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William Holgate.



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4to. 1610. The Duke of Mollins
Tragedie.

4to 1632 ✓



AN
 EXCELLENT TRAGEDY
 of *Mulleasses* the *TVRKE*,
 AND
*BORGIA*S Governour of *FLORENCE*.

Full of Interchangeable variety; beyond expectation.

As it hath beene diversetimes Acted (with generall Applause) by the Children of his MAJESTIES
 REVELS.

Written by *Iohn Mason*, Maister of
 ARTS.

Hor: Sume Superbiam questam Meritis.



LONDON,

Printed by T. P. for Francis Falkner, and are to bee
 sold at his Shoppe neere vnto S. Margarites-hill
 in Southwarke. 1632.



Scenarum Persona.

XV

Mulleaffes

the Turke.

.3974

Borgias

Gouernour of Florence.

12

Duke of Venice.

Duke of Ferrara.

Bordello

an humorous trauellour.

Pantofle

his Page

Eunuchus

seruant to Borgias

Lord of Florence.

Phego

a gentle man vsier.

Philenzo

a gentleman of Ferrara.

Prusias

a gentle man of Venice.

A Fryar.

Iulia

Dutcheffe of Florence.

Timoclea

Borgias wife

Amada

his daughter

Madam Fullome

an old Gentlewoman.



149.667

May, 1873



The Argument.

I*ulia* the yong Dutchesse of *Florence*, being too yong to gouerne so great a state, was by her father left in the hands of *Borgias* her Vncle, and Protector: The Duke of *Ferrara* is by this vncle promised to marry the Lady, and the Duke of *Venice* hath the vowes of the Florentine Senate, to haue her yeilded vp to him.

Vpon this difference, The two Dukes, bring their Armies before the walles of *Florence*, to try it out by Battaille, who shall enioy the *Princesse*: But *Borgias* being a Neutralian, hath as tis suppos'd made away his owne wife *Timoclea*, with intent to marry his Niece *Iulia*, and so get the Dukedome; the Cardinall of *Aniou*, (his kinsman) solliciting the *Pope* for a dispensation. The great *Turke* likewise hath promised *Borgias* 40000. *Ianissaries*, to be his guard against all forraine outrages, and to make him K. of *Italy*, on cendition that *Borgias* will deliuer into his hands the command of the Straites of *Gibraltar*, thereby to giue him passage into other parts of Christendome which *Borgias* swears to doe.

The Dukes lying before the walles, *Borgias* summond a Parley, they come, & being in his counterfited sorrow told that *Iulia* is dead. The Dukes lay aside their armes, grew friends, and are receiued into *Florence*, where after a Banquet, *Borgias* intends to kill them, but Mulleasses a *Turke*, counsellis otherwise.

Mulleasses is a *Turke*, that in exchange of *Iulio* (Sonne to *Borgias*) comes into *Italy*, to learne the language and fashions

shions of the Countrey, and growes so endear'd to *Borgias*, he trusts him in all his plotts, and for it is promist *Amada* his daughter to wife: But the *Turke* loues *Timoclea* (*Borgias* vvife,) and shee him, yet in the end being weary of her, aymes at *Iulia*.

Timoclea finding the *Turke* enamour'd on *Amada*, kills her owne daughter: *Borgias* after many cunning Tragicall changes, strangles his wife in her owne haire, stabs *Ferrara*, being in the shape of an Eunuch. In the end *Mulleasses* and *Borgias*, kill one another, & the Duke of *Venice* suruiuing all their blacke and Trecherous plotts, marries *Iulia*.


There are other passages of Truiuiall Inferior persons, Interwouen into this peice, which serue as a foyle to the Brauery and hight of the Tragedy, yet are Instruments aptly set going to wheele vp the worke.





Mulleasses the Turke,
Actus primi. Scæna
prima.

Enter aloft Iulia, and Amada.

Iul.  Ow sweet are things knowne in their contraries
When onely apprehension, and sicke thoughts
Foster a greedy longing *Amada?*

A. Madame you breath: no couetous hand
Takes the aire from you: no contrariety
Bandy's against your rest: as I am modest,
My fathers seeming harsh vngentlenesse
Is but a misty pollicie, to beguile sometime:
Then be your selfe and *Ioviall.*

Iul. Yet why should I repine,
At this my forct restraint of liberty?
Our life is but a sayling to our death,
Through the worlds Ocean: it makes no matter then
Whether we put into the worlds vast Sea,
Shipt in a Pinasse or an Argosy.

Ama. No matter: when we hope for change of vessels Lady,
And in that hope beguile your passions:
Giue your sight o're the citty walls
And see what worthy obiects meete your eies:
See where two Dukes, each like a God of warre,
Lie both entrench't against the gates of Florence
To gaine your loue: on the west side, ther's
Ferrara hangs his scarlet ensignes foorth
And woos in blood: then from the East behold

Mulleasses the Turke.

In a white ensigne fil'd with starres of Gould,
Burnes the Venetians loue: the morning sun
Courts not the world more amorously: he is as milde
As *Mirrhas* boy doth prooue that lou's a childe,
Not tetchy if not wrongd. The other like Mars
Hemms in his Venus in his armes of Steele.

*Enter the Duke of Ferrara at one doore, and the Duke
of Venice at another doore, and meete at
the midst of the Stage.*

And vowes a conquest: see where they appeare
Madam your loue, which hand for a Dukedome?
Were I an Orator I could praise *Ferrara*,
He like the marble statute of some God,
Carries commaund in his proportion,
In him loue seemes a warrior for the fire
Of best affection burnes in hot desire.

Iul. And yet me thinks the smooth Venetian
Should more content a Venus:
In him loue seemeth as he is, calme and milde,
Pleasing and sportfull: things rough and violent
Die like abortiue fruit before perfection.
Th'are purfy and short breathd: th'ardor of true loue
Burns in a calme breast: in him affections
Are not like tempests raging: yet of force
Like an euen gale of wind to beare loues ship
Vnto the Port of happinesse: his fire
Burns, and consumes not, but maintaines desire.

Ven. Give o're my claime: that should argue,
A too could temperature in loue: besides
It would disable the Venetian power
Not to make good his challenge: I dare not.

Ferr. Why she is mine by promise.

Ven. I grant, that *Borgias* her vncke and Protector
Promisd you that which he cannot performe.

But

Mulleasses the Turke.

But know *Ferrara* that my claime takes roote
And growes vpon the promise of the state,
I by the Senate was assur'd her loue,
And on that ground the justice of my cause
Pleades. Thus in armes against the citty walls.

Ferr. Herein you ere: for know the Florentine
Dying a Prince powerfull and absolute
(Not countermaunded by a popular voice
Or by th'ambitious factions of a senate)
Leaues the Protector in his daughters nonage
Free like himsele, and absolute: of power
To promise and performe: on his assurance
Liues my loues right: then were you both
Direct opposers of what I claime, by heauen
And by that influence that made me great
I would persue my chalenge through your bloods.

Ven. Giue not such passage to your heate my Lord.

Ferr. Then giue my power a passage to my Loue.

Ven. That I demaund of you,

Ferr. And I commaund:

That without stay you raise your powers
And leaue this citties sidge vnto our armes,
Or what we aimd at them we'le turne on you.

Ven. Although your power were equall with your pride
I would dare stay *Ferrara*, and proclaime
Thy title weake, thy claime litigious:
Mine onely iust, apprant, righteous.
Yet let not fury so impeach our wisdomes
To iar for her another doth possesse,
And makes our follies laughter to our foes:
Will then *Ferrara* make his passions subiect
To an indifferency that I shall propound?

Ferr. If the indifferency you shall propound
Deuides not me from *Iulia*.

Ven. She's the maine claime of both our armed loues.

Ferr. And without her ther's no indifferency.

Mulcasses the Turke.

Ven. Yare frivolous:

Why know *Ferrara* thy prerogatiue
Extends no further then thy sword can reach:
Then when thy conquests hath confirmd thy will
Thou maiest capitulate with rude commaunds.
Till when proud Prince, stoupe at imperious chānces:
For did no other title then my sword
Make my claime righteous, yet the doubtfull lot
Cast on the ends of warre, carries my fate
Euen with thy pride: the Lady as mine owne
To shew an eminence that o're lookes thy hope,
I chalenge and auerre the right of warre
Due to my sword.

Ferr. Vnsheath it then

Ven. Yes at thy bosome.

Sound Cornets: they stay.

Ferr. What meanes this suddaine parley from the walls?

Iul. What are the Dukes at oddes?

Ama. Harke Madam from the walls

Sound againe.

A suddaine parley speakes vnto the Dukes

Iul. Was that that staid their swords.

Ama. I would faine haue seene,

how like *Esops* warriour they could haue fought,

For that a third carries away.

Some new deuise of pollicie hath causd

This vnexpected change not long since

It was resolu'd in counsell to maintaine

The siege against the hottest opposition.

Iul. Did I not thinke my fortunes ebbe at lowest
It might amaze me.

Ama. My libertie

May soone giue notice to you: then lets away:

A sunne may rise to mak't a happy day.

Exeunt.

Enter

Mulleasses the Turke.

*Enter aloft Borgias and
the Senate.*

Ven. To whom speakes *Borgias*?

Bor. Dukesto you both.

The present and vnlookt for cause of griefe,
That now hath tooke possession on our breasts,
Cuts off the feeling of all outward feare:
Our priuate griefs were desperate: did there not
A publike care of others burden vs
We thinke you wrongd, I and the Senate here,
Causes of both the nonsuites of your lores;
Appeale vnto remission.

Ferr. But whether bends your far-fetcht Oratory?
Restore the Lady vnto me: and on my honour's pawne
Ile free your Citty from the armes of *Venice*.

Ven. Senate, and you on whose authority,
And pawne of honor I engagde my loue,
Slaa'd my affections, and did prostitute
The freedome of my soule to *Julia*:
Slight not your wisedomes and your worths in counsell,
To serue the ends of hidden pollicie:
Make good your words engagde, and as I liue
A Prince vntainde in honor, I will free
Your Citty from *Ferraras* hottest fury.

Borg. Alas my gracious and renowned Lords,
I grieue to see your passions,
Emptied of th'objects that they wrought vpon:
I am the Embassador of heauy newes,
To you I am sure as heauy as to vs.

Ven. Speake it.

Borg. O it doth presse the Organs of my speech,
And like a lethargie doth numbe those motions
Should giue it vtterance.

Ferra. Hold the Protector there from falling.

Mulleasses the Turke.

Some standers by helpe to vnlaide his burthen.

The Camell else will sinke downe vnder it.

Borg. Scoffe not my gracious Prince: the grieffe I feele
Will be as heauy on thy now light head,
As tis on mine: the Lady whom you loue _____

Ferr. Why what of her?

Ven. Where is she? speake:

Borg. Singing with Angels in the quire of heauen,
The Requiem of saints.

Ferr. Shee's dead!

Ven. Shee's dead!

Borg. I Lords vnto your loues.

Ven. O my loues hard fate.

Ferr. Dead.

Borg. And now my Lords, seeing that she is dead,
For whome you raisd these armes against our walls,
I hope your furious angers liue no longer.

Ferr. We are appeas'd: *Venice* I thus salute thee,
and reconcile my fury in thy armes.
S'death dead?

Ven. Discend Protector, with her our armes are dead.

Fer. I am amaz'd: possesse me patience,

Discend.

Credulity *Ferrara* is a vertue,

I beleue it: *Borgias*: oh my spleent,

That he should thinke me so ridiculous,

To fasten any faith on pollicie,

The stateliest generall prop is ieaiousie,

On all men and their actions: I know it not.

Ven. Should I thinke her murdred, or that she still doth liue?

And feede some hope by deeming him a villaine,

That sooths this sorrowfull newes into our eares?

I might herein seeme pollicicke, and nurse

Some mischief in my bosome for reuenge,

Of that wherein I but suspect a wrong.

The trickes of state-moules that worke vnder Princes.

Are at the best, but like the vipers young,

That

Mulleasses the Turke.

That how-so-ere prodigious and hurtfull,
To many open and secure passengers,
Yet doe they neuer liue: without the death
Of him that first gaue motion to their breath,
This keepe me honest still, the heauens and fate
Are the best guardians to a wronged state.

A short flourish.

Enter Borgias and the Senate.

Borg. Laying aside all feare of what you may,
Thus to your powers we doe expose our liues,
Your wrongs we doe confess: might speake reuenge
Did not the flood of suddengriefe, take vp
All passion in it selfe: speake mighty Dukes,
Liues *Florence* in your loues: with *Iulias* death
Dies the memoriall of your former wrongs?

Ven. I forget them all.

Ferr. I take no pleasure in reuenge.

Borg. Then are our City gates ope to your loues,
And beg a fauour due vnto the dead:

This night the funerall hearse of *Iulia*,
(I know that name is deere vnto you both)
Returnes againe to her creation.

This night the rauenuous mother of the world,
(The all corrupting earth that eates her young)

Swalloweth the body of your *Iulia*,

This night she takes a farwell of vs all:

Then let it be a witnessse of your loues,

To giue her hearse an honor with your presence.

Ferr. Should we not graunt this, we might be taxt
Of much dishonor.

Ven. I were not worthy that it should be said

I leuyed armes for loue of *Iulia*,

Should I deny my presence at her hearse.

Borg. My loue, the neere alliance to her blood.

Mulleasses the Turke.

The deere remembrance of my Soueraigne dead,
Whose loue committed her vnto my care,
Makes me accept this honor done to me:
And I stand bound in bonds of gratitude
To both your princely worths: in lieu of which,
Let my emboldned weakenesse mighty Lords,
Presume t'invite you to a funerall supper,
A banquet forc'd by ceremonies custome,
As a due obsequy.

Ven. The loue of *Iulia*

Exacts from me all rights of custome.

Ferr. I yeelde my presence,

Borg. Your guards shall be my honor for this night,
Your feuerall armies during your stay in *Florence*,
Shall be maintained at our Citties charge,
In recompense of my loue to *Iulia*.

Ven. We thankeyou.

