, and to our endless glory
Live, and despise base men.

Liv. I'll second ye.

By. How long have you been thus?

Liv. That's all one, Cousin,
I stand for freedom now.

By. Take heed of lying;
For by this light, if we do credit you,
And find you tripping, his infliction
That kill'd the Prince of *Orange*, will be sport
To what we purpose,

Liv. Let me feel the heaviest.

(maiden-head,

Mar. Swear by thy Sweet-heart *Rowland* (for by your
I fear 'twill be too late to swear) you mean
Nothing but fair and safe, and honourable
To us, and to your self.

Liv. I swear.

By. Stay yet,

Swear as you hate *Moroso*, that's the surest,
And as you have a certain fear to find him
Worse than a poor dry'd *Jack*, full of more aches
Than *Autumn* has; more knavery, and usury,
And foolery, and brokery, than dogs-ditch:
As you do constantly believe he's nothing
But an old empty bag with a grey beard,
And that Beard such a bob-tail, that it looks
Worse than a Mares tail eaten off with Fillies:
As you acknowledge that young handsome wench
That lies by such a *Bibba* blade that bends
With ev'ry pass he makes, to th' hilts, miserable,
A dry Nurse to his Coughs. a fewerer
To such a nasty fellow, a robb'd thing
Of all delights youth looks for: and to end,
One cast away on course beef, born to brush
That everlasting Caslock that has worn
As many Servants out, as the Northeast passage
Has consum'd Sailors: if you swear this, and truly
Without the reservation of a gown
Or any meritorious Petticoat,
'Tis like we shall believe you.

Liv. I do swear it.

Mar. Stay yet a little; came this wholesome motion
(Deal truly Sister) from your own opinion,
Or some suggestion of the Foe?

Liv. Nev'r fear me,

For by that little faith I have in Husbands,
And the great zeal I bear your cause, I come
Full of that liberty you stand for, Sister.

Mar. If we believe, and you prove recreant, *Livia*,
Think what a main you give the noble Cause
We now stand up for: Think what women shall,
An hundred years hence, speak thee, when examples
Are look'd for, and so great ones, whose relations,
Spoke as we do 'em wench, shall make new customs,

By. If you be false, repent, go home, and pray,
And to the serious women of the City
Confess your self; bring not a sin so hainous
To load thy soul to this place: mark me *Livia*,
If thou be'st double, and betray'st our honors,
And we fail in our purpose: get thee where
There is no women living, nor no hope
There ever shall be.

Mar. If a Mothers daughter,
That ever heard the name of stubborn husband
Find thee, and know thy sin.

By. Nay, if old age,
One that has worn away the name of woman,
And no more left to know her by, but railing,
No teeth, nor eyes, nor legs, but wooden ones
Come but i'th' wind-ward of thee, for sure she'll smell thee;
Thou'lt

Thou'lt be so rank, she'll ride thee like a night-Mare,
And say her Prayers back-ward to undo thee:
She'll curse thy meat and drink, and when thou marriest,
Clap a sound spell for ever on thy pleasures.

Mar. Children of five year old, like little Fairies,
Will pinch thee into motley: all that ever
Shall live, and hear of thee, I mean all women,
Will (like so many furies) shake their keys;
And to'st their flaming distaffs o'r their heads,
Crying revenge: take heed, 'tis hideous:
Oh 'tis a fearful office, if thou hadst
(Though thou be'st perfect now) when thou cam'st hither,
A false imagination, get thee gone,
And as my learned Cousin said, repent;
This place is sought by soundness.

Liv. So I seek it,
Or let me be a most despis'd example.

Mar. I do believe thee, be thou worthy of it.
You come not empty?

Liv. No, here's Cakes, and cold meat,
And Tripe of proof: behold, here's Wine and Beer,
Be suddain, I shall be surpriz'd else.

Mar. Meet at the low parlour door, there lies a close way:
What fond obedience you have living in you,
Or duty to a man before you enter,
Fling it away, 'twill but defile our Off'rings.

By. Be wary as you come,

Liv. I warrant ye.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Maids.

1 *Mai.* How goes your business Girls?
2. A foot, and fair.
3. If fortune favour us: away to your strength,
The Country Forces are arriv'd, be gone,
We are discover'd else.

1. Arm, and be valiant.
2. Think of our cause.
3. Our Justice.

1. 'Tis sufficient.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rowland and Tranio at several doors.

Tra. Now Rowland?

Row. How do you?

Tra. How dost thou man?

Thou look'st ill:

Row. Yes, pray can you tell me *Tranio*,
Who knew the devil first?

Tra. A woman.

Row. So. Were they not well acquainted?

Tra. May be so,

For they had certain Dialogues together.

Row. He sold her fruit, I take it?

Tra. Yes, and Cheese

That choak'd all mankind after.

Row. Canst thou tell me

Whether that woman ever had a faith
After she had eaten?

Tra. That's a School-question

Row. No,

'Tis no question, for believe me *Tranio*,
That cold fruit after eating bread naught in her
But windy promises, and chollick vows
That broke out both ways.

Row. Thou hast heard I am sure
Of *Esculapius*, a far famed Surgeon,
One that could set together quarters'd Traitors
And make 'em honest men.

Tra. How dost thou *Rowland*?

Row. Let him but take, (if he dare do a cure
Shall get him fame indeed) a faithless woman,
There will be credit for him, that will speak him,

A broken woman *Tranio*, a base woman,
And if he can cure such a rack of honor
Let him come here, and practice.

Tra. Now for honors sake,
Why what ail'st thou *Rowland*?

Row. I am ridden *Tranio*.

And spur-gall'd to the life of patience
(Heaven keep my wits together) by a thing
Our worst thoughts are too noble for, a woman.

Tra. Your Mistriss has a little frown'd it may be?

Row. She was my Mistriss.

Tra. Is she not?

Row. No *Tranio*.

She has done me such disgrace, so spitefully
So like a woman bent to my undoing,
That henceforth, a good horse shall be my Mistriss,
A good Sword, or a Book: and if you see her,
Tell her I beseech you, even for love sake.—

Tra. I will *Rowland*.

Row. She may sooner

Count the good I have thought her,
Our old love and our friendship,
Shed one true tear, mean one hour constantly,
Be oid and honest, married, and a maid,
Than make me see her more, or more believe her:
And now I have met a messenger, farewell Sir.

Exit.

Tra. Alas poor *Rowland*, I will do it for thee:

This is that dog *Moroso*, but I hope
To see him cold i'th' mouth first, e'r he enjoy her:
I'll watch this young man, desperate thoughts may seize him,
And if my purse or council can, I'll ease him.

Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Petruchio, Petronius, Moroso, and Sophocles.

Petru. For look you Gentlemen, say that I grant her,
Out of my free and liberal love, a pardon,
Which you, and all men else know, she deserves not,
(*Teneatis amici*) can all the world leave laughing?

Petro. I think not.

Petru. No by——they cannot;
For pray consider, have you ever read,
Or heard of, or can any man imagine,
So stiff a *Tom-boy*, of so set a malice,
And such a brazen resolution,
As this young Crab-tree? and then answer me;
And mark but this too friends, without a cause,
Not a foul word come cross her, not a fear,
She justly can take hold on, and do you think
I must sleep out my anger, and endure it,
Sow pillows to her ease, and lull her mischief?
Give me a Spindle first: no, no my Masters,
Were she as fair as *Nell-a-Greece*, and housewife,
As good as the wife Sailors wife, and young still,
Never above fifteen, and these tricks to it,
She should ride the wild Mare once a week, she should,
(Believe me friends she should) I would tabor her,
Till all the Legions that are crept into her,
Flew out with fire i'th' tails.

Soph. Methinks you err now,
For to me seems, a little sufferance
Were a far surer cure.

Petru. Yes, I can suffer,
Where I see promises of peace and amendment.

Mor. Give her a few conditions.

Petru. I'll be hanged first.

Petron. Give her a Crab-tree Cudgel.

Petru. So I will;

And after it a flock-bed for her bones.
And hard eggs, till they brace her like a Drum,
She shall be pamper'd with ——
She shall not know a stool in ten months, Gentlemen.

Soph. This must not be.

Enter

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Arm, arm, out with your weapons,
For all the women in the Kingdom's on ye;

Enter Pedro.

They swarm like wasps, and nothing can destroy 'em,
But stopping of their hive, and smothering of 'em.

Ped. Stand to your guard, Sir, all the devils extant
Are broke upon us like a cloud of thunder;
There are more women marching hitherward,
In rescue of my Mistress, than e'er turn'd tail
At *Sturbridge Fair*, and I believe, as fiery.

Jaq. The forlorn-hope's led by a Tanner's wife,
I know her by her Hide, a desperate woman:
She flead her Husband in her youth, and made
Raynes of his Hide to ride the parish. Take 'em all together,
They are a genealogy of Jennets, gotten
And born thus by the boisterous breath of Husbands;
They serve sure, and are swift to catch occasion,
(I mean their foes or Husbands) by the forelocks,
And there they hang like favours; cry they can
But more for Noble Spight, than fear: and crying
Like the old Giants that were foes to heaven,
They heave ye stool on stool, and sling main Pot-lids
Like massie Rocks, dart Ladles, tossing Irons,
And Tongs like Thunderbolts, till overlaid,
They fall beneath the weight; yet still aspiring
At those Emperious Godheads that would tame 'em.
There's ne'r a one of these, the worst and weakest,
(Chuse where you will,) but dare attempt the raising,
Against the sovereign peace of Puritans,
A *May-pole* and a *Morris*, maugre mainly
Their zeal, and *Dudgeon-daggers*: and yet more,
Dares plant a stand of batt'ring Ale against 'em,
And drink 'em out o'th' parish. (tience.

Soph. Lo you fierce *Petruchio*, this comes of your impa-

Ped. There's one brought in the Bears against the Canons
Of the Town, made it good, and fought 'em.

Jaq. Another to her everlasting fame, erected
Two Ale-houses of ease: the *Quarter-Scissions*
Running against her roundly; in which business
'Two of the disanullers lost their night-caps:
A third stood excommunicate by the cudgel;
The Constable, to her eternal glory,
Drunk hard, and was converted, and she victor.

Ped. Then are they victualed with Pies and Puddings,
(The trappings of good Stomachs) noble Ale
The true defender, Sauages, and smoak'd ones,
If need be, such as serve for Pikes; and Pork,
(Better the Jews ne'r hated:) here and there
A bottle of *Metbeglin*, a stout *Britain*
That will stand to 'em; what else they want, they war for.

Petru. Come to council.

Soph. Now you must grant conditions, or the Kingdom
Will have no other talke but this.

Petron. Away then, and let's advise the best.

Soph. Why do you tremble?

Mor. Have I liv'd thus long to be knockt o'th' head,
With half a Washing-beetle: pray be wise, Sir.

Petru. Come, something I'll do, but what it is, I know not.

Soph. To Council then, and let's avoid their follies.
Guard all the doors, or we shall not have a Cloak left.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia:

Enter Petronius, Petruchio, Moroso, Sophocles,
and Tranio.

Petro. I am indifferent, though I must confess,
I had rather see her carted.

Tra. No more of that, Sir.

Soph. Are ye resolv'd to give her fair conditions?
'Twill be the safest way.

Petru. I am distracted,
Would I had run my head into a halter
When I first woo'd her: if I offer peace,
She'll urge her own conditions, that's the devil.

Soph. Why, say she do?

Petru. Say, I am made an Afs, then;
I know her aim: may I, with reputation
(Answer me this) with safety of mine honor,
(After the mighty manage of my first wife,
Which was indeed a fury to this Filly,
After my twelve strong labours to reclaim her,
Which would have made Don *Hercules* horn mad,
And hid him in his Hide) suffer this *Cicely*?
E're she have warm'd my sheets, e're grappell'd with me,
This Pinck, this painted Foist, this Cockle-boat,
To hang her Fights out, and desie me friends,
A well known man of war? if this be equal,
And I may suffer, say, and I have done?

Petron. I do not think you may.

Tra. You'll make it worse, Sir.

Soph. Pray hear me good *Petruchio*: but ev'n now,
You were contented to give all conditions,
To try how far she would carry: 'Tis a folly,
(And you will find it so) to clap the curb on,
E're you be sure it proves a natural wildness,
And not a forc'd. Give her conditions,
For on my life this trick is put into her,

Petron. I should believe so too.

Soph. And not her own.

Tra. You'll find it so.

Soph. Then if she slownder with you,
Clap spurs on, and in this you'll deal with temperance,
Avoid the hurry of the world.

Tra. And loose.

Musick above.

Mor. No honor on my life, Sir.

Petru. I will do it.

Petron. It seems they are very merry.

Enter Jaques.

Petru. Why Heaven hold it.

Mor. Now Jaques?

Jaq. They are i'th' flaunt, Sir.

Soph. Yes we hear 'em.

Jaq. They have got a stick of Fiddles, and they firk it,
In wondrous ways, the two grand *Capitano's*,
(They brought the Auxiliary Regiments)
Dance with their coats tuckt up to their bare breeches,
And bid the Kingdom kifs 'em, that's the burden;
They have got *Metbeglin*, and audacious Ale;
And talk like Tyrants.

Petron. How knowest thou?

Jaq. I pcept in
At a loole Lansket.

SONG.

A Health for all this day
To the woman that bears the sway
And wears the breeches;
Let it come, let it come.

Let this health be a Seal,
For the good of the Common-weal
the woman shall wear the breeches.

Let's drink then and laugh it
And merrily merrily quaff it
And tipple, and tipple a round
here's to thy fool,
and to my fool.
Come, to all fools
though it cost us wench, many a pound.

Tra.

Tra. Hark.

Petro. A Song, pray silence.

Mor. They look out.

Petru. Good ev'n Ladies.

Mar. Good you good ev'n Sir.

Petru. How have you slept to night?

Mar. Exceeding well Sir.

Petru. Did you not wish me with you?

Mar. No, believe me,
I never thought upon you.

Cun. Is that he?

Bya. Yes.

Cun. Sir?

Soph. She has drank hard, mark her Hood.

Cun. You are—

Soph. Learnedly drunk, I'll hang else: let her utter.

Cun. And I must tell you, *viva voce* friend,
A very foolish fellow.

Tra. There's an Ale figure.

Petru. I thank you *Susan Brotes*.

Cit. Forward Sister.

Cun. You have espoused here a hearty woman,
A comly, and courageous.

Petru. Well, I have so.

Cun. And to the comfort of distressed damfels,
Women out-worn in wedlock; and such vessels,
This woman has defied you.

Petru. It should seem so.

Cun. And why?

Petru. Yes, can you tell?

Cun. For thirteen causes.

Petru. Pray by your patience Mistrifs.

Cit. Forward Sister.

Petru. Do you mean to treat of all these?

Cit. Who shall let her?

Petro. Do you hear, Velvet hood, we come not now
To hear your doctrine

Cun. For the first, I take it,
It doth divide it self into seven branches.

Petru. Hark you good *Maria*,
Have you got a Catechiser here?

Tra. Good zeal.

Soph. Good three pil'd predication, will you peace,
And hear the cause we come for?

Cun. Yes bob-tails

We know the cause you come for, here's the cause,
But never hope to carry her, never dream
Or flatter your opinions with a thought
Of base repentance in her.

Cit. Give me Sack,
By this, and next strong Ale.

Cun. Swear forward Sister.

Cit. By all that's cordial, in this place we'll bury
Our bones, fames, tongues, our triumphs and all
That ever yet was chronic'd of woman;
But this brave wench, this excellent despiser,
This bane of dull obedience, shall inherit
His liberal Will, and march off with conditions
Noble, and worth her self.

Cun. She shall *Tom Tilers*,
And brave ones too, my Hood shall make a Hearse-cloth,
And I'll lie under it like *Jone o' Gaunt*,
E'r I go less, my Distaff stuck up by me;
For the eternal Trophy of my conquests;
And loud fame at my head with two main bottles,
Shall fill to all the world the glorious fall
Of old *Don Gillian*.

Cit. Yet a little farther,
We have taken Arms in rescue of this Lady;
Most just and Noble: if ye beat us off
Without conditions, and we recant,
Use us as we deserve; and first degrade us
Of all our antient chambring: next that
The Symbols of our secrese, silk Stockings,

*All the Women above,
Citizens and Countrey
women.*

Hew of our heels; our petticoats of Arms
Tear off our bodies, and our Bodkins break
Over our coward heads.

Cun. And ever after
To make the tainture most notorious,
At all our Crests, *videlicet* our Plackets.
Let Laces hang, and we return again
Into our former titles, Dary-maids.

Petru. No more wars: puissant Ladies, shew conditions
And freely I accept 'em.

Mar. Call in *Livia*;
She's in the Treaty too.

Enter Livia above.

Mor. How, *Livia*?

Mar. Hear you that Sir?

There's the conditions for ye, pray peruse 'em.

Petron. Yes, there she is: 't had been no right rebellion,
Had she held off; what think you man?

Mor. Nay nothing.
I have enough o'th' prospect: o' my conscience,
The worlds end, and the goodness of a woman
Will come together.

Petron. Are you there sweet Lady?

Liv. Cry you mercy Sir, I saw you not: your blessing.

Petron. Yes, when I bleis a jade, that stumbles with me.
How are the Articles?

Liv. This is for you Sir;
And I shall think upon't.

Mor. You have us'd me finely.

Liv. There's no other use of thee now extant,
But to be hung up, Cassock, Cap, and all,
For some strange monster at Apothecaries.

Petron. I hear you whore.

Liv. It must be his then Sir,
For need will then compel me.

Cit. Blessing on thee.

Petron. There's no talking to 'em;
How are they Sir?

Petru. As I expected: Liberty and clothes, *Reads.*
When, and in what way she will: continual moneys,
Company, and all the house at her dispose;
No tongue to say, why is this? or whether will it;
New Coaches, and some buildings, she appoints here;
Hangings, and Hunting-horses: and for Plate
And Jewels for her private use, I take it,
Two thousand pound in present: then for Musick,
And women to read *French*;

Petron. This must not be.

Petru. And at the latter end a clause put in,
That *Livia* shall by no man be importun'd.
This whole month yet, to marry.

Petron. This is monstrous.

Petru. This shall be done, I'll humor her awhile:
If nothing but repentance and undoing
Can win her love, I'll make a shift for one.

Soph. When ye are once a bed, all these conditions
Lie under your own seal.

Mar. Do you like 'em?

Petru. Yes.

And by that faith I gave you 'fore the Priest
I'll ratifie 'em.

Cun. Stay, what pledges?

Mar. No, I'll take that oath;
But have a care you keep it.

Cit. 'Tis not now
As when *Andrea* liv'd.

Cun. If you do juggle,
Or alter but a Letter of these Articles
We have set down the self-same persecution.

Mar. Mistrust him not.

Petru. By all my honesty——

Mar. Enough, I yield.

Petron.

Petron. What's this Inferred here ?

Soph. That the two valiant women that commanded here
Shall have a Supper made 'em, and a large one,
And liberal entertainment without grudging,
And pay for all their soldiers.

Petra. That shall be too;
And if a Tun of Wine will serve to pay 'em,
They shall have justice: I ordain ye all
Pay-masters, Gentlemen,

Tra. Then we shall have sport boys,

Mar. We'll meet you in the Parlor.

Petru. Ne'r look sad, Sir, for I will do it,

Soph. There's no danger in't.

Petro. For *Livia's* Article you shall observe it,
I have ti'd my self.

Petron. I will.

Petra. Along then: now
Either I break, or this stiff plant must bow.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter Tranio and Rowland.

Tra. Come you shall take my counsel.

Row. I shall hang first.

I'll no more love, that's certain, 'tis a bane,
(Next that they poison Rats with) the most mortal:
No, I thank Heaven, I have got my sleep again,
And now begin to write fence; I can walk ye
A long hour in my chamber like a man,
And think of some thing that may better me;
Some serious point of Learning, or my state;
No more ay-mees, and Mistrisses, *Tranio*,
Come near my brain. I'll tell thee, had the devil
But any essence in him of a man,
And could be brought to love, and love a woman,
'Twould make his head ake worser than his horns do;
And firke him with a fire he never felt yet,
Would make him dance. I tell thee there is nothing
(It may be thy case *Tranio*, therefore hear me:)
Under the Sun (reckon the mass of follies
Crept into th' world with man) so desperate,
So mad, so senseless, poor and base, so wretched,
Roguy, and scurvy,

Tra. Whether wilt thou *Rowland*?

Row. As 'tis to be in love.

Tra. And why for virtue sake?

Row. And why for virtue's sake? dost thou not conceive

Tra. No by my troth. me?

Row. Pray then and heartily,

For fear thou fall into't: I'll tell thee why too,
(For I have hope to save thee) when thou lovest,
And first beginst to worship the gilt calf:

Imprimis, thou hast lost thy gentry,
And like a Prentice, flung away thy Freedom,
Forthwith thou art a slave.

Tra. That's a new Doctrine.

Row. Next thou art no more man.

Tra. What then?

Row. A Fryppery;
Nothing but braided hair and penny ribbond,
Glove, Garter, Ring, Rose, or at best a Swabber,
If thou canst love so near to keep thy making,
Yet thou wilt lose thy language.

Tra. Why?

Row. Oh *Tranio*,
Those things in love, ne'er talk as we do,

Tra. No?

Row. No, without doubt, they sigh, and shake the head,
And sometimes whistle dolefully.

Tra. No tongue?

Row. Yes *Tranio*, but no truth in't, nor no reason,
And when they cant (for 'tis a kind of canting)
Ye shall hear, if you reach to understand 'em
(Which you must be a fool first, or you cannot)
Such gibb'rish; such believe me, I protest Sweet,
And oh dear Heavens, in which such constellations
Reign at the births of Lovers, this is too well,
And daigne me Lady, daigne me I beseech ye
You poor unworthy lump, and then she licks him.

Tra. A—on't, this is nothing.

Row. Thou hast hit it:

Then talks she ten times worse, and wryes, and wriggles,
As though she had the Itch (and so it may be.)

Tra. Why thou art grown a strange discoverer.

Row. Of mine own follies *Tranio*.

Tra. Wilt thou *Rowland*,
Certain ne'er love again?

Row. I think so, certain,

And if I be not dead drunk I shall keep it.

Tra. Tell me but this; what dost thou think of women?

Row. Why, as I think of Fiddles, they delight me,
Till their strings break.

Tra. What strings?

Row. Their modesties,
Faiths, Vows, and Maidenheads, for they are like Kits
They have but four strings to 'em.

Tra. What wilt thou

Give me for ten pound now, when thou next lovest,
And the same woman still?

Row. Give me the money;

A hundred, and my Bond for't.

Tra. But pray hear me,

I'll work all means I can to reconcile ye:

Row. Do, do, Give me the money;

Tra. There.

Row. Work *Tranio*.

Tra. You shall go sometimes where she is.

Row. Yes straight.

This is the first good I e'er got by woman.

Tra. You would think it strange now, if another beauty
As good as hers, say better.

Row. Well.

Tra. Conceive me,
This is no point o' th' wager.

Row. That's all one,

Tra. Love you as much, or more, than now she hates you.

Row. 'Tis a good hearing, let 'em love: ten pound more,
I never love that woman.

Tra. There it is;

And so an hundred, if you lose.

Row. 'Tis done;

Have you another to put in?

Tra. No, no Sir.

Row. I am very sorry: now will I erect
A new game, and go hate for th' bell; I am sure
I am in excellent case to win.

Tra. I must have leave.

To tell you, and tell truth too, what she is,
And how she suffers for you.

Row. Ten pound more,
I never believe you.

Tra. No Sir, I am stinted.

Row. Well, take your best way then.

Tra. Let's walk, I am glad
Your sullen Feavor's off.

Row. Shalt see me *Tranio*

A monstrous merry man now: let's to the Wedding,
And as we go, tell me the general hurry
Of these mad wenches and their works.

Tra. I will.

Row. And do thy worst.

Tra. Something I'll do.

Row. Do *Tranio*.

Exeunt.
Scena

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pedro, and Jaques.

Ped. A pair of Stocks bestride 'em, Are they gone?

Jac. Yes they are gone; and all the pans i'th Town
Beating before 'em: What strange admonitions
They gave my Master and how fearfully
They threaten'd, if he broke 'em?Ped. O' my Conscience
H'as found his full match now.

Jac. That I believe too.

Ped. How did she entertain him?

Jac. She lookt on him.

Ped. But icurvly.

Jac. With no great affection
That I saw: and I heard some say he kiss'd her,
But 'twas upon a treaty, and some copies
Say, but her Check.Ped. Jaques, What wouldst thou give
For such a Wife now?Jac. Full as many Payers
As the most zealous Puritane conceives
Out of the meditation of fat Veal,
Or Birds of prey, cram'd Capons, against Players,
And to as good a tune too, but against her:
That heaven would blefs me from her: mark it Pedro,
If this house be not turn'd within this fortnight
With the foundation upward, I'll be carted.
My comfort is yet, that those *Amorites*,
That came to back her cause, those Heathen Whores,
Had their Hoods hallowed with Sack.

Ped. How Divlish drunk they were?

Jac. And how they tumbled, Pedro, Didst thou marke
The Countrey Cavaliero?Ped. Out upon her,
How she turn'd down the Bragget?

Jac. I that sunk her.

Ped. That Drink was well put to her; What a Sommer salt
When the chair fel, she fetch'd, with her heels upward?

Jac. And what a piece of Landskip she discover'd?

Ped. Didst mark her, when her hood fell in the Possiet?

Jac. Yes, and there rid, like a *Dutch-Hoy*; the Tumbrel,
When she had got her ballasse.

Ped. That I saw too.

Jac. How fain she would have drawn on *Sophocles*
To come aboard, and how she simper'd it—

Ped. I warrant her, she has been a worthy striker.

Jac. P'th heat of Summer there had been some hope

Ped. Hang her. (on't.)

Jac. She offer'd him a Harry-groat, and belcht out,
Her stomach being blown with Ale, such Courtship,
Upon my life has giv'n him twenty stools since:
Believe my Calculation, these old Women,
When they are tipp'd, and a little heated,
Are like new wheels, they'll roare you all the Town ore
Till they be greas'd.Ped. The City *Cinque-a-pace*
Dame Toft and Butter, had the Bob too?

Jac. Yes,

But she was fullen drunk, and given to filching,
I see her offer at a Spoon; my Master——
I do not like his look, I fear h'as fasted
For all this preparation; lets steal by him.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Petruchio, and Sophocles.

Sopb. Not let you touch her all this night?

Petru. Nottouch her.

Sopb. Where was your courage?

Petru. Where was her obedience?

Never poor Man was sham'd so; never Rascal
That keeps a stud of Whores was us'd so basely.Sopb. I ray you tell me one thing truly;
Do you love her?Petru. I would I did not, upon that condition
I past thee half my Land.Sopb. It may be then,
Her modesty requir'd a little violence?
Some Women love to struggle.Petru. She had it,
And so much that I sweat for't, so I did,
But to no end: I washt an *ethiope*:
She swore my force might weary her, but win her
I never could, nor should, till she consented;
And I might take her body prisoner,
But for her mind or appetite—Sopb. 'Tis strange;
This woman is the first I ever read of,
Retus'd a warranted occasion,
And standing on so fair termes.

Petru. I shall quit her.

Sopb. Us'd you no more art?

Petru. Yes, I swore to her,
And by no little ones, if presently
Without more disputation on the matter,
She grew not nearer to me, and dispatcht me
Out of the pains I was, for I was nettl'd,
And willingly, and eagerly, and sweetly,
I would to her Chamber-maid, and in her hearing
Begin her such a hunt-up.

Sopb. Then she started?

Petru. No more than I do now; marry she answered
If I were so dispos'd, she could not help it;
But there was one call'd Jaques, a poor Butler
One that might well content a single woman.

Sopb. And he should tilt her.

Petru. To that fence, and last
She had me yet these six nights look for nothing,
Nor strive to purchase it, but fair good night,
And so good morrow, and a kiss or two
To close my stomach, for her vow had seal'd it,
And she would keep it constant.Sopb. Stay ye, stay ye,
Was she thus when you woo'd her?Petru. Nothing *Sophocles*,
More keenly eager, I was oft afraid
She had been light, and easie, she would showre
Her kisses so upon me.Sopb. Then I fear
An other spoke's i'th wheele.Petru. Now thou hast found me,
There gnawes my Devil, *Sophocles*, O patience
Preserve me; that I make her not example
By some unworthy way; as fleaing her,
Boyling, or making verjuice, drying her.

Sopb. I hear her.

Petru. Mark her then, and see the heir
Of spight and prodigality, she has studied
A way to begger's both, and by this handMaria at the dore, and Servant and Woman.
She shall be, if I live, a Doxy.

Sopb. Fy Sir.

Mar. I do not like that dressing, tis too poor,
Let me have six gold laces, broad and massy,
And betwixt ev'ry lace a rich Embroydry,
Line the Gown through with Plusn perfum'd, and puffle,
All the sleeves down with Pearl.Petru. What think you *Sophocles*.
In what point stands my state now?

Mar. For those hangings.

Hh

Let'em

Let 'em be carried where I gave appointment,
They are too base for my use, and bespeak
New Pieces of the Civil Wars of France,
Let 'em be large and lively, and all silk work,
The borders Gold.

Soph. I marry sir, this cuts it.

Mar. That fourteen yards of Satten give my Woman,
I do not like the colour, 'tis too civil:
Ther's too much Silk i'th lace too; tell the *Dutchman*
Tha brought the Mares, he must with all speed send me
An other suit of Horses, and by all means
Ten cast of Hawkes for th' River, I much care not
What price they bear, so they be found, and flying,
For the next Winter, I am for the Country;
And mean to take my pleasure; where's the Horseman?

Petru. She means to ride a great Horse.

Soph. With a side saddle?

Petru. Yes, and shee'l run a tilt within this twelve-
(month

Mar. To morrow I'll begin to learn, but pray sir
Have a great care he be an easie doer,
'Twill spoil a Scholar else.

Soph. An easie doer,
Did you hear that?

Petru. Yes, I shall meet her morals
Ere it be long I fear not.

Mar. O good morrow.

Soph. Good morrow Lady, how is't now.

Mar. Faith sickly,
This house stands in an ill ayre.

Petru. Yet more charges?

Mar. Subject to rots, and rheums; out on't, 'tis nothing
But a tild fog.

Petru. What think you of the Lodge then?

Mar. I like the seat, but 'tis too little, *Sophocles*
Let me have thy opinion, thou hast judgment.

Petru. 'Tis very well.

Mar. What if I pluck it down,
And build a square upon it, with two courts
Still rising from the entrance?

Petru. And i'th midst

A Colled_e for young Scolds.

Mar. And to the Southward

Take in a Garden of some twenty Acres,
And cast it of the *Italian* fashion, hanging.

Petru. And you could cast your self so too; pray Lady
Will not this cost much Money?

Mar. Some five thousand,
Say six: I'll have it Battel'd too.

Petru. And gilt; *Maria*,

This is a fearful course you take, pray think on't,
You are a Woman now, a Wife, and his
That must in honesty, and justice look for
Some due obedience from you.

Mar. That bare word

Shall cost you many a pound more, build upon't;
Tell me of due obedience? VVhat's a Husband?
VVhat are we married for, to carry Sumpters?
Are we not one peece with you, and as worthy
Our own intentions, as you yours?

Petru. Pray hear me.

Mar. Take two small drops of water, equal weigh'd,
Tell me which is the heaviest, and which ought
First to descend in duty?

Petru. You mistake me;

I urge not service from you, nor obedience
In way of duty, but of love, and Credit;
All I expect is but a noble care
Of what I have brought you, and of what I am,
And what our name may be.

Mar. That's in my making.

Petru. 'Tis true it is so.

Mar. Yes, it is *Petruchio*,
For there was never Man without our molding,
VVithout our stamp upon him, and our justice,

Left any thing three ages after him
Good, and his own.

Soph. Good Lady understand him.

Mar. I do too much, sweet *Sophocles*, he's one
Of a most spiteful self condition,
Never at peace with any thing but Age,
That I as no teeth left to return his anger:
A Bravery dwells in his blood yet, of abusing
His first good wife; he's sooner fire than powder,
And sooner mischief.

Petru. If I be so fodain
Do not you fear me?

Mar. No nor yet care for you,
And if it may be lawful, I desie you:

Petru. Do's this become you now?

Mar. It shall become me.

Petru. Thou disobedient, weak, vain-glorious woman,
Were I but half so wilful, as thou spiteful,
I should now drag thee to thy duty.

Mar. Drag me?

Petru. But I am friends again: take all your pleasure.

Mar. Now you perceive him *Sophocles*.

Petru. I love thee

Above thy vanity, thou faithless creature.

Mar. Would I had been so happy when I Married,
But to have met an honest Man like thee,
For I am sure thou art good, I know thou art honest,
A handsome hurtless man, a loving man,
Though never a penny with him; and those eyes,
That face, and that true heart; weare this for my sake,
And when thou think'st upon me pity me:

I am cast away,

Exit Mar.

Soph. VVhy how now man?

Petru. Pray leave me,
And follow your advices.

Soph. The Man's jealous:

Petru. I shall find a time ere it be long, to ask you
One or two foolish questions.

Soph. I shall answer

As well as I am able, when you call me:
If she mean true, 'tis but a little killing,
And if I do not venture it's —
Farewel sir.

Exit Soph.

Petru. Pray farewel. Is there no keeping
A VVife to one mans use? no wintering
These cattel without straying? 'Tis hard dealing,
Very hard dealing, Gentlemen, strange dealing:
Now in the name of madness, what Star raign'd,
VVhat dog-star, bull, or bear-star, when I married
This second wife, this whirlwind, that takes all
VVithin her compass? was I not well warn'd,
(I thought I had, and I believe I know it,)
And beaten to repentance in the dayes
Of my first doting? had I not wife enough
To turn my love to? did I want vexation,
Or any special care to kill my heart?
Had I not ev'ry morning a rare breakfast,
Mixt with a learned Lecture of ill language,
Louder than *Tom o' Lincoln*; and at dinner,
A dyet of the same dish? was there evening
That ere past over us, without thou Knave,
Or thou VVhore for digestion? had I ever
A pull at this same poor sport men run mad for
But like a Cur I was fain to shew my teeth first,
And almost worry her? and did Heaven forgive me,
And take this Serpent from me? and am I
Keeping tame Devils now again? my heart akes;
Something I must do speedily: I'll die,
If I can handsomely, for that's the way
To make a Rascal of her; I am sick,
And I'll goe very near it, but I'll perish.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Livia, Byancha, Tranio, and Rowland.

Liv. Then I must be content, Sir, with my fortune.
Row. And I with mine.
Liv. I did not think, a look,
 Or a poor word or two, could have displanted
 Such a fix'd constancy, and for your end too. (gaws,
Row. Come, come, I know your courtes: there's your gew-
 Your Rings, and Bracelets, and the Purse you gave me,
 The Money's spent in entertaining you
 At Plays, and Cherry-gardens.
Liv. There's your Chain too.
 But if you'll give me leave, I'll wear the hair still;
 I would yet remember you.
Bya. Give him his love wench;
 The young Man has imployment for't:
Tra. Fic Rowland.
Row. You cannot fie me out a hundred pound
 With this poor plot: yet, let me ne'r see day more,
 If something do not struggle strangely in me.
Bya. Young Man, let me talk with you.
Row. Well, young Woman.
Bya. This was your Mistrifs once.
Row. Yes.
Bya. Are ye honest?
 I see you are young, and handsome.
Row. I am honest. (judgement
Bya. Why that's well said: and there's no doubt your
 Is good enough, and strong enough to tell you
 Who are your foes, and friends: Why did you leave her?
Row. She made a puppy of me.
Bya. Be that granted:
 She must do so sometimes, and oftentimes;
 Love were too serious else.
Row. A witty Woman.
Bya. Had you lov'd me—
Row. I would I had.
Bya. And dearly;
 And I had lov'd you so: you may love worse Sir,
 But that is not material.
Row. I shall loofe.
Bya. Some time or other for variety
 I should have call'd you Fool, or Boy, or bid you
 Play with the Pages: but have lov'd you still,
 Out of all question, and extreamly too;
 You are a Man made to be loved:
Row. This Woman.
 Either abuses me, or loves me deadly.
Bya. I'll tell you one thing, if I were to choofe
 A Husband to mine own mind, I should think
 One of your Mothers making would content me,
 For o' my Conscience she makes good ones.
Row. Lady,
 I'll leave you to your commendations:
 I am in again, The Divil take their tongues.
Bya. You shall not goe.
Row. I will: yet thus far *Livia*,
 Your Sortow may induce me to forgive you,
 But never love again; if I stay longer,
 I have lost two hundred pound.
Liv. Good Sir, but thus much—
Tra. Turn if thou beest a Man.
Liv. But one kifs of you;
 One parting kifs, and I am gone too.
Row. Come,
 I shall kifs fifty pound away at this clap:
 We'll have one more, and then farewell.
Liv. Farewel.
Bya. Well, go thy wayes, thou bear'st a kind heart
Tra. H'as made a stand. (with thee.
Bya. A noble, brave young fellow

Worthy a Wench indeed.

Row. I will: I will not. *Exit Rowland.*
Tra. He's gone: but shocagen; play you but your part,
 And I will keep my promise: forty Angels
 In fair gold, Lady: wipe your eyes: he's yours
 If I have any wit.
Liv. I'll pay the forfeit.
Bya. Come then, let's see your sifter, how she fares now,
 After her skirmish: and be sure, *Moroso*
 Be kept in good hand; then all's perfect, *Livia*.
Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Jaques and Pedro.

Ped. O *Jaques*, *Jaques*, What becomes of us?
 Oh my sweet Master.
Jaq. Run for a Physitian,
 And a whole peck of Pothecaries, *Pedro*.
 He will die, didle, didle die: if they come not quickly,
 And bring all People that are skillful
 In Lungs and Livers: raise the neighbours,
 And all the *Aquavite*-bottles extant;
 And, O the Parson, *Pedro*; O the Parson,
 A little of his comfort, never so little;
 Twenty to one you find him at the Bush,
 There's the best Ale.
Ped. I fly. *Exit Pedro.*

Enter Maria, and Servants.

Mar. Out with the Trunks, ho:
 Why are you idle? Sirha, up to th' Chamber,
 And take the Hangings down, and see the Linnen
 Packt up, and sent away within this half hour.
 What, Are the Carts come yet? some honest body
 Help down the Chests of Plate, and some the Wardrobe,
 Alas, we are undone else.
Jaq. Pray forsooth;
 And I beseech ye, tell me, is he dead yet?
Mar. No, but is drawing on: out with the Armour.
Jaq. Then I'll go see him.
Mar. Thou art undone then Fellow; no Man that has
 Been near him come near me.

Enter Sophocles, and Petronius.

Soph. Why how now Lady, What means this?
Petron. Now daughter, How does my Son?
Mar. Save all you can for Heavens sake.

Enter Livia, Byancha, and Tranio.

Liv. Be of good comfort, Sister.
Mar. O my Casket.
Petron. How do's thy Husband Woman?
Mar. Get you gon, if you mean to save your lives: the
Petron. Stand further off, I prethee. (Sickness.
Mar. Is i'th house Sir,
 My Husband has it now;
 Alas he is infected, and raves extreamly:
 Give me some Counsel friends.
Bya. Why lock the doors up,
 And send him in a Woman to attend him.
Mar. I have bespoke two Women; and the City
 Hath sent a Watch by this time: Meat nor Money
 He shall not want, nor Prayers.
Petron. How long is't
 Since it first took him?

Mar. But within this three hours.

Enter Watch.

I am frighted from my wits: — O here's the Watch; Pray doe your Office, lock the doors up Friends, And patience be his Angel.

Tra. This comes unlook'd for:

Mar. I'll to the lodge; some that are kind and love me, I know will visit me.

Petru. Doe you hear my Masters: ho, you that lock the

Petron. 'Tis his voice. (doors up.)

Tra. Hold, and let's hear him.

Petru. Will ye starve me here: am I a Traytor, or an Or am I grown infectious? (Heretick.)

Petron. Pray sir, pray.

Petru. I am as well as you are, goodman puppy.

Mar. Pray have patience.

You shall want nothing Sir.

Petru. I want a cudgel,

And thee, thou wickedness.

Petron. He speaks well enough.

Mar. 'Had ever a strong heart Sir.

Petru. Will ye hear me?

First le pleas'd

To think I know ye all, and can distinguish Ev'ry Mans several voice: you that spoke first, I know my father in law; the other *Tranio*, And I heard *Sophocles*; the last, pray mark me, 's my dam'd Wife *Maria*:

If any Man misdoubt me for infected, There is mine Arme, let any Man look on't.

Enter Doct̄or and Potbecary.

Doct̄. Save ye Gentlemen.

Petron. O welcome Doct̄or, Ye come in happy time; pray your opinion, What think you of his pulse?

Doct̄. It beats with busiest, And shews a general inflammation, Which is the symptome of a pestilent Feaver, Take twenty ounces from him.

Petru. Take a Fool; Take an ounce from mine arme, and Doct̄or *Déuz-acc*, I'll make a close-stoole of your Velvet Costard.

— Gentlemen, doe ye make a may-game on me?

I tell ye once again, I am as found, As well, as wholsome, and as sensible, As any of ye all: Let me out quickly, Or as I am a Man, I'll beat the walls down, And the first thing I light upon shall pay for't.

Exit Doct̄or and Potbecary.

Petro. Nay, we'll go with you Doct̄or.

Mar. 'Tis the safest; I saw the Tokens Sir.

Petro. Then there is but one way.

Petru. Will it please you open?

Tra. His fit grows stronger still.

Mar. Let's save our selves Sir, He's past all worldly cure.

Petro. Friends do your office. And what he wants, if Money, Love, or Labor, Or any way may win it, let him have it. Farewell, and pray my honest Friends—

Exeunt.

Petru. Why Rascals, Friends, Gentlemen, thou beastly Wife, *Jaques*; None hear me? Who at the door there?

1 Watch. Think I pray Sir, Whether you are going, and prepare your self.

2 Watch. These idle thoughts disturb you, the good Gentlewoman

Your Wife has taken care you shall want nothing.

Petru. Shall I come out in quiet? answer me,

Or shall I charge a Fowling-Piece, and make Mine own way; two of ye I cannot miss, If I miss three; ye come here to assault me. I am as excellent well, I thank Heaven for't, And have as good a stomach at this instant—

2 Watch. That's an ill sign.

1 Watch. He draws on; he's a dead Man.

Petru. And sleep as soundly; Will ye look upon me?

1 Watch. Do you want Pen and Ink? while you have Settle your state. (sense sir,

Petru. Sirs, I am well, as you are; Or any Rascal living.

2 Watch. Would you were Sir.

Petru. Look to your selves, and if you love your lives, Open the door, and fly me, for I shoot else; —I'll shoot, and presently, chain-bullets; And under four I will not kill.

1 Watch. Let's quit him, It may be it is a trick: he's dangerous.

2 Watch. The Devil take the hinmost, I cry.

Exit Watch running.

Ent'r Petruchio with a Piece.

Petru. Have among ye;

The door shall open too, I'll have a fair shoot; Are ye all gone? tricks in my old dayes, crackers Put now upon me? and, by Lady *Green-sleeves*? Am I grown so tame after all my triumphs? But that I should be thought mad, if I rail'd, As much as they deserve, against these Women, I would now rip up, from the primitive Cuckold, All their arch-villanies, and all their doubles, Which are more than a hunted Hare ere thought on: When a Man has the fairest, and the sweetest Of all their Sex, and as he thinks the noblest, What has he then? and I'll speak modestly, He has a Quartern-ague, that shall shake All his estate to nothing; never cur'd, Nor never dying; He's as a ship to venture His fame, and credit in, which if he Man not With more continual labour than a Gally To make her tith, either she grows a Tumbrel, Not worth the Cloth she wears; or springs more leakes Than all the fame of his posterity Can ever stop again: I could raile twenty dayes; Out on 'em, Hedge-hogs, He that shall touch 'em, has a thousand thorns Runs through his fingers: If I were unmarried, I would do any thing below repentance, Any base dunghill slavery; be a Hang-man, Ere I would be a Husband: O the thousand, Thousand, ten thousand wayes they have to kill us! Some fall with two much stringing of the Fiddles, And those are fools; some, that they are not suffer'd, And those are Maudlin-lovers: some, like Scorpions, They poyson with their tails, and those are Martyrs; Some dye with doing good, those Benefactors, And leave 'em land to leap away: some few, For those are rarest, they are said to kill With kindness, and fair usage; but what they are, My Catalogue discovers not: only 'tis thought They are buried in old Walls, with their heels upward. I could raile twenty dayes together now. I'll seek 'em out, and if I have not reason, And very sensible, why this was done, I'll go a birding yet, and some shall smart for't. Exit.

Actus

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Morofo and Petronius.

Mor. That I do love her, is without all question,
And most extremely, dearly, most exactly;
And that I would ev'n now, this present Monday,
Before all others, Maids, Wives, Women, Widows,
Of what degree, or calling, Marry her,
As certain too; but to be made a Whim-wham,
A Jib-crack, and a Gentleman o'th first house
For all my kindness to her.

Petron. How you take it?
Thou get a Wench, thou get a dozen night-caps?
Wouldst have her come, and lick thee like a Calfe,
And blow thy nose, and busf thee?

Mor. Not so neither.

Petron. What wouldst thou have her do?

Mor. Do as she would do;

Put on a clean Smock, and to Church, and Marry,
And then to Bed a Gods name, this is fair play,
And keeps the Kings peace; let her leave her bobs,
I have had too many of them, and her quillets,
She is as nimble that way as an Eeel;
But in the way she ought to me especially,
A fow of Lead is swifter.

Petron. Quoad your griefs down.

Mor. Give fair quarter, I am old and crasie,
And subject to much fumbling, I confests it;
Yet something I would have that's warme, to hatch me:
But understand me I would have it so,
I buy not more repentance in the bargain
Than the ware's worth I have; if you allow me
Worthy your Son-in-Law, and your allowance,
Do it a way of credit; let me show so,
And not be troubled in my visitations,
With blows, and bitterness, and down-right railings,
As if we were to couple like two Cats,
With clawing, and loud clamour:

Petron. Thou fond Man.

Hast thou forgot the Ballad, crabbed age,
Can *May* and *January* match together,
And nev'r a storm between 'em? say she abuse thee,
Put case she doe.

Mor. Well.

Petron. Nay, believe she do's.

Mor. I do believe she do's.

Petron. And div'lishly:

Art thou a whit the worse?

Mor. That's not the matter,
I know, being old, tis fit I am abus'd;
I know 'tis handsome, and I know moreover
I am to love her for't.

Petron. Now you come to me.

Mor. Nay more than this; I find too, and find certain,
What Gold I have, Pearle, Bracelets, Rings, or Owches,
Or what she can desire, Gowns, Petticotes,
Wastcotes, Embroydered-stockings, Scarffs, Cals, Feathers,
Hats, five pound Garters, Muffs, Masks, Ruffs, and Ribands,
I am to give her for't.

Petron. 'Tis right, you are so.

Mor. But when I have done all this, and think it duty,
Is't requisit an other bore my nostrils?
Riddle me that.

Petron. Go get you gone, and dreame
She's thine within these two dayes, for she is so;
The Boy's beside the saddle: get warm broths,
And feed apace; think not of worldly business,
It cools the blood; leave off your tricks, they are hateful,

And meere fore-runners of the ancient measures;
Contrive your beard o'th top cut like *Verdugoes*;
It shows you would be wise, and burn your night-cap,
It looks like half a winding-sheet, and urges
From a young Wench nothing but cold repentance:
You may eate Onyons, so you'l not be lavish.

Mor. I am glad of that.

Petron. They purge the blood, and quicken,
But after 'em, conceive me, sweep your mouth;
And where there wants a tooth, stick in a clove.

Mor. Shall I hope once again, say't.

Petro. You shall Sir:

And you shall have your hope.

Moro. Why there's a match then.

Enter Byancha and Tranio.

Byan. You shall not find me wanting, get you gone.
Here's the old Man, he'l think you are plotting else
Something against his new Son.

Exit Tranio.

Moro. Fare ye well Sir.

Exit Morofo.

Byan. And ev'ry Buck had his Doe,
And ev'ry Cuckold a Bell at his Toe:
Oh what sport should we have then, then Boyes then,
Oh what sport should we have then?

Petro. This is the spirit, that inspires 'em all.

By. Give you good ev'n.

Petro. A word with you Sweet Lady.

By. I am very hasty, Sir.

Petro. So you were ever.

By. Well, What's your will?

Petro. Was not your skilful hand
In this last stratagem? Were not your mischiefs
Eeking the matter on?

By. In's shutting up?

Is that it?

Petro. Yes.

By. I'll tell you,

Petro. Doe.

By. And truly.

Good old Man, I do grieve exceeding much,
I fear too much.

Petro. I am sorry for your heaviness.
Belike you can repent then?

By. There you are wide too.

Not that the thing was done (conceive me rightly)
Do's any way molest me.

Petro. What then Lady?

By. But that I was not in't, there's my sorrow, there
Now you understand me, for I'll tell you,
It was so found a piece, and so well carried,
And if you mark the way, so handsome,
Of such a heighth, and excellence, and art
I have not known a braver; for conceive me,
When the gross fool her Husband would be sick—

Petro. Pray stay.

By. Nay, good, your patience: and no fence for't,
Then slept your daughter in.

Petro. By your appointment.

By. I would it had, on that condition
I had but one half smock, I like it so well;
And like an excellent cunning Woman, cur'd me
One madness with another, which was rare,
And to our weak beliefs, a wonder.

Petro. Hang ye,
For surely, if your husband look not to ye,
I know what will.

By. I humbly thank your worship.
And so I take my leave.

Petro. You have a hand I hear too.

By. I have two Sir.

Petro. In my young daughters business.
By. You will find there

A fitter hand than mine, to reach her frets,
And play down diddle to her.

Petro. I shall watch ye.

By. Do.

Petro. And I shall have Justice.

By. Where?

Petro. That's all one;

I shall be with you at a turne hence forward.

By. Get you a Follēt too; and so good ev'n Sir.

Exeunt.

Enter Petruchio, Jaques, and Pedro.

Jaq. And as I told your worship, all the hangings,
Brass, Pewter, Plate, ev'n to the very looking-glasses.

Ped. And that that hung for our defence, the Armor,
And the March Beere was going too: Oh *Jaques*
What a sad sight was that?

Jaq. Even the two Rundlets,
The two that was our hope, of Muskadel,
(Better nev'r tongue tript over) those two Cannons,
To batter brawn withal at *Christmas*, Sir,
Ev'n those two lovely Twyns, the Enemy
Had almost cut off clean.

Petro. Goe trim the House up.
And put the things in order as they were.

Ex. Ped. and Jaq.

I shall find time for all this: could I find her
But constant any way, I had done my business;
Were she a Whore directly, or a Scold,
An unthrift, or a Woman made to hate me,
I had my wif, and knew which way to rayne her;
But while she shews all these, and all their losses,
A kind of linsy woolsey, mingled mischief
Not to be ghest at, and whether true, or borrowed,

Enter Maria.

Not certain neither, What a hap had I,
And what a tydie fortune, when my fate
Flung me upon this Bear-whelp? here she comes;
Now, if she have a colour, for the fault is
A cleanly one, upon my Conscience
I shall forgive her yet, and find a something
Certain, I Married for: her wit: I'll marke her.

Mar. Not let his Wife come near him in his sickness?
Not come to comfort him? she that all Laws
Of heaven, and Nations have ordain'd his second,
Is she refus'd? and two old Paradoxes,
Pieces of five and fifty, without faith
Clapt in upon him? h'as a little pet,
That all young Wives must follow necessary,
Having their Maiden-heads—

Petro. This is an Axiome
I never heard before.

Mar. Or say Rebellion,
If we durst be so foul, which two fair words
Alas win us from, in an hour, an instant,
We are so easie, make him so forgetful
Both of his reason, honesty, and credit,
As to deny his Wife a visitation?
His Wife, that (though she was a little foolish,)
Lov'd him, Oh Heaven forgive her for't! nay doted,
Nay had run mad, had she not married him.

Petro. Though I do know this fals'er than the Devil,
I cannot choose but love it.

Mar. What do I know
But those that came to keep him, might have kill'd him,
In what a case had I been then? I dare not
Believe him such a base, debosh'd companion,
That one refusal of a tender Maid,
Would make him faign this Sickness out of need,
And take a Keeper to him of Fourscore
To play at *Billiards*; one that mew'd content

And all her teeth together; not come near him?

Petro. This Woman would have made a most rare Je-
She can prevaricate on any thing: (suite,
There was not to be thought a way to save her
In all imagination, beside this.

Mar. His unkind dealing, which was worst of all,
In sending, who knowes whether, all the plate,
And all the household-stuffe, had I not crost it,
By a great providence, and my friends assistance
Which he will thank me one day for: alas,
I could have watch'd as well as they, have serv'd him
In any use, better, and willinger.

The Law commands me to do it, love commands me,
And my own duty charges me.

Petro. Heav'n blefs me.
And now I have said my Prayers, I'll go to her:
Are you a Wife for any Man?

Mar. For you Sir.
If I were worse, I were better; That you are well,
At least, that you appear so, I thank Heaven,
Long may it hold, and that you are here, I am glad too;
But that you have abus'd me wretchedly,
And such a way that shames the name of Husband,
Such a malicious mangy way, so mingled,
(Never look strangely on me, I dare tell you)
With breach of honesty, care, kindness, manners.

Petro. Holla, you kick too fast.

Mar. Was I a stranger?
Or had I vow'd perdition to your person?
Am I not Married to you, tell me that?

Petro. I would I could not tell you.

Mar. Is my presence,
The stock I come of, which is worshipful,
If I should say Right worshipful, I ly'd not,
My Grandfire was a Knight.

Petro. O'the Shire?

Mar. A Soldier,
Which none of all thy Family e're heard of,
But one conductor of thy name, a Grasier
That ran away with pay: or am I grown
Because I have been a little peevish to you,
Onely to try your temper) such a dogge-leech
I could not be admitted to your presence?

Petro. If I endure this, hang me.

Mar. And two deaths heads,
Two *Harry* Groats, that had their faces worn,
Almost their names away too.

Petro. Now hear me.
For I will stay no longer.

Mar. This you shall:
How ever you shall think to flatter me,
For this offence, which no submission
Can ever mediate for, you'll find it so,
What ever you shall do by intercession,
What you can offer, what your Land can purchase,
What all your friends, or families can win,
Shall be but this, not to forswear your knowledge,
But ever to forbear it: now your will Sir.

Petro. Thou art the subtlest Woman I think living,
I am sure the lewdest; now be still, and mark me;
Were I but any way addicted to the Devil,
I should now think I had met a play-fellow
To profit by, and that way the most learned
That ever taught to murmur. Tell me thou,
Thou most poor, paltry spiteful Whore: Do you cry?
I'll make you roare, before I leave.

Mar. Your pleasure.

Petro. Was it not sin enough, thou Fruiterer,
Full of the fall thou eat'st: thou Devils Broker,
Thou Seminary of all sedition,
Thou Sword of veng'ance, with a thred hung o're us,
Was it not sin enough, and wickedness
In full abundance? Was it not vexation
At all points, *cap a pe?* nay, I shall pinch you,

Thus,

Thus like a rotten Rascal to abuse
The name of Heaven, the tye of Marriage;
The honour of thy Friends; the expectation
Of all that thought thee virtuous, with Rebellion,
Childish and base Rebellion, but continuing
After forgiveness too, and worse, your mischief,
And against him, setting the hope of Heaven by,
And the dear reservation of his honor
Nothing above ground could have won to hate thee:
Well, goe thy wayes.

Mar. Yes.

Petru. You shall hear me out first:
What punishment may'st thou deserve, thou thing,
Thou Idle thing of nothing, thou pull'd Primrose,
That two hours after, art a Weed, and wither'd,
For this last flourish on me? am I one
Selected out of all the Husbands living,
To be so ridden by a Tit of ten pence,
Am I so blind and Bed-rid? I was mad,
And had the Plague, and no Man must come near me,
I must be shut up, and my substance bezel'd,
And an old Woman watch me.

Mar. Well Sir, well,
You may well glory in't.

Petru. And when it comes to opening, 'tis my plot,
I must undoe my self forsooth: do'st hear me?
If I should beat thee now, as much may be,
Do'st thou not well deserve it, o' thy Conscience,
Do'st thou not cry, come beat me?

Mar. I defie you.
And my last loving tears farewell: the first stroke,
The very first you give me, if you dare strike,
Try me, and you shall find it so, for ever,
Never to be recall'd: I know you love me,
Mad till you have enjoy'd me; I do turne
Utterly from you, and what Man I meet first
That has but spirit to deserve a favour;
Let him bear any shape, the worse the better.
Shall kill you, and enjoy me; what I have said
About your foolish sickness, e're you have me
As you would have me, you shall swear, is certain;
And challenge any Man, that dares deny it;
And in all companies approve my actions,
And so farewell for this time.

Petru. Grief goe with thee,
If there be any witchcrafts, herbes, or potions,
Saying my Prayers backward, Fiends, or Fayries
That can again unlove me, I am made:

Ex. Mar.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Byancha, and Tranio.

Tra. Mistress, you must do it.

By. Are the Writings ready I told you of?

Tra. Yes they are ready, but to what use I know not.

By. Y'are an Ass, you must have all things constru'd,

Tra. Yes, and pierc'd too,
Or I find little pleasure.

By. Now you are knavish,
Goe too, fetch *Rowland* hither presently,
Your Twenty pounds lies bleeding else: she is married
Within these twelve hours, if we cross it not,
And see the Papers of one size.

Tra. I have ye.

By. And for disposing of 'em.

Tra. If I fail you
Now I have found the way, use Marshal Law
And cut my head off with a hand Saw:

By. Well Sir.

Petrouius and *Moroso* I'll see sent for,
About your business; goe.

Tra. I am gone.

Ex. Tra.

Enter Livia.

By. Ho *Livia*.

Liv. Who's that?

By. A friend of yours, Lord how you look now,
As if you had lost a Carrack.

Liv. O *Byancha*.

I am the most undone, unliappy Woman.

By. Be quiet Wench, thou shalt be done, and done,
And done, and double done, or all shall split for't,
No more of these minc'd passions, they are mangy,
And ease thee of nothing, but a little Wind,
An Apple will do more: thou fear'st *Moroso*.

Liv. Even as I fear the Gallowes.

By. Keep thee there still.

And you love *Rowland*? say.

Liv. If I say not,

I am sure I lye.

By. What wouldst thou give that Woman;
In spite of all his anger, and thy fear,
And all thy Fathers policy, that could
Clap ye within these two nights quietly
Into a Bed together?

Liv. How?

By. Why fairly,
At half sword man and wife: now the red blood comes,
I marry now the matters chang'd.

Liv. *Byancha*,
Methinks you should not mock me.

By. Mock a pudding.

I speak good honest *English*, and good meaning.

Liv. I should not be ungrateful to that Woman.

By. I know thou would'st not, follow but my Councel,
And if thou hast him not, despite of fortune
Let me nev'r know a good night more; you must
Be very sick o'th instant.

Liv. Well, what follows?

By. And in that sickness send for all your friends,
Your Father, and your feaver old *Moroso*,
And *Rowland* shall be there too.

Liv. What of these?

By. Do you not twitter yet? of this shall follow
That which shall make thy heart leap, and thy lips
Venture as many kisses, as the Merchants
Doe Dollars to the *East-Indies*: you shall know all,
But first walke in, and practise, pray be sick.

Liv. I do believe you: and I am sick.

By. Doe,

To bed then, come, I'll send away your Servants
Post for your Fool, and Father; and good fortune,
As we meane honesty, now strike an up-shot.

Exunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Tranio, and Rowland.

Tra. Nay, on my conscience, I have lost my Money,
But that's all one: I'll never more perswade you,
I see you are resolute, and I commend you.

Row. But did she send for me?

Tra. You dare believe me.

Row. I cannot tell, you have your wayes for profit
Allow'd you *Tranio*, as well as I
Have to avoid 'em.

Tra. No, on my word, Sir,
I deale directly with you.

Enter Servant.

Row. How now fellow,
Whither Post you so fast?

Ser. O sir my Master,
Pray did you see my Master?

Row. Why your Master?

Ser. Sir.

Ser. Sir his Jewel.
Rom. With the gilded Button?
Ser. My pretty Mistres *Livia*.
Rom. What of her?
Ser. Is fallen sick o'th suddain.
Rom. How o'th suddain?
Ser. O'th suddain Sir, I say, very sick:
Rom. It seemes she hath got the toothach with raw Apples.
Ser. It seemes you have got the headach, fare you well
 You did not see my Master? (Sir.)
Rom. Who told you so.
Tr. No, no, he did not see him.
Rom. Farewell Blew-bottle. *Ex. Servant.*
 What should her sickness be?
Tr. For you it may be.
Rom. Yes, when my braines are out, I may believe it,
 Never before I am sure: Yet I may see her;
 'Twill be a point of honesty:
Tr. It will so.
Rom. It may be not too: you would fain be sing'ring
 This old sin-offring of two hundred, *Tranio*,
 How daintily, and cunningly you drive me
 Up like a Dear to'th toyle, yet I may leap it,
 And what's the Woodman then?
Tr. A loser by you.
 Speak, Will you go or not? to me 'tis equal.
Rom. Come, What goes left?
Tr. Nay, not a penny *Romland*.
Rom. Shall I have liberty of conscience,
 Which, by interpretation, is ten kisses?
 Hang me if I affect her: yet it may be,
 This whorson manners will require a strugling,
 Of two and twenty, or by'r-Lady thirty.
Tr. By'r-Lady I'll require my wager then,
 For if you kiss so often, and no kindness,
 I have lost my speculation, I'll allow you—
Rom. Speak like a Gamster now.
Tr. It may be two.
Rom. Under a dozen *Tranio*, there's no setting,
 You shall have forty shillings, winck at small faults.
 Say I take twenty, come, by all that's honest
 I do it but to vex her.
Tr. I'll no by-blowes.
 If you can love her, doe, if you can, hate her,
 Or any else that loves you—
Rom. Prethec *Tranio*.
Tr. Why farewell twenty pound, 'twill not undoe me;
 You have my resolution.
Rom. And your Money,
 Which since you are so stubborn, if I forfeit,
 Make me a *Jack o' Lent*, and break my shins
 For untag'd Points and Compters: I'll goe with you,
 But if thou gett'st a penny by the bargain;
 A parting kiss is lawful?
Tr. I allow it.
Rom. Knock out my brains with Apples; yet a bargain:
Tr. I tell you I'll no bargain is; win, and wear it.
Rom. Thou art the strangest fellow.
Tr. That's all one.
Rom. Along then, twenty pound more if thou dar'st,
 I give her not a good word.
Tr. Not a Penny. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Petruchio, Jaques, and Pedro.

Petru. Prethec, entreat her come, I will not trouble her
 Above a word or two; ere I endure (Exit Pedro.)
 This life, and with a Woman, and a vow'd one
 To all the mischiefs she can lay upon me,
 I'll go to Plough, and eate Lecke Porridge;
 Begging's a pleasure to't, not to be number'd:
 No there be other Countries *Jaques* for me, and other peo-
 ple, yea, and other women.

If I have need, here's Money, there's your ware,
 Which is faire dealing, and the Sun, they say,
 Shines as warme there, as here, and till I have lost
 Either my self, or her, I care not whether
 Nor which first.

Jaq. Will your worship hear me?

Petru. And utterly outworne the memory
 Of such a curse as this, none of my Nation
 Shall ever know me more.

Jaq. Out alas Sir.

What a strange way doe you run?

Petru. Any way,

So I out-run this Rascal.

Jaq. Me thinks now,

If your good worship could but have the patience.

Petru. The patience, why the patience?

Jaq. Why I'll tell you,
 Could you but have the patience.

Petru. Well the patience.

Jaq. To laugh at all she do's, or when she railles,
 To have a Drum beaten o'th top o'th house,
 To give the neighbors warning of her Larme,
 As I do when my Wife rebels.

Petru. Thy Wife?

Thy Wife's a Pigeon to her, a meere slumber,
 The dead of night's not stiller.

Jaq. Nor an Iron Mill.

Petru. But thy Wife is certain.

Jaq. That's false Doctrine,

You never read of a certain Woman.

Petru. Thou know'st her way.

Jaq. I should doe, I am sure.

I have ridden it night, and day, this twenty year.

Petru. But mine is such a drench of Balderdash,
 Such a strange carded cunningness, the Rayne-bow
 When she hangs bent in Heaven, sheds not her colours
 Quicker, and more, than this deceitful Woman.

Enter Ped.

Weaves in her dye's of wickedness: what sayes she?

Ped. Nay not a word sir, but she pointed to me,
 As though she meant to follow; pray sir bear it
 Ev'n as you may, I need not teach your worship,
 The best men have their crosses, we are all mortal.

Petru. What ailes the fellow?

Ped. And no doubt she may Sir.

Petru. What may she, or what do's she, or what is she?
 Speak and be hang'd.

Ped. She's mad Sir.

Petru. Heaven continue it.

Ped. Amen if't be his pleasure.

Petru. How mad is she?

Ped. As mad as heart can wish Sir: she has drest her self
 (Saving your worships reverence) just i'th 'cut
 Of one of those that multiply i'th Suburbs

For single Money, and as durtilly:
 If any speak to her, first she whistles,
 And then begins her compass with her fingers,
 And points to what she would have.

Petru. What new way's this?

Ped. There came in Master *Sophocles*,

Petru. And what

Did Master *Sophocles* when he came in?
 Get my Truncks ready, sirha, I'll be gone straight.

Ped. He's here to tell you
 She's horne mad *Jaques*.

Enter Sophocles.

Soph. Call ye this a Woman?

Petru. Yes sir, she is a Woman,

Soph. Sir, I doubt it.

Petru. I had thought you had made experience,

Soph. Yes, I did so.

And almost with my life.

Petru. You rid too fast, Sir.

Soph. Pray be not mistakē: by this hand
Your wife's as chaste, and honest as a Virgin,
For any thing I know: 'tis true she gave me
A Ring.

Petru. For rutting.

Soph. You are much deceiv'd still,
Believe me, I never kist her since, and now
Coming in visitation, like a friend,
I think she is mad, Sir, suddainly she started,
And snatch'd the Ring away, and drew her knife out,
To what intent I know not.

Petru. Is this certain?

Soph. As I am here, Sir.

Petru. I believe you honest.
And pray continue so.

Enter Maria.

Soph. She comes.

Petru. Now Damsel,
What will your beauty do if I forsake you?
Do you deal by signs, and tokens? as I ghes then,
You'll walk abroad, this Summer, and catch Captains,
Or hire a piece of holy ground i' th' Suburbs,
And keep a Nest of Nuns?

Soph. Oh do not stir her!
You see in what a case she is?

Petru. She is dogged,
And in a beastly case I am sure: I'll make her,
If she have any tongue, yet tattle. *Sophocles,*
Prethee observe this woman seriously,
And eye her well, and when thou hast done, but tell me
(For thou hast understanding) in what case
My sense was, when I chose this thing,

Soph. I'll tell you
I have seen a sweeter—

Petru. An hundred times cry Oysters.
There's a poor Begger-wench about *Black-Fryers*
Runs on her breech, may be an Empress to her.

Soph. Nay, now you are too bitter.

Petru. Nev'r a whit Sir:
I'll tell thee woman; for now I have day to see thee,
And all my wits about me, and I speak
Not out of passion neither (leave your mumping)
I know you're well enough: Now would I give
A million but to vex her: when I chose thee
To make a Bedfellow, I took more trouble,
Than twenty Terms can come to, such a cause,
Of such a title, and so everlasting
That *Adams* Genealogie may be ended
E'r any Law find thee: I took a Leprosie,
Nay worse, the plague, nay worse yet, a possession
And had the devil with thee, if not more:
And yet worse, was a beast, and like a beast
Had my reward, a Jade to fling my fortunes;
For who that had but reason to distinguish
The light from darknes, wine from water, hunger
From full satiety, and Fox from Fern-bush
That would have married thee?

Soph. She is not so ill.

Petru. She's worse than I dare think of: she's so lewd;
No Court is strong enough to bear her cause,
She hath neither manners, honesty, behaviour,
Wife-hood, nor woman-hood, nor any mortal
Can force me think she had a mother: no
I do believe her stedfastly, and know her
To be a Woman-wolfe by transmigration,
Her first forme was a Ferrets under-ground,
She kills the memories of men: not yet?

Soph. Do you think she's sensible of this?

Petru. I care not,
Be what she will: the pleasure I take in her,

Thus I blow off; the care I took to love her,
Like this point, I untie, and thus I loose it;
The husband I am to her, thus I sever;
My vanity farewell: yet, for you have been
So near me, as to bear the name of wife,
My unquench'd charity shall tell you thus much,
(Though you deserve it well) you shall not beg,
What I ordain'd your Joynture, honestly
You shall have settled on you: and half my house,
The other half shall be employ'd in prayers,
(That meritorious charge I'll be at also
Yet to confirm you *Christian*) your apparel,
And what belongs to build up such a folly,
Keep I beseech you, it infects our uses,
And now I am for travel.

Mar. Now I love you,
And now I see you are a man, I'll talke to you,
And I forget your bitterness.

Soph. How now man?

Petru. Oh *Pliny*, if thou wilt be ever famous
Make but this woman all thy wonders.

Mar. Sure Sir
You have hit upon a happy course, a blessed,
And what will make you virtuous?

Petru. She'll ship me.

Mar. A way of understanding I long wish'd for,
And now 'tis come, take heed you fly not back Sir,
Methinks you look a new man to me now,
A man of excellence, and now I see
Some great design set in you: you may think now
(And so may most that know me) 'twere my part
Weakly to weep your loss, and to resist you,
Nay, hang about your neck, and like a dotard
Urge my strong tie upon you: but I love you,
And all the world shall know it, beyond woman;
And more prefer the honor of your Countrey,
Which chiefly you are born for, and may perfect,
The uses you may make of other Nations,
The ripening of your knowledge, conversation,
The full ability, and strength of judgement.
Than any private love, or wanton kisses.
Go worthy man, and bring home understanding.

Soph. This were an excellent woman to breed School-men.

Mar. For if the Merchant through unknown Seas plough
To get his wealth, then dear Sir, what must you
To gather wisdom? go, and go alone,
Only your noble mind for your companion,
And if a woman may win credit with you,
Go far, too far you cannot: still the farther
The more experience finds you: and go sparing,
One meal a week will serve you, and one sute,
Through all your travels: for you'll find it certain,
The poorer and the baser you appear,
The more you look through still.

Petru. Dost hear her?

Soph. Yes.

Petru. What would this woman do if she were suffer'd,
Upon a new Religion?

Soph. Make us Pagans,
I wonder that she writes not.

Mar. Then when time,
And fulness of occasion have new made you,
And squar'd you from a Sot into a Signior,
Or nearer, from a Jade into a Courser;
Come home an aged man, as did *Ulysses*,
And I your glad *Penelope*.

Petru. That must have
As many Lovers as *J* Languages.
And what she does with one i'th' day, i'th' night
Undoe it with another.

Mar. Much that way, Sir;
For in your absence it must be my honor,
That, that must make me spoken of hereafter,
To have temptations, and not little ones

Daily and hourly offered me, and strongly,
Almost believed against me, to set off
The faith, and loyalty of her that loves you.

Petru. What should I do?

Soph. Why by my — I would travel,
Did not you mean so?

Petr. Alas no, nothing less man:

I did it but to try, Sir, she's the Devil,
And now I find it, for she drives me; I must go:
Are my trunks down there, and my horses ready?

Mar. Sir, for your house, and if you please to trust me
With that you leave behind.

Petru. Bring down the money.

Mar. As I am able, and to my poor fortunes,
I'll govern as a widow: I shall long
To hear of your well-doing, and your profit:
And when I hear not from you once a quarter,
I'll wish you in the *Indies*, or *Catayna*,
Those are the climes must make you.

Petru. How's the wind?

She'll wish me out o' th' world anon.

Mar. For *France*.

'Tis very fair; get you aboard to night, Sir,
And loose no time, you know the tide staies no man,
I have cold meats ready for you.

Petru. Fare thee well,

Thou hast fool'd me out o' th' Kingdom with a vengeance,
And thou canst fool me in again,

Mar. Not I Sir,

I love you better, take your time, and pleasure.
I'll see you hors'd.

Petru. I think thou wouldst see me hanged too,
Were I but half as willing.

Mar. Any thing

That you think well of, I dare look upon.

Petru. You'll bear me to the Lands end, *Sophocles*,
And other of my friends I hope.

Mar. Nev'r doubt, Sir,

You cannot want companions for your good:
I am sure you'll kiss me e'r I go; I have business,
And I stay long here I must not.

Petru. Get thee going.

For if thou tarriest but another Dialogue
I'll kick thee to thy Chamber.

Mar. Fare you well, Sir,

And bear your self, I do beseech you, once more,
Since you have undertaken doing wisely,
Manly, and worthily, 'tis for my credit,
And for those flying fames here of your follies,
Your gambols, and ill breeding of your youth,
For which I understand you take this travel,
Nothing should make me leave you else, I'll deal
So like a wife that loves your reputation,
And the most large addition of your credit,
That those shall die: if you want Limon-waters,
Or any thing to take the edge o' th' Sea off,
Pray speak, and be provided.

Petru. Now the Devil,

That was your first good Master, snowre his blessing
Upon ye all: Into whose custody —

Mar. I do commit your Reformation,
And so I leave you to your *Stilo novo*.

Exit Maria.

Petru. I will go: yet I will not: once more *Sophocles*
I'll put her to the test.

Soph. You had better go.

Petru. I will go then: let's seek my Father out,
And all my friends, to see me fair aboard:
Then women, if there be a storm at Sea,
Worse than your tongues can make, and waves more broken,
Than your dissembling faiths are, let me feel
Nothing but tempests, till they crack my Keel.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Petronius, and Byancha, with four papers.

By. **N**OW whether I deserve that blame you gave me,
Let all the world discern, Sir.

Petro. If this motion,

(I mean this fair repentance of my Daughter)
Spring from your good perswasion, as it seems so,
I must confess I have spoke too boldly of you,
And I repent,

By. The first touch was her own,
Taken no doubt from disobeying you,
The second I put to her, when I told her
How good, and gentle yet, with free contrition
Again you might be purchas'd: loving woman,
She heard me, and I thank her, thought me worthy
Observing in this point: yet all my counsel,
And comfort in this case, could not so heal her
But that grief got his share too, and she sick'ned.

Petro. I am sorry she's so ill, yet glad her sickness
Has got so good a ground.

Enter Moroso.

By. Here comes *Moroso*.

Petro. Oh, you are very welcome,
Now you shall know your happiness.

Mor. I am glad on't.

What makes this Lady here?

By. A dish for you, Sir

You'll thank me for hereafter.

Petro. True *Moroso*,

Go get you in, and see your Mistress.

By. She is sick, Sir,

But you may kiss her whole.

Mor. How.

By. Comfort her.

Mor. Why am I sent for, Sir?

Petro. Will you in, and see?

By. May be she needs confession.

Mor. By *St. Mary*,

She shall have absolution then, and pennance,
But not above her carriage.

Petro. Get you in fool.

Exit Mor.

Bya. Here comes the other too.

Enter Rowland and Tranio.

Petro. Now *Tranio*.

Good ev'n to you too, and you are welcome.

Row. Thank you.

Petro. I have a certain Daughter.

Row. Would you had, Sir.

Petro. No doubt you know her well.

Row. Nor never shall, Sir.

She is a woman, and the waies unto her
Are like the finding of a certain path
After a deep fall'n Snow.

Petro. Well, that's by th' by still.

This Daughter that I tell you of, is fall'n
A little crop sick, with the dangerous surfeit
She took of your affection.

Row. Mine Sir?

Petro. Yes Sir.

Or rather, as it seems, repenting.

And there she lies within, debating on't,

Row. Well Sir.

Petro. I think 'twere well you would see her.

Row.

Rom. If you please, Sir;
I am not squeamish of my visitation.
Petron. But, this I'll tell you, she is alter'd much,
You'll find her now another *Livia*.

Rom. I have enough o' th' old, Sir.

Petro. No more fool,
To look gay babies in your eyes young *Rowland*,
And hang about your pretty neck.

Rom. I am glad on't,
And thank my Fates I have scap'd such execution.

Petron. And bus's you till you blush again.

Rom. That's hard, Sir;
She must kiss shamefully e're I blush at it,
I never was so boyish; well, what follows?

Petro. She's mine now, as I please to settle her
At my command, and where I please to plant her:
Only she would take a kind of farewell of you,
And give you back a wandering vow or two,
You left in pawn; and two or three slight oaths
She lent you too, she looks for.

Rom. She shall have 'em
With all my heart, Sir; and if you like it better,
A free release in writing.

Petro. That's the matter,
And you from her, shall have another *Rowland*,
And then turn tail to tail, and peace be with you.

Rom. So be it: Your twenty pound sweats *Tranio*.

Tra. 'Twill not undoe me *Rowland*, do your worst.

Rom. Come, shall we see her, Sir?

Bya. What e'er she saies
You must bear manly *Rowland*, for her sickness
Has made her somewhat pettish

Rom. Let her talk
Till her tongue ake, I care not: by this hand
Thou hast a handsome face wench, and a body
Daintily mounted; now do I feel an hundred
Running directly from me, as I pist it.

Enter Livia discovered abed, and Moroso by her.

Bya. Pray draw 'em softly, the least hurry, Sir,
Puts her to much impatience.

Petro. How is't daughter?

Liv. Oh very sick, very sick, yet somewhat
Better I hope; a little lightsomer,
Because this good man has forgiven me;
Pray set me higher; oh my head:

Bya. Well done wench.

Liv. Father, and all good people that shall hear me,
I have abus'd this man perniciously; was never old man
humbled so;

I have scorn'd him, and call'd him nasty names,
I have spit at him,
Flung Candles ends in's beard, and call'd him harrow,
That must be drawn to all he does: contemn'd him,
For methought then, he was a beastly fellow.
(Oh my side) a very beastly fellow:

And gave it out, his Cassock was a Barge-cloth,
Pawn'd to his predecessor by a Sculler,
The man yet living: I gave him purging comfits
At a great Christning once,
That spoil'd his Chamblet breeches; and one night
I strew'd the stairs with pease, as he past down;
And the good Gentleman (woe worth me for't)
Ev'n with this reverend head, this head of wisdom,
Told two and twenty stairs, good and true;
Mist not a step, and as we say, *verbatim*
Fell to the bottom, broke his casting Bottle,
Lost a fair Toad-stone, of some eighteen shillings,
Jumbled his Joynts together, had two stools,
And was translated. All this villany
Did I: I *Livia*, I alone, untaught.

Mor. And I unask'd, forgive it.

Liv. Where's *Byancha*?

Bya. Here Cofin.

Liv. Give me drink,

Bya. There.

Liv. Who's that?

Mor. *Rowland*.

Liv. Oh my dissembler, you and I must part.
Come nearer, Sir.

Rom. I am sorry for your sickness.

Liv. Be sorry for your self, Sir, you have wrong'd me,
But I forgive you; are the Papers ready?

Bya. I have 'em here: wilt please you view 'em?

Petro. Yes.

Liv. Shew 'em the young man too, I know he's willing
To shift his sails too: 'tis for his more advancement;
Alas, we might have begger'd one another;
We are young both, and a world of children
Might have been left behind to curse our follies:
We had been undone *Byancha*, had we married,
Undone for ever, I confess I lov'd him,
I care not who shall know it, most intirely;
And once, upon my conscience, he lov'd me;
But farewell that, we must be wiser, cofin,
Love must not leave us to the world: have you done?

Rom. Yes, and am ready to subscribe.

Liv. Pray stay then:
Give me the papers, and let me peruse 'em,
And so much time, as may afford a tear
At our last parting.

Bya. Pray retire, and leave her,
I'll call ye presently.

Petro. Come Gentlemen, the showre must fall.

Rom. Would I had never seen her.

Bya. Thou hast done bravely wench.

Liv. Pray Heaven it prove so.

Bya. There are the other papers: when they come
Begin you first, and let the rest subscribe
Hard by your side; give 'em as little light
As Drapers do their Wares.

Liv. Didst mark *Moroso*,
In what an agony he was, and how he cry'd most
When I abus'd him most?

Bya. That was but reason.

Liv. Oh what a stinking thief is this?
Though I was but to counterfeit, he made me
Directly sick indeed. *Thames-street* to him.
Is a meer Pomander.

Bya. Let him be hang'd.

Liv. Amen.

Bya. And lie you still;
And once more to your business.

Liv. Call 'em in.
Now if there be a power that pities Lovers,
Help now, and hear my prayers.

Enter Petronius, Rowland, Tranio, Moroso.

Petro. Is she ready?

Bya. She has done her lamentations: pray go to her.

Liv. *Rowland*, come near me, and before you seal,
Give me your hand: take it again; now kiss me.
This is the last acquaintance we must have;
I wish you ever happy: there's the paper.

Rom. Pray stay a little

Petro. Let me never live more
But I do begin to pity this young fellow;
How heartily he weeps!

Bya. There's Pen and Ink, Sir.

Liv. Ev'n here I pray you. 'Tis a little *Emblem*
How near you have been to me.

Rom. There.

Bya. Your hands too,
As witness's.

Petro. By any means
To th' Book son.

Mor. With all my heart.
Eys. You must deliver it.
Rom. There *Livia*, and a better love light on thee,
 I can no more.
Eys. To this you must be witness too.
Petro. We will.
Eys. Do you deliver it now.
Liv. Pray set me up;
 There *Rowland*, all thy old love back: and may
 A new to come, exceed mine, and be happy.
 I must no more.
Rom. Farewel:
Liv. A long farewell. *Exit Rom.*
Eys. Leave her by any means, till this wild passion
 Be off her head: draw all the Curtains close,
 A day hence you may see her, 'twill be better,
 She is now for little company.
Petro. Pray tend her.
 I must to horse straight, you must needs along too,
 To see my son aboard: were but his wife
 As fit for pity, as this wench, I were happy.
Eys. Time must do that too: fare ye well: to-morrow
 You shall receive a wife to quit your sorrow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Jaques, Pedro, and Porters, with Chest
 and Hampers.

Jaq. Bring 'em away Sirs.
Ped. Must the great Trunks go too?
Jaq. Yes, and the Hampers; nay, be speedy Masters;
 He'll be at Sea before us else.
Ped. Oh *Jaques*,
 What a most blessed turn hast thou?
Jaq. I hope so
Ped. To have the Sea between thee and this woman;
 Nothing can drown her tongue but a storm.
Jaq. By your leave,
 We'll get us up to *Paris* with all speed;
 For on my soul, as far as *Amiens*
 She'll carry blank, away to *Lyon-keg*
 And ship 'em presently, we'll follow ye.
Ped. Now could I wish her in that Trunk:
Jaq. God shield man,
 I had rather have a Bear in't.
Ped. Yes, I'll tell ye:
 For in the passage, if a Tempest take ye,
 As many doe, and you lie beating for it,
 Then, if it pleas'd the fates, I would have the Master,
 Out of a powerful providence, to cry,
 Lighten the ship of all hands, or we perish;
 Then this for one, as best spar'd, should by all means,
 Over-board presently.
Jaq. O' that condition,
 So we were certain to be rid of her,
 I would wish her with us, but believe me *Pedro*,
 She would spoil the fishing on this coast for ever.
 For none would keep her company but Dog-fish,
 As currish as her self; or Porpisces,
 Made to all fatal uses: The two Fish-streets
 Were she but once arriv'd amongst the Whitings,
 Would sing a woful *misereri Pedro*,
 And mourn in Poor *John*, till her memory
 Were cast o' shore agen, with a strong Sea-breach:
 She would make god *Neptune*, and his Fire-fork,
 And all his demi-gods, and goddesses,
 As weary of the *Flemmish Channel*, *Pedro*,
 As ever boy was of the School, 'tis certain,
 If she but meet him fair, and were well angred,
 She would break his god-head.
Ped. Oh her tongue, her tongue.
Jaq. Rather her many tongues.
Ped. Or rather strange tongues.

Jaq. Her lying tongue.
Ped. Her lisping tongue.
Jaq. Her long tongue.
Ped. Her lawless tongue.
Jaq. Her loud tongue.
Ped. And her liquorish ——
Jaq. Many other tongues, and many stranger tongues
 Than ever *Babel* had to tell his ruines,
 Were Women rais'd withal; but never a true one.

Enter Sophocles.

Soph. Home with your stuff agen, the journey's ended.
Jaq. What does your worship mean?
Soph. Your Master, Oh *Petruchio*, oh poor fellows.
Ped. Oh *Jaques*, *Jaques*.
Soph. Oh your Master's dead,
 His body coming back, his wife, his devil;
 The grief of —— her
Jaq. Has kill'd him?
Soph. Kill'd him, kill'd him.
Ped. Is there no Law to hang her.
Soph. Get ye in,
 And let her know her misery, I dare not
 For fear impatience seize me, see her more,
 I must away agen: Bid her for wife-hood,
 For honesty, if she have any in her,
 Even to avoid the shame that follows her.
 Cry if she can, your weeping cannot mend it.
 The body will be here within this hour, so tell her;
 And all his friends to curse her. Farewel fellows. *Exit Soph.*
Ped. Oh *Jaques*, *Jaques*.
Jaq. Oh my worthy Master.
Ped. Oh my most beastly Mistress, hang her.
Jaq. Split her.
Ped. Drown her directly.
Jaq. Starve her.
Ped. Stink upon her.
Jaq. Stone her to death: may all she eat be Eggs.
 Till she run kicking mad for men.
Ped. And he,
 That man, that gives her remedy, pray Heav'n
 He may ev'n *ipso facto*, lose his Fadding
Jaq. Let's go discharge our selves, and he that serves her,
 Or speaks a good word of her from this hour,
 A Sedgly curse light on him, which is, *Pedro*;
 The Fiend ride through him booted, and spurr'd, with a
 Sythe at's back. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Rowland, and *Tranio* stealing behind him.

Rom. What a dull ass was I to let her go thus?
 Upon my life she loves me still: well Paper,
 Thou only monument of what I have had,
 Thou all the love now left me, and now lost,
 Let me yet kiss her hand, yet take my leave
 Of what I must leave ever: Farewel *Livia*.
 Oh bitter words, I'll read ye once again,
 And then for ever study to forget ye.
 How's this? let me look better on't: A Contract
 —— A Contract, seal'd, and ratified,
 Her Fathers hand set to it, and *Moroso's*:
 I do not dream sure, let me read again,
 The same still, 'tis a Contract
Tra. 'Tis so *Rowland*;
 And by the virtue of the same. you pay me
 An hundred pound to-morrow.
Rom. Art sure *Tranio*,
 We are both alive now?
Tra. Wonder not, ye have lost.

Rom.

Row. If this be true, I grant it.
Tra. 'Tis most certain,
 There's a Ring for you too, you know it.
Row. Yes.
Tra. When shall I have my money?
Row. Stay ye, stay ye,
 When shall I marry her?
Tra. To night.
Row. Take heed now
 You do not trifle me; if you do,
 You'll find more payment, than your money comes to:
 Come swear; I know I am a man, and find
 I may deceive my self: swear faithfully,
 Swear me directly, am I Rowland?
Tra. Yes.
Row. Am I awake?
Tra. Ye are.
Row. Am I in health?
Tra. As far as I conceive.
Row. Was I with Livia?
Tra. You were, and had this Contract.
Row. And shall I enjoy her?
Tra. Yes, if ye dare.
Row. Swear to all these.
Tra. I will.
Row. As thou art honest, as thou hast a conscience,
 As that may wring thee if thou liest; all these
 To be no vision, but a truth, and serious.
Tra. Then by my honesty, and faith, and conscience;
 All this is certain.
Row. Let's remove our places.
 Swear it again.
Tra. By——'tistrue.
Row. I have lost then, and Heaven knows I am glad on't.
 Let's goe, and tell me all, and tell me how,
 For yet I am a Pagan in it.
Tra. I have a Priest too,
 And all shall come as even as two Testers. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Petronius, Sophocles, Moroso, and Petruchio
 born in a Coffin.*

Petro. Set down the body, and one call her out.

Enter Maria in black, and Jaques.

You are welcome to the last cast of your fortunes;
 There lies your Husband; there, your loving Husband,
 There he that was *Petruchio*, too good for ye;
 Your stubborn and unworthy way has kill'd him
 E'er he could reach the Sea; if ye can weep,
 Now ye have cause begin, and after death
 Doe something yet to th' world, to think ye honest.
 So many tears had sav'd him, shed in time;
 And as they are (so a good mind go with 'em)
 Yet they may move compassion.

Mar. Pray ye all hear me,
 And judge me as I am, not as you covet,
 For that would make me yet more miserable:
 'Tis true, I have cause to grieve, and mighty cause;
 And truly and unfeinedly I weep it.

Soph. I see there's some good nature yet left in her.

Mar. But what's the cause? mistake me not, not this man,
 As he is dead, I weep for; Heaven defend it,
 I never was so childish: but his life,
 His poor unmanly, wretched, foolish life,
 Is that my full eyes pity, there's my mourning.

Petro. Dost thou not shame?

Mar. I doe, and even to water,
 To think what this man was, to think how simple,
 How far below a man, how far from reason,
 From common understanding, and all Gentry,

While he was living here he walk'd amongst us.
 He had a happy turn he dyed; I'll tell ye,
 These are the wants I weep for, not his person:
 The memory of this man, had he liv'd
 But two years longer, had begot more follies,
 Than wealthy Autumn Flies. But let him rest,
 He was a fool, and farewell he; not pitied,
 I mean in way of life, or action
 By any understanding man that's honest;
 But only in's posterity, which I,
 Out of the fear his ruines might out-live him,
 In some bad issue, like a careful woman,
 Like one indeed, born only to preserve him,
 Deny'd him means to raise.

Petro. Unbutton me,
 — I die indeed else? Oh *Maria*,
 Oh my unhappiness, my misery.

Petro. Goe to him whore;—if he perish,
 I'll see thee hang'd my self.

Petro. Why, why *Maria*?

Mar. I have done my worst, and have my end, forgive me;
 From this hour make me what you please: I have tam'd ye,
 And now am vow'd your servant: Look not strangely,
 Nor fear what I say to you. Dare you kiss me?
 Thus I begin my new love.

Petro. Once again?

Mar. With all my heart.

Petro. Once again *Maria*,
 Oh Gentlemen, I know not where I am.

Soph. Get ye to bed then: there you'll quickly know Sir.

Petro. Never no more your old tricks?

Mar. Never Sir.

Petro. You shall not need, for as I have a faith
 No cause shall give occasion.

Mar. As I am honest,
 And as I am a maid yet, all my life
 From this hour, since ye make so free profession,
 I dedicate in service to your pleasure.

Soph. I marry, this goes roundly off.

Petro. Goe *Jaques*,
 Get all the best meat may be bought for money,
 And let the hog's heads blood; I am born again:
 Well little *England*, when I see a Husband
 Of any other Nation, stern or jealous,
 I'll wish him but a woman of thy breeding;
 And if he have not butter to his bread,
 Till his teeth bleed, I'll never trust my travel.

Enter Rowland, Livia, Byancha, and Tranio.

Petro. What have we here?

Row. Another Morris, Sir.
 That you must pipe too.

Tra. A poor married couple
 Desire an offering, Sir.

Bya. Never frown at it,
 You cannot mend it now: there's your own hand;
 And yours *Moroso*, to confirm the bargain.

Petron. My hand?

Mor. Or mine;

Bya. You'll find it so.

Petro. A trick,
 By — a trick.

Bya. Yes Sir, we trickt ye.

Liv. Father.

Petro. Hast thou lain with him? speak?

Liv. Yes truly Sir.

Petro. And hast thou done the deed, boy?

Row. I have, Sir,
 That, that will serve the turn, I think.

Petro. A match then,
 I'll be the maker up of this: *Moroso*,
 There's now no remedy you see, be willing;

Moꝛ be, or be not, he must have the wench.

Moꝛ. Since I am over-reach'd, let's in to dinner,
And if I can, I'll drink't away.

Tra. That's well said.

Petro. Well firrah, you have plaid a trick, look to't,
And let me be a Grandfire within's twelve-month,
Or by this hand, I'll curtail half your fortunes.

Row. There shall not want my labour, Sir : your money;

Here's one has undertaken,

Tra. Well, I'll trust her,
And glad I have so good a pawn.

Row. I'll watch ye.

Petro. Let's in, and drink of all hands, and be jovial:
I have my Colt again, and now she carries;
And Gentlemen, whoever marries next,
Let him be sure he keep him to his Text.

Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

THe Tamer's tam'd, but so, as nor the men
Can find one just cause to complain of, when
They fitly do consider in their lives,

They should not reign as Tyrants o'er their wives.

Nor can the Women from this president

Insult, or triumph; it being aptly meant,

To teach both Sexes due equality;

And as they stand bound, to love mutually.

If this effect arising from a cause

Well laid, and grounded, may deserve applause,

We something more than hope, our honest ends

Will keep the Men, and Women too, our friends.

THE

T H E

ISLAND PRINCESS:

A Tragi-Comedy.

The Persons represented in the Play.

<p>King of Sidore, <i>an Island.</i></p> <p>King of Bakam, } <i>Suitors to the Princess Quisara.</i></p> <p>King of Siana, }</p> <p>Governor of Terna, <i>an Island. An ill man,</i></p> <p>Ruy Dias, <i>a Captain of Portugal, also suitor to the Prin.</i></p> <p>Piniero, <i>Nephew to Ruy Dias, a merry Captain.</i></p> <p>Christophero, } <i>Soldiers and Friends to Piniero.</i></p> <p>Pedro, }</p> <p>Armulia, <i>a noble daring Portugueze, in love with the Princess.</i></p>	<p>Soza, } <i>companions to Armusia, and his valiant</i></p> <p>Emanuel, } <i>followers.</i></p> <p>Keeper,</p> <p>Moors,</p> <p>Guard,</p> <p>Captain,</p> <p>Citizens,</p> <p>Townsmen.</p>
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Women.

<p>Quisara, <i>the Island Princess, Sister to the King of Sidore.</i></p> <p>Quisara, <i>Aunt to the Princess.</i></p>	<p>Panura, <i>Waiting-woman to the Princess Quisara.</i></p> <p>Citizens wives.</p>
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The Scene India.

The Principal Actors were

John Lowin,
John Underwood,
William Eglestone,
Rich. Sharpe,

Joseph Taylor,
Robert Benzfield,
George Birch,
Tho. Polard.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

A Bell Rings.

Enter Pymero, Christophero, and Pedro.

Pymero.



Pen the Ports, and see the Watch reliev'd,
 And let the guards be careful of their busi-
 ness,
 Their vigilant eyes fixt on these Islanders,
 They are false and desperate people, when
 they find.

The least occasion open to encouragement,
 Cruel, and crafty souls, believe me Gentlemen,

Their late attempt, which is too fresh amongst us,
 In which, against all arms and honesty,
 The Governor of *Ternata* made surprize.
 Of our Confederate, the King of *Tidore*,
 As for his recreation he was rowing
 Between both Lands, bids us be wise and circumspect.

Chr. It was a mischief suddenly imagin'd,
 And as soon done; that Governor's a fierce knave,
 Unfaithful as he is fierce too, there's no trusting;
 But I wonder much, how such poor and base pleasures,
 Astugging at an Oar, or skill in Steerage,
 Should become Princes.

Py. Base breedings, love base pleasure;

They

They take as much delight in a *Baratto*,
A little scurvy boat to row her tightly,
And have the Art to turn and wind her nimbly,
Think it as noble too, though it be slavish,
And a dull labour that declines a Gentleman:
As we *Portugals*, or the *Spaniards* do in riding,
In managing a great horse, which is princely:
The *French* in Courtship, or the dancing *English*,
In carrying a fair presence.

Ped. He was strangely taken;
But where no faith is, there's no trust: he has paid for't
His Sister yet the fair and great *Quisara*,
Has shew'd a noble mind, and much love in't
To her afflicted brother, and the nobler still it appears,
And seasons of more tenderness, because his ruin stiles her
And his imprisonment adds to her profit. (absolute
Feeling all this, which makes all men admire her,
The warm beams of this fortune that fall on her,
Yet has she made divers and noble Treaties,
And propositions for her brothers freedom,
If wealth or honor —.

Py. Peace, peace, you are fool'd, Sir;
Things of these natures have strange outsides *Pedro*,
And cunning shadows, set 'em far from us,
Draw 'em but near, they are gross, and they abuse us;
They that observe her close, shall find her nature,
Which I doubt mainly will not prove so excellent;
She is a Princess, and she must be fair,
That's the prerogative of being Royal:
Let her want eyes and nose, she must be beauteous,
And she must know it too; and the use of it,
And people must believe it, they are damn'd else:
Why, all our neighbor Princes are mad for her,

Chr. Is she not fair then?

Py. But her hopes are fairer,
And there's a haughty Master, the King of *Bakan*,
That lofty Sir, that speaks far more, and louder
In his own commendations, than a Cannon:
He is stricken dumb with her.

Ped. Beshrew me she is a sweet one.

Py. And there's that hopeful man of *Syana*,
That sprightly fellow, he that's wise and temperate,
He is a Lover too.

Chr. Wou'd I were worth her looking
For; by my life I hold her a compleat one,
The very Sun, I think affects her sweetness,
And dares not, as he does to all else, dye it
Into his tauny Livery.

Py. She dares not see him,
But keeps her self at distance from his kisses,
And her complexion in a Case; let him but like it
A week, or two, or three, she would look like a Lion;
But the main sport on't is, or rather wonder
The Governor of *Ternata*, her mortal enemy,
He that has catcht her brother King, is struck too,
And is arriv'd under safe conduct also,
And hostages of worth delivered for him;
And he brought a Letter from his prisoner,
Whether compell'd, or willingly delivered
From the poor King, or what else dare be in't,

Chr. So it be honourable, any thing, 'tis all one
For I dare think she'll do the best.

Py. 'Tis certain

He has admittance, and solicites hourly,
Now if he have the trick —

Ped. What trick?

Py. The true one,
To take her too, if he be but skill'd in Bat-fowling,
And lime his bush right.

Chr. I'll be hang'd when that hits,
For 'tis not a compell'd, or forc'd affection
That must take her, I guess her stout and virtuous,
But where's your Uncle, Sir, our valiant Captain,
The brave *Ruy Dias* all this while?

Py. I marry.

He is amongst 'em too.

Ped. A Lover.

Py. Nay,

I know not that, but since he stands in favour,
Or would stand stily, he is no *Portugal* else.

Chr. The voice says in good favour, in the list too
Of the privy wooers, how cunningly of late
I have observ'd him, and how privately
He has stolen at all hours from us, and how readily
He has feign'd a business to bid the Fort farewell
For five or six days, or a month together,
Sure there is something —

Py. Yes, yes, there is a thing in't,
A thing would make the best on's all dance after it;
A dainty thing; Lord how this Uncle of mine
Has read to me, and rated me for wenching.
And told me in what desperate case 'twould leave me,
And how 'twould stew my bones.

Ped. You car'd not for it.

Py. I faith not much, I ventur'd on still easily,
And took my chance, danger is a Soldiers honor;
But that this man, this herb of Grace, *Ruy Dias*,
This father of our faculties should slip thus,
For sure he is a ferriting, that he
That would drink nothing, to depress the spirit,
But milk and water, eat nothing but thin air
To make his blood obedient, that his youth,
In spite of all his temperance, should tickle,
And have a love mange on him.

Chr. 'Tis in him, Sir,
But honourable courtship, and becomes his rank too.

Py. In me 'twere abominable Leachery, or would be,
For when our thoughts are on't, and miss their level,
We must hit something.

Ped. Well, he's a noble Gentleman,
And if he be a suitor, may he speed in't.

Py. Let him alone, our family ne'r fail'd yet.

Chr. Our mad Lieutenant still, merry *Pyniero*,
Thus wou'd he do, if the Surgeon were searching of him.

Ped. Especially if a warm wench had shot him.

Py. But hark *Christophero*; come hither *Pedro*;
When I saw you our brave Countrey-man *Armusia*?
He that's arriv'd here lately, and his gallants?

A goodly fellow, and a brave companion
Methinks he is, and no doubt, truly valiant,
For he that dares come hither, dares fight any where.

Chr. I saw him not of late, a sober Gentleman
I am sure he is, and no doubt bravely sprung,
And promises much nobleness.

Py. I love him,
And by my troth wou'd fain be inward with him;
Pray let's go seek him.

Ped. We'll attend you Sir.

Py. By that time we shall hear the burst of business,

Exeunt.

Enter Ruy Dias, Quisara, Quisana, and Panura.

Quisara. Aunt, I much thank you for your courtesie,
And the fair liberty you still allow me,
Both of your house and service, though I be
A Princess, and by that Prerogative stand free
From the poor malice of opinion,
And no ways bound to render up my actions,
Because no power above me can examine me;
Yet my dear brother being still a prisoner,
And many wandring eyes upon my ways,
Being left alone a Sea-mark, it behoves me
To use a little caution, and be circumspect.

Quisana. You're wise and noble Lady.

Quisara. Often Aunt

I resort hither, and privately to see you,
It may be to converse with some I favour;

I wou'd

I wou'd not have it known as oft, nor constru'd,
It stands not with my care.

Quisar. You speak most fairly,
For even our pure devotions are examin'd.

Quisar. So mad are mens minds now.

Ruy. Or rather monstrous; (nesh.
They are thick dreams, bred in fogs that know no fair-

Quisar. Madam, the House is yours, I am yours, pray
And at your service all I have lies prostrate; (use me,

My care shall ever be to yield ye honor,
And when your fame falls here, 'tis my fault Lady;

A poor and simple banquet I have provided,
Which if you please to honor with your presence —

Quisar. I thank ye Aunt, I shall be with you instantly,
A few words with this Gentleman.

Quisar. I'll leave ye, *Exeunt Quis.*
And when you please retire, I'll wait upon you. (*& Pan.*

Quisar. Why, how now Captain, what afraid to speak to
A man of Armes, and danted with a Lady? (me?

Commanders have the power to parle with Princes.

Ruy. Madam, the favors you have still show'd on me,
Which are so high above my means of merit,

So infinite, that nought can value 'em
But their own goodness, no eyes look up to 'em

But those that are of equal light, and lustre,
Strike me thus mute, you are my royal Mistriſs,

And all my services that aime at honor,
Take life from you, the Saint of my devotions;

Pardon my wish, it is a fair ambition,
And well becomes the Man that honors you;

I wou'd I were of worth, of something near you,
Of such a royal piece, a King I wou'd be,

A mighty King that might command affection,
And bring a youth upon me might bewitch ye,

And you a sweet sould Christian.

Quisar. Now you talk Sir;
You *Portugals*, though you be rugged Soldiers,
Yet when you list to flatter, you are plain Courtiers;
And could you wish me *Christian*, brave *Ruy Dias*?

Ruy. At all the danger of my life great Lady,
At all my hopes, at all —

Quisar. Pray ye stay a little,
To what end runs your wish?

Ruy. O glorious Lady,
That I might — but I dare not speak.

Quisar. I dare then,
That you might hope to marry me; nay blush not,

An honorable end needs no excuse;
And would you love me then?

Ruy. My soul not dearer.

Quisar. Do some brave thing that may entice me that
Something of such a meritorious goodness, (way,

Of such an unmatcht nobleness, that I may know
You have a power beyond ours that preserves you:

'Tis not the person, nor the royal title,

Nor wealth, nor glory, that I look upon,

That inward man I love that's lin'd with virtue,

That well deserving soul works out a favor;

I have many Princes suiters, many great ones,

Yet above these I love you, you are valiant,

An active man, able to build a fortune;

I do not say I dote, nor meane to marry,

Only the hope is, something may be done,

That may compel my faith, and ask my freedome,

And leave opinion fair.

Ruy. Command dear Lady,

And let the danger be as deep as Hell,

As direful to attempt —

Quisar. Y're too sudden,

I must be rul'd by you, find out a fortune

Wisely, and handsomely, examine time,

And court occasion that she may be ready;

A thousand uses for your forward spirit

Ye may find daily, be sure ye take a good one,

A brave and worthy one that may advance ye,
Forc'd smiles reward poor dangers; you are a Soldier,
I wou'd not talke so else, and I love a Soldier,
And that that speaks him true, and great, his valor;
Yet for all these which are but Womens follies,
You may do what you please, I shall still know ye,
And though ye weare no Sword.

Ru. Excellent Lady,
When I grow so cold, and disgrace my Nation,
That from their hardy nurses suck adventures,
'Twere fit I wore a Tombstone; you have read to me
The story of your favor, if I mistake it,
Or grow a truant in the study of it,
A great correction Lady —

Quisar. Let's toth' banquet,
And have some merrier talk, and then to Court,
Where I give audience to my general Suiters;
Pray heaven my womans wit hold; there brave Captain,
You may perchance meet something that may startle ye;
I'll say no more, come be not sad ———
I love ye. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pyniero, Armusia, Soza, Christophero,
and Emanuel.

Py. You are wellcome Gentlemen, most worthy welcom,
And know there's nothing in our power may serve ye,
But you may freely challenge.

Arm. Sir we thank ye,
And rest your servants too.

Py. Ye are worthy *Portugals*,
You shew the bravery of your minds and spirits;
The nature of our Country too, that brings forth
Stirring, unwearied soules to seek adventures;
Minds never satisfied with search of honor
Where time is, and the Sun gives light, brave Countrymen,
Our names are known, new worlds disclose their riches,
Their beauties, and their prides to our embraces;
And we the first of Nations find these wonders.

Arm. These noble thoughts, Sir, have intic'd us forward,
And minds unapt for ease to see these miracles,

In which we find report a poor relater;

We are arriv'd among the blessed Islands,
Where every wind that rises blows perfumes,

And every breath of air is like an Incence:

The treasure of the Sun dwells here, each Tree

As if it envied the old *Paradice*,
Strives to bring forth immortal fruit; the Spices

Renewing nature, though not deifying,

And when that falls by time, scorning the earth,
The sullen earth should taint or suck their beauties,

But as we dreamt, for ever so preserve us:

Nothing we see, but breeds an admiration;

The very rivers as we float along,

Throw up their pearls, and curl their heads to court us;

The bowels of the earth swell with the births

Of thousand unknown gemms, and thousand riches;

Nothing that bears a life, but brings a treasure;

The people they shew brave too, civil manner'd,

Proportioned like the Masters of great minds,

The Women which I wonder at ———

Py. Ye speak well.

Ar. Of delicate aspects, fair, clearly beauteous,
And to that admiration, sweet and courteous.

Py. And is not that a good thing? brave *Armusia*

You never saw the Court before?

Ar. No certain,

But that I see a wonder too, all excellent,

The Government exact.

Chr. Ye shall see anon,

That that will make ye start indeed, such beauties,

Such riches, and such form.

Enter Bakam, Syana, Governor.

Soz. We are fire already;
The wealthy Magazine of nature sure
Inhabits here.

Arm. These sure are all *Islanders*.

Py. Yes, and great Princes too, and lusty lovers.

Ar. They are goodly persons; What might he be Signior
That bears so proud a state?

Py. King of *Bakam*,

A fellow that farts terror,

Em. He looks highly,

Sure he was begot o'th' top of a Steeple.

Chr. It may well be,

For you shall hear him ring anon.

Py. That is *Syana*,

And a brave temper'd fellow, and more valiant.

Soz. What rugged face is that?

Py. That's the great Governor,

The man surpriz'd our Friend, I told ye of him.

Ar. 'Has dangerous eyes.

Py. A perilous Thief, and subtle.

Chr. And to that subtilty a heart of Iron.

Py. Yet the young Lady makes it melt.

Ar. They start all,

And thunder in the eyes.

Ba. Away ye poor ones,

Am I in competition with such bubbles?

My virtue, and my name rank'd with such trifles?

Sy. Ye speak loud.

Bz. Young-man, I will speak louder;

Can any man but I deserve her favor,

You petty Princes.

Py. He will put 'em all in's pocket.

Sy. Thou proud mad thing be not so full of glory,
So full of vanity.

Bz. How? I contemn thee,

And that fort-keeping fellow.

Py. How the Dog looks,

The bandog Governor?

Gov. Ha, Why?

Bz. Away thing,

And keep your rank with those that fit your royalty;

Call out the Princess.

Gov. Dost thou know me bladder,

Thou insolent impostume?

Bz. I despise thee;

Gov. Art thou acquainted with my nature baby?

With my revenge for Injuries? darst thou hold me

So far behind thy file, I cannot reach thee?

What canst thou merit?

Bz. Merit? I am above it;

I am equal with all honors, all achievements,

And what is great and worthy; the best doer

I keep at my command, fortune's my servant,

'Tis in my power now to despise such wretches,

To look upon ye slightly, and neglect ye,

And but she daines at some hours to remember ye,

And people have bestowed some Titles on ye,

I should forget your names —

Sy. Mercy of me;

What a blown fool has self affection

Made of this fellow? did not the Queen your Mother

Long for bellows, and bagpipes, when she was great with ye,

She brought forth such a windy birth?

Gov. 'Tis ten to one

She eat a Drum, and was deliver'd of alarum,

Or else he was swaddled in an old saile when he was young.

Sy. He swells too mainly with his meditations;

Faith, talk a little handfomer, ride softly

That we may be able to hold way with ye, we are Princes,

But those are but poor things to you; talk wiser,

'T will well become your mightiness; talk less,

That men may think ye can do more.

Gov. Talk truth,

That men may think ye are honest, and believe ye,
Or talk your self asleep, for I am weary of you.

Bz. Why? I can talk and do.

Gov. That wou'd do excellent.

Bz. And tell you, only I deserve the Princess,
And make good only I, if you dare, you sir,
Or you *Syana's* Prince.

Py. Heres a storm toward,
Methinks it sings already, to him Governor.

Gov. Here lies my proof.

Sy. And mine.

Gov. I'll be short with ye,
For these long arguments I was never good at.

Py. How white the boaster looks?

(Draw.

Enter Ruy Dias, Quisara, Quisana, Panura.

Ar. I see he lacks faith.

Ru. For shame forbear great Princes, rule your angers,
You violate the freedom of this place,

The state and Royalty —

Gov. He's well contented

It seems, and so I have done.

Ar. Is this she Signior?

Py. This is the Princess Sir.

Ar. She is sweet and goodly,

An admirable form, they have cause to juggle.

Quisara. Ye wrong me and my court, ye forward Princes;
Comes your Love wrapt in Violence to seek us?

Is't fit though you be great, my presence should be

Stain'd, and polluted with your bloody rages?

My privacies affrighted with your Swords?

He that loves me, loves my command; be temper'd,

Or be no more what ye profess, my Servants.

Ommes. We are calme as peace.

Ar. What command she carries?

And what a sparkling Majesty flies from her?

Quisara. Is it ye love to do? ye shall find danger,

And danger that shall start your resolutions,

But not this way; 'tis not contention,

Who loves me to my face best, or who can flatter most

Can carry me, he that deserves my favor,

And will enjoy what I bring, love and Majesty,

Must win me with his worth; must travel for me;

Must put his hasty rage off, and put on

A well confirmed, a temperate, and true valor.

Ommes. But shew the way.

Quisara. And will, and then shew you

A will to tread the way, I'll say ye are worthy.

Py. What task now

Will she turn 'em to? these hot youths,

I fear will find a cooling card, I read in her eyes

Something that has some swinge must fly amongst 'em;

By this hand I love her a little now.

Quisara. 'Tis not unknown to you

I had a royal Brother, now miserable,

And Prisoner to that Man; if I were ambitious,

Gap'd for that glory was n're born with me,

There he should lie his miseries upon him:

If I were covetous, and my heart set

On riches, and those base effects that follow

On pleasures uncontrol'd, or safe revenges,

There he should die, his death will give me all these;

For then stood I up absolute to do all;

Yet all these flattering shews of dignity,

These golden dreams of greatness cannot force

To forget nature and my fair affection.

Therefore that Man that would be known my lover,

Must be known his redeemer, and must bring him

Either alive or dead to my embraces.

For ever his bones I scorn shall feel such slavery,

Or seek another Mistress, 'twill be hard

To do this, wondrous hard, a great adventure,
Fit for a spirit of an equal greatness;
But being done, the reward is worthy of it.

Chr. How they stand gaping all?

Quisar. *Ruy Dias* cold?

Not fly like fire into it? may be you doubt me,
He that shall do this is my husband Prince;
By the bright heavens he is, by whose justice
I openly proclaim it; if I lye,
Or seek to set you on with subtilty,
Let that meet with me, and reward my fallhood.
No stirring yet, no start into a bravery?

Ruy. Madam, it may be, but being a main danger,
Your Grace must give me leave to look about me,
And take a little time, the cause will ask it.
Great Acts require great counsels.

Quisar. Take your pleasure,
I fear the Portugal.

Ba. I'll raise an Army
That shall bring back this Island, Fort and all,
And fix it here.

Gov. How long will this be doing?
You should have begun in your Grandfather's days.

Sy. What may be,
And what my power can promise noblest Lady,
My will I am sure stands fair.

Quisar. Faire be your fortune,
Few promises are best, and fair performance.

Gov. These cannot doe,
Their power and arts are weak ones.
'Tis in my will, I have this King your brother,
He is my prisoner, I accept your proffer,
And bless the fair occasion that achiev'd him:
I love ye, and I honor ye, but speak;
Whether alive or dead he shall be rendred,
And see how readily, how in an instant,
Quick as your wishes Lady——

Quisar. No, I scorn ye,
You and your courtesie; I hate your love Sir;
And ere I would so basely win his liberty,
I would study to forget he was my brother;
By force he was taken; he that shall enjoy me,
Shall fetch him back by force, or never know me.

Py. As I live, a rare Wench.

Ar. She has a noble spirit.

Gov. By force?

Quisar. Yes Sir, by force, and make you glad too
To let him goe.

Gov. How? you may look nobler on me,
And think me no such Boy; by force he must not,
For your love much may be.

Quisar. Put up your passion,
And pack ye home, I say, by force, and suddenly.
He lies there till he rots else, although I love him
Most tenderly and dearly, as a brother,
And out of these respects would joy to see him;
Yet to receive him as thy courtesie,
With all the honor thou couldst add unto him
From his hands that most hate him, I had rather,
Though no condition were propounded for him,
See him far funke i'th earth, and there forget him.

Py. Your hopes are gelt good Governor.

Arm. A rare Woman.

Gov. Lady,
I'll pull this pride, I'll quench this bravery,
And turne your glorious scorn to tears and howlings;
I will proud Princess; this neglect of me
Shall make thy brother King most miserable;
Shall turn him into curses 'gainst thy cruelty;
For where before I us'd him like a King,
And did those Royal Offices unto him:

Now he shall lie a sad lump in a dungeon,
Loden with chains and fetters, colds and hunger,
Darkness, and lingring death for his companions;

And let me see who dare attempt his rescue,
What desperate fool? look toward it; farewell,
And when thou know'st him thus, lament thy follies,
Nay I will make thee kneel to take my offer:
Once more farewell, and put thy trust in puppits. *Exit.*

Quisar. If none dare undertake it, I'll live a mourner.

Ba. You cannot want.

Sy. You must not.

Ka. 'Tis most dangerous,
And wise men wou'd proceed with care and counsel,
Yet some way would I knew—
Walke with me Gentlemen— *Exeunt.*

Ar. How do you like her spirit? *Manent, Arm.*

Soz. 'Tis a clear one, *and his Comp.*

Clog'd with no dirty stuff, she is all pure honor.
Em. The bravest Wench I ever look'd upon,
And of the strongest parts, she is most fair,
Yet her mind such a mirrour—

Arm. What an action
Wou'd this be to put forward on, what a glory,
And what an everlasting wealth to end it?
Methinks my soul is strangely rais'd.

Soz. To step into it,
'ust while they think, and ere they have determin'd
To bring the King off.

Ar. Things have been done as dangerous.

Em. And prosper'd best when they were least consider'd.

Ar. Bless me my hopes,
And you my friends assist me.
None but our companions.

Soz. You deale wisely,
And if we shrink the name of slaves dye with us.

Em. Stay not for second thoughts.

Ar. I am determin'd;
And though I lose, it shall be sung, I was valiant,
And my brave offer shall be turn'd to story,
Worthy the Princess tongue. A Boat, that's all
That's unprovided, and habits like to Merchants,
The rest wee'l counsel as we goe.

Soz. A way then,
Fortune looks fair on those, make haste to win her.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Keeper, and 2 or 3 Moores.

Kee. I Have kept many a Man, and many a great one,
Yet I confesse, I nere saw before
A Man of such a sufferance; he lies now
Where I would not lay my dog, for sure 't would kill him.
Where neither light or comfort can come near him;
Nor air, nor earth that's wholesome; it grieves me
To see a mighty King with all his glory,
Sunk o'th' sudden to the bottome of a dungeon.
Whether should we descend that are poor Raicals
If we had our deserts?

1. *Mo.* 'Tis a strange wonder,
Load him with Irons, oppress him with contempts,
Which are the Governors commands, give him nothing,
Or so little, to sustain life, 'tis next nothing;
They stir not him, he smiles upon his miseries,
And beares 'em with such strength, as if his nature
Had been nurs'd up, and foster'd with calamities.

2. He gives no ill words, curses, nor repines not,
Blames nothing, hopes in nothing, we can hear of;
And in the midst of all these frights, fears nothing.

Kk 2

Kee.

Kee. I'll be sworne

He fears not, for even when I shake for him,
As many times my pitty will compell me,
When other souls, that bear not half his burthen,
Shrink in their powers, and burst with their oppressions;
Then will he sing, wooe his afflictions,
And court 'em in sad airs, as if he wou'd wed 'em.

1. That's more than we have heard yet, we are only
Appointed for his Guard, but not so near him,
If we could hear that wonder—

Kee. Many times

I fear the Governor should come to know it;
For his voice so affects me, so delights me,
That when I find his hour, I have Musick ready,
And it stirs me infinitely, be but still and private,
And you may chance to hear.

King appears loden with chains, his head, and armes only above.

2. We will not stir, Sir;

This is a sudden change, but who dares blame it.

Kee. Now hark and melt, for I am sure I shall;
Stand silent, what stubborn weight of chains—

1. Yet he looks temperately.

2. His eyes not sunk, and his complexion firm still,
No wickness, no distemper'd touch upon him,
How constantly he smiles, and how undanted?

With what a Majesty he heaves his head up? *Musick.*

Kee. Now marke, I know he will sing; do not disturb him.
Your allowance from the Governor, wou'd it were more
Or in my power to make it handsomer. *(sir,*

Kin. Do not transgress thy charge, I take his bounty,
And fortune, whilst I bear a mind contented
Not leaven'd with the glory I am fallen from,
Nor hang upon vain hopes, that may corrupt me.

Enter Governor.

Gov. Thou art my slave, and I appear above thee.

Kee. The Governor himself.

Gov. What, at your banquet?

And in such state, and with such change of service?

Kin. Nature's no glutton, Sir, a little serves her.

Gov. This diet's holsome then.

Kin. I beg no better.

Gov. A calm contented mind, give him less next;
These full meals will oppress his health, his Grace
Is of a tender and pure constitution,
And such repletions—

Kin. Mock, mock, it moves not me sir,
Thy mirths, as do thy mischiefs, lie behind me.

Gov. Ye carry it handsomely, but tell me patience,
Do not you curse the brave and royal Lady
Your gracious sister? do not you damn her pitty,
Damn twenty times a day, and damn it seriously?
Do not you swear aloud too, cry and kick?
The very soul sweat in thee with the agony
Of her contempt of me? Couldst not thou eat her
For being so injurious to thy fortune,
Thy fair and happy fortune? Couldst not thou wish her
A Bastard, or a Whore, fame might proclame her;
Black ugly fame, or that thou hadst had no sister?
Spitting the general name out, and the nature;
Blaspheming heaven for making such a mischief;
For giving power to pride, and will to Woman?

Kin. No Tyrant, no, I bless and love her for it;
And though her scorn of thee, had laid up for me
As many plagues as the corrupted air breeds,
As many mischiefs as the hours have minutes,
As many formes of Death, as doubt can figure;
Yet I should love more still, and more honor her;
All thou canst lay upon me, cannot bend me,
No not the stroke of death, that I despise too:
For if fear could possess me, thou hadst won me;
As little from this hour I prize thy flatteries,

And less than those thy prayers, though thou wouldst
And if she be not Mistris of this nature, *(kneel to me;*
She is none of mine, no kin, and I contemne her.

Gov. Are you so valiant sir?

Kin. Yes, and so fortunate;

For he that holds his constancy still conquers;
Hadst thou preserv'd me as a noble enemy,
And as at first, made my restraint seem to me
But only as the shadow of captivity,
I had still spoke thee noble, still declar'd thee
A valiant, great, and worthy man, still lov'd thee,
And still prefer'd thy fair love to my sister;
But to compell this from me with a misery,
A most inhumane, and unhandsome slavery—

Gov. You will relent for all this talk I fear not,
And put your wits a work agen.

Kin. You are cozen'd;

Or if I were so weak to be wrought to it,
So fearful to give way to so much poverty,
How I should curse her heart if she contented?

Gov. You shall write, and entreat, or—

Kin. Do thy utmost,

And e'en in all thy tortures I'll laugh at thee,
I'll think thee no more valiant, but a villain;
Nothing thou hast done brave, but like a thief,
Atchiev'd by craft, and kept by cruelty;
Nothing thou canst deserve, thou art dishonest;
Nor no way live to build a Name, thou art barbarous.

Gov. Down with him low enough, there let him murmur,
And see his diet be so light and little,
He grow not thus high hearted on't, I wil coole ye,
And make ye cry for mercy, and be ready
To work my ends, and willingly; and your sister taken
Your scornful, cruel sister shall repent too, *(down,*
And sue to me for grace.

Give him no liberty,

But let his bands be doubled, his ease lessened;
Nothing his heart desires, but vex and torture him:
Let him not sleep, nothing that's dear to nature
Let him enjoy; yet take heed that he dye not;
Keep him as near death, and as willing to embrace it,
But see he arrive not at it; I will humble him.

And her stout heart that stands on such defiance;
And let me see her champions that dare venture
Her high and mighty woovers, keep your guards close,
And as you love your lives be diligent.

And what I charge, observe.

Omnes. We shall be dutiful.

(Exit Gov.)

Gov. I'll pull your courage King, and all your bravery.

1. Most certain he is resolv'd nothing can stir him;

For if he had but any part about him
Gave way to fear or hope, he durst not talk thus,
And do thus stoutly too, as willingly,
And quietly he sunk down to his sorrows,
As some men do to their sleeps.

Keep. Yes, and sleeps with e'm;

So little he regards them, there's the wonder,
And often soundly sleeps, wou'd I durst pity him,
Or wou'd it were in my will, but we are servants,
And tied unto command.

2. I wish him better,

But much I fear h'as found his tombe already,
We must observe our guards.

1. He cannot last long,

And when he is dead, he is free.

Kee. That's the most cruelty,
That we must keep him living.

2. That's as he please;

For that Man that resolves, needs no Phisitian.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Armusia, Soza, Emanuel like Merchants,
arm'd underneath.

Arm. Our prosperous passage was an omen to us,
A lucky and a fair omen.

Omnes. We believe it.

Ar. The Sea and Wind strove who should most befriend
And as they favour'd our design, and lov'd us, (us,
So lead us forth — Where lies the Boat that brought us?

Soz. Safe lodg'd within the Reeds, close by the Castle,
That no eye can suspect, nor thought come near it.

Em. But where have you been, brave sir?

Ar. I have broke the Ice Boyes:

I have begun the game, fair fortune guide it,
Suspectless have I travell'd all the Town through,
And in this Merchants snape won much acquaintance,
Survey'd each strength and place that may befriend us,
View'd all his Magazines, got perfect knowledge
Of where the Prison is, and what power guards it.

Soz. These will be strong attempts.

Ar. Courage is strong:

What we begun with policy, my dear friends,
Let's end with manly force; there's no retiring,
Unless it be with shame.

Em. Shame his that hopes it.

Ar. Better a few, and clearer fame will follow us,
However, lose or win, and speak our memories,
Than if we led our Armies; things done thus,
And of this noble weight, will stile us worthies.

Soz. Direct, and we have done, bring us to execute,
And if we flinch, or fail —

Ar. I am sure ye dare not.

Then farther know, and let no ear be near us,
That may be false.

Em. Speak boldly on, we are honest;
Our lives and fortunes yours.

Ar. Hard by the place then
Where all his Treasure lies, his Armes, his Women,
Close by the Prison too where he keeps the King,
I have hir'd a lodging, as a Trading Merchant,
A Celler to that too, to stow my Wares in,
The very Wall of which, joynes to his store-house.

Soz. What of all this?

Ar. Ye are dull, if ye apprehend not:
Into that Cellar, elected friends, I have convey'd,
And unsuspected too, that that will do it;
That that will make all shake, and smoak too.

Em. Ha?

Ar. My thoughts have not been idle, nor my practice:
The fire I brought here with me shall do something,
Shall burst into material flames, and bright ones,
That all the Island shall stand wondring at it,
As if they had been stricken with a Comet:
Powder is ready, and enough to work it,
The Match is left a-fire, all, all husht, and lockt close,
No man suspecting what I am but Merchant:
An hour hence, my brave friends, look for the fury,
The fire to light us to our honour'd purpose,
For by that time 'twill take.

Soz. What are our duties?

Ar. When all are full of fear and fright, the Governor
Out of his wits, to see the flames so imperious,
Ready to turn to ashes all he worships,
And all the people there to stop these ruins,
No man regarding any private office;
Then flie we to the prison suddenly,
Here's one has found the way, and dares direct us.

Em. Then to our swords and good hearts,
I long for it.

Ar. Certain we shall not find much opposition,
But what is must be forced.

Soz. 'Tis bravely cast Sir,
And surely too I hope.

Ar. If the fire fail not,
And powder hold his nature, some must presently
Upon the first cry of th' amazed people,
(For nothing will be markt then, but the misery)
Be ready with the boat upon an instant,
And then all's right and fair.

Em. Bless us dear fortune.

Ar. Let us be worthy of it in our courage,
And fortune must befriend us, come all sever,
But keep still within sight, when the flame rises
Let's meet, or either doe, or dye.

Soz. So be it.

Exeunt.

Enter Governor, and Captain.

Gov. No Captain, for those Troops we need 'em not,
The Town is strong enough to stand their furies,
I wou'd see 'em come, and offer to do something.
They are high in words.

Cap. 'Tis safer Sir then doing.

Gov. Dost think they dare attempt?

Cap. Maybe by Treaty,
But sure by force they will not prove so froward.

Gov. No faith, I warrant thee, they know me well
And know they have no Child in hand to play with: (enough
They know my nature too, I have bit some of 'em,
And to the bones, they have reason to remember me,
it makes me laugh to think how glorious
The fools are in their promises, and how pregnant
Their wits and powers are to bring things to pass;
Am I not grown lean with loss of sleep and care
To prevent these threatnings, Captain?

Cap. You look well Sir:

Upon my conscience you are not like to sicken
Upon any such conceit.

Gov. I hope I shall not:

Well, wou'd I had this Wench, for I must have her,
She must be mine; and there's another charge Captain;
What betwixt love and brawling I got nothing,
All goes in maintenance —

Heark, What was that,
That noise there? it went with a violence.

The Train takes.

Cap. Some old wall belike Sir,
That had no neighbor help to hold it up,
Is fallen suddenly.

Gov. I must discard these Rascals,
That are not able to maintain their buildings,
They blur the beauty of the Town.

Within. Fire, Fire.

Gov. I hear another tune, good Captain,
It comes on fresher still, 'tis loud and fearful,
Look up into the Town, how bright the ayr shewes;
Upon my life some sudden fire.
The bell too?
I hear the noise more clear.

Ex. Cap.
Bell Rings.

Enter Citizen.

Cit. Fire, fire.

Gov. Where? where?

Cit. Suddenly taken in a Merchans house sir,
Fearful and high it blazes; help good people.

Gov. Pox o'their paper-houses, how they smother,
They light like Candles, how the rore still rises?

Enter Captain.

Cap. Your Magazine's a fire Sir, help, help suddenly,
The Castle too is in danger, in much danger,
All will be lost, get the people presently,
And all that are your Guard, and all help, all hands Sir,
Your wealth, your strength, is burnt else, the Town perisht;
The Castle now begins to flame.

Gov. My soul shakes.

Cap. A

Cap. A Merchants house next joyning? shame light on him,
That ever such a neighbour, such a villain—
Gov. Raise all the Garrison, and bring 'em up.

Enter other Citizens.

And beat the people forward— Oh I have lost all
In one house, all my hopes: good worthy Citizens
Follow me all, and all your powers give to me,
I will reward you all. Oh cursed fortune—
The flame's more violent: arise still, help, help, Citizens,
Freedom and wealth to him that helps: follow, oh follow.
Fling wine, or any thing, I'll see't recompenc'd.
Buckets, more Buckets; fire, fire, fire.

Ex. omnes.

Enter Armusia, and his company.

Arm. Let it flame on, a comely light it gives up
To our discovery.

Soz. Hark, what a merry cry
These hounds make! forward fairly,
We are not seen in the mist, we are not noted. Away,
Away. Now if we lose our fortune— *Exit.*

Enter Captain and Citizens.

Cap. Up Soldiers, up, and deal like men.
Cit. More water, more water, all is consum'd else.
Cap. All's gone, unless you undertake it straight, your
Wealth too, that must preserve, and pay your labor
Up, up; away. *(bravely.)*

Ex. Cap. and Cit. Then,

*Enter Armusia and his company breaking open
a Doore.*

Ar. So, thou art open, keep the way clear
Behind still. Now for the place.

Sold. 'Tis here Sir.

Ar. Sure this is it.

Force ope the doore— A miserable creature!
Yet by his manly face— *The King discover'd.*

Kin. Why stare ye on me?

You cannot put on faces to fright me:
In death I am a King still, and contemne ye:
Where is that Governor? Methinks his Man.hood
Should be well pleas'd to see my Tragedy,
And come to bath his stern eyes in my sorrows;
I dare him to the fight, bring his scorns with him,
And all his rugged threats: here's a throat, soldiers;
Come, see who can strike deepest.

Em. Break the Chain there.

Kin. What does this mean?

Ar. Come, talke of no more Governors,
He has other business, Sir, put your Legs forward,
And gather up your courage like a Man,
Wee'll carry off your head else: we are friends,
And come to give your sorrows ease.

Soz. Onbravely;
Delays may lose agen,

Enter Guard.

Ar. The Guard.

Soz. Upon 'em.

Ar. Make speedy, and sure work.

Em. They flie.

Ar. Up with him, and to the Boat; stand fast, now be
When this heat's past, wee'll sing our History. *(speedy;*
Away, like thoughts, sudden as desires, friends;
Now sacred chance be ours.

Soz. Pray when we have done, Sir.

Exeunt.

Enter 3 or 4 Citizens severally.

1. What is the fire allaid?

2. 'Tis out, 'tis out,

Or past the worst, I never did so stoutly
I'll assure you neighbours since I was a Man:
I have been burnt at both ends like a squib:
I liv'd two hours in the fire, 'twas a hideous matter;
But when men of understanding come about it,
Men that judge of things, my Wife gave me over,
And took her leave a hundred times, I bore up still,
And tost the Buckets Boys.

3. We are all meere Martins.

1. I heard a voice at latter end o'th hurry,
Or else I dreamt I heard it, that said Treason.

2. 'Tis like enough, it might cry Murder too, for there was
Many without a joint, but what's that to us: Let's home
And fright our Wives, for we look like Devils.

Enter 3 Women.

3. Here come some of 'em to fright us.

1 *W.* Mine's alive neighbor— oh sweet hony husband.

2. Thou liest, I think abominably, and thou hadst been
In my place, thou wouldst have stunk at both ends.
Get me some drink, give me whole Tuns of drink,
Whole cisterns; for I have four dozen of fine firebrands
In my belly, I have more smoke in my mouth, than would
Blote a hundred Herrings.

2 *Wo.* Art thou come safe agen?

3 *Wo.* I pray you what became of my man, is he in a Well

2. At hearts ease in a Well, is very well neighbor;
We left him drinking of a new dozen of Buckets;
Thy husbands happy, he was through roasted,
And now he's basting of himself at all points:
The Clark and he are cooling their pericraniums;
Body, oh me neighbors there's fire in my Codpiece.

1 *Wo.* Bless my Husband.

2. Blow it out Wife— blow, blow, the gable end a'th'
Women. Some water, water, water. store-house

3. Peace, 'tis but a sparkle;

Raise not the Town again, 'twill be a great hindrance,
I'm glad 'tis out, and't had ta'en in my Hay-loft?
What frights are these, marry heaven bless thy modicum.

3 *Wo.* But is a drown'd outright, pray put me out of
Fear neighbor.

2. Thou wouldst have it so, but after a hundred fires
More, he'll live to see thee burnt for brewing musty
Liquor.

1. Come, let's go neighbor.

2. For I would very fain turn down this liquor;
Come, come, I fry like a burnt mary-bone:
Women get you afore, and draw upon us;
Run wenches, run, and let your Taps run with ye;
Run as the fire were in your tails, cry Ale, Ale.

Wom. Away, let's nourish the poor wretches.

2. We'll rallie up the rest of the burnt Regiment.

Enter Governor, Captain, Soldier, and Guard.

Gov. The fire's quencht Captain, but the mischief hangs still;
The King's redeem'd, and gone too; a trick, a dam'd one:
Oh I am overtaken poorly, tamely.

Cap. Where were the guard that waited upon the prison?

Sol. Molt of 'em slain, yet some scap'd, Sir, and they deliver,
They saw a little boat ready to receive him,
And those redeem'd him, making such haste and fighting;
Fighting beyond the force of men.

Gov. I am lost Captain,
And all the world will laugh at this, and scorn me:
Count me a heavy sleepy fool, a coward,
A coward past recovery, a confirm'd coward,

One without carriage, or common sense.

Sol. Hee's gon Sir,

And put to Sea amaine, past our recovery,
Not a Boat ready to pursue; if there were any,
The people stand amazed so at their valor,
And the sudden fright of fire, none knows to execute.

Gov. Oh, I could tear my limbs, and knock my boys
'Gainst every post I meet; fool'd with a fire? (brains)

Cap. It was a crafty trick.

Gov. No, I was lazy,

Confident sluggish lazie, had I but met 'em
And chang'd a dozen blowes, I had forgiv'n 'em,
By both these hands held up, and by that brightness
That gildes the world with light, by all our worships,
The hidden ebbs and flowes of the blew Ocean,
I will not rest; no mirth shall dwell upon me,
Wine touch my mouth, nor any thing refresh me,
Till I be wholly quit of this dishonor:
Make ready my *Barrato's* instantly,
And what I shall intend—

Cap. We are your servants.

Exeunt.

Enter Quisara, Ruy Dias.

Quisara. Never tell me, you never car'd to win me,
Never for my sake to attempt a deed,
Might draw me to a thought, you sought my favor?
If not for love of me, for love of armes Sir,
For that cause you profess, for love of honor,
Of which you stile your self the mighty Master,
You might have stept out nobly, and made an offer,
As if you had intended something excellent,
Put on a forward face.

Ru. Dear Lady hold me—

Quisara. I hold ye, as I find ye, a faint servant.

Ru. By—I dare doe—

Quisara. In a Ladies chamber

I dare believe ye, there's no mortal danger:
Give me the man that dares do, to deserve that:
I thought you *Portugals* had been rare wonders,
Men of those haughty courages and credits,
That all things were confin'd within your promises,
The Lords of fate and fortune I believ'd ye,
But well I see I am deceiv'd *Ruy Dias*,
And blame, too late, my much believe.

Ru. I am asham'd, Lady,

I was so dull, so stupid to your offer:
Now you have once more school'd me, I am right,
And something shall be thought on suddenly,
And put in Act as soon, some preparation?

Quisara. And give it out?

Ru. Yes, Lady, and so great too;

In which, the noise of all my Countrey-men— (ones,

Quisara. Those will do well, for they are all approv'd
And though he be restor'd alive.

Ru. I have ye.

Quisara. For then we are both servants.

Ru. I conceive ye,

Good Madam give me leave to turn my fancies.

Qui. Do, and make all things fit, and then I'll visit you, *Ex.*

Ru. My self, the Cozen, and the Garrison,
The neighbors of the out-Isles of our Nation,
Syana's strength, for I can humor him:
And proud *Bekamus*, I shall deceive his glory. *As shout.*

What ringing sound of joy is this? whence comes it?
May be the Princes are in sport.

Enter Pyniero, Christoph.

Py. Where are ye?

Ru. Now *Pyniero*, What's the haste you seek me?

Py. Doe you know this sign Sir?

Ru. Ha!

Py. Do you know this embleme:

Your nose is boar'd.

Ru. Boar'd? What's that?

Py. Y'are topt Sir:

The King's come home again, the King.

Ru. The Devil?

Py. Nay sure he came a Gods name home:
He's return'd Sir.

Christ. And all this joy ye hear—

Ru. Who durst attempt him?

The Princes are all here.

Chry. They are worthy Princes,
They are special Princes, all they love by ounces.
Believe it Sir, 'tis done, and done most bravely and easily.
What fortune have ye lost Sir?

What justice have ye now unto this Lady?

Py. How stands your claim?

That ever Man should be fool'd so,
When he should do and prosper; stand protesting,
Kissing the hand, and fating for a favor,
When he should be about his business sweating;
She bid you go, and pickt you out a purpose, (one,
To make your self a fortune by, a Lady, a Lady, and a lusty
A lovely, that now you may go look. she pointed ye,
Knowing you were a man of worth and merit,
And bid you fly, you have made a fair flight on't,
You have caught a Goose.

Ru. How dare you thus molest me? *As shout.*

It cannot be.

Chr. Heark how the general joy rings!

Py. Have you your hearing left? Is not that drunk too?
For if you had been sober, you had been wise sure.

Ru. Done? Who dares do?

Py. It seems an honest fellow,
That has ended his Market before you be up.

Chr. The shame on't 's a stranger too.

Py. 'Tis no shame,

He took her at her word, and tied the bargain,
Dealt like a man indeed, stood not demurring,
But clapt close to the cause, as he will do to the Lady:
'Is a fellow of that speed and handsomness,
He will get her with child too, ere you shall come to know
Is it not brave, a gentleman scarce landed, (him,
Scarce eating of the air here, not acquainted,
No circumstance of love depending on him,
Nor no command to shew him, must start forth,
At the first sight to—

Ru. I am undone.

Py. Like an Oyster:

She neither taking view, nor value of him,
Unto such deeds as these—Pox o' these,
These wise delayings—
They make men cowards.

You are undone as a man would undoe an egge,
A hundred shames about ye.

Enter Quisara, Panura, and Traine.

Quisara. Can it be possible,
A stranger that I have not known, not seen yet,
A man I never grac'd; O Captain, Captain,
What shall I do? I am betray'd by fortune,
It cannot be, it must not be.

Py. It is Lady,
And by my faith a handsome Gentleman;
'Tis his poor Schollers prize.

Quisara. Must I be given
Unto a Man I never saw, ne're spoke with,
I know not of what Nation?

Py. Is a Portugal,
And of as good a pitch he will be giv'n to you Lady,
For he's given much to handsome flesh.

Quisara. Oh *Ruy Dias*,
This was your sloth, your sloth, your sloth *Ruy Dias.*

Py. Your

Py. Your love sloth, Uncle do you find it now?
You should have done at first, and faithfully: *A shout.*
And then th'other had lyed ready for ye;
Madam, the general joy comes.

Quisar. We must meet it — but with what comfort?

*Enter Citizens carrying boughs, boys singing after 'em;
Then King, Armulia, Soza, Emanuel; The
Princes and train following.*

Quisar. Oh my dear brother, what a joy runs through me,
To see you safe again, your self, and mighty,
What a blest day is this?

Kin. Rise up fair Sister,
I am not welcome till you have embraced me.

Kin. A general gladness sir flies through the City,
And mirth possesses all to see your Grace arrive,
Thus happily arriv'd again, and fairly;
'Twas a brave venture who so e'er put for it,
A high and noble one, worthy much honor;
And had it fail'd, we had not fail'd great Sir,
And in short time too, to have forc'd the Governor,
In spite of all his threats.

Kin. I thank ye Gentleman.

Ru. And all his subtilties to set you free,
With all his heart and will too.

Kin. I know ye love me.

Py. This had been good with something done before it,
Something set off to beautifie it, now it sounds empty, like
A Barbers bason, pox there's no metall in't, no noble mar-

Ba. I have an Army Sir, but that the Governor, (row.
The foolish fellow was a little provident,
And wise in letting slip no time, became him too,
That would have scour'd him else, and all his confines;
That would have rung him such a peal —

Py. Yes backward,
To make dogs houl, I know thee to a farthing,
Thy Army's good for Hawks, there's
Nothing but sheeps hearts in it.

Sy. I have done nothing Sir, therefore
I think it convenient I say little what I purpos'd;
And what my love intended.

Kin. I like your modesty,
And thank ye royal friends, I know it griev'd ye
To know my misery; but this man, Princess,
I must thank heartily, indeed, and treuly,
For this Man saw me in't, and redeemed me:
He lookt upon me sinking, and then caught me.
This Sister this, this all Man, this all valor,
This pious Man.

Ru. My countenance, it shames me,
One scarce arriv'd, not harden'd yet, not
Read in dangers and great deeds, sea-sick, not season'd —
Oh I have boy'd my self.

Kin. This noble bulwark,
This lance and honor of our age and Kingdome;
This that I never can reward, nor hope
To be once worthy of the name of friend to,
This, this Man from the bowels of my sorrows
Has new begot my name, and once more made me:
Oh sister, if there may be thanks for this,
Or any thing near recompence invented.

Ar. You are too noble Sir, there is reward
Above my action too by millions:
A recompence so rich and glorious,
I durst not dreame it mine, but that 'twas promis'd;
But that it was propounded, sworn and sealed
Before the face of Heaven, I durst not hope it,
For nothing in the life of man, or merit,
It is so truly great, can else embrace it.

Kin. O speak it, speak it, blefs mine ears to hear it,
Make me a happy man, to know it may be,
For still methinks I am a prisoner,
And feel no liberty before I find it.

Ar. Then know it is your sister, she is mine Sir,
I claime her by her own word, and her honor;
It was her open promise to that Man
That durst redeeme ye; Beauty set me on,
And fortune crowns me fair, if she receive me.

Kin. Receive ye, Sir—why Sister—ha—so backward,
Stand as you knew me not? nor what he has ventured?
My dearest Sister.

Ar. Good Sir pardon me,
There is a blushing modesty becomes her,
That holds her back; Women are nice to wooe Sir;
I would not have her forc'd; give her fair liberty;
For things compell'd and frighted, of soft natures,
Turn into fears, and flie from their own wishes.

Kin. Look on him my *Quisara*, such another,
Oh all ye powers, so excellent in nature!
In honor so abundant! —

Quisar. I confesse Sir,
Confesse my word is past too, he has purchased;
Yet good Sir give me leave to think; but time
To be acquainted with his worth and person;
To make me fit to know it; we are both strangers,
And how we should believe so suddenly,
Or come to fasten our affection —
Alas, love has his complements.

Kin. Be sudden
And certain in your way, no woman doubles,
Nor coy delays, you are his, and so assure it,
Or cast from me and my remembrance ever;
Respect your word, I know you will, come Sister,
Lets see what welcome you can give a prisoner,
And what fair looks a friend— Oh my most noble
Princes, no discontents, but all be lusty,
He that frowns this day is an open enemy:
Thus in my armes my dear.

Ar. You make me blush Sir.

Kin. And now lead on—
Our whole Court crown'd with pleasure.

Ru. Madam, despair not, something shall be done yet,
And suddenly, and wisely.

Quisar. O *Ruy Dias*.

Py. Well, he's a brave fellow, and he has deserv'd her
(richly;

And you have had your hands full I dare swear Gentlemen.

Soz. We have done something, Sir, if it hit right.

Ch. The woman has no eyes else, nor no honesty,
So much I think.

Py. Come, let's goe bounce amongst 'em,
To the Kings health, and my brave Country-mans.
My Uncle looks as though he were sick oth'
Worms friends.

Exeunt

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter Pyniero.

Mine Uncle haunts me up and down, looks melancholy,
Wondrous proof melancholy, sometimes swears
Then whistles, starts, cries, and groans, as if he had the Bots,
As to say truth, I think h'as little better,
And wo'd fain speak; bids me good morrow at midnight,
And good night when 'tis noon, has something hovers
About his brains, that would fain find an issue,
But cannot out, or dares not: still he follows.

Enter

Enter Ruy Dyas.

How he looks still, and how he beats about,
Like an old dog at a dead scent? I marry,
There was a sigh wou'd a set a ship a sailing:
These winds of love and honor, blow at all ends.
Now speak and't be thy Will : good morrow Uncle.

Ru. Good morrow Sir.

Py. This is a new salute:
Sure h'as forgot me: this is pur-blind *Cupid*.

Ru. My Nephew?

Py. Yes Sir, if I be not chang'd.

Ru. I wou'd fain speak with you.

Py. I wou'd fain have ye, Sir,
For to that end I stay.

Ru. You know I love ye,
And I have lov'd yelong, my dear *Pyniero*,
Bred and supply'd you.

Py. Whither walks this Preamble?

Ru. You may remember, though I am but your Uncle,
I sure had a father's care, a father's tendernefs.

Py. Sure he would wrap me into something now suddenly,
He doubts my nature in, for mine is honest,
He winds about me so.

Ru. A fathers diligence.

My private benefits I have forgot, Sir,
But those you might lay claim to as my follower;
Yet some men wou'd remember —

Py. I do daily.

(one,

Ru. The place which I have put ye in, which is no weak
Next to my self you stand in all employments,
Your counsels, cares, assignments with me equal,
So is my study still to plant your person;
These are small testimonies I have not forgot ye,
Nor wou'd not be forgotten.

Py. Sure you cannot.

Ru. Oh *Pyniero* —

Py. Sir, what hangs upon you,
What heavy weight oppresses ye, ye have lost,
(I must confess, in those that understand ye)
Some little of your credit, but time will cure that;
The best may slip sometimes.

Ru. Oh my best Nephew —

Py. It may be ye fear her too, that disturbs ye,
That she may fall her self, or be forc'd from ye.

Ru. She is ever true, but I undone for ever.
Oh that *Armusia*, that new thing, that stranger,
That flag stuck up to rob me of mine honor;
That murd'ring chain shot at me from my Country:
That goodly plague that I must court to kill me.

Py. Now it comes flowing from him, I fear'd this,
Knew, he that durst be idle, durst be ill too,
Has he not done a brave thing?

Ru. I must confess it Nephew, must allow it,
But that brave thing has undone me, has sunk me,
Has trod me like a name in sand, to nothing,
Hangs betwixt hope and me, and threatens my ruin;
And if he rise and blaze, farewell my fortune;
And when that's set, where's thy advancement, Cousin?
That were a friend, that were a noble kinsman.
That would consider these; that man were grateful;
And he that durst do something here, durst love me.

Py. You say true, 'tis worth consideration,
Your reasons are of weight, and mark me Uncle,
For I'll be sudden, and to th' purpose with you.
Say this *Armusia*, then were taken off,
As it may be easily done,
How stands the woman?

Ru. She is mine for ever;
For she contemns his deed and him.

Py. Pox on him.
Or if the single pox be not sufficient,

The hogs, the dogs, the devils pox possess him:
'Faith this *Armusia* stumbles me, 'tis a brave fellow;
And if he could be spared Uncle —

Ru. I must perish:

Had he set up at any rest but this,
Done any thing but what concern'd my credit,
The everlasting losing of my worth —

Py. I understand you now, who set you on too:
I had a reasonable good opinion of the devil
Till this hour; and I see he is a knave indeed,
An arrant, stinking knave, for now I smell him;
I'll see what may be done then, you shall know
You have a kinsman, but no villain Uncle,
Nor no betrayer of fair fame, I scorn it;
I love and honor virtue; I must have
Access unto the Lady to know her mind too,
A good word from her mouth you know may stir me;
A Ladies look at setting on —

Ru. You say well,
Here Cousin, here's a Letter ready for you,
And you shall see how nobly she'll receive you,
And with what dare direct.

Py. Farewel then Uncle,
After I have talk'd with her, I am your servant,
To make you honest if I can — else hate you.
Pray ye no more compliments, my head is busie, heaven
'What a malicious soul does this man carry? (bless me;
And to what scurvy things this love converts us?
What stinking things, and how sweetly they become us?
Murder's a moral virtue with these Lovers,
A special piece of Divinity, I take it:
I may be mad, or violently drunk.

Which is a whelp of that litter; or I may be covetous,
And learn to murder mens estates, that's base too;
Or proud, but that's a Paradise to this;
Or envious, and sit eating of my self
At others fortunes; I may lye, and damnably,
Beyond the patience of an honest hearer;
Cousin, Cutpurfes, sit i'th' Stocks for apples.
But when I am a Lover, Lord have mercy,
These are poor pelting sins, or rather plagues,
Love and Ambition draw the devils Coach.

Enter Quifana, and Panura.

How now! who are these? Oh my great Ladies followers—
Her Riddle-sounders, and her Fortune-tellers.
Her readers of her Love-Lectures, her Inflamers:
These doors I must pass through, I hope they are wide.
Good day to your beauties, how they take it to 'em?
As if they were fair indeed.

Quifan. Good morrow to you, Sir.

Py. That's the old Hen, the brood-bird? how she buffles?
How like an Inventory of Lechery she looks?
Many a good piece of iniquity
Has pass'd her hands, I warrant her — I beseech you,
Is the fair Princess stirring?

Pan. Yes marry is she, Sir.

But somewhat private: you have a business with her?

Py. Yes forsooth have I, and a serious business.

Pan. May not we know?

Py. Yes, when you can keep counsel.

Pan. How prettily he looks? he's a soldier sure,
His rudeness sits so handsomly upon him.

Quifan. A good blunt Gentleman,

Py. Yes marry am I:

Yet for a push or two at sharp, and't please you —

Pan. My honest friend, you know not who you speak to:
This is the Princess's Aunt,

Py. I like her the better
And she were her Mother (Lady) or her Grandmother,
I am not so bashful, but I can buckle with her.

Pan. Of what size is your business?

L 1

Py.

Pin. Of the long sixteens,
And will make way I warrant ye.

Pan. How fine he talks?

Pin. Nay in troth I talk but courtesly, Lady,
But I hold it comfortable for the understanding:
How fain they wou'd draw me into ribaldry?
These wenches that live easly, live high,
I love these broad discourfes, as they love possets;
These dry delights ferve for preparatives.

Pan. Why do you look so on me?

Pin. I am gueffing should be,
By the cast of your face, what the property of your place,
For I presume you turn a key, sweet beauty,
And you another, gravity, under the Princess,
And by my — I warrant ye good places,
Comly commodious Seats

Quifan. Prethee let him talk still.
For methinks he talks handsomely.

Py. And truly
As near as my understanding shall enable me
You look as if you kept my Ladies secrets:
Nay, do not laugh, for I mean honestly, (end?)
How these young things tattle, when they get a toy by th'
And how their hearts go pit-a-pat, and look for it?
Wou'd it not dance too, if it had a Fiddle?
Your gravity I guefs, to take the Petitions,
And hear the lingring fuits in love dispos'd,
Their sighs and sorrows in their proper place,
You keep the Ay-me Office.

Quifan. Prethee suffer him,
For as I live he's a pretty fellow;
I love to hear sometimes what men think of us:
And thus deliver'd freely, 'tis no malice:
Proceed good honest man.

Pin. I will, good Madam.
According to mens states and dignities,
Moneys and moveables, you rate their dreams;
And cast the Nativity of their desires,
If he reward well, all he thinks is prosperous:
And if he promise place, his dreams are Oracles;
Your antient practique Art too in these discoveries,
Who loves at such a length, who a span farther,
And who draws home, yield you no little profit,
For these ye milk by circumstance.

Qui. Ye are cunning.

Pin. And as they oil ye, and advance your Spindle,
So you draw out the lines of love, your doors too,
The doors of destiny, that men must pass through;
These are fair places.

Pan. He knows all.

Pin. Your trap-doors,
To pop fools in it, that have no providence,
Your little wickets, to work wise men, like wires, through at,
And draw their states and bodies into Cobwebs,
Your Postern doors, to catch those that are cautelous,
And would not have the worlds eye find their knaveries:
Your doors of danger, some men hate a pleasure,
Unkfs that may be full of fears; your hope doors,
And those are fine commodities, where fools pay
For every new encouragement, a new custom;
You have your doors of honor, and of pleasure;
but those are for great Princes, glorious vanities,
That travel to be famous through diseases;
There be the doors of poverty and death too:
But these you do the best you can to damm up,
For then your gain goes out.

Qui. This is a rare Lecture.

Pin. Read to them that understand.

Pan. Beware me,

I dare not venture on ye, ye cut too keen, Sir.

Enter Quifara.

Quifan. We thank you Sir for your good mirth,
You are a good companion.
Here comes the Princess now, attend your business.

Quifan. Is there no remedy, no hopes can help me?
No wit to set me free? whose there hoe?

Quifan. Troubled? her looks are almost wild:
What ails the Princess?
I know nothing she wants.

Quifan. Who's that there with you?
Oh Signior *Pyniero*? you are most welcome:
How does your noble Uncle?

Pin. Sad as you are Madam:
But he commends his service, and this Letter.

Quifan. Go off, attend within — Fair Sir, I thank ye,
Pray be no stranger, for indeed you are welcome;
For your own virtues welcome.

Quifan. We are mistaken,
This is some brave fellow sure.

Pan. I'm sure he's a bold fellow:
But if she hold him so, we must believe it. Exit

Quifan. Do you know of this, fair Sir?

Pin. I ghes it Madam,
And whether it intends: I had not brought it else,

Quif. It is a business of no common reckoning.
Pin. The handsomer for him that goes about it;
Slight actions are rewarded with slight thanks:
Give me a matter of some weight to wade in.

Quifan. And can you love your Uncle so directly,
So seriously, and so full, to undertake this?
Can there be such a faith?

Pin. Dare you say I to it,
And set me on? 'tis no matter for my Uncle,
Or what I owe to him, dare you but wish it.

Quifan. I wou'd fain —

Pin. Have it done; say but so Lady.

Quifan. Conceive it so.

Pin. I will, 'tis that I am bound to:
Your Will that must command me, and your Pleasure,
The fair aspects of those eyes that must direct me:
I am no Uncles Agent, I am mine own, Lady;
I scorn my able youth should plough for others,
Or my ambition ferve for pay; I aim,
Although I never hit, as high as any man,
And the reward I reach at, shall be equal,
And what love spurs me on to, this desire,
Makes me forget an honest man, a brave man,
A valiant, and a virtuous man, my countrey-man, *Armusia*
The delight of all the *Minions*, (your excellence)
This love of you, doting upon your beauty, the admiration of
Make me but servant to the poorest smile,
Or the least grace you have bestow'd on others,
And see how suddenly I'll work your safety,
And set your thoughts at peace; I am no flatterer,
To promise infinitely, and out-dream dangers;
To lye a bed, and swear men into Feavers,
Like some of your trim suiters; when I promise,
The light is not more constant to the world,
Than I am to my word — She turns for millions.

Quifan. I have not seen a braver confirm'd courage.

Pin. For a Tun of Crowns she turns: she is a woman,
And much I fear, a worse than I expected.

You are the object, Lady, you are the eye
In which all excellence appears, all wonder,
From which all hearts take fire, all hands their valour:
And when he stands disputing, when you bid him,
Or but thinks of his Estate, Father, Mother,
Friends, Wife, and Children,
He is a fool, and I scorn him,
And 't be but to make clean his sword, a coward;
Men have forgot their fealty to beauty.
Had I the place in your affections,
My most unworthy Uncle is fit to fall from,

Liv'd in those blessed eyes, and read the stories
Of everlasting pleasures figur'd there,
I wou'd find out your commands before you thought 'em,
And bring 'em to you done, e'r you dream't of 'em.

Quis. I admire his boldness.

Pyn. This, or anything;
Your brothers death, mine Uncles, any mans,
No state that stands secure, if you frown on it.
Look on my youth, I bring no blastings to you,
The first flower of my strength, my faith.

Quis. No more Sir;
I am too willing to believe, rest satisfi'd;
If you dare do for me, I shall be thankful:
You are a handsome Gentleman, a fair one,
My servant if you please; I seal it thus, Sir.
No more, till you deserve more.

Exit.

Pyn. I am rewarded:
This woman's cunning, but she's bloody too;
Although she pulls her Tallons in, she's mischievous;
Form'd like the face of Heaven, clear and transparent;
I must pretend still, bear 'em both in hopes,
For fear some bloody slave thrust in indeed,
Fashion'd and flesh'd, to what they wish: well Uncle,
What will become of this, and what dishonor
Follow this fatal shaft, if shot, let time tell,
I can but only fear, and strive to cross it.

Exit.

Enter Armusia, Emanuel, and Soza.

Em. Why are you thus sad? what can grieve or vex you
That have the pleasures of the world, the profits,
The honor, and the loves at your disposal?

Why should a man that wants nothing, want his quiet?

Ar. I want what beggars are above me in, content;
I want the grace I have merited,
The favor, the due respect.

Soz. Does not the King allow it?

Ar. Yes, and all honors else, all I can ask,
That he has power to give; but from his Sister,
The scornful cruelty, forgive me beauty,
That I transgress from her that should look on me,
That should a little smile upon my service,
And foster my deserts for her own faiths sake;
That should at least acknowledge me, speak to me.

Soz. And you goe whining up and down for this, Sir?
Lamenting and disputing of your grievances?
Sighing and sobbing like a sullen School-boy,
And cursing good-wife fortune for this favour?

Ar. What would you have me doe?

Soz. Doe what you should do,
What a man would doe in this case, a wise man,
An understanding man that knows a woman;
Knows her and all her tricks, her scorns, and all her trifles:
Goe to her, and take her in your arms, and shake her,
Take her and tosse her like a barr.

Em. But be sure you pitch her upon a Feather-bed,
Shake her between a pair of Sheets, Sir,
There shake these sullen fits out of her, spare her not there;
There you may break her Will, and bruise no bone, Sir.

Soz. Goe to her.

Em. That's the way.

Soz. And tell her, and boldly,
And do not mince the matter, nor mock your self,
With being too indulgent to her pride:
Let her hear roundly from ye, what ye are,
And what ye have deserved. and what she must be.

Em. And be not put off like a common fellow,
With the Princess would be private,
Or that she has taken physick, and admits none;
I would talk to her any where.

Ar. It makes me smile.

Em. Now you look handsomly:
Had I a wench to win, I would so flutter her:
They love a man that crushes 'em to verjuice;

A woman held at hard meat, is your Spaniel.

Soz. Pray take our council, Sir.

Ar. I shall do something,

But not your way, it shews too boisterous,
For my affections are as fair and gentle,
As her they serve.

Enter King.

Soz. The King.

King. Why how now friend?

Why do you rob me of the company
I love so dearly, Sir, I have been seeking you;
For when I want you, I want all my pleasure:
Why sad? thus sad still man? I will not have it;
I must not see the face I love thus shadowed.

(him:)

Em. And't please your Grace, methinks it ill becomes
A soldier should be jovial, high and lusty.

King. He shall be so, come, come, I know your reason,
It shall be none to cross you, ye shall have her,
Take my word, ('tis a Kings word) ye shall have her,
She shall be yours or nothing, pray be merry.

Arm. Your Grace has given me cause, I shall be Sir,
And ever your poor servant.

King. My self, Sir,
My better self, I shall find time, and suddainly,
To gratifie your loves too, Gentlemen,
And make you know how much I stand bound to you:
Nay, 'tis not worth your thanks, no further complement;
Will you go with me friend?

Arm. I beseech your Grace,
Spare me an hour or two, I shall wait on you,
Some little private business with my self, Sir,
For such a time.

King. I'll hinder no devotion,
For I know you are regular, I'll take you Gentlemen,
Because he shall have nothing to disturb him,
I shall look for your friend.

Exeunt. manet Armusia.

Enter Panura.

Arm. I dare not fail, Sir:
What shall I do to make her know my misery,
To make her sensible? This is her woman,
I have a toy come to me suddenly,
It may work for the best, she can but scorn me,
And lower than I am, I cannot tumble,
I'll try, what e'er my fate be—Good even fair one,
Pan. 'Tis the brave stranger—A good night to you, Sir.
Now by my Ladies hand, a goodly Gentleman!
How happy shall she be in such a Husband?
Wou'd I were so provided too.

Arm. Good pretty one,
Shall I keep you company for an hour or two?
I want employment for this evening.
I am an honest man.

Pan. I dare believe ye:
Or if ye were not, Sir, that's no great matter,
We take mens promises, wou'd ye stay with me, Sir?

Arm. So it please you, pray let's be better acquainted,
I know you are the Princesses Gentlewoman,
And wait upon her near.

Pan. 'Tis like I do so.

Arm. And may befriend a man, do him fair courtesies,
If he have business your way.

Pan. I understand ye.

Arm. So kind an office, that you may bind a gentleman,
Hereafter to be yours; and your way too,
And ye may bless the hour you did this benefit:
Sweet handsome faces should have courteous minds,
And ready faculties.

Pan. Tell me your business,
Yet if I think it be to her, your self, Sir,

For I know what you are, and what we hold ye,
And in what grace ye stand, without a second,
For that but darkens, you wou'd do it better,
The Princess must be pleas'd with your access,
I'm sure I should.

Arm. I want a Courtiers boldness,
And am yet but a stranger, I wou'd fain speak with her:

Pan. 'Tis very late, and upon her hour of sleep, Sir.

Ar. Pray ye wear this, and believe my meaning civil,
My business of that fair respect and carriage:
This for our more acquaintance.

Jewel.

Pan. How close he kisses?
And how sensible the passings of his lips are?
I must do it, and I were to be hang'd now, and I will do it:
He may do as much for me, that's all I aim at;
And come what will e'er't, life or death, I'll do it,
For ten such kisses more, and 'twere high treason.

Arm. I wou'd be private with her.

Pan. So you shall,

'Tis not worth thanks else, you must dispatch quick.

Arm. Suddenly.

Pan. And I must leave you in my chamber, Sir;
Where you must lock your self that none may see you;
'Tis close to her, you cannot miss the entrance,
When she comes down to bed.

Arm. I understand ye, and once more thank ye Lady.

Pan. Thank me but thus.

Arm. If I fail thee —
Come close then.

Ex.

Enter Quisara, and Quisana.

Quisar. 'Tis late good Aunt, to bed, I am ev'n unready,
My woman will not be long away.

Quisana. I wou'd have you a little merrier first,
Let me sit by ye, and read or discourse
Something that ye fancy, or take my instrument.

Quisar. No, no I thank you,
I shall sleep without these, I wrong your age Aunt
To make ye wait thus, pray let me intreat ye,
To-morrow I'll see ye, I knew y'are sleepy,
And rest will be a welcome guest, you shall not,
Indeed you shall not stay; oh here's my woman,

Enter Panura.

Good night, good night, and good rest Aunt attend you.

Quisana. Sleep dwell upon your eyes, and fair dreams court ye.

Quisar. Come, where have you been wench? make me unrea-
slept but in last night. (*dy,*

Pan. You'll sleep the better
I hope no night, Madam.

Quisar. A little rest contents me;

Thou lovest thy bed *Panura.*

Pan. I am not in love Lady,
Nor seldom dream of devils, I sleep soundly.

Quisar. I'll swear thou dost, thy Husband wou'd not take
If thou wert married wench. (*it so well*

Pan. Let him take, Madam,
The way to waken me, I am no Dormouse,
Husbands have larum-bells, if they but
Ring once.

Quisar. Thou art a merry wench.

Pan. I shall live the longer.

Quisar. Prethee fetch my Book.

Pan. I am glad of that.

Quisar. I'll read awhile before I sleep.

Pan. I will Madam.

Quisar. And if *Ruy Dias* meet you, and be importunate,
He may come in.

Pan. I have a better fare for you,
Now least in sight play I.

Exit.

Enter Armusia, locks the door.

Quisar. Why should I love him?
Why should I doat upon a man deserves not,
Nor has no will to work it? who's there wench?
What are you? or whence come you?

Arm. Ye may know me,
I bring not such amazement, noble Lady.

Quisar. Who let you in?

Arm. My restless love that serves ye.

Quisar. This is an impudence I have not heard of,
A rudeness that becomes a thief or ruffian;
Nor shall my brothers love protect this boldness,
You build so strongly on, my rooms are sanctuaries,
And with that reverence, they that seek my favours,
And humble fears, shall render their approaches.

Arm. Mine are no less.

Quisar. I am Mistress of my self, Sir,
And will be so, I will not be thus visited:
These fears and dangers thrust into my privacy.
Stand further off, I'll cry out else.

Arm. Oh dear Lady!

Quisar. I see dishonor in your eyes.

Arm. There is none:

By all that beauty they are innocent;
Pray ye tremble not, you have no cause.

Quisar. I'll dye first;
Before you have your Will, be torn in pieces;
The little strength I have left me to resist you,
The gods will give me more, before I am forc'd
To that I hate, or suffer —

Arm. You wrong my duty.

Quisar. So base a violation of my liberty?
I know you are bent unnobly; I'll take to me
The spirit of a man; borrow his boldness,
And force my womans fears into a madness,
And e'er you arrive at what you aim at —

Arm. Lady,

If there be in you any womans pity;
And if your fears have not proclaim'd me monstrous;
Look on me, and believe me; is this violence?
Is it to fall thus prostrate to your beauty
A ruffians boldness? is humility a rudeness?
The griefs and sorrows that grow here an impudence?
These forcings, and these fears I bring along with me,
These impudent abuses offered ye;
And thus high has your brothers favour blown me:
Alas dear Lady of my life, I came not
With any purpose, rough or desperate,
With any thought that was not smooth and gentle,
As your fair hand, with any doubt or danger
Far be it from my heart to fright your quiet;
A heavy curse light on it, when I intend it.

Quisar. Now I dare hear you.

Arm. If I had been mischievous,
As then I must be mad; or were a monster,
If any such base thought had harbour'd here,
Or violence that became not man,
You have a thousand bulwarks to assure you,
The holy powers bear shields to defend chastity;
Your honor, and your virtues are such armours;
Your clear thoughts such defences; if you mis-doubt still
And yet retain a fear, I am not honest,
Come with impure thoughts to this place;
Take this, and sheath it here; be your own safety;
Be wise, and rid your fears, and let me perish;
How willing shall I sleep to satisfy you.

Quisar. No, I believe now, you speak worthily;
What came you then for?

Arm. To complain me, beauty,
But modestly.

Quisar. Of what?

Arm. Of your fierce cruelty,
For though I dye, I will not blame the doer:

Humbly

Humbly to tell your grace, ye had forgot me :
A little to have touch'd at, not accused,
For that I dare not do, your scorns, pray pardon me
And be not angry that I use the liberty
To urge that word, a little to have shew'd you
What I have been, and what done to deserve ye,
If any thing that love commands may reach ye :
To have remembred ye, but I am unworthy,
And to that misery falls all my fortunes;
To have told ye, and by my life ye may believe me,
That I am honest, and will only marry
You, or your memory; pray be not angry.

Quisar. I thank you Sir, and let me tell you seriously,
Ye have taken now the right way to befriend ye,
And to beget a fair and clear opinion,
Yet to try your obedience —

Arm. I stand ready Lady.
Without presuming to ask any thing.

Quisar. Or at this time to hope for further favour;
Or to remember services or smiles;
Dangers you have past through, and rewards due to 'em;
Loves or despairs, but leaving all to me:
Quit this place presently.

Arm. I shall obey ye.

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ru. Ha?

Arm. Who's this?

What art thou?

Ru. A Gentleman.

Arm. Thou art no more I'm sure: oh 'tis Ruy Dias;
How high he looks, and harsh?

Ru. Is there not door enough,
You take such elbow room?

Arm. If I take it, I'll carry it.

Ru. Does this become you Princess?

Arm. The Captain's jealous.

Jealous of that he never durst deserve yet;
Go freely, go, I'll give thee leave.

Ru. Your leave, Sir?

Arm. Yes my leave Sir, I'll not be troubled neither,
Nor shall my heart ache, or my head be jealous,
Nor strange suspicious thoughts reign in my memory;
Go on, and do thy worst, I'll smile at thee;
I kiss your fair hand first, then farewell Captain. *Exit.*

Quisar. What a pure soul inherits here? what innocences
Sure I was blind when I first lov'd this fellow,
And long to live in that fogg still: how he blusters!

Ru. Am I your property? or those your flatteries,
The banquets that ye bid me to, the trust
I build my goodly hopes on?

Quisar. Be more temperate.

Ru. Are these the shews of your respect and favour?
What did he here, what language had he with ye?
Did ye invite? could ye stay no longer?
Is he so gracious in your eye?

Quisar. You are too forward.

Ru. Why at these private hours?

Quisar. You are too saucy,
Too impudent to task me with those errors.
Do ye know what I am Sir, and my prerogative?
Though you be a thing I have call'd by th' name of friend,
I never taught you to dispose my liberty;
How durst you touch mine honor? blot my meanings?
And name an action, and of mine but noble?
Thou poor unworthy thing, how have I grac'd thee?
How have I nourisht thee and raised thee hourly?
Are these the gratitudes you bring Ruy Dias?
The thanks? the services? I am fairly paid;
Was't not enough I saw thou wert a Coward,
And shadowed thee? no noble sparkle in thee?
Daily provok'd thee, and still found thee coward?
Rais'd noble causes for thee, strangers started at;

Yet still, still, still a Coward, ever Coward;
And with those taints, dost thou upbraid my virtues?

Ru. I was too blame

Lady.

Quisar. So blindly bold to touch at my behaviour?
Durst thou but look amiss at my allowance?
If thou hadst been a brave fellow, thou hadst had some licence
Some liberty I might have then allowed thee
For thy good face, some scope to have argued with me;
But being nothing but a sound, a shape,
The meer sign of a Soldier — of a Lover.
The dregs and drassy part, disgrace and jealousy,
I scorn thee; and contemn thee.

Ru. Dearest Lady,
If I have been too free —

Quisar. Thou hast been too foolish,
And go on still, I'll study to forget thee,
I would I could, and yet I pity thee.

Ru. I am not worth it, if I were, that's misery,
The next door is but death, I must aim at it.

Exit.

Exit.

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter King and Governor, like a Moor-Priest.

King. SO far and truly you have discovered to me
The former currents of my life and fortune,
That I am bound to acknowledge ye most holy,
And certainly to credit your predictions,
Of what are yet to come.

Gov. I am no lyer,
'Tis strange I should, and live so near a neighbor;
But these are not my ends.

King. Pray ye sit good father,
Certain a reverend man, and most religious.

Gov. I, that belief's well now, and let me work then,
I'll make ye curse Religion e'r I leave ye.
I have liv'd a long time Son, a mew'd up man,
Sequester'd by the special hand of Heaven
From the worlds vanities, bid farewell to follies,
And shook hands with all heats of youth and pleasures,
As in a dream these twenty years I have slumber'd,
Many a cold Moon have I, in meditation
And searching out the hidden Wils of heaven,
Lain shaking under; many a burning Sun
Has fear'd my body, and boil'd up my blood,
Feebl'd my knees, and stamp't a Meagerness
Upon my figure, all to find out knowledge,
Which I have now attained to, thanks to heaven,
All for my countreys good too: and many a vision,
Many a mistick vision have I seen Son.
And many a sight from heaven which has been terrible,
Wherein the Goods and Evils of these Islands
Were lively shadowed; many a charge I have had too,
Still as the time grew ripe to reveal these,
To travel and discover, now I am come Son,
The hour is now appointed,
My tongue is touch'd, and now I speak.

King. Do Holy man, I'll hear ye.

Gov. Beware these Portugals; I say beware 'em,
These smooth-fac'd strangers; have an eye upon 'em.
The cause is now the God's, hear, and believe King.

King. I do hear, but before I give rash credit,
Or hang too light on belief, which is a sin, father;
Know I have found 'em gentle, faithful, valiant,
And am in my particular, bound to 'em,
I mean to some for my most strange deliverance.

Gov. Oh Son, the future aims of men, observe me;
Above their present actions, and their glory,

Are to be look'd at, the Stars shew many turnings,
If you could see, mark but with my eyes, pupil;
These men came hither, as my vision tells me,
Poor weather-beaten, almost lost, starv'd, feebled,
Their vessels like themselves, most miserable;
Made a long suite for traffique, and for comfort,
To vent their childrens toys, cure their diseases:
They had their sure, they landed, and to th' rate
Grew rich and powerful, suckt the fat, and freedom
Of this most blessed Isle, taught her to tremble,
Witness the Castle here, the Citadel,
They have clapt upon the neck of your *Tidore*,
This happy Town, till that she knew these strangers,
To check her when she's jolly.

King. They have so indeed Father.

Gov. Take heed, take heed, I find your fair delivery,
Though you be pleas'd to glorifie that fortune,
And think these strangers gods, take heed I say,
I find it but a handsome preparation,

A fair-fac'd Prologue to a further mischief:
Mark but the end good King, the pin he shcots at
That was the man deliver'd ye; the mirror,
Your Sister is his due; what's she, your heir, Sir?
And what's he a kin then to the kingdom?
But heirs are not ambitious, who then suffers?
What reverence shall the gods have? and what justice
The miserable people? what shall they do?

King. He points at truth directly.

Gov. Think of these Son:

The person, nor the manner I mislike not
Of your preserver, nor the whole man together,
Were he but season'd in the Faith we are,
In our Devotions learn'd.

King. You say right Father.

Gov. To change our Worships now, and our Religion?
To be traytor to our God?

King. You have well advis'd me,
And I will seriously consider Father,
In the mean time you shall have your fair access
Unto my Sister, advise her to your purpose,
And let me still know how the gods determine.

Gov. I will, but my main end is to advise
The destruction of you all, a general ruine,
And when I am reveng'd, let the gods whistle. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ruy Dias, and Pyniero.

Ruy. Indeed, I am right glad ye were not greedy,
And sudden in performing what I will'd you,
Upon the person of *Armusia*,
I was afraid, for I well knew your valour,
And love to me.

Py. 'Twas not a fair thing, Uncle,
It shew'd not handsome, carried no man in it.

Ruy. I must confess 'twas ill; and I abhor it,
Only this good has risen from this evil;
I have tried your honesty, and find proof,
A constancy that will not be corrupted,
And I much honor it.

Py. This Eell sounds better.

Ruy. My anger now, and that disgrace I have suffer'd,
Shall be more manly vented, and wip'd off,
And my sick honor cur'd the right and straight way;
My Sword's in my hand now Nephew, my cause upon it,
And man to man, one valour to another,
My hope to his.

Py. Why? this is like *Ruy Dias*?
This carries something of some substance in it;
Some mettle and some man, this sounds a Gentleman;
And now methinks ye utter what becomes ye;
To kill men scurvily, 'tis such a dog-trick,
Such a Rat-catchers occupation——

Ru. It is no better,
But *Pyniero*, now——

Py. Now you do bravely.

Ru. The difference of our States flung by, forgotten,
The full opinion I have won in service,
And such respects that may not shew us equal,
Laid handsomly aside, only our fortunes,
And single manhoods——

Py. In a service, Sir,
Of this most noble nature, all I am,
If I had ten lives more, those and my fortunes
Are ready for ye, I had thought ye had forsworn fighting,
Or banish'd those brave thoughts were wont to wait upon
I am glad to see 'em call'd home agen. you;

Ruy. They are Nephew,
And thou shalt see what fire they carry in them,
Here, you guess what this means. *Shews a challenge.*

Py. Yes very well, Sir,
A portion of Scripture that puzzles many an interpreter.

Ruy. As soon as you can find him——

Py. That will not be long Uncle,
And o' my conscience he'll be ready as quickly.

Ruy. I make no doubt good Nephew, carry it so
If you can possible, that we may fight.

Py. Nay you shall fight, assure your self.

Ru. Pray ye hear me
In some such place where it may be possible
The Princess may behold us.

Py. I conceive ye,
Upon the sand behind the Castle, Sir,
A place remote enough, and there be windows
Out of her Lodgings too, or I am mistaken.

Ruy. Y'are i' th' right, if ye can work that handsomly——

Py. Let me alone, and praybe you prepar'd
Some three hours hence.

Ruy. I will not fail.

Py. Get you home,
And if you have any things to dispose of,
Or a few light prayers
That may befriend you, run 'em over quickly,
I warrant, I'll bring him on.

Ruy. Farewel Nephew,
And when we meet again——

Py. I, I, fight handsomly;
Take a good draught or two of Wine to settle ye,
'Tis an excellent armour for an ill conscience, Uncle;
I am glad to see this mans conversion,
I was afraid fair honor had been bed-rid,
Or beaten out o' th' Island, soldiers, and good ones,
Intended such base courses? he will fight now;
And I believe too bravely; I have seen him
Curry a fellows carkaffe handsomely:
And in the head of a troop, stand as if he had been rooted
Dealing large doles of death; what a rascal was I (there,
I did not see his Will drawn?
What does she here?

Enter Quisara.

If there be any mischief towards, a woman makes one still;
Now what new business is for me?

Quisar. I was sending for ye,
But since we have met so fair,
You have sav'd that labour; I must intreat you, Sir——

Py. Any thing Madam,
Your Wils are my Commands.

Quisar. Y'are nobly courteous;
Upon my better thoughts Signior *Pyniero*,
And my more peaceable considerations,
Which now I find the richer ornaments;
I wou'd desire you to attempt no farther
Against the person of the noble stranger,
In truth I am asham'd of my share in't;
Nor be incited farther by your Uncle,
I see it will fit ill upon your person;
I have considered, and it will shew ugly,
Carried at best, a most unheard of cruelty;

Good Sir desist—

Py. You speak now like a woman,
And wondrous well this tenderneſs becomes ye;
But this you muſt remember—your command
Was laid on with a kiſs, and ſeriouſly
It muſt be taken off the ſame way, Madam,
Or I ſtand bound ſtill.

Quiſar. That ſhall not endanger ye,
Look ye fair Sir, thus I take off that duty.

Py. By th' maſs 'twas ſoft and ſweet,
Some bloods would bound now,
And run a tilt; do not you think bright beauty;
You have done me in this kiſs, a mighty favour,
And that Iſland bound by virtue of this honor,
To do what ever you command me?

Quiſar. I think Sir,
From me theſe are unuſual courteſies,
And ought to be reſpected ſo; there are ſome,
And men of no mean rank, would hold themſelves
Not poorly bleſt to taſte of ſuch a bounty.

Py. I know there are, that wou'd do many unjuſt things
For ſuch a kiſs, and yet I hold this modeſt;
All villanies, body and ſoul diſpenſe with,
For ſuch a provocation, kill their kindred,
Demoliſh the fair credits of their Parents;
Thoſe kiſſes I am not acquainted with, moſt certain Madam,
The appurtenance of this kiſs wou'd not provoke me
To do a miſchief, 'tis the devils own dance.
To be kiſs'd into cruelty.

Quiſar. I am glad you make that uſe Sir.

Py. I am gladder
That you made me believe you were cruel,
For by thiſhand, I know I am ſo honeſt,
However I deceiv'd ye, 'twas high time too,
Some common ſlavemight have been ſet upon it elſe;
That willingly I wou'd not kill a dog
That could but fetch and carry for a woman,
She muſt be a good woman made me kick him,
And that will be hard to find, to kill a man,
If you will give me leave to get another,
Or any ſhe that plaid the beſt game at it,
And 'fore a womans anger, prefer her fancy.

Quiſar. I take it in you well.

Py. I thank ye Lady,
And I ſhall ſtudy to confirm it.

Quiſar. Do Sir,
For this time, and this preſent cauſe, I allow it,
Moſt holy Sir.

Enter Governor, Quiſana, and Panura.

Gov. Bleſs ye my Royal Daughter,
And in you, bleſs this Iſland Heaven.

Quiſar. Good Aunt,
What think ye of this man?

Quiſan. Sure h' is a wiſe man,
And a Religious, he tells us things have hapened
So many years ago, almoſt forgotten,
As readily as if they were done this hour.

Quiſar. Does he not meet with your ſharp tongue?

Pan. He tells me Madam,
Marriage, and mouldy Cheeſe will make me tamer.
Gov. A ſtubborn keeper, and worſe fare,
An open ſtable, and cold care,
Will tame a Jade, may be your ſnare.

Pan. Bir Lady, a ſharp prophet, when this proves good,
I'll bequeath you a ſkin to make ye a Hood.

Gov. Lady, I would talk with you.

Quiſar. Do reverend Sir.

Gov. And for your good, for that that muſt concern ye,
And give ear wiſely to me.

Quiſar. I ſhall father.

Gov. You are a Princeſs of that excellence,
Sweetneſs, and grace, that Angel-like fair feature,

Nay, do not bluſh, I do not flatter you,
Nor do I dote in telling this, I am amazed Lady,
And as I think the gods beſtow'd theſe on ye,
The gods that love ye.

Quiſar. I confeſs their bounty.

Gov. Apply it then to their uſe, to their honor,
To them, and to their ſervice give this ſweetneſs;
They have an inſtant great uſe of your goodneſs;
You are a Saint eſteem'd here for your beauty,
And many a longing heart—

Quiſar. I ſeek no fealty,
Nor will I blemiſh that, heaven has ſeal'd on me,
I know my worth, indeed the *Portugals*
I have at thoſe commands, and their laſt ſervices,
Nay, even their lives, ſo much I think my handſomeſs,
That what I ſhall enjoyn—

Gov. Uſe it diſcreetly.

For I perceive ye underſtand me rightly,
For here the gods regard your help, and ſuddainly;
The *Portugals*, like ſharp thorns (mark me Lady)
Stick in our ſides, like Razors, wound Religion,
Draw deep, they wound, till the Life-bloud follows,
Our gods they ſpurn at, and their worſhips ſcorn,
A mighty hand they bear upon our government,
Theſe are the men your miracle muſt work on,
Your heavenly form, either to root them out,
Which as you may endeavour; will be eaſe,
Remember whoſe great cauſe you have to execute,
To nip their memory, that may not ſpring more,
Or fairly bring 'em home to our devotions,
Which will be bleſſed, and for which you fainted,
But cannot be, and they go; let me buzle.

Quiſar. Go up with me,
Where we'll converſe more privately;
I'll ſhew ye ſhortly how I hold their temper;
And in what chain thir ſouls.

Gov. Keep faſt that hold ſtill,
And either bring that chain, and thoſe bound in it,
And link it to our gods, and their fair worſhips.
Or Daughter, pinch their hearts a pieces with it,
I'll wait upon your grace.

Quiſar. Come reverend father.

Wait you below.

Ex. Quiſar. and Gov.

Pan. If this Prophet were a young thing,
I ſhould ſuſpect him now, he cleaves ſo cloſe to her;
Theſe holy Coats are long, and hide iniquities.

Quiſan. Away, away fool, a poor wretch.

Pan. Theſe poor ones
Warm but their ſtomachs once—

Quiſan. Come in, thou art fooliſh.

Ex. Quiſania and Panura.

Enter Armuſia, Emanuel, and Pynicro.

Arm. I am ſorry, Sir, my fortune is ſo ſtubborn,
To court my ſword againſt my Countreyman,
I love my Nation well, and where I find
A *Portugal* of noble Name and Virtue,
I am his humble ſervant, Signior *Pynicro*,
Your perſon, nor your Uncles am I angry with,
You are both fair Gentlemen in my opinion,
And I proteſt, I had rather uſe my ſword
In your defences, than againſt your ſafeties;
'Tis methinks a ſtrange dearth of enemies,
When we ſeek foes among our ſelves.

Em. You are injured,
And you muſt make the beſt on't now, and readieſt—

Arm. You ſee I am ready in the place, and arm'd
To his deſire that call'd me.

Py. Ye ſpeak honeſtly,
And I could wiſh ye had met on terms more friendly,
But it cannot now be ſo.

Enter

Enter Ruy Dias.

Em. Turn Sir, and see.
Py. I have kept my word with ye Uncle,
The Gentleman is ready.

Enter Governor, and Quisara above.

Arm. Ye are welcome.

Ru. Bid those fools welcome, that affect your courtesie,
I come not to use compliment, ye have wrong'd me,
And ye shall feel, proud man, e'r I part from ye,
The effects of that, if fortune do not fool me;
Thy life is mine, and no hope shall redeem thee.

Arm. That's a proud word,
More than your faith can justifie.

Quisara. Sure they will fight.

Ruy. She's there, I am happy.

Gov. Let 'em alone, let 'em kill one another,
These are the main posts, if they fall, the buildings
Will tumble quickly.

Quisara. How temperate Armusia?
No more, be quiet yet.

Arm. I am not bloody,
Nor do not feel such mortal malice in me,
But since we cannot both enjoy the Princess,
I am resolv'd to fight.

Ruy. Fight home Armusia,
For if thou faint'st, or fall'st —

Arm. Do ye make all vantages?

Ruy; Always; unto thy life I will not spare thee,
Nor look not for thy mercy.

Arm. I am arm'd then.

Ruy. Stand still I charge ye Nephew, as ye honor me.

Arm. And good Emanuel stir not —

Py. Ye speak fitly,
For we had not stood idle else.

Gov. I am sorry for't.

Em. But since you will have it so —

Ruy. Come Sir.

Arm. I wait ye.

Py. I marry, this looks handsomely,
This is warm work.

Gov. Both fall and't be thy Will.

Py. My Uncle dead?

Em. Stand still, or my swords in —

Arm. Now brave Ruy Dias,

Now where's your confidence, your prayers? quickly
Your own spite has condemn'd ye.

Quisara. Hold Armusia.

Ar. Most happy Lady.

Quisara. Hold, and let him rise,
Spare him for me.

Ar. A long life may he enjoy, Lady.

Gov. What ha you done? 'tis better they had all perisht.

Quisara. Peace father, I work for the best; Armusia.
Be in the Garden an hour hence. Ex. Qu. and Gov.

Ar. I shall Madam.

Py. Now as I live, a Gentleman at all inches,
So brave a mingled temper saw I never.

Ar. Why are ye sad Sir? how would this have griev'd you,
If ye had fall'n under a profest enemy?
Under one had taken vantage of your shame too?
Pray ye be at peace, I am so far from wronging ye,
Or glorying in the pride of such a victory,
That I desire to serve ye, pray look chearfully. (Gentleman)

Py. Do you hear this Sir? this love Sir? do you see this
How he courts ye? why do you hold your head down?
'Tis no high Treason, I take it, to be equall'd;
To have a slip i' th field, no sin, that's mortal;
Come, come, thank fortune and your friend.

Ar. It may be
You think my tongue may prove your enemy;

And though restrain'd sometimes, out of a bravery,
May take a License to disable ye:

Believe me Sir, so much I hate that liberty,
That in a strangers tongue, 'twill prove an injury,
And I shall right you in't.

Py. Can you have more, Uncle?

Ru. Sir, you have beat me both ways, yet so nobly,
That I shall ever love the hand that did it:
Fortune may make me worthy of some title
That may be near your friend.

Ar. Sir, I must leave ye,
But with so hearty love; and pray be confident,
I carry nothing from this place shall wrong ye.

Exit Arm. and Em.

Py. Come, come, you are right agen, Sir, love your honor,
And love your friend, take heed of bloody purposes,
And unjust ends, good heaven is angry with ye;
Make your fair virtues, and your fame your Mistrifs,
And let these trinkets go.

Ru. You teach well Nephew,
Now to be honourably even with this Gentleman,
Shall be my business, and my ends his.

Enter Governor and King.

Gov. Sir, Sir, you must do something suddainly,
To stop his pride so great and high, he is shot up,
Upon his person too, your state is sunk else:
You must not stand now upon terms of gratitude,
And let a simple tenderness besot ye:
I'll bring ye suddenly where you shall see him,
Attempting your brave Sister, privately,
Mark but his high behaviour then.

King. I will Father.

Gov. And with scorn, I fear contempt too.

King. I hope not.

Gov. I will not name a lust;
It may be that also;

A little force must be applyed upon him,
Now, now applyed, a little force to humble him.
These sweet intreaties do but make him wanton.

King. Take heed ye wrong him not.

Gov. Take heed to your safety,
I but forewarn ye King; if you mistrust me,
Or think I come un-sent —

King. No, I'll go with you.

Exeunt,

Enter Armusia, Quisara.

Arm. Madam, you see there's nothing I can reach at,
Either in my obedience, or my service,
That may deserve your love, or win a liking,
But a poor thought, but I pursue it seriously,
Take pleasure in your Will, even in your anger,
Which other men would grudge at, and grow stormy;
I study new humility to please ye,
And take a kind of joy in my afflictions,
Because they come from ye, I love my sorrows:
Pray Madam but consider —

Quisara. Yes, I do Sir,
And to that honest end I drew ye hither;
I know ye have deserv'd as much as man can,
And know it is a justice to requite you:
I know ye love.

Arm. If ever love was mortal,
And dwelt in man, and for that love command me,
So strong I find it, and so true, here Lady,
Something of such a greatness to allow me,
Those things I have done already, may seem foyle too:
'Tis equity that man aspires to heaven,
Should win it by his worth, and not sleep to it.

Enter

Enter Governor, and King.

Gov. Now stand close King and hear, and as you find him,
Believe me right, or let Religion suffer.

Quisar. I dare believe your worth without additions;
But since you are so liberal of your love Sir,
And wou'd be farther tried, I do intend it,
Because you shall not, or you wou'd not win me
At such an ealie rate.

Arm. I am prepared still,
And if I shrink—

Quisar. I know ye are no coward,
This is the utmost trial of your constancy,
And if you stand fast now, I am yours, your wife Sir;
You hold there's nothing dear that may achieve me,
Doubted or dangerous.

Arm. There's nothing, nothing:
Let me but know, that I may straight lie to it.

Quisar. I'll tell you then, change your Religion.
And be of one belief with me.

Arm. How?

Quisar. Mark,
Worship our Gods, renounce that faith ye are bred in;
'Tis easily done, I'll teach ye suddenly;
And humbly on your knees—

Arm. Ha? I'll be hang'd first.

Quisar. Offer as we do.

Arm. To the devil Lady?

Offer to him I hate? I know the devil.
To dogs and cats? you make offer to them;
To every bird that flies, and every worm.
How terribly I shake? Is this the venture?
The trial that you talk'd of? where have I been?
And how forgot my self? how lost my memory?
When did I pray, or look up stedfastly?
Had any goodness in my heart to guide me?
That I should give this vantage to mine enemy;
The enemy to my peace, forsake my faith?

Quisar. Come, come, I know ye love me.

Arm. Love ye this way?

This most destroying way? sure you but jest, Lady.

Quisar. My Love and Life are one way.

Arm. Love alone then, and mine another way,
I'll love diseases first,
Doat on a villain that would cut my throat,
Woove all afflictions of all sorts, kiss cruelty.
Have mercy heaven, how have I been wand'ring?
Wand'ring the way of Lust, and left my Maker?
How have I slept like Cork upon a water,
And had no feeling of the storm that tost me?
Trode the blind paths of death? forsook assurance,
Eternity of blessedness for a woman?

Quisar. Are not our powers eternal, so their comforts?
As great and full of hopes as yours?

Arm. They are puppets.

Gov. Now mark him Sir, and but observe him nearly,

Ar. Their comforts like themselves, cold, senseless outides;
You make 'em sick, as we are, peevish, mad,
Subject to age; and how can they cure us,
That are not able to refine themselves?

Quis. The Sun and Moon we worship, those are heavenly,
And their bright influences we believe.

Arm. Away fool,

I adore the Maker of that Sun and Moon,
That gives those bodies light and influence;
That pointed out their paths; and taught their motions;
They are not so great as we, they are our servants,
Plac'd there to teach us time, to give us knowledge;
Of when and how the swellings, of the main are,
And their returns agen; they are but our Stewards
To make the earth fat, with their influence,
That she may bring forth her increase, and feed us.
Shall I fall from this faith to please a woman?

For her embraces bring my soul to ruin?

I look'd you should have laid, make me a Christian
Work that great cure, for 'tis a great one woman;
That labor truly to perform, that venture,
The crown of all great trial, and the fairest:
I look'd ye should have wept and kneel'd to beg it,
Washt off your mist of ignorance, with waters
Pure and repentant, from those eyes; I look'd
You should have brought me your chief god ye worship,
He that you offer humane blood and life to,
And make a sacrifice of him to memory,
Beat down his Altars, ruin'd his false Temples.

Gov. Now you may see.

Quisar. Take heed, you goe too far, Sir,
And yet I love to hear him, I must have ye;
And to that end I let you storm a little;
I know there must be some strife in your bosom
To cool and quiet ye, e'r you can come back:
I know old friends cannot part suddainly,
There will be some lett still, yet I must have ye,
Have ye of my faith too, and so enjoy ye.

Arm. Now I contemn ye, and I hate my self
For looking on that face lasciviously,
And it looks ugly now me thinks.

Quisar. How Portugall?

Arm. It looks like death it self, to which 'twou'd lead me;
Your eyes resemble pale despair, they fright me,
And in their rounds, a thousand horrid ruins,
Methinks I see; and in your tongue hear fearfully
The hideous murmurs of weak souls have suffer'd;
Get from me, I despise ye, and know woman,
That for all this trap you have laid to catch my life in,
To catch my immortal life, I hate and curse ye,
Contemn your Deities, spurn at their powers,
And where I meet your Mabomet gods, I'll swing 'em
Thus o'r my head, and kick 'em into puddles,
Nay, I will out of vengeance search your Temples.
And with those hearts that serve my God, demolish
Your shambles of wild worships.

Gov. Now, now you hear Sir.

Arm. I will have my faith, since you are so crafty,
The glorious cross, although I love your brother;
Let him frown too, I will have my devotion,
And let your whole State storm.

King. Enter and take him;

I am sorry friend that I am forc'd to do this.

Gov. Be sure you bind him fast.

Quisar. But use him nobly.

King. Had it to me been done, I had forgiven it,
And still preserv'd you fair, but to our gods Sir—

Quisar. Methinks I hate 'em now.

King. To our Religion,
To these to be thus stubborn, thus rebellious
To threaten them.

Arm. Use all your violence,
I ask no mercy, nor repent my words:
I spit at your best powers; I serve one,
Will give me strength to scourge your gods.

Gov. Away with him.

Arm. To grind 'em into base dust, and disperse 'em,
That never more their bloody memories—

Gov. Clap him close up.

King. Good friend be cooler.

Arm. Never;

Your painted Sister I despise too.

King. Softly.

Arm. And all her devilish Arts laugh and scorn at,
Mock her blind purposes.

King. You must be temperate;
Offer him no violence, I command you strictly.

Gov. Now thou art up, I shall have time to speak too.

Quisar. Oh how I love this man, how truly honor him.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Christophero, and Pedro (at one door) Emanuel, and Soza, (at another)

Chr. Do you know the news Gentlemen?

Em. Wou'd we knew as well, Sir,
How to prevent it.

Soz. Is this the love they bear us,
For our late benefit? taken so maliciously,
And clapt up close? is that the thanks they render?

Ch. It must not be put up thus, smother'd slightly,
'Tis such a base unnatural wrong.

Ped. I know,
They may think to doe wonders, aim at all,
And to blow us with a vengeance, out o' th' Islands:
But if we be our selves, honest and resolute,
And continue but Masters of our antient courages,
Stick close, and give no vantage to their villanies —

Soz. Nay, if we faint or fall apieces now,
We are fools, and worthy to be markt for misery;
Begin to strike at him, they are all bound too?
To cancel his deserts? what must we look for
If they can carry this?

Em. I'll carry coal then;
I have but one life, and one fortune, Gentlemen,
But I'll so husband it to vex these rascals,
These barbarous slaves.

Ch. Shall we go charge 'em presently?

Soz. No, that will be too weak, and too fool-hardy,
We must have grounds, that promise safety, friends,
And sure offence, we lose our angers else,
And worse than that, venture our lives too lightly.

Enter Pyniero.

Py. Did you see mine Uncle? plague o' these Barbarians,
How the rogues stick in my teeth, I know ye are angry,
So I am too, monstrous angry, Gentlemen,
I am angry, that I choak agen.
You hear *Armusia's* up, honest *Arm*:
Clapt up in prison, friends, the brave *Arm*:
Here are fine boys.

Em. We hope he shall not stay there.

Py. Stay, no, he must not stay, no talk of staying,
These are no times to stay; are not these rascals?
Speak, I beseech ye speak, are they not Rogues?
Think some abominable names are they not devils?
But the devil's a great deal too good for 'em — fusty villains.

Ch. They are a kind of hounds.

Py. Hounds were their fathers;
Old bear-ey'd bob-tail'd hounds — Lord, where's my Uncle?

Soz. But what shall be done, Sir?

Py. Done?

Soz. Yes, to relieve him;
If it be not sudden they may take his life too.

Py. They dare as soon take fire and swallow it,
Take stakes and thrust into their tails for glisters:
His life, why 'tis a thing worth all the Islands,
And they know will be rated at that value;
His very imprisonment will make the Town stink,
And shake and stink, I have physick in my hand for 'em
Shall give the goblins such a purge —

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ped. Your Uncle,

Ru. I hear strange news, and have been seeking ye;
They say *Armusia's* prisoner.

Py. 'Tis most certain.

Ru. Upon what cause?

Py. He has deserv'd too much, Sir;
The old heathen policie has light upon him.
And paid him home.

Ru. A most unnoble dealing.

Py. You are the next, if you can carry it tamely,
He has deserved of all.

Ru. I must confesse it,
Of me so nobly too.

Py. I am glad to hear it,
You have a time now to make good your confession,
Your faith will shew but cold else, and for fashion,
Now to redeem all, now to thank his courtesie,
Now to make those believe that held you backward,
And an ill instrument, you are a Gentleman,
An honest man, and you dare love your Nations,
Dare stick to virtue, though she be oppress'd,
And for her own fair sake, step to her rescue:
If you live ages, Sir, and lose this hour,
Not now redeem, and vindicate your honor
Your life will be a murmure, and no man in't.

Ru. I thank ye nephew, come along with me Gentlemen,
We'll make 'em dancing sport immediately:
We are Masters of the Fort yet, we shall see
What that can do.

Py. Let it but spit fire finely,
And play their turrets, and their painted Palaces,
A frisking round or two, that they may trip it,
And caper in the air.

Ru. Come, we'll do something
Shall make 'em look about, we'll send 'em plums,
If they be not too hard for their teeth.

Py. And fine Potatoes
Roasted in Gunpowder, such a Banquet, Sir
Will prepare their unmannerly stomachs.

Ru. They shall see
There is no safe retreat in villany;
Come, be high-hearted all.

Omnes. We are all on fire, Sir.

Exeunt.

Enter King and Governor.

King. I am ungrateful, and a wretch, perswade me not,
Forgetful of the mercy he shew'd me,
The timely noble pity — why should I
See him fast bound and fetter'd, whose true courtesie,
Whose manhood, and whose mighty hand set me free?
Why should it come from me? why I command this?
Shall not all tongues and truths call me unthankful?

Gov. Had the offence been thrown on you, 'tis certain
It had been in your power, and your discretion
To have turn'd it into mercy, and forgiven it,
And then it had shew'd a virtuous point of gratitude,
Timely, and nobly taken; but since the cause
Concerns the honor of our gods, and their Title,
And so transcends your power, and your compassion,
A little your own safety, if you saw it too,
If your too fond indulgence did not dazle you,
It cannot now admit a private pitty;
'Tis in their Wills, their Mercies, or Revenges,
And these revolts in you, shew mere rebellions.

King. They are mild and pittiful.

Gov. To those repent.

King. Their nature's soft and tender.

Gov. To true hearts.

That feel compunction for their trespasses:
This man defies 'em still, threatens destruction
And demolition of their Arms and Worship,
Spits at their powers; take heed ye be not found, Sir,
And mark'd a favourer of their dishonor;
They use no common justice.

King. What shall I do
To deserve of this man —

Gov. If ye more bemoan him,

Or mitigate your power to preserve him,
I'll curse ye from the gods, call up their vengeance.

Enter Quisara with her hands bound, Quisana, Panura.

And sling it on your Land and you, I have charge
I hope to wrack you all.

King. What ails my Sister?

Why, is she bound? why looks she so distractedly?
Who does do this?

Quisana. We did it, pardon Sir,
And for her preservation— She is grown wild,
And raving on the strangers love and honor,
Sometimes crying out help, help, they will torture him,
They will take his life, they will murder him presently,
If we had not prevented violently
Have laid hands on her own life.

Gov. These are tokens,
The gods displeasure is gone out, be quick,
And e'er it fall, doe something to appease 'em.
You know the sacrifice—I am glad it works thus.

Quisana. How low and base thou look'st now, that wert noble?
No figure of a King, methinks shews on you.
No face of Majesty, foul, swarth ingratitude
Has taken off thy sweetness, base forgetfulness
Of mighty benefits, has turned thee Devil:
Thou hast persecuted goodness, innocence,
And laid a hard and violent hand on virtue,
On that fair virtue that should teach and guide us;
Thou hast wrong'd thine own preserver, whose least merit,
Pois'd with thy main Estate, thou canst not satisfy,
Nay, put thy life in too, 'twill be too light still:
What hast thou done?

Gov. Goe for him presently,
And once more we'll try if we can win him fairly:
If not, let nothing she says hinder ye, or stir ye;
She speaks distractedly— Do that the gods command ye,
Do you know what ye say Lady?

Quisara. I could curse thee too,
Religion and severity has steel'd thee,
Has turn'd thy heart to stone; thou hast made the gods hard
Against their sweet and patient natures, cruel: (too,
None of ye feel what bravery ye tread on?
What innocence? what beauty?

King. Pray be patient.

Quisara. What honourable things ye cast behind?
What monuments of man?

Enter Armusia and Guard,

King. Once more *Armusia*,
Because I love ye tenderly and dearly,
And would be glad to win ye mine, I wish ye,
Even from my heart I wish and wooe ye—

Ar. What Sir,
Take heed how ye perswade me falsely, then ye hate me:
Take heed how ye intrap me.

King. I advise ye,
And tenderly and truly I advise ye,
Both for your souls health, and your safety.

Ar. Stay,
And name my soul no more, she is too precious,
Too glorious for you flatteries, too secure too.

Gov. Consider the reward, Sir, and the honor
That is prepared, the glory you shall grow to.

Arm. They are not to be consider'd in these cases,
Not to be nam'd when souls are question'd;
They are vain and flying vapors— touch my life,
'Tis ready for ye, put it to what test
It shall please ye, I am patient; but for the rest
You may remove Rocks with your little fingers,
Or blow a Mountain out o' th' way, with bellows,
As soon as stir my faith; use no more arguments.

Gov. We must use tortures then.

Arm. Your worst and painfull't
I am joyful to accept.

Gov. You must the sharpest,
For such has been your hate against our Deities
Delivered openly, your threats and scornings,
And either your repentance must be mighty,
Which is your free conversion to our customs,
Or equal punishment which is your life, Sir.

Arm. I am glad I have it for ye, take it Priest,
And all the miseries that shall attend it:
Let the gods glut themselves with Christian blood,
It will be ask'd again, and so far followed,
So far reveng'd, and with such holy justice,
Your gods of gold shall melt and sink before it;
Your Altars and your Temples shake to nothing;
And you false worshipers, blind fools of ceremony,
Shall seek for holes to hide your heads, and fears in,
For seas to swallow you from this destruction,
Darkness to dwell about ye, and conceal ye;
Your mothers womb agen—

Gov. Make the fires ready,
And bring the several tortures out.

Quisara. Stand fast, Sir,
And fear 'em not, you that have stept so nobly
Into this pious Trial, start not now,
Keep on your way, a Virgin will assist ye,
A Virgin won by your fair constancy,
And glorying that she is won so, will dye by ye:
I have touch'd ye every way, tried ye most honest,
Perfect, and good, chaste, blushing chaste, and temperate,
Valiant, without vain-glory, modest, stayed,
No rage, or light affection ruling in you:
Indeed, the perfect school of worth I find ye,
The temple of true honor.

Arm. Whether will she?
What do you infer by this fair argument, Lady?

Quisara. Your Faith, and your Religion must be like ye,
They that can shew you these, must be pure mirrors,
When the streams flow clear and fair, what are the foun-
I do embrace your faith, Sir, and your fortune; tains?
Go on, I will assist ye, I feel a sparkle here,
A lively spark that kindles my affection,
And tells me it will rise to flames of glory:
Let 'em put on their angers, suffer nobly,
Shew me the way, and when I faint, instruct me;
And if I follow not—

Arm. Oh blessed Lady,
Since thou art won, let me begin my triumph,
Come clap your terrors on.

Quisara. All your fell tortures.
For there is nothing he shall suffer, brother,
I swear by a new faith, which is most sacred,
And I will keep it so, but I will follow in,
And follow to a scruple of affliction,
In spite of all your gods without prevention.

Gov. Death! she amazes me.

King. What shall be done now?

Gov. They must dye both,
And suddenly, they will corrupt all else;
This woman makes me weary of my mischief,
She snakes me, and she staggers me, go in Sir,
I'll see the execution.

King. Not so suddain:
If they go, all my Friends and Sisters perish.

Gov. Wou'd I were safe at home agen.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Arm, arm, Sir,
Seek for defence, the Castle plays and thunders,
The Town Rocks, and the houses fly i' th' air,
The people dye for fear— Captain *Ruy Dias*,
Has made an oath he will not leave a stone here;
No, not the memory, here has stood a City,

Unless *Armusia* be deliver'd fairly.

King. I have my fears: what can our gods do now for us?

Gov. Be patient, but keep him still: he is a cure, Sir,
Against both Rage and Cannon: goe and fortifie,
Call in the Princess, make the Palace sure,
And let 'em know you are a King: look nobly;
And take you courage to ye; keep close the prisoner,
And under command, we are betraid else.

Ar. How joyfully I goe?

Quisar. Take my heart with thee.

Gov. I hold a Wolf by the ear now:
Fortune free me.

Exeunt.

Enter four Towns-men.

1. Heaven blefs us,
What a thund'ring's here? what fire-spitting?
We cannot drink, but our Cans are mauld amongst us.

2. I wou'd they would maul our scores too:
Shame o' their Guns, I thought they had been bird-pots,
Or great Candle-cases, how devilishly they bounce,
And how the Bullets borrow a piece of a house here,
There another, and mend those up agen
With another Parish; here flies a poudring-tub,
The meat ready roasted, and there a barrel pissing vinegar,
And they two over-taking the top of a high Steeple,
Newly slic'd off for a Sallet.

3. A vengeance fire 'em.

2. Nay, they fire fast enough;
You need not help 'em.

4. Are these the *Portugal* Bulls——
How loud they bellow

2. Their horns are plaguy strong, they push down Palaces
They tof our little habitations like whelps,
Like grundle-tails, with their heels upward;
All the windows i'th Town dance a new Trenchmore,
'Tis like to prove a blessed age for Glasiers,
I met a hand, and a Letter in't, in great haste,
And by and by, a single leg running after it,
As if the arm had forgot part of his errand,
Heads flie like Foot-balls every where.

1. What shall we do?

2. I care not, my shop's cancell'd,
And all the Pots, and earthen Pans in't vanish:
There was a single Bullet, and they together by the ears;
You would have thought *Tom Tumbler* had been there,
And all his troop of devils.

3. Let's to the King,
And get this Gentleman deliver'd handsomly:
By this hand, there's no walking above ground else.

2. By this leg — let me swear nimble by it,
For I know not how long I shall owe it,
If I were out o'th' Town once, if I came in agen to
Fetch my breakfast, I will give 'em leave to cramm me
With a *Portugal* Pudding: Come, let's doe any thing
To appease this thunder.

Exeunt.

Enter Pynicro and Panura.

Py. Art sure it was that blind Priest?

Pan. Yes most certain,
He has provok'd all this; the King is merciful,
And wond'rous loving; but he fires him on still,
And when he cools, enrages him, I know it:
Threatens new vengeance, and the gods fierce justice
When he but looks with fair eyes on *Armusia*,
Will lend him no time to relent; my royal Mistrifs,
She has entertain'd a *Christian* hope,

Py. Speak truly.

