

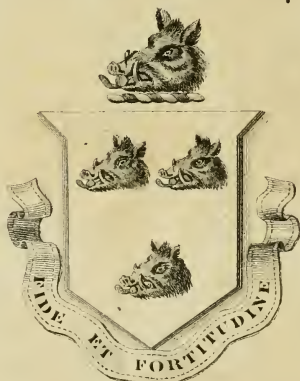
Accessions

149.597

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Hosmeers Tale, 1861, 2 vols, N^o 507.
Vol. 2.

THE Second Part of the Iron Age

Which containeth the death of *Penthesilea, Paris*
Priam, and Hecuba : The burning of *Troy* : The deaths
of *Agamemnon, Menelaus, Clitemnestra, Hellena,*
Orestes, Egistus, Pillades, King Diomed, Pyrrhus,
Ceibus, Synon, Therfites, &c.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Aut prodesse solent aut Delectare.





149.597
May 18 53
Drammatis personæ.

New persons not presented in the former part of
this History.

Pyrrhus the sonne of *Achilles*,
surnamed *Neoptolemus*.

Synon a periured Greeke, by
whose teares *Troy* was set on
fire.

Chorebus a Prince, who came
to the warres for the loue of
Cassandra.

Laocoon, a priest of *Apollo*.

Polites, a young sonne of King
Priam, and Queene *Hecuba*.

A *Troian* Citizen, & his wife.

A second *Troian*.

Souldiers of *Greece*.

Souldiers of *Troy*.

The Ghost of *Hector*.

A Lord of *Mycena*.

A Guard.

Penthesilea Queene of the *A-*
mazons, with her trayne of
Viragoes.

Cethus sonne to King *Naulus*,
and brother of *Palamides*.

Pillades the friend of *Orestes*.

Orestes sonne to King *Agamemnon*, and his Queene *Clitemnestra*.

Electra, sister to *Orestes*.

Hermione daughter to King

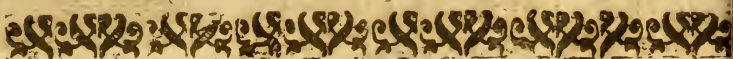
Menelaus and Q. *Helen*.

Clitemnestra wife and Queene
to *Agamemnon*.

Egistus a fauorite to Queene
Clitemnestra.

The Priest of *Apollo*.

Attendants.





To my VVorthy and much Respected
Friend, Mr. *Thomas Mannering*
Esquire.

Worthy Sir,



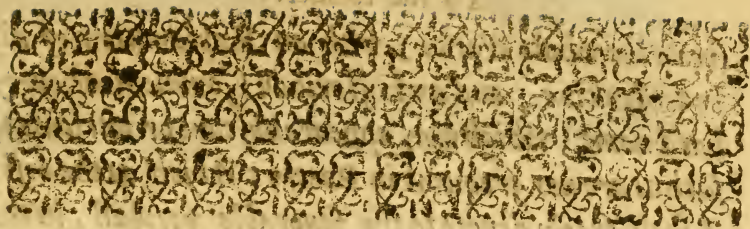
And my much respected Friend :
The Impression of your Loue,
after so many yeares acknow-
ledgment, inforceth me that I
cannot chuse, but in my best re-
collection, to number you in
the File and List of my best and cho ycest Well-
wishers. True it is, that my vnable merit hath
euer come much short of your ample acknow-
ledgement : Howsoeuer, though you bee now
absent in the Countrey, vppon a necessary retyre-
ment ; yet let this witnesse in my behalfe, that you
are not altogether vnremembred in the City :
Nor take it vnkindly at my hands that I haue re-
serued your name to the Catastrophe and conclu-
sion of this Worke ; Since being *Scena nouissima*,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

It must be consequently the fresher in memory; as you haue had euer a charitable and indulgent censure of such poore peeces of mine, as haue come accedentially vnto your view. So I intreate you now, (as one better able to iudge, then I to determine) to receiue into your fauourable patronage, this second part of the *Iron Age*. I much deceiue my selfe, if I heard you not once commend it, when you saw it Acted; if you persist in the same opinion, when you shall spare some sorted houres to heare it read, in your paynes, I shal hold my selfe much pleased: euer remaining

Yours, not to be chang'd:

Thomas Heywood.



To the Reader.



Ourteous Reader : I commend unto thee an intire History, from Iupiter and Saturne, to the utter subuersion of Troy. with a faithfull account of the Deathes of all these Princes of Greece, who had hand in the Fate thereof, (Vlisses only excepted, to whom belongeth a further History.) Reade freely, and censure fauourably. These Ages haue beene long since Writ, and suited with the Time then : I know not how they may bee receiued in this Age, where nothing but Satirica Dictaria, and Comica Scommata are now in request : For mine owne part, I neuer affected either, when they stretched to the abuse of any person publicke, or private. If the three former Ages (now out of Print,) bee added to these (as I am promised) to make up an handsome Volumne ; I purpose (Deo Assistentc,) to illustrate

To the Reader.

strate the whole Works, with an Explanation of all
the difficulties, and an Historicall Comment of every
hard name, which may appeare obscure or intricate to
such as are not frequent in Poetry: Which (as the rest)
I shall freely devote to thy favorable perusal, in this
as all the rest industrious to thy pleasure and profit:

Thomas Heywood



The second Part of the IRON AGE: With the Destruction of TROY.

*Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vlisses, Diomed,
Thersites. Drum, Colours, Souldiers, &c.*

Agamemnon.

You Terrors of the *Asian* Monarchy,
And *Europes* glory: Warlike Lords of *Greece*:
Although the great Prince of the *Mirmidons*,
And arme-strong *Ajax*, our best Champions,

Be by the gods bereft vs: yet now comes

A Phoenix out of their cold ashes rising:

Pyrhus, surnamed *Neoptolemus*:

On whom for his deceased fathers sake,

We must bestow some honours. *Menelaus*,

Vlisses, *Diomed*, giue the Prince meeting,

And be his conduct to the Generall.

*A flourish. Enter the Kings before named, bringing
in Pyrhus, Synon, with attendants.*

Aga. Pyrhus kneele downe, we giue thee with this sword,

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

It was thy fathers. In his warlike hand
It hath cleft Troians to the nauell downe,
Par'd heads off faster then the haruest Sithe
Doth the thin stalkes, or bending eares of graine:
Weare it, and draw it to reuenge his death.
Princes, performe your seuerall ceremonies.

Di. These golden spurs I fasten to thine heeles,
The same thy warlike father wonne in field,
When *Hector* tide with thonges to his steeds fet-locks,
Was drag'd about the high built wals of *Troy*.

Ulf. This Armour, and this plumed Burgonet,
In which thy father, like a rampier'd wall,
Opposde the fury of his enemies,
(By generall consent of all these Princes
Attributed to me) loe I surrender
To youthful *Neoptolemus*, weare it Prince,
Not all the world yeeldes a more strong defence.

Mene. *Achilles* Tent, his Treasure, and his iewels,
We haue referu'd, inioy them noble *Pyrhus*;
And lastly his strong guard of Mirmidons,
And with the honour hee with these haue wonne,
His Sword, Spurs, Armour, Guard, Pauleon,
Be by his valiant sonne much dignified.

Pyr. Before I touch the handle of his sword,
Or to my Knightly spurres direct my eyes,
Lace this rich Armour to my youthfull sides,
Or roose mine head within this warlike Tent,
Make prooffe of this his plumed Burgonet,
Or take on me the leading of his Guard:
Witnesse you Grecian Princes, what I vow:
By *Saturnes* sonne, the sire of *Aeacus*,
Begot on faire *Europa*; by their issue,
The second Iudge, plac'd on the infernall bench
I will discend to *Peleus*, and from him,
Euen to my naturall father, with whose honoure
I ioyne my mother *Deidamiaes*
And in my vengetull oath include them all;

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Till *Priam* be compel'd to shut his Gates
For want of men: He be as mercilesse
As vntam'd Lyons, and the flesh-fed Beares,
Blood shall looke brighter in young *Pyrrhus* eyes
Then dissolu'd Christall, till old *Priams* haire
Be dy'de in goare: till *Hecub's* reuerent lockes
Begul'd in slaughter; all their sonnes and daughters,
Subiects, and Citty quite confus'd in ruine,
Bow to our mercilesse fury: He not leaue
This blacke and fatall siege; and this I sweare
As I am Prince, and great *Achilles* heite.

Ag. Euen in thy booke, I read the sack of *Troy*,
And *Priams* Tragedy: welcome sweete *Pyrrhus*,
And welcome you his warlike followers.

Syn. where be these Troians? I would faine behold
Their wing'd battalions grapple? I would see
The batter'd center flye about their eares
In cloudes of dust: I would haue hortes hooves
Beate thunder out of earth: the chariot Trees
I would see drown'd in blood, *Scamander* plaines
Ore-spread with intrailles bak'd in blood and dust:
With terrour I would haue this day as blacke,
As when *Hyperion* leaping from his Spheare,
Cast vgly daiknesse from his Chariot wheeles,
And in this vail'd confusion the faint Troians
Beate backe into the Towne: I'de see their Gates
Entred, and fire by their high Battlements
Climing towards heauen: the pauiment of th' streets
I'de see pau'd ore with faces: infants tost
On Lances poynts: big-bellied Ladies flung
From out their casements: I'd haue all their soules
Set vpon wings, and *Troy*, no *Troy*, but fire,
As if ten thousand Comets ioyn'd in one,
To close the world in red confusion.

Py. Wel spake bold *Synon*; and my Lords of Greece,
This fellow boasts no more then with his sword,
Hee will aduenture for, and should that fayle,

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

He'le set his braine to worke. I tell you Princes,
My Grandfire *Lycomedes* hath made prooffe
Of *Synons* pollicies, state-quaking proiects
Are hand-maides to his braine; and he hath spirit
To driue his plots euen to the doore of Death,
With rare effects, and then not all the world:
Affords a villaine more incomparable,
Then *Synon* my attendant. Warlike Princes,
I speake this to his prayse: and I professe
My selfe as sterne, bloody, and mercilesse.

Ther. I haue not heard a brauer Character
Giuen to a Greeke: and had hee but my rayling,
He were a man compleate.

Syn. Sure there is something
Aboue a common man in yon same fellow,
Whom nature hath so markt, and were his mind
As crooked as his body, hee were one.
I could bee much in loue with.

Ther. Hee hath a feature
That I could court, nay will: I would not loose
His friendship and acquaintance for the world.
Mee thinkes you are a comely Gentleman.

Syn. I euer held my selfe so: and mine eye
Giues you no lesse: of all the *Grecians* here
Thou hast a face like mine, that feares no weather,
A shape that warre it selfe cannot deforme:
I best loue such complexions.

Ther. By the gods
Wee haue two meeting soules: be my sweete *Vrchin*!

Syn. I will,
And thou shalt bee mine vgly Toade.

Ther. A match: be wee hence forth brothers and friends.

Syn. Imbrace then friend and brother: my deare Toade.

Ther. My amiable *Vrchin*.

Pjr. I long for worke, will not these *Troians* come,
To welcome *Pyrbus*, great *Achilles* sonne?

Vlyss. Their drummes proclayme them ready for the field!

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Enter Priam, Paris, Penthesilea, and her traine of
Viragoes, Aeneas, Chorebus, Laocoon,
Anthenor, &c.

Aga. Perhaps King *Priam* hath not yet related
The newes of *Neoptolemus* arriue,
That hee presumes thus, weakned as he is,
To ope his Gates, and meeete vs in the field.

Pyr. Tis like hee hath, because for want of men
Hee brings a troope of Women to the field:
Most sure hee thinkes, wee (like our warlike father)
Will be insnar'd with beauty: *Priam* no,
We for his death, are sworne vaine beauties foe.

Penth. Art thou *Achilles* sonne, beneath whose hand
Assisted by his bloody Mirmidons,
The valiant *Hector* fell?

Pyr. Woman I am.

Penth. Thou shouldst be then a Coward.

Pyr. How?

Penth. Euen so: Thy father was a foe dishonourable,
And so the world reputes him.

Pyr. By all the gods-----

Penth. Swear not, for ere the closure of the battaile,
If both the Generals please, with my good sword,
In single combate Ile make good my word.

Pyr. O that thou wert a man! but womens tongues
Are priuiledg'd: come *Priam*, all his sonnes,
The whole remayne of fifty, Ile make good
My fathers honour gainst sufficient oddes.
But for these scoulds, we leaue them to their sexe:
What make they amongst souldiers.

Penth. Scorne not proud *Pyrhus*
Our presence in the field; I tell thee Prince,
I am a Queene, the Queene of *Amazons*,
A warlike Nation disciplin'd in Armes.

Pyr. Are you those Harlots famous through the world,

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

That haue vsurpt a Kingdome to your selues,
And pent your sweete hearts in a barren isle,
Where your adulterate sportes are exercis'd.

Pent. Curbe thy irregular tong: we are those women
That practise armes, by which we purchase fame.

All the yeare long, onely three monethes excepted,

Those wherein Phœbus driues his Chariot,

In height of splendor through the burning **Cancer,**

The fiery Lyon, and the Virgins signe:

Then we forsake our Sun-burnt Continent,

And in a cooler climate, sport with our men,

And then returne: if we haue issue male,

Wee nurse them vp; then send them to their Fathers;

If females, we then keepe them, and with irons

Their right paps we seare off, with better ease

To couch their speares, and practise feates of armes.

We are those women, who expel'd our Land

By *Egypt's* Tyrant: Conquered *Asia,*

Egypt and *Cappadocia*: these two Ladies

Discend from *Menelippe* and *Hyppolita,*

Who in *Antiopes* raigne, fought hand to hand

With *Hercules* and *Theseus*; we are those

That came for loue of *Hector* to the field,

And (being-murdred) to reuenge his death!

Py. Then welcome *Amazonians*, as I liue

I loue you though I hate you: but beware,

Hate will out-way my loue, and ile not spare

Your buskind squadrons: for my fathers fall,

Trojans, and *Amazonians* perish all.

Exeunt.

Alarm. Enter *Pyrhus* and *Penthesilea.*

Py. Now Queene of *Amazons*, by the strong spirit

Achilles left his ionne; I let thee know

My father was an honourable Foe.