Borg. Nor giue we expectation of proud pompe,
Of shewes, or Pageants, for your entertainment:
Our bells ring forth our sorrowes in sad peales,
No pleasant changes to giue Princes welcome,
Our Churches stand not garnished with pictures,
To please deuoted superstition with,
But mourne in blacke. Our Church men leaue
Their chanting Anthems, and their dayly Masse,
To sing continually requiems to her soule.
Sorrow sits sad and weeping in our streetes,
All eyes are wet with teares, saue those where griefe
Hath dryed all moisture vp. Our sucking infants
Are pale and leane with hanging on the breasts,
Of griefe-spent mothers: If these may welcome you,
Wee'l giue you prodigall welcome to our Citty.

Ven. Such welcome fits the death of *Iulia*.

Ferr. So should all mourne and weepe for *Iulia*.

Borg. So doe we mourne and weepe for *Iulia*.

Lead

Mulleasses the *Turke*.

Lead on vnto the Citty: how slow pac'd is sorrow?
Griefe is a Tortoyse to the nimble sence,
And chills their motions, the officers of loue,
Liue at our funerall, and in death doe moouē.

Exeunt

Sæna secunda.

Enter Amada, & Eunuchus.

Ama. Eunuchus?

Eunu. Madam.

Ama. What solemnitie is that the Citty celebrates?

Eunu. The Dukes of Venice and Ferrara,
Are with your father entred the wals
Vnto the funeralls of *Iulia*.

Ama, Why, is *Iulia* dead?

Eunu. I hope your Ladiship ———

Ama. I cry thee mercy: the remembrance of her
Makes me still thinke she liues.

And thats the cause they parleyed on the wals.

Eunu. True Madam.

Ama. Remoue a while.

Eunu. At your seruice Lady. *stand aside.*

Ama. *Iulia* giuen out for dead,
And liue in durance at my fathers will?
Tis strange: the Dukes inuited to her funerall.
More milts of pol'icie? O simplicity
The clue of reason, cannot guide the fate,
Of this *Dedation* maze: wer't not prophane
In me to question nature for my birth,
And quarrell wth my starres for being daughter
To him whom I suspect to be a villaine:
Some inspiration of religious thoughts,
Make nature lesse in me, and beare my duty
Euen with his awe whose vncontrould commaund,
Frees our obedience from our impious parents.

Mulleasses the Turke.

My father *Borgias* left in charge with me,
That I should keepe faire *Iulia*: I am her Iaylor,
To whome, both he and I doe owe allegiance.
Distracted duty, how should I bestow thee?
On the right owner, justice I adore thee.

Enter Borgias.

Borg. *Amada.*

Ama. My loue and duty.

Borg. Alone?

Ama. My mothers Eunuch:

Borg. How fares *Iulia*?

Ama. Lies as you commaunded, vnseene & priuate.

Borg. Thy mothers dead.

Ama. Defend it heauens!

Borg. Dead: no more: *Eunuchus*?

Eunu. My loue and seruicē.

Borg. You gaue it our last night as I commaunded
Timoclea my wife was sicke.

Eunu. I did and't like your grace.

Borg. When sets the Sunne?

Eunu. Some six houres hence.

Borg. Tonight will be to soone: to morrow morning
Rumour't about the City, my wife is dead,
Say abroad she is dead.

Eunu. It shall be done.

Borg. So shall thy duty keepe me bound to thee.

Amada: something more I haue to say,
Prepare for marriage.

Ama. For marriage?

Borg. Question me not, thou must be married,
Mulleasses is thy husband, my word hath sea'ed it.

Be still my *Argus*, and keepe *Iulia*.

Death to my soule, *Eunuchus*

Canst thou vnknowne (to any saue thy selfe)

Poyson a groome to stuffe a coff'n with?

Eunu. I can to please your Lordship:

Borg. O

Mulleasses the Turke.

Borg. O thou shalt please vs highly, I haue great vse
Of such a thing, I prethee doe it:

My wife last night was poysoned, her body
The world beleeuēs is *Iulia*, supposed dead.

Now for the second funerall of my wife.

Her coffin must be fild vp with some slaue,

He shall be honord princely to his graue.

The funerall staies my presence: *Amada*

See to my *Iulia*, if *Mulleasses* mooue,

Be kinde and gentle to his proffered loue.

Exit Borgias.

Am. Heeres a distracted laborinth of wit,

Iulia a liue, and yet her funerall kept:

My mother dead and neuer sicke: tis true:

To many, death is suddaine and vnlookt for:

So'twas to her: and in the midst of death,

I must be married: death take me to,

Let me not liue to see those tapers burne,

That lead me to his bed: wher's sanctity?

Religion is the fooles bridle, worne by pollicy:

As horse weare trappers to seeme faire in shew,

And makes the worlds eye dote on what we seeme.

Be silent yet for duty stops thy mouth,

He into *Iulia*, tis she and I;

That must be *Chorus* in this Tragedy.

Exit Amada.

Eun. How so'ere my fortunes make me now a slaue

I was a free borne Christians sonne in *Cyprus*,

When *Famogusta* by the Turke was sackt:

In the deuision of which Citty spoiles,

My fortune fell to *Mulleasses* lot:

Nor was it Tyranny enough that I was Captiue,

My parents robd of me, and I of them,

But they wrongd nature in me, made me an Eunuch,

Disabled of those masculine functions,

Due from our sex: and thus subiected,

These sixteene yeares vnto the vilde commaund,

Of an imperious Turke, I now am giuen

Mulleasses the Turke.

To serue the hidden secrets of his lust,
Vnto *Timoclea*, the wife of *Borgias*,
Whose priuate mixtures I am guilty off:
Betwixt these three I stand as in a maze,
In eg'd to all their sinnes, and made a baud
To lust and murder: *Mulleasses* first
Giues me vnto *Timoclea*, that without suspect
I might procure their loues security:
For which they promise me my liberty.
But *Borgias* whether ieaalous of his wife,
Or reaching at some further pollicy:
Bindes me with golden offers to his trust,
And first commaunds me rumor it abroad
Timoclea his wife was sicke, when at that instant
She was in health and dauncing with the Turke.
Now I must second that report with death,
And say abroad *Timoclea* is dead:
Short warning for a iourney vnto heauen:
But (which amazeth most) I must prouide
The body of some groome to stop a coffin with.
This is a riddle of some Sphinx, let *Oedipus*
Vnfold the meaning: I leaue it to th'euent,
And thinke most safety in not knowing it.
I must prouide some groome, thats my commaund:
Prosper me Saturne, and those starres of sinne,
Whose influence makes villaines fortunate.
He kils by law that kils men for a state.

Enter Bordello & Pantofle his Page.

But who comes here my spruce he-letcher
That makes his boy saue him the charges of a bawdy house,
Fore *Mahomet* an excellent fellow for my Lords coffin:
Assist me power of wit.

Bord. Pantofle.

Pan. A

Mulleasses the Turke.

Pan. At your pleasure sir?

Bord. Thou hast beene at my pleasure indeed *Pantofle*, I will retreat into the country, hate this amorous Cours, and betake my selfe to obscurity: I tell thee boy I will returne by this *Circyan* Isle without transformation since *Hebe* hath discovered her secrets I will turne *Iupiter*, hate the whole sexe of women, and onely embrace thee my *Gammede*.

Pan. Sfoot sir you are as passionate for the disloyalty of your Sempstresse, as some needy Knight wold be for the losse of some rich magnificos widdow: doe you not see how the supporters of the Court, the Lady of the labby gape after your good parts like so many grigges after fresh water, and can you withhold the dew of your moister element?

Bord. I tell thee should the Lady *Iulia* when she was a liue haue proferred me her cheeke to kisse, I would not haue bowed to that painted image for her whole Dukedome: *Mercury* had no good aspect in the horoscope of my natiuity: women & lotium are recipiocal, their fauour is noysome.

Enn. Why her's a slaue in folio will seeme to flight the loue of a Princeesse, when he would willingly spend his talent on an oyster wife.

Borg. Sirra *Pantofle* trusse vp my wardrobe: but withal publish my departure, I would willingly put my creditors to the chardge of garding me out of towne.

Pan. It will much scandalize your reputation for to depart indebted: you will be curfed heavily.

Bord. To depart indebted boy, is the onely way to be praid for, seeing they know it is my prosperity and welfare that must make them satisfaction.

Ennn. Before heauen an excellent reason.

Pan. Pray sir make euen with your Taylor, for he is verie poore,

Bord. Most willingly, for I am not possesst of a pennikin, and if he be not before with me, I take it we are euen, & may walke in a campagne, *Pantofle* vanish.

Mulleasses the Turke.

Pant. I goe fir.

Eunu. I haue it, thankes sweete *Thalis*, thou hast begot a child of mirth in my braine, I will put it to this creature of Florence to nurse: fauicy Seignior.

Borg. *Eunnuchus*, Venus restore thee to thy generation: what doings are now in your quarters?

Eunu. Doings: in faith courtly and weake: Cupid helpe the poore Ladyes.

Borg. you are about me, I meane not their ingenys or vpper galleries.

Eun. Nor I neither: & yet I speake of their vnderstandings, which by reason of a generall spring, halt and debility in their hamms (heauens know) are most falteringly feeble: but to present the message I am sent for: to your worthiest selfe, from my Lady and mistresse the protectors wife: you are intelligent?

Borg. The beauteous *Timoclea*.

Eunu. Heauens grant she may haue the vertue of attraction: for she hath laide open, the luster of her best parts to your grace Sir: nay make not retreat sir: she knowes you disdaine her loue.

Borg. The truth is I am earthly, and like not to participate with the element of the fire: good *Eunnuchus* commend me to your Lady, and tell her by importuning my affection, she seekes the fall of an innocent.

Eunu. True Sir, but with a firme beleefe of your rising againe.

Borg. I see no hope of it.

Eunu. The harder is her fortune: but heare me, me thinkes reward should pricke you on with more courage, to such an honorable encounter.

Borg. Faith *Eunnuch* I haue made a vow not to vncase my selfe to any of that sexe.

Eunu. It may be you grounded your oath vpon the vncleanes of your shirt.

Borg. Verily since the relapse of my Sempstresse, I haue not addicted my selfe to that neat & cleanly carriage.

Eun. Sfoct.

Mulleasses the Turke.

Eun. Sfoot I thought some foule cause or other, interposed it selfe twixt you and my Lady: But sir, ile see all wants supplied, thy debts satisfied, thy fortunes eternally mounted: onely bee tractable to my poore loue-sicke Lady and mistresse, iust and loving.

Borg. As I am, so fates assist me: & *Eunuchus* heer's my hand thou shalt haue ample share in my fortunes.

Eun. By this hand sir but I will not: doe not faile sir at eight of the clocke to meet me here, where ile deliuer you the key of my Ladyes chamber: with further instructions in the businesse, and with assurednesse of preferment and promotion.

Borg. Deere *Eunuch* let me hugge thee: how I long to manifest thy seruice to my Lady *Timoclea*.
You will meete?

Eun. My hand and promise for it.

Borg. It shall suffice,

By women man first fell, by them Ile rise. *Exit.*

Eun. Haha ha: Protector here's a slaue
Shall stuffe thy coffin: him thou shalt sacrifice
Vnto *Timocleas* ghost, whose humorous soule
Shall in his passage ouer *Acheron*
Make *Charon* laugh, and the sterne judge of hell
Smile at his folly: this is the fatall key
Conducts him to those shades by *Borgias* hand:
Thus fooles must fall, that wise men firme may stand.

Scæna. 3.

Enter a Friar; after him a funerall in white, and bearers in white, after them Borgias, then the two Dukes, after them the Senate. &c.

A solemn march.

Borg. **S**Et downe that heauy load of misery,
SO would the easing you, might ease my heart!

Mulleasses the Turke.

Pure virgin hearke: O let it not impeach
The grauity of age to let some teares
Fall at thy funerall: true relique of that loue
I did inherit from thy fathers mouth,
When to my charge he left his heire and Duke dome
In thee I am depriv'd of all that honour
I should haue purchas'd by that thankfull care
Was due vnto thy fathers memorie:
Did not my griefe load all my powers of speech,
Oh I could spend my age in commenting
Of those true vertues died with him and thee,
But sorrow shuts my brest: Friar, thine officē.

Fri. By that great power is giuen to mee
The gates of heauen I ope to thee,
When mongst the Angells thou shalt sing
The song of saints before a King,
That sits for euer on his throne,
And giueth light to euery one:
To him thy soule we doe bequeath,
Thy body to the earth beneath:
And so we close thy tombe againe,
And pray thy soule be free from paine.

Ven. Looke from thy hely mansion sacred maid
And see how prostrae I adore thy blisse:
These armes in hope of conquest of thy loue
That rould themselues in steele, shall clasp the aire,
And in their empty foldings liue still barren
Of all the comfourt my youths hope did promise.
And since thy death takes my loues ioy from me,
Ile die a virgin-saint and liue with thee.

Fer. I cannot vent my brest in loue sickte tearmes,
Nor call to record all the gods of loue
For my integrity: nor prostitute,
An oyle passion curiously composd
Of riming numbers at my mistres hearse:
Or tell her dead truncke my true loue in vearse:

Mulleasses the Turke.

But since by death her loue I am denied,
To say I lou'd her is *Ferraraes* pride.

Borg. My honour, and that weake ability
Our state affords, to doe your graces seruice,
Lies at your princely feete, for this your loue
Done to the dead: now is *Iulia* shut
For euer from your eies: saue that she liues
Like a pure relique of some holy Saint,
Shrind in our breasts for euer: let me now renew
My first request, to sup with vs to night,
A ceremony due at funerals.
So shall you double honour vnto me,
In doing double honour vnto her.

Ven. Ile doe all honour both to her and you.

Ferr. Ile breake no custome.

Borg. I humbly thanke your graces, please you lead?
Heere liues alasting memory of the dead.

Exeunt.

A solemne march.

Manet Borgias.

Thus farre my pioning pollicies run euen,
And leuell with my aimes: *Iulia* liues,
And in her hearse *Timoclea* my wife,
Deludes the credulous Dukes: poysoned last night
By *Mulleasses*, to make way for me,
To marry *Iulia* my brothers daughter
For which the Cardinall of *Anion*, my kinsman
Sollicites daily with his holinesse,
For dispensation with our bloods alliance:
As for these weake men, whose pursuits in loue,
Dies with my strong auerring of her death,
I can commaund their liues, and then maintaine
My actions with the sword: for which the Turke
By *Mulleasses* made vnto my purpose,
Offers me forty thousand Ianifaries
To be my guard, gainst forraigne outrages:
And more: hee'le make me king of Italy.