Pan. Nay, 'tis most true, but Lord! how he lies at her,
And threatens her, and flatters her, and damns her,
And I fear, if not speedily prevented,
If she continue stont, both shall be executed,

Py. I'll kiss thee for this news, nay more *Panura*,

If thou wilt give me leave I'll get thee with *Christian*,
The best way to convert thee.

Pan. Make me believe so?

Py. I will y'faith. But which way cam'st thou hither?
The Pallace is close guarded, and barricado'd.

Pan. I came through a private vault, which few there
It rises in a Temple not far hence, (know of,
Close by the Castle here.

Py. How — To what end?

Pan. A good one:

To give ye knowledge of my new-born Mistrifs;
And in what doubt *Armusia* stands,
Think any present means, or hope to stop 'em
From their fell ends: the Princes are come in too,
And they are harden'd also.

Py. The damn'd Priest——

Pan. Sure he's a cruel man, methinks Religion
Should teach more temperate Lessons.

Py. He the fire-brand?

He dare to touch at such fair lives as theirs are?
Well Prophet, I shall prophesie, I shall catch ye,
When all your Prophecies will not redeem ye?
Wilt thou do one thing bravely?

Pa. Any good I am able.

(virtuous,

Py. And by thine own white hand, I'll swear thou art
And a brave wench, durst thou but guide me presently,
Through the same vault thou cam'st, into the Pallace
And those I shall appoint, such as I think fit.

Pa. Yes I will do it, and suddainly, and truly.

Py. I wou'd fain behold this Prophet,

Pa. Now I have ye:

And shall bring ye where ye shall behold him,
Alone too, and unfurnish'd of defences:

That shall be my care; but you must not betray me.

Py. Dost thou think we are so base, such slaves, rogues?

Pa. I do not:

And you shall see how fairly I'll work for ye.

Py. I must needs steal that Priest,

Steal him, and hang him.

Pa. Do any thing to remove his mischief, strangle him——

Py. Come prethee love.

Pa. You'll offer me no foul play?

The Vault is dark.

Py. 'Twas well remember'd.

Pa. And ye may——

But I hold ye honest,

Py. Honest enough I warrant thee.

(place,

Pa. I am but a poor weak wench; and what with the
And your persuasions Sir——but I hope you will not;
You know we are often cozen'd.

Py. If thou dost fear me,
Why dost thou put me in mind?

Pa. To let you know Sir,
Though it be in your power, and things fitting to it,
Yet a true Gent——

Py. I know what he'll do:

Come and remember me, and I'll answer thee,
I'll answer thee to the full; we'll call at th' Castle,
And then my good guide, do thy Will; sha't find me
A very tractable man.

Pa. I hope I shall Sir.

Exeunt.

Enter Bakam, Syana, and Soldiers.

Bak. Let my men guard the Gates.

Syan. And mine the Temple,
For fear the honor of our gods should suffer,
And on your lives be watchful.

Ba. And be valiant;

And let's see, if these *Portugals* dare enter;
What their high hearts dare do: Let's see how readily,
The great *Ruy Dias* will redeem his Countrey-men;
He speaks proud words, and threatens.

Sy. He is approv'd, Sir,

And

And will put fair for what he promises;
I could with friendlier terms,
Yet for our liberties and for our gods,
We are bound in our best service
Even in the hazard of our lives.

Enter the King above.

King. Come up Princes,
And give your counsels, and your helps: the Fort still
Plays fearfully upon us, beats our buildings,
And turns our people wild with fears.

Ba. Send for the prisoner,
And give us leave to argue. *Exit Ba. and Sy. then,*

Enter Ruy Dias, Emanuel, Christoph. Pedro, with Sold.

Ru. Come on nobly,
And let the Fort play still, we are
Strong enough to look upon 'em,
And return at pleasure; it may
Be on our view they will return him.

Cbr. We will return 'em such thanks else,
Shall make 'em scratch where it itches not.

Em. How the people stare,
And some cry, some pray, and some curse heartily:
But it is the King —

*Enter Syana, Bakam, Quifara, Armusia, with
Soldiers above.*

Ruy. I cannot blame their wisdoms.
They are all above, *Armusia* chain'd and bound too?
Oh, these are thankful Squires.

Ba. Hear us *Ruy Dios*,
Be wise and hear us, and give speedy answer,
Command thy Cannon presently to cease,
No more to trouble the afflicted people,
Or suddainly *Armusia's* head goes off,
As suddainly as said.

Em. Stay Sir, be moderate.

Arm. Do nothing that's dishonourable *Ruy Dyas*
Let not the fear of me, master thy valour;
Pursue 'em still, they are base malicious people.

King. Friend, be not desperate.

Ar. I scorn your courtesies;
Strike when you dare, a fair arm guide the Gunner,
And may he let flie still with fortune: friend,
Do me the honor of a Soldiers funerals,
The last fair *Christian* right, see me i'th' ground,
And let the Palace burn first, then the Temples,
And on their scorn'd gods, erect my monument:
Touch not the Princess, as you are a Soldier.

Quifar. Which way you goe, Sir,
I must follow necessary.
One life, and one death.

King. Will you take a truce yet?

Enter Pyniero, Soza, and Soldiers, with the Governor.

Py. No, no, go on:
Look here, your god, your prophet.

King. How came he taken?

Py. I conjur'd for him, King.
I am a sure Curr at an old blind Prophet.
I'll haunt ye such a false knave admirably,

A terrier I; I eartht him, and then snapt him;
Soz. Saving the reverence of your grace, we stole him,
E'en out of the next chamber to ye.

Py. Come, come, begin King,
Begin this bloody matter when you dare;
And yet I scorn my sword should touch the rascal,
I'll tear him thus before ye. Ha?

What art thou?

King. How's this!
Art thou a Prophet?

*{ Pulls his Beard and
hair off.*

Ru. Come down Princes.

King. We are abus'd —
Oh my most dear *Armusia* —
Off with his chains. And now my noble Sister,
Rejoyce with me, I know ye are pleas'd as I am.

Py. This is a precious Prophet. Why Don Governor,
What make you here, how long have you taken Orders?

Ruy. Why what a wretch
Art thou to work this mischief?
To assume this holy shape to ruine honor,
Honor and chastity;

Enter King, and all from above.

Gov. I had paid you all,
But fortune plaid the flut. Come,
Give me my doom.

King. I cannot speak for wonder.

Gov. Nay, 'tis I Sir,
And here I stay your sentence.

King. Take her friend,
You have half perfwaded me to be a *Christian*,
And with her all the joyes, and all the blessings.
Why what dream have we dwelt in?

Ru. All peace to ye,
And all the happiness of heart dwell with ye,
Children as sweet and noble as their Parents.

Py. And Kings at least.

Ar. Good Sir, forget my rashness.
And noble Princesses, for I was once angry,
And out of that, might utter some distemper,
Think not 'tis my nature.

Sya. Your joy is ours, Sir.
And nothing we find in ye, but most noble.

King. To prison with this dog, there let him howl,
And if he can repent, figh out his villainies:
His Island we shall seize into our hands,
His Father and himself have both usurp'd it,
And kept it by oppression; the Town and Castle,
In which I lay my self most miserable,
Till my most honourable friend redeem'd me,
Signior *Pyniero*, I bestow on you,
The rest of next command upon these Gentlemen,
Upon ye, all my love.

Arm. Oh brave *Ruy Dias*,
You have started now beyond me. I must thank ye,
And thank ye for my life, my wife and honor.

Ruy. I am glad I had her for you, Sir.

King. Come Princes,
Come Friends and Lovers all, come noble Gentlemen,
No more Guns now, nor hates, but joyes and triumphs,
An universal gladness fly about us:
And know however subtle men dare cast,
And promise wrack, the gods give peace at last,

Exeunt.

THE
NOBLE GENTLEMAN.
A Comedy.

The Persons represented in the Play.

<p>Monſieur Marine, <i>the Noble Gent. but none of the wiſeſt.</i> Jaques, <i>an old ſervant to Marine's family,</i> Clerimont, <i>a Gull, Coſin to Monſieur Marine.</i> A Gentleman, <i>Servant to Marine's wife.</i> Louguéville, <i>two Courtiers that plot to abuſe</i> Beaufort, <i>S Marine.</i></p>	<p>Shattillion, <i>a Lord, mad for Love:</i> Doctor, Page, Gentlemen, Servants, Duke.</p>
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Women.

<p>Marine's Wife, <i>a witty wanton,</i> Clerimont's Wife, <i>a ſimple countrey Gentlewoman,</i></p>	<p>Shattillion's Miſtriſs, <i>a virtuous Virgin.</i> Maria, <i>Servant to Marine's wife.</i></p>
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The Scene France.

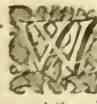
P R O L O G U E.

WIT is become an Antick, and puts on
 As many ſhapes of variation,
 To court the times applauſe, as the times dare,
 Change ſeveral fashions, nothing is thought rare
 Which is not new, and follow'd, yet we know
 That what was worn ſome twenty years agoe,

Comes into grace again, and we purſue
 That cuſtom, by preſenting to your view
 A Play in faſhion then, not doubting now
 But 'twill appear the ſame, if you allow
 Worth to their noble memory, whoſe name,
 Beyond all power of death, live in their fame.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gentleman and Jaques.

Gent.  Hat happineſs waits on the life at Court,
 What dear content, greatneſs, delight and eaſe?
 What ever-ſpringing hopes, what tides of ho-
 That raiſe their fortunes to the height of wiſhes? nor?
 What can be more in man, what more in nature,
 Than to be great and fear'd? A Courtier,

A noble Courtier, 'Tis a name that draws
 Wonder and duty from all eyes and knees.
 Jaq. And ſo your Worſhips Land within the Walls,
 Where you ſhall have it all incloſ'd, and ſure.
 Gent. Peace knave; dull creature, bred of ſweat and ſmoke,
 Theſe myſteries are far above thy faith:
 But thou ſhalt ſee—
 Jaq. And then I ſhall believe;
 Your fair revenues, turn'd into fair ſuits;

I shall believe your Tenant's bruis'd and rent
Under the weight of Coaches, all your state
Drawn through the streets in triumph, suits for places
Plied with a Mine of Gold, and being got
Fed with a great stream I shall believe all this.

Gent. You shall believe, and know me glorious.
Cofin, good day and health.

Enter Cofin.

Cofin. The same to you, Sir,
And more, without my wishes, could you know
What calm content dwells in a private house:
Yet look into your self, retire: this place
Of promises, and protestations, fits
Minds only bent to ruin, you should know this,
You have their language perfect, you have tutors
I do not doubt, sufficient: but beware.

Gent. You are merry *Cofin*:

Cofin. Yet your patience,
You shall learn that too, but not like it self,
Where it is held a virtue; tell me Sir,
Have you cast up your State, rated your Land,
And find it able to endure the change
Of time and fashion? is it always harvest?

Always vintage? have you Ships at Sea,
To bring you Gold and Stone from rich *Peru*,
Monthly returning Treasure? doth the King
Open his large Exchequer to your hands
And bid ye be a great man? can your wife
Coin off her beauty? or the week allow
Suits to each day? and know no ebb in honor?
If these be possible, and can hold out,
Then be a Courtier still, and still be wasting,

Gent. *Cofin*, pray give me leave:

Cof. I have done.

Gent. I could requite your gall, and in a strain
As bitter, and as full of Rubarb, preach
Against your Country life, but 'tis below me
And only subject to my pity, know
The eminent Court, to them that can be wise,
And fasten on her blessings, is a Sun
That draws men up from course and earthly Being,
I mean these men of merit that have power
And reason to make good her benefits,
Learns them a manly boldness, gives their tongues
Sweetness of Language, makes them apt to please;
Files of all rudeness, and uncivil haviour,
Shews them as neat in carriage, as in cloaths;
Cofin, have you ever seen the Court?

Cof. No Sir,

Nor am I yet in travel with that longing.

Gent. Oh the state and greatness of that place
Where men are found
Only to give the first creation glory!
Those are the models of the antient world
Left like the *Roman* Statues to stir up
Our following hopes, the place it self puts on
The brow of Majesty, and flings her lustre
Like the air newly light'ned; Form, and Order,
Are only there themselves, unforc'd, and sound,
As they were first created to this place.

Cof. You nobly came, but will goe from thence base.

Gent. 'Twas very pretty, and a good conceit;
You have a wit good *Cofin*, I do joy in't,
Keep it for Court: but to my self again,
When I have view'd these pieces, turn'd these eyes,
And with some taste of superstition,
Look'd on the wealth of Nature, the fair dames,
Beauties, that light the Court, and make it shew
Like a fair heaven, in a frosty night:
And 'mongst these mine, not poorest, 'tis for tongues
Of blessed Poets, such as *Orpheus* was,
To give their worth and praises; Oh dear *Cofin*:

You have a wife, and fair, bring her hither,
Let her not live to be the Mistress of a Farmers heir
And be confin'd ever to a searge,
Far courser than my horse-cloth.
Let her have Velvets, Tiffinies, Jewels, Pearls,
A Coach, an Usher, and her two Lacquies,
And I will send my wife to give her rules,
And read the rudiments of Court to her.

Cof. Sir, I had rather send her to *Virginia*
To help to propagate the *English* Nation.

Enter Servant.

Gent. Sirrah, how slept your Mistress, and what visitants
Are to pay service?

Serv. As I came out,
Two Counts were newly ent'red.

Gent. This is greatness,
But few such servants wait a Country beauty.

Cof. They are the more to thank their modesty,
God keep my Wife, and all my Issue Female
From such uprisings.

Enter a Doctor.

Gent. What? my learned Doctor?
You will be welcome, give her health and youth
And I will give you gold.

Exit Doctor.

Cofin, how favors this? is it not sweet
And very great, tastes it not of Nobleness?

Cof. Faith Sir, my pallet is too dull and lazie
I cannot taste it, 'tis not for my relish,
But be so still.

Since your own misery must first reclaim ye,
To which I leave you, Sir,
If you will, yet be happy, leave the humor
And base subjection to your Wife, be wise,
And let her know with speed, you are her Husband,
I shall be glad to hear it.
My horse is sent for,

Exit.

Gent. Even such another country thing as this
Was I, such a piece of dirt, so heavy,
So provident to heap up ignorance,
And be an ass: such musty cloaths wore I,
So old and thred-bare, I do yet remember
Divers young Gallants lighting at my Gate,
To see my honoured Wife, have offered pence,
And bid me walk their horses, such a slave
Was I in shew then: but my eyes are open'd.

Enter Gent. Wife.

Many sweet morrows to my worthy Wife.

Wife. 'Tis well, and aptly given, as much for you,
But to my present business, which is money —

Gent. Lady, I have none left.

(low,

Wife. I hope you dare not say so, nor imagine so base and
A thought: I have none left?

Are these words fitting for a man of worth,
And one of your full credit? Do you know
The place you live in? me? and what I labour
For, you? and your advancement?

Gent. Yes my dearest.

Wife. And do you pop me off with this slight answer,
In troth I have none left? in troth you must have;
Nay stare not, 'tis most true, send speedily
To all that love you, let your people flye
Like thunder, through the City,
And not return under five thousand Crowns-
Try all, take all, let not a worthy Merchant be untempted
Or any one that hath the name of Money,
Take up at any Use, give Band, or Land,
Or mighty Statutes, able by their strength,
To tie up *Sampson*, were he now alive,

There

There must be money gotten; for be perswaded,
 If we fall now, or be but seen to shrink,
 Under our fair beginnings, 'tis our ruin,
 And then good night to all, (but our disgrace)
 Farewel the hope of coming happiness,
 And all the aims we levied at so long.
 Are ye not mov'd at this? no sense of want,
 Towards your self yet breeding? be old,
 And common; jaded to the eyes
 Of Grooms, and Pages, Chamber-maids, and Guarders,
 And when you have done, put your poor house in order
 And hang your self, for such must be the end
 Of him that willingly forsakes his hopes
 And hath a joy to tumble to his ruin.
 All that I say is certain, if ye fail
 Do not upbraid me with it, I am clear.

Gent. Now heaven forbid I should do wrong to you
 My dearest Wife, and Madam; yet give leave
 To your poor creature to unfold himself.
 You know my debts are many more than means,
 My bands not taken in, my friends at home
 Drawn dry with these expences, my poor Tenants
 More full of want than we, then what new course
 Can I beget, to raise those crowns by? speak,
 And I shall execute.

Wife. Pray tell me true,
 Have you not Land in the Countrey?

Gent. Pardon me, I had forgot it.

Wife. Sir, you must remember it,
 There is no remedy, this Land must be,
 In *Paris* e'r to morrow night.

Gent. It shall, let me consider, some 300 acres
 Will serve the turn.

Wife. 'Twill furnish at all points,
 Now you speak like your self, and know like him,
 That means to be a man, suspect no less
 For the return will give ye five for one,
 You shall be great to morrow, I have said it.
 Farewel, and see this business be a-foot,
 With expedition. *Exit Wife.*

Gent. Health, all joy, and honor
 Wait on my lovely Wife. What? *Jaques, Jaques.*

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Sir, did you call?

Gent. I did so, hie thee *Jaques.*

Down to the Bank, and there to some good Merchant
 (Conceive me well, good *Jaques*, and be private)
 Offer 300 acres of my Land:
 Say it is choice and fertile, ask upon it
 Five thousand Crowns, this is the business
 I must employ thee in, be wise and speedy.

Jaq. Sir, do not do this.

Gent. Knave, I must have money,

Jaq. If you have money thus, your knave must tell ye
 You will not have a foot of Land left, be more wary,
 And more friend to your self, this honest Land
 Your Worship has discarded, has been true,
 And done you loyal service.

Gent. Gentle *Jaques*,
 You have a merry wit, employ it well
 About the business you have now in hand.
 When ye come back, enquire me in the Presence,
 If not in the Tennis-Court, or at my house. *Exit.*

Jaq. If this vain hold, I know where to enquire ye.
 Five thousand Crowns! this, with good husbandry,
 May hold a month out, then 5000 more,
 And more Land a bleeding for't, as many more,
 And more Land laid aside. God and *St. Dennis*
 Keep honest minded young men batchelors.
 'Tis strange, my Master should be yet so young
 A puppy, that he cannot see his fall
 And got so near the Sun. I'll to his Cofin.

And once more tell him on't, if he fail,
 Then to my Mortgage, next unto my sale. *Exit.*

Enter Longovile, Bewford, and the Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, hold on discourse a while,
 I shall return with knowledge how and where
 We shall have best access unto my Mistriss
 To tender your devotions. *Exit.*

Long. Be it so:
 Now to our first discourse.

Bew. I prethee peace;
 Thou canst not be so bad, or make me know
 Such things are living, do not give thy self
 So common and so idle, so open vile,
 So great a wronger of thy worth, so low,
 I cannot, nor I must not credit thee.

Lon. Now by this light I am a whoremaster,
 An open, and an excellent whormaster,
 And take a special glory that I am so:
 I thank my Stars I am a whoremaster,
 And such a one as dare be known and seen,
 And pointed at to be a noble wench.

Bew. Do not let all ears hear this, hark he Sir,
 I am my self a whoremaster, I am
 Believe it Sir (in private be it spoken)
 I love a whore directly, most men are wenchers,
 And have profest the Science, few men
 That look upon ye now, but whoremasters,
 Or have a full desire to be so.

Lon. This is noble.

Bew. It is without all question, being private,
 And held as needful as intelligence,
 But being once discover'd, blown abroad,
 And known to common senses, 'tis no more
 Than geometrical rules in Carpenters,
 That only know some measure of an Art,
 But are not grounded: be no more deceived,
 I have a conscience to reclaim you, Sir.
 Mistake me not: I do not bid you leave your whore
 Or less to love her; forbid it,
 I should be such a villain to my friend,
 Or so unnatural: 'twas never harbor'd here,
 Learn to be secret first, then strike your Deer.

Lon. Your fair instructions, *Monsieur*, I shall learn.

Bew. And you shall have them; I desire your care.

Lon. They are your servants.

Bew. You must not love.

Lon. How Sir?

Bew. I mean a Lady, there's danger.
 She hath an Usher and a Waiting Gentlewoman,
 A Page, a Coach-man, these are fee'd and fee'd
 And yet for all that will be prating.

Lon. So.

Bew. You understand me Sir, they will discover't,
 And there is a loss of credit, Table-talk
 Will be the end of this, or worse, than that;
 Will this be worthy of a Gentleman?

Long. Proceed good Sir.

Bew. Next leave your City Dame;
 The best of that Tribe, are most meerly coy,
 Or most extreemly foolish, both which vices
 Are no great stirrers up, unless in Husbands
 That owe this Cattle, fearing her that's coy
 To be but seeming, her that's fool too forward.

Lon. This is the rarest fellow, and the soundest,
 I mean in knowledge, that e'r wore a Codpiece,
 H^{as} found out that will pass all *Italy*,
 All *France* and *England*; to their shames I speak,
 And to the griefs of all their Gentlemen,
 The noble Theory of Luxury.

Bew. Your patience,
 And I will lay before your eyes a course
 That I my self found out, 'tis excellent,

Easie, and full of freedome.

Long. O good Sir,
You rack me till I know it.

Bew. This it is,
When your desire is up, your blood well heated
And apt for sweet encounter, chuse the night,
And with the night your Wench, the streets have store,
There seize upon her, get her to your chamber,
Give her a cardecew, 'tis royal payment;
When ye are dull, dismis her, no man knows,
Nor she her self, who hath encountred her.

Lon. O but their faces.

Bew. Nere talke of faces:
The night allows her equal with a Dutches,
Imagination doth all think her fair,
And great, clapt in Velvet, she is so,
Sir, I have tryed those, and do find it certain
It never failes me, 'tis but twelve nights since
My last experience.

Lon. O my meiching Varlet, I'll fit ye as I live.
'Tis excellent, I'll be your Scholar Sir.

Enter Lady and Servant.

Wife. You are fairly welcome both: troth Gentlemen
You have been strangers, I could chide you for't,
And taxe ye with unkindness, What's the news?
The Town was never empty of some novelty;
Servant, What's your intelligence?

Ser. Faith nothing.

I have not heard of any worth relating.

Bew. Nor I sweet Lady.

Lon. Then give me attention,

Monsieur Shattillion's mad.

Wife. Mad?

Lon. Mad as May-butter,
And which is more, mad for a Wench.

Lady. 'Tis strange, and full of pity.

Lon. All that comes near him

He thinks are come of purpose to betray him,
Being full of strange conceit: the wench he loved
Stood very near the Crown.

Lady. Alas good *Monsieur*;
A' was a proper man, and fair demean'd,
A Person worthy of a better temper.

Lon. He is strong opinion'd that the Wench he lov'd
Remains close prisoner by the Kings command:
Fearing her title, when the poor grieved Gentlewoman
Follows him much lamenting, and much loving
In hope to make him well, he knows her not,
Nor any else that comes to visit him.

Lady. Let's walk in Gentlemen, and there discourse
His further miseries, you shall stay dinner,
In truth you must obey.

Om. We are your servants.

Exeunt.

Enter Couzen.

Cous. There's no good to be done, no cure to be wrought
Upon my desperate Kinsman: I'll to horse
And leave him to the fools whip, misery.
I shall recover twenty miles this night,
My horse stands ready, I'll away with speed.

Enter Shattillion.

Sbat. Sir, may I crave your name?

Cous. Yes Sir you may:
My name is *Cleremont*.

Sbat. 'Tis well, your faction?

What party knit you with?

Cous. I know no parties,
Nor no Factions, Sir.

Sbat. Then weare this Cross of white:

And where you see the like they are my friends,
Observe them well, the time is dangerous, (fellow
Cous. Sir keep your cross, I'll weare none, sure this
Is much beside himself, grown mad.

Sbat. A word Sir;

You can pick nothing out of this, this cross
Is nothing but a cross, a very cross,
Plain, without spell, or witchcraft, search it,
You may suspect, and well, there's poyson in't,
Powder, or wild-fire, but 'tis nothing so.

Cous. I do believe you, Sir, 'tis a plain cross.

Sbat. Then do your worst, I care not, tell the King,
Let him know all this, as I am sure he shall;
When you have spit your venome, then will I
Stand up a faithful, and a loyal Subject,
And so God save His Grace, this is no Treason.

Cous. He is March mad, farewell *Monsieur.* *Exit Couzen.*

Sbat. Farewell;

I shall be here attending, 'tis my life
They aime at, there's no way to save it; well
Let 'em spread all their nets: they shall not draw me
Into any open Treason, I can see,
And can beware, I have my wits about me,
I thank heaven for't.

Enter Love.

Love. There he goes,
That was the fairest hope the *French* Court bred,
The worthiest and the sweetest temper'd spirit,
The truest, and the valiantest, the best of judgment,
Till most unhappy I: sever'd those virtues,
And turn'd his wit wild with a coy denial,
Which heaven forgive me, and be pleas'd, O heaven
To give again his senses: that my love
May strike off all my follies.

Sbat. Lady.

Love. I Sir.

Sbat. Your will with me sweet Lady.

Love. Sir, I come.

Sbat. From the dread sovereign King, I know it Lady,
He is a gracious Prince, long may he live,
Pertain you to his chamber?

Love. No indeed Sir,

That place is not for women, Do you know me?

Sbat. Yes, I do know you.

Love. What's my name? pray you speak.

Sbat. That's all one, I do know you and your business,
You are discover'd Lady, I am wary,
It stands upon my life; pray excuse me,
The best man of this Kingdom sent you hither,
To dive into me, have I toucht you? ha?

Love. You are deceiv'd Sir, I come from your love,
That sends you fair commends, and many kisses.

Sbat. Alas, poor soul, How does she? Is she living?
Keeps she her bed still?

Love. Still Sir, She is living,

And well, and shall do so,

Sbat. Are ye in counsel?

Love. No Sir, nor any of my sex.

Sbat. Why so,

If you had been in counsel, you would know,
Her time to be but slender; she must die.

Love. I do believe it, Sir.

Sbat. And suddenly,
She stands too near a fortune.

Love. Sir?

Sbat. 'Tis so,

There is no jesting with a Princes Title,
Would we had both been born of common parents,
And liv'd a private and retir'd life,
In homely cottage, we had then enjoyed,
Our loves, and our embraces: these are things,
That cannot tend to Treason —

Low. I am wretched.

Sbat. O I pray as often for the King as any,
And with as true a heart, for's continuance,
And do moreover pray his heirs may live;
And their fair issues, then as I am bound
For all the states and commons: if these prayers
Be any wayes ambitious, I submit,
And lay my head down, let 'em take it off;
You may informe against me, but withall
Remember my obedience to the Crown,
And service to the State.

Low. Good Sir, I love ye.

Sbat. Then love the gracious King, and say with me

Low. Heaven save his Grace.

Sbat. This is strange——

A woman should be sent to undermine me,
And buz love into me to try my spirit;
Offer me kisses, and enticing follies,
To make me open, and betray my self;
It was a subtile and a dangerous plot,
And very soundly followed, farewell Lady,
Let me have equal hearing, and relate
I am an honest Man. Heaven save the King.

Love. I'll never leave him, till, by art or prayer,
I have restor'd his senses, If I make
Him perfect Man again, he's mine, till when,
I here abjure all loves of other men.

Enter Cozen, and Jaques.

Jaques. Nay, good Sir be perswaded, go but back,
And tell him hee's undone, say nothing else;
And you shall see how things will work upon't.

Cozen. Not so good Jaques, I am held an assè,
A Countrey Fool, good to converse with dirt,
And eate course bread, weare the worst Wooll,
Know nothing but the high-way to Paris,
And wouldst thou have me bring these stains,
And imperfections to the rising view
Of the right worshipful thy worthy Master?
They must be bright, and shine, their cloaths
Soft Velvet, and the Tyrian Purple
Like the Arabian gums, hung like the Sun,
Their golden beames on all sides;
Such as these may come and know
Thy Master, I am base, and dare not speak unto him,
Hee's above me.

Ja. If ever you did love him, or his state,
His name, his issue, or your self, go back:
'Twill be an honest and a noble part
Worthy a Kinsman; save 300 Acres
From present execution; they have had sentence,
And cannot be repriev'd, be merciful.

Co. Have I not urg'd already all the reasons,
I had to draw him from his will? his ruin?
But all in vain, no counsel will prevail;
H'as fixt himself, there's no removing, Jaques,
'Twill prove but breath and labor spent in vain,
I'll to my horse, farewell.

Ja. For Gods sake, Sir,
As ever you have hope of joy, turn back;
I'll be your slave for ever, do but go,
And I will lay such fair directions to you
That if he be not doting on his fall,
He shall recover sight, and see his danger,
And ye shall tell him of his Wives abuses,
I fear, too foul against him; how she plots,
With our young Mounsiers, to milk-dry her husband,
And lay it on their backs; the next her pride;
Then what his debts are, and how infinite
The curses of his Tenants, this will work
I'll pawn my life and head, he cries away,
I'll to my house in the Countrey.

Co. Come, I'll go, and once more try him,

If he yield not, so,

The next that tries him shall be want and woe. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Gentleman, Solus.

Gent. Jaques.

Ja. Sir.

Within.

Gent. Rise Jaques 'tis grown day,
The Country life is best, where quietly,
Free from the clamor of the troubled Court,
We may enjoy our own green shadowed walks,
And keep a moderate diet without art.
Why did I leave my house, and bring my Wife,
To know the manner of this subtile place?
Exit. I would, when first the lust to fame and honor,
Possess me, I had met with any evil,
But that; had I been tied to stay at home,
And earn the bread for the whole family,
Exit. With my own hand, happy had I been.

Enter Jaques.

Ja. Sir, this is from your wonted course at home,
When did ye there keep such inordinate hours?
Goe to bed late? start thrice? and call on me?
Would you were from this place; our Countrey sleeps,
Although they were but of that moderate length
That might maintain us in our daily work,
Yet were they sound and sweet. *(together;*

Gent. I Jaques, there we dreamt not of our Wives, we lay
And needed not; now at length my Cozens words,
So truly meant, mixt with thy timely prayers
So often urged, to keep me at my home,
Condemn me quite.

Ja. 'Twas not your fathers course:
He liv'd and dy'd in Orleans, where he had
His Vines as fruitful as experience
(Which is the art of Husbandry) could make;
He had his presses for 'em, and his wines
Were held the best, and out-sold other Mens,
His corn and cattel serv'd the neighbor Towns
With plentiful provision, yet his thrift
Could miss one Beast amongst the heard;
He rul'd more where he liv'd, than ever you will here.

Gent. 'Tis true, why should my Wife then, 'gainst my
Perswade me to continue in this course? *(good,*

Ja. Why did you bring her hither at the first,
Before you warm'd her blood with new delights?
Our Countrey sports could have contented her;
When you first married her a puppet-play
Pleas'd her as well as now the tilting doth.
She thought her self brave in a bugle chain,
Where Orient pearl will scarce content her now.

Gent. Sure Jaques, she sees something for my good
More than I do; she oft will talk to me
Of Offices, and that she shortly hopes,
By her acquaintance with the friends she hath,
To get a place shall many times outweigh
Our great expences, and if this be so——

Ja. Think better of her words, she doth deceive you,
And only for her vain and sensual ends
Perswade ye thus. Let me be fet to dwell
For ever naked in the barest soil,
So you will dwell from hence.

Gent. I see my folly,

Pack up my stuffe, I will away this morne.
Haste—halte.

Ja. I, now I see your Father's honors
Trebling upon you, and the many prayers
The Countrey spent for him, which almost now
Begin to turn to curses, turning back,
And falling like a mighty shower
Upon ye.

Gent. Goe, call my Wife.

Ja. But shall she not prevail,
And sway you, as she oft hath done before?

Gent. I will not hear her, but raile on her,
Till I be ten miles off.

Ja. If you be forty,
'Twill not be worfe Sir:

Gent. Call her up,

Ja. I will Sir.

Gent. Why what an Ass was I that such a thing
As a Wife is could rule me?

Know not I that woman was created for the man,
That her desires, nay all her thoughts should be
As his are? is my sence restor'd at length?
Now she shall know, that which she should desire,
She hath a husband that can govern her,

Enter Wife.

If her desires leads me against my will;
Are you come?

Wife. What sad unwonted course
Makes you raise me so soon, that went to bed
So late last-night.

Gent. O you shall goe to bed sooner hereafter,
And be rais'd again at thrifty hours:
In Summer time wee'l walk
An hour after our Supper, and to bed,
In Winter you shall have a set at Cards,
And set your Maids to work.

Wife. What do you mean?

Gent. I will no more of your new tricks, your honors,
Your Offices, and all your large preferments,
Which still you beat into my ears, hang o'er me,
I'll leave behind for others, the great sway
Which I shall bear at Court: my living here
With countenance of your honoured friends,
I'll be content to lose: for you speak this
Only that you may still continue here
In wanton ease: and draw me to consume,
In cloaths and other things idle for shew,
That which my Father got with honest thrift.

Wife. Why, who hath been with you Sir,
That you talk thus out of Frame.

Gent. You make a fool of me:
You provide one to bid me forth to supper,
And make me promise; then must some one or other
Invite you forth, if you have born your self
Loosely to any Gentleman in my sight
At home, you ask me how I like the carriage,
Whether it were not rarely for my good,
And open'd not a way to my preferment?
Come, I perceive all: talk not, we'll away.

Wife. Why Sir, you'll stay till the next triumph
Day be past?

Gent. I, you have kept me here triumphing
This seven years, and I have ridden through the streets,
And bought embroyder'd hose and foot-cloths too,
To shew a subjects zeal, I rode before
In this most gorgeous habit, and saluted
All the acquaintance I could espie
From any window; these are wayes ye told me
To raise me; I see all: make you ready straight,
And in that Gown which you came first to Town in,
Your safe-guard, cloak, and your hood futable:
Thus on a double gelding shall you anible,

And my man *Jaques* shall be set before you.

Wife. But will you goe?

Gent. I will.

Wife. And shall I too?

Gent. And you shall too.

Wife. But shall I by this light?

Gent. Why by this light you shall.

Wife. Then by this light

You have no care of your Estate, and mine,
Have we been seven years venturing in a Ship,
And now upon return, with a fair wind,
And a calm Sea, full fraught with our own wishes,
Laden with wealth and honor to the brim,
And shall we flye away and not receive it?
Have we been tilling, sowing, labouring,
With pain and charge a long and tedious winter,
And when we see the corn above the ground,
Youthful as is the Morn and the full eare,
That promises to stuffe our spacious garner,
Shall we then let it rot, and never reap it?

Gent. Wife talke no more, your Rhetorick comes too late,
I am inflexible; and how dare you
Adventure to direct my course of life?

Was not the husband made to rule the Wife?

Wife. 'Tis true: but where the man doth mis his way,
It is the Womans part to set him right;
So Fathers have a power to guide their Sons
In all their courses, yet you oft have seen
Poor little children, that have both their eyes,
Lead their blind Fathers.

Gent. She has a plaguy wit,
I say you'r but a little piece of man.

Wife. But such a piece, as being tane away,
Man cannot last: the fairest and tallest ship,
That ever fail'd, is by a little piece of the same
Wood, steer'd right, and turn'd about.

Gent. 'Tis true she sayes, her answers stand with reason.

Wife. But Sir, your Cozin put this in your head,
Who is an enemy to your preferment,
Because I should not take place of his wife;
Come, by this kifs, thou shalt not go sweet heart.

Gent. Come, by this kifs I will go Sweet-heart,
On with your riding stuffe; I know your tricks,
And if preferment fall ere you be ready,
'Tis welcome, else adieu the City life.

Wife. Well, Sir, I will obey.

Gent. About it then,

Wife. To please your humor I would dress my self,
In the most loathsome habit you could name,
Or travel any whether o're the World,
If you command me, it shall ne'r be said,
The frailty of a woman, whose weak mind,
Is often set on loose delights, and shews,
Hath drawn her husband to consume his state,
In the vain hope of that which never fell.

Gent. About it then, women are pleasant creatures,
When once a man begins to know himself.

Wife. But hark you Sir, because I will be sure,
You shall have no excuse, no word to say
In your defence hereafter; when you see
What honors were prepar'd for you and me,
Which you thus willingly have thrown away,
I tell you I did look for present honor,
This morning for you, which I know had come:
But if they do not come ere I am ready
(Which I will be the sooner least they should)
When I am once set in a countrey life,
Not all the power of earth shall alter me,
Not all your prayers or threats shall make me speak
The least words to my honorable friends,
To do you any grace.

Gent. I will not wish it.

Wife. And never more hope to be honorable,

Gent. My hopes are lower.

Wife. As I live you shall not,
You shall be so far from the name of noble
That you shall never see a Lord again;
You shall not see a Maske, or Barriers,
Or Tilting, or a solemn Christning,
Or a great Marriage, or new Fire-works,
Or any bravery; but you shall live
At home, bespotted with your own lov'd dirt,
In scurvy cloaths, as you were wont to doe,
And to content you, I will live so too.

Gen. 'Tis all I wish, make haste, the day draws on,
It shall be my care to see your Stuffe packt up.

Wife. It shall be my care to gull you: you shall stay. *(Ex. Gen.)*
And more than so, intreat me humbly too,
You shall have honors presently; *Maria.*

Enter Maria.

Mrs. Madam.

Wife. Bring hither, pen, ink, and paper.

Mrs. 'Tis here.

Wife. Your Master will not stay,
Unless preferment come within an hour.

Mrs. Let him command one of the City gates,
In time of mutiny, or you may provide him,
To be one of the counsel for invading,
Some savage Countrey to plant Christian faith.

Wife. No, no, I have it for him, call my page;
Now, my dear husband, there it is will fit you. *Ex. Maria.*

And when the world shall see what I have done,
Let it not move the spleen of any Wife,
To make an Ass of her beloved husband,
Without good ground, but if they will be drawn
To any reason by you, do not gull them;
But if they grow conceited of themselves,
And be fine Gentlemen, have no mercy,
Publish them to the World, 'twill do them good
When they shall see their follies understood,
Go bear these Letters to my servant,
And bid him make haste, I will dress my self,
In all the Journey-Cloaths I us'd before,
Not to ride, but to make the Laughter more.

Exit.

Enter Gentleman, and Jaques.

Gen. Is all packt up?

Ja. All, all Sir, there is no tumbler
Runs through his hoop with more dexterity,
Then I about this business: 'Tis a day,
That I have long long'd to see.

Gen. Come, Where's my Spurs?

Ja. Here, Sir, and now 'tis come.

Gen. I, *Jaques*, now,
I thank my fates, I can command my Wife.

Ja. I am glad to see it, Sir,

Gen. I do not love always,
To be made a puppie, *Jaques.*

Ja. But, yet me thinks your Worship does not look,
Right like a Countrey Gentleman.

Gen. I will, give me my t'other hat.

Ja. Here.

Gen. So, my Jerkin.

Ja. Yes, Sir.

Gen. On with it *Jaques*, thou and I
Will live so finely in the Countrey, *Jaques*,
And have such pleasant walks into the Woods
A mornings, and then bring home riding-rods,
And walking staves——

Ja. And I will bear them, Sir,
And Skurdge-sticks for the children.

Gen. So thou shalt,
And thou shalt do all, over-see my Work-folkes,
And at the weeks end pay them all their wages,

Ja. I will, Sir, so your Worship give me Money.

Gen. Thou shalt receive all too: give me my Drawers.

Ja. They are ready, Sir.

Gen. And I will make thy Mistris,
My wife, look to her landrie, and her dairy,
That we may have our linnen clean on Sundayes.

Ja. And Holy-dayes.

Gen. I, and ere we walk about the Grounds
Provide our break-fast,
Or she shall smoke, I'll have her a good hufwife;
She shall not make a voyage to her Sisters,
But she shall live at home,
And feed her pullen fat, and see her Maides
In bed before her, and lock all the doors.

Ja. Why that will be a life for Kings and Queens.

Gen. Give me my Scarfe with the great Button quickly.

Ja. 'Tis done, Sir.

Gen. Now my Mittens,

Ja. Here they are, Sir,

Gen. 'Tis well: now my great dagger.

Ja. There.

Gen. Why so; thus it should be, now my riding rod.

Ja. There's nothing wanting, Sir.

Gen. Another, man, to stick under my girdle.

Ja. There it is.

Gen. All is well.

Ja. Why now methinks your Worship looks
Like to your self, a Man of means and credit,
So did your grave and famous Ancestors,
Ride up and down to Fairs, and cheapen cattel.

Gen. Goe, hasten your Mistris, Sirra.

Ja. It shall be done.

Ex. Jaques.

Enter Servant and Page.

Ser. Who's that? who's that Boy?

Page. I think it be my Master.

(rod?)

Ser. Who, he that walks in gray, whisking his riding

Page. Yes, Sir, 'tis he.

Ser. 'Tis he indeed; he is prepar'd

For his new journey; when I wink upon you,
Run out and tell the Gentleman 'tis time——

Exit. Monsieur good day.

(dy.)

Gen. *Monsieur*, your Mistris is within, but yet not rea-

Ser. My business is with you, Sir; 'tis reported,

I know not whether by some enemy
Maliciously, that envies your great hopes,
And would be ready to sow discontents
Betwixt his Majesty, and you, or truly,
Which on my faith I would be sorry for,
That you intend to leave the Court in haste.

Gen. Faith, Sir, within this half hour. *Jaques*?

Jaques within: Sir?

Gen. Is my Wife ready?

Ja. Presently.

Ser. But Sir,

I needs must tell you, as I am your friend,
You should have ta'en your journey privater;
For 'tis already blaz'd about the Court.

Gen. Why Sir, I hope it is no Treason, is it?

Ser. 'Tis true, Sir, but 'tis grown the common talk,
There's no discovery else held, and in the presence
All the Nobility and Gentry,

Have nothing in their mouths but only this,
Monsieur Marine, that noble Gentleman,
Is now departing hence: every Mans face
Looks ghastly on his fellows; such a sadness
(Before this day) I ne'er beheld in Court,
Mens hearts begin to fail them when they hear it,
In expectation of the great event

That needs must follow it, pray Heaven it be good!

Gen. Why, I had rather all their hearts should fail,
Than I stay here until my purse fail me.

Ser. But yet you are a Subject, and beware,
I charge you by the love I bear to you,

How you do venture rashly on a course,
To make your Sovereign jealous of your deeds,
For Princes jealousies, where they love molt,
Are easily found, but they be hardly lost.

Gen. Come, these are tricks, I smell 'em, I will goe:

Ser. Have I not still profest my self your friend?

Gen. Yes, but you never shewd it to me yet.

Ser. But now I will, because I see you wise,
And give ye thus much light into a business,
That came to me but now, be resolute,
Stand stily to it that you will depart,
And presently.

Gen. Why so I mean to doe.

Ser. And by this light you may be what you will;
Will you be secret, Sir?

Gen. Why? What's the matter?

Ser. The King does fear you.

Gen. How?

Ser. And is now in Counsel;

Gen. About me?

Ser. About you, and you be wise,
You'll find he's in Counsel about you:
His Counsellors have told him all the truth.

Gen. What truth?

Ser. Why, that which now he knows too well.

Gen. What is't?

Ser. That you have followed him seven years,
With a great train: and though he have not grac't you,
Yet you have divid'd into the hearts of thousands,
With liberality and noble carriage;
And if you should depart home unprefer'd,
All discontented, and seditious spirits
Would flock to you, and thrust you into action:
With whose help, and your Tenants, who doth not know
(if you were so dispos'd :)
How great a part of this yet fertile peaceful Realm of France
You might make desolate? but when the King
Heard this ———

Gen. What said he?

Ser. Nothing, but shook,

As never Christian Prince did shake before.
And to be short, you may be what you will?
But be not ambitious Sir, sit down
With moderate honors, least you make your self
More fear'd.

Gen. I know, Sir, what I have to doe
In mine own business.

Enter Longavile.

Long. Where's Monsieur Mount Marine.

Ser. Why there he stands, will you ought with him?

Long. Yes: Good day Monsieur Marine.

Gen. Good day to you.

Long. His Majesty doth commend himself,
Most kindly to you Sir, and hath, by me,
Sent you this favor: kneel down, rise a Knight.

Gen. I thank his Majesty.

Long. And he doth further request you,
Not to leave the Court so soon,
For though your former merits have been slighted,
After this time there shall no Office fall;
Worthy your spirit, as he doth confes

There's none so great, but you shall surely have it.

Ser. Do you hear? if you yield yet you are an ass.

Gen. I'll shew my service to his Majesty
In greater things than these, but for this small one
I must intreat his Highness to excuse me.

Long. I'll bear your Knightly words unto the King,
And bring his Princely answer back again. *Exit Long.*

Ser. Well said, be resolute a while, I know
There is a tide of honors coming on.
I warrant you.

Enter Bewford.

B.w. Where is this new made Knight?

Gen. Here, Sir.

Bew. Let me enfold you in my arms,
Then call you Lord, the King will have it so,
Who doth entreat your Lordship to remember
His Message sent to you by Longavile.

Ser. If ye be durty, and dare not mount aloft;
You may yield now, I know what I would do.

Gen. Peace, I will fit him; tell his Majesty
I am a Subject, and I do confes
I serve a gracious Prince, that thus hath heapt
Honors on me without desert, but yet
As for the Message, business urgeth me,
I must be gone, and he must pardon me,
Were he ten thousand Kings and Emperors.

Bew. I'll tell him so.

Ser. Why, this was like your self.

Bew. As he hath wrought him, 'tis the finest fellow
That e're was Christmas Lord, he carries it
So truly to the life, as though he were
One of the plot to gull himself.

Exit Bewf.

Ser. Why so, you sent the wisest and the shrewdest answer
Unto the King, I swear, my honored friend,
That ever any Subject sent his Liege.

Gen. Nay now I know I have him on the hip,
I'll follow it.

Enter Longavile.

Long. My honorable Lord,
Give me your noble hand right courteous Peer,
And from henceforth be a courtly Earl;
The King so wills, and Subjects must obey:
Only he doth desire you to consider
Of his request.

Ser. Why faith you'r well my Lord, yield to him.

Gen. Yield? why 'twas my plot.

Ser. Nay, 'twas your Wives plot.

Gen. To get preferment by it,
And thinks he now to pop me i'th' mouth
But with an Earldome? I'll be one step higher.

Ser. 'Tis the finest Lord, I am afraid anon
He will stand upon't to share the Kingdom with him.

Enter Bewford.

Bew. Where's this Courtly Earl?

His Majesty commends his love unto you;
And will you but now grant to his request,
He bids you be a Duke, and chuse of whence.

Ser. Why if you yield not now, you are undone,
What can you wish to have more, but the Kingdom?

Gen. So please his Majesty, I would be D. of Burgundy,
Because I like the place.

Bew. I know the King is pleas'd.

Gen. Then will I stay and kiss his Highness hand.

Bew. His Majesty will be a glad man when he hears it.

Lon. But how shall we keep this from the world's ear,
That some one tell him not, he is no Duke?

Ser. VVee'l think of that anon.

Why Gentlemen, Is this a gracious habit for a Duke?
Each gentle body set a finger to
To pluck the clouds of this his riding weeds
From off the orient Sun of his best cloaths;
I'll pluck one Boot and spur off.

Long. I another.

Bew. I'll pluck his Jerkin off.

Ser. Sit down my Lord;

Both his spurs off at once good Longavile,
And Bewford, take that Scarfe off, and that Hat,
Doth not become his largely sprouting fore-head.

Now

Now set your gracious foot to this of mine,
One pluck will do it, so, off with the other.

Lon. Lo, thus your servant *Longavile* doth pluck
The trophy of your former gentry off.
Off with his Jerkin *Benford*.

Ser. Didst thou never see
A nimble footed Taylor stand so in his stockings,
Whilst some friend help'd to pluck his Jerkin off,
To dance a Jigg?

Enter Jaques.

Lon. Here's his man *Jaques* come,
Booted and ready still.

Jaq. My Mistris stays;
Why how now Sir? What do's your Worship mean,
To pluck your grave and thrifty habit off.

Gent. My slippers, *Jaques*.

Lon. O thou mighty Duke,
Pardon this Man,
That thus hath trespassed in ignorance.

Gent. I pardon him.

Lon. His Graces slippers, *Jaques*.

Jaq. Why what's the matter?

Lon. Foot-man, he's a Duke:
The King hath rais'd him above all his Land.

Jaq. I'll to his Cozen presently, and tell him so;
O what a dung-hill Countrey rogue was I. *Exit Jaques.*

Enter Wife.

Ser. See, see, my Mistris.

Lon. Let's observe their greeting.

Wife. Unto your will, as every good Wife ought,
I have turn'd all my thoughts, and now am ready.

Gent. O Wife, I am not worthy to kiss the least
Of all thy toes, much less thy Thumb,
Which yet I would be bold with; all thy counsel
Hath been to me Angelical, but mine to thee
Hath been most dirty, like my mind:
Dear Duches I must stay.

Wife. VVhat are you mad, to make me
Dress, and undress, turn and wind me,
Because you find me plyant? said I not
The whole world should not alter me, if once
were resolv'd? and now you call me Duches:
VVhy what's the matter?

Gent. Lo, a Knight doth kneel.

Wife. A Knight?

Gent. A Lord.

Wife. A Fool.

Gent. I say doth kneel an Earl, a Duke.

Lon. In Drawers.

Bew. VVithout shoes.

Wife. Sure you lunatick.

Ser. No, honoured Duches,
If you dare but believe your servants truth,
I know he is a Duke.

Lon. God save his Grace.

Wife. I ask your Graces pardon.

Gent. Then I rise,

And here, in token that all strife shall end,
'Twixt thee and me, I let my drawers fall,
And to thy hands I do deliver them:
Which signifies, that in all acts and speeches,
From this time forth, my Wife shall wear the breeches.

Ser. An honorable composition.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter Cozen, and Jaques.

Coz. SHall I believe thee, *Jaques*?

Jaq. Sir you may.

Coz. Didst thou not dreame?

Jaq. I did not.

Coz. Nor imagine?

Jaq. Neither of both: I saw him great and mighty,
I saw the *Monsieurs* bow, and heard them cry,
Good health and fortune to my Lord the Duke.

Coz. A Duke art sure? a Duke?

Jaq. I am sure a Duke,
And so sure, as I know my self for *Jaques*.

Coz. Yet the Sun may dazel; *Jaques*, Was it not
Some leane Commander of an angry Block-house

To keep the Fleemish Eele-boats from invasion,
Or some bold Baron able to dispend

His fifty pounds a year, and meet the foe
Upon the Kings command, in gilded canvas,

And do his deeds of worth? or was it not
Some place of gain, as Clerk to the great Band

Of maribones, that people call the *Switzers*?

Men made of Beufe and Sarcenet? (presence?)

Jaq. Is a Duke his chamber hung with Nobles like a

Coz. I am something wavering in my faith;
Would you would settle me, and swear 'tis so,
Is he a Duke indeed?

Jaq. I swear he is.
Coz. I am satisfied, he is my Kinsman. *Jaques*,

And I his poor unworthy Cozen.

Jaq. True, Sir.
Coz. I might have been a Duke too, I had means,

A wife as fair as his, and as wise as his;
And could have brookt the Court as well as his,

And laid about her for her husbands honor:
O *Jaques*, had I ever dreamt of this,
I had prevented him.

Jaq. Faith Sir it came
Above our expectation, we were wise
Only in seeking to undoe this honor,
Which shewed our dung-hill breeding and our durt.

Coz. But tell me *Jaques*,

Why could we not perceive? what dull Divil
Wrought us to cross this noble course, perswading

'T would be his overthrow? 'fore me a Courtier
Is he that knows all, *Jaques*, and does all,

'Tis as his noble Grace hath often said,
And very wisely, *Jaques*, we are fools,

And understand just nothing.

Jaq. I, as we were, I confess it.
But rising with our great Master,

We shall be call'd to knowledge with our places,
'Tis nothing to be wise, not thus much there,

There's not the least of the billet dealers,
Nor any of the Pastry, or the Kitchin,

But have it in measure delicate.
Coz. Methinks this greatness of the Dukes my Cozens,

(I ask you mercy, *Jaques*, that near name
is too familiar for me) should give promise
Of some great benefits to his attendants.

Jaq. I have a suit my self, and it is sure,
Or I mistake my ends much.

Coz. What is't *Jaques*,

May I not crave the place?

Jaq. Yes

Jr. Yes, Sir, you shall,
'Tis to be but his Graces Secretary,
Which is my little all, and my ambition,
Till my known worth shall take me by the hand;
And set me higher; how the fates may do
In this poor thread of life, is yet uncertain;
I was not born I take it for a Trencher,
Nor to espouse my Mistris Dairy-maid.

Couz. I am resolv'd my Wife shall up to Court;
I'll furnish her, that is a speeding courie,
And cannot chuse but breed a mighty fortune;
What a fine youth was I, to let him start,
And get the rise before me? I'll dispatch,
And put my self in Moneys.

Jr. Mafs 'tis true,
And now you talke of Money; Sir, my business
For taking those Crowns must be dispatch:
This little plot in the Countrey lies most fit
To do his Grace such serviceable uses,
I must about it.

Couz. Yet, before you goe,
Give me your hand, and bear my humble service
To the great Duke your Master, and his Duchefs,
And live your self in favor: say my Wife
Shall there attend them shortly, so farewell.

Jr. I'll see you mounted, Sir,

Couz. It may not be,
Your place is far above it, spare your self,
And know I am your servant, fare ye well. *Exit Couzen.*

Jr. Sir I shall rest to be commanded by you;
This place of Secretary will not content me,
I must be more and greater: let me see;
To be a Baron is no such great matter
As people take it: for say I were a Count,
I am still an under-person to this Duke,
Which methinks sounds but harshly: but a Duke?
O I am strangely taken, 'tis a Duke
Or nothing, I'll advise upon't, and see
What may be done by wit and industry. *Exit.*

Enter Wife, Longveil, Bewford, Servants.

Wife. It must be carried closely with a care
That no man speak unto him, or come near him,
Without our private knowledge, or be made
Afore-hand to our practise:

My good husband,
I shall entreat you now to stay a while,
And prove a noble coxcomb.
Gentlemen,

Your counsel and advice about this carriage.

Ser. Alas good man, I do begin to mourn
His dire Massacre: what a persecution
Is pouring down upon him? sure he is sinful.

Long. Let him be kept in's chamber under shew
Of state and dignity, and no man suffer'd
To see his noble face, or have access,
But we that are Conspirators. *(his Tenants,*

Bew. Or else down with him into the Countrey amongst
There he may live far longer in his greatness,
And play the fool in pomp amongst his fellows.

Wife. No, he shall play the fool in the City, and stay,
I will not lose the greatness of this jest,
That shall be given to my wit, for the whole Revenues.

Ser. Then thus wee'll have a guard about his person,
That no man come too near him, and our selves
Always in company; have him into the City
To see his face swell; whilst, in divers corners,
Some of our own appointing shall be ready
To cry heaven blest your Grace, long live your Grace.

Wife. Servant, your counsel's excellent good,
And shall be follow'd, 'twill be rarely strange
To see him stated thus, as though he went
A shroving through the City, or intended

To set up some new Wake:

I shall not hold
From open laughter, when I hear him cry;
Come hither my sweet Duchefs: let me kiss
Thy gracious lips: for this will be his phrases?
I fear me nothing but his legs will break
Under his mighty weight of such a greatness.

Bew. Now me thinks dearest Lady you are too cruel;
His very heart will freeze in knowing this.

Wife. No, no, the man was never of such deepness;
To make conceit his Master: Sir, I'll assure ye
He will out-live twenty such pageants.
Were he but my Cozen, or my Brother,
And such a desperate killer of his fortune,
In this belief he should dye, though it cost me
A thousand Crowns a day to hold it up;
Or were I not known his wife, and so to have
An equal feeling of this ill he suffers,
He should be thustill all the Boyes i'th' Town
Made sute to wear his badges in their hats,
And walk before his Grace with sticks and nose-gayes,
We Married Women hold —

Ser. 'Tis well, no more.
The Duke is entring, set you faces right,
And bow like Countrey Prologues: here he comes.
Make room afore, the Duke is entring.

Enter Duke.

Long. The choicest fortunes wait upon our Duke,
Ser. And give him all content and happiness.

Bew. Let his great name live to the end of time.

Duke. We thank you, and are pleas'd to give you notice
We shall at fitter times wait on your Loves,
Till when, be near Us.

Long. 'Tis a valiant purge, and works extreemly;
'Thas delivered him
Of all Right worshipful and gentle humors,
And left his belly full of nobleness:

Du. It pleased the King my Master,
For sundry vertues not unknown to him,
And the all-seeing state, to lend his hand,
And raise me to this Eminence, how this
May seem to other Men, or stir the minds
Of such as are my fellow Peers, I know not,
I would desire their loves in just designs.

Wife. Now by my faith he does well, very well:
Beshrew my heart I have not seen a better,
Of a raw fellow, that before this day
Never rehearst his state: 'tis marvellous well.

Ser. Is he not Duke indeed, see how he looks
As if his spirit were a last, or two
Above his veins, and stretcht his noble hide. *(not*

Long. Hee's high-brac't like a Drum, pray God he break

Bew. Why let him break, there's but a Calves-skin lost.

Long. May it please your Grace to see the City,
'Twill be to the minds and much contentment
Of the doubtful people,

Du. I am determin'd so, till my return
I leave my honour'd Duchefs to her chamber.
Be careful of your health, I pray you be so.

Ser. Your Grace shall suffer us your humble servants
To give attendance, fit so great a person
Upon your body.

Du. I am pleas'd so.

Long. Away good *Bewford*, raise a guard sufficient
To keep him from the reach of Tongues, be quick;
And do you hear, remember how the streets
Must be dispos'd with, for cries, and salutations.
Your Grace determines not to see the King —

Du. Not yet, I shall be ready ten dayes hence
To kiss his Highness hand, and give him thanks,
As it is fit I should for his great bounty.
Set forward Gentlemen.

Groom.

Groom. Room for the Duke there. *Exeunt Duke and Train.*
Wife. 'Tis fit he should have room to shew his mightiness,
 He swells to with his poyson,
 'Tis better to reclaim ye thus, than make
 A sheeps-head of you, It had been but your due ;
 But I have mercy Sir, and mean to reclaim you
 By a directer course.
 That Woman is not worthy of a Soul
 That has the fovereign power to rule her husband,
 And gives her title up, so long provided
 As there be fair play, and his state not wrong'd.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. I would be glad to know whence this new Duke
 The people buz abroad ; or by what title (springs,
 He receiv'd his dignity, 'tis very strange
 There should be such close jugling in the State,
 But I am ty'd to silence, yet a day
 May come, and soon to perfect all these doubts.

Wife. It is the mad *Shattillion* by my Soul,
 I suffer much for this poor Gentleman ;
 I'll speak to him, maybe he yet knows me,
Monsieur Shattiliou.

Shat. Can you give me reason from whence
 This great Duke sprang that walks abroad ?

Wife. Even from the King himself.

Shat. As you are a Woman, I think you may be cover'd ?
 Yet your prayer would do no harm good Woman.

Wife. God preserve him.

Enter Shattillions Love.

Shat. I say Amen, and so say all good Subjects.

Love. Lady, as ever you have lov'd, or shall,
 As you have hope of heaven lend your hand,
 And wit, to draw this poor distracted man
 Under your rooffe, from the broad eyes of people,
 And wonder of the streets.

Wife. With all my heart ;
 My feeling of his grief and loss is much.

Love. Sir, now you are come so near the prison, will ye
 Goe in, and visit your fair Love : poor soul
 She would be glad to see you.

Shat. This same Duke is but
 Apocryphal, there's no creation
 That can stand where titles are not right.

Love. 'Tis true, Sir.

Shat. This is another draught upon my life ;
 Let me examine well the words I spake.
 The words I spake were, that this novel Duke
 Is not o'th' true making, 'tis to me most certain.

Wife. You are as right, Sir, as you went by line.

Shat. And to the grief of many thousands more.

Wife. If there be any such, God comfort them. (please ;

Shat. Whose mouths may open when the time shall
 I'm betray'd, commend me to the King,
 And tell him I am sound, and crave but justice ;
 You shall not need to have your guard upon me,
 Which I am sure are plac'd for my attachment ;
 Lead on ; I'm obedient to my bonds.

Love. Good Sir be not displeas'd with us ;
 We are but servants to his Highness will,
 To make that good.

Shat. I do forgive you even with my heart ;
 Shall I entreat a favor ?

Wife. Any thing.

Shat. To see my love before that fatal stroak,
 And publish to the world my christian death,
 And true obedience to the Crown of France.

Love. I hope it shall not need Sir, for there is mercy
 As well as Justice in his Royal heart.

Exeunt.

Enter three Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Every man take his corner, here am I,
 You there, and you in that place, so be perfect,
 Have a great care your cries be loud ; and faces
 Full of dejected fear and humbleness.
 He comes.

Enter Jaques.

Ja. Fye, how these streets are charg'd and swell'd
 With these same rascally people ? give more room,
 Or I shall have occasion to distribute
 A martial almes amongst you ; as I am a Gentleman
 I have not seen such rude disorder,
 They follow him like a prize, there's no true gaper
 Like to your Citizen, he will be sure
 The Beares shall not pass by his door in peace,
 But he and all his family will follow.
 Room there afore : Sound :

Enter Duke and his company.

Ja. Give room, and keep your places,
 And you may see enough ; keep your places.

Long. These people are too far unmanner'd, thus
 To stop your Graces way with multitudes.

Du. Rebuke them not, good *Monsieur*, 'tis their loves
 Which I will answer, if it please my stars
 To spare me life and health.

2 Gen. Bless your Grace.

Du. And you with all my heart.

1 Gen. Now heaven preserve your happy dayes :

Du. I thank you too.

3. Gen. Now Heaven save your Grace ;

Du. I thank you all.

Bew. On there before.

Du. Stand Gentlemen, stay yet a while.

For I am minded to impart my love
 To these good people, and my friends,
 Whose love and prayers for my greatness,
 Are equal in abundance, note me well,
 And with my words ; my heart ? for as the Tree——
Long. Your Grace had best beware, 'twill be inform'd
 Your greatness with the people.

Duke. I had more,
 My honest, and ingenious people.—— But
 The weight of business hath prevented me.
 I am call'd from you : but this tree I spake of
 Shall bring forth fruit, I hope, to your content,
 And so I share my bowels amongst you all.

Omnes. A noble Duke, a very noble Duke.

Enter a Gentleman.

Ser. Afore there Gentlemen.

Gen. You'r faithfully met good *Monsieur Mount Marine.*

Ser. Be advis'd, the time is alter'd.

Gen. Is he not the same man he was afore ?

Duke. Still the same man to you, Sir.

Long. You have received mighty Grace, be thankful.

Gen. Let me not dye in ignorance ;

Long. You shall not.

Then know, the King out of his love, hath pleas'd
 To stile him Duke of *Burgundy.*

Gen. O great Duke,

Thus low, I plead for pardon, and desire
 To be enrol'd amongst your poorest slaves.

Du. Sir, you have mercy, and withal my hand,
 From henceforth let me call you one of mine.

Ser. Make room afore there, and dismiss the people.

Du. Every Man to his house in peace and quiet. (Duke.

Peop. Now heaven preserve the Duke, heaven bless the

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter

Enter Wife.

Wife. This Letter came this morn from my Cofin
To the great Lady, high and mighty Duchefs
Of *Burgundy*, be thefe delivered. Oh,
For a ftronger lace to keep my breath
That I may laugh the nine days till the wonder
Fall to an ebb: the high and mighty Duchefs?
The high and mighty God? what a ftile is this?
Methinks it goes like a Duchy lope-man,
A ladder of 100 rounds will fail
To reach the top on't: well my gentle Cofin
I know by thefe contents, your itch of honor;
You muft to the Court you fay, and very shortly:
You fhall be welcome, and if your wife have wit
I'll put her in a thriving courfe, if not
Her own fin on her own head not a blot
Shall ftain my reputation, only this
I muft for healths fake fometimes make an aſs
Of the tame moil my Husband; 'twill do him good,
And give him freſher brains, Me freſher blood.
Now for the noble Duke, I hear him coming.

Enter Duke, his train.

Your Grace is well return'd.

Duke. As well as may be:
Never in younger health, never more able:
I mean to be your bed-fellow this night,
Let me have good encounter,

Bew. Bleſs me heaven
What a hot meat this greatneſs is?

Long. It may be fo,
For I'll be ſworn he hath not got a ſnap
This two months on my knowledge, or her woman
Is damn'd for ſwearing it

Duke. I thank you Gentlemen for your attendance
And alfo your great pains, pray know my Lodgings
Better and oftner, do fo Gentlemen.

Now by my honor, as I am a Prince,
I ſpeak ſincerely, know my lodgings better;
And be not ſtrangers, I ſhall ſee your ſervice
And your deſervings, when you leaſt expect.

Om. We humbly thank your grace for this great favor.

Du. Jaques?

Jaq. Your Grace.

Du. Be ready for the Countrey,
And let my Tenants know the Kings great love:
Say I would ſee them, but the weight at Court
Lies heavy on my ſhoulders: let them know
I do expect their duties in attendance
Againſt the next feaſt, wait for my coming
To take up Poſt-horſe, and be full of ſpeed.

Exit Jaq.

Wife. I would deſire your Grace——

Du. You ſhall deſire, and have your
Full deſire: ſweet Duchefs ſpeak.

Wife. To have ſome conference with a Gentleman
That ſeems not altogether void of reaſon.
Hetalks of Titles, and things near the Crown,
And knowing none ſo fit as your Grace,
To give the difference in ſuch points of State——

Du. What is he? if he be noble, or have any part
That's worthy our converſe, we do accept him.

Wife. I can aſſure your Grace, his ſtrain is noble,
But he's very ſubtle.

Duke. Let him be ſo.

Let him have all the brains, I ſhall demonſtrate
How this moſt Chriſtian Crown of *France* can bear
No other ſhew of Title than the Kings.
I will go in and meditate for half an hour,
And then be ready for him preſently,
I will convert him quickly, or confound him.

Serv. Is mad *Shattillion* here?

Wife. Is here, and's Lady,

I prethee ſervant fetch him hither.

Serv. Why, what do you mean to put him to?

Wife. To chat with the mad lad my Husband;
'Twill be brave to hear them ſpeak, babble,
ſtare, and prate.

Bew. But what ſhall be the end of all this, Lady?

Enter Shattillion and Lady.

Wife. Leave that to me, now for the grand diſpute,
For ſee, here comes *Shattillion*: as I live, methinks
All *France* ſhould bear part of his griefs.

Long. I'll fetch my Lord the Duke.

Shat. Where am I now, or whether will you lead me?
To my death? I crave my priviledge,
I muſt not dye, but by juſt courſe or Law.

Serv. His Majesty hath ſent by me your pardon,
He meant not you ſhould dye; but would intreat you
To lay the full ſtate of your Title open,
Unto a grave and Noble Gentleman.

Enter Duke and Longovile.

The Duke of *Burgundy* who here doth come,
Who, either by his wiſdom will confute you,
Or elſe inform and ſatiſſie the King.

Bew. May't pleaſe your grace, this is the Gentleman,
Duke. Is this he that chops Logick with my Liege?

Shat. D'ye mock me? you are great, the time will come,
When you ſhall be as much contemn'd as I,
Where are the antient compliments of *France*,
The upstarts brave the Princes of the blood?

Duke. Your Title Sir, in ſhort.

Shat. He muſt Sir,
Be a better States-man than your ſelf, that can
Trip me in any thing, I will not ſpeak
Before theſe witneſſes.

Duke. Depart the room, for none ſhall ſtay,
No, not my deareſt Duchefs.

Wife. We'll ſtand behind the Arras and hear all. *Exeunt.*

Duke. In that chair take your place, I in this,
Diſcourſe your Title now.

Shat. Sir, you ſhall know,
My Loves true Title, mine by Marriage,
Setting aſide the firſt race of *French* Kings,
Which will not here concern us, as *Pharamond*,
With *Clodian*, *Meroveus*, and *Chilperick*,
And to come down unto the ſecond Race,
Which we will likewise ſlip——

Duke. But take me with you:

Shat. I pray you give me leave, of *Martel Charles*,
The Father of King *Pippin*, who was, Sire
To *Charles* the Great, and famous *Charlemain*.
And to come to the third Race of *French* Kings,
Which will not be greatly pertinent in this cauſe,
Betwixt the King and me, of which you know
HUGH CAPEI was the firſt,
Next his Son *Robert*, *Henry* then, and *Philip*
With *Lewis*, and his Son a *Lewis* too,
And of that name the Seventh, but all this
Springs from a Female, as it ſhall appear.

Duke. Now give me leave, I grant you this your Title
At the firſt ſight, carries ſome ſhew of truth;
But if ye weigh it well, ye ſhall find light.
Is not his Majesty poſſeſt in peace,
And juſtice executed in his name,
And can you think the moſt Chriſtian King
Would do this if he ſaw not reaſon for it?

Shat. But had not the Tenth *Lewis* a ſole Daughter?

Duke. I cannot tell.

Shat. But answer me directly.

Duke. It is a moſt ſeditious queſtion.

o o

Shat.

Shut. Is this your justice?

Duke. I stand for my King.

Shut. Was ever Heir-apparant thus abus'd?

I'll have your head for this.

Duke. Why, do your worst.

Shut. Will no one stir to apprehend this Traitor?

A guard about my person, will none come?

Must my own royal hands perform the deed?

Then thus I do arrest you.

Duke. Treason, help.

Enter Wife, Long, Bew. and Serv.

Wife. Help, help, my Lord and Husband.

Duke. Help the Duke.

Long. Forbear his grace's person.

Shut. Forbear you to touch him that

Your Heir-apparant weds,

But by this hand, I will have all your heads.

Exit.

Serv. How doth your Grace?

Duke. Why? well.

Serv. How do you find his Title?

Duke. 'Tis a dangerous one,

As can come by a female.

Serv. I, 'tistrue,

But the Law *Salique* cuts him off from all.

Long. I do beseech your Grace, how stands his Title?

Duke. Pew, nothing; the Law *Salique* cuts him off from all.

Wife. My gracious Husband, you must now prepare,

In all your Graces pomp to entertain

Your Cofin, who is now a convertite,

And follows here, this night he will be here.

Duke. Be ready all in haste, I do intend,

To shew before my Cofin's wondring face,

The greatness of my pomp, and of my place.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Cofin and his Wife.

Cof. Sirrah, is all things carried to the Tailor?
The measure, and the fashion of the Gown,
With the best trim?

Man. Yes Sir, and 'twill be ready within this two days.

Cof. For my self I care not,

I have a suit or two of antient Velvet;

Which with some small correcting and addition,

May steal into the presence.

(life,

Wife. Would my Gown were ready, Husband, I'll lay my

To make you something e'r to-morrow night.

Cof. It must not be

Before we see the Duke, and have advice,

How to behave our selves: lets in the while,

And keep our selves from knowledge, till time shall call us.

Enter Long and Bew.

Long. I much admire the fierce masculine spirit,
Of this dread *Amazon*.

Bew. This following night I'll have a wench in solace.

Long. Sir, I hear you,

And will be with you if I live, no more.

Enter Maria.

Ma. My Lady would intreat your presence, Gentlemen.

Bew. We will obey your Lady, she is worthy.

Long. You, light alone, a word, or two.

Ma. Your Will, Sir.

(thou marry?

Long. Hark in your ear; wilt thou be married? speak, wilt

Ma. Married? to whom Sir?

Long. To a proper fellow, landed, and able bodied,

Ma. Why do you flout me, Sir?

(free?

Long. I swear I do not; I love thee for thy Ladies sake, be

Ma. If I could meet such matches as you speak of,

I were a very child to lose my time, Sir.

Long. What saist thou to Monsieur *Bemford*?

Ma. Sir, I say he's a proper Gentleman, and far
Above my means to look at.

Long. Dost thou like him?

Ma. Yes Sir, and ever did.

Long. He is thine own.

Ma. You are too great in promises.

Long. Be rul'd, and follow my advice, he shall be thine

Ma. Would you would make it good, Sir.

Long. Do but thus,

Get thee a cushion underneath thy cloaths,
And leave the rest to me.

Ma. I'll be your scholar,

I cannot lose much by the venture sure,

Long. Thou wilt lose a pretty maidenhead, my rogue,

Or I am much o'th' bow hand, you'll remember

if all this take effect, who did it for you?

And what I may deserve for such a kindness.

Ma. Yours Sir.

Exeunt.

Enter Jaques and Shattillion severally.

Jaq. Save ye Sir.

Shat. Save the King.

Jaq. I pray you Sir, which is the nearest way.

Shat. Save the King, this is the nearest way.

Jaq. Which is the nearest way to the Post-house?

Shat. God save the King and his Post-house.

Jaq. I pray Sir direct me to the house;

Shat. Heaven save the King, you cannot catch me, Sir.

Jaq. I do not understand you, Sir.

Shat. You do not, I say you cannot catch me, Sir.

Jaq. Not catch you, Sir?

Shat. No Sir, nor can the King,

With all his stratagems, and his forced tricks,

Although he put his Nobles in disguise;

Never so oft to sift into my words,

By course of Law, lay hold upon my life.

Jaq. It is business that my Lord the Duke
Is by the King employed in, and he thinks
I am acquainted with it.

Shat. I shall not need to rip the cause up,
From the first, to you,

But if his Majesty had suffer'd me

To marry her, though she be after him,

The right heir general to the Crown of *France*.

I would not have convey'd her into *Spain*,

As it was thought, nor would I e'er have joyn'd,

With the reformed Churches, to make them,

Stand for my cause.

Jaq. I do not think you would.

Shat. I thank you Sir,

And since I see you are a favourer

Of virtues, kept in bondage;

Tell directly to my sovereign King,

For so I will acknowledge him for ever,

How you have found my staid affections

Setled for peace, and for the present state.

Jaq. Why Sir?

Shat. And good Sir, tell him further this,

That notwithstanding all suggestions

Brought to him against me, and all his suspicions,

Which are innumerable to my treasons,

If he will warrant me but public trial,

I'll freely yeild my self into his hands;

Can he have more than this?

Jaq. No by my troth.

Shat. I would his Majesty would hear but reason,

As well as you.

Jaq. But Sir, you do mistake me,
For I never saw the King.
In all my life but once, therefore good Sir,
May it please you to shew me which is the Post-house.

Sba. I cry you mercy, Sir, then you are my friend.

Jaq. Yes Sir.

Sba. And such men are very rare with me,
The Post-house is hard by, farewell;

Jaq. I thank you, Sir, I must ride hard to night,
And it is dark already.

Sba. I am cruel, to send this man directly to his death
That is my friend, and I might easily save him,
He shall not dye, come back, my friend, come back.

Jaq. What is your Will?

Sba. Do you not know?

Jaq. Not I.

Sba. And do you gather nothing by my face?

Jaq. No Sir.

Sba. Virtue is ever innocent,
Lay not the fault on me, I grieve for you,
And wish that all my tears might win your safety.

Jaq. Why Sir?

Sba. Alas good friend you are undone,
The more ill fortune, mine to be the means
Of your sad overthrow, you know not me.

Jaq. No truly Sir.

Sba. Would you had never seen me,
I am a man pursu'd by the whole state
And sure some one hath seen me talk with you.

Jaq. Yes, divers Sir.

Sba. Why then your head is gone.

Jaq. I'll out of town.

Sba. Would it were soon enough,
Stay if you love your life, or else you are taken.

Jaq. What shall I do?

Sba. I'll venture deeply for him,
Rather than to cast away an innocent,
Take courage friend, I will preserve thy life;
With hazard of mine own.

Jaq. I thank you, Sir.

Sba. This night thou shalt be lodg'd within my doors,
Which shall be all lock'd fast, and in the morn
I'll so provide, you shall have free access,
To the Sea-side, and so be shipt away,
E'r any know it.

Jaq. Good Sir, suddainly, I am afraid to dye.

Sba. Then follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Shatillion's Love.

Love. This way he went, and there's the house, I hope,
His better Angel hath directed him,
To leave the wandring streets, poor Gentleman.
Would I were able with as free a heart,
To set his soul right, as I am to grieve,
The ruine of his fame, which God forgive me;
Sir, if you be within, I pray Sir speak to me.

Sba. I am within, and will be; what are you?

Love. A friend.

Sba. No Sir, you must pardon me,
I am acquainted with none such: bespeedy,
Friend, there is no other remedy.

Love. A word Sir, I say, I am your friend.

Sba. You cannot scape by any other means,
Be not fearful, God save the King,
What's your business, Sir?

Love. To speak with you.

Sba. Speak out then?

Love. Shall I not come up?

Sba. Thou shalt not: flie if thou be'st thine own friend,
There lies the fuit and all the furniture
Belonging to the head, on with it friend!

Love. Sir do you hear?

Sba. I do, God blefs the King,
It was a habit I had laid aside,
For my own person, if the state had forced me.

Love. Good Sir, unlock your door.

Sba. Be full of speed, I see some 20 Musquetiers in ambush
Whate'r thou art, know I am here and will be,
Seelt thou this bloody sword that cries revenge?
Shake not my friend, through millions of these foes
I'll be thy guard, and set thee safe aboard.

Love. Dare you not trust me, Sir?

Sba. My good sword before me,
And my allegiance to the King I tell thee
Captain (for so I ghes thee by thy Arms)
And the loose flanks of Halberdiers about thee,
Thou art too weak, and foolish to attempt me.
If you be ready, follow me, and hark you
Upon your life speak to no living wight,
Except my self.

Love Monsieur *Shattillion*?

Sba. Thou shalt not call agen; thus with my sword,
And the strong faith I bear unto the King;
Whom God preserve, I will defend my chamber,
And cut thy throat, I swear I'll cut thy throat,
Steal after me and live.

Love. I will not stay.

The fury of a man so far distracted.

Exit Love.

Enter Shattillion.

Where's the Officer that dares not enter,
To intrap the life of my distressed friend?
I, have you hid your self? you must be found,
What do you fear? is not authority on your side
Nay, I know the Kings command
Will be your warrant, why then fear you? speak
What strange designs are these? *Shattillion*,
Be resolute and bear thy self upright,
Though the whole world despite thee: soft, methinks.
I heard a rushing which was like the shake
Of a discovered Officer, I'll search
The whole street over, but I'll find thee out.

Exit.

Enter Jaques in womans apparel.

Jaq. How my joynts do shake, where had I been
But for this worthy Gentleman, that
Hath some touch of my infortunes; would I were
Safe under hatches once, for *Callicut*,
Farewel the pomp of Court, I never more
Can hope to be a Duke or any thing,
I never more shall see the glorious face
Of my fair spreading Lord that lov'd me well.

Enter Shattillion.

Sbat. Fly you so fast? I had a fight of you,
But would not follow you; I was too wise,
You shall not lead me with a cunning trick;
Where you may catch me; poor *Shattillion*;
Hath the Kings anger left thee never a friend?
No, all mens loves move by the breath of Kings.

Jaq. It is the Gentleman that sav'd my life, Sir.

Sbat. Blefs *Shattillion*, another plot.

Jaq. No Sir, 'tis I.

Sbat. Why, who are you?

Jaq. Your friend whom you preserv'd.

Sbat. Whom I preserv'd?

My friend? I have no woman friend but one,
Who is too close in prison to be here;
Come near, let me look on you.

Jaq. 'Tis I.

Sbat. You should not be a woman by your stature.

Jaq. I am none, Sir.

Sbat. I know it, then keep off,

O o 2

Strange

Strange men and times! how I am still preserv'd?
Here they have sent a yoman of the guard,
Disguis'd in womans clothes, to work on me,
To make love to me, and to trap my words,
And to inhare my life, I know you, Sir,
Stand back, upon your peril, can this be
In *Christian* Common-weals, from this time forth
I'll cut off all the means to work on me,
I'll ne'er stir from my house: and keep my doors
Lockt day and night, and cheapen meat and drink
At the next shops by Signs, out of my window,
And having bought it, draw it up in my garters.

Jaq. Sir, will you help me?

Shat. Do not follow me,

I'll take a course to live, despite of men. *Exit Shat.*

Jaq. He dares not venture for me, wretched *Jaq.*!

Thou art undone for ever and for ever,
Never to rise again? what shall I do?

Enter Bewfort.

Where shall I hide me? here's one to take me,
I must stand close, and not speak for my life.

Bew. This is the time of night, and this the haunt,
In which I use to catch my Wastcoaters,
It is not very dark, no, I shall spie 'em,
I have walk't out in such a pitchy night.
I could not see my fingers this far off.

And yet have brought home venison by the finell,
I hope they have not left their old walk, ah?
Have I spied you sitting by this light?

To me there's no such fine sight in the world,

As a white apron 'twixt twelve and one;

See how it glisters? do you think to scape?

So now I have you fast; come, and do not strive,

It takes away the edge of appetite;

Come, I'll be liberal every way.

Exeunt.

Take heed you make no noise, for waking of the Watch,

Enter Cofin and his Wife.

Cof. Now the blessing of some happy guide,
To bring us to the Duke, and we are ready.

Enter Long. and Servant,

Come forward, see the door is open'd,
And two of his Gent. I'll speak to them,
And mark how I behave my self, God save ye;
For less I cannot wish to men of sort, and of your seeming:
Are you of the Dukes?

Long. We are, Sir, and your servants, your salutes,
We give you back again with many thanks.

Cof. When did you hear such words before Wife? peace,
Do you not dare to answer yet; is't fit
So mean a Gentleman as my self should crave,
The presence of the great Duke your Master?

Serv. Sir you may.

Long. Shall we desire your name, and business, Sir?
And we will presently inform him of you,

Cof. My name is *Cleremont*.

Serv. You are his Graces kinsman,
Or I am much mistaken?

Cof. You are right,

Some of his noble blood runs through these veins,
Though far unworthy of his graces knowledge.

Long. Sir, we must all be yours; his graces kinsman,
And we so much forgetful? 'twas a rudeness,
And must attend your pardon, thus I crave it:
First to this beauteous Lady, whom I take
To be your Wife, Sir, next your mercy.

Cof. You have it, Sir, I do not like this kissing,
It lies so open to a world of wishes.

Serv. This is the merry fellow; this is he

That must be noble too.

Long. And so he shall.

If all the Art I have can make him noble,
I'll dub him with a Knight-hood; if his wife
Will be but forward, and joyn issue,
I like her above excellent.

Serv. Will't please you

To walk a turn or two, whilst to the Duke
We make your coming known? *Exit Serv. and Long*

Cof. I shall attend, Sir.

Wife. These Gentlemen are very proper men,
And kiss the best that e'er I tasted.

For goodness-fake husband, let us never more
Come near the Countrey, whatsoever betide us;
I am in malice with the memory
Of that same stinking dung-hil.

Cof. Why now you are my chicken and my dear,
Love where I love, hate where I hate: now
You shall have twenty Gowns, and twenty Chains,
See, the door is opening.

Groom. Room afore there, the Duke is entring.

Enter Duke, Wife, Long. Servant, Maria.

Cof. 'Tis the Duke, even he himself, be merry,
This is the golden age the Poet speaks on.

Wife. I pray it be not brazen'd by their faces,
And yet methinks they are the neatest Pieces
For shape, and cutting that e'er I beheld.

Cof. Most gracious Duke, my poor Spouse and my self,
Do kiss your mighty foot, and next to that
The great hand of your Dutcheffs, ever wishing
Your honors ever springing, and your years.

Duke. Cofin?

Cof. Your Graces vassal, far unworthy
The nearness of your blood.

Duke. Correct me not, I know the word I speak,
And know the person.

Though I be something higher than the place
Where common men have motion, and descending
Down with my eye, their forms are lessened to me;
Yet from this pitch can I behold my own,
From millions of those men that have no mark,
And in my fearful stoop, can make them stand,
When others feel my feet, and perish: Cofin,
Be comforted, you are very welcome, so
Is your fair Wife: the charge of whom I give
To my own dearest, and best beloved.
Tell me, you have resolv'd your self for Court,
And utterly renounc'd the slavish Countrey,
With all the cares thereof?

Cof. I have, Sir.

Duke. Have you dismiss'd your eating household,
Sold your hangings of *Nebuchadnezar*, for such they were,
As I remember, with the Furnitures
Belonging to your Beds and Chambers?

Cof. I Sir.

Duke. Have you most carefully ta'en off the Lead,
From you roof, weak with age, and so prevented
The ruin of your house, and clapt him
In a summer suit of thatch to keep him cool

Cof. All this I have perform'd.

Duke. Then lend me all your hands, I will embrace my Cofin
Who is an understanding Gentleman,
And with a zeal mighty, as is my name,
Once more I bid you welcome to the Court;
My state again.

Duch. As I was telling you, your Husband
Must be no more Commander, look to that,
Be severd at meat, and lodging, let him have
Board-wages, and Diet, 'mongst his men i' th' Town
For pleasure, if he be given to't, let him have it,
Else as your own fancy shall direct you.

Cofin, you see this mighty man here: he was an ass

When

When he came first to Town: indeed he was
Just such another coxcomb as your Husband,
God bless the mark, and every good mans child!
This must not stir you Cofin.

Wif. Heaven forbid?

Long. Sweet *Maria*; provide the cushion ready for it.

Mar. It shall be done.

Duke. Receive all your advices from our self,
Be once a day with us, and so farewell
For this time, my fair Cofin, Gentlemen
Conduct him to his Lodging.

Duch. Farewel, and think upon my words.

Wife. I shall observe them. *Exit Duke and Duchs.*

Cof. Health, and the Kings continual love, attend you.

Serv. Oh for a private place to ease my Lungs!

Heaven give me patience, such a pair of jades
Were never better ridden to this hour,
Pray heaven they hold out to the journeys end.

Long. Twitch him aside good *Monsieur*, whilst I break
Upon the body of his strength, his wife,
I have a constant promise: she is my own.

Serv. Ply her to wind-ward *Monsieur*, you have taken
The most compendious way to raise your self,
That could have been delivered by a Counsel.

Cof. I have some certain aims, Sir: but my wife——

Serv. Your wife, you must not let that trouble you.

Cof. It will Sir, to see her in a strangers arms.

Serv. What mean you? let her alone, be wife, stir not a foot
For if you do, all your hopes are buried:
I swear you are a lost man if you stir.

Cof. I thank you Sir, I will be more advis'd.

Serv. But what great Office do you level at?

Cof. Sir, they are kissing

Serv. Let them kiss,

And much may do their good hearts; they must kiss
And kiss, and double kiss, and kiss again,
Or you may kiss the post for any rising:
Had your noble kinsman ever mounted
To these high Spheres of honor, now he moves in,
But for the kisses of his wife?

Cof. I know not

Serv. Then I do; credit me, he had been lost,
A fellow of no mark, and no repute.

Had not his wife kist soon, and very sweetly:
She was an excellent woman, and dispatcht him
To his full being, in a moment, Sir— *Exit Long. and Wife.*

Cof. But yet methinks he would not take her, Sir,
Into a private room.

Serv. Now stand and flourish,
You are a mads man for ever.

I do envy you if you stand your fortunes up,
You are the happiest man, but your great Cofin,
This day in Court: well, I will marry surely,
And not let every man out-run me thus.
'Tis time to be mine own friend, I live
In town here, and direct the readiest way,
To other men, and be a slave my self.

Cof. Nay, good Sir be not mov'd, I am your servant,
And will not be ungrateful for this knowledge.

Serv. Will you be walking home?

Cof. I would desire to have my wife along.

Serv. You are too raw,
Begone, and take no notice where you left her,
Let her return at leisure. if she stay
A month, 'twill be the better, understand me
This Gentleman can do't. *Exit Cofin.*

Cof. I will Sir, and wife remember me, a Duke, a Duke wife.

Serv. Aboard her *Longaveile*, she's thine own,
To me the fooling of this fool is venery. *Exit Servant.*

Enter Bewford and Jaques.

Bew. Come, prethee come, have I not crowns? behold
And follow me, here; not a word, go in

Grope by the walls, and you shall find a bed,
Lie down there, see, see, a turn or two, to give
My blood some heats, and I am presently
For action: darknets, by thy leave, I come. *Exit Bew.*

Enter Maria.

Ma. I am perfect in my lesson, be my speed,
Thou god of marriage, this is the door, I'll knock.

Bew. within. Whole there, I cannot come yet.

Ma. Monsieur *Bewford*?

Bew. Stay till I light a candle, who are ye?

Ma. Sir? a poor Gentlewoman.

Enter Bewford.

Bew. Oh come in, I'll find a time for you too, be not loud.

Ma. Sir, you have found that time already, shame
On my soul therefore.

Bew. Why? what's the matter?

Ma. Do you not see, Sir, is your light so dim?

Bew. Do you not wait on the Lady Mount *Marine*?

Ma. I do Sir, but my love on you.

Bew. Poor soul! how cam'st thou by this big belly?

Ma. By your self.

Bew. By heaven I ne'er touch'd your body.

Ma. Yes, unswear that oath again, I'll tell you all;
These two years I have lov'd you, but the means
How to enjoy you, I did never know
Till Twelf-night last, when hearing of your game
To take up wenches private in the night,
I apprehended straight this course to make
My self as one of them, and wait your coming;
I did so. and enjoyed you, and now this child
That now is quick within me, hide my shame,
And marry me, or else I must be forc'd ——

Long. within. Monsieur *Bewford*, Monsieur *Bewford*.

Bew. Whose that calls?

Long. Are you a bed?

Bew. No Sir, the hangings.

Enter Longaveil.

Long. Nay *Monsieur*, I'll forbid that, we'll have fair play,
Lend me your candle, are you taken *Bewford*?

A lecher of your practice, and close carriage
To be discovered thus? I am asham'd
So great a master in his art should fail,
And stagger in his grounds.

Bew. You're wide,

This woman and my self are man and wife,
And have been so this half year,
Where are you now? have I been discover'd?
You cannot break so easily on me, Sir,
I am too wary to be open'd by you.

Long. But these are but illusions. to give colour
To your most mystick leachery, but Sir,
The belly hath betray'd you all, it must out.

Bew. Good *Longaveil* believe me on my faith,
I am her husband.

Long. On my faith I cannot, unless I saw
Your hands fast, and your hearts.

Bew. Why *Longaveil*, when did I give that to your ears,
That was not truth? by all the world she's mine,
She is my wife, and to confirm you better
I give myself again, here take my hand
And I yours, we are once more married,
Will this content you?

Long. Yes I am believing, and God give you joy.

Bew. My loving wife, I will not wrong thee,
Since I am thine and only loved of thee
From this hour I vow my self a new man,
Be not jealous: for though I had a purpose,
To have spent an hour or two in solace otherwise,

And

And was provided for it, yet my love
Shall put a better temper to my blood,
Come out thou woman of unwholsome life,
Be sorry for thy sins, and learn to mend,
Nay, never hide your face, you shall be seen.

Long. *Jaques*, why *Jaques*, art thou that *Jaques*,
The very staffe, and right hand of our Duke?
Speak, thou bearded *Venus*.

Jac. I am he, by miracle preserv'd to be that *Jaques*,
Within this two hours Gentlemen, poor *Jaques*
Was but as coarse in grave: a man of wisdom,
That of my conscience, if he had his right
Should have a pretty State, but that's all one
That Noble Gentleman did save this life,
I keep it for him, 'tis his own. (the Duke)

Long. Oh *Bacchus*! is all the world drunk? come we'll to
And give thanks for this delivery.

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Duke and Jaques.

Duke. NOT gone unto my Tenants to relate
My Grace and Honor; the mightiness
Of my new name, which would have struck a terror
Through their course doublets, to their very hearts?

Jac. Alas, great Lord and Master, I could scarce
With safety of my life return again
Unto your graces house, and but for one
That had some mercy, I had sure been hang'd.

Duke. My house?

Jac. Yes Sir, this house, your house i' th' Town.

Duke. *Jaques* we are displeas'd, hath it no name?

Jac. What name?

Duke. Dull rogue; what hath the King bestow'd
So many honors, open'd all his springs,
And show'red his graces down upon my head,
And has my house no name? no title yet?
Burgundy house you as.

Jac. Your graces mercy,
And when I was come off, and had recover'd
Burgundy house, I durst not yet be seen,
But lay all night for fear of pursuivants
In *Burgundy* privie house.

Duke. Oh Sir, 'tis well,
Can you remember now? but *Jaques* know
Since thy intended journey is so cross,
I will go down my self this morning.

Jac. Sir?

Duke. Have I not said this morning?

Jac. But consider,

That nothing is prepared yet for your journey,
Your graces teams not here to draw your cloaths;
And not a Carrier yet in town to send by.

Duke. I say once more go about it,
You're a wise man, you'd have me linger time,
Till I have worn these cloaths out: will ye go? *Ex. Jac.*
Make ye ready Wife

Enter Wife.

Duc. I am so, mighty Duke.

Duke. Nay, for the Country.

Duc. How? for the Country?

Duke. Yes I am resolv'd to see my Tenants in this bravery,
Make them a sumptuous feast, with a slight shew,
Of *Dives* and *Lazarus*, and a squib or two,
And so return.

Duc. Why Sir? you are not mad? (speak.)

Duke. How many Dukes have ye known mad? I pray

Duc. You are the first, Sir, and I hope the last,
But you are stark horn-mad.

Duke. Forbear good wife.

Duc. As I have faith you're mad: your horns
Have been too heavy for you, and have broke
Your skull in pieces: If you be in earnest.

Duke. Well, you shall know my skull and wits are whole
E'r I have done, and yet I am in earnest.

Duc. Why, do you think I'll go?

Duke. I know you shall.

Duc. I shall? by what authority shall I?

Duke. I am your Husband.

Duc. True, I confess it,
And by that name, the world hath given you
A power to sway me; but Sir, you shall know
There is a greater bond that ties me here,
Allegeance to the King, has he not heapt
Those honors on you to no other end,
But to stay you here, and shall I have a hand
In the offending such a gracious Prince?
Besides, our own undoings lies upon't,
Were there no other cause, I do not see,
Why you should go: If I should say you should not.

Duke. Do you think so?

Duc. Yes faith.

Duke. Now good wife make me understand that point.

Duc. Why that you shall, did I not bring you hither?

Duke. Yes. (fire by me?)

Duc. And were not all these honors wrought out of the
Duke. By you?

Duc. By me? how strange you make it?
When you came first, did you not walk the Town,
In a long Cloak half compass? an old Hat,
Lin'd with Vellure, and on it for a band,
A skein of crimson Cruil?

Duke. I confess it.

Duc. And took base courses?

Duke. Base? (strous base.)

Duc. Base, by this light, extream base, and scurvie, mon-

Duke. What were these courses, wife?

Duc. Why, you shall know,
Did you not thus attir'd, trot up and down,
Plotting for vild and lowlie Offices,
And agreed with the Sergeant of the Bears,
To buy his place? deny this, if you can.

Duke. Why it is true.

Duc. And was not that monstrous base?

Duke. Be advis'd wife, a Bear's a Princely beast.

Duc. A Bear?

Duke. Yes wife, and one side venison.

Duc. You're more than one side fool, I am sure of that.

Duke. But since you have vex't me wife, know you shall go,
Or you shall never have penny from me.

Duc. Nay, I have done, and though I know 'twill be
Your overthrow, I'll not forsake you now.

Duke. Be ready then.

Exit Duke.

Duc. I will.

Enter Bewf. Long, Serv. Maria.

Long. What are you married *Bewford*? can make us.

Bewf. I, as fast as words, and hearts, and hands, and Priest

Duc. Oh Gentlemen, we are undone.

Long. For what?

Duc. This Gentleman, the Lord of *Lorgue*, my Husband,
Will be gone down to shew his play-fellows
Where he is gay.

Bewf. What, down into Countrey?

Duc. Yes faith, was ever fool but he so cross?

I would as fain be gracious to him,
As he could wish me, but he will not let me;
Speak faithfully, will he deserve my mercy?

Long. According to his merits he should wear,
A guarded coat, and a great wooden dagger.

Duch.

Duc. If there be any woman that doth know,
The duties 'twixt a Husband and his wife,
Will speak but one word for him, he shall scape;
Is not that reasonable? but there's none,
Be ready therefore, to pursue the plot
We had against a pinch, for he must stay.

Long. Wait you here for him, whilst I go
And make the King acquainted with your sport,
For fear he be incens'd for our attempting
Places of so great honor.

Exit Long.

Duc. Go, be speedy.

Enter Duke, Cosin, Wife, Jaques, Man.

Duke. Come let me see how all things are dispos'd of.

Jaq. One Cart will serve for all your furniture,
With room enough behind to ease the Footman,
A capcase for you linnen, and your plate,
With a strange lock that opens with *Amen*,
For my young Lord, because of easie portage,
A quiver of your graces lin'd with Cunney,
Made to be hang'd about the Nurfes neck,
Thus, with a Scarfe or Towel.

Duke. Very good.

Jaq. Nay, 'tis well, but had you staid another week,
I would have had you furnisht, in such pomp,
As never Duke of *Burgundy* was furnisht,
You should have had a Sumpter, though 't had cost me
The laying on my self, where now you are fain,
To hire a Rippers mare, and buy new doffers,
But I have got them painted with your Arms,
With a fair darnex Carpet of my own
Laid cros for the more state.

Duke. *Jaques* I thank you: your Carpet shall be brusht
And sent you home; what, are you ready wife?

Duc. An hour ago.

Duke. I cannot chuse but kiss thy royal Lips,
Dear *Duchess* mine, thou art so good a woman.

Bew. You'd say so if you knew all, goodman Duckling.

Cof. This was the happiest fortune could befall me
Now in his absence will I follow close
Mine own preferment, and I hope e'r long,
To make my mean and humble name so strong,
As my great Cosins, when the world shall know,
I bear too hot a spirit to live low.
The next Spring will I down, my wife and houshold,
I'll have my Ushers, and my four Lacquies,
Six spare Caroches too, but mum, no more,
What I intend to do, I'll keep in store.

Duke. Mountey, mountey, *Jaques*, be our Querry.

Groom. To horse there Gentlemen, and fall in couples.

Duke. Come honoured *Duchess*.

Enter Longavile.

Long. Stand thou proud man.

Duke. Thieves, *Jaques*, raise the people.

Long. No, raise no people, 'tis the Kings command,
Which bids thee once more stand, thou haughty man,
Thou art a monster, for thou art ungrateful,
And like a fellow of a rebel nature,
Hast flung from his embraces: and for
His honors given thee, hast not return'd
So much as thanks, and to oppose his Will,
Resolv'd to leave the Court, and set the Realm
A fire, in discontent, and open action:
Therefore he bids thee stand, thou proud man,
Whilst with the whisking of my sword about,
I take thy honors off: this first sad whisk
Takes off thy Dukedom, thou art but an Earl.

Duke. You are mistaken, *Longavile*.

Long. Oh would I were: this second whisk divides
Thy Earldom from thee, thou art yet a Baron.

Duke. No more whisks if you love me *Longavile*.

Long. Two whisks are past, and two are yet behind,
Yet all must come, but not to linger time.

With these two whisks I end, now mount *Marine*,
For thou art now no more, so says the King,
And I have done his Highness Will with grief.

Duke. Degraded from my honors?

Long. 'Tis too certain.

Duke. I am no Traitor sure, that I know of;
Speak *Jaques*, hast thou ever heard me utter word
Tending to Treason, or to bring in the enemy?

Jaq. Alas Sir, I know nothing,
Why should your Worship bring me in to hang me?
I never medled

But with the brushing of his cloaths, or fetching
In water in a morning for his hands.

Cof. Are these the honors of this place? *Anthony*
Help me to take her Gown off quickly,
Or I'll so swinge ye for't —

Wife. Why Husband? Sir?

Cof. I'll not loose a penny by this town.

Long. Why what do you mean, Sir, have her to her lodging,
And there undress her, I will wait upon her.

Cof. Indeed you shall not, your month is out I take it,
Get you out before me wife:

Cofin farewell, I told you long agoe,
That pride begins with pleasure, ends with woe.

Exit wife's Wife.

Bew. Goe thy way sentences, 'twill be thy fortune,
To live and dye a Cuckold, and Churchwarden.

Du. Oh my poor Husband! what a heavy fortune
s fallen upon him?

Bew. Methinks 'tis strange,
That heaven fore-warning great men of their falls,
With such plain tokens, they should not avoid 'em?
For the last night betwixt eleven and twelve,
Two great and hideous blazing stars were seen
To fight a long hour by the clock, the one
Drest like a Duke, the other like a King;
Till at the last the crowned Star o'er-came.

Serv. Why do ye stand so dead, Monsieur *Marine*?

Duke. So *Cesar* fell, when in the Capitol
They gave his body two and thirty wounds.
Be warned all ye Peers, and by my fall,
Hereafter learn to let your wives rule all.

Serv. Monsieur *Marine*, pray let me speak with you;
Sir, I must wave you to conceal this party,
It stands upon my utter overthrow;
Seem not discontented, nor do not stir afoot,
For if you do, you and your hope —
I swear you are a lost man if you stir.

And have an eye to *Benford*, he'll tempt you.

Bew. Come, come, for shame go down;
Were I *Marine*, I would go down:
And being there, I would rattle him such an answer
Should make him smoke.

Duke. Good Monsieur *Benford*, peace
Leave these rebellious words,
Or by the honors which I once enjoyed,
And yet may swear by,
I'll tell the King of your proceedings;
I am satisfied.

Wife. You talkt of going down when 'twas not fit,
But now let's see your spirit,
A thousand and a thousand will expect it.

Duke. Why wife, are ye mad? (strength.)

Wife. No, nor drunk, but I'd have you know your own

Duke. You talke like a most foolish woman, wife;
I tell you I will stay, yet I have a
Crotchet troubles me,

Long. More crotchets yet?

Duke. Follow me *Jaques*, I must have thy counsel,
I will return again, stay you there wife. (fools.)

Long. I fear this loss of honor will give him some few
Wif. No, no, he is resolv'd, he will not

Stir

Stir a foot, I'll lay my life.

Bew. I, but he's discontented, how shall we resolve that, And make him stay with comfort?

Wife. Faith *Bewford* we must even let nature work, For he's the sweetest temper'd man for that As one can wish, for let men but go about to fool him, And he'll have his finger as deep in't as the best; But see where he comes frowning, bless us all!

Enter Duke.

Duke. Off with your hats, for here doth come The high and mighty Duke of *Burgundy*. What ever you may think, I have thought and thought, and thought upon't, and I find it plain, The King cannot take back what he has given, Unless I forfeit it by course of Law.

Not all the water in the River *Seine*, Can wash the blood out of these Princely veins.

Wife. God-a-mercy Husband, thou art the best To work out a thing at a pinch in *France*.

Duke. I will ascend my State again, Dukes, take your place, And let our Champion enter.

Long. Has he his Champion? that's excellent.

Duke. And let loud Musick sound before his entrance. Sound Trumpet.

Enter Jaques in Armor, one carrying a Scutcheon before him, and a two-handed Sword.

Wife. How well our Champion doth demean himself, As if he had been made for such an action? Methinks his sturdy truncheon he doth wield, Like *Mars* approaching to a bloody field.

Duke. I think there's no man so desperate To dare encounter with our Champion, But trust me, *Jaques*, thou hast pleas'd us well; Once more our warlike Musick, then proceed.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. What wondrous age is this? what close proceedings? I hear the clang of Trumpets in this house, To what intent do not our States-men search? Oh no, they look not into simple truth; For I am true, and they regard not me, A man in Armor too: God save the King, The world will end, there's nought but treachery.

Jaq. I *Jaques*, servant to the high and mighty *Godfrey*, Duke of *Burgundy*, do come hither to prove by natural strength, and activity of my body, without the help of sorcery, enchantment, or negromancy, that the said *Godfrey*, late of *Mount Marine*, and now of *Burgundy*, hath perfect right thereto, notwithstanding the Kings command to the contrary, and no other person whatsoever: and in token that I will be ready to make good the same: I throw down my gage, which is my honor, pronounced the 37 of *Feb. Stilo novo*, God save the Duke.

Shat. Of all the plots the King hath laid for me This was the shrewdest, 'tis my life they seek And they shall have it: if I should refuse To accept the challenge in the Kings behalf, They have some cause to take away my life, And if I do accept it, who can tell, But I may fall by doubtful chance of War? 'Twas shrew'd, but I must take the least of evils, I take thy gauntlet up, thou treacherous man, That stands in armed Coat against the King, Whom God preserve, and with my single sword, Will justify whatever he commands; I'll watch him for catching of my words.

Duke. *Jaques* go on, defend our Princely Title.

Shat. Why shrink'st thou back? thou hast an evil cause;

Come forward man, I have a rock about me; I fight for my true Liege.

Duke. Go forward *Jaques*.

Jaq. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me, I will not fight with him, with any else I'll shew my resolution speedily.

Shat. Come, do thy worst, for the King shall see All is not true, that is reported of me.

Jaq. I may not fight with him by Law of Arms.

Duke. What? shall my Title fall? wilt thou not fight?

Jaq. Never with him that once hath sav'd my life

Shat. Dar'st thou not fight? behold then, I do go Strong with the zeal I bear my Sovereign, And seize upon that haughty man himself.

Descend the steps (that thou hast thus usurp'd Against the King and State,) down to the ground, And if thou do utter but a syllable

To cross the Kings intent, thou art but dead; There, lye upon the earth, and pine, and dye.

Did ever any man wade through such storms To save his life, as poor *Shattillion*?

Long. I fear this challenge hath spoil'd all.

Duc. Ne'er fear it, he'll work it out again, servant. See where *Shattillion's* Love, poor Lady, comes.

Enter Love.

Duke. *Jaques*.

(he's gone,

Jaq. Lie still, Sir, if you love your life, I'll whistle when

Love. Oh Gentlemen, I charge you by the Love Which you bear to women, take some pity On this distressed man, help to restore That precious Jewel to him he hath lost.

Bew. Lady, what ever power doth lie in us By Art, or Prayer, or danger, we are yours,

Lov. A strange conceit hath wrought this malady, Conceits again must bring him to himself, My strict denial to his Will wrought this: And if you could but draw his wilder thoughts To know me, he would sure recover sense.

Long. That charge I'll undertake.

Duke. Look *Jaques*, look, for Gods sake let me rise, This greatness is a jade, I cannot sit it.

Jaq. His sword is up, and yet he watcheth you.

Du. I'll down again, pray for thy Master, *Jaques*. (true,

Shat. Now the King may see all the suggestions are not He hath receiv'd against my loyalty; When all men else refuse, I fight his battels, And thrust my body into dangers mouth; I am become his Champion, and this sword Has taught his enemies to know themselves; Oh that he would no more be jealous of me!

Long. Monsieur *Shattillion*, the King assures you, That for this valiant loyal act of yours, He hath forgot all jealousies and fears, And never more will tempt you into danger.

Shat. But how shall I believe this, what new token Of reconciliation will he shew me? Let him release my poor Love from her torment, From her hard fare, and strict imprisonment.

Long. He hath done this to win your after-love, And see your Lady sent you from the King By these two Gentlemen: be thankful for her.

Shat. She lives, she lives, I know her by the power Shoots from her eyes.

Love. Rise dear *Shattillion*.

Shat. I know my duty, Next unto my King, I am to kneel to you.

Love. I'll have you rise, fetch me a chair, sit down *Shat*.

Shat. I am commanded, and faith tell me Mistress, What usage have you had? pray be plain?

Love. Oh my most lov'd *Shattillion*, pain enough, But now I am free, thanks to my God and King.

Long. His eyes grow very heavy, not a word,

That

That his weak senses may come sweetly home.
Shat. The King is honourable.
Duke. When do you whistle *Jaques*?
Jaq. By and by.
Long. Come hither Monsieur, canst thou laugh a little?
Serv. Yes Sir.
Long. So thou shalt then. *Bewford*, how dost thou?
Bew. Why well.
Long. I'm glad on't, and how does thy wife?
Bew. Why, you may see her, Sir, she stands behind you.
Long. By the mass she's there indeed, but where's her belly?
Bew. Belly?
Long. Her great belly, man; what hast thou sent thee?
Serv. A Boy, I'll lay my life, it tumbled so.
Bew. Catcht by this light.
Long. I'll be a Gossip *Bewford*.
Serv. And I.
Long. I have an odd Apostle spoon.
Bew. S'foot, catcht.
Duc. Why, what's the matter, Gentlemen?
Long. He's married to your woman.
Duc. And I not know it?
Serv. 'Twas a venial sin.
Bew. Gall, gall, gall.
Duc. Forgive her, Monsieur *Bewford*, 'twas her love.
Bew. You may rise if you please, I must endure it.
Long. See how my great Lord lies upon the ground
 And dare not stir yet?
Jaques whistles?
Duke. *Jaques*, *Jaques*, is the Kings Champion gon yet?
Jaq. No, but he's asleep.
Duke. Is he asleep art sure?
Jaq. I am sure he is, I hear him snore.
Duke. Then by your favours Gentlemen I rise,
 And know I am a Duke still.
Jaq. And I am his Champion.
Duc. Hold thee there, and all *France* cannot mend thee.
Duke I am a Prince as great within my thoughts
 As when the whole state did adorn my person;
 What trial can be made to try a Prince?
 I will appose this noble corps of mine
 To any danger that may end the doubt.
Duc. Great Duke, and Husband, there is but one way
 To satisfy the world of our true right,
 And it is dangerous.
Duke. What may it be?
 Were it to bring the great Turk bound in chains
 Through *France* in triumph: or to couple up
 The *Sophie*, and great *Prestor John* together,
 I would attempt it Duchefs, tell the course.
Duc. There is a strong opinion through the world,
 And no doubt, grounded on experience,
 That Lions will not touch a lawful Prince,
 If you be confident then of your right,
 Amongst the Lions bear your naked body,
 And if you come off clear, and never winch,
 The world will say you are a perfect Prince.

Duke. I thank you Duchefs, for your kind advice,
 But now we do not affect those ravenous beasts.
Long. A Lion is a beast to try a King;
 But for the trial of such a state like this
Pliny reports a mastive dog will serve.
Duke. We will not deal with dogs at all, but men.
Serv. You shall not need to deal with them at all,
 Hark you Sir, the King doth know you are a Duke:
Duke. No, does he?
Serv. Yes, and is content you shall be, but with this caution,
 That none know it but your self:
 For if ye do, he'll take it away by Act of Parliament.
Duke. Here's my hand, and whilst I live or breath,
 No living wight shall know I am a Duke.
Serv. Mark me directly, Sir, your wife may know it.
Duke. May not *Jaques*.
Serv. Yes, he may.
Duke. May not my Countrey Cosin?
Serv. By no means, Sir, if you love your life and state.
Duke. Well then, know all, I am no Duke.
Serv. No, I'll swear it.
Long. See, he wakes.
Shat. Where am I, or where have I been all this while?
 Sleep hath not fate so found upon mine eyes
 But I remember well that face;
 Oh thou too cruel, leave at length to scorn
 Him that but looking on thy beauty, dies,
 Either receive me, or put out my eyes.
Love. Dearest *Shattillion*, see upon my knees,
 I offer up my love, forget my wrongs.
Shat. Art thou mine own?
Love. By heaven I am.
Shat. Then all the world is mine.
Love. I have stranger things to tell thee, my dearest love.
Shat. Tell nothing, but that thou art mine own:
 I do not care to know where I have been,
 Or how I have liv'd, or any thing,
 But that thou art my own.
Bew. Well wife, though 'twere a trick that made us wed,
 We'll make our selves merry soon in bed.
Duke. Know all, I am no Duke.
Wife. What say 'e?
Duke. *Jaques*?
Jaq. Sir.
Duke. I am a Duke.
Both. Are ye?
Duke. Yes faith, yes faith,
 But it must only run among our selves,
 And *Jaques*, thou shalt be my Secretary still.
Wife. Kind Gentlemen, lead in *Shattillion*,
 For he must needs be weak and sickly yet.
 Now all my labours have a perfect end, as I could wish,
 Let all young sprightly wives that have
 Dull foolish coxcombs to their Husbands,
 Learn by me their duties, what to do,
 Which is, to make 'em fools, and please 'em too.

Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

The Monuments of virtue, and desert,
 Appear more goodly, when the gloss of Art
 Is eaten off by time, than when at first

They were set up, not censur'd at the worst.
 We've done our best, for your contents to fit,
 With new pains, this old monument of wit.

THE
CORONATION.
A Comedy.

The Persons represented in the Play.

*Philocles,
Lisander,
Cassander,
Lisimachus,
Antigonus,
Arcadius,
Macarius,
Seleucus,
Queen.
Charilla,*

*Polidora,
Nestorius.
Eubulus,
A Bishop,
Polianus,
Sophia,
Demetrius,
Gentlemen and Gentlewomen.
Servants and Attendants.*

P R O L O G U E.

*Since 'tis become the Title of our Play,
A woman once in a Corporation day
With pardon, speak the Prologue, give as free
A welcome to the Theatre, as he
That with a little Beard, a long black Cloak,
With a starch'd face, and supple leg hath spoke
Before the Plays the twelvemonth, let me then
Present a welcome to these Gentlemen,
If you be kind, and noble, you will not
Think the worse of me for my Petticote :
But to the Play, the Poet bad me tell
His fears first in the Title, lest in swell
Some thoughts with expectation of a strain,
That but once could be seen in a Kings Reign,
This Coronation, he hopes you may
See often, while the genius of his Play,
Doth prophesie, the Conduits may run Wine,
When the days triumph's ended, and divine
Brisk Nectar swell his Temple to a rage,
With something of more price 't invest the Stage.
There rests but to prepare you, that although
It be a Coronation, there doth flow*

*No undermirth, such as doth lard the Scene
For course delight the language here is clean.
And confident, our Poet bade me say,
He'll bate you but the folly of a Play.
For which, although dull souls his Pen despise,
Who thinks it yet too early to be wise.
The nobler will thank his Muse, at least
Excuse him, cause his thought aim'd at the best,
But we conclude not, it does rest in you.
To censure Poet, Play, and Prologue too?
But what have I omitted? is there not
A blush upon my cheeks that I forgot
The Ladies, and a Femal Prologue too?
Your pardon noble Gentlewomen, you
Were first within my thoughts, I know you sit
As free, and high Commissioners of wit,
Have clear, and active souls, nay, though the men
Were lost in your eyes, they'll be found agen,
You are the bright intelligences move,
And make a harmony this sphere of Love,
Be you propitious then, our Poet says,
Our wreath from you, is worth their grove of Bayes :*

Actus Primus.

Enter Philocles and Lisander.

Phi. Ake way for my Lord Protector.

Lisan. Your graces servants.

Enter Cassander, and Lisimachus.

Cas. I like your diligent waiting, where's
Lisimachus?

Lis. I wait upon you, Sir.

Scena Prima.

Cas. The Queen looks pleasant
This morning, does she not?

Lis. I ever found
Her gracious smiles on me.

Cas. She does consult
Her safety in't, for I must tell thee boy,
But in the assurance of her love to thee,
I should advance thy hopes another way,
And use the power I have in *Epire*, to

Settle our own, and uncontroled greatness;
But since she carries her self so fairly,
I am content to expect, and by her marriage
Secure thy fortune, that's all my ambition
Now, be still careful in thy applications
To her, I must attend other affairs,
Return, and use what Art thou canst to lay
More charms of love upon her.

Lis. I presume
She always speaks the language of her heart,
And I can be ambitious for no more
Happiness on earth, than she encourages
Me to expect.

Cas. It was an act becoming
The wisdom of her Father to engage
A tie between our Families, and she!
Hath play'd her best discretion to allow it;
But we lose time in conference, wait on her,
And be what thou wert born for, King of *Epire*,
I must away.

Lis. Success ever attend you.
Is not the Queen yet coming forth?

Lisa. Your servant,
You may command our duties,
This is the Court Star, *Philocles*.

Pbi. The Star that we must sail by.

Lisa. All must borrow
A light from him, the young Queen directs all
Her favours that way.

Pbi. He's a noble Gentleman,
And worthy of his expectations:
Too good to be the son of such a Father.

Lisa. Peace, remember he is Lord Protector.

Phil. We have more need of Heavens Protection
I th' mean time, I wonder the old King
Did in his life, design him for the office.

Lisa. He might expect his faith, I have heard when
The King, who was no *Epirote*, advanc'd
His claim, *Cassander*, our Protector now,
Young then, oppos'd him toughly with his faction,
But forc'd to yield, had fair conditions,
And was declar'd by the whole State, next heir;
If the King wanted issue, our hopes only
Thriv'd in this daughter.

Pbi. Whom but for her smiles
And hope of marriage with *Lisimachus*,
His Father, by some cunning, had remov'd
E'r this.

Lisa. Take heed, the Arras may have ears
I should not weep much if his grace would hence
Remove to Heaven.

Pbi. I prethee what should he do there?

Lisa. Some Offices will fall.

Pbi. And the Skie too, e'r I get one stair higher
While he's in place.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. *Lisander*, *Philocles*,
How looks the day upon us? where's the Queen?

Pbi. In her bed-chamber.

Ant. Who was with her?

Lisa. None but the young Lord *Lisimachus*.

Ant. 'Tis no treason

If a man wish himself a Courtier
Of such a possibility: he has
The mounting fate.

Pbi. I would his Father were
Mounted to th' gallows.

Ant. He has a path fair enough,
If he survive by title of his Father.

Lisa. The Queen will hasten his ascent.

Pbi. Would I were Queen,

Ant. Thou wou'dst become rarely the petticoat,

What wou'dst thou do?

Pbi. Why, I wou'd marry
My Gentleman usher, and trust all the strength
And burden of my State upon his legs,
Rather than be call'd wife by any son
Of such a Father.

Lisa. Come, let's leave this subject,
We may find more secure discourse; when saw
You young *Arcadius*, Lord *Macarius*'s Nephew?

Ant. There's a spark, a youth moulded for a Favourite,
The Queen might do him honor.

Pbi. Favourite, 'tis too cheap a name, there were a match
Now for her Virgin blood.

Lisa. Must every man
That has a handsome face or leg, feed such
Ambition: I confess I honor him,
He has a nimble soul, and gives great hope
To be no woman-hater, dances handsomly,
Can court a Lady powerfully, but more goes
To th' making of a Prince? he's here
And's Uncle.

Exit.

Enter Arcadius, Macarius, Seleucus.

Sel. Save you Gentlemen, who can direct me
To find my Lord Protector?

Lisa. He was here
Within this half hour, young *Lisimachus*
His Son is with the Queen.

Sel. There let him compliment,
I have other business, ha, *Arcadius*!

Exit.

Pbi. Observ'd you, with what eyes *Arcadius*
And he saluted, their two families
Will hardly reconcile.

Ant. *Seleucus* carries
Himself too roughly; with what pride and scorn
He pass by 'em?

Lisa. Th' other with less shew
Of anger, carries pride enough in's soul,
I wish 'em all at peace, *Macarius* looks
Are without civil war, a good old man,
The old King lov'd him well, *Seleucus* Father
Was as dear to him, and maintain'd the character
Of an honest Lord through *Epire*: that two men
So lov'd of others, should be so unwelcome
To one another.

Arc. The Queen was not wont to send for me.

Mac. The reason's to her self,
It will become your duty to attend her.

Arc. Save you Gentlemen, what novelty
Does the Court breathe to day?

Lisa. None Sir, the news
That took the last impression is, that you
Purpose to leave the Kingdom, and those men,
That honor you, take no delight to hear it.

Arc. I have ambition to see the difference
Of Courts, and this may spare; the delights
At home do surfeit, and the Mistriess, whom
We all do serve, is fixt upon one object,
Her beams are too much pointed, but no Countrey
Shall make me lose your memories.

Enter Queen, Lisimachus, Macarius, Charilla.

Qu. *Arcadius*.

Mac. Your Lordship honor'd me,
I have no blessing in his absence.

Lis. 'Tis done like a pious Uncle.

Qu. We must not
Give any licence.

Arc. If your Majesty
Would please.

Qu. We are not pleas'd, it had become your duty,
To have first acquainted us, e'r you declar'd

Your resolution publick, is our Court
Not worth your stay?

Ar. I humbly beg your pardon.

Qu. Where's *Lysimachus*?

Lis. Your humble servant, Madam.

Qu. We shall find

Employment at home for you, do not lose us.

Ar. Madam, I then write my self blest on earth
When I may do you service.

Qu. We would be private, *Macarius*.

Mic. Madam, you have blest me,
Nothing but your command could interpose to
Stay him.

Qu. *Lysimachus*,
You must not leave us.

Lis. Nothing but *Lysimachus*? has she not
Ta'en a philter?

Qu. Nay, pray be cover'd, Ceremony from you,
Must be excus'd.

Lis. It will become my duty.

Qu. Not your love?

I know you would not have me look upon
Your person as a Courtier, not as Favorite;
That Title were too narrow to express
How we esteem you.

Lis. The least of all

These names from you, Madam, is grace enough.

Qu. Yet here you wou'd not rest?

Lis. Not if you please:

To say there is a happiness beyond,
And teach my ambition how to make it mine,
Although the honors you already have
Let fall upon your servant, exceed all
My merit; I have a heart is studious
To reach it with desert, and make it possible
Your favor's mine by justice, with your pardon.

Qu. We are confident this needs no pardon, Sir,
But a reward to cherish your opinion,
And that you may keep warm your passion,
Know we resolve for marriage, and if
I had another gift, beside my self,
Greater, in that you should discern, how much
My heart is fixt.

Lis. Let me digest my blessing.

Qu. But I cannot resolve when this shall be,

Lis. How Madam? do not make me dream of Heaven,
And wake me into misery, if your purpose
Be, to immortalize your humble servant,
Your power on earth's divine, Princes are here
The copies of Eternity, and create,
When they but will our happiness.

Qu. I shall

Believe you mock me in this argument,
I have no power.

Lis. How, no power?

Qu. Not as a Queen.

Lis. I understand you not.

Qu. I must obey, your Father's my Protector.

Lis. How?

Qu. When I am absolute, *Lysimachus*,
Our power and Titles meet, before, we are but
A shadow, and to give you that were nothing.

Lis. Excellent Queen,
My love took no original from State,
Or the desire of other greatness,
Above what my birth may challenge modestly,
I love your virtues; mercenary souls
Are taken with advancement, you've an Empire
Within you, better than the worlds, to that
Looks my ambition.

Qu. T'other is not, Sir,
To be despis'd, Cosmography allows
Epire, a place i' th' Map, and know till I
Possess what I was born to, and alone

Do grasp the Kingdoms Scepter, I account
My self divided, he that marries me
Shall take an obsolete Queen to his warm bosom,
My temples yet are naked, until then
Our Loves can be but compliments, and wishes,
Yet very hearty ones.

Lis. I apprehend.

Qu. Your Father.

Enter Cassander and Seleucus.

Cas. Madam, a Gentleman has an humble suit,

Qu. 'Tis in your power to grant, you are Protector,
I am not yet a Queen.

Cas. How's this?

Lis. I shall expound her meaning.

Qu. Why kneel you, Sir?

Sel. Madam, to reconcile two families
That may unite, both Counsels and their blood
To serve your Crown.

Qu. *Macarius*, and *Eubulus*
That beare inveterate malice to each other.
It grew, as I have heard, upon the question
Which some of either family had made
Which of their Fathers was the best Commander:
If we believe our stories, they have both
Deserved well of our state, and yet this quarrel
Has cost too many lives, a severe faction.

Sel. But I'll propound a way to plant a quiet
And peace in both our houses, which are torn
With their dissentions, and lose the glory
Of their great names, my blood speaks my relation
To *Eubulus*, and I wish my veins were emptied
To appease their war.

Qu. Thou hast a noble soul,
This is a charity above thy youth,
And it flows bravely from thee, name the way.

Sel. In such a desperate cause, a little stream
Of blood might purge the foulness of their hearts
If you'll prevent a deluge.

Qu. Be particular.

Sel. Let but your Majesty consent that two
May with their personal valour, undertake
The honor of their family, and determine
Their difference.

Qu. This rather will inlarge
Their hate, and be a means to call more blood
Into the stream.

Sel. Not if both families
Agree, and swear——

Qu. And who shall be the Champions?

Sel. I beg the honor, for *Eubulus* cause
To be engag'd, if any for *Macarius*,
Worthy to wager heart with mine, accept it,
I am confident, *Arcadius*,
For honor would direct me to his sword,
Will not deny, to stake against my life
His own, if you vouchsafe us priviledge.

Qu. You are the expectation, and top boughs
Of both your houses, it would seem injustice,
To allow a civil war to cut you off,
And your selves the instruments, besides
You appear a soldier; *Arcadius*
Hath no acquaintance yet with rugged war,
More fit to drill a Lady, than expose
His body to such dangers: a small wound
I' th' head, may spoil the method of his hair,
Whose curiosity exacts more time,
Than his devotion, and who knows but he
May lose his ribond by it in his lock,
Dear as his Saint, with whom he would exchange
His head, for her gay colours; then his band
May he disorder'd, and transform'd from Lace

To Cutwork, his rich cloaths be discomplexion'd
With bloud, beside the infashionable slashes:
And at the next Festival take Physick,
Or put on black, and mourn for his slain breeches:
His hands cas'd up in gloves all night, and sweet
Pomatum: the next day may be endanger'd
To blisters with a sword, how can he stand
Upon his guard, who hath Fiddlers in his head,
To which, his feet must ever be a dancing?
Beside a falsify may spoil his cringe,
Or making of a leg, in which consists
Much of his Court-perfection.

Sel. Is this Character
Bestow'd on him?

Qu. It something may concern the Gentleman,
Whom if you please to challenge
To Dance, play on the Lute, or Sing.

Sel. Some Ketch?

Qu. He shall not want those will maintain him
For any sum.

Sel. You are my Sovereign,
I dare not think, yet I must speak somewhat,
I shall burst else, I have no skill in Jiggs,
Nor Tumbling.

Qu. How Sir?

Sel. Nor was I born a Minstrel, and in this you have
So infinitely disgrac'd *Arcadius*.

But that I have heard another Character,
And with your royal Licence do believe it,
I should not think him worth my killing,

Qu. Your killing?

Sel. Does she not jeer me;
I shall talk treason presently, I find it
At my tongues end already, this is an
Affront, I'll leave her.

Qu. Come back, do you know *Arcadius*?

Sel. I ha' chang'd but little breath with him; our persons
Admit no familiarity; we were
Born to live both at distance, yet I ha' seen him
Fight, and fight bravely.

Qu. When the spirit of Wine
Made his brain valiant, he fought bravely.

Sel. Although he be my enemy, should any
Of the gay flies that buzze about the Court,
Sit to catch trouts i'th' summer, tell me so,
I durst in any presence but your own.

Qu. What?

Sel. Tell him he were not honest.

Qu. I see *Seleucus*; thou art resolute,
And I but wrong'd *Arcadius*, your first
Request is granted, you shall fight, and he
That conquers be rewarded, to confirm
First place and honor to his Family:
Is it not this you plead for?

Sel. You are gracious.

Qu. *Lisimachus*.

Lis. Madam.

Cas. She has granted then

Sel. With much ado.

Cas. I wish thy sword may open
His wanton veins, *Macarius* is too popular,
And has taught him to insinuate.

Qu. It shall

But haste the confirmation of our loves,
And ripen the delights of marriage, *Seleucus*. *Exit cum Sel.*

Lis. As I guest,
It cannot be too soon.

Cas. To morrow then we crown her, and invest
My Son with Majesty, 'tis to my wishes,
Beget a race of Princes, my *Lisimachus*.

Lis. First, let us marry, Sir.

Cas. Thy brow was made
To wear a golden circle, I'm transported,
Thou shalt rule her, and I will govern thee;

Lis. Although you be my Father, that will not
Concern my obedience, as I take it.

Enter Philocles, Lisander, and Antigonus:

Gentlemen,
Prepare your selves for a solemnity
Will turn the Kingdom into triumph, *Epire*
Look fresh to morrow, 'twill become your duties
In all your glory, to attend the Queen
At her Coronation, she is pleas'd to make
The next day happy in our Calendar,
My office doth expire, and my old blood
Renews with thought on't.

Pbi. How's this?

Ant. Crown'd to morrow.

Lisa. And he so joyful to resign his Regency,
There's some trick in't, I do not like these hasty
Proceedings, and whirls of state, they have common
As strange and violent effects; well, heaven save the Queen.

Pbi. Heaven save the Queen, say I, and send her a sprightly
Bed-fellow, for the Protector, let him pray for
Himself, he is like to have no benefit of my devotion.

Cas. But this doth quicken my old heart, *Lisimachus*;
There is not any step into her throne,
But is the same degree of thy own state;
Come Gentlemen.

Lisa. We attend your grace.

Cas. *Lisimachus*.

Lis. What heretofore could happen to mankind
Was with much pain to climb to heaven, but in
Sophias marriage of all Queens the best,
Heaven will come down to earth, to make me blest. *Exe.*

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Arcadius and Polydora.

Pol. I Ndeed you shall not go.

Arc. Whither?

Pol. To travel;

I know you see me, but to take your leave,
But I must never yield to such an absence.

Arc. I prethee leave thy fears, I am commanded
To th' contrary, I wonot leave thee now.

Pol. Commanded? by whom?

Arc. The Queen.

Pol. I am very glad, for trust me, I could think
Of thy departure with no comfort, thou
Art all the joy I have. half of my soul,
But I must thank the Queen now for thy company,
I prethee, what could make thee so desirous
To be abroad?

Arc. Only to get an appetite
To thee *Polidora*.

Pol. Then you must provoke it.

Arc. Nay, prethee do not so mistake thy servant.

Pol. Perhaps you surfeit with my Love.

Arc. Thy love?

Pol. Although I have no beauty to compare
With the best faces, I have a heart above
All competition.

Arc. Thou art jealous now,
Come let me take the kiss I gave thee last;
I am so confident of thee, no Lip
Has ravish't it from thine; I prethee come
To Court.

Pol. For what?

Arc. There is the throne for beauty.

Pol. 'Tis safer dwelling here.

Arc. There's none will hurt,
Or dare but think an ill to *Polydora*,
The greatest will be proud to honor thee.
Thy luster wants the admiration here:
There thou wot shine indeed, and strike a reverence
Into the gazer.

Pol. You can flatter too.

Arc. No praise of thee can be thought so, thy virtue
Will deserve all, I must confess, we Courtiers
Do oftentimes commend to shew our Art,
There is necessity sometimes to say,
This Madam breaths *Arabian* Gumms,
Amber and Cassia; though while we are praising,
We wish we had no nostrils to take in
Th' offensive steam of her corrupted Lungs.
Nay, some will swear they love their Mistresses,
Would hazard lives and fortunes, to preserve
One of her hairs brighter than *Berinices*;
Or young *Apollo's*, and yet after this,
A favour from another toy would tempt him
To laugh, while the officious hangman whips
Her head off.

Pol. Fine men.

Arc. I am none of these,
Nay, there are women *Polidora*, too
That can do pretty well at flatteries;
Make men believe they dote, will languish for 'em,
Can kiss a Jewel out of one, and dally
A carcanet of Diamonds from another,
Weep into th' bosom, of a third, and make
Him drop as many Pearls; they count it nothing
To talk a reasonable heir within ten days
Out of his whole Estate, and make him mad
He has no more wealth to consume.

Pol. You'll teach me
To think I may be flattered in your promises,
Since you live where this Art is most profest.

Arc. I dare not be so wicked *Polidora*,
The Infant errors of the Court I may
Be guilty of, but never to abuse
So rare a goodness, nor indeed did ever
Converse with any of those shames of Court,
To practise for base ends; be confident
My heart is full of thine, and I so deeply
Carry the figure of my *Polydora*,
It is not in the power of time or distance
To cancel it, by all that's blest I love thee:
Love thee above all women, dare invoke
A curse when I forsake thee.

Pol. Let it be some
Gentle one.

Arc. Teach me an oath I prethee,
One strong enough to bind, if thou dost find
Any suspicion of my faith, or else
Direct me in some horrid imprecation:
When I forsake thee for the love of other
Women, may heaven reward my apostacy
To blast my greatest happiness on earth,
And make all joys abortive.

Pol. Revoke these hasty syllables, they carry
Too great a penalty for breach of Love
To me, I am not worth thy suffering,
You do not know, what beauty may invite
Your change, what happiness may tempt your eye
And heart together.

Arc. Should all the graces of your sex conspire
In one, and she should court, with a Dowry,
Able to buy a Kingdom, when I give
My heart from *Polidora*.

Pol. I suspect not,
And to requite thy constancy, I swear.

Arc. 'Twere sin to let thee waste thy breath
I have assurance of thy noble thoughts.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, your Uncle hath been every where
I' th' Court inquiring for you, his looks speak
Some earnest cause.

Arc. I am more acquainted with
Thy virtue, than to imagine thou wilt not
Excuse me now, one kiss dismisses him
Whose heart shall wait on *Polidora*, prethee
Let me not wish for thy return too often,
My Father.

Enter Nestorius, and a servant.

Nes. I met *Arcadius* in strange haste, he told me
He had been with thee.

Pol. Some affair too soon
Ravish'd him hence, his Uncle sent for him
You came now from Court: how looks the Queen
This golden morning?

Nes. Like a Bride, her soul
Is all on mirth, her eyes have quick'ning fires,
Able to strike a spring into the earth,
In winter.

Pol. Then *Lisimachus* can have
No frost in's blood, that lives so near her beams.

Nes. His politick Father the Protector smiles too,
Resolve to see the ceremony of the Queen
'Twill be a day of state.

Pol. I am not well.

Nes. How! not well? retire then, I must return
My attendance is expected, *Polidora*,
Be careful of thy health.

Pol. It will concern me.

Exit.

Enter Arcadius, and Macarius.

Arc. You amaze me, Sir.

Mac. Dear Nephew, if thou respect thy safety
My honor, or my age, remove thy self,
Thy life's in danger.

Arc. Mine? who's my enemy?

Mac. Take horse, and instantly forsake the City,
Or else within some unsuspected dwelling,
Obscure thy self, stay not to know the reason.

Arc. Sir, I beseech your pardon, which i' th' number
Of my offences unto any, should
Provoke this dishonourable flight?

Mac. I would, when I petition'd for thy stay,
I had pleaded for thy banishment, thou knowst not
What threatens thee.

Arc. I would desire to know it,
I am in no conspiracy of treason,
Have ravish'd no mans Mistress, not so much
As given the lye to any, what should mean
Your strange and violent fears, I will not stir
Until you make me sensible I have lost
My innocence.

Mac. I must not live to see
Thy body full of wounds, it were less sin
To rip thy Fathers Marble, and fetch from
The reverend vault, his ashes, and disperse them
By some rude winds, where none should ever find
The sacred dust: it was his Legacy,
The breath he mingled with his prayers to Heaven
I would preserve *Arcadius*, whose fate
He prophesied in death, would need protection,
Thou wot disturb his ghost, and call it to
Affright my dreams, if thou refuse to obey me.

Arc. You more inflame me, to enquire the cause
Of your distraction, and you'll arm me better

Than

Than any coward flight by acquainting me
Whose malice aims to kill me, good Sir tell me,

Mac. Then prayers and tears assist me.

Arc. Sir.

Mac. *Arcadius*,

Thou art a rash young man, witness the spirit
Of him that trusted me so much, I bleed,
Till I prevent this mischief.

Enter Philocles, Lisander.

Arc. Ha. keep off.

Phi. What mean you, Sir?

Lif. We are your friends.

Arc. I know your faces, but
Am not secure, I would not be betray'd.

Lif. You wrong our hearts, who truly honor you.

Arc. They say I must be kill'd.

Phi. By whom?

Arc. I know not, nor wou'd I part with life so tamely.

Phi. We dare engage ours in your quarrel, hide
Your sword, it may beget suspicion,
It's enough to question you.

Arc. I am confident;

Pray pardon me, come, I despise all danger:
Yet a dear friend of mine, my Uncle told me
He would not see my body full of wounds.

Lif. Your Uncle, this is strange.

Arc. Yes, my honest Uncle,
If my unlucky Stars have pointed me
So dire a fate.

Phi. There is some strange mistake in't.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. *Arcadius*, the Queen would speak with you,
You must make haste.

Arc. Though to my death. I flie
Upon her summons I give up my breath
Then willingly, if she command it from me:

Phi. This does a little trouble me.

Lif. I know not

What to imagine, something is the ground
Of this perplexity, but I hope there is not
Any such danger as he apprehends.

*Enter Queen, Lisimachus, Macarius, Eubulus, Seleucus
Arcadius, Ladies, Attendants and Gent.*

Qu. We have already granted to *Seleucus*
And they shall try their valour, if *Arcadius*
Have spirit in him to accept the challenge,
Our Royal word is past.

Phi. This is strange.

Eub. Madam, my son knew not what he ask'd,
And you were cruel to consent so soon.

Mac. Wherein have I offended, to be rob'd
At once, of all the wealth I have, *Arcadius*
Is part of me.

Eub. *Seleucus*'s life and mine
Are twisted on one thred, both stand or fall
Together, hath the service for my Country
Deserved but this reward, to be sent weeping
To my eternal home? Was't not enough
When I was young, to lose my blood in wars,
But the poor remnant that is scarcely warm
And faintly creeping through my wither'd veins
Must be let out to make you sport.

Mac. How can

We, that shall this morn see the sacred oyl,
Fall on your Virgin tressés, hope for any
Protection hereafter, when this day
You sacrifice the blood of them that pray for you.

Arcadius, I prethee speak thy self,

It is for thee I plead.

Eub. *Seleucus*. kneel

And say thou hast repented thy rash suit;
If e'er I see thee fight, I be thus wounded,
How will the least drop forc'd from thy veins,
Afflict my heart.

Mac. Why, that's good;

Exit. *Arcadius*, speak to her; hear him Madam.

Arc. If you call back this honor you have done me
I shall repent I live, doe not perswade me:

Seleucus, thou art a noble enemy,
And I will love thy soul, though I despair
Our bodies friendly conversation:

I would we were to tugg upon some cliffe,
Or like two prodigies i'th' air, our conflict
Might generally be gaz'd at, and our blood
Appease our grandsires ashes.

Mac. I am undone.

Sel. Madam, my father says I have offended,
If so, I beg your pardon, but beseech you
For your own glory, call not back your word.

Eub. They are both mad.

Qu. No more, we have resolv'd,
And since their courage is so nobly flam'd,
This morning we'll behold the Champions
Within the List, be not afraid, their strife
Will stretch so far as death, so soon as we
Are Crown'd, prepare your selves, *Seleucus*. *Kisses her hand.*

Sel. I have receiv'd another life in this high favour,
And may lose what nature gave me.

Qu. *Arcadius*, to encourage thy young valour,
We give thee our Fathers sword.

Command it from our Armory; *Lisimachus*,
To our Coronation.

Exeunt.

Sel. I'll forfeit

My head for a rebellion, than suffer it.

Exit.

Arc. I am circled with confusions, I'll do somewhat
My brains and friends assist me.

Exit.

Phi. But do you think they'll fight indeed?

Lif. Perhaps

Her Majesty will see a bout or two.
And yet 'tis wondrous strange, such spectacles
Are rare i'th' Court, and they were to skirmish naked
Before her, then there might be some excuse.
There is gimcracks in't, the Queen is wise
Above her years.

Phi. *Macarius* is perplex'd.

Enter Eubulus.

Lif. I cannot blame him, but my Lord *Eubulus*
Returns, they are both troubled, 'las good men,
But our duties are expected, we forget. *Ex. Phil. Lif.*

Eub. I must resolve, and yet things are not ripe,
My brains upon the torture.

Mac. This may quit

The hazard of his person, whose least drop
Of blood, is worth more than our families.
My Lord *Eubulus*, I have thought a way
To stay the young mens desperate proceedings,
It is our cause they fight, let us beseech
The Queen, to grant us two the priviledge
Of Duel, rather than expose their lives
To eithers fury; it were pity they
Should run upon so black a destiny,
We are both old, and may be spar'd, a pair
Of fruitless trees, mossie, and wither'd trunks,
That fill up too much room.

Eub. Most willingly,

And I will praise her charity to allow it;
I have not yet forget to use a sword,
Let's lose no time, by this act, she will licence
Our souls to leave our bodies but a day,
Perhaps an hour the sooner; they may live

To do her better service, and be friends
When we are dead, and yet I have no hope
This will be granted, curse upon our faction.

Mac. If she deny us——

Eub. What?

Mac. I wou'd do somewhat——

Eub. There's something o' th' suddain struck upon
My imagination that may secure us.

Mac. Name it, if no dishonor wait upon't
To preserve them, I'll accept any danger,

Eub. There is no other way, and yet my heart
Would be excus'd, but 'tis to save his life.

Mac. Speak it *Eubulus*.

Eub. In your ear I shall,
It sha'not make a noise if you refuse it.

Mac. Hum? though it stir my blood, I'll meet *Arcadius*,
If this preserve thee not, I must unseal
Another mystery. *Exit.*

*Enter Queen, Lisimachus, Cassander, Charilla,
Lisander, Philocles, Antigonus.*

Qu. We owe to all your loves, and will deserve
At least by our endeavours, that none may
This day repent their prayers, my Lord Protector.

Cas. Madam, I have no
Such Title now, and am blest to lose
That name so happily: I was but trusted
With a glorious burden.

Qu. You have prov'd
Your self our faithful Counsellor, and must still
Protect our growing state: a Kingdoms Scepter
Weighs down a womans arm, this Crown sits heavy
Upon my brow already, and we know
There's something more than mettall in this wreath,
Of shining glory, but your faith, and counsel,
That are familiar with mysteries,
And depths of state, have power to make us fit
For such a bearing, in which both you shall
Doe loyal service, and reward your Duties.

Cas. Heaven preserve your Highness.

Qu. But yet my Lords and Gentlemen, let none
Mistake me, that because I urge your wisdoms,
I shall grow careless, and impose on you
The managing of this great Province, no,
We will be active too, and as we are
In dignity above your persons, so,
The greatest portion of the difficulties
We call to us, you in your several places
Relieving us with your experience,
Observing in your best directions
All modesty, and distance; for although
We are but young, no action shall forfeit
Our royal priviledge, or encourage any
Too unreverent boldness; as it will become
Our honor to consult, e'r we determine
Of the most necessary things of state,
So we are sensible of a check,
But in a brow, that saucily controuls
Our action, presuming on our years
As few, or frailty of our sex; that head
Is not secure, that dares our power or justice.

Phi. She has a brave spirit, look how the Protector
Grows pale already.

Qu. But I speak to you
Are perfect in obedience, and may spare
This Theme, yet 'twas no immaterial
Part of our character, since I desire
All should take notice, I have studied
The knowledge of my self, by which I shall
Better distinguish of your worth and persons
In your relations to us.

Lis. This language
Is but a threatening to some body.

Qu. But we miss some, that use not to absent
Their duties from us, where's *Macarius*?

Cas. Retir'd to grieve, your Majesty hath given
Consent, *Arcadius* should enter the List
To day with young *Seleucus*.

Qu. We purpose.

Enter Gentleman.

They shall proceed, what's he? (tice

Phil. A Gentleman belonging to *Seleucus*, that gives no-
He is prepar'd, and waits your royal pleasure.

Qu. He was compos'd for action, give notice
To *Arcadius*, and admit the challenger:
Let other Princes boast their gaudy tilting,
And mockery of battles, but our triumph
Is celebrated with true noble valour.

*Enter Seleucus, Arcadius, at several doors, their Pages
before them, bearing their Targets.*

Two young men spirited enough to have
Two kingdoms staked upon their swords, *Lisimachus*
Do not they excellently become their arms?

'Twere pity but they should do something more
Then wave their plumes. *A shout within.*

What noise is that?

Enter Macarius, and Eubulus.

Mac. The peoples joy to know us reconcil'd,
Is added to the jubile of the day,
We have no more a faction but one heart,
Peace flow in every bosom.

Eub. Throw away
These instruments of death, and like two friends
Embrace by our example.

Qu. This unfein'd?

Mac. By our duties to your self, dear Madam
Command them not advance, our houses from
This minute are incorporated; happy day
Our eyes at which before revenge look'd forth,
May clear suspicion, oh my *Arcadius*!

Eub. We have found a nearer way to friendship, Madam,
Than by exposing them to fight for us.

Qu. If this be faithful, our desires are blest.

We had no thought to waste, but reconcile
Your blood this way, and we did prophesie
This happy chance, spring into eithers bosom,
Arcadius and *Seleucus*, what can now
Be added to this days felicity?

Yes, there is something, is there not my Lord?
While we are Virgin Queen.

Cas. Ha, that string
Doth promise Musick.

Qu. I am yet my Lords
Your single joy, and when I look upon,
What I have took, to manage the great care
Of this most flourishing kingdom, I incline
To think I shall do justice to my self,
If I choose one, whose strength and virtue may
Assist my undertaking, think you Lords,
A Husband would not help?

Lis. No question, Madam,
And he that purpose to make you so blest
Must needs be worthy of our humblest duty,
It is the general vote.

Qu. We will not then
Trouble Ambassadors to treat with any
Princes abroad, within our own dominion,
Fruitful in honor, we shall make our choice;
And that we may not keep you over long
In the imagination, from this circle, we

Have purpose to elect one, whom I shall
Salute a King and Husband.

Lisa. Now my Lord *Lisimachus*.

Que. Nor shall we in this action be accus'd
Of rashness, since the man we shall declare
Deserving our affection, hath been early
In our opinion, which had reason first
To guide it, and his known nobility
Long marry'd to our thoughts, will justify
Our fair election.

Phi. *Lisimachus* blushes.

Cas. Direct our duties, Madam, to pray for him.

Que. *Arcadius*, you see from whence we come,
Pray lead us back, you may ascend.

She comes from the State.

Cas. How's this? o're-reach'd?

Arc. Madam, be charitable to your humblest creature,
Doe not reward the heart, that falls in duty
Beneath your feet, with making me the burden
Of the Court-mirth, a mockery for Pages,
'Twere Treason in me but to think you meane thus.

Que. *Arcadius*, you must refuse my love,
Or I shame this Kingdom.

Phi. Is the wind in that corner?

Cas. I shall run mad *Lisimachus*.

Lisi. Sir, contain your self.

Sel. Is this to be believ'd?

Mac. What dream is this?

Phi. He kisses her, now by this day I am glad on't.

Lisa. Mark the Protector.

Ant. Let him fret his heart-strings.

Que. Is the day cloudy on the sudden?

Arc. Gentlemen,

It was not my ambition, I durst never
Aspire so high in thought, but since her Majesty
Hath pleas'd to call me to this honor, I
Will study to be worthy of her grace,
By whom I live.

Que. The Church to morrow shall
Confirm our marriage, noble *Lisimachus*;
We'll find out other ways to recompence
Your love to us, set forward, come *Arcadius*.

Mac. It must be so, and yet let me consider,

Cas. He insults already, policy assist me.
To break his neck.

Lisi. Who would trust Woman?
Lost in a pair of minutes, lost, how bright
A morning rose, but now, 'tis night?

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter Polidora, and a Servant.

Pol. **O**H where shall Virgins look for faith hereafter?
If he prove false, after so many vows?
And yet if I consider, he was tempted
Above the strength of a young Lover, two
Such glorious courting his acceptance, were
Able to make disloyalty no sin,
At least not seem a fault, a Lady first,
Whose very looks would thaw a man more frozen
Than the *Alps*, quicken a soul more dead than *Winter*,
Add to her beauty and perfection,
That she's a Queen, and brings with her a Kingdom
Able to make a great mind forfeit Heaven.
What could the frailty of *Arcadius*
Suggest, to unspirit him so much, as not

To fly to her embraces, you were present
When she declar'd her self.

Ser. Yes Madam.

Pol. Tell me,

Did not he make a pause, when the fair Queen
A full temptation stood him?

Ser. Very little

My judgment could distinguish, she did no sooner
Propound, but he accepted.

Pol. That was ill,

He might with honor stand one or two minutes,
Me thinks it should have startled him a little,
To have rememberd me, I have deserv'd
At least a cold thought, well, pray give it him.

Ser. I shall.

Pol. When?

Ser. Instantly.

Pol. Not so,

But take a time when his joy swels him most,
When his delights are high and ravishing,
When you perceive his Soul dance in his eyes,
When she that must be his hath dress'd her beauty,
With all her pride, and sends a thousand *Cupids*
To call him to the tasting of her lip;
Then give him this, and tell him, while I live,
I'll pray for him.

Ser. I shall.

Exeunt.

Enter Cassander, and Lisimachus.

Cas. There is no way but death.

Lisi. That's black, and horrid,
Consider, Sir, it was her sin, not his;
I cannot accuse him, what man could carry
A heart so frozen, not to melt at such
A glorious flame? Who could not fly to such
A happiness?

Cas. Have you ambition
To be a tame fool? see so vast an injury
And not revenge it? make me not suspect
Thy Mother for this sufferance, my Son.

Lisi. Pray hear me, Sir.

Cas. Hear a patient gull;
A property, thou hast no blood of mine,
If this affront provoke thee not, how canst
Be charitable to thy self, and let him live
To glory in thy shame? Nor is he innocent;
He had before crept slyly into her bosome,
And practis'd thy dishonor.

Lisi. You begin to stir me, Sir.

Cas. How else could she be guilty
Of such contempt of thee? and in the eye
Of all the Kingdom, they conspir'd this stain,
When they had cunning meetings, shall thy love
And blooming hopes be scatter'd thus, and *Lisimachus*
Stand idle gazer?

Lisi. What, Sir, will his death
Advantage us, if she be false to me?
So irreligious, and to touch her person—
Pause, we may be observed.

Enter Philocles, and Lisander.

Lisa. 'Tis the Protector
And his son.

Phi. Alas, poor Gentleman, I pity
His neglect, but am not sorry for his Father.

Phi. 'Tis a strange turne.

Lisa. The whirligigs of Women.

Phi. Your Graces servant.

Cas. I am yours Gentlemen,
And should be happy to deserve your loves.

Phi. Now he can flatter.

Lisa. In't Sir, to enlarge your sufferings, I have

A heart doth wish
The Queen had known better to reward
Your love and merit.

Lisa. If you would exprefs
Your love to me, pray do not mention it,
I must obey my fate.

Ibi. She will be married
To t'other Gentleman for certain then?

Caf. I hope you'll wish 'em joy.

Phi. Indeed I will, Sir.

Lisa. Your Graces servant.

Caf. We are grown
Ridiculous, the pastime of the Court:
Here comes another.

Enter Seleucus.

Sel. Where's your Son, my Lord?

Caf. Like a neglected servant of his Mistress.

Sel. I would ask him a question.

Caf. What?

Sel. Whether the Queen,
As 'tis reported, lov'd him, he can tell
Whether she promis'd what they talke of, marriage,

Caf. I can resolve you that, Sir.

Sel. She did promise?

Caf. Yes.

Sel. Then shee's a Woman, and your Son;

Caf. What?

Sel. Not worthy his blood, and expectation,
If I be calme.

Caf. There's no opposing destiny.

Sel. I would cut the Throat.

Caf. Whose throat?

Sel. The destinies, that's all, your pardon, Sir,
I am Seleucus still, a poor shadow

Orh' World, a walking picture, it concerns
Not me, I am forgotten by my stars.

Caf. The Queen, with more discretion, might ha chosen
Th e.

Sel. Whom?

Caf. Thee, Seleucus.

Sel. Me? I cannot dance, and frisk with due activity,
My body is lead, I have too much phlegme, what should
I do with a Kingdome? no, *Arcadius*
Becomes the cushion, and can please, yet setting
Aside the trick that Ladies of Blood look at,
Another Man might make a shift to weare
Rich Clothes, sit in the chair of state, and nod,
Dare venture on discourse, that does not trench
On compliment, and think the study of Armes
And Arts, more commendable in a Gentleman,
Than any Galliard.

Caf. *Arcadius*,
And you, were reconcil'd.

Sel. We? yes, oh yes,
But 'tis not manners now to say we are friends,
At our equality there had been reason,
But now, subjection is the word.

Caf. They are not
Yet married.

Sel. I'll make no Oath upon't,
My Lord *Lisimachus*,
A word, you'll not be angry if I love you,
May not a Batchellor be made a Cuckold?

Lisa. How, Sir?

Caf. *Lisimachus*, this Gentleman
Is worth our embrace, hee's spirited,
And may be useful.

Sel. Hark you, can you tell
Where's the best Dancing-master? and you mean
To rise at Court, practise to caper, farewell
The noble science, that makes work for cutlers,
It will be out of fashion to weare swords,

Masques, and devices welcome, I salute you,
Is it not pittie any division
Should be heard out of Musick? Oh 'twill be
An excellent age of crotchets; and of Canters.
Buy Captains, that like fools will spend your blood
Out of your Country, you will be of less
Use than your feathers, if you return unman'd
You shall be beaten soon to a new march,
When you shall think it a discretion
To sell your glorious buffes to buy fine pumps,
And pantables, this is I hope no treason.

Exit.

Enter Arcadius leading the Queen, Charia, Eubulus,
Lisander, Philocles, Polidora, servant.

Caf. Wot stay *Lisimachus*?

Lisa. Yes, Sir,

And shew a patience above her injury.

Arc. This honor is too much, Madam, assume
Your place, and let *Arcadius* waite still:
'Tis happines enough to be your servant.

Caf. Now he dissembles.

Que. Sir, you must sit.

Arc. I am obedient.

Que. This is not Musick
Sprightly enough, it feeds the soul with melancholy.
How sayes *Arcadius*?

Arc. Give me leave to think

There is no harmony but in your voice,
And not an accent of your heavenly tongue,
But strikes me into rapture, I incline
To think, the tale of *Orpheus* no fable,
'Tis possible he might inchant the Rocks,
And charme the Forrest, soften hell, hell it self,
With his commanding Lute, it is no miracle
To what you work, whose very breath conveyes
The hearer into Heaven, how at your lips,
Day-winds gather Perfumes, proudly glide away,
To disperse sweetnes round about the world.

Sel. Fine stuff.

Que. You cannot flatter.

Arc. Not, if I should say,
Nature had plac'd you here the creatures wonder,
And her own spring, from which all excellence
On Earth's deriv'd, and copyed forth, and when
The character of fair, and good in others
Is quite worne out, and lost, looking on you
It is supply'd, and you alone made mortal
To feed, and keep alive all beauty.

Sel. Ha, ha, Can you indure it Gentlemen?

Lisa. What do you meane?

Sel. Nay, ask him what he meanes, mine is a down
Right laugh.

Que. Well, Sir, proceed.

Arc. At such bright eyes the stars do light themselves,
At such a forehead Swans renew their white,
From such a lip the morning gathers blushes.

Sel. The morning is more modest than thy praises,
VVhat a thing does he make her?

Arc. And when you flie to Heaven and leave this world
No longer maintenance of goodness from you:
Then Poetry shall lose all use with us,
And be no more, since nothing in your absence
Is left, that can be worthy of a Verse.

Sel. Ha, ha.

Que. VVhose that?

Sel. 'Twas I, Madam.

Arc. Seleucus?

Caf. Ha?

Sel. Yes, Sir, 'twas I that laugh'd.

Arc. At what?

Sel. At nothing.

Lisa. Contain your self, *Seleucus*.

Eub. Are you mad?

Que. Have

Que. Have you ambition to be punish'd, Sir?

Sel. I need not, 'twas punishment

Enough to hear him make an Idol of you, he left
Out the commendation of your patience, I was a little
Mov'd in my nature, to hear his Rodomontados, and
Make a monster of his Mistress, which I pittie'd first,
But seeing him proceed, I guess he brought you
Mirth with his inventions, and so made bold to laugh at it.

Que. You are sawcy,
We'll place you where you sha'not be so merry,
Take him away.

Lisa. Submit your self.

Arc. Let me plead for his pardon.

Sel. I wo'd not owe my life so poorly, beg thy own,
When you are King you cannot bribe your destiny.

Eub. Good Madam hear me, I fear he is distracted,
Brave boy, thou should'st be Master of a soul
Like his: thy honors more concern'd.

Sel. 'Tis charity,
Away wo' mee, 'boy Madam?

Cas. He has a daring spirit. *Ex Sel. Eub. Cas.*

Arc. These, and a thousand more affronts I must
Expect: your favors draw them all upon me;
In my first state I had no enemies,
I was secure, while I did grow beneath
This expectation, humble valleys thrive with
Their bowmes full of flowers, when the Hills melt
With lightning, and rough anger of the clouds,
Let me retire.

Que. And can *Arcadius*
At such a breath be mov'd, I had opinion
Your courage durst have stood a tempest for
Our love, can you for this incline to leave
What other Princes should in vain have sued for?
How many Lovers are in *pire* now
Would throw themselves on danger, not expect
One enemy, but empty their own veins,
And think the loss of all their blood rewarded,
To have one smile of us when they are dying?
And shall this murmur shake you?

Arc. Not dear Madam,
My life is such a poor despised thing,
In value your least graces, that
To lose it were to make my self a victory,
It is not for my self, I fear: the envy
Of others cannot fasten wound in me
Greater, than that your goodness should be check'd
So daringly.

Que. Let not those thoughts afflict thee,
While we have power to correct the offences,
Arcadius be mine, this shall confirm it.

Arc. I shall forget,
And lose my way to heaven, that touch had been
Enough to have restor'd me, and infus'd
A spirit of a more celestial nature,
After the tedious absence of my soul,
Oh bless me not too much, one smile a day
Would stretch my life to mortality;
Poets that wrap divinity in tales,
Look here, and give your coppies forth of angels,
What blessing can remain?

Que. Our Marriage.
Arc. Place then some horrors in the way
For me, not you, to pass, the journeys end
Holds out such glories to me, I should think
Hell but a poor degree of suffering for it,
What's that, some petition? a Letter to me.

You had a Polidora, ha, that's all.

Ith' minute when my vessels new launch'd forth,
With all my pride, and silken wings about me
I strike upon a Rock: What power can save me?
You had a *Polidora*; there's a name
Kill'd with grief, I can so soon forget her.

Ser. She did impose on me this service, Sir,

And while she lives she sayes, shee'll pray for you.

Arc. She lives,
That's well, and yet 'twere better, for my fame,
And honor, she were dead; What fate hath plac'd me
Upon this fearful precipice?

Ser. He's troubled.

Arc. I must resolve, my faith is violated
Already, yet poor loving *Polidora*
Will pray for me, she sayes, to think she can
Render me hated to my self, and every
Thought's a tormentor, let me then be just.

Que. *Arcadius.*

Arc. That voice prevailes agen, oh *Polidora*,
Thou must forgive *Arcadius*, I dare not
Turn rebel to a Princess, I shall love
Thy vertue, but a Kingdom has a charme
To excuse our faulty, dearest Madam.

Que. Now set forward.

Arc. To perfect all our joyes.

Enter Macarius, and a Bishop, Casander.

Mac. I'll fright their glories.

Cas. By what means?

Mac. Observe.

Arc. Our good Unckle, welcome.

Que. My Lord *Macarius*, we did want your person,
There's something in our joyes wherein you share.

Mac. This you intend your highness wedding day.

Que. We are going.

Mac. Save you labor
I have brought a Priest to meet you.

Arc. Reverend Father.

Que. Meet us, Why?

Mac. To tell you, that you must not Marry.

Cas. Didst thou hear that, *Lisimachus*?

Lis. And wonder what will follow.

Que. We must not marry.

Bish. Madam, 'tis a rule
First made in heaven, and I must needs declare
You and *Arcadius* must tie no knot
Of Man and Wife.

Arc. Is my Unckle mad?

Que. Joy has transported him,
Or age has made him dote, *Macarius*
Provoke us not too much, you will presume
Above our mercy.

Mac. I'll discharge my duty,
Could your frown strike me dead, my Lord, you know
Whose character this is.

Cas. It is *Theodosius*,
Your graces Father.

Bis. I am subscrib'd a witness.

Phi. Upon my life 'tis his.

Mac. Fear not, I'll cross this Match.

Cas. I'll bless thee for't.

Arc. Unckle, d'ee know what you do, or what we are
Going to finish? you will not break the neck of my glorious
Fortune, now my foots ith' stirrup, and mounting,
Throw me over the saddle? I hope you'll let one
Be a King, Madam, 'tis as you say,
My Unckle is something craz'd, there's a worm
In's brain, but I beseech you pardon him, he is
Not the first of your counsel, that has talk'd
Idly, d'ee hear my Lord Bishop, I hope
You have more Religion than to joyn with him
To undoe me.

Bis. Not I Sir, but I am commanded by oath,
And conscience to speak truth.

Arc. If your truth should do me any harm, I shall never
Be in charity with a Croziers staffe, look too't.

Que. My youngest Brother,

Cas. Worse and worse, my brains.

Mac. Deliver to me an Infant with this writing,

Exit.

To which this reverend Father is a witness.

Lis. This he whom we so long thought dead, a child?

Que. But what should make my Father to trust him
To your concealment? give abroad his death, and bury
An empty coffin?

Mic. A jealousy he had
Upon *Cassander*, whose ambitious brain
He fear'd would make no conscience to depose
His son, to make *Lisimachus* King of *Epire*.

Que. He made no scruple to expose me then
To any danger?

Mic. He secur'd you, Madam,
By an early Engagement of your affection
To *Lisimachus*, exempt this testimony,
Had he been *Arcadius*, and my Nephew,
I need not obtrude him on the state,
Your love and marriage had made him King
Without my trouble, and sav'd that ambition,
There was necessity to open now
His birth, and title.

Pbi. *Demetrius* alive.

Arc. What riddles are these, Whom do they talk of?

Omni. Congratulate your return to life, and honor,
And as becomes us, with one voice salute you,
Demetrius King of *Epire*.

Mic. I am no Uncle, Sir, this is your Sister,
I should have suffer'd incest to have kept you
Longer in' dark: love, and be happy both,
My trust is now discharg'd.

Lis. And we rejoice.

Arc. But do not mock me, Gentlemen,
May I be bold upon your words to say
I am Prince *Theodosius* Son?

Mic. The King.

Arc. You'll justify it?
Sister, I am very glad to see you.

Sp. I am to find a brother, and resign my glory,
My triumph is my shame.

Enter *Cassander*.

Cas. Thine ear *Lisimachus*.

Arc. Gentlemen I owe
Unto your loves, as large acknowledgment
As to my birth, for this great honor, and
My study shall be equal to be thought
Worthy of both.

Cas. Thou art turn'd Marble.

Lis. There will be the less charge for my Monument.

Cas. This must not be, sit fast young King. *Exit.*

Lis. Your sister, Sir, is gone.

Arc. My sister should have been my Bride, that name
Puts me in mind of *Polidora*, ha?

Cassander. *Philocles*, Gentlemen,
'f you will have me think your hearts allow me
Theodosius son, oh quickly snatch some wings,
Express it in your haste to *Polidora*,
Tell her what title is new dropt from heaven
To make her rich; onely created for me:
Give her the ceremony of my Queen,
With all the state that may become our Bride,
Attend her to this throne; Are you not there?
Yet stay, 'tis too much pride to send for her,
Wee'll go our self, no honor is enough
For *Polidora*, to redeem our fault,
Salute her gently from me, and, upon
Your knee, present her with this Diadem,
'Tis our first gift, tell her *Demetrius* follows
To be her guest, and give himself a servant
To her chaste bosome, bid her stretch her heart
To meet me, I am lost in joy and wonder. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter *Cassander*, *Eubulus*, Soldier.

Cas. Where's the Captain of the Castle?
Sol. Hee'll attend your honors presently.

Cas. Give him knowledge we expect him.

Sol. I shall, my Lord.

Exit.

Cas. He is my creature, fear not,
And shall run any course that we propound.

Eub. My Lord, I like the substance of your plot,
'Tis promising, but matters of this consequence
Are not so easily perfect, and it does
Concern our heads to build upon secure
Principles, though *Seleucus*, I confess,
Carry a high, and daring spirit in him,
'Tis hard to thrust upon the state new settled
Any impostor, and we know not yet
Whether hee'll undertake to play the Prince;
Or if he should accept it, with what cunning
He can behave himself.

Cas. My Lord, affairs
Of such a glorious nature, are half finish'd,
When they begin with confidence.

Eub. Admit

He want no art, or courage, it must rest
Upon the people to receive his title,
And with what danger their uncertain breath
May flatter ours, *Demetrius* scarcely warm
In the Kings seat, I may suspect.

Cas. That reason
Makes for our part, for if it be so probable,
That young *Demetrius* should be living, Why
May not we work them to believe, *Leonatus*,
The eldest son was, by some trick, preserv'd,
And now would claim his own: there were two sons,
Who in their Fathers life we supposed dead,
May not we find a circumstance to make
This seem as clear as t'other, let the vulgar
Be once possess'd, wee'll carry *Epire* from
Demetrius, and the World.

Eub. I could be pleas'd
To see my Son a King.

Enter *Poleanus*.

The Captain's here.

Pol. I waite your Lordships pleasure.

Cas. We come to visit your late prisoner:
I will not doubt, but you intreat him fairly,
He will deserve it for himself, and you
Be fortunate in any occasion,
To have express'd your service.

Pol. Sir, the knowledge
Of my honorable Lord his Father, will
Instruct me to behave my self with all
Respects becoming me, to such a son.

Cas. These things will least
Oblige you, but how bears he his restraint?

Pol. As one whose soul's above it.

Eub. Patiently?

Pol. With contempt rather of the great command
Which made him prisoner, he will talke sometimes
So strangely to himself.

Eub. Hee's here.

Enter

Enter Seleucus.

Sel. Why was I born to be a subject? 'tis
Soon answer'd, since my Father was no Prince,
That's all: the same ingredients use to make
A Man, as active, though not royal blood
Went to my composition, and I
Was gotten with as good a will perhaps,
And my birth cost my Mother as much sorrow,
As I had been born an Emperor.

Cas. While I look
Upon him, something in his face presents
A King indeed.

Eub. He does resemble much
Theodosius too.

Cas. Whose son we would pretend him,
This will advance our plot,

Sel. 'Tis but a name,
And mere opinion, that prefers one man
Above another, I'll imagine then
I am a Prince, or some brave thing on Earth,
And see what follows: but it must not be,
My single voice will carry it, the name
Of King must be attended with a troop
Of acclamations, on whose ayrie wings
He mounts, and once exalted, threatens Heaven,
And all the stars: how to acquire this noise,
And be the thing I talke of, men have rise
From a more cheap nobility to Empires,
From dark originals, and sordid blood,
Nay some that had no fathers, sons of the earth,
And flying people, have aspir'd to Kingdoms,
Made nations tremble, and have practis'd frowns
To awe the world, their memory is glorious,
And I would hug them in their shades, but what's
All this to me, that am I know not what,
And less in expectation?

Pol. Are you serious?

Cas. Will you assist, and run a fate with us.

Pol. Command my life, Lowe it to your favor.

Sel. *Arcadius* was once as far from being
As I, and had we not so cunningly
Been reconcil'd, or one, or both had gone
To seek our fortunes in another world;
What's the device now? If my death be next,
The summons shall not make me once look pale.

Cas. Chide your too vain suspitions, we bring
A life, and liberty, with what else can make
Thy ambition happy, th'ast a glorious flame,
Welcome to advance it.

Sel. How?

Cas. Have but a will,
And be what thy own thoughts dare prompt thee to,
A King.

Sel. You do not mock me Gentlemen?
You are my Father, Sir.

Eub. This minute shall
Declare it, my *Seleucus*, our hearts swell'd
With joy, with duty rather, oh my boy!

Sel. What's the mystery?

Pol. You must be a King.

Cas. *Seleucus*, stay, thou art too incredulous,
Let not our faith, and study to exalt thee,
Be so rewarded.

Eub. I pronounce thee King,
Unless thy spirit be turn'd coward, and
Thou faint to accept it.

Sel. King of what?

Cas. Of *Epire*.

Sel. Although the Queen, since she sent me hither,
Were gone to Heaven I know not how,
That title could devolve to me.

Cas. We have

No Queen, since he that should have married her,
Is prov'd her youngest brother, and now King
In his own title.

Sel. Thank you Gentlemen,
There's hope for me.

Cas. Why, you dare fight with him
And need be, for the Kingdom.

Sel. With *Arcadius*?
If you'll make stakes, my life against his crown;
I'll fight with him, and you, and your fine Son,
And all the Courtiers one after another.

Cas. 'Two not come to that.

Sel. I am of your Lordships mind, so fare you well.

Cas. Yet stay and hear —

Sel. What? that you have betray'd me:
Do, tell your King, my life is grown a burden,
And I'll confess, and make your souls look pale,
To see how nimble mine shall leap this battlement
Of flesh, and dying, laugh at your poor malice.

Omnes. No more, long live *Leonatus* King of *Epire*.

Sel. *Leonatus*, Who's that?

Cas. Be bold, and be a King, our brains have been
Working to raise you to this height, here are
None but friends, dare you but call your self
Leonatus, and but justifie with confidence
What we'll proclaime you, if we do not bring
The Crown to your head, we 'll forfeit ours.

Eub. The state is in distraction, *Arcadius*
Is prov'd a King, there was an elder brother,
If you dare but pronounce, you are the same,
Forget you are my son.

Pol. These are no trifles, Sir, all is plotted,
To assure your greatness; if you will be wise,
And take the faire occasion that's presented.

Sel. *Arcadius*, you say, is lawful King,
And now to depose him, you would make me
An elder brother, is't not so?

Cas. Most right.

Sel. Nay, right or wrong, if this be your true meaning.

Omnes. Upon our lives.

Sel. I'll venture mine, but with your pardon,
Whose brain was this? from whom took this plot life?

Eub. My Lord *Cassander*.

Sel. And you are of his mind? and you? and think
This may be done?

Eub. The destinies shall not cross us, if you have
Spirit to undertake it.

Sel. Undertake it?

I am not us'd to compliment, I'll owe
My life to you, my fortunes to your Lordship,
Compose me as you please, and when y'ave made
Me what you promise, you shall both divide
Me equally: one word, my Lord, I had rather
Live in the prison still, than be a propency
To advance his politick ends.

Eub. Have no suspicion.

Cas. So, so, I see *Demetrius* heels already
Trip'd up, and I'll dispatch him out oth' way,
Which gone, I can depose this at my leasure,
Being an Impostor, then my Son stands fair,
And may piece with the Princess, we lose time,
What think you, if we first surprize the Court?
While you command the Castle, we shall curbe
All opposition.

Eub. Let's proclaim him first.

I have some faction, the people love me,
They gain'd to us, wee'll fall upon the Court.

Cas. Unless *Demetrius* yield himself, he bleeds.

Sel. Who dares call treason sin, when it succeeds?

Exeunt *Omnes*.

Enter

Enter Sophia, and Charilla.

Cha. Madam, you are too passionate, and lose
The greatness of your soul, with the expence
Of too much grief, for that which providence
Hath eas'd you of, the burden of a state
Above your tender bearing,

Sop. Thour't a fool,
And canst not reach the spirit of a Lady,
Born great as I was, and made onely less
By a too cruel destiny, above
Our tender bearing: What goes richer to
The composition of Man, than ours?
Our soul as free, and spacious; our heart's
As great, our will as large, each thought as active,
And in this onely Man more proud than we,
That would have us less capable of Empire,
But search the stories, and the name of Queen
Shines bright with glory, and some precedents
Above Mans imitation.

Cha. I grant it.
For the honor of our sex, nor have you, Madam,
By any weakness, forfeited command,
He that succeeds, in justice, was before you,
And you have gain'd more, in a royal brother,
Than you could lose by your resign of *Epire*.

Sop. This I allow *Charilla*, I ha done;
'Tis not the thought I am depos'd afflicts me,
At the same time I feel a joy to know
My Brother living: no, there is another
Wound in me above cure.

Cha. Virtue forbid.

Sop. Canst find me out a Surgeon for that?

Cha. For what?

Sop. My bleeding fame.

Cha. Oh do not injure
Your own clear innocence.

Sop. Do not flatter me,
I have been guilty of an act, will make
All love in women question'd, is not that
A blot upon a Virgins name? my birth
Cannot extenuate my shame, I am
Become the stain of *Epire*.

Cha. 'Tis but
Your own opinion, Madam, which presents
Something to fright your self, which cannot
Be in the same shape so horrid to our sense,

Sop. Thour' wou'd'st, but canst not appear ignorant:
Did not the Court, nay, the whole Kingdom, take
Notice, I lov'd *Lisimachus*?

Cha. True, Madam.

Sop. No, I was false,
Though counsel'd by my Father to affect him,
I had my politick ends upon *Cassander*,
To be absolute Queen, flattering his son with hopes
Of love and marriage, when that very day
I blush to think I wrong'd *Lisimachus*,
That noble Gentleman, but heaven punish'd me;
For though to know *Demetrius* was a blessing,
Yet who will not impute it my dishonor.

Cha. Madam, you yet may recompence *Lisimachus*,
If you affect him now, you were not false
To him, whom then you lov'd not, if you can
Find any gentle passion in your soul
To entertain his thought, no doubt his heart,
Though sad, retains a noble will to meet it,
His love was firm to you, and cannot be
Unrooted with one storme.

Sop. He will not sure
Trust any language from her tongue that mock'd him,
Although my soul doth weep for't, and is punish'd
To love him above the world.

Enter Lisimachus.

Cha. Hee's here
As fate would have him reconcil'd, be free,
And speak your thoughts.

Lisi. If, Madam, I appear
Too bold, your charity will sign my pardon:
I heard you were not well, which made me haste
To pay the duty of an humble visit.

Sop. You do not mock me, Sir.

Lisi. I am confident
You think me not so lost to manners, in
The knowledge of your person, to bring with me
Such rudeness, I have nothing to present,
But a heart full of wishes for your health,
And what else may be added to your happiness.

Sop. I thought you had been sensible.

Lisi. How Madam?

Sop. A man of understanding, can you spend
One prayer for me, remembering the dishonor
I have done *Lisimachus*?

Lisi. Nothing can deface that part of my
Religion in me, not to pray for you.

Sop. It is not then impossible you may
Forgive me too, indeed I have a soul
Full of penitence, and something else,
If blushing would allow to give't a name.

Lisi. What Madam?

Sop. Love, a love that should redeem
My past offence, and make me white again.

Lisi. I hope no sadness can possess your thoughts
For me, I am not worthy of this sorrow,
But if you mean it any satisfaction
For what your will hath made me suffer, 'tis
But a strange overflow of Charity,
To keep me still alive, be your self Madam,
And let no cause of mine, be guilty of
This rape upon your eyes, my name's not worth
The least of all your tears.

Sop. You think 'em counterfeit.

Lisi. Although I may
Suspect a Womans smile hereafter, yet
I would believe their wet eyes, and if this
Be what you promise, for my sake, I have
But one reply.

Sop. I waite it.

Lisi. I have now
Another Mistres.

Sop. Stay.

Lisi. To whom I have made
Since your revolt from me, a new chaste vow,
Which not the second malice of my fate
Shall violate, and she deserves it, Madam,
Even for that wherein you are excellent,
Beauty, in which she shines equal to you
Her vertue, if she but maintain what now
She is Mistres of, beyond all competition,
So rich it cannot know to be improv'd,
At least in my esteem, I may offend,
But truth shall justifie, I have not flatter'd her,
I beg your pardon, and to leave my duty
Upon your hand, all that is good flow in you.

Exit.

Sop. Did he not say, *Charilla*, that he had
Another Mistres?

Cha. Such a sound, methought,
Came from him.

Sop. Let's remove, here's too much ayre,
The sad note multiplies.

Cha. Take courage, Madam,
And my advice, he has another Mistres,
If he have twenty, be you wife, and cross him
With entertaining twice as many servants,
And when he sees your humor he'll return.

And

And sue for any Livery, grieve for this,

Sop. It must be she, 'tis *Polidora* has
Taken his heart, she live my rival,
How does the thought inflame me?

Cha. *Polidora*?

Sop. And yet she does but justly, and he too;
I would have rob'd her of *Arcadius* heart,
And they will both have this revenge on me,
But something will rebel.

Enter Demetrius, Philocles, Lisander.

De. The house is desolate, none comes forth to meet us,
Shee's slow to entertain us: *Philocles*,
I prethee tell me, did she weare no cloud
Upon her brow, was't freely that she said
We should be welcome.

Phi. To my apprehension,
Yet 'tis my wonder she appears not.

Lisa. She, nor any other,
Sure there's some conceit
To excuse it.

Dem. Stay, Who's this? observe what follows?

Phi. Fortune? some inaske to entertain you, Sir.

Enter Fortune crown'd, attended with Youth, Health,
and Pleasure.

For. Not yet? What silence doth inhabit here?
No preparation to bid Fortune welcome!
Fortune, the genius of the World, have we
Descended from our pride, and state to come,
So far attended with our darlings, Youth,
Pleasure, and Health, to be neglected thus?
Sure this is not the place? call hither Fame.

Enter Fame.

Fa. What would great Fortune?

For. Know.

Who dwells here.

Fa. Once more I report great Queen,
This is the house of Love.

For. It cannot be,
This place has too much shade, and looks as if
't had been quite forgotten of the Spring,
And Sun-beames Love, affect society,
And heat, here all is cold as the hairs of Winter,
No harmony, to catch the busie eare
Of passengers, no object of delight,
To take the wandring eyes, no song, no grone
Of Lovers, no complaint of Willow garlands,
Love has a Beacon upon his palace top,
Of flaming hearts, to call the weary pilgrime
To rest, and dwell with him, I see no fire
To threaten, or to warme: Can Love dwell here?

Fa. If there be noble love upon the World,
Trust Fame, and find it here.

For. Make good your boast,
And bring him to us.

De. What does mean all this?

Lisa. I told you, Sir, we should have some device.

Enter Love.

There's *Cupid* now, that little Gentleman,
Has troubled every Masque at Court this seven year.

Dem. No more.

Love. Welcome to Love, how much you honor me!
It had become me, that, upon your summons,
I should have waited upon mighty Fortune,
But since you have vouchsafed to visit me;
All the delights Love can invent, shall flow
To entertain you, Musick through the ayre

Shoot your inticing harmony.

For. We came to dance and revel with you.

Lov. I am poor

In my ambition, and want thought to reach
How much you honor Love.

Dance.

Enter Honor.

Hon. What intrusion's this?
Whom do you seek here:

Lov. 'Tis honor.

For. He my servant.

Lov. Fortune is come to visit us.

Hon. And has
Corrupted Love: Is this thy faith to her,
On whom we both waite, to betray her thus
To Fortunes triumph? take her giddy wheel,
And be no more companion to honor;
I blush to know thee, Who'll believe there can
Be truth in Love hereafter?

Lov. I have found
My eyes, and see my shame, and with it, this
Proud forcecefs, from whom, and all her charmes,
I flye agen to Honor, be my guard,
Without thee I am lost, and cannot boast,
The merit of a name:

For. Despis'd? I shall
Remember this affront.

Dem. What Moral's this?

Exeunt.

Enter Honor with the Crown upon a mourning
Cushion.

What melancholly object strikes a sudden
Chillness through all my veines; and turns me Ice?
It is the same I sent, the very fame,
As the first pledge of her insuing greatness:
Why in this mourning livery, if she live
To whom I sent it? ha, What shape of sorrow?

Enter Polidora in mourning.

It is not *Polidora*, she was faire
Enough, and wanted not the setting off
With such a black: if thou beest *Polidora*,
Why mournes my love? it neither does become
Thy fortune, nor my joyes.

Pol. But it becomes
My griefs, this habit fits a funeral,
And it were sin, my Lord, not to lament
A friend new dead.

Dem. And I yet living? can
A sorrow enter but upon thy Garment,
Or discomplexion thy attire, whilst I
Enjoy a life for thee? Who can deserve,
Weigh'd with thy living comforts, but a piece
Of all this Ceremony? give him a name.

Pol. He was *Arcadius*.

Dem. *Arcadius*?

Pol. A Gentleman that lov'd me dearly once,
And does compel these poor, and fruitless drops,
Which willingly would fall upon his hearse,
To imbalme him twice.

Dem. And are you sure hee's dead?

Pol. As sure as you'r living, Sir, and yet
I did not close his eyes, but he is dead,
And I shall never see the same *Arcadius*:
He was a Man so rich in all that's good,
At least I thought him so, so perfect in
The rules of honor, whom alone to imitate
Were glory in a Prince, Nature her self,
Till his creation, wrought imperfectly,
As she had made but tryal of the rest,
To mould him excellent.

Dem. And

Dem. And is he dead?
Come, thame him not with praises, recollect
Thy scatter'd hopes, and let me tell my best,
And dearest *Polidora*, that he lives,
Still lives to honor thee.

Pol. Lives, Where?

Dem. Look here.

Am not I worth your knowledge?

Pol. And my duty,

You are *Demetrius*, King of *Epire*, Sir.
I could not easily mistake him so,
To whom I gave my heart.

Dem. Mine is not chang'd,
But still hath fed upon thy memory,
These honors, and additions of state
Are lent me for thy sake, be not so strange,
Let me not lose my entertainment, now
I am improv'd, and rais'd unto the height,
Beneath which, I did blush to ask thy love.

Pol. Give me your pardon, Sir, *Arcadius*,
At our last meeting, without argument,
To move him more than his affection to me,
Saw'd he did love me; love me above all Women,
And to confirm his heart, was truly mine,
He wish'd, I tremble to remember it,
When he forsook his *Polidora*'s love,
That Heaven might kill his happiness on Earth:
Was not this nobly said? did not this promise
A truth to shame the Turtles?

Dem. And his heart
Is still the same, and I thy constant Lover.

Pol. Give me your leave, I pray, I would not say,
Arcadius was perjur'd, but the same day
Forgetting all his promises, and oathes,
While yet they hung upon his lips, forsook me,
D'ee not remember this too, gave his faith
From me, transported with the noise of greatness,
And would be married to a Kingdom.

Dem. But Heaven permitted not I should dispose
What was ordain'd for thee.

Pol. It was not virtue
In him, for sure he found no check, no sting
In his own bosome, but gave freely all
The reins to blind ambition.

Dem. I am wounded,
The thought of thee ith' throng of all my joyes,
Like poison powr'd in Nectar, turnes me frantick:
Dear, if *Arcadius* have made a fault,
Let not *Demetrius* be punish'd for't,
He pleads that ever will be constant to thee.

Pol. Shall I believe Mans flatteries agen,
Lose my sweet rest, and peace of thought agen,
Be drawn by you, from the streight paths of virtue,
Into the maze of Love.

Dem. I see compassion in thy eye, that chides me,
If I have either soul, but what's contain'd
Within these words, or if one syllable
Of their full force, be not made good by me,
May all relenting thoughts in you take end,
And thy disdain be doubled, from thy pardon,
I'll count my Coronation; and that hour
Fix with a rubrick in my Calendar,
As an auspicious time, to entertain
Affairs of weight with Princes; think who now
Intreats thy mercy, come, thou sha't be kind,
And divide Titles with me.

Pol. Hear me, Sir,
I lov'd you once for virtue, and have not
A thought so much unguarded, as to be won
From my truth, and innocence with any
Motives of state to affect you,
Your bright temptation mourns while it staves here;
Nor can the triumph of glory, which made you
Forget me, so court my opinion back,

Were you no King, I should be sooner drawn
Again to love you, but 'tis now too late,
A low obedience shall become me best:
May all the joyes I want
Still wait on you, if time hereafter tell you,
That sorrow for your fault hath struck me dead,
May one soft tear drop from your eye, in pitty
Bedew my hearse, and I shall sleep securely:
I have but one word more for goodness sake,
For your own honor, Sir, correct your passion,
To her you shall love next, and I forgive you.

Exit.

Dem. Her heart is frozen up, nor can warm prayers
Thaw it to any softness.

Phi. I'll fetch her, Sir, again.

Dem. Perswade her not.

Phi. You give your passion too much leave to triumph.
Seek in another what she denies.

Enter Macarius.

Mac. Where's the King? oh, Sir, you are undone,
A dangerous treason is a foot.

Dem. What Treason?

Mac. *Cassander*, and *Eubulus* have proclaim'd
Another King, whom they pretend to be
Leonatus your elder Brother, he that was,
But this morning prisoner in the Castle.

Dem. Ha?

Mac. The easie *Epirotes*
Gather in multitudes to advance his Title,
They have seised upon the Court, secure your person,
Whilst we raise power to curbe this Insurrection.

Ant. Lose no time then.

Dem. We will not Arme one Man,
Speak it agen, have I a brother living?
And must be no King.

Mac. What means your Grace?

Dem. This newes doth speak me happy, it exalts
My heart, and makes me capable of more
Than twenty Kingdoms.

Phi. Will you not, Sir, stand
Upon your guard?

Dem. I'll stand upon my honor,
Mercy relieves me.

Lisa. Will you lose the Kingdom?

Dem. The World's too poor to bribe me: leave
Me all, lest you extenuate my fame, and I
Be thought to have redeem'd it by your counsel,
You shall not share one scruple in the honor;
Titles may set a gloss upon our Name,
But Virtue onely is the soul of Fame.

Mac. He's strangely possess'd Gentlemen. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Philocles, and Lisander.

Phi. **H**eres a strange turne, *Lisander*.
Lisa. 'Tis a Kingdom
Easily purchas'd, who will trust the faith
Of multitudes?

Phi. It was his fault, that would
So tamely give his Title to their Mercy,
The new King has possession.

Lisa. And is like
To keep't, we are alone, what dost think of
This innovation? Is't not a fine Jigge?

A precious cunning in the late Protector
To shuffle a new Prince into the state.

Phi. I know not how they have shuffled, but my head on't,
A false card is turn'd up trump, but fates look to't.

Enter Cassander and Eubulus.

Eub. Does he not carry it bravely?

Caf. Excellently.

Philocles, Lisander.

Phi. Lif. Your Lordships servants,
Are we not bound to heaven, for multiplying
These blessings on the Kingdom.

Phi. Heaven alone

Works miracles, my Lord.

Lisa. I think your Lordship
Had as little hope once to see these Princes
Revive.

Phi. Here we must place our thanks,
Next providence, for preserving
So dear a pledge.

Enter Leonatus attended.

Eub. The King.

Leo. It is our pleasure

The number of our guard be doubled, give
A Large's to the Soldiers; but dismiss not
The Troops till we command.

Caf. May it please.

Leo. It will not please us otherwise, my Lord,
We have try'd your faith.

Eub. Does he not speak with confidence?

Leo. My Lords and Gentlemen, to whose faith we must
Owe next to Heaven our fortune, and our safety,
After a tedious eclipse, the day
Is bright, and we invested in those honors,
Our blood, and birth did challenge.

Caf. May no time

Be registred in our annals, that shall mention
One that had life to oppose your sacred person,

Leo. Let them, whose Titles forg'd and slaw'd, suspect
Their states security, our right to *Epire*,
Heaven is oblig'd to prosper, treason has
No face so black to fright it, all my cares
Level to this, that I may worthily
Manage the province, and advance the honor
Of our dear Countrey, and be confident,
If an expence of blood, may give addition
Of any happiness to you, I shall
Offer my heart the sacrifice, and rejoyce
To make my self a ghost, to have inscrib'd
Upon my marble, but whose cause I died for.

Eub. May Heaven avert such danger.

Caf. Excellent Prince,

In whom we see the Copy of his Father,
None but the Son of *Theodosius*,
Could have spoke thus.

Leo. We are pleas'd to interpret well,
Yet give me leave to say in my own justice,
I have but exprest the promptness of my soul
To serve you all, but 'tis not empty wishes
Can satisfy our mighty charge, a weight
Would make an *Atlas* double, a Kings name
Doth sound harmoniously to men at distance;
And those who cannot penetrate beyond
The bark, and out-skin of a Common-wealth,
Or state, have eyes, but ravish'd with the Ceremony
That must attend a Prince, and understand not
What cares allay the glories of a Crown,
But good Kings find and feel the contrary,
You have try'd, my Lord, the burden, and can tell
It would require a Pilot of more years
To steer this Kingdom, now impos'd on me,

By justice of my birth.

Caf. I wish not life,

But to partake those happy days, which must
Succeed these fair proceedings, we are blest,
But Sir, be sparing to your self, we shall
Hazard our joyes in you too soon, the burden
Of state affairs, impose upon your counsel.
'Tis fitter that we waste our lives than you,
Call age too soon upon you with the trouble,
And cares that threaten such an undertaking;
Preserve your youth.

Leo. And choose you our Protector,
Is't that you would conclude my Lord? We will
Deserve our subjects faith for our own sake,
Not sit an idle gazer at the helm

Enter Messenger.

Phi. How observ'd you that,
Mark how *Cassander's* Planet struck.

Eu. He might have look'd more calmly for all that,
I begin to fear; but do not yet seem troubled.

Leo. With what news travels his haste? I must secure
My self betimes, not be a King in jest,
And wear my Crown a Tenant to their breath.

Caf. *Demetrius*, Sir, your brother,
With other Traitors that oppose your claims,
Are fled to the Castle of *Nestorius*,
And fortifie.

Mes. I said not so my Lord.

Caf. I'll have it thought so, hence.

Exit Messen.

Leo. Plant forces to batter
The walls, and in their ruin bring us work
They live not.

Eub. Good Sir hear me.

Caf. Let it work,
Were *Demetrius* dead, we easily might uncrown
This swoln Impostor, and my Son be fair
To piece with young *Sophia*, who I hear
Repents her late affront.

Eub. Their lives may do
You service, let not blood stain your beginnings
The people not yet warm in their allegiance,
May think it worth their tumult to revenge it
With hazard of your self.

Leo. Who dares but think it?
Yet offer first our mercy, if they yield,
Demetrius must not live, my Lord your counsel,
What if he were in heaven?

Caf. You have my consent,
You sha'not stay long after him.

Leo. *Sophia* is
Not my Sister,
To prevent all that may indanger us, we'll marry her;
That done, no matter though we stand discover'd,
For in her Title then we are King of *Epire*,
Without dispute,

Caf. Hum; in my judgement, Sir,
That wonot do so well.

Leo. What's your opinion?

Caf. He countermines my plot: are you so cunning

Leo. What's that you mutter, Sir?

Caf. I mutter, Sir?

Leo. Best say I am no King, but some impostor
Rais'd up to gull the state.

Caf. Very fine to have said within
Few hours you'd been no King, nor like to be;
Was not in the compass of High Treason
I take it:

Eub. Restrein your anger, the Kings mov'd, speak not:

Caf. I will speak louder, do I not know him?
That self-same hand that rais'd him to the throne
Shall pluck him from it, is this my reward?

Leo. Our guard, to prison with him,

R r

Caf.

Caf. Me to prison ?

Leo. Off with his head.

Caf. My head ?

Eub. Vouchsafe to hear me, great Sir.

Caf. How dares he be so insolent ?

I ha' wrought my self into a fine condition,
Do'e know me Gentlemen ?

Phi. Very well my Lord ;

How are we bound to heaven for multiplying
These blessings on the Kingdom.

Leo. We allow it.

Eub. Counsel did never blast a Princes ear.

Leo. Convey him to the sanctuary of Rebels,
Nestorius house, where our proud brother has
Encons'd himself, they'll entertain him lovingly,
He will be a good addition to the Traitors,
Obey me, or you dye for't, what are Kings
When subjects dare affront 'em ?

Caf. I shall vex
Thy soul for this.

Leo. Away with him : when Kings
Frown, let offenders tremble, this flows not
From any cruelty in my nature, but
The fate of an Usurper : he that will
Be confirm'd great without just title to't,
Must lose compassion, know what's good, not do't.

Exeunt.

Enter Polidora and her servant.

Serv. Madam, the Princess *Sophia*.

Pol. I attend her Highness.

Enter Sophia.

How much your grace honors your humble servant

Sop. I hope my brother's well.

Pol. I hope so too, Madam.

Sop. Do you but hope ? he came to be your guest.

Pol. We are all his, whilst he is pleas'd to honor
This poor roof with his royal presence, Madam.

Sop. I came to ask your pardon *Polidora*.

Pol. You never, Madam, trespass'd upon me,
Wrong not your goodness.

Sop. I can be but penitent,
Unless you point me out some other way
To satisfy.

Pol. Dear Madam, do not mock me.

Sop. There's no injury like that to love,
I find it now in my own sufferings :
But though I would have rob'd thee of *Arcadius*
Heaven knew a way to reconcile your hearts,
And punish me in those joys you have found :
I read the story of my loss of honor,
Yet can rejoice, and heartily, that you
Have met your own agen.

Pol. Whom do you mean ?

Sop. My brother.

Pol. He is found to himself and honor,
He is my King, and though I must acknowledge
He was the glory of my thoughts, and I
Lov'd him, as you did, Madam, with desire
To be made his reason, and duty since,
Form'd me to other knowledge, and I now
Look on him without any wish of more
Than to be call'd his subject.

Sop. Has he made
Himself less capable by being King ?

Pol. Of what ?

Sop. Of your affection.

Pol. With your pardon, Madam.
Love in that sense you mean, lest *Polidora*
When he forsook *Arcadius*, I disclaim
All ties between us, more than what a name
Of King must challenge from my obedience.

Sop. This does confirm my jealousy, my heart,
For my sake, Madam, has he lost his value ?

Pol. Let me beseech your grace, I may have leave
To answer in some other cause, or person :
This argument but opens a sad wound
To make it bleed afresh ; we may change this
Discourse : I would elect some subject, whose
Praises may more delight your ear than this
Can mine ; let's talk of young *Lisimachus*.

Sop. Ha ; my presaging fears.

Pol. How does your grace ?

Sop. Well, you were talking of *Lisimachus*,
Pray give me your opinion of him.

Pol. Mine ?

It will be much short of his worth : I think him
A gentleman so perfect in all goodness,
That if there be one in the world deserves
The best of women, heaven created him,
To make her happy.

Sop. You have, in a little, Madam,
Express'd a volume of mankind, a miracle ;
But all have not the same degree of faith,
He is but young.

Pol. What Mistress would desire
Her servant old ? he has both Spring to please
Her eye, and Summer to return a harvest.

Sop. He is black.

Pol. He sets a beauty off more rich,
And she that's fair will love him ; faint complexions
Betray effeminate minds, and love of change :
Two beauties in a bed, compound few men ;
He's not so fair to counterfeit a woman,
Nor yet so black, but blushes may betray
His modesty.

Sop. His proportion exceeds not.

Pol. That praises him, and a well compacted frame
Speaks temper, and sweet flow of elements :
Vast buildings are more oft for shew than use :
I would not have my eyes put to the travel
Of many acres, e'r I could examine
A man from head to foot ; he has no great,
But he may boast, an elegant composition.

Sop. I'll hear no more, you have so far out-done
My injuries to you, that I call back
My penitence, and must tell *Polidora*,
This revenge ill becomes her. Am I thought
So lost in soul to hear, and forgive this ?
In what shade do I live ? or shall I think
I have not, at the lowest, enough merit,
Setting aside my birth, to poize with yours :
Forgive my modest thoughts, if I rise up
In my own defence, and tell this unjust Lady
So great a winter hath not frozen yet
My cheek, but there's something nature planted,
That carries as much bloom, and spring upon't,
As yours. What flame is in your eye, but may
Find competition here ? (forgive agen
My Virgin honor, what is in your lip
To tice the enamour'd soul, to dwell with more
Ambition, than the yet unwither'd blush
That speaks the innocence of mine ?

Enter Demetrius.

Oh brother ?

Dem. I'll talk with you anon, my *Polidora*,
Allow thy patience till my breath recover,
Which now comes laden with the richest news
Thy ear was ever blest with.

Sop. Both your looks,
And voice express some welcome accident.

Dem. Guess what in wish could make me fortunate
And heaven hath dropt that on *Demetrius*.

Sop. What means this extatic ?

Dem.

Dem. 'Twere sin to busie
Thy thoughts upon't, I'll tell thee that I could
Retain some part; 'tis too wide a joy
To be express'd so soon, and yet it falls
In a few syllables, thou wot scarce believe me,
I am no King.

Sop. How's that!

Pol. Good Heaven forbid.

Dem. Forbid? Heaven has reliev'd me with a mercy
I knew not how to ask, I have, they say,
An elder brother living, crown'd already,
I only keep my name *Demetrius*,
Without desire of more addition,
Than to return thy servant.

Pol. You amaze me,
Can you rejoyce to be deposed:

Dem. It but

Translates me to a fairer and better Kingdom
In *Polidora*.

Pol. Me?

Dem. Did you not say,
Were I no King, you could be drawn to love
Me agen, that was consented to in Heaven:
A Kingdom first betray'd my ambitious soul
To forget thee, that, and the flattering glories,
How willingly *Demetrius* does resign,
The Angels know: thus naked without Titles
I throw me on thy charity, and shall
Boast greater Empire to be thine agen, than
To wear the triumphs of the world upon me.

Enter Macarius.

Mac. Be not so careless of your self, the people
Gather in multitudes to your protection
Offering their lives and fortunes, if they may
But see you Sir, and hear you speak to 'em,
Accept their duties, and in time prevent
Your ruin.

Sop. Be not desperate, 'tis counsel.

Dem. You trouble me with noise, speak *Polidora*

Pol. For your own sake preserve your self,
My fears distract my reason.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Lord *Lisimachus*,
With something that concerns your safety, is
Fled hither, and desires a present hearing.

Mac. His soul is honest, be not, Sir, a mad man,
And for a Lady, give up all our freedoms.

Pol. I'll say any thing here, *Lisimachus*.

Sop. Dear brother hear him.

Enter Lisimachus.

Lif. Sir, I come to yield
My self your prisoner, if my father have
Rais'd an Impostor to supplant your Title
Which I suspect, and inwardly do bleed for,
I shall not only, by the tender of
My self, declare my innocence, but either,
By my unworthy life, secure your person,
Or by what death you shall impose, reward
The unexpected Treason.

Sop. Brave young man,
Did you not hear him Brother?

Lif. I am not minded.

Pol. Be witness Madam, I resign my heart
It never was another's, you declare
Too great a satisfaction, I hope
This will destroy your jealousy,
Remember now your danger.

Dem. I despise it,

What fate dares injure me?

Lif. Yet hear me Sir.

Sop. Forgive me *Polidora*, you are happy,
My hopes are remov'd farther, I had thought
Lisimachus had meant you for his Mistress,
'Tis misery to feed, and not know where
To place my jealousy.

Enter Macarius.

Mac. Now 'tis too late,
You may be deaf, until the Cannon make,
You find your sense, we are shut up now by
A troop of Horse, thank your self.

Pol. They will
Admit conditions.

Sop. And allow us quarter.

A shout within.

Pol. We are all lost.

Dem. Be comforted.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. News my Lord *Cassander* sent by the new King.
To bear us company.

Dem. Not as prisoner?

Ant. It does appear no otherwise, the soldiers
Declare how much they love him, by their noise
Of Iron, and joy to see him so rewarded.

Dem. It cannot be.

Ant. You'll find it presently,
He curses the new King, talks treason 'gainst him
As nimble as he were in's shirt, he's here.

Enter Cassander.

Cas. Oh let me beg until my knees take root
P' th' earth, Sir, can you pardon me?

Dem. For what?

Cas. For Treason, desperate, most malicious Treason:
I have undone you Sir.

Dem. It does appear
You had a Will.

Cas. I'll make you all the recompence I can,
But e'r you kill me, hear me, know the man,
Whom I to serve my unjust ends, advanc'd
To your throne, is an impostor, a mere counterfeit,
Eubulus' Son.

Exit Anti

Dem. It is not then our brother?

Cas. An insolent usurper, proud, and bloody;
Seleucus, is no leprosie upon me?

There is not punishment enough in nature
To quit my horrid act, I have not in
My stock of blood, to satisfy with weeping,
Nor could my soul, though melted to a flood
Within me, gush out tears to wash my stain off.

Dem. How? an Impostor, what will become on's now?
We are at his mercy.

Cas. Sir, the peoples hearts
Will come to their own dwelling, when they see
I dare accuse my self, and suffer for it,
Have courage then young King, thy fate cannot
Be long compell'd.

Dem. Rise, our misfortune
Carries this good, although it lose our hopes,
It makes you friend with virtue, we'll expect
What providence will do.

Cas. You are too merciful.

Lif. Our duties shall beg heaven still to preserve you.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Our enemy desires some parley, Sir,

Lif. 'Tis not amiss to hear their proposition.

Pol. I'll wait upon you.

Dem. Thou art my Angel, and canst best instruct me,
Boldly present our selves, you'll with *Cassander*.

Cas. And in death be blest
To find our clarity,

Exit.

Sop. *Lisimachus*.

Lis. Madam.

Sop. They will not miss your presence, the small time
Is spent in asking of a question.

Lis. I wait your pleasure.

Sop. Sir, I have a suit to you.

Lis. To me? it must be granted.

Sop. If you have
Cancell'd your kind opinion of me,
Deny me not to know, who hath succeeded
Sophia in your heart, I beg the name
Of your new Mistris.

Lis. You shall know her, Madam,
If but these tumults cease, and fate allow us
To see the Court agen, I hope you'll bring
No mutiny against her, but this is
No time to talk of Love, let me attend you.

Sop. I must expect, till you are pleas'd to satisfie
My poor request, conduct me at your pleasure. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonatus, Eubulus, Bishop, Lisander,
and Philocles.

Leo. They are too slow, dispatch new messengers,
To intreat 'em fairly hither, I am extasi'd,
Were you witness for me too? is it possible
I am what this affirms, true *Leonatus*,
And were you not my Father, was I given
In trust to you an Infant?

Eub. 'Tis a truth,
Our soul's bound to acknowledge, you supply'd
The absence and opinion of my Son.
Who died, but to make you my greater care
I know not of *Demetrius*, but suppos'd
Him dead indeed, as *Epire* thought you were,
Your Fathers character doth want no testimony,
Which but compar'd with what concerns *Demetrius*
Will prove it self King *Theodosius* act,
Your Royal Father.

Bish. I am subscrib'd to both his Legacies
By oath oblig'd to secresie, until
Thus fairly summon'd to reveal the trust.

Eub. *Cassander* had no thought you would prove thus,
To whose policie I gave this aim, although
He wrought you up to serve but as his Engine
To batter young *Demetrius*, for it was
Your Fathers prudent jealousy, that made him
Give out your early deaths, as if his soul
Prophecy'd his own first, and fear'd to leave
Either of you, to the unsafe protection,
Of one, whose study would be to supplant
Your right, and make himself the King of *Epire*.

Bish. Your Sister, fair *Sophia*, in your Fathers
Life, was design'd to marry with *Lisimachus*
That guarded her; although she us'd some Art
To quit her pupillage, and being absolute,
Declar'd love to *Demetrius*, which enforc'd
Macarius to discover first your brother.

Leo. No more, lest you destroy agen *Leonatus*
With wonder of his fate, are they not come yet?
Something it was, I felt within my envy
Of young *Demetrius*'s fortune, there were seeds
Scattered upon my heart, that made it swell
With thought of Empire, Princes I see cannot
Be totally eclips'd, but wherefore stays
Demetrius and *Sophia*, at whose names
A gentle spirit walk'd upon my blood.

Enter Demetrius, Polidora, Sophia, Macarius,
Cassander, *Lisima*.

Eub. They are here,

Leo. Then thus I flie into their bosoms,
Nature has rectifi'd in me, *Demetrius*,
The wandrings of ambition, our dear Sister
You are amaz'd, I did expect it, read
Assurance there, the day is big with wonder;

Mac. What means all this?

Leo. *Lisimachus*, be dear to us,
Cassander, you are welcome too.

Cas. Not I,
I do not look for't, all this sha'not bribe
My conscience to your faction, and make
Me false agen, *Seleucus* is no son
Of *Theodosius*, my dear Countrey-men
Correct your erring duties, and to that,
Your lawful King, prostrate your selves, *Demetrius*
Doth challenge all your knees.

Dem. All Love and Duty,
Flow from me to my Royal King, and Brother
I am confirm'd.

Cas. You are two credulous,
What can betray your faith so much?

Leo. *Sophia*, you appear sad, as if your Will
Gave no consent to this days happines.

Sop. No joy exceeds *Sophia*'s for your self.

Lis. With your pardon, Sir, I apprehend
A cause that makes her troubled, she desires
To know, what other Mistris, since her late
Unkindness, I have chosen to direct
My faith and service.

Leo. Another Mistris?

Lis. Yes, Sir.

Leo. And does our Sister love *Lisimachus*?

Sop. Here's something would confess.

Leo. He must not dare
To affront *Sophia*.

Cas. How my shame confounds me,
I beg your justice, without pity on
My age.

Leo. Your pennance shall be, to be faithful
To our state hereafter,

Omnes. May you live long and happy,
Leonatus, King of *Epire*.

Leo. But where's your other Mistris?

Lis. Even here, Sir.

Leo. Our Sister? is this another Mistris, Sir?

Sis. It holds

To prove my thoughts were so when she began
Her sorrow for neglecting me, that sweetness
Deserv'd, I should esteem her another Mistris,
Then when she cruelly forsook *Lisimachus*,
Your pardon Madam, and receive a heart
Proud with my first devotions to serve you.

Sop. In this I am crown'd agen, now mine for ever.

Leo. You have deceiv'd her happily,
Joy to you both.

Dem. We are ripe for the same wishes,
Polidora's part of me.

Pol. He all my blessing.

Leo. Heaven pour full joys upon you.

Mac. We are all blest,
There wants but one to fill your arms.

Leo. My Mistris,
And Wife shall be my Countrey, to which I
Was in my birth contracted, your love since
Hath plaid the Priest to perfect what was ceremony
Though Kingdoms by just Titles prove our own,
The subjects hearts do best secure a Crown.

Exeunt Omnes.

EPILOGUE.

T Here is no Coronation to day,
 Unless your gentle votes do crown our Play,
 If smiles appear within each Ladies eye,
 Which are the leading Stars in this fair skie,
 Our solemn day sets glorious, for then
 We hope by their sad influence, the men
 Will grace what they first shin'd on, make't appear,

(Both) how we please, and bless our covetous ear
 With your applause, more welcome than the Bells
 Upon a triumph, Bonfires, or what else
 Can speak a Coronation. And though I
 Were late depos'd, and spoil'd of Majesty,
 By the kind aid of your hands, Gentlemen,
 I quickly may be Crown'd a Queen agen.

THE

T H E
C O X C O M B.
A Comedy.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Ricardo, *a young Gentleman, in love with Viola.*

Antonio, *the Coxcomb Gentleman.*

Mercurie, *fellow-traveller with Antonio,*

Uberto,

Pedro } *three merry Gentlemen, friends to Ricardo,*

Silvio, }

Valerio, *a Countrey Gentleman.*

Curio, *Kinsman to Antonio.*

Justice, *a shallow one.*

Andrugio, *Father to Viola.*

Alexander, *servant to Mercurie's Mother,*

Marke, *the Justice's Clerk.*

Rowland, *servant to Andrugio.*

Tinker,

Constable,

Watch,

Drawer,

Musicians.

Women.

Viola, *Daughter to Andrugio.*

Maria, *Wife to Antonio.*

A Countrey-woman, *Mother to Mercurie.*

Nan and

Madge. } *Milk-maids.*

Dorothie, *the Tinkers Trull.*

The Scene England, France.

The Principal Actors were

*Nathan Field,
Giles Gary,
Rich. Allen,
Robert Benfeild.*

*Joseph Taylor,
Emanuel Read,
Hugh Atawell,
Will. Barcksted.*

P R O L O G U E.

T His Comedy long forgot, by some thought dead,
By us preserv'd, once more doth raise her head.
And to your noble censures does present,
Her outward form, and inward ornament.
Nor let this smell of arrogance, since 'tis known,
The makers that confest it for their own
Were this way skilful, and without the crime
Of flatteries I may say did please the time;
The work it self too, when it first came forth,
In the opinion of men of worth,
Was well receiv'd and favour'd, though some rude

And harsh among th' ignorant multitude,
(That relish gross food, better than a dish,
That's cook'd with care, and serv'd into the wish,
Of curious pallats) wanting wit and strength,
Truly to judge, condemn'd it for the length,
That fault's reform'd, and now 'tis to be try'd
Before such Judges 'twill not be deny'd
A free and noble hearing: nor fear I,
But 'twill deserve to have free liberty,
And give you cause (and with content) to say,
Their care was good, that did revive this Play.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Richardo and Viola.

Rich.



Let us make use of this stolen privacy,
And not loose time in protestation, Mistress,
For 'twere in me a kind of breach of faith,
To say again I love you.

Viola. Sweet, speak softly
For though the venture of your love to me,
Meets with a willing, and a full return:
Should it arrive unto my Fathers knowledge;
This were our last discourse.

Rich. How shall he know it?

Viola. His watching cares are such, for my advancement,
That every where his eye is fix'd upon me:
This night that does afford us some small freedom,
At the request and much intreaty of
The Mistress of the House, was hardly given me:
For I am never suffer'd to stir out,
But he hath spies upon me: yet I know not
You have so won upon me, that could I think
You would love faithfully (though to entertain
Another thought of you, would be my death)
I should adventure on his utmost anger.

