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THE  
MAIDES  
REVENGE.  
A TRAGEDY.

As it hath beene Acted with good  
Applause at the private house in *Drury*  
*Lane*, by her Majesties Servants.

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Written by **JAMES SHIRLEY** Gent.

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LONDON.

Printed by T.C. for *William Cooke*, and are to be  
sold at his shop at *Furnivalls* *Jnne Gate* in  
*Holbourne*. 1639.

23/4



## The Actors names.

**G**asper De Vilarezo, an old Count, Father to  
Sebastiano, Catalina and Berinthia.

Sebastiano, sonne to Vilarezo.

Antonio a lover of Berinthia, and friend to  
Sebastiano.

Valindras a kinsman of Antonio.

Sforza, a blunt Souldier.

Valasco, a lover of Berinthia.

Count de monte nigro, a braggard.

Diego, Servant to Antonio.

Signior Sharkino, a shirking Doctor.

Scarabeo, a Servant to Sharkino.

Catalina }  
Berinthia } Daughters to Vilarezo.

Castabella, Sister to Antonio.

Ansilya, a waiting gentlewoman to the two Sister.  
Nurse.

Servants:





TO  
THE WORTHILY  
Honoured, *Henry Osborne* Esquire,

S I R,



Ill I be able to give you a better prooffe of my service, let not this oblation be despised. It is a Tragedy which received encouragement and grace on the *English* Stage; and though it come late to the Impression, it was the second birth in this kinde, which I dedicated to the Scene, as you have Art to distinguish; you have mercy and a smile, if you finde a Poem infirme through want of age, and experience the mother of strength. It is many yeares since I see these papers, which make haste to kisse your hand; if you doe not accuse the boldnesse and pride of them; I will owne the child, and beleeve Tradition so farre, that you will receive no dishonour by the acceptance; I never affected the wayes of flattery: some say I have lost my preferment, by not practising that Court sinne; but if you dare beleeve, I much honour you, nor is it upon guesse, but the taste and knowledge of your abilitie and merit; and while the Court wherein you live, is fruitfull with Testimonies of your mind, my Character is seal'd up, when I have said that your vertue hath taken up a faire lodging. Read when you have leasure, and let the Author be fortunate to be knowne

*Your Servant,*

JAMES SHIRLEY



A Catalogue of such things as hath  
beene Published by James Shirley Gent.

**T** Raytor.  
Witty Faire one.

Bird in a Cage.

Changes, or Love in a Maze.

Gratefull Servant.

Wedding.

Hide Parke.

Young Admirall.

Lady of Pleasure.

Gamster.

Example.

Dukes Mistresse.

Ball.

Chabot Admirall of France.

Royall Master.

Schoole of Complements.

Contention for Honour and Riches.

Triumph of peace, a Masque.

Maides Revenge.







# THE MAIDES REVENGE.

ACTUS. I. Scena. I.

Enter *Sebastiano* and *Antonio*.



*Seb.*  
He noble curtesies I have received  
At *Lisbone* worthy friend, so much engage me  
That I must dye endebted to your worth,  
Vnlesse you mean to accept what I've studied,  
Although but partly to discharge the summe

Due to your honour'd love.

*Ant.* How now *Sebastiano* will you forfeit  
The name of friend, then I did hope our love  
Had outgrowne complement.

*Seb.* I speake my thoughts,  
My tongue and heart are relativēs, I thinke  
I have deserved no base opinion from you;  
I wish not onely to perpetuate  
Our friendship, but to exchange that common name  
Of friend, for

*Ant.* What? take heede, do not prophane;  
Wouldst thou be more then friend? it is a name,  
Vertue can onely answer to, couldst thou  
Vnite into one, all goodnesse whatsoe're

*The Maides Revenge.*

Mortality can boast of, thou shalt finde,  
The circle narrow bounded to containe  
This swelling treasure; every good admits  
Degrees, but this being so good, it cannot:  
For he's no friend is not superlative.  
Indulgent parents, brethren, kindred, tied  
By the naturall flow of blood; alliances,  
And what you can imaginē, is to light,  
To weigh with name of friend: they execute  
At best, but what a nature prompts e'm to,  
Are often lesse then friends, when they remainē  
Our kinsmen still, but friend is never lost.

*Seb.* Nay then *Antonio* you mistake, I meane not  
To leave of friend, which with another title  
Would not be lost, come then Ile tell you Sir,  
I would be friend and brother, thus our friendship  
Shall like a diamond set in gold not loose  
His sparkling, but shew fairer; I have a paire  
Of sisters, which I would commend, but that  
I might seeme partiall, their birth and fortunes  
Deserving noble love; if thou beest free  
From other faire ingagement, I would be proud  
To speake them worthy, come shalt go and see them:  
I would not beg them sutors, fame hath spred  
Through *Portugal* their persons, and drawne to *Avero*  
Many affectionate gallants.

*Ant.* *Catalina* and *Berinthia*.

*Seb.* The same.

*Ant.* Report speaks loud their beauties, and no lesse  
Vertue in either, well, I see you strive  
To leave no meritt where you meane to honour,  
I cannot otherwise escape the censure  
Of one ingratefull, but by waiting on you  
Home to *Avero*.

*Seb.* You shall honour me,  
And glad my noble Father, to whom you are  
No stranger, your owne worth before, hath beene

*The Maides Revenged.*

Sufficient preparation. *Ant.* Ha?  
I have not so much choise *Sebastiano*,  
But if one Sister of *Antonios*,  
May have a commendation to your thoughts,  
I will not spend much Art in praying her,  
Her vertue speake it selfe, I shall be happy,  
And be confirmd your brother, though I misse  
Acceptance at *Avero*.

*Seb.* Still you out doe me, I could never wish  
My service better plac'd, at oportunity  
Ile visit you at *Elnas*, i'th meane time  
Lets hast to *Avero*, where with you Ile bring  
My double welcome, and not faile to second  
Any designe.

*Ant.* You shall teach me a lesson  
Against we meeete at *Elnas* Castle fir.

*Enter Gaspar de Vilarezo, and a Servant.*

*Vil.* What gallants sirra are they newly entred?

*Ser.* Count de *Monte Nigro* my Lord, and *Don Valasco*.

*Vil.* Give your observance then, I know their businesse.

*Catalina* and *Berinthia* are the stars

Direct them hither, *Gaspars* house shall give

Respect to all, but they are two such Jewels,

I must dispose maturely, I should else

Returne ingratitude upon the heavens

For leaving me such pledges, nor am I,

Like other fathers carried with the streame

Of love toth youngest, as they were in birth

They had my tenderesse, *Catalina* then

Is eldest in my care, *Berinthia*

Her childs part too, both faire and vertuous;

But daughters are held losses to a family,

Sonnes onely to maintaine honour and stemme

Alive in their posterity, and I now thinke on't,

My sonne *Sebastiano* hath beene slow

In his returne from *Lisbone*, oh that boy

Renewes my age with hope, and hath returned

*The Maides Revenge.*

My care in education, weight for weight  
With noble quality, well belov'd byth best  
Och Dons in *Spaine* and *Portngall*, whose loves  
Do often stretch his absence to such length  
As this hath beene.

*Enter Count de monte Nigro, and Catalina.*

But heres my eldest daughter  
With her amorous Count, Ile not be scene, *Exit.*

*Cata.* You have beene absent long my noble Count,  
Beshrew me but I dreamt on you last night.

*Count.* Ha ha, did you so, I tickle her in her sleep I perceive;  
Sweete Lady I did but like the valiant beast,  
Give a little ground, to returne with a greater  
Force of love, now by my fathers sword

And gauntlet thart a pretious peece of vertue,  
But prethee what didst dreame of me last night

*Cata.* Nayt was an idle dreame, not worth the repetition.

*Count.* Thou dreamst I warrant thee, that I was fighting  
For thee up to the knees in blood, why I dare doo't,  
Such dreames are common with *Count de monte*

*Nigro*, my sleepes are nothing else but reheartals of  
Battels, and wounds, and ambuscadoes, *Donzell Delphes*

Was a Mountebanke of vallour, *Rosibeera* a puffed  
My dreames deserve to be ith *Chronicles*.

*Cata.* Why, now my dreame is out. *Count.* What?

*Cata.* I dreamt that you were fighting. *Count.* So.

*Cata.* And that in single combate, for my sake  
You slew a giant, and you no sooner had  
Rescued my honour, but there crept a pigmee  
Out of the earth, and kild you.

*Count.* Very likely, the valliantst man must dye.

*Cata.* What by a pigmee?

*Count.* I, thats another giant, I remember *Hercules*  
Had a conflict with'em, oh my *Dona*

*Catalina* I well would I were so happy once to  
Maintaine some honourable duell for thy sake, I shall

Nere be well, till I have kild some body; fight, tis true

*The Maides Revenge.*

I have never yet flesht my selfe in blood, no body  
Would quarell with me, but I finde my spirit prompt  
If occasion would but winke at me, why not? wherefore has  
Nature given me these brawny armes, this manly bulke,  
And these Collofian supporters, nothing but to sling  
The sledge, or pitch the bare, and play with  
Axletrees; if thou lovest me, do but command me  
Some worthy service; pox a dangers, I weigh 'em no  
More than fleabittings, would some body did hate that  
Face, now I wish it with all my heart.

*Cata.* Would you have any body hate me?

*Count.* Yes, I do hate 'em, I do but thrust my hand into their  
Mouth downe to the bottome of their bellies, plucke  
Out their lungs and shake their insides outward.

*Enter Berinthia and Valasco.*

*Ber.* Noble Sir, you neede not heape more protestations,  
I do beleeve you love me.

*Val.* Doe you beleeve I love, and not accept it?

*Ber.* Yes I accept it too, but apprehend me  
As men doe gifts, whose acceptation does not  
Binde to performe what every giver craves;  
Without a staine to virgin modesty  
I can accept your love, but pardon me,  
It is beyond my power to grant your suite.

*Val.* Oh you too much subject a naturall gift,  
And make your selfe beholding for your owne:  
The Sunne hath not more right to his owne beames,  
With which he gildes the day, nor the Sea lord  
Of his owne waves.

*Ber.* Alasse, what ist to owne a passion  
Without power to direct it, for I move,  
Not by a motion I can call my owne,  
But by a higher rapture, in obedience  
To a father, and I have yet no freedome  
To place affection, so you but endeere me  
Without a merit.

*Cata.* Heres my sister.

*The Maides Revenge.*

*Con.* And *Don Valasco*, how now, are thy arrowes feathered?

*Val.* Well enough for roving.

*Count.* Roving, I thought so.

*Val.* But I hope faire.

*Count.* Shoote home then; *Valasco* I have presented my mistris with a paper of verses, see she is reading of 'em.

*Val.* Didst make 'em thy selfe.

*Con.* My money did, what an idle question is that? as tho we That are great men, are not furnished with stipendary Muses, I am sure for my owne part I can buy 'em cheaper than I can make 'em a great deale, would you have learning have no reward, she laughs at 'em, I am glad of that.

*Ber.* They favour of a true Poeticke fury.

*Count.* Do you smell nothing, something hath some favour.

*Cata.* But this line my thinks hath more feete than the rest.

*Con.* It sho'd run the better for that Lady, I did it a purpose.

*Cata.* But heres another lame.

*Count.* That was my conceit, my owne invention, lame halting verses, theres the greatest Art, besides I thereby give you to understand, that I am valiant, Dare cut of legs and armes at all times, and make 'em goe halting home that are my enemies, I am An Iambographier, now it is out.

*Cata.* For honours sake what's that?

*Count.* One of the fourest versifiers that ever crept out of *Pernassus* when I set on't, I can make any body hang himselfe With pure Iambicks, I can fetch blood with *Ascelpiads* Sting, with *Phalenciums* whip, with *Saphicks* Bastinado, with hexameter and pentameter, and Yet I have a trimeter left for thee my *Dona Catalina*.

*Ber.* Conclude a peace sir with your passion, I am fory love hath beene unkind to you, To point at me, who, till she first have knit The sacred knot of marriage, am forbid To thinke of love.

*The Maides Revenge,*

*Val.* But I cannot desist,  
I am in love with every thing you say,  
This your deniall as it comes from you  
Bids me still love you, pardon faire *Berinthia*,  
*Valasco* hath not power to rule himselfe;  
Be you lesse faire, or vertuous, perhaps  
I may abate my service.

*Enter Vilarezo, Sebestiano, and Antonio.*

*Vila.* Old *Gaspars* house is honourd by such guests,  
Now by the tombe of my progenitors,  
I envied, that your fame should visit me  
So oft without your person, *Sebestiano*  
Hath beene long happy in your noble friendship,  
And cannot but improve himselfe in vertuss,  
That lives so nere your love.

*Cata.* *Don Antonio de Riviero.*

*Seb.* The same.

*Cata.* With whose noble worth  
You oft have fill'd discourse, thought your selfe happy  
In his choyce friendship; if his body cary  
So many graces, it is heaven within,  
Where his soule is.

*Vila.* *Sebastiano*, thou hast largely recompenc'd  
Thy tedious absence, you shall dishonour me,  
Vnlesse you thinke your selfe as welcome here,  
As at your *Eluas* Castle, *Vilarezo*.  
Was once as you are sprightly, and though I say it  
Maintaind my fathers reputation,  
And honour of our house with actions  
Worthy our name and family, but now,  
Time hath let fall cold snow upon my haire,  
Ploughed on my browes the furrowes of his anger,  
Disfurnishd me of active blood, and wrapt me  
Halfe in my leare cloth, yet I have minde  
That bids me honour vertue, where I see it.  
Bud forth and spring so hopefully.

*Anso.* You speake all noblenesse, and encourage me

*The Maides Revenge.*

To spend the greenenesse of my rising yeares  
So to thadvantage, that at last I may  
Be old like you.

*Vila.* Daughters speake his welcomē, *Catalina.*

*Cata.* Sir you are most welcome.

*Count.* Howes that? she sayes he is most welcome, he were  
Not best love her, she never made me such a reverence  
For all the kisses I have bestowed upon her since  
I first opened my affection, I do not like this  
Fellow, I must be faine to use doctor *Sharkins* cunning.