Mulleasses the Turke.

To giue him but commaund vpon the streights,
And laid his force on this side Christendome
And I will doe it: on my faith to God
And loyaltie I owe vnto the starres,
Should their depend all Europe and the states
Christened thereon: Ide sinke them all,
To gaine those ends I haue proposd my aimes,
Religion (thou that ridst the backe of slaues
Into weake mindes insinuating feare
And superstitious cowardnesse) thou robst
Man of his chief blisse by bewitching reason.
Nature at these my browes bend: thy misteries
Wrought by thine owne hands in our actiue braines
Giue vs the vse of good, thou art my God,
If what I haue of thee, or wit or art,
Or Serpent sliding through the mindes of men,
Cunning confusion of all obstacles,
Bethey my childrens liues, my deere friends
May gaine me what I wish, I stoope at thy renowne,
And thinke al's *vacuum* above a crowne,
For they that haue the soueraignty of things,
Doe know no God at all, are none but Kings.

Exit.

Finis Actus Primi.

ACTUS 2. SCENA 1.

Mulleasses solus.

Mull. **E**Ternall substitute to the first that mou'd,
And gaue the Chaos forme. Thou at whose nod
Whole Nations stoopt, and hold thee still a God:
Whose holy-custom-ceremonious rites,
Lieu vnprophan d in our posterity:
Thou God of *Mecha*, mighty *Mahomet*,
Thus *Mulleasses* at thy memory

Disc ends:

Mulleasses the Turke.

Discends: accept his prone humility,
Great Prophet: let thy influence be free
Vncheckt by danger: mew not vp my soule,
In the pent roome of conscience:
Make me not morall *Mahomet*, coopt vp
And fettered in the fooles Phylosophy,
That points our actions vnto honesty.
Giue my plots fortune: let my hope but touch
The marke I aime at: then the gazing time
Shall in the present hide my former ill
Successse like *Ierhe* to the soules in blisse
Makes men forget things past and crownes our sins
With name of valour, be we impious:
A Scelus felix stiles vs vertuous.

Enter Eunnachus.

Eunu. My honourd Lord.

Mull. What diuell interrupts me?

Eunu. My duty.

Mull. Your duty is too dilligent that dares
Peere into my retreates: now should I kill thee.

Eunu. The Lord Protector *Bergias* my maister

Mull. Age and diseases breed consumptions
And rot him. What craues he?

Eunu. Your instant presence.

Mull. I haue instant businesse whose high import
Detaines my speed: know you the matter?

Eunu. A tumult 'mongst the fearfull multitude,
Cauld by an ominous terrour in the heauens,
Is as I gesse the ofreason your want.

Mull. What heauens? what terror?

Eunu. The Sun on suddaine feesles a darke eclipse:
And hides his siluer face behinde the moone,
As loath to see some prodegies appeare.

Mull. Make that eclipse eternall *Mahomet*.

Mulleasses the Turke.

Rise, rise ye misty-footed Iades of night,
Draw your darke mistresse with her sable vayle,
Like a blacke *Negro* in an Ebone chaire,
Athwart the worlds eie: from your foggy breaths
Hurle an Egyptian grossenes through the ayre,
That none may see my plots: Hast any greater newes?

Eunn. The daies eies out, a thousand little starres
Spread like so many torches, bout the skie,
Make the world shew like Churches hung with blacke,
And set with tapers at some funerall:
Amongst these starres directly from the East,
A fry meteor points a burning rod
At *Florence*.

Mul. Perhaps tis thirsty for the blood of Princes,
Blase out prodigious starre, and let the fire
Dart soule amazing terror to all eies:
Be like the *Basiliske* fatall to behould:
Hee eat the slimmy earth more then the plague,
And from her bosome send the blood of Kings
Sti'd into oyly vapours borne on high,
To expiate those flames that else would die.

Eunn. What answer shall I returne vnto my Lord?

Mul. That I will see him presently, be gone: *Borgias*,
Thou art no tutord pollitition *Exit Eunnuch:*
To lay another in thy bosome.
Know a state-villaine must be like the winde,
That flies vnseene yet list., an Ocean
Into a mountaines height. That on the sands
Whole Nauies may be split in their discent.
I stand about thee, and as from a rocke
Whose eminence out swels the raging flood,
See thy hopes shipwrackt: O credulity,
Securities blinde nurse: the dreame of fooles:
The drunkards Ape, that feeling for his way
Euen when he thinks in his deluded fence,
To snatch at safety, fals without defence.

Mulleasses the Turke.

Twise hath the *Nemean* Lyon breathd forth fire,
And made the scalded dogge- star pant with heate.
Twise the daies plannet through the burning signes
Hurred his fiery chariot sincethe time
I came to Florence in exchange for *Intio*.
The sonne of *Borgias*, here to learne thetongues,
The fashions and the Arts of Christendome:
Now by my flie and affable intrusion
I am made intimate with *Borgias*:
He thinks my thoughts are *Osiars* to be wrought
In any forme: the Dukes (that claimd
The loue of *Iulia*) he hath deluded
By a fain'd rumor of a suddaine death:
Her he detaines vntill he fits his time
By murder of the Dukes to be secure,
In his owne power to decke his marriage:
Timoclea his wife (the death of all his plots
If she (suruiues) he now beleeuēs is dead
Poyfond by me: in lieu of which he grants
His daughter *Amada* to me for wife:
As if my hopes flew not so high as his:
Now to secure my flight and make my wings
Stronger then his that melted in the Sun,
His wife *Timoclea* lues within this tombe
Made seeming liue-lesse by a sleepey iuyce
Infus'd in stead of poyson in her cup:
Here I must wake her, and in her stir vp
Reuenge against *Borgias*.
Image of death and daughter of the night,
Sister to *Lethe* all oppressing sleepe,
Thou that amongst a hundred thousand dreames
Crownd with a wreath of mandtakes sitst as *Queene*,
To whome a million of care-clogged soules,
Lye quaffing iuyce of Poppy at thy feete,
Resigne thy vsurpation, and dislodge,
Hang on the eies of sloth and make them sleepe

Mulleasses the Turke.

Whose hearts are heauy, or whose sorrowes weepe
Giue way to motion: and thou whose blood
Stands in thy full vaines like a charmed fload
Receiue the ayre againe: suruiue his hate
That on thy graue againe, climbs high to reach his fate.

Timoclea riseth in her tombe.

Timo. Who speakes so lowd

Mull. He that speakes life *Timoclea*.

Timo. You wake me.

Mull. Such power I chalenge Lady in my voice,
To wake you from your graue.

Timo. Where am I?

Mull. In your graue.

Timo. Hah, my graue.

Mull. Be not amased Madam: you are safe.

Timo. Who speakes vnto me? oh forbear:
I am not for your presence: see my bed
Lyes much vnseemely: who attends me there?
What meanes this inpuident intrusid?

Mull. Take time to your amazement: know where you are
Tis *Mulleasses* speakes to you: him you once lou'd:
Tis not now time to feare.

Timo. I know your face, and yet I know your being
Giues cause of feare.

Mull. Giue your selfe to me, and on those rites
Due to the sweets of loue, here is no daunger.

Timo. Accept me in your armes.

Mull. See where you are, know you this place?

Timo. Some Church I thinke.

Mull. And these the Trophies of your Ancestours:
This is the buriall common to your blood.

Timo. Oh free me from amazement, what strange accident
Brought me so neere my death? I am now my selfe,
And tuely capable of a discourse.

Mull. Then know Madam your life hath bene pursued,
And my selfe oribed, to be your poysoner,

But

Mulleasses the Turke.

But that my loue turnd death vnto a sleepe,
And brought you thus a liue vnto your graue:

Timo. Say on my deereft Lord, who brib'd thy loue?
What barbarisme, or what desert of mine
Mou'd this attempt against my life?

Mull. My soule durst iustifie your innocence,
But that disease that bred in Paradise,
Swels like the Presters poyson in our vaines
(To which all men are heires ambiton)
Desire to be like God: t'was that corruption
Gaued me occasion thus to shew my loue
On your liues safety.

Timo. My loue, and life are thine: speake onely.
What brest could so cruelly ambitiovs?
Whose honor or whose fortunes could my life
Eclipse or darken?

Mull. First Madam you must sweare,
By life, by loue, and by that hapinesse
Your soule assures you in the faith you hold
With me, this night to prosecute reuenge
On your liues enemy.

Timo. By life, by loue, and by that happinesse,
My soule assures me in the faith I hold,
By that which bindes me more, by this
I sweare this night to prosecute reuenge
On my liues enemy.

kisse him.

Mul. Enough: thy resolution like a fire,
Makes my warme blood boyle: *Borgias.*

Timo. My husband.

Mull. Your husband: start not I ady,
Twas he that by a promise of your daughter
The fairest *Amada* to me for wife
Made my tongue say, that I would poyson you:
Silence deere Lady: choke all passion,
And femenine complaints in thoughts of vengeance.

Forget

Mulleasses the *Turke*.

Forget you are a woman: and belike your wrongs
Full twolne with death: let your inuentiue braines
Carry more fate in their conception,
Then *Hecubas* wombe to Troy: my plots are yours,
Are you reuengefull?

Timo. As full of jealousie: or the wife of *Iason*:
Rob'd by the faire Corinthian of her loue.

Mul. Then thus we seale our resolution ——— kisse
Thus I ascend, and from proud fortunes wheele,
Pull my owne fate: forgiuenesse *Mahomet*
My hopes make me prophane; and my proud thoughts
Vsurpe about thy greatnesse: Apprehension?
Thou that giuest food vnto the soule of man,
The best companion to relieue the minde.
What sweete suggestions of my future blisse
Haue I from thee? O I am transported
Beyond the power of reason: the present time
Craues a more sober temper, Madam this disguise
Must carry you vnknowne vnto my chamber
Where we haue much to doe: release your thoughts
Giue freedome to those faculties of nature,
That made your sexe first dare to reach at pleasure.
Be proud and lustfull, let ambition sway
,The power of action in you: murder and blood
,Are the two pillars of a States-mans good. *Exeunt.*

Sæna 2.

Borgias solus.

Borg. **A** Pollitian Proteus-like must alter
His face and habit, and like water seeme
Of the same colour that the vessell is
That doth containe it, varying his forme
With the Cameleon at each objects change.
Twice like a Serpent haue I cast my skin,

Once

Mulleaffes the Turke.

Once when with mourning sighs I wept for *Julia*,
And made the two *Dukes* weepe for *Julia*,
That coat is cast: now like an *Amorist*,
I come in louing tearmes to court my *Julia*,
And seeme a lover: but of all shapes
This fits me worst: whose constellation
Stampt in my rugged brow the signs of death,
Enuy and ruine: strong Antipathyes
Gainst loue and pleasure: yet must my tongue
With passionate pathies and protestations,
With sighes, smooth glances, and officious tearmes,
Spread artificiall mists before the eies
Of credulous simpliciety: he that will be high,
Must be a Parasite, to fawne and lye:

Enter *Amada*.

Amada. I know your thoughts about me.

Ama. Your pleasure.

Borg. How stand your thoughts affected to the marriage
I lately did acquaint you with, are you resolu'd

Ama. I am: Rather to die then liue to see that hour.

Borg. I would see *Julia*, pray her company?

Ama. I will.

Exit *Amada*.

Enter *Mulleaffes*.

Borg. Your presence is most welcome.

Mull. What businesse of import?

Borg. Nought for the instant but a wooing sceane,
Prepare your wit my Lord to fight with words.
The Champions streight approach, but two to two.

Mulleasses the Turke.

Enter Iulia and Amada.

*Borgias courts Iulia, and Mulleasses Amada,
glancing his eye on Iulia.*

Mull. My lou'd deere Lady.

Borg. Beautuous Madam.

Mull. Faire as the morning.

Borg. Be as thy beauty seemes, propotionous, louing.

Mull. Attra:tiue Sunshine: all affections mouing.

Borg. More then a subiect, and more humble bent.

Iul. How supple seemes ambition? Vncley'ar too low:

Mull. Deuineft faire to whome all hearts should bow.

Amad. Fit attributes for heauen, my Lord, my feature
Is but earthmould, the weake frame of nature.

Mull. Yet grac't with heauenly vertue, it seemes diuine

Borg. I know your lights aboue me, yet let it shine!

Like the daies beauty on the lowly plaines.

Iul. Subjects are no fit loues for Soueraignes.

Borg. High comets from the earth draw vp the nuture.

Iul. Yet from the Sunne true starres haue all their lustre.

Mull. True starre on earth:

Amad. You flatter, pray'forbeare.

Borg. Loue Madam is importunate, you must heare:
Your nicenesse makes me be abrupt: I loue
And must enjoy you.

Mull. Hell to my loue: *Borgias* Ile preuent you.

Iul. I must be plaine: loue you me my Lord?

Borg. I by that power that made me.

Iul. Restore then that, that you haue robd me of,
My honor and my life: for I am dead,
So thought of in the world: giue me what I am:
Returne the title due vnto my birth
Du.chesse of Florence, and thy Soueraigne.

Make

Mulleasses the Turke.

Make me as free as I was borne, and giue my loue
The liberty of nature: then shall I beleue
And thinke you loue me.

Borg. I will restore your honours and your life,
I will returne the duties of your birth:
Dutcheffe of Florence and my Soueraigne,
The Soueraigne of my heart: and kaele to you,
And make my thoughts as humble as my knees:
See: I am not ambitious, tis not a crowne
The gorgeous title of a Soueraigne,
Makes me so euill in your thoughts: the poize of loue
Whome some terme light, and giues him wings
To soare aloft in me is but the same
And makes me stoope thus low to *Iulia*.

Iulia. Vncle I am a sham'd that any blood of mine
Should harbor such an incest: you haue an easier way
To gaine what you desire: make good the same.
The world is now possesst of: murder me,
Then are you heire to Florence: tis not halfe so ill,
As this incestuous mixture you so plead for,
Gainst nature and the law of heauen: but on
Vse your vsurped power, be still a villaine:
My life is the vtmost, and you may commaund it,
But my bloods vessell giuen vnto my soule,
As a pure mansion to inhabit in
Shall while I am and breath, be vnprophan'd.
Ile be more chaste then *Lucrece*, dye vnstaind.