Pent. Defiance *Pyrhus*, ile to death proclaime,

Hector was by *Achilles* basely slayne:

And on his sonnes head, with my keene edg'd sword,

And thundring stroaks, I will make good my word. *Alarm*

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Alarum. *They are both wounded, and diuided by
the two armies, who confusedly come betwixt
them: to Pyrrhus enter Agamemnon,
Ulisles, and Menelaus.*

Ulis. What? wounded noble *Pyrrhus*?

Pyrr. Wounded? no,

I haue not met one that can raze the skinne
Of great *Achilles* sonne.

Agam. Yet blood drops from your arme.

Pyrr. Not possible!

Tis sure the blood of some flayne enemy.
Come lets vs breake into the battailes center,
And too't pel mel.

Mene. But *Neoptolemus*,

Wee prise thy safety more then all aduantage:
Retire thy selfe to haue thy wounds bound vp.

Pyrr. Cowards feare death,

Ile venge my blood, though with the losse of breath.

Alarum. *Enter Paris.*

Art thou a mad-man fellow, that aduenturest
So neere the blood of *Neoptolemus*,
Whose smallest drop must cost a Troians life.

Paris. Art thou the bleeding issue of that *Greece*?
I, in reuenge of noble *Hectors* death,
Slew in *Apolloes* Temple.

Pyrr. Art thou then

That coward and effeminate Troian boy.

Paris. Arme wounded Greek, I slew the false *Achilles*,
An act which I am proud of.

Agam. Fall on the murderer,
And flake him smaller then the *Lybean* sand.

Pyrr. If any but my selfe offer one blow,

Ile on the Troians party oppose him.
Come *Paris*, though against the oddes of breath,
Achilles wounded sonne, will venge his death.

Paris is slayne by Pyrrhus. A retreat sounded.

Enter

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Enter then King Diomed, and Synon.

Dio. Why found the Troians this retreat?

Syn. Paris is slayne, and Penthisilea
Wounded by Pyrrhus.

Dio: Come then **Synon**
Goe with me to my Tent, this night we'll reuell
With beauteous **Cressida**.

Syn. Not I, I hate all women, painted beauty
And I am opposites: I loue thee lesse
Because thou doat'st on Trojan **Cressida**.

Dio. She's worthy of our loue: I tell thee **Synon**,
Shee is both constant, wise, and beautifull.

Syn. She's neither constant, wise, nor beautifull,
He prooue it **Diomed**: foure Elements
Meete in the structure of that **Cressida**,
Of which there's not one pure: she's compact
Meerely of blood, of bones and rotten flesh,
Which makes her Leaprous, where the Sun exhales
The moyst complexion, it doth putrifie
The region of th'ayre: there's then another,
Sometimes the Sunne sits muffled in his Caue,
Whilst from the Clouds flye hideous showers of raine,
Which sweepes the earths corruption into Brookes,
Brookes into riuers, Riuers send their tribute,
As they receiue it to their Soueraigne
The seething Ocean: Thus Earth, Ayre, and Water,
Are all infected, she then fram'd of these,
Can she be beautifull? No **Diomed**,
If they seeme faire, they haue the helpe of Arte,
By nature they are vgly.

Dio. Leauē this detraction.

Syn. Now for this **Cressids** wisdome, is she wise,
Who would forsake her birth-right, her braue friend,
The constant **Troilus**, for King **Diomed**;
To trust the faith of Greekes, and to loue thee
That art to Troy a profest enemy?

Dio. Canst thou disproue her constancy?

Syn.

The Second Part of the Iron Age

Syn. I can.

Neuer was woman constant to one man :
For prooffe, doe thou but put into one scale
A feather, in the other *Cressids* truth,
The feather shall downe weigh it : *Diomed*
Wilt thou beleue me, if I win not *Cressid*
To be my sweete heart : yet haue no such face,
No such proportion, to bewitch a Lady ;
I neuer practis'd court-ship, but am blint ;
Nor can I file my tongue : yet if I winne not
The most chaste woman, I will cut it out,
Shall I make prooffe with her ?

Enter *Cressida*.

Dio. There shee comes,
Affront her *Synon*, Ile with-draw vnseene.

Syn. A gallant Lady, who but such a villaine,
As *Synon* would betray her : but my vowe
Is past, for she's a Troian. *Cressida*,

You are well incountred : whether away sweet Lady?

Cres. To meete with Kingly *Diomed*, and with kisses
Conduct him to his Tent.

Syn. Tis kindly done :
You loue King *Diomed* then ?

Cres. As mine owne life.

Syn. What seest thou in him that is worth thy loue?

Cres. He's of a faire and comely personage.

Syn. Personage? ha, ha.

I prithee looke on me, and view me well,
And thou wilt find some difference.

Cres. True, more oddes
Twixt him and thee, then betwixt *Mercury*
And limping *Vulcan*.

Syn. Yet as fayre a blowse
As you, sweete Lady, wedded with that Smith,
And bedded too, a blacke complexion
Is alwayes precious in a womans eye :
Leaue *Diomed*, and loue me *Cressida*.

C

Cres.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Cres. Thee.

Syn. Mee.

Cres. Deformity forbear, I will to *Diomed*
Make knowne thine insolence.

Syn. I care not, for I, not desire to liue,
If not belou'd of *Cressid*: tell the King
If hee stood by, I would not spare a word.
For thine owne part, rare goddesse, I adore thee:
And owe thee diuine reuerence: *Diomed*
Indeed's *Aetolians* King, and hath a Queene.

Cres. A Queene?

Syn. A Queene, that shal hereafter question thee:
Or canst thou thinke hee loues thee really
Beeing a Troian, but for present vse:
Can Greekes loue Troians, are they not all sworne
To do them outrage?

Cres. How canst thou then loue me?

Syn. I am a pollitician, oathes with me
Are but the tooles I worke with, I may breake
An oath by my profession. Hear me further,
Think'st thou King *Diomed*, forgets thy breach
Of loue with *Troilus*? Ey or that he hopes
Thou canst be constant to a second friend,
That wast so false vnto thy first belou'd.

Cres. *Synon* thou art deceiu'd thou knowst I neuer
Had left Prince *Troilus*, but by the command
Of my old father *Calchas*.

Syn. Then loue *Diomed*;
Yes, do so still, but *Cressid* marke the end,
If euer hee transport thee to *Aetolia*,
His Queene wil bid thee welcome with a vengeance:
Hast thou more eyes then these? she'le fal to work,
For such an other Vixen thou nere knewest.
Come *Cressida* bee wise.

Cres. What shall I doe?

Syn. Loue me, loue *Synon*.

Cres. *Synon* loues not me.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Syn. Ile sweare I do.

Cres. I heard thee say, that thou wouldst breake thine oath.

Syn. Then Ile not sweare, because I will not breake it:

But yet I loue thee *Cressida*, loue mee,
Ile leaue the warres vnfinisht, *Troy* vnfactt;
And to my natie Country beare thee hence:
Nay wench Ile do't; come kisse me *Cressida*.

Cres. Well, you may vse your pleasure;
But good *Synon* keep this from *Diomed*.

Enter King Diomed.

Dio. Oh periured strumper,
Is this thy faith? now *Synon* Ile beleue
There is no truth in women.

Cres. Am I betrayed? oh thou base vgly villaine,
Ile pull thine eyes out.

Syn. Ha, ha, King *Diomed*,
Dd I not tell thee what thy sweet heart was.

Cres. Thou art a Traytor to all woman kinde.

Syn. I am, and nought more grieues me then to
Thinke, a woman was my mother.

Cres. A villaine.

Syn. Right.

Cres. A Diuell.

Syn. Little better.

Dio. Go get you backe to *Troy*, away, begon.
You shall no more be my Companion.

Syn. And now faire Troian Weather-hen adew;

And when thou next louest, thinke to be more true: *Exit.*

Cres. Oh all you powers, aboue looke downe and see,
How I am punisht for my periury.

Alarum. *Enter Penthesilea with her
Amazonians.*

Penth. Stay, what sad Lady's this? whence are you woman?
Of *Troy* or *Greece*?

Cres. I was of *Troy* till loue drew me from thence,
But since haue sojourn'd in the Tents of *Greece*,

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

With *Diomed* King of *Etolin* :

Oh had I neuer knowne him.

Pent. Would you trust

You honour amongst strangers? but sweete *Lady*,

Discourse your wrongs.

Cres. I was betray'd :

It shames mee to relate the circumstance,

By a false Greeke, onethat doth hate our sexe,

One *Synon*, if you meete him in the battaile,

I with my teares intreate you be reueng'd.

Pent. How might wee know him?

Cres. His visage swart, and earthy ore his shoulder

Hangs lockes of hayre, blacke as the *Rauens* plumes :

His eyes downe looking, you shall hardly see

One in whose shape appeares more treachery.

Pent. We loose much time : *Lady* hast you to *Troy*,

And if we meete a fellow in the battaile

Of your description, by our honor'd names,

We'le haue his blood to recompence our shames.

Alarum. - *Enter Ther sites.*

Amaz. By her description this should be the man.

Ther. Compass with sinockes and long coates :

Now you whoores.

Pent. Is thy name *Synon*?

Ther. No, but I know *Synon*.

Hee is my friend and brother.

Ama. For *Synons* sake, prepare thy selfe for slaughter.

Enter Synon.

Syn. Ho, who names *Synon*?

Ther. Brother thou nere couldst come in better time :

See, see, how I am rounded.

Pent. Were euer such a payre of *Diuels* seene?

They are so like, they needes must bee allied.

Syn. What can their *Dammes* say to vs?

Pent. You betray *Ladies*, enuy all our sexe,

And that you now shall pay for, girt him round.

Syn. I recant nothing, backe me sweete fac'd brother :

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

And now you witches, varlets, drabes, and queanes,
We'le cut you all to fragments.

Alarum. Synon and her sites beaten off by the Amazon.

Pyrhus enters, fights with Penthesilea, after this
a retreat sounded, then enters Menelaus,

Agamemnon, Vlisses, Diomed.

Aga. The Troians found retreat.

Vliss. Who saw young Pyrhus?

Mene. I feare his too much rage hath spur'd him on
Too farre amongst the *Amazonian* troopes.

Enter Synon and Ther sites.

Syn. Why stand you idle here, and let the Troians
Lead warlike Pyrhus prisoner to the Towne.

Agam. How Pyrhus prisoner?

Ther. Wee saw him compass by the *Amazons*:

Penthesilea with her bustain troopes

Layd load vpon his Helme.

Vliss. Then this retreat

Vpon the suddaine argues that they lead him

Captiue to Troy.

Enter Pyrhus.

Pyr. Courage braue Princes, I haue got a prise

Worthy the purchase, on my Launces poynt

Sits pearcht the *Amazonians* lopt off head,

Vpon my warlike sword her bleeding arme,

At sight of which the Troians sound retreat:

The honour of this day belongs to vs.

Omnes. To none but *Neoptolemus*.

Pyr. Synon you play'd the coward: so Ther sites:

Ther. If not so.

I had not liu'd to see *Troyes* ouerthrow?

Syn. When didst thou euer see a villaine valiant?

What's past remember not, but what's to come:

Priam hath shut his Gates, and will no more

Meete him in armes: can you with all your valour

Glide through the wals, if not what are you neerer

For all your Ten yeares siege?

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Pyr. Tis true, some stratagem to enter *Troy*
Were admirable: for Princes till I see
The Templeburne wherein my father dyde,
And *Troy* no *Troy* but ashes; my reuenge
Will haue no sterne aspect, till I behold
Troyes ground-fils swim in pooles of crimson gore;
Ramnusia's Alter filld with flowing helmes
Of blood and braines: *Priam* and *Hecaba*
Drag'd by this hand to death, and this my sword
Rauith the brest of faire *Polixena*,
I shall not thinke my fathers death reueng'd.

Ag. To him that can contriue
A stratagem by which to enter *Troy*,
Ile giue the whole spoile of *Apolloes* Temple.

Mene. I my rich Tent.

Ulis. I the Palladium that I brought from *Troy*.

Dio. I all my birth-right in *Etolia*.

Syn. Peace, tis here: I ha't.

Pyr. Ile hugge thee *Synon*.

Syn. Touch me not, away:

There're more hammers beating in my braine
Then euer toucht *Vulcans* Anuile, more Ideas
Then Attomes, Embrions innumerable,
Growing to perfect shape; and now 'tis good.
Call for *Endimions* bastard, where's *Epeus*?
Ile set him straight a worke.

Pyr. Vpon some Engine *Synon*.

Syn. A horse, a horse.

Pyr. Ten Kingdomes for a horse to enter *Troy*.

Syn. Stay, let me see:

Ulis. you haue the Palladium.

Ulis. I haue so.

Syn. Call for *Epeus* then, the Generall
Hath no command in him.

Agam. Lets know the proiect.

Syn. And that Palladium stood in *Pallas* Temple,
And Consecrate to her.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Vlis. It did so.

Syn. Call for *Epeus* then.

Pyr. Lets heare what thou intendest.

Syn. Ile haue an Horse built with so huge a bulke,
As shall contayne a thousand men in Armes.

Pyr. And enter *Troy* with that?

Syn. Doo't you, you trouble mine inuention,
I am growne muddy with your interruption :

Good young man lend more patience, heare me out:

This Engine fram'd, and stuf't with armed Greekes.

(Will you take downe your Tents, march backe to *Tenedos*?)

Pyr. What shall the Horse doe then?

Syn. Not gallop as your tongue doth : good *Vlisses*,

Lend me your apprehension ; when the Troians

Finde you are gone aboard, theyle straight suppose

You'l not weigh Anchor : till the gods informe you

Of your successe at Sea : if then a villaine

Can driue into their eares, the goddesse *Pallas*

Offended for her stolne *Palladium* :

(Will you erect this Machine to her honour?)

Withall that were it brought into her Temple,

It would retayne the gilt *Palladiums* vertue.

Might not the forged tale moue aged *Priam*,

To hale this Engine presently to *Troy*,

Pull downe his wals for entrance, leaue a breach

Where in the dead of night, all your whole Army

May enter, take them sleeping in their beds,

And put them all to sword.

Agam. Tis rare!

Pyr. Tis admirable, I will aduenture
My person in the Horse.

