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THE
WORKS

OF

Mr. *William Shakespear.*



VOLUME *the* SIXTH.

C O N T A I N I N G

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

CYMBELINE.

PERICLES Prince of TYRE.

LONDON PRODIGAL.

THOMAS Lord CROMWELL.

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE.

The PURITAN.

A YORKSHIRE Tragedy.

LOCRINE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at *Grays-Inn*
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103



A N T O N Y

AND

CLEOPATRA.

A

TRAGEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

M. Antony.
Octavius Cæsar.

Lepidus.

Sex. Pompeius.

Enobarbus,

Ventidius,

Canidius,

Eros,

Scarus,

Decretas,

Demetrius,

Philo,

Mecænas,

Agrippa,

Dolabella,

Proculeius,

Thidias,

Gallus,

Menas,

Mænecrates,

Varius,

Alexas,

Mardian,

Diomedes,

A Soothsayer.

Clown.

Friends and Followers of Antony.

Friends to Cæsar.

Friends to Pompey.

Servants to Cleopatra.

Cleopatra, *Queen of Egypt.*

Octavia, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*

Charmian,

Iras,

Ladies attending on Cleopatra.

*Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains,
Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE lyes in several Parts of the
Roman Empire.*

Antony



Antony and Cleopatra.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE Alexandria in Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

P H I L O.



AY, but this Dotage of our General
O'er-flows the Measure; chase his goodly
Eyes
That o'er the Files and Musters of the War,
Have glow'd like plac'd *Stars*, now bend,
now turn

The Office and Devotion of their view
Upon a Tawny Front. His Captain's Heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The Buckles on his Breast, reneges all Temper,
And is become the Bellows and the Fan
To cool a Gypfies Lust. Look where they come!

Enter Antony, and Cleopatra, her Ladies; the Train, with
Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good Note, and you shall see him,
The tripple Pillar of the World, transform'd
Into a Strumpet's Fool. Behold and see.

Cleo. If it be Love indeed, tell me how much?

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new Heav'n, new
Earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, my good Lord, from Rome.

Ant. Rate me the Sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them *Antony*.

Fulvia perchance is angry; or who knows.

If the scarce-bearded *Cesar* have not sent

His powerful Mandate to you. Do this, or this;

Take in that Kingdom, and infranchise that;

Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my Love?

Cleo. Perchance, nay, and most like,

You must not stay here longer, your dismissal

Is come from *Cesar*, therefore hear it *Antony*.

Where's *Fulvia's* Process? *Cesar's*, I would say, both?

Call in the Messengers; as I am *Egypt's* Queen,

Thou blushest *Antony*, and that blood of thine

Is *Cesar's* Homager: else so thy Cheeks pay Shame,

When shrill tongu'd *Fulvia* scolds. The Messengers.

Ant. Let Rome and Tyber melt, and the wide Arch

Of the rais'd Empire fall; here is my space,

Kingdoms are Clay; Our dungy Earth alike

Feeds Beast as Man; the Nobleness of Life

Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair,

And such a twain can do't; in which I bind,

On pain of Punishment, the World to weat

We stand up Peerless.

Cleo. Excellent Falshood!

Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?

I'll seem the Fool I am not. *Antony* will be himself.

Ant.

Ant. But stirr'd by *Cleopatra*.

Now for the love of love, and his soft Hours,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our Lives should stretch
Without some Pleasure now: What sport to night?

Cleo. Hear the Ambassadors.

Ant. Fie wrangling Queen!

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep? whose every Passion fully strives
To make it self in thee fair and admir'd.
No Messenger but thine, and all alone,
To Night we'll wander through the Streets, and note
The Qualities of People. Come, my Queen,
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt with their Train.*]

Dem. Is *Cesar* with *Antonius* priz'd so slight?

Phil. Sir, sometimes when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too short of that great Property
Which still should go with *Antony*.

Dem. I am full sorry, that he approves the common Liar,
who thus speaks of him at *Rome*; but I will hope of better
Deeds to morrow. Rest you happy. [Exeunt.]

Enter *Enobardus*, *Charmian*, *Iras*, *Alexas*, and a
Soothsayer.

Char. L. *Alexas*, sweet *Alexas*, most any thing *Alexas*,
almost most absolute *Aexas*, where's the *Soothsayer* that
you prais'd to th' Queen? Oh! that I knew this *Huf-*
band, which you say, must change his *Horns* with *Gar-*
lands.

Alex. *Soothsayer*.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the Man? Is't you, Sir, that know things?

Sooth. In Nature's infinite Book of Secrecy, a little I can
read.

Alex. Shew him your Hand.

Eno. Bring in the Banquet quickly: Wine enough,
Cleopatra's Health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in *Flesh*.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his Patience, be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, then beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my Liver with Drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent Fortune. Let me be Married to three Kings in a Forenoon, and Widow them all; let me have a Child at fifty, to whom *Herod of Jewry* may do Homage. Find me to marry me with *Octavius Caesar*, and Companion me with my Mistress.

Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you serve.

Char. Oh excellent, I love long Life better than Figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former Fortune, than that which is to approach.

Char. Then betide my Children shall have no Names; Prithee how many Boys and Wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your Wives had a Womb, And foretell every Wifh, a Million.

Char. Out Fool, I forgive thee for a Witch.

Alex. You think none but your Sheets are privy to your Wishes.

Char. Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. We'll know all our Fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall be to go drunk to Bed.

Iras. There's a Palm presages Chastity, if nothing else.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing *Nylus* presageth Famine.

Iras. Go you wild Bedfellow, you cannot Soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily Palm be not a fruitful Prognostication, I cannot scratch mine Ear. Prithee tell her but a *Workyday* Fortune.

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how—give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of Fortune better than I; where would you chuse it?

Iras.

Iras. Not in my Husband's Nose.

Char. Our worse thoughts Heav'n's mend.

Alex. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him Marry a Woman that cannot go, sweet *Iris*, I beseech thee, and let her die too, and give him a worse, and let worse follow worse, 'till the worst of all follow him laughing to his Grave, Fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good *Iris*, hear me this Prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more Weight; good *Iris*, I beseech thee.

Char. Amen, dear Goddess, hear that Prayer of the People. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome Man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly Sorrow, to behold a foul Knave Uncuckolded; therefore dear *Iris*, keep decorum, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their Hands to make me a Cuckold, they would make themselves Whores, but they'd do't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Hush, here comes *Antony*.

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Cleo. Saw you my Lord?

Eno. No, Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to Mirth, but on the sudden
A Roman thought had struck him. *Enobarbus*.

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither; where's *Alexas*?

Alex. Here at your Service, my Lord approaches.

Enter Antony with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him; go with us. [*Exeunt*.

Mes. *Fulvia* thy Wife, first came into the Field.

Ant. Against my Brother *Lucius*?

Mes. Ay, but soon that War had end, and the times State
Made Friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst *Cesar*,
Whose better Issue in the War of *Italy*,
Upon the first encounter drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mes. The Nature of Bad News infects the Teller.

Ant.

Ant. When it concerns the Fool or Coward; on Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus; Who tells me true, though in his Tale lye Death, I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mes. Labienus, this is stiff News,
Hath, with his *Parthian* Force, extended *Asia*;
From *Euphrates* his conquering
Banner shook, from *Syria* to *Lydia*,
And to *Ionia*, wh'lst ———

Ant. Antony thou would'st say.

Mes. Oh, my Lord.

Ant. Speak to me home; mince not the general Tongue;
Name *Cleopatra* as she is call'd in *Rome* :

Rail thou in *Fulvia's* Phrase, and taunt my Faults
With such full License, as both Truth and Malice
Have Power to utter. Oh then we bring forth Weeds;
When our quick Winds lye still, and our ills told us
Is as our Earing; fare thee well a while.

Mes. At your noble Pleasure.

Ant. From *Scicion* how the News? speak there.

Mes. The Man from *Scicion*, is there such an one?

Attend. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear;

These strong *Egyptian* Fetters I must break,
Or lose my self in Dotage. What are you?

Enter another Messenger with a Letter:

Mes. *Fulvia* thy Wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

Mes. In *Scicion*, her length of Sickness
With what else more serious,
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

Ant. Forbear me.

There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it;
What our Contempts do often hurl from us.
We wish it Hours again, the present Pleasure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The opposite of it self; she's good being gone,
The Hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on?
I must from this *Egyptian* Queen break off.
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know
My idleness doth hatch. How now *Enobarbus*?

Enter

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Ans. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how mortal an Uncertainty is to them, if they suffer our departure, Death's the word.

Ans. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die. It were pity to cast them away for nothing, though between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the least noise of this dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moments: I do think there is Mettle in Death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a Celerity in Dying.

Ans. She is cunning past Man's Thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no, her Passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure Love. We cannot call her Winds and Waters, Sighs and Tears: And yet they are greater Storms and Tempests than Almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her: if it be, she makes a Show'r of Rain as well as *Jove*.

Ans. Would I had never seen her.

Eno. Oh Sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful Piece of Work, which not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your Travel.

Ans. *Fulvia* is dead

Eno. Sir!

Ans. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia*?

Ans. Dead.

Eno. Why Sir, give the Gods a thankful Sacrifice: when it pleaseth their Deities to take the Wife of a Man from him, it shews to Men the Tailors of the Earth: Comforting him therein, that when old Robes are worn out, there are Members to make new. If there were no more Women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the case were to be lamented: This Grief is crowned with Consolation, your old Smock brings forth a new Petticoat, and indeed the Tears live in an Onion, that should water this Sorrow.

Ans.

Ant. The Business she hath broach'd here in the State
Cannot endure my Absence.

Eno. And the Business you have broach'd here cannot be
without you, especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which wholly
depends on your Abroad.

Ant. No more like Answers: Let our Officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our Expedience to the Queen,
And get her Love to part. For not alone
The death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches
Do strongly speak to us, but the Letters too
Of many our contriving Friends in *Rome*,
Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Hath giv'n the Dare to *Cesar*, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our slipp'ry People,
Whose Love is never link'd to the Deserver,
Till his Deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his Dignities
Upon his Son; who high in Name and Pow'r,
Higher than both in Blood and Life, stands up
For the main Soldier; Whose Quality going on,
The sides o' th' World may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Courser's Hair, hath yet but Life,
And not a Serpent's Poison. Say our Pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he do's a.
I did not send you. If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing: if in Mirth, report

That I am sudden sick. Quickly, and return,

Char. Madam, methinks if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method, to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teache'st like a Fool: the way to lose him.

Char.

Char. Tempt him not, so, too far. I wish, forbear,
Intime we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes *Antony*.

Cleo. I am Sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give Breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I shall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the sides of Nature [*Seeming to faint.*
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest *Queen*.

Cleo. Pray you stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that same Eye there's some good News.
What says the marry'd Woman? you may go;
Would she had never given you leave to come,
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no Pow'r upon you: Hers you are.

Ant. The Gods best know.

Cleo. Oh never was there *Queen*
So mightily betrayed; yet at the first
I saw the Treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra.

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine, and true,
Though you with Swearing shake the throned Gods,
Who have been false to *Fulvia*? Riotous Madacts!
To be entangled with these Mouth-made Vows,
Which break themselves in Swearing.

Ant. Most sweet *Queen*,

Cleo. Nay pray you seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: When you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then,
Eternity was in our Lips, and Eyes,
Bliss in our Brows bent, none our Parts so poor,
But was a race of Heav'n's. They are so still,
Or thou the greatest Soldier of the World,
Art turn'd the greater Liar.

Ant. How now, Lady?

Cleo. I would I had sky Inches, thou should'st know
There were a Heart in *Egypt*.

Ant. Hear me, *Queen*;
The strong necessity of time commands

Our services awhile; but my full Heart
 Remains in use with you. Our *Italy*
 Shines o'er with civil Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
 Makes his approaches to the Port of *Rome*.
 Equality of two Domestick Pow'rs,
 Breed scrupulous Faction; the hated, grown to Strength,
 Are newly grown to Love; the condemn'd *Pompey*,
 Rich in his Father's Honour, creeps apace,
 Into the Hearts of such, as have not thriv'n
 Upon the present State, whose Numbers threaten,
 And Quietness grown sick of rest, would purge
 By any desperate change. My more particular,
 And that which most with you should save my going,
 Is *Fulvia's* Death.

Cleo. Though Age from Folly could not give me freedom,
 It does from Childishness. Can *Fulvia* die?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen,
 Look here, and at thy Sovereign leisure read
 The Garboyls she awak'd; at the last, best.
 See when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false Love!
 Where be the sacred Viols thou should'st fill
 With sorrowful Water? Now I see, I see,
 In *Fulvia's* death, how mine shall be receiv'd.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
 The purposes I bear: which are, or cease,
 As you shall give th' advice. By the Fire
 That quickens *Nilus* Smile, I go from hence
 Thy Soldier, Servant, making Peace or War,
 As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmian*, come,
 But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
 So *Antony* loves.

Ant. My precious Queen forbear,
 And give true evidence to his Love, which stands
 An honourable Trial.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
 I prethee turn aside, and weep for her,
 Then bid adieu to me, and say the Tears
 Belong to *Egypt*. Good now, play one Scene
 Of excellent dissembling, and let it look

Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my Blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by my Sword——

Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.

But this is not the best. Look prithe, *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean Roman* does become
The carriage of his Chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:

Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it,

Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it,

That you know well, something it is I would:

Oh, my oblivion is a very *Antony*,

And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idleness your subject, I should take you
For Idleness it self.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such Idleness so near the Heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But, Sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Upon your Sword
Sit lawrell'd Victory, and smooth Success
Be strew'd before your Feet.

Ant. Let us go.

Come: Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou residing here, goest yet with me,
And I hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæsar reading a Letter, Lepidus, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæsar's* natural Voice, to hate
One great Competitor. From *Alexandria*
This is the News; he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The Lamps of Night in revels; Is not more Manlike

Than *Cleopatra*; nor the Queen of *Ptolemy*
 More Womanly than he. Hardly gave Audience,
 Or did vouchsafe to think he had Partners. You
 Shall find there a Man, who is th'abstract of all faults;
 That all Men follow.

Lep. I must not think
 There are Evils enough to darken all his Goodness;
 His Faults in him, seem as the spors of Heav'n,
 More fiery by Night's blackness; Hereditary,
 Rather than purchast; what he cannot change,
 Than what he chuses.

Ces. You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is
 Amiss to tumble on the Bed of *Ptolemy*,
 To give a Kingdom for a Mirth, to sit
 And keep the turn of Tipling with a Slave,
 To reel the Streets at Noon, and stand the Buffet
 With Knaves that smell of sweat; say this becomes him;
 As his composure must be rare indeed,
 Whom these things cannot blemish, yet must *Antony*
 No way excuse his Foils, when we do bear
 So great weight in his Lightness. If he fill'd
 His vacancy with his Voluptuousness;
 Full surfeits, and the driness of his Bones,
 Call on him for't. But to confound such time,
 That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
 As his own State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
 As we rate Boys, who being mature in Knowledge,
 Pawn their experience to their present Pleasure,
 And so rebel to Judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more News.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done, and every hour,
 Most noble *Cesar*, shalt thou have report
 How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at Sea,
 And it appears, he is belov'd of those
 That only have fear'd *Cesar*: to the Ports
 The Discontents repair, and Mens reports
 Give him much wrong'd.

Ces. I should have known no less,
 It hath been taught us from the primal State,
 That he which is, was wish'd, until he were:

And the ebb'd Man, ne'er lov'd 'till ne'er worth love,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common Body
Like to a Vagabond Flag upon the Stream,
Goes to, and back, lacking the varying Tide
To rot it self with motion.

Mes. Caesar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and *Menas*, famous Pirates,
Make the Sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With Keels of every kind. Many hot inrodes
They make in *Italy*, the borders Maritime
Lack Blood to think on't, and flesh youth to revolt,
No Vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen: For *Pompey's* Name strikes more
Than could his War resisted.

Ces. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious Vassals. When thou once
Wert beaten from *Mutina*, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and *Pansa* Consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than *Sorages* could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale of Horses, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beasts would cough at. Thy Pallat thou didst stain
The roughest Berry on the rudest Hedge.
Yea, like the Stag, when Snow the Pasture sheets,
The Barks of Trees thou browsed'st. On the *Alps*,
It is reported thou didst eat strange Flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this,
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now,
Was born so like a Soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Ces. Let his thames quickly
Drive him to *Rome*, 'tis time we twain
Did shew our selves i'th'Field, and to that end
Assemble we immediate Council; *Pompey*
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To morrow, *Caesar*,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly,
Both what, by Sea and Land, I can be able,
To front this present time.

Ces. 'Till which encounter, it is my Business too. Farewel-
Lep. Farewel my Lord, what you shall know mean time
 Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, Sir,
 To let me be partaker.

Ces. Doubt not, Sir, I knew it for my Bond. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian.

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha——give me to drink *Mandragoras*.

Char. Why, Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
 My *Antony* is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O 'tis Treason.

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, Eupuch, *Mardian*?

Mar. What's your Highness's pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing. I take no pleasure
 In ought an Eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,
 That being unseminaried, thy freer Thoughts
 May not not fly forth of *Egypt*. Hast thou Affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, Madam, for I can do nothing
 But what indeed is honest to be done:
 Yet have I fierce Affections, and think
 What *Venus* did with *Mars*.

Cleo. Oh Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
 Or does he walk? Or is he on his Horse?
 Oh happy Horse to bear the weight of *Antony*!
 Do bravely, Horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st
 The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arm
 And Burgonet of Man. He's speaking now,
 Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old *Nile*,
 For so he calls me; now I feed my self
 With most delicious Poison. Think on me
 That am with *Phoebus* amorous pinches black,

And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted *Caesar*,
 When thou wast here above the Ground, I was
 A morsel of a Monarch; and great *Pompey*
 Would stand and make his Eyes grow in my Brow,
 There would he anchor his Aspect, and die
 With looking on his Life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of *Egypt*, hail.

Cleo. How much art thou unlike *Mark Antony*?
 Yet coming from him, that great Medicine hath
 With his Tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave *Mark Antony*?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear Queen,
 He kist the last of many doubled kisses,
 This orient Pearl. His Speech sticks in my Heart.

Cleo. Mine Ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good Friends, quoth he,
 Say the firm *Roman* to great *Egypt* sends
 This treasure of an Oyster; at whose foot,
 To mend the petty present, I will piece
 Her opulent Throne, with Kingdoms. All the East,
 Say thou, shall call her Mistress. So he nodded,
 And soberly did mount an Arm-gaunt Steed,
 Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke,
 Was beastly dumb by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th'Year, between the extremes
 Of hot and cold, he was not sad nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well divided disposition; note him,
 Note him good *Charmian*, 'tis the Man; but note him,
 He was not sad, for he would shine on those
 That make their looks by his. He was not merry,
 Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
 In *Egypt* with his joy; but between both.
 Oh heav'nly mingle! Be'st thou sad, or merry,
 The violence of either thee becomes,
 So do's it no Man else. Met'st thou my Posts?

Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty several Messengers,
 Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day,
 When I forget to send to *Antony*,

Shall die a Beggar. Ink and Paper, Charmian.
Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love *Cesar* so?

Char. Oh that brave *Cesar*!

Clea. Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,
Say the brave *Antony*.

Char. The valiant *Cesar*.

Clo. By *Isis*, I will give thee bloody Teeth,
If thou with *Cesar* Paragon again
My Man of Men.

Char. By your most gracious Pardon,
I Sing but after you.

Cleo. My Sallad Days,
When I was green in Judgment, cold in Blood,
To say, as I said then. But come, away,
Get me Ink and Paper,
He shall have every Day several greetings, or I'll unpeople
Egypt. [Exeunt.]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *in Sicily.*

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

Pom. IF the great Gods be just, they shall assist
The Deeds of justest Men.

Mene. Know, worthy *Pompey*,
That which they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. While we are Suitors to their Throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of our selves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise Powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our Prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
The People love me, and the Sea is mine;
My Powers are Crescent, and my aguring hope
Says it will come to th' full. *Mark Antony*,
In *Egypt* sits at Dinner, and will make

No Wars without Dooms. *Caesar* gets Money where
He loses Hearts; *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. *Caesar* and *Lepidus* are in the Field,
A mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'Tis false.

Mene. From *Sevius*, Sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know they are in *Rome* together
Looking for *Antony*: But all the Charms of Love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, soften thy wand Lip,
Let Witchcraft join with Beauty; Lust with both,
Tie up the Libertine in a Field of Feasts,
Keep his Brain fuming; Epicurean Cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sawce his Appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his Honour,
Even 'till a lethied Dulness————

Enter Varrus.

How now *Varrus*?

Var. This is most certain, that I shall deliver:

Mark Antony is every hour in *Rome*
Expected: Since he went from *Egypt*, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better Ear. *Menas*, I did not think
This amorous Surfeiter would have donn'd his Helm
For such a petty War; his Soldiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our Opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of *Egypt's* Widow pluck
The near Lust-wearied *Antony*.

Men. I cannot hope,
Caesar and *Antony* shall well greet together:
His Wife that's dead, did trespasses to *Caesar*,
His Brother warr'd upon him, although I think
Not mov'd by *Antony*.

Pom. I know not, *Menas*.
How lesser Enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square beetween themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough

To draw their Swords; but how the fear of us
 May cement their Divisions, and bind up
 The petty Difference, we yet not know.
 Be't as our Gods will have't; it only stands
 Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
 Come, *Menas*.

[*Exeunt*,

S C E N E II. Rome.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
 And shall become you well, to entreat your Captain
 To soft and gentle Speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
 To answer like himself; if *Cæsar* move him,
 Let *Antony* look over *Cæsar's* Head,
 And speak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,
 Were I the wearer of *Antonio's* Beard,
 I would not shave't to day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private Stomaching.

Eno. Every time serves for the matter that is then born in't.

Lep. But small to greater Matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your Speech is passion; but pray you stir
 No Embers up. Here comes the noble *Antony*.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder *Cæsar*.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to *Parthia* —
 Hark, *Ventidius*.

Cæs. I do not know; *Mecænas*, ask *Agrippa*.

Lep. Noble Friends,

That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
 A leaner Action rend us. What's amiss,
 May it be gently heard. When we debate
 Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
 Murth'r in healing Wounds. Then noble Partners,
 The rather, for I earnestly beseech,
 Touch you the sowrest points with sweetest terms,
 Nor curstness grow to th' matter.

Ant.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our Armies and to fight,
I should do thus.

[Flourish]

Cas. Welcome to *Rome*,

Ant. Thank you.

Cas. Sit.

Ant. Sit, Sir.

Cas. Nay then.

Ant. I learn you take things ill, which are not so:
Or being, concern you not.

Cas. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say my self offended, and with you
Chiefly i'th' World. More laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately: when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in *Egypt*, *Caesar*, what was't to you?

Cas. No more than my residing here at *Rome*
Might be to you in *Egypt*: yet if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in *Egypt*
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cas. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent;
By what did here befall me. Your Wife and Brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was Thems for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business, my Brother never
Did urge me in his Act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their Swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my Authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my Stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my Letters
Before did satisfy you. If you patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you've not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cas. You praise your self, by laying defects of Judgment
to me: but you patch up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I
Your Partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,

Could not with graceful Eyes attend those Wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my Wife,
I would you had her Spirit, in such another,
The third o'th' World is yours, which with a Snaffle,
You may pace easie, but not such a Wife.

Eno. Would we had all such Wives, that the Men might
go to Wars with the Women.

Ant. So much uncurbable, her Garboiles *Cesar*
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet, for that you must,
But say I could not help it.

Ces. I wrote to you,
When rioting in *Alexandria* you
Did pocket up my Letters; and with taunts
Did beg my Missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, e'er admitted: then
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'th' morning: but next day
I told him of my self, which was as much
As to have askt him pardon. Let this Fellow
Be nothing of our strife: if we contend
Out of our question wipe him.

Ces. You have broken
The Article of your Oath, which you shall never
Have Tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, *Cesar*.

Ant. No, *Lepidas*, let him speak,
The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lackt it: but on, *Cesar*,
The Article of my Oath.

Ces. To lend me Arms, and Aid, when I requir'd them,
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected rather:
And then when Poisoned hours had bound me up
From mine own Knowledge; as nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you. But mine honesty,
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Egypt*, made Wars here,
For which my self, the ignorant motive, do

So far ask pardon, as befits mine Honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember, that the present need,
Speaks to arone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, *Mecenas*.

Ens. Or if you borrow one another's Love for the instant,
you may when you hear no more words of *Pompey* return it
again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have
nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a Soldier, only speak no more.

Ens. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Ens. Go to then: your considerate Stone,

Ces. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his Speech: for't cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their Acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
Ath' the World, I would pursue it.

Agg. Give me leave, *Cesar*.

Cesar. Speak, *Agrippa*.

Agg. Thou hast a Sister by thy Mother's side,
Admir'd *Octavia* Great *Mark Antony*
Is now a Widower.

Ces. Say not so, *Agrippa*; if *Cleopatra* heard you, your
proof were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, *Cesar*; let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agg. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your Hearts
With an unslipping Knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his Wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a Husband than the best of Men;
Whose Virtue, and whose general Graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this Marriage,
All little Jealousies which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be tales,

Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
 Would each to other, and all loves to both
 Draw after her, Pardon what I have spoke,
 For 'tis a studied, not a present Thought,
 By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will *Cesar* speak?

Cas. Not 'til he hears how *Antony* is touch'd,
 With what is spoken already.

Ant. What power is in *Agrippa*,
 If I would say *Agrippa*, be it so,
 To make this good?

Cas. The power of *Cesar*,
 And his power unto *Octavia*.

Ant. May I never
 To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
 Dream of impediment; let me have thy hand
 Further this Act of Grace: and from this hour,
 The Heart of Brothers govern in our Loves,
 And sway our great Designs.

Cas. There's my hand:
 A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother
 Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
 To join our Kingdoms, and our Hearts, and never
 Fly off our Loves again.

Lep. Happily, Amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword against *Pompey*,
 For he hath laid strange Courtesies, and great
 Of late upon me. I must thank him only,
 Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
 At heel of that defie him.

Lep. Time calls upon's,
 Of us must *Pompey* presently be fought,
 Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lyes he?

Cas. About the *Mount-Misenum*.

Ant. What is his strength by Land?

Cas. Great, and increasing:
 But by Sea he is an absolute Master.

Ant. So is the Frame,
 Would we had spoke together. Haste we for it,
 Yet e'er we put our selves in Arms, dispatch we

The Business we have talk'd of.

Ces. With most gladness.

And do invite you to my Sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, *Lepidus*, not lack your Company.

Lep. Noble *Antony*, not sickness should detain me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent *Enobarbus*, *Agrippa*, *Mecænas*.

Mec. Welcome from *Egypt*, Sir.

Eno. Half the Heart of *Cæsar*, worthy *Mecenas*. My
Honourable Friend *Agrippa*.

Agr. Good *Enobarbus*.

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well
digested: you stay'd well by't in *Egypt*.

Eno. Ay Sir, we did sleep day out of countenance, and
made the Night light with drinking:

Mec. Eight Wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast: and
but twelve Persons there. Is this true?

Eno. This was but a Fly by an Eagle: we had much
more monstrous matter of Feast, which worthily deserved
noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be square
to her.

Eno. When she first met *Mark Antony*, she purs'd up his
Heart upon the River of *Cydus*.

Agr. There she appear'd indeed: or my reporter devis'd
well for her.

Eno. I will tell you;

The Barge she sat in, like a Burnish'd Throne
Burnt on the water; the Poop was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sails, and so perfumed, that
The Winds were Love-sick.

With them the Oars were Silver,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own Person,
It beggar'd all description; she did lye
In her Pavillion, Cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we see
The Fancy out-work Nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled Boys, like smiling *Cupids*,

With divers-colour'd Fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate Cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Ag. Oh rare for *Antony*.

Eno. Her Gentlewomen, like the *Nereides*,
So many Mere-maids tended her i' th' Eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helm,
A seeming Meer-maid steers; the Silken Tackles
Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,
That yearly frame the Office. From the Barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the Sense
Of the adjacent Wharfs. The City cast
Her People out upon her; and *Antony*
Enthron'd i' th' Market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' Air; which but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And make a gap in Nature.

Ag. Rare *Egyptian*!

Eno. Upon her landing, *Antony* sent to her,
Invited her to Supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her Guest;
Which she entreated. Our Courteous *Antony*,
Whom ne'er, the word of no, Woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the Feast:
And for his Ordinary, pays his Heart,
For what his Eyes eat only.

Ag. Royal wench!

She made great *Caesar* lay his Sword to Bed,
He ploughed her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty Paces through the publick Street.
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathless power breath forth.

Mec. Now *Antony* must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never, he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom steal
Her infinite variety: Other Women cloy
The Appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests

Bless her, when she is Riggish.

Mec. If Beauty, Wisdom, Modesty, can settle
The Heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is
A blessed Lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.

Good *Enobarbas*, make your self my Guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you.

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them.

Ant. The World, and my great Office, will sometimes
Divide me from your Bosom

Octa. All which time;

Before the Gods my Knee shall bow in Prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good Night Sir. My *Octavia*,
Read not my blemishes in the World's report:
I have not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by th' Rule; good Night, dear Lady.

Octa. Good Night, Sir.

Cæs. Good Night. [*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now Sirrah! do you wish your self in *Egypt*?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you
thither.

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion, have it not in my Tongue;
But yet hie you to *Egypt* again.

Ant. Say to me, whose Fortune shall rise higher, *Cæsar's*
or mine?

Sooth. *Cæsar's*. Therefore, oh *Antony*, stay not by his side.
Thy *Dæmon*, that's thy Spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, Contagious, High, Unmatchable,
Where *Cæsar's* is not. But near him thy Angel
Becomes a fear; as being o'erpower'd, and therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee, no more, but when to thee,
If thou dost play with him at any Game,
Thou art sure to lose: And of that Natural luck
He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy Lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy Spirit

Is all afraid to govern thee near him:

But he alway is noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to *Ventidius*, I would speak with him. [Exit Sooths.]

He shall to *Parthia*, be it art, or hap,

He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him,

And in our sports my better cunning faints,

Under his chance; if we draw lots, he speeds,

His Cocks do win the Battel, still of mine,

When it is all to naught: and his Quails ever

Beat mine, in hoop'd, at odds. I will to *Egypt*;

And though I make this marriage for my peace,

I'th'East my pleasure lies. Oh come, *Ventidius*,

Enter Ventidius.

You must to *Parthia*, your Commission's ready:

Follow me and receive't.

[Exit.]

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble your self no farther: pray you hasten
Your Generals after.

Agr. Sir, *Mark Antony* will e'en but kiss *Octavia*, and
we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your Soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, Farewel.

Mec. We shall, as I conceive the Journey, be
At the Mount before you, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about,
You'll win two Days upon me.

Both. Sir, good success.

Lep. Farewel.

[Exit.]

S C E N E III. Alexandria

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some Musick: Musick, moody food
Of us that trade in love

Omnes. The Musick, hoa!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billiards: come *Charmian*.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with *Mardian*.

Cleo. As well a Woman with an Eunuch play'd,

As with a Woman. Come, you'll play with me, Sir?

Mar. As well as I can, Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shewed, though't come too short,
The Actor may plead pardon. I'll none now,
Give me mine Angle, we'll to th'River, there
My Musick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-fin Fishes, my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an *Antony*,
And say, ah, ha; you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angling,
when your diver did hang a salt Fish on his hook, which he
with fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time! ——— Oh times! ———
I laught him out of patience, and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morn,
E'er the ninth hour I drunk him to his bed:
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilst
I wore his Sword *Philippan*. Oh from *Italy*.

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine Ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mes. Madam! Madam! ———

Cleo. *Antony's* dead;
If thou say so, Villain, thou kill'st thy Mistress:
But well and free, if thou so yield him.
There is Gold, and here
My blewest Veins to kiss: a hand that Kings
Have lipst, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First, Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why there's more Gold. But, Sirrah, mark, we use
To say, the dead are well: bring me to that,
The Gold I give thee, will I melt and pour
Dow thy ill-uttering throat.

Mes. Good Madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will:
But there's no goodness in thy face. If *Antony*
Be free and healthful; why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a Fury crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formal Man.

Mes. Wilt please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee e'er thou speak'st;
Yet if thou say, *Antony* lives, 'tis well,
Or Friends with *Cesar*, or not Captain to him,
I'll see thee in a showre of Gold, and hail
Rich Pearls upon thee.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mes. And Friends with *Cesar*.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest Man.

Mes. *Cesar*, and he, are greater Friends than ever.

Cleo. Mark thee a Fortune from me.

Mes. But yet, Madam——

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it do's allay
The good precedence, sic upon but yet,
But yet, is as a Jaylor to bring forth
Some monstrous Malefactor. Prithee, Friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine Ear,
The good and bad together: he's Friends with *Cesar*,
In State of Health thou say'st, and thou say'st, free.

Mes. Free, Madam! no: I made no such sport.
He's bound unto *Octavia*.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mes. For the best turn i'th' Bed.

Cleo. I am pale, *Charmian*.

Mes. Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. The most infectious Pestilence upon thee.

[Strikes him down.]

Mes. Good Madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?

[Strikes him]

Hence horrible Villain, or I'll spurn thine Eyes
Like Balls before me; I'll unhair thy Head:

[She hales him up and down.]

Thou shalt be whipt with Wyre, and stew'd in Brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mes. Gracious Madam,

I, that do bring the News, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a Province I will give thee,
And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou had'st
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beside

Thy modesty can beg.

Mef. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. [*Draws a Dagger.*]

Mef. Nay then I'll run :

What mean you, Madam, I have made no fault. [*Exit.*]

Char. Good Madam, keep your self within your self,
The Man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents scape not the Thunderbolt :

Melt *Egypt* into *Nile*; and kindled creatures

Turn all to Serpents. Call the Slave again,

Though I am mad, I will not bite him; Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him,

These Hands do lack Nobility, that they strike

A meaner than my self: since I my self

Have given my self the cause. Come hither, Sir.

Re-Enter the Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good

To bring bad News: give to a gracious Message

An Host of Tongues, but let ill tidings tell

Themselves, when they be felt.

Mef. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,

If you again say yes.

Mef. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee, dost thou hold there still?

Mef. Should I lie, Madam?

Cleo. Oh, would thou didst:

So half my *Egypt* were submerg'd, and made

A Cistern for scald Snakes. Go get thee hence,

Hadst thou *Narcissus* in thy Face, to me

Thou wouldst appear most ugly: He is married?

Mef. I crave your Highness pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mef. Take no offence, that I would not offend you;

To punish me for what you make me do,

Seems much unequal: he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. Oh that his fault should make a Knave of thee,

That art not what thou art sure of. Get thee hence.

The Merchandises which thou hast brought from *Rome*,

Are all too dear for me :

Lye they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em. [*Exit Mesf.*

Char. Good your Highness patience.

Cleo. In praising *Antony*, I have disprais'd *Caesar*.

Char. Many times, Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now : lead me from hence.

I faint ; oh *Iras*, *Charmian* ! ——— 'tis no matter.

Go to the Fellow, good *Alexas*, bid him

Report the feature of *Octavia*, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her Hair. Bring me word quickly.

Let him for ever go——let him not, *Charmian*,

Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,

The other way's a *Mars*. Bid you *Alexas*

Bring me word, how tall she is : pity me, *Charmian*,

But do not speak to me. Lead me to my Chamber. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV. *The Coast of Italy, near Misenum.*

Enter Pompey and Menas at one Door with Drum and Trumpet : At another Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your Hostages I have, so have you mine ;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet

That first we come to words, and therefore have we

Our written purposes before us sent,

Which if thou hast considered, let us know,

If 'twill tie up thy discontented Sword,

And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,

That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,

The Senators alone of this great World,

Chief Factors for the gods. I do not know,

Wherefore my Father should revengers want,

Having a Son and Friends ; since *Julius Cæsar*,

Who at *Philippi* the good *Brunus* ghosted,

There saw you labouring for me. What was't

That mov'd pale *Cassius* to conspire ? And what

Made thee all-honour'd, honest Roman *Brunus*,

With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one Man but a Man; and that is it
Hath made me rig my Navy. At whose burthen,
The anger'd Ocean foams, with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude that despiteful *Rome*
Cast on my Noble Father.

Cas. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy Sails,
We'll speak with thee at Sea. At Land thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At Land indeed
Thou dost o'er-count me of my Father's House.
But since the Cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
For this is from the present now you talk,
The offers we have sent you——

Cas. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cas. And what may follow
To try a larger Fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia*; and I must
Rid all the Sea of Pirates; then to send
Measures of Wheat to *Rome*: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and bear back
Our Targets undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then I came before you here, a Man
Prepar'd, to take this offer. But, *Mark Antony*,
Put me to some impatience: though I lose
The praise of it by telling: You must know
When *Caesar* and your Brother were at blows,
Your Mother came to *Sticily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*,
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your Hand:

I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The Beds i'th' East are soft, and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither:
For I have gain'd by't.

Ces. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts hard Fortune casts upon my face,
But in my bosom she shall never come,
To make my Heart a Vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.

Ces. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, e'er we part, and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, *Pompey*.

Pom. No, *Antony*, take the lot:
But first or last, your fine *Egyptian Cookery*
Shall have the fame, I have heard that *Julius Cesar*
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir.

Ant. And fair Words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard.
And I have heard *Apollodorus* carried —

Eno. No more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain Queen to *Cesar* in a Matrice.

Pom. I know thee now, how far'st thou, Soldier?

Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceive
Four Feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir, I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much,
As I have said you did.

Pom. Injoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee;

Aboard my Gally, I invite you all.

Will you lead, Lords?

All. She w's the way, Sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt. Manent Enob. and Menas.*]

Men. Thy Father, Pompey, would ne'er have made Treaty,
You, and I have known, Sir.

Eno. At Sea, I think.

Men. We have, Sir.

Eno. You have done well by Water.

Men. And you by Land.

Eno. I will praise any Man that will praise me, though it
cannot be denied what I have done by Land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety:
you have been a good Thief by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Eno. There I deny my Land Service; but give me your
Hand, *Menas*, if your Eyes had authority, here they might
have two Thieves kissing.

Men. All Mens faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is ne'er a fair Woman, has a true Face.

Men. No slander, they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking:
Pompey doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've said, Sir; we look'd not for *Mark Antony*
here; pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Eno. *Caesar's* Sister is called *Octavia*.

Men. True, Sir, she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Eno. But now she is the wife of *Marcus Antonius*.

Men. Pray ye, Sir.

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Caesar* and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to Divine of this Unity, I would
not Propheisie so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose, made more in
the Marriage, than the Love of the parties:

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the band that
seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very
estranger of their Amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and
still conversation:

Men. Who would not have his Wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is *Mark Antony*. He will to his *Egyptian* dish again; then shall the sighs of *Octavia* blow the Fire up in *Cesar*, and, as I said before, that which is the Strength of their Amity, shall prove the immediate Author of their Variance. *Antony* will use his affection where it is. He married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you Aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, Sir: we have us'd our Throats in *Egypt*.

Men. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V. Pompey's Galley.

Musick Plays.

Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1 Ser. Here they'll be, Man: some o' their Plants are ill rooted already, the least wind i'th' World will blow them down.

2 Ser. *Lepidus* is high-colour'd.

1 Ser. They have made him drink Alms drink.

2 Ser. As they pinch one another by the disposition he cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to th' drink.

1 Ser. But it raises the greater War between him and his discretion.

2 Ser. Why this it is to have a Name in great Mens Fellowship: I had as lieve have a Reed that will do me no service, as a Partizan I could not heave.

1 Ser. To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where Eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the Cheeks.

Trumpets.

Enter Cesar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o'th' Nile By certain scale, i'th' Pyramid; they know By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if Dearth Or Foizon follow. The higher *Nilus* swells,

The more it promises; as it ebbs, the Seedsman
Upon the Slime and Ooze scatters his Grain,
And shortly comes to Harvest.

Lep. You've strange Serpents there.

Ant. Ay, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your Serpent of *Aegypt*, is bred now of your mud
by the Operation of the Sun; so is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sirrah, some Wine! A Health to *Lepidus*.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be:

But I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not 'till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in,
'till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I have heard the *Ptolomy's* Pyramids
are very goodly things; without contradiction I have
heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word.

[*Aside.*

Pom. Say in mine Ear, what is't?

Men. Forfake thy Seat, I do beseech thee, Captain,
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. For me 'till anon.

[*Whisper in's Ear.*

This Wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, Sir, like it self, and it is as broad as it
hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its
own Organs. It lives by that which nourisheth it, and the
Elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of!

Ant. Of it's own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the Tears of it are wet.

Cas. Will this Description satisfy him?

Ant. With the Health that *Pompey* gives him, else he is a
very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang, Sir, hang! tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you. Where's the Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of Merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from the Stool.

Pom. I think thou'rt mad; the matter?

Men. I have ever held my Cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith; what's else to say? Be jolly, Lords.

Ant. These Quick-sands, *Lepidus*.
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the World?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole World? that's twice.

Pom. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it, and though thou think me poor, I am the Man will give thee all the World.

Pomp. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup, Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly *Jove*:
What e'er the Ocean pales, or Sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way.

Men. These three World-Sharers, these Competitors
Are in thy Vessel. Let me cut the Cable.
And when we are put off, fall to their Throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken on't. In me 'tis villany;
In thee 'thad been good service: thou must know,
'Tis not my Profit that does lead mine Honour;
Mine Honour is, Repent that e'er thy tongue,
Hath so betray'd thine Act. Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this I'll never follow
Thy pall'd Fortunes more;
Who seeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Bear him ashoar,
I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey*.

Eno. Here's to thee, *Menas*.

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill 'till the Cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strange Fellow, *Menas* [*Pointing to Lepidus*].

Men. Why?

Eno. A bears the third part of the World, Man! see'st not?

Mus. The third Part, thou is drunk; 'woud it were all, that it might go on Wheels.

Eno. Drink thou, encrease the Reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an *Alexadrian* Feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it; strike the Vessels ho.
Here's to *Cesar*.

Cas. I could well forbear't, it's monstrous labour when I wash my Brain, and it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o'th' time.

Cas. Possess it, I'll make answer; but I had rather fast from all, four Days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave Emperor, shall we dance now the *Egyptian* Bacchanals, and celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good Soldier.

Ant. Come let's all take Hands,
'Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our Sense,
In soft and delicate *Lethe*.

Eno. All take Hands:
Make battery to our Ears with the loud Musick,
The while, I'll place you, then the Boy shall sing.
The holding every Man shall beat as loud,
As his strong sides the vally.

Musick plays. Enobarbus place them Hand in Hand.

The S O N G.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eye:
In thy Fats our Cares be drown'd:
With thy Grapes our Hairs be crown'd.
Cup us 'till the World go round,
Cup us 'till the World go round.

Cas. What would you more? *Pompey*, good Night. Good Brother
Let me request you of; our graver Business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle Lords, let's part,
You see we have burst our Cheek. Strong *Enobarbe*
Is weaker than the Wind; and mine own Tongue
Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost

Antickt us all. What needs more words; good Night.

Good *Antony*, your Hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the Shoar.

Ant. And shall, Sir, give's your Hand.

Pom. Oh, *Antony*, you have my Father's House.

But what, we are Friends? Come down into the Boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not,

Men. I'll not on Shoar.

No, to my Cabin——these Drums!

These Trumpets, Flutes! what!

Let *Neptune* hear, we bid aloud farewell

To these great Fellows. Sound and be hang'd, sound out.

[*Sound a Flourish with Drums.*]

Eno. Hoo says a! There's my Cap.

Men. Hoa, noble Captain, come.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *A Camp.*

Enter Ventidius in Triumph, the dead Body of Pacorus born before him, Roman Soldiers and Attendants.

Ven. NOW darting *Parthia* art thou struck, and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Crassus* death
Make me revenger. Bear the King's Son's Body
Before our Army, thy *Pacorus*, *Orodes*,
Pays this for *Marcus Crassus*.

Rom. Noble *Ventidius*,

Whilst yet with *Parthian* Blood thy Sword is warm,
The Fugitive *Parthians* follow. Spurn through *Media*,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters, whither
The routed fly. So thy grand Captain *Antony*
Shall set thee on triumphant Chariots, and
Put Garlands on thy Head.

Ven. Oh *Silius*, *Silius*,

I have done enough. A lower Place, note well
May make too great an act. For learn this, *Silius*
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a Fame, when him we serve's away.
Cesar and *Antony* have ever won

More

More in their Officer, than Person. *Sofus*,
 One of my place in *Syria*, his Lieutenant,
 For quick accumulation of renown,
 Which he atchiev'd by th' minute, lost his favour.
 Who does i' th' Wars more than his Captain can,
 Becomes his Captain's Captain: And Ambition,
 The Soldier's Virtue, rather makes choice of loss
 Than gain, which darkens him.
 I could do more to do *Antonius* good,
 But 'twould offend him; and in his offence,
 Should my performance perish.

Rom. Thou hast, *Ventidius*, that, without the which
 A Soldier and his Sword grants scarce distinction:
 Thou wilt write to *Antony*,

Ven. I'll humbly signifie what in his Name,
 That magical word of War, we have effected,
 How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks,
 That ne'er-yet beaten Hoise of *Parthia*
 We have jaded out o' th' Field.

Rom. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to *Athens*; whither with what haste
 The weight we must convey with's, will permit,
 We shall appear before him. On there, pass along. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. Rome.

Enter Agrippa at one Door, Enobarbus at another.

Ag. What, are the Brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone,
 The other three are Sealing. *Octavia* weeps
 To part from *Rome*: *Cesar* is sad, and *Lepidus*
 Since *Pompey's* Feast, as *Menas* says, is troubled
 With the Green-sickness.

Ag. 'Tis a noble *Lepidus*.

Eno. A very fine one; oh, how he loves *Cesar*.

Ag. Nay but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony*.

Eno. *Cesar*? why he's the *Jupiter* of Men.

Ag. What's *Antony*, the god of *Jupiter*?

Eno. Speak you of *Cesar*? Oh! the non-pareil!

Ag. Oh *Antony*, oh thou *Arabian Bird*!

Eno.

Eno. Would you praise *Cesar*, say *Cesar*, go no further.

Agr. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves *Cesar* best, yet he loves *Antony*:

Ho! Hearts, Tongues, Figure, Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number; ho,
His love to *Antony*. But as for *Cesar*,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder————

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, so---
This is to Horse; adieu, noble *Agrippa*. [Trumpets.

Agr. Good Fortune worthy Soldier, and farewell.

Enter Cesar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No farther, Sir.

Ces. You take from me a great part of my self:
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a Wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Bond
Shall pass on thy approval. Most noble *Antony*,
Let not the piece of Virtue which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our Love,
To keep it builded, be the Ram to batter
The Fortune of it; for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Ces. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be certain curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear, so the Gods keep you,
And make the Hearts of *Romans* serve your ends
We will here part.

Ces. Farewel, my dearest Sister, fare thee well,
The Elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy Spirits all of comfort; fare thee well.

Oct. My noble Brother.

Ant. The *April's* in her Eyes, it is loves spring,
And these the showers to bring it on; be cheerful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my Husband's House; and---

Ces. What *Octavia*.

Oct. I'll tell you in your Ear.

Ant.

Ant. Her Tongue will not obey her Heart, nor can
Her Heart inform her Tongue, the Swan's Down-feather,
That stands upon the Swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Caesar* weep?

Agr. He has a Cloud in's Face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a Horse; so is
he being a Man.

Agr. Why *Enobarbus*?

When *Antony* found *Julius Caesar* dead,
He cryed almost to roaring: And he wept,
When at *Philippi* he found *Brunus* slain.

Eno. That Year indeed, he was troubled with a Rheum,
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;
Believe't 'till I weep too.

Cas. No, sweet *Octavia*,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go her thinking on you.

Ant. Come Sir, come,
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of Love.
Look here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.

Cas. Adieu, be happy.

Lep. Let all the number of the Stars give Light
To thy fair way.

Cas. Farewel, Farewel.

[*Kisses Octavia.*

Ant. Farewel.

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

S C E N E III. Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to: come hither, Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Majesty, *Herod* of *Jewry* dare not look upon
you, but when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herod's* Head, I'll have; but how? When
Antony is gone, through whom I might command it:
Come thou near.

Mis.

Mef. Most gracious Majesty.

Cleo. Didst thou behold *Octavia*?

Mef. Ay, dread Queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mef. Madam, in *Rome*, I lookt her in the face:
And saw her led between her Brother, and

Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mef. She is not, Madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill tongu'd or low?

Mef. Madam, I heard her speak, she is low voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good; he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? Oh *Issi*! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, *Charmian*; dull of Tongue, and Dwarfish.
What Majesty is in her Gate? remember
If e'er thou look'st on Majesty.

Mef. She creeps;

Her Motion and her Station are as one:
She shews a Body, rather than a Life,
A Statue, than a Breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mef. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in *Egypt* cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiv't,
There's nothing in her yet.
The Fellow has good Judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her Years, I prethee.

Mef. Madam, she was a Widow.

Cleo. Widow? *Charmian*, hark.

Mef. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her Face in Mind? is't long or round?

Mef. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so.
Her Hair what colour?

Mef. Brown, Madam; and her Forehead.

As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's Gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former Sharpness ill,
I will employ thee back again; I find thee

Most fit for Business. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper Man.

Cleo. Indeed he is so; I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why methinks by him,
This Creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, Madam.

Cleo. The Man hath seen some Majesty, and should
know.

Char. Hath he seen Majesty? *Isis* else defend!
And serving you so long.

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good *Charmian*:
But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. Athens.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, *Octavia*, not only that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Wars 'gainst *Pompey*; made his Will, and read it
To publick Ear, spoke scantily of me;
When perforce he could not
But pay me terms of Honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he o'er-look'd,
Or did it from his Teeth.

Oct. Oh, my good Lord,
Believe not all, or if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy Lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between
Praying for both parts: The good Gods will mock me,
When I shall praying, oh bless my Lord and Husband,
Undo that Prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh bless my Brother. Husband win, win Brother,
Prays, and destroys the Prayer, no midway
'Twixt these extreams at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks

Best to preserve it : if I lose mine Honour,
 I lose my self ; better I were not yours
 Than yours so branchless. But as you requested,
 Your self shall go between's, the mean time, Lady,
 I'll raise the preparation of a War
 Shall stain your Brother, make your soonest haste
 S your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my Lord,
 The *Jove* of Power make me most weak, most weak,
 Your reconciler : Wars 'twixt you twain would be,
 As if the World should cleave, and that slain Men
 Should sodder up the Rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
 Turn your displeasure that way, for our faults
 Can never be so equal, that your love
 Can equally move with them. Provide your going,
 Chuse your own Company, and command what cost
 Your Heart has mind to.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Enebarbus and Eros.

Eno. How now, Friend *Eros* ?

Eros. There's strange News come, Sir.

Eno. What, Man ?

Eros. *Cesar* and *Lepidus* have made War upon *Pompey*.

Eno. This is old, what is the Success ?

Eros. *Cesar* having made use of him in the Wars 'gainst
Pompey ; presently denied him rivalry, would not let him
 partake of the Glory of the Action, and not resting here, ac-
 cuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey*. Up-
 on his own appeal seizes him, so the poor Third is up, 'till
 death enlarge his Confine.

Eno. Then would thou hadst a pair of Chaps no more,
 and throw between them all the food thou hast, they'll grind
 the other. Where's *Antony* .

Eros. He's walking in the Garden thus ; and spurns
 The Rush that lyes before him. Crys, Fool *Lepidus*,
 And threatens the Throat of that his Officer,
 That murdered *Pompey*.

Eno. Our great Navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For *Italy* and *Cesar* ; more *Domitius*,
 My Lord desires you presently ; my News
 I might have told hereafter.

[*Eno.*]

Eno. 'Twill be naught, but let it be ; bring me to *Antony*.

Eros. Come, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V. Rome.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecænas.

Cæs. Contemning *Rome* he has done all this, and more;
In *Alexandria*; here's the matter of it:
Ith' Market-place on a Tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in Chairs of Gold
Were publickly enthron'd; at the feet sat
Cæsario whom they call my Father's Son,
And all the unlawful Issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her,
He gave the 'stablishment of *Egypt*, made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*, absolute Queen.

Mec. This in the publick Eye?

Cæs. Ith' common shew-place where they exercise;
His Sons were there proclaim'd the Kings of Kings,
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*
He gave to *Alexander*; to *Ptolemy* he assign'd,
Syria, *Cilicia*, and *Phœnicia*: She
In th'Abiliments of the Goddess *Isis*
That day appear'd, and oft before gave Audience;
As 'tis reported, so:

Mec. Let *Rome* be thus inform'd.

Agg. Who queasie with his Insolence already,
Will their good Thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The People know it,
And have now receiv'd his Accusations.

Agg. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. *Cæsar*, and that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th' Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd. Lastly he frets
That *Lepidus* of the Triumvirate
Should be depos'd, and being that, we detain
All his Revenue.

Agg. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and his Messenger gone:
I told him *Lepidus* was grown too cruel,

That he his high Authority abus'd,
 And did deserve his chance. For what I have conquer'd,
 I grant him part ; but then in his *Armenia*,
 And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I
 Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Ces. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia with Attendants.

Oct. Hail *Cesar*, and my Lord ! hail, most dear *Cesar* !

Ces. That ever I should call thee Cast-away.