Rich. Why do you think I can be false?

Viola. No faith,
You've an honest face, but if you should —

Rich. Let all the stor'd vengeance of heaven's justice —

Viola. No more, I do believe you, the dance ended,
Which this free womans ghests have vow'd to have
E'r they depart, I will make home, and store me
With all the Jewels, Chains, and Gold are trusted
Unto my custody, and at the next corner,
To my Fathers house, before one at the farthest,
Be ready to receive me.

Rich. I desire
No bond beyond your promise, let's go in,
To talk thus much, before the door, may breed
Suspicion.

Enter Mercury and Antonio talking.

Viola. Here are company too.

Rich. Away,
Those powers that prosper true and honest loves
Will bless our undertakings.

Viola. 'Tis my wish, Sir. *Exit Rich. and Viola.*

Mer. Nay, Sir, excuse me, I have drawn you to
Too much expence already in my travel:
And you have been too forward in your love;
To make my wants your own, allow me manners
Which you must grant I want, should I increase,
The bond in which your courtesies have ti'd me:
By still consuming you, give me leave
To take mine own ways now, and I shall often,
With willingness, come to visit you, and then thank you.

Ant. By this hand I could be angry, what do you think me?
Must we that have so long time been as one
Seen Cities, Countreys, Kingdoms, and their wonders;
Been bedfellows, and in our various journey
Mixt all our observations, part (as if
We were two Carriers at two several ways,
And as the fore-horse guides, cry God be with you)
Without or compliment, or ceremony?
In Travellers, that know transalpine garbs,
Though our designs are nec'r so serious, friend,
It were a capital crime, it must not be:
Nay, what is more, you shall not; you e'r long,
Shall see my house, and find what I call mine

Is wholly at your service.

Mer. 'Tis this tires me,
Sir, I were easily woo'd, if nothing else
But my Will lay in the choice: but 'tis not so;
My friends and kindred that have part of me,
And such on whom my chiefest hopes depend,
Justly expect the tender of my love
After my travel: then mine own honesty
Tells me 'tis poor, having indifferent means
To keep me in my quality and rank,
At my return, to tire anothers bounty,
And let mine own grow lusty, pardon me.

Ant. I will not, cannot, to conclude, I dare not:
Can any thing conferr'd upon my friend
Be burthen some to me? for this excuse
Had I no reason else, you should not leave me,
By a travellers faith you should not, I have said,
And then you know my humor, there's no contending.

Mer. Is there no way to 'scape this Inundation?
I shall be drown'd with folly if I go
And after nine days, men may take me up,
With my gall broken.

Ant. Are you yet resolv'd?

Mer. Wou'd you would spare me:

Ant. By this light I cannot
By all that may be sworn by.

Mer. Patience help me,
And heaven grant his folly be not catching:
If it be, the Town's undone, I now would give
A reasonable sum of gold to any Sheriff,
That would but lay an execution on me,
And free me from his company; while he was abroad,
His want of wit and language kept him dumb?
But Balaam's Ass will speak now, without spurring.

Ant. Speak, have I won you? —

Enter Servant and Musician.

Mer. You are not to be resisted.

Serv. Be ready I intreat you, the dance done,
Besides a liberal reward I have,
A bottle of Sherry in my power shall beget
New crotchets in your heads.

Musi. Tush, fear not us, we'll do our parts.

Serv. Go in.

Ant. I know this fellow.
Belong you to the house?

Serv. I serve the Mistress.

Ant. Pretty, and short, pray you Sir then inform her,
Two Gentlemen are covetous to be honor'd,
With her fair presence.

Serv. She shall know so much,
This is a merry night with us, and forbid not
Welcome to any that looks like a man:
I'll guide you the way.

Ant. Nay, follow, I have a trick in't. *Exit.*

Enter Uberto, Silvio, Richardo, Maria, Pedro,
Portia, Viola, with others.

Uber. Come, where's this Masque? fairest, for our cheer,
Our thanks and service, may you long survive,
To joy in many of these nights.

Mar. I thank you

Uber. We must have Musick too, or else you give us,
But half a welcome.

Mar. Pray you Sir, excuse me.

Silv. By no means, Lady.

Uber. We'll crown our liberal feast,
With some delightful strain fitting your love:

And

And this good company.

Mar. Since you enforce it,
I will not plead the excuse of want of skill
Or be, or nice, or curious, every year
I celebrate my marriage night; and will
Till I see my absent Husband.

Ubr. 'Tis fit freedom,
Silv. *Richardo* thou art dull —

Enter Servant.

Rich. I shall be lighter,
When I have had a heat.

Mar. Now Sir, the news?

Serv. Mistress, there are two Gentlemen.

Mar. Where?

Serv. Complimenting who should first enter.

Mar. What are they?

Serv. Heaven knows, but for their strangeness, have
you never seen a Cat wash her face?

Ubr. Yes.

Serv. Just such a stir they keep. if you make but haste,
You may see 'em yet before they enter.

Enter Antonia and Mercurie.

Mer. Let 'em be what they we'll, I'll keep them fair
Entertain, and gentle welcome.

Ant. It shall be so.

Mer. Then let it be your pleasure.

Ant. Lets stand aside, and you shall see us have
Fine sport anon.

Mer. A fair society, do you know these Gentlewomen?

Ant. Yes.

Mer. What are they?

(*Viola.*)

Ant. The second is a neighbors Daughter, her name is
There is my kinsmans wife, *Portia* her name, and a
Friend too.

Mer. Let her — what's she that leads the dance?

1 Serv. A Gentlewoman.

Mer. I see that.

1 Serv. Indeed?

Mer. What?

1 Serv. A Gentlewoman.

Mer. Udsfoot, good Sir, what's she that leads the dance?

2 Serv. My Mistress.

Mer. What else?

2 Serv. My Mistress, Sir.

Mer. Your Mistress? a pox on you,
What a fry of fools are here? I see 'tis treason to under-
stand in this house: if nature were not better to them, than
they can be to themselves, they would scant hit their mouths
my Mistress? is there any one with so much wit in's head,
that can tell me at the first sight, what Gentlewoman that
is that leads the dance?

'Tis my wife.

Mer. Hum.

Ant. How dost thou like her?

Mer. Well, a pretty Gentlewoman.

Ant. Prethee be quiet.

Mer. I would I could

Let never any hereafter that's a man,
That has affections in him, and free passions,
Receive the least tye from such a fool as this is, (truly
That holds so sweet a wife, 'tis lamentable to consider
What right he robs himself of, and what wrong
He doth the youth of such a Gentlewoman?
That knows her beauty, is no longer hers,
Than men will please to make it so, and use it
Neither of which lies freely in a Husband,
Oh what have I done, what have I done, Coxcomb?
If I had never seen, or never tasted
The goodness of this kix, I had been a made man,
But now to make a Cuckold is a sin

Against all forgiveness, worse than a murder;
I have a Wolf by the ears, and am bitten both ways.

Ant. How now friend, what are you thinking of?

Mer. Nothing concerning you, I must be gone.

Ant. Pardon me, I'll have no going, Sir.

Mer. Then good Sir, give me leave to go to bed,
I am very weary, and ill-temper'd.

Ant. You shall presently, the dance is done.

1 Serv. Mistress, these are the Gentlemen.

Mar. My Husband's welcome home, dear Sir. (one,

Mer. She's fair still, oh that I were a knave, or durst be
For thy fake coxcomb; he that invented honesty, undid me.

Ant. I thought you had not known me, y'are merry 'tis well;
And how ist with these worthy Gentlemen? (thought,

Ubr. & Sil. We are glad to see you here again. (vels,

Ant. Oh Gent, what ha' you lost? but get you into tra-
There you may learn, I cannot say what hidden virtues.

Mer. Hidden from you I am sure,

My blood boils like a furnace,

She's a fair one.

Ant. Pray entertain this Gent. with all the courtesie,
Fitting my most especial friend.

Mar. What this poor house may yield,

To make you welcome, dear Sir, command

Without more compliment.

Mer. I thank you:

She's wife, and speaks well too, oh what a blessing

Is gone by me, ne'er to be recovered?

Well, 'twas an old shame the Devil laid up for me, and
now has hit me home; if there be any ways to be dishonest,

and save my self yet, — No, it must not be, why should
I be a fool too — Yet those eyes would tempt another

Adam, how they call to me, and tell me — S'foot, they
shall not tell me any thing, Sir, will you walk in?

Ant. How is't, Signior?

Mer. Crazie a little.

Mar. What ail you, Sir?

What's in my power, pray make use of, Sir. (sure?

Mer. 'Tis that must do me good, she does not mock me

And't please you nothing, my disease is only weariness.

Ubr. Come Gentlemen, we'll not keep you from your beds
too long.

Rich. I ha' some business, and 'tis late, and you far from
your lodging.

Sil. Well.

Exit manent, Ant. Mar and Mer.

Ant. Come my dear *Mercury*, I'll bring you to your cham-
ber, and then I am for you *Maria*, thou art a new wife to
me now, and thou shalt find it e'r I sleep.

Mer. And I, an old as to myself, mine own rod whips
me, — good Sir, no more of this, 'tis tedious, you are the
best guide in your own house — go Sir —

Exit Ant and Mer.

This fool and his fair Wife have made me frantick
From two such Physicks for the soul, deliver me. *Exit.*

Enter Richardo, Uberto, Pedro, and Silvio.

Ubr. Well you must have this wench then.

Ric. I hope so, I am much o'th' bow-hand else.

Ped. Wou'd I were hang'd, 'tis a good loving little fool,
that dares venture her self upon a coast she never knew yet,
but these women, when they are once thirteen, god speed
the plough.

Sil. Faith they'll venture further for their lading, than a
Merchant, and through as many storms, but they'll be
fraughted, they are mad like *Carrecks*, only strength and
storage.

Ric. Come, come, you talk, you talk. (her?

Sil. We do so, but tell me *Richardo*, wot thou marry her?

Ric. Marry her? why, what should I do with her?

Ped. Pox, I thought we should have all shares in her, like
lawful prize.

Ric. No by my faith, Sir, you shall pardon me, I lanch'd
her at my own charge, without partners. and so I'll keep her.

Ubr.

Ub. What's the hour?

Rich. Twelve.

Ub. What shall we do the while? 'tis yet scarce eleven.

Sil. There's no standing here, is not this the place?

Rich. Yes.

Ped. And to go back unto her fathers house, may breed suspicion,
Let's slip into a Tavern, for an hour, 'tis very cold.

Ub. Content, there is one hard by, a quart of burnt sack will recover us, I am as cold as Christmas, this stealing flesh in the frosty weather, may be sweet i'th' eating, but sure the Woodmen have no great catch on't; Shall's go?

Rich. Thou art the strangest lover of a Tavern, What shall we do there now? lose the hour and our selves too.

Ub. Lose a pudding; What do'st thou talk of the hour; Will one quart muzzle us? have we not ears to hear, and tongues to ask the Drawers, but we must stand here like bawds to watch the minutes?

Sil. Prethee content thy self, we shall scout here, a though we went a' haying, and have some mungey prentice, that cannot sleep for scratching, over-hear us; Come, Will you go Sirs? when your love fury is a little frozen, you'll come to us.

Rich. Will you drink but one quart then?

Ped. No more i'faith.

Sil. Content.

Rich. Why then, have with you, but lets be very watchful.

Ub. As watchful as the Belman, come, I'll lead, because I hate good manners, they are too tedious. *Exeunt.*

Enter Viola with a Key, and a little Casket.

The night is terrible, and I enclos'd
With that my vertue and my self hate most,
Darkness; yet must I fear that which I wish,
Some company, and every step I take
Sounds louder in my fearful ears to night
Than ever did, the shrill and sacred bell
That rang me to my prayers; the house will rise
When I unlock the dore, were it by day
I am bold enough, but then a thousand eyes
Warne me from going, might not heaven have made
A time for envious prying folk to sleep,
Whilst lovers met, and yet the Sun have shone?
Yet I was bold enough, to steal this key
Out of my fathers Chamber, and dare yet
Venture upon mine enemy, the night,
Arm'd only with my love, to meet my friend.
Alas how valiant, and how fraid at once
Love makes a Virgin? I will throw this key
Back through a window, I had wealth enough
In Jewels with me, if I hold his love
I steal e'm for; farewell my place of birth,
I never make account to look on thee again;
And if there be, as I have heard men say,
These household gods, I do beseech them look
To this my charge, bless it from theeves and fire,
And keep, till happily my love I win,
Me from thy door, and hold my Father in. *Exit.*

Enter Richardo, Pedro, Uberto, Silvio, and Drawer with a Candle.

Rich. No more for Gods sake, how is the night boy?

Draw. Faith Sir, 'tis very late.

Ub. Faith Sir, you lie, is this your jack i'th' clock-house? will you strike, Sir? gi's some more sack, you varlet.

Rich. Nay, if you love me, good *Uberto* goe, I am monstrous hot with Wine.

Ub. Quench it again with love, Gentlemen, I will drink one health more, and then if my legs say me not shamefully nay, I will go with you, give me a singlar quart.

Draw. Of what Wine Sir?

Uber. Of Sack, you that speak confusion at the bar, o. Sack, I say, and every one his quart, what a Devil lets be merry.

Draw. You shall, Sir. *Exit.*

Ped. We will, Sir, and a dryed tongue.

Sil. And an Olive, boy, and a whole bunch of siders, my head swims plaguely, 'uds precious I shall be clawd.

Enter Drawer with four quarts of wine.

Rich. Pray go, I can drink no more, think on your promise, 'tis midnight Gentlemen.

Ub. O that it were dum midnight now, not a word more, every man on's knees, and betake himself to his faint, here's to your wench, seignior, all this, and then away.

Rich. I cannot drink it.

Ped. 'Tis a toy; a toy, away wo't.

Uber. Now dare I speak any thing, to any body living, ome, Where's the fault? off with it.

Rich. I have broke my wind, Call you this Sack? — I wonder who made it? he was a sure workman, for 'tis plagny strong work, Is it gone round?

Ub. 'Tis at the last, out of my way, good boy, Is the Moon up yet?

Draw. Yes, Sir.

Ub. Where is she boy?

Draw. There, Sir.

Ub. We shall have rain and thunder, boy.

Draw. When Sir?

Ub. I cannot tell, but sure we shall boy.

Draw. The Gentleman is Wine-wile.

Uber. Drawer?

Draw. Here, Sir.

Ub. Can you procure?

Draw. What Sir?

Uber. A Whore, or two or three, as need shall serve, boy.

Sil. I, a good Whore were worth money, boy.

Draw. I protest Sir, we are all together unprovided.

Rich. The mor's the pitty, boy, Can you not 'vize us where my Child?

Ped. Why where were you brought up, boy? no inckling of a Whore? no aym my boy?

Uber. It cannot sink in my head now, that thou shouldst marry, Why shouldst thou marry, tell me?

Rich. I marry? I'll be hang'd first: some more wine boy.

Sil. Is she not a Whore translated? and she be, lets repair to her.

Rich. I cannot tell, she may be an offender; but signie *Silvio*, I shall scratch your head, indeed I shall.

Sil. Judge me, I do but jest with thee, what an she were inverted with her heeles upward, like a traitor's Coat what care I.

Ub. I, hang her, Shall we fall out for her?

Rich. I am a little angry, but these wenches; Did you not talke of wenches?

Sil. Boy, lend me your Candle.

Draw. Why Sir?

Sil. To set fire to your rotten feeling, you'll keep no Whores, Rogue, no good members.

Draw. Whores, Sir.

Silv. I, Whores Sir, Do you think we come to lye with your hogsheads?

Rich. I must beat the watch, I have long'd for't any time this three weeks.

Silv. Wee'll beat the Town too, and thou wilt, we are proof boy; Shall she kill any body?

Rich. No, but wee'll hurt 'em dangerously.

Uber. *Silv.* Now must I kill one, I cannot avoid it, boy, easily afore there with your candle; Where's your Mistrils?

Draw. A bed, Sir.

Sil. With whom?

Draw. With my Master.

Uber. You lye Boy, shee's better brought up than to lye with her husband, Has he not cast his head yet? next year he will be a velvet-headed Cuckold. *Exeunt.*

Draw. You are a merry Gentleman, there Sir, take hold.

Enter Viola.

Viola. This is the place, I have out-told the Clock,
For haste, he is not here. *Richardo?* no;
Now every power that loves and is belov'd:
Keep me from shame to night, for all you know
Each thought of mine is innocent, and pure,
As flesh and blood can hold: I cannot back;
I threw the Key within, and ere I raise
My Father up, to see his daughters shame,
I'll set me down, and tell the Northern Wind,
That it is gentler than the curling West;
If it will blow me dead, but he will come;
I'faith 'tis cold; if he deceive me thus,
A woman will not easily trust a Man. Hark, What's that?

Sil. within. Th'art over long at thy pot, tom, tom, thou art over long at the pot tom.

Viola. Bless me! Whose that?

Pedro within. Whoo!

Uber within. There Boyes.

Viola. Darknes be thou my cover, I must fly,
To thee I haste for help——

Enter Richardo, Pedro, Ubero, Drawer with a Torch.

Viola. They have a light,
Wind, if thou lov'st a Virgin, blow it out,
And I will never shut a window more,
To keep thee from me.

Rich. Boy?

Draw. Sir.

Rich. Why Boy?

Draw. What say you, Sir?

Rich. Why Boy? Art thou drunk Boy?

Draw. What would you, Sir?

Rich. Why very good, Where are we?

Uber. I, that's the point.

Draw. Why Sir, you will be at your Lodging presently.

Rich. I'll go to no lodging Boy.

Draw. Whither will you go then, Sir?

Rich. I'll go no farther.

Draw. For Gods sake, Sir, do not stay here all night.

Rich. No more I will not, Boy, lay me down, and rowle me to a Whore.

Uber. And me.

Ped. There spoke an——

Silvio. Then set your foot to my foot, and up tails all.

Viola. That is *Richardo*, what a noise they make?

'Tis ill done on 'em: here, Sirs, *Richardo?*

Rich. What's that Boy?

Draw. 'Tis a Wench, Sir, pray Gentlemen come away.

Viola. O my dear love! How doest thou?

Rich. Faith sweet heart? even as thou feest.

Ped. Where's thy Wench?

Uber. Where's this bed worme?

Viola. Speak softly for the love of heaven.

Draw. Mistress, get you gone, and do not entice the Gentlemen, now you see they'r drunk, or I'll call the Watch, and lay you fast enough.

Vio. Alas, What are you? or, What do you mean?
Sweet love, Where's the place?

Rich. Marry sweet love, e'en here, lye down, I'll feefe thee.

Vio. Good God! What mean you?

Ped. I'll have the Wench.

Uber. If you can get her.

Sil. No, I'll lye with the Wench to night, and she shall be yours to morrow.

Ped. Let go the Wench.

Sil. Let you go the Wench.

Viola. O Gentlemen, as you had mothers!

Uber. They had no mothers; they are the Sons of bitches.

Rich. Let that be maintain'd.

Sil. Marry then.

Viola. Oh bless me heaven!

Uber. How many is there on's?

Rich. About five.

Uber. Why then lets fight three to three.

Sil. Content,

(*Draw and fall down.*)

Draw. The Watch? the watch? the watch? Where are you?

(*Exit.*)

Exit.

Rich. Where are these Cowards?

Ped. There's the Wore.

Viola. I never saw a drunken man before,
But these I think are so.

Sil. Oh!

Ped. I mist you narrowly there.

Viola. My state is such, I know not how to think,
A prayer fit for me, only I could move,
That never Maiden more might be in love.

Exit.

Enter Drawer, Constable and Watch.

Watch. Where are they, Boy?

Draw. Make no such haste, Sir, they are no runners.

Ub. I am hurt, but that's all one, I shall light upon some of ye.

Pedro, thou art a tall Gentleman, let me kiss thee.

Watch. My friend.

Uber. Your friend? you lie.

Rich. Stand further off, the watch, you are full of fleas.

Con. Gentlemen, either be quiet, or we must make you quiet:

Rich. Nay, good Mr. Constable, be not so Rigorous.

Uber. Mr. Constable, lend me thy hand of Justice.

Const. That I will Sir.

(*so blind.*)

Uber. Fy Mr. Constable, What golls you have? is Justice Y? cannot see to wash your hands? I cry you Mercy, Sir; Your gloves are on.

Draw. Now you are up, Sir, Will you go to bed?

Ped. I'll truckle here, Boy, give me another pillow.

Draw. Will you stand up, and let me lay it on then?

Ped. Yes.

(*be going Mr. Constable.*)

Draw. There hold him two of ye, now they are up,

Rich. And this way, and that way, tom.

Uber. And here away, and there away, tom.

Silv. This is the right way, the others the wrong.

Ped. Th' others the wrong.

All. Thou art over-long at the pot, tom, tom.

Rich. Lead valiantly, sweet Constable, whoop! ha Boyes.

Const. This Wine hunts in their heads.

Rich. Give me the bill, for I'll be the Sergeant.

Const. Look to him, Sirs.

Rich. Keep your Ranks, you Rascalls,, keep your Ranks.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Mercury.

Mer. I Cannot sleep for thinking of this Asses Wife,
I'll be gon presently, there's no staying here,
with this Devil about me? hoe, this is the house of sleep,
hoe? again there, 'sfoot, the darknes, and this love together,
will make me lunatick; ho?

Enter a Servingman above unready.

Ser. Who calls there?

Mer. Pray take the pains to rise and light a candle.

Ser. Presently,

Mer. Was ever man but I in such a stocks? well, this shall be a warning to me, and a fair one too, how I betray my self to such a Dunce, by way of benefit.

Enter

Enter Servingman.

Ser. Did you call?

Mer. Yes, pray do me the kindness, Sir, to let me out, and not enquire why, for I must needs be gone.

Ser. Not to night, I hope, Sir.

Mer. Good Sir to night, I would not have troubled you else, pray let it be so.

Ser. Alas, Sir, my Master will be offended.

Mer. That I have business? no I warrant ye.

Ser. Good Sir take your rest.

Mer. Pray my good friend let me appoint my own rest.

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Mer. Then shew me the way out, I'll consider you.

Ser. Good Lord, Sir,

Mer. If I had not an excellent temper'd patience, now should I break this fellows head, and make him understand 'twere necessary; the onely plague of this house is the unhandfome love of servants, that ne'er do their duty in the right place, but when they muster before dinner, and sweep the Table with a wodden dagger, and then they are troublesome too, to all mens shoulders, the Woodcocks flesht agen, now I shall have a new stir.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Why how now friend? What do you up so late? are you well? Do you want any thing? pray speak.

Mer. Onely the cause I rise for.

Ant. What knaves are these? What do you want? why Sirrah?

Mer. Nothing i'th' World, but the keyes to let me out of dores; I must be gon, be not against it, for you cannot stay me.

Ant. Be gon at this time? that were a merry jest.

Mer. If there be any mirth in't, make you use on't, but I must go.

Ant. Why for loves sake?

Mer. 'Twill benefit your understanding nothing to know the cause, pray go to bed, I'll trouble your Man only.

Ant. Nay, Sir, you have rais'd more, that has reason to curse you, and you knew all, my Wifes up, and coming down too.

Mer. Alas, it will be a trouble, pray go up to her, and let me disturbe no more, 'tis unmannerly.

Enter Wife as out of her bed.

Ant. Shee's here already; sweet heart: How say you by this Gentleman? he would away at midnight.

Wife. That I am sure he will not.

Mer. Indeed I must.

Mar. Good Sir let not your homely entertainment press you to leave your bed at midnight; if you want, what my house or our town may afford you, make it your own fault if you call not for it; pray go to bed again; let me compel you, I am sure you have no power to deny a Woman; the ayr is piercing, and to a body beaten with long travel, 'twill prove an ill Physitian.

Mer. If she speak longer I shall be a knave, as rank as ever sweat for't; Sir, if you will fend your Wife up presently, I will either stay with you, d'ye mark me, or deliver you, so just a cause, that you your self, shall thrust me out of dores, both suddenly, and willingly.

Ant. I would fain hear that 'faith, pray thee go up sweet heart, I have half perswaded him, besides, he hath some private business with me.

Mar. Good night, Sir, and what content you would have, I wish with you.

Mer. Could any man that had a back ask more! O me! O me!

Ant. Now deal directly with me: Why should you go?

Mer. If you be wife do not enquire the cause, 'twill trouble you.

Ant. Why? prithee why?

Mer. 'Faith I would not have you know it, let me go, 'twill be far better for you.

Ant. Who's that, that knocks there? i't not at the street door?

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Ant. Who's there, cannot you speak?

Within *Vi.* A poor distressed Maid, for gods sake let me in.

Mer. Let her in and me out together, 'tis but one labor, 'tis pity she should stand i'th' street, it seems she knows you.

Ant. There she shall stand for me, you are ignorant; this is a common custome of the Rogues that lie about the loose parts of the City.

Mer. As how?

Ant. To knock at doors in dead time of night, and use some feigned voice to raise compassion, and when the doors are open, in they rush, and cut the throats of all, and take the booty, we cannot be too careful.

Within *Vi.* As ever you had pity let me in, I am undone else.

Ant. Who are you?

Vi. My name is *Viola*, a Gentlewoman, that ill chance hath distressed, you know my Father.

Mer. Alas of god we'll let her in, 'tis one of the Gentlewomen were here i'th' evening, I know her by her name, (poor foul) shee's cold I warrant her, let her have my warme Bed, and I'll take her fortune; come, pray come.

Ant. It is not *Viola*, that's certain, she went home to her Fathers, I am sure.

Vi. Will not you be so good to let me in?

Ant. I'll be so good to have you whipt away if you stay a little longer: Shee's gone I warrant her, now let me know your cause, for I will hear it, and not repent the knowing.

Mer. Since you are so importunate, I'll tell you, I love your Wife extreamly.

Ant. Very well.

Mer. And so well that I dare not stay.

Ant. Why?

Mer. For wronging you, I know I am flesh and blood, and you have done me friendships infinite and often, that must require me honest, and a true Man, and I will be so, or I'll break my heart.

Ant. Why, you may stay for all this, methinks.

Mer. No, though I woud be good, I am no faint, nor i't safe to try me, I deal plainly.

Ant. Come, I dare try you, do the best you can.

Mer. You shall not, when I am right agen, I'll come and see you, till when, I'll use all Countreyes, and all means, but I will lose this folly, 'tis a Divil.

Ant. Is there no way to stay you?

Mer. No, unless you will have me such a villain to you, as all men shall spit at me.

Ant. Do's she know you love her?

Mer. No, I hope not, that were recompence fit for a Rogue to render her.

Ant. If ever any had a faithful friend, I am that Man, and I may glory in't, this is he, that *ipse*, he that passes all Christendome for goodness, he shall not over goe me in his friendship, 'twere recreant and base, and I'll be hang'd first, I am resolv'd, go thy wayes, a Wife will never part us: I have consider'd, and I find her nothing to such a friend as thou art; I'll speak a bold world, take your time and woe her; you have overcome me clearly, and do what's fitting with her, you conceive me, I am glad at heart you love her: by this light, ne're stare upon me, for I will not flye from it, if you had spoken sooner, sure you had been serv'd; Sir, you are not every Man, now to your taske, I give you free leave, and the sin is mine if there be any in it.

Mer. He will be hang'd before he makes this good, he cannot be so innocent a Coxcombe, he can tell ten sure, if I had never known you as I have done, I might be one, as others perhaps sooner, but now 'tis impossible, there's too much good between us.

Ant. Well, thou art e'en the best man — I can say no more, I am, so over-joy'd, you must stay this night, and in the morning go as early as you please, I have a toy for you.

Mer. I thought this pill would make you sick.

Ant. But where you mean to be I must have notice, And it must be hard by too, do you mark me?

Mer. Why, What's the matter?

Ant. There is a thing in hand.

Mer. Why? What thing?

Ant. A found one, if it take right, and you be not peevish. We two will be — you would little think it; as famous for our friendship —

Mer. How?

Ant. If Heaven please, as ever *Damon* was, and *Pythias*; or *Pylades*, and *Orestes*, or any two that ever were: do you conceive me yet?

Mer. No, by my troth, Sir; he will not help me up sure.

Ant. You shall anon, and for our names, I think they shall live after us, and be remember'd while there is a story; or I'll lose my aim.

Mer. What a vengeance ailes he? How do you?

Ant. Yes faith, we two will be such friends, as the world shall ring of.

Mer. And why is all this?

Ant. You shall enjoy my wife.

Mer. Away, away.

Ant. The wonder must begin, so I have cast it, 'twill be scurv' else, you shall not stir a foot in't, pray be quiet till I have made it perfect.

Mer. What shall a Man do with this wretched fellow? there's no mercy to be used towards him, he is not capable of any pity, he will in spight of course be a Cuckold, And who can help it? must it begin so needs Sir? — think again

Ant. Yes marry must it, and I my self will woe this woman for you, Do you perceive it now? ha?

Mer. Yes, now I have a little sight ith' matter; O that th' head should be so monitrous, that all thy Servants hats may hang upon't! but do you meane to do this?

Ant. Yes certain, I will woe her, and for you, strive not against it, 'tis the overthrow of the best plot that ever was then.

Mer. Nay, I'll assure you, Sir, I'll do no harm, you have too much about you of your own.

Ant. Have you thought of a place yet?

Mer. A place?

Ant. I a place where you will bide, prethee no more of this modesty, 'tis foolish, and we were not determin'd to be absolute friends indeed, 'twere tolerable.

Mer. I have thought, and you shall hear from me.

Ant. Why, this will gain me everlasting glory; I have the better of him, that's my comfort, good night. *Exit.*

Mer. Good night, well go thy wayes, thou art the tydiest vittall this day I think above ground, and yet thy end for all this must be mottly. *Exit.*

Enter a Tinker with a Cord, and Dorothy.

Tink. 'Tis better cold; a plague upon these Rogues, how wary they are grown? not a door open now, but double barr'd; not a Window, but up with a case of wood like a spice box, and their locks unpickable, the very Smiths that were half ventures, drink penitent, single Ale, this is the Iron age, the Ballad sings of; well, I shall meet with some of our loose Linnen yet, good fellows must not starve; here's he shall shew God a mighties dog bolts, if this hold.

Dorothy. Faith thou art but too merciful, that's thy

fault, thou art as sweet a Thief, that sin excepted, as ever suffer'd, that's a proud word, and I'll maintain it.

Tink. Come, prethee let's shogg off, and browze an hour or two, there's Ale will make a Cat speak, at the harrow, we shall get nothing now, without we batter, 'tis grown too near morning, the Rogues sleep sober, and are watchful.

Dorit. We want a Boy extreamly for this function, kept under for a year, with milk, and knot-grafs; in my time I have seen a boy do wonders; *Robbin* the red Tinker had a Boy, Rest his Soul, he suffer'd this time; 4 years, for two Spoons, and a Pewter Candlestick, that sweet Man had a Boy, as I am Curstend Whore, would have run through a Cat hole, he would have bouted such a piece of Linnen in an evening —

Tink. Well, we will have a Boy, prethee lets go, I am vengeance cold I tell thee.

Dorothy. I'll be hang'd before I stir without some purchase, by these ten bones, I'll turn she-ape; and untile a house, but I'll have it, it may be I have a humor to be hang'd, I cannot tell.

Enter Viola.

Tink. Peace, you flead Whore, thou hast a mouth like a Bloodhound, here comes a night-shade.

Dorit. A Gentlewoman Whore, by this darknes I'll case her to the skin.

Tink. Peace, I say.

Viola. What fear have I endur'd this dismal night? And what disgrace, if I were seen and known?

In which this darknes onely is my friend,

That onely has undone me; a thousand curses

Light on my easie, foolish, childish love,

That durst so lightly lay a confidence

Upon a Man, so many being false;

My weariness, and weeping, makes me sleepy, I must lie down.

Tink. What's this? a Prayer, or a Homily, or a Ballad of good counsel? she has a Gown, I am sure.

Dor. Knock out her brains, and then shee'll nee'r bite.

Tink. Yes, I will knock her, but not yet, you? woman?

Viol. For Gods fake what are you?

Tink. One of the groomes of your wardrobe, come, uncase, uncase; byr Lady a good Kersey.

Vio. Pray do not hurt me, Sir.

Dor. Let's have no pity, for if you do, here's that shall cut your whistle.

Viol. Alas, what would you have? I am as miserable as you can make me any way.

Dor. That shall be try'd.

Vio. Here, take my Gown, if that will do you pleasure.

Tink. Yes marry will it, look in the Pockets *Doll*, there may be birds.

Dor. They are flown, a pox go with them, I'll have this Hat, and this Ruffe too, I like it, now will I flourish like a Lady, brave, I faith boy.

Vio. Y'are so gentle people to my seeming, That by my truth I could live with you.

Tin. Could you so? a pretty young round wench, well bloudded, I am for her, Theeves.

Dor. But by this I am not, coole your Codpiece, Rogue, or I'll clap a spell upon't, shall take your edge off with a very vengeance.

Tin. Peace, horse-flesh, peace, I'll cast off my Amazon, she has walk'd too long, and is indeed notorious, shee'll fight and scould, and drink like one of the worthies.

Dorit. Uds, pretious you young contagious Whore, must you be ticing? and, Is your flesh so wranck, Sir, that two may live upon't? I am glad to hear your Cortalls grown so lusty; he was dry founder'd t'other day, wehee my pamper'd Jade of *Asia*.

Vio. Good Woman do not hurt me, I am sorry that I have given any cause of anger.

Dor. Either bind her quickly, and come away, or by this steel

steel I'll tell thee, though I trust for company; now could I eate her broyl'd, or any way, without Vinegar, I must have her Nose.

Vio. By any thing you love best, good Sir, good Woman.

Tin. Why her Nose, *Dorothy*?

Dor. If I have it not, and presently warm, I lose that I go withal.

Tin. Wood the Devil had that thou goest withall, and thee together, for sure he got thy whelps if thou halt any, shees thy deere dad, Whore! put up your cutpurse; an I take my switch up, 'twill be a black time with you else, sheth your bung Whore.

Dor. Will you bind her? we shall stand here prating, and be hang'd both.

Tin. Come, I must bind you, not a word, no crying.

Vio. Do what you will, indeed I will not cry.

Tin. Hurt her not, if thou dost, by Ale and Beer, I'll clost thy old bald brain pan, with a piece of Brass, you Bitch incarnate.

Exeunt Tinker and Dorothy.

Vio. O Heaven, to what am I reserv'd, that knew not Through all my childish hours and actions, More sin, than poor imagination, And too much loving of a faithless Man? For which I'm paid, and so, that not the day That now is rising to protect the harmless, And give the innocent a sanctuary From theeves and spoilers, can deliver me From shame, at least suspicion—

Enter Valerio.

Val. Sirrah, lead down the horses easily, I'll walke a foot till I be down the hill, 'tis very early, I shall reach home betimes. How now, whose there?

Vio. Night, that was ever friend to Lovers, yet Has rais'd some weary Soul, that hates his bed, To come and see me blush, and then laugh at me.

Val. H'ad a rude heart that did this.

Vio. Gentle Sir,

If you have that which honest men call pitty, And be as far from evil as you shew; Help a poor Maid, that this night by bad fortune Has been thus us'd by Robbers,

Val. A pox upon his heart that would not help thee, this Thieff was half a Lawyer by his bands, How long have you been tyed here?

Vio. Alas, this hour, and with cold and fear am almost perisht.

Val. Where were the watch the while? good sober Gent. they were like careful members of the City, drawing in diligent Ale, and singing catches, while Mr. Constable contriv'd the Tofts: these fellows would be more severely punished than wandring Gypsies, that every statute whips; for if they had every one two eyes a piece more, three pots would put them out.

Vio. I cannot tell, I found no Christian to give me succor.

Val. When they take a Thief, I'll take *Ostend* agen; the whorsons drink Opium in their Ale, and then they sleep like tops; as for their bills, they only serve to reach down Bacon to make Rashers on; now let me know whom I have done this courtesie too, that I may thank my early rising for it?

Vio. Sir, All I am, you see.

Val. You have a name I'm sure, and a kindred, a Father, friend, or something that must own you; shee's a handsome young Wench; What Rogues were these to Rob her?

Vio. Sir, you see all I dare reveale, And as you are a Gentleman press me no further; For there begins a grief, whose bitterness Will break a stronger heart than I have in me, And 'twill but make you heavy with the hearing,

For your own goodnefs sake desire it not.

Val. If you would not have me enquire that, How do you live then?

Vio. How I have liv'd, is still one question, Which must not be resolv'd—

How I desire to live, is in your liking, So worthy an opinion I have of you.

Val. Is in my liking? How I pray thee? tell me, i'faith I'll do you any good lies in my power; she has an eye would raise a bedrid man; come, leave your fear, and tell me, that's a good Wench.

Vio. Sir, I would serve—

Val. Who would't thou serve? do not weep and tell me,

Vio. Faith, Sir, even some good woman, and such a wife if you be married, I do imagine yours.

Val. Alas! thou art young and tender, let me see thy hand, this was ne'er made to wash, or wind up water, beat cloaths, or rub a floor, by this light, for one use that shall be nameless, 'tis the best wanton hand that e're I lookt on.

Vio. Dare you accept me, Sir, my heart is honest, Among your vertuous charitable deeds, This will not be the least.

Val. Thou canst in a Chamber?

Vio. In a Chamber, Sir?

Val. I mean wait there upon a Gentlewoman, How quick she is, I like that mainly too; I'll have her, though I keep her with main strength like a besieged Town, for I know I shall have the Enemy afore me within a week.

Vio. Sir, I can sew too, and make pretty laces, Dress a head handsome, teach young Gentlewomen, For in all these I have a little knowledge.

Val. 'Tis well, no doubt I shall encrease that knowledge; I like her better still, how she provokes me; pritty young Maid, you shall serve a good Gentlewoman, though I say't, that will not be unwilling you should please me, nor I forgetful if you do.

Vio. I am the happier.

Val. My man shall make some snift to carry you behind him, Can you ride well?

Vio. But I'll hold fast for catching of a fall.

Val. That's the next way to pull another on you, I'll work her as I go, I know shee's wax, now, now, at this time could I beget a Worthy on this Wench,

Vio. Sir, for this Gentleness, may Heaven requite you tenfold.

Val. 'Tis a good Wench, however others use thee, be sure I'll be a loving Master to thee, come.

Exeunt.

Enter Antonio like an Irish Footman, with a Letter.

Ant. I hope I am wild enough, for being known, I have writ a Letter here, and in it have abus'd my self most bitterly, yet all my fear is not enough, for that must do it, that must lay it on, I'll win her out i'th' flint, 'twill be more famous, now for my language.

Enter Servingman.

Ser. Now, Sir, Who would you speak with?

Ant. Where be thy Mastres Man? I would speak with her, I have a Letter.

Ser. Cannot I deliver it?

Ant. No, by my trot, and salt, canst thou not Man.

Ser. Well, Sir, I'll call her to you, pray shake your ears without a little.

Exit Servingman.

Ant. Cran a Cree do it quickly; this rebel tonge fricks in my teeth worse than a tough Hen, sure it was ne'er known at Babel, for they sould no Apples, and this was made for certain at the first planting of Orchards, 'tis so crabbed.

Enter

Enter Wife, and Servingman.

Mar. What's he wood speak with me?

Ser. A kill kenny ring, there he stands Madam.

Mar. What would you have with me, friend?

Ant. He has a Letter for other Women, Wilt thou read it.

Mar. From whence?

Ant. De Crosse creest from my Master.

Mar. Who is your Master?

Ant. I pray do you look.

Mar. Do you know this fellow?

Ser. No Maddam, not I; more than an *Irish* Footman, stand further friend, I do not like your roperunners, What stallion Rogues are these, to weare such dowsetts, the very Cotton may commit adultery.

Mar. I cannot find whose hand this should be, I'll read, To the beauteous wife of *Don Antonio*, sure this is some blind scribe — well now, What follows?

Ant. Pray God it take, I have given her that, will stir her conscience, how it works with her; hope, if it be thy will, let the flesh have it.

Mar. This is the most abhor'd, intollerable knavery, that ever slave entertain'd, sure there is more than thine own head in this villany, it goes like practic'd mischief; disabled in his body? O good God, as I live he lies fearfully, and basely, ha? I should know that Jewel, 'tis my husband, come hither that, Are you an Irish Man?

Ant. Sweete Woman a Cree I am an Irish man?

Mar. Now I know it perfectly; is this your trick, Sir? I'll trick you for it; How long have you serv'd this Gentleman.

Ant. Please thee a little day, O my *Mac dermond* put me to my Mastree, 'tis don I know.

Mar. By my faith he speaks as well as if he had been lousy for the language a year or two; well, Sir, you had been better have kept your own shape as I will use you, What have I done that should deserve this tryal? I never made him Cuckold, to my knowledge, Sirrah come hither.

Ant. Now will she send some Jewel, or some Letter, I know her mind as well; I shall be famous.

Mar. Take this Irish bawde here.

Ant. How?

Mar. And kick him till his breeches and breech be of one colour, a bright blew both.

Ant. I may be well swing'd thus, for I dare not reveale my self, I hope she does not mean it, O hone, O hone, O *St. Patrick*, O a Cree, O sweete Woman.

Mar. No, turn him, and kick him o' t'other side, that's well.

Ant. O good waiting Man, I beseech thee good waiting man, a pox fyre your Legs.

Mar. You Rogue, you enemy to all, but little breeches, How dar'st thou come to me with such a Letter?

Ant. Prethee pittie the poor Irishman, all this makes for me, if I win her yet, I am still more glorious.

Mar. Now could I weep at what I have done, but I'll harden my heart agen, go shut him up, 'till my husband comes home, yet thus much ere ye go, sirrah thach'd head, Would'st not thou be whipt, and think it Justice? well *Aquavitæ* Barrel, I will bonnce you.

Ant. I pray do, I beseech you be not angry.

Mar. O you hobby headed Rascal, I'll have you flead, and trossers made of thy skin to tumble in, go a way with him, let him see no sun, till my husband come home, Sir, I shall meet with you for your knavery, I fear it not.

Ant. Wilt thou not let me go? I do not like this.

Mar. Away with him.

Servingman. Come, I'll lead you in by your Jack a lent hair, go quietly, or I'll make your crupper crack.

Mar. And do you hear me, Sirrah? and when you have done, make my Coach ready.

Serving. Yes forsooth. Exit Servingman with Antonio.

Mar. Lock him up safe enough, I'll to this Gentleman,

I know the reason of all this business, for I do suspect it, If he have this plot, I'll ring him such a peal, shall make his eares deaf for a month at least. Exit.

Enter Richardo.

Ric. Am I not mad? Can this weak temper'd head, That will be mad with drink, endure the wrong That I have done a Virgin, and my Love? Be mad, for so thou ought'st, or I will beate The walls and trees, down with thee, and will let Either thy memory out, or madneis in; But sure I never lov'd fair *Viola*, I never lov'd my Father, nor my Mother, Or any thing but drink; had I had love; Nay, had I known so much charity, As would have sav'd an Infant from the fire, I had been naked, raving in the street; With halfe a face, gashing my self with knives, Two houres ere this time.

Enter Pedro, Silvio, Uberto.

Ped. Good morrow Sir.

Rich. Good morrow Gentlemen, shall we go drink agen? I have my wits.

Ped. So have I, but they are unsetled ones, would I had some porridge.

Rich. The Tavern boy was here this morning with me And told me, that there was a Gentlewoman, Which he took for a Whore, that hung on me: For whom we quarrel'd, and I know not what.

Ped. I faith nor I.

Ube. I have a glimmering of some such thing.

Rich. Was it you, *Silvio*, That made me drink so much? 'twas you or *Pedro*.

Ped. I know not who.

Sil. We are all apt enough.

Rich. But I will lay the fault on none but me, That I would be so entreated, come *Silvio*, Shall we go drink agen, come Gentlemen, Why do you stay, let's never leave off now, Whil'st we have Wine, and Throats, I'll practise it, Till I have made it my best quality; For what is best for me to do but that? For Heaven sake come and drink; when I am nam'd, Men shall make answer, VVhich *Richardo* mean you? The excellent drinker? I will have it so, VVill you go drink?

Silv. VVe drunk too much too lately.

Rich. VVhy there is then the lefs behind to drink; Let's end it all, dispatch that, wee'l send abroad, And purchase all the VVine the world can yield, And then drink it off, then take the fruits o'th' earth, Distil the Juice from them, and drink that off; Wee'l catch the rain before it fall to ground, And drink off that that never more may grow; Wee'l fet our mouths to Springs, and drink them off, And all this while wee'l never think of those That love us best, more than we did last night. We will not give unto the poor a drop Of all this drink, but when we see them weep, Wee'l run to them, and drink their tears off too, Wee'l never leave whilst there is heat or moisture, In this large globe, but suck it cold and dry, Till we have made it Elemental earth, Merely by drinking.

Ped. Is't flattery to tell you, you are mad?

Rich. If it be false, There's no such way to bind me to a Man; He that will have me, lay my goods and lands, My life down for him, need no more, but say, *Richardo* thou art mad, and then all these Are at his service, then he pleases me, And makes me think that I had vertue in me,

That

That I had love, and tenderness of heart,
That though I have committed such a fault,
As never creature did, yet running mad,
As honest men should do for such a crime,
I have exprest some worth, though it be late:
But I alas have none of these in me,
But keep my wits still like a frozen Man,
That had no fire within him.

Sil. Nay, good *Richardo* leave this wild talk, and send a letter to her, I'll deliver it.

Rich. 'Tis to no purpose; perhaps she's lost last night, Or she got home agen, she's now so strictly Look'd to, the wind can scarce come to her, or admit She were her self; if she would hear from me, From me unworthy, that have us'd her thus, She were so foolish, that she were no more To be belov'd.

Enter Andrugio and Servant with a Night-gown.

Ser. Sir, we have found this night-gown she took with her.

Rich. Where? where? speak quickly.

Ser. Searching in the Suburbs, we found a Tinker and his Whore that had it in a Tap-house, whom we apprehended, and they confest they stole it from her.

Rich. And murdered her?

Sil. What aile you man?

Rich. Why all this doth not make me mad.

Sil. It does, you would not offer this else, good *Pedro* look to his sword.

Ser. They do deny the killing of her, but swore they left her tyed to a Tree, in the fields, next those Suburbs that are without our Ladies gate, near day, and by the Rode, so that some passinger must needs unty her quickly.

And. The will of Heaven be done? Sir, I will only entreat you this, that as you were the greatest occasion of her loss, that you will be pleased to urge your friends, and be your self earnest in the search of her; if she be found, she is yours, if she please, I my self only, see these people better examin'd, and after follow some way in search, God keep you Gentlemen. *Exit.*

Sil. Alas good man!

Ric. What think you now of me, I think this lump Is nothing but a piece of fleagme congeal'd Without a soul, for where there's so much spirit As would but warm a flea, those faults of mine Would make it glow, and flame in this dull heart, And run like molten gold through every sin, Till it could burst these walls, and fly away. Shall I intreat you all to take your horses, And search this innocent?

Ped. With all our hearts.

Ric. Do not divide your selves till you come there, Where they say she was ty'd, I'll follow too, But never to return till she be found. Give me my sword good *Pedro*, I will do No harm, believe me, with it, I am now Farr better temper'd; if I were not so, I have enow besides, God keep you all, And send us good success. *Excunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter Mercury, and Servant:

Mer. **W**Ho is it? can you tell?
Ser. By my troth, Sir, I know not, but 'tis a Gentlewoman.

Mer. A Gentleman, I'll lay my life, you puppy, h'as sent his Wife to me: if he have, sling up the bed.

Ser. Here she is, Sir.

Enter Wife with a Letter.

Wife. I am glad I found you Sir, there, take your Letter, and keep it till you have another friend to wrong, 'tis too malicious false to make me sin, you have provoked me to be that I love not, a talker, and you shall hear me.

Why should you dare to imagine me So light a huswife, that from four hours knowledge You might presume to offer to my credit

This rude and ruffian tryal, I am sure I never courted you, nor gave you tokens, That might concern assurance, you are a fool.

Mer. I cannot blame you now, I see this letter, Though you be angry, yet with me you must not, Unless you'll make me guilty of a wrong, My worst affections hate——

Wife. Did not you send it?

Mer. No, upon my faith, which is more, I understand it not; the hand is as far from my knowledge, as the malice.

Wife. This is strange.

Mer. It is so, and had been stranger, and indeed more hateful, Had I, that have receiv'd such courtesies, and owe so many Thanks, done this base office.

Wife. Your name is at it.

Mer. Yes, but not my nature, and I shall hate my name worse than the manner, for this base broking; you are wife and vertuous, remove this fault from me; for on the love I bear to truth and goodness, this Letter dare not name me for the author.

Wife. Now I perceive my husbands knavery, if any man can but find where he has been, I will goe with this Gentleman whatsoever comes on't: and as I mean to carry it, both he and all the World shall think it fit, and thank me for it.

Mer. I must confess I loved you, at first, however this made me leave your house unmannerly, that might provoke me to do something ill, both to your honor and my faith, and not to write this Letter, which I hold so truly wicked, that I will not think on't.

Wife. I do believe you, and since I see you are free, my words were not meant to you, but this is not the half of my affliction.

Mer. 'Tis pittty you should know more vexation; may I enquire?

Wife. Faith, Sir, I fear I have lost my husband.

Mer. Your husband? it cannot be: I pittty her, how she's vext?

Enter Servant

Wife. How now? What news? nay speak, for we must know.

Ser. Faith I have found at length, by chance, where he has been.

Wife. Where?

Ser. In a blind out-house in the Suburbs, pray God all be well with him.

Wife. Why?

Ser. There

Ser. There are his cloaths, but, What's become of him, I cannot yet enquire.

Wife. I am glad of this; sure they have murther'd him, What shall I do?

Mer. Be not so grieved, before you know the truth, you have time enough to weep, this is the sodain't mischief; Did you not bring an Officer to search there, where you say you found his cloaths.

Ser. Yes, and we searcht it, and charg'd the fellow with him: but he, like a Rogue, stubborn Rogue, made answer, he knew not where he was; he had been there, but where he was now, he could not tell: I tell you true, I fear him.

Wife. Are all my hopes and longings to enjoy him, After this 3 years travel, come to this?

Ser. It is the rankest house in all the City, the most cursed roguish Bawdy-house. Hell fire it.

Mer. This is the worst I heard yet; Will you go home? I'll bear you company, and give you the best help I may: this being here will wrong you.

Wife. As you are a Gentleman, and as you lov'd your dead friend, let me not go home, that will but heap one sorrow on another.

Mer. Why propose any thing and I'll perform't; I am at my wits end too.

Ser. So am I, O my dear Master!

Mer. Peace you great fool.

Wife. Then good Sir carry me to some retir'd place, far from the sight of this unhappy City, whether you will indeed, so it be far enough.

Mer. If I might Councel you, I think 'twere better to go home, And try what may be done yet, he may be at home afore you, Who can tell?

Wife. O no, I know he's dead, I know he's murder'd; tell me not of going home, you murder me too.

Mer. Well, since it pleases you to have it so, I will no more perswade you to go home, I'll be your guide in the Countrey, as your grief doth command me, I have a Mother dwelling from this place some 20 miles: the house though homely, yet able to shew something like a welcome; thither I'll see you safe with all your sorrows.

Wife. With all the speed that may be thought upon; I have a Coach here ready, good Sir quickly; I'll fit you my fine husband.

Mer. It shall be so; if this fellow be dead, I see no band of any other Man, to tye me from my will, and I will follow her with such careful service, that she shall either be my Love, or Wife; Will you walk in?

Wife. I thank you, Sir, but one word with my Man, and I am ready; keep the *Irish* fellow safe, as you love your life, for he I fear has a deep hand in this, then search agen, and get out warrants for that naughty man, that keeps the bad house, that he may answer it, if you find the body, give it due burial; farewell. You shall hear from me, keep all safe.

Exeunt.

Ser. O my sweet Master!

Antonio knocking within.

Ant. within. Man-a-cree, the Devil take thee, Wilt thou kill me here? I prethee now let me goe seek my Master, I shall be very cheel else.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Do you hear man-a-cree, I'll cree your coxcombe, and you keep not still, down you rogue.

Ant. Good sweet fact serving-man, let me out I beseech de, and by my trot I will give dye VVorship 2 shillings in good argott, to buy dy Worship pippines.

Ser. This rogue thinks all the worth of man consists in peepins; by this light I'll heat rebellion out of you for ever.

Ant. Wilt thou not hear me Man? is fet; I'll give thee all I have about me.

Ser. I thank you, Sir, so I may have picking work,

Ant. Here is five shillings Man.

Ser. Here is a cudgel, a very good one.

Enter two Serving-men.

2. *Ser.* How now, VVhat's the matter? VVhere's the *Irishman*.

1. *Ser.* There, a wyth take him, he makes more noise alone there, than ten Lawyers can do with double, and a scurvy Case.

2. *Ser.* Let him out, I must talk with him.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Wilt thou give me some drink, O hone? I am very dry Man.

2. *Ser.* You shall have that shall quench your thirst, my friend.

Ant. Fate dost thou mean man.

2. *Ser.* Even a good tough halter.

Ant. A halter? O hone!

2. *Ser.* Sirrah, you are a mischievous Rogue, that's the truth.

Ant. No, fet I am not.

1. *Ser.* Shall I knock out his brains? I have kill'd dogs have been worth three of him for all uses.

2. *Ser.* Sirrah, the truth on't is, you must with me to a Justice. O *Roger, Roger.*

1. *Ser.* Why, what's the matter *William*?

2. *Ser.* Heavy news *Roger*, heavy newes; god comfort us.

1. *Ser.* What is't Man?

Ant. What's the matter now? I am e'en weary of this way, would I were out on't.

1. *Ser.* My Master sure is murder'd, *Roger*, and this cursed rogue

I fear, has had a hand in't.

Ant. No fet not.

1. *Ser.* Stand away, I'll kickt out of him: come, sirraha, mount, I'll make you dance, you Rascal, kill my Master? If thy breech were cannon proof, having this good cause on my side, I would encounter it; hold fair, *Shamrocke.*

Ant. Why how now Sirs? you will not murder me indeed.

2. *Ser.* Bless us *Roger!*

Ant. Nay, I am no spirit.

2. *Ser.* How do you Sir, this is my very Master.

Ant. Why well enough yet, but you have a heavy foot of your own; Where's my Wife.

1. *Ser.* Alas poor sorrowful Gentlewoman, she thinks you are dead, and has given o're house-keeping.

Ant. Whether is she gone then?

1. *Ser.* Into the Countrey with the Gentleman your Friend Sir, to see if she can wear her sorrows out there; she weeps and takes on too too—

Ant. This falls out pat; I shall be everlasting for a name: Doe you hear? upon your lives and faiths to me, not one word I am living, but let the same report pass along, that I am murder'd still; I am made for ever.

1. *Ser.* VVhy Sir?

Ant. I have a Cause Sir, that's enough for you; well, if I be not famous, I am wrong'd much; for any thing I know I will not trouble him this week at least; no, let them take their way one of another:

1. *Ser.* Sir, VVill you be still an *Irish-man*?

Ant. Yes a while.

2. *Ser.* But your VVorship will be beaten no more?

Ant. No, I thank you *William.*

1. *Ser.* In truth, Sir, if it must be so, I'll do it better than a stranger.

Ant. Goe, you are Knaves both, but I forgive you, I am almost mad with the apprehension of what I shall be, not a word I charge you.

Exeunt.

Enter Valerio, and Viola.

Val. Come, pretty foul, we now are near our home, And whilst our horses are walkt down the hill, Let thou and I walke here over this Close: The foot-way is more pleasant, 'tis a time

My

My pretty one, not to be wept away,
For every living thing is full of love;
Art not thou so too? ha?

Vio. Nay, there are living things empty of love;
Or I had not been here, but for my self,
Alas, I have too much.

Val. It cannot be, that so much beauty, so much youth
and grace should have too much of love. (know.)

Vio. Pray what is love? for I am full of that I do not

Val. Why, love fair Maid is an extream desire,
That's not to be examin'd, but fulfill'd,
To ask the reason why thou art in love,
Or what might be the noblest end in love,
Would overthrow that kindly rising warmth,
That many times slides gently o'r the heart,
'T would make thee grave and staid, thy thoughts would be,
Like a thrice married Widow, full of ends,
And void of all compassion, and to fright thee
From such enquiry, whereas thou art now
Living in ignorance, mild, fresh, and sweet,
And but sixteen; the knowing what love is,
Would make thee six and forty.

Vio. Would it would make me nothing, I have heard
Scholars affirm, the world's upheld by Love,
But I believe, women maintain all this,
For there's no love in men.

Val. Yes, in some men.

Vio. I know them not.

Val. Why, there is love in me.

Vio. There's charity I am sure towards me. (maid,

Val. And love; which I will now express, my pretty
I dare not bring thee home, my wife is foul,
And therefore envious, she is very old,
And therefore jealous: thou art fair and young.
A subject fit for her unlucky vices

To work upon, she never will endure thee,

Vio. She may endure

If she be ought, but Devil, all the friendship
That I will hold with you; can she endure
I should be thankful to you? may I pray
For you and her, will she be brought to think.
That all the honest industry I have,
Deserves brown bread? if this may be endur'd
She'll pick a quarrel with a sleeping child,
E'r she fall out with me.

Val. But trust me, she does hate all handsomness.

Vio. How fell you in love with such a creature?

Val. I never lov'd her.

Vio. And yet married her?

Val. She was a rich one. (then too.)

Vio. And you swore I warrant you, she was a fair one

Val. Or believe me, I think I had not had her. (place

Vio. Are you men all such? wou'd you wou'd wall us in a
Where all we women that are innocent,
Might live together.

Val. Do not weep at this,
Although I dare not for some weighty reason
Displease my Wife, yet I forget not thee.

Vio. What will you do with me?

Val. Thou shalt be plac'd

At my mans house, and have such food and raiment
As can be bought with money: these white hands
Shall never learn to work, but they shall play
As thou say'st they were wont, teaching the strings
To move in order, or what else thou wilt.

Vio. I thank you, Sir, but pray you cloath me poorly,
And let my labor get me means to live.

Val. But fair one, you, I know do so much hate
A foul ingratitude, you will not look
I should do this for nothing.

Vio. I will work as much out as I can, and take as little,
That you shall have as duely paid to you
As ever servant did.

Val. But give me now a trial on't, I may believe

We are alone, shew me how thou wilt kiss
And hug me hard, when I have stolen away
From my too clamorous wife that watches me,
To spend a blessed hour or too with thee.

Vio. Is this the love you mean? you would have that
Is not in me to give, you would have lust.

Val. Not to dissemble, or to mince the word,
'Tis Lust I wish indeed.

Vio. And by my troth I have it not: for heavens sake use
me kindly.

Though I be good, and shew perhaps a monster,
As this world goes.

Val. I do

But speak to thee, thy answers are thy own;
I compel none, but if refuse this motion,
Thou art not then for me, alas good soul;
What profit can thy work bring me?

Vio. But I fear, I pray goe, for lust they say, will grow
Outragious, being deni'd, I give you thanks
For all your courtesies, and there's a Jewel
That's worth the taking, that I did preserve
Safe from the robbers, pray you leave me here
Just as you found me, a poor innocent,
And Heaven will bless you for it.

Val. Pretty maid, I am no Robber, nor no Ravisher,
I pray thee keep thy Jewel, I have done
No wrong to thee, though thou beest virtuous
And in extremity, I do not know,
That I am bound to keep thee.

Vio. No Sir, for gods sake, if you know an honest man
in all these Countreys, give me some directions to find him
out.

Val. More honest than my self, good sooth I do not
know; I would have lain with thee, with thy consent, and
who would not in all these parts, is past my memory, I
am sorry for thee, farewell gentle maid, God keep thee
safe. Exit.

Vio. I thank you Sir, and you;
Woman they say, was only made of man,
Methinks 'tis strange they should be so unlike,
It may be all the best was cut away
To make the woman, and the naught was left
Behind with him, I'll sit me down and weep,
All things have cast me from 'em but the earth;
The evening comes, and every little flower
Droops now, as well as I.

Enter two Milk-maids with pails.

Nan. Good Madge lets rest a little, by my troth I am wea-
ry, this new pail is a plaguy heavy one, would Tom were
hang'd for choosing it, 'tis the untoward'st fool in a
Country.

Madge. With all my heart, and I thank you too, *Nan.*

Vio. What true contented happiness dwels here,
More than in Cities? wou'd to God my Father
Had liv'd like one of these, and bred me up
To milk: and do as they do: methinks
'Tis a life that I wou'd choose, if I were now
To tell my time agen, above a Princes; maids, for charity
Give a poor wench one draught of Milk,
That weariness and hunger have nigh famish'd.

Nan. If I had but one Cows Milk in all the world, you
should have some on't; there, drink more, the Cheefe shall
pay for it, alas poor heart, she's drie.

Madge. Do you dwell hereabouts?

Vio. No, would I did.

Nan. Madge, if she does not looke like my cousin *Sue* o'th'
Moor lane, as one thing can look like another—

Madge. Nay, *Sue* has a hazle eye, I know *Sue* well, and
by your leave, not so trim a body neither, this is a feat bo-
died thing I tell you.

Nan. She laces close by the mass I warrant you, and so does *Sue* too.

Vio. I thank you for your gentleness, fair maids.

Nan. Drink agen pray thee.

Vio. I am satisfied, and heaven reward thee for't, yet thus far I will compell you to accept these tritles, toys only that express my thanks, for greater worth, I'm sure they have not in them; indeed you shall, I found 'em as I came.

Nan. *Madge*, look you here *Madge*.

Madg. Nay, I have as fine a one as you, mine's all gold, and painted, and a precious stone in't; I warrant it cost a crown wench.

Nan. But mine is the most sumptuous one, that e'r I saw.

Vio. One favour you must do me more, for you are well acquainted here.

Nan. Indeed we'll do you any kindness, Sister.

Vio. Only to send me to some honest place, where I may find a service.

Nan. Uds me, our *Dorothy* went away but last week, and I know my Mistress want's a maid, and why may she not be plac'd there? this is a likely wench, I tell you truly, and a good wench I warrant her.

Madg. And 'tis a hard case if we that have serv'd four years apiece, cannot bring in one servant, we will prefer her, hark you sister, pray what's your name?

Vio. *Melviz*.

Nan. A feat name i'faith; and can you milk a Cow? and make a merry-bush? that's nothing.

Vio. I shall learn quickly,

Nan. And dress a house with flowers? and serve a pig? this you must do, for we deal in the Dary, and make a bed or two?

Vio. I hope I shall.

Nan. But be sure to keep the men out, they will mar all that you make else, I know that by my self; for I have been so touz'd among 'em in my days, come you shall e'en home with us, and be our fellow, our house is so honest, and we serve a very good woman, and a Gentlewoman, and we live as merrily, and dance a good daies after even-song: our Wake shall be on Sunday, do you know what a Wake is? we have mighty cheer then, and such a coil, 'twould bless 'ye; you must not be so bashful, you'll spoil all.

Madg. Let's home for Gods sake, my Mistress thinks by this time we are lost, come, we'll have a care of you, I warrant you; but you must tell my Mistress where you were born, and every thing that belongs to you, and the strangest things you can devise, for she loves those extreamly, 'tis no matter whether they be true or no, she's not so scrupulous; you must be our Sister, and love us best, and tell us every thing, and when cold weather comes, we'll lye together, will you do this?

Vio. Yes.

Nan. Then home again o' gods name, can you go apace.

Vio. I warrant you.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Pedro and Uberto, severally.

Ped. How now, any good news yet?

Silvio. Faith not any yet.

Ped. This comes o' tipling; would 'twere treason and't please God, to drink more than three draughts at a meal.

Sil. When did you see *Richardo*?

Ped. I crost him twice to day.

Sil. You have heard of a young wench that was seen last
Ped. Yes.

Sil. Has *Richard* heard of this?

Ped. Yes, and I think he's ridden after, farewell, I'll have another round.

Sil. If you hear any thing, pray spare no horse-flesh, I'll do the like.

Ped. Do.

Exeunt.

Enter Richardo and Valerio.

Rich. Sir, I did think 'twas you by all descriptions:

Val. 'Tis so,

I took her up indeed, the manner how
You have heard already, and what she had about her,
As Jewels, Gold, and other trifling things:
And what my end was, which because she fled,
I left her there i'th' fields.

Rich. Left i'th' fields? could any but a Rogue
That had despis'd humanity and goodness,
Heavens law and credit; and had set himself
To lose his noblest part, and be a beast,
Have left so innocent unmatch'd a virtue,
To the rude mercy of a wilderness?

Val. Sir, if you come to rail, pray quit my house,
I do not use to have such language given
Within my doors to me; for your wench,
You may go seek her with more patience,
She's tame enough, I warrant you.

Rich. Pray forgive me.

I do confess my much forgetfulness;
And weigh my words no farther, I beseech you,
Then a mere madness, for such a grief has seiz'd me
So strong and deadly, as a punishment,
And a just one too,

That 'tis a greater wonder I am living,
Than any thing I utter; yet let me tell you thus much,
'Twas a fault for leaving her
So in the fields.

Val. Sir, I will think so now, and credit me,
You have so wrought me with your grief, that I
Do both forgive and pity you:
And if you'll please to take a bed this night here;
To morrow I'll bring you where I left her.

Rich. I thank you, now shall I be so unworthy:
To think upon a bed, or ease, or comfort,
And have my heart stray from me, God knows where,
Cold and forsaken, destitute of friends,
And all good comforts else, unless some tree
Whose speechless charity must better ours,
With which the bitter east winds made their sport
And sung through hourly, hath invited her
To keep off half a day? shall she be thus,
And I draw in soft slumbers? God forbid.
No, night and bitter coldness, I provoke thee,
And all the dews that hang upon thy locks, (prime
Shows, Hails, Snows, Frosts, and two edged Winds that
The maiden blossoms, I provoke you all,
And dare expose this body to your sharpness,
Till I be made a Land-mark.

Val. Will you then stay and eat with me?

Rich. Y'are angry with me, I know y'are angry,
You would not bid me eat else; my poor Mistress,
For ought I know thou'rt famish'd, for what else
Can the fields yield thee, and the stubborn season,
That yet holds in the fruit? good gentle Sir,
Think not ill manners in me for denying
Your offer'd meat, for sure I cannot eat
While I do think she wants; well I'm a rascal;
A villain, slave, that only was begotten,
To murder women, and of them the best.

Val. This is a strange affliction.

If you'll accept no greater courtesie, yet drink Sir.

Ric.

Ric. Now I am sure you hate me, and you knew
What kind of man I am, as indeed 'tis fit,
That every man should know me to avoid me.
If you have peace within you, Sir, or goodness
Name that abhor'd word Drink, no more unto me,
You had safer strike me,

I pray you do not, if you love me do not.

Val. Sir, I mean no ill by it.

Ric. It may be so,

Nor let me see

None Sir, if you love heaven;

You know not what offence it is unto me,

Nor good now do not ask me why:

And I warn you once again, let no man else speak of't,

I fear your servants will be prating to me.

Val. Why Sir, what ail you?

Rich. I hate drink, there's the end on't,

And that man that drinks with meat is damn'd

Without an age of prayers and repentance,

And there's a hazard too; good Sir, no more

If you will do me a free courtesie;

That I shall know for one: go take your horse,

And bring me to the place where you left her:

Val. Since you are so impotunate, I will;

But I will wish Sir, you had staid to night

Upon my credit you shall see no drink.

Rich. Be gone, the hearing of it makes me giddy,

Sir, will you be intreated to forbear it,

I shall be mad else.

Val. I pray no more of that, I am quiet,

I'll but walk in, and away straight.

Rich. Now I thank you,

But what you do, do in a twinkling, Sir.

Val. As soon as may be.

Exit.

Enter Mother, Viola, and two Milk-maids.

Moth. Is this the wench you have brought me? some catch
I warrant.

How daringly she looks upon the matter?

Madg. Yes forsooth, this is the maiden.

Moth. Come hither, wou'd you serve?

Vio. If it shall please you to accept my service, I hope I
shall do something that shall like you, though it be but
truth, and often praying for you.

Moth. You are very curious of your hand methinks,

You preserve it so with gloves, let me see it;

I marry, here's a hand of march-pane, wenches,

This pretty palme never knew sorrow yet;

How soft it is I warrant you, and supple:

O' my word, this is fitter for a pocket to filch withal

Than to work withal, I fear me little one,

You are no better than you should be; goe to.

Vio. My Conscience yet is but one witness to me,

And that heaven knows, is of mine innocence,

'Tis true, I must confess with shame enough,

The time that I have led, yet never taught me

What 'twas to break a sleep, or to be weary.

Moth. You can say well: if you be mine, wench, you must
doe well too, for words are but slow workers, yet so much
hope I have of you, that I'll take you, so you'll be dili-
gent, and do your duty: how now?

Enter Alexander.

Alex. There is a messenger come from your son,
That brings you word he is return'd from travel,
And will be here this night.

Moth. Now joy upon thee for it, thou art ever
A bringer of good tidings, there, drink that:
In troth thou hast much contented me, my Son?
Lord how thou hast pleas'd me, shall I see my Son
Yet e'r I dye? take care my house be handsome,
And the new stools set out, and boughs and rushes,

And flowers for the window, and the *Turky* Carpet,
And the great parcel Salt, *Nan*, with the Cruets,
And prethee *Alexander* goe to the Cook,
And bid him spare for nothing, my son's come home,
Who's come with him?

Alex. I hear of none yet, but a Gentlewoman.

Moth. A Gentlewoman? what Gentlewoman?

Alex. I know not, but such a one there is, he says.

Moth. Pray God he have not cast away himself

Upon some snout-fair piece, I do not like it.

Alex. No sure, my Master has more discretion.

Moth. We'll be it how it will, he shall be welcome.

Sirs to your tasks, and shew this little novice

How to bestir her self, I'll sort out things.

Exit.

Madg. We will forsooth, I can tell you, my Mistress is
a stirring woman.

Nan. Lord how she'll talk sometimes? 'tis the maddest
cricket—

Vio. Methinks she talks well, and shews a great deal of
good huswivery, pray let me deck the chambers, shall I?

Nan. Yes, you shall, but do not scorn to be advis'd, Sister, for
there belongs more to that, than you are aware on; why
should you venture so fondly upon the strowings? there's
mighty matters in them I'll assure you, and in the spreading
of a bough-pot, you may miss, if you were ten years elder,
if you take not a special care before you.

Vio. I will learn willingly, if that be all.

Nan. Sirrah where is't they say my young Master hath
been?

Madg. Faith I know not, beyond the Sea, where they are
born without noses.

Nan. Blessus! without noses? how do they do for hand-
kerchiefs?

Madg. So *Richard* says, and sirrah, their feet stand in
their foreheads.

Nan. That's fine by my troth, these men have pestilent
running heads then; do they speak as we do?

Mag. No, they never speak.

Nan. Are they curfend?

Mag. No, they call them Infidels, I know not what they
are.

Nan. Sirrah, we shall have fine courting now my young
master is come home, were you never courted Sister?

Vio. Alas, I know it not.

Mag. What is that courting, sirrah?

Nan. I can tell, for I was once courted in the matted
chamber, you know the party *Madg.*, faith he courted
finely.

Madg. Pray thee what is't?

Nan. Faith, nothing but he was somewhat figent with
me, faith 'tis fine sport, this courting.

Alex. within. Where be the Maids there?

Madg. We shall be hang'd anon, away good wenches,
and have a care you dight things handsomly, I will look
over you.

Exeunt.

Enter Mercury and Maria.

Mer. If your sorrow will give you so far leave, pray think
your self most welcome to this place, for so upon my life you
are, and for your own fair sake, take truce awhile with these
immoderate mournings.

Wife. I thank you Sir, I shall doe what I may;
Pray lead me to a chamber.

Enter Mother and Alexander.

Mer. Presently,
Before your blessing Mother, I intreat ye
To know this Gentlewoman, and bid her welcome,
The virtuous wife of him that was my self
In all my travels.

Moth. Indeed she is most welcome, so are you son *(kneel.*

T t 2

Now

Now all my blessing on thee; thou hast made me Younger by 20 years, than I was yesterday, Will you walk in? what ails this Gentlewoman? Alas, I fear she is not well, good Gentlewoman.

Mer. You fear right.

Moth. She has fasted over long, You shall have supper presently o'th' board.

Mer. She will not eat; I can assure you Mother, For Gods sake let your Maid conduct her up Into some fair becoming Chamber Fit for a woman of her Being, and As soon as may be,

I know she's very ill, and wou'd have rest.

Moth. There is one ready for her, the blew chamber.

Mer. 'Tis well, I'll lead you to your chamber door And there I'll leave you to your quiet, Mistriſs.

Wife. I thank you, Sir, good rest to every one, You'll see me once again to night, I hope.

Mer. When you shall please, I'll wait upon you, Lady. *Exit.*

Moth. Where are these maids, attend upon the Gentlewoman, and see she want no good thing in the house? good-night with all my heart forsooth, good Lord how you are grown, is he not *Alexander*?

Alex. Yes truly, he's shot up finely, God be thanked.

Mer. An ill weed, Mother, will do so.

Alex. You say true, Sir, an ill weed grows apace.

Mer. *Alexander* the sharp, you take very quickly.

Moth. Nay, I can tell you, *Alexander* will do it, do you read madcap still?

Alex. Sometimes forsooth.

Moth. But faith Son, what Countreys have you travell'd?

Mer. Why many, Mother, as they lay before me, *France, Spain, Italy* and *Germany*, and other Provinces that I am sure, you are not better'd by, when you hear of them.

Moth. And can you these tongues perfectly?

Mer. Of some a little, Mother.

Moth. Pray spout some *French* Son.

Mer. You understand it not, and to your ears 'twill goe like an unshod cart upon the stones, only a rough unhand-some found.

Moth. I would fain hear some *French*.

Alex. Good Sir, speak some *French* to my Mistriſs.

Mer. At your intreaty *Alexander*, I will, who shall I speak to?

Alex. If your worship will do me the favour Sir, to me.

Mer. Mounſeir, Poultron, Coukew, Cullione, Besay, Man cur.

Alex. Awe Mounſeir.

Moth. Ha, ha, ha, this fine indeed, gods blessing on thy heart Son, by my troth thou art grown a proper Gentleman, cullen and pullen, good god what awkeward words they use beyond the seas, ha, ha, ha?

Alex. Did not I answer right.

Mer. Yes good *Alexander*, if you had done so too, But good Mother, I am very hungry, and have rid far to day, and am fasting.

Moth. You shall have your supper presently, my sweet Son.

Mer. As soon as you please, which once ended, I'll go and visit you sick Gentlewoman.

Moth. Come then. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio like a Post, with a Letter.

Ant. I have ridden like a fury, to make up this work, and I will do it bravely, e'r I leave it; this is the house I am sure.

Enter Alexander.

Alex. Who wou'd you speak with, Sir?

Ant. Marry Sir, I would speak with a Gentlewoman, came this night late here from the City, I have some Letters of importance to her, I am a Post Sir, and would be dispatched in haste.

Alex. Sir, cannot I deliver 'em? for the truth is, she's ill, and in her chamber.

Ant. Pray pardon me, I must needs speak with her, my business is so weighty.

Alex. I'll tell her so, and bring you present word.

Ant. Pray do so, and I'll attend her, pray god the grief of my imagined death, spoil not what I intend, I hope it will not.

Alex. Though she be very ill, and desires no trouble, Yet if your business be so urgent, you may come up and speak with her.

Ant. I thank you Sir, I follow you. *Exit Alex.*

Enter Wife.

Wife. What should this fellow be i'th' name of Heaven, that comes with such post business? sure my Husband hath reveal'd himself, and in this haste sent after me, are you the Post my friend?

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Yes forsooth Mistriſs.

Wife. What good news hast thou brought me gentle Post? For I have woe and grief too much already.

Ant. I would you had less, Mistriſs, I could wish it, be-shrew my heart she moves me cruelly.

Wife. Have I found you once more Jugler? well Jewel, thou hast only virtue in thee, of all I read of yet; what ears has this ass to betray him with? well, what's your business then?

Ant. I have brought a Letter from your servant, Mistriſs, in haste.

Wife. Pray give it me, I hope the best still.

Ant. This is the upshot, and I know I have hit it, Well, if the spirits of the dead do walk, I shall Hear more of this one hundred years hence.

Wife. By any means you must have special care, for now the City is possest for certain, my Master is made away, which for ought I know is truth indeed; good Mistriſs leave your grief, and see your danger, and let that wife and noble Gentleman with whom you are, be your right hand in all things.

Ant. Now do I know I have the better on't, by the languishing of her eye at this near instant, 'tis still simming in her blood, in coyning somewhat to turn *Mercury*, I know it.

Wife. He is my Husband, and 'tis reasonable he should command in all things, since he will be an ass against the hair, at his own peril be it, in the morn you shall have a packet, till when, I must intreat you stay, you shall not lose by it.

Ant. I do not doubt it, Mistriſs; I'll leave you to your rest, and wait your pleasure.

Wife. Do, and seek out the Gentleman of the house, bid him come to me presently.

Ant. Who, Mr. *Mercury*?

Wife. Do you know him, Post?

Ant. Only by sight forsooth, now I remember your servant will'd me to let you know he is the only man, you and your fortunes, are now to rest upon.

Wife. Prethee no more, I know all this already.

Ant. I'll take my leave now, I am made for ever. *Exit.*

Wife. Good night, I am provided for you, my fine youth. *Exit.*

Enter Mother, beating Viola, Alexander with a broken Glass.

Mother. I'll make thee have more care.

Viola. Good Mistriſs pardon me

Moth. Thou'lt ne'r be good I warrant thee, can your fine fingers hold no faster?

Viola. Indeed it was against my will.

Moth.

Moth. *Alexander*, let's see the glass, as I am true kirsome woman, it is one of the chrystal glasses my Cofin sent me, and the baggage hath broke it where it cannot be mended, *Alexander*, can *Humphrey* mend this think you?

Alex. No truly, this will ne'er be mended.

Vio. Truly I meant but to wash it for the Gentlewoman that is sick above, and shaking out the water, knockt it against the pail side.

Moth. Did you so? be sure I'll stop it, 'twill make a good gap in your quarters wages, I can tell you.

Viola. I pray forgive me, and let me have no wages this first quarter.

Moth. Go whimling, and fetch two or three grating loaves out of the Kitching, to make Ginger-bread of, 'tis such an untoward thing. *Exit Viola.*

Alex. She's somewhat simple indeed, she knew not what a kimmel was, she wants good nurture mightily.

Moth. My Son tells me, *Alexander*, that this young widow means to sojourn here, she offers largely for her board, I may offer her good cheer, prethee make a step i'th' morning down to the Parsonage for some Pigeons? what are you mad there? what noise is that? are you at bowls within? why do you whine?

Enter Viola weeping.

Vio. I have done another fault, I beseech you sweet Mistress forgive me.

Moth. What's the matter.

Vio. As I was reaching for the bread that lay upon the shelf, I have thrown down the minc'd meat, that should have made the pies to morrow.

Moth. Get thee out of my house, thou filthy destroying Harlot, thou, I'll not keep thee an hour longer.

Vio. Good Mistress, beat me rather for my fault, as much as it deserves, I do not know whither to go.

Moth. No I warrant thee, out of my doors.

Vio. Indeed I'll mend, I pray speak you for me.

Alex. If thou hadst hurl'd down any thing but the Pie-meat, I would have spoke for thee, but I cannot find in my heart now.

Moth. Art thou here yet? I think I must have an Officer to thrust thee out of my doors, must I?

Vio. Why, you may stop this in my wages too, For God's sake do, I'll find my self this year; And let me stay.

Mer. Thou't spoil ten times as much, I'll cudgel thee out of my doors.

Vio. I am assur'd you are more merciful, Than thus to beat me and discharge me too.

Moth. Dost thou dispute with me, *Alexander* carry the prating hilding forth.

Vio. Good Mistress hear me, I have here a Jewel, My Mother left me, and 'tis something worth: Receive it, and when all my faults together Come to the worth of that, then turn me forth, Till then I pray you keep me.

Moth. What giggombob have we here? pray god you have not pilfred this somewhere, th'art such a puling thing, wipe your eyes, and rise, go your ways, *Alexander*, bid the Cook mince some more meat, come, and get you to bed quickly, that you may up betime i'th' morning a milking, or you and I shall fall out worse yet. *Exit Moth. and Alex.*

Vio. She has hurt my arm; I am afraid she is a very angry woman, but blefs him heaven that did me the most wrong, I am afraid *Antonio's* wife should see me, she will know me.

Mother within. Melvia.

Vio. I am coming, she's not angry agen I hope. *Exit.*

Enter Mercury.

Mer. Now what am I the better for enjoying This woman that I lov'd so? all I find, That I before imagined to be happy:

Now I have done, it turns to nothing else
But a poor pitied, and a base repentance,
Udsfoot, I am monstrous angry with my self:
Why should a man that has discourse and reason,
And knows how near he loses all in these things,
Covet to have his wishes satisfied;
Which when they are, are nothing but the shame
I do begin to loath this woman strangely,
And I think justly too, that durst adventure,
Flinging away her modesty to take
A stranger to her bed, her Husbands body
Being scarce cold in the earth for her content,
It was no more to take my senses with
Than if I had an idle dream in sleep
Yet I have made her promises: which grieves me,
And I must keep 'em too, I think she hunts me:
The devil cannot keep these women off,
When they are fetched once.

Enter Wife in night attire.

Wife. To bed for gods sake Sir, why do you stay here?
Some are up i'th' house, I heard the wife,
Good dear sweet-heart to bed.

Mer. Why, I am going? why do you follow me?
You would not have it known I hope, pray get you
Back to your chamber, the doors hard by for me,
Let me alone, I warrant you this it is
To threshwell, I have got a customer,
Will you go to bed?

Wife. Will you?

Mer. Yes, I am going.

Wife. Then remember your promise you made to marry me.

Mer. I will, but it was your fault, that it came
To this pinch now, that it must need remembrance:
For out of honesty I offer'd you
To marry you first, why did you slack that offer?

Wife. Alas I told you the inconvenience of it,
And what wrong it would appear to the world
If I had married in such post-haste
After his death: beside, the foolish people
Would have been bold to have thought we had lain together
in his time, and like enough imagin'd
We two had murder'd him.

Mer. I love her tongue yet,
If I were a Saint

A gilded Saint, and such a thing as this
Should prate thus wittily and feelingly
Unto my Holiness, I cannot tell,
But I fear shrewdly I should do something
That would quite scratch me out o'th' Kalender,
And if I stay longer talking with her,
Though I am mad at what I have done already,
Yet I shall forget my self again;
I feel the Devil

Ready to hold my stirrop; pray to bed, good night.

Wife. This kiss, good night sweet Love,
And peace goe with thee: thou hast prov'd thy self
The honestest man that ever was entic'd
To that sweet sin as people please to call it,
Of lying with anothers wife, and I,
I think the honestest woman without blushing,
That ever lay with another man, I sent my Husband
Into a Cellar, post, fearing, and justly
He should have known him, which I did not purpose
Till I had had my end.

Well, now this plot is perfect, let him brag on't.

Exit.

Actus

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Justice and Curio with a Paper.

Just. Brlady Sir, you have rid hard that you have.

Cur. They that have business, must do so, I take it.

Just. You say true, when set you out my friend?

Cur. About ten a clock, and I have rid all night.

Just. By the mass you are tough indeed, I have seen the day, I would have rid too with the proudest of them, and sling dirt in their faces, and I have don't with this foolish boy, Sir, many a time; but what can last always? 'tis done, 'tis done now, Sir, age, care, and office, brings us to our footcloaths, the more the pity.

Curio. I believethat, Sir, but will it please you to read the business?

Just. My friend, I can read, and I can tell you when.

Cur. Would I could too Sir, for my haste requires it.

Just. Whence comes it do you say?

Cur. Sir from the City.

Just. Oh from the City, 'tis a reverent place.

Curio. And his justice be as short as his memory, A Dudgeon Dagger will serve him to mow down sin withal,

What clod-pole Commissioner is this?

Just. And by my faith, govern'd by worthy members, Discreet and upright.

Cur. Sir, they are beholding to you, you have given some of them a commendations, they were not worthy of this twenty years.

Just. Go to, go to, you have a merry meaning, I have found you Sir, i' faith, you are a wag, away, fie now I'll read Your Letter.

Cur. Pray do Sir; what a misery 'tis To have an urgent business wait the Justice Of such an old Tuff-taffata that knows not, Nor can be brought to understand more sence, Than how to restore suppress Alehouses, And have his man compound small trespasses, For ten groats.

Just. Sir, it seems here your business is of a deeper circumstance than I conceiv'd it for; what do you mean, Sir?

Cur. 'Tis for mine own ease I'll assure your Worship.

Just. It shall not be i' faith friend, here I have it, That one Antonio a Gentleman, I take it so, Yes, it is so, a Gentleman is lately thought to Have been made away, and by my faith, upon a Pearls ground too, if you consider; well, there's Knavery in't, I see that without spectacles.

Cur. Sure this fellow deals in revelation, he's so hidden, Goe thy ways, thou wilt stick a bench spit as formally, And shew thy Agot, and hatch'd chain As well as the best of them.

Just. And now I have consider'd, I believe it.

Cur. What Sir?

Just. That he was murdered,

Cur. Did you know him?

Just. No.

Cur. Nor how it is suppos'd.

Just. No, nor I care not two-pence, those are toys and yet I verily believe he was murdered, as sure as I believe thou art a man, I never fail'd in these things yet, w'are a man that's beaten to these matters, experience is a certain conceal'd thing that fails not: pray let me ask you one thing, why do you come to me?

Cur. Because the Letter is address'd to you, being the nearest Justice.

Just. The nearest? is that all?

Cur. I think it be Sir, I would be loth you should be the wisest.

Just. Well Sir, as it is, I will endeavour in it; yet if it had come to me by name, I know not, but I think it had been as soon dispatch'd as by another, and with as round a wisdom, I, and as happily, but that's all one: I have born this place this thirty years, and upwards, and with sufficient credit, and they may when they please, know me better; to the nearest? well.

Cur. Sir, it is not my fault, for had I known you sooner——

Just. I thank you Sir, I know it.

Cur. I'll be sworn you should have plaid for any business now.

Just. And further, they have specified unto me, his Wife is forely suspected in this matter, as a main cause,

Cur. I think she be Sir, for no other cause can be yet found.

Just. And one Mercury a traveller, with whom they say directly she is run away, and as they think this way.

Cur. I knew all this before.

Just. Well Sir, this Mercury I know, and his breeding, a neighbors child hard by, you have been happy, Sir, in coming hither.

Cur. Then you know where to have him, Sir?

Just. I do Sir, he dwells near me.

Cur. I doubt your Worship dwells near a knave then.

Just. I think so; pray put on: but 'tis a wonder To see how graceless people are now given, And how base virtue is accounted with them That should be all in all, as says a wife man.

I tell you Sir, and it is true, that there have been such murthers, and of late days, as 'twould make your very heart bleed in you, and some of them as I shall be enabled, I will tell you, it fell out of late days.

Cur. It may be so, but will it please you to proceed in this?

Just. An honest Weaver, and as good a workman, as e'er shot shuttle, and as close: but every man must dye; this honest Weaver being a little mellow in his Ale, that was the evidence *verbatim*, Sir, God bless the mark, sprung his neck just in this place: well *Jarvis*, thou hadst wrongs, and if I live some of the best shall sweat for't, then a wench——

Cur. But Sir, you have forgot my business.

Just. A sober pretty maid about 17. they say, certainly, howsoever 'tis shuffled, she burst her self, and fondly, if it be so, with Furmety at a Churching, but I think the Devil had another agent in't: either of which, if I can catch, shall stretch for't.

Cur. This is a mad Justice that will hang the Devil; but I would you would be short in this, before that other notice can be given.

Just. Sir, I will doe discreetly what is fitting; what, Antonio?

Ant. *within*. Your Worship.

Just. Put on your best coat, and let your fellow Mark goe to the Constable, and bid him aid me with all the speed he can, and all the power, and provide Pen and Ink to take their confessions, and my long sword: I cannot tell what danger we may meet with; you'll go with us?

Cur. Yes, what else? I came to that end to accuse both parties.

Just. May I crave what you are?

Cur. Faith Sir, one that to be known would not profit you, more than a near kinsman of the dead Antonio's.

Just. 'Tis well, I am sorry for my neighbor, truly, that he had no more grace, 'twill kill his Mother; she's a good old woman, will you walk in? I'll but put my cloak on, and my chain off, and a clean band, and have my shoes blackt over, and shift my Jerkin, and we'll to our business, and you shall see how I can bolt these matters.

Cur. As soon as't please you, Sir.

Exit.
Enter,

Enter Valerio, and Richardo.

Val. This is the place; here did I leave the Maid
Alone last night, drying her tender eyes,
Uncertain what to do, and yet desirous
To have me gone.

Rich. How rude are all we men,
That take the name of *Civil* to our selves?
If she had set her foot upon an earth
Where people live that we call barbarous;
Though they had had no house to bring her to,
They would have spoil'd the glory, that the spring
Has deckt the trees in, and with willing hands
Have torn their branches down, and every man
Would have become a builder for her sake.
What time left you her there?

Val. I left her, when the Sun had so much to sett,
As he is now got from his place of rise.

Rich. So near the night she could not wander far;
Fair *Viola*!

Val. It is in vain to call, she fought a house
Without all question.

Rich. Peace, fair *Viola*?
Fair *Viola*? who should have left her here
On such a ground? if you had meant to lose her,
You might have found there were no echos here
To take her name, and carry it about,
When her true Lover came to mourn for her,
Till all the neighboring valleys and the hills,
Refounded *Viola*,——

And such a place,
You should have chose——
You pity us because

The dew a little wets our feet,
Unworthy far to seek her in the wet;
And what becomes of her? where wandred she,
With two showers raining on her, from her eyes
Continually, abundantly, from which
There's neither tree nor house to shelter her;
Will you go with me to travel?

Val. Whither?

Rich. Over all the world.

Val. No by my faith, I'll make a shorter journey
When I do travel.

Rich. But there's no hope
To gain my end in any shorter way.

Val. Why, what's your end?

Rich. It is to search the earth,
Till we have found two in the shapes of men,
As wicked as our selves.

Val. 'Twere not so hard to find out those.

Rich. Why, if we find them out,
It were the better, for what brave villany,
Might we four do? we wou'd not keep together:
For every one has treachery enough.
For twenty countreys, one should trouble *Asia*,
Another should sow strife in *Africa*;
But you should play the knave, in at home in *Europe*,
And for *America* let me alone.

Val. Sir, I am honest,
Than you know how to be, and can no more
Be wrong'd, but I shall find my self aright.

Rich. If you had any spark of honesty,
You would not think that honest than I,
Were a praise high enough to serve your turn:
If men were commonly so bad as I,
Thieves would be put in Calendars for Saints;
And bones of murderers would work miracles.
I am a kind of knave, of knave so much
There is betwixt me, and the vilest else——
But the next place of all to mine is yours.

Enter two Milk-maids and *Viola* with pails,

Val. That last is she, 'tis she.

Rich. Let us away, we shall infect her, let her have the
wind,
And we will kneel down here.

Vio. Wenches away, for here are men.

Val. Fair maid, I pray you stay.

Vio. Alas, agen?

Rich. Why do you lay hold on her? I pray heartily let her

Val. With all my heart, I do not mean to hurt her.

Rich. But stand away then for the purest bodies
Will soonest take infection, stand away,
But for infecting her my self, by heaven,
I would come there, and beat thee further off.

Vio. I know that voice and face.

Val. You are finely mad, goodby Sir, now you are here
together, I'll leave you so, god send you good luck, both;
when you are soberer, you'll give me thanks. *Exit.*

Madg. Wilt thou go milk? come.

Nan. Why dost not come?

Madg. She nods, she's asleep.

Nan. What wert up so early?

Madg. I think you man's mad to kneel there, nay come
come away, uds body, *Nan*, help, she looks black i'th face,
She's in a found.

Nan. And you be a man, come hither, and help a woman.

Rich. Come thither? you are a fool.

Nan. And you a knave and a beast that you are.

Rich. Come hither, 'twas my being now so near,
That made her her swoond, and you are wicked people,
Or you wou'd do so too; my venom eyes
Strike innocency dead at such a distance,
Here I'll kneel, for this is out of distance.

Nan. Th'art a prating ass, there's no goodness in thee,
I warrant, how dost thou?

Vio. Why? well.

Madg. Art thou able to go?

Vio. No, pray go you and milk, if I be able to come
I'll follow you, if not, I'll sit here,
Till you come back.

Nan. I am loth to leave thee here with you wild fool.

Vio. I know him well, I warrant thee he will not hurt
me.

Madg. Come then *Nan*.

Exeunt Maids.

Rich. How do you? be not fearfull, for I hold my hands
before my mouth, and speak, and so
My breath can never blast you.

Vio. 'Twas enough to use me ill, though you had never
fought me to mock me, why kneel you so far off, were not
that gesture better us'd in prayer, had I dealt so with you,
I should not sleep, till heaven and you had both forgiven
me.

Rich. I do not mock, nor lives there such a villain
That can do any thing contemptible
To you, but I do kneel, because it is
An action very fit and reverent,
In presence of so pure a creature,
And so far off, as fearful to offend,
One too much wrong'd already.

Vio. You confes you did the fault, yet scorn to come,
So far as hither, to ask pardon for't;
Which I could willingly afford to come,
To you to grant, good Sir if you have
A better love, may you be blest together.
She shall not wish you better than I will,
I but offend you, there are all the Jewels
I stole, and all the love I ever had,
I leave behind with you, I'll carry none
To give another may the next maid you try
Love you no worse, nor be no worse than I.

Rich. Do not leave me yet for all my fault,
Search out the next things to impossible,

And

And put me on them when they are effected,
I may with better modesty receive
Forgiveness from you.

Vio. I will set no pennance,
To gain the great forgiveness you desire:
But to come hither and take me and it,
Or else I'll come and beg, so you will grant,
That you will be content to be forgiven.

Rich. Nay, I will come since you'll have it so,
And since you please to pardon me I hope
Free from infection, here I am by you;
A careless man, a breaker of my faith,
A lothsome drunkard; and in that wild fury:
A hunter after whores: I do beseech you,
To pardon all these faults, and take me up
An honest, sober, and a faithful man.

Vio. For heavens sake, urge your faults no more, but mend,
All the forgiveness I can make you, is,
To love you, which I will do, and desire
Nothing but love again, which if I have not
Yet I will love you still.

Rich. Oh Women, that some one of you will take,
An everlasting pen into your hands:
And grave in paper which the writ shall make,
More lasting than the marble Monuments,
Your matchless virtues to posterities:
Which the defective race of envious man,
Strive to conceal.

Vio. Methinks I would not now for any thing,
But you had mist me, I have made a story,
Will serve to waste many a winters fire
When we are old, I'll my daughters then,
The miseries their Mother had in love:
And say, my girls be wiser, yet I would not
Have had more wit my self, take up those Jewels,
For I think I hear my fellows coming.

Enter the Milk-maids with their pails.

Madge. How dost thou now? (home?)

Vio. Why, very well I thank you, 'tis late, shall I haste

Nan. I prethee we shall be shent soundly.

Madge. Why does that railing man goe with us?

Vio. I prethee speak well of him, on my word,
He's an honest man.

Nan. There was never any so one's complexion, a Gentleman?

I'de be asham'd to have such a foul mouth. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mother, Alexander, Andrugio, and his man Rowland.

Moth. How now Alexander, what Gentleman is this?

Alex. Indeed forsooth I know not, I found him at the market full of woe, crying a lost daughter, and telling all her tokens to the people; and what you wot? by all subscription in the world, it should be our new Maid Melvia, one would little think it, therefore I was bold to tell him of her Mistress.

Moth. Melvia? It cannot be, fool, alas you know she is a poor wench, and I took her in upon mere charity.

And. So seem'd my daughter when she went away, as she had made her self.

Moth. What stature was your child of, Sir?

And. Not high, and of a brown complexion,
Her Hair aborn, a round face, which some friends that flattered me, would say 'twould be a good one.

Alex. This is still Melvia, Mistress, that's the truth on't.

Moth. It may be so, I'll promise you.

Alex. Well, goe thy ways, the flower of our Town, for a hand and a foot, I shall never see thy fellow.

Moth. But had she not such toys, as Bracelets, Rings, and Jewels?

And. She was something bold indeed, to take such things that night she left me.

Moth. Then belike she run away?

And. Though she be one I love, I dare not lye, she did indeed.

Moth. What think you of this Jewel?

And. Yes, this was one of them, and this was mine, you have made me a new man, I thank you for it.

Moth. Nay, and she be given to filching, there is your Jewel, I am clear on't: but by your leave, Sir, you shall answer me for what is lost since she came hither, I can tell you, there lye things scattering in every place about the house.

Alex. As I am virtuous, I have the lyingst old Gentlewoman to my Mistress, and the most malicious, the devil a good word will she give a servant, that's her old rule; and God be thanked, they'll give her as few, there is perfect love on both sides, it yearns my heart to see the wench miscontrived, a careful soul she is, I'll be sworn for her, when she's gone, let them say what they will, they may eat their caps at such another.

And. What you have lost by her, with all my heart I'll see you double paid for, you have sav'd With your kind pity, two that must not live Unless it be to thank you; take this Jewel, This strikes off none of her offences, Mistress, Would I might see her.

Moth. Alexander, run, and bid her make haste home, she's at the milking Close; but tell her not by any means who's here, I know she'll be too fearful.

Alex. Well, we'll have a posset yet at parting, that's my comfort, and one round, or else I'll lose my Will.

Exit.

And. You shall find Silvio, Uberto, and Pedro enquiring for the Wench at the next Town, tell them she is found, and where I am, and with the favor of this Gentlewoman, desire them to come hither.

Moth. I pray do, they shall be all welcome. *Exit. Serv*

Enter Justice, Curio, and Mark.

Just. By your leave forsooth, you shall see me find the parties by a slight,

Moth. Who's that, Mr. Justice? how do you, Sir?

Just. Why, very well, and busie, where's your Son?

Moth. He's within, Sir.

Just. Hum, and how does the young woman my Cofin, that came down with him.

Moth. She's above, as a woman in her case may be.

Just. You have confest it? then sirrah call in the Officers: she's no Cofin of mine; a mere trick to discover all.

Moth. To discover? what?

Enter Mark and Officers.

Just. You shall know that anon: I think I have overreached you; oh welcome, enter the house, and by virtue of my warrant which you have there, seize upon the bodily persons of those whose names are there written, to wit, one Mercury, and the wife of one Antonio.

Moth. For what.

Just. Away I say,

This Gentleman shall certify you for what. *Ex. Officer.*

Moth. He can accuse my Son of nothing, he came from travel but within these two days?

Just. There hangs a tale.

Moth. I should be sorry this should fall out at any time: but especially now Sir; will you favour me so much, as to let me know of what you accuse him?

Cur. Upon suspicion of murder.

Moth. Murder? I despise thee.

Curio.

Cur. I pray God he may prove himself innocent.

Just. Fie, say not so, you shew your self to be no good Common-wealths man: for the more are hang'd the better 'tis for the Common-wealth.

Moth. By this rule you were best hang your self.

Just. I forgive your honest mirth ever: Oh welcome, welcome *Mark*.

Enter Mark and Officers, with Mercury and the Wife.

Your Pen, Ink, and Paper, to take their examinations.

Mer. Why do you pull me so? I'll go alone.

Just. Let them stand, let them stand quietly, whilst they are examin'd?

Wife. What will you examine us of.

Just. Of *Antonio's* murder.

Mer. Why, he was my friend.

Wife. He was my Husband.

Just. The more shame for you both; *Mark*, your Pen and Ink.

Moth. Pray God all be well, I never knew any of these travellers come to good; I beseech you, Sir, be favourable to my Son.

Just. Gentlewoman, hold you content, I would it were come to that?

Mer. For gods sake mother, why kneel you to such a pig-brib'd fellow? he has surfeited of Geese, and they have put him into a fit of Justice; let him do his worst.

Just. Is your paper ready?

Mark. I am ready, Sir.

Enter Antonio.

Just. Accuse them, Sir, I command thee to lay down accusations against these persons, in behalf of the State, and first look upon the parties to be accus'd, and deliver your name.

Cur. My name is *Curio*, my murdered kinsman If he were living now, I should not know him, 'Tis so long since we saw one another.

Ant. My Cousin *Curio*?

Cur. But thus much from the mouths of his servants, and others, whose examinations I have in writing about me, I can accuse them of; this *Mercury*, the last night, but this last, lay in *Antonio's* house, and in the night he rose, raising *Antonio*, where privately they were in talk an hour, to what end I know not: but of likelihood, finding *Antonio's* house not a fit place to murder him in, he suffered him to go to bed again, but in the morning early, he train'd him I think forth, after which time he never saw his home; his cloaths were found near the place where *Mercury* was, and the people at first denyed they saw him: but at last he made a frivolous tale, that there he shifted himself into a Footmans habit: but in short, the next hour this woman went to *Mercury*, and in her Coach they posted hither; true accusations, I have no more, and I will make none.

Just. No more? we need no more, firrah, be drawing their Mittimus before we hear their answer. What say you Sir? are you guilty of this murder?

Mer. No Sir.

Just. Whether you are or no, confess, it will be the better for you.

Mer. If I were guilty, your Rhetorick could not fetch it forth: but though I am innocent, I confess, that if I were a stander by, these circumstances urg'd, which are true, would make me doubtless believe the accused parties, to be guilty.

Just. Write down, that he being a stander by; for so you see he is, doth doubtless believe the accused parties, which is himself to be guilty.

Mer. I say no such thing.

Just. Write it down I say, we'll try that.

Mer. I care not what you write, pray God you did not kill him for my love, though I am free from this, we both deserve—

Wife. Govern your tongue I pray you, all is well, my Husband lives, I know it, and I see him.

Just. They whisper, sever them quickly I say, Officers, why do you let them prompt one another, Gentlewoman, what say you to this, are not you guilty?

Wife. No, as I hope for mercy.

Just. But are not those circumstances true, that this Gentleman hath so shortly and methodically deliver'd?

Wife. They are, and what you do with me, I care not, Since he is dead, in whom was all my care: You knew him not.

Just. No, an't been better for you too, and you had never known him.

Wife. Why then you did not know the worlds chief joy, His face so manly as it had been made, To fright the world, yet he so sweetly temper'd; That he would make himself a natural fool, To do a noble kindness for a friend.

He was a man whose name I'll not out-live, Longer than heaven, whose Will must be obey'd; Will have me do.

Ant. And I will quit thy kindness.

Just. Before me, she has made the tears stand in mine eyes, but I must be austere, Gentlewoman; you must confess this murder.

Wife. I cannot, Sir, I did it not, but I desire to see those examinations which this Gentleman acknowledges to have about him, for but late last night I receiv'd Letters from the City, yet I heard of no confession, then.

Just. You shall see them time enough I warrant you, but Letters you say you had, where are those Letters?

Wife. Sir, they are gone.

Just. Gone? whither are they gone? How have you dispos'd of 'em?

Wife. Why Sir, they are for womens matters, and so I use 'em.

Just. Who writ 'em?

Wife. A man of mine.

Just. Who brought 'em?

Wife. A Post.

Just. A Post? there is some great haste sure, aha, where is that Post?

Wife. Sir, there he stands.

Just. Does he so? bring hither that Post, I am afraid that Post will prove a knave; come hither Post, what? what can you say concerning the murder of *Antonio*?

Ant. What's that to you?

Just. Oh Post, you have no answer ready, have you? I'll have one from you.

Ant. You shall have no more from me than you have; you examine an honest Gentleman and Gentlewoman here, 'tis pittty such fools as you should be i'th Commission.

Just. Say you so Post, take away that Post, whip him and bring him again quickly, I'll hamper you Post.

Mer. 'Tis *Antonio*, I know him now as well; what an irregular fool is this?

Ant. Whip me? hold off.

Wife. Oh good Sir whip him, by his murmuring he should know something of my Husbands death; that may quit me, for gods sake fetch't out.

Just. Whip him I say.

Ant. Who is't dares whip me now?

Wife. Oh my lov'd Husband.

Mer. My most worthy friend? where have you been so long?

Ant. I cannot speak for joy.

Just. Why, what's the matter now, and shall not Law then have her course?

Andra. It shall have no other course than it has I think.

Just. It shall have other course before I go, or I'll beat my brains, and I say it was not honestly done of him to discover himself before the parties accus'd were executed, that Law might have had her course, for then the kingdom flourishes.

Ant. But such a wife as thou, had never any man, and such a friend as he, believe me wife, shall never be good wife, love my friend, friend love my wife, hark friend.

Just. Mark, if we can have nothing to do, you shall swear the peace of some body.

Mark. Yes Sir.

Ant. By my troth I am sorry my wife is so obstinate, sooth, if I could yet do thee any good, I wou'd, faith I wou'd.

Mer. I thank you Sir, I have lost that passion.

Ant. Cousin *Curio*, you and I must be better acquainted.

Cur. It is my wish, Sir.

Ant. I should not have known you neither, 'tis so long since we saw, we were but children then: but you have shew'd your self an honest man to me.

Cur. I would be ever so.

Enter Richardo and Viola.

Moth. Look you, who's there.

And. Say nothing to me, for thy peace is made.

Rich. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that you are her Father, you can both
Not only pardon, when you have a wrong,
But love where you have most injury.

Just. I think I shall hear of no hanging this year, there's A Tinker and a Whore yet, the Cryer said, that rob'd her, and are in prison, I hope they shall be hang'd.

And. No truly Sir, they have broke prison.

Just. 'Tis no matter, then the Jaylor shall be hang'd.

And. You are deceiv'd in that too, Sir, 'twas known to be against his will, and he hath got his pardon, I think for nothing, but if it doth cost him any thing, I'll pay it.

Just. Mark, up with your papers, away.

Mer! Oh you shall stay dinner, I have a couple of brawling neighbors, that I'll assure you will not agree, and you shall have the hearing of their matter.

Just. With all my heart.

Mer. Go, Gentlemen, go in.

Rich. Oh *Viola*, that no succeeding age,
Might loose the memory of what thou wert,
But such an overswayed Sex is yours,
That all the virtuous actions you can do,
Are but as men will call them; and I swear,
'Tis my belief, that women want but ways;
To praise their deeds, but men want deeds to praise.

Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ended, but my hopes and fears begin,
Nor can it be impnted as a sin
In me to wish it favour, if this night,

To the Judicious it hath giv'n delight.
I have my ends, and may such for their grace,
Vouchsaf'd to this, find theirs in every place.

THE

T H E
S E A - V O Y A G E.
A Comedy.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Albert, a French Pirat, in love with Aminta.
Tibalt du Pont, a merry Gentleman, friend to Albert.
Master of the Ship, an honest merry man.
Lamure, an usuring Merchant.
Franville, a vain-glorious gallant.
Morillat, a shallow-brain'd Gentleman.
Bortswain, an honest man.

Sebastian, a noble Gentleman of Portugal, Husband to
Rosellia.
Nicusa, Nephew to Sebastian, both cast upon a desert
Island.
Raimond, brother to Aminta.
Surgeon,
Sailors.

Women.

Aminta, Mistris to Albert, a noble French Virgin.
Rosellia, Governess of the Amazonian Portugals.
Clarinda, Daughter to Rosellia, in love with Albert.

Hippolita, }
Crocale, } *three Ladies, Members of the Female Com-*
Juletta. } *mon-wealth.*

The Scene, First at Sea, then
in the desert Islands.

The Principal Actors were


*Joseph Taylor,
William Eglestone,
Nich. Toolie.*

*Joh Lowin.
John Underwood.*

Actus Primus.

*A Tempest, Thunder and Lightning.
Enter Master and two Sailors.*

Master.

 Ay her aloof, the Sea grows dangerous,
How it spits against the clouds, how it capers,
And how the fiery Element frights it back
There be Devils dancing in the air I think
I saw a Dolphin hang i'th horns o'th' moon
Shot from a wave, hey day, hey day,
How she kicks and yerks?

Scena Prima.

Down with the Main Mast,, lay her at hull,
Farle up all her Linnens, and let her ride it out.

1 Sailor. She'll never brook it Master.

She's so deep laden that she'll bulge;

Master. Hang her.

Can she not buffet with a storm a little?

How it tosses her, she reels like a Drunkard.

2. Sail. We have discover'd the Land, Sir,

Pray let's make in, she's so drunk else,

She may chance to cast up all her Lading.

(perish'd

1 Sail. Stand in, stand in, we are all lost else, lost and

Mast. Steer her a Star-board there.

U u 2

2 Sail.

Sail. Fear in with all the fail we can, see Master
See, what a clap of Thunder there is,
What a face of heaven, how dreadfully it looks? (praying;
Maſt. Thou rascal, thou fearful rogue, thou haſt been
I ſee't in thy face, thou haſt been mumbling,
When we are ſplit you ſlave; is this a time,
To discourage our friends with your cold orizons?
Call up the Boatſwain; how it ſtorms; holla.
Boatſ. What ſhall we do Maſter?
Caſt over all her lading? ſhe will not ſwim
An hour eſſe;

Enter Albert, Franvile, La-mure, Tibalt
de pont. Morillat

Maſt. The ſtorm is loud,
We cannot hear one another,
What's the coaſt?

Boatſ. We know not ye; ſhall we make in?

Albert. What comfort Sailors?
I never ſaw, ſince I have known the Sea,
(which has been this twenty years) ſo rude a tempeſt:
In what State are we?

Maſt. Dangerous enough Captain,
We have ſprung five leaks, and no little ones;
Still rage; beſides, her ribs are open;
Her rudder almoſt ſpent; prepare your ſelves;
And have good courages, death comes but once,
And let him come in all his frights.

Albert. Is't not poſſible,
To make in to th' Land? 'tis here before us.

Morill. Here hard by Sir.

Maſt. Death is nearer, Gentlemen.
Yet do not cry, let's dye like men.

Tib. Shall's hoife the Boat out,
And goe all at one caſt? the more the merrier.

Enter Amint.

Maſt. You are too haſty Mounſieur,
Do ye long to be i'th' Fiſh-market before your time?
Hold hernp there.

Amint. Oh miſerable fortune,
Nothing but horror ſounding in mine ears,
No minute to promiſe to my frightened ſoul,

Tib. Peace woman,
We ha ſtorms enough already; no more howling.

Amint. Gentle Maſter.

Maſt. Clap this woman under hatches.

Alb. Pretheſpeak mildly to her.

Amint. Can no help?

Maſt. None that I know.

Amint. No promiſe from your goodneſs?

Maſt. Am I a God? for heavens ſake ſtow this

Tib. Go: take your gilt Prayer-Book woman;
And to your buſineſs; wink and die,
There's an old Haddock ſtaies for ye.

Amint. Muſt I die here in all the frights and terrors,
The thouſand ſeveral ſhapes death triumphs in?
No friend to counſel me?

Alb. Have peace ſweet Miſtriſs.

Amint. No kindred ſtears upon me? oh! my country?
No gentle hand to cloſe mine eyes?

Alb. Be comforted, heaven has the ſame
Power ſtill, and the ſame mercy.

Amint. Oh, that wave will devour me.

Maſt. Carry her down Captain;
Or by theſe hands I'll give no more direction,
Let the Ship ſink or ſwim, we ha ne'er better luck,
When we ha ſuch ſtorage as theſe trinkets with us,
Theſe ſweet ſin-breeders: how can heaven ſmile on us,
When ſuch a burthen of iniquity
Lies tumbling like a potion in our ſhip's belly?

Tib. Away with her, and if ſhe have a Prayer,
That's fit for ſuch an hour, let her ſay't quickly,

Exit.

And ſeriously.

Exit.

Alb. Come, I ſee it clear Lady, come in,
And take ſome comfort. I'll ſtay with ye.

Amint. Where ſhould I ſtay? to what end ſhould I hope,
Am not I circled round with miſery?
Confuſions in their full heights dwell about me:
Oh Mounſieur *Albert*, How am I bound to curſe ye,
If curſes could redeem me? how to hate ye?
You forc'd me from my quiet, from my friends;
Even from their Arms, that were as dear to me;
As day-light is, or comfort to the wretched;
You forc'd my friends from their peaceful reſt,
Some your relentleſs ſword gave their laſt groans;
Would I had there been numbred;
And to fortunes never ſatiſfied afflictions,
Ye turn'd my Brother; and thoſe few friends I'd left,
Like deſperate creatures, to their own fears
And the world's ſtubborn pitties: Oh mercileſs!

Alb. Sweet Miſtriſs.

Amint. And whither they are wandred to avoid ye,
Or whither dead, and no kind earth to cover 'em;
Was this a Lovers part? but heaven has found ye,
And in his loudeſt voice, his voice of thunder,
And in the mutiny of his deep wonders,
He tells ye now, ye weep too late:

Alb. Let theſe tears tell how I honor ye;
Ye know dear Lady, ſince ye are mine,
How truly I have lov'd ye, how ſanctimoniouſly
Obſerv'd your honor; not one laſcivious word,
Not one touch Lady; no, not a hope that might not render
The unpolluted ſervant of your chaſtity; (me
For you I put to ſea, to ſeek your Brother;
Your Captain, yet your ſlave, that his redemption,
If he be living, where the Sun has circuit,
May expiate your rigor, and my raſhneſs.

Amint. The ſtorm grows greater, what ſhall we do?

Alb. Let's in:

And aſk heavens mercy; my ſtrong mind yet preſages,
Through all theſe dangers, we ſhall ſee a day yet
Shall crown your pious hopes, and my fair wiſhes. *Exit.*

Enter Maſter, Sailors, Gentlemen, and Boatſwain.

Maſt. It muſt all over-board.

Boatſ. It clears to Sea-ward Maſt.

Fling o'er the Lading there, and let's lighten her;
All the meat, and the Cakes, we are all gone eſſe;
That we may find her Leaks, and hold her up;
Yet ſave ſome little Biſket for the Lady,
Till we come to the Land.

La-m. Muſt my Goods over too?
Why honeſt Maſter? here lies all my money;
The Money I ha wrackt by uſury,
To buy new Lands and Lordſhips in new Countreys,
'Cause I was baniſh'd from mine own
I ha been this twenty years a raiſing it.

Tib. Out with it:
The devils are got together by the ears, who ſhall have it;
And here they quarrel in the clouds.

La-m. I am undone Sir:

Tib. And be undone, 'tis better than we

La-m. Oh ſave one Cheſt of Plate.

Tib. Away with it luſtily, Sailors;
It was ſome pawn that he has got unjuſtly;
Down with it low enough, and let Crabs breed in't;
Maſt. Over with the Trunks too.

Enter Albert.

Alb. Take mine and ſpare not.

Maſt. We muſt over with all.

Fran. Will ye throw away my Lordſhip
That I ſold, put it into cloaths and neceſſaries,
To goe to ſea with?

Tib. Over with it; I love to ſee a Lordſhip ſink;

Sir,

Sir, you left no wood upon't, to buoy it up;
You might ha' sav'd it else.

Fran. I am undone for ever;

Alb. Why we are all undone; would you be only happy?

La-m. Sir, you may loose too.

Tib. Thou liest; I ha' nothing but my skin,
And my cloaths; my sword here, and my self;
Two Crowns in my pocket; two pair of Cards;
And three false Dice: I can swim like a fish
Rascal, nothing to hinder me.

Bousfir. In with her of all hands.

Mast. Come Gentlemen, come Captain, ye must help all;
My life now for the Land,

'Tis high, and rocky, and full of perils;

Alb. However let's attempt it.

Mast. Then cheer lustily my hearts.

Exit.

Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.

Sebast. Yes, 'tis a Ship, I see it now, a tall Ship;
She has wrought lustily for her deliverance;
Heavens mercy, what a wretched day has here been?

Nicu. To still and quiet minds that knew no misery,
It may seem wretched, but with us 'tis ordinary;
Heaven has no storm in store, nor earth no terror,
That can seem new to us.

Sebast. 'Tis true *Nicusa*, if fortune were determin'd
To be wanton, and would wipe out the stories
Of mens miseries: yet we two living,
We could cross her purpose; for 'tis impossible
She should cure us, we are so excellent in our afflictions;
It would be more than glory to her blindness,
And stile her power beyond her pride, to quit us.

Nicu. Do they live still?

Sebast. Yes, and make to harbor:

Nicu. Most miserable men; I grieve their fortunes.

Sebast. How happy had they been, had the Sea cover'd em?
They leap from one calamity to another;
Had they been drown'd, they had ended all their sorrows.
What shouts of joy they make?

Nicu. Alas poor wretches, had they but once experience
Of this Island, they'd turn their tunes to wailings;

Sebast. Nay, to curses.

That ever they set foot on such calamities;
Here's nothing but Rocks and barrenness,
Hunger, and cold to eat; here's no Vineyards
To cheer the heart of man, no Christal Rivers,
After his labour, to refresh his body,
If he be feeble; nothing to restore him,
But heavenly hopes, nature that made those remedies,
Dares not come here, nor look on our distresses,
For fear she turn wild, like the place, and barren.

Nicu. Oh Uncle, yet a little memory of what we were,
'Twill be a little comfort in our calamities;
When we were seated in our blessed homes,
How happy in our kindreds, in our families,
In all our fortunes?

Sebast. Curse on those *French* Pirats, that displanted us;
That flung us from that happiness we found there;
Constrain'd us to Sea, to save our lives, honors, and our
With all we had, our kinsmen, and our jewels, (riches,
In hope to find some place free from such robbers,
Where a mighty storm sever'd our Barks,
That, where my Wife, my Daughter
And my noble Ladies that went with her,
Virgins and loving souls, to scape those Pirats.

Nicu. They are yet living; such goodness cannot perish.

Sebast. But never to me Cousin;

Never to me again; what bears their Flag-staves?

Nicu. The Arms of *France* sure;

Nay, do not start, we cannot be more miserable;
Death is a cordial, now, come when it will.

Sebast. They get to shore apace, they'll flie as fast (there?)
When once they find the place; what's that which swims

Ni. A strong young man, Sir, with a handsome woman.
Hanging about his neck.

Sebast. That shews some honor;
May thy brave charity, what e'er thou art,
Be spoken in a place that may renown thee,
And not dye here.

Nicu. The Boat it seems turn'd over,
So forced to their shifts; yet all are landed:
They're Pirates on my life.

Sebast. They will not rob us;
For none will take out misery for riches:
Come Cousin, let's descend, and try their pities;
If we get off, a little hope walks with us;
If not, we shall but load this wretched Island
With the same shadows still, that must grow shorter. *Ex.*

*Enter Albert, Aminta, Tibalt, Morillat, La-mure,
Master, Franville, Surgeon, Sailors.*

Tib. Wet come ashore my mates, we are safe arrived yet.

Mast. Thanks to heavens goodness, no man lost;
The Ship rides fair too, and her leaks in good plight.

Alb. The weathers turn'd more courteous;
How does my Dear?

Alas, how weak she is, and wet?

Amint. I am glad yet, I escap'd with life;
Which certain, noble Captain, next to heavens goodness,
I must thank you for, and which is more,
Acknowledge your dear tenderness, your firm love
To your unworthy Mistress, and recant too
(Indeed I must) those harsh opinions,
Those cruel unkind thoughts, I heapt upon ye;
Farther than that, I must forget your injuries.
So far I am ti'd, and fet'ted to your service,
Believe me, I will learn to love.

Alb. I thank ye Madam,
And it shall be my practise to serve.
What cheer companions?

Tib. No great cheer Sir, a piece of souc'd Bisket
And halfe a hard egg; for the Sea has taken order;
Being young and strong, we shall not surfet Captain.
For mine own part, I'll dance till I'm dry;
Come Surgeon, out with your Clister-pipe,
And strike a Galliard.

Alb. What a brave day again?
And what fair weather, after so foul a storm?

La-mure. I an't pleas'd the Master he might ha seen
This weather, and ha' sav'd our goods.

Alb. Never think on 'em, we have our lives and healths.
La-m. I must think on 'em, and think
'Twas most maliciously done to undoe me.

Fran. And me too, I lost all;
I ha'n't another shirt to put upon me, nor cloaths
But these poor rags; I had fifteen fair suits,
The worst was cut upon Taffaty.

Tib. I am glad you ha' lost, give me thy hand,
Is thy skin whole? art thou not pur'l'd with scabs?
No antient monuments of *Madam Venus*?
Thou hast a suit then will pose the cunning'st Tailor,
That will never turn fashion, nor forsake thee,
Till thy executors the Worms, uncase thee,
They take off glorious suites *Franville*: thou art happy,
Thou art deliver'd of 'em; here are no Brokers;
No Alchymists to turn 'em into Mettal;
Nor leather'd Captains, with Ladies to adore 'em;
Wilt thou see a Dog-fish rise in one of thy brave doublets,
And tumble like a tub to make thee merry,
Or an old Haddock rise with thy hatch'd sword
Thou paid'st a hundred Crowns for?
A Mermaid in a Mantle of your Worships,
Or a Dolphin in your double Ruffe?

Fran. Ye are merry, but if I take it thus,
If I be foisted and jeer'd out of my goods.

La-m. Nor I, I vow thee.

Nor Master, nor Mate, I see your cunning,

Alb. Oh be not angry Gentlemen.

Moril. Yes Sir, we have reason.

And some friends I can make.

Mat. What I did Gentlemen, was for the general safety.

If ye aim at me, I am not so tame.

Tib. Pray take my counsel Gallants.

Fight not till the Surgeon be well,

He's damnable sea-lick, and may spoil all;

Besides he has lost his Fiddlestick, and the best

Box of Bores-grease; why do you make such faces,

And hand your swords?

Alb. Who would ye fight with Gentlemen?

Who has done ye wrong? for shame be better temper'd.

No sooner come to give thanks for our safeties,

But we must raise new civil broils amongst us

Inflame those angry powers, to shower new vengeance on us?

What can we expect for these unmanly murmurs,

These strong temptations of their holy pitties,

But plagues in another kind, a fuller, so dreadful,

That the singing storms are slumbers to it?

Tib. Be men, and rule your minds;

If you will needs fight, Gentlemen,

And think to raise new riches by your valours,

Have at ye, I have little else to do now

I have said my prayers; you say you have lost,

And make your loss your quarrel.

And grumble at my Captain here, and the Master

Two worthy persons, indeed too worthy for such rascals,

Thou *Gambon* gallant, and *Mammon* you

That build on golden Mountains, thou Money-Maggot;

Come all, draw your swords, ye say ye are miserable.

Alb. Nay, hold good *Tibalt*

Tib. Captain, let me correct 'em;

I'll make ye ten times worse, I will not leave 'em;

For look ye, fighting is as nourishing to me as eating,

I was born quarrelling.

Mat. Pray Sir.

Tib. I will not leave 'em skins to cover 'em;

Do ye grumble, when ye are well, ye rogues?

Mat. Noble *Du-pont*.

Tib. Ye have cloaths now: and ye prate.

Amin. Pray Gentlemen, for my sake be at peace.

Let it become me to make all friends.

Fran. You have stopt our angers Lady.

Alb. This shews noble.

Tib. 'Tis well: 'tis very well: there's half a Bisket,

Break't amongst ye all, and thank my bounty.

This is Cloaths and Plate too; come no more quarrelling.

Amin. But ha! what things are these,

Are they humane creatures?

Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.

Tib. I have heard of Sea-Calves.

Alb. They are no shadows sure, they have Legs and Arms.

Tib. They hang but lightly on though.

Amin. How they look, are they mens faces?

Tib. They have horse-tails growing to 'em.

Goodly long manes.

Amin. Alas what sunk eyes they have!

How they are crept in, as if they had been frighted!

Sure they are wretched men.

Tib. Where are their Wardrobes?

Look ye *Franvile*, here are a couple of Courtiers.

Amin. They kneel, alas poor souls.

Alb. What are ye? speak; are ye alive,

Or wandring shadows, that find no peace on earth,

Till ye reveal some hidden secret?

Sebast. We are men as you are;

Only our miseries make us seem monsters,

If ever pitty dwelt in noble hearts;

Alb. We understand 'em too: pray mark 'em t Gentle-

Sebast. Or that heaven is pleas'd with human echarity;

If ever ye have heard the name of frien dship?

Or suffered in your selves, the least afflictions,

Have gentle Fathers that have bred ye tenderly,

And Mothers that have wept for your misfortunes,

Have mercy on our miseries.

Alb. Stand up wretches;

Speak boldly, and have release;

Nicuf. If ye be Christians,

And by that blessed name, bound to relieve us,

Convey us from this Island.

Alb. Speak; what are ye?

Seb. As you are, Gentle born; to tell ye more,

Were but to number up our own calamities,

And turn your eyes wild with perpetual weepings;

These many years in this most wretched Island

Wetwo have liv'd: the scorn and game of fortune;

Bless your selves from it Noble Gentlemen;

The greatest plagues that humane nature suffers,

Are seated here, wildness, and wants innumerable,

Alb. How came ye hither?

Nicuf. In a ship as you do, and you might have been.

Had not Heaven preserv'd ye for some more noble use;

Wrackt desperately; our men, and all consum'd,

But we two; that still live, and spin out

The thin and ragged threds of our misfortunes.

Alb. Is there no meat above?

Sebast. Nor meat nor quiet;

No summer here, to promise any thing;

Nor Autumn, to make full the reapers hands;

The earth obdurate to the tears of heaven,

Lets nothing shoot but poison'd weeds.

No Rivers, nor no pleasant Groves, no Beasts;

All that were made for man's use, flie this desert;

No airy Fowl dares make his flight over it,

It is so ominous.

Serpents, and ugly things, the shames of nature,

Roots of malignant tastes, foul standing waters;

Sometimes we find a fullsome Sea-root,

And that's a delicate? a Rat sometimes,

And that we hunt like Princes in their pleasure;

And when we take a Toad, we make a Banquet.

Amin. For heavens sake let's aboard.

Alb. D'ye know no farther?

(inhabited;

Nicu. Yes, we have sometimes seen the shadow of a place

And heard the noise of hunters;

And have attempted ro find it, to far as a River,

Deep, slow, and dangerous, fenced with high Rocks,

We have gone; but not able to atchieve that hazard,

Return to our old miseries.

If this sad story may deserve your pities.

(cries:

Alb. Ye shall aboard with us, we will relieve your mis-

Sebast. Nor will we be unthankful for this benefit,

No Gentlemen, we'll pay for our deliverance;

Look ye that plough the Seas for wealth and pleasures,

That out-run day and night with your ambitions,

Look on those heaps, they seem hard ragged quarries;

Remove 'em, and view 'em fully.

Mat. Oh heaven, they are Gold and Jewels.

Sebast. Be not too hasty, here lies another heap.

Moril. And here another,

All perfect Gold.

(vers;

Alb. Stand farther off, you must not be your own car-

La-m. We have shares, and deep ones;

Fran. Yes Sir, we'll maintain't: ho fellow Sailors,

La-m. Stand all to your freedoms;

I'll have all this.

Fran. And I this.

Tib. You shall be hang'd first,

La-m. My losses shall be made good.

Fran. So shall mine, or with my sword I'll do't;

All that will share with us, assist us.

Tib. Captain, let's set in.

Alb. This money will undo us, undo us all:

Sebast. This Gold was the overthrow of my happiness;

I had

I had command too, when I landed here,
And lead young, high, and noble spirits under me,
This curled Gold enticing 'em, they let upon their Captain,
On me that own'd this wealth, and this poor Gentleman,
Gave us no few wounds, forc'd us from our own ;
And then their civil swords, who should be owners,
And who Lords over all, turn'd against their own lives,
First in their rage, consum'd the Ship,
That poor part of the Ship that scap'd the first wrack,
Next their lives by heaps ; Oh be you wise and careful :

La-m. We'll ha' more : sirrah, come shew it.

Fran. Or ten times worse afflictions than thou speak'st of.

Alb. Nay, and ye will be dogs. *Beats 'em out.*

Tib. Let me come, Captain :

This Golden age must have an Iron ending.

Have at the bunch.

He beats 'em off. Exit.

Amint. Oh *Albert* ; Oh Gentlemen, Oh Friends. *Exit.*

Sebast. Come noble Nephew, if we stay here, we dye,
Here rides their Ship, yet all are gone to th' spoil,
Let's make a quick use.

Nicus. Away dear Uncle.

Sebast. This Gold was our overthrow. *Exit.*

Nicus. It may now be our happiness.

Enter Tibalt and the rest.

Tib. You shall have Gold : yes, I'll cram it int' ye ;
You shall be your own carvers ; yes, I'll carve ye,

Morill. I am sore, I pray hear reason :

Tib. I'll hear none.

Covetous base minds have no reason ;

I am hurt my self, but whilst I have a leg left,
I will so haunt your gilded souls ; how d'ye Captain ?
Ye bleed apace, curse on the causers on't ;
Ye do not faint ?

Alb. No, no ; I am not so happy.

Tib. D'ye howl, nay, ye deserve it :

Base greedy rogues ; come, shall we make an end of 'em ?

Alb. They are our Countrey-men, for heavens sake spare 'em.
Alas, they are hurt enough, and they relent now.

Aminta above.

Aminta. Oh Captain, Captain.

Alb. Whose voice is that ?

Tib. The Ladies. *(tain.*

Amint. Look Captain, look ; ye are undone : poor Cap-
We are all undone, all, all : we are all miserable,
Mad wilful men ; ye are undone, your Ship, your Ship.

Alb. What of her ?

Amint. She's under sail, and floating ;
See where she flies : see to your shames, you wretches :
These poor starv'd things that shew'd you Gold.

La-m. and Franvile goes up to see the Ship,

1 Sail. They have cut the Cables,
And got her out ; the Tide too has befriended 'em.

Mast. Where are the Sailors that kept her ?

Boats. Here, here in the mutiny, to take up money,
And left no creature, left the Boat ashore too ;
This Gold, this damn'd enticing Gold.

2 Sail. How the wind drives her,
As if it vied to force her from our furies ?

La-m. Come back good old men :

Fran. Good honest men, come back.

Tib. The wind's against ye, speak louder ;

La-m. Ye shall have all your Gold again : they see us.

Tib. Hold up your hands, and kneel,

And howl ye block-heads ; they'll have compassion on ye ;
Yes, yes, 'tis very likely, ye have deserv'd it,
D'ye look like dogs now ?

Are your mighty courages abated ?

Alb. I bleed apace *Tibalt* :

Tib. Retire Sir : and make the best use of our miseries.
They but begin now.

Enter Aminta.

Amint. Are ye alive still ?

Alb. Yes sweet.

Tib. Help him off Lady ;

And wrap him warm in your arms, *(somely,*
Here's something that's comfortable ; off with him hand-
I'll come to ye straight ; but vex these rascals a little.

Exit Albert, Aminta.

Fran. Oh, I am hungry, and hurt, and I am weary.

Tib. Here's a Pistle of a *Portigue*, Sir ;

'Tis excellent meat, with four sauce ;
And here's two Chains, suppose 'em Saufages ;
Then there wants Mustard ;

But the fearful Surgeon will supply ye presently :

La-m. Oh for that Surgeon, I shall die else.

Tib. Faith there he lies in the same pickle too,

Surg. My Salves, and all my Instruments are lost ;
And I am hurt and starv'd ;

Good Sir, seek for some herbs.

Tib. Here's Herb-graceless, will that serve ?

Gentlemen will ye go to supper ?

All. Where's the meat ?

Tib. Where's the meat ? what a Veal voice is there ?

Fran. Would we had it Sir, or any thing else ;

Tib. I would now cut your throat you dog,
But that I wo't doe you such a courtesie ; *(hence'*
Oh ! what a comfort will your worship have some three days
Ye things beneath pitty, Famine shall be your harbinger,
You must not look for Down-beds here,
Nor Haagings ; though I could wish ye strong ones ;
Yet there be many lightsome cool Star chambers,
Open to every sweet air, I'll assure ye,
Ready provided for ye, and so I'll leave ye ;
Your first course is serv'd, expect the second. *Exit.*

Fran. A vengeance on these Jewels.

La-m. Oh ! this cursed Gold. *Exeunt*

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Albert, Aminta.

Alb. **A** Las dear soul ye faint.

Amint. You speak the language
Which I should use to you, heaven knows, my weakness
Is not for what I suffer in my self,
But to imagine what you endure, and to what fate
Your cruel Stars reserve ye.

Alb. Do not add to my afflictions
By your tender pitties ; sure we have chang'd Sexes ;
You bear calamity with a fortitude
Would become a man ; I like a weak girl, suffer.

Amint. Oh, but your wounds,
How fearfully they gape ? and every one
To me is a Sepulchre : if I lov'd truly,
(Wise men affirm, that true love can do no wonders,)
These bath'd in my warm tears, would soon be cur'd,
And leave no orifice behind ; pray give me leave.
To play the Surgeon, and bind 'em up ;
The raw air rankles 'em.

Alb. Sweet, we want means.

Amint. Love can supply all wants.

Alb. What have ye done, Sweet ?

Oh sacrifice to beauty : there's no hair
Of these pure locks, by which the greatest King
Would not be gladly bound, and love his Fetters.

Amint. Oh *Albert*, I offer this sacrifice of service
To the Altar of your staid temperance, and still adore it,
When with a violent hand you made me yours,
I curs'd the doer: but now I consider,
How long I was in your power: and with what honor;
You entertain'd me, it being seldom seen,
That youth, and heat of blood, could e'r prescribe
Laws to it self; your goodness is the *Lethe*,
In which I drown your injuries, and now live
Truly to serve ye: how do you Sir?
Receive you the least ease from my service?
If you do, I am largely recompenc'd.

Alb. You good Angels,
That are engag'd, when mans ability fails,
To reward goodness: look upon this Lady
Though hunger gripes my croaking entrails,
Yet when I kiss these Rubies, methinks
I'm at a Banquet, a refreshing Banquet;
Speak my bless'd one, art not hungry?

Amint. Indeed I could eat, to bear you company.

Alb. Blush unkind nature,
If thou hast power: or being to hear
Thy self, and by such innocence accus'd;
Must print a thousand kinds of shame, upon
Thy various face: canst thou supply a drunkard,
And with a prodigal hand reach choice of Wines,
Till he cast up thy blessings? or a glutton,
That robs the Elements, to sooth his palat,
And only eats to beget appetite,
Not to be satisfied? and suffer here
A Virgin which the Saints would make their guest,
To pine for hunger? ha, if my fence *Horns within.*
Deceive me not, these Notes take Being
From the breath of men; confirm me my *Aminta*;
Again, this way the gentle wind conveys it to us,
Hear you nothing?

Amint. Yes, it seems free hunters Musick;

Alb. Still 'tis louder; and I remember the *Portugals*
Inform'd us, they had often heard such sounds,
But ne'r could touch the shore from whence it came;
Follow me, my *Aminta*: my good genius,
Shew me the way still; still we are directed;
When we gain the top of this near rising hill,
We shall know further. *Exit. And Enter above.*

Alb. Courteous *Zephyrus*,
On his dewy wings, carries perfumes to cheer us;
The air clears too;
And now, we may discern another Island,
And questionless, the seat of fortunate men:
Oh that we could arrive there.

Amint. No *Albert*, 'tis not to be hop'd;
This envious Torrent's cruelly interpos'd;
We have no vessel that may transport us;
Nor hath nature given us wings to flie.

Alb. Better try all hazards,
Than perish here remediless; I feel
New vigor in me, and a spirit that dares
More than a man, to serve my fair *Aminta*;
These Arms shall be my oars, with which I'll swim;
And my zeal to save thy innocent self,
Like wings, shall bear me up above the brackish waves.

Amint. Will ye then leave me?

Alb. Till now I ne'er was wretched.
My best *Aminta*, I swear by goodness
'Tis nor hope, nor fear, of my self that invites me
To this extrem; 'tis to supply thy wants and believe me
Though pleasure met me in most ravishing forms,
And happiness courted me to entertain her,
I would nor eat nor sleep, till I return'd
And crown'd thee with my fortunes.

Amint. Oh but your absence.

Alb. Suppose it but a dream, and as you may,
Endeavour to take rest; and when that sleep
Deceives your hunger with imagin'd food,

Think you have sent me for discovery
Of some most fortunate Continent, yet unknown,
Which you are to be Queen of.
And now ye Powers, that e'er heard Lovers Prayers,
Or christit pure affection; look on him
That is your Votary; and make it known
Against all stops, you can defend your own. *Exit.*

Enter Hippolita, Crocale, Juletta.

Hip. How did we lose *Clarinda*? *(take foil,*

Cro. When we believ'd the Stag was spent, and would
The sight of the black lake which we suppos'd
He chose for his last refuge, frighted him more
Than we that did pursue him.

Jul. That's usual; for, death it self is not so terrible
To any beast of chase.

Hip. Since we liv'd here, we ne'er could force one to it.

Cro. 'Tis so dreadful,
Birds that with their pinions cleave the air
Dare not flie over it: when the Stag turn'd head,
And we, even tir'd with labor, *Clarinda*, as if
She were made of Air and Fire,
And had no part of earth in her, eagerly pursu'd him;
Nor need we fear her safety, this place yields not
Fawns nor Satyrs, or more lustful men;
Here we live secure,

And have among our selves a Common-wealth,
Which in our selves begun, with us must end.

Jul. I, there's the misery.

Cro. But being alone,

Allow me freedom but to speak my thoughts;
The strictness of our Governess, that forbids us,
On pain of death, the sight and use of men,
Is more than tyranny: for her self, she's past
Those youthful heats, and feels not the want
Of that which young maids long for: and her daughter
The fair *Clarinda*, though in few years
Improv'd in height and large proportion,
Came here so young,

That scarce remembering that she had a father,
She never dreams of man; and should she see one,
In my opinion, a would appear a strange beast to her.

Jul. 'Tis not so with us.

Hip. For my part, I confess it, I was not made
For this single life; nor do I love hunting so,
But that I had rather be the chace my self.

Cro. By *Venus* (out upon me) I should have sworn
By *Diana*, I am of thy mind too wench;
And though I have ta'en an oath, not alone
To detest, but never to think of man,
Every hour something tells me I am forsworn;
For I confess, imagination helps me sometimes,
And that's all is left for us to feed on,
We might starve else, for if I have any pleasure
In this life, but when I sleep, I am a Pagan;
Then from the Courtier to the Countrey-clown,
I have strange visions.

Jul. Visions *Crocale*?

Cro. Yes, and fine visions too;
And visions I hope in dreams are harmless,
And not forbid by our Canons; the last night
(Troth 'tis a foolish one, but I must tell it)
As I lay in my Cabin, betwixt sleeping and waking.

Hip. Upon your back?

Cro. How should a young Maid lie, fool,
When she would be intranc'd?

Hip. We are instructed; forward I prethee.

Cro. Methought a sweet young man
In years some twenty, with a downy chin,
Promising a future beard, and yet no red one,
Stole slylie to my Cabin all unbrac'd,
Took me in his arms, and kiss'd me twenty times,
Yet still I slept.

Jul. Fie; thy lips run over *Crocale*.
But to the rest.

Cro. Lord, What a man is this thought I,
To do this to a Maid!
Yet then for my life I could not wake.
The youth, a little danted, with a trembling hand
Heav'd up the clothes.

Hip. Yet still you slept?
Cro. Y^ofaith I did; and when, methoughts, he was warm
by my side,
Thinking to catch him, I stretcht out both mine armes;
And when I felt him not, I shreekt out,
And wak'd for anger.

Hip. 'Twas a pretty dream.
Cro. I, if it had been a true one.

Enter Albert.

Jul. But stay, What's here cast o'th' shore?

Hip. 'Tis a man;
Shall I shoot him?
Cro. No, no, 'tis a handsome beast;
Would we had more o'th' breed; stand close wenches,
And let's hear if he can speak.

Alb. Do I yet live?
Sure it is ay I breathe; What place is this?
Sure something more than humane keeps residence here,
For I have pass'd the *Stygian* gulph,
And touch upon the blessed shore? 'tis so;
This is the *Elizian* shade; these happy spirits,
That here enjoy all pleasures.

Hip. He makes towards us.
Jul. Stand, or I'll shoot.
Cro. Hold, he makes no resistance.

Alb. Be not offended Goddesses, that I fall
Thus prostrate at your feet: or if not such,
But Nymphs of *Dian's* train, that range these groves,
Which you forbid to men; vouchsafe to know
I am a man, a wicked sinful man; and yet not fold
So far to impudence, as to presume
To press upon your privacies, or provoke
Your Heavenly angers; 'tis not for my self
I beg thus poorly, for I am already wounded,
Wounded to death, and faint; my last breath
Is for a Virgin, comes as near your selves
In all perfection, as what's mortal may
Resemble things divine. O pity her,
And let your charity free her from that defart,
If Heavenly charity can reach to Hell,
For sure that place comes near it: and where ere
My ghost shall find abode,
Eternally I shall powre blessings on ye.

Hip. By my life I cannot hurt him.
Cro. Though I lose my head for it, nor I
I must pity him, and will.

Enter Clarinda.

Jul. But stay, *Clarinda*?
Cl. What new game have ye found here, ha!
What beast is this lies wallowing in his gore?

Cro. Keep off.
Cl. Wherefore, I pray? I ne'er turn'd
From a fell Lions rob'd of her whelps,
And, Shall I fear dead carrion?

Jul. O but.
Cl. But, What is't?
Hip. It is infectious.
Cl. Has it not a name?
Cro. Yes, but such a name from which
As from the Devil your Mother commands us flee.

Cl. Is't a man?
Cro. It is.
Cl. What a brave shape it has in death;

How excellent would it appear had it life!
Why should it be infectious? I have heard
My Mother say, I had a Father,
And was not he a Man?

Cro. Questionless Madam.
Cl. Your fathers too were Men?
Jul. Without doubt Lady.
Cl. And without such it is impossible
We could have been.
Hip. A sin against nature to deny it.
Cl. Nor can you or I have any hope to be a Mother,
Without the help of Men.

Cro. Impossible.
Cl. Which of you then most barbarous, that knew
You from a man had Being, and owe to it
The name of parent, durst presume to kill
The likeness of that thing by which you are?
Whose Arrows made these wounds? speak, or by *Dian*
Without distinction I'll let fly at ye all.

Jul. Not mine.
Hip. Nor mine.
Cro. 'Tis strange to see her mov'd thus.
Restrain your fury Madam; had we kill'd him,
We had but perform'd your Mothers command.

Cl. But if she command unjust and cruel things,
We are not to obey it.

Cro. We are innocent; some storm did cast
Him shipwreckt on the shore, as you see wounded:
Nor durst we be Surgeons to such
Your Mother doth appoint for death.

Cl. Weak excuse; Where's pity?
Where's soft compassion? cruel, and ungrateful
Did providence offer to your charity
But one poor Subject to express it on,
And in't to shew our wants too; and could you
So carelessly neglect it?

Hip. For ought I know, he's living yet;
And you may tempt your Mother, by giving him succor.

Cl. Ha, come near I charge ye.
So, bend his body softly; rub his temples;
Nay, that shall be my office: how the red
Steales into his pale lips! run and fetch the simples
With which my Mother heal'd my arme
When last I was wounded by the Bore.

Cro. Doe: but remember her to come after ye,
That she may behold her daughters charity.

Cl. Now he breathes; *Exit Hippolita.*
The ayr passing through the *Arabian* groves
Yields not so sweet an odour: prethee taste it;
Taste it good *Crocale*; yet I envy thee so great a blessing;
'Tis not sin to touch these Rubies, is it?

Jul. Not, I think.
Cl. Or thus to live *Camelion* like?
I could resign my essence to live ever thus.
O welcome; raise him up Gently. Some soft hand
Bound up these wounds; a womans hair. What fury
For which my ignorance does not know a name,
Is crept into my bosome? But I forget

Enter Hippolita.

My pious work. Now if this juyce hath power,
Let it appear; his eyelids ope: Prodigious!
Two Suns break from these Orbes.

Alb. Ha, Where am I? What new vision's this?
To what Goddess do I owe this second life?
Sure thou art more than mortal:
And any Sacrifice of thanks or duty
In poor and wretched man to pay, comes short
Of your immortal bounty: but to shew
I am not unthankful, this in humility
I kiss the happy ground you have made sacred,
By bearing of your weight.

Cl. No Goddess, friend: but made

Of that same brittle mould as you are ;
One too acquainted with calamities,
And from that apt to pity. Charity ever
Finds in the act reward, and needs no Trumpet
In the receiver. O forbear this duty ;
I have a hand to meet with yours,
And lips to bid yours welcome.

Cro. I see, that by instinct,
Though a young Maid hath never seen a Man,
Touches have titillations, and inform her.

Enter Rosella.

But here's our Governess ;
Now I expect a storme.

Ros. Child of my flesh,
And not of my fair unspotted mind,
Un-hand this Monster.

Cl. Monster, Mother ?

Ros. Yes ; and every word he speaks, a *Syrens* note,
To drown the careless hearer. Have I not taught thee
The falshood and the perjuries of Men ?
On whom, but for a woman to shew pity,
Is to be cruel to her self ; the Sovereignty
Proud and imperious men usurp upon us,
We conferr on our selves, and love those fetters
We fasten to our freedoms. Have we, *Clarinda*,
Since thy fathers wrack, fought liberty,
To lose it un-compel'd ? Did fortune guide,
Or rather destiny, our Barke, to which
We could appoint no Port, to this blest place,
Inhabited heretofore by warlike women,
That kept men in subjection ? Did we then,
By their example, after we had lost
All we could love in man, here plant our selves,
With execrable oaths never to look
On man, but as a Monster ? and, Wilt thou
Be the first president to infringe those vows
We made to Heaven ?

Cl. Hear me ; and hear me with justice.
And as ye are delighted in the name
Of Mother, hear a daughter that would be like you.
Should all Women use this obstinate abstinence,
You would force upon us ; in a few years
The whole World would be peopled
Onely with Beasts.

Hip. We must, and will have Men.

Cro. I, or wee'll snake off all obedience.

Ros. Are ye mad ?

Can no persuasion alter ye ? suppose
You had my suffrage to your sute ;
Can this Shipwrackt wretch supply them all ?

Alb. Hear me great Lady ?

I have fellows in my misery, not far hence,
Divided only by this hellish River,
There live a company of wretched Men,
Such as your charity may make your slaves ;
Imagine all the miseries mankind
May suffer under : and they groan beneath 'em.

Cl. But are they like to you ?

Jul. Speak they your Language ?

Cro. Are they able, lusty men ?

Alb. They were good, Ladies ;

And in their May of youth of gentle blood,
And such as may deserve ye ; now cold and hunger
Hath lessen'd their perfection : but restor'd
To what they were, I doubt not they'll appear
Worthy your favors.

Jul. This is a blessing
We durst not hope for.

Cl. Dear Mother, be not obdurate.

Ros. Hear then my resolution : and labor not
To add to what I'll grant, for 'twill be fruitless,
You shall appear as good Angels to these wretched Man ;

In a small Boat wee'll pass o'er to 'em ;
And bring 'em comfort : if you like their persons,
And they approve of yours : for wee'll force nothing ;
And since we want ceremonies,
Each one shall choose a husband, and injoy
His company a Month, but that expir'd,
You shall no more come near 'em ; if you prove fruitful,
The Males ye shall return to them, the Females
We will reserve our selves : this is the utmost,
Ye shall e'er obtain : as ye think fit ;
Ye may dismiss this stranger,
And prepare to morrow for the journey. *Exit.*

Cl. Come, Sir, Will ye walk ?

We will shew ye our pleasant Bowers,
And something ye shall find to cheer your heart.

Alb. Excellent Lady ;

Though 'twill appear a wonder one near starv'd
Should refuse rest and meat, I must not take
Your noble offer : I left in yonder desert
A Virgin almost pin'd.

Cl. Shee's not your Wife ?

Alb. No Lady, but my Sister ('tis now dangerous
To speak truth) To her I deeply vow'd
Not to tast food, or rest, if fortune brought it me,
Till I blest'd her with my return : now if you please
To afford me an easie passage to her,
And some meat for her recovery,
I shall live your slave : and thankfully
She shall ever acknowledge her life at your service.

Cl. You plead so well, I can deny ye nothing ;
I my self will see you furnisht ;
And with the next Sun visit and relieve thee.

Alb. Ye are all goodness — *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter severally, Lamure, Franville, Morillat.

Lam. **O**H! What a tempest have I in my stomach?
How my empty guts cry out? my wounds ake,
Would they would bleed again, that I might get
Something to quench my thirst.

Fran. O *Lamure*, the happiness my dogs had
When I kept house at home! they had a storehouse,
A storehouse of most blessed bones and crusts,
Happy crusts: Oh! how sharp hunger pinches me?

Exit Franville.

Mor. O my importunate belly, I have nothing
To satisfy thee; I have fought,
As far as my weak legs would carry me,
Yet can find nothing: neither meat nor water;
Nor any thing that's nourishing,
My bellies grown together like an empty sachel.

Enter Franville.

Lam. How now, What news?

Mor. Hast any meat yet?

Fran. Not a bit that I can see;
Here be goodly quarries, but they be cruel hard
To gnaw: I ha got some mud, we'll eat it with spoons,
Very good thick mud: but it stinks damnably;
There's old rotten trunks of Trees too,
But not a leafe nor blossom in all the Island.

Lam. How it looks?

Mor. It stinks too.

Lam. It may be poyson.

Fran. Let it be any thing;
So I can get it down: Why Man,
Poyson's a Princely dish.

Mor. Hast

Mor. Hast thou no Bisket?

No crumbs left in thy pocket: here's my dublet,
Give me but three small crumbes.

Fran. Not for three Kingdoms,
If I were master of 'em: Oh *Lamure*,
But one poor joynt of Mutton: we ha scorn'd (Man)

Lam. Thou speak'st of Paradise
Or but the sinusses of those healths,
We have lewdly at midnight flang away.

Mor. Ah! but to lick the Glasses.

Enter Surgeon.

Fran. Here comes the Surgeon: What
Hast thou discover'd? smile, smile, and comfort us.

Sur. I am expiring;
Smile they that can: I can find nothing Gentlemen,
Here's nothing can be meat, without a miracle.
Oh that I had my boxes, and my lints now,
My flupes, my tents, and those sweet helps of nature,
What dainty dishes could I make of 'em.

Mor. Hast ne'er an old suppository?

Sur. Oh would I had Sir.

Lam. Or, but the paper where such a Cordial
Potion, or Pills hath been entomb'd.

Fran. Or the best bladder where a cooling-glisten.

Mor. Hast thou no searcloths left?
Nor any old pulteses?

Fran. We care not to what it hath been ministred.

Sur. Sure I have none of these dainties Gentlemen.

Fran. Where's the great Wen
Thou cut'st from *Hugh* the saylers shoulder?
That would serve now for a most Princely banquet.

Sur. I, if we had it Gentlemen.
I flung it over-board, slave that I was.

Lam. A most unprovident villain.

Sur. If I had any thing that were but supple now!
I could make Sallads of your shoes Gentlemen,
And rare ones: any thing unctious.

Mor. I, and then we might fry the soals i'th' Sun.
The soals would make a second dish.

Lam. Or, souce 'em in the salt-water,
An inner soal well souc'd.

En. Aminta.

Fran. Here comes the Woman;
It may be she has meat, and may relieve us,
Let's withdraw, and mark, and then be ready,
She'll hide her store else, and so cozen us.

Amin. How weary, and how hungry am I,
How feeble, and how faint is all my body?
Mine eyes like spent Lamps glowing out, grow heavy,
My sight forsaking me, and all my spirits,
As if they heard my passing bell go for me,
Pull in their powers, and give me up to destiny,
Oh! for a little water: a little, little meat,
A little to relieve me ere I perish:
I had whole floods of tears awhile that nourisht me,
But they are all consum'd for thee dear *Albert*;
For thee they are spent, for thou art dead;
Merciless fate has swallow'd thee.

Oh — I grow heavy: sleep is a salve for misery;
Heaven look on me, and either take my life,
Or make me once more happy.

Lam. Shee's fast asleep already,
Why should she have this blessing, and we wake still,
Wake to our wants?

Mor. This thing hath been our overthrow,
And all these biting mischiefs that fall on us
Are come through her means.

Fran. True, we were bound ye all know,
For happy places, and most fertile Islands,
Where we had constant promises of all things,
She turn'd the Captains mind,
And must have him go in search, I know not of who,
Nor to what end: of such a fool her brother,

And such a coxcomb her kinsman, and we must put in every
where,

She has put us in now yfaith.

Lam. Why should we consume thus, and starve,
Have nothing to relieve us;
And she live there that bred all our miseries.
Unrosted, or unfod?

Mor. I have read in stories.

Lam. Of such restoring meates,
We have examples;
Thousand examples, and allow'd for excellent;
Women that have eate their Children,
Men their slaves, nay their brothers: but these are nothing;
Husbands devoured their Wives:

(thye are their Chattels,)

And of a Schoolmaster, that in a time of famine,
Powdered up all his Scholars.

Mor. Shee's young and tydic,
In my conscience she'll eat delicately;
Just like young Pork a little lean,
Your opinion *Surgeon*.

Sur. I think she may be made good meat,
But look we shall want Salt.

Fran. Tush, she needs no powdering,

Sur. I grant ye;
But to suck out the humorous parts: by all means,
Lets kill her in a chafe, she'll eat the sweeter.

Lam. Let's kill her any way: and kill her quickly,
That we might be at our meat.

Sur. How if the Captain?

Mor. Ta'k not of him, he's dead, and the rest famish'd.
Wake her *Surgeon*, and cut her throat,
And then divide her, every Man his share.

Fran. She wakes her self.

Amin. Holy and good things keep me!
What cruel dreams have I had! Who are these?
O they are my friends; for heavens sake Gentlemen
Give e some food to save my life: if ye have ought to
spare;
A little to relieve me: I may bless ye;
For weak and wretched, ready to perish,
Even now I die.

Mor. You'll save a labor then,
You bred these miseries, and you shall pay for't;
We have no meat, nor where to have we know not,
Nor how to pull our selves from these afflictions,
We are starv'd too, famisht, all our hopes deluded;
Yet ere we die thus, wee'll have one dainty meal.

Amin. Shall I be with ye Gentlemen?

Lam. Yes mary shall ye: in our bellies Lady.
We love you well——

Amin. What said you Sir?

Lam. Mary wee'll eat your Ladiship.

Fran. You that have buried us in this base Island,
Wee'll bury ye in a more noble Monument.

Sur. Will ye say your prayers, that I may perform Lady?
We are wondrous sharp set; come Gentlemen,
Who are for the hinder parts?

Mor. I.

Fran. I.

Lam. And I.

Sur. Be patient;
They will not fall to every Man's share;

Amin. O hear me;
Hear me ye barbarous men:

Mor. Be short and pithy,
Our stomachs cannot stay a long discourse.

Sur. And be not fearful,
For I'll kill ye daintily.

Amin. Are ye not *Christians*?

Lam. Why, do not *Christians* eat Women?

Enter Tibalt, Master, Saylor.

Amin. Eat one another? 'tis most impious.

Sur. Come, come.

Amin. Oh, help, help, help.

Tib. The Ladies voice! stand off slaves,
What do you intend villains?
I have strength enough left me, if you abuse this soul,
To——

Ms. They would have ravisht her upon my life,
Speak, how was it Lady?

Amin. Forgive 'em, 'twas their hungers.

Tib. Ha, their hungers!

Ms. They would have eaten her.

Tib. O dam'd villains; speak, is it true?

Sw. I confess an appetite.

Tib. An appetite, I'll fit ye for an appetite.
Are ye so sharp set, that her flesh must serve you?
Murther's a main good service with your Worships;
Since ye would be such Devils,
Why did you not begin with one another handfomly,
And spare the Woman to beget more food on?

Amin. Good Sir.

Tib. You shall grow mummy rascals;
I'll make you fall to your brawns, and your buttocks,
And worry one another like keen bandogs.

Amin. Good Sir be merciful.

Tib. You shall know what 'tis to be damn'd Canibals.

Amin. O my best friend!

Enter Albert.

Al. Alas poor heart! here,
Here's some meat and sovereign drink to ease you,
Sit down gentle Sweet.

Amin. I am blest to see you.

Tib. Stir not within forty foot of this food,
If you do dogs!

All. Oh, Captain, Captain, Captain.

Alb. Ye shall have meat all of you.

Tib. Captain, hear me first: hark,

'Tis so inhumane! I would not ha the air corrupted with it.

Alb. O barbarous men! sit down *Dupont*,
Good Master, and honest Saylor.

Tib. But stand you off,
And waite upon our charity; I'll wait on you else;
And touch nothing but what's flung ye; as if you were
dogs;

If you do, I'll cut your fingers; friends,
I'll spoil your carving.

Amin. There wretches, there.

Tib. Eat your meat handsomely now,
And give Heaven thanks.

Alb. There's more bread.

Tib. See, they snarle like dogs;
Eat quietly you Rascals, eat quietly.

Alb. There is drink too.

Tib. Come, come, I'll fill you each your cups,
Ye shall not surfet.

Amin. And what have you discover'd?

Alb. Sweet, a paradise,
A paradise inhabited with Angels,
Such as you are: their pitties make 'm Angels,
They gave me these viands, and supply'd me
With these pretious drinks.

Amin. Shall not we see 'em?

Alb. Yes, they will see you
Out of their charities, having heard our story,
They will come, and comfort us, come presently;
We shall no more know wants nor miseries.

Amin. Are they all women?

Alb. All, and all in love with us.

Amin. How!

Alb. Do not mistake: in love with our misfortunes,
They will cherish and relieve our men.

Tib. Do you shrug now,
And pull up your noses? you smell comfort,
See they stretch out their Legs like Dottrels,
Each like a new Saint *Dennis*.

Alb. Dear Mistris,

When you would name me, and the women hear,
Call me your brother, you I'll call my sister,
And pray observe this all——

Why do you change color sweet.

Amin. Eating too much meat.

Alb. Sawc't with jealousy;

Fie, fie, dear saint, yfaith ye are too blame,
Are ye not here? here fixt in my heart?

All. Hark, hark;

Enter Rosella, Clarinda, Crocale, Hipollitta, Julietta.

Alb. They are come, stand ready, and look nobly,
And with all humble reverence receive 'em,
Our lives depend upon their gentle pitties,
And death waits on their anger.

Mor. Sure they are *Fairies*.

Tib. Be they Devils: Devils of flesh and blood;
After so long a *Lent*, and tedious voyage,
To me they are Angels.

Fran. O for some *Eringoes*!

Lam. *Potatoes*, or *Cantharides*.

Tib. Peace you Rogues, that buy abilities of your 'po-
thecaries,

Had I but took the diet of green Cheese,
And Onions for a month, I could do wouders.

Rof. Are these the Jewels you run mad for?

What can you see in one of these,
To whom you would vouchsafe a gentle touch?
Can nothing perswade you

To love your selves, and place your happiness
In cold and chaste embraces of each other.

Ju. This is from the purpose.

Hip. We had your grant to have them as they were.

Clz. 'Tis a beauteous Creature,
And to my self, I do appear deform'd,
When I consider her, and yet she is
The strangers sister; Why then should I fear?
She cannot prove my rival.

Rof. When you repent,
That you refus'd my counsel, may it add
To your afflictions, that you were forward;
Yet leap'd into the Gulfe of your misfortunes,
But have your wishes.

Maft. Now she makes to us.

Amin. I am instructed, but take heed *Albert*,
You prove not false;

Alb. Ye are your own assurance,
And so acquainted with your own perfections,
That weak doubts cannot reach you; therefore fear not.

Rof. That you are poor and miserable men,
My eyes inform me: that without our succors,
Hope cannot flatter you to dream of safety;
The present plight you are in, can resolve you
That to be merciful, is to draw near
The Heavenly essence: whether you will be
Thankful, I do not question; nor demand
What country bred you, what names, what maners;
To us it is sufficient we relieve
Such as have shapes of men: and I command you,
As we are not ambitious to know
Farther of you, that on pain of death
You presume not to enquire what we are,
Or whence deriv'd.

Alb. In all things we obey you,
And thankfully we ever shall confess
Our selves your creatures.

Rof. You speak as becomes you;
First then, and willingly, deliver up
Those weapons we could force from you.

Alb. We lay 'em down
Most gladly at your feet.

Tib. I have had many a combat with a tall wench;
But never was disarm'd before.

Rof. And

Rof. And now hear comfort,
Your wants shall be supply'd, and though it be
A debt women may challenge to be sued to,
Especially from such they may command ;
We give up to you that power, and therefore
Freely each make his choice.

Fran. Then here I fix.

Mor. Nay, she is mine: I eyed her first.

Lam. This mine.

Tib. Stay good rascals ;
You are too forward, sir Gallant,
You are not giving order to a Taylor
For the fashion of a new suit ;
Nor are you in your warehouse, master Merchant,
Stand back, and give your betters leave : your betters ;
And grumble not : if ye do, as I love meat
I will so swinge the salt itch out on you:
Captain, Master, and the rest of us,
That are brothers, and good fellows : we have been
Too late by the ears : and yet smart for our follies ;
To end therefore all future emulation : if you please,
To trust to my election, you shall say,
I am not partial to my self ; I doubt not
Give content to all.

All. Agreed, agreed.

Tib. Then but observe, how learned and discreetly;
I will proceed, and as a skilful Doctor
In all the quirks belonging to the game ;
Read over your complexions : for you Captain
Being first in place, and therefore first to be serv'd,
I give my judgment thus, for your aspect,
Y'are much inclin'd to melancholy: and that tells me,
The fullen *Saturne* had predominance
At your nativity, a malignant Planet,
And if not qualified by a sweet conjunction
Of a soft and ruddy wench, born under *Venus*,
It may prove fatal: therefore to your armes,
I give this rose-cheekt Virgin.

Cl. To my wish ;

Till now I never was happy.

Amin. Nor I accurs'd.

Tib. Master, you are old ;

Yet love the game, that I perceive too,
And if not well spur'd up, you may prove rusty ;
Therefore to help ye here's a *Bradamanta*,
Or I am cosen'd in my calculation.

Cro. A poor old man allotted to my share.

Ti. Thou wouldst have two ;

Nay, I think twenty : but fear not wench,
Though he be old he's tough : look on's making,
Hee'll not fail I warrant thee.

Rof. A merry fellow,
And were not man a creature I detest ;
I could indure his company.

Ti. Here's a fair heard of Does before me,
And now for a barren one :
For, though I like the sport : I do not love
To Father children: like the *Grand Signior*,
Thus I walk in my *Seraglio*,
And view 'em as I pass : then draw I forth
My handkercher, and having made my choice,
I thus bestow it.

Rof. On me.

Ti. On you : now my choice is made ;
To it you hungry Rascals.

Alb. Excellent.

Amin. As I love goodness,
It makes me smile i'th' height of all my fears.

Cl. What a strong contention you may behold
Between my Mothers mirth and anger.

Tib. Nay, no coyness: be Mistris of your word,
I must, and will enjoy you.

Rof. Be advis'd fool : alas I am old ;
How canst thou hope content from one that's fifty.

Ti. Never talk on't ;

I have known good ones at threescore and upwards ;
Besides the weathers hot : and men
That have experience, fear Fevers :
A temperate diet is the onely Physick,
Your *Julips*, nor *Guajacum prunell's*,
Camphire pills, nor *Goord-water*,
Come not near your old Woman ;
Youthful stomachs are still craving,
Though there be nothing left to stop their mouths with ;
And believe me I am no frequent giver of those bounties :
Laugh on : laugh on : good Gentlemen do,
I shall make holiday and sleep, when you
Dig in the mines till your hearts ache.

Rof. A mad fellow ;

Rof. Well, Sir, I'll give you hearing : and as I like
Your wooing, and discourse : but I must tell ye Sir,
That rich Widows look for great sums in present,
Or assurances of ample Joynters.

Ti. That to me is easie,
For instantly I'll do it, hear me comrades.

Alb. What say'st thou *Tibalt* ?

Tib. Why, that to woo a Wench with empty hands
Is no good Heraldry, therefore let's to the gold,
And share it equally : 'twill speak for us
More than a thousand complements or cringes,
Ditties stolen from *Petrarch*, or Discourse from *Ovid*,
Besides, 'twill beget us respect,
And if ever fortune friend us with a Barque,
Largely supply us with all provision.

Alb. Well advis'd, defer it not.

Ti. Are ye all contented.

All. We are ?

Ti. Lets away then,
Strait wee'll return,
And you shall see our riches.

Exit.

Rof. Since I knew what wonder and amazement was,
I ne'er was so transported.

Cl. Why weep ye gentle Maid ?

There is no danger here to such as you ;
Banish fear : for with us I dare promise,
You shall meet all courteous entertainment.

Cro. We esteem our selves most happy in you.

Hip. And blest fortune that brought you hither.

Cl. Hark in your ear ;
I love you as a friend already,
Ere long you shall call me by a nearer name,
I wish your brother well : I know you apprehend me.

Amin. I, to my grief I do ;

Alas good Ladies, there is nothing left me,
But thanks, to pay ye with.

Clar. That's more,
Than yet you stand ingag'd for.

Enter Albert, Tibalt, and the rest with treasure.

Rof. So soon return'd !

Alb. Here : see the Idol of the Lapidary.

Ti. These Pearls, for which the slavish *Negro*
Dives to the bottom of the Sea.

Lam. To get which the industrious Merchant
Touches at either pole.

Fran. The never-faying purchase
Of Lordships, and of honors.

Mor. The Worlds Mistris,
That can give every thing to the possessors.

Ma. For which the Saylor's scorn tempestuous Winds.
And spit defiance in the Sea.

Ti. Speak Lady : Look we not lovely now ?

Rof. Yes, yes, O my Stars,
Be now for ever blest, that have brought
To my revenge these Robbers ; take your arrowes,
And nayl these Monsters to the earth.

Alb. What mean ye Lady ?

In what have we offended?

Rof. O my daughter!

And you companions with me in all fortunes,
Look on these Caskets, and these Jewels,
These were our own, when first we put to Sea
With good *Sebastian*: and these the Pyrats
That not alone depriv'd him of this treasure,
But also took his life.

Cro. Part of my present
I will remember was mine own.

Hip. And these were mine.

Ju. Sure, I have worn this Jewel.

Rof. Wherefore do ye stay then,
And not perform my command?

Al. O Heaven!

What cruel fate pursues us.

Ti. I am well enough serv'd,
That must be off'ring Joyntures, Jewels,
And precious stones, more than I brought with me.

Rof. Why shoot ye not?

Cl. Hear me dear Mother;
And when the greatest cruelty, is Justice,
Do not shew mercy: death to these starv'd wretches
Is a reward, not punishment: let 'em live
To undergoe the full weight of your displeasure.
And that they may have sence to feel the torments
They have deserv'd: allow 'em some small pittance,
To linger out their tortures.

Rof. 'Tis well counsell'd.

All. And we'll follow it;

Alb. Hear us speak.

Rof. Peace dogs.

Bind 'em fast: when fury hath given way to reason,
I will determine of their sufferings,
Which shall be horrid. Vengeance, though slow pac'd,
At length o'rakes the guilty; and the wrath
Of the incens'd powers, will fall most sure
On wicked men, when they are most secure. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Raymond, Sebastian, Nicusa, Saylor.

1. *Sayl.* **H**ere's nothing, Sir, but poverty and hunger;
No promise of inhabitation; neither track
of Beast,

Nor foot of Man: we have searcht
All this Rocky desert, yet cannot discover any assurance
Here is, or hath been such men.

2. *Sayl.* Not a relique of any thing they wore;
Nor mark left by 'em, either to find relief,
Or to warn others from the like misfortune.
Believe it, these fellows are both false,
And, to get a little succor in their misery,
Have fram'd this cunning Tale.

Ray. The Ship, I know, is *French*, and own'd by Pirats,
If not by *Albert* my arch enemy.
You told me too there was a woman with 'em.
A young and handsome Woman.

Sebast. There was so Sir.

Raym. And such, and such young gallants.

Nic. We told you true, Sir,
That they had no means to quit this Island.

Raym. And that amidst their mutiny to save your lives,
You got their Ship.

Sebast. All is most certain, Sir.

Raym. Where are they then? Where are these Men

Or Woman? we are landed where your faiths
Did assure us, we could not miss their sights.
For this news we took ye to our mercy,
Reliev'd ye, when the furious Sea, and Famine
Strove, which should first devour ye;
Cloath'd, and cherisht ye; us'd ye as those ye say ye are.
Fair Gentlemen, now keep your words,
And shew us this company, your own free pitties spoke of;
These men ye left in misery; the Woman.
Men of those noble breedings you pretend to
Should scorn to lie, or get their food with falsehood;
Come, direct us.

Sebast. Alas, Sir, they are gone,
But by what means, or providence, we know not.

2. *Sayl.* Was not the Captain
A fellow of a fiery, yet brave nature,
A middle stature, and of brown complexion?

Nic. He was, Sir.

Raym. 'Twas *Albert*,
And my poor wretched sister.

1. *Sayl.* 'Twas he certain,
I ha been at Sea with him; many times at Sea.

Raym. Come, shew us these Men;
Shew us presently, and do not dally with us.

Seb. We left 'em here; What should we say, Sir?
Here, in this place.

2. *Sayl.* The earth cannot swallow 'em;
They have no wings, they cannot fly sure.

Raym. You told us too
Of heaps of treasure, and of sums conceal'd,
That set their heart a fire; we see no such thing,
No such sign; What can ye say to purge ye?
What have ye done with these men?

Nic. We, Sir?

Raym. You Sir;
For certain I believe ye saw such people.

Sebast. By all that's good,
By all that's pure and honest,
By all that's holy.

Raym. I dare not credit ye,
Ye have so abus'd my hope, that now I hate ye.

1. *Sayl.* Let's put 'em in their ragged clothes again Cap-
tain,

For certain they are knaves, lets e'en deliver 'em
To their old fruitful Farm; here let 'em walk the Island.

Sebast. If ye do so, we shall curse your mercies.

Nic. Rather put us to Sea again.

Raym. Not so.

Yet this I'll do, because ye say ye are *Christians*,
Though I hardly credit it: bring in the boat,
And all aboard again, but these two wretches;
Yet leave 'em four dayes meat. If in that time,
(For I will search all nookes of this strange Island)
I can discover any tract of these men,
Alive or dead, I'll bear ye off, and honor ye;
If not, ye have found your Graves; so farewell. *Exit.*

Nic. That goodness dwells above, and knows us innocent,
Comfort our lives, and at his pleasure quit us.

Sebast. Come Cousin, come; old time will end our story:
But no time (if we end well) ends our glory. *Exit.*

Enter Rosella, Clarinda, Crocale, Hippolita, Juletta.

Rof. Use 'em with all the austerity that may be,
They are our slaves; turn all those pitties,
Those tender reluctations that should become your sex,
To stern anger; and when ye look upon 'em,
Look with those eyes that wept those bitter sorrows,
Those cruelties ye suffer'd by their Rapines.
Some five dayes hence that blessed hour comes
Most happy to me, that knit this hand to my dear husbands,
And both our hearts in mutual bands.
That hour Ladies.

Cl. What of that hour?

Rof. Why, on that hour daughter,

And

And in the height of all our celebrations,
Our dear remembrances of that dear Man,
And those that suffer'd with him, our fair kinsmen,
Their lives shall fall a sacrifice to vengeance,
Their lives that ruin'd his; 'tis a full justice:
I will look glorious in their bloods;
And the most Noble spirit of *Sebastian*,
That perisht by the pride of these *French* Pirates,
Shall smile in Heaven, and bless the hand that kill'd 'em.
Look strictly all unto your prisoners;
For he that makes a scape beyond my vengeance,
Or entertains a hope by your fair usage;
Take heed, I say, she that deceives my trust,
Again take heed: her life, and that's but light neither;
Her life in all the tortures my spirit can put on.

All. We shall be careful.

Rof. Do so.

Ex. Rossella.

Cla. You are angry Mother, and ye are old too,
Forgetting what men are: but we shall temper ye.
How fare your prisoners, Ladies? in what formes
Do they appear in their afflictions?

Ful. Mine fare but poorly;

For so I am commanded: 'tis none of their fault.

Cla. Of what sort are they?

Ful. They say they are Gentlemen.

But they shew Mungrels.

Cla. How do they suffer?

Ful. Faith like boyes;

They are fearful in all fortunes; when I smile
They kneel, and beg to have that face continued;
And like poor slaves, adore the ground I go on.
When I frown, they hang their most dejected heads,
Like fearful sheephounds; shew 'em a crust of bread
They'll Saint me presently, and skip like Apes
For a sup of Wine. I'll whip 'em like hackneys,
Saddle 'em, ride 'em, do what I will with 'em.

Cla. Tush, these are poor things.

Have they names like *Christians*?

Ful. Very fair names: *Franville*, *Lamure*, and *Morillat*;
And brag of great kindreds too. They offer very hand-
somely,

But that I am a fool, and dare not venture.

They are sound too o'my conscience,
Or very near upon't.

Cla. Fy, away fool.

Ful. They tell me,

If they might be brought before you,
They would reveale things of strange consequence.

Cla. Their base poor fears.

Ful. I, that makes me hate 'em too;

For if they were but manly to their sufferance,
Sure I should strain a point or two.

Cla. An hour hence I'll take a view of e'm,
And hear their business. Are your Men thus too?

Cro. Mine? No, gentle Madam, mine were not cast
In such base molds; afflictions, tortures,
Are names and natures of delight, to my men;
All sorts of cruelties they meet like pleasures.

I have but two; the one they call *Du-pont*,
Tibalt Du-pont; the other the Ship-master.

Cla. Have they not lives, and fears?

Cro. Lives they have Madam;
But those lives never linkt to such companions
As fears or doubts.

Cla. Use 'em Nobly;

And where you find fit subjects for your pitties
Let it become ye to be courteous;
My Mother will not alwayes be thus rigorous.

Hip. Mine are Saylor's Madam,

But they sleep soundly, and seldom trouble me, unless it be
when

They dream sometimes of fights and tempests;
Then they rore and whistle for Cans of Wine,
And down they fling me; and in that rage,

(For they are violent fellows) they play such reaks.
If they have meat, they thank me;
If none, they heartily desire to be hang'd quickly.
And this is all they care.

Cla. Look to 'em diligently, and where your pitties
tells ye

They may deserve, give comfort.

All. We will.

Exit.

Cla. Come hither, be not frighted;

Enter Aminta,

Think not ye steal this liberty, for we give it,
Your tender innocence assures me, Virgin,
Ye had no share in those wrongs these men did us;
I find ye are not hardned in such mischiefs.
Your brother was mis-led sure,
Fouly mis-led.

Amin. How much I fear these pitie!

Cla. Certain he was, so much I pity him;
And for your sake, whose eyes plead for him;
Nay, for his own sake.

Amin. Ha!

Cla. For I see about him

Women have subtil eyes, and look narrowly;
Or I am much abus'd: many fair promises;
Nay beyond those, two many shadowed virtues.

Amin. I think he is good.

Cla. I assure my self he will be;
And out of that assurance take this comfort,
For I perceive your fear hath much dejected ye.
I love your brother.

Amin. Madam.

Cla. Nay, do not take it for a dreamt of favor,
That comforts in the sleep, and awake vanishes;
Indeed I love him.

Amin. Do ye indeed?

Cla. You doubt still, because ye fear his safety;
Indeed he is the sweetest man I ere saw;
I think the best. Ye may hear without blushes,
And give me thanks, if ye please, for my curtesie.

Amin. Madam, I ever must;

Yet witness Heaven, they are hard pull'd from me.
Believe me, Madam, so many imperfections I could find,
(Forgive me Grace for lying) and such wants,
('Tis to an honest use) such poverties,
Both in his main proportion, and his mind too;
There are a hundred handsomer; (I lie leudly)
Your noble usage, Madam, hath so bound me to ye,
That I must tell ye.

Cla. Come, tell your worst.

Amin. He is no husband for ye.
I think ye mean in that fair way.

Cla. Ye have hit it.

Amin. I am sure ye have hit my heart:
You will find him dangerous, Madam;
As fickle as the flying ayr, proud, jealous,
Soon gluttet in your sweets, and soon forgetful;
I could say more, and tell ye I have a brother,
Another brother, that so far excells this,
Both in the ornaments of Man, and making.

Cla. If you were not his sister, I should doubt ye mainly;
Doubt ye for his love, ye deal so cunningly.
Do not abuse me, I have trusted ye with more than life;
With my first love; be careful of me.

Amin. In what use, Madam?

Cla. In this Lady,

Speak to him for me, you have power upon him;
Tell him I love him, tell him I dote on him:
It will become your tongue.

Amin. Become my grave.

O fortune, O cursed fortune!

Cla. Tell him his liberty,
And all those with him; all our wealth and Jewels;

Good sister, for I'll call ye so.

Amin. I shall Lady,
Even die, I hope.

Clz. Here's Meat and Wine, pray take it,
And there he lies; give him what liberty you please;
But still conceal'd. What pleasure you shall please, Sister.
He shall ne'er want again. Nay, see an you'l take it;
Why do you study thus?

Amin. To avoid mischiefs, if they should happen.

Clz. Goe, and be happy for me.

Amin. O blind fortune;
Yet happy thus far, I shall live to see him,
In what strange desolation lives he here now?
Sure this Curtain will reveale.

Enter Albert.

Alb. Who's that? ha!
Some gentle hand, I hope, to bring me comfort.
Or if it be my death, 'tis sweetly shadowed.

Amin. Have ye forgot me, Sir?

Alb. My *Aminta*?

Amin. She Sir,
That walks here up and down an empty shadow,
One, that for some few hours
But wanders here, carrying her own sad Coffin,
Seeking some Desert place to lodge her griefs in.

Alb. Sweet sorrow welcome, welcome noble grief;
How got you this fair liberty to see me?
For sorrows in your shape are strangers to me.

Amin. I come to counsel ye.

Alb. Ye are still more welcome;
For good friends in afflictions give good Counsels.
Pray then proceed.

Amin. Pray eat first, ye shew faint;
Here's Wine to refresh ye too.

Alb. I thank ye dear.

Amin. Drink again.

Alb. Here's to our loves.

How, turn and weep!
Pray pledge it: this happiness we have yet left,
Our hearts are free. Not pledge it? Why?
And though beneath the Axe this health were holy,
Why do ye weep thus?

Amin. I come to woo ye.

Alb. To woo me Sweet? I am woo'd and won already,
You know I am yours. This pretty way becomes ye.
But you would deceive my sorrows; that's your intent.

Amin. I would I could, I should not weep, but smile.
Do ye like your Meat and Wine?

Alb. Like it?

Amin. Do you like your liberty?

Alb. All these I well may like.

Amin. Then pray like her that sent 'em.
Do ye like wealth, and most unequal'd beauty?

Alb. Peace, indeed you'l make me angry.

Amin. Would I were dead that ask it,
Then ye might freely like, and I forgive ye.

Alb. What like, and who? add not more misery
To a man that's fruitful in afflictions.

Who is't you would have me like?

Who sent these comforts?

Amin. I must tell.

Alb. Be bold.

Amin. But be you temperate.
If you be bold I die. The young fair Virgin;
(Sorrow hath made me old.) O hearken,
And wisely hark, the Governess daughter:
That Star that strikes this Island full of wonder,
That blooming sweetness.

Alb. What of her?

Amin. She sent it: and with it,
It must be out, she dotes on ye,
And must enjoy ye: else no joy must find ye.

Alb. And have you the patience to deliver this?

Amin. A sister may say much, and modestly.

Alb. A sister?

Amin. Yes, that name undid ye;

Undid us both: had ye nam'd Wife, she had fear'd ye;
And fear'd the sin she follow'd; She had shun'd, yea
Her Virgin modesty had not touch'd at ye.
But thinking you were free, hath kindled a fire,
I fear will hardly be extinguish'd.

Alb. Indeed I played the fool.

Amin. O my best Sir, take heed,

Take heed of lies. Truth, though it trouble some minds,
Some wicked minds, that are both dark and dangerous:
Yet it preserves it self, comes off pure, innocent,
And like the Sun, though never so eclips'd,
Must break in glory. O Sir, lie no more.

Alb. Ye have read me a fair Lecture,
And put a spell upon my tongue for saying.
But how will you counsel now?

Amin. Ye must study to forget me.

Alb. How?

Amin. Be patient.

Be wise and patient, it concens ye highly.
Can ye lay by our loves? But why should I doubt it?
Ye are a man, and man may shift affections,
'Tis held no sin. To come to the point,
Ye must lose me; many and mighty reasons.

Alb. Hear me *Aminta*,

Have you a man that loves you too, that feeds ye,
That sends ye liberty? Has this great Governess
A noble son too, young, and apt to catch ye?
Am I, because I am in bonds, and miserable,
My health decay'd, my youth and strength half blasted,
My fortune like my waining self, for this despis'd?
Am I for this forsaken? a new love chosen,
And my affections, like my fortunes, wanderers?
Take heed of lying, you that chid me for it;
And shew'd how deep a sin it was, and dangerous.
Take heed, your self, you swore you lov'd me dearly;
No few, nor little oathes you swore *Aminta*,
Those seal'd with no small faith, I then assur'd my self.
O seek no new ways to cozen truth,

Amin. I do not.

By love it self I love thee,
And ever must, nor can all deaths dissolve it.

Alb. Why do you urge me thus then?

Amin. For your safety,

To preserve your life.

Alb. My life, I do confess, is hers,

She gives it,

And let her take it back, I yield it.

My loves intirely thine, none shall touch at it;

None, my *Aminta*, none.

Amin. Ye have made me happy,

And now I know ye are mine. Fortune, I scorn thee.
Goe to your rest, and I'll sit by ye;
Whilst I have time I'll be your mate, and comfort ye,
For only I am trusted: you shall want nothing,
Not a liberty that I can steal ye.

Alb. May we not celebrate our loves *Aminta*?
And where our wishes cannot meet.

Amin. You are wanton,

But with cold kisses I'll allay that fever;

Look for no more, and that in private too.

Believe me, I shall blush else.

But, let's consider, we are both lost else.

Alb. Let's in, and prevent fate.

Exeunt.

Enter Crocale, Julietta, Tibalt, Master.

Tib. You do well to ay'r us, Ladies, we shall be musty else.
What are your wise wills now?

Cro. You are very crank still.

Tib. As

Tib. As crank as a holy Fryer, fed with hail-stones.
But do ye bring us out to bait, like Bills?

Mast. Or are you weary of the charge ye are at?
Turn us abroad again, let's jog Ladies;
We are gros, and course, unfit for your sweet pleasures.

Tib. Knock off our shoes, and turn's to grass.

Cro. You are determin'd

Still to be stubborn then: it well becomes ye.

Tib. An humour Lady that contents a prisoner.
A fullen sit sometimes serves for a second course.

Jul. Ye may as well be kind,
And gain our favours; gain meat and drink,
And lodging to rest your bones.

Tib. My bones have bore me thus long,
And had their share of pains and recreations;
If they fail now, they are no fair companions.

Cro. Are ye thus harsh to all our Sex?

Mast. We cannot be merry without a Fidler,
Pray strike up your Tabors, Ladies.

Cro. The fools despise us.

Jul. We know ye are very hungry now.

Tib. Yes 'tis very wholesom, Ladies;
For we that have gros bodies, must be careful
Have ye no piercing air to stir our stomachs?
We are beholding to ye for our Ordinary.

Jul. Why slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye.

Mast. Very likely.

'Tis in our powers then to be hang'd, and scorn ye.
Hanging's as sweet to us, as dreaming to you.

Cro. Come, be more courteous. (saries.)

Jul. Do, and then ye shall be pleas'd, and have all neces-

Tib. Give me some Ratsbane then.

Cro. And why Ratsbane, Mounseieur?

Tib. We live like vermine here, and eat up your cheese,
Your mouldy cheese, that none but Rats would bite at;
Therefore 'tis just that Ratsbane should reward us.
We are unprofitable, and our Ploughs are broken;
There is no hope of Harvest this year, Ladies.

Jul. Ye shall have all content

Mast. I, and we'll serve your uses.

I had rather serve hogs, there's more delight in't;
Your greedy appetites are never satisfied;
Just like hungry Camels, sleeping or waking
You chew the cud still.

Cro. By this hand we'll starve ye.

Mast. 'Tis a noble courtesie:

I had as lief ye should famish me, as founder me:
To be jaded to death, is only fit for a hackney.
Here be certain Tarts of Tarr about me,
And parcels of potargo in my Jerkin,
As long as these last.

Jul. Which will not last ever.

Tib. Then we'll eat one another like good fellows:
A shoulder of his for a haunch of mine.

Jul. 'Tis excellent.

Tib. 'Twill be as we'll dress it Ladies.

Cro. Why sure ye are not men?

Mast. Ye had best come search us,

A Seaman is seldom without a salt Eele.

Tib. I am bad enough,

And in my nature a notorious wench;
And yet ye make me blush at your immodesty.
Tell me good Master, didst ever see such things?

Mast. I could like 'em, though they were lewdly given,
If they could say no;

Tib. Well, ye may hang, or starve us;
But your commanding impudence shall never fear us.
Had ye by blushing signs, soft cunings, crept into us,
And shew'd us your necessities: we had met your purposes,
Supply'd your wants. We are no Saints Ladies;
I love a good wench, as I love my life,
And with my life I will maintain my love:
But such a fordid impudence I'll spit at.
Let's to our dens again. Come noble Master.

You know our minds, Ladies:

This is the faith in which we'll die. *Exit Tib. and Mast.*

Cro. I do admire 'em

Jul. They are noble fellows,
And they shall not want, for this.

Cro. But see, *Clarinda* comes.

Farewel, I'll to my charge.

Enter Clarinda.

Cl. Bring out those prisoners now,
And let me see 'em, and hear their business.

Jul. I will. Madam. *Exit.*

Cl. I hope she hath prevail'd upon her brother.
She has a sweet tongue, and can describe the happiness
My love is ready to fling on him.

And sure he must be glad, for certain, wonder,
And bless the hour that brought him to this Island,
I long to hear the full joy that he labours with.

Enter Juletta, Morillat, Franvilé, Lamure.

Mor. Bless thy Divine Beauty.

Fran. Mirror of sweetness.

La-m. Ever-springing brightness.

Cl. Nay, Stand up Gentlemen, and leave your flatteries.

Mor. She calls us Gentlemen, sure we shall have some meat

Cl. I am a mortal creature, (now.)

Worship Heaven, and give these attributes
To their Divinities. Methinks ye look but thin.

Mor. Oh we are starv'd, immortal beauty.

La-m. We are all poor starv'd knaves.

Fran. Neither liberty nor meat, Lady (men.)

Mor. We were handsome men, and Gentlemen, and sweet
And were once gracious in the eyes of beauties,
But now we look like Rogues;
Like poor starv'd rogues.

Cl. What would ye do if ye were to die now?

Fran. Alas, we were prepar'd. If you will hang us,
Let's have a good meal or two to die with,
To put's in heart.

Mor. Or if you'll drown us,
Let's be drunk first, that we may die merrily,
And bless the founders.

Cl. Ye shall not die so hastily.

What dare ye do to deserve my favour?

La-m. Put us to any service,

Fran. Any bondage,

Let's but live.

Mar. We'll get a world of children,
For we know ye are hainously unprovided that way;
And ye shall beat us when we offend ye;
Beat us abundantly, and take our meat from us.

Cl. These are weak abject things, that shew ye poor ones.
What's the great service ye so oft have threaten'd,
If ye might see me, and win my favour?

Jul. That business of discovery:

Mor. Oh, Ill tell ye Lady.

La-m. And so will I.

Fran. And I,

Pray let me speak first.

Mor. Good, no confusion.

We are before a Lady that knows manners;
And by the next meat I shall eat, 'tis certain,
This little Gentlewoman that was taken with us.

Cl. Your Captains Sister, she you mean.

Mar. I, I, she's the business that we would open to ye.
You are couzen'd in her.

Lam. How, what is't you would open?

Fran. She is no Sister.

Mor. Good Sirs how quick you are.

She is no Sister, Madam.

Fran. She is his.

Mor. Peace I say.

Cl. What is she?
Mor. Faith, sweet Lady,
 She is, as a man would say, his.
Cl. What?
Lam. His Mistress.
Mor. Or, as some new Translators read, his.
Cl. Oh me!
Mor. And why he should delude you thus,
 Unless he meant some villany? these ten weeks
 He has had her at Sea, for his own proper appetite.
Lam. His Cabin-mate I'll assure ye.
Cl. No Sister, say ye?
Mor. No more than I am brother to your beauty.
 I know not why he should juggle thus.
Cl. Do not lie to me.
Mor. If ye find me lie, Lady, hang me empty.
Cl. How am I fool'd!
 Away with 'em *Juletta*, and feed 'em
 But bark ye, with such food as they have given me.
 New misery!

Fran. Nor meat nor thanks for all this.

Exit.

Cl. Make 'em more wretched.
 Oh I could burst! curse and kill now,
 Kill any thing I meet, *Juletta*, follow me,
 And call the rest along.

Jul. We follow, Madam.

Exeunt

Enter Albert and Aminta.

Amint. I must be gone now, else she may suspect me;
 How shall I answer her?

Alb. Tell her directly.

Amint. That were too suddain, too improvident;
 Fires of this nature must be put out cunningly,
 They'll waste all come near 'em else.
 Farewel once more.

Alb. Farewel,

And keep my love entire.

Nay, kiss me once again, me thinks we should not part.

Amint. Oh be wise, Sir.

Alb. Nay, one kiss more.

Amin. Indeed you're wanton;
 We may be taken too.

Enter Clarinda, Juletta, Crocale, Hippolita.

Cl. Out thou base woman.
 I'll shoot 'em both.

Cro. Nay stay, brave Lady, hold;
 A suddain death cuts off a Nobler vengeance.

Cl. Am I made Bawd to your lascivious meetings?
 Are ye grown so wise in sin?

Shut up that villany: and sirrah,
 Now expect my utmost anger.
 Let him there starve.

Alb. I mock at your mischiefs.

Cl. Tie that false witch unto that Tree,
 There let that savage beasts
 Gnaw off her sweetness, and Snakes
 Embrace her beauties; tie her, and watch
 That none relieve her.

Hip. We could wish ye better fortune, Lady,
 But dare not help ye.

Amin. Be your own friends, I thank ye.
 Now only my last audit, and my greatest,
 Oh Heaven, be kind unto me,
 And if it be thy Will, preserve.

Enter Raymond.

Ray. Who is this?
 Sure 'tis a woman, I have trode this place,
 And found much footing; now I know 'tis peopl'd.
 Ha, let me see! 'tis her face.
 Oh Heaven! turn this way Maid.

Amin. Oh *Raymond*, oh Brother.

Raym. Her tongue too: 'tis my Sister; what rude hand!

Nay kiss me first, Oh joy!

Amin. Fly, fly dear brother,
 You are lost else.

Jul. A man, a man, a new man.

Raym. What are these?

Enter Juletta, Crocale, Clarinda.

Cro. An enemy, an enemy.

Cl. Dispatch him,
 Take him off, shoot him straight.

Raym. I dare not use my sword, Ladies,
 Against such comely foes.

Amin. Oh brother, brother!

Cl. Away with 'em, and in dark prisons bind 'em.
 One word reply'd, ye die both.

Now brave mother, follow thy noble anger,
 And I'll help thee.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Rossella, Clarinda, Crocale, Juletta, Hippolita.

Ros. I Am deaf to all your intreaties: she that moves me
 For pity or compassion to these Pirats,
 Digs up her Fathers, or her Brothers Tomb,
 And spurns about their ashes.
 Couldst thou remember what a Father thou hadst once,
 'Twould steel thy heart against all foolish pity.
 By his memory and the remembrance of his dear embraces,
 I am taught, that in a Noble cause revenge is Noble;
 And they shall fall the sacrifices to appease
 His wandring Ghost, and my incensed fury.

Cl. The new come prisoner too!

Ros. He too yet that we may learn
 Whether they are the same, or near ally'd
 To those that forc'd me to this cruel course,
 Better their poor allowance, and permit 'em
 To meet together and confer,
 Within the distance of your ear; perhaps
 They may discover something that may kill
 Despair in me, and be a means to save 'em
 From certain ruine.

Geo. That shall be my charge.

Ros. Yet to prevent
 All hope of rescue: for this new-come Captain
 Hath both a Ship and Men not far from us,
 Though ignorant to find the only Port,
 That can yield entrance to our happy Island,
 Guard the place strongly, and e'r the next Sun
 Ends his diurnal progress, I will be
 Happy in my revenge, or set 'em free.

Exeunt.

Enter Crocale, Juletta, Hippolita. A Table furnish'd.

Cro. So serve it plentifully,
 And lose not time to enquire the cause;
 There is a main design that hangs upon this bounty.
 See the Table furnisht with Wine too,
 That discovers secrets which tortures cannot open:
 Open the doors too of the several prisons,
 And give all free entrance into this room.
 Undiscover'd I can here mark all.

Enter Tib. Mast.

Here's Captain careless, and the tough Ship-master,
 The slaves are nos'd like Vultures

How

How wild they look.

Tib. Ha, the mystery of this,
Some good Hobgoblin rise and reveal:

Mast. I'm amazed at it: nor can I found the intent.

Tib. Is not this bread,
Substantial bread, not painted?

Mast. But take heed,
You may be poisoned.

Tib. I am sure I am famish'd;
And famine, as the wise man says,
Gripes the guts as much as any Mineral.
This may be *Treacle* sent to preserve me
After a long Fast: or be it *Vipers* spittle,
I'll run the hazard.

Mast. We are past all fear, I'll take part with ye.

Tib. Do: and now i'faith, howd'ye feel your self?
I find great ease in't. What's here;

Wine, and it bethy Will;
Strong lusty Wine. Well, fools may talk
Of *Mythridate*, Cordials, and *Elixirs*.
But from my youth this was my only Physick.
Here's a colour, what Ladies cheek,
Though cerus'd over, comes near it?
It sparkles too: hangs out Diamonds.

Oh my sweet-heart, how I will hug thee,
Again, and again! They are poor drunkards,
And not worth thy favors,

That number thy moist kisses in these Crystals.

Mast. But Mounseur,
Here are Suckets, and sweet dishes.

Tib. Tush, boys meat,
I am past it; here's strong food fit for men:
Nectar, old lad. Mistribs of merry hearts,
Once more I am bold with you.

Mast. Take heed (man)
Too much will breed distemper.

Tib. Hast thou liv'd at Sea
The most part of thy life, where to be sober
While we have Wine aboard, is capital Treason;
And dost thou preach sobriety?

Mast. Prethee forbear,
We may offend in it; we know not for whom
It was provided.

Tib. I am sure for me: therefore *footra*,
When I am full, let 'em hang me, I care not.

Enter Albert, Aminta, Raymond, Lamure, Mor-
rillat, Franvile, *severally*.

Mast. This has been his temper ever.
See, provoking dishes; candid *Eringoes*,
And *Potatoes*.

Tib. I'll not touch 'em, I will drink;
But not a bit on a march, I'll be an Eunuch rather.

Mast. Who are these?

Tib. Marry, who you will;
I keep my Text here.

Alb. Raymond!

Ray. Albert!

Tib. Away, I'll be drunk alone;
Keep off Rogues, or I'll belch ye into air;
Not a drop here.

Amint. Dear brother, put not in your eyes such anger;
Those looks poison'd with fury, shot at him,
Reflect on me. Oh brother, look milder, or
The Crystal of his temperance
Will turn 'em on your self.

Alb. Sir, I have sought ye long
To find your pardon: you have plough'd the Ocean
To wreak your vengeance on me, for the rape
Of this fair Virgin. Now our fortune guides us
To meet on such hard terms, that we need rather
A mutual pitty of our present state,
Than to expostulate of breaches past,

Which cannot be made up. And though it be
Far from you power, to force me to confess,
That I have done ye wrong, or such submission
Failing to make my peace, to vent your anger;
You being your self slav'd, as I to others:
Yet for you Sisters sake, her blessed sake,
In part of recompence of what she has suffer'd
For my rash folly; the contagion
Of my black actions, catching hold upon
Her purer innocence, I crave your mercy;
And wish however several motives kept us
From being friends, while we had hope to live,
Let death which we expect, and cannot fly from,
End all contention.

Tib. Drink upon't, 'tis a good motion;
Ratify it in Wine, and 'tis authentical.

Ray. When I consider
The ground of our long difference, and look on
Our not to be avoided miseries,
It doth beget in me I know not how
A soft Religious tenderness; which tells me,
Though we have many faults to answer for
Upon our own account, our Fathers crimes
Are in us punish'd. Oh *Albert*, the course
They took to leave us rich, was not honest,
Nor can that friendship last, which virtue joyns not.
When first they forc'd the industrious *Portugals*,
From their Plantations in the *Happy Islands*.

Cro. This is that I watch for.

Ray. And did omit no tyranny, which men,
Inured to spoil, and mischief could inflict,
On the griex'd sufferers; when by lawless rapine
They reap'd the harvest, which their Labourers sow'd;
And not content to force 'em from their dwelling,
But laid for 'em at sea, to ravish from 'em
The last remainder of their wealth: then, then,
After a long pursuit, each doubting other,
As guilty of the *Portugals* escape,
They did begin to quarrel, like in men;
(Forgive me piety, that I call 'em so)
No longer love, or correspondence holds,
Than it is cemented with prey or profit:
Then did they turn these swords they oft had bloodi'd
With innocent gore, upon their wretched selves,
And paid the forfeit of their cruelty
Shewn to *Sebastian*, and his Colonie,
By being fatal enemies to each other.
Thence grew *Amintas* rape, and my desire
To be reveng'd. And now observe the issue:
As they for spoil ever forgot compassion
To women, (who should be exempted
From the extremities of a lawful War)
We now, young able men, are fall'n into
The hands of Women; that, against the soft
Tenderness familiar to their Sex,
Will shew no mercy.

Enter Crocale.

Cro. None, unless you shew us
Our long lost Husbands.
We are those *Portugals* you talk'd of.

Ray. Stay,
I met upon the Sea in a tall Ship
Two *Portugals*, famish'd almost to death.

Tib. Our Ship by this Wine.
And those the rogues that stole her,
Left us to famish in the barren Islands.

Ray. Some such tale they told me,
And something of a Woman, which I find;
To be my Sister.

Cro. Where are these men?

Ray. I left 'em,

Suppose they had deluded me with forg'd tales,
In the Island, where they said
They had liv'd many years the wretched owners
Of a huge mass of treasure.

Alb. The same men; and that the fatal muck
We quarrell'd for.

Cro. They were *Portugals* you say.

Ray. So they profess'd.

Cro. They may prove such men as may save your lives,
And so much I am taken with fair hope,
That I will hazard life to be resolv'd on't:
How came you hither?

Ray. My ship lies by the Rivers mouth,
That can convey ye to these wretched men,
Which you desire to see.

Cro. Back to your prisons,
And pray for the success: if they be those
Which I desire to find, you are safe;
If not, prepare to die to morrow:
For the world cannot redeem ye.

Alb. However, we are arm'd
For either fortune.

Tib. What must become of me now
That I am not dismiss'd?

Cro. Oh Sir, I purpose
To have your company.

Ti. Take heed wicked woman,
I am apt to mischief now.

Cro. You cannot be so unkind,
To her that gives you liberty.

Ti. No, I shall be too kind, that's the devil on't;
I have had store of good wine: and when I am drunk,

Joan is a Lady to me, and I shall
Lay about me like a Lord: I feel strange motions:
Avoid me temptation.

Cro. Come Sir, I'll help ye in.

Exit.

Exeunt.

Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.

Nicu. What may that be
That moves upon the Lake?

Sebast. Still it draws nearer,
And now I plainly can discern it.
'Tis the *French Ship*.

Nicu. In it a woman,
Who seems to invite us to her,

Sebast. Still she calls with signs of Love to hasten to her;
So lovely hope doth still appear:
I feel nor age, nor weakness.

Nicu. Though it bring death,
To us 'tis comfort: and deserves a meeting.
Or else fortune tyr'd with what we have suffer'd,
And in it overcome, as it may be,
Now sets a period to our misery.

Exeunt.

Horrid Musick.

Enter severally, Raymond, Albert, Aminta.

Ray. What dreadful sounds are these?

Amint. Infernal Musick,
Fit for a bloody Feast.

Alb. It seems prepar'd
To kill our courages e'r they divorce
Our souls and bodies.

Ray. But they that fearless fall,
Deprive them of their triumph.

An Altar prepar'd.

Enter Rossilia, Clarinda, Juletta, Hippolita, &c.

Amin. See the suries,
In their full trym of cruelty,

Rof. 'Tis the last

Duty that I can pay to my dead Lord,

Set out the Altar, I my self will be

The Priest, and boldly do those horrid Rites

You shake to think on, lead these Captains nearer,

For they shall have the honor to fall first

To my *Sebastian's* ashes: and now wretches,

As I am taught already, that you are;

And lately by your free confession,

French Pirats, and the sons of those I hate,

Even equal with the devil; hear with horror,

What 'tis invites me to this cruel course,

And what you are to suffer, no *Amazons* we,

But women of *Portugal* that must have from you

Sebastian and *Nicusa*; we are they

That groan'd beneath your fathers wrongs:

We are those wretched women,

Their injuries pursu'd, and overtook;

And from the sad remembrance of our losses

We are taught to be cruel; when we were forc'd

From that sweet air we breathed in, by their rapine,

And fought a place of being; as the Seas

And Winds conspir'd with their ill purposes,

To load us with afflictions in a storm

That fell upon us; the two ships that brought us,

To seek new fortunes in an unknown world

Were sever'd: the one bore all the able men,

Our Treasure and our Jewels: in the other,

We Women were imbarqu'd: and fell upon,

After long tossing in the troubled main,

This pleasant Island: but in few months,

The men that did conduct us hither, died,

We long before had given our Husbands lost:

Remembering what we had suff'r'd by the *French*

We took a solemn Oath, never to admit

The curs'd society of men: necessity

Taught us those Arts, not usual to our Sex,

And the fertile Earth yielding abundance to us,

We did resolve, thus shap'd like *Amazons*

To end our lives; but when you arriv'd here,

And brought as presents to us, our own Jewels;

Those which were boorn in the other Ship,

How can ye hope to scape our vengeance?

Amint. It boots not then to swear our innocence?

Alb. Or that we never forc'd it from the owners?

Ray. Or that there are a remnant of that wrack,
And not far off?

Rof. All you affirm, I know,

Is but to win time; therefore prepare your throats,

The world shall not redeem ye: and that your cries

May find no entrance to our ears,

To move pity in any: bid loud Musick sound

Their fatal knells; if ye have prayers use 'em quickly,

To any power will own ye; but ha!

Enter Crocale, Sebastian, Nicusa, Tibalt.

Who are these? what spectacles of misfortune?

Why are their looks

So full of Joy and Wonder?

Cro. Oh! lay by

These instruments of death, and welcome

To your arms, what you durst never hope to imbrace:

This is *Sebastian*, this *Nicusa*, Madam:

Preserv'd by miracle: look up dear *Sir*,

And know your own *Rossella*: be not lost

In wonder and amazement; or if nature

Can by instinct, instruct you what it is,

To be bless'd with the name of Father,

Freely enjoy it in this fair Virgin.

Seb. Though my miseries,

And many years of wants I have endur'd,

May well deprive me of the memory

Of all joys past; yet looking on this building,

This ruin'd building of a heavenly form
In my *Rosilla*; I mult remember, I am *Sebastian*.

Ros. Oh my joyes!

Seb. And here,

I see a perfect model of thy self,
As thou wert when thy choice first made thee mine:
These cheeks and fronts, though wrinkled now with time
Which Art cannot restore: had equal pureness,
Of natural white and red, and as much ravishing:

Which by fair order and succession,
I see descend on her: and may thy virtues
Wind into her form, and make her a perfect dower:
No part of thy sweet goodness wanting to her.

I will not now *Rosilla*, ask thy fortunes,
Nor trouble thee with hearing mine;
Those shall hereafter serve to make glad hours
In their relation: All past wrongs forgot;
I 'm glad to see you Gentlemen; but most,
That is in my power to save your lives;
You fav'd ours, when we were near starv'd at Sea,
And I despair not, for if she be mine,
Rosilla can deny *Sebastian* nothing.

Ros. She does give up her self,

Her power and joys, and all, to you,
To be discharged of 'em as too burthenfom;
Welcome in any shape.

Seb. Sir, in your looks,
I read your fate of my *Clarinda*: she is yours:
And Lady, if it be in me to confirm
Your hopes in this brave Gentleman,
Presume I am your servant.

Alb. We thank you Sir.

Amin. Oh happy hour!

Alb. O my dear *Aminia*;
Now all our fears are ended.

Tib. Here I fix: she's mettle,
Steel to the back: and will cut my leaden dagger,
If not us'd with discretion.

Cro. You are still no changling.

Sebast. Nay,

All look chearfully, for none shall be
Deny'd their lawful wishes; when a while
We have here refresh'd our selves; we'll return
To our severall homes; and well that voyage ends,
That makes of deadly enemies, faithful friends.

Exeunt.

W I T

Wit at several weapons.

A COMEDY.

The Persons represented in the Play.

<p>Sir Perfidious Oldcraft, <i>an old Knight, a great admirer of Wit.</i> Witty-pate Oldcraft, <i>his Fathers own Son.</i> Sir Gregory Fopp, <i>a witlefs Lord of Land.</i> Cunningham, <i>a discreet Gen. Sir Gregories comrade and supplanter.</i></p>	<p>Sir Ruinous Gentry, <i>a decay'd Knight,</i> } <i>Two sharking companions.</i> Priscian, <i>a poor Scholar,</i> } Pompey Doodle, <i>a clown,</i> Sir Gregories man, <i>a piece of puff-paste, like his Master.</i> Mr. Credulous, <i>Nephew to Sir Perfidions, a shallow-brain'd Scholar.</i></p>
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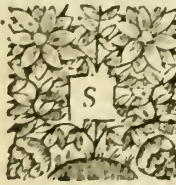
Women.

<p>Neece <i>to Sir Perfidious, a rich and witty Heir,</i> Lady Ruinous, <i>Wife to Sir Ruinous.</i></p>	<p>Guardianess, <i>to Sir Perfidious his Neece, an old dotting Croane.</i> Mirabell, <i>the Guardianesses Neece.</i></p>
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The Scene, London.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Sir Perfidious Old-craft an old Knight, and Witty-pate his Son.

Witty.  I R, I'm no boy, I'm deep in one and twenty,
 The second years approaching,
 Old K. A fine time
 For a youth to live by his wits then I should think,

If e'er he mean to make account of any.

Witty. Wits, Sir?

Old K. I Wits Sir, if it be so strange to thee,
 I'm sorry I spent that time to get a Fool,
 I might have employ'd my pains a great deal better;
 Thou know'st all that I have, I ha' got by my wits,
 And yet to see how urgent thou art too;
 It grieves me thou art so degenerate
 To trouble me for means, I never offer'd it
 My Parents from a School-boy, past nineteen once.
 See what these times are grown to, before twenty
 I rush'd into the world, which is indeed

Much like the Art of swimming, he that will attain to't
 Must fall plump, and duck himself at first,
 And that will make him hardy and advent'rous,
 And not stand putting in one foot, and shiver,
 And then draw t'other after, like a quake-buttock;
 Well he may make a padler i'th' world,
 From hand to mouth, but never a brave Swimmer,
 Born up by th' chin, as I bore up myself,
 With my strong industry that never fail'd me;
 For he that lies born up with Patrimonies,
 Looks like a long great Afs that swims with bladders,
 Come but one prick of adverse fortune to him
 He sinks, because he never try'd to swim
 When Wit plaies with the billows that choak'd him.
 Witty. Why is it not a fashion for a Father, Sir,
 Out of his yearly thousands to allow
 His only Son, a competent brace of hundreds;
 Or such a toy?

