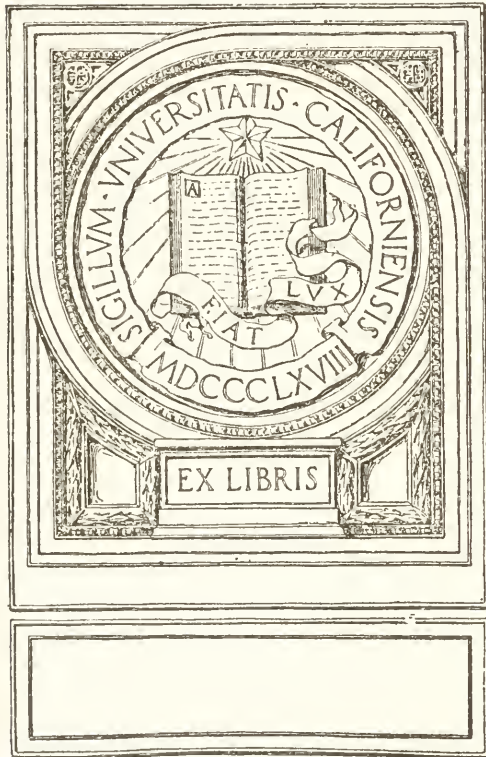


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THE LOVE OF KING DAVID
AND FAIR BETHSABE
BY GEORGE PEELE
1599



THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1912

This reprint of Peele's *David and Bethsabe* has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor.

Feb. 1913.

W. W. Greg.

PR
2734
L62
1913

The Register of the Stationers' Company contains the following entry :

xiii^{to} die Maij ./. [1594]

Entred for his Copie vnder thandes of bothe the wardens a booke called the booke of David and Bethsaba vj^a C. / ~~Adam Islip ./~~ Edward White ./.

[Arber's Transcript, II. 649.]

Islip's name has here been cancelled in favour of White's, nevertheless it was presumably in pursuance of this entry that in 1599 appeared the edition of Peele's *Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe* bearing on the title-page the name of Adam Islip as printer, but without indication of publisher. It is the only known edition of the play : the British Museum has two copies, the Dyce and Bodleian collections contain one each, while another is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. All these copies are perfect, but in each signatures A and I are represented by single leaves. The two copies at the British Museum and that at the Bodleian have been used in the preparation of the present reprint, while the Dyce and Devonshire copies have likewise been consulted on certain points : no variants of importance have been observed. The original is a quarto printed in roman type approximating in size to modern pica (20 ll. = 85 mm.).

Among the accounts of the Earl of Worcester's company preserved in Henslowe's Diary occurs the following entry, between others dated 3 and 11 October 1602 (fol. 116^v): 'pd for poleyes & worckmanshipp for to hange absolome . . . xiiij^d'. Whether this has any connexion with Peele's play is a question

1913

upon which, in the absence of any evidence as to the ownership of the latter, speculation would be unprofitable.

In the present reprint the play has been divided by marginal numbers into scenes, but no attempt has been made to group these into acts. The reason for this is that, whereas the play as it stands is divided by the Chorus into three rather unequal divisions, the fact that the last of these is preceded by '5. Chorus' (l. 1646) suggests that this arrangement is not original, even though l. 1654 as it now stands does speak of 'a third discourse'. That the play has come down to us in a mutilated shape is further witnessed by the curious fragment preserved, evidently out of place, at the foot of G 4^v (ll. 1659-62), as also by the unfulfilled promise of David's death in l. 1655. It is not necessary here to discuss the possible explanations of these peculiarities, which must be considered in connexion with certain variations in the forms of proper names elsewhere recorded. Some suggestions will be found in the notes to J. M. Manly's edition in his *Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearean Drama*.

Three passages from *David and Bethsabe* appear in *England's Parnassus*, 1600. They have been printed in the Society's Collections (i. 102) and correspond to ll. 81-5, 576-86, and 1808-10 of the play. The only variants are: l. 83 *fire-perfumed* for *fine perfumed*, l. 85 *Zephyrus* for *Zephires*, and l. 579 *delightfull parts* for *delightsome parkes*.

LIST OF DOUBTFUL READINGS, &C.

N.B.—The following is primarily a list of those passages in which the reading of the original is open to question, and of those in which different copies of the original have been found to vary. It also includes a number of readings which are evident typographical blunders of the original, this being necessary as a defence of the accuracy of the reprint. It makes, however, no pretence of supplying a complete list of errors and corruptions, still less of offering any criticism or emendation. For the sake of greater clearness the readings are quoted in a slightly different manner from that adopted in the earlier Malone reprints. The mere repetition of a reading out of the text is equivalent to ‘sic’.

<p>T.P. Abfalon.] Abf alon, <i>B.M.</i> <i>second copy only</i></p> <p>16 bis</p> <p>52 leaues,</p> <p>117 lord,</p> <p>121 tripping] <i>possibly rripping</i></p> <p>218 blaſphemies,</p> <p>233 doe,</p> <p>234 <i>Vrias,</i></p> <p>249 Earewell</p> <p>280 come to] <i>possibly cometo</i></p> <p>282 thy maladie :] <i>possibly</i> thymaladie :</p> <p>294 sweet fiſter,] <i>possibly</i> sweetfiſter,</p> <p>300 knot s of</p> <p>318 Eearth</p> <p>349 makee</p> <p>350 thou] <i>possibly thon</i></p> <p>388 <i>not indented</i></p> <p>443 Dauids</p> <p>459 Aud (<i>really a turned n</i>)</p> <p>523 dead</p> <p>530 to the] <i>possibly tothe</i></p> <p>548 <i>ſpeaker's name repeated</i></p> <p>646 liue</p> <p>664 aud</p>	<p>714 firſt,</p> <p>775 wonr</p> <p>793 Kings</p> <p>802 <i>Abyſſus,</i></p> <p>826 Philiftime</p> <p>834 vncircumſed</p> <p>896 deeret</p> <p>926 greenous</p> <p>1156 there,</p> <p>1157 <i>ſpeaker's name omitted</i></p> <p>1193 <i>Achip.</i></p> <p>1213 infaire</p> <p>1231 of Iſrael</p> <p>1251 fire,</p> <p>1290 nnbers</p> <p>1416 <i>Abimaaas</i></p> <p>1496 monrning</p> <p>1620 <i>ſpeaker's name omitted</i></p> <p>1637 Ephrami</p> <p>1650 Bur</p> <p>1662 <i>evident lacuna: the frag-</i> <i>ment is of course mis-</i> <i>placed</i></p> <p>1662 c.w. Then</p> <p>1795 firſt] <i>firſt Bodl. only</i></p> <p>B 4^v R.T. <i>Berſabe.</i></p> <p>D 1^v R.T. <i>Bet bſabe.</i></p>
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It will be observed that in sheets B-G the outer formes have *Bersabe* in the running-title, the inner formes *Bethsabe*. In sheet H the outer has *Bethsabe*, the inner *Bersabe*, while the solitary leaf of sheet I has *Bersabe* on both sides. It is clear that the two formes were originally set up by different compositors and that the running-titles remained when fresh sheets were set up. In sheet H the two formes were transposed, while for the solitary leaf of I, which would probably be printed at a smaller press, the running-titles were lifted out of the same original forme.

The locking of the title-page was not perfect, and the type had slipped when one of the copies now at the British Museum was printed. On H 2 verso the Bodleian copy appears to have a misprint not found in the others.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

<p>BETHSABE, wife of Urias. DAVID, king of Israel. CUSAY, a follower of David. JOAB, } captains of David's ABISAY, } army. URIAS, a soldier in David's army. HANON, king of Ammon. MACHAAS, king of Gath. AMMON, son of David. JONADAB, a follower of Ammon. JETHRAY, servant of Ammon. THAMAR, daughter of David. ABSOLON, son of David. NATHAN, a prophet. a Slave of David's. ADONIA, son of David.</p>	<p>a Widow from Thecoa. SADOC, the high priest. AHIMAAS, his son. JONATHAN, son of Abiathar. ITHAY, a follower of David. two Concubines of David's. ACHITOPHEL, a follower of Absolon. AMASA, captain of Absolon's army. ABIATHAR, a priest. SEMEI, accuser of David. a Soldier in David's army. SALOMON } sons of David. CHILEAB } a Messenger.</p>
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Bethsabe's maid, soldiers in the armies of David, Hanon, Machaas, and Absolon, attendants on David and Absolon, Ammon's page, Shepherds.

The prologue and choruses were no doubt spoken by the same character. David's slave speaks the lines given to *Seruus* on D 3, one of his soldiers those lacking speaker's name on G 4. Many of the proper names vary considerably in form. Bethsabe and Bersabe both occur in the running-titles, Bethsabe is the form on the title-page, Bersabe in the head-title. In the text Bersabe first occurs in l. 605, and, except in l. 623, this is the form found down to l. 744. The name next occurs in l. 1720 as Bethsabe, which is the form used throughout the rest of the play with the single exception of l. 1736. We find in the same way Rabath and Hanon in scene ii, Rabba and Hannon in scene ix, while Absolon alternates with Absalon and Abisay with Abyshai.

THE
LOVE OF KING
DAVID AND FAIR
BETHSABE.

With the Tragedie of Absalon.

As it hath ben diuers times plaied on the stage.

Written by George Peele.




LONDON;
Printed by Adam Iſtip.
1599.



The loue of *Dauid* and faire *Bersabe*,
with the Tragedie of *Absolon*.

Prologus.

 **F** Israels sweetest singer now I sing,
His holy stile and happie victories,
Whose Muse was dipt in that inspiring dew,
Arch-angels stilled from the breath of Ioue,
Decking her temples with the glorious flowers,
Heauens raine on tops of Syon and Mount Synai,
Vpon the bosome of his yuorie Lute,
The Cherubins and Angels laid their brests,
And when his consecrated fingers strooke
The golden wiers of his rauishing harpe,
He gaue alarum to the host of heauen,
That wing'd with lightning, brake the clouds and cast
Their chnstill armor, at his conquering feet.
Of this sweet Poet Ioues Musition,
And of bis beauteous sonne I prease to sing.
Then helpe deuine Adonay to conduct,
Vpon the wings of my well tempered veise,
The hearers minds about the towers of Heauen,
And guide them so in this thrice haughty flight,
Their mounting feathers scorch not with the fire,
That none can temper but thy holy hand:
To thee for succour flies my feeble muse,
And at thy feet her yron Pen doth vse.

B

He

David and Bethsabe.

*He drawes a curtaine, and discovers Bethsabe with her maide
bathing cuer a spring: she sings, and David
sits above viewing her.*

Song.



Of sunne, coole fire, temperd with sweet aire,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white haire
Shine sun, burne fire, breath aire, and ease mee,
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me
Shadow (my sweet nurse) keep me from burning
Make not my glad cause, cause of mourning.
Let not my beauties fire,
Enflame vnstaied desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye,
That wandreth lightly.

Bethsabe. Come gentle Zephire trickt with those perfumes
That rist in Eden sweetned Adams loue,
And strike my bosome with the silken fan:
This shade (sun prooffe) is yet no prooffe for thee,
Thy body smoother then this wauelesse spring,
And purer then the substance of the same,
Can creepe through that his launces cannot pierce,
Thou and thy sister soft and facted aire,
Goddesse of life, and gouernesse of health,
Keepes every fountaine fresh and arbor sweet,
No brasen gate, her passage can repulse,
Nor bushly thicket, bar thy subtile breath,
Then decke thee with thy loose delightfome robes,
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
To play the wantons with vs through the leaues,
Da. What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce
My soule, incensed with a suddain fire,
What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise
Enioyes the beautie of so faire a dame?
Faize Eua plac'd in perfect happinesse,

Len-

THE
LOVE OF KING
DAVID AND FAIR
BETHSABE.

With the Tragedie of Abfalon.

As it hath bene diuers times plaied on the stage.

Written by George Peele.



LONDON,
Printed by Adam Iflip.


1599.



The loue of *Dauid* and faire *Bersabe*,
with the Tragedie of *Abfolon*.

Prologus.

Prologus.

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His holy stile and happie victories,
Whose Muse was dipt in that inspiring dew,
Arch-angels stilled from the breath of Ioue,
Decking her temples with the glorious flowers,
Heauens raind on tops of Syon and Mount Synai,
Vpon the bosome of his yuorie Lute,
The Cherubins and Angels laid their breasts,
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Of this sweet Poet Ioues Musition,
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Vpon the wings of my well tempered verse,
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And guide them so in this thrice haughty flight,
Their mounting feathers scorch not with the fire,
That none can temper but thy holy hand:
To thee for succour flies my feeble muse,
And at thy feet her yron Pen doth vse.

10

20

B

He

Dauid and Bethsabe.

*He drawes a curtaine, and discouers Bethsabe with her maid Sc. i
batling ouer a spring: she sings, and Dauid
sits aboute viewing her.*

Song.



