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# THE RENEGADO,

*A TRAGÆCOMEDIE.*

As it hath beene often acted by the  
Queenes Maiesties seruants, at  
the priuate Play-houſe in  
*Drurye-Lane.*

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By PHILIP MASSINGER.

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LONDON,  
Printed by *A. M.* for *Iohn Waterſon,*  
and are to be ſold at the *Crowne* in  
*Pauls Church-Yard.* 1630.



Dramatis Personæ.

The Actors names.

ASAMBEG, *Viceroy of Tunis.*

John Blanye.

MVSTAPHA, *Basha of Aleppo.*

John Sumner.

VITELLI, *A Gentleman of Venice disguis'd.*

Michael Bowier.

FRANCISCO, *A Jesuite.*

William Reignalds.

ANTHONIO GRIMALDI the Renegado.

William Allen.

CARAZIE *an Eunuch.*

William Robins.

GAZET *servant to Vitelli.*

Edward Shakerley.

AGA.

CAPUAGA.

MASTER.

BOTESVVAINE.

SAYLORS.

TAILOR.

3. TURKES.

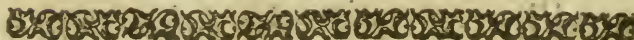
DONVSA, *niece to AMVRATH.*

Edward Rogers.

PAVLINA, *Sister to Vitelli.*

Theo. Bourne.

MANTO, *servant to Donusa.*



and are to be sold at the Theatre in

Pauls Church-yard. 1695.

151,645

May 1875



TO THE RIGHT HO-  
NOVRABLE GEORGE HARDING,  
Baron *Barkley*, of *Barkley Castle*,  
and Knight of the Honourable  
Order of the *BATHE*.

*My good Lord.*

**H**O be Honoured for old Nobility,  
or Hereditary Titles is not alone  
proper to your Selve, but to some  
few of your rancke, who may chal-  
lenge the like priuiledge with you :  
but in our age to vouchsafe ( as you  
haue often done ) a ready hand to rayse the  
deiected spirits of the contemned Sonnes of  
the Muses, Such as would not suffer the glo-  
rious fire of Poesie to be wholly extingui-  
shed, is so remarkable, and peculiar to your  
Lordship, that with a full vote, and suffrage  
it is acknowledged, that the Patronage, and  
Protection of the Dramatique Poem, is  
yours, and almost without a riuall. I des-  
payre not therefore, but that my ambition  
to present my seruice in this kinde, may in  
your clemency meete with a gentle inter-  
pretation. Confirme it my good Lord in

## The Epistle.

Your gracious acceptance of this trifle, in which if I were not confident there are some peeces worthy the perusall, it should haue beene taught an humbler flight, and the writer ( Your Countrey-man ) neuer yet made happy in your notice, and fauour, had not made this an aduocate to plead for his admission among such as are wholly, and sincerely deuoted to your seruice. I may liue to tender my humble thankfulness in some higher strayne, and till then comfort my selfe with hope, that you descend from your height to receiue.

*Your Honours*

*Commanded Seruant.*

**PHILIP MASSINGER.**

To my Honour'd Friend, Master PHILIP  
MASSINGER, upon his RENEGADO.

**D**Abblers in Poetry that onely can,  
Court this weake Lady, or that Gentleman,  
with some loose witt in rime;  
others that fright the time.

Into beliefe with mighty words, that teare  
a Passage through the eare;  
or Nicer men,

That through a Perspectiue wil see a Play,  
and vse it the wrong way,  
(not worth thy Pen)

Though all their Pride exalt 'em, cannot bee  
Competent Iudges of thy Lines or thee.

I must confesse I haue no Publike name  
To rescue iudgement, no Poeticke flame

to dresse thy Muse with Praise,  
and Phoebus his owne Bayes;

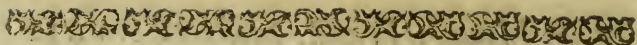
Yet I commend this Poem, and dare tell  
the World I lik'd it well,  
and if there bee

A tribe, who in their Wisedomes dare accuse,  
this offspring of thy Muse,  
let them agree,

Conspire one Comedy, and they will say  
Tis easier to Commend, then make a Play.

JAMES SHIRLEY.





To his worthy Friend Master PHILIP  
MASSENGER, on his Play, Call'd  
the RENEGADO.

**T**HE basome of a friend cannot breath forth  
A flattering phrase to speake the noble Worth  
Of him that hath lodg'd in his honest brest,  
So large a title: I among the rest  
That honour thee, doe onely seeme to prayse  
Wanting the flowers of Art, to decke that Bayes  
Merit has crown'd thy Temples With. Know friend  
Though there are some who mecerely doe commend  
To live i th Worlds opinion such as can  
Censure With Iudgement, no such peece of Man,  
Makes vp my spirit; where desert doe's live,  
There will I plant my wonder, and there giue  
My best indeaouours, to build vp his story  
That truely Merits. I did euer glory  
To behold Vertue rich, though cruell Fate  
In scornfull malice doe's beate low their state  
That best deserue, When others that but know  
Onely to scribble, and no more, of t grow  
Great in their fauours, that would seeme to bee  
Patrons of Witt, and modest Poesie:  
Yet With your abler Friends, let me say this  
Many may strine to equall you, but misse  
Of your fayre scope, this Worke of yours men may  
Throw in the face of enuy, and then say  
To those that are in Great-mens thoughts more blest,  
Imitate this, And call that worke your best.  
Yet Wise-men, in this, and too often, erre  
When they their loue before the worke preferre,  
If I should say more, some may blame me for's  
Seeing your merits speake you, nor report.

DANYEL LAKYN.



# THE RENEGADO.

The Scene *Tunis.*

---

*Actus primus. Scena prima.*

---

*Enter Vitelli, and Gazet.*

*Vitelli.*



Oh haue hirde a Shop then?

*Gazet.* Yes sir, and our wares  
(Though brittle as a maydenhead at six-  
teene)

Are safe vnladen; not a Christall crackt,  
Or China dish needs sodring; our choice  
Pictures

As they came from the workeman, without blemish,  
And I haue studied speeches for each Peece,  
And in a thrifty tone to sell 'em off;  
Will swear by *Mahomet*, and *Termagant*,  
That this is Mistris to the great Duke of *Florence*,  
That Neece to old King *Pippin*, and a third  
An *Austrian* Princeesse by her Roman nose,  
How ere my conscience tels me they are figures  
Of Bawdes, and common Courtezans in *Venice*.

# The Renegado.

*Vitel.* You make no scruple of an oath then?

*Gaz.* Fie sir

'Tis out of my Indentures, I am bound there  
To swear for my Masters profit as securely  
As your intelligencer must for his Prince,  
That sendes him forth an honourable spie  
To serue his purposes. And if it be lawfull  
In a *Christian* shopkeeper to cheate his father,  
I cannot find but to abuse a Turke  
In the sale of our commodities, must bee thought  
A meritorious worke.

*Vitel.* I wonder sirra.

What's your Religion?

*Gaz.* Troth to answere truely

I would not be of one that should command mee  
To feed vpon poore lohn, when I see Pheasants  
And Partridges on the Table: nor doe I like  
The other that allowes vs to eate flesh  
In the Lent though it be rotten, rather then bee  
Thought superstitious, as your zealous Cobler,  
And learned botcher Preach at *Amsterdams*  
Ouer a Hotchpotch. I would not be confin'd  
In my beliefe, when all your Sects, and sectaries  
Are growne of one opinion, if I like it  
I will professe my selfe, in the meane time  
Liue I in *England, Spaine, France, Rome, Genoua.*  
I am of that Countreyes faith,

*Vitel.* And what in *Tunis*,

Will you turne Turke heere?

*Gaz.* No! so I should loose

A Collop of that part my *Doll* inioynd mee  
To bring home as she left it, tis her venture,  
Nor dare I barter that commoditie  
Without her speciall warrant.

*Vitel.* You are a Knaue sir,

Leauing your Roguerie thinke vpon my businessse,



# The Renegado.

It is no time to foole now  
Remember where you are too ! though this Mart time,  
Wee are allowde free trading, and with safetie.  
Temper your tongue and meddle not with the Turkes,  
Their manners, nor Religion.

*Gar.* Take you heede sir  
What colours you weare. Not two houres since there Lan-  
An *English Pirats* Whore with a greene apron, (ded  
And as she walk't the streets, one of their Musties  
Wee call them *Priests at Venice*, with a Razor  
Cutts it of Petticoate, Smocke and all, and leaues her  
As naked as my Nayle : the young *Frie* wondering  
What strange beast it should be. I scap't a scouring  
My Mistres Buskepoynt, of that forbidden coloure  
Then tyde my codpeece, had it beene discover'd  
I had beene caponde.

*Vitel.* And had beene well seru'd ;  
Haste to the Shoppe and set my Wares in order  
I will not long be absent ?

*Gar.* Though I striue sir  
To put of Melencholy, to which, you are euer  
Too much inclinde, it shall not hinder me  
With my best care to serue you

*Exit Gar.*

*Enter Francisco.*

*Vitel.* I belecue thee.  
O wellcome sir, stay of my steppes in this life,  
And guide to all my blessed hopes heereafter.  
What comforts sir ? haue your indeauours prosper'd ?  
Haue wee tirde *Fortunes* malice with our sufferings ?  
Is she at length after so many frownes  
Pleas'd to vouchafe one cheerefull looke vpon vs ?

*Fran.* You giue too much to fortune, and your passions,  
Ore which a wise man, if Religious, triumphs.  
That name fooles worship, and those tyrants which  
Wee arme against our better part, our reason,  
May add, but neuer take from our afflictions :

# The Renegado.

*Vitelli.* Sir as I am a sinfull man, I can not  
But like one suffer;

*Fran.* I exacte not from you  
A fortitude insensible of calamitie,  
To which the Saint's themselues haue bowde and showne  
They are made of flesh, and blood, all that I challenge  
Is manly patience, Will you that vvere train'd vpon  
In a Religious Schoole, where diuine maxims  
Scorning comparifon, vwith morall precepts  
Were daily taught you, beare your constancies triall  
Not like *Vitelli*, but a Village nurse  
With curses in your mouth: Teares in your eyes?  
Hovv poorely it showes in you?

*Vi.* I am School'd fir,  
And will heereafter to my vtmost strength  
Studie to bee my selfe.

*Fran.* So shall you find mee  
Most ready to assist you; Neither haue I  
Slept in your greate occasions since I left you  
I haue bene at the Viceroyes Court and presde  
As far as they allowe a *Christian* entrance,  
And something I haue learn't that may concerne  
The purpose of this iourney.

*Vi.* Deere Sir vvhath is it?

*Fran.* By the command of *Asambeg*, the Viceroy:  
The Cittie swels vwith barbarous Pompe and Pride  
For the entertainement of stout *Mustapha*  
The *Bassa* of *Aleppo*, vvhoh in person  
Comes to receiue the neece of *Amurah*  
The fayre *Donnisa* for his bride.

*Vitel.* I find nor  
Hovv this may profit vs.

*Fran.* Pray you giue mee leaue:  
Among the rest that vwayte vpon the Viceroy,  
(Such as haue vnder him command in *Tanis*.)  
Who as you haue often heard are all false *Prans*,

# The Renegado.

I savv the shame of *Venice* and the scorne  
Of all good men : The periurde *Renegado*  
*Antono Grimaldy* ;

*Vitel.* Ha ! his name  
Is poyson to mee.

*Fran.* Yet againe?

*Vitel.* I haue done sir.

*Fran.* This debauchde villaine: whom we euer thought,  
(After his impious scorne done in *Saint Markes*  
To me as I stood at the holy Altar)  
The theefe that rauish't your fayre sister from you,  
The vertuous *Paulina* not long since,  
(As I am truely giuen to vnderstand)  
Sold to the viceroy a fayre *Christian* Virgin,  
On whom, maugre his fierce and cruell nature  
*Asambeg* dotes extremely.

*Vitel.* Tis my sister  
It must be shee, my better *Angell* tells me  
Tis poore *Paulina*. Farewell all disguises  
Ile show in my reuenge that I am Noble.

*Fran.* You are not mad?

*Vitel.* No sir, my vertuous anger  
Makes every veyne an arterie, I feele in mee  
The strength of twenty men, and being arm'd  
With my good cause to wreake wrong'd innocence  
I dare alone run to the viceroys Court  
And with this Ponyard before his face.  
Digge out *Grimaldies* heart.

*Fran.* Is this Religious?

*Vitel.* Would you haue me tame now ; Can I know  
my sister

Mewde vp in his *Serraglio*, and in danger  
Not alone to loote her honour, but her soule,  
The hell-breed Villaine by too? that has sold both  
To blacke destruction, and not haste to send him  
To the Deuill his tutor? to be patient now,



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But like one suffer.

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In a Religious Schoole, where diuine maxims  
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Hovv this may profit vs.

*Fran.* Pray you giue mee leaue.  
Among the rest that vvayte vpon the Viceroy,  
(Such as haue vnder him command in *Tunisie*)  
Who as you haue often heard are all false *Parasites*,

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Not alone to loose her honour, but her soule,  
The heil-breed Villaine by too? that has sold both  
To blacke destruction, and not haste to send him  
To the Deuill his tutor? to be patient now,

# The Renegado.

Wherein another name to play the Pandor  
To the Viceroyes loose embraces, and cry aime  
While he by force, or flaterie compels her  
To yeeld her fayre name vp to his foule lust,  
And after turne *Apostata* to the faith  
That she was breed in.

*Fran.* D'oe but giue me hearing.  
And you shall soone grant how ridiculous  
This childish fury is. A wise man neuer  
Attempts impossibilities; 'tis as easie  
For any single arme to quell an Army,  
As to effect your wishes; we come hither  
To learne *Paulinas* faith, and to redeeme her,  
(Leaue your reuenge to heauen) I oft haue tould you  
Of a Relique that I gaue her, which has power  
(If we may credit holy mens traditions)  
To keepe the owner free from violence:  
This on her breast she weares, and does preferue  
The vertue of it by her daily prayers.  
So if she fall not by her owne content  
Which it were sinne to thinke: I feare no force.  
Be therefore patient, keepe this borrowed shape  
Till time and oportunitie present vs  
With some fit meanes to see her, which perform'd,  
Ile ioyne with you in any desperate course  
For her deliuary.

*Vitel.* You haue Charmde me sir  
And I obey in all things; Pray you pardon  
The weaknesse of my passion.

*Fran.* And excuse it.  
Be cheerefull man for know that good intents  
Are in the end Crownd with as fayre euent.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus.*



# The Renegado.

## Actus primus. Scena secunda.

---

Enter *Donusa*. *Manto*. *Carazie*.

*Donusa*. Have you seene the *Christian* Captiue,  
The great *Basha* is so enamour'd of?

*Manto*. Yes an't please your Excellency  
I tooke a full view of her, when shee vvas  
Presented to him.

*Donu*. And is she such a wonder  
As tis reported?

*Mant*. She was drown'd in teares then,  
Which tooke much from her beautie, yet in spite  
Of sorrow, shee appear'd the Mistresse of  
Most rare perfections; and though low of stature,  
Her well proportion'd limbes inuite affection;  
And when she speakes, each syllable is musique  
That does inchaunt the hearers. But your Highnesse  
That are not to be paralleld, I yet neuer  
Beheld her equall.

*Donusa*. Come you flatter me,  
But I forgie it, we that are borne great  
Seldome distast our seruants, though they giue vs  
More then wee can pretend too. I haue heard  
That *Christian* Ladies liue with much more freedome  
Then such as are borne heere. Our iealous Turkes  
Neuer permit their faire wiues to be seene  
But at the publique *Bannias*, or the Mosques  
And euen then vayle, and garded. Thou *Carazie*  
Wert borne in England, what's the custome there  
Among your women? Come be free and merry  
I am no seuerer Mistres, nor hast thou met with  
A heauie bondage.

*Car*. Heauie? I was made lighter  
By two stone waight at least to be fit to serue you.

But

# The Renegado.

But to your question Madame, women in England  
For the most part liue like *Queenes*. Your Countrey Ladies  
Haue libertie to haue, to liunt, to feast:

To giue free entertainement to all commers,  
To talke, to kisse, there's no such thing knowne there  
As an Italian girdle. Your *Cittie Dame*  
Without leaue weares the breeches, has her husband  
At as much command as her Prentice, and if need be  
Can make him Cuckold by her *Fathers Coppie*.

*Donna*. But your court Lady?

*Car*. She, I assure you Madame,  
Knowes nothing but her will, must be allow'd  
Her Foot-men, her Caroch, her *Vshers*, her Pages,  
Her Doctor, Chaplines, and as I haue heard  
They are growne of late so learn'd that they maintaine  
A strange Position, which their Lords with all  
Their witt cannot confute.

*Donna*. What's that I prethee?

*Car*. Marry that it is not onely fit but lawfull,  
Your Madame there, her mach rest, and high feeding  
Duely considered, should to ease her husband  
Bee allow'd a priuate friend. They haue drawne a Bill  
To this good purpose, and the next assembly  
Doubt not to passe it.