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Ces. Why hast thou stoln upon me thus ? you came not
 Like *Cesar's* Sister ; the Wife of *Antony*
 Should have an Army for an Usher, and
 The neighs of Horse to tell of her approach,
 Long e'er she did appear. The Trees by th'way
 Should have born Men, and expectation fainted
 Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
 Should have ascended to the Roof of Heav'n,
 Rais'd by your populous Troops : But you are come
 A Market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
 The ostentation of our love ; which left unshewn,
 Is often left unlov'd ; we should have met you
 By Sea, and Land, supplying every Stage
 With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good, my Lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
 On my free Will. My Lord, *Mark Antony*,
 Hearing that you prepar'd for War, acquainted
 My grieving Ear withal ; whereon I begg'd
 His pardon for return.

Ces. Which soon he granted,
 Being an abstract 'tween his Lust, and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my Lord :

Ces. I have Eyes upon him,
 And his Affairs come to me on the Wind :
 Where is he now ?

Oct. My Lord, in *Athens*.

Ces. No, my most wronged Sister ; *Cleopatra*
 Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his Empire
 Up to a Who.e, who now are levying

The Kings o' th' Earth for War. He hath assembled,
Bochus the King of *Lybia*, *Archilaus*
 Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphos* King
 Of *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* King *Adallas*,
 King *Malichus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,
Herod of *Jewry*, *Mithridates* King
 Of *Comagene*, *Polemen* and *Amintas*,
 The King of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,
 With a more larger List of Scepters.

Oct. Ay me most wretched,
 That have my Heart parted betwixt two Friends,
 That do afflict each other.

Ces. Welcome hither;
 Your Letters did with-hold our breaking forth
 'Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led,
 And we in negligent danger; cheer your Heart.
 Be you not troubled with the time which drives
 O'er your Content, these strong Necessities,
 But let determin'd things to destiny
 Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*:
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
 Beyond the mark of Thought; and the high Gods
 To do you Justice, make his Ministers
 Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort,
 And ever welcome to us,

Ag. Welcome Lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear Madam,
 Each Heart in *Rome* does love and pity you,
 Only th'adulterous *Antony*, most large
 In his Abominations; turns you off,
 And gives his potent Regiment to a Trull
 That Noses it against us.

Oct. Is it so, Sir?

Ces. Most certain: Sister, welcome; pray you
 Be ever known to patience. My dear'st Sister. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI. Actium.

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus:

Cleo. I will be even with thee; doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these Wars;
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well; is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us? why should not we
be there in Person?

Eno. Well, I could reply; if we should serve with Horse
and Mares together, the Horse were merely lust; the Mares
would bear a Soldier and his Horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle *Antony*,
Take from his Heart, take from his Brain, take from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Levity, and 'tis said in *Rome*,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maids,
Manage this War.

Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and their Tongues rot
That speak against us. A charge we bear i'th'War,
And as the President of my Kingdom will
Appear there for a Man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Eno. Nay I have done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange, *Canidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brundisium*,
He could so quickly cut the *Ionian* Sea,
And take in *Toryne*? You have heard on't, Sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of Men
To taunt a slackness. *Canidius*, we
Will fight with him by Sea.

Cleo. By Sea, what else?

Can. Why will my Lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my Lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage his Battel at *Pharsalia*.
Where *Cesar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers,
Which serve not for his Vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Eno.

Eno. Your Ships are not well Mann'd,
Your Mariners are Muliters, Reapers, People,
Ingroft by swift Imprefs. In *Cesar's* Fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst *Pompey* fought,
Their Ships are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Soldiership you have by Land,
Distract your Army, which doth most consist
Of War-mark'd-Footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned Knowledge, quite forego
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up your self meerly to chance and hazard,
From firm Security.

Ant. I'll fight at Sea.

Cleo. I have sixty Sails, *Cesar* none better.

Ant. Our over-plus of Shipping will we burn,
And with the rest full-mann'd, from th' Heart of *Actium*
Beat th' approaching *Cesar*. But if we fail,
We then can do't at Land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mes. The News is true, my Lord, he is descried;
Cesar has taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in Person? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his Power should be so. *Canidius*,
Our nineteen Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelve thousand Horse. We'll to our Ship,
Away my *Thetis*.

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy Soldier?

Sold. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Trust not to rotten Planks: Do you misdoubt
This Sword, and these my Wounds; let th' *Egyptians*
And the *Phonicians* go a Ducking: we
Have us'd to Conquer standing on the Earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. [*Exeunt Ant. Cleo. and Eno*

Sold. By *Hercules* I think I am i'th' right.

Can. Soldier thou art; but the whole Action grows
Not in the power on't: so our Leaders lead,
And we are Womens Men.

Sold. You keep by Land
The Legions and the Hoise whole, do you not?

*Ven. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Junius,
Publicola, and Celsus, are for Sea:*
But we keep whole by Land. This speed of *Cæsar's*
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in *Rome*
His power went out in such distractions,
As beguil'd all Spies.

Can. Who's his Lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one *Torus*.

Can. Well, I know the Man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor calls *Canidius*.

Can. With News the Time's in Labour, and throws forth
Each minute, some [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar with his Army, marching.

Cæs. Torus?

Tor. My Lord.

Cæs. Strike not by Land. Keep whole, provoke not Battel
'Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceed
The Prescript of this Scioul: Our Fortune lyes
Upon this jump. [*Exit.*

Enter Antony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond side o'th' Hill,
In Eye of *Cæsar's* Battel, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exit.*

*Canidius marching with his Land Army one way over the
Stage, and Torus the Lieutenant of Cæsar the other way:
after their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea-fight. Alarum.
Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.*

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer;
Thamoniad, the *Egyptian* Admiral,
With all their sixty flie, and turn the Rudder;
To see't, mine Eyes are blasted.

Enter

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods, and Goddesses, all the whole Synod of them!

Eno. What's thy Passion?

Scar. The greater Cattle of the World is lost
With very ignorance, we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and Provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the Token'd Pestilence,
Where Death is sure. Your ribauld Nag of *Egypt*,
Whom Leprosie o'er, i'th' very midst o'th' fight,
When Vantage like a pair of Twins appear'd
Both of the same, or rather ours the Elder;
The Breeze upon her, like a Cow in *June*,
Hoist Sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine Eyes did sicken at the fight, and could not
Indure a further view.

Scar. She once being loost;
The Noble ruin of her Magick, *Antony*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and like a doating Mallard,
Leaving the Fight in heighth, flies after her:
I never saw an Action of such shame;
Experience, Manhood, Honour ne'er before,
Did violate so it self.

Eno. Alack, alack.

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our General
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well;
Oh he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly by his own

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight indeed.

Can. Toward *Peloponnesus* are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easie to'r.

And there I will attend what further comes.

Can. To *Cesar* will I render
My Legions and my Horse, six Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow

The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my reason
Sets in the Wind against me.

Enter Antony with Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the Land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the World, that I
Have lost my way for ever. I have a Ship
Laden with Gold, take that, divide it; flee,
And make your peace with *Cesar*.

Omnes. Fly! Not we.

Ant. I have fled my self, and have instructed Cowards
To run, and shew their Shoulders. Friends, be gone,
I have my self resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it—Oh,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon,
My very Hairs do mutiny: for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear, and doating. Friends, be gone, you shall
Have Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you look not sad:
Nor make replies of lothness, take the hint
Which my despair proclaims. Let them be left
Which leave themselves. To the Sea-side straight-way:
I will possess you of that Ship and Treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now—
Nay, do so: for indeed I have lost command,
Therefore, I pray you—I'll see you by and by. [*Sits down*]

Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Eros.

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear Queen:

Char. Do, why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down; Oh *Juno*!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, Sir?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam.

Iras. Madam, Oh good Empress.

Eros. Sir, Sir.

Ant. Yes, my Lord, yes; he at *Philippi* kept
His Sword e'en like a Dancer, while I strook
The lean and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended; he alone

Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of War; yet now——no matter——

Cleo. Ah stand by.

Eros. The Queen, my Lord, the Queen——

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speak to him,

He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me: Oh!

Eros. Most noble Sir, arise, the Queen approaches,
Her Head's declin'd, and Death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended Reputation;
A most unnoble swerving——

Eros. Sir, the Queen.

Ant. O whither hast thou led me, *Egypt*? see
How I convey my shame, out of thine Eyes,
By looking back, on what I have left behind
Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. Oh, my Lord, my Lord;
Forgive my fearful Sails, I little thought
You would have followed.

Ant. *Egypt*, thou knew'st too well,
My Heart was to thy Rudder ty'd by th' string,
And thou should'st towe me after. O'er my Spirit
The full Supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.

Cleo. Oh, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must

To the young Man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shift of lowness, who,
With half the bulk o'th' World play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conquerour, and that
My Sword, made weak by my Affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a Tear, I say, one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a Kiss,
Even this repays.
We sent our Schoolmaster, is he come back?
Love I am full of Lead; some Wine

Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. [Exit *Antony*.

S C E N E VII. *Cæsar's Camp.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thidias, with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from *Antony*.

Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his Schoolmaster,

An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poor a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Antony*:

I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morn-dew on the Myrtle Leaf
To his grand Sea.

Cæs. Be't so, declare thine Office,

Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Egypt*; which not granted
He lessens his Requests, and to thee sues
To let him breath between the Heav'ns and Earth
A private Man in *Athens*: this for him.

Next, *Cleopatra* does confess thy greatness:
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her Heirs,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.

Cæs. For *Antony*,

I have no Ears to his Request. The Queen,
Of Audience, nor Desire shall fail, so she
From *Egypt* drive her all-disgraced Friend,
Or take his Life there. This, if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee.

Cæs. Bring him through the Bands: [Exit *Ambassador*.
To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra*, [To *Thidias*.
And in our Name, when she requires, add more
From thine invention, offers. Women are not

In their best Fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er touch'd Nestal. Try thy cunning, *Thidias*,
Make thine own Edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a Law.

Thid. Caesar, I go.

Ces. Observe how *Antony* becomes his flaw,
And what thou thinkest his very Action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thid. Caesar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII. Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, *Enobarbus*?

Eno. Think, and dye.

Cleo. Is *Antony*, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. *Antony* only, that would make his will
Lord of his Reason, What though you fled,
From that great Face of War, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
The itch of his Affection should not then
Have nickt his Captainship, at such a point,
When half to half the World oppos'd, he being
The meer question. 'Tis a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying Flags,
And leave his Navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithee peace.

Enter Antony, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is this his Answer?

Amb. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. The Queen shall then have courtesie,
So she will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know't.

To the Boy *Caesar* send this grizled Head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim,
With Principalities.

Cleo. That Head, my Lord?

Ant. To him again, tell him he wears the Rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the World should note
Something particular; his Coyn, Ships, Legions,

May

May be a Coward's, whose Ministers would prevail
Under the service of a Child, as soon

As i' th' Command of *Cesar*. I dare him therefore

To lay his gay comparisons apart,

And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword,

Our selves alone; I'll write it, follow me. [*Exit Antony.*]

Eno. Yes, like enough: hye-battel'd *Cesar* will

Unstate his happiness, and be Stag'd to th' shew

Against a Swordsman. I see Mens judgments are

A parcel of their Fortunes, and things outward

Do draw the inward quality after them

To suffer all alike. That he should dream,

Knowing all measures, the full *Cesar* will

Answer his emptiness; *Cesar* thou hast subdu'd

His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A Messenger from *Cesar*.

Cleo. What, no more Ceremony? See my Women,

Against the blown Rose may they stop their Nose,

That kneel'd unto the Buds. Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square;

The Loyalty well held to Fools, does make

Our Faith meer Folly: yet he that can endure

To follow with Allegiance a fall'n Lord,

Do's conquer him that did his Master conquer,

And earns a place i' th' Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. *Cesar's* Will.

Thid. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but Friends; say boldly.

Thid. So haply are they Friends to *Antony*.

Eno. he needs as many, Sir, as *Cesar* has;

Or needs not us. If *Cesar* please, our Master

Will leap to be his Friend: For as you know,

Whose he is, we are, and that is *Cesar's*.

Thid. So. Thus then thou most renown'd, *Cesar* intreats

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st

Further than he is *Cesar*.

Cleo. Go on, right Royal.

Thid. He knows that you embrace not *Antony*

As you did love, but as you feared him.

Cleo.

Cleo. Oh!

[*Aside.*

Thid. The scars upon your Honour, therefore he
Do's pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows what is most right.
Mine Honour was not yielded, but conquer'd meerly.

Eno. To be sure of that, I will ask *Antony*.
Sir, Sir, thou art so leaky
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

[*Exit Eno.*

Thid. Shall I say to *Cesar*,
What you require of him: for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his Fortunes you should make a Staff
To lean upon. But it would warm his Spirits,
To hear from me you had left *Antony*,
And put your self under his Shrowd, the universal Landlord.

Cleo. What's your Name?

Thid. My Name is *Thidias*.

Cleo. Most kind Messenger;
Say to great *Cesar* this in disputation,
I kiss his conqu'ring Hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crown at's Feet, and there to kneel.
Tell him that from his all-obeying breath,
I hear the doom of *Egypt*.

Thid. 'Tis your noblest course:
Wisdom and Fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My Duty on your Hand.

Cleo. Your *Cesar's* Father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking Kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his Lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd Kisses.

Enter Antony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours! by *Jove* that thunders,

[*Seeing Thidias kiss her Hand.*

What art thou Fellow?

Thid. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest Man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd,

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant.

Ant. Approach there---ah you Kite! Now gods and devils!
 Authority melts from me of late. When I cry'd ho!
 Like Boys unto a muls, Kings would start forth,
 And cry your will. Have you no Ears?
 I am *Antony* yet. Take hence this Jack and whip him.

Enter a Servant.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a Lion's Whelp,
 Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and Stars!

Whip him: were twenty of the greatest tributaries
 That do acknowledge *Caesar*, should I find them
 So sawcy with the hand of she here, what's her Name.
 Since she was *Cleopatra*---Whip him, Fellows---
 'Till like a Boy you see him cringe his Face,
 And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Ibid. Mark *Antony*---

Ant. Tug him away; being whipt,
 Bring him again, the Jack of *Caesar's* shall
 Bear us an Errand to him. [*Exeunt with Thidias.*]
 You were half blasted e'er I knew you: Hal!
 Have I my Pillow left unprest in *Rome*,
 Forborn the getting of a lawful Race,
 And by a Jem of Women, to be abus'd
 By one that looks on Feeders?

Cleo. Good, my Lord---

Ant. You have been a Boggler ever,
 But when we in our Viciousness grew hard,
 Oh misery on't, the wise gods seal our Eyes
 In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
 Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
 To our confusion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a Morfel, cold upon
 Dead *Caesar's* Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
 Of *Cneius Pompey's*, besides what hotter hours
 Unregistred in vulgar Fame, you have
 Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,
 Though you can guess what Temperance should be,
 You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,

And say, God quit you, be familiar with
 My Play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seal,
 And plighter of high Hearts!— O that I were
 Upon the Hill of *Bafan*, to out-roar
 The horned Herd, for I have Savage cause.
 And to proclaim it civilly, were like
 A halter'd Neck, which does the Hangman thank
 For being yare about him. Is he whip'd?

Enter a Servant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord,

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a pardon?

Ser. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy Father live, let him repent
 Thou wast not made his Daughter; and be thou sorry
 To follow *Cesar* in his triumph, since
 Thou hast been whipp'd, for following him. Henceforth
 The white Hand of a Lady Feaver thee,
 Shake to look on't. Go get thee back to *Cesar*,
 Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say,
 He make me angry with him. For he seems
 Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
 Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
 And at this time most easie 'tis to do't:
 When my good Stars, that were my former guides
 Have empty left their Orbs, and shot their Fires,
 Into the Abism of Hell. If he mislike
 My Speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enfranchised Bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like to quit me. Urge it thou:
 Hence with thy stripes, be gone. [*Exit Thid.*

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our Terrene Moon is now Eclips'd,
 And it portends alone the fall of *Antony*.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter *Cesar*, would you mingle Eyes
 With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, Dear, if I be so,
 From my cold Heart, let Heav'n ingender Hail,

And poison it in the source, and the first Stone
Drop in my Neck; as it determines, fo
Dissolve my Life; the next *Casario* smite,
'Till by degrees the memory of my Womb,
Together with my brave *Egyptians* all,
By the discattering of this pelleted storm,
Lie Graveless, 'till the Flies and Gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey.

Ant. I am satisfied:

Cesar sets down in *Alexandria*, where
I will oppose his Fate. Our Force by Land,
Half nobly held, and sever'd Navy too
Have knit again, and Float, threatening most Sea-like.
Where hast thou been my Heart? dost thou hear, Lady?
If from the Field I shall return once more
To kiss these Lips, I will appear in Blood,
I, and my Sword, will earn my Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave Lord.

Ant. I will be treble-finewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, Men did ransom Lives
Of me for Jest; but now, I'll set my Teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gawdy Night: Call to me
All my sad Captains, fill our Bowls; once more
Let's mock the Midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'have held it poor. But since my Lord
Is *Antony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble Captains to my Lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them, and to Night I'll force
The Wine peep through their Scars. Come on, my Queen
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight
I'll make Death love me: for I will contend
Even with his Pestilent Scythe.

[*Exeunt.*]

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the Lightning, to be furious
Is to be frightened out of fear, and in that mood
The Dove will peck the Estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our Captain's Brain

Restores his Heart; when Valour preys on Reason,
It eats the Swords it fights with: I will seek
Some way to leave him.

[Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE Caesar's Camp.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Mecænas with his Army.
Caesar reading a Letter.

Cæs. **H**E calls me Boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt. My Messenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to Personal Combat.
Caesar to Antony. Let the old Ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die: mean time
Laugh at this Challenge.

Mec. Caesar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for it self.

Cæs. Let our best Heads know,
That to Morrow, the last of Battels
We mean to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And feast the Army, we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Alexandria.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras,
Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No?

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better Fortune,
He is twenty Men to one.

Ant. To morrow, Soldier,
By Sea and Land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying Honour in the Blood,
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well.

Eno. I'll strike, and cry, take all.

Ant. Well said, come on:

Call forth my Household Servants, let's to Night.

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our Meal. Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest, so hast thou,
And thou, and thou, and thou: you have serv'd me well,
And Kings have been your Fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the Mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too:

I wish I could be made for many Men,
And all of you clapt up together, in
An *Antony*: that I might do you Service,
So good as you have done.

Omnēs. The Gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good Fellows, wait on me to Night;
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And suffered my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to Night;

May be it is the period of your duty,
Haply you shall not see me more, or if,
A mangled shadow. Perchance to-morrow,
You'll serve another Master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest Friends,
I turn you not away, but like a Master
Married to your good Service, stay till Death:
Tend me to Night two Hours, I ask no more,
And the Gods yield you for't.

Eno. What mean you, Sir,

To give them this discomfort? Look, you weep,
And I, an *Ass*, am Onion-ey'd; for shame,
Transform us not to Women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho:

Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus,
Grace grow where those drops fall, my hearty Friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense;

For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burn this Night with Torches: know, my Hearts,
I hope well of to morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious Life,
Than Death, and Honour. Let's to Supper, come,
And drown consideration.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good Night: to morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way; Fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the Streets.

1 *Sold.* Nothing: what News?

2 *Sold.* Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good Night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, Sir, good Night.

[*They meet with other Soldiers,*

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful Watch.

1 *Sold.* And you: Good Night, good Night.

[*They place themselves in every corner of the Stage.*

2 *Sold.* Here we; and if to morrow

Our Navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our Landmen will stand up.

1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave Army, and full of purpose.

[*Musick of the Hoboyes is under the Stage,*

2 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?

1 *Sold.* Lift, lift!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Musick i'th' Air.

3 *Sold.* Under the Earth.

It sings well, do's it not?

2 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace I say: what should this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god *Hercules*, who loved *Antony*,

Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk, let's see if other Watchmen

Do hear what we do?

2 *Sold.* How now, Masters?

[*Speak together.*

Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?

1 *Sold.* Is't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, Masters? Do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter,

Let's see how it will give off.

Omnes. Content: 'tis strange.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. Eros, mine Armor, Eros.

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my Chuck: Eros, come, mine Armour, Eros.

Enter Eros.

Come, my good Fellow, put thine Iron on,
If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
Because we brave her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too, Antony.

What's this for? Ah, let be, let be, thou art
The Armorer of my Heart; False, false; This, this,
Sooth-law I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now.

See'st thou, my good Fellow. Go put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, 'till we do please
To do't for our repose, shall hear a Storm.
Thou fumblest *Erros*, and my Queen's a Squire
More tight at this; Dispatch. O Love,
That thou could'st see my Wars to day, and knew'st
The Royal Occupation, thou should'st see
A Workman in't.

Enter an Armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, Sir,

Early thought'st be, have on their Rivetted trim,
And at the Port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Cap. The Morn is fair; good morrow General.

All. Good morrow, General.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, Lad.

This morning like the Spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; Come give me that, what e'er becomes of me,
Fare thee well, Dame, what e'er becomes of me,
This is a Soldier's kiss: rebukeable,

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more Mechanick Compliment, I'll leave thee,
Now, like a Man of Steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close, I'll bring you to't: Adieu.

[*Exeunt.*

Char. Please you retire to your Chamber?

Cleo. Lead me:

He goes forth gallantly: that he and *Caesar* might
Determine this great War in single fight;

Then *Antony*—but now—Well on.

[*Exeunt.*

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony, and Eros.

Eros. The gods make this a happy day to *Antony*.

Ant. Would thou, and those thy Scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at Land.

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The Kings that have revolted, and the Soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Followed thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Eros. Who? one ever near thee. Call for *Enobarbus*,
He shall not hear thee, or from *Caesar's* Camp
Say, I am none of thine.

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir, he is with *Caesar*.

Eros. Sir, his Chests and Treasure he has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, *Eros*, send his Treasure after, do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him,
I will subscribe, gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a Masters. Oh my Fortunes have
Corrupted honest Men. Dispatch, *Eros*.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Cæsar's Camp,*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus, and Dolabella,

Cæs. Go forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is *Antony* be took alive;
Make it so known,

Ag. *Cæsar*, I shall.

Cas. The time of universal peace is near;
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd World
Shall bear the Olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Antony is come into the Field.

Cas. Go charge Agrippa,
Plant those that have revolted in the Van,
That Antony may seem to spend his Fury
Upon himself.

[*Exeunt.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar,
And leave his Master Antony. For this pains
Caesar hath hang'd him: Canidius and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust: I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse my self so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Caesar's.

Sold Enobarbus, Antony

Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with
His bounty over-plus. The Messenger
Came on my Guard, and at thy Tent is now
Unloading of his Mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, *Enobarbus,*

I tell you true: Best you safe't the bringer
Out of the Hoast, I must attend mine Office,
Or would have done't my self. Your Emperor
Continues still a *Jove.*

[*Exit.*]

Eno. I am alone the Villain of the Earth,
And feel I am so most. Oh Antony,
Thou Mine of Bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better Service, when my Turpitude
Thou dost so crown with Gold. This bows my Heart;
If swift Thought break it not, a swiftest mean
Shall out-strike Thought; but Thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—No, I will go seek
Some Ditch, where I may die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of Life.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV. *Before the Walls of Alexandria.*

Alarums. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd our selves too far:
Cesar himself has work, and our oppression
 Exceeds what we expected. [Exit.

Alarums. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

Scar. O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed,
 Had we done so at first, we had drov'n them home:
 With Clouts about their Head. [Fair off.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
 But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into Bench-holes, I have yet
 Rome for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, Sir, and our advantage serves
 For a fair Victory.

Scar. Let us score their Backs,
 And snatch 'em up, as we take Harts behind,
 'Tis sport to maul a Runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
 Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
 For thy good Valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll hilt after. [Exeunt.

Alarums. Enter Antony again in a march, Scarus, with others.

Ant. We have beat him to his Camp; run one before.
 And let the Queen know of our Guests; to morrow
 Before the Sun shall set, we'll spill the Blood
 That has to day escap'd. I thank you all,
 For doughty handed are you, and have fought
 Not as you serv'd the Cause, but as't had been
 Each Man's like mine; you have shewn all *Hectors*.
 Enter the City, clip your Wives, your Friends,
 Tell them your Feats, whilst they wish joyful Tears

Wash

Wash the congelment from your Wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. Give me thy Hand. [To Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra.

To this great Faiery, I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o'th' World,
Chain mine arm'd Neck, leap thou, Attire and all
Through proof of Harness to my Heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing

Cleo. Lord of Lords,

Oh infinite Virtue, com'ſt thou smiling from
The World's great Snare uncaught.

Ant. My Nightingale,

We have beat them to their Beds. What, Girl, though gray
Do something mingle with our younger brow, yet ha've
A brain that nourishes our Nerves, and can
Get gale for gale of Youth. Behold this Man,
Commend unto his Lips thy favouring Hand,
Kiss it my Warrior: He hath fought to day,
As if a God in hate of Mankind, had
Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, Friend,

An Armour all of God; it was a King's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it Carbunkled
Like holy *Phabus* Car. Give me thy Hand,
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly march,
Bear our hackt Targets, like the Men that owe them,
Had our great Palace the capacity
To camp this Hoast, we all would sup together,
And drink Carowles to the next Day's Fate
Which promises Royal Peril. Trumpeters
With brazen din blast you the Cities Ear.
Make mingle with our rattling Tabourines,
That Heav'n and Earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [Exeunt,

S C E N E V. Cæsar's Camp.

Enter a Century, and his Company, Enobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to th'Court of Guard; the Night
Is shiny, and they say, we shall embattel

By th' second Hour i'th' Morn.

1 *Watch*. This last day was a shrewd one to's.

Eno. Oh bear me witness Night.

2 *Watch*. What Man is this?

1 *Watch*. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed Moon,
When Men revolted shall upon Record
Bear hateful memory; poor *Enobarbus* did
Before thy Face repent.

Cent. *Enobarbus*?

3 *Watch*. Peace; hark further.

Eno. Oh Sovereign Mistress of true Melancholy,
The poisonous damp of Night dispunge upon me,
That Life, a very Rebel to my Will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my Heart
Against the flint and hardness of my Fault,
Which being dried with Grief, will break to Powder,
And finish all foul Thoughts. Oh *Antony*,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular,
But let the World rank me in Register
A Master-leaver, and a Fugitive:
Oh *Antony*! Oh *Antony*!

[*Dies*.

1 *Watch*. Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern *Caesar*.

2 *Watch*. Let's do so, but he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather, for so bad a Prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

1 *Watch*. Go we to him.

2 *Watch*. Awake, Sir, awake, speak to us.

1 *Watch*. Hear you, Sir?

Cent. The Hand of death hath caught him.

[*Drums afar off*.

Hark how the Drums demurely wake the Sleepers:
Let us bear him to th' Court of Guard; he is of note.
Our Hour is fully out:

2 *Watch*. Come on then, he may recover yet. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE

S C E N E VI. *Between the two Camps.**Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their Army.*

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We please them not by Land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i'th' Fire, or in the Air,
We'd fight there too. But this it is, our Foot
Upon the Hills adjoining to the City
Shall stay with us. Order for Sea is given,
They have put forth the Haven: Further on,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter Cæsar, and his Army.*

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by Land,
Which as I take't we shall; for his best force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,
And hold our best Advantage.

[*Exeunt.*][*Alarums afar off, as at a Sea-fight.*]*Enter Antony, and Scarus.*

Cæs. Yet they are not join'd:
Where yond Pine stands, I shall discover all.
I'll bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go.

[*Exit.*]

Scar. Swallows have built
In *Cleopatra's* Sails their Nests. The Auguries
Say, they know not—they cannot tell—look grimly,
And dare not speak their Knowledge. *Antony*
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts,
His fretted Fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Exit.*]S C E N E VII. *Alexandria.**Enter Antony.*

Ant. All is lost!
This foul *Egyptian* hath betray'd me!
My Fleet hath yielded to the Foe, and yonder,
They cast their Caps up, and Carouse together
Like Friends long lost. Triple-turn'd Whore! 'tis thou

Hast

Hast sold me to this Novice, and my Heart
 Makes only Wars on thee. Bid them all fly:
 For when I am reveng'd upon my Charm,
 I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone.
 Oh Sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
 Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here
 Do we shake Hands—All come to this!—The Hearts
 That pannelled me at Heals, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do dis-candy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming *Cesar*: And this Pine is bark'd,
 That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am.
 Oh this false Soul of *Egypt*! this grave Charm,
 Whose Eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home:
 Whose Bosom was my Crowner, my chief end,
 Like a right Gipsie, hath at fast and loose
 Beguil'd me, to the very Heart of loss.
 What *Eros*, *Eros*!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Avant.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish *Cesar's* Triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to th' shouting *Plebbians*;
 Follow his Chariot, like the greatest Spot
 Of all thy Sex. Most Monster like be shewn
 For poor'st Diminutives, for Dolts; and let
 Patient *Octavia* plough thy Visage up
 With her prepared Nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone,

[*Exit Cleopatra.*

If it be well to live. But better 'twere
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
 Might have prevented many. *Eros*, ho!
 The shirt of *Nessus* is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage:
 Let me lodge *Licas* on the horns o' th' Moon,
 And with those hands that graspt the heaviest Club,
 Subdue my worthiest self. The Witch shall die;
 To the young *Roman* Boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under his Plot: She dies for't. *Eros*, ho!

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my Women! Oh he is more mad
Than *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boar of *Thessaly*
Was never so imboast.

Char. To th' Monument, there lock your self,
And send him Word you are dead:
The Soul and Body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To th' Monument;
Mardian, go tell him I have slain my self,
Say, that the last I spoke was *Antony*,
And word it, prithee, pitiously. Hence, *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death to th' Monument.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII. Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. *Eros*, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a Cloud that's Dragonish,
A Vapour sometime, like a Bear, or Lion,
A tower'd Cittadel, a pendant Rock,
A forked Mountain, or blue Promontory
With Trees upon't, that nod unto the World,
And mock our Eyes with Air. Thou hast seen these signs,
They are black Vesper's Pageants.

Eros. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. That which is now a Horse, even with a Thought
The Rack dissim's, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It do's, my Lord.

Ant. My good Knave, *Eros*, now thy Captain is
Even such a Body; here I am *Antony*,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my Knave
I made these wars for *Egypt*, and the Queen,
Whose Heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which whilst it was mine, had annex't unto't
A Million more, now lost; she, *Eros*, has
Packt Cards with *Cesar*, and false plaid my Glory
Unto an Enemy's Triumph.

Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Our selves to end our selves. Oh the vile Lady!

Enter Mardian.

She has robb'd me of my Sword.

Mar. No, *Antony*,

My Mistress lov'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ans. Hence, frowny Eunuch, peace, she hath betray'd me,
And she shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one Person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou would'st do
Is done unto thy Hand; the last she spake

Was *Antony*! most noble *Antony*!

Then in the midst a tearing Groan did break
The Name of *Antony*; it was divided
Between her Heart and Lips; she rendred Life
Thy Name so buried in her.

Ans. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ans. Unarm me, *Eros*, the long Day's task is done,
And we must sleep; that thou depart'st hence safe
Does pay thy labour richly; go. Oh, pluck of,

[*Exit Mardian.*

The seven-fold shield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my Heart. Oh cleave my sides.
Heart, once be stronger than thy Continent, [*Unarming himself.*
Crack thy frail Case: Apace, *Eros*, apace,
No more a Soldier—bruised pieces go,
You have been robly born; from me a while. [*Exit Eros.*
I will o'er-take thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is Torture; since the Torch is out,
Lye down and stray no further. Now all labour
Marrs what it does, yea, very force entangles
It self with strength; seal then and all is done.
Eros!—I come, my Queen—*Eros*! Stay for me,
Where Souls do coach on Flowers, we'll Hand in Hand,
And with our spightly Port make the Ghosts gaze;
Dido, and her *Aeneas* shall want Troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, *Eros*, *Eros*!

Enter

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,

I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my Sword,
 Quarter'd the World, and o'er green *Neptune's* Back
 With Ships, made Cities, condemn my self, to lack
 The Courage of a Woman; less noble minded,
 Than she which, by her death, our *Cesar* tells,
 I am Conqueror of my self. Thou art sworn *Eros*,
 That when the exigent should come, which now
 Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
 Th' inevitable Prosecution of disgrace
 And horror, that on my command, thou then
 Wouldst kill me. Do't, the time is come:
 Thou strik'st not me, 'till *Cesar* thou defeat'st.
 Put colour in my Cheek.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me,
 Shall I do that which all the *Parthian* Darts,
 Though Enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,

Wouldst thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and see
 Thy Master thus with pleacht Arms, bending down
 His corrigible Neck, his Face subdu'd
 To penetrative shame: whilst the wheel'd seat
 Of fortunate *Cesar* drawn before him, branded
 His baseness that ensued.

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
 Draw that thy honest Sword which thou hast worn
 Most useful for thy Country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
 To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
 Or thy precedent Services are all
 But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble count nance,
 Wherein the worship of the whole World lies.

Ant. Lo thee.

[Turning from him.

Eros. My Sword is drawn.

Ant.

Ant. Then let it do at once.

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear Master,

My Captain, and my Emperor. Let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, Man, and farewell.

Eros. Farewel, great Chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, *Eros*.

Eros. Why there then——

[*Eros kills himself.*]

Thus I do escape the sorrow of *Antony's* death.

Ant. Thrice nobler than my self,

Thou teachest me, oh valiant *Eros*, what

I should, and thou could'st not; my Queen and *Eros*

Have by their brave Instruction got upon me

A nobleness in Record. But I will be

A Bridegroom in my death, and run into't

As to a Lover's Bed. Come then, and *Eros*,

Thy Master dies thy Scholar; to do thus [*Falling on his Sword.*]

I learnt of thee. How, not dead? not dead?——

The Guard——how!——oh dispatch me.

Enter Decretas and Guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, Friends:

O make an end of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The Star is falln.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his Period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Not I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one.

[*Exeunt.*]

Dec. Thy death and fortunes bid thy Followers fly.

This Sword but shewn to *Cesar* with this tidings,

Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Antony*?

Dec. There, *Diomed*, there.

Dio. Lives he? wilt thou not answer, Man?

Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed*? Draw thy Sword, and
give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute Lord,
My Mistress *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my Lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lockt in her Monument. She had a prophesying Fear
Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw,
Which never shall be found, you did suspect
She had dispos'd with *Cesar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead:
But fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good *Diomed*; call my Guard I prethee.

Dio. What ho! the Emperor's Guard.
The Guard, what ho! Come, your Lord calls.

Enter the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good Friends, where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

Guard. Woe! woe are we, Sir! you may not live to wear
All your true Followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my Fellows, do not please sharp Fate
To grace it with your Sorrows. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you off, carry me now, good Friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt bearing Antony.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *A magnificent Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras, above.

Cleo. O H *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible Events are welcome,
But Comforts we despise; our size of sorrow

Proper-

Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now ? Is he dead ?

Dis. His Death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o'th' other side your Monument,
His Guard have brought him hither.

Enter Antony, born by the Guard.

Cleo. O Sun,
Burn the great Sphere thou mov'st in, darkling stand
The varying Shore o'th' World. O *Antony!* *Antony!* *Antony!*
Help *Charmian*, help *Iras*, help ; help, Friends,
Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace,

Not *Cesar's* Valour hath o'er-thrown *Antony*,
But *Antony* hath triumpht on himself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but *Antony*
Should conquer *Antony*, but woe 'tis so.

Ant. I am dying, *Egypt*, dying ; only
I here importune Death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy Lips.

Cleo. I dare not, Dear,
Dear my Lord, pardon ; I dare not,
Lest I be taken ; not th'imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cesar*, ever shall
Be brooch'd with me ; if Knife, Drugs, Serpents have,
Edge, Sting, or Operation, I am safe :
Your Wife *Octavia*, with her modest Eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour,
Demuring upon me. But, come, come, *Antony*,
Help me, my Women, we must draw thee up—
Assist, good Friends.

Ant. Oh quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed ; how heavy weighs my Lord !
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno's* Power,
The strong wing'd *Mercury* should fetch thee up,
And set thee by *Jove's* side. Yet come a little,
Wishers were ever Fools. Oh come, come, come—

[*They draw Antony up to Cleopatra.*

And welcome, welcome. Die when thou hast liv'd,
 Quicken with kissing; had my Lips that power,
 Thus would I wear them out.

All. Oh heavy fight!

Ant. I am dying, *Egypt*, dying.
 Give me some Wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
 That the false Huswife, Fortune, break her Wheel,
 Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet Queen.

Of *Cesar* seek your honour, with your safety---Oh——

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me,

None about *Cesar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My Resolution, and my Hands, I'll trust,
 None about *Cesar*.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
 Lament nor sorrow at: But please your Thoughts
 In feeding them with those my former Fortunes,
 Wherein I liv'd. The greatest Prince o'th' World,
 The noblest once; and do now not basely die,
 Nor Cowardly, put off my Helmet to
 My Countryman. A *Roman*, by a *Roman*
 Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going,
 I can no more——

[*Antony Dies.*]

Cleo. Noblest of Men——woo't die?
 Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
 In this dull world, which in thy absence is
 No better than a Stye? O see, my Women!
 The Crown o'th' Earth doth melt---My Lord!---
 Oh wither'd is the Garland of the War,
 The Soldiers Pole is fall'n: Young Boys and Girls
 Are level now with Men; the odds is gone,
 And there is nothing left remarkable,
 Beneath the visiting Moon.

[*She faints.*]

Char. Oh quietness, Lady:

Iras. She's dead too, our Sovereign.

Char. Lady.

Iras. Madam.

Char. Oh Madam; Madam, Madam——

Iras. Royal *Egypt*! *Empress*!

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more but a meer Woman, and commanded
By such poor passion, as the Maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my Scepter at the injurious Gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stoln our Jewel. All's but nought:
Patience is sottish, and Impatience does
Become a Dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret House of death:
Ever death dare come to us? How do you, Women?
What, what good cheer? why how now, *Charmian*?
My noble Girls?—Ah, women, women! Look,
Our Lamp is spent, it's out——Good Sirs, take Heart,
We'll bury him: And then what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do't after the high *Roman* fashion,
And make Death proud to take us. Come, away,
This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.
Ah, Women, Women! Come, we have no Friend,
But Resolution, and the briefest End.

[*Exeunt, bearing off Antony's Body,*

SCENE VII. *Cæsar's Camp.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, and Metas.

Cæs. Go to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield,
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mocks the pawfes that he makes.

Dol. Cæs. I shall.

Enter Decretas with the Sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

Dec. I am called *Decretas*,

Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd; whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my Master, and I wore my Life
To spend upon his Haters. If thou please
To take me to thee; as I was to him,
I'll be to *Cæsar*: If thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my Life.

Cæs. What is't thou sayest ?

Dec. I say, Oh *Cæsar*, *Antony* is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing, should make
A greater Crack: The round World
Should have shook Lions into civil Streets,
And Citizens to their Dens. The Death of *Antony*
Is not a single Doom, in the name lay
A moiety of the World.

Dec. He is dead, *Cæsar*,
Not by a publick Minister of Justice,
Nor by a hired Knife: but that self-hand
Which writ his honour in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the Heart did lend it
Splitted the Heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his wound of it: Behold is stain'd
With his most noble Blood.

Cæs. Look you, sad Friends,
The Gods rebuke me, but it is a Tiding
To wash the Eyes of Kings.

Del. And strange it is,
The Nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted Deeds.

Men. His taints and honours weigh'd equal in him.

Del. A rarer Spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you Gods will give us
Some faults to make us Men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.

Men. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O *Antony*!
I have followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining Day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together,
In the whole World. But yet let me lament
With tears as Sovereign as the Blood of Hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all design, my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of War,
The Arm of mine own Body, and the Heart
Where mine his Thoughts did kindle; that our Stars
Unreconcilable, should divide our equalness to this.

Hear me, good Friends,
But I will tell you at some meeter Season——
The business of this Man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

Enter an Egyptian.

Egypt. A poor *Egyptian* yet, the Queen my Mistress.
Confin'd in all she has, her Monument,
Of thy intents, desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her self
To th' way she's forc'd to.

Ces. Bid her have good Heart,
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindly we
Determine for her. For *Cesar* cannot leave to be ungentle.

Egypt. The Gods preserve thee. [Exit.]

Ces. Come hither *Proculeius*, go and say
We purpose her no shame; give her what comforts
The quality of her Passion shall require;
Lest in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: For her life in *Rome*
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. *Cesar*, I shall. [Exit Proculeius.]

Ces. *Gallus*, go you along; where's *Dolabella*, to second
Proculeius?

All. *Dolabella*.

Ces. Let him alone; for I remember now
How he's employ'd: He shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this War,
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VIII. *The Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, and Seleucus.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better Life; 'tis paltry to be *Cesar*:
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's Knave;

A Minister of her will; and it is great,
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents; and bolts up change,
Which sleeps, and never pallats more the dung,
The beggar's Nurse, and *Cesar's*.

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. *Cesar* sends greeting to the Queen of *Egypt*,
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. *Antony*

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd
That have no use for trusting. If your Master
Would have a Queen his Beggar, you must tell him
That Majesty, to keep *decorum*, must
No less beg than a Kingdom: If he please
To give me conquer'd *Egypt* for my Son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer:

You're falln into a princely Hand, fear nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A Conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for Grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Look him i'th' Face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear Lady,
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Char. You see how easily she may be surpris'd:
Guard her 'till *Cesar* come.

Iras. Royal Queen.

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queen.

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

Pro. Hold, worthy Lady, hold:

Do not your self such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What of Death too that rids our Dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra, do not abuse my Master's bounty, by
Th' undoing of your self: Let the World see
His Nobleness well acted, which your Death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death?

Come hither, come: Oh! Come, and take the Queen
Worth many Babes and Beggars.

Pro. Oh temperance, Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir:
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do *Cesar* what he can. Know, Sir, that I
Will not wait pinnion'd at your Master's Court,
Not once to be chastis'd with the sober Eye
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoist me up,
And shew me to the shouting Varlotry
Of censuring *Rome*? rather a ditch in *Egypt*,
But gentle, Grave, unto me: rather on *Nilus* mud
Lay me stark-nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring: rather make
My Country's high *Pyramides* my Gibbet,
And hang me up in Chains.

Pro. You do extend

These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in *Cesar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculcius,

What thou hast done, my Master *Cesar* knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the Queen,
I'll take her to my Guard.

Pro. So, *Dolabella,*

It shall content me best; be gentle to her:
To *Cesar* I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

[*Exit Proculcius.*

Cleo. Say, I would die.

Dol. Most Noble Empress, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known:
You laugh when Boys or Women tell their Dreams,
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, Madam.

Cleo. I Dreamt there was an Emperor *Antony*;
Oh such another Sleep, that I might see
But such another Man.

Dol. If it might please ye——

Cleo. His Face was as the Heav'ns, and therein stuck
A Sun and Moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little o'th' Earth.

Dol. Most Sovereign Creature——

Cleo. His Legs bestrid the Ocean, his rear'd Arm
Crested the World: his Voice was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:
But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orb,
He was as rattling Thunder: For his bounty,
Therere was no Winter in't. An *Antony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were Dolphin-like, they shew'd his back above
The Element they liv'd in; In his Livery
Walk'd Crowns and Crownets: Realms and Islands
As Plates dropt from his Pocket.

Dol. *Cleopatra*——

Cleo. Think you therewas, or might be such a Man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lie up to the hearing of the gods;
But if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vy strange forms with Fancy, yet t' imagine
An *Antony* were Nature's piece, 'gainst Fancy,
Condemning Shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam:

Your loss is as your self, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'er-take pursu'd Success, but I do feel
By the rebound of yours, a grief that suits
My very Heart at Root.

Cleo. I thank you, Sir,
Know you what *Caesar* means to do with me?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what, I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.

Dol. Though he be honourable.

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph.

Dol. Madam, he will, I know't.

Enter Caesar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius and Attendants.

All. Make way there———*Caesar.*

Cas. Which is the Queen of *Ægypt*?

Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam.

[*Cleo. kneels.*

Cas. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you rise, rise, *Ægypt.*

Cleo. Sir, the gods will have it thus,
My Master and my Lord I must obey.

Cas. Take to you no hard thoughts,
The Record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our Flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' World,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear, but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties; which before
Have often sham'd our Sex.

Cas. *Cleopatra*, know,
We will extenuate rather than inforce:
If you apply your self to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this change, but if you seek
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave your self
Of my good purposes, and put your Children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may through all the World: 'tis yours, and we
Your Scutcheons, and your signs of Conquest shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good Lord.

Cas. You shall advise me in all for *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. This is the brief: of Mony, Plate, and Jewels
I am possess of, 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. Where's *Solanus*?

Sel. Here Madam.

Cleo. This is my Treasurer, let him speak, my Lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To my self nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus*.

Sel. Madam, I had rather seal my Lips,
Than to my peril speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cas. Nay, blush not *Cleopatra*, I approve
Your Wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See *Cesar*! Oh behold,
How pomp is followed: mine will now be yours,
And should we shift Estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this *Seleucus*, do's
Even make me wild. Oh Slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd. What goest thou back, thou shalt
Go back I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine Eyes
Though they had Wings. Slave, Soul-less, Villain, Dog,
O rarely base!

Cas. Good Queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O *Cesar*, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the Honour of thy Lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own Servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces, by
Addition of his Envy! Say, good *Cesar*,
That I some Lady-trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such Dignity
As we greet modern Friends withal, and say
Some Nobler Token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
Their mediation, must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? the gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Prethee go hence,
Or I shall shew the Cynders of my Spirits
Through th'ashes of my chance: Wert thou a Man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cas. Forbear, *Seleucus*.

Cleo. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought
For things that others do; and when we fall,
We answer others merits, in our Names

Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put me i'th' Roll of Conquest, still be't yours;
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe
Cæsar's no Merchant to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your Thoughts your Prisons: No, dear Queen,
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Your self shall give us counsel: Feed, and Sleep.
Our Care and Pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your Friend, and so adieu,

Cleo. My Master, and my Lord.

Cæs. Not so: Adieu. *[Exeunt Cæsar, and his Train.]*

Cleo. He words me, Girls, he words me,
That I should not be noble to my self.
But hark thee, *Charmian,*

Iras. Finish, good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again,
I have spok'e already, and it is provided,
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where's the Queen?

Char. Behold, Sir.

Cleo. Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn, by your command,
Which my Love makes Religion to obey,
I tell you this: *Cæsar* through *Syria*
Intends his Journey, and within three days,
You with your Children will he send before,
Make your best use of this. I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella, I shall remain your Debtor.

Dol. I your Servant.

Adieu, good Queen, I must attend on *Cæsar*. *[Exit.]*

Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, *Iras*, what think'st thou?
Thou, an *Egyptian* Puppet, shalt be shewn
In *Rome* as well as I: Mechanick Slaves
With greasie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers, shall

Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of gross Diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid.

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*: sawcy Lictors
Will catch at us like Strumpets, and scall'd Rhimers
Ballad us out a tune. The quick Comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our *Alexandrian Revels*: *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some speaking *Cleopatra* Boy my greatness
I'th' posture of a Whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see't; for I am sure my Nails
Are stronger than mine Eyes.

Cleo. Why that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents. Now *Charmian*,
Enter Charmian.

Shew me my Women like a Queen: Go fetch
My best Attires. I am again for *Cidrus*
To meet *Mark Antony*. Sirrah *Iras*, go,
Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll dispatch indeed,
And when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play 'till Doom's-day: bring our Crown, and all
[*A Noise within.*

Wherefore this noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guards. Here is a rural Fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highness presence,
He brings you Figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an Instrument
[*Exit Guardsman.*

May do a noble deed; he brings me Liberty.
My Resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of Woman in me, now from Head to Foot
I am Marble constant: now the fleeting Moon
No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman and Clown, with a Basket.

Guards. This is the Man.

Cleo. Avoid and leave him. [Exit Guardsman.]
 Hast thou the pretty Worm of Nilus there,
 That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party
 that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is
 immortal: those that do die of it, do seldom or never re-
 cover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many Men and Women too. I heard of
 one of them no longer than yesterday, a very honest Wo-
 man, but something given to lie, as a Woman should not
 do, but in the way of honesty. How she dy'd of the biting
 of it, what pain she felt; truly, she makes a very good re-
 port o'th' Worm: but he that will believe all that they say,
 shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most
 fallible, the Worm's an odd Worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the Worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the Worm
 will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewell.

Clown. Look you, the Worm is not to be trusted, but
 in the keeping of wise People: for indeed there is no good-
 ness in the Worm.

Cleo. Take no care, it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing I pray you, for it is
 not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know
 the Devil himself will not eat a Woman: I know, that a
 Woman is a dish for the gods, if the Devil dress her not.
 But truly, these same whore-son Devils do the gods great
 harm in their Women: for in every ten that they make,
 the Devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clown. Yes forsooth, I wish you joy o'th' Worm. [Exit.]

Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crown, I have
 Immortal longings in me. Now no more
 The juice of Egypt's Grape shall moist his Lip.
 Yare, yare, good *Iras*, quick—methinks I hear

Antony calls, I see him rowse himself
 To praise my noble Act. I hear him mock
 The luck of *Cesar*, which the Gods give Men
 To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come;
 Now to that Name, my Courage prove my Title:
 I am Fire, and Air; my other Elements
 I give to baser life. So——have you done?
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lips.
 Farewel kind *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewel. [*Applying the Asp.*
 Have I the Aspick in my Lips? Dost fall?
 If thou and Nature can so gently part,
 The stroke of Death is as a Lovers Pinch,
 Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still?
 If thus thou vanquishest, thou tell'st the World
 It is not worth leave taking.

Char. Dissolve thick Cloud and Rain, that I may say,
 The gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base——
 If she approves the curled *Antony*,
 He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
 Which is my Heav'n to have. Come thou mortal wretch,
 With thy sharp Teeth this knot intricate
 Of life at once untie: Poor venomous Fool,
 Be angry and dispatch. Oh couldst thou speak,
 That I might hear thee call great *Cesar* As, unpolicied.

Char. Oh Eastern Star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
 Dost thou not see my Baby at my Breast,
 That sucks the Nurse asleep.

Char. O break! O break!

Cleo. As sweet as Balm, as soft as Air, as gentle.
 O *Antony*! Nay I will take thee too.
 What should I stay——

[Dies.]

Char. In this wild World? so fare thee well:
 Now boast thee Death, in thy possession lyes
 A Last unparallel'd. Downy Windows close,
 And Golden *Phœbus* never be beheld
 Of Eyes again so Royal: your Crowns away.
 I'll mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guard rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where's the Queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* *Cæsar* hath sent —

[*Charmian and Iras apply the Asp.*

Char. Too slow a Messenger.

Oh come space, dispatch, I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach ho!

All's not well. *Cæsar's* beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's *Dolabella* sent from *Cæsar*; call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here, *Charmian*? Is this well done?

Char. Is't well done, and fitting for a Princess

Descended of so many Royal Kings.

Ah Soldiers! —

[*Charmian and Iras Die.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All Dead.

Dol. *Cæsar*, thy Thoughts

Touch their Effects in this; thy self art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded Act which thou

So sought'st to hinder.

Enter Cæsar and Attendants.

All. Make way there, make way for *Cæsar*.

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too sure an Augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and being Royal
Took her own way; the manner of their Deaths?
I do not see them Bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them

1 *Guard.* A simple Countryman, that brought her Figs:
This was his Basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 *Gent.* Oh *Cæsar*!

This *Charmian* liv'd but now, she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the Diadem,
On her dead Mistress, tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropt.

Cæsar. Oh noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd Poison, 'twould appear
By external Swelling; but she looks like sleep,

As she would catch another *Antony*
In her strong Toil of Grace.

Dol. Here on her Breast,

There is a vent of Blood, and something blown,
The like is on her Arm.

1 Guard. This is an Aspicks Trail,

And these Fig-leaves have slime upon them, such
As th' Aspicks leaves upon the Caves of *Nyle*.

Ces. Most probable

That so she died; for her Physician tells me
She hath pursu'd Conclusions infinite

Of easie ways to die. Take up her bed,

And bear her Women from the Monument,

She shall be buried by her *Antony*.

No Grave upon the Earth shall clip in it

A pair so Famous. High events as these

Strike those that make them; and their Story is

No less in Pity, than his Glory which

Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall,

In solemn shew, attend this Funeral,

And then to *Rome*: Come, *Dolabella*, see

High Order in this great Solemnity.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





7277

CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

Cymbeline, *King of Britain.*

Cloten, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*

Leonatus Posthumus, *A Gentleman in Love with the Princess, and privately Married to her.*

Guiderius, } *Disguis'd under the Names of Polidore and*
Arviragus, } *Cadwal, supposed Sons to Bellarius.*

Bellarius, *A Banish'd Lord, disguis'd under the Name of Morgan.*

Philario, *An Italian, Friend to Posthumus.*

Iachimo, *Friend to Philario.*

Caius Lucius, *Ambassador from Rome.*

Pisanio, *Servant to Posthumus.*

A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.

Cornelius, *A Doctor, Servant to the Queen.*

Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.