Old K. Yes, if he mean to spoil him,
 Or mar his wits he may, but never I,
 This is my humor, Sir, which you'll find constant;

I love

I love Wit so well, because I liv'd by't,
 That I'll give no man power out of my means to hurt it,
 And that's a kind of gratitude to my raiser,
 Which great ones oft forget; I admire much
 This Ages dulness, when I scarce writ man,
 The first degree that e'er I took in thriving,
 I lay intelligencer close for wenching,
 Could give this Lord or Knight a true Certificate
 Of all the Maiden-heads extant, how many lay
 'Mongst Chamber-maids, how many 'mongst Exchange
 Though never many there I must confess
 They have a trick to utter Ware so fast;
 I knew which Lady had a mind to fall, (breaking,
 Which Gentlewoman new divorc'd, which Tradesman
 The price of every sinner to a hair,
 And where to raise each price; which were the Tearmers,
 That would give Velvet Petticoats, Tissue Gowns,
 Which Pieces, Angels, Suppers, and Half Crowns;
 I knew how to match, and make my market.
 Could give intelligence where the Pox lay leidger,
 And then to see the Letchers shift a point,
 'Twas sport and profit too; how they would shun
 Their ador'd Mistriſs chambers, and run fearfully,
 Like Rats from burning houses, so brought I
 My Clyents the game still safe together,
 And noble gamesters lov'd me, and I felt it.
 Give me a man that lives by his wits, say I,
 And's never left a Groat, there's the true Gallant.
 When I grew somewhat purse, I grew then
 In mens opinions too, and confidences,
 They put things call'd Executorships upon me,
 The charge of Orphans, little senseless creatures,
 Whom in their Childhoods I bound forth to Felt-makers,
 To make 'em lose, and work away their Gentry,
 Disguise their tender natures with hard custom,
 So wrought 'em out in time, there I rise urgently,
 Nor do I fear to discourse this unto thee,
 I'm arm'd at all points against treachery,
 I hold' my humor firm, if I can see thee thrive by
 Thy wits while I live, I shall have the more courage
 To trust thee with my Lands when I dye; if not,
 The next best wit I can hear of, carries 'em:
 For since in my time and knowledge, so many rich children
 Of the City, conclude in beggery, I'de rather
 Make a wise stranger my Executor, then a foolish
 Son my Heir, and to have my Lands call'd after my
 Wit, than after my name; and that's my nature.

Witty. 'Tis a strange harsh one, must I still shift then?
 I come brave Cheats, once to my trade agen,
 And I'll ply't harder now than e'er I did for't,
 You'll part with nothing then, Sir?

Old K. Not a jot, Sir.

Witty. If I should ask you blessing e'r I goe, Sir,
 I think you would not give't me.

Old K. Let me but hear thou liv'st by thy wits once
 Thou shalt have any thing, thou'rt none of mine else,
 Then why should I take care for thee?

Witty. Thank your bounty. *Exit.*

Old K. So wealth love me, and long life, I beseech it,
 As I do love the man that lives by his wits,
 He comes so near my nature; I'm grown old now,
 And even arriv'd at my last cheat I fear me,
 But 'twill make shift to bury me, by day-light too,
 And discharge all my Legacies, 'tis so wealthy,
 And never trouble any Interest money:
 I've yet a Neece to wed, over whose steps
 I have plac'd a trusty watchful Guardianess,
 For fear some poor Earl steal her, 't has been threat'ned,
 To redeem mortgag'd Land, but he shall miss on't;
 To prevent which, I have sought out a match for her,
Fop of Fop-Hall, he writes himself, I take it,
 The antient'st *Fop* in *England*, with whom I've privately
 Compounded for the third part of her portion.

Enter Sir Gregory Fop, and Cuningham.

And she seems pleas'd, so two parts rest with me,
 He's come; Sir *Gregory*, welcome, what's he Sir?

Sir Greg. Young *Cunningham*, a *Norfolk* Gentleman;
 One that has liv'd upon the *Fops*, my kindred,
 Ever since my remembrance; he's a wit indeed,
 And we all strive to have him, nay, 'tis certain
 Some of our name has gone to Law for him;
 Now 'tis my turn to keep him, and indeed
 He's plaguy chargeable, as all your wits are,
 But I will give him over when I list,
 I ha' us'd wits so before.

Old K. I hope when y'are married Sir, you'll shake him off.

Sir Greg. Why what do you take me to be, old Father-
 i' Law that shall be, do you think I'll have any of the *Wits*
 hang upon me, after I am married once? none of my kind-
 red ever had before me; but where's this Neece? is't a fa-
 shion in *London*, to marry a woman and never see her?

Old K. Excuse the niceness, Sir, that care's your friend's,
 Perhaps had she been seen, you had never seen her;
 There's many a *spent thing* call'd, and't like your honor,
 That lies in wait for her, at first snap she's a Countess,
 Drawn with six Marcs through *Fleetstreet*, and a Coachman,
 Sitting bare-headed to their *Flanders* buttocks,
 This whets him on.

Sir Greg. Pray let's clap up the business, Sir,
 I long to see her, are you sure you have her,
 Is she not there already, Hark? Hark, oh hark.

Old K. How now, what's that Sir?

Sir Greg. Every Caroach goes by,
 Goes ev'n to th' heart of me-

Old K. I'll have that doubt eas'd, Sir,
 Instantly eas'd, Sir *Gregory*, and now I think on't
 A toy comes i' my mind, seeing your friend there,
 We'll have a little sport, give you but way to't,
 And put a trick upon her, I love Wit pretiously,
 You shall not be seen yet, we'll stale your friend first;
 If't please but him to stand for the Anti-mask.

Sir Gr. Puh, he shall stand for any thing, why his supper
 Lies i' my breeches here, I'll make him fast else.

Old K. Then come you forth more unexpectedly
 The Mask it self, a thousand a year joynture,
 The cloud, your friends will be then drawn away,
 And only you the beauty of the Play.

Sir Gr. For Red and Black, I'll put down all your Fullers,
 Let but your Neece bring White, and we have three colours.

Exit Sir Greg.

Old K. I'm given to understand you are a *Wit*, Sir.

Cuning. I'm one that Fortune shews small favour to, Sir.

Old K. Why there you conclude it, whether you will or
 no, Sir;
 To tell you truth, I'm taken with a Wit.

Cun. Fowlers catch Woodcocks so, let not them know
 so much,

Old K. A pestilence mazard, a Duke *Humphrey* spark
 Had rather lose his dinner than his jest,
 I say I love a Wit the best of all things.

Cun. Always except your self,

Old K. Has giv'n't me twice now.

Enter Neece and Guardianess.

All with a breath, I thank him; but that I love a Wit
 I should be heartily angry; cuds, my Neece,
 You know the business with her,

Cun. With a Woman?

'Tis ev'n the very same it was I'm sure
 Five thousand years ago, no fool can miss it.

Old K. This is the Gentleman I promis'd Neece,
 To present to your affection.

Cun. Ware that Arrow.

Old K. Deliver me the truth now of your liking.

Cuning.

Cun. I'm spoil'd already, that such poor lean Game Should be found out as I am.

Old K. Go set to her Sir—ha, ha, ha.

Cun. How noble is this virtue in you, Lady? Your eye may seem to commit a thousand slaughters On your dull servants which truly tasted Conclude all in comforts.

Old K. Puh.

Neece. It rather shews what a true worth can make, Such as yours is.

Old K. And that's not worth a groat, How like you him Neece?

Neece. It shall appear how well, Sir, I humbly thank you for him.

Old K. Hah? ha, good gullery, he does it well i'faith, Light, as if he meant to purchase *Lip-land* there: Hold, hold, bear off I say, slid your part hangs too long.

Cun. My joys are mockeries.

Neece. Y'have both exprest a worthy care and love, Sir, Had mine own eye been set at liberty, To make a publick choice (believe my truth, Sir) It could not ha' done better for my heart Than your good providence has.

Old K. You will say so then, Alas sweet Neece, all this is but the scabbard, Now I draw forth the weapon.

Neece? How?

Old K. Sir Gregory, Approach thou lad of thousands.

Enter Sir Gregory.

Sir Gr. Who calls me?

Neece. What motion's this, the Model of *Ninivie*?

Old K. Accost her daintily now; let me advise thee,

Sir Gr. I was advis'd to bestow dainty cost on you.

Neece. You were ill advis'd, back, and take better counsel;

You may have good for an Angel, the least cost You can bestow upon a woman, Sir Trebles ten Counsellors Fees in Lady-ware, Y'are over head and ears, e'r you be aware, Faith keep a batchelor still, and go to Bowls, Sir, Follow your Mistress there, and prick and save, Sir; For other Mistresses will make you a slave, Sir.

Sir Gr. So, so, I have my errepoop already.

Old K. Why how now Neece, this is the man I tell you.

Neece. He, hang him, Sir, I know you do but mock, This is the man you would say.

Old K. The Devil rides I think:

Cun. I must use cunning here.

Old K. Make me not mad, use him with all respect, This is the man I swear.

Neece. Would you could perswade me to that; Alas, you cannot go beyond me Uncle, You carry a Jest well, I must confess, For a man of your years, but—

Old K. I'm wrought beside my self.

Cun. I never beheld comeliness till this minute.

Guar. Oh good sweet Sir, pray offer not these words To an old Gentlewoman.

Neece. Sir.

Cun. Away fifteen, Here's Fifty one exceeds thee.

Neece. What's the business?

Cun. Give me these motherly creatures, come, ne'er smother it,

I know you are a teeming woman yet.

Guar. Troth a young Gent. might do much I think, Sir.

Cun. Go too then.

Guar. And I should play my part, or I were ingrateful.

Neece. Can you so soon neglect me!

Cun. Hence I'm busie.

Old K. This cross point came in luckily, impudent baggage.

Hang from the Gentleman, art thou not asham'd To be a Widows hind'rance?

Cun. Are you angry, Sir?

Old K. You're welcome, pray court on, I shall desire Your honest wife acquaintance; vex me not After my care and pains to find a match for thee, Lest I confine thy life to some out-chamber, Where thou shalt waste the sweetness of thy youth, Like a consuming Light in her own socket, And not allow'd a male creature about thee; A very Monkey, thy necessity Shall prize at a thousand pound, a Chimney-sweeper At Fifteen hundred.

Neece. But are you serious, Uncle?

Old K. Serious.

Neece. Pray let me look upon the Gentleman With more heed; then I did but hum him over In haste, good faith, as Lawyers Chancery sheets; Beshrew my blood, a tollerable man, Now I distinctly read him.

Sir Gr. Hum, hum, hum.

Neece. Say he be black, he's of a very good pitch, Well ankled, two good confident calves, they look As if they would not shrink at the ninth child; The redness i'th face, why that's in fashion, Most of your high bloods have it, sign of greatness marry; 'Tis to be taken down too with *May-butter*, I'll send to my Lady *Spend-tail* for her Medicine.

Sir Gr. Lum te dum, dum, dum, de dum.

Neece. He's qualified too, believe me.

Sir Gr. Lum te dum, de dum, de dum.

Neece. Where was my judgement?

Sir Gr. Lum te dum, dum, dum, te dum, te dum.

Neece. Perfections cover'd iness.

Sir Gr. Lum te dum, te dum, te dum.

Neece. It smoaks apparantly, pardon sweet Sir, The error of my Sex.

Old K. Why, well said Neece,

Upon submission you must pardon her now, Sir.

Sir Gr. I'll do't by course, do you think I'm an ass, Knight? Here's first my hand, now't goes to the Seal-Office.

Old K. Formally finish't, how goes this Suit forward?

Cun. I'm taking measure of the Widows mind, Sir, I hope to fit her heart.

Guar. Who would have dreamt Of a young morsel now? things come in minutes.

Sir Gr. Trust him not Widow, he's a younger brother, He'll swear and lie; believe me he's worth nothing.

Guar. He brings more content to a woman with that nothing,

Than he that brings his thousands without any thing, We have presidents for that amongst great Ladies.

Old K. Come, come, no language now shall be in fashion, But your Love-phrafe, the bell to procreation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Ruinous Gentry, Witty-pate, and Priscian.

Witty- Pox, there's nothing puts me besides my wits, but this fourth, This last illiterate share, there's no conscience in't.

Ruin. Sir, it has ever been so, where I have practis'd, and must be.

Still where I am, nor has it been undeserv'd at the years End, and shuffle the Almanack together, vacations and Term-times, one with another, though I say't, my wife is a Woman of a good spirit, then it is no lay-share.

Pris. Faith for this five year, *Ego possum probare*, I have had

A hungry penurious share with 'em, and she has had as much As I always.

Witty. Present, or not present;

Pris. *Residens aut non residens, per fidem.*

Witty. And what president's this for me? because your *Hic & hac, Turpis* and *Qui mihi discipulus* brains (that never

ver got any thing but by accident and uncertainty) did allow it, therefore I must, that have grounded conclusions of wit, hereditary rules from my Father to get by——

Ruin. Sir, be compendious, either take or refuse, I will bate no token of my wives share, make even the last reckonings, and either so unite, or here divide company.

Pris. A good resolution, *profesto*, let every man beg his own way, and happy man be his dole.

Witty. Well, here's your double share, and single brains *Pol, & dipol*, here's toward, a *Castor ecastor* for you, I will endure it a fortnight longer, but by these just five ends.——

Pris. Take heed, five's odd, put both hands together, or severally, they are all odd unjust ends.

Witty. *Medius filius*, hold your tongue, I depose you from half a share presently else, I will make you a particeps, and decline you, now you understand me, be you a quiet Conjunction amongst the undeclined; you and your *Latine* ends shall go shift, *Solus cum solo* together else, and then if ever they get ends of Gold and Silver, enough to serve that Gerundine maw of yours, that without *Do* will end in *Di* and *Dum* instantly.

Enter Old Knight and Sir Gregory.

Ruin. Enough, enough, here comes company, we lose five shares in wrangling about one.

Witty. My Father, put on *Priscian* he has *Latine* fragments too, but I fear him not, I'll case my face with a little more hair and relieve.

Old K. Tush Nephew (I'll call you so) for if there be No other obstacles than those you speak of They are but Powder-charges without pellets, You may safely front 'em; and warrant your own danger.

Sir Gr. No other that I can perceive i'faith, Sir, for I put her to't, and felt her as far as I could, and the strongest repulse was, she said, she would have a little Soldier in me, that (if need were) should defend her reputation.

Old K. And surely, Sir, that is a principle Amongst your principal Ladies, they require Valour, either in a friend or a Husband.

Sir Gr. And I allow their requests i'faith, as well as any womans heart can desire, if I knew where to get valour, I would as willingly entertain it as any man that blows.

Old K. Breaths; breaths Sir, that's the sweeter phrase.

Sir Gr. Blows for a Soldier, i'faith Sir, and I'm in Practise that way.

Old K. For a Soldier, I grant it.

Sir Gr. 'Slid, I'll swallow some bullets, and good round ones too, but I'll have a little Soldier in me,

Ruin. Will you on and beg, or steal and be hang'd.

Sir Gr. And some Scholar she would have me besides, Tush, that shall be no bar, 'tis a quality in a Gentleman, but of the least question.

Pris. *Salvete Domini benignissimi, munificentissimi.*

Old K. *Salvete dicis ad nos? jubeo te salvare,* Nay, Sir, we have *Latine*, and other metall in us too.

Sir Gr. I could find in my heart to talk with him too, If I could understand him.

Pris. *Charissimi, Doctissimi, Domini, ex abundantia Charitatis vestrae estote propitii in me jejunum Miserum, pauperem, & omni consolatione exulem.*

Old K. A pretty Scholar by my faith, Sir, but I'll to him agen.

Sir Gr. Does he beg or steal in this Language, can you tell Sir?

He may take away my good name from me, and I ne'er The wifer.

Old K. He begs, he begs, Sir.

Pris. *Ecce, ecce, in oculis lachrymarum flumen, in ore Fames sitisq; ignis in vultu, pudor & impudentia, In omni parte necessitas & indigentia.*

Old K. *Audi tu bonus socius, tu es Scholasticus, sic intelligo, Ego faciam argumentum,* mark now Sir, now I fetch

Him up.

Sir Gr. I have been fetcht up a hundred times for this, Yet I could never learn half so much.

Old K. *Audi, & responde, hoc est Argumentum, nomen est Nomen, ergo, quod est tibi nomen? Responde nunc, Responde argumentum meum.* Have I not put him to't, Sir?

Sir Gr. Yes Sir, I think so.

Witty. Step in, the rascal is put out of his pen'd Speech, And he can go no farther.

Old K. *Cur non respondes?*

Pris. *Ob Domine, tanta mea est miseria.*

Witty. So, he's almost in agen.

Pris. *Ut nocte mecum pernoctat egestas, luce quotidie Paupertas habitat.*

Old K. *Sed quod est tibi nomen: & quis dedit? Responde Argumentum.*

Pris. Hem, hem,

Witty. He's dry he hems, on quickly.

Ruin. Courteous Gentlemen, if the brow of a Military face may not be offensive to your generous eye-balls, let his wounds speak better than his words, for some branch or small sprig of charity to be planted upon this poor barren soil of a Soldier.

Old K. How now, what Arms and Arts both go a begging?

Ruin. Such is the Post-progression of cold charity now a-days, who (for heat to her frigid Limbs) passes in so swift a motion, that two at the least had need be to stay her.

Sir G. Sir, lets rewardum I pray you, and be gone. If any quarrel should arise amongst us, I am able to answer neither of them, his Iron and Steel tongue is as hard as the t'others *Latine* one.

Old K. Stay, stay Sir I will talk a little with him first, Let me alone with both, I will try whether they Live by their wits or no; for such a man I love, And what? you both beg together then;

Pris. *Conjunctis manibus, profestio, Domine.*

Ruin. With equal fortunes, equal distribution, there's not the breadth of a sword's point uneven in our division.

Sir Gr. What two qualities are here cast away upon two poor fellows, if a man had um that could maintain um? what a doubleman were that, if these two fellows might be bought and foddin, and boil'd to a jelly, and eaten fasting every morning, I do not think but a man should find strange things in his stomach.

Old K. Come Sir, joyn your charity with mine, and we'll make up a couple of pence bevixt us.

Sir Gr. If a man could have a pennyworth for his penny, I would bestow more money with 'em.

Witty. Save you Gentlemen, how now? what are you encounter'd here? what fellows are these?

Old K. Faith Sir, here's *Mars* and *Mercury*, a pair of poor Planets it seems, that *Jupiter* has turn'd out to live by their wits, and we are e'en about a little spark of charity to kindle um a new fire.

Witty. Stay, pray you stay Sir, you may abuse your charity, nay, make that goodness in you no better than a vice; so many deceivers walk in these shadows now a days; that certainly your bounties were better spilt than reserv'd to so lewd and vicious uses; which is he that professes the Soldier?

Ruin. He that professes his own profession, Sir, and the dangerous life he hath led in it; this pair of half score years.

Witty. In what services have you been, Sir?

Ruin. The first that sleight me a Soldier, Sir, was that great battel at *Alcazar* in *Barbary*, where the noble *English* *Stukely* fell, and where that royal *Portugal* *Sebastian* ended his untimely days.

Witty. Are you sure *Sebastian* died there?

Ruin. Faith Sir, there was some other rumour hop't amongst us, that he, wounded, escap'd, and toucht on his Native shore agen, where finding his Countrey at home more distrest by the invasion of the *Spaniard*, than his loss abroad, forsook it, still supporting a miserable and un-

fortunate life, which (where he ended) is yet uncertain.

Witty. By my faith Sir, he speaks the nearest fame of truth in this.

Ruin. Since Sir, I serv'd in France, the Low Countreys, Lastly, at that memorable skirmish at Newport, where the forward and bold Scot there spent his life so freely, that from every single heart that there fell, came home from his resolution, a double honor to his Countrey.

Witty. This should be no counterfeit, Sir.

Old K. I do not think he is, Sir.

Witty. But Sir, methinks you do not shew the marks of a Soldier, could you so freely scape, that you brought home no scars to be your chronicle?

Ruin. Sir, I have wounds, and many, but in those parts where nature and humanity bids me shame to publish.

Witty. A good Soldier cannot want those badges.

Sir Greg. Now am not I of your mind in that, for I hold him the best soldier that scapes best, alwaies at a Cock-fencing I give him the best that has the fewest knocks.

Witty. Nay, I'll have a bout with your Scholar too, To ask you why you should be poor (yet richly learn'd) Were no question, at least, you can easily Answer it; but whether you have learning enough, To deserve to be poor or no (since poverty is Commonly the meed of Learning) is yet to be tryed; You have the Languages, I mean the chief, As the Hebrew, Syriack, Greek, Latine, &c.

Pris. Aliquantulum, non totaliter, Domine.

Old K. The Latine I have sufficiently tried him in, And I promise you Sir, he is very well grounded.

Witty. I will prove him in some of the rest.

Toiz miois faterois iste Cock-scomboy?

Pris. Kay yonkeron nigiton oyfouleroi Asinifoy.

Witty. Cheateron ton biton?

Pris. Tous pollous strikerous, Angelo io peefo. (Greek.)

Witty. Certainly Sir, a very excellent Scholar in the

Old K. I do note a wondrous readines in him.

Sir Greg. I do wonder how the Trojans could hold out ten years siege (as 'tis reported against the Greeks, if Achilles spoke but this tongue? I do not think but he might have shaken down the Walls in a seven-night, and ne'er troubled the wooden horse.

Witty. I will try him so far as I can in the Syriack, Kircom bragnen, shag a douma dell mathon.

Pris. Hashagath rabgabosh shobos onoriadka.

Witty. Colpack Rubasca, gnawerthem shigshag. Naphamothem Ribsie bongomosh lashemech nagothi.

Witty. Gentlemen I have done, any man that can go farther, I confess my self at a Nonplus.

Sir Greg. Faith not I, Sir, I was at my farthest in my natural language, I was never double-tongu'd, I thank my hard fortune.

Witty. Well Gentlemen, 'tis pity, (walk farther off a little my friends) I say, 'tis pity such fellows so endow'd, so qualified with the gifts of Nature and Arts, yet should have such a scarcity of fortune's benefits, we must blame our Iron-hearted age for it.

Old K. 'Tis pity indeed, and our pity shall speak a little, Come Sir, here's my groat. for 'em;

Witty. A Groat Sir? oh sic, give nothing rather, 'twere better you rail'd on 'em for begging, and so quit your self, I am a poor Gentleman, that have but little but my wits to live on.

Old K. Troth and I love you the better, Sir.

Witty. Yet I'll begin a better example than so, here fellows, there's between you, take Purse and all, and I would it were here heavier for your sakes, there's a pair of Angels to guide you to your lodgings, a poor Gentleman's good Will.

Pris. Gratias, maximas gratias, benignissime Domine.

Old K. This is an ill example for us, Sir, I would this bountiful Gentleman had not come this way to day,

Sir Gr. Pox, we must not shame our selves now, Sir, I'll give as much as that Gentleman, though I never be Soldier or Scholar while I live; here friends, there's a piece, that if he were divided, would make a pair of Angels for me too, in the love I bear to the Sword and the Tongues.

Old K. My larges shall be equal too, and much good do you, this bounty is a little abatement of my wit, though I feel that.

Ruin. May soldiers ever defend such charities.

Pris. And Scholars pray for their increase.

Old K. Fare you well, Sir, these fellows may pray for you, you have made the Scholars Commons exceed to day, and a word with you, Sir, you said you liv'd by your wits, if you use this bounty, you'll begger your wits, believe it.

Witty. Oh Sir, I hope to encrease 'em by it, this seed never wants his harvest, fare you well, Sir. *Exit.*

Sir Gr. I think a man were as good meet with a reasonable Thief, as an unreasonable Begger sometimes, I could find in my heart to beg half mine back agen, can you change my piece my friends?

Pris. Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis.

Sir Gr. My Gold is turn'd into Latine.

Enter Witty-pate:

Look you good fellows, here's one round Shilling more that lay conceal'd.

Old K. Sir, away, we shall be drawn farther into damage else.

Sir Gr. A pox of the Fool, he live by his wits? if his wits leave him any money, but what he begs or steals very shortly, I'll be hang'd for him.

Exeunt the two Knights.

Ruin. This breakfast parcel was well fetcht off i' faith.

Witty. Tush, a by-blow for mirth, we must have better purchase, we want a fourth for another project that I have ripen'd.

Ruin. My wife she shares, and can deserve it.

Witty. She can change her shape, and be masculine.

Ruin. 'Tis one of the free'st conditions, she fears not the crack of a Pistol, she dares say Stand to a Grazier.

Pris. Probatum fuit, profecto Domine.

Witty. Good, then you Sir Bacchus, Apollo shall be dispatcht with her share, and some contents to meet us to morrow (at a certain place and time appointed) in the Masculine Gender, my Father has a Nephew, and I an own Cousin coming up from the Univerfity, whom he loves most indulgently, easie Master Credulous Oldcraft, (for you know what your meer Academique is) your Carrier never misses his hour, he must not be rob'd (because he has but little to lose) but he must joyn with us in a devise that I have, that shall rob my Father of a hundred pieces, and thank me to be rid on't, for there's the ambition of my wit, to live upon his profess'd wit, that has turn'd me out to live by my wits.

Pris. Cum birundinis alis tibi regratulor.

Witty. A male habit, a bag of an hunder'd weight, though it be Counters (for my Alchimy shall turn 'em into Gold of my Fathers) the hour, the place, the action shall be at large set down, and Father, you shall know, that I put my portion to use, that you have given me to live by; And to confirm your self in me renate, I hope you'll find my wits legitimate. *Exeunt.*

Añus.

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Lady and Servants.

Serv. Nay Lady.

Lady. Put me not in mind on't, prethee,
You cannot do a greater wrong to Women,
For in our wants, 'tis the most chief affliction
To have that name remembered; 'tis a Title
That misery mocks us by, and the worlds malice,
Scorn and contempt has not wherewith to work
On humble Callings; they are safe, and lye
Level with pitty still, and pale distress
Is no great stranger to 'em; but when fortune
Looks with a stormy face on our conditions,
We find affliction work, and envy pastime,
And our worst enemy than that, most abuses us,
Is that we are call'd by, Lady, Oh my spirit,
Will nothing make thee humble? I am well methinks,
And can live quiet with my fate sometimes,
Until I look into the world agen,
Then I begin to rave at my Stars bitterness,
To see how many muckhills plac'd above me;
Peasants and Droyls, Caroches full of Dunghils,
Whose very birth stinks in a generous nostril,
Glistring by night like Glow-worms through the High streets
Hurried by Torch-light in the Foot-mans hands
That shew like running Fire-drakes through the City,
And I put to my shifts and wits to live,
Nay sometimes danger too; on Foot, on Horseback,
And earn my supper manfully e'r I get it,
May a meal I have purchas'd at that rate,

Enter Priscian.

Fed with a wound upon me, stamp't at midnight.
Hah, what are you?

Prisc. Now you may tell your self, Lady. } Pulls off's

Lady. Oh Mr. *Priscian*, what's the project, } beard.
For you ne'r come without one.

Prisc. First, your Husband,
Sir Ruinous Gentry greets you with best wishes,
And here has sent you your full share by me
In five Cheats and two Robberies.

Lady. And what comes it too?

Prisc. Near upon thirteen pound.

Lady. A goodly share,
'Twill put a Lady scarce in Philip and Cheyney,
With three small Bugle Laces, like a Chamber-maid,
Here's precious lifting.

Prisc. 'Las you must consider, Lady,
'Tis but young Term, Attornies ha small doings yet,
Then Highway Lawyers, they must needs ha little,
We've had no great good luck to speak troth, Beauty,
Since your stout Ladyship parted from's at *Highgate*,
But there's a fair hope now for a present hunder'd,
Here's mans Apparel, your Horse stands at door.

Lady. And what's the virtuous plot now?

Prisc. Marry Lady,
You, like a brave young Gallant must be robb'd.

Lady. I robb'd?

Prisc. Nay then——

Lady. Well, well, go on, let's hear Sir.

Prisc. Here's a seal'd bag of a Hunder'd, which indeed
Are Counters all, only some sixteen Groats
Of white money i'th' mouth on't.

Lady. So, what Saddle have I?

Prisc. Monsieur *Laroon's* the *Frenchmans*.

Lady. That agen,
You know so well it is not for my stride,
How oft have I complain'd on't?

Prisc. You may have *Jock's* then, the little *Scotch* one;
You must dispatch. *Exit Prisc.*

Lady. I'll soon be ready, Sir,
Before you ha shifted Saddles, many Women
Have their wealth flow to 'em, I was made I see
To help my fortune, not my fortune me. *Exit.*

Enter Cuningam

Cun. My ways are Goblin-led, and the night-Elf
Still draws me from my home, yet I follow,
Sure, 'tis not altogether fabulous,
Such Hagg's do get dominion of our tongues
So soon as we speak, the Inchantment binds;
I have dissembled such a trouble on me,
As my best wits can hardly clear agen;
Piping through this old reed, the Guardianess,
With purpose that my harmony shall reach
And please the Ladies ear, she stops below,
And echoes back my Love unto my Lips,
Perswaded by most violent arguments
Of self-love in her self; I am so self-fool,
To doat upon her hunder'd wrinkl'd face;
I could beggar her to accept the gifts
She would throw upon me; 'twere charity,
But for pities sake I will be a niggard
And undo her, refusing to take from her;
I'm haunted agen, if it take not now
I'll break the Spell.

Enter Guardianess.

Guard. Sweet *Cuningam*, welcome;
What? a whole day absent? Birds that build Nests
Have care to keep 'em.

Cun. That's granted,
But not continually to sit upon 'em;
Lefs in the youngling season, else they desire
To fly abroad, and recreate their labours,
Then they return with fresher appetite
To work agen.

Guard. Well, well, you have built a Nest
That will stand all storms, you need not mistrust
A weather-wrack, and one day it may be
The youngling season too, then I hope
You'll ne'er fly out of sight.

Cun. There will be pains,
I see to shake this Burr off, and sweetest,
Prethee how fares thy charge? has my good friend
Sir Gregory, the countenance of a Lover?

Guard. No by my troth, not in my mind, methinks
(Setting his Worship aside) he looks like a fool.

Cun. Nay i'faith, ne'r divide his Worship from him for
Small matter; Fool and Worship are no such (that
Strangers now adaies, but my meaning is,
Has he thy Ladies countenance of Love?
Looks she like a welcome on him? plainly,
Have they as good hope of one another,
As *Cupid* blefs us, we have?

Guard. Troth I know not,
I can perceive no forwardness in my charge,
But I protest I wish the Knight better
For your sake, Bird.

Cun. Why thanks sweet Bird, and with my heart I wish,
That he had as strong and likely hope of her
As thou hast of me.

Guard. Well, he's like to speed
Ne'er the worse for that good wish, and I'll tell you
Bird (for secrets are not to be kept betwixt us two)
My charge thinks well of you.

Cun. Of me? for what?

Guard. For my sake? I mean so, I have heard her
A hundred times, since her Uncle gave her
The first bob about you, that she'd doe somewhat
For my sake, if things went well together,
We have spoke of doors and bolts, and things and things,
Go too, I'll tell you all, but you'll find
Some advancement, for my sake, I do believe.

Cun. Faith be not sparing, tell me.

Guard. By my Lady
You shall pardon me for that, 'twere a shame
If men should hear all that women speak behind
Their backs sometimes.

Cun. You must give me leave yet,
At least to give her thanks.

Guard. Nor that neither,
She must not take notice of my blabbing,
It is sufficient you shall give me thanks,
For 'tis for my sake if she be bountiful,
She loves me, and loves you too for my sake.

Cun. How shall I, knowing this, but be ingrate,
Not to repay her with my dearest duty.

Guard. I, but you must not know it, if you tell
All that I open to you; you'll shame us both;
A far off you may kiss your hand, blush or so,
But I'll allow no nearer conference.

Cun. Whoop! you'll be jealous I perceive now.

Guard. Jealous? why there's no true love without it, Bird,
I must be jealous of thee, but for her,
(Were it within my duty to my Master)
I durst trust her with the strongest temper,
And I dare swear her now as pure a Virgin
As e'er was welcom'd to a marriage bed;
If thoughts may be untainted, hers are so.

Cun. And where's the cause of your fear then?

Guard. Well, well;
When things are past, and the wedding Torches
Lighted at Matches, to kindle better fire,
Then I'll tell you more.

Cun. Come, come, I see farther,
That if we were married, you'd be jealous.

Guard. I protest I should a little, but not of her
It is the married woman (if you mark it)
And not the Maid that longs, the appetite
Follows the first taste, when we have relisht
We wish cloying, the taste once pleas'd before,
Then our desire is whetted on to more,
But I reveal too much to you, i'faith Bird.

Cun. Not a whit i'faith, Bird, betwixt you and I,
I am beholding for bettering of my knowledg.

Guard. Nay, you shall know more of me, if you'll berul'd
But make not things common.

Cun. Ud' so, your Lady?

Guard. I, 'tis no matter, she'll like well of this,
Our familiarity is her content.

Enter Niece and Clown.

Nee. This present from Sir Gregory?

Clow. From my Master, the Worshipful, right Sir Gre-
gery Fop.

Nee. A Ruffe? and what might be his high conceit
In sending of a Ruff? (high too)

Clow. I think he had two conceits in it forsooth, too
Low, Ruff high, because as the Ruff does embrace your
neck all day, so does he desire to throw his Knightly
Arms.

Nee. But then I leave him off a-nights.

Clow. Why then he is ruffe low, a ruffian, a bold adven-
turous errand to do any rough service for his Lady.

Nee. A witty and unhappy conceit. does he mean
As he seems to say unto that reverence? (Toward Cuning.)
He does wooe her sure.

Clow. To tell you you truth, Lady, his conceit was far
better than I have blaz'd it yet.

Nee. Do you think so, Sir?

Clow. Nay, I know it forsooth, for it was two days, e'r
he compass'd it, to find a fitting present for your Lady-
ship, he was sending once a very fine Puppy to you.

Nee. And that he would have brought himself.

Clow. So he would indeed, but then he alter'd his de-
vice, and sent this Ruffe; requesting with all, that whenso-
ever it is foul, you (with your own hands) would bestow
the starching of it.

Nee. Else she woos him, now his eyes shoots this way;
And what was the reason for that, Sir? *Toward Cun.*

Clow. There lies his main conceit, Lady, for says he, In
so doing she cannot chuse but in the starching, to clap
it often between her hands, and so she gives a great li-
king and applause to my Present, whereas, if I should send
a Puppy, she ever calls it to her with hiss, hiss, hiss, which
is a fearful disgrace, he drew the device from a Play, at
the Bull tother day.

Nee. I marry Sir, this was a rich conceit indeed.

Clow. And far fetch'd, therefore good for you, Lady.

Guard. How now? which way look you, Bird?

Cun. At the Fool Bird, shall I not look at the Fool?

Guard. At the Fool and I here? what need that? pray look
(this way.)

Nee. I'll fit him aptly, either I'll awake
His wits (if he have any,) or force him
To appear (as yet I cannot think him)
Without any. Sirrah, tell me one thing true
That I shall aske you now, Was this device
Your Masters own? I doubt his wit in it;
He's not so ingenuous.

Clow. His own I assure you, Madam.

Nee. Nay, you must not lye.

Clow. Not with a Lady, I'd rather lye with you, than lie
with my Master, by your leave in such a case as this.

Guard. Yet agen your eye?

Cun. The fool makes mirth i'faith,
I would hear some.

Guard. Come, you shall hear none but me.

Nee. Come hither, friend, nay, come nearer me; did
Thy Master send thee to me? he may be wise,
But did not shew it much in that; men sometimes
May wrong themselves unawares, when they least think on't;
Was *Vulcan* ever so unwise to send *Mars*
To be his spokesman, when he went a wooing?
Send thee? hey-ho, a pretty rowling eye.

Clow. I can turn vp the white and the black too, and need
be forsooth.

Nee. Why, here's an amorus nose.
You see the worst of my nose, forsooth

Nee. A cheek, how I could put it now in dalliance,
A pair of Lips, oh that we were uney'd,
I could suck Sugar from 'em, what a beard's here?
When will the Knight thy Master have such a
Stamp of man-hood on his face? nay, do not blush.

Clow. 'Tis nothing but my flesh and blood that rises so.

Cun. 'Death, she courts the fool.

Guard. Away, away, 'tis sport, do not mind it.

Nee. Give me thy hand, come, be familiar;
Here's a promising palm; what a soft
Handful of pleasure's here, here's Down compar'd
With Flocks and quilted Straw, thy Knights fingers
Are lean matrice rubbers to these Feathers,
I prethee let me lean my cheek upon't.
What a soft pillow's here?

Clow. Hum, umh, hu, hum.

Nee. Why there's a courage in that lively passion,
Measure thee all o'r, there's not a limb
But has his full proportion, it is my voice,
There's no compare betwixt the Knight and thee,
The goodlier man behalf, at once now
I see thee all over.

Clow. If you had seen me swim t'other day on my back,
you would have sed you had seen, there was two Chamber-
maids that saw me, and my legs by chance were tang-
led in the flags, and when they saw how I was hang'd,
they

they cryed out, Oh help the man for fear he be drown'd.

Neece. They could do no less in pity, come thine arm, we'll walk together.

Cun. Blindness of Love and Women, why she dotes upon the fool.

Guard. What's that to you, mind her not.

Cun. Away you Burr.

Guard. How's that?

Cun. Hang of Fleshhook, fasten thine itchy claspe On some dry Toad-stool that will kindle with thee, And burn together.

Guard. Oh abominable, Why do you not love me?

Cun. No, never did; I took thee down a little way to Enforce a Vomit from my offended stomach, Now thou'rt up agen, I loath thee filthy.

Guard. Oh villain.

Cun. Why dost thou not see a sight. Would make a man abjure the sight of Women.

Neece. Ha, ha, ha,, he's vext; ha, ha, ha,

Clow. Ha, ha, ha.

Neece. Why dost thou laugh?

Clow. Because thou laugh'st, nothing else i'faith.

Cun. She has but mockt my folly, else she finds not The bosome of my purpose, some other way, Must make me know; I'll try her, and may chance quit The fine dexterity of her Lady-wit. *Exit.*

Neece. Yes introth, I laught to think of thy Master, Now, what he would think if he knew this?

Clow. By my troth I laugh at him too, faith sirrah, he's but a fool to say the truth, though I say't, that should not say't.

Neece. Yes, thou shouldst say truth, and I believe thee; Well, for this time we'll part, you perceive something, Our tongues betray our hearts, there's our weakness, But pray be silent.

Clow. As Mousé in Cheefe, or Goose in Hay i'faith.

Neece. Look, we are cut off, there's my hand where my Lips would be.

Clow. I'll wink, and think 'em thy Lips, farewell. *Exit.*

Neece. Now Guardianes, I need not ask where you have

Guard. Oh Lady, never was woman so abus'd. (been.

Enter Clown.

Clow. Dost thou hear Lady, sweet-heart, I had forgot to tell thee, if you will, I will come back in the evening.

Neece. By no means, come not till I send for you.

Clow. If there be any need, you may think of things when I am gone, I may be convey'd into your chamber, I'll lye under the bed while midnight, or so, or you shall put me up in one of your little boxes, I can creep in at a small hole.

Neece. These are things I dare not venture, I charge you on my love, never come till I send for you.

Clow. *Verbum insipienti,* 'tis enough to the wife, nor I think it is not fit the Knight should know any thing yet.

Neece. By no means, pray you go now, we are suspected.

Clow. For the things that are past, let us use our secrets.

Neece. Now I'll make a firm trial of your love, As you love me, not a word more at this time, Not a syllable, 'tis the seal of love, take heed.

Clow. Hum, hum, hum, hum —

He hums loath to depart.

Exit Clown.

Neece. So, this pleasant trouble's gone, now Guardianes, What? your eyes easing your heart, the cause woman?

Guard. The cause is false man, Madam, oh Lady, I have been gull'd in a shining Carbuncle, A very Glo-worm, that I thought had fire in't, And 'tis as cold as Ice.

Neece. And justly serv'd, Wouldst thou once think that such an early spring Would dote upon, thine Autumn?

Guard. Oh, had you heard him but protest.

Neece. I would not have believ'd him,

Thou might'st have perceiv'd how I mock'd thy folly. In wanton imitation with the Fool, Go weep the sin of thy credulity, Not of thy loss, for it was never thine, And it is gain to miss it; wert thou so dull?

Nay, yet thou'rt stupid and uncapable, Why, thou wert but the bait to fish with, not The prey, the stale to catch another Bird with.

Guard. Indeed he call'd me Bird.

Neece. Yet thou perceiv'st not, It is your Neece he loves, wouldst thou be made A stalking Jade? 'tis she examine it, I'll hurry all awry, and tread my path Over unbeaten grounds, go level to the mark, Not by circular bouts, rare things are pleasing, And rare's but seldom in the simple fence, But has her *Emphasis* with eminence.

Guard. My Neece? she the rival of my abuse? My flesh and blood wrong me? I'll Aunt her for't;

Exit.

Enter Mirabel.

Oh opportunity, thou blest me Now Gentlewoman are you parted so soon? Where's your friend I pray? your *Cuningam*?

Mir. What say you Aunt?

Guard. Come, come, your *Cuningame*? I am not blind with age yet, nor deaf.

Mir. Dumb I am sure you are not, what ail you Aunt? Are you not well?

Guard. No, nor sick, nor mad, nor in my wits, nor sleeping, nor waking, not nothing, nor any thing; I know not what I am, nor what I am not,

Mir. Mercy cover us, what do you mean, Aunt?

Guard. I mean to be reveng'd.

Mir. On whom?

Guard. On thee Baggage.

Mir. Revenge should follow injury, Which never reacht so far as thought in me Towards you Aunt,

Guard. Your cunning, minion.

Nor your *Cuningame*; can either blind me, The gentle Beggar loves you.

Mir. Beseech you,

Let me stay your error, I begin to hear, And shake off my amazement; if you think That ever any passage treating love Hath been betwixt us yet commenc'd, any Silent eye-glance that might but sparkle fire, So much as Brother and Sister might meet with, The Lip-salute, so much as strangers might Take a farewell with, the commixed hands, Nay, but the least thought of the least of these; In troth you wrong your bosom, by that truth (Which I think yet you durst be bail for in me, If it were offer'd ye) I am as free As all this protestation.

Guard. May I believe this?

Mir. If ever you'll believe truth: why, I thought he had spoke love to you, and if his heart prompted his tongue, sure I did hear so much.

Guard. Oh falsest man, *Ixion's* plague fell on me, Never by woman (such a masculine cloud) So airy and so subtle was embrac'd.

Mir. By no cause in me, by my life dear Aunt.

Guard. I believe you, then help in my revenge, And you shall do't, or lose my love for ever, I'll have him quitted at his equal weapon, Thou art young, follow him, bait his desires With all the Engines of a womans wit, Stretch modesty even to the highest pitch; He cannot freeze at such a flaming beauty; And when thou hast him by th' amorous gills, Think on my vengeance, choak up his desires, Then let his banquetings be *Tantalisme*,

Let thy disdain spurn the dissembler out;
Oh I should climb my Stars, and sit above,
To see him burn to ashes in his love.

Mir. This will be a strange taste, Aunt, and an
Unwilling labour, yet in your injunction
I am a servant to't.

Guard. Thou'lt undertak't?

Mir. Yes, let the success commend it self hereafter.

Guard. Effect it Girl, my substance is thy store,
Nothing but want of Will makes woman poor. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Gregory, and Clown.

Sir Greg. Why Pompey, thou art not stark mad, art thou?
Wilt thou not tell me how my Lady does?

Clow. Your Lady?

Sir Greg. Did she receive the thing that I sent her kindly, or no:

Clow. The thing that you sent her, Knight, by the thing that you sent, was for the things sake that was sent to carry the thing that you sent, very kindly receiv'd; first, there is your Indenture, now go seek you a servant: secondly, you are a Knight: thirdly and lastly, I am mine own man: and fourthly, fare you well.

Sir Greg. Why Pompey? prethee let me speak with thee, I'll lay my life some hare has crost him.

Clow. Knight, if you be a Knight, so keep you; as for the Lady, who shall say that she is not a fair Lady, a sweet Lady, an honest and a virtuous Lady, I will say he is a base fellow, a blab of his tongue, and I will make him eat these fingers ends.

Sir Greg. Why, here's no body says so Pompey.

Clow. Whatsoever things have pass'd between the Lady and the other party, whom I will not name at this time, I say she is virtuous and honest, and I will maintain it, as long as I can maintain my self with bread and water.

Sir Greg. Why I know no body thinks otherwise.

Clow. Any man that does but think it in my hearing, I will make him think on't while he has a thought in his bosom; shall we say that kindnesses from Ladies are common? or that favours and protestations are things of no moment betwixt parties and parties? I say still, whatsoever has been betwixt the Lady and the party, which I will not name, that she is honest, and shall be honest, whatsoever she does by day or by night, by light or by darkness, with cut and long tail.

Sir Greg. Why I say she is honest.

Clow. Is she honest? in what sense do you say she is honest, Knight?

Sir Greg. If I could not find in my heart to throw my dagger at thy head, hilts and all, I'm an ass, and no Gentleman.

Clow. Throw your Dagger at me! do not Knight, I give you fair warning, 'tis but cast away if you do, for you shall have no other words of me, the Lady is an honest Lady, whatsoever reports may go of sports and toys, and thoughts, and words, and deeds, betwixt her and the party which I will not name; this I give you to understand, That another man may have as good an eye, as amorous a nose, as fair a stamp'd beard, and be as proper a man as a Knight, (I name no parties) a Servingman may be as good as a Sir, a Pompey as a Gregory, a Doodle as a Fop; so Servingman Pompey Doodle, may be respected as well with Ladies (though I name no parties) as *Sir Gregory Fop*; so farewell: *Exit.*

Sir Greg. If the fellow be not out of his wits, then will I never have any more wit while I live; either the sight of the Lady has gaster'd him, or else he's drunk, or else he walks in his sleep, or else 's a fool, or a knave, or both, one of the three, I'm sure 'tis; yet now I think on't, she has not us'd me so kindly as her Uncle promis'd me she should, but that's all one, he says I shall have her, and I dare take his word for the best worse I have, and that's a weightier thing than a Lady, I'm sure on't. *Exit.*

Enter Lady Ruinous (as a man) Witty-Pate, Sir Ruinous, Priscian, and Master Credulous (binding and robbing her, and in Scarfs) Credulous finds the bag.

Lady Ruin. Nay, I am your own, 'tis in your pleasure How you'll deal with me; yet I would intreat, You will not make that which is bad enough, Worse than it need be, by a second ill, When it can render you no second profit; If it be coin you seek, you have your prey, All my store I vow, (and it weighs a hundred) My life, or any hurt you give my body, Can enrich you no more.

Witty. You may pursue,

L Ruin. As I am a Gentleman; I never will, Only we'll bind you to quiet behaviour Till you call out for Bail, and on th' other Side of the hedge leave you; but keep the peace Till we be out of hearing, for by that We shall be out of danger, if we come back, We come with a mischief.

Lady. You need not fear me.

Prisc. Come, we'll bestow you then.

Exit Ruin. Prisc. and Lady.

Wit. Why law you Sir, is not this a swifter Revenue than, *Sic probas, ergo's & igitur's* can bring in? why is not this one of your Syllogismes in *Barbara*? *Omne utile est honestum.*

Cred. Well Sir, a little more of this acquaintance, Will make me know you fully, I protest.

You have (at first sight) made me conscious Of such a deed my dreams ne'er prompted, yet I could almost have wish'd rather ye'ad rob'd me Of my Cloak, (for my Purse 'tis a Scholars) Than to have made me a robber.

I had rather have answered three difficult questions, Than this one, as easie, as yet it seems.

Witty. Tush, you shall never come to farther answer for't;

Can you confess your penurious Uncle, In his full face of love, to be so strict A Nigard to your Commons, that you are fain To fize your belly out with Shoulder Fees? With Rumps and Kidneys, and Cues of single Beer, And yet make *Daymy* to feed more daintily, At this easier rate? he *Master Credulous*, I blush for you.

Cred. This is a truth undeniable.

Wit. Why go to then, I hope I know your Uncle, How does he use his Son, nearer than you?

Cred. Faith, like his Jade, upon the bare Commons, Turn'd out to pick his living as he can get it; He would have been glad to have shar'd in such A purchase, and thank'd his good fortune too.

Enter Ruinous and Priscian.

But mum no more——is all safe, Bullies? (his loss,

Ruin. Secure, the Gentleman thinks him most happy in With his safe life and limbs, and redoubles His first vow, as he is a Gentleman, Never to pursue us.

Wit. Well away then, Disperse you with *Master Credulous*, who still Shall bear the purchase, *Priscian* and I, Will take some other course: You know our meeting At the *Three Cups* in *St Gile's*, with this proviso, (For 'tis a Law with us) that nothing be open'd Till all be present, the looser saies a hundred, And it can weigh no less.

Ruin. Come, Sir, we'll be your guide.

Cred. My honesty, which till now was never forfeited, All shall be close till our meeting. *Exit Cred. and Ruin.*

Wit.

Witty. Tush, I believ't,
And then all shall out; where's the thief that's robb'd?

Enter Lady Ruinous.

L. Rui. Here Master Oldcraft, all follows now.

Witty. 'Twas neatly done, wench, now to turn that bag
Of counterfeits to current pieces, & actum est.

L. Rui. You are the Chymist, we'll blow the fire still,
If you can mingle the ingredients.

Witty. I will not miss a cause, a quantity, a dram,
You know the place.

Pris. I have told her that, Sir.

Witty. Good, turn Ruinous to be a Constable, I'm sure
We want not beards of all sorts, from the
Worshipful Magistrate to the under Watchman;
Because we must have no danger of life,
But a cleanly cheat, attach Credulous,
The cause is plain, the theft found about him;
Then fall I in his own Cousins shape
By mere accident, where finding him distressed,
I with some difficulty must fetch him off,
With promise that his Uncle shall shut up all
With double restitution: Master Constable, Ruinous
His mouth shall be stop't; you, Mistress rob-thief,
Shall have your share of what we can gull my Father of;
Is't plain enough?

L. Rui. As plain a cozenage as can be, faith.

Witty. Father, I come again, and again when this is
Past too, Father, one will beget another;
I'd be loath to leave your posterity barren,
You were best come to composition Father,
Two hundred pieces yearly allow me yet,
It will be the cheaper (Father) than my wit,
For I will cheat none but you, dear Father.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Old Knight, and Sir Gregory.

Old K. **W**Hy now you take the course Sir Gregory Fop:
I could enforce her, and I list but love
That's gently won, is a man's own for ever,
Have you prepar'd good Musick?

Sir Gr. As fine a noise, Uncle, as heart can wish.

Old K. Why that's done like a Sutor,
They must be woo'd a hundred several ways,
Before you obtain the right way in a woman,
'Tis an odd creature, full of creeks and windings.
The Serpent has not more; for sh'as all his,
And then her own beside came in by her mother.

Sir Gr. A fearful portion for a man to venture on.

Old K. But the way found once by the wits of men,
There is no creature lies so tame agen.

Sir Gr. I promise you, not a house-Rabbit, Sir.

Old K. No sucker on 'em all.

Sir Gr. What a thing's that?

They're pretty fools I warrant, when they'r tame
As a man can lay his lips too.

Old K. How were you bred, Sir?

Did you never make a fool of a Tenants daughter?

Sir Gr. Never i'faith, they ha' made some fools for me,
And brought 'em many a time under their aprons.

Old R. They could not shew you the way plainlier, I
think,

To make a fool again.

Sir Gr. There's fools enough, Sir,

'Lefs they were wiser.

Old K. This is wondrous rare,
Come you to London with a Maiden-head, Knight?
A Gentleman of your rank ride with a Cloak-bag?
Never an Hostels by the way to leave it with?
Nor Tapsters Sister? nor head-Ostlers Wife?
What no body?

Sir Gr. Well mock'd old Wit-monger,
I keep it for your Neece.

Old K. Do not say so for shame, she'll laugh at thee,
A wifene'er looks for't, 'tis a batchelors penny,
He may giv't to a begger-wench, i'th' progress time, Ex.
And ne'er be call'd to account for't.

Sir Gr. Would I had known so much,
I could ha' stop't a beggers mouth by th' way.

Enter Page and Fidlers boy.

That rail'd upon me, 'cause I'd give her nothing——
What, are they come?

Pag. And plac'd directly, Sir,
Under her window.

Sir Gr. What may I call you, Gentleman?

Boy. A poor servant to the Viol, I'm the Voice, Sir.

Sir Gr. In good time Master Voice.

Boy. Indeed good time does get the mastery.

Sir Gr. What Countreyman, Master Voice?

Boy. Sir, born at Ely, we all set up in Ela
But our house commonly breaks in Rutland-shire.

Sir Gr. A shrewd place by my faith, it may well break
your voice,
It breaks many a mans back; come, set to your business.

SONG.

FAin would I wake you, Sweet, but fear
I should invite you to worse cheer;
In your dreams you cannot fare
Meaner than Musick; no compare;
None of your slumbers are compil'd
Under the pleasure makes a Child;
Your day-delights, so well compact,
That what you think, turns all to act:
I'd wish my life no better play,
Your dream by night, your thought by day.
Wake gently, wake,
Part softly from your dreams;
The morning flies
To your fair eyes,
To take her special beams:

Sir Gr. I hear her up, here Master Voice,
Pay you the Instruments, save what you can.

Enter Neece above.

To keep you when you're crackt.

Exit Boy.

Neece. Who should this be?

That I'm so much beholding to, for sweetness?
Pray Heaven it happens right.

Sir Gr. Good morrow, Mistress.

Neece. An ill day and a thousand come upon thee,

Sir Gr. 'Light, that's six hundred more than any Alma-
nack has.

Neece. Comes it from thee? it is the mangiest Musick
That ever woman heard.

Sir Gr. Nay, say not so, Lady,
There's not an itch about 'em.

Neece. I could curse
My attentive powers, for giving entrance to't;
There is no boldness like the impudence

That's

That's lockt in a fools bloud, how durst you do this?
In conscience I abus'd you as sufficiently
As woman could a man; infatiate Coxcomb,
The mocks and spiteful language I have given thee,
Would o' my life ha' serv'd ten reasonable men,
And rise contented too, and left enough for their friends.
Thouglutton at abuses, never satisfied?
I am perswaded thou devour'st more flouts
Than a l thy Lady's worth, and still a hungred!
A mischief of that maw, prethee seek elsewhere,
Introth I am weary of abusing thee;
Get thee a fresh Mistress, thou'lt make work enough;
I do not think there's scorn enough in Town
To serve thy turn, take the Court-Ladies in,
And all their Women to 'em, that exceed 'em.

Sir Gr. Is this in earnest, Lady?

Neece. Oh unsatiable!

Dost thou count all this but an earnest yet?
I'd thought I'd paid thee all the whole sum, trust me;
Thou'lt begger my derision utterly
If thou stay'st longer, I shall want a laugh:
If I knew where to borrow a contempt
Would hold thee tack, stay and be hang'd, thou shouldst then:
But thou'lt no conscience now to extort hate from me,
When one has spent all she can make upon thee;
Must I begin to pay thee hire again?
After I have rid thee twice? faith 'tis unreasonable.

Sir Gr. Say you so? I'll know that presently. *Exit.*

Neece. Now he runs

To fetch my Uncle to this musty bargain,
But I have better ware always at hand.
And lay by this still, when he comes to cheapen.

Enter Cuningam.

Cun. I met the Musick now, yet cannot learn
What entertainment he receiv'd from her

Nee. There's some body set already, I must to't, I see,
Well, well, *Sir Gregory?*

Cun. Hah, *Sir Gregory?*

Nee. Where e'er you come, you may well boast your conquest.

Cun. She's lost y'faith, enough, has fortune then
Remembred her great boy? she seldom fails 'em.

Nee. H? was the unlikeliest man at first, methought,
To have my love, we never met but wrangled,

Cun. A pox upon that wrangling, say I still,

I never knew it fail yet, where e'er't came;

It never comes but like a storm of hail,

'Tis sure to bring fine weather at the tail on't,
There's not one match 'mongst twenty made without it,
It fights i' th' tongue, but sure to agree i' th' haunches.

Nee. That man that should ha' told me when time was.
I should ha' had him, had been laught at pitcously,
But see how things will change?

Cun. Here's a heart feels it—Oh the deceitful promises
of love!

What trust should a man put i' th' lip of woman?

She kiss me with that strength, as if sh'ad meant

To ha' set the fair print of her soul upon me.

Nee. I would ha' sworn 'twould ne'er ha been a match
once.

Cun. I'll hear no more, I'm mad to hear so much,
Why should I aim my thoughts at better fortunes
Than younger brothers have? that's a Maid with nothing.
Or some old Soap-boilers Widow, without Teeth,
There waits my fortune for me; seek no farther. *Ex. Cun.*

Enter Old Knight, and Sir Gregory

Old K. You tell me things, *Sir Gregory*, that cannot be.
She will not, nor she dares not.

Sir Gr. Would I were whipt then.

Nee. I'd make as little shew of love, *Sir Gregory*,
As ever Woman did, you shall not know

You have my heart a good while.

Old K. Heard you that?

Nee. Man will insult so soon, 'tis his condition,
'Tis good to keep him off as long as we can,
I've much ado, I swear; and love i' th' end
Will have his course, let Maids do what they can,
They are but frail things till they end in man.

Old K. What say you to this, Sir?

Sir Gr. This is somewhat handsome.

Nee. And by that little wrangling that I fain'd,
Now I shall try how constant his love is,
Although't went fore against my heart to chide him.

Sir Gr. Alas poor Gentlewoman.

Old K. Now y'are sure of truth,

You hear her own thoughts speak.

Sir Gr. They speak indeed.

Old K. Go, you're a brainless Coax; a Toy, a Fop,
I'll go no farther than your name, *Sir Gr.*

I'll right my self there; were you from this place,

You should perceive I'm heartily angry with you,

Offer to sow strife 'twixt my Neece and I?

Good morrow Neece, good morrow.

Nee. Many fair ones to you, Sir. *(ing?)*

Old K. Go, you're a Coxcomb. How dost Neece this morn-

An idle shallow fool: sleep'st thou well, Girl?

Fortune may very well provide thee Lordships,

For honesty has left thee little manners.

Sir Gr. How am I bang'd o'both sides?

Old K. Abuse kindnesse? Will't take the air to day Neece?

Nee. When you please, Sir,

There stands the Heir behind you I must take,

(Which I'd as lieve take, as take him I swear.) now?

Old K. La' you; do you hear't continued to your teeth

A pox of all such *Gregories*; what a hand } *Neece lets fall*

Have I with you? } *her Scarfe.*

Sir Gr. No more y'feck, I ha' done, Sir:

Lady, your Scarf's fall'n down.

Nee. 'Tis but your luck, Sir,

And does presage the Mistress must fall shortly,

You may wear it, and you please.

Old K. There's a trick for you,

You're parlously belov'd, you should complain.

Sir Gr. Yes, when I complain, Sir,

Then do your worst, there I'll deceive you, Sir.

Old K. You are a Dolt, and so I leave you, Sir. *Exit.*

Sir Gr. Ah sirrah, Mistress were you caught, i'faith?

We overheard you all; I must not know

I have your heart, take heed o' that, I pray,

I knew some Scarf would come.

Nee. He's quite gone, sure:

Ah you base Coxcomb, couldst thou come again?

And so abus'd as thou wast?

Sir Gr. How?

Nee. 'Twould ha' kill'd

A sensible man, he would ha' gone to his chamber,

And broke his heart by this time.

Sir Gr. Thank you heartily.

Nee. Or fixt a naked Rapier in a Wall,

Like him that earn'd his Knighthood, e'r he had it,

And then refus'd upon't, ran up to th' hilts. *(to't,*

Sir Gr. Yes, let him run for me, I was never brought up

I never profest running i' my life. *(vermin.*

Nee. What art thou made on? thou tough villanous

Will nothing destroy thee?

Sir Gr. Yes, yes, assure your self

Unkind words may do much.

Nee. Why, dost thou want 'em?

I've e'en consum'd my spleen to help thee to 'em:

Tell me what sort of words they be would speed thee?

I'll see what I can do yet.

Sir Gr. I'm much beholding to you,

You're willing to bestow huge pains upon me.

Nee. I should account nothing too much to rid thee.

Sir Gr. I wonder you'd not offer to destroy me,

All the while your Uncle was here.

Neece. Why there thou betray'st thy house; we of the
Old-Crafis

Were born to more wit than so.

Sir Greg. I wear your favor here.

Neece. Would it might rot thy arme off: if thou knewst
With what contempt thou hast it, what hearts bitterness,
How many cunning curles came along with it,
Thoud'st quake to handle it.

Sir Greg. A pox, tak't again then;
Who'd be thus plagu'd of all hands?

Neece. No, wear't still,
But long I hope thou shalt not, 'tis but cast
Upon thee, purposely to serve another
That has more right to't, as in some Countries they con-
vey

Their treasure upon Asses to their friends;
If mine be but so wise, and apprehensive,
As my opinion gives him to my heart,
It staves not long on thy desertless arme;
I'll make thee e'er I ha' done, not dare to wear
Anything of mine, although I give't thee freely;
Kiss it you may, and make what shew you can,
But sure you carry't to a worthier Man,
And to good morrow to you.

Sir Greg. Hu hum, ha hum;
I han't the spirit now to dash my brains out,
Nor the audacity to kill my self,
But I could cry my heart out, that's as good,
For so't be out, no matter which way it comes,
If I can dye with a fillip, or depart
At hot-cockles, What's that to any man?
If there be so much death that serves my turn there.
Every one knows the state of his own body,
No Carrion kills a Kite, but then agen
There's Cheefe will choak a Daw; time I were dead I'faith,
If I knew which way without hurt or danger.
I am a Maiden-Knight, and cannot look
Upon a naked weapon with any modesty,
Else 'twould go hard with me, and to complain
To *Sir Perfidious* the old Knight agen,
Were to be more abus'd; perhaps he would beat me well,
But ne'er believe me.

Enter Cuningame.

And few Men dye o' beating, that were lost too:
Oh, here's my friend, I'll make my moan to him.

Cun. I cannot tear her memory from my heart,
That treads mine down, was ever man so fool'd
That profest wit?

Sir Greg. O *Cuningame*?

Cun. *Sir Gregory*?

The choice, the Victor, the Towns happy Man?

Sir Greg. 'Snigs, What do'st mean? come I to thee for
comfort, and do'st abuse me too?

Cun. Abuse you? How Sir?

With justifying your fortune, and your joyes?

Sir Greg. Pray hold your hand, Sir, I've been bob'd enough,
You come with a new way now; strike me merrily,
But when a man's sore beaten o' both sides already,
Then the least tap in jest goes to the guts on him;
Wilt ha the truth? I'm made the rankest as
That e'er was born to Lordships.

Cun. What? No Sir?

Sir Greg. I had not thought my body could a yielded
All those foul scurvie names that she has call'd me,
I wonder whence she fetcht 'em?

Cun. Is this credible?

Sir Greg. She pin'd this Scarf upon me afore her Uackle,
But his back turn'd, she curst me so for wearing on't,
The very brawn of mine arme has ak'd ever since,
Yet in a manner forc't me to wear't still,

But hop't I should not long; if good luck serve
I should meet one that has more wit and worth
Should take it from me, 'twas but lent to me,
And sent to him for a token.

Cun. I conceit it, I know the Man
That lies in wait for't, part with't by all means,
In any case, you are way-laid about it.

Sir Greg. How Sir? way-laid?

Cun. Pox of a Scarf, say I,
I prize my friends life 'bove a million on 'em,
You shall be rul'd, Sir, I know more than you.

Sir Greg. If you know more than I, let me be rid on't,
'Lafs, 'tis not for my wearing, so she told me.

Cun. No, no, give me't, the knave shall miss his purpose,
And you shall live.

Sir Greg. I would, as long as I could, Sir.

Cun. No more replies, you shall, I'll prevent this,
Pompey shall march without it.

Sir Greg. What, is't he?
My Man that was?

Cun. Call him your deadly Enemy;
You give him too fair a name, you deal too nobly,
He bears a bloody mind, a cruel foe, Sir,
I care not if he heard me.

Sir Greg. But, Do you hear, Sir?
Can't sound with reason she should affect him?

Cun. Do you talk of reason? I never thought to have
heard

Such a word come from you; reason in love?
Would you give that, no Doctor could e'er give?
Has not a Deputy married his Cook-maid?
An Aldermans Widow, one that was her turn-broach?
Nay, Has not a great Lady brought her Stable
Into her Chamber: lay with her Horse-keeper?

Sir Greg. Did ever love play such Jades tricks, Sir?

Cun. Oh thousands, thousands: Beware a sturdy Clown
e're while you live, Sir;
'Tis like a huswifery in most Shires about us;
You shall ha' Farmers Widows wed thin Gentlemen,
Much like your self, but put'em to no strefs;
What work can they do, with small trap-stick legs?
They keep Clowns to stop gaps, and drive in pegs,
A drudgery fit for Hindes, e'en back agen, Sir,
Your're safest at returning.

Sir Greg. Think you so, Sir?

Cun. But, How came this Clown to be call'd *Pompey* first?

Sir Greg. Push, one good-man *Cesar*, a Pump-maker ker-
fen'd him;

Pompey he writes himself, but his right name's *Pumpey*,
And stunk too when I had him, now he's trunk.

Cun. I'm glad I know so much to quell his pride, Sir,
Walk you still that way, I'll make use of this,
To resolve all my doubts, and place this favor
On some new Mistriss, only for a try,
And if it meet my thoughts, I'll swear 'tis I. *Exit.*

Sir Greg. Is *Pompey* grown so malepert? so frampel?
The onely cutter about Ladies honors?

Enter Old Knight.

And his blade soonest out?

O.K. Now, What's the news, Sir?

Sir Gre. I dare not say but good; oh excellent good, Sir.

O.K. I hope now you're resolv'd she loves you, Knight?

Sir Gr. Cuds me, What else Sir? that's not to do now.

O.K. You would not think how desperately you anger'd
me,

When you bely'd her goodness; oh you vex't me,
Even to a Palfey.

Sir Greg. What a thing was that Sir?

Enter Neece.

Neece. 'Tis, that 'tis; as I have hope of sweetness, the Scarfe's gone;
Worthy wise friend, I doat upon thy cunning,
We two shall be well matcht, our Issue-male, sure
Will be born Counsellors; is't possible?
Thou shalt have another token out of hand for't;
Nay, since the way's found, pittie thou shouldst want,
y'faith,
O my best joy, and dearest.
O. K. Well said, Neece,
So violent 'fore your Uncle? What will you do
In secret then?

Sir Greg. Marry call me slave, and rascal.

Neece. Your Scarfe —— the Scarfe I gave you ——

O. K. Mas that's true Neece,

I ne'er thought upon that; the Scarfe she gave you —— Sir?
What dumb? No answer from you? the Scarfe?

Sir Greg. I was way-laid about it, my life threatned;
Life's life, Scarfe's but a Scarfe, and so I parted from't.

Neece. Unfortunate woman! my first favor too?

O. K. Will you be still an ass? no reconcilment

'Twixt you and wit? Are you so far fallen out,

You'l never come together? I tell you true,

I'm very lowly asham'd on you,

That's the worst shame that can be;

Thus bayting on him: now his heart's hook't in,

I'l make him, e'er I ha' done, take her with nothing,

I love a man that lives by his wits alive;

Nay leave, sweet Neece, 'tis but a Scarfe, let it go.

Neece. The going of it never grieves me, Sir.

It is the maner, the manner ——

Sir Greg. O dissembling Marmaset! If I durst speak,

Or could be believ'd when I speak,

What a tale could I tell, to make hair stand upright now?

Neece. Nay, Sir, at your request you shall perceive,
Uncle,

With what renewing love I forgive this?

Here's a fair Diamond, Sir, I'll try how long

You can keep that?

Sir Greg. Not very long, you know't too,

Like a cunning witch as you are.

Neece. Y'are best let him ha' that too.

Sir Greg. So I were, I think, there were no living else,

I thank you, as you have handled the matter.

O. K. Why this is musical now, and Tuesday next

Shall tune your Instruments, that's the day set.

Neece. A match, good Uncle.

O. K. Sir, you hear me too?

Sir Greg. Oh very well, I'm for you.

Neece. What e'er you hear, you know my mind.

Exeunt Old Knight and Neece.

Sir Gre. I, a —— on't, too well, if I do not wonder how
we two shall come together, I'm a Bear whelp? he talks
of Tuesday next, as familiarly, as if we lov'd one another,
but 'tis as unlikely to me, as 'twas seven year before I saw
her; I shall try his cunning, it may be he has a way was ne-
ver yet thought on, and it had need to be such a one, for
all that I can think on will never do't; I look to have this
Diamond taken from me very speedily, therefore I'll take
it off of my finger, for if it be seen, I shall be way-laid for
that too.

Exit.

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Old Knight, and Witty-pate.

O. K. OH torture! torture! thou carriest a sting i'thy
tail;
Thou never brought'st good news i'thy life yet,
And that's an ill quality, leave it when thou wilt.

Witty. Why you receive a blessing the wrong way, Sir,
Call you not this good newes? to save at once Sir
Your credit and your kinsmans life together;
Would it not vex your peace, and gaul your worth?
T'have one of your name hang'd?

O. K. Peace, no such words, boy.

Wit. Be thankful for the blessing of prevention then.

O. K. Le' me see, there was none hang'd out of our house
since Brute,

I ha' search't both Stow, and Hollinshead.

Wit. O Sir.

O. K. I'll see what Polychronicon sayes anon too.

Wit. 'Twas a miraculous fortune that I heard on't,

O. K. I would thou'dst never heard on't,

Wit. That's true too,

So it had ne'er been done; to see the luck on't,
He was ev'n brought to Justice Aurums threshold,
There had flew'n forth a Mittimus straight for Newgate;
And note the fortune too, Sessions a Thursday,
Jury cull'd out a Friday, Judgment a Saturday,
Dungeon a Sunday, Tyburne a Munday,
Miseries quotidian ague, when't begins once,
Every day pulls him, till he pull his last.

O. K. No more, I say, 'tis an ill theam: where left you
him?

Wit. He's i'th' Constables hands below i'th' Hall, Sir,
Poor Gentleman, and his accuser with him.

O. K. What's he?

Wit. A Judges Son 'tis thought, so much the worse too,
He'l hang his enemy, an't shall cost him nothing,
That's a great priviledge.

O. K. Within there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir?

O. K. Call up the folks i'th' Hall. I had such hope on
him,

For a Scholar too, a thing thou ne'er wast fit for
Therefore erected all my joyes in him;
Got a Welch Benefice in reversion for him,
Dean of Cardigan, has his grace already,
He can marry and bury, yet ne'er a hair on's face;

Enter Credulous, Sir Ruinous (as a Constable,) and
Lady Gentry (as a Man.)

Like a French Vicar, and, Does he bring such fruits to Town
with him?

A Thief at his first lighting? Oh good den to you.

Wit. Nay, sweet Sir, you'r so vext now, you'l grieve
him,

And hurt your self.

O. K. Away, I'll hear no counsel;
Come you but once in seven year to your Uncle,
And at that time must you be brought home too?
And by a Constable?

Wit. Oh speak low, Sir,
Remember your own credit, you profess
You love a Man o'wit, begin at home, Sir,
Exprefs it i'your self.

Lady. Nay, Master Constable,

Shew

Shew your self a wise man, 'gainst your nature too.

Ruin. Sir, no Dish-porridgment, we have brought home As good men as ye.

O. K. Out, a North-Britain Constable, that tongue Will publish all, it speaks so broad already; Are you the Gentleman.

Lady. The unfortunate one, Sir, That fell into the power of merciless Thieves, Whereof this fellow, whom I'd call your kinsman; As little as I could (for the fair reverence I owe to fame and years) was the prime villain.

O. K. A wicked prime.

Wit. Nay, not so loud, sweet father.

Lad. The rest are fled, but I shall meet with 'em, Hang one of 'em I will certain, I ha' swore it, And 'twas my luck to light upon this first.

O. K. A Cambridge man for this? these your degrees, Sir? Nine years at University for this fellowship?

Wit. Take your voice lower, dear Sir.

O. K. What's your loss, Sir?

Lady. That which offends me to repeat, the Money's whole, Sir, 'Tis i'th' Constables hands there, a seal'd hundred, But I will not receive it.

O. K. No? Not the Money, Sir, Having confest 'tis all?

Lady. 'Tis all the Money, Sir, But 'tis not all I lost, for when they bound me, They took a Diamond hung at my shirt string; Which fear of life made me forget to hide; It being the sparkling witness of a Contract, 'Twixt a great Lawyers daughter and my self.

Wit. I told you what he was; What does the Diamond Concern my Cozen, Sir?

Lady. No more did the Money; But he shall answer all now.

Wit. There's your conscience, It shewes from whence you sprung.

Lady. Sprung? I had leapt a Thief, Had I leapt some of your alliance.

Wit. Slave!

Lady. You prevent me still.

O. K. 'Slid, Son, Are you mad?

Lady. Come, come, I'll take a legal course.

O. K. Will you undo us all? What's your demand, Sir? Now we're in's danger too.

Lady. A hundred Mark, Sir, I will not bate a doit.

Witty. A hundred Rascals.

Lady. Sir, find 'em out in your own blood, and take 'em.

Wit. Go take your course, follow the Law, and spare not.

O. K. Does fury make you drunk? know you what you say?

Wit. A hundred dogs dungs, do your worst.

O. K. You do I'm sure; Whose loud now?

Wit. What his own asking?

O. K. Not in such a case?

Wit. You shall have but threescore pound; spite a your teeth,

I'll see you hang'd first.

O. K. And what's seven pound more man? That all this coyle's about? stay, I say, he shall ha't.

Wit. It is your own, you may do what you please with it;

Pardon my zeal, I would ha' sav'd you money; Give him all his own asking?

O. K. What's that to you, Sir?

Be sparing of your own, teach me to pinch In such a case as this? go, go, live by your wits, go.

Wit. I practise all I can.

O. K. Follow you me, Sir, And, Master Constable, come from the knave, And be a witness of a full recompence.

Wit. Pray stop the Constables mouth, what ere you do Sir.

O. K. Yet agen? as if I meant not to do that my self, Without your counsel? As for you, precious kinsman, Your first years fruits in Wales shall go to rack for this, You lie not in my house, I'll pack you out, And pay for your lodging rather.

Exit Knight, Ruin, and Lady.

Witty. Oh fie Cozen, These are ill courses, you a Scholar too?

Cred. I was drawn into't most unfortunately, By filthy deboult company.

Wit. I, I, I.

'Tis even the spoil of all our youth in England. What were they Gentlemen?

Cred. Faith so like some on 'em, They were ev'n the worse agen.

Wit. Hum.

Cred. Great Tobacco whiffers, They would go near to rob with a pipe in their mouths.

Wit. What, no?

Cred. Faith leave it Cozen, because my Rascals use it,

Wit. So they do meat and drink, must worthy Gentle- men.

Refrain their food for that? an honest man May eat of the same Pig some Parson dines with, A Lawyer and a fool feed of one Woodcock, Yet one ne'er the simpler, t'other ne'er the wiser; 'Tis not meat, drink, or smoak, dish, cup, or pipe, Co-operates to the making of a Knave, 'Tis the condition makes a slave, a slave, There's London Philosophy for you; I tell you Cozen, You cannot be too cautelous, nice, or dainty, In your society here, especially When you come raw from the University, Before the World has hard'ned you a little, For as a butter'd loaf is a Scholars breakfast there, So a poacht Scholar is a cheaters dinner here, I ha' known seven of 'em supt up at a Meale.

Cred. Why a poacht Scholar?

Wit. 'Cause he powres himself forth, And all his secrets, at the first acquaintance, Never so crafty to be eaten i'th' shell, But is outstript of all he has at first, And goes down glib, he's swallowed with sharp wit; Stead of Wine Vinegar.

Cred. I shall think, Cozen, O' your poacht Scholar, while I live.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Master Credulous, Your Uncle wills you to forbear the House, You must with me, I'm charg'd to see you plac'd In some new lodging about Theeving Lane, What the conceit's, I know not, but commands you To be seen here no more, till you hear further.

Cred. Here's a strange welcome, Sir.

Wit. This is the World, Cozen; When a Man's fame's once poyson'd, fare thee well Lad.

Exit Cred. and Servant.

This is the happiest cheat I e'er claim'd share in, It has a two-fold fortune, gets me coyne, And puts him out of grace, that stood between me, My fathers Cambridge Jewel, much suspected To be his Heir, now there's a bar in's hopes.

Enter Ruinous, and Lady Gentry.

Ruin. It chinks, make haste.

Lady. The Goat at Smithfield Pens.

Enter Cunningame.

Wit. Zo, zo, sufficient. Master Cunningame?
I never have ill luck when I meet a wit.

Cun. A Wit's better to meet, than to follow then,
For I ha' none so good I can commend yet,
But commonly men unfortunate to themselves,
Are luckiest to their friends, and so may I be.

Wit. I run o'er so much worth, going but in haste from you,
All my deliberate friendship cannot equal.

Cun. 'Tis but to shew, that you can place sometimes,

Enter Mirabell.

Your modesty a top of all your virtues. Exit Wit.
This Gentleman may pleasure me yet agen;
I am so haunted with this broad-brim'd hat,
Of the last progress block, with the young hat-band,
Made for a sucking Devil of two years old,
I know not where to turn my self.

Mir. Sir?

Cun. More torture?

Mir. 'Tis rumor'd that you love me.

Cun. A my troth Gentlewoman,
Rumor's as false a knave as ever pist then,
Pray tell him so from me; I cannot fain
With a sweet Gentlewoman, I must deal down right.

Mir. I heard, though you dissembled with my Aunt, Sir,
And that makes me more confident.

Cun. There's no falsehood,
But payes us our own some way, I confess
I fain'd with her, 'twas for a weightier purpose,
But not with thee, I swear.

Mir. Nor I with you then,
Although my Aunt enjoyn'd me to dissemble,
To right her splene, I love you faithfully.

Cun. Light, this is worse than 'twas.

Mir. I find such worth in you,
I cannot, nay I dare not dally with you,
For fear the flame consume me.

Cun. Here's fresh trouble,
T'is drives me to my conscience, for 'tis foul
To injure one that deals directly with me.

Mir. I crave but such a truth from your love, Sir,
As mine brings you, and that's proportionable.

Cun. A good Geometrician, shrew my heart;
Why are you out o' your wits, pretty plump Gentlewo-
man,

You talk so desperately? 'tis a great happiness,
Love has made one on's wiser than another,
We should be both cast away else;

Yet I love gratitude, I must requite you,
I shall be sick else, but to give you me,
A thing you must not take, if you mean to live,
For a' my troth I hardly can my self;

No wise Physitian will prescribe me for you.
Alas, your state is weak, you had need of Cordials,
Some rich Electuary, made of a Son an Heir,
An elder brother, in a Cullisse, whole,
'T must be some wealthy Gregory, boyl'd to a Jelly,
That must restore you to the state of new Gowns,
French Ruffs, and mutable head-tires,

Mir. But, Where is he, Sir?
One that's so rich will ne'er wed me with nothing.

Cun. Then see thy Conscience, and thy wit together,
Would'st thou have me then, that has nothing neither?
What say you to Pop Gregory the first, yonder?

Will you acknowledge your time amply recompenc'd?
Full satisfaction upon loves record?
Without any more suit, if I combine you?

Mir. Yes, by this honest kiss.

Cun. You're a wise Clyent,
To pay your fee before-hand, but all do so,
You know the worst already, that's the best too.

Mir. I know he's a fool,

Cun. You'r shrewdly hurt then;
This is your comfort, your great wisest Women
Pick their first Husband still out of that house,
And some will have 'em to chuse, if they bury twenty.

Mir. I'm of their minds, that like him for a Husband,
To run youths race with, 'tis very pleasant,
But when I'm old, I'd alwayes wish for a wifer.

Cun. You may have me by that time:
For this first business,
Rest upon my performance.

Mir. With all thankfulness.

Cun. I have a project you must aid me in too.

Mir. You bind me to all lawful action, Sir,

Cun. Pray wear this Scarf about you;

Mir. I conjecture now —

Cun. There's a Court Principle for't, one office must help
another;

As for example, for your cast o' Manchits out o'th' Pantry,
I'll allow you a Goose out o'th' Kitchin.

Mir. 'Tis very sociably done, Sir, farewell performance,
I shall be bold to call you so.

Cun. Do, sweet confidence,

Enter Sir Gregory.

If I can match my two broad brim'd hats;
'Tis he, I know the Maggot by his head;
Now shall I learn newes of him, my precious chief.

Sir Greg. I have been seeking for you i'th' bowling-
Green,

Enquir'd at Nettletons, and Antonies Ordinary,
T'ha's vext me to the heart, look, I've a Diamond here,
And it cannot find a Master.

Cun. No? That's hard y'faith.

Sir Greg. It does belong to some body, a — on him,
I would he had it, do's but trouble me,
And she that sent it, is so waspish too,
There's no returning to her till't be gone.

Cun. Oh, ho, ah sirrah, are you come?

Sir Greg. What's that friend?

Cun. Do you note that corner sparkle?

Sir Greg. Which? which? which Sir?

Cun. At the West end o'th' Coller.

Sir Greg. Oh I see't now.

Cun. 'Tis an apparent mark; this is the stone, Sir,
That so much blood is threatned to be shed for.

Sir Greg. I pray.

Cun. A tun at least.

Sir Greg. They must not find't i'me then, they must
Goe where 'tis to be had.

Cun. 'Tis well it came to my hands first, Sir Gregory,
I know where this must go.

Sir Greg. Am I discharg'd on't?

Cun. My life for yours now. Draws.

Sir Greg. What now?

Cun. 'Tis discretion, Sir,
I'll stand upon my Guard all the while I ha't.

Sir Greg. 'Troth thou tak'st too much danger on thee
still,

To preserve me alive.

Cun. 'Tis a friends duty, Sir,

Nay, by a toy that I have late thought upon,
I'll undertake to get your Mistress for you.

Sir Greg. Thou wilt not? Wilt?

Cun. Contract her by a trick, Sir,
When she least thinks on't.

Sir Greg. There's the right way to't,
For if she think on't once, shee'l never do't.

Cun. She does abuse you still then?

Sir Greg. A — damnably,

Everytime worse than other; yet her Uncle
Thinks the day holds a Tuesday; say it did, Sir,
She's so familiarly us'd to call me Rascal,
She'll quite forget to wed me by my own name,
And then that Marriage cannot hold in Law, you know.

Cun. Will you leave all to me?

Sir Greg. Who should I leave it to?
Cun. 'Tis our luck to love Neecces; I love a Neecc too.
Sir Greg. I would you did y'faith.
Cun. But mine's a kind wretch.
Sir Greg. I marry Sir, I would mine were so too.
Cun. No rascal comes in her mouth.
Sir Greg. Troth, and mine has little else in hers.
Cun. Mine sends me tokens,
 All the World knows not on.
Sir Greg. Mine gives me tokens too, very fine tokens,
 But I dare not wear 'em.
Cun. Mine's kind in secret.
Sir Greg. And there mine's a hell-cat.
Cun. We have a day fet too.
Sir Greg. 'Slid, so have we man,
 But there's no sign of ever coming together.
Cun. I'll tell thee who 'tis, the old womans Neece.
Sir Greg. Is't she?
Cun. I would your luck had been no worfe for mild-
 nefs;
 But mum, no more words on't to your Lady,
Sir Greg. Foh!
Cun. No blabbing, as you love me.
Sir Greg. None of our blood
 Were ever bablers
Cun. Prethee convey this Letter to her,
 But at any hand let not your Mistrifs see't.
Sir Greg. Yet agen Sir?
Cun. There's a Jewel in't,
 The very art would make her doat upon't.
Sir Greg. Say you so?
 And she shall see't for that trick only.
Cun. Remember but your Mistrifs, and all's well.
Sir Greg. Nay, if I do not, hang me. *Exit.*
Cun. I believe you;
 This is the onely way, to return a token,
 I know he will do't now, 'cause he's charg'd to'th' con-
 trary.
 He's the nearest kin to a Woman, of a thing
 Made without substance, that a man can find agen,
 Some Petticoat begot him, I'll be whipt else,
 Engendring with an old pair of paund hose,
 Lying in some hot chamber o'er the Kitchin:
 Very steame bred him,
 He never came where *Rem in Re* e'er grew;
 The generation of a hundred such
 Cannot make a man stand in a white sheet,
 For 'tis no act in Law, nor can a Constable
 Pick out a bawdy business for *Bridewell* in't;

Enter Clown (as a Gallant.)

A lamentable case, he's got with a Mans Urine, like a *Man-
 drake*.
 How now? hah? What prodigious bravery's this?
 A most preposterous Gallant, the Doublet sits
 As if it mock't the breeches.
Clow. Save you, Sir,
Cun. H'as put his tongue in the fine suit of words too.
Clow. How does the party?
Cun. Takes me for a Scrivener. Which of the parties?
Clow. Hum, simplicity betide thee —
 I would fain hear of the party; I would be loath to go
 Farther with her; honor is not a thing to be dallied with-
 all,
 No more is reputation, nor honor fame, I take it, I must not
 Have her wrong'd when I'm abroad; my party is not
 To be compell'd with any party in an oblique way;
 'Tis very dangerous to deal with Women;
 May prove a Lady too, but shall be nameless,
 I'll bite my tongue out, e'er it prove a Traitor.
Cun. Upon my life I know her.
Clow. Not by me,
 Know what you can, talk a whole day with me,

Y'are ne'er the wifer, she comes not from these lips.
Cun. The old Knights Neece.
Clow. 'Slid he has got her, pox of his heart that told
 him,
 Can nothing be kept secret? let me entreat you
 To use her name as little as you can, though.
Cun. 'Twill be small pleasure, Sir, to use her name.
Clow. I had intelligence in my solemn walks,
 'Twixt *Paddington* and *Panridge*, of a Scarfe,
 Sent for a token, and a Jewel follow'd,
 But I acknowledge not the receipt of any,
 How e'er 'tis carried, believe me, Sir,
 Upon my reputation I receiv'd none.
Cun. What, neither Scarfe nor Jewel?
Clow. 'Twould be seen
 Some where about me, you may well think that,
 I have an arme for a Scarfe, as others have,
 An Ear, to hang a Jewel too, and that's more
 Then some men have, my betters a great deal,
 I must have restitution, where e'er it lights.
Cun. And reason good.
Clow. For all these tokens, Sir,
 Pass i' my name.
Cun. It cannot otherwise be.
Clow. Sent to a worthy friend.
Cun. I, that's to thee.
Clow. I'm wrong'd under that title.
Cun. I dare sware thou art,
 'Tis nothing but *Sir Gregories* circumvention,
 His envious spite, when thou'rt at *Paddington*,
 He meets the gifts at *Panridge*.
Clow. Ah false Knight?
 False both to honor, and the Law of Arms?
Cun. What wilt thou say if I be reveng'd for thee?
 Thou sit as Witness?
Clow. I should laugh in state then.
Cun. I'll fob him, here's my hand.
Clow. I shall be as glad as any Man alive, to see him well
 fob'd, Sir; but now you talk of fobbing, I wonder the La-
 dy sends not for me according to promise? I ha' kept out
 o' Town these two dayes, a purpose to be sent for; I am
 almost starv'd with walking.
Cun. Walking gets men a stomach.
Clow. 'Tis most true, Sir, I may speak it by experience,
 for I ha' got a stomach six times, and lost it agen, as often
 as a traveller from *Chelisy* shall lose the sight of *Pauls*, and
 get it agen.
Cun. Go to her, Man.
Clow. Not for a Million, enfringe my oath? there's a toy
 call'd a Vow, has past between us, a poor trifle, Sir; Pray
 do me the part and office of a Gentleman, if you chance
 to meet a Footman by the way, in Orange tawny ribbands,
 running before an empty Coach, with a Buzard i'th' Poop
 on't, direct him and his horses toward the new River by
Islington, there they shall have me looking upon the Pipes,
 and whistling. *Exit. Clow.*
Cun. A very good note; this love makes us all Mon-
 keyes,
 But to my work: 'Scarfe first? and now a Diamond? these
 should be sure signs of her affections truth;
 Yet I'll go forward with my surer proof. *Exit.*

Enter Neece, and Sir Gregory.

Neece. Is't possible?
Sir Greg. Nay, here's his Letter too, there's a fine Jewel
 in't,
 Therefore I brought it to you.
Neece. You tedious Mongril! Is't not enough
 To grace thee, to receive this from thy hand,
 A thing which makes me almost sick to do,
 But you must talk too?
Sir Greg. I ha' done.
Neece. Fall back,
 Yet backer, backer yet, you unmannerly puppy,

Do you not see I'm going about to read it?

Sir Greg. Nay, these are golden dayes, now I stay by't, She was wont not to endure me in her sight at all, The World mends, I see that.

Neece. What an ambiguous Superſcription's here? To the best of *Neece's*. Why that title may be mine, And more than her's:

Sure I much wrong the neatness of his art; 'Tis certain sent to me, and to require My cunning in the carriage of my Tokens, Us'd the same *Fop* for his.

Sir Greg. She nodded now to me, 'twill come in time.

Neece. What's here? an entire *Rubye*, cut into a heart, And this the word, *Istud Amoris opus?*

Sir Greg. Yes, yes, I have heard him say, that love is the best stone-cutter.

Neece. Why thou sawcy issue of some travelling Sow-gelder, What makes love in thy mouth? Is it a thing That ever will concern thee? I do wonder How thou dar'st think on't? hast thou ever hope To come i' the same roome where lovers are; And scape unbrain'd with one of their velvet slippers?

Sir Greg. Love tricks break out I see, and you talk of slippers once,

'Tis not far off to bed time.

Neece. Is it possible thou canst laugh yet? I would ha' undertook to ha' kill'd a spider With less venome far, than I have spit at thee.

Sir Greg. You must conceive,

A Knight's another manner a piece of flesh.

Neece. Back, Owles-face.

Within. O. K. Do, do.

Neece. 'Tis my Unckles voice, that.

Why keep you so far off, *Sir Gregory?*

Are you afraid, Sir, to come near your *Mistrifs?*

Sir Greg. Is the proud heart come down? I lookt for this still.

Neece. He comes not this way yet: Away, you dog-whelp,

Would you offer to come near me, though I said so? I'll make you understand my mind in time; You run in greedily, like a hound to his breakfast, That chops in head and all to beguile his fellows; I'm to be eaten, Sir, with Grace and leisure, Behaviour and discourse, things that ne'er trouble you; After I have pelted you sufficiently, I tro you will learn more manners.

Sir Greg. I'm wondring still when we two shall come together?

Tuesday's at hand, but I'm as far off, as I was at first, I swear.

Enter Gardians.

Gard. Now *Cuningame*, I'll be reveng'd at large: Lady, what was but all this while suspicion, Is truth, full blown now, my *Neece* wears your Scarfe.

Neece. Hah?

Gard. Do but follow me, I'll place you instantly Where you shall see her courted by *Cuningame*.

Neece. I go with greediness; we long for things That break our hearts sometimes, there's pleasures misery, *(Exeunt Neece and Gard.)*

Sir Greg. Where are those gad-flies going? to some Junktet now;

That some old *bumble-bee* toles the young one forth To sweet meats after kind, let 'em look to't, The thing you wot on be not mist or gone, I bring a Maiden-head, and I look for one.

Which is only a Puppet so drest.

Exit.

Enter Cuningame (in discourse with a Mask'd Gentlewoman in a broad hat, and scarf'd,) Neece at another door.

Cun. Yes, yes.

Neece. Too manifest now, the Scarfe and all.

Cun. It cannot be, you're such a fearful soul.

Neece. I'll give her cause of fear e'er I part from her.

Cun. Will you say so? Is't not your Aunts desire too?

Neece. What a dissembling croane's that? she'll forswear't now.

Cun. I see my project takes, yonder's the grace on't.

Neece. Who would put confidence in wit again, I'm plagu'd for my ambition, to desire A wife Man for a husband, and I see Fate will not have us go beyond our stint, We are allow'd but one dish, and that's Woodcock, It keeps up wit to make us friends and servants of, And thinks any thing's good enough to make us husbands; Oh that Whores hat o' thine, o' the riding block, A shade for lecherous kisses.

Cun. Make you doubt on't? is not my love of force?

Neece. Yes, me it forces

To tear that forcerous strumpet from th' imbraces.

Cun. Lady?

Neece. Oh thou hast wrong'd the exquisit'st love—

Cun. What mean you, Lady?

Neece. Mine, you'll answer for't.

Cun. Alas, What seek you?

Neece. Sir, mine own with loss.

Cun. You shall.

Neece. I never made so hard a bargain.

Cun. Sweet Lady?

Neece. Unjust man, let my wrath reach her, As you owe virtue duty; *(Cun. falls on purpose.)*

Your cause trips you, Now *Minion*, you shall feel what loves rage is, Before you taste the pleasure; smile you false, Sir?

Cun. How can I chuse? to see what pains you take, Upon a thing will never thank you for't.

Neece. How?

Cun. See what things you women be, Lady, When cloaths are taken for the best part of you? This was to show you, when you think I love you not, How y'are deceiv'd still, there the Moral lies, 'Twas a trap set to catch you, and the only bait To take a Lady nibbling, is fine clothes; Now I dare boldly thank you for your love, I'm pretty well resolv'd in't by this fit, For a jealous ague alwayes ushers it.

Neece. Now blessings still maintain this wit of thine, And I have an excellent fortune coming in thee, Bring nothing else I charge thee.

Cun. Not a groat I warrant ye.

Neece. Thou shalt be worthily welcome, take my faith for't, Next opportunity shall make us.

Cun. The old Gentlewoman has fool'd her revenge sweetly.

Neece. 'Lafs, 'tis her part, she knows her place so well yonder;

Alwayes when Women jumpe upon threescore, Love shoves e'm from the chamber to the door.

Cun. Thou art a precious she-wit.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Cunningame (at one door) Witty-Pate, Ruinous,
L. Ruinous, and Priscian (at the other.)

Cun. Friend, met in the harvest of our designs,
Not a thought but's busie.

Wit. I knew it Man,

And that made me provide these needful Reapers,
Hooks, Rakers, Gleaners; we'll sing it home
With a melodious Horne-pipe; this is the Bond,
That as we further in your great affair,
You'll suffer us to glean, pick up for crums,
And if we snatch a handful from the sheaf,
You will not look a churle on's.

Cun. Friend, we'll share
The sheaves of gold, only the Love Aker
Shall be peculiar.

Wit. Much good do you, Sir,
Away, you know your way, and your stay; get you
The Musick ready, while we prepare the dancers.

Ruin. We are a consort of our selves.

Pris. And can strike up lustily.

Wit. You must bring Sir Fop.

Cun. That's perfect enough.

Ruin. Bring all the Fops you can, the more, the better
fare

So the proverb runs backwards. *Exeunt* Ruin. and Pris.

L. Ruin. I'll bring the Ladies.

Wit. Do so first, and then the Fops will follow;
I must to my Father, he must make one. *Exit.*

Enter two Servants with a Banquet.

Cun. While I dispatch a business with the Knight,
And I go with you. Well fed, I thank you,
This small Banquet will furnish our few Guests
With taste and state enough; one reach my Gown.
The action craves it rather than the weather.

1 Serv. There's one stays to speak with you, Sir.

Cun. What is he?

1 Serv. Faith I know not what, Sir, a Fool, I think,
That some Brokers shop has made half a Gentleman;
Has the name of a Worthy too.

Cun. Pompey? Is't not?

1 Serv. That's he, Sir.

Cun. Alas, poor fellow, prethee enter him, he will need
too.

Enter second Servant with a Gown.

He shall serve for a Witness. Oh Gramercy:
If my friend Sir Gregory comes, you know him,

Enter Clown.

Entertain him kindly. Oh Master Pompey, How is't man?

Clow. 'Snails, I'm almost starv'd with Love, and cold,
and one thing or other;

Has not my Lady sent for me yet?

Cun. Not that I hear, sure some unfriendly Messenger
Is employ'd betwixt you,

Clow. I was ne'er so cold in my life, in my Conscience I
have been seven mile in length; along the New River; I
have seen a hundred-stickle bags; I do not think but there's
gudgeons too; 'twill ne'er be a true water.

Cun. Why think you so?

Clow. I warrant you, I told a thousand Millers thumbs
in it,
I'll make a little bold with your Sweet-meats.

Cun. And welcome Pompey.

Clow. 'Tis a strange thing, I have no taste in any thing.

Cun. Oh, that's Love, that distasts any thing but it
self.

Clow. 'Tis worse than Cheese in that point, may not a
Man break his word with a Lady? I could find in my heart
and my hose too.

Cun. By no means, Sir, that breaks all the Laws of
Love.

Clow. Well, I'll ne'er pass my word without my deed to
A Lady, while I live agen, I would fain recover my taste.

Cun. Well, I have news to tell you.

Clow. Good news, Sir?

Cun. Happy news, I help you away with a Rival your
Master bestow'd.

Clow. Where, for this Plumbs sake —

Cun. Nay, listen me.

Clow. I warrant you, Sir, I have two ears to one mouth,
I hear more than I cat, I'de ne'er row by Queen Hive
While I liv'd else.

Cun. I have a Wife for him, and thou shalt witness the
Contract.

Clow. The old one I hope, 'tis not the Lady?

Cun. Choak him first, 'tis one which thou shalt see,
See him, see him deceiv'd, see the deceit, only
The injunction is, you shall smile with modesty.

Clow. I'll simper I'faith, as cold as I am yet, the old one
I hope.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Sir Gregory.

Cun. Up'd so, shelter, shelter, if you be seen,
All's ravell'd out again; stand there private,
And you'll find the very opportunity
To call you forth, and place you at the Table.

Enter Sir Gregory.

You are welcome, Sir, this Banquet will serve,
When it is crown'd with such a dainty as you
Expect, and must have.

Sir Greg. 'Tush, these sweet-meats are but fauce to that,
Well, if there be any honesty, or true word in a dream,
She's mine own, nay, and chang'd extremly,
Not the same Woman.

Cun. Who, not the Lady?

Sir Greg. No, not to me, the edge of her tongue is taken
off,

Gives me very good words, turn'd up-side-down to me,
And we live as quietly as two *Tortoisés*, if she hold on,
As she began in my dream. *Soft Musick;*

Cun. Nay, if Love send forth such Predictions,
You are bound to believe 'em, there's the watch-word
Of her coming; to your practis'd part now,
If you hit it, *Æquus Cupido nobis.*

Both go into the Gown.

Sir Greg. I will warrant you, Sir, I will give armes to
Your Gentry, look you forward to your business,
I am an eye behind you, place her in that Chair,
And let me alone to grope her out.

Enter Mirabell.

Cun. Silence, Lady, your sweet presence illustrates
This homely roof, and, as course entertainment;
But where affections are both Host and Guest,
They cannot meet unkindly; please you sit,
Your something long stay made me unmannerly,
To place before you, you know this friend here,
He's my Guest, and more especially,
That this our meeting might not be too single,

Without

Without a witness to't.

Mirab. I came not unresolv'd, Sir,
And when our hands are clasp'd in that firm faith
Which I expect from you; fame shall be bold
'To speak the loudest on't: oh you grasp me
Somewhat too hard friend.

Cun. That's Loves eager will,
I'll touch it gentlier.

Kisses her hand.

Mirab. That's too low in you,
Lest it be doubly recompenc'd in me. *She kisses his hand.*

Clow. Puh, I must stop my mouth, I shall be choakt else.

Cun. Come, we'll not play and trifle with delays,
We met to joyn these hands, and willingly
I cannot leave it till confirmation.

Mirab. One word first, how does your friend, kind Sir
Gregory?

Cun. Why do you mention him? you love him not?

Mir. I shall love you the less if you say so, Sir,
In troth I love him, but 'tis you deceive him,
This flattering hand of yours does rob him now,
Now you steal his right from him, and I know
I shall have hate for't, his hate extreemly.

Cun. Why I thought you had not come so weakly
arm'd,

Upon my life the Knight will love you for't,
Exceedingly love you, for ever love you.

Mir. I, you'll persuade me so.

Cun. Why he's my friend,
And wishes me a fortune equal with him,
I know, and dare speak it for him.

Mir. Oh, this hand betrayes him, you might remember
him in some courtesie yet at least.

Cun. I thank your help in't, here's to his health
Where e'er he be.

Mir. I'll pledge it, were it against my health.

Clow. Oh, oh, my heart hops after twelve mile a day,
upon a good return, now could I walk three hundred mile
a foot, and laugh forwards and backwards.

Mir. You'll take the Knights health, Sir,

Clow. Yes, yes forsooth, oh my sides! such a Banquet once
a week, would make me grow fat in a fortnight.

Cun. Well, now to close our meeting, with the close
Of mutual hands and hearts, thus I begin,

Here in Heavens eye, and all loves sacred powers,
(Which in my Prayers stand propitious)

I knit this holy hand fast, and with this hand
The heart that owes this hand, ever binding.

By force of this initiating Contract
Both heart and hand in love, faith, loyalty,
Estate, or what to them belongs, in all the dues,
Rights and honors of a faithful husband,
And this firm vow, henceforth till death, to stand
Irrevocable, seal'd both with heart and hand.

Mir. Which thus I second, but oh, Sir *Gregory.*

Cun. Agen? this interposition's ill, believe me.

Mir. Here, in Heavens eye, and all Loves sacred powers,
I knit this holy hand fast, and with this hand
The heart that owes this hand, ever binding
Both heart and hand in love, honor, loyalty,
Estate, or what to them belongs in all the dues,
Rights, and duties of a true faithful Wife;
And this firm Vow, henceforth till death, to stand,
Irrevocable, seal'd both with heart and hand.

Sir Greg. A full agreement on both parts.

Cun. I, here's witness of that.

Sir Greg. Nay, I have over-reacht you Lady, and that's
much,
For any Knight in *England* to over-reach a Lady.

Mir. I rejoyce in my deceit, I am a Lady
Now, I thank you, Sir.

Clow. Good morrow Lady *Fop.*

Sir Greg. 'Snails, I'm gull'd, made a worshipful ass, this
is not my Lady.

Cun. But it is Sir, and true as your dream told you,

That your Lady was become another Woman.

Sir Greg. I'll have another Lady, Sir, if there were no
more Ladies in *London*, blind-man buff is an un-
lawful Game.

Cun. Come, down on your knees first, and thank your
Stars.

Sir Greg. A fire of my stars, I may thank you, I think.

Cun. So you may pray for me, and honor me,
That have preserv'd you from a lasting torment,
For a perpetual comfort; Did you call me friend?

Sir Greg. I pray pardon me for that, I did miscall you, I
confess.

Cun. And should I, receiving such a thankful name,
Abuse it in the act? Should I see my friend

Basted, disgrac'd, without any reverence
To your title, to be call'd slave, rascal?

Nay curst to your face, fool'd, scorn'd, beaten down
With a womans peevish hate, yet I should stand
And suffer you to be lost, cast away?

I would have seen you buried quick first,
Your spurs of Knighthood to have wanted rowels,
And to be kickt from your heels; slave, rascal?

Hear this Tongue?

Mir. My dearest Love, sweet Knight, my Lord, my Hus-
band.

Cun. So, this is not slave, and rascall then.

Mir. What shall your eye command, but shall be done,
In all the duties of a loyal Wife?

Cun. Good, good, are not curses fitter for you? wer't
not better

Your head were broke with the handle of a fan,
Or your nose bor'd with a silver bodkin?

Mir. Why, I will be a servant in your Lady.

Cun. 'Pox, but you shall not, she's too good for you,
This contract shall be a nullity, I'll break't off,
And see you better bestow'd.

Sir Greg. 'Slid, but you shall not, Sir, she's mine own, and
I am hers, and we are one anothers lawfully, and let me
see him that will take her away by the Civil Law: if you
be my friend, keep you so, if you have done me a good
turn, do not hit me i'th' teeth with't, that's not the part of
a friend.

Cun. If you be content——

Sir Greg. Content? I was never in better contention in
my life.

I'll not change her for both the Exchanges, New or the Old;
Come, kiss me boldly.

Clow. Give you joy, Sir.

Sir Greg. Oh Sir, I thank you as much as though I did,
you are below'd of Ladies, you see we are glad of under-
women.

Clow. Ladies? let not Ladies be disgrac'd, you are as it
were a Married Man, and have a family, and for the par-
ties sake that was unnam'd before, being Pese-cod time, I
am pleas'd, yet I would wish you make a Ruler of your
Tongue.

Cun. Nay, no dissention here, I must bar that,
And this (friend) I entreat you, and be advis'd,
Let this private contract be yet conceal'd,
And still support a seeming face of love
Unto the Lady; mark how it avails you,
And quits all her scorns, her Unckle is now hot
In pursuit of the match, and will enforce her,
Bend her proud stomach, that she shall proffer
Her self to you, which when you have flouted,
And laught your fill at, you shall scorn her off,
With all your disgraces trebled upon her,
For there the pride of all her heart will bow,
When you shall foot her from you, not she you.

Sir Greg. Good I'faith; I'll continue it, I'd fain laugh at
the old fellow too, for he has abus'd me as scurvily as his
Neece, my Knight-hoods upon the spur, we'll go to
Bed, and then to Church as fast as we can.

Exit Sir Greg. and Mirab.

Clow. I

Clow. I do wonder I do not hear of the Lady yet.

Cun. The good minute may come sooner than you are aware of,

I do not think but 'twill e'r night yet, as near as 'tis.

Clow. Well, I will go walk by the New River, in that meditation, I am o'er shoes, I'm sure upon the drie bank, this gullery of my Master will keep me company this two hours too, if love were not an enemy to laughter, I should drive away the time well enough; you know my walk, Sir, if she sends, I shall be found angling, for I will try what I can catch for luck sake, I will fish fair for't,

Oh Knight, that thou shouldst be gull'd so; ha, ha, it does me good at heart,

But oh Lady, thou tak'st down my merry part. *Exit.*

Enter Witty-pate.

Witty. Friend.

Cun. Here friend.

Witty. Alls afoot, and will goe smooth away, The woman has conquer'd the women, they are gone, Which I have already complain'd to my Father, Suggesting that *Sir Gregory* is fall'n off From his charge, for neglects and ill usage, And that he is most violently bent On *Gentries* wife (whom I have call'd a widow) And that without most sudden prevention He will be married to her.

Cun. All this is wrong, This wings his punishment, and will be before me; I am lost for ever.

Witty. No, stay, you shall not go But with my Father, on my wit let it lie, You shall appear a friendly assistant, To help in all affairs, and in execution Help your self only.

Cun. Would my belief Were strong in this assurance.

Witty. You shall credit it, And my wit shall be your slave, if it deceive you.

Enter Old Knight.

My Father ——

Old K. Oh Sir? you are well met, where's the Knight your friend?

Cun. Sir, I think your Son has told you.

Witty. Shall I stand to tell't agen? I tell you he loves, But not my Kinswoman, her base usage, And your slack performance which he accuses most Indeed, has turn'd the Knights heart upside down.

Old K. I'll curb her for't, can he be but recover'd, He shall have her, and she shall be dutiful, And love him as a Wife too.

Witty. With that condition, Sir, I dare recall him where he enter'd the Church, So much interest of love I assure in him.

Old K. Sir, it shall be no loss to you if you do.

Witty. I, but these are words still, will not the deeds Be wanting at the recovery, if it should be agen;

Old K. Why here fool, I am provided, five hunder'd in earnest, Of the thousands in her Dower, but were they married once,

I'd cut him short enough, that's my agreement.

Witty. I, now I perceive some purpose in you, Father..

Old K. But wherefore is she then stol'n out of doors to him?

Witty. To him? oh fie upon your error, she has another object, believe it, Sir.

Old K. I never could perceive it.

Cun. I did Sir, and to her shame I should speak it, To my own sorrow I saw it, dalliance, Nay, dotage with a very Clown, a Fool.

Old K. Wit and wantons? nothing else? nothing else? She love a fool? she'll sooner make a fool Of a wife man.

Cun. I, my friend complains so, *Sir Gregory* lays flatly, she makes a fool of him, And these bold circumstances are approv'd: Favours have been sent by him, yet he ignorant: Whither to carry 'em; they have been understood, And taken from him, certain, Sir, there is An unsuspected fellow lies conceal'd, What, or where e'er he is, these slight neglects Could not be of a Knight else.

Old K. Well Sir, you have promis'd (if we recover him Unmarried) to salve all these old bruises?

Cun. I'll do my best, Sir.

Old K. I shall thank you, costly Sir, and kindly too.

Witty. Will you talk away the time here, Sir, and come behind all your purposes?

Old K. Away good Sir.

Witty. Then stay a little, good Sir, for my advice, Why, Father are you broke? your wit beggar'd; Or are you at your wits end? or out of Love with wit? no trick of wit to surprize Those designs, but with open Hue and Cry, For all the world to talk on, this is strange, You were not wont to stubber a project so.

Old K. Can you help at a pinch now? shew your self? My Son, go too, I leave this to your wit, Because I'll make a proof on't.

Witty. 'Tis thus then, I have had late intelligence, they are now Buckfom as *Bacchus* Froes, revelling, dancing, Telling the Musicks numbers with their feet, Awaiting the meeting of permonish'd friends, That's questionless, little dreading you, Now Sir, with a dexterous trick indeed, suddain And sufficient were well, to enter on um As something like the abstract of a Masque; What though few persons? if best for our purpose That commends the project.

Old K. This takes up time.

Witty. Not at all, I can presently furnish With loose disguises that shall fit that Scene.

Old K. Why what wants then?

Witty. Nothing but charge of Musick, That must be paid, you know.

Old K. That shall be my charges, I'll pay the Musick. What e'er it cost.

Witty. And that shall be all your charge, Now on, I like it, there will be wit in't Father.

Exit Old K. and Witty.

Cun. I will neither distrust his wit nor friendship, Yet if his Master brain should be o'er-thrown My resolution now shall seize mine own. *Exit.*

Enter Necce, Lady Ruinous, Guardianess, Ruinous, Priscian, (with instruments masqu'd.)

L. Rui. Nay, let's have Musick, let that sweet breath at least

Give us her airy welcome, 'twill be the best I fear this ruin'd receptacle will yield, But that most freely.

Nee. My welcome follows me, Else I am ill, come hither, you assure me Still Mr. *Cunningame* will be here, and that it was His kind entreaty that wish'd me meet him.

L. Rui. Else let me be that shame unto my Sex; That all belief may flie um.

Nee. Continue still The Knights name unto my Guardianess, She expects no other.

Ruin. He will, he will, assure you Lady, *Sir Gregory* will be here, and suddainly

B b b

This

This Musick fore-ran him, is't not so comforts?

Ruin. Yes Lady, he stays on some device to bring along
Such a labour he was busie in, some witty device.

Nee. 'Till be long e'r he comes then, for wits a great
Labour to him.

Guard. Well, well, you'll agree better one day.

Nee. Scarce two I think.

Guard. Such a mock-beggar suit of cloaths as led me
Into the fools pair-of-Dice, with Dewze Ace,
He that would make me Mistress *Cun, Cun, Cunnie,*
He's quite out of my mind, but I shall ne'er
Forget him, while I have a hole in my head;
Such a one I think would please you better,
Though he did abuse you.

Ruin. Fye, speak well of him now,
Your Neece has quitted him.

Guard. I hope she has,
Else she loses me for ever; but for *Sir Gregory.*
Would he were come, I shall i'll answer this
Unto your Uncle else.

Nee. You know 'tis his pleasure
I should keep him company.

Guard. I, and should be your own
If you did well too: Lord, I do wonder
At the niceness of you Ladies now a days,
They must have Husbands with so much wit forsooth.
Worship and wealth were both wont to be
In better request I'm sure, I cannot tell,
But they get ne'er the wiser children that I see.

L. Ruin. La, la, la, la, Sol, this Musick breaths in vain;
Methinks 'tis dull to let it move alone,
Let's have a female motion, 'tis in private,
And we'll grace't our selves, however it deserves.

Nee. What say you Guardianes?

Guard. 'Las I'm weary with the walk,
My jaunting days are done.

L. Ru. Come, come, we'll fetch her in by course, or else
She shall pay the Musick.

Guard. Nay, I'll have a little for my money then.

They Dance, a Cornet is winded.

L. Ru. Hark? upon my life the Knight; 'tis your friend,
This was the warning-piece of his approach.

*Enter Old Knight, Witty-pate, Cunningame,
Masqu'd, and take them to Dance.*

L. Ru. Ha? no words but mum? well then,
We shall need no counsel-keeping

Nee. *Cunningam?*

Cun. Yes, fear nothing.

Nee. Fear? why do you tell me of it?

Cun. Your Uncles here.

Nee. Aye me.

Cun. Peace.

Old K. We have caught 'em.

Witty. Thank my wit Father.

Guard. Which is the Knight think you?

Nee. I know not, he will be found when he speaks,
No Masque can disguise his tongue.

Witty. Are you charg'd?

Old K. Are you awake?

Witty. I'm answer'd in a question.

Cun. Next change we meet, we lose our hands no more.

Nee. Are you prepar'd to tye 'em?

Cun. Yes,

You must go with me.

Guard. Whither Sir? not from my charge believe me.

Cun. She goes along.

Nee. Will you venture and my Uncle here?

Cun. His stay's prepar'd for!

Guard. 'Tis the Knight sure, I'll follow.

Exit Cun. Nee. Guard.

Old K. How now, the Musick tir'd before us?

Ruin. Yes Sir, we must be paid now.

Witty. Oh that's my charge, Father.

Old K. But stay, where are our wanton Ladies gone?
Son, where are they?

Witty. Only chang'd the room in a change, that's all
sure.

Old K. I'll make 'em all sure else, and then return to
you.

Ruin. You must pay for your Musick first, Sir.

Old K. Must? are there musty Fidlers? are Beggars
choosers now?

Ha? why *Witty-pate*, Son, where am I?

Witty. You were dancing e'en now, in good measure,
Sir,

Is your health miscarried since? what ail you, Sir?

Old K. Death, I may be gull'd to my face, where's my
Neece?

What are you?

L. Ru. None of your Neece, Sir?

Old K. How now? have you loud instruments too? I'll
hear

No more, I thank you; what have I done tro
To bring these fears about me? Son, where am I?

Witty. Not where you should be, Sir, you shall be pay-
ing

For your Musick, and you are in a maze.

Old K. Oh, is't so, put up, put up, I pray you,
Here's a crown for you.

L. Ruin. Pish, a crown?

Ruin. Prif. Ha, ha, ha, a crown?

Old K. Which way do you laugh? I have seen a crown
Has made a Consort laugh heartily.

Witty. Father,

To tell you truth, these are no ordinary
Musicians, they expect a bounty
Above their punctual desert.

Old K. A — on your Punks, and their deserts too.
Am I not cheated all this while think you?

Is not your pate in this?

Witty. If you be cheated,
You are not to be indicted for your own goods,
Here you trifle time to market your bounty
And make it base, when it must needs be free
For ought I can perceive.

Old K. Will you know the lowest price, Sir?

Witty. That I will Sir, with all my heart.

Old K. Unless I was discover'd, and they now fled
Home agen for fear, I am absolutely beguil'd,
That's the best can be hop'd for.

Witty. Faith 'tis somewhat too dear yet, Gentlemen.

Ruin. There's not a Denier to be bated, Sir.

Old K. Now Sir, how dear is it?

Witty. Bate but the 'tother ten pound?

Prif. Not a Bawbee, Sir.

Old K. How? bate ten pound? what's the whole sum
then?

Witty. Faith Sir, a hundred pound, with much adoe,
I got fifty bated, and faith Father, to say truth,
'Tis reasonable for men of their fashion.

Old K. La, la, la, down, a hunder'd pound? la, la, la,
You are a Consort of Thieves, are you not?

Witty. No Musicians, Sir, I told you before.

Old K. Fiddle faddle, is it not a robbery? a plain robbery.

Witty. No, no, no, by no means Father, you have receiv'd
For your money, nay and that you cannot give back,
'Tis somewhat dear I confess, but who can help it?
If they had been agreed with before-hand,
'Twas ill forgotten.

Old C. And how many snares have you in this? I see my
force,

Cafe up your instruments, I yield, here, as robb'd and
Taken from me, I deliver it.

Witty. No Sir, you have perform'd your promise now,
Which was, to pay the charge of Musick, that's all.

Old K. I have heard no Musick, I have receiv'd none, Sir,
There's

There's none to be found in me, nor about me.

Witty. Why Sir, here's witness against you, you have danc'd,

And he that dances, acknowledges a receipt of Musick.

Old K. I denie that, Sir, look you, I can dance without Musick, do you see, Sir? and I can sing without it too; you are a Consort of Thieves, do you hear what I do?

Witty. Pray you take heed, Sir, if you do move the Musick agen, it may cost you as much more.

Old K. Hold, hold, I'll depart quietly, I need not bid you farewell, I think now, so long as that hundred pound lasts with you.

Enter Guardianes.

Ha, ha, am I snapt i'faith?

Guar. Oh, Sir, *Perfidious*,

Old K. I, I, some howling another while, Musick's too damnable dear.

Guar. Oh Sir, my heart-strings are broke, if I can but live to tell you the tale, I care not, your Neece my charge is——

Old K. What, is she sick?

Guar. No, no Sir, she's lustily well married.

Old K. To whom?

Guar. Oh, to that cunning dissembler, *Cuningam*.

Old K. I'll hang the Priest, first, what was he?

Guar. Your kinsman, Sir, that has the *Welch* Benefice.

Old K. I sav'd him from the Gallows to that end, good: is there any more?

Guar. And Sir *Gregory* is married too.

Old K. To my Neece too, I hope, and then I may hang her.

Guar. No Sir, to my Neece, thank *Cupid*; and that's all that's likely to recover me, she's Lady *Fop* now, and I am One of her Aunts, I thank my promotion.

Enter Credulous, Cuningam, Neece, Sir Gregory, and Mirabel.

Cred. I have perform'd your best, Sir.

Old K. What have you perform'd, Sir?

Witty. Faith Sir I must excuse my Cousin in this act,

If you can excuse your self for making him A Priest, there's the most difficult answer. I put this practise on him, as from your desire, A truth, a truth, Father.

Cred. I protest, Sir, he tells you truth, he mov'd me to't in your namh.

Old K. I protest, Sir, he told you a lye in my name, and were you so easie, Mr. *Credulous*, to believe him?

Cred. If a man should not believe his Cousin, Sir, whom should he believe?

Old K. Good'en to you, good Mr. Cousin *Cuningam*, And your fair Bride, my Cousin *Cuningam* too, And how do you Sir *Gregory*, with your fair Lady?

Sir Greg. A little better than you would have had me, I thank you Sir, the days of Puppy, and Slave, and Rascal, are pretty well blown over now, I know Crabs from *Verjuyce*, I have'tryed both, and thou'dst give me thy Neece for nothing, I'd not have her.

Cun. I think so Sir *Gregory*, for my fake you would not.

Sir Gr. I wou'd thou hadst scap'd her too, and then she had died of the Green sickness: know this, that I did marry in spight, and I will kiss my Lady in spight, and love her in spight, and beget children of her in spight, and when I dye, they shall have my Lands in spight; this was my resolution, and now 'tis out.

Nee. How spightful are you now, Sir *Gregory*? Why look you, I can love my dearest Husband, With all the honors, duties, sweet embraces, That can be thrown upon a loving man,

Sir Gr.——This is afore your Uncles face, but behind his back, in private, you'll shew him another tale——

Cun. You see, Sir, now the irrecoverable state of all these things before you: come out of your muse, they have been but Wit-weapons, you were wont to love the Play.

Enter Clown.

Old K. Let me alone in my muse a little, Sir, I will wake to you anon.

Cun. U'd so, your friend *Pompey*, how will you answer him?

Nee. Very well, if you'll but second it, and help me.

Clow. I do hear strange stories, are Ladies things obnoxious?

Nee. Oh, the dissembling falsest wretch is come.

Cun. How now Lady?

Nee. Let me come to him, and instead of love Let me have revenge.

Witty. Pray you now, will you first examine, whether he be guilty or no.

Nee. He cannot be excus'd,

How many Messengers (thou perjurd man) Hast thou return'd with Vows and Oaths, that thou Wouldst follow, and never till this unhappy hour Could I set eye of thee, since thy false eye Drew my heart to it? oh I could tear thee now, Instead of soft embraces, pray give me leave——

Witty. Faith this was ill done of you Sir, if you promis'd otherwise.

Clow. By this hand, never any Messenger came at me, since the first time I came into her company; that a man should be wrong'd thus?

Nee. Did not I send thee Scarfs and Diamonds?

And thou return'dst me Letters, one with a false heart in't.

Witty. Oh fie, to receive favours, return fallhoods, and hold a Lady in hand——

Clow. Will you believe me, Sir? if ever I receiv'd Diamonds, or Scarf, or sent any Letter to her, would this sword might ne'er go through me.

Witty. Some bad Messengers have gone between you then.

Nee. Take him from my sight if I shall see to morrow.

Witty. Pray you forbear the place, this discontent may impair her health much.

Clow. 'Foot, if a man had been in any fault, 'twould ne'er a griev'd him, Sir, if you'll believe.

Witty. Nay, nay, protest no more, I do believe you, But you see how the Lady is wrong'd by't; She has cast away her self, it is to be fear'd, Against her Uncles Will, nay, any consent, But out of a mere neglect, and spight to her self, Married suddainly without any advice.

Clow. Why, who can help it? if she be cast away, she may thank her self, she might have gone farther and far'd worse; I could do no more than I could do: 'twas her own pleasure to command me, that I should not come, til I was sent for, I had been with her every minute of an hour else.

Witty. Truly I believe you.

Clow. Night and day she might have commanded me, and that she knew well enough; I said as much to her between her and I; yet I protest, she's as honest a Lady for my part, that I'd say, if she would see me hang'd: if she be cast away I cannot help it, she might have stay'd to have spoke with a man.

Witty. Well, 'twas a hard misf on both parts.

Clow. So 'twas, I was within one of her, for all this cross luck, I was sure I was between the Knight and home.

Nee. Not gone yet? oh my heart! none regard my health?

Witty. Good Sir, forbear her sight awhile, you hear how ill she brooks it.

Clow. Foolish woman, to overthrow her fortunes so; I shall think the worse of a Ladies wit, while I live for't—— I could almost cry for anger, if she should miscarry now, 'twould touch my conscience a little, and who knows

what love and conceit may do? what would people say, as I go along? there goes he that the Lady died for love on, I am sure to hear on't i'th' streets, I shall weep before hand; foolish woman, I do grieve more for thee now, than I did love thee before; well, go thy ways, wouldst thou spare thy Husbands head, and break thine own heart? if thou hadst any wit, I would some other had been the cause of thy undoing, I shall be twitted i'th' teeth with it, I'm sure of that, foolish Lady.

Exit.

Nee. So, so, this trouble's well shook off, Uncle, how d'ye there's a Dowrie due, Sir.

Cun. We have agreed it sweetest,
And find your Uncle fully recover'd, kind to both of us.

Witty. To all the rest I hope;

Old K. Never to thee, nor thee, easie cosin *Credulous*,
Was your wit so raw?

Cred. Faith yours Sir, so long season'd
Has been faulty too, and very much to blame,
Speaking it with reverence, Uncle.

Sir Gr. Yes faith, Sir, you have paid as dear for your
time, as any man here.

Witty. I Sir, and I'll reckon it to him. *Imprimis*, The first preface cheat of a pair of pieces to the Beggars, you remember that I was the example to your bounty there, I spake *Greek* and *Syriack*, Sir, you understand me now. Next, the Robbery put upon your indulgent Cosin, which indeed was no Robbery, no Constable, no Justice, no Thief, but all Cheaters; there was a hunder'd Mark, mark you that: Lastly, this memorable 100 pounds worth of Musick, this was both cheats and wit too, and for the assistance of this Gentleman to my Cosin (for which I am to have a Fee) that was a little practice of my wit too, Father; will you come to composition yet, Father?

Cun. Yes faith Sir, do, two hunder'd a year will be easier than so much weckly, I do not think he's barren if he should be put to't agen.

Old K. Why this was the day I look'd for, thou shalt have't,

And the next cheat makes it up three hunder'd;
Live thou upon thy ten pound Vicarage,
Thou get't not a penny more, here's thy full
Hire now.

Cred. I thank you, Sir.

Witty. Why there was the sum of all my Wit, Father,
To shuve him out of your favour, which I fear'd
Would have disinherited me.

Old K. Most certain it had,
Had not thy wit recover'd it; is there any here
That had a hand with thee?

Witty. Yes, all these, Sir.

Old K. Nephew, part a hunder'd pound amongst 'em,
I'll repay it; wealth, love me as I love wit;
When I die,

I'll build an Alms-house for decay'd wits.

Sir Gr. I'll entertain one in my life time; Scholar, you shall be my Chaplain, I have the gift of twenty Benefices, simple as I am here.

Pris. Thanks my great Patron.

Cun. Sir your Gentry and your name shall both be rais'd
as high as my fortunes can reach 'em, for your friends
fake.

Witty. Something will be in my present power, the future more,
You shall share with me.

Ruin and Wife. Thanks worthy Gentlemen.

Nee. Sir, I would beg one thing of you?

Sir Gr. You can beg nothing of me.

Witty. Oh Sir, if she begs, there's your power over her.

Sir Gr. She has begg'd me for a fool already, but 'tis no matter.

I have begg'd her for a Lady, that she might have been,
That's one for another.

Witty. Nay, but if she beg——

Sir Gr. Let her beg agen then.

Nee. That your man *Pompey's* Coat may come over his
ears back agen, I would not he should be lost for my
fake.

Sir Gr. Well, 'tis granted, for mine own fake.

Mirab. I'll intreat it Sir.

Sir Gr. Why then 'tis granted for your fake.

Old K. Come, come, down with all weapons now, 'tis
Musick time,

So it be purchas'd at an easie rate;
Some have receiv'd the knocks, some giv'n the hits,
And all concludes in love, there's happy wits.

Exeunt

The Epilogue at the reviving of this Play.

WE need not tell you Gallants, that this night
The Wits have jumpt, or that the Scenes hit right
'Twould be but labor lost for to excuse
What Fletcher had to do in: his brisk Muse
Was so Mercurial, that if he but writ
An Act, or two, the whole Play rose up wit.

We'll not appeal unto those Gentlemen
Judge by their Cloaths, if they sit right, nor when
The Ladies smile, and with their Fanns delight
To whisk a clinch aside, then all goes right:
'Twas well receiv'd before, and we dare say,
You now are welcome to no vulgar Play.

THE

The Fair Maid of the Inn.

A TRAGICOMEDY.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Duke of Florence,
Cesario, a young Gentleman of a fiery nature, Son to
Alberto.

Albertus, Father to Cesario, Admiral of Florence.

Baptista, a brave Sea-Commander, antient friend to Al-
bertus, and Father to Mentivole and Biancha.

Mentiuole, Son to Baptista, Lover of Clarissa.

Prospero, a noble friend to Baptista.

Two Magistrates of Florence.

Host, the supposed Father to Biancha.

Forobosco, a cheating Mountebank.

Clown, the Mountebanks man, and setter

Three Gentlemen,

Secretary to the Duke.

Dancer,

Taylor,

Mulitteer,

Pedant,

Sailors.

{ Four fools and knaves, who pretend love
Biancha, the Fair Maid of the Inn.

Women.

Mariana, Wife to Albertus, a virtuous Lady.

Clarissa, Mariana's Daughter, in love with Mentiuole.

Juliana, Niece to the Duke of Genoa, Baptista's second
wife.

Biancha, the Fair Maid of the Inn, beloved of Ce-
sario, and Daughter to Baptista and Juliana.

Hostess, the supposed Mother of Biancha.

The Scene, Florence.

PROLOGUE.

Plays have their fates, not as in their true sence
They're understood, but as the influence
Of idle custom, madly works upon
The dross of many tongu'd opinion.
A worthy story, howsoever writ
For Language, modest Mirth, Conceit or Wit,
Meets oftentimes with the sweet commendation
Of hang't, 'tis scurvy, when for approbation
A Jigg shall be clapt at, and every rhyme

Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime.
Let ignorance and laughter dwell together,
They are beneath the Muses pity. Hither
Come nobler Judgements, and to those the strain
Of our invention is not bent in vain,
The Fair Maid of the Inn to you commends
Her hopes and welcomes, and withal intends
In th' Entertains to which she doth invite ye,
All things to please, and some things to delight ye.

Actus Primus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Cesario, and Clarissa.

Cesario.

Interpret not Clarissa, my true zeal
In giving you counsel, to transcend the
bounds
That should confine a brother; 'tis your
honor,
And peace of mind (which honor last will
leave you)
I labor to preserve, and though you yet are

Pure and untainted, and resolve to be so:
Having a Fathers eye, and Mothers care
In all your ways to keep you fair, and upright.
In which respects my best advices must
Appear superfluous; yet since love, dear Sister
Will sometimes tender things unnecessary,
Misconstrue not my purpose.

Clarif. Sir, I dare not:
But still receive it as a large addition,
To the much that I already stand engag'd for,

Yet

Yet pardon me, though I profess upon
A true examination of my self,
Even to my private thoughts I cannot find
(Having such strong supporters to uphold me)
On what slight ground the least doubt can be rais'd
To render me suspected, I can fall,
Or from my Fame or Virtue.

Cesar. Far be it from me,
To nourish such a thought; and yet excuse me,
As you would do a Lapidary, whose whole fortunes
Depend upon the safety of one Jewel,
If he think no case precious enough
To keep it in full lustre, nor no locks,
Though lending strength to Iron doors sufficient
To guard it, and secure him; you to me are
A Gemm of more esteem, and priz'd higher
Than Usurers do their Muck, or great men Title
And any flaw (which heaven avert) in you,
Whose reputation like a Diamond
Cut newly from the rock, women with envie,
And men with covetous desires look up at)
By prying eies discovered in a moment
Would render what the braveries of *Florence*
For want of counterpoize, forbear to cheapen,
Of little or no value,

Clarif. I see brother
The mark you shoot at, and much thank your love;
But for my Virgin Jewel which is brought
In comparison with your Diamond, rest assur'd
It will not fall in such a workmans hands
Whose ignorance or malice shall have power
To cast one cloud upon it, but still keep
Her native splendor.

Cesar. 'Tis well, I commend you;
And study your advancement with that care
As I would do a Sisters, whom I love
With more than common order.

Clarif. That from me,
I hope's return'd to you.

Cesar. I do confess it,
But let me tell you, (but still with that love,
I wish to increase between us) that you are
Loved against the gravity long maintain'd
In *Ital* (where to see a maid unmasqu'd
Is held a blemish) to be over-frequent
In giving or receiving visits.

Clarif. How?

Cesar. Whereas the custom is here to wooe by Picture,
And never see the substance: you are fair,
And beauty draws temptations on; You know it,
I wou'd not live to see a willing grant
From you, to one unworthy of your birth,
Feature or fortune; yet there have been Ladies
Of rank, proportion, and of means beyond you,
That have prov'd this no miracle.

Clarif. One unworthy?
Why, pray you gentle brother, who are they
That I vouchsafe these bounties to? I hope
In your strict Criticisme of me, and my manners,
That you will not deny they are your equals.

Cesar. Angry?

Clarif. I have reason, but in cold blood tell me,
Had we not one Father?

Cesar. Yes, and Mother too.

Clarif. And he a Soldier.

Cesar. True;

Clarif. If I then borrow
A little of the boldness of his temper.
Imparting it to such as may deserve it;
(However indulgent to your selves, you brothers
Allow no part of freedom to your Sisters)
I hope 'twill not pass for a crime in me,
To grant access and speech to noble suitors;
And you escape for innocent, that descend

To a thing so far beneath you. Are you touch'd?
Why did you think that you had *Giges* Ring,
Or the Herb that gives invisibility?
Or that *Biancha's* name had ne'er been mention'd;
The fair Maid of the grand *Ostervia*, brother,

Cesar. No more.

Clarif. A little, brother. Your night walks,
And offer'd presents; which coy she, contemn'd,
Your combats in disguises with your Rivals,
Brave *Muletiers*. Scullions perfum'd with greafe,
And such as want meat for Cats must be remembred;
And all this pother for a common trull,
A tempting sign, and curiously set forth,
To draw in riotous guests, a thing expos'd
To every Ruffians rude assault; and subject
For a poor salary, to a rich mans lust,
Though made up of diseases.

Cesar. Will you end yet?

Clarif. And this a Mistress for *Albertus* Son,
One that I should call Sister?

Cesar. Part not with

Your modesty in this violent heat; the truth is,
(For you shall be my Confessor) I love her,
But virtuously; report that gives her out
Only for fair, and adds not she is chaste,
Detracts much from her: for indeed she is,
Though of a low condition; compos'd
Of all those graces, dames of highest birth,
Though rich in natures bounties, should be proud of;
But leave her, and to you my nearest care,
My dearest best *Clarissa*. Do not think
(For then you wrong me) I wish you should live
A barren Virgin life; I rather aim at
A noble Husband, that may make you mother
Of many children; one that when I know him
Worth your embraces, I may serve, and sue too:
And therefore scorn not to acquaint me with
That man, that happy man; you please to favour.

Clarif. I ever purpos'd it, for I will like
With your allowance:

Cesar. As a pawn of this;

Receive this Ring, but e'r you part with it
On any terms, be certain of your choice;
And make it known to me.

*Enter Servants with Lights, Alberto, Baptista,
Mariana, Mentivole.*

Clarif. You have my hand for't;

Cesar. Which were it not my Sisters, I should kiss:
With too much heat.

Clarif. My Father and his guests, Sir.

Alber. Oh my old friend, my tri'd friend, my *Baptista*:
These days of rest and feasting, sute not with
Our tougher natures, those were golden ones,
Which were enjoy'd at Sea; that's our true Mother:
The Land's to us a step-dame; there we sought
Honor, and wealth through dangers: yet those dangers
Delighted more than their rewards, though great ones,
And worth the undertakers: here we study
The Kitchin Arts, to sharpen appetite,
Dull'd with abundance; and dispute with Heaven;
If that the least puff of the rough North-wind,
Blast our times burthen, rendring to our Palats
The charming juice less pleasing; whereas there
If we had Bisket, powder'd flesh, fresh water,
We thought them *Persian* delicates, and for Musick
If a strong gale but made the main yard crack,
We danc'd to the loud Minstrel.

Bapt. And fear'd less,
(So far we were in love with noble action)
A tempest than a calm.

Alber. 'Tis true *Baptista*;
There, there, from mutual aids lent to each other,

And

And virtuous emulation to exceed
In manly daring, the true School of friendship,
We learnt those principles, which confirm'd us friends
Never to be forgot.

Baptist. Never I hope.

(non,

Alber. We were married there, for bells the roaring Ca-
Aloud proclaim'd it lawful, and a prize
Then newly ta'en, and equally divided,
Serv'd as a dowry to you, then stil'd my wife ;
And did enable me to be a Husband,
Fit to encounter so much wealth, though got
With blood and horror.

Maria. If so got, 'tis fit Sir
Now you possess it, that you should enjoy it
In peace, and quiet ; I, your Son, and Daughter
That reap the harvest of your winters labour,
Though debtors for it yet have often trembled,
When, in way of discourse, you have related
How you came by it.

Alber. Trembled? how the softness
Of your sex may excuse you, I'll not argue,
But to the world, howe'er I hold thee noble
I should proclaim this boy some cowards bastard,
And not the Image of *Albertus* youth :
If when some wish'd occasion calls him forth,
To a brave trial, one weak artery
Of his, should show a fever, though grim death
Put on a thousand dreadful shapes to fright him ;
The Elements, the Sea, and all the Winds
We number on our compass, then conspiring
To make the Scène more ghastly ; I must have thee
Sirrah, I must, if once you grapple with
An enemies ship, to board her, though you see
The desperate Gunner ready to give fire,
And blow the deck up, or like *Cesar's* Soldier
Thy hands like his cut off, hang by the teeth,
And die undaunted.

Maria. I even die to hear you :
My son, my lov'd *Cesario* run such hazards ?
Bless'd Saints forbid it : you have done enough
Already for one family, that rude way ;
I'll keep him safe at home, and train him up
A compleat Courtier : may I live to see him,
By sweet discourse. and gracious demeanor,
Winn, and bring home a fair Wife. and a rich ;
'Tis all I rest ambitious of.

Alber. A Wife !

As if there were a course to purchase one
Prevailing more than honourable action ?
Or any Intercessors move so far,
To take a Mistress of a noble spirit,
As the true fame of glorious victories,
Atchiev'd by sweat and blood ! Oh the brave dames
Of warlike *Genova* ! they had eyes to see
The inward man, and only from his worth,
Courage, and conquests : the blind Archer knew
To head his shafts, or light his quenched Torch,
They were proof against them else.
No Carpet Knight
That spent his youth in Groves, or pleasant Bowers ;
Or stretching on a Couch his lazy limbs,
Sung to his Lute such soft and melting Notes,
As *Ovid*, nor *Anacreon* ever knew,
Could work on them, nor once bewitch'd their sense ;
Though he came so perfund as he had robb'd
Sabea, or *Arabia*, of their wealth ;
And stor'd it in one sute :
I still remember,
And still remember it with joy, *Baptista*,
When from the rescue of the *Genova* Fleet,
Almost surpriz'd by the *Venetian* Gallies,
Thou didst return, and wert receiv'd in triumph.
How lovely in thy honor'd wounds and scars
Thou didst appear what worlds of amorous glances

The beauties of the City (where they stood,
Fix'd like so many of the fairest stars)
Shot from their windows at thee? how it fir'd
Their bloods to see the enemies captive streams
Born through the streets? nor could chaste *Juliana*
The Duke's fair Neece, though guarded with her greatness
Resist this gallant charge, but laying by
Desparity of fortune from the object,
Yielded her self thy prisoner.

Bap. Pray you chuse some other theme.

Mari. Can there be one more pleasing?

Bap. That triumph drew on me a greater torture,
And 'tis in the remembrance little less
Than ever Captive suffer'd.

Mari. How? to gain the favour of so great a Lady?

Bap. Yes, since it prov'd fatal, 't have been happy, Madam,
Adds to calamity, and the heavy loss
Of her I durst not hope for, once enjoy'd,
Turns what you think a blessing to a curse,
Which grief would have forgotten.

Alber. I am sorry I touch'd upon it.

Maria. I burn rather, Sir,
With a desire to hear the story of
Your loves, and shall receive it as a favour,
Which you may grant.

Bap. You must not be deny'd,
Yet with all brevity I must report it ;
'Tis true, fair *Juliana* (*Genova's* pride)
Enamour'd of my actions, lik'd my person ;
Nor could I but with joy meet her affection ;
Since it was lawful, for my first wife dead ;
We were closely married, and for some few months
Tasted the fruits of 't ; but malicious fate,
Envyng our too much happiness, wrought upon
A faithless servant, privy to our plot,
And Cabinet-Counselor to *Juliana*,
Who either for hope, or reward, or fear,
Discover'd us to the incensed Duke :
Whose rage made her close prisoner, and pronounc'd
On me perpetual banishment : some three years
I wander'd on the Seas, since entertain'd
By the great Duke of *Florence* ; but what fate
Attended her? or *Prospero* my friend,
That staid at *Genova*, to expect the issue,
Is yet uncertain.

Enter a Gentleman.

Alber. From the Duke :

Bap. He's welcome, to end my forc'd relation.

Alber. Signior *Baptista* ;

The Great Dukes Will commands your present care,

Gent. It points indeed at both of you ;

Bap. I wait it.

Alber. In *Mariana*, to your rest.

Bap. Nay leave us, we must be private,

Maria. Stay not long *Cesario* :

— *Exeunt. Manet Cesario, Mentivole.*

Mentivo. So these old men vanish'd, 'tis allow'd
That we may speak, and howsoe'r they take
Delight in the discourse of former dangers,
It cannot hinder us to treat a little
Of present pleasures.

Cesario. Which if well enjoy'd,
Will not alone continue, but increase
In us their friendship.

Ment. How shall we spend the night?

To snore it out like drunken *Dutchmen*, would
Sort ill with us *Italians*. We are made
Of other metall, fiery, quick, and active ;
Shall we take our fortune? and while our cold fathers
(In whom long since their youthful heats were dead,)
Talk much of *Mars*, serve under *Venus* Ensigns,
And seek a Mistress,

Cesar.

Cesar. That's a game dear friend,
That does admit no rival in chafe of it.
And either to be undertook alone,
Or not to be attempted.

Ment. I'll not press you;
What other sports to entertain the time with
The following morning?

Cesar. Any that may become us.

Ment. Is the *Neopolitan* horse the Viceroy sent you,
In a fit plight to run?

Cesar. So my Groom tells me.
I can boast little of my horsemanship;
Yet upon his assurance, I dare wager
A thousand Crowns, 'gainst any horse in *Florence*,
For an eight mile course,

Ment. I would not win of you,
In respect you are impatient of loss:
Else I durst match him with my *Barbary*
For twice the sum. (beaten)

Cesar. You do well to excuse it, being certain to be

Ment. Tush. You know the contrary.

Cesar. To end the controversie
Put it to trial, by my life I'll meet you.

Enter *Clarissa*.

With the next rising Sun.

Ment. A match. But here
Appears a *Cynthia*, that scorns to borrow
A beam of light from the great eye of Heaven,
She being her self all brightness; how I envy
Those amorous smiles, those kisses, but sure chaste ones
Which she vouchsafes her brother?

Clarif. You are wanton:
Pray you think me not *Biancha*, leave I pray you;
My Mother will not sleep before she see you,
And since you know her tenderness, nay fondness;
In every circumstance that concerns your safety,
You are not equal to her.

Cesar. I must leave you, but will not fail to meet you

Ment. Soft sleeps to you.

Within. *Mariana: Cesario.*

Clarif. You are call'd again.

Cesar. Some Sops
Complain of too much rigor in their Mothers;
I of too much indulgence; you will follow.— *Exit.*

Clarif. You are her first care, therefore lead the way.

Ment. she stais: best opportunity, she stais:
As she invited conference, she was ever
Noble, and free: but thus to tempt my frailty,
Araves a yielding in her; or contempt
Of all that I dare offer; stand I now
Consulting? No, I'll put it home.

Clarif. Who waits there? more Lights.

Ment. You need them not, they are as useles,
As at noon-day; can there be darkness, where
Nature then wisely liberal, vouchsaf'd
To lend two Suns.

Clarif. *Hyperboles:*

Ment. No, truths:
Truths beauteous *Virgin*, so my love-sick heart
Assures me, and my understanding tells me
I must approach them wisely, should I rashly
Press near their scorching beams, they would consume me
And on the contrary, should your disdain
Keep me at too much distance, and I want
Their comfortable heat, the frost of death
Would seize on all my faculties.

Cl. Pray you pause, Sir.
This vehemency of discourse must else needs tire you.
These gay words take not me, 'tis simple faith
Honest integrity; and lawful flames
I am delighted with:

Ment. Such I bring with me, and therefore Lady,

Cl. But that you took me off
E're I came to a period; I had added.
A long experience must be requir'd
Both of his faith and trust, with whom a *Virgin*
Trafficks for, what's dearest in this life,
Her liberty, and honor; I confess
I oft have view'd you with an eye of favour,
And with your generous parts the many tenders
Of doing me all fair offices, have won
A good opinion from me.

Ment. Oh speak ever, I never heard such Musick;

Cl. A plain tune, Sir:

But 'tis a hearty one; when I perceive
By evident proofs, your aims are truly noble,
And that you bring the Engines of fair Love,
Not of foul Lust, to shake and undermine
My Maiden-fortress: I may then make good
What now I dare not promise.

Ment. You already
In taking notice of my poor deservings,
Have been magnificent, and 'twill appear
A frontless impudence to ask beyond this
Yet qualifie, though not excuse my error,
Though now I am ambitious to desire
A confirmation of it.

Cl. So it wrong not my modesty to grant it,

Ment. 'Tis far from me,

I only am a suitor, you would grace me
With some toy, but made rich in that you wore it,
To warrant to the world that I usurp not
When I presume to stile my self your servant,
A ribond from your shooe:

Cl. You are too humble,
I'll think upon't; and something of more value
Shall witness how I prize you, it grows late,
I'll bring you to the door,

Ment. You still more bind me.—

Exeunt.

Enter *Duke of Florence*, *Alberto*, *Baptista*, *Magistrates*, and *Attendants*.

Duke. You find by this assur'd intelligence
The preparation of the *Turks* against us.
We have met him oft and beat him; now to fear him
Would argue want of courage, and I hold it
A safer policie for us and our signories
To charge him in his passage o'er the Sea,
Than to expect him here.

Alb. May it please your Highness
Since you vouchsafe to think me worthy of
This great employment, if I may deliver
My judgement freely, 'tis not flattery
Though I say my opinion waits on you,
Nor would I give my suffrage and consent
To what you have propos'd, but that I know it
Worth the great speaker, though that the denial
Call'd on your heavy anger. For my self
I do profess thus much, if a blunt Soldier,
May borrow so much from the oyl'd tongu'd Courtier,
(That echoes whatso'er the Prince allows of)
All that my long experience hath taught me
That have spent three parts of my life at Sea,
(Let it not taste of arrogance that I say it)
Could not have added reasons of more weight
To fortifie your affections' than such
As your grace out of observation meerly
Already have propounded.

Bap. With the honor to give the daring enemy an affront
In being the first opposer it will teach
Your Soldiers boldness: and strike fear in them
That durst attempt you.

1 Magi. Victuals and Ammunition,
And Money too, the sinews of the War, are stor'd up in the
Magazine.

2 Magi.

2. *Magi.* And the Gallies new rig'd and train'd up,
And at two dayes warning fit for the service.

Duke. We commend your care,
Nor will we e'er be wanting in Our counsels,
As we doubt not your action; you *Baptista*
Shall stay with us; that Merchant is not wise,
That ventures his whole fortunes in one bottom.

Albert. Be our Admiral, spare your thanks,
'Tis Merit in you that invites this honor,
Preserve it such; ere long you shall hear more,
Things rashly undertaken end as ill,
But great acts thrive when reason guides the will.

— *Exeunt. Enter 3 Gentlemen.*

1. No question 'twas not well done in *Cæsario*,
To cross the horse of young *Mentivole*
In the midst of this course.

2. That was not all, the switching him dall'd him.

3. Would that both the jades
Had broke their necks, when they first started; 'Slight,
We stand here prating, give them leave to whisper,
And when they have cut one anothers throats

Enter Mentivolé, and Cæsario.

Make in to part 'em.

2. There is no such hazard,
Their Fathers friendship, and their love forbid it;
See where they come!

1. With fury in their looks.

Ment. You have the wager, with what foul play got
I'll not dispute:

Cæsar. Foul play?

Ment. I cannot speak it
In a fairer language, and if some respects
Familiar to my self chain'd not my tongue,
I should say no more. I should, but I'll sit down,
With this disgrace; how e'er press me no farther.
For if once more provok'd, you'll understand
I dare no more suffer an Injury,
Than I dare do one.

Cæsar. Why Sir are you injur'd
In that I take my right which I would force,
Should you detain it?

Ment. Put it to judgment.

Cæsar. No; my will in this shall carry it.

Ment. Your will? nay, farewell softness then.

They suddenly draw.

3. This I foresaw.

2. Hold, hold.

Cæsar. I am hurt.

2. Shift for your self, 'tis death.

Men. As you respect me, bear him off with care,
If he miscarry since he did the wrong,
I'll stand the shock of't.

2. Gently, he will faint else—

Exeunt Gent. with Cæsario.

Ment. And speedily, I beseech you; my rage over,
That pour'd upon my reason clouds of error,
I see my folly, and at what dear loss
I have exchang'd a real innocence,
To gain a meer fantastical report,
Transported only by vain popular wind,
To be a daring, nay, fool-hardy Man.

Enter Baptista.

But could I satisfy my self within here,
How should I bear my fathers frown? They meet me,
My guilt conjures him hither.

Bap. Sirrah:

Mentiv. Sir:

Bap. I have met the trophies of your russion sword;
Was there no other Anvilc to make triall
How far thou durst be wicked, but the bosome
Of him, which under the adulterate name
Of friendship, thou hast murder'd.

Ment. Murder'd Sir?

My dreams abhor so base a fact; true valour
Imploy'd to keep my reputation fair
From the austereft Judge, can never merit
To be branded with that title; you begot me
A man, no coward; and but call your youth
To memory, when injur'd, you could never
Boast of the Asses fortitude, slave-like patience:
And you might justly doubt I were your son,
If I should entertain it; if *Cæsario*
Recover, as I hope his wound's not mortal,
A second tryal of what I dare doe
In a just cause, shall give strong witness for me
I am the true heir to *Baptista's* courage,
As to his other fortunes.

Baptist. Boy, to neither:

But on this strict condition, which intreaties
From Saints, nay Angels, shall not make me alter.
A friendship so began, and so continu'd
Between me and *Alberto* my best friend,
Your brawls shall not dissolve; it is my will,
And as I am thy Father, I command thee,
That instantly, on any termes, how poor
So e'er, it skills not, thou desire his pardon,
And bring assurance to me, he has sign'd it,
Or by my Fathers soul I'll never know thee:
But as a stranger to my blood; perform it,
And suddenly, without reply, I have said it.

Ment. And in it given a heavier sentence on me
Than the most cruel death; you are my father
And your will to be serv'd, and not disputed
By me, that am your Son: But I'll obey,
And though my heart-strings crack for't, make it known,
When you command, my faculties are your own. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Alberto, Physitian, and a Chirurgion.

Phys. **H**AVE patience, Noble Sir; your son *Cæsario*
Will recover without question.

Surgeon. A slight wound.

Though it pierc't his body, it hath mis'd the vitals.

Phys. My life for't, he shall take the air again within
these ten dayes.

Alber. O but from a friend,
To receive this bloody measure from a friend!
If that a man should meet a violent death,
In a place where he had taken sanctuary,
Would it not grieve him? such all *Florence* held
Their friendship, and 'tis that which multiplies
The injury.

Physi. Have patience worthy Signior.

C c c

Alber. I

Alber. I do protest, as I am Man and Soldier,
If I had buried him in a wave at Sea,
(Lost in some honorable action)
I would not, to the saltness of his grave,
Have added the least tear; but these quarrels

Enter Mariana, and Clarissa.

Bred out of game and wine, I had as live
He should have died of a Surfet.

Maria. Oh what comfort? How is it with our Son Sir?

Alber. His Work-masters
Bear me in hand here, as my Lawyer does,
When I have a crackt Title, or bad Sute in Law,
All shall go well.

Maria. I pray you Gentlemen, what think you of his
wound.

Physi. 'Tis but a scratch, nothing to danger.

Clarif. But he receiv'd it from a friend,
And the unkindness ta'en at that, may kill him.

Mari. Let me see him :

Physi. By no means, he slumbers.

Mari. Then I cannot believe you,
When you tell me there's hope of him.

Alber. Yet many Ladies
Do give more faith to their Physitian
Than to their Confessor.

Clarif. O my poor lost brother,
And friend more dear than Brother.

Alber. More loud instruments
To disturb his slumbers! goe, goe, take Caroch:
And as you love me, you and the Girle retire
To our Summer house, i'th' Country; I'll be with you
Within these two days.

Maria. I am yours in all things,
Though with much sorrow to leave him.

Exeunt Maria, Clarif.

Alber. I pray you Gentlemen,
With best observance tend your Patient;
The loss of my heir-male, lies now a bleeding.

Enter Mentivole.

And think what payment his recovery
Shall show'r upon you,
Of all men breathing;

Exeunt Physitian, Chirur.

Wherefore do you arrive here? Are you mad?
My injury begins to bleed afresh
At sight of you; why this affront of yours
I receive more malicious than the other.
Your hurt was only danger to my son:
But your sight to me is death; Why come you hither?
Do you come to view the wounds, which you have made?
And glory in them?

Menti. Rather worthy Sir, to pour Oyl into them.

Alber. I am a Soldier Sir,
I cast part of a Courtier, and understand
By your smooth Oyl,
Your present flattery.

Menti. Sir, for my Fathers sake acknowledge me
To be born a Gentleman, no slave; I ever
Held flatterers of that breed; do not misconstrue
In your distaste of me, the true intent
Of my coming hither, for I do protest
I do not come to tell you I am sorry
For your sons hurt.

Alber. Not sorry?

Menti. No not sorry; I have to the lowest ebbe, lost all
my fury:

But I must not lose my honesty; 'twas he
Gave heat unto the injury, which return'd
(Like a Petar, ill lighted, into 'th' bosome
Of him, gave fire to't) yet I hope his hurt,
Is not so dangerous, but he may recover;

When if it please him, call me to account,
For the loss of so much blood, I shall be ready
To do him noble reason.

Alber. You are arm'd me thinks with wondrous confi-
dence.

Menti. O with the best Sir;
For I bring penitence, and satisfaction.

Alber. Satisfaction? Why I heard you say but now,
You were not sorry for his wounds.

Menti. Nor am I: the satisfaction which I bring Sir, is
to you;

You are a Gentleman ne'er injur'd me;
One ever lov'd my Father, the right way,
And most approv'd of noble amity.

Yet I have run my sword quite through your heart,
And slightly hurt your son; for't may be fear'd,

A grief ta'en at these years for your sons loss,
May hazard yours: And therefore I am sent
By him that has most interest in your sorrow;

Who having chid me almost to the ruin
Of a disinheritance, for violating
So continued and so sacred a friendship

Of 50 Winters standing: such a friendship,
That ever did continue like the spring;
Ne'er saw the fall o'th' leaf; by him I am sent

To say the wrong I have done Sir, is to you:
And that I have quite lost him for a Father,

Until I find your pardon; nay there follows
A weightier deprivation; his Estate

I could with a less number of sighs part with.
Fortune might attend my youth, and my deservings

In any Climate: but a Fathers blessing,
To settle and confirm that fortune, no where;

But only here. Your pardon, give me that;
And when you have done, kill me; for 'tis that

Takes from me the effect of excommunication;
A Fathers heavy curse.

Alber. Nay, may that curse
Light on himself, for sending thee in this minute:

When I am grown as deaf to all compassion,
As the cruellest Sea-fight, or most horrid tempest.

That I had drown'd i'th' Sea a thousand duckets;
Thou hadst not made this visit: rash young man;

Thou tak'st me in an ill Planet, and hast cause
To curse thy Father; for I do protest,

If I had met thee in any part o'th' World,
But under my own rooffe, I would have kill'd thee.

*Within there.—Enter Physitian, Chirurgion,
and Servants.*

Look you!

Here's a triumph sent for the death of your young Master.

Serv. Shall we kill him?

Alber. No, I'll not be so unhospitable; but Sir,
By my life, I vow to take assurance from you,
That right hand never more shall strike my son.

Menti. That will be easily protested.

Alber. Not easily, when it must be exacted, and a bloody
seal to't.

Bind him, and cut off's right hand presently:
Fair words shall never fatisie foul deeds.

Chop's hand off.

Menti. You cannot be so unrighteous, to your own honor.

Phy. O Sir, collect your self;
And recall your bloody purpose.

Alber. My intents of this nature, do ever come to action.

Chirur. Then I must fetch another stickler. — *Exit.*

Alber. Yet I do grieve at heart;
And I do curse thy Father heartily,
That's the cause of my dishonor; sending thee
In such an hour, when I am apt for mischief:

Apt, as a Dutch-man after a Sea-fight,
When his enemy kneels afore him; come dispatch.

Physi. Intreat

Phys. Intreat him, Noble Sir;
Menti. You shall excuse me;
 Whatsoever he dares do, that I dare suffer.

Enter Cæsario, and Chirurgion.

Cæsar. Oh Sir, for honors sake stay your foul purpose,
 For if you do proceed thus cruelly,
 There is no question in the wound you give him,
 I shall bleed to death for't.

Alber. Thou art not of my temper,
 What I purpose, cannot be alter'd.

Serv. Sir; the Duke
 With all speed expects you. You must instantly
 Ship all your followers, and to sea.

Alber. My blessing stay with thee upon this condition,
 Take away his use of fighting; as thou hop'st
 To be accounted for my son, perform't —

Exit.

Cæsar. You hear what I am injoynd to.

Menti. Pray thee take it,
 Only this ring, this best esteem'd Jewel:
 I will not give't to th' hangman chops it off;
 It is too dear a relique. I'll remove it nearer my heart.

Cæsar. Ha, that Rings my Sisters.
 The Ring I injoynd her never part withal
 Without my knowledge; come, Sir, we are friends;
 Pardon my fathers heat, and melancholy;
 Two violent Fevers which he caught at Sea,
 And cannot yet shake off: only one promise
 I must injoynd you to, and seriously.
 Hereafter you shall never draw a Sword
 To the prejudice of my life.

Menti. By my best hopes I shall not.

Cæsar. I pray deliver me your sword
 On that condition.

Menti. I shall Sir, may it hereafter
 Ever fight on your part.

Cæsar. Noble Sir, I thank you;
 But for performance of your vow, I intreat
 Some gage from you.

Menti. Any Sir.

Cæsar. Deliver me that ring.

Menti. Ha, this Ring? indeed this Jewel binds me,
 If you knew the vertue of it, never more
 To draw my sword against you.

Cæsar. Therefore I will have it.

Menti. You may not.

Cæsar. Come: you must.

I that by violence could take your hand,
 Can inforce this from you; this is a token Sir,
 That we may prove friends hereafter. *Fare you well.*

Phys. Why did you cease his Sword Sir?

Cæsar. To perform what my Father bade me;
 I have for the present ta'en away his
 Use of fighting.

Phys. Better so,

Than take that which your Father meant.

Exeunt Manet, Mentivole.

Menti. Was ever the like usage? O that Ring!
 Dearer than life, Whither is honor fled?

Cæsario. Thou art unmanly in each part,
 To seize my sword first, and then split my heart. *Exit.*

Enter Host, and Clown.

Host. Thy Master that lodges here in my Osteria,
 Is a rare man of art, they say he's a Witch.

Clow. A Witch? Nay, he's one step of the Ladder to
 preferment higher, he is a Conjurer?

Host. Is that his higher title?

Clow. Yes, I assure you, for a Conjurer is the Devils
 Master, and commands him; whereas a Witch is
 the Devils Prentice, and obeys him.

Host. Bound Prentice to the Devil!

Clow. Bound and inroll'd I assure you, he cannot start;

and therefore I would never wish any Gentleman to turn
 Witch.

Host. Why Man?

Clow. Oh he loses his Gentility by it, the Devil in this
 case cannot help him, he must go to the Herald for new
 Armes believe it.

Host. As I am true Inkeeper, yet a Gentleman born,
 I'll ne'er turn Witch for that trick;
 And thou hast been a great Traveller?

Clow. No indeed, not I Sir;

Host. Come, you are modest.

Clow. No, I am not modest, for I told you a lye, that
 you might the better understand I have been a Traveller,

Host. So Sir, they say your Master is a great Physitian too.

Clow. He was no fool told you that, I assure you.

Host. And you have been in England? but they say, Ladies in
 England take a great deal of Physick.

Clow. Both wayes on my reputation.

Host. So 'tis to be understood:

But they say, Ladies there take Physick for fashion.

Clow. Yes Sir, and many times dye to keep fashion.

Host. How? dye to keep fashion!

Clow. Yes, I have known a Lady sick of the small Pocks,
 onely to keep her face from Pitholes, take cold, strike them
 in again, kick up the heels, and vanish.

Host. There was kicking up the heels with a witness.

Clow. No Sir; I confess a good face has many times
 been the motive to the kicking up of the heels with a wit-
 nefs: but this was not.

Enter Hostess, and Bianca.

Host. Here comes my wife and daughter.

Clow. You have a pretty commodity of this night-worm?

Host. Why Man?

Clow. She is a pretty lure to draw custom to your ordi-
 nary.

Host. Do'st think I keep her to that purpose?

Clow. When a Dove-house is empty, there is cuminsfeed
 used to, purloine from the rest of the neighbors; In Eng-
 land you have several Adamants, to draw in spurs and rapi-
 ers; one keeps silk-worms in a Gallery: A Milliner has
 choice of Monkies, and Paraketoes; another shewes bawdy
 East-Indian Pictures, worse than ever were *Aretines*: a
 Goldsmith keeps his Wife wedged into his shop like a Mer-
 maid, nothing of her to be seen (thats Woman) but her up-
 per part?

Host. Nothing but her upper part?

Clow. Nothing but her upper bodies, and he lives at the
 more hearts ease.

Host. What's the reason?

Clow. Because her nether part can give no temptation;
 by your leave, Sir, I'll tend my Master, and instantly be with
 you for a cup of *Cherally* this hot weather.

Host. A nimble pated Rascal, come hither Daughter,
 When was *Cæsario* here?

Bian. Sir, not this fortnight.

Host. I do not like his visits, commonly
 He comes by Owl-light, both the time and manner
 Is suspitious; I do not like it.

Bian. Sir, the Gentleman

Is every way so noble, that you need not
 Question his intent of coming, though you did;
 Pray Sir preserve that good opinion of me,
 That though the custome of the place I was born in,
 Makes me familiar to every guest,
 I shall in all things keep my self a stranger
 To the vices they bring with them.

Hostis. Right my daughter:

She has the right strain of her Mother.

Host. Of her Mother?

And I would speak, I know from whence she took it;
 When I was as young, I was as honest.

Hostess. Leave your prating.
And study to be drunk; and abuse your guests over and over.

Enter Forobosco, and Clown.

Host. Peace Wife. My honorable guest.

Foro. My indear'd Landlord?
And the rest o'th' complements o'th' house.

Host. Breakfast is ready Sir;
It waits only the tide of your stomach.

Clow. And mine gapes for't like a stale Oyster.
Ere you go to bed, fail not of that I pray.

— *Exeunt all but Forobosco, and Clown.*

Foro. We will instantly be with you;
Now we are all fellows.

Nine a Clock, and no Clyents come
Yet, sure thou do'st not set up bills enough.

Clow. I have set up bills in abundance.

Foro. What Bills?

Clow. Marry for curing of all diseases,
Recovery of stoln goods,
And a thousand such impossibilities.

Foro. The place is unlucky.

Clow. No certain, 'tis scarcity of mony; do not you
hear the Lawyers complain of it? Men have as much Malice
as ever they had to wrangle, but they have no Mony: Whither
should this Mony be travell'd?

Foro. To the Devil I think.

Clow. 'Tis with his Cofferer I am certain, that's the U-
surer.

Foro. Our cheating does not prosper so well as it was
wont to do.

Clow. No sure, why in *England* we coo'd cozen 'em as
familiarily, as if we had travell'd with a Brief, or a Lot-
tery.

Foro. P'th' Low-countries we did pretty well.

Clow. So so: as long as we kept the Mop-headed butter-
boxes sober; marry when they were drunk, then they
grew buzards: You should have them reel their heads to-
gether, and deliberate; your *Dutchman* indeed, when he
is foxt, is like a Fox; for when he's sunk in drink; quite
earth to a Mans thinking, 'tis full Exchange time with him,
then he's subtlest; but your *Switzer*, 'twas nothing to cheat
him.

Foro. Nothing?

Clow. No, nor conscience to be made of it; for since nature
afore-hand cozen'd him of his wit, 'twas the less sin for
us to cozen him of his Mony.

Foro. But these *Italians* are more nimble-pated, we must
have some new trick for them; I protest but that our
Hostess's daughter is a sweet Lass, and draws great resort
to'th' house, we were as good draw teeth a horseback.

Clow. I told 'em in the Market-place you could conjure,
and no body would believe me: but ere long I will make
'em believe you can conjure with such a figuary.

Foro. What language shall's conjure in? high *Dutch* I
think, that's full i'th' mouth.

Clow. No, no, *Spanish*, that roars best; and will appear
more dreadful.

Foro. Prethee tell me thy conceit thou hast to gull them.

Clow. No, no, I will not stael it; but my dear Jew-
trump, for thou art but my instrument, I am the plotter,
and when we have cozen'd 'em most titely, thou shalt steal
away the Inn-keepers daughter, I'll provide my self of
another moveable: and we will most purely retire our selves
to *Genoa*.

Foro. Thou art the compass I sail by.

Enter Baptista and Mentivole.

Bap. Was ever expectation of so Noble
A requital answered with such contumely!
A wild *Numidian* that had suck'd a Tigress,

Would not have been so barbarous; Did he threat
To cut thy hand off?

Ment. Yes Sir, and his slaves were ready to perform't.

Bapt. What hind'ed it?

Ment. Only his sons intreaty.

Bapt. Noble youth,

I wish thou wert not of his blood; thy pitty
Gives me a hope thou art not.

Ment. You mistake Sir,
The injury that followed from the son,
Was worse than the fathers; he did first disarmé
And took from me a Jewel, which I prize
Above my hand or life.

Bapt. Take thy sword from thee?
He stole it like a Thief rather, he could not
I'th' Field deprive thee of it.

Ment. He took it from me,
And sent me forth so thin, and so unmade up,
As if I had been a Foot-boy.

Bapt. O my fury!

I must now ask thee forgiveness, that my rashness;
Bred out of too much friendship, did expose thee
To so eminent a danger; which I vow

I will revenge on the whole Family:
All the calamities of my whole life,
My banishment from *Genoa*, my wifes loss
Compar'd to this indignity, is nothing;
Their Family shall repair't; it shall be to them
Like a plague, when the Dog-star reigns most hot:

An *Italian's* revenge may pause, but's ne'er forgot. *Exit.*

Ment. I would I had conceal'd this from my Father,
For my interest in *Clarissa*; my care now
Must be to untangle this division,
That our most equal flames may be united;
And from these various and perturbed streames,
Rise, like a sweet Morn, after terrible dreams. — *Exit.*

Enter Clarissa and Cæsario.

Clar. Brother, I am happy in your recovery,
Cæs. And I Sister, am ever best pleas'd in your happiness:
But I miss a toy should be on your finger.

Clar. My Ring; this morning when I wash't
I put it off, 'tis in my Window.

Cæs. Where's your Looking-glass?

Clar. Here, Sir.

Cæs. 'Tis a fair one.

Clar. 'Tis pure Chrystal.

Cæs. Can a Diamond cut in Crystal? let me see,
I'll grave my name in't.

Clar. Oh, you'll spoyle my glass.

Would you not have your brother in your eye?

Cæs. I had thought he had been Planted in your heart,
Look you, the Diamond cuts quaintly, you are cozen'd,
Your Chrystal is too brittle.

Clar. 'Tis the Ring.

I gave unto *Mentivole*, sure the same.

You put me to amazement Sir, and horror;

How came you by that Ring?

Cæs. Does the blood rise?

Clar. Pray Sir resolve me, O for pitty do,
And take from me a trembling at the heart,
That else will kill me: for I too much fear
Nothing but Death could ravish it from his hand
That wore it.

Cæsario. Was it given to *Mentivola* on that condition?

Clar. Tell me of his health first.

And then I'll tell you any thing.

Cæsario. By my life he's well,

In better health than I am.

Clar. Then it was Sir.

Cæsario. Then shall I ever hate thee, Oh thou false one;
Hast thou a Faith to give unto a friend,
And break it to a brother? Did I not,

By all the tyes of blood importune thee
Never to part with it without my knowledge?
Thou might'st have given it to a Muliter,
And made a contract with him in a stable,
At as cheap a price of my vengeance: never more
Shall a Womans trust beguile me; You are all
Like Relicks: you may well be look't upon,
But come a Man to'th' handling of you once,
You fall in pieces.

Clar. Dear Sir, I have no way
Look't either beneath reason, or my self,
In my election; there's parity in our blood,
And in our fortunes, antient amity
Betwixt our parents: to which wants nothing,
But the Fruit of blest Marriage between us,
To add to their posterities: nor does now
Any impeachment rise, except the sad
And unexpected quarrel, which divided
So noble, and so excellent a friendship,
Which as I ne'er had Magick to foresee,
So I could not prevent.

Cesar. Well, you must give me leave
To have a hand in your disposing, I shall,
In the absence of my Father, be your Guardian;
His Suit must pass through my office. *Mentivole;*
He has too much of my blood already; he has,
And he get's no more of't—
Wherefore weep you Mother?

Enter Mariana, and a Sailor.

Marian. 'Tis occasion'd by a sorrow,
Wherein you have a Child's part, and the mainest;
Your Father's dead.

Cesar. Dead?

Marian. There's one can relate the rest.

Sailor. I can Sir, your Father's drown'd,
Most unfortunately drown'd.

Cesar. How? In a tempest?

Sailor. No Sir, in a calm,
Calm as this evening; the Gunner being drunk,
Forgot to fasten the Ordnance to their ports,
When came a sudden gust, which tumbled them
All to the Starboard side, o'erturn'd the Ship,
And sunk her in a moment, some six men
That were upon the deck were sav'd: the rest
Perish'd with your Father.

Clarif. O my dearest Father—

Cesar. I pray thee leave us.

Maria. I have a sorrow of another nature, equal to the
former.

Cesar. And most commonly they come together.

Maria. The Family of the *Baptisti*
Are grown to faction, and upon distast
Of the injury late offer'd in my house,
Have vow'd a most severe, and fell revenge
'Gainst all our family, but especially
'Gainst you my dear *Cesario*.

Cesar. Let them threaten, I am prepar'd to oppose them.

Maria. And is your loss then
Of so easie an estimation? What comfort
Have I but in your life, and your late danger
Presents afore me what I am to suffer,
Should you miscarry; therefore I'll advise you
When the Funeral is over, you would travel,
Both to prevent their fury, and wear out th' injury.

Cesar. No Mother, I will not travel,
So in my absence he may marry my Sister,
I will not travel certain.

Maria. O my *Cesario*,
Whom I respect and love 'bove my own life,
Indeed with a kind of dotage, he shall never

Go forth o' doors, but the contrary faction
Will indanger's life, and then am I most wretched.
I am thinking of a strange prevention,
Which I shall witness with a bleeding eye,
Fondness sometimes is worse than cruelty. — *Exunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter Host, Hostess, and Bianca.

Host. **H**Aunted, my house is haunted with goblins. I
shall be frighted out of my wits, and set up a
sign only to invite Carriers and Foot-posts; scar-crows to
keep off the Cavalry, and Gentry of the best rank. I will
nail up my doors, and wall up my Girle (wife) like an An-
chore's; or she will be ravisht before our faces, by rascalls
and cacafugo's (wife) cacafugo's.

Hostess. These are your In-comes, remember your own
proverb, the favor of every gain smelt sweet; thank no
body but your self for this trouble.

Host. No gauling (dear Spouse) no gauling, every days
new vexation abates me two inches in the waste, terrible
pennance for an Host, Girle, girle, girle, Which of all this
gally-maufray of Mans flesh appears tolerable to thy choice;
speak shortly, and speak truly: I must and will know, must
and will; Hear ye that?

Bian. Sir, be not jealous of my care and duty;
I am so far from entertaining thoughts
Of liberty, that much more excellent objects
Than any of such course contents as these are,
Could not betray mine eye to force my heart;
Conceive a wish of any dearer happiness
Than your direction warrant's. I am yours Sir.

Hostess. What thinks the Man now? Is not this strange
at 13.

Host. Very good words, there's a tang in e'm, and a sweet
one, 'tis musick (wife) and now I come t'ee. Let us a lit-
tle examine the several conditions of our Paragraphistical
suitsors. The first, a travelling Tailor, who by the mystery
of his Needle and Thimble, hath survey'd the fashions of
the French, and English; this Signior Ginger-bread, stitcht
up in the shreds of a gudy outside, sows Linings with his
cross-leg'd complement, like an Ape doing tricks e-
ver a staffe, cringes, and crouches, and kisses his fore-
finger.

Hostess. Out upon him.

Host. A second, a lavolteteere, a saltatory, a dancer with
a Kit at his Bum, one that, by teaching great *Madonnas* to
foot it, has miraculously purchast a ribanded Wastcote, and
four clean pair of socks; a fellow that skips as he walkes,
and instead of sensible discourse, vents the curious conceit
of some new tune stolen from a Mask, or a bawdy dittie,
elevated for the *Pole Artick* of a Ladies chamber, in that
file stands another of your inamoratoes.

Hostess. Hang him and his Fiddle together, he never fiddles
any child of ours.

Host. The third, a Mongrel, got by a *Switzer* on an *Ita-
lian*; this puppy, being left well estated, comes to *Florence*,
that the world may take notice, how impossible it is for
experience to alter the course of nature; a fool (wife) and
indeed, a Clown turn'd Gallant, seldom or never proves
other than a gallant fool, this toy prates to little purpose
other than What's a Clock? Shall's go drink? De'e forsooth?
and thank ye heartily; I fear no art in him to catch thee,
and yet we must be tormented with this buzard amongst
the rest.

Hostess. 'Tis

Hostess. 'Tis your own folly, forbid him the House.

Host. The fourth, a Mule-driver, a stubborn and a harsh knave: the fifth a School-Master, a very amorous Pedant, run almost mad with study of Sonnets, and Complements out of old Play-ends, the last an Advocates Clerk, that speaks pure Fustian in Law-terms: excellent Courtiers all, and all as neate as a *Magnifico's* post new painted, at his entrance to an office; thou shalt have none of 'em. Laugh at 'em, do. I say thou shalt have none of 'em.

Bian. Still your command to me shall stand a Law.

Host. Now they throng like so many horse-courfers at a fair, in clusters about the Man of Art, for Love-powders, ingredients, potions, counsels, postures, complements, philters: the Devil and the — How now? Tumults? Batteries, Noise? ha, get from my sight. *Clown cries within.*

Enter Forobosco, and Clown, his head bloody.

Clow. Murder me, do, pound me to Mummy, do; see what will come on't.

Foro. Dog, leave thy snarling, or I'll cut thy tongue out, Thou un ickt Bear, dar'st thou yet stand my fury, My generous rage? yet! by the sulphurous damps That feed the hungry and incessant darkness, Which curls around the grim *Alastors* back; Mutter again, and with one powerful word, Ill call an Host up from the *Stygian* Lakes, Shall waft thee to the *Acherontick* fens; Where choak't with Mists as black as thy impostures, Thou shalt live still a dying.

Clow. Conjure me to the Devil and you can, I live in Hell upon earth already, and you had any mercy, you would not practice upon a kind heart thus.

Host. You have drawn blood from him Signior, Is his offence unpardonable?

Foro. A lump of ignorance, pray speak not for him, A drowsie grossness, in all Christian Kingdoms, The mention of my art, my name, my practise, Merit and Glory hath begot at once Delight and wonder; I'll not be entreated; Spare intercession for him, — O thou scorn Of learning, shame of duty; must thy sloth Draw my just fame in question? I discharge thee From my service; see me no more henceforth.

Clow. Discharge me! Is that my years wages? I'll not be so answer'd.

Foro. Not Camel? Sirrah I am liberal to thee; Thou hast thy life, be gone.

Clow. Vengeance, sweet vengeance.

Foro. De'e mumble?

Clow. I'll be reveng'd, monstrously, suddenly, and insatiably; my bulk begins to swell.

Foro. *Homotolenton, Pragmatophoros, Heliofycorax.*

Clow. Call up your Spirits, I despise 'em; well, I'll have Law for my broken pate, twelve ounces of pure blood; Troy-weight. In despite of thee my Master, and thy Master the grand Devil himself, *vindicta, vindicta.* — *Exit.*

Host. Signior, you are exceeding mov'd.

Hostess. Mercy upon us, What terrible words thou talk'st?

Foro. A slave, a curr—but be not you affrighted Young Virgin, 'twere an injury to sweetness: Should any rough sound draw from your cheeks, The precious tincture which makes nature proud Of her own workmanship.

Host. Wife, Mark, mark that Wife.

Bian. Shake then your anger off Sir;

Foro. You command it

Fair one, mine Host and Hostess, with your leaves I have a motion joyn'tly to you all.

Hostess. An honest one I hope.

Host. Well put in Wife.

Foro. A very necessary one, the Mefs And half of suitors, that attend to usher Their Loves sir-reverence to your daughter, wait

With one consent, which can best please her eye; In offering at a Dance, I have provided Musick. And, 'twill be something I dare promise Worthy your laughter, Shall they have admittance?

Host. By any means, for I am perswaded the manner will be so

Ridiculous, that it will confirm the assurance of their Miserable fooleries, but no longer trouble with 'em here, Than they are in these May-games.

Foro. So I am resolv'd.

Hostess. Nor any wise word of senceless love.

Foro. Not any; I have charm'd them, Did you see How they prepar'd themselves? how they stroak up Their foretops, how they juggle for the Looking-glasses, To set their faces by it; *See they Muster.* You would look for some most impossible antick.

Enter Tailor, Dancer, Mule-driver, School-Master, Clark: (all with several papers, and present 'em to Forobosco.)

Host. So, so, so, so, here flutter the nest of Hornets, the hotch-potch of rascallity; now, now, now, now, the dung-hill of corruption hath yawn'd forth the burthen of abomination. I am vext, vext to the soul, will rid my house of this unchristen'd fry, and never open my doors again.

Foro. Some other time, I'll give no answer now, But have preferred your suits, here shew your cunning. First, every one in order do his honor To the fair mark you shoot at; courtly, courtly, Convey your several loves in lively measure:

Come, let us take our seats; some sprightly Musick.

Host. Dance all and part, 'tis a very necessary farewell.

Enter Cæsario, They all make ridiculous congés; Bianca: rank themselves, and dance in several postures: during the dance, Enter Cæsario, and stands off.

Host. Well done my lusty bloods, precisely well done, One lusty rouse of Wine, and take leave on all sides.

Cesar. Thanks for your Revels Gentlemen; accept This Gold, and drink as freely as you danc'd.

Host. My noble Lord *Cæsario*, clear the rooms Sirs.

Foro. Away. Attend your answers.

— *Exeunt Foro, and those that danc'd.*

Cesar. With your favor *Rolando*, I would change a word or two with your fair daughter.

Host. At your Lordships pleasure, come Wife, no muttering, have a care Girle, my love, service, and duty to your good Lordship. — *Exeunt and Wife.*

Cesar. My often visits (sweet *Bianca*) cannot But constantly inform thy judgment, wherein Thy happiness consists, for to steal minutes From great employments, to converse with beauty, Lodg'd in so mean a fortune, to lay by Consideration of the unequal distance Between my blood and thine, to shun occasions Of courtship with the Ladies of the time: Noble, and fair, only for love to thee, Must of necessity invite a tenderness; As low as nature could have stamp'd a Bondwomans, To entertain quick motions of rare gratitude For my uncommon favors.

Bian. 'Deed my Lord, as far as my simplicity can lead me, I freely thank your curtesies.

Cesar. To thank them, is to reward them pretty one.

Bian. Then teach me How I may give them back again; in truth I never yet receiv'd a pair of Gloves: A trifling Ring from any that expected An equall satisfaction, but as willingly I parted with the gift unto the owner, as he bestow'd it.

Cesar. But

Cesar. But I pour before thee
Such plenties, as it lies not in the ability
Of thy whole kindred, to return proportionable
One for a thousand.

Bian. You my Lord conclude
For my instruction, to ingage a debt
Beyond a possibility of payment,
I ever thought a sin; and therefore justly
Without conceit of scorn, or curious rudeness,
I must refuse your bounty.

Cesar. Canst thou love?

Bian. Love! Is there such a word in any Language
That carries honest sense?

Cesar. Never dwelt ignorance
In so sweet-shap'd a building: love, Bianca,
Is that firm knot which ties two hearts in one:
Shall ours be tied so?

Bian. Use a plainer word,
My Lord. In stead of ties, say marries hearts;
Then I may understand.

Cesar. Their hearts are married
Whose interchange of pleasures, and embraces;
Soft kisses, and the privacies of sweets,
Keeps constant league together, when temptation
Of great mens oaths and gifts, shall urge contempt,
Rather than batter resolution, novelty
Of sights, or taste of new delights in wantonness,
Breeds surfeit more than appetite in any
Reserv'd to noble vowes; my excellent Maid,
Live thou but true to me, and my contents,
Mine only, that no partner may partake.
The treasure of those sweets thy youth yet glories in;
And I will raise thy lowness to abundance
Of all varieties, and more triumph
In such a Mistress, than great Princes doating
On truth-betraying Wives.

Bian. Thus to yield up then
The cottage of my virtue, to be swallow'd
By some hard-neighbouring Landlord, such as you are,
Is in effect to love, a Lord so vicious!
O where shall innocence find some poor dwelling;
Free from temptations tyranny.

Cesar. Nay prethee.

Bian. Gay clothes, high feeding, easie beds of lust,
Change of unseemly sights; with base discourse,
Draw curses on your Pallaces; for my part,
This I will be confirm'd in, I will eat
The bread of labour, know no other rest
Than what is earn'd from honest pains, ere once more
Lend ear to your vile toyles; Sir, would you were
As noble in desires, as I could be in knowing virtue.
Pray do not afflict a poor soul thus.

Cesar. I swear — to me? — (*Bianca steals off;*

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. The Duke my Lord commands your speedy presence
For answering agrievances lately urg'd
Against you by your Mother?

Cesar. By my Mother.

Gent. The Court is near on sitting.

Cesar. I wait on it Sir, — — *Exeunt:*

*Enter Duke, Magistrate, Secretary, Baptista, Attendants,
Mentivole: (they sit) Mentivole stands by.*

Duke. What waste of blood, what tumults, what divisions,
What outrages, what uprores in a State,
Factions, though issuing from mean springs at first;
Have (not restrain'd) flow'd to, the sad example
At Rome, between the *Ursins* and *Columni's*:
Nay, here at home, in Florence, 'twixt the *Neers*
And the *Bianchi*, can too mainly witness.
I sit not at the Helm (my Lords) of Sovereignty
Deputed Pilot for the Common-wealth,
To sleep while others steere (as their wild fancies
Shall counsel) by the compass of disorders.
Baptista, This short Preface is directed

Chiefly to you, the petty brawls and quarrels
Late urg'd betwixt th' *Alberti* and your family;
Must, yes, and shall, like tender unknit joynts,
Fasten again together of themselves:
Or like an angry Chyrurgion, we will use
The roughness of our justice, to cut off
The stubborn rancour of the limbes offending.

Bap. Most gracious *Florence.*

Duke. Our command was signified,
That neither of the followers of each party
Should appear here with weapons.

Bap. 'Tis obey'd Sir, on my side.

Duke. We must leave the general cause
Of State employments, to give ear to brawls
Of some particular grudges, politick government
For tutor'd Princes, but no more henceforth.

*Enter Mariana, and Clarissa at one door, Cefario
at the other.*

Our frown shall check presumption, not our clemency:

Mari. All blessings due to unpartial Princes,
Crown *Florence* with eternity of happiness.

Cesar. If double Prayers can double blessings (great Sir)
Mine joyn for your prosperity with my Mothers.

Duke. Rise both; now briefly (Lady) without circum-
stance

Deliver those agrievances; which lately
Your importunity possess our Counsel,
Were fit for audience, wherein you petition'd,
You might be heard without an Advocate,
Which boon you find is granted.

Mari. Though divided.

I stand between the Laws of truth and modesty;
Yet let my griefs have vent: Yet the clearness
Of strange necessity requires obedience
To nature and your Mercy, in my weeds
Of mourning, emblems of too dear misfortunes,
Badges of griefs, and Widdowhood, the burthen
Of my charg'd soul, must be laid down before you;
Wherein, if strict opinion cancel shame,
My frailty is my plea;
Stand forth young Man,
And hear a story that will strike all reason
Into amazement.

Cesar. I attend.

Mar. *Alberto* (peace dwell upon his ashes) still the hus-
band

Of my remembrance and unchanging vowes,
Has, by his death, left to his heir possession
Of fair renew, which this young man claims
As his inheritance. I urg'd him gently,
Friendly, and privately, to grant a partage
Of this estate to her who owns it all,
This his supposed Sister.

Bap. How supposed?

Cesar. Pray *Madam* recollect your self.

Mar. The relish

Of a strange truth begins to work like Physick
Already: I have bitterness to mingle
With these preparatives, so deadly loathsome;
It will quite choak digestion; shortly hear it
Cesario, for I dare not rob unjustly
The poor soul of his name; this, this *Cesario*
Neither for Father had *Alberto*, me
For Mother, nor *Clarissa* for his Sister.

Clarif. Mother, O Mother.

Ment. I am in a Dream sure.

Duke. No interruptions. Lady on.

Mari. Mistake not,

Great Duke of *Tuscany*, or the beginning
Or process of this novelty; my husband
The now deceas'd *Alberto*, from his youth
In-ur'd to an impatiency, and roughness
Of disposition, when not many months
After our Marriage were worn out, repin'd

At the unfruitful barrenness of youth,
Which, as he pleas'd to terme it, cut our hopes off
From blessing of some issue; to prevent it
I grew ambitious of no fairer honor
Than to preserve his love, and as occasions
Still call'd him from me, studied in his absence
How I might frame his welcome home with comfort.
At last I fain'd my self with Child; the Message
Of freedom, or relief, to one half starv'd
In prison, is not utter'd with such greediness
Of expectation, and delight, as this was
To my much affected Lord; his care, his goodness;
(Pardon me that I use the word) exceeded
All former fears, the hour of my deliverance
As I pretended, drawing near, I fashion'd
My birth-rights at a Country Garden-house,
Where then my Faulk'ners Wife was brought a bed
Of this *Cesario*; him I own'd for mine;
Presented him unto a joyful Father.

Duke. Can you prove this true?

Mari. Procf; I have most evident;
But oh the curse of my impatience; shortly,
E'r three new Moons had spent their borrow'd Lights,
I grew with Child indeed, so just is Heaven,
The issue of which burthen was this Daughter;
Judge now most gracious Prince, my Lords and you,
What combats then, and since, I have indur'd,
Between a Mothers piety, and weakness
Of a Soul trembling Wife; to have reveal'd
This secret to *Alberto*, had been danger
Of ruin to my fame, besides the conflict
Of his distractions; now to have suppress'd it,
Were to defeat my Child, my only Child,
Of her most lawful honors, and inheritance.
Cesario, th'art a Man still, Education
Hath moulded thee a Gentleman, continue so;
Let not this fall from greatness sink thee lower
Than worthy thoughts may warrant, yet disclaim
All interest in *Alberto's* blood, thou hast not
One drop of his or mine.

Duke. Produce your witness.

Marian. The Faulconers Wife his Mother,
And such women as waited then upon me,
Sworn to the privacy of this great secret.

Duke. Give them all their Oaths.

Cesar. O let me crave forbearance, gracious Sir,
Vouchsafe me hearing.

Duke. Speak *Cesario*.

Cesar. Thus long

I have stood silent, and with no unwillingness,
Attended the relation of my fall,
From a fair expectation; what I fear'd
(Since the first syllable this Lady utter'd
Of my not being hers) benevolent Fates
Have cas'd me off; for to be basely born,
If not base-born, detracts not from the bounty
Of natures freedom, or an honest birth.
Nobility claim'd by the right of blood,
Shewes chiefly, that our Ancestors desir'd
What we inherit; but that Man whose actions
Purchase a real merit to himself,
And ranks him in the file of praise and honor,
Creates his own advancement; let me want
The fuel which best feeds the fires of greatness,
Lordly possessions, yet shall still my gratitude
By some attempts, of mention not unworthy,
Endeavour to return a fit acquittance
To that large debt I owe your favours (Madam)
And great *Alberto's* memory and goodness;
O that I could as gently shake off passion
For the loss of that great brave Man, as I can shake off
Remembrance of that once I was reputed;
I have not much to say, this Princely presence
Needs not too strictly to examine farther

The truth of this acknowledgment; a Mother
Dares never disavow her only son,
And any woman must come short of Piety,
That can, or disinherit her own issue,
Or fears the voice of rumor for a stranger.
Madam, you have confest, my Father was
A servant to your Lord and you: by interest
Of being his son, I cannot but claim justly
The honor of continuing still my service
To you and yours; which granted, I beg leave
I may for this time be dismiss'd.

Duke. Bold spirit.

Bap. I love thee now with pitty;

Duke. Go not yet —

A sudden tempest that might shake a rock,
Yet he stands firm against it; much it moves me,
He, not *Alberto's* son, and she a Widdow,
And she a Widdow, — Lords your ear.

Omnes. Your pleasure. — *Whispers.*

Duke. So, Lady, what you have avouch'd is truth.

Mari. Truth only, gracious Sir.

Duke. Hear then our Sentence.

Since from his cradle you have fed and foster'd
Cesario as your Son, and train'd him up
To hopes of greatness; which now in a moment
You utterly again have ruin'd, this way
We with our Counsel are resolv'd, you being
A Widdow, shall accept him for a husband.

Maria. Husband to me, Sir?

Duke. 'Tis in us to raise him

To honors, and his vertues will deserve 'em.

Maria. But Sir, 'tis in no Prince, nor his Prerogative,
To force a Womans choice against her heart.

Duke. True, if then you appeale to higher Justice,
Our Doom includes this clause upon refusal,
Out of your Lords revenues shall *Cesario*
Assure to any, whom he takes for Wife,
The inheritance of three parts; the less remainder
Is dowry large enough to marry a daughter;
And we, by our Prerogative, which you question,
Will publickly adopt him into th' name
Of your decess'd *Alberto*, that the memory
Of so approv'd a Peer may live in him
That can preserve his memory; 'less you find out
Some other means, which may as amply satisfy
His wrong, our Sentence stands irrevocable:
What think you Lords?

Omnes. The Duke is just and honorable.

Bap. Let me embrace *Cesario*, henceforth ever
I vow a constant friendship.

Mentivole. I remit all former difference.

Cesar. I am too poor

In words to thank this Justice. *Madam*, alwayes
My studies shall be love to you, and duty.

Duke. Replies we admit none. *Cesario* wait on us.

Exeunt. Manent, Mentivole, Bap. Mari. Clarif.

Bap. Mentivole.

Menti. My Lord.

Bap. Look on *Clarissa*, she's noble, rich, young, fair.

Mentivole. My Lord, and virtuous.

Bap. Mentivole and virtuous. — *Madam.*

Maria. Tyranny of Justice, I shall live report; derision,
That am compell'd to exchange a graceful Widdow-hood
For a continual Martyrdome in Marriage,
With one so much beneath me.

Bap. I'll plead for ye

Boldly and constantly, let your daughter only

Admit my son her servant, at next visit,

Madam, I'll be a messenger of comfort.

Mentivole, be confident and earnest.

Exit.

Maria. Married again, to him too! better 'thad been
The young Man should have still retain'd the honors
Of old *Alberto's* son, than I the shame
Of making him successor of his bed; I was too blame.

Ment. Indeed

Ment. Indeed without offence,
Madam I think you were,
Claris. You urge it fairly, and like a worthy friend.
Maria. Can you say any thing
In commendation of a Mushroom withered
As soon as started up?

Ment. You scorn an Innocent
Of noble growth, for whiles your husband liv'd
I have heard you boast *Cesar* in all actions
Gave matter of report of Imitation,
Wonder and envy; let not discontinuance
Of some few dayes strange a sweet opinion
Of virtue, chiefly when, in such extremity,
Your pittie not contempt will argue goodnes.

Maria. O Sir,
Cl. If you would use a thriving courtship,
You cannot utter a more powerfull language
That I shall listen to with greater goodnes
Than th'argument you prosecute; this speaks you
A man compleat and excellent.

Ment. I speak not, they are his own deserts.
Maria. Good Sir forbear,
I am now fully sensible of running
Into a violent Lethargy, whose deadlines
Locks up all reason, I shall never henceforth
Remember my past happiness.

Ment. These clouds may be disperst.
Maria. I fear continuall night
Will over-shroud me, yet poor youth his trespass
Lies in his fortune, not the cruelty
Of the Duke's sentence.

Cl. I dare think it does.
Maria. If all fail I will learn thee to conquer
Adversity with sufferance.
Ment. You resolve Nobly. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Cesar and a Servant.

Cesar. Let any friend have entrance.

Servant. Sir a'shall.

Cesar. Any, I except none.

Serv. We know, your mind Sir —Exit.

Cesar. Pleasures admit no bounds.

I am pitcht so high
To such a growth of full prosperities
That to conceal my fortunes were an injury
To gratefulness, and those more liberall favours
By whom my glories prosper. He that flows
In gracious and swolne tydes of best abundance,
Yet will be Ignorant of his own fortunes,
Deserves to live contemn'd, and dye forgotten;
The harvest of my hopes is now already
Ripen'd and gather'd, I can fatten youth
With choice of plenty, and supplies of comforts,
My fate springs in my own hand, and I'll use it.

Enter 2 Servants and Biancha.

1 'Tis my place,

2 Yours? here fair one, I'll acquaint my Lord.

1 He's here, go to him boldly.

2 Please you to let him understand how readily

I waited on your errand?

1 Saucy fellow, you must excuse his breeding.

Cesar. What's the matter?

Biancha, my *Biancha,* to your offices. *Exit Ser.*

This visit (Sweet) from thee (my pretty dear)
By how much more 'twas unexpected, comes
So much the more timely: witness this free welcome,
What ere occasion led thee.

Bian. You must guess Sir,
Yet indeed 'tis a rare one.

Ces. Prethee speak it, my honest virtuous maid.

Bian. Sir I have heard
Of your misfortunes, and I cannot tell you
Whether I have more cause of joy or sadness,
To know they are a truth.

Ces. What truth *Biancha*? misfortunes, how, wherein?

Bian. You are disclaym'd
For being the Lord *Alberto's* Son, and publickly
Acknowleg'd of as mean a birth as mine is,
It cannot chuse but greve ye.

Ces. Greive me? ha ha ha ha? is this all?

Bian. This all?

Ces. Thou art sorry for't
I warrant thee: alas good soul, *Biancha,*
That which thou call'st misfortune is my happiness,
My happiness *Biancha.*

Bian. If you love me, it may prove mine too.

Ces. May it? I will love thee.

My good, good maid,
If that can make thee happy,
Better and better love thee,

Bian. Without breach then
Of modesty I come to claime the Interest
Your protestations, both by vows and letters,
Have made me owner of: from the first hour
I saw you, I confess I wisht I had been
Or not so much below your rank and greatness,
Or not so much above those humble flames
That should have warm'd my bosome with a temperate
Equality of desires in equal fortunes.

Still as you utter'd Language of affection,
I courted time to pass more slowly on
That I might turn more fool to lend attention
To what I durst not credit, nor yet hope for:
Yet still as more I heard, I wisht to hear more.

Ces. Didst thou introth wench?

Bian. Willingly betraid
My self to hopeles bondage.

Ces. A good girl,
I thought I should not miss
What ere thy answer was.

Biancha. But as I am a maid Sir, and I'faith
You may believe me, for I am a maid,
So dearly I respected both your fame
And quality, that I would first have perisht
In my sick thoughts than ere have given consent
To have undone your fortunes by inviting
A marriage with so mean an one as I am.
I should have dyed sure, and no creature known
The sickness that had kill'd me.

Ces. Pretty heart, good Soul, alas, alas.

Bian. Now since I know
There is no difference 'twixt your birth and mine,
Not much 'twixt our estates, if any be,
The advantage is on my side, I come willingly
To tender you the first fruits of my heart,
And am content t'accept you for my husband,
Now when you are at lowest.

Ces. For a husband?
Speak sadly, dost thou mean so?

Bian. In good deed Sir,
'Tis pure love makes this proffer.

Ces. I believe thee,
What counsail urg'd thee on, tell me, thy Father
My worshipfull smug Host? wast not he wench?
Or mother Hostess? ha?

Bian. D'ee mock my parentage?

D d d

I doe

I doe not scorn yours.
Mean folks are as worthy
To be well spoken of if they deserve well,
As some whose onely fame lies in their blood,
O y^e are a proud poor man: all your oaths falshood,
Your vows deceit, your letters forg'd, and wicked.

Cef. Thou'dst be my wife, I dare sweare.

Bian. Had your heart.

Your hand and tongue been twins, you had reputed
This courtesy a benefit.

Cef. Simplicity,

How prettily thou mov'st me? why *Biancha*,
Report has coz'ned thee, I am not fallen
From my expected honors, or possessions,
Though from the hope of birthright.

Bian. Are you not?

Then I am lost again, I have a suit too;
You'll grant it if you be a good man.

Cef. Any thing,

Bian. Pray doe not talk of ought what I have said t'ee.

Cef. As I wish health I will not.

Bian. Pity me, but never love me more.

Cef. Nay now y^e are cruell,

Why all these tears?—Thou shalt not go.

Bian. I'll pray for ye

That you may have a virtuous wife, a fair one,
And when I am dead—

Cef. Fy, fy.

Bian. Think on me sometimes,
With mercy for this trespass.

Cef. Let us kiss

At parting as at coming.

Bian. This I have

As a free dower to a virgins grave,
All goodness dwell with ye.—*Exit.*

Cef. Harmeless *Biancha*! unskill'd;
What handsome toys are maids to play with?

Enter Mariana and Clarissa.

How innocent? but I have other thoughts
Of nobler meditation.—my felicity,
Thou comest as I could wish, lend me a lip
Soft as melting as when old *Alberto*
After his first nights triall taking farewell
Of thy youth's conquest tasted.

Maria. You are uncivill.

Cef. I will be Lord of my own pleasures, Madam
Y^e are mine, mine freely,
Come, no whimpering henceforth
New can the lessons of loves best experience,
That our delights may meet in equal measure
Of resolutions and desires; this fullness
Is scurvy, I like it not,

Mar. Be modest.

And do not learn *Cesario* how to prostitute
The riot of thy hopes to common folly;
Take a sad womans word, how ere thou doat'st
Upon the present graces of thy greatnes.
Yea I am not fallen so below my constancy
To virtue, nor the care which I once tend'red
For thy behoof that I prefer a sentence
Of cruelty before my honor.

Cef. Honor!

Maria. Hear me, thou seest this girl! now the comfort
Of my last days. She is the onely pledge
Of a bed truly noble: shee had a father
(I need not speak him more than thou remembrest)
Whom to dishonor by a meaner choice,
Were injury and infamy.

Clarif. To goodnes,
To time and virtuous mention.

Mar. I have vow'd,

Observe me now *Cesario*, that how ere
I may be forc'd to marry, yet no tyranny,
Persuasions, flattery, guifts, intreats, or tortures,
Shall draw me to a second bed.

Clar. Tis just too.

Maria. Yes and 'tis just *Clarissa*. I allow
The Duke's late sentence, am resolv'd young man
To be thy wife, but when the ceremony
Of marriage is perform'd, in life I will be,
Though not in name, a widdow.

Cef. Pray a word t'ee,

Shall I in earnest never be your bedfellow?

Maria. Never, O never; and 'tis for your good too.

Cef. Prove that.

Mar. Alas too many years are numbred
In my account to entertain the benefit
Which youth in thee *Cesario*, and ability
Might hope for and require, it were Injustice
To rob a gentleman deserving memory
Of Issue to preserve it.

Cef. No more herein,

You are an excellent pattern of true piety,
Let me now turn your advocate. Pray look into
The order of the Duke. Injoyn'd, admit
I satisfie the sentence without marriage
With you, how then?

Mar. *Cesario*.

Cef. If I know

How to acquit your fears, yet keep th'injunction
In every clause whole and entire, your charity
Will call me still your servant.

Mar. Still my son.

Cef. Right Madam, now you have it, still your son.
The *Genius* of your blessings hath instructed
Your tongue oraculously, we will forget
How once I and *Clarissa* enterchang'd
The eyes of brother and of sister, henceforth
New stile us man and wife.

Cl. By what authority?

Cef. Heavens great appointment, yet in all my dotage
On thy perfections, when I thought *Clarissa*
We had been pledges of one womb, no lose
No wanton heat of youth, desir'd to claime
Priority in thy affections, other
Than nature might commend. Chastly I tend'red
Thy welfare as a brother ought; but since
Our bloods are strangers, let our hearts contract
A long life-lasting unity, for this way
The sentence is to be observ'd or no way.

Mar. Then no way.

Cef. I expected other answer Madam from you.

Mar. No, every age shall curse me,
The monster, and the prodigie of nature,
Horrors beyond extremity.

Cl. Pray mother confine the violence of greif.

Cef. Yes mother, pray do.

Mar. Thus some catch at a matrons honor
By flying lust to plot incestuous witchcrafts.
More terrible than whoredomes; cruell mercy!
When to preserve the body from a death
The soul is strangled.

Cef. This is more than passion,
It comes near to distraction.

Mar. I am quieted.

Cesario, thou mayest tell the Duke securely
Alberto's titles, honors and revenues,
The Duke may give away, enjoy them thou.
Clarissas birthright, *Marianas* dower
Thou shalt be Lord of; turn us to the world
Vnpittied and unfriended, yet my bed
Thou never sleep'st in; as for her; she hears me,
If she as much as in a thought consent;
That thou may'st call her wife, a Mothers curse
Shall never leave her.

Clar.

Clar. As a brother once
I lov'd you, as a noble friend yet honor ye,
But for a husband sir, I dare not own you,
My faith is given already.

Cef. To a Villain, I'll cut his throat.

Mar. Why this is more than passion?
It comes near a distraction.

Clar. Call to mind Sir.
How much you have abated of that goodness
Which once reign'd in ye, they appear'd so lovely
That such as friendship led to observation

Enter Baptista and Mentivole.

Courted the great example.

Cef. Left, and flatter'd into a broad derision?

Mar. Why d'ee think so?

My Lord *Baptista*, is your Son grown cold
in hasting on the marriage, which his vows
Have seal'd to my wrong'd daughter?

Bap. We come Lady, to consummate the contract.

Cef. With *Mentivole*? is he the man?

Ment. *Clarissas*, troth and mine,
Cesario, are recorded in a character
So plain and certain, that except the hand
Of heaven, which writ it first, would blot it out again,
No humane power can raze it.

Cef. But say you so too young Lady?

Cl. I should else betray

My heart to falsehood, and my tongue to perjury.

Cef. Madam, you know the sentence.

Bap. From the Duke,
I have particular comforts which require
A private care.

Mar. I shall approve it gladly

We are resolv'd *Cesario*.

Bap. Be not insolent upon a Princes favor.

Cl. Loose no glory,

Your younger years have purchast.

Ment. And deserved too, y'have many worthy freinds.

Bap. Preserve and use them. *Exeunt: Mant & far.*

Cef. Good, very good, why here's a complement
Of mirth in desperation, I could curse
My fate: O with what speed men tumble down
From hopes that soar too high. *Biancha* now
May scorn me justly too, *Clarissa* married,
Albertos widdow resolute, *Biancha*
Refus'd, and I forsaken: let me study,
I can but die a batchelor that's the worst on't. *Exit.*

Enter Host, Taylor, Muliter, Dancer, Pedant, Coxcombe.

Host. Come Gentlemen,
This is the day that our great artist hath
Promis'd to give all your severall suits satisfaction.

Dancer. Is he stirring?

Host. He hath been at his book these to hours.

Pedant. He's a rare Phylitian.

Host. Why I'll tell you,
Were *Paracelsus* the German now
Living, he'd take up his single rapier against his
Terrible long sword, he makes it a matter of nothing
To cure the gout, sore eyes he takes out as familiarly,
Washes them, and puts them in again,
As you'd blanch almonds.

Tay. They say he can make gold.

Host. I, I, he learnt it of Kelly in Germany.
There's not a Chymist
In christendome can goe beyond him for multiplying.

Pedant. Take heed then;

He get not up your daughters belly my Host.

Host. You are a merry Gentleman
And the man of art will love you the better.

Dancer. Does he love mirth and crotchets?

Host. O he's the most courteous Phylitian,
You may drink or drab in's company freely,
The better he knows how your disease grows,
The better he knows how to cure it.

Danc. But I wonder my Host
He has no more resort of Ladyes to him.

Host. Why Sir?

Dan. O divers of them have great beleif in conjurers:
Lechery is a great help to the quality.

Host. He's scarce known to be in town yet,
Ere long we shall have 'em come
Hurrying hither in Fetherbeds.

Dan. How? bedridden?

Host. No sir, in fetherbeds that move upon 4 wheels in
Spanish caroches.

Ped. Pray acquaint him we give attendance.

Host. I shall gentlemen; I would fain be rid
Of these rascalls, but that they raise profit
To my wine ce ar.

When I have made use of them sufficiently,
I will intreat the conjurer to tye crackers to their tails,
And send them packing.

Enter Forebosco as in his Study. (A paper)

Foro. Come hither mine Host, look here,

Host. What's that?

Foro. A challenge from my man.

Host. For breaking's pate?

Foro. He writes here if I meet him not
i'th' Feild within this half hour,
I shall hear more from him.

Host. O sir, minde your profit,
Ne'er think of the rascall, here are the gentlemen.

Foro. 'Morrow my worthy clients,
What are you all prepar'd of your questions;
That I may give my resolution upon them?

Omnes. We are Sir.

Pedant. And have brought our mony.

Foro. Each then in order,
And differ not for precedency.

Dan. I am buying of an office Sir,
And to that purpose I would fain learn
To dissemble cunningly.

Foro. Doe you come to me for that? you should rather
Have gone to a cunning woman.

Danc. I sir but their Instructions are but like woman,
Pretty well but not to the depth, as I'd have it:
You are a conjurer, the devils Master,
And I would learn it from you so exactly.

Foro. That the devil himself
Might not go beyond you.

Danc. You are i'th' right Sir.

Foro. And so your mony for your purchase
Might come in again within a 12 month.

Danc. I would be a Graduate sir, no freshman.

Foro. Here's my hand sir,
I will make you dissemble so methodically,
As if the divell should be sent from the great Turk,
In the shape of an Embassador
To set all the christian princes at variance.

Danc. I cannot with any modesty desire any more.
There's your mony sir.

Foro. For the art of dissembling.

Cox. My suit sir will be news to you when I tell it.

Foro. Pray on.

Cox. I would set up a press here in Italy,
To write all the Corantos for Christendome:

Foro. That's news indeed,
And how would you employ me in't?

Cox. Marry sir, from you
I would gain my intelligence.

Foro. I conceive you, you would have me furnish you
With a spirit to informe you.

Cox. But as quiet a Divell as the woman,
The first day and a half after she's married,
I can by no means indure a terrible one.

Foro. No, no, I'll qualifie him,
He shall not fright you,
It shall be the ghost of some lying Stationer,
A Spirit shall look as if butter would not melt in his
mouth. A new *Mercurius Gallo-belgicus*.

Cox. O there was a captain was rare at it.

Foro. Ne'er thinke of him,
Though that captain writ a full hand gallop,
And wasted indeed more harmeles paper than
Ever did laxative Physick,
Yet will I make you to ont-scribble him,
And set down what you please,
The world shall better believe you.

Cox. Worthy sir I thank you, there's mony.

Foro. A new office
For writing pragmatikall Curranto's
Pedant. I am a school-master sir,
And would fain conferre with you
About erecting 4 new sects of religion at *Amsterdam*.

Foro. What the Divell should
New sects of religion doe there?

Pedant. I assure you I would get
A great deal of money by it.

Foro. And what are the 4 new sects
Of religion you would plant there?

Ped. Why that's it I come about sir,
'Tis a Divel of your raising must invent 'em,
I confeis I am too weak to compass it.

Foro. So sir, then you make it a matter of no difficulty
To have them tolerated.

Pedant. Trouble not your self for that,
Let but your Divel set them a foot once.
I have Weavers, and Ginger-bread makers,
And mighty *Aquavita-men*, shall set them a going.

Foro. This is somewhat difficult,
And will aske some conference with the divell.

Ped. Take your own leasure sir,
I have another business too, because I mean
To leave *Italy*, and bury my self in those neather parts
Of the low countries.

Foro. What's that sir.

Ped. Marry I would fain make 9 dayes to the week,
for the more ample benefit of the captain.

Foro. You have a shrewd pate sir.

Ped. But how this might be compass'd?

Foro. Compass'd easily; tis but making
A new Almanack, and dividing the compass
Of the year into larger penny-worths,
As a Chandler with his compass makes
A Geom trick proportion of the *Holland* cheefe
He retails by stivers.

But for getting of it licenc'd?

Ped. Trouble not your self with that sir,
There's your mony,

Foro. For four new sects of religions,
And 9 dayes to the week.

Ped. To be brought in at general pay-dayes,
Write I beseech you.

Foro. At generall pay-dayes.

Taylor. I am by profession a Taylor,
You have heard of me.

Foro. Yes sir, and will not steal from you
The least part of that commendation I have heard utter'd.

Taylor. I take measure of your worth sir,
And because I will not afflict you with any large bill
Of circumstances, I will snip off particulars.
I would fain invent some strange
And exquisite new fashions.

Foro. Are you not travel'd sir.

Tay. Yes sir, but have observ'd all we can see
Or invent, are but old ones with new names to 'em,

Now I would some way or other grow more curious.

Foro. Let me see; to devise new fashions—
Were you never in the Moon?

Tay. In the Moon tavern! yes sir, often.

