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THE  
BOND-MAN:

AN  
ANTIEN<sup>T</sup> STORIE.

As it hath been often Acted with good  
allowance, at the Cock-pit in *Drury-lane*:

by the most Excellent Princesse, the Lady

ELIZABETH her

Seruant.

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By *Phillip Massinger*.

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LONDON,

Printed by *Edw: Allde*, for *Iohn Harison* and  
*Edward Blackmore*, and are to be sold at the great  
South dore of Pauls.

1624.



## THE ACTORS NAMES.

Timolion, the Generall of Corinth.

Archidamus, the Pretor of Siracusa.

Diphilus, a Senator of Siracusa.

Cleon, a fat impotent Lord.

Pisander, (disguise) a Gentleman of Thebes.

Leosthenes, a Gentleman of Siracusa enamour'd of  
Cleora:

Asotus, a foolish Louer, and the sonne of Cleon.

Timagoras, the Sonne of Archidamus.

Cleora, Daughter of Archidamus.

Corisca, a proud wanton Lady, wife to Cleon.

Olimpia, a rich Widdow.

Statilia, Sister to Pisander, slaue to Cleora.

Zanthia, Slaue to Corisca.

Poliphron, (disguise) friend to Pisander.

Gracculo. {

Cimbrio. { Bond-men.

A Iaylor,

157578

May 1873



T O

The Right Honourable, my singular  
good Lord, PHILIP Earle of *Mountgomery*,  
Knight of the most Noble order of the  
Garter; &c.

*Right Honourable,*



Ow euer I could neuer arriue at the  
happinesse to be made knowne to  
your Lordship, yet a desire borne  
with me, to make tender of all du-  
ties, and seruice, to the Noble Family of the *Her-*  
*berts*, descended to me as an inheritance from my  
dead Father, *Arthur Massinger*. Many yeares hee  
happily spent in the seruice of your Honourable  
House, and dyed a seruant to it; leauing his, to be  
euer most glad, and ready, to be at the command  
of al such, as deriue themselues from his most ho-  
nour'd Master, your Lordships most noble Father.  
The consideration of this, encouraged me (hauing  
no other meanes to present my humblest seruice  
to your Honour) to shrowde this trifle, vnder the

*The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

wings of your Noble protection ; and I hope out of the clemency of your Heroique disposition, it will finde, though perhaps not a welcome entertainment, yet at the worst a gracious pardon. When it was first Acted, your Lordships liberall suffrage taught others to allow it for currant, it hauing receaued the vndoubted stampe of your Lordships allowance: and if in the perusall of any vacant houre, when your Honours more serious occasions shall giue you leaue to reade it, it answer in your Lordships iudgement, the report and opinion it had vpon the Stage, I shall esteeme my labours not ill imployde, and while I liue continue,

*The humblest*

*of those*

*that truly honour your Lordship,*

*Philip Massinger.*



## The *Authors* Friend to the Reader.

**T**HE PRINTERS haste calls on; I must not drive  
My time past Sixe, though I begin at Fiue.  
One houre I haue entire; and 'tis enough,  
Here are no Gipsie Iigges, no Drumming stufte,  
Dances, or other Trumpery to delight,  
Or take, by common way, the common sight.  
The AVTHOR of this POEM, as he dares  
To stand th' austereft Censure; so he cares,  
As little what it is. His owne, Best way  
Is to be Iudge, and AVTHOR of his PLAY.  
It is his Knowledge, makes him thus secure;  
Nor do's he write to please, but to endure.  
And ( Reader ) if you haue disburs'd a shilling,  
To see this worthy STORY, and are willing  
To haue a large encrease; ( if rul'd by me )  
You may a MERCHANT, and a POET be.  
'Tis granted for your twelue-pence you did sit,  
And See, and Heare, and Vnderstand not yet.  
The AVTHOR ( in a Christian pittie ) takes  
Care of your good, and Prints it for your sakes.  
That iush as will but venter Six-pence more,  
May Know, what they but Saw, and Heard before:  
'Twill not be money lost, if you can reed,  
( Ther's all the doubt now, ) but your gaines exceed  
If you can Vnderstand, and you are made  
Free of the freeft, and the nobleft Trade.  
And in the way of POETRY, now adayes,  
Of all that are call'd Workes the best are PLAYES.

1861

Received of the Treasurer of the  
County of ...  
the sum of ...  
for ...



## The Bond-man.

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### *Actus Primi. Scena Prima.*

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*Enter Timagorus, and Leosthenes.*

*Timagorus.*

**V**Hy should you droope *Leosthenes*, or dispaire  
My Sisters fauour? what before you purchased  
By Court-ship, and faire language in these Wars,  
(For from her soule you know she loues a Souldier)  
You may deserue by action :

*Leost.* Good *Timagorus*

When I haue said my friend; thinke all is spoken  
That may assure me yours; and pray you belecue  
The dreadfull voice of warre that shakes the City,  
The thundring threates of *Carthage*; nor their Army  
Raifde to make good those threates, affright not me.  
If faire *Cleora* were confirmd his prize,  
That has the strongest Arme, and sharpest Sword,  
I would court *Bellona* in her Horrid-trime,  
As if she were a Mittrisse, and blesse Fortune  
That offers my young valour to the prooffe,  
How much I dare doe for your Sisters loue.  
But when that I consider how auerse  
Your noble Father great *Archidamus*;  
Is, and hath euer beene to my desires:  
Reason may warrant me to doubt and feare:  
What seeds soeuer I sowe in this warres  
Of Noble courage, his determinate will

The Bondman.

May blast, and giue my haruest to another  
That neuer toyld for it.

*Timag.* Prethee doe not nourish  
These icalous thoughts: I am thine, ( and pardon me  
Though I repeate it thy *Timagoras* )  
That for thy sake, when the bold *Theban* su'd  
Farre fam'd *Pisander*, for my sisters loue,  
Sent him disgrac'd, and discontented home.  
I wrought my Father then, and I that stopt not  
In the careere of my affection to thee,  
When that renowned Worthy that brought with him  
High birth, wealth, courage, as fee'd Aduocates  
To mediate for him, neuer will consent  
A foole that only has the shape of man,  
*Afotas*, though he be rich *Cleons* Heire  
Shall beare her from thee.

*Enter Pisander.*

*Leof.* In that trust I loue,

*Timag.* Which neuer shall deceiue you.

*Pisander.* Sir the Generall

*Timoleon* by his Trumpets hath giuen warning  
For a remoue.

*Timagoras.* 'Tis well, prouide my Horse.

*Pisander.* I shall Sir.

*Exit Pisander.*

*Leof.* This Slaue has a strange aspect.

*Timag.* Fit for his fortune, 'tis a strong limin'd knaue;  
My Father bought him for my Sisters Litter.

O pride of women! Coaches are too common,  
They surfet in the happinesse of peace,  
And Ladyes thinke they keepe not state enough,  
If for their pompe, and ease, they are not borne  
In triumph on mens shoulders.

*Leof.* Who Commands  
The *Carthagenian* Fleet?

*Timag.* *Giscos* their Admirall,  
And tis our happinesse: a rawe young fellow,  
One neuer traird in Armes, but rather fashion'd  
To tilt with Ladyes lips, then cracke a Launce,  
Rauish a Feather from a Mistrisse Fanne



## The Bond-Man.

And weare it as a Fauour; a Steele Helmet  
Made horrid with a glorious Plume, will cracke  
His womans necke.

*Leof.* No more of him, the motiue's  
That *Corinth* giues vs ayde :

*Timag.* The common danger  
For *Sicily* being afire, she is not safe;  
It being apparant that ambitious *Carthage*,  
That to enlarge her Empire, striues to fasten  
An vniust gripe on vs ( that liue free Lords  
Of *Syracusa* ) will not end, till *Greece*  
Acknowledge her their Soueraigne.

*Leof.* I am satisfied.  
What thinke you of our Generall?

*Timag.* He is a man *A Trumpet sounds.*  
Of strange and referude parts; But a great Souldier.  
His Trumpets call vs, I'le forbear his Character.  
To morrow in the Senate house at large,  
He will expresse himselfe.

*Leof.* Ile follow you. *Exeunt.*

### ACTVS I. SCÆNA II.

*Cleon, Corisca, Gracchus.*

*Corisca.* Nay good Chucke.

*Cleon.* I haue said it; Stay at home,  
I cannot brooke with gadding, you are a faire one,  
Beauty inuites temptation, and short heeles  
Are soone tripd vp.

*Corisca.* Deny me, by my honour  
You take no pittie on me. I shall swoune  
Assoone as you are absent, aske my Man else,  
You know he dares not tell a lie.

*Gracchus.* Indeed,  
You are no sooner out of sight, but shee  
Does feele strange qualmes, then sends for her young Doctor  
Who ministers phisicke to her, on her backe,  
Her Ladyship lying as she were entranced.

## The Bond-Man.

( I haue peeped in at the key hole and obserud them )  
And sure his Potions neuer faile to worke,  
For she is so pleasant, in the taking them  
She tickles againe.

*Corisca.* And alls to make you merry  
When you come home.

*Cleon.* You flatter me, I am old,  
And Wisdome cries beware.

*Corisca.* Old, Ducke to me  
You are young *Adonis*.

*Grac.* Well said *Venus*,  
I am sure she *Vulcans* him.

*Corisc.* I will not change thee  
For twenty boistrous young things without Beards.  
These bristles giue the gentlest Titillations,  
And such a sweet dew flowes on them, it cures  
My lippes without Pomatum; heres a round belly,  
'Tis a Downe pillow to my backe. I sleepe  
So quietly by it; and this tunable nose  
( Faith when you heare it not ) affords such musicke,  
That I curse all night Fidlers.

*Gracc.* This is grosse,  
Not finde she flouts him.

*Corisc.* As I liue I am ieaious.

*Cleon.* Ieaious! of me Wife?

*Corisc.* Yes, and I haue reason,  
Knowing how lusty and actiue a man you are.

*Cleon.* Hum, hum!

*Gracc.* This is no cunning queane ! slight, she will make him  
To thinke, that like a Stagge he has cast his hornes,  
And is growne young againe.

*Corisc.* You haue forgot what you did in your sleepe,  
And when you wakd cald for a Cawdle.

*Gracc.* 'Twas in his sleepe,  
For waking I durst trust my Mother with him.

*Corisc.* I long to see the man of warre *Cleora*  
*Archadamus* Daughter goes, and rich *Olimpa*,  
I will not misse the showe.

*Cleon.* Ther's

# The Bond-Man.

*Cleon.* There's no contending,  
For this time I am pleas'd, but I'll no more on't.

*Exeunt.*

## ACTVS I. SCÆNA III.

*Archidamus, Cleon, Diphilus, Olimpia, Corisca,  
Cleora, Zanthia.*

*Archidamus.* So carelesse we haue beene, my noble Lords,  
In the disposing of our owne affaires,  
And ignorant in the Art of gouernment,  
That now we need a stranger to instruct vs.  
Yet we are happy, that our neighbour *Corinth*  
(Pittyng the vniust gripe *Carthage* would lay  
On *Siracusa*) hath vouchsafed to lend vs  
Her man of men *Timoleon* to defend  
Our Country, and our Liberties.

*Diphilus.* Tis a fauour  
We are vnyworthy of, and we may blush,  
Necessity compels vs to receiue it.

*Archid.* O shame! that we that are a populous Nation,  
Ingag'd to liberall nature, for all blessings  
An Island can bring forth; we that haue limbs  
And able bodies; Shipping, Armes, and Treasure,  
The sinewes of the Warre, now we are call'd  
To stand vpon our Guard, cannot produce  
One fit to be our Generall.

*Cleon.* I am olde and fat,  
I could say something else.

*Archid.* We must obey  
The time, and our occasions, ruinous buildings,  
Whose bases and foundations are infirme  
Must vse supporters; we are circled round  
With danger, o're our heads with sayle stretch'd wings,  
Destruction houters; and a cloud of mischief  
Ready to breake vpon vs; no hope left vs.  
That may diuert it, but our sleeping vertue  
Rowld vp by braue *Timoleon*.

*Cleon.* When arriues he?

# The Bond-Man.

*Diphil.* He is expected every houre.

*Archid.* The braueries

Of *Syracusa*, among whom my sonne  
*Timagorus*, *Leosthenes*, and *Asotas*  
(Your hopefull heire Lord *Cleon*) two dayes since  
Rode forth to meet him, and attend him to  
The Citie, every minute we expect  
To be blessed with his presence.

*Cleon.* What shout's this?

*Diphilus.* Tis seconded with lowd Musique,

*Archid.* Which confirms

His wish'd for entrance. Let vs entertaine him  
With all respect, solemnity, and poynte,  
A man may merit, that comes to redeeme vs  
From slauery, and oppression.

*Cleon.* Ile locke vp

My doores, and gard my gold; these Lads of *Corinth*  
Haue nimble fingers, and I feare them more  
Being within our walls, then those of *Carthage*,  
They are farre off.

*Archid.* And Ladies be it your care

To welcome him, and his followers with all duty:  
For rest resolu'd; their hands, and swords, must keepe you  
In that full height of happinesse you liue:

A dreadfull change else followes. *Exeunt Arch. Cleon. Diphilus.*

*Olimpia.* We are instructed.

*Corisca.* Ile kisse him for the honor of my Country,

With any she in *Corinth*.

*Olimpia.* Were he a Courtier,

I haue sweet meat in my Closet should content him  
Be his pallat ne're so curious.

*Corisca.* And if neede be

I haue a Couch, and a banquetting house in my Orchard,  
Where many a man of honour has not scorn'd  
To spend an afternoone.

*Olimpia.* These men of warre

As I haue heard, know not to court a Lady.

They cannot praise our dressings, kisse our hands,

The Bond-Man.

Vsher vs to our Litters, tell loue Stories;  
Commend our feet, and legs, and so search vpwards.  
A sweet becomming boldnesse: they are rough,  
Boystrous and sawcy, and at the first sight  
Ruffle, and towse vs, and as they finde their stomachs  
Fall roundly to it.

*Corisc.* Troth I like em the better.  
I cannot endure to haue a perfum'd Sir  
Stand cringing in the hammes; licking his lips,  
Like a Spaniell o're a Firmenty pot, and yet  
Has not the boldnesse to come on, or offer  
What they know we expect.

*Olimpia.* We may commend  
A Gentlemans modesty, manners, and fine language,  
His singing, dancing, riding of great horses,  
The wearing of his cloathes, his faire complexion,  
Take presents from him; and extoll his bounty,  
Yet, though he obserue, and waste his state vpon vs,  
If he be stanch and bid not for the stocke  
That we were borne to traffick with; the truth is  
We care not for his company.

*Corisc.* Musing *Cliora*?

*Olimp.* She's studying how to entertaine these Strangers,  
And to engrosse them to her selfe.

*Cleora.* No surely,  
I will not cheapen any of their Wares,  
Till you haue made your Market: you will buy  
I know at any rate.

*Corisc.* She has giuen it you.

*Olimpia.* No more, they come.  
The first kisse for this Jewell.

*Archid.* It is your seate.

*Diphil.* Which with a generall suffrage *Cymbrio*, and others.  
As to the supream Magistrates surely tenders,  
And prayes *Timoleon* to accept.

*Timoleon.* Such honours  
To one ambitious of rule or titles;  
Whose heauen on earth, is plac'd in his commaund,

And

*The Bond-Man.*

And absolute power on others ; would with ioy,  
And veynes swolne high with pride, be entertain'd.  
They take not me : for I haue euer lou'd  
An equall freedome : and proclaym'd all such  
As would vsurpe on others liberties,  
Rebels to nature, to whose bounteous blessings  
All men lay clayme as true legitimate sonnes.  
But such as haue made forfeit of themselues  
By vicious courses, and their birthright lost,  
Tis not iniustice they are mark'd for slaues  
To serue the vertuous ; for my selfe, I know  
Honours and great imployments are great burthens,  
And must require an *Atlas* to support them.  
He that would gouerne others, first should be  
The Master of himselfe, richly indude  
With depth of vnderstanding, height of courage,  
And those remarkable graces which I dare not  
Ascribe vnto my selfe.

*Archid.* Sir, empty men  
Are Trumpets of their owne deserts: but you  
That are not in opinion, but in prooffe  
Really good, and full of glorious parts,  
Leaue the report of what you are to fame,  
Which from the ready tongues of all good men  
Aloud proclaimes you.

*Diphil.* Besides you stand bound  
Hauing so large a field to exercise  
Your actiue vertues offerd you, to impart  
Your strengths to such as need it.

*Timoleon.* Tis confessed.  
And since you'll haue it so, such as I am  
For you and for the liberty of *Greece*  
I am most ready to lay downe my life :  
But yet consider men of *Syracusa*,  
Before that you deliuer vp the power  
Which yet is yours to me, to whom tis giuen  
To an impartiall man, with whom nor threats,  
Nor prayers shall preuaile, for I must steere

An euen course.

*Archid.* Which is desir'd of all.