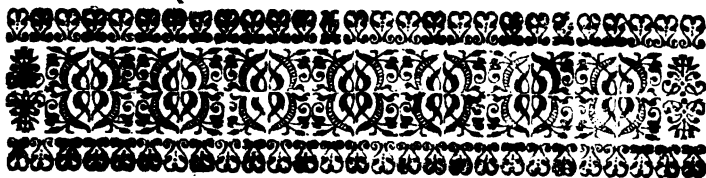
Imogen, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

Helen, *Woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Ghosts, a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *for some Part of the first, second, and third Acts, lyes in Rome; for the rest of the Play in Britain.*

C T M-



CYMBELINE.

ACT I SCENE I.

SCENE A Palace.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 GENTLEMAN.

YOU do not meet a Man but frowns: Our
Bloods

No more obey the Heav'ns than our Courtiers;
But seem, as do's the King's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His Daughter, and the Heir of's
Kingdom (whom

He purpos'd to his Wife's sole Son, a Widow
That late he married) hath refer'd her self
Unto a poor, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I think the King
Be touch'd at very Heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the King?

1 *Gent.* He that hath lost her too: so is the Queen;
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they wear their Faces to the bent
Of the King's looks, hath a Heart, that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the Princess, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: And he that hath her,
(I mean, that marry'd her, alack good Man,
And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,
As to seek through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within
Endows a Man, but him.

2 *Gent.* You speak him fair.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, Sir, within himself,
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His Measure fully.

2 *Gent.* What's his Name and Birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the Root: his Father
Was call'd *Sicillius*, who did join his Honour
Against the *Romans*, with *Cassibelan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He serv'd with Glory and admir'd Success;
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
And had, besides this Gentleman in question,
Two other Sons, who in the Wars o'th' time
Dy'd with their Swords in Hand. For which their Father,
Then old, and fond of Issue, took such Sorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady
Big of this Gentleman, our Theam, deceas'd,
As he was born. The King, he takes the Babe
To his Protection, calls him *Posthumus Leonatus*;
Breeds him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do Air, fast as 'twas ministr'd,
And in's Spring, became a Harvest: Liv'd in Court
Which rare it is to do, most prais'd, most lov'd,
A Sample to the youngest; to th' more Mature,
A Glass that featur'd them; and to the Graver,
A Child that guided Dotards. To his Mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd, her own Price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him; and his Virtue
By her Election may be truly read,
What kind of Man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him, even out of your report.
But pray you tell me, is the sole Child to th' King?

1 *Gent.* His only Child.

He had two Sons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldest of them, at three Years old,
I'th' swathing Cloaths the other, from their Nursery
Were stoll'n, and to this Hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty Years.

2 *Gent.* That a King's Children should be so convey'd!
So slackly Guarded, and the Search so slow
That could not trace them——

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the Negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the Gentleman,
The Queen, and Princess. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me, Daughter,
After the Slander of most Step-Mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: You're my Prisoner, but
Your Goaler shall deliver you the Keys
That lock up your Restraint. For you, *Posthumus*,
So soon as I can wirth' offended King,
I will be known your Advocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what Patience
Your Wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to Day.

Queen. You know the peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the Garden, pitying
The Pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O dissembling Courtesie! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest Husband,
I something fear my Father's Wrath, but nothing,
Always reserv'd my holy Duty, what

His Rage can do on me. You must be gone,
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry Eyes : Not comforted to live
 But that there is this Jewel in the World,
 That I may see again.

Post. My Queen ! my Mistress !
 O Lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more Tenderness
 Than doth become a Man. I will remain
 The loyal'st Husband, that did e'er plight Troth.
 My Residence in *Rome*, at one *Philario's*,
 Who to my Father was a Friend, to me
 Known but by Letter ; thither write, my Queen,
 And with mine Eyes, I'll drink the Words you send.
 Though Ink be made of Gall.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you ;
 If the King come, I shall incur, I know not
 How much of his Displeasure----yet I'll move him [*As'te.*
 To walk this way ; I never do him wrong,
 But he does buy my Injuries, to be Friends,
 Pays dear for my Offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave,
 As long a term as yet we have to live,
 The lothness to depart, would grow ; Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little :
 Were you but riding forth to Air your self,
 Such parting were too petty. Look here, Love,
 This Diamond was my Mother's ; take it, Heart,
 But keep it 'till you woo another Wife.
 When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how ? Another !
 You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
 And fear up my Embracements from a next,
 With Bonds of Death. Remain, remain thou here

[*Putting on the Ring.*
 While Sense can keep it on : And sweetest, fairest,
 As I, my poor self, did exchange for you
 To your so infinite loss : So in our Trifles
 I still win of you. For my sake wear this,
 It is a Manacle of Love, I'll place it

[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*

Upon this fairest Prisoner.

Imo. O the Gods!

When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the King!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid, hence, from my Sight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy Unworthiness, thou dy'st. Away!
Thou'rt Poison to my Blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,
And bless the good Remainers of the Court:
I am gone.

[*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my Youth, thou heap'st
A Year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not your self with your Vexation,
I am senseless of your Wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all Pangs, all Fears.

Cym. Past Grace? Obedience?

Imo. Past Hope, and in Despair, that way past Grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole Son of my Queen.

Imo. O blessed that I might not: I chose an Eagle,
And did avoid a Puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a Beggar, would'st have made my Throne
A Seat for Baseness.

Imo. No, I rather added a Lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd *Posthumus*:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A Man, worth any Woman; over-buys me
Almost the Sum he pays.

Cym. What? art thou Mad?

Imo. Almost, Sir; Heav'n Restore me: would I were
A Neat-herd's Daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepherd's Son.

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;
They were again together, you have done

Not after our Command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your Patience; Peace,
Dear Lady Daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign,
Leave us to our selves, and make your self some Comfort
Out of your best Advice.

Cym. Nay let her languish
A drop of Blood aday, and being aged
Die of this Folly.

[Exit.

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fie, you must give way:
Here is your Servant. How now, Sir? What News?

Pis. My Lord your Son, drew on my Master.

Queen. Hah!

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my Master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your Son's my Father's Friend, he takes his part
To draw upon an Exile; O brave Sir,
I would they were in *Africk* both together,
My self by with a Needle, that I might prick
The goer back: Why came you from your Master?

Pis. On his command; he would not suffer me
To bring him to the Haven: Lest these Notes
Of what Commands I should be subject to,
When't please you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful Servant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remain so,

Pis. I humbly thank your Highness.

Queen. Pray walk a while.

Imo. About some half Hour hence, pray you speak with
me;

You shall, at least, go see my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me.

[Exeunt,

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shirt; the Vic-
tence of Action hath made you reek us a Sacrifice: Where
Air

Air comes out, Air comes in: There's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it —
Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No faith: Not so much as his Patience.

1 Lord. Hurt him? His Body's a passable Carcase if he be not hurt. It is through-fare for Steel if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His Steel was in debt, it went o'th' Back-side the Town.

Clot. The Villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No, but he fled forward still, toward your Face.

1 Lord. Stand you? you have Land enough of your own: But he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many Inches, as you have Ocean's, Puppies!

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, 'till you had measur'd how long a Fool you were upon the Ground.

Clot. And that she should love this Fellow, and refuse me!

2 Lord. If it be a Sin to make a true Election, she is damn'd.

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her Beauty and her Brain go not together. She's a good Sign, but I have seen small reflection of her Wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon Fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clot. Come, I'll to my Chamber: would there had been some hurt done.

2 Lord. I wish not so, unless it had been the fall of an Ass, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew't unto the Shores o'th' Haven,
And questioned't every Sail: If he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a Paper lost
As offer'd Mercy is: What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was his Queen, his Queen.

Imo. Then waw'd his Handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senseless Linnen, happier therein than I:
And that was all?

Pis. No, Madam; for so long
And as he could make me with his Eyes, or Ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The Deck, with Glove, or Hat, or Handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fit and stirs of's mind
Could best express how slow his Soul sail'd on,
How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a Crow, or less, e'er left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine Eye-strings;
Crack'd them, but to look upon him; 'till the Diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharp as my Needle;
Nay, followed him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a Gnat, to air; and then
Have turn'd mine Eye, and wept. But, good *Pisanio*,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, Madam,
With his next Vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say; E'er I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain Hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
The She's of *Italy* should not betray
Mine Interest, and his Honor; or have charg'd him
At the sixth Hour of Morn, at Noon, at Midnight,
To encounter me with Oraisons, for then
I am in Heav'n for him; or e'er I could,
Give him that parting Kifs, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from growing,

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Desires your Highness Company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,
I will attend the Queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall,

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II. Rome.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a French Man.

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in *Britain*; he was then of a *Crescent*, none expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of *Admiration*, though the *Catalogue* of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by *Items*.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in *France*; we had very many there, could behold the Sun, with as firm Eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's Daughter, wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable Divorce under her Colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortifie her Judgment, which else an easie Battery might lay flat, for taking a Beggar without more Quali y. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my Life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the *Britain*. Let him be so entertain'd amongst you, as suits with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better known to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a noble Friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in *Orleance*.

Post. Since when I have been debter to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness; I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together, with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post.

Post. By your Pardon, Sir, I was then a young Traveller rather, shun'd to go even with that I heard, than in my every Action to be guided by other experiences: but upon my mended Judgment, if I offend not to say it is mended my Quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of Swords; and by such two, that would by all likelyhood have confounded one the other, or have slain both.

Iach. Can we with manners, ask what was the Difference?

French. Safely, I think, 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an Argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our Country-Mistresses. This Gentleman at that time vouching, and upon Warrant of bloody Affirmation, his to be more Fair, Virtuous, Wise, Chast, Constant, Qualified, and less attemptable than any, the rarest of our Ladies in France.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's Opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her Virtue still, and I my Mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her, 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in France; I would abate her nothing, tho' I profess my self her Adorer, not her Friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good; a kind of Hand in Hand comparison, had been something too fair, and too good for any Lady in Britany: if she went before others, I have seen; as that Diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld. I could not believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her; so do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the World enjoys.

Iach. Either your paragon'd Mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a Trifle.

Post. You are mistaken; the one may be sold or giver, if there were Wealth enough for the Purchase, or Merit for the Gift. The other is not a thing for Sale, and only the Gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you?

Post. Which by their Graces I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange Fowl light upon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be stoln too; so your Brace of unprizeable Estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual. A cunning Thief, or a, that way, accomplish'd Courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your *lady* contains none so accomplish'd a Courtier to convince the Honour of my Mistress; if in the holding or los of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt you have store of Thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my Ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my Heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much Conversation, I should get ground of your fair Mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to Friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the Moiety of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my Opinion o'er-values it something; but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, than her Reputation. And to bar your Offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the World.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your Attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A Repulse; though your Attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a Punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this, it came in too suddenly, let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbours, on th' approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What Lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand Duckets to your Ring,

that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more Advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I hold dear as my Finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a Friend, and therein the wiser; if you buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting; but I see you have some Religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a Custom in your Tongue; you bear a graver Purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the Master of my Speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond 'till your return; let there be Covenants drawn between's. My Mistress exceeds in goodness, the hugeness of your unworthy things. I dare you to this match; here's my Ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one; if I bring you not sufficient Testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your Mistress; my ten thousand Duckets are yours, so is your Diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in such Honour as you have trust in; she your Jewel, this your Jewel, and my Gold are yours; provided I have your commendation, for my more entertainment.

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us; only thus far you shall answer; if you make your Voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand, you have prevail'd, I am no further your Enemy, she is not worth our Debate. If she remain uneduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise; for your ill Opinion, and th' assault you have made to her Chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your Hand, a Covenant; we will have these things set down by lawful Counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the Bargain should catch cold, and starve; I will fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray let us follow 'em.

SCENE III. Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius with a Viol.

Queen. While yet the Dew's on Ground gather those
Flowers.

Make haste. Who has the Note of them ?

Ladies. I, Madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those Drugs ?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highness, Ay ; here they are, Madam ;
But I beseech your Grace, without Offence
My Conscience bids me ask, wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous Compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing Death ;
But though slow, deadly.

Queen. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Question ; have I not been
Thy Pupil long ? hast thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes ? Distil ? Preserve ? Yea so,
That our great King himself doth woe me oft
For my Confections ? Having thus far proceeded,
Unless thou think'st me devilish, is it not meet
That I did amplify my Judgment in
Other Conclusions ? I will try the Forces
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the Vigor of them, and apply
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
Their several Virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your Highness
Shall from this Practice, but make hard your Heart ;
Besides, the seeing these Effects will be
Both noysome and infectious.

Queen. O content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flattering Rascal, upon him
Will I first work ; he's for his Master,
And Enemy to my Son. How now, *Pisanio* ?
Doctor, your Service for this time is ended,
Take your own way.

[*Aside.*]

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam.
But you shall do no harm.

[*Aside.*]

Queen. Hark thee a word.

[*To Pisanio.*]

Cor. I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange ling'ring Poisons; I do know her Spirit,
And will not trust one of her Malice, with
A drug of such damn'd Nature. Those she has,
Will stupifie and dull the Sense a while,
Which first perchance she'll prove on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No Danger in what shew of Death it makes,
More than the locking up the Spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further Service, Doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*]

Queen. Weeps she still, sayest thou? Dost thou think in
time

She will not quench, and let Instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? do thou work;
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my Son,
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master; greater; for
His Fortunes all lye speechless, and his Name
Is at last Gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is; to shift his being,
Is to exchange one Misery with another,
And every Day that comes, comes to decay
A Day's Work in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depend on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, nor has no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? thou takest up

[*Pisanio looking on the Viol.*]

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy Labour,
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from Death; I do not know
What is more Cordial. Nay I prethee take it,
It is an earnest of a farther good

That

That I mean to thee. Tell thy Mistress how
 The Case stands with her; do't, as from thy self:
 Think what a chance thou chancest on, but think
 Thou hast thy Mistress still; to boot, my Son,
 Who shall take Notice of thee. I'll move the King
 To any shape of thy Preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire; and then my self, I chiefly
 That set thee on to this Desert, am bound
 To load thy Merit richly. Call my Women. [*Exit Pisanio.*
 Think on my words---A slye, and constant Knave,
 Not to be shak'd; the Agent for his Master,
 And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
 The Hand fast to her Lord. I have given him that,
 Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of Leidgers for her Sweet; and which she after,
 Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd
 To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done;
 The Violets, Cowslips, and the Prim-Roses,
 Bear to my Closet; fare thee well, *Pisanio*,
 Think on my words. [*Exit Queen and Ladies.*

Pisa. And shall do:

But when to my good Lord, I prove untrue,
 I'll choak my self; there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame false,
 A foolish Suitor to a wedded Lady,
 That hath her Husband banish'd---O, that Husband!
 My supream Crown of Grief, and those repeated
 Vexations of it---had I been Thief-stoln,
 As my two Brothers, happy; but most miserable
 Is the Desire that's Glorious. Blessed be those
 How mean so e'er, that have their honest Wills,
 Which Seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble Gentleman of *Rome*,
 Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam?
 The worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
 And greets your Highness dearly.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone th' *Arabian Bird*; and I
Have lost the Wager. Boldness be my Friend;
Arm me Audacity from Head to Foot.
Or like the *Parthian* I shall flying Fight,
Rather directly flye.

Imogen reads.

*He is one of the Noblest Note, to whose kindnesses I am
most infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value
your trust.*

Leonatus.

So far I read aloud.

But even the very middle of my Heart
Is warmed by th' rest, and take it thankfully——
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest Lady;
What, are Men mad? hath Nature given them Eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery Orbs above, and the twinn'd Stones
Upon the number'd Beach? and can we not
Partition make with Spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your Admiration?

Iach: It cannot be i'th' Eye; for Apes, and Monkeys,
'Twixt two much She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other. Nor i'th' judgment;
For Ideots in this Case of Favour, would
Be wisely definit. Nor in the Appetite,
Sluttury to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make Desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iach. The cloyed Will,
That satiate yet unsatisfy'd Desire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Ravening first the Lamb,
Longs after for the Garbage——

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well; beseech you, Sir,
Desire my Man's abode, where I did leave him,
He's strange and peevish. [To Pisanio.

Pis. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His Health, beseech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to Mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there,
So merry, and so gamefome; he is call'd
The *Britain* Reveller.

Imo. When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a *Frenchman* his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seems much loves
A *Gallian*-Girl at home. He Furnaces
The thick sides from him; whiles the jolly *Britain*,
Your Lord I mean, laughs from's free Lungs, cries oh! —
Can my sides hold, to think, that Man who knows
By History, Report, or his own proof
What Woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be, will's free Hours languish,
For assur'd Bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so?

Iach. Ay, Madam, with his Eyes in flood with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And hear him mock the *Frenchman*:
But Heav'ns know some Men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he. But yet Heav'ns Bounty towards him,
might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents,
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, Sir?

You look on me; what wrack discern you in me
Deserves your Pity?

Iach. Lamentable! what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
I'th' Dungeon by a Snuff?

Imo. I pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openness your Answers
To my Demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your ~~_____~~ but
It is an Office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more,
Than to be sure they do; For certainties
Either are past Remedies; or timely knowing,
The Remedy then born; Discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this Cheek
To bath my Lips upon; this Hand, whose touch,
Whose very touch would force the feeler's Soul
To th' Oath of Loyalty; this object, which
Takes Prisoner the wild Motion of mine Eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with Lips as common as the Stairs
That mount the Capitol? join Gripes, with Hands
Made hard with hourly Falshood as with Labour?
Then glad my self by peeping in an Eye
Base and unlustrious as the smoaky Light
That's fed with stinking Tallow? it were fit
That all the Plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such Revolt.

Imo. My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot *Britain*.

Iach. And himself; not I
Inclin'd to this Intelligence, pronounce
The Beggary of his Change; but 'tis your Graces

That from my muteſt Conſcience, to my Tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O deareſt Soul! your Cauſe doth ſtrike my Heart
With Pity, that doth make me ſick. A Lady
So fair, and ſtaed to an Empery,
Would make the great'ſt King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboys hir'd, with that ſelf Exhibition
Which your own Coffers yield! with diſeaſ'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for Gold,
Which rottenneſs can lend Nature! Such boyld ſtuff
As well might poiſon Poiſon! Be reveng'd,
Or ſhe that bore you was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great Stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How ſhould I be reveng'd if this be true,
As I have ſuch a Heart, that both mine Ears
Muſt not in haſte abuſe, if it be true,
How ſhall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like *Diana's* Priest, betwixt cold Sheets;
Whiles he is Vaulting variable Ramps
In your Deſpight, upon your Purſe; revenge it.
I dedicate my ſelf to your ſweet Pleaſure,
More Noble than that Runagate to your Bed,
And will continue faſt to your Affection,
Still cloſe, as ſure.

Imo. What ho, *Piſanio!* —————

Iach. Let me my Service tender on your Lips.

Imo. Away, I do condemn mine Ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable
Thou wouldſt have told this Tale for Virtue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt, as baſe, as ſtrange:
Thou wrong'ſt a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy Report, as thou from Honour; and
Sollicit'ſt here a Lady, that diſdains
Thee, and the Devil alike. What, ho, *Piſanio!* —
The King my Father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy Assault; if he ſhall think it fit,
A ſawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a *Romiſh* Stew, and to Expound

His beastly Mind to us; he hath a Court
 He little cares for, and a Daughter, whom
 He not respects at all. What ho, *Pisanio*!

Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may say,
 The Credit that thy Lady hath of thee
 Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
 Her assur'd Credit; blessed live you long,
 A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
 Country call'd his; and you his Mistress, only
 For the most worthiest Fit. Give me your pardon.
 I have spoke this, to know if your Affiance
 Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,
 That which he is, new o'er; and he is one
 The truest manner'd; such a holy Witch,
 That he enchants Societies into him:
 Half all Mens Hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits amongst Men, like a descended God;
 He hath a kind of Honour sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd
 To try your taking of a false Report, which hath
 Honour'd with Confirmation your great Judgment,
 In the Election of a Sir, so rare,
 Which you know cannot err. The Love I bear him,
 Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you,
 Unlike all others, chaste. Pray, your Pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir; take my Power i'th' Court for
 yours.

Iach. My humble Thanks; I had almost forgot
 T'intreat your Grace, but in a small request,
 And yet of Moment too, for it concerns
 Your Lord; my self, and other Noble Friends
 Are Partners in the Business.

Imo. Pray what is't?

Iac. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord,
 The best Feather of our Wing, have mingled Sums
 To buy a Present for the Emperor:
 Which I, the Factor for the rest, have done
 In *France*; 'tis Plate of rare Device, and Jewels
 Of rich and exquisite Form, their Values great;

And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: May it please you
To take them in Protection.

Imo. Willingly;

And pawn mine Honour for their Safety, since
My Lord hath Interest in them, I will keep them
In my Bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a Trunk
Attended by my Men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this Night;
I must aboard to Morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech you: Or I shall short my word
By length'ning my return, From *Gallia*,
I cross the Seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your Pains;
But not away to Morrow.

Iach. O, I must Madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, do't to Night,
I have out-stood my time, which is material.
To th' tender of our Present.

Imo. I will write:
Send your Trunk to me, it shall be safe kept,
And truly yielded you: You're very welcome: [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *A Palace.*

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

Cleo. **W**AS there ever Man had such luck! when I kiss'd
the *Jack* upon an Up-cast, to be hit away! I
had an Hundred pound on't; and then a whorson Jack-an-
Apes must take me up for Swearing, as if I borrow'd mine
Oaths of him, and might not spend them at my Pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? you have broke his Pate
with your Bowl.

2 Lord.

2 *Lord.* If his Wit had been like him that broke it; it would have run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is disposed to swear; it is not for any standers by to curtail his Oaths. Ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my Lord: nor crop the Ears of them.

Clot. Whorson Dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my Rank.

2 *Lord.* To have smelt like a Fool.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the Earth,-- a Pox on't. I had rather not be so Noble as I am; they dare not Fight with me, because of the Queen my Mother; every Jack-slave hath his Belly fully of Fighting, and I must go up and down like a Cock, that no body can match.

2 *Lord.* You are a Cock and a Capon too, and you crow Cock, with your Comb on. [*Aside.*]

Clot. Say'st thou?

2 *Lord.* It is not fit your Lordship should undertake every Companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that: But it is fit I should commit Offence to my Inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your Lordship only.

Clot. Who so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a Stranger that's come to Court to Night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2 *Lord.* He's a strange Fellow himself, and knows it not.

1 *Lord.* There's an *Italian* come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus's* Friends.

Clot. *Leonatus!* A banish'd Rascal; and he's another, wheresoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your Lordship's Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my Lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a Fool granted, therefore your Issues being Foolish, do not derogate.

Clot. Come, I'll go see this *Italian*: What I have lost to day at Bowls, I'll win to Night of him. Comes; go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your Lordship. [*Exit Clot.*]
That such a crafty Devil as is his Mother,

Should yield the World this Ass; A Woman, that
 Bears all down with her Brain, and this her Son,
 Cannot take two from twenty for his Heart,
 And leave Eighteen. Alas poor Princess,
 Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st,
 Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd,
 A Mother hourly coining Plots; a Wooer,
 More hateful than the foul Expulsion is
 Of thy dear Husband, than that horrid Act
 Of the divorce—he'll make the Heav'ns hold firm
 The Walls of thy dear Honour; keep unshak'd
 That Temple thy fair Mind, that thou may'st stand
 To enjoy thy banish'd Lord: And this great Land. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A magnificent Bedchamber, in
 one part of it a large Trunk.*

Imogen is discover'd reading in her Bed, a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? My Woman *Helen*?

Lady. Please you, Madam——

Imo. What Hour is it?

Lady. Almost Midnight, Madam,

Imo. I have read three Hours then, mine Eyes are weak,
 Fold down the Leaf where I have left; to Bed——

Take not away the Taper, leave it burning;

And if thou canst awake by four o' th' Clock,

I prethee call me——Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly. [*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, Gods,

From Fawies, and the Tempters of the Night,

Guard me, beseech ye.

[*Sleeps.*]

[*Iachimo rises from the Trunk,*

Iach. The Crickets sing, and Man's o'er-labour'd Sense,

Repairs it self by rest: Our *Tarquin* thus

Did softly press the Rushes, e'er he waken'd

The Chastity he wounded. *Cytherea,*

How bravely thou becom'st thy Bed! Fresh Lilly,

And whiter than the Sheets! That I might touch,

But kiss, one kiss——Rubies unparagon'd,

How dearly they do't——'Tis her Breathing that

Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o' th' Taper

Bows

Bows toward her, and would under-peep her Lids,
 To see th' inclosed Lights, now Canopy'd
 Under the Windows, White and Azure, lac'd
 With clue of Heav'n's own tinct—but my Design's
 To Note the Chamber—I will write all down,
 Such, and such Pictures—there the Window,——such
 Th' Adornment of her Bed—the Arras, Figures——
 Why such, and such—and the Contents o' th' Story——
 Ah, but some natural Notes about her Body,
 Above ten thousand meaner Moveables
 Would testify, & enrich mine Inventory.
 O Sleep, thou Ape of Death, lye dull upon her,
 And be her Sense but as a Monument,
 Thus in a Chappel lying. Come off, come off.——

[*Taking off her Bracelet.*

As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard,
 'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the Conscience do's within,
 To th' madding of her Lord. On her left Breast
 A Mole Cinque-spotted—Like the Crimson Drops
 I' th' bottom of a Cowslip: Here's a Voucher,
 Stronger than ever Law could make: This Secret
 Will force him think I have pick'd the Lock, and ta'en
 The Treasure of her Honour. No more—to what end?
 Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
 Screw'd to my Memory. She hath been reading late,
 The Tale of *Tereus*, here the Leaf's turn'd down
 Where *Philomele* gave up—I have enough,
 To th' Trunk again, and shut the Spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you Dragons of the Night, that dawning
 May bear the Raven's Eye: I lodge in fear,
 Though this a heav'nly Angel, Hell is here. [Clock strikes.
 One, two, three: Time, time.

[*He goes into the Trunk, the Scene closes.*

S C E N E III. *The Palace.*

Enter Cloten and Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your Lordship is the most patient Man in loss,
 the most coldest that ever turn'd up Ace.

Clot. It would make any Man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every Man patient, after the noble Temper of your Lordship; you are most hot and furious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any Man into Courage; If I could get this foolish *Imogen*, I shall have Gold enough: It's almost Morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Musick would come: I am advised to give her Musick a Mornings, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, Tune; if you can penetrate here with your Fingering, so; we'll try with Tongue too; if none will do, let her remain: But I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after a wonderful sweet Air, with admirable rich Words to it, and then let her consider.

Song.

Hark, hark, the Lark at Heav'n's Gate sings,

And Phoebus 'gins arise,

His Steeds to Water at those Springs

On chalic'd Flow'rs that lyes:

And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden Eyes

With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:

Arise, arise.

So, get you gone---if this penetrate, I will consider your Musick the better: If it do not, it is a vice in her Ears, which Horse-hairs, and Cats-Guts, nor the Voice of unpav'd Eunuch to boot, can never amend.

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot chuse but take this Service I have done, Fatherly. Good Morrow to your Majesty, and gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the Door of our stern Daughter? Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with Musicks, but she vouchsafes no Notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new. She hath not yet forgot him, some more time

Must

Must wear the print of his Remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to th' King,
Who lets go by no Vantages, that may
Prefer you to his Daughter: frame your self
To orderly Solicits, and be friended
With aptness of the Season; make Denials
Encrease your Services; so seem, as if
You are inspir'd to do those Duties which
You tender to her: That you in all obey her,
Save when Command to your Dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, Sir, Ambassadors from Rome;
The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no Fault of his: We must receive him
According to the Honour of his Sender,
And towards himself, his Goodness fore-spent on us
We must extend our Notice: Our dear Son,
When you have given good Morning to your Mistress,
Attend the Queen, and us, we shall have need
T' employ you towards this Roman. Come, our Queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her, if not,
Let her lye still, and dream: By your leave ho!
I know her Women are about her——what
If I do line one of their Hands——'tis Gold
Which buys Admittance, oft it doth, yea, and makes
Diana's Rangers false themselves, and yield up
Their Deer to th' stand o' th' Stealer: And 'tis Gold
Which makes the True man kill'd, and saves the Thief;
Nay, sometimes hangs both Thief, and True-man: What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her Women Lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the Case my self.
By your leave.

[*Knocks.*]

Enter

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clot. A Gentleman.

Lady. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewoman's Son.

Lady. That's more

Than some whose Tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your Lordship's Pleasure?

Clot. Your Lady's Person, is she ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you,

Sell me your good Report.

Lady. How, my good Name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good. The Princess.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow Fairest, Sister your sweet Hand.

Imo. Good Morrow, Sir, you lay out too much Pains
For purchasing but trouble: the Thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of Thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I swear I love you.

Imo. If you'd but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your Recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you spare me, Faith
I shall unfold equal Discourtesie
To your best Kindness: One of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, Forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your Madness, 'twere my Sin,
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad Folks.

Clot. Do you call me Fool?

Imo. As I am mad I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad,
That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a Lady's Manners
By being so verbal: And learn now, for all,
That I which know my Heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you,

And am so near the lack of Charity
To accuse my self, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your Father; for
The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch,
One, bred of Alms, and foster'd with cold Dishes,
With scraps o'th' Court, is is no Contract, none;
And though it be allow'd in meaner Parties,
Yet who than he more mean, to knit their Souls
On whom there is no more dependancy
But Brats and Beggary, in self-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that Enlargement, by
The consequence o'th' Crown, and must not foil
The precious Note of it; with a base Slave,
A Hilding for a Livery, a Squire's Cloth,
A Pantler; not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane Fellow:
Wert thou the Son of *Jupiter*, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base,
To be his Groom: thou wert dignify'd enough
Ev'n to the point of Envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your Virtues, to be stil'd
The under Hangman of his Kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The South-fog rot him.

Imo. He never can meet more Mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest Garment
That ever hath but clipt his Body, is dearer
In my respect, than all the Hairs above thee,
Were they all made such Men. How now, *Pisanio*?

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His Garment? Now the Devil.

Imo. To *Dorothy*, my Woman, hie thee presently.

Clot. His Garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a Fool,
Frighted, and angred worse—— Go bid my Woman
Search for a Jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine Arm---it was thy Master's. Shrew me
If I would lose it for a Revenue
Of any King's in *Europe*. I do think,

I saw't this morning; confident I am,
Last Night 'twas on my Arm; I kiss'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kiss ought but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so; go and search.

Clot. You have abus'd me----His meanest Garment? ----

Imo. Ay, I said so, Sir,

If you will make't an Action, call Witnesses to't.

Clot. I will inform your Father.

Imo. Your Mother too;

She's my good Lady; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,

To th' worst of Discontent.

[Exit.

Clot. I'll be reveng'd;

His meanest Garment? ----- Well.

[Exit.

S C E N E IV. Rome.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, Sir; I would I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present Winters State, and wish
That warmer Days would come; in these fear'd hopes
I barely gratifie your love; they failing
I must die much your Debtor

Phi. Your very Goodness, and your Company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this your King
Hath heard of great *Augustus*; *Caius Lucius*
Will do's Commission throughly. And I think
He'll grant the Tribute; send th' Arrearages,
Or look upon our *Romans*, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their Grief.

Post. I do believe,
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a War; and you shall hear
The Legion now in *Gallia*, sooner landed

In our not-fearing *Britain*, than have tidings
 Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
 Are Men more order'd than when *Julius Caesar*
 Smil'd at their lack of Skill, but found their Courage
 Worthy his frowning at. Their Discipline,
 Now mingled with their Courages, will make known
 To their Approvers, they are People, such
 That mend upon the World.

Enter *Iachimo*.

Phil. See *Iachimo*.

Post. The swiftest Harts have pass'd you by; Lads;
 And Winds of all the Corners kiss'd your Sails,
 To make your Vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, Sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer, made
 The speediness of your return

Iach. Your Lady,
 Is one of the fairest that ever I look'd upon.

Post. And there withal the best, or let her Beauty
 Look thorough a Casement to allure false Hearts,
 And be false with them.

Iach. Here are Letters for you.

Post. Their Tenure good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* Court,
 When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
 But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet,
 Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
 Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
 I should have lost the worth of it in Gold;
 I'll make a Journey twice as far, to enjoy
 A second Night of such sweet shortness, which
 Was mine in *Britain*, for the Ring is won.

Post. The Stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
 Your Lady being so easie,

Post. Make not, Sir,

Your Loss, your Sport; I hope you you know that we

Must not continue Friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must,

If you keep Covenant; had I not brought
The Knowledge of your Mistress home, I grant
We were to Question farther; but I now
Profess my self the winner of her Honour,
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your Wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in Bed; my Hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foul Opinion
You had of her poor Honour, gains, or loses
Your Sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my Circumstances
Being so near the Truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose Strength
I will confirm with Oath, which I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her Bed-chamber
Where I confess I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth Watching, it was hang'd
With Tapestry of Silk, and Silver, the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her *Roman*,
And *Cidnus* swell'd above the Banks, or for
The Prefs of Boats, or Pride: A piece of Work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In Workmanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought,
Since the true Life on't was ———

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my Knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your Honour Injury.

Iach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-piece
Chast *Dian*, bathing; never saw I Figures
So likely to report themselves; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumb, out-went her,
Motion and Breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewise read,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The Roof o'th' Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons,
I had forgot them, were two winking *Cupids*
Of Silver, each on one Foot standing, nicely
Depending on their Brands.

Post. This is her Honour;
Let it be granted you have seen all this, and praise
Be given to your Remembrance, the Description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saves
The Wager you have laid,

Iach. Then if you can [Pulling out the Bracelet.]
Be Pale, I beg but leave to air this Jewel: See! ———
And now 'tis up again; it must be Married
To that your Diamond. I'll keep them.

Post. *Jove!* ———
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that:
She strip'd it from her Arm, I see her yet,
Her pretty Action did out-fell her Gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; she gave it me,
And said she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here take this too,
It is a Basilisk unto mine Eye,
Kills me to look on't: Let there be no Honour,
Where there is Beauty, Truth, where Semblance, Love
Where there's another Man. The Vows of Women,
Of no more Bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their Virtues, which is nothing;

O, above Measure false! ———

Pbi. Have Patience, Sir,
And take your Ring again; 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one of her Women, being corrupted,
Hath stoln it from her.

Post. Very true,
And so I hope he came by't; back my Ring,
Render to me some corporal sign about her
More evident than this; for this was stole.

Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her Arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by *Jupiter* he swears.
'Tis true---nay keep the Ring---'tis true; I am sure
She could not lose it; her Attendants are
All sworn, and honourable; they induc'd to steal it!
And by a Stranger!---no, he hath enjoy'd her,
The cognizance of her Incontinency
Is this; she hath bought the Name of Whore, thus dearly.
There, take thy hire, and all the Fiends of Hell
Divide themselves between you.

Pbi. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one persuaded well of ———

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying; under her Breast,
Worthy the pressing, lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my Life
I kist it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your Arithmetick.
Never count the Turns: Once, and a Million.

Iach. I'll be sworn ———

Post. No swearing:
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie,

And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me Cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here, to tear her Limb-meats;
I will go there and do't i'th' Court, before
Her Father——I'll do something——

[Exit]

Phil. Quite besides
The Government of Patience. You have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the present Wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my Heart.

[Exeunt]

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be half-workers? We are all Bastards,
And that most venerable Man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where,
When I was stamp't. Some Coyner with his Tools
Made me a Counterfeit; yet my Mother seem'd
The *Dian* of that time; so doth my Wife
The Non-pareil of this—Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me off Forbearance; did it with
A pudency so Rosie, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*——
That I thought her

As Chaste, as unshun'd Snow. Oh, all the Devils!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an Hour——was't not?
Or less; at first? Perchance spoke not; but
Like a full Acorn'd Boar, a *German* one;
Cry'd oh, and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she
Should from Encounter guard. Could I find out
The Woman's part in me, for there's no Motion
That tends to Vice in Man, but I affirm
It is the Woman's part; be it lying, note it,
The Woman's; Flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust, and rank Thoughts, hers, hers; Revenges, hers;
Ambitions, Covetings, change of Prides, Disdain,
Nic-longing, Slanders, Mutability:

All Faults that may be named, nay, that Hell knows,
Why hers, in part, or all; but rather all. For even to Vice

They are not constant, but are changing still;
 One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them — yet 'tis greater Skill
 In a true Hate, to pray they have their Will;
 The very Devils cannot plague them better.

[Exit.]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E A Palace.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at
 one Door; and at another, Caius Lucius and Attendants.

Cym. **N**OW say, what would *Augustus Caesar* wish us?
 Luc. When *Julius Caesar*, whose remembrance yet

Lives in *Mens Eyes*, and will to *Ears and Tongues*
 Be *Theam*, and hearing ever, was in this *Britain*,
 And conquer'd it, *Cassibelan* thine Uncle,
 Famous in *Caesar's Praises*, no whit less
 Than in his *Feats* deserving it for him
 And his *Succession*, granted *Rome* a *Tribute*,
 Yearly three thousand *Pounds*; which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd.

Queen. And to kill the marvail,
 Shall be so ever;

Clot. There be many *Cesars*,
 E'er such another *Julius*: *Britain's* a *World*
 By it self, and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own *Nobles*.

Queen. That opportunity
 Which then they had to take from's, to resume
 We have again; remember, Sir, my *Liege*,
 The *Kings* your *Ancestors*, together with
 The natural *Bravery* of your *Isle*, which stands
 As *Neptune's Park* ribb'd, and pal'd in
 With *Oaks* unskaleable, and roaring *Waters*,
 With *Sand* that will not bear your *Enemies Bptrs*,
 But suck them up to th' *Top-mast*. A kind of *Conquest*
Caesar made here, but made not here his brag

Of, came, and saw, and overcame; with shame,
 The first that ever touch'd him, he was carried
 From off our Coast, 'twice beaten; and his Shipping,
 Poor ignorant Baubles, on our terrible Seas,
 Like Egg-shells, mov'd upon their Surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our Rocks. For Joy whereof,
 The fam'd *Cassibelan*, who was once at point,
 Oh giglet Fortune! to master *Cesar's* Sword,
 Made *Lud's-Town* with rejoicing Fires bright,
 And *Britains* strut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid. Our Kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such *Cesars*, other of them may have crook'd Noses, but to owe such strait Arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us, can gripe as hard as *Cassibelan*, I do not say I am one; but I have a hand. Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If *Cesar* can hide the Sun from us with a Blanket, or put the Moon in his Pocket, we will pay him Tribute for Light; else, Sir, no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
 'Till the injurious *Romans* did extort
 This Tribute from us, we were free. *Cesar's* Ambition,
 Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 The sides o'th' World, against all Colour here,
 Did put the Yoak upon's; which to shake off
 Becomes a warlike People, whom we reckon
 Our selves to be; we do. Say then to *Cesar*,
 Our Ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, which
 Ordain'd our Laws, whose use the Sword of *Cesar*
 Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise,
 Shall by the Power we hold be our good deed,
 Though *Rome* be therefore angry. *Mulmutius* made our Laws,
 Who was the first of *Britain*, which did put
 His Brows within a golden Crown, and call'd
 Himself a King.

Luc. I am sorry, *Cymbeline*,
 That I am to pronounce *Augustus Cesar*,
Cesar that hath more Kings his Servants, than
 Thy self Domestick Officers, thine Enemy.

Receive it from me then. War, and Confusion
In *Cesar's* Name pronounce I 'gainst thee: Look
For Fury; not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for my self.

Cym. Thou art welcome, *Cains*,
Thy *Cesar* Knighted me; my Youth I spent
Much under him: Of him, I gather'd Honour,
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behooves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
That the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, for
Their Liberties, are now in Arms: A Precedent
Which not to read, would shew the *Britains* cold:
So *Cesar* shall not find them.

Luc. Let Proof speak.

Clos. His Majesty bids you Welcome. Make Pastime with
us a Day, or two, or longer: If you seek us afterwards in
other terms, you shall find us in our Salt-water Girdle: If
you beat us out of it, it is yours: If you fall in the Adventure,
our Crows shall fare the better for you: And there's
an end.

Luc. So, Sir:

Cym. I know your Master's Pleasure, and he mine:
All the Remain, is welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Pifanio reading a Letter.

Pis. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monsters her accuse? *Leonatus!*

Oh Master, what a strange Infection
Is fall'n into thy Ear? What false *Italian*,
As poisonous tongu'd, as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal? No,
She's punish'd for her Truth; and undergoes
More Goddess-like, than Wife-like, such Assaults
As would take in some Virtue. Oh my Master,
Thy Mind to her, is now as low, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should Murder her,
Upon the Love, and Truth, and Vows, which I
Have made to thy Command!--I her!--Her Blood!
If it be so, to do good Service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack Humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to? Do't---the Letter

[*Reading:*
That

*That I have sent her, by her own Command,
Shall give the Opportunity. Oh damn'd Paper!
Black as the Ink that's on thee: Senseless Bauble!
Art thou a Fœdarie for this act; thou look'st
So Virgin-like without? Lo here she comes.*

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, *Pisanio*?

Pis. Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord:

Imo. Who! thy Lord? that is my Lord *Leonatus*!
Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer
That knew the Stars, as I his Characters,
He'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is here contain'd, relish of Love,
Of my Lord's Health, of his Content, yet not
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him:
Some Grievs are medicinable, that is one of them,
For it doth physick Love, of his Content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leave: blest be
You Bees that make these Locks of Counsel. Lovers,
And Men in dangerous Bonds pray not alike.
Though Forfeitures you cast in Prison, yet
You clasp young *Cupid's* Tables: good News, Gods.

Reading.

*Justice, and your Father's Wrath, should he take me in his
Dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, oh the dearest
of Creatures, would even renew me with your Eyes. Take
notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Haven: What your
own Love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes
you all Happiness, that remains Loyal to his Vow, and your in-
creasing in Love,*

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a Horse with Wings! Hear'st thou, *Pisanio*?
He is at *Milford-Haven*: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean Affairs
May plod it in a Week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? then, true *Pisanio*,
Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord, who long'st,
Oh let me bate, but not like me, yet long'st
But in a fainter kind---Oh not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond---say, and speak thick
Love's Counsellor should fill the Bores of Hearing

To th' smothering of the Sense, how far it is
 To this same blessed *Milford*. And by th' way
 Tell me how *Wales* was made so happy, as
 T'inherit such a Haven. But first of all,
 How may we steal from hence: And for the Gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
 And our return, to excuse---but first, how get hence.
 Why should Excuse be born or e'er begot?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithce speak,
 How many Score of Miles ma we well ride
 'Twixt Hour and Hour?

Pis. One Score 'twixt Sun, and Sun,
 Madam's enough for you: And too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution, Man,
 Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding Wagers,
 Where Horses have been nimbler than the Sands
 That run i' th' Clocks behalf. But this is Foolery,
 Go, bid my Woman feign a Sicknes, say
 She'll home to her Father, and provide me presently
 A riding Suit: No costlier than would fit,
 A *Franklin's* Housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, Man, nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues, but have a Fog in them,
 That I cannot look thorough. Away, I prithee,
 Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;
 Accessible is none but *Milford* way.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *A Forest with a Cave.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly Day, not to keep House with such,
 Whose Roofs as low as ours: See, Boys! this Gate
 Instructs you how t'adore the Heav'ns; and bows you
 To a Morning's holy Office. The Gates of Monarchs
 Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may jet through
 And keep their impious Turbands on, without
 Good Morrow to the Sun. Hail, thou fair Heav'n,
 We house i' th' Rock, yet use thee not so hardly,
 As prouder Livers do.

Guid. Hail, Heav'n!

Arv. Hail, Heav'n!

Bel. Now for our Mountain sport, up to yond Hill,
Your Legs are young: I'll tread these Flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which lessens and sets off,
And you may then revolve what Tales I have told you,
Of Courts of Princes, of the tricks in War,
This Service, is not Service, so being done,
But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often to our Comfort, shall we find
The sharded Beetle, in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this Life,
Is nobler than attending for a Check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a Bauble;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for Silk:
Such gain the Cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his Book uncross'd; no Life to ours.

Guid. Out of your Proof you speak; we poor unfledg
Have never wing'd from view o'th' Nest; nor know not
What Air's from Home. Hap'ly this Life is best,
If quiet Life is best, sweeter to you
That have a sharper known: well corresponding
With your stiff Age; but unto us, it is
A Cell of Ignorance; travelling a Bed,
A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The Rain and Wind beat dark *December*? How,
In this our pinching Cave, shall we discourse
The freezing Hours away? we have seen nothing,
We are beastly; subtle as the Fox for Prey,
Like warlike as the Wolf, for what we eat:
Our Valour is to chase what flies, our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
And sing our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak?
Did you but know the City's Usuries,
And felt them knowingly; the Art o'th' Court,
As hard to leave, as keep, whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry, that

The Fear's as bad as Falling. The Toil o' th' War,
 A Pain, that only seems to seek out Danger
 I' th' name of Fame, and Honour; which dies i' th' search,
 And hath as oft a stand'rous Epitaph,
 As Record of fair act; nay, many time
 Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse
 Must cur'sie at the Censure. Oh Boys, this Story
 The World may read in me: My Body's mark'd
 With *Roman* Swords; and my report was once
 First with the best of Note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
 And when a Soldier was the Theme, my Name
 Was not far off: Then was I as a Tree
 Whose Boughs did bend with Fruit. But in one Night,
 A Storm, or Robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow Hangings, nay my Leaves,
 And left me bare to Weather.

Gnid. Uncertain Favour!

Bel. My Fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
 But that two Villains, whose false Oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect Honour, swore to *Cymbeline*,
 I was Confederate with the *Romans*: So
 Follow'd my Banishment, and this Twenty years,
 This Rock, and these Demesnes, have been my World,
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, pay'd
 More pious Debts to Heav'n, than in all
 The fore-end of my time. But, up to th' Mountains,
 This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes
 The Venison first, shall be the Lord o' th' Feast,
 To him the other two shall minister,
 And we will fear no Poison, which attends
 In place of greater State:
 I'll meet you in the Valleys.

[*Exeunt.*]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of Nature?
 These Boys know little they are Sons to th' King,
 Nor *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alive.
 They think they are mine, and though train'd up thus meanly
 I' th' Cave, where, on the Bow, their Thoughts do hit
 The Roofs of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
 In simple and low things, to Prince it, much
 Beyond the trick of others. This *Polydor*,

The Heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britain*, whom
 The King his Father call'd *Guiderius*, *Jove!*
 When on my Three-foot Stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike Feats I have done, his Spirits fly out
 Into my Story: Say, thus mine Enemy fell,
 And thus I set my Foot on's Neck, even then
 The Princely Blood flows in his Cheek; he sweats,
 Strains his young Nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my Words. The younger Brother *Cadwall*,
 Once *Arviragus*, in as like a Figure
 Strikes Life into my Speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving. Hark, the Game is round—
 Oh *Cymbeline!* Heav'n and my Conscience knows
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon
 At three, and two Years old, I stole these Babes,
 Thinking to bar thee of Succession, as
 Thou rest'st me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,
 Thou wast their Nurse, they took thee for their Mother,
 And every day do Honour to her Grave;
 My self *Belarius* that am *Morgan* call'd,
 They take for natural Father. The Game is up. *Exit.*

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came from Horse, the Place
 Was near at hand: Ne'er long'd my Mother so
 To see me first, as I have now—*Pisaino!* Man!
 Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy Mind
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that Sigh
 From th' inward of thee? One, One, but painted thus
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond Self-explication. Put thy self
 Into a 'haviour of less Fear, e'er Wildness
 Vanquish my steadier Senses. What's the Matter?
 Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with
 A Look untender? it'st be Summer News,
 Smile to't before, if Winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that Count'nance still. My Husband's Hand?
 That Drug-damn'd *Italy*, hath out-craftied him.
 And he's at some hard point. Speak, Man, thy Tongue
 May take off some Extremity, which to read
 Would be even Mortal to me.

Pis.

Pis. Please you read,
And you shall find me, wretched Man, a thing
The most disdain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reads.

THAT *Mistress*, *Pisano*, hath play'd the *Strumpet* in my
Bed: The Testimonies whereof lye bleeding in me. I
speak not out of weak *Surmises*, but from *Proof* as strong as my
Grief, and as certain as I expect my *Revenge*. That part, thou
Pisano, must act for me, if thy *Faith* be not tainted with the
breach of hers; let thine own *Hands* take away her *Life*: I shall
give thee opportunity at *Milford-Haven*. She hath my *Letter*
for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike, and so make me
certain it is done, thou art the *Pander* to her *Disshonour*, and
equally to me *Disloyal*.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my *Sword*, the *Paper*
Hath cut her *Throat* already. No, 'tis *Slander*,
Whose *Edge* is sharper than the *Sword*, whose *Tongue*
Out-venoms all the *Worms of Nile*, whose *Breath*
Rides on the posting *Winds*, and doth belye
All *Corners of the World*. *Kings, Queens, and States,*
Maids, Matrons, say the Secrets of the Grave
This viperous *Slander* enters. What cheer, *Madam*?

Imo. False to his *Bed*! What is it to be false?
To lye in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt *Clock* and *Clock*? If sleep charge *Nature*,
To break it with a fearful *Dream* of him,
And cry my self awake? that's false to's *Bed*; is it?

Pis. Alas, good *Lady*!

Imo. I falsel thy *Conscience* witness, *Iachimo*,
Thou didst accuse him of *Incontinency*,
Thou then look'dst like a *Villain*: Now, methinks,
Thy *Favour's* good enough. Some *Jay of Italy*,
Whose *Mother* was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a *Garment* out of *Fashion*,
And for I am richer than to hang by th' *Walls*,
I must be ript; to pieces with me: Oh;
Mens Vows are *Womens Traitors*. All good seeming
By thy *Revolt*, oh *Husband*, shall be thought
Put on for *Villany*: not born where't grows,
But worn a *Bait* for *Ladies*.

Pis. Good Madam, hear me——

Imo. True honest Men being heard, like false *Aeneas*,
Were in his time thought false: and *Synon's* weeping
Did scandal many a holy Tear; took pity
From most true Wretchedness. So thou *Posthumus*,
Wilt lay the leven to all proper Men;
Goodly, and Gallant, shall be False and Perjur'd,
From thy great fail: Come, Fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy Master's bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witness my Obedience. Look,
I draw the Sword my self, take it, and hit
The innocent Mansion of my Love, my Heart,
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but Grief;
Thy Master is not there, who was indeed
The Riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
Thou may'st be valiant in a better Cause:
But now thou seem'st a Coward.

Pis. Hence, vile Instrument,
Thou shalt not damn my Hand.

Imo. Why, I must die,
And if I do not by thy Hand, thou art
No Servant of thy Master's. Against Self-slaughter,
There is a Prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak Hand: Come, here's my Heart——
Something's aforesaid—Soft, soft, we'll no defence

[Opening her Breast.

Obedient as the Scabbard. What is here,
The Scriptures of the Loyal *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away,

[Pulling his Letter out of her Bosom.

Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
Be Stomachers to my Heart: Thus may poor Fools
Believe false Teachers: Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor
Stands in worse case of Woe. And thou *Posthumus*,
That didst set up my Disobedience 'gainst the King
My Father, and mad'st me put into contempt the Suits
Of Princely Fellows; shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of Rareness: And I grieve my self,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,
That now thou tirest on, how thy Memory

Will then be pang'd by me. Prethee dispatch,
The Lamb entreats the Butcher. Where's the Knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy Master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious Lady!

Since I receiv'd Command to do this Business
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll break mine Eye-balls first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Didst undertake it? why hast thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action? and thine own? our Horses Labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? why hast thou gone so far
To be unbent? when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th'elect'd Deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time

To lose so bad employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a Course; good Lady,
Hear me with Patience.

Imo. Talk thy Tongue weary, speak;
I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine ear
Therein false strook, can take no greater Wound,
Nor tent, to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, Madam,

I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,

Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither;

But if I were as wise, as honest, then
My purpose would prove well; it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd, some Villain,
Ay, and singular in his Art, hath done you both
This curs'd Injury.

Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?

Pis. No, on my Life;

I'll give him Notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody Sign of it. For 'tis commanded
I should do so; you shall be mis'd at Court,

And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good Fellow ;
What shall I do the while ? Where bide ? How live ?
Or in my Life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband ?

Pis. If you'll back to th' Court.

Imo. No Court, no Father ; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That *Closen* ; whose Love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a Siege.

Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in *Britain* must you bide.

Imo. Where then ?
Hath *Britain* all the Sun that shines ? Day ? Night ?
Are they not but in *Britain* ? I'th' World's Volume
Our *Britain* seems as of it, but not in't ;
In a great Pool a Swan's Nest, prethee think
There's Livers out of *Britain*.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other Place : Th' Ambassador
Lucius the Roman, comes to *Milford-Haven*
To morrow. Now, if you could wear a Mind
Dark as your Fortune is, and but disguise
That which t'appear it self, must not yet be,
But by self-danger, you should tread a Course
Pretty, and full of view ; yea, happily, near
The Residence of *Posthumus* ; so nigh, at least,
That though his Action were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your Ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh for such means,
Though Peril to my Modesty, not Death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, there's the Point :
You must forget to be a Woman, change
Command into Obedience. Fear and Niceness,
The Handmaids of all Women, or more truly
Woman it's pretty self, into a waggish Courage,
Ready in Gybes, quick-answer'd, sawcy, and
As-quarrellous as the Weazel : Nay, you must
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheek,
Exposing it (but oh the harder Heart,
Black, no remedy) to the greedy Touch

Of common-kissing *Titan*; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great *Juno* angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:

I see into thy end, and am almost
A Man already.