Syn. Do so, and get a thousand spirits more.

King *Agamemnon*, if you like the proiect,

Downe with your Tent.

Agam. *Synon*, wee will,

Syn. Ile set a light vpon the wals of *Troy*

Shall giue the summons when you shall returne.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

About it Princes : *Pyrhus* get you men
In readiaesse, I will expose my selfe
To bewitch *Priam* with a weeping tale,
I cannot to the life describe in words,
What Ile expresse in action.

Agam. Downe with our Tents.

Pyr. Ile to picke out bold *Greeks* to fil the horse:
Shine bright you lampes of Heauen, for ere't be long
We'le dim your radiant beames with flaming lights
And bloody meteors, from *Troyes* burning streetes.

Syn. Such fights are glorious sparks in *Synons* eies,
Who longs to feast the Diuell with Tragedies.

Explicit Actus primus.

Actus Secundus : Scœna prima.

Enter Æneas, and Chorebus.

Æneas. The *Grecians* gone ?

Cho. All their tents rais'd, their ten yeares siege remoou'd:
Now *Troy* may rest securely.

Æne. They may report at their returne to *Greece*
The welcome they haue had : what haue they wonne ?
But wounds, Times losse, shame, and confussion,

*Enter K. Priam, Anthenor, young Polytes, Polixena,
Hecuba, and Hellen, with attendance.*

Pri. We now are Lord of our owne Territories,
Ten yeares kept from vs by th' inuading *Greekes* :
Now wee may freely take a full suruey
Of all *Scamander* plaine, drunke with the mixture
Of th' opposite bloods of *Troians* and of *Greekes*.

Hecu. And royall Husband we haue cause to ioy,
That after so long siege the *Greekes* are fled,
And you in peace may rest your aged head.

Æne.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Ane. Vpon this East-side stood *Vlisses* Tent,
The polliticke Greeke.

Cho. There was old *Nestors* quarter,
And *Agamemuons* that; the Generall.

Pria. Vpon the north-side of the field, *Achilles*
That bloody Greeke pitcht, and vpon this plaine,
I well remember, was my *Hector* slayne.

Hel. This empty place being South from all the rest,
The valiant *Diomed* hath oft made good,
And here, euen here, his rich Pauillion stood.

Hecub. But here, euen here, neere to Duke *Ajax* tent,
Round girt with Mirmidons, my *Troilus* fell.

Cho. Then was this place a standing Lake of blood,
Part of which moysture the bright Sunne exhald;
And part the thirsty earth hath quast to *Mars*:
But now the swords on eyther part are sheath'd,
And after ten yeares tumults warres surcease,
They laying their ships home with shamefull peace.

Pria. For which we'le prayse the gods; banquet and feast,
Since by their flight, our glorious fame's increast.

The Horse is discovered.

Ane. Soft, what huge Engine's that left on the strond,
That beares the shape and figure of an Horse.

Cho. What, shal we hew it peace-meale with our swords?

Pria. Oh be not rash, sure tis some mystery
That this great Architecture doth include.

Cho. But mine opinion is, this Steedes huge bulke
Is stult with Greekish guile.

Ane. I rather thinke
It is some monumentall Edifice
Vnto the goddesse *Pallas* consecrate:
Then spare your fury.

Enter Laocoon with a Iauelin.

Lao. Why stand you gazing at this horrid craft,
Forg'd by the slye *Vlisses*, is his braine

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Vnknowne in Troy? or can you looke for safety
From those who ten yeares haue besieg'd your wals?
Either this huge swolne bulke is big wih souldiers,
Longing to be deliuer'd of arm'd Greekes,
Whose monstrous fatall and abhorred birth,
Will be *Troyes* ruine: else this hill of timber
This horse-like structure stabled vp in Troy,
Wil spurne down these our wals, our towers demolish.
Which it shall neuer: come you Troian youth
That loue the publicke safety, no proud Greeke
Vpon this Steedes backe, o're *Troyes* wall shall ride.
First with this Iauelin Ile transpearce his side.

Pria. What meanes *Laocoon*?

Ane. Princes stay his fury.

Lao. Harke Troians, if a iarring noyse of Armes,
Sighed not throw these deep Cauernes, I devine
This gluttenous wombe hath swallowed a whole band
Of men in steele, then with your swords and glaues
Rip vp his tough sides, and imbowell him,
That we may prooue how they haue lin'd his intrailles.

*Enter two souldiers bringing in Synon
bound.*

Soul. Stay, and proceed; no further in your rage,
Till we haue learnt some nouell from this Greeke,
Whom in a ditch we found fast giu'd and bound.

Pria. *Laocoon* cease thy violence till we know
From that poore Grecian, what that Machine meanes.

Syn. Oh me, (of all on earth most miserable,)
Whom neither Heauens will succour, earth preserue,
Nor seas keepe safe, I, whom the Heauens dispise,
The Earth abandnos, and the Seas disdain:
Where shal I shroud me? whom, but now the Greekes
Threatned with vengeance; and escap'd from them,
Falne now into the hands of Troians, menacing death:
The world affoord no place, to wretched *Synon*,
Of comfort, for where ere I fixe my foote,

I tread

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

I tread vpon my graue : the foure vast corners
Of this large Vniuerse, in all their roomes
And spacious emptinesse, will not affoord me
My bodies length of rest : where ere I flye,
Or stay, or turne, Death's th'object of mine eye?

Pria. What art thou? or whence com'st thou? briefly speake?
Thou wretched man, thou mou'st vs with thy teares :
Vnbind him souldiers.

Syn. Shall I deny my selfe to be of Greece?
Because I am brought Captiue into Troy?
No *Synon* cannot lye : Heauen, Earth, and Sea,
From all which I am out-cast, witnesse with me
That *Synon* cannot lye : thrice damn'd *Vlisses*,
The black-hair'd *Pyrhus*, and horned *Menelaus*
Crook-back'd *Thersites*, luxurious *Di med*,
And all the rable of detested Greekes,
I call to witnesse, *Synon* cannot lye.
Could I haue oyl'd my tongue, and cring'd my ham,
Suppled mine humble knee to crouch and bend,
Heau'd at my bonnet, shrugg'd my shoulders thus,
Grin'd in their faces, *Synon* then had stood,
Whom now this houre must stue in his own blood.

Ane. He perfect image of a wretched creature,
His speeches begge remorse.

Pria. Alas good man,
Shake off the timerous feare of seruile death,
Though 'mongst vs Troians, and thy selfe a Greeke,
Thou art not now amongst thine enemies,
Thy life Ile warrant, onely let vs know
What this Horse means.

Syn. Greece I renounce thee, thou hast throwne me off,
Faire Troy I am thy creature. Now Ile vnrip
Vlisses craft, my fatall enemy,
Who sold to death the Duke *Palamides*,
My Kin'sman Troians (though in garments torne)
Synon stands here, yet is he nobly borne:
For that knowne murder did I haint his Tent

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

With rayling menaces, horrible exclames,
Many a blacke-saint, of wishes, oathes, and curses.
Haue I sung at his window, then demanding
Iustice of *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*,
Duke *Nestor* with the other Lords of *Greece*,
For murder of the Prince *Palamides*,
And being denide it in my most vexation,
My bitter tongue spar'd not to barke at them:
For this I was obseru'd, lookt through and through:
Ulissee braine had markt me, for my tongue
And fatted me for death by *Calchas* meanes,
He wrought so farre that I should haue bin offered
Vnto the gods for sacrifice, the Priest
Lifting his hand aloft to strike me dead,
I lept downe from the Altar, and so fled,
Pursuite and searck was made, but I lay safe
In a thicke tuft of sedge, till I was found
By these your souldiers, who thus brought me bound.

Pria. Thou now art free secur'd from all their tyranny:
Now tell vs what's the meaning of this Horse?

Why haue they left him here, themselues being gon?

Syn. My new releas'd hands, thus I heaue on hye,
Witnesse you gods, that *Synon* cannot lye,

But as a new adopted Troian now
By *Priams* grace; I here protest by *Ioue*,
By these eternall fires that spangle Heauen,
The Alter, and that sacrificing sword,
Beneath whose stroake I lay, since my base Country
Casts me away to death, I am now borne
A sonne of *Troy*: not *Hector* whilst he liu'd
More dammag'd *Greece* by his all wounding arme,
Then I by my discouery: Well, you know,
How the Greekes honour *Pallas*, who inecast
Because *Ulissee* the Palladium stole
Out of her Temple, and her Warders slew,
In rage she threatned ruine to all *Greece*:
Therefore to her hath *Calchas* built this Horse.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

¶ Greece pardon me, and all my Countrey gods
Be deafe to *Synon*s tale, and let it bee
Henceforth forgot that I was borne in Greece,
Least times to come record what I reueale,
The blacke confusion of my Natiue weale.

Priam. And what's that *Synon*?

Syn. Where left I? at the Horse, built of that size,
Least you should giue it entrance at your Gates:
For know should your rude hands dare to prophan
This gift sacred to *Pallas*: Rots and diseases,
Pests and infections shall depopulate you,
And in a small short season, they returning,
Shal see thy subiects slain, faire *Troy* bright burning.
I'm euen with thee *Vlisses*, and my breath
Strikes all Greece home for my intended death.

Pria. Thankes *Synon*, we shall bounteously reward thee.

Anc. And see my Leige, to make good his report,
Laocoon, he that with his Iauelin pierst
This gift of *Pallas*, round embrac'd with Snakes,
That winde their traines about his wounded wast,
And for his late presumption sting him dead.

Pria. We haue not seene so strange a prodigy,
Laocoon hath offended all the gods,
In his prophane attempt.

Syn. Then lend your helping hands,
To lift vp that Pallad an monument
Into *Troyes* Citty: Leauers, Cables, Cords:

Cho. It cannot enter through the Citty Gates.

Syn. Downe with the wals then.

Cho. These wals that ten yeares haue defended *Troy*,
For all their seruice shall wee ruine them.

Syn. But this shall not defend you for ten yeares,
But make your Towne impregnable for euer.

Pria. Downe with the wals then, each man lend a hand.

Cho. I heare a noyse of Armour.

Anc. Ha, what's that?

Cho. I feare some treason in that Horse inclosed:

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Nor will I lend an hand to hale him in.

Omnes. Downe with the Wals.

Aene. And Troians now after your ten years' toile,
Dayes battailes, the fields trouble, and nights watch,
This is the first of all your rest, feast, banquet, ioy and play,
Pallas is ours, the Greekes say'd hence away.

Pria. Here we release all Centries and commit
Our broken wals to her Celestiall guard:
We will reward thee *Synon*, the Greekes gone,
Priam may rest his age, in his soft throne. *Exe.*

Syn. S, so, so,

Synon I hope shall warme his hands anon,
At a bright goodly bone-fire: Here's the Key
Vnto this Machine by *Epeus* built,
Which hath already with his brazen brest,
Tilt ed *Troies* wall downe, and anon being drunke
With the best blood of Greece, in dead of night
Hauing surcharg'd his stomacke, will spew out
A thousand men in Armes: sweet mid-night come,
I long to maske me in thy fable Wings,
That I may do some mischiefe and blacke deedes:
We shall haue rare sport, admirable spoyle,
Cutting of throats, with stabbing, wounding, killing
Some dead a sleep, and some halfe sleep, halfe wake:
Some dancing Antickes in their bloody shirts,
To which their wiues cries, & their infants shrieks,
Play musicke, braue mirth, pleasing harmony:
Then hauing spitt young children on our speares,
We'le rost them at the scorching flames of *Troy*:
Flye swift you winged minutes till you catch
That long-wisht houre of stilnes: in which *Troy*
Sleeps her last sleep; made drunk with wine and ioy.
In the receiuing of this fatall Steede,
Sicke *Troy* this day hath swallowed such a pill,
Shall search her intrayles, and her liues blood spill.

Exit.

*Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vlisses, with souldiers in a
soft march, without noise.*

Agam.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Aga. Soft, soft, and let your stilnesse suite with night,
Faire *Thebe* keepe thy siluer splendor in,
And be not seene to night.

Mene. Were *Thebe* in my case,
She soone would blush to show her horned face.

Vliss. We would not haue a starre cast it's cleare eye
On our darke enterprise: too fast: so, still.

Here Ambush, till you see the flaming Torch,

Synon this night vpon the wals of *Troy*,

Will tosse about his eares, as a true signall,

The great *Epean* structure is receiu'd,

And we may find safe entrance by the breach.

Aga. A stand, the word through all the Regiment.

Mene. A stand.

Enter Synon with a torch aboue.

Syn. Thy euerlasting sleepe, sleepe carelesse *Troy*,

This horrid night buried in Wine and mirth,

This fatall Horse spur'd by the braine of *Synon*,

Hath leapt ore *Troys* high bulwarks, great with *Greeks*,

Foure times in rayfing vp the monument,

A shaking sound of Armour harshly iar'd

In all the Princes eares, and had they not

Beene drunk in *Synons* teares, they'd found our guile.

It is now mid-night. The blacke darknesse false,

And rould o're all the world, as well the Poles,

As the great Ocean, and the earth: now's the time

For tragicke slaughter, clad in gules and fables,

To spring out of *Hels* iawes, and play strang reakes

In sleepey *Troy*, this bright and flaming brand

Which I so often giue about mine eares,

Is signall for the Armies quicke returne,

And make proud *Ilium* like my bright torch burne,

Winke all you eyes of Heauen, or you shall be

Blood-shot to view *Troyes* dismall Tragedy. *Exit!*

Aga. The signals on the wal: forward braue souldiers,

The Horse is entred, *Synons* Tale beleeu'd.

The Second Part of the Iron Age

And wee this night shall see the sacke of Troy.

Men. March on then, the black darknes couers vs,
And we without suspition easily may
Disperse our selues about these high built wals:

Vlis. Now with a soft march enter at this breack
But giue no token of a loud Alarme,
Till we haue met with *Pyrhus* and the rest,
Whom the *Steedes* bulke includes.

*They march softly in at one doore, and presently
in at another. Enter Synon with a stealing pace,
holding the key in his hand.*

Syn. Soft, soft, ey so, hereafter Ages tell,
How *Synons* key vnlockt the gates of Hell.