*Donn*. Wee enjoy no more

That are of the *Othoman* race, though our Religion  
Allowes all pleasure. I am dull, some *Musique*  
Take my *Chiapines* off. So, a lustie straine (a *Galliard*.  
Who knockes there?

*Manto*. Tis the Basha of *Aleppo*

Who humbly makes request he may present  
His seruice to you.

*Donn*. Reach a chaire. Wee must  
Receiue him like our selfe, and not depart vvith  
One peece of Ceremonie, State, and greatnesse  
That may beget respecte, and reuerence

# The Kenegado.

In one that's borne our Vassall. Now admit him :

*Enter Mustapha, puts of his yellow Pantophles.*

*Musta.* The place is sacred, and I am to Enter  
The roome where she abides, with such deuotion  
As Pilgrims pay at *Macha*, when they visit  
The Tombe of our great Prophet.

*Donu.* Rise, the signe *(The Eunuch takes vp  
the Pantophles.*  
That wee youchafe his presence.

*Musta.* May those Powers  
That rais'd the *Othoman Empire*, and still gard it,  
Reward your Highnesse for this gracious fauour  
You throwe vpon your seruant. It hath please  
The most invincible, mightiest *Amurath*  
*(To speake his other titles would take from him)*  
That in himselfe does comprehend all greatnesse,  
To make me the vnworthy instrument  
Of his command Receiue diuine Lady *(Deliuers a letter.*  
This letter sign'd by his victorious hand,  
And made *Authenticq*, by the imperiall Scale.  
There when you find me mention'd, far be it from yo  
To thinke it my ambition to presume  
At such a happinesse, which his poverfull will  
From his great mind's magnificence, not my merit  
Hath show'd vpon mee. But if your consent  
Ioyne with his good opinion and allowvance  
To perfit vvhath his fauours haue begun,  
I shall in my obsequiousnesse and dutie  
Endeuour to preuent all iust complaints,  
Which want of will to serue you, may call on mee.

*Donu.* His sacred Maiestie writes here that your valour  
Against the *Persian* hath so v'vonne vpon him  
That there's no grace, or honour in his giuft  
Of which he can imagine you vnworthy.  
And what's the greatest you can hope, or aime at,  
It is his pleasure you should be receiu'd  
Into his Royall Familie. Provided



# The Renegado.

For so far I am vnconfind, that I  
Affect and like your person. I expect not  
The Ceremonie which he vses in  
Bestowing of his Daughters, and his neeces.  
As that he should present you for my slaue,  
To loue you, if you pleasde me: or deliuer  
A Ponyarde on my least dislike to kill you.  
Such tyrannie and pride agree not with  
My softer disposition. Let it suffice  
For my first answer, that thus far I grace you.  
Hereafter some time spent to make enquire  
Of the good parts, and faculties of your mind  
You shall heare further from mee.

*Gives him  
her hand to  
kisse*

*Mus.* Though all torments  
Really suffer'd, or in hell imaginde  
By curious fiction, in one houres delay  
Are wholly comprehended: I confesse  
That I stand bound in dutie, not to checke at  
What euer you command, or please to impose  
For triall of my patience.

*Donn.* Let vs find  
Some other subiect, too much of one Theme cloyes me:  
Is't a full Mart:

*Mus.* A confluence of all nations  
Are met together? There's varietie too  
Of all that Marchants trafficque for.

*Donn.* I know not.  
I feele a Virgins longing to descend  
So far from mine owne greatnesse, as to be  
Thought not a buyer, yet a looker on  
Their strange commodities.

*Mus.* If without a trayne  
You dare be seene abroad? I'le dismiss mine.  
And waite vpon you as a common man,  
And satisfie your wishes.

*Donn.* I embrace it.  
Prouide my wayle; and at the Posterne Gate

# The Renegado.

Conuey vs out vnseene : I trouble you.

*Musta.* It is my happynesse you daine to command me.

*Exeunt.*

## Actus primus. Scena tertia.

---

*A Shop discoverde, Gazet in it.*

*Francisco, and Vitelli, walking by.*

*Gaz.* What doe you lacke, your choyce *China* dishes,  
your pure Venetian Christall, of all sorts, of all neate and  
new fashions, from the mirror of the madam, to the priuate  
utenfile of her chamber-maide, and curious Pictures of  
the rarest beauties of *Europa*: what doe you lacke Gentle-  
men?

*Fran.* Take heed I say, how ere it may appeare  
Impertinent, I must expresse my loue:  
My aduise, and counsell. You are young  
And may be tempted, and these Turkish Dames  
Like English mastiues that increase their fiercenes  
By being chaine vp, from the restraint of freedome:  
If lust once fire their bloud from a faire object  
Will runne a course the fiends themselues would shake at  
To enioy their wanton endes.

*Vitel.* Sir, you mistake mee  
I am too full of woe, to entertaine  
One thought of pleasure: though all *Europes* *Queenes*  
Kneel'd at my feete, and Courted me: much lesse  
To mix with such; Whose difference of faith  
Must of necessitie: (or I must grant  
My selfe forgetfull of all you haue taught mee)  
Strangle such base desires.

*Fran.* Be constant in  
That resolution, I'le abroade againe,  
And learne as far as it is possible

# The Renegado.

What may concerne *Paulina*? Some two houres  
Shall bring me backe. *Exit Francisco.*

*Vi.* All blessings vvaite vpon you.

*Gaz.* C. Id doings, Sir, a Mart doe you call this? Slight  
A pudding wife, or a Witch with a thrumbe Cappe  
That sells Ale vnder grownd to such as come  
To know their Fortunes, in a dead Vacation  
Haue ten to one more stirring.

*Vitel.* Wee must be patient.

*Gaz.* Your seller by retayle ought to be angry  
But when hee's fingering money.

*Enter Grimaldy, Master, Boteswaine, Saylor, Turke.*

*Vi.* Heere are company;  
Defend me my good *Angell*, I behold  
A *Basiliske!*

*Gaz.* What doe you lacke? what doe you lacke? pure  
*China* dishes, cleere *Christall* glasses, a dumbe *Mistres* to  
make loue too? What doe you lacke gentlemen?

*Gri.* Thy Mother for a *Bavvde*, or if thou hast  
A handsome one thy sister for a *Whore*,  
Without these doe not tell me of your trash  
Or I shall spoyle your Market.

*Vitel.* — Old *Grimaldy*?

*Gri.* Zoundes wherefore doe wee put to Sea, or stand  
The Raging windes aloft, or pisse vpon  
The Fomie waues vwhen they rage most deride  
The thunder of the enemies shot, boorde boldly  
A Marchants shippe for prize, though we behold  
The desperate Gunner ready to giue fire  
And blow the decke vp? Wherefore shake vve off  
Those scrupulous ragges of charitie, and conscience,  
Invented onely to keepe Churchmen warme,  
Or feede the hungry mouthes of famished beggers;  
But vwhen we touch the shore to walloue in  
All sensual pleasures.

*Master.* I but Noble Captaine.



# The Renegado.

To spare a little for an after clappe  
Were not improuidence.

*Gri.* Hang consideration :

When this is pent is not our shippe the same ?  
Our courage too the same to fetch in more ?  
The earth where it is fertillest returns not  
More then three haruests, vvhilst the glorious Sunne  
Posts through the *Zodiacke*, and makes vp the yeere :  
But the Sea, vv which is our Mother, (that embraceth  
Both the rich *Indies* in her outstrecht armes)  
Yeeldes euery day a croppe if vve dare reape it.  
No, no my Mates, let Tradesmen thinke of thrift,  
And Vsurers hoord vp, let our expence  
Be as our commings in are vv without bounds :  
We are the *Neptunes* of the *Ocean*,  
And such as traffique, shall pay sacrifice  
Of their best lading ; Ile haue this Canuas  
Your boy vveares linde vvith Tissue, and the cates  
You taste, serude vp in gold ; though vve carouse  
The teares of Orphanes in our *Greekish* vvines,  
The sighes of vndone Widowes, paying for  
The musique bought to cheere vs ; rauishde Virgins  
To slauerie sold for Coyne to feede our riots,  
We vvill haue no compunction.

*Gaz.* Doe you heare sir,

We haue payde for our Ground ?

*Grim.* Humh.

*Gaz.* And humh too,

For all your bigge vvords, get you further off ;

And hinder not the prospect of our shoppe :

Or —

*Gri.* What vvill you doe ?

*Gaz.* Nothing sir, but pray

Your worship to giue me Lanfell.

*Gri.* By the eares,

Thus sir, by the eares,

*Master.* Hold, hold.

# The Renegado.

*Vitel.* You'l still be prating.

*Gri.* Come let's be drunke? then each man to his whore,  
Slight how doe you looke, you had best goe find a Corner  
To pray in, and repent. Doe, doe, and crie  
It will shew fine in *Pirats.*

*Exit Grimaldt.*

*Master.* Wee must follow  
Or he will spend our shares;

*Botswaine.* I fought for mine.

*Master.* Nor am I so precise but I can drab too:  
Wee will not sit out for our parts,

*Bot.* Agreed. *Exeunt Master, Botswaine, Saylor.*

*Gaz.* The deuill gnaw off his fingers, if he were  
In London among the clubs, vp went his heeles  
For striking of a Prentice. What doe you lack,  
What doe you lacke gentlemen.

*1 Turke.* I wonder how the Viceroy can indure  
The insolence of this fellow.

*2 Turke.* He receiues profit  
From the Prizes he brings in, and that excuses  
What euer he commits? Ha, what are these!

*Enter Mustapha, Donusa, wayld.*

*1 T.* They seeme of ranke and qualitie, obserue 'em.

*Gaz.* What doe you lacke! see what you please to buy,  
Wares of all sorts most honourable Madona.

*Vitel.* Peace sirra, make no noyse, these are not people  
To be iested with.

*Donu.* Is this the *Christians* custome  
In the venting their commodities.

*Mus.* Yes best Madame  
But you may please to keepe your way, heere's nothing,  
But toyes, and trifles, not worth your obseruing.

*Donu.* Yes, for varieties sake pray you shew vs, friends,  
The chiefeft of your Wares.

*Vitel.* Your Ladiships seruant;  
And if in worth or Title you are more,  
My ignorance pleade my pardon.

# The Renegado.

*Donusa.* Hee speaks well.

*Vitel.* Take downe the looking glasse : here is a mirror  
Steele so exactly, neither taking from  
Nor flattering the obiect, it returnes  
To the beholder, that Narcissus might  
(And neuer grow enamour'd of himselfe :)  
View his sayre feature in't.

*Donusa.* Poeticall too !

*Vitel.* Heere *China* dishes to serue in a Banket,  
Though the volouptus *Persian* fate a guest.  
Heere Christall glasses, such as *Ganymede*  
Did fill with Nectar to the Thunderer  
When he dranke to *Alcides*, and receiu'd him  
In the fellowshipp of the gods : true to the owners .  
Corinthian plate studded with Diamonds,  
Conceale oft deadly poyson ; This pure metall  
So innocent is, and faithfull to the Mistres  
Or Master that posseses it : that rather  
Then hold one drop that's venemous, of it selfe  
It flies in peces, and deludes the Traytor.

*Donu.* How mouingly could this fellow treat vpon  
A worthy subiect, that findes such discourse  
To grace a trifle !

*Vitel.* Heere's a Picture Madame  
The master pecce of *Michael Angelo*,  
Our great *Italian* workeman ; heere's another  
So perfit at all parts that had *Pigmalion*  
Scene this, his prayers had beene made to *Venus*,  
To haue giuen it life, and his Caru'd iuory Image  
By poets nere remembred. They are indeed  
The rarest beauties of the *Christian* world.  
And no where to be equal'd.

*Donu.* You are partiall  
In the cause of those you fauour I beleue,  
I instantly could shew you one, to theirs  
Not much inferior.

*Vitel.* With your pardon Madame  
I am incredulous.

*Donu.*



# The Renegado.

*Donu.* Can you match me this! (*Unvailles her selfe.*

*Vitelli.* What wonder looke I on! I'll search aboue  
And suddenly attend you. *Exit Vitelli.*

*Donu.* Are you amaze  
He bring you to your selfe. *Breakes the glasses.*

*Musta.* Ha! what's the matter!

*Gaz.* My masters ware? We are vndone! O strange!  
A Lady to turne rorer, and breake glasses  
Tis time to shut vp shop then.

*Musta.* You seeme mou'de.

If any Language of these *Christian* dogges  
Haue cali'd your anger on, in a frowne shew it  
And they are dead already.

*Donusa.* The offence  
Lookes not so farre. The foolish paultric fellow  
Shew'd me some trifles, and demanded of me  
For what I valew'd at so many aspers,  
A thousand Duckets. I confesse he mou'd mee;  
Yet I should wrong my selfe should such a begger  
Receiue least losse from mee.

*Mus.* Is it no more?

*Donu.* No, I assure you. Bid him bring his bill  
To morrow to the Palace and enquire  
For one *Donusa*:  
That word giues him passage through all the guard;  
Say there he shall receiue full satisfaction.  
Now when you please

*Mus.* I waite you. *Exeunt Mustapha, Donusa, 2. Turkes.*

*1 Turke.* We must not know them, lets shift off & vanish.

*Gaz.* The swines Pox ouertake you, theres a curse  
For a Turke that eats no Hogs fish.

*Vitel.* Is she gone:

*Gazet.* Yes you may see her handy-worke.

*Vitel.* No matter.

Said she ought else?

*Gaz.* That you should wait vpon her  
And there receiue Court payment, and to passe

# The Renegado.

The guards, she bids you onely say you come  
To one *Donusa*.

*Vitel.* How ! remove the wares  
Doe it without reply. The *Sultans* neece !  
I haue heard among the Turkes for any Lady  
To shew her face bare, argues loue, or speakes  
Her deadly hatred. What should I feare, my fortune  
Is suncke so low : there cannot fall vpon mee  
Ought worth my shunning. I will run the hazard :  
She may be a meanes to free distres'd *Paulina*.  
Or if offended, at the worst, to die  
Is a full period to calamitie.

*The end of the first act.*

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## *Actus Secundus Scena prima.*

*Enter Carazie, Manto.*

*Car.* In the name of wonder ! *Manto*, what hath my Ladie  
Done with her selfe since yesterday.

*Manto.* I know not.

Malicious men report we are all guided  
In our affections by a wandering Planet ?  
But such a suddaine change in such a person,  
May stand for an example to confirme  
Their false assertion.

*Car.* Shee's now pettish, froward,  
Musique, discourse, obseruance tedious to her.

*Manto.* She slept not the last night : and yet preuented  
The rising Sun in being vp before him.  
Call'd for a costly Bath, then willd the roomes  
Should be perjum'd ; Ranfackde her Cabinets  
For her choyce, and richest Jewells : and appears now  
Like *Cynthia* in full glory, wayted on  
By the fairest of the Stars.

*Car.* Can you gesse the reason,

D

Why

# The Renegado.

Why the *Agas* of the *Ianizaries*, and he  
That guards the entrance of the inmost port  
Were call'd before her.

*Manto.* They are both her creatures,  
And by her grace prefer'de, but I am ignorant  
To what purpose they were sent for.

*Enter Donna.*

*Car.* Heere shee comes.  
Full of sad thoughts: we must stand further off.  
What a frowne was that!

*Manto.* Forbeare.

*Car.* I pittie her.

(*selfe?*)

*Donn.* What Magicque hath transform'd me from my  
Where is my Virgin pride? How haue I lost  
My boasted freedome? what new fire burnes vp  
My scorched intrailles. What vnknowne desires  
Inuade, and take possession of my soule;  
All vertuous obiects vanish'd? Haue I stood  
The shooke of fierce temptations, stopte mine eares  
Against all *Siren* notes lust euer sung,  
To drawe my barke of chastitie (that with wonder  
Hath kept, a constant, and an honourd course.)  
Into the gulfe of a deserude ill fame?  
Now fall vpittied? And in a moment  
With mine owne hands digge vp a graue to burie  
The monumentall heape of all my yeares,  
Imployde in Noble actions? O my fate!  
But there is no resisting. I obey thee  
Imperious god of loue, and willingly  
Put mine owne Fetters on, to grace thy triumph;  
Twere therefore more then crueltie in thee  
To vse me like a tyranne. What poore meanes  
Must I make vse of now? And flatter such,  
To vvhom, till I betrayde my libertie,  
One grations looke of mine, would haue erected  
An altar to my seruice. How now *Manto?*



# The Renegado.

My euer carefull woman, and *Carazie*  
Thou hast beene faithfull too.

*Car.* I dare not call  
My life mine owne since it is yours, but gladly  
Will part with it : when ere you shall command mee ;  
And thinke I fall a Martir, so my death  
May giue life to your pleasures.

*Manto.* But vouchsafe  
To let me vnderstand what you desire  
Should be effected : I will vndertake it  
And curse my selfe for Cowardice if I pause  
To aske a reason why.

*Donn.* I am comforted,  
In the tender of your seruice, but shall be  
Confirm'd in my full ioyes, in the performance.  
Yet trust me : I will not impose vpon you  
But what you stand ingagde for, to a Mistres,  
(Such as I haue beene to you.) All I aske  
Is faith, and secrecie.

*Car.* Say but you doubt me,  
And to secure you I'll cut out my tongue  
I am libde in the breech already.