Mull. You are a woman Lady, and will change:
The Protector's at a nonsuit in his loue,
How now my Lord?

Borg. Thus crost by superstitious obstinacy,
Ile vse the power I haue, and make — How thrives your suite?

Mull. Vnthriftily like yours: we are no Venus darlings,
No delight for women: she cannot loue.

Borg. She cannot loue? your reason Lady
Is your blood holy? are you a sanctuary,

Mulleasses the *Turke*.

That none may violate. What ease of conscience
Keepes you vnprophand? know that religion
Bindes your obedience minion to my will,
Loue him or ile hate thee.

Ama. I tender vp the duty of a childe
And yeeld a fathers high prerogatiue
Ore what I am: yet for that affection
That you would haue me captiue in his breast,
Know it is prisoner at so deere a rate,
As all my strength can no way ransom it.

Borg. Ile vse no rhetorique Lady to your cares:
But heare what I commaund, and doe my will,
Or thou shalt heare what will displease thy will.

Mull. Be these the precepts Christians giue their children.

Borg. But Madam for your loue.

Mull. I would forsake a God.

Borg. A more soft stile befeemes a subiects tongue,
Ile be no higher then my selfe, and not commaund
Whats in my power. Will you resigne your loue?

Iulia. I to that God that thou hast so prophand,
Detested Atheist,

Borg. Be religious Madam still and raile not,
Thinke of my honest sute: and thinke what power
This hand doth gripe: we are troublesome
And leaue you to your thoughts: these fits must end,
Trees are as easie broke that will not bend.

Exeunt at severall doores.

Scæna. 3.

Eunuchus solus.

Eun. **T**HIS is the houre I should meet my *catamite Signi-*
nior Bordella: I cannot but laugh to see the flauc
make a lecherous progres to Lucifer. The morall will bold rarely
he shal haue his braines fly about his eares in the hight of his ve-
nery: this instead of going to *Timoclea* shall conduct him to the
bed

Mulleasses the Turke.

bed of *Borgias*: amidst whose walking plots & state volutions, the amorous youth must needs be heartily welcome: for mine owne part, my hand shall be cleere from the blood of the goate: and yet I could account it happinesse to be within eare shot of his departure, to heare how lamentably the coxcombe would sigh out *Timoclea*: but the best is, neither Court nor Country will much misse the foole: there are elder brothers enough to supply his roome.

Enter Bordella.

And see where the Cocoloch appears: he passeth as if he would steale to hell without company: whist Signeor.

Bord. *Eunuchus?*

Eunu. The same: now I see thou wilt stand to thy word.

Bord. Thy Ladie shall see that in my deeds *Eunuchus* if all the sweete meates in Florence be prouocative.

Eunu. I sir, but Ladies are of the nature of Idols and will be serued on your knees.

Bord. True, were I not a man of warre whose vallour and magnanimious courage is not to be deiected so long as his weapon holds.

Eunu. Then I perceiue you'l shortly be at my Ladies mercy.

Bord. If I should, doubt not her gracious hand in my erection: but gentle *Eunuchus*, the key that opens to the *Vin lactea*.

Eunu. Heere sir, and looke your entrance be wary, soft and circumspect.

Bord. I had thought an entrance rough, manly & boistrous had bene more pleasing to Ladies.

Enter Madam Fulsome.

But see *Eunuchus* I shall be troubled I shall be tormented with this court owle if you assist me not: sfoot the flesh-fiy hath espied me, she will neuer linne sucking at me so long as I haue any matter for her to worke vpon.

Eun. Who, Madam *Fulsome* the *Gouernesse* of the maides? she is a good creature & very muscalle: she sets more instruments a worke then a Fidlar: Thou must needs loue her if it were but

Mulleasses the *Turke*.

but for her humility: she will bend her selfe to the meaneſt page of the scullery: and she hates the pride of the flesh exceedingly, and is knowne to be a mortifier of carnality.

Bord. I verily belecue it, for her very countenance and complexion shewes she is able to allay any mans courage liuing with a breath.

*Enter two Ladyes and Phego a gentleman
Vsher.*

Fulsome. *Phego* doe you espy no motions behind the arras, no squals, mufflings, or pages standing sentinell? or because our head the Lady *Iulsa* is dead, are all her seruants that is her members in the same predicament?

Phego. Surely I see no body stirring Lady: it is supper time and euery man is prouiding for the belly.

Ful. It will be shortly time for euery woman to prouide for the belly too, *Phego* a word with you.

Bord. What is that *Phego Eunuchus* doe you know him?

Eunuch. How, know him, can I mistake him sir, that is neuer hoodwinckt? he is an extreame enemy to haberdashers: affecting no blocke, but that which nature bestowed on him: and of that he hath bene so curious that it is not a haire amisse: he is sir the preface to your compoundresse of mans flesh, and vshers her to imployment: and is a creature of singular patience; contenting himselfe with the Theory, when others are the Practique. In his pace he imitates Fensers, and stands much vpon distance: He is partly an Astronomer too, being much giuen to obseruation of signes: for when the Sunne is in *Gemini* the Dog-starre attends without doores: he is a great friend to *Aries* but naturally hates *Pisces* for it is a chill signe and cooles his toes ouer-vehemently: in briefe sir he is a Gentleman Vsher.

Phego salutes Bordello.

Ful. Sure *Phego* that should be signior *Bordello*: I pray you in-treat his approach: of all our Courtiers I loue men of his country and breeding, they are the louingst, best spoken, well graced creatures

Mullcaffes the Turke.

creatures in these parts extant: I thinke it be giuen to those that be borne vnder your northren clime, to thaw and melt away at the Sun-shine of beauty: you shall read in very late stories that many of them haue lost their best members in the seruice of Ladies and distressed wayting Gentlewomen.

Bordello. I should account it none of my neereft mishaps, being interdicted so worthy a presence by more then vrgent affaires. Sweet Sir beare my excuse with all respectiue desire of pardon.

Ful. Whether Signior *Bordello* in such post hast: you forget your ould friends: when you came first to Court, you and I were more inward man.

Bord. Being vpon my departure Lady, I am inforced to see to the conuaying of my goods, and the trussing away of my baggage.

Ful. And that word baggage (I will be sworne) had bene an apt phrase for his bringing in, but you purpose not I hope signior to depart Florence altogether.

Enn. Oh no: his flight Lady is like the Rauens, that hauing spied a fat carckase, romes about to call more of her fellows to the prey.

Ful. But Signior, haue you so fully furnished your discourse with obseruation, as with so slight a view of our Gentlewomen to make a departure? indeed signior the Ladies of your country will exact some obseruatiue relate of your trauels vpon your returne.

Bord. For our Ladies Madame they are few or none, our country men are not so addicted to titles of honour: they vse knighthood as rich Iewellers desire lemms rather for traficque then ornament.

Phego. Is there any commodity to be had in the purchase sir?

Bord. Great commodity, & that is the reason so many merchants and yeomen sonnes hunt after it.

Ful. Belike this is one of your obseruations: pray sir be more open: I see you haue profited much since your coming.

Bord. For the bettring of mine inward parts, some few notions I haue committed to memory.

Mulleasses the Turke.

Eun. Impart them *Signior*: it may be I shall ad to your store: these Ladies will not discouer vs for intelligencers: they are naturally giuen to the concealement of priuate actions.

Bord. Since my comming to Florence I haue seen ignorance in the shape of a citizen muffled in the scarlet of magistracy that could not write his owne name. Generally I haue noted through the whole Country great enmity betweene witt & clokes liu'd through with veluet: and yet beggars & gallants agree together very familiarly. There is no thriuing but by impudence & pandarisme: he that is furnished with one of these two quallities shall begg more of a foolik Lord at a maribone breakfast, then all the Poets in the whole towne shall rime out of him in an age.

Eun. Tut these are but petty obseruations: I haue seene since my comming to Florence the sonne of a Pedlar mounted on a foote cloath: a fellow created a Lord for the smoothnesse of his chinne: and which is more? I haue seene a cap most miraculously turned into a beauer Hatt without either trimming or dressing.

Ful. That is strange indeed: *Signior* and *Eunuchus*, we are to presse you to a further curtesie in meeting vs in the lobby some two houres hence at a posset.

Bord. You shall finde vs as forward in as hot a seruice in the Lobby or else where at your Ladyships appoint, but——

Ful. We must haue no deniall.

Eunuch. Canst not say the Court-grace? promise man promise.

Bord. Your Ladyship shall finde vs ready to put in——our spoones.

Ful. Till then adieu *Signior* and *Eunuchus*. *Phego* forward.

Phe. So long as my ham-strings hold. *Exeunt.*

Bord. You see *Eunuchus*, familiarity and curtesie hath enwrap't me in the knowledge of these meanest vassels of honour: but henceforth my countenance shall be estranged, & I will bury my acquaintance in silence.

Eun. I thinke the Cuckoe foresings his owne dirdge: *Signior*, you shall need no further prescriptions: in the carriere of your delight, vouchsafe a thought of *Eunuchus*, you conceiue me

Sir,

Mulleasses the Turke.

Sir, manifest my seruice to *Timoclea*.

Bord. I were inhumaine if I should forget you the latest minute of my life: pray heauens my Page *Pantosto* haue procured in my absence the embrodered shirt I gaue directions for vpon both our wardrops: that care once cuer, I shall neuer henceforth taste of lowsie misfortune.

Venus supplying what *Bordello* most lackes;
Courtiers and Porters liue by able backes. *Exeunt.*

Scena 4.

Enter 4. Tapers borne by 2 Pages, Borgias, Venice, Ferrara, Mulleasses, Prusias, Philenzo.

Berg. **T**HUS our presumption hath prolongd your stay
At a cheape banquet: did not the rites of loue
Exact your presence as a debt to *Iulia*,
Our bouldnesse might haue wanted an excuse
Thus to detaine you.

Ferr. You are too full of ceremony my Lord,
Knowing your welcome prodigall, and full of state,
And such as fits our mournefull accidents.

Ven. The better part of loue due to the liuing,
Appeares in friends euen when their friends are dead.
And thinke my Lord Protector that our loue,
For which we came in armes against your walles,
Would not be wanting in one ceremony
Due vnto *Iulia* at her obsequy.
Is *Prusias* returned from our Campe?

Pru. I my gracious Lord.

Ven. Doth our Lieftenant keepe a carefull watch
Are Sentinels set out?

Prus. They are and it like your grace.

Ferr. Where is *Philenzo*?

Phil. Heere my Soueraigne.

Ferr. Are all in safety at our Campe?

F

Phil. Safe

Mulleasses the Turke:

Phil. Safe and in quiet.

Ferr. The knight is old,
And drowfie sleepe hang; heavy on our eies:
Conduct vs to our rest.

Borg. Neuer till now was *Borgias* fully blest:
To lodge two mighty Princes in one night
Vnder his roofe: where my sonnes sonne may say,
Heere mighty *Venice* and *Ferrara* lay.
My Lord these Tapers lead you to your chamber,
These great *Ferrara* vnto yours.

Fen. Rest to you all.

Exit.

Ferr. Good night and sleepe vnto your sorrowes.

Exit.

Borg. Sweete quiet be a guard vnto you both,
So may you sleepe for euer. *Eunuchus:*
Remoue without attendance from our eares.

Exeunt all but Mulleasses.

Now my hearts treasurer; what now remains?

My resolution houlds to murder them,
And with that force the towne may now affoord,
Practise some suddaine stratagem on their powers.

Mull. That were too violent: things done for state,
Must carry forme, and with an outward glosse,
Varnish and couer what would else seeme grosse,
Should they be murdered in their beds, or die,
Hauing your promise for their guard: th'offence
Could haue no safety but in violence,
No let them sleepe secure, and this nights safety
Will make them fearelesse, easie to be trapt.

In a more cunning net.

To morrow at a banquet they shall drinke
A drugge, whose working in their breast shall sleepe
Twice fiftene daies, vntill their absence hence
May give you colour from suspicion.

But then dissoluing like a fier that's hid,
Spreading a burning poyson through the blood,
It scalds the heart, and through the body runs:

Mulleasses the Turke.

Turnes to a hot quotidian: and doth leese
All thought of poison in a mad disease:
So dying, no impute can touch your name:
Things are vndone that are vnspoke by fame.

Borg. My fortunes on thy counsell noble Turke.
We'le clime together: my daughters heddy will
Shall stoope vnto thy pleasure: as for *Iulias* loue she
Must or yeeld or die: he that is wise,
Will tread on any that may make him rise. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus 3

Enter Timoclea like a Ghost.

Timo. **B**Lush not thou chaste and modest Queene of night,
Nor hide thy silver crescent in a cloude,
To see me thus *Rhamonisa* like attir'd:
Stare on ye *Argus* eied heauens and see a woman
More full of vengeance, then your jealous Queene.
Medusa sometime the loue of *Neptune*,
(But after for thy lust transform'd a monster)
Lend me those serpents that about thy head
Curle vp like Elfe-knots, at whose horrid sight
The sun may vanish or stand still affright,
Or you you Furies ministers of feare,
(That at *Astreas* feet lie bound in snakes
Attending her iust sentence to begin
Terror of conscience in the breast of sin)
This night be powerfull in me and inspire
My face with feare, my heart with ranck-swolne ire.
Venice, Venice, great Venice:

Ven. Who speakes to Venice? *Within.*

Timo. *Iulia* thy loue

Ven. Delusiu voice, why dost renew my grieffe
By naming *Iulia*?

Mulleasses the Turke.

Timo. Didst thou loue *Iulia*?

Ven. Thou wrongst me to make question of my loue:
Whatsoere thou art.

Enter Venice.

Timo. Then see thy *Iulia* and reuenge her wrongs.

Ven. Dissolue ye glacy pearles and melt in drops,
Or with the teares-pent mother *Niobe*
Turne into stones: shall I belceue my thoughts,
And credit what thy shape presents to me?
Thou art the Ghost of murdered *Iulia*.

Timo. I am.