*Pyrhus, Diomed, and the rest, leape from out the
Horse. And as if groping in the darke, meete with
Agamemnon and the rest: who after knowledge im-
brace.*

Pyrhus. The Generall?

Agam. *Pyrhus*?

Dio. *Menelaus*?

Mene. *Diomed*?

Ther. My *Vrchin*?

Syn. What my *Toade*?

Pyr. Well met in *Troy* great Lords!

Vlis. Where are wee now?

Sy. In the high street, nere to the Church of *Pallas*,
And this you pass, the gate cal'd *Dardanus*.

Pyr. Then here begins *Troyes* fatall tragedy :
Princes of Greece, at once vnsheath your swords,
And heare protest with *Neoptolemus*,
By our fore-father *Peleus*, grandam *Thetis*,
The Emperious goddesse of the Sea, that made
Achilles, faue in th' heele, invulnerable,
And by my father great *Aacides*,
His glorious name, his Armour which I weare,

The Second Part of the Iliad Age

His bloody wounds, and his black sepulchre;
I here abjure all respire, mercy, sleepe,
Vntill this Citty be a place confus'd:
This murall girdle that begirts it round
A Cawsey for the *Greekes* to trample on,
The place a stone-heape swimming in an Ocean
Of *Troian* blood, which shall from farre appeare
Like an high Rocke in the red Sea.

Syn. A braue show,
To see full Boates in blood of *Troians* rowe,
And the poore labouring Snakes with armes spread swimme
In luke-warme blood of their allyes and kin.

Men. Whence must this Ocean flowe?
From thousand Springs
Of gentle and ignoble, base and Kings?

Pyr. Set on then, none retire;
Waue in the one hand steele, in the other fire.
Loude Drummes and Trumpets ring *Troyes* fatall peales
That now lyes drawing on, the word be vengeance,
Alarum, at that watch-word fire, and kill,
And wide-mouth'd *Orchus* with whole legions fill.

*Aloude Alarum. Enter a Troian in his night
gowne all unready.*

Tro. T'was an alarum sure that frighted mee
In my dead sleepe, 'twas neare the *Dardan* port:
Ioue grant that all be well.

Enter his wife as from bed:

Wife. Oh Heauen! what tumult's this
That hurryes through the fatall streetes of *Troy*?
I feare some treason.

Tro. Stay Wife, lay thine eare
Vnto the ground and list, if we can gather
Of what condition this strange vproare is
That riots at this late vnseasoned houre?
Sure 'tis the noise of war, whence should it grow?
The *Greekes* are say'd hence, *Troy* needes feare no foe.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Wife. The horrid stirre comes on this way towards vs.
Troi. Oh whither shall we turne?

*A great cry within. Alarum, Enter Pyrrhus with the rest
their weapons draw and torches.*

Wife. Oh saue mee husband.

Troi. Succour me deere wife.

Omnes. Vengeance for Greece and Neoptolemus!

Pyr. So flye the word along, dye old and young,
Mourne Troy in ashes for Achilles losse,
Steele in one hand, in th'other fire-brands tosse.

Exeunt.

*Enter Chorebus at one doore, at another Æneas with
their weapons drawne.*

Cho. This horrid clamour that hath cal'd mee vp
From my deepe rest, much, much amazeth mee;
Tis on the right hand, now vpon the left,
It goes before me and it followes mee:
Oh *Ioue* expound the meaning of this horreur
Which the darke mid-night makes more terrible.

Æne. this streete is cleare, but now I climb'd a Turret,
And I might well discernel alse Troy in fire,
And by the flame the burnisht Helms glister
Of men in Armes, whence *Ioue Olympicke* knowes.

Enter a second Troian.

2. Tro. Where shall I hide me? Treason, Troyes betray'd;
The fatall horse was full of armed Greekes.

Chore. Of Greekes? damn'd Synon.

2. Tro. Prince *Chorebus* fly,
Fly great *Æneas*.

Cho. Which way? where? or how?
Are we not rounded with a quick-set hedge
Of pointed steele? are not the gates posselt
And strongly man'd with Greekes? death euery where,
Then whither should we flye?

Æne. Into the throng.

Where blowes are dealt, where our inflamed Turrets

Burne

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Burne with most fury.

Cho. Nobly speakes *Aeneas*.

Aeneas. Then whither flames, and furies, shrieks and clamors,
Death, danger, and the deuils hurry vs,
Thither will we : follow where I shall lead,
Thoufands shall fall by vs ere we be dead.

Enter Therfites with other Greekes.

Ther. Charge on these naked Troians, and cry thus,
Vengeance for *Greece* and *Neoptolemus*.

Cho. Charge on these armed Grecians, and thus cry,
We may yet liue to see ten thousand dye.

They charge the Greekes and kill them, Therfites runs away.

Cho. Well fought braue spirits in our vtter ruine,
We are Conquerours yet : let's don these Greekish habits,
And mixe our selues amongst their Armed ranks;
So vnexpected murder all we meete :

The darkenesse will assist our enterprise.
These Greekish Armes this night by Troians worne
Shall to the fall of many Grecians turne.

Enter all the Greekes.

Omnes. Burne fire, and kill, as you wound cry thus,
Vengeance for *Greece* and *Neoptolemus*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aeneas followed by Hectors ghost

Aeneas. What art thou that with such a grim aspect,
In this black night so darke and turbulent,
Haunts me in euery corner of my house
Which yet burnes o're mine eares ?

Hector. Dost thou not know me ?
Or can *Aeneas* so forget his friend ?
This face did fright *Achilles* in the field,
And when I shooke these lockes, now knotted all,
As bak't in blood; all *Greece* hath quak't and trembled:
Looke on mine Heeles, and thou maist see those thong;
By which so often I was dragg'd 'bout *Troy*,
My body made an vniuerfall wound

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

By the vnnumbred hands of *Mirmidons*,
This th'hand that tost so many wild-fire balls
Into the *Argine* fleete, and this the body
That deck't in *Aiax* and *Actilles* spoyles
Ridde from the fields triumphant thorow *Troy*.

Ane. Prince *Hector*?

Hect. Hence *Aeneas* post from *Troy*,
Reare that abroad the gods at home destroy.
The Citty burnes, *Priam* and *Priams* glory
Is all expir'd, and tumbled headlong downe:
Cassandraes long neglected prophesies
This night fulfils. If either strength or might
Could haue protected *Troy*, this hand, this arme,
That saw'd it oft, had kept it still from harme.
But *Troy* is doom'd, here gins the fatall Story
Of her sad sacke and fall of all her glory.

Away, and beare thy COUNTRY gods along,
Thousands shall issue from thy sacred seede,
Citties more rich then this the *Crecian* spoyle,
In after times shall thy successors build,
Where *Hectors* name shall liue eternally.

One *Romulus*, another *Bruite* shall reare,
These shall nor Honours, nor iust Rectors want,
Lumbardies roome, great Britaines *Troy-nouant*!

Hensuge nate *Dea*, teq; his pater eripe flammis;

Hostis habet muros, ruit alto a culmine *Troia*

Saura, suosq; tibi commendat *Troia* penates

Hos cape fatorum comites, his moenia quare.

Magna: pererrato statues qua denique praes.

Exit.

Ane. Soft lie thy bones and sweetly may they rest
Thou wonder of all worthyes, but *Troy* burnes:
Thousands of *Troian* Cories blocke the streetes,
Some flying fall, and some their killers kill:
Where shall I meete thee death? before I flye,
Some Conquerours yet, shall brauely conquered die.

Exit.

Explicit Actus secundus.

Actus

The Second Part of the Iron Age:

Actus Secundus : Scœna prima.

Enter Priam in his night-gowne and slippers, after him Hecuba, Hellena, Andromache, Heliœna, Cassandra, Polyxena, Polites, Astianax.

An Alarum.

All La. Oh helpe vs father *Priam*, Oh the *Greeks*.

Pri. I haue done more then age would suffer me:
They haue tilted masts against my Pallace gates,
And burst them open.

All La. Oh father *Priam*, whether shall we flye?

Pri. We are incompart round with sword & fire,
'Las Daughters, 'las my young *Astianax*.

All La. Oh heauen, they come, where may we hide vs safe?

Pri. Safety and helpe are both fled out of *Troy*,
And left behind nothing but massacre:
My Pallace is surpris'd, my guard all flaine,
My selfe am wounded, but more with your shrieks;
Then by the swords of *Grecians*: come let's flie
Vnto the sacred Aitar of the gods.

All La. May we be safe there father?

Pri. Safe? Oh no;
Safety is fled. Death hath our liues in chase,
And since we needes must dye, let's chuse this place. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter at the one doore *Hellen*, at
the other *Cressida*.

Cres. Whither runnes *Hellen*?

Hel. Whither should I flye?

Cres. See, *Troy* is not it selfe, oh wretched *Hellen*?
To shunne the *Greekes* to run into the fire,
Or flying fire, perish by *Greekish* Steele:
Which hadst thou rather chuse?

Hel. Death, in what shape soeuer hee appeares
To me is welcome, I le no longer shun him;

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

But here with *Cresida* abide him : here,
Oh, why was *Hellen* at the first so faire,
To be come subiect to so foule an end?
Or how hath *Cresids* beauty sinn'd 'gainst Heauen,
That it is branded thus with leprosie?

Cres. I in conceit thought that I might contend
Against Heauens splendor, I did once suppose,
There was no beauty but in *Cresids* lookes,
But in her eyes no pure diuinity :
But now behold mee *Hellen*.

Hel. In her I see
All beauties frailty, and this obiect makes
All fairenesse to show vgly in it selfe :
But to see breathlesse Virgins pil'd on heape,
What lesse can *Hellen* doe then curse these *Starres*
That shin'd so bright at her natiuity,
And wish her nayles teare out these *staining balls*
That haue set *Troy* on fire?

Enter Pyrrhus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, &c.

Pyr. Pierce all the Troian Ladies with your swords,
Least 'mongst them you might spare *Polixena*.

Agam. Stay, I should know that face, tis *Helena*.

Mene. My Queene?

Hel. I am not *Hellen*, but *Polixena* :
Therefore reuengfull *Neoptolemus*
Doe Iustice on me for thy fathers death.

Pyr. *Polixena*? by all *Achilles* honours
Ile part thee limbe from limbe.

Cres. *Pyrrhus* forbear,
It's the *Spartan* Queene.

Men. If *Hellen*, the adulterous strumpet dyes,
Ile be her death-man.

Hel. Strike home *Menelaus*,
Death from thy hand is welcome.

Aga. Hold I say,
Shee's *Clitemnestras* sister, for her sake

Hellen

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Hellen shall liue, and Kingly *Menelaus*
Receiue her into fauour,

Fyr. Agamemnon.

Is too remisse, I haue sworne all blood to spill
I meet with, and this one will *Pyrrhus* kill.

Men. And I this other.

Aga. For our sake *Menelaus* let her liue.

Was not our sister borne against her will
From *Sparta*? for that wrong done by the Troians
Doth not *Troy* burne? and are not all our swords
Stain'd in the blood of *Paris* slaughtered friends?
You shall be reconcil'd to *Helena*,
And beare her backe to *Greece*.

Enter Therfites.

Ther. *Hellen* at shrift, alas poore penitent Queane,
Dost heare me *Menelaus*? pardon her,
Take her againe to *Sparta*, thou'lt else want
So kind a bed-fellow.

Men. Take backe my shame?

Ther. Yes for thy pleasure.

There's in the world as rich and honourable
As thou, who lend the pleasures of their bed
To others, and then take them backe agayne
As they can get them.

Men. My brow shall neuer beare
Such Characters of shame.

Ther. Thy browes beares hornes already, but who sees
When thou return'st to *Sparta*, some will thinke
Thou art a Cuckold, but who is't dare say so?
Thou art a King, thy sinnes are clouded o're,
Where poore mens faults by tongues are made much more,
Of all men liuing, Kings are last shall heare
Of their dishonours.

Aga. What inferiour Beast
Dares tell the Lyon of his Tyranny,
Who is not torne asunder with his pawes?
The King of *Sparta* therefore needs not feare

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

The tongues of subiects bid our sister rise
To safety in thine armes.

Ther Doe Menelaus.

Mene. But will my *Hellen* then by future vertue
Redeeme her long lost honour?

Hel. If with teares

The Heauens may be appeas'd for *Hellens* finnes,
They shall haue penitent showers: If *Menelaus*
May with the spirit of loue be satisfied,
He ten times rectifie my forfet honour
Before I touch his bed.

Men. Arise then *Hellen*, *Menelaus* armes

Thus welcome thee to safety.

Ther. Ha, ha, ha,

Why this is well, for he that's borne to dye
A branded Cuckhold, huggs his destiny:
Goe, get you after *Pyrrhus* to the slaughter,
Hee looke to *Hellen*.

Aga. Conueigh her to our guard.

Exit.

Ther. *Hellen*, hereafter see thou proou'ft more wise,
If not more honest, yet be more precise.

Exit.

*Enter Prince Chorebus with other Troians
in Greekish habits.*

Cho. These shapes thriue well, we haue guilt our *Greekish*
With blood of their owne nation: some we haue sent *(Armes)*
To euerlasting darknesse, some repulst
Backe to their ships: some we haue made to flye
Into their horses bulke, whence *Pyrrhus* first
Lept downe vpon his speare.

*Enter Synon, Therites, and the Greekes
dragging in Cassandra.*

Syn. Come souldiers, this is stately tragicall,
The Greekes wade vpon euen to the brawny thighes]
In luke-warme blood of our despoyled foes.

About

The Second Part of the Iron Age

About *Melpomene's* huge buskin'd top
We plunge at euery stepp, and brauely fought
By *Troyes* bright burning flame : that's now our light.
Ther. More of our valiant mates, let's ioyne with them,
This streete yet's vnassaulted and vnfir'd :
Some balls of wild-fire streight, and hurle this Lady
Into the fury of the burning flame.

Cho. My wife *Cassandra* ?

Syn. Courage, let none scape
Fire, vengeance, blood, death, murder, spoyle and rape.

Cho. All these on *Greece* and twenty thousand more,
Till they like *Troy* be drown'd in teares and goare.

Chorebus and therest beate off the *Greekes*,
and rescue *Cassandra*.

Cass. From *Greekes* to *Greeks*, from fire kept for the sword,
From one death to another.