*Manto.* Doe not hinder  
Your selfe by these delayes.

*Donusa.* Thus then I Whisper  
Mine owne shame to you. — O that I should blush  
To speake what I so much desire to doe !  
And further — *Whispers, and uses vehement actions.*

*Manto.* Is this all.

*Donusa.* Thinke it not base  
Although I know the office vndergoes  
A course construction.

*Car.* Course? 'tis but procuring  
A smocke imploiment, which has made more Knights,  
In a Countrie I could name, then twenty yeares  
Of seruice in the field.

# The Renegado.

*Donu.* You haue my ends.

*Manto.* Which say you haue arriu'de at, be not wanting  
To your selfe, and feare not vs.

*Car.* I know my burthen  
I'll beare it with delight,

*Manto.* Talke not, but doe. *Exeunt Carazie, Manto.*

*Do.* O Loue what pcore shifts thou dost force vs too!  
*Exit Donusa.*

## Actus Secundus, Scena Secunda.

*Enter Aga, Capiaga, Ianizaries.*

*Aga.* She was euer our good Mistres, and our maker,  
And should we checke at a little hazard for her,  
Wee were vnthankfull.

*Capiaga.* I dare pawne my head,  
Tis some disguised Minion of the Court,  
Sent from great *Amurath*, to learne from her  
The Viceroy's actions.

*Aga.* That concernes not vs:  
His fall may be our rise, what ere he bee  
He passeth through my guardes.

*Cap.* And mine, prouided  
Hee giue the word.

*Enter Vitelli.*

*Vitel.* To faynt now being thus far,  
Would argue mee of Cowardice.

*Aga.* Stand: the word.  
Or being a Christian to presse thus far,  
Forfeits thy life.

*Vitelli.* *Donusa.*

*Aga.* Passe in peace. *Exeunt Aga, and Ianizaries.*

*Vit* What a priuledge her name beares.  
Tis wonderous strange!

## The Renegado.

(The Captive of the *Ianizaries*,) If the great Officer  
The guardian of the inner port denie not.

*Cap.* Thy warrant: Speake,  
Or thou art dead.

*Vitel.* *Donusa.*

*Capiaga.* That protects thee, without feare, Enter.

So: discharge the watch.

*Exit Vitelli, Capiaga.*

---

### *A Secundus Scena tertia.*

*Enter Carazie, Manto.*

*Car.* Though he hath past the *Aga*, and chiefe Porter  
This cannot be the man.

*Manto.* By her description I am sure it is.

*Cara.* O women, women!

What are you? a great Lady dote vpon  
A Haberdasher of small vwares!

*Manto.* Pish, thou hast none.

*Cara.* No, if I had I might haue seru'd the turne:  
This tis to want munition vwhen a man  
Should make a breach and Enter.

*Enter Vitelli.*

*Manto.* Sir, you are vwellcome:

Thinke what tis to be happy and possesse it.

*Car.* Perfume the Roomes there, and make way.  
Let Musique with choyce notes entertaine the man,  
The *Princesse* novv purposes to honour.

*Vit.* I am rauish'd!

*Exeunt.*

---

### *Actus Secundus Scena Quarta.*

*A Table set forth, Jewels and Bagges vpon it: londe Musicq,*  
*Enter Donusa,* takes a chaire, to her *Carazie, Vitelli, Manto.*

*Donusa,* Sing ore the Dittie, that I last composde

# The Renegado.

Vpon my Loue-sicke passions sute, your Voice  
To the Musique thats plac'de yonder, we shall heare you  
With more delight and pleasure.

*Car.* I obey you. *Song.*

*Vitel.* Is not this *Tempe*, or the blessed shades,  
Where innocent Spirits reside? Or doe I dreame,  
And this a heavenly vision? How soeuer  
It is a sight too glorious to behold  
For such a vvretch as I am.

*Stands amaz'de.*

*Car.* He is daunted.

*Mant.* Speake to him Madam, cheere him vp, or you  
Destroy what you haue builded.

*Car.* Would I were furnish'de  
With his artillerie, and if I stood  
Gaping as he does, hang me.

*Vit.* That I might euer dreame thus. *kneeles.*

*Donn.* Banish amazement,  
You, wake; your debtor tells you so, your debtor,  
And to assure you that I am a substance  
And no aeriall figure, thus I raise you.  
Why doe you shake? My soft touch brings no Ague,  
No biting frost is in this palme: Nor are  
My looks like to the Gorgons head, that turne  
Men into Statues, rather they haue power  
(Or I haue been abus'de) vvhere they bestow  
Their influence (let me prooue it truth in you)  
To giue to dead men motion.

*Vitel.* Can this be?

May I beleeuue my senses? Dare I thinke  
I haue a memory? Or that you are  
That excellent creature, that of late disdain'de not  
To looke on my poore trifles.

*Donn.* I am shee.

*Vitell.* The owner of that blessed name *Donusa*,  
Which like a potent charme, although pronounc'de  
By my prophane, but much vnworthyer tongue,

Hath



# The Renegado.

Hath brought me safe to this forbidden place,  
Where Christian yet ne're trode.

*Donn.* I am the same.

*Vitel.* And to what end, great Lady pardon me,  
That I presume to aske, did your command  
Command me hither? or what am I? to vvhom  
You should vouchsafe your fauours; nay, your angers?  
If any wilde or vncollected speech  
Offensiuely deliuer'd, or my doubt  
Of your vnknowne perfections, haue displeasde you,  
You wrong your indignation, to pronounce  
Your selfe my sentence: to haue seene you onely,  
And to haue touchde that fortune-making hand,  
Will with delight waigh downe all tortures, that  
A flinty hangmans rage could execute,  
Or rigide tyranny command with pleasure.

*Donn.* How the abundance of good flowing to thee,  
Is vvrongde in this simplicitie: and these bounties  
Which all our Easterne Kings haue kneeld in vaine for,  
Doe by thy ignorance, or vvilfull feare,  
Meete vwith a false construction. *Christian,* know  
(For till thou art mine by a neerer name,  
That title though abhord here, takes not from  
Thy entertainment) that tis not the fashion  
Among the greatest and the fairest Dames,  
This Turkish Empire gladly owes, and bowes to:  
To punish vvhether theres no offence, or nourish  
Displeasures against those, vwithout whose mercie  
They part vwith all felicity. Prethee be vwise,  
And gently vnderstand mee; Doe not force her  
That ne're knew ought but to command, not ere read  
The elements of affection, but from such  
As gladly sude to her, in the infancie  
Of her new borne desires, to be at once  
Importunate, and immodest.

*Vitel.* Did I know

# The Renegado.

Great Lady your commands, or to what purpose  
This personated passion tends, (since twere  
A crime in mee deseruing death, to thinke  
It is your owne : I should to make you sport  
Take any shape you please to impose vpon me :  
And with ioy striue to serue you.

*Dem.* Sport ? thou art cruell,  
If that thou canst interpret my descent,  
From my high byrth and greatnesse ? But to be  
A part in which I truly acte my selfe.  
And I must hold thee for a dull spectator  
If it stirre not affection, and inuite  
Compassion for my sufferings. Be thou taught  
By my example, to make satisfaction  
For wrongs vniustly offer'd. Willingly  
I doe confesse my fault ; I iniurd thee  
In some poore pettie trifles ; Thus I pay for  
The trespassse I did to thee. Here receive  
These baggs staft full of our imperiall coyne,  
Or if this payment be too light, take heere  
These Iems for which the flauith *Indian* diue<sup>s</sup>  
To the bottome of the Maine ? Or if thou scorne  
These as base drosse (which take but common minds)  
But fancie any honour in my guift  
(Which is vnbounded as the *Sultans* Power)  
And bee posselt of't.

*Vitel.* I am ouerwhelm'd :  
With the weight of happinesse you throwe vpon me.  
Nor can it fall in my imagination,  
What wrong I ere haue done you : and much lesse  
How like a Royall Marchant to returne  
Your great magnificence.

*Donn.* They are degrees,  
Not ends of my intended fauors to thee.  
These seeds of bountie I yet scatter on  
A glebe I haue not tride, but be thou thankfull  
The haruest is to come.

# The Renegado.

*Vitel.* What can be added  
To that which I already haue recieu'd,  
I cannot comprehend.

*Donusa.* The tender of  
*My selfe.* Why dost thou start! and in that guift,  
Full restitution of that Virgin freedome  
Which thou hast rob'd mee of. Yet I professe  
I so farre prize the louely theefe that stole it,  
That were it possible thou couldest restore  
What thou vnwittingly hast rauisht from me,  
I should refuse the present.

*Vitelli.* How I shake  
In my constant resolution! and my flesh  
Rebellious to my better part now tells me,  
As if it were a strong defence of frailtie.  
A *Hermis* in a desert trenchd with prayers  
Could not resist this batterie.

*Donna.* Thou an *Italian*?  
Nay more I know't, a naturall *Venetian*,  
Such as are Courtiers borne to please fayre Ladies,  
Yet come thus slowely on?

*Vitel.* Excuse me Madame,  
What imputation to ere the world  
Is pleasde to lay vpon vs: in my selfe  
I am so innocent that I know not what tis  
That I should offer.

*Donusa.* By instinct I'll teach thee,  
And with such ease as loue makes me to aske it.  
When a young Lady wrings you by the hand thus,  
Or with an amorous touch presses your foote  
Lookes babies in your eyes, playes with your locks,  
Doe not you find without a tutors helpe  
What tis she lookes for.

*Vitelli.* I am growne already  
Skilfull in the mysterie.

*Donna.* Or if thus she kisse you,  
Then tast's your lips againe.



# The Renegado.

*Vitel.* That latter blow  
Has beate all chaste thoughts from me.

*Donn.* Say she poynts to  
Some priuate roome, the Sunne beames neuer enters,  
Prouoking dishes, passing by to heighten  
Declined appetite, a tiue Musicque vshering  
Your faynting steps, the wayters too as borne dumbe,  
Not daring to looke on you. *Exit, inuisting him to follow.*

*Vitelli.* Though the Diuell  
Stood by, and rorde, I follow: now I finde  
That Vertue's but a word, and no sure garde  
If set vpon by beauty, and reward. *Exeunt.*

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## Actus Secundus, Scena Quinta.

*Enter Aga, Capiaga, Grimaldi, Master, Boteswaine, &c.*

*Aga.* The Diuels in him I thinke.

*Gri.* Let him be damn'd too  
He looke on him though he stard as wild as hell,  
Nay he goe neere to tell him to his teeth  
If he mends not suddenly, and prooues more thankefull,  
We doe him too much seruice, were't not for shame now  
I could turne honest and forswear my trade,  
Which next to being trust vp at the maine yard  
By some low cuntrey butterbox, I hate  
As deadly as I doe fasting, or long grace  
When meate cooles on the table.

*Capi.* But take heede,  
You know his violent nature.

*Gri.* Let his Whores  
And Catamites, know't, I vnderstand my selfe,  
And how vnmanly tis to sit at home  
And rayle at vs, that run abroad all hazards:  
If euery weeke we bring not home new pillage,  
For the fatting his Serraglio. *Enter Asambeg, Adustapha  
Aga,*



# The Renegado.

*Aga.* Heere he comes.

*Capt.* How terrible he lookes?

*Gri.* To such as feare him:

The viceroi *Asambeg* were he the Sultans selfe  
He will let vs know a reason for his fury,  
Or we must take leaue without his allowance  
To be merry with our ignorance.

*Asam.* Mahomets hell

Light on you all, you chrouch, and cringe now, where  
Was the terrour of my iust frownes, when you suffered  
Those theeues of Malta, almost in our harbor  
To board a ship, and beare her safely off,  
While you stood idle lookers on?

*Aga.* The ods

In the men and shipping, and the suddainnesse  
Of their departure yeelding vs no leasure  
To send forth others to relieue our owne,  
Deterd vs mighty Sir.

*Asam.* Deterde you cowards?

How durst you only entertaine the knowledge  
Of vvhath feare vvas, but in the not performance  
Of our command? in me great *Amurah* spake,  
My voyce did eccho to your eares his thunder,  
And wild you like so many Seaborne-Tritons,  
Arm'd onely vvith the Trumpets of your courage,  
To swimme vp to her, and like Remoras.  
Hanging vpon her keele, to stay her flight  
Till rescue sent from vs, had fetcht you off,  
You thinke you are safe now; who durst but dispute it  
Or make it questionable, if this moment  
I charg'd you from yon hanging cliffe, that glasses  
His rugged forehead in the neighbour lake,  
To throw your selues downe headlong? or like fagots  
To fill the ditches of defended Forts,  
While on your backs we march'd vp to the brea

*Gri.* That vould not I.

*Asam.* Ha?

*Gri.* Yet I dare as much

# The Renegado.

As any of the Sultans boldest sonnes,  
(Whose heauen, and hell, hang on his frowne, or smile,)  
His vvarlike Ianifaries.

*Asam.* Adde one syllable more:  
Thou dost pronounce vpon thy selfe a sentence  
That earthquake-like vwill swallow the.

*Gri.* Let it open,  
Ile stand the hazard, those contemned thee nes  
Your fellow *Pirats* Sir, the bold *Malteze*  
Whom with your lookes you thinke to quell, at *Rhodes*  
Laugh'de at great *Solymans* anger: and if treason  
Had not deliuerde them into his power,  
Hee had growne olde in glory as in yeeres.  
At that so fatall siege, or risne with shame  
His hopes, and threates deluded.

*Asambeg.* Our great Prophet  
How haue I lost my anger, and my Power:

*Grima.* Find it and vse it on thy flatterers:  
And not vpon thy friends that dare speake truth,  
These Knights of Malta but a handfull to  
Your armies that drinke riuers vp, haue stood  
Your furie at the height, and with their crosses  
Strooke pale your horned moones; These men of Malta  
Since I tooke pay from you, I haue met and fought with  
Vpon aduantage too. Yet to speake truth  
By the soule of honor, I haue euer found them  
As prouident to direct, and bold to doe  
As any trayade vp in your discipline:  
Rauishde from other nations.

*Mus.* I perceiue  
The lightning in his fierie lookes, the cloude  
Is broke already.

*Gri.* Thinke not therefore sir,  
That you alone are Giants, and such *Pigmies*  
You war vpon.

*Asam.* Villaine Ile make thee know  
Thou hast blasphemde the *Ottoman* power, and safer

# The Renegado.

At noone day might haue giuen fire to St *Markes*  
Your proud *Venetian* Temple. Ceize vpon him;  
I am not so neere reconcild to him,  
To bid him die: that were a benefit  
The dog's vnworthy off, to our vse confiscate  
All that he stands possesse of: Let him tast  
The miserie of want, and his vaine riots  
Like to so many walking Ghosts affright him  
Where ere he sets his desperate foote. Who is't  
That does command you?

*Grimal.* Is this the reward  
For all my seruice, and the rape I made  
On fayre *Paulina*.

*Asam.* Drag him hence, he dies  
That dallies but a minute.

*Bosf.* What's become *Grimaldi* dragge off his  
Of our shares now Master. head covered. *Excunt*

*Must.* Would he had been borne dumbe: *Master and*  
The beggers cure, patience is all that's left vs. *Boatswaine.*

*Maust.* Twas but intemperance of speech, excuse him  
Let me preuaile so far. Fame giues him out  
For a deseruing fellow.

*Asam.* At Aleppo  
I durst not presse you so far, giue me leaue  
To vse my owne will and command in Tunis  
And if you please my priuacie.

*Musta.* I will see you  
When this high wind's blowne ore. *Exit Mustapha.*

*Asam.* So shall you find me  
Ready to doe you seruice. Rage now leaue me  
Sterne lookes, and all the ceremonious formes  
Attending on dread Maiestie, flie from  
Transformed, *Asambeg*, why should I hug *plucks out a*  
So neere my hart, what leades me to my prison? *guilt key.*  
Where she that is intrad commands her keeper,  
And robs me of the fiercenesse I was borne with,  
Stout men quake at my frownes, and in returne



# The Renegado.

I tremble at her softnesse. Base *Grimaldi*  
But only nam'd *Paulina*, and the charme  
Had almost chok'd my fury ere I could  
Pronounce his sentence. Would when first I saw her  
Mine eyes had met with lightning, and in place  
Of hearing her enchanting tongue, the shrieks  
Of Mandrakes had made musicke to my slumbers,  
For now I only walke a louing dreame  
And but to my dishonour neuer vvake,  
And yet am blind, but vvhen I see the obiect,  
And madly dote on it. Appeare bright sparke *opens a doore,*  
Of all perfection : any si nile *Paulina discoverd*  
Borrow'd from Diamonds, or the fayrest stars *comes forth.*  
To helpe me to expresse, how deere I prize  
The vnmacht graces, vvill rise vp and chide me  
For poore detraction.

*Pau.* I despise thy flatteries  
Thus spit at 'em, and scorne 'em, and being arm'd  
In the assurance of my innocent vertue  
I stampe vpon all doubts, all feares, all tortures  
Thy barbarous cruelty, or vvhat's vvorse, thy dotage  
(The vvorthy parent of thy ieaiousie)  
Can showre vpon me.