Pis. First, make your self but like one,
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
(Tis in my Cloak-bag) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
That answer to them. Would you in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From Youth of such a Season, 'fore Noble *Lucius*
Present your self, desire his Service; tell him
Wherein you're happy, which will make him know,
If that his Head have ear in Musick, doubtless
With Joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad;
You have me rich, and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the Comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prethee away.
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I am Soldier to, and will abide it with
A Prince's Courage. Away, I prethee.

Pis. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your Carriage from the Court. My noble Mistress,
Here is a Box, I had it from the Queen,
What's in't is precious: If you are sick at Sea,
Or Stomach qualm'd at Land, a dram of this
Will drive away Distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your Manhood; may the Gods
Direct you to the best.

Imo. Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *The Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, Royal Sir;

My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence.

And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My Master's Enemy.

Cym. Our Subjects, Sir,
Will not endure his Yoak; and for our self
To shew less Sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear un-King like.

Luc. So, Sir: I desire of you
A Condu&t over Land, to *Milford-Haven*.
Madam, all Joy befall your Grace, and you.

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office;
The due of Honour in no point omit:
So farewell, noble *Lucius*.

Luc. Your Hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your Enemy.

Luc. Sir, the Event
Is yet to name the Winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords,
Till he have crost *Severn*. Happiness. [*Exit Lucius, &c.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
That we have given him Cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant *Britains* have their wishes in it.

Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readines;
The Powers that he already hath in *Gallia*
Will soon be drawn to Head, from whence he moves
His War for *Britain*.

Queen. 'Tis not, sleepy Business,
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The Duty of the Day. She looks as like
A thing more made of Malice, than of Duty,
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have been too light in sufferance.

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the Exile of *Posthumus*, most retir'd

Hath her Life been; the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your Majesty,
Forbear sharp Speeches to her. She's a Lady
So tender of Rebukes, that Words are Strokes,
And Strokes Death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is she, Sir? How
Can her Contempt be answer'd?

Mes. Please you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to th'loudest Noise we make.

Queen. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that Duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily she was bound to proffer; this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great Court
Made me to blame in Memory.

Cym. Her Doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant Heav'ns, that which I fear
Prove false.

[*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say; follow the King.

Clot. That Men of hers, *Pisanio*, her old Servant,
I have not seen these two Days.

[*Exit.*

Queen. Go, look after —

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus*! —
He hath a Drug of mine; I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply Despair hath seiz'd her;
Or wing'd with Fervour of her Love, she's flown
To her desired *Posthumus*; gone she is,
To death, or to dishonour, and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the *British* Crown.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Son?

Clot. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

K 3

Queen.

Queen. All the better; may
This Night fore-stall him of the coming Day. [*Exit Qu.*]

Clot. I love and hate her; for she's fair and Royal,
And that she hath all courtly Parts more exquisite
Than Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one
The best she hath, and she of all Compounded
Out-sells them all; I love her therefore; but
Disdaining me, and throwing Favours on
The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her Judgment,
That what's else rare, is choak'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when Fools——

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? What, are you packing, Sirrah?
Come hither; Ah you precious Pander, Villain,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

Pis. Oh, good my Lord.

Clot. Where is thy Lady? Or, by *Jupiter*,
I will not ask again. Close Villain,
I'll have this secret from thy Heart, or rip
Thy Heart to find it. Is she with *Posthumus*?
From whose so many weights of baseness, cannot
A dram of Worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my Lord,
How can she be with him? When was she mis'd?
He is in *Rome*.

Clot. Where is she, Sir? Come nearer;
No farther halting; satisfy me home,
What is become of her.

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy Lord!

Clot. All-worthy Villain!
Discover where thy Mistress is, at once,
At the next word; no more of worthy Lord,
Speak, or thy Silence on the instant, is
Thy Condemnation, and thy Death.

Pis. Then, Sir,
This Paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't; I will pursue her
Even to *Augustus* Throne.

[*Afide.*]*Pis.* Or this, or perish.

She's far enough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh.

Pis. I'll write to my Lord she is dead. Oh, *Imogen*,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again.

Clot. Sirrah, is this Letter true?*Pis.* Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Posthumus's* Hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
would'st not be a Villain, but to do me true Service; undergo
those employments wherein I should have Cause to use thee
with a serious industry, that is, what Villany soe'er I bid
thee do to perform it, directly and truly, I would think
thee an honest Man; thou should'st neither want my Means
for thy Relief, nor my Voice for thy Preferment.

Pis. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and con-
stantly thou hast stuck to the bare Fortune of that Beggar
Posthumus, thou can'st not in the Course of Gratitude, but
be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy Hand, here's my Purse. Hast any of
thy late Master's Garments in thy Possession?

Pis. I have, my Lord, at the Lodging, the same Suit he
wore, when he took leave of my Lady and Mistress.

Clot. The first Service thou dost me, fetch that Suit hi-
ther; let it be thy first Service, go.

Pis. I shall, my Lord.[*Exit.*]

Clot. Meet thee at *Milford-Haven*? I forgot to ask him
one thing, I'll remember't anon; even there, thou Villain,
Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these Garments were
come. She said upon a time, the bitterness of it I now
Belch from my Heart, that she held the very Garment of
Posthumus, in more respect, than my Noble and Natural
Person; together with the adornment of my Qualities.
With that Suit upon my back will I ravish her; first kill
him, and in her Eyes----there shall she see my Valour, which
will then be a torment to her Contempt. He on the ground,
my speech of insultment ended on his dead Body, and when
my Lust hath din'd, which as I say, to vex her, I will ex-
ecute in the Cloaths that she so prais'd; to the Court

I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoycingly, and I'll be merry in my Revenge.

Enter Pisanio, with a suit of Cloaths.

Be those the Garments?

Pis. Ay, my Noble Lord,

Clot. How long is't since she went to *Milford-Haven*?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this Apparel to my Chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my Design. Be but duteous, and true Preferment shall tender it self to thee. My Revenge is now at *Milford*, would I had Wings to follow it. Come and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true. To *Milford* go, And find not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow, You Heav'nly Blessings on her: This Fool's speed Be-croft with slowness; Labour be his meed. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV. *The Forest and Cave.*

Enter Imogen in Boys Cloaths.

Imo. I see a Man's Life is a tedious one, I have tired my self; and for two Nights together Have made the Ground my Bed. I should be sick, But that my Resolution helps me; *Milford*, When from the Mountain top *Pisanio* shew'd thee, Thou wast within a Ken. Oh, *Jove*, I think Foundations fly the wretched, such I mean, Where they should be relieved. Two Beggars told me, I could not miss my way. Will poor Folks lie That have Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis A Punishment, or Trial? Yes; no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulness Is forer, than to lye for Need; and Falshood Is worse in Kings, than Beggars. My dear Lord, Thou art one o'th' false ones; now I think on thee, My hunger's gone; but even before, I was At point to sink for Food. But what is this? [*Seeing the Cave.* Here is a Path to't — 'tis some savage hold;

I were best not call; I dare not call; yet Famine
 E'er it clean o'er-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty and Peace breeds Cowards, Hardness ever
 Of Hardness is Mother. Ho! who's here?
 If any thing that's civil, speak, if savage,
 Take, or lend---Ho! no answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
 But fear the Sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a Foe, good Heav'ns.

[*She goes into the Cave.*]

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You *Polidore* have prov'd best Woodman, and
 Are Master of the Feast; *Cadwal* and I
 Will play the Cook, and Servant, 'tis our match:
 The sweat of Industry would dry; and die
 But for the end it works to: Come, our Stomachs
 Will make what's homely, savoury; Weariness
 Can snore upon the Flint, when resty Sloth
 Finds the Down-pillow hard. Now peace be here,
 Poor House, that keep'st thy self.

Guid. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with Toil, yet strong in Appetite.

Guid. There is cold Meat i'th' Cave, we'll brouze on that
 Whilst what we have kill'd be Cook'd:

Bel. Stay, come not in-----
 But that it eats our Victuals, I should think
 He were a Fairy.

[*Looking in.*]

Guid. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By *Jupiter* an Angel! or if not,
 An Earthly Paragon. Behold Divineness
 No elder than a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good Master, harm me not;
 Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
 To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good Troth
 I have stoln nought, nor would not, though I had found
 Gold strew'd i'th' Floor. Here's Mony for my Meat,
 I would have left it on the Board so soon
 As I had made my Meal: and parted
 With Prayers for the Provider.

Guid. Mony, Youth?

Arv.

Arv. All Gold and Silver rather turn to Dirt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty Gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my Fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Im. To *Milford-Haven*.

Bel. What's your Name?

Imo. *Fidels*, Sir; I have a Kinsman, who
Is bound for *Italy*: He embark'd at *Milford*,
To whom being going, almost spent with Hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Prithee, fair Youth,
Think us no Churls; nor measure our good Minds.
By this rude Place we live in. Well-encounter'd,
'Tis almost Night, you shall have better Cheer
E'er you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it:
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a Woman, Youth,
I should woe hard, but be your Groom in honesty;
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arv. I'll make't my Comfort
He is a Man, I'll love him as my Brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome:
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends,

Imo. 'Mongst Friends, [*Aside.*]
If Brothers: would it had been so, that they
Had been my Father's Sons, then had my Prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, *Posthumus*.

Bel. He wrings at some Distress.

Guid. Would I could free't.

Arv. Or I, what e'er it be,
What Pain it cost, what Danger; Gods!

Bel. Hark, Boys.

[*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great Men
That had a Court no bigger than this Cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the Virtue
Which their own Conscience seal'd them; laying by
That Nothing-gift of differing Multitudes

Could not out-piece these twain. Pardon me Gods,
I'd change my Sex to be Companion with them,
Since *Leonatus's* false.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our Hunt. Fair, you come in;
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have suppd
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy Story.
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. Pray draw near:

Arv. The Night to th' Owl,
And Morn to th' Lark less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, Sir.

Arv. I pray draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V. Rome.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the Tenor of the Emperor's Writ;
That since the common Men are now in Action
'Gainst the *Pannonians*, and *Dalmatians*,
And that the Legions now in *Gallia*, are
Full weak to undertake our Wars against
The fall-off *Britains*, that we do incite
The Gentry to this Business. He creates
Lucius Pro-Consul: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Levy, he commands
His absolute Commission. Long live *Cesar*.

Tri. Is *Lucius* General of the Forces?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia*?

1 Sen. With those Legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your Levy
Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission
Will tie you to the Numbers and the Time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our Duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Forest.**Enter Cloten alone.*

Clot. I Am near to th' Place where they should meet, if *Pisano* have map'd it truly. How fit his Garments serve me! Why should his Mistress, who was made by him, that made the Tailor, not be fit too? The rather, saving reverence of the Word, for 'tis said, a Woman's fitness comes by fits: Therein I must play the Workman, I dare speak it to my self, for it is Vain-glory for a Man and his Glass, to confer in his own Chamber; I mean, the Lines of my Body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in Birth, alike conversant in general Services, and more remarkable in single Oppositions; yet this imperseverant Thing loves him in my despatch. What Mortality is! *Posthumus*, thy Head, which now is growing upon thy Shoulders, shall within this Hour be off, thy Mistress enforc'd, thy Garments cut to pieces before thy Face; and all this done, spurn her home to her Father, who may, happily, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my Mother having power of his Testiness, shall turn all into my Commendations. My Horse is ty'd up safe, out Sword, and to a fore purpose; Fortune put them into my Hand; this is the very description of their meeting place, and the Fellow dares not deceive me.

[*Exit.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen from the Cave.

Bel. You are not well: Remain here in the Cave, We'll come to you after Hunting;

Arv. Brother, stay here:

Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So Man and Man should be,
But Clay and Clay differs in Dignity,
Whose Dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Guid.

Guid. Go you to Hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well,

But not so Citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, e'er sick: So please you, leave me,
Stick to your Journal course; the breach of Custom,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no Comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here,
I'll rob none but my self, and let me die
Stealing so poorly,

Guid. I love thee: I have spoke it,
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my Father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be Sin to say so, Sir, I yolk me
In my Brother's Fault: I know not why
I love this Youth, and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason. The Bier at Door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say
My Father, not this Youth.

Bel. Oh noble Strain!

O worthiness of Nature, breed of Greatness!
"Cowards, Father Cowards, and base things, Sire base:
"Nature hath Meal and Bran; Contempt and Grace.
I'm not their Father, yet who this should be,
Doth Miracle it self; lov'd before me!
'Tis the ninth hour o' th' Morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health——So please you, Sir.

Imo. These are kind Creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our Courtiers say, all's savage, but at Court:
Experience, oh how thou disprov'st Report.
Th' imperious Seas breed Monsters; for the Dish,
Poor Tributary Rivers, as sweet Fish;
I am sick still, heart-sick——*Pisano,*
I'll now taste of thy Drug. [Drinks out of the Viol.

Guid. I could not stir him;
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;

Disho-

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter I might know more.

Bel. To th' Field, to th' Field :

We'll leave you for this time, go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sick,

For you must be our Housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,

I am bound to you.

[*Exit.*

Bel. And shalt be ever.

This Youth, how e'er distress'd, appears he hath had Good Ancestors.

Arv. How Angel-like he sings?

Guid. But his neat Cookery?

Arv. He cut out Roots in Characters,
And sauc'd our Broth, as *Juno* had been sick,
And he her Dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile:
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a Temple, to commix
With Winds that Sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,

That Grief and Patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their Spurs together.

Arv. Grow Patience,

And let the stinking Elder, Grief, untwine
His perishing Root, with the encreasing Vine.

Bel. It is great Morning. Come away: who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find those Runagates, that Villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those Runagates!

Means he not us? I partly know him, 'tis
Cloten, the Son o' th' Queen; I fear some Ambush—
I saw him not these many Years, and yet
I know 'tis he: we are held as Out-laws; hence.

Guid. He is but one; you, and my Brother search
What Companies are near: pray you away,

Let

Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*]

Clot. Soft, what are you

That fly me thus? Some Villain-Mountainers—
I have heard of such. What Slave art thou?

Guid. A thing

More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A Slave without a knock.

Clot. Thou art a Robber,

A Law-Breaker, a Villain; yield thee, Thief:

Guid. To whom? to thee? what art thou? Have not I
An Arm as big as thine? a Heart as big?

Thy Words I grant are bigger: for I wear not
My Dagger in my Mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

Clot. Thou Villain base,
Know'st me not by my Cloaths?

Guid. No nor thy Tailor, Rascal,
Who is thy Grandfather, he made those Cloaths,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious Varlet!
My Tailor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank
The Man that gave them thee. Thou art some Fool,
I am loth to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious Thief,
Hear but my Name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy Name?

Clot. *Cloten*, thou Villain.

Guid. *Cloten*, thou double Villain be thy Name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'T would move sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy meer Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Son to th' Queen.

Guid. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth.

Clot. Art not afraid?

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the Wise:
At Fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the Death:
When I have slain thee with my proper Hand,

I'll follow those that ev'n now fled hence,
 And on the Gates of *Lud's Town* set your Heads:
 Yield Rustick Mountaineer. [*Fight and Exeunt.*]

Exeunt Bellarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Company's abroad.

Arv. None in the World; you did mistake him sure.

Bel. I cannot tell; long is it since I saw him,
 But Time hath nothing blurr'd those Lines of Favour
 Which then he wore; the snatches in his Voice,
 And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute
 'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arv. In this place we left them;
 I wish my Brother make good time with him,
 You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
 I mean to Man; he had not apprehension
 Of roaring Terrors; For defect of Judgment
 Is oft the cause of fear. But see thy Brother.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. This *Cloten* was a Fool, an empty Purse,
 There was no Mony in't; Not *Hercules*
 Could have knock'd out his Brains, for he had none:
 Yet I not doing this, the Fool had born
 My Head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. I am perfect what; cut off one *Cloten's* Head,
 Son to the Queen, after his own report,
 Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
 With his own Hand he'd take us in,
 Displace our Heads, where, thanks to th' Gods, they grow,
 And set them on *Lud's Town*.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy Father, what have we to lose,
 But that he swore to take, our Lives? the Law
 Protects not us, then why should we be tender,
 To let an arrogant piece of Flesh threat us?
 Play Judge, and Executioner, all himself?
 For we do fear no Law. What Company
 Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single Soul

Can we set Eye on ; but in all safe reason
 He must have some Attendants. Though his Honour
 Was nothing but mutation, ay and that
 From one bad thing to worse ; Not Frenzy,
 Not absolute Madness could so far have rav'd
 To bring him here alone, although perhaps
 It may be heard at Court, that such as we
 Cave here, haunt here, are Out-laws, and in time
 May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,
 As it is like him, might break out, and swear
 He'd fetch us in ; yet is't not probable
 To come alone, either so undertaking,
 Or they so suffering ; then on good ground we fear,
 If we do fear this Body hath a Tail
 More perilous than the Head.

Arv. Let Ord'nance
 Come, as the Gods foresay it, howsoe'er
 My Brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
 To hunt this day : The Boy *Fidele's* sickness
 Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own Sword,
 Which he did wave against my Throat, I have ta'en
 His Head from him : I'll throw't into the Creek
 Behind our Rock, and let it to the Sea,
 And tell the Fishes, he's the Queen's Son, *Cloten*,
 That's all I reak.

[*Exit.*

Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd :
 Would, *Polidore*, thou hadst not don't : though Valour
 Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had don't,
 So the Revenge alone pursu'd me : *Polidore*,
 I love thee Brotherly, but envy much
 Thou hast robb'd me of this Deed ; I would Revenges
 That possible Strength might meet, would seek us through,
 And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done :
 We'll hunt no more to day, nor seek for danger
 Where there's no profit. I prithee to our Rock,
 You and *Fidele* play the Cooks : I'll stay
 Till hasty *Polidore* return, and bring him

To Dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick *Fidele*!

I'll willingly to him; to gain his colour
I'd let a Parish of such *Clotens* blood,
And praise my self for Charity.

[*Exit*]

Bel. O thou Goddess,
Thou divine Nature! thy self thou blazon'ft
In these two Princely Boys: they are as gentle
As Zephyrs blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet Head; and yet, as rough,
Their Royal Blood enchas'd, as the rud'ft Wind,
That by the top doth take the Mountain Pine,
And make him stoop to th' Vail. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To Royalty unlearn'd, Honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other; Valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd: yet still it's strange
What *Cloten's* being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my Brother?

I have sent *Cloten's* Cloe-pole down the stream,
In Embassie to his Mother; his Body's hostage
For his Return.

[*Solemn Musick*]

Bel. My ingenious Instrument,
Hark *Polidore*, it sounds: But what occasion
Hath *Cadwall* now to give it motion? Hark.

Guid. Is he at Home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean?
Since death of my dear'ft Mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn Accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting Toys,
Is Jollity for Apes, and Grief for Boys.
Is *Cadwall* mad?

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his Arms,

Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The Bird is dead

That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipt from sixteen Years of Age, to sixty :
To have turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest Lilly !

My Brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thy self.

Bel. Oh Melancholly,

Who ever yet could found thy bottom ? Find
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care
Might easiliest harbour in ? Thou blessed thing.
Jove knows what Man thou might'st have made : but I,
Thou dy'dst, a more rare Boy, of Melancholly.
How found you him ?

Arv. Stark, as you see :

Thus smiling as some Fly had tickled Slumber,
Not as Death's Dart being laugh'd at : his right Check,
Reposing on a Cushion.

Guid. Where ?

Arv. O'th' Floor :

His Arms thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clouted Brogues from off my Feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my Steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps ;

If he be gone he'll make his Grave a Bed ;
With Female Fairies will his Tomb be haunted,
And Worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest Flow'rs

Whilst Summer lasts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
I'll sweeten thy sad Grave : thou shalt not lack
The Flow'r that's like thy Face, pale *Primrose* ; nor
The azur'd *Hare-Bell*, like thy Veins ; no nor
The Leaf of *Eglantine*, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy Breath : the Raddock would
With charitable Bill (Oh Bill sore shaming
Those rich-left Heirs, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Moss besides. When Flow'rs are none
To Winter-ground thy coarse

Guid. Prithee have done,
 And do not play in Wench-like words with that
 Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
 And not protract with admiration, what
 Is now due Debt. To th' Grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him ?

Guid. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.

Arv. Be't so :

And let us, *Polidore*, though now our Voices
 Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' Ground
 As once to our Mother : use like note, and words,
 Save that *Euriphile* must be *Fidele*.

Guid. *Cadwall*,
 I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee,
 For Notes of Sorrow, out of tune, are worse
 Than Priests, and Vanes than lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great Griefs I see Med'cine the less. For *Cloten*
 Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's Son, Boys,
 And though he came our Enemy, remember
 He was paid for that : The Mean, and Mighty, rotting
 Together, have one Dust, yet Reverence,
 The Angel of the World, doth make distinction
 Of place 'twixt high and low. Our Foe was Princely,
 And though you took his Life, as being our Foe,
 Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Guid. Pray thee fetch him hither.
Thersites Body is as good as *Ajax*,
 When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
 We'll say our Song the whilst : Brother begin.

Guid. Nay *Cadwall*, we must lay his Head to th' East,
 My Father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, begin.

S O N G.

Guid. Fear no more the Heat o'th' Sun,
 Nor the furious Winters rages,
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and take thy Wages.

*Golden Lads and Girls all must,
As Chimney Sweepers come to Dust.*

*Arv. Fear no more the Frown o' th' Great,
Thou art past the Tyrant's stroke,
Care no more to Cloath and Eat,
To thee the Reed is as the Oak:
The Scepter, Learning, Physick must,
All follow this, and come to Dust.*

Guid. Fear no more the Lightning flash.

Arv. Nor th' all-dreaded Thunder-stone.

Guid. Fear no Slander, Censure, rash.

Arv. Thou hast finish'd Joy and Moan.

*Both. All Lovers young, all Lovers must,
Consign to thee, and come to Dust.*

Guid. No Exorciser harm thee.

Arv. Nor no Witchcraft charm thee.

Guid. Ghost unlaid forbear thee.

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee.

*Both. Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy Grave.*

Enter Bellarius with the Body of Cloten.

Guid. We have done our Obsequies:

Come lay him down.

*Bel. Here's a few Flow'rs, but about Midnight more;
The Herbs that have on them cold Dew o'th' Night
Are strewings fitt'ft for Graves: upon their Faces——
You were as Flow'rs, now wither'd; even so
These Herbelets shall, which we upon you strew.
Come on, away, apart upon our Knees——
The Ground that gave them first, has them again:
Their Pleasures here are past, so are their Pain. [Exit.*

[Imogen awakes.

*Yes, Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way?——
I thank you---by yond Bush---pray how far thither?——
'Ods pit'ikirs---can it be six Mile yet?——
I have gone all Night---'faith, I'll lye down and sleep.
But soft! no Bedfellow!---Oh Gods, and Goddesses!*

[Seeing the Body.

*The Flow'rs are like the Pleasures of the World;
This bloody Man the care on't. I hope I dream;
For so I thought I was a Cave-keeper,
And Cook to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:*

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the Brain makes of Fumes. Our very Eyes,
 Are sometimes like our Judgments, blind. Good Faith
 I tremble still with fear; but if there be
 Yet left in Heav'n, as small a drop of pity
 As a Wren's Eye: fear'd Gods, a part of it.
 The Dream's here still; even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless Man!— The Garments, of *Posthumus*?
 I know the shape of's Leg, this is his Hand,
 His Foot *Mercurial*, his Martial Thigh,
 The Brawns of *Hercules*: but his Jovial Face——
 Murther in Heav'n!—How!—'tis gone--*Pisanio!*---
 All curses madd'd *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou
 Conspir'd with that irregulous Devil *Cloten*,
 Have here cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Pisanio*
 Hath with his forg'd Letters--damn'd *Pisanio!*---
 From this most bravest Vessel of the World
 Struck the main top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,
 Where is thy Head? where's that? Ay me, ay, where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the Heart,
 And left his Head on. How should this be, *Pisanio!*——
 'Tis he and *Cloten*. Malice and Lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The Drug he gave me, which he said was precious
 And Cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to th' Senses? that confirms it home:
 This is *Pisanio's* deed, and *Cloten*: Oh!
 Give colour to my pale Cheek with thy Blood,
 That we the horrid may seem to those
 Which chance to find us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garrison'd in *Gallia*
 After your will, have cross'd the Sea, attending
 You here at *Milford-Haven*, with your Ships:
 They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from *Rome*?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the Confiners,
 And Gentlemen of *Italy*, most willing Spirits,

That promise Noble Service: and they come
Under the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Sycenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th' Wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers,
Be mustered, bid the Captains look to't. Now, Sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this War's purpose?

Sooth. Last Night the very gods shew'd me a Vision
(I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
I saw *Jove's* Bird, the *Roman* Eagle wing'd
From the Spungy South, to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the Sun-beams, which portends,
Unless my Sins abuse my Divination,
Success to th' *Roman* Host.

Luc. Dream often so,

And never false. Soft ho, what Trunk is here?
Without his top? the ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a Page! —————
Or dead, or sleeping on him? but dead rather:
For Nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead,
Let's see the Boy's Face.

Cap. He's alive, my Lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of his Body. Young one,
Inform us of the Fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy Interest
In this sad wrack? How came't? Who is't?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better: This was my Master,
A very valiant *Britain*, and a good,
That here by Mountainers lyes slain: Alas!
There are no more such Masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for Service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another Master.

Luc. 'Lack, good Youth!

Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy Master in bleeding: Say his name, good Friend:

Imo. Richard du Camp: If I do lye, and do
No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope [*Aside.*]
They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thy self the very same;
Thy Name well fits thy Faith, thy Faith, thy Name.
Will take thy change with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No less belov'd. The *Roman* Emperor's Letters
Sent by a Consul to me, should no sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first an't please the Gods,
I'll hide my Master from the Flies as deep
As these poor Pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild Wood-leaves and Weeds I ha' strew'd his Grave,
And on it said a Century of Pray'rs,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh,
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good Youth,

And rather Father thee, than Master thee. My Friends,
The Boy hath taught us manly Duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest Dazied-plot we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
A Grave; come, Arm him: Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee, to us, and he shall be interr'd
As Soldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine Eyes,
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *The Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her;
A Fever with the absence of her Son;
A Madness, of which her Life's in danger; Heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen,*
The great part of my Comfort, gone! My Queen

Upon a desperate Bed, and in a time
 When fearful Wars point at me! Her Son gone,
 So needful for this present! It strikes me, past
 The hope of Comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
 Who needs must know of her Departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll inforce it from thee
 By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my Life is yours,
 I humbly set it at your Will: But for my Mistress,
 I nothing know where she remains; why gone,
 Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your Highness,
 Hold me your Loyal Servant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
 The Day that she was missing, he was here;
 I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
 All parts of his Subjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
 There wants no diligence in seeking him,
 And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
 We'll slip you for a Season, but with Jealousie
 Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majesty,
 The *Roman* Legions all from *Gallia* drawn,
 Are landed on your Coast, with large supply
 Of *Roman* Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the Counsel of my Son and Queen.
 I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
 Your Preparation can affront no less
 Than what you hear of.
 Come more, for more you're ready;
 The want is, but to put these Powers in Motion,
 That long to move.

Cym. I thank you; let's withdraw
 And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
 What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
 We grieve at Chances here. Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Pis. I heard no Letter from my Master, since
 I wrote him *Imogen* was slain. 'Tis strange;
 Nor hear I from my Mistress, who did promise
 To yield me often tidings. Neither know I

What is betide to *Cloten*, but remain
 Perplext in all. The Heav'ns still must work;
 Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
 These present Wars shall find I love my Country,
 Even to the Note o'th' King, or I'll fall in them;
 All other Doubts, by time let them be clear'd,
 Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd. [Exit.]

S C E N E III. *The Street.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. The Noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What Pleasure, Sir, find we in Life, to lock it
 From Action, and Adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope
 Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
 Must, or for *Britains* slay us, or receive us
 For barbarous and unnatural Revolts
 During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
 We'll higher to the Mountains, there secure us.
 To the King's Party there's no going; newness
 Of *Cloten's* Death, we being not known, nor muster'd
 Among the Bands, may drive us to a render
 Where we have liv'd: and so extort from's that
 Which we have done, whose answer would be Death
 Drawn on with Torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
 In such a time, nothing becoming you,
 Not satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
 That when they hear the *Roman* Horses neigh,
 Behold their quarter'd Fires, have both their Eyes
 And Ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
 That they will waste their time upon our Note,
 To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
 Of many in the Army; many Years,
 Though *Cloten* then but young, you see, not wore him
 From my remembrance. And besides, the King
 Hath not deserv'd my Service, nor your Loves,

Who find in my Exile the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this hard Life, ay hopeless
To have the Courtesie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be still-hot Summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking Slaves of Winter.

Guid. Than be so,
Better to cease to be; pray, Sir, to th' Army;
I, and my Brother are not known; your self
So out of Thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this Sun that shines
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did see Man die, scarce ever look'd on Blood,
But that of coward Hares, hot Goats and Venison?
Never bestride a Horse save one, that had
A Rider like my self, who ne'er wore Rowel,
Nor Iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy Sun, to have
The Benefit of his blest Beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By Heav'ns I'll go,
If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The Hands of *Romans*.

Arv. So say I, *Amen*.

Bel. No reason I, since of your Lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, Boys.
If in your Country Wars you chance to die,
That is my Bed too, Lads, and there I'll lye.
Lead, lead; the time seems long, their Blood thinks Scorn
'Till it flie out, and shew them Princes born. [*Exeunt*.]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

SCENE *A Field between the British and Roman Camps.*

Enter Posthumus with a bloody Handkerchief.

Post. **Y**E A bloody Cloth, I'll keep thee; for I am wisht
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If

If each of you would take this Course, how many
 Must murder Wives much better than themselves
 For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisanio*!
 Every good Servant does not all commands——
 No Bond, but to do just ones. Gods! if you
 Should have ta'en Vengeance on my Faults, I never
 Had liv'd to put on this; so had you saved
 The noble *Imogen* to repent, and strook
 Me, wretch, more worth your Vengeance. But alack
 You snatch from hence for little Faults; that's love
 To have them fall no more; you some permit
 To second ill with ill, each worse than other,
 And make them dread it, to the doers thrift;
 But *Imogen* is your own, do your best Wills,
 And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
 Among th' *Italian* Gentry, and to fight
 Against my Lady's Kingdom; 'tis enough
 That, *Britain*, I have kill'd thy Mistress: Peace,
 I'll give no wound to thee; therefore, good Heav'ns,
 Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
 Of these *Italian* Weeds, and suit my self
 As do's a *Britain* Peasant? so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O *Imogen*, even for whom my Life
 Is every Breath, a Death; and thus unknown,
 Pitied, nor hated, to the Face of Peril
 My self I'll dedicate. Let me make Men know
 More Valour in me, than my Habit's show;
 Gods, put the strength o' th' *Leonati* in me;
 To shame the guise o' th' World, I will begin,
 The Fashion less without, and more within.

[Exit.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army at one Door;
 and the Britain Army at another: Leonatus Posthumus
 following like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go
 out. Then enter again in Skirmish Iachimo, and Post-
 humus; he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then
 leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my Bosom,
 Takes off my Manhood; I have bely'd a Lady,
 The Princess of this Country; and the Air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this Carle,

A very drudge of Nature's, have subdu'd me
 In my profession? Kighthoods, and Honours born,
 As I wear mine, are Titles but of Scorn;
 If that thy Gentry, *Britain*, go before
 This Lowr, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are Men, and you are Gods. [Exit.
The Battel continues, the Britains fly, Cymbeline is taken;
then enter to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arvi-
ragus.

Bel. Stand, stand, we have the Advantage of the Ground,
 The Lane is Guarded: Nothing routs us, but
 The Villany of our Fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, stand and fight.

Enter Posthumus, and Seconds the Britains. They Rescue
Cymbeline, and Exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, Boy, from the Troops, and save thy self;
 For Friends kill Friends, and the Disorder's such
 As War were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh Supplies.

Luc. It is a Day turn'd strangely; or betimes
 Let's re-inforce, or fly. [Exeunt.

Enter Posthumus, and a Britain Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did.

Though you it seems came from the Fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame to you, Sir, for all was lost,
 But that the Heav'ns fought: the King himself
 Of his Wings destitute, the Army broken,
 And but the backs of *Britains* seen; all flying
 Through a straight Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring, having work
 More plentiful, than Tools to do't, strook down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Merely through fear, that the straight pass was damm'd
 With dead Men, hurt behind, and Cowards living
 To die with leagthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this Lane?

Post. Close by the battel, ditch'd, and wall'd with Turf,
 Which gave Advantage to an ancient Soldier,

An honest one I warrant, who deserv'd
 So long a breeding, as his white Beard came to,
 In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
 He, with two Striplings, Lads more like to run
 The Country base, than to commit such Slaughter,
 With Faces fit for Masks, or rather fairer
 Than those for Preservation cas'd, or shame,
 Made good the Passage, cry'd to those that fled,
 Our *Britain's* Hearts die flying, not our Men,
 To darkness fleet Souls that fly backward; stand,
 Or we are *Romans*, and will give you that
 Like Beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
 But to look back in front: Stand, stand. These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many;
 For three Performers are the File, when all
 The rest do nothing. With this Word stand, stand,
 Accomodated by the place; more Charming
 With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
 A Distaff to a Lance, gilded pale looks;
 Part shame, part Spirit renew'd, that some turn'd Coward
 But by Example (Oh a Sin in War,
 Damn'd in the first Beginners) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like Lions
 Upon the pikes o' th' Hunters. Then began
 A stop i' th' Chaser, a Retire; anon
 A Rout, confusion thick. Forthwith they flie
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd Eagles: Slaves
 The strides the Victors made; and now our Cowards
 Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
 The Eisco'th' need; having found the back door open
 Of the unguarded Hearts, Heavn's, how they wound,
 Some slain before, some dying; some their Friends
 O'er-born i' th' former wave, ten chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the Slaughter-man of twenty;
 Those that would die, or e'er resist, are grown
 The mortal Bugs o' th' Field.

Lord. This was a strange chance;

A narrow Lane, an old Man, and two Boys.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any. Will you Rhime upon't,

And vent it for Mock'ry? Here is one:

*Two Boys, an old Man twice a Boy, a Lane,
"Preserv'd the Britains, was the Romans bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.

Post. Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his Foe, I'll be his Friend;

For if he'll do, as he is made to do,

I know he'll quickly fly my Friendship too.

You have put me into Rhyme.

Lord. Farewel, you're angry.

[*Exit.*

Post. Still going? this is a Lord; oh noble Misery
To be i' th' Field, and ask what News of me;
To day, how many would have given their Honours
To have sav'd their Carkasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died to. I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find Death, where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he strook. Being an ugly Monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
Sweet Words; or hath more Ministers than we
That draw his Knives i' th' War. Well I will find him;
For being now a Favourer to the *Britain*,
No more a *Britain*, I have resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest Hind, that shall
Once touch my Shoulder. Great the Slaughter is
Here made by th' *Roman*; great the answer be,
Britains must take. For me, my Ransom's Death,
On either side I come to spend my Breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear agen,
But end it by some means for *Imogen*.

Enter two Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great *Jupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken.
'Tis thought the old Man, and his Sons, were Angels:

2 Cap. There was a fourth Man, in a silly Habit,
That gave th' Affront with them.

1 Cap. So 'tis reported;
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?

Post. A *Roman*.
Who had not now been drooping here, if *Seconds*
Had answer'd him.

2 Cap. Lay Hands on him; a Dog,

A Leg of Rome shall not return to tell
 What Crows have peck'd them here; he brags his Service
 As if he were of Note; bring him to th' King.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman Captives. the Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Goaler.

SCENE II. A Prison.

Enter Posthumus, and two Goalers.

1 *Goal.* You shall not now be stoln, you have locks upon you;
 So graze, as you find Pasture.

2 *Goal* Ay, or a Stomach. [*Exeunt Goalers.*

Post. Most welcome Bondage; for thou art a way,
 I think, to Liberty; yet am I better
 Than one that's sick o' th' Gout, since he had rather
 Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
 By th' sure Physician, Death; who is the Key
 T' unbar these Locks. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd
 More than my Shanks, and Wrists; you good Gods give me
 The penitent Instrument to pick that Bolt,
 Then free for ever. Is't enough I am sorry?
 So Children temporal Fathers do appease;
 Gods are more full of Mercy. Must I repent,
 I cannot do it better than in Gyves,
 Desir'd, more than constrain'd; to satisfie
 If of my Freedom 'tis the main part, take
 No stricter render of me, than my All.
 I know you are more clement than vile Men,
 Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement; that's not my Desire,
 For *Imogen's* dear Life, take mine, and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a Life; you coin'd it;
 'Tween Man, and Man, they weigh not every stamp;
 Though light, take Pieces for the Figure's sake,
 You rather, mine being yours; and so great Powers,
 If you will take this Audit, take this Life,
 And cancel those old Bonds. Oh *Imogen!*
 I'll speak to thee in Silence.

[*He sleeps.*
Solemn

Solemn Musick. Enter, as in an Apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, Father to Posthumus, an old Man, attired like a Warrior, leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife; and Mother to Posthumus, with Musick before them. Then after other Musick, follow the two young Leonati, Brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the Wars. They circle Posthumus round as he lyes sleeping.

Sici. No more thou Thunder-Master

Shew thy spite, on mortal Flies :

With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Revenges.

Hath my poor Boy done ought but well,

Whose Face I never saw ?

I dy'd whilst in the Womb he stay'd,

Attending Nature's Law.

Whose Father then, (as Men report,

Thou Orphans Father art)

Thou shoud'st have been, and shielded him

From his Earth-vexing Smart.

Moth: *Lucina* lent not me her aid,

But took me in my throes,

That from me was *Posthumus* ript,

Came crying 'mongst his Foes.

A thing of pity.

Sici. Great Nature like his Ancestry,

Moulded the stuff so fair ;

That he deserv'd the praise o'th' World,

As great *Sicilius* Heir.

i Bro. When once he was mature for Man,

In *Britain* where was he

That could stand up his Parallel,

Or Rival object be,

In Eye of *Imogen*, that best

Could deem his Dignity ?

Moth. With Marriage therefore was he mockt

To be exil'd, and thrown

From *Leonati* Seat, and cast,

From her his dearest one :

Sweet *Imogen* !

Sici. Why did you suffer *Iachimo*,

Slight thing of *Italy*,

To taint his noble Heart and Brain

With needless jealousy,

And to become the geek and scorn

O'th' other's villany ?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiffer seats we came,

Our Parents, and us twain,

That striking in our Country's cause,

Fell bravely, and were slain,

Our Fealty, and *Tenants* right,

With Honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath

To *Cymbeline* perform'd ;

Then *Jupiter*, thou King of gods,

Why hast thou thus adjourn'd,

The Graces for his Merits due,

Being all to dolours turn'd ?

Sici. Thy Crystal Window ope ; look out ;

No longer exercise

Upon a valiant Race, thy harsh

And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, *Jupiter*, our Son is good,

Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy Marble Mansion, help,

Or we poor Ghosts will cry

To th' shining Synod of the rest,

Against thy Deity.

2 *Breth.* Help, *Jupiter*, or we appeal,

And from thy justice flee.

Jupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jupit. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing ; hush ! How dare you Ghosts

Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt, you know,

Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.

Poor shadows of *Elizium*, hence, and rest

Upon your never-withering Banks of Flowers.

Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd,

No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.

Whom best I love, I cross ; to make my gift,

The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,

Your low-laid Son, our Godhead will uplift :

His Comforts thrive, his Trials well are spent ;
 Our *Jovial* Star reign'd at his Birth, and in
 Our Temple was he married : Rise, and fade,
 He shall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,
 And happier much by his Affliction made.
 This Tablet lay upon his Breast, wherein [*Jupit. drops a Tablet.*
 Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,
 And so away : no farther with your din
 Express Impatience, lest you stir up mine ;
 Mount Eagle, to my Palace Crystalline. [*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder, his Cœlestial breath
 Was sulphurous to smell ; the holy Eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foot us : his Ascension is
 More sweet than our blest Fields ; his Royal Bird
 Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his Beak,
 As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, *Jupiter.*

Sici. The Marble Pavement closes, he is enter'd
 His radiant Roof : Away, and to be blest
 Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Exiit*

Post. Sleep, thou hast been a Grandfire, and begot
 A Father to me : and thou hast created
 A Mother, and two Brothers. But, oh scorn !
 Gone——they went from hence so soon as they were born ;
 And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
 On Greatness Favour, Dream as I have done,
 Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve :
 Many Dream not to find, neither deserve,
 And yet are steep'd in Favours ; so am I
 That have this Golden chance, and know not why :
 What Fairies haunt this ground ? a Book ! Oh rare one !
 Be not, as is our fangled World, a Garment
 Nobler than that it covers : Let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers,
 As good, as promise.

Reads.

When as the Lion's Whelp shall, to himself unknown, with-
 out seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender
 Air ; And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches,
 which being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed
 to the old Stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus

end his miseries, Britain be Fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plenty.

'Tis still a Dream ; or else such stuff as Mad-men
Tongue, and Brain not: 'Tis either both, or nothing ;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As Sense cannot untie. But what it is,
The Action of my Life is like it, which I'll keep
If but for Sympathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Gaol. Come, Sir, are you ready for Death ?

Post. Over-roasted rather : ready long ago.

Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you be ready for that,
you are well Cookt.

Post. So if I prove a good repast to the Spectators, the
dish pays the shot.

Gao. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir : but the comfort is,
you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more Ta-
vern Bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the pro-
curing of mirth ; you came in faint for want of meat, depart
reeling with too much drink ; sorry that you have paid too
much, and sorry that you are paid too much : Purse and
Brain, both empty ; the Brain the heavier, for being too
light ; the Purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Oh,
of this contradiction you shall now be quit ; Oh the charity
of a penny Cord, it sums up thousands in a trice ; you have
no true Debtor, and Creditor, but it ; of what's past, is,
and to come, the discharge ; your Neck, Sir, is Pen, Book,
and Counters ; so the Acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gao. Indeed, Sir, he that sleeps, feels not the Tooth-Ache :
but a Man that were to sleep your Sleep, and a Hangman to
help him to Bed, I think he would change places with his
Officer : for look you, Sir, you know not which way you
shall go.

Post. Yes indeed do I, Fellow.

Gao. Your Death his Eyes in's Head then ; I have not
seen him so pictur'd : you must either be directed by some
that take upon them to know, or to take upon your self that
which I am sure you do not know ; or lump the after-en-
quiry on your own peril ; and how you shall speed in your
journies end, I think you'll return never to tell one.

Post.

Post. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want Eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gao. What an infinite mock is this, that a Man should have the best use of Eyes, to seek the way of blindness: I am sure such hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good News, I am call'd to be made free.

Gao. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a Goaler: no bolts for the Dead. [*Exeunt.*

Gao. Unless a Man would marry a Gallows, and beget young Gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet on my Conscience, there are verier Knaves desire to live, for all he be a *Roman*: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O there were desolation of Gaolers and Gallowses; I speak against my present Profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*

S C E N E III. Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the Gods have made Preservers of my Throne: Wo is my Heart, That the poor Soldier that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded Arms, whose naked breast Stept before Targets of proof, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can find him, if Our Grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw Such Noble Fury in so poor a Thing: Such precious deeds, in one that promis'd nought But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead, and living, But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
 The heir of his reward, which I will add
 To you, the Liver, Heart, and Brain of *Britain*,
 [To Bell. Guid. and Arvirg.
 By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
 To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bell. Sir,
 In *Cambria* are we born, and Gentlemen:
 Further to boast, were neither true, nor modest,
 Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees,
 Arise my Knights o'th' Battel, I create you
 Companions to our Person, and will fit you
 With Dignities becoming your Estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's business in these Faces: why so sadly
 Greet you our Victory? you look like the *Romans*,
 And not o'th' Court of *Britain*.

Cor. Hail, great King,
 To sour your happiness, I must report
 The Queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a Physician
 Would this report become; but I consider,
 My Med'cine Life may be prolong'd, yet Death
 Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her self,
 Which, being cruel to the World, concluded
 Most cruel to her self. What she confess'd,
 I will report so please you. These her Women
 Can trip me, if I err; who with wet Cheeks
 Were present when she finish'd,

Cym. Prithce say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
 Affected Greatness got by you, not you;
 Married your Royalty, was Wife to your place,
 Abhor'd your Person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
 And but she spoke it dying, I would not
 Believe her Lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your Daughter, whom she bore in hand, to love
 With such integrity, she did confess
 Was a Scorpion to her sight, whose life, But

But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by Poison.

Cym. O most delicate Fiend!

Who is't can read a Woman? is there more?

Cym. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal Mineral, which being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingring,
By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew: yes, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her Son into th' adoption of the Crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless desperate, open'd, in despite
Of Heav'n, and Men, her purposes: repented
The evils she hatch'd, were not effected: so
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

Lady. We did, so please your Highness.

Cym. Mine Eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:
Mine Ears that heard her flattery, nor my Heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my Daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all.
Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman Prisoners, Leonatus behind, and Imogen.

Thou com'st not, *Cains*, now for Tribute, that
The *Britains* have rac'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose Kinsmen have made suit
That their good Souls may be appeas'd, with slaughter
Of you their Captives, which our self have granted,
So think of your Estate.

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of War; the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We should not when the Blood was cool, have threatned
Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd rancome, let it come: sufficeth,
A *Roman*, with a *Roman's* Heart can suffer:

Augustus lives to think on't; and so much
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only
 I will entreat, my Boy, a *Britain* born,
 Let him be ransom'd: never Master had
 A Page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
 So tender over his Occasions, true.
 So fear, so Nurse-like; let his Virtue join
 With my request, which I'll make bold, your Highness
 Cannot deny: he hath done no *Britain* harm,
 Though he hath serv'd a *Roman*. Save him, Sir,
 And spare no Blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him;
 His favour is familiar to me: Boy,
 Thou hast look'd thy self into my grace,
 And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
 To say, live Boy: ne'er thank thy Master, live;
 And ask of *Cymbeline* what Boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it:
 Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner,
 The Noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my Life, good Lad,
 And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
 There's other work in hand; I see a thing
 Bitter to me as Death; your Life, good Master,
 Must shuffle for it self.

Luc. The Boy disdains me.
 He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys,
 That place them on the truth of Girls, and Boys.
 Why stands he so perplex?

Cym. What wouldst thou, Boy?
 I love thee more and more: think more and more,
 What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
 Wilt have him live? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

Imo. He is a *Roman*, no more Kin to me,
 Than I to your Highness, who being born your Vassal
 Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st thou him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you please
 To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my Heart.

And lend my best attention. What's thy Name?

Imo. *Fidèle*, Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good Youth, my Page.
I'll be thy Master: walk with me, speak freely.

Bel. Is not this Boy reviv'd from Death?

Arw. One Sand another

Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad,
Who dy'd, and was *Fidèle*: what think you?

Gwi. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see further; he Eyes us not, forbear,
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gwi. But we see him dead.

Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

Pisf. It is my Mistress:

[*Aside.*

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side.
Make thy demand aloud. Sir, step you forth, [*To Iachimo.*
Give answer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greatness, and the grace of it
Which is our Honour, bitter Torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him.

Imo. My Boon is, that this Gentleman may tender
Of whom he had this Ring.

Post. What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond upon your Finger, say
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken, that
Which to be spoke would torture thee.

Cym. How? me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By Villany
I got this Ring; 'twas *Leonatus* Jewel,
Whom thou didst banish: and, which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me, a Nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twi'x Sky and Ground. Wilt thou hear more, my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That Paragon, thy Daughter,
For whom my Heart drops Blood, and my false Spirits

Quail to remember. Give me leave, I faint— [*Sounds.*]

Cym. My Daughter, what of her? Renew thy strength,
I had rather thou shouldst live, while Nature will,
Than die e'er I hear more: strive Man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, unhappy was the Clock
That struck the Hour, it was in *Rome*, accurs'd
The Mansion where, 'twas at a Feast, oh would
Our Viands had been poison'd! or at least
Those which I heav'd to head: the good *Posthumus*—
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill Men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our Loves of *Italy*
For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for Feature, laming
The Shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Minerva*,
Postures, beyond brief Nature; for Condition,
A Shop of all the qualities, that Man
Loves Woman for, besides that hook of Wiving.
Fairness, which strikes the Eye—

Cym. I stand on Fire. Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This *Posthumus*,
Most like a noble Lord, in love, and one
That had a Royal Lover, took his hint,
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calm as Virtue, he began
His Mistress Picture, which by his Tongue, being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd in Kitching-Trulls, or his Description
Prov'd us unspeaking Sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your Daughter's Chastity; there it begins:
He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot Dreams,
And she alone were cold; whereat, I wretch
Made scruple of his praise, and wag'd with him
Pieces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore
Upon his Honour'd Finger; to attain
In suit the place of's Bed, and win this Ring,
By hers, and mine Adultery; he, true Knight,
No lesser of her Honour confident

Than I did truly find her, stakes this Ring,
 And would so, had it been a Carbuncle
 Of *Phœbus* Wheel; and might so safely, had it
 Been all the worth of's Car. Away to *Britain*
 Post I in this design: well may you, Sir,
 Remember me at Court, where I was taught
 Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
 'Twixt Amorous, and Villainous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing; mine *Italian* Brain,
 'Gan in your duller *Britain* operate
 Most wilely: for my Vantage excellent,
 And to be brief, my practice so prevail'd
 That I return'd with simular proof enough,
 To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
 By wounding his belief in her Renown,
 With Tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
 Of Chamber-Hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
 (Oh cunning how I got it) nay some marks
 Of secret on her Person, that he could not
 But think her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
 Methinks I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou do'st, [*Coming forward.*]
Italian Fiend! Ay me, most credulous Fool,
 Egregious Murtherer, Thief, any thing
 That's due to all the Villains past, in being,
 To come——Oh give me Cord, Knife or Poison,
 Some upright Justice. Thou King, send out
 For Torturers ingenious; it is I
 That all th' abhorred things o' th' Earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am *Posthumus*,
 That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lie,
 That caus'd a lesser Villain than my self,
 A sacrilegious Thief to do't. The Temple
 Of Virtue was she; yes, and she her self.
 Spit, and throw Stones, cast myre upon me, set
 The Dogs o' th' Street to bait me: every Villain
 Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
 Be Villainy less than 'twas. Oh *Imogen*!
 My Queen, my Life, my Wife: oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen.

Imo. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a Play of this ?

Thou scornful Page, there lie thy part. [*Striking her, she falls.*]

Pis. Oh Gentlemen, help,

Mine and your Mistress——Oh, my Lord *Posthumus!*

You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now——help, help!

Mine Honour'd Lady——

Cym. Does the World go round ?

Post. How come these Staggers on me ?

Pis. Wake my Mistress.

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my Mistress.

Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,
Thou gav'st me Poison : dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen*.

Pis. Lady, the gods throw Stones of Sulphur on me, if
That Box I gave you, was not thought by me
A precious thing, I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter still.

Imo. It poison'd me.

Corn. Oh gods!

I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest. If *Pisanio*
Have, said she, given his Mistress that Confection
Which I gave him for Cordial, she is serv'd,
As I would serve a Rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius* ?

Corn. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper Poisons for her ; still pretending
The satisfaction of her Knowledge, only
In killing Creatures vile, as Cats and Dogs
Of no esteem ; I dreading, that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en, would seize
The present power of Life, but in short time,
All Offices of Nature should again
Do their due Functions. Have you ta'en of it ?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My Boys, there was our Error.

Gwi. This is sure *Fidelo*.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady from you? Think that you are upon a Rock, and now Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like Fruit, my Soul, 'Till the Tree die.

Cym. How now, my Flesh? my Child? What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this Act? Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your Blessing, Sir.

[*Kneeling.*

Bel. Though you did love this Youth, I blame you not, You had a Motive for't.

Cym. My tears that fall Prove Holy-water on thee; *Imogen*, Thy Mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was That we meet here so strangely; but her Son Is gone, we know not how, nor where,

Pis. My Lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord *Closen*, Upon my Lady's missing, came to me With his Sword drawn, foam'd at the Mouth, and swore If I discover'd not which way she was gone, It was my instant death. By accident I had a feigned Letter of my Master's Then in my Pocket, which directed her To seek him on the Mountains near to *Milford*, Where in a frenzy, in my Master's Garments, Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts With unchast purpose, and with Oath to violate My Lady's honour; what became of him, I further know not.

Gwi. Let me end the Story; I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend.

I would not thy good deeds should from my Lips Pluck a hard Sentence: Prithee valiant Youth Deny't again.

Gwi. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Gwi. A most incivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did provoke me
With Language that would make me spurn the Sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut of's Head,
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee;
By thine own Tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our Law; thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless Man I thought had been my Lord.

Cym. Bind the Offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This Man is better than the Man he slew,
As well descended as thy self, and hath
More of thee merited, than a Band of *Clotens*
Had ever fear for. Let his Arms alone,
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why old Soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for
By tasting of our wrath? how of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out of him. My Sons, I must
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous Speech,
Though haply well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Gwi. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave
Thou hadst, great King, a Subject, who
Was call'd *Bellarinus*.

Cym. What of him? he is a banish'd Traitor:

Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this Age; indeed a banish'd Man,
I know not how a Traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,
The whole World shall not save him.