Cho. *Cassandra* no.

Cass. My Lord the Prince *Chorebus* ?

Cho. Yes the same,
Who hath preferu'd thee both from sword and flame.

Enter Aeneas with his father, who taking *Chorebus* for a
Grecian by reason of his habite, fights with him and kills
him.

Ane. More *Greekes* and see *Cassandra* captiue made,
Assault them *Troians*, rescue the faire *Princesse* ;
This way deare father mount my backe againe.

Cass. Oh false *Aeneas*, thou hast slaine thy friend:
Many a *Greeke* (thus shapt) he sent to hell,
And being a *Troian* by a *Troian* fell.

Ane. He dy'd not by my hand, but his owne fate!

Cass. And I forgie thee good *Aeneas*, flie,
Thou shalt suruiue, but *Troy* and wee must fall :
The hope of all our future memories
Are stor'd in thee, take vp thy sacred load

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Reuerent *Anchises* bed-rid through his age,
We are all doom'd, faire *Troy* must perish here,
But thou art borne a greater *Troy* to reare.

Ane. The Heauens haue hand in all things, to their pleasure
Wee must subscribe: *Cressa*, where's my wife?
In loosing her I saue but halfe my life.
Come reuerent father, on my shoulders mount,
Though thousand dangers dogge vs at the heeles,
Yet will wee force our passage.

Exeunt.

King Priam discovered kneeling at the Altar, with him Hecuba, Polixena, Andromache, Astianax: to them enter Pyrrhus, and all the Greekes, Pyrrhus killing Polytes Priams sonne before the Altar.

Pyr. Still let your voyces to hyc Heauen aspire
For *Pyrrhus* vengeance, murdring steele and fire.

All the Ladies. Oh, oh.

Pri. My sonne *Polytes*? oh thou more hard hearted
Then fatall *Pyrrhus* or his fathers guard,
That in the shadow of this sacred place
Durst sprinke the childs blood in the fathers face?

Pyr. *Priam*? thanks sweet reuenge, through swords & armour,
Through mures, and Counter-mures of men and steele;
Through many a corner, and blind entries mouth
I haue followed this thy bleeding sonne to death,
Whose swift persuite hath traind me to this Altar
To be reueng'd on thee for the sad fate
Of great *Achilles*.

Pri. Thou art *Pyrrhus* then?

Pyr. My acts shall speake my name,
I am that *Pyrrhus* who did mount yon Horse
Hyding mine armour in his deepe vast bulke,
The first that lept out of his spacious side,
And tost consuming fire in euery street,
Which climb'd, as if it meant to meete the stars,
I am that *Pyrrhus* before whom *Troy* falls.

Before

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Before whom all the Vanes and Pinacles
Bend their high tops, and from the battlements,
On which they stand, breake their aspiring necks.
The proudest roofe and most imperious spyre
Hath vaild to vs and our all wasting fire.

Pri. *Pyrhus*, I know thee for my destin'd plague,
I know the gods haue left vs to our weaknesse,
I see our glories eaded and extinct,
And I stand ready to abide their doome;
Onely for pittie and for pieties sake
Be gracious to these Ladies.

Syn. *Pyrhus* no,
Such grace as they did to *Achilles* shew,
Let them all tast; let grace be farre exil'd,
Kill from the elder to the sucking child.

Pri. Hee's prone enough to mischiefe of himselfe,
Spurre not that fury on which runnes too fast,
Nor adde thou to old *Priams* misery
Which scarce can be augmented tis so great.

Pyr. Dye in thy tortures then.

Hecx. Oh spare his life.

Asti. Good man kill not my Grandfire.

Pri. Good man doe.

Hecx. Kill mee for him.

Asti. No, shee's my Grandam too,
Indeed shee's a good woman, chuse some other
If you must needs kill.

Pyr. This then.

Asti. Shee's my Mother, you shall not hurt her.

Pri. This boy had a father,
Hector his name, who had hee liu'd to see
A sword bent 'gainst his wife, this Queene, or me,
He would haue made all *Greece* as hot to hold him
As burning *Troy* is now to shelter vs.

Asti. Good Grandfire weepe not, Grandam, Mother, Aunt
Alas, what meane you? If you be good men
Put vp your swords and helpe to quench these flames,

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Or if in killing you such pleasure haue,
Practise on him, kill that ill fauoured knaue!

Syn. Mee bratt?

Pyr. *Ulysses, Agamemnon. Menelaus,*
Synon, Therstites, and you valiant Greekes;
Behold the vengeance wrathfull *Pyrhus* takes
On *Priams* body for *Achilles* death:

Synon, take thou that Syren *Polixene,*
And hew her peece-meale on my fathers Tombe.
Therstites, make the wombe of fifty Princes
A royall sheath for thy victorious blade:

Diomed, let *Callandra* dye by thee,
And *Agamemnon* kill *Andromache*:
And as my sword through *Priams* bulke shall flie,
Let them in death consort him, and so dye.

Ther. When, when, for *Ioues* sake when?

Syn. Some expeditious fate this motion further,
Me thinks tis long since that I did a murder.

Pri. Oh Heauen, oh *Ioue,* Stars, Planets, fortune, fate,
To thinke what I haue beene, and what am now;
Father of fifty braue Heroick sonnes,
But now no Father, for they all are slaine.
Queene Hecuba the Mother of so many,
But now no Mother: for her barren wombe
Hath not one child to shew, these fatall warres
Haue eate vp all our issue.

Asi. My deare Father,
And all my princely Vnkles.

Audr. My deare Husband,
And all my royall brothers.

Hecu. Worthy *Hector,*
And all my valiant sonnes.

Pri. And now that *Priam* that commanded *Asia,*
And fate inthron'd aboue the Kings of *Greece,*
Whose dreaded Navy scowerd the *Hellepont,*
Sees the rich towers hee built now burnt to ashes:
The stately walls he reard, level'd and euen'd;

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His Treasures rifled and his people spoyl'd :
All that he hath on earth beneath the Sunne
Berest him, sauing his owne life and these,
And my poore life with these, are (as you see)
worse then the rest : they dead, we dying bee.
Strike my sterne foe, and proue in this my friend,
One blow my vniuertall cares shall end.

Pyr. And that blow *Pirhus* strikes, at once strike all.

Syn. Why so, so, this was stately tragicall.

*They are all
slaine at once.*

Asst. Where shall I hide me ?

Pyr. So nimble *Hectors* bastard ?

My father slew thy father, I the sonne :
Thus will I tosse thy carkas vp on hie,
The brat aboute his fathers fame shall flie.

He tosseth him about his head and kills him.

Syn. No, somewhat doth remayne,
Alarum still, the peoples not all slaine,
Let not one soule suruiue.

Pyr. Then Trumpets sound
Till burning *Troy* in *Troian* blood be drown'd.

Exeunt

*The Alarum continued, shrieks and clamours are heard
within. Enter with Drumme, Colours, and Souldiers
Agamemnon, Pyrhus, Vlysses, Diomed, Menelaus, Hellen,
Thersites, Synon, &c.*

Pyr. What more remains t'accomplish our reuenge?
The proudest Nation that great *Asi* burst
Is now extinct in *Lethe*.

Mene. All by *Hellen*,

Oh had that tempting beauty ne're beene borne,
By whom so many worthies now lie dead.

Syn. A hot Pest take the strumpet.

Ther. And a mischiefe:

Syn. Twa this hot whore that set all *Troy* a fire.

Hel. Forgive me *Pyrhus* for thy fathers death,

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Troy for thy sack, King Priam for thy sonnes,
Greece for an infinite slaughter, and you Husband
For all your nuptiall wrongs, King Menelaus,
must confesse, my inconsiderate deed
Haue made a world of valiant hearts to bleed.

Dio. What, note is that which Pyrrhus eye dwells on?

Pyr. The perfect number

Of Greekes and Troians slayne on either part.

The siege ten yeares, ten moneths, ten dayes indur'd,
In which there perish't of the Greekes fore Troy
Eight hundred thousand & sixe thousand fighting men:
Of Troians fell sixe hundred sixe and fifty thousand,
All souldiers; besides women, children, babes,
Whom this night massacred.

Hel. All these I slew.

Syn. Nay, some this hand sent packing, that's not true.

Vlyf. Aeneas, with twenty two ships well furnish't,
(The selfe same ships in which young Paris say'd
When hee from Sparta stole faire Helena,
Is fled to Sea.

Dio. Antenor with five hundred Troians more
Scap't through the gate cal'd Dardan.

Pyr. Let them goe,

That of Troyes sack the world by them may know,
Where about thirty braue Heroick Kings
Haue breath'd their last: besides inferior Princes,
Barons and Knights, eighteene imperiall Monarches
With his owne hands renowned Hector slew:
My father besides Troilus and that Hector,
Eight famous Kings that came in ayd of Troy.
Three Troian Paris with his Arrowes slew,
Of which one was my father: Diomed
Foure Monarches with his bright sword sent to death.
Our selfe the warlike Queene of Amazons,
And aged Priam.

Ther. Brauely boast he can,
A wretched woman and a weake old man.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Pyr. And now Troyes warres sre ended, we in peace
With glorious conquest to sayle backe to *Greece.*
Their Nation's vanish'd like their Citties smoake,
Our enemies are all ashes : worlds to come
Shall Cronicle our pittilesse reuenge
In Bookes of Brasse and leaues of Adamant.
Towards *Greece* victorious Leaders, our toyle's past ;
Troy and Troyes people we haue burn't in flames,
And of them both left nothing but their names .

Exeunt.

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus Quartus : Scœna prima.

*Enter Prince Cethus the sonne of King Naulus, and
brother to Palamides.*

Ceth. With wondrous ioy they say, the Greekes returne.
With Triumphes and ouation s piercing Heauen,
Where e're they set but foot loude Pæans sung,
And Oades to spheare-like Notes tun'd in their prayse :
Whil' st *Cethus* like a forlorne shadowe walkes
Dispis'd, disgrac't, neglected and debosht ;
Playing his melancholly, cares and sorrowes
On his discordant Hart-strings. Oh my fate ?
Shall I, that haue this body aud this braine,
A royalty stampt on mee in my birth :
Whose wrongs haue beene of marke through all the world:
Troubling each eare, and being disputable
By euery tongue that hath beene taught to speake,
Euen in the mouthes of Babes, all rating mee
Of cowardefie and sloth : sleepe, an occasion
Being fairely offered ? No, awake reuenge,
He bring the now to action.

Enter Pilades.

Pil. Heare you the newes

Ceth.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Ceth. *Orestes* friend, the noble *Pilades*?
Instruct mine ignorance, I know of none.

Pil. This day the Prince, great *Agamemnons* heire
Orestes whom you truly call your friend,
Betroths the young and faire *Hermione*
Daughter to beauteous *Hellen*.

Ceth. *Hymens* ioyes.
Crowne them with all true pleasure.

Pil. Shall we haue your presence at the Contract?

Ceth. Who's within?

Pil. Onely *Egistus*, *Clitemnestras* friend,
The Queene and faire *Electra*.

Ceth. Witnesse enough,
Then spare me for this time good *Pilades*,
Wee'le owe them greater seruice.

Pyl. But tis a duty that I owe my friend,
My absence would distast him. *Exit.*

Ceth. Fare you well.

Doe, doe, contract and marry, ayme at Heauen,
But Hell is that they plunge in: Oh *Palamedes*
My basely betray'd brother, sold at *Troy*
As we would cheapen Horses, yet a Prince:
A Prince? nay Generall of the Greekish host:
Emperour and Keyser, chose to that command
By a full Jury of Kings, and by them rated
The prime & worthiest: who being far from equal
Could find in whole *Greece* no competitor.
Yet this peculiar man, this God of men,
By false *Vlysses* and *Atrous* sonnes
Agamemnon and *Menelaus*, basely supplanted;
Who, for they would conferre amongst themselues
The soterainty forg'd letters sent from *Troy*,
And coine withall mark't with King *Prianus* stamp,
As if this father of his fame and Nation
Whose onely ends were aynd to honour *Greece*
Wou'd haue betrayde his people: this suggested,
My brother was arraig'd, conuict, condemn'd;

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

For which I haue vow'd the vniuersall ruine
Of all the Kings of that corrupted bench.
Palamides thy blood in *Asia* shed
Shall make all *Europe* mourne since thou art dead.

Enter Egistus, Clitemnestra, Orestes, Pylades, Hermione, and Electra.

Cl. *Meeenae*s King and *Sparta*'s would be proud
To see this happy and blest vnion made
Betweene their royall Families.

Orest. This faire Virgine,
Second from *Lada* to whom *Ioue* vouchsaf't
The strict Imbrace of his immortall arme,
Vnspotted with her mothers prostitution,
Wee'le thus receiue.

Hermi. May my chaste innocence
Breake through the Cloud which hath ecclips'd her fame,
Whose luster may out-shine my mothers frailties,
And they through me may bee forgot in *Greece*.

Eg. *Hermione*, your words tast of your breeding
Vnder this Queene your faire and Princely Aunt,
were young *Electra* but so well bestowed,
Great *Agamemnon* in so braue a match
Would thinke himselfe more grac'd, then in fruition
Of all the forraigne Trophies.

Ceth. May shee prooue?
A whore like to her Mother: Prince *Orestes*,
And you bright Lady *Spartans* second light,
May all the vertues of this potent Queene
Take life in you, to prooue hereditary
That the great Arch-duke crown'd with fame and honour,
In his returne may adde a surplusadge
To his already surfet: find his bed
By this adultresse basely strumpetted,
And make the Downe they lye on quasse their blood.

Orest. How doe you faire *Electra* in your iudgement
Applaude your brothers choyce?

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Elect. As of a contract
Made by the gods above, and now by Princes,
Here ratified on earth.

Orest. I would my friend
Were to you sister, but as fast betroth'd
As I to *Hellens* daughter: But deare *Pilades*,
Tis Time must perfect all things.

Pil. Madam you heare
This motion from your brother.

Elect. And I craue
Time to consider on't.

Orest. Tis on foote,
Pursue it then with all aduantages,
Command my free assistance to beginne:
Had you *Electra* friend, as I *Hermione*;
We were at first as forraigne as you two,
And euery way as strange, but opportunity
That hath vnited vs, may make you one.
After some amorous parliance, let vs now
Vnto the Temple and there sacrifice
Vnto the gods, that *Greece* no more may mourne,
But glory in our fathers safe returne.