Ot funne, coole fire, temperd with sweet aire,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white haire
Shine sun, burne fire, breath aire, and ease mee, 30
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me
Shadow (my sweet nurse) keep me from burning
Make not my glad cause, cause of mourning.
Let not my beauties fire,
Enflame vnstaied desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye,
That wandreth lightly.

Bethsabe. Come gentle Zephire trickt with those perfumes
That erst in Eden sweetned Adams loue,
And stroke my bosome with the silken fan: 40
This shade (sun prooffe) is yet no prooffe for thee,
Thy body smoothen then this wauelleffe spring,
And purer then the substance of the fame,
Can creepe through that his launces cannot pierse,
Thou and thy sister soft and sacred aire,
Goddesse of life, and gouernesse of health,
Keepes euery fountaine fresh and arbor sweet,
No brasen gate, her passage can repulse,
Nor bushly thicket, bar thy subtle breath,
Then decke thee with thy loose delightfome robes, 50
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
To play the wantons with vs through the leaues,

Da. What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce
My soule, incensed with a suddain fire,
What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise
Enioyes the beautie of so faire a dame?
Fairst Eua plac'd in perfect happinesse,

Len-

David and Bethsabe.

Lending her praise-notes to the liberall heauens,
Strooke with the accents of Arch-angels tunes,
Wrought not more pleasure to her husbands thoughts, 60
Then this faire womans words and notes to mine.

May that sweet plaine that beares her pleafant weight,
Be still enameld with discoloured flowers,
That precious fount, beare sand of purest gold,
And for the Peble, let the siluer streames
That pierce earths bowels to mainteine the force,
Play vpon Rubies, Saphires, Chrisolites,
The brims let be imbrac'd with golden curls
Of mosse that sleepes with sound the waters make,
For ioy to feed the fount with their recourse, 70
Let all the grassè that beautifies her bower,
Beare Manna euery morne in steed of dew,
Or let the dew be sweeter far then that
That hangs like chaines of pearle on Hermon hill,
Or balme which trickled from old Arons beard.

Cusay, come vp and ferue thy lord the King. *Enter Cusay.*

Cus. What seruice doth my lord the King command?

David. See Cusay see, the flower of Israel,
The fairest daughter that obeies the King,
In all the land the lord subdued to me. 80
Fairer then Ifacs louer at the well,
Brighter then inside barke of new hewen Cædar,
Sweeter then flames of fine perfumed myrrhe.
And comelier then the siluer clouds that dance
On Zephires wings before the king of heauen.

Cus. Is it not Bethsabe the Hethites wife
Vrias, now at Rabath siegè with Ioab?

Dau. Goe know, and bring her quickly to the King,
Tell her, her graces hath found grace with him.

Cusay. I will my lord. *Exit Cusay to Bethsabe.* 90

David. Bright Bethsabe shall wash in Dauids bower,
In water mix'd with purest Almond flower,
And bath her beautie in the milke of kids,

Dauid and Bersabe.

Bright Bethsabe giues earth to my desires,
Verdure to earth, and to that verdure flowers,
To flowers, sweet Odors, and to Odors wings,
That carrie pleasures to the hearts of Kings.

Cusay to Bethsabe, she starting as something afright.

Cusay. Faire Bethsabe, the King of Israell
From forth his Princely tower hath seen thee bath, 100
And thy sweet graces haue found grace with him,
Come then and kneele vnto him where he stands,
The King is gracious, and hath liberall hands.

Beth. Ah what is Bethsabe to please the King,
Or what is Dauid, that he should desire
For fickle beuties sake his seruants wife?

Cusay. Dauid (thou knowest faire dame) is wife and iust,
Elected to the heart of Israels God,
Then doe not thou expostulate with him
For any action that contents his soule. 110

Beth. My lord the King, elect to Gods owne heart,
Should not his gracious ielousie incense,
Whose thoughts are chaste, I hate incontinence.

Cusay. Woman thou wrongst the King, & doubtst his ho-
Whose truth mainteines the crowne of Israel, (nour,
Making him stay, that bad me bring thee strait.

Beth. The Kings poore handmaid will obey my lord,

Cus. Then come and doe thy dutie to his grace,
And doe what seemeth fauour in his sight.

Exeunt.

Dauid. Now comes my loue tripping like the Roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her haire,
To ioy her loue Ile build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streames,
That for their homage to her souereine ioies,
Shall as the serpents fold into their nests,
In oblique turnings wind the nimble waues,
About the circles of her curious walkes, 120

And

Dauid and Berfabe.

And with their murmure fummon eafefull sleepe,
To lay his golden fcepter on her browes, 130
Open the dores, and enterteine my loue,
Open I fay, and as you open fing,
Welcome faire Bethfabe King Dauids darling.

Enter Cufay with Bethfabe.

Dauid. Welcome faire Bethfabe King Dauids darling,
Thy bones faire couering, erft difcovered faire,
And all mine eyes with all thy beauties pierft,
As heauens bright eye burnes moft when moft he climes
The crooked Zodiake with his fierie fphere,
And fhineth furtheft from this earthly globe: 140
So fince thy beautie fcorcht my conquerd foule,
I cald thee neerer for my neerer cure.

Bethfa. Too neere my lord was your vnarmed heart,
When furtheft off my hapleffe beautie pierc'd,
And would this dreerie day had turnd to night,
Or that fome pitchie cloud had klok'd the Sun,
Before their lights had cauf'd my lord to fee
His name difparag'd, and my chaftitie.

Dauid. My loue, if want of loue haue left thy foule,
A fharper fence of Honor then thy King, 150
(For loue leads Princes fometimes from their feats,)
As erft my heart was hurt, difpleafing thee,
So come and taft thy eafe, with eafing me.

Beth. One medicine cannot heale our different harmes,
But rather make both ranckle at the bone,
Then let the King be cunning in his cure,
Leaft flattering both, both perifh in his hand.

Dauid. Leaue it to me my deereft Bethfabe,
Whofe skill is inconuerfant deeper cures,
And Cufay haft thou to my feruant loab, 160
Commanding him to fend Vrias home
With all the fpeed can poffibly be vfed.

Cufay. Cufay will flie about the Kings defire.

Exeunt.

B iij

Enter

Dauid and Bethsabe.

Enter Ioab, Abifay, Vrias, and others, with drum and enſigne. Sc. ii

Ioab. Courage ye mightie men of Iſrael,
And charge your fatall instruments of war
Vpon the boſomes of prowde Ammons ſonnes,
That haue diſguiſd your Kings Embaſſadors,
Cut halfe their beards, and halfe their garments off,
In ſpight of Iſrael, and his daughters ſonnes, 170
Ye fight the holy battels of Iehoua,
King Dauids God, and ours and Iacobs God
That guides your weapons to their conquering ſtrokes,
Orders your footſteps, and directs your thoughts
To ſtratagems that harbor victorie:

He caſts his ſacred eieſight from on high,
And ſees your foes run ſeeking for their deaths,
Laughing their labours and their hopes to ſcorne,
While twixt your bodies, and their blunted ſwords,
He puts on armor of his honors prooſe, 180
And makes their weapons wound the ſenceleſſe winds.

Abif. Before this citie Rabath we will lie,
And ſhoot forth ſhafts as thicke and dangerous
As was the haile that Moifes mixt with fire,
And threw with furie round about the fields
Deuouring Pharoes friends, and Egypts fruits.

Vrias. Firſt mighty captaines, Ioab and Abifay,
Let vs aſſault and ſcale this kingly Tower,
Where all their conduits and their fountaines are,
Then we may eaſily take the citie too. 190

Ioab. Well hath Vrias counſeld our attempts,
And as he ſpake vs, ſo aſſault the Tower,
Let Hanon now the king of Ammons ſonne,
Repuſe our conquering paſſage if he dare.

Hanon with King Machaas and others, vpon the wals.

Hanon. What would the ſhepheards dogs of Iſrael
Snatch from the mighty iſſue of King Ammon,
The valiant Amonites, and haughty Syrians?

David and Bethsabe.

Tis not your late successeiue victories,
Can make vs yeeld, or quaille our courages, 200
But if ye dare affay to scale this Tower,
Our angrie swords shall fmitte ye to the ground,
And venge our losses on your hatefull liues.

Ioab. Hanon, thy father Nahas gaue releefe
To holy Dauid in his haplesse exile,
Liued his fixed date, and died in peace:
But thou in steed of reaping his reward,
Hast trod it vnder foot, and scornd our King,
Therefore thy daies shall end with violence,
And to our swords thy vitall bloud shall cleaue. 210

Mach. Hence thou that beart poor Israels shepherds hook,
The proud lieutenant of that base borne King,
And kep within the compasse of his fold,
For if ye seeke to feed on Ammons fruits,
And stray into the Syrians fruitfull Medes,
The maistiues of our land, shall werry ye,
And pull the weefels from your greedy throtes.

Abis. Who can indure these Pagans blasphemies,

Vrias. My foule repines at this disparagement.

Ioab. Assault ye valiant men of Dauids host, 220
And beat these railing dastards from their dores.

Assault, and they win the Tower, and Ioab speakes aboue.
Thus haue we won the Tower, which we will keepe,
Maugre the fonnes of Ammon, and of Syria.

Enter Cusay beneath.

Cus. Where is lord Ioab leader of the host?

Ioab. Here is lord Ioab, leader of the host.

Cusay come vp, for we haue won the hold. *He comes.*

Cusay. In happie hower then is Cusay come.

Ioab. What news then brings lord Cusay from the king. 230

Cusay. His maiestie commands thee out of hand
To send him home Vrias from the wars,
For matter of some seruice he should doe,

Vrias,

Dauid and Bersahe.

Vrias, Tis for no choler hath surpris'd the King,
(I hope lord Cufay) gainst his seruants truth.

Cufay. No rather to prefer Vrias truth.

Ioab. Here take him with thee then, and goe in peace,
And tell my lord the King that I haue fought
Against the citie Rabath with successe,
And skaled where the royall pallace is, 240
The conduit heads and all their sweetest springs,
Then let him come in person to these wals,
With all the souldiers he can bring besides,
And take the city as his owne exploit,
Least I surprise it, and the people giue
The glory of the conquest to my name.

Cuf. We will Lord Ioab, and great Israels God
Blesse in thy hands the battels of our King.

Ioab. Earewell Vrias, hast away the King.

Vrias. As sure as Ioab breaths a victor here,
Vrias will hast him, and his owne returne. *Exeunt.* 250

Abisa. Let vs descend, and ope the pallace gate,
Taking our souldiors in to keepe the hold.

Ioab. Let vs Abifay, and ye sonnes of Iuda,
Be valiant, and mainteine your victory. *Exeunt.*

Ammon, Ionadab, Iethray, and Ammons page.

Sc. iii

Ionad. What meanes my lord, the Kings beloued son,
That weares vpon his right triumphant arme,
The power of Israel for a royall fauor,
That holds vpon the Tables of his hands, 260
Banquets of honor, and all thoughts content
To suffer pale and grifely abstinence
To sit and feed vpon his fainting cheekes,
And sucke away the bloud that cheeres his lookes.

Ammo. Ah Ionadab it is my sisters lookes,
On whose sweet beutie I bestow my bloud,
That makes me looke so amorously leane,
Her beutie hauing seafd vpon my heart,

So

David and Bersabe.

So merrily consecrate to her content,
Sets now such guard about his vitall blood, 270
And views the passage with such piercing eyes,
That none can scape to cheare my pining cheekes,
But all is thought too little for her loue.

Iona. Then from her heart thy lookes shall be releued,
And thou shalt ioy her as thy foule desires.

Ammon. How can it be my sweet friend Ionadab,
Since Thamar is a virgine and my sifter?

Iona. Thus it shall be, lie downe vpon thy bed,
Faining thee feuer sicke, and ill at ease,
And when the king shall come to visit thee, 280
Desire thy sifter Thamar may be sent
To dresse some deinties for thy maladie:
Then when thou hast her solely with thy selfe,
Enforce some fauour to thy manly loue:
See where she comes, intreat her in with thee.

Enter Thamar.

Thamar. What aileth Ammon with such sickly lookes,
To daunt the fauour of his louely face?

Am. Sweet Thamar sick, & with some wholesome cates
Drest with the cunning of thy daintie hands. 290

Tham. That hath the King commanded at my hands
Then come and rest thee, while I make thee readie
Some dainties, easefull to thy crased foule.

Am. I goe sweet sifter, eased with thy sight.

Exeunt. Restet Ionadab.

Ion. Why should a Prince, whose power may command,
Obey the rebell passions of his loue,
When they contend but gainst his conscience,
And may be governd or suppressed by will.
Now Ammon lose those louing knot s of blood, 300
That sotte the courage from thy kingly heart,
And giue it passage to thy withered cheekes:
Now Thamar ripened are the holy fruits

Dauid and Bethsabe.