Bel.

Bel. Not too hot ;
First pay me for the nursing of thy Sons,
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my Sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and sawcy ; here's my Knee:
E'er I arise, I will prefer my Sons,
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And think they are my Sons, are none of mine,
They are the Issue of your Loins, my Liege,
And Blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my Issue?

Bel. So sure as you, your Father's: I, old *Morgan*.
Am that *Bellarinus*, whom you sometime banish'd ;
Your pleasure was my near Offence, my Punishment
It self, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle Princes,
For such, and so they are, these twenty Years
Have I train'd up; those Arts they have, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was, Sir,
As your Highness knows, their Nurse *Euriphile*,
Whom for the Theft I wedded, stole these Children
Upon my Banishment: I mov'd her to't,
Having receiv'd the Punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyalty,
Excited me to Treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,
Here are your Sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World.
The benediction of these covering Heav'ns
Fall on their Heads like dew, for they are worthy
To in-lay Heav'ns with Stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st :
The Service that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my Children--
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier Sons,

Bel. Be pleas'd a while-----
This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,

Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderus* :
 This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Arviragus*,
 Your younger Princely Son ; he, Sir, was lapt
 In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th'Hand
 Of his Queen Mother, which for more probation
 I can with ease produce.

Cym. *Guiderus* had
 Upon his Neck a Mole, a sanguine Star,
 It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;
 Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :
 It was wise Nature's end, in the donation,
 To be his Evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
 A Mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er Mother
 Rejoic'd deliverance more ; blest may you be,
 That after this strange starting from your Orbs,
 You may reign in them now : Oh *Imogen*,
 Thou hast lost by this a Kingdom.

Imo. No, my Lord :
 I have got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
 Have we thus met ? Oh never say hereafter
 But I am truest Speaker. You call'd me Brother
 When I was but your Sister : I you Brother,
 When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet ?

Arv. Ay, my good Lord.

Gwi. And at first meeting lov'd,
 Continu'd so, until we thought he died.

Corn. By the Queen's Dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct !

When shall I hear all through ? this fierce abridgment
 Hath to it circumstantial Branches, which
 Distinction should be rich in. Where ? how liv'd you ?
 And when came you to serve our *Roman* Captive ?
 How parted with your Brother ? How first met them ?
 Why fled you from the Court ? And whether these ?
 And your three Motives to the Battel ; with
 I know not how much more should be demanded,
 And all the other by dependances
 From chance to chance ? But not the time, nor place

Will serve our long Interrogatories. See,
Posthumus Anchors upon *Imogen*;
 And she, like harmless Lightning, throws her Eye
 On him, her Brothers, Me, her Master, hitting
 Each object with a Joy: the Counter-change
 Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
 And smoak the Temple with our Sacrifices.
 Thou art my Brother, so we'll hold thee ever. [*To Bellarius.*]

Imo. You are my Mother too, and did relieve me:
 To see this gracious season!

Cym. All o'er-joy'd
 Save these in Bonds, let them be joyful too,
 For they shall taste our Comfort.

Imo. My good Master, I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The forlorn Soldier that so nobly fought
 He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
 The thankings of a King.

Post. I am, Sir,
 The Soldier that did Company these three
 In poor beseeching: 'twas a fitment for
 The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
 Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
 Have made your finish.

Iach. I am down again:
 But now my heavy Conscience sinks my Knee,
 As then your Force did. Take that Life, beseech you,
 Which I so often owe: but your Ring first,
 And here your Bracelet of the truest Princess
 That ever swore her Faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
 The power that I have on you, is to spare you:
 The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,
 And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
 We'll learn our freeness of a Son-in-Law;
 Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, Sir,
 As you did mean indeed to be our Brother,
 Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your Servant, Princes. Good my Lord of Rome

Call forth your *Soothsayer*: As I slept, methought
Great *Jupiter* upon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from Sense in hardness, that I can
Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus.

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reads.

WHen as a Lion's Whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender Air; And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches, which being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old Stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his Miseries, Britain be Fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plenty.

Thou, *Leonatus*, art the Lion's Whelp,
The fit and apt Construction of thy Name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much:
The piece of tender Air, thy Virtuous Daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier*: Which *Mulier* I divine
Is this most constant Wife, who even now
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender Air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royal *Cymbeline*,
Personates thee; And thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sons forth: who by *Bellarinus* stoll'n
For many Years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the Majestick Cedar join'd; whose Issue
Promises *Britain*, Peace and Plenty.

Cym Well,

My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we submit to *Cæsar*,
And to the *Roman Empire*; promising

To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
 We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen,
 Whom Heav'n's in justice both on her, and hers,
 Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The Fingers of the Powers above, do tune
 The Harmony of this Peace : the Vision
 Which I made known to *Lucius* e'er the stroke
 Of this yet scarce-cold Batrel, at this instant
 Is full accomplish'd. For the *Roman* Eagle
 From South to West, on Wing soaring aloft
 Lessen'd her self, and in the Beams o' th' Sun
 So vanish'd ; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle
 Th' Imperial *Cesar*, should again unite
 His Favour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
 Which shines here in the West.

Cym. Laud we the gods :
 And let our crooked Smoaks climb to their Nostrils
 From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
 To all our Subjects. Set we forward : let
 A *Roman*, and a *British* Ensign wave
 Friendly together ; so through *Lud's* Town march,
 And in the Temple of great *Jupiter*
 Our Peace we'll ratifie. Seal it with Feasts.
 Set on there : Never was a War did cease
 E'er bloody hands were wash'd, with such a Peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*





P E R I C L E S,

P R I N C E

O F

T Y R E.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

Antiochus, *a Tyrant of Greece.*

Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

Hellicanus, }
Escanes, } *two Lords of Tyre.*

Symonides, *King of Pentapolis.*

Cleon, *Governor of Tharsus.*

Lysimachus, *Governor of Metaline.*

Cerimon, *a Lord of Ephesus.*

Thaliard, *Servant to Antiochus.*

Leonine, *a Murtherer, Servant to Dionysia.*

Gower.

Lords, &c.

Knights tilting in Honour of Thaisa.

Hesperides, *Daughter of Antiochus.*

Dionysia, *Wife, to Cleon.*

Thaisa, *Daughter to Symonides.*

Marina, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*

Lychorida, *Nurse to Marina.*

Philoten, *Daughter to Cleon.*

Diana, *a Goddess appearing to Pericles.*

Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

P E R I



PERICLES,

Prince of Tyre.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Gower.



*O sing a Song that old was sung,
From Ashes ancient Gower is come.
Assuming Man's Infirmities,
To glad your Ear, and please your Eyes;
It hath been sung at Festivals,
On Ember Eves, and Holy-Days.*

*And Lords and Ladies in their lives,
Have read it for restoratives.
The purchase is to make Men glorious.
Et bonum quo Antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When Wit's more ripe, accept my Rhimes;
And that to hear an old Man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring:
I Life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you like Taper-light.
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the great,
Built up this City for his chiefest Seat;
The fairest in all Syria.
I tell you what mine Authors say:*

*This King unto him took a Peer,
 Who died, and left a Female Heir,
 So buck some, blithe, and full of face,
 As Heav'n had lent her all his grace:
 With whom the Father liking took,
 And her to Incest did provoke.
 Bad Child, worse Father, to entice his own
 To evil, should be done by none:
 But custom, what they did begin,
 Was with long use, counted no Sin.
 The Beauty of this sinful Dame,
 Made many Princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a Bed-fellow,
 In Marriage pleasures, Play-fellow:
 Which to prevent, he made a Law,
 To keep her still, and Men in awe,
 That who so askt her for his Wife,
 His Riddle told nor, lost his Life:
 So for her many a Wight did die,
 As you grim looks do testifie.
 What ensues to the judgment of your Eye,
 I give my cause, who best can testifie.*

[Exit.]

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and Followers.

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
 The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, *Antiochus*, and with a Soul emboldn'd
 With the glory of her praise, think death no bazard,
 In this enterprize.

Ant. Musick, bring in our Daughter, cloth'd like a Bride
 For embracements, even of *Jove* himself;
 At whose conception, 'till *Lucina* reign'd,
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
 The Senate House of Planets all did fir,
 To knit in her their best Perfections.

Enter Hesperides.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the Spring,
 Graces her Subjects, and her Thoughts the King,
 Of every Virtue gives Renown to Men:
 Her Face the Book of Praises, where is read
 Nothing but curious Pleasures, as from thence

Sorrow were ever racks, and testy wrath
 Could never be her mild Companion.
 You gods that made me Man, and sway in love,
 That have inflam'd desire within my Breast,
 To taste the Fruit of yon celestial Tree,
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
 As I am Son and Servant to your will,
 To compass such a boundless happiness.

Ant. Prince *Pericles.*

Per. That would be Son to great *Antiochus.*

Ant. Before thee stands this fair *Hesperides*,
 With golden Fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd :
 For Death like Dragons here affright thee hard :
 Her Face, like Heav'n, enticeth thee to view
 Her countless Glory, which desert must gain :
 And which without desert, because thine Eye
 Presumes to reach, all the whole heap must die.
 Yon sometimes famous Princes like thy self
 Drawn by report, adventrous by desire,
 Tell thee with speechless Tongues, and Semblance pale,
 That without covering save yon field of Stars,
 Here they stand Martyrs slain in *Cupid's Wars* :
 And with dead Cheeks advise thee to desist,
 For going on Death's Net, whom none resist.

Per. *Antiochus* I thank thee, who hath taught
 My frail mortality to know it self,
 And by those fearful objects to prepare
 This Body, like to them, to what I must :
 For Death remembred, should be like a Mirrour,
 Who tells us, Life's but breath, to trust in error :
 I'll make my Will then, and as sick Men do,
 Who know the World, see Heav'n, but feeling woe,
 Gripe not at earthly Joys, as erst they did.
 So I bequeath a happy Peace to you
 And all good Men, as every Prince should do,
 My riches to the Earth from whence they came :
 But my unspotted fire of Love to you. [*To Hesperides.*
 Thus ready for the way of Life or Death,
 I wait the sharpest blow, *Antiochus*,
 Scorning advice. Read the conclusion then.

Ant. Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed
As these before so thou thy self shalt bleed.

Hesp. Of all said yet, may thou prove prosperous,
Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness, [*Ex. Hesperides.*]

Per. Like a bold Champion I assume the Lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought,
But faithfulness, and courage.

The Riddle.

*I am no Viper, yet I feed
On Mother's flesh which did me breed:
I sought a Husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a Father.
He's Father, Son, and Husband mild,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his Child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp Physick is the last? but O you Powers!
That gives Heav'n countless Eyes to view Mens acts,
Why could they not their sights perpetually?
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it,
Fair Glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
For he's no Man on whom perfections wait,
That knowing Sin within, will touch the Gate:
You're a fair Viol, and your sense the strings,
Who finger'd to make Man his lawful Musick,
Wou'd draw Heav'n down, and all the gods to hearken,
But being plaid upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth I care not for you.

Ant. Prince *Pericles*, touch not upon thy Life,
For that's an Article within our Law,
As dangerous as the rest: Your time's expir'd,
Either expound now; or receive your Sentence.

Per. Great King,
Few love to hear the Sins they love to act,
'T would braid your self too near for me to tell it:
Who hath a Book of all that Monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shewn:

For Vice repeated, is like the wandring Wind,
 Blows dust in others Eyes, to spread it self;
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
 The breath is gone, and the fore Eyes see clear.
 To stop the air would hurt them, the blind Mole cast
 Copt Hills toward Heav'n, to tell the Earth is throng'd
 By Man's oppression, and the poor Worm doth die for't.
 Kings are Earth's Gods: In Vice their Law's their will,
 And if *Jove* stray, who dares say, *Jove* doth ill.
 It is enough you know it, and 'tis fit;
 What being more known, grows worse to smother it.
 All love the Womb that there being bred,
 Then give my Tongue like leave to love my Head.

Ant. Heav'n that I had it; he has found the meaning;
 But I will g'oze with him. Young Prince of Tyre,
 Though by the tenour of our strict Edi&ct,
 Your Exposition mis-interpreting,
 We might proceed to cancel off your days;
 Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a Tree,
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
 Forty Days longer we do respite you,
 If by which time our secret be undone,
 This mercy shews, we'll joy in such a Son:
 And until then, your entertain shall be
 As doth besit our honour, and your worth.

[Exit.]

Manet Pericles solus.

Per. How Courtesie would seem to cover Sin,
 When what is done is like an Hypocrite,
 The which is good in nothing but in sight;
 If it be true that I interpret false,
 Then were it certain you were not so bad,
 As with foul Incest to abuse your Soul:
 Where now you're both a Father and a Son,
 By your untimely clasplings with your Child,
 (Which pleasures fits an Husband, not a Father,)
 And she an eater of her Mother's flesh,
 By the defiling of her Parents Bed,
 And both like Serpents are, who though they feed
 On sweetest Flowes, yet they Poison breed.
Antioch farewell, for wisdom fees, thot Men
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,

Will shew no course to keep them from the light:
 One Sin, I know, another doth provoke;
 Murder's as near to Lust, as flame to smok.
 Poison and Treason are the Hands of Sin,
 Ay, and the Targets to put off the shame:
 Then lest my Life be cropt to keep you clear,
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

[*Exit.*]*Enter Antiochus.*

Ant. He hath found the meaning,
 For which we mean to have his Head:
 He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
 Nor tell the World *Antiochus* doth sin
 In such a loathed manner.
 And therefore instantly this Prince must die.
 And by his fall my honour must keep high.
 Who attends us here?

*Enter Thaliard.**Thal.* Doth your Highness call?

Ant. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber,
 And our Mind partakes her private Actions
 To your secrecie; and for your faithfulness
 We will advance you, *Thaliard*.
 Behold, here's Poison and here's Gold,
 We hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou must kill him.
 It fits thee not to ask the reason why:
 Because we bid it: Say, is it done?

Thal. My Lord, 'tis done.*Enter a Messenger.*

Ant. Enough. Let your breath cool your self, telling
 your haste.

Mes. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt live, fly after; and as an Arrow, shot
 from a well experient Archer, hits the mark his Eye doth
 level at: So do thou never return, unless thou say, Prince
Pericles is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my Pistol's
 length, I'll make him sure enough: So farewell to your High-
 ness.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. *Thaliard* adieu, 'till *Pericles* be dead,
 My Heart can lend no succour to my Head.

[*Exit.*]*Enter*

Enter Pericles, Hellicanus, with other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us:

Why should this change of thoughts,
 The sad Companion dull-ey'd melancholy,
 By me so us'd, a Guest as not an hour,
 In the days glorious walk or peaceful Night,
 The Tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet,
 Here pleasures court mine Eyes, and mine Eyes shun them,
 And danger which I feared, is at *Antioch*,
 Whose Arm seems far too short to hit me here,
 Yet neither pleasures art can joy my Spirits,
 Nor yet the others distance comfort me:
 Then it is thus, that passions of the Mind,
 That have their first conception by mis-dread,
 Have after nourishment and Life by care;
 And what was first by fear, what might be done,
 Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
 And so 'tis with me, the great *Antiochus*,
 'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
 Since he's so great, can make his will his act,
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence,
 Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
 If he suspect I may dishonour him.
 And what may make him blush in being known,
 He'll stop the course by which it might be known,
 With hostile Forces he'll o'er-spread the Land,
 And with the stint of War will look so huge,
 Amazement shall drive Courage from the State:
 Our Men be vanquish'd, e'er they do resist.
 And Subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence,
 Which care of them, not pity of my self,
 Who once no more but as the tops of Trees,
 Which fence the Roots they grow by, and defend them,
 Make not my Body pine, and Soul to languish,
 And punish that before that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred Breast.

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind 'till ye return to us
 Peaceful and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and give experience Tongue:
 They do abuse the King that flatter him,
 For flattery is the Bellows blows up sin,

The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
 To which that spark gives heart and stronger glowing;
 Whereas reproof obedient and in order,
 Fits Kings as they are Men, for they may err,
 When Signior *Sooth* here doth proclaim Peace,
 He flatters you, makes War upon your Life.
 Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please,
 I cannot be much lower than my Knees.

Per. All leave us else: but let your cares o'er-look
 What Shipping, and what Lading's in our Haven,
 And then return to us: *Hellicanus*, thou hast
 Mov'd us: what seest thou in our Looks?

Hell. An angry brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a Dart in Princes frowns,
 How durst thy Tongue move anger to our Face?

Hell. How dares the Planets look up unto Heav'n,
 From whence they have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power to take thy Life from thee.

Hell. I have ground the Ax my self,
 Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee rise, sit down, thou art no Flatterer,
 I thank thee for it, and Heav'n forbid,
 That Kings should let their Ears hear their faults hid.
 Fit Counsellor, and Servant for a Prince,
 Who by thy wisdom makes a Prince thy Servant,
 What would'st thou have me do?

Hell. To bear with patience such griefs,
 As you your self do lay upon your self.

Per. Thou speak'st like a Physician, *Hellicanus*,
 That ministers a potion unto me,
 That thou wouldst tremble to receive thy self.
 Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
 Where as thou know'st, (against the Face of Death)
 I sought the purchase of a glorious Beauty,
 From whence an Issue I might propagate,
 Are Arms to Princes, and bring Joys to Subjects.
 Her Face was to mine Eye beyond all wonder,
 The rest (hark in thine Ear) as black as Incest,
 Which by my knowledge found, the sinful Father,
 Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: But thou know'st this,
 'Tis time to fear, when Tyrants seem to kiss.

Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
 Under the covering of a careful Night,
 Who seem'd my good Protector: and being here,
 Bethought me what was past, what might succeed;
 I knew him tyrannous, and Tyrants fears
 Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:
 And should he think, as no doubt he doth,
 That I should open to the listening Air,
 How many worthy Princes Blood were shed,
 To keep his Bed of blackness unlaid ope,
 To lop that doubt, he'll fill this Land with arms,
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,
 When all for mine, if I may call offence,
 Must feel Wars blow, who fears not innocence:
 Which love to all, of which thy self art one.
 Who now reproved'st me for it.

Hell. Alas, Sir.

Per. Drew Sleep out of my Eyes, Blood from my Cheeks,
 Musings into my Mind, with a thousand doubts
 How I might stop their tempest e'er it came,
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,
 I thought it Princely Charity to grieve for them.

Hell. Well, my Lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
 Freely will I speak. *Antiochus* you fear,
 And justly too, I think, you fear the Tyrant.
 Who either by publick War or private Treason,
 Will take away your Life.

Therefore, my Lord, go travel for a while,
 'Till that his rage and anger be forgot;
 Or 'till the Destinies do cut the thread of his Life:
 Your Rule direct to any, if to me,
 Day serves not Light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy Faith,
 But should he wrong my Liberties in my absence?

Hell. We'll mingle our bloods together in the Earth,
 From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. *Tyre*, I now look from thee then, and to *Tharsus*
 Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
 And by whose Letters I'll dispose my self:
 The care I had and have of Subjects good,
 On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.

I'll take thy word for Faith, not ask thine Oath,
 Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both :
 But in our Orbs we live so round and safe,
 That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
 Thou shewest a Subject's shine, I a true Prince. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Thaliard solus.

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, here must I kill King *Pericles*, and if I do it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home : it is dangerous.

Well, I perceive he was a wise Fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the King, desired he might know none of his Secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it : For if a King bid a Man be a Villain, he is bound by the Indenture of his Oath to be one.

Hush, here comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Hellicanus, Escanes, with other Lords of Tyre.

Hell. You shall not need, my Fellow-Peers of *Tyre*, further to question me of your King's departure. His seal'd Commission left in trust with me, doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How, the King gone ?

Hell. If further yet you will be satisfied, Why (as it were unlicen'd of your loves) He would depart ? I'll give some light unto you. Being at *Antioch*—

Thal. What from *Antioch* ?

Hell. Royal *Antiochus* (on what cause I know not) Took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd so : And doubting that he had erred or sinned, To shew his sorrow, he would correct himself ; So puts himself unto the Shipman's toyl, With whom each minute threatens Life or Death.

Thal. Well, I perceive I shall not be hang'd now, although I would ; but since he's gone, the King's Seas must please : he 'scap'd the Land, to perish at the Sea : I'll present my self. Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come
 With Message unto Princely *Pericles* ;
 But since my Landing I have understood,

Your Lord hath betook himself to unknown Travels,
My Message must return from whence it came.

Hell. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our Master, not to us;
Yet e'er you shall depart, this we desire,
As Friends to *Antioch*, we may Feast in *Tyre*. [Exeunt.

*Enter Cleon the Governor of Tharsus, with Dionysia
and others.*

Cle. My *Dionysia*, shall we rest us here,
And by relating Tales of others Griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at Fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs Hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one Mountain to cast up a higher:
O my distressed Lord, even such our Griefs are,
Here they're but felt, and seen with Mischiefs Eyes,
But like to Groves, being topt, they higher rise.

Cle. O *Dionysia*,
Who wanteth Food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his Hunger, 'till he famish?
Our Tongues and Sorrows do sound deep:
Our Woes into the Air, our Eyes to weep,
'Till Tongues fetch Breath that may proclaim
Them louder, that if Heav'n slumber, while
Their Creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our Woes felt several Years,
And wanting Breath to speak, help me with Tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, Sir.

Cle. This *Tharsus*, o'er which I've the Government,
A City, on whom Plenty held full Hand,
For Riches strew'd her self even in the Streets,
Whose Towers bore heads so high, they kist the Clouds,
And Strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose Men and Dames so jettied and adorn'd,
Like one another's Glas to trim them by;
Their Tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight,
All Poverty was scorn'd, and Pride so great,
The Name of Help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. Oh 'tis true.

Cle. But see what Heav'n can do by this our Change :
 These Mounds, who but of late, Earth, Sea, and Air,
 Were all too little to content and please,
 Although they gave their Creatures in abundance ;
 As Houses are desil'd for want of use,
 They are now starv'd for want of Exercise ;
 Those Palates, who, not yet to savers younger,
 Must have Inventions to delight the Taste,
 Would now be glad of Bread, and beg for it ;
 These Mothers who to nouzle up their Babes,
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
 To eat those little Darlings whom they lov'd.
 So sharp are hungers Teeth, that Man and Wife
 Draw Lots who first shall dye to lengthen Life.
 Here stands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping,
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
 Have scarce Strength left to give them Burial.
 Is not this true ?

Dio. Our Cheeks and hollow Eyes do witness it.

Cle. O let those Cities that of Plenty's Cup,
 And her Prosperities so largely tast,
 With their superfluous Riots hear these Tears ;
 The Misery of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the Lord Governor ?

Cle. Here, speak out thy Sorrows, which thou bring'st
 in haste, for Comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring Shore,
 A portly sail of Ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One Sorrow never comes but brings an Heir,
 That may succeed as his Inheritor :
 And so in ours : Some neighbouring Nation,
 Taking Advantage of our Misery,
 That stuff the hollow Vessels with their Pow'r,
 To beat us down, the which are down already.
 And make a Conquest of unhappy me,
 Whereas no Glory is got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least Fear,
 For by the semblance of their Flags displaid,

They bring us Peace, and come to us as Favourers,
Not as Foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like Hymns untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest Shew, means most Deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear, the Ground's the lowest,
And we are half way there : Go tell their General we at-
tend him here:

To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves,

Lord. I go, my Lord.

Cle. Welcome his Peace, if he on Peace consist ;
If Wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles with Attendants.

Per. Lord Governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our Ships and number of our Men,
Be like a Beacon fir'd, to amaze your Eyes,
We've heard your Miseries as far as *Tyre*,
And seen the Desolation of your Streets :
Nor come we to add Sorrow to your Tears,
But to release them of their heavy load,
And these our Ships, you happily may think
As like the *Trojan* Horse, was stuff within,
With bloody Veins expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with Corn to make your needy Bread,
And give them Life, whom hunger starv'd half dead.

Ommes. The Gods of *Greece* protect you,
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you arise ;
We do not look for Reverence, but for Love,
And harbourage for our self, our Ships, and Men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratifie,
Or pay you with Unthankfulness in Thought,
Be it our Wives, our Children, or our selves,
The Curse of Heav'n and Men succeed their Evils :
'Till when, the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,
Your Grace is welcome to our Town and us :

Per. Which welcome we'll accept, Feast here a while,
Until our Stars that trown, lend us a Smile. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Gower,

Gow. **H**ere have you seen a mighty King,
 His Child, I wis, to Incest bring :
 A better Prince and benign Lord,
 That will prove awful both in Deed and Word.
 Be quiet then, as Men should be,
 Till he hath past Necessity :
 I'll shew you those in Troubles Reign,
 Losing a Mite, a Mountain gain :
 The Good in Conversation,
 To whom I give my Benizon,
 Is still at Tharsus, where each Man
 Thinks all is writ he spoken can :
 And to remember what he does,
 Build his Statue to make him glorious :
 But Tidings to the contrary,
 Are brought t' your Eyes, what need speak I.

Dumb Show.

Enter at one Door Pericles talking with Cleon, all the Train
 with them. Enter at another Door, a Gentleman with a
 Letter to Pericles ; Pericles shews the Letter to Cleon, Peri-
 cles gives the Messenger a Reward, and Knights him.
 [Exit Pericles at one Door, and Cleon at another.]

Good Hellican that staid' at home,
 Not to eat Honey like a Drone,
 From others Labours ; for though he strive
 To killen bad, keep good alive :
 And to fulfil his Prince's Desire,
 Saw'd one of all that haps in Tyre :
 How Thaliard came full bent with Sin,
 And had intent to murder him ;
 And that in Tharsus was not best,
 Longer for him to make his rest :
 He doing so, put forth to Seas,
 Where when Men bin, there's seldom Ease,

For now the Wind begins to blow,
 Thunder above, and Deeps below,
 Makes such unquiet, that the Ship
 Should House him safe, is wrackt and split,
 And he, good Prince, having all lost,
 By Waves, from Coast to Coast is tost:
 All Perishen of Man, of Pelf,
 Ne ought escapen'd but himself;
 'Till Fortune tir'd with doing bad,
 Threw him ashore to give him glad:
 And here he comes; what shall be next,
 Pardon old Gower, thus long's the Text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet cease your Ire, you angry Stars of Heav'n,
 Wind, Rain, and Thunder; remember earthly Man
 Is but a Substance that must yield to you:
 And I, as fits my Nature, do obey you.
 Alas, the Seas hath cast me on the Rocks,
 Washt me from Shore to Shore, and left my Breath
 Nothing to think on, but ensuing Death;
 Let it suffice the greatness of your Powers,
 To have bereft a Prince of all his Fortunes,
 And having thrown him from your watry Grave,
 Here to have Death in Peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 Fish. What, to pelch?

2 Fish. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.

1 Fish. What patch Breech, I say.

3 Fish. What say you, Master?

1 Fish. Look how thou stirrest now.

Come away, or I'll fetch thee with a Wannion.

1 Fish. Faith, Master, I am thinking of the poor Men
 That were cast away before us, even now.

1 Fish. Alas, poor Souls, it griev'd my Heart to hear
 What pitiful Cries they made to us, to help them,
 When, well-a-day, we could scarcely help our selves.

3 Fish. Nay, said not I as much,
 When I saw the Porpus how he bounc'd and tumbled?
 They say, they are half Fish, half Flesh;

A Plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washt,

Master, I marvel how the Fishes live in the Sea?

1 *Fish.* Why, as Men do at Land,
The great ones eat up the little ones:
I can compare our rich Misers, to nothing so fitly
As to a Whale; he plays and tumbles,
Driving the poor Fry before him,
And at last devours them all at a Mouthful.
Such Whales have I heard on a' th' Land,
Who never leave gaping, 'till they swallow'd
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Bells and all.

Per. A pretty Moral.

3 *Fish.* But, Master, if I had been the Sexton,
I would have been that Day in the Belfrey.

2 *Fish.* Why, Man?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallow'd me too:
And when I had been in his Belly,
I would have kept such a jangling of the Bells,
That he should never have left,
'Till he cast Bells, Steeple, Church and Parish up again.
But if the good King *Symonides* were of my mind,

Per. *Symonides*?

3 *Fish.* We would purge the Land of these Drones,
That rob the Bee of her Honey.

Per. How from the fenny subject of the Sea
These Fishers tell the Infirmities of Men,
And from their watry Empire recollect,
All that may Men approve, or Men detect.
Peace be at your Labour, honest Fishermen.

2 *Fish.* Honest, good Fellow, what's that, if it be a Day
fits you,

Search out of the Kalender, and no body look after it?

Per. Y^r may see the Sea hath cast me upon your Coast.

2 *Fish.* What a drunken Knave was the Sea,
To cast thee in our way.

Per. A Man whom both the Waters and the Wind,
In that vast Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play upon, intreats you pity him:
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, Friend, cannot you beg?
Here's them in our Country of *Greece*,
Get more with Begging, than we can do with Working.

2 *Fish.* Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

3 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, Want teaches me to think on;
A Man throng'd up with Cold, my Veins are chill,
And have no more of Life, than may suffice
To give my Tongue that heat to ask your help:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a Man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish.* Dieko-tha, now Gods forbid, I have a Gown here, come put it on, keep thee warm; now afore me a handsome Fellow: Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have Flesh for all Day, Fish for fasting Days and more; or Puddings and Flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, Sir.

2 *Fish.* Hark you, my Friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish.* But crave? then I'll turn Craver too,
And so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your Beggars whipt then?

2 *Fish.* Oh not all, my Friend, not all; for if all your Beggars were whip, I would wish no better Office, than to be Beadle. But, Master, I'll go draw the Net.

Per. How well this honest Mirth becomes their Labour?

1 *Fish.* Hark you, Sir, do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

1 *Fish.* I tell you, this is called *Pantapolis*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good King *Symonides*, do you call him?

1 *Fish.* Ay, Sir, and he deserves so to be call'd,
For his peaceable Reign, and good Government.

Per. He is a happy King, since he gains from
His Subjects, the name of Good, by his Government.
How far is his Court distant from this shore?

2 *Fish.* Marry, Sir, half a day's Journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair Daughter, and to morrow is her Birthday, and there are Princes and Knights come from all parts of the World, to Just and Turney for her Love.

Per. Were my Fortunes equal to my Desires,

I could wish to make one there.

2 *Fish*. Oh Sir, things must be as they may; and what a Man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for his Wife's Soul.

Enter the two Fisher-men drawing up a Net.

2 *Fish*. Help, Master, help, here's a Fish hangs in the Net, like a poor Man's Right in the Law, 'twill hardly come out. Habbots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty Armor.

Per. An Armor, Friends! I pray you let me see it. Thanks, Fortune, yet that after all Crosses, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair my self; And though it was mine own, part of mine Heritage, Which my dead Father did bequeath to me, With this strict Charge, even as he left his Life: Keep it, my *Pericles*, it hath been a Shield 'Twixt me and Death; and pointed to this Brayse; For that it sav'd me; keep it in like necessity; The which the Gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee. It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it, 'Till the rough Seas, that spares not any Man, Took it in rage, though calm'd hath given't again: I thank thee for't, my Shipwrack now's no ill, Since I have here my Father's Gift in's Will.

1 *Fish*. What mean you, Sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind Friends, this Coat of Worth, For it was sometime Target to a King, I know it by this Mark; he lov'd me dearly, And for his sake, I wish the having of it; And that you'd guide me to your Sovereign's Court, Where with it I may appear a Gentleman; And if that ever my low Fortune's better, I'll pay your Bounties; 'till then rest your Debtor.

1 *Fish*. Why, wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Per. I'll shew the vertue I have born in Arms.

1 *Fish*. Why, take it, and the Gods give thee good on't.

2 *Fish*. But hark you, my Friend, 'twas we that made up this Garment through the rough Seams of the Waters; there are certain Condolements, certain Vails; I hope, Sir, if you Thrive, you'll remember from whence you had them.

Per. Believe it I will;

By your furtherance I am cloath'd in Steel,
And spight of all the rapture of the Sea,

This Jewel holds his building on my Arm;
 Unto thy value I will mount my self
 Upon a Courser, whose delightful steps,
 Shall make the Gazer joy to see him tread:
 Only, my Friend, I yet am unprovided of a pair of Bases.

2 *Fish.* We'll sure provide, thou shalt have
 My best Gown to make thee a pair;
 And I'll bring thee to the Court my self.

Per. Then Honour be but a Goal to my Will,
 This Day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Symonides with Attendants, and Thaisa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph?

1 *Lord.* They are, my Liege, and stay your coming,
 To present themselves.

King. Return them; we are ready, and our Daughter
 In Honour of whose Birth, these Triumphs are, [here,
 Sits here like Beauty's Child, whom Nature gat,
 For Men to see, and seeing wonder at.

Thaisa. It pleaseth you, my royal Father, to express
 My Commendations great, whose Merit's less.

King. It's fit it should be so; for Princes are
 A Model which Heav'n makes of it self:
 As Jewels lose their Glory, if neglected,
 So Princes their Renowns, if not respected.

'Tis now your Honour, Daughter, to entertain
 The Labour of each Knight, in his Device.

Thaisa. Which to preserve mine Honour, I'll perform.

[*The first Knight passes by.*

King. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thaisa. A Knight of *Sparta*, my renowned Father,
 And the Device he bears upon his Shield,
 Is a black *Æthiop* reaching at the Sun;
 The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

King. He loves you well, that holds his Life of you.

[*The second Knight.*

Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thaisa. A Prince of *Macedon*, my royal Father,
 And the Device he bears upon his Shield,
 Is an arm'd Knight, that's conquer'd by a Lady,
 The Motto thus in *Spanish*, *Pue Per dolcera kee per forsa.*

[*The third Knight.*

King. And what's the third?

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Thaisa.

Thai. The third of *Antioch*; and his Device
A wreath of Chivalry; the word, *Me Pompey provexit apex.*
[*The fourth Knight.*

King. What is the Fourth?

Thai. A burning Torch that's turned upside down;
The word, *Qui me alit, me extinguit.*

King. Which shews that Beauty hath his Power and Will,
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.
[*The fifth Knight.*

Thai. The fifth, an Hand environed with Clouds,
Holding out Gold, that's by the Touch-stone try'd:
The Motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth Knight.*

King. And what's the sixth and last, the which the
Knight himself with such a graceful Courtesie deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a Stranger; but his Present is
A wither'd Branch, that's only green at top:
The Motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

King. A pretty Moral;
From the dejected State wherein he is,
He hopes by you his Fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward Shew
Can any way speak in his just commend:
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To've practis'd more the Whipstock than the Lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a Stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd Triumph strangely furnish'd.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his Armour rust
Until this Day, to scowre it in the Dust.

King. Opinion's but-a Fool, that makes us scan
The outward Habit by the inward Man.
But stay, the Knights are coming,
We will withdraw into the Gallery.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Great Shouts, and all cry, The mean Knight.*
Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to say you're welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the Volumn of your Deeds.
As in a Title Page, your worth in Arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fir,
Since every worth in shew commends it self;

Prepare for Mirth, for Mirth comes at a Feast.
You are Princes, and my Guests.

Thai. But you, my Knight and Guest,
To whom this wreath of Victory I give,
And Crown you King of this Day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by Fortune, Lady, than by Merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the Day is yours,
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an Artist, Art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you her labour'd Scholar: Come, Queen o' th' Feast,
For, Daughter, so you are, here take your place:
Martial the rest, as thy deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good *Symonides*.

King. Your Presence glads our Days, Honour we love,
For who hates Honour, hates the Gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yonder is your Place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, Sir, for we are Gentlemen,
That neither in our Hearts, nor outward Eyes,
Envy the Great, nor do the Low despise.

Per. You are right courteous Knights.

King. Sit, sit, sit, sit.

By *Jove*, I wonder, that is King of Thoughts,
These Cates resist me, he not thought upon.

Thai. By *Juno*, that is the Queen of Marriage,
All Viands that I eat do seem unfavoury,
Wishing him my Meat; sure he's a gallant Gentleman.

King. He's but a Country Gentleman; has done no more
Than other Knights have done, has broken a Staff,
Or so; let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems a Diamond to Glass.

Per. Yon King's to me, like to my Father's Picture,
Which tells me in that Glory once he was,
And Princes sat like Stars about his Throne,
And he the Sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him, but like lesser Lights,
Did veil their Crowns to his Supremacy;
Where now his Son, like a Glo-worm in the Night,
The which hath Fire in Darkness, none in Light,
Whereby I see that Time's the King of Men,

For he's their Parents, and he is their Grave,
And gives them what you will, not what they crave.

King. What, are you merry, Knights?

Knights. Who can be other in this Royal Presence?

King. Here, with a Cup that's stirr'd unto the brim,
As you do love, fill to your Mistress Lips,
We drink this Health to you.

Knights. We thank your Grace.

King. Yet pause a while,
Yon Knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the Entertainment in our Court,
Had not a shew might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, *Thaisa*?

Thai. What is't to me, my Father?

King. O, attend, my Daughter,
Princes, in this, should live like Gods above,
Who freely give to every one that come to honour them;
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wondred at:
Therefore to make his entrance now more sweet,
Here say we drink this standing Bowl of Wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my Father, it befits not me,
Unto a stranger Knight to be so bold,
He may my Proffer take for an Offence,
Since Men take Womens Gifts for Impudence.

King. How! do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the Gods, he could not please me better.

King. And furthermore tell him,
We desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his Name and Parentage.

Thai. The King my Father, Sir, hath drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much Blood unto your Life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely,

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your Name and Parentage:

Per. A Gentleman of *Tyre*, my Name *Pericles*,
My Education been in Arts and Arms,
Who looking for Adventures in the World,
Was by the rough Seas rest of Ships and Men,
And after Shipwrack, driv'n upon this Shore.

Thai. He thanks your Grace; names himself *Pericles*,
A Gentleman of *Tyre*, who only by Misfortune of the Seas,
Bereft of Ships and Men, cast on the Shore.

King. Now, by the Gods, I pity his Misfortune,
And will awake him from his Melancholy,
Come, Gentlemen, we sit too long on Trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other Revels.
Ev'n in your Armors, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a Soldier's Dance:
I will not have excuse, with saying that
Loud Musick is too harsh for Ladies Heads,
Since they love Men in Arms, as well as Beds.

[*They dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas well perform'd,
Come, Sir, here's a Lady that wants breathing too.
And I have heard, you Knights of *Tyre*,
Are excellent in making Ladies trip,
And that their Measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my Lord.

King. O that's as much, as you would be deny'd
Of your fair Courtesie, unclasp, unclasp. [*They dance.*]

Thanks Gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. Pages and Lights, to conduct
These Knights unto their several Lodgings:
Yours, Sir, we have giv'n order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your Grace's pleasure.

King. Princes, it is too late to talk of Love,
And that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his Rest,
To Morrow, all for speeding do their best.

Enter Hellicantis, and Escanes.

Hell. No, *Escanes*, know this of me,
Antiochus from Incest liv'd not free:
For which, the most high Gods not minding
Longer to with-hold the Vengeance that
They had in store, due to his heinous
Capital Offence; even in the height and pride
Of all his Glory; when he was seated in
A Chariot of an inestimable Value; and his Daughter
With him; a Fire from Heav'n came and shrivel'd
Up those Bodies, even to loathing, for they so stunk

That

That all those Eyes ador'd them, e'er their fall,
Scorn now their Hand should give them Burial.

Elsa. It was very strange.

Hell. And yet but Justice;

For though this King were great,
His Greatness was no guard to bar Heav'n's shaft,
But Sin had his reward.

Elsa. 'Tis very true,

Enter two or three Lords.

1 Lord. See, not a Man in private Conference,
Or Counsel, hath respect with him but he.

2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 Lord. And curst be he that will not second it.

1 Lord. Follow me then: Lord *Hellican*, a word.

Hell. With me? and welcome, happy Day, my Lords.

1 Lord. Know that our Grievs are risen to the top,
And now at length they over-flow their Banks.

Hell. Your Grievs, for what? wrong nor your Prince you
love.

1 Lord. Wrong nor your self then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what Ground's made happy by his Breath:
If in the World he live, we'll seek him out:
If in the Grave he rest, we'll find him there,
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us:
Or dead, give's Cause to mourn his Funeral,
And leave us to our free Election.

2 Lord. Whose death indeed, the strongest in our censure,
And knowing this Kingdom is without a Head,
Like goodly Buildings left without a Roof,
Soon fall to ruin: Your noble self,
That best knows how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto our Sovereign.

Omn. Live, noble *Hellican*.

Hell. Try Honours Cause; forbear your Suffrages:
If that you love Prince *Pericles*, forbear:
(Take I your wish, I leap into the Seas,
Where's hourly trouble, for a Minutes ease.)
A twelve Month longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your King;

If in which time expir'd, he not return,
 I shall with aged Patience bear your Yoke.
 But if I cannot win you to this Love,
 Go search like Nobles, like noble Subjects,
 And in your search, spend your adventurous worth,
 Whom if you find, and win unto return,
 You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crown.

1 *Lord.* To Wisdom, he's a Fool that would not yield,
 And since Lord *Hellican* enjoineth us,
 We with our Travels will endeavour.

Hell. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp Hands,
 When Peers thus knit, a Kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the King reading of a Letter at one Door, and the
 Knights meet him.*

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Symonides*.

King. Knights, from my Daughter this I let you know,
 That for this twelve Month, she'll not undertake
 A married Life: Her Reason to her self is only known,
 Which yet from her by no means can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my Lord?

King. Faith, by no means, she hath so strictly
 Ty'd her to her Chamber, that 'tis impossible:
 One twelve Moons more she'll wear *Diana's* Livery:
 This by the Eye of *Cynthia* hath she vow'd,
 And on her Virgin honour will not break.

3 *Knights.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [*Exc.*]

King. So, they are well dispatch'd.
 Now to my Daughter's Letter; she tells me here,
 She'll wed the stranger Knight,
 Or never more to view nor Day nor Light.
 'Tis well, Mistress, your choice agrees with mine,
 I like that well; nay, how absolute she's in't,
 Not minding whether I dislike or no.
 Well, I do commend her choice, and will no longer
 Have it be delay'd: Soft, here he comes,
 I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All Fortune to the good *Symonides*.

King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
 For your sweet Musick this last Night:

I do protest, my Ears were never fed
With such delightful pleasing Harmony.

Per. It is your Grace's Pleasure to commend,
Not my Desert.

King. Sir, you are Musick's Master.

Per. The worst of all her Scholars, my good Lord.

King. Let me ask you one thing.

What do you think of my Daughter, Sir?

Per. A most virtuous Princess.

King. And she's fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair Day in Summer: Wondrous Fair.

King. Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,
I so well, that you must be her Master,
And she will be your Scholar; therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy to be her School-master.

King. She thinks not so, peruse this writing else:

Per. What's here, a Letter,

That she loves the Knight of Tyre?

'Tis the King's Subtilty to have my Life:

Oh seek not to intrap me, gracious Lord,

A Stranger and distressed Gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your Daughter,

But bent all Offices to honour her,

King. Thou hast bewitch'd my Daughter,
And thou art a Villain.

Per. By the Gods I have not;
Never did thought of mine levy Office;
Nor never did my Actions yet commence
A Deed might gain her Love, or your Displeasure.

King. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

King. Ay, Traitor.

Per. Even in his Throat, unless it be a King,
That calls me Traitor, I return the Lie.

King. Now by the Gods I do applaud his Courage.

Per. My Actions are as noble as my Thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base Descent:
I came unto the Court for Honour's Cause,
And not to be a Rebel to her State:
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This Sword shall prove, he's Honour's Enemy.

King. No ! here comes my Daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then as you are as Virtuous, as Fair,
Resolve your angry Father, if my Tongue
Did e'er sollicit, or my Hand subscribe
To any Syllable that made love to you ?

Thai. Why, Sir, if you had, who takes offence,
At that would make me glad ?

King. Yea, Mistress, are you so peremptory ?
I am glad of it with all my Heart.

[*Aside.*]

I'll tame you, I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my Consent,
Bestow your Love and your Affections
Upon a Stranger ? who, for ought I know,
May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in Blood as I my self.

[*Aside.*]

Therefore hear you, Mistress, either frame
Your Will to mine ; and you, Sir, hear you,
Either be rul'd by me, or I'll make you——
Man and Wife ; nay, come, your Hands
And Lips must seal it too : And being join'd,
I'll thus your hopes destroy, and for further Grief,
God give you Joy ; what, are you both pleas'd ?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, Sir.

Per. Ev'n as my Life, or Blood that fosters it.

King. What are you both agreed ?

Amb. Yes, if it please your Majesty.

King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can, get you to Bed.

Enter Gower.

*Now ysleep slaked hath the rout,
No din but snoars about the House,
Made louder by the o'er-fee Beast,
Of this most pompous Marriage Feast :
The Cat with eyne of burning Coal,
New couches from the Mouses hole :
And Crickets Sing at the Opens Mouth,
Are the blither for their Drouth :
Hymen hath brought the Bride to Bed,
Where, by the Loss of Maidenhead,*

*A Babe is moulded, by artent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with Speech.*

Enter *Pericles* and *Symonides* at one Door with Attendants, a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives *Pericles* a Letter, *Pericles* shews it *Symonides*, the Lords kneel to him; Then enter *Thaisa* with Child, with *Lychorida* a Nurse, the King shews her the Letter, she rejoices: She and *Pericles* take leave of her Father, and depart.

*By many a dearn and painful perch
Of Pericles, the careful search,
By the four opposing Crines,
Which the World together joyne,
Is made with all due diligence,
That Horse and Sail, and high Expence,
Can steed the quest at last from Tyre,
Fame answering the most strange Enquire,
To th' Court of King Symonides,
Are Letters brought, the tenour these,
Antiochus and his Daughter's dead,
The Men of Tyrus, on the Head
Of Helicanus would set on
The Crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes to oppress,
Says to them, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six Moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the Crown: The sum of this
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Irony shed the Regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
Our Heir apparent is a King:
Who dreamt? who thought of such a thing?
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre,
His Queen with Child, makes her desire,
Which who shall cross, along to go,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida her Nurse she takes,
And so to Sea; then vessel shakes*

On Neptune's billow, half the Flood
 Hath their Keel cut; but Fortune mov'd,
 Varies again, the grisly North
 Disgorges such a Tempest forth,
 That as a Duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor Ship drives:
 The Lady shrieks, and well-a-near,
 Doth fall in travel with her fear:
 And what ensues in this self storm,
 Shall for it self, it self perform:
 I will relate, Action may
 Conveniently the rest convey;
 Which might not? what by me is told,
 In your imagination hold:
 This Stage, the Ship, upon whose Deck
 The Sea soft Pericles appears to speak

Enter Pericles on Shipboard.

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these Surges
 Which wash both Heav'n and Hell; and thou that hast
 Upon the Winds command, bind them in Brass,
 Having call'd them from the Deep; O still
 Thy deafning dreadful Thunders; daily quench
 Thy nimble sulphurous Flashes: O how, *Lychorida?*
 How does my Queen? then storm venomously,
 Wilt thou spit all thy self? the Seaman's whistle
 Is a whisper in the Ears of Death,
 Unheard *Lychorida?* *Lucina*, oh——
 Divinest Patroness, and my Wife, gentle
 To those that cry by Night, convey thy Deity
 Aboard our dancing Boat, make swift the pangs
 Of my Queen's Travels. Now, *Lychorida.*

Enter Lychorida.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
 Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to do:
 Take in your Arms this piece of your dead Queen.

Per. How? how, *Lychorida?*

Lyc. Patience, good Sir, do not assist the Storm,
 Here's all that is left living of our Queen;
 A little Daughter, for the sake of it
 Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. Oh you Gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly Gifts,
And snatch them straight away?

We here below, recal not what we give,
And we therein may use honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good Sir, even for this charge.

Per. Now mild may be thy Life,
For a more blustrous Birth had never Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy Conditions;
For thou art the rudeliest welcome to this World,
That ever was Prince's Child; happy that follows,
Thou hast as chiding a Nativity,
As Fire, Air, Water, Earth, and Heav'n can make
To harold thee from the Womb:
Ev'n at the first, thy loss is more than can
Thy Portage quit, with all thou canst find here:
Now the good Gods throw their best Eyes upon it.

Enter two Soldiers.

1 Sail. What courage, Sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough, I do not fear the Flaw,
It hath done to me the worst: Yet for the love
Of this poor Infant, this fresh new Sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1 Sail. Slack the Bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou
blow and split thy self?

2 Sail. But Sea-room, and the brine and cloudy Billow
kiss the Moon, I care not.

1 Sail. Sir, your Queen must over-board,
The Sea works high, the Wind is loud,
And will not lye 'till the Ship be clear'd of the dead.

Per. That's your Superstition.

1 Sail. Pardon us, Sir, with us at Sea it still hath been observ'd
And we are strong in Eastern, therefore briefly yield her.

Per. As you think meet, for she must o'er-board straight,
Most wretched Queen.

Lyc. Here she lyes, Sir.

Per. A terrible Chid-bed hast' thou had, my Dear;
No Light, no Fire, the unfriendly Elements
Forgot thee utterly, nor have I time
To bring thee hallow'd to thy Grave, but straight

Must

Must cast thee scarcely Coffin'd, in oar,
 Where for a Monument upon thy Bones,
 The Air remaining Lamps, the belching Whale,
 And humming Water must o'erwhelm thy Corps,
 Lying with simple Shells : Oh, *Lychorida*,
 Bid *Nestor* bring me Spices, Ink and Paper,
 My Casket and my Jewels, and bid *Nicander*
 Bring me the Sattin Coffin : Lay the Babe
 Upon the Pillow ; hie thee, whiles I say
 A Priestly farewell to her : Suddenly, Woman.

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a Chest beneath the Hatches,
 Caulk'd and bitum'd ready.

Per. I thank thee : Mariner, say, what Coast is this ?

2 *Sail.* We are near *Tharsus*.

Per. Thither, gentle Mariner,
 Alter thy course for *Tyre* : when canst thou reach it ?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for *Tharsus*,
 There will I visit *Cleon*, for the Babe
 Cannot hold out to *Tyrus* ; There I'll leave it
 At careful Nursing : Go thy ways, good Mariner,
 I'll bring the Body presently. [Exeunt.

Enter Lord Cerymon with a Servant.

Cer. *Philemon*, ho !

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my Lord call ?

Cer. Get Fire and Meat for these poor Men,
 It hath been a turbulent and stormy Night.

Ser. I have been in many ; but such a Night as this,
 'Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your Master will be dead e'er you return.
 There's nothing can be ministred to Nature,
 That can recover him : Give this to the Pothecary,
 And tell me how it works.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good Morrow.

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen, why do you stir so early ?

1 *Gent.* Sir, our Lodging standing bleak upon the Sea,
 Shook as if the Earth did quake :

The very Principles did seem to rend and all to topple,
Pure surprize and fear made me to leave the House.

2 *Gent.* That is the Cause we trouble you so early,
'Tis not our Husbandry.

Cer. O you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your Lordship
Having rich Attire about you, should at these early Hours
Shake off the golden Slumber of repose; 'tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compelled.

Cer. I hold it ever Virtue and Cunning,
Were Endowments greater, than Nobleness and Riches;
Careless Heirs may the two latter darken and expend;
But Immortality attends the former,
Making a Man a God:

'Tis known, I ever have studied Physick,
Through which secret Art, by turning o'er Authority,
I have together with my Practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid, the best Infusions that dwell
In Vegetives, in Metals, Stones; and can speak of the
Disturbances that Nature works, and of her Curtes;
Which doth give me a more content
In course of true Delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering Honour,
Or tie my Pleasure up in silken Bags,
To please the Fool and Death.

2 *Gent.* Your Honour hath through *Ephesus*
Pour'd forth your Charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your Creatures; who by you have been restor'd,
And not your Knowledge, your personal Pain,
But even your Purse still open, hath built Lord *Corymbus*
Such strong Renown, as never shall decay:

Enter two or three with a Chest.

Ser. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that?

Ser. Sir, even now did the Sea toss up upon our Shore
This Chest; 'tis of some wrack.

Ser. Set it down, let us look upon it

2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a Coffin, Sir.

Cer. What e'er it be, 'tis wondrous heavy;
Wrench it open straight;

If the Sea's Stomach be o'ercharg'd with Gold,
'Tis a good constraint of Fortune is belches upon us.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis so, my Lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bottom'd, did the Sea
cast it up?

Ser. I never saw so huge a Billow, Sir, as toft it upon Shore.

Cer. Wrench it open; it smells most sweetly in my Senses.

2 *Gent.* A delicate Odour.

Cer. As ever hit my Nostril; so, up with it.

Oh you most potent Gods! what's here, a Coarfe?

1 *Gent.* Most strange.

Cer. Shrowded in Cloth of State, balm'd and enresured
With full Bags of Spices, a Passport to Appollo,
Perfect me in the Characters.

*Here I give to understand,
If e'er this Coffin drive a-land;
I King Pericles have lost
This Queen; worth all our mundane cost:
Who finds her, give her Burying,
She was the Daughter of a King.
Besides this Treasure for a Fee,
The Gods requite his Charity.*

If thou livest *Pericles*, thou hast a Heart
That even cracks for wo; this chanc'd to Night.

2 *Gent.* Most likely, Sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to Night.

For look how fresh she looks!

They were too rough, that threw her in the Sea.

Make a Fire within, fetch hither all my Boxes in my Closet,

Death may usurp on Nature many Hours,

And yet the Fire of Life kindle again the o'erprest Spirits.