Egist. His safety is our danger, for know Madam,
Our loue hath bin too publick.

Ceth. That's the ground
On which to build my proiect.

Cl. Grant it hath.
Cannot a more then nine yeares widdow-head
Excuse mee being a woman? thinks the King
Wee can forget that lesson in our age,
Which was by him first taught vs in our youth?
Or was't his ayme to shew vs choyce delights,
Then barre vs their fruition? First to tast
Our pallat, next to make vs appetite;
And when our stomacks are prepar'd and sharpen'd:
For Costly vions plac't before our eyes,
Then to remooue the table, hee's vnkind;

The Second Part of the Iron Age:

And as hee hath dealt with vs, so must find.

Enter Synon.

Syn. The Queene? to her my speed is.

Cli. Speake on souldier.

Syn. I am the herald of most happy newes,
Troy with the earth is leueld, sackt, and burnt;
Priam with all his memory extinct,
Queene, daughters, sonnes, and subiects ruin'd all.
Now like the vapour of their Citties smoake,
And of them no more found: And Madam now
The King your Lord, the Elder of the *Attyd's*,
Duke of the puissant and all conquering Host,
His temples archt in a victorious orbe,
And wreth'd in all the glories earth can yeeld
Is landed in *Mycene* a Conquerour:

Ceth. How could they scape those fierce fires *Naulis* made
In vengeance of his sonne *Palamides*
To split their cursed Fleete vpon the rocks.

Cli. Make repetition of their ioyes againe,
Beeing things that I cannot heare too oft,
And adde to them: Is *Menelaus* safe
My husbands brother? *Hellen* how fares shee?
Or is shee thence repurchast? fill mine eares
With such sweete Tones, 'tis all I can desire.

Syn. Take your full longing then, for though the Seas
With tempests, stormes, rocks, shipwracks, shelues and sands
More dammag'd them then all the Troian siege.
Although the Beacons fir'd to draw their Fleete
Distressed and disperst vpon the rocks
Sunke many a goodly bottome: Yet the Generall
Scap't by the hand of *Ioue*, with him King *Diomed*,
Plysses, and great *Neoptolimus*,
With *Spartan Menelaus* late attend
With beauteous *Helen* cause of all these broyles:
All these attend vpon the Generall
To bring him home victorious, and this night
Will lodge in the Kings Pallace.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Cl. Souldier thanks,
These twice five yeares I haue a widdow beene,
Thy newes haue now new married mee : giue order
For the Kings intertainment, all the state
Mycene can yeeld shail freely be expos'd
In honour of these Princes : your great hast
Doth aske some rest, therefore repose your selfe,
And for your fortunate newes expect reward.

Syn. The Queene is royall.

Ceth. And now to that diuell
Which I must coniure vp : Is the Queene mad ?
Or thou *Egistus* sottish ? see you not
The stake and scaffold, say the Hang-man too ;
And will you blind-fold run vpon your deaths
When there is way to scape them ?

Egist. What horrid fright
Is this propos'd by *Cethus* ?

Ceth. The King's return'd,
And doth not your veines gush out of your temples
In sanguine blushes ? are not your adulteries
Famous as *Hellens* ? nay, more infamous,
There was a rape to countenance what shee did,
You nought faue corrupt lust and idlenesse :
Tis blab'd in the Citty, talk't on in the Court,
All tongues surcharg'd, all eyes are fix't on you,
To see what fearefull vengeance he will take
For that your prostitution.

Cl. Hee's a King.

Ceth. True *Clitemnestra*, so he went from hence,
But is return'd a Tyrant flesht in blood :
Think'st thou that he who queld his foes abroad,
Will spare at home domestick enemies ?
That was so prone to punish others wrongs,
And can forget his owne ?

Cl. If *Menelaus*
Haue pardon'd *Hellen*, may not he his brother
Make *Spartans* King his noble president,

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

To doe the like to me?

Ceth. Tush shallow *Queene*,
How you mistake; see imminent fate affront you,
And will not shun it comming? If his brother
Be branded as a scandall to the world,
What consequence is it that he will grone
Vnder the selte same burden? rather thinke
He hath propos'd a vengeance dire and horrid
To terrife, not countenance such misdeeds:
And this must fall on you, lest time to come
Should Chronicle his family for a broode
Of Cuckolds and of Strumpets:

Egist. This thy language
Strikes me with horreur.

Cl. And affrights mee too.

Ceth. Is hee not King? hath he not *Linxes eyes*,
And *Gyants armes*, the first to see farre off,
The last as farre to punish? was hee so poore
In friends at home, to leaue no *Argus* here
To keepe his eyes still waking? thinke it not
But that he knew the treason of his bed,
Hee had not faire *Brisis* snatcht perforce
From th'armes of great *Achilles*.

Cl. That I heard.

Ceth. Why hath he a new mistresse brought from *Troy*,
But to state her in *Clitemnestraes* stead,
And make her *Micenes* *Queene* whilst you poore wretches
Like malefactors suffer, mark't for the Stag
And most ridiculous spectacles.

Cl. You shew the danger,
But teach vs no preuention.

Egist. Set before vs
The obiects of our feares and difficulties,
But not the way to auoyde them.

Ceth. Heare me then,
Preuent your death's by his.

Cl. How? kill the King?

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

So we heape sinne on sinne and basely adde
Vnto adultery murder.

Ceth. *Per scelus semper itutum sceleribus iter.*
Boldly you haue begun, and being once in,
Blood will cure lust, and mischiefe phisicke sinne.

Cli. Perhaps our guilt lies hid.

Ceth. In a Kings Pallace
Can lust in such great persons be conceald?

Cli. The first offence repents mee, and to that
I should but adde a greater.

Ceth. Perish, dee.

Or what concernes this mee? I shall be safe,
I haue strumpetted no *Agamemmons* Queene,
Nor bastarded the issue of the *Atrides* :
Or why should I thus labour their securities
Who study not their owne?

Egist. Resolue then Queene,
The Kings austere, and will extend his Iustice
Vnto some sad example.

Cli. Oh but my husband.

Ceth. After ten yeares widdow-hood
Can *Clitemnestra* thinke of such a name?

Cli. You haue halfe wone me, when shall this be done?

Ceth. When but this night? delayes are ominous :
Ere he haue time to thinke vpon his wrongs,
Or finde a tongue to whisper, ere suspicion
Can further be instructed or least censure,
To call his wrongs in question : instantly,
Euen in his height of ioy, fulnesse of complement
With th' Argiue Kings : whilst cups are brim'd with healths,
Whilst ieaiousies are drown'd in *Bacchus* boles.
This night before he sleepe, or that his pillowe
Can giue him the least counsell, ere he can spare
A minute for the smallest intelligence,
Or moment to consider : I haue done
If you haue either grace in apprehension
Or spirit in performance.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Egist. I haue both,
What answers *Clixemnestra*?

Cli. I am swayd,
And though I know there's difference of Justice
In Princes sitting on the skarlet bench,
And husbands dallying in the priuate bed:
I'le hold him as one sits vpon my life,
Not one that lies inclos'd within mine armes;
Hee's now my Iudge, not Husband, here I vow
Assistance in his death.

Ceth. And so suruiue
Secure and fortunate.

Egist. This night?

Cli. 'Tis done.

Ceth. The proiect I haue cast with all security,
And safety for your person: smooth your browes,
And let there shine a welcome in your looks
At the Kings intertainment: nay begone,
By this time you are expected; what remains
Is mine in forme, but yours in action. *Exeunt.*

Now father stile me a most worthy sonne
Palamides, a brother, what neither fires,
Nor rocks could doe, what neither *Neptunes* rage,
Nor *Mars* his fury, what the turbulent Seas,
Nor the combustious Land, that *Cethus* can:
Hee that succedes my brother in his rule,
Shall first succede in death: none that had hand
Or voyce in his subuersion that shall stand. *Exit.*

Enter Therfites and Synon.

Ther. Well met on Land kind brother, wee are now
Victorious: let's be proud on't.

Syn. Thou say'st true,
Wee are Conquerours in our basest cowardise,
Wee had not beene here else.

Ther. Valiant *Hector*,
Achilles, *Troilus*, *Paris*, *Ajax* too:
They are all falne, we stand.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Syn. Yes, and will stiffe
When all the Grecian Princes that suruiue
Are cramp't and ham-string'd.

Ther. Wast thou not sea-sicke brother?

Syn. Horribly, and fear'd
In the rough seas to haue disgorg'd my heart,
And there to haue fed Haddocks.

Ther. Troians were fellowes
In all their fury to be parlied with:
But with the tempests, gusts, and *Furricanes*,
The warring windes, the billowes, rocks and fires
There was no talking: these few times we pray'd,
The gods would heare no reason.

Syn. Twas because
The billowes with their roaring, and the winds
Did with their whistling keepe them from their eares;
But now all's husht, could wee finde time to pray,
They might find time to heare vs.

Ther. Shall wee be
Spectators of the royall inter-view
Betwixt the King and Queene?

Syn. Ten yeares diuorst
Should challenge a kind meeting, let's obserue
The forme and state of this Court-complement,
(things I did neuer trade with:) Harke loud musicke
Giues warning of their comming.

Loud musicke. Enter at one doore Agamemnon, Vlysses, Diomed, Pyrrhus, Menelaus: Synon and Therites falling into their trayne. At the other Egistus, Clitemnestra, Cethus, Orestes, Pylades, Hermione, Electra, &c.

Aga. Vnto our Country and our Household-gods
Wee are at length return'd, trophied with honours,
With *Troyes* subuersion and rich *Asiaces* spoyles,
This is a sacred day:

Egist. Such *Troy* had once!

The Second Part of the Iron Age,

Aga. Vnto the gods wel'e sacrifice.

Ceth. So Priam fell
Before the holy Altar.

Aga. This Citty is not *Troy*.

Ceth. Where *Hellen* treads,
I hold the place no better.

Aga. See our Queene,
Orestes and *Electra*, for our sake,
Princes of *Greece* daigne them your best salutes,
Deare *Clitemnestra*.

Clit. Royall King and Husband.

After their salute. All the rest complement as
strangers, but especially *Pyrhus* and *Orestes*.

Aga. What's he that kneeles so close vnto our Queen?

Clit. *Egistus* and your seruant.

Aga. Hee was young
When we at first set sayle from *Aulis Gulfe*,
Now growne from my remembrance; we shall finde
Fit time to search him further.

Ceth. Marke you that.

Egist. Yes, and it toucht me deepely.

Mene. Our sister, and this young *Hermione*,
Daughter to vs aud *Hellen*.

Ther. Prity puppy,

Off such a common brach.

Men. Young *Neoptolemus*,
This is the Lady promist you at *Troy*,
For your great seruice done there: hae's your owne,
Freely imbrace her then.

Syn. I see we are like
To haue a iolly kindred.

Orest. *Pyrhus*, inioy
Her whom I haue in contract?

Pyr. Beauteous Lady,
The greatst ambition *Pyrhus* aymes at now,
Is how to know you farther.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Hath beene so mighty to reuenge the wrongs
Of my faire mother, can from *Hermione*
Challenge no lesse then welcome.

Orest. Oh you gods,

Pyrhus, thou wert more safe in burning *Troy*
With horreur, fury blood, fires, foes about thee,
Then in my fathers court.

Ceth. Another Collumne

On which to build my slaughters. *Patience Prince*,
This is no time for braues and Menaces,
I further shall instruct you.

Orest. I haue done.

Ther. See now the two *Queenes* meete, & smack in publick,
That oft haue kist in corners.

Syn. *Thersites*?

Thou art growne a monster, a strange thing scarce knowne
'Mongst souldiers, wiues and daughters.

Ther. They are two sisters.

Syn. Yes, and the two King-brothers royally
Betweene them two cornuted.

Ther. We are to loud.

Dio. Princes of *Greece*, since we haue done a duty

To see our Generall mid' st his people safe,
And after many dreadfull warres abroad
In peace at home. 'Tis fit we should disperse

Vnto our feuerall Countries instantly,

I purpose for *Atolia*, where my *Queene*

With longing waites my comming.

Aga. Not King *Diomed*,

Till you haue seene *Mecana's* pompe and state

In ampliest royalty exprest at full,

Both tasted of our feasts and Princely gifts.

The faire *Egiale*, who hath so long

Forborne your presence, will not I presume

Deny to spare you to vs some few dayes,

To adde to the yeares number, though not as Generall

Yet will I lay on you a friends command

Which

The Second Part of the Iron Age:

Which must not be deny'de.

Dio. Great *Agamemnon*

With mee was euer powerfull, I am his.

Cli. And now faire sister welcome back from *Troy*,

Be euer henceforth *Spartaes*.

Hel. Your great care

In my enforced absence (gracious *Queene*)

Exprest vnto my deare *Hermione*,

Hath much obliged me to you. Oh my fate,

How swift time runnes; *Orestes* growne a man,

Whom I left in the Cradle! Young *Electra*

Then (as I tak't) scarce borne, and now growne ripe,

Euen ready for an husband!

Syn. In whose absence

If but one handsome sweete-heart come in place,

Shee'l not turne tayle for't, if shee doe but take

After mine old Naut *Hellen*.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. The great and solemne preparation
Of the Court, state and glory mighty Princes,
Attend for you within.

Ag. All are consecrated

Vnto your royall welcomes, enter then,

Wee'l feast like earthy gods, or god-like men.

Loud musick. They possesse the Stage in all state,
Cethus stayeth behind.

Ceth. My brayne about againe, for thou hast found
New proiect now to worke on, and 'tis here,

Orestes hath receiu'd *Hermione*

From *Clitemnestra's* hand, her soule is his,

And hee her Genius, two combind in one:

Yet shee is by the fathers Oath conferd

On *Pyrrhus*, which shall breede a stormy flawe

Ne're to be peec't againe, but by the deaths

Of the two hopefull youths: perhaps the hazard

Of all these Kings if my reuenge strike home.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

(Of that at leasure) but the bloody stage
On which to act, Generall this night is thine,
Thou lyeſt downe mortall, who muſt riſe diuine.