That grew on plants of thy virginitie,
And rotten is thy name in Ifrael,
Poore Thamar, little did thy louely hands
Foretell an action of fuch violence,
As to contend with Ammons lusty armes,
Sinnewd with vigor of his kindleffe loue,
Faire Thamar now dishonour hunts thy foot, 310
And followes thee through euery couert shade,
Discouering thy shame and nakednesse
Euen from the valeyes of Iehosophat,
Vp to the loftie mounts of Libanon,
Where Cædars stird with anger of the winds,
Sounding in stormes the tale of thy disgrace,
Tremble with furie, and with murmure shake
Eearth with their feet, and with their heads the heauens,
Beating the clouds into their fwiftest racke,
'To beare this wonder round about the world. *Exit.* 320

Ammon thrusting out Thamar.

Sc. iij

Am. Hence from my bed, whose sight offends my soule
As doth the parbreake of disgorged beares.

Thama. Vnkind, vnprincely, and vnmanly Ammon,
To force, and then refuse thy sisters loue:
Adding vnto the fright of thy offence,
The banefull torment of my publisht shame,
O doe not this dishonor to thy loue,
Nor clog thy soule with such increasing sinne,
This second euill far exceeds the first. 330

Am. Iethray come thrust this woman from my sight,
And bolt the dore vpon hir if she striue.

Iethray. Go madame goe, away, you must be gone,
My lord hath done with you, I pray depart. *He shuts her out.*

Tham. Whether alasse, ah whether shall I flie
With folded armes, and all amafed soule,
Cast as was Eua from that glorious foile
(Where al delights sat bating wingd with thoughts,

Ready

Dauid and Bethsabe.

Ready to nestle in her naked breasts)
To bare and barraine vales with floods made wast, 340
To desart woods, and hills with lightening scorcht,
With death, with shame, with hell, with horrour sit,
There will I wander from my fathers face,
There Absolon, my brother Absolon,
Sweet Absolon shall heare his sifter mourne,
There will I liue with my windie sighs,
Night Rauens and Owles to rend my bloudie side,
Which with a rustie weapon I will wound,
And makee them passage to my panting heart:
Why talkst thou wretch, and leaust the deed vndone. 350

Enter Absolon.

Rend haire and garments as thy heart is rent,
With inward furie of a thousand greefes,
And scatter them by these vnhalloved dores,
To figure Ammons resting crueltie,
And Tragicke spoile of Thamars chastitie.
Abf. What causeth Thamar to exclaime so much?
Tham. The cause that Thamar shameth to disclose.
Abfa. Say, I thy brother will reuenge that cause.
Tham. Ammon our fathers son hath forced me, 360
And thrusts me from him as the scorne of Israel.
Abf. Hath Ammon forced thee? by Dauids hand,
And by the couenant God hath made with him,
Ammon shall beare his violence to hell,
Traitor to Heauen, traitor to Dauids throne,
Traitor to Absolon and Israel.
This fact hath Iacobs ruler seene from heauen,
And through a cloud of smoake, and tower of fire
(As he rides vaunting him vpon the greens)
Shall teare his chariot wheelles with violent winds, 370
And throw his body in the bloody sea,
At him the thunder shall discharge his bolt,
And his faire spoufe, with bright and fierie wings

Dauid and Bersabe.

Sit euer burning on his hatefull bones,
My selfe as swift as thunder, or his spoufe,
Will hunt occasion with a secreet hate,
To worke false Ammon an vngracious end:
Goe in my sifter, rest thee in my house,
And God in time shall take this shame from thee.

Tham. Nor God nor Time will doe that good for me. 380

Exit Tham. restat Absolon.

Enter Dauid with his traine.

Dauid. My Absolon, what makst thou here alone,
And beares such discontentment in thy browes?

Abs. Great cause hath Absolon to be displeas'd,
And in his heart to shrowd the wounds of wrath.

Dauid. Gainst whom should Absolon be thus displeas'd?

Abs. Gainst wicked Ammon thy vngracious sonne,
My brother and faire Thamars by the King,
My stepbrother, by mother, and by kind, 390
He hath dishonour'd Dauids holinesse,
And fixt a blot of lightnesse on his throne,
Forcing my sifter Thamar when he faind
A sickenesse, sprung from root of heinous lust.

Dauid. Hath Ammon brought this euill on my house,
And suffered sinne to smite his fathers bones,
Smite Dauid deadlier then the voice of heauen,
And let hates fire be kindled in thy heart,
Frame in the arches of thy angric browes,
Making thy forehead like a comet shine, 400
To force false Ammon tremble at thy lookes,
Sin with his seuenfold crowne and purple robe,
Begins his triumphs in my guiltie throne,
There sits he watching with his hundred eyes,
Our idle minuts, and our wanton thoughts,
And with his baits made of our fraile desires,
Giues vs the hooke that haies our soules to hell:
But with the spirit of my kingdomes God,

Dauid and Berfabe.

He thruſt the flattering Tyran from his throne,
And ſcourge his bondſlaues from my hallowed court 410
With rods of yron, and thornes of ſharpened ſteele :
Then Abſolon reuenge not thou this ſin,
Leaue it to me, and I will chaſten him.

Abſ. I am content, then graunt my lord the king
Himſelfe with all his other lords would come
Vp to my ſheepe feaſt on the plaine of Hazor.

Da. Nay my faire ſonne, my ſelfe with all my lords
Will bring thee too much charge, yet ſome ſhall goe.

Abſ. But let my lord the king himſelfe take paines,
The time of yeare is pleaſant for your grace, 420
And gladſome Summer in her ſhadie robes,
Crowned with Roſes and with planted flowers,
With all her nimphs ſhall enterteine my lord,
That from the thicket of my verdant groues,
Will ſprinckle hony dewes about his breſt,
And caſt ſweet balme vpon his kingly head,
Then grant thy ſeruants boone, and goe my lord.

Dau. Let it content my ſweet ſonne Abſolon,
That I may ſtay and take my other lords.

Abſ. But ſhall thy beſt beloued Ammon goe? 430

Dau. What needeth it that Ammon goe with thee.

Abſ. Yet doe thy ſonne and ſeruant ſo much grace.

Dau. Ammon ſhall goe, and all my other lords,
Becauſe I will giue grace to Abſolon.

Enter Cuſay, and Vrias, with others.

Cuſay. Pleaſeth my lord the king, his ſeruant Ioab
Hath ſent Vrias from the Syrian wars.

Dau. Welcome Vrias from the Syrian wars,
Welcome to Dauid as his deereſt lord.

Vrias. Thankes be to Iſraels God, and Dauids grace, 440
Vrias finds ſuch greeting with the king.

Dau. No other greeting ſhall Vrias find,
As long as Dauids ſwaies the elected ſeat,

David and Bethsabe.

And consecrated throne of Israel.
Tell me Vrias of my seruant Ioab,
Fights he with truth the battels of our God,
And for the honor of the Lords annointed?

Vrias. Thy seruant Ioab fights the chofen wars
With truth, with honour, and with high successe,
And gainst the wicked King of Ammons sonnes, 450
Hath by the finger of our fouereines God,
Besieg'd the citie Rabath, and atchieu'd
The court of waters, where the conduits run,
And all the Ammonites delightfome springs:
Therefore he wisbeth Dauids mightinesse
Should number out the host of Israel,
And come in person to the citie Rabath,
That so her conquest may be made the kings,
Aud Ioab fight as his inferior.

David. This hath not God, and Ioabs prowesse done, 460
Without Vrias valours, I am sure,
Who since his true conuerfion from a Hethite,
To an adopted sonne of Israel,
Hath fought like one whose armes were lift by heauen,
And whose bright sword was edgd with Israels wrath:
Goe therefore home Vrias, take thy rest,
Vifit thy wife and household with the ioies
A victor and a fauorite of the Kings
Should exercife with honor after armes.

Vrias. Thy seruants bones are yet not halfe so cras'de, 470
Nor constitute on such a sickly mould,
That for so little seruice he should faint,
And seeke (as cowards) refuge of his home:
Nor are his thoughts so sensually stird,
To stay the armes with which the lord would smite
And fill their circle with his conquered foes,
For wanton bosome of a flattering wife.

Da. Vrias hath a beauteous sober wife,
Yet yong, and framd of tempting flesh and bloud,

Then

Dauid and Bethfabe.

Then when the King hath fummond thee from armes, 480
If thou vnkindly shouldst refraine her bed,
Sinne might be laid vpon Vrias foule,
If Bethfabe by frailtie hurt her fame:
Then goe Vrias, solace in her loue,
Whom God hath knit to thee, tremble to lose.

Vrias. The King is much too tender of my ease,
The arke, and Israel, and Iuda dwell
In pallaces, and rich pauillions,
But Ioab and his brother in the fields, 490
Suffering the wrath of Winter and the Sun:
And shall Vrias (of more shame then they)
Banquet and loiter, in the worke of heauen?
As sure as thy foule doth liue my lord,
Mine eares shall neuer leane to such delight,
When holy labour cals me forth to fight.

Dauid. Then be it with Vrias manly heart,
As best his fame may shine in Israel.

Vrias. Thus shall Vrias heart be best content,
Till thou dismissè me backe to Ioabs bands,
This ground before the king my masters dores, *He lies downe.* 500
Shall be my couch, and this vnwearied arme,
The proper pillow of a fouldiours head,
For neuer will I lodge within my house,
Till Ioab triumph in my secreet vowes.

Dauid. Then fetch some flagons of our purest Wine,
That we may welcome home our hardie friend,
With full carouses to his fortunes past,
And to the honours of his future armes,
Then will I send him backe to Rabath siege,
And follow with the strength of Israel. 510

Enter one with the flagons of Wine.

Arise Vrias, come and pledge the King. *He riseth.*

Vrias. If Dauid thinke me worthy such a grace,

David and Bersabe.

I will be bold, and pledge my lord the king.

Dau. Abfolon and Cufay both shall drinke
To good Vrias, and his happineffe.

Abf. We will my lord to please Vrias soule.

Dau. I will begin Vrias to thy selfe,
And all the treasure of the Ammonites,
Which here I promise to impart to thee,
And bind that promise with a full carous.

520

Vrias. What seemeth pleasant in my fouereines eyes,
That shall Vrias doe till he be dead

Dau. Fill him the cup, follow ye lords that loue
Your fouereines health, and doe as he hath done.

Abf. Ill may he thrive or live in Israel,
That loves not David, or denies his charge. (uing friend.
Vrias, Here is to Abifais health, lord Iobabs brother, & thy lo-

Vrias. I pledge lord Abfolon and Abifais health. *He drinks.*

Cuf. Here now Vrias, to the health of Iobab,
And to the pleasant iourney we shall have,
When we returne to mightie Rabath siege.

530

Vrias. Cufay I pledge thee all, with all my heart,
Giue me some drinke ye seruants of the king,
Giue me my drinke. *He drinks.*

Da. Well done my good Vrias, drinke thy fill,
That in thy fulnesse David may reioice.

Vrias. I will my lord.

Abf. Now lord Vrias, one carouse to me.

Vrias. No sir, Ile drinke to the King,
Your father is a better man then you.

540

Dau. Doe so Vrias, I will pledge thee straight.

Vrias. I will indeed my lord and fouereine,
I once in my daies be so bold.

David. Fill him his glasse.

Vrias. Fill me my glasse. *He giues him the glasse.*

Dau. Quickly I say. *Vrias.* Quickly I say.

Vrias. Here my lord, by your fauour now I drinke to you.

Dau. I pledge thee good Vrias presently. *He drinks.*

Abf.

Dauid and Bersabe.

Abf. Here then *Vrias*, once againe for me, 550
And to the health of *Dauids* children.

Vrias. *Dauids* children ?

Abf. I *Dauids* children, wilt thou pledge me man ?

Vrias. Pledge me man.

Abf. Pledge me I say, or else thou louest vs not.

Vrias. What doe you talke, doe you talke ?

Ile no more, Ile lie downe here.

Dauid. Rather *Vrias* goe thou home and sleepe.

Vrias. O ho fir, would you make me break my sentence.
He lies downe. 560

Home fir, no indeed fir ? Ile sleepe vpon mine arme,
Like a souldiour, sleepe like a man as long as I liue in *Israel*.

Dauid. If nought will serue to saue his wiues renowne,
Ile send him with a letter vnto *Ioab*
To put him in the forefront of the wars,
That so my purposes may take effect.

Helpe him in firs. *Exit Dauid and Absolon.*

Cusay. Come rise *Vrias*, get thee in and sleepe.

Vrias. I will not goe home fir, thats flat.

Cusay. Then come and rest thee vpon *Dauids* bed. 570

Vrias. On afore my lords, on afore. *Exeunt.*

Chorus.

Chor. I

O proud reuolt of a presumptious man,
Laying his bridle in the necke of sin,
Ready to beare him past his graue to hell,
Like as the fatall *Rauen*, that in his voice
Carries the dreadfull summons of our deaths,
Flies by the faire *Arabian* spiceries,
Her pleasant gardens, and delightfome parkes,
Seeming to curse them with his hoarse exclames, 580
And yet doth stoope with hungrie violence
Vpon a peece of hatefull carrion :
So wretched man, displeas'd with those delights,
Would yeeld a quickning fauor to his Soule,

D

Pursues

Dauid and Bet hſabe.