Foro. No, I do mean in the new world,
In the world that's in the Moon yonder.

Tay. How? a new world 'ith' moon?

Foro. Yes I assure you.

Tay. And peopled?

Foro. O most fantastikally peopled.

Tay. Nay certain then there's work for taylors?

Foro. That there is I assure you.

Tay. Yet I have talked with a Scotch taylor
That never discover'd so much to me,
Though he has travell'd far, and was a pedlar in *Poland*.

Foro. That was out of his way,

This lies beyond *China*:

You would study new fashions you say?

Take my counsell, make a voyage,
And discover that new world.

Tay. Shall I be a moon-man?

Foro. I am of opinion, the people of that world
(If they be like the nature of that climate they live in)
Do vary the fashion of their cloaths oftener than any
Quick-silver'd nation in Europe.

Tay. Not unlikely, but what should that be we call
The man in the moon then?

Foro. Why 'tis nothing but an Englishman
That stands there stark naked,
With a pair of sheers in one hand,
And a great bundle of broad cloath in the other
(Which resembles the bush of thorns)
Cutting out of new fashions.

Taylor. I have heard somewhat like this,
But how shall I get thither?

Foro. I'll make a new compass shall direct you.

Tay. Certain?

Foro. Count me else for no man of direction.

Tay. There's 20 duckats in hand, at my return
I'll give you a 100.

Foro. A new voyage to discover new fashions.

Mul. I have been a traveller too sir,
That have shewed strange beasts in Christendome,
And got money by them, but I find the trade to decay.
Your Camelion, or East-Indian hedg-hog
Gets very little mony, and your Elephant devours
So much bread, brings in so little profit,
His keeper were better every morning
Cram 15 Taylors with white manchet:
I would have some new spectacle,
And one that might be more attractive.

Foro. Let me see, were you ever in *Spain*?

Mule. Not yet Sir.

Foro. I would have you go to *Madrill*, and against some
great festivall, when the court lies there; provide a great
and spacious English Oxe, and roast him whole, with a
pudding in's bely; that would be the eighth wonder of the
world in those parts I assure you.

Mule. A rare project without question.

Foro. Goe beyond all their garlike *olle padridoes*, though
you sod one in *Garguontuas* couldron, bring in more money,
then all the monsters of *Affrick*.

Host. Good Sir do your best for him; he's of my acquaint-
tance, and one if ye knew him-----

Foro. What is he?

Host. He was once a man of infinite letters.

Foro. A Scholar?

Host. No sir, a packet carrier, which is alwaies a man of
many letters, you know: then he was Mule-driver, now he's
a gentleman, and feeds monsters.

Foro. A most ungratefull calling.

Mule. There's money for your direction; the price of the
Oxe Sir?

Foro. A hundred French crowns, for it must be a *Lincolne*
shire

shire Oxe, and a prime one:
For a rare and monstrous spectacle, to be seen at *Madrid*.

Enter Clown, Hostess, and Bianca.

Hostess. Pray forbear sir, we shall have a new quarrell.

Clown. You durst not meet me 'ith field, I am therefore come to spoyl your market.

Foro. What's the newes with you sir.

Clown. Gentlemen, you that come hither to be most abominably cheated, listen, and be as wise as your planet will suffer you, keep your mony, be not gul'd, be not laught at.

Pedant. What means this? would I had my mony again in my pocket.

Host. The fellow is full of malice, do not mind him.

Clown. This profest cheating rogue was my master, and I confesse my self a more preternotorious rogue than himself, in so long keeping his villainous counsell.

Foro. Come, come, I will not hear you.

Clown. No couz'ner, thou wouldst not hear me, I do but dare thee to suffer me to speak, and then thou and all thy divells spit fire, and spout *Aqua fortis*.

Foro. Speak on, I freely permit thee.

Clown. Why then know all you simple animals, you whose purses are ready to cast the calf, if they have not cast it already, if you give any credit to this jugling rascal, you are worse than simple widgins, and will be drawn into the net by this decoy duck, this tame cheater.

Foro. Ha, ha, ha, pray mark him

Clown. He does profess Physicke, and counjuring; for his Physick; he has but two medicines for all manner of diseases; when he was i'th' low cuntryes, he us'd nothing but butter'd beer, colour'd with Allegant, for all kind of maladies, and that he called his catholick med'cine; sure the Dutch smelt out it was butter'd beer, else they would never have endur'd it for the names sake: then does he minister a grated Dogs turd instead of Rubarb, many times of Unicornes horn, which working strongly with the conceit of the Patient, would make them bescummer to the height of a mighty purgation.

Foro. The rogue has studied this invective.

Clown. Now for his conjuring, the witches of *Lapland* are the divells chare-women to him, for they will sell a man a wind to some purpose; he sells wind, and tells you for tie lyes over and over.

Hostess. I thought what we should find of him.

Host. Hold your prating, be not you an heretick.

Clown. Conjure! I'll tell you, all the divells names he calls upon are but fustion names, gather'd out of welch heraldry; in breif, he is a rogue of six reprieves, four pardons of course, thrice pilloried, twice sung *Lacrymæ* to the Virginalls of a carts tail, h'as five times been in the *Gallies*, and will never truly run himself out of breath, till he comes to the gallowes.

Foro. You have heard worthy gentlemen, what this lying, detracting rascal has vomited.

Tay. Yes certain, but we have a better trust in you, for you have ta'en our money.

Foro. I have so, truth is he was my servant, and for some chastisement I gave him, he does practise thus upon me; speak truly sirra, are you certain I cannot conjure?

Clown. Conjure! ha, ha, ha.

Foro. Nay, nay, but be very sure of it.

Clown. Sure of it? why I'll make a bargain with thee, before all these gentlemen, use all thy art, all thy roguery, and make me do any thing before al this company I have not a mind to, I'll first give thee leave to claime me for thy bond slave, and when thou hast done hang me.

Foro. 'Tis a match, sirra, I'll make you caper i'th' air presently.

Clown. I have too solid a body, and my belief is like a Puritans on Good-Friday, too high fed with capon.

Foro. I will first send thee to Green-land for a haunch

of venison, just of the thickness of thine own tallow.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha, I'll not stir an inch for thee.

Foro. Thence to *Ambayna* i'th' *East Indies*, for pepper to bake it.

Clown. To *Ambayna*? so I might be pepper'd.

Foro. Then will I convey thee stark naked to *Develing* to beg a pair of *brogs*, to hide thy mountainous buttocks.

Clown. And no doublet to 'em?

Foro. No sir, I intend to send you of a sleeveless errand; but before you vanish, in regard you say I cannot conjure, and are so stupid, and opinionated a slave, that neither I, nor my art can compell you to do any thing that's beyond your own pleasure, the gentlemen shall have some sport, you cannot endure a cat sirra?

Clown. What's that to thee lugler?

Foro. Nor you'll do nothing at my entreaty?

Clown. I'll be hang'd first.

Foro. Sit Gentlemen, and whatsoever you see, be not frightened,

Hostess. Alas I can endure no conjuring.

Host. Stir not wife.

Bian. Pray let me go sir, I am not fit for these fooleries.

Host. Move not daughter,

For. I wil make you dance a new dance call'd leap-frog

Clown. Ha, ha, ha.

For. And as naked as a frog.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha, I desie thee.

Forobosco looks in a book, strikes with his wand, Musick plays.

Enter 4. Boyes shap'd like Frogs, and dance.

Padant. Sprits of the water in the likeness of frogs.

Tay. He has fisht fair believe me.

Mule. See, see, he sweats and trembles.

Foro. Are you come to your quavers?

Clown. Oh, ho, ho.

Foro. I'll make you run division on that o'r ere I leave you, looke you, here are the playfellows that are so indear'd to you; come sir, first uncase, and then dance, nay I'll make him dance stark naked.

Host. Oh let him have his shirt on and his *Mogols* breeches, here are Women ith' house.

Foro. Well for their sakes he shall.

Clown teares off his doublet, making strange faces as if compel'd to it, falls into the Dance.

Tay. He dances, what a lying rogue was this to say the gentleman could not conjure?

Foro. He does prettily well, but 'tis voluntary, I assure you, I have no hand in't.

Clown. As you are a Counjurer, and a rare Artist, free me from these couplets; of all creatures I cannot endure a Frog.

Foro. But your dancing is voluntary, I can compell you to nothing.

Hostess. O me, daughter, lets take heed of this fellow, he'll make us dance naked, an' we vex him.

— *Exeunt Hostess and Bianca.*

Foro. Now cut capers sirra, I'll plague that chine of yours

Clown. Ho, ho, ho, my kidneys are roasted. I drop away like a pound of butter roasted.

Tayl. He will dance himself to death.

Foro. No matter I'll sell his fat to the *Pothecaries*, and repair my injury that way.

Host. Enough in conscience.

Foro. Well, at your entreaty vanish. And now I wil only make him break his neck in doing a *sommerfet*, and that's all the revenge I mean to take of him.

Clown. O gentlemen, what a rogue was I to belye so an approved Master in the noble dark science? you can witness, this I did only to spoyle his practise and deprive you of the happyness of enjoying his worthy labors; rogue that I was to do it, pray sir forgive me.

Fero. With what face canst thou ask it?

Clow. With such a face as I deserve, with a hanging look, as all here can testifye.

Fero. Well gentlemen, that you may perceive the goodness of my temper, I will entertain this rogue againe in hope of amendment, for should I turn him off, he would be hang'd.

Clow. You may read that in this foul copy.

Fero. Only with this promise, you shall never cozen any of my patients.

Clow. Never.

Fero. And remember hence forward, that though I cannot conjure, I can make you dance sirra, go get your self into the cottage again.

Enter Cesario.

Clow. I will never more dance leap-Frog: now I have got you into credit, hold it up, and cozen them in abundance.

Fero. Oh rare rascal.

—— *Exit Clow.*

Cesar. How now, a *Frankford* mart here, a Mountebank, and his worshipfull auditory?

Host. They are my guests Sir.

Cesar. A —— upon them, shew your juggling tricks in some other room.

Host. And why not here Sir?

Cesar. Hence; or sirra I shall spoil your figure flinging, and all their radicall questions.

Omnes Sir we vanish.

Exeunt. Manet Host. & Cesar.

Host. Signior *Cesario*, you make bold with me, And somewhat I must tell you to a degree Of ill manners: they are my guests, and men I live by, And I would know by what authority You command thus far.

Cesar. By my interest in your daughter.

Host. Interest do you call't? as I remember I never put her out to Vsury on that condition.

Cesar. Pray thee be not angry.

Enter Bianca and Hostess.

I am come to make thee happy, and her happy: She's here; alas my pretty soul, I am come To give assurance that's beyond thy hope, Or thy beleif, I bring repentance 'bout me, And satisfaction, I will marry thee.

Bianca. Ha?

Cesar. As I live I will, but do not entertain't With too quick an apprehension of joy, For that may hurt thee, I have heard some dye of 't,

Bian. Do not fear me.

Cesar. Then thou think'st I feign This protestation, I will instantly Before these testifye my new alliance, Contract my self unto thee, then I hope We may be more private.

Host. But thou shalt not sir, For so has many a maiden-head been lost, and many a bastard gotten,

Ces. Then to give you the best of any assurance in the world,

Entreat thy father to go fetch a Preist Wee will instantly to bed, and there be married.

Bian. Pride hath not yet forsaken you I see, Though prosperity has.

Host. Sir you are too confident To fashion to your self a dream of purchase When you are a begger.

Ces. You are bold with me.

Hostess. Doe we not know your value is cried down Fourscore i'th' hundred.

Bian. Oh sir I did love you

With such a fixed heart, that in that minute Wherein you slighted, or contemn'd me rather, I took a vow to obey your last decree, And never more look up at any hope Should bring me comfort that way: and though since Your Foster-mother, and the fair *Clarissa* Have in the way of marriage despis'd you, That hath not any way bred my revenge, But compassion rather. I have found So much sorrow in the way to a chaste wedlock That here I will set down, and never wish To come to'th' journies end. Your suit to mee Henceforth be ever silenc'd.

Cesar. My *Bianca*.

Hostess. Henceforward pray forbear her and my house: She's a poor virtuous wench, yet her estate May weigh with yours in a gold balance.

Host. Yes, and her birth in any Heralds office in Christendom.

Hostess. It may prove so:

When you'll say, you have leapt a Whiting.

Exit

Enter Baptista and Mentivole.

Ces. How far am I grown behind hand with fortune?

Bap. Here's *Cesario*!

My son Sir, is to morrow to be married Unto the fair *Clarissa*.

Ces. So.

Ment. Wee hope you'll be a guest there.

Ces. No I will not grace your triumph so much.

Bap. I will not tax your breeding.

But it alters not your birth Sir, fare you well.

Ment. Oh Sir, doe not greive him,

He has too much affliction already.

Exeunt.

Enter a Sailor.

Ces. Every way scorn'd and lost, Shame follow you

For I am grown most miserable.

Sail. Sir do you know a Ladies son in town here They cal *Cesario*?

Cesar. There's none such I assure thee;

Sail. I was told you were the man.

Cesar. What's that to thee?

Sail. A —— on't. You are melancholy, will you drink Sir?

Cesar. With whom?

Sail. With me Sir; despise not this pitch'd Canvas; the time was we have known them lin'd with Spanish Duckets; I have news for you:

Cesar. For me!

Sail. Not unless you'll drink;

We are like our Sea provision, once out of pickle, We require abundance of drink; I have news to tell you,

That were you Prince,

Would make you send your mandate

To have a thousand bonfires made i'th' City

And pist out agen with nothing but Greek wine.

Cesar. Come, I will drink with thee howsoever,

Sail. And upon these terms I will utter my mind to you.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Alberto, Prospero, Juliana and Sailors.

Sail. Shall we bring your necessaries ashore my Lord?

Alb. Do what you please, I am land-sick, worse by far Than ere I was at sea,

Prof. Collect your self.

Alber. O my most worthy Prospero, my best friend, The noble favor I receiv'd from thee In freeing me from the Turks I now accompt Worse than my death; for I shall never live To make requitall; what do you attend for?

Sail. To understand your pleasure.

Alber. They do mock me;

I do protest I have no kind of pleasure In any thing i'th' world, but in thy friendship, I must ever except that.

Prof. Pray leave him, leave him. — Exeunt Sailors.

Alber. The news I heard related since my landing Of the division of my Family, How is it possible for any man To bear't with a set patience?

Prof. You have suffer'd

Since your imprisonment more waighty sorrows.

Alber. I, then I was man of flesh and blood, Now I am made up of fire, to the full height Of a deadly Calenture; O these vild women That are so ill preservers of mens honors, They cannot govern their own honesties. That I should thirty and odd winters feed My expectation of a noble heir, And by a womans falshood find him now A fiction, a mere dream of what he was; And yet I love him still.

Prof. In my opinion

The sentence (on this tryall) from the Duke Was noble, to repair *Cesar's* loss With the marriage of your wife, had you been dead.

Alber. By your favor but it was not, I conceive T'was disparagement to my name, to have my widdow Match with a Faulkeiners son, and yet beli've't I love the youth still, and much pittie him. I do remember at my going to Sea, Upon a quarrel, and a hurt receiv'd From young *Mentivole*, my rage so far Oretopt my nobler temper, I gave charge To have his hand cut off, which since I heard, And to my comfort, brave *Cesar*, Worthyly prevented.

Prof. And 'twas nobly done.

Alber. Yet the revenge, for this intent of mine Hath bred much slaughter in our families, And yet my wife (which infinitely moans me) Intends to marry my sole heir *Clarissa* To the head branch of the other faction.

Prof. 'Tis the mean to work reconcilment.

Alber. Between whom?

Prof. Your self and the worthy *Baptista*.

Alber. Never.

Prof. O you have been of a noble and remarkable friendship,

And by this match 'tis generally in *Florence* Hop'd, 'twill fully be reconcil'd; to me 'Twould be absolute content.

Julia. And to my self, I have main interest in it.

Alb. Noble Sir, you may command my heart to break

for you

But never to bend that way; poor *Cesar*, Whien thou put't on thy mournfull willow-garland, Thy enemy shall be fitted (I do vow) In the same livery, my *Cesar* Loved as my foster child, though not my Son, Which in some countrys formerly were barbarous, Was a name held most affectionate; thou art lost, Vnfortunate young man, not only slighted Where thou received'st thy breeding, but since scorn'd I th' way of marriage, by the poor *Bianca* The In-keepers daughter.

Prof. I have heard of that too; But let not that afflict you: for this Lady May happily deliver at more leasure A circumstance may draw a fair event, Better than you can hope for. For this present we must leave you, And shall visit you again within these two hours.

— Enter *Cesar*.

Alber. Ever to me most welcome, — O my *Cesar*.

Cesar. I am none of yours Sir, so 'tis protested; And I humbly beg,

Since 'tis not in your power to preserve me Any longer in a noble course of life, Give me a worthy death.

Alber. The youth is mad.

Cesar. Nay Sir, I will instruct you in a way To kill me honorably.

Alber. That were most strange.

Cesar. I am turning Pirate, You may be employed By the Duke to fetch me in; and in a Sea-fight Give me a noble grave.

Alber. Questionless he's mad: I would give any Doctor A thousand crowns to free him from this sorrow.

Cesar. Here's the Physitian. — Shows a *Pouard*.

Alber. Hold Sir, I did say

To free you from the sorrow, not from life.

Cesar. Why life and sorrow are uneparable.

Alber. Be comforted *Cesar*, *Mentivole* Shall not marry *Clarissa*.

Cesar. No Sir, ere he shall, I'll kill him.

Alber. But you forfeit your own life then.

Cesar. That's worth nothing.

Alber. *Cesar*, be thy self, be mine *Cesar*: Make not thy self incapable of that portion I have full purpose to confer upon thee? By falling into madness: bear thy wrongs With noble patience, the afflicted's friend Which ever in all actions crowns the end.

Ces. You well awak'd me; nay recover'd me Both to sence and full life, O most noble sir, Though I have lost my fortune, and lost you For a worthy Father: yet I will not lose My former virtue, my integrity Shall not yet forsake me; but as the wild Ivy, Spreads and thrives better in some pittious ruin Of tower, or defac'd Temple, than it does Planted by a new building; so shall I Make my adversity my instrument To winde me up into a full content.

Alber. 'Tis worthily resolv'd; our first adventure Is to stop the marriage; for thy other losses, Practis'd by a womans malice, but account them Like conjurers winds rais'd to a fearfull blast, And do some mischief, but do never last. Exeunt.

Enter *Forobosco* and *Clown*.

Clow. Now sir, will you not acknowledge that I have mightily advanc'd your practice?

Forobos. 'Tis confest, and I will make thee a great man for't.

Clow.

Clow. I take a course to do that my self, for I drink sack in abundance.

Foro. O my rare rascall! We must remove.

Clow. Whither?

Foro. Any whither: *Europe* is too little to be coz'ned by us, I am ambitious to go to the *East-Indies*, thou and I to ride on our brace of Elephants.

Clow. And for my part I long to be in *England* agen; you will never get so much as in *England*, we have shifted many countreys, and many names: but trance the world over you shall never purse up so much gold as when you were in *England*, and call'd your self Doctor *Lambertones*.

Foro. 'Twas an attractive name I confess, women were then my only admirers.

Clow. And all their visits was either to further their lust, or revenge injuries.

Foro. You should have forty in a morning beleaguer my closet, and strive who should be cozen'd first, amongst fourscore love-sick waiting women that has come to me in a morning to learn what fortune should betide them in their first marriage, I have found above 94 to have lost their maidenheads,

Clow. By their own confession, but I was fain to be your male midwife, and work it out of them by circumstance.

Foro. Thou wast, and yet for all this frequent resort of women and thy handing of their urinals and their cases, thou art not given to lechery, what should be the reason of it? thou hast wholesome flesh enough about thee; me thinks the divell should tempt thee to't.

Clow. What need he do that, when he makes me his instrument to tempt others.

Foro. Thou canst not chuse but utter thy rare good parts; thou wast an excellent baud I acknowledge.

Clow. Well, and what I have done that way, I will spare to speak of all you and I have done sir, and though we should—

Foro. We will for *England*, that's for certain.

Clow. We shall never want there.

Foro. Want? their Court of Wards shall want money first: for I profess my self Lord Paramount over fools and mad-folkes.

Clow. Do but store your self with lyes enough against you come thither.

Foro. Why that's all the familiarity I ever had with the Divell, my guift of lying, they say he's the Father of lyes; and though I cannot conjure, yet I profess my self to be one of his poor gossips. I will now reveale to thee a rare peece of service.

Clow. What is it my most worshipful Doctor *Lambertones*?

Foro. There is a Captain come lately from Sea, They call *Prosper*, I saw him this morning Through a chink of wainscote that divides my lodging, And the Host of the house, withdraw my Host, and Hostess, the fair *Biancha*, and an antient gentlewoman into their bedchamber; I could not overhear their conference, but I saw such a mass of gold & Jewels, & when he had done he lock't it up into a casket; great joy there was amongst them, & forth they are gone into the city, and my Host told me at his going forth he thought he should not return till after supper: now Sir, in their absence will we fall to our picklocks, enter the chamber, seize the Jewels, make an escape from *Florence*, and we are made for ever.

Clow. But if they should go to a true conjurer, and fetch us back in a whirle-wind?

Foro. Do not believe there is any such fetch in *Astrology*, and this may be a means to make us live honest hereafter.

Clow. 'Tis but an ill road to't that lyes through the high way of theeving.

Foro. For indeed I am weary of this trade of fortune-

telling; and mean to give all over, when I come into *England*, for it is a very ticklish quality,

Clow. And it's end will hang by a twine thred.

Foro. Besides the Island has too many of the profession, they hinder on anothers market.

Clow. No, no, the pillory hinders their market.

Foro. You know there the juggling captain.

Clow. I there's a sure card.

Foro. Only the fore-man of their jury is dead, but he dyed like a Roman.

Clow. Else 'tis thought he had made work for the hangman.

Foro. And the very *Ball*, of your false prophets, he's qualst too.

Clow. He did measure the stars with a false yard, and may now travail to *Rome*, with a mortar on's head to see if he can recover his money that way.

Foro. Come, come, lets fish for this casket, and to Sea presently.

Clow. We shall never reach *London*, I fear; My mind runs so much of hanging, landing at *Wapping*.

Enter *Mariana*.

Exeunt.

This well may be a day of joy long wish'd for To my *Clarissa*, she is innocent.

Nor can her youth but with an open bosome Meet *Hymens* pleasing bounties, but to me That am environ'd with black guilt and horror It does appear a funeral though promising much In the conception were hard to mannage

But sad in event, it was not hate

But fond indulgence in me to preserve

Cesarid's threaten'd life in open court

Then forc'd me to disclaime him, choosing rather

To rob him of his birth-right, and honor

Than suffer him to run the hazard of

Inrag'd *Baptista's* fury, while he lives;

I know I have a Son, and the Dukes sentence

A while deluded, and this tempest over,

When he assures himself despair hath seiz'd him,

Knock, wilbin.

Enter *Baptista*.

I can relieve and raise him—speak, who is it

That presses on my privacies? Sir your pardon.

You cannot come unwelcome, though it were

To read my secret thoughts.

Bap. Lady to you

Mine shall be ever open; Lady said I,

That name keeps too much distance, sister rather

I should have stild you, and I now may claime it,

Since our divided families are made one

By this blessed marriage; to whose honor comes

The Duke in person, waited on by all

The braveries of his Court, to witness it,

And then to be our ghests, is the bride ready

To meet and entertain him?

Maria. She attends the coming of your Son.

Bap. Pray you bring her forth.

The Duke's at hand—Musick, in her loud voyce,

Speaks his arrivall.

Maria. She's prepar'd to meet it.

—Exit.

Enter

Enter Mariana, Clarissa, led by two Maids: at the other door, Baptista meets with Mentivole, led by two Couriers, the Duke, Bishop; divers Attendants: (A Song) whilst they salute.

Duke. It were impertinent to wish you joy, Since all joys dwell about you, *Hymens* torch Was never lighted with a luckier *Omen*. Nor burnt with so much splendor, to defer With fruit less compliment, the means to make Your certain pleasures lawful to the world; Since in the union of your hearts they are Confirm'd already: would but argue us A boaster of our favours; to the Temple, And there the sacred knot once ti'd, all triumphs Our Dukedom can afford, shall grace your Nuptials.

Enter Alberto and Cesario.

Bap. On there.

Ment. I hope it is not in the power Of any to cross us now.

Alber. But in the breach Of a wrong'd Father I forbid the Banes.

Cesar. What, do you stand at gaze?

Bap. Risen from the dead!

Maria. Although the Sea had vomited up the Figure In which thy better part liv'd long imprison'd, True love despising fear, runs thout to meet it.

Clarif. In duty I kneel to it.

Alber. Hence vile wretches, To you I am a substance incorporeal, And not to be prophan'd, with your vile touch? That could so soon forget me, but such things Are neither worth my Anger, nor reproof. To you great Sir, I turn my self and these Immediate Ministers of your Government, And if in my rude language I transgress; Ascribe it to the cold remembrance of My services, and not my rugged temper.

Duke. Speak freely, be thy language ne'er so bitter, To see thee safe Alberto, signs thy pardon.

Alber. My pardon? I can need none, if it be not Receiv'd for an offence. I tamely bear Wrongs, which a slave-born *Muscovite* would check at. Why if for Treason I had been deliver'd Up to the Hangmans Axe, and this dead trunk Unworthy of a Christian Sepulchre; Expos'd a prey to feed the ravenous Vulture, The memory of the much I oft did for you, Had you but any touch of gratitude, Or thought of my deservings, would have stopp'd you From these unjust proceedings.

Duke. Hear the motives that did induce us.

Alber. I have heard them all, Your Highness sentence, the whole Court abus'd, By the perjuries and practice of this woman. (We pest thou *Crocodile*) my hopeful son, Whom I dare swear mine own, degraded of The honors that descend to him from me: And from that, in his love scorn'd by a creature Whose base birth, though made eminent by her beauty, Might well have mark'd her out *Cesar's* servant, All this I could have pardon'd and forgot; But that my daughter with my whole Estate So hardly purchas'd, is assign'd a Dower; To one whose Father, and whose Family I so detest; that I would lose my essence And be transformed to a Basiliske To look them dead, to me's an injury Admits no satisfaction.

Bap. There's none offer'd.

Alber. Nor would not be accepted,

Though upon thy knees 'twere tender'd, Maria. Now the storm grows high. Bap. But that I thought thee dead, and in thy death The brinie Ocean had entomb'd thy name; I would have sought a Wife in a *Bordello* For my *Mentivole*, and gladly hugg'd Her spurious issue as my lawful Nephews, Before his blood should e'er have mix'd with thine; So much I scorn it.

Alber. I'll not bandy words, but thus dissolve the contract.

Bap. There I meet thee, and seize on what's mine own.

Alber. For all my service,

Great Sir, graunt me the combat with this wretch, That I may scourge his intolence.

Bap. I kneel for it.

Cesar. And to approve my self Alberto's Son, I'll be his second upon any odds, 'Gainst him that dare moist of *Baptista's* race.

Ment. Already upon honourable terms, In me thou hast met thy better, for her sake I'll add no more.

Alber. Sir, let our swords decide it.

Maria. Oh stay Sir, and as you would hold the Title Of a just Prince, e'er you grant licence to These mad-mens fury, lend your private ear To the most distress'd of Women.

Duke. Speak, 'tis granted. *He takes Mariana aside.*

Clar. In the meantime, let not *Clarissa* be A patient looker on, though as yet doubtful, To whom to bend her knee first, yet to all I stoop thus low in duty, and would wash The dust of fury with my Virgin tears, From his bless'd feet, and make them beautiful That would move to conditions of peace, Though with a snail-like pace, they all are wing'd To bear you to destruction: reverend Sirs, Think on your ancient friendship cemented With so much blood, but shed in noble action, Divided now in passion for a brawl; The Makers blush to own, much lov'd *Cesario*. Brother, or friend, (each Title may prevail,) Remember with what tenderness from our childhood We lov'd together, you preferring me Before your self, and I so fond of you That it begot suspicion in ill minds That our affection was incestuous. Think of that happy time, in which I know That with your dearest blood you had prevented This shower of tears from me; *Mentivole*, My Husband, registred in that bright star-chamber, Though now on earth made strangers, be the example And offer in one hand the peaceful *Olive* Of concord, or if that can be denied By powerful intercession in the other Carry the *Hermian* rod, and force attonement, Now we will not be all marble. Death's the worst then And he shall be my Bridegroom. (*Offers to kill her self.*)
Ment. Hold *Clarissa*, his loving violence needs must Offer in spite of honor—

He snatches away her knife, and sets it to his own breast, she stais his hand.

Duke. Was it to that end then on your Religion?

Mar. And my hope in Heaven, Sir.

Duke. We then will leave intreaties, and make use Of our authority, must I cry ai-me To this unheard of intolence? in my presence To draw your swords, and as all reverence That's due to Majesty were forfeited, Cherish this wildeness! Heath them instantly, And shew an alteration in your looks, or by my power

Alber. Cut off my head.

Bap. And mine, rather than hear of peace with this bad

I'll not alone, give up my throat, but suffer
Your rage to reach my family.

Enter Prospero, Juliana, Biancha.

Alb. And my name to be no more remembred.

Duke. What are these?

Ces. Biancha, 'tis *Biancha*, still *Biancha*: but strangely alter'd.

Bapt. If that thirteen years
Of absence could raze from my memory
The figure of my friend, I might forget thee;
But if thy Image be graven on my heart,
Thou art my *Prospero*.

Prof. Thou my *Baptista*?

Duke. A suddain change!

Bapt. I dare not ask, dear friend
If *Juliana* live! for that's a blessing
I am unworthy of, but yet denie not
To let me know the place she hath made happy
By having there her Sepulchre.

Prof. If your Highness please to vouchsafe a patient
Ear, we shall make a true relation of a story
That shall call on your wonder.

Duke. Speak, we hear you.

Prof. *Baptista's* fortune in the *Genova* Court,
His banishment, with his fair Wife's restraint
You are acquainted with; what since hath follow'd
I faithfully will deliver. E'r eight Moons
Alter *Baptista's* absence were compleat,
Fair *Juliana* found the pleasures, that
They had enjoy'd together, were not barren,
And blushing at the burthen of her womb,
No father near to own it, it drew on
A violent sickness, which call'd down compassion
From the angry Duke, then careful of her health.
Physitians were enquir'd of, and their judgment
Prescrib'd the Baths of *Luca* as a means
For her recovery; to my charge it pleas'd her
To be committed; but as on the way
We journey'd, those throws only known to Women
Came thick upon her, in a private Village.

Bapt. She died?

Prof. Have patience, she brought to the world
A hopeful Daughter; for her bodies sickness
It soon decay'd, but the grief of her mind
Hourly increas'd, and life grew tedious to her,
And desperate e'er to see you; she injoyn'd me
To place her in a *Greekish* Monastery,
And to my care gave up her pretty Daughter.

Bapt. What Monastery? as a Pilgrim bare-foot,
I'll search it out.

Prof. Pray you interrupt me not,
Now to my fortunes; the girl well dispos'd of
With a faithful friend of mine, my cruel fate
Made me a prisoner to the *Turkish* Gallies,
Where for 12 years, these hands tugg'd at the Oar,
But fortune tyr'd at length with my afflictions,
Some Ships of *Malta* met the *Ottoman* Fleet,
Charg'd them, and boarded them, and gave me freedom.
With my deliverers I serv'd, and got
Such reputation with the great Master
That he gave me command over a tall
And lusty ship, where my first happy service
Was to redeem *Alberto* rumour'd dead,
But was like me surpriz'd by *Cortugogly*.

Alb. I would I had died there.

Prof. And from him learning
Baptista liv'd, and their dissolv'd friendship,
I hois'd up sails for *Greece*, found *Juliana*
A votary at her Beads; having made known
Both that you liv'd, and where you were: she borrow'd
So much from her devotion, as to wish me
To bring her to you; if the object please you,

With joy receive her.

Bapt. Rage and fury leave me. *Throws away his sword.*
I am so full of happiness, there's no room left
To entertain you, oh my long lost Jewel,
Light of mine eyes, my souls strength.

Julia. My best Lord, having embrac'd you thus,
Death cannot fright me.

Bapt. Live long to do so, though I should fix here.
Pardon me *Prospero*, though I enquire my daughters fortune.

Prof. That your happiness
May be at all parts perfect, here she is!

Ces. Biancha, daughter to a Princess.

Prof. True with my faithful Host I left her,
And with him till now she hath resided,
Ignorant both of her birth and greatness.

Bapt. Oh my blest one. Joy upon joy o'erwhelms me.

Duke. Above wonder.

Alb. I do begin to melt too, this strange story
Works much upon me.

Duke. Since it hath pleas'd heaven
To grace us with this miracle, I that am
Heavens instrument here, determine thus; *Alberto*
Be not unthankful for the blessings shown you,
Nor you *Baptista*; discord was yet never
A welcome sacrifice; therefore rage laid by,
Embrace as friends, and let pass'd difference
Be as a dream forgotten.

Bapt. 'Tis to me.

Alber. And me, and thus confirm it.

Duke. And to tie it
In bonds not to be broken, with the marriage
Of young *Mentivole*, and fair *Clarissa*,
So you consent great Lady, your *Biancha*
Shall call *Casario* Husband.

Julia. 'Tis a motion I gladly yield to.

Cesar. One in which you make a sad man happy.

Offers to kneel.

Bian. Kneel not, all forgiven.

Duke. With the Duke your Uncle I will make attonement,
and will have no denial.

Enter Host, Ferobosco, Clown and Officers.

Mar. Let this day be still held sacred.

Host. Now if you can conjure, let the Devil unbind
you.

Foro. We are both undone.

Clow. Already we feel it.

Host. Justice Sir.

Duke. What are they?

Prof. I can resolve you, slaves freed from the Gallies
By the Viceroy of *Sicilia*.

Duke. What's their offence?

Host. The robbing me of all my Plate and Jewels,
I mean the attempting of it.

Clow. Please your Grace I will now discover this Var-
let in earnest, this honest pestilent rogue, profess the Art
of Conjuring, but all the skill that ever he had in the
black Art, was in making a Seacole fire; only with wearing
strange shapes, he begot admiration amongst Fools and
Women.

Foro. Wilt thou peach thou varlet?

Duke. Why does he goggle with his eyes, and stalk so?

Clow. This is one of his Magical raptures.

Foro. I do vilise your censure, you demand if I am guilty,
whir says my cloak by a trick of Legerdemain, now I am
not guilty, I am guarded with innocence, pure Silver Lace I
assure you.

Clow. Thus have I read to you your virtues, which not-
withstanding I would not have you proud of.

Foro. Out thou concealment of Tallow, and counterfeit
Mummi.

Duke.

Duke. To the Gallies with them both.

Clow. The only Sea-physick for a knave, is to be basted in a Gally, with the oil of a Bulls Peefel.

Foro. And will not you make a four-face at the same fauce, firrah? I hope to find thee so lean in one fortnight, thou mayst be drawn by the ears through the hoop of a firkin.

Duke. Divide them, and away with them toth' Gallies.

Clow. This will take down your pride, lugler.

Duke. This day that hath given birth to blessings beyond hope, admits no criminal sentence: to the Temple, and there with humbleness, praise heavens bounties; For blessings ne'er descend from thence, but when A sacrifice in thanks ascends from men. *Exeunt omnes*

E c 2

CUPID'S

CUPID'S REVENGE.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Cupid.

Leontius, *the old Duke of Lycia.*

Leucippus, *Son to the Duke.*

Ifmenus, *Nephew to the Duke.*

Telamon, *a Lycian Lord.*

Dorialus,

Agenor, } *Courtiers.*

Nifus, }

Timantus, *a villainous Sycophant.*

The Priest of Cupid.

Four young Men and Maids.

Nilo, *sent in Commission to pull down Cupid's Image.*

Zoilus, *Leucippus's Dwarf.*

Four Citizens.

Women.

Hidaspes, *Daughter to the Duke.*

Cleophila, *and Hero her Attendants.*

Bacha, *a Strumpet.*

Urania, *her Daughter.*

Bacha's, *Maid.*

Urania's *Maid.*

Servants and Attendants.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Nifus.

Agenor.



Tell me my Lord *Dorialus*, I had mist of this, if you had not call'd me; I thought the Princess's birth-day had been to morrow.

Nifus. Why, did your Lordship sleep out the day.

Dor. I marvel what the Duke meant to make such an idle vow.

Nif. Idle, why?

Dor. Is't not idle, to swear to grant his Daughter any thing she shall ask on her birth-day? she may ask an impossible thing: and I pray heaven she do not ask an unfit thing at one time or other; 'tis dangerous trusting a mans vow upon the discretion on's Daughter.

Age. I wonder most at the Marquis her Brother, who is always vehemently forward to have her desires granted.

Dor. He's acquainted with 'em before.

Age. She's doubtless very chaste and virtuous

Dor. So is *Leucippus* her brother.

Nif. She's twenty year old, I wonder She aske not a Husband.

Dor. That were a folly in her; having refus'd all the Great Princes in one part of the world; She'll die a Maid.

Age. She may ask but one, may she?

Nif. A hundred times this day if she will; And indeed, every day is such a day, for though The Duke has vow'd it only on this day, He keeps it every day: he can deny Her nothing.

Cornets.

Enter Hidaspes, Leucippus, Leontius, Timantas, Tellamon.

Leon. Come fair *Hidaspes*, thou art Duches to day, Art thou prepar'd to aske, thou knowest My oath will force performance. And *Leucippus*, if she now ask ought that shall, Or would have performance After my death, when by the help of heaven, This Land is thine, accursed be thy race, May every one forget thou art my Son, And so their own obedience.

Leucip. Mighty Sir, I do not wish to know that fatal hour, That isto make me King, but if I do, I shall most hastily, (and like a Son) Perform your grant to all, chiefly to her: Remember that you aske what we Agreed upon.

Leon. Are you prepar'd? then speak.

Hida. Most Royal Sir, I am prepar'd,
Nor shall my Will exceed a Virgins bounds,
What I request shall both at once bring
Me a full content.

Leon. So it ever does:
Thou only comfort of my feeble age,
Make known thy good desire,
For I dare swear thou lov'st me.

Hidas. This is it I beg,
And on my knees. The people of your Land,
The *Lycians*, are through all the Nations
That know their name, noted to have in use
A vain and fruitless superstition;
So much more hateful, that it bears the shew
Of true Religion, and is nothing else
But a false-pleasing bold lasciviousness.

Leon. What is it?

Hidas. Many ages before this,
When every man got to himself a Trade,
And was laborious in that chosen course,
Hating an idle life, far worse than death:
Some one that gave himself to Wine and Sloth;
Which breed lascivious thoughts;
And found himself conjoyn'd
For that by every painful man,
To take his stain away, fram'd to himself
A god, whom he pretended to obey,
In being thus dishonest, for a name
He call'd him *Cupid*. This created god,
Mans nature being ever credulous
Of any vice that takes part with his blood;
Had ready followers enow: and since
In every age they grew, especially
Amongst your Subjects, who do yet remain
Adorers of that drowsie Deitie:
Which drink invented: and the winged Boy,
(For so they call him) has his sacrifices.
These loose naked statues through the Land,
And in every Village, nay the palace
Is not free from 'em. This is my request,
That these erect obscene Images
May be pluckt down and burnt: and every man
That offers to 'em any sacrifice, may lose his life.

Leon. But be advis'd my fairest daughter, if he be
A god, he will expresse it upon thee my child:
Which heaven avert.

Leucip. There is no such power:
But the opinion of him fills the Land
With lustful sins: every young man and maid
That feel the least desire to one another,
Dare not suppress it, for they think it is
Blind *Cupid's* motion: and he is a god.

Leon. This makes our youth unchaste. I am resolv'd:
Nephew *Ismenus*, break the Statues down
Here in the Palace, and command the City
Do the like, let proclamations
Be drawn, and hastily sent through the Land
To the same purpose.

Ismen. Sir, I will break down none my self,
But I will deliver your command:
Hand I will have none in't, for I like it not.

Leon. Goe and command it. Pleasure of my life,
Wouldst thou ought else? make many thousand suits:
They must and shall be granted.

Hid. Nothing else.

Exit Ismenus.

Leon. But go and meditate on other suits,
Some six days hence I'll give thee Audience again,
And by a new oath, bind my self to keep it:
Ask largely for thy self, dearer than life
In whom I may be bold to call my self,
More fortunate than any in my age,
I will deny thee nothing.

Leu. 'Twas well done, Sister.

Exeunt all but these three Lords.

Nis. How like you this request my Lord?

Dor. I know not yet, I am so full of wonder,
We shall be gods our selves shortly,
And we pull 'em out of Heaven o' this fashion.

Age. We shall have wenches now when we can
Catch 'em, and we transgress thus.

Nis. And we abuse the gods once, 'tis a Justice
We should be held at hard meat: for my part,
I'll e'en make ready for mine own affection
I know the god incenst must send a hardness
Through all good Womens hearts, and then we have
Brought our Eggs and Muskadine to a fair Market:
Would I had giv'n an i'col. for a tolleration,
That I might but use my conscience in mine
Own house,

Dor. The Duke he's old and past it, he would
Never have brought such a plague upon the Land else,
'Tis worse than Sword and Famine:
Yet to say truth, we have deserv'd it, we have liv'd
So wickedly, every man at his Livery, and wou'd that
Wou'd have suffic'd us: we murmur'd at this
Blessing, that was nothing; and cry'd out to the
God for endless pleasures, he heard us,
And suppi'd us, and our Women were new still
As we need 'em: yet we like beasts still cry'd,
Poor men can number their woers, give us
Abundance: we had it, and this curse withal.

Age. Berlady we are like to have a long *Lent* on't,
Flesh shall be flesh: now Gentlemen I had rather
Have anger'd all the gods, than that blind Ganner.
I remember once the people did but slight him
In a sacrifice: and what followed?
Women kept their houses, grew good huswives
Honest forsooth? was not that fine?

Wore their own faces,
Though they wear gay cloaths without surveying;
And which was most lamentable,
They lov'd their Husbands.

Nis. I do remember it to my grief,
Young Maids were as cold as Cowcubers
And much of that complexion:
Bawds were abolisht: and, to which misery
It must come again,
There were no Cuckolds,
Well, we had need pray to keep these
Divels from us,
The times grow mischievous.
There he goes, Lord!

Enter one with an Image.

This is a sacrilege I have not heard of:
Would I were gelt, that I might not
Feel what follows.

Age. And I too. You shall see within these
Few years, a fine confusion i'the Countrey: mark it:
Nay, and we grow for to depose the Powers,
And set up Chastity again, well, I have done.
A fine new goddess certainly, whose blessings
Are hunger and hard beds.

Nis. This comes of fulness, a sin too frequent with us
I believe now we shall find shorter commons.

Dor. Would I were married, somewhat has some favour;
The race of Gentry will quite run out now,
'Tis only left to Husbands, if younger Sisters
Take not the greater charity, 'tis lawful.

Age. Well, let come what will come,
I am but one, and as the plague falls,
I'll shape my self: If Women will be honest, I'll be sound.
If the god be not too unmerciful,
I'll take a little still, where I can get it,
And thank him, and say nothing.

Nis. This ill wind yet may blow the City good,
And let them, (if they can) get their own children,

They

They have hung long enough in doubt, but howsoever, the old way was the surer, then they had 'em.

Des. Farewel my Lords, I'll e'en take up what Rent I can before the day, I fear the year will fall out ill.

Age. We'll with you Sir: And love so favourus, As we are still thy servants. Come my Lords; Let's to the Duke, and tell him to what folly His doting now has brought him.

Exeunt.

Priest of Cupid, with four young men and Maids.

Priest. Come my children, let your feet, In an even measure meet: And your cheerful voices rise. For to present this Sacrifice; Lo great *Cupid*, in whose name, I his *Priest* begin the same. Young men take your Loves and kiss, Thus our *Cupid* honour'd is Kiss again, and in your kissing, Let no promises be missing: Nor let any Maiden here, Dare to turn away her ear, Unto the whisper of her Love, But give Bracelet, Ring or Glove, As a token to her sweeting, Of an after secret meeting: Now boy sing to stick our hearts Fuller of great *Cupid's* darts.

S O N G.

I Overs rejoyce, your pains shall be rewarded,
The god of Love himself grieves at your crying:
No more shall frozen honor be regarded,
Nor the coy faces of a Maids denying.
No more shall Virgins sigh, and say we dare not,
For men are false, and what they do they care not,
All shall be well again, then do not grieve,
Men shall be true, and Women shall believe.

Lovers rejoyce, what you shall say henceforth,
When you have caught your Sweet-hearts in your arms,
It shall be accounted Oracle, and Worth:
No more faint-hearted Girls shall dream of harms.
And cry they are too young, the god hath said,
Fifteen shall make a Mother of a Maid:
Then wise men, pull your Roses yet unblown,
Love hates the too ripe fruit that falls alone.

The Measure.

After the Measure, Enter Nilo and others.

Nilo. No more of this: here break your Rights for ever, The Duke commands it so; *Priest* do not stare, I must deface your Temple, though unwilling, And your god *Cupid* here must make a Scare-crow For any thing I know, or at the best, Adorn a Chimney-piece.

Priest. Oh Sacrilege unheard of?

Nilo. This will not help it, take down the Image And away with 'em. *Priest*, change your coat you had best, all service now Is given to men: Prayers above their hearing Will prove but hablings: learn to lye and thrive, 'Twill prove your best profession: for the gods, He that lives by 'em now, must be a beggar. There's better holiness on earth they say,

Pray God it ask not greater sacrifice. Go home, And if our god be not deaf as well as blind, He will some smooak for it.

Gent. Sir——

Nilo. Gentlemen, there is no talking, This must be done and speedily;

I have commission that I must not break.

Gent. We are gone, to wonder what shall follow.

Nilo. On to the next Temple.

Exeunt.

Cornets.

Descendit Cupid.

Cupid. Am I then scorn'd? is my all-doing Will And Power, that knows no limit, nor admits none, Now look'd in on by less than gods? and weak'n'd Am I, whose low struck terror through the earth, No less than Thunder, and in this, exceeding Even gods themselves; whose knees before my Altars Now shook off, and contemn'd by such, whose lives Are but my recreation! anger rise My sufferance and my self are made the subject Of sins against us. Go thou out displeasure, Displeasure of a great god, flying thy self Through all this Kingdom: sow what ever evils Proud flesh is taking off, amongst these Rebels: And on the first heart that despise my Greatness, Lay a strange misery, that all may know *Cupid's* revenge is mighty; with his Arrow Hotter than plagues or mine own anger, will I Now nobly right my self: nor shall the prayers Nor smooaks on my Altars hold my hand, Till I have left this a most wretched Land,

Exit

Enter *Hidaspes*, and *Cleophila*.

Hidaspes. *Cleophila*, what was he that went hence?

Cleo. What means your Grace now?

Hidaspes. I mean that handsome man, That something more than man I met at door.

Cleo. Here was no handsome man.

Hidaspes. Come, he's some one

You would preserve in private, but you want Cunning to do it, and my eyes are sharper Than yours, and can with one neglecting glance, See all the graces of a man. Who was't?

Cleo. That went hence now?

Hidaspes. That went hence now, I, he

Cleo. Faith here was no such one as your Grace thinks. *Zoylous* your Brothers Dwarf went out but now.

Hidaspes. I think 'twas he: how bravely he past by: Is he not grown a goodly Gentleman?

Cleo. A goodly Gentleman, Madam? He is the most deformed fellow i'the Land.

Hidaspes. Oh blasphemy: he may perhaps to thee Appear deform'd, for he is indeed Unlike a man: his shape and colours are Beyond the Art of Painting; he is like Nothing that we have seen, yet doth resemble *Apollo*, as I oft have fancied him, When rising from his bed, he stirs himself And shakes day from his hair.

Cleo. He resembles *Apollo's* Recorder.

Hidaspes. *Cleophila*, go send a Page for him, And thou shalt see thy error, and repent. Alas, what do I feel, my blood rebels, And I am one of those I us'd to scorn, My Maiden-thoughts are fled against my self? I harbor Traitors in my Virginity, That from my Childhood kept me company, Is heavier than I can endure to bear: Forgive me *Cupid*, for thou art a god, And I a wretched creature; I have sinn'd, But be thou merciful, and grant that yet I may enjoy what thou wilt have me, Love.

Exit Cleo.

Enter

Enter Cleo. and Zoy.

Zoylus is here Madam.

Hida. He's there indeed.

Now be thine own Judge; see thou worse than mad,
Is he deformed? look upon those eyes,
That let all pleasure out into the world,
Unhappy that they cannot see themselves;
Look on his hair, that like so many beams,
Streaking the East, shoot light o'er half the world,
Look on him altogether, who is made
As if two Natures had contention
About their skill, and one had brought forth him.

Zoy. Ha, ha, ha: Madam, though Nature
Hath not given me so much

As others in my outward shew;
I bear a heart as loyal unto you
In this unsightly body (which you please
To make your mirth) as many others do
That are far more befriended in their births;
Yet I could wish my self much more deformed
Than yet I am, so I might make your Grace
More merry than you are, ha, ha, ha.

Hidas. Beshrew me then if I be merry;
But I'm content whilst thou art with me:
Thou that art my Saint:

By hope of whose mild favour I do live
To tell thee so: I pray thee scorn me not;
Alas what can it add unto thy worth
To triumph over me, that am a Maid,
Without deceit? whose heart doth guide her tongue,
Drown'd in my passions; yet I will take leave
To call it reason that I dote on thee.

Cleo. The Princess is besides her Grace I think,
To talk thus with a fellow that will hardly
Serve i'th' dark when one is drunk.

Hida. What answer wilt thou give me?

Zoy. If it please your Grace to jest on, I can abide it.

Hida. If it be jest, not to esteem my life,
Compar'd with thee: If it be jest in me,
To hang a thousand kisses in an hour
Upon those Lips, and take 'em off again:
If it be jest for me to marry thee,
And take obedience on me whilst I live:
Then all I say is jest:
For every part of this, I swear by those
That see my thoughts, I am resolv'd to do,
And I beseech thee, by thine own white hand,
(Which pardon me, that I am bold to kiss
With so unworthy Lips) that thou wilt swear
To marry me, as I do here to thee,
Before the face of heaven.

Zoy. Marry you? ha, ha, ha,

Hida. Kill me or grant, wilt thou not speak at all?

Zoy. Why I will do your Will for ever.

Hida. I ask no more: but let me kiss that mouth
That is so merciful; that is my will:
Next go with me before the King in haste,
That is my Will; where I will make our Peers
Know, that thou art their better.

Zoy. Ha, ha, ha, that is fine, ha, ha, ha.

Cleo. Madam, what means your Grace?
Consider for the love of Heaven to what
You run madly; will you take this Viper
Into your bed?

Hida. Away, hold off thy hands:
Strike her sweet Zoylus, for it is my Will,
Which thou hast sworn to doe.

Zoy. Away for shame.

Know you no manners: ha, ha, ha.

Cleo. Thou know'st none I fear,
This is just Cupid's Anger, Venus look down mildly on us:
And command thy Son to spare this Lady once, and let me
be in love withal: and none in love with me.

Exit.

Exit.

Enter Ismenius, and Timantus.

Timan. Is your Lordship for the Wars this Summer?

Ismen. Timantus, wilt thou go with me?

Timan. If I had a Company, my Lord.

Ismen. Of Fiddlers: Thou a company?

No, no, keep thy Company at home, and cause cuckolds:
The Wars will hurt thy face, there's no Semsters,
Shoomakers, nor Taylors, nor Almond-milk i'th' morning,
Nor poach'd Eggs to keep your worship soluble,
No man to warm your Shirt, and blow your Roses:
Nor none to reverence your round lace Breeches:
If thou wilt needs goe, and goe thus,
Get a Cafe for thy Captainship, a shower will spoil thee else.
Thus much for thee.

Tim. Your Lordship's wondrous witty, very pleasant be-
lieve't.

Exit.

Enter Telamon, Dorialus, Agenor, Nifus, Leonti.

Leon. No news yet of my Son?

Tela. Sir, there be divers out in search:
No doubt they'll bring the truth where he is,
Or the occasion that led him hence.

Tim. They have good eyes then.

Leon. The gods goe with them:

Who be those that wait there?

Tela. The Lord Ismenius, your General, for his dispatch.

Leon. Oh Nephew: we have no use to imploy your
Virtue in our War: now the Province is well settled.
Hear you ought of the Marquis?

Ismen. No Sir?

Leon. 'Tis strange he should be gone thus:
These five days he was not seen,

Tim. I'll hold my hold, I could bolt him in an hour:

Leon. Where's my Daughter?

Dori. About the purging of the Temples, Sir.

Leon. She's chaste and virtuous; fetch her to me,
And tell her I am pleas'd to grant her now
Her last request, without repenting me.

Exit Nif.

Be it what it will: she is wife, Dorialus
And will not press me farther than a Father.

Dor. I pray the best may follow: yet if your Grace
Had taken the opinions of your people,
At least of such, whose wisdoms ever wake
About your safety, I may say it, Sir,
Under your noble pardon: that this change
Either had been more honor to the gods,
Or I think not at all. Sir, the Princess.

Enter Hidaspes, Nifus, and Zoylus.

Leon. Oh my Daughter, my health!
And did I say my soul, I ly'd not;
Thou art so near me, speak, and have whatever
Thy wife Will leads thee too: had I a Heaven,
It were too poor a place for such a goodness.

Dor. What's here?

Agen. An Apes skin stuff I think, 'tis so plump.

Hida. Sir, you have past your word,
Still be a Prince, and hold you to it.
Wonder not I press you, my life lies in your word:
If you break that, you have broke my heart, I must ask
That's my shame, and your Will must not deny me:
Now for Heaven be not forsworn.

Leon. By the gods I will not,
I cannot, were there no other power,
Than my love call'd to a witness of it.

Dor. They have much reason to trust,
You have forsworn one of 'em out o'th' countrey already.

Hida. Then this is my request: This Gent.
Be not ashamed, Sir:

You are worth a Kingdom.

Leon. In what?

Hida. In the way of marriage.

Leon.

Leon. How?

Hida. In the way of marriage, it must be so,
Your oath is t' d to Heaven: as my love to him.

Leon. I know thou dost but try my age,
Come ask again.

Hida. If I should ask all my life-time, this is all still.
Sir, I am ferious, I must have this worthy man without en-
quiring why; and suddenly, and freely:
Doe not look for reason or obedience in my words: my
Love admits no wisdom:
Only haste, and hope hangs on my fury,
Speak Sir, speak, but not as a Father,
I am deaf and dull to counsel: inflamed blood
Hears nothing but my Will;
For Gods sake speak.

Dor. Here's a brave alteration.

Nij. This comes of Chastity.

Hida. Will not you speak Sir?

Agem. The god begins his vengeance; what a sweet youth
he has sent us here, with a pudding in's belly?

Leon. Oh let me never speak,
Or with my words let me speak out my life;
Thou power abus'd: great Love, whose vengeance now we
feel and fear, have mercy on this Land.

Nij. How does your Grace?

Leon. Sick, very sick I hope.

Dor. Gods comfort you.

Hida. Will not you speak? is this your Royal word?
Do not pull perjurie upon your soul.

Sir, you are old, and near your punishment; remember.

Leon. Away base woman.

Hida. Then be no more my Father, but a plague,
I am bound to pray against: be any sin
May force me to despair, and hang my self,
Be thy name never more remembred King
But in example of a broken faith,
And curst even to forgetfulness:
May thy Land bring forth such Monsters as thy Daughter is?
I am weary of my rage. I pray forgive me,
And let me have him, will you Noble Sir?

Leon. Mercy, mercy heaven:
Thou heir of all dishonor, shamest thou not to draw
This little moisture left for life, thus rudely from me?
Carry that slave to death.

Zoy. For heavens sake Sir, it is no fault of mine,
That she will love me.

Leon. To death with him, I say.

Hida. Then make haste Tyrant, or I'll be for him:
This is the way to Hell.

Leon. Hold fast, I charge you away with him.

Hida. Alas old man, Death hath more doors than one,
And I will meet him. *Exit Hida.*

Leon. *Dorialis*, Pray see her in her chamber,
And lay a guard about her:
The greatest curse the gods lay on our frailties,
's Will and Disobedience in our Issues,
Which we beget as well as them to plague us,
With our fond loves; Beasts you are only blest
That have that happy dulness to forget
What you have made, your young ones grieve not you
They wander where they list, and have their ways
Without dishonor to you; and their ends,
Fall on 'em without sorrow of their Parents,
Or after ill remembrance: Oh this Woman
Would I had made my self a Sepulcher,
When I made her: Nephew, where is the Prince?
Pray God he have not more part of her baseness
Than of her blood about him.
Gentlemen: where is he?

Ifm. I know not Sir.

H'as his ways by himself, is too wise for my company.

Leon. I do not like this hiding of himself,
From such society as his person:
Some of it yeneeds must know.

Ifm. I am sure not I: nor have known twice this ten
days, which if I were as proud as some of 'em, I should take
scurvily, but he is a young man.

Let him have this swinge, 'twill make him.

Timantus whispers to the Duke.

There's some good matter now in hand:
How the slave jeers and grins; the Duke is pleas'd,
There's a new pair of Scarlet Hose now, and as much
Money to spare, as will fetch the old from pawn, a Hat
and a Cloak to goe out to morrow:
Garters and Stockings come by nature.

Leon. Be sure of this.

Tim. I durst not speak else, Sir.

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Cornets.

Descend Cupid.

Cupid. **L** *Encippus* thou art shot through with a shaft
That will not rankle long, yet sharp enough
To sow a world of helpless misery —
In this unhappy Kingdom, dost thou think
Because thou art a Prince, to make a part
Against my power, but it is all the fault
Of thy old Father, who believes this age
Is cold enough to quench my burning Darts,
But he shall know e'r long, that my smart loose,
Can thaw Ice, and inflame the wither'd heart
Of *Nestor*, thou thy self art lightly struck,
But his mad love, shall publish that the rage
Of *Cupid*, has the power to conquer Age. *Exit.*

*Enter Bacha, and Leucippus, Bacha,
a Handkerchief.*

Leon. Why, what's the matter?

Bacha. Have you got the spoil
You thirsted for? Oh tyrannie of men!

Leon. I pray thee leave,

Bacha. Your envy is, Heaven knows,
Beyond the reach of all our feeble sex:
What pain alas, could it have been to you,
If I had kept mine honor? you might still
Have been a Prince, and still this Countreys Heir,
That innocent Guard which I till now had kept,
For my defence, my virtue, did it seem
So dangerous in a State, that your self came to suppress it?

Leon. Drie thine eyes again, I'll kiss thy tears away,
This is but folly, 'tis past all help.

Bacha. Now you have won the treasure,
'Tis my request that you would leave me thus:
And never see these empty Walls again,
I know you will do so, and well you may:
For there is nothing in 'em that's worth
A glance, I loath my self, and am become
Another Woman; One methinks with whom
I want acquaintance.

Leon. If I do offend thee, I can be gone,
And though I love thy sight, so highly do I prize thine own
content, that I will leave thee.

Bac. Nay, you may stay now;
You should have gone before: I know not now
Why I should fear you: All I should have kept
Is stol'n: Nor is it in the power of man
To rob me farther: if you can invent,
Spare not; No naked man fears robbing less
Than I doe: now you may for ever stay

Leon. Why, I could do thee farther wrong.

Bacha.

Bac. You have a deeper reach in evil than I :
'Tis past my thoughts.

Leu. And past my will to act : but trust me I could do it.

Bac. Good Sir do, that I may know there is a wrong beyond what you have done me.

Leu. I could tell all the world what thou hast done.

Bac. Yes you may tell the world
And do you think I am so vain to hope
You will not ? you can tell the world but this,
That I am a widow, full of tears in shew,
My Husband dead : And one that lov'd me so,
Hardly a week, forgot my modestie,
And caught with youth and greatness,
Gave my self to live in sin with you ;
This you may tell : And this I do deserve.

Leu. Why dost thou think me so base to tell !
These limbs of mine shall part
From one another on a wrack,
Ere I disclose ; But thou dost utter words
That much afflict me : you did seem as ready
Sweet *Bacha*, as my self.

Bac. You are right a man : when they have 'wicht us
into miserie, poor innocent souls,
They lay the fault on us :
But be it so ; for Prince *Leucippus* sake
I will bear any thing.

Leucip. Come weep no more,
I wrought thee to it, it was my fault :
Nay, see if thou wilt leave ? Here, take this pearl,
Kiss me sweet *Bacha*, and receive this purse.

Bacha. What should I do with these ? they will not deck my mind.

Leucip. Why keep 'em to remember me.
I must be gone, I have been absent long :
I know the Duke my Father is in rage,
But I will see thee suddenly again.
Farewell my *Bacha*.

Bacha. Gods keep you,
Do you here Sir : pray give me a point to wear.

Leu. Alas good *Bacha*, take on, I pray thee where thou wilt.

Bac. Coming from you. This Point is of as high
Esteem with me, as all pearl and gold : nothing but good
be ever with or near you.

Leu. Fare thee well mine own good *Bacha* ;
I will make all haste.

Bacha. Just as you are a Dofen I steem you :
No more, does he think I would prostitute
My self for love ? it was the love of these pearls
And gold that won me, I confesse
I lust more after him than any other,
And would at any rate if I had store,
Purchase his fellowship : but being poor,
I'll both enjoy his bodie and his purse,
And he a *Prince*, nere think my self the worse.

Enter Leontius, Leucippus, Ismenus, Timantus.

Leu. Nay, you must back and shew us what it is,
That 'witches you out of your Honor thus :

Bacha. Who's that ?

Tima. Look there Sir.

Leu. Lady, never flye you are betray'd.

Bacha. Leave me my tears a while,
And to my Just rage give a little place :
What saucy man are you, that without leave,
Enter upon a Widows mournfull house ?
You hinder a dead man from many tears.
Who did deserve more than the world can shed ;
Though they should weep themselves to Images.
If not for love of me, yet of your self
Away, for you can bring no comforts to me.
But you may carry hence, you know not what.

Nay forrow is infectious.

Leon. Thou thy self
Art grown infectious : wouldst thou know my name ?
I am the Duke, father to this young-man
Whom thou corrupt'st ?

Bacha. Has he than told him all ?

Leu. You do her wrong Sir.

Bacha. O he has not told. Sir I beseech you pardon
My wild tongue, directed by a weak distemper'd head
Madd'd with grief : Alas I did not know
You were my Sovereign ; but now you may
Command my poor unworthy life,
Which will be none I hope ere long.

Leon. All thy dissembling will never hide thy shame :
And wer't not more respecting Woman-hood in
General, than any thing in thee, thou shouldst
Be made such an example, that posteritie,
When they would speak most bitterly, should say,
Thou art as impudent as Bacha was.

Bacha. Sir, though you be my King, whom I will
Serve in all just causes : yet when wrongfully
You seek to take my Honor, I will rise
Thus, and defie you ; for it is a Jewell
Dearer than you can give, which whilst I keep,
(Though in this lowly house) I shall esteem
My self above the Princes of the earth
That are without it. If the Prince your son,
Whom you accuse me with know how to speak
Dishonor of me, if he do not do it,
The plagues of hell light on him, may he never
Govern this Kingdome : here I challenge him
Before the face of heaven, my Liege, and these,
To speak the worst he can : if he will lye,
To lose a womans fame, I'll say he is
Like you (I think I cannot call him worse.)
He's dead, that with his life would have defended
My reputation and I forst to play
(That which I am) the foolish woman,
And use my liberal tongue.

Leu. Is't possible ! we men are children in our
Carriages, compar'd with women : 'wake thy self
For shame, and leave not her whose honor thou
Shou'dst keep safe as thine own, alone to free her self :
But I am prest I know not how, with guilt,
And feel my conscience (never us'd to lye)
Loth to allow my tongue to add a lye
To that too much I did : but it is lawfull
To defend her, that only for my Love lov'd evil.

Leon. Tell me, why did you *Leucip* : stay here so long ?

Leu. If I can urge ought from me but a truth, hell
Take me.

Leon. What's the matter, why speak you not ?

Tima. Alas good Sir, forbear
To urge the Prince, you see his shamefastness.

Bacha. What does he say Sir ? if thou be a Prince
Shew it, and tell the truth.

Ismen. If you have lain with her tell your Father
No doubt but he has done as ill before now :
The Gentlewoman will be proud on't.

Bacha. For God's sake speak.

Leu. Have you done prating yet ?

Ismen. Who prates ?

Leu. Thou know'st I do not speak to thee *Ismenus* :
But what said you *Tima* ; concerning my shamefastness ?

Tima. Nothing I hope that might displease your
Highness.

Leu. If any of thy great, Great-grandmothers
This thousand years, had been as chaste as she,
It would have made thee honest, I stay'd
To here what you wou'd say : she is by heaven
Of the most strict and blameless chastic
That ever woman was : (good gods forgive me)
Had *Tarquin*, met with her, she had been kil'd
With a Slave by her ere she had agreed :

I lye with her! wou'd I might perish then.
Our Mothers, whom we all must reverence,
Could nere exceed her for her chasticite,
Upon my soul: for by this light she's
A most obllinate modest creature.

Leon. What did you with her then so long *Leucippus*?

Leu. I'll tell you Sir: You see she's beautifull.

Leon. I see it well.

Leu. Mov'd by her face,
I came with lustful thoughts,
Which was a fault in me:

But telling truth, something more pardonable,
(And for the world I will not lye to you:)
Proud of my self, I thought a Princes name
Had power to blow 'em down flat of their backs;
But here I found a Rock not to be shook:
For as I hope for good Sir, all the battery
That I could lay to her, or of my person,
My greatnes, or gold, could nothing move her.

Leon. 'Tis very strange, being so young and fair.

Leu. She's almost thirty Sir.

Leon. How do you know her age so just?

Leu. She told it me her self

Once when she went about to shew by reason
I should leave wooing her.

Leon. She stains the ripest Virgins of her age.

Leu. If I had sin'd with her, I would be loth
To publish her disgrace: but by my life
I would have told it you, because I think
You would have pardon'd me the rather:
And I will tell you father: By this light Sir,
(but that I never will bestow my self
But to your liking) if she now would have me,
I now would marry her.

Leon. How's that *Leucippus*!

Leu. Sir, will you pardon me one fault, which yet
I have not done, but had a will to do, and I will tell it?

Leon. Be't what it will I pardon thee.

Leu. I offered marriage to her.

Leon. Did she refuse it?

Leucip. With that earnestnes, and almost scorn
To think of any other after her lost Mate, that she
Made me think my self unworthy of her.

Leon. You have stay'd too long *Leucippus*

Leu. Yes Sir, forgive me Heaven, what multitude
Of oaths have I bestow'd on lies, and yet they were
Officious lyes, there was no malice in 'em.

Leon. She is the fairest creature that ever I beheld;
And then so chaste, 'tis wonderfull: the more I look
On her, the more I am amaz'd.

I have long thought of a wife, and one I would have
Had, but that I was afraid to meet a woman
That might abuse my age: but here she is
Whom I may trust to; of a chasticite
Impregnable, and approved so by my son:
The meanes of her birth will still preserve her
In due obedience; and her beauty is
Of force enough to pull me back to youth.
My son once sent away, whose rivall-ship
I have just cause to fear, if power, of gold,
Or wit, can win her to me, she is mine.
Nephew *Ismenus*, I have new intelligence,
Your Province is unquiet still.

Ismen. I am glad on't.

Leon. And so dangerously, that I must send the
Prince in person with you.

Ismen. I am glad of that too: Sir, will you dispatch
Us we shall wither here for ever.

Leon. You shall be dispatcht within this hour:
Leucippus, never wonder, nor ask, it must be thus.
Lady I ask your pardon, whose virtue I have
Slubberd with my tongue, and you shall ever be
Chast in my memory hereafter;
But we old men often doat: to make amends for

My great fault, receive that Ring:
I'm sorry for your grief, may it soon leave you:
Come my Lords lets begon.

Exeunt.

Bach. Heaven bless your Grace.

One that had but so much modestie left, as to blush,
Or shrink a little at his first encounter,
Had been undone; where I come off with honor,
And gain too: they that never wou'd be tract
In any course, by the most subtle sense
Must bear it through with frontless impudence.

Exit.

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Nifus.

Dor. Gentlemen this is a strange peece of Justice,
To put the wretched Dwarf to death because
She deated on him; Is she not a woman, and
Subject to those mad figaries her whole Sex
Is infected with? Had she lov'd you, or you, or I,
Or all on's (as indeed the more the merryer still
With them) must we therefore have our heads par'd
With a Hatchet? So she may love all the Nobility
Out o'th Dukedome in a month, and let the raskals in.

Nif. You will not, or you do not see the need
That makes this just to the world?

Dor. I cannot tell, I would beloth to feel it:
But the best is, she loves not proper men, we three
Were in wise cases else: but make me know this need.

Eif. Why yes: He being taken away, this base incon-
tinence dyes presently, and she must see her shame and sor-
row for it.

Dor. Pray God she do: but was the Sprat beheaded,
Or did they swing him about like a chickin, and so break
his neck?

Agen. Yes, he was beheaded, and a solemn Justice made
of it.

Dor. That might have been deducted.

Agenor. Why how would you have had him dyed?

Dori. Faith I would have had him rosted like a war-
den in a brown paper, and no more talk on't: or a feather
stuck in's head, like a Quail: or a hanged him in a
Dog-coller: what should he be beheaded? we shall have
it grow so base shortly, Gentlemen will be out of love
with it.

Nif. I wonder from whence this of the Dwarf's first
sprung?

Dor. From an old leacherous pair of breeches that
lay upon a wench to keep her warm: for certainly they
are no mans work: and I am sure a Monkey would get
one of the guard to this fellow, he was no bigger than a
small Portmanteu, and much about that making if'tad
legs.

Age. But Gentlemen, what say you to the *Prince*?

Nif. I, concerning his being sent I know not whither.

Dorialus. Why then he will come home I know not
when: you shall pardon me, I'll talk no more of this
subject, but say, gods be with him where ere he is, and
send him well home again: For why, he is gone, or
when he will return, let them know that directed him:
Only this, there's mad Morisco's in the state; but what
they are, I'll tell you when I know. Come, let's go,
hear all, and say nothing.

Agen. Content.

Exeunt.

Enter Timantus, and Telamon.

Tela. *Timantus*, is the *Duke* ready yet?

Tima. Almost.

Tela. What ails him?

Tima. Faith I know not, I think he has dreamt he's
but eighteen: has been worfs since he sent you forth for
the frizzling iron.

Tel. That cannot be, he lay in Gloves all night, and
this morning I brought him a new *Periwig*, with a lock
at

at it, and knockt up a swing in's chamber.

Tim. O but since, his Taylor came, and they have fallen out about the fashion on's cloaths: and yonders a fellow come, has board a hole in's ear; and he has bespoken a Vaulting-horse, you shall see him come forth presently: he looks like Winter, stuck here and there with fresh flowers.

Tela. Will he not Tilt think you?

Tim. I think he will.

Tela. What does he mean to doe?

Tim. I know not: but by this light I think he is in love; he wou'd ha' bin shav'd but for me.

Tela. In love with whom?

Tim. I could guess, but you shall pardon me: he will take me along with him some-whither,

Tela. I over-heard him ask your opinion of some bodies beauty.

Tima. Yes, there it goes, that makes him so youthfull, and h'as layd by his Crutch, and halts now with a leading staff.

Enter Leontine with a staff and a looking glass.

Leon. *Timantus.*

Tim. Sir.

Leon. This Feather is not large enough.

Tim. Yes faith, 'tis such an one as the rest of the young Gallants wear.

Leon. *Telamon,* does it doe well?

Tela. Sir, it becomes you, or you become it, the rare-liest—

Leon. A way, dost think so?

Tela. Think Sir, I know it. Sir, the *Princess,* is past all hope of life since the Dwarf was put to death.

Leon. Let her be so, I have other matters in hand: but this same Taylor angers me, he has made my doublet so wide: and see, the knave has put no points at my arme.

Tima. Those will be put to quickly Sir, upon any occasion.

Leon. *Telamon,* have you bid this Dancer come a mornings?

Tela. Yes Sir.

Leon. *Temantus,* let me see the glass again: look you how careless you are grown, is this tooth well put in?

Tima. Which Sir?

Leon. This Sir.

Tima. It shall be.

Telam. Me thinks that tooth should put him in mind on's years: and *Timantus,* stands as if (seeing the *Duke,* in such a youthfull habit) he were looking in's mouth how old he were.

Leon. So, so.

Tela. Will you have your Gown sir?

Leon. My Gown? why, am I sick? bring me my Sword.

Exit Tela.

Leon. Let a couple of the great horses be brought out for us

Tima. He'll kill himself. Why, will you ride Sir?

Leon. Ride? Dost thou think I cannot ride?

Timan. O yes Sir, I know it: but as I conceive your journey, you wou'd have it private; and then you were better take a Coach.

Leon. These Coaches make me sick: yet 'tis no matter, let it be so.

Enter Telamon with a sword.

Tel. Sir, here's your sword.

Leon. O well sed: let me see it, I could me thinks Why *Telamon,* bring me another: what, thinkst thou I will wear a sword in vain?

Tela. He has not strength enough to draw it, A yoke of Fleas ty'd to a hair would have drawnit.

'Tis out sir now, the Scabbard is broke.

Leon. O put it up again, and on with it; me thinks I am not drest till I feel my sword on.

Leon. *Telamon,* if any of my counsell aske for me, Say I am gone to take the air.

Tima. He has not been drest this twenty years then, If this vain hold but a week, he will learn to play o'th base violl and sing to't: He's poetical alreadie; For I have spide a Sonnet on's making lye by's beds side, I'll be founmannerly to read it.

Exit.

He's dead, he's dead, and I am following.

Enter Hidaspes, Cleophila, and Hero, Hidaspes in a Bed.

Cleo. Ask *Cupid* mercie Madam.

Hida. O my heart.

Cleo. Help!

Hero. Stir her:

Hida. O, O!

Cleo. She's going, wretched woman that we are: Look to her, and I'll pray the while.

Hero. Why Madam?

Shee kneels.

Cleo. *Cupid,* pardon what is past, And forgive our sins at last,

Then we will be coy no more,

But thy Deity Adore,

Troths at fifteen we will plight,

And will tread a Dance at night.

In the fields, or by the Fire,

With the youths that have desire.

(How does she yet?)

Hero. O ill:

Cleo. Given Ear-rings we will wear,

Bracelets of our Lovers hair,

Which they on our Arms shall twist,

With their Names carv'd on our wrist:

All the money that we owe,

We in Tokens will bestow:

And learn to write, that when 'tis sent,

Onely our Loves know what it meant:

O then pardon what is past,

And forgive our Sins at last.

(What, Mends she?)

Hero. Nothing, you do it not wantonly, you shou'd sing.

Hero. Leave, leave, 'tis now too late.

Cleo. Why?

Shee is dead:

Hero. Her last is breathed.

Cleo. What shall we doe.

Hero. Go run,

And tell the *Duke;* And whilst I'll close her eyes.

Thus I shut thy faded light,

And put it in eternall night.

Where is she can boldly say

Though she be as fresh as *May;*

She shall not by this Corps be laid,

Ere to morrows light doe fade.

Let us all now living be,

Warn'd by thy strict Chastitie;

And marry all fast as we can,

Till then we keep a piece of man,

Wrongfully from them that owe it

Soon may every Maid bestow it.

Exeunt.

Enter Bacha and a Maid.

Bac. Who is it?

Maid. Forsooth there's gallant Coach at the dore, And the brave old man in't, that you said was the *Duke.*

Bacha. *Cupid,* grant he may be taken.

Away:

Maid. He is coming up, and looks the swaggeringst, and has such glorious cloaths.

Bac. Let all the house see me sad, and see all handsome.

Enter *Leontius*, and *Timantus*, a Jewell and a Ring.

Leon. Nay widow flie not back, we come not now to chide, stand up and bid me welcome.

Bac. To a poor widows house that knows no end of her ill fortune: your Highness is most welcome.

Leon. Come kiss me then, this is but manners widow: Nere sling your head aside, I have more cause of grief than you: my Daughters dead: but what? 'Tis nothing. Is the rough *French* horse brought to the dore?

They say he is a high goer, I shall soon try his mettle.

Tim. He will be Sir, and the gray *Barbary*, they are fiery both.

Leon. They are the better: Before the gods I am light-some, very light-some: How dost thou like me widow?

Bac. As a person in whom all graces are.

Leon. Come, come, ye flatter: I'll clap your cheek for that, and you shall not be angry.

Hast no *Musick*: Now could I cut three times with ease, and do a cross point, should shame all your gallants.

Bac. I do believe you, and your self too:

Lord what a fine old *Zany* my Love has made him? 'tis mine, I am sure: Heaven make me thankful for him.

Leon. Tell me how old thou art, my pretty sweet heart?

Timantus. Your Grace will not buy her, she may trip Sir?

Bac. My sorrow shoves me elder then I am by many years?

Leon. Thou art so witty I must kiss agen.

Tim. Indeed her Age lyes not in her mouth: nere look it there Sir, she has a better Register, if it be not burnt.

Leon. I will kiss thee, I am a fire *Timantus*.

Tim. Can you chuse Sir, having such heavenly fire before you?

Leon. Widow, guess why I come, I prethee do,

Bac. I cannot Sir, unless you be pleas'd to make a mirth out of my rudeness: and that I hope your pity will not let ye, the subject is so Barren: Bite King, Bite, I'll let you play a while.

Leon. Now as I am an honest man, I'll tell thee truly, how many foot did I Jump yesterday *Timantus*?

Tim. Fourteen of your own, and some three fingers.

Bac. This fellow lyes as lightly, as if hee were in cut Taffata.

Alas good Almanack get thee to Bed, and tell what weather we shall have to morrow.

Leon. Widow I am come in short to be a Suiter.

Bac. For whom?

Leon. Why by my troth, I come to woo thee wench: And win thee for my self: Nay, look upon me: I have about me that will do it.

Bac. Now Heaven defend me, your Whore shall never: I thank the Gods, I have a little left me to keep me warm, and honest: if your grace take not that, I seek no more.

Leon. I am so far from taking any thing, I'll add unto thee.

Bac. Such Additions may be for your ease Sir, Not my honestie: I am well in being single, good Sir seek another, I am no meat for money.

Leon. Shall I fight for thee?

This sword shall cut his throat, that dars lay claim But to a Finger of thee, but to a look, I would see such a fellow.

Bac. It would be but a cold fight to you: This is the father of *S. George* a foot-back, Can such dry mumming talk.

Tim. Before the gods, your grace lookes like *Aneas*.

Bac. He looks like his old father upon his back, Crying to get A board.

Leon. How shall I win thy love, I pray thee tell me? I'll marry thee if thou desirest that: That is an honest Courie, I am in good earnest, and presently within this hour, am mad for thee: prethee deny me not, For as I live I'll pine thee, but I'll have thee

Bac. Now he's in the Toyl, I'll hold him fast.

Tim. You do not know what 'tis to be a Queen, Go too you Maid, else what the old man falls short of, there's others can cech out, when you please to call on 'em.

Bac. I understand you not, Love I adore thee, Sir, on my knees I give you hearty thanks, for so much Honoring your humble Hand-mayd above her birth: Far more her weak deservings, I dare not trust the Envious tongues of all that must repine at my unworthy rising.

Beside, you have many fair ones in your Kingdome Born to such worth: O turn your self about And make a Noble choice.

Leon. If I do, let me famish: I will have thee, Or break up house, and board here.

Bac. Sir, you may command an unwilling woman to obey ye: but heaven knows——

Leon. No more: these half a dozen kisses, and this Jewell, and every thing I have, and away with me, and clap it up; and have a boy by morning. *Timantus* let one be sent post for my son again: and for *Ismenus*, they are scarce twenty miles on their way yet, by that time we'll be married.

Tim. There shall Sir.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertii.

Scena Prima.

Enter *Dorialis*, *Agenor*, *Nisus*.

Nisus. Is not this a fine marriage?

Agenor. Yes, yes, let it alone.

Dor. I, I, the King may marry whom's list, let's talk of other matters.

Nis. Is the *Prince* coming home certainly?

Dor. Yes, yes, he was sent post for yesterday, lets make haste we'll see how his new Mother-in-law will entertain him.

Nis. Why well I warrant you: did you not mark how humbly she carried her self to us on her marriage day, acknowledging her own unworthiness, and that she would be our servant.

Dor. But mark what's done.

Nis. Regard not shew.

Age. O God! I knew her when I have been offred her to be brought to my bed for five pounds: whether it could have been perform'd or no, I know not.

Nis. Her Daughters a pretty Lady.

Dor. Yes: and having had but mean bringing up, it talks the pretiest and innocentiest, the *Queen* will be so angry to hear her betray her breeding by her language: but I am perswaded she's well dispos'd.

Agenor. I think better than her Mother.

Nis. Come, we stay too long.

Exeunt.

Enter *Leucippus*, and *Ismenus*.

Isme. How now man, strook dead with a tale?

Leon. No, but with a truth.

Isme. Stand off your self: can you endure blows, and shrink at words?

Leon. Thou knowst I have told thee all.

Isme.

Isme. But that all's nothing to make you thus: your Sisters dead.

Leu. That's much, but not the most.

Isme. Why, for the other let her marry and hang, 'tis no purpos'd fault of yours: and if your Father will needs have your cast Whore, you shall shew the duty of a child better in being contented, and bidding much good doe his good old heart with her, than in repining thus at it; let her go: what, there are more wenches man, we'll have another.

Leu. O thou art vain, thou knowst I doe not love her: What shall I doe? I would my tongue had led me To any other thing, but blasphemy, So I had mist commending of this woman, Whom I must reverence now: she is my Mother, My sin *Ismenus* has wrought all this ill: And I beseech thee, to be warn'd by me, And doe not lye, if any man should aske thee But *How thou dost*, or *What a clock 'tis now*. Be sure thou doe not lye, make no excuse For him that is most near thee: never let The most officious falsehood scape thy tongue, For they above (that are intirely truth) Will make that seed, which thou hast sown Of lyes, yield miseries a thousand fold Upon thine head, as they have done on mine.

Enter Timantus.

Tim. Sir, your Highness is welcome home, the *Duke* and *Queen* will presently come forth to you.

Leu. I'll wait on them.

Tima. Worthy *Ismenus*, I pray you, have you sped in your wars?

Isme. This Rogue mocks me. Well *Timantus*, Pray how have you sped here at whom at shovelboard?

Tim. Faith reasonable. How many Towns have you taken in this Summer?

Isme. How many Stags have you been at the death of this grafs?

Tima. A number: 'Pray how is the Province settled?

Isme. Prethee how does the dun Nag?

Tim. I think you mock me my Lord.

Isme. Mock thee? Yes by my troth doe I: why what wouldst thou have me doe with thee; Art good for any thing else?

Enter Leontius, Bacha, Dorialus, Agenor, Nifus, Telamon.

Leu. My good *Ismenus*, hold me by the wrist: And if thou see'st me fainting, wring me hard, For I shall swoon again else —

Leon. Welcome my son; rise, I did send for thee Back from the province, by thy Mothers counsell, Thy good Mother here, who loves thee well: She would not let me venture all my joy Amongst my enemies: I thank thee for her, And none but thee. I took her on thy word.

Leucip. Pinch harder.

Leon. And she shall bid thee welcome: I have now Some near affairs, but I will drink a Health To thee anon: Come *Telamon*, I am grown Lustier, I thank thee for't, since I married; I can stand now alone, why *Telamon*, And never stagger.

Exit Leontius, Telamon.

Bac. Welcome most noble Sir, whose fame is come Hither before you: out alas you scorn me, And teach me what to doe.

Leu. No, you are my Mother.

Bacha. Far unworthy of that name God knows:

But trust me, here before these Lords, I am no more but Nurse unto the *Duke*; Nor will I breed a faction in the State, It is too much for me that I am rais'd Unto his bed, and will remain the servant Of you that did it.

Leu. Madam I will serve you As shall become me. O dissembling woman! Whom I must reverence though. Take from thy Quiver, sure-aim'd *Apollo*; one of thy swift darts, Headed with thy consuming golden beams, And let it melt this body into mist, That none may find it.

Bac. Shall I beg my Lords This Room in private for the *Prince* and me?

Exeunt all but Leu. and Bach.

Leu. What will she say now?

Bach. I must still enjoy him:

Yet there is still left in me a spark of woman, That wishes he should move it, but he stands, As if he grew there with his eyes on earth, Sir, you and I when we were last together Kept not this distance as we were afraid Of blasting by our selves.

Leu. Madam 'tis true, Heaven pardon it.

Bach. Amen Sir.

You may think that I have done you wrong in this strange marriage.

Leu. 'Tis past now.

Bach. But it was no fault of mine: The world had call'd me mad, had I refus'd The King: nor layd I any train to catch him, It was your own Oaths did it.

Leu. 'Tis a truth: that takes my sleep away, but Would to Heaven, if it had so been pleas'd, you had Refus'd him, though I had gratifi'd that courtesie With having you my self: But since 'tis thus, I doe beseech you that you will be honest From henceforth; and not abuse his credulous Age, Which you may easily doe. As for my self What I can say, you know alas too well Is ty'd within me, here it will sit like lead, But shall offend no other, it will pluck me Back from my ent'rance into any mirth, As if a servant came, and whisper'd with me Of some friends death, but I will bear my self, To you, with all the due obedience A son owes to a Mother: more than this, Is not in me, but I must leave the rest to the Just gods: who in their blessed time, When they have given me punishment enough, For my rash Sin, will mercifully find As unexpected means to ease my grief As they did now to bring it.

Bac. Grown so godly? this must not be. And I will be to you, no other than a natural Mother ought; And for my honesty, so you will swear Never to urge me, I shall keep it safe from any other.

Leu. Bless me I should urge you?

Bacha. Nay but swear then that I may be at peace, For I doe feel a weakness in my self, That can denie you nothing, if you tempt me, I shall embrace Sin as it were a friend, and run to meet it.

Leu. If you knew how far It were from me, you would not urge an Oath. But for your satisfaction, when I tempt you.

Bac. Swear not: I cannot move him, this sad talk Of things past help, does not become us well. Shall I send one for my *Musicians*, and we'll dance?

Leu. Dance Madam?

Bac. Yes, *Alalanta*.

Leu. I cannot dance Madam.

Bac. Then lets be merry.

Len.

Leu. I am as my *Fortunes* bid me.

Do not you see me lowr?

Bac. Yes.

And why think you I smile?

Leu. I am so far from any joy my self,
I cannot fancie a cause of mirth.

Bac. I'll tell you, we are alone:

Leu. Alone?

Bac. Yes.

Leu. 'Tis true: what then?

Bac. What then? you make my smiling now
Break into laughter: what think you is to be done then?

Leu. We shou'd pray to Heaven for mercy.

Bacha. Pray? that were a way indeed
To pass the time: but I will make you blush,
To see a bashfull woman teach a man
What we should doe alone: try again
If you can find it out.

Leu. I dare not think I understand you.

Bac. I must teach you then; Come, kiss me.

Leu. Kiss you?

Bac. Yes, be not asham'd:

You did it not your self, I will forgive you.

Leuc. Keep you displeas'd gods, the due respect
I ought to bear unto this wicked woman,
As she is now my Mother, Haste within me,
Lest I add sins to sins, till no repentance will cure me.

Bac. Leave these melancholly moods,
That I may swear thee welcome on thy Lipps
A thousand times.

Leuc. Pray leave this wicked talk,
You doe not know to what my Fathers wrong
May urge me.

Bac. I'm careless, and doe weigh
The world, my life, and all my after hopes
Nothing without thy Love, mistake me not:
Thy Love, as I have had it, free and open
As wedlock is, within it self, what say you?

Leu. Nothing.

Bac. Pitty me, behold a Duchefs
Kneels for thy mercie, and I swear to you
Though I should lye with you, it is no Lust,
For it desires no change, I could with you
Content my self; what answer will you give?

Leuc. They that can answer must be less amaz'd,
Than I am now: you see my tears deliver
My meaning to you.

Bac. Shall I be contem'd? thou art a beast, worse than a
savage beast,

To let a Lady kneel, to beg that thing
Which a right man would offer.

Leu. 'Tis your will Heaven: but let me hear me like
My self, how ever she does.

Bac. Were you made an *Eunuch*, since you went hence?
Yet they have more desire than I can find in you:
How fond was I to beg thy love? I'll force thee to my
will

Dost thou not know that I can make the King
Dote as my list? yield quickly, or by Heaven
I'll have thee kept in prison for my purpose,
Where I will make thee serve my turn, and have thee fed
With such meats as best shall fit my ends
And not thy health, why dost not speak to me?

And when thou dost displeaseme, and art grown
Less able to perform; then I will have thee
Kill'd and forgotten: Are you stricken dumb?

Leu. All you have nam'd but making of me sin
With you, you may command, but never that;
Say what you will, I'll hear you as becomes me,
If you speak, I will not follow your counsell,
Neither will I tell the world to your disgrace,
But give you the just honor

That is due from me to my Father's wife.

Bac. Lord how full of wife formality you'r grown

Of late: but you were telling me

You could have wisht that I had marry'd you,
If you will swear so yet, I'll make away the King.

Leuc. You are a strumpet.

Bacha. Nay, I care not

For all your Railings: They will Batter walls
And take in Towns, as soon as trouble me:

Tell him, I care not, I shall undoe you only, which is no
matter.

Leu. I appeal to you still, and for ever, that are
And cannot be other, Madam, I see 'tis in your power
To work your will on him: And I desire you
To lay what trains you will for my wish'd death,
But suffer him to find his quiet grave
In peace; Alas he never did you wrong,
And farther I beseech you pardon me,
For the ill word I gave you, for how ever
You may deserve, it became not me
To call you so, but passion urges me
I know not whither: my heart break now, & ease me ever

Bacha. Pray you get you hence

With your goodly humor, I am weary of you extreamely:

Leu. Trust me, so am I of my self too:

Madam, I'll take my leave; gods set all right.

Bacha. Amen, Sir, get you gon;

Am I deny'd? it does not trouble me

That I have mov'd, but that I am refus'd:

I have lost my patience: I will make him know

Lust is not Love, for Lust will find a mate

While there are men, and so will I: and more.

Enter Timantus.

Than one, or twenty: yonder is *Timantus*,
A fellow void of any worth, to raise himself,
And therefore like to catch at any evil
That will but pluck him up: him will I make
Mine own: *Timantus, Timantus.* Madam?

Bac. Thou know'st well

Thou wert by chance, a means of this my raising:
Brought the Duke to me, and though 'twere but chance
I must reward thee.

Tim. I shall bend my service unto your Highness.

Bacha. But do it then entirely, and in every thing,
And tell me, couldst thou now think that thing
Thou wouldst not do for me?

Timant. No by my soul Madam.

Bacha. Then thou art right.

Go to my Lodging, and I'll follow thee.

Exit Timantus.

With my instruction I do see already,
This Prince that did but now contemn me, dead:
Yet will I never speak an evil word
Unto his Father of him, till I have won
A belief, I love him, but I'll make
His virtues his undoing, and my praises
Shall be so many swords against his breast,
Which once perform'd, I'll make *Urania*
My Daughter, the Kings heir, and plant my issue
In this large Throne: nor shall it be withstood,
They that begin in Lust, must end in Blood.

Exit.

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Nifus.

Doria. We live to know a fine time, Gentl.

Nif. And a fine Duke, that through his doting age
Suffers him to be a child again
Under his Wives tuition.

Agen. All the Land holds in that tenor too: in womans
service? sure we shall learn to spinn.

Dor. No, that's too honest: we shall have other
Liberal Sciences taught us too soon;
Lying, and flattering, those are the studies now:

And

And Murther shortly I know, will be humanity, Gent.
If we live here we must be knaves, believe it.

Nisus. I cannot tell my Lord *Doristus*, though my
Own nature hate it, if all determine to be knaves,
I'll try what I can do upon my self: that's certain,
I will not have my throat cut for my goodnes,
The virtue will not quit the pain.

Age. But pray you tell me,
Why is the *Prince* now ripe and full experient,
Not made a dore in the State?

Nis. Because he is honest.

Enter Timantus.

Tim. Goodnes attend your Honors.

Dor. You must not be amongst us then.

Tim. The *Dutchesss*, whose humble servant I am proud
to be, would speak with you.

Age. Sir, we are pleas'd to wait: when is it?

Tim. An hour hence my good Lords, and so I leave my
service.

Dor. This is one of her Ferrets that she bolts busines
out withall: this fellow, if he were well ript, has all
the linings of a knave within him: how slye he looks?

Nis. Have we nothing about our cloaths that he may
catch at?

Age. O my conscience, there's no treason in my
dublet, if there be, my elbows will discover it, they are
out.

Dor. Faith, and all the harm that I can find in mine
is, that they are not pay'd for; let him make what he can
of that, so he discharge that. Come, let's go.

Exeunt.

Enter Bach, Leontius, Tella.

Bac. And you shall find Sir what blessing heaven gave
you in such a son.

Le. Pray gods, I may, Let's walk & change our subject.

Bac. O Sir, can any thing come sweeter to you, or strike
a deeper joy into your heart than your son's virtue?

Leon. I allow his virtues: but 'tis not handsome thus to
feed my self with such moderate praises of mine own.

Bac. The subject of our comedations is it self grown
so infinite in goodnes, that all the glory we can lay
upon it, though we should open volumes of his praises,
is a mere modesty in his expression, and shews him lame
still, like an ill wrought peece wanting proportion.

Leo. Yet still he is a man, and subject still to more in-
ordinate vices, than our love can give him blessing.

Bac. Else he were a god. yet so near as he is, he comes
to heaven, that we may see so far as flesh can point us
things only worthy them, and only these in all his
actions.

Leon. This is too much my Queen.

Bach. Had the gods, lov'd me; that my unworthy womb
had bred this brave man.

Leon. Still you run wrong.

Bach. I would have liv'd upon the comfort of him; fed
on his growing hopes.

Leo. This touches me.

Bach. I know no friends, nor Being, but his virtues.

Le. You have laid out words enough upon a subject.

Bach. But words cannot express him, Sir: why what a
shape Heaven has conceiv'd him in, oh Nature made
him up!

Leon. I wonder *Dutchesss*.

Bach. So you must: for less than admiration loses this
god-like man.

Leon. Have you done with him?

Bach. Done with? O good gods, what frailties thus pass
by us without reverence?

Leon. I see no such perfection.

Bac. O dear Sir: you are a father, and those joys
To you, speak in your heart, not in your tongue.

Leo. This leaves a tall behind it worse than physick.

Baca. Then for all his wisdom, valour,
Good fortune, and all those friends of honor,
They are in him as free and natural, as passions
In a Woman.

Leon. You make me blush at all these years
To see how blindly you have hung your praises
Upon a Boy, a very child, and worthless,
Whilst I live, of these Honors.

Bac. I would not have my love Sir, make my tongue
Shew me so much a woman: as to praise
Or dispraise, where my will is, without reason,
Or generall allowance of the people.

Leon. Allowance of the people, what allow they!

Bac. All, I have sed for truth, and they must do it,
And doat upon him: love him, and admire him.

Leon. How's that?

Bac. For in this youth and noble forwardnes
All things are bound together that are kingly,
A fitness to bear rule:

Leon. No more.

Bac. And Sovereignty not made to know command.

Leon. I have sed, no more.

Bac. I have done Sir, though unwilling, and pardon me.

Leon. I do, not a word more.

Baca. I have gi'n thee poyson
Of more infection than the Dragons tooth,
Or the gross Air o'er heated.

Leon. *Timantus* when saw you the Prince?

Tim. I left him now Sir.

Leon. Tell me truly, out of your free opinion without
courting. How you like him.

Tim. How I like him?

Leon. Yes: for you in conversation may see more
Than a Father.

Bac. It works.

Timantus. Your Grace has chosen out an ill observer.

Leon. Yes, I mean of his ill: you talk rightly.

Tim. But you take me wrong: All I know by him
I dare deliver boldly: He is the store-house
And head of virtue; your great self excepted,
That feeds the Kingdome.

Leon. These are flatteries: speak me his vices, there you
do a service worth a Fathers thanks.

Tim. Sir, I cannot. If there be any, sure they are the
times which I could wish less dangerous.
But pardon me, I am too bold.

Leon. You are not, forward and open what these dan-
gers are.

Timan. Nay, good Sir.

Leon. Nay, fall not off again, I will have all.

Timan. Alas Sir, what am I, you should believe
My eyes or ears, so subtle to observe
Faults in a State: all my main business
Is service to your Grace, and necessities
For my poor life.

Leon. Do not displease me Sirrah,
But that you know tell me, and presently.

Timan. Since your Grace will have it
I'll speak it freely: Always my obedience
And love preserv'd unto the Prince:

Leon. Prethee to the matter.

Tim. For Sir, if you consider
How like a Sun in all his great employments,
How full of heat.

Leon. Make me understand what I desire.

Tim. And then at his return.

Leon. Do not anger me.

Tim. Then thus Sir: All mislike ye,
As they would do the gods, if they did dwell with 'em.

Leon. What?

Tim. Talke and prate, as their ignorant rages
Leads 'em without Allegiance or Religion.
For Heavens sake have a care of your own person:
I cannot tell, their wickedness may lead
Farther than I dare think yet.

Leo. O base people.

Tim. Yet the Prince, for whom this is pretended may
Persuade 'em, and no doubt will: virtue is ever watchfull,
But be you still secur'd and comforted.

Leon. Heaven how have I offended, that this rod
So heavy and unnaturall, should fall upon me
When I am old and helpless.

Tim. Brave Gentl. that such a madding love should fol-
low thee, to rob thee of a Father:
All the Court is full of dangerous whispers.

Leon. I perceive it, and 'spight of all their strengths will
make my safety: I'll cut him shorter.
I'll cut him shorter first, then let him rule.

Bac. What a foul Age is this, when Virtue is made a
sword to smite the virtuous? Alas, alas:

Leon. I'll teach him to fly lower.

Tim. By no means Sir, rather, make more your love,
And hold your favor to him: for 'tis now
Impossible to yoke him, if his thoughts,
As I must ne'er believe, run with their rages,
He never was so innocent, but what reason
His Grace has to withdraw his love from me,
And other good men that are near your person,
I cannot yet find out: I know my duty
Has ever been attending.

Leon. 'Tis too plain: He means to play the villain,
I'll prevent him, not a word more of this, be private.

Exit Leontius.

Tim. Madam 'tis done.

Bac. He cannot escape me. Have you spoken with the
noble men?

Tim. Yes Madam they are here: I wait a farther ser-
vice.

Bac. Till yet be the Prince, you need no more instruc-
tions.

Tim. No, I have it.

Exit Timantus.

Enter Dorialus, Nisus, Agenor.

Bac. That fool that willingly provoks a woman,
Has made himself another evill Angell,
And a new Hell, to which all other torments
Are but mere pastime: Now my noble Lords,
You must excuse me, that unmannerly
We have broke your private business.

Agen. Your good Grace may command us, and that.

Bac. Faith my Lord *Agenor*: 'Tis so good a cause
I am confident, you cannot loose by it.

Dorialus. Which way does she fish now?
The devill is but a fool to a right woman.

Nisus. Madam, we must needs win in doing service
to such a gracious Lady.

Bac. I thank you, and will let you know the business:
So I may have your helps, never be doubtfull,
For 'tis so just a cause, and will to you
Upon the knowledge seem so honorable,
That I assure my self your willing hearts
Will strait be for me in it.

Age. If she should prove good now, what wer't like?

Dorial. Thunder in *Ianuarie*, or a good woman,
That's stranger than all *Africk*.

Bac. It shall not need your wonder, this it is:
The Duke you know is old, and rather subject
To ease and prayers now, than all those troubles,
Cares, and continuall watchings, that attend
A Kingdomes safety, therefore to prevent
The fall of such a flourishing Estate

As this has been, and to put off
The murmure of the people that encrease
Against my government, which the gods knows
I onely feel the trouble of: I present
The Prince unto your loves, a Gent.
In whom all Excellencies are knit together,
All peeces of a true man, let your prayers
Win from the Duke half his Vexation,
'That he may undertake it, whose discretion
I must confesse, though it be from the Father,
Yet now is stronger, and more apt to governi.
'Tis not my own desire, but all the Lands,
I know the weakeness of it.

Nisus. Madam, this noble care and love has won us
For ever to your lives, we'll to the King,
And since your Grace has put it in our mouths,
We'll win him with the cunning'st words we can.

Dorial. I was never coufen'd in a woman before:
For commonly they are like Apples: If once they bruise
They will grow rotten thorow, and serve for nothing but
to asswage swellings.

Bac. Good Lords delay no time, since 'tis your good
Pleasures to think my counsell good, and by no means
Let the Prince know it, whose affections
Will stir mainly against it: besides his Father
May hold him dangerous, if it be not carried
So that his forward will appear not in it,
Go, and be happy.

Dorial. Well, I would not be Chronicl'd as thou
Wilt be for a good woman, for all the world.

Nisus. Madam, we kiss your hand, and so inspire.
Nothing but happiness can crown our prayers. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quarti

Scena Prima.

Enter Leucippus, Ismenus.

Leu. **A**ND thus she has us'd me, is't not a good mother?
Ismenus. Why kill'd you her not?

Leu. The gods forbid it.

Ismenus. S'light, if all the women i'th' world were bar-
ren, shee had dy'd.

Leuc. But 'tis not reason directs thee thus.

Ismen. Then have I none at all, for all I have in me
Directs me: Your Father's in a pretty rage.

Leucippus. Why?

Ismenus. Nay, 'tis well, if he know himself, but some
of the Nobility have deliver'd a petition to him: what's
in't, I know not, but it has put him to his trumps: he has
taken a months time to answer it, and chafes like him-
self.

Enter Leontius, Bacha, and Tellamon.

Leu. He's here *Ismenus*.

Leon. Set me down *Tellamon*. *Leucippus*.

Leu. Sir.

Bach. Nay good Sir, be at peace, I dare swear he knows
not of it.

Leon. You are foolish: peace.

Bach. All will go ill, deny it boldly Sir, trust me he
cannot prove it by you.

Leu. What?

Bach. You'll make all worse too with your facing it.

Leuc. What is the matter?

Leon. Know'st thou that petition?

Look on it well: wouldst thou be joyn'd with me
(Unnaturall child to be weary of me)

E'r Fate esteem me fit for other worlds.

Bac. May he know not o' fit.

Leu. Oh strange carriages!

Sir, as I have hope that there is any thing
To reward doing well, my usages
Which have been (but 'tis no matter what)
Have put me so far from the thought of Greatness,
That I should welcome it like a disease
That grew upon me, and I could not cure.
They are my enemies that gave you this,
And yet they call me friend, and are themselves
I fear abus'd. I am weary of my life,
For Gods sake take it from me: it creates
More mischief in the State than it is worth,
The usage I have had, I know would make
Wisdom her self run frantick through the streets,
And Patience quarrel with her shadow.
Sir, this sword—

Bac. Alas! help for the love of Heaven,
Make way through me first, for he is your Father.

Leon. What, would he kill me?

Bac. No Sir, no.

Leon. Thou always makes mak'st the best on't, but I fear—

Leu. Why do you use me thus? who is't can think
That I would kill my Father, that can yet
Forbear to kill you? Here Sir, is my sword;
I dare not touch it, lest she say again
I would have kill'd you: let me not have mercy
When I most need it, if I would not change
Place with my meanest servant. Let these faults
Be mended Madam: if you saw how ill
They did become you, you would part with them;

Bac. I told the Duke as much before.

Leu. What? what did you tell him?

Bac. That it was only an ambition,
Nurst in you by your youth, provok'd you thus,
Which age would take away.

Leon. It was his doing then? come hither Love.

Bac. No indeed, Sir.

Leu. How am I made, that I can bear all this?
If any one had us'd a friend of mine ne'r this,
My hand had carried death about it.

Leon. Lead me hence *Tellamon*: come my dear
Bacha, I shall find time for this.

Ism. Madam, you know I dare not speak before
The King; but you know well, if not, I'll tell you,
You are the most wicked'st, and most murderous
Strumpet, that ever was call'd Woman.

Bac. My Lord, what can I do for him? he shall command
me.

Leon. I know thou art too kind; away I say.

Exit Leon. Bac. Tim. Tella.

Isme. Sir, I am sure we dream, this cannot be.

Leu. Oh that we did, my wickedness has brought
All this to pass, else I should bear my self.

Enter Urania.

Isme. Look, doe you see who's there? your virtu-
ous Mothers issue: kill her, yet take some little piddling
revenge.

Leu. Away, the whole Court calls her virtuous; for
they say, she is unlike her Mother, and if so, she can have
no vice:

Ism. I'll trust none of 'em that come of such a breed.

Leu. But I have found

A kind of love in her to me: alas,
Think of her death! I dare be sworn for her,
She is as free from any hate to me
As her bad Mother's full. She was brought up
I'th' Countrey, as her tongue will let you know;

Enter Urania.

If you but talk with her, with a poor Uncle,
Such as her Mother had.

Ism. She's come again.

Ura. I would fene speak to the good Marquess my bro-
ther, if I but thought he could abaid me.

Leu. Sister, how do you?

Ura. Very well I thank you.

Ism. How does your good Mother?

Leu. Fie, fie, *Ismenus* for shame, mock such an innocent
soul as this.

Ura. Feth a she be no good, god may her so.

Leu. I know you wish it with your heart dear Sister,
but she is good I hope.

Ism. Are you so simple, to make so much of this?
Do you not know,

That all her wicked Mother labours for, is but to raise
Her to your right, and leave her this Dukedom?

Ura. I, but ne'r Sir be afred;
For though she take th' ungain'ft weas she can,
I'll ne'er ha't fro' you.

Leu. I should hate my self *Ismenus*;
If I should think of her simplicity,
Ought but extremly well.

Ism. Nay, as you will

Ura. And though she be my Mother,
If she take any cause to do you wrong,
If I can see't, youst quickly hear on't Sir:
And so I'll take my leave.

Leu. Farewel good Sister, I thank you.

Exit Urania.

Ism. You believe all this.

Leu. Yes.

Enter Timantus.

Ism. A good faith doth well, but methinks
It were no hard matter now, for her Mother to send her:
Yonder's one you may trust if you will too.

Leu. So I wi'l, if he can shew me as apparent signs
Of truth as she did; Does he weep *Ismenus*?

Ism. Yes, I think so: some good's happen'd I warrant:
Do you hear, you? What honest man has scap'd misery,
that thou art crying thus?

Tim. Noble *Ismenus*, where's the Prince?

Ism. Why there? hast wept thine eyes out?

Tim. Sir, I beseech you hear me.

Leu. Well, speak on.

Ism. Why, will you hear him?

Leu. Yes *Ismenus*, why?

Ism. I would hear blasphemy as willingly:

Leu. You are too blame.

Tim. No Sir: he is not to blame:

If I were as I was.

Ism. Nor as thou art, yfaith awhit too blame,

Leu. What's your business?

Tim. Faith Sir, I am ashamed to speak before you;
My conscience tells me I have injur'd you,

And by the earnest instigation
Of others, have not done you to the King
Always the best and friendliest offices;

Which pardon me, or I will never speak.

Ism. Never pardon him and silence, a knave.

Leu. I pardon thee.

Tim. Your Mother sure is naught.

Leu. Why shouldst thou think so?

Tim. Oh noble, Sir, your honest eyes perceive not
The dangers you are led to; shame upon her,
And what fell miseries the gods can think on
Shower down upon her wicked head, she has plotted
I know too well your death: would my poor life
Or thousand such as mine is, might be offer'd

G g g

Like

Like sacrifices up for your preserving,
 What free oblations would she have to glut her,
 But she is merciless, and bent to ruin;
 If heaven and good men step not to your rescue,
 And timely, very timely: Oh this Dukedom!
 I weep, I weep for the poor Orphans i'th' Countrey
 Left with but Friends or Parents.

Leu. Now *Ismenus*, what think you of this fellow?
 This was a lying knave, a flatterer,
 Does not this Love still shew him so.

Ism. This Love? this Halter: if he prove not yet
 The cunning'st rankest rogue that ever Canted,
 I'll never see man again: I know him to bring,
 And can interpret every new face he makes;
 Look how he wrings like a good fool for a tear:
 Take heed, Children and Fools
 First feel the smart, Then weep.

Leu. Away, away, such an unkind distrust,
 Is worse than a dissembling, if it be one,
 And sooner leads to mischief, I believe it,
 And him an honest man: he could not carry
 Under an evil cause, so true a sorrow.

Ism. Take heed, this is your Mothers scorpion,
 That carries stings even in his tears,
 Whose soul is a rank poison through: Touch
 Not at him, if you do, you are gone, if you had twenty
 Lives: I knew him for a Roguish boy, when
 He would poison Dogs, and keep tame Toads,
 He lay with his Mother, and infected her, and now
 She begs i'th' Hospital, with a patch of Velvet,
 Where her Nose stood: like the Queen of Spades.
 And all her teeth in her purse, the Devil and this
 Fellow are so near, 'Tis not yet known which is the eviler
 Angel.

Leu. Nay, then I see 'tis spite: Come hither friend.
 Hast thou not heard the cause yet that incens'd my Mother
 to my death, for I protest I feel none in my self?

Tim. Her Will Sir, and Ambition, as I think,
 Are the provokers of it, as in Women,
 Those two are ever powerful to destruction,
 Beside a hate of your still growing virtues,
 She being only wicked.

Leu. Heavens defend me as I am innocent,
 And ever have been from all immoderate thoughts and
 Actions, that carry such rewards along with 'em.

Tim. Sir, all I know, my duty must reveal,
 My Countrey and my Love command it from me,
 For whom I'll lay my life down: this night coming,
 A Counsel is appointed by the Duke,
 To sit about your apprehension:
 If you dare trust my faith: which by all good things
 Shall ever watch about you: goe along,
 And to a place I'll guide you: where no word
 Shall scape without your hearing, nor no plot.
 Without discovering to you, which once known, you have
 your answers and prevention.

Ism. You are not so mad to goe; shift off this fellow,
 you shall be rul'd once by a wise man: Ratsbane get you
 gone, or —

Leu. Peace, peace for shame, thy love is too suspicious,
 'tis a way offer'd to preserve my life, and I will take it: be
 my Guide *Timantus*. and do not mind this angry man, thou
 know'st him: I may live to requite thee.

Tim. Sir, this service is done for virtues sake, not for re-
 ward, however he may hold me.

Ism. The great pox on you: but thou hast that curse so
 much, 'twill grow a blessing in thee shortly. Sir, for wis-
 doms sake court not your death, I am your friend and sub-
 ject, and I shall lose in both: if I lov'd you not, I would
 laugh at you, and see you run your neck into the noose,
 and cry a Woodcock.

Leu. So much of man, and so much fearful; fie, pre-
 thee have peace within thee: I shall live yet many a gol-
 den day to hold thee here dearest and nearest to me: Go

on *Timantus*, I charge you by your love no more, no more.
Exeunt Leu. Tim.

Ism. Goe, and let your own rod whip you:
 I pity you. And dog, if he miscarry thou shalt pay for't,
 I'll study for thy punishment, and it shall last
 longer and sharper than a tedious Winter,
 Till thou blasphem'st, and then thou diest and damn'st.

Exit.

Enter Leontius and Tellamon.

Leon. I wonder the Dutchess comes not.

Tel. She has heard, Sir, your Will to speak with her:
 But there is something leaden at her heart;
 (Pray God it be not mortal) that even keeps her
 From conversation with her self.

Enter the Dutchess.

B. Oh whither will you my cross affections pull me?
 Fortune, Fate, and you whose powers direct our actions,
 And dwell within us: you that are Angels
 Guiding to virtue, wherefore have you given
 So strong a hand to evil? wherefore suffer'd
 A Temple of your own, you Deities
 Where your fair selves dwelt only, and your goodness
 Thus to be soyl'd with sin?

Leon. Heaven bless us all.

From whence comes this distemper? speak my fair one.

Bac. And have you none, Love and Obedience,
 You ever faithful Servants to employ
 In this strange story of impiety,
 But me a Mother; Must I be your strumpet?
 To lay black Treason upon, and in him,
 In whom all sweetness was: in whom my love
 Was prov'd to have a Being, in whom Justice,
 And all the gods for our imaginations
 Can work into a man, were more than virtues,
 Ambition down to hell, where thou wert foster'd,
 Thou hast poison'd the best soul, the purest, whitest,
 And meekest innocent'st it self that ever
 Mens greedy hopes gave life to.

Leon. This is still stranger: lay this treason
 Open to my correction.

Bac. Oh what a combat duty and affection
 Breeds in my blood!

Leon. If thou conceal'st him, may,
 Beside my death, the curses of the Countrey,
 Troubles of conscience, and a wretched end,
 Bring thee unto a poor forgotten grave.

Bac. My Being: for another tongue to tell it,
 Cease, a Mother! some good man that dares
 Speak for his King and Countrey: I am full
 Of too much womans pity: yet oh Heaven,
 Since it concerns the safety of my Sovereign,
 Let it not be a cruelty in me,
 Nor draw a Mothers name in question,
 Amongst unborn people, to give up that man
 To Law and Justice, that unrightcoufly
 Has sought his Fathers death: be deaf: be deaf Sir,
 Your Son is the offender: Now have you all,
 Would I might never speak again.

Leon. My Son! Heaven help me.
 No more! I thought it, and since
 His life is grown so dangerous: Let them that
 Gave him, take him: he shall dye,
 And with him all my fears.

Bac. Oh use your mercy: you have a brave subject
 To bestow it on. I'll forgive him, Sir; and for his
 Wrong to me, I'll be before ye.

Leon. Durst his villany extend to thee?

Bac. Nothing but heats of youth, Sir.

Leon.

Leon. Upon my life he fought my bed.

Bacha. I must confess he loved me
Somewhat beyond a Son : and still pursu'd it
With such a Lust, I will not say *Ambition* :
That clean forgetting all obedience,
And only following his first heat unto me,
He hotly fought your death, and me in Marriage.

Leon. Oh Villain!

Bac. But I forget all : and am half asham'd
To press a man so far.

Enter Timantus.

Tim. Where is the Duke? for Gods sake bring me to him:

Leon. Here I am: each corner of the Dukedom
Sends new affrights forth : what wouldst thou? speak.

Tim. I cannot Sir, my fear ties up my tongue :

Leon. Why, what's the matter? Take thy courage
To thee, and boldly speak, where are the Guard?
In the gods name, out with it :

Tim. Treason, treason.

Leon. In whom?

Bacha. Double the Guard.

Tim. There is a fellow, Sir.

Leon. Leave shaking man.

Timan. 'Tis not for fear, but wonder.

Leon. Well.

Timan. There is a fellow, Sir, close i'th' Lobby :
You o'the Guard, look to the door there.

Leon. But let me know the business.

Timan. Oh that the hearts of men should be so hard'ned
Against so good a Duke, for Gods sake, Sir,
Seek means to save your self; This wretched slave
Has his sword in his hand, I know his heart:
Oh it hath almost kill'd me with the thought of it.

Leon. Where is he?

Enter the Guard, and bring him in.

Timan. P'th' Lobby Sir, close in a corner :
Look to your selves for Heavens sake,
Me thinks he is here already.
Fellows of the Guard be valiant.

Leon. Goe Sirs, and apprehend him; Treason shall
Never dare me in mine own Gates.

Tim. 'Tis done.

There they bring the Prince in.

Bacha. And thou shalt find it to thy best content.

Leon. Are these the comforts of my age?

They're happy that end their daies contented
With a little, and live aloof from dangers, to a King
Every content doth a new peril bring.
Oh let me live no longer, fname of Nature,
Bastard to Honor: Traytor, Murderer,
Devil in a humane shape. Away with him,
He shall not breathe, his hot affection here.

Leon. Sir, hear me.

Leon. Am I or he your Duke? away with him
To a close prison: your Highness now shall know,
Such branches must be cropt before they grow.

Leon. Whatever fortune comes, I bid it welcome,
My innocency is my Armor: gods preserve you.

Exit.

Bacha. Fare thee well, I shall never see so brave a Gent.
Would I could weep out his offences.

Tim. Or I could weep out mine eyes.

Leon. Come Gentlemen, we'll determine presently
About his death: we cannot be too forward in our
Safety: I am very sick, lead me unto my bed. *Exeunt.*

Enter Citizen and his Boy.

Cit. Sirrah, goe fetch my Fox from the Cutlers :
There's money for the scowring: Tell him I stop a groat

since the last great Muster: he had in stone Pitch for the
bruise: he took with the recoyling of his Gun.

Boy. Yes Sir.

Cit. And do you hear? when you come, Take down my
Buckler, and sweep the Cobwebs off: and grind the pick
out, and fetch a Nailor two: and tack on bracers: your
Mistress made a pot-lid ont'r,
I thank her, at her Mans Wedding, and burnt off the
Handle.

Boy. I will Sir.

Exit.

Cit. Who's within here, hoe Neighbor, not stirring
yet?

2 *Cit.* Oh, good morrow, good morrow: what news,
what news?

1 *Cit.* It holds, he dies this morning.

2 *Cit.* Then happy man be his fortune, I am resolv'd.

1 *Cit.* And so am I, and forty more good fellows,
That will not give their heads for the washing, I take it.

2 *Cit.* 'Sfoot man, who would not hang in such good
company, and such a cause? A Fire, a Wife and Chil-
dren; 'Tis such a jest that men should look behind 'em to
the world: and let their honors, their honors neighbor,
slip.

1 *Cit.* I'll give thee a pint of *Bastard* and a Roll for that
bare word.

2 *Cit.* They say, that we Tailors, are things that lay one
another, and our Geese hatch us: I'll make some of 'em
feel they are Geese o'th' game then.

I'fack, take down my Bill, 'tis ten to one I use it. Take a
good heart man, all the low ward is ours, with a wet finger.

An lay my cut-sing' red Gantlet ready for me,
That, that I us'd to work in, when the Gentli.were
Up against us, and beaten out of Town, and almost out o'
Debt too: for a plague on 'em they never paid well since:

And take heed sirrah, your Mistress hears not of this
Business, she's near her time: yet if she do,
I care not, she may long for Rebellion,
For she has a devilish spirit.

1 *Cit.* Come, let's call up the new Iremonger, he's as
tough as steel, and has a fine wit in these resurrections;
Are you stirring neighbor?

3. *Within.* Oh, Good morrow neighbors,
I'll come to you presently.

2. Goeto, this is his Mothers doing; she's a *Polecat*.

1. As any is in the world.

2. Then say, I have hit it, and a vengeance on her, let
her be what she will.

1. *Amen* say I, she has brought things to a fine pass with
her wisdom: do you mark it?

2. One thing I am sure she has, the good old Duke, she
gives him pap again they say, and dandles him, and hangs
a corral and bells about his neck, and makes him believe
his teeth will come agen; which if they did, and I he, I
would worry her as never Curr was worried: I would
neighbor, till my teeth met I know where, but that's coun-
sel.

Enter 3 Citizen.

3. Good morrow neighbors: hear you the sad news?

1. Yes, would we knew as well how to prevent it.

3. I cannot tell, methinks 'twere no great matter, if men
were men: but —

2. You do not twit me with my calling neighbor?

3. No surely: for I know your spirit to be tall; pray be
not vext.

2. Pray forward with your counsel:

I am what I am, and they that prove me shall find me to
their cost: do you mark me neighbor, to their cost I say.

1. Nay, look how soon you are angry?

2. They shall neighbors: yes, I say they shall.

3. I do believe they shall.

1. I know they shall.

2. Whether you do or no I care not two pence,
I am no beast, I know mine own strength neighbors;
Cod bless the King, your companies is fair.

1. Nay neighbor, now ye erre, now I must tell you so,
and ye are twenty Neighbors.

3. You had best goe peach, doe, peach.

2. Peach; I scorn the motion.

3. Doe, and see what follows: I'll spend an hundred
pound, and be two I care not: but I'll undoe thee.

2. Peach, Oh disgrace! Peach in thy face, and doe
the worst thou canst: I am a true-man, and a free-man:
peach!

1. Nay, look, you will spoil all.

2. Peach!

1. Whilst you two brawl together, the Prince will lose his
life.

3. Come, give me your hand, I love you well, are you
for the action?

2. Yes: but Peach provokes me, 'tis a cold fruit, I feel
it cold in my stomach still.

3. No more, I'll give you Cake to digest it.

Enter the Fourth.

4. Shut up my shop, and be ready at a call boys, and
one of you run over my old tuck with a few ashes, 'tis grown
odious with toasting Cheefe: and burn a little Juniper in my
Murrin, the Maid made it her Chamber-pot: an hour hence
I'll come again; and as you hear from me, send me a clean
flirt.

3. The Chandler by thy Wharf, and it be thy Will.

2. Gossip, good morrow.

4. Oh good morrow Gossip: good morrow all, I see ye
of one mind you cleave so close together: come 'tis time,
I have prepared an hundred if they stand.

1. 'Tis well done: shall we sever, and about it?

3. First, let's to the Tavern, and a pint a piece will make
us Dragons.

2. I will have no mercy, come what will of it.

4. If my tuck hold, I'll spit the Guard like Larks with
sage between 'em.

2. I have a foolish Bill to reckon with 'em, will make
some of their hearts ake, and I'll lay it on: now shall I fight,
'twill do you good to see me.

3. Come, I'll do something for the Town to talk of
when I am rotten: pray God there be enough to kill, that's
all.

Exeunt.

Enter Dorialus, Nifus, Agenor.

Age. How black the day begins!

Dor. Can you blame it, and look upon such a deed as shall
be done this morning?

Nif. Does the Prince suffer to day?

Dor. Within this hour they say.

Agen. Well, they that are most wicked are most safe:
'twill be a strange justice, and a lamentable, gods keep us
from the too soon feeling of it.

Doria. I care not if my throat were next: for to live
still, and live here, were but to grow fat for the Sham-
bles.

Nif. Yet we must do it, and thank 'em too, that our
lives may be accepted.

Age. Faith I'll go starve my self, or grow diseas'd to
shame the hangman; for I am sure he shall be my Herald, and
quarter me.

Dor. I, a plague on him, he's too excellent at Arms.

Nifus. Will you goe feethis sad fight, my Lord *Agenor*?

Age. I'll make a mourner.

Dor. If I could do him any good, I would goe,
The bare sight else will but afflict my spirit,
My prayers shall be as near him as your eyes:
As you find him settled, remember my love and service to his
Grace.

Nif. We will weep for you, Sir: farewell. *Exeunt.*

Dor. Farewell to all our happinefs, a long farewell.

Thou angry power, whether of Heaven or Hell,
Thou laist this sharp correction on our Kingdom
For our offences, infinite and mighty!

Oh hear me, and at length be pleas'd, be pleas'd
With pity to draw back thy vengeance,

Too heavy for our weaknes; and accept,
(Since it is your discretion, heavenly Wilsdoms,

To have it so) this sacrifice for all,

That now is flying to your happinefs,

Only for you most fit: let all our sins suffer in him.

A shout within.

Gods, what's the matter? I hope 'tis joy;
How now my Lords?

Enter Agenor and Nifus.

Nif. I'll tell you with that little breath I have;
More joy than you dare think, The Prince is safe from dan-
ger.

Dor. How!

Age. 'Tis true, and thus it was; his hour was come
To lose his life, he ready for the stroke,
Nobly, and full of Saint-like patience,
Went with his Guard: which when the people saw,
Compassion first went out, mingled with tears,
That bred desires, and whispers to each other,
To do some worthy kindness for the Prince,
And e'r they understood well how to do,
Fury stept in, and taught them what to do,
Thrusting on every hand to rescue him,
As a white innocent: then flew the roar
Through all the streets, of *Save him, save him, save him*:
And as they cry'd, they did; for catching up
Such sudden weapons as their madnes shew them.
In short, they beat the Guard, and took him from 'em,
And now march with him like a royal Army.

Dor. Heaven, heaven I thank thee,
What a slave was I to have my hand so far from
This brave rescue, 't'ad been a thing to brag on
When I was old. Shall we run for a wager to the
Next Temple, and give thanks?

Nif. As fast as wishes.

*Enter Leucippus and Ismenus: the people
within stops.*

Leu. Good friends goe home again, there's not a man
shall goe with me.

Isme. Will you not take revenge? I'll call them on.

Leuc. All that love me, depart:

I thank you, and will serve you for your loves:

But I will thank you more to suffer me

To govern 'em once: more, I do beg ye,

For my sake to your houses.

All within. Gods preserve you.

Isme. And what house will you goe to?

Leu. *Ismenus*, I will take the wariest courses that I can
think of to defend my self, but not offend.

Isme. You may kill your Mother, and never offend your
Father, an honest man.

Leu. Thou know'st I can scape now, that's all I look for:
I'll leave.

Isme. *Timantus*, a pox take him, would I had him here,
I would kill him at his own weapon single, sithes we have
built enough on him: plague on't, I'm out of all patience:
discharge such an Army as this, that would have followed
you without paying, Oh gods!

Leu. To what end should I keep 'em? I am free.

Isme. Yes, free o' th' Traitors, for you are proclaim'd
one.

Leu. Should I therefore make my self one?

Isme.

Isme. This is one of your moral Philosophy, is it? Heaven blefs me from subtilties to undoe my self with: But I know, if reason her self were here, She would not part with her own safety.

Leu. Well, pardon *Ismenus*, for I know My courses are most just; nor will I stain 'em With one bad action; for thy self thou know'st, That though I may command thee, I shall be A ready servant to thee if thou needst: and so I'll take my leave.

Isme. Of whom?

Leu. Of thee.

Isme. Heart, you shall take no leave of me.

Leu. Shall I not?

Isme. No, by the gods shall you not: nay, if you have no more wit but to goe absolutely alone, I'll be in a little.

Leu. Nay, prethee good *Ismenus* part with me.

Isme. I wonnot i'faith, never move it any more; for by this good light I wonnot.

Leu. This is an ill time to be thus unruly:

Ismenus, You must leave me.

Isme. Yes, if you can beat me away: else the gods refuse me if I will leave you till I see more reason; you sha'nt undoe your self.

Leu. But why wilt not leave me?

Isme. Why I'll tell you: Because when you are gone, then—— life, if I have not forgot my reason—— hell take me: you put me out of patience so: Oh! marry when you are gone, then will your Mother (a pox confound her) she never comes in my head, but she spoils my memory too: there are a hundred reasons.

Leu. But shew me one.

Isme. Shew you; what a stir here is; why I will shew you: Do you think; well, well, I know what I know, I pray come, 'Tis in vain: but I am sure. Devils take 'em; what do I meddle with 'em? You know your self. Soul, I think I am: is there any man i'th' world? as if you knew not this already better than I. Pish, pish, I'll give no reason.

Leu. But I will tell thee one, why thou shouldst stay: I have not one friend in the Court but thou, On whom I may be bold to trust to send me Any intelligence: and if thou lov'st me Thou wilt do this, thou needst not fear to stay, For there are new-come Proclamations out, Where all are pardon'd but my self.

Isme. 'Tis true, and in the same Proclamation, your fine Sister *Urania*, whom you us'd so kindly, is proclaim'd Heir apparent to the Crown.

Leu. What though, thou mayst stay at home without danger?

Isme. Danger, hang danger, what tell you me of danger?

Leu. Why if thou wilt not do't, I think thou dar'st not.

Isme. I dare not: if you speak it in earnest, you are a Boy.

Leu. Well Sir, if you dare, let me see you do't:

Isme. Why so you shall, I will stay.

Leu. Why God-a-mercy-

Isme. You know I love you but too well.

Leu. Now take these few directions: farewell, fend to me by the wariest ways thou canst: I have a soul tells me we shall meet often. The gods protect thee.

Isme. Pox o' my self for an ass, I'm crying now, God be with you, if I never see you again: why then pray get you gone, for grief and anger wonnot let me know what I say, I'll to the Court as fast as I can, and see the new Heir apparent.

Exeunt.

Aelus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Urania and her Woman.

Uran. **W**Hat hast thou found him?

Wo. Madam, he is coming in.

Uran. Gods blefs my brother, wherefoe'er he is: And I beseech you keep me fro the bed Of any naughty Tyrant, whom my Mother Would ha me have to wrong him.

Enter Ismenus.

Isme. What would her new Grace have with me?

Ura. Leave us a while. My Lord *Ismenus*. *Exit M.*
I pray for the love of Heaven and God,
That you would tell me one thing, which I know
You can do weell.

Isme. Where's her fain Grace?

Ura. You know me well inough, but that you mock, I am she my fen.

Isme. God blefs him that shall be thy husband, if thou wear'st the breeches thus soon, thou'lt be as impudent a thy Mother.

Ura. But will you tell me this one thing?

Ism. What is't? if it be no great matter whether I do or no, perhaps I will.

Ura. Yes faith, 'tis matter.

Ism. And what is't?

Ura. I pray you let me know whaire the Prince my Brother is.

Ism. I'faith you shan be hang'd first, is your Mother so foolish to think your good Grace can sift it out of me?

Ura. If you have any mercy left i' you to a poor wench, tell me.

Ism. Why wouldst thou not have thy brains beat out for this, to follow thy Mothers steps so young?

Ura. But believe me, she knows none of this.

Ism. Believe you? why do you think I never had wits? or that I am run out of them? how should it belong to you to know, if I could tell?

Ura. Why I will tell you, and if I speak false Let the devil ha me: yonder's a bad man, Come from a Tyrant to my Mother, and what name They ha' for him, good faith I cannot tell.

Isme. An Ambassador.

Ura. That's it: but he would carry me away, And have me marry his Master; and I'll day E'r I will ha' him.

Ism. But what's this to knowing where the Prince is?

Ura. Yes: for you know all my Mother does: Agen the Prince is but to ma me great.

Ism. Pray, I know that too well, what ten?

Ura. Why I could goe to the good Marquis my Brother, and put my self into his hands, that so He may preserve himself.

Ism. Oh that thou hadst no seed of thy Mother in thee, and couldst mean this now.

Ura. Why feth I do, wou'd I might ne'er stir more if I do not.

Ism. I shall prove a ridiculous fool, I'll be damn'd else: hang me if I do not half believe thee.

Ura. By my troth you may.

Ism. By my troth I doe: I know I'm an Ass for't, But I cannot help it.

Ura. And won you tell me then?

Ism. Yes faith will I, or any thing else i'th' world: for I think thou art as good a creature as ever was born.

Ura. But ail' goe i' this ladst apparel:

But

But you must help me to Silver.

Ism. Help thee? why the pox take him that will not help thee to any thing i' th' world, I'll help thee to Money, and I'll do't presently too, and yet foul, If you should play the Karvy Harlotry little pocky baggage now and cosin me, what then?

Ura. Why, an I do, wou'd I might ne'er see day agen.

Ism. Nay, by this light, I do not think thou wilt: I'll presently provide thee Money and a Letter. *Exit. Ism.*

Ura. I, but I'll ne'er deliver it.

When I have found my Brother, I will beg
To serve him; but he shall never know who I am:
For he must hate me then for my bad mother:
I'll say I am a Countrey Lad that want a service,
And have straid on him by chance, lest he discover me;
I know I must not live long, but that taimé
I ha'to spend, shall be in serving him.
And though my Mother seek to take his life away,
In a day my brother shall be taught
That I was ever good, though she were naught. *Exit.*

*Enter Bacha and Timantus: Bacha reading
a Letter.*

Bac. Run away, the Devil be her guide.

Tim. Faith she's gone: there's a Letter I found it in her pocket, would I were with her, she's a handsome Lady, a plague upon my bashfulness, I had bobbed her long ago else.

Bac. What a base whore is this, that after all My ways for her advancement, should so poorly Make virtue her undoer, and choose this time, The King being deadly sick, and I intending A present marriage with some forreign Prince, To strengthen and secure my self. She writes here Like a wife Gentlewoman, She will not stay: And the example of her dear brother, makes her Fear her self, to whom she means to flie.

Tim. Why, who can help it?

Bac. Now Poverty and Lechery, which is thy end, rot thee, where e'er thou goest with all thy goodness.

Tim. Berlady they'll bruze her: and she were of brass I am sure they'll break stone Walls: I have had experience of them both, and they have made me desperate: but there's a messenger, Madam, come from the Prince with a Letter to *Ismenus*, who by him returns an answer.

Bac. This comes as pat as wishes: thou shalt presently away *Timantus*.

Tim. Whither Madam?

Ba. To the Prince, and take the Messenger for guide:

Tim. What shall I do there? I have done too much mischief to be believ'd again; or indeed, to scape with my head on my back, if I be once known.

Bac. Thou art a weak shallow fool: get thee a disguise, and withal, when thou com'st before him, have a Letter fain'd to deliver him: and then, as thou hast ever hope of goodness by me, or after me, strike one home stroke that shall not need another: dar'st thou speak, dar'st thou? if thou say'st off, go be a Rogue again, and lie and pander to procure thy meat? dar'st thou? speak to me?

Tim. Sure I shall never walk when I am dead: I have no spirit, Madam, I'll be drunk but I'll do it, that's all my refuge. *Exit.*

Bac. Away, no more, then I'll raise an Army whilst the King yet lives, if all the means and power I have can do it, I cannot tell.

Enter Ismenus and three Lords.

Ism. Are you inventing still? we'll ease your studies.

Bac. Why how now saucy Lords?

Ism. Nay, I'll shake ye; yes devil, I will shake ye.

Bac. Do not you know me Lords?

Nis. Yes deadly sin we know ye, would we did not.

Ism. Doe you hear whore, a plague a God upon thee, the Duke is dead.

Bac. Dead!

Ism. I, wild-fire and brimstone take thee: good man he is dead, and past those miseries which thou, salt infection-like; like a disease flungst upon his head. Dost thou hear, and 'twere not more respect in Womanhood in general than thee, because I had a Mother, who I will not say she was good, she liv'd so near thy time, I would have thee in vengeance of this man, whose peace is made in heaven by this time, tied to a post; and dried i' th' sun, and after carried about, and shewn at Fairs for money, with a long story of the devil thy father, that taught thee to be whorish, envious, bloody.

Bac. Ha, ha, ha.

Ism. You fleeing harlot, I'll have a horse to leap thee, and thy base issue shall carry Sumpters. Come Lords, bring her along, we'll to the Prince all, where her hell hood shall wait his censure; and if he spare the she-Goat, may he lie with thee again: and beside, maist thou lay upon him some nasty foul disease, that hate still follows, and his end a dry ditch. Lead you corrupted whore, or I'll draw a goad shall make you skip: away to the Prince.

Bac. I la, ha, ha, I hope yet I shall come coo late to find him.

Cornets.

Cupid from above.

*Enter Leucippus, Urania: Leucippus with a
bloody Handkerchief.*

Leu. Alas poor boy, why dost thou follow me? What canst thou hope for? I am poor as thou art.

Ura. In good seth I shall be weel and rich enough If you will love me, and not put me from you.

Leu. Why dost thou choose out me Boy to undo thee? Alas, for pittie take another Master, That may be able to deserve thy love In breeding thee hereafter: me thou knowest not, More than my misery: and therefore canst not Look for rewards at my hands: would I were able My pretty knave, to doe thee any kindness: truly Good Boy, I would upon my faith, thy harmless Innocence moves me at heart: wilt thou goe Save thy self; why dost thou weep? Alas, I do not chide thee.

Ura. I cannot tell if I go from you; Sir, I shall ne'er dawn day more: Pray if you can, I will be true to you: Let me wait on you: if I were a man, I would fight for you: Sure you have some ill-willers, I would slay em.

Leu. Such harmless souls are ever Prophets: well, I take thy wish, thou shalt be with me still: But prethee eat, my good boy: Thou wilt die my child if thou fast one day more. This four daies thou hast tasted nothing: Goe into the Cave and eat: thou shalt find something for thee, to bring thy blood again, and thy fair colour.

Ura. I cannot eat, God thank you.

But I'll eat to morrow.

Leu. Thou't be dead by that time.

Ura. I should be well then, for you will not love me.

Leu. Indeed I will. This is the prettiest passion that e'er I felt yet: why dost thou look so earnestly upon me?

Ura. You have fain eyes Master.

Leu. Sure the boy dotes: why dost thou sigh my child?

Ura. To think that such a fine man should live, and no gay Lady love him.

Leu. Thou wilt love me?

Ura. Yes sure till I die, and when I am in heaven, I'll e'en wish for you.

Leu. And I'll come to thee boy. This is a Love I never yet heard tell of: come, thou art sleepy child; goe in, and I'll sit with thee: heaven what portends this?

Ura. You are sad, but I am not sleepy, would I could do ought to make you merry: shall I sing?

Leu. If thou wilt good Boy.
Alas my boy, that thou shouldst comfort me, and art
far worse than I!

Enter Timantus with a Letter disguised.

Ura. Law Master, there's one, look to your self;

Leu. What art thou that in this dismal place,
Which nothing could find out but misery,
Thus boldly stepst? Comfort was never here,
Here is no food, nor beds, nor any house
Built by a better Architect than beasts;
And e'r you get dwelling from one of them,
You must fight for it: if you conquer him,
He is your meat: if not, you must be his.

Tim. I come to you (for if I not mistake, you are the
Prince) from that most Noble Lord *Ismenus* with a Letter.

Ura. Alas, I fear I shall be discover'd now.

Leu. Now I feel my self the poorest of all mortal things.
Where is he that receives such courtesies
But he has means to shew his gratefulness
Some way or other? I have none at all:
I know not how to speak so much as well
Of thee, but to these trees.

*Leucippus opening the Letter, the
whilst Timantus runs at him,
and Urania steps before.*

Tim. His Letters speak him, Sir —

Ura. Gods keep me but from knowing him till I die:
aye me, sure I cannot live a day, Oh thou foul Traitor:
How do you Master?

Leu. How dost thou my child? alas, look on his, it may
make thee repentant, to behold those innocent drops that
thou hast drawn from thence.

Ura. 'Tis nothing Sir, and you be well.

Tim. Oh pardon me, know you me now, Sir?

Leu. How couldst thou find me out?

Tima. We intercepted a Letter from *Ismenus*, and the
bearer directed me.

Leu. Stand up *Timantus* boldly,
The world conceives that thou art guilty
Of divers treasons to the State and me:
But oh far be it from the innocence
Of a just man, to give a Traitor death
Without a tryal: here the Countrey is not
To purge thee or condemn thee; therefore
A nobler trial than thou dost deserve,
Rather than none at all, here I accuse thee
Before the face of Heaven, to be a Traitor
Both to the Duke my Father and to me, and the
Whole Land: speak, is it so or no?

Tima. 'Tis true Sir, pardon me.

Leu. Take heed *Timantus* how thou dost cast away thy
self, I must proceed to execution hastily if thou confests it:
speak: once againe, is it so or no?

Tima. I am not guilty, Sir.

*Fight here: the Prince gets his
sword, and gives it him.*

Leu. Gods and thy sword acquit thee, here it is.

Tima. I will not use any violence against your High-
ness.

Leu. At thy peril then, for this must be thy trial: and
from henceforth look to thy self.

*Timantus draws his sword, and runs
at him when he turns aside.*

Tim. I do beseech you, Sir, let me not fight.

Leu. Up, up again *Timantus*,
There is no way but this, believe me.
Now if — Fie, fie *Timantus*, is there no
Usage can recover thee from baseness, wert thou
Longer to converse with men, I would have chid
Thee for this: be all thy faults forgiven.

Tim. Oh spare me Sir, I am not fit for death.

Leu. I think thou art not, yet trust me, sifter than for
life: Yet tell me e'r thy breath be gone, know'st of any
other plots against me?

Tim. Of none.

Leu. What course wouldst thou have taken, when thou
hadst kill'd me?

I would have ta'en your Page, and married her.

Leu. What Page?

Tim. Your boy there. — *Dies.*

Urania sounds.

Leu. Is he fall'n mad in death, what does he mean?
Some good god help me at the worst: how dost thou?
Let not thy misery vex me, thou shalt have
What thy poor heart can wish: I am a Prince,
And I will keep thee in the gayest cloaths,
And the finest things, that ever pretty boy had given
him.

Ura. I know you well enough,
Feth I am dying, and now you know all too.

Leu. But stir up thy self; look what a Jewel here is,
See how it glisters: what a pretty shew
Will this make in thy little ear? ha, speak,
Eat but a bit, and take it.

Ura. Do you not know me?

Leu. I prethee mind thy health: why that's well said my
good boy, smile still.

Ura. I shall smile till death an I see you,
I am *Urania*, your Sister-in-law.

Leu. How?

Ura. I am *Urania*.

Leu. Dulness did seize me, now I know thee well;
Alas, why cam'st thou hither?

Ura. Feth for love, I would not let you know till I was
dying; for you could not love me, my Mother was so naught.

Leu. I will love thee, or any thing: what? wilt
Thou leave me as soon as I know thee?

Speak one word to me: alas she's past it,

She will ne'er speak more

What noise is that? it is no matter who

Enter Ismenus with the Lords.

Comes on me now. What worse than mad are you
That seek out sorrows? if you love delights
Begone from hence.

Isme. Sir, for you we come, as Soldiers to revenge the
wrongs you have suffer'd under this naughty creature:
what shall be done with her? say, I am ready.

Leu. Leave her to Heaven, brave Cosin, they shall tell
her how she has sinn'd against 'em, my hand shall never be
itain'd with such base blood: live wicked Mother: that re-
verend Title be your pardon, for I will use no extremity
against you, but leave you to Heaven.

Bacha. Hell take you all, or if there be a place
Of torment that exceeds that, get you thither:
And till the devils have you, may your lives
Be one continued plague, and such a one,
That knows no friends nor ending.

May all ages that shall succeed, curse you as I do!

And if it be possible, I ask it heaven,

That your base issues may be ever Monsters,

That must for shame of nature and succession,

Be drown'd like dogs.

Would I had breath to please you.

Leu. Would you had love within you, and such grief
As might become a Mother: look you there,
Know you that face? that was *Urania*:

These are the fruits of those unhappy Mothers,

That labour with such horrid births as you do:

If you can weep, there's cause; poor innocent,

Your wickedness has kill'd her: I'll weep for you.

Isme. Monstrous woman,

Mars would weep at this, and yet she cannot.

Leu. Here lies your Minion too, slain by my hand,

I will

I will not say you are the cause: yet certain,
I know you were too blame, the gods forgive you,

Isme. See, she stands as if she were inventing
Some new destruction for the world.

Leu. *Ismenus*, thou art welcome yet to my sad company.

Isme. I come to make you somewhat sadder, Sir.

Leu. You cannot, I am at the height already.

Isme. Your Fathers dead.

Leu. I thought so, Heaven be with him: Oh woman,
woman, weep now or never, thou hast made more sorrows
than we have eyes to utter,

Is. Now let Heaven fall, I am at the worst of evils, a
a thing so miserably wretched, that every thing, the last
of humane comforts hath left me: I will not be so base
and cold, to live and wait the mercies of these men I hate,
no, 'tis just I die, since fortune hath left me, my step discent
attends me: hand, strike thou home, I have soul enough to
guide; and let all know, as I stood a Queen, the same I'll
fall, and one with me.

She stabs the Prince with a knife.

Leu. Ho.

Isme. How do you, Sir?

Leu. Nearer my health, than I think any here, my tongue
begins to falter: what is man? or who would be one,
when he sees a poor weak woman can in an instant make him
none.

Dor. She is dead already.

Isme. Let her be damn'd already as she is: post all for
Surgeons.

Leu. Let not a man stirr, for I am but dead:
I have some few words which I would have you hear,
And am afraid I shall want breath to speak 'em:

First to you my Lords, you know *Ismenus* is
Undoubtedly Heir of *Lycia*, I do beseech you all,
When I am dead, to shew your duties to him.

Lords. We vow to do't.

Leu. I thank you.

Next to you Cousin *Ismenus*, that shall be the Duke,
I pray you let the broken Image of *Cupid*
Be re-edified, I know all this is done by him.

Isme. It shall be so.

Leu. Last, I beseech you that my Mother-in-law may
have a burial according to ————— *Dies.*

Isme. To what, Sir?

Dor. There is a full point.

Isme. I will interpret for him; she shall have burial ac-
cording to her own deserts, with dogs.

Dor. I would your Majesty would haste for setting of the
people.

Isme. I am ready.

Age. Goe, and let the Trumpets sound
Some mournful thing, whilst we convey the body
Of this unhappy Prince unto the Court,
And of that virtuous Virgin to a Grave:
But drag her to a ditch, where let her lie,
Accurst, whilst one man has a memory.

Exeunt.

Cupid's Speech.

*The time now of my Revenge draws near.
Nor shall it lessen as I am a god,
With all the cries and prayers that have been;
And those that be to come, though they be infinite,
In need and number.*

T H E

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Hymen,
Theseus,
Hippolita, } *Sisters to Theseus*
Emelia, }
Nymphs.
Three Queens,
Three valiant Knights,
Palamon, } *The two Noble Kinsmen, in love with fair*
Arcite, } *Emelia.*

Perithous,
Jaylor,
His Daughter, *in love with Palamon*
Countreymen,
Venches,
A Taborer,
Gerrold, *A Schoolmaster*.

PROLOGUE

Florish.

NEW Plays and Maidenheads are near a-kin,
Much follow'd both; for both much money gi'n,
If they stand sound, and well: And a good Play
(Whose modest Scenes blush on his marriage day,
And shake to loose his honour) is like hir
That after holy Tie, and first nights stir
Yet still is Modesty, and still retains
More of the Maid to sight, than Husbands pains;
We pray our Play may be so; for I'm sure
It has a noble breeder, and a pure,
A Learned, and a Poet never went
More famous yet 'twixt Po, and silver Trent:
Chaucer (of all admir'd) the Story gives,
There constant to eternity it lives:
If we let fall the Nobleness of this,
And the first sound this Child hear, be a hiss,

How will it shake the bones of that good man
And make him cry from under-ground, Oh fan
From me the witless chaff of such a writer
That blasts my Bayes, and my fam'd Works makes light-
Than Robin Hood, this is the fear we bring
For to say Truth, it were an endless thing:
And too ambitious to aspire to him;
Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim
In this deep water. Do but you hold out
Your helping hands, and we shall tack about,
And something do to save us: You shall hear
Scenes, though below his Art, may yet appear
Worth two hours travel. To his bones sweet sleep:
Content to you. If this Play do not keep,
A little dull time from us, we perceive
Our losses fall so thick, we must needs leave.

Florish.

Actus Primus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Hymen with a Torch burning: a Boy, in a white Robe before, singing, and strewing Flowers: after Hymen, a Nymph, encompass'd in her Tresses, bearing a wheaten Garland. Then Theseus between two other Nymphs, with wheaten Chaplets on their heads. Then Hippolita the Bride lead by Theseus, and another holding a Garland over her head (her Tresses likewise hanging.) After her Emelia holding up her Train.

The SONG.

Musick.



Ofes their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hew,
Maiden-Pinks, of odour faint,
Daizies smell less, yet most quaint
And sweet Time true.

Primrose first born, child of Ver,
Merry Spring time's Harbinger,

With her bells dimm.
Oxlips in their Cradles growing;
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Larks-beels trim.

All dear natures children sweet,
Lie fore Bride and Bridegrooms feet;
Blessing their sence.
Not an Angel of the Air,
Bird melodious, or Bird fair,
Is absent hence.

The Crow, the slanderous Cuckooe, nor
The boading Raven, nor Clough be
Nor chatt'ring Pie,
May on our Bridehouse perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring
But from it fly.

Strew
Flowers.

H h h

Enter

Enter three Queens in Black, with nails stain'd, with Imperial Crowns. The first Queen falls down at the foot of Thefeus; The second falls down at the foot of Hippolita. The third before Emilia.

1 *Qu.* For pities sake, and true gentilities,
Hear and respect me.

2 *Qu.* For your Mothers sake.
And as you with your womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear and respect me,

3 *Qu.* Now for the love of him whom *Jove* hath mark'd
The honor of your Bed, and for the sake
Of clear Virginity, be Advocate
For us, and our distresses: This good deed
Shall raze you out o'th' Book of Trespasses
All you are set down there.

Thef. Sad Lady rise.

Hip. Stand up.

Emil. No knees to me.

What Woman I may steed that is distress,
Does bind me to her.

Thef. What's your request? Deliver you for all?

1 *Qu.* We are three Queens, whose Sovereigns fell before
The wrath of cruel *Creon*; who endur'd
The Beaks of Ravens, Tallents of the Kites,
And pecks of Crows in the foul field of *Thebes*.
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urne their ashes, nor to take th' offence
Of mortal loathsomness from the blest eye
Of holy *Phæbus*, but infects the winds
With stench of our slain Lords. Oh pity Duke,
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd Sword
That does good turns to th' world; give us the Bones
Of our dead Kings, that we may Chappel them;
And of thy boundless goodness take some note
That for our crowned heads we have no roof,
Save this which is the Lions and the Bears,
And vault to every thing.

Thef. Pray you kneel not,
I was transported with your Speech, and suffer'd
Your knees to wrong themselves; I have heard the fortunes
Of your dead Lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance, and revenge for 'em:
King Capaneus, was your Lord the day
That he should marry you, at such a season,
As now it is with me, I met your Groom,
By *Mars's* Altar, you were that time fair;
Not *Juno's* Mantle, fairer than your Tresses,
Nor in more bounty spread her. Your wheaten wreath
Was then not thrash'd, nor blasted; Fortune at you
Dimpled her Cheek with smiles: *Hercules* our kinsman
(Then weaker than your eyes) laid by his Club,
He tumbled down upon his Nenuan hide
And swore his sinews thaw'd: Oh grief, and time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour.

1 *Qu.* Oh I hope some God,
Some God hath put his mercy in your manhood
Whereto he'll infuse power, and press you forth
Our undertaker.

Thef. Oh no knees, none Widow,
Unto the Helmeted-*Belona* use them,
And pray for me your Soldier.
Troubl'd I am.

Turns away.

2 *Qu.* Honoured *Hippolita*
Most dreaded *Amazonian*, that hast slain
The Sith-tusk'd-Bore; that with thy Arm as strong
As it is white, was't near to make the make
To thy Sex captive; but that this thy Lord
Pern to uphold Creation, in that honor
First nature stil'd it in, shrunk thee into
The bound thou wast o'er-flowing; at once subduing
Thy force, and thy affection: Soldieres
That equally canst poize sternness with pity,

Whom now I know hast much much more power on him
Than ever he had on thee, who ow't his strength,
And his Love too; who is a Servant for
The Tenor of the Speech. Dear *Glas* of Ladies.
Bid him that we whom flaming war doth scorch,
Under the shadow of his Sword, may cool us:
Require him he advance it o'er our heads;
Speak't in a womans key: like such a woman
As any of us three; weep e'r you fail; lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a Doves motion, when the head's pluckt off:
Tell him if he i'th' blood-ciz'd field, lay swoln
Shewing the Sun his Teeth, grinning at the Moon.
What you would do.

Hip. Poor Lady say no more:

I had as leif trace this good action with you
As that whereto I'm going, and never yet
Went I so willing, way. My Lord is taken
Heart deep with your distress: Let him consider;
I'll speak anon.

3 *Qu.* Oh my petition was, *Kneel to Emilia.*
Set down in Ice, which by hot grief uncandied
Melts into drops, so sorrow wanting form
is prest with deeper matter.

Emil. Pray stand up,
Your grief is written in your cheek.

3 *Qu.* Oh woe,
You cannot read it there; there through my tears,
Like wrinkl'd pebbles in a *Glas* stream
You may behold 'em (Lady, Lady, alack)
He that will all the treasure know o'th' earth
Must know the Center too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. Oh pardon me;
Extremity that sharpens sundry wits
Makes me a fool.

Emil. Pray you say nothing, pray you,
Who cannot feel, nor see the rain being in't,
Knows neither wet, nor dry, if that you were
The ground-piece of some Painter, I would buy you
T' instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed
Such heart-pierc'd demonstration; but alas
Being a natural Sister of our Sex
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me:
That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
My Brothers heart, and warm it to some pity
Though it were made of stone: pray have good comfort:

Thef. Forward to th' Temple, leave not out a jot
O'th' sacred ceremony.

1 *Qu.* Oh this celebration
Will long last, and be more costly than
Your Suppliants war: Remember that your Fame
Knows in the ear o'th' world: what you do quickly,
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more,
Than others laboured meditate: your premeditating
More than their actions: But oh *Jove*, your actions,
Soon as they move, as Asprays do the fish,
Subdue before they touch: think, dear Duke think
What beds our slain Kings have.

2 *Qu.* What griefs our beds
That our dear Lords have none.

3 *Qu.* None fit for th' dead:
Those that with Cords, Knives, Drams precipitance,
Weary of this worlds light, have to themselves
Been deaths most horrid Agents, humane grace
Affords them dust and shadow.

1 *Qu.* But our Lords
Lie blist'ring 'fore the visitating Sun,
And were good Kings, when living.

Thef. It is true, and I will give you comfort,
To give your dead Lords graves:
The which to do must make some work with *Creon*.

1 *Qu.* And that work presents it self to th' doing:
Now 'twill take form, the heats are gone to morrow,

Then

Then bootless toil must recompence it self,
With its own sweat; Now he's secure,
Not dretms, we stand before your puillance
Wrinching our holy begging in our eyes
To make petition clear.

2 *Qu.* Now you may take him,
Drunk with his victory.

3 *Qu.* And his Army full
Of Bread, and sloth.

Theb. *Artesis* that best knowest
How to draw out, fit to this enterprize,
The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a business, forth and levy
Our worthiest Instruments, whilst we dispatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of Fate in wedlock.

1 *Qu.* Dowagers, take hands
Let us be Widows to our woes, delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.

All. Farewell.

2 *Qu.* We come unseasonably: But when could grief
Cull forth as unpang'd judgement can, fit'time
For best solicitation.

Theb. Why good Ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going,
Greater than any was; it more imports me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.

1 *Qu.* The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected, when her Arms,
Able to lock *Jove* from a Synod, shall
By warranting Moon-light corslet thee, oh when
Her twining Cherries shall their sweetness fall
Upon thy tastful Lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten Kings, or blubber'd Queens, what care
For what thou feel'st not? what thou feel'st being able
To make *Mars* spurn his Drom. Oh if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more, than what
That Banquet bids thee too.

Hip. Though much unlike
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a Suitor; yet I think
Did I not by th' abstaining of my joy
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit
That craves a present medicine, I should pluck
All Ladies scandal on me. Therefore Sir
As I shall here make trial of my Prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for ay their vigor dumb.
Prorogue this business, we are going about, and hang
Your Shield afore your heart, about that neck
Which is my Fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor Queens service.

All Queens. Oh help now
Our Cause cries for your knee.

Emil. If you grant not
My Sister her petition in that force,
With that Celerity, and nature which
She makes it in: from henceforth I'll not dare
To ask you any thing, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a Husband.

Theb. Pray stand up.
I am intreating of my self to do
That which you kneel to have me; *Pyritibus*
Lead on the Bride; get you and pray the gods
For success, and return omit not any thing
In the pretended Celebration; Queens
Follow your Soldier (as before) hence you
And at the banks of *Anly* meet us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall find
The moiety of a number, for a business,
More bigger look't; since that our Theme is haste

I stamp this kiss upon thy currant Lip,
Sweet keep it as my token; let you forward
For I will see you gone. *Exeunt towards the Temple.*
Farewel my beauteous Sister; *Pyritibus*
Keep the Feast full, bate not an hour on't.

Pyri. Sir,
I'll follow you at heels; The Feasts solemnity
Shall want till your return.

Theb. Cousin I charge you
Budge not from *Atneas*; we shall be returning
E'r you can end this Feast; of which I pray you
Make no abatement; once more farewell all. *(world.)*

1 *Qu.* Thus dost thou still make good the tongue o' th'

1 *Qu.* And earnest a Deity equal with *Mars*.

3 *Qu.* If not above him, for
Thou being but mortal, makest affections bend
To godlike honors; they themselves some say
Groan under such a Mast'ry.

Theb. As we are men
Thus should we doe, being sensually subdu'd
We loose our humane Title; good cheer Ladies. *Flourish.*
Now turn we towards our Comforts. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Palamon, and Arcite.

Arcite. Dear *Palamon*, dearer in Love than Blood
And our prime Cousin, yet unhard'ned in
The Crimes of nature; Let us leave the City
Thebes, and the temptings in't, before we further
Sully our gloss of youth,
And here to keep in abstinence we shame
As in Incontinence; for not to swim
I' th' aid o' th' current, were almost to sink,
At least to frustrate striving, and to follow
The common stream, 't would bring us to an Eddy
Where we should turn or drown; if labour through,
Our gain but life, and weakness.

Pal. Your advice
Is cry'd up with example; what strange ruins
Since first we went to School, may we perceive
Walking in *Thebes*? Skars, and bare weeds
The gain o' th' Martialist, who did propound
To his bold ends, honor, and golden Ingots,
Which though he won, he had not, and now flurled
By peace, for whom he fought, who then shall offer
To *Mars*'s so scorn'd Altar? I doe bleed
When such I meet, and with great *Juno* would
Resume her antient fit of *jealousie*
To get the Soldier work, that peace might purge
For her repletion, and retain anew
Her charitable heart now hard, and harsher
Than strife, or war could be.

Arcite. Are you not out?
Meet you no ruin, but the Soldier in
The crancks and turns of *Thebes*? you did begin
As if you met decays of many kinds:
Perceive you none, that do arouse your pity
But th' unconsider'd Soldier?

Pal. Yes, I pity
Decays where-e'er I find them, but such most
That sweating in an honourable toil
Are paid with Ice to cool 'em.

Arcite. 'Tis not this
I did begin to speak of, this is virtue
Of no respect in *Thebes*, I spake of *Thebes*
How dangerous if we will keep our honors,
It is for our residing, where every evil
Hath a good colour; where ev'ry seeming good's
A certain evil, where not to be ev'n jump
As they are, here were to be strangers, and
Such things to be meer Monsters.

Pal. 'Tis in our power,
(Unless we fear that Apes can Tutor's) to

Be Masters of our manners: what need I
Affect anothers gate, which is not catching
Where there is faith, or to be fond upon
Anothers way of speech, when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceiv'd; fav'd too,
Speaking it truly; why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Follows his Taylor, haply so long, until
The follow'd, make pursuit? or let me know,
Why mine own Barber is unblest, with him
My poor Chinn too, for 'tis not Cizard just
To such a Favorites glass: What Cannon is there
That does command my Rapier from my hip
To dangle't in my hand, or to goe tip toe
Before the street be foul? either I am
The fore-horse in the Team, or I am none
That draw i'th' sequent trace: these poor slight fores,
Need not a Plantain; That which tips my bosome
Almost to th' heart's,

Arcite. Our Uncle *Creon*.

Pal. He,

A most unbounded Tyrant, whose successes
Makes Heaven unfeard, and villany assured
Beyond its power: there's nothing, almost puts
Faith in a Favor, and deifies alone
Voluble chance, who only attributes
The faculties of other Instruments
To his own Nerves and ast; Commands men service,
And what they win in't, boot and glory on;
That fears not to harm; good, dares not; Let
The blood of mine that's libbe to him, be suckt
From me with Leeches, let them break and fall
Off me with that corruption.

Arc. Clear spirited *Cosin*

Let's leave his Court, that we may nothing share,
Of his loud infamy: for our milk,
Will relish of the pasture, and we must
Be vile, or disobedient, not his kinsmen
In blood, unless in quality.

Pal. Nothing truer:

I think the echoes of his shames have deaf't
The ears of heav'nly Justice: widdows cries
Descend again into their throats, and have not
Due audience of the gods: *Valerius*

Enter Valerius.

Val. The King calls for you; yet be leaden-footed
Till his great rage be off him. *Phebus* when
He broke his whipstock, and exclaim'd against
The Horses of the Sun, but whisper'd to
The loudness of his fury.

Pal. Small winds shake him,
But what's the matter?

Val. *Thebes* (who where he threats appals,) hath sent
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruin to *Thebes*, who is at hand to seal
The promise of his wrath.

Arc. Let him approach:

But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terror to us; yet what man
Thirds his own worth (the case is each of ours)
When that his actions dregg'd, with mind assur'd
'Tis lad he goes about.

Pal. Leave that unreason'd.

Our services stand now for *Thebes*, not *Creon*,
Yet to be neutral to him, were dishonor;
Rebellious to oppose: therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our Fate,
Who hath bound our last minute.

Arc. So we must;

ist sed this wars afoot? or it shall be
On fail of some condition.

Val. 'Tis in motion

The intelligence of state came in the instant
With the desier.

Pol. Let's to the King, who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honor, which
His enemy came in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health, which were not spent,
Rather laid out for purchase: but alas
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o' th' stroke do damage?

Arci. Let th' event,

That never-erring Arbitrator, tell us
When we know all our selves, and let us follow
The becking of our chance.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Perithous, Hippolita, Emilia.

Pir. No further.

Hip. Sir farewell; repeat my wishes
To our great Lord, of whose success I dare not
Make any timorous question; yet I wish him
Excess, and overflow of power, and't might be
To dure ill-dealing fortune; speed to him,
Store never hurts good Governors.

Pir. Though I know

His Ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Must yield their tribute there: My precious Maid,
Those best affections that the heavens infuse
In their best temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd
In your dear heart.

Emil. Thanks Sir; remember me
To our all-Royal Brother, for whose speed
The great *Bellona* I'll solícite; and
Since in our terrene State, petitions are not
Without gifts understood: I'll offer to her
What I shall be advis'd she likes; our hearts
Are in his Army, in his Tent.

Hip. In's bosom:

We have been Soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our Friends do'n their helms, or put to Sea,
Or tell of Babes broach'd on the Launce, or Women
That have sod their Infants in (and after eat them)
The brine, they wept at killing 'em; Then if
You stay to see of us such Spinsters, we
Should hold you here for ever,

Pir. Peace be to you

As I pursue this war, which shall be then
Beyond further requiring.

Exit Pir.

Emil. How his longing

Follows his friend; since his depart, his sports
Though craving seriousness, and skill, past slightly
His careless execution, where nor gain
Made him regard, or loss consider, but
Playing o'er business in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his mind, nurse equal
To these so diff'ring Twins; have you observ'd him.
Since our great Lord departed?

Hip. With much labour:

And I did love him for't, they two have Cabin'd
In many as dangerous, as poor a corner,
Peril and want contending, they have skift
Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power
I'th' least of these was dreadful, and they have
Fought out together, where Death's-self was lodg'd,
Yet Fate hath brought them off: their knot of love
Ti'd, weav'd, intangl'd, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deep a cunning
May be out-worn, never undone. I think
Thebes cannot be umpire to himself
Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing
Each side like Justice, which he loves best.

Emil. Doubtless

There is a best, and reason has no manners

To

To say it is not you : I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a Play-fellow ;
You were at wars, when she the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the Bed, took leave o' th' Moon
(Which then lookt pale at parting) when our count
Was each eleven.

Hip. 'Twas Flavia.

Two Hearses ready with Palamon, and Arcite:
The three Queens. Theseus, and his Lords ready.

Emil. Yes,

You talk of *Pirithous* and *Theseus* love ;
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,
More buckled with strong judgement, and their needs
The one of th' other may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love, but I
And she (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent,
Lov'd for we did, and like the Elements
That know not what, nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance ; our souls
Did so to one another ; what she lik'd,
Was then of me approv'd, what not condemn'd
No more arraignment, the flower that I would pluck
And put between my breasts, oh (then but beginning
To swell about the blossom) she would long
Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent Cradle, where *Phoenix*-like
They di'd in perfume : on my head no toy
But washer pattern, her affections (pretty
Though happily, her careles, were, I followed
For my most serious decking, had mine ear
Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd on
From musical Coynage, why, it was a Note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn (rather dwell on)
And sing it in her slumbers ; This rehearful
(Which fury innocent wots well) comes in
Like old importments-bastard, has this end ;
That the true love 'twween Maid, and Maid, may be
More than in sex individual.

Hip. Y'are out of breath
And this high speeded-pace, is but to say
That you shall never (like the Maid *Flavina*)
Love any that's call'd Man.

Emil. I 'm sure I shall not.

Hip. Now alack weak Sister,
I must no more believe thee in this point
(Though in't I know thou dost believe thy self)
Then I will trust a sickly appetite,
That loaths even as it longs, but sure my Sister
If I were ripe for your persuasion, you
Have said enough to shake me from the Arm
Of the all noble *Theseus*, for whose fortunes,
I will now in, and kneel with great assurance,
That we, more than his *Pirithous*, possess
The high Throne in his heart.

Emil. I am not against your faith,
Yet I continue mine.

Exeunt.
Cornets.

Scena Quarta.

A Battel struck within: then a Retreat: *Florish*. Then Enter
Theseus (victor) the three Queens meet him, and
fall on their faces before him.

1 Qu. To thee no Star be dark.

2 Qu. Both Heaven and Earth
Friend thee for ever.

3 Qu. All the good that may
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry *Amen* to't.

Thef. Th'impartial gods, who from the mounted heavens
View us their mortal Herd, behold who erre,
And in their time chastise : goe and find out
The bones of your dead Lords, and honor them
With treble ceremony, rather than a gap
Should be in their dear rights, we would supply't.

But those we will depute, which shall invest
You in your dignities, and even each thing
Our haste does leave imperfect ; So adieu
And heavens good eyes look on you, what are those ?

Exeunt Queens.

Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judg'd
By their appointment ; some of *Thebs* have told's
They are *Silters* children, Nephews to the King.

Thef. By th' Helme of *Mars*, I saw them in the War,
Like to a pair of Lions, sinear'd with prey,
Make lanes in troops agast. I fixt my note
Constantly on them ; for they were a mark
Worth a god's view : what prisoner was't that told me
When I enquir'd their names ?

Herald. We leave, they'r called
Arcite and *Palamon*,

Thef. 'Tis right, those, those
They are not dead ?

Three Hearses ready.

Her. Nor in a state of life, had they been taken
When their last hurts were given, 'twas possible
They might have been recover'd ; Yet they breathe
And have the name of men.

Thef. Then like men use 'em
The very lees of such (millions of rates)
Exceed the Wine of others, all our Surgeons
Convent in their behoof, our richest balines
Rather than niggard waste, their lives concern us,
Much more than *Thebs* is worth, rather than have 'em
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state
(Sound and at liberty) I would 'em dead,
But forty thousand fold, we had rather have 'em
Prisoners to us, than death ; bear 'em speedily
From our kind air, to them unkind, and minister
What man to man may do for our sake more,
Since I have known frights, fury, friends, beheasts,
Loves, provocations, zeal, a *Mistris* taske,
Desire of liberty, a feavor, madness,
Hath set a mark which nature could not reach too
Without some imposition, sickness in Will
Or wrestling strength in reason, for our Love
And great *Apollo*'s mercy, all our best,
Their best skills tender. Lead into the City,
Where having bound things scatter'd, we will post. *Florish*.
To *Athens* for our Army.

Exeunt.
Musick.

Scena Quinta.

Enter the Queens, with the Hearses of their Knights,
in a Funeral Solemnity, &c.

Urns and Odours, bring away,
Vapors, sighs, darken the day,
Our dole more deadly looks, than dying
Balmes, and Gummis, and heavy cheers,

Sacred viols fill'd with tears,
And clamors, through the wild air flying :

Come all sad and solemn Shows,
That are quick-ey'd pleasures foes ;
We convent nought else but woes.
We convent, &c.

3 Qu. This funeral path, brings to your household graver
Joy seize on you again : peace, sleep with him.

2 Qu. And this to yours.

1 Qu. Yours this way : Heavens lend
A thousand differing ways to one sure end.

3 Qu. This world's a City full of straying streets,
And Death's the Market-place, where each one meets.

Exeunt severally.

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Jaylor and Woocr.

Jail. I May depart with little, while I live, something I
May cast to you, not much: Alas the Prison I
Keep, though it be for great ones, yet they seldom
Come; before one *Salmon*, you shall take a number
Of Minnows: I am given out to be better lin'd
Than it can appear, to me report is a true
Speaker: I would I were really, that I am
Deliver'd to be: Marry, what I have (be it what
It will) I will assure upon my daughter at
The day of my death.

Woocr. Sir, I demand no more than your own offer,
And I will estate your Daughter, in what I
Have promised,

Jail. Well, we will talk more of this, when the solemnity
Is past; But have you a full promise of her?

Enter Daughter.

When that shall be seen, I tender my consent.

Woocr. I have Sir; here she comes.

Jail. Your friend and I have chanced to name
You here, upon the old business: but no more of that.
Now, so soon as the Court-hurry is over, we will
Have an end of it: I th' mean time look tenderly
To the two prisoners. I can tell you they are Princes.

Daugh. These strewings are for their Chamber; 'tis pity
Are in prison, and 'twere pity they should be out: I (they
Do think they have patience to make any adversity
Asham'd; the prison it self is proud of 'em; and
They have all the world in their Chamber.

Jail. They are fam'd to be a pair of absolute men.

Daugh. By my troth, I think Fame but stammers 'em, they
Stand a grief above the reach of report. (doers.)

Jail. I heard them reported in the battel, to be the only

Daugh. Nay, most likely, for they are noble sufferers; I
Marvel how they would have look'd, had they been
Victors, that with such a constant Nobility, enforce
A freedom out of bondage, making misery their
Mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.

Jail. Doe they so?

Daugh. It seems to me, they have no more sence of their
Captivity, than I of ruling *Athens*: they eat
Well, look merrily discourse of many things,
But nothing of their own restraint, and disasters:
Yet sometime a divided sigh, martyr'd as 'twere
I th' deliverance, will break from one of them,
When the other presently gives it so sweet a rebuke,
That I could wish my self a sigh to be so chid,
Or at least a sigher to be comforted.

Woocr. I never saw 'em.

Jail. The Duke himself came privately in the night.

Enter Palamon, and Arcite above.

And so did they, what the reason of it is, I
Know not: Look, yonder they are; that's
Arcite looks out.

Daugh. No Sir, no, that's *Palamon*: *Arcite* is the
Lower of the twain; you may perceive a part
Of him.

Jail. Go to, leave your pointing; they would not
Make us their object; out of their sight.

Daugh. It is a holliday to look on them: Lord, the
Diff'rence of men.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Palamon, and Arcite in prison.

Pal. How do you, Noble Cofin?

Arcite. How do you, Sir?

Pal. Why, it rong enough to laugh at misery,
And bear the chance of war yet, we are prisoners
I fear for ever Cofin.

Arcite. I believe it,
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.

Pal. Oh Cofin *Arcite*,
Where is *Thybs* now? where is our noble Countrey?
Where are our friends, and kindreds? never more
Must we behold those comforts, never see
The hardy youths strive for the Games of honor
(Hung with the painted favours of their Ladies)
Like tall Ships under Sail: then start amongst 'em
And as an Eastwind leave 'em all behind us,
Like lazy Clouds, whilst *Palamon* and *Arcite*.
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg
Out-stript the peoples praises, won the Garlands,
E'r they have time to wish 'em ours. Oh never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of honor,
Our Arms again, and feel our fiery horses,
Like proud Seas under us, our good Swords, now
(Better the red-ey'd god of War nev'r were)
Bravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust,
And deck the Temples of those gods that hate us,
These hands shall never draw 'em out like light'ning
To blast whole Armies more.

Arcite. No *Palamon*,

Those hopes are prisoners with us, here we are
And here the graces of our youths must wither
Like a too-timely Spring; here age must find us,
And which is heaviest (*Palamon*) unmarried,
The sweet embraces of a loving wife
Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand *Cupids*
Shall never claspe our necks, no issue know us,
No figures of our selves shall we ev'r see,
To glad our age, and like young Eagles teach 'em
Foldly to gaze against bright arms, and say
Remember what your Fathers were, and conquer.
The fair-cy'd Maids, shall weep our banishments,
And in their Songs, curse ever-blinded fortune
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature; This is all our world;
We shall know nothing here, but one another,
Hear nothing, but the clock that tels our woes.
The Vine shall grow, but we shall never see it:
Summer shall come, and with her all delights;
But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still.

Pal. 'Tis too true *Arcite*. To our Theban hounds,
That shook the aged Forrest with their ecchoes,
No more now must we hollo, no more shake
Our pointed Javelins, whilst the angry Swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-steel'd Darts: All valiant uses,
(The food and nourishment of noble minds,)
In us two here shall perish; we shall die
(Which is the curse of honor) lastly,
Children of grief, and Ignorance,

Arc. Yet Cofin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two meer blessings,
If the gods please to hold here a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst *Palamon* is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison.

Pal. Certainly,
'Tis a main goodnes, Cofin, that our fortunes

Were

Were twin'd together; 'tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
The gaul of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink, they must not, say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place
That all men hate so much?

Pal. How gentle Cousin?

Arc. Let's think this prison, Holy Sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men,
We are young, and yet desire the ways of honour,
That liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Wooe us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be but our imaginations
May make it ours? And here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another;
We are one anothers Wife, ever begetting
New births of love; we are Father, Friends, Acquaintance,
We are, in one another, Families,
I am your Heir, and you are mine: This place
Is our Inheritance: no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us; here with a little patience
We shall live long, and loving; No surfeits seek us;
The hand of War hurts none here, nor the Seas
Swallow their youth: were we at liberty,
A Wife might part us lawfully, or business,
Quarrels consume us: Envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance, I might sicken Cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods; a thousand chances
Were we from hence, would sever us.

Pal. You have made me
(I thank you Cousin *Arcite*) almost wanton
With my Captivity: what a misery
It is to live abroad? and every where:
'Tis like a Beast me thinks: I find the Court here,
I'm sure a more content, and all those pleasures
That wooe the Wills of men to vanity,
I see through now; and am sufficient
To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow,
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him,
What had we been old in the Court of *Creon*,
Where sin is Justice, Lust, and Ignorance,
The virtues of the great ones: Cousin *Arcite*
Had not the loving gods found this place for us
We had di'd as they doe, ill old men unwept,
And had their Epitaphs, the peoples Curses,
Shall I say more?

Arc. I would hear you still.

Pal. Ye shall.

Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better than we two *Arcite*?

Arc. Sure there cannot.

Pal. I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.

Arc. Till our deaths it cannot.

Enter Emilia and her Woman.

And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally. Speak on Sir.
This Garden has a world of pleasures in't.

Emil. What Flower is this?

Wom. 'Tis call'd *Narcissus*, Madam.

Emil. That was a fair Boy certain, but a fool,
To love himself, were there not Maids enough?

Arc. Pray forward.

Pal. Yes.

Emil. Or were they all hard-hearted?

Wom. They could not be to one so fair.

Emil. Thou wouldst not.

Wom. I think I should not, Madam.

Emil. That's a good wench:
But take heed to your kindness though,

Wom. Why Madam?

Emil. Men are mad things.

Arcite. Will ye go forward, Cousin?

Emil. Canst not thou work such Flowers in Silk wench?

Wom. Yes.

Emil. I'll have a Gown full of 'em, and of these,
This is a pretty colour, wil't not do
Rarely upon a skirt wench?

Wom. Dainty Madam.

Arc. Cousin, Cousin, how do you, Sir? Why *Palamon*?

Pal. Never till now, I was in prison *Arcite*.

Arc. Why, what's the matter man?

Pal. Behold, and wonder.

By heaven she is a Goddess.

Arcite. Ha.

Pal. Do reverence.

She is a Goddess *Arcite*.

Emil. Of all Flowers,

Methinks a Rose is best.

Wom. Why gentle Madam?

Emil. It is the very Emblem of a Maid.
For when the West wind courts her gently
How modestly she blows, and paints the Sun;
With her chaste blushes? When the North comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then like Chastity
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briers,

Wom. Yet good Madam,
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far
She falls for't: a Maid

If she have any honor, would be loth
To take example by her.

Emil. Thou art wanton.

Arc. She is wondrous fair.

Pal. She is all the beauty extant.

Emil. The Sun grows high, let's walk in, keep these flowers,
We'll see how near Art can come near their colours;
I'm wondrous merry-hearted, I could laugh now,

Wom. I could lie down I am sure.

Emil. And take one with you?

Wom. That's as we bargain, Madam,

Emil. Well, agree then.

Exeunt Emilia and Woman.

Pal. What think you of this beauty?

Arc. 'Tis a rare one.

Pal. Is't but a rare one?

Arc. Yes, a matchless beauty,

Pal. Might not a man well lose himself, and love her?

Arc. I cannot tell what you have done, I have,
Besheiw mine eyes for't, now I feel my Shackles.

Pal. You love her then?

Arc. Who would not?

Pal. And desire her?

Arc. Before my liberty.

Pal. I saw her first.

Arc. That's nothing

Pal. But it shall be.

Arc. I saw her too.

Pal. Yes, but you must not love her.

Arc. I will not as you do; to worship her;
As she is heavenly, and a blessed goddess;
(I love her as a woman, to enjoy her)
So both may love.

Pal. You shall not love at all.

Arc. Not love at all;

Who shall deny me?

Pal. I that first saw her; I that took possession
First with mine eye of all those beauties
In her reveal'd to mankind: if thou lov'st her;
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a Traitor *Arcite*, and a fellow
False as thy Title to her: friendship, blood

And

And all the ties between us I disclaim
If thou once think upon her.

Arc. Yes, I love her,
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
I must do so, I love her with my soul,
If that will lose ye, farewell *Palamon*.
I say again, I love, and in loving her, maintain
I am as worthy and as free a Lover
And have as just a title to her beauty
As any *Palamon*, or any living
That is a mans Son.

Pal. Have I call'd thee friend?

Arc. Yes, and have found me so; why are you mov'd thus?
Let me deal coldly with you, am not I
Part of your blood, part of your soul? you have told me
That I was *Palamon*, and you were *Arcite*.

Pal. Yes.

Arc. Am not I liable to those affections,
Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?
Pal. Ye may be.

Arc. Why then would you deal so cunningly,
So strangely, so unlike a Noble Kinsman
To love alone? speak truly, do you think me
Unworthy of her sight?

Pal. No, but unjust,
If thou pursue that sight.

Arc. Because another
First sees the Enemy, shall I stand still
And let mine honor down, and never charge?

Pal. Yes, if he be but one.

Arc. But say that one
Had rather combat me?

Pal. Let that one say so,
And use thy freedom: else if thou pursuest her,
Be as that cursed man that hates his Country,
A branded villain.

Arc. You are mad.

Pal. I must be.

Till thou art worthy, *Arcite*, it concerns me,
And in this madness, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.

Arc. Fie Sir.

You play the child extremly: I will love her,
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare,
And all this justly.

Pal. Oh that now, that now
Thy false-self, and thy friend, had but this fortune
To be one hour at liberty, and graspe
Our good swords in our hands, I would quickly teach thee
What 't were to such affection from another:

Thou art baser in it than a Cutpurse;
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't.

Arc. Thou dar'st not fool, thou canst not, thou art feeble.
Put my head out? I'll throw my Body out,
And leap the Garden, when I see her next.

Enter Keeper.

And pitch between her Arms to anger thee.

Pal. No more; the Keepers coming; I shall live
To knock thy brains out with my Shackles.

Arc. Doe.

Keep. By your leave, Gentlemen.

Pal. Now honest Keeper?

Keep. Lord *Arcite*, you must presently to th' Duke;

The cause I know not yet.

Arc. I am ready Keeper.

Keep. Prince *Palamon*, I must awhile bereave you
Of your fair Cousins company.

Exeunt Arcite, and Keeper.

Pal. And me too,
Even when you please of life; why is he sent for?
It may be he shall marry her, he's goodly,

And like enough the Duke hath taken notice
Both of his Blood and Body: but his falshood,
Why should a friend be treacherous? if that
Get him a Wife so noble, and so fair;
Let honest men ne'er love again. Once more
I would but see this fair one: blessed Garden,
And Fruit, and Flowers more blessed that still blossom
As her bright eyes shine on ye. Would I were
For all the fortune of my life hereafter
Yon little Tree, yon blooming Apricock;
How I would spread, and sling my wanton arms
In at her window; I would bring her fruit
Fit for the gods to feed on: youth and pleasure
Still as she tasted should be doubled on her,
And if she be not heavenly, I would make her
So near the gods in nature, they should fear her.

Enter Keeper.

And then I'm sure she would love me: how now Keeper,
Where's *Arcite*?

Keep. Banish'd: Prince *Pirithous*
Obtain'd his liberty; but never more
Upon his oath and life must he set foot
Upon this Kingdom.

Pal. He's a blessed man,
He shall see *Thebes* again, and call to Arms
The bold young men, that when he bids 'em charge,
Fall on like fire: *Arcite* shall have a Fortune,
If he dare make himself a worthy Lover,
Yet in the Field to strike a battel for her;
And if he lose her then, he's a cold Coward;
How bravely may he bear himself to win her
If he be noble *Arcite*; thousand ways
Were I at liberty, I would do things
Of such a virtuous greatness, that this Lady,
This blushing Virgin should take manhood to her
And seek to ravish me.

Keep. My Lord for you
I have this charge too.

Pal. To discharge my life.

Keep. No, but from this place to remove your Lordship,
The windows are too open.

Pal. Devils take 'em
That are so envious to me; prethee kill me.

Keep. And hang for't afterward.

Pal. By this good light
Had I a sword I would kill thee.

Keep. Why my Lord?

Pal. Thou bring'st such pelting scurvy news continually
Thou art not worthy life; I will not go.

Keep. Indeed you must my Lord.

Pal. May I see the Garden?

Keep. No.

Pal. Then I am resolv'd, I will not go.

Keep. I must constrain you then: and, for you are dangerous
I'll clap more irons on you.

Pal. Doe good Keeper,

I'll shake 'em so, ye shall not sleep,
I'll make ye a new Morriffe, must I goe?

Keep. There is no remedy.

Pal. Farewell kind window.

May rude wind never hurt thee. Oh my Lady,
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,
Dream how I suffer. Come; now bury me.

Exeunt Palamon and Keeper.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Arcite.

Arcite. Banish'd the Kingdom? 'tis a benefit,
A mercy I must thank 'em for, but banish'd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,

Oh 'twas a studded punishment. a death
 Beyond Imagination: Such a vengeance
 That were I old and wicked, all my sins
 Could never pluck upon me, *Palamon*;
 Thou hast the Start now, thou shalt stay and see
 Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy window,
 And let in life into thee; Thou shalt feed
 Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty,
 That nature never exceeded, nor never shall:
 Good gods? what happiness has *Palamon*?
 Twenty to one, he'll come to speak to her,
 And if she be as gentle, as she's fair,
 I know she's his, he has a Tongue will tame
 Tempests, and make the wild Rocks wanton. Come what
 can come,
 The worst is death; I will not leave the Kingdom,
 I know mine own is but a heap of ruins,
 And no redress there, if I go, he has her,
 I 'm resolv'd an other shape shall make me,
 Or end my fortunes. Either way, I 'm happy:
 I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

Enter 4. Country people, & one with a garland before them.

1. My Masters, I'll be there that's certain.
 2. And I'll be there.
 3. And I.
 4. Why then have with ye Boys; 'Tis but chiding,
 Let the plough play to day, I'll tickle' out
 Of the jades tails to morrow.

1. I 'm sure
 To have my wife as jealous as a Turkey:
 But that's all one, I'll goe through, let her mumble.
 2. Clap her aboard to morrow night, and stoa her,
 And all's made up again.
 3. I, do but put a fesku in her fist, and you shall see her
 Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.
 Doe we all hold, against the Maying?

4. Hold? what should ail us?
 3. *Arcas*, will be there.
 2. And *Sennois*.
 And *Rycas*, and 3. Better lads never danc'd under green Tree,
 And yet know what wenches: ha?
 But will the dainty *Domine*, the Schoolemaster keep touch
 Doe you think: For he do's all ye know.
 3. He'll eat a hornbook ere he fail: goe too, the mat-
 ter's too far driven between him, and the Tanners daugh-
 ter, to let slip now, and she must see the Duke, and she
 must dance too.

4. Shall we be lusty.
 2. All the Boys in Athens blow wind i'th' breech on's,
 and here I'll be and there I'll be, for our Town, and here
 again, and there again: Ha, Boys, heigh for the wea-
 vers.

1. This must be done i'th' woods.
 4. O pardon me.
 2. By any means our thing of learning fees so: Where
 he himself will edifie the Duke most parlously in our be-
 halves: He's excellent i'th' woods, bring him to'th' plains,
 his learning makes no cry.

3. We'll see the sports, then every man to's Tackle: and
 Sweet Companions lets rehearse by any means, before
 The Ladies see us, and doe sweetly, and God knows what
 May come on't.

4. Content; the sports once ended, we'll perform. Away
 Boys and hold.

Arc. By your leaves honest friends: Pray you wither goe
 you.

4. Whither? Why, what a question's that?
Arc. Yes, 'tis a question, to me that know not.
 3. To the *Games*, my Friend
 2. Where were you bred you know it not?
Arc. Not far Sir,
 Are there such *Games*, to day?

1. Yes marry are there:
 And such as you never saw; The *Duke*, himself
 Will be in person there.

Arc. What pastimes are they?
 2. Wrangling, and Running; 'Tis a pretty Fellow.
 3. Thou wilt not goe along.
Arc. Not yet Sir.
 4. Well Sir

Take your own time, come Boys.

1. My mind misgives me
 This fellow has a veng'ance trick o'th hip,
 Marke how his Bodi's made for't

2. I'll be hang'd though
 If he dare venture, hang him plumb-porredge,
 He wrestle? He rost eggs. Come lets be gon Lads. *Exeunt* 4.

Arc. This is an offer'd opportunity
 I durst not wish for. Well, I could have wrestled,
 The best men call'd it excellent, and run
 Swifter, than wind upon a feild of Corn
 (Curling the weaky ears) never flew: I'll venture,
 And in some poor disguise be there, who knows
 Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands?
 And happiness prefer me to a place,
 Where I may ever dwell in sight of her. *Exit Arcite*

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Jailors* Daughter alone.

Daugh. Why should I love this Gentleman? 'Tis odds
 He never will affect me; I 'm base,
 My Father the mean Keeper of his Prison,
 And he a Prince; To marry him is hopeles;
 To be his whore, is witles; Out upon't;
 What pushes are we wenches drivn to
 When fifteen once has found us? First I saw him,
 I (seeing) though the was a goodly man;
 He has as much to please a woman in him,
 (If he please to bestow it so) as ever
 These eyes yet lookt on; Next, I pittied him,
 And so would any young wench o'my Conscience
 That ever dream'd, or vow'd her Maidenhead
 To a young hanfom Man; Then I lov'd him,
 (Extremely lov'd him) infinitely lov'd him;
 And yet he had Cosen, fair as he too;
 But in my heart was *Palamon*, and there
 Lord, what a coyl he keeps? To hear him
 Sing in an evening, what a Heaven it is?
 And yet his Songs are sad-ones; Fairer spoken,
 Was never Gentleman, When I come in
 To bring him water in a morning, first
 He bows his noble body, then salutes me, thus:
 Fair, gentle Mayd, good morrow, may thy goodnes,
 Get thee a happy husband; Once he kist me,
 I lov'd my lips the better ten daies after,
 Would he would doe so ev'ry day; He greives much,
 And me as much to see his misery:
 What should I doe, to make him know I love him,
 For I would fain enjoy him? Say I ventur'd
 To set him free? What saies the Law then? Thus much
 For Law, or kindred; I will doe it,
 And this night, or to morrow he shall love me. *Exit.*

This short flourish of Cornets and Showtes within.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Theseus*, *Hippolita*, *Piribous*, *Emilia*: *Arcite*
 with a Garland, &c.

Thes. You have done worthily, I have not seen
 Since *Hercules*, a man of tougher finews;
 What ere you are, you run the best, and wrestle,
 That these times can allow.

Arcite. I'm proud to please you.

Thes. What Countrie bred you?

Arcite. This; But far off, Prince.

Thes. Are you a Gentleman?

Arcite. My father said so;

And to those gentle uses gave me life.

Thes. Are you his heir?

Arcite. His youngest Sir.

Thes. Your Father

Sure is a happy Suite, then: What proves you?

Arcite. A little of all noble Qualities:

I could have kept a Hawk, and well have hollow'd
To a deep cry of Dogs; I dare not praise
My feat in horsemanship: yet they that knew me
Would say it was my best peece: last, and greatest,
I would be thought a Soldier.

Thes. You are perfect.

Perib. Upon my soul, a proper man.

Emilia. He is so.

Per. How doe you like him Ladie?

Hip. I admire him,

I have not seen so young a man, so noble
(If he say true,) of his sort.

Emil. Believe,

His mother was a wondrous handsome woman,
His face me thinks, goes that way.

Hip. But his Body

And fire mind, illustrate a brave Father.

Per. Mark how his virtue, like a hidden Sun,
Breaks through his baser garments.

Hip. He's well got sure.

Thes. What made you seek this place Sir?

Arc. Noble *Thesens*.

To purchase name, and doe my ablest service
To such a well-found wonder, as thy worth,
For only in thy Court, of all the world
Dwells fair-ey'd honor.

Per. All his words are worthy.

Thes. Sir, we are much indebted to your travell,
Nor shall you loose your wish: *Peribous*
Dispose of this faire Gentleman.

Perib. Thanks *Thesens*.

What ere you are y'are mine, and I shall give you
To a most noble service, to this Lady,
This bright young Virgin; Pray observe her goodnes;
You have honour'd her fair birth-day, with your virtues,
And as your due y'are hers: kifs her fair hand Sir.

Arc. Sir, y'are a noble Giver: dearest Beautie,
Thus let me seal my vow'd faith: when your Servant
(Your most unworthie Creature) but offends you,
Command him die, he shall.

Emil. That were too cruell.

If you deserve well Sir; I shall soon see't:
Y'are mine, and somewhat better than your ranck I'll use
you.

Per. I'll see you furnish'd, and because you say
You are a horseman, I must needs intreat you
This after noon to ride, but 'tis a rough one.

Arc. I like him better (Prince) I shall not then
Freeze in my Saddle.

Thes. Sweet, you must be readie,
And you *Emilia*, and you (Friend) and all
To morrow by the Sun, to doe observance
To flowry May, in *Dian's* wood: wait well Sir,
Upon your Mistris: *Emely*, I hope
He shall not goe a foot.

Emil. That were a shame Sir,
While I have horses: take your choice, and what
You want at any time, let me but know it;
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
You'll find a loving Mistris.

Arc. If I doe not,
Let me find that my Father ever hated,
Disgrace, and blows.

Thes. Go lead the way; You have won it:
It shall be so; You shall receive all dues
Fit for the honor you have won; 'Twere wrong else.
Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a Servant,
That if I were a woman, would be Master,
But you are wise.

Emil. I hope too wise for that Sir.

Florish.
Exeunt omnes.

Scena 6.

Enter Jaylors Daughter alone.

Daughter. Let all the Dukes, and all the divells rore,
He is at liberty: I have ventur'd for him:
And out I have brought him to a little wood
A mile hence, I have sent him, where a Cedar,
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane
Falt by a Brook, and there he shall keep close,
Till I provide him Fyles, and food; for yet
His yron bracelets are not off. O Love
What a stout hearted child thou art! My Father
Durst better have indur'd cold iron, than done it:
I love him beyond love, and beyond reason,
Or wit, or safetie: I have made him know it
I care not, I am desperate: If the Law
Find me, and then condemne me for't; Some wenches,
Some honest hearted Maids, will sing my Dirge;
And tell to memory, my death was noble,
Dying almost a Martyr: That way he takes,
I purpose is my way too: Sure he cannot
Be so unmanly, as to leave me here,
If he doe, Maids will not so easily
Trust men again: And yet he has not thank'd me
For what I have done: no not so much as kist me,
And that (me thinks) is not so well; Nor scarcely
Could I persuade him to become a Freeman,
He made such scruples of the wrong he did
To me, and to my Father. Yet I hope
When he considers more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him: Let him doe
What he will with me, so he use me kindly,
For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,
And to his face, no man: I'll presently
Provide him necessaries, and pack my cloaths up,
And where there is a path of ground I'll venture
So he be with me; By him, like a shadow
I'll ever dwell; Within this hour the whoobub
Will be all o'er the prison: I'm then
Kissing the man they look for: Farewell Father,
Get many more such prisoners, and such daughters,
And shortly you may keep your self. Now to him:

*Cornets in sundry places. Noise
and hollowing as people a Maying.*

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter Arcite alone.

Arcite. **T**He Duke has lost Hypolita; Each took
A severall land. This is a solemn Right
They owe bloom'd May, and the *Athenians* pay it
To'th' heart of Ceremony: O Queen *Emilia*
Fresher than May, sweeter
Then her gold Buttons on the bows, or all
Th'enamell'd knocks o'th' Mead, or garden, ye
(We challenge too) the banck of any Nymph
That makes the stream seem flowers; Thou o Jewell
O'th'

O'th wood, o'th world, hast likewise blest a pace
 With thy sole presence, in thy rumination
 That I poor man might estoones come betwen
 And chop on some cold thought, thrice blessed chance
 To drop on such a Mistris, expectation
 Most guiltless on't: tell me O Lady Fortune
 (Next after *Emely* my Sovereign) how far
 I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
 Hath made me near her; and this beauteous Morn
 (The prim'st of all the year) presents me with
 A brace of horses, two such Steeds might well
 Be by a pair of Kings backt, in a Field
 That their crowns titles tried: Alas, alas
 Poor *Cosen Palamon*, poor prisoner, thou
 So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
 Thou thinkst thy self, the happier thing, to be
 So near *Emilia*, me thou deem'st at *Thebes*,
 And therein wretched, although free; But if
 Thou knew'st my Mistris breath'd on me, and that
 I ear'd her language, liv'd in her eye; O Coz.
 What passion would enclose thee.

*Enter Palamon as out of a Bush, with his Shackles:
 bends his fist at Arcite.*

Palamon. Traytor kinsman,
 Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signs
 Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
 But owner of a Sword: By all oaths in one
 I, and the justice of my love would make thee
 A confest Traytor: O thou most perfidious
 That ever gently look'd the voydes of honor.
 That ev'r bore gentle Token; falsest *Cosen*
 That ever blood made kin, call'st thou her thine?
 I'll prove it in my Shackles, with these hands,
 Void of appointment, that thou ly'st, and art
 A very thief in love, a Chaffy Lord
 Nor worth the name of villain: had I a Sword
 And these house cloggs away.

Arc. Dear *Cosin Palamon*.

Pal. *Cosoner Arcite*, give me language, such
 As thou hast shew'd me feat.

Arc. Not finding in

The circuit of my breast, any gross stuff
 To form me like your blazon, holds me to
 This gentleness of answer; 'tis your passion
 That thus mistakes, the which to you being enemy,
 Cannot to me be kind: honor, and honestie
 I cherish, and depend on, how so ev'r
 You skip them in me, and with them fair Coz.
 I'll maintain my proceedings; pray be pleas'd
 To shew in generous terms, your griefs since that
 Your question's with your equall, who professes
 To clear his own way, with the mind and Sword
 Of a true Gentleman.

Pal. That thou durst *Arcite*.

Arc. My Coz, my Coz. you have been well advertis'd
 How much I dare, y'ave seen me use my Sword
 Against th' advice of fear: sure of another
 You would not hear me doubted, but your silence
 Should break out, though i'th' Sanctuary.

Pal. Sir,

I have seen you move in such a place, which well
 Might justify your manhood, you were call'd
 A good knight and a bold; But the whole week's not fair
 If any day it rayn: Their valiant temper
 Men loose when they encline to trecherie,
 And then they fight like coupel'd Beeres, would fly
 Were they not ty'd.

Arc. Kinsman, you might as well
 Speak this, and act it in your Glafs, as to
 His ear, which now disdains you.

Pal. Come up to me,
 Quit me of these cold Gyves, give me a Sword

Though it be rustie, and the charity
 Of one meal lend me; Come before me then,
 A good Sword in thy hand, and doe but say
 That *Emely* is thine, I will forgive
 The trespass thou hast done my, ye my life
 If then thou carry't, and brave souls in shades
 That have di'd manly, which will seek of me
 Some news from earth, they shall get none but this,
 That thou art brave, and noble.

Arc. Be content,

Again betake you to your hawthorn house,
 With counsel of the night, I will be here
 With wholesome viands; these impediments
 Will I take off; you shall have garments, and
 Perfumes to kill the smell o'th' prison, after
 When you shall stretch your self, and say but *Arcite*
 I'm in plight, there shall be at your choice
 Both Sword, and Armor.

Pal. Oh you heavens, dare any
 So noble bear a guilty business! none
 But only *Arcite*, therefore none but *Arcite*
 In this kind is so bold.

Arc. Sweet *Palamon*.

Pal. I doe embrace you, and your offer, for
 Your offer do't I only, Sir your person
 Without hypocrisy I may not wish

Wind horns of Cornets.

More than my Swords edge ont.

Arc. You hear the Horns;

Enter your Musick least this match between's
 Be crost e'r met, give me your hand, farewell.
 I'll bring you every needfull thing: I pray you
 Take comfort and be strong.

Pal. Pray hold your promise;
 And doe the deed with a bent brow, most certain
 You love me not, be rough with me, and pour
 This oil ont of your language; by this ayr
 I could for each word, give a Cuff: my stomach
 Not reconcil'd by reason,

Arc. Plainly spoken,

Yet pardon me hard language, when I spur

Wind horns.

My horse, I chide him not; content, and anger
 In me have but one face. Hark Sir, they call
 The scatter'd to the Banket; you must guess
 I have an office there.

Pal. Sir your attendance
 Cannot please heaven, and I know your office
 Unjustly is atcheiv'd.

Arc. If a good title,

I'm persuaded this question sick between's,
 By bleeding must be cur'd. I'm a Suitor,
 That to your Sword you will bequeath this plea,
 And talk of it no more.

Pal. But this one word:

You are going now to gaze upon my Mistris,
 For note you, mine she is.

Arc. Nay then.

Pal. Nay pray you,
 You talk of feeding me to breed me strength
 You are going now to look upon a Sun
 That strengthens what it looks on, there
 You have a vantage o'er me, but enjoy't till
 I may enforce my remedy. Farewell.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Taylors daughter alone.

Daugh. He has mistook; the Beak I meant, is gone
 After his fancy, 'Tis now welnigh morning,
 No matter, would it were perpetuall night,
 And darkness Lord o'th' world, Hark 'tis a wolf:
 In me hath grief slain fear, and but for one thing
 I care for nothing, and that's *Palamon*.

Twreak not if the wolves would jaw me, so
 He had this File; what if I hollow'd for him?
 I cannot hollow: if I whoop'd; what then?
 If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,
 And doe him but that service. I have heard
 Strange howls this live-long night, why may't not be
 They have made prey of him? he has no weapons,
 He cannot run, the Jengling of his Gives
 Might call fell things to listen, who have in them
 A sence to know a man unarm'd, and can
 Smell where resistance is. I'll set it down
 He's torn to peeces, they howl'd many together
 And then they fed on him: So much for that,
 Be bold to ring the Bell; How stand I then?
 All's char'd when he is gone, No, no I lye,
 My Father's to be hang'd for his escape,
 My self to beg, if I priz'd life so much
 As to deny my act, but that I would not,
 Should I try death by dussions: I am mop't,
 Food took I non these two daies.
 Sipt some water, I have not clos'd mine eyes
 Save when my lids scowrd off their bine; alas
 Dissolve my life, Let not my sence unsettle
 Least I should drown, or stab or hang my self.
 O state of Nature, fail together in me,
 Since thy best props are warpt: So which way now?
 The best way is, the next way to a grave:
 Each errant step beside is torment. Loe.
 The Moon is down, the Cr'ckers chirpe, the Schreich-owl
 Calls in the dawn; all offices are done
 Save what I fail in: But the point is this
 An end, and that is all.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Arcite, with Meat, Wine, and Files.

Arc. I should be near the place, hoa. Cosen Palamon.

Enter Palamon.

Pal. Arcite?

Arc. The same: I have brought you food and files,
 Come forth and fear not, here's no *Thefens*.

Pal. Nor none so honest Arcite.

Arc. That's no matter,
 We'll argue that hereafter: Come take courage,
 You shall not dye thus beastly, here Sir drink:
 I know you're faint, then I'll talk further with you.

Pal. Arcite, thou mightst now poyson me.

Arc. I might.

But I must fear you first: Sit down, and good now
 No more of these vain parlies; let us not
 Having our ancient reputation with us
 Make talk for Fools, and Cowards, To your health. &c.

Pal. Doe.

Arc. Pray sit down then, and let me entreat you
 By all the honesty and honor in you,
 No mention of this woman, 't will disturb us,
 We shall have time enough.

Pal. Well Sir, I'll pledge you.

Arc. Drinke a good hearty draught, it breeds good blood
 man.

Doe not you feel it thaw you?

Pal. Stay, I'll tell you after a draught or two more.

Arc. Spare it not, the Duke has more Cuz: Eat now.

Pal. Yes.

Arc. I'm glad you have so good a stomach.

Pal. I'm gladder I have so good meat to't.

Arc. Is't not mad lodging here in the wild woods Cosen?

Pal. Yes, for them that have wild Consciences.

Arc. How tastes your victuals? your hunger needs no sawce
 I see.

Pal. Not much.

But if it did, yours is too tart: sweet Cosen: what is this?

Arc. Venison.

Pal. 'Tis a lusty meat:

Give me more wine; here *Arcite* to the wenches
 We have known in our daies. The Lord Stewards daughter.
 Doe you remember her?

Arc. After you Cuz.

Pal. She lov'd a black-hair'd man.

Arc. She did so; well Sir.

Pal. And I have heard some call him *Arcite*; and

Arc. Out with't faith.

Pal. She met him in an Arbor:

What did she there Cuz? play o'the virginals?

Arc. Something she did Sir.

Pal. Made her groan a Month for't; or 2. or 3. or 10.

Arc. The Marshals Sister,

Had her share too, as I remember Cosen,
 Else there be tales abroad, you'll pledge her?

Pal. Yes.

Arc. A pretty brown wench 'tis: There was a time
 When young men went a hunting, and a wood,
 And a broad beech: and thereby hangs a tale: heigh ho.Pal. For *Emily*, upon my life, fool
 A way with this strain'd mirth; I say again
 That sigh was breath'd for *Emily*; bafe Cosen,
 Dar'st thou break first?

Arc. You are wide.

Pal. By heaven and earth, there's nothing in thee honest.

Arc. Then I'll leave you: you are a Beast now:

Pal. As thou mak'st me, Traytor.

Arc. There's all things needfull, files and shirts, and per-
 fumes.I'll come again some two hours hence, and bring
 That that shall quiet all.

Pal. A Sword and Armor.

Arc. Fear me not; you are now too fowl; farewell.
 Get off your Trinkets, you shall want nought;

Pal. Sir ha:

Arc. I'll here no more.

Exit.

Pal. If he keep touch, he dies for't.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Jaylors daughter.

Daugh. I am very cold, and all the Stars are out too,
 The little Stars, and all, that look like aglets:
 The Sun has seen my Folly: *Palamon*;
 Alas no; he's in heaven; where am I now?
 Yonder's the sea, and there's a Ship; how't tumbles
 And there's a Rock lies watching under water;
 Now, now, it beats upon it; now, now, now,
 There's a leak sprung, a sound one, how they cry?
 Upon her before the wind, you'll loose all els:
 Up with a course or two, and tack about Boys.
 Good night, good night, y'are gone; I'm very hungry,
 Would I could find a fine Frog; he would tell me
 News from all parts o'th' world, then would I make
 A Careck of a Cockle-shell, and sayll
 By East and North East to the King of *Pigmies*,
 For he tels fortunes rarely. Now my Father
 Twenty to one is trust up in a trice
 To morrow morning, I'll say never a word.

Sing.

For I'll cut my green coat, afoot above my knee,
 And I'll clip my yellow locks; an inch below mine eie.

bey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

He's buy me a whit Cut, forth for to ride

And I'll goe seek him, throw the world that is so wide.

bey nonny, nonny, nonny.

O for a prick now like a Nightingale, to put my brest
 Against. I shall sleep like a Top elle.

Exit.

Scena

Scena Sexta.

Enter a School-master 4. Countrymen: and Baum.
2. or 3. wenches, with a Taborer.

Sch. Fy, fy, what tediousness, & difensanity is here among ye? have my Rudiments bin labour'd so long with ye? milk'd unto ye, and, by a figure, even the very plumbroth & marrow of my understanding laid upon ye? and do you still cry where, and how, & wherefore? you most course freeze capacities, ye jave Judgements, have I said thus let be, and there let be, and then let be, and no man understand me, *proh deum, medius fidius*, ye are all dunces: For why here stand I. Here the Duke comes, there are you close in the Thicket; the Duke appears, I meet him, and unto him I utter learned things, and many figures, he hears, and nods, and hums, and then cries rare, and I goe forward, at length I sling my Cap up mark there; then do you as once did *Meleager*, and the Bore break comely out before him: like true lovers, cast your selves in a Body decently, and sweetly, by a figure trace, and turn Boys.

1. And sweetly we will doe it Master *Gerrold*.
2. Draw up the Company, Where's the Taborer?
3. Why *Timothy*?

Tab. Here my mad boys, have at ye.

Sch. But I say where's their woman;

4. Here's *Friz* and *Maudline*.

2. And little *Luce*, with the white legs, and bouncing *Barbary*.

1. And freckled *Nel*; that never fail'd her Master.

Sch. Where be your Ribands maids? swym with your Bodies And carry it sweetly, and deliverly And now and then a favor, and a friske.

Nel. Let us alone Sir.

Sch. Where's the rest o'th' Musick.

3. Dispers'd as you commanded.

Sch. Couple then

And see what's wanting; where's the *Bavian*? My friend, carry your tail without offence Or scandall to the Ladies; and be sure You tumble with audacity, and manhood, And when you bark doe it with judgement.

Bau. Yes Sir.

Sch. *Quo usque tandem?* Here is a woman wanting.

4. We may goe whistle: all the fat's i'th' fire.

Sch. We have,

As learned Authors utter, wash'd a Tile, We have been *fatuus*, and labour'd vainly.

2. This is that scornfull peece, that scurvy hilding That gave her promise faithfully, she would be here, *Cicely* the Sempsters daughter:

The next gloves that I give her shall be dogs-skin; Nay and she fail me once, you can tell *Arcas*, She swore by wine, and bread, she would not break.

Sch. An Eeel and woman,

A learned Poet sayes: unles by'th' tail And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail, In manners this was false position.

1. A fire ill take her; do's she flinch now?

3. What

Shall we determine Sir?

Sch. Nothing,

Our business is become a nullity Yea, and a woefull, and a pittious nullity.

4. Now when the credit of our Town lay on it, Now to be frampall, now to pifs o'th' nettle, Goe thy ways, I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee.

Enter Taylor's daughter.

Daughter,
The George alow, came from the South, from
The coast of Barbary a.

And there be met with brave gallants of war

By one, by two, by three, a.

Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants, Chair and
And whither now are you bound a? stools out.

O let me have your compny till come to the sound a.

There was three fools, fell out about an howlet:

The one sed it was an owl

The other he sed nay,

The third he sed it was a hawk, and her bells were cut away.

3. There's a dainty mad woman Mr. comes i'th' Nick, as mad as a march Hare; If we can get her dance, we are made again: I warrant her, she'll do the rarest gambols.

1. A mad woman? we are made Boys.

Sch. And are you mad good woman?

Daugh. I would be sorry else,

Give me your hand.

Sch. Why?

Daugh. I can tell your fortune.

You are a fool: tell ten, I have poz'd him: But.

Friend you must eat no white bread, if you do

Your teeth will bleed extremely, shall we dance ho?

I know you, y'are a Tinker: Sir, ha Tinker

Stop no more holes, but what you should.

Sch. *Dii boni*. A Tinker Damzell?

Daug. Or a Conjurer: raise me a devill now, and let him play.

Quipassa, o'th' bells and bones.

Sch. Go take her, and fluently persuade her to a peace:

Et opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis.

Strike up, and lead her in.

2. Come Lads, lets trip it.

Daugh. I'll lead.

(Wind Horns:

3. Doe, doe.

Sch. Persuasively, and cunningly: away boys,

(*Ex. all but Schoolemaster.*

I hear the horns: give me some Meditation, and mark your Cue; *Pallas* inspire me.

Enter Thef. Pir. Hip. Emil. Arcite: and train.

Thef. This way the Stag took.

Sch. Stay, and edifie.

Thef. What have we here?

Per. Some Countrey sport, upon my life Sir.

Thef. Well Sir, goe forward, we will edifie, Ladies sit down, we'll stay it.