*Enter Oreſtes to Cethus. Muſicke and
healthing within.*

Oreſt. Oh *Cethus* what's this muſicke vnto me,
That are compoſ'd of diſcords? what are healths
To him that is ſtrucke heart-ſicke? all thoſe ioyes
Whoſe leaders ſeeme to pierce againſt the roofes
Of theſe high ſtructures, to him that is ſtruck downe
Halfe way below the Center?

Ceth. Were you lower,
Yet here's a hand can rayſe you, deeper caſt
Then to the loweſt Abiſme: It lyes in me
To aduance you to the height of happineſſe,
Where you ſhall liue eterni'd from the reach
Of any humane malice.

Oreſt. Hadſt thou ſeene
Her, in whoſe breſt my heart was paradif'd,
Kiſt, courted, and imbraç'd.

Ceth. By *Pyrhus*.

Oreſt. Him:
What paſſionate and inſidiating lookes
Hee caſt on her, as if in ſcorne of me:
Shall hee inioy my birth-right, or inherite
Where I am heire apparant? ſhall he vſurpe
Or pleade my intereſt, where I am poſſeſt?
Rule where I raigne? where I am ſtated, ſit?
Braue me in my peculiar Soueraignty?

Ceth. Hee muſt not, ſhall not.

Oreſt. Show mee to depoſe
The proud Vſurper then.

Ceth. Prince, make't my charge.
In the meane time, from your diſtracted front
Exile all diſcontent, let not leaſt rage
Raigne in your eye, or harſhneſſe in your tongue,
Smooth waters are ſtill deep'ſt: waite on the King,

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

And be no stranger to your mothers eye,
Or forraigne to your Kindred : the feast spent,
And night with it : the morrow shall beget
Proiect of more import (scarfe thought on now.)

Orest. I build vpon thy Counsell. *Exit Orestes.*

Ceth. Which hath proou'd,
Fixt as a rocke, still constant, and vnmoou'd.

Enter Egistus.

Egist. What *Cethus* here? why no such matter now
No cause of feare, or least suspicion.

Ceth. Your reason?

Egist. Tush, presume it, we are safe.

Ceth. Obserue it, they are still securest, whom
The Diuell driues to ruine.

Egist. Harke, their healths
Carrowing to the Generals Victories,
In all thy heate of ioy, and fire of wine,
No sparke of ieaously, all th'Argument
Of their discourse, what they haue done at Troy.
Still health on health, and the great Generall
So farre from seeming to haue least distaste,
That in all affable tearmes hee courts his Queene,
Nay more, cuts off all banquet Ceremonies,
To hasten his bed-pleasures, as if times distance
Betwixt his boord and pallade, seemed more tedious
Then all his Ten yeares siege.

Ceth. Goe, lost man,
Sinke on firme ground, be shipwrackt in a Calme.
These healths are to your ruines, his reuenge :
Hath not *Egistus* read of a disease
Where men dye laughing : others that haue drunke
Poyson in steed of Cordials, perish so?
To dye tis nothing, since tis all mens due :
But wretchedly to suffer, fall vnpittied,
Vnpittied? nay derided, mockt, and curst :
To dye as a base Traytor, and a Thiefe,
The adulterator of his Soueraignes bed,

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Py. Prodigious sure,

Since 'tis confirm'd by Thunder.

Orest. In mine eares

Did neuer sound seeme halfe to terrible.

Hel. Nor to your eyes, as this sad object is,

See great *Atrides* groueling.

Ceth. What damn'd Villaine

Was auther of this proiect?

Omnes. Horrid sight.

Ore. Rest you amazed all, as thunder struke,

And without sence or motion Apoplext,

And onely heare me speake: *Orestes*, he

Who as if marbled by *Medusæes* head,

Hath not one teare to fall, or sigh to spend,

Till I finde out the murderer, and on him

Inflict remarkable vengeance: for I vowe

Were it my father, brother, or his Queene,

Hadst thou my weeping sister hand in it.

If hee? whom equall, (if not rankt aboue)

I euer did, and shall loue *Pylades*?

Wert she whose wombe did beare me, where I lay

Full nine moneths bedded ere I saw the Sunne,

Or the most abiect Traytor vnder Heauen,

Their doomes were all alike, and this I vowe.

Now you whom this silent and speechlesse King

Hath oft commanded, this now sencelesse braine

As oft directed, this now strengthlesse hand

More oft protected in a warre, that shall

Be to all times example: Lend your shoulders

To beare him, who hath kept you all in life,

This is a blacke and mourning funerall right,

Deedes of this nature must be throughly searcht,

Nay be reueng'd: the gods haue sayd tis good,

The morning Sunne shall rise and blissh in blood.

They beare him off with a sad and funerall

march, &c.

Explicit Actus quartus.

ACTVS

Actus Quintus : Scena prima.]

Enter Pyrrhus, Hermione, Therfites,
and Synon.

Pyrr. Sweete Lady, can you loue:

Her. Forbear me Lord,

Can such a thing as loue be once nam'd here,
Where euery Marble that supports this rooffe,
In emulation doth vye teares with vs?
Nay where the wounds of such a mighty King
Haue yet scarce bled their last.

Pyrr. Tush faire *Hermione*,

These fights that seeme to Ladies terrible,
Are common to vs souldiers; when from field returning
All smear'd in blood, where Dukes and Kings lie staine,
Yet in our Tents at mid-night it frights not vs
From courting a sweete Mistresse.

Syn. Hee sayth right,

And note of this how I can poetise:

This his great father of his Loue desir'd,
When from the slaughter of his toes retyr'd
Hee doft his Cushes and vnarm'd his head,
To tumble with her on a soft day bed:

It did reioyce *Brisseis* to imbrace
His bruised armes, and kisse his blood-stain'd face.
These hands which he so often did imbrew
In blood of warlike Troians whom hee slew,
Were then employ'd to tickle, touch and feele,
And shake a Lance that had no print of steele.

Ther. Continue in that vein, I'll feed thy Muse
With Crafish, Praunes and Lobsters.

Her. You brought these of purpose to abuse mee.

Pyrr. Peace *Therfites*,

And *Synon* you no more.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Syn. Wee see by *Agamemnon* all are mortall,
And I but shew his neece *Hermione*
The way of all flesh.

Ther. Tis an easie path,
(The Mother and the Aunt haue troad it both)
If shee haue wit to follow.

Enter Vlysses, Menelaus, Diomed with others.

Mene. If it be so, *Egistus* is a traytor,
And shee no more our sister.

Vlyf. Tis not possible
A Queene of her high birth and parentage
Should haue such base hand in her husbands death,
Her husband and her soueraigne.

Dio. Double treason,
Could it be proon'd against her?

Men. It appeares
So farre against humanity and nature
We dare not once suspect it, but till prooffe
Explaine it further, hold it in suspence.

Vlyf. Oh but their suddaine flight and fortifying?

Mene. These are indeed presumptions, but leaue that
To a most strict inquiry euen for reuerence
Of Maiesty and Honour to all Queenes,
For loue of vs because shee was our sister,
Both for *Orestes* and *Electra's* sake
Whose births are brauded in so foule a deede
Till wee examine further circumstances
Spare your seuerer censures.

Vlyf. Tis a businesse
That least concernes vs, but for Honours sake
And that hee was our Generall,

Mene. What, princely *Pyrhus* courting our faire daughter?

Her. Yes sir, but in a time vnseasonable
Euen as the suite it selfe is.

Mene. All delays
Shall be cut off and she be swayed by vs.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

These Royall Princes ere they leaue *Myrene*,
Shall see these nuptiall rights solemnized,
Weele keepe our faith with *Pyrhus*.

Pyr. Wee our vovwes

As constant to the bright *Hermione*.
First see the royall Generall here interr'd
And buried like a souldier, 'tis his due:
To question of his death concernes not vs,
Wee leaue it to Heauens iustice and reuenge.
The rights perform'd with faire *Hermione*,
Then to our seuerall Countries each man post,
Captaines disperse still when the General's lost.

Enter Cethus, Orestes, and Pylades. disguis'd. *Exeunt*

Ore. *Egistus*? and our Mother?

Ceth. Am I *Cethus*,

Are you *Orestes*, and this *Pyllades*,
So sure they were his murderers: this disguise
Will suite an act of death, full to the life
Hee stands vpon a strict and secure guard,
I haue plotted your admittance, it will take
Doubt not, it cannot fayle, I haue cast it so.

Ore. As sent from *Menelaus*?

Ceth. Whole name else

Can breake through such strong guards, where feare and guilt
Keepe hourly watch?

Ore. It is enough, I haue't,

'And thou the faithful'st of all friends deare *Pillades*,
Doe but assist mee in my vowed reuenge
And inioy faire *Electra*.

Pyl. Next your friendship

It is the prise I ayme at, I am yours.

Ceth. What slip you time and opportunity,
Or looke you after dreames?

Ore. I am a wake.

'And to send them to their eternall sleepe.
In expedition there is still successe,

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

In all delays defect : the traytor dyes
Were hee in league with all the destinies. *Exc. Pilad. Orest.*
And tis a fruitfull yeare for villany,
And I a thriving Farmer. In this interim
I haue more plots on foote : King *Menelans*
I haue incenc'd against proud *Diomed*,
Pyrhus against *Orestes*, hee 'gainst him,
Ulysses without parralell for wit
Against them all: so that the first combustion
Shall burne them vp to ashes. Oh *Palamides*,
So deare was both thy loue and memory,
Not *Hellen* by her whoredome caus'd more blood
Streaming from Princes brests, then *Cethus* shall
(Brother) for thine vntimely funerall. *Exit.*

Enter Egistus, Clitemnestra with a strong guard.

Egist. Let none presume to dare into our presence
Or passe our guard, but such well knowne to vs
and to our Queene.

Guard. The charge hath past vs round.

Egist. When finnes of such hye nature 'gainst vs rise,
Tis fit wee should be kept with heedfull eyes.

Cl. Presume it my *Egistus*, we are safe,
The Fort wherein we line impregnable :
Or say we were surpris'd by stratagem,
Or should expose our liues vnto the censure
Of Law and Iustice, euen in these extreames
There were not the least feare of difficulty.

Egist. Your reason Madam.

Cl. Whom doth this concerne
But our owne blood? should *Pyrhus* grow inrag'd,
I haue at hand my neece *Hermione*
To calme his fury : what doth this belong to
Ulysses, or *Atolian Diomed* ?
Are they not strangers? If it come in question
By *Menelans*, is hee not our brother?

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Our sister *Hellen* in his bosome sleepest,
And can with him doe all things, feare not then,
Wee are euery way secure.

Egist. Oh but *Orestes*
His ey's to mee like lightning, and his arme
Vp heau'd thus, shewes like *Iones* thunder-bolt
Aym'd against lust and murder.

Cli. Hee's our sonne,
The filiall duty that's hereditary
Vnto a mothers name preuents these feares :
Electra's young, and childish *Pilades*
Swai'd by his friend : It rests, could we but worke
Hellen and *Menelaus* to our faction,
Egistus should be staid in *Mycene*,
Wee liue his Queene and bride.

Egist. Feare's still suspicious.

Enter one of the guard.

Guard. A Letter sir.

Egi. From whence ?

Guard. Tis superscrib'd from the great *Spartae's* King,
And the Queene *Hellen*.

Egi. Who the messenger ?

Guard. Two Gentlemen who much importune you
For speedy answer.

Egi. Bidde them waite without,
Now fates proue but propitious, then my kingdome
I shall presume establish't.

Cli. There's no feare,
Orestes once remoon'd, and that's my charge
Either by sword or poyson.

Egi. See faire Queene,
Reade what your brother writes, by this we are
Eternis'd in our happinesse, and our lines
Rooted in sweete security.

Cli. Wee not suspect you in our brothers death,
A deede too base for any Noble brest.

The Queene

reades.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Therefore in this necessity of state,
And knowing in this forced vacancy
So great a kingdome cannot want a guide:
The soueraignty we thought good to conferre
On *Clitemnestra*, or what substitute
Shee in her best discretion shall thinke fit,
The vnitied Kings of *Greece* haue thus decreed.

Your brother Menelaus.

Egist. We are happied euer.

Cl. A ioy ratified,
And subiect to no change.

Egist. Call in the messengers,
Orestes and *Electra* once remoo'd,
Wee haue no riuall, no competitor,
Therefore no ieaousie at all.

Cl. None, none.
The gods haue with these Kings of *Greece* agreed
In his supplanting and instating thee,
Thee my most deare *Egistus*.

Orestes and Pyllades disguised are conducted in.

Egist. You the men?

Ore. Those, whom the *Spartan* King made speciall choice of
To trust this great affaire with.

Egist. And y'are welcome,
But are you men of action: such I meane,
As haue beene Souldiers bred, whose eyes inur'd
To slaughter and combustions: at the like
Would not change face, or tremble?

Pil. They that to see
Legges, armes, and heads strowed on *Scamander* Plaine,
Kings by the common souldiers stew'd in goare,
And three parts hid with their imboweld Steedes,
Shadowing their mangled bodies from the Sunne,

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

As if about the earth to bury them :
They that to see an *Asian* Potentate
Kill'd at the holy Altar ; his owne blood
Mixt with his sonnes and daughters, Towers demolisht
Crushing whole thousands, of each sexe and age
Beneath their ruines : and these horrid fights
Lighted by scathe-fires, they that haue beheld
These and more dreadful objects ; can their eyes
Moue at a private slaughter ?

Cl. Y^e are for vs,

Will you for hire, for fauour, or aduancement,
(Now warres are done) to be made great in Court,
And vndertake that one man easily spar'd
Amongst so many millions (now suruiuing)
That such a creature, no way necessary
But a meere burden to the world wee liue in,
Hee might no longer liue ?

Ore. But name the man,

And as I loue *Egistus*, honour you
And al that glory in such noble deeds.
Be what hee will ; hee's lost.

Egist. *Orestes*, then ?

Ore. Is there none then the world so well may spare
As young *Orestes* ? Hee to doe't ?

Egist. Vaine world farewell,

Hee kills

My hopes withall, no building long hath stood
Whose sleight foundation hath bin layd in blood.

*Egistus, first
discouering
himselfe.*

Cl. I'l dye vpon his bosome.