I heard of an *Egyptian* that had nittie Hours been dead,

Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well said, well said, the Fire and Cloaths,

The rough and woful Musick that we have,

Cause it to sound I beseech your

The Vial once more; how thou stirrest, thou Block?

The Musick there; I pray you give her Air;

Gentlemen, this Queen will live,
Nature awakes a warm Breath out of her;
She hath not been entranc'd above five Hours.
See how she gins to blow into Life's Flower again.

1 *Gent.* The Heav'ns, through you, encrease our Wonder,
And sets up your Fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive, behold her Eye-lids,
Cases to those heav'nly Jewels which *Pericles* hath lost,
Begin to part their Fringes of bright Gold,
The Diamonds of a most praised Water doth appear,
To make the World twice rich, live, and make us weep
To hear your Fate, fair Creature, rare as you seem to be.

[*She moves.*]

Thai. O dear *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?
What World is this?

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle Neighbours, lend me your Hands,
To the next Chamber bear her, get Linnen;
Now this matter must be look'd to, for the Relapse
Is mortal: Come, come, and, *Esculapius*, guide us.

[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Pericles at Tharsus, with Cleon and Dionysia.

Per. MOST honour'd *Cleon*, I must needs be gone,
My twelve Months are expir'd, and *Tyre* stands
In a peace; you and your Lady take from my Heart
All Thankfulness. The Gods make up the rest upon you.

Cle. Your shakes of Fortune, though they hate you
Mortally, yet glance full wondrously on us.

Dion. O your sweet Queen!
That the strict Fates had pleas'd you'd brought her hither,
To have blest mine Eyes with her.

Per. We cannot but obey the Pow'rs above us;
Could I rage and roar as doth the Sea she lyes in,
Yet the end must be as 'tis: My gentle Babe, *Marina*,
Whom, for she was born at Sea, I have nam'd so,

Here, I charge your Charity withal; leaving her
The Infant of your Care, beseeching you to give her
Princely training, that she may be manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my Lady, but think your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corn; for which,
The Peoples Prayers daily fall upon you, must in your Child
Be thought on, if neglect should therein make me vile,
The common Body that's by you reliev'd,
Would force me to my Duty; but if to that,
My Nature need a Spur, the Gods revenge it
Upon me and mine, to the end of Generation.

Per. I believe you, your Honour and your Goodness,
Teach me to't without your Vows, 'till she be married,
Madam, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All unfixer'd shall this Heir of mine remain,
Though I shew will in't; So I take my leave:
Good Madam, make me blessed, in your care
In bringing up my Child.

Dion. I've one my self, who shall not be more dear
To my respect than yours, my Lord.

Per. Madam, my Thanks, and Prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your Grace to the Edge of the Shore,
then give you up to the mark'd *Neptune*, and the gentlest
Winds of Heaven.

Per. I will embrace your Offer. Come, dearest Madam:
O, no Tears, *Lychorida*, no Tears; lock to your little Mi-
stress, on whose Grace you may depend hereafter: Come,
my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cerymon and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and some certain Jewels,
Lay with you in your Coffin,
Which are at your Command: Know you the Character?

Thais. It is my Lord's; that I was ship'd at Sea,
I well remember, ev'n on my eaning time;
But whether there delivered, by the holy Gods,
I cannot rightly say; but since King *Pericles*,
My wedded Lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal Livery will I take me to,
And never more have Joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's Temple is not distant far,

Where you may abide 'till your date expire;
 Moreover if you please, a Niece of mine,
 Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thanks, that's all,
 Yet my good will is great, though the Gift small. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
 Welcom'd and settled to his own desire;
 His woful Queen we leave at Ephesus,
 Unto Diana, there's a Votaresse.
 Now to Marina bend your mind,
 Whom our fast growing Scene must find
 At Thartus, and by Cleon train'd
 In Musicks Letters, who hath gain'd
 Of Education all the Grace,
 Which makes high both the Art and Place
 Of general Wonder: But alack,
 That Monster Envy, oft the Wrack
 Of earned praise, Marina's Life
 Seeks to take off by Treason's Knife,
 And in this kind, our Cleon hath
 One Daughter and a full grown Wench,
 Even ripe for Marriage sight: This Maid
 Hight Philoten: And it is said
 For certain in our Story she
 Would ever with Marina be,
 Be't when they weav'd the studded Silk,
 With Fingers long, small, white as Milk,
 Or when she would with sharp Needle wound
 The Cambrick, which she made more sound
 By hurting it, or when to th' Lute
 She sung, and made the Night Bed mute
 That still records within one, or when
 She would with rich and constant Pen,
 Fail to her Mistress Dion still,
 This Philoten contends in skill
 With absolute Marina: So
 The Dove of Paphos might with the Crow
 By Feathers white. Marina gets
 All Praises, which are paid as Debts,

And

*And not as given; this so darks
 In Philoten all graceful Marks,
 That Cleon's Wife with Envy rare,
 A present Murderer do's prepare
 For good Marina, that her Daughter
 Might stand Peerless by this slaughter.
 Toe sooner her vile Thoughts to stead,
 Lycorida our Nurse is dead,
 And cursed Dionytia hath
 The pregnant Instrument of wrath
 Preft for this blow, the unborn Event,
 I do commend to your Content,
 Only I carried winged Time
 Post, on the lame Feet of my Rhime,
 Which never could I so convey.
 Unless your Thoughts went on my way.
 Dionytia doth appear,
 With Leonine a Murderer.*

[Exit.

Enter Dionytia, and Leonine.

Dion. Thy Oath remember, thou hast sworn to do it,
 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known,
 Thou canst not do a thing in the World so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit, les not Conscience
 Which is but cold, enflaming thy love Bosom,
 Enflame too nicely; nor let Pity, which
 Even Women have cast off, melt thee,
 But be a Soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do't, but yet she is a goodly Creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods should have her.
 Here she comes weeping for her only Mistress Death:
 Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter Marina with a Basket of Flowers.

Mar. No: I will rob gay Tellus of her Weed,
 To strew thy Grave with Flowers: The yellows, blews,
 The purple Violets and Marigolds,
 Shall as a Carpet hang upon thy Grave,
 While Summer Days doth last. Ay me, poor Maid,
 Born in a Tempest, when my Mother dy'd:
 This World to me is like a lasting Storm,
 Hurring me from my Friends.

Dion. How now, *Marina*? why de'ye weep alone?
 How chance my Daughter is not with you?
 Do not consume your Blood with sorrowing,
 You have a Nurse of me. Lord! your favour's
 Chang'd, with this unprofitable woe:
 Come give me your Flowers, e'er the Sea mar it,
 Walk with *Leonine*, the Air is quick there,
 And it pierces and sharpens the Stomach:
 Come, *Leonine*, take her by the Arm, walk with her.

Mar. No I pray you,
 I'll not bereave you of your Servant.

Dion. Come, come;
 I love the King your Father, and your self,
 With more than foreign Heart; we every day
 Expect him here, when he shall come and find
 Our Paragon, to all Reports thus blasted,
 He will repent the breadth of his great Voyage,
 Blame both my Lord and me, that we have taken
 No care to your best Courses. Go I pray you,
 Walk and be chearful once again; reserve
 That excellent Complexion, which did steal
 The Eyes of Young and Old. Care not for me,
 I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go,
 But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you;
 Walk half an Hour, *Leonine*, at the least.
 Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, Madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet Lady, for a while;
 Pray walk softly, do not heat your Blood:
 What, I must have a care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet Madam. Is the Wind Westerly
 that blows? [Exit.]

Leon. South-West.

Mar. When I was born, the Wind was North.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My Father, as Nurse saith, did never fear,
 But cryed, good Seamen to the Sailors, galling
 His Kingly Hands,
 Hailing the Ropes, and clasping to the Mast,
 Endur'd a Sea that almost burst the Deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born,
 Never was Waves nor Wind more violent,
 And from the Ladder-Tackle, washes off
 A Canvas Climber: Ha, saith one, wilt out!
 And with a dropping Industry they skip
 From Stern to Stern:
 The Boat-swain whistles, and the Master calls
 And trebles their Confusion.

Leon. Come say your Prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for Prayer,
 I grant it; pray, but be not tedious,
 For the Gods are quick of Ear,
 And I am sworn to do my Work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my Lady;

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd now? as I can
 Remember by my Troth, I never did hurt her
 In all my Life, I never spake bad word,
 Nor did ill turn to any living Creature;
 Believe me now, I never kill'd a Mouse,
 Nor hurt a Fly. I trode upon a Worm once
 Against my will, but I wept for it. How have I offended,
 Wherein my Death might yield her any profit,
 Or my Life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commission
 Is not to reason of the Deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the World, I hope:
 You are well-favour'd, and your Looks fore-shew
 You have a very gentle Heart. I saw you lately,
 When you caught Hurt in parting two that fought:
 Good looth, it shewed well in you, do so now,
 Your Lady seeks my Life, come you between,
 And save poor Me the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn, and will dispatch.

Enter Pirates.

1 *Pirat.* Hold, Villain.

2 *Pirat.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirat.* Half part, Mates, half part: Come, let's have
 her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing Thieves serve the great Pirate *Faldes*,
And they have seized *Marina*, let her go,
There's no hope she will return: I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the Sea; But I'll see further.
Perhaps they still but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard, if she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain. [Exit.

Enter Pander, Boulst and Bawd.

Pand. Boulst.

Boulst. Sir.

Pand. Search the Market narrowly, *Metalline* is full of
Gallants, we lost too much Mony this Mart, by being too
Wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of Creatures, we
have but poor three, and they can do no more than they
can do, and they with continual Action, are even as good
as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones what e'er we pay
for them, if there be not a Conscience to be us'd in every
Trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, 'tis not our bringing up of poor
Bastards, as I think, I brought some eleven.

Boulst. I too eleven, and brought them down again,
But shall I search the Market?

Bawd. What e'se, Man? The Stuff we have, a strong
Wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true, there's two unwholesome in Con-
science, the poor *Transylvanian* is dead that lay with the lit-
tle Baggage.

Boulst. Ay, she quickly poup'd him, she made him Roast-
Meat for Worms, but I'll go search the Market. [Exit.

Pand. Three or four thousand Chickens were as pretty a
Proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you! Is it a shame
to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our Credit comes not in like the Commodity,
nor the Commodity wages not with the Dangar: There-
fore, if in our Youths we could pick up some pretty Estate,
'twere not amiss to keep our Door hatch'd; besides the fore
terms we stand upon with the Gods, will be strong with us
for giving o'er.

Bowd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Paul. As well as we, ay, and better too, we offend worse; neither is our Profession any Trade, it's no Calling: But here comes *Boult*.

Enter Boult with Pirates, and Marina.

Boult. Come your ways, my Masters, you say she's a Virgin?

Pirat. O Sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this Piece you see, if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my Earnest.

Bowd. *Boult*, has she any Qualities?

Boult. She has a good Face, speaks well, and hath excellent good Cloaths: There's no farther necessity of Qualities can make her be refused.

Bowd. What's her Price, *Boult*?

Boult. I cannot be hated one doist of a thousand Pieces.

Paul. Well, follow me, my Masters, you shall have your Money presently: Wife, take her in, instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her Entertainment.

Bowd. *Boult*, take you the Marks of her, the Colour of her Hair, Complexion, Height, Age, with warrant of her Virginity, and Cry: He that will give most shall have her first. Such a Maiden-head were no cheap thing; if Men were as they have been: Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Alack, that *Leonus* was so slack, so slow: He should have struck, not spoke; Or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous, Had o'er-board thrown me, for to seek my Mother.

Bowd. Why weep you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bowd. Come, the Gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bowd. You are light into my Hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more's my Fault to 'scape his Hands, Where I was like to dye.

Bowd. Ay, and you shall live in Pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes indeed shall you, and taste Gentlemen of all Fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all Complexions: what de'ye stop your Ears?

Mar. Are you a Woman?

Bawd. What would you have me to be, if I be not a Woman?

Mar. An honest Woman, or not a Woman.

Bawd. Marry whip thee, Gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, y'are a young foolish Sapling, and must be bowed as I would have ye.

Mar. The Gods defend me.

Bawd. If it please the Gods defend you by Men, then Men must comfort you, Men must feed you, Men must stir you up: *Boults*' return'd.

Enter Boults.

Now, Sir, hast thou cry'd her through the Market?

Boults. I have cry'd her almost to the number of her Hairs, I have drawn her Picture with my Voice.

Bawd. And prithee tell me, 'how dost thou find the Inclination of the People, especially of the younger sort?

Boults. Faith they listned to me, as they would have hearkned to their Father's Testament. There was a *Spaniard's* Mouth so watered, that he went to Bed to her very Description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to Morrow with his best Ruff on.

Boults. To Night, to Night. But, Mistress, do you know the *French Knight* that cowers i' th' Hams?

Bawd. Who, Monsieur *Verollus*?

Boults. Ay, he offered to cut a Caper at the Proclamation, but he made a Groan at it, and swore he would see her to Morrow.

Bawd. Well, well, as for him, he brought his Disease hither, here he doth but repair it, I know he will come in our Shadow, to scatter his Crowns in the Sun.

Boults. Well, if we had of every Nation a Traveller, we should lodge them with this Sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither a while, you have Fortunes coming upon you, mark me, you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; despise Profit, where you have most Gain; to weep that you live as you

do, makes pity in your Lovers seldom, but that pity begets you a good Opinion, and that Opinion a meer profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O take her home, Mistress, take her home, these Blushes of hers must be quencht with some present Practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true i'faith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith some do, and some do not; but Mistress, if I have bargain'd for the Joynt.

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the Spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it?

Come young one, I like the manner of your Garments well?

Boult. Ay, by my Faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. *Boult*, spend thou that in the Town, report what a Sojourner we have, you'll lose nothing by Custom. When Nature fram'd this Piece, she meant thee a good Turn, therefore say what a Paragon she is, and thou hast the Har' vest out of thine owa Report.

Boult. I warrant you Mistress, Thunder shall not so awake the Beds of Eels, as my giving out of her Beauty stirs up the Lewdly enclined, I'll bring home some to Night.

Bawd. Come your ways, follow me.

Mar. If Fires be hot, Knives sharp, or Waters deep, Unty'd I still my Virgin-knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose.

Bawd. What have we to do with *Diana*? pray you go with us. [Exeunt]

Enter Cleon and Dionysia.

Dion. Why are you foolish, can it be undone?

Cle. O *Dionysia*, such a piece of Slaughter, The Sun and Moon ne'er look'd upon.

Dion. I think you'll turn a Child again.

Cle. Were I chief Lord of all this spacious World, I'd give it to undo the deed. O Lady, much less in Blood than Virtue, yet a Princess to equal any single Crown of the Earth, in the justice of compare: O Villain, *Leonine*, whom thou hast poisoned too, if thou had'st drunk to him, it had been a kindness becoming well thy Face; what can'st thou say, when Noble *Pericles* shall demand his Child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the Fates to foster it, nor ever to preserve; she dy'd at Night, I'll say so, who can cross it, unless you play the Innocent? and for an honest Attribute, cry out, she dy'd by foul Play.

Cle. O go to, well, well, of all the Faults beneath the Heav'ns, the Gods do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that thinks the pretty Wrens of *Tharsus* will fly hence, and open this to *Pericles*; I do shame to think of what a noble Strain you are, and of how coward a Spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding, who ever but his Approbation added, though not his whole Consent, he did not flow from honourable Courses.

Dion. Be it so then, yet none doth know but you how she came dead, nor none can know, *Leonine* being gone. She did disdain my Child, and stood between her and her Fortunes: None would look on her, but cast their Gazes on *Marina's* Face, whilst ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my Course unnatural, you not your Child well loving, yet I find it greets me as an enterprize of Kindness perform'd to your sole Daughter.

Cle. Heav'ns forgive it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say? We wept after her Hearse, and yet we mourn: Her Monument almost finished, and her Epitaph In glittering golden Characters, express A general Praise to her, and Care in us, At whose Expence 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, dost with thy Angel's Face,
Seize with thine Eagle's Talons.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to th'Gods, that Winter kills the Flies,
But yet I know, you'll do as I advise.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Gower.

THUS Time we waste, and longest Leagues make short^r
 Sail Seas in Cockles, have and wish but for't,
 Making to take our Imagination,
 From bourn to bourn, Region to Region.
 By you being Pard'ned, we commit no Crime
 To use one Language, in each several Clime,
 Where our Scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
 To learn of me, who stands in gaps to teach you
 The Stages of our Story, Pericles
 Is now again thwarting the wayward Seas;
 (Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
 To see his Daughter, all his Life's Delight.
 Old Hellicanus goes along behind,
 Is left to govern it: You bear in Mind
 Old Escanes, whom Hellicanus late
 Advanc'd in time to great and high Estate.
 Well sailing Ships, and bounteous Winds have brought
 This King to Tharsus, think this Pilate thought,
 So with his Steerage, shall your Thoughts grone
 To fetch his Daughter home, who first is gone;
 Like Motes and Shadows see them move a while,
 Your Ears unto your Eyes I'll reconcile.

Enter Pericles at one Door with all his Train, Cleon and
 Dionysia at the other: Cleon shews Pericles the Tomb,
 whereat Pericles makes Lamentation, puts on Sackcloth,
 and in a mighty Passion departs.

Gower. See how Belief may suffer by foul show,
 This borrow'd Passion stands for true old Woe;
 And Pericles in sorrow all devour'd,
 With Sighs shot through, and biggest Tears o'er-showr'd.
 Leaves Tharsus, and again imbarks, he swears
 Never to wash his Face, nor cut his Hairs,
 He put on Sackcloth, and to Sea he bears,
 A Tempest which his mortal Vessel tears,
 And yet he rides it out. Now take we our way
 To the Epitaph for Marina, writ by Dionysia.

The fairest, sweetest, and best lies here,
 Who wither'd in her Spring of Year :
 She was of *Tyrus* the King's Daughter,
 On whom foul Death hath made this Slaughter :
Marina was she call'd, and at her birth,
 That is, being proud, swallow'd some part of th'earth :
 Therefore the Earth fearing to be o'erflow'd,
 Hath *Thetis* Birth-child on the Heav'ns bestow'd.
 Wherefore she does and swears she'll never stint,
 Make raging Batt'ry upon Shores of Flint.

*No Vizard does become black Villany,
 So well as soft and tender Flattery.
 Let Pericles believe, his Daughter's dead,
 And bear his Courjes to be ordered
 By Lady Fortune, while our stear must Play
 His Daughter woe and heavy well-a-day,
 In her unholy Service : Patience then,
 And think you now are all in Meraline*

[Exit.]

Enter two Gentlemen

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like ?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this,
 she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have Divinity preacht there, did you
 ever dream of such a thing ?

2 *Gent.* No, no, come, I am for no more Bawdy-houses,
 shall we go hear the Vestals sing ?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is Virtuous, but I
 am out of the road of Rutting for ever.

[Exeunt.]

Enter the three Bawds.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her
 she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her, she is able to freeze the God
Priapus, and undo a whole Generation, we must either get her
 Ravisht, or be rid of her ; when she should do for Clyents
 her fitment, and do me the kindness of our Profession, she has
 me her Quirks, her Reasons, her Master-reasons, her Prayers,
 her Knees, that she would make a Puritan of the Devil, if
 he should cheapen a Kiss of her.

Boult. Faith I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all
 our Cavaliers, and make all our Swearers Priests.

Pand. Now the Pox upon her Green-sickness for me.

Bawd. Faith there's no way to berid of it, but by the way to the Pox. Here comes the Lord *Lyfimachus* disguis'd.

Bowl. We should have both Lord and Lown, if the peevish Baggage would but give way to Customers.

Enter Lyfimachus.

Lys. How now, how a dozen of Virginities?

Bawd. Now the Gods bless your Honour.

Bowl. I am glad to see your Honour in good Health.

Lys. You may so, 'tis the better for you, that your Reporters stand upon sound Legs, how now? wholesome Impunity have you, that a Man may deal withal, and defie the Surgeon?

Bawd. We have one here, Sir, if she would——
But there never came her like in *Metaline*.

Lys. If she'd do the Deeds of Darknes, thou would'st say.

Bawd. Your Honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Bowl. For Flesh and Blood, Sir, white and red, you shall see a Rose, and she were a Rose indeed, if she had but——

Lys. What prethee?

Bowl. O Sir, I can be Modest.

Lys. That dignifies the Renown of a Bawd, no less than it gives a good Report to a number to be Chast.

Enter Marina.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk,
Never pluckt yet I can assure you.

Is she not a fair Creature?

Lys. Faith she would serve after a long Voyage at Sea,
Well, there's for you, leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your Honour give me leave a word,
And I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable Man,

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the Governor of this Country, and a Man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the Country, you are bound to him indeed, but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your Apron with Gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My Lord, she's not pac'd yet, you must take some Pains to work her to your manage; come, we will leave his Honour and her together. [*Exit Bawd.*

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this Trade?

Mar. What Trade, Sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my Trade, Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this Profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to't so young, were you a Gamester at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, Sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why the House you dwell in, proclaims you to be a Creature of Sale.

Mar. Do you know this House to be a Place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say you are of honourable Parts, and the Governor of this place.

Lys. Why? hath your Principal made known unto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my Principal?

Lys. Why your Herb-woman, she that sets Seeds and Roots of Shame and Iniquity. O you have heard something of my Power, and so stand aloof for more serious Wooing; but I protest to thee, pretty one, my Authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee; come bring me to some private Place, come, come,

Mar. If you were born to Honour, shew it now; If put upon you, make the Judgment good, That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this; how's this? some more, be sage—

Mar. For me that am a Maid, though most ungentle Fortune have plac'd me in this Stie, Where since I came, D seases have been sold Dearer than Physick; O that the Gods

Would set me free from this unhallow'd Place,
Though they did change me to the meanest Bird
That flies i'th' purer Air,

Lys. I did not think

Thou could'st have spoke so well, I ne'er dream'd thou
could'st;

Had I brought hither a corrupted Mind,
Thy Speech had alter'd it; hold, here's Gold for thee,
Persevere in that clear way thou goest.
And the Gods strengthen thee.

Mar. The good Gods preserve you.

Lys. For my part, I came with no ill intent, for to me
The very Doors and Windows favour vilely.
Fare thee well.

Thou art a piece of Virtue, and I doubt not
But thy training hath been Noble;
Hold, here's more Gold for thee;
A Curse upon him, die he like a Thief
That robs thee of thy Goodness; if thou dost hear from me,
It shall be for thy good.

Bowl. I beseech your Honour, one Piece for me.

Lys. Avant thou damn'd Door-keeper,
Your House, but for this Virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away: [Exit.

Bowl. How's this? We must take another course with
you? If your peevish Chastity, which is not worth a Break-
fast in the cheapest Country under the coop, shall undo a
whole Household, let me be gelded like a Spaniel; come
your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Bowl. I must have your Maidenhead taken off, or the
common Hangman shall execute it; come your way, we'll
have no more Gentlemen driv'n away: come your ways, I say.

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now, what's the matter?

Bowl. Worse and worse, Mistress, she hath here spoken
holy words to the Lord *Lysimachus*.

Bawd. O abominable.

Bowl. She makes our Profession as it were to stink before
the Face of the Gods,

Bawd. Marry hang her up for ever.

Boult. The Nobleman would have dealt with her like a Nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a Snow-ball; saying his Prayers too.

Bawd. *Boult.* take her away, use her at thy Pleasute, crack the Glats of her Virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. And if she were a thornier Piece of Ground than she is, she shall be Ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you Gods.

Bawd. She conjures, away with her, would she had never come within my Doors, marry hang you, she's born to undo us, will you not go the way of Women-kind? Marry come up my Dish of Chastity, with Rosemary and Bays. [*Exit.*]

Boult. Come, Mistrefs, come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the Jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithce tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing?

Mar. What can'st thou wish thine Enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wish him to be my Master, or rather my Mistrefs.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their Command;

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st Fiend
In Hell would not in Reputation change:

Thou art the damn'd Door-keeper to every Cusherel that comes
Enquiring for this Tib; To the cholerick Fisting of every Rogue

Thy Ear is liable, thy Food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infectious Lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the Wars, would you, where a Man may serve seven Years for the loss of a Leg, and have not Mony enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou dost,
Empty old Receptracles, or common-shores of Filth;
Serve by Indenture to the common Mangman,
Any of these ways are yet better than this:

For what thou professest, a Baboon, could he speak,
Would own a Name too dear:

Oh, that the Gods would safely deliver me from this Place;
Here, here's Gold for thee, if that thy Master would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can Sing, Weave, Sow, and Dance,

With other Virtues, which I'll keep from boast,
 And I will undertake all these to teach.
 I doubt not but this populous City will yield many Scho-
 lrs.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
 And prostitute me to the basest Groom
 That doth frequent your House.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: If I can
 place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest Women.

Boult. Faith my Acquaintance lies little among them;
 but since my Master and Mistress have bought you, there's
 no going but by their consent: Therefore I will make them
 acquainted with your Purpose, and I doubt not but I shall
 find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what
 I can, come your ways. [Exit.]

Enter Gower.

*Marina thus the Brothel scapes, and chances
 Into an honest House, our Story says:
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances
 As Goddess-like to her admired Laies:
 Deep Clerks she dumbs, and with her Needle composes
 Natures own Shape, of Bud, Bird, Branch or Berry,
 That even her Art sisters the natural Roses,
 Her Inkle, Silk, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
 That Pupils lacks she none of noble Race,
 Who pour their Bounty on her, and her Gain
 She gives the cursed Bawd. Leave we her place,
 And to her Father turn our Thoughts again,
 Where we left him at Sea, tumbled and tost,
 And driv'n before the Wind, he is arriv'd
 Here where his Daughter dwells, and on this Coast,
 Suppose him now at Anchor: The City striv'd
 God Neptune's annual Feast to keep, from whence
 Lysimachus our Tyrian Ship espies,
 His Banners sable, trim'd with rich Expence,
 And to him in his Barge with fervour hies,
 In your supposing, once more put your sight
 Our heavy Pericles, think this his Bark,*

*Where what is done in Action, more of might
Shall be discover'd, please you sit and bark.*

[Exit.]

Enter Hellicanus, to him two Sailors.

1 Sail. Where is the Lord *Hellicanus*? he can resolve you.
O here he is, Sir, there is a Barge put off from *Metaline*,
and in it is *Lyfimachus* the Governour, who craves to come
aboard; what is your Will?

Hell. That he have his——call up some Gentlemen.

2 Sail. Ho, Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come a-
board, I pray ye greet them fairly.

Enter Lyfimachus.

1 Sail. Sir, this is the Man that can, in ought you would,
resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend Sir, the Gods preserve you.

Hell. And you to out-live the Age I am, and die as I
would do.

Lys. You wish me will;

Being on Shore, honouring of *Neptune's* Triumphs,
Seeing this goodly Vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your Place?

Lys. I am the Governor of this Place you lye before.

Hell. Sir, our Vessel's of *Tyre*, in it the King,
A Man, who for this three Months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken Sustenance,
But to prolong his Grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his Distemperance?

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeat, but the main
Grief springs from the loss of a beloved Daughter, and a
Wife.

Lys. May we not see him;

Hell. You may, but bootless is your sight, he will not
speak to any.

Lys. Let me obtain my Wish.

Hell. Behold him; this was a goodly Person, 'till the
Disaster that one mortal wight drove him to this.

Lys. Sir King, all hail, the Gods preserve you, hail Roy-
1 Sir.

Hell. It is in vain, he will not speak to you.

Lord. Sir, we have a Maid in *Metaline*, I durst wager would win some words from him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought, she questionless with her sweet Harmony, and other chosen Attractions, would allure and make a Battery through his defended Parts, which now are mid-way stopt, she is all happy, as the fairest of all, and her fellow Maids, now upon the levy shelter that abuts against the Island side.

Hell. Sure all effectless, yet nothing we'll omit that bears recoveries Name. But since your Kindness we have stretcht thus far, let us beseech you, that for our Gold we may have Provision, wherein we are not destitute for want, but weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, Sir, a Courtesie, which if we should deny, the most just God for every Graff would send a Caterpillar, and soinflict our Province; yet once more let me entreat to know at large the Cause of your King's Sorrow.

Hell. Sir, Sir, I will recount it to you; but see, I am prevented.

Enter Marina.

Lys. O here's the Lady that I sent for.
Welcome, Fair One: Is't not a goodly present?

Hell. She's a gallant Lady.

Lys. She's such a one, that were I well assur'd,
Came of a gentle Kind, and noble stock,
I'd wish no better Choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair, and all Goodness that consists in Beauty,
Expect even here, where is a kingly Patient,
If that thy prosperous and artificial Fate
Can draw him but to answer thee in ought,
Thy sacred Physick shall receive such Pay,
As thy Desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use my uttermost Skill in his Recovery, provided that none but I and my Companion Maid he suffered to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her, and the Gods make her prosperous.

[*The Song.*

Lys. Mark'd he your Musick?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, Sir, my Lord, lend Ear.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a Maid, my Lord, that ne'er before invited Eyes, but have been gazed on like a Comet: She speaks, my Lord, that, may be, hath endured a Grief might equal yours, if both were justly weighed; though wayward Fortune did maligne my State, my Derivation was from Ancestors who stood equivalent with mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my Parentage, and to the World and awkward Casualties bound me in servitude; I will desist, but there is something glows upon my Cheek, and whispers in mine Ear, *Go not 'till he speak.*

Per. My Fortunes, Parentage, good Parentage to equal mine: was it not thus! what say you?

Mar. I said, my Lord, if you did know my Parentage, you would not do me Violence.

Per. I do think so, pray you turn your Eyes upon me, y'are like some-thing that, what Country-women hear of these shews?

Mar. No, nor of any shews, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other than I appear.

Per. I am great with wo, and shall deliver weeping: My dearest Wife was like this Maid, and such a one my Daughter might have been: My Queen's square Brows, her Stature to an Inch, as wand-like straight, as Silver voic'd, her Eyes as Jewel-like, and cast as richly, in pace another *Juno*. Who starves the Ears she feeds, and makes them hungry, the more she gives them Speech; where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a Stranger, from the Deck you may discern the Place.

Per. Where were you bred? And how atchiev'd you these Endowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my History, it would seem like Lies di'dain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee speak, falseness cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a *Pallas* for the crowned Truth to dwell in, I will believe thee, and make

make my Senses credit thy Relation, to points that seem impossible, for thou look'st like one I lov'd indeed; what were thy Friends? Didst thou not stay when I did push thee back: Which was when I perceiv'd thee that thou cam'st from good Descent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy Parentage, I think thou saidst thou hadst been tost from wrong to injury, and that thou thought'st thy Grievs might equal mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing I said, and said no more but what my Thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy Story, if thine considered prove the thousand Part of my Endurance, thou art a Man, and I have suffered like a Girl; yet thou dost look like Patience, gazing on Kings Graves, and smiling Extremity out of act. What were thy Friends? how lost thou thy Name, my most kind Virgin? recount I do beseech thee, come sit by me.

Mar. My Name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mock'd, and thou by some incensed God sent hither to make the World to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good Sir, or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient, thou little know'st how thou dost startle me to call thy self *Marina*.

Mar. The Name was given me by one that had some Power, my Father and a King.

Per. How, a King's Daughter, and call'd *Marina*?

Mar. You said you would believe me, but not to be a trouble of your Peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you Flesh and Blood?
Have you a working Pulse, and are no Fairy?
Motion? well, speak on, where were you born?
And wherefore call'd *Marina*?

Mar. Call'd *Marina*, for I was born at Sea.

Per. At Sea? who was thy Mother?

Mar. My Mother was the Daughter of a King, who died the Minute I was born, as my good Nurse *Lychorida* hath oft delivered weeping.

Per. O stop there a little, this is the rarest Dream
That e'er dull Sleep did mock sad Fools withal:
This cannot be my Daughter; buried! well, where were
you bred? I'll hear you more to the bottom of your Story,
and never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn, believe me 'twere best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the Syllable of what you shall
deliver, yet give me leave, how came you in these Parts?
where were you bred?

Mar. The King, my Father, did in *Tharsus* leave me,
'Till cruel *Cleon* with his wicked Wife,
Did seek to murder me: And having woo'd a Villain
To attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of Pyrats came and rescu'd me,
Brought me to *Metaline*.

But, good Sir, whither will you have me? why do you
weep? It may be you think me an Impostor, no, good faith.
I am the Daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles*
be.

Per. Ho, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Calls my Lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble Counsellor,
Most wise in general, tell me, if thou canst, what this
Maid is,

Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weep?

Hell. I know not, but here's the Regent, Sir, of *Meta-
line*, speaks nobly of her,

Lys. She never would tell her Parentage.
Being demanded that, she would sit still and weep.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me, honoured Sir, give me a
gash, put me to present Pain, lest this great Sea of Joys
rushing upon me, o'er-bear the Shores of my Mortality, and
drown me with their Sweetness: Oh come hither.

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast born at Sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at Sea again: O *Hellicanus*,
Down on thy Knees, thank the holy Gods, as loud
As Thunder threatens us; this is *Marina*.

What was thy Mother's Name? tell me but that,
For Truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though Doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, Sir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell me now my Drown'd Queen's Name, as in the rest you said, Thou hast been god-like perfect, the Heir of Kingdoms, And another like to *Pericles* thy Father.

Mar. Is it not more to be your Daughter, than to say, my Mother's Name is *Thaisa*? *Thaisa* was my Mother, who did end the minute I began.

Per. Now blessing on thee, rise, thou art my Child. Give me fresh Garments, mine own *Hellicanus*, she is not dead at *Tharsus*, as she should have been by savage *Cleon*, she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneel, and justify in Knowledge, she is thy very Princess; who is this?

Hell. Sir, 'tis the Governor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your Melancholly, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you; give me my Robes; I am wild in my beholding. Oh Heav'n bless my Girl. But hark, what Musick's this, *Hellicanus*? my *Marina*, Tell him o'er point by point, for yet he seems to doat, How sure you are my Daughter; but where's this Musick?

Hell. My Lord, I hear none.

Per. None? The Musick of the Spheres, list, my *Marina*.

Lys. It is not good to cross him, give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds, do ye not hear?

Lys. Musick, my Lord, I hear.

Per. Most heav'nly Musick,

It nips me unto listning, and thick Slumber Hangs upon mine Eyes, let me rest.

Lis. A Pillow for his Head, so leave him all.

Well my Companion Friends, if this but answer to my just belief, I'll well remember you.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Diana appearing to Pericles asleep.

Dia. **M**Y Temple stands in *Ephesus*, hie thee thither;
 And do upon mine Altar Sacrifice.
 There, when my Maiden Priests are met together,
 Before all the People reveal
 How thou at Sea didst lose thy Wife
 To mourn thy Crosses with thy Daughters call,
 And give them Repetition to the like:
 Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe:
 Do't, and happy by my Silver Bow;
 Awake, and tell thy Dream.

Per. Celestial *Dian*, Goddess *Argentine*,
 I will obey thee. *Hellicanus.*

Enter Lyfimachus.

Per. My purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike
 The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other Service first;
 Toward *Ephesus* turn our blown Sails,
 Eftsoons I'll tell why. Shall we refresh us, Sir, upon your
 Shore, and give you Gold for such Provision as our Intent
 will need.

Lys. Sir, with all my Heart, and when you come ashore,
 I have another slight.

Per. You shall prevail, where it to woe my Daughter,
 for it seems you have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your Arm.

Per. Come, my *Marina*.

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Gower.

*Now our Sands are almost run,
 More a little, and then done.
 This my last boon give me,
 For such kindness must relieve me:
 That you aptly will suppose,
 What pageantry, what feats, what shows;
 What Minstrelsie, what presty din,
 The Regent made in Metalin,*

To greet the King; so he thriw'd,
 That he is promis'd to be wiw'd
 To fair Marina, but in no wise,
 'Till he had done his Sacrifice,
 As Dian bad, whereto being bound,
 The interim pray, you all confound.
 In feather'd briefness Sails are fill'd,
 And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
 At Ephesus the Temple see,
 Our King, and all his Company.
 That he can hither come so soon,
 Is by your Fancy's thankful doom.

[Exit

Enter Pericles, Lyfimachus, Hellicanus, Marina, Thaisa,
 Cerymon, and others.

Per. Hail Dian, to perform thy just command,
 I here confess my self the King of Tyre.
 Who frighted from my Country, did wed
 At Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa,
 At Sea in Child-bed died she, but brought forth
 A Maid Child called Marina; who, O Goddess,
 Wears yet thy Silver Livery. She at Tharsus,
 Was Nurst with Cleon, who at fourteen Years
 He sought to Murder, but her better Stars
 Brought her to Metaline, 'gainst whose Shore riding,
 Her Fortunes brought the Maid aboard to us,
 Where by her own most clear remembrance, she
 Made known her self my Daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour! You are, you are, O Royal
 Pericles. [She faints away.

Per. What means the Woman? she dies! help, Gentle-
 men.

Cer. Sir, if you have told Diana's Altar true,
 This is your Wife.

Per. Reverend Appearer, no, I threw her over-board with
 these very Arms.

Cer. Upon this Coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the Lady; O she's but overjoy'd.
 Early in blust'ring morn, this Lady was thrown upon this
 Vol. VI. R Shores

Shore. I open'd the Coffin, found these rich Jewels,
cover'd her, and placed her here in *Diana's* Temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great Sir, they shall be brought you to my House,
whither I invite you; look, *Thaisa* is recovered.

Thai. O let me look; if he be none of mine,
My Sanctity will to my Sense bend no licentious Ear,
But curb it spight 'of seeing:

O my Lord, are you not *Pericles*?

Like him you speak, like him you are:

Did you not name a Tempest, a Birth, and Death?

Per. The Voice of dead *Thaisa*.

Thai: That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drown'd.

Per. Immortal *Dian*!

Thai. Now I know you better,
When we with Tears parted *Pentapolis*,
The King, my Father, gave you such a Ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you Gods,
Your present Kindness makes my past Miseries Sport,
You shall do well, that on the touching of her Lips
I may melt, and no more be seen;

O come, be buried a second time within these Arms.

Mar. My Heart leaps to be gone into my Mother's Bosom.

Per. Look who kneels here, Flesh of thy Flesh, *Thaisa*,
Thy Burden at the Sea, and call'd *Marina*,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own.

Hell. Hail, Madam, and my Queen.

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say when I did fly from *Tyre*,
I left behind an ancient Substitute;
Can you remember what I call'd the Man?
I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas *Helicanus* then.

Per. Still Confirmation,
Embrace him dear *Thaisa*, this is he;
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and who to thank,
Besides the Gods, for this great Miracle.

Thai:

Thai. Lord *Cerymon*, my Lord, this Man, through whom
The Gods have shewn their Power, that can from first
To last resolve you.

Per. Reverend Sir,
The Gods can have no mortal Officer
More like a God than you,
Will you deliver how this dead Queen re-lives ?

Cer. I will, my Lord, beseech you first go with me
Unto my House, where shall be shewn you all
Was found with her ;
How she came plac'd here in the Temple,
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure *Dian* ! bless thee for thy Vision,
I will offer Night Oblations to thee.

Thaisa, this Prince, the fair betroth'd of your Daughter,
Shall marry at *Pentapolis*,
And now this Ornament that makes me look dismal,
Will I clip to form,

And what this fourteen Years no Razor touch'd,
To grace thy Marriage Day, I'll beautifie.

Thai. Lord *Cerymon* hath Letters of good Credit,
Sir, my Father's dead.

Per. Heav'ns make a Star of him ; yet here, my Queen,
We'll celebrate their Nuptials, and our selves
Will in that Kingdom spend our following Days ;
Our Son and Daughter shall in *Tyrus* reign.

Lord *Cerymon*, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold, Sir, lead's the way. [*Ex. omnes*]

Enter *Gower*.

*In Antiochus and his Daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous Lust, the due and just Reward :
In Pericles, his Queen and Daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with Fortunes fierce and keen,
Virtue prefer'd from fell Destruction's blast,
Led on by Heav'n, and crown'd with Joy at last.
In Hellicanus may you well descry,
A Figure of Truth, of Faith, of Loyalty :
In reverend Cerymon there well appears.
The worth that learned Châritie eye wears.*

*For wicked Cleon and his Wife, when Fame
 Had spread their cursed Deed, and honour'd Name
 Of Pericles, to rage the City turn,
 That him and his, they in his Palace burn.
 The Gods for Murder seemed so content,
 To punish, although not done, but meant.
 So on your Patiences ever more attending,
 New Joy wait on you, here our Play hath ending.*





THE
L O N D O N
P R O D I G A L.
A
C O M E D Y.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

MR. Flowerdale, *a Merchant, trading at Venice.*

Matthew Flowerdale, *his Prodigal Son.*

Mr. Flowerdale, *Brother to the Merchant.*

Sir Lancelot Spurcock, *of Lewsome in Kent.*

Sir Arthur Greenhood, *a Commander,* } *In love*
Oliver, *a Cornish Clothier,* } *with Luce.*

Weathercock, *a Parasite to Sir Lancelot Spurcock.*

Tom Civet, *in love with Frances.*

Daffidill, }
Artichoak, } *Servants to Sir Lancelot Spurcock.*

Diek and Ralph, *two cheating Gamesters.*

Ruffin, *a Pander to Mistress Apricock a Bawd.*

Frances, }
Luce, } *Daughters to Sir Lancelot Spurcock.*
Delia, }

Sheriff and Officers.

A Citizen and his Wife.

Drawers.

SCENE *London, and the
Parts adjacent.*

T H E



T H E

London Prodigal.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Flowerdale the Merchant, and his Brother.

F A T H E R.



Rother, from *Venice*, being thus disguis'd
I come to prove the humours of my Son:
How hath he born himself since my departure,
I leaving you his Patron and his Guide?

Unc. Y'faith, Brother, so, as you will
grieve to hear,

And I almost ashamed to report it.

Fath. Why how is't, Brother? What, doth he spend
Beyond the allowance I left him?

Unc. How! beyond that? and far more; why, your
Exhibition is nothing, he hath spent that, and since hath
borrow'd, protested with Oaths, alledged Kindred to wring
Mony from me, by the Love I bore his Father, by the For-
tunes might fall upon himself, to furnish his Wants: That
done, I have had since his Bond, his Friend and Friends
Bond; although I know that he spends is yours, yet it
grieves me to see the unbridled Wildness that reigns over him

Fath. Brother, what is the manner of his Life? how is
the Name of his Offences? if they do not relish altogether
of Damnation, his Youth may privilege his Wantonness:
I my self ran an unbridled Course 'till thirty, nay, almost
'till forty; well, you see how I am: For Vice once looked

into with the Eyes of Discretion, and well ballanced with the weights of Reason, the Course past, seems so abominable, that the Landlord of himself, which is the Heart of his Body, will rather intomb himself in the Earth, or seek a new Tenant to remain in him, which once settled, how much better are they that in their Youth have known all these Vices, and left 'em, than those that knew little, and in their Age run into 'em? Believe me, Brother, they that die most Virtuous, have in their Youth liv'd most Vicious; and none knows the Danger of the Fire more than he that falls into it: But say, how is the Course of his Life? let's hear his Particulars.

Unc. Why I'll tell you, Brother, he is a continual Swearer, and a breaker of his Oaths, which is bad.

Fath. I grant indeed to swear is bad, but not in keeping those Oaths is better; for who will set by a bad thing? Nay by my Faith, I hold this rather a Virtue than a Vice. Well, I pray proceed.

Unc. He is a mighty Brawler, and comes commonly by the worst.

Fath. By my Faith this is none of the worst neither, for if he brawl and be beaten for it, it will in time make him shun it: For what brings a Man or Child, more to Virtue than Correction? What reigns over him else?

Unc. He is a great Drinker, and one that will forget himself.

Fath. O best of all, Vice should be forgotten, let him drink on, so he drink not Churches. Nay, and this be the worst, I hold it rather Happiness in him, than any Iniquity. Hath he any more Attendants?

Unc. Brother, he is one that will borrow of any Man.

Fath. Why you see so doth the Sea, it borrows of all the small Currents in the World to encrease himself.

Unc. Ay, but the Sea pays it again, and so will never your Son.

Fath. No more would the Sea, neither, if it were as dry as my Son.

Unc. Then, Brother, I see you rather like these Vices in your Son, than any way condemn them.

Fath. Nay mistake me not, Brother, for though I slur them over now, as things slight and nothing, his Crimes being in the Bud, it would gall my Heart, they should ever reign in him.

Flow. Ho? who's within ho?

[Flowerdale knocks within.

Unc. That's your Son, he is come to borrow more Money.

Fath. For God's sake give it out I am dead,
See how he'll take it.

Say I have brought you News from his Father.

I have here drawn a formal Will, as it were from my self,
Which I'll deliver him.

Unc. Go to, Brother, no more: I will.

Flow. Uncle, where are you, Uncle? [Within.

Unc. Let my Cousin in there.

Fath. I am a Sailor come from Venice, and my Name is
Christopher.

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. By the Lord, in truth, Uncle.

Unc. In truth would a serv'd, Cousin, without the
Lord.

Flow. By your leave, Uncle, the Lord is the Lord of
Truth. A couple of Rascals at the Gate, set upon me for
my Purse.

Unc. You never come, but you bring a brawl in your
Mouth.

Flow. By my Truth, Uncle, you must needs lend me
ten Pound.

Unc. Give my Cousin some small Beer here.

Flow. Nay look you, you turn it to a Jest now, by this
Light, I should ride to Croydon Fair, to meet Sir Lancelot
Spurcock, I should have his Daughter Luce, and for scurvey
ten Pound, a Man shall lose nine hundred threescore and
odd Pounds, and a daily Friend beside, by this Hand, Un-
cle, 'tis true.

Unc. Why, any thing is true for ought I know.

Flow. To see now; why you shall have my Bond, Un-
cle, Tom White's, James Brock's, or Nick Hall's; as good Ra-
pier and Dagger Men, as any be in England; let's be damn'd
if we do not pay you, the worst of us all will not damn
our selves for ten Pound. A pox of ten Pound.

Unc. Cousin, this is not the first time I have believ'd
you.

Flow.

Flow. Why trust me now, you know not what may fall; if one thing were but true, I would not greatly care, I should not need ten Pound, but when a Man cannot be believ'd, there's it.

Unc. Why what is it, Cousin?

Flow. Marry this, Uncle, can you tell me if the *Katern* Hue be come home or no?

Unc. Ay marry is't.

Flow. By Gad I thank you for that News. What, is't in the Pool can you tell?

Unc. It is; what of that?

Flow. What? why then I have six Pieces of Velvet sent me, I'll give you a Piece, Uncle: For thus said the Letter, a Piece of Ash-colour, a three-pil'd black, a colour'd deroy, a Crimson, a sad Green, and a Purple: Yes i'faith.

Unc. From whom should you receive this?

Flow. From who? why from my Father; with commendations to you, Uncle, and thus he writes; I know, faith he, thou hast much troubled thy kind Uncle, whom God willing at my return I will see amply satisfied; amply, I remember was the very word; so God help me.

Unc. Have you the Letter here?

Flow. Yes, I have the Letter here, 'here is the Letter: No, yes, no, let me see, what Breeches wore I on *Saturday*: Let me see, a *Tuesday*, my Calamanka, a *Wednesday*, my Peach-colour Sattin, a *Thursday* my Vellure, a *Friday* my Calamanka again, a *Saturday*, let me see, a *Saturday*, for in those Breeches I wore a *Saturday* is the Letter: O my riding Breeches, Uncle, those that you thought had been Velvet, in those very Breeches is the Letter.

Unc. When should it be dated?

Flow. Marry *Didissimo tertios Septembris*, no, no, *tridissimo tertio Octobris*, Ay *Octobris*, so it is.

Unc. *Dicditimo tertios Octobris*: And here receive I a Letter that your Father died in *June*: How say you, *Kester*?

Fath. Yes truly, Sir, your Father is dead, thes: Hands of mine help to wind him.

Flow. Dead?

Fath. Ay, Sir, dead.

Flow. 'Sblood, how should my Father come dead?

Fash. I'faith Sir, according to the old Proverb,
The Child was Born, and cryed, became Man,
After fell Sick, and Died.

Unc. Nay, Cousin, do not take it so heavily.

Flow. Nay, I cannot weep you Extempory, marry some
two or three Days hence I shall weep without any flintance.
But I hope he died in good Memory.

Fash. Very well, Sir, and set down every thing in good
order, and the *Katherine* and *Hus* you talkt of, I came over
in; and I saw all the Bills of Lading, and the Velvet that
you talk of, there is no such aboard.

Flow. By Gad, I assure you, then there's Knavery a-
broad.

Fash. I'll be sworn of that: there's Knavery abroad, al-
tho' there was never a piece of Velvet in *Venice*.

Flow. I hope he died in good Estate.

Fash. To the report of the World he did, and made his
Will, of which I am an unworthy Bearer.

Flow. His Will, have you his Will?

Fash. Yes, Sir, and in the presence of your Uncle I was
willed to deliver it.

Unc. I hope, Cousin, now God hath blessed you with
Wealth, you will not be unmindful of me.

Flow. I'll do reason, Uncle; yet i'faith I take the denial
of this ten Pound very hardly.

Unc. Nay, I deny'd you not.

Flow. By Gad you deny'd me directly.

Unc. I'll be judg'd by this good Fellow.

Fash. Not directly, Sir.

Flow. Why, he said he would lend me none, and that
had wont to be a direct denial, if the old Phrase hold: Well,
Uncle, come we'll fall to the Legacies, in the Name of
God, *Amen*.

Item, I bequeath to my Brother *Flowerdale*, three Hun-
dred Pounds, to pay such trivial Debts as I owe in *Lon-
don*.

Item, To my Son *Mat. Flowerdale*, I bequeath two Bail
of false Dice, *videlicet*, high Men and low Men, Fullomes,
stop Cater Traies, and other Bones of Function.

Flow. 'Sblood, what doth he mean by this?

Unc. Proceed, Cousin.

Flow. These Precepts I leave him, let him borrow of his Oath, for of his Word no body will trust him. Let him by no means marry an honest Woman, for the other will keep her self. Let him steal as much as he can, that a guilty Conscience may bring him to his destinate Repentance: I think he means Hanging. And this were his last Will and Testament, the Devil stood laughing at his Beds feet while he made it. 'Sbloud, what doth he think to sop off his Posterity with Paradoxes?

Fath. This he made, Sir, with his own Hands.

Flow. Ay, well, nay come, good Uncle, let me have this Ten Pound, imagine you have lost it, or robb'd of it, or misreckon'd your self so much: any way to make it come easily off, good Uncle.

Unc. Not a penny.

Fath. I'faith lend it him, Sir, I my self have an Estate in the City worth twenty Pound, all that I'll ingage for him, he saith it concerns him in a Marriage.

Flow. Ay marry doth it, this is a Fellow of some Sense, this: Come, good Uncle.

Unc. Will you give your Word for it, *Kester*?

Fath. I will, Sir, willingly.

Unc. Well, Cousin, come to me an Hour hence, you shall have it ready.

Flow. Shall I not fail?

Unc. You shall not, come or send.

Flow. Nay I'll come my self.

Fath. By my troth, would I were your Worship's Man.

Flow. What? would'st thou serve?

Fath. Very willingly, Sir.

Flow. Why I'll tell thee what thou shalt do, thou saist thou hast twenty Pound, go into *Birchin-Lane*, put thy self into Cloaths, thou shalt ride with me to *Croydon Fair*.

Fath. I thank you, Sir, I will attend you.

Flow. Well, Uncle, you will not fail me an Hour hence.

Unc. I will not, Cousin.

Flow. What's thy name, *Kester*?

Fath. Ay, Sir.

Flow. Well, provide thy self: Uncle, farewell 'till anon

[*Exit Flowerdale.*]

Unc. Brother, how do you like your Son?

Fash. I'faith Brother, like a mad unbridled Colt,

Or as a Hawk, that never stoop'd to lure:

The one must be tamed with an Iron bit,

The other must be watch'd, or still she is wild,

Such is my Son, a while let him be so;

For Counsel still is Folly's deadly Foe.

I'll serve his Youth, for Youth must have his course,

For being restrain'd, it makes him ten-times worse:

His Pride, his Riot, all that may be nam'd,

Time may recal, and all his Madness tam'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Sir Lancelot, Master Weathercock, Daffidil,
Artichock, Luce, and Frank.*

Lanc. Sirrah, *Artichock*, get you home before;

And as you prov'd your self a Calf in buying,

Drive home your fellow Calves that you have bought.

Art. Yes, forsooth, shall not my Fellow *Daffidil* go
along with me?

Lanc. No, Sir, no, I must have one to wait on me.

Art. *Daffidil*, farewell, good fellow *Daffidil*.

You may see, Mistress, I am set up by the halves,

Instead of waiting on you, I am sent to drive home Calves.

Lanc. I'faith *Frank*, I must turn away this *Daffidil*,
He's grown a very foolish sawcy Fellow.

Fran. Indeed-law, Father, he was so since I had him:
Before he was wise enough for a Foolish Serving-Man.

Weath. But what say you to me, Sir *Lancelot*?

Lanc. O, about my Daughters, well, I will go forward,
Here's two of them, God save them; but the third,
O she's a Stranger in her course of Life,
She hath refused you, Master *Weathercock*.

Weath. Ay by the Rood, Sir *Lancelot*, that she hath, but
had she try'd me, she should have found a Man of me indeed.