*Val.* It were not truely noble to affront him;  
My blood boyles in me, it shall coole againe,  
The place is venerable by her presence,  
And I may be deceiv'd, *Valasco* then  
Keepē distance with thy feares.

*Anto.* How now *Antonio*, where hast thou lost thy selfe?  
Strucke dead with Ladies eyes? I could star-gaze  
For ever thus, oh pardon love, gainst whom  
I often have prophan'd, and mockd thy fires,  
Thy flames now punish me, let me collect:  
They are both excellent creatures, there is  
A Majestie in *Catalinaes* eye, and every part carriēs ambition  
Of Queene upon it, yet *Berinthia*  
Hath something more than all this praise, though she  
Command the world, this hath more power ore me;  
Here I have lost my freedome, not the Queene  
Of love could thus have wounded poore *Antonio*:  
Ile speake to her; Lady I'm an Novice, yet in love.

*Ber.* It may be so.

*Anto.* She jests at me, yet I should be proud to be  
Your servant.

*Ber.* I entertaine no servants that are proud.

*Val.* Divine *Berinthia*!

*Anto.* She checks my rudenesse, that so openly  
I seeme to court her, and in presence too  
Of some that have engaged themselves perhaps  
To her already.

*Vila.*



*The Maides Revenge.*

*Vila.* Come let us in, my house spreads to receive you,  
Which you may call your owne, Ile leade the way.

*Cata.* Please you walke Sir.

*Ant.* It will become me thus to waite on you. *Exeunt.*

*manet Count, and Valasco.*

*Count.* Does not the foole ride us both?

*Val.* What foole? both, whom?

*Count.* That foole, both us, we are but horses and may  
Walke one another for ought I see before the doore, when he  
Is alight and entred. I do not relish that same  
Novice, he were not best gull me; harke you *Don*  
*Valasco*, what shals doe?

*Val.* Doe, why?

*Count.* This *Antonio* is a sutor to one of 'em.

*Val.* I feare him not.

*Count.* I do not feare him neither, I dare fight with him, and  
He were ten *Antonios*, but the Ladies *Don*, the Ladies.

*Val.* *Berinthia*, to whom

I pay my love devotions, in my eare  
Seemd not to welcome him, your Lady did.

*Count.* I but for all that he had most mind to your mistress,  
And I do not see but if he pursue it,  
There is a possibility to scale the fort, Ladies  
Mindes may alter, by your favour, I have lesse  
Cause to feare o' th two; if ht love not *Catalina*  
My game is free, and I may have a course in  
Her Parke the more easily.

*Val.* Tis true, he preferred service to *Berinthia*,  
And what is she then to resist the vowes  
*Antonio* if he love, dare heape upon her?  
He's gracious with her father, and a friend  
Deere as his bosome to *Sebastiano*,  
And may be is directed by that brother  
To aime at her, or if he make free choyce,  
*Berinthias* beauty will draw up his soule.

*Count.* And yet now I thinke on't, he was very sawcy  
With my love to support her arme, which she

*The Maides Revenge.*

Accepted too familiarly, and she should  
But lovē him, it were as bad for me, for tho he care  
Not for her, I am sure she will never abide me after it,  
By this hilts I must kill him, theres no remedy,  
I cannot helpe it.

*Val.* Ile know my destiny.

*Count.* And I my fate but here he comes. *Enter Antonio.*

*Ant.* The strangest resolution of a father  
I ever heard, I was covetous  
To acquaint him with my wishes, praid his leave  
I might be servant to *Berinthia*,  
But thus he briefly answered, untill  
His eldest daughter were dispos'd in marriage  
His youngest must not lovē, and therefore wisht *mē*,  
Vnlesse I could place *Catalina* here,  
Leave off foliciting, yet I was welcome,  
But fed on nothing but *Berinthia*,  
From whole faire eyes love threw a thousand flames  
Into *Antonios* heart, her cheeks bewraying  
As many amorous blushings, which brake out  
Like a forc'd lightning from a troubled cloud,  
Discovering a restraint, as if within  
She were at conflict, which her colour onely  
Tooke liberty to speake, but soone fell backe,  
And as it were checkt by silence.

*Con.* Ile stay no longer, sir a word with you, are you desperat?

*Ant.* Desperate, why sir?

*Count.* I aske and you be desperate, are you weary of your  
Life, and you be, say but the word; some body can tell  
How to dispatch you without a physitian, at a minutes  
warning.

*Anto.* You are thē noble Count *de monte Nigro*.

*Count.* I care not a Spanish fig what you count mē, I must  
Call you to account sir; in brieft the Lady  
*Dona Catalina* is my mistress, I do not meane to be baffled  
While this toole has any steele in't, and I have some  
Mettall in my selfe too.

*Ant.*

*The Maides Revenge.*

*Ant.* The *Dona Catalina*? do you love her? *Enter Uila.*  
She is a Lady in whom onely lives *Sebast. Cata. Ber.*  
Natures and Arts perfection, borne to shame  
All former beauties, and to be the wonder  
Of all succeeding, which shall fade and wither  
When she is but remembred.

*Count.* I can endure no more, Diabolo, he is mortally in love  
With *Catalina*.

*Uala.* Tis so, he's tane with *Catalinaes* beautie.

*Count.* Sir I am a servant of that Lady, therefore eat up  
Your words, or you shall be sensible that I am *Count*  
*De monte Nigro*, and she's no dish for *Don Antonio*.

*Ant.* Sir I will do you right.

*Count.* Or I will right my selfe.

*Cata.* He did direct those prayes unto me  
This doth confirme it.

*Ber.* He cannot so soone alter,  
I shall discover a passion through my eye:

*Count.* Thou shewest thy selfe a noble *Gentleman*, the  
Count is now thy friend.

*Ant.* Does it become me sir, to profecute  
Where such a noble Count is interessed,  
Vpon my foule I wish the Lady yours,  
Here my suite fals, with tender of my service;  
Would you were married, nay in bed together  
My honourable Count.

*Cata.* Your face is cloudy sir, as you suspected  
Your presence were not welcome; had you naught  
But title of a brothers friendship, it were  
Enough to oblige us to you, but your worth  
In *Catalinaes* eyes, bids me proclaime you  
A double acceptation.

*Ant.* Oh you are bounteous Ladie.

*Count.* Sir —

*Ant.* Doe not feare me,  
I am not worthie your opinion,  
It shall be happinesse for me to kisse

*The Maides Reveng*

This Ivory hand.

*Count.* The whilst I kisse her lip and be immotall.

*Seb.* Antonio my father is a rocke,  
In that he first resolved, and I account it part of my  
Owne unhappinesse, I hope you hold me not suspected.

*Ant.* I were unworthy such a friend, his care  
Becomes him nobly; has not younder Count  
Some hope of *Catalina*.

*Seb.* My father thinkes that sister worthy of  
More than a bare Nobility.

*Ant.* He backe to *Eluas* noble fir,  
This entertainment is so much above

*Antonios* merit, if I leave you not  
I shall be out of hope to —

*Vila.* Nay then you mocke me fir, you must not leave me  
Without discourtesie so soone, we trifle time,  
This night you are my guest, my honored Count,  
My Don *Valasco*.

*Count.* Yes my Lord, wee'le follow.

*Ant.* Ha I am resolv'd, like Barge-men when they row.  
He looke auother way then that I goe. *Exeunt.*

---

*Actus 2. Scena 1.*

*Enter Catalina and Ansilva.*

*Cata.* **A** *Ansilva* you observe with curious eye  
All Gentlemen that come hither, whats your  
Of Don Antonio? *Copinion.*

*Ans.* My opinion Madam, I want Art.  
To judge of him.

*Cata.* Then without Art your judgement.

*Ans.* He is one of the most accomplisht Gentlemen  
*Ansilva* ere beheld, pardon Madam.

*Cata.* Nay, it doth not displease, yare not alone,  
He hath friends to second you, and who doth thinke  
Is cause he tarrries here.

*Ans.* Your noble father will not let him goe.

*Cata.*

*The Maides Revenge.*

*Cata.* And canst thou see no higher? then thou art dull.

*Ans.* Madam, I guesse at something more.

*Cata.* What?

*Ans.* Love?

*Cata.* Of whom?

*Ans.* I know not that.

*Cata.* How not that? Thou'dst bring thy former truth  
Into suspicion, why tis more apparant  
Then that he loves.

*Ans.* If judging eyes may guide him,  
I know where he should'chuse, but I have heard  
That love is blind.

*Cata.* Ha? (not his)

*Ans.* Vertue would direct him Madam unto you, I know  
Obedience, I shall repent if I offend.

*Cata.* Tha'rt honest, be yet more free, hide not a thought  
that may concerne it.

*Ans.* Then Madam I thinke he loves my Lady *Berinthia*;  
I have observ'd his eyes rowle that way,  
Even now I spied him  
Close with her in the Arbour, pardon me Madam.

*Cata.* Th'ast done me faithfull service, be yet more vigilant,  
I know thou speakst all truth, I doe suspect him, *Exit Ans.*  
My sifter, ha? Dare shee maintaine contention?  
Is this the dutie bindes her to obey

A fathers precepts, tis dishonour to me. *Enter Anselva.*

*Ans.* Madam, heres a pretty handsome stripling new alight,  
Enquires for *Don Antonio*.

*Cata.* Let me see him, 'twill give me good occasion to be  
My owne observer; *Enter Diego.*  
Whom would you sir?

*Die.* I am sent in quest of *Antonio*.

*Cata.* He speakes like a Knight errant, he comes in quest.

*Die.* I have heard it a little vertue in some Spanniels to  
Quest now and then Lady.

*Cata.* But you are none.

*Die.* My Mr. cannot beate me from him Madam, I am one of  
The oldest appurtenances belonging to him, and yet I

*The Maides Revenge.*

Have lirtle mosse in my chinne.

*Cata.* The more to come, a wittie knave.

*Die.* No more wit then will keep my head warme, I beseech you amiable Virgin help my Master *Antonio* to some intelligence that a servant of his waits to speake with him from his sister *Madona Castabella*.

*Cata.* It shall not neede sir, Ile give him notice my selfe,  
*Ansilva* Entertaine time with him. *Exit.*

*Ans.* A promising young man.

*Die.* Doe you waite on this Lady?

*Ans.* Yes sir.

*Die.* Wee are both of a tribe then, though wee differ in our sexe, I beseech you taxe me not of immodesty, or want of breeding, that I did not salute you upon the first view of your person, this kisse shall be as good as presse-mony to bind me to your service.

*Ans.* Yare very welcome, by my virginity. *Exit.*

*Die.* Your virginitie a good word to save an oath, for all she made me a curse, it was not good manners to leave mee so soone yare very welcome by my virginity; was she afraid of breaking, it may be she is crack'd already, but here she is againe. *Enter Ansilva.*

*Ans.* May I begge your name sir?

*Die.* No begger sweet, would you have it at length, then My name is Signior *Baltazaro Clero Mastado*, But for brevities sake they call me *Diego*.

*Ans.* Then Signior *Diego* once more you are welcome.

*Die.* *Bazelex manes Signiora*, and what my tongue is not able to expresse, my head shall; it seemes you have liv'd long a Virgin.

*Ans.* Not above seven or eight and thirty yeares.

*Die.* By Lady a tried Virgin, you have given the world A large testimony of your virginity.

*Enter Ant. Berin. and Catal.*

*Ber.* I should be thus a disobedient daughter  
A Fathers Hests are sacred.

*Ant.* But in love

They have no power, it is but tyranny,

Plaine

*The Maides Revenge.*

Plainē usurpation to command the minde  
Against its owne election ; I am yours,  
Vow'd yours for ever, send me not away  
Shipwrack'd ith' harbour, say but you can love me,  
And I will waite an age, not wish to move  
But by commission from you, to whom  
I render the possession of my selfe :  
Ha? we are betrai'd, I must use cunning,  
She lives in you, and take not in worse sence ;  
You are more gracious, in that you are  
So like your eldest sifter, in whom lives  
The copy of so much perfection,  
All other seemē to imitate.

*Cata.* Does he not praise me now?

*Ant.* But here she is,  
Madam, not finding you ith' garden,  
I met this Lady.

*Cata.* I came to tell you  
A servant of yours attends with letters from  
Your sifter *Madona Castabella.*

*Ant.* *Diego* what newes?

*Die.* Sir, my Lady remembers her love, these letters in-  
forme you the state of all things.

*Cata.* What serious conference had you sifter with that  
Gentleman.

*Ber.* Would you had heard them sifter, they concern'd  
your Commendations.

*Cata.* Why should he not deliver them to my selfe.

*Ber.* It may be then  
You would have thought he flattered.

*Cata.* I like not this rebound,  
Tis fairest to catch at fall.

*Ber.* Sister, I hope  
You have no suspition, I have courted  
His stay or language on my life no accent  
Fell from me, your owne eare would not have heard  
With acceptation.

*Cata.* It may be so, and yet I dare acquit you.

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In duty to a Father, you would wish me  
All due respect, I know it.

*Ant. Diego.* *Die.* Sir.

*Ant.* You observe the waiting creatures in the blacke,  
Harke, you apprehend me. *Whisper.*

*Die.* With as much tenacity as a servant.

*Cat.* I hope sir, now we shall enjoy you longer.

*Ant.* The gods would sonner be sicke with *Nectar*, than  
Crow weary of such faire societie. *(Antonio)*  
But I am at home expected, a poore sifter,  
My fathers care alive, and dying was  
His Legacy, having out-staid my time  
Is tender of my absence.

*Enter Vilarezo, Sebastiano, Count, and Valasco.*

*Cata.* My Lord *Antonio* meanes to take his leave.

*Vila.* Although last night you were inclin'd to goe,  
Let us prevaile this morning.

*Cat.* A servant of his, he saies, brought letters  
To hasten departure.

*Vila.* Why sirra, will you rob us of your master.

*Die.* Not guilty my Lord.

*Count.* Sir, if you le needs go, we le bring you on your way.

*Ant.* I humbly thank your honour, Ile not be so troublesome.

*Count.* Would you were gone once, I doe not meane to  
trouble my selfe so much I warrant thee.

*Ant.* I have now a charge upon me, I hope it may  
Excuse me, if I hasten my returne.