Ven. Immortall essence Virgin-element
So may I taerme thy ayry substance freed
From the grosse mixture of our earthly load:
Oh I am throngd with passions & each crauing vent
None can haue passage till some teares be spent,
Fall fall ye siluer pearles, and of the earth
Purchase a soft relenting at my griefes.
Soure downe like raine drops, and perce the stones
Make them receiue my sorrowes, or from mine eies
Run like to christall riuers through the world,
Slide ore the flowrie medowes that the Nymphs
Dancing in feary rings vpon the grasse,
May leaue their sport, and weepe to see you passe,
Waere by the dolefull murmure as you goe,
The hills may heare you mourne and sound my woe,
Pardon: if I be tedious virgin spirit,
Or if my grieve be too effeminate:
Thy habit is an iudix to reuenge,
Which the wrongs seeme to plead for of me loue,
Speake them, or deale them through the yeelding aire
Into my eares, and they shall be to me
Like the sterne drumme, or musicque of the warre
Vnto the coward, or the fainting souldier.

Timo. Venice

Mulcasses the *Turke*,

Timo. Venice I was murdered.

Ven. Murder is open mouth'd, and as the sea
Whose couetous waues imprisond by the land,
Bellow for griefe and roare vpon the sand,
So from the earth it cries, and like a childe
Wrongd by his carelesse nurse will not be stild:
Are ye then deafe yea gods, ye cannot heare it?
Or is iust Libra false out of your spheres,
That wronged states must to the earth appeale
For iustice and reuenge. Then tis not prophane
T'usurpe your functions: my hand shall be as iust
As my soule louing: and they both shall leaue
A story to the world of my reuenge.
Nor in succeeding times shall be forgot.
Venice reueng'd those wrongs the heauens would not.
I interrupt what thou wouldst say, and seeme
To crowne all vengeance in a passion.
Speake but his name.

Timo. My vnclc *Borgias*.

Ven. Enough.

O that the genius that attends on man,
Should be a doubtfull Oracle to the soule
And whispering to our intellectu what fate
Hangs like a falling tower vpon his state,
Yet be no more of force to length our ioy,
Then were *Cassandras* prophécies to Troy.
Disloyall trecherous villaine *Borgias*,
Some *Hydras* poyson, or the blood of *Nessus*
Cleau to thy flesh:
Oh my blood siuels beyond my power: my voice
Louder then his that thunders through the cloudes,
Shall speake this monstrous murder to the world,
Ile be thy Orator wrend spirit and plead
Blood and reuenge for thee though thou be'st dead.

Timo. Stay.

Ven. What wouldst thou more?

Mulleasses the Turke.

Timo. Heare and be aduisde:
To morrow when the senate sits be there,
And in the eares of the whole state proclaime,
And iustifie my words gainst *Borgias*:
In this alone I will great *Venice* proue,
Do it as euer thou didst *Iulia* loue.

Ven. I will.

Timo. Whilst I borne vpon aire attend my blisse.

Ven. Peace to rhy soule: Adieu.

Exit.

Timo. Remember *Iulia*.

Yet prosper and go on for *Iulias* ghost
My false shape takes: th'abused Duke's a fire,
Through *Borgias* blood I'le runne to my desire.

Enter Bordello solus.

Whome haue we heere?

Bord. *Priapus* thou womans God assist me with a Iouiall ability: this night I may beget a *Hercules*: Fortune I must confesse thou hast turnd vpthy mouffler: & cast a gracious aspect on *Bordello*: for I am not onely in the state of cleane linnen; but also thou hast made me gracious in the eie of signior *Diaspermaton* my Apothecary, who hath furnished me with this receipt: heere is a compound of *Cantharides* *Diosfiterion*, marrow of an Oxe, haire of a Lyon, stones of a Goate, Cock-sparrowes braines, and such like this after an houers receipt hath a foure fold operation: and least I should be like a Peacocke all taile and no heart, heere is a distillation of ten pound a pinte, that comforts the inward, fiers the braines, cheeres vp the spirit, and makes a man lay about him like a dutchman. Let mee see, it is more then time that I commit this diuine pill to his hopefull working: least my staffe be out of the rest when my aduersary is in the carriere. So *Cupids* faite mother be thy midwife: out and alas I am mare rid, what Somners Ghost or limme of Lucifer, puts poore *Bordello* in minde of penance before he hath trespassed?

Timo. I

Mulleasses the Turke.

Timo. I am espied: his feare doth apprehend me for a ghost,
And I must feed it.

Bord. Se, it makes toward me: infortunate *Bordello* that the
Deuill should be an enemy to lechery

Scena: 2.

Enter *Madam Fulsome, Eunuchus and*
Phego.

Ful. Come let vs set to our businesse, *Phego.*
Lend vs your wind to coole this posslet.

Phego. It is not the first time I haue bene constrained to puffed
and blow in your Ladyships seruice.

Ful. It hath oft come in my minde to knowe the deriuation
and denomination of this word posslet?

Eun. I take it that it comes of the Latin word *posse* to make
a man able: and that's the reason euer after eating them, men de-
sire to make experience of their forces.

Phego. I rather conceiue it comes of the word *pono* of putting
together, for that your posslets are the visuall meanes of Con-
gregating, putting and combining your Court creatures toge-
ther.

Eun. And that may well be: for I remember that reuerent
pedagoge *William Lilly*, brings in *gigno*, *pono*, *cano*, one in
the necke of another, *gigno* to beget, *pono* to put in, and *cano* to
sing.

Ful. That *Lilly* was a beastly knaue to put *pono* behind *gigno*
there is no mulicque in it: but all this time we misse not *Sig-*
nior Bordello, it hath not bene his custome to be absent where
his chops might haue had employment.

Eun. You speake of the dayes of hunger, when the slaue was
a stranger in the land of *Hamiah*: but the word is retro gard: the
last age is a golden age with him.

Ful. See

Mulleasses the Turke.

Enter Bordella.

Ful. See where the sonne of saturne appears.

Enn. Sfoot I thought the Dog-fish had bene bayting *Cerberus* here this time.

Bord. Ladies did not you see a spirit passe this way?

Enn. Thou seest we are feeding the flesh man, what doost thou talke of the spirit?

Bord. Without iest a meere Ghost, standing bolt vpright at *Timocleas* chamber, some Court Incubs on my life.

Ful. Were you not much terrified signior with the apparition?

Bord. How, terrified? I no sooner beheld it, but drawing my better parts together *Enter Timoclea.*
Helpe, helpe! *All run out, Timoclea follows the Eunuch out.*

Scæna. 3.

Enter Ferrara solus.

Ferr. **F**Eare and suspection, two night-waking charmes,
Banish all sleepe, suggesting in my thoughts
Falsehood and treason: I am slow and dull,
Discending like the earth: yet I know not what
Prickes like the thorne of *Philemel* at my breast:
And tels me there is danger in my rest.
Sometime I thinke of *Iulia*: and that thought
Presents her loues in a liuing shape.
When not remembring death, I ope my armes,
To tye a Gordian knot about her waste.
And bid her welcome: but that empty claspe,
Deluding my false hopes with nought but ayre,
Makes my blood angry, and doth turne my passion
To seeke a subject fit for my reuenge:
And then I euer thinke of *Borgsas*,

Mulleasses the Turke.

As if my loue were wrongd by *Borgias*. *A growing wishie*
What meanes these suddaine tumults in mine cares?
Sauē me eternall guard of innocence:
Treason, treason, villaine thou shalt buy my blood.

Eunuchus rusbeth in: he kills him:
Enter Timoclea.

Eun. O spare me.

Ferr. Distraction of my braine, what shape art thou?

Timo. Iulia

Exit.

Ferr. Iuliah: hah: stay tis gone: did I see?

Or did my feare and fancy frame this forme?

Villaine thou art some instrument of falshood

Confesse thy treason.

Eun. You are secure: that shape that nam'd your loue

Purued me through the court, till for my reſcue

Feare made me vse this violence at your chamber.

O I am slaine, and dye a causlesse death,

I nere liud false to thee: all thou hast gaind

Is that my soule dies cleare and leaues thine staind.

He dies.

Ferr. To doe thee good my soule shall say as much

And witnes it before the Iudge of soules,

When at the generall barre we meete together.

But I must vse thy shape: this night Ile walke

Hid in thy habit from discerning eies:

Ile pry about the Court, perhaps I may

Once more see *Iulias* ghost, and learne her wrongs,

By them to ayme aright in my reuenge.

My hand first dies the scene: and it shall fill

The stage with vengeance: *Nemesis* shall wade

Vp to the chin and bath herselfe in blood,

The dangling snakes that hang about her necke

Shall sucke like *Lethe* of the purpule gore

Shed for my *Iulias* death.

Ile feast the rauenuous people of the aire,

Mulleasses the Turke.

And fill the hungry wolues with slaughtered men,
The streets of Florence like the streets of Rome
(When death & *Scylla* raignd) shall run with blood,
Their swelling channels with a scarlet tide
Shall wash the stones, and for my *Iulias* death
The Angry gods of wrath shall smile as pleas'd
To seeme so reuengd: *Eunuchus*, thy death
Is but a prologue to induce a plot,
Maist thou be blessed, th'art not worth my hate
I must reach higher, and on thy disguise,
Lay but the ground worke for reuenge to rise. *Exit.*

Scena 4.

Enter Mulleasses solus.

Mull. **B**E pleas'd ye powers of might, and about me skip
Your anticke measures: like to cole black moores,
Dauncing their high Lauoltos to the Sun:
Circle me round: and the midst Ile stand,
And cracke my sides with laughter at your sports.
On my hopes fatte me: nor shall time grow ould,
Or weary with attending my successe.
One night shall crowne me happy: *Borgias* wife
Appeares vnto the Dukes of *Iulias* ghost,
To breed suspicion in them of her murder,
So that if *Borgias* chance suruiue this night
(As he must die if all my plots hits right)
The Dukes to morrow when the senate sits
May proue what ile affirme against his life.
Nor to redeeme his safety shall he bring
The Lady to disprooue what we auerre.
Her will I cease, and in some straunge disguise
Keepe till my growing faction be of force,
To second my ambition for the crowne.
If I plot well, faire *Amada* must die,

And

Mulleasses the Turke.

And by her mothers hand: she must not liue
To speake her fathers wrongs. *Timoclea*
Thou art next: I tooke thee from thy graue
Not for the loue I bore *Timoclea*,
But to sucke from thy vse the sweets of loue
I bore to *Iulia*: twas loue and state
Gauē thee this time of life to strength my fate:
But babble not: silence tongue: she comes.

Enter Timoclea.

Timo. My Lord, what, drown'd in contemplation?

Mulleasses: loue.

Mull. Heauenly creation, beauties abstract, natures wonder.

Timo. What meanes my Lord: awake *Timoclea* speaks.

Mull. I must enioy thee *Amada*: strong force of passion.

Timo. Ha: *Amada* dearest Lord your sence
And know me.

Mull. Ha *Timoclea*: thy loue and pardon, I was ore borne,
And carried from my selfe with idle thoughts
Of what sad melancholly suggested in me:

What comfor bringst thou? hath thy dead shape
Bene powerfull vnto feare? stood they amaz'd?
Their eies like fiered starres set on thy face:
Their speech abrupt and short: their haire vpright?
Stiffe like the quils of Porcupines? art blest

Timo. I am: if what you speake may make me blest.

Mull. It makes vs happy: giues our hope true life.

Timo. Neither my life nor hope to be so blest
Makes me so happy as thy loue deare Turke.

Were I *Venus* thou shouldst be my *Mars*,
And I would court thee euen in *Phebus* sight,
Although it mou'd an enuy in the gods:

Be *Iouial*: like *Salmecis* thy loue
Shall cling about thy hecke.

Mull. I am not sportfull:

Mullcasses the *Turke*.

Timo. Ile daunce before thee like a faierie Nymph,
And with my pleasing motions make thee sport:
Ile court thee naked, as did the *Queene* of thoughts
Her sullen boy, and all to make thee sport.

Mull. You are not pleasing.

Timo. Not pleasing gentle *Turke*?
Time hath not set the characters of age
On my smooth browe: my pulses beate as high,
As when my first youth lifted vp my blood,
I buy no beauty: nor hath nature bene
A niggard in my face: I am yet yong
Fresh and delightfome, as the checkerd spring,
The Lilly and the rose grow in my cheekes,
And make a bed for loue to rest him on.

Mull. But I am restless.

Timo. Rest thee on my brest.

Mull. No I must pilgrime to a loue deuine.

Timo. Loue me and vnto loue Ile build a shrine
And on an Altar offer to our loues,
The thighs of Sparrowes and of Turtle Doves.

Mull. You are importunate.

Timo. Yeeld then and I haue done.

Mull. No more:

Faire *Amada's* the saint that I adore.

Exit.

Timo. *Amada*: minion is it you?
Makes me thus sue vnheard? my daughter *Amada*
Haue I in my bosome nursed a snake:
No si. rce-streame torrent, nor no storme at sea,
No step-dame is halfe so raging: my blood was not so strong,
When thou wert got: now 'tis like the sea,
My soule a Barke that runnes with wind and tide
And cannot stop: the Anchor of my thoughts
(Reason) is lost, and like the vine-gods priests
Running downe *Nita* or from *Pindus* top,
I am vnstaid and doubtfull in my course.

O the

Mulleasses the Turke.

O the strong power of sence: I must doe that
Which all succeding times to come shall speake
Yet not beleeu; all say twas done, yet none
Say twas well done. Loue is a God,
Strong, free, vnbounded, and as some define,
Feares nothing, pittie th none: such loue is mine,

Exit.

Finis Actus 3o

Actus 4. Scena 1.

Enter Iulia and Amada.

Iulia. O Had our soules no deeper sence then flesh,
Were they like waxen pictures formable:
Obsequiously to take impression
From euery rude hand, and be like this will,
That wils vs vnto some deformity,
I should not *Amada* complaine of wrong
But make religion of my forc'd restraint:
I then should sleepe and pray: and on my beades
Number deuotion: my euironed spirit
Should not thus swell beyond my present freedome:
Whisper my wrongs, and prompt my weaker powers
To proue impatience.

Amada. Madam I am yours.

Let not the name of daughter vnto him
That hath confinde your hope, be preiudice:
To those affection's I beare your state:
He proue' gainst reason and receiued truth,
Like breeds not like, in breeding euery thing:
Cleere streames may flow euen from a troubled spring,

Iulia. I am no infidell to thy position,
Sad thoughts oppresse me: may I haue no musique?

Amada. Yes Madam.

Mulcasses the Turke.