Lanc. Nay be not angry, Sir, at her denial, she hath
refus'd seven of the worshipfull'st, and worthiest House-
keepers this day in *Kent*: Indeed she will not marry, I sup-
pose.

Weath. The more Fool she.

Lanc. What, is it Folly to love Chastity?

Weath. No, mistake me not, Sir *Lancelot*,
But 'tis an old Proverb, and you know it well,
That Women dying Maids, lead Apes in Hell.

Lanc. That's a foolish Proverb and a false.

Weath. By the Mass, I think it be, and therefore let it go:
But who shall marry with Mistress *Frances*?

Fran. By my troth they are talking of marrying me,
Sister.

Luce. Peace, let them talk:
Fools may have leave to prattle as they walk.

Daff. Sentences still, sweet Mistress,
You have a Wit, and it were your Alabaster.

Luce. I'faith and thy Tongue trips trench more.

Lanc. No of my Knighthood, not a Suiter yet;
Alas, God help her, silly Girl, a Fool, a very Fool;
But there's the other black Brows a shrewd Girl,
She hath Wit at Will, and Suiters two or three;
Sir *Arthur Greenshield* one, a gallant Knight,
A valiant Soldier, but his Power but poor.
Then there's young *Oliver*, the *Devonshire* Lad,
A wary Fellow, marry full of Wit,
And rich by the Rood, but there's a third all Air,
Light as a Feather, changing as the Wind:
Young *Flowerdale*.

Weath. O he, Sir, he's a desperate *Dick* indeed:
Bar him your House.

Lanc. Fie, not so, he's of good Parentage.

Weath. By my fay and so he is, and a proper Man.

Lanc. Ay, proper enough, had he good Qualities.

Weath. Ay marry, there's the point, Sir *Lancelot*:
For there's an old saying,
Be he rich, or be he poor,
Be he high, or be he low:
Be he born in Barn or Hall,
'Tis Manners makes the Man and all.

Lanc. You are in the right, Master *Weathercock*.

Enter Monsieur Civer.

Gov. Soul, I think I am crossed sure, or witcht with an
Owl, I have haunted them, Inn after Inn, Booth after Booth,
yet cannot find them; ha, yonder they are, that's she, I
hope

hope to God 'tis she, nay I know 'tis she now, for she
treads her Shoe a little awry.

Lanc. Where is this Inn? We are past it, *Daffidil*.

Daf. The good Sign is here, Sir, but the black Gate is
before.

Civ. Save you, Sir, I pray may I borrow a piece of a
word with you?

Daf. No pieces, Sir.

Civ. Why then the whole,

I pray, Sir, what may yonder Gentlewomen be?

Daf. They may be Ladies, Sir, if the Destinies and Mor-
tality wor .

Civ. What's her Name, Sir?

Daf. Mistress *Frances Spurcock*, Sir *Lancelot Spurcock's*
Daughter.

Civ. Is she a Maid, Sir?

Daf. You may ask *Pluto*, and *Dame Proserpine* that : I
would be loth to be riddled, Sir.

Civ. Is she married I mean, Sir?

Daf. The Fates know not yet what Shoe-maker shall make
her Wedding Shoes.

Civ. I pray where Inn you, Sir? I would be very glad to
bestow the Wine of that Gentlewoman.

Daf. At the *George*, Sir.

Civ. God save you, Sir.

Daf. I pray your Name, Sir?

Civ. My Name is *Master Civet*, Sir.

Daf. A sweet Name, God be with you, good *Master*
Civet. [Exit *Civet*.

Lanc. A, have we spy'd you stout *St. George*?
For all your Dragon, you had best sell's good Wine,
That needs no Ivy-bush : well, we'll not sit by it,
As you do on your Horse, this Room shall serve :
Drawer, let me have Sack for us Old Men ;
For these Girls and Knaves small Wines are best.
A Pint of Sack, no more.

Draw. A Quart of Sack in the three Tuns.

Lanc. A Pint, draw but a Pint. *Daffidil*,
Call for Wine to make your selves drink.

Fran. And a Cup of small Beer, and a Cake, good
Daffidil.

Enter young Flowerdale.

Flow. How now, fie, sit in the open Room, now good Sir *Lancelot*, and my kind Friend, worshipful Master *Weathercock*. What at your Pint? a Quart for shame.

Lanc. Nay Royster, by your leave we will away.

Flow. Come, give's some Musick, we'll go Dance, Be gone, Sir *Lancelot*, what, and fair day too?

Lanc. 'Twere foully done, to dance within the Fair.

Flow. Nay if you say so, fairest of all Fairs, then I'll not dance, a Pox upon my Taylor, he hath spoil'd me a Peach-colour Sattin Suit, cut upon Cloth of Silver, but if ever the Rascal serve me such another Trick, I'll give him leave, i'faith, to put me in the Calender of Fools, and you, and you, Sir *Lancelot*; and Master *Weathercock*, my Goldsmith too on t'other side, I bespoke thee, *Luce*, a Carkenet of Gold, and thought thou should'st a had it for a Fairing, and the Rogue puts me in Rerages for Orient Pearl: but thou shalt have it by Sunday Night, Wench.

Enter the Drawer.

Draw. Sir, here is one that hath sent you a Pottle of Rhenish Wine, brewed with Rose-Water.

Flow. To me?

Draw. No, Sir, to the Knight; and desires his more Acquaintance.

Lanc. To me? what's he that proves so kind?

Daf. I have a trick to know his Name, Sir, he hath a Month's Mind here to Mistress *Frances*, his Name is Master *Civet*.

Lanc. Call him in, *Daffidil*.

Flow. O, I know him, Sir, he is a Fool, but reasonable rich, his Father was one of these Lease-mongers, these Corn-mongers, these Mony-mongers, but he never had the Wit to be a Whore-monger.

Enter Master Civet.

Lanc. I promise you, Sir, you are at too much charge.

Civ. The charge is small charge, Sir, I thank God my Father left me wherewithal, if it please you, Sir; I have a great Mind to this Gentlewoman here, in the way of Marriage.

Lanc. I thank you, Sir: please you to come to *Lewsome*, to my poor House, you shall be kindly welcome: I

knew

knew your Father, he was a wary Husband. To pay here,
 Drawer ?

Draw. All is paid, Sir ; this Gentleman hath paid all.

Lanc. I'faith you do us wrong,
 But we shall live to make amends e'er long :
 Master *Flowerdale*, is that your Man ?

Flow. Yes Faith, a good old Knave.

Lanc. Nay then I think you will turn wife,
 Now you take such a Servant :

Come, you'll ride with us to *Lewsome*, let's away,

'Tis scarce two Hours to the end of Day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Arthur Greenhood, Oliver, Lieutenant and Soldiers.

Arth. Lieutenant, lead your Soldiers to the Ships,
 There let them have their Coats, at their arrival
 They shall have pay ; farewell, look to your Charge.

Sol. Ay, we are now sent away, and cannot so much as
 speak with our Friends.

Oli. No Man what ere you used a zutch a Fashion, thick
 you cannot take your leave of your vreens.

Arth. Fellow, no more. Lieutenant, lead them off.

Sol. Well, if I have not my Pay and my Cloaths,
 I'll venture a running away, though I hang for't.

Arth. Away, Sirrah, charm your Tongue.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Oli. Bin you a Presser, Sir ?

Arth. I am a Commander, Sir, under the King.

Oli. Sfoot Man, and you be ne'er zutch a Commander,
 Shud a spoke with my vreens before I chid a gone, so shud.

Arth. Content your self Man, my Authority will stretch
 to press so good a Man as you.

Oli. Press me ? I devy, press Scoundrels ; and thy Mes-
 sels ; Press me, chee scorns thee i'faith : For seest thee,
 here's a worshipful Knight knows, cham not to be pressed
 by thee.

*Enter Sir Lancelot, Weathercock, young Flowerdale, old
 Flowerdale, Luce and Frank.*

Lanc. Sir *Arthur*, welcome to *Lewsome*, welcome by
 my Troth : What's the matter Man, why are you vext ?

Oli. Why Man he would press me.

Lanc. O fie, Sir *Arthur*, prefs him?
He is a Man of reckoning.

Weath. Ay, that he is, Sir *Arthur*, he hath the Nobles,
The golden Ruddocks he.

Arth. The fitter for the Wars:
And were he not in favour
With your Worships, he should see,
That I have Power to prefs so good as he.

Oli. Chill stand to the Trial, so chill.

Flow. Ay marry shall he, prefs Cloth and Karsy,
White-Pot and drowfen Broth; tut, tut, he cannot.

Oli. Well, Sir, though you see vlouten Cloth and Karsy,
chee a zeen zutch a Karsy-Coat wear out the Town sick a
zilken Jacket, as thick a one you wear.

Flow. Well fed vlitan vlattan.

Oli. A and well fed Cocknell, and Boe-Bell too: What
doest think cham aveard of thy Zilken-Coat, no fer vere
thee.

Lanc. Nay, come no more, be all Lovers and Friends.

Weath. Ay, 'tis best so, good Master *Oliver*.

Flow. Is your name Master *Oliver*, I pray you.

Oli. What tit and be tit, and grieve you.

Flow. No, but I'd gladly know if a Man might not have
a foolish Plot out of Master *Oliver* to work upon.

Oli. Work thy Plots upon me, stand aside, work thy
foolish Plots upon me, chill so use thee, thou wert never so
used since thy Dam bound thy Head, work upon me?

Flow. Let him come, let him come.

Oli. Zyrtha, Zyrtha, if it were not for shame, chee
would a given thee zutch a whister poop under the Ear,
chee would have made thee a vanged another at my Feet:
Stand aside, let me loose, cham all of a vlaming Fire-brand;
stand aside.

Flow. Well, I forbear you for your Friends sake.

Oli. A vig for all my vreens, do'st thou tell me of my
vreens?

Lanc. No more, good Master *Oliver*, no more, Sir *Arthur*.
And Maiden, here in the sight of all your Suitors, every Man
of-worth, Pittell you whom I'fainest would prefer to the
hard Bargain of your Marriage Bed; shall I be plain among
you, Gentlemen?

Arth. Ay, Sir, 'tis best.

Lanc. Then, Sir, first to you, I do confess you a most gallant Knight, a worthy Soldier, and honest Man : But Honesty maintains a *French-hood*, goes very seldom in a Chain of Gold, keeps a small train of Servants ; hath few Friends : And for this wild Oats here, young *Flowerdale*, I will not judge, God can work Miracles, but he were better make a hundred new, than thee a thrifty and an honest one.

Weath. Believe me he hath hit you there, he hath touch'd you to the quick, that he hath.

Flow. Woodcock a my side, why, Master *Weathercock*, you know I am honest, howsoever trifles.

Weath. Now by my troth I know no otherwise, O, your old Mother was a Dame indeed : Heav'n hath her Soul, and my Wife's too, I trust : And your good Father, honest Gentleman, He is gone a Journey, as I hear, far hence.

Flow. Ay, God be praised, he is far enough, He is gone a Pilgrimage to Paradise, And left me to cut a Caper against Care.

Luce look on me that am as light as Air.

Luce. I'faith I like not Shadows, Bubbles, Broth, I hate a light Love, as I hate Death.

Lanc. Girl, hold thee there : Look on this *Devonshire* Lad :

Fat, fair, and lovely, both in Purse and Person.

Oli. Well, Sir, cham as the Lord hath made me, you know me well ivin, cha have threescore pack of *Karfay*, and *Blacken Hall*, and chief Credit beside, and my Fortunes may be so good as anothers, zo it may.

Lanc. 'Tis you I love, whatsoever others say.

Arth. Thanks, fairest.

Flow. What, would'st thou have me quarrel with him ?

Fath. Do but say he shall hear from you.

Lanc. Yet, Gentlemen, howsoever I prefer this *Devonshire* Suitor, I'll enforce no love, my Daughter shall have her liberty to chuse whom she likes best.

In your Love-suit proceed :

Not all of you, but only one must speed.

Weath. You have said well : Indeed right well.

Enter Arthichoak.

Art. Mistress, here's one would speak with you, my fellow *Daffidil* hath him in the Cellar already, he knows him, he met him at *Croydon Fair*.

Lanc. O, I remember, a little Man.

Art. Ay, a very little Man.

Lanc. And yet a proper Man.

Art. A very proper, very little Man.

Lanc. His name is *Monfieur Gives*.

Art. The same, Sir.

Lanc. Come, Gentlemen, if other Suitors come, My foolish Daughter will be fitted too: But *Delia* my Saint, no Man dare move.

[*Exeunt all but young Flowerdale, Oliver, and old Flowerdale*]

Flow. Hark you, Sir, a word.

Oli. What ha an you say to me now?

Flow. Ye shall hear from me, and that very shortly.

Oli. Is that all, vare thee well, chee vere thee not a vige

[*Exit Oliver*]

Flow. What if he should come now? I am fairly dress'd

Fath. I do not mean that you shall meet with him, But presently we'll go and draw a Will;

Where we'll set down Land, that we never saw,

And we will have it of so large a Sum,

Sir *Lancelot* shall intreat you take his Daughter:

This being formed, give it Master *Weathercock*,

And make Sir *Lancelot's* Daughter Heir of all:

And make him swear never to shew the Will

To any one, until that you be dead.

This done, the foolish changeling *Weathercock*

Will straight discourse unto Sir *Lancelot*,

The Form and Tenor of your Testament.

Nor stand to pause of it, be rul'd by me:

What will ensue, that shall you quickly see.

Flow. Come let's about it; if that a Will, sweet *Kit*, Can get the Wench, I shall renown thy Wit. [*Exeunt*]

Enter *Daffidil* and *Luce*.

Daf. Mistress, still froward?

No kind looks unto your *Daffidil*, now by the Gods.

Luce. Away my foolish Knave, let my Hand go.

Daf. There's your Hand, but this shall go with me:
My Heart is thine, this is my true Loves Foe.

Luce. I'll have your Coat stript o'er your Ear for this,
You sawcy Rascal.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercock.

Lanc. How now, Maid, what is the News with you?

Luce. Your Man is something sawcy. [*Exit Luce.*]

Lanc. Go to, Sirrah, I'll talk with you anon.

Daf. Sir, I am a Man to be talked withal,
I am no Horse, I trow;

I know my Strength, then no more than so.

Weath. Ay, by the Matkins, good Sir *Lancelot*, I saw him
the other Day hold up the Bucklers, like an *Hercules*,
I'faith God-a-mercy, Lad, I like thee well.

Lanc. Ay, ay, like him well, go Sirrah, fetch me a cup
of Wine,

That e'er I part with Master *Weathercock*,
We may drink down our farewel in *French Wine*.

Weath. I thank you, Sir, I thank you, friendly Knight,
I'll come and visit you, by the Mouse-foot I will;
In the mean time, take heed of cutting *Flowerdale*,
He is a desperate Dick, I warrant you.

Lanc. He is, he is: Fill, *Daffidil*, fill me some Wine.
Ha, what wears he on his Arm?

My Daughter *Luce's* Bracelet, ay, 'tis the same;
Ha to you, Master *Weathercock*.

Weath. I thank you, Sir: Here, *Daffidil*, an honest Fel-
low, and a tall, thou art. Well; I'll take my leave, good
Night, and I hope to have you and all your Daughters at
my poor House, in good sooth I must.

Lanc. Thanks, Master *Weathercock*, I shall be bold to
trouble you, be sure.

Weath. And welcome, heartily farewel. [*Exit Weath.*]

Lanc. Sirrah, I saw my Daughter's Wrong, and with-
al her Bracelet on your Arm; off with it; and with it my
Livery too. Have I care to see my Daughter match'd with
Men of Worship, and are you grown so bold? Go, Sirrah,
from my House, or I'll whip you hence.

Daf. I'll not be whipt, Sir, there's your Livery,
This is a Servingman's reward, what care I,
I have means to trust to, I scorn Service, I. [*Exit Daffidil.*]

Lanc. Ay a lusty Knave, but I must let him go.
Our Servants must be taught what they should know.

Enter Sir Arthur and Luce.

Luce. Sir, as I am a Maid, I do affect you above any
Suitor that I have, although that Soldiers scarce know how
to love.

Arth. I am a Soldier, and a Gentleman,
Know what belongs to War, what to a Lady:
What Man offends me, that my Sword shall right:
What Woman loves me, I am her faithful Knight.

Luce. I neither doubt your Valour nor your Love,
But there be some that bear a Soldier's form,
That swear by him they never think upon,
Go swaggering up and down from House to House,
Crying, God pays: And——

Arth. I'faith, Lady, I'll descry you such a Man.
Of them there be many which you have spoke of,
That bear the name and shape of Soldiers,
Yet, God knows, very seldom saw the War:
That haunt your Taverns and your Ordinaries,
Your Ale-houses sometimes, for all a-like,
To uphold the brutish humour of their Minds,
Being mark'd down for the Bondmen of Despair:
Their mirth begins in Wine, but ends in Blood,
Their Drink is clear, but their Conceits are mud.

Luce. Yet these are great Gentlemen Soldiers.

Arth. No they are wretched Slaves,
Whose desperate lives doth bring them timeless Graves.

Luce. Both for your self, and for your form of Life,
If I may chuse, I'll be a Soldier's Wife.

Enter Sir Lancelot and Oliver.

Oli. And tut trust to it, so then.

Lanc. Assure your self,
You shall be married with all speed we may:
One Day shall serve for *Frances* and for *Luce*.

Oli. Why che wood vain know the time, for providing
Wedding Raiments.

Lanc. Why no more but this, first get your assurance
made touching my Daughter's Jointure, that dispatch'd, we
will in two Days make Provision.

Oli. Why Man, chill have the Writings made by to Morrow.

Lanc.

Lanc. To Morrow be it then, let's meet at the *King's-Head* in *Fish-street*.

Oli. No, sic Man, no, let's meet at the *Rose* at *Temple-Bar*, that will be nearer your Counsellor and mine.

Lanc. At the *Rose* be it then, the hour nine, He that comes last forfeits a Pint of Wine.

Oli. A Pint is no Payment,
Let it be a whole Quart, or nothing.

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Master, here is a Man would speak with Master *Oliver*; he comes from young Master *Flowerdale*.

Oli. Why chil speak with him, chil speak with him.

Lanc. Nay, Son *Oliver*, I'll surely see
What young *Flowerdale* hath sent to you.
I pray God it be no Quarrel.

Oli. Why Man, if he quarrel with me, chil give him his
Hands full.

Enter old Flowerdale.

Fath. God save you, good Sir *Lancelos*.

Lanc. Welcome, honest Friend.

Fath. To you and yours my Master wisheth Health,
But unto you, Sir, this, and this he sends:
There is the length, Sir, of his Rapier,
And in that Paper shall you know his Mind.

Oli. Here, chil meet him my Friend, chil meet him.

Lanc. Meet him, you shall not meet the Ruffian, sic.

Oli. And I do not meet him, chil give you leave to call
Me Cut. Where is't, sirrah? where is't? where is't?

Fath. The Letter shows both Time and Place,
And if you be a Man, then keep your word.

Lanc. Sir, he shall not keep his word, he shall not meet.

Fath. Why let him chuse, he'll be the better known
For a base Rascal, and reputed so.

Oli. Zirrah, zirrah; and 'twere not an old Fellow, and
sent after an Errant, chid give thee something, but chud be
no Mony: But hold thee, for I see thou art somewhat te-
storn, hold thee, there's vorty Shillings, bring thy Master a
veeld, chil give thee vorty more, look thou bring him, chil
mall him tell him, chil mar his dancing Tressels, chil use him,
he was ne'er so used since his Dam bound his Head, chil make
him for capering any more chy vor thee.

Fath. You seem a Man, stout and resolute,
And I will so report, whate'er befall.

Lanc. And fall out ill, assure thy Master this,
I'll make him fly the Land, or use him worse.

Fath. My Master, Sir, deserves not this of you,
And that you'll shortly find.

Lanc. Thy Master is an Unthrift, you a Knave,
And I'll attach you first, next clap him up:
Or have him bound unto his good Behaviour.

Oli. I woud you were a Sprite if you do him any harm
for this: And you do, chil nere see you, nor any of yours,
while chil have Eyes open: What do you think, chil be
abaffelled up and down the Town for a messel, and a scound-
drel, no chy bor you: Zirrah chil come, zay no more, chil
come, tell him.

Fath. Well, Sir, my Master deserves not this of you,
And that you'll shortly find. [Exit.

Oli. No matter, he's an Unthrift, I desie him.

Lanc. No, gentle Son, let me know the Place.

Oli. Now chye vor you:

Lanc. Let me see the Note.

Oli. Nay, chil watch you for zuch a Trick.
But if chee meet him, zo, if not, zo: chil make him know
me, or chil know why I shall not, chil vare the worse.

Lanc. What will you then neglect my Daughter's Love?
Venture your State and hers for a loose brawl?

Gli. Why Man, chil not kill him, marry chil veze him
too, and again; and zo God be with you vather.

What, Man, we shall meet to Morrow. [Exit.

Lanc. Who would have thought he had been so desperate.
Come forth my honest Servant *Artichoak*.

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Now, what's the Matter? some brawl toward, I
warrant you.

Lanc. Go get me thy Sword bright scower'd, thy Buckler
mended. O for that Knave, that Villain *Daffidil* would have
done good Service. But to thee.

Art. Ay, this is the tricks of all you Gentlemen, when
you stand in need of a good Fellow. O for that *Daffidil*.
O where is he? but if you be angry, and it be but for the

wagging of a Straw, then out a Doors with the Knave, turn the Coat over his Ears. This is the humour of you all.

Lanc. O for that Knave, that lusty *Daffidil*!

Arti. Why there 'tis now: our Years Wages and our Vails will scarce pay for broken Swords and Bucklers that we use in our Quarrels. But I'll not fight if *Daffidil* be a t'other side, that's flat.

Lanc. 'Tis no such matter, man, get Weapons ready, and be at *London* e'er the break of Day; watch near the Lodging of the *Devonshire* Youth, but be unseen; and as he goes out, as he will go out, and that very early without doubt.

Arti. What, would you have me draw upon him, And he goes in the Street?

Lanc. Not for a World, Man, into the Fields. For to the Field he goes, there to meet the desperate *Flowerdale*: Take thou the part of *Oliver* my Son, for he shall be my Son, and marry *Luce*: Do'st understand me, Knave?

Arti. Ay, Sir, I do understand you, but my young Mistress might be better provided in matching with my fellow *Daffidil*.

Lanc. No more; *Daffidil* is a Knave.
That *Daffidil* is a most notorious Knave. [Exit *Arti.*
Enter Weathercock.

Master Weathercock, you come in a happy time; the desperate *Flowerdale* hath writ a Challenge; and who think you must answer it, but the *Devonshire* Man, my Son *Oliver*?

Weath. Marry I am sorry for it, good Sir *Lancelot*, But if you will be rul'd by me, we'll stay the fury.

Lanc. As how, I pray?

Weath. Marry I'll tell you, by promising young *Flowerdale* the red-lip'd *Luce*.

Lanc. I'll rather follow her unto her Grave.

Weath. Ay, Sir *Lancelot*, I would have thought so too, but you and I have been deceiv'd in him; come read this Will, or Deed, or what you call it, I know not: Come, come, your Spectacles I pray.

Lanc. Nay, I thank God, I see very well!

Weath. Marry, God bless your Eyes, mine have been dim almost this thirty Years.

Lanc. Ha, what is this? what is this?

Weath. Nay, there is true Love indeed, he gave it to me but this very Morr, and bad me keep it unseen from any one; good Youth, to see how Men may be deceiv'd.

Lanc. Passion of me, what a wretch am I to hate this loving Youth? he hath made me, together with my *Luce* he loves so dear, Executors of all his Wealth.

Weath. All, all, good Man, he hath given you all.

Lanc. Three Ships now in the *Straits*, and homeward-bound;

Two Lordships of two hundred Pound a Year;

The one in *Wales*, the other *Gloucester-shire*:

Debts and Accounts are thirty thousand Pound;

Plate, Money, Jewels, sixteen thousand more;

Two Houten furnish'd well in *Coleman-street*;

Beside whatsoever his Uncle leaves to him,

Being of great Demeans and Wealth at *Peckham*.

Weath. How like you this, good Knight? How like you this?

Lanc. I have done him wrong, but now I'll make amends, The *Devonshire* Man shall whistle for a Wife.

He marry *Luce*! *Luce* shall be *Flowerdale's*.

Weath. Why that is friendly said, let's ride to *London* and prevent their match, by promising your Daughter to the lovely Lad.

Lanc. We'll ride to *London*, or it shall not need,

We'll cross to *Dedford-strand*, and take a Boat.

Where be these Knaves? what *Artichoak*? what *Fop*?

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Here be the very Knaves, but not the merry Knaves.

● *Lanc.* Here take my Cloak, I'll have a walk to *Dedford*.

Art. Sir, we have been scouring of our Swords and Bucklers for your Defence.

Lanc. Defence me no Defence, let your Swords rust, I'll have no fighting: Ay, let blows alone, bid *Delia* see all things be in readiness against the Wedding, we'll have two at once, and that will save Charges, Master *Weathercock*.

Art. Well, we will do it, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Civet, Frank, and Delia.

Civet. By my troth this is good luck, I thank God for this. In good sooth I have even my Heart's desire: Sister *Delia*,

now I may boldly call you so, for your Father hath frank and freely given me his Daughter *Frank*.

Frank. Ay, by my troth, *Tom*, thou hast my good will too, for I thank God I long'd for a Husband, and would I might never stir, for one his name was *Tom*.

Del. Why, Sister, now you have your Wish.

Civ. You say very true, Sister *Delia*, and I prethee call me nothing but *Tom*; and I'll call thee sweet Heart, and *Frank*. Will it not do well, Sister *Delia*?

Del. It will do very well with both of you.

Frank. But *Tom*, must I go as I do now when I am married?

Civ. No *Frank*, I'll have thee go like a Citizen in a garded Gown, and a *French Hood*.

Frank. By my Troth that will be excellent indeed,

Del. Brother, maintain your Wife to your Estate, Apparel you your self like to your Father: And let her go like to your ancient Mother; He sparing got his Wealth, left it to you, Brother take heed of Pride, some bids Thrift adieu.

Civ. So as my Father and my Mother went, that's a Jest indeed, why she went in a fring'd Gown, a single Ruff, and a white Cap; and my Father in a *Mocado Coat*, a pair of red Sattin Sleeves, and a Canvas back.

Del. And yet his Wealth was all as much as yours.

Civ. My Estate, my Estate, I thank God, is forty Pound a Year in good Leases and Tenements; besides twenty Mark a Year at Cuckolds-Haven, and that comes to us all by Inheritance.

Del. That may indeed, 'tis very fitly plied, I know not how it comes, but so it falls out That those whose Fathers have died wondrous rich, And took no Pleasure but to gather Wealth, Thinking of little that they leave behind; For them they hope, will be of their like mind. But falls out contrary, forty Years sparing Is scarce three seven Years spending, never caring What will ensue, when all their Coin is gone, And all too late, then Thrift is thought upon; Oft have I heard, that Pride and Riot kist, And then Repentance cries, for had I wist?

Civ. You say well, Sister *Delia*, you say well; but I mean to live within my Bounds; for look you, I have set down my rest thus far, but to maintain my Wife in her *French Hood*, and her Coach, keep a couple of Geldings, and a brace of Gray-hounds, and this is all I'll do.

Del. And you'll do this with forty Pounds a Year?

Civ. Ay, and a better Penny, Sister.

Frank. Sister, you forget that at Cuckolds Haven.

Civ. By my Troth well remembered, *Frank*, I'll give thee that to buy thee Pins.

Del. Keep you the rest for Points, alas the Day, Fools shall have Wealth though all the World say nay: Come, Brother, will you in, Dinner stays for us.

Civ. Ay, good Sister, with all my Heart.

Frank. Ay, by my Troth, *Tom*, for I have a good Stomach.

Civ. And I the like, sweet *Frank*; no Sister, Do not think I'll go beyond my Bounds.

Del. God grant you may not. [*Exeunt.*

[*Enter young Flowerdale, and his Father, with foils in their Hands*

Flow. Sirrah, *Kit*, tarry you there, I have spied Sir *Lancelot* and old *Weathercock* coming this way, they are hard at Hand, I will by no means be spoken withal.

Fath. I'll warrant you, go get you in.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercock.

Lanc. Now, my honest Friend, thou dost belong to Master *Flowerdale*?

Fath. I do, Sir.

Lanc. Is he within, my good Fellow?

Fath. No, Sir, he is not within.

Lanc. I prethee, if he be within, let me speak with him.

Fath. Sir, to tell you true, my Master is within, but indeed would not be spoke withal; there be some terms that stands upon his Reputation, therefore he will not admit any Conference 'till he hath shook them off.

Lanc. I prethee tell him his very good Friend Sir *Lancelot Spurcock* intreats to speak with him.

Fath. By my troth, Sir, if you come to take up the matter between my Master and the *Devonshire Man*, you do but beguile your hopes, and lose your Labour.

Lanc.

Lanc. Honest Friend, I have not any such thing to him, I come to speak with him about other Matters.

Fath. For my Master, Sir, hath set down his Resolution, either to redeem his Honour, or leave his Life behind him.

Lanc. My Friend, I do not know any Quarrel touching thy Master or any other Person, my Business is of a different Nature to him, and I prethee so tell him.

Fath. For howsoever the *Devonshire* Man is, My Master's Mind is bloody; that's a round O, And therefore, Sir, Intreaties are but vain:

Lanc. I have no such thing to him, I tell thee once again.

Fath. I will then so signifie to him.

[*Exit Father.*]

Lanc. Ay, Sirrah, I see this Matter is hotly carried. But I'll labour to dissuade him from it.

Enter young Flowerdale and his Father.

Good morrow, Master *Flowerdale*.

Flow. Good morrow, good Sir *Lancelot*,

Good morrow, Master *Weathercock*;

By my troth, Gentlemen, I have been reading over *Nick Machiavel*; I find him

Good to be known, not to be followed:

A pestilent human Fellow, I have made

Certain Annotations of him such as they be;

And how is't, Sir *Lancelot*? ha? how is't?

A mad World, Men cannot live quiet in it.

Lanc. Master *Flowerdale*, I do understand there is some Jar between the *Devonshire* Man and you.

Fath. They, Sir? they are good Friends as can be.

Flow. Who Master *Oliver* and I? as good Friends as can be.

Lanc. It is a kind of safety in you to deny it, and a generous silence, which too few are indued withal: But, Sir, such a thing I hear, and I could wish it otherwise.

Flow. No such thing, Sir *Lancelot*, at my reputation, as I am an honest Man.

Lanc. Now I do believe you then, if you do Ingage your Reputation there is none.

Flow. Nay I do not ingage my Reputation there is not, You shall not bind me to any condition of hardness:

But if there be any thing between us, then there is,
If there be not, then there is not. Be, or be not, all is one,

Lanc. I do perceive by this, that there is something between you, and I am very sorry for it.

Flow. You may be deceiv'd, Sir *Lancelot*, the *Italian* Hath a pretty saying, *Questo?* I have forgot it too, 'Tis out of my Head, but in my Translation (him) If't hold thus, thou hast a Friend, keep him; if a Foe trip

Lanc. Come, I do see by this there is somewhat between And before God I could wish it otherwise. (you,

Flow. Well what is between us, can hardly be alter'd: Sir *Lancelot*, I am to ride forth to morrow, That way which I must ride, no Man must deny Me the Sun, I would not by any particular Man, Be denied common and general Passage. If any one Saith, *Flowerdale*, thou passest not this way; My answer is, I must either on or return: But return is not my Word, I must on: If I cannot then make my way, Nature Hath done the last for me, and there's the Fine.

Lanc. Mr. *Flowerdale*, every Man hath one Tongue, And two Ears; Nature in her Building, Is a most curious Work-master.

Flow. That is as much as to say, a Man should hear more Than he should speak.

Lanc. You say true, and indeed I have heard more, Than at this time I will speak.

Flow. You say well.

Lanc. Slanders are more common than Troths, Master *Flowerdale*, but Proof is the Rule for both.

Flow. You say true, what do you call him Hath it there in his third Canton?

Lanc. I have heard you have been wild: I have believ'd it.

Flow. 'Twas fit, 'twas necessary.

Lanc. But I have seen somewhat of late in you, That hath confirm'd in me an Opinion of Goodness toward you.

Flow. Faith, Sir, I am sure I never did you harm: Some good I have done, either to you or yours, I am sure you know not, neither is it my will you should.

Lanc.

Lanc. Ay, your Will, Sir.

Flow. Ay, my Will, Sir; 'sfoot do you know eught of Begod and you do, Sir, I am abus'd. (my Will?)

Lanc. Go, Mr. Flowerdale, what I know, I know; And know you thus much out of my Knowledge, That I truly love you. For my Daughter, She's yours. And if you like a Marriage better Than a Brawl, all quirks of Reputation set aside, go with me presently: And where you should fight a bloody Battel, you shall be married to a lovely Lady.

Flow. Nay but, Sir Lancelot?

Lanc. If you will not imbrace my offer, yet assure your self thus much, I will have order to hinder your Encounter.

Flow. Nay but hear me, Sir Lancelot!

Lanc. Nay, stand not you upon imputative Honour, 'Tis meerly unsound, unprofitable, and idle Inferences; your Business is to wed my Daughter, therefore give me your present word to do it; I'll go and provide the Maid, therefore give me your present Resolution, either now or never.

Flow. Will you so put me to it? (never.)

Lanc. Ay, afore God, either take me now, or take me Else what I thought should be our match, shall be our parting, So fare you well for ever.

Flow. Stay; fall out, what may fall, my Love Is above all: I will come.

Lanc. I expect you, and so fare you well.

[Exit Sir Lancelot.]

Fath. Now, Sir, how shall we do for wedding Apparel?

Flow. By the Mass that's true; now help Kit, The Marriage ended, we'll make amends for all.

Fath. Well, no more, prepare you for your Bride, We will not want for Cloaths, whatsoever betide.

Flow. And thou shalt see, when once I have my Dower In Mirth we'll spend full many a merry Hour: As for this Wench, I not regard a Pin, It is her Gold must bring my Pleasures in.

Fath. Is't it possible, he hath his second living, Forsaking God, himself to the Devil giving; But that I knew his Mother firm and chaste, My Heart would say, my Head she had disgrac'd:

Else would I swear, he never was my Son,
But her fair Mind so foul a deed did shun.

Enter young Flowerdale's Uncle.

Unc. How now, Brother, how do you find your Son?

Fath. O Brother, heedless as a Libertine,
Ev'n grown a Master in the School of Vice,
One that doth nothing, but invent Deceit;
For all the Day he humours up and down,
How he the next Day might deceive his Friend:
He thinks of nothing but the present time:
For one Groat ready down, he'll pay a Shilling;
But then the Lender must needs stay for it.
When I was young, I had the scope of Youth,
Both wild, and wanton, careless and desperate:
But such mad Strains as he's possess'd withal,
I thought it wonder for to dream upon.

Unc. I told you so, but you would not believe it.

Fath. Well I have found it, but one thing comforts me;
Brother, to morrow he's to be married
To beauteous *Luce*, Sir *Lancelot Spurcock's* Daughter.

Unc. Is't possible?

Fath. 'Tis true, and thus I mean to curb him;
This Day, Brother, I will you shall arrest him;
If any thing will tame him, it must be that,
For he is rank in Mischiefe, chain'd to a Life,
That will encrease his Shame, and kill his Wife.

Unc. What, arrest him on his wedding Day?
That were unchristian, and an unhuman part:
How many couple ev'n for that very Day,
Have purchast seven Years sorrow afterward?
Forbear it then to Day, do it to Morrow,
And this Day mingle not his Joy with Sorrow.

Fath. Brother, I'll have it done this very Day;
And in the view of all, as he comes from Church,
Do but observe the Course that he will take,
Upon my life he will forswear the Debt:
And for we'll have the Sum shall not be flight,
Say that he owes you near three thousand Pound:
Good Brother, let it be done immediately.

Unc. Well, seeing you will have it so,
Brother I'll do't, and straight provide the Sheriff.

Fath. So Brother, by this means shall we perceive
What Sir *Lancelot* in this pinch will do :
And how his Wife doth stand affected to him,
Her Love will then be tried to the uttermost :
And all the rest of them. Brother, what I will do,
Shall harm him much, and much avail him too. [*Exeunt.*]

Oli. Cham assured thick be the Place, that the scoundrel
Appointed to meet me, if a come, zo : if a come not, zo.
And che war avise, he would make a Coystrel an us,
Ched vese him, and che vang him in hand, che would
Hoyst him, and give it him too and again, zo chud :
Who a been there, Sir *Arthur* ? chil stay aside.

Arth. I have dog'd the *Devonshire* Man into the Field,
For fear of any harm that should befall him :
I had an inckling of that yesternight,
That *Flowerdale* and he should meet this Morning.
Though of my Soul, *Oliver* fears him not,
Yet for I'd see fair play on either side,
Made me to come, to see their Valours try'd——
Good Morrow to Master *Oliver*.

Oli. God and good Morrow.

Arth. What, Master *Oliver*, are you angry ?

Oli. What an it be, tyt an grieven you ?

Arth. Not me at all, Sir, but I imagine

By your being here thus arm'd,

You stay for some that you should fight withal.

Oli. Why and he do, che would not dezire you to take
his part.

Arth. No, by my troth, I think you need it not,

For he you look for, I think means not to come.

Oli. No, and che war assure of that; ched avese him in
another Place.

Enter Daffidil.

Daff. O, Sir *Arthur*, Master *Oliver*, ay me,
Your Love, and yours, and mine, sweet Mistress *Luce*
This Morning is married to young *Flowerdale*.

Arth. Married to *Flowerdale* ! 'tis impossible.

Oli. Married, Man ? che hope thou dost but jest ;
To make an a volowten merriment of it.

Daff. O 'tis too true, here comes his Uncle!

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T.

Enter young Flowerdale's Uncle, with Sheriff and Officers.

Unc. Good morrow, Sir *Arthur*, good morrow, Master *Oliver*.

Oli. God and good Morn, Mr. *Flowerdale*. I pray tellen us, is your scoundrel Kinsman married?

Arth. Mr. *Oliver*, call him what you will, but he is married to Sir *Lancelot's* Daughter here.

Unc. Sir *Arthur*, unto her?

Oli. Ay, ha the old vellow zerved me thick a trick? Why Man, he was a promise, chil chud a had her: Is a zitch a vox, chil look to his Water che vor him.

Unc. The Musick plays; they are coming from the Church. Sheriff, do your Office: Fellows, stand stoutly to it.

Enter all to the Wedding.

Oli. God give you Joy, as the old zaid Proverb is, and some Zorrow among. You met us well, did you not?

Lanc. Nay, be not angry, Sir, the fault is in me, I have done all the wrong, kept him from coming to the Field to you, as I might, Sir, for I am a Justice, and sworn to keep the Peace.

Weath. Ay mary is he, Sir, a very Justice, and sworn to keep the Peace, you must not disturb the Weddings.

Lanc. Nay, never frown nor storm, Sir, if you do, I'll have an order taken for you.

Oli. Well, well, chil be quiet.

Weath. Mr. *Flowerdale*, Sir *Lancelot*, look you, who here is? Mr. *Flowerdale*.

Lanc. Mr. *Flowerdale*, welcome with all my Heart.

Flow. Uncle, this is she i'faith: Master Under-Sheriff, Arrest me? At whose Suit? Draw, *Kis*.

Unc. At my Suit, Sir.

Lanc. Why, what's the Matter, Mr. *Flowerdale*?

Unc. This is the matter, Sir, this Unthrift here Hath cozen'd you, and hath had of me In several Sums three thousand Pound.

Flow. Why, Uncle, Uncle.

Unc. Cousin, Cousin, you have Uncl'd me, And if you be not staid, you'll prove A cozener unto all that know you.

Lanc. Why, Sir, suppose he be to you in debt
Ten thousand Pound, his State to me appears,
To be at least three thousand by the Year.

Unc. O, Sir, I was too late inform'd of that Plot,
How that he went about to cozen you :
And form'd a Will, and sent it to your good
Friend there, Master *Weasbercock*, in which was
Nothing true, but brags and liés.

Lanc. Ha, hath he not such Lordships,
Lands, and Ships ?

Unc. Not worth a Groat, not worth a Half-penny he.

Lanc. I pray tell us true, be plain, young *Flowerdale*.

Flow. My Uncle here's mad,

And dispos'd to do me wrong,

But here's my Man an honest Fellow

By the Lord, and of good Credit, knows all is true.

Fath. Not I, Sir, I am too old to lie ; I rather know

You forg'd a Will, where every Line you writ,

You studied where to quote your Lands might lye.

Weath. And I prithee where be thy honest Friends ?

Fath. I'faith no where, Sir, for he hath none at all.

Weath. Benedicity, we are o'er-reach'd, I believe.

Lanc. I am cozen'd, and my hopefull'st Child undone.

Flow. You are not cozen'd, nor is she undone,

They slander me, by this Light, they slander me :

Look you, my Uncle here's an Usurer, and would undo me,

But I'll stand in Law, do you but bail me, you shall do no

You Brother *Civet*, and Master *Weathercock*, do but [more :

Bail me, and let me have my Marriage Mony

Paid me, and we'll ride down,

And there your own Eyes shall see

How my poor Tenants there will welcome me.

You shall but bail me, you shall do no more,

And you, greedy Gnat, their bail will serve.

Unc. Ay, Sir, I'll ask no better bail.

Lanc. No, Sir, you shall not take my bail, nor his,

Nor my Son *Civet*'s, I'll not be cheated, I.

Sheriff, take your Prisoner, I'll not deal with him :

Let's Uncle make false Dice with his false Bones,

I will not have to do with him : Mock'd, gull'd, and wrong'd !

Come, Girl, though it be late, it falls out well,
Thou shalt not live with him in Beggar's Hell.

Luce. He is my Husband, and high Heav'n doth know,
With what unwillingness I went to Church,
But you enforc'd me, you compell'd me to it:
The holy Church-man pronounc'd these Words but now,
I must not leave my Husband in distress:

Now I must comfort him, not go with you.

Lanc. Comfort a Cozener? On my curse forsake him.

Luce. This day you caus'd me on your Curse to take him:
Do not, I pray, my griev'd Soul oppress;
God knows my Heart doth bleed at his distress.

Lanc. O Master-Weathercock,
I must confess I forc'd her to this match,
Led with Opinion his false Will was true.

Weath. Ah, he hath over-reach'd me too.

Lanc. She might have liv'd like *Delia*, in a happy Virgin's
state.

Del. Father, be patient, Sorrow comes too late.

Lanc. And on her Knees she begg'd and did intreat,
If she must needs taste a sad Marriage Life,
She crav'd to be Sir *Arthur Greenshield's* Wife.

Arth. You have done her and me the greater wrong.

Lanc. O take her yet.

Arth. Not I.

Lanc. Or, Master *Oliver*, accept my Child, and half my
Wealth is yours.

Oli. No, Sir, chil break no Laws.

Luce. Never fear, she will not trouble you.

Del. Yet, Sister, in this Passion do not run headlong to
Confusion. You may affect him, tho' not follow him.

Frank. Do, Sister, hang him, let him go.

Weath. Do faith, Mistress *Luce*, leave him.

Luce. You are three gross Fools, let me alone,
I swear, I'll live with him in all his moan.

Oli. But an he have his Legs at liberty,
Cham averted he will never live with you.

Arth. Ay, but he is now in Hucksters handling for run-
ning away.

Lanc. Hufwife, you hear how you and I are wrong'd,
And if you will redress it yet you may :
But if you stand on terms to follow him,
Never come near my sight, nor look on me,
Call me not Father, look not for a Groat,
For all the Portion I will this day give
Unto thy Sister *Frances*.

Fran. How say you to that, *Tom*?
I shall have a good deal,
Besides, I'll be a good Wife; and a good Wife
Is a good thing I can tell.

Civ. Peace, *Frank*, I would be sorry to see thy Sister cast
away, as I am a Gentleman.

Lanc. What, are you yet resolv'd ?

Luce. Yes, I am resolv'd.

Lanc. Come then away, or now, or never come.

Luce. This way I turn, go you unto your Feast,
And I to weep, that am with Grief oppress'd.

Lanc. For ever fly my sight : Come, Gentlemen,
Let's in, I'll help you to far better Wives than her.

Delia, upon my Blessing talk not to her,
Bafe Baggage, in such haste to 'Beggary ?

Unc. Sheriff, take your Prisoner to your charge.

Flow. Uncle, be-gad you have us'd me very hardly,
By my troth, upon my Wedding-day.

[*Exeunt all but Luce, young Flowerdale, his Father,
Uncle, Sheriff and Officers.*

Luce. O Master *Flowerdale*, but hear me speak,
Stay but a little while, good Master Sheriff,
If not for him, for my sake pity him :
Good Sir, stop not your Ears at my Complaint,
My Voice grows weak, for Womens words are faint.

Flow. Look you, she kneels to you.

Unc. Fair Maid, for you, I love you with my Heart,
And grieve, sweet Soul, thy Fortune is so bad,
That thou should'st match with such a graceless Youth,
Go to thy Father, think not upon him,
Whom Hell hath mark'd to be the Son of Shame.

Luce. Impute his wildness, Sir, unto his Youth,
And think that now's the time he doth repent :
Alas, what good or gain can you receive,

To imprison him that nothing hath to pay?
 And where nought is, the King doth lose his due;
 O pity him as God shall pity you.

Unc. Lady, I know his Humours all too well,
 And nothing in the World can do him good,
 But misery it self to chain him with.

Luce. Say that your Debts were paid, then is he free?

Unc. Ay, Virgin, that being answer'd, I have done.
 But to him that is all as impossible,
 As I to scale the high Pyramids.

Sheriff, take your Prisoner; Maiden, fare thee well,

Luce. O go not yet, good Master *Flowerdale*:
 Take my word for the Debt, my Word, my Bond.

Flow. Ay, by Gad, Uncle, and my Bond too.

Luce. Alas, I ne'er ought nothing but I paid it;
 And I can work, alas, he can do nothing:
 I have some Friends perhaps will pity me,
 His chiefest Friends do seek his Misery.

All that I can, or beg, get, or receive,
 Shall be for you: O do not turn away:

Methinks within a Face so reverend,
 So well experienc'd in this tottering World,
 Should have some feeling of a Maiden's Grief:
 For my sake, his Father's and your Brother's sake,
 Ay, for your Soul's sake that doth hope for Joy,
 Pity my state, do not two Souls destroy.

Unc. Fair Maid, stand up; not in regard of him,
 But in pity of thy hapless Choice,

I do release him: Master Sheriff, I thank you:
 And Officers, there is for you to drink.

Here, Maid, take this Money, there is a hundred Angels;
 And, for I will be sure he shall not have it,
 Here, *Kester*, take it you, and use it sparingly,
 But let not her have any want at all.

Dry your Eyes, Neice, do not too much lament
 For him, whose Life hath been in riot spent:

If well he useth thee, he gets him Friends,
 If ill, a shameful end on him depends.

[*Exit Uncle.*]

Flow. A plague go with you for an old Fornicator:
 Come, *Kit*, the Money, come, honest *Kit*.

Fash. Nay by my Faith, Sir, you shall pardon me.

Flow. And why, Sir, pardon you? give me the Mony, you old Rascal, or I will make you.

Luce. Pray hold your Hands, give it him honest Friend.

Fath. If you be so content, with all my Heart.

Flow. Content, Sir, 'sblood she shall be content, Whether she will or no. A rattle-baby come to follow me? Go, get you gone to the greasie Chuff your Father, Bring me your Dowry, or never look on me.

Fath. Sir, she hath forsook her Father, and all her Friends for you.

Flow. Hang thee, her Friends and Father all together

Fath. Yet part with something to provide her Lodging.

Flow. Yes, I mean to part with her and you, but if I part with one Angel, hang me at a Post. I'll rather throw them at a cast of Dice, as I have done a thousand of their Fellows.

Fath. Nay then I will be plain, degenerate Boy, Thou hadst a Father would have been ashamed.

Flow. My Father was an Ass, an old Ass.

Fath. Thy Father? proud licentious Villain: What are you at your foils? I'll foil with you.

Luce. Good Sir, forbear him.

Fath. Did not this whining Woman hang on me, I'd teach thee what is was to abuse thy Father: Go hang, beg, starve, Dice, Game, that when all's gone, Thou may'st after despair and hang thy self.

Luce. O do not curse him.

Fath. I do not curse him, and to pray for him were vain, It grieves me that he bears his Father's Name.

Flow. Well, you old Rascal, I shall meet with you. Sirrah, get you gone, I will not strip the Livery Over your Ears, because you paid for it: But do not use my Name, Sirrah, Do you hear? Look you do not Use my Name, you were best.

Fath. Pay me the twenty Pound then that I lent you, Or give me Security when I may have it.

Flow. I'll pay thee not a Penny, And for Security I'll give thee none. Minchins, look you do not follow me, look you do not: If you do, Beggar, I shall slit your Nose.

Luce. Alas, what shall I do?

Flow. Why turn Whore, that's a good Trade,
And so perhaps I'll see thee now and then.

[*Exit Flowerdale.*]

Luce. Alas-the-day that ever I was born.

Fath. Sweet Mistress, do not weep, I'll stick to you.

Luce. Alas, my Friend, I know not what to do,
My Father and my Friends, they have despis'd me:
And I a wretched Maid, thus cast away,
Knows neither where to go, nor what to say.

Fath. It grieves me at the Soul, to see her Tears
Thus stain the Crimson-Roses of her Cheeks:
Lady, take comfort, do not mourn in vain,
I have a little living in this Town,
The which I think comes to a hundred Pound,
All that and more shall be at your dispose;
I'll strait go help you to some strange disguise,
And place you in a Service in this Town:
Where you shall know all, yet your self unknown:
Come, grieve no more, where no help can be had,
Weep not for him, that is more worse than bad,

Luce. I thank you, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lancelot, Master Weathercock and the rest.

Oli. Well, cha a bin served many a sluttish Trick,
But such a lerripoop as thick ych was ne'er a sarved.

Lanc. Son *Civet*, Daughter *Frances*, bear with me,
You see how I am pres'd down with inward Grief,
About that luckless Girl, your Sister *Luce*.
But 'tis fall'n out with me, as with many Families beside,
They are most unhappy, that are most below'd.

Civ. Father, 'tis so, 'tis ev'n fall'n out so,
But what remedy? set Hand to your Heart, and let it pass,
Here is your Daughter *Frances* and I, and we'll not say,
We'll bring forth as witty Children, but as pretty
Children as ever she was; tho' she had the prick
And praise for a pretty Wench: But Father, done is
The Mouse, you'll come?

Lanc. Ay, Son *Civet*, I'll come.

Civ. And you, Master *Oliver*?

Oli. Ay, for che a vext out this veast, chil see if a gan
Make a better veast there.

Civ. And you, Sir *Arthur*?

Art. Ay, Sir, although my Heart be full,
I'll be a Partner at your Wedding Feast.

Civ. And welcome all indeed, and welcome; come *Frank*,
are you ready?

Frank. Jeshue, how hasty these Husbands are, I pray,
Father, pray to God to bless me.

Lanc. God bless thee, and I do; God make thee wife,
Send you both Joy, I wish it with wet Eyes.

Frank. But, Father, shall not my Sister *Delia* go along
with us? She is excellent good at Cookery, and such
things.

Lanc. Yes marry shall she: *Delia*, make you ready.

Del. I am ready, Sir, I will first go to *Greenwich*,
From thence to my Cousin *Chesterfield*, and so to *London*.

Civ. It shall suffice, good Sister *Delia*, it shall suffice,
but fail us not, good Sister, give order to Cooks and o-
thers, for I would not have my sweet *Frank* to soil her
Fingers.

Frank. No by my troth not I, a Gentlewoman, and a
married Gentlewoman too, to be Companion to Cooks,
and Kitchin-boys, not I i'faith, I scorn that.

Civ. Why, I do not mean thou shalt, sweet Heart, thou
feest I do not go about it; well, farewell too: You Gods
pity Mr. *Weathercock*, we shall have your Company too?

Weath. With all my Heart, for I love good Cheer.

Civ. Well, God be with you all, come, *Frank*.

Frank. God be with you, Father, God be with you,
Sir *Arthur*, Master *Oliver*, and Master *Weathercock*, Sister,
God be with you all: God be with you, Father, God be
with you every one.

Weath. Why, how now, Sir *Arthur*, all a mort, Master
Oliver, how now, Man?

Cheerly, Sir *Lancelot*, and merrily say,
Who can hold that will away.

Lanc. Ay, she is gone indeed, poor Girl, undone,
But when these be self-will'd, Children must smart.

Art. But, Sir, that she is wronged, you are the chiefest
Cause, therefore 'tis reason you redress her wrong.

Weath. Indeed you must, Sir *Lancelot*, you must.

Lanc.

Lanc. Must? who can compel me, *Mr. Weathercock?*
I hope I may do what I list.

Weath. I grant you may, you may do what you list.

Oli. Nay, but and you be well evisen, it were not good,
By this vrampolness, and vrowardness, to cast away
As pretty a dowffabel, as am chould chance to see
In a Summers Day; chil tell you what chall do,
Chil go spy up and down the Town, and see if I
Can hear any Tale or Tydings of her,
And take her away from thick a Messel, vor cham
Ashured, heel but bring her to the spoil,
And so var you well, we shall meet at your Son *Civet's*.