*Vila.* 'Tis faire, and reasonable, well sir, my sonne  
Shall waite on you oth' way, if any occasion  
Draw you to *Avero*, lets hope you'le see us,  
You know your welcome.

*Ant.* My Lord the favours done me, would proclaime  
I were too much unworthy not to visit you,  
Oft as I see *Avero*; Madam I part with some unhappinesse  
To lose your presence, give me leave I may  
Be absent your admirer, to whose memory  
I write my selfe a servant,

*Count.* Poxe on your complement, you were not best write



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In her table-bookes.

*Cata.* You doe not know  
What power you have o're me, that but to please you  
Can frame my selfe to take a leave, so soone.

*Vila.* What thinke you of that my Lord

*Count.* Why, she sayes she has power to take her leave  
So soone, no hurt ath' world in't, I hope she is an  
Innocent Lady.

To Berinth.

*Ant.* The shallow rivers glide away with noise,  
The deepe are silent, fare you well Lady.

*Count.* I told you he is a shallow fellow.

*Vila.* I know not what to thinke on't *Berinthia.*

*Ant.* Gentlemen happinesse and successe in your desires.

*Seb.* Ile see you a league or two.

*Vila.* By any meanes, nay sir.

*Ant.* *Diego.*

*Die.* My Lord I have a suite to you before I goe.

*Vila.* To me *Diego*, prethee speake it.

*Die.* That while other Gentlemen are happy to devidē  
their affections among the Ladies, I may have your honours  
leave to beare some good-will to this Virgin: *Cupid* hath  
throwne a dart at me, like a blinde buzzard as he was, and  
theres no recovery without a cooler; if I be sent into these  
parts, I desire humbly I may be bould to rub acquaintance  
with *Mistresse Ansilva.*

*Vila.* With all my heart *Diego.*

*Die.* Madam, I hope you will not be an enemy to a poore  
Flye that is taken in the flame of the blind god.

*Cata.* You shall have my consent sir.

*Vila.* But what sayes *Ansilva*, hast thou a mind to a husband?

*Ans.* I feare I am too young (seven yeares hence were time  
enough for me.

*Seb.* Shees not full fortie yet sir.

*Die.* I honour the Antiquitie of her maidenhead, thou  
Mistresse of my heart.

*Ant.* Come lets away *Diego* our horses.

*Vila.* We'le bring you to the gate.

*Count.* Yes, wee'le bring him out of doores, would wee

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were shut of him.

*Exeunt. manet Anfilva.*

*Ans.* Hay ho, who would have thought I should have benne in love with a stripling, have I seene so many maiden-heades suffer before me, and must mine come to the blocke at fortie yeares old, if this *Diego* have the grace to come on, I shall have no power to keepe my selfe chaste any longer; how many maides have bene overrunne with this love? but heres my Lady. *Exit.*

*Enter Catalina and Valasco.*

*Cat.* Sir, you love my sister,

*Val.* With an obedient heart.

*Cat.* Where do you think *Don Antonio* hath made choice To place his love?

*Val.* There where I wish it may grow older in desire, And be crown'd with fruitfull happinesse.

*Cat.* Hath your affection had no deeper roote, That tis rent up already, I had thought It would have stood a Winter, but I see A Summer storme hath kil'd it, fare you well sir.

*Val.* How's this, a Summers storme! Lady by the honour of your birth, Put off these cloudes, you maze me, take off The wonder you have put upon *Valasco*, And solve these riddles.

*Cat.* You love *Berinthia*.

*Val.* With a devoted heart, else may I die Contempt of all mankinde, not my owne soule Is deerer to me.

*Cat.* And yet you wish *Antonio* may be crown'd With happinesse in his love, he loves *Birinthia*.

*Val.* How?

*Cat.* Beyond expression, to see how a good nature Free from dishonour in it selfe, is backward To thinke another guilty, suffers it selfe Be poisoned with opinion, did your eyes Emptie their beames so much in admiration Of your *Berinthias* beauty, you left none To observe your owne abuses.

*Val.*

*The Maides Revenge.*

*Val.* Doth not *Antonio* dedicate his thoughts  
To your acceptance, 'tis impossible,  
I heard him praise you to the heavens, above 'em,  
Made himselfe hoarse but to repeate your vertues  
As he had beene in extasie; love *Birinthia*?  
Hell is not blacker than his soule, if he  
Love any goodnesse but your selfe.

*Cat.* That lesson he with impudencē hath read  
To my owne eares, but shall I tell you sir?  
We are both made but properties to raise  
Him to his partiall ends, flattery is  
The stalkeing horse of pollicy, saw you not,  
How many flames he shot into her eyes  
Whē they were parting, for which she pay'd backe  
Her subtile teares, he wrung her by the hand,  
Seem'd with the greatnesse of his passion  
To have beene o're borne, Oh cunning treachery!  
Worthy our justice, true he commended me;  
But could you see the Fountaine that sent forth  
So many cozening streames, you would say *Syx*  
Were Christall to it, and wast not to the Count,  
Whom he suppos'd was in pursuite of me,  
Nay, whom he knew did love me, that he might  
Fire him the more to consummate my marriage  
That I disposed he might have of accesse  
To his belov'd *Berinthia*, the end  
Of his desires I can confirme it, he praid  
To be so happy with my fathers leave  
To be her amorous servant, which he nobly  
Denied, partly expressing your engagements;  
If you have least suspicion of this truth:  
But dee' thinke she love you?

*Val.* I cannot challenge her, but she has let fall  
Something to make me hope, how thinke you shee's  
Affected to *Antonio*?

*Cat.* May be  
Luke warme as yet, but soone as as shee's caught,  
Inevitably his, without prevention.

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*The Maides Revenge.*

For my owne part I hate him in whom lives  
A will to wrong a Gentleman, for hee was  
Acquainted with your love, 'twas my respect  
To tender so your injury, I could not  
Be silent in it, what you meane to doe  
I leave to your owne thoughts.

*Val.* Oh stay sweete Lady, leave me not to struggle  
Alone with this univerrall affliction ;  
You speake even now *Berinthia* would be his  
Without prevention, oh that Antidote,  
That Balsome to my wound.

*Cat.* Alas I pittie you, and the more, because  
I see your troubles so amaze your judgement,  
Ile tell you my opinion sir oth' sudden ;  
For him, he is not worth *Valasco's* anger ;  
Onely thus, you shall discover to my Father,  
She promis'd you her love, be confident  
To say you did exchange faith to her ; this alone  
May chance assure her, and if not I hav't :  
Steale her away, your love I see is honourable,  
So much I suffer when desert is wounded,  
You shall have my assistance, you apprehend me.

*Val.* I am devoted yours, command me ever.

*Cat.* Keepe smooth your face, and still maintaine your wor-  
With *Berinthia*, things must be manag'd (ship  
And strucke in the maturity, noble sir ; I wish  
You onely fortunate in *Berinthias* love.

*Val.* Words are too poore to thanke you, I looke on you  
As my safe guiding starre. *Exit.*

*Cat.* But I shall prove a wandering starre, I have  
A course which I must finish for my selfe.  
Glide on thou subtill mover, thou halt brought  
This instrument already for thy ayms,  
Sister, Ile breake a Serpents egge betimes,  
And teare *Antonio* from thy very bosome ;  
Love is above all law of nature, blood,  
Not what men call, but what that bides is good. *Exit.*

*Enter Castabella and Villandras.*

*The Maides Revenge.*

*Vil.* Be not so carefull Cooze, your brothers well,  
Be confident if he were otherwise  
You should have notice, whom hath he to share  
Fortunes without you? all his ills are made  
Lesse by your bearing part, his good is doubled  
By your communichaing.

*Cast.* By this reason  
All is not well, in that my ignorance  
What fate hath hapned, barres me off the portion  
Belongs to me sister, but my care  
Is so much greater, in that *Diego* whom  
I charg'd to put on wings, if all were well,  
Is dull in his returne. *Enter Antonio and Diego.*

*Vil.* His Master happily hath commanded him  
To attend him homewards, this is recompenc'd  
Already, looke they are come;  
Y'are welcome sir.

*Ant.* Oh sister, ere you let fall words of welcome,  
Let me unlade a treasure in your care  
Able to weigh downe man.

*Cast.* What treasure brother, you amazē me.

*Ant.* Never was man so blest,  
As heavens had studied to enrich me herē,  
So am I fortunate.

*Vil.* You make me covetous.

*Ant.* I have a friend.

*Vil.* You have a thousand sir, is this your treasure?

*Ant.* But I have one more worth then millions,  
And he doth onely keepe alive that name  
Of friendship in his breast, pardon *Villandros*,  
Tis not to straine your love, whom I have tried,  
My worthiest cozen.

*Cast.* But where is this same friend, why came he not  
To *Eluas* with you, sure he cannot be  
Deare to you Brother, to whom I am not indebted  
At least for you.

*Die.* I have many deare friends too, my Taylor is one  
To whom I am indebted.

*The Maldes Revenge.*

*Ant.* His Commission  
Stretch'd not so farre, a Fatherstie was on him,  
But I have his noble promise, er't be long,  
We shall enjoy him.

*Cast.* Brother I hope  
You know how willingly I can entertaine  
Your blisse, and make it mine, pray speake the man  
To whom we owe so much.

*Ant.* Twere not charity to starve you thus with shaddowes,  
Take him, and with him in thy bosome locke  
The Mirrour of fidelity, *Don Sebastiano.*

*Cast.* I oft have heard you name him full of worth,  
And upon that relation have laid up,  
One deare to my remembrance.

*Ant.* But he must be dearer *Castabella*, harke you sister,  
I have beene bold upon thy vertue, to  
Invite him to you, if your heart be free.  
Let it be empty ever, if he doe not  
Fill it with noblest love, to make relation,  
What zeale he gave of a worthy nature,  
At our last parting (when betwixt a sonne,  
And friend he so divided his affections  
And out did both) you would admire him: were  
I able I would build a temple where  
We tooke our leave,  
The ground it selfe was hallowed  
So much with his owne piety, *Diego* saw it.

*Die.* Yes sir, I saw, and heard, and wondred.

*Ant.* Come I will tell you all, to your chamber sister,  
*Diego* our plot must on, all time is lost  
Vntill we try the mooving.

*Die.* If the plot please you sir, let me alone to play my part  
I warrant you.

*Ant.* Come *Castabella*, and prepare to heare  
A story not of length but worth your eare. *Exeunt*

*Enter Vilarezo, Valasco, and Catalina.*

*Vil.* You have not dealt so honourably sir,  
As did become you, to proceede so farre

Without

*The Maides Revenge*

Without my knowledge, give me leave to tell you  
You are not welcome.

*Val.* My Lord I am sorry,  
If I have any way trangrest, I was not  
Respectlesse of your honour, nor my fame,  
*Valasco* shall be unhappy, if by him  
You shall derive a staine, my actions faire,  
I have done nothing with *Berinthia*,  
To merit such a language, it was not ripe,  
For me to interrupt the father, when I knew not  
What grace I held with her.

*Vil.* Hell on her grace, is this her duty? has  
I can forget my nature if she dare  
Make so soone forfeit of her piety;  
Oh where is that same awfull dread of Parent,  
Should live in children; tis her ambition  
To out runne her sister, but Ile curbe her impudence,

*Cata.* Retire your selfe, this passion must have way,  
This workes as I would have it, feare nothing fir,  
Obscure.

*Exit Val.*

*Vil.* He cloyster her, and starve this spirit  
Makes her deceive my trust; *Catalina*  
Vpon thy duty I command thee, take  
Her custody on thee, keepe her from the eye  
Of all that come to *Averro*, let her discourse  
With pictures on the wall, I feare she hath  
Forgot to say her prayers, is she growne sensuall?

*Cata.* But my Lord.

*Vil.* Oh keepe thy accents for a better cause,  
She hath contemd us both, thou canst not see  
What blemish she derives unto our name.  
Yet these are sparkes, he hath a fire within,  
Will turne all into flames, wheres *Valasco*?

*Cata.* Good fir, a much afflicted worthy Gentleman,  
At your displeasure.

*Vil.* Thou art too full of pittie, nay th'art cruell  
To thy owne fame, he must not have access  
To profecute, it was my doting sinne,

*The Maides Revenge.*

Of too much confidence in *Berinthia*,  
Gave her such libertie, on my blessing punish it,  
Twill be a vertuous act, the snow I thought  
Was not more innocent, more cold, more chaste,  
Why my command bound her in ribs of ice,  
But shees dissolv'd, to thee Ile leave her now,  
Be the maintainer of thy Fathers vow. *Exit*

*Val.* Why I am undone now.

*Cata.* Nothing lesse, this conflict  
Prepares your peace, I am her guardian,  
Love smiles upon you, I am not inconstant,  
Having more power to assist you, but away,  
We must not be discrid, expect ere long  
To heere what you desire.

*Val.* My blisse I remember. *Exit*

*Cata.* *Berinthia*, y'are my prisonē, at my leisure  
Ile studdy on your fate, I cannot be  
Friend to my selfe, when I am kind to thee. *Exit*

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*Actus. 3. Scena. 1.*

*Enter Sebastiano, Berinthia, Ansilva, Diego meetes them.*

*Seb.* **V**elcome honest *Diego*, your Master *Antonio* is in  
health I hope.

*Die.* He commanded me, remember his service to you, I  
have obtaind his leave for a small absence to perfect a suite I  
lately commenc'd in this Court.

*Seb.* You follow it close me thinks *Berinthia*, I see this cloud  
Vanish already, be not dejected, soone  
Ile know the depth ont, should the world forsake thee,  
Thou shalt not want a brother deere *Berinthia*. *Exit*

*Secretly gives her a Letter.*

*Die.* This is my Lady *Berinthia*, prethee let me shew  
Some manners, Madam my Master *Antonio* speaks his  
Service to you in this paper: alas Madam, I was but  
Halfe at home, and I am returnd to see if I can recover



*The Maides Revenge.*

The tother p[re]ce of my selfe, so, was it not a reasonable  
Complement.