Purſues with eagre and vnſtanch'd thirſt,
The greedie longings of his lothſome fleſh,
If holy Dauid ſo ſhoke hands with ſinne,
What ſhall our baſer ſpirits glorie in.
This kingly giuing luſt her raigne,
Purſues the ſequell with a greater ill. 590
Vrias in the forefront of the wars,
Is murdered by the hateful Heathens ſword,
And Dauid ioies his too deere Bethſabe,
Suppoſe this paſt, and that the child is borne,
Whoſe death the Prophet ſolemnly doth mourne.

Enter Bethſabe with her handmaid.

Sc. v

Beth. Mourne Bethſabe, bewaile thy fooliſhneſſe,
Thy ſinne, thy ſhame, the ſorrow of thy foule,
Sinne, ſhame, and ſorrow ſwarme about thy foule,
And in the gates and entrance of my heart, 600
Sadneſſe with wreathed armes hangs her complaint.
No comfort from the ten ſtring'd instrument,
The twinckling Cymball, or the Yuorie Lute,
Nor doth the ſound of Dauids kingly Harpe,
Make glad the broken heart of Berſabe.
Ieruſalem is fill'd with thy complaint,
And in the ſtreets of Syon fits thy greefe.
The babe is ficke, ficke to the death I feare,
The fruit that ſprung from thee to Dauids houſe,
Nor may the pot of Honny and of Oyle, 610
Glad Dauid or his handmaids countenance.
Vrias, woe is me to thinke hereon,
For who is it among the ſonnes of men,
That ſayth not to my foule, the King hath ſind,
Dauid hath done amiſſe, and Berſabe
Laid ſnares of death vnto Vrias life.
My ſweet Vrias, falne into the pit
Art thou, and gone euen to the gates of hell,

For

David and Bethsabe.

For Berfabe, that wouldst not shrowd her shame.
O what is it to serue the lust of Kings, 620
How Lyonlike thy rage when we resist,
But Berfabe in humblenesse attend,
The grace that God will to his handmaid fend. *Exit Beth.*

David in his gowne walking sadly. To him Nathan. Sc. vi
The babe is sicke, and sad is Dauids heart,
To see the guiltlesse beare the guilties paine.
Dauid hang vp thy Harpe, hang downe thy head,
And dash thy yuorie Lute against the stones.
The dew that on the hill of Hermon fals,
Raines not on Syons tops, and loftie towers, 630
And Dauids thoughts are spent in pensiueneffe,
The plaines of Gath and Askaron reioice.
The babe is sicke, sweet babe, that Berfabe
With womans paine brought forth to Israel. *Enter Nathan.*
But what saith Nathan to his lord the king?

Nathan to David.

Nathan. Thus Nathan saith vnto his Lord the King:
There were two men both dwellers in one towne,
The one was mighty and exceeding rich
In Oxen, sheepe and cattell of the field, 640
The other poore hauing nor Oxe, nor Calfe,
Nor other cattell, saue one little Lambe,
Which he had bought and nourisht by the hand,
And it grew vp, and fed with him and his,
And eat and dranke as he and his were wont,
And in his bosome slept, and was to liue
As was his daughter or his deereft child.
There came a stranger to this wealthy man,
And he refus'd and spar'd to take his owne,
Or of his store to dresse or make him meat, 650
But tooke the poore mans sheepe, partly poore mans store,
And drest it for this strangar in his house:
What (tell me) shall be done to him for this?

D ij

Da.

David and Bersabe.

Dau. Now as the lord doth liue, this wicked man
Is iudgd, and shall become the child of death,
Foure fold to the poore man shall he restore,
That without mercy tooke his lambe away.

Nath. Thou art the man, and thou hast iudgd thy selfe,
Dauid, thus sayth the Lord thy God by me:

I thee annointed King in Israell, 660

And sau'd thee from the tyranny of Saul,

Thy maisters house I gaue thee to possesse,

His Wiues into thy bosome did I giue,

And Iuda and Ierusalem withall,

And might (thou knowest) if this had ben too small,

Haue giuen thee more.

Wherefore then hast thou gone so far astray,

And hast done euill, and sinned in my sight?

Vrias thou hast killed with the sword,

Yea with the sword of the vncircumcised 670

Thou hast him slaine, wherefore from this day forth,

The sword shall neuer goe from thee and thine:

For thou hast tane this Hethites wife to thee,

Wherefore behold, I wil (saith Iacobs God)

In thine owne house stir euill vp to thee,

Yea I before thy face will take thy Wiues,

And giue them to thy neighbour to possesse:

This shall be done to Dauid in the day,

That Israell openly may see thy shame.

Dauid. Nathan, I haue against the Lord, I haue 680

Sinned, O sinned greuously, and loe

From heauens throne doth Dauid throw himselfe,

And grone and grouell to the gates of hell. *He fals downe.*

Nath. Dauid stand vp, Thus saith the Lord by me,

Dauid the King shall liue, for he hath seene

The true repentant sorrow of thy heart,

But for thou hast in this misdeed of thine

Stird vp the enemies of Israell

To triumph and blaspheme the God of hosts,

And

David and Bersabe.

And say, He set a wicked man to reigne, 690
Ouer his loued people and his Tribes :
The child shall surely die, that erst was borne,
His mothers sin, his kingly fathers scorne.

Exit Nathan.

Da. How iust is Jacobs God in all his workes !
But must it die that Dauid loueth so ?
O that the mighty one of Israel
Nill change his dome, and sayes the babe must die,
Mourne Israel and weepe in Syon gates,
Wither ye Cedar trees of Libanon, 700
Ye sprouting Almons with your flowring tops,
Droope, drowne, and drench in Hebrons fearefull streames,
The babe must die that was to Dauid borne,
His mothers sin his kingly fathers scorne.

Dauid sits sadly.

Enter Cufay to Dauid and his traine.

Seruus. What tidings bringeth Cufay to the King ?

Cufay. To thee the seruant of King Dauids court,
This bringeth Cufay, as the Prophet spake,
The Lord hath surely striken to the death, 710
The child new borne by that Vrias wife,
That by the sonnes of Ammon erst was slaine.

Seruus. Cufay be still, the King is vexed fore,
How shal he speed that brings this tidings first,
When while the child was yet aliue, we spake,
And Dauids heart would not be comforted ?

Da. Yea Dauids heart will not be comforted,
What murmure ye the seruants of the King,
What tidings telleth Cufay to the King ?
Say Cufay, liues the child, or is he dead ? 720

Cufay. The child is dead, that of Vrias wife, Dauid begat.

Da. Vrias wife saiest thou ?
The child is dead, then ceaseth Dauids shame,
Fetch me to eat, and giue me Wine to drinke,

D iij

Water

David and Bethsabe.

Water to wash, and Oyle to cleere my lookes,
Bring downe your Shalmes, your Cymbals, and your Pipes,
Let Davids Harpe and Lute, his hand and voice,
Giue laud to him that loueth Israell,
And sing his praise, that shendeth Davids fame,
That put away his sinne from out his sight, 730
And sent his shame into the streets of Gath,
Bring ye to me the mother of the babe,
That I may wipe the teares from off her face,
And giue her comfort with this hand of mine,
And decke faire Bersabe with ornaments,
That she may beare to me another sonne,
That may be loued of the Lord of hostes:
For where he is, of force must David goe,
But neuer may he come where David is.

They bring in water, wine, and oyle, Musike, and a banquet. 740

Faire Bersabe, sit thou, and sigh no more,
And sing and play you seruants of the King,
Now sleepe the Davids sorrow with the dead,
And Bersabe liueth to Israell.

They vse all solemnities together, and sing, &c.

David. Now armes, and warlike engins for assault,
Prepare at once ye men of Israell,
Ye men of Iuda and Ierusalem,
That Rabba may be taken by the King,
Least it be called after Iobabs name, 750
Nor Davids glory shine in Syon streets,
To Rabba marcheth David with his men
To chastise Ammon and the wicked ones. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Absolon with two or three.

Sc. vii

Abf. Set vp your mules, and giue them well to eat,
And let vs meet our brothers at the feast,
Accursed is the maister of this feast,

Dis honour

Dauid and Bethsabe.

Dishonour of the house of Israel,
His sisters slander, and his mothers shame.
Shame be his share that could such ill contriue, 760
To rauish Thamar, and without a pause
To driue her shamefully from out his house,
But may his wickednesse find iust reward.
Therefore doth Absolon conspire with you,
That Ammon die what time he sits to eat,
For in the holy Temple haue I sworne
Wreake of his villany in Thamars rape.
And here he comes, bespeake him gently all,
Whose death is deeply graued in my heart.

*Enter Ammon with Adonia and Ionadab, to Absolon
and his companie.* 770

Am. Our shearers are not far from hence I wot,
And Ammon, to you all his brethren
Giue such welcome as our fathers erst
Were wonr in Iuda and Ierusalem,
But specially Lord Absolon to thee,
The honour of thy house and progenie.
Sit downe and dine with me King Dauids sonne,
Thou faire young man, whose haire shine in mine eye
Like golden wyers of Dauids yuorie Lute. 780

Abf. Ammon, where be thy shearers and thy men,
That we may powre in plenty of thy vines,
And eat thy goats milke, and reioice with thee.

Am. Here commeth Ammons shearers and his men,
Absolon sit and reioice with me.

*Here enter a company of sheepebeards, and
daunce and sing.*

Am. Drinke Absolon in praise of Israel,
Welcome to Ammons fields from Dauids court.

Abf. Die with thy draught perish and die accurst, 790
Dishonour

Dauid and Bersabe.

Dishonour to the honour of vs all,
Die for the villany to Thamar done,
Vnworthy thou to be Kings Dauids sonne. *Exit Absa.*

Ionad. O what hath Absolon for Thamar done,
Murthred his brother, great king Dauids sonne.

Adon. Run Ionadab away, and make it knowne,
What cruelty this Absolon hath showne.
Ammon, thy brother Adonia shall
Bury thy body among the dead mens bones,
And we will make complaint to Israell
Of Ammons death, and pride of Absolon. *Exeunt omnes.*

800

*Enter Dauid with Ioab, Abyffus, Cusay, with drum and
ensigne against Rabba.* *Sc. viii*

This is the towne of the vncircumcised,
The citie of the kingdome, this is it,
Rabba where wicked Hannon fitteth king:
Dispoile this King, this Hannon of his crowne,
Vnpeople Rabba, and the streets thereof,
For in their bloud and slaughter of the flaine,
Lyeth the honor of King Dauids line.

810

Ioab, Abysshai, and the rest of you,
Fight ye this day for great Ierusalem.

Ioab. And see where Hannon shoves him on the wals,
Why then do we forbear to giue assault,
That Israell may as it is promised,
Subdue the daughters of the Gentils Tribes,
All this must be performd by Dauids hand.

Da. Harke to me Hannon, and remember well,
As sure as he doth liue that kept my host,
What time our young men by the poole of Gibeon,
Went forth against the strength of Isboseth,
And twelue to twelue did with their weapons play,
So sure art thou, and thy men of war
To feele the sword of Israell this day,

820

Because

Dauid and Bersabe.

Because thou hast defied Jacobs God,
And suffered Rabba with the Philistime
To raile vpon the tribe of Beniamin.

Hannon. Harke man, as sure as Saul thy maister fell,
And gor'd his sides vpon the mountaine tops
And Ionathan, Abinadab, and Melchifua
Watred the dales and deepes of Askaron
With bloody streames that from Gilboa ran
In channels through the wildernesse of Ziph,
What time the sword of the vncircumfed
Was drunken with the blood of Israel:
So sure shall Dauid perish with his men,
Vnder the wals of Rabba, Hannons towne.

830

Toab. Hannon, the God of Israel hath said,
Dauid the King shall weare that crowne of thine,
That weighs a Talent of the finest gold,
And triumph in the spoile of Hannons towne,
When Israel shall hale thy people hence,
And turne them to the tile-kill, man and child,
And put them vnder harrowes made of yron,
And hew their bones with axes, and their lims
With yron swords deuide and teare in twaine.
Hannon, this shall be done to thee and thine,
Because thou hast defied Israel.

840

To armes, to armes, that Rabba feele reuenge,
And Hannons towne become king Dauids spoile.

850

Alarum, excursions, assault, Exeunt omnes. Then the trumpets, and Sc. ix
Dauid with Hannons crowne.

Dau. Now clattering armes, and wrathfull storms of war,
Haue thundred ouer Rabbaes raced towers,
The wreakefull ire of great Iehouaes arme,
That for his people made the gates to rend,
And clothed the Cherubins in fierie coats,
To fight against the wicked Hannons towne,

E

Pay

Dauid and Bethsabe.

Pay thanks ye men of Iuda to the King,
The God of Syon and Ierufalem, 860
That hath exalted Ifrael to this,
And crowned Dauid with this diademe.