*Timoleon.* *Timophanes* my brother, for whose death  
I am taynted in the world, and foulely taynted,  
In whose remembrance I haue euer worne  
In peace and warre, this liuory of sorrow  
Can witnesse for me, how much I detest  
Tyrannous Vfurpation: with grieffe  
I must remember it, for when no perswasion  
Could winne him to desist from his bad practise,  
To change the Aristocracie of *Corinth*  
Into an absolute Monarchy; I chose rather  
To proue a pious and obedient sonne  
To my Country my best mother, then to lend  
Assistance to *Timophanes*, though my brother  
That like a Tyrant strove to set his foote  
Vpon the Cities freedome.

*Timagoras.* 'Twas a deed  
Deseruing rather Trophees, then reproofe.

*Leost.* And will be still remembered to your honor  
If you forsake not vs.

*Diphilon.* If you free *Sicilie*  
From barbarous *Carthage* yoke, it will be said,  
In him you slew a Tyrant.

*Archid.* But giuing way  
To her inuasion, not vouchsafing vs  
(That flie to your protection) ayde, and comfort,  
Twill beleeu'd, that for your priuate ends  
You kild a brother.

*Timoleon.* As I then proceed,  
To all posterity may that act be crownd  
With a deseru'd applause, or branded with  
The marke of infamy; Stay yet, ere I take  
This seat of Iustice, or ingage my selfe  
To fight for you abroad, or to reforme  
Your State at home, sweare all vpon my sword,  
And call the gods of *Sicily* to witnesse

## The Bondman.

The oath you take; that whatsoever I shall  
propound for safety of your Common-wealth,  
Not Circumscrib'd or bound in, shall by you  
Be willingly obey'd.

*Archid. Dip. Cleon.* So may we prosper  
As we obey in all things.

*Timag. Leost. Afo.* And obserue  
All your commands as Oracles.

*Timoleon.* Doe not repent it. *Takes the State.*

*Olimpia.* He asked not our consent.

*Corisca.* Hee's a clowne I warrant him.

*Olimp.* I offered my selfe twice, and yet the Churche  
Would not salute me.

*Coriso.* Let him kisse his Drumme,  
He saue my lips I rest on it.

*Olimpia.* He thinks women  
No part of the republicue.

*Corisc.* He shall finde  
We are a Common-wealth.

*Cleora.* The lesse your honour.

*Timoleon.* First then a word or two, but without bitternesse,  
( And yet mistake me not, I am no flatterer )  
Concerning your ill government of the State.  
In which the greatest, noblest, and most rich,  
Stand in the first file guilty.

*Cleon.* Ha! how's this?

*Timoleon.* You haue not as good Patriots should doe, studied  
The publike good, but your perticuler ends.  
Factious among your selues, preferring such  
To Offices, and honours, as ne're read  
The Elements, of sauing policie,  
But deeply skild in all the principles,  
That vs her to destruction.

*Leost.* Sharpe.

*Timagor.* The better.

*Timoleon.* Your Senate house which vs'd not to admit  
A man ( how euer populer ) to stand  
At the Helme of government; whose youth was not



## The Bond-Man.

Made glorious by *Achon*, whose experience  
Crown'd with gray haire, gaue warrant to her couns  
Hand, and receiu'd with reuerence, is now filld  
With greene heads that determine of the State  
Ouer their Cups : or when their sated lusts  
Afford them leisure, or suppli'd by those  
Who rising from base arts, and sordid thrift  
Are eminent for their wealth, not for their wisdom  
Which is the reason, that to hold a place  
In Counsell, which was once esteem'd an honour,  
And a reward for vertue, hath quite lost  
Lustre, and Reputation, and is made  
A mercenary purchase.

*Timag.* Hee speakes home.

*Leost.* And to the purpose.

*Timoleon.* From whence it proceeds  
That the treasure of the City is ingros'd  
By a few priuate men : the publique Coffers  
Hollow with want ; and they that will not spare  
One Talent for the common good, to feed  
The pride and brauery of their Wiues, consume  
In Plate, in Jewels, and superfluous slaues,  
What would maintaine an Armie.

*Corisc.* Haue at vs.

*Olimp.* We thought we were forgot.

*Cleor.* But it appears  
You will be treated of.

*Timol.* Yet in this plenty,  
And fat of peace, your young men ne're were train'd  
In Martiall discipline, and your ships vnrig'd,  
Rot in the harbou, nor defence preparede  
But thought vnusefull, as if that the gods  
Indulgent to your sloth, had granted you  
A perpetuitie of pride and pleasure,  
Nor change, fear'd or expected. Now you finde  
That *Carthage* looking on your stupid sleepes,  
And dull secureship, was inuited to  
Inuade your Territories.

*The Bond-Man.*

*Arch.* You haue made vs see, Sir,  
To our shame the Countries sicknesse: now from you  
As from a carefull, and a wise phisitian  
We doe expect the cure.

*Timoleon.* Old festred sores  
Must be lanc'd to the quicke and cauteriz'd,  
Which borne with patience, after i'lle apply  
Soft Vnguents: For the maintenance of the warre  
It is decreed all moneys in the hand,  
Of priuate men, shall instantly be brought  
To the publike Treasurie.

*Timag.* This bites sore.

*Cleon.* The Cure  
Is worse then the disease; Ile neuer yeeld to it.  
What could the enemy, though victorious  
Inflict more on vs? all that my youth hath toyld for  
Purchas'd with industry, and preferu'd with care  
For'd from me in a moment.

*Diph.* This rough course  
Will neuer be allowd of.

*Timol.* O blinde men!  
If you refuse the first meanes that is offer'd  
To giue you health, no hope's left to recouer  
Your desp'rate sicknesse. Doe you prize your mucke  
About your liberties? and rather choose  
To be made Bondmen, then to part with that  
To which already you are slaues? or can it  
Be probable in your flattering apprehensions,  
You can capitulate with the Conquerour  
And keepe that yours, which they come to possesse,  
And while you kneele in vaine, will rauish from you?  
But take your owne wayes, brood vpon your gold,  
Sacrifice to your Idoll, and preferue  
The prey intire, and merit the report  
Of carefull Steward, yeeld a iust account  
To your proud Masters, who with whips of Iron  
Will force you to giue vp what you conceale,  
Or teare it from your throates, Adorne your walls

*The Bond-Man.*

With Persian Hangings wrought of Gold and Pearle;  
Couer the floores on which they are to tread  
With costly Median silkes; perfume the roomes  
With Cassia, and Amber: where they are  
To feast and reuell, while like seruile Groomes  
You wayte vpon their trenchers; feed their eyes  
With massie Plate vntill your Cupbords cracke  
With the weight that they sustaine; set forth your Wiues  
And Daughters in as many varied shapcs  
As there are Nations, to prouoke their lusts,  
And let them be imbrac'd before your eyes,  
The object may content you; and to perfit  
Their entertainment, offer vp your Sonnes,  
And able men for Slaues; while you, that are  
Vnfit for labour, are spurn'd out to starue  
Vnpittied in some Desart, no friend by,  
Whose sorrow may spare one compassionat teare,  
In the remembrance of what once you were.

*Leost.* The blood turnes.

*Timag.* Obserue, how olde *Cleon* shakes,  
As if in picture hee had showne him, what  
He was to suffer.

*Corisc.* I am sicke, the man  
Speakes poniards, and diseases.

*Olimp.* O my Doctor,  
I neuer shall recouer.

*Cleora.* If a Virgin,  
Whose speech was euer yet vsher'd with feare,  
One knowing modestie, and humble silence  
To be the choysest ornaments of our sexe,  
In the presence of so many Reuerend men,  
Strucke dumbe with terrour and astonishment,  
Presume to cloath her thought in vocall sounds,  
Let her finde pardon. First, to you, great Sir,  
A bashfull Mayds thanke's, and her zealous prayers  
Wing'd with pure innocence, bearing them to Heauen,  
For all prosperitie, that the Gods can giue  
To one, whose pietie must exact their care,

## The Bond-Man.

Thus low I offer.

*Timol.* Tis a happie Omen.

Rise blest one, and speake boldly : on my vertue  
I am thy warrant, from so cleere a Spring  
Sweet Riuers euer flow.

*Cleora.* Then thus to you

My noble Father, and these Lords, to whom  
I next owe duty, no respect forgotten  
To you my Brother, and these bolde young men  
(Such I would haue them) that are, or should be  
The Cities Sword and Target of defence.  
To all of you, I speake ; and if a blush  
Steale on my cheekes, it is showne to reprove  
Your paleness ; willingly I would not say  
Your cowardise, or feare : thinke you all treasure  
Hid in the bowels of the Earth, or Shipwrack'd  
In *Neptunes* watry Kingdome, can hold weight  
When Libertie, and Honour, fill one scale ?  
Triumphant, Iustice sitting on the beame.  
Or dare you but imagine that your golde is  
Too deare a salary for such as hazard  
Their blood, and liues in your defence ? For me  
An ignorant Girle, beare witness heauen so farre,  
I prize a Souldier, that to giue him pay,  
With such Deuotion as our *Flamens* Offer  
Their Sacrifices at the holy Altar,  
I doe lay downe these jewels, will make sale  
Of my superfluous Wardrobe to supply  
The meanest of their wants.

*Timoleon.* Braue masculine spirit !

*Diphil.* We are showne to our shame what we in honour  
Should haue taught others.

*Archid.* Such a faire example  
Must needs be followed.

*Timag.* Euer my deare Sister  
But now our Families glory.

*Leost.* Were she Deform'd  
The vertues of her minde would force a Stoicque

## The Bond-Man.

To sue to be her seruant.

*Cleon.* I must yeeld,  
And though my heart blood part with it, I will  
Deliuier in my wealth.

*Asotas.* I would say something,  
But the truth is, I know not what.

*Timol.* We haue money  
And men must now be thought on.

*Archid.* We can Presse  
Of Labourers in the Countrey (men in-vr'd  
To colde and heate) ten thousand.

*Diph.* Or if need be  
In roll of Slaues, lustie, and able Varlets  
And fit for seruice.

*Cleon.* They shall goe for me,  
I will not pay and fight too.

*Cleora.* How! your Slaues?  
O staine of Honour! once more, Sir, your pardon,  
And to their shames, let me deliuier, what  
I know in justice you may speake.

*Timol.* Most gladly,  
I could not wish my thoughts a better organ,  
Then your tongue, t' expresse them.

*Cleora.* Are you men?  
(For Age may qualifie, though not excuse  
The backwardnesse of these) able Young men?  
Yet now your Countries liberties, at the stake,  
Honour, and glorious tryumph, made the garland  
For such as dare deserue them; a rich Feast  
Prepar'd by Victory of immortall vyands,  
Not for base men, but such as with their Swords,  
Dare force admittance, and will be her Guests.  
And can you coldly suffer such rewards,  
To be propos'd, to Labourers and Slaues?  
While you that are borne Noble (to whom these  
Valued at their best rate, are next to Horses,  
Or other Beasts of carriage) cry ayme,  
Like idle lookers on, till their proud worth

## The Bond-Man.

Make them become your masters ?

*Timol.* By my hopes,  
There's fire and spirit enough in this to make  
*Thersites* valiant.

*Cleora.* No ; farre , farre be it from you  
Let these of meaner qualitie contend,  
Who can indure most labour ; Plough the earth,  
And thinke they are rewarded, when their sweat  
Brings home a fruitfull Haruest to their Lords ;  
Let them proue good Artificers, and serue you  
For vse and ornament, but not presume  
To touch at what is Noble ; if you thinke them  
Vnworthy to taste of those Cates you feed on,  
Or weare such costly garmenes ; will you grant them  
The priuledge and prerogatiue of great mindes,  
Which you were borne to ? Honour, wonne in warre  
And to be stiled preseruers of their Countrey  
Are Titles fit for free and generous Spirits,  
And not for Bond-men, had I beene borne a man  
And such ne're dying glories made the prize  
To bolde Heroicke Courage; By *Diana*,  
I would not to my Brother, nay my Father,  
Be brib'd to part with the least peece of honour  
I should gaine in this action.

*Timoleon.* Shee's inspir'd,  
Or in her speaks the Genius of your Countrey  
To fire your blood in her defence. I am rap'd  
With the imagination ! Noble mayde,  
*Timoleon* is your Souldier, and will sweat  
Drops of his best blood, but he will bring home  
Triumphant conquest to you. Let me weare  
Your colours, Lady, and though youthfull heates  
That looke no further then your outward forme,  
Are long since bnyed in me, while I liue,  
I am a constant louet of your minde,  
That does transcend all presidents.

*Cleora.* 'Tis an honour:  
And so I doe receiue it.

*Gives her Scarfe.*

*Corisc.*

# The Bond-man

*Corisc.* Plague vpon it,  
She has got the start of vs. I could e'ne burst  
With enuy at her fortune.

*Olimpia.* A raw young thing,  
We haue too much tongue sometimes, our Husbands say,  
And she out-strips vs.

*Leost.* I am for the journey.

*Timag.* May all Diseases, sloath and lechery bring,  
Fall vpon him that staves at home.

*Archid.* Though olde,  
I will be there in person.

*Diphil.* So will I.

Me thinkes I am not what I was; her wordes  
Haue made me younger, by a score of yeares,  
Then I was when I came hither.

*Cleon.* I am still  
Old *Cleon*, fat, and vnweldy, I shall neuer  
Make a good Souldier, and therefore desire  
To be excusde at home.

*Astus.* Tis my suite too.  
I am a grissell, and these Spider fingers,  
Will neuer hold a Sword. Let vs alone  
To rule the Slaues at home, I can so yerke em,  
But in my Conscience, I shall neuer proue  
Good Iustice in the warre.

*Tamoleon.* Haue your desires:  
You would be burthens to vs, no way aydes.  
Lead, fairest, to the Temple, first we'le pay  
A Sacrifice to the Gods for good successe.  
For, all great actions the wish'd course doe run,  
That are, with their allowance, well begun. *Exeunt all but the*

*Pisander.* Stay *Cymbrio*, and *Gracculo*. *Slaues.*

*Cymbrio.* The businesse?

*Pisander.* Meet me to morrow night, neere to the Groue  
Neighbouring the East part of the Citie.

*Gracc.* Well.

*Pisander.* And bring the rest of our Condition with you,  
I haue something to impart, may breake our fetters,

# The Bondman.

If you dare second me.

*Cymbrio.* Wee'l not sayle.

*Gracc.* A Cart-rope

Shall not binde me at home.

*Pisander.* Thinke on't, and prosper.

*Exeunt.*

## ACTVS II. SCÆNA I.

*Archidamus, Timagoras, Leosthenes with Gorgias,  
Pisander.*

*Archid.* So, so, 'tis well, how doe I looke?

*Pisander.* Most sprightly.

*Archid.* I shrinke not in the shoulders, though I am olde,  
I am tough, Steele to the backe, I haue not watted  
My stocke of strength in Feather-beds: heer's an arme too,  
There's stufte in't, and I hope will vse a Sword  
As well as any beardless Boy of you all.

*Timag.* I am glad to see you, Sir, so well prepar'd,  
To indure the trauaile of the warre.

*Archid.* Goe too sirra,  
I shall indure, when some of you keepe your Cabins,  
For all your flaunting Feathers, nay *Leosthenes*  
You are welcome too, all friends, and fellowes now.

*Leost.* Your seruant Sir.

*Archid.* Pish, leaue these Complements,  
They stincke in a Souldiers mouth, I could be merry,  
For now my Gowne's off, farewell Grauitie,  
And must be bolde to put a question to you,  
Without offence, I hope.

*Leost.* Sir, what you please.

*Archid.* And you will answer truly?

*Timagor.* On our words, Sir.

*Archid.* Goe too, then, I presume you will confesse,  
That you are two notorious Whore-maisters.  
Nay spare your blushing, I haue beene wilde my selfe,  
A snatch, or so, for Physicke, does no harne;  
Nay, it is physicke, if vs'd moderately,  
But to lye at racke, and manger,

*Leost.* Say



*Leost.* Say we grant this,  
For if we should deny it, you'l not belecue vs,  
What will you inferre vpon it?

*Archid.* What you'l groane for,  
I feare, when you come to the test. Old Stories tell vs  
There is a Moneth cal'd October; which brings in  
Colde weather, there are trenches too, 'tis rumor'd  
In which to stand all night to the knees in water,  
In Gallants breeds the tooth-ach, there's a sport too  
Nam'd lying *Perdiem*, (doe you marke me) tis a game,  
Which you must learne to play at: now in these seasons,  
And choyse varietie of Exercises,  
(Nay I come to you) and fasts not for Deuotion,  
Your rambling hunt-smocke, feesle strange alterations,  
And in a Frosty morning, lookes as if  
He could with ease creepe in a pottle Pot  
In stead of his Mistris placket, then he Curses  
The time he spent in midnight visitations;  
And findes what he superfluously parted with,  
To be reported good, at length, and well breath'd,  
But if retriu'd into his backe againe, *Enter Diphilus, and Cleora.*  
Would keepe him warmer then a Scarlet wast-coate,  
Or an Armour linde with Furre. O welcome, welcome,  
You haue cut off my discourse, but I will persis  
My lecture in the Campe.