*Asam.* If these bitter taunts  
Rauish me from my selfe, and make me thinke  
My greedy eares receiue Angelicall sounds,  
How vvould this tóngue tunde to a louing note  
Inuade, and take possession of my soule  
Which then I durst not call mine owne.

*Pau.* Thou art false,  
Falsar then thy religion. Doe but thinke me  
Something aboute a beast ; nay more, a monster,  
Would fright the Sun to looke on, and then tell me  
If this base vsage, can inuite affection ?  
If to be mewde vp, and excluded from  
Humane society ; the vse of pleasures ;  
The necessary, not superfluous duties



# The Renegado.

Of seruants to discharge those offices,  
I blush to name.

*Asam.* Of seruants? can you thinke  
That I, that dare not trust the eie of Heauen  
To looke vpon your beauties, that denie  
My selfe the happenesse to touch your purenesse  
Will ere consent an Eunuch, or bought handmaid  
Shall once approach you? there is something in you  
That can worke Miracles, or I am confende,  
Dispose and alter sexes. To my vvrong  
In spite of nature. I will be your nurse,  
Your woman, your physitian, and your foole,  
Till with your free consent, which I haue vowde  
Neuer to force, you grace me with a name  
That shall supplie all these.

*Paul.* What is't?

*Asa.* Your husband.

*Paul.* My hangman when thou pleasest.

*Asam.* Thus I garde me,  
Against your further angers.

*Putts to the doore  
and lockes it.*

*Paul.* Which shall reach thee  
Though I were in the Center.

*Asam.* Such a spirit  
In such a small proportion I nere reade of  
Which time must alter, rauish her I dare not  
The magique that she weares about her necke,  
I thinke defends her, this deuotion payde  
To this sweete Saint, mistresse of my sower payne  
Tis fit I take mine owne rough shape againe.

*Extr A  
sambeg.*

---

## *Actus Secundus, Scena Sexta.*

*Enter Francis, Gazet.*

*Fran.* I thinke hee's lost.

*Gazet.* Tis tento one of that,

# The Renegado.

I nere knew Cittizen turne Courtier yet,  
But he lost his credit, though he sau'd himsef  
Why, looke you sir, there are so many lobbies,  
Out offices, and disputations heere  
Behind these Turkish hangings, that a Christian  
Hardly gets off but circumciled.

*Fran.* I am troublede *Enter Vitelli, Carazie, Manto,*  
Troublede exceedingly. Ha? v what are these?

*Gaz.* One by his rich sute should bee some french Em-  
For his trayne I thinke they are Turkes. (bassador

*Fran.* Peace, be not ferne.

*Cara.* You are now past all the gards, and vndiscouerd  
You may returne.

*Vitel.* There's for your paynes, forget not  
My humblest seruice to the best of Ladies.

*Manto.* Deserue her fauour sir, in making haste  
For a second entertainement.

*Vitel.* Doe not doubt me, *Exeunt Carazi, Manto.*  
I shall not liue till then.

*Gaz.* The trayne is vanish'd  
They haue done him some good office hee's so free  
And liberall of his gold. Ha, doe I dreame,  
Or is this mine owne naturall Master;

*Fran.* Tis he,  
But strangely metamorphosde. You haue made sir  
A prosperous voyage, heauen grant it be honest,  
I shall reioyce then too.

*Gaz.* You make him blush  
To talke of honesty, you were but now  
In the giuing vaine, and may thinke of *Gazie*  
Your worships prentice.

*Vitel.* There's gold, be thou free too  
And Master of my Shop, and all the wares  
Wee brought from Venice.

*Gaz.* Riue then.

*Vitel.* Deere sir

**This place affords not priuacie for discourse**

But

# The Renegado.

But I can tell you wonders, my rich habit  
Deserues least admiration; thers nothing  
That can fall in the compasse of your wishes  
Though it were to redeeme a thousand slaues  
From the Turkish gallies, or at home to erect  
Some pious worke, to shame all Hospitalls,  
But I am master of the meanes.

*Fran.* Tis strange.

*Vitel.* As I vvalke Ile tell you more.

*Gaz.* Pray you a word Sir,  
And then I will put on. I haue one boone more.

*Vitel.* What is't? speake freely.

*Gaz.* Thus then, as I am Master (sing  
Of your Shop, and vwares, pray you help me to some truck-  
With your last shee customer, though shee cracke my best  
I vwill indure it with patience. (peece

*Vitel.* Leane your prating.

*Gaz.* I may, you haue beene doing, we will doe too.

*Fran.* I am amazde, yet will nor blame, nor chide you,  
Till you informe me further. Yet must say  
They steere not the right course, nor trafficke well,  
That seeke a passage to reach Heauen, through Hell.

*Exeunt*

---

## Actus Tertius. Scæna prima.

*Enter Donusa, Manto.*

*Donusa.* When said he, he vwould come againe?

*Manto.* He swore,  
Short Minutes should be tedious Ages to him,  
Vntill the tender of his second seruice,  
So much he seemde transported with the first.

*Donu.* I am sure I was. I charge thee *Manto* tell me  
By all my fauors, and my bounties truely



# The Renegado.

Whether thou art a Virgin, or like me  
Hast forfeited that name.

*Manto.* A Virgine Madame?  
At my yeeres being a wayting-woman, and in Court to?  
That were miraculous. I so long since lost  
That barren burthen, I almost forget  
That euer I was one.

*Donn.* And could thy friends  
Reade in thy face, thy maidenhead gone, that thou  
Hadst parted with it?

*Manto.* Noe indeed. I past  
For currant many yeeres after, till by fortune,  
Long and continewed practise in the sport  
Blew vp my decke, a husband then was found out  
By my indulgent father, and to the world  
All was made whole againe. What neede you feare then  
That at your pleasure may repayre your honour  
Durst any enuious, or malicious tongue,  
Presume to taint it?

*Donn.* How now?

*Enter Caraxie.*

*Cara.* Madam, the Basha  
Humbly desires access.

*Donn.* If it had beene  
My neate Italian, thou hadst met my vvishes.  
Tell him we would be priuate.

*Cara.* So I did,  
But he is much importunate.

*Manto.* Best dispatch him  
His lingring heere else will deter the other,  
From making his approach.

*Donn.* His entertainment  
Shall not inuite a second visit, goe  
Say we are pleasde.

*Enter Mustapha.*

*Musfa.* All happinesse.

*Donn.* Bee suddaine.



# The Renegado.

T'was fawcie rudenesse in you sir to presse  
On my retirements, but ridiculous folly  
To vvaſt the time that might be better ſpent  
In complementall vviſhes.

*Cara.* There's a cooling  
For his hot encounter.

*Donn.* Come you heere to ſtare?  
If you haue loſt your tongue, and vie of ſpeech,  
Reſigne your gouernment, there's a mutes place voyde  
In my vncles Court I heare, and you may worke me  
To vwrite for your preferment.

*Muſta.* This is ſtrange!  
I know not Madam, what neglect of mine  
Has calde this ſcorne vpon me.

*Donn.* To the purpoſe  
My will's a reaſon, and we ſtand not bound  
To yeeld account to you.

*Muſt.* Not of your angers,  
But with erected eares I ſhould heare from you  
The ſtory of your good opinion of me  
Confirmde by loue, and fauours.

*Donn.* How deſeru'd?  
I haue conſider'd you from head to foote,  
And can find nothing in that wayncote face,  
That can teach me to dote, nor am I taken  
With your grimme aſpect, or toade poole-like complexion,  
Thoſe ſcarres you glorie in, I feare to looke on;  
And had much rather heare a merrie tale  
Then all your battayles wonne with blood and ſweate,  
Though you belch forth the ſtincke too, in the ſeruiſe,  
And ſwear by your Maſtachios all is true.  
You are yet too rough for me, purge and take phyſicke,  
Purchase perfumers, get me ſome French taylor,  
To new create you; the firſt ſhape you were made with  
Is quite worne out, let your barbar. waſh your face too,  
You looke yet like a bugbeare to fright children,

# The Renegado.

Till when I take my leaue, wayte me *Carazie.* *Exeunt*

*Must.* Stay you my Ladies Cabinet key. *Donn. Car.*

*Mant.* How's this fir?

*Must.* Stay and stand quietly, or you shall fall else,  
Not to firke your belly vp flounder like, but neuer

To rise againe. Offer but to vnlocke

These dores that stop your fugitiue tongue (obserue me)

And by my fury, I'll fixe there this bolte

To barre thy speech for euer. So, be safe now

And but resoluē me, not of what I doubt

But bring assurance to a thing beleeu'd,

Thou mak'st thy selfe a fortune, not depending

On the vncertaine fauours of a Mistresse,

But art thy selfe one. I'll not so far question

My iudgement, and obseruance, as to aske

Why I am slighted, and contemnde, but in

Whose fauour it is done. I that haue read

The copious volumes of all womens falsehood,

Commented on by the heart breaking groanes

Of abusde louers, all the doubts washde off

With fruitlesse teares, the Spiders cobweb vayle

Of arguments, alleadge in their defence,

Blowne off with sighs of desperate men, and they

Appearing in their full deformitie:

Know that some other hath displanted me,

With her dishonor. Has she giuen it vp?

Confirmē it in two sillables?

*Manto.* She has.

*Musta.* I cherish thy confession thus, and thus, *giues*

Bee mine, againe I court thee thus, and thus *her iewels.*

Now prooue but constant to my ends.

*Manto.* By all ———— *(diles*

*Must.* Enough, I dare not doubt thee. O land Corco-

Made of Egyptian slime, accursed women!

Buttis no time to rayle: come my best *Manto.* *Exeunt*

*Actus.*

# The Renegado.

## Actus tertius, Scæna Secunda.

*Enter Vitelli, Francisco.*

*Vitel.* Sir, as you are my confessor, you stand bound  
Not to reueale what euer I discouer  
In that Religious way : nor dare I doubt you.  
Let it suffice, you haue made me see my follies,  
And wrought perhaps compunction ; For I would not  
Apppeare an *Hypocrite*. But when you impose  
A penance on me, beyond flesh, and blood  
To vndergoe : you must instructe me how  
To put off the condition of a man :  
Or if not pardon, at the least, excuse  
My disobedience. Yet despayre not sir,  
For though I take mine owne way, I shall doe  
Something that may hereafter to my glory,  
Speake me your Scholler.

*Fran.* I inioyne you not  
To goe, but send.

*Vitel.* That were a pettie triall  
Not worth one so long taught, and exercisde  
Vnder so graue a master. Reuerende *Francisco*  
My friend, my father, in that word, my all ;  
Rest confident, you shall heare some thing of mee  
That will redeeme me in your good opinion,  
Or iudge me lost for euer. Send *Gazet*  
(Shee shall giue order that hee may haue enterance)  
To acquaint you with my fortunes. *Exit Vitelli.*

*Fran.* Goe and prosper,  
Holy Saints guide and strengthen thee. Howsoeuer  
As my endeauours are, so may they find  
Gracious acceptance.

*Enter Gazet, Grimaldi, in raggs.*

*Gazet.* Now you doe not rore fir



## The Renegado.

You speake not tempests, nor take care-rent from  
A poore shopkeeper. Doe you remember that sir,  
Ivveare your marks heere still.

*Fran.* Can this be possible?

All vonders are not ceas'd then.

*Grimal.* Doe, abuse me,  
Spit on me, spurne me, pull me by the nose,  
Thrust out these fiery eies, that yesterday  
Would haue lookde thee dead.

*Graz.* O saue me sir.

*G i.* Feare nothing,

I am tame, and quiet, there's noe vwrong can force me  
To remember vwhat I vvas. I haue fergot,  
I ere had irefull fiercenesse, a steelde heart,  
Insenfible of compassion to others,  
Nor is it fit that I should thinke my selfe  
Worth mine owne pittie, Oh.

*Fran.* Growes this deiection,  
From his disgrace doe you say?

*Gaz.* Why hees cas herde sir,  
His ships, his goods, his liuery-puncks confiscate,  
And there is such a punishment laid vpon him,  
The miserable rogue must steale no more,  
Nor drinke, nor drab.

*Fran.* Does that torment him?

*Gazet.* O Sir!

Should the State take order to bar men of acres,  
From those two laudable recreations,  
Drinking, and vvhoring, how should Panders purchase,  
Or thrifty Whores build Hospitals? slid if I  
That since I am made free, may write my selfe,  
A City gallant, should forfeit two such charters  
I should be ston'd to death, and nere be pittied,  
By the liueries of those companies.

*Fran.* You'll be whip'd sir,  
If you bridle not your tongue. Hast to the Palace  
Your Master lookes for you.

*Gaz.* My quondam Master,

Rich



# The Renegado.

Rich sonnes forget they euer had poore fathers,  
In seruants tis more pardonable; as a companion,  
Or so, I may consent, but is there hope sir,  
He has got me a good chapwoman? pray you write  
A word or two in my behalfe.

*Fran.* Out rascall.

*Gaz.* I feele some insurrections.

*Fran.* Hence.

*Gaz.* I vanish.

*Exit Gazet.*

*Gri.* Why should I study a defence, or comfort?

In whom blacke guilt, and misery if ballanc'd,  
I know not which would turne the scale, looke vpward  
I dare not, for should it but be beleeu'd,  
That I (dide deepe in hells most horrid colours,)  
Should dare to hope for mercy, it would leaue.  
No checke or feeling, in men innocent  
To catch at sinnes, the diuell nere taught mankind yet;  
No, I must downward, downward, though repentance  
Could borrow all the glorious wings of grace,  
My mountainous waight of sins, would cracke their pini-  
And sincke them to hell with me. (ons,

*Fran.* Dreadfull! heare me,

Thou miserable man.

*Grima.* Good sir deny not;

But that there is no punishment beyond  
Damnation.

*Enter Master, Boteswaine.*

*Master.* Yonder he is, I pittie him:

*Botes.* Take comfort Captaine, we liue still to serue you.

*Gri.* Serue me? I am a diuell already, leaue me,  
Stand further off, you are blasted else, I haue heard.  
Schoolemen as firme mans body is compos'd  
Of the foure elements, and as in league together  
They nourish life; So each of them affords  
Liberty to the soule, when it growes wearie  
Of this fleshie prison. Which shall I make choice of?  
The fire? n (I shall feele that heercafter)  
The earth will not receiue me. Should some whirlwind

Snatch

# The Renegado.

Snatch me into the ayre : and I hang there,  
Perpetuall plagues would dwell vpon the earth.  
And those superior bodies that powre downe  
Their cheerefull influence denie to passe it,  
Through those vast regions I haue infected.  
The (Sea) I that is iustice there, I ploude vp  
Mischiefe as deepe as Hell there : there I'll hide  
This cursed lumps of clay may it turne Rocks  
Where plummetts weight could neuer reach the sands.  
And grinde the ribs of all such barkes as presse  
The *Oceans* breast in my vnlawfull course.  
I haste then to thee, let thy rauenous wombe  
Whom all things else denie, be now my tombe. *Exit Gri.*

*Master.* Follow him and restraints him.

*Fran.* Let this stand

For an example to you. I'll prouide  
A lodging for him, and apply such cures  
To his wounded conscience, as heauen hath lent mee.  
Hee's now my second care : and my profession  
Bindes me to teach the desperate to repent  
As farre as to confirme the innocent. *Exeunt.*

---

## *Actus tertius, Scena tertia.*

*Enter Asambeg, Mustapha, Aga, Capiaga.*

*Asambeg.* Your pleasure,

*Mus.* I will exact your private eare,  
And when you haue receiue it, you will thinke  
Too many know it. *Exeunt Aga, Capiaga.*

*Asambeg.* Leau the roome, but bee  
Within our call. Now sir, what burning secret brings you  
(With which it seemes you are turnde Cynders)  
To quench in my aduise, or power?

*Mustapha.* The fire  
Will rather reach you.

*Asambeg.*

# The Renegado.

*Asam.* Mee?

*Musta.* And consume both,  
For tis impossible to be put out  
But with the blood of those that kindle it:  
And yet one viall of it is so pretious,  
It being borrow'd from the *Ottoman* Spring,  
That better tis I thinke, both vve should perish  
Then proue the desperate meanes, that must restraine it,  
From spreading further.

*Asam.* To the poynte, and quickly.  
These vinding circumstances in relations  
Seldome enuiron truth.

*Musta.* Truth *Asambeg*?

*Asam.* Truth *Mustapha*. I sayd it, and adde more  
You touch vpon a string that to my eare,  
Do's sound *Donusa*.

*Musta.* You then vnderstand  
Who tis I aime at.

*Asam.* Take heed *Mustapha*,  
Remember what she is, and whose we are;  
Tis her neglect perhaps, that you complaine of,  
And should you practise to reuenge her scorne,  
With any plot to taynt her in her honor,

*Musta.* Heare mee.

*Asam.* I will be heard first, there's no tongue  
A subiect owes, that shall out thunder mine.

*Musta.* Well take your way.

*Asam.* I then againe repeate it  
If *Mustapha* dares with malitious breath  
(On iealous suppositions) presume  
To blast the blossome of *Donusas* Fame  
Because he is denide a happinesse  
Which men of equall, nay of more desert,  
Haue su'd in vaine for.

*Musta.* More?