Ioab. Beauteous and bright is he among the Tribes,
As when the funne attir'd in glift'ring robe,
Comes dauncing from his orientall gate,
And bridegroome-like hurles through the gloomy aire
His radiant beames, such doth King Dauid shew,
Crownd with the honour of his enemies towne,
Shining in riches like the firmament,
The starrie vault that ouerhangs the earth, 870
So looketh Dauid King of Ifrael.

Abyshai. Ioab, why doth not Dauid mount his throne,
Whom heauen hath beautified with Hannons crowne,
Sound Trumpets, Shalmes, and Instruments of praise
To Iacobs God for Dauids victory.

Enter Ionadab.

Ionadab. Why doth the King of Ifrael reioice,
Why sitteth Dauid crownd with Rabbaes rule,
Behold there hath great heauineffe befallne 880
In Ammons fields by Abfolons misdeed,
And Ammons shearers, and their feast of mirth
Abfalon hath ouerturned with his sword,
Nor liueth any of King Dauids sonnes,
To bring this bitter tidings to the King.

Dauid. Ay me, how soone are Dauids triumphs dasht,
How suddenly declineth Dauids pride,
As doth the daylight fettle in the west,
So dim is Dauids glory, and his gite.
Die Dauid, for to thee is left no seed,
That may reuiue thy name in Ifrael. 890

Iona. In Ifrael is left of Dauids seed.

Enter Adonia with other sonnes.

Comfort your lord, you seruants of the King,

Behold

Dauid and Bethsabe.

Behold thy fonnnes returne in mourning weeds,
And only Ammon, Abfalon hath flaine.

Da. Welcome my fonnnes, deeret to me you are
Then is this golden crowne, or Hannons spoile.
O tell me then, tell me my fonnnes I fay,
How commeth it to paffe, that Abfolon
Hath flaine his brother Ammon with the fword? 900

Ado. Thy fonnnes O King went vp to Ammons fields
To feast with him, and eat his bread and oyle,
And Abfalon vpon his mule doth come,
And to his men he fayth, When Ammons heart
Is merry and secure, then ftrike him dead,
Because he forced Thamar shamefully,
And hated her, and threw her forth his dores:
And this did he, and they with him confpire,
And kill thy fonne in wreake of Thamars wrong.

Dauid. How long fhall Iuda and Ierufalem 910
Complaine and water Syon with their teares?
How long fhall Ifrael lament in vaine,
And not a man among the mighty ones
Will heare the sorrowes of King Dauids heart?
Ammon thy life was pleasing to thy Lord,
As to mine eares the Mufike of my Lute,
Or fongs that Dauid tuneth to his Harpe,
And Abfalon hath tane from me away
The gladneffe of my fad diftressed foule. *Exeunt omnes.*

Manet Dauid, Enter widdow of Thecoa. 920

Widdow. God faue King Dauid, King of Ifrael,
And bleffe the gates of Syon for his fake.

Dau. Woman, why mourneft thou, rife from the earth,
Tell me what forrow hath befallne thy foule.

Widdow. Thy feruants foule O King is troubled fore,
And greenous is the anguifh of her heart,
And from Thecoa doth thy handmaid come.

Dauid. Tell me, and fay, thou woman of Thecoa,

Dauid and Bersabe.

What aileth thee, or what is come to passe.

Widdow. Thy seruant is a widdow in Thecoa,
Two sonnes thy handmaid had, and they (my lord)
Fought in the field, where no man went betwixt,
And so the one did smite and slay the other.
And loe behold the kindred doth arise,
And crie on him that smote his brother,
That he therefore may be the child of death,
For we will follow and destroy the heire.
So will they quench that sparkle that is left,
And leaue nor name, nor issue on the earth,
To me, or to thy handmaids husband dead.

930

Dauid. Woman returne, goe home vnto thy house,
I will take order that thy sonne be safe,
If any man say otherwise then well,
Bring him to me, and I shall chastise him:
For as the Lord doth liue, shall not a haire
Shed from thy sonne, or fall vpon the earth.
Woman to God alone belongs reuenge,
Shall then the kindred slay him for his sinne?

940

Widdow. Well hath King Dauid to his handmaid spoke,
But wherefore then hast thou determined
So hard a part against the righteous Tribes
To follow and pursue the banished,
When as to God alone, belongs reuenge.
Assuredly thou saist against thy selfe,
Therefore call home againe the banished,
Call home the banished, that he may liue,
And raise to thee some fruit in Israel.

950

Da. Thou woman of Thecoa answere me,
Answere me one thing I shall aske of thee,
Is not the hand of Ioab in this worke?
Tell me is not his finger in this fact?

960

Wid. It is my lord, his hand is in this worke,
Assure thee, Ioab captaine of thy host,
Hath put these words into thy handmaids mouth,

And

Dauid and Bersabe.

And thou art as an angel from on high,
To vnderstand the meaning of my heart,
Lo where he commeth to his lord the King.

Enter Ioab.

Dauid. Say Ioab, didst thou send this woman in
To put this parable for Abfalon.

970

Ioab. Ioab my lord did bid this woman speake,
And she hath said, and thou hast vnderstood.

Dauid. I haue and am content to do the thing,
Goe fetch my sonne, that he may liue with me.

Ioab kneeles.

Ioab. Now God be blessed for King Dauids life,
Thy seruant Ioab hath found grace with thee,
In that thou sparest Abfalon thy child,
A beautifull and faire young man is he,
In all his bodie is no blemish scene,
His haire is like the wyer of Dauids Harpe,
That twines about his bright and yuorie necke :
In Israell is not such a goodly man,
And here I bring him to entreat for grace.

980

Enter Abfalon with Ioab.

Dauid. Haft thou slaine in the fields of Hazor
Ah Abfalon my sonne, ah my sonne Abfalon,
But wherefore doe I vexe thy spirit so,
Liue and returne from Gefur to thy house,
Returne from Gefur to Ierusalem,
What boots it to be bitter to thy soule,
Ammon is dead, and Abfalon suruiues.

990

Abf. Father I haue offended Israell,
I haue offended Dauid and his house,
For Thamars wrong hath Abfalon misdone,
But Dauids heart is free from sharpe reuenge,
And Ioab hath got grace for Abfalon.

E iij

Dauid.

David and Bethsabe.

Dauid. Depart with me you men of Ifrael,
You that haue followed Rabba with the fword,
And ranfacke Ammons richeft treafuries,
Liue Abfalon my fonne, liue once in peace,
Peace with thee, and with Ierufalem.

1000

Exeunt omnes.

Manet Abfolon.

Abf. Dauid is gone, and Abfolon remains,
Flowring in pleafant fpring time of his youth,
Why liueth Abfalon, and is not honoured
Of Tribes and Elders, and the mightieft ones,
That round about his Temples he may weare
Garlands and wreaths fet on with reuerence,
That euery one that hath a caufe to plead,
Might come to Abfolon, and call for right?
Then in the gates of Syon would I fit,
And publifh lawes in great Ierufalem,
And not a man fhould liue in all the land,
But Abfolon would doe him reasons due,
Therefore I fhall adreffè me as I may,
To loue the men and Tribes of Ifrael.

1010

Exit.

Enter Dauid, Ithay, Sadoc, Ahimaas, Ionathan, with others, Sc. x
Dauid barefoot, with fome lofe couering ouer his
head, and all mourning.

1022

Dau. Proud luft the bloudieft traitor to our foules,
Whofe greedie throte, nor earth, aire, fea, or heauen,
Can glut or fatisfie with any ftore,
Thou art the caufe thefe torments fucke my bloud,
Piercing with venome of thy poyfoned eies,
The ftrength and marrow of my tainted bones:
To punifh Pharoh, and his curfed hoft,
The waters fhinke at great Adonaies voice,

1030

And

David and Bethsabe.

And fandie bottome of the sea appeard,
Offering his seruice at his seruants feet,
And to inflict a plague on Dauids sinne,
He makes his bowels traitors to his breast,
Winding about his heart with mortall gripes.
Ah Abfalon the wrath of heauen inflames
Thy scorched bosome with ambitious heat,
And Sathan sets thee on a lustie tower,
Shewing thy thoughts the pride of Israel
Of choice to cast thee on her ruthlesse stones,
Weepe with me then ye sonnes of Israel.

1040

He lies downe, and all the rest after him.

Lie downe with Dauid, and with Dauid mourne,
Before the holy one that sees our hearts,
Season this heauië soile with showers of teares,
And fill the face of euery flower with dew,
Weepe Israel, for Dauids soule dissolues,
Lading the fountaines of his drowned eyes,
And powres her substance on the fencelesse earth.

Sadoc. Weepe Israel, O weepe for Dauids soule,
Strewing the ground with haire and garments torne,
For tragicke witnesse of your heartie woes.

1050

Abimaas. O would our eyes were conduits to our hearts,
And that our hearts were seas of liquid bloud,
To powre in streames vpon this holy Mount,
For witnesse we would die for Dauids woes.

Iona. Then should this mount of Oliues seeme a plaine;
Drownd with a sea, that with our sighs should rore,
And in the murmure of his mounting waues,
Report our bleeding sorrowes to the heauens,
For witnesse we would die for Dauids woes.

1060

Ith. Earth cannot weepe ynough for Dauids woes,
Then weepe you heauens, and all you clouds dissolue,
That pittious stars may see our miseries,
And drop their golden teares vpon the ground,
For witnesse how they weepe for Dauids woes.

Sadoc.

David and Bersabe.

Sadoc. Now let my foueraigne raise his prostrate bones,
And mourne not as a faithlesse man would doe,
But be assur'd, that Iacobs righteous God,
That promist neuer to forsake your throne,
Will still be iust and pure in his voves.

1070

Da. Sadoc high priest, preseruer of the arke,
Whose sacred vertue keeps the chosen crowne,
I know my God is spotlesse in his voves,
And that these haire shall greet my graue in peace:
But that my sonne should wrong his tendred soule,
And fight against his fathers happinesse,
Turnes all my hopes into despaire of him,
And that despaire, feeds all my veines with greefe.

Ithay. Thinke of it Dauid, as a fatall plague,
Which greefe preserueth, but preuenteth not,
And turne thy drooping eyes vpon the troupes
That of affection to thy worthinesse,
Doe swarme about the person of the King,
Cherish their valours, and their zealous loues,
With pleasant lookes, and sweet encouragements.

1080

Da. Me thinks the voice of Ithay fills mine eares.

Ith. Let not the voice of Ithay loth thine eares,
Whose heart would baulme thy bosome with his teares.

Dauid. But wherefore goest thou to the wars with vs,
Thou art a stranger here in Israel,
And sonne to Achis mightie king of Gath,
Therefore returne, and with thy father stay,
Thou camst but yesterday, and should I now
Let thee partake these troubles here with vs?
Keepe both thy selfe, and all thy souldiors safe,
Let me abide the hazards of these armes,
And God requite the friendship thou hast shewd.

1090

Ith. As sure as Israels God giues Dauid life,
What place or perill shall containe the King,
The same will Ithay share in life and death.

1100

Da. Then gentle Ithay be thou still with vs,

A

Dauid and Bersabe.

A ioy to Dauid, and a grace to Israel.
Goe Sadoc now, and beare the arke of God
Into the great Ierusalem againe,
If I find fauour in his gracious eyes,
Then will he lay his hand vpon my heart
Yet once againe before I visit death,
Giuing it strength and vertue to mine eies,
To tast the comforts, and behold the forme
Of his faire arke, and holy tabernacle,
But if he say my wonted loue is worne,
And I haue no delight in Dauid now,
Here lie I armed with an humble heart,
T'imbrace the paines that anger shall impose,
And kisse the sword my lord shall kill me with,
Then Sadoc take Ahimaas thy sonne,
With Ionathan sonne to Abiathar,
And in these fields will I repose my selfe,
Till they returne from you some certaine newes.

1110

1120

Sadoc. Thy seruants will with ioy obey the King,
And hope to cheere his heart with happy newes.

Exit Sadoc, Ahimaas, and Ionathan.

Ith. Now that it be no greefe vnto the King,
Let me for good enforme his maiestie,
That with vnkind and gracelesse Abfalon,
Achitophel your auncient counsellor,
Directs the state of this rebellion.

Dauid. Then doth it aime with danger at my crowne,
O thou that holdst his raging bloody bound,
Within the circle of the siluer moone,
That girds earths center with his watrie scarfe,
Limit the counsell of Achitophel,
No bounds extending to my soules distresse,
But turne his wifdome into foolishnesse.

1130

Enter Cusay with his coat turnd, and head couered.
Cusay. Happinesse and honour to my lord the King.

F

Da.

Dauid and Bethsabe.

Dauid. What happineffe or honor may betide
His state that toiles in my extremities?

Cuf. O let my gracious foueraigne ceafe these greefes, 1140
Vnleffe he with his feruant Cufayes death,
Whose life depends vpon my lords releefe,
Then let my prefence with my sighs, perfume
The pleafant clofet of my foueraignes foule.