*Ber.* Antonio, he's constant I perceive. *Exit*

*Die.* So, we are alone, sweet Mistresse *Ansilva*, I am bold  
To renew my suite, which least it should either  
Fall or depend too long, having past my declaration,  
I shall desire to come to a judgement.

My cause craves nothing but justice,  
That is, that you would be mine; and now sincē  
Your selfe is judge also, I beseech you be not partiall  
In your owne cause, but give sentence for the plaintiffe, and  
I will discharge the fees of the Court on this fashion.

*Enter Berinthia.*

*Ber.* Here is a haven yet to rest my soule on,  
In midst of all unhappinesse, which I looke on,  
With the same comfort a distressed Sea man  
A farre off, views the coast he would enjoy,  
When yet the Seas doe tossle his reeling barke,  
Twixt hope and danger, thou shalt be conceald.

*She mistaking as she moved, put up the Letter, it fals downe.*

*Ans.* Heres my Lady *Berinthia*.

*Die.* What care I for my Lady *Berinthia*, and she thinkes  
Much, would she had one to stoppe her mouth.

*Ans.* But I must observe her, upon her fathers displeasure,  
She is committed to my Ladies custody, who hath made  
Me her keeper, she must be lockt up.

*Die.* Ha lockt up.

*Ans.* Madam, it is now timē you would retire to your owne  
Chamber.

*Ber.* Yes, prethee doe *Ansilva* in this gallery,  
I breathe but too much aire, oh *Diego* youle have  
An answer I perceive, ere you returne.

*Die.* My journey were to no purpose else Madam, I appre-  
hend her, ile waite an opportunity, alas poore Lady, is my  
sweete heart become a jaylor, there's hope of an office with-  
out money.

*Enter Ansilva hastily.*

*Ans.* *Diego* I spy my Lady *Catalina* comming this way, pray  
throwd your selfe behinde this cloth, I would be loath shee

*The Maides Revenge.*

Should see us here together, quickly, I heare her treading.

*Enter Catalina.*

*Cata. Ansilva. Ans. Madam.*

*Cata. Who's with you? Ans. No body Madam.*

*Cata. Was not Diego with you, Antonioes man?*

*Ans. He went from me Madam halfe an houre agoe,  
To visit friends ith' City.*

*Cat. He hath not seene Berinthia I hope.*

*Ans. Vnlesse he can pierce stone walls Madam, I am sure.*

*Cat. Direct Don Valasco hither by the backe staires,  
I expect him.*

*Ans. I shall Madam.*

*Cat. Ha, whats this? a Letter to Berinthia, from whom  
Subscrib'd? Antonio, what devill brought this hither?  
Furies torment me not, ha, while I am Antonio, expect  
Not I can be other then thy servant, all my thoughts  
Are made sacred with thy remembrance, whose hope  
Sustaines my life, oh I drink poyson from these fatall accents,  
Be thy soule blacker then the inke that stains  
The cursed paper, would each droppe had falne  
From both your hearts, and every Character  
Beene tex'd with blood, I would have tir'd mine eyes  
To have read you both dead here, upon my life  
Diego hath beene the cunning Mercury  
In this conveyance, I suspect his love  
Is but a property to advance this suite.*

*But I will crosse um all;*

*Enter Valasco.*

*Don Valasco, you are seasonably arriv'd,  
I have a Letter for you.*

*Val. For me?*

*Cata. It does concerne you.*

*Val. Ha.*

*Cata. How doe you like it sir?*

*Val. As I should a Punyard sticking here, how came  
You by it?*

*Cata. I found it here by accident oth' ground,  
I am sure it did not grow there, I suppose  
Diego, the servant of Antonio  
Who colourably pretends affection.*

*The Maides Revenge.*

To *Anselva*, brought it, hees the agent for him,  
Now the designe appeares, day is not more conspicuous  
Then this cunning.

*Val.* I am resolv'd, *Cat.* For what?

*Val.* *Antonio* or I must change our wayre,  
This is beyond my patience, sleepe in this  
And never wake to honour, oh my fates,  
He takes the freehold of my soule away,  
*Berinthia*, and it, are but one creature,  
I have beene a tame, foble all this while,  
Swallowed my poyson in a fruitelesse hope,  
But my revenge, as heavy as *Loves* wrath,  
Wrapt in a thunderbolt is falling on him,

*Cat.* Now you appeare all noblenesse, but collect  
Draw up your passions to a narrow point  
Of vengeance, like a burning glasse that fires  
Surest ith smallest beame, he that would kill,  
Spends not his idle fury to make wounds,  
Farre from the heart of him he fights withall,  
Looke where you most can danger, let his head  
Bleed out his braines, or eyes, aime at that part  
Is deerest to him, this once put to hazzard,  
The rest will bleed to death.

*Val.* Apply this Madam.

*Cat.* The time invites to action, ile be brieve,  
Strike him through *Berinthia*.

*Val.* Ha.

*Cat.* Mistake me not, I am her sister,  
Shee is his heart, make her your owne, you have  
A double victory, thus you may kill him  
With most revenge, and give your owne desires,  
A most confirm'd possession, fighting with him,  
Can be no conquest to you, if you meane  
To strike him dead, pursue *Berinthia*,  
And kill him with the wounds he made at you,  
It will appeare but justice, all this is  
Within your fathom sir.

*Val.* Tis some divinity hangs on your tongue.

*Cat.* If you consent *Berinthia* shall not see,

*The Maides Revenge.*

More sunnes till you enjoy her.

*Val.* How deere Madam.

*Cat.* T. us, you shall steale her away.

*Val.* Oh when? *Cat.* Provide

Such trusty friends, but let it not be knowne

Vpon your honour, I assist you in't.

And after midnight when soft sleepe hath charm'd

All senses, enter the Garden gate.

Which shall be open for you, to know her chamber

A candle shall direct you in the Window,

*Ansilva* shall attend too, and provide

To give you entrance, thence take *Berinthia*,

And soone convey her to what place you thinke

Secure and most convenient, in small time

You may procure your owne conditions;

But sir you must engage your selfe to use her

With honourable respects, she is my sister,

Did not I thinke you noble, for the world

I would not runne that hazzard.

*Val.* Let heaven forsake me then, was ever mortall

So bound to womans care, my mothers was

Halfe paid her at my birth, but you have made me

An everlasting debtor.

*Cat.* Select your friends, bethinke you of a place

You may transpose her.

*Val.* I am all wings.

*Exit*

*Cat.* So, when gentle physicke will not serue, we must

Apply more active, but there is

Yet a receipt behind; *Valaseoes* shallow,

And will be planet strucke, to see *Berinthia*

Dye in his armes: tis so, yet he himselte

Shall carry the suspition, if art,

Or hell can furnish me with such a poyson,

Sleepe thy last sister, whilst thou livest I have,

No quiet in my selfe, my rest thy grave.

*Exit*

*Diego comes from behinde the hangings.*

*Die.* Goe thy wayes, and the devill wants a breeder thou

*Act*

*The Maides Revenge.*

Art for him, onē spirit and her selfe are able to furnish  
Hell and it were unprovided; but I am glad I heard all,  
I shall love hangings the better while I live:  
I pereeive some good may be done behind em,  
But ile acquaint my Lady *Berinthia*,  
Heres her chamber I observ'd: Madam, Madam  
*Berinthia.* *Berinthia above.*

*Ber.* Whose there?

*Die.* Tis I *Diego*, I am *Diego*.

*Ber.* Honest *Diego*, what good newes,

*Die.* Yare undone, undone lost, undone for ever; it is time  
now to be serious.

*Ber.* Ha,

*Die.* Wheres my Master *Antonios* Letter.

*Ber.* Here, where, ha, alas, I feare I have lost it.

*Die.* Alas you have undone your selfe, and your sister, my  
Lady *Catalina* hath found it, and is mad with rage, and envy  
against you; I overheard your destruction, she hath shewed  
it to *Don Valasco*, and hath plotted that he shall steale you a-  
way this night, the doores shall be left open the houre after  
twelve.

*Ber.* You amaze me, tis impossible.

*Die.* Doe not cast away your selfe, by incredulity, upon my  
life your fate is cast, nay more, worse then that.

*Ber.* Worse?

*Die.* You must be poysoned too, oh shees a cunning devill,  
and she will carry it so, that *Valasco* shall bee suspected for  
your death, what will you doe?

*Ber.* I am overcome with amazement?

*Die.* Madam remember with what noble love my Master  
*Antonio* does honour you, and now both save your selfe, and  
make him happy, how.

*Ber.* I am lost man.

*Die.* Feare not, I will engage my life for your safety,  
Seeme not to have knowledge or suspicion, be carefull  
What you receive, least you be poyson'd, leave the  
Rest to me, I have a crotchet in my pate shall spoyle  
Their musicke, and prevent all danger I warrant you,

*The Maides Revenge.*

By any meanes be smooth, and pleasant, the devils  
A knave, your sisters a Traytor, my Master is your noble  
Friend, i am your honest servant, and *Valasco* shall  
Shake his eares like an annimall.

*Ber.* It is not to be hoped for.

*Die.* Then cut of my cares, slit my nose, and make a devill  
of me, shall I about it say, tis done.

*Ber.* Any thing thou art honest, heaven be neare,  
Still to my innocence, I am full of feare.

*Die.* Spurre cut and away then.

*Enter Signior Sharkino in his study, furnished with glasses,  
viols, pictures of wax characters, wands, conju-  
ring habit, Powders paintings, and Scarabeo.*

*Sh. Scarabeo.*

*Sca. Sir.*

*Sh.* Is the doore tongue tide, scrue your selfe halfe out at  
one of the crevices, and give me notice what patient approa-  
ches me.

*Sca.* I can runne through the key hole sir.

*Sh.* This *fucus* beares

A lively tincture, oh the checke mnst blush  
That weares it, their deceiv'd that say  
Art is the ape of nature.

*Sca. Sir.*

*Sh.* Who ist?

*Sca.* My Ladies apron strings, Mistris *Ansilva* her chamber-  
maide.

*Sh.* Admit her.

*Enter Ansilva.*

*Ans.* How now raw head and bloody bones, wheres the  
Doctor *Sharkino*? oh here he is.

*Sh.* How does your vertuous Ladie.

*Ans.* In good health sir.

Wheres the *Fucus*, and the Powder.

*Sh.* All is prepared here.

*Ans.* To see what you can doe, many make legges, and you  
make faces sir.

*Sh.* Variety of faces is now in fashion, and all little enough  
for some to set a good face on't, oh Ladies may now and then  
commit a flip, and have some colour for't, but these are but  
the out sides of our art, the things we can prescribe to be ta-

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ken inwardly, are pretty curiosities, we can prolong life.

*Ans.* And kill too can you not?

*Sh.* Oh any that will goe to the price.

*Ans.* You have poysons I warrant you, how doe they looke, pray lets see one.

*Sh.* Oh naturall, and artificiall, *Nessus* blood was milke To em, an extraction of *Todes* and *Vipers*, looke Heres a parcell of *Claudius Casars* posset, Given him by his wife *Agrippina*, here is some of *Hannibals* medicine he carried alwaies in the Pummell of his sword, for a dead list, a very active Poyson, which passing the *Orifice*, kindles Straite a fire. inflames the blood, and makes the marrow Fry, have you occasion to apply one.

*Ans.* Introth we are troubled with a rat in my Ladies Chamber.

*Sh.* A Rat, give him his bane, would you destroy a City, I have *probatinus* of *Italian* Sallets, and our owne Country figs shall doe it rarely, a Rat, I have scarce a poyson so base, the worst is able to kill a man, I have all sorts, from a minute to seven yeares in operation, and leave no markes behinde em, a Rats a Rat.

*Ans.* Pray let me see a remover at twelvē houres, and I would be loath to kill the poore thing presently.

*Sh.* Here, you may cast it away upon't, but tis a disparagement to the poyson.

*Ans.* This will content you.

*Sh.* Bēcause it is for a Rat you shall pay no more, my service to my Ladie, my poysons howsoever I give them, variety of operations are all but one.

*Knockes within.*

Honest Rats bane in severall shapēs, their vertue is common, and will not be long in killing; you were best looke it be a Rat, *Scarabeo*.

*Sca.* Sir heres a Gallant enquires for Doctor *Sharkino*.

*Sh.* Vsher him in, it is some *Don*.

*Enter Count de Monte Nigro.*

*Count.* Is your name *Signior Sharkino* the famous Doct<sup>r</sup>.

*Sh.* They

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*Sh.* They call me *Sharkino*.

*Count.* Doe you not know me?

*Sh.* Your gracious pardon.

*Count.* I am *Count de Monte Nigro*.

*Sh.* Your honours sublimity doth illustrate this habitation;  
Is there any thing wherein *Sharkino* may expresse  
His humble service? if ought within the circumference  
Of a Medicinall or Mathematicall science,  
May have acceptance with your celsitude,  
It shall devolve it selfe.

*Count.* Devolve it selfe, that word is not in my Table booke,  
what are all these trinkets?

*Sh.* Take heede I beseech your honour, they are dangerous,  
this is the devils girdle.

*Count.* A pox oth devill, wht have I doe with him,

*Sh.* It is a dreadfull circle of conjuration, fortified  
With sacred characters against the power  
Of infernall spirits, within whose round I can tread  
Safely, when hell burnes round about me.

*Count.* No: unlikely.

*Sh.* Will you see the devill sir?

*Count.* Ha, the devill? not at this time, I am in some hast,  
Any thing but the devill I durst fight with all, harke  
You Doctor, letting these things passe, hearing  
Of your skill, I am come in my owne person, for  
A fragment of your art, harke you, have you any  
Receipts to procure love sir?

*Sh.* All the degrees of it this is ordinary.

*Count.* Nay I would not have it too strong, the Lady I in-  
tend it for, is pretty well taken already, an easing working  
thing does it.

*Sh.* Heres a powder whose ingrediencies were fetch'd  
From *Arabia* the happy, a sublimation of the Phoenix  
Ashes, when she last burned her selfe, it beares the  
Colour of sinamon, two or three feuples put into  
A cup of wine, fetches up her heart, she can scarce  
Keepe it in, for running out of her mouth to you  
My noble Lord.

*Count.*



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*Count.* That, let me have that, Doctor. I know tis deare,  
Will that gold buy it?