*Asam.* More. Twas I spake it,  
The Basha of *Nasolia* and my selfe



## The Renegado.

Were Riuals for her, either of vs brought  
More Victories, more Trophies, to pleade for vs  
To our great Master, then you dare lay claime to,  
Yet still by his allowance she was left  
To her election, each of vs ow'd nature  
As much for outward forme, and inward vworth  
To make vway for vs to her grace and fauour,  
As you brought with you. We vvere heard, repuls'd  
Yet thought it no dishonour to sit downe,  
With the disgrace; if not to force affection,  
May merit such a name.

*Musta.* Have you done yet?

*Asa.* Be therfore more then sure the ground on which  
You rayse your accusation, may admit  
No vndermining of defence in her,  
For if with pregnant and apparent proofes  
Such as may force a iudge, more then inclin'd  
Or partiall in her cause to swear her guilty;  
You win not me to set off your beleefe,  
Neither our ancient friendship, nor the rites,  
Of sacred hospitality (to which  
I would not offer violence) shall protect you:  
Now vwhen you please.

*Must.* I will not dwell vpon  
Much circumstance, yet cannot but professe  
With the assurance of a loyalty,  
Equall to yours, the reuerence I owe,  
The Sultan, and all such his blood makes sacred;  
That there is not a veyne of mine vvhich yet is  
Vnemptied in his seruice, but this moment  
Should freely open, so it might vvash off  
The staynes of her dishonor, could you thinke?  
Or though you saw it credit your owne eyes?  
That she, the wonder and amazement of  
Her sex, the pride, and glory of the empire,  
That hath disdain'd you, sleighted me, and boasted  
A frozen coldnesse which no appetite,



# The Renegado.

Or height of blood could thaw, should now so far  
Be hurried vvith the violence of her lust,  
As in it burying her high birth and fame,  
Basely descend to fill a Christians armes  
And to him yeeld her Virgin honour vp,  
Nay sue to him to take't.

*Asam.* A Christian?

*Must.* Temper

Your admiration: and vvhat Christian thinke you?  
No Prince disguis'd; no man of marke, nor honour,  
No daring vndertaker in our seruice,  
But one vvwhose lips her foote should scorne to touch,  
A poore Mechanicke-Pedler.

*Asam.* Hee?

*Must.* Nay more,

Whom doe you thinke she made her scout, nay baude,  
To finde him out but me? What place makes choyce of  
To wallow in her foule and lothsome pleasures,  
But in the pallace? Who the instruments  
Of close conueyance, but the captaine of  
Your gard the *Aga*, and that man of trust  
The warden of the inmost port? I'll proue this,  
And though I fayle to shew her in the act,  
Glew'd like a neighing Gennet to her Stallion,  
Your incredulity shall be conuinc'd  
With proofes I blush to thinke on.

*Asam.* Neuer yet,

This flesh felt such a feuer, by the life  
And fortune of great *Amurāh*, should our prophet  
(Whose name I bow to) in a vision speake this,  
T'would make me doubtfull of my faith: leade on,  
And when my eies, and eares, are like yours, guilty,  
My rage shall then appeare, for I will doe  
Something; but what, I am not yet determin'd.

*Exeunt.*

# The Renegado.

## *Actus Tertius, Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Caraxie, Manto, Gazet.*

*Caraxie.* They are priuate to their wishes,

*Mant.* Doubt it not.

*Gaz.* A prettie structure this! a court doe you call it?  
Valted and arch'd: O heere has beene old iumbling  
Behind this arras.

*Car.* Prethee let's haue some sport,  
With this fresh Codshhead.

*Manto.* I am out of tune,  
But doe as you please. My conscience: tush the hope  
Of liberty throwes that burthen off,  
I must goe watch, and make discouery.

*Exit.*

*Car.* He's musing,  
And vvill talke to himselfe, he cannot hold,  
The poore foole's rauish'd.

*Gazet.* I am in my masters clothes,  
They fit me to a hayre too, let but any  
Indifferent gamester measure vs inch, by inch,  
Or vvaigh vs by the standard, I may passe  
I haue beene prou'd, and prou'd againe, true mettall.

*Car.* How he suruayes himselfe.

*Gaz.* I haue heard that some  
Haue fool'd themselues at Court into good fortunes,  
That neuer hop'd to thriue by wit in the City,  
Or honesty in the Countrey. If I doe not  
Make the best laugh at me. Ile weepe for my selfe,  
If they giue me hearing. Tis resolu'd I'll trie  
What may be done. By your fauour sir, I pray you  
Were you borne a Courtier?

*Car.* No sir, vvhy doe you aske?

*Gaz.* Because I thought that none could be preferd,

*But*

# The Renegado.

But such as were begot there.

*Car.* O sir! many, and howsoere you are a Citizen borne,  
Yet if your mother vvere a handsome vvoman,  
And euer long'd to see a Maske at Court,  
It is an euen lay but that you had  
A Courtier to your Father; and I thinke so;  
You beare your selfe so sprightly.

*Gaz.* It may be,  
But pray you sir, had I such an itch vpon me  
To change my cobby, is there hope a place  
May be had heere for money?

*Car.* Not without it  
That I dare varrant you.

*Gaz.* I haue a pretty stocke,  
And vvould not haue my good parts vndiscouer'd,  
What places of credit are there?

*Car.* There's your Beglerbeg.

*Gaz.* By no meanes that, it comes to neere the begger  
And most prooue so that come there.

*Car.* Or your Sanzacke.

*Gaz.* Sauf-iacke fie none of that.

*Car.* Your Chiaus.

*Gaz.* Nor that.

*Car.* Chiefe Gardiner.

*Gaz.* Out vpon't,

Twill put me mind my Mother was an herb-woman,  
What is your place I pray you?

*Car.* Sir an Euenuch.

*Gaz.* An Euenuch! very fine, I faith, an Euenuch!  
And what are your employments? neate and easie.

*Car.* In the day I waite on my Lady when she cares,  
Carry her pantophles, beare vp her trayne  
Sing her asleepe at night, and when she pleases  
I am her bedfellow.

*Gaz.* How? her bedfellow,  
And lye with her?

*Car.* Yes, and lye with her.



# The Renegado.

*Gaz.* O rare!

Ile be an Eunuch, though I sell my shop for't  
And all my wares.

*Car.* It is but parting with  
A precious stone or two. I know the price on't.

*Gaz.* Ile part with all my stones, and vwhen I am  
An Eunuch, Ile so tosse and towse the Ladies;  
Pray you helpe me to a chapman.

*Car.* The court Surgion  
Shall doe you that fauour.

*Gaz.* I am made! an Eunuch!

*Enter Manto.*

*Manto.* Carazie, quit the roome.

*Car.* Come sir, wee'll treat of  
Your businesse further.

*Gaz.* Excellent! an Eunuch!

*Exiunt.*

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## Actus Tertius. Scena Quinta.

*Enter Donusa, Vitelli.*

*Vitelli.* Leauē me, or I am lost againe, no prayers,  
No penitence, can redeeme me.

*Donusa.* Am I growne  
Olde, or deform'd since yesterday?

*Vitel.* You are still,  
Although the sating of your lust hath sullied  
The immaculate whitenesse of your Virgin beauties,  
Too sayre for me to looke on. And though purenesse,  
The sword with which you euer fought, and conquer'd,  
Is rauish'd from you by vnchaste desires,  
You are too strong for flesh and blood to treat with,  
Though iron grates were interpos'd betweene vs,  
To warrant me from treason.

*Donusa.* Whom doe you feare?

*Vitel.* That humane frailty I tooke from my mother,  
That



# The Renegado.

That, as my youth increas'd, grew stronger on me,  
That still pursues me, and though once recover'd  
In scorne of reason, and what's more, religion,  
A gaine seekes to betray me.

*Donna.* If you meane sir,  
To my embraces, you turne rebell to  
The lawes of nature, the great Queene, and Mother  
Of all productions, and denie allegiance.  
Where you stand bound to pay it.

*Vitel.* I will stoppe  
Mine eares against these charmes, which if *Vlyses*  
Could liue againe, and he are this second Siren,  
Though bound with Cables to his Mast, his Ship too  
Fasten'd with all her An'chors, this inchantment  
Would force him in despite of all resistance,  
To leape into the Sea, and follow her,  
Although destruction with outstretch'd armes,  
Stood ready to receaue him.

*Donna.* Gentle sir,  
Though you deny to heare me, yet vouchsafe  
To looke vpon me. Though I vse no language  
The grieffe for this vnkind repulse, will print  
Such a dumbe eloquence vpon my face,  
As will not onely pleade, but preuaile for me.

*Vitelli.* I am a cowar'd, I will see and heere you,  
The triall else is nothing, Nor the conquest,  
My temperance shall crowne me with heereafter,  
Worthy to be remembred. Vp my vertue  
And holy thoughts, and resolutions arme me,  
Against this fierce temptation; giue me voyce  
Tun'd to a zealous anger to expresse  
At what an oueralue I haue purchas'd,  
The vvanton treasure of your Virgin bounties,  
That in their false fruition heape vpon me  
Despayre, and horror; that I could with that ease  
Redeeme my forfeit innocence, or cast vp  
The poyson I receiu'd into my entrayles,

# The Renegado.

From the alluring cup of your inticements  
As now I doe deliuer backe the price, *returnes the Casket.*  
And salarie of your lust: or thus vnclouth me  
Of sins gay trappings, (the proud liuery *Throws off his*  
Of wicked pleasure) which but worn, and heated *cloke and*  
With the fire of entertaynement, and consent, *doublet.*  
Like to *Alcides* fatall shirt, teares off  
Our flesh, and reputation both together,  
Leauing our vlceros follies bare, and open,  
To all malicious censure.

*Donn.* You must grant,  
If you hold that a losse to you, mine equals,  
If not transcends it. If you then first tasted  
That poyson as you call it, I brought with me  
A palat vnacquainted with the rellish  
Of those delights which most (as I haue heard)  
Greedily swallow; and then the offence  
(If my opinion may be beleu'd)  
Is not so greate: how ere, the wrong no more  
Then if *Hippolitns* and the Virgin Huntresse,  
Should meete and kisse together.

*Vicel.* What defences  
Can lust rayse to maintaine a precipice *Asambeq and*  
To the Abisse of loosenes? but affords not *Musta, aboue*  
The least stayre, or the fastening of one foote,  
To reascend that glorious height we fell from.

*Musta.* By *Mahomet* she courts him.

*Asam.* Nay knees to him;  
Obserue the scornfull villaine turnes away too,  
As glorying in his conquest.

*Donn.* Are you Marble? *kneeles*  
If Christians haue mothers, sure they share in  
The tigresse fiercenesse, for if you were owner  
Of humane pittie, you could not indure  
A Princes to kneele to you, or looke on  
These falling teares which hardest rocks would soften,  
And yet remaine vnmou'd. Did you but giue me

# The Renegado.

A tast of happinesse in your embraces  
That the remembrance of the sweetnesse of it  
Might leaue perpetuall b. ternes behind it?  
Or shew'd me vvhath it vvas to be a vvife,  
To liue a vvidow euer?

*Asam.* She has confest it; *Enter Capiaga, Aga,*  
Ceise on him vilaines. O the furies. *With others.*

*Donusa.* How! *Asambeg and Mustapha descend.*  
Are we betray'd?

*Vitel.* The better, I expected

A Turkish faith.

*Donu.* Who am I that you dare this?  
Tis I that doe command you to forbear  
A touch of violence.

*Aga.* We already Madam  
Haue satisfied your pleasure further then  
Wee know to answer it.

*Capi.* Would we vvere vvell off,  
We stand too far ingag'd I feare.

*Donu.* For vs?  
We'll bring you safe off, who dares contradict  
What is our pleasure? *Enter Asambeg, Mustapha.*

*Asam.* Spurne the dog to prison,  
I'll answer you anon.

*Vitel.* What punishment  
So ere I vndergoe, I am still a Christian. *Ex. with Vitel.*

*Donu.* What bold presumption's this? vnder what law  
Am I to fall that set my foote vpon  
Your Statutes and d. crees?

*Musta.* The crime committed  
Our Alcoran calls death.

*Donu.* Tush, vvho is heere  
That is not *Amurabs* flauē, and so vnfit  
To sit a iudge vpon his blood?

*Asam.* You haue lost  
And sham'd the priuledge of it, rob'd me to  
Of my soule, my vnderstanding to behold



# The Renegado.

Your base vnworthy fall, from your high vertue.

*Donn.* I doe appeale to *Amurah.*

*Asam.* We will offer

No violence to your person, till we know  
His sacred pleasure, till when vnder gard  
You shall continue heere.

*Donusa.* Shall?

*Asam.* I haue said it. *The Gard leades off Donusa.*

*Donn.* We shall remember this.

*Asam.* It ill becomes

Such as are guilty to deliuer threats  
Against the innocent. I could teare this flesh now,  
But tis in vaine, nor must I talke but do :  
Prouide a well made galley for Constantinople,  
Such sad newes neuer came to our great Master;  
As hee directs, we must proceed, and know  
No will but his, to whom what's ours we owe.

*Exeunt.*

The end of the third Act.

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## Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

*Enter Master, Boteswaine.*

*Master.* He does begin to eate?

*Botes.* A little, Master,

But our best hope for his recouery, is that  
His rauing leaues him, and those dreadfull words,  
Damnation, and despayre, with which he euer  
Ended all his discourses are forgotten.

*Mastr.* This stranger is a most religious man sure,  
And I am doubtfull whether his charity,  
In the relieuing of our wants, or care  
To cure the wounded conscience of *Grimaldi,*

*Deserues*



# The Renegado.

Deserues more admiration.

*Botes.* Can you guesse

What the reason should be that we neuer mention  
The Church, or the high Altar, but his melancholie  
Growes, and increaseth on him?

*Maist.* I haue heard him

(When he gloried to professe himselfe an Atheist,)  
Talke often and with much delight and boasting,  
Of a rude prancke he did ere he turn'd Pirat,  
The memory of which, as it appeares,  
Lies heauy on him.

*Botes.* Pray you let me vnderstand it.

*Maist.* Vpon a solemne day when the whole City  
Ioynd in deuotion, and with barefoote steps  
Pass'd to S. *Markes*, the Duke and the whole Signiory,  
Helping to perfit the Religious pompe,  
With which they were receaued; when all men else  
Were full of teares, and gron'd beneath the waight  
Of past offences (of whose heauy burden  
They came to be absolu'd and freed,) our Captaine,  
Whether in scorne of those so pious rites  
He had no feeling of, or else drawne to it  
Out of a wanton irreligious madnesse,  
(I know not which) ranne to the holy man,  
As he was of doing the worke of grace,  
And snatching from his hands the sanctifide meanes  
Dash'd it vpon the pauement.

*Botes.* How escaped he?

It being a deede deseruing death with torture.

*Maist.* The generall amazement of the people  
Gaued him leaue to quit the Temple, and a Gundelo,  
(Prepar'd it seemes before) brought him aboard,  
Since which he nere saw Venice. The remembrance  
Of this, it seemes, torments him; aggrauated  
With a strong beleefe he cannot receaue pardon  
For this fowle fact, but from his hands against whom  
It was committed.

# The Renegado.

*Botef.* And vvhath course intendes  
His heavenly Physitian, reuerend *Francisco,*  
To beate downe this opinion.

*Mast.* He promis'd  
To vse some holy and religious finenesse,  
To this good end, and in the meane timè charg'd me  
To keepe him darke, and to admit no visitants  
But on no termes to crosse him. Heere he comes.

*Enter Grimaldi, with  
a Booke.*

*Gr.* For theft! he that restores trebble the value,  
Makes satisfaction, and for want of meanes  
To doe so, as a slaue must serue it out  
Till he hath made full payment. Ther's hope left heere  
O vvhith vvhath vvil ingnesse vvould I giue vp  
My liberty to those that I haue pillag'd  
And vvish the numbers of my yeeres though wasted  
In the most sordid slavery might equall  
The rapines I haue made, till with one voyce  
My patient sufferings, might exact from my  
Most cruell creditors, a full remission,  
Aneies losse with an eie, limbs with a limb,  
A sad accompt! yet to finde peace within heere;  
Though all such as I haue maim'd, and dismembred  
In drunken quarrells, or orecome with rage  
When they were giu'n vp to my power, stood heere now  
And cride for restitution: to appease 'em,  
I vvould doe a bloody iustice on my selfe;  
Pull out these eies that guided me to rauish  
Their sight from others; lop: hese legs that bore me  
To barbarous violence, with this hand cut off  
This instrument of wrong, till nought were left me  
But this poore bleeding humbleesse truncke, which gladly

I would!

# The Renegado.

I would diuide among them.

Ha! what thinke I

Of petty forfeitures, in this reuerend habit,

(All that I am turnd into cies) I looke on

A deede of mine so fiendlike, that repentance,

Though with my teares I taught the sea new tides,

Can neuer wash off; all my thefts, my rapes

Are veniall trespasses compar'd to what

I offer'd to that shape, and in a place too

Where I stood bound to kneele to't.

*kneels*

*Enter Francisco in a Cope  
like a Bishop.*

*Fran.* Tis forgiuen,

I with his tongue (whom in these sacred vestments

With impure hands thou didst offend) pronounce it,

I bring peace to thee, see that thou deserue it

In thy fayre life heereafter.