Da. No Cufay no, thy prefence vnto me,
Will be a burthen fince I tender thee,
And cannot breake thy sighs for Dauids fake:
But if thou turne to faire Ierufalem,
And fay to Abfalon, as thou haft been 1150
A trusty friend vnto his fathers feat,
So thou wilt be to him, and call him King,
Achitophels counfell may be brought to naught.
Then hauing Sadoc and Abiathar,
All three may learne the fecrets of my fonne,
Sending the meffage by Ahimaas,
And friendly Ionathan, who both are there,
Then rife, referring the fucceffe to heauen.

Da. Cufay I rife, though with vnweldie bones,
I carrie armes againft my Abfalon. *Exeunt.*

*Abfalon, Amafa, Achitophel, with the concubines of Dauid, and Sc. xi
others in great state, Abfalon crowned.*

Abf. Now you that were my fathers concubines, 1162
Liquor to his inchaft and luftfull fire,
Haue feene his honour shaken in his houfe,
Which I poffeffe in fight of all the world.
I bring ye forth for foiles to my renoune,
And to eclipse the glorie of your King,
Whose life is with his honour faft inclofd
Within the entrailes of a Ieatie cloud,
Whose diffolution shall powre downe in showers 1170
The fubftance of his life and fwelling pride:

Then

David and Bethsabe.

Then shall the stars light earth with rich aspects,
And heauen shall burne in loue with Abfalon,
Whose beautie will suffice to chaſt all miſts,
And cloth the ſuns ſpheare with a triple fire,
Sooner then his cleare eyes ſhould ſuffer ſtaine,
Or be offended with a lowring day.

Concub. Thy fathers honour, graceleſſe Abfalon,
And ours thus beaten with thy violent armes,
Will crie for vengeance to the hoſt of heauen,
Whoſe power is euer armed againſt the prowde,
And will dart plagues at thy aſpiring head,
For doing this diſgrace to Dauids throne.

1180

2. To Dauids throne, to Dauids holy throne,
Whoſe ſcepter angels guard with ſwords of fire,
And ſit as Eagles on his conquering fiſt,
Ready to prey vpon his enemies,
Then thinke not thou the captaine of his foes,
Wert thou much ſwifter then Azahell was,
That could out-pace the nimble footed Roe,
To ſcape the furie of their thumping beakes,
Or dreadfull ſcope of their commanding wings.

1190

Achip. Let not my lord the King of Iſrael
Be angrie with a fillie womans threats,
But with the pleaſure he hath erſt enioied,
Turne them into their cabinets againe,
Till Dauids conqueſt be their ouerthrow.

Abf. Into your bowers ye daughters of Diſdaine,
Gotten by furie of vnbridled luſt,
And waſh your couches with your mourning teares,
For greefe that Dauids kingdome is decaied.

1200

1. No Abfalon, his kingdome is enchaind
Faſt to the finger of great Iacobs God,
Which will not loſe it for a rebels loue. *Exeunt.*

Amafa. If I might giue aduiſe vnto the King,
Theſe concubines ſhould buy their taunts with bloud.

Abf. Amafa no, but let thy martiall ſword

David and Bersabe.

Empty the paines of Davids armed men,
And let these foolish women scape our hands
To recompence the shame they haue sustaind.
First Absolon was by the Trumpets found
Proclaind through Hebron King of Israel,
And now is set in faire Ierusalem

1210

With complete state, and glorie of a crowne.
Fiftie faire footmen by my chariot run,
And to the aire whose rupture rings my fame,
Where ere I ride they offer reuerence.

Why should not Absolon, that in his face
Carries the finall purpose of his God,

1220

That is, to worke him grace in Israel,
Endeuour to atchieue with all his strength,
The state that most may satisfie his ioy,
Keeping his statutes and his couenants pure,
His thunder is intangled in my haire,
And with my beautie is his lightning quencht,
I am the man he made to glorie in,
When by the errors of my fathers sinne,
He lost the path that led into the land,
Wherewith our chosen ancestors were blest.

Enter Cusay.

1230

Cus. Long may the beautious King of Israel liue,
To whom the people doe by thousands swarme.

Abf. What meaneth Cusay so to greet his foe,
Is this the loue thou shewdst to Davids soule,
To whose assistance thou hast vowed thy life,
Why leauest thou him in this extremitic.

Cus. Because the Lord and Israel chufeth thee,
And as before I ferud thy fathers turne,
With counsell acceptable in his sight,
So likewise will I now obey his sonne.

1240

Abf. Then welcome Cusay to king Absalon,
And now my lords and louing counsellors,
I thinke it time to exercife our armes

Against

Dauid and Bersabe.

Against forsaken Dauid and his host,
Giue counsell first my good Achitophel,
What times and orders we may best obserue,
For prosperous manage of these high exploits.

Achi. Let me chuse out twelue thousand valiant men,
And (while the night hides with her sable mists
The close endeuors cunning souldiers vse) 1250
I will assault thy discontented fire,
And while with weakenesse of their wearie armes,
Surchargd with toile to shun thy suddaine power,
The people flie in huge disorderd troupes
To saue their liues, and leaue the King alone,
Then will I smite him with his latest wound,
And bring the people to thy feet in peace.

Abf. Well hath Achitophel giuen his aduise,
Yet let vs heare what Cusay counsels vs,
Whose great experience is well worth the eare. 1260

Cus. Though wise Achitophel be much more meet
To purchase hearing with my lord the King,
For all his former counsels, then my ielse,
Yet not offending Absolon or him,
This time it is not good, nor worth pursue:
For well thou knowest thy fathers men are strong,
Chafing as shee beares robbed of their whelpes.
Besides the King himselfe a valiant man,
Traind vp in feats and stratagems of warre,
And will not for preuention of the worst 1270
Lodge with the common souldiers in the field:
But now I know his wonted policies
Haue taught him lurke within some secret caue,
Guarded with all his stoutest souldiers,
Which if the forefront of his battell faint,
Will yet giue out that Absolon doth flie,
And so thy souldiers be discouraged.
Dauid himselfe withall, whose angry heart
Is as a Lyons, letted of his walke,

David and Bethsabe.

Will fight himfelfe, and all his men to one,
Before a few fhall vanquifh him by feare.
My counfell therefore, is with Trumpets found
To gather men from Dan to Berfabe,
That they may march in number like fea fands,
That neftle clofe in anothers necke :
So fhall we come vpon him in our ftrength,
Like to the dew that falls in fhowers from heauen,
And leaue him not a man to march withall.
Besides if any citie succour him,
The numbers of our men fhall fetch vs ropes,
And we will pull it downe the riuers ftream,
That not a ftone be left to keepe vs out.

Abf. What faies my lord to Cufaies counfell now ?

Ama. I fancie Cufaies counfell better farre
Then that is giuen vs from Achitophel,
And fo I thinke doth every fouldier here.

All. Cufaies counfell is better then Achitophels.

Abf. Then march we after Cufaies counfell all,
Sound trumpets through the bounds of Ifrael,
And mufter all the men will ferue the King,
That Abfalon may glut his longing foule
With foie fruition of his fathers crowne. *Exeunt.*

Acb. Ill fhall they fare that follow thy attempts,
That skornes the counfell of Achitophel.

Restat Cufay.

Cufay. Thus hath the power of Iacobs iealous God
Fulfil'd his feruant Dauids drifts by me,
And brought Achitophels aduife to fcorne.

Enter Sadoc, Abiathar, Abimaas, and Ionathan.

Sadoc. God faue lord Cufay, and direct his zeale
To purchafe Dauids conquest gainft his fonne.

Abia. What fecrets haft thou gleande from Abfalon.

Cufay. Thefe facred priests that beare the arke of God,
Ahitophel aduifd him in the night

To

Dauid and Bethsabe.

To let him chuse twelue thousand fighting men,
And he would come on Dauid at vnwares,
While he was wearie with his violent toile :
But I aduifd to get a greater host,
And gather men from Dan to Bersabe,
To come vpon him strongly in the fields.
Then fend Ahimaas and Ionathan
To signifie these secrets to the King,
And will him not to stay this night abroad,
But get him ouer Iordane presently,
Least he and all his people kisse the sword.

1320

Sadoc. Then goe Ahimaas and Ionathan,
And straight conuey this message to the King.

Abim. Father we will, if Absalons cheefe spies
Preuent not this deuise, and stay vs here.

Exeunt.

Semei solus.

Sc. xii

Semei. The man of Israel, that hath rul'd as King,
Or rather as the Tyrant of the land,
Bolstering his hatefull head vpon the throne,
That God vnworthily hath blest him with,
Shall now I hope, lay it as low as hell,
And be depos'd from his detested chaire.
O that my bosome could by nature beare,
A sea of poyson to be powr'de vpon
His curst head that sacred baulme hath grac'd,
And consecrated King of Israel:
Or would my breath were made the smoke of hell,
Infected with the sighs of damned soules,
Or with the reeking of that serpents gorge,
That feeds on adders, toads, and venomous roots,
That as I opened my reuenging lips
To curse the sheepeheard for his Tyrannie,
My words might cast rancke poyson to his pores,
And make his swolne and ranckling sinewes cracke,
Like to the combat blowes that breake the clouds,
When Ioues stout champions fight with fire,

1332

1340

1350

See

Dauid and Bersabe.

See where he commeth, that my foule abhors.
I haue prepar'd my pocket full of stoncs
To cast at him, mingled with earth and dust,
Which bursting with disdain, I greet him with.

Dauid, Ioab, Abysbai, Ithay, with others.

Semei. Come forth thou murderer and wicked man,
The Lord hath brought vpon thy curf'd head
The guiltlesse blood of Saule and all his sonnes,
Whose royall throne thy baseness hath vsurpt,
And to reuenge it deeply on thy soule, 1360
The Lord hath giuen the kingdome to thy sonne,
And he shall wreake the traitrous wrongs of Saule,
Euen as thy sinne hath still importund heauen,
So shall thy murthers and adulterie
Be punisht in the sight of Israel,
As thou deseru'st with blood, with death, and hell.

Hence murderer, hence, he threw at him.

Abisf. Why doth his dead dog curse my lord the King,
Let me alone to take away his head.

Da. Why medleth thus the son of Zeruia 1370
To interrupt the action of our God?
Semei vseth me with this reproch,
Because the Lord hath sent him to reprove
The finnes of Dauid, printed in his browes,
With blood that blusseth for his conscience guilt,
Who dares then aske him why he curseth me?

Semei. If then thy conscience tell thee thou hast find,
And that thy life is odious to the world,
Command thy followers to shun thy face,
And by thy selfe here make away thy soule, 1380
That I may stand and glorie in thy shame.

Da. I am not desperate Semei like thy selfe,
But trust vnto the couenant of my God,
Founded on mercie with repentance built,
And finish't with the glorie of my soule.

Semei.

David and Bersabe.

Semei. A murtherer, and hope for mercie in thy end
Hate and destruction fit vpon thy browes
To watch the issue of thy damned ghost,
Which with thy latest gaspe theile take and teare,
Hurling in euery paine of hell a peece.
Hence murtherer, thou shame to Israell,
Foule lecher, drunkard, plague to heauen and earth.

1390

He throwes at him.

Ioab. What is it pietie in Dauids thoughts,
So to abhorre from lawes of pollicie
In this extremitie of his distresse,
To giue his subiects cause of carelesnesse,
Send hence the dog with sorrow to his graue.

Dauid. Why should the sons of Zerua seeke to checke
His spirit which the Lord hath thus inspir'd:
Behold my sonne which issued from my flesh,
With equall furie seekes to take my life.
How much more then the sonne of Iemini,
Cheefely since he doth nought but Gods command,
It may be he will looke on me this day
With gracious eyes, and for his cursing blesse,
The heart of Dauid in his bitternesse.

1400

Semei. What doest thou fret my soule with sufferance?
O that the foules of Isbofeth and Abner,
Which thou sentst swimming to their graues in blood,
With wounds fresh bleeding, gasping for reuenge,
Were here to execute my burning hate:
But I will hunt thy foot with curses still,
Hence Monster, Murtherer, Mirror of Contempt.

1410

He throwes dust againe.

Enter Ahimaas and Ionathan.

Ahim. Long life to Dauid, to his enemies death.

Da. Welcome Ahimaas and Ionathan,
What newes sends Cufay to thy lord the King.

Ahim. Cufay would wish my lord the King,

1420

G

To

Dauid and Bethsabe.

To passe the riuer Iordane presently,
Least he and all his people perish here.
For wife Achitophel hath counsel'd Absalon
To take aduantage of your wearie armes,
And come this night vpon you in the fields.
But yet the Lord hath made his counsell skorne,
And Cufaies pollicie with praise preferd,
Which was to number euery Ifraelite,
And so assault you in their pride of strength.

Ionat. Abiathar besides intreats the King
To send his men of warre against his sonne,
And hazard not his person in the field.

1430

Dauid. Thankes to Abiathar, and to you both,
And to my Cufay, whom the Lord requite,
But tenne times treble thankes to his soft hand,
Whose pleasant touch hath made my heart to dance,
And play him praises in my zealous breast,
That turnd the counsell of Achitophel
After the praiers of his seruants lips.
Now will we passe the riuer all this night,
And in the morning found the voice of warre,
The voice of bloudie and vnkindly warre.