Iul. Some say that when the Thracian entred hell,
The torturd soules enchanted with his tunes,
Felt not their torments: *Syciphus* fate downe,
Ixioms wheele stood still: the thirsty sonne of *Ioue*,
Forgat to drinke, and all the rest did stand
Catching the ayre from his delicious hand:
I would I might pertake their hapinesse.

Ama. Madam you shall giue your eares a while,
And you shall heare such musicke as would make
The greedy wolfe forsake the tender lambe,
And listen to it: such as the sonne of *Neptune*
Plaid to the Dolphins: when they in a ring,
Danc't their crookt measures but to heare him sing.
Madam how fare you now?

A song.

Iul. Euē as the labouring day-man after sleepe.

Enter Timoclea like a Ghost.

Refreshd and cherisht: ha but *Amada*.

Ama. Some better *Genius* assist my feare,

Iul. What would it *Amada*, it beckens to thee?

Ama. My mothers troubled spirit: O defend me'n heuens.

Timo. A way: *Amada*.

Iul. It commaunds my absence.

Ama. O for heauens sake stay.

Timo. A way.

Iul. Something it would vnfold to thee: I goe. *Exit Iulius*

Timo. Contenting thy feare, I liue,

Ama. Such terror liues not in a liuing eye,
Death is no sharper then those pointed beames,
That pierce vnto my heart.

Timo. Would they were ponyards digging at thy breast,
Keepe in thy short-drawne accents: let not th' ayre
Carry the softest clamour to the eare
Of waking Iealousie: if it do ———
How lust and Nature doe deuide my soule?

The

Mulleasses the Turke.

The one doth plead prescription in my blood,
And she's as plantiue with such clamorous spels,
As might coniure the violent rape of lust
To modest continence. O but it is a vice
Sooner condemn'd then banisht: easily spoke against
But yet t'will fawne as smoothly on our flesh,
As Circe on the Grecian trauellours.

When she detaind them in the shape of beasts,
Amada knowest thou my face?

Ama. I knew that outward Character of her
That sometimes I call mother.

Timo. Dost thinke I haue no life?
Seest my blood in a continuall pulse
Beat through the azure conduits of my flesh?
Feele how I burne: what star'st thou on me?
Am I transparant? canst see from my heart
Death in the shape of jealousie: stand
Like a chiefe Organ guiding all my frame,
Vnto some tragicke action?

Ama. O giue my sence some freedome:
From feare and terror, that I may distinguish
Betwixt the credulous rumor of your death,
And what I see.

Timo. I liue, the time befits not inquisition
Of tedious circumstance: *Amada* I liue:
But thou must die, and by thy mothers hand.

Ama. O be not a *Medea*.

Timo. Why like *Creusa* hast thou stolne my *Iason*?
My *Mulleasses* he dotes vpon thee:
I am debar'd his breast,
Rob'd of his loue by thy alluring looks.
Sad discontent wound in his folded armes,
Sighsnought but *Amada*: but by my better hopes
My blood shall like *Medusas* first turne to serpents
And taint thy flesh, ere it shall loose that fier
Which makes it boyle and burne in his desire.

Amada. De-

Mulleasses the Turke.

Ama. Deforme my beauty, fill my face with scarres,
Make me more loathsome then a dead mans scull:
Wash me with spiders blood, that I may swell,
And be more vgly then a Gorgous head,
That he may feare to see me: onely let me liue,
And spare me that, that onely you did giue.

Timo. My pleasure gaue thee life, and it resumes
That life againe, because it kills my pleasure:
Th'art like an Iuy nourisht at the roote
Of some proud oake, that not content to creepe
And feede vpon the sap, but stretching vp,
Proudly presum'st to ouerlooke the top:
So that the verdure of the ambitious impe,
Detaines all admiration: the Oake wants grace,
Onely because the Iuy is in place.

Enter Mulleasses.

But Ile displant thee for no weede shall grow
So neere the roote from whence my sap doth flow.

she kills her.

Ama. Cruell vnnaturall: heauen my hopes in thee
If virgin purenesse please accept of me. *moritur.*

Mull. What, do you Christians sacrifice with flesh?
Or like the *Laodiceans* vnto *Pallas*, offer
The blood of virgins? O inhumane deed,
Vngentle monster, beauteous *Amada*

Timo. It was her beauty that I offered vp
Vnto thy loue my deereft *Mulleasses.*

Mull. Worse then a Camell in her time of lust,
Cruell vnto thy childe: loose thy snaky armes
O thou hast done.

Timo. As *Lucius Cataline*
Romes terror did for *Orestilla*, kild
My childe: no more: for *Mulleasses* loue,
I would out-goe examples, and exceed

Mulleasses the Turke.

As in desire, all others so indeed.

Mull. And yet I loue thy cruelty: for this night thou must
Discard the timorous pittie of thy sexe:
Be a *Semiramis*: let thy husbands death
Giue thy hopes life: feed, feed vpon his blood,
And let thy vaines swell: now he prepares to bed
Be thine owne Ghost: and like the apparition
Of his bleeu'd dead wife call for reuenge:
Incite his timorous conscience to despaire,
Speake of damnation: let one word containe
A hell of torments. But time slides.

Timo. I runne.

Exit

Mull. Much ere the morning riseth must be done,
Ile beare this body hence: ha ha ha,
O now me thinkes I gin out-reach my selfe,
Now like some huge *Collossus* cold I strut,
And stride that oake of *Mahomet*: that beares vp
The ponderous center: whose deuided hornes
Measuring the passing of a thousand yeares,
Touch at both Poles, and tosse the macy ball:
Makes mountaines nod and Curled Cedars reele
On Syrian Lybanus: but soft me thinkes I heare
Some mutinous and distracted tumult.

within oh oh

Enter Borgias & Timoclea after him.

Borg. Guard me ye iust and intellectuall powers
Thou triple and eternall essence.

Timo. *Borgias.*

Borg. What dreadfull summons calls on *Borgias*?
What art thou?

Timo. *Timoclea* thy poysond wife.

Borg. What wouldst thou, Hah.

Timo. Reuenge and horror.

Borg. Terror to my soule: forbear those lookes.

Timo. Despaire and vengeance.

H

Borg. Maist

Mulleasses the Turke.

Borg. Maist thou be peacefull, in my praier I wish it,
Let them expiate my sinne: if thou be'st a spirit
Blest and celestiaall: chang that face of feare,
Or leaue th'infestious grosnesse of our aire,
And like an Angell daunce about the Spheres,
Play with the Moone and make the sun thy g——
To see thy beauty as thy beauty passe.
Or if thou be'st ——

Timo. A messenger of death.

Borg. Then like a Fury post to Tartarus,
Fetch vp the snackie curld *Eumenides*:
From *Orcus* bottome where reuengefull cares
Griefe, pale distafes, sad and crooked age
Are euer resident: let them and their effects
Let firce *Ereunis* with her brazen feet,
Seize me at once, and strike me in my fall,
Lower then him that durst ascend the sun.
Onely be thou appeasd.

Timo. Not till I meete thee in the shades of death.

Borg. Which thou deniest me: for thy feares keepe in
My trembling soule: it dares not leaue my brest,
Mount to the flaming girdle of the world,
And fetch me lightnings, I will swallow it.
Snatch from the *Ciclops* bals of Etnean fire
And I will eare them; steale thunder from the clouds
And dart it at me: quaffe stugian *Nonocris*
I will pledge thee.

(following him.)

Timo. He haunt thee to despaire. Exit *Borgias*. *Timocleas*.

Mul. Pursue his feare to some effect of death,
Whilst I like starres that spread their sparckling fiers
Beyond an vsuall light fore-shewe a tempest
Of the whole state of Florence. *Amadas* remoued:
Her neere alliance vnto *Iulias* blood,
Shall not distaste my hopes: *Timocleas* feare
Workes death an *Borgias*: vp *Mulleasses*:
Sit like *Saturnus* on the highest orbe,

And:

Mulleasses the Turke.

And let starre-gazing wizards from thy feare,
Buzze sad Astrology in the peoples eare.

Enter Borgias and Timoclea aloft.

Borg. What night or what darke Chaos can conceale
My conscience horror rather let me see
The feare of *Hercules*: let the cretian Bull
Bellow and burst my braines: onely may my eares
Be deafe to thy exclames.

Timo. Thou art at farthest.

Borg. Then I can but fall.

He leapes downe.

Timo. Like Lucifer from heauen.

discendit Timoclea.

Nul. Oh now me thinkes a Chorusall of Angells
Clad with the sun and ctownd with golden starres,
Should make more heauenly musicque at thy fall
Then all the spheres that daunce about the ball:
Now should thou poetize in verse for ioy,
And out-sing *Homer* in the fall of Troys

Borg. Villaine triumphst thou?

Nul. O ye strong power of superstitious faith
It reignes on fooles: that men of wit and state,
Men that like Eagles climbe to be aboue,
And shrowd themselues betweene the knees of *Ioue*,
Should be strucke downe by apparations.

Enter Timoclea.

Timo. Delusue counterfeit.

Borg. Counterfeit!

Timo. I Valentine I liue:

And am the actor of mine owne reuenge.
That cup of poyson made against my life,
Was by my deereft *Mulleasses* loue
Turnd to a philter: and my working sence,
Charm'd in the scilence of a quiet sleepe,

Mulleasses the *Turke*.

Shewed as if death had lockt my pulses vp,
But posting time brought motion on my blood
And now my full vaines like a water-brooke,
That slyding gently at some proud hills foot,
In pipes of lead are carried to the top,
And there inamorous branches spreading forth,
Courts the curld mountaine thus, thus, and thus: *She kisses him.*

Borg. Lasciuious strumpet.

Timo. My beloued *Turke*.

Borg. Incestuous *Phedra*.

Timo. Loue *Hipolitus*.

Borg. Cruell *Medea*.

Timo. My kinde *Iason*.

Borg. Whirle me ye iust & more auspicious powers,
Amongst the thicke and thunder darting clouds,
That being wrapt in flames I may be throwne,
Like *Aetnean* bals from heauen and strike you downe:
Or wou'd my dying breath were more infectious
Then halfe rotte bodyes digd vp from their graues,
Or then those mists felt by the soules of men,
When they descend to th' *Acharusian* senne.
It should not strue within me, or be loth
To leaue my body might ir blast you both. *He faines to die.*

Timo. So with thy death the Embrion of my loue
Takes perfect shape. Now like the *Sestian* maide
May I count *Leander* swimming in my armes,
And with our pleasing motions mocke the seas
That rose and fell to wanton with his thighs:
Now ther's no *Hellespont* betwixt our loues:
I am not jealous: *Agamemons* dead,
And *Clitemnestra* with *Aegijus* plaies:
Pleasure is free.

Mul. Come ther's no pleasure in you:
Y're a lustfull time-spent murderous strumpet,
The prostitution of your knowne *Bordellos*,
Where euery itching letcher vents his blood,

Mulleasses the Turke.

Is not so loathsome.

Timo. You speake not like a louer.

Mul. No, for thou hast kild my loue *Amada*:

And now thy husbands blood bids me beware
Of some new lust and third adulterer:
Such is your loue to me.

Timo. Oh stop those killing accents, be more milde
I doe forgiue what you did speake: and aske
But a kind thought for all my louing taske.
These eies haue seene you smile: looke gently on me,
And let me read some milder charracters:

Mul. Hence with thy serpent twines.

Timo. I am no *Lamia* nor no *Lastrigon*,
No high-rizd *Lais*: that thou shouldst esteeme
Repentance purchas'd at too deere a rate:
Kings shall not come to *Corinth* where thou maist,
Not with a common *Ephercian* trull,
Purchase a minutes pleasure: but with me
(As faire but yet more chaste by farre then she)
Spend yeares of sweete content.

Mul. Syren mine eares are stopt I will not heare thee.

Timo. Oh would I had a Syrens charming voice,
I'de vse no incantations but to thy eares,
Or were my tongue like *Orpheus* goldenlyre,
To which the windes were husht and heard it play,
It should be silent but to please thy eares,
Or like the dying swan would I might sing
A funerall elegy to my parting soule
So that the musique might but please thy eares:
What should I say?

Mul. Be dumbe and leaue me.

Timo. Not till thou loue, or else of life bereaue me. *Exeunt.*

Borg. Ha,

Are ye gone: all cleere, damnation cease ye,
I, a knowne practisde pollititan,
And thus outreacht: O my shallowe braines.

Mulleasses the Turke.

Fell I so high? would I had fallen from heauen:
So, like a *Pabetan* I had fir'd the world:
Or like a flash of lightning on your heads,
Consumd you for these trickes: I dyed in time
Like a true coward, counterfeited death,
For feare to die indeed: well then for my life
I am beholding yet vnto my wit:
But for my legges I know not how they stand,
Are my bones stiffe still, not broken?

Enter Mulleasses.

Ha?

he fals againe.

Mul. I am at last frred of my lustfull loue,
My hope is yet dispaire will arme her hands
To her owne death, and saue my sword a labour:
If not, tis but the taking backe of what I gaue,
And send her once againe into her graue.
Now for my *Iulia*, she is the maine of all,
Her will I ceaze and keepe, vntill the Fleete
Now vnder saile for Florence be ariu'd,
From the grand signior sent to make me strong,
And get commaund vpon the straights: howsoere
Twas promist *Borgias* to make strong his part,
Against the Dukes: she being had,
My title's firme for Florence, their claime's bad
Eunuch.

Enter Ferrara disguis'd.

Ferr. Your pleasure.

Mul. See you this body?

Ferr. Idoe.

Mul. Conuey it to his bed there let it lye;
The murder Ile transport vpon the Dukes,
Or on some treason by their meanes contriu'd:
Sec it be done.

Ferr. It

Mulleasses the Turke.

Ferr. It shall.

Mul. Now vnto *Julia*, on her eies lies my state,
If she consents: why so: it not I know
Death and commaund makes womens hearts to bow. *Exit*

Ferr. The death of slaues pursue thee, hah *Borgias*,
Protector: true true: clap clap ye furies,
Daunce your blacke rounds, and with your yron whips,
Fetching eternall lashes as you skip
Strike a loud sounding musicque through the aire,
And make the night Queene pale to heare your noise.
Be peacefull wronged ghost wheresoere thou beest,
Post to the blessed fields where soules take rest:
Drinke *Lethe* freely for thou art reueng'd.
Come thou inclosure of a damned soule,
He be obedient beare thee to thy bed,
Then in my chamber laugh that thou art dead.