*Gri.* Can it bee!

Dare I beleue this vision, or hope

A pardon ere may finde me?

*Fran.* Purchase it

By zealous vndertakings, and no more

T will be remembred.

*Gri.* What celestiall balme

I feele now pour'd into my wounded conscience?

What penance is there Ile not vndergoe

Though nere so sharpe and rugged, with more pleasure

Then flesh and blood ere tasted, shew me true sorrow,

Arm'd vvith an iron vvhip, and I vvill meete

The stripes she brings along vvith her, as if

They vvere the gentle touches of a hand,

That comes to cure me Can good deeds redeeme me?

I vvill rise vp a vvonder to the vvorld,

When I haue giuen strong proofes how I am alred,

I that



# The Renegado.

I that haue sold such as profest the Faith,  
That I was borne in, to captiuity,  
Will make their number equall, that I shall  
Deliuier from the oare; and vvinne as many  
By the cleerenesse of my actions, to looke on  
Their misbeleefe, and loth it. I will be  
A conuoy for all Marchants: and thought vvorthy  
To be reported to the vvorld heereafter,  
The child of your deuotion, nurs'd vp  
And made strong by your charity, to breake through  
All dangers Hell can bring foorth to oppose me;  
Nor am I though my fortunes were thought desperate,  
Now you haue reconcil'd me to my selfe,  
So voyd of vvorldly meanes, but in despight  
Of the proud Viceroyes, vvronges I can doe something  
To vvitnesse of my change; when you please trye me,  
And I will perfit vvhat you shall inioyne me,  
Or fall a ioyfull Martyr.

*Fran.* You vvill reape  
The comfort of it, liue yet vndiscouer'd,  
And vvith your holy meditations strengthen  
Your Christian resolution, ere long  
You shall heare further from me.

*Grimal.* I'll attend *Exit Francisco.*  
All your commands with patience; come my Mates,  
I hitherto haue liu'd an ill example,  
And as your Captaine lead you on to mischief, e,  
But now vvill truely labour, that good men  
May say heereafter of me to my glory,  
Let but my power and meanes, hande vvith my vvill,  
His good endeouours, did waigh downe his ill.

*Exeunt Grimaldi, Master, Boteswaine.*

*Enter Francisco.*

*Fran.* This penitence is not counterfeit, how soeuer  
Good actions are in themselves rewarded,  
My trauailes to meete vvith a double crowne,  
If that *Vicelli* come off safe, and procure

Himselfe



# The Renegado.

Himselfe the Master of his vvilde affections, *Enter Gaz.*  
O I shall haue intelligence, how now *Gazet*,  
Why these sad lookes and teares?

*Gaz.* Teares sir? I haue lost  
My worthy Master, your rich heyre seemes to mourne for  
A miserable father, your young vvidow  
Following a bedrid husband to his graue,  
Would haue her neighbours thinke she cries, and rores,  
That she must part vvith such a goodman doe nothing,  
When t'is because he staves so long aboute ground,  
And hinders a rich suitor: all is come out sir,  
We are smok'd for being cunnicatchers, my master  
Is put in prison, his she customer  
Is vnder garde to, these are things to weepe for;  
But mine owne losse considerd, and vvhata fortune  
I haue, as they say, snatch'd out of my chops,  
Would make a man runne mad.

*Fran.* I scarce haue leasure,  
I am so wholly taken vp vvith sorrow,  
For my lou'de pupill to enquire thy fate,  
Yet I vvill heare it.

*Gaz.* Why sir, I had bought a place,  
A place of credit to, and had gone through with it  
I should haue beene made an Eunuch, there was honour,  
For a late poore prentice, when vpon the suddaine  
There was such a hurleburley in the Court,  
That I was glad to runne away and carry  
The price of my office with me.

*Fran.* Is that all?  
You haue made a sauing voyage; we must thinke now,  
Though not to free, to comfort sad *Vitelli*,  
My greu'd soule suffers for him.

*Gazet.* I am sad too;  
But had I beene an Eunuch

*Fran.* Thinke not on it.

*Exeunt.*

# The Renegado.

## Actus Quartus, Scena Secunda.

*Enter Asambeg. unlocks the doore,  
leades forth Paulina.*

*Asam.* Be your owne gard; obsequiousefnesse, and seruice  
Shall winne you to be mine. Of all restraint  
For euer take your leaue, no threats shall awe you,  
No iealous doubts of mine disturbe your freedome,  
No fee'd spies, wayte vpon your steps, your vertue  
And due consideration in your selfe,  
Of what is Noble, are the faithfull helps  
I leaue you as supporters to defend you,  
From falling basely.

*Paul.* This is vvdrous strange  
Whence flowes this alteration?

*Asam.* From true iudgement,  
And strong assurance, neither grates of iron,  
Hemde in vvith vvalls of brasse, stricte gards, high birth,  
The forfeiture of Honour, nor the feare  
Of infamie, or punishment, can stay  
A woman flaude to appetite from being  
False, and vnworthy.

*Paul.* You are growne Satyricall  
Against our sex, vvhy sir I durst produce  
My selfe in our defence, and from you challenge  
A testimony not to be deni'd,  
All fall not vnder this vnequall censure,  
I that haue stood your flatteries, your threats  
Bore vp against your fierce temptations; scorn'd  
The cruell meanes you practis'd to supplant me,  
Hauing no armes to hepe me, to hold out  
But losse of piety, and constant goodnesse,  
If you are vnconfirm'd, dare againe boldly

*Enter*

# The Renegado.

Enter into the lists, and combat vvith  
All opposites mans malice can bring forth  
To shake me in my chafstetic built vpon  
The rocke of my religion.

*Asam.* I doe vvish  
I could belecue you, but vvhen I shall shew you  
A most incredible example of  
Your frayletie in a Princeffe, su'de and sought to  
By men of worth, of ranck, of eminence; courted  
By happinesse it selfe, and her cold temper  
Approou'd by many yeeres; yet she to fall,  
Fall from her selfe, her glories, nay her safet,  
Into a gulfe of shame, and blacke despayre,  
I thinke you'll doubt your selfe, or in beholding  
Her punishment for euer be deterde  
From yeelding basely.

*Paul.* I vvould see this vvonder;  
Tis sir my first petition.

*Asam.* And thus granted;  
About you shall obserue all. *Paul. steps aside. Enter Must.*

*Must.* Sir I sought you  
And must relate a vvonder, since I studied  
And knew vvhat man vvas, I vvas neuer vvittnesse  
Of such inuincible fortitude as this Christian  
Shows in his sufferings, all the torments that  
We could present him vvith to fright his constancy  
Confirm'd, not shooke it; and those heavy chaines  
That ate into his flesh, appear'd to him  
Like bracelets made of some lou'd mistrisse hayres  
We kisse in the remembrance of her fauours.  
I am strangely taken vvith it, and haue lost  
Much of my furie.

*Asam.* Had he suffer'd poorely  
It had call'd on my contempt, but manly patience  
And all commanding vertue, wins vpon  
An enemy. I shall thinke vpon him, ha! *Enter Aga with*  
So soone return'd? this speede pleads in excuse *a black box.*

Of



# The Renegado.

Of your late fault, which I no more remember.  
What's the grand Signiors pleasure?

*Aga.* Tis inclos'd heere  
The box to, that contaynes it, may informe you  
How he stands affected : I am trusted with  
Nothing but this, on forfeit of your head  
She must haue a speedy triall.

*Asam.* Bring her in  
In blacke as to her funerall, tis the colour  
Her fault wils her to weare, and which, in iustice  
I dare not pittie, sit and take your place,  
Howeuer in her life she has degenerated  
May she die nobly, and in that confirme  
Her greatnesse, and high blood.

*A solemne musicque. A garde. The Aga, and Capi-  
aga, leading in Donna in blacke, her trayne borne  
up by Carazie, and Manto.*

*Musta.* I now could melt ;  
But soft compassion leaue me.

*Fran.* I am affrighted  
With this dismall preparation. Should the enjoying  
Of loose desires finde euer such conclusions,  
All Women would be Vestalls.

*Donn.* That you cloth me  
In this sad liuery of death, assures me  
Your sentence is gone out before, and I  
To late am cald, for, in my guilty cause  
To vse qualification, or excuse —  
Yet must I not part so with mine owne strengths,  
But borrow from my modesty boldnesse, to  
Enquire by whose authority you sit  
My iudges, and whose warrant digs my graue  
In the frownes you dart against my life?

*Asam.* See heere  
This farall signe, and warrant this brought to



# The Renegado.

A Generall fighting in the head of his  
Victorious troopes, rauishes from his hand  
His eu'n then conquering sword; this showne vnto  
The Sultans brothers, or his sonnes, deliuers  
His deadly anger, and all hopes lay'd by  
Commands them to prepare themselues for heauen.  
Which would stand with the quiet of your soule  
To thinke vpon, and imitate.

*Donusa.* Giue me leaue

A little to complayne, first of the hard  
Condition of my fortune, which may moue you  
Though not to rise vp intercessors for me  
(Yet in remembrance of my former life,  
This being the first spot, tainting mine honor)  
To be the meanes to bring me to his presence;  
And then I doubt not, but I could alleage  
Such reasons in mine owne defence, or pleade  
So humbly (my teares helpinge) that it should  
Awake his sleeping pittie.

*Asam.* Tis in vayne.

If you haue ought to say you shall haue hearing,  
And in me thinke him present.

*Donusa.* I would thus then

First kneele, and kisse his feete, and after tell him  
How long I had beene his darling, what delight  
My infant yeeres afforded him; how deere  
Hee prizde his sister, in both bloods, my mother;  
That she like him had frailety, that to me  
Deicends as an inheritance, then coniure him  
By her blest ashes, and his fathers soule,  
The sword that rides vpon his thigh, his right hand  
Holding the Scepter and the Ottoman fortune,  
To haue compassion on me.

*Asam.* But suppose

(As I am sure) he would be deafe, what then  
Could you inferre?

*Donusa.* I then would thus rise vp,

## The Renegado.

And to his teeth tell him he was a tyrant,  
A most voluptuous, and insatiable Epicure  
In his owne pleasures : which he hugs so deereely,  
As proper, and peculiar to himselfe,  
That he denies a moderate lawfull vse  
Of all delight to others. And to thee  
Vnequall iudge I speake as much, and charge thee  
But with impartiall eies to looke into  
Thy selfe, and then consider with what iustice  
Thou canst pronounce my sentence. Vnkind nature,  
To make weake women seruants, proud men Masters  
Indulgent *Mahomet*, doe thy bloody lawes  
Call my embraces vvith a Christian, death?  
Hauing my heate and May of youth to pleade  
In my excuse? and yet want power to punish  
These that vvith scorne breake through thy Cobweb edicts  
And laugh at thy decrees? to tame their lusts  
There's no religious bit, let her be fayre  
And pleasing to the eye, though Persian, Moore,  
Idolatreffe, Turke, or Christian, you are priueledg'd  
And freely may enjoy her. At this instant  
I know, vniust man, thou hast in thy power  
A louely Christian Virgin; thy offence  
Equall, if not transcending mine, vvhy then  
We being both guilty doest thou not descend  
From that vsurp'd Tribunall and vvith me  
Walke hand in hand to death?

*Asam.* She raues, and vve  
Loose time to heare her : reade the Law,

*Donnisa.* Doe, doe,  
I stand resolu'd to suffer.

*Asa.* If any Virgin of what degree or quality soeuer,  
borne a naturail Turke, shall bee conuicted of corporall  
loosenesse, and incontinence, with any Christian, she is by  
the decree of our great Prophet *Mahomet* to loose her  
head.

*Asam.* Marke that, then taxe our iustice.

# The Renegado.

*Aga.* Euer prouided that if shee, the sayd offender, by any reasons, arguments or perswasion, can win and preuaile with the sayd Christian offending with her, to alter his religion, and marry her, that then the winning of a soule to the *Mahometan* sect, shall acquit her from all shame, disgrace and punishment whatsoeuer.

*Donn.* I lay hold on that clause and challenge from you  
The priueledge of the Law.

*Musta.* What will you doe?

*Donn.* Grant me access and meanes, I'll vndertake  
To turne this Christian Turke, and marry him:  
This triall you cannot denie.

*Must.* O base!

Can feare to die make you descend so low  
From your high birth, and brand the *Ottaman* line  
With such a marke of infamy?

*Asam.* This is worse  
Then the parting with your honour; better suffer  
Ten thousand deaths, and without hope to haue  
A place in our great Prophets Paradise,  
Then haue an acte to after times remembred  
So foule as this is.

*Musta.* Cheere your spirits Madam,  
To die is nothing, tis but parting with  
A mountaine of vexations.

*Asam.* Thinke of your honour;  
In dying nobly you make satisfaction  
For your offence, and you shall liue a story  
Of bould Heroicke courage.

*Donn.* You shall not foole me  
Out of my life, I claime the Law and sue for  
A speedy triall; if I fayle, you may  
Determine of me as you please.

*Asam.* Base woman!  
But vlt thy wayes, and see thou prosper in 'em  
For if thou fall againe into my power  
Thou shalt in vaine after a thousand tortures



# The Renegado.

Cry out, for death, that death which now thou fliest from  
Unloose the prisoners chaynes, goe leade her on  
To try the Magique of her tongue; I follow:  
I am on the racke, descend my best *Paulina*.

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## *Actus Quartus. Scæna Tertia.*

*Enter Francise, Iaylor.*

*Fran.* I come not empty handed, I will purchase  
Your fauour at what rate you please. There's gold.

*Iaylor,* Tis the best oratory. I will hazard  
A checke for your content below there?

*Vitelli,* Welcome.

*Vitelli under the Stage.*

Art thou the happy messenger that brings me  
Newes of my death?

*Iay.* Your hand.

*Vitelli plack'd vp.*

*Fran.* Now if you please,  
A little priuacie.

*Iay.* You haue bought it fir,  
Enioy it freely.

*Exit Iaylor.*

*Fran.* O my deereft pupill,  
Witnesse these teares of ioy, I neuer saw you  
Till now looke louely; nor durst I ere glory  
In the mind of any man I had built vp  
With the hands of vertuous, and religious precepts,  
Till this glad minute. Now you haue made good  
My expectation of you. By my order,  
All Roman *Cæsars*, that ledde kings in chaynes  
Fast bound to their triumphant chariots, if  
Compar'd with that true glory, and full luster  
You now appeare in, all their boasted honors  
Purchas'd with blood, and wrong, would loose their names  
And be no more remembered.

*Vitelli,* This applaue

Confirm'd



# The Renegado.

Confirm'd in your allowance ioyes me more,  
Then if a thousand full cram'd Theaters  
Should clap their eager hands to witness that  
The Scene I act did please, and they admire it.  
But these are (father) but beginnings, not  
The ends of my high aimes. I grant to haue master'd  
The rebell appetite of flesh and blood  
Was far about my strength; and still owe for it  
To that great power that lent it. But when I  
Shall make't apparant, the grimme lookes of death  
Affright me not, and that I can put off  
The sonde desire of life (that like a garment  
Covers, and clothes our frailty) hastening to  
My Martirdome; as to a heauenly banquet,  
To which I was a choyce invited guest.  
Then you may boldly say, you did not plough  
Or trust the barren, and vngratefull sands  
With the fruitfull graine of your religious counsels.

*Fran.* You doe instruct your teacher. Let the Sun  
Of your cleere life (that lends to good men light)  
But set as gloriously, as it did rise,  
Though sometimes clouded) you may write *nil ultra*  
To humane wishes.

*Vitel.* I haue almost gain'd  
The end of the race, and will not faynt, or tire now.

*Enter Aga and laylor.*

*Aga.* Sir by your leaue (nay stay not) I bring comfort;  
The Viceroy taken with the constant bearing  
Of your afflictions, and presuming to  
You will not change your temper, does command  
Your irons should be rane off. Now arme your selfe  
With your olde resolution, suddenly: *the chayne taken off.*  
You shall be visited, you must leaue the roome to  
And doe it without reply.

*Fran.* There's no contending,  
Bee still thy selfe my sonne. *Exit Francisco.*

*Vitel.* Tis not in man *Enter Don. Asam, Musca, Paul.*

To

# The Renegado.

To change or alter me.

*Paul.* Whom doe I looke on?

My brother? tis he! but no more my tongue,  
Thou wilt betray all.

*Asam.* Let vs heare this temptresse,  
The fellow lookes as he would stop his eares  
Against her powerfull spels.

*Paul.* He is vndone else.

*Visel.* I'll stand th' incounter, charge me home.

*Donn.* I come sir, *bowes her selfe.*

A begger to you, and doubt not to finde  
A good mans charity, which if you denie,  
You are cruell to your selfe, a crime, a wiseman  
(And such I hold you) would not willingly  
Be guilty of, nor let it finde lesse welcome  
Though I (a creature you contemne) now shew you  
The way to certaine happinesse, nor thinke it  
Imaginarie, or phantasticall,  
And so not vworth th' acquiring, in respect  
The passage to it is nor rough nor thornie;  
No steepe hills in the way which you must climbe vp;  
No monsters to be conquer'd; no inchantments  
To be dissolu'd by counter charmes, before  
You take possession of it.