1440

Ioab. Then tell vs how thou wilt deuide thy men,
And who shall haue the speciall charge herein.

Dau. Ioab, thy selfe shall for thy charge conduct,
The first third part of all my valiant men,
The second shall Abifaies valour lead,
The third faire Ithay, which I most should grace,
For comfort he hath done to Dauids woes,
And I my selfe will follow in the midst.

1450

Ith. That let not Dauid, for though we should flie,
Tenne thousand of vs were not halfe so much
Esteemd with Dauids enemies, as himfelfe,
Thy people louing thee, denie thee this.

Da. What seemes them best, then that will Dauid doe,
But now my lords and captaines heare his voice

That

Dauid and Bethsabe.

That neuer yet pierst pittious heauen in vaine,
Then let it not slip lightly through your eares,
For my sake spare the young man Absalon.
Ioab thy selfe didst once vse friendly words
To reconcile my heart incenst to him,
If then thy loue be to thy kinsman found,
And thou wilt proue a perfit Israelite,
Friend him with deeds, and touch no haire of him,
Not that fair haire with which the wanton winds
Delight to play, and loues to make it curle,
Wherein the Nightingales would build their nests,
And make sweet bowers in euery golden treffe,
To sing their louer euery night asleepe.
O spoile not Ioab, Ioues faire ornaments,
Which he hath sent to solace Dauids soule.
The best ye see (my lords) are swift to sinne,
To sinne our feet are washt with milke of Roes,
And dried againe with coales of lightening.
O Lord thou seest the prowdest finnes, poore slaue,
And with his bridle, pulst him to the graue,
For my sake then spare louely Absalon.

1460

1470

Itb. Wee will my lord for thy sake fauour him.

Exeunt.

Achitophel solus with a halter.

Sc. xiii

Achi. Now hath Achitophel orderd his house,
And taken leaue of euery pleasure there,
Hereon depends Achitophels delights,
And in this circle must his life be closde.
The wife Achitophel, whose counsell prou'd
Euer as found for fortunate successe,
As if men askt the Oracle of God,
Is now vsde like the foole of Israel,
Then set thy angrie soule vpon her wings,
And let her flie into the shade of death,
And for my death, let heauen for euer weepe,

1482

1490

G ij

Making

Dauid and Bersabe.

Making huge fouds vpon the land I leaue,
To rauish them, and all their fairest fruits.
Let all the sighs I breath'd for this disgrace,
Hang on my hedges like eternall mists,
As monrning garments for their maisters death.
Ope earth, and take thy miserable sonne
Into the bowels of thy curfed wombe,
Once in a surfet thou diddest spue him forth,
Now for fell hunger sucke him in againe,
And be his bodie poyson to thy vaines,
And now thou hellish instrument of heauen,
Once execute th'arrest of Ioues iust doome,
And stop his breast that curseth Israel.

1500

Exit.

Abfalon, Amasa, with all his traine.

Sc. xiv

Abf. Now for the crowne and throne of Israel,
To be confirmd with vertue of my sword,
And writ with Dauids blood vpon the blade,
Now Ioue let forth the golden firmament,
And looke on him with all thy fierie eyes,
Which thou hast made to giue their glories light,
To shew thou louest the vertue of thy hand,
Let fall a wreath of starres vpon my head,
Whose influence may gouerne Israel,
With state exceeding all her other Kings.
Fight lords and captaines, that your soueraignes face
May shine in honour brighter then the sunne,
And with the vertue of my beautious raies,
Make this faire land as fruitfull as the fields,
That with sweet milke and hony ouerflow'd.
God in the whiffing of a pleasant wind,
Shall march vpon the tops of Mulberie trees,
To coole all breasts that burne with any greefes,
As whylome he was good to Moyfes men.
By day the Lord shall sit within a cloud,
To guide your footsteps to the fields of ioy,

1510

1520

And

Dauid and Bersabe.

And in the night a piller bright as fire
Shall goe before you like a second funne,
Wherein the effence of his godhead is,
That day and night you may be brought to peace, 1530
And neuer swarue from that delightsome path,
That leads your soules to perfect happinesse.
This shall he doe for ioy when I am King :
Then fight braue captaines that these ioies may flie
Into your bosomes with sweet victorie. *Exeunt.*

The battell, and Absalon hangs by the haire. Sc. xv

What angrie angel sitting in these shades,
Hath laid his cruell hands vpon my haire,
And holds my body thus twixt heauen and earth ?
Hath Absalon no souldier neere his hand, 1540
That may vntwine me this vnpleasant curle,
Or wound this tree that rauisheth his lord ?
O God behold the glorie of thy hand,
And choifest fruit of Natures workemanship,
Hang like a rotten branch vpon this tree,
Fit for the axe, and ready for the fire.
Since thou withholdst all ordinarie helpe
To lose my bodie from this bond of death,
O let my beautie fill these fencelesse plants,
With fence and power to lose me from this plague, 1550
And worke some wonder to preuent his death,
Whose life thou madst a speciall miracle.

Ioab with another souldier.

Sould. My lord I saw the young prince Absalon
Hang by the haire vpon a shadie oke,
And could by no meanes get himselfe vnlosde,

Ioab. Why flewst thou not the wicked Absalon,
That rebell to his father and to heauen,
That so I might haue giuen thee for thy paines

Dauid and Bethsabe.

Tenne filuer fickles, and a golden wast.

1560

Sould. Not for a thousand fickles would I slay
The sonne of Dauid, whom his father chargd,
Nor thou Abifay, nor the sonne of Gath,
Should touch with stroke of deadly violence.
The charge was giuen in hearing of vs all,
And had I done it, then I know thy selfe,
Before thou wouldst abide the Kings rebuke,
Wouldst haue accus'd me as a man of death.

Ioab. I must not now stand trifling here with thee.

Abf. Helpe Ioab, helpe, O helpe thy Abfalon,
Let not thy angrie thoughts be laid in bloud,
In bloud of him, that sometimes nourisht thee,
And softned thy sweet heart with friendly loue,
O giue me once againe my fathers fight,
My deereft father, and my princely foueraigne,
That shedding teares of bloud before his face,
The ground may witnesse, and the heauens record,
My last submission sound and full of ruth.

1570

Ioab. Rebell to nature, hate to heauen and earth,
Shall I giue helpe to him, that thirsts the soule
Of his deere father, and my foueraigne lord?
Now see the Lord hath tangled in a tree
The health and glorie of thy stubborne heart,
And made thy pride curbd with a fencelesse plant,
Now Abfalon how doth the Lord regard
The beautie wherevpon thy hope was built,
And which thou thoughtst his grace did glorie in?
Findst thou not now with feare of instant death,
That God affects not any painted shape,
Or goodly personage, when the vertuous soule
Is stuf with naught but pride and stubbornnesse?
But preach I to thee, while I should reuenge
Thy curfed sinne that staineth Israel,
And makes her fields blush with her childrens bloud?
Take that as part of thy deserued plague,

1580

1590

Which

David and Bethsabe.

Which worthily no torment can inflict.

Abf. O Ioab, Ioab, cruell ruthlesse Ioab,
Herewith thou woundst thy Kingly soueraignes heart,
Whose heauenly temper hates his childrens bloud,
And will be sicke I know for Abfalon.

1600

O my deere father, that thy melting eyes
Might pierce this thicket to behold thy sonne,
Thy deereft sonne gor'de with a mortall dart:
Yet Ioab pittie me, pittie my father, Ioab,
Pittie his foules distresse that mournes my life,
And will be dead I know to heare my death.

Ioab. If he were so remorsefull of thy state,
Why sent he me against thee with the sword?
All Ioab meanes to pleasure thee withall,
Is to dispatch thee quickly of thy paine,
Hold Abfalon, Ioabs pittie is in this,
In this prowde Abfalon is Ioabs loue.

1610

He goes out.

Abf. Such loue, such pittie Israels God fend thee,
And for his loue to Dauid pittie me,
Ah my deere father, see thy bowels bleed,
See death assault thy deereft Abfalon,
See, pittie, pardon, pray for Abfalon.

Enter five or sixe souldiors.

See where the rebell in his glorie hangs,
Where is the vertue of thy beautie Abfalon,
Will any of vs here now feare thy lookes?
Or be in loue with that thy golden haire,
Wherein was wrapt rebellion gainst thy fire,
And cords prepar'd to stop thy fathers breath?
Our captaine Ioab hath begun to vs,
And heres an end to thee, and all thy finnes.
Come let vs take the beauteous rebell downe,
And in some ditch amidst this darkefome wood,
Burie his bulke beneath a heape of stones,
Whose stonie heart did hunt his fathers death.

1620

1630

Enter

David and Bersabe.

*Enter in triumph with drum and ensigne, Ioab, Abyshai,
and souldiers to Abfalon.*

Ioab. Well done tall souldiers take the Traitor downe,
And in this myerie ditch interre his bones,
Covering his hatefull breast with heapes of stones,
This shadie thicket of darke Ephrami
Shall euer lower on his curfed graue.
Night Rauens and Owles shall ring his fatall knell,
And fit exclaiming on his damned soule, 1640
There shall they heape their preyes of Carrion,
Till all his graue be clad with stinking bones,
That it may loth the fence of euery man,
So shall his end breed horror to his name,
And to his traitrous fact eternall flame. *Exit.*

s. Chorus.

Oh dreadfull president of his iust doome,
Whose holy heart is neuer toucht with ruth
Of fickle beautie, or of glorious shapes,
Bur with the vertue of an vpright soule, 1650
Humble and zealous in his inward thoughts,
Though in his person loathsome and deform'd.
Now since this storie lends vs other store,
To make a third discourse of Dauids life,
Adding thereto his most renowned death,
And all their deaths, that at his death he iudgd,
Here end we this, and what here wants to please,
We will supplie with treble willingesse.

Abfalon with three or foure of his seruants or gentlemen.

*misplaced
fragment*

Abf. What boots it Abfalon, vnhappy Abfalon,
Sighing I fay what boots it Abfalon,
To haue disclof'd a farre more worthy wombe

1660

Then

David and Bethsabe.

*Trumpets sound, enter Ioab, Ahimaas, Cusay,
Amasa, with all the rest.*

Sc. xvii

Ioab. Souldiers of Israel, and ye sonnes of Iuda,
That haue contended in these irkefome broiles,
And ript old Israels bowels with your swords:
The godlesse generall of your stubborne armes
Is brought by Israels helper to the graue:
A graue of flame, and skorne of all the Tribes,
Now then to saue your honours from the dust,
And keepe your blouds in temper by your bones,
Let Ioabs ensigne shroud your manly heads,
Direct your eies, your weapons, and your hearts
To guard the life of Dauid from his foes.

1670

Error hath maskt your much too forward minds,
And you haue find against the chofen state,
Against his life, for whom your liues are blest,
And followed an vsurper to the field,
In whose iust death your deaths are threatened,
But Ioab pitties your disordered foules,
And therefore offers pardon, peace, and loue,
To all that will be friendly reconcil'de
To Israels weale, to Dauid, and to heauen.

1680

Amasa, thou art leader of the host,
That vnder Abfalon haue raisde their armes:
Then be a captaine wise and polliticke,
Carefull and louing for thy souldiers liues,
And lead them to this honourable league.

Amasa. I will, at least Ile doe my best,
And for the gracious offer thou hast made,
I giue thee thanks as much as for my head.
Then you deceiu'd poore foules of Israel,
Since now ye see the errors you incurd,
With thanks and due submission be appeasde,
And as ye see your captaines president

1690

H

Here

Dauid and Bersabe.

Here cast we then our fwords at Ioaes feet,
Submitting with all zeale and reuerence
Our goods and bodies to his gracious hands.

All stand vp.

1700

Ioab. Stand vp and take ye all your fwords againe,
Dauid and Ioab shall be blest herein.

Abim. Now let me go enforme my lord the King,
How God hath freed him from his enemies.

Ioab. Another time Ahimaas, not now,
But Cusay goe thy selfe, and tell the King
The happie meffage of our good successe.

Cus. I will my lord, and thanke thee for thy grace.

Exit Cusay.

Abim. What if thy seruant should goe to my lord?

1710

Ioab. What newes hast thou to bring since he is gone?

Abim. Yet doe Ahimaas so much content,
That he may run about so sweet a charge. *Exit.*

Ioab. Run if thou wilt, and peace be with thy steps:
Now follow, that you may salute the King
With humble hearts and reconciled foules.

Ama. We follow Ioab to our gracious King,
And him our fwords shall honour to our deaths.

Exeunt.

*Dauid, Bethsabe, Salomon, Nathan, Adonia, Chileab,
with their traine.*

Sc. xviii

Beth. What meanes my lord, the lampe of Israel,
From whose bright eyes all eyes receiue their light,
To dim the glory of his sweet aspects,
And paint his countenance with his hearts distresse?
Why should his thoughts retaine a sad conceit,
When euerie pleasure kneeles before his throne,
And fues for sweet acceptance with his grace,
Take but your Lute, and make the mountaines dance,
Retriue the sunnes sphere, and restraints the clouds,

1722

1730

Giue

Dauid and Bersabe.