Sch. Thou doughtie Duke all hail: all hail sweet Ladies.

Thef. This is a cold beginning.

Sch. If you but favor; our Country pastime made is, We are a few of those collected here

That ruder Tongues distinguish villager,

And to say veritie, and not to fable;

We are a merry rout, or else a rable

Or company, or by a figure, *Chorus*

That for thy dignitie will dance a Morris.

And I that am the rectifier of all

By title Pedagogus, that let fall

The Birch upon the breeches of the small ones,

And humble with a Ferula the tall ones,

Doe here present this Machine, or this frame

And daintie Duke, whose doughtie dismall fame

From *Dis* to *Dedalus*, from post to pillar

Is blown abroad; help me thy poor well willer,

And with thy twinkling eyes, look right and straight

Upon this mighty Morr—of mickle waight

Is—now comes in, which being glew'd together

Makes

Makes Morris, and the cause that we came hither
The body of our sport of no small study
I first appear, though rude, and raw, and muddy,
To speak before thy noble grace, this tenner:
At whole great feet I offer up my penner.
The next the Lord of May, and Lady bright,
The Chambermaid, and Servingman by night
That seek out silent hanging: Then mine Host
And his fat Spouse, that welcomes to their cost
The gauled Traveller, and with a beck'ning
Informs the Tapster to inflame the reck'ning:
Then the beast eating Clown, and next the fool,
The *Bavian*, with long tail, and eke long tool
Cum multis aliis, that make a dance,
Say I, and all shall presently advance.

Thes. I, I by any means, dear *Domine*.

Per. Produce.

Musick Dance:

Intrate filii, Come forth, and foot it.

Knock for Schoolm. Enter The Dance.

Ladies, if we have been merry
And have pleas'd thee with a derry,
And a derry, and a down
Say the School-master's no Clown:
Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too
And have done as good Boys should doe,
Give us but a tree or 'twaine
For a Maypole, and again
Ere another year run out,
We'll make thee laugh and all this rout.

Thes. Take 20. *Domine*; how does my sweet heart?

Hip. Never so pleas'd Sir.

Emil. 'Twas an excellent dance, and for a preface

I never heard a better,

Thes. School-master, I thank you, One see'em all re-warded.

Per. And heer's something to paint your Pole withall.

Thes. Now to our sports again.

Sch. May the Stag thou huntst stand long,

And thy dogs be swift and strong:

May they kill him without lets,

And the Ladies eat his dowlets: Come we are all made.

Wind Horns.

Dii Deaq; Omnes, ye have danc'd rarely wenches. *Exeunt.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Palamon from the Bush.

Pal. About this hour my Cosen gave his faith
To visit me again, and with him bring
Two Swords, and two good Armors; If he fail
He's neither man, nor Soldier; When he left me
I did not think a week could have restor'd
My lost strength to me, I was grown so low,
And Crest-sal'n with my wants: I thank thee *Arcite*,
Thou art yet a fair Foe; And I feel my self
With this refreshing, able once again
To out-dure danger: To delay it longer
Would make the world think when it comes to hearing,
That I lay fatting like a Swine, to fight
And not a Soldier: Therefore this blest morning
Shall be the last; And that Sword he refuses,
If it but hold, I kill him with; 'tis Justice:
So love, and Fortune for me: O good morrow.

Enter *Arcite* with Armors and Swords.

Arc. Good morrow noble kinsman,

Pal. I have put you

To too much pains Sir.

Arc. That too much fair Cosen,

Is but a debt to honor, and my duty.

Pal. Would you were so in all Sir; I could wish ye

As kind a kinsman, as you force me find

A beneficiall foe, that my embraces
Might thank ye, not my blows.

Arc. I shall think either

Well done, a noble recompence.

Pal. Then I shall quit you.

Arc. Defy me in these fair terms, and you show

More than a Mistris to me, no more anger

As you love any thing that's honorable:

We were not bred to talk man, when we are arm'd

And both upon our guards, then let our fury

Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us,
And then to whom the birthright of this Beauty

Truely pertains (without obbraidings, scorns,

Displings of our persons, and such powtings

Fitter for Girles and Schooleboyes) will be seen

And quickly, yours, or mine: Wilt please you arme Sir?

Or if you feel your self not fitting yet

And furnish'd with your old strength, I'll stay Cosen

And ev'ry day discourse you into health,

As I'm spar'd, your person I'm friends with

And I could wish I had not said I lov'd her

Though I had did; But loving such a Lady

And justifying my Love, I must not fly from't.

Pal. *Arcite*, thou art so brave an enemy

That no man but thy Cosen's fit to kill thee,

I'm well, and lusty, choose your Armes.

Arc. Choose you Sir.

Pal. Wilt thou exceed in all, or do'st thou doe it

To make me spare thee?

Arc. If you think so Cosen,

You are deceiv'd, for as I'm a Soldier.

I will not spare you.

Pal. That's well said.

Arc. You'll find it.

Pal. Then as I'm an honest man and love,

With all the justice of affection

I'll pay thee foundly: This I'll take.

Arc. That's mine then,

I'll arme you first.

Pal. Do: Pray thee tell me Cosen,

Where gotst thou this good Armor?

Arc. 'Tis the Dukes,

And to say true, I stole it, doe I pinch you?

Pal. No.

Arc. Is't not too heavie?

Pal. I have worn a lighter,

But I shall make it serve.

Arc. I'll buckl't close.

Pal. By any means.

Arc. You care not for a Grand guard?

Pal. No, no, we'll use no horses, I perceive

You would fain be at that Fight.

Arc. I'm indifferent.

Pal. Faith so am I: Good Cosen, thrust the buckle

Through far enough.

Arc. I warrant you.

Pal. My Cask now.

Arc. Will you fight bare-arm'd?

Pal. We shall be the nimbler.

Arc. But use your Gantlets though; those are o'th' least,

Prethee take mine good Cosen.

Pal. Thank you *Arcite*.

How doe I look, am I fallen much away?

Arc. Faith very little; Love has us'd you kindly.

Pal. I'll warrant thee, I'll strike home.

Arc. Doe, and spare not;

I'll give you cause sweet Cosen.

Pal. Now to you Sir,

Me thinks this Armor's very like that, *Arcite*.

Thou wor'ft that day the 3. Kings fell, but lighter.

Arc. That was a very good one, and that day

I well remember, you out-did me Cosen,

I never saw such valour: When you charg'd

Upon the left wing of the Enemie,
I spur'd hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horse.

Pal. You had indeed
A bright Bay I remember.

Arc. Yes but all
Was vainly labour'd in me, you out-went me,
Nor could my wishes reach you; Yet a little
I did by imitation.

Pal. More by virtue,
You are modest Cosen.

Arc. When I saw you charge first,
Me thought I heard a dreadfull clap of Thunder
Break from the Troop.

Pal. But still before that flew
The lightning of your valour: Stay a little,
Is not this peece too streight?

Arc. No, no, 'tis well.

Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my Sword;
A bruise would be dishonor.

Arc. Now I 'm perfect.

Pal. Stand off then.

Arc. Take my Sword, I hold it better.

Pal. I thank ye: No, keep it, your life lyes on it,
Here's one, if it but hold, I aske no more,
For all my hopes: My Cause and honor guard me.

They bow severall wayes: then advance and stand.

Arc. And me my love: Is there ought else to say?

Pal. This only, and no more: Thou art mine Aunts Son.
And that blood we desire to shed is mutuall.

In me, thine, and in thee, mine: My Sword
Is in my hand, and if thou killst me

The gods, and I forgive thee; If there be
A place prepar'd for those that sleep in honor,
I wish his wearie soul, that falls may win it:
Fight bravely Cosen, give me thy noble hand.

Arc. Here *Palamon*: This hand shall never more
Come near thee with such friendship.

Pal. I commend thee.

Arc. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward,
For none but such, dare die in these just Tryalls.
Once more farewell my Cosen.

Pal. Farewell *Arcite*.

Fight.

Horns within: they stand.

Arc. Loe Cosen, loe, our Folly has undone us.

Pal. Why?

Arc. This is the Duke, a hunting as I told you,
If we be found, we 're wretched, O retire
For honors sake, and safely presently
Into your Bush agen; Sir we shall find
Too many hours to dye in, gentle Cosen:
If you be seen you perish instantly
For breaking prison, and I, if you reveal me,
For my contempt; Then all the world will scorn us,
And say we had a noble difference,
But base disposers of it.

Pal. No, no, Cosen

I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a second Tryall
I know your cunning, and I know your cause,
He that faints now, shame take him, put thy self
Upon thy present guard.

Arc. You are not mad?

Pal. Or I will make th'advantage of this hour
Mine own, and what to come shall threaten me,
I fear less then my fortune: Know weak Cosen
I love *Emilia*, and in that I'll bury
Thee, and all crosses else.

Arc. Then come, what can come
Thou shalt know *Palamon*, I dare as well
Die, as discourse, or sleep: Only this fears me,
The law will have the honor of our ends,
Have at thy life.

Pal. Look to thine own well *Arcite*.

Fight again. Horns.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Perithous and train.

Theseus. What ignorant and mal' malicious Traitors,
Are you? That 'gainst the tenor of my Laws
Are making Battail, thus like Knights appointed,
Without my leave, and Officers of Armes?
By *Castor* both shall dye.

Pal. Hold thy word *Theseus*,
We are certainly both Traitors, both despisers
Of thee, and of thy goodness: I 'm *Palamon*
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy Prison,
Think well, what that deserves; And this is *Arcite*
A bolder Traytor never trod thy ground,
A Fallier never seem'd friend: This is the man
Was beg'd and banish'd, this is he contemnes thee
And what thou dar'st doe; and in this disguise
Against this own Edict follows thy Sister,
That fortunate bright Star, the fair *Emilia*
Whose servant, (if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soul to) justly
I 'm, and which is more, dares think her his.
This treacherie like a most trusty Lover,
I call'd him now to answer; If thou be'st
As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,
The true descider of all injuries,
Say, Fight again, and thou shalt see me *Theseus*
Doc such a Justice, thou thy self wilt envie
Then take my life, I'll wooe thee to't.

Per. O Heaven,
What more than man is this!

Thes. I have sworn.

Arc. We seek not

Thy breath of mercy *Theseus*, 'Tis to me
A thing as soon to dye, as thee to say it,
And no more mov'd: where this man calls me Traitor,
Let me say thus much; If in love be Treason,
In service of so excellent a Beautie,
As I love most, and in that faith will perish,
As I have brought my life here to confirme it,
As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest,
As I dare kill this Cosen, that denies it,
So let me be most Traitor, and ye please me:
For scorning thy Edict Duke, aske that Lady
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her. And if she say Traytor,
I 'm a villain fit to lye unburied.

Pal. Thou shalt have pity of us both, O *Theseus*,
If unto neither thou shew mercy, stop
(As thou art just) thy noble ear against us,
As thou art valiant; For thy Cosen's soul
Whose 12. strong labors crown his memory,
Let's die together, at one instant, Duke,
Only a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my Soul he shall not have her.

Thes. I grant your wish, for to say true, your Cosen
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy than you found, Sir, your offences
Being no more than his: None here speak for 'em
For ere the Sun set, both shall sleep for ever.

Hippol. Alas the pity, now or never Sister
Speak not to be denied; That face of yours
Will bear the curses else of after ages
For these lost Cosen.

Emil. In my face dear Sister
I find no anger to 'em; Nor no ruin,
The misadventure of their own eyes kill 'em;
Yet that I will be woman, and have pity,
My knees shall grow to 'th' ground but I'll get mercie.
Help me dear Sister, in a deed so virtuous,
The powers of all women will be with us,
Most royall Brother.

Hippol. Sir by our tye of Marriage.

Emil. By your own spotless honor.

Hip.

Hip. By that faith,
That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me.

Emil. By that you would have pity in another,
By your own virtues infinite.

Hip. By valor,
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd you

Thes. These are strange Conjurings.
Per. Nay then I'll in too: By all our friendship Sir, by
all our dangers,

By all you love most, wars; And this sweet Lady.

Emil. By that you would have trembled to deny
A blushing Maid.

Hip. By your own eyes: By strength
In which you swore I went beyond all women,
Almost all men, and yet I yielded *Thesens*.

Per. To crown all this; By your most noble soul
Which cannot want due mercie, I beg first.

Hip. Next hear my prayers.

Emil. Last let me intreat Sir.

Per. For mercie.

Hip. Mercie.

Emil. Mercie on these Princes.

Thes. Ye make my faith reel: Say I felt
Compassion to'em both, how would you place it?

Emil. Upon their lives: But with their banishments.

Thes. You are a right woman, Sister; You have pity,
But want the understanding where to use it.

If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safely than banishment: Can these two live
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? Every day

'They'd fight about you; Hourly bring your honor
In publique question with their Swords; Be wise then

And here forget 'em; It concerns your credit,

And my o'th equally: I have said they die,

Better they fall byth' Law, than one another.

Bow not my honor.

Emil. O my noble Brother,
That o'th was rashly made, and in your anger,
Your reason will not hold it, if such vows
Stand for express will, all the world must perish.

Beside, I have another oath, gainst yours
Of more authority, I 'm sure more love,
Not made in passion neither, but good heed.

Thes. What is it Sister?

Per. Urge it home brave Lady.

Emil. That you would never deny me any thing

Fit for my modest suit, and your free granting:

I tye you to your word now, if ye fall in't,

Think how you maim your honor;

(For now I 'm set a begging Sir, I 'm deaf

To all but your compassion) how, their lives

Might breed the ruin of my name; Opinion,

Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?

That were a cruell wisdom, doe men proyn

The straight young Bows that blush with thousand Blossoms

Because they may be rotten? O Duke *Thesens*

The goodly Mothers that have groan'd for these,

And all the longing Maids that ever lov'd,

If your vow stand, shall curse me and my Beauty,

And in their funerals songs, for these two Cofens

Despise my crueltie, and cry woe worth me,

Till I 'm nothing but the scorn of women;

For Heavens sake save their lives, and banish 'em.

Thes. On what conditions?

Emil. Swear 'em never more

To make me their Contention, or to know me,

To tread upon the Dukedome, and to be

Where ever they shall travel, ever strangers to one another.

Pal. I'll be cut a peeces

Before I take this oath, forget I love her?

O all ye gods despise me then: Thy Banishment

I not mislike, so we may fairly carry

Our Swords, and cause along: Else never trifle,

But take our lives Duke, I must love and will,
And for that love, must and dare kill this Cofen
On any peeces the earth has.

Thes. Will you *Arcite*

Take these conditions?

Pal. He's a villain then.

Per. These are men.

Arcite. No, never Duke: 'Tis worse to me than begging

To take my life so basely, though I think

I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve

The honor of affection, and dye for her,

Make death a Devill.

Thes. What may be done? For now I feel compassion.

Per. Let it not fall again Sir.

Thes. Say *Emilia*

If one of them were dead, as one must, are you

Content to take th'other to your husband?

They cannot both enjoy you; They are Princes

As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble

As ever fame yet spoke of: Look upon 'em,

And if you can love, end this difference,

I give consent, are you content too, Princes?

Bob. With all our souls.

Thes. He that she refuses

Must dye then.

Bob. Any death thou canst invent Duke.

Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favor:

And Lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.

Arc. If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,

And Soldiers sing my Epitaph.

Thes. Make choice then.

Emil. I cannot Sir, they are both too excellent

For me, a hayr shall never fall of these men.

Hip. What will become of 'em?

Thes. Thus I ordain it,

And by mine honor, once again it stands,

Or both shall dye. You shall both to your Countrey,

And each within this month accompanied

With three fair Knights, appear again in this place,

In which I'll plant a Pyramid; And whether

Before us that are here, can force his Cofen

By fair and knightly strength to touch the Pillar,

He shall enjoy her: The other loose his head,

And all his friends: Nor shall he grudge to fall;

Nor think he dies with interest in this Lady:

Will this content ye?

Pal. Yes: Here Cofen *Arcite*

I 'm friends again, till that hour.

Arc. I embrace ye.

Thes. Are you content Sister?

Emil. Yes, I must Sir,

Ecel both miscarry.

Thes. Come shake hands again then,

And take heed, as you are Gentlemen, this Quarrell

Sleep till the hour perfixt, and hold your course.

Pal. We dare not fail thee *Thesens*.

Toes. Come, I'll give ye

Now usage like to Princes, and to Friends:

When ye return, who wins, I'll settle here,

Who loses, yet I'll weep upon his Beer.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Jailor and his freind.

Jail. HEar you no more? was nothing said of me
Concerning the escape of Palamon?
Good Sir remember.

1 Fr. Nothing that I heard,
For I came home before the busines
Was fully ended: yet I might perceive
E'r I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their pardons: for Hippolita,
And fair-ey'd Emilia, upon their knees,
Begg'd with such handsome pittie, that the Duke
Methought stood staggering whether he should follow
His rash oath, or the sweet compassion
Of those two Ladies; and to second them,
That truly noble Prince Peribous.
Half his own heart, set in too, that I hope
All shall be well: neither heard I one question
Of your name, or his scape.

Enter 2 Friends.

Jail. Pray Heaven it hold so.
2 Fr. Be of good comfort man; I bring you news
Good news.

Jail. They are welcome,
2 Fr. Palamon has clear'd you, (Daughter's,
And got your pardon, and discover'd
How, and by whose means he scap'd, which was your
Whose pardon is procured too, and the prisoner
Not to be held ungrateful to her goodnes,
Has given a sum of money to her Marriage,
A large one I'll assure you.

Jail. Ye are a good man
And ever bring good news.
1 Fr. How was it ended?
2 Fr. Why, as it should be; they that ne'er begg'd
But they prevail'd, had their suits fairly granted.
The prisoners have their lives.

1 Fr. I knew't would be so.
2 Fr. But there be new conditions, which you'll hear of
At better time.

Jail. I hope they are good.
2 Fr. They are honourable,
How good they'll prove, I know not.

Enter Wooser.

1 Fr. 'Twill be known.
Woo. Alas Sir, where's your Daughter?

Jail. Why do you ask?
Woo. Oh Sir, when did you see her?
2 Fr. How he looks?

Jail. This morning. sleep?
Woo. Was she well? was she in health Sir? when did she
1 Fr. These are strange questions.

Jail. I do not think she was very well, for now
You make me mind her, but this very day
I ask'd her questions, and she answer'd me
So far from what she was, so childishly,
So sillily, as if she were a fool,
An Innocent, and I was very angry.
But what of her Sir: (as good by me

Woo. Nothing but my pity, but you must know it, and
As by another that less loves her:

Jail. Well Sir.
1 Fr. Not right?
2 Fr. Not well? —
Woo. No Sir, not well.
Woo. 'Tis too true, she is mad.
1 Fr. It cannot be.
Woo. Believe, you'll find it so.
Jail. I half suspected

What you told me: the gods comfort her:
Either this was her love to Palamon,
Or fear of my miscarrying on his scape,
Or both,

Woo. 'Tis likely.
Jail. But why all this haste, Sir?
Woo. I'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling
In the great Lake that lies behind the Palace,
From the far shore, thick set with Reeds and Sedges.
As patiently I was attending sport,
I heard a voice, a shrill one, and attentive
I gave my ear, when I might well perceive
'T was one that sung, and by the smallness of it
A Boy or Woman. I then left my angle
To his own skill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not
Who made the sound; the Rushes, and the Reeds
Had so encompass't it: I laid me down
And listned to the words she sung, for then
Through a small glade cut by the Fisher-men,
I saw it was your Daughter.

Jail. Pray goe on Sir?
Woo. She sung much, but no fence; only I heard her
Repeat this often. Palamon is gone,
Is gone to th' wood to gather Mulberries,
I'll find him out to morrow.

1 Fr. Pretty foul.
Woo. His shackles will betray him, he'll be taken,
And what shall I do then? I'll bring a beavy,
A hundred black-ey'd Maids that love as I do
With Chaplets on their heads with Daffadillies,
With cherry lips, and cheeks of Damask Roses,
And all we'll dance an Antique fore the Duke,
And beg his pardon; then the talk'd of you, Sir;
That you must lose your head to morrow morning
And the must gather Flowers to bury you,
And see the house made handsome, then she sung
Nothing but willow, willow, willow, and between
Ever was, Palamon, fair Palamon,
And Palamon, was a tall young man. The place
Was knee deep where she sat; her careless Tresses,
A wreak of Bull-rush rounded; about her stuck
Thousand fresh Water Flowers of several colours.
That methought she appear'd like the fair Nymph
That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris
Newly dropt down from heaven; Rings she made
Of Rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
The prettiest poesies: thus our true love's ty'd,
This you may loose, not me, and many a one:
And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd,
And with the same breath smil'd, and kiss'd her hand.

2 Fr. Alas what pity it is?
Woo. I made into her,
She saw me, and straight fought the flood, I sav'd her,
And set her safe to land: when presently
She slipt away, and to the City made,
With such a cry, and swiftness, that believe me
She left me far behind her; three, or four,
I saw from far off cross her, one of 'em
I knew to be your brother, where we staid,
And fell, scarce to be got away: I left them with her,

Enter Brother, Daughter, and others.

And hither came to tell you: Here they are.
Daugh. May you never more enjoy the light, &c.
Is not this a fine Song?

Bro. Oh, a very fine one.
 Daugh. I can sing twenty more.
 Bro. I think you can,
 Daugh. Yes truly can I, I can sing the *Broom*,
 And *Bonny Robbin*. Are not you a Tailor?
 Bro. Yes.
 Daugh. Where's my wedding-Gown?
 Bro. I'll bring it to morrow.
 Daugh. Doe, very rarely, I must be abroad else
 To call the Maids, and pay the Minstrels
 For I must loose my Maidenhead by cock-light
 'Twill never thrive else.
Ob fair, ob sweet, &c.
 Bro. You must ev'n take it patiently.
 Jay. 'Tis true,
 Daugh. Good ev'n, good men, pray did you ever hear
 Of one young *Palamon*?
 Jay. Yes wench, we know him.
 Daugh. Is't not a fine young Gentleman?
 Jay. 'Tis Love.
 Bro. By no mean crosses her, she is then distemper'd
 For worse than now she shows.
 1 Fr. Yes, he's a fine man.
 Daugh. Oh, is he so? you have a Sister.
 1 Fr. Yes.
 Daugh. But she shall never have him, tell her so,
 For a trick that I know, y' had best look to her,
 For if she see him once, she's gone, she's done,
 And undone in an hour. All the young Maids
 Of our Town are in love with him, but I laugh at 'em
 And let 'em all alone, is't not a wise course?
 1 Fr. Yes. (by him,
 Daugh. There is at least two hundred now with child
 There must be four; yet I keep close for all this,
 Close as a Cockle; and all these must be boys,
 He has the trick on't, and at ten years old
 They must be all gelt for Musicians,
 And sing the wars of *Theseus*.
 2 Fr. This is strange.
 Daugh. As ever your heard, but say nothing.
 1 Fr. No. (him,
 Daugh. They come from all parts of the Dukedom to
 I'll warrant ye, he had not so few last night
 As twenty, to dispatch, he'll tickle't up
 In two hours, if his hand be in.
 Jay. She's lost
 Past all cure.
 Bro. Heaven forbid man.
 Daugh. Come hither, you are a wise man.
 1 Fr. Does she know him?
 2 Fr. No, would she did.
 Daugh. You are master of a Ship?
 Jay. Yes.
 Daugh. Where's your Compass?
 Jay. Here.
 Daugh. Set it to th' North.
 And now direct your course to th' wood, where *Palamon*
 Lies longing for me; for the Tackling
 Let me alone; come weigh my hearts, cheerly.
 All. Owgh, owgh, owgh, 'tis up, the wind's fair, top the
 Bowling; out with the main fail, where's your
 Whistle Master?
 Bro. Let's get her in.
 Jay. Up to the top Boy.
 Bro. Where's the Pilot?
 1 Fr. Here.
 Daugh. What ken'st thou?
 3 Fr. A fair wood.
 Daugh. Bear for it master: tack about:
When Cinthia with her borrowed light, &c.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Emilia alone, with two Pictures.

Emil. Yet I may bind those wounds up, that must open
 And bleed to death for my sake else; I'll choose,
 And end their strife: two such young handsome men
 Shall never fall for me, their weeping Mothers,
 Following the dead cold ashes of their Sons
 Shall never curse my cruelty: Good Heaven;
 What a sweet face has *Arcite*, if wise nature
 With all her best endowments, all those beauties
 She shews into the births of noble bodies,
 Were here a mortal woman, and had in her
 The coy denials of young Maids, yet doubtless;
 She would run mad for this man: what an eye?
 Of what a fiery sparkle, and quick sweetness:
 Has this young Prince? here Love himself sits smiling,
 Just such another wanton *Ganimed*,
 Set Love a fire with, and enforc'd the god
 Snatch up the goodly Boy, and set him by him
 A shining constellation: what a brow,
 Of what a spacious Majesty he carries?
 Arch'd like the great ey'd *Juno*'s, but far sweeter,
 Smoother than *Pelops* Shoulder? Fame and Honor
 Methinks from hence, as from a Promontory
 Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings, and sing
 To all the under world, the Loves, and Fights
 Of gods, and such men near 'em. *Palamon*,
 Is but his foil, to him, a mere dull shadow,
 He's swarth, and meagre, of an eye as heavy
 As if he had lost his mother; a still temper,
 No stirring in him, no alacrity,
 Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile;
 Yet these that we count errors, may become him?
Narcissus was a sad Boy, but a heavenly:
 Oh who can find the bent of womans fancy?
 I'm a fool, my reason is lost in me,
 I have no choice, and I have ly'd so lewdly
 That Women ought to beat me. On my knees
 I ask thy pardon: *Palamon*, thou art alone,
 And only beautiful, and these thy eyes,
 These the bright lamps of Beauty that command
 And threaten Love, and what young Maid dare cross 'em
 What a bold gravity, and yet inviting
 Has this brown manly face? Oh Love, this only
 From this hour is complexion: lye there *Arcite*,
 Thou art a changling to him, a mere Gipsie.
 And this the noble Bodie: I am fotted,
 Utterly lost: My Virgins faith has fled me.
 For if my Brother, but even now had ask'd me
 Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for *Arcite*.
 Now if my Sister; More for *Palamon*,
 Stand both together: now, come ask me Brother,
 Alas, I know not: ask me now sweet Sister,
 I may go look; what a mere child is *Fancie*,
 That having two fair gawds of equal sweetness,
 Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both.

Enter Emil. and Gent.

Emil. How now Sir?
 Gent. From the Noble Duke your Brother
 Madam, I bring you news: the Knights are come.
 Emil. To end the quarrel?
 Gent. Yes.
 Emil. Would I might end first:
 What sins have I committed, chaste *Diana*,
 That my unspotted youth must now be foil'd
 With blond of Princes? and my Chastity
 Be made the Altar, where the Lives of Lovers,
 Two greater, and two better never yet
 Made Mothers joy, must be the sacrifice
 To my unhappy Beauty?

Enter

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, and Attendants

Thes. Bring 'em in quickly,
By any means I long to see 'em.
Your two contending Lovers are return'd,
And with them their fair Knights: Now my fair Sister,
You must love one of them.

Emil. I had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely.

Enter Messenger. Curtis.

Thes. Who saw 'em?

Per. I a while.

Gent. And I.

Thes. From whence come you, Sir?

Mess. From the Knights.

Thes. Pray speak

You that have seen them, what they are.

Mess. I will Sir,

And truly what I think: six braver spirits
Than those they have brought, (if we judge by the outside)
I never saw, nor read of: he that stands

In the first place with *Arcite*, by his seeming
Should be a stout man, by his face a Prince,
(His very looks so say him) his complexion,
Nearer a brown, than black; stern, and yet noble,
Which shews him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers:
The circles of his eyes, shew fair within him.

And as a heated Lion, so he looks:

His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining
Like Ravens wings: his shoulders broad, and strong,
Arm'd long and round, and on his Thigh a Sword
Hung by a curious Bauldrick: when he frowns
To seal his Will with, better o' my conscience
Was never Soldiers friend.

Thes. Thou hast well describ'd him.

Per. Yet, a great deal short

Methinks, of him that's first with *Palamon*.

Thes. Pray speak him friend.

Per. I ghefs he is a Prince too,

And if it may be, greater; for his show
Has all the ornament of honor in't:

He's somewhat bigger than the Knight he spoke of,
But of a face far sweeter; his complexion
Is (as a ripe Grape) ruddy: he has felt
Without doubt, what he fights for, and so apter
To make this cause his own: in's face appears
All the fair hopes of what he undertakes,
And when he's angry, then a settled valour
(Not tainted with extremes) runs through his body,
And guides his arm to brave things: Fear he cannot,
He shews no such soft temper, his head's yellow,
Hard hair'd, and curl'd, thick twin'd, like Ivy tops,
Nor to undoe with thunder; in his face
The Livery of the warlike Maid appears,
Pure red and white, for yet no beard has blest him.

And in his rowling eyes sits victory,

As if she ever meant to correct his valour:

His Nose stands high, a Character of honor,

His red Lips, after fights, are fit for Ladies.

Emil. Must these men die too?

Per. When he speaks, his tongue

Sounds like a Trumpet; all his lineaments
Are as a man would wish 'em, strong and clean,
He wears a well-steel'd Axe, the staffe of Gold,
His age some five and twenty.

Mess. There's another,

A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming

As great as any, fairer promises

In such a Body yet I never look'd on.

Per. Oh he that's freckle fac'd?

Mess. The same my Lord,

Are they not sweet ones?

Per. Yes, they are well.

Mess. Methinks.

Being so few, and well dispos'd, they shew
Great, and fine Art in nature, he's white hair'd,
Not wanton white, but such a manly colour
Next to an aborn, tough, and nimble set,
Which shows an active soul: his arms are brawny
Lin'd with strong sinews: to the shoulder-piece,
Gently they swell, like Women new conceiv'd,
Which speaks him prone to labour, never fainting
Under the weight of Arms, stout hearted still,
But when he frowns, a Tiger; he's greyey'd,
Which yields compassion where he conquers: sharp
To spie advantages, and where he finds 'em,
He's swift to make 'em his: He does no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he's round fac'd, and when he smiles
He shows a Lover, when he frowns, a Soldier:
About his head he wears the winners oak,
And in it stuck the favour of his Lady:
His age, some six and thirty. In his hand
He bears a Charging Staffe, emboid with Silver.

Thes. Are they all thus?

Per. They are all the sons of honor.

Thes. Now as I have a soul, I long to see 'em,
Lady, you shall see men sight now.

Hip. I wish it,

But not the cause my Lord; They would shew
Bravely about the Titles of two Kingdoms;
'Tis pity Love should be so tyrannous:
Oh my soft-hearted Sister, what think you?
Weep not, till they weep blood: Wench it must be.

Thes. You have steel'd 'em with your Beauty: honor'd
To you I give the Field; pray order it, (friend
Fitting the persons that must use it.

Per. Yes Sir.

Thes. Come, I'll go visit 'em: I cannot stay,
Their fame has fir'd me so; till they appear,
Good friend be royal.

Per. There shall want no bravery.

Emil. Poor wench go weep, for whosoever wins,
Looses a noble Cousin, for thy sins.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Jailer, Wooer, Doctor.

Doct. Her distraction is more at some time of the Moon,
Than at other some, is it not?

Jay. She is continually in a harmless distemper, sleeps
Little, altogether without appetite, save often drinking,
Dreaming of another world, and a better; and what
Broken piece of matter so e'er she's about, the name
Palamon lards it, that she farces ev'ry business.

Enter Daughter.

Withal, sits it to every question; Look where
She comes, you shall perceive her behaviour:

Daugh. I have forgot it quite; the burden on't was *Down*
A down a: and penn'd by no worse man, than
Girardo, *Emilias* Schoolmaster; he's as
Fantastical too, as ever he may goe upon's legs,
For in the next world will *Dido* see *Palamon*, and
Then will she be out of love with *Aeneas*.

Doct. What stuff's here? poor soul.

Jay. Ev'n thus all day long.

Daugh. Now for this Charm, that I told you of, you must
Bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue,
Or no ferry: then if it be your chance to come where
The blessed spirits, as there's a sight now; we Maids
That have our Livers, perisht, crackt to pieces with
Love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long
But pick Flowers with *Proserpine*, then will I make

Palamon a Nosegay, then let him mark me, — then.
Doct. How prettily she's amiss? note her a little farther.
Dau. Faith I'll tell you, sometime we goe to Barly-break,
 We of the blessed; alas, 'tis a sore life they have i' th'
 Other place, such burning, frying, boiling, hissing,
 Howling, chatt'ring, cursing, oh they have shrowd
 Measure, take heed; if one be mad, or hang, or
 Drown themselves, thither they goe, *Jupiter* blefs
 Us, and there shall we be put in a Cauldron of
 Lead, and Usurers greafe, amongst a whole million of
 Cut-purses, and there boil like a Gamon of Bacon
 That will never be enough. *Exit.*

Doct. How her brain coins?
Dau. Lords and Courtiers, that have got Maids with
 child, they are in this place, they shall stand in fire up to the
 Navel, and in Ice up to th' heart, and there th' offending part
 burns, and the deceiving part freezes; in troth a very grie-
 vious punishment, as one would think, for such a Trifle, be-
 lieve me one would marry a leprous witch, to be rid on't
 I'll assure you.

Doct. How she continues this fancie? 'Tis not an engrafted
 madnes but a most thick, and profound melancholly.

Dau. To hear there a proud Lady, and a proud City
 wife, howl together: I were a beast, and I'd call it good
 sport: one cries, oh this sinoak, another this fire; one cries
 oh that I ever did it behind the Arras, and then howls;
 th' other curses a suing fellow and her Garden-house.

Sings. *I will be true, my Stars, my Fate, &c.*

Jay. What think you of her, Sir? *(minister to. Exit Dau.)*

Doct. I think she has a perturbed mind, which I cannot

Jay. Alas, what then?

Doct. Understand you, she ever affected any man, e'r
 She beheld *Palamon*?

Jay. I was once, Sir, in great hope she had fix'd her
 Liking on this Gentleman my friend.

Woo. I did think so too, and would account I had a great
 Pen'worth on't, to give half my state, that both
 She and I at this present stood unfaindly on the
 same terms. *(the*

Doct. That intemperate surfet of her eye, hath distemper'd
 Other senses, they may return and settle again to
 Execute their preordained faculties, but they are
 Now in a most extravagant vagary. This you
 Must doe, confine her to a place, where the light
 May rather seem to steal in, than be permitted; take
 Upon you (young Sir, her friend) the name of
Palamon; say you come to eat with her, and to
 Commune of Love; this will catch her attention, for
 This her mind beats upon; other objects that are
 Inferted 'tween her mind and eye, become the pranks
 And frisks of her madnes; sing to her such green
 Songs of Love, as she says *Palamon* hath sung in
 Prison; Come to her, stuck in as sweet Flowers as the
 Season is mistris of, and thereto make an addition of
 Some other compounded odors, which are grateful to the
 Sense: all this shall become *Palamon*, for *Palamon* can
 Sing, and *Palamon* is sweet, and ev'ry good thing desire
 To eat with her, carve her, drink to her, and still
 Among, intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance
 Into her favour: learn what Maids have been her
 Companions, and Play-pheers; and let them repair to
 Her with *Palamon* in their mouths, and appear with
 Tokens, as if they suggested for him, it is a falshood
 She is in, which is with falshoods to be combated.

This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what's
 Now out of square in her, into their former Law, and
 Regiment; I have seen it approved, how many times
 I know not, but to make the number more, I have
 Great hope in this. I will between the passages of
 This project, come in with my aplyance: Let us
 Put it in execution; and hasten the success, which doubt not
 Will bring forth comfort. *Florish. Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Theseus, Perithous, Hippolita, Attendants.

Thes. NOW let 'em enter, and before the gods
 Tender their holy Prayers: Let the Temples
 Burn bright with sacred fires, and the Altars
 In hallowed clouds commend their swelling Incense
 To those above us: Let no due be wanting,

Florish of Cornets.

They have a noble work in hand, will honor
 The very powers that love 'em.

Enter Palamon and Arcite, and their Knights.

Per. Sir, they enter.

Thes. You valiant and strong-hearted enemies
 You royal German foes, that this day come
 To blow that nearness out, that flames between ye;
 Lay by your anger for an hour, and Dove-like
 Before the holy Altars of your helpers
 (The all-fear'd gods) bow down your stubborn bodies,
 Your Ire is more than mortal; So your help be,
 And as the gods regard ye, fight with Justice,
 I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
 I part my wishes.

Per. Honor crown the worthiest.

Exit Theseus and his train.

Pal. The glass is running now that cannot finish
 Till one of us expire: think you but thus,
 That were there ought in me which strove to shew
 Mine enemy in this business, were't one eye
 Against another: Arm oppress'd by Arm:
 I would destroy th' offender, Coz. I would
 Though parcel of my self: then from this gather
 How I should tender you.

Arc. I am in labour

To push your name, your antient love, our kindred
 Out of my memory; and i' th' self-same place
 To feat something I would confound: so hoist we
 The sails, that must these vessels port, even where
 The heavenly Lymiter pleases.

Pal. You speak well;

Before I turn, let me embrace thee Cofin
 This I shall never do agen.

Arc. One farewell.

Pal. Why let it be so: Farewel Coz.

Exeunt Palamon and his Knights.

Arc. Farewel Sir;

Knights, Kinsmen, Lovers, yea my Sacrifices
 True worshipers of *Mars*, whose spirit in you
 Expells the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension
 Which still is farther off it, goe with me
 Before the god of our profession: There
 Require of him the hearts of Lions, and
 The breath of Tygers, yea, the fierceness too,
 Yea, the speed also, to go on, I mean
 Else wish we to be snails: you know my prize
 Must be dragg'd out of bloud, force and great fear
 Must put my Garland on, where she sticks
 The Queen of Flowers: our intercession then
 Must be to him that makes the Camp, a Cestron
 Brim'd with the blood of men: give me your aid
 And bend your spirits towards him. *They kneel.*

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
 Green *Neptune* into purple.
 Comets prewarn, whose havock in vast Field
 Unearthed skulls proclaim, whose breath blows down,
 The teeming Cores soyzon, who dost pluck

With

With hand armenipotent from both blew clouds,
The mason'd Turrets, that both mak't and break't
The stony girths of Cities: me thy pupil,
Youngeſt follower of thy Drum, intruſt this day .
With military ſkill, that to thy laud
I may advance my ſtreamer, and by thee,
Be ſtil'd the Lord o' th' day, give me great Mars
Some token of thy Pleaſure.

Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard clanging of Armour, with a ſhort Thunder, as the buſt of a battel, whereupon they all riſe, and bow to the Altar.

Oh great Corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank States, thou grand decider
Of duſty, and old Titles, that heal't with blood
The earth when it is ſick, and curſt the world
O' th' pleuſie of people; I do take
Thy ſigns auſpiciously, and in thy name
To my deſign; march boldly, let us goe.

Exeunt.

Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the former obſervance.

Pal. Our Stars muſt gliſter with new fire, or be
To day extindt; our argument is love,
Which if the goddeſs of it grant, ſhe gives
Victory too, then blend your ſpirits with mine,
You, whoſe free nobleneſs do make my cauſe
Your personal hazard; to the goddeſs *Venus*
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our partie.

Here they kneel as formerly.

Hail Sovereign Queen of ſecrets, who haſt power
To call the fierceſt Tyrant from his rage;
And weep unto a Girl; that haſt the might
Even with an eye-glance, to choak *Mars's* Drum
And turn th' alarm to whiſpers, that canſt make
A Cripple ſoriſh with his Crutch, and cure him
Before *Apollo*; that may't force the King
To be his ſubjects vaſſal, and induce
Stale gravity to, the pould Batchelor
Whoſe youth like wanton boys through Bonfires
Have ſkipt thy flame, at ſeventy, thou canſt catch
And make him to the ſcorn of his hoarſe throat
Abuſe young lays of Love; what godlike power
Haſt thou not power upon? To *Phabus* thou
Add't flames, hotter than his the heavenly fires
Did ſcorch his mortal Son, thine him; the huntreſs
All moiſt and cold, ſome ſay, began to throw
Her Bow away, and ſigh: take to thy grace
Me thy vow'd Soldier, who do bear thy yoaſe
As'twere a wreath of Roſes, yet is heavier
Than Lead it ſelf, ſtings more than Nettles;
I have never been foul-mouth'd againſt thy Law,
Ne'er reveal'd ſecret, for I knew none; would not
Had I ken'd all that were; I never practis'd
Upon mans wife, nor would the Libels read
Of liberal wits: I never at great feaſts
Sought to betray a beauty, but have bluſh'd
At ſimpring Sirs that did: I have been harſh
To large Confellors, and have hotly ask'd 'em
If they had Mothers, I had one, a woman,
And women 't were they wrong'd. I knew a man
Of eighty winters, this I told them, who
A Laſs of fourteen bridged, 'twas thy power
To put life into duſt, the aged Cramp
Had ſcrew'd his ſquare foot round,
The Gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing Convulſions from his globy eies,
Had almoſt drawn their ſpheres, that what was life
In him ſeem'd torture: this Anatomie
Had by his young fair Sphere a Boy, and I
Believ'd it was his, for ſhe ſwore it was,

And who would not believe her? brief I am
To thoſe that prate, and have done; no Companion
To thoſe that boaſt and have not; a deſyer
To thoſe that would and cannot; a Rejoycer.
Yea him I do not love, that tells cloſe offices
The fouleſt way, nor names concealments in
The holdeſt language, ſuch a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made ſigh
Truer than I. Oh then moſt ſoft ſweet goddeſs
Give me the victory of this queſtion, which
Is true loves merit, and bleſs me with a ſign
Of thy great pleaſure.

Here Muſick is heard, Doves are ſeen to flutter, they fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.

Pal. Oh thou that from cleven to ninety reign't
In mortal boſoms, whoſe Chafe is this world
And we in Herds thy Game; I give thee thanks
For this fair Token, which being laid unto
Mine innocent true heart, arms in aſſurance
My body to this buſineſs; Let us riſe

They bow.

And bow before the goddeſs: Time comes on. *Exeunt.*
Still Muſick of Records.

Enter Emilia in white, her hair about her ſhoulders, a wheaten wreath: One in white, holding up her train, her hair ſtuck with Flowers: One before her carrying a ſilver Hyal, in which is conveyed Incenſe and ſweet odors, which being ſet upon the Altar, her Muids ſtanding aloof, ſhe ſets fire to it, then they cur'tſy and kneel.

Emil. Oh ſacred, ſhadowy, cold and conſtant Queen,
Abandoner of Revels, mute contemplative,
Sweet, ſolitary, white as chaſte, and pure
As wind-fan'd Snow, who to thy femal Knights
Allow't no more blood than will make a bluſh,
Which is their Orders Robe. I here thy Priest
Am humbled for thine Altar, oh vouchſafe
With that thy rare green eye, which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, look on thy Virgin,
And ſacred ſilver Miſtriſs, lend thine ear
(Which ne'r heard ſcurril term, into whoſe port
Ne'er entred wanton ſound,) to my petition
Season'd with holy fear; this is my laſt
Of veſtal office, I'm Bride-habited,
But Maiden-hearted: a Husband I have pointed,
But do not know him, out of two, I ſhould
Chooſe one, and pray for his ſucceſs, but I
Am guiltleſs of election of mine eyes,
Were I to loſe one, they are equal precious,
I could doome neither, that which periſh'd ſhould
Go to't unſentenc'd: Therefore moſt modeſt Queen,
He of the two Pretenders, that beſt loves me
And has the trueſt Title in't, let him
Take off my wheaten Garland, or elſe grant
The file and quality I hold, I may
Continue in thy Band.

Here the Hind vaniſhes under the Altar: and in the place aſcends a Roſe-Tree, having one Roſe upon it.

See what our General of Ebbs and Flows
Out from the bowels of her holy Altar
With ſacred Act advances: But one Roſe,
If well inſpir'd, this Battel ſhall confound
Both theſe brave Knights, and I a Virgin Flower
Muſt grow alone unpluck'd.

Here is heard a ſodain twang of Inſtruments, and the Roſe falls from the Tree.

The Flower is fall'n, the Tree deſcends: oh Miſtriſs
Thou here diſchargeſt me, I ſhall be gather'd,
I think ſo, but I know not thine own Will;

Unclasp the Mistry : I hope she's pleas'd,
Her Signs were gracious.

They curt'sey, and Exeunt.

Scenes Seconds.

Enter Doctor, Jaylor, and Wooer, in habit of Palamon

Doct. Has this advice I told you, done any good upon her?

Woo. Oh very much; the Maids that kept her company
Have half perswaded her that I am *Palamon*; within this
Half hour she came smiling to me, and ask'd me what I
Would eat, and when I would kiss her: I told her,
Presently, and kiss her twice.

Doct. 'Twas well done; twenty times had been far better,
For there the cure lies mainly.

Woo. Then she told me
She would watch with me to night, for well she knew
What hour my fit would take me.

Doct. Let her do so,
And when your fit comes, fit her home,
And presently.

Wooer. She would have me sing.

Doct. You did so?

Woo. No.

Doct. 'Twas very ill done then,
You should observe her ev'ry way.

Woo. Alas

I have no voice Sir, to confirm her that way.

Doct. That's all one, if ye make a noise,
If she intreat again, do any thing,
Lie with her if she ask you.

Jail. Hoa there Doctor.

Doct. Yes, in the way of cure.

Jail. But first, by your leave.

I' th' way of honesty.

Doct. That's but a niceness,
Nev'r cast your child away for honesty;
Cure her first this way, then if she will be honest,
She has the path before her.

Jail. Thank ye Doctor.

Doct. Pray bring her in,
And let's see how she is.

Jail. I will, and tell her
Her *Palamon* staies for her: but Doctor,
Methinks you are i' th' wrong still.

Exit Jaylor.

Doct. Goe, goe: you Fathers are fine fools: her honesty?
And we should give her physick till we find that:

Woo. Why, do you think she is not honest, Sir?

Doct. How old is she?

Woo. She's eighteen.

Doct. She may be,

But that's all one, 'tis nothing to our purpose,
What ev'r her Father saies, if you perceive
Her Mood inclining that way that I spoke of.
Videlicet, The way of flesh, you have me.

Woo. Yes very well Sir.

Doct. Please her appetite
And do it home, it cures her *ipso facto*,
The melancholly humor that infects her.

Woo. I am of your mind, Doctor.

Enter Jaylor, Daughter, Maid.

Doct. You'll find it so; she comes, pray honor her.

Jail. Come, your Love *Palamon* stays for you child,
And has done this long hour, to visit you

Daugh. I thank him for his gentle patience,
He's a kind Gentleman, and I am much bound to him,
Did you never see the horse he gave me?

Jail. Yes.

Daugh. How do you like him?

Jail. He's a very fair one

Daugh. You never saw him dance?

Jail. No.

Daugh. I have often,
He dances very finely, very comely,
And for a Jigg, come cut and long tail to him,
He turns ye like a Top.

Jail. That's fine indeed.

Daugh. He'll dance the *Morris* twenty mile an hour,
And that will founder the best hobby-horse
(If I have any skill) in all the parish,
And gallops to the turn of *Light a' love*,
What think you of this horse?

Jail. Having these virtues
I think he might be brought to play at Tennis.

Daugh. Alas that's nothing.

Jail. Can he write and read too?

Daugh. A very fair hand, and casts himself th' accounts
Of all his Hay and Provender: that Hostler
Must rise betime that cozens him; you know
The Chestnut Mare the Duke has?

Jail. Very well.

Daugh. She is horribly in love with him, poor beast,
But he is like his Master, coy and scornful.

Jail. What Dowry has she?

Daugh. Some two hundred Bottles,
And twenty strike of Oats; but he'll ne'er have her;
He lissps, in's neighing, able to entice
A Millers Mare,
He'll be the death of her,

Doct. What stuff she utters?

Jail. Make curt'sie, here your love comes.

Woo. Pretty foul

How doe ye? that's a fine Maid, there's a curt'sie.

Daugh. Yours to command i' th' way of honesty;
How far is't now to th' end o' th' world my Masters?

Doct. Why a days journey wench.

Daugh. Will you go with me?

Woo. What shall we do there wench?

Daugh. Why play at Stool-ball.
What is there else to do?

Woo. I am content

If we shall keep our wedding there

Daugh. 'Tis true

For there I will assure you, we shall find
Some blind Priest for the purpose, that will venture
To marry us, for here they are nice and foolish;
Besides, my Father must be hang'd to morrow
And that would be a blot i' th' business
Are not you *Palamon*?

Woo. Do not you know me?

Daugh. Yes, but you care not for me; I have nothing
But this poor Petticoat, and two course Smocks.

Woo. That's all one, I will have you.

Daugh. Will you surely?

Woo. Yes, by this fair hand will I.

Daugh. We'll to bed then.

Woo. Ev'n when you will.

Daugh. Oh Sir, you would fain be nibbling.

Woo. Why do you rub my kifs off?

Daugh. 'Tis a sweet one,
And will perfume me finely against the wedding.
Is not this your Cofin *Arcite*?

Doct. Yes Sweet heart,
And I am glad my Cofin *Palamon*
Has made so fair a choice.

Daugh. Do you think he'll have me?

Doct. Yes without doubt.

Daugh. Do you think so too?

Jail. Yes.

Daugh. We shall have many children: Lord, how y'are
My *Palamon* I hope will grow too finely
Now he's at liberty: alas poor Chicken,
He was kept down with hard Meat, and ill Lodging,
But I'll kifs him up again.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What do you here? you'll lose the noblest fight,
That e'er was see.

Fail. Are they i'th' field?

Mess. They are
You bear a charge there too.

Fail. I'll away straight
I must ev'n leave you here.

Doct. Nay, we'll goe with you;
I will not loose the Fight.

Fail. How did you like her?

Doct. I'll warrant you within these three or four days
I'll make her right again. You must not from her
But still preserve her in this way.

Woo. I will.

Doct. Let's get her in.

Woo. Come Sweet, we'll go to dinner
And then we'll play at Cards.

Daugh. And shall we kifs too?

Woo. A hundred times.

Daugh. And twenty.

Woo. I, and twenty.

Daugh. And then we'll sleeptogether.

Doct. Take her offer.

Woo. Yes marry will we.

Daugh. But you shall not hurt me.

Woo. I will not Sweet.

Daugh. If you do (Love) I'll cry.

Flourish Exennt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter These us, Hippolita, Emilia, Perithous: and
some Attendants, T. Tuck: Curtis.

Emil. I'll no step further.

Per. Will you loose this sight?

Emil. I had rather see a Wren hawk at a Fly
Than this decision; ev'ry blow that falls
Threats a brave life, each stroke laments
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
A Bell, than Blade, I will stay here,
It is enough, my hearing shall be punish'd,
With what shall happen, 'gainst the which there is
No deafing, but to hear; not taint mine eye
With dread fights, it may shun.

Per. Sir, my good Lord
Your Sifter will no further.

Thes. Oh she must.

She shall see deeds of Honor in their kind,
Which sometime shew well pencill'd. Nature now
Shall make, and act the Story, the belief
Both seal'd with eye, and ear; you must be present,
You are the victors meed, the price, and garland
To crown the Questions Title.

Emil. Pardon me,
If I were there, I'd wink

Thes. You must be there;
Thistrial is as 'twere i' th' night, and you
The only Star to shine.

Emil. I am extinct,
There is but envy in that light, which shows
The one the other: darkness which ever was
The dame of horror; who does stand accurst
Of many mortal Millions, may even now
By casting her black mantle over both
That neither could find other, get her self
Some part of a good name, and many a murthes
Set off whereto she's guilty.

Hip. You must go.

Emil. In faith I will not.

Thes. Why the Knights must kindle
Their valour at your eye: know of this war

You are the Treasure, and must needs be by
To give the Service pay.

Emil. Sir, pardon me,
The Title of a Kingdom may be try'd
Out of it self.

Thes. Well, well then, at your pleasure,
Those that remain with you, could wish their office
To any of their enemies.

Hip. Farewel Sister,
I am like to know your Husband 'fore your self
By some small start of time, he whom the gods
Doe of the two, know best, I pray them, he
Be made your Lot,

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, &c.

Emil. *Arcite* is gently visag'd; yet his eye
Is like an Engine bent, or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath; mercy, and manly courage
Are bedfellows in his visage: *Palamon*
Has a most menacing aspect, his brow
Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns on,
Yet sometimes 'tis not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object. Melancholly
Becomes him nobly; so does *Arcite's* mirth,
But *Palamon's* sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad.
And sadness, merry; those darker humors that
Stick mis-becomingly on others, on them
Live in fair dwelling.

Cornets. Trumpets sound as to a Charge.

Hark how your spurs to spirit doe incite
The Princes to their proof, *Arcite* may win me,
And yet may *Palamon* wound *Arcite*, to
The spoiling of his figure. Oh what pity
Enough for such a chance; if I were by
I might do hurt, for they would glance their eies
Toward my Seat, and in that motion might
Omit a Ward, or forfeit an offence
Which crav'd that very time: it is much better

(Cornets. A great cry, and noise
within, crying a *Palamon*.)

I am not there, oh better never born
Than minister to such harm, what is the chance?

Enter Servant.

Ser. The cry's a *Palamon*.

Emil. Then he has won: 'twas ever likely,
He look'd all grace and success, and he is
Doubtless the prim'st of men: I prethee run
And tell me how it goes.

Shout, and Cornets: crying a *Palamon*.

Ser. Still *Palamon*.

Emil. Run and enquire, poor Servant thou hast lost,
Upon my right side still I wore thy Picture,
Palamon's on the left, why so I know not,
I had no end in't; else chance would have it so.

Another cry and shout within, and Cornets.

On the sinister side the heart lies; *Palamon*
Had the best bo'ing chance: this burst of clamor
Is sure th' end o'th' combat.

Enter Servant.

Ser. They said that *Palamon* had *Arcite's* body
Within an inch o'th' Pyramid, that the cry
Was general a *Palamon*: but anon,
Th' Assistants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold Tytlers, at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.

Emil. Were they metamorphos'd
Both into one; oh why? there were no woman
Worth so compos'd a man: their single share,

Their

The prejudice of disparity values shortness
Cornets. Cry within, Arcite, Arcite.
 To any Lady breathing—More exulting?
Palamon Kill?
Sir. Nay, now the sound is *Arcite*.
Emil. I prethee lay attention to the Cry.
Cornets. A great shout, and cry, Arcite, victory.
 Set both thine ears to th' business.
Sir. The cry is
Arcite, and victory, hark *Arcite*, victory,
 The Combats consummation is proclaim'd
 By the wind Instruments.
Emil. Half fights saw
 That *Arcite* was no babe; god's lye, his richness
 And costliness of spirit lookt through him; it could
 No more be hid in him, than fire in flax,
 Than humble banks can go to law with waters,
 That drift winds, force to raging: I did think
 Good *Palamon* would miscarry, yet I knew not
 Why I did think so; Our reasons are not prophets
 When oft our fancies are: they are coming off:
 Alas poor *Palamon*.

*Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, Arcite as
 Victor and Attendants, &c.*

Thef. Lo, where our Sister is in expectation,
 Yet quaking, and unsetled: fairest *Emilia*,
 The gods by their Divine arbitrament
 Have given you this Knight, he is a good one
 As ever struck at head: Give me your hands;
 Receive you her, you him, be plighted with
 A love that grows, as you decay;
Arcite. Emily.
 To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me,
 Save what is bought, and yet I purchase cheaply,
 As I do rate your value.
Thef. Oh loved Sister,
 He speaks now of as brave a Knight as e'er
 Did spur a noble Steed: surely the gods
 Would have him die a batchelor, lest his race
 Should show i'th' world too godlike: his behaviour
 So charm'd me, that methought *Alcides* was
 To him a Sow of Lead: if I could praise
 Each part of him to th' all; I have spoke, your *Arcite*
 Did not lose by't; for he that was thus good
 Encountred yet his Better, I have heard
 Two emulous Philomels, beat the ear o'th' night
 With their contentious throats, now on the higher,
 Anon the other, then again the first,
 And by and by out-breasted, that the sense
 Could not be judge between 'em: so it far'd
 Good space between these kinsmen; till heavens did
 Make hardly one the winner: wear the Garland
 With joy that you have won: for the subdu'd,
 Give them our present Justice, since I know
 Their lives but pinch 'em, let it here be done:
 The Scene's not for our seeing, goe we hence,
 Right joyful, with some sorrow. Arm your prize,
 I know you will not lose her: *Hippolita*
 I see one eye of yours conceives a tear
 The which it will deliver.

Cornets.

Florish.

Emil. Is this winning?
 Oh all you heavenly powers, where is your mercy?
 But that your wills have said it must be so,
 And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
 This miserable Prince that cuts away
 A life more worthy from him, than all women;
 I should, and would die too,
Hip. Infinite pity
 That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one
 That two must needs be blind for't,
Thef. So it is.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Palamon and his Knights pinion'd: Jailor
 Executioner, &c. Gard.*

There's many a man alive that hath out-liv'd
 The love o'th' people, yea, i'th' self-same state
 Stands many a Father with his child; some comfort
 We have by so considering: we expire
 And not without mens pity. To live still,
 Have their good wishes, we prevent
 The lothsome misery of age, beguile
 The Gout and Rheum, that in lag hours attend
 For grey approachers; we come towards the gods
 Young, and unwapper'd, not halting under Crimes
 Many and stale: that sure shall please the gods
 Sooner than such, to give us Nectar with 'em,
 For we are more clear Spirits. My dear kinsmen.
 Whose lives (for this poor comfort) are laid down,
 You have sold 'em too too cheap.

1 K. What ending could be
 Of more content? o'er us the victors have
 Fortune, whose Title is as momentary,
 As to us death is certain: a grain of honor
 They not o'er-weigh us.

2 K. Let us bid farewell;
 And, with our patience, anger tottering Fortune,
 Who at her certain't reels.

3 K. Come: who begins?

Pal. Ev'n he that led you to this Banquet, shall
 Taste to you all: ah ha my Friend, my Friend,
 Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once;
 You'll see't done now for ever: pray how does she?
 I heard she was not well; her kind of ill
 Gave me some sorrow.

Jail. Sir, she's well restor'd,
 And to be married shortly.

Pal. By my short life
 I am most glad on't; 'tis the latest thing
 I shall be glad of, prethee tell her so:
 Commend me to her, and to piece her portion
 Tender her this.

1 K. Nay, let's be offerers all.

2 K. Is it a maid?

Pal. Verily I think so,
 A right good creature, more to me deserving
 Than I can quight or speak of.

All K. Commend us to her. *They give their purses.*

Jail. The gods requite you all,
 And make her thankful.

Pal. Adieu; and let my life be now as short,
 As my leave taking. *Lies on the Block.*

1 K. Lead courageous Cofin.

1. 2. K. We'll follow cheerfully.

A great noise within, crying, run, save, hold.

Enter in haste a Messenger.

Mess. Hold, hold, oh hold, hold, hold.

Enter Pirithous in haste.

Pir. Hold, hoa: It is a curfed haste you made
 If you have done so quickly: noble *Palamon*,
 The gods will shew their glory in a life.
 That thou art yet to lead.

Pal. Can that be,
 When *Venus* I have said is false? How do things fare?

Pir. Arise great Sir, and give the tidings ear
 That are most early sweet, and bitter.

Pal. What
 Hath wak't us from our dream
Pir. Lift then: your Cofin

Mounted upon a Steed that *Emily*
 Did first bellow on him, a black one, owing
 Not a hayr worth of white, which some will say
 Weakens his price, and many will not buy
 His goodnes with this note : Which superstition
 Hear finds allowance : On this horse is *Arcite*
 Trotting the stones of *Athens*, which the *Calkins*
 Did rather tell, than trample ; For the horse
 Would make his length a mile, if't pleas'd his Rider
 To put pride in him : as he thus went counting
 The flinty pavement, dancing as t'were to'th' Musick
 His own hoofs made ; (For as they say from iron
 Came Musicks origen) what envious Flint,
 Cold as old *Saturne*, and like him possicst
 With fire malevolent, darted a Spark,
 Or what feirce sulphur esse, to this end made,
 I comment not ; The hot horse, hot as fire,
 Took Toy at this, and fell to what disorder
 His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,
 Forgets-school dooing, being therein train'd,
 And of kiud mannage, pig-like he whines
 At the sharp Rowell, which he frets at rather
 Than any jot obeyes ; Seeks all foul means
 Of boystrous and rough lad'rie, to dis-seat
 His Lord, that kept it bravely : When nought ferv'd,
 When neither Curb would crack, girth break, nor diff'ring
 plunges
 Dis-root his Rider whence he grew, but that
 He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs

(on end he stands)
 That *Arcites*, legs being higher than his head
 Seem'd with strange art to hang : His victors wreath
 Even then fell off his head : And presently
 Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poyze
 Becomes the Riders load : Yet is he living,
 But such a vessell 'tis that floats but for
 The surge that next approaches : He much desires
 To have some speech with you : Loe he appears.

Enter *Theseus*, *Hippolita*, *Emilia*, *Arcite*, in a chair.

Pal. O miserable end of our alliance
 The gods are mightie *Arcite*, if thy heart,
 Thy worthie, manly heart be yet unbroken :
 Give me thy last words, I'm *Palamon*,
 One that yet loves thee dying.

Arc. Take *Emilia*
 And with her, all the worlds joy : Reach thy hand,
 Farewell : I have told my last hour ; I was false,
 Yet never treacherous : Forgive me Cosen :

One kifs from fair *Emilia* : 'Tis done :
 Take her : I die.

Pal. Thy brave soul seek *Elizium*.

Emil. I'll close thine eyes, Prince ; Blessed souls be with
 thee

Thou art a right good man, and while I live,
 This day I give to tears.

Pal. And I to honor.

These. In this place first you fought : Even very here
 I fundred you, acknowledg to the gods

Our thanks that you are living :

His part is play'd, and though it were too short
 He did it well : your day is length'ned, and
 The blissfull dew of heaven do's arowze you :
 The powerfull *Venus*, well hath grac'd her Altar,
 And given you your love : Our Master *Mars*,
 Haft vouch'd his Oracle, and to *Arcite*, gave
 The grace of the Contention : So the Deities
 Have shew'd due justice : Bear this hence.

Pal. O Cosen,

That we should things desire, which doe cost us
 The los of our desire ; That nought could buy
 Dear love, but los of dear love.

These. Never Fortune

Did play a subtler Game : The conquer'd triumphs,
 The victor has the Los : yet in the passage,
 The gods have been most equall : *Palamon*,
 Your kinsman hath confest the right o'th' Lady
 Did lye in you, for you first saw her, and
 Even then proclaim'd your fancie : He restor'd her
 As your stolen Jewell, and desir'd your spirit
 To send him hence forgiven ; The gods my justice
 Take from my hand, and they themselves become
 The Executioners : Lead your Lady off,
 And call your Lovers from the stage of death,
 Whom I adopt my Friends. A day or two
 Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
 The Funerall of *Arcite*, in whose end
 The visages of Bridegroomes we'll put on
 And smile with *Palamon* ; For whom an hour,
 But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry,
 As glad of *Arcite* : And am now as glad,
 As for him sorry. O you heavenly Charmers,
 What things you make of us ? For what we lack
 We laugh, for what we have, are sorry still,
 Are children in some kind. Let us be thankfull
 For that which is, and with you leave dispute
 That are above our question : Let's goe off,
 And bear us like the time.

Flourish. Exeunt

EPILOGUE

! Would now aske ye how ye like the Play,
 But as it is with School Boys, cannot say,
 I'm cruell fearefull : pray yet stay a while,
 And let me look upon ye : No man smile ?
 Then it goes hard I see ; He that has
 Lov'd a young handsome wench then, show his face :
 'Tis strange if none be here, and if he will
 Against his Conscience let him hiss and kill
 Our Market : 'Tis in vain, I see to stay ye,

Have at the worst can come, then ; Now what say ye ?
 And yet mistake me not : I am not bold
 We have no such cause. If th' tale we have told
 (For 'tis no other) any way content ye)
 (For to that honest purpose it was ment ye)
 We have our end ; And ye shall have ere long
 I dare say many a better, to prolong
 Your old loves to us : We, and all our might,
 Rest at your service, Gentlemen, good night.

Flourish

THE TRAGEDY

O F

Thierry and Theodoret.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Theodoret, Brunbalt, Bawdber.

BRUNHALT.

Axe me with these hot tainters?

Theodoret. You are too sudain;

I doe but gently tell you what becomes you
And what may bend your honor! how these
courses

Of loose and lazie pleasures; not suspected

But done and known, your mind that grants no limit

And all your Actions follows, which loose people

Dare see but through a mist of circumstance

Dare term ambitious; all your wayes hide sores

Opening in the end to nothing but ulcers.

Your instruments like these may call the world

And with a fearfull clamor, to examine

Why, and to what we govern. From example

If not for vertues sake ye may be honest:

There have been great ones, good ones, and 'tis necessary

Because you are your self, and by your self

A self-peece from the touch of power and Justice,

You should command your self, you may imagine

Which cozens all the world, but chiefly women.

The name of greatness glorifies your actions

And strong power like a pent-house, promise

To fraide you from opinion; Take heed mother,

And let us all take heed these most abuse us

The sins we doe, people behold through opticks,

Which shews them ten times more than common vices,

And often multiplies them: Then what justice

Dare we inflict upon the weak offenders

When we are theeves our selves?

Brun. This is, *Martell,*

Studied and pen'd unto you, whose base person

I charge you by the love you owe a mother

And as you hope for blessings from her prayers,

Neither to give belief to, nor allowance,

Next I tell you Sir, you from whom obedience

Is so far fied, that you dare taxe a mother;

Nay further, brand her honor with your slanders,

And break into the treasures of her credit,

Your easiness is abused, your faith fraited

With lyes, malicious lyes, your merchant mischief,

He that never knew more trade then Tales, and tumbling

Suspicious into honest hearts; What you or he,

Or all the world dare lay upon my worth,

This for your poor opinions: I am mee,

And so will bear my self, whose truth and whiteness

Shall ever stand as far from these detections

As you from dutie, get you better servants

People of honest actions without ends,

And whip these knaves away, they eat your favours,

And turn 'em unto poysons: my known credit
Whom all the Courts o' this side Nile, have envied,
And happy she could site me, brought in question
Now in my hours of age and reverence,
When rather superstition should be rendred
And by a Rush that one days warmth
Hath shot up to this swelling; Give me justice,
Which is his life.

Theod. This is an impudence, and he must tell you, that till
now mother brought ye a sons obedience, and now breaks it
Above the sufferance of a Son.

Bawd. Bless us?

For I doe now begin to feel my self

Turning into a halter, and the ladder

Turning from me, one pulling at my legs too.

Theod. These truths are no mans tales, but all mens
troubles,

They are, though your strange greatness would out-stare u'm:

Witness the daily Libels, almost Ballads

In every place, almost in every Province,

Are made upon your lust, Tavern discourses,

Crowds cram'd with whispers; Nay, the holy Temples,

Are not without your curses: Now you would blush,

But your black tainted blood dare not appear

For fear I should fright that too.

Brun. O ye gods!

Theod. Do not abuse their names: They see your actions
And your conceal'd sins, though you work like Moles,
Lies level to their justice.

Brun. Art thou a Son?

Theod. The more my shame is of so bad a mother,

And more your wretchedness you let me be so;

But womam, for a mothers name hath left me

Since you have left your honor; Mend these ruins,

And build again that broken fame, and fairly;

Your most intemperate fires have burnt, and quickly

Within these ten days take a Monasterie,

A most strickt house; a house where none may whisper,

Where no more light is known but what may make ye

Believe there is a day where no hope dwells,

Nor comfort but in tears.

Brun. O miserie!

Theod. And there to cold repentance, and starv'd penance

Tye your succeeding days; Or curse me heaven

If all your gilded knaves, brokers, and bedders.

Even he you built from nothing, strong *Protalyde,*

Be not made ambling Geldings; All your maids,

If that name doe not sname 'em, fed with sponges

To suck away their rauckness; And your self

Onely to empty Pictures and dead Arras

Offer your old desires.

Brun. I will not curse you,

Nor lay a prophesie upon your pride,

Though heaven might grant me both: unthankfull, no,

I nourish'd ye, 'twas I, poor I groan'd for you,
'Twas I felt what you suffer'd, I lamented
When sickness or sad hours held back your sweetness;
'Twas I pay'd for your sleeps, I watch'd your wakings:
My daily cares and fears, that rid, plaid, walk'd,
Discours'd, discover'd, fed and fashion'd you
To what you are, and I am thus rewarded,

Theod. But that I know these tears I could dote on 'em,
And kneell to catch 'em as they fall, then knit 'em
Into an Armlet, ever to be honor'd;
But woman they are dangerous drops, deceitfull,
Full of the weeper, anger and ill nature.

Brun. In my last hours despis'd.

Theod. That Text should tell
How ugly it becomes you to err thus;
Your flames are spent, nothing but smoke maintains ye;
And those your favour and your bounty suffers
Lye not with you, they do but lay lust on you
And then embrace you as they caught a palfie;
Your power they may love, and like Spanish Jennetts
Commit with such a gust.

Bawd. I would take whipping,
And pay a fine now.

Exit Bawdber.

Theod. But were ye once disgraced,
Or fallen in wealth, like leaves they would flie from you,
And become browse for every beast; You will'd me
To stock my self with better friends, and servants,
With what face dare you see me, or any mankind,
That keep a race of such unheard of relicks,
Bawds, Leachers, Letches, female fornications,
And children in their rudiments to vices,
Old men to shew examples: and left Art
Should loose her self in act, to call back custome,
Leave these, and live like *Niobe*. I told you how
And when your eyes have dropt away remembrance
Of what you were. I'm your Son! performe it.

Brun. Am I a woman, and no more power in me,
To tye this Tyger up, a foul to no end,
Have I got shame and lost my will? *Brunbalt*
From this accursed hour, forget thou bor'st him,
Or any part of thy blood gave him living,
Let him be to thee an Antipathy,
A thing thy nature sweats at, and turns backward:
Throw all the mischiefs on him that thy self,
Or woman worse than thou art, have invented,
And kill him drunk, or doubtfull.

Enter Bawdber, Protaldie, Lecure.

Bawd. Such a sweat,
I never was in yet, clipt of my minstrels,
My toys to prick up wenches withall; Uphold me,
It runs like snow-balls through me.

Brun. Now my varlets,
My slaves, my running thoughts, my executions.

Baw. Lord how she looks!

Brun. Hell take ye all.

Baw. We shall be gelt.

Brun. Your Mistres,
Your old and honor'd Mistres, you tyr'd curtals
Suffers for your base sins; I must be cloyster'd,
Mew'd up to make me virtuous who can help this?
Now you stand still like Statues; Come *Protaldye*,
One kifs before I perish, kifs me strongly,
Another, and a third.

Lecure. I fear not gelding
As long she holds this way.

Brun. The young courser
That unlikt lump of mine, will win thy Mistres;
Must I be chast *Protaldye*?

Pro. Thus and thus Lady.

Brun. It shall be so, let him seek fools for Vestalls,
Here is my Cloyster.

Lecure. But what safety Madam
Find you in staying here?

Brun. Thou hast hit my meaning,
I will to *Thierry* Son of my blessings,
And there complain me, tell my tale so subtilly,
That the cold stoncs shall sweate; And Statues mourn,
And thou shalt weep *Protaldye* in my witness,
And there forswear.

Bawd. Yes, any thing but gelding,
I'm not yet in quiet Noble Lady,
Let it be done to night, for without doubt
To morrow we are capons,

Brun. Sleep shall not seize me,
Nor any food befriend me but thy kisses.
E're I forsake this desert, I live honest;
He may as well bid dead men walk, I humbled,
Or bent below my power; let night-dogs tear me,
And goblins ride me in my sleep to jelly,
Ere I forsake my sphear.

Lecure. This place you will.

Brun. What's that to you, or any,
Ye dofs, you powder'd pigsbones, rubarbe glister:
Must you know my designs? a colledge on you,
The proverbe makes but fools.

Prota. But Noble Lady.

Brun. You a sawcie afs too, off I will not,
If you but anger me, till a sow-gelder
Have cut you all like colts, hold me and kifs me,
For I'm too much troubled; Make up my treasure,
And get me horses private, come about it.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Theodoret, Martell, &c.

Theod. Though I assure my self (*Martell*) your counsell
Had no end but allegiance and my honor:
Yet I'm jealous, I have pass'd the bounds
Of a sons duty; For suppose her worse
Than you report, not by bare circumstance,
But evident proof confirm'd has given her out:
Yet since all weaknes in a kingdome, are
No more to be severely punished than
The faults of Kings are by the Thunderer
As oft as they offend, to be reveng'd:
If not for piety, yet for policie,
Since some are of necessitie to be spar'd,
I might, and now I wish I had not look'd
With such strict eyes into her follies.

Mart. Sir, a duty well discharg'd is never follow'd
By sad repentance, nor did your Highness ever
Make payment of the debt you ow'd her, better
Than in your late reproofs not of her, but
Those crimes that made her worthy of reproof.
The most remarkeable point in which Kings differ
From private men, is that they not alone
Stand bound to be in themselves innocent,
But that all such as are allyed to them
In nearness, to dependance, by their care
Should be free from suspition of all crime;
And you have reap'd a double benefit
From this last great act: first in the restraint
Of her lost pleasures, you remove th' example
From others of the like licentiousness,
Then when 'tis known that your severitie
Extended to your mother, who dares hope for

The least indulgence or connivence in
The easiest slips that may prove dangerous
To you, or to the Kingdome?

Theod. I must grant
Your reason good (*Martell*) if as she is
My mother, she had been my subject, or
That only here she could make challenge to
A place of Being; But I know her temper
And fear (if such a word become a King,)
That in discovering her, I have let lose
A Tygers, whose rage being shut up in darkness,
Was grievous only to her self; Which brought
Into the view of light, her cruelty,
Provok'd by her own shame, will turn on him
That foolishly presum'd to let her see
The loath'd shape of her own deformitie.

Mart. Beasts of that nature, when rebellious threats
Begin to appear only in their eyes,
Or any motion that may give suspicion
Of the least violence should be chain'd up;
Their fangs and teeth, and all their means of hurt,
Far'd off, and knockt out, and so made unable
To do ill; They would soon begin to loath it.
I'll apply nothing: but had your Grace done,
Or would doe yet, what your less forward zeal
In words did only threaten, far less danger
Would grow from acting it on her, than may
Perhaps have Being from her apprehension
Of what may once be practis'd: For believe it,
Who confident of his own power, presumes
To spend threats on an enemy, that hath means
To shun the worit they can effect, gives armor
To keep off his own strength; Nay more, disarms
Himself, and lyes-unguarded 'gainst all harms,
Or doubt, or malice may produce.

Theod. 'Tis true.
And such a desperate cure I would have us'd,
If the intemperate patient had not been
So near me as a mother; but to her,
And from me gentle unguents only were
To be appli'd: and as physicians
When they are sick of fevers, eat themselves
Such viands as by their directions are
Forbid to others though alike diseas'd;
So she considering what she is, may challenge
Those cordials to restore her, by her birth,
And priviledge, which at no suit must be
Granted to others.

Mart. May your pious care
Effect but what it aim'd at, I am silent.

Enter *Devitry*.

Theod. What laught you at Sir?
Vitry. I have some occasion,
I should not else; And the same cause perhaps
That makes me do so, may beget in you
A contrary effect.
Theod. Why, what's the matter?
Vitry. I see and joy to see that sometimes poor men,
(And most of them are good) stand more indebted
For mean's to breathe to such as are held vitious,
Than those that wear, like Hypocrites on their foreheads,
Th'ambitious titles of just men and vertuous.
Mart. Speak to the purpose.
Vitry. Who would e'er have thought
The good old Queen, your Highness reverend mother,
Into whose house (which was an Academ,)
In which all principles of lust were practis'd:
No soldier might presume to set his foot;
At whose most blessed intercession
All offices in the state, were charitably
Confer'd on Panders, o'er-worn chamber wrestlers,
And such physicians as knew how to kill

With safety under the pretence of saving,
And such like children of a monstrous peace,
That she I say should at the length provide
That men of war, and honest younger brothers,
That would not owe their feeding to their cod-peece,
Should be esteem'd of more than mothers, or drones,
Or idle vagabonds.

Theod. I am glad to hear it,
Prethee what course takes she to doe this?

Vitry. One that cannot fail, she and her virtuoustrain,
With her jewels, and all that was worthy the carrying,
The last night left the court, and, as 'tis more
Than said, for 'tis confirm'd by such as met her,
She's fled unto your brother.

Theod. How?

Vitry. Nay storm not,
For if that wicked tongue of hers hath not
Forgot ti's pace, and *Thierry*, be a Prince
Of such a fiery temper, as report
Has given him out for; You shall have cause to use
Such poor men as my self; And thank us too
For comming to you, and without petitions;
Pray heaven reward the good old woman for't.

Mart. I foresaw this.

Theod. I hear a tempest comming,
That sings mine & my kingdomes ruin: haste,
And cause a troop of horse to fetch her back:
Yet stay, why should I use means to bring in
A plague that of her self hath left me? Muster
Our Soldiers up, we'll stand upon our guard,
For we shall be attempted; Yet forbear
The inequality of our powers will yield me
Nothing but loss in their defeature: something
Must be done, and done suddainly, save your labor,
In this I'll use no counsell but mine own,
That course though dangerous is best. Command
Our daughter be in readines, to attend us:
Martell, your company, and honest *Vitry*,
Thou wilt along with me.

Vitry. Yes any where,
To be worse than I 'm here, is past my fear.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Scæna Prima.

Enter *Thierry*, *Brunhalt*, *Bawdber*, *Lecure*, &c.

Thier. You are here in a sanctuary; and that viper
(Who since he hath forgot to be a Son,
I much disdain to think of as a brother)
Had better, in despite of all the gods,
To have raiz'd their Temples, and spurn'd down their
Altars,

Than in his impious abuse of you,
To have call'd on my just anger.

Brun. Princely Son;
And in this, worthy of a near name
I have in the relation of my wrongs,
Been modest, and no word my tongue deliver'd
T'express my insupportable injuries,
But gave my heart a wound: Nor has my grief
Being from what I suffer; But that he,
Degenerate as he is, should be the actor
Of my extremes; And force me to divide
The fiers of brotherly affection,
Which should make but one flame.

Thier. That part of his

As

As it deserves shall burn no more: or if
The tears of Orphans, Widows, or all such
As dare acknowledge him to be their Lord,
loyn'd to your wrongs, with his heart blood have power
To put it out: and you, and these your servants,
Who in our favours shall find cause to know
In that they left not you, how dear we hold them;
Shall give *Theodoret* to understand,
His ignorance of the prizeless Jewel, which
He did possess in you, mother in you,
Of which I am more proud to be the donor,
Than if th' absolute rule of all the world
Were offer'd to this hand; Once more you are welcome,
Which with all ceremony due to greatness
I would make known, but that our just revenge
Admits not of delay; Your hand Lord Generall.

Enter Protaldie, with soldiers.

Brun. Your favor and his merit I may say
Have made him such, but I am jealous how
Your subjects will receive it.

Tbier. How my subjects?
What do you make of me? Oh heaven! My subjects!
How base should I esteem the name of Prince
If that poor dust, were anything before
The whirl-wind of my absolute command?
Let 'em be happy and rest so contented:
They pay the tribute of their hearts & knees,
To such a Prince that not alone has power,
To keep his own but to increase it; That
Although he hath a body may add to
The fam'd night labor of strong *Hercules*:
Yet is the master of a continence
That so can temper it, that I forbear
Their daughters, and their wives, whose hands though
strong,

As yet have never drawn by unjust mean
Their proper wealth into my treasury,
But I grow glorious, and let them beware
That in their least repining at my pleasures,
They change not a mild Prince, (for if provok'd
I dare and will be so) into a Tyrant.

Brun. You see there's hope that we shall rule again,
And your fal'n fortunes rise.

Bawd. I hope your Highness
Is pleas'd that I should still hold my place with you;
For I have been so long us'd to provide you
Fresh bits of flesh since mine grew stale, that surely
If cashir'd now, I shall prove a bad Cator
In the Fish-market of cold chastity,

Lecure. For me I am your own, nor since I first
Knew what it was to serve you, have remembred
I had a soul, but such an one whose essence
Depended wholly on your Highness pleasure,
And therefore Madam---

Brun. Rest assur'd you are
Such instruments we must not lose.

Lecure. Bawd. Our service.

Tbier. You have view'd them then, what's your opinion
of them?

In this dull time of peace, we have prepar'd 'em
Apt for the war. Ha?

Protal. Sir, they have limbs
That promise strength sufficient, and rich armors
The Soldiers best lov'd wealth: More, it appears
They have been drill'd, nay very pretily drill'd:
For many of them can discharge their muskets
Without the danger of throwing off their heads,
Or being offensive to the standers by,
By sweating too much backwards; Nay I find
They know the right, and left hand file, and may
With some impulsion no doubt be brought
To pass the *A, B, C,* of war, and come

Unto the Horn-book.

Tbier. Well, that care is yours;
And see that you effect it.

Protal. I am slow
To promise much; But if within ten days,
By precepts and examples, not drawn from
Worm-eaten presidents of the *Roman* wars
But from mine own, I make them not transcend
All that e'er yet bore armes, let it be laid,
Protaldie brags, which would be unto me
As hatefull as to be esteem'd a coward:
For Sir, few Captaines know the way to win 'em,
And make the foldiers valiant. You shall seem
Lie with them in their trenches, talk, and drink,
And be together drunk; And, what seems stranger,
We'll sometimes wench together, which once practis'd
And with some other care and hidden acts,
They being all made mine, I'll breath into them
Such fearless resolution and such fervor,
That though I brought them to besiege a fort,
Whose walls were steeple high, and cannon proof,
Not to be undermin'd, they should fly up,
Like swallows; and the parapet once won,
For proof of their obedience, if I will'd them
They should leap down again, and what is more,
By some directions they should have from me,
Not break their necks.

Tbi. This is above belief.

Brun. Sir, on my knowledg though he hath spoke much,
He's able to do more.

Lecure. She means on her.

Brun. And howsoever in his thankfulness,
For some few favors done him by my self,
He left *Austracia*, not *Theodoret*,
Though he was chiefly aim'd at, could have laid
Withall his Dukedomes power, that shame upon him,
Which in his barborous malice to my honor,
He swore with threats to effect.

Tbier. I cannot but
Believe you Madam, thou art one degree
Grown nearer to my heart, and I am proud
To have in thee so glorious a plant
Transported hither; In thy conduct, we
Go on assur'd of conquest; our remove
Shall be with the next Sun.

Enter Theoderet, Memberge, Martell, Devitry.

Lecure. Amazement leave me, 'tis he.

Bawd. We are again undone.

Prot. Our guilt hath no assurance nor defence.

Bawd. If now your ever ready wit fail to protect us,
We shall be all discover'd

Brun. Be not so
In your amazement and your foolish fears,
I am prepar'd for't.

Theod. How? Not one poor welcome,
In answer of so long a journey made
Only to see your brother.

Tbier. I have stood
Silent thus long, and am yet unresolv'd
Whether to entertaine thee on my sword,
As fits a parricide of a mothers honor;
Or whether being a Prince, I yet stand bound
(Though thou art here condemn'd) to give thee hearing
Before I execute. What foolish hope,
(Nay pray you forbear) or desperate madness rather,
(Unless thou com'st assur'd, I stand in debt
As far to all impiety as thy self)
Has made thee bring thy neck unto the axe?
Since looking only here, it cannot but
Draw fresh blood from thy fear'd up conscience,
To make thee sensible of that horror, which

They ever bear about them, that like *Nero*.
Like said I? Thou art worse: since thou dar'st strive
in her defame to murder thine alive.

Theod. That she that long since had the boldness to
Be a bad woman, (though I wish some other
should so report her) could not want the cunning,
(Since they go hand in hand) to lay fair colors
On her black crimes, I was resolv'd before,
Nor make I doubt but that she hath impoyson'd
Your good opinion of me, and so far
incens'd your rage against me, that too late
I come to plead my innocence.

Brun. To excuse thy impious scandalls rather.

Prot. Rather forc'd with fear to be compell'd to come.

Thierry. Forbear.

Theod. This moves not me, and yet had I not been
Transported on my own integrity,
I neither am so odious to my subjects,
Nor yet so barren of defence, but that
By force I could have justified my guilt,
Had I been faulty, but since innocence
is to it self an hundred thousand gards,
And that there is no Son, but though he owe
That name to an ill mother, but stands bound
Rather to take away with his own danger
From the number of her faults, than for his own
Security, to add unto them. This,
This hath made me to prevent th'expence
Of blood on both sides, the injuries, the rapes,
(Pages, that ever wait upon the war:)
The account of all which, since you are the cause,
Believe it, would have been required from you;
Rather I say to offer up my daughter,
Who living onely could revenge my death,
With my heart blood a sacrifice to your anger
Than that you should draw on your head more curses
Than yet you have deserved.

Thier. I do begin
To feel an alteration in my nature,
And in his full sail'd confidence, a showre
Of gentle rain, that falling on the fire
Of my hot rage hath quenched it, ha! I would
Once more speak roughly to him, and I will,
Yet there is something whispers to me, that
I have said too much. How is my heart divided
Between the duty of a Son, and love
Due to a brother! yet I am sway'd here,
And must aske of you, how 'tis possible
You can effect me that have learned to hate,
Where you should pay all love?

Theod. Which joy'd with duty,
Upon my knees I should be proud to tender,
Had she not us'd her self so many swords
To cut those bonds that tide me to it.

Thier. Fie no more of that.

Theod. Alas it is a theme,
I take no pleasure to discourse of; Would
It could as soon be buried to the world,
As it should die to me: nay more, I wish
(Next to my part of heaven) that she would spend
The last part of her life so here, that all
Indifferent Judges might condemn me, for
A most malicious slanderer, nay texde it
Upon my forehead, if you hate me mother,
Put me to such a shame, pray you do, believe it
There is no glory that may fall upon me,
Can equall the delight I should receive
In that disgrace; provided the repeal
Of your long banish'd virtues, and good name,
Lifter'd me to it.

Thier. See, she shews her self

An ensie mother, which her tears confirme.

Theod. 'Tis a good sign, the comfortablest rain
I ever saw.

Thier. Embrace: Why this is well,
May never more but love in you, and duty
On your part rise between you.

Bawd. Do you hear Lord Generall,
Does not your new stamp'd honor on the suddain
Begin to grow sick?

Prot. Yes I find it fit,
That putting off my armor I should think of
Some honest hospitall to retire to.

Bawd. Sure although I am a bawd, yet being a Lord,
They cannot whip me for't, what's your opinion?

Lecure. The beadle will resolve you, for I cannot,
There is something that more near concerns my self,
That calls upon me.

Mart. Note but yonder scarabs,
That liv'd upon the dung of her base pleasures,
How from the fear that she may yet prove honest
Hang down their wicked heads.

Vitry. What is that to me?
Though they and all the polcats of the Court,
Were trust together, I perceive not how
It can advantage me a cardkue,
To help to keep me honest.

A born.

Enter a Post.

Thier. How, from whence?

Post. These letters will resolve your grace.

Thier. What speak they?

Reads.

How all things meet to make me this day happy?
See mother, brother, to your reconcilment
Another blessing almost equall to it,
Is coming towards me; My contracted wife
Ordella, daughter of wife *Datarick*,
The King of *Aragon* is on our confines;
Then to arrive at such a time, when you
Are happily here to honor with your presence
Our long deser'd, but much wish'd nuptiall,
Falls out above expression; Heaven be pleas'd
That I may use these blessings powr'd on me
With moderation.

Brun. Hell and furies ayd me,
That I may have power to avert the plagues
That pres upon me.

Thier. Two dayes journey sayest thou,
We will set forth to meet her: in the mean time
See all things be prepar'd to entertain her;
Nay let me have your companies, there's a Forrest
In the mid way shall yeild us hunting sport,
To ease our travel, I'll not have a brow
But shall wear mirth upon it, therefore clear them.
We'll wash away, all sorrow in glad feasts;
And the war we mean to men, we'll make on beasts.

Exeunt omnes, præter Brun. Bawdber, Portaldy. Lecure.

Brun. Oh that I had the Magick to transforme you
Into the shape of such, that your own hounds
Might tear you peece-meale; Are you so stupid?
No word of comfort? have I fed you mothers
From my excess of moisture, with such cost
And can you yeild no other retribution,
But to devour your maker, pandar sponge,
Impoysoner, all grown barren?

Prot. You your self
That are our mover, and for whom alone
We live, have fail'd your self in giving way
To the reconcilment of your Son.

Lecure. Which if
You had prevented, or would teach us how
They might again be sever'd, we could easily
Remove all other hind'rances that stop
The passage of your pleasures.

Bawd. And for me,

If I fail in my office to provide you
Fresh delicats, hang me.

Brun. Oh you are dull, and find not
The cause of my vexation; Their reconcilment
Is a mock castle built upon the sand
By children, which when I am pleas'd to o'rethrow,
I can with ease spurn down.

Lecure. If so, from whence
Grows your affliction?

Brun. My grief comes along
With the new Queen, in whose grace all my power
Must suffer shipwrack: for me now,
That hitherto have kept the first, to know
A second place, or yeeld the least precedence
To any others death; To have my sleeps
Less enquir'd after, or my rising up
Saluted with less reverence, or my gates
Empty of suitors, or the Kings great favours
To pass through any hand but mine, or he
Himself to be directed by another,
Would be to me: doe you understand me, yet
No meanes to prevent this.

Protz. Fame gives her out
To be a woman of chastity
Not to be wrought upon; and therefore Madam
For me, though I have pleas'd you, to attempt her
Were to no purpose.

Brun. Tush, some other way.

Bard. Faith I know none else, all my bringing up
Aim'd at no other learning.

Lecure. Give me leave,
If my art fail me not, I have thought on
A speeding project.

Brun. What i't? but effect it,
And thou shalt be my *Aesculapius*,
Thy image shall be set up in pure gold,
To which I'll fall down and worship it.

Lecure. The Lady is fair.

Brun. Exceeding fair.

Lecure. And young.

Brun. Some fifteen at the most.

Lecure. And loves the King with equall ardor.

Brun. More, she dotes on him.

Lecure. Well then, think you if I make a drink
Which given unto him on the bridall night
Shall for five days so rob his faculties,
Of all ability to pay that duty,
Which new made wives expect, that she shall swear
She is not match'd to a man.

Protz. 'Twere rare.

Lecure. And then,
If she have any part of woman in her,
She'll or fly out, or at least give occasion
Of such a breach which nere can be made up,
Since he that to all else did never fail
Of as much as could be perform'd by man
Proves only Ice to her.

Brun. 'Tis excellent.

Bard. The Physitian
Helps ever at a dead lift; a fine calling,
That can both raise, and take down, out upon thee.

Brun. For this one service I 'm ever thine,
Prepare it; I'll give it him my self, for you *Protaldye*,
By this kiss, and our promis'd sport at night,
Doe conjure you to bear up, not minding
The opposition of *Theodoret*,
Or any of his followers; What so ere
You are, yet appear valiant, and make good
The opinion that is had of you: For my self
In the new Queens remove, being made secure,
Fear not, I'll make the future building sure,

Exeunt.

Wind horns.

Enter Theodoret, Thierry.

Theod. This Stag stood well, and cunningly.

Thierry. My horse,
I 'm sure, has found it, for her sides are
Blooded from flank to shoulder, where's the troop?

Enter Martell.

Theodoret. Past homeward, weary and tir'd as we are,
Now *Martell*, have you remembred what we thought of?

Mart. Yes Sir, I have singled him, and if there be
Any desert in his blood; beside the itch,
Or manly heat, but what decoctions
Leaches, and callises have cram'd into him,
Your Lordship shall know perfect.

Thier. What's that, may not I know too;

Theod. Yes Sir,
To that end we cast the project..

Thierry. What i't?

Mart. A desire Sir,
Upon the gilded flag your Graces favor
Has stuck up for a Generall, and to inform you,
For this hour he shall pass the test, what valour,
Staid judgement, soul, or safe discretion
Your mothers wandring eyes, and your obedience
Have slung upon us, to assure your knowledge,
He can be, dare be, shall be, must be nothing,
Load him with piles of honors; Set him off
With all the cunning foys that may deceive us:
But a poor, cold, unspirited, unmanner'd,
Unhonest, unaffected, undone, fool,
And most unheard of coward, a meer lump
Made to loade beds withall, and like a night-mare,
Ride Ladies that forget to say their prayers,
One that dares only be diseas'd, and in debt,
Whose body mewes more plaisters every month,
Than women doe old faces.

Thier. No more, I know him,
I now repent my error, take your time
And try him home, ever thus far reserv'd;
You tie your anger up.

Mart. I lost it else Sir.

Thier. Bring me his sword fair taken without violence.
For that will best declare him.

Theod. That's the thing.

Thier. And my best horse is thine.

Mart. Your Graces servant.

Theod. You I'll hunt no more Sir.

Thier. Not to day, the weather
Is grown too warm, besides the dogs are spent,
We'll take a cooler morning, let's to horse,
And hollow in the troop. *Exeunt. Wind horns.*

Enter 2 Huntsmen.

1. I marty Twainer,
This woman gives indeed, these are the Angels
That are the keepers faints.

2. I like a woman
That handles the deers dowsets with discretion;
And payes us by proportion.

1. 'Tis no treason
To think this good old Lady has a stump yet
That may require a corral.

2. And the bells too.

Enter Protaldye.

Shee has lost a friend of me else, but here's the clark,
No more for feare o'th' bell ropes.

Protz. How now Keepers,
Saw you the King?

1. Yes

1. Yes Sir, he's newly mounted,
And as we take 't ridden home.

Pro. Farewil then.

Exit Keepers.

Enter Martell.

My honour'd Lord, Fortune has made me happy
To meet with such a man of men to side me.

Protald. How Sir, I know ye not
Nor what your fortune means.

Mart. Few words shall serve, I am betrai'd Sir:
Innocent and honest; malice and violence,
Are both against me, basely and foully layd for;
For my life Sir, danger is now about me,
Now in my throat Sir.

Protald. Where Sir?

Mart. Nay I fear not,
And let it now powr down in storms upon me,
I have met with a noble guard.

Prot. Your meaning Sir,
For I have present business.

Mart. O my Lord,
Your honor cannot leave a gentleman
At least a fair design of this brave nature,
To which your worth is wedded, your profession
Hatcht in, and made one peece in such a perill,
There are but six my Lord.

Prot. What six?

Mart. Six villains sworn, and in pay to kill me.

Protaldye. Six?

Mart. Alas Sir, what can six do, or sixscore, now you
are present?

Your name will blow 'em off: say they have shot too,
Who dare present a peece? your valour's proof Sir.

Prot. No, I'll assure you Sir, nor my discretion
Against a multitude; 'Tis true, I dare fight
Enough, and well enough, and long enough:
But wisdom Sir, and weight of what is on me,
In which I am no more mine own, nor yours Sir,
Nor as I take it any single danger,
But what concerns my place, tels me directly,
Beside my person, my fair reputation,
If I thrust into crowds, and seek occasions
Suffers opinion, six? Why *Hercules*
Avoyled two men, yet not to give example;
But only for your present dangers sake Sir,
Were there but four Sir, I car'd not if I kill'd them,
They will serve to whet my sword.

Mart. There are but four Sir,
I did mistake them; but four such as *Europe*,
Excepting your great valour.

Prot. Well consider'd,
I will not meddle with 'em, four in honor,
Are equall with fourscore, besides they're people
Only directed by their fury.

Mart. So much nobler shall be your way of justice.

Prot. That I find not.

Mart. You will not leave me thus?

Prot. I would not leave you, but look you Sir,
Men of my place and business, must not
Be question'd thus.

Mart. You cannot pass Sir,
Now they have seen me with you without danger.
They are here Sir, within hearing, take but two.

Prot. Let the law take 'em; take a tree Sir
I'll take my horse, that you may keep with safety,
If they have brought no hand-saws, within this hour
I'll send you rescue, and a toyl to take 'em.

Mart. You shall not goe so poorly, stay but one Sir.

Prot. I have been so hamper'd with these rescues,
So hew'd an tortur'd, that the truth is Sir,
I have mainly vowd against 'em, yet for your sake,
If as you say there be but one, I'll stay.

And see fair play o' both sides.

Mart. There is no

More Sir, and as I doubt a base one too.

Prot. Fie on him, goe lug him out by th' ears.

Mart. Yes,

This is he Sir, the basest in the kingdome.

Prot. Do you know me?

Mart. Yes, for a generall fool,
A knave, a coward, and upstart stallion bawb;
Beast, barking puppy, that dares not bite.

Prot. The best man best knows patience.

Mart. Yes,

This way Sir, now draw your sword, and right you,
Or render it to me, for one you shall doe.

Pro. If wearing it may do you any honor,
I shall be glad to grace you, there it is Sir.

Mart. Now get you home, and tell your Lady Mistris,
Shee has shot up a sweet mushrum; quit your place too,
And say you are counsell'd well, thou wilt be beaten else
By thine own lanceprisadoes; when they know thee,
That tuns of oyl of roses, will not cure thee;
Goe get you to your foyning work at Court,
And learn to sweat again, and eat dry mutton;
An armor like a frost will search your bones
And make you roar you rogue; Not a reply,
For if you doe, your ears goe off.

Prot. Still patience.

Exeunt.

Loud musick, A Banquet set out.

*Enter Thierry, Ordella, Brunhalt, Theodoret, Lecure,
Barbher. &c.*

Thier. It is your place, and though in all things else
You may and ever shall command me, yet
In this I'll be obey'd.

Ordella. Sir, the consent,
That made me yours, shall never teach me to
Repent I am so; yet be you but pleas'd
To give me leave to say so much; The honor
You offer me were better given to her,
To whom you owe the power of giving.

Thier. Mother,
You hear this and rejoyce in such a blessing
That payes to you so large a share of duty,
But fie no more, for as you hold a place
Nearer my heart than she, you must sit nearest
To all those graces, that are in the power
Of Majesty to bestow.

Brun. Which I'll provide,
Shall be short liv'd *Lecure*.

Lecure. I have it ready.

Brun. 'Tis well, wait on our cup.

Lecure. You honor me.

Thier. We are dull,
No object to provoke mirth.

Theod. *Martell*,
If you remember Sir, will grace your Feast,
With some thing that will yield matter of mirth,
Fit for no common view.

Thier. Touching *Protaldye*.

Theod. You have it.

Brun. What of him, I fear his baseness
In spite of all the titles that my favours
Have cloth'd him, which will make discovery
Of what is yet conceal'd.

aside

Enter Martell.

Theod. Look Sir, he has it,
Nay we shall have peace when so great a soldier
As the renown'd *Portaldye*, will give up
His sword rather than use it.

Brun. 'Twas thy plot,
Which I will turn on thine own head.

*aside
Thier.*

Thie. Pray you speak,
How won you him to part from't ?

Mart. Won him Sir,
He would have yielded it upon his knees
Before he would have hazarded the exchange
Of a philip of the forehead : had you will'd me
I durst have undertook he should have sent you
His Nose, provided that the loss of it
Might have sav'd the rest of his face : he is, Sir
The most unutterable coward that e'er nature
Blest with hard shoulders, which were only given him,
To the ruin of bastinados.

Thier. Possible?

Theod. Observe but how she frets.

Mart. Why believe it:

But that I know the shame of this disgrace,
Will make the beast to live with such, and never
Presume to come more among men; I'll hazard
My life upon it, that a boy of twelve
Should scourge him hither like a Parish Top,
And make him dance before you.

Brun. Slave thou liest,
Thou dar'st as well speak Treason in the hearing
Of those that have the power to punish it,
As the least syllable of this before him,
But 'tis thy hate to me.

Martel. Nay, pray you Madam,
I have no ears to hear you, though a foot
To let you understand what he is.

Brun. Villany.

Theod. You are too violent.

Enter Protaldye.

The worst that can come
Is blanketing; for beating, and such virtues
I have been long acquainted with.

Mart. Oh strange!

Bawdb. Behold the man you talk of.

Brun. Give me leave,
Or free thy self, (think in what place you are)
From the foul imputation that is laid
Upon thy valour (be bold, I'll protect you)
Or here I vow (deny it or forswear it)
These honors which thou wear'st unworthily,
Which be but impudent enough, and keep them,
Shall be torn from thee with thy eyes.

Prot. I have it,
My valour! is there any here beneath,
The stile of King, dares question it?

Thier. This is rare.

Prot. Which of my my actions, which have still been noble,
Has rend'rd me suspected?

Thier. Nay *Martel*
You must not fall off.

Mart. Oh Sir, fear it not,
Doe you know this sword?

Prot. Yes.

Mart. Pray you on what terms
Did you part with it?

Prot. Part with it say you?

Mart. So.

Thier. Nay, study not an answer, confess freely:
Prot. Oh I remember't now at the Stags falls,
As we to day were hunting, a poor fellow,
And now I view you better, I may say
Much of your pitch: this silly wretch I spoke of
With his petition falling at my feet,
(Which much against my Will he kist,) desir'd
That as a special means for his preferment,
I would vouchsafe to let him use my sword,
To cut off the Stags head,

Brun. Will you hear that?

Bawdb. This Lye bears a similitude of Truth.

Prot. I ever courteous, (a great weakness in me)
Granted his humble suit.

Mart. Oh impudence?

Thier. This change is excellent.

Mart. A word with you,
Deny it not, I was that man disguis'd,
You know my temper, and as you respect
A daily cudgeling for one whole year,
Without a second pulling by the ears,
Or tweaks by th' nose, or the most precious balm
You us'd of patience, patience do you mark me,
Confess before these Kings with what base fear
Thou didst deliver it.

Prot. Oh, I should burst,
And if I have not instant liberty
To tear this fellow limb by limb, the wrong:
Will break my heart, although *Herculean*,
And somewhat bigger; there's my gage, pray you hear,
Let me redeem my credit.

Thier. Ha, ha, forbear.

Mart. Pray you let me take it up, and if I do not,
Against all odds of Armor and of Weapons,
With this make him confess it on his knees
Cut off my head.

Prot. No, that's my office,

Bawdb. Fic, you take the Hangmans place!

Ordel. Nay, good my Lord
Let me atone this difference, do not suffer
Our bridal night to be the Centaurs Feast.
You're a Knight, and bound by oath to grant
All just suits unto Ladies; for my sake
Forget your suppos'd wrong.

Prot. Well let him thank you,
For your sake he shall live, perhaps a day;
And may be, on submission longer.

Theod. Nay *Martel* you must be patient.

Mart. I am yours,
And this slave shall be once more mine!

Thier. Sit all;
One health, and so to bed, for I too long
Deferr my choicest delicates.

Brun. Which if poison
Have any power, thou shalt like *Tantalus*
Behold and never taste, be careful.

Lecu. Fear not.

Brun. Though it be rare in our Sex; yet for once
I will begin a health.

Thier. Let it come freely.

Brun. *Lecure*, the cup; here to the son we hope
This night shall be an Embrion.

Thier. You have nam'd
A blessing that I most desir'd, I pledge you;
Give me a larger cup, that is too little
Unto so great a god.

Brun. Nay, then you wrong me,
Follow as I began.

Thier. Well as you please.

Brun. Is't done?

Lecu. Unto your wish I warrant you,
For this night I durst trust him with my Mother.

Thier. So 'tis gone round, lights.

Brun. Pray you use my service.

Ordel. 'Tis that which I shall ever owe you, Madam,
And must have none from you, pray pardon me.

Thier. Good rest to all.

Theod. And to your pleasant labour.

Mart. Your company, Madam, good night

Exeunt all but Brunhalt, Protal, Lecure, Bawdber.

Brun. Nay, you have cause to blush, but I will hide it,
And what's more, I forgive you; is't not pity
That thou that art the first to enter combat
With any Woman, and what is more, o'ercome her,
In which she is best pleas'd, should be so
To meet a man.

M m m

Prot.

Prot. Why would you have me lose
That blood that is dedicated to your service
In any other quarrel?

Brun. No, reserve it.

As I will study to preserve thy credit:
You errah, be't your care to find out one
That is poor, though valiant, that at any rate
Will, to redeem my servants reputation,
Receive a publique baffling.

Bawdb. Would your Highness

Were pleas'd to inform me better of your purpose.

Brun. Why one, Sir, that would thus be box'd
Or kick'd, do you apprehend me now?

Bawdb. I feel you Madam,

The man that shall receive this from my Lord,
Shall have a thousand crowns.

Pro. He shall,

Bawdb. Besides

His day of bastinadoing past o'er,
He shall not lose your grace, nor your good favour?

Brun. That shall make way to it.

Bawdb. It must be a man

Of credit in the Court, that is to be
The foil unto your valour.

Prot. True, it should.

Bawdb. And if he have place there, 'tis not the worse.

Brun. 'Tis much the better.

Bawdb. If he be a Lord,

'Twill be the greater grace

Brun. Thou art in the right.

Bawdb. Why then behold that valiant man and Lord,

That for your sake will take a cudgeling:
For be assur'd, when it is spread abroad
That you have dealt with me, they'll give you out
For one of the Nine Worthies.

Brun. Out you pandar,

Why, to beat thee is only exercise
For such as do affect it, lose not time
In vain replies, but do it: come my solace
Let us to bed, and our desires once quench'd
We'll there determine of *Theodore's* death
For he's the Engine us'd to ruin us;
Yet one work more, *Lecure*, art thou assur'd
The potion will work?

Lecure. My life upon it,

Brun. Come my *Protaldye*, then glut me with
Those best delights of man, that are deny'd
To her that does expect them, being a Bride.

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter Thierry, and Ordella, as from bed.

Thier. SURE I have drunk the blood of Elephants:
The tears of Mandrake, and the Marble dew,
Mixt in my draught, have quencht my natural heat,
And left no spark of fire, but in mine eyes,
With which I may behold my miseries:
Ye wretched flames which play upon my sight,
Turn inward, make me all one piece, though earth.
My tears shall over-whelm you else too.

Or. What moves my Lord to this strange sadness?
If any late discerned want in me,
Give cause to your repentance, care and duty
Shall find a painful way to recompence.

Thier. Are you yet frozen veins, feel you a breath,
Whose temperate heat would make the North Star reel,

Her icy pillars thaw'd, and do you not melt?

Draw nearer, yet nearer,
That from thy barren kifs thou maist confesse
I have not heat enough to make a blush.

Ordell. Speak nearer to my understanding, like a Husband.

Thier. How should he speak the language of a Husband.
Who wants the tongue and organs of his voice?

Ordell. It is a phrase will part with the same ease
From you, with that you now deliver.

Thier. Bind not his ears up with so dull a charm
Who hath no other sense left open, why should thy words
Find more restraint than thy free speaking actions,
Thy close embraces, and thy midnight sighs
The silent Orators to slow desire?

Ordell. Strive not to win content from ignorance
Which must be lost in knowledge: heaven can witness
My farthest hope of good, reacht at your pleasure,
Which seeing alone, may in your look be read:
Add not a doubtful comment to a text
That in it self is direct and easie.

Thier. Oh thou hast drunk the juyce of hemlock too,
Or did upbraided nature makethis pair
To shew she had not quite forgot her first
Justly prais'd Workmanship, the first chaste couple
Before the want of joy, taught guilty fight
A way through shame and sorrow to delight:
Say, may we mix, as in their innocence
When Turtles kist, to confirm happiness,
Not to beget it.

Ordell. I know no bar.

Thier. Should I believe thee, yet thy pulse beats, woman,
And says the name of Wife did promise thee
The blest reward of duty to thy mother,
Who gave so often witness of her joy,
When she did boast thy likeness to her Husband.

Ordell. 'Tis true, that to bring forth a second to your,
self.

Was only worthy of my Virgin loss;
And should I prize you less, unpattern'd Sir?
Then being exemplify'd, is't not more honor
To be possessor of unequal'd virtue,
Than what is paralell'd, give me belief,
The name of mother, knows no way of good,
More than the end in me: who weds for Lust
Is oft a widow: when I married you,
I lost the name of Maid to gain a Title
Above the wish of change, which that part can
Only maintain, is still the same in man,
His virtue and his calm society,
Which no gray hairs can threaten to dissolve
Nor wrinkles bury.

Thier. Confine thy self to silence, lest thou take
That part of reason from me, is only left
To give persuasion to me, I'm a man:
Or say thou hast never seen the Rivers haste
With gladsome speed, to meet th' amorous sea.

Ordell. We are but to praise the coolness of their
streams.

Thier. Nor view'd the Kids, taught by their lustful
fires,
Pursue each other through the wanton lawns,
And lik'd the sport.

Ordell. As it made way unto their envied rest
With weary knots, binding their harmless eyes.

Thier. Nor do you know the reason why the Dove,
One of the pair, your hands wont hourly feed,
So often clipt and kist her happy mate.

Ordell. Unless it were to welcome his wish'd sight,
Whose absence only gave her mourning voice.

Thier. And you could, Dove-like to a single object,
Bind your loose spirits to one, nay, such a one
Whom only eyes and ears must flatter good,
Your surer'sence made useless, my self, nay
As in my all of good, already known.

Ordell.

Ordel. Let proof plead for me; let me be mew'd up.
Where never eye may reach me, but your own;
And when I shall repent, but in my looks, if sigh.

Thier. Or shed a tear that's warm.

Ordel. But in your sadness.

Thier. Or when you hear the birds call for their mates.
Ask if it be *St. Valentine*, their coupling day.

Ordel. If any thing may make a thought suspected
Of knowing any happiness but you,
Divorce me, by the Title of Most Falshood.

Thier. Oh, who would know a wife, that might have
such a friend?
Posterity henceforth, lose the name of blessing
And leave the earth inhabited to people heaven.

Enter Theodoret, Brunhalt, Martel, Protaldye.

Mart. All happiness to *Thierry* and *Ordella*.

Thier. 'Tis a desire but borrowed from me, my happiness.

Shall be the period of all good mens wishes,
Which friends, nay dying Fathers shall bequeath,
And in my one give all: is there a duty
Belongs to any power of mine, or love
To any virtue I have right to? here, place it here,
Ordella's name shall only bear command,
Rule, Title. Sovereignty.

Brun. What passion sways my Son?

Thier. Oh Mother, she has doubled every good
The travel of your blood made possible
To my glad being.

Prot. He should have done
Little to her, he is so light hearted.

Thier. Brother, friends, if honor unto shame
If wealth to want enlarge the present sense,
My joys are unbounded, instead of question
Let it be envy, not bring a present
To the high offering of our mirth, Banquets, and Masques;
Keep waking our delights, mocking nights malice,
Whose dark brow would fright pleasure from us,
Our Court be but one stage of Revels, and each ye
The Scene where our content moves.

Theod. There shall want
Nothing to express our shares in your delight, Sir.

Mart. Till now I ne'er repented the estate
Of Widower.

Thier. Musick, why art thou so slow voic'd? it staies thy
presence

My *Ordella*, this chamber is a sphere
Too narrow for thy all-moving virtue.

Make way, free way I say;
Who must alone, her Sexes want supply,
Had need to have a room both large and high.

Mart. This passion's above utterance.

Theod. Nay, credulity.

Exit all but Thierry, Brunhalt.

Brun. Why Son what mean you, are you a man?

Thier. No Mother I am no man, were I a man?
How could I be thus happy?

Brun. How can a wife be author of this joy then?

Thier. That being no man, I am married to no woman;
The best of men in full ability,
Can only hope to satisfy a wife,
And for that hope ridiculous, I in my want
And such defective poverty, that to her bed
From my first Cradle brought no strength but thought
Have met a temperance beyond hers that rockt me,
Necessity being her bar; where this
Is so much senseless of my depriv'd fire;
She knows it not a loss by her desire.

Brun. It is beyond my admiration.

Thier. Beyond your sexes faith,

The unripe Virgins of our age, to hear't
Will dream themselves to women, and convert
Th' example to a miracle.

Brun. Alas, 'tis your defect moves my amazement,
But what ill can be separate from ambition?
Cruel *Theodoret*.

Thier. What, of my brother?

Brun. That to his name your barrenness adds rule;
Who loving the effect, would not be strange
In favouring the cause; look on the profit,
And gain will quickly point the mischief out.

Thier. The name of Father, to what I possess
Is shame and care.

Brun. Were we begot to single happiness
I grant you; but from such a wife, such virtue
To get an heir, what hermet would not find
Deserving argument to break his vow
Even in his age of chastity?

Thier. You teach a deaf man language.

Brun. The cause found out, the malady may cease,
Have you heard of one *Forts*?

Thier. A learned Astronomer, great Magician,
Who lives hard by retir'd.

Brun. Repair to him, with the just hour and place
Of your nativity; fools are amaz'd at fate,
Griefs but conceal'd are never desperate.

Thier. You have timely waken'd me, nor shall I sleep
Without the satisfaction of his Art. Exit Thierry

Enter Lecure.

Brun. Wisdom prepares you to't, *Lecure*, met happily.

Lecure. The ground answers your purpose, the convenience
Being secure and easie, falling just
Behind the state set for *Theodoret*.

Brun. 'Tis well, your trust invites you to a second charge,
You know *Leforte's* Cell.

Lecure. Who constellated your fair birth.

Brun. Enough, I see thou know'st him, where's *Bawdber*?

Lec. I left him careful of the project cast,
To raise *Protaldie's* credit.

Brun. A fore that must be plaister'd, in whose wound
Others shall find their graves, think themselves found,
Your ear, and quickest apprehension. Exit.

Enter Bawdber and a servant.

Bawdb. This man of war will advance.

Lecu. His hour's upon the stroke.

Bawdb. Wind him back, as you favour my ears,
I have no noise in my head, my brains have hitherto
Been employ'd in silent businesses.

Enter Devitry.

Lecu. The Gentleman is within your reach Sir. Exit.

Bawdb. Give ground, whilst I drill my wits to the en-
counter,

Devitry, I take it.

Devi. All's that left of him.

Bawdb. Is there another parcel of you, if it be at pawn
I will gladly redeem it, to make you wholly mine.

Vitry. You seek too hard a pennyworth.

Bawdb. You too ill to keep such distance; your parts have
been long known
To me, howsoever you please to forget acquaintance.

Vit. I must confess I have been subject to lewd company.

Bawdb. Thanks for your good remembrance,
You have been a soldier *Devitry*, and born Arms.

Vit. A couple of unprofitable ones, that have only serv'd
to get me a stomach to my dinner.

Bawdb. Much good may it do you, Sir.

Vitry. You shall have heard me say I had din'd first, I have built on an unwholsome ground, rais'd up a house, before I knew a Tenant, matcht to meet weariness, fought to find want and hunger.

Bawdb. It is time you put up your sword, and run away for meat, Sir, nay, if I had not withdrawn e'r now, I might have kept thee; fast with you: but since the way to thrive is never late, what is the nearest course to profit think you?

Vitry. It may be your worship will say bawdry.

Bawdb. True sense, bawdry.

Vitry. Why, is their five kinds of them, I never knew but one.

Bawdb. I'll shew you a new way of prostitution, fall back, further yet, farther, there is fifty crowns, do but as much to *Protaldye* the Queens favorite, they are doubled.

Vitry. But thus much.

Bawdb. Give him but an affront as he comes to the presence, and in his drawing make way, like a true bawd to his valour, the son's thy own; if you take a scratch in the arm or so, every drop of blood weighs down a duckett.

Vitry. After that rate, I and my friends would begger the kingdom. Sir, you have made me blush to see my want, whose cure is such a cheap and easie purchase, this is Male-bawdry belike.

Enter Protaldy, a Lady, and Revellers.

Bawdb. See, you shall not be long earning your wages, your work's before your eyes.

Vitry. Leave it to my handling, I'll fall upon't instantly.

Bawdb. What opinion will the managing of this affair Bring to my wisdom? my invention tickles With apprehension on't:

Pro. These are the joyes of marriage, Lady, Whose sighs are able to dissolve Virginitie. Speak freely, do you not envy the Brides felicity?

Lady. How should I, being partner of't?

Pro. What you enjoy is but the Banquets view, The taste stands from your pallat; if he impart By day so much of his content, think what night gave?

Vitry. Will you have a relish of wit, Lady?

Bawdb. This is the man.

Lady. If it be not dear, Sir,

Vitry. If you affect cheapness, how can you prize this sullied ware so much? mine is fresh, my own, not retail'd.

Pro. You are saucy, sirrah.

Vitry. The fitter to be in the dish with such dry Stock-fish as you are, how, strike?

Bawdb. Remember the condition as you look for payment.

Vitry. That box was left out of the bargain.

Pro. Help, help, help.

Bawdb. Plague of the Scriveners running hand, What a blow is this to my reputation?

Enter Thierry, Theodoret, Brunhalt, Ordella, Memberge, Martell.

Thier. What villain dares this outrage?

Devitry. Hear me, Sir, this creature hir'd me with fifty crowns in hand, to let *Protaldye* have the better of me at single Rapier on a made quarrel; he mistaking the weapon, laies me over the chops with his club fist, for which I was bold to teach him the Art of memory.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Theo. Your General, Mother, will display himself. 'Spight of our Peace I see.

Thier. Forbear these civil jars, sic *Protaldy*, So open in your projects, avoid our presence, sirrah.

Devi. Willingly; if you have any more wages to earn, You see I can take pains.

Theo. There's somewhat for thy labour, More than was promis'd, ha, ha, ha.

Bawdb. Where could I wish my self now? in the *Iste of Dogs.*

So I might scape scratching, for I see by her Cats eyes I shall be claw'd fearfully.

Thier. We'll hear no more on't,

Soft Musick.

Musick drown all sadness; Command the Revellers in, at what a rate I do purchase My Mothers absence, to give my spleen full liberty.

Brun. Speak not a thoughts delay, it names thy ruin.

Pro. I had thought my life had born more value with you.

Brun. Thy loss carries mine with't, let that secure thee. The vault is ready, and the door conveys to't Falls just behind his chair, the blow once given, Thou art unseen.

Pro. I cannot feel more than I fear, I'm sure. *Withdraws.*

Brun. Begone, and let them laugh their own destruction.

Thier. You will add unto her rage.

Theod. 'Foot, I shall burst, unless I vent my self, ha, ha, ha.

Brun. Me Sir, you never could Have found a time to invite more willingness In my dispose to pleasure.

Memb. Would you would please to make some other choise.

Revel. 'Tis a disgrace would dwell upon me, Lady, Should you refuse.

Memb. Your reason conquers; my Grandmothers looks Have turn'd all air to earth in me, they sit Upon my heart like night-charms, black and heavy.

They Dance.

Thier. You are too much libertine.

Theod. The fortune of the fool perswades my laughter More than his cowardize; was ever Rat Ta'en by the tail thus? ha, ha, ha.

Thier. Forbear I say.

Prot. No eye looks this way, I will wink and strike, Left I betray my self. *Behind the State Stabs Theodoret?*

Theo. Ha, did you not see one near me?

Thier. How near you, why do you look so pale, brother? Treason, treason.

Memb. Oh my presage! Father.

Ordella. Brother,

Mart. Prince, Noble Prince.

Thier. Make the gates sure, search into every angle And corner of the Court, oh my shame! Mother, Your Son is slain, *Theodoret*, noble *Theodoret*, Here in my arms, too weak a Sanctuary 'Gainst treachery and murder, say, is the Traitor taken?

Guard. No man hath past the chamber on my life Sir.

Thier. Set present fire unto the place, that all unseen May perish in this mischief, who moves slow to't. Shall add unto the flame.

Brun. What mean you? give me your private hearing.

Thier. Perswasion is a partner in the crime, I will renounce my claim unto a mother, If you make offer on't.

Brun. E'er a Torch can take flame, I will produce The author of the fact.

Thier. Withdraw but for your Lights.

Memb. Oh my too true suspicion.

Exeunt Martel, Memberge.

Thier. Speak, where's the Engine to this horrid act?

Brun. Here you do behold her, upon whom make good Your causeless rage; the deed was done by my incitement, Not yet repented.

Thier. Whether did nature start, when you conceiv'd? A birth so unlike woman? say, what part Did not consent to make a son of him, Reserv'd it self within you to his ruine.

Brun. Ha, ha, a son of mine! doe not disserve

Thy fathers dust, shaking his quiet urn,
To which my breath would send so foul an issue.
My Son, thy Brother?

Thier. Was not *Theodoret* my brother, or is thy tongue
Confederate with thy heart, to speak and do
Only things monstrous?

Brun. Hear me and thou shalt make thine own belief,
Thy, still with sorrow mention'd, father liv'd
Three careful years, in hope of wish'd heirs,
When I conceiv'd, being from his jealous fear
Injoyn'd to quiet home, one fatal day:
Transported with my pleasure to the chase,
I forc'd command, and in pursuit of game
Fell from my horse, lost both my child and hopes.
Despair which only in his love saw life
Worthy of being, from a Gard'ners Arms
Snatcht this unlucky brat, and call'd it mine,
When the next year repaid my loss with thee:
But in thy wrongs preserv'd my misery,
Which that I might diminish, though not end,
My sighs, and wet eies from thy Fathers Will,
Bequeath this largest part of his Dominions
Of *France* unto thee, and only left
Austracia unto that changling, whose life affords
Too much of ill 'gainst me to prove my words,
And call him stranger.

Thier. Come, doe not weep, I must, nay do believe you.
And in my fathers satisfaction count it
Merit, not wrong, or loss:

Brun. You doe but flatter, there's anger yet flames
In your eyes.

Thier. See, I will quench it, and confesse that you
Have suffer'd double travel for me.

Brun. You will not fire the house then?

Thier. Rather reward the author who gave cause
Of knowing such a secret, my oath and duty
Shall be assurance on't.

Brun. *Protaldye*, rise good faithful servant, heaven knows.
How hardly he was drawn to this attempt.

Enter Protaldye.

Thier. *Protaldye*? he had a Gard'ners face I'll swear:
Tell by thy hand, Sir, we doe owe unto you for this ser-
vice.

Brun. Why lookest thou so dejected?

Enter Martel.

Prot. I want a little shift, Lady, nothing else.

Mart. The fires are ready, please it your grace withdraw,
Whilst we perform your pleasure.

Thier. Reserve them for the body; since he had the fate
To live and die a Prince, he shall not lose
The Title in his Funeral.

Exit.

Mart. His fate to live a Prince,
Thou old impiety, made up by lust and mischief,
Take up the body. *Exeunt with the body of Theod.*

Enter Lecure and a Servant.

Lecu. Dost think *Leforte's* sure enough?

Serv. As bonds can make him, I have turn'd his eyes to
the East; and left him gaping after the Morning star, his
head is a meer Astrolobe, his eyes stand for the Poles, the
gag in his mouth being the Coachman, his five teeth have
the nearest resemblance to *Charles Wain*.

Lecure. Thou hast cast a figure which shall raise thee, di-
rect my hair a little: and in my likeness to him, read a for-
tune suiting thy largest hopes.

Ser. You are so far 'bove likeness, you are the same,
If you love mirth, perswade him from himself.
'Tis but an Astronomer out of the way,
And lying, will bear the better place for't

Lecure. I have profitabler use in hand, haste to the
And tell her how you left me chang'd. *(Queen)*

Exit Servant.

Who would not serve this virtuous active Queen?
She that loves mischief 'bove the man that does it,
And him above her pleasure, yet knows no heaven else.

Enter Thierry.

Thier. How well this loansuits the Art I seek,
Discovering secret, and succeeding Fate,
Knowledge that puts all lower happiness on,
With a remis and careless hand,
Fair peace unto your meditations, father.

Lecure. The same to you, you bring, Sir.

Thier. Drawn by your much fam'd skill. I come to know
Whether the man who owes his character,
Shall e'er have issue.

Lecure. A resolution falling with most ease,
Of any doubt you could have nam'd, he is a Prince
Whose fortune you enquire.

Thie. He is nobly born.

Lecure. He had a Dukedom lately fall'n unto him,
By one, call'd Brother, who has left a Daughter.

Thier. The question is, of Heirs, not Lands.

Lecure. Heirs, yes, he shall have Heirs.

Thier. Begotten of his body, why look'st thou pale?
Thou canst not suffer in his want.

Lecure. Nor thou, I neither can nor will
Give farther knowledge to thee.

Thier. Thou must, I am the man myself,
Thy Sovereign, who must owe unto thy wisdom
In the concealing of my barren shame.

Lecure. Your Grace doth wrong your Stars; if this be
yours,
You may have children.

Thier. Speak it again.

Lecure. You may have fruitful issue.

Thie. By whom? when? how?

Lecure. It was the fatal means first struck my blood
With the cold hand of wonder, when I read it
Printed upon your birth.

Thier. Can there be any way unsmooth, has end
So fair and good?

Lecure. We that behold the sad aspects of Heaven,
Leading sence blinded, men feel grief enough
To know, though not to speak their miseries.

Thier. Sorrow must lose a name, where mine finds life;
If not in thee, at least ease pain with speed,
Which must know no cure else.

Lecure. Then thus,
The first of Females which your eye shall meet
Before the Sun next rise, coming from out
The Temple of *Diana*, being slain, you live
Father of many sons.

Thier. Call'st thou this sadness, can I beget a Son?
Deserving less than to give recompence
Unto so poor a loss? what e'er thou art,
Rest peaceable blest creature, born to be
Mother of Princes, whose grave shall be more fruitful
Than others marriage beds: methinks his Art
Should give her form and happy figure to me,
I long to see my happiness, he is gone,
As I remember, he nam'd my brothers Daughter,
Were it my Mother, 'twere a gainful death
Could give *Ordella's* virtue living breath.

Exeunt

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Thierry and Martel,

Mart. Your Grace is early stirring.
Thier. How can he sleep,
 Whose happiness is laid up in an hour.
 He knows comes stealing towards him, Oh *Martel* !
 Not possible the longing Bride, whose wishes
 Out-runs her fears, can on that day she is married
 Contume in slumbers, or his Arms rust in ease,
 That hears the charge, and sees the honor'd purchase
 Ready to gil'd his valour? Mine is more
 A power above these passions; this day *France*,
France that in want of issue withers with us;
 And like an aged River, runs his head
 Into forgotten ways, again Iransome,
 And his fair course turn right: this day *Thierry*,
 The Son of *France*, whose manly powers like prisoners
 Have been tied up, and fetter'd, by one death
 Give life to thousand ages; this day beauty
 The envy of the world, Pleasure the glory,
 Content above the world, desire beyond it
 Are made mine own, and useful.

Mart. Happy Woman
 That dies to do these things.

Thier. But ten times happier
 That lives to do the greater; oh *Martel*,
 The gods have heard me now, and those that scorn'd me,
 Mothers of many children, and blest fathers
 That see their issues like the Stars un-number'd,
 Their comfort more than them, shall in my praises
 Now teach their Infants songs; and tell their ages
 From such a Son of mine, or such a Queen,
 That chaste *Ordella* brings me blessed marriage
 The chain that links two Holy Loves together
 And in the marriage, more than blest *Ordella*,
 That comes so near the Sacrament it self,
 The Priests doubt whether purer.

Mart. Sir, y'are lost.

Thier. I prethee let me be so.

Mart. The day wears,
 And those that have been offering early prayers,
 Are now retiring homeward.

Thier. Stand and mark then.

Mart. Is it the first must suffer.

Thier. The first Woman.

Mart. What hand shall do it, Sir?

Thier. This hand *Martell*,
 For who less dare presume to give the gods
 An incense of this offering?

Mart. Would I were she,
 For such away to die, and such a blessing
 Can never crown my parting.

Enter two men passing over.

Thier. What are those?

Mart. Men, men, Sir, men.

Thier. The plagues of men light on 'em,
 They croise my hopes like Hares, who's that?

Enter a Priest.

Mart. A Priest, Sir.

Thier. Would he were gelt.

Mart. May not these rascals serve, Sir,
 Well hang'd and quarter'd?

Thier. No.

Mart. Here comes a woman.

Enter *Ordella* veil'd.

Thier. Stand and behold her then.

Mart. I think a fair one.

Thier. Move not whilst I prepare her: may her peace
 Like his whose innocence the gods are pleas'd with,
 And offering at their Altars, gives his soul
 Far purer than those fires; pull heaven upon her,
 You holy powers, no humane spot dwell in her,
 No love of any thing, but you and goodness,
 Tie her to earth, fear be a stranger to her,
 And all weak blouds affections, but thy hope
 Let her bequeath to Women: hear me heaven,
 Give her a spirit masculine, and noble,
 Fit for your selves to ask, and me to offer.
 Oh let her meet my blow, doat on her death;
 And as a wanton Vine bows to the pruner,
 That by his cutting off, more may increase,
 So let her fall to raise me fruit; hail woman.
 The happiest, and the best (if the dull Will
 Do not abuse thy fortune) *France* e'er found yet.

Ordel. Sh'is more than dull, Sir, less, and worse than
 Woman,

That may inherit such an infinite
 As you propound, a greatness so near goodness;
 And brings a Will to rob her.

Thier. Tell me this then,
 Was there e'er woman yet, or may be found,
 That for fair Fame, unspotted memory,
 For virtues sake, and only for it self sake
 Has, or dare make a story?

Ordel. Many dead Sir,
 Living I thing as many.

Thier. Say, the kingdom
 May from a womans Will receive a blessing,
 The King and kingdom, not a private safety.
 A general blessing, Lady.

Ordel. A general curse
 Light on her heart, denies it.

Thier. Full of honor;
 And such examples as the former ages
 Were but dim shadows of, and empty figures.

Ordel. You strangely stir me, Sir, and were my weakness
 In any other flesh but modest womans,
 You should not ask more questions, may I do it?

Thier. You may, and which is more, you must.

Ordel. I joy in't,
 Above a moderate gladness, Sir, you promise
 It shall be honest.

Thier. As ever time discover'd.

Ordel. Let it be what it may then, what it dare,
 I have a mind will hazard it.

Thier. But hark ye,
 What may that woman merit, makes this blessing!

Ordel. Only her duty, Sir.

Thier. 'Tis terrible.

Ordel. 'Tis so much the more noble.

Thier. 'Tis full of fearful shadows.

Ordel. So is sleep, Sir.

Or any thing that's meerly ours, and mortal,
 We were begotten gods else; but those fears
 Feeling but once the fires of nobler thoughts.
 Flie like the shapes of clouds we form, to nothing.

Ordel. Suppose it death.

Ordel. I do.

Thier. And endless parting
 With all we can call ours, with all our sweetness,
 With youth, strength, pleasure, people, time, nay reason:
 For in the silent grave, no conversation,
 No joyful tread of friends, no voice of Lovers,
 No careful Fathers counsel, nothing's hard,

Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust and an endless darkness, and dare you woman
Desire this place?

Ordel. 'Tis of all sleeps the sweetest,
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
And Kings from height of all their painted glories
Fall like spent exhalations, to this centre:
And those are fools that fear it, or imagine
A few unhandsome pleasures, or lifes profits
Can recompence this place; and mad that staies it;
Till age blow out their lights, or rotten humors,
Bring them dispers'd to th' earth.

Thier. Then you can suffer?

Ordel. As willingly as say it.

Thier. *Martell*, a wonder,
Her e's a woman that dares die, yet tell me,
Are you a Wife?

Ordel. I am Sir.

Thier. And have children?

She sighs and weeps.

Ordel. Oh none Sir.

Thier. Dare you venture
For a poor barren praise you ne'er shall hear,
To part with these sweet hopes?

Ordel. With all but Heaven,
And yet die full of children; he that reads me
When I am ashes, is my Son in wishes,
And those chaste dames that keep my memory,
Singing my yearly requiems, are my Daughters.

Thier. Then there is nothing wanting but my know-
ledg.

And what I must doe, Lady?

Ordel. You are the King, Sir,
And what you do I'll suffer, and that blessing
That you desire, the gods show on the Kingdom.

Thier. Thus much before I strike then, for I must kill
you,

The gods have will'd it so, they're made the blessing
Must make *France* young again, and me a man,
Keep up your strength still nobly.

Ordel. Fear me not.

Thier. And meet death like a measure.

Ordel. I am stedfast.

Thier. Thou shalt be fainter woman, and thy Tomb
Cut out in Chrystal, pure and good as thou art;
And on it shall be graven every age,
Succeeding Peers of *France* that rise by thy fall,
Tell thou liest there like old and fruitful nature,
Darest thou behold thy happiness?

Ordel. I dare Sir.

Thier. Ha? *Puls off her veil, lets fall his sword.*

Mart. Oh Sir, you must not doe it.

Thier. No, I dare not.

There is an Angel keeps that Paradiſe,
A fiery Angel friend; oh virtue, virtue,
Ever and endless virtue.

Ordel. Strike, Sir, strike;
And if in my poor death fair *France* may merit,
Give me a thousand blows, be killing me
A thousand days.

Thier. First let the earth be barren,
And man no more remembred, rise *Ordella*,
The nearest to thy maker, and the purest
That ever dull flesh shewed us,—oh my heart-strings. *Exit.*

Mart. I see you full of wonder, therefore noblest,
And truest amongst Women, I will tell you
The end of this strange accident.

Ordel. Amazement
Has so much wove upon my heart, that truly
I feel my self unfit to hear, oh Sir,
My Lord has flighted me.

Mart. Oh no sweet Lady.

Ordel. Robb'd me of such a glory by his pity;
And most unprovident respect.

Mart. Dear Lady,
It was not meant to you.

Ordel. Else where the day is,
And hours distinguish time, time runs to ages,
And ages end the world, I had been spoken.

Devi. I'll tell you what it was, if but your patience
Will give me hearing.

Ordel. If I have transgressed,
Forgive me, Sir.

Mart. Your noble Lord was counsel'd,
Grieving the barrenness between you both,
And all the Kingdom with him, to seek out
A man that knew the secrets of the gods,
He went, found such an one, and had this answer,
That if he wou'd have issue, on this morning,
For this hour was prefixt him, he should kill
The first he met, being Female, from the Temple;
And then he should have children, the mistake
Is now too perfect, Lady.

Ordel. Still 'tis I, Sir,
For may this work be done by common women?
Durst any but my self that knew the blessing,
And felt the benefit, assume this thing
In any other, 't'ad been lost, and nothing,
A curse and not a blessing; I was figur'd;
And shall a little fondness barr my purchase?

Mart. Where should he then seek children?

Ordel. Where they are
In wombs ordain'd for issues, in those beauties
That bless a marriage-bed, and makes it proceed
With kisses that conceive, and fruitful pleasures;
Mine like a grave, buries those loyal hopes,
And to a grave it covets.

Mart. You are too good,
Too excellent, too honest; rob not us
And those that shall hereafter seek example,
Of such inestimable worthies in woman,
Your Lord of such obedience, all of honor
In coveting a cruelty is not yours,
A Will short of your Wisdom; make not error
A Tomb-stone of your virtues, whose fair life
Deserves a constellation: your Lord dare not;
He cannot, ought not, must not run this hazard,
He makes a separation, nature shakes at,
The gods deny, and everlasting justice
Shrinks back, and sheaths her sword at.

Ordel. All's but talk, Sir,
I find to what I am reserv'd, and needful,
And though my Lord's compassion makes me poor,
And leaves me in my best use, yet a strength
Above mine own, or his dull fondness finds me;
The gods have given it to me.

Draws a knife.

Mart. Self-destruction!
Now all good Angels bless thee, oh sweet Lady,
You are abus'd, this is a way to shame you,
And with you all that knows you, all that loves you,
To ruin all you build, would you be famous?
Is that your end?

Ordel. I would be what I should be. (den

Mart. Live and confirm the gods then, live and be loa-
With more than Olive-bear, or fruitful Autumn;
This way you kill your merit, kill your cause,
And him you would raise life to, where, or how
Got you these bloody thoughts? what Devil durst
Look on that Angel face, and tempt? doe you know
What is't to die thus, how you strike the Stars,
And all good things above, do you feel
What follows a self-blood, whether you venture,
And to what punishment? excellent Lady,
Be not thus cozen'd, do not fool your self,
The Priest was never his own sacrifice,
But he that thought his hell here.

Ordel. I am counsel'd,

Mart. And I am glad on't, lie, I know you dare not.

Ordel.

Ordel. I never have done yet.

Mart. Pray take my comfort,
Was this a soul to lose? two more such women
Would save their sex; see, she repents and prays,
Oh hear her, hear her, if there be a faith
Able to reach your mercies, she hath sent it.

Ordel. Now good *Martel* confirm me.

Mart. I will Lady,
And every hour advise you, for I doubt
Whether this plot be heavens, or hells; your mother
And I will find it, if it be in mankind
To search the center of it: in the mean time
I'll give you out for dead, and by your self,
And shew the instrument, so shall I find
A joy that will betray her.

Ordel. Do what's fittest;
And I will follow you.

Mart. Then ever live
Both able to engross all love, and give.

Exeunt.

Enter Brunhalt, Protaldye.

Brun. I'm in labour
To be deliver'd of that burthenous project
I have so long gone with; ha, here's the Midwife,
Or life, or death.

Enter Lecure.

Lecu. If in the supposition
Of her death in whose life you die, you ask me,
I think you are safe.

Brun. Is she dead?

Lecu. I have us'd
All means to make her so, I saw him waiting
At the Temple door, and us'd such Art within,
That only she of all her Sex was first
Giv'n up unto his fury.

Brun. Which if love
Or fear made him forbear to execute
The vengeance he determin'd, his fond pity
Shall draw it on himself, for were there left
Not any man but he, to serve my pleasures,
Or from me to receive commands, which are
The joys for which I love life, he should be
Remov'd, and I alone left to be Queen
O'er any part of goodness that's left in me.

Lecu. If you are so resolv'd, I have provided
A means to snip him hence: look upon this,
But touch it sparingly, for this once us'd.
Say but to dry a tear, will keep the eye-lid
From closing, until death perform that office.

Brun. Give't me, I may have use of it, and on you
I'll make the first experiment: if one sigh
Or heavy look beget the least suspicion,
Childish compassion can thaw the Ice
Of your so long congeal'd and flinty hardness.
Slight, go on constant, or I shall.

Prot. Best Lady,
We have no faculties which are not yours.

Lecu. Nor will be any thing without you.

Brun. Be so, and we will stand or fall together, for
Since we have gone so far, that death must stay
The journey, which we wish should never end;
And innocent, or guilty, we must die,
When we do so, let's know the reason why.

Enter Thierry and Courtiers.

Lecu. The King.

Thier. We'll be alone.

Prot. I would I had
A Convoy too, to bring me safe off.
For rage although it be allai'd with sorrow,

Appears so dreadful in him, that I shake
To look upon't.

Brun. Coward I will meet it,
And know from whence 't has birth: Son, kingly *Thierry*.

Thier. Is cheating grown so common among men?
And thrives so well here, that the gods endeavour
To practise it above?

Brun. Your Mother.

Thier. Ha! or are they only careful to revenge,
Not to reward? or when, for your offences
We study satisfaction, must the cure
Be worse than the disease?

Brun. Will you not hear me?

Thier. To lose th' ability to perform those duties
For which I entertain'd the name of Husband,
Ask'd more than common sorrow; but t' impose
For the redress of that defect, a torture
In marking her to death, for whom alone
I felt that weakness as a want, requires
More than the making the head bald: or falling
Thus flat upon the earth, or cursing that way,
Or praying this, oh such a Scene of grief,
And so set down, (the world the stage to act on)
May challenge a Tragedian better practis'd
Than I am to express it; for my cause
Of passion is so strong, and my performance
So weak, that though the part be good, I fear
Th' ill acting of it, will defraud it of
The poor reward it may deserve, mens pity.

Brun. I have given you way thus long, a King, and what
Is more, my Son, and yet a slave to that
Which only triumphs over cowards sorrow,
For shame look up.

Thier. Is't you, look down on me:
And if that you are capable to receive it,
Let that return to you, that have brought forth
One mark'd out only for it: what are these?
Come they upon your privilege to tread on
The Tomb of my afflictions?

Prot. No, not we Sir.

Thier. How dare you then omit the ceremony
Due to the funeral of all my hopes.
Or come unto the marriage of my sorrows,
But in such colours as may sort with them.

Prot. Alas; we will wear any thing.

Brun. This is madness
Take but my counsel.

Thier. Yours? dare you again
Though arm'd with th' authority of a mother,
Attempt the danger that will fall on you
If such another syllable awake it?
Goe, and with yours be safe, I have such cause
Of grief, nay more, to love it, that I will not
Have such as these be sharers in it.

Lecu. Madam.

Prot. Another time were better.

Brun. Do not stir,
For I must be resolv'd, and will, be statues.

Enter Martel.

Thier. I, thou art welcome, and upon my soul
Thou art an honest man, do you see, he has tears
To lend to him whom prodigal expence
Of sorrow, has made bankrupt of such treasure,
Nay, thou dost well.

Mart. I would it might excuse.
The ill I bring along.

Thier. Thou mak'st me smile
I the height of my calamities, as if
There could be the addition of an Atome,
To the gyant-body of my miseries.
But try, for I will hear thee, all sit down, 'tis death

To any that shall dare to interrupt him
In look, gesture, or word.

Mart. And such attention

As is due to the last, and the best story
That ever was deliver'd, will become you,
The griev'd *Ordella*, (for all other titles
But take away from that) having from me
Prompted by your last parting groan, enquir'd,
What drew it from you, and the cause soon learn'd:
For she whom barbarism could deny nothing,
With such prevailing earnestness desir'd it,
'Twas not in me, though it had been my death,
To hide it from her, she I say, in whom
All was, that *Athens*, *Rome*, or warlike *Sparta*,
Have registred for good in their best Women:
But nothing of their ill, knowing her self
Mark'd out, (I know not by what power, but sure
A cruel one) to dye, to give you children;
Having first with a settled countenance
Look'd up to Heaven, and then upon her self,
(It being the next best object) and then smil'd,
As if her joy in death to do you service,
Would break forth, in despite of the much sorrow
She shew'd she had to leave you: and then taking
Me by the hand, this hand which I must ever
I love better than I have done, since she touch'd it,
Go said she, to my Lord, (and to goe to him
Is such a happiness I must not hope for)

And tell him that he too much priz'd a trifle
Made only worthy in his love, and her
Thankful acceptance, for her sake to rob
The Orphan Kingdom of such guardians, as
Must of necessity descend from from him;
And therefore in some part of recompence
Of his much love, and to shew to the world
That 'twas not her fault only, but her fate,
That did deny to let her be the mother
Of such most certain blessings: yet for proof,
She did not envy her, that happy her,
That is appointed to them, her quick end
Should make way for her, which no sooner spoke,
But in a moment this too ready engine
Made such a battery in the choicest Castle
That ever nature made to defend life,
That strait it shook, and sunk.

Thier. Stay, dares any

Presume to shed a tear before me? or
Ascribe that worth unto themselves to merit:
To do so for her? I have done, now on.

Mart. Fall'n thus, once more she smil'd, as if that death
For her had studied a new way to sever
The soul and body, without sense of pain;
And then tell him (quothe she) what you have seen,
And with what willingness 'twas done: for which
My last request unto him is, that he
Would instantly make choice of one (most happy
In being so chosen) to supply my place,
By whom if heaven blest him with a daughter,
In my remembrance let it bear my name
Which said she dy'd.

Thier. I hear this, and yet live;
Heart! art thou thunder proof, will nothing break thee?
She's dead, and what her entertainment may be
In th'other world without me is uncertain,
And dare I stay here unresolv'd?

Mart. Oh Sir!

Brun. Dear son.

Prot. Great King.

Thier. Unhand me, am I fall'n
So low, that I have lost the power to be
Disposer of my own life?

Mart. Be but pleas'd

To borrow so much time of sorrow, as
To call to mind her last request, for whom

(I must confess a loss beyond expression)
You turn your hand upon your self, 'twas hers
And dying hers, that you should live and happy
In seeing little models of your self,
By matching with another, and will you
Leave any thing that she desir'd ungranted?
And suffer such a life that was laid down
For your sake only to be fruitless?

Thier. Oh thou dost throw charms upon me, against which
I cannot stop my ears, bear witness heaven
That not desire of life, nor love of pleasure
Nor any future comforts, but to give
Peace to her blessed spirit in satisfying
Her last demand, makes me defer our meeting,
Which in my choice, and suddain choice shall be
To all apparent,

Brun. How? doe I remove one mischief
To draw upon my head a greater?

Thier. Go, thou only good man, to whom for her self
Goodness is dear, and prepare to inter it
In her that was; oh my heart! my *Ordella*,
A monument worthy to be the casket
Of such a jewel.

Mart. Your command that makes way
Unto my absence is a welcome one,
For but your self there's nothing here *Martel*,
Can take delight to look on; yet some comfort
Goes back with me to her, who though she want it
Deserves all blessings.

Exit.

Brun. So soon to forget
The loss of such a wife, believe it will
Be censur'd in the world.

Thier. Pray you no more,
There is no argument you can use to cross it,
But does increase in me such a suspicion
I would not cherish — who's that?

Enter Membrege.

Memb. One, no guard
Can put back from access, whose tongue no threats
Nor praises can silence, a bold suitor, and
For that which if you are your self, a King,
You were made so to grant it, Justice, Justice.

Thier. With what assurance dare you hope for that
Which is deny'd to me? or how can I
Stand bound to be just, unto such as are
Beneath me, that find none from those that are
Above me?

Memb. There is justice, 'twere unfit
That any thing but vengeance should fall on him,
That by his giving way to more than murder,
(For my dear fathers death was parricide)
Makes it his own.

Brun. I charge you hear her not.

Memb. Hell cannot stop just prayers from ent'ring heaven,
I must and will be heard Sir; but remember
That he that by her plot fell, was your brother,
And the place where, your Palace, against all
Th'inviolable rites of hospitality,
Your word, a Kings word, given up for his safety,
His innocence, his protection, and the gods
Bound to revenge the impious breach of such
So great and sacred bonds; and can you wonder,
(That in not punishing such a horrid murder
You did it) that heavens favour is gone from you?
Which never will return, until his blood
Be wash'd away in hers.

Brun. Drag hence the wretch.

Thier. Forbear, with what variety
Of torments do I meet? oh thou halt open'd
A Book, in which writ down in bloody Letters,
My conscience finds that I am worthy of
More than I undergoe, but I'll begin
For my *Ordella's* sake, and for thine own

To make less heavens great anger : thou hast lost
A father, I to thee am so ; the hope
Of a good Husband, in me have one ; nor
Be fearful I am still no man, already
That weakness is gone from me.

Brun. That it might

Have ever grown inseparably upon thee,
What will you do? Is such a thing as this
Worthy the lov'd *Ordella's* place, the daughter
Of a poor Gardener?

Memb. Your Son.

Thier. The power

To take away that lowness is in me.

Brun. Stay yet, for rather than thou shalt add
Incest unto thy other sins, I will
With hazard of my own life, utter all,
Theodoret was thy Brother.

Thier. You deny'd it.

Upon your oath, nor will I now believe you,
Your Protean turnings cannot change my purpose.

Memb. And for me, be assur'd the means to be
Reveng'd on thee, vile hag, admits no thought,
But what tends to it.

Brun. Is it cometo that?

Then have at the last refuge: art thou grown
Insensible in all, that thou goest on
Without the least compunction? there, take that
To witness, that thou hadst a mother, which
Forefaw thy cause of grief, and sad repentance,
That so soon after blest *Ordella's* death
Without a tear thou canst embrace another,
Forgetful man.

Thier. Mine eyes when she is nam'd
Cannot forget their tribute, and your gift
Is not unuseful now

Lecu. He's past all cure, that only touch is death.

Thier. This night I'll keep it,
To morrow I will send it you, and full of my affliction.

Exit Thierry.

Brun. Is the poison mortal?

Lecu. Above the help of Physick.

Brun. To my wish,

Now for our own security, you *Protaldye*
Shall this night post towards *Austracia*,
With Letters to *Theodore's* bastard son,
In which we will make known what for his rising
We have done to *Thierry* : no denial,
Nor no excuse in such acts must be thought of,
Which all dislike, and all again commend
When they are brought unto a happy end.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Devitry and four Soldiers.

Devi. NO War, no Money, no Master; banish'd the
Court, not trusted in the City, whipt out of
the Countrey, in what a triangle runs our misery? let me
hear which of you has the best voice to beg in, for other
hopes or fortunes I see you have not; be not nice, nature
provided you with tones for the purpose, the peoples char-
ity was your heritage, and I would see which of you de-
serves his birth-right.

Omnes. We understand you not Captain.

Devi. You see this cardique, the last, and the only quin-
tescence of 50 Crowns, distill'd in the limbeck of your gard-
age, of which happy piece thou shalt be treasurer: now he
that can soonest perswade him to part with't, enjoys it,
possesses it, and with it, me and my future countenance.

1. If they want Art to perswade it, I'll keep it my self.
Devi. So you be not a partial judge in your own cause,
you shall.

Omnes. A match.

Aside. 2. I'll begin to you, brave Sir; be proud to make him
happy by your liberality, whose tongue vouchsafes now
to petition, was never heard before less than to command.
I am a Soldier by profession, a Gentleman by birth, and an
Officer by place, whose poverty blushes to be the cause, that
so high a virtue should descend to the pity of your cha-
rity.

1. In any case keep your high stile, it is not charity to
shame any man, much less a virtue of your eminence, where-
fore preserve your worth, and I'll preserve my money.

3. You perswade? you are shallow, give way to merit:
ah by the bread of a good man, thou hast a bonny counte-
nance and a blith, promising mickle good to a sicker womb,
that has trode a long and a sore ground to meet with friends,
that will owe much to thy reverence, when they shall hear
of thy courtesie to their wandring countreyman.

1. You that will use your friends so hardly to bring them
in debt, Sir, will deserve worse of a stranger, wherefore
pead on, pead on, I say.

4. It is the Welch must do't I see, comrade man of ur-
ship, *St. Tavy* be her Patron, the gods of the mountains
keep her cow and her cupboard; may she never want the
green of the Leek, and the fat of the Onion, if she part
with her bounties to him, that is a great deal away from
her cozines, and has two big suits in law to recover her
heritage.

1. Pardon me Sir, I will have nothing to do with your
suits, it comes within the statute of maintenance: home
to your cozines, and some garlick and hempseed, the one
will stop your hunger; the other end your suits, *gammawash*
comrade, gammawash.

4. 'Foot he'll hoord all for himself.

Vitry. Yes, let him; now comes my turn, I'll see if he
can answer me; save you Sir, they say, you have that I
want, Money.

1. And that you are like to want, for ought I perceive
yet.

Vitry. Stand, deliver.

1. 'Foot what mean you, you will not rob the Exche-
quer?

Vit. Do you prate?

1. Hold, hold, here Captain.

2. Why I could have done this before you?

3. And I.

4. And I.

Vit. You have done this, brave man be proud to make him
happy, by the bread of God man, thou hast a bonny counte-
nance, comrade man of urship, *St. Tavy* be her patron,
out upon you, you uncurried colts, walking cans that have
no souls in you, but a little Rosin to keep your ribs sweet,
and hold in liquor.

Omnes. Why, what would you have us to do Captain?

Devi. Beg, beg, and keep Constables waking, wear out
stocks and whipcord, maunder for butter-milk, dye of the
Jaundice, yet have the cure about you, Lice, large Lice, be-
got of your own dust, and the heat of the Brick-kills, may
you starve, and fear of the gallows, which is a gentle con-
sumption to't, only prefer it, or may you fall upon your
fear, and be hanged for selling those purses to keep you
from famine, whose monies my valour empties, and be
cast without other evidence; here is my Fort, my Castle
of defence, who comes by shall pay me toll, the first purse
is your mitimus slaves.

2. The purse, 'foot we'll share in the money Captain, if
any come within a furlong of our fingers.

4. Did you doubt but we could steal as well as your self,
did not I speak Welch?

3. We are thieves from our cradles, and will dye so.

Vit. Then you will not beg again.

Omnes. Yes, as you did, stand, and deliver.

2. Hark,

2. Hark, here comes handfel, 'tis a Trade quickly set up, and as soon cast down.

Vitry. Have goodness in your minds varlets, and to't like men; he that has more money than we, cannot be our friend, and I hope there is no law for spoiling the enemy.

3. You need not instruct us farther, your example pleads enough.

Devitry. Disperse your selves, and as their company is, fall on.

2. Come, there are a band of 'em, I'll charge single.

Enter Protaldye. Exit Soldier.

Prot. 'Tis wonderful dark, I have lost my man, and dare not call for him, lest I should have more followers than I would pay wages to; what throws am I in, in this travel? these be honourable adventures; had I that honest blood in my veins again Queen, that your feats and these frights have drain'd from me, honor should pull hard, e'r it drew me into these brakes.

Devitry. Who goes there?

Prot. Hey ho, here's a pang of preferment.

Devi. 'Heart, who goes there?

Prot. He that has no heart to your acquaintance, what shall I do with my Jewels and my Letter, my codpiece that's too loose; good, my boots, who is't that spoke to me? here's a friend.

Devi. We shall find that presently, stand, as you love your safety, stand.

Prot. That unlucky word of standing, has brought me to all this, hold, or I shall never stand you.

Devi. I should know that voice, deliver.

Enter Soldiers.

Prot. All that I have is at your service Gentlemen, and much good may it do you.

Devi. Zones down with him, do you prate?

Prot. Keep your first word as you are Gentlemen, and let me stand, alas, what do you mean?

2. To tye you to us Sir, bind you in the knot of friendship.

Prot. Alas Sir, all the physick in *Europe* cannot bind me.

Devi. You should have jewels about you, stones, precious stones.

1. Captain away, there's company within hearing, if you stay longer, we are surpriz'd.

Devi. Let the Devil come, I'll pillage this Fregat a little better yet.

2. 'Foot we are lost, they are upon us.

Devi. Ha, upon us, make the least noise, 'tis thy parting gaipe.

3. Which way shall we make Sir?

Devi. Every man his own; do you hear, only bind me, bind me before you goe, and when the company's past, make to this place again, this karvel should have better lading in him, you are slow, why do you not tye harder?

1. You are sure enough I warrant you Sir.

Devi. Darkness befriend you, away. *Exit Soldiers.*

Prot. What tyrants have I met with, they leave me alone in the dark, yet would not have me cry. I shall grow wondrous melancholly if I stay long here without company; I was wont to get a nap with saying my prayers, I'll see if they will work upon me now; but then, if I should talk in my sleep, and they hear me, they would make a Recorder of my windpipe, slit my throat: heaven be prais'd, I hear some noise, it may be new purchase, and then I shall have fellows.

Devi. They are gone past hearing, now to taske *Devitry*, help, help, as you are men help; some charitable hand, relieve a poor distressed miserable wretch, thieves, wicked thieves have robb'd me; bound me.

Prot. 'Foot, would they had gagg'd you too, your noise will betray us, and fetch them again.

Devi. What blessed tongue spake to me, where, where where are you Sir?

Prot. A plague of your bawling throat, we are well enough if you have the grace to be thankful for't, do but snore to me, and 'tis as much as I desire, to pass away time with, till morn-

ing, then talk as loud as you please Sir, I am bound not to stir, therefore lie still and snore I say.

Devi. Then you have met with thieves too I see.

Prot. And desire to meet with no more of them.

Devi. Alas, what can we suffer more? they are far enough by this time, have they not all, all that we have Sir?

Prot. No by my faith have they not Sir; I gave them one trick to boot for their learning, my Boots Sir, my Foots, I have sav'd my stock, and my jewels in them, and therefore desire to hear no more of them.

Devi. Now blessing on your wit, Sir, what a dull slave was I? dreamt not of your conveyance, help to unbind me Sir, and I'll undoe you, my life for yours, no worse thief than my self meets you again this night.

Prot. Reach me thy hands,

Devi. Here Sir, here, I could beat my brains out, that could not think of boots, boots Sir, wide topt boots, I shall love them the better whilst I live, but are you sure your Jewels are here Sir?

Prot. Sure sayst thou? ha, ha, ha.

Devi. So ho, il'o ho.

Within Soldiers.

Here Captain, here.

Prot. 'Foot what do you mean Sir?

Enter Soldiers.

Devi. A trick to boot, say you; here you dull slaves, purchase, purchase the soul of the Rock, Diamonds, sparkling Diamonds.

Prot. I'm betraid, lost, past recovery, lost as you are men.

Devi. Nay rook, since you will be prating, we'll have your carrion with you, have you any other conveyance now Sir?

1. 'Foot here are Letters, Epistles, familiar Epistles, we'll see what treasure is in them, they are seal'd sure.

Prot. Gentlemen, as you are Gentlemen spare my Letters, and take all willingly, all: I'll give you a release, a general release, and meet you here to morrow with as much more.

Devi. Nay, since you have your tricks, and your conveyances, we will not leave a wrinkle of you unscar'd.

Prot. Hark, there comes company, you will be betraid, as you love your safeties, beat out my brains, I shall betray you else.

Devi. Treason, unheard of Treason, monstrous, monstrous villainies.

Prot. I confess my self a Traitor, shew your selves good subjects, and hang me up for't.

1. If it be treason, the discovery will get our pardon, Captain.

Devi. Would we were all lost, hang'd, quarter'd, to save this one, one innocent Prince; *Thierry's* poison'd, by his mother poison'd, the Mistress to this stallion, who by that poison ne'er shall sleep again.

2. 'Foot let us mince him by piece-meals, till he eat himself up.

3. Let us dig out his heart with needles, and half broil him, like a Mussel.

Prot. Such another and I prevent you, my blood's settled already.

Devi. Here's that shall remove it, toad, viper, drag him unto *Martel*, unnatural paricide, cruel, bloody woman.

Omnes. On you dogfish, leech, caterpillar.

Devi. A longer sight of him will make my rage turn pity, and with his suddain end, prevent revenge and torture, wicked, wicked *Brunhalt*.

Exit.

Enter Bawdber and three Courtiers.

1. Not sleep at all, no means. 2. No Art can do it.

Bawdb. I will assure you, he can sleep no more Than a hooded Hawks, a centinel to him, Or one of the City Constables are tops.

3. How came he so?

Bawdb. They are too wise that dare know, Something's amiss, heaven help all.

1. What cure has he? *Bawdb.* Armies of those we call Physitians, some with glisters, Some with Lettice-caps, some posset-drinks, some Pills, Twenty consulting here about a drench,

Enter Messenger.

The bringing in of *Leonor* the bastard
Son to your murther'd brother, her Phyſitian
By this time is attacht to that damn'd devil.

M.ſſ. 'Tis like he will be ſo, for e'er we came
Fearing an equal juſtice for his miſchiefs,
He drencht himſelf.

Brun. He did like one of mine then.

Thier. Muſt I ſtill ſee theſe miſeries, no night
To hide me from their horrors, that *Protaldy*
See juſtice fall upon.

Brun. Now I could ſleep too.

Enter Ordella.

Mart. I'll give you yet more Poppy, bring the Lady
And heaven in her embraces; gives him quiet,
Madam, unveil your ſelf.

Ordel. I do forgive you,
And though you fought my blood, yet I'll pray for you.

Brun. Art thou alive?

Mart. Now could you ſleep?

Brun. For ever.

Mart. Go carry her without wink of ſleep, or quiet,
Where her ſtrong knave *Protaldy*'s broke o'th' wheel,
And let his cries and roars be muſick to her,
I mean to waken her.

Thier. Do her no wrong.

Mart. Nor right, as you love juſtice.

Brun. I will think,

And if there be new curſes in old nature,
I have a ſoul dare ſend them.

Mart. Keep her waking.

Exit Brunhalt.

Thier. What's that appears ſo ſweetly? there's that face.

Mart. Be moderate, Lady.

Thier. That Angels face.

Mart. Goe nearer.

Thier. Martel. I cannot laſt long, ſee the ſoul,
I ſee it perfectly of my *Ordella*,
The heavenly figure of her ſweetneſs there,
Forgive me gods, it comes, Divineſt ſubſtance,
Kneel, kneel, kneel every one, Saint of thy Sex,
If it be for my cruelty thou comeſt,
Do ye ſee her hoe?

Mart. Yes Sir, and you ſhall know her.

Thier. Down, down again, to be reveng'd for blood,
Sweet Spirit I am ready, ſhe ſmiles on me,
O bleſſed ſign of Peace.

Mart. Goe nearer Lady.

Ordel. I came to make you happy.

Thier. Hear you that, Sir?

She comes to crown my ſoul away, get ſacrifice
Whilst I with holy Honors.

Mart. She's alive, Sir.

Thier. In everlaſting life, I know it friend,
Oh happy, happy ſoul.

Ordel. Alas, I live Sir,
A mortal woman ſtill.

Thier. Can ſpirits weep too?

Mart. She's no ſpirit Sir, pray kiſs her, Lady,
Be very gentle to him.

Thier. Stay, ſhe is warm,
And by my life the ſame lips tell me brightneſs,
Are you the ſame *Ordella* ſtill?

Mart. The ſame, Sir.

Whom heavens and my good Angel ſtaid from ruin.

Thier. Kiſs me again.

Ordel. The ſame ſtill, ſtill your ſervant.

Thier. 'Tis ſhe, I know her now *Martel*; ſit down
ſweet.

Oh bleſt and happieſt woman, a dead ſlumber
Begins to creep upon me, oh my jewel!

Enter Meſſenger and Memberge.

Ordel. Oh ſleep my Lord.

Thier. My joyes are too much for me.

Meſſ. Brunhalt impatient of her constraint to ſee
Protaldy tortur'd, has choak'd her ſelf.

Mart. No more, her ſins go with her.

Thier. Love, I muſt die, I faint, cloſe up my glaſſes.

1 Doct. The Queen faints too, and deadly.

Thier. One dying kiſs.

Ordel. My laſt Sir, and my deareſt, and now
Cloſe my eyes too.

Thier. Thou perfect woman.

Martel, the Kingdom's yours, take *Memberge* to you,
And keep my line alive; nay, weep not, Lady,
Take me, I go.

Ordel. Take me too, farewel honour

Die both.

2 Doct. They are gone for ever.

Mart. The peace of happy ſouls go after them,
Bear them to their laſt beds, whilst I ſtudy
A Tomb to ſpeak their loves; whilst old time laſteth
I am your King in ſorrows.

Omnes. We your ſubjects.

Mart. Devitry, for your ſervice, be near us,
Whip out theſe inſtruments of this mad mother
From Court, and all good people; and becauſe
She was born Noble, let that Title find her
A private grave, but neither tongue nor honor:
And now lead on, they that ſhall read this ſtory,
Shall find that Virtue lives in Good, not Glory.

Exeunt Omnes.

The Woman-Hater.

P R O L O G U E.

Gentlemen, Inductions are out of date, and a Prologue in Verse, is as stale as a black Velvet Cloak, and a Bay Garland: therefore you shall have it plain Prose, thus: If there be any amongst you, that come to hear lascivious Scenes, let them depart: for I do pronounce this, to the utter discomfort of all two-penny Gallery men, you shall have no bawdery in it: or if there be any lurking amongst you in corners, with Table-books, who have some hope to find fit matter to feed his — malice on, let them claspe them up, and slink away, or stay and be converted. For he that made this Play, means to please Auditors so, as he may be an Auditor himself hereafter, and not purchase them with the dearness of his cares: I dare not call it Comedy or Tragedy; 'tis perfectly neither: A Play it is, which was meant to make you laugh, how it would please you, is not written in my Part: for though you should like it to day, perhaps your selves know not how you should digest it to morrow: Some things in it you may meet with, which are out of the common road: a Duke there is, and the Scæne lies in Italy, as those two things lightly we never miss. But you shall not find in it the ordinary and over-worn Trade of jesting at Lords and Courtiers, and Citizens, without taxation of any particular or new vice by them found out, but at the persons of them: such, he, that made this, thinks vile, and for his own part vows; That he did never think, but that a Lord, Lord born might be a wise man, and a Courtier an honest man.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke of Millain, Arrigo, Lucio, and two Courtiers.



Is now the sweetest time for sleep, the night is scarce spent; Arrigo, what's a clock?

Arri. Past four.

Duke. Is it so much, and yet the morn not up?

See yonder where the shamefac'd Maiden comes

Into our sight, how gently doth she slide,
Hiding her chaste cheeks, like a modest Bride,
With a red veil of blushes; as if she,
Even such all modest virtuous Women be.

Why thinks your Lordship I am up so soon?

Lucio. About some weighty State plot.

Duke. And what thinks your knighthood of it?

Arri. I do think to cure some strange corruptions in the Common-wealth.

Duke. Y'are well conceited of your selves to think
I chuse you out to bear me company
In such affairs and business of state:
For am not I a pattern for all Princes,
That break my soft sleep for my subjects good?
Am I not careful? very provident?

Luc. Your Grace is careful.

Arri. Very provident.

Duke. Nay, knew you how my serious working plots,
Concern the whole Estates of all my subjects,

I, and their lives; then Lucio thou wouldst swear,
I were a loving Prince.

Luc. I think your Grace intends to walk the publick streets disguis'd, to see the streets disorders.

Duke. It is not so

Arri. You secretly will cross some other states, that do conspire against you.

Duke. Weightier far:

You are my friends, and you shall have the cause;
I break my sleeps thus soon to see a wench.

Luc. Y'are wond'rous careful for your subjects good.

Arri. You are a very loving Prince indeed.

Duke. This care I take for them, when their dull eyes,
Are clos'd with heavy slumbers.

Arri. Then you rise to see your wenches?

Luc. What Milan beauty hath the power, to charm her Sovereign eyes, and break his sleeps:

Duke. Sister to Count Valore, she's a Maid
Would make a Prince forget his throne, and stare,
And lowly kneel to her: the general fate
Of all mortality, is hers to give;
As she disposeth, so we die and live.

Luc. My Lord, the day grows clear, the Court will rise.

Duk. We stay too long, is the Umbrances head as we commanded, sent to the sad Gondarino, our General?

Arri. 'Tis sent.

Duke. But stay, where shines that light?

Arri. 'Tis in the chamber of Lazarello.

Duke. *Lazarillo*? what is he?

Arri. A Courtier my Lord, and one that I wonder your Grace knows not: for he hath followed your Court, and your last predecessors, from place to place, any time this seven years, as faithfully as your Spits and your Dripping-pans have done, and almost as greedily.

Duke. Oh we know him, as we have heard, he keeps a Kalender of all the dishes of meat, that have been in the Court, ever since our great Grandfathers time; and when he can thrust in at no Table, he makes his meat of that.

Lucio. The very same my Lord.

Duke. A Courtier call'st thou him?

Believe me *Lucio*, there be many such About our Court, respected, as they think, Even by our self; with thee I will be plain: We Princes do use, to preferre many for nothing, and to take particular and free knowledg, almost in the nature of acquaintance of many; whom we do use only for our pleasures, and to give largely to numbers; more out of policy to be thought liberal, and by that means to make the people strive to deserve our Love; than to reward any particular desert of theirs, to whom we give: and do suffer our selves to hear flatterers, more for recreation Than for love of it, though we seldom hate it: And yet we know all these, and when we please, Can touch the wheel, and turn their names about.

Luc. I wonder they that know their states so well, should fancy such base slaves.

Duke. Thou wond'rest *Lucio*, Dost not thou think, if thou wert Duke of *Milan*, Thou should'st be flattered?

Luc. I know my Lord, I would not.

Duke. Why so, I thought till I was Duke, I thought I should have left me no more flatterers, than there are now Plain-dealers; and yet for all this my resolution, I am most palpably flattered: the poor man may loath covetousness and flattery, but fortune will alter the mind when the wind turns: there may be well a little conflict, but it will drive the billows before it.

Arri it grows late, for see, fair *Thetis* hath undone the bars

To *Phebus* team; and his unrival'd light, Hath chac'd the mornings modest blush away: Now must we to our love, bright *Paphian* Queen; Thou *Cytherean* goddess, that delights In stirring glances, and art still thy self, More toying than thy team of Sparrows be; Thou laughing *Errecina*, oh inspire Her heart with love, or lessen my desire.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lazarillo and his boy.

Laz. Go run, search, pry in every nook and angle of the Kitchens, Larders, and Pasteries, know what meat's boil'd, bak'd, rost, stew'd, fri'd, or fous'd, at this dinner to be serv'd directly, or indirectly, to every several Table in the Court, be gone.

Boy. I run, but not so fast as your mouth will do upon the stroke of Eleven.

Exit Boy.

Laz. What an excellent thing did God bestow upon man, when he gave him a good stomach? what unbounded graces there are pour'd upon them that have the continual command of the very best of these blessings? 'tis an excellent thing to be a Prince; he is serv'd with such admirable variety of Fare; such innumerable choice of Delicates; his Tables are full fraught with most nourishing food, and his Cubbards heavy laden with rich Wines; his Court is still filled with most pleasant variety: In the Summer, his Palace is full of Green Geese; and in Winter it swarmeth with Woodcocks,

Oh thou goddess of Plenty

Fill me this day with some rare delicates

And I will every year most constantly, As this day celebrate a sumptuous Feast, If thou wilt send me victuals in thine honor? And to it shall be bidden for thy sake, Even all the valiant stomachs in the Court: All short-cloak'd Knights, and all cross-garter'd Gentlemen; All pump and pantoffe, foot-cloth riders; With all the swarming generation Of long stocks, short pain'd hose, and huge stuff'd doublets: All these shall eat, and which is more than yet Hath e'er been seen, they shall be satisfied I wonder my Ambassador returns not?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here I am Master.

Laza. And welcome:

Never did that sweet Virgin in her smock, Fair-cheek'd *Andromeda*, when to the rock Her Ivorie limbs were chain'd, and straight before A huge Sea-monster, tumbling to the shore, To have devour'd her, with more longing sight Expect the coming of some hardy Knight, That might have quell'd his pride, and set her free, Than I with longing sight have look'd for thee.

Boy. Your *Perseus* is come Master, that will destroy him, The very comfort of whose presence shuts The monster hunger from your yelping guts

Laza. Brief boy, brief, discourse the service of each several Table compendiously.

Boy. Here's a Bill of all Sir.

Laza. Give it me, a Bill of all the several services this day appointed for every Table in the Court, I, this is it on which my hopes relye, Within this paper all my joyes are clos'd: Boy, open it, and read it with reverence.

Boy. For the Captain of the Guards Table, three chines of Beef, and two joals of Sturgeon.

Laza. A portly service, but gross, gross, proceed to the Dukes own Table, dear boy, to the Dukes own Table,

Boy. For the Dukes own Table, the head of an *Umbrana*.

Laza. Is't possible? can Heaven be so propitious to the Duke?

Boy. Yes, I'll assure you Sir, 'tis possible, Heaven is so propitious to him.

Laza. Why then he is the richest Prince alive: He were the wealthiest Monarch in all *Europe*, Had he no other Territories, Dominions, Provinces, Seats,, Not Palaces, but only that *Umbrana's* head.

Boy. 'Tis very fresh and sweet, Sir, the fish was taken but this night, and the head, as a rare novelty, appointed by special commandement for the Dukes own Table, this dinner.

Laza. If poor unworthy I may come to eat Of this most sacred dish, I here do vow (If that blind Hufwife, Fortune will bestow But means on me) to keep a sumptuous house, A board groaning under the heavy burden of the beasts that cheweth the cudd, and the Fowl that cutteth the Air: I shall not like the Table of a cuntry Justice, besprinkled over with all manner of cheap Sallads, sliced Beef, Giblets, and Petitoes, to fill up room, nor should there stand any great, cumberfom, un-cut-up pies, at the nether end fill'd with moss and stones, partly to make a shew with and partly to keep the lower Mefs from eating, nor shall my meat come in sneaking, like the City service, one dish a quarter of an hour after another, and gone, as if they had appointed to meet there, and had mistook the hour, nor should it, like the new Court service, come in in haste, as if it fain would be gone again, all courses at once, like a hunting breakfast, but I would have my several courses, and my dishes well fill'd, my first course should be brought in after the antient manner, by a score of old bleer-ey'd Serving-men, in long blew coats, (marry they shall buy Silk, Facing, and Buttons themselves) but that's by the way.

Boy.

Boy. Master the time calls on, will you be walking?

Exit Boy.

Laza. Follow boy, follow, my guts were half an hour since in the privy Kitchin.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Count, and his Sister Oriana.

Oria. Faith brother, I must needs go yonder.

Count. And faith Sister what will you do yonder?

Oria. I know the Lady *Honorio* will be glad to see me.

Count. Glad to see you? faith the Lady *Honorio* cares for you as she doth for all other young Ladies, she's glad to see you, and will shew you the Privy Garden, and tell you how many Gowns the Duchefs had; Marry if you have ever an old Uncle, that would be a Lord, or ever a kinsman that hath done a murther, or committed a robbery, and will give good store of Money to procure his pardon, then the Lady *Honorio* will be glad to see you.

Oria. I, but they say one shall see fine sights at the Court.

Count. I'll tell you what you shall see, you shall see many faces of mans making, for you shall find very few as God left them: and you shall see many legs too; amongst the rest you shall behold one pair, the feet of which, were in times past, sockless, but are now through the change of time (that alters all things) very strangely become the legs of a Knight and a Courtier; another pair you shall see, that were heir apparent legs to a Glover, these legs hope shortly to be honourable; when they pass by they will bow, and the mouth to these legs, will seem to offer you some Courtship; it will not swear, but it will lye, hear it not.

Oria. Why, and are not these fine sights?

Count. Sister, in seriousness you yet are young And fair, a fair young Maid, and apt.

Oria. Apt?

Count. Exceeding apt to be drawn to.

Oria. To what?

Count. To that you should not be, 'tis no dispraise,

She is not bad that hath desire to ill,
But she that hath no power to rule that Will:

For there you shall be wooed in other kinds
Than yet your years have known, the chiefest men
Will seem to throw themselves
As vassals at your voice, kiss your hand,
Prepare your Banquets, Masques, Shews, all inticements
That Wit and Lust together can devise,
To draw a Lady from the state of Grace
To an old Lady widdows Gallery;
And they will praise your virtues, beware that,
The only way to turn a Woman whore,
Is to commend her chastity: you'll goe?

Oria. I would go, if it were but only to shew you, that I could be there, and be mov'd with none of these tricks.

Count. Your servants are ready!

Oria. An hour since.

Count. Well, if you come off clear from this hot service,
Your praise shall be the greater. Farewel Sister.

Oria. Farewel Brother.

Count. Once more, if you stay in the presence till candle-light, keep on the fore-side o'th' Curtain; and do you hear, take heed of the old Bawd, in the cloth of Tissue sleeves, and the knit Mittines. Farewel Sister. *Exit Oria.*

Now am I idle, I would I had been a Scholar, that I might a studied now: the punishment of meaner men is, they have too much to do; our only misery is, that without company we know not what to do; I must take some of the common courses of our Nobility; which is thus: if I can find no company that likes me, pluck off my Hatband, throw an old Cloak over my face, and as if I would not be known, walk hastily through the streets, till I be discovered; then there goes Count such a one, says one; there goes Count such a one, says another: Look how fast he goes, says a third; there's some great matters in hand

questionless, says a fourth; when all my business is to have them say so: this hath been used; or if I can find any company, I'll after dinner to the Stage, to see a Play; where, when I first enter, you shall have a murmure in the house, every one that does not know cries, What Nobleman is that? all the Gallants on the Stage rise, vail to me, kiss their hand, offer me their places: then I pick out some one, whom I please to grace among the rest, take his seat, use it, throw my cloak over my face, and laugh at him: the poor Gentleman imagines himself most highly grac'd, thinks all the Auditors esteem him one of my bolom friends; and in right special regard with me. But here comes a Gentleman, that I hope will make me better sport, than either street and stage fooleries.

Enter Lazarello and Boy.

This man loves to eat good meat, always provided, he do not pay for it himself, he goes by the name of the *Hungry Courtier*, marry, because I think that name will not sufficiently distinguish him, for no doubt he hath more fellows there, his name is *Lazarello*, he is none of these ordinary eaters, that will devour three breakfasts, and as many dinners, without any prejudice to their Beavers, Drinkings, or Suppers; but he hath a more courtly kind of hunger, and doth hunt more after novelty, than plenty, I'll over-hear him.

Laza. Oh thou most itching kindly appetite,
Which every creature in his stomach feels;
Oh leave, leave yet at last thus to torment me.
Three several Sallads have I sacrific'd,
Bedew'd with precious oil and vinegar
Already to appease thy greedy wrath. Boy.

Boy. Sir.

Laza. Will the Count speak with me?

Boy. One of his Gentlemen is gone to inform him of your coming, Sir.

Laza. There is no way left for me to compass the Fish-head, but by being presently made known to the Duke.

Boy. That will be hard Sir.

Laza. When I have tasted of this sacred dish,
Then shall my bones rest in my Fathers tomb
In peace; then shall I dye most willingly,
And as a dish be serv'd to satisfie,
Deaths hunger, and I will be buried thus:
My Bier shall be a charger born by four,
The Coffin where I lye, a powd'ring-tub,
Bestrew'd with Lettice, and cool Sallad herbs,
My Winding-sheet of Tansies, the black Guard
Shall be my solemn Mourners, and instead
Of ceremonies, wholsom burial Prayers:
A printed dirge in rhyme, shall bury me.
Instead of tears, let them pour Capon sauce upon my hearse,
And salt instead of dust, Manchets for stones, for other glorious shields

Give me a Volder; and above my Hearse
For a Trutch sword, my naked knife stuck up.

The Count discovers himself.

Boy. Master, the Count's here.

Laza. Where? my Lord I do beseech you.

Count. Y'are very welcome Sir, I pray you stand up, you shall dine with me.

Laza. I do beseech your Lordship by the love
I still have born to your honourable house.

Count. Sir, what need all this? you shall dine with me,
I pray rise.

Laza. Perhaps your Lordship takes me for one of these
same fellows, that do as it were respect victuals.

Count. Oh Sir by no means.

Laza. Your Lordship has often promised, that whensoever I should affect greatness, your own hand should help to raise me.

Count.

Count. And so much still assure your self of.

Laz. And though I must confess, I have ever snu'd popularity, by the example of others, yet I do now feel my self a little ambitious, your Lordship is great, and though young, yet a Privy Counsellor.

Count. I pray you Sir leap into the matter, what would You have me do for you?

Laz. I would intreat your Lordship to make me known to the Duke.

Count. When Sir?

Laz. Suddainly my Lord, I would have you present me unto him this morning.

Count. It shall be done, but for what virtues, would you have him take notice of you?

Laz. Your Lordship shall know that presently.

Count. 'Tis pity of this fellow, he is of good wit, and sufficient understanding, when he is not troubled with this greedy worm.

Laz. 'Faith, you may intreat him to take notice of me for anything; for being an excellent Farrier, for playing well at Span-counter, or sticking knives in walls, for being impudent, or for nothing; why may not I be a Favorite on the suddain? I see nothing against it.

Count. Not so Sir, I know you have not the face to be a Favourite on the suddain.

Laz. Why then you shall present me as a Gentleman well qualified, or one extraordinary seen in divers strange mysteries.

Count. In what Sir? as how?

Laz. Marry as thus.

Enter Intelligencer.

Count. Yonder's my old Spirit, that hath haunted me daily, ever since I was a privy Counsellor, I must be rid of him, I pray you stay there, I am a little busie, I will speak with you presently.

Laz. You shall bring me in, and after a little other talk taking me by the hand, you shall utter these words to the Duke: May it please your grace, to take note of a Gentleman, well read, deeply learned, and throughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all Sallads and Pot-herbs whatsoever.

Count. 'Twill be rare if you will walk before, Sir, I will overtake you instantly.

Laz. Your Lordships ever.

Count. This fellow is a kind of an informer, one that lives in Alehouses and Taverns, and because he perceives some worthy men in this Land, with much labour and great expence, to have discovered things dangerously hanging over the State; he thinks to discover as much out of the talk of drunkards in Tap-houses: he brings me informations, pick'd out of broken words, in mens common talk, which, with his malicious mis-application, he hopes will seem dangerous, he doth besides, bring me the names of all the young Gentlemen in the City, that use Ordinaries, or Taverns, talking (to my thinking) only as the freedom of their youth teach them, without any further ends; for dangerous and seditious spirits; he is besides, an arrant whoremaster, as any is in *Milan*, of a Lay-man; I will not meddle with the Clergy: he is parcel Lawyer, and in my conscience much of their religion, I must put upon him some piece of service; come hither Sir, what have you to do with me?

Int. Little my Lord, I only come to know how your Lordship would employ me.

Count. Observed you that Gentleman, that parted from me but now?

Int. I saw him now my Lord.

Count. I was sending for you, I have talked with this man, and I do find him dangerous.

Int. Is your Lordship in good earnest?

Count. Hark you Sir, there may perhaps be some within ear-shots.

He whispers with him.

Enter Lazarello and his Boy.

Laz. Sirrah, will you venture your life, the Duke hath sent the Fish-head to my Lord?

Boy. Sir if he have not, kill me, do what you will with me.

Laz. How uncertain is the state of all mortal things? I have these crosses from my Cradle, from my very Cradle, insomuch that I do begin to grow desperate: Fortune I do despise thee, do thy worst; yet when I do better gather my self together, I do find it is rather the part of a wise man, to prevent the storms of Fortune by stirring, than to suffer them by standing still, to pour themselves upon his naked body, I will about it.

Count. Who's within there?

Enter a Servingman.

Let this Gentleman out at the back door, forget not my instructions, if you find anything dangerous; trouble not your self to find out me, but carry your informations to the Lord *Lucio*, he is a man grave, and well experienced in these businesses.

Int. Your Lordships Servant.

Exit Intelligencer and Servingman.

Count. Your Lordships servant.

Laz. Will it please your Lordship to walk?

Count. Sir I was coming, I will overtake you.

Laz. I will attend you over against the Lord *Gonderinoes* house.

Count. You shall not attend there long.

Laz. Thither must I to see my Loves face, the chaste Virgin head

Of a dear Fish, yet pure and undeflowred,
Not known of man no rough bred countrey hand,
Hath once toucht thee, no Pandars withered paw,
Nor an un-napkin'd Lawyers greasie fist,
Hath once flubbered thee: no Ladies supple hand,
Wash'd o'er with Urine, hath yet seiz'd on thee
With her two nimble talents: no Court hand,
Whom his own natural filth, or change of air,
Hath bedeck'd with scabs, hath marr'd thy whiter grace:
Oh let it be thought lawful then for me,
To crop the flower of thy Virginity.

Exit Lazarello.

Count. This day I am for fools, I am all theirs,
Though like to our young wanton cocker'd heirs,
Who do affect those men above the rest,
In whose base company they still are best:
I do not with much labour strive to be
The wisest ever in the company:
But for a fool, our wisdom oft amends,
As enemies do teach us more than friends.

Exit Count.

Actus

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Gondarino and his servants.

Serv. MY Lord :

Gond. Ha!

Serv. Here's one hath brought you a present,

Gond. From whom? from a woman? if it be from a woman, bid him carry it back, and tell her she's a whore; what is it?

Serv. A Fish head my Lord.

Gond. What Fish head?

Serv. I did not aske that my Lord.

Gond. Whence comes it?

Serv. From the Court.

Gond. O 'tis a Cods-head.

Serv. No my Lord, 'tis some strange head, it comes from the Duke.

Gond. Let it be carried to my Mercer, I doe owe him money for silks, stop his mouth with that.

Exit Serv.

Was there ever any man that hated his wife after death but I? and for her sake all women, women that were created only for the preservation of little dogs.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord the Count's sister being overtaken in the streets, with a great hail-storm, is light at your gate, and desires Rome till the storm be overpast.

Gond. Is she a woman?

Serv. I my Lord I think so.

Gond. I have none for her then: bid her get her gone, tell her she is not welcome.

Serv. My Lord, she is now coming up.

Gond. She shall not come up, tell her any thing; tell her I have but one great room in my house, and I am now in it at the close stool.

Serv. She's here my Lord.

Gond. O impudence of women: I can keep dogs out of my house, or I can defend my house against theeves, but I cannot keep out women.

Enter Oriana, a waiting woman, and a Page.

Now Madam, what hath your Ladyship to say to me?

Oria. My Lord, I was bold to crave the help of your house against the storm.

Gond. Your Ladyships boldness in coming will be impudence in staying; for you are most unwelcome.

Oriana. Oh my Lord!

Gond. Doe you laugh? by the hate I bear to you, 'tis true.

Orian. Y'are merry my Lord.

Gond. Let me laugh to death if I be, or can be whilst thou art here, or livest; or any of thy sex.

Oriana. I commend your Lordship.

Gond. Doe you commend me? why doe you commend me? I give you no such cause: thou art a filthy impudent whore; a woman, a very woman.

Oria. Ha, ha, ha.

Gond. Begot when thy father was drunk.

Orian. Your Lordship hath a good wit.

Gond. How? what have I a good wit?

Orian. Come my Lord, I have heard before of your Lordships merry vain in jesting against our Sex, which I being desirous to hear, made me rather choose your Lordships house, than any other, but I know I am welcome.

Gond. Let me not live if you be: me thinks it doth not become you, to come to my house being a stranger to you,

I have no woman in my house, to entertain you, nor to shew you your chamber; why should you come to me? I have no Galleries, nor banqueting houses, nor bawdy pictures to shew your Ladyship.

Orian. Believe me this your Lordships plainness makes me think my self more welcome, than if you had sworn by all the pretty Court oaths that are, I had been welcomer than your soul to your body.

Gond. Now she's in, talking treason will get her out, I durit sooner undertake to talk an Intelligencer out of the room, and speak more than he durst hear, than talk a woman out of my company.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord the Duke being in the streets, and the storm continuing, is entred your gate, and now coming up.

Gond. The Duke! now I know your Errand Madam; you have plots and private meetings in hand: why doe you choose my house? are you afraid to goe to't in the old coupling place, though it be less suspicious here; for no Christian will suspect a woman to be in my house? yet you may do it cleaner there, for there is a care had of those businells; and wheresoever you remove, your great maintainer and you shall have your lodgings directly opposite, it is but putting on your night-gown, and your shippers, Madam, you understand me?

Orian. Before I would not understand him, but now he speaks riddles to me indeed.

Enter the Duke, Arrigo, and Lucio.

Duke. 'Twas a strange hail-storm.

Lucio. 'Twas exceeding strange.

Gond. Good morrow to your grace.

Duke. Good morrow Gondarino.

Gond. Justice great Prince.

Duke. Why should you beg for justice, I never did you wrong; What's the offender?

Gond. A woman.

Duke. I know your ancient quarrell against that Sex; but what heinous crime hath she committed?

Gond. She hath gone abroad.

Duke. What? it cannot be.

Gond. She hath done it.

Duke. How? I never heard of any woman that did so before.

Gond. If she have not laid by that modesty That should attend a Virgin, and, quite void Of shame, hath left the house where she was born, As they should never doe; let me endure The pains that she should suffer.

Duke. Hath she so? Which is the woman?

Gond. This, this.

Duke. How! Arrigo: Lucio:

Gond. I then it is a plot, no Prince alive Shall force me make my house a Brothell house; Not for the sins, but for the womans sake, I will not have her in my doors so long: Will they make my house as bawdy as their own are?

Duke. Is it not Oriana?

Lucio. 'Tis.

Duke. Sister to Count Valero?

Arri. The very same.

Duke. She that I love?

Lucio. She that you love.

Duke. I do suspect

Lucio. So doe I.

Duke. This fellow to be but a counterfeit, One that doth seem to loath all woman-kind, To hate himself, because he hath some part Of woman in him; seems not to endure To see, or to be seen of any woman, Only, because he knows it is their nature To wish to tast that which is most forbidden: And with this shew he may the better compass

(And with far less suspicion) his base ends.

Lucio. Upon my life 'tis so.

Duke. And I doe know,
Before his slain wife gave him that offence,
He was the greatest servant to that Sex
That ever was: what doth this Lady here
With him alone? why should he rail at her to me?

Lucio. Because your grace might not suspect.

Duke. 'Twas so: I doe love her strangely:
I would fain know the truth: counsell me.

They three whisper.

Enter Count, Lazarello, and his boy.

Count. It falls out better than we could expect Sir, that we should find the Duke and my Lord *Gondarino* together; both which you desire to be acquainted with.

Laz. 'Twas very happy: Boy, goe down into the kitchen, and see if you can spy that same; I am now in some hope: I have me thinks a kind of fever upon me. *Exit Boy.*

A certain gloominess within me, doubting as it were, betwixt two passions: there is no young maid upon her wedding night, when her husband sets first foot in the bed, blushes, and looks pale again, oftner than I doe now. There is no Poet acquainted with more shakings and quakings, towards the latter end of this new play, when he's in that case, that he stands peeping betwixt Curtains, so fearfully that a Bottle of Ale cannot be opened, but he thinks some body hilles, than I am at this instant.

Count. Are they in consultation? If they be, either my young Duke hath gotten some Bastard, and is persuading my Knight yonder to father the child, and marry the wench, or else some Cock-pit is to be built.

Laz. My Lord! what Nobleman's that?

Count. His name is *Lucio*, 'tis he that was made a Lord at the request of some of his friends for his wives sake: he affects to be a great States-man, and thinks it consists in night-caps and jewells, and tooth-picks?

Laz. And what's that other?

Count. A Knight Sir, that pleaseth the Duke to favour, and to raise to some extraordinary fortunes, he can make as good men as himself, every day in the week, and doth--

Laz. For what was he raised?

Count. Truly Sir, I am not able to say directly, for what; But for wearing of red breeches as I take it; he's a brave man, he will spend three Knighthoods at a Supper without Trumpets.

Laza. My Lord I'll talk with him, for I have a friend, that would gladly receive the humor.

Count. If he have the itch of Knighthood upon him, let him repair to that Physitian, he'll cure him: but I will give you a note; is your friend fat or lean?

Laz. Something fat.

Count. 'Twill be the worse for him.

Laza. I hope that's not material.

Count. Very much, for there is an impost set upon Knighthoods, & your friend shall pay a Noble in the pound.

Duke. I doe not like examinations,
We shall find out the truth more easily,
Some other way less noted, and that course,
Should not be us'd, till we be sure to prove
Some thing directly, for when they perceive
Themselves suspected, they will then provide
More warily to answer.

Luc. Doth she know your Grace doth love her?

Duke. She hath never heard it.

Luc. Then thus my Lord. *They whisper*

Laz. What's he that walks *again*
alone so sadly with his hands behind him?

Count. The Lord of the house, he that you desire to be acquainted with, he doth hate women for the same cause that I love them.

Laz. What's that?

Count. For that which Apes want: you perceive me Sir?

Laz. And is he sad? Can he be sad that hath so rich a gem under his roof, as that which I doe follow.

What young Lady's that?

Count. Which? Have I mine eye-sight perfect, 'tis my sister: did I say the Duke had a Bastard? What should she make here with him and his Councell? She hath no papers in her hand to petition to them, she hath never a husband in prison, whose release she might sue for: That's a fine trick for a wench; to get her husband clapt up, that she may more freely, and with less suspicion, visit the private studies of men in authority. Now I doe discover their consultation, yon fellow is a Pander without all salvation: But let me not condemn her too rashly without weighing the matter; she's a young Lady, she went forth early this morning with a waiting woman, and a Page, or so: This is no garden house, in my conscience she went forth with no dishonest intent: for she did not pretend going to any Sermon in the further end of the City: Neither went she to see any odd old Gentlewoman, that mourns for the death of her husband, or the loss of her friend, and must have young Ladys come to comfort her: those are the damnable Bawds: 'Twas no set meeting certainly; for there was no wafer-woman with her these three days on my knowledge: I'll talk with her; Good morrow my Lord.

Gond. Y'are welcome Sir: here's her brother come now to doe a kind office for his sister; is it not strange?

Count. I am glad to meet you here sister.

Orian. I thank you good brother: and if you doubt of the cause of my coming I can satisfie you.

Count. No faith, I dare trust thee, I doe suspect thou art honest; for it is so rare a thing to be honest amongst you, that some one man in an age, may perhaps suspect some two women to be honest, but never believe it verily.

Luci. Let your return be suddain.

Arri. Unsuspected by them.

Duke. It shall; so shall I best perceive their Love, if there be any; Farewell.

Count. Let me entreat your grace to stay a little, To know a gentleman, to whom your self is much beholding; he hath made the sport For your whole Court these eight years, on my knowledge.

Duke. His name?

Count. *Lazarello.*

Duke. I heard of him this morning, which is he?

Count. *Lazarello*, pluck up thy spirits, thy Fortune is now raising, the Duke calls for thee, and thou shalt be acquainted with him.

Laz. He's going away, and I must of necessity stay here upon business.

Count. 'Tis all one, thou shalt know him first.

Laz. Stay a little, if he should offer to take me away with him, and by that means I should loose that I seek for; but if he should I will not goe with him.

Count. *Lazarello*, the Duke stayes, wilt thou lose this opportunity?

Laz. How must I speak to him?

Count. 'Twas well thought of: you must not talk to him as you doe to an ordinary man, honest plain fence, but you must wind about him: for example, if he should aske you what a clock, it is, you must not say; If it please your grace 'tis nine; but thus; thrice three a clock, so please my Sovereign: or thus;

Look how many Muses there doth dwell
Upon the sweet banks of the learned Well;
And just so many stroaks the clock hath struck,
And so forth; And you must now and then enter into a description.

Laz. I hope I shall doe it.

Count. Come: May it please your grace to take note of a Gentleman, well seen, deeply read, and thoroughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all fallets and pot-herbs whatsoever.

Duke. I shall desire to know him more inwardly.

Laz. I kiss the Ox-hide of your graces foot.

Count. Very well: will your grace question him a little?

Duke. How old are you?

Laz. Full eight and twenty several Almanacks
Have been compiled, all for several years
Since first I drew this breath, four prentiships
Have I most truly served in this world:
And eight and twenty times hath *Phabus* Car
Run out his yearly course since-

Duke. I understand you Sir.

Luci. How like an ignorant Poet he talks.

Duke. You are eight and twenty years old? what time
of the day doe you hold it to be?

Laz. About the time that mortals whet their knives
On thresholds, on their shoe soles, and on flairs,
New bread is grating, and the teffy Cook
Hath much to doe now, now the Tables all.

Duk. 'Tis almost dinner time?

Laz. Your grace doth apprehend me very rightly.

Count. Your grace shall find him in your further conference
Grave, wise, courtly, and scholar like, understandingly read
In the necessities of the life of man.

He knows that man is mortal by his birth;
He knows that man must dye, and therefore live;
He knows that man must live, and therefore eat,
And if it shall please your grace, to accompany your self
with him, I doubt not, but that he will, at the least, make
good my commendations.

Duk. Attend us *Lazarello*, we doe want
Men of such Action, as we have received you
Reported from your honorable friend.

Laza. Good my Lord stand betwixt me and my over-
throw, you know I 'm ti'd here, and may not depart, my
gracious Lord, so waightie are the busineses of mine own,
which at this time do call upon me, that I will rather chuse
to die, than to neglect them.

Count. Nay you shall perceive, besides the virtues that
I have already inform'd you of, he hath a stomach which
will stoop to no Prince alive.

Duk. Sir at your best leisure, I shall thirst to see you.

Laza. And I shall hunger for it.

Duk. Till then farewell all.

Con. Count. Long life attend your Grace.

Duk. I doe not taste this sport, *Arrigo Luci.*

Arrigo. Luci. We doe attend.

Exeunt Duke, Arrigo, Luci.

Gond. His grace is gone, and hath left his.

Hellen with me, I 'm no pander for him, neither can I
be won with the hope of gain, or the itching desire of
tasting my Lords lecherie to him, to keep her at (my house)
or bring her in disguise, to his bed Chamber.

The twyns of Adders, and of Scorpions
About my naked brest, will seem to me
More tickling than those claspes, which men adore;
The lustfull, dull, ill spirited embraces
Of women; The much prayesd *Amazones*,
Knowing their own infirmities so well,
Made of themselves a people, and what men
They take amongst them, they condemne to die,
Perceiving that their folly made them fit
To live no longer that would willingly
Come in the worthless presence of a woman.
I will attend, and see what my young Lord will doe with
his sister.

Enter Lazarilloes Boy.

Boy. My Lord; The fish head is gone again.

Count. Wither?

Boy. I know whither my Lord.

Count. Keep it from *Lazarillo*: Sister shall I confer with
you in private, to know the cause of the Dukes coming
hither, I know he makes you acquainted with his busines of
State.

Oria. I'll satisfie you brother, for I see you are jealous of me.

Gond. Now there shall be some course taken for her con-

veiance.

Laza. Lazarillo, thou art happy, thy carriage hath begot
love, and that love hath brought forth fruits, thou art here
in the company of a man honorable, that will help thee
to taste of the bounties of the Sea, and when thou shalt
doe thou shalt retire thy self unto the court, and there
taste of the delicates of the earth, and be great in the eyes
of thy Sovereign: now no more shalt thou need to scramble
for thy meat, nor remove thy stomach with the Court; But
thy credit shall command thy hearts desire, and all novelties
shall be sent as presents unto thee.

Count. Good Sister, when you see your own time, will
you return home.

Oria. Yes brother, and not before.

Laza. I will grow popular in this State, and overthrow
the fortunes of a number, that live by extortion.

Count. *Lazarello*, bestir thy self nimbly and sodainly,
and hear me with patience to hear.

Laza. Let me not fall from my self; Speak I 'm bound.

Count. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear the
fish head is gone, and we know not whither.

Laza. I will not curse, nor swear, nor rage, nor rail,
Nor with contemptuous tongue, accuse my Fate;
Though I might justly doe it, nor will I
With my self uncreated for this evil:
Shall I entreat your Lordship to be seen
A little longer in the company
Of a man cross'd by Fortune?

Count. I hate to leave my friend in his extremities.

Laza. 'Tis noble in you, then I take your hand,
And doe protest, I doe not follow this
For any malice or for private ends,
But with a love, as gentle and as chaste,
As that a brother to his sister bears:
And if I see this fish head yet unknown;
The last words that my dying father spake,
Before his eye strings brake, shall not of me
So often be remembred, as our meeting:
Fortune attend me, as my ends are just,
Full of pure love, and free from servile lust.

Count. Farewell my Lord, I was entreated to invite your
Lordship to a Lady's upsting.

Gond. O my ears, why Madam, will not you follow your bro-
ther? you are waited for by great men, heel bring you to him.

Oria. I 'm very well my Lord, you doe mistake me, if
you think I affect greater company than your self.

Gond. What madness possesseth thee, that thou canst
imagine me a fit man to entertain Lady's; I tell thee, I doe
use to tear their hair, to kick them, and twindge their
noses, if they be not carefull in avoiding me.

Oria. Your Lordship may discant upon your own behavior
as please you, but I protest, so sweet and courtly it ap-
peares in my eye, that I mean not to leave you yet.

Crnd. I shall grow rough,

Oria. A rough carriage is best in a man,
I'll dine with you my Lord.

Gond. Why I will starve thee, thou shalt have nothing.

Oria. I have heard of your Lordships nothing, I'll put
that to the venture.

Gond. Well thou shalt have meat, I'll send it to thee.

Oria. I'll keep no state my Lord, neither doe I mourn,
I'll dine with you.

Gond. Is such a think as this allowed to live?
What power hath let the loose upon the earth
To plague us for our Sins? Out of my doors.

Oria. I would your Lordship did but see how well
This fury doth become you, it doth shew
So near the life, as it were natural.

Gond. O thou damn'd woman, I will flie the vengeance
That hangs above thee, follow if thou dar'st. *Exit Gondurino.*

Oria. I must not leave this fellow, I will torment him to
madness,

To teach his passions against kind to move,
The more he hates, the more I'll seem to love.

Exeunt Oriana and Maid.

O O O 2

Enter

Enter Pandar and Mercer a citizen.

Pand. Sir, what may be done by art shall be done,
I wear not this black cloak for nothing.

Mer. Perform this, help me to this great heir by learning, and you shall want no black cloaks; ruffaties, silkgrögrans, sattins and velvets are mine, they shall be yours; perform what you have promis'd, and you shall make me a lover of Sciences, I will study the learned languages, and keep my shop-book in Latine.

Pand. Trouble me not now, I will not fail you within this hour at your shop.

Mer. Let Art have her course.

Exit Mercer.

Enter Curtezan.

Pand. 'Tis well spoken, *Madona.*

Mad. Hast thou brought me any customers.

Pan. No.

Ma. What the devil do'st thou in black?

Pa. As all solemn professors of settled courses, doe, cover my knavery with it: will you marry a citizen; Reasonably rich, and unreasonably foolish, silks in his shop, mony in his purse, and no wit in his head?

Ma. Out upon him, I could have otherwise than so, there was a Knight swore he would have had me, if I would have lent him but forty shillings to have redeem'd his cloak, to goe to Church in.

Pan. Then your wastcote wayter shall have him, call her in?

Ma. *Franceffina?*

Fr. Anon?

Ma. Get you to the Church, and shrive your self, For you shall be richly marryed anon.

Pan. And get you after her, I will work upon my citizen whilst he is warm, I must not suffer him to consult with his neighbours, the openest fools are hardly coufened, if they once grow jealous.

Exeunt

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter Gondarino flying the Lady.

Gond. **S**Ave me ye better powers, let me not fall
Between the lose embracements of a woman:
Heaven, if my Sins be ripe grown to a head,
And must attend your vengeance: I beg not to divert my fate,
Or to reprove a while thy punishment
Only I crave, and hear me equall heavens,
Let not your furious rod, that must afflict me
Be that imperfect peece of nature,
That art makes up, woman, unfatiate woman.
Had we not knowing souls, at first infus'd
To teach a difference, 'twixt extremes and goods?
Were we not made our selves, free, unconfin'd
Commanders of our own affections?
And can it be, that this most perfect creature,
'This image of his maker, well squar'd man,
Should leave the handfast, that he had of grace,
To fall into a womans case armes.

Enter Oriana.

Oriana. Now *Venus*, be my speed, inspire me with all the severall subtil temptations, that thou hast already given, or hast in store heareafter to bestow upon our Sex: grant that I may apply that Physick that is most apt to work

upon him: whether he will soonest be mov'd with wantonness, singing, dancing, or being passionate, with scorn; or with sad and serious looks, cunningly mingled with sighs, with smiling, lisping, kissing the hand, and making short curt'sies, Or with whatsoever other nimble power, he may be caught, doe thou infuse into me, and when I have him, I will sacrifice him up to thee.

Gond. It comes again; New apparitions,
And tempting spirits: Stand and reveal thy self,
Tell why thou followest me? I fear thee
As I fear the place thou can'st from: Hell.

Oriana. My Lord, I 'm in a woman, and such a one—

Gond. That I hate truly, thou hadst better bin a devill,

Oriana. Why my unpatient Lord?

Gond. Devils were once good, there they excell'd you woman.

Oriana. Can ye be so uneasie, can ye freeze, and
Such a summers heat so ready

To dissolve? nay gentle Lord, turn not away in scorn,
Nor hold me less fair than I am: look on these cheeks,
They have yet enough of nature, true complexion,
If to be red and white, a forehead high,
An easie melting lip, a speaking eye,
And such a tongue, whose language takes the ear
Of strict religion, and men most austere:
If these may hope to please, look here.

Gond. This woman with entreaty wo'd show all,
Lady there lies your way, I pray ye farewell.

Oriana. Y'are yet too harsh, too dissonant,
There's no true musick in your words, my Lord.

Gond. What shall I give thee to be gone?

Here's ta, and tha wants lodging, take my house, 'tis big
enough, 'tis thine own, 'twill hold five leacherous Lords,
and their lackies without discovery: there's stoves and bath-
ing tubs.

Oriana. Dear Lord: y'are too wild.

Gond. Shalt have a Doctor too, thou shalt, 'bout six and
twentie, 'tis a pleasing age; Or I can help thee to a hand-
some Vsher: or if thou lack'st a page, I'll give thee one,
preethee keep house, and leave me.

Oriana. I doe confesse I 'm too easie, too much woman,
Not coy enough to take affection,
Yet I can'frown and nip a passion,

Even in the bud: I can say
Men please their present heats; Then please to leave us.
I can hold off, and, by my Chymick power,
Draw Sonnets from the melting lovers brain;
Ayme's, and *Elegies*: yet to you my Lord
My Love, my better self, I put these off,
Doing that office, not befits our sex,
Entreat a man to love;

Are ye not yet relenting? ha'ye blood and Spirit
In those veins? ye are no image, though ye be as hard
As marble: sure ye have no liver, if ye had,
'Twould send a lively and desiring heat
To every member; Is not this miserable?
A thing so truly form'd, shapt out by Symetry,
Has all the organs that belong to man,
And working too, yet to shew all these
Like dead motions moving upon wyers?

Then good my Lord, leave off what you have been,
And freely be what you were first intended for, a man.

Gond. Thou art a precious peece of sic damnation,
I will be deaf, I will lock up my ears,
Tempt me not, I will not love; If I doe.

Oriana. Then I'll hate you.

Gond. Let me be 'nointed with hony, and turn'd into the
Sun,

To be stung to death with horse-flies,
Hear'st thou, thou breeder, here I'll sit,
And, in despight of thee, I will say nothing.

Oriana. Let me with your fair patience, sit beside you.

Gond. Madam, Lady, tempter, tongue, woman, ayr.
Look to me, I shall kick; I say again,

Look to me I shall kick.

Oria. I cannot think your better knowledg can use a woman so uncivilly.

Gond. I cannot think, I shall become a coxcombe, To ha'my hair curl'd, by an idle finger, My cheeks turn Tabers, and be plaid upon, Mine eyes lookt babies in, and my nose blowd to my hand, I say again I shall kick, sure I shall.

Oria. 'Tis but your outside that you shew, I know your mind

Never was guilty of so great a weaknes, Or could the tougues of all men joyn'd together. Possess me with a thought of your dislike My weaknes were above a womans, to fall off From my affection, for one crack of thunder, O wo'd you could love, my Lord.

Gond. I wo'd thou wouldst sit still, and say nothing: what mad-man let thee lose to do more mischief than a dousen whirlwinds, keep thy hands in thy muff, and warm the idle worms in thy fingers ends: will ye be doing still? will no entreating serve ye? no lawfull warning? I must remove and leave your Ladyship; Nay never hope to stay me, for I will run, from that Smooth, Smiling, Witching, Coufening, Tempting, Damning face of thine, as far as I can find any land, where I will put my self into a daily course of Curses for thee, and all thy Familie.

Oria. Nay good my Lord sit still, I'll promise peace And fold mine Armes up, let but mine eye discourse; Or let my voyce, set to some pleasing cord, found out The fullen strains of my neglected love.

Gond. Sing till thou crack thy treble-string in peeces, And when thou hast done, put up thy pipes and walk, Doe any thing, sit still and tempt me not.

Oria. I had rather sing at doors for bread, than sing to this fellow, but for hate: if this should be told in the Court, that I begin to woe Lords, what a troop of the untruff nobilitie should I have at my lodging to morrow morning?

SONG.

*Some sleep, and with the sweet deceiving,
Lock me in delight a while,
Let some pleasing Dreams beguile
All my fancies; That from thence,
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving.*

*Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little Ioy,
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought
Through an idle fancie wrought
O let my joyes, have some abiding.*

Gond. Have you done your wassayl? 'tis a handsome drowfie dittie I'll assure ye, now I had as leave hear a Cat cry, when her tail is cut off, as hear these lamentations, these lowsie love-layes, these bewailements: you think you have caught me Lady, you think I melt now, like a dish of May butter, and run, all into brine, and passion? yes, yes, I 'm taken, look how I cross my arms, look pale, and dwyndle, and wo'd cry, but for spoyling my face; we must part, nay we'll avoyd all Ceremony, no kissing Lady, I desire to know your Ladiship no more; death of my soul the Duke!

Oria. God keep your Lordship.

Gond. From thee and all thy sex.

Oria. I'll be the Clark, and crie, Amen,
Your Lordships ever assured enemy Oriana.

Exit. Oriana, Manet Gondarino.

Actus Tertius.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Arrigo, Lucio.

Gond. ALL the days good, attend your Lordship.
Duk. We thank you *Gondarino*, is it possible? Can belief lay hold on such a miracle, To see thee, one that hath cloyl'd up all passion, Turn'd wilfull votary, and forsworn converse with women, in company and fair discourse, with the best beauty of *Millain*?

Gon. 'Tis true, and if your Grace that hath the sway Of the whole State, will suffer this lude sex, These women: to pursue us to our homes, Not to be prayd, not to be rail'd away, But they will woe, and dance, and sing, And, in a manner, looser than they are By nature (which should seem impossible) To throw their armes, on our unwilling necks.

Duk. No more, I can see through your yillore, dissemble it no more.