*Sh.* Your honour is bountifull, there needs no circumstance,  
Minister it by whom you please, your intention binds it to  
operation.

*Cont.* So, so *Catalina*, I will put your mornings draught  
In my pocket ——— *Knocke at the doore*  
Doctor, I would not be seene.

*Sh.* Please you my Lord obscure your selfe behinde these  
hangings then, till they be gone, Ile dispatch 'em the sooner;  
or if your honour thinke fit, tis but clouding your person with  
a simple cloake of mine, and you may at pleasure passe with-  
out discovery, my Anatomy shall waite on you.

*Enter three Servingmen.*

1. Prethee come backe yet.

2. Oh by any means goe *Jaynes*.

1. Dost thou thinke it possible that any man can tell where  
thy things are, but he that stole 'em, hee's but a jugling impo-  
ster, a my conscience, come backe againe.

2. Nay now wee are at furthest, be not rul'd by him, I  
know he is a cunning man, he told me my fortune once when  
I was to goe a journey by water, that if I scapt drowning, I  
should doe well enough, and I have liv'd ever since.

3. Well I will try, I am resolv'd; stay, here hee is *Pedro*,  
you are acquainted with him, breake the ice, he is alone.

2. Blesse you Mr. Doctor; sir presuming on your Art, here  
is a fellow of mine, indeede the Butler, for want of a better;  
has lost a dozen of Dyaper spoones, and halfe a dozen of sil-  
ver Napkins yesterday, they were seene by all three of us in  
the morning betweene sixe and seven set up, and what spirit  
of the Buttery hath stolen 'em before eight, is invisible to our  
understanding.

3. He hath delivered you the case right, I beseech you sir  
doe what you can for a servant, that is like to be in a lamenta-  
ble case else, heres a gratuity.

1. Now we shall see what the devill can do, hey, heres one  
of his spirits I thinke.

*Sh.* Betweene 7 and 8. the houre; the 1 *LUNA*, the 2 *SA-*

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turne, the 3 *Iupiter*, the 4 *Mars*, the 5 *Sol*, the 6 *Venus*, the 7 *Mercury*, ha then it was stolne, *Mercury* is a thiefe, your goods are stolne.

3 Was *Mercury* the thiefe, pray where dwells he?

*Sb.* *Mercury* is above the Moone man.

3. Alas sir tis a great way thither.

1. Did not I tell you you would be gull'd.

*Sb.* Well y'are a servant, Ile doe something for you; What will you say, if I shew you the man that stole your Spoons and Napkins presently, will that satisfie you.

3 Ile desire no more, oh good Mr. Doctor.

1 If he does that, ile beleve he has cunning.

*Sb.* Go to, hears a glasse.

2 Loe you there now.

*Sb.* Stand your backes North, and stirre not till I bid you; What see you there?

3 Heres nothing.

*Sb.* Looke agen, and marke, stand yet more North.

3 Now I see somebody. 1 And I.

*The Count comes from behind the Hangings and muffled in a cloake seales of the Stage.*

*Sb.* Marke this fellow muffled in the cloake, he hath stolne your spoones and Napkins, does he not skulke.

1 Foote tis strange, he lookes like a theefe, this Doctor I see is cunning.

3. Oh rogue how shall's come by him, oh for an Officer,

*Sb.* Yet stirre not,

3. Oh hees gone, where is he?

*Sb.* Be not too rash, my Art tells me there is danger in't, you must be blinfold all, if you observe me not, all is to no purpose, you must not see till you be forth a doores, shut your eyes, and leade one another, when you are abroad open them, and you shall see agen.

3. The thiefe?

*Sb.* The same, then use your pleasures, so, be sure you see not, conduct them *Scarabeo.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter a Maid with an Urinall.*

*Ma.* Oh Mr. Doctor I have got this opportunity to come

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to you, but I cannot stay, heres my water, pray sweet Mr. Doctor, tell me, I am in great feare that I have lost . . .

*Sb.* What?

*Ma.* My maidenhead sir, you can tell by my water.

*Sb.* Dost not thou know?

*Ma.* Oh I doe somewhat doubt my selfe, for this morning when I rose, I found a paire of breeches on my bed, and I have had a great suspicion ever since, it is an evill signe they say, and one does not know what maybe in those breeches somerimes; sweete Mr. Doctor, am I a maid still or no, I would be sorry to loose my maidenhead ere I were aware, I feare I shall never be honest after it.

*Sb.* Let me see *Vrina meretrix*; the colour is a strumpet, but the contents deceive not, your maidenhead is gone.

*Ma.* And is there no hope to finde it againe?

*Sb.* You are not every body, by my Art, as in other things that have beene stolne, he that hath stolne your maidenhead shall bring it againe.

*Ma.* Thanke you sweet Mr. Doctor, I am in your debt for this good newes; oh sweet newes sweet Mr. Doctor. *Exit.*

*Enter Count beating before him the three Servingmen, they runne in.*

*Sb.* Cry your honour mercy, good my Lord.

*Count.* Out you slaves, oh my toes.

*Sb.* What ayles your Lordship?

*Count.* Doctor, I am out of breath, where bē these wormes crept, I was never so abused since I was swaddled: harke you, those 3 Rogues that were here even now, began to lay hold of me, and told me I must give them their Spooones and Napkins; they made a theefe of mee, but I thinke I have made their flesh jelly with kickes and bastinadoes; oh I have no mercy when I set on't, I have made e'm all poore *Johns*, impudent varlets; talke to me of Spooones and Napkins.

*Sb.* Alas one of them was mad, and brought to me to cure him.

*Count.* Nay they were all mad, but I thinke I have madded e'm; I feare J have kickt two or three out of their lives, alas poore

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poore wretches I am sorry for it now, but I have such an humor of beating & kicking when my footes in once: harke you Doctor, is it not within the compasse of your physicke to take downe a mans courage a thought lower; the truth is, I am apt of my selfe to quarrell upon the least affront in this world, I cannot be kept in, chaines will not hold me: tother day for a lesse matter than this, I kicke halfe a dozen of high Germans, from one end of the streete to the other, for but offering to shrinke betwene mee and the wall; not aday goes o're my head but I hurt some body mortally; poxe a these rogues, I am sorry at my heart I have hurt e'm so, but I cannot forbear.

*Sh.* This is strange.

*Count.* How? I can scarce forbear striking you now, for saying it is strange; you would not thinke it: oh the wounds I have given for a very looke; well harke you, if it be not too late, I would be taken downe, but I feare tis impossible, and then every one goes in danger of his life by me.

*Sh.* Take downe your spirit, looke you, dee see this inch and a halfe, how tall a man doe you thinke he was? He was twelve cuits high, and three yards compasse at the waste when I tooke him in hand first, ile draw him through a ring ere I have done with him: I keepe him now to breake my poysons, to eate Spiders and Toades, which is the onely dish his heart wishes for; a Capon destroys him, and the very sight of beefe or mutton makes him sicke; looke, you shall see him eate his supper, come on your wayes, what say you to this Spider? looke how he leapes.

*Sea.* Oh dainty!

*Sh.* Here, saw you that? how many legges now for the hanch of a Toade.

*Sea.* Twenty, and thanke you sir, oh sweete Toade, oh admirable Toade.

*Count.* This is very strange, I nere saw the like. I never keew Spiders and Toades were such good meates before; will he not burst now?

*Sh.* It shall nere swell him, by, to morrow hee shall be an  
inch.

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inch abated, and I can with an other experiment plumpē him and highten him at my pleasure; ile warrant ile take you downe my Lord.

*Count.* Nay but dee here, doe I looke like a Spider-catcher, or Toade-eater.

*Sh.* Farre be it from *Sharkino*, I have gentle pellets for your Lordship, shall melt in your mouth, and take of your valour insensibly; Lozenges that shall comfort your stomacke, and but at a weeke restraine your fury two or three thoughts; does your honour thinke I would forget my selfe, I shew you by this Rat what I can doe by Art: your Lordship shall have an easie composition, no hurt itt world in't; here take but halfe a dozen of these going to bed, e're morning it shall worke gently, and in the vertue appeare every day after-ward.

*Count.* But if I find my selfe brēaking out into fury, I may take e'm often; heres for your pellets of Lozenges, what rare physicke is this? Ile put it in practise presently, farewell Doctor.

*Exit.*

*Sh.* Happinesse wait on your egregious Lordship, my physicke shall make your body soluble, but for working on your spirit, beleve it when you finde it; with any lies we must fet forth our simples and compositions to utter them: so this is a good dayes worke; leane chaps lay up, and because you have perform'd hamfomly, there is some silver for you, lay up my properties: Tis night already, thus we knaves will thrive, when honest plainnesse know not how to live.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Catalina and Anselva.*

*Cat.* Art sure she has tane it?

*Ans.* As sure as I am alive? she never eate with  
Such an appetite, for I found none left, I would  
Be loath to have it so sure in my belly, it will worke  
Rarely twelve houres hence.

*Cata.* Thus we worke sure then, time runnes upon  
Th'appointed houre, *Palasco* should rid me of all my  
Fearse.

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Fearēs at oncē, upon thy life be carefull to direct  
Him at his first approach, I am sicke till she  
Be delivered; be secret as the night, ile to my  
Chamber, be very carefull.

*Enter Antonio, Villandras, Diego, vizzarded and arm'd.*

*Ant.* Art sure thou hast the time right.

*Die.* Doubt not, yonder's her chamber, the light  
speakes it; softly.

*Ans.* Whose there? *Valasco?* *Ant.* I.

*Ans.* That way, make no noife, things are prepared, softly  
So, so, this is good I hope and weight too, my Lady.

*Berinthia* will be sure enough anon, I shall nere

Get more higher, I had much adoe to perswade her

To the spice, but I swore it was a cordiall my Lady

Vs'd her selfe, and poore foole she has swallowed it

Sure. *Enter Ant. with Berinthia, Villan. Diego.*

*Ant.* Madam feare not I am your friend.

*Die.* Who are you?

*Vill.* Stop her mouth, away. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Ansilva.*

*Ans.* So, so they are gone, alas poore *Valasco* I pittie thee,

But we creatures of polliticke Ladies must hold the

Same byas with our Mistresses, and tis some pollicy

To make them respect us the better, for feare our

Teeth be not strong enough to keepe in our tongues:

Now must I study out some tale by morning to salute

My old Lord withall.

*Enter Valasco, a friend or two armed.*

*Val.* *Ansilva?* *Ans.* Some body calls me, who is it?

*Val.* It is I *Valasco*.

*Ans.* What comes he backe for? I hope the poyson does  
Not worke already, where have you dispos'd her.

*Val.* Dispos'd whom?

*Ans.* My Lady *Berinthia*.

*Val.* Let me alone to dispose her, prethee where's the light?  
Shew us the way.

*Ans.* What way?

*Val.* The way to her chamber? come, I know what

YOU

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You are sicke of, here each minute is an age till  
I possesse *Berinthia*.

*Ans.* This is pretty, I hope my Lady is well.

*Val.* Well?

*Ans.* My Lady *Berinthia* sir.

*Val.* Doe you mocke me?

*Ans.* I mocke you?

*Val.* I shall grow angry, lead me to  
*Berinthias* chamber, or —

*Ans.* Why sir, were not you herē even now, and hurried  
Her away, I have your gold well fare all good tokens;  
I have perform'd my duty already sir, and you had my  
Lady.

*Val.* I am abus'd you are a cunning Devill, I hearē and had  
*Berinthia*, tell me, or with this pistoll, I will soone  
Reward thy treachery, wheres *Berinthia*?

*Ans.* Oh I beseech you doe not fright me so, if you werē  
Not here even now, here was another that call'd  
Himselfe *Valasco*, to whom I gave accessse, and  
He has carried her away.

*Exit.*

*Val.* Am I awake? or doe I dreame this horrour:  
Where am I? who does know me, are you friends  
Of *Don Valasco*?

1. Doe you doubt us sir?

*Val.* I doubt my selfe, who am I

2. Our noble friend *Valasco*.

*Val.* Tis so, I am *Valasco*, all the Furies  
Circle me round, oh teach me to be mad,  
I am abus'd, insufferably tormented,  
My very soule is whipt, it had beene safer  
For *Catalina* to have plaid with Serpents.

*Enter Catalina and Ansilva.*

*Cat.* Thou talkest of wonders, where is *Valasco*?

*Ans.* He was here even now.

*Val.* Who nam'd *Valasco*?

*Cat.* Twas I, *Catalina*, here.

*Val.* Could you picke none out of the stocke of man  
To mocke but me, so basely?

*Cat.*

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*Cata.* *Valasco* be your selfe, resume your vertue,  
My thoughts are cleare from your abuse, it is  
No time to vent our passions, fruitlesse rages,  
Some hath abus'd us both, but a revenge  
As swift as lightning shall pursue their flight:  
Oh I could feare my braines, as you respect  
Your honoures safety, or *Berinthias* love;  
Haste to your lodging, which being nere our house,  
You shall be sent for; seeme to be rais'd up,  
Let us alone to make a noise at home,  
Fearefull as thunder; try the event, this cannot  
Doe any hurt, you *Ansilva* shall  
With clamors wake the household cunningly,  
While I prepare my selfe.

*Val.* I will suspend awhile.

*Exeunt.*

*Ans.* Helpe, helpe, theeves, villaines, murder, my Lady:  
Helpe oh my Lord, my Lady, murder, theeves, helpe.

*Enter Sebastiano in his shirt with a Taper.*

*Seb.* What fearefull cry is this, where are you?

*Ans.* Here oh I am almost kil'd.

*Seb.* *Ansilva* where art hurt?

*Ans.* All over sir, my Lady *Berinthia* is carried away  
By Ruffians, that broke into her chamber, alas  
Sees gone.

*Seb.* Whether? which way?

*Enter Uilarezo Catalina.*

My sifter *Berinthia* is violently tane out of her  
Chamber, and heres *Ansilva* hurt, see looke about,  
*Berinthia* sifter. *Cat.* How *Berim.* gone? call up the servants,  
*Ansilva*, how wast?

*Ans.* Alas Madam, I have not my senses about me, I am so  
Frighted, vizards, and swords, and pistols, but my  
Lady *Berinthia* was quickly seiz'd upon, shees gone.