*Ferrara takes up Borgias, Borgias drawes out Ferraras
dagger and stabs him with it.*

What sudaine paine assaults my yeelding heart?

Borg. Ha, ha, ha, youle beare me to my bed,
Then in your chamber laugh that I am dead.

Ferr. Liuest thou damnd villaine?

Borg. I liue, and laugh vilde slaue to see thy fall,
This is the inclosure of a damned soule,
Villainethou shalt not breath another word.

Ferr. Stay but a minute longer, know that I haue
Thy promise and thy oath to be my guard,
Thy slaue I murdered and assumd his shape,
I am *Ferrara*.

Borg. *Ferrara*, ha? true true, clap clap ye furies.
Dance your blacke rounds, and with your yron whips,
Fetching eternall lashes as ye skip,
Strike a loud sounding musicque through the ayre,

And

Mulleasses the Turke.

And make the nights Queene pale to heare your noise:
You haue my oath and promise for your guard:
So wise men promise fooles, but their reward
Like thine *Ferrara* is the losse of breath.

Ferr. Iustice I thee implore, reuenge my death.

MORRISUR.

Borg. *Mulleasses* thinkes me dead. and in his plots
Goes on securely: ile returne his pollicies,
And vpon him transport *Ferraras* murder.
My wife he hath forsooke: that sweetens danger
That I but liue to see reuenge on her.
My weake force built vpon the Turkish fleet,
I see is ruind, and I but vndermined:
No hope is left saue in mine owne commaund
And power with the state: whose light credulity;
I easly did delude with *Iulias* death.
But yet *Timoclea* liues, and may perhaps
Escape her false loues hate: which if she do,
This blacke nights horror fals like thunder on me:
She must not liue till day: be euer darke.
Stand night vpon the noonetead: and attend
My fates security: if euer blacknes pleas'd
Or deeds to which men may resemble thee,
Turne then thy sooty horse, and with their feete,
Beate at the rising morne: & force the Sunne,
Forbear e his lustre till this blacke deed's done.

Exit.

Finis Actus quarte.

Actus 5. Scena 1.

Enter Timoclea sola.

Timo. **H**ell and ye furies wheresoere you be,
Show me your tortures, and present your selues,
Or let the burning monarch clad in flame,
Make an infernall eccho to my name.

Mulleasses the *Turke*.

I know not what I say: *Timoclea* wrongd,
Loue-slighted and contemned: O my wish,
That like the crosse-eyd witch of Thessaly
My voice could through the riuetts of the earth
Hollow and call reueng: or rather: what?
My daungerous ghost attir'd like *Nemesis*
About her middle for a virgin *Zone*
Girt with a forck't-tooth'd serpent, vent at my breast
That did exceed a step-dame in my lust.
Forbeare yet gentle maide; thy fathers soule
Kneeles at thy brazen Throne of *Radamanth*
And craues that office: wither am I borne?
Dispaire, thou art a false glasse to the soule,
And in the conscience dazel'd with thy guilt
Of many finnes, dost vary formes of feare.
I not belieue thy forc'd suggestions,
I am seduc'd by passion: death and terror.

Borg. Error: *within*

Timo. False aire thou liest I ere not: my loues wrong
Ile teare out of my breast: forget those hopes
Made my hands bloody: I am cleare: vnstaind:

Borg. Staind.

Timo. Forbeare thy thunder, gentle gentle voice,
Beat not my conscience torments gainst the walls,
To make the Court ring with thy clamorous answers:
Heauens let my teares redeeme me vnto life.

Borg. Life.

Timo. Of my terror: I desire not: speake of death.

Borg. Death.

Timo. Of my daughter: how easie through the aire
Our finnes are hurried: thou canst tell of murder.

Borg. Murder.

Timo. I of my husband: night thy cole blacke wings
Though darker then the Moones ecclpsed browe
Are not fit Canopies for sinne.

Mulleasses the Turke.

Enter *Borgias*.

Borg, *Timoclea*.

Timo. Distraction of my soule, who breathes my name?

Borg. The airy breath of him that sometime liu'd
A tennant in the brest of *Borgias*,
By thee driuen out the frame and house of life.

Timo. By me.

Borg. And now like one whome sterne oppression throws
Nak'd out of all he did possesse: being robd
Of the couert he inhabited,
I sigh my helpelesse wrongs, and in the aire
Counting all hope I had, find all dispaire.

Timo. Dispaire...

Borg. And empty longings for an end of paine,
Which I still wish and craue.

Timo. But neuer gaine.

Borg. Neuer.

Timo. Forgiue me.

Borg. Aske it of the heauens,
To whom my blood with ceaselesse clamorous calls
For justice and reuenge.

Timo. Iustice iu heauen is like my sin gainst thee
Cruell: and sooner may I with my knees
Eate through the center: from these pearly eyes
Should there fall downe more teares of penitence
The clouds drop to purchase a newe spring
I could not be forgiuen.

Borg. Death is the winter dombd vnto thy soule
Disrobe it of that warme and wanton flesh,
The mouth of iustice bides *Timoclea* dye.

Timo. Be thou then iustice executioner
Reuengefull spirit: in this flesh of mine
Carue thy reuenge in characters of blood

Blast

Mulleasses the *Turke*.

Blast me: or from the centers hollow deepe
Let those some coniu'r'd tempests: whose lowd stormes
Driuen through the ayre sings horror to the world,
And let them hurle me gainst the labouring clowdes
Sinke to the brazen-gated deepe *Abisse*,
Where furies sit curling their snakes in knots,
And pull a viper from *Alectos* head,
And on these breasts that in thy heat of life,
Haue been as pillowes to aduance thy lust
Let it sucke freely: the *Egyptian* Queene
Nere died more daring.

And to the sterne commissioners of blood,
Be a glad *Hermes*: tell them, *Timoclea*
Takes vengeance on her selfe: dull Element be gone.

Borg. The morning saffron horse breathes from the East
Their spicy vapors, suckt from th'ndian plaines
And through the gentle ayre hurle their perfumes.
I heare the Suns steedestrot towards the milky way,
And in a Coach of flames draw vp the day:

Aurora vs her to the starres of night,
Tels the approaching of the God of light:
They gin to twinkle and take in their fieres
At their ecclipse we spirits leaue the aire,
And in a dismall vale of darkeness growne,
Vnder the burthen of a thousand chaines:
I must away, thou onely dost detaine me,
With want of vengeance, which thy death must gaine me.

Timo. It shall, it shall:
Hard hap of misery, it hath many hands,
That like the windings of a laborinth,
Leads the despairing wretch into a maze:
But not an *Ariadne* in the world,
That lends a clew to lead vs out the world.
The very maze of horror.
Cease thou that stands first mouer of the spheres

Mulleasses the *Turke*.

From whose high concaue all inferiour fires
Deriue successeiue motion.
Stand ye night-wandring planets in a maze,
And from your hollow Fabricks view *Timoclea*,
Or else ye heauens put in your flaring lights,
And on your azure-seiled arches hang
A rauē-blacke Canopy of congealed cloudes
That you may seeme a Chaos to the world,
And boade eternall darkenesse: thou wert not mad to kill,

Lookes on her haire displayed.

Nor was the Diademe of her *Ponticke* *Queene*
Made as a fatall instrument of death,
And yet it was the engine stopt her breath
As thou must mine. Soule of *Borgias*
Thus to thy ghost I sacrifice my life,
To buy thy *requiem*.

Borg. I accept it wife.

*He strangles her with her owne
haire.*

And thus returne the fall of *Borgias*
Nay nay repent not deere *Timoclea*,
Y'ar caught in faith: then like a *Lyonnesse*
Snar'd in the wary huuters tangled toiles,
Grinde the thin ayre: swell higher till thou burst.
And let the breath that like a vapour prest
Struggle within thy bosome, hurle thee vp.
Soft——the time spends fast, & I haue much to thinke of
Before the tel-tale God displaies his light,
To shew the world, the horror of this night.
First for thy death the lustfull *Turke* must die,
My riual in the loue of *Iulia*.
Him Ile accuse for murdring thee. The Dukes
Because his claime may alienate my hopes
Him in my accusation I will ioyne
As ioynt coagent in the *Turke* deuises.
As for that rumour of faire *Iulias* death,

Mulleasses the Turke.

I'll first proclaime her life: and on *Mulleasses*
(Who now detaines her) will transfer the falsehood,
As if my selfe had bene by him deluded:
These mazes when like *Thesens* I haue trod,
Fortune shall spread her wings to make me failes,
And with a strong ayre cut the angry tide,
That into mountaines swels to stay my pride.
Hah, what heauy noise beates through my cares?
Hang heauy *Morpheus* on the eies of men,
And make suspicion sleepe.

Enter Philenzo and Phego.

Phil. The rumors strange I pray possesse me with your proper knowledge.

Phego. You shall vnderstand sir, that according to my function, giuing neere attendance to my Lady, she being feruently imployed in the Lobby, about a mixture or composure of (as we vulgarly tearme it) a posset: vpon our first entrance, ere we had relisht the sweet of her sweet, that is the fruit of her labors, we were suddainely assayled by a she-goblin: to describe it sir I am not able, for my eye sight turn'd inward to looke after my heart that was running from my heeles, yet thankes to the lancknesse of my calfe they made reasonable haste.

Borg. Heart of all mischief see the Court is vp,
Hell and the darkenesse keepe me from their sight.

Philen. At midnight did *Ferrara* leaue his chamber,
Heauens be his safety.

Phego. A Ghost a ghost.

Exit Borgias.

Philen. Pursue it where it goes: feare shall not stop me.
Follow me sir, Ile speake to it, though death
Ceaze on my life: it shall not loose mine eies
Vnlesse it sincke into the earth.

Exit

Phego. Sfoot my office is italianated, I am faine to come behinde.

Mulleasses the Turke.

Enter Bordello.

Bord. Was euer man thus distracted betweene the flesh and the spirit? s'foot this Pill ha: h so fiered my mansion that vnlesse I light on some water-worke I shall loose the raines like a secōd *Phaeton*, and burne my Fabricke. Surely I am that *Tantalus* the hungry Poets talke of, and am as dry as an Eele in a sand-bagge, and yet want water for thereaching: Let me see, why should I feare spirits that haue raised vp such an able one at my pleasure, that like a bold Orator stands on tip-toes to speake in Barre: and yet me thinkes he should be no good pleader, he was so suddenly deiected and out of countenance with an apparition. I would the case were laid open, that I might see how my young mooter would bestire himselfe: Ha: who is this? no more ghosts I hope: if it be it is the more womanlie of the two. She lies as if she knew the end of her creation. On my life some wayting maide that hath a Court Epilepsie com: vpon her: Ile see if she foame at the mouth. Out and alas, the heauens hath conspired poore *Bordellos* ouerthrowe. The vertuous *Timoclea* wretched and most accursed hands, that haue trust vp my fortunes in thy Efe-knot.

Scæna. 2.

*Enter Duke of Venice, Lord Prusias
Attend.*

Lord. **T**Hese apparitions doe import more weight
Then our distracted iudgement can yet poize,
Yet mighty Duke suspend a while all feare
If both my power in state and worth in honor
May be sufficient gage to be your garde
Then thinke you are in safety.

Ven. Sir we thanke you: neither is there one

Knowne

Mulleasses the Turke.

Know vnto vs in in Florence, on whose worth,
I dard assure such safety as from you,
And to that end I brought this gentleman,
As well to acquaint you with this deepe occurrence,
That much concernes your present state, as craue
A guard for our security gainst daunger.

Prin. Respect your guard great duke. Villaine what art thou?

Bord. A most deiefted parcell of mans flesh,

Prin. Lend your eies and see

A deed as blacke as the time that hides it:

A murdered gentlewoman.

Lord. Ignoble villaine, could thy coward-arme
Presume the least wrong to her feeble sexe?

Bord. Wrong: heauens know I ment to haue done her as
much right as could haue bene done to one of her sexe.

Ven. Death hath not changd her forme: see her face,
You may discern her by her character.

Lord. She beares the image of *Timoclea*
Wife vnto *Borgias*.

Ven. Soule of delusion, in this very shape
The ghost of *Iulia* was presented vnto me.

Lord. Amazement and the giddy thought of feare
Run an vnsteady circuit through my braine:
Thy feare and trembling doth proclaime thy guilt.

Bord. Alas sir my shaking procedes of a standing ague I
haue had this two houres.

Lord. The time importunates and craues suddaine counsell.
Guard ceaze him safe, some beare this body hence,
Wee'le vnto *Borgias* chamber him wee'le wake,
Acquaint him with the ground of our suspition:
Meane time be safe in me: nor loue nor life
Shall turne mine honors current: He be your guard:
This hand seemes your person, or my sword
Shall in the Traytours heart make good my word.

Exeunt.

Scena. 3.

Mulleasses the Turke.

Scena 3.

Enter Mulleasses & Iulia &c.

Iuli. IF thou beest humane, then forsake thy sute
Your words are strange to me: my virgin eares
Nere knew such sound: desist I will not bowe.

Mull. We loose all pleasure that we doe not know
Then like *Pandora* view those heauenly gifts,
The Gods haue deckt thee with: see but thy selfe:
And taste more pleasure from thy proper good
Then from the full horne of the Protean flood:
Elisum is in thee, and I implore ———

Iuli. Syrens haue left the sea and sing on shore.

Mull. Could I out-sing those Syrens *Iulia*,
Or were my voice as tunefull as that harpe
That now vies musique with the harmonious orbes,
To which each learned sister naild a starre,
Thou mightst with safety heare me: thy Vncles loue
Cold as the white head of the *Apennine*
Feeles not my fier: ambition of rule
Turnes all the heate is left in him to incest.
If thy warme blood (that dallies in thy vaines,
And through thy flesh lika wanton riuilets plaies)
Desires with *Nyle* to rise aboue her banckes,
And vent in pleasure on the neighbouring plaines;
A carpet richer then the brest of *Temple*,
Or *Tagus* yellow channell, shall be spread
And prest with *Iulias* weight.
Nor the blew sea-god when in stormes he treads
On pearles as Orient as the rysing East,
For which the toyling Negro diues in vaine,
Are boasted of such wealth: thy bed as soft
As downe feathers pluckt from *Ledas* swannes,
Shall yeeld vnto thy dalliance,

Mulleasses the *Turke*.