*Diphil.* Come, we are stay'd for,  
The General's a fire for a remoue,  
And longs to be in action.

*Archid.* Tis my wish too,  
We must part, nay no teares, my best *Cleora*,  
I shall melt too, and that were ominous.  
Millions of blessings on thee, all that's mine,  
I giue vp to thy charge, and sirra, looke  
You, with that care and reuerence obserue her  
Which you would pay to me, a kisse, farewell *Girl*.

*Diphil.* Peace wayte vpon you, faire one. *Exeunt Archid.*

*Timag.* Twere impertinence  
To wish you to be carefull of your Honour,

*Diphil. Pisander.*

## The Bond-Man.

That euer keepe in pay a Guard about you  
Of faithfull vertues : Farewell friend, I leaue you  
To wipe our kisses off, I know that Louers  
Part with more circumstance and ceremony,  
Which I giue way to. *Exit Timagoras.*

*Leof.* Tis a noble fauour,  
For which, I euer owe you, we are alone,  
But how I should begin, or in what language  
Speake the vnwilling word, of parting from you,  
I am yet to learne.

*Cleora.* And still continue ignorant,  
For I must be most cruell to my selfe,  
If I should teach you.

*Leof.* Yet it must be spoken,  
Or you will chide my slacknesse, you haue fir'd me  
With the heate of noble action, to deserue you,  
And the least sparke of honour, that tooke life  
From your sweet breath, still sam'd by it, and cherish'd,  
Must Mount vp in a glorious flame, or I  
Am much vnworthy.

*Cleora.* May it not burne heere,  
And as a Sea-marke, serue to guide true Louers,  
(Toss'd on the Ocean of luxurious wishes)  
Safe from the rockes of Lust into the harbour,  
Of pure affection? rising vp an example,  
Which after-times shall witnesse, to our glory,  
First tooke from vs beginning.

*Leof.* Tis a happinesse,  
My duty to my Countrey, and mine Honour  
Cannot consent too, besides, adde to these,  
It was your pleasure, fortifide by perswasion,  
And strength of reason, for the generall good,  
That I should goe.

*Cleora.* Alas, I then was wittie  
To pleade against my selfe, and mine eye fix'd,  
Vpon the hill of Honour, ne're descended  
To looke into the vayle of certaine dangers,  
Through which, you were to cut your passage to it.

*Leof.* Ile stay at home then.

*Cleora.* No

## The Bond-Man

*Cleora.* No, that must not be,  
For so to serue my own ends, and to gaine  
A petty wreath my selfe; I rob you of  
A certaine triumph, which must fall vpon you,  
Or Vertue's turn'd a hand-maide to blinde Fortune :  
How is my soule deuided! to confirme you,  
In the opinion of the world, most worthy  
To be belou'd, ( with me you are at the heighth,  
And can aduance no further) I must send you  
To Court the Goddessse of sterne Warre, who if  
Shee see you with my eies, will ne're returne you,  
But grow enamour'd of you.

*Leost.* Sweet, take comfort,  
And what I offer you, you must vouchsafe me,  
Or I am wretched; all the dangers, that  
I can incounter in the War, are trifles;  
My enemies abroad to be contemn'd;  
The dreadfull foes, that haue the power to hurt me,  
I leaue at home with you.

*Cleor.* With mee?

*Leost.* Nay, in you,  
On euery part about you, they are arm'd  
To fight against me.

*Cleora.* Where?

*Leost.* Ther's no perfection  
That you are Mistris of, but musters vp  
A Legion against me, and all sworne  
To my destruction.

*Cleora.* This is strange!

*Leost.* But true, sweet,  
Excesse of loue can worke such miracles.  
Vpon this Iuory fore-head are intrench'd  
Ten thousand riuals, and these Sunnes command;  
Supplies from all the world, on paine to forfeit  
Their comfortable beames; these Rubie lips,  
A rich Exchecquer to assure their pay;  
This hand, *Sibillas* golden bough to guard them  
Through Hell, and horror, to the *Elizian* Springs;

## The Bond-Man.

Which who'll not venter for? and should I name  
Such as the vertues of your minde inuite,  
Their numbers would be infinite.

*Cleora.* Can you thinke,  
I may be tempted?

*Leoff.* You were neuer prou'd.  
For me I haue conuers'd with you no farther,  
Then would become a Brother. I ne're tun'd  
Loose Notes to your chaste eares; or brought rich Presents  
For my Artillery, to batter downe,  
The fortresse of your honour, nor endeuour'd  
To make your blood runne high at solemne Feasts  
With Viands, that prouoke; (the speeding Philtres)  
I work'd no Baudes to tempt you; neuer practis'd  
The cunning, and corrupting Arts they studie,  
That wander in the wilde Maze of desire;  
Honest simplicitie, and Truth were all  
The Agents I imployd, and when I came  
To see you, it was with that reuerence,  
As I beheld the Altars of the gods;  
And loue, that came along with me, was taught  
To leaue his Arrowes, and his Torch behinde,  
Quench'd in my feare to giue offence.

*Cleora.* And 'twas  
That modesty that tooke me, and preserues me,  
Like a fresh Rose, in mine owne naturall sweetnesse;  
Which sulli'd with the touch of impure hands,  
Loose both sent and beauty.

*Leoff.* But, *Cleora,*  
When I am absent, as I must goe from you,  
(such is the cruelty of my fate) and leaue you  
Vnguarded, to the violent assaults  
Of loose temptations; when the memory  
Of my so many yeares of Loue, and seruice,  
Is lost in other obiects; when you are courted  
By such as keepe a Catalogue of their Conquests,  
Wonne vpon credulous Virgins; when nor Father  
Is here to owe you; Brother to aduise you;

## The Bond-Man.

Nor your poore seruant by, to keepe such off,  
By lust instructed how to vndermine,  
And blow your chastity vp; when your weake senses  
At once assaulted, shall conspire against you;  
And play the traytors to your soule, your vertue;  
How can you stand? 'saith though you fall, and I  
The iudge, before whom you then stood accus'd,  
I should acquit you.

*Cleora.* Will you then confirme,  
That loue, and icalousie, though of different natures,  
Must of necessity be twins? the younger,  
Created onely to defeate the elder,  
And spoyle him of his Birth-right: 'tis not well.  
But being to part, I will not chide, I will not,  
Nor with one sillable, or teare expresse,  
How deeply I am wounded with the arrowes  
Of your distrust: but when that you shall heare  
At your returne, how I haue borne my selfe,  
And what an austere penance I take on me,  
To satisfie your doubts: when like a *Vestal*  
I shew you to your shame, the fire still burning,  
Committed to my charge by true affection,  
The people ioyning with you in the wonder.  
When by the glorious splendor of my sufferings,  
The prying eies of icalousie are stricke blinde,  
The Monster too that feeds on feares, eu'n staru'd  
For want of seeming matter to accuse me,  
Expect *Leosthenes*, a sharpe reproofe  
From my iust anger.

*Leost.* What will you doe?

*Cleora.* Obey mee,  
Or from this minute you are a stranger to me  
And doe it without reply: all seeing Sunne,  
Thou witnesse of my innocence, thus I close  
Mine eies against thy comfortable light,  
Till the returne of this distrustfull man.  
Now binde 'em sure, nay doo't, if vncompeld  
I loose this knot, vntill the hands that made it

*The Bond-Man.*

Be pleas'd to vntie it, may consuming plagues  
Heauy on me, pray you guide me to your lips,  
This kisse, when you come backe shall be a Virgin  
To bid you welcome : Nay, I haue not done yet.  
I will continue dumbe, and you once gone,  
No Accent shall come from me: now to my chamber,  
My Tombe, if you miscarry : there I'll spend  
My houres in silent mourning, and thus much  
Shall be reported of me to my glory,  
And you confesse it, whither I liue or die,  
My Chastity triumphs ouer your icalousie.

ACTVS II. SCÆNA II.

*Afotus, Graculo.*

*Afot.* You slaue, you Dogge, downe Curre.

*Gracc.* Hold, good young Master,  
For pitties sake.

*Afot.* Now am I in my kingdome.  
Who saies I am not valiant? I begin  
To frowne againe, quake villaine.

*Grac.* So I doe, Sir,  
Your lookes are Agues to me.

*Afot.* Are they so Sir,  
'Slight, if I had them at this bey, that flout me,  
And say I looke like a sheepe, and an Assie, I would make 'em  
Feele, that I am a Lyon.

*Gracc.* Doe not rore, Sir,  
As you are a valiant beast : but doe you know  
Why you vse me thus ?

*Afot.* I'll beat thee a little more,  
Then study for a reason, O I haue it,  
One brake a iest on me, and then I swore  
Because I durst not strike him, when I came home  
That I would breake thy head.

*Grac.* Plague on his mirth,  
I am sure I mourne for't.

*Afot.* Remember too, I charge you

## The Bond-man.

To teach my Horſe good manners ; yet this morning,  
As I rode to take the ayre, th'untutor'd Iade  
Threw me, and kic'kd me.

*Grac.* I thanke him for't.

*Aſot.* What's that ?

*Grac.* I ſay, Sir, I'l'e teach him to hold his heeles,  
If you will rule your fingers.

*Aſot.* I'l'e thinke vpon't.

*Grac.* I am bruilde to ielly ; better be a dogge,  
Then ſlaue to a Foole or Coward.

*Aſot.* Heere's my Mother, *Enter Coriſca and Zanthia.*  
Shee is chaſtiſing too : How braue we liue !  
That haue our ſlaues to beat, to keepe vs in breath,  
When we want exerciſe.

*Coriſca.* Careleſſe Harlotrie, *Striking her.*  
Looke too't, if a Curle fall, or winde, or Sunne,  
Take my Complexion off, I will not leaue  
One haire vpon thine head.

*Grac.* Here's a ſecond ſhow  
Of the Family of pride.

*Coriſca.* Fie on theſe warres,  
I am ſtaru'd for want of action, not a gameſter left  
To keepe a woman play ; if this world laſt  
A little longer with vs, Ladyes muſt ſtudie  
Some new found Miſtery, to coole one another,  
Wee ſhall burne to Cinders elſe ; I haue heard there haue beene  
Such Arts in a long vacation ; would they were  
Reueal'd to mee : they haue made my Doctour too  
Phifitian to the Army, he was vs'de  
To ſerue the turne at a pinch : but I am now  
Quite vnprouided.

*Aſot.* My Mother in law is ſure  
At her deuotion.

*Coriſca.* There are none but our ſlaues left,  
Nor are they to be truſted ; ſome great women  
(Which I could name) in a dearth of Viſitants,  
Rather then be idle, haue beene glad to play  
At ſmall game, but I am ſo queaſie ſtomack't,

The Bondman.

And from my youth haue beene so vsde to Dainties,  
I cannot taste such grosse meate; some that are hungrie  
Draw on their shoemakers, and take a fall  
From such as mend Mats in their Galleries;  
Or when a Taylor settles a Petticoate on,  
Take measure of his Bodkin: sie vpon't,  
'Tis base; for my part, I could rather lie with  
A Gallants breeches, and conceaue vpon 'em,  
Then stoope so low.

*Afor.* Faire Madam, and my Mother.

*Corisca.* Leauē the last out, it sinells rancke of the Countrie,  
And shewes course breeding, your true Courtier knowes not  
His Neece, or Sister from another woman,  
If she be apt and cunning. I could tempt now  
This foole, but he will be so long a working.  
Then hee's my Husbands Soune; the fitter to  
Supply his wants, I haue the way already.  
I'le trie, if it will take; when were you with  
Your Mistris, faire *Cleora*.

*Afor.* Two daies sithence,  
But shee's so coy forsooth, that ere I can  
Speake a pen'd speech I haue bought, and studied for her,  
Her woman calls her away.

*Corisc.* Here's a dull thing,  
But better taught I hope, send of your man.

*Afor.* Sirra, be gone.

*Grac.* This is the first good turne,  
She euer did me. *Exit Graculo.*

*Corisc.* We'le haue a Scēne of mirth,  
I must not haue you sham'd for want of practise.  
I stand here for *Cleora*, and doe you heare Minion,  
(That you may tell her, what her woman should do)  
Repeat the lesson ouer, that I taught you,  
When my young Lord came to visit me, if you misse  
In a Syllable or posture!

*Zast.* I am perfect.

*Afor.* Would I were so: I feare I shall be out.

*Corisc.* If you are, I'le helpe you in. Thus I walke musing:

You



The Bond-Man.

You are to enter, and as you passe by,  
Salute my woman, be but bold enough,  
You'le speed I warrant you; begin.

*Afor.* Haue at it.

'Saue thee sweet heart. A kisse.

*Zant.* *Venus* forbid, Sir,  
I should presume to taste your honours lips  
Before my Lady.

*Corisc.* This is well on both parts.

*Afor.* How does thy Lady?

*Zant.* Happy in your Lordship,  
As oft as she thinkes on you.

*Corisc.* Very good,  
This Wench will learne in time.

*Afor.* Does she thinke of me?

*Zant.* O Sir, and speakes the best of you, admires  
Your wit, your clothes, discourse; and sweares, but that  
You are not forward enough for a Lord, you were  
The most compleat, and absolute man: I'le shew  
Your Lordship a Secret.

*Afor.* Not of thine owne?

*Zant.* O no, Sir,  
'Tis of my Lady, but vpon your honour,  
You must conceale it.

*Afor.* By all meanes.

*Zanthis.* Some times  
I lie with my Ladie, as the last night I did,  
Shee could not say her prayers, for thinking of you,  
Nay, she talked of you in her sleepe, and sigh'd out,  
O sweet *Aforus*, sure thou art so backward,  
That I must rauish thee, and in that seruor  
She tooke me in her armes, threw me vpon her,  
Kis'd me, and hug'd me, and then wak'd, and wept;  
Because 'twas but a dreame.

*Corisc.* This will bring him on,  
Or hee's a blocke. A good Girl!

*Afor.* I am mad,  
Till I am at it.

# The Bond-Man.

*Zant.* Be not put off, Sir,  
With away, I dare not; fie you are immodest,  
My Brother's vp, my Father will heare, shoot home, Sir,  
You cannot misse the marke.

*Afot.* There's for thy counsaile.  
This is the fairest interlude, if it proue earnest,  
I shall wish I were a Player.

*Corisc.* Now my turne comes.  
I am exceeding sicke, pray you send my Page  
For young *Afotus*, I cannot liue without him,  
Pray him to visit me, yet when hee's present,  
I must be strange to him.

*Afot.* Not so: you are caught.  
Loe whom you wish, behold *Afotus* here!

*Corisc.* You wait well, Minion, shortly I shall not speake  
My thoughts in my priuate Chamber, but they must  
Lie open to discouery.

*Afot.* 'Slid shee's angry.

*Zant.* No, no, Sir, she but seemes so. To her againe.

*Afot.* Lady, I would descend to kisse your hand,  
But that 'tis glou'd, and Ciuit makes me sicke;  
And to presume to taste your lipps not safe,  
Your woman by:

*Corisc.* I hope shee's no obseruer,  
Of whom I grace.

*Zant.* Lookes on a Booke,  
kisses her.

*Afot.* She's at her booke, O rare!

*Corisc.* A kisse for entertainment is sufficient:  
Too much of one dish cloyes me.

*Afotus.* I would serue in  
The second course, but still I feare your woman.

*Corisc.* You are very cautelous. *Zanthia* seemes to sleepe.

*Afotus.* 'Slight shee's asleepe!

'Tis pittie, these instructions are not printed:  
They would sell well to Chamber-maides, 'tis no time now  
To play with my good fortune, and your fauour,  
Yet to be taken, as they say: a scout  
To giue the signall when the enemy comes,  
Were now worth gold: Shee's gone to watch.

*Exit Zanthia.*

## The Bond-Man.

A wayter so trayn'd vp were worth a million,  
To a wanton Citie Madam.

*Corisc.* You are growne conceited.

*Asotas.* You teach me; Lady, now your Cabinet.

*Corisc.* You speake, as it were yours.

*Asotas.* When we are there,

Ile show you my best euidence.

*Corisc.* Holde, you forget,

I onely play *Cleora's* part.

*Asotas.* No matter,

Now we haue begun, let's end the act.

*Corisc.* Forbeare, Sir,  
Your Fathers wife?

*Asotas.* Why, being his Heyre, I am bound,  
Since he can make no satisfaction to you,  
To see his debts payd.

*Enter Zanthia running.*

*Zanthia.* Madame, my Lord.

*Corisc.* Fall off,

I must trifle with the time too; Hell confound it.

*Asotas.* Plague on his toothlesse chaps, he cannot do't  
Himselfe, yet hinders such as haue good stomacks. *Enter Cleon.*

*Cleon.* Where are you, Wife? I faine would goe abroad,  
But cannot finde my Slaues, that beare my Litter:  
I am tyr'd, your shoulder, Sonne; nay sweet, thy hand too,  
A turne or two in the Garden, and then to Supper,  
And so to Bed.

*Asotas.* Neuer to rise, I hope, more. *Exeunt.*

### ACTVS II. SCÆNA III.

*Pisander, Poliphron, bringing forth a Table.*

*Pisander.* 'Twill take, I warrant thee.