*Uil.* What villaines durst attempt it?

*Enter Count Monte de nigro with a torch.*

I feare *Valasco* guilty of this rape.

*Cat.* Runne one to his lodging presently, it will appeare.  
I know he lov'd her, oh my Lord, my sifter *Berinthias* lost;

*Mont.* How? foote my physicke begins to worke, ile come  
to you presently.

*Exit.*

*Cat.*



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*Cat.* Wheres *Diego*? he is missing, runne one to his chamber, heres *Valasco*. *Enter Valasco.*

*Seb.* It is apparant fir, *Valascoes* noble.

*Cat.* *Berinthias* stolne away. *Val.* Ha?

*Seb.* Her Chamber broken opene, and shee tane thence this night.

*Val.* Confusion stay the theefe.

*Mount.* So, so, as you were saying, *Berinthia* was stolne away by some body, and —

*i. Ser.* *Diego* is not in his chamber.

*Cat.* Didst breake opene the doore?

*i. Ser.* I did, and found all empty.

*Mount.* How, *Diego* gone? thats strange, oh it workes againe, Ile come to you presently. *Exit*

*Cat.* I doe suspect —

This some plot of *Antonio*,

*Diego*, a subtile villaine,

Confirmes himsele an instrument by this absence;

What thinkest *Ansilva*?

*Ans.* Indeed I heard some of them name *Antonio*.

*Vil. Seb. Cat.* Ha?

*Vil.* Tis true upon my soule, oh false *Antonio*.

*Cat.* Vnworthy Gentleman.

*Val.* Let none have the honour to revēge, but I the wrongd *Valasco*, let me beg it fir.

*Vil.* *Antonio*, boy up before the day,

Vpon my blessing I command thee post

To *Elnas* Castle, summon that false man *Enter Count.*

To quit his shamefull action, bid him returne

Thy sister backe, whose honour will be lost

For ever in't, if he shall dare deny her,

Double thy Fathers spirit, call him to

A strickt account, and with thy sword enforce him,

Oh I could leape out of my age me thinkes,

And combat him my selfe: be thine the glory,

This staine will never wash off, I feele it settle

On all our blood, away, my curse pursue

This disobedience. *Exit*

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*Val.* I had an interest in *Berinthia*,  
Why have not I commission, I have a sword,  
Thirsteth to be acquainted with his veines;  
It is too meane a satisfaction  
To have her rendred, on his heart I doe write  
A most just vengeance.

*Seb.* Sir she is my sister, I have a sword dares tēte  
A wound as farre as any; spare your vallour.

*Cat.* I have a trick to be rid of this foole, my Lord  
Doe you accompany my brother, you  
I know are valiant.

*Moult.* Any whither, Ile make me ready presently. *Exie*

*Seb.* My most unhappy sister. *Exie*

*Cat.* Oh I could surfet, I am confident  
*Antonio* hath her, tis revenge beyond

My expectation, to close up the eyes  
Of his *Berinthia*, dying in his armes,  
Poyson'd maturely, mischief I shall prove  
Thy constant friend, let weakēesse vertue love.

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*Actus 4. Scena 1.*

*Enter Antonio, Berinthia, Castabella, Villandras, Sforza, Diego.*

*Ant.* **T**He welcom'st guest that ever *Eluas* had  
Sister, *Villandras* yare not sensible what treasure  
You possesse, I have no loves, I would not here divide.

*Cast.* Indeed Madam, yare as welcome here, as ere my mother was.

*Vil.* And you are here as safe, as if you had an army for your Guard.

*Sfor.* Safe armies, and guard; *Berinthia* yare a Lady,  
But I meane not to court you: guard e uo tha, here's  
A Toledo, and an old arme, tough bones and sinewes,  
Able to cut off as stout a head as wags upon a shoulder,  
Thart *Antonios* guest, welcome by the old bones  
Of his Father, th'ast a wall of brasse about thee:  
My young *Daffodill*.

*Vil.*

*The Maides Revenge.*

*Vil.* Nor thinke my noble cozen meaneth you any dishonour here.

*Ant.* Dishonour, it is a language I never understood, yet Throw off your feares *Berinthia*, yare ith' power Of him that dares not thinke The least dishonour to you.

*Sfor.* True by this buffe jerkin, that hath look'd ith face of an Army, and he lies like a termagant, denies it, *Antonio* is Lord of the Castle, but ile command fire to the gunnes, upon any Renegado that confronts us, set thy heart at rest my gilloflower, we are all friends I warrant thee, and hees a Turke that does not honour thee from the haire of thy head, to thy pettitoes.

*Ant.* Come be not sad.

*Cast.* Put on fresh blood, yare not cheerfull, how doe you?

*Ber.* I know not how, nor what to answer you, Your loves I cannot be ungratefull to, Yare my best friends I thinke, but yet I know not With what consent you brought my body hither.

*Ant.* Can you be ignorant what plot was laid To take your faire life from you.

*Ber.* If all be not a dreame, I doe remember Your seruant *Diego* told me wonders, and I owe you for my preservation, but ———

*Sfor.* Shoote not at Buts, *Cupids* an archer, heres a faire marke, a fooles bolts loone shot, my names *Sforza* still, my double Daisie.

*Cast.* It is your happinesse you have escaped the malice of your sister.

*Vil.* And it is worth A noble gratitude to have beene quit, By such an honourer as *Antonio* is Of faire *Berinthia*.

*Ber.* Oh but my Father, under whose displeasure I ever

*Ant.* You are secure (sinke,

*Ber.* As the poore Deere that being pursuid, for safety Gets up a rocke that over hangs the Sea, Where all that she can see, is her destruction,

*The Maides Revenge.*

Before the waves, behinde her enemies  
Promise her certaine ruine.

*Ant.* Faine not your selfe so haplesse my *Berinthia*,  
Rasse your dejected thoughts, be merry, come,  
Thinke I am your *Antonio*.

*Cast.* It is not wisdome  
To let our passed fortunes trouble us,  
Since were they bad, the memorie is sweete,  
That we have past them, looke before you Lady,  
The future most concerneth.

*Ber.* You have awak'd me, *Antonio* pardon,  
Vpon whose honour I dare trust my selfe,  
I am resolv'd, if you dare keepe me here,  
T'expect some happier issue.

*Ant.* Dare keepe thee here? with thy consent, I dare  
Deny thy Father, by this sword I dare,  
And all the world.

*Sfor.* Dare, what giant of vallour dares hinder us, from da-  
ring to slit the weasands of them that dare say, wee dare not  
doe any thing, that is to be dared under the poles, I am old  
*Sforza*, that in my dayes have scoured rogues faces with hot  
bals, made em cut crosse capers, and sent them away with a  
powder, I have a company of roring buls upon the wals, shall  
spit fire in the faces of any ragamuffian that dares say, we dare  
not fight pell mell, and still my name is *Sforza*.

*Enter Diego hastily.*

*Die.* Sir your noble friend *don Sebastiano* is at the castle gate.

*Ant.* Your brother Lady, and my honoured friend,  
Why doe the gates not spread themselves, to open  
At his arrivall *Sforza*, tis *Berinthiaes* brother,  
*Sebastiano* the example of all worth  
And friendship, is come after his sweete sister,

*Ber.* Alas I feare.

*Ant.* Be not such a coward Lady, he cannot come  
Without all goodnesse waiting on him, *Sforza*,  
*Sforza* I say, what pretious time we lose,  
*Sebastiano*, I almost lose my selfe  
In joy to meete him, breake the iron barres.

And

The Maides Revenge.

And give him entrance.

Sfor. He breake the wals downe, if the gates be too little!

Cast. I much desire to see him.

Ant. Sister, now hees come, he did promise me.

But a short absence, he of all the world

I would call brother, *Castabella* more

Then for his sisters love, oh hees a man

Made up of merit, my *Berinthia*

Throw off all cloudes, *Sebastiano*es come!

Ber. Sent by my Father to

Ant. What, to see thee? he shall see thee here.

Respected like thy selfe, *Berinthia*,

Attended with *Antonio*, begirt with armies of thy servants!

Enter *Sebastiano Mounte Nigro, Sforza*.

Oh my friend.

Seb. Tis yet in question sir, and will not be

So easily proved.

Mount. No sir, weele make you prove your selfe our friend!

Ant. What face have you put on? am I awake?

Or doe I dreame *Sebastiano* frownes!

Seb. *Antonio* I come not now to Complement,

While you were noble, I was not least of them

You cald your friends, but you are guilty of how

An action that destroyes that name.

Sfor. Bones a your Father, does he come to swagger,

My name is *Sforza* then.

Ant. No more,

I guiltie of an action so dishonourable

Has made me unworthy of your friendship;

Come y'are not in earnest, tis enough I know

My selfe *Antonio*.

Seb. Adde to him ungratefull.

Ant. T was a foule breath deliver'd it, and wert any

But *Sebastiano*, he should feele the weight

Of such a falshood.

Seb. Sister you must along with me.

Ant. Now by my Fathers soule, he that takes her hence

Ynlesse she give consent, treads on his grave,

*The Maides Revenge.*

*Sebastiano*, y' are unnoble then;  
Tis I that said it.

*Mount.* So it seemes.

*Seb.* *Antonio*, for here I throw of all  
The ties of love, I come to fetch a sister,  
Dishonourably taken from her father;  
Or with my sword to force thee render her  
Now if thou beest a Souldier redeliver,  
Or keepe her with the danger of thy person,  
Thou canst not be my brother, till we first  
Be allied in blood.

*Ant.* Promise me the hearing,  
And that have any satisfaction,  
Becomes my fame.

*Mount.* So, so, he will submit himselfe, it will be our honor!

*Ant.* Wert in your power, would you not account it  
A pretious victory, in your sisters cause,  
To dye your sword with any blood of him,  
Sav'd both her life and honour?

*Seb.* I were ungratefull.

*Ant.* You have told your selfe, and I have argument to  
prove this.

*Seb.* Why would you have me thinke, my sister owes to  
you such preservation?

*Ant.* Oh *Sebastiano*,  
Thou dost not thinke what devill lies at home  
Within a sisters bosome, *Catalina*,  
(I know not with what worst of envy) laid  
Force to this goodly building, and through poyson  
Had rob'd the earth of more then all the world,  
Her vertue.

*Seb.* You must not beate my resolution off  
With these inventions sir.

*Ant.* Be not cozend,  
With your credulity, for my blood, I value it  
Beneath my honour, and I dare by goodnesse,  
In such a quarrell kill thee: but heare all,  
And then you shall have fighting your heart full.

*The Maides Revenge.*

*Valasco* was the man, appointed by  
That goodly sister to steale *Berinthia*,  
And Lord himselfe of this possession,  
Just at that time; but heare and tremble at it,  
Shee by a cunning poyson should have breath'd  
Her soule into his armes, within two houres,  
And so *Valasco* should have borne the shame  
Of theft and murder; how doe you like this sir?

*Seb.* You amaze me sir.

*Ant.* Tis true by honours selfe, heare it confirm'd,  
And when you will, I am ready.

*Vil.* Pitty such valour should be imployd,  
Vpon no better cause, they will enforme him.

*Mount.* Harkē you sir, dee thinke this is true?

*Vil.* I dare maintaine it.

*Mount.* Thats another matter, why then the case is  
Altered, what should we doe fighting, and lose  
Our lives to no purpose.

*Sf.* It seemes you are his second.

*Mount.* I am *Count de Monte Nigro*.

*Sfor.* And my names *Sforza* sir, you were not best to come  
here to brave us, unlesse you have more legges and armes at  
home, I have a saza shall picke holes in your doublet, and firke  
your shankes, my gallimaufry.

*Seb.* I cannot but beleeeve it, oh *Berinthia*,  
I am wounded ere I fight.

*Ant.* Holds your resolve yet constant? if you have  
Better opinion of your sword, then truth,  
I am bound to answer, but I would I had  
Such an advantage gainst another man,  
As the justice of my cause, all vallow fights  
But with a sayle against it.

*Vil.* Take a time to informe your father sir, my noble  
Cozen is to be found here constant.

*Seb.* But will you backe with me then?

*Ber.* Excuse me brother, I shall fall too soone  
Vpon my sisters malice, whose foule guilt  
Will make me expect more certaine ruine,

*Ant.*

*The Maides Revenge.*

*Ant.* Now *Sebastiano*  
Puts on his judgement, and assumes his noblenesse,  
Whilst he loves equity.

*Seb.* And shall I carry shame  
To *Villarezos* house, neglect of father,  
Whose precepts bindes me to returne with her,  
Or leave my life at *Eluas*, I must on,  
I have heard you to no purpose, shall *Berinthia*  
Backe to *Avero*.

*Ant.* Sir she must not yet, tis dangerous.

*Seb.* Choose thee a second then, this Count and I  
Meane to leave honor here.

*Vill.* Honour me sir.

*Ant.* Tis done, *Sebastiano* shall report  
*Antonio* just and noble, *Sforza* I swear  
Vpon my Sword, oh doe not hinder me  
If victory crowne *Sebastianos* arme.  
I charge thee by thy honesty restore  
This Lady to him, on whose lip I scale  
My unstain'd faith.

*Mount.* Vmh, tis a rare physitian, my spirit is abatēd!

*Cast.* Brother.

*Ber.* Brother.

*Seb.* And wilt thou be dishonour'd?

*Ber.* Oh doe not wrong the Gentleman, belceve it  
Dishonour nere dwelt here, and he hath made  
A most religious vow, not in a thought  
To staine my innocence, he does not force me  
Remember, what a noble friend, you make  
A most just enemy, he sav'd my life,  
Be not a murtherer, take yet a time,  
Runne not your selfe in danger for a cause  
Carries so little justice.

*Mount.* Faith sir, if you please take a time to thinke on't, a  
month or two or three, they shall not say but wee are hono-  
rable.

*Cast.* You gave him to my heart a Gentleman, *Seb.* whisp.  
Compleate with goodnesse, will you rob the world

And



*The Maides Revenge.*

And me at once, alas I love him.

*Ant.* Never man fought with a lesser heart, the conquest  
Will be but many deathes, he is her brother,  
My friend, this poore girles joy.