*Visel.* What strong poyson  
Is wrap'd vp in these sugred pills?

*Donn.* My suite is  
That you vwould quit your shoulders of a burthen  
Vnder vvhose ponderous vvaight you vvilfully  
Haue too long groan'd, to cast those fetters off, (dome  
With vvith your own hands you chaine your free-  
For sake a feure, nay imperious mistresse,  
Whose seruice does exact perpetuall cares,  
Watchings, and troubles, and giue entertainment  
To one that courts you, whose least fauours are  
Variety, and choyce of all delights  
Mankind is capable of.

*Viselli.*

# The Renegado.

*Visel.* You speake in riddles.

What burthen, or what mistrisse? or what fetters?  
Are those you poynt at?

*Down.* Those which your religion,  
The mistresse you too long haue seru'd, compells you  
To beare with slaue-like patience.

*Visel.* Ha!

*Paul.* How brauely  
That vertuous anger shoues?

*Down.* Be wise, and waigh  
The prosperous successe of things, if blessings  
Are donatiues from Heauen (which you must grane  
Were blasphemy to question) and that  
They are call'd downe, and powr'd on such as are  
Most gracious with the great disposer of 'em,  
Looke on our flourishing Empire; if the splendor,  
The Maiestie, and glory of it dimme not  
Your feeble sight; and then turne backe, and see  
The narrow bounds of yours, yet that poore remnant  
Rent in as many factions, and opinions,  
As you haue petty kingdomes, and then if  
You are not obstinate against truth and reason,  
You must confesse the Deity you worship  
Wants care, or power to helpe you.

*Paul.* Hold out now  
And then thou art victorious.

*Asam.* How he eies her!

*Musta.* As if he would looke through her

*Asam.* His eyes flame too,  
As threatening violence.

*Visel.* But that I know  
The Diuelthy Tutor fills each part about thee,  
And that I cannot play the exorcist  
To dispossesse thee, valesse I should teare  
Thy body limbe by limbe, and throw it to  
The furies that expect it, I would now  
Plucke out that wicked tongue, that hath blasphem'd



# The Renegado.

That great omnipotency at whose nod  
The fabricke of the World shakes. Dare you bring  
Your iugling Prophet in comparison with  
That most inscrutable, and infinite essence  
That made this all, and comprehends his vvorke?  
The place is too prophane to mention him  
Whose onely name is sacred. O *Donusa!*  
How much in my compassion I suffer,  
That thou, on whom this most excellling forme  
And faculties of ditcourse, beyond a vvoman,  
Were by his liberall guilt confer'd, should'st still  
Remaine in ignorance of him that gaue it?  
I vvill not foule my mouth to speake the Sorceries  
Of your seducer, his base birth, his vvhorodomes,  
His strange impostures; nor deliuer how  
He taught a Pigeon to feede in his eare,  
Then made his credulous followers beleue  
It vvvas an Angell that instructed him;  
In the framing of his Alcoran. Pray you marke me.

*Asam.* These words are death, were he in nought else

*Viselli.* Your intent to winne me (guilty.

To be of your beleefe proceeded from  
Your feare to die. Can there be strength in that  
Religion, that suffers vs to tremble  
At that vvchich euery day, nay hower vvec hast to?

*Donn.* This is vnanswerable and there's something tells  
Ierre in my opinion. (once

*Viselli.* Cherish it

It is a Heauenly prompter, entertaine  
This holy motion, and weare on your forehead  
The Sacred badge he armes His seruants vvith,  
You shall, like mee, vvith scorne looke downe vpon  
All engines tyranny can aduance to batter  
Your constant resolution. Then you shall  
Looke truely fayre, vvhen your minds purchase answers  
Your outward beauties.

*Donusa.* I came heere to take you.

But



# The Renegado.

But I perceiue a yeelding in my selfe  
To be your prisoner.

*Viselli*, Tis an ouerthrow  
That will outshine all victories. O *Donusa*,  
Dye in my faith like me, and tis a marriage  
At vvhich celestially Angels shall be vwaiters,  
And such as haue bene Sainted vvelcome vs,  
Are you confirm'd?

*Donn*. I vvould bee; but the meanes  
That may assure mee?

*Viselli*, Heauen is mercifull,  
And vvill not suffer you to vvant a man,  
To doe that sacred office, build vpon it.

*Donn*. Then thus I spit at *Mahomet*.

*Asau* Stoppe her mouth:

In death to turne Apostata! I'll not heare  
One sillable from any; wretched creature:

With the next rising Sunne prepare to die.

Yet Christian, in reward of thy braue courage,

Bee thy faith right, or vvrong, receiue this fauour.

In person Ile attend thee to thy death,

And bouldly challenge all that I can giue

But what's not in my grant, which is to liue. *Exiunt.*

## The end of the fourth Act.

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### Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

*Enter Viselli, Francisco.*

*Fran*. You are wondrous braue, and iocound:

*Viselli*. Welcome Father.

Should I spare cost, or not weare cheerefull lookes

Vpon my wedding day, it were omenous

And shew'd I did repent it, which I dare not,

It being a marriage, howsoever sad

## The Renegado.

In the first ceremonies that confirme it,  
That will for euer arme me against feares,  
Repentance, doubts, or ielousies, and bring  
Perpetuall comforts, peace of minde, and quiet  
To the glad couple.

*Fran.* I well vnderstand you;  
And my full ioy to see you so resolu'd  
Weake words cannot expresse. What is the howre  
Design'd for this solemnity?

*Vitel.* The sixth,  
Something before the setting of the Sun  
We take our last leaue of his fading light,  
And with our soules eies seeke for beames eternall,  
Yet there's one scruple with which I am much  
Perplex'd, and troubl'd, which I know you can  
Resolue me of.

*Fran.* What is't?

*Vitelli.* This sir, my Bride  
Whom I first courted, and then wonne (not with  
Loofelays, poore flatteries, apish complements,  
But Sacred, and Religious zeale) yet wants  
The holy badge that should proclaime her fit  
For these Celestiall Nuptialls; v willing she is,  
I know, to weare it, as the choicest iewell  
On her fayre forehead; but to you, that well  
Could doe that vvorke of Grace, I know the Viceroy  
Will neuer grant accessse. Now in a case  
Of this necessity, I vwould gladly learne,  
Whether in me a layman, v without orders,  
It may not be religious, and lawfull  
As vve goe to our deaths to doe that office?

*Fran.* A question in it selfe, v with much ease answer'd;  
Midwiues vpon necessity performe it,  
And Knights that in the Holy-Land fought for  
The freedome of Hierusalem, v when full  
Of sweat, and enemies blood, haue made their Helmes  
The fount, out of v which v with their holy hands

They

# The Renegado.

They drew that heavenly liquor, 't vvas approu'd then  
By the Holy Church, nor must I thinke it now  
In you a vvorke lesse pious.

*Vitel.* You confirme me,  
I vwill find a way to doe it. In the meane time  
Your holy vowes assist me.

*Fran.* They shall euer  
Be present vvith you.

*Vitel.* You shall see me act  
This last Sezne to the life.

*Fran.* And though now fall,  
Rise a bles'd Martyr.

*Vitel.* That's my end, my all.

*Exeunt.*

---

## Actus Quintus, Scena Secunda.

*Enter Grimaldi, Master, Boteswaine, Saylor.*

*Botes.* Sir, if you slip this opportunity,  
Neuer expect the like.

*Mast.* With as much ease now  
We may steale the ship out of the harbor, Captaine,  
As euer Gallants in a vvanton brauery  
Haue set vpon a drunken Constable,  
And bore him from a sleepy ruggown'd vvatch:  
Be therefore vvise.

*Gri.* I must be honest too  
And you shall weare that shape, you shall obserue me,  
If that you purpose to continue mine,  
Thinke you ingratitude can be the parent  
To our vnfayn'd repentance? doe I owe  
A peace vvithin heere, Kingdoms could not purchase,  
To my religious creditor, to leaue him  
Open to danger, the great benefit  
Neuer remembered? no, though in her bottome.  
We could stow vp the tribute of the Turke,



## The Renegado.

Nay, grant the passage safe too: I will neuer  
Content to waigh an Anchor vp, till hee,  
That onely must, commands it.

*Botsw.* This Religion  
Will keepe vs slaues and Beggars.

*Mastr.* The Fiend prompts me  
To change my cobby: Plague vpon't, we are Seamen,  
What haue we to doe with't, but for a snatch, or so,  
At the end of a long Lent?

*Botsw.* Mum, see who is here? *Enter Francisco.*

*Grim.* My Father!

*Fran.* My good conuert. I am full  
Of serious businesse which denies me leaue  
To holde long conference with you: Onely thus much  
Briefely receiue; a day, or two, at the most  
Shall make me fit to take my leaue of Tunis,  
Or giue me lost for euer.

*Grim.* Dayes, nor yeares,  
Prouided, that my stay may doe you seruice,  
But to me i shall be minuits.

*Fran.* I much thanke you:  
In this small scrole you may in private reade  
What my intents are, and as they growe ripe  
I will instruct you further. In the meane time  
Borrow your late distracted lookes, and gesture;  
The more deiected you appeare, the lesse  
The Viceroy must suspect you.

*Grim.* I am nothing,  
But what you please to haue me be.

*Fran.* Farewell sir,  
Be cheerefull Master, something we will doe  
That shall reward it selfe in the performance,  
And that's true prize indeede.

*Mastr.* I am obedient.

*Exeunt. Grimaldi.*

*Botsw.* And I, there's no contending. *Mastr. Botsw.*

*Fran.* Peace to you all.

Prosper thou great Existence my endeauours,

# The Renegado.

As they religiously are vndertaken,  
And distant equally from seruire gaine, *Enter Paul. Carzi.*  
Or glorious ostentation. I am heard *and Manio.*  
In this blest opportunity, which in vaine  
I long haue waited for. I must show my selfe.  
O she has found me. Now if she prooue right  
All hope will not forsake vs.

*Paul.* Farther off,  
And in that distance know your duties too.  
You were bestowed on me as slaues to serue me  
And not as spies to prie into my actions,  
And after to betray me. You shall finde  
If any looke of mine be vnobseru'd,  
I am not ignorant of a mistresse power,  
And from whom I receiue it.

*Cara.* Note this, *Manio.*  
The pride, and scorne, with which she entertaynes vs  
Now we are made hers by the Viceroyes giuft.  
Our sweete condition'd princeesse, fayre *Donna*,  
Rest in her death waite on her, neuer vs'd vs  
With such contempt. I would he had sent me  
To the Gallies, or the Gallows, when he gaue me  
To this proude little diuell.

*Manio.* I expect  
All tyrannous vsage, but I must be patient;  
And thought ten times a day, she teares these locks,  
Or makes this face her footstoole, tis but iustice.

*Paul.* Tis a true story of my fortunes, father,  
My chastity preferu'd by miracle,  
Or your deuotions for me; and belecue it,  
What outward pride so ere I counterfeit,  
Or state to these appoynted to attend me,  
I am not in my disposition alter'd,  
But still your humble daughter and share with you  
In my poore brothers sufferings, all hel torment.  
Reuenge it on accurs'd *Grimaldis* soule  
That in his rape of me gaue a beginning

# The Renegado.

To all the miseries that since haue follow'd

*Fran.* Be charitable, and forgie him gentle daughter;  
Hee's a chang'd man, and may redeeme his fault  
In his faire life heereafter. You must beare too  
Your forc'd captiuitie (for tis no better,  
Though you weare golden fetters) and of him,  
Whom death affrights not, learne to hold out nobly.

*Paul.* You are still the same good counsellor.

*Fran.* And who knowes

( Since what above is purpos'd, is inscrutable )  
But that the Viceroyes extreme dotage on you  
May be the parent of a happier birth  
Then yet our hopes dare fashion. Longer conference  
May prooue vn' safe for you, and me, howeuer  
Perhaps for triall he allowes you freedome. *delivers a*  
From this learne therefore what you must attempt, *paper.*  
Though with the hazarde of your selfe, heauen gard you,  
And giue *Virelli's* patience, then I doubt not  
But he will haue a glorious day since some  
Hold truely, such as suffer, ouercome. *Exeunt.*

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## Actus Quintus, Scena Tertia.

*Enter Asambeg, Mustapha, Aga, Capiaga.*

*Asam.* What we commanded, see perform'd, and faylene  
In all things to be punctuall.

*Aga.* We shall sir.

*Exeunt Aga, Capiaga.*

*Must.* Tis strange that you should vse such circumstance  
To a delinquent of so meane condition.

*Asam.* Had he appear'd in a more sordid shape  
Then disguis'd greatenes euer dain'd to maske in,  
The gallant bearing of his present fortune  
A loud proclaimes him noble.

*Musta* If you doubt him,  
To be a man built vp for great employments,

And



# The Renegado.

And as a cunning spie sent to explore  
The Cities strength, or weaknesse, you by torture  
May force him to discouer it.

*Asam.* That were base;

Nor dare I doe such iniury to Vertue  
And bold assured courage, neither can I  
Be wonne to thinke, but if I should attempt it,  
I shoote against the Moone. He that hath stood  
The roughest battery, that captiuity  
Could euer bring to shake a constant temper,  
Despis'd the fawnings of a future greatnesse,  
By beauty in her full perfection tender'd;  
That heares of death as of a quiet slumber,  
And from the surplusage of his owne firmenesse  
Can spare enough of fortitude, to assure  
A feeble woman; vwill now, *Mustapha*  
Be alter'd in his soule, for any torments  
We can afflict his body vvith?

*Musta.* Doe your pleasure,

I only offer'd you a friends aduice,  
But vvithout gall, or enuy to the man  
That is to suffer. But vvhat doe you determine  
Of poore *Grimaldi*? the disgrace cal'd on him  
I heere has ran him madde.

*Asam.* There waigh the difference  
In the true temper of their minds. The one,  
A Pirat sould to mischiefes, rapes, and all  
That make a slaue relentlesse, and obdurate;  
Yet of himselfe vvanting the inward strengths  
That should defend him, sinkes beneath compassion  
Or pittie of a man; vvhere as this marchant,  
Acquainted only vvith a ciuill life,  
Arm'd in himselfe; intrench'd, and fortifide  
With his owne vertue, valewing life and death,  
At the same price, poorely does not inuite  
A fauour, but commands vs doe him right,  
Which vnto him, and her (we both once honour'd

# The Renegado.

As a iust debt I gladly pay'm ; they enter,  
Now sit wee equall hearers.

*A dreadfull musicke, at one doore ;*

*The Aga, Iamizaries, Vitelli, Francisco, Gazet : at the other,  
Donusa, Paulina, Carazie, Manto.*

*Musta.* I shall heare

And see, sir, without passion, my wrongs arme me.

*Vitel.* A ioyfull preparation ! To whose bountie  
Owe vvee our thanks for gracing thus our Himen ?  
The notes though dreadfull to the eare, sound heere  
As our *Epithalamium* were sung  
By a Cælestiall quire, and a full *Chorus*  
Assurde vs future happinesse. These that leade me  
Gaze not with wanton eyes vpon my bride,  
Nor for their seruice are repayde by me  
With ieaiousies, or feares ; nor doe they enuy  
My passage to those pleasures from which death  
Cannot deterre me. Great sir pardon me ;  
Imagination of the ioyes I haste to,  
Made me forget my duty, but the forme  
And ceremony past, I will attend you,  
And with our constant resolution feast you,  
Not with course cates, forgot assoone as tasted,  
But such as shall, while you haue memory,  
Be pleasing to the palate.

*Fran.* Bee not lost

In what you purpose.

*Exit Francisco.*

*Gaz.* Call you this a marriage ?

It differs little from hanging, I cry at it.

*Vite.* See where my bride appears ! in what full luster ?

As if the Virgins that beare vp her trayne,  
Had long contended to receiue an honor  
Aboue their births, in doing her this seruice.  
Nor comes she fearefull to meete those delights,  
Which once past ore, immortal pleasures follow.  
I need not therefore comfort, or encourage

Her

# The Renegado.

Her forward steps, and I should offer wrong  
To her minds fortitude, should I but aske  
How she can brooke the rough high going Sea,  
Ouer whose foamie backe our shippe well rig'd  
With hope and strong assurance must transport vs.  
Nor will I tell her when we reach the Hauen  
(Which tempests shall not hinder) what loud vvvelcoms  
Shall entertaine vs; nor commend the place,  
To tell vvwhose least perfection vvould strike dumbe.  
The eloquence of all boasted in story,  
Though ioyn'd together.

*Donn.* Tis enough my deereft;  
I dare not doubt you, as your humble shadow  
Leade vvhere you please, I follow.

*Vicelli.* One suite sir,  
And vvillingly I cease to be a begger,  
And that you may vvith more security heare it,  
Know tis not life Ile aske, nor to deferre  
Our deaths, but a few minutes.

*Asam.* Speake, tis granted.

*Vicel.* We being now to take our latest leaue  
And growne of one beleefe, I doe desire  
I may haue your allowance to performe it  
But in the fashion vvwhich vve Christians vse  
Vpon the like occasions.