*Poliphron.* You may doe your pleasure:  
But, in my judgement, better to make vse of  
The present opportunitie.

*Pisander.* No more. *Enter Cimbrio, Gracculo, and Slaues.*

*Poliphron.* I am silenc'd.

*Pisander.* More wine, 'pray thee drinke hard, friend,

## The Bond-Man.

And when we are hot, what euer I propound,  
Second with vehemency : men of your wordes, all welcome,  
Slaues vse no ceremonie, sit downe, heer's a health,

*Poliphron.* Let it runne round, fill euery man his Glasse.

*Gracc.* We looke for no wayters ; this is Wine.

*Pisander.* The better,  
Strong, lusty wine : drinke deepe, this iuyce will make vs  
As free as our Lords.

*Drinkes.*

*Gracc.* But if they finde, we taste it,  
We are all damn'd to the quarry, during life,  
Without hope of redemption.

*Pisander.* Pish, for that  
Wee'l talke anon : another rowse, we loose time,  
When our lowe blood's wound vp a little higher,  
Ile offer my designe ; nay, we are colde yet,  
These Glasses containe nothing ; doe me right, *Takes the Bottle.*  
As e're you hope for liberty. 'Tis done braucly,  
How doe you feele your selues now ?

*Drinkes.*

*Cimbrio.* I begin  
To haue strange Conundrums in my head.

*Gracc.* And I,  
To loath base water : I would be hang'd in peace now,  
For one moneth of such Holy-dayes.

*Pisander.* An age, Boyes,  
And yet desie the Whip, if you are men,  
Or dare belieue, you haue soules.

*Cimbrio.* We are no Broakers :

*Gracc.* Nor Whores, whose markes are out of their mouthes,  
They hardly can get salt enough to keep 'em (they haue none,  
From stinking about ground.

*Pisander.* Our Lords are no Gods ?

*Gracc.* They are Diuels to vs, I am sure.

*Pisander.* But subject to  
Colde, hunger, and diseases.

*Gracc.* In abundance.

Your Lord, that feeles no ach in his chine at twentie,  
Forfeits his priuiledge, how should their Chyrurgion build else,  
Or ride on their Foot-cloathes ?

*Pisander.* Equall

## The Bond-Man.

*Pisander.* Equall nature fashion'd vs  
All in one molde : The Beare serues not the Beare,  
Nor the Wolfe, the Wolfe ; 'twas ods of strength in tyrants,  
That pluck'd the first linke from the Golden chayne  
With which that thing of things bound in the world.  
Why then, since we are taught, by their examples,  
To loue our Libertie, if not Command,  
Should the strong serue the weake, the faire deform'd ones ?  
Or such as know the cause of thinges, pay tribute  
To ignorant fooles ? All's but the outward glosse  
And politicke forme, that does distinguish vs.

*Cymbrio,* thou art a strong man ; if in place  
Of carrying burthens, thou hadst beene trayn'd vp  
In Martiall discipline, thou mightst haue prou'd  
A Generall, fit to lead and fight for *Sicilie*,  
As fortunate as *Timoleon*.

*Cymbrio.* A little fighting  
Will serue a Generals turne.

*Pisander.* Thou, *Graculo*,  
Hast fluencie of Language, quicke conceite,  
And I thinke, couer'd with a Senators robe,  
Formally set on the Bench, thou wouldst appeare  
As braue a Senator.

*Gracc.* Would I had Lands,  
Or money, to buy a place ; and if I did not (Chayne,  
Sleepe on the Bench, with the drowsiest of 'em, play with my  
Looke on my Watch, when my guts chym'd twelue, and weare  
A state Beard, with my Barbers helpe, rancke with 'em,  
In their most choyce peculiar guists ; degrade me  
And put me to drinke Water againe, which (now  
I haue tasted Wine) were poyson.

*Pisander.* 'Tis spoke nobly,  
And like a Gown-man, none of these, I thinke too,  
But would proue good Burgers.

*Gracc.* Hum : the fooles are modest,  
I know their insides : Here's an ill-fac'd fellow,  
(But that will not be seene in a darke Shop,)  
If he did not in a moneth, learne to out-swear,

## The Bond-Man.

In the selling of his Wares, the cunningest Tradesman  
In *Syracusa*, I haue no skill; Here's another,  
Obserue but what a coufening looke he has,  
(Hold vp thy head, man) if for drawing Gallants  
Into mortgages for Commodities, cheating Heyres  
With your new counterfeit Gold thred, and gum'd Veluets,  
He does not transcend all that went before him,  
Call in his patent; passe the rest, they'l all make  
Sufficient Becos, and with their brow-anklets  
Beare vp the Cap of maintenance.

*Pisander.* Is 't not pittie then,  
Men of such eminent vertues, should be Slaues?

*Cimbrio.* Our fortune.

*Pisander.* Tis your folly, daring men  
Commaund, and make their fates. Say, at this instant,  
I mark'd you out a way to Libertie;  
Posselt you of those blessings, our proud Lords  
So long haue surfettet in; and what is sweetest,  
Arme you with power, by strong hand to reuenge  
Your stripes, your vnregarded toyle, the pride,  
The insolencie, of such as tread vpon  
Your patient sufferings; fill your famish'd mouthes,  
With the fat and plentie of the Land; redeeme you  
From the darke vale of Seruitude, and seate you  
Vpon a hill of happinesse; what would you doe  
To purchase this and more?

*Gracc.* Doe any thing,  
To burne a Church or two, and dance by the light on't  
Were but a May-game.

*Poliphron.* I haue a Father liuing,  
But if the cutting of his throat could worke this,  
He should excuse me.

*Cimbrio.* 'Slight, I would cut mine owne,  
Rather then misse it, so I might but haue  
A taste on't, ere I dye.

*Pisander.* Be resolute men,  
You shall runne no such hazard, nor groane vnder  
The burthen of such crying finnes.

*Cimbrio.* The

# The Bond-man.

*Cimbrio.* The meanes?

*Gracculo.* I feele a womans longing.

*Poliphron.* Doe not torment vs

With expectation.

*Pisander.* Thus then, our proud Masters;

And all the able Freemen of the Citie

Are gone vnto the warres,

*Poliphron.* Obserue but that.

*Pisander.* Old men, and such as can make no resistance,  
Are onely left at home.

*Gracculo.* And the proud young foole  
My Master. If this take, I'le hamper him.

*Pisander.* Their Arsenall, their Treasure's in our power,  
If we haue hearts to sease 'em, if our Lords fall  
In the present action, the whole countrie's ours;  
Say they returne victorious, we haue meanes  
To keepe the Towne against them: at the worst  
To make our owne conditions: now if you dare  
fall on their Daughters, and their wiues, breake vp  
Their Iron Chests, banquet on their rich Beds,  
And carue your selues of all delights, and pleasures  
You haue beene bard from, with one voyce cry with me,  
Libertie, Libertie.

*All.* Libertie, Libertie.

*Pisander.* Goe then, and take possession; vse all freedome,  
But shed no blood: so this is well begun,  
But not to be commended, til't be done.

*Exeunt omnes.*

## ACTVS III. SCÆNA I.

*Pisander. Timandra.*

*Pisander.* Why thinke you that I plot against my selfe?  
Feare nothing, you are safe, these thick-skinn'd slaues,  
(I vse as instruments to serue my ends)  
Pierce not my deepe designs: nor shall they dare  
To lift an arme against you.

*Timandra.* With your will,  
But turbulent spirits rais'd beyond themselues

## The Bondman.

With ease, are not so soone layd : they oft proue  
Dangerous to him that call'd them vp.

*Pisander.* Tis true,

In what is rashly vndertooke. Long since  
I haue considered seriously their natures  
Proceeded with mature aduise, and know  
I hold their will, and faculties in more awe  
Then I can doe my owne. Now for their Licence,  
And ryot in the Citie, I can make  
A iust defence, and vse : it may appeare too  
A polliticke preuention of such ills  
As might with greater violence, and danger  
hereafter be attempted ; though some smart for't,  
It matters not : how euer, I am resolu'd ;  
And sleepe you with security. Holds *Cleora*  
Constant to her rash vow ?

*Timandra.* Beyond beleefe;

To me, that see her hourelly, it seemes a fable.  
By signes I ghesse at her commands, and serue 'em  
With silence, such her pleasure is, made knowne  
By holding her faire hand thus ; she eates little,  
Sleepes lesse, as I imagine; once a day  
I leade her to this Gallery, where she walkes  
Some halfe a dozen turnes, and hauing offred  
To her absent Saint a sacrifice of sighes;  
She points backe to her prison.

*Pisander.* Guide her hither,

And make her vnderstand the slaues reuolt.  
And with your vtmost eloquence enlarge  
Their insolence, and Rapes done in the Citie,  
Forget not to, I am their chiefe, and tell her  
You strongly thinke my extreame dotage on her,  
As I am *Marullo*, caus'd this sodaine vprore,  
To make way to enioy her.

*Timandra.* Punctually

I will discharge my part. *Exit Timandra. Enter Poliphron.*

*Poliphron.* O Sir, I fought you.

You haue mis'd the best sport. Hell, I thinke is broke loose,

There's



There's such varietie of all disorders,  
Asleeping, shooting, drinking, dancing, whoring  
Among the slaues; answer'd with crying, howling,  
By the Citizens and their wiues : such a confusion,  
( In a word, not to tyre you ) as I thinke  
The like was neuer reade of.

*Pisander.* I share in  
The pleasure, though I am absent. This is some  
Reuenge for my disgrace.

*Poliphron.* But Sir; I feare,  
If your authority restraine them not,  
They'le fire the Citie, or kill one another,  
They are so apt to outrage; neither know I  
Whether you wish it, and came therefore to  
Acquaint you with so much.

*Pisander.* I will among'em,  
But must not long be absent.

*Poliphron.* At your pleasure.

ACTVS III. SCÆNA II.

*Cleora, Timandra, a Chaire, a shout within.*

*Timandra.* They are at our gates, my heart! affrights & horrors  
Increase each minute : No way left to saue vs ;  
No flattering hope to comfort vs, or meanes  
By miracle to redeeme vs from base lust,  
And lawlesse rapine. Are there Gods, yet suffer  
Such innocent sweetnesse to be made the spoile  
Of brutish appetite? Or, since they decree  
To ruine Natures master-peece ( of which  
they haue not left one patterne ) must they choose,  
To set their tyrannie of, slaues to pollute  
The spring of chastitie, and poyson it  
With their most loath'd embraces? and of those  
He that should offer vp his life to guard it?  
*Marullo,* curs'd *Marullo,* your owne Bond-man  
Purchas'd to serue you, and fed by your fauours.  
Nay, start not; it is he, hee the grand Captaine

*Cleora starts,*  
Of

*The Bond-Man.*

Of these libidinous beasts, that haue not left  
One cruell act vndone, that Barbarous conquest,  
Yet euer practis'd in a captiue Citie.

He doting on your beauty, and to haue fellowes  
In his foule sinne, hath rais'd these mutinous slaues,  
Who haue begun the game by violent Rapes,  
Vpon the Wiues and Daughters of their Lords :

And he to quench the fire of his base lust,  
By force comes to enioy you : doe not wring  
Your innocent hands, 'tis bootlesse, vse the meanes

*Cleora wrings  
her hands.*

That may preferue you. 'Tis no crime to breake  
A vow; when you are forc'd to it; shew your face,  
And with the maiestie of commanding beautie,  
Strike dead his loose affections; if that faile,  
Giue libertie to your tongue, and vse entreaties,  
There cannot be a breast of flesh, and bloud,  
Or heart so made of flint, but must receiue  
Impression from your words; or eies so sterne,  
But from the cleere reflection of your teares  
Must melt, and beare them company; will you not  
Doe these good offices to your selfe, poore I then,  
Can onely weepe your fortune, here he comes.

*Pisander.* He that aduances  
A foot beyond this, comes vpon my sword.  
You haue had your wayes, disturbe not mine,

*Enter Pisander speaking  
at the doore.*

*Timandra.* Speake gently,  
Her feares may kill her else.

*Pisander.* Now loue inspire me!  
Still shall this Canopie of eniuous night  
Obscure my Suns of comfort? and those dainties.  
Of purest white and red, which I take in at  
My greedy eyes, deny'd my famish'd senses?  
The Organs of your hearing yet are open;  
And you infringe no vow, though you vouchsafe,  
To giue them warrant, to conuey vnto  
Your vnderstanding, parts the story of  
A tortur'd and despairing Louer, whom  
Not Fortune but affection markes your slaue.

*Cleora shakes.*

Shake

*The Bond-Man.*

Shake not best Lady, for beleeu't you are  
As farre from danger as I am from force.  
All violence I'll offer, tendes no farther  
Then to relate my sufferings, which I dare not  
Presume to doe, till by some gracious signe  
You shew you are pleas'd to heare me.

*Timandra.* If you are,  
Hold forth your right hand.

*Cleora holdes forth her  
right hand.*

*Pisandra.* So 'tis done, and I  
With my glad lips seale humbly on your foot,  
My soules thanks for the fauour: I forbear  
To tell you who I am, what wealth, what honours,  
I made exchange of to become your seruant,  
And though I knew worthy *Loothesnes* :  
( For sure he must be worthy, for whose loue  
You haue endur'd so much ) to be my riuall,  
When rage, and ieaalousie counsail'd me to kill him,  
( Which then I could haue done with much more ease,  
Then now in feare to grieue you, I dare speeke it )  
Loue seconded with duty boldly told me,  
The man I hated, faire *Cleora* fauour'd,  
And that was his protection.

*Cleora bowes.*

*Timandra.* See, she bowes  
Her head in signe of thankfulnessse.

*Pisander.* He remou'd,  
By th'occasion of the war ( my fires increasing  
By being clos'd, and stop'd vp ) franticke affection  
prompted me to doe something in his absence,  
That might deliuer you into my power,  
Which you see is affected, and euen now,  
When my rebellious passions chide my dulnesse,  
And tell me how much I abuse my fortunes ;  
Now 'tis in my power to beare you hence,  
Or take my wishes here, ( nay, feare not Madam  
True loue's a seruant, brutish lust a Tyrant )  
I dare not touch those viands, that ne're taste well,  
But when they are freely offred, only thus much :  
Be pleas'd I may speake in my owne deare cause,

*Cleora starts.*

## The Bond-Man.

And thinke it worthy your consideration.  
I haue lou'd truly, (cannot say deseru'd,  
Since duty must not take the name of merit )  
That I so farre prize your content, before  
All blessings, that my hopes can fashion to mee,  
That willingly I entertaine despayre,  
And for your sake embrace it. For I know,  
This opportunity lost, by no endeauour  
The like can be recouer'd. To conclude,  
Forget not, that I lose my selfe, to saue you.  
For what can I expect, but death and torture  
The warre being ended ? and, what is a taske  
Would trouble *Hercules* to vndertake,  
I doe deny you to my selfe, to giue you  
A pure vnspotted present to my riuall.  
I haue said, if it distaste not, best of Virgins,  
Reward my temperance with some lawfull fauour,  
Though you contemne my person. *Cleora kneeles, then puls off  
her Gloue, and offers her*  
*Timandra.* See, she kneeles *hand to Pisander.*  
And seemes to call vpon the gods to pay  
The debt she owes your vertue. To performe which  
As a sure pledge of friendship, she vouchsafes you  
Her faire right hand. *Makes a lowe curtise, as she  
goes off.*  
*Pisander.* I am payd for all my suffrings.  
Now when you please, passe to your priuate Chamber :  
My loue, and dutie, faithfull guards, shall keepe you  
From all disturbance; and when you are sated  
With thinking of *Leosthenes*, as a fee  
Due to my seruice, spare one sigh for me.

*Exeunt*

### ACTVS III, SCÆNA III.

*Graculo leading Aſotus in an Apes habit, with a chaine about his  
necke. Zanthia, in Coriscaes Cloathes, she bearing  
up her traine.*

*Graculo.* Come on, Sir.

*Aſotus.* Oh.

*Grac.* Doe you grumble ? you were euer

## The Bond-Man.

A brainelesse Asse, but if this hold, I'll teach you  
To come aloft, and doe tricks like an Ape  
Your mornings lesson: if you misse ———

*Asotus.* O no, Sir.

*Asotus makes wuppies.*

*Grac.* What for the Carthaginians? a good beast.

What for our selfe your Lord? exceeding well. *Dances.*

There's your reward. Not kisse your pawe? So, so, so.

*Zanthia.* Was euer Lady the first daie of her honour  
So waited on by a wrinkled crone? she lookes now  
Without her painting, curling, and perfumes  
Like the last day of Ianuary; and stinkes worse  
Then a hot brach in the dogge daies. Further of,  
So stand there like an image; if you stirre,  
Till with a quarter of a looke I call you,  
You know what followes.

*Corisca.* O what am I false to!

But 'tis a punishment for my lust and pride,  
Iustly return'd vpon me.

*Graculo.* How doo'st thou like  
Thy Ladiship *Zanthia*?

*Zanthia.* Very well, and beare it  
With as much state as your Lordship.