Doe not I know thou hast us'd all Art, To work upon the poor simplicitie Of this yong Maid, that yet hath known none ill? Thinkest that damnation will fright those that woe From oaths, and lies? But yet I think her chaste, And will from thee, before thou shalt apply Stronger temptations, bear her hence with me.

Gond. My Lord, I speak not this to gain new grace, But howsoever you esteeme my words, My love and dutie will not suffer me To see you favour such a prostitute, And I stand by dumb; Without Rack, Torture, Or Strappado, I unrip my self: I doe confess I was in company with that pleasing peece of frailtie, that we call woman; I doe confess after along and tedious seige, I yielded.

Duke. Forward.

Gond. Faith my Lord to come quickly to the point, the woman you saw with me is a whore; An arrant whore.

Duke. Was she not Count *Valores*, Sister?

Gond. Yes, that Count *Valores* Sister is naught.

Duk. Thou dar'st not say so.

Gond. Not if it be distasting to your Lordship, but give me freedome, and I dare maintain, she ha's imbrac'd this body, and grown to it as close, as the hot youthfull vine to the elme.

Duk. Twice have I seen her with thee, twice my thoughts were prompted by mine eye, to hold thy strictness false and imposterous: Is this your mewing up, your strict retirement, your bitterness and gaul against that sex? Have I not heard thee say, thou wouldst sooner meet the *Basilisks*, dead doing eye, than meet a woman for an object? Look it be true you tell me, or by our countries Saint your head goes off: if thou prove a whore, no womans face shall ever move me more.

Exeunt.

Manet Gondarino.

Gond. So, so, 'tis as 't should be, are women grown so mankind? Must they be wooing, I have a plot shall blow her up, she flies, she mounts; I'll teach her Ladyship to dare my fury, I will be known, and fear'd, and more truly hated of women than an Eunuch.

Enter Oriana.

She's here again, good gaul be patient, for I must dissemble.

Oriana. Now my cold, frosty Lord, my woman-Hater, you that have sworn an everlasting hate to all our sex: by my troth good Lord, and as I'm yet a maid, my thought 'twas excellent sport to hear your honor swear out an Alphabet, chafe nobly like a Generall, kick like a resty Jade, and make ill faces: Did your good Honor think I was in love? where did I first begin to take that heat? From those two radiant eyes, that piercing sight? oh they were lovely, if the balls stood right; and there's a leg made out of a dainty staff, Where, the Gods be thanked, there is calf enough.

Good. Pardon him Lady, that is now a convert. Our beauty, like a Saint hath wrought this wonder.

Oriana. Alas, ha's it been prick'd at the heart? is the stomach come down? will it rail no more at women, and call 'em Divells, the Cats, and Goblins?

Good. He that shall marry thee, had better spend the poor remainder of his days in a dung-barge, for two pence a week, and find himself.

Down again Spleen, I prethee down again, shall I find favour Lady? shall at length my true unfeigned penitence get pardon for my harsh unseasoned follies? I'm no more an Atheist, no I doe acknowledge, that dread powerfull Deity, and his all quickning heats burn in my breast: oh be not as I was, hard unrelenting; but as I'm, be partner of my fires.

Oriana. Sure we have store of Larks, the Skies will not hold 'em long, I should have look'd as soon for Frost in the dog days, or another Inundation, as hop'd this strange conversion above miracle: let me look upon your Lordship; is your name *Gondarino*? are you *Millains* Generall, that great Bug-bear bloody-bones, at whose name all women, from the Lady to the Landress, shake like a cold fit?

Good. Good patience help me, this Fever will inrage my blood again: Madam I'm that man; I'm even he that once did owe unreconcil'd hate to you, and all that bear the name of woman: I'm the man that wrong'd your Honor to the Duke: I'm the man that said you were unchast, and prostitute, yet I'm he that dare deny all this.

Oriana. Your big Nobility is very merry.

Good. Lady 'tis true that I have wrong'd you thus, And my contritiou is as true as that, Yet have I found a means to make all good again, I doe beseech your beautie, not for my self, My merits are yet in conception, But for your honors safety and my zeal Retire a while, while I unsay my self unto the Duke, And cast out that ill Spirit I have posses't him with, I have a house conveniently private.

Oriana. Lord, thou hast wrong'd my innocence, but thy confession hath gain'd thee faith.

Good. By the true honest service, that I owe these eyes strangely,

My meaning is as spotless as my faith.

Oriana. The Duke doubt mine honor? a may judge 'Twill not be long, before I'll be enlarg'd again.

Good. A day or two.

Oriana. Mine own servants shall attend me.

Good. Your Ladyships command is good.

Oriana. Look you be true.

Exit Oriana.

Good. Else let me lose the hopes my soul aspires to: I will be a scourge to all females in my life, and after my death, the name of *Gondarino*, shall be terrible to the mighty women of the earth; They shall shake at my name, and at the sound of it, their knees shall knock together; And they shall run into Nurseries, for they and I are beyond all hope irreconcilable: for if I could endure an ear with a hole in't, or a pleated lock, or a bare headed Coachman, that fits like a sun where great Ladys are to be sold within; agreement betwixt us, were not to be despair'd of; if I could be but brought to endure to see women, I would have them come all once a week, and kiss me, as Witches doe the devill, in token of homage: I must not live here, I will to the Court,

and there pursue my plot, when it hath took, women shall stand in awe, but of my look.

Exit

Actus Tertius.

Scena Tertia.

Enter two Intelligencers, discovering treason in the Courtiers words.

1. *Intel.* **T**Here take your standing, be close and vigilant, here will I set my self, and let him look to his language, a shall know the Duke has more ears in Court than two.

2. *Int.* I'll quote him to a tittle, let him speak wisely, and plainly, and as hidden as a can, or I shall crush him, a shall not scape charracters, though a speak Babel, I shall crush him: we have a Fortune by this service hanging over us, that within this year or two, I hope we shall be called to be examiners, wear politick gowns garded with copper lace, making great faces full of fear and office, our labors may deserve this.

1. *Int.* I hope it shall: why has not many men been raised from this worming trade, first to gain good access to great men, then to have commissions out for search, and lastly, to be worthily nam'd at a great Arraignment: yes, and why not we? They that endeavor well deserve their Fee. Close, close, a comes: mark well, and all goes well.

Enter Count, Lazarello, and his Boy.

Laz. Farewell my hopes, my Anchor now is broken, Farewell my *quondam* joys, of which no token Is now remaining, such is the sad mischance, Where Lady Fortune leads the slipp'ry dance. Yet at the length, let me this favour have, Give me my wishes, or a wished grave.

Count. The gods defend so brave and valiant maw, Should slip into the never satiate jaw Of black Despair; no, thou shalt live and know Thy full desires, hunger thy ancient foe, Shall be subdued; those guts that daily tumble Through ayr and appetite, shall cease to rumble: And thou shalt now at length obtain thy dish, That noble part, the sweet head of a fish.

Laz. Then am I greater than the Duke.

2. *Int.* There, there's a notable peece of treason, greater than the Duke, mark that.

Count. But how, or where, or when this shall be compass'd, is yet out of my reach.

Laz. I am so truly miserable, that might I be now knockt oth' head, with all my heart I would forgive a dog-killer.

Count. Yet doe I see through this confusedness some little comfort.

Laz. The plot my Lord, as er'e you came of a woman, discover.

1. *Int.* Plots, dangerous plots, I will deserve by this most liberally.

Count. 'Tis from my head again.

Laz. O that it would stand me, that I might fight, or have some venture for it, that I might be turn'd loose, to try my fortune amongst the whole frie in a Colledge, or an Inn of Court; or scramble with the prisoners in the dungeon; nay were it set down in the outward court, And all the Guard about it in a ring, With their knives drawn, which were a dismall fight, And after twenty leisurely were told, I to be let loose only in my shirt, To trie the valour, how much of the spoyl, I would recover from the enemies mouths:

I would

Upon coun try people in progress time, and
Wilt thou lose this opinion, for the cold head of a Fish?
I say, let it goe: I'll help thee to as good a dish of meat.

Laz. God let me not live, if I doe not wonder,
Men should talk so propanely:
But it is not in the power of loose words,
Of any vain or misbelieving man,
To make me dare to wrong thy purity.
Shew me but any Lady in the Court,
That hath so full an eye, so sweet a breath,
So soft and white a flesh: this doth not lie
In almond-gloves, nor ever hath bin washt
In artificiall baths: no traveller
That hath brought doctor home with him, hath dar'd
With all his waters, powders, Fucuses,
To make thy lovely corps sophisticate.

Count. I have it, 'tis now infus'd, be comforted.

Laz. Can there be that little hope yet left in nature? shall
I once more erect up Trophies? Shall I enjoy the sight of
my dear Saint, and bless my palate with the best of crea-
tures, ah good my Lord, by whom I breathe again, shall
I receive this Being?

Count. Sir I have found by certain calculation, and settled
revolution of the stars, the Fish is sent by the Lord *Gondarino*
to his Mercer, now 'tis a growing hope to know where 'tis.

Laz. O 'tis far above the good of women, the *Patbick*
cannot yield more pleasing titilation.

Count. But how to compass it search, cast about, and
bang your braius, *Lazarello*, thou art too dull and heavy to
deserve a blessing.

Laz. My Lord, I will not be idle; now *Lazarello*, think,
think, think,

Count. Yonder's my informer
And his fellow with table books, they nod at me
Upon my life, they have poor *Lazarello*, that beats
His brains about no such waighty matter, in for
Treason before this---

Laz. My Lord, what doe you think, if I should shave
my self,

Put on midwives apparell, come in with a hand-kercher,
And beg a piece for a great bellied woman, or a sick child?

Count. Good, very good.

Laz. Or corrupt the waiting prentise to betray the
reversion.

1. *Inte.* There's another point in's plot, corrupted with
money; to betray: sure 'tis some Fort a means: mark, have
a care.

Laz. And 'twere the bare vinegar 'tis eaten with, it would
in some sort satisfie nature: but might I once attain the
dish it self, though I cut out my means through sword and
fire, through poison, through any thing that may make
good my hopes.

2. *Int.* Thanks to the gods, and our officiousness, the
plots discover'd, fire, steel, and poison, burn the Palace,
kill the Duke and poison his privie Councill.

Count. To the mercers, let me see: how, if before we
can attain the means, to make up our acquaintance, the
fish be eaten?

Laz. If it be eaten, here he stands, that is the most de-
jected, most unfortunate, miserable, accursed, forsaken slave
this Province yields: I will not sure outlive it, no I will dye
bravely, and like a Roman; and after death, amidst the
Elizian shades, I'll meet my love again.

1. *In.* I will dye bravely, like a Roman: have a care, mark
that, when he hath done all, he will kill himself.

Count. Will nothing ease your appetite but this?

Laz. No could the Sea throw up his vastness,
And offer free his best inhabitants: 'twere not so much as
a bare temptation to me.

Count. If you could be drawn to affect Beef, Venison, or
Fowl, 'twould be far the better.

Laza. I doe beseech your Lordships patience,
I doe confesse that in this heat of blood,
I have contemn'd all dull and grosser meats,

But I protest I doe honor a Chine of Beef,
I doe reverence a loyn of Veal,
But good my Lord, give me leave a little to adore this:
But my good Lord, would your Lordship, under color of
taking up some silks, goe to the Mercers, I would in all
humilitie attend your honor, where we may be invited, if
Fortune stand propitious.

Count. Sir you shall work me as you please.

Laza. Let it be suddenly, I doe beseech your Lordship,
'tis now upon the point of dinner time.

Count. I am all yours.

Exeunt Lazarello and Count.

1. *In.* Come let us confer,
Imprimis he saith, like a blasphemous villain, he's greater than
the Duke, this peppers him, and there were nothing else.

2. *In.* Then he was naming plots; did you not hear?

1. *In.* Yes but he fell from that unto discovery, to cor-
rupt by money, and so attain.

2. *In.* I, I, he meant some Fort, or Cyttadell the Duke hath,
his very face betraid his meaning, O he is very subtle and a
dangerous knave, but if he deal a Gods name, we shall worm
him

1. *In.* But now comes the Stroak, the fatall blow, Fire,
Sword and Poyson, O Canibal, thou bloody Canibal.

2. *In.* What had become of this poor state, had we not been?

1. *In.* Faith it had lyen buried in his own ashes; had not
a greater hand been in't.

2. *In.* But note the rascalls resolution, after th'acts done,
because he wo'd avoid all fear of torture, and coufen the Law,
he wo'd kill himself; was there ever the like danger brought
to light in this age? sure we shall merit much, we shall be
able to keep two men a peece, and a two hand-sword be-
tween us, we will live in favour of the State, betray our ten
or twelve treasons a week, and the people shall fear us:
come, to the Lord *Lucio*, the Sun shall not goe down till
he be hang'd.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Scena quarta.

Enter Mercer.

Mer. **L**ook to my shop, and if there come ever a Scholar
in black, let him speak with me; we that are shop-
keepers in good trade, are so pester'd, that we can scarce
pick out an hour for our mornings meditation: and how-
soever we are all accounted dull, and common jesting stocks
for your gallants; There are some of us doe not deserve it:
for, for my own part, I doe begin to be given to my book,
I love a scholar with my heart, for questionless there are
merveilous things to be done by Art: why Sir, some of them
will tell you what is become of horses, and silver spoons,
and will make wenches dance naked to their beds: I am yet
unmarried, and because some of our neighbours are said to
be Cuckolds, I will never be married without the consent
of some of these scholars, that know what will come of it.

Enter Pander.

Pan. Are you busie Sir?

Mer. Never to you Sir, nor to any of your coat.

Sir is there any thing to be done by Art, concerning the
great heir we talk'd on?

Pan. Will she, will she: she shall come running into my
house at the farther corner, in Sa. Marks street, betwixt
three and four.

Mer. Betwixt three and four? she's brave in cloaths, is
she not?

Pan. O rich! rich! where should I get cloaths to dress
her in? Help me invention: Sir, that her running through the
street

street may be less noted, my Art more shown, and your fear to speak with her less, she shall come in a white waist-coat, And--

Mer. What shall she?

Pan. And perhaps torn stockings, she hath left her old wont else.

Enter Prentice.

Prent. Sir my Lord *Gond.* hath sent you a rare fish head.

Mer. It comes right, all things sure right with me since I began to love scholars, you shall have it home with you against she come: carrie it to this Gentleman's house.

Pan. The fair white house at the farther corner at S. Marks street, make haste, I must leave you too Sir, I have two hours to study; buy a new Accedence, and ply your book, and you shall want nothing that all the scholars in the Town can doe for you.

Exit Pander.

Mer. Heaven prosper both our studies, what a dull slave was I before I fell in love with this learning? not worthy to tread upon the earth, & what fresh hopes it hath put in to me? I doe hope within this twelve-month to be able by Art to serve the Court with silks, and not undoe my self; to trust Knights, and yet get in my money again; to keep my wife brave, and yet she keep no body else so.

Enter Count, and Lazarello.

Your Lordship is most honourably welcome in regard of your Nobility, but most especially in regard of your scholarship: did your Lordship come openly?

Count. Sir this cloak keeps me private, besides no man will suspect me to be in the company of this Gentleman, with whom, I will desire you to be acquainted, he may prove a good customer to you.

Laz. For plain silks and velvets.

Mer. Are you scholasticall?

Laz. Something addicted to the Muses.

Count. I hope they will not dispute.

Mer. You have no skill in the black Art.

Enter a Prentice.

Prent. Sir yonder's a Gentleman enquires hastily for Count *Valore,*

Count. For me? what is he?

Prent. One of your followers my Lord I think.

Count. Let him come in.

Mer. Shall I talk with you in private Sir?

Enter a Messenger with a Letter to the Count, he reads.

Count. Count, come to the Court your business calls you thither, I will goe, farewell Sir, I will see your silks some other time: Farewell *Lazarillo.*

Mer. Will not your Lordship take a peice of Beef with me?

Count. Sir I have greater business than eating; I will leave this Gentleman with you.

Exeunt Count. & Mes.

Laz. No, no, no, no: now doe I feel that strain'd struggling within me, that I think I could prophesie.

Mer. The Gentleman is meditating.

Laz. Hunger, valour, love, ambition are alike pleasing, and let our Philosophers say what they will, are one kind of heat, only hunger is the safest: ambition is apt to fall; love and valour are not free from dangers; only hunger, begotten of some old limber Courtier, in pan'de hose, and nars'd by an Attourneys wife; now so thriven, that he need not fear to be of the great Turks guard: is so free from all quarrels and dangers, so full of hopes, joyes, and ticklings, that my life is not so dear to me as his acquaintance.

Enter Lazarello's boy.

Boy. Sir the Fish head is gone.

Laz. Then be thou henceforth dumb, with thy ill-boding voice.

Farewell *Millain,* farewell Noble Duke,
Farewell my fellow Courtiers all, with whom,
I have of yore made many a scrambling meal
In corners, behind Aralles, on stairs;
And in the action oftentimes have spoil'd,
Our Doublets and our Hose with liquid stuff:
Farewell you lusty Archers of the Guard,
To whom I now doe give the bucklers up,
And never more with any of your coat
Will eat for wagers, now you happy be,
When this shall light upon you, think on me:
You sewers, carvers, ushers of the court
Surnamed gentle for your fair demean,
Here I doe take of you my last farewell,
May you stand stily in your proper places, and execute your
offices aright.

Farewell you Maidens, with your mother eke,
Farewell you courtly Chaplains that be there
All good attend you, may you never more
Marry your Patrons Ladys wayting-woman,
But may you raised be by this my fall
May *Lazarillo* suffer for you all.

Mer. Sir I was hearkning to you.

Laz. I will hear nothing, I will break my knife, the Ensign of my former happy state, knock out my teeth, have them hung at a Barbers, and enter into Religion.

Boy. Why Sir, I think I know whither it is gone.

Laz. See the rashness of man in his nature, whither? I do unfay all that I have said, go on, go on: Boy, I humble my self and follow thee; Farewell Sir.

Mer. Not so Sir, you shall take a piece of Beef with me.

Laz. I cannot stay.

Mer. By my fay but you shall Sir, in regard of your love to learning, and your kill in the black Art.

Laz. I do hate learning, and I have no skill in black Art; I would I had.

Mer. Why your desire is sufficient to me, you shall stay.

Laz. The most horrible and detested curses that can be imagined, light upon all the professors of that Art; may they be drunk, and when they goe to conjure, and reel in the Circle, may the spirits by them rais'd, tear 'em in pieces, and hang their quarters on old broken walls and Steeple tops.

Mer. This speech of yours, shews you to have some skill in the Science, wherefore in civilitie, I may not suffer you to depart empty.

Laz. My stomach is up, I cannot endure it, I will fight in this quarrell as soon as for my Prince.

Draws his Rapier

Exeunt Omnes.

Room, make way:

Hunger commands, my valour must obey.

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter Count and Arrigo.

Count. IS the Duke private?

Arr. He is alone, but I think your Lordship may enter.

Exit Count.

Enter Gondarino.

Gond. Who's with the Duke?

Arr. The Count is new gone in; but the Duke will come forth

orth, before you can be weary of waiting.

Gond. I will attend him here.

Arri. I must wait without the door. *Exit Arrigo.*

Gond. Doth he hope to clear his Sister? she will come no more to my house, to laugh at me: I have sent her to a habitation, where when she shall be seen, it will set a gloss upon her name; yet upon my soul I have bestow'd her amongst the purest hearted creatures of her sex, and the freest from dissimulation; for their deeds are all alike, only they dare speak, what the rest think: the women of this age, if there be any degrees of comparison amongst their sex, are worse than those of former times; for I have read of women, of that truth, spirit, and constancy; that were they now living, I should endure to see them: but I fear the writers of the time belied them, for how familiar a thing is it with the Poets of our age, to extoll their whores, which they call Mistresses, with heavenly praises? but I thank their furies, and their craz'd brains, beyond belief: nay, how many that would fain seem serious, have dedicated grave Works to Ladies, toothless, hollow-ey'd, their hair shedding, purple fac'd, their nails apparently coming off; and the bridges of their noses broken down, and have call'd them the choice handy works of nature, the patterns of perfection, and the wonderment of Women. Our Women begin to swarm like Bees in the Summer: as I came hither, there was no pair of stairs, no entry, no lobby, but was pestered with them: methinks there might be some course taken to destroy them.

*Enter Arrigo, and an old deaf country Gentlewoman
suior to the Duke.*

Arri. I do accept your money, walk here, and when the Duke comes out, you shall have fit opportunity to deliver your petition to him.

Gentlew. I thank you heartily, I pray you who's he that walks there?

Ar. A Lord, and a Soldier, one in good favour with the Duke; if you could get him to deliver your Petition —

Gentlew. What do you say, Sir?

Ar. If you could get him to deliver your petition for you, or to second you, 'twere sure.

Gentlew. I hope I shall live to requite your kindness.

Ar. You have already. *Exit Arri.*

Gentlew. May it please your Lordship —

Gond. No, no.

Gentlew. To consider the estate —

Gond. No.

Gentlew. Of a poor oppressed country Gentlewoman.

Gond. No, it doth not please my Lordship.

Gentlew. First and foremost, I have had great injury, then I have been brought up to the Town three times.

Gond. A pox on him, that brought thee to the Town.

Gentlew. I thank your good Lordship heartily; though I cannot hear well, I know it grieves you; and here we have been delaid, and sent down again, and fetch'd up again, and sent down again, to my great charge: and now at last they have fetch'd me up, and five of my daughters —

Gond. Enough to damn five worlds.

Gentlew. Handsome young women, though I say it, they are all without, if it please your Lordship I'll call them in.

Gond. Five Women! how many of my fences should I have left me then? call in five Devils first.

*No, I will rather walk with thee alone,
And hear thy tedious tale of injury,
And give thee answers; whisper in thine ear,
And make thee understand through thy French hood:
And all this with tame patience.*

Gentlew. I see your Lordship does believe, that they are without, and I perceive you are much mov'd at our injury: here's a paper will tell you more.

Gond. Away.

Gentlew. It may be you had rather hear me tell it *viva voce*, as they say.

Gond. Oh no, no, no, no, I have heard it before.

Gentlew. Then you have heard of enough injury, for a poor Gentlewoman to receive.

Gond. Never, never, but that it troubles my conscience, to wish any good to these women; I could afford them to be valiant, and able, that it might be no disgrace for a Soldier to beat them.

Gentlew. I hope your Lordship will deliver my petition to his grace, and you may tell him withal —

Gond. What? I will deliver any thing against myself, to be rid on thee.

Gentlew. That yesterday about three a clock in the afternoon, I met my adversary.

Gond. Give me thy paper, he can abide no long tales.

Gentlew. 'Tis very short my Lord, and I demanding of him —

Gond. I'll tell him that shall serve thy turn.

Gentlew. How?

Gond. I'll tell him that shall serve thy turn, begone: man never doth remember how great his offences are, till he do meet with one of you, that plagues him for them: why should Women, above all other creatures that were created for the benefit of man, have the use of speech? or why should any deed of theirs, done by their fleshly appetites, be disgraceful to their owners? nay, why should not an act done by any beast I keep, against my consent, disparage me as much as that of theirs?

Gentlew. Here's some few Angels for your Lordship.

Gond. Again? yet more torments?

Gentlew. Indeed you shall have them.

Gond. Keep off.

Gentlew. A small gratuity for your kindness.

Gond. Hold away.

Gentlew. Why then I thank your Lordship, I'll gather them up again, and I'll be sworn, it is the first money that was refus'd since I came to the Court.

Gond. What can she devise to say more?

Gentlew. Truly I would have willingly parted with them to your Lordship.

Gond. I believe it, I believe it.

Gentlew. But since it is thus —

Gond. More yet.

Gentlew. I will attend without, and expect an answer.

Gond. Do, begone, and thou shalt expect, and have any thing, thou shalt have thy answer from him; and he were best to give thee a good one at first, for thy deaf importunity, will conquer him too, in the end.

Gentlew. God bless your Lordship, and all thar favour a poor distressed country Gentlewoman. *Exit Gentlew.*

Gond. All the diseases of man light upon them that doe, and upon me when I do. A week of such days, would either make me stark mad or tame me: yonder other woman that I have sure enough, shall answer for thy sins: dare they incense me still, I will make them fear as much to be ignorant of me and my moods, as men are to be ignorant of the law they live under. Who's there? My blood grew cold, I began to fear my Suiters return; 'tis the Duke.

Enter the Duke and the Count.

Count. I know her chaite, though she be young and free, And is not of that forc'd behaviour That many others are, and that this Lord, Out of the boundless malice to the sex, Hath thrown this scandal on her.

Gond. Fortune befriended me against my Will, with this good old country gentlewoman; I beseech your grace, to view favourably the petition of a wronged Gentlewoman.

Duke. What Gondarino, are you become a petitioner for your enemies?

Gond. My Lord, they are no enemies of mine, I confess, the better to recover my deeds, which sometimes were loose

enough, I pretended it, as it is wisdom, to keep close our incontinence, but since you have discover'd me, I will no more put on that vizard, but will as freely open all my thoughts to you, as to my Confessor.

Duke. What say you to this?

Count. He that confesses he did once dissemble, I'll never trust his words: can you imagine A Maid, whose beauty could not suffer her To live thus long untempted, by the noblest, Richest, and cunningst Masters in that Art And yet hath ever held a fair repute; Could in one morning, and by him be brought, To forget all her virtue, and turn whore?

Gond. I would I had some other talk in hand, Than to accuse a Sister to her Brother: Nor do I mean it for a publick scandal, Unless by urging me you make it so.

Duke. I will read this at better leisure:

Gond. Where is the Lady?

Count. At his house.

Gond. No, she is departed thence,

Count. Whither?

Gond. Urge it not thus, or let me be excus'd, If what I speak betray her chastity, And both increase my sorrow, and your own?

Count. Fear me not so, if she deserve the fame Which she hath gotten, I would have it publisht, Brand her my self, and whip her through the City: I wish those of my blood that doe offend, Should be more strictly punish, than my foes. Let it be prov'd.

Duke. *Gondarino*, thou shalt prove it, or suffer worse than she should do.

Gond. Then pardon me, if I betray the faults Of one, I love more dearly than my self, Since opening hers, I shall betray mine own: But I will bring you where she now intends Not to be virtuous, pride and wantonness, That are true friends indeed, though not in shew, Have entr'd on her heart, there she doth bathe, And sleek her hair, and practise cunning looks To entertain me with; and hath her thoughts As full of lust, as ever you did think Them full of modesty.

Duke. *Gondarino*, lead on, we'll follow thee.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pandar.

Pan. **H**ere hope I to meet my Citizen, and hopes he to meet his Scholar; I am sure I am grave enough, to his eyes, and knave enough to deceive him: I am believ'd to conjure, raise storms, and devils, by whose power I can do wonders; let him believe so still, belief hurts no man; I have an honest black cloak, for my knavery, and a general pardon for his foolery, from this present day, till the day of his breaking. Is't not a misery, and the greatest of our age, to see a handsome, young, fair enough, and well mounted wench, humble her self, in an old stammel petticoat, standing possess'd of no more fringe, than the street can allow her: her upper parts so poor and wanting, that ye may see her bones through her bodies: shoes she would have, if our Captain were come over, and is content the while to devote her self to antient slippers. These premises well considered, Gentlemen, will move, they make me melt

I promise ye, they stirr me much: and wer't not for my smooth, soft, silken Citizen, I would quit this transitory Trade, get me an everlasting Robe, fear up my conscience, and turn Serjeant. But here he comes, is mine as good as prize: Sir *Pandar* be my speed, ye are most fitly met Sir.

Enter Mercer.

Mer. And you as well encount' red, what of this heir? hath your Books been propitious?

Pan. Sir, 'tis done, she's come, she's in my house, make your self apt for Courtship, stroke up your stockings, loose not an inch of your legs goodneis; I am sure ye wear socks.

Mer. There your Books fail ye Sir, in truth I wear no socks.

Pand. I would you had, Sir, it were the sweeter grace for your legs; get on your Gloves, are they perfum'd.

Mer. A pretty wash I'll assure you.

Pand. 'Twill serve: your offers must be full of bounty, Velvets to furnish a Gown, Silks for Peticots, and Foreparts Shag for lining; forget not some pretty Jewel to fasten, after some little compliment? if she deny this courtesie, double your bounties, be not wanting in abundance, fulness of gifts, link'd with a pleasing tongue, will win an Anchorite. Sir, ye are my friend, and friend to all that professes good Letters; I must not use this office else, it fits not for a Scholar, and a Gentleman: those stockins are of *Naples*, they are silk.

Mer. Ye are again beside your Text, Sir, they 're of the best of Wooll, and the clipped Jersey.

Pan. Sure they are very dear.

Mer. Nine shillings, by my love to learning.

Pan. Pardon my judgement, we Scholars use no other objects, but our Books.

Mer. There is one thing entomb'd in that grave breast, that makes me equally admire it with your Scholarship.

Pand. Sir; but that in modesty I am bound not to affect mine own commendation, I would enquire it of you.

Merc. Sure you are very honest; and yet ye have a kind of modest fear to shew it: do not deny it, that face of yours is a worthy, learned modest face.

Pand. Sir, I can blush.

Mer. Virtue and grace are always pair'd together: but I will leave to stirr your blood Sir, and now to our business.

Pand. Forget not my instructions.

Mer. I apprehend ye Sir, I will gather my self together with my best phrases, and so I shall discourse in some sort takingly.

Pand. This was well worded Sir, and like a Scholar.

Mer. The Muses favour me as my intents are virtuous; Sir, ye shall be my Tutor, 'tis never too late Sir, to love Learning.

When I can once speak true Latine —

Pand. What do you intend Sir?

Mer. Marry I will then begger all your bawdy Writers, and undertake, at the peril of my own invention, all Pageants, Poesies, for Chimneys, Speeches for the Dukes entertainment, whensoever and whatsoever; nay I will build, at mine own charge, an Hospital, to which shall retire all diseas'd opinions, all broken Poets, all Prose-men that are fall'n from small fence, to meet Letters; and it shall be lawful for a Lawyer, if he be a civil man, though he have undone others and himself by the language, to retire to this poor life, and learn to be honest.

Pand. Sir, ye are very good, and very charitable: ye are a true pattern for the City Sir.

Merc. Sir, I doe know sufficiently, their Shop-books cannot save them, there is a farther end —

Pand. Oh Sir, much may be done by manuscript.

Mer. I do confess it Sir, provided still they be Canonical, and I have some worthy hands set to 'um for probation: but we forget our selves.

Pand.

Pand. Sir, enter when you please, and all good language tip your tongue.

Merc. All that love Learning pray for my good success.
Exit Mercer.

Actus Quartus.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Lazarello and his Boy.

Laz. **W**Hereabouts are we?

Boy. Sir, by all tokens this is the house, bawdy I am sure, because of the broken windows, the Fifth head is within; if ye dare venture, here you may surprize it.

Laz. The misery of man may fitly be compar'd to a Dapper, who when she is under water, past our sight, and indeed can seem no more to us, rises again; shakes but her felt, and is the same she was, so is it still with transitory man, this day: oh but an hour since, and I was mighty, mighty in knowledge, mighty in my hopes, mighty in blessed means, and was so truly happy, that I durst have said, live *Lazarello*, and be satisfied: but now—

Boy. Sir, ye are yet afloat, and may recover, be not your own wreck, here lies the harbor, goe in and ride at ease.

Laz. Boy, I am receiv'd to be a Gentleman, a Courtier, and a man of action, modest, and wise, and be it spoken with thy reverence, Child, abounding virtuous; and wouldst thou have a man of these choise habits, covet the cover of a bawdy-house? yet if I goe not in, I am but—

Boy. But what Sir?

Laz. Dust boy, but dust, and my soul unsatisfied, shall haunt the keepers of my blessed Saint, and I will appear.

Boy. An ass to all men; Sir, these are no means to stay your appetite, you must resolve to enter.

Laz. Were not the house subject to Martial Law—

Boy. If that be all, Sir, ye may enter, for ye can know nothing here that the Court is ignorant of, only the more eyes shall look upon you, for there they wink one at another faults.

Laz. If I doe not.

Boy. Then ye must beat fairly back, again fall to your physical mess of porridge, and the twice sack'd carcases of a Capon: Fortune may favour you so much, to send the bread to it: but it's a meet venture, and money may be put out upon it.

Laz. I will go in and live; pretend some love to the Gentlewoman, screw my self in affection, and so be satisfied.

Pan. This Fly is caught, is mash'd already, I will suck him, and lay him by.

Boy. Muffle your self in your cloak by any means, 'tis a receiv'd thing among gallants, to walk to their leachery, as though they had the rheum, 'twas well you brought not your horse.

Laz. Why Boy?

Boy. Faith Sir, 'tis the fashion of our Gentry, to have their horses wait at door like men, while the beasts their Masters, are within at rack and manger, 'twould have discover'd much.

Laz. I will lay by these habits, forms, and grave respects of what I am, and be my self; only my appetite, my fire, my soul, my being, my dear appetite shall go along with me, arm'd with whose strength, I fearless will attempt the greatest danger dare oppose my fury: I am resolv'd where ever that thou art, most sacred dish, hid from unhallow'd eyes, to find thee out.

Be't thou in Hell, rap't by *Proserpina*,
To be a rival in black *Pluto's* love;

Or mov't thou in the heavens, a form Divine:
Lashing the lazie Spear,
Or if thou be't return'd to thy first Being,
Thy mother Sea, then will I seek thee forth.
Earth, Air, nor Fire,
Nor the black shades below shall bar my sight
So daring is my powerful appetite.

Boy. Sir, you may save this long voyage, and take a shorter cut: you have forgot your self, the fish head's here, your own imaginations have made you mad.

Laz. Term it a jealous fury, good my boy.

Boy. Faith Sir term it what you will, you must use other terms before you can get it.

Laz. The looks of my sweet love are fair,
Fresh and feeding as the air.

Boy. Sir, you forget your self.

Laz. Was never seen so rare a head,
Of any Fish alive or dead.

Boy. Good Sir remember: this is the house, Sir.

Laz. Cursed be he that dare not venture.

Boy. Fity your self, Sir, and leave this fury

Laz. For such a prize, and so I enter.

Exit Lazarello and Boy.

Pan. Dun's i'th' mire, get out again how he can:
My honest gallant, I'll shew you one trick more
Than e'er the fool your father dream'd of yet.
Madona Julia?

Enter Madona Julia, a Whore.

Julia. What news my sweet rogue, my dear fins-broker, what good news?

Pan. There is a kind of ignorant thing,
Much like a Courtier, now gone in.

Jul. Is he gallant?

Pan. He shines not very gloriously, nor does he wear one skin perfum'd to keep the other sweet; his coat is not in *Or*, nor does the world run yet on wheels with him; he's rich enough, and has a small thing follows him, like to a boat tyed to a tall ships tail: give him entertainment, be light, and flashing like a Meteor, hug him about the neck, give him a kiss, and lisping cry, good Sir; and he's thine own, as fast as he were tied to thine arms by Indenture.

Jul. I dare doe more than this, if he be o'th' true Court cut; I'll take him out a lesson worth the Learning: but we are but their Apes; what's he worth?

Pan. Be he rich, or poor; if he will take thee with him, thou maist use thy trade from Constables, and Marshals: who hath been here since I went out?

Jul. There is a Gentlewoman sent hither by a Lord, she's a piece of dainty stuff my rogue, smooth and soft, as new Sattin; she was never gumm'd yet boy, nor fretted.

Pan. Where lies she?

Jul. She lies above, towards the street, not to be spoke with, but by my Lord that sent her, or some from him, we have in charge from his servants.

Enter Lazarello.

Pan. Peace, he comes out again upon discovery; up with all your Canvas, hale him in; and when thou hast done, clap him aboard bravely, my valiant Pinnace.

Jul. Begone, I shall doe reason with him.

Laz. Are you the special beauty of this house?

Jul. Sir, you have given it a more special regard by your good language, than these black brows can merit,

Laz. Lady, you are fair

Jul. Fair Sir: I thank ye? all the poor means I have left to be thought grateful, is but a kiss, and ye shall have it Sir.

Laz. Ye have a very moving lip.

Jul. Prove it again Sir, it may be your sense was set too high, and so over-wrought it self.

Laz. 'Tis still the same: how far may ye hold the time to be spent Lady?

Jul. Four a clock, Sir.

Laz. I have not eat to day.

Jul. You will have the better Stomach to your supper; in the mean time I'll feed you with delight.

Laz. 'Tis not so good upon an empty Stomach: if it might be without the trouble of your house, I would eat?

Jul. Sir, we can have a Capon ready,

Laz. The day?

Jul. 'Tis Friday, Sir.

Laz. I do eat little flesh upon these days.

Jul. Come sweet, ye shall not think on meat; I'll drown it with a better appetite.

Laz. I feel it work more strangely, I must eat.

Jul. 'Tis now too late to send; I say ye shall not think on meat: if ye do, by this kiss I'll be angry.

Laz. I could be far more sprightly, had I eaten, and more lasting.

Jul. What will you have Sir? name but the Fish, my Maid shall bring it, if it may be got,

Laz. Methinks your house should not be so unfurnish'd, as not to have some pretty modicum.

Jul. It is now: but cou'd ye stay till supper?

Laz. Sure I have offended highly, and much, and my afflictions makes it manifest, I will retire henceforth, and keep my chamber, live privately, and dye forgotten.

Jul. Sir, I must crave your pardon, I had forgot my self; I have a dish of meat within, and it is fish; I think this Dukedom holds not a daintier: 'tis an *Umbranoes* head.

Laz. This kiss is yours, and this.

Jul. Hoe? within there? cover the board, and set the Fish head on it.

Laz. Now am I so truly happy, so much above all fate and fortune, that I should despise that man, durst say, remember *Lazarello*, thou art mortal.

Enter Intelligencers with a Guard.

2 Int. This is the villain, lay hold on him.

Laz. Gentlemen, why am I thus intreated? what is the nature of my crime?

2 Int. Sir, though you have carried it a great while privately, and (as you think) well; yet we have seen you Sir, and we do know thee *Lazarello*, for a Traitor.

Laz. The gods defend our Duke,

2 Int. Amen, Sir, Sir, this cannot save that stiff neck from the halter.

Jul. Gentlemen, I am glad you have discover'd him, he should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds; and surely I did not like him, when he call'd for Fish,

Laz. My friends, will ye let me have that little favour—

1 Int. Sir, ye shall have Law, and nothing else.

Laz. To let me stay the eating of a bit or two, for I protest I am yet fasting.

Jul. I'll have no Traitor come within my house.

Laz. Now could I wish my self I had been a Traitor, I have strength enough for to endure it, had I but patience: Man thou art but grass, thou art a bubble, and thou must perish.

Then lead along, I am prepar'd for all:
Since I have lost my hopes, welcome my fall.

2 Int. Away Sir.

Laz. As thou hast hope of man, stay but this dish this two hours, I doubt not but I shall be discharged: by this light I will marry thee.

Jul. You shall marry me first then.

Laz. I do contract my self unto thee now, before these Gentlemen.

Jul. I'll preserve jt till you be hang'd or quitted.

Laz. Thanks, thanks.

2 Int. Away, away, you shall thank her at the gallows.

Laz. Adieu, adieu.

Exeunt Laz. 2 Int. and Guard.

Jul. If he live I'll have him, if he be hang'd, there's no loss in it.

Exit.

Enter Oriana and her waiting woman, looking out at a window.

Oriana. Hast thou provided one to bear my Letter to my brother?

Wait. I have enquir'd, but they of the house will suffer no Letter nor message to be carried from you, but such as the Lord *Gondarino* shall be acquainted with: truly Madam I suspect the house to be no better than it should be.

Ori. What dost thou doubt?

Wait. Faith I am loth to tell it, Madam.

Ori. Out with it, 'tis not true modesty to fear to speak that thou dost think.

Wait. I think it to be one of these Bawdy houses.

Ori. 'Tis no matter wench, we are warm in it, keep thou thy mind pure, and upon my word, that name will do thee no hurt: I cannot force my self yet to fear any thing; when I do get out, I'll another encounter with my Woman-Hater. Here will I sit, I may get sight of some of my friends, it must needs be a comfort to them to see me here.

Enter Duke, Gondarino, Count, Arrigo.

Gond. Are we all sufficiently disguis'd? for this house where she attends me, is not to be visited in our own shapes.

Duke. We are not our selves.

Arr. I know the house to be sinful enough, yet I have been heretofore, and durst now, but for discovering of you, appear here in my own likeness.

Duke. Where's *Lucio*?

Arri. My Lord, he said the affairs of the Common-wealth would not suffer him to attend always.

Duke. Some great ones questionless that he will handle.

Count. Come, let us enter.

Gond. See how Fortune strives to revenge my quarrel upon these women, she's in the window, were it not to undoe her, I should not look upon her.

Duke. Lead us *Gondarino*.

Gond. Stay; since you force me to display my shame, look there, and you my Lord, know you that face?

Duke. Is't she?

Count. It is.

Gond. 'Tis she, whose greatest virtue ever was Dissimulation; she that still hath strove More to sin cunningly, than to avoid it: She that hath ever sought to be accounted Most virtuous, when she did deserve most scandal: 'Tis she that itches now, and in the height Of her intemperate thoughts, with greedy eyes Expects my coming to allay her Lust: Leave her; forget she's thy sister.

Count. Stay, stay.

Duke. I am as full of this, as thou canst be, The memory of this will easily Hereafter stay my loose and wandring thought] From any Woman.

Count. This will not down with me, I dare not trust this fellow.

Duke. Leave her here, that only shall be her punishment, never to be fetcht from hence; but let her use her trade to get her living.

Count. Stay good my Lord, I do believe all this, as great men as I, have had known whores to their Sisters, and have laugh't at it: I would fain hear how she talks, since she grew thus light: will your grace make him shew himself to her, as if he were now come to satisfy her longing! whilst we, unseen of her, over-hear her wantonness, let's make our best of it now, we shall have good mirth.

Duke. Do it *Gondarino*.

Gond. I must; fortune assist me but this once.

Count. Here we shall stand unseen, and near enough.

Gond. Madam, *Oriana*.

Oria.

Oria. Who's that ? oh ! my Lord ?

Gond. Shall I come up ?

Oria. Oh you are merry, shall I come down ?

Gond. It is better there.

Oria. What is the confession of the lye you made to the Duke, which I scarce believe, yet you had impudence enough to do ? did it not gain you so much faith with me, as that I was willing to be at your Lordships bestowing, till you had recover'd my credit, and confest your self a lyar, as you pretended to do ? I confest I began to fear you, and desir'd to be out of your house, but your own followers forc'd me hither.

Gond. 'Tis well suspected, dissemble still, for there are some may hear us.

Oria. More tricks yet, my Lord ? what house this is I know not, I only know my self : it were a great conquest, if you could fasten a scandal upon me : 'faith my Lord, give me leave to write to my brother ?

Duke. Come down.

Count. Come down.

Arr. If it please your Grace, there's a back door.

Count. Come meet us there then.

Duke. It seems you are acquainted with the house.

Arr. I have been in it.

Gond. She saw you and dissembled.

Duke. Sir, we shall know that better,

Gond. Bring me unto her, if I prove her not To be a strumpet, let me be contemn'd Of all her sex.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Lucio.

Luc. **N**OW whilst the young Duke follows his delights,
We that do mean to practise in the State,
Must pick our times, and set our faces in,
And nod our heads as it may prove most fit
For the main good of the dear Common-wealth :
Who's within there ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord ?

Luc. Secretary, fetch the Gown I use to read Petitions in, and the Standish I answer French Letters with : and call in the Gentleman that attends : *Exit Serv.*
Little know they that do not deal in State,
How many things there are to be observ'd,
Which seem but little ; yet by one of us
(Whose brains do wind about the Common-wealth)
Neglected, cracks our credits utterly.

Enter Gentleman and a Servant.

Sir, but that I do presume upon your secrecie, I would not have appear'd to you thus ignorantly attir'd without a tooth-pick in a ribbond, or a Ring in my bandstring.

Gent. Your Lordship send for me ?

Luc. I did : Sir, your long practice in the State, under a great man, hath led you to much experience.

Gent. My Lord.

Luc. Suffer not your modesty to excuse it : in short, and in private, I desire your direction, I take my study already to be furnisht after a grave and wise method.

Gent. What will this Lord do ?

Luc. My Book-frings are futable, and of a reaching colour.

Gent. How's this ?

Luc. My Standish of Wood, strange and sweet, and my fore-flap hangs in the right place, and as near *Machiavel's*, as can be gathered by tradition.

Gent. Are there such men as will say nothing abroad, and play the fools in their Lodgings ? this Lord must be followed : and hath your Lordship some new made words to scatter in your speeches in publick, to gain note, that the hearers may carry them away, and dispute of them at dinner ?

Luc. I have Sir : and besides, my several Gowns and Caps agreeable to my several occasions.

Gent. 'Tis well, and you have learn'd to write a bad hand, that the Readers may take pains for it.

Luc. Yes Sir, and I give out I have the palfie.

Gent. Good, 'twere better though, if you had it : your Lordship hath a Secretary, that can write fair, when you purpose to be understood.

Luc. 'Faith Sir I have one, there he stands, he hath been my Secretary these seven years, but he hath forgotten to write.

Gent. If he can make a writing face, it is not amiss, so he keep his own counsel : your Lordship hath no hope of the Gout ?

Luc. Uh, little Sir, since the pain in my right foot left me.

Gent. 'Twill be some scandal to your wisdom, though I see your Lordship knows enough in publick business.

Luc. I am not employ'd (though to my desert) in occasions foreign, nor frequented for matters domestical.

Gent. Not frequented ? what course takes your Lordship ?

Luc. The readiest way, my door stands wind, my Secretary knows I am not denied to any.

Gent. In this (give me leave) your Lordship is out of the way : make a back door to let out Intelligencers ; seem to be ever busie, and put your door under keepers, and you shall have a troop of Clients sweating to come at you.

Luc. I have a back door already, I will henceforth be busie, Secretary, run and keep the door. *Exit Secretary.*

Gent. This will fetch 'um ?

Luc. I hope so.

Enter Secretary.

Secr. My Lord, there are some require access to you, about weighty affairs of State.

Luc. Already ?

Gent. I told you so.

Luc. How weighty is the business ?

Secr. Treason my Lord.

Luc. Sir, my debts to you for this are great.

Gent. I will leave your Lordship now.

Luc. Sir, my death must be suddain, if I requite you not : at the back door good Sir.

Gent. I will be your Lordships Intelligencer for once.

Exit Gentleman.

Enter Secretary.

Secr. My Lord.

Luc. Let 'em in, and say I am at my study.

*Enter Lazarello, and two Intelligencers,
Lucio being at his study.*

1 Int. Where is your Lord ?

Secr. At his study, but he will have you brought in.

Laza. Why Gentlemen, what will you charge me withal ?

2 Int. Treason, horrible treason, I hope to have the leading of thee to prison, and prick thee on i'th' arse with a Halbert : to have him hang'd that salutes thee, and call all those in question that spit not upon thee.

Laz. My thred is spun, yet might I but call for this dish

of

of meat at the gallows, instead of a Psalm, it were to be endur'd: the Curtain opens, now my end draws on.

Secretary draws the Curtain.

Luc. Gentlemen, I am not empty of weighty occasions at this time; I pray you your business.

1 Int. My Lord, I think we have discover'd one of the most bloody Traitors, that ever the world held.

Luc. Signior *Lazarillo*, I am glad ye are one of this discovery, give me your hand.

2 Int. My Lord, that is the Traitor.

Luc. Keep him off, I would not for my whole estate have touch'd him.

Laz. My Lord.

Luc. Peace Sir, I know the devil is at your tongue's end, to furnish you with speeches: what are the particulars you charge him with?

They deliver a paper to Lucio, who reads.

Both Int. We conferr'd our Notes, and have extracted that, which we will justifie upon our oaths.

Luc. That he would be greater than the Duke, that he had cast plots for this, and meant to corrupt some to betray him, that he would burn the City, kill the Duke, and poison the Privy Council; and lastly kill himself. Though thou deserv'st justly to be hang'd, with silence yet I allow thee to speak, be short.

Laz. My Lord, so may my greatest wish succeed, So may I live, and compass what I seek, As I had never treason in my thoughts, Nor ever did conspire the overthrow Of any creatures but of brutish beasts, Fowls, Fishes, and such other humane food, As is provided for the good of man. If stealing Custards, Tarts, and Florentines By some late Statute be created Treason; How many fellow-Courtiers can I bring, Whose long attendance and experience, Hath made them deeper in the plot than I?

Luc. Peace, such hath ever been the clemency of my gracious Master the Duke, in all his proceedings, that I had thought, and thought I had thought rightly; that malice would long e'r this have hid her self in her Den, and have turn'd her own sting against her own heart: but I well perceive, that so froward is the disposition of a deprav'd nature, that it doth not only seek revenge, where it hath receiv'd injury, but many times thirst after their destruction, where it hath met with benefits.

Laz. But my good Lord —

2 Int. Let's gag him.

Luc. Peace again, but many times thirst after destruction, where it hath met with benefits; there I left: Such, and no better are the business that we have now in hand.

1 Int. He's excellently spoken.

1 Int. He'll wind a Traitor I warrant him,

Luc. But surely methinks, setting aside the touch of conscience, and all inward convulsions.

2 Int. He'll be hang'd, I know by that word.

Laz. Your Lordship may consider —

Luc. Hold thy peace: thou canst not answer this speech: no Traitor can answer it: but because you cannot answer this speech, I take it you have confess'd the Treason.

1 Int. The Count *Valore* was the first that discover'd him, and can witness it; but he left the matter to your Lordship's grave consideration.

Luc. I thank his Lordship, carry him away speedily to the Duke.

Laz. Now *Lazarillo* thou art tumb'd down The hill of fortune, with a violent arm; All plagues that can be, Famine, and the Sword Will light upon thee, black despair will boil In thy despairing breast, no comfort by, Thy friends far off, thy enemies are nigh.

Luc. Away with him, I'll follow you, look you pinion

him, and take his money from him, lest he swallow a shilling, and kill himself.

2 Int. Get thou on before.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Duke, the Count, Gondarino, and Arrigo.

Duke. NOW *Gondarino*, what can you put on now That may deceive us?

Have ye more strange illusions, yet more mists, Through which, the weak eye may be led to error: What can ye say that may do satisfaction Both for her wrong'd honor, and your ill?

Gond. All I can say, or may, is said already: She is unchaste, or else I have no knowledge, I do not breathe, nor have the use of sense.

Duke. Dare ye be yet so wilful, ignorant of your own nakedness? did not your servants

In mine own hearing confess They brought her to that house we found her in, Almost by force: and with a great distrust Of some ensuing hazard?

Count. He that hath begun so worthily, It fits not with his resolution

To leave off thus, my Lord, I know these are but idle proofs.

What says your Lordship to them?

Gond. Count, I dare yet pronounce again, thy Sister is not honest.

Count. You are your self my Lord, I like your settledness.

Gond. Count, thou art young, and unexperienc'd in the dark, hidden ways of Women: Thou dar'st affirm with confidence, a Lady of fifteen may be a Maid.

Count. Sir, if it were not so, I have a Sister would set near my heart.

Gond. Let her sit near her shame, it better fits her: call back the blood that made our stream in nearness, and turn the Current to a better use; 'tis too much mudded, I do grieve to know it.

Duke. Dar'st thou make up again, dar'st thou turn face, knowing we know thee, hast thou not been discover'd openly? did not our ears hear her deny thy courtings? did we not see her blush with modest anger, to be so overtaken by a trick; can ye deny this Lord?

Gond. Had not your Grace, and her kind brother

Been within level of her eye, You should have had a hotter volley from her, More full of blood and fire, ready to leap the window where she stood.

So truly sensual is her appetite.

Duke. Sir, Sir, these are but words and tricks, give me the proof.

Count. What need a better proof than your Lordship? I am sure ye have lain with her my Lord.

Gond. I have confess'd it Sir.

Duke. I dare not give thee credit without witness.

Gond. Does your grace think we carry seconds with us, to search us, and see fair play: your Grace hath been ill tutor'd in the business; but if you hope to try her truly, and satisfy your self what frailty is, give her the Test: do not remember Count she is your Sister; nor let my Lord the Duke believe she is fair; but put her to it without hope or pity, then ye shall see that golden form flie off, that all eyes wonder at for pure and fixt, and under't base blushing Copper; metall not worth the meanest

meanest honor : you shall behold her then my Lord transparent, look through her heart, and view the spirits how they leap, and tell me then I did belie the Lady.

Duke. It shall be done : come *Gondarino* bear us company, We do believe thee : she shall die, and thou shalt see it.

Enter Lazarello, two Intelligencers, and Guard.

How now my friends, who have you guarded hither?

2 Int. So please your Grace we have discover'd a villain and a Traitor : the Lord *Lucio* hath examin'd him, and sent him to your Grace for Judgement.

Count. My Lord, I dare absolve him from all sin of Treason : I know his most ambition is but a dish of meat, which he hath hunted with so true a scent, that he deserveth the Collar not the Halter.

Duke. Why do they bring him thus bound up? the poor man had more need have some warm meat, to comfort his cold stomach.

Count. Your Grace shall have the cause hereafter, when you shall laugh more freely : But these are call'd Informers : men that live by Treason, as Rat-catchers do by poison.

Duke. Would there were no heavier prodigies hung over us, than this poor fellow, I durst redeem all perils ready to pour themselves upon this State, with a cold Custard.

Count. Your Grace might do it without danger to your person.

Laz. My Lord, if ever I intended treason against your Person, or the State, unless it were by wishing from your Table some dish of meat, which I must needs confess, was not a subjects part : or coveting by stealth, sups from those noble bottles, that no mouth, keeping allegiance true, should dare to taste : I must confess, with more than covetous eye, I have beheld those dear conceal'd dishes, that have been brought in by cunning equipage, to wait upon your Graces pallat : I do confesse, out of this present heat, I have had Stratagems and Ambuscado's; but God be thank'd they have never took.

Duke. Count, this business is your own; when you have done, repair to us.

Exit Duke.

Count. I will attend your Grace : *Lazarello*, you are at liberty, be your own man again; and if you can be master of your wishes, I wish it may be so.

Laz. I humbly thank your Lordship : I must be unmanly, I have some present business, once more I heartily thank your Lordship.

Exit Lazarillo.

Count. Now even a word or two to you, and so farewell, you think you have deserv'd much of this State by this discovery : y^e are a slavish people, grown subject to the common course of all men. How much unhappy were that noble spirit, could work by such baser gains? what misery would not a knowing man put on with willingness, e^r he see himself grown fat and full fed, by fall of those you rise by? I do discharge ye my attendance; our healthful State needs no such Leeches to suck out her blood.

1 Int. I do beseech your Lordship.

2 Int. Good my Lord.

Count. Go learn to be more honest, what I see you work your means from honest industry,

Exeunt Informers.

I will be willing to accept your labours :
Till then I will keep back my promis'd favours;
Here comes another remnant of folly :

Enter Lucio.

I must dispatch him too. Now Lord *Lucio*, what business brings you hither?

Luc. Faith Sir, I am discovering what will become of that notable piece of treason, intended by that Varlet *Lazarillo*; I have sent him to the Duke for judgement.

Count. Sir, you have perform'd the part of a most careful Statesman, and let me say it to your face, Sir, of a Father to this State : I would wish you to retire, and insconce your self in study : for such is your daily labour, and our fear, that our loss of an hour may breed our overthrow.

Luc. Sir, I will be commanded by your judgement, and though I find it a trouble scant to be waded through, by these weak years : yet for the dear care of the Common-wealth, I will bruise my brains, and confine my self to much vexation.

Count. Go, and maist thou knock down Treason like an Ox.

Luc. Amen.

Exeunt.

Enter Mercer, Pandar, Francissima.

Mer. Have I spoke thus much in the honor of Learning? learn'd the names of the seven liberal Sciences, before my marriage; and since, have in haste written Epistles congratulatory, to the Nine Muses, and is the prov'd a Whore and a Begger?

Pan. 'Tis true, you are not now to be taught, that no man can be learn'd of a suddain; let not your first project discourage you, what you have lost in this, you may get again in Alchumie.

Fran. Fear not Husband, I hope to make as good a wife, as the best of your neighbors, have, and as honest.

Mer. I will goe home; good Sir, do not publish this, as long as it runs amongst our selves; 'tis good honest mirth : you'll come home to supper; I mean to have all her friends, and mine, as ill as it goes.

Pan. Do wisely Sir, and bid your own friends, your whole wealth will scarce feast all hers, neither is it for your credit, to walk the streets with a woman so noted; get you home and provide her cloaths : let her come an hour hence with an Hand-basket, and shift her self, she'll serve to sit at the upper end of the Table, and drink to your customers.

Mer. Art is just, and will make me amends.

Pan. No doubt Sir.

Mer. The chief note of a Scholar you say, is to govern his passions; wherefore I do take all patiently; in sign of which, my dear Wife, I do kiss thee, make haste home after me, I shall be in my study.

Exit Mercer.

Pan. Go, avaunt, my new City Dame, send me what you promis'd me for consideration; and may'st thou prove a Lady.

Fran. Thou shalt have it, his Silks shall flie for it.

Exeunt.

Enter Lazarello and his boy.

Laz. How sweet is a Calm after a Tempest, what is there now that can stand betwixt me and felicity? I have gone through all my crosses constantly; have confounded my enemies, and know where to have my longing satisfied : I have my way before me, there's the door, and I may freely walk into my delights : knock boy.

Jul. Who's there?

Within.

Laz. *Madona*, my Love, not guilty, not guilty, open the door.

Enter Julia.

Jul. Art thou come sweet-heart?

Laz. Yes, to my soft embraces, and the rest of my overflowing blisses; come, let us in and swim in our delights : a short Grace as we go, and so to meat.

Julia.

Jul. Nay my dear Love, you must bear with me in this; we'll to the Church first.

Laz. Shall I be sure of it then?

Jul. By my love you shall.

Laz. I am content, for I do now wish to hold off longer, to whet my appetite, and do desire to meet with more troubles, so I might conquer them:

And as a holy Lover that hath spent
The tedious night with many a sigh and tears;
Whilst he pursu'd his wench: and hath observ'd
The smiles, and frowns, not daring to displease
When at last, hath with his service won
Her yielding heart; that she begins to dote
Upon him, and can hold no longer out,
But hangs about his neck, and woos him more
Than ever he desir'd her love before:
Then begins to flatter his desert,
And growing wanton, needs will cast her off;
Try her, pick quarrels, to breed fresh delight,
And to increase his pleasing appetite.

Jul. Come Mousé will you walk?

Laz. I pray thee let me be deliver'd of the joy I am so big with, I do feel that high heat within me, that I begin to doubt whether I be mortal:

How I contemn my fellows in the Court,
With whom I did but yesterday converse?
And in a lower, and an humbler key
Did walk and meditate on grosser meats?
There are they still poor rogues, shaking their chops,
And sneaking after Cheeses, and do run
Headlong in chace, of every Jack of Beer
That crosseth them, in hope of some repast,
That it will bring them to, whilst I am here,
The happiest wight that ever set his tooth
To a dear novelty: approach my love,
Come, let's go to knit the True Loves knot,
That never can be broken.

Boy. That is to marry a whore.

Laz. When that is done, then will we taste the gift,

Which Fates have sent my Fortunes up to lift.

Boy. When that is done, you'll begin to repent upon a full stomach; but I see, 'tis but a form in destiny, not to be alter'd.

Exeunt.

Enter Arrigo and Oriana.

Oria. Sir, what may be the current of your business, that thus you single out your time and place?

Arri. Madam, the business now impos'd upon me, concerns you nearly, I wish some worse man might finish it.

Oria. Why are ye chang'd so? are ye not well Sir?

Arri. Yes Madam, I am well, wo'd you were so.

Oria. Why Sir, I feel my self in perfect health.

Arri. And yet ye cannot live long, Madam.

Oria. Why good Arrigo?

Arri. Why? ye must dye.

Oria. I know I must, but yet my fate calls not upon me.

Arri. It does; this hand the Duke commands shall give you death.

Oria. Heaven, and the powers Divine, guard well the innocent.

Arri. Lady, your Prayers may do your soul some good.

That sure your body cannot merit by 'em:
You must prepare to die.

Oria. What's my offence? what have these years committed,

That may be dangerous to the Duke, or State?
Have I conspir'd by poison, have I giv'n up,

My honor to some loose unsetl'd blood

That may give action to my plots?

Dear Sir, let me not dye ignorant of my faults?

Arri. Ye shall not.

Then Lady, you must know, you're held unhonest;
The Duke, your Brother, and your friends in Court,
With too much grief condemn ye: though to me,
The fault deserves not to be paid with death.

Oria. Who's my accuser?

Arri. Lord Gondarino.

Oria. Arrigo, take these words, and bear them to the Duke,

It is the last petition I shall ask thee:

Tell him the child this present hour brought forth
To see the world has not a soul more pure, more
white,

More Virgin than I have; Tell him Lord Gondarino's
Plot, I suffer for, and willingly: tell him it had been
a greater honor, to have sav'd than kill'd: but I have
done: strike, I am arm'd for heaven. Why, stay you? is
there any hope?

Arri. I would not strike.

Oria. Have you the power to save?

Arri. With hazard of my life, if it should be known.

Oria. You will not venture that?

Arri. I will Lady: there is that means yet to escape
your death, if you can wisely apprehend.

Oria. Ye dare not be so kind?

Arri. I dare, and will, if you dare but deserve't.

Oria. If I should slight my life, I were too blame.

Arri. Then Madam, this is the means, or else you die:
I love you.

Oria. I shall believe it, if you save my life.

Arri. And you must lie with me.

Oria. I dare not buy my life so.

Arri. Come, ye must resolve, say yea or no.

Oria. Then no; nay, look not ruggedly upon me,
I am made up too strong to fear such looks:

Come, do your Butchers part: before I would wish life,
with the dear loss of honour, I dare find means to free
my self.

Arri. Speak, will ye yield?

Oria. Villain, I will not; Murtherer, do thy worst,
thy base un noble thoughts dare prompt thee to; I am
above thee slave.

Arri. Wilt thou not be drawn to yield by fair persuasions?

Oria. No, nor by ——

Arri. Peace, know your doom then; your Ladyship
must remember, you are not now at home, where you
dare feast all that come about you: but you are fallen
under my mercy, which shall be but small; if thou refuse
to yield: hear what I have sworn unto my self; I will
enjoy thee, though it be between the parting of thy
soul and body; yield yet and live.

Oria. I'll guard the one, let Heaven guard the other,

Arri. Are you so resolute then?

Duke from above.

Hold, hold I say.

Oria. What I? yet more terror to my tragedy?

Arri. Lady, the Scene of blood is done; ye are now as
free from scandal, as from death.

Enter Duke, Count, and Gondarino.

Duke. Thou Woman which wert born to teach men
virtue,

Fair, sweet, and modest Maid, forgive my thoughts,
My trespass was my love.

Seize Gondarino, let him wait our dooms.

Gond. I do begin a little to love this woman; I could
endure her already twelve miles off.

Count

Count. Sister, I am glad you have brought your honor off so fairly, without loss: you have done a work above your sex, the Duke admires it: give him fair encounter.

Duke. Best of all comforts, may I take this hand, and call it mine?

Ori. I am your Graces handmaid.

Duke. Would ye had fed my self: might it not be so Lady?

Count. Sister, say I, I know you can afford it.

Ori. My Lord, I am your subject, you may command me, provided still, your thoughts be fair and good.

Duke. Here I am yours, and when I cease to be so, Let heaven forget me: thus I make it good.

Ori. My Lord, I am no more mine own.

Count. So; this bargain was well driven.

Gond. Duke, thou hast sold away thy self to all perdition; thou art this present hour becoming Cuckold: methinks I see thy gaul grate through thy veins, and jealousy seize thee with her talons: I know that womans nose must be cut off, she cannot scape it.

Duke. Sir, we have punishment for you.

Orian. I do beseech your Lordship, for the wrongs this man hath done me, let me pronounce his punishment.

Duke. Lady, I give't to you, he is your own.

Gond. I do beseech your Grace, let me be banisht with all the speed that may be.

Count. Stay still, you shall attend her sentence.

Orian. Lord *Gondarino*, you have wrong'd me highly; yet since it sprung from no peculiar hate to me, but from a general dislike unto all women, you shall thus suffer for it; *Arrigo*, call in some Ladies to assist us; will your Grace make your State?

Gond. My Lord, I do beseech your Grace for any punishment saving this woman, let me be sent upon discovery of some Island; I do desire but a small Gondela, with ten Holland Cheeses, and I'll undertake it.

Oria. Sir, ye must be content, will ye sit down? nay, do it willingly: *Arrigo*, tie his Arms close to the chair, I dare not trust his patience.

Cond. Mayst thou be quickly old and painted; mayst thou dote upon some sturdy Yeoman of the Wood-yard, and he be honest; mayst thou be barr'd the lawful lechery of thy Coach, for want of instruments; and last, be thy womb unopen'd.

Duke. This fellow hath a pretty gaul.

Count. My Lord, I hope to see him purg'd e'r he part,

Enter Ladies.

Oria. Your Ladyships are welcome: I must desire your helps, though you are no Physicians, to do a strange cure upon this Gentleman.

Ladies. In what we can assist you Madam, ye may command us.

Gond. Now do I sit like a Conjuror within my circle, and these the Devils that are rais'd about me, I will pray that they may have no power upon me.

Oria. Ladies, fall off in couples, then with a soft still march, with low demeanors, charge this Gentleman, I'll be your Leader.

Gond. Let me be quarter'd Duke quickly, I can endure it: these women long for Mans flesh, let them have it.

Duke. Count, have you ever seen so strange a passion? what would this fellow do, if he should find himself in bed with a young Lady?

Count. Faith my Lord, if he could get a knife, sure he wou'd cut her throat, or else he wou'd do as *Hercules* did by *Lycas*, siving out her soul: h'as the true hate of a woman in him.

Oria. Low with your Curses Ladies.

Gond. Come not too near me, I have a breath will poi-

son ye, my lungs are rotten, and my stomach is raw: I am given much to belching: hold off, as you love sweet airs; Ladies, by your first nights pleasure, I conjure you, as you wou'd have your Husbands proper men, strong backs, and little legs, as you would have 'em hate your Waiting-women.

Oria. Sir, we must court ye, till we have obtain'd some little favour from those gracious eyes, 'tis but a kifs a piece.

Gond. I pronounce perdition to ye all; ye are a parcel of that damned crew that fell down with *Lucifer*, and here ye staid on earth to plague poor men; vanish, avaunt, I am fortified against your charms; heaven grant me breath and patience.

1 Lady. Shall we not kifs then?

Gond. No fear my lips with hot irons first, or stitch them up like a Ferrets: oh that this brunt were over!

2 Lady. Come, come, little rogue, thou art too maidenly by my troth, I think I must box thee till thou be'st bolder; the more bold, the more welcome: I prethee kifs me, be not afraid.

She sits on his knee.

Gond. If there be any here, that yet have so much of the fool left in them, as to love their mothers, let them on her, and loath them too.

2 Lady. What a slovenly little villain art thou, why dost thou not stroke up thy hair? I think thou ne'er comb'd it: I must have it lie in better order; so, so, so, let me see thy hands, are they wash'd?

Gond. I would thy were loose for thy sake.

Duke. She tortures him admirably.

Count. The best that ever was.

2 Lady. Alas, how cold they are, poor golls, why dost thee not get thee a Muff?

Arri. Madam, here's an old Countrey Gentlewoman at the door, that came nodding up for justice, she was with the Lord *Gondarino* to day, and would now again come to the speech of him, she says.

Oria. Let her in, for sports sake, let her in.

Gond. Mercy, oh Duke, I do appeal to thee: plant Canons there, and discharge them against my breast rather: nay, first let this she-fury sit still where she does, and with her nimble fingers stroke my hair, play with my fingers ends, or any thing, until my panting heart have broke my breast.

Duke. You must abide her censure.

The Lady rises from his knee.

Enter old Gentlewoman.

Gond. I see her come, unbutton me, for she will speak.

Gentlew. Where is he Sir?

Gond. Save me, I hear her.

Ar. There he is in state to give you audience

Gentlew. How does your Lordship?

Gond. Sick of the spleen.

Gentlew. How?

Gond. Sick.

Gentlew. Will you chew a Nutmeg, you shall not refuse it, it is very comfortable.

Gond. Nay, now thou art come, I know it is the Devils Jubile, Hell is broke loose: My Lord, if ever I have done you service, Or have deserv'd a favour of your Grace, Let me be turn'd upon some present action, Where I may sooner die, than languish thus; Your Grace hath her petition, grant it her, and ease me now at last.

Duke. No Sir, you must endure,

Gentlew. For my petition, I hope your Lordship hath remembred me.

Oria. Faith I begin to pity him, *Arrigo*, take her off, bear her away, say her petition is granted.

Gentlew. Whether do you draw me Sir? I know it is not my Lords pleasure I should be thus used, before my business be dispatched?

Arr. You shall know more of that without.

Oria. Unbind him Ladies, but before he go, this he shall promise; for the love I bear to our own sex, I would have them still hated by thee, and injoyne thee as a punishment, never hereafter willingly to come in the presence, or fight of any woman, nor never to seek wrongfully, the publick disgrace of any.

Gond. 'Tis that I would have sworn, and do: when I meditate with them, for their good, or their bad; may

Time will call back this day again, and when I come in their companies, may I catch the pox, by their breath, and have no other pleasure for it.

Duke. Ye are most merciful.

Oria. My Lord, I shew'd my sex the better.

Gond. All is over-blown Sister: y'are like to have a fair night of it, and a Prince in your Arms: let's goe my Lord.

Duke. Thus through the doubtful streams of joy and grief,

True Love doth wade, and finds at last relief.

Exeunt omnes.

T H E

NICE VALOUR.

A Comedy.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Duke of Genoua.

Shamont *his Favourite, a superstitious lover of reputation.*

A passionate Lord, *the Duke's distracted kinsman.*

A Soldier, *brother to Shamont.*

Lapet, *the cowardly Monsieur of Nice Valour.*

A Gallant of the same Temper.

Pultrot, } *Two Mushroom Courtiers.*
Mombazon, }

Two Brothers *to the Lady, affecting the passionate Lord.*

Four Courtiers.

Jester.

A Priest, } *In a Masque.*

Six Women, }

Galoshio, *a Clown, such another try'd piece of Man's flesh.*

WOMEN.

Lady, *Sister to the Duke, Shamont's beloved*
Lapet's *Wife.*

A Lady, *personating Cupid, Mistress to the mad*
Lord.

The Scene Genoua.

The PROLOGUE at the reviving of this Play.

IT's grown in fashion of late in these days,
To come and beg a suffrage to our Plays
Faith Gentlemen, our Poet ever writ
Language so good, mixt with such sprightly wit,
He made the Theatre so Sovereign
With his rare Scenes, he scorn'd this crouching vein:

We stabb'd him with keen daggers when we pray'd
Him write a Preface to a Play well made.
He could not write these toys, 'twos easier far,
To bring a Felon to appear at th' Barr
So much he hated baseness; which this day,
His Scenes will best convince you of in's Play.

Actus Primus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Shamont, and four Gentlemen.

Duke.



Shamont, welcome; we have miss'd thee long,
Though absent but two days: I hope your
Answer your time and wishes. (sports

Sham. Very nobly Sir;
We found game, worthy your delight my
It was so royal. (Lord,

Duke. I've enough to hear on't.

Prethee bestow't upon me in discourse.

1 Gent. What is this Gentleman, Coz? you are a Courtier,
Therefore know all their insides.

2 Gent. No farther than the Taffaty goes, good Coz.
For the most part, which is indeed the best part
Of the most general inside; marry thus far
I can with boldness speak this one mans character,
And upon honor, pass it for a true one;
He has that strength of manly merit in him,
That it exceeds his Sovereigns power of gracing;
He's faithfully true to valour, that he hates
The man from *Caesar's* time, or farther off,
That ever took disgrace unreveng'd:
And if he chance to read his abject story,
He tears his memory out; and holds it virtuous,
Not to let shame have so much life amongst us;
There is not such a curious piece of courage

Q q q 2

Among 1

Amongst mans fellowship, or one so jealous
Of honours loss, or reputations glory:

There's so much perfect of his growing story.

1 *Gent.* 'Twould make one dote on virtue as you tell it.

2 *Gent.* I have told it to much loss, believe it Coz.

3 *Gent.* How the Duke graces him? what is he brother?

4 *Gent.* Do you not yet know him? a vain-glorious Cox-
As proud as he that fell for't:

(comb,

Set but aside his valour; no virtue;

Which is indeed, not fit for any Courtier;

And we his fellows are as good as he,

Perhaps as capable of favour too,

For one thing or another, if 'twere look'd into:

Give me a man, were I a Sovereign now

Has a good stroke of Tennis, and a stiff one,

Can play at *Æquinoctium* with the Line,

As even, as the thirteenth of September,

When day and night lie in a scale together;

Or may I thrive, as I deserve at Billiards;

No otherwise at Chess, or at Primero:

These are the parts requir'd, why not advanc'd?

Duke. Trust me, it was no less than excellent pleasure,

And I'm right glad 'twas thine. How fares our kinsman?

Who can resolve us best?

1 *Gent.* I can my Lord.

Duke. There, if I had a pity without bounds,

It might be all bestowed——A man so lost

In the wild ways of passion, that he's sensible

Of nought, but what torments him?

1 *Gent.* True my Lord,

He runs through all the Passions of mankind,

And shifts 'em strangely too: one while in love,

And that so violent, that for want of business,

He'll court the very Prentice of a Landress,

Though she have kib'd heels: and in's melancholly agen,

He will not brook an Empress though thrice fairer

Than ever *Mind* was; or higher spirited

Than *Cleopatra*, or your English Countess:

Then on a suddain he's so merry again,

Out-laughs a Waiting-woman before her first Child:

And turning of a hand, so angry——

Has almost beat the Northern fellow blind;

That is for that use only; if that mood hold my Lord,

Had need of a fresh man; I'll undertake,

He shall bruise three a month.

Duke. I pity him dearly:

And let it be your charge, with his kind brother

To see his moods observ'd; let every passion

Be fed ev'n to a surfet, which in time

May breed a loathing: let him have enough

Of every object, that his fence is wrapt with;

And being once glutted, then the taste of folly

Will come into his relish.

Exit.

1 *Gent.* I shall see

Your charge my Lord, most faithfully effected:

And how does noble Shamount?

Sham. Never ill man

Until I hear of baseness, then I sicken:

I am the healthfull'st man i'th' kingdom else.

Enter Lapet.

1 *Gent.* Be arm'd then for a fit,

Here comes a fellow

Will make you sick at heart, if baseness do't.

Sh. Let me be gone: what is he?

1 *Gent.* Let me tell you first,

It can be but a qualm: pray stay it out Sir,

Come, y've born more than this.

Sh. Born? never any thing

That was injurious.

2 *Gent.* Ha, I am far from that.

Sham. He looks as like a man as I have seen one:

What would you speak of him? speak well I prethee,

Even for humanities cause.

1 *Gent.* You'd have it truth though?

Sham. What else Sir? I have no reason to wrong heav'n

To favour nature; let her bear her own shame

If she be faulty.

1 *Gent.* Monstrous faulty there Sir.

Sham. I'm ill at ease already.

1 *Gent.* Pray bear up Sir.

Sham. I prethee let me take him down with speed then;
Like a wild object that I would not look upon.

1 *Gent.* Then thus: he's one that will endure as much
As can be laid upon him.

Sham. That may be noble:
I'm kept too long from his acquaintance.

1 *Gent.* Oh Sir,
Take heed of rash repentance, y'are too forward.

To find out virtue where it never setl'd:

Take the particulars first, of what he endures;

Videlicet, Bastinadoes by the great.

Sham. How! (fale.

1 *Gent.* Thumps by the dozen, and your kicks by whole-

Sham. No more of him.

1 *Gent.* The twinges by the nostril he snuffs up,
And holds it the best remedy for sneezing.

Sham. Away.

1 *Gent.* Has been thrice switch'd from 7 a clock till 9.

Yet with a Cart-Horse stomach, fell to breakfast;

Forgetful of his smart.

Sham. Nay, the disgrace on't;

There's no smart but that: base things are felt

More by their shames than hurts, Sir. I know you not.

But that you live an injury to nature:

I'm heartily angry with you.

Lap. Pray give your blow or kick, and begone then;

For I ne'er saw you before; and indeed,

Have nothing to say to you, for I know you not.

Sham. Why wouldst thou take a blow?

Lap. I would not Sir,

Unless 'twere offer'd me; and if from an enemy?

I'd be loth to deny it from a stranger.

Sham. What, a blow?

Endure a blow? and shall he live that gives it?

Lap. Many a fair year——why not Sir?

Sham. Let me wonder!

As full a man to see to, and as perfect——

I prethee live not long——

Lap. How?

Sham. Let me intreat it:

Thou dost not know what wrong thou dost mankind,

To walk so long here; not to dye betimes.

Let me advise thee, while thou hast to live here,

Ev'n for man's honour sake, take not a blow more.

Lap. You should advise them not to strike me then Sir,

For I'll take none I assure you, 'less they are given.

Sham. How fain would I preserve mans form from shame

And cannot get it done? however Sir,

I charge thee live not long.

Lap. This is worse than beating.

Sham. Of what profession art thou, tell me Sir,

Besides a Tailor? for I'll know the truth.

Lap. A Tailor? I'm as good a Gentleman——

Can shew my Arms and all,

Sham. How black and blew they are?

Is that your manifestation? upon pain

Of pounding thee to dust, assume not wrongfully

The name of Gentleman, because I'm one,

That must not let thee live.

Lap. I have done, I have done Sir.

If there be any harm, bestrew the Herald,

I'm sure I ha' not been so long a Gentleman,

To make this anger: I have nothing no where,

But what I dearly pay for.

Sham. Groom begone;

I never was so heart-sick yet of man.

Exit.

Enter

Enter Lady, the Duke's Sister, Lapet's wife.

I Gent. Here comes a cordial, Sir, from th'other sex,
Able to make a dying face look chearful.

Sham. The blessedness of Ladies —

Lady. Y'are well met Sir.

Sham. The sight of you has put an evil from me,
Whose breath was able to make virtue sicken,

Lady. I'm glad I came so fortunately. What was't Sir?

Sham. A thing that takes a blow, lives, and eats after it,
In very good health; you ha' not seen the like, Madam,
A Monster worth your sixpence, lovely worth,
Speak low Sir; by all likely-hoods 'tis her Husband, Lady,
That now bestow'd a visitation on me. Farewel Sir. *Exit.*

Sham. Husband? is't possible that he has a wife?
Would any creature have him? 'tis some forc'd match,
If he were not kick'd to th' Church o' th' wedding day,
I'll never come at Court. Can be no otherwise:

Perhaps he was rich, speak mistress *Lapet*, was't not so?

Wife. Nay, that's without all question.

Sh. O ho, he would not want kickers enow then;
If you are wise, I much suspect your honesty;
For wisdom never fastens constantly,
But upon merit: if you incline to fool,
You are alike unfit for his society;
Nay, if it were not boldness in the man
That honors you, to advise you, troth his company
Should not be frequent with you.

Wife. 'Tis good counsel Sir.

Sham. Oh, I am so careful where I reverence,
So just to goodness, and her precious purity,
I'm as equally jealous, and as fearful,
That any undeserved stain might fall
Upon her sanctified whiteness, as of the sin
That comes by wilfulness.

Wife. Sir, I love your thoughts,
And honor you for your counsel and your care.

Sham. We are your servants.

Wife. He's but a Gentleman o'th' chamber; he might
have kiss me:

Faith, where shall one find less courtesie, than at Court?

Say I have an undeserver to my Husband:

That's ne'er the worse for him: well strange lip'd men,
'Tis but a kiss lost, there'll more come agen. *Exit.*

*Enter the passionate Lord, the Dukes kinsman, makes
a congie or two to nothing.*

I Gent. Look, who comes here Sir, his love-fit's upon him:
I know it, by that sett smile, and those congies.

How courteous he's to nothing? which indeed,

Is the next kin to woman; only shadow

The elder Sister of the twain, because 'tis seen too

See how it kisses the fore-finger still;

Which is the last edition, and being come

So near the thumb, every Cobler has got it.

Sham. What a ridiculous piece, humanity
Here makes it self?

I Gent. Nay good give leave a little, Sir,
Y'are so precise a manhood —

Sham. It afflicts me
When I behold unseemliness in an Image
So near the Godhead, 'tis an injury
To glorious Eternity.

I Gent. Pray use patience, Sir.

Paf. I do confess it freely, precious Lady,
And loves suit is so, the longer it hangs
The worse it is; better cut off, sweet Madam;
Oh, that same drawing in your neather Lip there,
Fore-shews no goodness, Lady; make you question on't?
Shame on me, but I love you.

I Gent. Who is't Sir,
You are at all this pains for? may I know her?

Paf. For thee thou fairest, yet the falsest woman,
That ever broke man's heart-strings.

I Gent. How? how's this Sir?

Paf. What the old trick of Ladies? man's apparel,
Will't ne'er be left amongst you? steal from Court in't?

I Gent. I see the Fit grows stronger.

Paf. Pray let's talk a little.

Sham. I can endure no more.

I Gent. Good, let's alone a little:

You are so exact a work: love light things somewhat, Sir.

Sham. Th'are all but shames.

I Gent. What is't you'd say to me, Sir?

Paf. Can you be so forgetful to enquire it Lady?

I Gent. Yes truly, Sir.

Paf. The more I admire your flintiness:
What cause have I given you, illustrious Madam,
To play this strange part with me?

I Gent. Cause enough,

Do but look back Sir, into your memory,
Your love to other women, oh lewd man:
'Tas almost kill'd my heart, you see I'm chang'd with it,

I ha' lost the fashion of my Sex with grief on't,
When I have seen you courting of a Dowdie;
Compar'd with me, and kissing your fore-finger
To one o'th' Black-Guards Mistresses: would not this

Crack a poor Ladies heart, that believ'd love,
And waited for the comfort? but 'twas said, Sir,

A Lady of my hair cannot want pitying:

The Countrey's coming up, farewell to you Sir.

Paf. Whither intend you, Sir?

I Gent. A long journey, Sir:

The truth is, I'm with child, and goe to travel.

Paf. With child? I never got it.

I Gent. I heard you were buse

At the same time, Sir, and was loth to trouble you.

Paf. Why, are not you a whore then, excellent Madam?

I Gent. Oh by no means, 'twas done Sir in the state

Of my belief in you, and that quits me;

It lies upon your fallhood.

Paf. Does it so?

You shall not carry her though Sir, she's my contract:

Sham. I prethee, thou four Elements ill brued,

Torment none but thy self; away I say

Thou beast of passion, as the drunkard is

The beast of Wine; dishonor to thy making,

Thou man in fragments.

Paf. Hear me, precious Madam.

Sham. Kneel for thy wits to Heaven.

Paf. Lady, I'll father it,

Who e'er begot it: 'tis the course of greatness:

Sham. How virtue groans at this?

Paf. I'll raise the Court, but I'll stay your flight.

Sham. How wretched is that piece? *Ex. Paf. Lord.*

I Gent. He's the Dukes kinsman, Sir.

Sham. That cannot take a passion away, Sir,
Nor cut a Fit, but one poor hour shorter;

He must endure as much as the poorest begger,

That cannot change his money; there's th' equality

In our impartial Essence:

What's the news now?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Your worthy brother, Sir, 'has left his charge,
And come to see you.

Enter Shamount's brother, a Soldier.

Sham. Oh the noblest welcome
That ever came from man, meet thy deservings:
Methinks I've all joyes treasure in mine arms now,

Sold. You are so fortunate in prevention, brother,
You always leave the answerer barren, Sir,
You comprehend in few words so much worth —

Sham.

Sham. 'Tis all too little for thee: come th'art welcome
So I include all: take especial knowledge pray,
Of this dear Gentleman, my absolute friend,
That loves a Soldier far above a Mistress,
Thou excellently faithful to 'em both.
But love to manhood, owns the purer troth.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

*Enter Shamont's brother, a Soldier and a Lady,
the Dukes Sister.*

Lady. **T**Here should be in this Gallery—oh th'are here,
Pray sit down, believe me Sir, I'm weary.

Sold. It well becomes a Lady to complain a little
Of what she never feels: your walk was short, Madam,
You can be but afraid of weariness;
Which well employs the softness of your Sex,
As for the thing it self, you never came to't.

La. You're wond'rously well read in Ladies, Sir.

Sold. Shall I think such a creature as you Madam,
Was ever born to feel pain, but in Travel?
There's your full portion,
Besides a little tooth-ach in the breeding,
Which a kind Husband too, takes from you, Madam.

La. But where do Ladies, Sir, find such kind Husbands?
Perhaps you have heard

The Rheumatick story of some loving Chandler now,
Or some such melting fellow that you talk
So prodigal of mens kindness: I confess Sir,
Many of those wives are happy, their ambition
Does reach no higher, than to Love and Ignorance,
Which makes an excellent Husband, and a fond one:
Now Sir, your great ones aim at height, and cunning,
And so are oft deceiv'd, yet they must venture it;
For 'tis a Ladies contumely, Sir,
To have a Lord an Ignorant; then the worlds voice
Will deem her for a wanton, e'r she taste on't:
But to deceive a wise man, to whose circumspection,
The world resigns it self, with all his envy;
'Tis less dishonor to us, than to fall,
Because his believ'd wisdom keeps out all.

Sold. Would I were the man, Lady, that should venture
His wisdom to your goodness.

La. You might fail

In the return, as many men have done, Sir:
I dare not justify what is to come of me,
Because I know it not, though I hope virtuously;
Marry what's past, or present, I durst put
Into a good mans hand, which if he take
Upon my word for good, it shall not cozen him.

Sol. No, nor hereafter?

La. It may hap so too, Sir:

A womans goodness, when she is a wife,
Lies much upon a mans desert, believe it Sir,
If there be fault in her, I'll pawn my life on't,
'Tis first in him, if she were ever good,
That makes one; knowing not a Husband yet,
Or what he may be: I promise no more virtues,
Than I may well perform, for that were cozenage.

Sol. Happy were he that had you with all fears,
That's my opinion, Lady.

Enter Shamont and a servant list'ning.

Serv. What say you now, Sir?

Dare you give confidence to your own eyes?

Sham. Not yet I dare not.

Serv. No?

Sham. Scarce yet, or yet:

Although I see 'tis he. Why can a thing,
That's but my self divided, be so false?

Serv. Nay, do but mark how the chair plays hie part too:
How amorously 'tis bent.

Sham. Hell take thy bad thoughts,
For they are strange ones. Never take delight
To make a torment worse. Look on 'em heaven,
For that's a brother: send me a fair enemy,
And take him; for a fouler Fiend there breathes not:
I will not sin to think there's ill in her,
But what's of his producing.

Yet goodness, whose inclosure is but flesh,
Holds out oft times but sorrily. But as black Sir,
As ever kindred was: I hate mine own blood,
Because is is so near thine. Live without honesty,
And mayst thou dye with an unmoist'ned eye,
And no tear follow thee.

Ex. Shamont, Servant.

La. Y'are wond'rous merry Sir; I would your Brother

Sold. Oh my Sister, heard you.

I would not out o'th' way, let fall my words Lady,
For the precisest humor.

Enter passionate Lord.

Paf. Yea, so close.

Sold. Th'are merry, that's the worst you can report on
Th'are neither dangerous, nor immodest.

Paf. So Sir,
Shall I believe you, think you?

Sold. Who's this Lady?

La. Oh the Dukes Cousin, he came late from travel; Sir.

Sold. Respect belongs to him.

Paf. For as I said, Lady,
Th'are merry, that's the worst you can report of 'em:
Th'are neither dangerous, nor immodest.

Sold. How's this?

Paf. And there I think I left.

Sold. Abuses me.

Paf. Now to proceed, Lady; perhaps I swore I lov'd you,
If you believe me not, y'are much the wiser.

Sold. He speaks still in my person, and derides me.

Paf. For I can cog with you.

La. You can all do so:

We make no question of mens promptness that way.

Paf. And smile, and wave a chair with comely grace too,
Play with our Tattle gently, and do fine things,
That catch a Lady sooner than a virtue.

Sold. I never us'd to let man live so long
That wrong'd me.

Paf. Talk of Battalions, wooe you in a skirmish;
Divine my mind to you Lady; and being sharp set,
Can court you at Half pike: or name your weapon,
We cannot fail you Lady.

Enter 1 Gentleman.

Sold. Now he dies:

Were all succeeding hopes stor'd up within him.

1 Gent. Oh fie, i'th' Court, Sir?

Sold. I most dearly thank you, Sir.

1 Gent. 'Tis rage ill spent upon a passionate mad man.

Sold. That shall not privilege him for ever, Sir:
A mad man call you him? I have found too much reason
Sound in his injury to me, to believe him so.

1 Gent. If ever truth from mans lips may be held
In reputation with you, give this confidence;
And this his Love-fit, which we observe still,
By's flattering and his fineness: at some other time,
He'll go as slovenly as heart can wish.

The love and pity that his Highness shews to him,
Makes every man the more respectful of him:
Has never a passion, but is well provided for,
As this of Love, he is full fed in all
His swinge, as I may tear it: have but patience,
And yeshall witness somewhat.

Sold.

Sold. Still he mocks me:
Look you, in action, in behaviour, Sir;
Hold still the chair, with a grand mischief to you,
Or I'll let so much strength upon your heart, Sir——
Paf. I feel some power has restrain'd me Lady:
If it be sent from Love, say, I obey it,
And ever keep a voice to welcome it.

S O N G.

Thou Deity, swift winged Love,
Sometimes below, sometimes above,
Little in shape, but great in power,
Thou that mak'st a heart thy Tower,
And thy loop-holes Ladies eyes,
From whence thou strik'st the fond and wise.
Did all the Shafts in thy fair Quiver
Stick fast in my ambitious Liver;
Yet thy power would I adore.
And call upon thee to shoot more,
Shoot more, shoot more.

Enter one like a Cupid, offering to shoot at him.

Paf. I prethee hold though, sweet Celestial boy;
I'm not requited yet with love enough,
For the first Arrow that I have within me;
And if thou be an equal Archer Cupid,
Shoot this Lady, and twenty more for me.

La. Me Sir?

1 Gent. 'Tis nothing but device, fear it not Lady;
You may be as good a Maid after that shaft, Madam,
As e'er your mother was at twelve and a half:
'Tis like the boy that draws it, 'tas no sting yet.

Cup. 'Tis like the miserable Maid that draws it——*Aside.*
That sees no comfort yet, seeing him so passionate,

Paf. Strike me the Duchess of Valois in love with me,
With all the speed thou canst, and two of her Women.

Cu. You shall have more.

Exit.

Paf. Tell 'em I tarry for 'em.

now?

1 Gent. Who would be angry with that walking trouble
That hurts none but it self?

Sold. I am better quieted.

Paf. I'll have all women-kind struck in time for me
After thirteen once:
I see this Cupid will not let me want,
And let him spend his forty shafts an hour,
They shall be all found from the Dukes Exchequer;
He's come already.

Enter again the same Cupid, two Brothers, six Women, Maskers, Cupid's Bow bent all the way towards them, the first woman singing and playing, a Priest.

S O N G.

OH turn thy bow,
Thy power we feel and know,
Fair Cupid turn away thy Bow:
They be those golden Arrows,
Bring Ladies all their sorrows,
And till there be more truth in men,
Never shoot at Maid agen.

Paf. What a felicity of whores are here?
And all my Concubines struck bleeding new:
A man can in his life time, make but one woman,
But he may make his fifty Queans a month.

Cu. Have you remembered a Priest, honest brothers?

1 Bro. Yes Sister, and this is the young Gentleman,
Make you no question of our faithfulness.

2 Bro. His growing shame, Sister, provokes our care:

Priest. He must be taken in this fit of Love, Gentlemen.

1 Bro. What else Sir, he shall do't.

2 Bro. Enough.

1 Bro. Be chearful wench. *A dance. Cupid leading.*

Paf. Now by the stroke of pleasure, a deep oath,
Nimbly hopt Ladies all; what height they bear too?

A story higher than your common statures;

A little man must go up stairs to kiss 'em:

What a great space there is

Betwixt Loves Dining Chamber, and his Garret?

I'll try the utmost height — the Garret stoops methinks;

The rooms are made all bending, I see that,

And not so high as a man takes 'em for.

Cu. Now if you'll follow me Sir, I've that power,
To make them follow you.

Paf. Are they all shot?

Cu. All, all Sir, every mothers daughter of 'em. (Shot)

Paf. Then there's no fear of following; if they be once
They'll follow a man to th' devil — As for you, Sir——

Ex. with the Lady and the Masquers.

Sold. Me Sir?

1 Gent. Nay sweet Sir.

Sold. A noise, a threatening, did you not hear it Sir?

1 Gent. Without regard, Sir, so would I hear you

Sold. This must come to something, never talk of that Sir.
You never saw it otherwise.

1 Gent. Nay dear merit——

Sold. Me above all men?

1 Gent. Troth you wrong your anger.

Sold. I will be arm'd, my honourable Letcher.

1 Gent. Oh fie sweet Sir.

Sold. That devours womens honesties by lumps,
And never chaw'st thy pleasure:

2 Gent. What do you mean, Sir?

Sold. What does he mean t'ingross all to himself?
There's others love a whore as well as he Sir.

1 Gent. Oh, if that be part o' th' fury, we have a City
Is very well provided for that case;

Let him alone with her, Sir, we have Women

Are very charitable to proper men,

And to a Soldier that has all his limbs;

Marry the sick and lame gets not a penny:

Right womens charity, and the Husbands follow't too:

Here comes his Highness Sir.

Enter Duke and Lords.

Sold. I'll walk to cool my self.

Exit.

Duke. Who's that?

1 Gent. The brother of Shamont.

Duke. He's Brother then

To all the Courts love, they that love discreetly,

And place their friendliness upon desert:

As for the rest, that with a double face

Look upon merit much like fortunes visage,

That looks two ways, both to life's calms and storms,

I'll so provide for him, chiefly for him,

He shall not wish their loves, nor dread their envies.

And here comes my Shamont.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. That Ladies virtues are my only joyes,
And he to offer to lay siege to them?

Duke. Shamont.

Sham. Her goodness is my pride: in all discourfes,

As often as I hear rash tongu'd gallants,

Speak rudely of a woman, presently

I give in but her name, and th'are all silent:

Oh who would loofe this benefit?

Duke

Duke. Come hither Sir.

Sham. 'Tis like the Gift of Healing, but Diviner;
For that but cures diseases in the body,
This works a cure on Fame, on Reputation:
The noblest piece of Surgery upon earth.

Duke. Shamont; he minds me not.

Sham. A Brother do't?

Duke. Shamont I say.

Gives him a touch with his switch.

Sham. Ha?

If he be mortal, by this hand he perishes;
Unless it be a stroke from heaven, he dies for't.

Duke. Why, how now Sir? 'twas I.

Sham. The more's my misery.

Duke. Why, what's the matter prethee?

Sham. Can you ask it, Sir?

No man else should; stood forty lives before him,
By this I would have op'd my way to him;
It could not be you Sir, excuse him not,
What e'er he be, as y'are dear to honor,
That I may find my peace agen.

Duke. Forbear I say,

Upon my love to truth, 'twas none but I.

Sham. Still miserable?

Duke. Come, come, what ails you Sir?

Sham. Never fate shame cooling so long upon me,
Without a satisfaction in revenge,
And heaven has made it here a sin to wish it.

Duke. Hark you Sir?

Sham. Oh y'ave undone me.

Duke. How?

Sham. Cruelly undone me;

I have lost my peace and reputation by you:
Sir, pardon me, I can never love you more.

Exit.

Duke. What language call you this Sirs?

1 Gent. Truth my Lord, I've seldom heard a stranger—

2 Gent. He is a man of a most curious valour,
Wondrous precise, and punctual in that virtue.

Duke. But why to me so punctual? my last thought
Was most intirely fixt on his advancement:

Why, I came now to put him in possession
Of his fair fortunes: what a mis-conceiver 'tis?
And from a Gentleman of our Chamber meerly,
Made him Vice-Admiral: I was settled in't.

I love him next to health: call him Gentlemen;
Why would not you, or you, ha' taken as much,
And never murmur'd?

Exit 1 Gent.

2 Gent. Troth, I think we should, my Lord,
And there's a fellow walks about the Court,
Would take a hundred of 'em.

Duke. I hate you all for't,
And rather praise his high pitch'd fortitude,
Though in extreams for niceness: now I think on't,
I would I had never done't—Now Sir, where is he?

Enter 1 Gentleman.

1 Gent. His sute is only Sir, to be excus'd.

Duke. He shall not be excus'd, I love him dearlier:
Say we intreat him; goe, he must not leave us

Exit two Gentlemen.

So virtue blefs me, I ne'er knew him paralell'd;
Why, he's more precious to me now, than ever.

Enter two Gentlemen, and Shamont.

2 Gent. With much fair language w'ave brought him?

Duke. Thanks——Where is he?

2 Gent. Yonder Sir.

Duke. Come forward man.

Sham. Pray pardon me, I'm asham'd to be seen Sir.

Duke. Was ever such a touchie man heard of?

Prethee come nearer.

Sham. More into the light?

Put not such cruelty into your requests my Lord,
First to disgrace me publickly, and then draw me
Into mens eye-sight, with the shame yet hot
Upon my reputation.

Duke. What disgrace, Sir?

Sham. What?

Such as there can be no forgiveness for,
That I can find in honour.

Duke. That's most strange, Sir.

Sham. Yet I have search'd my bosom to find one,
And wrestled with my inclination,
But 'twill not be: would you had kill'd me Sir.
With what an ease had I forgiven you then?
But to endure a stroke from any hand
Under a punishing Angel, which is justice,
Honor disclaim that man, for my part chiefly:
Had it been yet the malice of your sword.
Though it had cleft me, 't had been noble to me;
You should have found my thanks paid in a smile
If I had fell unworded; but to shame me,
With the correction that your horse should have,
Were you ten thousand times my royal Lord,
I cannot love you never, nor desire to serve you more.

If your drum call me, I am vowed to valour,
But peace shall never know me yours agen,
Because I've lost mine own, I speak to dye Sir;
Would you were gracious that way to take off shame,
With the same swiftnes as you pour it on:
And since it is not in the power of Monarchs
To make a Gentleman, which is a substance
Only begot of merit, they should be careful
Not to destroy the worth of one so rare,
Which neither they can make; nor lost, repair.

Exit.

Duke. Y'ave set a fair light Sir before my judgement,
Which burns with wondrous clearness; I acknowledge it,
And your worth with it: but then Sir, my love,
My love——what gone agen?

1 Gen. And full of scorn, my Lord.

Duke. That language will undoe the man that keeps it.
Who knows no diff'rence, 'twixt contempt and manhood.
Upon your love to goodness, Gentlemen,
Let me not lose him long: how now?

Enter a Huntsman.

Hunf. The game's at height my Lord.

Duke. Confound both thee and it: hence break it off;
He hates me, brings me news of any pleasure:
I felt not such a conflict since I cou'd;
Distinguish betwixt worthiness and bloud.

Ex.

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter the two Brothers, 1 Gentleman, with those that were the Masquers, and the Cupid.

1 Gent. Heartily commend your project, Gentlemen,
'Twas wise and virtuous.

1 Bro. 'Twas for the safety
Of precious honour Sir, which near bloud binds us to:
He promis'd the poor easie fool there, marriage,
There was a good Maiden-head lost i'th' belief on't,
Beshrew her hasty confidence.

1 Gent. Oh no more, Sir,
You make her weep agen; alas poor Cupid:
Shall she not shift her self?

1 Bro. Oh by no means Sir:
We dare not have her seen yet, all the while

She keeps this shape, 'tis but thought device,
And she may follow him so without suspicion,
To see if she can draw all his wild passions,
To one point only, and that's love, the main point :
So far his Highness grants, and gave at first,
Large approbation to the quick conceit,
Which then was quick indeed.

1 *Gent.* You make her blush insooth.

1 *Bro.* I fear 'tis more the flag of shame, than grace Sir.

1 *Gent.* They both give but one kind of colour, Sir :

If it be bashfulness in that kind taken,
It is the same with grace ; and there she weeps agen.
In truth y'are too hard, much, much too bitter Sir,
Unless you mean to have her weep her eyes out,
To play a *Cupid* truly.

1 *Bro.* Come ha' done then :

We should all fear to sin first ; for 'tis certain,
When 'tis once lodg'd, though entertain'd in mirth,
It must be wept out, if it e'er come forth.

1 *Gent.* Now 'tis so well, I'll leave you.

1 *Bro.* Faithfully welcome, Sir,

Go *Cupid* to your charge ; he's your own now ;
If he want love, none will be blam'd but you.

Cu. The strangest marriage, and unfortunat'st Bride
That ever humane memory contain'd ;
I cannot be my self for't.

Exit.

Enter the Clown.

Clow. Oh Gentlemen ? —

1 *Bro.* How now, Sir, what's the matter ?

Clow. His melancholly passion is half spent already,
Then comes his angry fit at the very tail on't,
Then comes in my pain, gentlemen ; h'as beat me e'en to a
Cullis, I am nothing ; right worshipful, but very pap,
And jelly : I have no bones, my body's all one business,
They talk of ribs and chines most freely abroad i'th' world,
Why, I have no such thing ; who ever lives to see me dead,
Gentlemen, shall find me all mummie good to fill Gallipots,
And long dildo glasses : I shall not have a bone to throw
At a dog.

Omnes. Alas poor vassal ; how he goes ?

Clow. Oh Gentlemen,

I am unjoynted, do but think o' that :
My breast is beat into my maw, that what I eat,
I am fain to take't in all at mouth with spoons ;
A lamentable hearing ; and 'tis well known, my belly
Is driven into my back.
I earn'd four Crowns a month most dearly Gentlemen,
And one he must have when the fit's upon him,
The Privy-purse allows it, and 'tis thriftiness,
He would break else some forty pounds in Cafements,
And in five hundred years undo the Kingdom :
I have cast it up to a quarrel.

1 *Bro.* There's a fellow kickt about Court, I would

He had his place, brother, but for one fit of his indignation.

2 *Bro.* And suddainly I have thought upon a means for't.

1 *Bro.* I prethee how ?

2 *Bro.* 'Tis but preferring, Brother

This stockfish to his service, with a Letter
Of commendations, the same way he wishes it,
And then you win his heart : for o' my knowledge
He has laid wait this half year for a fellow
That will be beaten, and with a safe conscience
We may commend the carriage of this man in't ;
Now servants he has kept, lusty tall feeders,
But they have beat him, and turn'd themselves away :
Now one that would endure, is like to stay,
And get good wages of him ; and the service too
Is ten times milder, Brother, I would not wish it else.
I see the fellow has a fore crush'd body,

And the more need he has to be kick'd at ease. (Master.

Clow. I sweet Gentlemen, a kick of ease, fend me to such a

2 *Bro.* No more I say, we have one for thee, a soft footed
One that wears wooll in's toes. (Master,

Clow. Oh Gentlemen, soft garments may you wear,
Soft skins may you wed,
But as plump as pillows, both for white and red.
And now will I reveal a secret to you,
Since you provide for my poor flesh so tenderly,
Has hir'd meer rogues out of his chamber window,
To beat the Soldier, Monsieur *Shamont's* Brother :

1 *Bro.* That nothing concerns us, Sir.

Clow. For no cause, Gentlemen,
Unless it be for wearing Shoulder-points,
With longer taggs than his.

2 *Bro.* Is not that somewhat ?

Birlakin Sir, the difference of long taggs,
Has cost many a mans life, and advanc'd other some,
Come follow me.

Clow. See what a gull am I :

Oh every man in his profession ;
I know a thump now as judiciously,
As the proudest he that walks, I'll except none ;
Come to a tagg, how short I fall ? I'm gone.

Exeunt

Enter Lapet.

Lap. I have been ruminating with my self,
What honor a man loses by a kick :
Why ; what's a kick ? the fury of a foot,
Whose indignation commonly is stamp't
Upon the hinder quarter of a man :
Which is a place very unfit for honor,
The world will confesse so much :
Then what disgrace I pray, does thot part suffer
Where honor never comes, I'de fain know that ?
This being well forc'd, and urg'd, may have the power
To move most Galants to take kicks in time,
And spurn out the dueiloes out o'th' kingdom,
For they that stand upon their honor most,
When they conceive there is no honor lost,
As by a Table that I have invented
For that purpose alone, shall appear plainly,
Which shews the vanity of all blows at large.
And with what ease they may be took of all sides,
Numbring but twice o'er the Letters patience
From *C.P.* to *E.I.* doubt not but in small time
To see a dissolution of all bloud-shed,
If the reform'd *Kick* do but once get up :
For what a lamentable folly 'tis,
If we observe't, for every little juffle,
Which is but the ninth part of a sound thump,
In our meek computation, we must fight forlooth, yes,
If I kill, I'm hang'd ; if I be kill'd my self,
I dye for't also : is not this trin wisdom ?
Now for the *Con*, a may may be well beaten,
Yet pass away his fourscore years smooth after :
I had a Father did it, and to my power
I will not be behind him.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. Oh well met.

Lap. Now a fine *punch* or two, I look for't duly.

Sham. I've been to seek you.

Lap. Let me know your Lodging, Sir,

I'll come to you once a day, and use your pleasure, Sir,

Sham. I'm made the fittest man for thy society :

I'll live and dye with thee, come shew me a chamber ;

There is no house but thine, but only thine,

That's fit to cover me : I've took a blow, sirrah.

Lap. I would you had indeed : why, you may see, Sir ;

You'll all come to't in time, when my Book's out.

Sham. Since I did see thee last, I've took a blow.

Lap. Pha Sir, that's nothing : I ha' took forty since.

Sham. What ? and I charg'd thee thou shouldst not ?

Lap. I Sir, you might charge your pleasure,

But they would give't me, whether I would or no.

R r r

Sham.

Sham. Oh, I walk without my peace, I've no companion
 Prethee relolve me, for I cannot aske (now ;
 A man more beaten to experience,
 Than thou art in this kind, what manner of blow
 Is held the most disgraceful, or distasteful?
 For thou dost only censure 'em by the hurt,
 Not by the shame they do thee : yet having felt
 Abuses of all kinds, thou may'st deliver,
 Though't be by chance, the most injurious one.

Lap. You put me to't, Sir; but to tell you truth,
 They're all as one with me, little exception.

Sham. 'Tis at little may do much, let's have it from you.

Lap. With all the speed I may, first then. and foremost,
 I hold so reverently of the *Bajinado*, Sir,
 That if it were the dearest friend i'th' world,
 I'de put it into his hand.

Sham. Go too, I'll pass that then.

Lap. Y'are the more happy, Sir,
 Would I were past it too:
 But being accusom'd to't. It is the better carried.

Sham. Will you forward? (doubt,

Lap. Then there's your *souce*, your *wherit* and your
Tags on the hair, your *bob* o' th' lips, a whelp on't,
 I ne'er could find much difference : Now your *thump*,
 A thing deriv'd first from your Hemp-beaters,
 Takes a mans wind away, most spitefully :
 There's nothing that destroys a Collick like it,
 For't leaves no wind i'th' body.

Sham. On Sir, on.

Lap. Pray give me leave, I'm out of breath with thinking

Sham. This is far off yet. (on't.

Lap. For the *twinge* by th' nose,
 'Tis certainly unfightly, so my Tables says,
 But helps against the head-ach, wond'rous strangely,

Sham. Is't possible?

Lap. Oh your *crush'd nostrils* flakes your *opilation*,
 And makes your pent powers flush to wholsome sneezes.

Sham. I never thought there had been half that virtue
 in a wrung nose before.

Lap. Oh plenitude, Sir:

Now come we lower to our *modern Kick*,
 Which has been mightily in use of late,
 Since our young men drank *Coltsfoot*: and I grant you,
 'Tis a most scornful wrong, cause the foot plays it;
 But mark agen, how we that take't, requite it
 With the like scorn, for we receive it backward ;
 And can there be a worse disgrace retorted?

Sham. And is this all?

Lap. All but a *Lug* by th' ear,
 Or such a trifle.

Sham. Happy sufferer,
 All this is nothing to the wrong I bear :
 I see the worst disgrace, thou never felt'st yet ;
 It is so far from thee, thou canst not think on't ;
 Nor dare I let thee know, it is so abject. (for't

Lap. I would you would though, that I might prepare
 For I shall ha't at one time or another :
 If't be a *thwack*, I make account of that ;
 There's no new fashion'd swap that e'er came up yet,
 But I've the first on 'em, I thank 'em for't.

Enter the Lady and Servants.

La. Hast thou enquir'd?

1 Serv. But can hear nothing, Madam.

Sham. If there be but so much substance in thee
 To make a shelter for a man disgrac'd,
 Hide my departure from that glorious woman
 That comes with all perfection about her :
 So noble, that I dare not be seen of her,
 Since shame took hold of me: upon thy life
 No mention of me.

Lap. I'll cut out my tongue first,
 Before I'll loose my life, there's more belongs to't.

Lad. See there's a Gentleman, enquire of him.

2 Ser. For Monsieur *Shamont*, Madam?

Lad. For whom else, Sir?

1 Serv. Why, this fellow dares not see him.

Lad. How?

1 Serv. *Shamont*, Madam?

His very name's worse than a Feaver to him,
 And when he cries, there's nothing kills him sooner ;
 Madam, your Page of thirteen is too hard for him,
 'Twas try'd i'th' wood-yard.

Lad. Alas poor griev'd Merit!

What is become of him? if he once fail,
 Virtue shall find small friendship: farewell then
 To Ladies worths, for any hope in men,
 He lov'd for goodness, not for Wealth, or Lust,
 After the worlds foul dotage, he ne'er courted
 The body, but the beauty of the mind,
 A thing which common courtship never thinks on :
 All his affections were so sweet and fair,
 There is no hope for fame if he despair,

Exit Lady and Serv.

Enter the Clown. He kicks Lapet.

Lap. Good morrow to you agen most heartily, Sir,
 Cry you mercy, I heard you not, I was somewhat busie.

Clow. He takes it as familiarly, as an Ave,
 Or precious salutation: I was sick till I had one,
 Because I am so us'd to't.

Lap. However you deserve, your friends and mine, here
 Give you large commendations i'this Letter,
 They say you will endure well.

Clow. I'de be loath

To prove 'em liars: I've endur'd as much
 As mortal pen and ink can set me down for.

Lap. Say youme so?

Clow. I know and feel it so, Sir,
 I have it under Black and White already ;
 I need no Pen to paint me out.

Lap. He fits me,

And hits my wishes pat, pat : I was ne'er
 In possibility to be better mann'd,
 For he's half lame already, I see't plain,
 But take no notice on't, for fear I make
 The rascal proud, and dear, to advance his wages ;
 First, let me grow into particulars with you ;
 What have you endur'd of worth? let me hear.

Clow. Marry Sir, I'm almost beaten blind.

Lap. That's pretty well for a beginning,
 But many a Mill-horse has endur'd as much.

Clow. Shame o'th' Millers heart for his unkindness then.

Lap. Well Sir, what then?

Clow. I've been twice thrown down stairs, just before sup-

Lap. Puh, so have I, that's nothing. (per.

Clow. I but Sir,

Was yours pray before supper ;

Lap. There thou posest me.

Clow. I marry, that's it, 't had been less grief to me,
 Had I but fill'd my belly, and then tumbled,
 But to be slung down fasting, there's the dolour.

Lap. It would have griev'd me, that indeed : proceed Sir.

Clow. I have been pluck'd and tugg'd by th' hair o'th' head
 About a Gallery, half an Acre long.

Lap. Yes, that's a good one, I must needs confess,
 A principal good one that, an absolute good one,
 I have been trode upon, and spurn'd about,
 But never tugg'd by th' hair, I thank my fates.

Clow. Oh 'tis a spiteful pain.

Lap. Peace, never speak on't,
 For putting men in mind on't.

Clow. To conclude,

I'm bursten Sir: my belly will hold no meat.

Lap. No? that makes amends for all.

Clow. Unless 't be puddings.

Or such fast food, any loose thing beguiles me, I'm ne'er the

Lap. Sheeps-heads will stay with thee? (better for't

Clo. Yes Sir, or Chaldrons.

Lap. Very well sir:

Your bursten fellows must take heed of fursets:

Strange things it seems, you have endur'd;

Clo. Too true Sir.

Lap. But now the question is, what you will endure
Hereafter in my service?

Clo. Any thing

That shall be reason Sir, for I'm but froth;
Much like a thing new calv'd, or come more nearer Sir,
Y'ave seen a cluster of Frog-spawns in April,
E'en such a starch am I, as weak and tender
As a green woman yet.

Lap. Now I know this,
I will be very gently angry with thee,
And kick thee carefully.

Clo. Oh I, sweet Sir.

Lap. Peace, when thou art offer'd well, lest I begin now.
Your friends and mine have writ here for your truth,
They'll pass their words themselves, and I must meet 'em.

Clo. Then have you all: Exit.
As for my honesty, there is no fear of that,
For I have ne'er a whole bone about me. Exit.

Musick. Enter the passionate *Cosin*, rudely, and carelessly apparel'd, unbrac'd, and untruss'd. The *Cupid* following.

(some,

Cup. Think upon love, which makes all creatures hand-
Seemly for eye-sight; goe not so diffusedly,
There are great Ladies purpose Sir to visit you.

Pas. Grand plagues, shut in my casements, that the breaths
Of their Coach-mares reek not into my nostrils;
Those beasts are but a kind of bawdy fore-runners.

Cup. It is not well with you,
When you speak ill of fair Ladies.

Pas. Fair mischiefs, give me a nest of Owls and take 'em;
Happy is he, say I, whose window opens

To a brown Bakers chimney, he shall be sure there
To hear the Bird sometimes after twilight:

What a fine thing 'tis methinks to have our garments
Sit loose upon us thus, thus carelessly,

It is more manly, and more mortifying;

For we're so much the readier for our shrouds:

For how ridiculous wer't, to have death come,

And take a fellow, pinn'd up like a Mistress?

About his neck a Ruff, like a pinch'd Lanthorn,

Which School-boys make in winter; and his doublet

So close and pent, as if he fear'd one prison

Would not be strong enough, to keep his soul in;

But's Tailor makes another:

And trust me, (for I know't when I lov'd *Cupid*.)

He does endure much pain, for the poor praise

Of a neat fitting suit.

Cup. One may be handsome, Sir,

And yet not pain'd, nor proud.

Pas. There you lie *Cupid*,

As bad as *Mercury*: there is no handsomness,

But has a wash of Pride and Luxury,

And you go there too *Cupid*. Away dissembler,

Thou tak'st the deeds part, which befools us all;

Thy Arrow heads shoot out sinners: hence away,

And after thee I'll send a powerful charm,

Shall banish thee for ever.

Cup. Never, never,

I am too sure thine own. Exit.

Pas. Sings.

Hence all you vain Delights,
As short as are the nights,
Wherein you spend your folly,
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't.

But only melancholly,

Oh sweetest melancholly.

Welcome folded Arms, and fixed Eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fast'ned to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound.

Fountain heads, and pathless Groves,
Places which pale passion loves:

Moon-light walks, when all the Fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save Bats and Owls;

A mid-night Bell, a parting groan,

These are the sounds we feed upon;

Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
Nothing's so dainty sweet, as lovely melancholly.

Exit.

Enter at another door *Lapet*, the *Cupid's* Brothers
watching his coming.

1 *Bro.* So, so, the Woodcock's ginn'd;
Keep this door fast brother.

2 *Bro.* I'll warrant this.

1 *Bro.* I'll goe incense him instantly;
I know the way to't.

2 *Bro.* Will't not be too soon think you,
And make two fits break into one?

1 *Bro.* Pah, no, no; the tail of his melancholy
Is always the head of his anger, and follows as close,
As the Report follows the powder.

Lap. This is the appointed place, and the hour struck,
If I can get security for's truth,
I'll never mind his honesty, poor worm,
I durst lay him by my wife, which is a benefit
Which many Masters ha' not: I shall ha' no Maid
Now got with child, but what I get my self,
And that's no small felicity: in most places
Th'are got by th' Men, and put upon the Masters,
Nor shall I be resisted when I strike,
For he can hardly stand; these are great blessings.

Pas. I want my food, deliver me a Varlet. Within.

Lap. How now, from whence comes that?

Pas. I am allow'd a carkass to insult on;
Where's the villain?

Lap. He means not me I hope.

Pas. My maintenance rascals; my bulk, my exhibition.

Dap. Bless us all,

What names are these? Would I were gone agen.

The passionate man enters in fury with a Truncheon.

He Sings.

A Curse upon thee for a slave,
Art thou here, and heardst me rave?
Fly not sparkles from mine eye,
To shew my indignation nigh?
Am I not all foam, and fire,
With voice as hoarse as a Town-crier?
How my back opes and shuts together,
With fury, as old mens with weather?
Could'st thou not hear my teeth gnash hither?

R R 2

Lap.

Lap. No truly, Sir, I thought 't had been a Squirrel,
Shaving a Hazel-nut.

Paf. Death, Hell, Fiends, and darkness.
I will thrash thy maungy carkas.

Lap. Oh sweet Sir.

Paf. There cannot be too many tortures,
Spent upon those louzie Quarters.

Lap. Hold, oh.

Paf. Thy bones shall rue, thy bones shall rue. *Falls down for dead.*

Sings again.

Thou nasty, scurvy, mongril Toad,
Mischief on thee;
Light upon thee,
All the plagues
That can confound thee
Or did ever raigin abroad:
Better a thousand lives it cost,
Than have brave anger spilt or lost.

Exit.

Lap. May I open mine eyes yet, and safely peep:
I'll try a groon first—oh—Nay then he's gone.
There was no other policy but to dy,
He would ha' made me else. Ribs are you fore?
I was ne'er beaten to a tune before.

Enter the two Brothers.

1 Bro. Lapet.

Lap. Agen?

Falls again.

1 Bro. Look, look, he's flat agen,
And stretched out like a Coarse, a handful longer
Than he walks, trust me brother. Why *Lapet*
I hold my life we shall not get him speak now:
Monsieur Lapet; it must be a privy token,
If any thing fetch him, he's so far gone.
We come to pass our words for your mans truth.

Lap. Oh Gentlemen y'are welcome: I have been thrash'd
2 Bro. How? thrash'd Sir? *(1st faith.)*

Lap. Never was Shrove-tuesday Bird
So cudgell'd, Gentlemen.

1 Bro. Pray how? by whom Sir?

Lap. Nay, that I know not.

1 Bro. Not who did this wrong?

Lap. Only a thing came like a Walking Song?

1 Bro. What beaten with a Song?

Lap. Never more tightly, Gentlemen:
Such crotchets happen now and then, methinks
He that endures well, of all waters drinks.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Shamont's Brother, the Soldier, and 1 Gentleman.

Sold. **Y**Es, yes, this was a Madman, Sir, with you,
A passionate Mad-man.

1 Gen. Who would ha' lookt for this, Sir?

Sold. And must be priviledg'd: a pox priviledge him:
I was never so dry beaten since I was born,
And by a litter of rogues, meer rogues, the whole twenty
Had not above elbows amongst 'em all too:
And the most part of those left-handed rascals,

The very vomit, Sir, of Hospitals,
Bridewels, and Spittle-houfes; such nasty smellers,
That if they'd been unfurnish'd of Club-Truncheons,
They might have cudgell'd me with their very stinks,
It was so strong, and sturdy: and shall this,
This filthy injury, be set off with madnes?

1 Gen. Nay, take your own blouds counsel, Sir, hereafter,
I'll deal no further in't: if you remember,
It was not come to blows, when I advis'd you.

Sold. No, but I ever said, 'twould come to something,
And 'tis upon me, thank him: were he kin
To all the mighty Emperors upon earth.
He has not now in life three hours to reckon;
I watch but a free time.

Enter Shamont.

1 Gen. Your noble brother, Sir, I'll leave you now. *Ex.*

Sham. Soldier, I would I could perswade my thoughts
From thinking thee a brother, as I can
My tongue from naming on't: thou hast no friend here,
But fortune and thy own strength trust to them.

Sham. Treachery to virtue;
Thy treachery, thy faithless circumvention:
Has Honor so few daughters, never fewer,
And must thou aim thy treachery at the best?
The very front of virtue, that blest Lady? the Dukes Sister?
Created more for admirations cause,

Than for loves ends; whose excellency sparkles
More in Divinity, than mortal beauty;
And as much difference 'twixt her mind and body,
As 'twixt this earths poor centre, and the Sun:
And could'st thou be so injurious to fair goodness,
Once to attempt to court her down'r frailty?

Or put her but in mind that there is weakness,
Sin, and desire, which she should never hear of?
Wretch, thou'st committed worse than Sacrilege,
In the attempting on't, and ought'st to dye for't.

Sold. I rather ought to do my best, to live, Sir.
Provoke me not; for I've a wrong sits on me,
That makes me apt for mischief; I shall lose
All respects suddainly of friendship, Brother-hood,
Or any found that way.

Sham. But 'ware me most;
For I come with a two-edg'd injury;
Both my disgrace, and thy apparent falshood,
Which must be dangerous.

Sold. I courted her, Sir;
Love starve me with delays, when I confess it not.

Sham. There's nothing then but death
Can be a pennance fit for that confession.

Sold. But far from any vitious taint.

Sham. Oh Sir,
Vice is a mighty stranger grown to courtship.

Sold. Nay, then the fury of my wrong light on thee.

Enter 1 Gentleman, and others.

1 Gen. Forbear, the Duke's at hand,
Here, hard at hand, upon my reputation.

Sold. I must do something now.

Ex. Sold.

Sham. I'll follow you close Sir.

1 Gen. We must intreat you must not; for the Duke
Desires some conference with you:

Sham. Let me go,
As y'are Gentlemen.

2 Gen. Faith we dare not Sir.

Sham. Dare ye be false to honor, and yet dare not
Do a man justice? give me leave——

1 Gen. Good sweet Sir,
H'as sent twice for you.

Sham. Is this brave, or manly?

1 Gen. I prethee be conform'd.

Sham. Death——

Enter

Enter Duke.

2 Gent. Peace, he's come in troth.

Sham. Oh have you betray'd me to my shame afresh?
How am I bound to loath you?

Duke. Shamont, welcome,
I sent twice.

2 Gent. But my Lord, he never heard on't.

Sham. Pray pardon him, for his falseness, I did Sir,
Both times; I'd rather be found rude, than faithless.

Duke. I love that bluntness dearly: h'as no vice,
But is more manly than some others virtue,
That lets it out only for shew or profit.

Sham. Will't please you quit me, Sir, I've urgent business?

Duke. Come, you're so hasty now, I sent for you
To a better end.

Sham. And if it be an end,
Better or worse, I thank your goodness for't.

Duke. I've ever kept that bounty in condition,
And thankfulness in blood, which well becomes
Both Prince and Subject, that where any wrong
Bears my impression, or the hasty figure
Of my repented anger, I'm a Law
Ev'n to my self, and doom my self most strictly
To Justice, and a noble satisfaction:

So that, what you, in tenderness of honor,
Conceive to be loss to you, which is nothing
But curious opinion, I'll restore agen,
Although I give you the best part of Genoa,
And take to boot but thanks for your amends.

Sham. Oh miserable satisfaction,
Ten times more wretched than the wrong it self;
Never was ill better made good with worse:
Shall it be said, that my posterity
Shall live the sole heir of their fathers shame?
And raise their wealth and glory from my stripes?
You have provided nobly, bounteous Sir,
For my disgrace, to make it live for ever,
Out-lasting Brass or Marble:

This is my fears construction, and a deep one,
Which neither argument nor time can alter:
Yet I dare swear, I wrong your goodness in't Sir,
And the most fair intent on't, which I reverence
With admiration, that in you a Prince,
Should be so sweet and temperate a condition,
To offer to restore where you may ruine,
And do't with justice, and in me a servant,
So harsh a disposition, that I cannot

Forgive where I should honor, and am bound to't.

But I have ever had that curiosity
In blood, and tenderness of reputation
Such an antipathy against a blow,
I cannot speak the rest: Good Sir discharge me,
It is not fit that I should serve you more,
Nor come so near you; I'm made now for privacy,
And a retir'd condition, that's my suit:

To part from Court for ever, my last suit;
And as you profess bounty, grant me that Sir.

Duke. I would deny thee nothing.

Sham. Health reward you, Sir.

Duke. He's gone agen already, and takes hold
Of any opportunity: not riches

Can purchase him, nor honors, peaceably; (him,
And force were brutish: what a great worth's gone with
And but a Gentleman? well, for his sake,
I'll ne'er offend more, those I cannot make,
They were his words, and shall be dear to memory.

Say I desire to see him once agen;
Yet stay, he's so well forward of his peace,
'Twere pity to disturb him: he would groan
Like a soul fetch'd agen; and that were injury,
And I've wrong'd his degree too much already.
Call forth the Gentleman of our chamber instantly.

1 Serv. I shall my Lord.

Wabin.

Duke. I may forget agen.
And therefore will prevent: the strain of this
Troubles me so, one would not hazard more.

Enter 1 Gent. and divers others.

Gent. Your Will my Lord?

Duke. Yes; I discharge you all.

2 Gent. My Lord——

Duke. Your places shall be otherwise dispos'd of.

4 Gent. Why Sir?

Duke. Reply not, I dismiss you all:
Y'are Gentlemen, your worths will find you fortunes;
Nor shall your farewell tax me of ingratitude.

I'll give you all noble remembrances,
As testimonies 'gainst reproach and malice,
That you departed lov'd.

3 Gen. This is most strange, Sir.

1 Gent. But how is your Grace furnish'd, these dismiss'd?

Duke. Seek me out Grooms.
Men more insensible of reputation,
Less curious and precise in terms of honor,
That if my anger chance let fall a stroke,
As we are all subject to impetuous passions,
Yet it may pass unmurmur'd, undisputed,
And not with braver fury prosecuted.

Exit.

1 Gent. It shall be done, my Lord.

3 Gent. Know you the cause, Sir?

1 Gent. Not I kind Gentlemen, but by conjectures,
And so much shall be yours when you please.

4. Thanks Sir.

3 Gent. We shall i'th mean time think our selves guilty
Of some foul fault, through ignorance committed.

1 Gent. No, 'tis not that, nor that way.

4 Gent. For my part,
I shall be dis-inherited, I know so much.

1 Gent. Why Sir, for what?

4 Gent. My Sire's of a strange humor,
He'll form faults for me, and then swear 'em mine,
And commonly the first begins with leachery,
He knows his own youths trespass,

1 Gent. Before you go,
I'll come and take my leave, and tell you all Sirs.

3 Gent. Thou wert ever just and kind.

Exit.

1 Gent. That's my poor virtue, Sir,
And parcel valiant; but it's hard to be perfect:
The choosing of these fellows now will puzzle me,
Horribly puzzle me; and there's no judgement
Goes true upon mans outside, there's the mischief:
He must be touch'd, and try'd, for gold or dross;
There is no other way for't, and that's dangerous too;
But since I'm put in trust, and I will attempt it:
The Duke shall keep one daring man about him.

Enter a Gallant.

Soft, who comes here? a pretty bravery this:
Every one goes so like a Gentleman,
'Tis hard to find a difference, but by th' touch.
I'll try your mettal sure.

Gal. Why what do you mean Sir?

1 Gent. Nay, and you understand it not, I do not.

Gal. Yes, would you should well know,
I understand it for a box o'th' ear Sir.

1 Gent. And o'my troth, that's all I gave it for.

Gal. 'Twere best it be so.

1 Gent. This is a brave Coward,
A jolly threat'ning Coward; he shall be Captain:
Sir, let me meet you an hour hence i'th' Lobby.

Gal. Meet you? the world might laugh at you then i'faith.
1 Ge. Lay by your scorn and pride, they're scurvy qualities,
And meet me, or I'll box you while I have you,
And carry you gambil'd thither like a Mutton.

Gal. Nay, and you be in earnest, here's my hand
I will not fail you.
1 Gent. 'Tis for your own good.
Gal. Away.
1 Gent. Too much for your own good, Sir, a pox on you.
Gal. I prethee curse me all day long so.
1 Gent. Hang you.
Gal. I'll make him mad: he's loth to curse too much to me;
Indeed I never yet took box o' th' ear,
But it redounded, I must needs say so ——
1 Gent. Will you be gone?
Gal. Curse, curse, and then I goe.
Look how he grins, I've anger'd him to th' kidneys. Ex.
1 Gent. Was ever such a priggish coxcomb seen?
One might have beat him dumb now in this humor,
And he'd ha' grin'd it out still:

Enter a plain fellow.

Oh, here's one made to my hand,
Methinks looks like a Craven;
Lefs pains will serve his trial: some slight justle.
Plain. How? take you that Sir:
And if that content you not——
1 Gent. Yes very well, Sir, I desire no more.
Plain. I think you need not;
For you have not lost by't. Exit.
1 Gent. Who would ha' thought this would have prov'd
(a Gentleman?)

I'll never trust long chins and little legs agen,
I'll know 'em sure for Gentlemen hereafter:
A gristle but in shew, but gave his cuff
With such a fetch, and reach of gentry,
As if h' had had his arms before the floud;
I have took a villanous hard taske upon me;
Now I begin to have a feeling on't.

Enter Lapet, and Clown his servant, and so habited.

Oh, here comes a try'd piece, now, the reformed kick.
The millions of punches, spurns, and nips
That he has endur'd? his buttock's all black Lead,
He's half a Negro backward; he was past a Spaniard
In Eighty eight, and more Egyptian like;
His Table and his Book come both out shortly,
And all the cowards in the Town expect it;
So, if I fail of my full number now,
I shall be sure to find 'em at Church corners,
Where Dives, and the suff'ring Ballads hang.

Lap. Well, since thou art of so mild a temper,
Of so meek a spirit, thou mayst live with me,
Till better times do smile on thy deserts.
I am glad I am got home again.

Clow. I am happy in your service, Sir,
You'll keep me from the Hospital.

Lap. So, bring me the last proof, this is corrected.

Clow. I, y'are too full of your correction, Sir,

Lap. Look I have perfect Books within this half hour.

Clow. Yes Sir.

Lap. Bid him put all the Thumps in *Pica Roman*.

And with great T's, (you vermin) as Thumps should be.

Clow. Then in what Letter will you have your Kicks?

Lap. All in *Italica*, your backward blows

All in *Italica*, you *Hermophrodite*:

When shall I teach you wit?

Clow. Oh let it alone,

Till you have some your self, Sir.

Lap. You mumble?

Clow. The victuals are lockt up;
I'm kept from mumbling.

Exit.

Lap. He prints my blows upon Pot Paper too, the rogue,
Which had been proper for some drunken Pamphlet!

1 Gent. Monsieur Lapet? how the world rings of you, Sir?
Your name sounds far and near.

Lap. A good report it bears, for an enduring name——
1 Gent. What luck have you Sir?
Lap. Why, what's the matter?
1 Gent. I'm but thinking on't.
I've heard you wish these five years for a place.
Now there's one fall'n, and freely without money too;
And empty yet, and yet you cannot have't.
Lap. No? what's the reason? I'll give money for't,
Rather than go without Sir.
1 Gent. That's not it Sir:
The troth is, there's no Gentleman must have it
Either for love or money, 'tis decreed so;
I was heartily sorry when I thought upon you,
Had you not been a Gentleman, I had fitted you.
Lap. Who I a Gentleman? a pox I'm none, Sir.
1 Gent. How?
Lap. How? why did you ever think I was?
1 Gent. What? not a Gentleman?
Lap. I would thou'dst put it upon me i' faith;
Did not my Grand-father cry Cony-skings?
My Father *Aquavite*? a hot Gentleman:
All this I speak on, i' your time and memory too;
Only a rich Uncle dy'd, and left me chattels,
You know all this so well too——
1 Gent. Pray excuse me, Sir, ha' not you Arms?
Lap. Yes, a poor couple here,
That serve to thrust in wild-Fowl.
1 Gent. Heralds Arms,
Symbols of Gentry, Sir: you know my meaning;
They've been shewn and seen.
Lap. They have,
1 Gent. I fex have they.
Lap. Why I confes, at my wives instigation once,
(As Women love these Heralds kickshawes naturally)
I bought 'em: but what are they think you? puffs.
1 Gent. Why, that's proper to your name being *Lapet*.
Which is *La fart*, after the *English* Letter.
Lap. The Herald, Sir, had much adoe to find it.
1 Gent. And can you blame him?
Why, 'tis the only thing that puzzles the devil.
Lap. At last he lookt upon my name agen,
And having well compar'd it, this he gave me,
The two Cholliques playing upon a wind Instrument.
1 Gent. An excellent proper one; but I pray tell me,
How does he express the Cholliques?
They are hard things.
Lap. The Cholliques? with hot trenchers at their bellies;
There's nothing better, Sir, to blaze a Chollique.
1 Gent. And are not you a Gentleman by this Sir?
Lap. No, I disclaim't: no belly-ake upon earth
Shall make me one: he shall not think
To put his gripes upon me.
And wring out gentry so, and ten pound first.
If the wind Instrument will make my wife one,
Let her enjoy't, for she was a Harpers Grand-child:
But Sir, for my particular, I renounce it.
1 Gent. Or to be call'd so?
Lap. I Sir, or imagin'd.
1 Gent. None fitter for the place: give me thy hand.
Lap. A hundred thousand thanks, beside a Bribe, Sir.
1 Gent. Yov must take heed
Of thinking toward a Gentleman, now.
Lap. Pish, I am not mad, I warrant you: nay, more Sir,
If one should twit me i'th' teeth that I'm a Gentleman,
Twit me their worst, I am but one since *Lammas*,
That I can prove, if they would see my heart out.
2 Gent. Marry, in any case keep me that evidence.

Enter Clown.

Lap. Here comes my servant; Sir. *Galoshio*,
Has not his name for nought, he will be trode upon:
What says my Printer now?

Clow. Here's your last Proof, Sir.

You shall have perfect Books now in a twinkling.

Lap. These marks are ugly.

Clow. He says, Sir, they're proper :

Blows should have marks, or else they are nothing worth.

La. But why a Peel-crow here ?

Clow. I told 'em so Sir :

A scare-crow had been better.

Lap. How slave ? look you, Sir,

Did not I say, this *Whirrit*, and this *Bob*,

Should be both *Pica Roman*.

Clow. So said I, Sir, both *Picked Romans*,

And he has made 'em *Welch Bills*,

Indeed I know not what to make on 'em.

Lap. Hay-day ; a *Soufe*, *Italica* ?

Clow. Yes, that may hold, Sir,

Soufe is a *bonaroba*, so is *Flops* too.

Lap. But why stands *Bastinado* so far off here ?

Clow. Alas, you must allow him room to lay about hini, Sir.

La. Why lies this *Spurn lower* than that *Spurn*, Sir ?

Clow. Marry, this signifies one kick down stairs, Sir,

The other in a Gallery : I ask'd him all these questions.

1 Gent. Your Books name ?

Præhee *Lapet* mind me, you never told me yet.

La. Marry but shall Sir : 'tis call'd the Uprising of the
And the downfall of the *Duello* (kick ;

1 Gent. Bring that to pass, you'll prove a happy member,

And do your Countrey service : your young blouds

Will thank you then, why they see fourscore.

Lap. I hope

To save my hundred Gentlemen a month by't,

Which will be very good for the private house.

Clow. Look you, your Table's finish'd, Sir, already.

Lap. Why then behold my Master-piece : fee, fee, Sir,

Here's all your Blows, and Blow-men whatsoever ;

Set in their lively colours, givers, and takers.

1 Gent. Troth wondrous fine, Sir.

Lap. Nay, but mark the postures,

The standing of the takers, I admire more than the givers ;

They sit and scornfully, most contumeliously, I like not them,

Oh here's one cast into a comely Figure. (headlong

Clow. My Master means him there that's cast down

Lap. How sweetly does this fellow take his *Dorst* ?

Stoops like a *Cammel*, that Heroick beast,

At a great load of Nutmegs ; and how meekly

This other fellow here receives his *Whirrit* ?

Clow. Oh Master, here's a fellow stands most gallantly,

Taking his *kick* in private, behind the hangings,

And raising up his hips to't. But oh, Sir,

How daintily this man lies trampled on ?

Would I were in thy place, what e'er thou art :

How lovely he endures it ? (think you ?

1 Gent. But will not these things, Sir, be hard to practise,

Lap. Oh, easie, Sir : I'll teach 'em in a Dance.

1 Gent. How ? in a dance ?

Lap. I'll lose my new place else,

What e'er it be ; I know not what 'tis yet.

1 Gent. And now you put me in mind, I could employ

For your grace, specially : For the Dukes Cofin (it well,

Is by this time in's violent fit of mirth,

And a device must be sought out for suddainly,

To over-cloy the passion.

Lap. Say no more, Sir,

I'll fit you with my Scholars, new practitioners,

Endurers of the time.

Clow. Whereof I am one Sir.

1 Gent. You carry it away smooth ; give me thy hand, Sir.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter the two Brothers.

Paf. HA, ha, ha.

Within.

2 Bro. Hark, hark, how loud his fit's grown.

Paf. Ha, ha, ha.

1 Bro. Now let our Sister lose no time, but ply it
With all the power she has.

2 Bro. Her shame grows big, brother ;
The *Cupid's* shape will hardly hold it longer,
'Twould take up half an Ell of *China* Damask more,
And all too little : it struts per'lously :

There is no tamp'ring with these *Cupids* longer,
The meer conceit with Woman-kind works strong.

Paf. Ha, ha, ha.

2 Bro. The laugh comes nearer now,
'Twere good we were not seen yet.

Ex. Bro.

Enter *Passion*, and *Base*, his jester.

Paf. Ha, ha, ha,
And was he *bastinado'd* to the life ? ha, ha, ha.
I præhee say, Lord General, how did the rascals
Entrench themselves ?

Base. Most deeply, politickly, all in ditches.

Paf. Ha, ha, ha.

Base. 'Tis thought he'll ne'r bear Arms in field agen,
Has much ado to lift 'em to his head, Sir.

Paf. I would he had.

Base. On either side round Truncheons plaid so thick.
That Shoulders, Chines, nay Flanks were paid to th' quick.

Paf. Well said Lord-General : ha, ha, ha.

Base. But pray how grew the diff'rence first betwixt you ?

Paf. There was never any, Sir ; there lies the jest man ;

Only because he was taller than his brother ;
There's all my quarrel, to him ; and methought
He should be beaten for't, my mind so gave me, Sir,
I could not sleep for't : Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Another good jest quickly, while 'tis hot now ;

Let me not laugh in vain : ply me, oh ply me,

As you will answer't to my cosin Duke.

Base. Alas, who has a good jest ?

Paf. I fall, I dwindle in't.

Base. Ten Crowns for a god jest: ha' you a good jest, Sir ?

Enter *Servant*.

Serv. A pretty moral one,

Base. Let's ha't, what e'er it be.

Serv. There comes a *Cupid*
Drawn by six fools.

Base. That's nothing.

Paf. Help it, help it then.

Base. I ha' known six hundred fools drawn by a *Cupid*.

Paf. I that, that, that's the smarter Moral : ha, ha, ha.
Now I begin to be Song-ripe methinks.

Base. I'll sing you a pleasant Air Sir, before you ebb.

S O N G.

Paf. Oh how my Lungs do tickle ? ha, ha, ha.

Base. Oh how my Lungs do tickle ? oh, oh, ho, ho.

Paſ. Sings.

Set a ſharp Jeſt
Againſt my breaſt,
Then how my Lungs do tickle?
As Nightingales,
And things in Cambrick rails,
Sing beſt againſt a prickle,
Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Baſ. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ha.

Paſ. Laugh. Baſ. Laugh. Paſ. Laugh. Baſ. Laugh.

Paſ. Wide. Baſ. Loud, Paſ. And vary.

Baſ. A ſmile is for a ſimpering Novice.

Paſ. One that ne'er taſted Carveare,

Baſ. Nor knows the ſmack of dear Anchovis.

Paſ. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Baſ. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.

Paſ. A gigling waiting wench for me,
That ſhews her teeth how white they be.

Baſ. A thing not fit for gravity,

For theirs are foul, and hardly three.

Paſ. Ha, ha, ha.

Baſ. Ho, ho, ho.

Paſ. Democritus, thou antient Fleeerer,
How I miſs thy laugh, and ha' ſince.

Baſ. There you nam'd the famous Feerer,
That ever jeer'd in Rome, or Athens.

Paſ. Ha, ha, ha.

Baſ. Ho, ho, ho.

Paſ. How brave lives he that keeps a fool,
Although the rate be deeper?

Baſ. But he that is his own fool, Sir,
Does live a great deal cheaper.

Paſ. Sure I ſhall burſt, burſt, quite break, thou art ſo witty.

Baſ. 'Tis rare to break at Court, for that belongs to th' City.

Paſ. Ha, ha, my spleen is almoſt worn to the laſt laughter.

Baſ. Oh keep a corner for a friend, a jeſt may come here-
(after.

Enter Lapet and Clown, and four other, like fools dancing,
the Cupid leading, and bearing his Table, and holding
it up to Lapet at every ſtrain, and acting the poſtures.

Lap. Twinge all now, twinge I ſay.

Souſe upon Souſe.

2 Strain.

Donſes ſingle.

3 Strain.

Juſtle ſides.

4 Strain.

Knee Belly.

5 Strain.

Kickſee Buttock.

6 Strain.

7 Strain.

L. a. Dcwinderry.

Enter Soldier, Shamont's brother; his ſword drawn.

Sol. Not angry Law, nor doors of Braſs ſhall keep me,
From my wrongs expiation to thy Bowels,
I return my diſgrace; and after turn
My face to any death that can be ſentenc'd,

Biſe. Murder, oh murder, ſtop the murderer there—

Lap. I am glad he's gone; h'as almoſt trode my guts out;
Follow him who liſt for me, I'll ha' no hand in't.

Cl. Oh 'twas your luck and mine to be ſquelch'd, Mr.
Has ſtain'd my very Puddings into Pancakes.

Cup. Oh brothers, oh, I fear 'tis mortal: help, oh help,
I'm made the wretchedſt woman by this accident,
That ever love begui'd.

Enter two Brothers.

2 Bro. We are undone Brother,
Our ſhames are too apparent: Away receptacle
Of Luxury, and diſhonor, moſt unfortunate,
To make thy ſelf but lucky to thy ſpoil,
After thy Sexes-manner: liſt him up Brother;
He breaths not to our comfort, he's too waſted
Ever to cheer us more: A Chirurgeon ſpeedily;
Hence; the unhappieſt that e'er ſtept aſide,
She'll be a Mother, before ſhe's known a Bride.

Cup. Thou hadſt a moſt unfortunate conception,
What e'er thou prov'd to be; in miſt of mirth
Comes ruine, for a welcome, to thy birth.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. This is a beautiful life now; privacy
The ſweetneſs and the benefit of Eſſence:
I ſee there is no man, but may make his Paradice;
And it is nothing but his love, and dotage
Upon the worlds foul joves, that keeps him out on't:
For he that lives retir'd in mind, and ſpirit,
Is ſtill in Paradice, and has his innocence,
Partly allow'd for his companion too,
As much as ſtands with juſtice: here no eyes
Shoot their ſharp pointed ſcorns upon my ſhame;
They know no terms of reputation here,
No punctual limits, or preciſe dimenſions:
Plain down-right honeſty is all the beauty
And elegancy of life, found amongſt Shepherds;
For knowing nothing nicely, or deſiring it,
Quits many a vexation from the mind,
With which our quaint knowledge does abuſe us;
The name of envy is a ſtranger here,
That dries mens bloods abroad, robs Health and Reſt,
Why here's no ſuch fury thought on: no, nor falſhood,
That brotherly diſeaſe, fellow-like devil,
That plays within our boſom, and betrays us.

Enter 1 Gent.

1 Gent. Oh are you here?

Sham. La Nove, 'tis ſtrange to ſee thee.

1 Gent. I ha' rid one horſe to death,
To find you out, Sir.

Sham. I am not to be found of any man
That ſaw my ſhame, nor ſeen long.

1 Gent. Good, your attention:

You ought to be ſeen now, and found out, Sir,
If ever you deſire before your ending
To perform one good office, nay, a dear one,
Mans time can hardly match it.

Sham. Be't as precious
As reputation; if it come from Court
I will not hear on't.

1 Gent. You muſt hear of this, Sir.

Sham. Muſt?

1 Gent. You ſhall hear it.

Sham. I love thee, that thou'lt dye.

1 Gent. 'Twere nobler in me,
Than in you living: you will live a murderer,
If you deny this office.

Sham. Even to death, Sir.

1 Gent. Why then you'll kill your brother.

Sham. How?

1 Gent. Your Brother, Sir:
Bear witneſs heaven, this man deſtroys his Brother
When he may ſave him, his leaſt breath may ſave him:
Can there be wilfuller deſtruction?
He was forc'd to take a moſt unmanly wrong,

Above

Above the suffering virtue of a Soldier,
Has kill'd his injurer, a work of honor;
For which, unless you save him, he dies speedily
My conscience is discharg'd, I'm but a friend,
A Brother should go forward where I end.

Exit.

Sham. Dyes?
Say he be naught, that's nothing to my goodness,
Which ought to shine through use, or else it loses
The glorious name 'tis known by: he's my brother;
Yet peace is above blood: Let him go; I,
But where's the nobleness of affection then?
That must be car'd for too, or I'm imperfect,
The same blood that stood up in wrath against him,
Now in his misery, runs all to pity;
I'd rather dye than speak one syllable
To save my self, but living as I am,
There's no avoiding on't, the worlds humanity
Expects it hourly from me: curse of fortune,
I took my leave so well too: Let him dye,
'Tis but a brother lost; so pleasingly.
And swiftly I came off, 'twere more than irksomeness,
To tread that path agen; and I shall never
Depart so handsomely: but then where's posterity?
The consummation of our house and name?
I'm torn in pieces betwixt love and shame,

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Lapet, Clown, Poultrout, Moulbazon, and
others, the new Court Officers.

Lap. Good morrow fellow *Poltrot*, and *Moulbazon*;
Good morrow fellows all.
Pol. Monsieur *Lapet*? (you.
Lap. Look, I've remembred you, here's books apiece for
Moul. Oh Sir, we dearly thank you.
Lap. So you may:
There's two impressions gone already, Sirs.
Pol. What no? in so short a time?
Lap. 'Tis as I tell you, Sir.
My Kick sells gallantly, I thank my stars.
Clow. So does your Table; you may thank the Moon too.
Lap. 'Tis the Book sells the Table.
Clow. But 'tis the Bookfeller
That has the money for 'em, I'm sure o' that.
Lap. 'Twill much enrich the Company of Stationers,
'Tis thought 'twill prove a lasting benefit,
Like the *Wise Masters*, and the *Almanacks*.
The hundred *Novels*, and the Book of *Cookery*,
For they begin already to engross it,
And make it a Stock-book, thinking indeed
'Twill prove too great a benefit, and help,
For one that's new set up: they know their way,
And make him Warden, e'r his beard be gray.
Moul. Is't possible such virtue should lye hid,
And in so little Paper?
Lap. How? why there was the Carpenter,
An unknown thing; an odoriferous Pamphlet,
Yet no more Paper, by all computation,
Than *Ajax Telamon* would use at once,
Your Herring prov'd the like, able to buy
Another *Fishers Folly*, and your *Pasquil*
Went not below the mad-caps of that time,
And shall my elaborate *Kick* come behind, think you?
Clow. Yes, it must come behind, 'tis in *Italica* too,
According to your humor.
Lap. Not in sale, Varlet.
Clow. In sale, Sir? it shall sail beyond 'em all I tro.
Lap. What have you there now? oh Page 21.
Clow. That Page is come to his years, he should be a Ser-
Lap. Mark how I snap up the *Duello* there: (ving man.
One would not use a dog so,
I must needs say; but's for the common good.
Clow. Nay Sir, your Commons seldom fight at sharp,

But bullet in a Warehouse.

Lap. This will save
Many a Gentleman of good blood from bleeding, Sirs,
I have a curse from many a Barber-Surgeon;
They'd give but too much money to call't in;
Turn to Page 45. see what you find there.

Clow. Oh, out upon him,
Page 45. that's an old thief indeed.

Enter Duke, the Lady his Sister, 1 Gent.

Lap. The Duke, clap down your Books; away *Galshio*.
Clow. Indeed I am too foul to be i' th' presence,
They use to shake me off at the chamber door still. Ex.

Lady. Good my Lord, grant my suit: let me not rise
Without the comfort on't: I have not often
Been tedious in this kind.

Duke. Sister, you wrong your self,
And those great virtues that your Fame is made of,
To waste so much breath for a murderers life.

Lad. You cannot hate th' offence more than I do, Sir,
Nor the offender, the respect I owe
Unto his absent brother, makes me a suitor,
A most importunate Sister, make me worthy
But of this one request.

Duke. I am deaf
To any importunacy, and sorry
For your forgetfulness; you never injur'd
Your worth so much, you ought to be rebuk'd for't:
Pursue good ways, end as you did begin,
'Tis half the guilt to speak for such a sin.

La. This is loves beggery right, that now is ours,
When Ladies love, and cannot shew their powers. Ex.

Du. La Nove?

1 Gent. My Lord.

Duke. Are these our new Attendants?

Lap. We are my Lord, and will endure as much
As better men, my Lord, and more I trust.

Duke. What's he?

1 Gent. My Lord, a decay'd Gentleman,
That will do any service.

Duke. A decay'd one?

1 Gent. A renounc'd one indeed: for this place only.

Duke. We renounce him then; go, discharge him instantly.
He that disclaims his gentry for meer gains,
That man's too base to make a vassal on.

Lap. What says the Duke?

1 Duke. Faith little to your comfort, Sir,
You must be a Gentleman agen.

Lap. How?

1 Gent. The's no remedy.

Lap. Marry, the fates forefend: ne'r while I breathe, Sir,

1 Gent. The Duke will have it so, there's no resisting,
He spy'd it i' your forehead.

Lap. My wife's doing.

She thought she should be put below her betters now,
And su'd to ha' me a Gentleman agen.

1 Gent. And very likely, Sir,

Marry, I'll give you this comfort when all's done,
You'll never pass but for a scurvy one,
That's all the help you have: come shew your pace.

Lap. The heaviest Gentleman that e'er lost place;
Bear witness, I am forc'd to't.

Exit.

Duke. Though you have a courser Title yet upon you,
Than those that left your places, without blame,
'Tis in your power to make your selves the same:
I cannot make you Gentlemen, that's a work
Rais'd from your own deservings, merit, manners,
And in-born virtue does it. Let your own goodness
Make you so great, my power shall make you greater;
And more t'encourage you, this I add agen,
There's many Grooms, now exact Gentlemen.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. Methinks 'tis strange to me to enter here:
Is there in nature such an awful power,
To force me to this place? and make me do this?
Is mans affection stronger than his Will?
His resolution? was I not resolv'd
Never to see this place more? Do I bear
Within my breast one blood that confounds th' other?
The blood of Love, and Will, and the last weakest?
Had I ten Millions, I would give it all now,
I were but part it, or 'twould never come;
For I shall never do't, or not do't well,
But spoil it utterly betwixt two passions,
Yonder's the Duke himself, I will not do't now,
Had twenty lives their several sufferings in him.

Duke. Who's that went out now?

Pol. I saw none my Lord.

Duke. Nor you?

Mou. I saw the glimpse of one my Lord.

Duke. What e'er it was, methought it pleas'd me strangely
And suddenly my joy was ready for't.
Did you not mark it better?

Pol. & Mou. Troth my Lord,
We gave no great heed to't.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. 'Twill not be answer'd,
It brings me hither still; by main force hither:
Either I must give over to profess humanity,
Or I must speak for him.

Duke. 'Tis here agen:
No marvel 'twas so pleasing, 'tis delight
And worth it self, now it appears unclouded.

Sham. My Lord——
He turns away from me: by this hand
I am ill-us'd of all sides: 'tis a fault
That fortune ever had t' abuse a goodness.

Duke. Methought you were saying somewhat.

Sham. Mark the Language,
As coy as fate; I see 'twill ne'er be granted.

Duke. We little look'd in troth to see you here yet.

Sham. Not till the day after my brother's death, I think.

Duke. Sure some great business drew you.

Sham. No insooth, Sir,
Only to come to see a brother dye, Sir,
That I may learn to go too; and if he deceive me not,
I think he will do well in't of a soldier,
Manly, and honestly: and if he weep then,
I shall not think the worse on's manhood for't,
Because he's leaving of that part that has it.

Duke. Has slain a noble Gentleman, think on't, Sir,

Sham. I would I could not, Sir.

Duke. Our kinsman too.

Sham. All this is but worse, Sir.

Duke. When 'tis at worst,

Yet seeing thee, he lives.

Sham. My Lord——

Duke. He lives,

Believe it as thy bliss, he dies not for't:

Will this make satisfaction for things past?

Sham. Oh my Lord——

Duke. Will it? speak.

Sham. With greater shame to my unworthiness.

Duke. Rise then, we're even: I never found it harder

To keep just with a man: my great work's ended.

I knew your brother's pardon was your suit, Sir.

However your nice modesty held it back.

Sham. I take a joy now, to confess, it, Sir.

Enter 1 Gent.

1 Gent. My Lord——

Duke. Hear me first, Sir, what e'er your news be:
Set free the Soldier instantly.

1 Gent. 'Tis done, my Lord.

Duke. How?

1 Gent. In effect: 'twas part of my news too,
There's fair hope of your noble kinsman's life, Sir.

Duke. What sayst thou?

1 Gent. And the most admired change
That living flesh e'r had; he's not the man my Lord;
Death cannot be more free from passions, Sir,
Than he is at this instant: he's someek now,
He makes those seem passionate, was never thought of:
And for he fears his moods have oft disturb'd you, Sir,
He's only hasty now for his forgiveness,
And here behold him, Sir.

Enter Passion, the Cupid, and two Brothers.

Duke. Let me give thanks first: our worthy Cousin——

Pas. Your unworthy trouble, Sir;
For which, with all acknowledg'd reverence,
I ask your pardon; and for injury
More known and wilful, I have chose a wife,
Without your counsel, or consent, my Lord.

Duke. A wife? where is she, Sir?

Pas. This noble Gentlewoman.

Duke. How?

Pas. Whose honor my forgetful times much wrong'd.

Duke. He's madder than he was.

1 Gent. I would ha' sworn for him.

Duke. The Cupid, Cousin?

Pas. Yes, this worthy Lady, Sir.

Duke. Still worse and worse.

1 Bro. Our Sister under pardon, my Lord.

Duke. What?

2 Bro. Which shape Love taught her to assume.

Duke. Is't truth then? (Lord.)

1 Gent. It appears plainly now, below the waste, my

Duke. Shamont, didst ever read of a She-Cupid?

Sham. Never in fiction yet: but it might hold, Sir;
For desire is of both Genders.

Enter the Duke's Sister.

Duke. Make that good here: { He joyns Shamont's hand
I take thee at thy word, Sir. } and his Sisters.

Sham. Oh my Lord,
Love would appear too bold, and rude from me,
Honour and admiration are her rights,
Her goodness is my Saint, my Lord,

Duke. I see,
Y'are both too modest to bestow your selves:
I'll save that virtue still, 'tis but my pains: come,
It shall be so.

Sham. This gift does but set forth my poverty.

La. Sir, that which you complain of, is my riches.

Enter Shamont's brother the Soldier.

Duke. Soldier, now every noise founds peace, th'art wel- (come.
Sol. Sir, my repentance sues for your blest favour,
Which once obtain'd, no injury shall lose it;
I'll suffer mightier wrongs.

Duke. Rise, lov'd and pardon'd:
For where Hope fail'd, nay Art it self resign'd,
Thou'st wrought that cure, which skill could never find;
Nor did there cease, but to our peace extend;
Never could wrongs boast of a nobler end.

Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Our Poet bid us say for his own part,
 He cannot lay too much forth of his Art :
 But fears our over-acting passions may,
 As not adorn, deface his labour'd Play,
 Yet still he's resolute, for what is writ.
 Of Nicer valour, and assumes the wit :

But for the Love-Scenes which he ever meant,
 Cupid in's Peticcoat should represent,
 He'll stand no shock of censure ; the Play's good,
 He says he knows it, (if well understood.)
 But we (blind god) beg, if thou art Divine.
 Thou'lt shoot thy Arrows round, this Play was thine.

Mr. Francis Beaumonts Letter to Ben. Johnson, written before he and Mr. Fletcher came to London, with two of the precedent Comedies then not finish'd, which deferr'd their merry meetings at the Mermaid.

THe Sun which doth the greatest comfort
bring
To absent friends, because the self-same thing
They know they see however absent, is,
Here our best Hay-makers forgive me this,
It is our Countreys stile. In this warm shine,
I'll e and dream of your full Mermaid Wine.
Oh we have water mixt with Claret Lees,
Drink apt to bring in dryer Heresies
Than Beer, good only for the Sonnets strain,
With fustian Metaphors to stuff the brain,
So mixt, that given to the thirstiest one,
'Twill not prove Alms, unless he have the stone:
I think with one draught mans invention fades,
Two Cups had quite spoil'd Homers Illiads;
'Tis Liquor that will find out Sutcliff's wit,
Lye where he will, and make him write worse yet;
Fill'd with such moisture in most grievous
qualms;
Did Rob. Wisdom write his Singing Psalms;
And so must I do this, and yet I think
It is a potion sent us down to drink,
By special Providence keeps us from fights,
Makes us not laugh, when we make legs to knights
'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our States,
A Medicine to obey our Magistrates:
For we do live more free than you, no hate,
No envy at one anothers State
Moves us, we are all equal ev'ry whit:
Of Land that God gives men here is their wit:
If we consider fully, for our best,
And gravest men will with his main house jest,
Scarce please you; we want subtilty to do
The City tricks, lye, hate, and flatter too:
Here are none that can bear a painted show,
Strike when you winch, and then lament the blow:
Who like Mills set the right way for to grind,
Can make their gains alike with every wind:
Only some fellows with the subtil'st pate
Amongst us, may perchance equivocate
At selling of a Horse, and that's the most.
'Tis like the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you, for Wit is like a Rest
Held up at Tennis, which men do the best,

With the best gamesters: what things have we
seen,
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have
been
So nimble, and so full of subtil flame,
As if that every one from whence they came,
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolv'd to live a fool, the rest
Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justifie the Town
For three days past, wit that might warrant be
For the whole City to talk foolishly
Till that were cancell'd, and when that was gone,
We left an Air behind us, which alone,
Was able to make the two next Companies
Right witty; though but downright fools, more
wise.
When I remember this, and see that now
The Countrey Gentlemen begin to allow
My wit for dry bobs, then I needs must cry,
I see my days of Ballating grow nigh;
I can already Riddle, and can Sing
Ketches, sell bargains, and I fear shall bring
My self to speak the hardest words I find,
Over, as oft as any, with one wind,
That takes no medicines: But one thought of thee
Makes me remember all these things to be
The wit of our young men, fellows that show
No part of good, yet utter all they know:
Who like trees of the Guard, have growing
souls.
Only strong destiny, which all controuls,
I hope hath left a better fate in store,
For me thy friend, than to live ever poor,
Banisht unto this home; fate once again
Bring me to thee, who canst make smooth and
plain
The way of Knowledge for me, and then I,
Who have no good but in thy company,
Protest it will my greatest comfort be
To acknowledge all I have to flow from thee.
Ben. when these Scenes are perfect, we'll taste
wine;
I'll drink thy Muses health, thou shalt quaff mine,
T H E

The Honest Man's Fortune.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Duke of Orleans, <i>a spleenful detracting Lord,</i>	La Verdine, <i>a knavish Courtier.</i>
Earl of Amiens, <i>Brother-in-law to Orleans, a noble</i>	La Poop, <i>a foisting Captain.</i>
Mountague, <i>an honest Lord,</i>	Mallicorn, <i>a sharking Citizen.</i>
Du-boys, <i>accomplish'd Gentleman, servant to</i>	Two Lawyers.
Longueville, <i>Lamira.</i>	Two Creditors.
Voramer, <i>the loving and loyal Page of Mountague.</i>	Officers.
	Servants.

WOMEN.

Duchess of Orleans, <i>a virtuous Lady, and chaste,</i>	Lamira, <i>a modest Virgin, and a Lady, rich and noble.</i>
<i>(but suspected) wife to the Duke.</i>	Charlotte, <i>Lamira's Woman.</i>

The Scene France.

The principal Actors were

Nathan Field,
Rob. Benfield,
Emanuel Read,

Joseph Taylor,
Will. Eglestone,
Thomas Basse.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Duke of Orleans, and the Earl of Amiens, at several doors.

Amiens.

Orrow, my Lord of Orleans.

Orl. You salute me like a stranger; brother Orleans were to me a Title more be longing, whom you call the Husband of your Sister.

Ami. Would the circumstances of your brotherhood, had never offer'd cause to make our conversation less familiar: I meet you like a hindrance in your way: your great Law-suit is now upon the tongue, and ready for a judgement.

Orl. Came you from the Hall now?

Ami. Without stay; the Court is full, and such a press of people does attend the issue, as if some great man were brought to his arraignment.

Orl. Every mothers son of all that multitude of hearers, went to be a witness of the misery your Sisters fortunes must have come to, if my adversary who did love her first, had been her Husband.

Ami. The success may draw a testimony from them, to confirm the same opinion, but they went prepar'd with no such hope or purpose.

Orl. And did you intreat the number of them, that are come with no such hope or purpose.

Ami. Tush, your own experience of my heart can answer ye.

Orl.

Orl. This doubtful, makes me clearly understand your disposition.

Ami. If your cause be just,
I wish you a conclusion like your cause.

Orl. I can have any common charity to such a Prayer
From a friend I would expect a love to prosper in ;
Without exceptions such a love as might
Make all my undertakings thankful to't ;
Precisely just is seldom faithful in our wishes
To another mans desires : Farewel. *Exit Orl.*

Ester Montague *having a Purse, Duboys, Longueville,*
and Voramer the Page, with two Caskets.

Dub. Here comes your adversarie's brother-in-law.

Long. The Lord of *Amiens.*

Dub. From the Hall I think.

Ami. I did so : save your Lordship. sent state,

Mount. That's a wish my Lord, as courtcous to my pre-
As ever honest mind was thankful for ;
For now my safety must expose it self
To question : yet to look for any free
Or hearty salutation (Sir) from you
Would be unreasonable in me.

Ami. Why ?

Mount. Your Sister is my adversarie's wife ;
That nearness needs must consequently draw
Your inclination to him.

Ami. I will grant
Him all the nearness his alliance claims,
And yet be nothing less impartial,
My Lord of *Montague.*

Mount. Lord of *Montague* yet :
But (Sir) how long the dignity or state
Belonging to it will continue, stands
Upon the dangerous passage of this hour.
Either for evermore to be confirm'd,
Or like the time wherein 'twas pleaded, gone :
Gone with it, never to be call'd again.

Ami. Justice direct your proces to the end ;
To both your persons my respect shall still
Be equal ; but the righteous cause is that
Which bears my wishes to the side it holds,
Where-ever may it prosper. *Exit Amiens.*

Mount. Then my thanks
Are proper to you, if a man may raise
A confidence upon a lawful ground
I have no reason to be once perplex'd
With any doubtful motion, *Longueville,*
That Lord of *Amiens,* (didst observe him ?) has
A worthy nature in him.

Long. Either 'tis his nature or his cunning,
Mount. That's the vizard of most mens actions,
Whose dissembled lives
Do carry only the similitude
Of goodness on 'em : but for him
Honest behaviour makes a true report,
What disposition does inhabit him,
Essential virtue.

Long. Then 'tis pity that
Injurious *Orleans* is his brother.

Dub. He is but his brother-in-law.

Long. Law ? that's as bad.

Dub. How is your Law as bad ? I rather wish
The hangman thy Executor than that
Equivocation should be ominous.

Enter two Lawyers, and two Creditors.

Long. Some of your Lawyers —

1 Law. What is ominous ?

2 Law. Let no distrust trouble your Lordships thought.

1 Law. The evidences of your question'd Land
Ha' not so much as any literal

Advantage in 'em to be made against
Your Title.

2 Law. And your Council understands
The business fully.

1 Law. Th'are industrious, just.

2 Law. And very confident.

1 Law. Your state endures
A voluntary trial ; like a man
Whose honors are maliciously accus'd.
2 Law. The accusation serves to clear his cause.

1 Law. And to approve his truth more.

2 Law. So shall all
Your adversarie's pleadings strengthen your
Possession.

1 Law. And beset upon record
To witness the hereditary right
Of you and yours.

2 Law. Courage, you have the law.

Long. And you the profits.

Mount. If discouragement
Could work upon me, your assurances
Would put me strongly into heart again ;
But I was never fearful : and let fate
Deceive my expectation, yet I am
Prepared against dejection.

1 Cre. So are we.

2 Cre. We have received a comfortable hope
That all will speed well.

Long. What is he *Duboys* ?

Dub. A Creditor.

Long. I thought so, for he speaks
As if he were a partner in his state.

Mount. Sir, I am largely indebted to your loves,

Long. More to their purses.

Mount. Which you shall not lose.

1 Cred. Your Lordship.

Dub. That's another creditor.

1 Cred. Has interest in me.

Long. You have more of him.

1 Cred. And I have had so many promises
From these, and all your learned Counsellors ;
How certainly your cause will prosper : that —

Long. You brought no Serjeants with you ?

Dub. To attend his ill success.

Mount. Good Sir, I will not be
Unthankful either to their industries
Or your affections.

1 Law. All your Land (my Lord)
Is at the barr now, give me but ten Crowns
I'll save you harmless.

Long. Take him at his word ;
If he does lose, you're sav'd by miracle,
For I never knew a Lawyer yet undone.

1 Law. Then now you shall, Sir, if this prospers not.

Long. Sir, I beseech you do not force your voice
To such a loudness, but be thrifty now ;
Preserve it till you come to plead at bar
It will be much more profitable in
The satisfaction than the promise.

1 Law. Is not this a satisfaction to engage
My self for this assurance, if he

Mount. No Sir, my ruin never shall import
Anothers loss, if not by accident,
And that my purpose is not guilty of :
You're engag'd in nothing but your care.

Attend the Procurator to the Court, *Ex. Law.*
Observe how things incline, and bring me word.

Long. I dare not, Sir, if I be taken there,
Mine ears will be in danger.

Mount. Why ? hast thou
Committed something that deserves thine ears ?

Long. No, but I fear the noise ; my hearing will be
Perished by the noise ; 'tis as good 't want
A member, as to loose the use —

A member as to lose the use —

Mont. The ornament is excepted.

Long. Well my Lord

I'll put 'em to the hazard.

1 *Cred.* Your desires be prosperous to you.

2 *Cred.* Our best Prayers wait

Upon your fortune.

Dub. For your selves, not him.

Mont. Thou canst not blame 'em: I am in their debts.

Ver. But had your large expence (a part whereof
You owe 'em) for unprofitable Silks
And Laces, been bestowed among the poor,
That would have prayed the right way for you:
Not upon you.

Mont. For unprofitable Silks
And Laces? now believe me honest boy
Th'ast hit upon a reprehension that belongs
Unto me.

Ver. By — my Lord,
I had not so unmannerly a thought,
To reprehend you.

Mont. Why I love thee for't.
Mine own acknowledgement confirms thy words:
For once I do remember, coming from
The Mercers, where my Purse had spent it self
On those unprofitable toys thou speak'st of,
A man half naked with his poverty
Did meet me, and requested my relief:
I wanted whence to give it, yet his eyes
Spoke for him, those I could have satisfied
With some unfruitful sorrow, (if my tears
Would not have added rather to his grief,
Than eas'd it) but the true compassion that
I should have given I had not: this began
To make me think how many such mens wants
The vain superfluous cost I wore upon
My outside, would have clothed, and left my self
A habit as becoming: to increase
This new consideration there came one
Clad in a garment plain and thrifty, yet
As decent as these fair dear follies; made
As if it were of purpose to despise
The vanity of shew: his purse had still
The power to do a charitable deed,
And did it.

Dub. Yet your inclination, Sir,
Deserv'd no less to be commended, than his action.

Mont. Prethee do not flatter me;
He that intends well, yet deprives himself
Of means, to put his good thoughts into deed,
Deceives his purpose of the due reward
That goodness merits: oh antiquity
Thy great examples of Nobility
Are out of imitation, or at least
So lamely follow'd, that thou art as much
Before this age in virtue, as in time,

Dub. Sir, it must needs be lamely followed, when
The chiefest men love to follow it
Are for the most part cripples.

Mont. Who are they?

Dub. Soldiers, my Lord, soldiers.

Mont. 'Tis true *Duboy*s: but if the law disables me no
For Noble actions, than good purposes, (more
I'll practice how to exercise the worth
Commended to us by our ancestors;
The poor neglected soldier shall command
Me from a Ladies Courtship, and the form
I'll study shall no more be taught me by
The Taylor, but the Scholar; that expence
Which hitherto has been to entertain
Th'intemperate pride and pleasure of the taste
Shall fill my Table more to satisfy,
And less to surfeit.
What an honest work it would be; when we find

A Virgin in her poverty, and youth
Inclining to be tempted, to employ
As much persuasion, and as much expence
To keep her upright, as men use to do upon her falling.

Dub. 'Tis charity that many Maids will be unthankful for,
And some will rather take it for a wrong,
To buy 'em out of their inheritance,
The thing that they were born to.

Enter Longueville.

Mont. *Longueville*, thou bringst a cheerful promise in thy
There stands no pale report upon thy cheek,
To give me fear or knowledge of my loss, 'tis red and lively.
How proceeds my suit? (Hercules,

Long. That's with leave, Sir, a labour that to those of
May add another; or (at least) be call'd
An imitation of his burning shirt:
For 'twas a pain of that merciful
Perplexity, to shoulder through the throng
Of people, that attended your success:
My sweaty linnen fixt upon my skin,
Still as they pull'd me, took that with it; 'twas
A fear I should have left my flesh among 'em:
Yet I was patient, for (methought) the toil
Might be an emblem of the difficult
And weary passage to get out of Law.
And to make up the dear similitude,
When I was forth seeking my handkerchief
To wipe my sweat off, I did find a cause
To make me sweat more, for my Purse was lost
Among their fingers.

Dub. There 'twas rather found.

Long. By them.

Dub. I mean so.

Mont. Well, I will restore
Thy damage to thee: how proceeds my suit?

Lang. Like one at Brokers; I think forfeited.
Your promising Counsel at the first
Put strongly forward with a labour'd speed,
And such a violence of pleading, that
His Fee in Sugar-candy scarce will make
His throat a satisfaction for the hurt
He did it, and he carried the whole cause
Before him, with so clear a passage, that
The people in the favour of your side
Cried *Montague, Montague*: in the spite of him
That cryed out silence, and began to laugh
Your adversaries advocate to scorn:
Who like a cunning Footman set me forth
With such a temperate easie kind of course
To put him into exercise of strength,
And follow'd his advantages so close,
That when your hot mouth'd pleader thought h' had won,
Before he reacht it, he was out of breath,
And then the other stript him.

Mont. So all is lost.

Long. But how I know not; for, (methought) I stood
Confounded with the clamour of the Court,
Like one embark'd upon a storm at Sea,
Where the tempestuous noise of Thunder mixt
With roaring of the billows, and the thick,
Imperfect language of the Sea-men, takes
His understanding and his safety both
Together from him.

Mont. Thou dost bring ill news

Long. Of what I was unwilling to have been
The first reporter.

Mont. Didst observe no more?

Long. At least no better

Mont. Then th'art not inform'd
So well as I am; I can tell thee that
Will please thee, for when all else left my cause,
My very adversaries took my part.

Long.

Long — Whosoever told you that, abused you.

Mont. Credit me, he took my part
When all forsook me.

Long. Took it from you.

Mont. Yes I mean so, and I think he had just cause
To take it, when the verdict gave it him.

Dub. His Spirit would ha' sunk him, e'r he could
Have carried an ill fortune of this weight so lightly.

Mont. Nothing is a misery, unless our weakness apprehend it so;

We cannot be more faithful to our selves
In any thing that's manly, than to make
Ill fortune as contemptible to us
As it makes us to others.

Enter Lawyers.

Long. Here come they
Whose very countenances will tell you how
Contemptible it is to others.

Mont. Sir?

Long. The Sir of Knighthood may be given him, e'r
They hear you now?

Mont. Good Sir but a word.

Dub. How soon the loss of wealth makes any man
Grow out of knowledge.

Long. Let me see, I pray, Sir,
Never stood you upon the Pillory?

1 Law. The Pillory?

Long. Oh now I know you did not.
Y'ave ears, I thought ye had lost 'em; pray observe,
Here's one that once was gracious in your eyes.

1 Law. Oh my Lord, have an eye upon him.

Long. But ha' you ne'er a Counsel to redeem
His Land yet from the judgement?

2 Law. None but this, a Writ of error to remove the
cause.

Long. No more of error, we have been in that too much
already.

2 Law. If you will reverse the judgement, you must
trust to that delay.

Long. Delay? indeed he's like to trust to that,
With you has any dealing- *(Sessionem.*

2 Law. E'r the Law proceeds to an *Habere facias pos-*

Dub. That's a language Sir, I understand not.

Long. Th'art a very strange unthankful fellow to have taken
Fees of such a liberal measure, and then give a man
hard words for's money.

1 Law. If men will hazard their salvations,
What should I say; I've other business.

Mont. Y'are i'th' right;
That's it you should say, now prosperity has left me.

Enter two Creditors.

1 Cred. Have an eye upon him; if
We lose him now, he's gone for ever; stay
And dog him: I'll go fetch the Officers.

Long. Dog him you Bloud-hound: by this point thou
shalt more safely dog an angry Lion, than attempt him.

Mont. What's the matter: *(your loss)*

Long. Do but stir to fetch a Serjeant; and besides
Of labour, I'll have you beaten, till
Those casement in your faces be false lights.

Dub. Falser than those you sell by.

Mont. Who gave you Commission to abuse my friends
thus?

Lon. Sir, are those your friends that would betray you?

Mont. 'Tis to save themselves rather than betray me.

1 Cred. Your Lordship makes a just construction of it.

2 Cred. All our desire is but to get our own.

Long. Your wives desires and yours do differ then.

Mont. So far as my ability will go

You shall have satisfaction *Longeville.*

Long. And leave your self neglected; every man

Is first a debtor to his own demands, being honest.

Mont. As I take it, Sir, I did
Not entertain you for my Counselor.

Long. Counsel's the office of a servant,
When the master falls upon a danger; as
Defence is; never threaten with your eyes,
They are no cockatrices; do you hear?
Talk with the Girdler, or the Mill'ner,
He can inform you of a kind of men
That first undid the profit of those trades
By bringing up the form of carrying
Their *Morglays* in their hands: with some of those
A man may make himself a priviledge
To ask a question at the prison gates
Without your good permission.

2 Cred. By your leave.

Mont. Stay Sir, what one example since the time
That first you put your hat off to me, have
You noted in me to encourage you
To this presumption? by the justice now
Of thine own rule, I should begin with thee,
I should turn thee away ungratified
For all thy former kindness, forget
Thou ever didst me any service: 'tis not fear
Of being arrested, makes me thus incline
To satisfy you; for you see by him,
I lost not all defences with my state;
The curses of a man to whom I am
Beholding, terrify me more, than all
The violence he can pursue me with.

Dubois, I did prepare me for the worst;
These two small Cabinets do comprehend
The sum of all the wealth that it hath pleased
Adversity to leave me, one as rich
As th'other, both in Jewels; take thou this,
And as the Order put within it, shall
Direct thee, distribute it half between
Those Creditors, and th'other half among
My servants: for (Sir) they are my Creditors
As well as you are, they have trusted me
With their advancement: if the value fail,
To please you all, my first increase of means
Shall offer you a fuller payment; be content
To leave me something, and imagine that
You put a new beginner into credit.

Cred. So prosper our own blessings, as we wish you to
your merit.

Mont. Are you silences of discontent, or of sorrow?

Dub. Sir, we would not leave you.

Long. Do but suffer us to follow you, and what our
present means, or industries hereafter can provide, shall
serve you.

Mont. Oh desire me not to live
To such a baseness, as to be maintained
By those that serve me; pray begone, I will
Defend your honesties to any man
That shall report, you have forsaken me;
I pray begone. *Exeunt Servants and Creditors.*

Why, dost thou weep my boy,
Because I do not bid thee go to?

Ver. No, I weep (my Lord) because I would not go;
I fear you will command me.

Mont. No my child,
I will not; that would discommend th' intent
Of all my other actions: thou art yet
Unable to advise thy self a course,
Should I put thee to seek it; after that
I must excuse, or at the least forgive
Any charitable deed that can be done against my self.

Ver. Every day (my Lord) I tarry with you, I'll account
A day of blessing to me; for I shall
Have so much less time left me of my life
When I am from you: and if misery
Befall you (which I hope so good a man

Was never born to) I will take my part,
And make my willingness increase my strength
To bear it. In the Winter I will spare
Mine own cloths from my self to cover you;
And in the Summer, carry some of yours
To ease you: I'll doe any thing I can.

Mont. Why, thou art able to make misery
Ashamed of hurting, when thy weakness can
Both bear it, and despise it: Come my boy
I will provide some better way for thee
Than this thou speakest of: 'tis the comfort that
I'll fortune has undone me into the fashion:
For now in this age most men do begin,
To keep but one boy, that kept many men.

Enter Orleans, a Servant, his Lady following.

Orl. Where is she? call her.

Lady. I attend you Sir.

Orl. Your friend sweet Madam.

Lady. What friend, good my Lord?

Orl. Your *Montague*, Madam, he will shortly want
Those Courtly graces that you love him for;
The means wherewith he purchased this, and this;
And all his own provisions to the least
Proportion of his feeding, or his clothes,
Came out of that inheritance of land
Which he unjustly lived on: but the law
Has given me right in't, and possession; now
Thou shalt perceive his bravery vanish, as
This Jewell does from thee now, and these Pearls
To him that owes 'em.

Lady. Ye are the owner Sir of every thing that does
belong to me.

Orl. No, not of him, sweet Lady.

Lady. O good Heaven!

Orl. But in a while your mind will change, and be
As ready to disclaim him; when his wants
And miseries have perish'd his good face,
And taken off the sweetness that has made
Him pleasing in a womans understanding.

La. O Heaven, how gracious had Creation been
To women, who are born without defence,
If to our hearts there had been doors through which
Our husbands might have lookt into our thoughts,
And made themselves undoubtfull.

Orl. Made 'em mad.

La. With honest women.

Orl. Thou dost still pretend
A title to that virtue: prethee let
Thy honesty speak free to me now.
Thou know'st that *Montague*, of whose Land
I 'm the master, did affect thee first,
And should have had thee, if the strength of friends
Had not prevail'd above thine own consent.
I have undone him; tell me how thou dost
Consider his ill fortune and my good.

La. I'll tell you justly his undoing is
An argument for pity and for tears
In all their dispositions that have known
The honor and the goodness of his life:
Yet that addition of prosperity,

Which you have got by't, no indifferent man
Will malice or repine at, if the Law
Be not abused in't; howsoever since
You have the upper fortune of him, 'twill
Be some dishonor to you to bear your self
With any pride or glory over him.

Orl. This may be truly spoken, but in thee
It is not honest.

La. Yes, so honest, that I care not if the chaste *Penelope*
Were now alive to hear me.

Enter Amiens.

Orl. Who comes there?

La. My brother.

Am. Save ye.

Orl. Now Sir, you have heard of prosperous *Montague*,

Am. No Sir, I have heard of *Montague*,
But of your prosperity.

Orl. Is he distracted.

Am. He does bear his loss with such a noble strength
Of patience that,
Had fortune eyes to see him, she would weep
For having hurt him, and pretending that
Shee did it but for triall of his worth:
Hereafter ever love him.

Orl. I perceive you love him, and because (I must confess)
He does deserve that though for some respects,
I have not given him that acknowledgement,
Yet in mine honor I did still conclude to use him nobly.

Am. Sir, that will become your reputation and make me
grow proud of your alliance.

Orl. I did reserve the doing of this friendship till I had
His fortunes at my mercy, that the world
May tell him 'tis a willing courtesie.

La. This change will make me happy.

Orl. 'Tis a change; thou shalt behold it: then observe
me when

That *Montague*, had possession of my Land,
I was his rivall, and at last obtain'd
This Lady who, by promise of her own
Affection to him, should ha' bin his wife;
I had her, and withheld her like a pawn,
Till now my Land is rend'ed to me again,
And since it is so, you shall see I have
The conscience not to keep her—give him her— *draws*
For by the faithfull temper of my sword, she shall not
tarry with me.

Am. Give me way— *draws.*

Thou most unworthy man—give me way;
Or by the wrong he does the Innocent,
I'll end thy misery and his wickedness, together.

Lady. Stay and let me justifie

My husband in that, I have wrong'd his bed. *Exeunt Am: Orl.*

*Enter Orleans in amazement, the servants
following him.*

Never— all shames that can afflict me fall
Upon me if I ever wrong'd you;

Orl. Didst thou not confess it;

La. 'Twas to save your blood from shedding, that has
Turn'd my brothers edge;
He that beholds our thoughts as plainly as
Our faces, knowes it, I did never hurt
My honesty but by accusing it.

Orl. Womens consents are sooner credited
Than their denials: and I'll never trust
Her body that prefers any defence
Before the safety of her honor—here

Enter Servant.

Show forth that stranger—give me not a word
Thou feest a danger readie to be tempted.

La. Cast that upon me rather than my shame,
And as I am now dying I will vow—
That I am honest.

Orl. Put her out of dores; but that I fear my land
May go again to *Montague*, I would kill thee, I am
loth,
To make a beggar of him that way; or else—

Go now you have the liberty of flesh,
And you may put it to a double use,
One for your pleasure, th'other to maintain
Your wellbelov'd, he will want.
In such a charitable exercise
The virtue will excuse you for the vice.

Exit Lady.

Exit Orleans.

Enter Amiens drawn, Montague, Veramor
meeting.

Mont. What means your Lordship?

Ver. For the love of Heaven.

Am. Thou hast advantage of me, cast away this buckler.

Mont. So he is Sir, for he lives

With one that is undone — avoyd us boy.

Ver. I'll first avoid my safety,
Your Rapier shall be button'd with my head, before it
touch my Master.

Am. Montague?

Mont. Sir.

Am. You know my sister?

Mont. Yes Sir.

Am. For a whore?

Mont. You lye, and shall lie lower if you dare abuse
her honor.

Enter Lady.

La. I am honest.

Am. Honest!

La. Upon my faith I am.

Am. What did then persuade thee to condemn thy self?

La. Your safety.

Am. I had rather be expos'd

To danger, than dishonor; th'ast betray'd
The reputation of my familie
More basely by the falseness of that word,
Than if thou hadst delivered me asleep
Into the hands of base enemies.
Relief will never make thee sensible
Of thy disgraces; let thy wants compell thee to it.

Exit.

La. O I am a miserable woman.

Mont. Why Madam? are you utterly without means to
relieve you?

La. I have nothing Sir, unless by changing of these
cloaths for worse, and then at last the worst for naked-
ness.

Mont. Stand off boy, nakedness would be a change
To please us Madam, to delight us both.

La. What nakedness Sir?

Mont. Why the nakedness of body Madam, we were
Lovers once.

La. Never dishonest Lovers.

Mont. Honestie has no allowance now to give our selves.

La. Nor you allowance against honestie.

Mont. I'll send my Boy hence, opportunite
Shall be our servant, come and meet me first
With kisses like a stranger at the door,
And then invite me nearer to receive
A more familiar inward welcome; where,
Instead of tapers made of Virgins wax
Th'increasing flames of our desires shall light
Us to a banquet: and before the taste
Be dull with satisfaction, I'll prepare
A nourishment compos'd of every thing
That bears a naturall friendship to the blood,
And that shall set another edge upon 't,
Or else between the courses of the feast
We'll dallie out an exercise of time,
That ever as one appetite expires another may succeed it.

La. O my Lord, how has your nature lost her worthiness?
When our affections had their liberty,

Our kisses met as temperately as
The hands of sisters, or of brothers, that
Our bloods were then as moving; then you were
So noble, that I durst have trusted your
Embraces in an opportunity

Silent enough to serve a ravisher,
And yet come from you.--undishonor'd--how
You think me altered, that you promise your
Attempt success I know not; but were all
The sweet temptations that deceive us set
On this side, and one that side all the waiters,
These neither should persuade me, nor these force.

Mont. Then misery may waste your body.

Lady. Yes, but lust shall never.

Mont. I have found you still as uncorrupted as I left
you first

Continue so; and I will serve you with
As much devotion as my word, my hand
Or purse can show you; and to justify
That promise, here is half the wealth I have,
Take it, you owe me nothing, till you fall
From virtue, which the better to protect
I have bethought me of a present means:

Give me the Letter; this commends my Boy
Into the service of a Lady, whose

Free goodness you have bin acquainted with, *Lamira.*

Lady. Sir I know her.

Mont. Then believe her entertainment will be noble to
you?

My boy shall bring you thither: and relate
Your manner of misfortune if your own
Report needs any witness: so I kiss your hand good Lady.

Lady. Sir, I know not how to promise, but I cannot
be unthankfull.

Mont. All that you can implore in thankfulness
Be yours, to make you the more prosperous.

Farwell my boy,—I am not yet oppress'd. *Exit Lady*
Having the power to helpe one that's distress'd. *Ver.*

Exeunt..

Actus Secundi

Scena Prima.

Enter Longaville and Dubois.

Long. **W**Hat shall we do now: swords are out of use,
And words are out of credit.

Dub. We must serve.

Long. The means to get a service will first spend
Our purses; and except we can allow
Our selves an entertainment, service will
Neglect us; now 'tis grown into a doubt
Whether the Mr. or the servants gives the countenance.

Dub. Then fall in with Mistresses.

Long. They keep more servants now (indeed) than men,
But yet the age is grown so populous
Of those attendants, that the women are
Grown full too.

Dub. What shall we propound our selves?

Long. I'll think on't.

Dub. Do; Old occupations have too many setters up to
prosper, some uncommon trade would thrive now.

Long. We'll e'en make up some half a dozen proper
men.

And should not we get more
Than all your female sinners?

Dub. If the house be seated as it should be privately.

Long. I, but that would make a multitude of witches.

Dub.

Dub. Witches? how prethee?

Long. Thus the bauds would all turn witches to revenge
Themselves upon us, and the women that
Come to us, for disguises must wear beards,
And that's they say, a token of a witch.

Dub. What shall we then do;

Long. We must study on't
With more consideration; stay *Duboyes*
Are not the Lord of *Orleans* and the Lord
Of *Amiens* enemies?

Dub. Yes, what of that.

Long. Methinks the factions of two such great men.
Should give a promise of advancement now
To us that want it.

Dub. Let the plot be thine, and in the enterprize I'll
second thee.

Long. I have it we will first set down our selves
The Method of a quarrell; and make choyce
Of some frequented Tavern; or such a place
Of common notice, to perform it in
By way of undertaking to maintain
The severall honors of those enemies.

Thou for the Lord of *Orleans*; I for *Amiens*.

Dub. I like the project, and I think 'twill take
The better, since their difference first did rise
From his occasion whom we followed once.

Long. We cannot hope less after the report,
Than entertainment or gratuity,
Yet those are ends, I do not aim at most;
Great spirits that are needy, and will thrive,
Must labour whiles such troubles are alive.

Exeunt.

Enter Laverdine and La-poope.

La-p. Slander is sharper than the sword. I have fed this
three dayes upon leaf *Tobacco*, for want of other Victuals.

Lav. You have liv'd the honestest Captain; but be not
so dejected, but hold up thy head, and meat will sooner
fall i'thy mouth.

La-p. I care not so much for meat, so I had but good
liquor, for which my guts croak like so many Frogs for
rain.

Lav. It seems, you are troubled with the wind-Collick,
Captain, swallow a bullet: 'tis present remedy I'll assure
you.

La-p. A bullet? I'll tell you Sir, my panch is nothing
but a pile of bullets; when I was in any service I stood be-
tween my Generall and the shot, like a mud-wall; I am
all lead, from the crown of the head to the soal of the
foot, not a sound bone about me.

Lav. It seems you have bin in terrible hot service
Captain.

La-p. It has ever bin the fate of the low Country wars
to spoil many a man, I ha' not bin the first nor shall not
be the last: but I'll tell you Sir, (hunger has brought it
in to mind) I served once at the Siege of *Braste*, 'tis me-
morable to this day, where we were in great distress
for victuals; whole troops fainted more for want of food
then for blood, and died, yet we were resolved to stand
it out; I my self was but then Gentleman of a Company,
and had as much need as any man, and indeed I had
perished had not a miraculous providence preserved me.

Lav. As how good Captain?

La-p. Marry Sir, e'en as I was fainting and falling down
for want of sustenance, the enemy made a shot at me, and
struck me full i'th' panch with a penny loaf.

Lav. Instead of a bullet!

La-p. In stead of a bullet.

Lav. That was miraculous indeed; and that loaf sus-
tained you.

La-p. Nourished me or I had famished with the rest.

Lav. You have done worthy acts being a soldier, and

now you shall give me leave to requite your tale, and
to acquaint you with the most notorious deeds that I
have done being a Courtier. I protest Captain I will be no
more than you have done.

La-p. I can indure no lies.

Lav. I know you cannot Captain, therefore I'll only
tell you of strange things: I did once a deed of chari-
ty for it self; I assisted a poor widow in a sute, and
obtained it, yet I protest I took not a penny for my la-
bor.

La-p. 'Tis no such strange thing.

Lav. By *Mars* Captain, but it is, and a very strange
thing too in a Courtier, it may take the upper hand of
your penny loaf for a miracle. I could ha' told you how
many Ladyes have languished for my love, and how I
was once solicited by the mother, the daughter, and
grand-mother; out of the least of which I might have
digg'd my self a fortune; they were all great Ladyes,
for two of them were so big I could hardly embrace them:
but I was sluggish in my rising courses, and therefore let
them pass; what means I had is spent upon such as
had the wit to cheat me; That wealth being gone, I
have only bought experience with it, with a strong hope
to cheat others; but see here comes the much declined
Montague, who had all the Manor houses, which were
the body of his estate, overthrown by a great wind.

Enter Montague, Mallicorne.

La-p. How by a great wind? was he not overthrown
by law?

Lav. Yes, marry was he: but there was terrible puffing
and blowing before he was overthrown, if you observ'd,
and believe it Captain, there's no wind so dangerous to a
building as a lawyers breath.

La-p. What's he with him?

Lav. An eminent Citizen. Mounsier *Mallicorne*, let's stand
a side and listen their design.

Mal. Sir, profit is the Crown of labor, it is the life,
the soul of the industrious Merchant, in it he makes his
paradise, and for it neglects Wife, Children, Friends, Pa-
rents, nay all the world, and delivers up himself to the
violence of storms, and to be tos'd into unknown ayts;
as there is no faculty so perillous, so there's none so worthy
profitable.

Mont. Sir, I am very well possess'd of it, and what of
my poore fortunes remains, I would gladly hazard upon
the Sea: it cannot deal worse with me than the Land,
though it sink or throw it in the hands of Pirats. I have
yet five hundred pounds left, and your honest and worthy
acquaintance may make me a young Merchant; th'one
moiety of what I have I would gladly adventure.

Mal. How adventure? you shall hazard nothing: you
shall only joyn with me in certain commodities that
are safe arrived unto the Key; you shall neither be in
doubt of danger nor dammage; But so much money dis-
burst, so much receive; Sir, I would have you conceive
I pursue it not for any good your money will do me, but
meerly out of mine own freeness and courtesie to pleasure
you.

Mont. I can believe no less, and you express a noble
nature, seeking to build up a man so ruin'd as my self.

Lav. Captain here is subject for us to work upon
if we have wit; you hear that there is money yet left,
and it is going to be layd out in Rattels, Bels, Hobby-
Horses, brown paper, or some such like sale commodities;
now it would do better in our purses, upon our backs in
good Gold-lace, and Scarlat, and then we might pur-
sue our projects, and our devices towards my Lady
Annabella; go to, there's a conceit newly landed; heark!
stand in good reputation with him, and therefore may

the better cheat him : Captain , take a few instructions from me.

Mont. What monies I have is at your disposing, and upon twelve I will meet you at the Pallace with it.

Mal. I will there expect you, and so I take my leave. *Exit.*

Lav. You apprehend me ?

La-p. Why do ye think I am a dunce ?

Lav. Not a dunce Captain, but you might give me leave to misdoubt that pregnancy in a Soldier, which is proper and hereditary to a Courtier ; but prosecute it, I will both second, and give credit to it. Good Mounsier *Montague*, I would your whole revenues lay within the circuit of mine armes, that I might as easily bestow, or restore it unto you as my curtesie.

La-p. My zealous wishes Sir, do accompany his for your good fortunes.

Lav. Believe it Sir, our affection towards you is a strong band of friendship.

Mont. To which I shall most willingly seal. But believe me Gentlemen in a broken estate, the bond of friendship o't is forfeited, but that it is your free and ingenuous nature to renew it.

Lav. Sir, I will amply extend my self to your use, and am very zealously afflicted as not one of your least friends for your crooked fate ; But let it not seise you with any dejection, you have as I hear a sufficient competency left, which well disposed may erect you as high in the worlds account as ever.

Mont. I cannot live to hope it, much less enjoy it, nor is it any part of my endeavor ; my study is to render every man his own, and to contain my self within the limits of a Gentleman.

Lav. I have the grant of an Office given me by some noble favorites of mine in Court, there stands but a small matter between me and it, if your ability be such to lay down the present summ, out of the love I bear you, before any other man, it shall be confirmed yours.

Mont. I have heard you often speak of such a thing ; If it be assur'd to you I will gladly deal in it : that portion I have, I would not hazard upon one course, for I see the most certain is incertain.

La-p. Having money Sir , you could not light upon men that could give better direction ; there is at this time a friend of mine upon the Seas, to be plain with you, he is a pyrate, that hath wrote to me to work his freedom, and by this Gentlemans means, whose acquaintance is not small at Court ; we have the word of a worthy man for it , only there is some money to be suddainly disburs'd, and if your happiness be such to make it up you shall receive treble gain by it, and good assurance for it.

Mont. Gentlemen, out of the weakness of my estate you seem (to have some knowledge of my brest) that wou'd if it were possible advance my declined fortunes, to satisfie all men of whom I have had credit, and I know no way better than these which you propose ; I have some money ready under my command, some part of it is already promis'd, but the remainder is yours to such uses as are propounded.

Lav. Appoint some certain place of meeting, for these affaires require expedition.

Mont. I will make it my present business : at twelve, I am to meet *Mallicorne*, the Marchant at the Pallace, you know him Sir , about some negotiation of the same nature, there I will be ready to tender you that money, upon such conditions as we shall conclude of.

Lav. The care of it be yours, so much as the affair concerns you.

Mont. Your caution is effectually, and till then I take my leave.

La. Good Mr *Montague*.

Exit.

Within a clamor , down with their weapons.

Enter Longavile, and Dubois, their swords drawn, servants and others between them.

Ser. Nay Gentlemen what mean you? pray be quiet, have some respect unto the house.

Long. A treacherous slave.

Du. Thou dost revile thy self base *Longavile*.

Long. I say thou art a villain and a corrupt one, that hast some seven years fed on thy masters trencher, yet never bredst good blood towards him : for if thou hadst, thou'dst have a sounder heart.

Du. So Sir, you can use your tongue something nimbler than your sword.

Long. Wou'd you cou'd use your tongue well of your Master, friend you might have better employment for your sword.

Du. I say again, and I will speak it loud and often, that *Orleans*, is a noble Gentleman with whom *Amiens* is too light to poyse the scale.

Long. He is the weaker for taking of a prayse out of thy mouth.

Du. This hand shall seal his merit at thy heart.

Lav. Part them my masters, part them.

Ser. Part them Sir , why do you not part them , you stand by with your sword in your hand , and cry part 'em.

Lav. Why you must know my friend my cloaths are better than yours, and in a good suit, I do never use to part any body.

La-p. And it is discretion.

Lav. I marry is it Captain.

Long. *Dubois* though this place priviledge thee , know where next we meet, the blood which at thy heart flows drops at thy feet.

Enter Amience in haste, his sword drawn.

Du. I would not spend it better than in this quarrell, and on such a hazard.

Ami. What uprore's this, must my name here be question'd in Tavern brawls, and by affected Ruffins?

Lav. Not we indeed Sir.

Du. Fear cannot make me shrink out of your fury, though you were greater than your name doth make you, I am one, and the opposer ; if your swoln rage have ought in malice to enforce express it.

Ami. I seek thee not, nor shalt thou ever gain That credit, which a blow from me wou'd give thee, By my—I more detest that fellow

Which took my part than thee, that he durst offer To take my honor in his feeble armes, And spend it in a drinking room ; which way went he ?

Lav. That way Sir, I wou'd you wou'd after ; for I do fear we shall have some more scuffling.

Ami. I'll follow him, and if my speed o'er take him, I shall ill thank him, for his forwardness. *Exit.*

Lav. I am glad he's gone, for I doe not love to see a sword drawn in the hand of a man that lookes so furious, there's no jesting with edge tooles, how say you Captain ?

Cap. I say 'tis better jesting than to be in earnest with them.

Enter Orleance.

Orl. How now ? what's the difference ? they say there have bin swords drawn, and in my quarrell : let me know that man, whose love is so sincere to spend his blood for my sake, I will bounteously requite him.

Lav. We were all of your side, but there he stands begun it.

Orl. What's thy name ?

Dub. Dubyses ?

Orl. Give me thy hand, hast received no hurt?

Dub. Not any, nor were this body stuck full of wounds, I should not count them hurts, being taken in so honorable a cause as the defence of my most worthy Lord.

Orl. The dedication of thy love to me requires my ample bounty, thou art mine, for I do find thee made unto my purposes: Mounfieur *Laverdine*, pardon my neglect I not observed you, and how runs rumour?

Lav. Why, it runs my Lord like a foot-man without a cloak, to show that what's once rumour'd it cannot be hid.

Orl. And what say the rable, am not I the subject of their talk?

Lav. Troth my Lord the common mouth speaks foul words.

Orl. Of me, for turning away my wife, do they not?

Lav. Faith the men do a little murmure at it and say, 'tis an ill president in so great a man; marry the women; they rayl out right.

Orl. Out upon them rampallions. I'll keep my self safe enough out of their fingers, but what say my pritty jolly composed gallants that censure every thing more desperate than it is dangerous; what say they?

Lav. Marry they are laying wagers, what death you shall die; one offers to lay five hundred pounds; And yet he had but a groat about him, & that was in two two-pences too to, any man that wou'd make it up a shilling; that you were kil'd with a Pistoll charg'd with white Powder; another offerd to pawn his soul for five shillings, and yet no body wou'd take him, that you were stab'd to death, and shou'd die with more wounds than *Cesar*.

Orl. And who shou'd be the Butchers that shou'd do it? *Montague* and his associates?

Lav. So 'tis conjectured.

La-p. And believe it; sweet Printe, it is to be feared, and therefore prevented.

Orl. By turning his purpose on himself, were not that the way?

Lav. The most direct path for your safety. For where doth danger sit more furious than in a desperate man?

La-p. And being you have declined his means, you have increast his malice.

Lav. Besides the generall report that steems in every mans breath, and stains you all over with infamy, that Time the devourer of all things cannot eat out.

La-p. I, for that former familiarity, which he had with your Lady.

Lav. Men speak it as boldly as words of compliment; good morrow, good even, or save you Sir, are not more usuall; if the word cuckold had been written upon your forehead in great Capitall Letters; it could not have been dilated with more confidence.

Orl. He shall not sleep another night, I will have his blood, though it be required at my hands again.

Lav. Your Lordship may, and without hazarding your own person; here's a Gentleman in whose looks I see a resolution to perform it.

Dub. Let his Lordship give me but his honorable word for my life, I'll kill him as he walks.

Lav. Or pistoll him as he sits at meat.

La-p. Or at game.

Lav. Or as he is drinking.

Dub. Any way.

Orl. Wou't thou? call what is mine thine own, thy reputation shall not be brought in question for it, much less thy life; it shall be nam'd a deed of valour in thee, not murder: Farewell.

Exit.

Dub. I need no more encouragement, it is a work I will persuade my self that I was born to.

Laver. And you may persuade your self too that you

shall be sav'd by it, being that it is for his honorable Lordship.

Dub. But you must yield me means, how, when and where.

Lav. That shall be our tasks; Nay more, we will be agents with thee:

This hour we are to meet him, on the receipt of certain moneys,

Which indeed we purpose honestly to cheat him of, And that's the main cause I wou'd have him slain, Who works with safety makes a double gain.

Exeunt.

Enter Longaville, Amiens following him.

Ami. Stay Sir, I have took some pains to overtake you. —Your name is *Longaville*.

Long. I have the word of many honest men for't, I crave your Lordships pardon, your sudden apprehension on my steps made me to frame an answer unwitting and unworthy your respect.

Ami. Doe you know me?

Long. Yes, my Lord.

Ami. I know not you; nor am I well pleased to make this time, as the affair now stands, the induction of your acquaintance; you are a fighting fellow.

Long. How my Lord?

Ami. I think I too much grace you; rather you are a fellow dares not fight, but spit and puffe and make a noyse, whilst your trembling hand draws out your Sword, to lay it upon andirons, stools or tables, rather than on a man,

Long. Your honor may best speak this; yet — with little safety, if I thought it serious.

Ami. Come, you are a verie braggart. and you have given me cause to tell you so: what weakness have you ever seen in me to prompt your self, that I could need your help; or what other reason could induce you to it? you never yet had a meals meat from my Table, nor as I remember from my Wardrop any cast Suit.

Lon. 'Tis true, I never durst yet have such a servile spirit, to be the minion of a full swoln Lord; but alwaies did detest such slavery: a meals meat, or a cast Suit? I wou'd first eat the stones, and from such rags the dung-hills doe afford, pick me a garment.

Ami. I have mistook the man, his resolute spirit Proclaimes him generous, he has a noble heart As free to utter good deeds as to act them; For had he not been right, and of one piece, He would have crumpled, curled, and struck himself Out of the shape of man into a shaddow.

But prethee tell me, if no such sawning hope Did lead thee on to hazard life for my sake; What was it that incited thee?

Tell me; speak it without the imputation of a Sycophant.

Long. Your own desert, and with it was joyn'd the unfained friendship that I judged you ever held unto my former Lord.

Ami. The noble *Montague*?

Long. Yes, the noble and much injured *Montague*.

Ami. To such a man as thou art, my heart shall be A Casket: I will lock thee up there, And esteem thee as a faithfull friend, The richest Jewell that a man enjoyes; And being thou didst follow once my friend, And in thy heart still dost not with his fortunes casting him off,

Thou shalt go hand in hand with me, and share As well in my ability as love; 'tis not my end To gain men for my use, but a true friend.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Duboys.

Dub. There's no such thriving way to live in grace,
As to have no fence of it; his back nor belly
shall not want warning that can practise me mischief;
I walk now with a full purse, grow high and wanton,
Prune and briske my self in the bright shine
Of his good Lordships favours; and for what virtue?
For fashioning my self a murderer.
O noble *Montague*, to whom I owe my heart,
With all my best thoughts, though my tongue have promis'd
To exceed the malice of thy destiny,
Never in time of all my service knew I
Such a sin tempt thy bounty; those that did feed
Upon thy charge had merit or else need.

Enter Laverdine, and La-poope, with disguises.

Lav. *Duboys*, most prosperously met.

Dub. How now? will he come this way?

La. This way, immediately; therefore thy assistance,
dear *Duboys*.

Dub. What have you cheated him of the money you
spoke of?

Lav. Fough, as easily as a silly Countrey wench of her
maydenhead; we had it in a twinkling.

Dub. 'Tis well Captain, let me help you, you must be
our leader in this action.

La-p. Tut, fear not, I'll warrant you if my Sword hold,
we'll make no sweating sickness of it.

Dub. Why that's well said, but let's retire a little, that
we may come on the more bravely; this way, this way.

Exeunt.

*Enter Montague in the bands of three Officers,
and three Creditors.*

1 Cred. Officers look to him, and be sure you take good
security before he part from you.

Mont. Why but my friends, you take a strange course
with me; the sums I owe you are rather forgetfulness,
they are so slight, than want of will or honesty to pay
you.

1 Cred. I Sir, it may be so; but we must be paid, and
we will be paid before you scape: we have wife and chil-
dren, and a charge, and you are going down the wind,
as a man may say; and therefore it behooves us to look
to't in time.

2 Cred. Your cloak here wou'd satisfy me, mine's not a-
bove a three pound matter, besides the arrest.

3 Cred. Faith and mine is much about that matter too;
your Girdle and Hangers, and your Beaver, shall be suf-
ficient bail for't.

1 Cred. If you have ever a plain black sute at home, this
Silken one, with your Silke-stockings, Garters, and
Roses shall pacifie me too; for I take no delight, if I
have a sufficient pawn, to cast any Gentleman in prison;
therefore 'tis but an untrussing matter: and you are free,
we are no unreasonable creatures you see; for mine own
part, I protest I am loth to put you to any trouble for
security.

Mont. Is there no more of you? he wou'd next demand
my skin,

1 Cred. No Sir, here's no more of us, nor do any of us
demand your skin, we know not what to do with it; but
it may be if you ow'd your Glover any money, he knew
what use to make of it.

Mont. Ye dregs of baseness, vultures amongst men,
That tyre upon the hearts of generous spirits.

1 Cred. You do us wrong Sir, we tyre no generous
spirits, we tyre nothing but our hackneys.

Enter Mallicorne.

Mont. But here comes one made of another piece;
A man well meriting that free born name
Of Citizen; welcome my deliverer, I am fallen
Into the hands of blood-hounds, that for a sum
Lesser than their honesties, which is nothing,
Wou'd tear me out of my skin.

Mal. Why Sir, what's the matter?

1 Cred. Why Sir the matter is, that we must have our
money, which if we cannot have, we'll satisfy our selves
with his carcass, and be payd that wayes: you had as
good Sir, not have been so peremptory. Officer, hold
fast.

1 Off. The strenuous fist of vengeance now is clutcht;
therefore fear nothing.

Mal. What may be the debt in gross?

Mont. Some forty Crowns, nay rather not so much, 'tis
quickly cast.

Mal. 'Tis strange to me, that your estate shou'd have
so low an ebb, to stick at such sleight sums: why my
friends, you are too strict in your accounts, and call too
sudden on this Gentleman, he has hopes left yet to pay
you all.

1 Cred. Hopes? I marry; bid him pay his friends with
hopes, and pay us with currant Coyn: I knew a gallant
once that fed his creditors still with hopes, and bid 'em
they shou'd fear nothing, for he had 'em tyed in a string;
and trust me so he had indeed, for at last he and all his
hopes hopt in a halter.

Mont. Good Sir, with what speed you may, free me out
of the company of these slaves, that have nothing but their
names to show 'em men.

Mal. What wou'd you wish me do Sir? I protest I ha'
not the present sum (small as it is) to lay down for you;
and for giving my word, my friends no later than yester-
night made me take bread and eat it, that I shou'd not
do it for any man breathing i'th' world; therefore I pray
hold me excused.

Mont. You do not speak this seriously?

Mal. As ever I said my prayers, I protest to you.

Mont. What may I think of this?

Mal. Troth Sir thought is free for any man; we abuse
our betters in it, I have done it myself.

Mont. Trust me, this speech of yours doth much amaze
me; pray leave this language, and out of that same sum
you lately did receive of me, lay down as much as may
discharge me.

Mal. You are a merry man Sir, and I am glad you take
your crosses so temperately; fare you well Sir, and yet I
have something more to say to ye, a word in your ear
I pray; to be plain with you I did lay this plot to arrest
you to enjoy this money I have of yours, with the more
safety. I am a fool to tell you this now; but in good
faith I could not keep it in. And the money wou'd a done
me little good else. An honest Citizen cannot wholly en-
joy his own wife for you, they grow old before they have
true use of them, which is a lamentable thing, and
truly much hardens the hearts of us Citizens against you:
I can say no more, but am heartily sorry for your heaviness,
and so I take my leave.

Exit Mallicorne.