Ore. Secure the Fort my deare friend *Pillades*,

And to your vtmost pacifie the guard :
Tell them we are *Orestes* and their Prince,
And what wee did was to reuenge the death
Of their dead Lord and Soueraigne.

Pil. Sir !le doe't.

Exit.

Cl. Oh mee, that thinking to haue catcht at Heauen,
Am plung'd into an hell of misery.

Egistus dead ? what comfort can I haue,

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

One foote Inthron'd, the tother in the graue:

Ore. Can you finde teares for such an abiect **Groome**,
That had not for an husband one to shed?

Oh monstrous, monstrous woman! is this carrion,
Is this dead Dog, (Dog said I?) nay what's worse,
Worthy the sigh or mourning of a **Queene**,
When a King lies vnpittied?

Cli. Thou a sonne?

Ore. The name I am asham'd of: oh *Agamemnon*,
How sacred is thy name and memory!
Whose acts shall fill all forraigne **Chronicles**
With admiration, and most happy hee
That can with greatest Art but booke thy deeds:
Yet whilst this rottenesse, this gangreen'd flesh
Whose carkas is as odious as his name
Shall stinking lie, able to breede a Pest,
Hee with a Princesses teares to be imbalmd,
And a King lie neglected?

Cli. Bastard.

Ore. If I be,

Damn'd be the whore my Mother, I; I am sure
Nor my dead father had no hand in it.

Cli. Oh that I could but lengthen out my yeares
Onely to spend in curses.

Ore. Vpon whom?

Cli. On whom but thee for my *Egistus* death?

Ore. And I could wish my selfe a *Nestors* age
To curse both him and thee for my dead father.

Cli. Doest thou accuse mee for thy fathers death?

Ore. Indeede'twould ill become me being a sonne,
But were I sure it were so, then I durst;
Nay, more then that, reuenge it.

Cli. Vpon mee?

Ore. Were all the mothers of the earth in one,
All Empresses and Queenes cast in one mould,
And I vnto that one a onely sonne,
My sword should rauish that incestuous breast

The Second Part of the Iron Age:

Of nature, and of state.

Cl. I am as innocent of that blacke deede,
As was this guiltlesse Gentleman here dead.

Orest. Oh all you powers of Heauen I inuocate,
And if you will not heare me, let Hell do't:
Giue me some signe from eyther feinds or angell,
I call you both as testates.

Enter the Ghost of Agamemnon, pointing vnto his wounds: and then to Egistus and the Queene, who were his murderers, which done, hee vanisbeth.

Godlike shape,
Haue you (my father) left the Elizium fieldes,
Where all the ancient Heroes liue in blisse,
To bring your selfe that sacred testimony,
To crowne my approbation: Lady see.

Cl. See what? thy former murder makes thee mad,

Orest. Rest Ghost in peace; I now am satisfied,
And neede no further witness: saw you nothing?

Cl. What should I see saue this sad spectacle,
Which blood-shootes both mine eyes.

Orest. And nothing else?

Cl. Nothing.

Orest. Mine eyes are clearer sighted then, and see
Into thy bosome. Murrese.

Cl. How?

Orest. Incestuous strumpet, whose adulteries,
When Treason could not hide, thou thoughts to couer,
With most inhumane murder.

Cl. Meaning vs?

Orest. Then, monster, thou didst first instruct mine hand,
How to write blood, when being a Wife and Queene,
Thou kildst a King and husband, and hast taught
Mee being a sonne, how to destroy a mother. *He wounds her.*

Cl. Oh most vnnaturall.

Orest. That I learnt of thee.

Cl. Vnheard of cruelty, but heauens are iust.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

And all remarkable finnes punish with marke,
One mischief still another doth beget,
Adultery murder : I am lost, vndone. *Shee dyes.*

Orest. Being no wife, *Orestes* is no sonne.

Enter Cethus and Pillades with the guard.

Pil. The guard all stand for you, acknowledging

Orestes Prince and King.

Orest. I now am neither.

Ceth. What object's this? Queene *Clitemnestra* slaine?

Pil. I hope no sonnes hand in't

Orest. *Orestes* did it,

The other title's lost.

Ceth. All my plots take
Beyond my apprehension!

Pil. This is an age

Of nothing but portents and prodigies.

Orest. The fathers hand as deepe was in her death

As was the sonnes, hee pointed, and I strooke :

Was hee not then as vnkind to a Wife,

As I was to a Mother?

Pil. Oh my friend,

What haue you done?

Orest. There is a *Plasma*, or deepe pit

Iust in the Center fixt for Parricides,

I'll keepe my Court there, and *Erinnis*, free

In stead of *Hebe*, shall attend my Cup,

Charon the Ferri-man of Hell shall bee

My *Ganimed*.

Pil. The Prince is sure distracted.

Ceth. New proiect still for me.

Orest. I'le haue a guard of Furies which shall light mee

Vnto my nuptiall bed with funerall Teades,

The fatall sisters shall my hand-maides bee,

And waite vpon the faire *Hermione*.

Ceth. *Hermione*? shee is betroth'd to *Pyrhus*,

And (mourning for your absence) all the way

Vnto the Temple shee will strowe with teares!

Orest!

The Second Part of the Iron Age

Orest. Ha? *Pyrhus* rape my deare *Hermione*?
He that shall dare to interpose my purpose,
Or crosse mee in mine Hymineall rights,
Ple make him lie as flat on the cold earth
As doth this hound *Egistus*,

Ceth. And I would so.

Orest. Would? nay I will, his father woare a smocke,
And in that shape rap't *Deiadamia*.
Hee shall not vse my Loucso, oh my Mother;
Friend take that object hence.

Ceth. But you *Hermione*,

Orest. My hand's yet deepe in blood, but to the wrist;
It shall be to the elbowe: gods, nor men,
Angels, nor Furies shall my rage withstand,
Not the graue Honour of th' assembled Kings,
Not Reuerence of the Altar, nor the Priest:
No superstition shall my fury slay,
Till *Pyrhus* from the earth be swept away, [Exit]

Ceth. *Pillades* attend your friend.

Pil. Hee's all my charge,
My life and his are twinnes.

Ceth. Their mines are countermin'd, *Cethus*, thy fall
Is either plotted, or to blowe vp all. [Exit]

Enter Synon and Therfites

Syn. My head akes brother.

Ther. What a batchiler,
And troubled with the *Spartan* Kings disease?

Syn. No, there's a wedding breeding in my braine,
Pyrhus the Bride-groome: thou strange creature woman,
To what may I compare thee?

Ther. Canst thou deuise ought bad enough?

Syn. Tis sayd they looke like Angels, and of light:
But for the most part, such light Angels prooue,
Ten hundred thousand of their honesties
Will scarce weigh eleauen *Dragmaes*.

Ther. *Clitewnestra*,

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

And Hellen for example.

Syn. Young *Hermione*
Hath face from both.

Ther. The sharpe shrewes nose, they hate hereditary.

Syn. *Thersites*, I commend that fellowes wit
Proffred a wife young, beautifull and rich,
Onely one fault she had, she wanted braine:
Who answered in a creature of that sexe,
I nere desire more wisdome, then to know
Her husbands bed from anothers.

Ther. I commend him,
But tis not in th' *Atrides* family,
To finde out such a woman.

An Altar set foorth, Enter *Pyrrhus* Leading
Hermione as a bride, *Menelaus*, *Vlisses*, *Diomed.* A
great trayne, *Pyrrhus* and *Hermione* kneele at the altar.

Syn. See now the sacred nuptiall rights proceede,
The Priests prepare the Alter.

Pyr. Hymen to whom my vowes I consecrate
As all my loue. To thee *Hermione*,
Whom in the presence of these *Argiue* Kings,
I heare contract, be thou auspicious to vs:
This flaming substitute to *Saturnes* sonne,
Within whose sacred Temple wee are roofft,
And before all these high Celestiall gods
And goddesses, in whose eyes now we kneele:
Especially you *Iuno* Queene of marriage,
And faire *Lucina*, who haue child-births charge,
Your fauours I inuoke: Let your chaste fires
Drye vp this *Virgins* teares; make her so fruitfull
That in her issue great *Achilles* name
And fame withall, may liue eternally.
Proceede Priest to your other Ceremonies!

Enter *Orestes*, *Cethes*, and *Pilades*, with the
guard, all their weapons drawne, *Orestes* runnes at
Pyrrhus.

The Second Part of the Iron Age:

Orest. Priam before the holy Alter fell,
Before the Alter bid thy life farwell :
Rescue *Hermione*.

Pyr. Achilles sonne
Cannot reuengelesse dye, then witnesse all,
Blood must flow high where such great Princes fall,

Pil. *Orestes* is in danger.

Mene. Saue Prince *Pyrhus*.

Ceth. This plot was layd
Both for your life and Kingdome.

Dio. *Menelaus* : shall neuer beare it so.

Vlys. Fy *Thersites*,
Thy sword against me.

Ther. Curse vpon all whoores.

Cethus
whispers
with *Diomed*.

A confused scuffle, in which Orestes kills Pyrrhus : Pyrrhus, Orestes : Cethus wounds Pillades, Diomed, Menelaus, Vlisses, Thersites, &c. All fall dead saue Vlisses, who beareth thence Hermione : which done, Cethus riseth up from the dead bodies and speakes.

Ceth. What all asleepe? and are these gossiping tongues,
That boasted nought faue Warre and Victory,
Now mute and silent? Oh thou vgly rogue,
Where's now thy rayling? and thou parracide,
Thy madnesse is now tam'd, thou need'st no chaines
To bring thee to thy wits, darknesse hath don't.
This *Diomed*? who dar'd to encounter *Mars*,
And sayd to wound faire *Venus* in the hand :
Where's your valour now? *Agiale*,
Vnlesse (as some say) she be better stor'd,
Is like to lye without a bed-fellow :
Rise *Pillades*, and helpe to awake thy friend,
What doth your friendship sleepe now? *Menelaus*
Hellen's with a new sweete-heart ith'next roome,
Wilt thou be still a Cuckold? winke at errors
As pandors do and wittoles? *Cethus* now

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

Be crown'd in Hystory for a reuenge,
Which in the former World wants president:
Methinks, as when the Giants warr'd 'gainst heauen,
And dar'd for primacy with *Ioue* himselfe:
Hee darting 'gainst their mountaine thunder-bolts,
Which shattred them to peeces: the warre done,
I like the great Olimpicke *Iupiter*,
Walke ore my ruines, tread vpon my spoyles
With maiesty, I pace vpon this floore
Pau'd with the trunckes of Kings and Potentates,
For what lesse could haue sated my reuenge?
This arch-roguer false amongst them? he whose eies
Had the preposterous vertue to fire *Troy*,
Now is thy blacke foule for thy periuries
Swimming in red damnation.

Synon who had before counterfeited death, riseth
up, and answereth.

Syn. Sir, not yet,

All pollicies liue not in *Cethus* brayne,
Synon hath share, and know if thou hast craft,
I haue reseru'd some cunning: see my body
Free and vntoucht from wounds.

Ceth. Speake, shall we then
Diuide these dead betwixt vs, and both liue?

Syn. If two Sunnes cannot shine within one spheare,
Then why should two arch-villaines? thou hast discovered
Projects almost beyond me, and for which
I haue ingroft a mortall enuy here,
I will be sole, or none.

Ceth. Cease then to be,
That I may liue without Competitor.
Cause *Synon*'s name be rac'd out of the World,
And onely mine remembered.

Syn. Thine's but frailty,
My fame shall be immortal; made more glorious
In treading vpon thee, as thou on these;
Stroope thou my Vnderling.

Ceth.

The Second Part of the Iron Age:

Ceth. I still shall stand
Rooted.

*They fight, and
kill one another.*

Syn. And yet cut downe by *Synons* hand.

Ceth. I now am dust like these,

Syn. One single fight
Ends him, who millions ruin'd in one night.

Enter Hellena, Electra, and Hermione.

Her. Can you behold this slaughter?

Hel. Yes, and dye

A sight of it: for why should *Hellen* liue?

Hellen the cause of all these Princes deaths;

Cease to lament, reach me my Glasse *Hermione*,

Sweete Orphant do; thy fathers dead already,

Nor will the fates lend thee a mother long.

Enter Hermione with a looking glasse, then exit.

Thanks, and so leaue me. Was this wrinkled fore-head

When 'twas at best, worth halfe so many liues?

Where is that beauty? liues it in this face

Which hath set two parts of the World at warre,

Beene ruine of the *Asian* Monarchy,

And almost this of *Europe*? this the beauty

That launch'd a thousand ships from *Aulis* gulfe?

In such a poore repurchase, now decayde?

See fayre ones, what a little Time can doe;

Who that considers when a seede is sowne,

How long it is ere it appeare from th'earth,

Then ere it stalke, and after ere it blade,

Next ere it spread in leaues, then bud, then flower:

What care in wating, and in weeding tooke,

Yet crop it to our vse: the beauties done,

And smel: they scarce last betwixt Sunne and Sunne,

Then why should these my blastings still suruiue,

Such royall ruines: or I longer liue,

Then to be termed *Hellen* the beautifull.

I am growne old, and Death is ages due,

When Courtiers sooth, our glasses will tell true.

The Second Part of the Iron Age.

My beauty made me pittied, and still lou'd,
But that decay'd, the worlds assured hate
Is all my dowre, then *Hellen* yeeld to fate;
Here's that, my soule and body must diuide,
The guerdon of Adultery, Lust, and Pride.

Shee Strangles her selfe

Enter Ulysses.

Vlyf. In thee they are painted; of all these Princes,
And infinite numbers that opposed Troy,
And came in *Hellens* quarrell (saue my selfe)
Not one suruiues. (thanks to the immortal powers)
And I am purposde now to acquire by Sea,
My Kingdome and my deare *Penelope*,
And since I am the man soly referu'd,
Accept me for the Authors Epilogne.
If hee haue beene two bloody tis the Story,
Truth claimes excuse, and seekes no farther glory,
Or if you thinke he hath done your patience wrong
(In tedious Sceanes) by keeping you so long,
Much matter in few words, hee bad me say
Are hard to expresse, that lengthned out his Play.

Explicit Actus quintus.

*Here ends the whole History of the
destruction of Troy.*

FINIS.

