*Graculo.* Giue me thy hand;  
Let vs like conquering Romans walke in triumph,  
Our captiues following. Then mount our Tribunals,  
And make the slaues our footstooles.

*Zanthia.* Fine by Ioue,  
Are your hands cleane minion?

*Corisca.* Yes forsooth.

*Zanthia.* Fall off then.  
So now come on: and hauing made your three duties,  
Downe I say, (are you stiffe in the hauns?) now kneele,  
And tie our shoe. Now kisse it and be happy.

*Graculo.* This is state indeed.

*Zanthia.* It is such as she taught me,  
A tickling itch of greatnesse, your proud Ladyes  
Expect from their poore Waiters, we haue chang'd parts;  
Shee does what she forc'd me to doe in her raigne,  
And I must practise it in mine.

*Graculo.*

## The Bond-Man.

*Graculo.* 'Tis iustice ; -

O heere come more. *Enter Cymbrio, Cleon, Poliphron, Olympia.*

*Cymbrio.* Discouer to a Drachma,

Or I will famish thee.

*Cleon.* O I am pinde already.

*Cymbrio.* Hunger shall force thee to cut off the brawnes  
From thy armes and thighes, then broile them on the coles  
For Carbonadoes.

*Poliphron.* Spare the olde Iade, he's found red

*Graculo.* Cutt his throat then,  
And hang him out for a scarre-Crowe.

*Poliphron.* You haue all your wishes  
In your reuenge, and I haue mine. You see  
I vse no tyrannie : When I was her slaue,  
She kept me as a sinner to lie at her backe  
In frostie nights, and fed me high with dainties,  
Which still she had in her belly againe e're morning,  
And in requitall of those curtesies  
Hauing made one another free, we are marryed,  
And if you wish vs ioy, ioyne with vs in  
A Dance at our Wedding.

*Graculo.* Agreed, for I haue thought of  
A most triumphant one, which shall expresse, wee are Lords, and

*Poliphron.* But we shall want (these our slaues.  
A woman.

*Graculo.* No, heres Iane of Apes shall serue ;  
Carry your body swimming : where's the Musicke ?

*Poliph.* I haue plac'd it in yon Window. *The dance at the end.*

*Graculo.* Begin then sprightly. *Enter Pisander.*

*Poliphron.* Well done on all sides. I haue prepar'd a Banquet ;  
Let's drinke, and coole vs.

*Graculo.* A good motion,

*Cymbrio.* Wait heere,  
You haue beene tyr'd with feasting, learne to fast now.

*Grac.* Ile haue an Apple for Iacke, and may be some scrapps  
May fall to your share *Exeunt Graculo, Zanthia, Cymbrio,*

*Corisca.* Whom can we accuse *Poliphron, Olympia.*  
But our selues for what we suffer ? thou art iust

Thou

## The Bond-man.

Thou all-creating power. And miserie  
Instruets me now, that yesterday acknowledg'd,  
No Deitie beyond my lust and pride.  
There is a heauen aboue vs, that lookes downe  
With the eyes of Iustice, vpon such as number  
Those blessings freely giuen, in the accompt  
Of their poore merits : Else it could not be  
Now miserable I, to please whose pallat  
The Elements were ransack'd, yet complain'd  
Of Nature, as not liberall enough  
In her prouision of rarities  
To soothe my taste, and pamper my proud flesh:  
Now wish in vaine for bread :

*Cleon.* Yes, I doe wishe too,  
For what I fed my dogges with.

*Corsica.* I that forgot  
I was made of flesh and blood, and thought the silke  
Spunne by the diligent worme, out of their intrals,  
Too course to cloathe mee ; and the softest Downe  
Too hard to sleepe on ; that disdain'd to looke  
On vertue being in ragges ; that stop'd my nose  
At those that did not vse adulterate arts  
To better nature ; that from those, that seru'd me,  
Expected adoration, am made iustly  
The scorne of my owne Bond-woman.

*Aforus.* I am punish'd,  
For seeking to Cuckold mine owne naturall Father.  
Had I beene gelded then, or vs'd my selfe  
Like a man : I had not beene transform'd, and forc'd  
To play an ore-growne Ape.

*Cleon.* I know I cannot  
Last long, that's all my comfort: come, I forgiue both,  
It is in vaine to be angry, let vs therefore  
Lament together like friends.

*Pisander.* What a true mirror  
Were this sad spectacle for secure greatnesse !  
Heere they that neuer see themselues, but in  
The Glasse of seruile flattery, might behold

## The Bondman.

The weake foundation vpon which they build,  
That trust in humane frailtie. Happie are those,  
That knowing in their births, they are subiect to  
Vncertaine change, are still prepar'd, and arm'd  
For either fortune: A rare principle,  
And with much labour, learn'd in wisdomes schoole  
For as these Bond-men by their actions shew,  
That their prosperitie, like too too large a Sayle  
For their small barge of iudgement; sinks them with  
A fore-right gale of libertie, e're they reach  
The Port they long to touch at: So these wretches  
Swolne with the false opinion of their worth,  
And proud of blessings left them, not acquir'd,  
That did beleue they could with Gyant-armed  
Fathome the earth, and were aboue their fates.  
Those borrow'd helpes that did support them, vanish'd:  
Fall of themselues, and by vnmanly suffering,  
Betray their proper weaknesse, and make knowne  
Their boasted greatnesse was lent, not their owne.

*Cleon.* O for some meate, they sit long.

*Corisc.* We forgot,

When we drew out intemperate feasts till midnight;  
Their hunger was not thought on, nor their watchings;  
Nor did we hold our selues seru'd to the height,  
But when we did exact, and force their duties  
Beyond their strength and power.

*Astus.* We pay for't now,  
I now could be content to haue my head  
Broke with a ribbe of Beefe, or for a Coffin  
Be buried in the dripping Pan.

*Cymbrio.* Doe not hold me, *Enter Poliphron, Cymbrio, Gracculo.*  
Not kisse the Bride?

*Zanbia, Olympia, drunk and  
quarrelling.*

*Poliphron.* No Sir.

*Cimbrio.* She's common good,  
And so wee'll vse her.

*Gracculo.* Wee'le haue nothing priuate.

*Olympia.* Hold:

*Zanbia.* Heere, *Marullo.*

*Olympia.*



# The Bond-Man.

*Olympia.* Hee's your chiefe.

*Cymbrio.* We are equals,  
I will know no obedience.

*Gracculo.* Nor superior,  
Nay, if you are Lyon-drunke, I will make one,  
For lightly euer he that parts the fray,  
Goes away with the blowes.

*Pisander.* Art thou mad de too?  
No more, as you respect me.

*Poliphron.* I obey, Sir,

*Pisander.* Quarrell among your selues?

*Cymbrio.* Yes, in our Wine, Sir,  
And for our Wenches.

*Gracculo.* How could we be Lords else?

*Pisan.* Take heed, I haue news will coole this heat, & make you  
Remember, what you were.

*Cymbrio.* How?

*Pisander.* Send off these,  
And then I'll tell you.

*Zanthia beating Corisca.*

*Olympia.* This is tyrannie,  
Now she offends not.

*Zanthia.* 'Tis for exercise,  
And to helpe digestion, what is she good for else?  
To me it was her language.

*Pisander.* Leau her off,  
And take heed Madam minx, the Wheele may turne.  
Goe to your meate, and rest, and from this houre  
Remember, he that is a Lord to day, *Exeunt Cleon, Asetus, Zan-*  
May be a Slaue to morrow. *thia, Olympia, Corisca.*

*Cleon.* good morallity.

*Cymbrio.* But what would you impart?

*Pisander.* What must inuite you  
To stand vpon your guard, and leau your feasting,  
Or but imagine, what it is to be  
Most miserable, and rest assur'd you are so.  
Our Masters are victorious:

*All.* How?

*Pisander.* Within

## The Bond-Man.

A dayes march of the Citie, flesh'd with spoyle,  
And proud of conquest, the Armado fuske,  
The Carthaginian Admirall hand to hand,  
Slaine by *Leosthenes*.

*Cymbrio*. I feele the whippe  
Vpon my backe already.

*Gracculo*. Euery man  
Seeke a conuenient Tree, and hang himselfe.

*Poliphron*. Better die once, then liue an age to suffer  
New tortures euery houre.

*Cimbriso*. Say, we submit,  
And yeeld vs to their mercy.

*Pisander*. Can you flatter  
Your selues with such false hopes? or dare you thinke  
That your imperious Lords, that neuer fail'd  
To punish with seuerity petty slips,  
In your neglect of labour, may be woume  
To pardon those licentious outrages,  
Which noble enemies forbear to practise  
Vpon the conquer'd? What haue you omitted,  
That may call on their iust reuenge with horror,  
And studied cruelty? We haue gone too farre  
To thinke now of retyring; in our courage,  
And during, lies our safetic; if you are not  
Slaves in your abiect mindes, as in your fortunes  
Since to die is the worst, better expose  
Our naked breasts to their keene Swords, and sell  
Our liues with the most aduantage, then to trust  
In a forestal'd remission, or yeeld vp  
Our bodies to the furnace of their furie,  
Thrice heated with reuenge.

*Gracculo*. You led vs on.

*Cimb*. And 'tis but iustice, you should bring vs off.

*Gracculo*. And we expect it.

*Pisander*. Heare then, and obey me,  
And I will either saue you, or fall with you;  
Man the Walls strongly, and make good the Ports  
Boldly deny their entrance, and rippe vp

Your

## The Bond-Man.

Your grievances, and what compeld you to  
This desperate course : if they disdaine to heare  
Of composition, we haue in our powers  
Their aged Fathers, Children, and their Wiues,  
Who to preferue themselues, must willingly  
Make intercession for vs. 'Tis not time now  
To talke, but doe. A glorious end or freedome  
Is now propos'd vs ; stand resolu'd for either,  
And like good fellowes, liue, or die together.

*Exeunt.*

### ACTVS III. SCÆNA IIII.

*Leosthenes, Timagoras.*

*Timagoras.* I am so farre from enuie, I am proud  
You haue outstrip'd me in the race of honour.  
O'twas a glorious day, and brauely wonne !  
Your bold performance gaue such lustre to  
*Timoleons* wife directions, as the Armie  
Rests doubtfull, to whom they stand most ingag'de  
For their so great successe.

*Leosthenes.* The Gods first honour'd,  
The glory be the Generalls ; 'tis farre from mee  
To be his riuall.

*Timagoras.* You abuse your fortune,  
To entertaine her choyce, and gracious fauours,  
With a contracted browe ; Plum'd victorie  
Is truly painted with a cheerefull looke,  
Equally distant from proud insolence,  
And base deiection.

*Leosthenes.* O *Timagoras,*  
You onely are acquainted with the cause,  
That loades my sad heart with a hill of lead .  
Whose ponderous waight, neither my new got honour,  
Assisted by the generall applause  
The souldier crownes it with: nor all warres glories  
Can lessen, or remoue ; and would you please,  
With fit consideration to remember,  
How much I wrong *Cleoras* innocence,

## The Bond-Man.

With my rash doubts ; and what a grieuous pennance,  
Shee did impose vpon her tender sweetnesse,  
To plucke away the Vulture ieaiousie,  
That fed vpon my Liuer : you cannot blame me,  
But call it a fit iustice on my selfe,  
Though I resolue to be a stranger to  
The thought of mirth, or pleasure.

*Timandra.* You haue redeem'd  
The forfeit of your fault, with such a ransome  
Of honourable action, as my Sister  
Must of necessitie confesse her sufferings  
Weigh'd downe by your faire merits ; and when she views you  
Like a triumphant Conquerour, carried through  
The Streets of *Syracusa*, the glad people  
Pressing to meet you, and the Senators  
Contending who shall heape most honours on you ;  
The Oxen crown'd with Girlands led before you  
Appointed for the Sacrifice ; and the Altars  
Smoaking with thankfull Incense to the gods :  
The Souldiers chaunting loud hymnes to your praise ;  
The windowes fill'd with Matrons, and with Virgins,  
Throwing vpon your head, as you passe by,  
The choycest Flowers ; and silently inuoking  
The Queene of Loue, with their particular vowes,  
To be thought worthy of you ; can *Cleora*,  
(Though, in the glasse of selfe-loue, shee behold  
Her best deserts ) but with all ioy acknowledge,  
What she indur'd, was but a noble tryall  
You made of her affection ? and her anger  
Rising from your too amorous cares, soone drench'd  
In *Lethe*, and forgotten.

*Leosthenes.* If those glories  
You so set forth were mine, they might plead for mee:  
But I can laye no claime to the least honour,  
Which you with foule iniustice rauish from her ;  
Her beauty, in me wrought a miracle,  
Taught me to ayme at things beyond my power,  
Which her perfections purchas'd, and gaue to me

*The Bond-Man.*

From her free bounties; she inspir'd me with  
That vallour, which I dare not call mine owne:  
And from the faire reflexion of her minde,  
My soule receau'd the sparckling beames of courage.  
Shee from the magazine of her proper goodnesse,  
Stock'd me with vertuous purposes; sent me forth  
To trade for honour; and she being the owner  
Of the barke of my aduentures, I must yeeld her  
A iust accompt of all, as fits a Factor:  
And howsoeuer others thinke me happy,  
And cry aloud, I haue made a prosperous voyage:  
One frowne of her dislike at my returne,  
(Which, as a punishment for my fault, I looke for)  
Strikes dead all comfort.

*Timagoras.* Tush, these feares are needlesse,  
Shee cannot, must not, shall not be so cruell  
A free confession of a fault winnes pardon;  
But being seconded by desert, commands it.  
The Generall is your owne, and sure; my Father  
Repents his harshnesse: for my selfe, I am  
Euer your creature, one day shall be happy  
In your triumph, and your Mariage.

*Leosthenes.* May it proue so,  
With her consent, and pardon.

*Timagoras.* Euer touching  
On that harsh string? she is your owne, and you  
Without disturbance seaze on what's your due.

*Exeunt.*

ACTVS IIII. SCENA I.

*Pisander, Timandra.*

*Pisander.* She has her health then:

*Timandra.* Yes, Sir, and as often  
As I speake of you, lends attentiu care  
To all that I deliuer; nor seemes tyr'de,  
Though I dwell long on the relation of  
Your sufferings for her, heaping praise on praise,  
On your vnequal'd temperance, and command,

You

You hold o're your affections.

*Pisander.* To my wish :

Haue you acquainted her with the defeature  
Of the Carthaginians, and with what honours  
*Leosthenes* comes Crown'd home with ?

*Timandra.* With all care.

*Pisander.* And how does she receaue it ?

*Timandra.* As I ghesse

With a seeming kinde of ioy, but yet appeares not  
Transported, or proud of his happy fortune.  
But when I tell her of the certaine ruine,  
You must encounter with at their arriuall  
In *Syracusa*, and that death with torments  
Must fall vpon you, which you yet repent not ;  
Esteeming it a glorious martyrdome,  
And a reward of pure, vnspotted loue,  
Preferu'd in the white robe of Innocence :  
Though she were in your power, and still spurr'd on  
By insolent lust ; you rather chose to suffer  
The fruit vntasted, for whose glad possession,  
You haue call'd on the furie of your Lord,  
Then that she should be grieu'd, or tainted in  
Her Reputation.

*Pisander.* Doth it worke compunction ?  
Pitties she my misfortune ?

*Timandra.* Shee express'd

All signes of sorrow, (which) her vow obseru'd,  
Could-witnesse a grieu'd heart. At the first hearing  
Shee fell vpon her face, rent her faire haire,  
Her hands held vp to heauen, and vented sighes,  
In which shee silently seem'd to complaine,  
Of heauens iniustice.

*Pisander.* 'Tis enough : waite carefully,  
And vpon all watch'd occasions, continue  
Speech, and discourse of me: 'tis time, must worke her.

*Timandra.* I'le not be wanting, but still striue to serue you.

*Pisander.* Now, *Poliphron*, the newes

*Exit Timandra.*

*Poliphron.* The conquering Army

*Enter Poliphron.*

# The Bond-man.

Is within ken.

*Pisander.* How brooke the slaues the obiect?

*Poliph.* Cheerefully yet; they do refuse no labour,  
And seeme to scoffe at danger; 'tis your presence  
That must confirme them; with a full consent,  
You are chosen to relate the tyranny  
Of our proud Masters; and what you subscribe too,  
They gladly will allow of, or hold out  
To the last man.

*Pisander.* I'll instantly among them:  
If we prooue constant to our selues, good fortune  
Will not, I hope, forsake vs.

*Poliphron.* 'Tis our best refuge. *Exeunt.*

## ACTVS IIII. SCÆNA II.

*Timoleon, Archidamus, Diphilus, Leosthenes,  
Timagoras, others.*

*Timoleon.* Thus farre we are return'd victorious, crown'd  
With Wreathes triumphant, (famine, blood, and dearth,  
Banisht your peacefull confines,) and bring home  
Securitie, and peace. 'Tis therefore fit  
That such as boldly stood the shocke of warre,  
And with the deere expence of sweat and blood  
Haue purchas'd Honour, should with pleasure reape  
The haruest of their toyle; and wee stand bound  
Out of the first file of the best deseruers,  
(Though all must be consider'd to their merits)  
To thinke of you *Leosthenes*, that stand,  
And worthily, most deere in our esteeme,  
For your heroique valour.