*Mount.* With all my heart, Ile post to *Avero* presently.

*Seb.* Let it be so *Antonio*.

*Cast.* Alas pore *Castabella*, what a conflict  
Feeest thou within thee, their fight woundeth thee,  
And I must die, who ere hath victory:

*Ant.* Then friend againe, and as *Sebastiano*,  
I bid him welcome, and who loves *Antonio*  
Must speake that language.

*Sfor.* Enough, not a Mastie upon the Castle walls  
But shall barke too, I congratulate thee, if thou  
Beelest friend to the Castle of *Eluas*, and still my name  
Is *Sferza*.

*Ant.* Well said my brave *Adelautado*, come *Sebastiano*,  
And my *Birinthia* by to morrow we shall know  
The truth of our felicity.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Villarezo.*

*Vil.* What are the Nobles more than common men,  
When all their honour cannot free them from  
Shame and abuse; as greatnesse were a marke  
Stucke by them but to give direction  
For men to shoote indignities upon them?  
Are we call'd Lords of riches we possesse,  
And can defend them from the ravishing hand  
Of strangers, when our children are not safe  
From theeves and robbers, none of us can challenge  
Such right to wealth and fortuaes of the world,  
Being things without us; but our children are  
Essentiall to us, and participate  
Of what we are: part of our very nature,  
Our selves but cast into a younger mold,  
And can we promise, but so weake assurance  
Of so neere treasures. O *Villarezo* shall  
Thy age be trampled on, no, it shall not,  
I will be knowne a father, *Portugall*

H

Shall

The Maides Revenge.

Shall not report this infamy unreveng'd,  
It will be a barre in *Vilarezes* armes  
Past all posterity ;

Enter *Catalina*.

Come *Catalina*, thou wilt stay with me,  
Prepare to welcome home *Sebastiano*,  
Whom I expect with honour, and that baggage  
Ambitious girle *Berinthia*.

*Cat.* Alas sir; censure not her too soone,  
Till she appeare guilty. *Vil.* Heres thy vertue still,

To excuse her *Catalina*, no beleve it,  
Shes naught, past hope, I have an eye can see  
Into her very heart, thou art too innocent.

Enter *Valasco*.

*Valasco* welcome too, *Berinthia*  
Is not come home yet, but we shall see her  
Brought backe with shame; and ist not justice, ha?  
What can be shame enough?

*Val.* Your daughter sir?

*Vil.* My daughter? doe not call her so, she has not  
True blood of *Vilarezo* in her veines;  
She makes her selfe a bastard, and deserves  
To be cut off like a disordered branch.

Disgracing the faire tree she springeth from.

*Val.* Lay not so great a burthen on *Berinthia*,  
Her nature knowes not to degenerate;

Vpon my life she was not yeelding, to  
The injurious action; if *Antonio*

Have plaid the theefe, let your revenge fall there,  
Which were I trusted with, although I doubt not

*Sebastianes* iury, he should feele it  
More heavy than his Castle, what can be

Too just for such a sinne?

*Vil.* Right, right *Valasco*, I doe love thee fort,  
Tis so, and thou shalt see I have a fence

Worthy my birth and person.

*Val.* 'T will become you, but I marvell we heare nothing  
Of their successe at *Elnas*, by this time

I would have sent *Antonio* to warme  
His fathers ashes, doe you not thinke sir?

*Sebastiano*

*The Maides Revenge.*

*Sebastiano* will not be remisse,  
A gentle nature is abus'd with tales,  
Which they know how to colour; heres the Count.

*Enter Monte nigro sweating.*

*Cat.* How, the Count? I sent him thither to be rid on him,  
The foole has better fortune than I wisht him,  
But now I shall heare that, which will more comfort me,  
My sisters death most certainly.

*Mont.* My Lord, I have rid hard, read there, your sonne  
And daughter is well. *Cat.* Ha, well?

*Mount.* Madam. *Cat.* How does my sister?

*Mount.* In good health, she has commendations to you  
In that letter. *Val.* And is *Antonio* living?

*Mount.* Yes, and remembers his service to you,

*Val.* Has he then yeelded up *Berinthia*?

*Mon.* He will yeeld up his ghost first, I know not we were  
Going to flesh baste one another, I am sure but the  
Matter of felony hangs still, who will cut it downe;  
I know not, Madam theres notable matter against you.

*Cat.* Me?

*Mount.* Vpon my honor there is, be not angry with me,  
No lesse than theft and murder, that letter is charg'd  
Withall, but you'le cleare all I make no question, they  
Talke of poysoning. *Cat.* Am I betray'd?

*Mount.* Well, I smell, I smell. *Cat.* What do you smell?

*Mount.* It was but a tricke of theirs to save their lives,  
For we were bent to kill all that came against us.

*Vil.* *Catalina* reade here, *Valasco*, both of you,  
And let me reade your faces, ha? they wonder.

*Val.* Howes this, I steale *Berinthia*?

*Cat.* I poyson my sister. *Val.* This doth amaze me.

*Cat.* Father, this letter sayes I would have poysoned my  
poore sister, innocence defend me.

*Vil.* It will, it shall, come I acquit you both,  
They must not thus foole me.

*Mount.* Madam I thought as much. my minde gave me, it  
Was a lye, yes, you looke like a poysoner, as much  
As I looke like a Hobby-horse.

*The Maides Revenge,*

*Cat.* Was ever honest love so abused, have I  
So poore reward for my affection.

*Vil.* It shall be so.

*Val.* Madam I know not how the poyson came in, but I  
Fearē some have betraied our plot.

*Cat.* And how came you off my noble Count.

*Mount.* As you see without any wounds, but much against  
My will I was but one, *Sebastiano*, that was the  
Principall, tooke a demurre upon their allēgation:  
It seemes, and so the matter is rak'd up in the Embērs.

*Val.* To make a greater fire, were you so cold  
To credit his excuse, *Antonio*,

I should not have beene so frozen,

As you love honor and revenge, give me

Some interest now, and if I doe not

Shew my selfe faithfull, let *Valasco* have

No name within your memory, let me begge,

To be your Proxie sir, pittie such blood,

As yours should be ignobly cast away;

Maddam speake for me.

*Cat.* No, I had rather lose this foole.

*Mont.* And you can get their consents?

*Cat.* You cannot sir in honour now goe backe?

I shall not thinke you love me, if my father

Point you such noble service to refuse it.

*Mount.* You heare what she sayes:

*Vil.* Count *Monte nigro*.

*Val.* I am all fire with rage.

*Vil.* *Valasco*, you may accompany the Count,

There may be imployment of your valour too;

Tell me at your returne, whether my sonne

May prove a souldier, heres new warrant for

*Antonios* death, if there be coldnesse urge it,

It is my desire, ile study a better service.

*Val.* I shall.

*Vil.* Away then both, no complement, I wish you either

Had a Pegasus, be happy, my old bloud boyles, this

Must my peace secure, such sores as these must

*The Maides Revenge.*

Have a desperate cure. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sebast. Castab. Anton. Berinthia.*

*Seb.* This honor Madam of your selfe and brother,  
Make me unhappy, when I remember, what  
I came for, not to feast thus but to fight.

*Cast.* Pitty true friendship should thus suffer.

*Ant.* Ha? *Seb.* Musicke.

*Ant.* Somē conceit of *Sforza* the old Captaine,  
Lets entertaine it, some souldiers device,  
*A maske of Souldiers.*

*Godamercy Sforza.*

*Sfor.* To your stations now my brave brats of Millitary  
Discipline, enough, *Sforza* honours you, looke to your  
Charge Bullies, and be ready upon all occasions,  
My invincible dub a dub knights of the Castle,

*Qui vala.* *Enter Monte nigro, Valasco.*

*Val.* We must speake with *Don Sebastiano.*

*Sfor.* Must? Th'art a Mushrumpe, mustin the Castle of *Eluas.*

*Monte nigro gives a letter.*

*Ant.* Friends; *Sforza.*

*Val.* What, courting Ladies, by this time 'twas expected  
You would have courted fame sir, and woed her to you;  
You shall know me better.

*Ant.* I doubt you'le never be better, you shall now owe me  
More than you shall account for.

*Seb.* Or else my curse, that word criēs out for death.

*Cast.* My feates perplexe me.

*Anto. & Seb. whispers.*

*Val.* Madam I doe wonder

You can forget your honour, and reflect  
On such unworthinesse, wherein hath *Valasco*  
Shewed you lesse merit.

*Ber.* Sir it becomes not me  
To weigh your worths, nor would I learnē of you  
How to preserve my honour.

*Seb.* Sister.

*Ant.* *Vikandras.*

*Seb.* Then J must take my leave, for I am sent for,  
I am sorry for your fate, Madam I am expected

*The Maides Revenge.*

By a father your vertue hath made me yours.

*Mount.* - Oh admirable phisitian!

*Ant.* *Sforza*, there is no remedie, but by all honour doe it,  
Sister, I am to waite on him, oh my poore girle.

*Berinthia*, my soule be with thee, for a  
Little time excuse my absence.

*Sfor.* You may walke sir.

*Val.* *Antonio* I must but now looke on, you were  
Best take a course not to out live him.

*Exeunt Sforza, Villandras: and Ladies.*

*Ant.* *Sebastiano*, I know not with what soule  
I draw my sword against thee

*Seb.* *Antonio* I am driven in a storme  
To split my selfe on thee, if not, my curse  
We must on sir.

*Mount.* Rare man of art *Sharkino*.

*Vil.* Guard thee Count.

*Enter Sfor, Val. and Ladies above.*

*Cast.* Treacherous *Sforza*, halt thou brought us hither, to  
be stroke dead?

*Mount.* Hold Gentlemen, give me audience.

*Seb.* Whats the matter my Lord.

*Mount.* My fit is on me, tis so, I had forgot my selfe,  
This is my ague day.

*Seb.* How?

*Mount.* Yes a sextile ague, looke you, doe you not see me  
shake, admirable Doctor, it wil be as much as my life is worth  
if I should fight a stroke.

*Seb.* Hell on such basenesse, weele engage no more,  
Let our swords try it out.

*Val.* *Sebastiano* hold, thart not so ill befriended,  
Exchange a person, ile leape the battlement.

*Mount.* Withall my heart, J am sorry it happens so un-  
fortunately, oh rare phisitian!

*Vil.* Good cozen grant it.

*Ant.* What saies *Sebastiano*.

*Vil.* I conjure you by all honour.

*Seb.* It is granted; *Ber.* He shall not goe.

*Ant.* Meete him my Lord, you will become his place of a  
Specta-

*The Maides Revenge.*

Spectator best.

*Enter U'lasco.*

*Ber. Sebastiano, brother.*

*Cast. Antonio, here me.*

*Vil. Guard thee Valasco then.*

*Cast. O brother spare him for my sake.*

*Ber. Sebastiano every wound thou givest him,  
Drawes blood from me.*

*Cast. Sebastiano, remember hees thy friend.*

*Ber. Antonio tis my brother, with whose blood  
Thou dyest thy sword.*

*Ant. When thou liv'st againe shalt be more honorable.*

*Kils U'lasco.*

*Sebastiano* doe you observe the advantage,  
Yet thinke upon't.

*Seb. It is not in my power, I value not the odds.*

*Ber. Hold, Antonio, is this thy love to me, it is not noble.*

*Seb. So thy death makes the scale even. Kils Villandras.*

*Cast. Antonio hold, Berinthia dyes.*

*Ber. Sebastiano, Castabella sinkes for sorrow, murder, helpe  
I will leape downe.*

*Ant. Where art Berinthia, let me breath my last upon thy  
lip, make haste, least I die else.*

*Seb. Antonio before thou dyest cut off my hand, art woun-  
ded mortally?*

*Ant. To die by thee is more then death, Sforza be honest,  
But love thy sister for me, I me past hope,  
Thou hast undone another in my death.*

*Enter Berinthia, Sforza, Mount.*

*Ber. Antonio stay oh cruell brother.*

*Ant. Berinthia thy lip farewell, and friend, and all the  
world.*

*Sfor. The gate is open, I am sworne to render.*

*Ber. Hees not dead, his lips are warme, have you no bal-  
some, a Surgeon; dead, some charitable hand send my soule af-  
ter him.*

*Seb. Away, away.*

*Ber. It will be easie to die,  
All life is but a walke in misery.*

*Exeunt.*

*Attens*

The Maides Revenge.

Actus 5. Scan. 1.

Enter Sebastiano.

Seb. **M**Y friend, my noble friend, that had deserved  
Most honorably from me, by this hand  
Divorc'd from life, and yet I have the use ont,  
Haplesse Sebastiano; oh Berinthia,  
Let me for ever lose the name of Brother,  
Wilt thou not curse my memory, give me up  
To thy just hate a murtherer.

Enter Villarezo.

Vil. Ha, this must not be Sebastiano,  
I shall be angry if you throw not off  
This mellancholly, it does ill become you,  
Doe you repent your duty, were the action  
Againe presented to be done by thee:  
And being done, againe should challengē from thee  
A new performance, thou wouldst shew no blood  
Of Villarezoes, if thou didst not runne  
To act it, though all horror, death and vengeance  
Dog'd thee at thy heeles; come I am thy Father,  
Value my blessing, and for other peace  
Ile to the King, let me no more see thee cloudy. *Exit*

Enter Diego, Castabella like a page.

Die. That was his Father.

Cast. No more, farewell, be all silence.

*Exit Diego*

Cast. Sir.

Seb. Hees newly gone that way, mayst soone ore take him

Cast. My businesse points at you sir.

Seb, At me, what newes? thou hast a face of horreur, more  
welcome speake it.

Cast. If your name be Don Sebastiano, sir,  
I have a token from a friend.

Seb. I have no friend alive boy, carry it backe,  
Tis not to me, I've not another friend  
In all the world.

Cast.



*The Maides Revenge.*

*Cast.* He that hath sent you sir this gift, did love you,  
Youle say your selfe he did.

*Seb.* Ha, name him prethee.

*Cast.* The friend I came from was *Antonio*.

*Seb.* Thou lyest, and thart a villane, who hath sent thee  
To tempt *Sebastianoes* soule to act on thee  
Another death, for thus affrighting me.