Giue eares to trees, make sauage Lyons tame,
Impose still silence to the loudest winds,
And fill the fairest day with foulest stormes,
Then why should passions of much meaner power,
Beare head against the heart of Israel.

Da. Faire Bersabe, thou mightst increase the strength,
Of these thy arguments, drawne from my skill,
By vrging thy sweet sight to my conceits,
Whose vertue euer seru'd for sacred baulme
To cheere my pinings past all earthly ioies,
But Bethsabe, the daughter of the highest,
Whose beautie builds the towers of Israel,
Shee that in chaines of pearle and vnicorne,
Leads at her traine the ancient golden world,
The world that Adam held in Paradise,
Whose breath refineth all infectious aires,
And makes the meddowes smile at her repaire.
Shee, Shee, my dearest Bethsabe,

1740

Faire peace, the goddesse of our graces here,
Is fled the streets of faire Ierusalem,
The fields of Israel, and the heart of Dauid,
Leading my comforts in her golden chaines,
Linckt to the life and soule of Absalon.

1750

Beth. Then is the pleasure of my soueraignes heart,
So wrapt within the bosome of that sonne,
That Salomon, whom Israels God affects,
And gaue the name vnto him for his loue,
Should be no salue to comfort Dauids soule?

Dau. Salomon (my loue) is Dauids lord,
Our God hath nam'd him lord of Israel:
In him (for that, and since he is thy sonne)
Must Dauid needs be pleas'd at the heart,
And he shall surely sit vpon my throne:
But Absalon the beautie of my bones,
Faire Absalon the counterfeit of loue,
Sweet Absalon, the image of content,

1760

Dauid and Bethfabe.

Must claime a portion in his fathers care,
And be in life and death King Dauids fonne.

Nat. Yet as my lord hath said, let Salomon raigne,
Whom God in naming, hath annointed King. 1770
Now is he apt to learne th'eternall lawes,
Whose knowledge being rooted in his youth,
Will beautifie his age with glorious fruits,
While Abfalon incenst with gracelesse pride,
Vsurpes and stains the kingdome with his sinne,
Let Salomon be made thy staffe of age,
Faire Israels rest, and honour of thy race.

Da. Tell me my Salomon, wilt thou imbrace
Thy fathers precepts graued in thy heart,
And satisfie my zeale to thy renowne, 1780
With practise of such sacred principles
As shall concerne the state of Israel?

Sal. My royall father, if the heauenly zeale
Which for my welfare feeds vpon your soule,
Were not sustaind with vertue of mine owne,
If the sweet accents of your cheerefull voice
Should not each hower beat vpon mine eares
As sweetly as the breath of heauen to him
That gaspeth scorched with the Summers funne,
I should be guiltie of vnpardoned sinne, 1790
Fearing the plague of heauen, and shame of earth:
But since I vow my selfe to learne the skill
And holy secrets of his mightie hand
Whose cunning tunes the musicke of my soule,
It would content me (father) first to learne
How th'eternall fram'd the firmament,
Which bodies lead their influence by fire?
And which are filld with hoarie Winters yfe?
What signe is raignie, and what starre is faire?
Why by the rules of true proportion 1800
The yeare is still diuided into months,
The months to daies, the daies to certaine howers?

What

David and Bethsabe.

What fruitfull race shall fill the future world?
Or for what time shall this round building stand?
What Magistrates, what Kings shall keepe in awe
Mens minds with bridles of th'eternall law?

Da. Wade not too farre my boy in waues too deepe,
The feeble eyes of our aspiring thoughts
Behold things present, and record things past:
But things to come, exceed our humane reach, 1810
And are not painted yet in angels eyes:
For those, submit thy fence, and say, Thou power
That now art framing of the future world,
Knowest all to come, not by the course of heauen,
By fraile coniectures of inferiour signes,
By monstrous fouds, by flights and flockes of birds,
By bowels of a sacrificed beast,
Or by the figures of some hidden art:
But by a true and naturall preface,
Laying the ground and perfect architect 1820
Of all our actions now before thine eyes,
From Adam to the end of Adams feed.
O heauen protect my weakenesse with thy strength,
So looke on me that I may view thy face,
And see these secrets written in thy browes.
O sun come dart thy raies vpon my moone,
That now mine eyes eclipsed to the earth,
May brightly be refin'd and shine to heauen.
Transforme me from this flesh, that I may liue
Before my death, regenerate with thee. 1830
O thou great God, rauish my earthly sprite,
That for the time a more then humane skill
May feed the Organons of all my fence,
That when I thinke, thy thoughts may be my guide,
And when I speake, I may be made by choice
The perfect eccho of thy heauenly voice.
Thus say my sonne, and thou shalt learne them all.

Salo. A secret fury rauisheth my soule,

H iij

Lifting

Dauid and Bersabe.

Lifting my mind aboue her humane bounds,
And as the Eagle roused from her stand,
With violent hunger (towing in the aire)
Seafeth her feathered prey, and thinkes to feed,
But seeing then a cloud beneath her feet,
Lets fall the foule, and is emboldened
With eies intentiue to bedare the sun,
And stieth close vnto his stately sphere:
So Salomon mounted on the burning wings
Of zeale deuine, lets fall his mortall food,
And cheeres his fences with celestially aire,
Treads in the golden starrie Labyrinth,
And holds his eyes fixt on Iehouaes browes,
Good father teach me further what to doe.

1840

1850

Nath. See Dauid how his haughtie spirit mounts
Euen now of heighth to wield a diademe,
Then make him promise, that he may succeed,
And rest old Israels bones from broiles of warre.

Dauid. Nathan thou Prophet, sprung from Iesses root,
I promise thee, and louely Bethsabe,
My Salomon shall gouerne after me.

Beth. He that hath toucht thee with this righteous thought
Preferue the harbour of thy thoughts in peace. 1860

Enter Mess.

Mess. My lord, thy seruants of the watch haue seene
One running hitherward from forth the warres.

Dauid. If hee bee come alone, he bringeth newes.

Mess. Another hath thy seruant seene my lord,
Whose running much resembles Sadocs sonne.

Da. He is a good man, and good tidings brings.

Enter Ahimaas.

Abim. Peace and content be with my lord the King,
Whom Israels God hath blest with victory. 1870

Da. Tell me Ahimaas, liues my Absalon?

Abim. I saw a troupe of souldiours gathered,
But know not what the tumult might import.

Dauid.

David and Bersabe.

Dau. Stand by, vntill some other may informe
The heart of Dauid with a happie truth.

Enter Cusay.

Cusay. Happineffe and honour liue with Dauids foule,
Whom God hath blest with conquest of his foes.

Dauid. But Cusay liues the yong man Absalon? 1880

Cus. The stubborne enemies to Dauids peace,
And all that cast their darts against his crowne,
Fare euer like the young man Absalon,
For as he rid the woods of Ephraim
(Which fought for thee as much as all thy men)
His haire was tangled in a shadie oake,
And hanging there (by Ioab and his men)
Sustained the stroke of well deserued death.

Dauid. Hath Absalon sustained the stroke of death?
Die Dauid for the death of Absalon, 1890

And make these cursed newes the bloody darts,
That through his bowels rip thy wretched breast.
Hence Dauid, walke the solitarie woods,
And in some Cædars shade (the thunder flew,
And fire from heauen hath made his branches blacke)
Sit mourning the decease of Absalon,
Against the body of that blasted plant

In thousand shiuers breake thy yuorie Lute,
Hanging thy stringlesse harpe vpon his boughs,
And through the hollow saplesse sounding truncke, 1900
Bellow the torments that perplexe thy foule.

There let the winds sit fighting till they burst,
Let tempest muffled with a cloud of pitch,
Threaten the Forrests with her hellish face,
And (mounted fiercely on her yron wings)
Rend vp the wretched engine by the roots
That held my dearest Absalon to death.

Then let them tossè my broken Lute to heauen,
Euen to his hands that beats me with the strings,
To shew how sadly his poore sheepeheard sings. 1910

He

David and Bethsabe.

He goes to his pauillion, and sits close a while.

Beth. Die Bethsabe to see thy Dauid mourne,
To heare his tunes of anguish and of hell,
O helpe my Dauid, helpe thy Bethsabe,

She kneeles downe.

Whose heart is pierced with thy breathie fwords,
And burfts with burthen of tenne thousand greefes.
Now fits thy sorrowes sucking of my bloud,
O that it might be poison to their powers,
And that their lips might draw my bosome drie,
So Dauids loue might ease him, though she die.

1920

Nat. These violent passions come not from aboue,
Dauid and Bethsabe offend the highest,
To mourne in this immeasurable fort.

Dau. O Absalon, Absalon, O my sonne, my sonne,
Would God that I had died for Absalon:
But he is dead, ah dead, Absalon is dead,
And Dauid liues to die for Absalon.

He lookes forth, and at the end sits close againe.

Enter Ioab, Abisay, Itbay, with their traine.

1930

Ioab. Why lies the Queene so prostrate on the ground?
Why is this companie so Tragicke hew'd?
Why is the King now absent from his men?
And marcheth not in triumph through the gates?

He unfolds the pauillion.

Dauid awake, if sleepe haue shut thine eies,
Sleepe of affection, that thou canst not see
The honour offerd to the victors head,
Ioab brings conquest pierced on his speare,
And ioy from all the Tribes of Israel.

1940

Dauid. Thou man of bloud, thou sepulchre of death,
Whose marble breast intombe my bowels quicke,
Did I not charge thee, nay intreat thy hand,
Euen for my sake to spare my Absalon?
And hast thou now in spight of Dauids health,

And

Dauid and Bersabe.

And skorne to doe my heart some happinesse,
Giuen him the sword, and spilt his purple soule ?

Toab. What ? irkes it Dauid, that he victor breaths,
That Iuda and the fields of Israel,

Should cleane their faces from their childrens blood ?
What art thou wearie of thy royall rule ?

Is Israels throne a Serpent in thine eyes,
And he that set thee there, so farre from thanks,
That thou must curse his seruant for his sake ?

Hast thou not said, that as the morning light,
The cloudlesse morning, so should be thine house,
And not as flowers by the brightest raine,
Which growes vp quickly, and as quickly fades ?

Hast thou not said, the wicked are as thornes,
That cannot be preferued with the hand,

And that the man shall touch them, must be armd
With coats of yron, and garments made of steele,
Or with the shaft of a defenced speare ?

And art thou angrie he is now cut off,
That lead the guiltlesse swarming to their deaths,
And was more wicked then an host of men ?

Aduance thee from thy melancholy denne,
And decke thy bodie with thy blisfull robes,
Or by the Lord that swaies the heauen, I sweare,

Ile lead thine armies to another King,
Shall cheere them for their princely chiuallrie,

And not sit daunted, frowning in the darke,
When his faire lookes, with Oyle and Wine refreshd,
Should dart into their bosomes gladfome beames,
And fill their stomackes with triumphant feasts,
That when elswhere sterne warre shall found his trumpe,

And call another battaile to the field,
Fame still may bring thy valiant souldiers home,
And for their seruice happily confesse

She wanted worthy trumpes to found their prowessse,
Take thou this course and liue, refuse, and die.

David and Berſabe.

Abiſay. Come brother, let him fit there till he ſincke,
Some other ſhall aduance the name of Ioab.

Offers to goe out.

Beth. O ſtay my lords, ſtay, David mournes no more,
But riſeth to giue honour to your acts.

Stay.

He riſeth vp.

David. Then happie art thou Davids faireſt ſonne,
That freed from the yoke of earthly toiles,
And ſequeſtred from ſence of humane finnes,
Thy ſoule ſhall ioy the ſacred cabinet
Of thoſe deuine Ideas, that preſent
Thy changed ſpirit with a heauen of bliſſe.
Then thou art gone, ah thou art gone my ſonne
To heauen I hope my Abſalon is gone,
Thy ſoule there plac'd in honour of the Saints
Or angels clad with immortalitie,
Shall reape a ſeuensfold grace, for all thy greefes,
Thy eyes now no more eyes but ſhining ſtars,
Shall decke the flaming heauens with nouell lampes.
There ſhalt thou taſt the drinke of Seraphins,
And cheere thy feelings with archangels food,
Thy day of reſt, thy holy Sabbath day
Shall be eternall, and the curtaine drawne,
Thou ſhalt behold thy ſoueraigne face to face,
With wonder knit in triple vnitie,
Vnitie infinite and innumerable,
Courage braue captaines, Ioabs tale hath ſtird,
And made the ſuit of Iſrael preferd.

1990

2000

Ioab. Brauely reſolud and ſpoken like a King,
Now may old Iſrael, and his daughters ſing.

Exeunt.

2010

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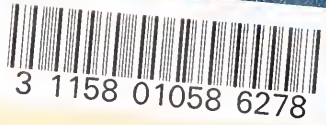
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