*Archidamus.* When I looke on  
(The labour of so many men, and ages)  
This well-built Citie, not long since design'd  
To spoyle and rapine; by the fauour of  
The gods, and you their ministers preferu'd;  
I cannot in my height of ioy, but offer  
These teares for a glad sacrifice.

# The Bondman.

*Diphilus.* Sleepe the Citizens?  
Or are they ouerwhelm'd with the excesse  
Of comfort, that flowes to them?

*Leosthenes.* Wee receaue  
A silent entertainment.

*Timagoras.* I long since  
Expected, that the virgins, and the Matrons,  
The old men striuing with their age, the Priests  
Carrying the Images of their gods before 'em  
Should haue met vs with Procession: Ha! the gates  
Are shut against vs!

*Archid.* And vpon the Walls      *Enter aboue, Pisander, Poli-*  
Arin'd men seeme to defie vs!      *phron, Cimbrio, Gracculo, &*

*Diphilus.* I should know      *the rest.*  
These faces; they are our slaues.

*Timagoras.* The misterie, Rascalls?  
Open the ports, and play not with an anger,  
That will consume you.

*Timoleon.* This is aboue wonder.

*Archid.* Our Bond-men stand against vs!

*Gracculo.* Some such things  
We were in mans remembrance; the slaues are turn'd.  
Lords of the Towne, or so, nay, be not angry:  
Perhaps on good tearmes, giuing security,  
You will be quiet men, we may allow you  
Some lodgings in our Garrets, or out-houses;  
Your great lookes cannot carry it.

*Cymbrio.* The truth is,  
We haue beene bold with your wiues, toy'd with your daughters.

*Leosthenes.* O my prophetique soule!

*Gracculo.* Rifled your Chests,  
Beene busie with your Wardrobes.

*Timagoras.* Can we indure this?

*Leosthenes.* O my *Cleora!*

*Gracculo.* A Caudle, for the Gentleman,  
Hee'll die a'the pip else.

*Timagoras.* Scorn'd too! are you turn'd stone?  
Hold parley with our Bond-men? force our entrance,

Then



## The Bond-Man.

Then Villaines, expect.

*Timoleon.* Hold : you weare mens shapes -  
And if like men you haue reason, shew a cause  
That leads you to this desperate course, which must end  
In your destruction?

*Graculo.* That, as please the Fates,  
But we vouchsafe; speake Captaine.

*Timagoras.* Hell, and Furies!

*Archid.* Bay'd by our owne cures?

*Cimbrio.* Take heed, you be not wurr'd.

*Poliphron.* We are sharpe set.

*Cymbrio.* And sodaine.

*Pisander.* Briefly thus then,

Since I must speake for all; your tyranny  
Drew vs from our obedience. Happy those times,  
When Lords were styl'd fathers of Families,  
And not imperious Masters; when they numbred  
Their seruants almost equall with their Sonnes,  
Or one degree beneath them; when their labours  
Were cherish'd, and rewarded, and a period  
Set to their sufferings; when they did not presse  
Their duties, or their wills beyond the power  
And strength of their performance; all things order'd  
With such decorum, as wise Law-makers,  
From each well-gouern'd priuate house deriu'd  
The perfect modell of a Common-wealth;  
Humanity then lodg'd in the hearts of men,  
And thankfull Masters carefully provided  
For Creatures wanting reason. The noble horse  
That in his fiery youth from his wide nostralls,  
Neigh'd courage to his Rider, and brake through  
Groues of opposed Pikes, bearing his Lord  
Safe to triumphant victory, old or wounded,  
Was set at libertie, and freed from seruice.  
The Athenian Mules, that from the Quarrie drew  
Marble, hew'd for the Temples of the gods,  
The great worke ended, were dismis'd, and sed  
At the publique cost; nay, faithfull dogs haue found

## The Bond-Man.

Their Sepulchres; but man to man, more cruell,  
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slaue;  
Since pride stept in and ryot, and o'return'd  
This goodly frame of Concord, teaching Masters  
To glory in the abuse of such, as are  
Brought vnder their cōmand; who grown vnusefull,  
Are lesse esteem'd than beasts; this you haue practis'd,  
Practis'd on vs with rigor; this hath forc'd vs,  
To shake our heauy yokes off; and if redresse  
Of these iust griuances be not granted vs,  
Wee'le right our selues, and by strong hand defend,  
What we are now possess'd of.

*Graculo.* And not leaue  
One house vnfir'd.

*Cimbrio.* Or throat vncut of those  
We haue in our power.

*Polipbron.* Nor will we fall alone,  
You shall buy vs dearely.

*Timagoras.* O, the gods!  
Vnheard of insolence!

*Timoleon.* What are your demaunds?

*Pisander.* A generall pardon, first, for all offences  
Committed in your absence. Libertie,  
To all such, as desire to make returne  
Into their countries; and to those that stay  
A competence of land freely allotted  
To each mans proper vse; no Lord acknowledg'd.  
Lastly, with your consent, to choose them wiues  
Out of your Families.

*Timagoras.* Let the Citie sinke first.

*Leosthenes.* And ruine sease on all, e're we subscribe  
To such conditions.

*Archidamus.* Carthage, though victorious,  
Could not haue forc'd more from vs:

*Leosthenes.* Scale the Walls,  
Capitulate after.

*Timoleon.* He that winnes the toppe first,  
Shall weare a mutall wreath.

*Exeunt.*

*Pisander.*

# The Bond-Man.

*Pisander.* Each to his place.  
Or death or victory; charge them home, & feare not. *(alarms.*

*Timol.* We wrong our selues, and we are iustly punish'd, *Enter*  
To deale with Bond-men, as if we encountre'd *Timoleon and*  
An equall enemy. *Senators.*

*Archidamus.* They fight like deuills:  
And runne vpon our Swords, as if their breasts *Enter Leosthenes,*  
Were prooffe beyond their Armour. *and Timagoras.*

*Timagoras.* Make a firme stand:  
The slaues not satisfied, they haue beat vs off,  
Prepare to sally forth.

*Timoleon.* They are wilde beasts,  
And to be tam'd by pollicie; each man take  
A tough whippe in his hand: such as you vs'd  
To punish them with, as masters; in your looks  
carry seuerity, and awe; 'twill fright them  
More then your weapons; sauage Lyons flye from  
The sight of fire; and these that haue forgot  
That duty, you n'ere taught them with your swords,  
When v unexpected, they behold those terrors  
Aduanc'd aloft, that they were made to shake at,  
'Twill force them to remember what they are, *Enter Cimbrio,*  
And sloop to due obedience. *Gracculo, & other slaues.*

*Archidamus.* Heere they come.

*Cymbrio.* Leauē not a man aliue; a wound is but a fleabyting,  
To what we suffred being slaues.

*Gracculo.* O my heart!

*Cimbrio* what doe we see? the whippe! our Masters!

*Timag.* Dare you rebell, slaues? *Senators shake their whips, and*

*Cimbrio.* Mercy, mercy; when they thooow away their weapons,  
Shall we hide vs from their furie? *and runne off.*

*Gracculo.* Fly, they follow;

O, we shall be tormented:

*Timoleon.* Enter with them,

But yet forbearē to kill them; still remember  
They are part of your wealth, and being disarm'd,  
There is no danger.

*Archidamus.* Let vs first deliuer

## The Bond-Man.

Such as they haue in Fetters, and at leasure  
Determine of their punishment.

*Leosthenes.* Friend, to you  
I leaue the disposition of what's mine :  
I cannot thinke I am safe without your Sister,  
Shee's only worth my thought ; and till I see  
What she has suffred, I am on the racke,  
And furye's my tormentors. *Exeunt.*

### ACTVS IIII. SCÆNA III.

*Pisander, Timandra.*

*Pisander.* I know, I am pursu'd, nor would I flye,  
Although the Ports were open, and a Conuoy  
Ready to bring me off : the basenesse of  
These villaines, from the pride of all my hopes,  
Haue throwne me to the bottomlesse Abisse  
Of horror, and despayre ; had they stood firme,  
I could haue bought *Cleoras* free consent,  
With the safetie of her Fathers life, and Brothers :  
And forc'd *Leosthenes* to quit his claime,  
And kneele a Suitor for mee.

*Timandra.* You must not thinke,  
What might haue beene, but what must now be practic'd,  
And suddenly resoluē.

*Pisander.* All my poore fortunes  
Are at the stake, and I must runne the hazard.  
Vnscene, conuey me to *Cleora's* Chamber,  
For in her sight, if it were possible,  
I would be apprehended : doe not inquire  
The reason why, but helpe me.

*Timandra.* Make haste, one knockes, *Exit Pisander.*  
*Ioue* turne all to the best: you are welcome Sir. *Enter Leosthenes.*

*Leosthenes.* Thou giu'st it in a heauy tone.

*Timandra.* Alas, Sir,  
Wee haue so long fed on the bread of sorrow,  
Drinking the bitter water of afflictions,  
Made loathsome to, by our continued feares,

## The Bond-Man.

Comfort's a stranger to vs.

*Leosthenes.* Feare's ! your suffrings,  
For which I am so ouergone with grieffe,  
I dare not aske without compassionate teares,  
The villaines name, that rob'd thee of thy honour ;  
For being train'd vp in chastities cold Schoole,  
And taught by such a Mistresse as *Cleora*,  
'Twere impious in me, to thinke *Timandra*  
Fell with her owne consent.

*Timandra.* How meane you, fell, Sir ?  
I vnderstand you not.

*Leosthenes.* I would, thou didst not,  
Or that I could not reade vpon thy face,  
In blushing characters, the story of  
Libidinous Rape ; confesse it, for you stand not  
Accomptable for a sinne, against whose strength  
Your o're-match'd innocence could make no resistance ;  
Vnder which odds, I know *Cleora* fell too,  
Heau'ns helpe in vaine inuok'd; the amazed Sunne,  
Hiding his face behinde a maske of cloudes,  
Not daring, to looke on it, in her suffrings  
All sorrowe's comprehended ; what *Timandra*,  
Or the Citie has indur'd, her losse consider'd,  
Deserues not to be nam'd.

*Timandra.* Pray you doe not bring, Sir,  
In the chymeraes of your ieaious feares,  
New monsters to affright vs.

*Leosthenes.* O *Timandra*.  
That I had faith enough but to beleeuue thee,  
I should receaue it with a ioy beyond  
Assurance of Elizian shades hereafter,  
Or all the blessings in this life, a Mother  
Could wish her children crown'd with: but I must not  
Credit impossibilities, yet I stroue  
To finde out that, whose knowledge is a curse,  
And ignorance a blessing. Come, discouer  
What kinde of looke he had, that forc'd thy Lady,  
( Thy rauisher, I will enquire at leisure, )

*The Bond-Man.*

That when hereafter I behold a stranger  
But neere him in aspect, I may conclude,  
(Though men and Angels should proclaime him honest,)  
Hee is a Hell-bred villaine.

*Timandra.* You are vnworthy  
To know she is preferu'd, preferu'd vntainted.  
Sorrow ( but ill bestow'd ) hath only made  
A rape vpon her comforts, in your absence.  
Come forth, deare Madam.

*Leads in Cleora.*

*Leost.* Ha ! *Kneeles.*

*Tima.* Nay, she deserues  
The bending of your heart; that to content you,  
Has kept a vow, the breach of which a vestall  
(Though the infringing it had call'd vpon her  
A liuing funerall,) must of force haue shrunke at;  
No danger could compell her, to dispence with  
Her cruell Penance; though hot lust came arm'd  
To seaze vpon her, when one looke, or accent  
Might haue redeem'd her.

*Leosthenes.* Might? O doe not show me  
A beame of comfort, and straight take it from me;  
The meanes, by which she was freed? Speake, O speake quickly,  
Each minute of delay's, an age of Torment:  
O speake, *Timandra.*

*Timandra.* Free her from her oath,  
Her selfe can best deliuer it. *Takes off the Scarfe.*

*Leost.* O blest office!  
Neuer did Gally-slaue shake off his chaines,  
Or look'd on his redemption from the Oare,  
With such true feeling of delight, as now  
I finde my selfe possess'd of; now I behold  
True light indeed; For since these fairest (starres,  
( Couer'd with cloudes of your determinate will )  
Denyde their influence to my optique sense,  
The Splendor of the Sunne appear'd to me,  
Bnt as some little glimpse of his bright beames  
Couey'd into a Dungeon; to remember  
The darke inhabitants there, how much they wanted.

## The Bond-man.

Open these long-shut lips, and strike mine eares  
With Musicke more harmonious, then the Spheares  
Yeeld in their heauenly motions ; And if euer  
A true submission, for a crime acknowledg'd,  
May finde a gracious hearing, teach your tongue  
In the first sweet, articulate sounds, it vtters  
To signe my wish'd-for pardon.

*Cleo.* I forgiue you.

*Leof.* How greedily I receiue this? Stay, best Lady,  
And let me by degrees ascend the height  
Of humane happinesse ; All at once deliuer'd,  
The torrent of my ioyes will ouerwhelme me ;  
So, now a little more ; And pray excuse me,  
If like a wanton Epicure I desire,  
The pleasant taste these cates of comfort yeild me,  
Should not too soone be swallow'd. Haue you not  
( By your vnspotted truth, I doe coniure you  
To answer truly ) suffer'd in your honour ;  
( By force, I meane, for in your will I free you )  
Since I left *Syracusa* ?

*Cleo.* I restore

This kisse, (so help me goodnesse,) which I borrow'd,  
When I last saw you.

*Leof.* Miracle of vertue !

One pawse more, I beseech you, I am like  
A man, whose vitall spirits consum'd, and wasted  
With a long and tedious Feuer, vnto whom  
Too much of a strong Cordiall at once taken  
Brings death, and not restores him. Yet I cannot  
Fixe here : but must enquire the man, to whom  
I stand indebted for a benefit,  
Which to requite at full, though in this hand  
I grasp'd all Scepters the worlds Empire bow to ;  
Would leaue me a poore Bank'rout; name him, Lady ;  
If of a meane estate, I'le gladly part with  
My vtmost fortunes to him; but if noble,  
In thankfull duty studie how to serue him ;  
Or if of higher rancke, erect him Altars,

## The Bondman.

And ( as a god) adore him.

*Cleo.* If that goodnesse,  
And noble temperance (the Queene of vertues)  
Bridling rebellous passions (to whose sway,  
Such as haue conquer'd Nations haue liu'd slaues)  
Did euer wing great mindes to flye to heauen;  
He that preferu'd mine honour, may hope boldly  
To fill a seat among the gods, and shake of  
Our fraile corruption.

*Leosthenes.* Forward.

*Cleo.* Or if euer,  
The powers aboue did masque in humane shapes,  
To teach mortality, not by cold precepts  
Forgot as soone as told, but by examples,  
To imitate their purenesse, and draw neere  
To their Cœlestiall Natures; I belieue  
Hee's more then man.

*Leost.* You doe describe a wonder.

*Cleo.* Which will increase, when you shall vnderstand,  
He was a loue.

*Leost.* Not yours, Lady?

*Cleo.* Yes,

Lou'd me, *Leosthenes*; Nay more, so doted,  
( If cleere affections scorning grosse desires  
May without wrong be stil'd to) that he durst not  
With an immodest syllable, or looke,  
In feare it might take from me, whom he made  
The obiect of his better part, discover,  
I was the Saint, he su'de too,

*Leost.* A rare temper!

*Cleo.* I cannot speake it to the worth: All praise  
I can bestow vpon it, will appeare  
Enuious detraction. Not to racke you farther,  
Yet make the miracle full; though of all men  
He hated you *Leosthenes*, as his riuall:  
So high yet he priz'd my content, that knowing  
You were a man I fauour'd, he disdain'd not  
Against himselfe to serue you.



## The Bond-Man.

*Leost.* You conceale, still,  
The owner of these excellencies.

*Cleo.* 'Tis *Marullo*,  
My Fathers Bond-man.

*Leost.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Cleo.* Why doe you laugh?

*Leost.* To heare the labouring mountaine of your praise  
Deliu'er'd of a Mousie.

*Cleo.* The man deserues not  
This scorne, I can assure you.

*Leost.* Doe you call,  
What was his dutie, merit?

*Cleo.* Yes, and place it,  
As high in my esteeme, as all the honours  
Descended from your Auncestors, or the glory,  
Which you may call your owne, got in this action;  
In which I must confesse you haue done nobly,  
And I could adde; As I desir'd; but that  
I feare, 'twould make you proud.

*Leost.* Why Lady, can you  
Be wonne to giue allowance, that your slaue  
Should dare to loue you?

*Cleo.* The Immortall gods  
Accept the meanest Altars, that are rais'd  
By pure deuotions; and sometimes preferre  
An ounce of Frankinsence, hony, or milke,  
Before whole *Hecatombes*, or *Sabaan Gums*  
Offer'd in ostentation. Are you sicke *Aside.*  
Of your old disease? I'll fit you.