1 Cred. Officers take hold on him again, for Mounfier
Mallicorne will do nothing for him I perceive.

Enter Duboys, Lapoope, and Laverdine.

Dub. Nay come my masters, leave dancing of the old
measures, and let's assault him bravely.

Lav. By no means; for it goes against my stomach to
kill a man in an unjust quarrell.

La-p. It must needs be a clog to a mans conscience all
his life time.

Lav. It must indeed Captain: besides doe ye not see he has gotten a guard of friends about him, as if he had some knowledge of our purpose?

Dub. Had he a guard of Devils, as I think them little better, my Sword should doe the message that it came for.

Lav. If you will be so desperate, the blood lie upon your own neck, for we'll not meddle in't.

Dub. *runs upon Montague, and struggling yields him his Sword; the Officers draw, Laverdine and La-poope in the scuffling retire, Montague chaseth them off the Stage, himself wounded.*

Dub. I am your friend and servant. Struggle with me and take my Sword; Noble Sir, make your way, you have slain an Officer.

Mont. Some one of them has certainly requited me; for I doe lose much blood.

1 Offic. Udsprecious, we have lost a brother, pursue the Gentleman,

2 Offic. I'll not meddle with him: you see what comes on't; besides I know he will be hang'd ere he be taken.

1 Offic. I tell thee yeoman he must be taken ere he be hanged; he is hurt in the guts, run afore therefore and know how his wife will rate his Sawfages a pound.

3 Offic. Stay brother, I may live, for surely I find I'm but hurt in the leg, a dangerous kick on the shin-bone.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter Madam Lamira, Madam le Orleans, Veramour.

Lam. YOU see Lady What harmless sports our Countrey life affords; And though you meet not here with City dainties, Or Courtly entertainment, what you have is free and hearty.

L. Or. Madam, I find here What is a stranger to the Court, content, And receive curtesies done for themselves, Without an expectation of return, Which binds me to your service.

Lam. Oh your love; My homely house built more for use than shew Observes the Golden mean equally distant From glittering pomp, and sordid avarice; For Maskes, we will observe the works of nature, And in the place of visitation, read: Our Physick shall be wholesome walks, our viands, Nourishing, not provoking: for I find Pleasures are tortures that leave stings behind.

L. Or. You have a great estate.

Lam. A competency Sufficient to maintain me and my rank, Nor am I, I thank Heaven, so Courtly bred As to imploy the utmost of my Rents In paying Tailors for phantastick Robes; Or rather than be second in the fashion, Eat out my Officers and my Revenues With grating usury; my back shall not Be the base on which your soothing Citizen Erects his Summer-houses; nor on th' other side Will I be so penuriously wife, As to make money (that's my slave) my Idoll, Which yet to wrong, merits as much reproof, As to abuse our servant.

L. Or. Yet with your pardon

I think you want the Crown of all contentment.

Lam. In what good Madam?

L. Or. In a worthy husband.

Lam. — It is strange the galley-slave should praise His Oar, or stroaks; or you, that have made ship-wrack Of all delight upon this Rock, call'd marriage, Should sing *Eurymions* on't.

L. Or. Madam, though one fall From his horse and break his neck, will you Conclude from that it is unfit to ride? Or must it follow, because *Orleans* My Lord's pleased to make his passionate triall Of my suspected patience, that my brother, (Were he not so, I might say, worthy *Amiens*) Will imitate his ills, that cannot fancy What's truly Noble in him?

Lam. I must grant

There's as much worth in him as can be lookt for From a young Lord, but not enough to make Me change my golden liberty and consent To be a servant to it, as wives are To the Imperious humors of their Lords: Me thinks I'm well, I rise and goe to bed When I think fit, eat what my appetite Desires without controle, my servants study Is my contentment, and to make me merry Their farthest ayms; my sleeps are enquired after, My rising up saluted with respect: Command and liberty now wait upon My Virgin state; what would I more; change all, And for a husband? no; these freedoms die, In which they live with my Virginity; 'Tis in their choice that's rich to be a wife, But not being yoakt to chuse the single life.

Ver. Madam.

Lam. How like you the Countrey?

Ver. I like the ayr of it well Madam, and the rather because, as on *Irish* Timber your Spider will not make his web, so for ought I see yet your Cheater, Pander, and Informer being in their dispositions too foggy for this piercing climate, shun it, and chose rather to walk in mists in the City.

Lam. Who did you serve first boy?

Ver. A rich Merchants widow, and was by her preferred to a young Court-Lady.

L. Or. And what difference found you in their service?

Ver. Very much: for look how much my old City Madam gave to her young visitants, so much my Lady received from her hoary Court-servants.

Lam. And what made you to leave her?

Ver. My father (Madam) had a desire to have me a tall-man, took me from thence.

Lam. Well, I perceive you inherit the wag, from your father.

Ver. Doves beget Doves; and Eagles, Eagles, Madam: A Citizen here, tho left never so rich, seldome at the best proves a Gentleman: the son of an Advocate, tho dub'd like his father, will shew a relish of his descent, and the fathers thriving practice, as I have heard: she that of a Chambermayd is metamorphosed into a Madam, will yet remember how oft her daughter by her mother ventured to lie upon the rushes before she could get in that which makes many Ladies.

L. Or. But what think you of your late Master?

Ver. Oh Madam— *Sighs.*

Lam. Why doe you sigh? you are sorry that you left him,

He made a wanton of you.

Ver. Not for that:

Or if he did, for that my youth must love him. Oh pardon me, if I say liberty Is bondage, if compar'd with his kind service; And but to have power now to speak his worth To its desert; I should be well content

To be an old man when his praise were ended:
 And yet, if at this instant you were pleas'd,
 I should begin, the livery of age
 Would take his lodging upon this head
 Ere I should bring it to a period.
 'n brief he is a man (for Heaven forbid
 That I should ever live to say he was
 Of such a shape as would make one beloved,
 That never had good thought;) and to his body
 He hath a mind of such a constant temper
 in which virtues throng to have a room:
 Yet 'gainst this noble Gentleman, this *Montague*,
 For in that name I comprehend all goodness,
 Wrong, and the wrested law, false witness's,
 And envy sent from hell, have rose in Armes,
 And though not pierc'd, batter'd his honor'd shield.
 What shall I say? I hope you will forgive me,
 That if you were but pleas'd to love,
 I know no *Juno* worthy such a *Jove*.

Enter Charlot with a letter.

Lam. 'Tis well yet that I have the second place
 In your affection: From whence?

Charl. From the Lord *Amiens*, Madam.

Lam. 'Tis wellcome, though it bear his usual language:
 I thought so much, his love-suit speaks his health.
 What's he that brought it?

Charl. A Gentleman of good rank, it seems.

Lam. Where is he?

Charl. Receiving entertainment in your house
 Sorting with his degree.

Lam. 'Tis well.

Charl. He waits your Ladyships pleasure.

Lam. He shall not wait long:
 I'll leave you for a while; nay stay you boy,
 Attend the Lady. *Exeunt Lam. Charl.*

Vir. Would I might live once
 To wait on my poor Master.

L. Or. That's a good boy:
 This thankfulness looks lovely on thy forehead,
 And in it, as a book, me thinks I read
 Instructions for my self, that am his debtor,
 And wou'd do much that I might be so happy
 To repair that which to our grief is ruin'd.

Vir. It were a work a King might glory in,
 If he saw with my eyes: If you please Madam,
 For sure to me you seem unapt to walk,
 To sit, although the churlish Birds deny
 To give us musick in this grove, where they
 Are prodigall to others: I'll strain my voyce
 For a sad Song, the place is safe and private.

L. Or. 'Twas my desire; begin good *Viramour*.

*Musick, a Song, at the end of it enter Montague,
 fainting, his Sword drawn.*

L. Or. What's he *Viramour*?

Vir. A goodly personage.

Mont. Am I yet safe? or is my flight a dream;
 My wounds and hunger tell me that I wake:
 Whither have my fears born me? no matter where,
 Who hath no place to goe to, cannot err:
 What shall I do? cunning calamity!
 That others gross wits uses to refine,
 When I most need it duls the edg of mine.

L. Or. Is not this *Montagues* voyce?

Vir. My Masters? sic.

Mont. What sound was that, 'pish,
 Fear makes the wretch think every leaf oth' Jury:
 What course to live, 'beg? better men have done it,
 But in another kind: steal? *Alexander*
 Though stil'd a Conqueror, was a proud thief,
 Though he rob'd with an Army; sic how idle
 These meditations are: though thou art worse

Than forrows tongue can speak thee, thou art still,
 Or shouldst be, honest *Montague*.

L. Or. 'Tis too true.

Vir. 'Tis he: what villains hands did this? oh that my flesh
 Were Balm; in faith Sir, I would pluck it off
 As readily as this; pray you accept
 My will to do you service: I have heard
 The Mouse once sav'd the Lyon in his need,
 As the poor Scarab spild the Eagles seed.

L. Or. How do you?

Mont. As a forsaken man.

L. Or. Do not say so, take comfort,
 For your misfortunes have been kind in this,
 To cast you on a hospitable h
 Where dwels a Lady--

Vir. She to whom, good Master,
 You prefer'd me.

L. Or. In whose house, whatsoever
 Your dangers are, I'll undertake your safety.

Mont. I fear that I am pursued, and doubt that I,
 In my defence have kild an Officer.

Vir. Is that all? there's no law under the Sun
 But will I hope confess, one drop of blood
 Shed from this arme is recompence enough
 Though you had cut the throats of all the Catchpoles
 In *France*, nay in the world.

Mont. I would be loth
 To be a burthen, or feed like a drone
 On the industrious labor of a Bee,
 And baser far I hold it to owe for
 The bread I eat, what's not in me to pay;
 Then since my full fortunes are declin'd,
 To their low ebb I'll fashion my high mind.
 It was no shame to *Hecuba*, to serve
 When Troy was fir'd: if't be in your power
 To be a means to make her entertainment,
 And far from that I was; but to supply
 My want with habit fit for him that serves,
 I shall owe much to you.

L. Or. Leave that care to me.

Vir. Good Sir, lean on my shoulder; help good Ma-
 dam: oh that I were a horse for half an hour, that I
 might carry you home on my back: I hope you will love
 me still?

Mont. Thou dost deserve it boy, that I should live
 To be thus troublesome.

L. Or. Good Sir, 'tis none.

Vir. Trouble? most willingly I would be chang'd
 Like *Apuleius*, weare his Asses ears,
 Provided I might still this burthen bear.

L. Or. 'Tis a kind boy.

Mont. I find true proof of it.

Exeunt.

Enter Amiens, and Longeville, with a Paper.

Ami. You'll carry it.

Long. As I live although my packet were like *Bellerophon's*,
 what have you seen in me or my behavior since
 your favors so plentifully show'd upon my wants, that may
 beget distrust of my performance?

Ami. Nay, be not angry, if I entertained
 But the least scruple of your love, or courage,
 I would make choyce of one which my estate
 Should do me right in this, nor can you blame me
 If in a matter of such consequence
 I am so importunate.

Long. Good my Lord let me prevent your farther con-
 jurations

To rayse my spirit, I know this is a challenge
 To be delivered unto *Orleane* hand,
 And that my undertaking ends not there,

But

But I must be your second, and in that
Not alone search your enemy, measure weapons,
But stand in all your hazards, as our blouds
Ran in the self-same veins, in which if I
Better not your opinion, as a limb
That's putrid and useles, cut me off,
And underneath the Gallows bury it.

Ami. As full you understand me, and in this
Bind me, and what's mine to you and yours,
I will not so much wrong you as to add
One syllable more, let it suffice I leave
My honor to your guard: and in that prove,
You hold the first place in my heart and love. *Ex. Ami.*

Long. The first place in a Lords affection? very good;
and how long doth that last? perhaps the changing of
some three shirts in the Tennis-Court; well, it were very
necessary that an order were taken (if it were possible,) that
younger brothers might have more wit, or more money:
for now, however the fool hath long been put upon him
that inherits, his revenue hath bought him a sponge,
and wip't off the imputation, and for the understanding of
the younger, let him get as much Rhetorick as he can, to
grace his language.

Enter Dubois.

They will see, he shall have gloss little enough to set
out his Bark; stand *Dubois*, look about, 's all safe?

Dub. Approach not near me but with reverence
Lawrel and adorations, I have done more than deserves, a
hundred thanks.

Long. How now, what's the matter?

Dub. With this hand, only aided by this brain,
Without an *Orpheus* Harp redeem'd from Hells
Three headed Porter, our *Euridice*.

Long. Nay, prethee speak fence, this is like the stale
bragart in a Play.

Dub. Then in plain Prose thus, and with as little action
as thou canst desire, the three headed Porter, were three
unexorable Catch-poles, out of whose jaws without the help
of *Orpheus* Harp, bait or bribe; for those two strings make
the Musick, that molifies those flinty furies, I rescued our
Euridice, I mean my old Master *Montague*.

Long. And is this all? a poor rescue; I thought thou hadst
revers'd the judgement for his overthrow in his fate, or
wrought upon his adversary *Orleance*, taken the shape of a
Ghost, frighted his mind into distraction, and for the appeas-
ing of his conscience, forc'd him to make restitution
of *Montague's* Lands, or such like rescue; S'light I would have
hired *Acrocheture* for two *Cardekues*, to have done so much
with his whip.

Dub. You wood Sir and yet 'tis more than three on their
foot-cloaths, durst do for a sworn Brother, in a Coach.

Long. Besides, what proof's of it? for ought I know, this
may be a trick, I had rather have him a prisoner, where I
might visit him, and do him service, than not at all, or I
know not where.

Dub. Well Sir, the end will shew it, what's that, a chal-
lenge?

Long. Yes, where's *Orleance*? though we fight in jest, he
must meet with *Amiens* in earnest, - fall off, we are disco-
vered; my horse *garçon*; ha!

Dub. Were it not in a house, and in his presence,
To whom I owe all duty—

Long. What would it do? prate as it does? but be as far
from striking, as he that owes it *Orleance*. *Dub.* How?

Long. I think thou art his Porter,
Set here to answer creditors, that his Lordship
Is not within, or takes the diet: I am sent,
And will grow here until I have an answer,
Not to demand a debt of money, but
To call him to a strict account for wrong
Done to the honors of a Gentleman,
Which nothing but his heart-bloud shall wash off.

Dub. Shall I hear this?

Long. And more, that if I may not

Have access to him, I will fix this here
To his disgrace and thine.

Dub. And thy life with it.

Long. Then have the copies of it pasted on posts,
Like Pamphlet Titles, that sue to be sold;
Have his disgrace talk for Tobacco-shops,
His picture balled.

Dub. All respect away, wa't in a Church—*draw bath.*

Long. This is the book I pray with.

Enter Orleance.

Orl. Forbear upon your lives.

Long. What are you rouz'd? I hope your Lordship can
read (though he stain not his birth with Scholarship) doth
it not please you now? if you are a right *Mounseieur*, mulster
up the rest of your attendance, which is a Page, a Cook, a
Pander, Coach-man, and a Footman, in these days a great
Lords train, pretending I am unworthy to bring you a chal-
lenge, instead of answering it, have me kick'd.

Dub. If he does, thou deserv't it.

Long. I dare you all to touch me, I'll not stand still,
What answer?

Orl. That thou hast done to *Amiens*
The office of a faithful friend, which I
Would cherish in thee, were he not my foe,
How ever since on honourable terms
He calls me forth, say I will meet with him,
And by *Dubois* e'r Sun-set make him know
The time and place, my sword's length, and what ever
Scruple of circumstance he can expect.

Long. This answer comes unlookt for, fare you well,
Finding your temper thus, wou'd I had said less. *Exit.*

Orl. Now comes thy love to the test.

Dub. My Lord, 'twill hold,
And in all dangers prove it self true Gold. *Exeunt.*

Enter Laverdine, La-poop, Malicorn, servant

Ser. I will acquaint my Lady with your coming.
Please you repose your selves here.

Mal. There's a Tester, nay, now I am a wooer, I must
be bountiful.

Ser. If you would have two three-pences for it Sir,
To give some of your kindred as you ride, I'll see if I can
get them; we use not (tho servants) to take bribes. *Ex.*

Lav. Then thou art unfit to be in office, either in Court or
City.

La-p. Indeed, corruption is a Tree, whose branches are
of an unmeasurable length, they spread every where, and
the dew, that drops from thence, hath infected some chairs
and stools of authority.

Mal. Ah Captain! lay not all the fault upon Officers, you
know you can shark, tho you be out of action, witness
Montague.

Lav. Hang him, he's safe enough; you had a hand in it
too, and have gained by him; but I wonder you Citizens,
that keep so many books, and take such strict accounts for
every farthing due to you from others, reserve not so much
as a memorandum for the courtesies you receive.

Mal. Would you have a Citizen book those? thankfulness
is a thing, we are not sworn to in our Indentures: you may
as well urge conscience.

Lav. Talk no more of such vanities, *Mountague* is irreco-
verably sunk, I would we had twenty more to send after
him; the Snake that would be a Dragon, and have wings,
must eat; and what implies that, but this, that in this *Can-
nibal* age, he that would have the sute of wealth, must not
care—whom he feeds on? and as I have heard, no flesh
battens better, then that of a profest friend; and he that
would mount to honor, must not make dainty to use the
head of his mother, back of his Father, or neck of his Brother,
for ladders to his preferment; for, but observe, and you shall
find for the most part, cunning villany sit at a Feast as prin-
cipal guest, and innocent honesty wait as a contemn'd ser-
vant with a trencher.

La-p. The Ladies.

U u u

Enter.

Enter Montague bare-headed, Lamira, Lady Orleance, Charlotte and Voramour,

Mont. Do ye smell nothing?

Char. Not I Sir.

Mont. The carrion of knaves is very strong in my nostrils

Lav. we came to admire, and find Fame was a niggard, Which we thought prodigal in our report before we saw you.

Lam. Tush Sir, this Courtship's old.

La-p. I'll fight for thee, sweet wench, This is my tongue, and woes for me.

Lam. Good man of War, Hands off; if you take me, it must be by siege, Not by an onset; and for your valour, I think that I have deserved few enemies, And therefore need it not.

Mal. Thou need'st nothing, sweet Lady, but an obsequious husband, and where wilt thou find him, if not in the City? We are true *Muscovites* to our Wives, and are never better pleased; than when they use us as leaves, bridle and Saddle us; Have me, thou shalt command all my wealth as thine own, thou shalt sit like a Queen in my Ware-house; And my Factors at the return with my ships, shall pay thee tribute of all the rarities of the earth, thou shalt wear gold, feed on delicates, the first Peacocks, Strawberries, Grapes, Cherries shall—

Lam. Be mine? I apprehend what you would say, Those dainties which the City pays so dear for, The Countrey yields for nothing, and as early; And, credit me, your far-fet viands please not My appetite better than those that are near hand. Then for your promis'd service and subjection To all my humors, when I am your wife, Which is as it seems, is frequent in the City, I cannot find what pleasure they receive In using their fond Husbands like their Maids; But of this, more hereafter: I accept Your proffer kindly, and yours; my house stands open To entertain you, take your pleasure in it; And ease after your journey.

La. Orl. Do you note the boldness of the fellows?

Lam. Alas Madam, a Virgin must in this be like a Lawyer, And as he takes all Fees, she must hear all suitors; the One for gain, the other for her mirth; stay with the Gentlemen, we'll to the Orchards.

Exeunt Lamira, Lady Orleance, Vera. and Charl.

La-p. ——— What art thou?

Mont. An honest man, though poor; And look they like to monsters, are they so rare?

Lav. Rose from the dead.

Mal. Do you hear Monsieur *Servitude*, didst thou never hear of one *Montague*, a prodigal gull, that lives about *Paris*?

Mont. So Sir.

Lav. One that after the loss of his main estate in a Law-sute, bought an Office in the Court.

La-p. And should have Letters of *Mari*, to have the *Spanish* treasure as it came from the *Indies*; were not thou and he twins? put off thy Hat, let me see thy Fore-head.

Mont. Though you take priviledge to use your tongue, I pray you hold your fingers, 'Twas your base cozenages made me as I am: And were you somewhere else, I would take off This proud film from your eyes, that will not let you, Know I am *Montague*.

Enter Lamira behind the Arras.

Lam. I will observe this better.

Lav. And art thou he? I will do thee grace; give me thy hand: I am glad thou hast taken so good a course; serve God, and please thy Mistress; if I prove to be thy Master, as I am very likely, I will do for thee.

Mal. Faith the fellow's well made for a Serving-man, and will no doubt, carry a chine of Beef with a good grace.

La-p. Prethee be careful of me in my chamber, I will remember thee at my departure.

Mont. All this I can endure under this roof, And so much owe I her, whose now I am, That no wrong shall incense me to molest, Her quiet house, while you continue here, I will not be ashamed to do you service More than to her, because such is her pleasure. But you that have broke thrice, and fourteen times Compounded for two shillings in the pound, Know I dare kick you in your shop; do you hear? If ever I see *Paris*, though an Army Of musty Murrions, rusty brown Bills and Clubs, Stand for your guard — I have heard of your tricks, And you that smell of Amber at my charge, And triumph in your cheat; well, I may live To meet thee, be it among a troop of such That are upon the fair face of the Court Like running Ulcers, and before thy whore Trampel upon thee.

La-p. This a language for a Livery? take heed, I am a Captain.

Mont. A Coxcomb are you not? that thou and I, To give proof, which of us dares most, were now In midst of a rough Sea, upon a piece Of a split Ship, where only one might ride,

Lamira from the Arras.

I would — but foolish anger makes me talk Like a Player.

Lam. Indeed you act a part Doth ill become you my servant; is this your duty?

Mont. I crave your pardon, and will hereafter be more circumspect.

Lav. Oh the power of a Womans tongue: it hath done more than we three with our swords durst undertake; put a mad man to silence.

Lam. Why firrah, these are none of your comrades To drink with in the Cellar; one of them For ought you know, may live to be your Master.

La-p. There's some comfort yet.

Lam. Here's choice of three, a wealthy Merchant.

Mal. Hem, she's taken, she hath spy'd my good Calf, And many Ladies chuse their Husbands by that.

Lam. A Courtier that's in grace, a valiant Captain, And are these mates for you, away, begone.

Mont. I humbly pray you will be pleased to pardon, And to give satisfaction to you Madam, (Although I break my heart) I will confess That I have wrong'd them too, and make submission.

Lam. No I'll spare that; go bid the Cook haste supper.

Exit Mont.

La-p. Oh brave Lady, thou art worthy to have servants, to be commandres of a Family, that knowest how to use and govern it.

Lav. You shall have many Mistresses that will so mistake, as to take their Horse-keepers, and Footmen instead of their Husbands, thou art none of those.

Mal. But she that can make distinction of men, and knows when she hath gallants, and fellows of rank and quality in her house —

Lam. Gallants indeed, if it be the Gallants fashion To triumph in the miseries of a man, Of which they are the cause: one that transcends (In spite of all that fortune hath, or can be done) A million of such things as you, my doors Stand open to receive all such as wear The shape of Gentlemen, and my gentler nature (I might say weaker) weighs not the expence Of entertainment; think you I'll forget yet What's due unto my self? do not I know, That you have dealt with poor *Montague*, but like Needy Commanders, cheating Citizens,

And

And perjur'd Courtiers? I am much mov'd, else use not
To say so much, if you will bear your selves
As fits such, you would make me think you are,
You may stay; if not, the way lies before you. *Exit.*

Mal. What think you of this Captain?

La-p. That this is a bawdy-house, with Pinacles and
Turrets, in which this disguised *Montague* goes to Rut *gratis*,
and that this is a landed pandress, and makes her house a
brothel for charity.

Mal. Come, that's no miracle; but from whence derive
you the supposition?

La-p. Observe but the circumstance; you all know that
in the height of *Mountagues* prosperity, he did affect,
and had his love return'd by this Lady *Orleans*; since her
divorcement, and his decay of estate, it is known they have
met, not so much as his boy but is wanting; and that this
can be any thing else than a meer plot for their night-work,
is above my imagination to conceive.

Mal. Nay, it carries probability, let us observe it better,
but yet with such caution, as our prying be not discovered:
here's all things to be had without cost, and therefore good
staying here.

La-p. Nay, that's true, I would we might wooe her twen-
ty years, like *Penelopes* sutors; come *Laverdine*.

Exeunt Malli. La Poop.

La-p. I follow instantly, yonder he is.

Enter Viramor.

The thought of this boy hath much cool'd my affection to
his Lady, and by all conjectures, this is a disguised whore;
I will try if I can search this Mine, Page —

Ver. Your pleasure, Sir?

La-p. Thou art a pretty boy.

Ver. And you a brave man: now I am out of your debt.

La-p. Nay, prethee stay.

Ver. I am in haste, Sir.

La-p. By the faith of a Courtier.

Ver. Take heed what you say, you have taken a strange
oath.

La-p. I have not seen a youth that hath pleased me bet-
ter; I would thou couldst lie me, so far as to leave thy La-
dy and wait on me, I would maintain thee in the bravest
cloaths.

Ver. Though you took them up on trust, or bought 'em
at the Brokers.

La-p. Or any way: then thy employments should be so
neat and cleanly, thou shouldst not touch a pair of pan-
tables in a month, and thy lodging —

Ver. Should be in a brothel.

La-p. No, but in mine arms.

Ver. That may be the circle of a Bawdy-house, or
worse.

La-p. I mean thou should'st lye with me.

Ver. Lie with you? I had rather lye with my Ladies
Monkey; 'twas never a good world, since our French
Lords learned of the *Neapolitans*, to make their Pages their
Bed-fellows, doth more hurt to the Suburb Ladies, than
twenty dead vacations; 'Tis supper time, Sir.

Exit Veram.

La-p. I thought so, I know by that 'tis a woman, for be-
cause, peradventure she hath made trial of the Monkey, she
prefers him before me, as one unknown; well, these are
standing creatures, and have strange desires; and men must
use strange means to quenceh strange fires.

Exit.

Aclus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Montague alone in mean habit.

Mont. **N**OW *Montague*, who discerns thy spirit now?
Thy breeding, or thy blood? here's a poor
cloud

Eclipseth all thy splendor; who can read
In thy pale face, dead eye, or *lenten shute*,
The liberty thy ever-giving hand
Hath bought for others, manacling it self
In gyves of parchment indissoluble?
The greatest hearted man supplied with means,
Nobility of birth and gentlest parts,
I thought the right hand of his Sovereign,
If virtue quit her seat in his high soul,
Glitters but like a Palace set on fire,
Whose glory whilst it shines, but ruins him,
And his bright show each hour to ashes tending
Shall at the last be rak'd up like a sparkle,
Unless mens lives and fortunes feed the flame.
Not for my own wants, though blame I my Stars,
But suffering others to cast love on me,
When I can neither take, nor thankful be.
My Ladies woman, fair and virtuous
Young as the present month, sollicites me
For love and marriage now being nothing worth —

Enter Veramour.

Ver. Oh! Master, I have sought you a long hour,
Good faith, I never joy'd out of your sight;
For Heavens sake, Sir, be merry) or else bear
The buffets of your fortunes with more scorn;
Do but begin to rail, teach me the way,
And I'll sit down, and help your anger forth:
I have known you wear a suit, full worth a Lordship,
Give to a man whose need ne'er frighted you
From calling of him friend, five hundred Crowns
E'er sleep had left your senses to consider
Your own important present uses; yet
Since I have seen you with a tencher wait,
Void of all scorn, therefore I'll wait on you.

Mont. Would Heaven thou wert less honest.

Ver. Would to Heaven you were less worthy: I am ev'n
w'e Sir.

Mon. Is not thy Master strangely fall'n, when thou
Servest for no wages, but for charity?
Thou dost surcharge me with thy plenteous love:
The goodness of thy virtue shown to me,
More opens still my disability
To quit thy pains: credit me loving boy,
A free and honest nature may be oppress'd,
Tir'd with courtesies from a liberal spirit,
When they exceed his means of gratitude.

Ver. But 'tis a due in him that to that end
Extends his love or duty,

Mont. Little world

Of virtue, why dost love and follow me?

Ver. I will follow you through all Countreys,
I'll run (fast as I can) by your horse side,
I'll hold your stirrop when you do alight,
And without grudging, wait till you return:
I'll quit offer'd means, and expose my self
To cold and hunger, still to be with you;
Fearless I'll travel through a wilderness,
And when you are weary, I will lay me down
That in my bosom you may rest your head,
Where whilst you sleep, I'll watch, that no wild beast
Shall hurt or trouble you: and thus we'll breed a story

To make every hearer weep,

When they discourse our fortunes and our loves,

Mont. Oh what a scoff might men of women make,
If they did know this boy? but my desire
Is, that thou wouldest not (as thou usest still:
When like a servant, I'mong servants sit)
Wait on my Trencher, fill my cups with Wine:
Why should'st thou do this boy? prethee consider,
I am not what I was.

Ver. Could be the day when I forget that *Montague* was
my Lord, or not remember him my Master still.

Mont. Rather curse me, with whom thy youth hath spent,
So many hours, and yet untaught to live
By any worldly quality.

Ver. Indeed you never taught me how to handle Cards
To cheat and cozen men with oaths and lies:
Those are the worldly qualities to live:
Some of our scarlet Gallants teach their boys
These worldly qualities.
Since stumbling fortune then leaves virtue thus
Let me leave fortune, e'r be vicious.

Mont. Oh lad, thy love will kill me.

Ver. In truth, I think in conscience I shall dye for you:
Good Master weep not, do you want aught, Sir?
Will you have any money, here's some Silver;
And here's a little Gold, 'twill serve to play,
And put more troublesome thoughts out of your mind:
I pray Sir take it, I'll get more with singing.
And then I'll bring it you, my Lady ga't me,
And—it was not covetousness,
But I forgot to tell you sooner on't.

Mont. Alas boy, thou art not bound to tell it me,
And less to give it, buy thee Scarfs and Garters,
And when I have money, I will give thee a sword:
Nature made thee a beauteous Cabinet
To lock up all all the goodness of the earth.

Enter Charlotte.

Ver. I have lost my voice with the very sight of this Gentlewoman? good Sir steal away, you were wont to be a curious avoider of womens company.

Mont. Why boy, thou dar'st trust me any where, dar'st thou not?

Ver. I had rather trust you by a roaring Lion, than a ravening woman.

Mont. Why boy?

Ver. Why truly she devours more mans flesh——

Mont. I, but she roars not boy.

Ver. No Sir, why she is never silent but when her mouth is full.

Charl. Monsieur *Montague*.

Mont. My sweet fellow, since you please to call me so,

Ver. Ah my conscience, she wou'd be pleas'd well enough to call you bed-fellow: oh Master, do not hold her by the hand so: a woman is a Lime-bush, that catcheth all the toucheth.

Charl. I do most dangerously suspect this boy to be a wench; art thou not one? come hither, let me feel thee.

Ver. With all my heart.

Charl. Why dost thou pull off thy Glove?

Ver. Why, to feel whether you be a boy, or no.

Charl. Fic boy, go too. I'll not look your head, nor comb your locks any more, if you talk thus.

Ver. Why, I'll sing to you no more then.

Charl. Fic upon't, how sad you are? a young Gentleman that was the very Sun of France.

Mont. But I am in the eclipse now.

Charl. Suffer himself to be over-run with a Lethargy of melancholy and discontent! rouze up thy spirit, man, and shake it off:

A Noble Soul is like a Ship at Sea,
That sleeps at Anchor when the Ocean's calm;
But when she rages, and the wind blows high,

He cuts his way with skill and Majesty.

I would turn a Fool, or Poet, or any thing, or marry, to make you merry; prethee let's walk: good *Veramour*, leave thy Master and me, I have earnest business with him.

Ver. Pray do you leave my Master, and me: we were very merry before you came, he does not covet womens company.

What have you to do with him? come Sir will you go?

And I'll sing to you again:

I'faith his mind is stronger than to credit Womens vows, and too pure to be capable of their loves.

Charl. The boy is jealous, sweet lad leave us: my Lady call'd for you I swear: that's a good child, there's a piece of Gold for thee, go buy a Feather.

Ver. There's two pieces for you, do you go and buy one, or what you will, or nothing, so you go. Nay then I see you would have me go. Sir; why, i'faith I will, now I perceive you love her better than you do me; but Heaven bless you whatever you do, or intend, I know you are a very honest man. *Exit.*

Charl. Still will I wooe thee, whilst thy ears reply I cannot, or I will not marry thee?

Why hast thou drawn the bloud out of my cheeks,

And given a quicker motion to my heart?

Oh thou hast bred a Fever in my veins

Call'd love, which no Physitian can cure;

Have mercy on a Maid, whose simple youth——

Mont. How your example, fairest, teacheth me
A ceremonious Idolatry! *Kneels.*

By all the joy of love, I love thee better,

Than I or any man can tell another;

And will express the mercy which thou crav'st,

I will forbear to marry thee: consider

Thou art Nature's heir in feature, and thy parents,

In fair Inheritances; rise with these thoughts,

And look on me; but with a womans eye,

A decaid fellow, void of means and spirit.

Charl. Of spirit?

Mont. Yes, could I tamely live,
Forget my Fathers bloud, wait, and make legs,
Stain my best breeches, with the servile drops
That fall from others draughts. *(spirit,*

Charl. This vizard wherewith thou wouldest hide thy
Is perspective, to shew it plainlier.

This undervalue of thy life, is but

Because I should not buy thee, what more speaks

Greatness of man, than valiant patience,

That shrinks not under his fates strongest strokes?

These *Roman* deaths, as falling on a sword,

Opening of veins, with poison quenching thirst,

(Which we erroneously do stile the deeds

Of the heroick and magnanimous man)

Was dead-ey'd cowardize, and white-cheek'd fear,

Who doubting tyranny, and fainting under

Fortunes false Lottery, desperately run

To death, for dread of death; that foul's most stout,

That bearing all mischance, dares last it out;

Will you perform your word, and marry me,

When I shall call you to't?

Enter Longueville with a riding-rod.

Mont. I'faith I will.

Charl. Who's this alights here?

Long. With leave, fair creature, are you the Lady Mistress of the house?

Charl. Her servant, Sir.

Long. I pray then favour me, to inform your Lady, and Duke *Orleans* wife,

A business of import awaits 'em here,

And craves for speedy answer.

Charl. Are you in post, Sir?

Long. No, I am in Satin; Lady; I would you would be in post.

Charl.

Charl. I will return, Sweet.

Exit.

Long. Honest friend, do you belong to the house?
I pray be covered.

Mont. Yes Sir, I do.

Long. Ha, dream'st thou *Longaville*? sure 'tis not he: Sir
I should know you.

Mont. So should I you, but that I am ashamed.
But though thou know'st me, prethee *Longaville*,
Mock not my poverty, pray remember your self;
Shows it not strangely for thy cloaths to stand
Without a Hat to mine? mock me no more.

Long. The—embroider me all over, Sir,
If ever I began to mock you yet.
The—on me, why should I wear Velvet
And Silver Lace?—I will tear it off.

Mont. Why Mad-man?

Long. Put on my Hat? yes, when I am hang'd I will:
—I could break my head.

For holding eyes that knew not you at first:
But time and fortune run your courses with him,
He'll laugh and storm you, when you shew most hate.

*Enter Lamira, Orlean's Lady, Laverdine, La Poop,
Malycorn, Veramour, Charlot.*

Lam. You're a fair Mounseur.

Long. Do you mock me, Lady?

Lam. Your business, Sir, I mean.

Lady. Regard your self good Mounseur *Longueville*.

Lam. You are too negligent of your self and place,
Cover your head sweet Mounseur.

Long. Mistake me not fair Ladies,
'Tis not to you, nor you, that I stand bare.

Lav. Nay sweet dear Mounseur, let it not be to us then.

La Poop.—A compliment.

Mal. And—of manners.

Pray hide your head, your gallants use to do't.

Long. And you your foreheads, why you needful acceffary
rascals,

That cannot live without your mutual knaveries,
More than a Bawd, a Pandor, or a Whore
From one another; how dare you suspect
That I stand bare to you? what make you here?
Shift your house, Lady of 'em, for I know 'em,
They come to steal Napkins, and your Spoons;
Look to your Silver-bodkin, (Gentlewoman)
'Tis a dead *Vienfil*, and Page 'ware your pockets;
My reverence is unto this man, my Master,
Whom you, with protestations, and oaths
As high as Heaven, as deep as Hell, which would
Deceive the wisest man of honest nature,
Have cozen'd and abus'd; but I may meet you,
And beat you one with th' other.

Mont. Peace, no more.

Long. Not a word, Sir.

Lav. I am something thick of hearing; what said he?

La poop. I hear him, but regard him not.

Mal. Nor I, I am never angry fasting.

Long. My love keeps back my duty, noblest Lady;
If Husband or brother merit love from you,
Prevent their dangers, this hour brings to trial
Their hereto sleeping hates; by this time each
Within a yard is of the others heart,
And met to prove their causes and their spirits
With their impartial swords points; haste and save,
Or never meet them more, but at the grave.

Lady. Oh my distracted heart, that my wrackt honor
Should for a Brothers, or a Husbands life, through thy un-
doing, die.

Lam. *Amiens* engag'd; if he miscarry all my hopes and
I now confess it loudly, are undone: (joys,
Caroch, and haste, one minute may betray
A life more worth than all time can repay.

Exeunt Ladies and Mont.

Mal. Hump: Monsieur *Laverdine* pursues this boy ex-
treamly, Captain, what will you do?

La p. Any thing but follow to this Land-service; I am
a Sea-Captain you know, and to offer to part 'em, with-
out we could do't like Watermen with long slaves, a quar-
ter of a mile off, might be dangerous.

Mal. Why then let's retire and pray for 'em, I am re-
solv'd to stop your intent; abus'd more than we have been
we cannot be, without they fall to flat beating on's.

Exeunt Maly, La-poop.

Lav. And that were unkindly done i' faith.

Ver. But you are the troublesomest Ass that e'er I met
with; retire, you smell like a womans chamber, that's new-
ly up, before she have pinsh't her vapours in with her cloaths.

Lav. I will haunt thee like thy Grandames Ghost, thou
shalt never rest for me.

Ver. Well, I perceive 'tis vain to conceal a secret from
you: believe it Sir, indeed I am a woman.

Lav. Why la; I knew't, this Propheticall tongue of
mine never fail'd me; my mother was half a witch, ne-
ver any thing that she forespake, but came to pass: a wo-
man? how happy am I? now we may lawfully come toge-
ther without fear of hanging; sweet wench, be gracious, in
honourable sort I woe, no otherwife.

Ver. Faith, the truth is, I have loved you long.

Lav. See, see.

Ver. But durst not open it.

Lav.— I think so.

Ver. But briefly, when you bring it to the test, if there
be not one Gentleman in this house, will challenge more
interest in me, than you can, I am at your disposal.

Exit.

Lav. Oh *Fortunatus*, I envy thee not
For Cap, or pouch, this day I'll prove my Fortune,
In which your Lady doth elect her Husband,
Who will he *Amiens*, 'twill save my wedding dinner,
Povera, La Poop, and *Malicorn*: if all fail,
I will turn Citizen, a beauteous wife
Is the Horn-book to the richest Tradesmans life.

Exeunt.

*Enter Duboys, Orleans, Longueville, Amiens, two
Lacques, a Page with two Pistols.*

Dub. Here's a good even piece of ground my Lords:
Will you fix here?

Orl. Yes, any where; Lacquey, take off my spurs;
Upon a bridge, a rail, but my swords breadth upon a battle-
I'll fight this quarrel.

Dub. O' the Ropes, my Lord.

Orl. Upon a Line.

Dub. So all our Countrey Duels are carried, like a fire-
work on a thred.

Orl. Go now, stay with the horses, and, do you hear?
Upon your lives, till some of us come to you,
Dare not to look this way.

Dub. Except you see strangers or others that by chance
or purpose are like to interrupt us.

Orl. Then give warning.

Long. Who takes a sword? the advantage is so small,
As he that doubts, hath the free leave to choose.

Orl. Come, give me any, and search me; 'tis not
The ground, weapon, or seconds that can make
Odds in those fatal trials: but the cause.

Ami. Most true, and, but it is no time to wish
When men are come to do, I would desire
The cause 'twixt us were other than it is;
But where the right is, there prevail our Swords.
And if my Sister have out-liv'd her honor,
I do not pray I may out-live her shame.

Orl. Your Sister *Amiens*, is a whore, at once.

Ami. You oft have spoke that sence to me before,
But never in ths language *Orleance*;
And when you spoke it fair, and first, I told you

That

That it was possible you might be abus'd :
 But now, since you forget your manners, you shall find,
 If I transgress my custom, you do lye,
 And are a villain, which I had rather yet
 My sword had prov'd, than I been forc'd to speak:
 Nay, give us leave, and since you stand so haughtily
 And highly on your cause, let you and I,
 Without engaging these two Gentlemen, singly determine
Long. My Lord, you'll pardon us. (it.
Dub. I trust your Lordships may not do us that affront.
Ami. As how?
Dub. We kiss your Lordships hand, and come to serve
 you here with swords.
Long. My Lord, we understand our selves.
Dub. We have had the honor to be call'd unto the busi-
 nesses, and we must not now quit it on terms.
Ami. Not terms of reason?
Long. No, no treason for the quitting of our calling.
Dub. True, if I be call'd to't I must ask no reason.
Long. Nor hear none neither, which is less :
 It is a favour, if my throat be cut,
 Your Lordship does me; which I never can,
Noise within, crying down with your swords.
 Nor must have hope how to requite: what noise?
 What cry is that my Lord upon your guard?
 So, treachery is a foot.

Enter Lady Orleans, Lamira, Montague.

Lady. Oh here they are:
 My Lord (dear Lady help me) help me all;
 I have so woful interest in both,
 I know not which to fear for most: and yet
 I must prefer my Lord. Dear brother,
 You are too understanding, and too noble
 To be offended, when I know my duty,
 Though scarce my tears will let me so to do it.
Orl. Out-loathed strumpet.
Lady. Oh my dearest Lord,
 If words could on me cast the name of whore,
 I then were worthy to be loath'd; but know,
 Your unkindness cannot make me wicked;
 And therefore should less use that power upon me.
Orl. Was this your Art to make these Actors come,
 To make this interlude? withdraw, cold man,
 And if thy spirit be not frozen up,
 Give me one stroke yet at thee for my vengeance.
Ami. Thou shalt have strokes, and strokes, thou glorious
 man,
 Till thou breath'st thinner air than that thou talkest.
Lam. My Lord, Count *Amiens*.
Lady. Princely Husband.
Orl. Whore.
 You wrong her impudent Lord; oh that I had the bulk
 Of those dull men; look how they stand, and no man
 Will revenge an innocent Lady.
Ami. You hinder it Madam.
Lam. I would hinder you; is there none else to kill him?
Lady. Kill him, Madam? have you learn'd that bad lan-
 guage? oh repent,
 And be the motive, rather both kill me.
Orl. Then dye my infamy.
Mont. Hold bloody man.
Orl. Art thou there Basilisk?
Mont. To strike thee dead, but that thy fate deserves
 some weightier hand.
Dub. Sweet my Lord.
Orl. Oh here's a plot; you bring your champions with
 you; the adulteress with the adulterer: Out-howling——
Dub. Good my Lord.
Orl. Are you her Graces countenancer, Lady, the receiver
 to the poor vicious couple.
Dub. Sweet my Lord.

Orl. Sweet rascal, didst not thou tell me, false fellow,
 This *Montague* here was murdered?
Dub. I did so; but he was falser, and a worthless Lord,
 Like thy foul self that would have had it so.
Long. *Orleanse* 'tis true, and shall be prov'd upon thee.
Mont. Thy malice Duke, and thisthy wicked nature, are
 all as visible as thou; but I born to contemnthy injuries,
 do know, that though thy greatness may corrupt a Jury,
 and make a Judge afraid, and carry out a world of evils
 with thy Title: yet thou art not quiet at home, thou bear-
 est about thee that, that doth charge thee, and condemn
 thee too. The thing that grieves me more, and doth in-
 deed displeaseme, is, to think that so much baseness stands
 here to have encountred so much honor: Pardon me my
 Lord, what late my passion spake, when you provok'd my
 innocence.
Orl. Yes, do, oh! flattery becomes him better than the
 suit he wears; give him a new one, *Amiens*.
Ami. *Orleanse*, 'tis here no time nor place, to jest or rail
 Poorly with you, but I will find a time to
 Whisper you forth to this, or some fit place;
 As shall not hold a second interruption.
Mont. I hope your Lordships honor, and your life
 Are destined unto higher hazards; this is of
 A meaner arm.
Dub. Yes faith, or none.
Long. He is not fit to fall by an honest Sword,
 A Prince and lye!
Dub. And slander, and hire men
 To publish the false rumours he hath made.
Long. And stick 'em on his friends, and innocents.
Dub. And practice against their lives after their fames.
Long. In men that are the matter of all lewdness,
 Bawds, Thieves, and Cheaters, it were monstrous.
Dub. But in a man of blood, how more conspicuous?
Ami. Can this be?
Lady. They do slander him.
Orl. Hang them, a pair of railing hangbics.
Long. How? stand *Orleanse*; stay, give me my Pistols boy,
 Hinder me not, by——
 I will kill him
Lady. Oh, stay his fury,
Ami. *Longueville*, my friend.
Long. Not for my self, my Lord, but for mankind,
 And all that have an interest to virtue,
 Or title unto innocence.
Ami. Why hear me.
Long. For justice sake.
Ami. That cannot be.
Long. To punish his wives, your honor, and my Lords
 wrongs here, whom I must ever call so; for your loves
 I'll swear I'll sacrifice——
Ami. *Longueville*, I did not think you a murtherer be-
 fore.
Long. I care not what you thought me.
Ami. By—— If thou attempt
 His life, thy own is forfeit.
Mont. Foolish frantick man, the murder will be of us, not
 him.
Lady. Oh Heaven!
Mont. We could have kill'd him, but we would not take
 The justice out of fates.——
 Sinsge but a hair of him, thou diest.
Long. No matter, shoot.
Ami. Villain.
Dub. My Lord, your Sister is slain.
Ami. *Biancha*?
Mont. Oh hapless, and most wretched chance. (made?
Lam. Standst thou looking upon the mischief thou hast
 Thou godless man, feeding thy blood-shot eyes
 With the red spectacle, and art not turn'd to stone
 With horror? Hence, and take the wings of thy black
 Infamy, to carry thee beyond the shoot of looks,
 Or sound of curses, which will pursue thee still:
 Thou

Thou hast out-fled all but thy guilt.

Orl. Oh wish it off again, for I am crack'd
Under the burden, and my heart will break.
How heavy guilt is, when men come to feel?
If you could know the mountain I sustain
With horror, you would each take off your part,
And more, to ease me: I cannot stand,
Forgive where I have wrong'd, I pray.

Ami. Look to him *Montague*. (for fear,

Long. My Lords and Gentlemen, the Lady is well, but
Culeis that have shot her;

I have the worst on't, that needs would venture
Upon a trick had like to ha' cost my guts:
Look to her, she'll be well, it was but Powder
I charg'd with, thinking that a guilty man
Would have been frighted sooner; but I'm glad
He's come at last.

Lan. How is *Byncha*? well?

Ami. Lives she? see Sister, doth she breathe?

Lady. Oh Gentlemen, think you I can breathe,
That am restored to the hate'ul sense
Of feeling in me my dear husbands death?
Oh no, I live not; life was that I left;
And what you have call'd me to, is death indeed:
I cannot weep so fast as he doth bleed.

Dub. Pardon me, Madam, he is well.

Lady. Ha' my Husband.

Orl. I cannot speak whether my joy or shame
Be greater, but I thank the Heavens for both.
Oh look not black upon me, all my friends,
To whom I will be reconcil'd, or grow unto
This earth, till I have wept a trench
That shall be great enough to be my grave,
And I will think them too most manly tears,
if they do move your pities: it is true,
Man should do nothing that he should repent;
But if he have, and say that he is sorry,
It is a worse fault, if he be not truly.

Lam. My Lord, such sorrow cannot be suspected:
Here take your honoured wife, and joyn your hands.

—She hath married you again:
And Gentlemen, I do invite you all,
This night to take my house, where on the morrow,
To heighten more the reconciling feast,
I'll make my self a Husband and a guest.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Montague, and Charlotte.

Charl. Well now I am sure you are mine.

Mont. I am sure I am glad
I have one to own then; you'll find me honest
As these days go, enough; poor without question,
Which beggars hold a virtue; give me meat, and I
Shall do my work, else knock my shooes off,
And turn me out again.

Char. You are a merry fellow.

Mont. I have no great cause.

Char. Yes, thy love to me.

Mont. That's as we make our game.

Char. Why, you repent then?

Mont. Faith no, worse than I am I cannot be;
Much better I expect not: I shall love you,
And when you bid me go to bed, obey,
Lie still or move, as you shall minister;
Keep a four-Nobles Nag, and a Jack

Merling, learn to love Ale, and play at Two-hand *Irish*,
And there's then all I aim at.

Char. Nay sweet fellow, I'll make it something better

Mont. If you do, you'll make me worse:
Now I am poor, and willing to do well,
Hold me in that course; of all the Kings creatures,
I hate his coin, keep me from that, and save me;
For if you chance out of your housewivery
To leave a hundred pound or two, bestow it
In Plumb-broth e'r I know it, else I take it;
Seek out a hundred men that want this money,
Share it among 'em, they'll cry noble *Montague*,
And so I stand again at livery.

Char. You have pretty fancies, Sir, but married once,
This charity will fall home to your self.

Mont. I would it would, I am afraid my looseness
Is yet scarce stopt, though it have nought to work on
But the meer air of what I have had.

Char. Pretty.

Mont. I wonder sweet heart why you'll marry me,
I can see nothing in my self deserves it,
Unless the handsome wearing of a band,
For that's my stock now, or a pair of garters;
Necessity will not let me loose.

Char. I see Sir, a great deal more, a handsome man, a
Husband,

To make a right good woman truly happy.

Mont. Lord, where are my eyes, either you are foolish
As wenches once a year are, or far worse,
Extreamly virtuous, can you love a poor man
That relies on cold meat, and cast stockings,
One only suit to his back, which now is mewing?
But what will be the next coat will pose *Triptam*.
If I should leavy from my friends a fortune:
I could not raise ten groats to pay the Priest now.

Char. I'll do that duty; 'tis not means nor money
Makes me pursue your love, were your mind bankrupt,
I would never love you.

Enter Lamira.

Mont. Peace wench, here's my Lady.

Lam. Nay, never shrink i'th' wetting, for my presence;
D'ye find her willing *Montague*?

Mont. Willing Madam?

Lam. How dainty you make of it, do not I know
You two love one another?

Mont. Certain Madam, I think ye've revelations of
Your Ladyship cannot tell me when I kist her.

Lam. But she can, Sir.

Mont. But she will not Madam;
For when they talk once, 'tis like Fairy-Money,
They get no more close kisses.

Lam. Thou art wanton.

Mont. Heaven knows I need not, yet I would be lusty:
But—my Provender scarce pricks me.

Lam. It shall be mended *Montague*, I am glad you are
grown so merry.

Mont. So am I too Madam.

Lam. You two will make a pretty handsome Consort.

Mont. Yes Madam, if my Fiddle fail me not.

Lam. Your Fiddle? why your Fiddle? I warrant thou
meanest madly:

Mont. Can you blame me? alas I am in love.

Char. 'Tis very well, Sir.

Lam. How long have you been thus?

Mont. How thus in love?

Lam. You are very quick, Sir: no, I mean thus pleasant.

Mont.—Ever since I was poor.

Lam. A little wealth would change you then?

Mont. Yes Lady, into another suit, but never more
into another man: I'll bar that mainly,
The wealth I get hence-forward shall be charm'd
For ever hurting me, I'll spend it fasting:

As I live noble Lady, there is nothing
I have found directly, cures the melancholy,
But want and wedlock; when I had store of money,
I simper'd sometime, and spoke wondrous wise,
But never laugh'd out-right; now I am empty,
My heart sounds like a Bell, and strikes at both sides.

Lam. You are finely temper'd, *Montague.* (fended.

Mont. Pardon Lady, if any way my free mirth have of-
'Twas meant to please you: if it prove too saucy,
Give it a frown, and I am ever silenc'd.

Lam. I like it passing well; pray follow it:
This is my day of choice, and shall be yours too,
'Twere pity to delay ye: call to the Steward,
And tell him 'tis my pleasure he should give you
Five hundred Crowns: make your self handsome *Montague,*
Let none wear better cloaths, 'tis for my credit;
But pray be merry still. (hundreds,

Mont. If I be not, and make a fool of twice as many
Clap me in Canvas, Lady. *Exeunt.*

Enter La-poop, Laverdine, and Malycorne.

Lav. I am strangely glad, I have found the mystery
Of this disguised boy out: I ever trusted
It was a woman; and how happily
I have found it so; and for my self, I am sure,
One that would offer me a thousand pound now
(And that's a pretty sum to make one stagger)
In ready Gold for this concealment, could not
Buy my hope of her, she's a dainty wench,
And such a one I find I want extremely,
To bring me into credit: beauty does it.

Mal. Say we should all meach here, and stay the Feast,
now, what can the worst be? we have plaid the knaves,
that's without question.

La-p. True, and as I take it, this is the first truth
We told these ten years, and for any thing
I know, may be the last: but grant we are knaves,
Both base and beastly knaves——

Mal. Say so then.

Lav. Well.

La-p. And likewise let it be considered, we have wrong'd,
And most maliciously, this Gentlewoman
We cast to stay with, what must we expect now?

Mal. I, there's the point, we would expect good eating.

La-p. I know we would, but we may find good beating.

Lav. You say true Gentlemen, and by——

Though I love meat as well as any man,
I care not what he be, if a eat a Gods name;
Such a crab-fauce to my meat will turn my pallate.

Mal. There's all the hazard, for the frozen *Montague*
Has now got spring again, and warmth in him,
And without doubt, dares beat us terribly.
For not to mint the matter, we are cowards,
And have, and shall be beaten, when men please
To call us into cudgeling.

La-p. I feel we are very prone that way.

Lav. The sons of *Adam.*

La-p. Now, here then rests the state o'th' question;
Whether we yield our bodies for a dinner
To a sound dog-whip? for I promise ye,
If men be given to correction,
We can expect no less; or quietly
Take a hard Egg or two, and ten mile hence
Bait in a ditch, this we may do securely;
For, to stay hereabout will be all one,
If once our moral mischiefs come in memory.

Mal. But pray ye hear me, is not this the day
The Virgin Lady doth elect her Husband?

Lav. The dinner is to that end.

Mal. Very well then, say we all stay, and say we all scape
this whipping, and be well entertained, and one of us carry
the Lady. (stay, how fitly

La-p. 'Tis a seemly saying, I must confess, but if we
We may apply it to our selves (i'th' end)

Will ask a *Christian* fear; I cannot see,
If I say true, what special ornaments
Of Art or Nature, (lay aside our lying
Whoring and drinking, which are no great virtues)
We are endued withal, to win this Lady.

Mal. Yet Women go not by the best parts ever; that I
have found directly.

Lav. Why should we fear then? they choose men
As they feed; sometimes they settle
Upon a White broth'd face, a sweet smooth gallant,
And him they make an end of in a night;
Sometimes a Goose, sometimes a grosser meat,
A rump of Beef will serve 'em at some season,
And fill their belliestoo, though without doubt
They are great devourers: Stock-fish is a dish,
If it be well drest, for the tuffness sake
Will make the proud't of 'em long and leap for't.
They'll run mad for a Pudding, e'r they'll starve,.

La-p. For my own part I care not, come what can come,
If I be whipt, why so be it; if cudgell'd,
I hope I shall out-live it, I am sure
'Tis not the hundredth time I have been serv'd so,
And yet I thank Heaven I am here.

Mal. Here's resolution.

La-p. A little patience, and a rotten Apple
Cures twenty worse diseases; what say you, Sir?

Lav. Marry I say Sir, if I had been acquainted
With lamming in my youth, as you have been
With whipping, and such benefits of nature,
I should do better: as I am, I'll venture,
And if it be my luck to have the Lady,
I'll use my fortune modestly; if beaten,
You shall not hear a word, one I am sure of,
And if the worst fall, she shall be my Physick.
Lets go then, and a merry wind be with us.

Mal. Captain, your shooes are old, pray put 'em off,
And let one sling 'em after us; be bold, Sirs,
And howsoever our fortune falls, lets bear
An equal burden; if there be an odd lash,
We'll part it afterwards.

La-p. I am arm'd at all points. *Exeunt*

Enter four serving in a Banquet.

1. Then my Lady will have a bedfellow to night.
2. So she says; Heaven! what a dainty arm-full shall he enjoy, that has the launching of her, what a fight she'll make.
3. I marry boys, there will be sport indeed, there will be grappling, she has a murderer lies in her prow, I am afraid will fright his main Mast, *Robin.*

4. Who dost thou think shall have her of thy conscience, thou art a wife man?

3. If she go the old way, the way of lot, the longest cut sweeps all without question.

1. She has lost a friend of me else; what think ye of the Courtier?

2. Hang him Hedge-hog: h'as nothing in him but a piece of *Euphues*, and twenty dozen of tweldepenny ribond, all about him, he is but one *Pedlers* shop of Gloves and Garters, pick-teeth and pomander.

3. The Courtier, marry God blefs her *Steven*, she is not mad yet, she knows that trindle-tail too well, he's crest-fall'n, and pin-buttock't, with leaping Landressles.

4. The Merchant, sure she will not be so base to have him.

1. I hope so *Robin*, he'll sell us all to the Moors to make Mummy; nor the Captain.

4. Who *Potgun*? that's a sweet youth indeed, will he stay, think ye?

3. Yes, without question, and have halfe din'd too, e'r the Grace be done; he's good for nothing in the world but eating, lying and sleeping; what other men devour in drink, he takes in potage, they say h'as been at Sea, a Herring-fishing, for without doubt he dares not hale an Eel-boat, i'th' way of War.

2. I think so, they would beat him off with Butter.

3. When he brings in a prize, unless it be Cockles, or *Callis* sand to scour with, I'll renounce my Five Mark a year, and all the hidden Art I have in carving, to teach young Birds to whistle *Walsingham*; leave him to the Lime-Boats; now, what think you of the brave *Amiens*?

1. That's a thought indeed.

2. I marry, there's a person fit to feed upon a dish so dainty, and he'll do't I warrant him i'th' nick boys, has a body world without end.

4. And such a one my Lady will make no little of; but is not *Montague* married to day?

3. Yes faith, honest *Montague* must have his bout too.

2. He's as good a lad as ever turn'd a trencher; must we leave him?

3. He's too good for us, *Steven*, I'll give him health to his good luck to night i'th' old Beaker, and it shall be Sack too.

4. I must have a Garter; and boys I have bespoken a Posset, some body shall give me thanks fort, 'tas a few toys in't will raise commotions in a bed, lad.

1. Away; my Lady.

Exeunt.

Enter *Orleance* and his Lady, arm in arm, *Amiens*, *Lamira*, *Charlotte*, like a Bride, *Montague* brave, *Laverdine*, *Longaville*, *Dubois*, *Mallycorn*, *La-poop*.

Lam. Seat your selves noble Lords and Gentlemen, You know your places; many royal welcomes I give your Grace; how lovely shews this change? My house is honor'd in this reconciliation.

Orl. Thus Madam must you do, my Lady now shall see You made a Woman;

And give you some short lessons for your voyage.

Take her instructions Lady, she knows much.

Lam. This becomes you, Sir.

Lam. My Lord must have his Will.

Orl. 'Tis all I can do now, sweet-heart, fair Lady; This to your happy choice, brother *Amiens*,

You are the man I mean it to.

Ami. I'll pledge you.

Orl. And with my heart.

Ami. With all my love I take it.

Lam. Noble Lords, I am proud ye have done this day, so much content, and me such estimation, that this hour (In this poor house) shall be a league for ever, For so I know ye mean it.

Ami. I do Lady.

Orl. And I my Lord.

Omnes. Y'ave done a work of honor.

Ami. Give me the Cup, where this health stops, let

That man be either very sick, or very simple;

Or I am very angry; Sir, to you;

Madam, methinks this Gentleman might fit too;

He would become the best on's.

Orl. Pray sit down, Sir, I know the Lady of the Feast expects not this day so much old custom.

Ami. Sit down *Montague*; nay, never blush for the matter.

Mont. Noble Madam, I have too reasons against it, and I dare not; duty to you first, as you are my Lady, and I your poorest servant, next the custom of this days ceremony.

Lam. As you are my servant, I may command you then.

Mont. To my life, Lady.

Lam. Sit down, and here, I'll have it so.

Ami. Sit down man, never refuse so fair a Ladies offer.

Mont. It is your pleasure, Madam, not my pride, And I obey; I'll pledge ye now my Lord, Monsieur *Longaville*.

Long. I thank you, Sir.

Mont. This to my Lady, and her fair choice to day, and happiness.

Lon. 'Tis a fair health, I'll pledge you though I sink for't.

Lam. *Montague* you are too modest; come, I'll add a lit-

tle more wine t'ye, 'twill make you merry, this to the good I wish. —

Mont. Honour'd Lady, I shall forget my self with this great bounty.

Lam. You shall not Sir, give him some Vine,

Ami. By Heaven you are a worthy woman, and that Man is blest can come near such a Lady.

Lami. Such a bleiling wet weather washes.

Mont. At all, I will not go a lip less, my Lord.

Orl. 'Tis well cast, Sir,

Mal. If *Montague* get more Wine, we are all like to hear on't.

Lav. I do not like that sitting there.

Mal. Nor I, methinks he looks lik a Judge.

La-p. Now have I a kind of grudging of a beating on me, I fear my hot fit:

Mal. Drink apace, there's nothing allays a cudgel like it.

Lami. *Montague*, now I'll put my choice to you; who do you hold in all this honor'd company, a Husband fit to enjoy thy Lady? speak directly.

Mont. Shall I speak, Madam?

Lami. *Montague* you shall.

Mont. Then as I have a foul, I'll speak my conscience, Give me more Wine, in *vino veritas*, Here's to my self, and *Montague* have a care.

Lami. Speak to th' cause.

Mont. Yes Madam, first I'll begin to thee.

Lav. Have at us.

La-p. Now for a Psalm of mercy.

Mont. You good Monsieur, you that belye the noble name of Courtier, and think your claim good here, hold up your hand; your Worship is endited here, for a vain glorious fool.

Lav. Good, oh Sir.

Mont. For one whose wit

Lies in a ten pound waistcoat; yet not warm; Ye have travell'd like a Fidler to make faces, And brought home nothing but a case of tooth-picks. You would be married and no less than Ladies, And of the best sort can serve you; thou Silk-worm, What hast thou in thee to deserve this woman?

Name but the poorest piece of man, good manners, There's nothing sound about thee, faith, th'ast none, It lies pawn'd at thy Silk-man's, for so much Lace; Thy credit with his wife cannot redeem it, Thy cloaths are all the soul thou hast, for so Thou sav'st them handsome for the next great tilting, Let who will take the t'other, thou wert never christen'd (Upon my conscience) but in Barbers water; Thou art never out o'th' Basin, thou art rotten, And if thou dar'st tell truth, thou wilt confess it; — Thy skin

Looks of a Chestnut colour, greaz'd with Amber, All women that on earth do dwell, thou lov'st,

Yet none that understand, love thee again, But those that love the Spittle; get thee home Poor painted Butter-flie, the Summers pait; Go sweat, and eat dry Mutton, thou may'st live To do so well yet; a bruise'd Chamber-Maid May fall upon thee, and advance thy follies. You have your sentence; now it follows Captain,

I treat of you.

La-p. Pray Heaven I may deserve it.

Orl. Beshrew my heart, he speaks plain.

Ami. That's plain dealing.

Mont. You are a rascal Captain.

La-p. A fine Calling.

Mont. A Water-coward.

Ami. He would make a pretty stuff.

Mont. May I speak freely, Madam?

Lami. Here's none ties you.

Mont. Why shouldst thou dare come hither with a (thought To find a wife here fit for thee? are all Thy single money whores that fed on Carrrots,

End fill'd the high Grass with familiars
all'n off to Footmen; prethee tell me truly,
For now I know thou dar'st not lie, couldst thou not
With thy self beaten well with all thy heart now,
And out of pain? say that I broke a rib,
Or cut thy nose off, wer't not merciful for this ambition?

La-p. Do your pleasure, Sir, beggars must not be choosers.
Orl. He longs for beating.

Mont. But that I have nobler thoughts possess my soul,
Than such brown Bisket, such a piece of Dog-fish,
Such a most maungy Mackril eater as thou art,
That dares do nothing that belongs to th' Sea,
But spue, and catch Rats, and fear men of War,
Though thou hast nothing in the world to loose
Aboard thee, but one piece of Beef, one Musket
Without a cock for peace sake, and a Pitch-barrel,
I'll tell thee, if my time were not more pretious
Than thus to loose it, I would rattle thee,
It may be beat thee, and thy pure fellow,
The Merchant there of Catskins, till my words,
Or blows, or both, made ye two branded wretches
To all the world hereafter; you would fain to
Venture your Bills of lading for this Lady;
What would you give now for her? some five frayl
Of rotten Figs, good Godson, would you not, Sir?
Or a Parrot that speaks *High Dutch*? can all thou ever saw'st
Of thine own fraughts from Sea, or cosenage
(At which thou art as expert as the Devil)
Nay, sell thy soul for wealth to, as thou wilt do,
Forfeit thy friends, and raise a mint of Money,
Make thee dream all these double, could procure
A kiss from this good Lady? canst thou hope
She would lye with such a nook of Hell as thou art,
And hatch young Merchant-furies? oh ye dog-bolts!
That fear no Hell but *Dunkirk*, I shall see you
Serve in a lowly Lime-boat, e'r I dye,
For mouldy Cheese and Butter, *Billinggate*
Would not endure, or bring in rotten Pippins
To cure blew eyes, and swear they came from *China*.

Lami. Vex 'em no more, alas they shake:

Mont. Down quickly on your marrow-bones, and thank
this Lady.

I would not leave you thus else, there are blankets,
And such delights for such knaves; but fear still;
'Twill be revenge enough to keep you waking.
Ye have no mind of marriage, ha' ye?

La-p. Surely no great mind now.

Mont. Nor you.

Mal. Nor I, I take it.

Mont. Two eager suitors.

Lov. Troth 'tis wondrous hot, Heaven bless us from him.

Lami. You have told me *Montagne*
Who are not fit to have me, let me know
The man you would point out for me

Mont. There he sits; my Lord of *Amiens*, Madam, is my
choice, he's noble every way, and worthy a wife with all
the dowries of —

Ami. Do you speak Sir, out of your friendship to me?

Mont. Yes my Lord, and out of truth, for I could never
flatter.

Ami. I would not say how much I owe you for it,
For that were but a promise, but I'll thank ye,
As now I find you, in despite of fortune,
A fair and noble Gentleman. (made

Lami. My Lords, I must confess the choice this man hath
is every way a great one, if not too great,
And no way to be slighted: yet because
We love to have our own eyes sometimes new,
Give me a little liberty to see,
How I could fit my self, if I were put to't.

Ami. Madam we must.

Lami. Are ye all agreed?

Omnes. We be.

Lami. Then as I am a Maid, I shall choose here.

Montagne I must have thee.

Mont. Why Madam, I have learnt to suffer more
Than you cau(out of pity) mock me with this way espe-
cially.

Lami. Thou think'st I jest now;
But by the love I bear thee, I will have thee.

Mont. If you could be so weak to love a fall'n man,
He must deserve more than I ever can,
Or ever shall (dear Lady;) look but this way
Upon that Lord, and you will tell me then
Your eyes are no true choosers of good men.

Ami. Do you love him truly?

Lami. Yes my Lord, I will obey him truly, for I'll marry
him, and justly think he that has so well serv'd me with his
obedience, being born to greatness, must use me nobly of
necessity, when I shall serve him.

Ami. 'Twere a deep sin to cross ye, noble *Montagne*,
I wish ye all content, and am as happy
In my friends good as it were meerly mine.

Mont. Your Lordship does ill to give up your right;
I am not capable of this great goodness,
There sits my wife that holds my troth.

Cha. I'll end all, I wooed you for my Lady, and now give
up my Title, alas poor wench, my aims are lower far.

Mont. How's this sweet-heart?

Lami. Sweet-heart 'tis so, the drift was mine to hide
My purpose till it struck home.

Omnes. Give you joy.

Lami. Prethee leave wondring, by this kiss I'll have
thee.

Mont. Then by this kiss, and this, I'll ever serve ye.

Long. This Gentleman and I Sir, must needs hope once
more to follow ye.

Mont. As friends and fellows, never as servants more.

Long. Dub. You make us happy.

Orl. Friend *Montagne*, ye have taught me so much ho-
nor, I have found a fault in my self, but thus I'll purge my
conscience of it, the late Land I took by false play, from
you, with as much contrition, and entireness of affection
to this most happy day again, I render; be master of your
own, forget my malice, and make me worthy of your love,
L. Montagne.

Mont. You have won me and honor to your name.

Mal. Since your Lordship has begun good deeds, we'll
follow; good Sir forgive us, we are now those men fear you
for goodness sake; those sums of money unjustly we detain
from you, on your pardon shall be restor'd again, and we
your servants.

La-p. You are very forward Sir, it seems you have mo-
ney, I pray you lay out, I'll pay you, or pray for you, as the
Sea-works.

Lav. Their pennance Sir, I'll undertake, so please ye
To grant me one concealment.

Long. A right Courtier, still a begging.

Mont. What is it Sir?

Lav. A Gentlewoman.

Mont. In my gift?

Lav. Yes Sir, in yours.

Mont. Why, bring her forth, and take her.

Lami. What wench would he have?

Mont. Any wench I think.

Enter Laverdine and Veramour like a woman.

Lav. This is the Gentlewoman.

Mont. 'Tis my Page, Sir.

Ver. No Sir, I am a poor disguis'd Lady, (wot.
That like a Page have followed you full long for love god-

Omnes. A Lady—*Laverdine*—yes, yes, 'tis a Lady.

Mont. It may be so, and yet we have lain together,
But by my troth I never found her, Lady.

L. Orl. Why wore you boys cloaths?

Ver. I'll tell you, Madam,

I took

I took example by two or three Plays, that methought Concerned me.

Mont. Why made you not me acquainted with it?

Ver. Indeed Sir, I knew it not my self, Until this Gentleman open'd my dull eyes, And by perswasion made me see it.

Ami. Could his power in words make such a change?

Ver. Yes, as truly woman as your self, my Lord.

Lav. Why, but hark you, are not you a woman?

Ver. If hands and face make it not evident, you shall see

Mal. Breeches, breeches, Laverdine. (more.)

La-p. 'Tis not enough, women may wear those cases. Search further Courtier.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

La-p. Oh thou fresh-water Gudgeon, wouldst thou come To point of Marriage with an Ignoramus? Thou shouldst have had her Urin to the Doctors, The foolishhest Physitian could have made plain

The liquid Epicene; a blind man by the hand Could have discovered the ring from the Stone. Boy, come, to Sea with me, I'll teach thee to climb, And come down by the Rope, nay to eat Rats.

Ver. I shall devour my Malter before the prison then, Sir, I have began my Trade.

Mal. Trade? to the City, child, a flat-cap will become thee.

Mont. Gentlemen, I beseech you molest your selves no For his preferment it is determin'd. (further)

Lav. I am much ashamed, and if my cheek Gives not satisfaction, break my head.

Mont. Your shame's enough, Sir.

Ami. Montague, much joy attend thy marriage-bed; By thy example of true goodness, envy is exil'd, And to all honest men that truth intend, I wish good luck, fair fate be still thy friend.

Exeunt.

XXX 2

Upon

Upon an Honest Man's Fortune.

By Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.

(Stars,
You that can look through Heaven, and tell the
 Observe their kind conjunctions, and their wars;
 Find out new Lights, and give them where you please,
 To these men honors, pleasures, to those ease;
 You that are God's Surveyers, and can show
 How far, and when, and why the wind doth blow;
 Know all the charges of the dreadful thunder,
 And when it will shoot over, or fall under:
 Tell me, by all your Art I conjure ye,
 Yes, and by truth, what shall become of me?
 Find out my Star, if each one, as you say,
 Have his peculiar Angel, and his way;
 Observe my fate, next fall into your dreams,
 Sweep clean your houses, and new line your Scaemes,
 Then say your worst: or have I none at all?
 Or is it burnt out lately? or did fall?
 Or am I poor? not able, no full flame?
 My Star, like me, unworthy of a name?
 Is it your Art can only work on those,
 That deal with dangers, dignities, and cloaths?
 With Love, or new Opinions? you all lye,
 A Fish-wife hath a fate, and so have I,
 But far above your finding; he that gives,
 Out of his providence, to all that lives,
 And no man knows his treasure, no, not you:
 He that made Egypt blind, from whence you grew
 Scabb, and lowzie, that the world might see
 Your Calculations are as blind as ye:
 He that made all the Stars, you daily read,
 And from thence filch a knowledge how to feed;
 Hath hid this from you, your conjectures all
 Are drunken things, not how, but when they fall:
 Man is his own Star, and the soul that can
 Render an honest, and a perfect man,
 Command's all light, all influence, all fate,
 Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
 Our Aëts our Angels are, or good or ill,
 Our fatal shadows that walk by us still,
 And when the Stars are labouring, we believe
 It is not that they govern, but they grieve
 For stubborn ignorance; all things that are
 Made for our general uses, are at war,
 Even we among our selves, and from the strife,
 Your first unlike opinions got a life.
 Oh man! thou Image of thy Makers good;
 What canst thou fear, when breath'd into thy blood,

*His spirit is, that built thee? what dull sence
 Makes thee suspect, in need, that Providence?
 Who made the morning, and who plac'd the light
 Guide to thy labours? who call'd up the night,
 And bid her fall upon thee like sweet showers
 In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy powers?
 Who gave thee knowledge, who so trusted thee,
 To let thee grow so near himself, the Tree?
 Must he then be distrusted? shall his frame
 Discourse with him, why thus, and thus I am?
 He made the Angels thine, thy fellows all,
 Nay, even thy servants, when Devotions call.
 Oh! canst thou be so stupid then, so dim,
 To seek a saving influence, and loose him?
 Can Stars protect thee? or can poverty,
 Which is the light to Heaven, put out his eye?
 He is my Star, in him all truth I find,
 All influence, all fate, and when my mind
 Is furnish'd with his fullness, my poor story
 Shall out-live all their age, and all their glory,
 The hand of danger cannot fall amiss,
 When I know what, and in whose power it is.
 For want, the cause of man, shall make me groan,
 A Holy Hermit is a mind alone.
 Doth not experience teach us all we can,
 To work our selves into a glorious man?
 Love's but an exhalation to best eyes
 The matter spent, and then the fools fire dies?
 Were I in love, and could that bright Star bring
 Increase to Wealth, Honor, and every thing:
 Were she as perfect good, as we can aim,
 The first was so, and yet she lost the Game.
 My Mistris then be knowledge and fair truth;
 So I enjoy all beauty and all youth,
 And though to time her Lights, and Laws she lends,
 She knows no Age, that to corruption bends.
 Friends promises may lead me to believe,
 But he that knows his own friend, knows to live.
 Affliction, when I know it is but this,
 A deep allay, whereby man tougher is
 To hear the hammer, and the deeper still,
 We still arise more image of his Will.
 Sicknes, an humorous cloud 'twixt us and light
 And death, at longest but another night.
 Man is his own Star, and that soul that can
 Be honest, is the only perfect man.*

F I N I S.

T H E

T H E
MASQUE of the Gentlemen

O F

GRAYS-INNE and the *INNER-TEMPLE*;

*Performed before the KING in the Banqueting-House in White-Hall,
 at the Marriage of the Illustrious Frederick and Elizabeth, Prince and Princess
 Palatine of the Rhine:*

Written by *FRANCIS BEAMONT* Gent.

*Enter Iris running, Mercury following, and
 catching hold of her.*

Mercury.

*T*ay Light-loot *Iris*, for thou striv'st in vain,
 My wings are nimbler than thy feet.

Iris. Away,
 Dissembling *Mercury*, my messages
 Ask honest haste; not like those wanton ones,
 Your thundering Father sends,

Mer. Stay foolish Maid,
 Or I will take my rise upon a hill,
 When I perceive thee seated in a cloud,
 In all the painted glory, that thou hast,
 And never cease to clap my willing wing,
 Till I catch hold on thy discolour'd Bow,
 And shiver it beyond the angry power
 Of your mad Mistresses to make up again.

Iris, *Hermes* forbear, *Juno* will chide and strike;
 Is great *Jove* jealous that that I am employ'd
 On her Love-errands? she did never yet
 Claspe weak mortality in her white arms,
 As he has often done; I only come
 To celebrate the long wish'd Nuptials
 Here in *Olympia*, which are now perform'd
 Betwixt two goodly Rivers, that have mixt
 Their gentle winding waves, and are to grow
 Into a thousand streams, great as themselves.
 I need not name them, for the sound is loud
 In Heaven and Earth, and I am sent from her
 The Queen of marriage, that was present here,
 And smil'd to see them joyn, and hath not chid
 Since it was done. Good *Hermes* let me goe.

Merc. Nay, you must stay, *Jove's* message is the same;
 Whose eyes are lightning, and whose voice is thunder,
 Whose breath is airy wind, he will, who knows
 How to be first in Earth, as well as Heaven.

Iris. But what hath he to do with Nuptial rites?
 Let him sit pleas'd upon his Starry throne,
 And fright poor mortals with his Thunder-bolts,
 Leaving to us the mutual darts of eyes.

Merc. Alas, when ever offer'd, he t'abridge
 Your Ladies power, but only now, in these,
 Whose match concerns the general government?

Hath not each God a part in these high joyes?
 And shall not he the King of gods presume
 Without proud *Juno's* licence? let her know,
 That when enamour'd *Jove* first gave her power
 To link soft hearts in undissolving bands,
 He then foresaw, and to himself reserv'd
 The honor of this marriage: thou shalt stand
 Still as a Rock, while I to bless this Feast
 Will summon up with mine all-charming rod
 The Nymphs of Fountains, from whose watry locks,
 (Hung with the dew of blessing and increase)
 The greedy Riverstake their nourishment.
 Yea Nymphs, who bathing in your loved Springs,
 Beheld these Rivers in their infancy.
 And joy'd to see them, when their circled heads
 Refresh'd the Air, and spread the ground with Flowers;
 Rise from your Wells, and with your nimble feet
 Perform that office to this happy pair,
 Which in these Plains you to *Alpheus* did,
 When passing hence, through many Seas unmixt,
 He gain'd the favour of his *Arethuse*.

*The Nymphs rise, and dance a little,
 and then make a stand.*

Iris. Is *Hermes* grown a Lover? by what power
 Unknown to us, calls he the Maids?

Merc. Presumptuous *Iris*, I could make thee dance,
 Till thou forgetst thy Ladies messages,
 And rann'st back crying to her; thou shalt know
 My power is more, only my breath, and this
 Shall move fix'd Stars, and force the Firmament
 To yield the *Hyades*, who govern show'ers,
 And dewy clouds, in whose dispersed drops
 Thou form'st the shape of thy deceitful Bow.
 Yea Maids, who yearly at appointed times
 Advance with kindly tears, the gentle floods
 Descend, and pour your blessing on these streams,
 Which rolling down from Heaven-aspiring hills,
 And now united in the fruitful vales,
 Bear all before them, ravish'd with their joy,
 And swell in glory, till they know no bounds.

*The Cloud descends with the Hyades, at which the
 Maids seem to be rejoyced; they all dance a while
 together, then make another stand, as if they want-
 ed something.*

Iris.

Iris. Great Wit and Power hath *Hermes* to contrive
A lively dance, which of one sex consists.

Merc. Alas poor *Iris*! *Venus* hath in store
A secret ambush of her winged boys,
Who lurking long within these pleasant groves,
First stuck these Lovers with their equal darts;
Those *Cupids* shall come forth, and joyn with these,
To honor that which they themselves began.

*The Cupids come forth and dance, they are weary
with their blind pursuing the Nymphs, and the
Nymphs weary with flying them.*

Iris. Behold the Statues which wild *Vulcan* plac'd
Under the Altar of Olympian *Jove*,
And gave to them an artificial life:
See how they move, drawn by this Heavenly joy,
Like the wild Trees, which followed *Orpheus* Harp.

*The Statues come down, and they all dance, till the
Nymphs out-run them, and lose them, then
the Cupids go off, and last the Statues.*

Merc. And what will *Juno's Iris* do for her?

Iris. Just match this shew, or mine inventions fail,
Had it been worthier, I would have invoc'd
The blazing Comets, Clouds, and falling Stars,
And all my kindred, Meteors of the air,
To have excell'd it; but I now must strive
To imitate confusion; therefore thou
Delightful *Flora*; if thou ever feltest
Increase of sweetness in those blooming Plants,
On which the horns of my fair Bow decline,
Send hither all that rural company,
Which deck the May-games with their clownish sports;
Juno will have it so.

*The second Anti-Masque rushest in, they dance
their measure, and as rudely depart.*

Merc. Iris, we strive

Like winds at liberty, who should do worst
E'r we return. If *Juno* be the Queen
Of Marriages, let her give happy way
To what is done in honor of the State
She governs.

Iris. Hermes, so it may be done
Meerly in honor of the State, and those
That now have prov'd it; not to satisfy
The lust of *Jupiter*, in having thanks
More than his *Juno*; if thy Snaky rod
Have power to search the Heaven, or sound the Sea,
Or call together all the ends of earth,
To bring thee any thing that may do grace
To us, and these, do it, we shall be pleas'd.

Merc. Then know that from the mouth of *Jove* himself,
Whose words have wings, and need not to be born,
I took a message, and I bore it through
A thousand yielding clouds, and never staid
Till his high Will was done: the Olympian games,
Which long had slept, at these wish'd Nuptials,
He pleas'd to have renew'd, and all his Knights
Are gather'd hither, who within their Tents
Rest on this hill, upon whose rising head

*The Altar is discovered with the Priests about it,
and the Statues under it, and the Knights lying
in their Tents on each side, near the top of the hill.*

Behold *Joves* Altar, and his blessed Priests
Moving about it; come you Holy men,
And with your voices draw these youths along,
That till *Joves* Musick call them to their games.
Their active sports may give a blest content
To those, for whom they are again begun.

The first Song, when the Priests descend,
and the Knights follow them.

*Shake off your heavy trance,
and leap into a dance,
Such as no mortals use to tread,
fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the Moon to lead,
And all the Stars to follow,*

The second Song at the end of the first Dance.

*On blessed youths, for Jove doth pause,
Laying aside his graver Laws
For this device:
And at the wedding such a pair,
Each dance is taken for a prayer,
Each Song a Sacrifice.*

The third Song, after their many Dances, when
they are to take out the Ladies.

Single.

*More pleasing were these sweet delights,
If Ladies mov'd as well as Knights;
Run everyone of you and catch
A Nymph, in honor of his match;
And whisper boldly in her ear,
Jove will but laugh, if you forswear.*

All.

*And this days sins he doth resolve,
That we his Priests should all absolve.*

The fourth Song, when they have parted with
the Ladies, a shrill Musick sounds, supposed to
be that, which calls them to the Olympian games,
at which they all make a seeming preparation
to depart.

*You should stay longer if we durst,
Away, alas! that he that first
Gave time wild wings to fly away,
H'as now no power to make him stay.
And though these games must needs be plaid,
I would these pair, when they are laid,
And not a creature nigh'em,
Might catch his fish, as he doth pass,
And clip his wings, and break his glass,
And keep him ever by'em.*

The fifth Song, when all is done, as they ascend

*Peace and silence be the guide
To the Man, and to the Bride:
If there be a joy yet new
In marriage, let it fall on you,
That all the world may wonder:
If we should stay, we should do worse,
And turn our blessings to a curse,
By keeping you asunder.*

Four PLAYS in One.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Emanuel, <i>King of Portugal, & Castile,</i>	Frigofo, <i>a Courtier,</i>	} <i>Spectators of the Play at the celebration of their Nuptials.</i>
Isabella, <i>his Queen.</i>	Rinaldo, <i>his acquaintance.</i>	
Lords,		

The Triumph of Honor.

Martius, <i>a Roman General.</i>	Cornelius, <i>a wittal Sutler.</i>
Valerius, <i>his Brother.</i>	Captain.
Nicodemus, <i>a cowardly Corporal.</i>	Sophocles, <i>Duke of Athens.</i>

Women.

Diana	Fiorence, <i>Wife to Cornelius.</i>
Dorigen, <i>Sophocles wife, the example of Chastity.</i>	

The Triumph of Love.

Cupid.	Gerard,	} <i>Sons of the Duke, supposed lost.</i>
Rinaldo, <i>Duke of Milan.</i>	Ferdinand,	
Benvoglio, } <i>Brothers, Lords of Milan.</i>		
Randulpho, }		

Women.

Angelina, <i>Wife to Benvoglio.</i>	Dorothea, <i>Violante's Attendant.</i>
Violante, <i>her Daughter, Gerard's Mistress.</i>	Cornelia, <i>the obscured Duchess.</i>

The Triumph of Death.

Duke of Anjou.	Two Gentlemen.
Lavall, <i>his lustful Heir</i>	A Spirit.
Gentille, <i>a Courtier, Father to Perolot</i>	Shalloonc, <i>servant to Lavall.</i>
Perolot, <i>contracted to Gabriella.</i>	

Women.

Gabriella, <i>the despised wife of Lavall.</i>	Castia, <i>Daughter to Gentille.</i>
Hellena, <i>his second wife.</i>	Maria, <i>a servant attending on Gabriella.</i>

The Triumph of Time.

Jupiter.	Atropos.	Poverty.
Mercurie.	Defire.	Honesty.
Plutus.	Vain Delight.	Simplicity.
Time.	Bounty.	Fame.

F O U R P L A Y S O R Moral Representations I N O N E.

Enter Don Frigozo.

Frig.

Noise within.



Way with those bald-pated Rascals there, their wits are bound up in Vellom, they are not current here. Down with those City-Gentlemen, &c. Out with those—I say, and in with their wives at the back door. Worship and place, I am weary of ye, ye lye on my shoulders lik a load of Gold on an Allés back. A man

in Authority, is but as a candle in the wind, sooner wasted or blown out, than under a bushel. How now, what's the matter?

Who are you, Sir?

Enter Rinaldo.

Rin. Who am I, Sir? why, do y' not know me?

Frig. No by my—do I not.

Rin. I am sure we din'd together to day.

Frig. That's all one: as I din'd with you in the City, and as you paid for my dinner there, I do know you, and am beholding to you: But as my mind is since transmigrated into my office, and as you come to Court to have me pay you again, and be beholding to me, I know you not, I know you not.

Rin. Nay, but look ye, Sir.

Frig. Pardon me: If you had been my bed-fellow these seven years, and lent me money to buy my place, I must not transgress principles: This very talking with you, is an ill example.

Rin. Pish, you are too punctual a Courtier, Sir: why, I am a Courtier too, yet never understood the place or name to be so infectious to humanity and manners, as to cast a man into a burning pride and arrogance, for which there is no cure. I am a Courtier, and yet I will know my friends, I tell you.

Frig. And I tell you, you will thrive accordingly, I warrant you.

Rin. But hark ye, Signior Frigozo, you shall first understand, I have no friends with me to trouble you,

Frig. Humh: That's a good motive.

Rin. Not to borrow money of you.

Frig. That's an excellent motive.

Rin. No my sweet Don, nor to ask what you owe me.

Frig. Why, that is the very motive of motives, why I

ought and will know thee: and if I had not wound thee up to this promise, I would not have known thee these fifteen years, no more than the errantst, or most founder'd *Cajillian* that followed our new Queens Carriages a-foot.

Rin. Nor for any thing, dear Don, but that you would place me conveniently to see the Play to night.

Frig. That shall I, Signior *Rinaldo*: but would you had come sooner: you see how full the Scaffolds are, there is scant room for a Lovers thought here. Gentlewomen sit close for shame: Has none of ye a little corner for this Gentleman? I'll place ye, fear not. And how did our brave King of *Portugal*, *Emanuel*, bear himself to day? You saw the solemnity of the marriage.

Rin. Why, like a fit Husband for so gracious and excellent a Princess, as his worthy mate *Isabella*, the King of *Castiles* Daughter doth in her very external lianaments, mixture of colours, and joyning Dove-like behaviour assure her self to be. And I protest (my dear Don) seriously, I can sing prophetically nothing but blessed Hymns, and happy occasions to this sacred union of *Portugal* and *Castile*, which have so wisely and mutually conjoyned two such virtuous and beautiful Princes as these are; and in all opinion like to multiply to their very last minute.

Frig. The King is entring: Signior, hover here about, and as soon as the Train is set; clap into me, we'll stand near the State. If you have any Creditors here, they shall renew bonds a Twelvemonth on such a sight: but to touch the pomel of the King's Chair in the sight of a Citizen, is better security for a thousand double Duckets, than three of the best Merchants in *Lisbon*. Besides, Signior, we will censure, not only the King in the Play here, that Reigns his two hours; but the King himself, that is to rule his life time: Take my counsel: I have one word to say to this noble Assembly, and I am for you.

Rin. Your method shall govern me.

Frig. *Prologues are bad Huishers before the wise; Why may not then an Huisher Prologize?*

Here's a fair sight, and were ye oftner seen Thus gather'd here, would please our King and Queen Upon my conscience, ye are welcome all To Lisbon, and the Court of Portugal; Where your fair eyes shall feed on no worse sights Than preparations made for Kings delights. We wish to men content, the manliest treasure, And to the Women, their own wish'd for pleasure.

Flourish.

Enter

Enter King and Queen, Emanuel and Isabella,
Lords and attendants.

Em. Fair fountain of my life, from whose pure streams
The propagation of two Kingdoms flowes,
Never contention rise in eithers brest,
But contestation whose love shall be best.

Isab. Majestick Ocean, that with plenty feeds
Me, thy poor tributary Rivolet,
Sun of my beauty, that with radiant beams
Dost gild, and dance upon these humble streams,
Curst be my birth-hour, and my ending day,
When back your love-floods I forget to pay:
Or if this brest of mine, your crysfall brook,
Ever take other form in, other look
But yours, or ere produce unto your grace
A strange reflection, or anothers face,
But be your love-book clasp'd, open'd to none
But you, nor hold a storie, but your own;
A water fix'd, that ebbs nor floods pursue,
Frozen to all, onely dissolv'd to you.

Em. O, who shall tel the sweetness of our love
To future times, and not be thought to lye?
I look through this hour like a perspective,
And far off see millions of prosperous seeds,
That our reciprocally affection breeds.
Thus my white rib, close in my brest with me,
Which nought shall tear hence, but mortalitie.

Lords. Be Kingdoms blest in you, you blest in them.

Frig. Whist, Seignior; my strong imagination shews me
Love (me thinks) bathing in milk, and wine in her checks:
O! how she clips him, like a plant of Ivie.

Rin. I; Could not you be content to be an Owl in such
an ivie-bush, or one of the Oaks of the City to be so clipt?

Frig. Equivocal Don, though I like the clipping well,
I could not be content either to be your Owl, or your Ox
of the City. The Play begins. *Flourish.*

Enter a Poet with a garland.

Poet Prologue. Low at your sacred feet our poor Muse
Her, and her thunder-fearless virdant Bayes. (lays
Four severall Triumphs to your Princely eyes,
Of Honor, Love, Death, and Time do rise
From our approaching subject, which we move
Towards you with fear, since that a sweeter Love,
A brighter Honor, purer Chastitie
March in your brests this day triumphantly,
Then our weak Scenes can show: then how dare we
Present like Apes and Zanies, things that be
Exemplifi'd in you, but that we know,
We ne'r crav'd grace, which you did not bestow?

Enter in triumph with Drums, Trumpets, Colours, Martius,
Valerius, Sophocles bound, Nicodemus, Cornelius,
Captains and Soldiers.

Mar. What means proud Sophocles?

Soph. To go even with Martius,
And not to follow him like his Officer:
I never waited yet on any man.

Mar. Why poor Athenian Duke, thou art my slave,
My blows have conquerd thee.

Soph. Thy slave? proud Martius,
Cato thy countrey-man (whose constancie,
Of all the Romans, I did honor most)
Rip'd himself twice to a void slavery,
Making himself his own Anatomie.

But look thee Martius, not a vein runs here
From head to foot, but Sophocles would unseame, and
Like a spring garden shoot his scornfull blood
Into their eyes, durst come to tread on him:
As for thy blows, they did conquer me:
Seven Battailles have I met thee face to face,
And given thee blow for blow, and wound for wound,
And till thou taught'st me, knew not to retire;
Thy sword was then as bold, thy arm as strong;
Thy blows then Martius, cannot conquer me.

Val. What is it then?

Soph. Fortune.

Val. Why, yet in that

Thou art the worse man, and must follow him.

Soph. Young Sir, you erre: If Fortune could be call'd
Or his, or your's, or mine, in good or evil
For any certain space, thou hadst spoke truth:
But she but jests with man, and in mischance
Abhors all constancie, flowting him still
With some small touch of good, or seeming good
Midst of his mischief: which vicissitude
Makes him strait doff his armour, and his fence
He had prepar'd before, to break her strokes.
So from the very Zenith of her wheel,
When she has dandled some choice favorite,
Given him his boons in women, honor, wealth,
And all the various delectacies of earth;
That the fool scorns the gods in his excess,
She whirls, and leaves him at th' Antipodes.

Mar. Art sure we have taken him? Is this Sophocles?
His settred arms say no; his free soul, I.

Soph. Nor glory Martius, in this day of thine,
'Tis behind yesterday, but before to morrow:

Who knows what Fortune then will do with thee?
She never yet could make the better man,
The better chance she has: the man that's best
She still contends with, and doth favor least.

Mar. Me thinks a graver thunder then the skies
Breaks from his lips; I am amaz'd to hear,
And Athens words, more then her swords doth fear.

Soph. Martius, slave Sophocles, couldst thou acquire
(And did thy Roman gods so love thy prayers.
And solemn sacrifice, to grant thy suit)
To gather all the valour of the Casars
Thy Predecessors, and what is to come,
And by their influence sling it on thee now,
Thou couldst not make my mind go less, not pare
With all their swords one virtue from my soul:
How am I vassall'd then? Make such thy slaves,
As dare not keep their goodness past their graves.
Know General, we two are chances-on
The die of Fate; now thrown, thy six is up,
And my poor one beneath thee, next the throw
May set me upmost, and cast thee below.

Mar. Yet will I trie thee more: Calamitie
Is mans true touchstone: Listen insolent Prince,
That dar'st contemn the Master of thy life,
Which I will force here 'fore thy City walls
With barbarous crueltie, and call thy wife
To see it, and then after send her——

Soph. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. And then demolish Athens to the ground,
Depopulate her, fright away her fame,
And leave succession neither stone nor name.

Soph. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Dost thou deride me?

Val. Kneel, ask Martius
For mercy, Sophocles, and live happy still.

Soph. Kneel, and ask mercie? (Roman) art a god?
I never kneel'd, or begg'd of any else.
Thou art a fool, and I will loose no more
Instructions on thee: now I find thy eares

Solemn Musick.

Y y y

Enter

Enter Dorigen, Ladies bearing a sword.

Are foolish, like thy tongue. My Dorigen?
Ch! must she see me bound?

1. Cap. There's the first sigh

He breath'd since he was born, I think.

2. Cap. Forbear,

All but the Lady his wife.

Soph. How my heart chides
The manacles of my hands, that let them not
Embrace my Dorigen.

Val. Turn but thy face.

And ask thy life of *Martius* thus, and thou
(With thy fair wife) shalt live; *Athens* shall stand,
And all her priviledges augmented be.

Soph. 'Twere better *Athens* perish'd, and my wife
Which (Romans) I do know a worthie one,
Then *Sophocles* should shrink of *Sophocles*,
Commit profane Idolatry, by giving
The reverence due to gods to thee blown man.

Mar. Rough, stubborn Cynick.

Soph. Thou art rougher far,
And of a coufer wale, fuller of pride,
Less temperate to bear prosperity.
Thou seest my meer neglect hath rais'd in thee
A storm more boystrous then the Oceans,
My virtue, Patience, makes thee vitious.

Mar. Why, fair-ey'd Lady, do you kneel?

Dor. Great General,

Victorious, godlike *Martius*, your poor handmaid
Kneels, for her husband will not, cannot: speaks
Thus humbly, that he may not. Listen *Roman*,
Thou whose advanced front doth speak thee *Roman*
To every Nation, and whose deeds assure 't;
Behold a Princess (whose declining head
Like to a drooping lilly after storms
Bows to thy feet) and playing here the slave,
To keep her husbands greatness unabated:
All which doth make thy Conquest greater: For,
If he be base in ought whom thou hast taken,
Then *Martius* hath but taken a base prize.
But if this Jewell hold lustre and value,
Martius is richer then in that he hath won.
O make him such a Captive, as thy self
Unto another wouldst, great Captain, be;
Till then, he is no prisoner fit for thee.

Mar. *Valerius*, here is harmonie would have brought
Old crabbed *Saturn* to sweet sleep, when *Jove*
Did first incense him with Rebellion:
Athens doth make women Philosophers,
And sure their children chat the talk of gods.

Val. Rise beauteous Dorigen.

Dor. Not untill I know

The Generals resolution,

Val. One soft word

From *Sophocles* would calm him into tears,
Like gentle showres after tempestuous winds.

Dor. To buy the world, he will not give a word,
A look, a tear, a knee, 'gainst his own judgement,
And the divine composure of his minde:
All which I therefore doe, and here present
This Victors wreath, this rich *Athenian* sword,
Trophies of Conquest, which, great *Martius*, wear,
And be appeas'd: Let *Sophocles* still live.

Mar. He would not live.

Dor. He would not beg to live.

When he shall so forget, then I begin
To command, *Martius*; and when he kneels,
Dorigen stands; when he lets fall a tear,
I dry mine eyes, and scorn him.

Mar. Scorn him now then,
Here in the face of *Athens*, and thy friends,

Self-will'd, stiff *Sophocles*, prepare to die,
And by that sword thy Lady honor'd me,
With which her self shall follow. Romans, Friends,
Who dares but strike this stroke, shall part with me
Half *Athens*, and my half of Victorie.

Cap. By —— not we.

Nic. Cor. We two will do it, Sir.

Soph. Away, ye fish-bell'd Rascals.

Val. *Martius*,

To Eclipse this great Eclipse labours thy fame;
Valerius thy Brother shall for once
Turn Executioner: Give me the sword.
Now *Sophocles*, I'll strike as suddenly
As thou dar'st die.

Soph. Thou canst not. And *Valerius*,
'Tis less dishonour to thee thus to kill me,
Then bid me kneel to *Martius*: 'tis to murder
The fame of living men, which great ones do;
Their studies strangle, poyson makes away,
The wretched hangman only ends the Play.

Val. Art thou prepar'd?

Soph. Yes.

Val. Bid thy wife farewell.

Soph. No, I will take no leave: My Dorigen,
Yonder above, 'bout *Ariadnes* Crown
My spirit shall hover for thee; prethee haste.

Dor. Stay *Sophocles*, with this tie up my sight,
Let not soft nature so transform'd be
(And lose her gentle sex'd humanitie)
To make me see my Lord bleed. So, 'tis well:
Never one object underneath the Sun
Will I behold before my *Sophocles*.
Farewell: now teach the Romans how to die.

Mar. Dost know what 'tis to die?

Soph. Thou dost not, *Martius*,
And therefore not what 'tis to live; to die
Is to begin to live: It is to end
An old stale weary work, and to commence
A newer and a better. 'Tis to leave
Deceitfull knaves for the societie
Of gods and goodness. Thou thy self must part
At last from all thy garlands, pleasures, Triumphs,
And prove thy fortitude, what then 'twill do.

Val. But ar't not griev'd nor vex'd to leave life thus?

Soph. Why should I grieve, or vex for being sent
To them I ever lov'd best? now I'll kneel,
But with my back to ward thee; 'tis the last duty
This trunk can doe the gods.

Mar. Strike, strike, *Valerius*,
Or *Martius* heart will leap out at his mouth.
This is a man, a woman! Kiss thy Lord,
And live with all the freedom you were wont.
O Love! thou doubly hast afflicted me,
With virtue, and with beauty. Treacherous heart,
My hand shall cast thee quick into my urne,
E're thou transgress this knot of pietie.

Val. What ails my Brother?

Soph. *Martius*, oh *Martius*!

Thou now hast found a way to conquer me.

Dor. O star of *Rome*, what gratitude can speak
Fit words to follow such a deed as this?

Mar. Doth *Juno* talk, or Dorigen?

Val. You are observ'd.

Mar. This admirable Duke (*Valerius*)
With his disdain of Fortune, and of Death,
Captiv'd himself, hath captivated me:
And though my arm hath ta'ne his body here,
His soul hath subjugated *Martius* soul:
By *Romulus*, he is all soul, I think;
He hath no flesh, and spirit cannot by gyv'd;
Then we have vanquish'd nothing; he is free,
And *Martius* walks now in captivity.

Soph. How fares the noble Roman?

Mar. Why?

Dor. Your blood
Is sunk down to your heart, and your bright eyes
Have lost their splendor.

Mar. Baser fires go out,
When the Sun shines on 'em: I am not well,
An Apoplectick fit I use to have
After my heats in war carelesly coold.

Soph. Martius shall rest in *Athens* with his friends,
Till this distemper leave him: O! great Roman,
See *Sophocles* doe that for thee, he could not
Do for himself, weep. *Martius*, by the ——
It grieves me that so brave a soul should suffer
Under the bodies weak infirmitie.
Sweet Lady, take him to thy loving charge,
And let thy care be tender.

Dor. Kingly Sir,
I am your Nurse and servant.

Mar. Oh deer Lady,
My Mistris, nay my Deity; guide me heaven,
Ten wreathes triumphant *Martius* will give,
To change a *Martius* for a *Sophocles*:
Can't not be done (*Valerius*) with this boot?
Inseparable affection, ever thus
Colleague with *Athens* *Rome*.

Dor. Beat warlike tunes,
Whilest *Dorigen* thus honors *Martius* brow
With one victorious wreath more.

Soph. And *Sophocles*
Thus girds his Sword of conquest to his thigh,
Which ne'r be drawn, but cut out Victorie.

Lords. For ever be it thus.

Exeunt.

Corn. Corporall *Nichodemus*, a word with you.

Nic. My worthie Sutler *Cornelius*, it befits not *Nichodemus* the Roman Officer to parley with a fellow of thy rank: the affairs of the Empire are to be occupied.

Corn. Let the affaires of the Empire lie a while unoccupied, sweet *Nichodemus* I, do require the money at thy hands, which thou doest owe me; and if faire means cannot attain, force of Armes shall accomplish.

Nic. Put up and live.

Corn. I have put up too much already, thou Corporall of Concupiscence, for I suspect thou hast dishonored my flock-bed, and with thy foolish Eloquence, and that bewitching face of thine drawn my Wife, the young harlotrie baggage to prostitute her self unto thee. Draw therefore, for thou shalt find thy self a mortall Corporall.

Nichod. Stay thy dead-doing hand, and heare: I will rather descend from my honor, and argue these contumelies with thee, then clutch thee (poor flye) in these eaglet —— of mine: or draw my sword of Fate on a Pesant, a *Besognio*, a *Cecoloch*, as thou art. Thou shalt first understand this foolish eloquence, and intolerable beauty of mine (both which, I protest, are meerly naturall) are the gifts of the gods, with which I have neither sent baudy Sonnet, nor amorous glance, or (as the vulgar call it) sheeps eye to thy betrothed *Florence*.

Corn. Thou lyeest.

Nich. O gods of *Rome*, was *Nichodemus* born
To bear these braveries from a poor provant?
Yet when dogs bark, or when the asses bray,
The lion laughs, not roars, but goes his way.

Cornel. A —— o' your poeticall veine: This versifying my wife has hornified me. Sweet Corporall cod-shead, no more standing on your punctilio's and punketto's of honor, they are not worth a lowse: the truth is, thou art the Generals Bygamie, that is, his fool, and his knave; thou art miscreant and recreant, not an horse-boy in the Legions, but has beaten thee; thy beginning was knap-sack, and thy ending will be halter-sack.

Nich. Me thinks I am now *Sophocles*, the wise, and thou art *Martius*, the mad.

Cornel. No more of your tricks good Corporall Lether-chops: I say, thou hast dishonour'd me, and since honor

now adaries is only repaired by money, pay me, and I am satisfied; Even reckoning keeps long friends.

Nic. Let us continue friends then, for I have been even with thee a long time; and though I have not paid thee, I have paid thy wife.

Corn. Flow forth my tears, thou hast deslowred her *Tarquain*, the Garden of my delight, hedg'd about, in which there was but one bowling-Alley for mine owne private procreation, thou hast, like a thief in the night, leap'd the hedge, entred my Alley, and without my privitie, plaid thine owne rubbers.

Nic. How long shall patience thus securely store?
Is it my fault, if these attractive eyes,
This budding chin, or rosie-colour'd cheek,
This comely body, and this waxen leg,
Have drawn her into a fools paradise?

By *Cupids* —— I do swear (no other)
She's chaster far then *Lucrece*, her grand-mother;
Pure as glass-window, ere the rider dash it,
Whiter then Ladies smock, when she did wash it:
For well thou wotst (though now my hearts Commandress)

I once was free, and she but the Camps Landress.

Corn. I, she then came sweet to me; no part about her but smelt of Soap-suds, like a *Dryad* out of a wassa-bowl Pray, or pay.

Nich. Hold.

Corn. Was thy cheefe mouldy, or thy peny-worths small?
Was not thy Ale the mightiest of the earth in Malt,
And thy stope fill'd like a tide: was not thy bed lost, and
Thy Bacon fatter then a dropsie? Come, Sir.

Nich. *Mars* then inspire me with the fencing skill
Of our Tragedion Actors. Honor pricks;
And Sutler, now I come with thwacks and thwicks.
Grant us one crush, one pafs, and now a high, Cavalto fall:

Then up again, now down again, yet do no harm at all.

Enter Wife.

Wife. O that ever I was born: why Gent?

Corn. *Messaline* of *Rome*, away, disloyal Concubine: I will be deafer to thee, then thou art to others: I will have my hundred drachma's he owes me, thou arrant whore.

Wife. I know he is an hundred drachmaes o'the score; but what o' that? no bloodshed, sweet *Cornelius*. O my heart; o' my conscience 't is faln thorow the bottom o' my bellie. O my sweet *Didimus*, if either of ye miskil one another, what will become of yoor *Florence*? Pacific your selves, I pray.

Corn. Go to, my heart is not stone; I am not marble: drie your eyes, *Florence*; the scurvie apes-face knows my blinde side well enough: leave your puling; will this content ye? let him tast thy nether lip, which in signe of amitie I thus take off again: go thy ways, and provide the Cows udder.

Nich. Lilie of Concord. And now, honest Sutler, since I have had proof as well of thy good nature, as of thy wives before, I will acquaint thee with a project shau fully satsifie thee for thy debt. Thou shalt understand I am shortly to be knighted.

Corn. The devil thou art.

Nich. Renounce me else; for the sustenance of which Worship (which Worship many times wants sustenance) I have here the Generals grant to have the leading of two hundred men.

Corn. You jest, you jest.

Nich. Refuse me else to the pir.

Corn. Mercie on us: ha you not forgot your self? by you swearing you should be knighted already.

Nich. Damn me, Sir, here's his hand, read it.

Corn. Alas, I cannot.

Nich. I know that.

It has pleas'd the General to look upon my service. Now, Sir, shall you joyn with me in petitioning for fifty men

more, in regard of my arrearages to you; which if granted, I will bestow the whole profit of those fifty men on thee and thine heirs for ever, till *Atropos* do cut this simple thread.

Cor. No more, dear Corporal, Sir *Nichodemus*, that shall be, I cry your wishes mercie: I am your servant both in goods, moveables and immoveables; use my house, use my wife, use me, abuse me, do what you list.

Nob. A figment is a candid lye: this is an old Pass. Mark what follows.

Exeunt.

Enter Martius, and two Captains.

Mar. Pray leave me: you are Romans, honest men, keep me not company, I am turn'd knave, I have lost my fame and nature. *Athens, Athens,* This *Dorigen* is thy *Palladium*: He that will sack thee, must betray her first, whose words wound deeper than her husbands sword; Her eyes make captive still the Conqueror, And here they keep her only to that end. O subtil devil, what a golden ball Did tempt, when thou didst cast her in my way! Why, foolish *Sophocles*, broughtst thou not to field Thy Lady, that thou mightst have overcome? *Martius*, had kneel'd, and yielded all his wreathes That hang like Jewels on the seven-fold hill, And bid *Rome*, send him out to fight with men, (For that she knew he durst) and not 'gainst Fate Or Deities, what mortal conquers them? Infatiate *Julius*, when his Victories Had run ore half the world, had he met her, There he had stopt the legend of his deeds, Laid by his Arms, been overcome himself, And let her vanquish th' other half. And fame Made beauteous *Dorigen*, the greater name. Shall I thus fall? I will not; no, my tears Cast on my heart, shall quench these lawless fires: He conquers best, conquers his lewd desires.

Enter Dorigen, with Ladies.

Dor. Great Sir, my Lord commands me visit you, And thinks your retir'd melancholy proceeds From some distast of worthless entertainment. Will't please you take your chamber? how d'ye do, Sir?

Mar. Lost, lost again; the wild rage of my blood Duth Ocean like orelow the shallow shore Of my weak virtue: my desire's a vane, That the least breath from her turns every way.

Dor. What says my Lord?

Mar. Dismiss your women, pray, And I'll reveal my grief.

Dor. Leave me.

Mar. Long tales of love (whilst love it self Might be enjoyed) are languishing delays. There is a secret strange lies in my brest, I will partake wi' you, which much concerns Your Lord, your self, and me. Oh!

Dor. Strange secrets, Sir, Should not be made so cheap to strangers: yet, If your strange secret do no lower lie Then in your brest, discover it.

Mar. I will.

O! can you not see it, Lady, in my sighs?

Dor. Sighs none can paint, and therefore who can see?

Mar. See me not, *Dorigen*, with mocks: *Alcides*, That mader'd monsters, was by beautie tain'd, *Antioch* smil'd his club out of his hand, And made him spin her sinocks, O sweet, I love you, And I love *Sophocles*: I must enjoy you, And yet I would not injure him.

Dor. Let go;

You hurt me, Sir: fare well. Stay, is this *Martius*?

I will not tell my Lord; he'll swear I lye. Doubt my fidelitic, before thy honor. How hast thou vex'd the gods, that they would let thee Thus violate friendship, hospitalitie, And all the bounds of sacred pietie?

Sure thou but tri'd me out of love to him, And wouldst reject me, if I did consent.

O *Martius*, *Martius*, wouldst thou in one minute, Blast all thy Laurels, which so many years Thou hast been purchasing with blood and sweat? Hath *Dorigen* never been written, read, Without the epithet of chaste, chaste *Dorigen*? And wouldst thou fall upon her chastic, Like a black drop of ink, to blot it out? When men shall read the records of thy valour, Thy hitherto-brave virtue, and approach (Highly content yet) to this foul assault Included in this leaf, this ominous leaf, They shall throw down the Book, and read no more, Though the best deeds ensue, and all conclude, That ravell'd the whole story, whose found heart (Which should have been) prov'd the most leprous part.

Mar. O! thou confut't divinely, and thy words Do fall like rods upon me; but they have Such silken lines, and silver hooks, that I Am faster snar'd: my love has ta'en such hold, That (like two wrestlers) though thou stronger be, And hast cast me, I hope to pull thee after. I must, or perish.

Dor. Perish, *Martius*, then; For I here vow unto the gods, These rocks, These rocks we see so fix'd, shall be removed, Made champion field, ere I so impious prove, To stain my Lords bed with adulterous love.

Enter Valerius.

Val. The gods protect fair *Dorigen*.

Dor. Amen,

From all you wolvis Romanes.

Exit.

Val. Ha? what's this?

Still, brother, in your moods? O than my doubts Are truths. Have at it: I must try a way To be resolv'd.

Mar. How strangely dost thou look? what ailst thou?

Val. What ailst thou?

Mar. Why, I 'm mad.

Val. Why, I 'm madder. *Martius*, draw thy sword, And lop a villain from the earth; for if Thou wilt not, on some tree about this place I'll hang my self: *Valerius* shall not live To wound his brothers honor, stain his Countrey, And branded with ingratitude to all times.

Mar. For what can all this be?

Val. I 'm in love.

Mar. Why so am I. With whom? ha?

Val. *Dorigen*.

Mar. With *Dorigen*? how dost thou love her? speak.

Val. Even to the height of lust; and I must have her or else I die.

Mar. Thou shalt, thou daring Traitor. On all the confines I have rid my horse, Was there no other woman for thy choice But *Dorigen*? Why, villain, she is mine: She makes me pine thus, sullen, mad, and fool; 'T is I must have her, or I die.

Val. O all ye gods, With mercy look on this declining rock Of valour, and of virtue; breed not up (From infancie) in honor, to full man, As you have done him, to destroy: here, strike; For I have ouely search'd thy wound: dispatch; Far, far be such love from *Valerius*, So far he scorns to live to be call'd brother

By him that dares own such folly and such vice.

Mar. 'Tis truth thou speak'st; but I do hate it: peace,
If heaven will snatch my sword out of my hand,
And put a rattle in it, what can I do?
He that is destin'd to be odious
In his old age, must undergo his fate.

Enter Cornelius and Nichodemus.

Corn. If you do not back me, I shall never do't.

Nich. I warrant you.

Corn. Humh, humh: Sir; my Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Hah? what's the matter?

Corn. Humh; concerning the odd fifty, my Lord, and
't please your Generality, his Worship, Sir *Nichodemus*.

Mar. What's here? a Pass? you would for *Rome*? you
lubbers, doth one days laziness make ye covet home? a-
way, ye boarish rogues; ye dogs, away.

Enter wife.

Wife. Oh, oh, oh:

How now man, are you satisfi'd?

Corn. I, I, I: a — o' your Corporal; I 'm paid soundly,
I was never better paid in all my life.

Wife. Maray the gods blessing on his honors heart: you
have done a charitable deed, Sir, many more such may you
live to do, Sir: the gods keep you, Sir, the gods protect
you. *Exit.*

Mar. These peasants mock me sure (*Valerius*)
Forgive my dotage, see my ashes urn'd,
And tell fair *Dorigen*, (she that but now
Left me with this harsh vow, Sooner these rocks
Should be remov'd, then she would yield) that I
Was yet so loving, on her gift to die.

Val. O *Jupiter* forbid it, Sir, and grant
This my device may certifie thy mind:
You are my brother, nor must perish thus:

Be comforted: think you fair *Dorigen*
Would yield your wishes, if these envious rocks
By skill could be remov'd, or by fallacie
She made believe so?

Mar. Why, she could not chuse;
The *Athenians* are religious in their vows,
Above all nations.

Val. Soft, down yonder hill
The Lady comes this way, once more to trie her,
If she persist in obstinacie: by my skill
Learn'd from the old *Caldean* was my Tutor,
Who train'd me in the *Mathematicks*, I will
So dazle and delude her sight, that she
Shall think this great impossibilitie
Effected by some supernatural means.
Be confident; this engine shall at least,
Till the gods better order, still this brest. *Exit Valerius.*

Mar. O my best brother, go; and for reward,
Chuse any part o'th' world, I'll give it thee.
O little *Rome*, men say thou art a god;
Thou mightst have got a fitter fool than I.

Enter Dorigen.

Dor. Art thou there, Basilisk? remove thine eyes,
For I 'm sick to death with thy infection.

Mar. Yet, yet have mercy on me; save him, Lady,
Whose single arm defends all *Rome*, whose mercie
Hath sav'd thy husband's and thy life.

Dor. To spoil
Our fame and honors? no, my vow is fixt,
And stands, as constant as these stones do, still.

Mar. Then pitie me, ye gods; you onely may
Move her, by tearing these firm stones a way.

Solemn musick.

A mist ariseth, the rocks remove.

Enter Valerius like Mercury, singing.

Val. *Martius* rejoyce, *Jove* sends me from above,
His Messenger, to cure thy desperate love;
To shew rash vows cannot binde destinie:
Lady, behold, the rocks transplanted be.
Hard-hearted *Dorigen*, yield, lest for contempt,
They fix thee here a rock, whence they 're exempt.

Dor. What strange delusion's this? what Sorcery
Affrights me with these apparitions?

My colder Chastity's night turn'd to death.
Hence, lewd Magician; dar'st thou make the gods
Bawds to thy lust; will they do miracles
To further evil? or do they love it now?
Know, if they dare do so, I dare hate them,
And will no longer serve 'em. *Jupiter*,
Thy golden shower, nor thy snow-white Swan,
Had I been *Læda*, or bright *Danae*,
Had bought mine honor. Turn me into stone
For being good, and blush when thou hast done.

Exit Dorigen.

Enter Valerius,

Mar. O my *Valerius*, all yet will not do;
Unless I could so draw mine honestie
Down to the lees to be a ravisher;
She calls me witch, and villain.

Val. Patience, Sir,
The gods will punish perjury. Let her breathe
And ruminat on this strange sight, Time decays
The strongest fairest buildings we can finde;
But still *Diana*, fortifie her minde. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sophocles and Dorigen.

Soph. Weep not bright *Dorigen*; for thou hast stood
Constant and chaste (it seems 'gainst gods and men)
When rocks and mountains were remov'd. These wonders
Do stupifie my senses. *Martius*,
This is inhumane: was thy sickness lust?
Yet were this truth, why weeps she? Jealous soul,
What dost thou thus suggest? Vows, Magick, Rocks?
Fine tales; and tears? She ne'er complain'd before.
I bade her visit him; she often did,
Had many opportunities. Humh. 'tis naught: O!
No way but this. Come, weep no more, I have ponder'd
This miracle: the anger of the gods,
Thy vow, my love to thee, and *Martius*:
He must not perish, nor thou be forsworn,
Lest worse fates follow us; Go, keep thy oath:
For chaste, and whore, are words of equal length:
But let not *Martius* know, that I consent,
O! I 'm pull'd in pieces.

Dor. I? say you so?
I'll meet you in your path. O wretched men!
With all your valour and your learning, bubbles.
Forgive me, *Sophocles*. Yet why kneel I
For pardon, having been but over-diligent,
Like an obedient servant, antedating
My Lords command? Sir, I have often, and already given
This bosom up to his embraces, and
Am proud that my dear Lord is pleas'd with it;
Whose gentle honorable minde I see
Participates even all, his wife and all,
Unto his friend. You are sad, Sir. *Martius* loves me,
And I love *Martius* with such ardencie,
As never married couple could: I must
Attend him now. My Lord, when you have need
To use your own wife, pray Sir send for me;

Till then, make use of your Philosophic. *Exit.*

Soph. Stay, *Dorigen*: O me, inquitivive fool!
Thou that didst order this congested heap
When it was Chaos, 'twixt thy spacious palms
Forming it to this vast rotundie;
Dissolve it now; shuffle the elements,
Let no one proper by it self may stand:
Let the sea quench the sun, and in that instant
The sun drink up the sea: day, ne'er come down,
To light me to those deeds that must be done. *Exit.*

Drums and Colours.

Enter Martius, Valerius, Captains and soldiers, at one door, and Dorigen with Ladyes, at another.

Dor. Hail, General of *Rome*; from *Sophocles*
That honors *Martius*, *Dorigen* presents
Her self to be dishonour'd: do thy will;
For *Sophocles* commands me to obey.
Come, violate all rules of holiness,
And rend the consecrated knot of love.

Mar. Never, *Valerius*, was I blest till now:
Behold the end of all my weary steps,
The prize of all my Battels: leave us all;
Leave us as quick as thought. Thus joy begin,
In zealous love a minutes loss is sin.

Val. Can *Martius*, be so vile? or *Dorigen*?

Dor. Stay, stay, and monster, keep thou further of;
I thought thy brave soul would have much, much loath'd
To have gone on still on such terms as this.
See, thou ungrateful, since thy desperate lust
Nothing can cure but death, I'll die for thee,
Whilst my chaste name lives to posterity.

Mar. Live, live, thou Angel of thy sex: forgive,
Till by those golden tresses thou be'st snatch'd
Alive to Heaven: for thy corruption's
So little, that it cannot suffer death.
Was ever such a woman? O my mirror!
How perfectly thou shew'st me all my faults,
Which now I hate, and when I next attempt thee,
Let all the fires in the *Zodiak*
Drop on this curst head.

All. O blest event!

Dor. Rise like the sun again in all his glory,
After a dark Eclipse.

Mar. Never without a pardon.

Enter Sophocles, and two or three with him.

Dor. Sir, you have forgiven your self.

Soph. Behold their impudence: are my words just?
Unthankful man, viper to Arms, and *Rome*
Thy natural mother; have I warm'd thee here
To corrode ev'n my heart? *Martius*, prepare
To kill me, or be kill'd.

Mar. Why *Sophocles*?

Then prethee kill me; I deserve it highly;
For I have both transgress'd 'gainst men, and gods;
But am repentant now, and in best case
To uncase my soul of this oppressing flesh;
Which, though (Gods witness) nev'r was actually
Injurious to thy wife and thee, yet 't was
Her goodness that restrain'd and held me now:
But take my life, dear friend, for my intent,
Or else forgive it.

Val. By the gods of *Athens*,
These words are true, and all direct again.

Soph. Pardon me, *Dorigen*.

Mar. Forgive me, *Sophocles*,
And *Dorigen* too, and every one that 's good.

Dor. Rise, noble Roman, belov'd *Sophocles*,
Take to thy brest thy friend.

Mar. And to thy heart

Thy matchless wife: Heaven has not stuff enough
To make another such: for if it could,
Martius would marry too. For thy blest sake

(O thou infinite of excellence)

Henceforth in mens discourse *Rome* shall not take
The wall of *Athens*, as 'tore. But when
In their fair honors we to speak do come,
We'll say 'T was so in *Athens*, and in *Rome*.

Exeunt in pomp.

Diana descends.

Diana. Honor set ope thy gates, and with thee bring
My servant and thy friend, fair *Dorigen*:
Let her triumph with her, her Lord, and friend,
Who, though misled, still honor was their end.
Flourish.

Enter the Shew of Honors Triumph; a great flourish of Trumpets and Drums within; Then enter a noise of Trumpets sounding cheerfully. Then follows an armed Knight bearing a Crimson Banneret in hand, with the inscription Valour: by his side a Lady, bearing a Watchet Banneret, the inscription Clemencie: next Martius and Sophocles with Coronets. Next, two Ladyes, one bearing a white Banneret, the inscription Chastity; the other a black, the inscription Constancie. Then Dorigen crown'd. Last, a Chariot drawn by two Moors, in it a Person crown'd, with a Scepteron the top, in an antick Scutcheon, is written Honor. As they pass over, Diana ascends.

Rinald. How like you it?

Frig. Rarely; so well, I would they would do it again.
How many of our wives now adays would deserve to triumph in such a Chariot?

Rinald. That's all one; you see they triumph in Caroches.

Frig. That they do, by the mass; but not all neither;
many of them are content with Carts. But Seignior, I have now found out a great absurditie i'faith.

Rinald. What was 't?

Frig. The Prologue presenting four Triumphs, made but three legs to the King: a three-legged Prologue, 't was monstrous.

Rinald. 'T had been more monstrous to have had a four-legg'd one. Peace, the King speaks.

Em. Here was a woman, *Isabel*.

Isa. I, my Lord,

But that she told a lye to vex her husband;
Therein shs fail'd.

Em. She serv'd him well enough;
He that was so much man, yet would be cast
To jealousy for her integrity.
This teacheth us, the passion of love
Can fight with Soldiers, and with Scholars too.

Isa. In *Martius*, clemencie and valour shown,
In the other, courage and humanitie;
And therefore in the Triumph they were usher'd
By clemencie and valour.

Em. Rightly observ'd,
As she by chastitie and constancie;
What hurt 's now in a Play, against which some rail
So vehemently? thou and I, my love,
Make excellent use methinks: I learn to be
A lawful lover void of jealousy,
And thou a constant wife. Sweet Poetry 's
A flower, where men, like Bees and Spiders, may
Bear poison, or else sweets and Wax away.
Be venom-drawing Spiders they that will;
I'll be the Bee, and suck the honey still. *Flourish.*

Cupid descends.

Cupid. Stay, clouds, ye rack too fast: bright *Phabus* see,
Honor has triumph'd with fair Chastity:
Give Love now leave, in purity to shew
Unchaste affeions flie not from his bowe.
Produce the sweet example of your youth.
Whilst I provide a Triumph for your Truth.

Flourish.

Enter.

Enter *Violanta* (with child) and *Gerrard*.

Viol. Why does my *Gerrard* grieve?

Ger. O my sweet Mistris,

'T is not life (which by our *Milain* law
My fact hath forfeited) makes me thus pensive;
That I would lose to save the little finger
Of this your noble burthen, from least hurt,
Because your blood is in't. But since your love
Made poor incompatible me the parent,
(Being we are not married) your dear blood
Falls under the same cruel penalty;
And can Heaven think sit ye die for me?
For Heavens sake say I ravish't you, I'll swear it,
To keep your life, and repute unstain'd.

Viol. O *Gerrard*, th' art my life and faculties:
And if I lose thee, I'll not keep mine own;
The thought of whom, sweetens all miseries.
Wouldst have me murder thee beyond thy death?
Unjustly scandal thee with ravishment?
It was so far from rape, that Heaven doth know,
If ever the first Lovers, ere they fell,
Knew simply in the state of innocence,
Such was this act, this, that doth ask no blush.

Ger. O! but my rarest *Violanta*, when
My Lord *Randulpho* brother to your father,
Shall understand this, how will he exclaim,
That my poor Aunt, and me, which his free alms
Hath nurs'd, since *Millain* by the Duke of *Mantua*
(Who now usurps it) was surpriz'd? that time
My father and my mother were both slain,
With my Aunts husband, as she says, their states
Despoil'd and seiz'd; 'tis past my memory,
But thus she told me: onely thus I know,
Since I could understand, your honor'd Uncle
Hath given me all the liberal education,
That his own son might look for, had he one;
Now will he say, Dost thou requite me thus?
O! the thought kills me.

Viol. Gentle, gentle *Gerrard*,
Be cheer'd, and hope the best. My mother, father,
And uncle love me most indulgently,
Being the onely branch of all their stocks:
But neither they, nor he thou wouldst not grieve
With this unwelcom news, shall ever hear
Violanta's tongue reveal, much less accuse
Gerrard to be the father of his own;
I'll rather silent die, that thou maist live
To see thy little of-spring grow and thrive.

Enter *Dorothea*.

Dor. Mistris, away your Lord and father seeks you;
I'll convey *Gerrard* out at the back door;
He has found a husband for you, and insults
In his invention, little thinking you
Have made your own choice, and posses't him too.

Viol. A husband? 't mus be *Gerrard*, or my death.
Fare well; be onely true unto thy self,
And know Heavens goodnes shall prevented be,
Ere worthiest *Gerrard* suffer harm for me.

Ger. Fare well, my life and soul. Aunt, to your counsel
I flee for aid. O unexpressible love! thou art
An undigested heap of mixt extremes,
Whose pangs are wakings, and whose pleasures dreams.

Exeunt.

Enter *Benvoglio*, *Angelina*, *Ferdinand*.

Ben. My *Angelina*, never didst thou yet
So please me, as in this consent; and yet
Thou hast pleas'd me well, I swear, old wench: ha, ha.
Ferdinand, she 's thine own; thou'lt have her, boy,

Ask thy good Lady else.

Ferd. Whom shall I have, Sir?

Ben. Whom d' ye think, ifaith?

Angel. Ghess.

Ferd. Noble Madam,

I may hope (prompted by shallow merit)
Through your profound grace, for your chamber-maid.

Ben. How 's that? how 's that?

Ferd. Her chamber-pot, my Lord. You modest as,
Thou never shew'dst thy self an as till now.
'Fore Heaven I am angrie with thee. Sirha, sirha,
This whitmeat-spirit's not yours, legitimate,
Advance your hope, and 't please you: ghess again.

Ang. And let your thoughts flee higher: aim them right;
Sir, you may hit, you have the fairest white.

Ferd. If I may be so bold then, my good Lord,
Your favour doth encourage me to aspire
To catch my Ladyes Gentlewoman.

Ben. Where?

Where would you catch her?

Do you know my daughter *Violanta*, Sir?

Ang. Well said: no more about the bush.

Ferd. My good Lord,

I have gaz'd on *Violanta*, and the stars,
Whose Heavenly influence I admir'd, not knew,
Nor ever was so sinful to believe
I might attain 't.

Ben. Now you are an as again;
For if thou ne'er attain'st, 't is onely long
Of that faint heart of thine, which never did it.
She is your Lords heir, mine, *Benvoglio's* heir,
My brothers too, *Randulpho's*; her descent
Not behinde any of the *Millanois*.

And *Ferdinand*, although thy parentage
Be unknown, thou know'st that I have bred thee up
From five yeers old, and (do not blush to hear it)
Have found thy wisdom, trust, and fair success
So full in all my affaris, that I am fitter
To call thee Master, then thou me thy Lord.

Thou canst not be but sprung of gentlest blood;
Thy minde shines thorow thee, like the radiant sun,
Although thy body be a beauteous cloud.

Come, seriously this is no flatterie,
And well thou know'st it, though thy modest blood
Rise like the morning in thy cheek to hear 't.
Sir, I can speak in earnest: Vertuous service,
So meritorious, *Ferdinand*, as yours,
(Yet bashful still, and silent?) should extract
A fuller price then impudence exact:
And this is now the wages it must have;
My daughter is thy wife, my wealth thy slave.

Ferd. Good Madam pinch; I sleep: does my Lord mock,
And you assist? Custom's inverted quite;
For old men now adays do flout the young.

Ben. Fetch *Violanta*. As I intend this
Religiously, let my soul finde joy or pain.

Exit *Angelina*.

Ferd. My honor'd Lord and Master, if I hold
That worth could merit such felicitie,
You bred it in me, and first purchas'd it;
It is your own: and what productions
In all my faculties my soul begets,
Your very mark is on: you need not add
Rewards to him, that is in debt to you:
You sav'd my life, Sir, in the Massacre;
There you begot me new, since foster'd me.
O! can I serve to much, or pray for you?
Alas, 'tis slender paiment to your bountie.
Your daughter is a paradise, and I
Unworthie to be set there; you may chuse
The royallst seeds of *Milain*.

Ben. Prethee peace,
Thy goodnes makes me weep; I am resolv'd:

I am no Lord o' th' time, to tie my blood
To fordid muck; I have enough: my name,
My estate and honors I will store in thee,
Whose wisdom will rule well, keep and increase:
A knave or fool, that could confer the like,
Would bate each hour, diminish every day.
Thou art her price-lot than, drawn out by fate;
An honest wife man is a Princes mate.

Ferd. Sir, Heaven and you have over-charge'd my breast
With grace beyond my continuence; I shall burst:
The blessing you have given me (witness Saints)
I would not change for *Millain*: But, my Lord,
Is she prepar'd?

Ben. What needs Preparative,
Where such a Cordial is prescrib'd as thou?
Thy person and thy virtues in one scale,
Shall poize hers, with her beautie and her wealth;
If not, I add my will unto thy weight;
Thy mother's with her now. Son, take my keys,
And let this preparation for this Marriage,
(This welcome Marriage) long determin'd here,
Be quick, and gorgeous.—*Gerrard*.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. My good Lord,
My Lord, your brother craves your conference
Instantly, on affairs of high import.

Ben. Why, what news?

Ger. The Tyrant, my good Lord,
Is sick to death of his old Apoplexie,
Whereon the States advise, that Letters-missive
Be straight dispatcht to all the neighbour-Countreys,
And Schedules too divulg'd on every post,
To enquire the lost Duke forth: their purpose is
To re-instate him.

Ben. 'Tis a pious deed.

Ferdinand, to my daughter: this delay
(Though to so good a purpose) 'angers me;
But I'll recover it. Be secret, son.
Go woo with truth and expedition.

Exit.

Ferd. O my unfounded joy! how fares my *Gerrard*,
My noble twin-friend? fie, thy look is heavie,
Sullen, and sowre; blanch it: didst thou know
My cause of joy, thou 'ldst never sorrow more,
I know thou lov'st me so, How dost thou?

Ger. Well,
Too well: my fraught of health my sickness is;
In life, I am dead; by living dying still.

Ferd. What sublunary mischief can predominate
A wife man thus? or doth thy friendship play
(In this antipathous extreme) with mine,
Left gladness suffocate me? I, I, I do feel
My spirit's turn'd to fire, my blood to air,
And I am like a purish'd essence
Tri'd from all drossie parts.

Ger. Were 't but my life,
The loss were sacrific'd; but virtue
Must for me be slain, and innocence made dust.

Ferd. Fare well good *Gerrard*.

Ger. Dearest friend, stay.

Ferd. Sad thoughts are no companions for me now,
Much less sad words: thy bosom hides some secret,
Which do not trust me with; for mine retains
Another, which I must conceal from thee.

Ger. I would reveal it: 't is a heavie tale:
Canst thou be true, and secret still?

Ferd. Why, friend?

If you continue true unto your self,
I have no means of falsehood. Lock this door;
Come, yet your prisoner's sure.

Ger. Stay, *Ferdinand*.

Ferd. What is this trouble? Love?
Why, thou art capable of any woman.

Doth want oppress thee? I will lighten thee:
Hast thou offended law? My Lord and thine,
And I, will save thy life. Does servitude
Upbraid thy freedom, that she suffers it?
Have patience but three days, and I will make thee
Thy Lords companion. Can a friend do more?

Ger. Lend me the means. How can this be?

Ferd. First, let this Cabinet keep your pawn, and I
will trust:

Yet for the form of satisfaction,
Take this my Oath to boot. By my presum'd
Gentrie, and sacred known Christianitie,
I'll die, ere I reveal thy trust.

Ger. Then hear it.

Your Lords fair daughter *Violanta* is
My betrothed wife, goes great with childe by me;
And by this deed both made a pray to Law.
How may I save her life? advise me, friend.

Ferd. What did he say? *Gerrard*, whose voice was that?
O death unto my heart, bane to my soul!
My wealth is vanish'd like the rich mans store:
In one poor minute all my daintie fare
But jugling dishes; my fat hope, despair.

Ger. Is this so odious? where 's your mirth?

Ferd. Why thou

Hast robb'd me of it. *Gerrard*, draw thy sword,
And if thou lov'st my Mistris chastitie,
Defend it, else I'll cut it from thy heart,
Thy theevish heart that stole it, and restore 't,
Do miracles to gain her.

Ger. Was she thine?

Ferd. Never, but in my wish, and her fathers vow,
Which now he left with me, on such sure terms;
He call'd me son, and will'd me to provide
My Wedding-preparation.

Ger. Strange.

Ferd. Come, let's

Kill one another quickly.

Ger. *Ferdinand*, my love is old to her, thine new begot:
I have not wrong'd thee; think upon thine Oath.

Ferd. It manacles me, *Gerrard*, else this hand
Should bear thee to the Law. Fare well for ever:
Since friendship is so fatal, never more
Will I have friend: thou hast put so sure a plea,
That all my weal's litigious made by thee.

Ger. I did no crime to you. His love transports him;
And yet I mourn, that cruel destinie
Should make us two thus one anothers cross:
We have lov'd since boys; for the same time cast him
On Lord *Benvoglio*, that my Aunt and I
Were succour'd by *Randulpho*: men have call'd us
The parallels of *Millain*; and some said
We were not much unlike. O Heaven divert,
That we should (ever since that time) be breeding
Mutual destruction.

Enter Dorothea.

Dor. O where are you? you have made a fair hand. By
—yonder is your Aunt with my Lady; she came in, just
as she was wooing your Mistris for another; and what did
me she, but out with her purse, and shew'd all the naked
truth, ifaith. Fie upon you, you should never trust
an-old woman with a secret; they cannot hold; they cannot
hold so well as we, and you'd hang 'em. First, there
was swearing and staring, then there was howling and weep-
ing, and O my daughter, and O my mother.

Ger. The effect, the effect.

Dor. Marry no way, but one with you.

Ger. Why welcom. Shall she scape?

Dor. Nay, she has made her scape already.

Ger. Why, is she gone?

Dor. The scape of her virginie, I mean.
You men are as dull, you can conceive nothing;

Yo uthink it is enough to beget.

Ger. I; but surely, *Dorothea*, that scap'd not; Her maiden-head suffer'd.

Dor. And you were the Executioner. *(Doll?)*

Ger. But what's the event? lord, how thou starv'st me,

Dor. Lord how thou starv'st me, *Doll?* By——I would fain see you cry a little. Do you stand now, as if you could get a child? Come, I'll rack you no more: This is the heart of the business: always provided, Signior, that if it please the fates to make you a Lord, you be not proud, nor forget your poor handmaid *Doll*, who was partly accessory to the incision of this *Holofernian* Maidenhead.

Ger. I will forget my name first. Speak.

Dor. Then thus; My Lady knows all; her sorrow is reasonably well digested; has vow'd to conceal it from my Lord, till delay ripen things better; Wills you to attend her this evening at the back gate; I'll let you in; where her own Confessor shall put you together lawfully, e'r the child be born; which birth is very near, I can allure you: all your charge is your vigilance; and to bring with you some trusty Nurse, to convey the Infant out of the house.

Ger. Oh beam of comfort, take! go, tell my Lady I pray for her as I walk: my joys so flow, That what I speak or do, I do not know. *Exeunt.*

Dumb Shew.

Enter Violanta at one door, weeping, supported by Cornelia and a Frier; at another door, Angelina weeping, attended by Dorothea. Violanta kneels down for pardon. Angelina shewing remorse, takes her up, and cheers her; so doth Cornelia. Angelina sends Dorothea for Gerrard. Enter Gerrard with Dorothea: Angelina and Cornelia seem to chide him, shewing Violanta's heavy plight: Violanta rejoiceth in him: he makes signes of sorrow, intreating pardon: Angelina brings Gerrard and Violanta to the Frier; he joins them hand in hand, takes a Ring from Gerrard, puts it on Violanta's finger; blesseth them; Gerrard kisseth her: the Frier takes his leave. Violanta makes shew of great pain, is instantly conveyed in by the Women, Gerrard is bid stay; he walks in meditation, seeming to pray. Enter Dorothea, whispers him, sends him out. Enter Gerrard with a Nurse blindfold; gives her a purse. To them Enter Angelina and Cornelia with an Infant; they present it to Gerrard; he kisseth and blesseth it; puts it into the Nurses arms, kneels, and takes his leave. Exeunt all severally.

Enter Benvoglio and Randulpho.

Ben. He's dead, you say then.

Rand. Certainly: and to hear

The people now dissect him now he's gone,
Makes my ears burn, that lov'd him not: such Libels;
Such Elegies and Epigrams they have made,
More odious than he was. Brother, great men
Had need to live by love, meting their deeds
With virtues rule; found, with the weight of judgement,
Their privat'st action: for though while they live
Their power and policie masque their villanics,
Their bribes, their lust, pride, and ambition,
And make a many slaves to worship 'em,
That are their flatterers, and their bawds in these:
These very slaves shall, when these great beasts dye,
Publish their bowels to the vulgar eye.

Ben. Fore Heaven 'tis true. But is *Rinaldo* (brother) our good Duke, heard of living?

Rand. Living, Sir, and will be shortly with the Senate:
has

Been close conceal'd at *Mantua*, and reliev'd:

But what's become of his? no tidings yet?

But brother, till our good Duke shall arrive,
Carry this news, here. Where's your *Ferdinand*?

Ben. Oh busie, Sir, about this marriage:

And yet my Girl o'th' suddain is fall'n sick:
You'll see her e'r you go?

Rand. Yes; well I love her;
And yet I wish I had another daughter
To gratifie my *Gerrard*, who (by——)

Is all the glory of my family,
But has too much worth to live so obscure;

I'll have him Secretary of Estate

Upon the Dukes return: for credit me,

The value of that Gentleman's not known;

His strong abilities are fit to guide

The whole Republique: he hath Learning, youth,

Valour, discretion, honesty of a Saint;

His Aunt is wondrous good too.

Enter Violanta in a bed; Angelina and Dorothea sitting by her.

Ben. You have spoke
The very character of *Ferdinand*:
One is the others mirror. How now, Daughter?

Rand. How fares my Neece?

Viol. A little better, Uncle, then I was,
I thank you.

Rand. Brother, a meer cold. *(thanked)*

Angel. It was a cold and heat, I think: but Heaven be
We have broken that away.

Ben. And yet, *Violanta*,
You'll lie alone still, and you see what's got.

Dor. Sure, Sir, when this was got, she had a bed-fellow.

Rand. What has her chollick left her in her belly?

Dor. 'T has left her, but she has had a fore-fit.

Rand. I, that same Collick and Stone's inherent to us

O'th' womans side: our Mothers had them both.

Dor. So has she had, Sir. How these old fornicators talk?
she had more

Need of Mace-Ale, and Rhenish-wine Caudles, heaven knows,
Then your aged Discipline.

Ben. Say?

Enter Ferdinand.

Ang. She will have the man; and on recovery
Will wholly be dispos'd by you.

Ben. That's my wench:
How now? what change is this? why *Ferdinand*,
Are these your Robes of joy should be indu'd?

Doth *Hymen* wear black? I did send for you

To have my honorable Brother witness

The Contract I will make 'twixt you and her.

Put off all doubt; she loves ye? what d'ye say?

Rand. Speak man, Why look you so distractedly?

Ferd. There are your keys, I'll no Contract, I.

Divinest *Violanta*, I will serve you

Thus on my knees, and pray for you: *Juno, Lucina* fer opem.

My inequality ascends no higher:

I dare not marry you.

Ben. How's this?

Ferd. Good night,

I have a friend has almost made me mad:

I weep sometimes, and instantly can laugh:

Nay, I do dance, and sing, and suddenly

Roar like a storm. Strange tricks these, are they not?

And wherefore all this? Shall I tell you? no,

Thorow mine ears, my heart a plague hath caught,

And I have vow'd to keep it close, not shew

My grief to any; for it has no cure.

On, wand'ring steps, to some remote place move:

I'll keep my vow, though I have lost my Love. *Exit.*

Ben. Fore heaven, distracted for her! fare you well:

I'll watch his steps; for I no joy shall find,

Till I have found his cause, and calm'd his mind.

Stet. He's overcome with joy.

Z z z

Exit.

Ange

Angel. 'Tis very strange.

Rand. Well, Sister, I must leave you; the time's busie.
Violanta, cheer you up: and I pray Heaven
Restore each to their love, and health again.

Viol. Amen, Great Uncle. Mother, what a chance
Unluckily is added to my woe,
In this young Gentleman?

Angel. True, *Violanta*:
It grieves me much. *Doll*, go you instantly,
And find out *Gerrard*; tell him his friends hap,
And let him use best means to comfort him;
But as his life preserve this secret still.

Viol. Mother, I'd not offend you: might not *Gerrard*
Steal in, and see me in the evening?

Angel. Well,
Bid him do so.

Viol. Heavens blessing o' your heart.
Do ye not call Child-bearing, Travel, Mother?

Angel. Yes.

Viol. It well may be, The bare-foot traveller
That's born a Prince, and walks his pilgrimage,
Whose tender feet kiss the remorseless stones
Only, ne'er felt a travel like to it.

Alas, dear Mother, you groan'd thus for me,
And yet how disobedient have I been!

Angel. Peace, *Violanta*, thou hast always been
Gentle and good.

Viol. *Gerrard* is better, Mother:
Oh if you knew the implicate innocence
Dwells in his breast, you'd love him like your Prayers.
I see no reason but my Father might
Be told the truth, being pleas'd for *Ferdinand*
To woo himself: and *Gerrard* ever was
His full comparative: my Uncle loves him,
As he loves *Ferdinand*.

Angel. No, not for the world,
Since his intent is cross'd: lov'd *Ferdinand*
Thus ruin'd, and a child got out of wedlock:
his madness would pursue ye both to death.

Viol. As you please (mother:) I am now, methinks,
Even in the land of ease; I'll sleep.

Angel. Draw in
The bed nearer the fire: silken rest,
Tie all thy cares up.

Exeunt.

Enter Ferdinand and Benvoglio privately after him

Ferd. Oh blessed solitude! here my griefs may speak;
And sorrow, I will argue with thee now:
Nothing will keep me company: the flowers
Die at my moan; the gliding silver streams
Hasten to flee my lamentations;
The air rolls from 'em; and the Golden Sun
Is smother'd pale as *Phæbe* with my sighs:
Only the earth is kind, that stays. Then earth,
To thee will I complain. Why do the Heavens
Impose upon me Love, what I can ne'er enjoy?
Before fruition was impossible,
I did not thirst it. *Gerrard*, she is thine,
Scal'd and deliver'd; but 'twas ill to stain
Her virgin state, e'er ye were married.
Poor Infant, what's become of thee? thou know'st not
The woe thy parents brought thee too. Dear earth,
Bury this close in thy sterility;
Be barren to this seed, let it not grow;
For if it do, 'twill bud no Violet
Nor Gillyflower, but wild Brier, or rank Rue,
Unfavorable and hurtful.

Ben. Ferdinand,
Thy steel hath digg'd the Earth, thy words my Heart.

Ferd. Oh! I have violated faith, betray'd
My friend and innocence.

Ben. Desperate youth,
Violate not thy soul too: I have showers
For thee, young man; but *Gerrard* flames for thee.
Was thy base pen made to dash out mine honor,

And prostitute my Daughter? Bastard, whore,
Come, turn thy femal tears into revenge,
Which I will quench my thirst with, e'er I see
Daughter, or Wife, or branded Family.

By——both dye: and for amends,
Ferd'nando be my heir. I'll to my brother,
First tell him all, then to the Duke for justice:
This morning he's receiv'd. Mountains nor Seas
Shall bar my flight to vengeance: the foul stain
Printed on me, thy blood shall rinse again.

Exit

Ferd. I have transgress'd all goodness, witlessly
Rais'd mine own curse from posterity:
I'll follow, to redress in what I may;
If not, your heir can dye as well as they.

Exit.

Dumb Shew.

Enter Duke Rinaldo with Attendants, at one door;
States, Randulpho, and Gerrard, at another;
they kneel to the Duke, he accepts their obedience,
and raises them up: they prefer Gerrard to the
Duke, who entertains him: they seat the Duke in
State. Enter Benvoglio and Ferdinand: Ben-
voglio kneels for justice; Ferd. seems to restrain
him. Benvog. gives the Duke a paper; Duke reads,
frowns on Gerr. shews the paper to the States, they
seem sorry, consult, cause the Guard to apprehend
him; they go off with him. Then Rand. and Benv.
seem to crave justice; Duke vows it, and exit with
his attendants. Rand. Ben. and Ferd. confer.
Enter to them Cornelia with two servants; she
seems to expostulate, Rand. in scorn, causeth her to
be thrust out poorly. Exit Rand. Benv. beckons Ferd.
to him (with much seeming passion) swears him;
then stamps with his foot. Enter Dorothea with a
Cup, weeping, she delivers it to Ferd. who with dis-
content exit; and exeunt Benvoglio and Doro-
thea.

Enter Violanta.

Viol. *Gerrard* not come? nor *Dorothy* return'd?
What adverse star rul'd my Nativity?
The time to night has been as dilatory
As languishing Consumptions. But till now
I never durst say, my *Gerrard* was unkind.
Heaven grant all things go well; and nothing does,
If he be ill, which I much fear: my dreams
Have been portentous. I did think I saw
My Love araid for battel with a beast,
A hideous Monster, arm'd with teeth and claws,
Grinning, and venemous, that sought to make
Both us a prey: on's tail wash lash'd in blood
Law: and his forehead I did plainly see
Held Characters that spell'd *Authority*.
This rent my slumbers; and my fearful soul
Ran searching up and down my dismaid breast,
To find a Port t'escape. Good faith, I am cold;
But *Gerrard's* love is colder: here I'll sit,
And think my self away.

Enter Ferdinand with a Cup and a Letter.

Ferd. The peace of Love
Attend the sweet *Violanta*: Read,
For the sad news I bring, I do not know;
Only I am sworn to give you that, and this.

Viol. Is it from *Gerrard*? gentle *Ferdinand*,
How glad am I to see you thus well restor'd?
In troth he never wrong'd you in his life,
Nor I, but always held fair thoughts of you,
Knew not my Fathers meaning, till of late;
Could never have known it soon enough: for Sir,
Gerrard's, and my affection began
In infancy: My Uncle brought him oft
In long coats hither; you were such another;

The

The little boy would kiss me, being a child,
And say, he lov'd me; give me all his toys,
Bracelets, Rings, Sweet-meats, all his Rosie-smiles:
I then would stand, and stare upon his eyes,
Play with his locks, and swear I lov'd him too;
For sure, methought, he was a little Love,
He woo'd so prettily in innocence,
That then he warm'd my fancy; for I felt
A glimmering beam of Love kindle my blood,
Both which, time since hath made a flame and flood:

Fer. Oh gentle innocent! methinks it talks
Like a child itill, whose white simplicity
Never arriv'd at sin. Forgive me, Lady,
I have destroy'd *Gerrard*, and thee; rebell'd
Against Heavens Ordinance; dis-pair'd two Doves,
Made 'em sit mourning; slaughter'd Love, and cleft
The heart of all integrity. This breast
Was trusted with the secret of your vow
By *Gerrard*, and reveal'd it to your Father.

Viol. Hah!

Ferd. Read, and curse me.

Viol. Neither: I will never
Nor Write, nor Read again.

Ferd. My penance be it.

Reads. *Your Labyrinth is found, your Lust proclaim'd:*

Viol. Lust? Humh:

My Mother sure felt none, when I was got:

Fer. I, and the Law implacably offended.

Gerrard's imprison'd, and to dye.

Viol. Oh Heaven!

Ferd. And you to suffer with reproach and scoffs
A publick execution; I have sent you

An Antidote 'gainst shame, poison; by him

You have most wrong'd: give him your penitent tears.

Viol. Humh: 'tis not truth.

Ferd. Drink, and farewell for ever:
And though thy whoredom blemish thy whole line,
Prevent the Hangmans stroke, and die like mine.

Viol. Oh woe is me for *Gerrard*: I have brought
Confusion on the noblest Gentleman

That ever truly lov'd. But we shall meet
Where our condemners shall not, and enjoy
A more refin'd affection than here;
No Law, nor Father hinders marriage there
'Twi'x souls Divinely aff'd, as (sure) ours were:

There we will multiply, and generate joyes
Like fruitful Parents. Luckless *Ferdinand*,
Where's the good old Gentlewoman, my Husbands Aunt?

Ferd. Thrust from you Uncle o all poverty.

Viol. Alas the piry: reach me, Sir, the cup;
I'll say my prayers, and take my Fathers Physick.

Ferd. Oh villain that I was, I had forgot
To spill the rest, and am unable now
To stir to hinder her.

Viol. What ail you, Sir?

Ferd. Your Father is a monster, I a villain,
This tongue has kill'd you, pardon, *Violanto*,
Oh pardon, *Gerrard*; and for sacrifice,
Accept my life, to expiate my fault.
I have drunk up the poison.

Viol. Thou art not so
Uncharitable: a better fellow far,
Thou'st left me halfe. Sure death is now a-dry,
And calls for more blood still to quench his thirst.
I pledge thee *Ferdinand*, to *Gerrard's* health:
Dear *Gerrard*, poor Aunt, and unfortunate friend,
Ay me, that Love should breed true Lovers end.

Fer. Stay Madam, stay; help ho, for Heavens sake help
Improvident man, that good I did intend
For satisfaction, saving of her life;
My equal cruel Stars made me forget.

Enter Angelina with two Servants.

Ang. What spectacle of death assaults me? oh!

Viol. O dearest Mother, I am dead, I leave
Father, and friends, and life, to follow Love.
Good Mother, love my Child, that did no ill.
Fie, how men lie, that say, death is a pain:
Or has he chang'd his nature? like soft sleep
He seizes me. Your blessing. Last, I crave,
That I may rest by *Gerrard* in his grave.

Ferd. There lay me too: oh! noble Mistress, I
Have caus'd all this; and therefore justly dye.
That key will open all.

Ang. Oh viperous Father!
For Heavens sake, bear 'em in: run for Physitians,
And Medicines quickly: Heaven, thou shalt not have her
Yet; 'tis too soon: Alas, I have no more,
And taking her away, thou rob'st the poor.

Exeunt.

Flourish.

Enter Duke, States, Randulpho, Benvoglio,
Gerrard, Executioner, Guard.

Duke. The Law, as greedy as your red desire
Benvoglio, hath cast this man: 'Tis pity
So many excellent parts are swallow'd up
In one foul wave. Is *Violanta* sent for?
Our Justice must not lop a branch, and let
The body grow still.

Ben. Sir, she will be here
Alive or dead, I am sure.

Cer. How cheerfully my countenance comments death?
That which makes men seem horrid, I will wear
Like to an Ornament. Oh *Violanta*!
Might my life only satisfy the Law,
How jocundly my soul would enter Heaven?
Why shouldst thou dye? thou wither'st in thy bud,
As I have seen a Rose, e'er it was blown.
I do beseech your Grace, the Statute may
(In this case made) be read: not that I hope
T'extenuate my offence or penalty,
But to see whether it lay hold on her.
And since my death is more exemplary
Than just, this publick Reading will advise
Caution to others.

Duke. Read it.

Ran. Brother, does not
Your foul groan under this severity?

Statute read.

*A Statute provided in case of unequal Matches,
Marriages against Parents consent, stealing of
Heirs, Rapes, Prostitutions, and such like: That
if any person meanly descended, or ignorant of his
own Parentage, which implies as much, shall with
a foul intent, unlawfully sollicite the Daughter of
any Peer of the Dukedom, he shall for the same of-
fence forfeit his right hand: but if he further pro-
stitute her to his Lust, he shall first have his right
hand cut off, and then suffer death by the common
Executioner. After whom, the Lady so offending,
shall likewise the next day, in the same manner,
dye for the Fact.*

Ger. This Statute has more cruelty than sense:
I see no ray of Mercy. Must the Lady
Suffer death too? suppose she were inforc'd,
By some confederates born away, and ravish'd;
Is she not guiltless?

Duke. Yes, if it be prov'd.

Z z z 2

Ger.

Ger. This case is so: I ravish'd *Violanta*,

State. Who ever knew a Rape produce a child?

Ben. Fish, these are idle. Will your grace command
The Executioner proceed?

Duke. Your Office.

Ger. Farewell to thy inticing vanity,
Thou round gilt box, that dost deceive man's eye:
The wise man knows, when open thou art broke,
The treasure thou includ'st, is dust and smoke,
Even thus, I cast thee by. My Lords, the Law
Is but the great mans mule, he rides on it,
And tramples poorer men under his feet;
Yet when they come to knock at yon bright Gate,
Ones Rags shall enter, 'fore the others State.
Peace to ye all: here, sirrah, strike: this hand
Hath *Violanta* kiss'd a thousand times;
It smells sweet ever since: this was the hand
Flighted my faith to her: do not think thou canst
Cut that in sunder with my hand. My Lord,
As free from speck as this armis, my heart
Is of foul Lust, and every vein glides here
As full of truth. Why does thy hand shake so?
'Tis mine must be cut off, and that is firm;
For it was ever constant.

Enter *Cornelia*.

Ger. Hold; your Sentence
Unjustly is pronounced, my Lord: this blow
Cuts your hand off; for his is none of yours:
But *Violanta's* given in Holy marriage
Before she was delivered, consummated
With the free Will of her Mother, by her Confessor,
In Lord *Benvoglio's* house.

Ger. Alas good Aunt,
That helps us nothing; else I had reveal'd it.

Duke. What woman's this?

Ben. A base confederate
In this proceeding, kept of alms long time
By him; who now expos'd to misery,
Talks thus distractedly. Attach her, Guard.

Ran. Your cruelty (brother) will have end.

Cor. You'd best
Let them attach my tongue.

Duke. Good woman, peace:
For were this truth, it doth not help thy Nephew;
The Law's infring'd by their disparity,
That forfeits both their lives.

Cor. Sir, with your pardon,
Had your Grace ever children?

Duke. Thou hast put
A question, whose sharp point toucheth my heart:
I had two little Sons, twins, who were both
(With my good Dutchess) slain, as I did hear;
At that time when my Dukedom was surpriz'd.

Cor. I have heard many say (my gracious Lord)
That I was wondrous like her.

All. Ha?

Duke. By all mans joy, it is *Cornelia*,
My dearest wife.

Cor. To ratifie me her,
Come down, *Alphonso*, one of those two twins,
And take thy Fathers blessing: thou hast broke
No Law, thy birth being above thy wives:

Ascanio is the other, nam'd *Fernando*,
Who by remote means, to my Lord, *Benvoglio*
I got preferr'd; and in poor habits clad,
(You fled, and th' innovation laid again)
I wrought my self into *Randulpho's* service,
With my eldest boy; yet never durst reveal
What they and I were, no, not to themselves,
Until the Tyrants death.

Duke. My joy has fill'd me
Like a full-winded sail: I cannot speak.

Ger. Fetch *Violanta* and my brother.

Ben. Run,

Run like a spout, you rogue: a—o' poison,
That little whore I trusted, will betray me.
Stay, hangman, I have work for you; there's Gold;
Cut off my head, or hang me presently.

Soft Musick.

Enter *Angelina* with the bodies of *Ferdinand* and *Violanta*
on a bier; *Dorothea* carrying the Cup and Letter, which
she gives to the Duke: he reads, seems sorrowful; shews
it to *Cornelia* and *Gerrard*: they lament over the bier.
Randulpho and *Benvoglio* seem fearful, and seem to re-
port to *Angelina* and *Dorothea*, what hath passed be-
fore.

Ran. This is your rashness, brother.

Duke. Oh joy, thou wert too great to last;
This was a cruel turning to our hopes,
Unnatural Father: poor *Ascanio*.

Ger. Oh mother! let me be *Gerrard* again,
And follow *Violanta*.

Cor. Oh my Son—

Duke. Your lives yet, bloody men shall answer this.

Dor. I must not see 'em longer grieve. My Lord,
Be comforted; let sadness generally
Forfake each eye and bosom; they both live:
For poison, I infus'd meer *Opium*;
Holding compulsive perjury less sin
Than such a loathed murder would have bin.

All. Oh blessed Madam.

Dor. Musick, gently creep
Into their ears, and fright hence lazy sleep.
Morpheus, command thy servant sleep
In leaden chains no longer keep
This Prince and Lady: Rise, wake, rise,
And round about convey your eyes:
Rise Prince, go greet thy Father and thy Mother;
Rise thou, t'imbrace thy Husband and thy Brother.

Duke Cor. Son, Daughter.

Ferd. Father, Mother, Brother.

Ger. Wife.

Viol. Are we not all in Heaven?

Ger. Faith, very near it.

Ferd. How can this be?

Duke. Hear it.

Dor. If I had serv'd you right, I should have seen
Your old pate off, e'r I had reveal'd.

Ben. Oh wench!

Oh honest wench! if my wife die, I'll marry thee:
There's my reward.

Ferd. 'Tis true.

Duke. 'Tis very strange.

Ger. Why kneel you honest Master?

Ferd. My good Lord.

Ger. Dear Mother.

Duke. Rise, rise, all are friends: I owe ye
for all their boards: And wench, take thou the man
Whose life thou sav'dst; less cannot pay the merit.
How shall I part my kiss? I cannot: Let
One generally therefore joyn our cheeks.
A pen of Iron, and a leaf of Brass,
To keep this Story to Eternity:
And a *Promethean Wit*. Oh sacred Love,
Nor chance, nor death can thy firm truth remove.

Exeunt.
Flourish.

King. Now *Isabella*.

Ifab. This can true Love do.

I joy they all so happily are pleas'd:
The Ladies and the Brothers must triumph.

King. They do:

For *Cupid* scorns but 't have his triumph too.

Flourish.
The

The TRIUMPH.

Enter divers Musicians, then certain Singers bearing Bannerets inscribed, Truth, Loyalty, Patience, Concord: Next Gerrard and Ferdinand with Garlands of Roses: Then Violanta, Last, a Chariot drawn by two Cupids, and a Cupid sitting in it.

Flourish.

Enter PROLOGUE.

Love, and the strength of fair affection
(Most royal Sir) what long seem'd lost, have won
Their perfect ends, and crown'd those constant hearts
With lasting Triumph, whose most virtuous parts,
Worthy desires, and love, shall never end.
Now turn we round the Scene, and (Great Sir) lend
A sad and serious eye to this of Death,
This black and dismal Triumph; where man's breath,
Desert, and guilty bloud ascend the Stage,
And view the Tyrant, ruin'd in his rage.

Exit.

Flourish.

Enter L'avall, Gabriella and Maria.

Gab. No, good my Lord, I am not now to find
Your long neglect of me; All those affections
You came first clad in to my love, like Summer,
Lusty and full of life: all those desires
That like the painted Spring bloom'd round about ye,
Giving the happy promise of an Harvest,
How have I seen drop off, and fall forgotten?
With the least lustre of anothers beauty,
How oft (forgetful Lord) have I been blastad?
Was I so eas'ly won? or did this body
Yield to your false embraces with less labour
Then if you had carried some strong Town?

Lav. Good Gabriella

Gab. Could all your subtilties and sighs betray me.
The vows ye shook me with, the tears ye drown'd me,
Till I came fairly off with honor'd Marriage?
Oh fie, my Lord.

Lav. Prethee good Gabriella.

Gab. Would I had never known ye, nor your honors,
They are stuck too full of griefs: oh happy women,
That plant your Love in equal honest bosoms,
Whose sweet desires like Roses set together,
Make one another happy in their blushes,
Growing and dying without sense of greatness,
To which I am a slave! I. and that blest Sacrament
That daily makes millions of happy mothers; link'd me
To this man's Lust alone, there left me
I dare not say I am his wife, 'tis dangerous:
His Love, I cannot say: alas, how many? (know,

Lav. You grow too watm; pray be ye content, you best
The times necessity, and how our marriage
Being so much unequal to mine honor,
While the Duke lives, I standing high in favour;
And whilst I keep that safe, next to the Dukedom,
Must not be known, without my utter ruine.
Have patience for a while, and do but dream wench,
The glory of a Dutches. How she tires me?
How dull and leaden is my appetite
To that stale beauty now? oh, I could curse
And crucifie my self for childish doating.
Upon a face that feeds not with fresh Figures
Every fresh hour: she is now a surfet to me.

Enter Gentile.

Who's that? Gentile? I charge ye, no acquaintance
You nor your Maid with him, nor no discourse
Till times are riper.

Gent. Fie, my Noble Lord,
Can you be now a stranger to the Court,
When your most virtuous Bride, the beauteous *Hellen*
Stands ready like a Star to gild your happiness,
When *Hymens* lusty fires are now a lighting,
And all the Flower of *Anjou*?

Lav. Some few trifles,
For matter of adornment, have a little
Made me so slow, *Gentile*, which now in readines,
I am for Court immediately.

Gent. Take heed, Sir,
This is no time for trifling, nor she no Lady
To be now entertain'd with toys: 'twill cost ye —

Lav. Y'are an old Cock, *Gentile*.

Gent. By your Lordships favour.

Lav. Prethee away; 'twill lose time.

Gent. Oh my Lord,

Pardon me that by all means.

Lav. We have business.

A-foot man, of more moment.

Gent. Then my manners?

I know none, nor I seek none.

Lav. Take to morrow.

(Beauty.

Gent. Even now, by your Lordships leave. Excellent
My service here I ever dedicate,
In honor of my best friend, your dead Father,
To you his living virtue, and wish heartily,
That firm affection that made us two happy,
May take as deep undying root, and flourish
Betwixt my Daughter *Castra*, and your goodness,
Who shall be still your servant.

Gab. I much thank ye.

Lav. — Oh this dreaming puppy, Will ye go, Sir?

Gent. A little more, Good Lord.

Lav. Not now, by —

Come, I must use ye.

Gent. Goodness dwell still with you.

Exeunt *Gentill* and *Laval*.

Gab. The sight of this old Gentleman, *Maria*,
Pulls to my mine eyes again the living Picture
Of *Perolot* his virtuous Son, my first Love,
That dy'd at *Orleance*.

Mar. You have felt both fortunes,
And in extrems, poor Lady; for young *Perolot*.
Being every way unable to maintain you,
Durst not make known his love to Friend or Father:
My Lord *Lavall*, being powerful, and you poor,
Will not acknowledge you.

Gab. No more: Let's in wench:
There let my Lute speak my Laments; they have tried me.

Exeunt.

Enter two Courtiers.

1 Court. I grant, the Duke is wondrous provident
In his now planting for succession,
I know his care as honourable in the choice too.
Marines fair virtuous daughter: but what's all this?
To what end excellent arrives this travel,
When he that bears the main roof, is so rotten?

2 Court. You have hit it now indeed: For if *Fame* ye not
He is untemperate.

1 Court. You express him poorly,
Too gentle Sir: the most deoboist and barbarous;
Believe it, the most void of all humanity,
Howe'r his cunning, cloak it to his Uncle,
And those his pride depends upon.

1 Court. I have heard too,
Given excessively to drink.

1 Court.

1 Court. Most certain,
And in that drink most dangerous: I speak these things
To one I know loves truth, and dares not wrong her.

2 Court. You may speak on.

1 Court. Uncertain as the Sea, Sir,
Proud and deceitful as his fins Great Master;
His appetite to Women, (for there he carries
His main Sail spread) so boundles, and abominably,
That but to have her name by that tongue spoken,
Poisons the virtue of the purest Virgin.

2 Court. I am sorry for young *Gabriella* then,
A Maid reputed, ever of fair carriage,
For he has been noted visiting.

1 Court. She is gone then,
Or any else, that promises, or power,
Gifts, or his guilful vows can work upon,
But these are but poor parcels.

2 Court. 'Tis great pity.

1 Court. Nor want these sins a chief Saint to befriend 'em,
The Devil follows him; and for a truth, Sir,
Appears in visible figure often to him,
At which time he's posses'd with sudden trances,
Cold deadly sweats, and griping of the conscience,
Tormented strangely, as they say.

2 Court. Heaven turn him:
This marriage-day mayst thou well curse, fair *Hellen*.
But let's go view the ceremony.

1 Court. I'll walk with you.

Exeunt.

Musick.

*Enter Gabriella, and Maria above. And Lavall, Bride,
States in solemnity as to marriage; and pass over; viz.
Duke, Marine, Longaville.*

Mar. I hear 'em come.

Gab. Would I might never hear more.

Mar. I told you still: but you were so incredulous.
See, there they kiss.

Gab. Adders be your embraces.
The poison of a rotten heart, oh *Hellen*!
Blast thee as I have been; just such a flattery,
With that same cunning face, that smile upon't,
Oh mark it *Marie*, mark it seriously,
That Master smile caught me.

Mar. There's the old Duke, and
Marine her Father.

Gab. Oh!

Mar. There *Longaville* —
The Ladies now.

Gab. Oh, I am murder'd, *Marie*.
Beast, most inconstant beast.

Mar. There.

Gab. There I am not;
No more I am not there: Hear me, oh Heaven!
And all you powers of Justice bow down to me;
But you of pity dye. I am abus'd,
She that depended on your Providence,
She is abus'd: your honor is abus'd.
That noble piece ye made, and call'd it man,
Is turn'd to Devil: all the world's abus'd:
Give me a womans Will, provok'd to mischief,
A two-edg'd heart; my suffering thoughts to wild-fires,
And my embraces to a timeles grave turn.

Mar. Here I'll step in, for 'tis an act of merit.

Gab. I am too big to utter more.

Mar. Take time then.

Exeunt.

Enter Gentille and Casta.

Gent. This solitary life at home undoes thee,
Obscures thy beauty first, which should prefer thee;
Next fills thee full of sad thoughts, which thy years
Must not arrive at yet, they choak thy sweetness;

Follow the time, my Girl, and it will bring thee
Even to the fellowship of the noblest women,
Hellen her self, to whom I would prefer thee,
And under whom this poor and private carriage,
Which I am only able yet to reach at,
Being cast off, and all thy sweets at lustre,
Will take thee as a fair friend, and prefer thee.

Casta. Good Sir, be not so cruel as to seek
To kill that sweet content y'have bred me to:
Have I not here enough to thank Heaven for?
The free air uncorrupted with new flattery.
The water that I touch, unbrib'd with odours
To make me sweet to others: the pure fire
Not smothered up, and choak'd with lustful incense
To make my blood sweat; but burning clear and high,
Tells me my mind must flame up so to Heaven.
What should I do at Court, wear rich apparel?
Methinks these are as warm: And for your state, Sir,
Wealthy enough; Is it you would have me proud,
And like a Pageant, stuck up for amazements?
Teach not your child to tread that path, for fear (Sir)
Your dry bones after death, groan in your grave
The miseries that follow.

Gent. Excellent *Casta*.

Casta. When shall I pray again? (a Courtier)
Or when I do, to what God? what new body
And new face must I make me, with new manners?
For I must be no more my self. Whose Mistress
Must I be first? with whose sin-offering season'd?
And when I am grown so great and glorious
With prostitution of my burning beauties,
That great Lords kneel, and Princes beg for favours,
Do you think I'll be your Daughter, a poor Gentlemans,
Or know you for my Father?

Enter Lavall.

Gent. My best *Casta*.

Oh my most virtuous child! Heaven reigns within thee;
Take thine own choice, sweet child, and live a Saint still.
The Lord *Lavall*, stand by wench.

Lav. Gabriella,

She cannot, nor she dares not make it known,
My greatness crushes her, when e'r she offers:
Why should I fear her then?

Gent. Come, let's pass on wench.

Lav. Gentille, come hither: who's that Gentlewoman?

Gent. A child of mine, Sir, who observing custome,
Is going to the Monastery to her Prayers.

Lav. A fair one, a most sweet one; fitter far
To beautife a Court, than make a Votarist.
Go on, fair Beauty, and in your Orizons
Remember me: will ye, fair sweet?

Casta. Most humbly.

Lav. An admirable Beauty: how it fires me!

Exeunt.

Enter a Spirit.

But she's too full of grace, and I too wicked.
I feel my wonted fit: Defend me, goodness.
Oh! it grows colder still, and stiffer on me,
My hair stands up, my sinews shake and shrink;
Help me good Heaven, and good thoughts dwell within me.
Oh get thee gone, thou evil evil spirit,
Haunt me no more, I charge thee:

Spir. Yes *Lavall*:

Thou art my vassal, and the slave to mischief,
I blast thee with new sin: pursue thy pleasure;
Casta is rare and sweet, a blowing Beauty;
Set thy desires a fire, and never quench 'em
Till thou enjoy'st her; make her all thy Heaven,
And all thy joy, for she is all true happiness:
Thou art powerful, use command; if that prevail not,
Force her: I'll be thy friend.

Lav.

Lav. Oh help me, help me.

Spir. Her virtue, like a spell, sinks me to darkness. *Exit.*

Enter Gentile and Casta.

Gent. He's here still. How is't, noble Lord? me thinks, (Sir,
You look a little wildly. Is it that way?
Is't her you stare on so? I have spy'd your fire, Sir,
But dare not stay the flaming. Come.

Lav. Sweet creature,
Excellent Beauty, do me but the happiness
To be your humblest servant. Oh fair eyes,
Oh blessed, Blessed Sweetness, Divine Virgin!

Casta. Oh good my Lord, retire into your honor:
You're spoken good and virtuous, plac'd and Helme
To govern others from mischances: from example
Of such fair Chronicles as great ones are,
We do, or sure we should direct our lives.
I know y'are full of worth, a school of virtue
Daily instructing us that live below ye,
I make no doubt, dwells there.

Lav. I cannot answer,
She has struck me dumb with wonder.

Casta. Goodness guide ye.

Exeunt.

Lav. She's gone, and with her all light, and has left me
Dark as my black desires. Oh devil lust,
How dost thou hug my blood, and whisper to me,
There is no day again, no time, no living,
Without this lusty Beauty break upon me?
Let me collect my self, I strive like billows,
Beaten against a rock, and fall a fool still.
I must enjoy her, and I will: from this hour
My thoughts, and all my bus'ness shall be nothing.

Enter Maria.

My eating, and my sleeping, but her beauty,
And how to work it.

Mar. Health to my Lord *Lavall!*
Nay good Sir, do not turn with such displeasure;
I come not to afflict your new born pleasures;
My honour'd Mistress, neither let that vex ye,
For nothing is intended, but safe to you

Lav. What of your Mistress? I am full of bus'ness.

Mar. I will be short, my Lord; she, loving Lady,
Considering the unequal tie between ye,
And how your ruine with the Duke lay on it,
As also the most noble match now made,
By me sends back all links of marriage,
All Holy Vows, and Rights of Ceremony,
All promises, oaths, tears, and all such pawns
You left in hostage: only her love she cannot,
For that still follows ye, but not to hurt ye;
And still beholds ye Sir, but not to shame ye:
In recompence of which, this is her suit, Sir,
Her poor and last petition, but to grant her,
When weary nights have cloy'd ye up with kisses,
(As such must come) the honor of a Mistress,
The honor but to let her see those eyes,
(Those eyes she doats on, more than gods do goodness)
And but to kiss you only: with this prayer,
(a prayer only to awake your pity)
And on her knees she made it, that this night
You'd bless her with your company at supper.

Lav. I like this well, and now I think on't better,
I'll make a present use from this occasion:

Mar. Nay, good my Lord, be not so cruel to her
Because she has been yours.

Lav. And to mine own end
A rare way I will work.

Mar. Can love for ever,
The Love of her (my Lord) so perish in ye?
As ye desire in your desires to prosper.
What gallant under Heaven, but *Anjou's* Heir then

Can brag so fair a Wife, and sweet a Mistress?
Good noble Lord.

Lav. Ye mis-apply me, *Marys*;
Nor do I want true pity to your Lady:
Pity and love tell me, too much I have wrong'd her
To dare to see her more: yet if her sweetness
Can entertain a Mediation,
And it must be a great one that can cure me;
My love again, as far as honor bids me,
My service and my self—

Mar. That's nobly spoken.

Lav. Shall hourly see her; want shall never know her;
Nor where she has bestow'd her love, repent her.

Mar. Now whither drives he?

Lav. I have heard *Maria*,
That no two women in the world more lov'd,
Then thy good Mistress, and *Gentile's* fair Daughter.

Mar. What may this mean? you have heard a truth, my
But since the secret Love betwixt you two, (Lord:
My Mistress durst not entertain such friendship;
Casta is quick, and of a piercing judgement,
And quickly will find out a flaw.

Lav. Hold *Marie*:
Shrink not, 'tis good gold, wench: prepare a Banquet,
And get that *Casta* thither; for she's a creature
So full of forcible Divine persuasion,
And so unwearied ever with good offices,
And she shall cure my ill cause to my Mistress,
And make all errors up.

Mar. I'll do my best, Sir:
But she's too fearful, coy, and scrupulous,
To leave her Fathers house so late; and bashful
At any mans appearance, that I fear, Sir;
'Twill prove impossible.

Lav. There's more gold, *Marie*,
And fain thy Mistress wondrous sick to death, wench.

Mar. I have ye in the wind now, and I'll pay ye.

Lav. She cannot chuse but come; 'tis charity,
The chief of her profession: undertake this,
And I am there at night; if not, I leave ye.

Mar. I will not loose this offer, though it fall out
Clean cross to that we cast, I'll undertake it,
I will, my Lord; she shall be there.

Lav. By——?

Mar. By—— she shall.

Lav. Let it be something late then.
For being seen, now force or favour wins her.
My spirits are grown dull strong wine, and store,
Shall set 'em up again, and make me fit
To draw home at the enterprize I aim at.

Ma. Go thy way: false Lord, if thou hold'st, thou pay'st
The price of all thy lusts. Thou shalt be there
Thou modest Maid, if I have any working,
And yet thy honor safe; for which this thief
I know has set this meeting: but I'll watch him.

Enter Perelot.

Per. Maria.

Mar. Are mine eyes mine own? or bless me,
Am I deluded with a flying shadow?

Per. Why do you start so from me?

Mar. It speaks sensibly,
And shews a living body: yet I am fearful.

Per. Give me your hand, good *Maria*.

Mar. He feels warm too.

Per. And next your lips.

Mar. He kisses perfectly.

Nay, and the Devil be not worse: you are *Perelot*.

Per. I was, and sure I should be: Can a small distance,
And ten short months take from your memory
The figure of your friend, that you stand wondring?
Be not amaz'd, I am the self-same *Perelot*,
Living, and well; Son to *Gentile*, and Brother

To virtuous *Cats*, to your beauteous Mistriſs,
The long ſince poor betroth'd, and ſtill vow'd fervant.

Mar. Nay, ſure he lives. My Lord *Lavall*, your Maſter,
Brought news long ſince to your much mourning Miſtriſs,
Ye dy'd at *Orleanſe*; bound her with an oath too,
To keep it ſecret from your aged Father,
Leſt it ſhould rack his heart.

Per. A pretty ſecret
To try my Miſtriſs Love, and make my welcome
From travel of more worth; from whence, Heaven be thanked,
My buſineſs for the Duke diſpatch'd to th' purpoſe,
And all my money ſpent, I am come home, wench.
How does my Miſtriſs? for I have not yet ſeen
Any, nor will I, till I do her ſervice,

Mar. But did the Lord *Lavall* know of your love, Sir, be-
fore he went?

Per. Yes, by much more force he got it,
But none elle knew; upon his promiſe too
And honor to conceal it faithfully
Till my return; to further which, he told me,
My buſineſs being ended, from the Duke
He would procure a penſion for my ſervice,
Able to make my Miſtriſs a fit Husband.

Mar. But are you ſure of this?

Per. Sure as my ſight, wench.

Mar. Then is your Lord a baſe diſſembling villain,
A Devil Lord, the damn'd Lord of all lewdneſs,
And has betray'd ye, and undone my Miſtriſs,
My poor ſweet Miſtriſs: oh that leacher Lord,
Who, poor ſoul, ſince was married.

Per. To whom, *Maria*?

Mar. To that unlucky Lord, a —— upon him;
Whoſe hot horſe-appetite being allaid once
With her chaſte joyes, married again, ſcarce cool'd,
The Torch yet not out, the yellow *Hymen*
Lighted about the bed, the Songs yet ſounding,
Mirine's young noble Daughter *Helena*,
Whoſe miſchief ſtands at door next. Oh that recreant!

Per. Oh villain! Oh moſt unmanly falſhood!
Nay then I ſee, my Letters were betray'd too.
Oh, I am full of this, great with his miſchiefs,
Loaden and burſt: Come, lead me to my Lady.

Mar. I cannot, Sir, *Lavall* keeps her conceal'd.
Beſides, her griefs are ſuch, ſhe will ſee no man.

Per. I muſt, and will go to her: I will ſee her:
There be my friend, or this ſhall be thy furtheſt. (me,

Mar. Hold, and I'll help thee: but firſt ye ſhall ſwear to
As you are true and gentle, as ye hate
This beaſtly and baſe Lord, where I ſhall place ye,
(Which ſhall be within ſight) till I diſcharge ye,
What-e'er you ſee or hear, to make no motion.

Per. I do by ——

Mar. Stay here about the houſe then,
Till it be later; yet the time's not perfect:
There at the back door I'll attend you truly.

Per. Oh monſtrous, monſtrous, beaſtly villain. *Exit.*

Mar. How croſs this falls, and from all expectation?
And what the end ſhall be, Heaven only yet knows:
Only I wiſh, and hope. But I forget ſtill,
Caſta muſt be the bait, or all miſcarries. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gentille with a Torch, Shalloon above.

Gent. Holla, *Shalloon*.

Shal. Who's there?

Gent. A word from the Duke, Sir.

Shal. Your pleaſure.

Gent. Tell your Lord he muſt to Court ſtrait.

Shal. He is ill at eaſe: and prays he may be pardon'd
The occaſions of this night.

Gent. Belike he is drunk then:
He muſt away; the Duke and his fair Lady,
The beauteous *Helena*, are now at *Cent*.
Of whom ſhe has ſuch fortune in her carding,
The Duke has loſt a thouſand Crowns, and ſwears,
He will not go to bed, till by *Lavall*.

The Tide of loſs be turn'd again. Awake him,
For 'tis the pleaſure of the Duke he muſt riſe.

Sha. Having ſo ſtrict command (Sir) to the contrary,
I dare not do it: I beſeech your pardon.

Gent. Are you ſure he is there?

Sha. Yes.

Gent. And aſleep?

Sha. I think ſo.

Gent. And are you ſure you will not tell him, *Shaloon*?

Sha. Yes, very ſure.

Gent. Then I am ſure, I will.

Open, or I muſt force,

Sha. Pray ye ſtay, he is not,

Nor will not be this night. You may excuſe it.

Gent. I knew he was gone about ſome womans labour.
As good a neighbor, though I ſay it, and as comfortable:
Many ſuch more we need *Shaloon*. Alas, poor Lady,
Thou art like to lie croſs-legg'd to night. Good Monsieur,
I will excuſe your Maſter for this once, Sir,
Becauſe ſometimes I have lov'd a wench my ſelf too.

Sha. 'Tis a good hearing, Sir.

Gent. But for your lye, *Shaloon*,
If I had you here, it ſhould be no good hearing.
For your pate I would pummel.

Sha. A fair good night, Sir.

Gent. Good night, thou noble Knight, Sir *Pandarus*.
My heart is cold o'th' ſuddain, and a ſtrange dulneſs
Poſſeſſes all my body: thy Will be done Heaven. *Exit.*

Enter Gabriella and Caſta: and Maria with a Taper.

Caſta. 'Faith Friend, I was even going to my bed,
When your Maid told me of your ſudden ſickneſs:
But from my grave (ſo truly I love you)
I think your name would raiſe me: ye look ill
Since laſt I ſaw ye, much decay'd in colour:
Yet I thank Heaven, I find no ſuch great danger
As your Maid frighted me withal: take courage
And give your ſickneſs courſe: ſome grief you have got
That feeds within upon your tender ſpirits,
And wanting open way to vent it ſelf,
Murders your mind, and choaks up all your ſweetneſs.

Gab. It was my Maids fault; worthy friend, to trouble ye,
So late, upon ſo light a cauſe: yet ſince I have ye
Oh my dear *Caſta*.

Caſta. Out with it, Gods name.

Gab. The Cloſſet of my heart, I will lock here, wench,
Lavall knocks within.

And things ſhall make ye tremble. Who's that knocks there?

Mar. 'Tis *Lavall*.

Gab. Sit you ſtill. Let him in.

I am reſolv'd, and all you wronged women,
You noble ſpirits, that as I have ſuffer'd
Under this glorious beaſt-ſulſting man,
Lend me your cauſes, then your cruelties,
For I muſt put on madneſs above women.

Caſt. Why do you look ſo ghawtly?

Gab. Peace; no harm, Deer.

Enter Lavall.

Lav. There, take my cloak and ſword: Where is this
Mar. In the next room, (Banquet?)

Caſta. How came he here? Heaven bleſs me.

Lav. Give me ſome Wine wench; fill it full, and ſprightly,

Gab. Sit ſtill, and be not fearful.

Lav. Till my veins ſwell,

And my ſtrong ſinews ſtretch like that brave *Centaur*,
That at the Table ſnatch'd the Bride away
In ſpight of *Hercules*.

Caſta. I am betray'd.

Lav. Nay, ſtart not Lady; 'tis for you that I come,
And for your beauty: 'tis for you, *Lavall*
Honors this night; to you, the ſacred ſhrine
I humbly bow, offering my vows and prayers;
To you I live.

Gab. In with the powder quickly:
So, that and the Wine will rock ye.

Of the most beauteous and divine, fair *Casta*,
The star of sweetness.

Gab. Fear him not, I'll die first.
And who shall pledge ye?

Lav. Thou shalt, thou tann'd Gipsy:
And worship to that brightness give, cold *Tartar*:
By——ye shall not stir; ye are my Mistress,
The glory of my love, the great adventure,
The Mistress of my heart, and she my whore.

Gab. Thou ly'st, base, beastly Lord; drunker than anger,
Thou sowd Lord, got by a surfeit, thou lyest basely.
Nay, stir not: I dare tell thee so. Sit you still.

If I be whore, it is in marrying thee,
That art so absolute and full a villain,
No Sacrament can save that piece tied to thee.
How often hast thou woo'd in those flatteries,
Almo st those very words, my constancie
What goddesses have I not been, or what goodness?
What star that is of any name in Heaven,
Or brightness? which of all the virtues
(But drunkenness, and drabbing, thy two morals)
Have not I reach'd to? what Spring was ever sweeter?
What *Scythian* snow so white? what crystal chaster?
Is not thy new wife now the same too? Hang thee,
Base Bigamist, thou honor of ill women.

Cast. How's this? O! Heaven defend me.

Gab. Thou salt-itch,
For whom no cure but ever burning brimstone
Can be imagin'd.

Lav. Ha, ha, ha.
Gab. Dost thou laugh, thou breaker
Of all law, all religion, of all faith
Thou Soule contemner?

Lav. Peace, thou paltry woman:
And sit by me, Sweet.

Gab. By the Devil?

Lav. Come,
And lull me with delights

Gab. It works amain now.

Lav. Give me such kisses as the *Queen of shadows*
Gave to the sleeping boy she stole on *Latmus*;
Look round about in snake wreathes close folded,
Those rosie arms about my neck, O! *Venus*.

Gab. Fear not, I say.

Lav. Thou admirable sweetness,
Distill thy blessings like those silver drops,
That falling on fair grounds, rise all in roses:
Shoot me a thousand darts from those fair eyes,
And through my heart transfix 'em all, I'll stand 'em.

Send me a thousand smiles, and presently
I'll catch 'em in mine eyes, and by Love's power
Turn 'em to *Cupids* all, and sling 'em on thee,
How high she looks, and heavenly! More wine for me.

Gab. Give him more wine, and good friend be not fearful.

Lav. Here on my knee, thou Goddess of delights,
This lustie grape I offer to thy Beauties;
See how it leaps to view that perfect redness
That dwells upon thy lips: now, how it blushes
To be outblush'd. Oh! let me feed my fancie,
And as I hold the purple god in one hand
Dancing about the brim'd and proudly swelling,
Deck'd in the pride of nature young, and blowing,
So let me take fair *Semele* in the other,
And sing the loves of gods, then drink, their Nectar's
Not yet desir'd.

Cast. Oh!

Lav. Then like lustie *Tarquin*
Turn'd into flames with *Lucrece* coy denyals,
His blood and spirit equally ambitious,
I force thee for my own.

Cast. O help me Justice:
Help me, my Chastitie.

Lav. Now I am bravely quarried.

Per. 'Tis my Sister.

Perolet above.

Gab. No, bawdy slave, no Traacher, she is not carried
Per. She's loose again, and gone. I'll keep my place still.
Mar. Now it works bravely: stand, he cannot hurt ye.

Lav. O my sweet Love, my life. *He falls.*
downe, and sleeps

Mar. He sinks.

Lav. My blessing,

Mar. So, now he is safe a while.

Gab. Lock all the doors, wench,

Then for my wrongs.

Per. Now I'll appear to know all.

Gab. Be quick, quick, good *Marie*, sure and sudden.

Per. Stay, I must in first.

Gab. O' my conscience!

It is young *Perolet*: Oh my stung conscience!

It is my first and noblest Love.

Mar. Leave wondring,
And recollect your self: the man is living.
Equally wrong'd as you, and by that Devil.

Per. 'Tis most true, Lady: your unhappy fortune
I grieve for as mine own, your fault forgive too,
If it be one. This is no time for kisses:

I have heard all, and known all, which mine ears
Arc crack'd apieces with, and my heart perish'd.
I saw him in your chamber, saw his fury.

And am a fire till I have found his heart out.

What do you mean to do? for I'll make one.

Gab. To make his death more horrid (for he shall dye)

Per. He must, he must.

Gab. We'll watch him till he wakes,

Then bind him, and then torture him.

Per. 'Tis nothing.

No, take him dead drunk now without repentance,
His leachery in seam'd upon him.

Gab. Excellent.

Per. I'll do it my self; and when 'tis done, provide ye,
For we'll away for *Italy* this night.

Gab. We'll follow thorow all hazards.

Per. Oh false Lord,

Unmanly, mischievous; how I could curse thee;
But that but blasts thy fame; have at thy heart, fool:
Loop-holes I'll make enough to let thy life out.

Lav. Oh! does the devil ride me?

Per. Nay then.

Lav. Murder.

Nay, then take my share too.

Per. Help; oh! he has slain me.

Bloody intentions must have blood.

Lav. Hah?

Per. Heaven.

Gab. He sinks, he sinks, for ever sinks: oh fortune!

Oh sorrow! how like seas thou flowest upon me?

Here will I dwell for ever. Weep *Maria*,

Weep this young man's misfortune: oh thou truest!

Enter Spirit.

Lav. What have I done?

Spir. That that has mark'd thy soul man.

Lav. And art thou come again thou dismal spirit?

Spir. Yes, to devour thy last.

Lav. Mercy upon thee,

Spir. Thy hour is come: succession, honor, pleasure,
And all the lustre thou so long hast look'd for
Must here have end: Summon thy sins before thee.

Lav. Oh my affrighted soul!

Spir. There lies a black one;

Thy own best servant by thy own hand slain,
Thy drunkenness procur'd it: There's another:
Think of fair *Gabriella*, there she weeps;
And such tears are not lost.

Lav. Oh miserable!

Spir. Thy foul intention to the virtuous *Cast.*

Lav. No more, no more, thou wild-fire.

A a a

Spir.

Spir. Last, thy last wife,
Think on the wrong she suffers.

Lav. O my miserie.
Oh! whither shall I flie?

Spir. Thou halt no faith, fool.
Heark to thy knell. *Sings, and vanishes.*

Lav. Millions of sins muster about mine eyes now:
Murders, ambirions, lust, false faiths; O horror,
In what a stormie form of death thou rid't now!
Me thinks I see all tortures, fires, and frosts,
Deep smking caves, where nothing but despair dwels,
The balefull birds of night hovering about 'em;
A grave, me thinks, now opens, and a herse
Heng with my Arms tumbles into it; oh!
Oh! my afflicted soul: I cannot pray;
And the least child that has but goodnes in him
May strike my head off; so stupid are my powers:
I'd lift mine eyes up though.

Mar. Cease these laments,
They are too poor for vengeance: *Lavall* lives yet.

Gab. Then thus I drie all sorrows from these eyes,
Fury and rage possess 'em now: damn'd divell.

Lav. Hah?

Gab. This for young *Perolot*.

Lav. O mercy, mercy.

Gab. This for my wrongs.

Lav. But one short hour to cure me.

Knock within.

Oh be not cruell: Oh! oh.

Mar. Heark, they knock.
Make hast for Heavens sake, *Mistris*.

Gab. This for *Casta*.

Lav. Oh, O, O, O!

He dies.

Mar. He's dead: come quickly, let 's away with him,
'T will be too late else.

Gab. Help, help up to th' chamber,
Exeunt with Lavalls body.

*Enter Duke, Hellena, Gentile, Casta, and attendants,
with lights.*

Duke. What frights are these?

Gent. I am sure here 's one past frightening.
Bring the lights neerer: I have enough already.
Out, out, mine eyes. Look, *Castia*.

Lord. 'T is young *Perolot*,

Duke. When came he over? Hold the Gentlewoman,
she sinks; and bear her off.

Cast. O my dear brother!

Exit.

Gent. There is a time for all; for me, I hope, too,
And very shortly. *Murdred?*

Gabriella, Maria, with Lavalls body, above.

Duke. Who 's above there?

Gab. Look up, and see.

Duke. What may this mean?

Gab. Behold it;

Behold the drunken murderer
Of that young Gentleman; behold the rankest,
The vilest, basest slave that ever flourish'd.

Duke. Who kill'd him?

Gab. I; and there 's the cause I did it:
Read, if your eyes will give you leave.

Hell. Oh! monstrous.

Gab. Nay, out it shall: there, take this false heart to ye;
The base dishonor of a thousand women:
Keep it in gold, *Duke*, 'tis a precious jewel.
Now to my self; for I have liv'd a fair age,
Longer by some moneths than I had a mind to.

Duke. Hold.

Gab. Here, young *Perolot*; my first contracted
True love shall never go alone.

Duke. Hold, *Gabriella*.

I do forgive all.

Gab. I shall die the better,

Thus let me seek my grave, and my shames with me.

Mar. Nor shalt thou go alone my noble *Mistris*:
Why should I live, and thou dead?

Lord. Save the wench there.

Mar. She is, I hope; and all my sins here written.

Duke. This was a fatal night.

Gent. Heaven has his working,
Which we cannot contend against.

Duke. Alas!

Gent. Your Grace has your alas too.

Duke. Would 't were equal;

For thou hast lost an honest noble childe.

Gent. 'T is heir enough has lost a good remembrance.

Duke. See all their bodies buried decently,
Though some deserv'd it not. How do you, *Lady*?

Hell. Even with your Graces leave, ripe for a Monasterie;
There will I wed my life to tears and prayers,
And never know what man is more.

Duke. Your pleasure;

How does the maid within?

Lord. She is gone before, Sir,

The same course that my *Lady* takes.

Gent. And my course shall be my Beads at home; so
Please your Grace to give me leave to leave the Court.

Duke. In peace, Sir,

And take my love along.

Gent. I shall pray for ye.

Duke. Now to our selves retire we, and begin
By this example to correct each sin.

Exeunt.

Flourish.

King. Em. By this we plainly view the two imposthumes
That choke a kingdoms welfare; Ease, and Wantonness;
In both of which *Lavall* was capital:

For first, Ease stole away his minde from honor,
That active noble thoughts had kept still working,
And then deliver'd him to drink and women,
Lust and outragious riot; and what their ends are,
How infamous and foul, we see example.

Therefore, that great man that will keep his name,
And gain his merit out of Virtues schools,
Must make the pleasures of the world his fools.

Flourish.

The TRIUMPH.

*Enter Musicians: next them, Perolot with the wound
he died with. Then Gabriella and Maria, with their
wounds: after them, four Furies with Bannerets in-
crib'd Revenge, Murder, Lust and Drunkenness, sing-
ing. Next them, Lavall wounded. Then Chariot with
Death, drawn by the Destinies.*

Flourish.

Enter PROLOGUE.

*From this sad sight ascend your noble eye,
And see old Time helping triumphantly,
Helping his Master Man: view here his vanities
And see his false friends like those gluttet flies,
That when they've suckt their fill, fall off, and fade
From all remembrance of him, like a shade.
And last, view who relieves him; and that gone,
We hope your favour, and our Play is done.*

Flourish.

Enter Anthropos, Desire, and Vain Delight; Bounty.

Ant. What hast thou done, *Desire*, and how employ'd
The charge I gave thee, about levying wealth
For our supplies?

Desire. I have done all, yet nothing :
Tri'd all, and all my ways, yet all miscarried ;
There dwells a fordid dulness in their mindes
Thou son of earth, colder then that thou art made of,
I came to *Craft*, found all his hooks about him,
And all his nets baited and set; his slie felt
And greedie *Lucre* at a serious conference
Which way to tie the world within their statutes :
Busines of all sides and of all sorts swarming
Like Bees broke loose in summer : I declared
Your will and want together, both enforcing
With all the power and pains I had, to reach him ;
Yet all fell short.

Anth. His answer.

Desire. This he gave me.

Your wants are never ending ; and those supplies
That came to stop those breaches, are ever lavisht
Before they reach the main, in toys and trifles,
Gew-gaws, and gilded puppets: *Vain delight*
He says has ruin'd ye, with clapping all
That comes in for support, on clothes, and Coaches,
Perumes, and powder'd pates; and that your Mistris,
The Lady *Pleasure*, like a sea devours
At length both you and him too. If you have houses,
Or land, or jewels, for good pawn, he'll hear you,
And will be readie to supplie occasions;
If not, he locks his ears up, and grows stupid.
From him, I went to *Vanity*, whom I found
Attended by an endless troop of Tailors,
Mercers, Embroiderers, Feather-makers, Fumers,
All occupations opening like a Mart,
That serve to rig the body out with braverie ;
And th' row the roome new fashions flew like flies,
In thousand gaudie shapes ; *Pride* waiting on her,
And busily surveying all the breaches
Time and delaying Nature had wrought in her,
Which still with art she picc'd again, and strengthened.
I told your wants; she shew'd me gowns and head-tires,
Imbroider'd waistcoats, smocks seam'd thorow with cut-
works,
Scarfs, mantles, petticoats, muffs, powders, paintings,
Dogs, monkeys, parrots, which all seemed to shew me
The way her money went. From her to *Pleasure*
I took my journey.

Anth. And what says our best Mistris?

Desire. She danc'd me out this answer presently :
Revels and Masques had drawn her drie already.
I met old *Time* too, mowing mankind down,
Who says you are too hot, and he must purge ye.

Anth. A cold *quietus*. Miserable creatures,
Born to support and beautifie your master,
The godlike man, set here to do me service,
The children of my will; why, or how dare ye,
Created to my use alone, disgrace me?
Beasts have more courtisie; they live about me,
Offering their warm wooll to the shearers hand,
To clothe me with their bodies to my labours;
Nay, even their lives they daily sacrifice,
And proudly pres with garlands to the altars,
To fill the gods oblations. Birds bow to me,
Striking their downie sails to do me service,
Their sweet airs ever ecchoing to mine honor,
And to my rest their plumie softs they send me.
Fishes, and plants, and all where life inhabits,
But mine own cursed kind, obey their ruler;
Mine have forgot me, miserable mine,
Into whose stonic hearts, neglect of dutie,
Squint-ey'd deceit, and self-love, are crept closely:
None feel my wants, not one mend with me.

Desire. None, Sir?

Ant. Thou hast forgot (*Desire*) thy best friend, *Flatterie*;
He cannot fail me.

Delight. Fail? he will sell himself,
And all within his power, close to his skin first.

Desire. I thought so too, and made him my first venture
But found him in a young Lords ear so busie,
So like a smiling showr pouring his soul
In at his portals, his face in a thousand figures
Catching the vain mind of the men: I pull'd him,
But still he hung like birdlime; spoke unto him,
His answer still was, By the Lord, sweet Lord,
And By my soul, thou master-piece of honor;
Nothing could stave him off: he has heard your flood's gone;
And on decaying things he seldom smiles, Sir.

Anth. Then here I break up state, and free my followers,
Putting my fortune now to *Time*, and *Justice*:
Go seek new masters now; for *Anthropos*
Neglected by his friends, must seek new fortunes.

Desire, to *Avarice* I here commend thee,
Where thou may'st live at full bent of thy wishes:
And *Vain Delight*, thou feeder of my follies
With light fantastickness, be thou in favour.
To leave thee, *Bountie*, my most worthie servant,
Troubles me more then my own misery;
But we must part: go plant thy self, my best friend,
In honorable hearts that truly know thee,
And there live ever like thy self, a virtue:
But leave this place, and seek the Countrey,
For Law, and lust, like fire lick all up here.
Now none but *Poverty* must follow me,
Despis'd patch'd *Poverty*; and we two married,
Will seek *Simplicity*, *Content* and *Peace* out.

Enter Poverty.

And live with them in exile. How uncall'd on
My true friend comes!

Poverty. Here, hold thee, *Anthropos*,
Thou art almost arm'd at rest; put this on,
A penitential robe, to purge thy pleasures:
Off with that vanitie.

Anth. Here, *Vain Delight*,
And with this all my part, to thee again
Of thee I freely render.

Pov. Take this staff now,
And be more constant to your steps hereafter:
The staff is *Staidness of affections*.
A way you painted flies, that with mans summet
Take life and heat buzzing about his blossoms;
When growing full, ye turn to Caterpillers,
Gnawing the root that gave you life. Fly shadows.

Exeunt desire and delight.

Now to *Content* I'll give thee, *Anthropos*,
To *Rest* and *Peace*: no vanitie dwells there;
Desire and *Pleasure*, to delude thy mind more;
No *Flatteries* smooth-fil'd tongue shall poison thee.

Anth. O! *Jupiter*, if I have ever offer'd
Upon thy burning Altars but one Sacrifice
Thou and thy fair-ey'd *Juno* smil'd upon;
If ever, to thine honor, bounteous feasts,
Where all thy statuas sweet with wine and incense,
Have by the son of earth been celebrated:
Hear me (the child of shame now) hear thou helper,
And take my wrongs into thy hands, thou justice
Done by unmindful man, unmerciful,
Against his master done, against thy order;
And raise again, thou father of all honor,
The poor despis'd, but yet thy noblest creature.
Raise from his ruines once more this sunk Cedar,
That all may fear thy power, and I proclaim it. *Exeunt.*

*Jupiter and Mercury descend severally. Trumpets
small above.*

Jup. Ho! *Mercury*, my winged son.

Mer. Your servant.

Jup. Whose powerful prayers were those that reach'd
our ears,

Arm'd in such spells of pity now?

Mer. The sad petitions
Of the scorn'd ion of earth, the gold-like *Anthropos*,
He that has swell'd your sacred fires with incense,
And pil'd upon your Altars a thousand heifers;
He that beguil'd by *Vanity* and *Pleasure*,
Desire, *Craft*, *Flattery*, and smooth *Hypocrisie*)
Stands now despis'd and ruin'd, left to *Poverty*.

Jup. It must not be; he was not rais'd for ruine;
Nor shall those hands heav'd at my Altars, perish:
He is our noblest creature. Flee to *Time*,
And charge him presently release the bands
Of *Poverty* and *Want* this suitor sinks in:
Tell him, among the Sun-burnt *Indians*,
That know no other wealth but Peace and pleasure,
She shall find golden *Plutus*, god of riches,
Who idly is ador'd, the innocent people
Not knowing yet what power and weight he carries:
Bid him compell him to his right use, honor,
And presently to live with *Anthropos*.
It is our Will. Away.

Mer. I do obey it.

Jupiter and Mercury ascend again.

Musick. Enter *Plutus*, with a troop of *Indians*, singing and dancing wildly about him, and bowing to him: which ended, Enter *Time*.

Time. Rise, and away; 'tis *Joves* command.

Plut. I will not:

Ye have some fool to furnish now; some *Midas*
That to no purpose I must choak with riches:
Who must I go to?

Time. To the son of earth;
He wants the god of wealth.

Plut. Let him want still:
I was too lately with him, almost torn
Into ten thousand pieces by his followers:
I could not sleep, but *Craft* or *Vanity*
Were fling off my fingers; not eat, for fear
Pleasure would cast her self into my belly,
And there surprize my heart.

Time. These have forsaken him:
Make haste then, thou must with me: be not angry,
For fear a greater anger light upon thee.

Plut. I do obey then: but change my figure;
For when I willingly befriended a creature,
Goodly, and full of glory I shew to him;
But when I am compell'd, old, and decrepid,
I halt, and hang upon my staff. Farewell, friends,
I will not be long from ye; all my servants
I leave among ye still, and my chief riches.

Exeunt Indians with a dance.

Oh *Time*, what innocence dwells here, what goodness!
They know me not, nor hurt me not, yet hug me.
Away, I'll follow thee: but not too fast, *Time*.

Exeunt Plutus and Time.

Enter *Anthropos*, *Honesty*, *Simplicity*, *Humility*, *Poverty*.

Humil. Man, be not sad, nor let this divorce
From *Mundus*, and his many ways of pleasure,
Afflict thy spirits; which consider'd rightly
With inward eyes, makes thee arrive at happy.

Pov. For now what danger or deceit can reach thee?
What matter left for *Craft* or *Covetize*
To plot against thee? what *Desire* to burn thee?

Honest. Oh son of earth, let *Honesty* possess thee;
Be as thou wast intended, like thy Maker;
See throw those gawdy shadows, that like dreams
Have dwelt upon thee long: call up thy goodness,
Thy mind and man with thee, that lie shipwrack'd,
And then how thin and vain these fond'affections,

How lame this worldly love, how lump-like raw
And ill digested all these vanities
Will shew, let *Reason* tell thee,

Simpl. Crown thy mind
With that above the worlds wealth, joyful suff'ring,
And truly be the master of thy self.
Which is the noblest Empire; and there stand
The thing thou wert ordain'd, and set to govern.

Pov. Come, let us sing the worlds shame: hear us, *Anthropos*.

Song: And then Enter *Time* and *Plutus*.

Hon. Away; we are betrayd.

Exeunt all but Poverty.

Time. Get thou too after,
Thou needy bare companion; go for ever,
For ever, I conjure thee: make no answer.

Exit Poverty.

Amb. What mak'st thou here, *Time*? thou that to this
Minute, never stood still by me?

Time. I have brought thee succour;
And now catch hold, I am thine: The god of riches
(Compell'd by him that saw thy miseries,
The ever just and wakeful *Jove*, at length)
Is come unto thee: use him as thine own;
For 'tis the doom of Heaven: he must Obey thee.

Amb. Have I found pity then?

Time. Thou hast; and *Justice*
Against those false seducers of thine honor:
Come, give him present helps.

Exit Time.

Industry and the Arts discovered.

Plut. Come *Industry*,
Thou friend of life; and next to thee, rise *Labour*;
Plutus stamps. *Labour rises.*
Rise presently: and now to your employments;
But first conduct this mortal to the rock.

*They carry Anthropos to a Rock,
and fall a digging.*

What see'st thou now?

*Plutus strikes the Rock,
and flames flie out.*

Amb. A glorious Mine of Metal.

Oh *Jupiter*, my thanks..

Plut. To me a little.

Amb. And to the god of wealth, my Sacrifice.

Plut. Nay, then I am rewarded. Take heed now, Son,
You are afloat again, lest *Mundus* catch ye.

Amb. Neve betray me more.

Plut. I must to *India*,
From whence I came, where my main wealth lies buried,
And these must with me. Take that Book and Mattock,
And by those, know to live again.

Exeunt Plutus, Industry, Labour, &c.

Amb. I shall do.

Enter *Fame* sounding.

Fame. Thorow all the world, the fortune of great *An*,
Be known and wonder'd at; his riches envy'd
As far as Sun or *Time* is; his power fear'd too.

Exeunt,

MUSICK.

Enter *Delight*, *Pleasure*, *Lucre*; *Craft*, *Vanity*, &c. dancing (and *Masqu'd*) towards the Rock, offering service to *Anthropos*. *Mercury* from above. *Musick* heard. One half of a cloud drawn. *Singers* are discovered: then the other half drawn. *Jupiter* seen in glory.

Mer. Take heed, weak man, those are the sins that
sunk thee:

True

Trust 'em no more : kneel, and give thanks to *Jupiter*.

Amb. Oh mighty power!

Jup. Unmask, ye gilded poisons:

Now look upon 'em, son of earth, and shame 'em;

Now see the faces of thy evil Angels,

Lead 'em to *Time*, and let 'em fill his Triumph:

Their memories be here forgot for ever.

Amb. Oh just great god! how many lives of service,

What ages only given to thine honor.

What infinites of vows, and holy prayers,

Can pay my thanks?

Jup. Rise up: and to assure thee

That never more thou shalt feel want. Strike *Mercury*.

Strike him; and by that stroke he shall for ever

Live in that rock of Gold, and still enjoy it.

Be't done, I say. Now sing in honor of him.

S O N G.

Enter the Triumph. First, the Musicians: then Vain Delight, Pleasure, Craft, Lucre, Vanity, and other of the Vices: Then a Chariot with the person of Time sitting in it, drawn by four persons, representing Hours, singing.

Exeunt.

Flourish.

King. Em. By this we note (sweet-heart) in Kings

(and Princes

A weakness, even in spite of all their wisdoms.

And often to be master'd by abuses:

Our natures here describ'd too, and what humors

Prevail above our Reasons to undo us.

But this the last and best. When no friend stands,

The gods are merciful, and lend their hands.

Flourish.

Epilogue

Now as the Husbandman, whose Costs and Pain,
 Whose Hopes and Helps lie buried in his Grain,
 Waiting a happy Spring to ripen full
 His long'd-for Harvest, to the Reapers pull;
 Stand we expecting, having sown our Ground
 With so much charge, (the fruitfulness not found)
 The Harvest of our Labours: For we know
 You are our Spring; and when you smile, we grow.
 Nor Charge nor Pain, shall bind us from your Pleasures,
 So you but lend your hands to fill our Measures.

FINIS.

Exhibit

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

EXHIBIT