*Asam.* Tis allow'd of.

*Vicel.* My seruice; haste *Gazet* to the next spring,  
And bring me of it.

*Gazet.* Would I could aswell  
Fetch you a pardon, I vvould not run but flie,  
And be heere in a moment.

*Musta.* What's the mystery  
Of this? discouer it?

*Vicel.* Great sir, I'll tell you,  
Each countrey hath it's owne peculiar rites,  
Some vvhen they are to die drinke store of vvine,  
Which powr'd in liberally does oft beget



# The Renegado.

A bastarde valour, with which armde, they beare  
The not to bee declined charge of death  
With lesse feare, and astonishment; Others take  
Drugs to procure a heauie sleepe, that so  
They may insensibly receiue the meanes  
That casts them in an euerlasting slumber;  
Others——O welcome. *Enter Gazet With Water.*

*Asam.* Now the vse of yours?

*Vitel.* The cleerenesse of this is a perfit signe  
Of innocence, and as this washes off  
Staines, and pollutions from the things we vveare,  
Throwne thus vpon the forehead, it hath power  
To purge those spots that cleue vpon the minde, (*Throws*  
If thankfully receiu'd. *it on her face.*)

*Asam.* Tis a strange custome!

*Vitel.* How doe you entertaine it my *Donusa*?  
Feele you no alteration? No new motiues?  
No vnexpected ayds that may confirme you  
In that to which you were inclinde before?

*Donu.* I am an other woman, till this minute  
I neuer liu'de, nor durst thinke how to dye.  
How long haue I beene blinde? Yet on the suddaine,  
By this blest meanes I feele the filmes of error  
Tane from my soules eyes. O diuine *Physitian*,  
That hast bestowde a sight on mee, which death,  
Though readie to embrace me in his armes,  
Cannot take from me. Let me kisse the hand  
That did this miracle, and seale my thanks  
Vpon those Lips from whence these sweet words vanishe  
That freedde me from the cruelllest of prisons,  
Blinde ignorance, and misbeliefe: false Prophet,  
Impostor *Mahomet*.

*Asam.* I'll heare no more;  
You doe abuse my fauors, seuer 'em:  
Wretch if thou hadst another life to loose,  
This Blasphemie deseru'de it, instantly  
Carr y them to their deaths.

We

# The Renegado.

*Vicelli.* Wee part now, blest one,  
To meet hereafter in a Kingdome, where  
Hells malice shall not reach vs.

*Paul.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Asam.* What meanes my Mistres?

*Paul.* Who can hold her spleene,  
When such ridiculous follies are presented,  
The Scene too made religion: O my Lord,  
How from one cause two contrary effects  
Spring vp vpon the suddaine.

*Asam.* This is strange.

*Paul.* That which hath foolde her in her death,  
Winns mee,  
That hitherto haue barde my selfe from pleasure,  
To liue in all delight.

*Asam.* There's Musicke in this.

*Paul.* I now will runn as fiercely to your armes  
As euer longing woman did, borne high  
On the swift wings of appetite.

*Vicel.* O Diuell!

*Paul.* Nay more, for there shall be no ods betwixt vs,  
I will turne Turke.

*Gazer.* Most of your tribe doe so  
When they beginne in whore.

*Aside.*

*Asam.* You are serious Ladie?

*Paul.* Serious: but satisfie me in a suite  
That to the world may witnesse that I haue  
Some power vpon you, and to morrow challenge  
What euer's in my guift, for I will bee  
At your dispose.

*Gazer.* That's euer the subscription  
To a damn'd whores false Epistle.

*(Aside)*

*Asam.* Aske this hand,  
Or if thou wilt, the heads of these. I am rapt  
Beyond my selfe with ioy, speake, speake, what is it?

*Paul.* But twelue short houres repruie for this base!

*Asam.* The reason, since you hate them? *(couple.*

# The Renegado.

*Paul.* That I may  
Haue time to triumph ore this vvretched vvoman:  
I'll be my selfe her guardian. I will feast,  
Adorned in her choice and richest Iewells,  
Commit him to vvhat gards you please. Grant this,  
I am no more mine owne, but yours.

*Asam.* Enioy it;  
Repine at it who dares: beare him safe off  
To the blacke Tower, but giue him all things vsfull,  
The contrary vvvas not in your request.

*Paul.* I doe contemne him.

*Donn.* Peace in death deny'd me?

*Paul.* Thou shalt not goe in liberty to thy graue,  
For one night a Sultana is my slaue.

*Musta.* A terrible little tyrannesse.

*Asam.* No more;

Her vvill shall be a law. Till now nere happy. *Exeunt.*

---

## Actus Quintus, Scena quarta.

*Enter Francis. Grimal. Mast. Botefw. and Sayl.*

*Grim.* Sir, all things are in readinesse, the Turkes  
That seas'd vpon my Ship stow'd vnder hatches,  
My men resolu'd, and cheerefull. Vse but meanes  
To get out of the Ports, vve vvill be ready  
To bring you aboard, and then (heauen be but pleas'd)  
This for the Viceroyes flecte.

*Fran.* Discharge your parts,  
In mine I'll not be vvanting; feare not *Master,*  
Something vvill come along to fraught your Barke,  
That you vvill haue iust cause to say you neuer  
Made such a Voyage.

*Mast.* We will stand the hazard.

*Fran.* What's the best hower?

*Botefw.*



# The Renegado.

*Botes.* After the second vwatch.

*Fran.* Enough; each to his charge.

*Grim.* We will be carefull.

*Exeunt.*

---

## Actus Quintus, Scæna quinta.

*Enter Paulina, Donna, Carazie, Manto.*

*Paul.* Sit Madam, it is fit that I attend you;  
And pardon, I beseech you, my rude language,  
To which the sooner you will be invited,  
When you shall vnderstand, no way was left me  
To free you from a present execution,  
But by my personating that, which neuer  
My nature was acquainted with.

*Donn.* I beleue you.

*Paul.* You will when you shall vnderstand, I may  
Receiue the honour to be knowen vnto you  
By a neerer name. And not to wracke you further,  
The man you please to fauour is my brother,  
No Marchant, Madam, but a Gentleman  
Of the best ranke in Venice.

*Donn.* I reioyce in't  
But what's this to his freedome? for my selfe,  
Were he well off, I were secure.

*Paul.* I haue

A present meanes, not plotted by my selfe,  
But a religious man, my confessor,  
That may preferue all, if we had a seruant  
Whose faith we might relie on.

*Donn.* She that's now  
Your slaue was once mine, had I twenty liues  
I durst commit them to her trust.

*Manto.* O Madam,

# The Renegado.

I haue beene false, forgive me. I'll redeeme it  
By any thing howeuer desperate  
You please to impose vpon me.

*Paul.* Troth these teares

I thinke cannot be counterfeit, I belecue her,  
And if you please vwill try her.

*Donusa.* At your perill;

There is no further danger can looke towards me.

*Paul.* This only then, canst thou vse meanes to carry  
This bakemeate to *Viceli*?

*Manto.* With much ease;

I am familiar vwith the gard; beside,  
Being knowne it vvas I that betrayde him,  
My entrance hardly vwill of them be question'd?

*Paul.* About it then, say that it vvas sent to him  
From his *Donusa*, bid him search the midst of t  
He there shall finde a cordiall.

*Manto.* What I doe

Shall speake my care and faith.

*Exit Manto.*

*Donu.* Good fortune vwith thee.

*Paul.* You cannot eate.

*Donu.* The time vve thus abuse

We might imploy much better.

*Paul.* I am glad

To heare this from you. As for you *Caraxie*,  
If your intents doe prosper, make choyce whither  
You'l steale away with your two Mistresses  
Or take your fortune.

*Caraxie.* I'll be gelded twice first;  
Hang him that staves behind.

*Paul.* I waite you Madame,  
Were but my brother off, by the command  
Of the doting Viceroy there's no garde dare stay me.  
And I will safely bring you to the place  
Where we must expect him.

*Donu.* Heauen be gracious to vs.

*Exit Donu.*

*Actus.*

# The Renegado.

## Actus Quintus, Scæna Sexta.

Enter Viselli, Aga, and a Garde.

*Vitel.* *Paulina* to fall off thus? tis to mee  
More terrible then death, and like an earthquake  
Totters this walking building (such I am)  
And in my suddaine ruine would preuent,  
By choaking vp at once my vitall spirits,  
This pompous preparation for my death.  
But I am lost; that good man, good *Francisco*  
Deliuered me a paper which till now  
I wanted-leisure to peruse. *reads the paper.*

*Aga.* This Chrastian  
Feares not, it seemes, the neere approaching Sun  
Whose second rise He neuer must salute. *Enter Manto.*

1. *Gard.* Who's that? *with the Bak't-meat.*

2. *Gard.* Stand.

*Aga.* *Manto.*

*Manto.* Heere's the Viceroyes ring  
Giues warrant to my entrance, yet you may  
Partake of any thing I shall deliuer;  
Tis but a present to a dying man  
Sent from the princeesse that must suffer with him.

*Aga.* Use your owne freedome.

*Manto.* I would not disturbe  
This his last contemplation.

*Vitel.* O tis well!  
He has restor'd all, and I at peace againe.

With my *Paulina.*

*Manto.* Sir, the sad *Donusa*  
Griued for your sufferings, more then for her owne,  
Knowing the long and tedious pilgrimage  
You are to take, presents you with this cordiall,



# The Renegado.

Which priuately she wishes you should taste of,  
And search the middle part, where you shall find  
Something that hath the operation, to  
Make death looke louely.

*Vitelli.* I will not dispute

What she commands but serue it. *Exit Vitelli.*

*Aga.* Prethee *Manto*

How hath the vnfortunate Princes spent this night  
Vnder her proud new mistresse?

*Manto.* With such patience

As it orecomes the others insolence

Nay triumphs ore her pride. My much hast now

Commands me hence, but the sad Tragedy-past,

He giue you satisfaction to the full

Of all hath pass'd, and a true character

Of the proud Christians nature. *Exit Manto.*

*Aga.* Breake the watch vp,

What should we feare in the midst of our owne strengths?

'Tis but the *Bashas* ielousie. Farewell souldiers. *Exeunt.*

---

## Actus quintus. Scæna Septima.

*Enter Vitelli, With the bak't-meates, Aboue*

*Vitelli.* There's something more in this then meanes to  
A hungry appetite, which I must discover. *(Cloy*

Shee, will'd me search the midst. Thus, thus I pierce it:

Ha! what is this? a scrole bound vp in packthread?

What may the miserie be?

*The Scrole.*

Sonne, let downe this packthread, at the West win-  
dow of the Castle. By it you shall draw vp a Ladder of  
ropes, by which you may descend, your deereft *Donusa*  
with the rest of your friends, below attend you. Heauen  
prosper you. *Francisco.*

O best of men! he that giues vp himselfe

# The Renegado.

To a true religious friend; leanes not vpon  
A false deceiuing reede, but boldly builds  
Vpon a rocke, which now with ioy I finde  
In reuerend *Francisco*. Whose good vovves,  
Labors; and watchings in my hopd-for freedome  
Appere a pipus miracle. I come,  
I come, good man, with confidence, though the descent  
Were steepe as hell, I know I cannot slide  
Beeing ca'd downe, by such a faithfull guide. *Exit Vitelli.*

## Actus Quintus, Scæna Vltima.

*Asambeg, Mustapha, Ianizaries.*

*Asam* Excuse me *Mustapha*, though this night to me  
Appere as tedious as that treble one  
Was to the world, when *Ioue* on faire *Alcmena*  
Begot *Alcides*. Were you to encounter  
Those rauishing pleasures, which the slow pac'd howres  
(To me they are such) bar me from, you would  
With your continued wishes striue to impe  
New feathers to the broken wings of Time  
And chide the amorous Sun, for too long dalliance  
In *Thetis* watry bosome.

*Musta*. You are to violent  
In your desires, of which you are yet vncertaine  
Hauing no more assurance to enioy 'em  
Then a weake womans promise, on vvhich vvise men  
Faintely relye.

*Asam*. Tush she is made of truth  
And vvhatshe says she vvill doe, holds as firme. *The*  
As laws in brasse that know no change; what's this? *chamber*  
Some new prize broght in sure. Why are thy looks shot off.  
So ghastly. Villaine speake. *Enter Aga.*

*Aga*. Great sir heare me.

Then

## The Renegado.

Then after kill me, vve are all betrayde,  
The false *Grimaldi* suncke in your disgrace  
With his confederates, haue teas'd his ship  
And those that garded it stow'd vnder hatches  
With him the condemn'd Princeesse, and the Marchant  
That vwith a ladder made of ropes descended  
From the blacke Tower in which he was inclos'd,  
And your fayre misfresse,

*Asam.* Ha!

*Aga.* With all their trayne  
And choyfest iewels are gone safe aboard,  
Their sayles spread forth and with a fore-gale  
Leauing our cost, in scorne of all pursuite  
As a farewell they shew'd a broad side to vs.

*Asam.* No more.

*Musta.* Now note your confidence.

*Asam.* No more.

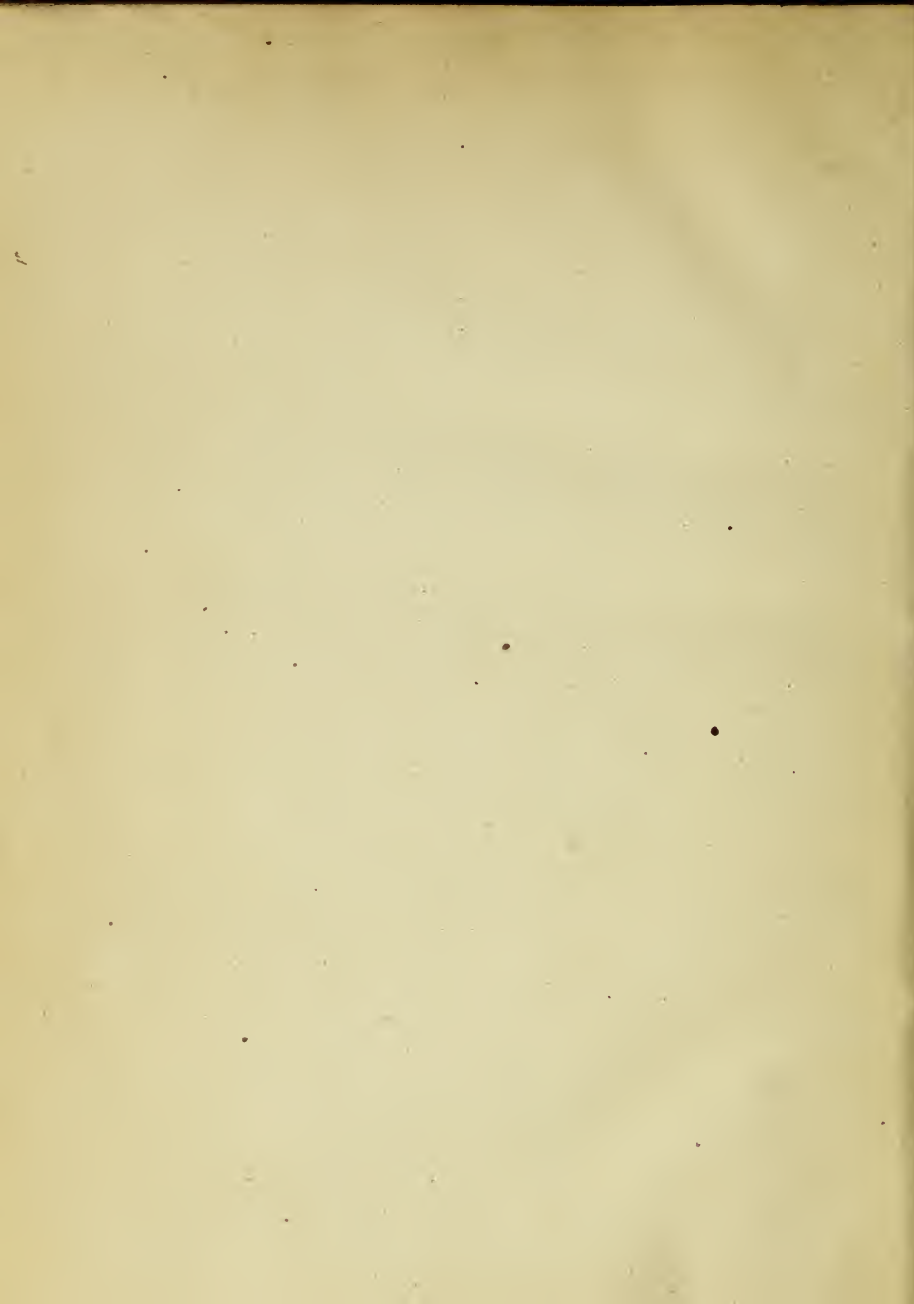
O my credulity! I am too full  
Of griefe, and rage to speake. Dull, heauy foole  
Worthy of all the tortures that the frowne  
Of thy incens'd Master can throw on thee  
Without one mans compassion, I will hide  
This head among the desarts, or some caue  
Fild with my shame and me, where I alone  
May dye without a partner in my mone.

*Exiunt.*

FINIS.













FEB 21 1937