*Cast.* Indeede I doe not mocke, nor come to affright you  
Heaven knowes my heart, I know *Antonios* dead,  
But twas a gift he in his life design'd  
To you, and I have brought it.

*Seb.* Thou dost not promise cozenage, what gift is it?

*Cast.* It is my selfe sir, while *Antonio* liv'd, I was his boy,  
But never did boy loose so kinde a Master, in his life he  
Promised he would bestow me, so much was his love  
To my poore merit, on his dearest friend,  
And nam'd you sir, if heaven should point out  
To overlive him, for he knew you would  
Love me the better for his sake, indeed  
I will be very honest to you, and  
Refuse no service to procure your love  
And good opinion to me.

*Seb.* Can it be  
Thou wert his boy, oh thou shouldst hate me then,  
Th'art false, I dare not trust thee, unto him  
Thou shewest thee now unfaichfull to accept  
Of me, I kild him thy Master, twas a friend  
He could commit thee to, I onely was,  
Of all the stocke of men his enemy,  
His cruellest enemy.

*Cast.* Indeede I am sure it was, he spoke all truth,  
And had he liv'd to have made his will, I know  
He had bequeathed me as a legacy  
To be your boy; alas I am willing sir  
To obey him in it, had he laid on me  
Command, to have mingled with his sacred dust,  
My unprofitable blood, it should have beene  
A most glad sacrifice, and 't had beene honour

*The Maides Revenge.*

To have done him such a duty sir, I know  
You did not kill him with a heart of mallice,  
But in contention with your very soule  
To part with him.

*Seb.* All is as true as Oracle by heaven,  
Dost thou beleeve so?

*Cast.* Indeede I doe. *Seb.* Yet be not rash;  
Tis no advantage to belong to me,  
I have no power nor greatnesse in the Court,  
To raise thee to a fortune, worthy of  
So much observance as I shall expect  
When thou art mine.

*Cast.* All the ambition of my thoughts shall be  
To doe my dutie sir.

*Seb.* Besides, I shall afflict thy tenderesse  
With solitude and passion, for I am  
Onely in love with sorrow, never merry,  
Weare out the day in telling of sad tales,  
Delight in sighes and teares; sometimes I walke  
To a Wood or River purposely to challenge  
The bouldest Eccho, to send backe my groanes  
Ith' height I breake e'm, come I shall undoe thee.

*Cast.* Sir, I shall be most happy to beare part  
In any of your sorrowes, I nere had  
So hard a heart but I could shed a teare  
To beare my Master company.

*Seb.* I will not leave thee if thou'lt dwell with me  
For wealth of *Indies*, be my loved boy,  
Come in with me, thus Ile begin to do  
Some recompence for dead *Antonio*. *Enter Berinthia.*

*Ber.* So I will dare my fortune to be cruell,  
And like a mountanous peece of earth that suckes  
The balls of hot Artillery, I will stand  
And weary all the gunshot; oh my soule  
Thou hast beenc too long icy Alpes of snow;  
Have buried my whole nature, it shall now  
Turne Element of fire, and fill the ayre  
With bearded Comets, threatning death and horreur

*The Maides Revenge.*

For my wrong'd innocence, contemn'd, disgrac'd,  
Nay murder'd, for with *Antonio*  
My breath expired, and I but borrow this  
To court revenge for justice, if there be  
Those furies which doe waite on desperate men,  
As some have thought, and guide their hands to mischief;  
Come from the wombe of night, assist a maide  
Ambitious to be made a monster like you;  
I will not dread your shapes, I am dispos'd  
To be at friendship with you, and want nought  
But your blacke aide to seale it.

*Enter Mounte Nigro and Ansilva.*

*Mount.* First ile locke up thy *Gives her gold.*  
Tongue, and tell thee my honorable meaning, so,  
To tell you the truth, it is a love-powder, I had it of the  
Brave Doctor, which I would have thee to sugar  
The Ladies cup withall, for my sake wo't do't:  
And if I marry her, shat find me a noble  
Master, and thou shalt be my chiefe Gentlewoman  
In Ordinary; keepe thy body loose, and thou shalt  
Want no gowne I warrant thee; wo't do't.

*Ans.* My Lord, I thinke my Lady is much taken with your  
worth already, so that this will be superfluous,

*Mount.* I Nay think she has cause enough, but I have a great  
Mind to make an end on't, to tell you true, there are  
Halfe a dozen about mee, but I had rather she should have  
Me than an other; and my blood is growne so boysterous  
For my body, thats another thing; so that if thou wilt  
Doe it *Ansilva*, thou wilt doe thy Lady good service,  
And live in the favour of *Count de Monte Nigro*;  
I will make thy children kinne to me, if thou wo't  
Do't. *Ans.* I am your honours handmaid, but —

*Mount.* Heres a Diamond, prethec weare it, be not modest.

*Ans.* 'Tis done my Lord, urge it no further.

*Mount.* But be secret too for my honors sake, wē great mēn  
Doe not love to have our actions laid open to the  
Broad face of the world, Ile get thee with child,  
And marry thee to a Knight, my brave *Ansilva*, takē

*The Maides Revenge.*

The first opportunity.

*Ans.* If there be any vertue in the powder, prépare to  
Meete your wishes my noble Lord.

*Moun.* Thy Count de monte nigro expect to be a Lady. *Exit.*

*Ber.* *Ansilva.* *Ans.* Madam.

*Ber.* Nay you neede not hide it, I heard the conference,  
And know the vertue of the powder, let me see it  
Or ile discover all. *Ans.* I am undone.

*Ber.* No, here take it againe, ile not prevent  
My sisters happinesse and the Counts desire,  
I am no Tell-tale good *Ansilva* giv't her,  
And heavens succede the operation,  
I begge on my knee; feare not *Ansilva*,  
I am all silence. *Exit.*

*Ans.* Indeede Madam, then shee shall have it presently. *Exit.*

*Enter Sebastiano, Castabella.*

*Cast.* Sir, if the opportunity I use  
To comfort you be held a fault, and that  
I keepe not distance of a servant, lay it  
Vpon my love; indeede if it be an errour  
It springs out of my duty.

*Seb.* Prethee boy be patient;  
The more I strive to throw off the remembrance  
Of dead *Antonio*, love still rubbes the wounds  
To make them bleede afresh.

*Cast.* Alas they are past,  
Binde up your owne for honours sake,  
And shew love to your selfe, pray do not lose your reason,  
To make your grieffe so fruitlesse; I have procur'd  
Some musicke fir to quiet those sad thoughts,  
That makes such warre within you.

*Seb.* Alas good boy, it will but adde more weights  
Of dulnesse on me, I am stung with worse  
Than the *Tarantula*, to be cur'd with musicks  
'T has the exactest unity, but it cannot,  
Accord my thoughts.

*Cast.* Sir this your couch

*The Maides Revenge.*

Seemēs to invite so small repose;  
Oh I beseech you taste it, ile begge  
A little leave to sing;

*She sings.*

*Enter Berinthia.*

Sweete sleepe charme his sad fences, and gentle  
Thoughts let fall your flowing numbers, here and round  
About hover caelestiall Angels with your wings  
That none offend his quiet, sleepe begins  
To cast his nets o're me too, ile obey,  
And dreame on him, that dreames not what I am.

*Ber.* Nature doth wrestle with me, but revenge  
Doth arme my love against it, justice is  
Above all tie of blood *Sebastiano*  
Thou art the first shalt tell *Antonios* ghost  
How much I lov'd him.

*She stabbes him upon his couch; Castab. rises and runnes in.*

*Seb.* Oh stay thy hand *Berinthia*? no  
Th'ast don't, I wish thee heavens forgivenesse, I cannot  
Tarry to heare thy reasons, at many doores,  
My life runnes out, and yet *Berinthia*  
Doth in her name give me more wounds then these,  
*Antonio*, oh *Antonio*, we shall now  
Be friendes againe. *Dies.*

*Ber.* Hees dead, and yet I live, but not to fall  
Lesse then a constellation, more flames must  
Make up the fire that *Berinthia*  
And her revenge, must bathe in.

*Enter Catalina poysoned, pulling Ansilva by the haire.*

*Cast.* *Sebastiano*, sister. *Ans.* murder.

*Cat.* Theres wild-fire in my bowells, sure I am poysoned;  
Oh *Berinthia*. *Ber.* Ha, ha.

*Cat.* Helpe me to teare *Ansilva*, I am poysoned by  
The Count and this fury.

*Ber.* Ha, ha. *Cat.* Doe you laugh hereat.

*Ber.* Yes queene of hell to see thee  
Sinke in the glory of thy hope for blisse:  
But art sure th'art poysoned, ha?

*Ans.* Nay I have my part on't, I did but sip, and my belly

*The Maides Revenge.*

Swellstoo; call you this love-powder, *Count Monte Nigro* hath poysoned us both.

*Ber.* Y'are a paire of witches, and because  
Ile keepe your potion working, know y'are both  
Poyson'd by me, by me *Berinthia*,  
Being thus tormented with my wrongs,  
I arm'd my selfe with all provision  
For my revenge, and had in readinesse  
That faithfull poyson which ith' opportunity  
I put upon *Ansilva* for the exchange  
Of the amorous powder; oh fooles, my soule  
Ravish thy selfe with laughter, politision  
My eldest divell sister, does the heate  
Offend your stomacke, troth charity, a little c haritie  
Th'onely Antidote, thats cold enough :  
Looke heres *Sebastiano*;  
Now horrour strike thy soule, to whose fearelesse heart  
I sent this punyard, for *Antonioes* death;  
And if that peece of thy damnation  
*Ansilva* had not don't, I meant to have writ  
Revenge with the same point upon thy breast;  
But I doe surfeit in this brave prevention:  
Sleepe, sleepe *Antonioes* ashes, and now ope  
Thou marbell chest to take *Berinthia*  
To mingle with his dust. *Wounds her selfe.*

*Cat.* I have not so much heart as to curse, must I die?

*Enter Vilarezo, Castabella, Mounte Nigro.*

*Cast.* Here my Lord, alas hees dead, my *Sebastiano*

*Vil. Catalina. Cat.* I am poyson'd.

*Vil.* Ha, Defend good heaven, by whom.

*Ans.* I am poysoned too.

*Vil.* Racke not my soule amazement, tis a dreame sure.

*Ans.* Your Love-powder hath poysoned us both.

*Mon.* What will become of me now, I would I were hang'd  
To be out of my paine, by this flesh, as I am a Count.

I bought it of the Doctor for good love-powder;

But Madam I hope you are not poysoned in earnest.

*Cat.* The devill on your fooleship, oh I must walke

*The Maides Revenge.*

The darke foggy way that spits fire and brim stone,  
No physicke to restore me? send for *Sarkino*, a cooler  
A cooler, theres a Smiths forge in my belly, and the  
Devill blowes the Bellowes, Snow-water, *Berinthia*  
Has poysoned me, sinke by mine owne engine;  
I must hence, hence, farewell, will you let me die so?  
Confusion, torment, death, hell.

*Moult.* I am glad with all my heart that *Berinthia* has  
Poysoned her, yet —

*Ber.* Oh it becomes thee bravely, heare me fir.

*Antonios* death and my dishonours now  
Have just revenge; I stabb'd *Sebastiano*, poysoned my sister;  
Oh but they made too soone a fury of me,  
And split the patience, from whose dreadfull breach  
Came these consuming fires, your passions fruitlesse;  
My soule is reeling forth I know not whether;  
Oh father my heart weepes teares, for you I dye, oh see  
A maides revenge with her owne Tragedy.

*Cat. Ansilva*, oh thou dull wretch, hell on thy cursed  
Weaknesse, thou gavest me

The poyson, but I licke earth, hold, a gentleman  
Vsher to support me, oh I am gone, the poyson  
Now hath torne my heart in peeces, *Moritur.*

*Vil.* I am Planet strucke, a direfull Tragedy, and have  
I no part in't: how doe you like it, ha? wast not  
Done toth' life? they are my owne children; this was  
My eldest girle, this *Berinthia* the Tragedian,  
Whose love by me resisted, was mother of all this  
Horror; and theres my boy too, that slew *Antonio*  
Valiantly, and fell under his sisters rage, what  
Art thou boy?

*Cast.* Ile tell you now I am no boy,  
But haplesse *Castabella*, sister to  
The slaine *Antonio*, I had hop'd to have  
Some recompence by *Sebastianoes* love,  
For whose sake in disguise I thus adventur'd  
To purchase it, but death hath ravisht us,  
And here I bury all my joyes on earth.

*Moult.*

*The Maides Revenge.*

*Mount.* Sweet Lady, heres *Count de Monte nigro* alive  
To be your servant.

*Cast.* Hence dull greatnesse.

*Vil.* Were you a friend of *Sebastiano* then?

*Cast.* Ile give you testimony.

*Vil.* No, I beleeeve you, but thou canst not be my daughter;  
Tis false, he lies that sayes *Berinthia*.

Was author of their deathes, 'twas *Vilarezo*,  
A fathers wretched curiosity; dead, dead, dead.

*Cast.* And I will leave the world too, for I meane  
To spend the poore remainder of my dayes  
In some Religious house, married to heaven,  
And holy prayers for *Sebastianoes* soule,  
And my lost brother.

*Vil.* Will you so?

*Cast.* I pray let *Castabella* have the honour  
To enshrine his bones, and when my breath expires,  
For sorrow promiseth I shall not live  
To see more Sunnes, let me be buried by him  
As neere as may be possible, that in death  
Our dust may meete, oh my *Sebastiano*,  
Thy wounds are mine.

*Vil.* Come I am arm'd, take up their bodies, *Castabella* you  
Are not chiefe mourner here, he was my sonne,  
Remember that, *Berinthia* first, she was the  
Youngest, put her ith' pithole first, then *Catalina*;  
Strow, strow flowers enough upon em, for they  
Were maides; now *Sebastiano*, take him  
Vp gently, he was all the sonnes I had; now  
March, come you and I are twinnes in this dayes  
Vnhappinesse, wee'le march together, follow close  
Wee'le overtake em, softly, and as we go,  
Wee'le dare our fortune for another woe.