*Leost.* You seeme mou'd.

*Cleo.* Zealous, I grant, in the defence of vertue.  
Why, good *Leosthenes*, though I endur'd,  
A penance for your sake, aboue example,  
I haue not so farre sold my selfe, I take it,  
To be at your deuotion, but I may  
Cherish desert in others, where I finde it.  
How would you tyranize, if you stood possess'd of  
That, which is only yours in expectation?

## The Bond-man.

That now prescribe such hard conditions to me?

*Leost.* One kisse, and I am silenc'd.

*Cleo.* I vouchsafe it ;

Yet, I must tell you, 'tis a fauour, that

*Marullo*, when I was his, not mine owne,

Durst not presume to aske ; No, when the Citie

Bow'd humbly to licentious Rapes, and lust.

And when I was of men and gods forsaken,

Deliu'ed to his power, he did not presse me

To grace him with one looke or sillable,

Or vrg'd the dispensation of an oath

Made for your satisfaction ; The poore wretch.

Hauing related only his owne sufferings,

And kifs'd my hand, which I could not denie him,

Defending me from others, neuer since

Solicited my fauours.

*Leost.* Pray you, end,

The story does not please me.

*Cleo.* Well, take heed

Of doubts, and feares ; For know, *Leosthenes*,

A greater iniury cannot be offer'd

To innocent chastity, then vniust suspicion.

I loue *Marulloes* faire minde, not his person,

Let that secure you. And I here command you,

If I haue any power in you, to stand

Betweene him and all punishment, and oppose

His temperance to his folly ; If you faile ———

No more, I will not threaten.

*Exit.*

*Leost.* What a bridge

Of glasse I walke vpon, ouer a Riuer

Of certaine ruine ; mine owne waightie feares

Cracking what should support me: And those helps,

Which confidence lends to others, are from me

Rauish'd by doubts, and wilfull lealoufie.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA *Ultima.*

*Timagoras, Cleon, Aſorus, Coriſca, Olimpia.*

*Cleon.* But are you ſure we are ſafe?

*Tima.* You need not feare,

They are all vnder guard, their ſangs par'd off:  
The wounds their inſolence gaue you, to be cur'd,  
With the balme of your reuenge.

*Aſorus.* And ſhall I be

The thing I was borne, my Lord?

*Timagoras.* The ſaue wiſe thing;

'Slight, what a beaſt they haue made thee! *Affricke* neuer  
Produc'd the like.

*Aſo.* I thinke ſo: Nor the land

Where Apes, and Monkees, grow, like Crabs, and Wall-nuts  
On the ſame tree. Not all the Catalogue

Of Coniurers, or wiſe women, bound together  
Could haue ſo ſoone transform'd me, as my Raskall  
Did with his whip; Not in outside only,  
But in my owne beliefe, I thought my ſelfe  
As perfect a Baboone.

*Tima.* An Aſſe, thou wert euer.

*Aſo.* And would haue giuen one legge with all my heart

For good ſecuritie to haue bene a man  
After three liues, or one and twenty yeares,  
Though I had dy'de on Crouches.

*Cleon.* Neuer varlets

So triumph'd o're an old fat man: I was ſamiſh'd.

*Tima.* In deed you are ſalne away.

*Aſo.* Three yeeres of feeding

On Cullifes and ielly, though his Cookes  
Lard all he eates with marrow, or his Doctors  
Powre in his mouth Reſtoratiues, as he ſleepes,  
Will not recouer him.

*Tima.* But your Ladſhip lookes

Sad on the matter, as if you had miſ'd  
Your ten-crowne Amber Poſſets, good to ſmoothe

The Bond-Man.

The Cutis, as you call it, and prepare you  
Actiue, and high for an afternoones incounter,  
With a rough gamester, on your couch; sic on't,  
You are growne thriftie, smell like other women;  
The Colledge of Phisitians haue not sate,  
As they were vs'd, in counsell how to fill  
The cranies in your cheekes, or raise a rampire,  
With Mummy, Ceruses, or Infants fat,  
To keepe off age, and time.

*Cori.* Pray you, forbear; ;  
I am an alter'd woman.

*Tima.* So it seemes ;  
A part of your honours ruffe stands out of rancke too.

*Cori.* No matter, I haue other thoughts.

*Tima.* O strange!  
Not ten dayes since it would haue vex'd you more,  
Then th'losse of your good name; Pitty, this cure  
For your proud itch came no sooner! *Marry, Olympia*  
seemes to beare vp still.

*Olimp.* I complaine not, Sir,  
I haue borne my fortune patiently.

*Tima.* Thou wer't euer  
An excellent bearer; so is all your tribe,  
If you may choose your carriage: How now, friend,  
Lookes our *Cleora* louely? *Enter Leosthenes,*

*Leost.* In my thoughts, Sir. *and Diphilus with*

*Tima.* But why this guard? *a Guard.*

*Diphi.* It is *Timoleons* pleasure ;  
The slaues haue beene examin'd, and confesse,  
Their ryot tooke beginning from your house :  
And the first mouer of them to rebellion,  
Your slaue *Marullo.*

*Leost.* Ha ! I more, then feare.

*Tima.* They may search boldly.

*Timand.* You are vnmaner'd Groomes, *Enter Timandra*  
To prie into my Ladyes priuate lodgings ;

There's no *Marullo's*, there.

*Timag.* Now I suspect too ;

*Enter Diphilus*  
*With Pisander.*

Where

## The Bond-Man.

Where found you him?

*Diphi.* Close hid in your Sisters Chamber.

*Timag.* Is that the villaines sanctuary?

*Leost.* This confirms

All she deliuer'd, false.

*Timag.* But that I scorne,

To rust my good Sword in thy slauish blood,

Thou now wert dead.

*Pisander.* Hee's more a slaue, then Fortune,

Or Miseric can make me, that insults

Vpon vnweapon'd Innocence.

*Tima.* Prate, you dogge?

*Pisander.* Curses snap at Lyons in the toyle, whose lookes  
Frighted them being free.

*Tima.* As a wilde beast,

Drive him before you.

*Pisander.* O Diuine *Cleora*!

*Leost.* Dar'st thou presume to name her?

*Pisander.* Yes, and loue her:

And may say, haue deseru'd her.

*Timag.* Stoppe his mouth:

Load him with Irons too.

*Exit Guard with*

*Pisander.*

*Cleon.* I am deadly sicke,

To looke on him.

*Astus.* If he get loose, I know it,

I caper, like an Ape, againe: I seele

The whip already.

*Timan.* This goes to my Lady.

*Timag.* Come, cheere you, Sir, wee'll vrge his punishment  
To the full satisfaction of your anger.

*Leost.* Hee is not worth my thoughts; No corner left  
In all the spatious roomes of my vex'd heart,  
But is fill'd with *Cleora*: And the Rape  
Shee has done vpon her honour, with my wrong,  
The heauy burthen of my sorrowes song.

*Exeunt.*

ACTVS

The Bond-man.

ACTVS V. SCÆNA I.

*Archidamus, Cleora.*

*Archida.* Thou art thine owne disposer. Were his honours  
And glories centupled, ( as I must confesse,  
*Leosthenes* is most worthy) yet I will not,  
How euer I may counsaile, force affection.

*Cleora.* It needs not, Sir, I prize him to his worth,  
Nay, loue him truly, yet would not liue slau'd  
To his iealous humours. Since by the hopes of heauen,  
As I am free from violence, in a thought  
I am not guilty.

*Archida.* 'Tis beleeu'd *Cleora*,  
And much the rather, (our great gods be prais'd for't)  
In that I finde beyond my hopes, no signe  
Of ryot in my house, but all things order'd,  
As if I had beene present.

*Cleora.* May that moue you  
To pittie poore *Marullo*.

*Archida.* 'Tis my purpose  
To doe him all the good I can, *Cleora*;  
But his offence being against the State,  
Must haue a publique triall. In the meane time  
Be carefull of your selfe, and stand ingag'd  
No farther to *Leosthenes*, then you may  
Come off with honour : For, being once his wife,  
You are no more your owne, nor mine, but must  
Resolue to serue, and suffer his commands,  
And not dispute'em; e're it be to late,  
Consider it duly. I must to the Senate. *Exit Archida.*

*Cleora.* I am much distracted ; in *Leosthenes*  
I can finde nothing iustly to accuse,  
But his excesse of loue, which I haue studied  
To cure with more then common meanes, yet still  
It growes vpon him. And if I may call  
My suffrings merit, I stand bound to thinke on  
*Marullus* dangers; though I saue his life,

## The Bond-man.

His loue is vnrrewarded : I confesse,  
Both haue descru'd me, yet of force must be  
Vniust to one; such is my destiny. *Enter Timandra.*  
How now? whence flowe these teares?

*Timandra.* I haue met, Madam,  
An obiect of such crueltie, as would force  
A Sauage to compassion.

*Cleora.* Speake, what is it?

*Timan.* Men pittie bealts of rapine, if o're-match'd,  
Though bayted for their pleasure: but these monsters  
vpon a man, that can make no resistance,  
Are senslesse in their tyranny. Let it be granted,  
*Marullo* is a slaue, hee's still a man;  
A capitall offender, yet in iustice  
Not to be tortur'd, till the Iudge pronounce  
His punishment.

*Cleora.* Where is he?

*Timand.* Drag'd to prison  
With more then barbarous violence, spurn'd and spit on  
By the insulting officers, his hands  
Pynion'd behinde his backe : loaden with fetters;  
Yet, with a Saint-like patience, he still offers  
His face to their rude buffets.

*Cleora.* O my grieu'd soule!  
By whose command?

*Timandra.* It seemes, my Lord your brothers;  
For hee's a looker on : and it takes from  
Honour'd *Leosthenes* to suffer it,  
For his respect to you, whose name in vaine  
The grieu'd wretch loudly calls on.

*Cleo.* By *Diana*,  
'Tis base in both, and to their teeth I'll tell 'em  
That I am wrong'd in't. *As going forth.*

*Timan.* What will you doe?

*Cleo.* In person  
Visit, and comfort him.

*Timan.* That will bring fewell  
To the icalous fires, which burne too hot already

# The Bondman.

In Lord *Leosthenes*.

*Cleora*. Let them consume him;  
I am Mistresse of my selfe. Where crueltie raignes,  
There dwels nor loue, nor honour. *Exit Cleora.*

*Timandra*. So, it workes.  
Though hetherto I haue ranne a desperate course  
To serue my brothers purposes, now 'tis fit, *Enter Leosthenes*  
I study mine owne ends. They come. Assist me *& Timagoras.*  
In these my vndertakings, loues great Patron,  
As my intents are honest.

*Leosthenes*. 'Tis my fault.  
Distrust from others springs, *Timagoras*,  
From diffidence in our selues. But I will stricke,  
With the assurance of my worth, and merits,  
To kill this monster, ieaiousie.

*Timagoras*. 'Tis a ghest  
In wisdome neuer to be entertain'd  
On triuiall probabilities; but when  
Hee does appeare in pregnant proofes, not fashion'd  
By idle doubts and feares, to be receiu'd,  
They make their owne hornes, that are too secure,  
As well as such as giue them growth, and being  
From meere imagination. Though I prize  
*Cleora's* honour equall with mine owne;  
And know what large additions of power  
This match brings to our family; I preferre  
Our friendship, and your peace of minde so farre  
About my owne respects, or hers, that if  
Shee hold not her true value in the test,  
'Tis farre from my ambition for her cure,  
That you should wound your selfe.

*Timandra*. This argues for me.

*Timago*. Why she should be so passionate for a Bond-man,  
Falls not in compasse of my vnderstanding,  
But for some nearer interest: or hee raise  
This mutiny, if he lou'd her (as you say,  
Shee does confesse, he did) but to enioy  
By faire or foule play, what he venter'd for,



## The Bond-Man.

To mee's a Riddle.

*Leosthenes.* Pray you, no more ; already  
I haue answer'd that obiection in my strong  
Assurance of her vertue.

*Timagoras.* 'Tis vnfit then,  
That I should presse it further.

*Timand.* Now I must *Timandra steps out distractedly.*  
Make in, or all is lost.

*Timagoras.* What would *Timandra* ?

*Leosthenes.* How wilde she lookes ? How is it with thy Lady ?

*Timagoras.* Collect thy selfe, and speake.

*Timand.* As you are noble,  
Haue pittie, or loue pietie. Oh.

*Leosthenes.* Take breath.

*Timago.* Out with it boldly.

*Timago.* O, the best of Ladyes,  
I feare, is gone for euer.

*Leosthenes.* Who, *Cleora* ?

*Timag.* Deliuer, how. 'Sdeath, be a man, Sir, speake.

*Timand.* Take it then in as many sighes, as words  
My Lady.

*Timag.* What of her ?

*Timand.* No sooner heard,  
*Marullo* was imprison'd, but she fell  
Into a deadly swoune.

*Timago.* But shee recouer'd.  
Say so, or he will sinke too, hold, Sir, fie,  
This is vnmanly.

*Timand.* Brought againe to life,  
But with much labour ; she awhile stood silent,  
Yet in that interim vented sighes, as if  
They labour'd from the prison of her flesh,  
To giue her grieu'd soule freedome. On the sodaine  
Transported on the wings of rage, and sorrow,  
Shee flew out of the house, and vnattended  
Enter'd the common prison.

*Leosthenes.* This confirms  
What but before I fear'd.

## The Bond-man.

*Timand.* There you may finde her,  
And if you loue her, as a Sister ———

*Timago.* Damme her.

*Timand.* Or you respect her safetic, as a louer,  
Procure *Marullus* libertie.

*Timag.* Impudence  
Beyond expression.

*Leof.* Shall I be a Bawd  
To her lust, and my dishonour ?

*Timand.* Shee'll runne mad else,  
Or doe some violent act vpon her selfe.  
My Lord her Father, sensible of her sufferings,  
Labours to gaine his freedome,

*Leof.* O, the Diuell !  
Has she bewitch'd him too ?

*Timago.* I'le heare no more.  
Come, Sir, wee'll follow her, and if no perswasion  
Can make her take againe her naturall forme,  
Which by lusts powerfull spell she has cast off,  
This Sword shall dis-inchant her.

*Leof.* O my heart-strings!     *Exeunt Leof. and Timagoras.*

*Timandra.* I knew, 'twould take. Pardon me, faire *Cleora*,  
Though I appeare a traytresse, which thou wilt doe  
In pittie of my woes, when I make knowne  
My lawfull claime, and onely seeke mine owne.     *Exit.*

### ACTVS V. SCÆNA II.

*Cleora, Iaylor, Pisander.*

*Cleo.* There's for your priuacy. Stay, vnbinde his hands;

*Iaylor.* I dare not, Madam.

*Cleora.* I will buy thy danger.

Take more gold, doe not trouble me with thanks;

I doe suppose it done.

*Exit Iaylor.*

*Pisander.* My better Angell

Assumes this shape to comfort me, and wisely;

Since from the choyce of all cœlestiall figures;

Hee could not take a visibler forme so full

## The Bond-man.

Of glorious sweetnesse. *Kneeles.*

*Cleora.* Rise. I am flesh and blood,  
And doe partake nhy tortures.

*Pisander.* Can it bee?  
That charity should perswade you to discend  
So farre from your owne height, as to vouchsafe  
To looke vpon my suffrings? How I blesse  
My fetters now, and stand ingag'd to Fortune  
For my captiuity, no, my freedome rather!  
For who dares think that place a Prison, which  
You sanctifie with your presence? or belieue,  
Sorrow has power to vie her sting on him,  
That is in your compassion arm'd, and made  
Impregnable? though tyranny raise at once  
All engines to assault him.

*Cleora.* Indeed vertue,  
With which you haue made eident proofes, that you  
Are strongly fortified, cannot fall, though shaken  
With the shocke of fierce temptations, but still triumphs  
In spite of opposition. For my selfe  
I may endeauour to confirme your goodnesse,  
( A sure retreat which neuer will deceaue you )  
And with vnfayned teares expresse my sorrow,  
For what I cannot helpe.

*Pisander.* Doe you weepe for mee?  
O saue that pretious balme for nobler vses,  
I am vnworthy of the smallest drop,  
Which in your prodigalitie of pittie  
You throw away on me. Tenne of these pearles  
Were a large ransome to redeeme a kingdome  
From a consuming plague, or stop heauens vengeance  
Call'd downe by crying sinnes, though at that instant  
In dreadfull flashes falling on the rooves  
Of bold blasphemers. I am iustly punish'd  
For my intent of violence to such purenesse;  
And all the torments flesh is sensible of  
A soft and gentle pennance.

*Cleora.* Which is ended

## The Bond-Man.

In this your free confession. *Enter Leosthenes and Timagoras.*

*Leost.* What an obiect

Haue I encounter'd?

*Timago.* I am blasted too:

Yet heare a little further.

*Pisander.* Could I expire now,  
These white and innocent hands closing my eyes thus,  
\*Twere not to die, but in a heavenly dreame  
To be transported, without the helpe of *Charon*  
To the Elizian shades. You make mee bold:  
And but to wish such happinesse, I feare,  
May giue offence.