A hundred boyes like winged Cherubins
As faire as *Psiches* loue shall——

Iulia. Enough; too much: I am not fit for pleasure
Or if I were thy Mermaid eloquence
Sounds harsher in my eares then *Sillas* dogs
Vnto the frighted Sea-man.

Mul. Lady.

Iulia. Heathen prophane.

Mul. Be gentle Madam.

Iulia. If thou beeest gentle leaue me *Mahomet*
Our loues like our religion are at warres
And I disclaime all peace.

Mul. And 't a louers smoothes: your Vncle's dead
His power is mine, and you must goe.

Iulia. Soule of wrongs: wither? y'are both to weake
Ther's more then woman in me: villaine, slaue.

Mull. You vrge me vnto violence come to my chamber.

Iulia. In hell or in my graue: a rape, treason: treason.

Lord. A guard, a guard.

Mul. Death of my hope, the Court is vp.

Enter Lord, Venice, and attendants: with Bordello bound.

Ven. From hence the voice was heard, be circumspect.

Iulia. Treason, treason.

Lord. Who speakes that word?

Iulia. *Iulia* your Soueraigne.

Mul. Silence or thou dyest.

Lord. Error of darkenesse in what Laborinth
Our soules are plunged: raise the Court: *Iulia?*

Iulia. I.

Ven. *Iulia* and *Mulleasses?*

Mull. *Iulia* and *Mulleasses* fond Venetian
Preuented at the point of happines:

Ven. Thus I redeeme her.

Mul. And like *Cephatus* kill thine owne *Procris*.

Iulia. Save me.

Lord. Thy deare shall be her freedome infidell.

Mul. Why stop you in your courses short breathd christians?

Mulleasses the Turke.

Nayle vs together. Now me thinkes I stand
Like a proud Lyon with a richer prize
Then *Nessus* would haue stolne from *Hercules*
And dare your enuyes: my death vnto your state
Shall be as ominous as his poyfond shirt:
Your false Protector's dead: he mockt your griefes
And made you weepe at *Iulias* funerall,
Whose hope I vnder wrought, and now had worne
The wreath of Florence: loue and ambition,
Kindled my cold braine from their mutuall heate
Sprung my aspiring aime: nor shall it sincke
But in the death of *Iulia*: since I cannot
Quench my hot thirst of lust, and coole the heate
That hotter then the coales of *Parta*
Burne in my liuer: like the snowy Dragon,
Tangling the Elephant in his snarled orbes:
He die in the pursuit of my desire,
And mixe our bloods in death to sate my fire,

Ven. Hold monster.

Lord. Damnation on thy soule.

Ven. Thy death shall ransom her.

Mul. Death double thy feard force, and it some forme
Affright pale *Hecate* darken the Moone,
I like the Sunne backt on th' Arcadian beast,
When in his burning progresse he did finde
Adonis gardens: from my soules faire light
Chase cloudy feare: and like *Trois* sonne,
When he was oynted with ambrosia,
Am more then fire-prooffe: liues *Iulia* yet?

Ven. She liues dam'd villaine and out-liues thy hate.

Mul. Death had bene kinde in her: with her I might
Vnder the coole shades of *Elisium*
Plaied before *Pluto* and made *Proserpine*
As jealous as *Iuno* of my loue—
But since I must not.

Enter Borgias, Philenzo, & Phego.

Borg. Vp from the darke earths exhaltations

Thicker

Mulleasses the Turke.

Thicker then *Lernas* foggy mists and hide me:
I cannot loose their sight, hell of feare!

Phil. It flies our eager steps: follow, follow.

Lord. What mean's these clamours: *Borgias*?

Mul. Hah, *Borgias*.

Borg. Horror of soules, I am surpriz'd.

Mul. Illusive ayre, false shape of *Borgias*,

Could thy vaine shaddow worke a feare in him

That like an *Atlas* vnder went the earth

When with a firme and constant eye he saw

Hells fifty headed Porter: thus I'de proue

Thy apparition idle: ——— *runnes at Borgias*

Borg. Treason: I liue: Deuills and Furies I am staine.

Lord. Wonder of admiration: what distraction is this?

Mul. Ha, ha, ha: climbe high my mounting spirit

And when thou hast a spird to thy full hight

Like a Colloffus on a base of cloudes

Stand and applaud thy fortune *Borgias*

Borg. Grin'st hellish Anticke?

Mul. Should the *Cecropian* theefe stretch my torne flesh

Rackt on his bed of steecie: if on *Caucasus*

My growing liuer were expos'd a prey

To rauening Vulturs: I would still laugh

To see thee like a falling *Pine-tree* reele

In a rough tempest.

Borg. Hold vp ye broken organs of my soule

Carry me high, and make me stand as firme

As Oakes on *Ossa*: that aduance their tops

Euen till their rootes breake. *Timoclea*

Mul. For loue of me kiid her owne childe

Thy daughter *Amada*.

Lord. Amazement.

Borg. Blest fates I thank you: I shall dye reueng'd

Fly loue lou'd *Nemesis* and at Iustice feete

Shake thy triumphall Ash: I flue *Timoclea*

Mul. By thee before thought dead

Mulleasses the Turke.

I tooke her from the hearse of *Julia*,
When in the habit of a murdred ghost,
This night she appeared to the Duke, to breed
Suspect in them of thee, and arme their hate
Vnto my plotted faction.

Ven. Damnd illusion.

Lord. Where is *Ferrara*?

Phil. Heauens be his guard.

Borg. So they are. He kild my slaue
And in his habit by this hand he died.

Phil. False periurd vil aine. *he runs at him.*

Borg. Sinke, sinke *Cytheron*, high *Paline* tremble
Greene *Tempe* wither, and with me forgoe
Your place and being, this whole world of flesh
With fatall earth-quake totters.

False Turke thy fate be as cruell as is *Borgias* hate. *moritur.*

Mul. Stoope downe thou Lydian mount, bend thy cold head
And hide it in thy brackish fathers waues
That as thou shrinkst, thy starry load may nod
At *Mulleasses* fall: or euer shroude
Those ioyfull bonfires in a mourning cloude. *moritur.*

Ven. Iust end of treason.

Lord. Madame our duties ioy your life
And with your happinesse.

Ven. As the iust reward of daunger.

My Lord I claime her loue.

Lord. Not without iustice braue *Venetian*
She is her selfe and free.

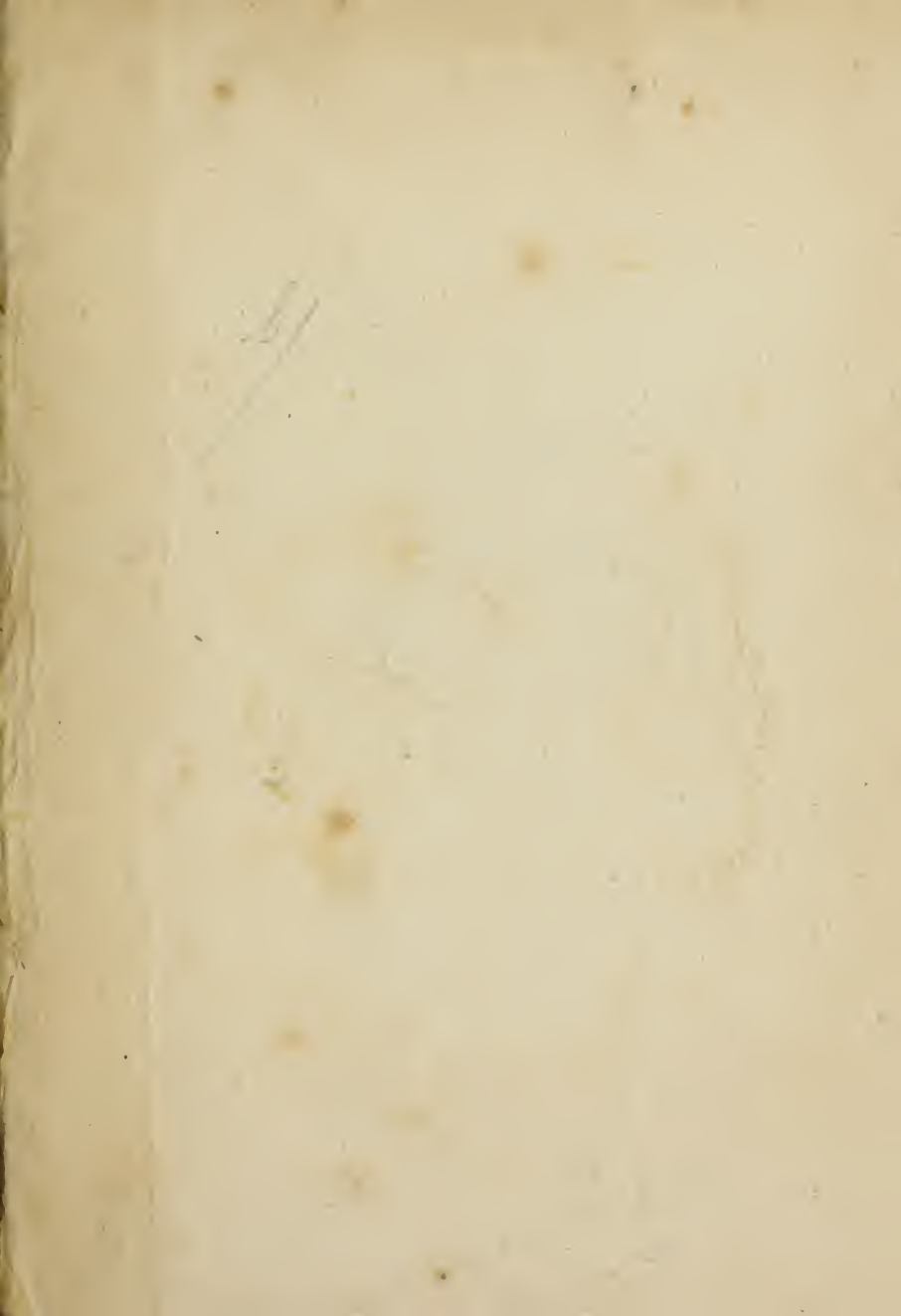
Julia. And thus I giue my selfe.

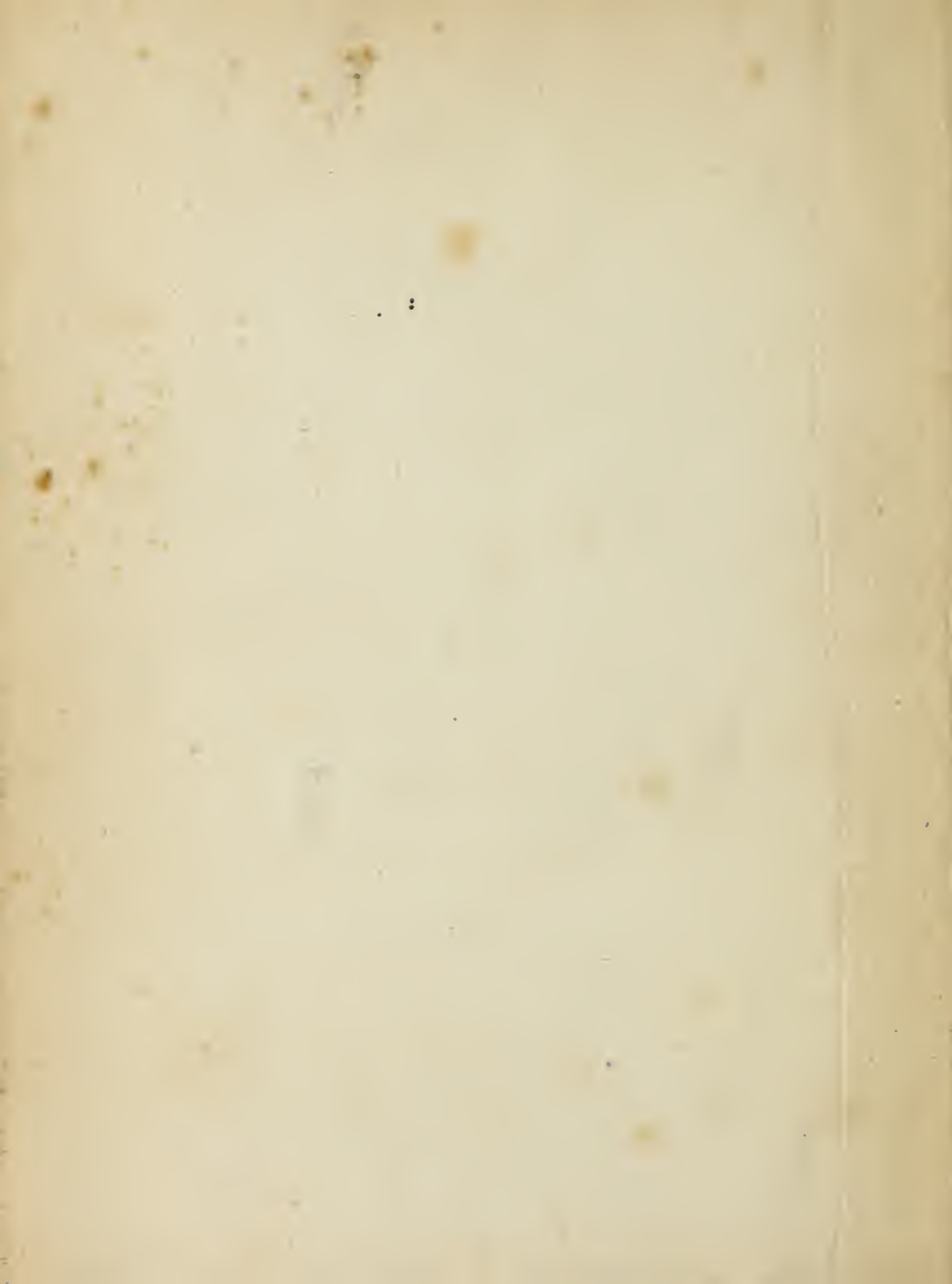
Lord. Heauens seale it for the good of both our states.

Ven. *Philenzo*:

We can but grieue at great *Ferraras* losse:
Embassadours from vs shall plead our sorrowes
Euen to your Senates: meane time his obsequies
Shall want no honour: Signior *Bordello*
We giue you liberty: what remains vndone
Shall by the Senate be confirm'd: lead on.

FINIS.





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