*Cleora.* No, for, beleeu't, *Marullo*,  
You haue wonne so much vpon me, that I know not  
That happinesse in my gift, but you may challenge.

*Leosthenes.* Are you yet satisfied?

*Cleor.* Nor can you wish,  
But what my voves will second, though it were  
Your freedome first, and then in me full power  
To make a second tender of my selfe,  
And you receiue the present. By this kisse  
(From me a virgin bounty) I will practise  
All arts for your deliuerance; and that purchas'd  
In what concernes your farther aymes, I speake it,  
Doe not despaire, but hope.

*Timag.* To haue the Hangman,  
When he is married to the crosse, in scorne,  
To say, gods giue you ioy.

*Leost.* But looke on me,  
And be not too indulgent to your folly,  
And then (but that grieffe stops my speech) imagine,  
What language I should vse.

*Cleora.* Against thy selfe.  
Thy malice cannot reach me.

*Timag.* How?

*Cleora.* So, brother;  
Though you ioyne in the Dialogue to accuse me,  
What I haue done, I'le iustific; and these fauours,

## The Bond-Man.

Which you presume will taint me in my honour,  
Though ieaiousie vse all her eyes to spie out  
One stayne in my behauiour; or Enuy  
As many tongues to wound it, shall appeare  
My best perfections. For to the world  
I can in my defence alleage such reasons,  
As my accusers shall stand dumbe to heare 'em,  
When in his Fetters this mans worth and vertues  
But truly told shall shame your boasted glories,  
Which fortune claimes a share in.

*Timag.* The base villaine  
Shall neuer liue to heare it. *Enter Archid: Diphilus, and Officers.*

*Cleora.* Murther, helpe,  
Through me you shall passe to him.

*Archid.* What's the matter?  
On whom is your Sword drawne? are you a iudge?  
Or else ambitious of the hangmans office  
Before it be design'd you? you are bold too,  
Vnhand my daughter.

*Leost.* Shee's my valours prize.

*Archid.* With her consent, not otherwise. You may vrge  
Your title in the Court; if it proue good,  
Possesse her freely: Guard him safely off too.

*Timago.* You'll heare me, Sir?

*Archid.* If you haue ought to say,  
Deliuier it in publike; all shall finde  
A iust Iudge of *Timoleon*.

*Diphilus.* You must  
Offorce now vse your patience. *Exeunt omnes prater Leost*

*Timag.* Vengeance rather *and Timag.*  
Whirle-windes of rage possesse mee; you are wrong'd  
Beyond a Stoicque sufferance, yet you stand,  
As you were rooted.

*Leost.* I feele something here,  
That boldly tells mee, all the loue and seruice,  
I pay *Cleora*, is anothers due,  
And therefore cannot prosper.

*Timag.* Melancholy,

Which

*The Bond-man.*

Which now you must not yeeld to.

*Leosthenes.* 'Tis apparent,  
In fact your Sisters innocent, howeuer  
Chang'd by her violent will.

*Timagoras.* If you belieue so,  
Follow the chase still: And in open court  
Plead your owne interest; we shall finde the Iudge  
Our friend I feare not.

*Leosthenes.* Something I shall say,  
But what ———

*Timag.* Collect your selfe, as we walke thither. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS V. SCÆNA *Vltima.*  
*Timoleon, Archidamus, Cleon, Officers.*

*Timoleon.* Tis wondrous strange! nor can it fall within  
The reach of my beliefe, a slaue should be  
The owner of a temperance, which this age  
Can hardly paralell in free-borne Lords,  
Or Kings proud of their purple.

*Archid.* 'Tis most true.  
And though at first it did appeare a fable,  
All circumstances meet to giue it credit;  
Which work so on me, that I am compell'd  
To be a Sutor, not be deni'de,  
Hee may haue æquall hearing.

*Cleon.* Sir, you grac'd mee  
With the title of your Mistrisse, but my fortune  
Is so farre distant from command, that I  
Lay by the power you gaue me, and plead humbly  
For the preseruer of my fame and honour.  
And pray you, Sir, in charity beleecue,  
That since I had ability of speech,  
My tongue has so much beene enur'd to truth,  
I know not, how to lye,

*Timoleon.* I'll rather doubt  
The Oracles of the gods, then question, what  
Your innocence deliuers: and as farre

## The Bond-man.

As iustice with mine honour can giue way,  
He shall haue fauour. Bring him in, vnbound : *Exeunt Officers.*

And though *Leosthenes* may challenge from me,  
For his late worthy seruice, credit to

All things he can alleage in his owne cause,

*Marullo* ( so I thinke you call his name )

Shall finde, I doe reserue one care for him,

To let in mercy. Sit and take your places ; *Enter Cleon, Asotus,*

The right of this faire virgin first determin'd, *Diphilus, Olimpia,*

Your Bond-men shall be censur'd.

*Corisca.*

*Cleon.* With all rigour,

We doe expect.

*Corisca.* Temper'd, I say, with mercie.

*Enter at one dore*

*Timol.* Your hand *Leosthenes* : I cannot doubt *Leosthenes. Ti-*

You that haue bin victorious in the war,

*mazoras at the*

should in a combat fought with words come off, *other Officers*

But with assured triumph.

*with Pisander*

*Leosthenes.* My deserts, Sir,

*and Timandra.*

( If without arrogance I may stile them such )

Arme me from doubt, and feare.

*Timoleon.* 'Tis nobly spoken,

Nor be thou daunted ( howsoere the fortune

Has mark'd thee out a slaue ) to speake thy merits ;

For vertue though in raggs may challenge more,

Then vice set off with all the trimme of greatnesse.

*Pisander.* I had rather fall vnder so iust a iudge,

Then be acquitted by a man corrupt

And partiall in his censure.

*Archida.* Note his language,

It relishes of better breeding then

His present state dares promise.

*Timoleon.* I obserue it.

Place the faire Lady in the midst, that both

Looking with couetous eies vpon the prize

They are to plead for, may from the faire obiekt,

Teach *Hermes* eloquence.

*Leosthenes.* Am I fall'n so lowe

My birth, my honour, and what's dearest to me

## The Bondman.

My loue, and witness of my loue, my seruice,  
So vnder-valewd, that I must contend  
With one, where my excesse of glory must  
Make his o'rethrow a conquest? shall my fulnesse  
supply defects in such a thing, that neuer  
Knew any thing but want and emptinesse?  
Giue him a name, and keepe it such from this  
Vnequall competition? if my pride  
Or any bold assurance of my worth,  
Has pluck'd this mountaine of disgrace vpon me,  
I am iustly punish'd, and submit; but if  
I haue beene modest, and esteem'd my selfe  
More iniur'd in the tribute of the praise,  
Which no desert of mine priz'd by selfe-loue  
Euer exacted; may this cause, and minute  
For euer be forgotten. I dwell long  
Vpon mine anger, and now turne to you  
Ingratefull faire one; and since you are such,  
'Tis lawfull for me to proclaime my selfe,  
And what I haue deseru'd.

*Cleora.* Neglect, and scorne  
From me for this proud vaunt.

*Leosthenes.* You nourish, Lady  
Your owne dishonour in this harsh replie,  
And almost proue what some hold of your sex.  
You are all made vp of passion. For if reason  
Or iudgement could finde entertainment with you,  
Or that you would distinguish of the objects  
You looke on in a true glasse, not seduc'd  
By the false light of your too violent will,  
I should not need to plead for that, which you  
With ioy should offer. Is my high birth a blemish?  
Or does my wealth, which all the vaine expence  
Of women cannot waste, breed loathing in you?  
The honours I can call mine owne thought scandals?  
Am I deform'd, or for my Fathers sinnes  
Muldted by nature? if you interpret these  
As crimes, 'tis fit I should yeeld vp my selfe



## The Bond-Man.

Most miserably guiltie. But perhaps  
(Which yet I would not credit) you haue scene  
This gallant, pitch the barre, or beare a burthen  
Would cracke the shoulders of a weaker bond-man;  
Or any other boistrous exercise,  
Assuring a strong backe to satisfie  
Yout loose desires, insatiate as the graue.

*Cleora.* You are soule mouth'd.

*Archid.* Ill manner'd too.

*Leost.* I speake

In the way of supposition, and intreate you  
With all the feruor of a constant louer,  
That you would free your selfe from these aspersions,  
Or any imputation blacke tongu'd Slaunder  
Could throwe on your vnspotted virgin-whitenesse;  
To which there is no easier way, then by  
Vouchsafing him your fauour; him, to whom  
Next to the Generall, and the gods, and fautors,  
The countrie owes her safetic.

*Timagoras.* Are you stupid?

'Slight leape into his armes, and there aske pardon.  
O, you expect your slaues reply, no doubt  
We shall haue a fine oration; I will teach  
My Spanie ll to howle in sweeter language,  
And keepe a better method.

*Archid.* You forget

The dignitie of the place.

*Diphr.* Silence.

*Timo.* Speake boldly.

*Pisander.* 'Tis your authority giues me a tongue,

I should be dumbe else; and I am secure,  
I cannot cloathe my thoughts, and iust defence  
In such an abiect phrase, but 'twill appeare  
Equall, if not aboue my lowe condition.  
I need no bombast language, stolne from such,  
As make Nobilitie from prodigious termes  
The hearers vnderstand not; I bring with me  
No wealth to boast of, neither can I number

The Bond-man.

Vncertaine fortunes fauours, with my merits;  
I dare not force affection, or presume  
To censure her discretion, that lookes on mee  
As a weake man, and not her fancies Idoll.  
How I haue lou'd, and how much I haue suffer'd,  
And with what pleasure vndergone the burthen  
Of my ambitious hopes ( in ayming at  
The glad possession of a happinesse  
The abstract of all goodnesse in mankind  
Can at no part deserue ) with my confession  
Of mine owne wants, is all that can plead for me.  
But if that pure desires, not blended with  
Foule thoughts, that like a Riuer keeps his course,  
Retaining still the cleerenesse of the spring,  
From whence it tooke beginning, may be thought  
Worthy acceptance; then I dare rise vp  
And tell this gay man to his teeth, I neuer  
Durst doubt her constancie, that like a rocke  
Beats off temptations, as that mocks the fury  
Of the proud waues; nor from my ielous feares  
Question that goodnesse, to which as an Altar  
Of all perfection, he that truly lou'd,  
Should rather bring a sacrifice of seruice,  
Then raze it with the engines of suspition;  
Of which when he can wash an *Aethiope* white,  
*Leosthenes* may hope to free himselfe;  
But till then neuer.

*Timago*. Bold presumptuous villaine.

*Pisan*. I will go farther, and make good vpon him  
In the pride of all his honours, birth, and fortunes,  
Hee's more vnworthy, then my selfe.

*Leosthenes*. Thou lyest.

*Timago*. Confute him with a whippe, and the doubt decided,  
Punish him with a halter.

*Pisander*. O the gods!  
My ribs, though made of Braffe can not containe  
My heart swolne big with rage. The lye! Whippe? *Plucks off his*  
Let fury then disperse these clouds, in which *disguise.*

## The Bond-man.

I long haue mask'd disguis'd ; that when they know,  
Whom they haue iniur'd they may faint with horror  
Of my reuenge, which wretched men expect,  
As sure as fate to suffer.

*Leosthenes.* Ha ! *Pisander* !

*Timagoras.* 'Tis the bold Theban !

*Asotus.* There's no hope for me then :

I thought I should haue put in for a share,  
And borne *Cleora* from them both; but now  
This stranger lookes so terrible, that I dare not  
So much as looke on her.

*Pisander.* Now as my selfe,  
Thy equall, at thy best, *Leosthenes.*  
For you, *Timagoras*; praise heau'n, you were borne  
*Cleora's* brother, 'tis your safest armour.  
But I loose time. The base lie cast vpon me,  
I thus returne : thou art a periur'd man,  
False and perfidious : And hast made a tender  
Of loue, and seruice to this Lady; when  
Thy soule (if thou hast any) can beare witness,  
That thou wert not thine owne. For prooue of this,  
Looke better on this virgin, and consider  
This Persian shape laid by, and she appearing  
In a Greekish dresse, such as when first you saw her,  
If she resemble not *Pisanders* sister,  
One, call'd *Statilia*?

*Leosthenes.* 'Tis the same ! my guilt  
So chokes my spirits : I cannot denie  
My falshood, nor excuse it.

*Pisander.* This is shee  
To whom thou wert contracted: this the Lady,  
That when thou wert my prisoner fairely taken  
In the *Spartan* warre, that beg'd thy libertie,  
And with it gaue her selfe to thee vngratefull.

*Timand.* No more, Sir, I intreate you ; I perceiue  
True sorrow in his lookes, and a consent  
To make me reparation in mine honour,  
And then I am most happy.

## The Bond-Man.

*Pisander.* The wrong done her,  
Drew mee from *Thebes* with a full intent to kill thee:  
But this faire obiekt, met me in my furie  
And quite disarm'd me, being deni'd to haue her  
By you my Lord *Archidamus*, and not able  
To liue farre from her, loue (the Mistresse of  
All quaint deuices, prompted me to treat  
With a friend of mine, who as a Pirate sold me  
For a slaue to you my Lord, and gaue my Sister  
As a present to *Cleora*.

*Timoleon.* Strange *Meanders*!

*Pisan.* There how I bare my selfe needs no relation.  
But if so farre descending from the height  
Of my then flourishing fortunes, to the lowest  
Condition of a man, to haue meanes only  
To feed my eye, with the sight of what I honour'd,  
The dangers to I vnderwent; the sufferings;  
The cleerenesse of my interest may deserue  
A noble recompence in your lawfull fauour.  
Now 'tis apparent that *Leosthenes*  
Can claime no interest in you, you may please  
To thinke vpon my seruice.

*Cleora.* Sir, my want  
Of power to satisfie so great a debt,  
Makes me accuse my fortune; but if that  
Out of the bountie of your minde, you thinke,  
A free surrender of my selfe full payment,  
I gladly tender it.

*Archidamus.* With my consent to  
All iniuries forgotten.

*Timagoras.* I will studie  
In my future seruice to deserue your fauour  
And good opinion.

*Leosthenes.* Thus I gladly see *Kissing Statilia.*  
This Aduocate to plead for me.

*Pisander.* You will finde me  
An easie iudge, when I haue yeelded reasons  
Of your Bond-mens falling off from their obedience,

*The Bond-Man.*

And after, as you please, determine of me.  
I found their natures apt to mutinie  
From your too cruell vsage; and made triall  
How farr they might be wrought on; to instruct you  
To looke with more preuention, and care  
To what they may hereafter vndertake  
Vpon the like occasions. The hurt's little  
They haue committed, nor was euer cuer  
But with some paine effected. I confesse  
In hope to force a grant of faire *Cleora*  
I vrg'd them to defend the Towne against you;  
Nor had the terror of your whips, but that  
I was preparing of defence else-where  
So soone got entrance; in this I am guiltie,  
Now as you please, your censure.

*Timoleon.* Bring them in,  
And though you haue giu'n me power, I doe intreate.  
Such as haue vndergone their insolence,  
It may not be offensiuē though I studie  
Pitty more then reuenge.

*Corisca.* 'Twill best become you.

*Cleon.* I must consent.

*Astorus.* For me I'll finde a time  
To bereueng'd hereafter.

*Graculo, Cimbrion, Poliphron, Zanthia, and the rest*  
*with Halters.*

*Graculo.* Giue me leaue,  
I'll speake for all.

*Timoleon.* What canst thou say to hinder  
The course of iustice?

*Graculo.* Nothing. You may see  
Wee are prepar'd for hanging, and confesse  
We haue deseru'd it. Our most humble suite is  
We may not twice be executed.

*Timoleon.* 'Twice? how meanest thou!  
At the Gallowes first, and after in a Ballad

*The Bond-man.*

Sung to some villanous tune. There are ten-grot-Rimers  
About the Towne growne fat on these occasions.  
Let but a Chappell fall, or a street be fir'd,  
A foolish louer hang himselfe for pure loue,  
Or any such like accident, and before  
They are cold in their graues; some damn'd Ditties made  
Which makes their ghosts walke. Let the State take order  
For the redresse of this abuse, recording  
'Twas done by my aduice, and for my part  
I'll cut as cleane a caper from the Ladder,  
As euer merry Greeke did.

*Timoleon.* Yet I thinke  
You would shew more actiuitly to delight  
Your Master for a pardon.

*Graculo.* O, I would dance *Capers.*  
As I were all ayre, and fire.

*Timoleon.* And euer be  
Obedient and humble?

*Graculo.* As his Spaniell,  
Though he kickt me for exercise, and the like  
I promise for all the rest.

*Timoleon.* Rise then, you haue it.

*All slaves.* *Timoleon, Timoleon!*

*Timoleon.* Cease these clamors.

And now the warre being ended to our wishes,  
And such as went the pilgrimage of loue,  
Happy in full fruition of their hopes,  
'Tis lawfull thanks paid to the powers diuine,  
To drown our cares in honest mirth, and Wine. *Exeunt.*

*FINIS.*