Lanc. I thank you, Sir, I take it very kindly.

Arth. To find her out, I'll spend my dearest Blood,
So well I lov'd her, to affect her Good. [*Exeunt Amba.*]

Lanc. O Master *Weathercock*,
What hap had I, to force my Daughter
From Master *Oliver*, and this good Knight,
To one that hath no Goodness in his Thought?

Weath. Ill luck, but what remedy?

Lanc. Yes, I have almost devised a Remedy,
Young *Flowerdale* is sure a Prisoner.

Weath. Sure? nothing more sure.

Lanc. And yet perhaps his Uncle hath releas'd him.

Weath. It may be very like, no doubt he hath.

Lanc. Well if he be in Prison, I'll have Warrants
To tache my Daughter 'till the Law be tried,
For I will sue him upon Cozenage.

Weath. Marry may you, and overthrow him too.

Lanc. Nay that's not so; I may chance be scost,
And sentence past with him.

Weath. Believe me, so he may, therefore take heed.

Lanc. Well howsoever, yet I will have warrants,
In Prison, or at Liberty, all's one:
You will help to serve them, Master *Weathercock?*

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague of the Devil, the Devil take the Dice.
The Dice, and the Devil, and his Dam go together;
Of all my hundred golden Angels,
I have not left me one Denier:

A pox of come a five, what shall I do?
 I can borrow no more of my Credit:
 There's not any of my acquaintance, Man nor Boy,
 But I have borrowed more or less of:
 I would I knew where to take a good Purse,
 And go clear away, by this Light I'll venture for it.
 Gods lid my Sister *Delia*,
 I'll rob her, by this Hand.

Enter Delia and Artichoak.

Del. I prethee, *Artichoak*, go not so fast,
 The Weather is hot, and I am something weary.

Art. Nay I warrant you, *Mistress Delia*, I'll not tire you
 With leading, we'll go an extream moderate pace.

Flow. Stand, deliver your Purse.

Art. O Lord, Thieves, Thieves. [*Exit Artichoak.*]

Flow. Come, come, your Purse, Lady, your Purse.

Del. That Voice I have heard often before this time,
 What, Brother *Flowerdale* become a Thief?

Flow. Ay, plague on't, I thank your Father;
 But Sister, come, your Mony, come:

What the World must find me, I am born to live,
 'Tis not a Sin to steal, when none will give.

Del. O God, is all Grace banisht from thy Heart,
 Think of the Shame that doth attend this Fact.

Flow. Shame me no Shames, come give me your Purse;
 I'll bind you, Sister, lest I fare the worse.

Del. No, bind me not, hold, there is all I have,
 And would that Mony would redeem thy Shame.

Enter Oliver, Sir Arthur, and Artichoak.

Art. Thieves, Thieves, Thieves.

Oli. Thieves, where Man? why how now, *Mistress Delia*.
 Ha you a liked to been a robbed?

Del. No, *Master Oliver*, 'tis *Master Flowerdale*, he did
 but jest with me.

Oli. How, *Flowerdale*, that Scoundrel? Sirrah, you meten
 us well, vang the that.

Flow. Well, Sir, I'll not meddle with you, because I
 have a Charge.

Del. Here Brother *Flowerdale*, I'll lend you this same
 Mony.

Flow. I thank you, Sister.

Oli. I wad you were ysplit, and you let the Mezel have a Penny; but since you cannot keep it, chil keep it my self.

Arth. 'Tis pity to relieve him in this sort,
Who makes a triumphant Life his dailly sport.

Del. Brother, you see how all Men censure you,
Farewel, and I pray God amend your Life.

Oli. Come, chil bring you along, and you safe enough
From twenty such Scoundrels as thick an one is,
Farewel and be hanged; zyrrah, as I think so thou
Wilt be shortly? come, Sir *Arthur*.

[*Exeunt all but Flowerdale.*

Flow. A plague go with you for a karsie Rascal;
This *Devonshire* Man I think is made all of Pork,
His Hands made only for to heave up Packs:
His Heart as fat and big as his Face,
As differing far from all brave galant Minds,
As I to serve the Hogs, and drink with Hinds,
As I am very near now; well what remedy,
When Mony, Means, and Friends, do grow so small,
Then farewel Life, and there's an end of all. [Exit.

*Enter young Flowerdale's Father, Luce like a Dutch Frow,
Civet and his Wife Frances.*

Civ. By my troth God a Mercy for this, good *Christopher*
I thank thee for my Maid, like her very well, how dost
thou like her, *Frances*?

Fran. In good Sadness, *Tom*, very well, excellent well,
She speaks so prettily, I pray what's your Name?

Luce. My name, forsooth, be called *Tanikin*.

Fran. By my troth a fine Name: O *Tanikin*, you are excellent
for dressing ones Head a new Fashion.

Luce. Me fill do every ting about da Head.

Civ. What Countrywoman is she, *Kester*?

Fath. A *Dutch* Woman, Sir.

Civ. Why then she is outlandish, is she not?

Fath. Ay, Sir, she is.

Fran. O then thou canst tell how to help me to Cheeks
and Ears?

Luce. Yes, Mistress, very well.

Fath. Cheeks and Ears, why, Mistress *Frances*, want you
Cheeks and Ears? methinks you have very fair ones.

Fran.

Fran. Thou art a Fool indeed, *Tom*, thou knowest what I mean.

Civ. Ay, ay, *Kester*, 'tis such as they wear a their Heads, I prithee, *Kit*, have her in, and shew her my House.

Fath. I will, Sir; come *Tanikin*.

Fran. O *Tom*, you have not buffed me to day, *Tom*.

Civ. No *Frances*, we must not kiss afore Folks, God save my *Franck*.

Enter Delia and Artichoak.

See yonder, my Sister *Delia* is come, welcome, good Sister.

Fran. Welcome, good Sister, how do you like the Tire of my Head?

Del. Very well, Sister.

Civ. I am glad you're come, Sister *Delia*, to give order for Supper, they will be here soon.

Art. Ay, but if good luck had not serv'd, she had Not been here now, filching *Flowerdale* had like To pepper'd us, but for Master *Oliver*, we had been robb'd.

Del. Peace, sirrah, no more.

Fath. Robb'd! by whom?

Art. Marry by none but by *Flowerdale*, he is turn'd Thief.

Civ. By my Faith, but that is not well, but God be prais'd for your Escape, will you draw near, Sister?

Fath. Sirrah, come hither, would *Flowerdale*, he that was my Master, a robbed you, I prethee tell me true?

Art. Yes Faith, even that *Flowerdale* that was thy Master.

Fath. Hold thee, there is a *French Crown*, and speak no more of this.

Art. Not I, not a word, now do I smell Knavery: In every Purse *Flowerdale* takes, he is half: And gives me this to keep Counsel, not a word I.

Fath. Why God a Mercy.

Fran. Sister, look here, I have a new *Dutch Maid*, And she speaks so fine, it would do your Heart good!

Civ. How do you like her, Sister?

Del. I like your Maid well.

Civ. Well, dear Sister, will you draw near, and give directions for Supper, Guests will be here presently.

Del. Yes, Brother, lead the way, I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt all but Delia and Luce.*]

Hark you, *Dutch Frow*, a word.

Luce. Vat is your vill wit me?

Del. Sister *Luce*, 'tis not your broken Language,
Nor this same Habit, can disguise your Face
From I that know you; pray tell me, what means this?

Luce. Sister, I see you know me, yet be secret;
This borrowed Shape that I have ta'en upon me,
Is but to keep my self a space unknown
Both from my Father, and my nearest Friends;
Until I see how time will bring to pass,
The desperate Course of Master *Flowerdale*.

Del. O he is worse than bad, I prethee leave him,
And let not once thy Heart to think on him.

Luce. Do not persuade me once to such a Thought;
Imagine yet, that he is worse than nought;
Yet one good time may all that Ill undo,
That all his former Life did run into.
Therefore, kind Sister, do not disclose my Estate;
If e'er his Heart doth turn, 'tis ne'er too late.

Del. Well, seeing no Counsel can remove your Mind,
I'll not disclose you, that art wilful blind.

Luce. *Delia*, I thank you. I now must please her Eyes,
My Sister *Frances*, nither fair nor wise. [Exeunt.]

Enter Flowerdale Solus.

Flow. On goes he that knows no end of his Journey,
I have pals'd the very utmost bounds of Shifting,
I have no Course now but to hang my self;
I have liv'd since yesterday two a Clock, of a
Spice-cake I had at a Burial: And for Drink,
I got it at an Ale-house among Porters, such as
Will bear out a Man, if he have no Mony indeed;
I mean out of their Companies, for they are Men
Of good Carriage. Who comes here?
The two Cony-catchers, that won all my Mony of me.
I'll try if they'll lend me any.

Enter Dick and Ralph.

What Mr. *Richard*. how do you?

How dost thou *Ralph*? By Gad, Gentlemen, the world
Grows bare with me, will you do as much as lend

Me an Angel between you both, you know you
Won a hundred of me the other Day.

Ralph. How, an Angel? Gad damn us if we lost not every
Penny within an Hour after thou wert gone.

Flow. I prethee lend me so much as will pay for my Supper;
I'll pay you again, as I am a Gentleman.

Ralph. I'Faith, we have not a farthing, not a mite;
I wonder at it, Mr. *Flowerdate*,

You will so carekily undo your self;
Why you will lose more Money in an Hour,
Than any Honest Man spends in a Year;
For Shame betake you to some honest Trade;
And live not thus so like a Vagabond.

[*Exeunt.*]

Flow. A Vagabond indeed, more Villains you:

They gave me Counsel that first cozen'd me;
Those Devils first brought me to this I am,
And being thus, the first that do me wrong.
Well, yet I have one Friend left in store.
Not far from hence there dwells a Cockatrice,
One that I first put in a Sattin Gown,
And not a Tooth that dwells within her Head,
But stands me at the least in twenty Pound:
Her will I visit now my Coyn is gone,
And as I take it here dwells the Gentlewoman.
What ho, is Mistress *Apricock* within?

Enter Ruffian.

Ruf. What sawey Rascal is that which knocks so bold?
O, is it you, old spend-thrift? are you here?

One that is turned Cozener about the Town:
My Mistress saw you, and sends this Word by me,
Either be packing quickly from the Door,

Or you shall have such a Greeting sent you straight,
As you will little like on, you had best be gone. [Exit]

Flow. Why so, this is as it should be, being poor,
Thus art thou serv'd by a vile painted Whore.
Well, since thy damned crew do so abuse thee,
I'll try of honest Men, how they will use me.

Enter an ancient Citizen.

Sir, I beseech you to take Compassion of a Man;
One whose Fortunes have been better than at this Instant
they seem to be: but if I might crave of you some little
Portion,

Portion, as would bring me to my Friends, I would rest thankful, until I had requited so great a Courtesie.

Cit. Fie, fie, young Man, this Course is very bad,
Too many such have we about this City;
Yet for I have not seen you in this sort,
Nor noted you to be a common Beggar,
Hold, there's an Angel to bear your Charges
Down, go to your Friends, do not on this depend,
Such bad Beginnings oft have worser Ends. [Exit Cit.]

Flow. Worser ends: nay, if it fall out
No worse than in old Angels I care not,
Nay, now I have had such a fortunate Beginning,
I'll not let a fixpenny Purse escape me:
By the Mass here comes another.

Enter a Citizen's Wife with a Torch before her.
God bless you, fair Mistress.
Now would it please you, Gentlewoman, to look into the
Wants of a poor Gentleman, a younger Brother, I doubt
not but God will treble restore it back again, one that
never before this time demanded Penny, Half-penny, nor
Farthing.

Cit. Wife. Stay, *Alexander*, now by my Troth a very
proper Man, and 'tis great Pity; hold, my Friend, there's
all the Mony I have about me, a couple a Shillings, and
God bless thee.

Flow. Now God thank you, sweet Lady; if you have
any Friend, or Garden-house, where you may employ a
poor Gentleman as your Friend, I am yours to command
in all secret Service.

Cit. Wife. I thank you good Friend, I prithee let me see
that again I gave thee, there is one of them a brass Shilling,
give me them, and here is half a Crown in Gold.

[He gives it her.]
Now out upon thee, Rascal: secret Service! what dost thou
make of me? It were a good Deed to have thee whipt:
Now I have my Mony again, I'll see thee hang'd before I give
thee a Penny. Secret Service? on, good *Alexander*.

[Exeunt Ambo.]
Flow. This is villanous luck, I perceive Dishonesty
Will not thrive; here comes more, God forgive me,
Sir Arthur and *Mr. Oliver*, a foregod I'll speak to them.

God save you, Sir *Arthur*; God save you, Mr. *Oliver*.

Oli. Been you there, zirrah, come will you taken your selves to your Tools, Coystrel?

Flow. Nay, Mr. *Oliver*, I'll not fight with you, Alas, Sir, you know it was not my doings, It was only a Plot to get Sir *Lancelot's* Daughter: By Gad I never meant you harm.

Oli. And whore is the Gentlewoman thy Wife, Mezel? Whore is she, Zirrah, ha?

Flow. By my troth, Mr. *Oliver*, sick, very sick; And Gad is my Judge, I know not what means to make for her, good Gentlewoman.

Oli. Tell me true, is she sick; tell me true itch' vise thee.

Flow. Yes faith, I tell you true: Mr. *Oliver*, if you would do me the small kindness, but to lend me forty Shillings: So Gad help me, I will pay you so soon as my Ability shall make me able, as I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Well thou zaist thy Wife is zick; hold, there's forty Shillings, give it to thy Wife, look thou give it her, or I shall zo veze thee, thou wert not zo vezed this zeven year, look to it.

Arth. I'faith, Mr. *Oliver*, it is in vain To give to him that never thinks of her.

Oli. Well, would che could yvind it.

Flow. I tell you true, Sir *Arthur*, as I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Well, farewell zirrah: come, Sir *Arthur*.

[*Exeunt* Ambo:]

Flow. By the Lord, this is excellent. Five golden Angels compast in an Hour, In this Trade hold, I'll never seek a new. Welcome, sweet Gold, and Beggary adieu.

Enter Uncle and Father.

Unc. See, *Kester*, if you can find the House.

Flow. Who's here, my Uncle, and my Man *Kester*? By the Mafs 'tis they. How do you Uncle, how dost thou, *Kester*? By my troth, Uncle, you must needs lend Me some Mony, the poor Gentlewoman My Wife, so Gad help me, is very sick. I was robb'd of the hundred Angels You gave me, they are gone.

Unc. Ay, they are gone indeed, come, *Kester*, away.

Flow. Nay, Uncle, do you hear, good Uncle?

Unc. Out Hypocrite, I will not hear thee speak;
Come, leave him, *Kester*.

Flow. *Kester*, honest *Kester*.

Fath. Sir, I have nought to say to you,
Open the Door to my Kin, thou had'st best
Lock't fast, for there's a false Knave without.

Flow. You are an old lying Rascal,
So you are.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

Enter Luce.

Luce. Vat is the matter, Vat be you, Yonker?

Flow. By this light a *Dutch* Frow, they say they are called kind, by this Light I'll try her.

Luce. Vat be you, Yonker, why do you not speak?

Flow. By my troth, Sweet Heart, a poor Gentleman that would desire of you, if it stand with your liking, the bounty of your Purse.

Enter young Flowerdale's Father.

Luce. O here God, so young an Armine.

Flow. Armine, Sweet-heart, I know not what you mean by that, but I am almost a Beggar.

Luce. Are you not a married Man, vere been your Wife? Here is all I have, take dis.

Flow. What Gold, young Frow? this is brave.

Fath. If he have any Grace; he'll now repent.

Luce. Why speak you not, vere be your Wife?

Flow. Dead, dead, she's dead, 'tis she hath undone me? Spent me all I had, and kept Rascals under my Nose to brave me.

Luce. Did you use her vell?

Flow. Use her, there's never a Gentlewoman in *England* could be better used than I did her; I could but Coach her; her Diet stood me in forty pound a Month, but she is dead, and in her Grave my Cares are buried.

Luce. Indeed dat vas not scone.

Fath. He is turn'd more D vil than he was before.

Flow. Thou dost belong to *Master Cives* here, dost thou not?

Luce. Yes, me do.

Flow. Why there's it, there's not a handful of Plate
 But belongs to me, Gad's my Judge:
 If I had such a Wench as thou art,
 There's never a Man in *England* would make more
 Of her, than I would do, so she had any stock.

[*They call within.*

O why *Tanikin*.

Luce. Stay, one doth call, I shall come by and by a-
 gain.

Flow. By this Hand, this *Dutch* Wench is in love with me,
 Were it not admirable to make her steal
 All *Civet's* Plate, and run away.

Fath. 'Twere beattly. O Master *Flowerdale*,
 Have you no fear of God, nor Conscience:

What do you mean, by this vile course you take?

Flow. What do I mean? why, to live, that I mean:

Fath. To live in this sort, fie upon the course,
 Your Life doth show, you are a very Coward.

Flow. A Coward, I pray in what?

Fath. Why you will borrow Six-pence of a Boy,

Flow. 'Snails, is there such a Cowardice in that? I
 dare borrow it of a Man, ay, and of the tallest Man in
England, if he will lend it me: Let me borrow it how I
 can, and let them come by it how they dare. And it is
 well known, I might ride out a hundred times if I would,
 so I might.

Fath. It was not want of Will, but Cowardice,
 There is none that lends to you, but know they gain:
 And what is that but only stealth in you?

Delia might hang you now, did not her Heart
 Take pity of you for her Sister's sake.

Go get you hence, lest ling'ring here you stay,
 You fall into their Hands you look not for.

Flow. I'll tarry here, 'till the *Dutch* Frow comes,

If all the Devils in Hell were here. [Exit *Father*.

Enter *Sir Lancelot, Mr. Weathercock, and Artichoak*.

Lanc. Where is the Door? are we not past it, *Arti-*
choak?

Art. By th' *Mais* here's one,

I'll ask him: Do you hear, *Sir*?

What, are you so proud? do you hear, which is the way

To Mr. *Civet's* House? what, will you not speak?

O me, this is filching *Flowerdale*.

Lanc. O wonderful, is this lewd Villain here?

O you cheating Rogue, you Cut-purse, Cony-catcher,
What Ditch, you Villain, is my Daughter's Grave?

A cozening Rascal, that must make a Will,

Take on him that strict Habit, very that:

When he should turn to Angel, a dying Grace,

I'll Father-in-Law you, Sir, I'll make a Will:

Speak, Villain, where's my Daughter?

Poison'd, I warrant you, or knock'd a the Head:

And to abuse good Master *Weathercock*, with

His forg'd Will, and Master *Weathercock*,

To make my grounded Resolution;

Then to abuse the *Devonshire* Gentleman:

Go, away with him to Prison.

Flow. Wherefore to Prison? Sir, I will not go.

*Enter Master Civet, his Wife, Oliver, Sir Arthur, young
Flowerdale's Father, Uncle, and Delia.*

Lanc. O here's his Uncle:

Welcome Gentlemen, welcome all:

Such a Cozener, Gentlemen, a Murderer too

For any thing I know, my Daughter is missing,

Hath been look'd for, cannot be found, a vild upon thee.

Unc. He is my Kinsman, although his Life be vile,
Therefore, in God's name, do with him what you will.

Lanc. Marry to Prison.

Flow. Wherefore to Prison, snick-up? I owe you no-
thing.

Lanc. Bring forth my Daughter then, away with him.

Flow. Go seek your Daughter, what do you lay to my
Charge?

Lanc. Suspicion of Murder, go, away with him.

Flow. Murder your Dogs, I murder your Daughter!
Come Uncle, I know you'll Bail me.

Unc. Not I, were there no more,
Than I the Jaylor, thou the Prisoner.

Lanc. Go, away with him.

Enter Luce like a Frow.

Luce. O my Life, where will you ha de Man?
Vat ha de Yonker done?

Weath. Woman, he hath kill'd his Wife.

Luce. His Wife, dat is not good, dat is not seen.

Lanc. Hang not upon him, Hufwife, if you do I'll lay you by him.

Luce. Have me no, and or way do you leave him, He tell me dat he love me heartily.

Fran. Lead away my Maid to Prifon! why, *Tom*, will you suffer that?

Gov. No, by your leave, Father, she is no Vagrant: She is my Wife's Chamber-maid, and as true as the Skin between any Man's Brows here.

Lanc. Go to, you're both Fools: Son *Civet*, of my Life this is a Plot, Some stragling Counterfeit profer'd to you: No doubt to rob you of your Plate and Jewels: I'll have you led away to Prifon, Trull.

Luce. I am no Trull, neither Outlandish Frow, Nor he, nor I shall to the Prifon go: Know you me now? nay, never stand amaz'd. Father, I know I have offended you. And though that Duty wills me bend my Knees To you in Duty and Obedience; Yet this ways do I turn, and to him yield My Love, my Duty, and my Humbleness,

Lanc. Bastard in Nature, kneel to such a Slave?

Luce. O Master *Flowerdale*, if too much Grief Have not stopt up the Organs of your Voice, Then speak to her that is thy faithful Wife, Or doth Contempt of me thus tie thy Tongue? Turn not away, I am no *Aethiope*, No wanton *Cressid*, nor a changing *Hellen*: But rather one made wretched by thy Loss. What turn'st thou still from me? O then I guess thee wofull'st among hapless Men.

Flow. I am indeed, Wife, wonder among Wives! Thy Chastity and Virtue hath insus'd Another Soul in me, red with Defame, For in my blushing Cheeks is seen my Shame.

Lanc. Out Hypocrite, I charge thee trust him not.

Luce. Not trust him?—by the hopes of after Bliss, I know no Sorrow can be compar'd to his.

Lanc. Well, since thou wert ordain'd to Beggary,
Follow thy Fortune, I desie thee.

Oli. Ywood che were so well ydouffed as was ever white
Cloth in tocking Mill, an che ha not made me weep.

Fath. If he hath any Grace he'll now repent.

Arth. It moves my Heart.

Weath. By my troth I must weep, I cannot chuse.

Unc. None but a Beast would such a Maid misuse.

Flow. Content thy self, I hope to win his Favour,
And to redeem my Reputation lost:

And, Gentlemen, believe me, I beseech you,

I hope your Eyes shall behold such Change,

As shall deceive your Expectation.

Oli. I would che were split now, but che believe him.

Lanc. How, believe him!

Weath. By the Matkins, I do.

Lanc. What do you think that e'er he will have Grace?

Weath. By my Faith it will go hard.

Oli. Well, che vor ye he is chang'd; and, Mr. *Flowerdale*,
in hope you been so, hold there's vorty pound toward your
getting up; what be not ashamed, vang it Man, vang it, be
a good Husband, loven to your Wife: And you shall not
want for vorty more, I che vor thee.

Arth. My means are little, but if you'll follow me,
I will instruct you in my ablest Power:

But to your Wife I give this Diamond,

And prove true Diamond fair in all your Life.

Flow. Thanks, good Sir *Arthur*: Mr. *Oliver*,
You being my Enemy, and grown so kind,
Binds me in all endeavour to restore.

Oli. What, restore me no restorings, Mas,
I have vorty Pound more here, vang it:

Zouth chil devie *London* else: What, do not think me
A Mezel or a Scoundrel, to throw away my Mony? che
have an hundred Pound more to pace of any good Spo-
tation: I hope your under and your Uncle will vollow my
zamplas.

Unc. You have gueft right of me, if he leave off this
course of Life, he shall be mine Heir.

Lanc. But he shall never get a Groat of me;
A Cozener, a Deceiver, one that kill'd his painful

Father, honest Gentleman,
That pass'd the fearful danger of the Sea,
To get him living, and maintain him brave.

Weath. What hath he kill'd his Father?

Lanc. Ay, Sir, with conceit of his vile Courses.

Fath. Sir, you are misinform'd.

Lanc. Why, thou old Knave, thou told'st me so thy self.

Fath. I wrong'd him then:

And toward my Master's Stock,
There's twenty Nobles for to make amends.

Flow. No, *Kester*, I have troubled thee, and wrong'd thee
What thou in love gives, I in love restore. [more,

Fran. Ha, ha, Sister, there you plaid bo-peep with us;
Tom, what shall I give her toward Household?

Sister *Delia*, shall I give her my Fan?

Del. You were best ask your Husband.

Fran. Shall I, *Tom*?

Civ. Ay, do, *Frank*, I'll buy thee a new one, with a longer handle.

Fran. A russet one, *Tom*.

Civ. Ay with russet Feathers.

Fran. Here, Sister, there's my Fan toward Household, to keep you warm.

Luce. I thank you, Sister.

Weath. Why this is well, and toward fair *Luce's* Stock, here's forty Shillings: And forty good Shillings more, I'll give her, marry. Come Sir *Lancelot*, I must have you Friends.

Lanc. Not I, all this is Counterfeit, He will consume it, were it a Million.

Fath. Sir, what is your Daughter's Dower worth?

Lanc. Had she been married to an honest Man, It had been better than a thousand Pound.

Fath. Pay it him, and I'll give you my Bond, To make her Jointure better worth than three.

Lanc. Your Bond, Sir! why, what are you?

Fath. One whose word in *London*, tho' I say it, Will pass there for as much as yours:

Lanc. Wert not thou late that *Unthrif's* Serving-man?

Fath. Look on me better, now my Scar is off:
Ne'er muse Man, at this Metamorphosie.

Lanc. Master Flowerdale!

Flow. My Father! O I shame to look on him:
Pardon, dear Father, the Follies that are past.

Fath. Son, Son, I do, and joy at this thy Change,
And applaud thy Fortune in this virtuous Maid,
Whom Heav'n hath sent to thee to save thy Soul.

Luce. This addeth Joy to Joy, high Heav'n be prais'd.

Weath. Mr. Flowerdale, welcome from Death, good Mr.
(*Flowerdale.*)

'Twas said so here, 'twas said so here good Faith.

Fath. I caus'd that Rumour to be spread my self,
Because I'd see the Humours of my Son,
Which to relate the Circumstance is needless:
And Sirrah, see you run no more into that same Disease:
For he that's once cur'd of that Malady,
Of Riot, Swearing, Drunkenness, and Pride,
And falls again into the like distress,
That Fever is deadly, doth 'till Death endure:
Such Men die mad, as of a Calenture.

Flow. Heav'n helping me, I'll hate the course as Hell.

Unc. Say it, and do it, Cousin, all is well.

Lanc. Well, being in hope you'll prove an honest Man,
I take you to my favour. Brother Flowerdale,
Welcome with all my Heart: I see your Care
Hath brought these Acts to this Conclusion,
And I am glad of it, come let's in and feast.

Oli. Nay soft you a while, you promis'd to make
Sir *Arthur* and me amends, here is your wisest
Daughter, see which an's she'll have.

Lanc. A God's name, you have my good will, get hers.

Oli. How say you then, Damsel.

Del. I, Sir, am yours.

Oli. Why, then send for a Vicar, and chil have it
Dispatched in a trice, so chil.

Del. Pardon me, Sir, I mean I am yours,
In Love, in Duty, and Affection.

But not to love as Wife, shall ne'er be said,
Delia was buried, married, but a Maid.

Arth.

Arth. Do not condemn your self for ever,
Virtuous Fair, you were born to love.

Oli. Why you say true, Sir *Arthur*, she was ybore to it,
So well as her Mother; but I pray you shew us
Some Zamples or Reasons why you will not marry?

Del. Not that I do condemn a married Life,
For 'tis no doubt a sanctimonious thing:
But for the care and crosses of a Wife,
The trouble in this World that Children bring,
My Vow's in Heav'n in Earth to live alone,
Husbands, howsoever good, I will have none.

Oli. Why then, chil live a Batchelor too,
Che zet not a vig by a Wife, if a Wife zet not a vig.
By me: Come, shall's go to Dinner?

Fath. To morrow I crave your Companies in *Mark-lane*:
To Night we'll frolick in *Mr. Civet's* House,
And to each Health drink down a full Carouse.





THE
L I F E
AND
D E A T H
OF
Thomas Lord Cromwell.

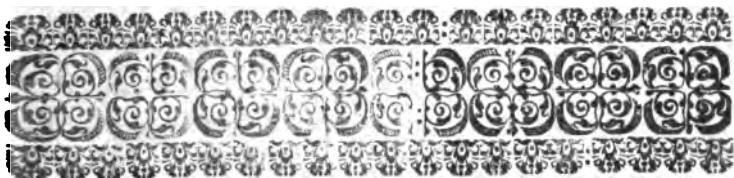


Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

D U K E of Norfolk.
Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Bedford and his Host.
Cardinal Wolsey.
Gardiner, *Bishop of Winchester.*
Sir Thomas Moor.
Sir Christopher Hales.
Sir Ralph Sadler.
Old Cromwell, *a Blacksmith of Putney.*
Young Thomas Cromwell, *his Son.*
Master Boufer, *a Merchant.*
Banister, *a broken Merchant, and his Wife.*
Bagot, *a cruel covetous Broker.*
Friskiball, *a Florentine Merchant.*
The Governors of the English House at Antwerp.
States and Officers of Bononia.
Goodman Seely, *and his Wife Joan.*
Lieutenant of the Tower.
Hodge, Will and Tom, *old Cromwell's Servants.*
Two Citizens.
Two Merchants.
A Post.
Messengers.
Ufers, and Servants.

T H E



THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
Thomas Lord Cromwell.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Hodge, and two other Smiths, Servants to old Cromwell.

H O D G E.



OME, Masters, I think it be past five a Clock, is it not time we were at Work? my old Master he'll be stirring anon.

r Smith. I cannot tell whether my old Master will be stirring or no; but I am sure I can hardly take my Afternoons Nap, for my young Master *Thomas*, he keeps such a quile in his Study, with the Sun, and the Moon, and the seven Stars, that I do verily think he'll read out his Wits.

Hodge. He Skill of the Stars?

There's Goodman *Car* of *Fulham*,

He that carried us to the strong *Ale*, where *Goody Trundel*

Had her Maid got with Child: O, he knows the Stars,

He'll tickle you *Charles's Wain* in nine Degrees:

That same Man will tell *Goody Trundel*

When her *Ale* shall miscarry, only by the Stars.

2 *Smith.* Ay, that's a great Virtue indeed; I think *Thomas*
Be no Body in comparison to him.

1 *Smith.* Well, Masters, come, shall we to our Hammers?

Hodge. Ay, content; first let's take our Mornings
Draught, and then to work roundly.

2 *Smith.* Ay, agreed, go in, *Hodge.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter young Cromwell.

Crom. Good Morrow, Morn, I do salute thy brightness,

The Night seems tedious to my troubled Soul:

Whose black Obscurity binds in my Mind

A thousand sundry Cogitations:

And now *Aurora* with a lively die,

Adds Comfort to my Spirit that mounts on high.

Too high indeed, my state being so mean:

My Study like a mineral of Gold,

Makes my Heart proud, wherein my hope's inroll'd;

My Books are all the Wealth I do possess,

And unto them I have engag'd my Heart;

O, Learning, how divine thou seem'st to me!

Within whose Arms is all Felicity.

Peace with your Hammers, leave your knocking there,

[*Here within they beat with their Hammers.*

You do disturb my Study and my Rest;

Leave off, I say, you mad me with the Noise.

Enter Hodge, and the two Men.

Hodge. Why, how now, Master *Thomas*, how now;

Will you not let us work for you?

Crom. You fret my Heart, with making of this Noise.

Hodge. How, fret your Heart? Ay, but *Thomas*, you'll

Fret your Father's Purse if you let us from Working.

2 *Smith.* Ay, this 'tis for him to make him a Gentleman:
Shall we leave work for your musing? that's well i'faith;
But here comes my old Master now.

Enter old Cromwell.

Old Crom. You idle Knaves, what are you loytring now?
No Hammers walking, and my work to to?
What not a Heat among your work to day?

Hodge. Marry, Sir, your Son *Thomas* will not let us work at all.

Old Crom. Why Knave I say, have I thus cark'd and car'd,
And all to keep thee like a Gentleman,
And dost thou let my Servants at their work;
That sweat for thee, Knave? labour thus for thee?

Crom. Father, their Hammers do offend my Study.

Old Crom. Out of my Doors, Knave, if thou lik'st it not;
I cry you Mercy, are your Ears so fine?
I tell thee, Knave, these get when I do sleep;
I will not have my Anvil stand for thee.

Crom. There's Mony, Father, I will pay your Men.

[He throws Mony among them.]

Old Crom. Have I thus brought thee up unto my Cost,
In hope that one Day thou would'st relieve my Age,
And art thou now so lavish of thy Coin,
To scatter it among these idle Knaves?

Crom. Father be patient, and content your self,
The time will come I shall hold Gold as trash:
And here I speak with a presaging Soul,
To build a Palace where now this Cottage stands,
As fine as is King *Henry's* House at *Sheen*. (Beggar;

Old Crom. You build a House? you Knave, you'll be a
Now afore God all is but cast away
That is bestow'd upon this thrifless Lad:
Well, had I bound him to some honest Trade,
This had not been; but it was his Mother's doing,
To send him to the University:
How? build a House where now this Cottage stands,
As fair as that at *Sheen*? he shall not hear me.
A good Boy *Tom*, I con thee thank *Tom*,
Well said *Tom*, Grammarcies *Tom*:
In to your work, Knaves; hence saucy Boy:

[Exeunt all but young Cromwell.]

Crom. Why should my Birth keep down my mounting
Are not all Creatures subject unto time? (Spirit?
To time, who doth abuse the World,

And fills it full of hodge podge Bastardy;
 There's Legions now of Beggars on the Earth,
 That their Original did spring from Kings;
 And many Monarchs now, whose Fathers were
 The riff-raff of their Age; for Time and Fortune
 Wears out a noble train to Beggary;
 And from the Dunghil Minions do advance
 To State; and mark, in this admiring World
 This is but Course, which in the name of Fate
 Is seen as often as it whirls about:
 The River *Thames* that by our Door doth pass,
 His first beginning is but small and shallow,
 Yet keeping on his Course grows to a Sea.
 And likewise *Wolsey*, the wonder of our Age,
 His Birth as mean as mine, a Butcher's Son;
 Now who within this Land a greater Man?
 Then, *Cromwell*, cheer thee up, and tell thy Soul,
 That thou may'st live to flourish and controul.

Enter old Cromwell.

Old Crom. Tom Cromwell, what Tom I say.

Crom. Do you call, Sir?

Old Crom. Here is Master *Bowser* come to know if you
 have dispatch'd his Petition for the Lords of the Counsel,
 or no.

Crom. Father, I have, please you to call him in.

Old Crom. That's well said, Tom, a good Lad, Tom.

Enter Master Bowser.

Bow. Now, Master *Cromwell*, have you dispatch'd this
 Petition?

Crom. I have, Sir, here it is, please you peruse it.

Bow. It shall not need, we'll read it as we go by Water.

And, Master *Cromwell*, I have made a Motion
 May do you good, and if you like of it.

Our Secretary at *Antwerp*, Sir, is dead,
 And the Merchants there have sent to me,
 For to provide a Man fit for the place:

Now I do know none fitter than your self,
 If with your liking it stand, Master *Cromwell*.

Crom. With all my Heart, Sir, and I much am bound,
 In Love and Duty for your Kindness shown.

Old Crom. Body of me, *Tom*;
 Make haste, lest some Body
 Get between thee and home, *Tom*.
 I thank you, good Master *Bowser*,
 I thank you for my Boy,
 I thank you always, I thank you most heartily, Sir:
 Ho, a Cup of Beer here for Master *Bowser*.

Bow. It shall not need, Sir: Master *Cromwell*, will you go?

Crom. I will attend you, Sir.

Old Crom. Farewel, *Tom*, God bless thee, *Tom*.
 God speed thee, good *Tom*.

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Bagot, a Broker, solus.

Bag. I hope this day is fatal unto some,
 And by their loss must *Bagot* seek to gain.
 This is the Lodging of Master *Friskibal*,
 A liberal Merchant, and a *Florentine*,
 To whom *Banister* owes a thousand Pound,
 A Merchant-Bankrupt, whose Father was my Master:
 What do I care for pity or regard,
 He once was wealthy, but he now is fall'n,
 And this Morning have I got him arrested
 At the Suit of Master *Friskibal*,
 And by this means shall I be sure of Coin,
 For doing this same good to him unknown:
 And in good time, see where the Merchant comes:

Enter Friskibal.

Good morrow to kind Master *Friskibal*.

Fris. Good morrow to your self, good Master *Bagot*,
 And what's the News you are so early stirring?
 It is for Gain, I make no doubt of that.

Bag. It is for the Love, Sir, that I bear to you.
 When did you see your Debtor *Banister*?

Fris. I promise you, I have not seen the Man
 This two Months day, his Poverty is such,
 As I do think he shames to see his Friends.

Bag. Why then assure your self to see him straight
 For at your Suit I have arrested him,
 And here they will be with him presently.

Fris. Arrest him at my Suit? you were to blame,
 I know the Man's misfortunes to be such,

As he's not able for to pay the Debt,
And were it known to some, he were undone.

Bag. This is your pitiful Heart to think it so,
But you are much deceiv'd in *Banister* :
Why, such as he will break for Fashion sake,
And unto those they owe a thousand Pound,
Pay scarce a hundred. O, Sir, beware of him,
The Man is lewdly given to Dice and Drabs,
Spends all he hath in Harlots companies,
It is no mercy for to pity him :
I speak the truth of him, for nothing else,
But for the kindness that I bear to you.

Fris. If it be so, he hath deceiv'd me much,
And to deal strictly with such a one as he,
Better severe than too much lenity :
But here is Master *Banister* himself,
And with him, as I take't, the Officers.

Enter Banister, his Wife, and two Officers.

Ban. O Master *Friskibal*, you have undone me :
My state was well nigh overthrown before,
Now altogether down-cast by your means.

Mrs. Ban. O, Mr. *Friskibal*, pity my Husband's case,
He is a Man hath liv'd as well as any,
'Till envious Fortune, and the ravenous Sea
Did rob, disrobe, and spoil us of our own.

Fris. Mistress *Banister*, I envy not your Husband,
Nor willingly would I have us'd him thus :
But that I hear he is so lewdly given,
Haunts wicked Company, and hath enough
To pay his Debts, yet will not be known thereof.

Ban. This is that damned Broker, that same *Bagot*,
Whom I have often from my Trencher fed :
Ingrateful Villain for to use me thus.

Bag. What I have said to him is nought but Truth.

Mrs. Ban. What thou hast said springs from an envious Heart.
A Cannibal that doth eat Men alive :
But here upon my Knee believe me, Sir,
And what I speak, so help me God, is true,
We scarce have Meat to feed our little Babes :
Most of our Plate is in that Broker's Hand,

Which had we Mony to defray our Debts,
 O think, we would not bide that Penury :
 Be merciful, kind Master *Friskibal*,
 My Husband, Children, and my self will eat
 But one Meal a day; the other will we keep and sell.

Fris. Go to, I see thou art an envious Man.
 Good Mistrefs *Banister*, kneel not to me,
 I pray rise up, you shall have your desire.
 Hold Officers; be gone, there's for your pains.
 You know you owe to me a thousand Pound;
 Here take my Hand, if e'er God make you able,
 And place you in your former state again,
 Pay me : but if still your Fortune frown,
 Upon my Faith I'll never ask you Crown :
 I never yet did wrong to Men in thrall,
 For God doth know what to my self may fall.

Ban. This unexpected Favour undeserv'd,
 Doth make my Heart bleed inwardly with joy :
 Ne'er may ought prosper with me is my own,
 If I forget this kindness you have shown.

Mrs. Ban. My Children in their Prayers both night and day,
 For your good Fortune and Success shall pray.

Fris. I thank you both, I pray go dirie with me,
 Within these three Days, if God give me leave,
 I will to *Florence* to my native home;
 Hold, *Bagot*, there's a Portague to drisk,
 Although you ill deserv'd it by your merit :
 Give not such cruel scope unto your Heart ;
 Be sure the ill you do will be requited :
 Remember what I say, *Bagot*, farewell.
 Come, Master *Banister*, you shall with me,
 My Fare's but simple, but welcome heartily.

[*Exeunt all but Bagot.*]

Bag. A Plague go with you, would you had eat your last,
 Is this the thanks I have for all my pains ?
 Confusion light upon you all for me :
 Where he had wont to give a score of Crowns,
 Doth he now foist me with a Portague ?
 Well, I will be reveng'd upon this *Banister*.
 I'll to his Creditors, buy all the Debts he owes,
 As seeming that I do it for good will,

I am sure to have them at an easie rate ;
 And when 'tis done, in Christendom he stays not,
 But I'll make his Heart t'ake with sorrow,
 And if that *Banister* become my Debtor,
 By Heav'n and Earth I'll make his Plague the greater.

[Exit Bagot.]

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now, Gentlemen, imagine
 That Young Cromwell is in Antwerp,
 Ledger for the English Merchants :
 And *Banister*, to shun this Bagot's Hate,
 Hearing that he hath got some of his Debts,
 Is fled to Antwerp, with his Wife and Children,
 Which Bagot hearing, is gone after them :
 And thither sends his Bills of Debt before,
 To be reveng'd on wretched *Banister* :
 What doth fall out, with Patience sit and see,
 A just Requital of false Treachery.

[Exit.]

Enter Cromwell in his Study, with Bags of Money before
 him, casting of Account.

Crom. Thus far my reckoning doth go straight and ev'n,
 But, *Cromwell*, this same plodding fits not thee ;
 Thy Mind is altogether set on Travel,
 And not to live thus cloyster'd, like a Nun :
 It is not this same trash, that I regard,
 Experience is the Jewel of my Heart.

Enter a Post.

Post. I pray, Sir, are you ready to dispatch me ?

Crom. Yes, here's those Sums of Money you must carry.
 You go so far as *Frankford*, do you not ?

Post. I do, Sir.

Crom. Well, prethee make all the haste thou canst,
 For there be certain *English* Gentlemen
 Are bound for *Venice*, and may happily want,
 And if that you should linger by the way :
 But in hope that you will make good speed,
 There's two Angels to buy you Spurs and Wands.

Post. I thank you, Sir, this will add wings indeed.

Crom. Gold is of Pow'r to make an Eagles speed.

Enter *Mistress* Banister.

What Gentlewoman is this, that grieves so much

It seems she doth address her self to me.

Mrs. Ban. God save you, Sir, pray is your Name Master Cromwell ?

Crom. My Name is *Thomas Cromwell*, Gentlewoman.

Mrs. Ban. Know you not one *Bagot*, Sir, that's come to *Antwerp* ?

Crom. No, trust me, I never saw the Man,
But here are Bills of Debt I have received
Against one *Banister*, a Merchant fall'n into decay.

Mrs. Ban. Into decay indeed, long of that Wretch :

I am the Wife to woful *Banister*,

And by that bloody Villain am pursu'd,

From *London*, here to *Antwerp* :

My Husband he is in the Governor's Hands,
And God of Heav'n knows how he'll deal with him;

Now, Sir, your Heart is fram'd of milder Temper,

Be merciful to a distressed Soul,

And God no doubt will treble bless your Gain.

Crom. Good Mistress *Banister*, what I can, I will,
In any thing that lies within my pow'r.

Mrs. Ban. O speak to *Bagot*, that same wicked Wretch,
An Angel's Voice may move a damned Devil.

Crom. Why is he come to *Antwerp*, as you hear ?

Mrs. Ban. I heard he landed some two Hours since.

Crom. Well, Mistress *Banister*, assure your self,
I'll speak to *Bagot* in your own behalf,

And win him t'all the pity that I can :

Mean time, to comfort you, in your distress,

Receive these Angels to relieve your need,

And be assur'd, that what I can effect,

To do you good, no way I will neglect.

Mrs. Ban. That mighty God that knows each Mortal's Heart,
Keep you from trouble, sorrow, grief and smart.

[*Exit Mistress Banister.*

Crom. Thanks, courteous Woman, for thy hearty Pray'r :

It grieves my Soul to see her misery,

But we that live under the Work of Fate,

May hope the best, yet know not to what state

Our Stars and Destinies have us assign'd,

Fickle is Fortune, and her Face is blind.

[*Exit.*
Enter

Enter Bagot Solus.

Bag. So, all goes well, it is as I would have it,
Banister, he is with the Governor:
 And shortly shall have Gyves upon his Heels.
 It glads my Heart to think upon the Slave;
 I hope to have his Body rot in Prison,
 And after here, his Wife to hang her self,
 And all his Children die for want of Food.
 The Jewels I have brought to *Anwerp*
 Are reckon'd to be worth five thousand Pound,
 Which scarcely stood me in three hundred Pound;
 I bought them at an easie kind of rate,
 I care not which way they came by them
 That sold them me, it comes not near my Heart;
 And lest they should be stoln, as sure they are,
 I thought it meet to sell them here in *Anwerp*,
 And so have left them in the Governor's Hand,
 Who offers me within two hundred Pound
 Of all my Price: but now no more of that,
 I must go see and if my Bills be safe,
 The which I sent to Master *Cromwell*,
 That if the Wind should keep me on the Sea,
 He might arrest him here before I came:
 And in good time, see where he is: God save you, Sir,

Enter Cromwell.

Crom. And you; pray pardon me, I know you not,
Bag. It may be so, Sir, but my Name is *Bagot*,
 The Man that sent to you the Bills of Debt.
Crom. O, the Man that pursues *Banister*,
 Here are the Bills of Debt you sent to me;
 As for the Man, you know best where is;
 It is reported you've a Flinty Heart,
 A Mind that will not stoop to any Pity;
 An Eye that knows not how to shed a Tear,
 A Hand that's always open for Reward.
 But, Master *Bagot*, would you be rul'd by me:
 You should turn all these to the contrary;
 Your Heart should still have feeling of remorse,
 Your Mind, according to your State, be liberal
 To those that stand in need, and in distress;
 Your Hand to help them that do stand in want,
 Rather than with your Poise to hold them down,

For every ill turn show your self more kind,
Thus should I do; pardon, I speak my Mind.

Bag. I, Sir, you speak to hear what I would say,
But you must live, I know, as well as I:
I know this Place to be Extortion.

And 'tis not for a Man to keep safe here,
But he must lye, cog, with his dearest Friend;
And as for Pity, scorn it, hate all Conscience:
But yet I do commend your Wit in this,
To make a show of what I hope you are not,
But I commend you, and it is well done:
This is the only way to bring your Gain.

Crom. My Gain? I had rather chain me to an Oar,
And like a Slave, there toil out all my Life,
Before I'd live so base a Slave as thou,
I, like an Hypocrite, to make a show
Of seeming Virtue, and a Devil within?
No Bagot, if thy Conscience were as clear,
Poor *Banister* ne'er had been troubled here.

Bag. Nay, good Master *Cromwell*, be not angry, Sir.
I know full well that you are no such Man,
But if your Conscience were as white as Snow,
It will be thought that you are otherwise.

Crom. Will it be thought that I am otherwise?
Let them that think so, know they are deceiv'd;
Shall *Cromwell* live to have his Faith misconster'd?
Antwerp, for all the Wealth within thy Town,
I will not tarry here full two Hours longer:
As good luck serves, my Accounts are all made even,
Therefore I'll straight unto the Treasurer:

Bagot, I know you'll to the Governor,
Commend me to him, say I am bound to Travel,
To see the fruitful Parts of *Italy*,
And as you ever bore a Christian Mind,
Let *Banister* some Favour of you find.

Bag. For your sake, Sir, I'll help him all I can,
To starve his Heart out e'er he gets a Groat;
So, Master *Cromwell*, do I take my leave,
For I must straight unto the Governor. [Exit *Bagot*.

Crom. Farewel, Sir, pray you remember what I said.
No, *Cromwell*, no, thy Heart was ne'er so base,

To live by Falshood, or by Brokery;
But 't falls out well, I little it repent,
Hereafter, time in Travel shall be spent.

Enter Hodge, his Father's Man.

Hodge. Your Son *Thomas*, quoth you, I have been *Thomast*; I had thought it had been no such matter to a gone by Water; for at *Putney* I'll go you to *Parish-Garden* for two Pence, sit as still as may be, without any wagging or joulting in my Guts, in a little Boat too: Here we were scarce four Miles in the great green Water, but I thinking to go to my Afternoon's Lunchines, as 'twas my manner at home, but I felt a kind of rising in my Guts: At last, one of the Sailors spying of me, be a good cheer, says he, set down thy Victuals, and up with it, thou hast nothing but an Eel in thy Belly: Well, to't went I, to my Victuals went the Sailors, and thinking me to be a Man of better Experience than any in the Ship, ask'd me what Wood the Ship was made of: They all swore I told them as right as if I had been acquainted with the Carpenter that made it: At last we grew near Land, and I grew villanous hungry, went to my Bag, the Devil a bit there was, the Sailors had tickled me; yet I cannot blame them, it was a part of kindness, for I in kindness told them what Wood the Ship was made of, and they in kindness eat up my Victuals, as indeed one good turn asketh another: Well, would I, could I, find my Master *Thomas* in this *Dutch Town*, he might put some *English Beer* into my Belly.

Crom. What, *Hodge*, my Father's Man, by my Hand welcome: How doth my Father? what's the News at home?

Hody. Master *Thomas*, O God, Master *Thomas*, your Hand, Glove and all, this is to give you to understanding, that your Father is in Health, and *Alice Downing* here hath sent you a Nutmeg, and *Bess Make-water* a Race of Ginger, my Fellows *Will* and *Tom* hath between them sent you a dozen of Points, and *Goodman Toll*, of the *Goat*, a pair of Mittons, my self came in Person, and this is all the News.

Crom. Gramercy good *Hodge*, and thou art welcome to me, But in as ill a time thou comest as may be;

For I am travelling into *Italy*,

What say'st thou, *Hodge*, wilt thou bear me company?

Hodge.

Hodge. Will I bear thee company, *Tom*? what tellst me of *Italy*? were it to the farthest part of *Flanders*, I would go with thee, *Tom*; I am thine in all weal and woe, thy own to command; what, *Tom*, I have pass'd the rigorous Waves of *Neptune's* blasts, I tell you, *Thomas*, I have been in danger of the Floods, and when I have seen *Boreas* begin to play the Ruffin with us, then would I down a my Knees, and call upon *Vulcan*.

Crom. And why upon him?

Hodge. Because, as this same Fellow *Neptune* is God of the Seas, so *Vulcan* is Lord over the Smiths, and therefore I being a Smith, thought his Godhead would have some care yet of me.

Crom. A good Conceit: but tell me, hast thou din'd yet?

Hodge. *Thomas*, to speak the truth, not a bit yet, I.

Crom. Come, go with me, thou shalt have cheer good store: And farewell, *Antwerp*, if I come no more.

Hodge. I follow thee, sweet *Tom*, I follow thee.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

Enter the Governor of the English House, Bagot, Banister, his Wife, and two Officers.

Gov. Is *Cromwell* gone then? say you, *Mr. Bagot*, What dislike, I pray? what was the cause?

Bag. To tell you true, a wild Brain of his own, Such Youth as they cannot see when they are well: He is all bent to Travel, that's his reason, And doth not love to eat his Bread at home.

Gov. Well, good Fortune with him, if the Man be gone, We hardly shall find such a Man as he, To fit our turns, his Dealings were so honest. But now, Sir, for the Jewels that I have, What do you say? what, will you take my Price?

Bag. O, Sir you offer too much under foot.

Gov. 'Tis but two hundred Pound between us, Man, What's that in Payment of five thousand Pound?

Bag. Two hundred Pound, birlady, Sir, 'tis great, Before I got so much it made me sweat.

Gov. Well, Master *Bagot*, I'll proffer you fairly, You see this Merchant, Master *Banister*, Is going now to Prison at your Suit: His Substance all is gone, what would you have?

Yet in regard I knew the Man of Wealth,
 Never dishonest Dealing, but such Mishaps
 Hath fall'n on him, may light on me or you:
 There is two hundred Pound between us,
 We will divide the same, I'll give you one,
 On that condition you will set him free:
 His state is nothing, that you see your self,
 And where nought is, the King must lose his Right.

Bag. Sir, Sir, you speak out of your Love,
 'Tis foolish Love, Sir, sure to pity him:
 Therefore content your self, this is my Mind,
 To do him good I will not bate a Penny.

Ban. This is my Comfort, though thou dost no good,
 A mighty Ebb follows a mighty Flood.

Mrs. Ban. O thou base Wretch, whom we have foster'd,
 Even as a Serpent for to poison us,
 If God did ever right a Woman's wrong,
 To that same God I bend and bow my Heart,
 To let his heavy wrath fall on thy Head,
 By whom my hopes and joys are butchered.

Bag. Alas! fond Woman, I prethee pray thy worst,
 The Fox fares better still when he is curst.

Enter Master Bowser a Merchant.

Gov. Master Bowser! you're welcome, Sir, from *England*,
 What's the best News? how do all our Friends?

Bow. They are all well, and do commend them to you:
 There's Letter's from your Brother and your Son:
 So, fare you well, Sir, I must take my leave,
 My Haste and Business doth require so.

Gov. Before you dine, Sir? what, go you out of Town?

Bow. I'faith unless I hear some News in Town,
 I must away, there is no remedy.

Gov. Matter Bowser, what is your Business, may I know it?

Bow. You may, Sir, and so shall all the City.
 The King of late hath had his Treasury robb'd,
 And of the choicest Jewels that he had:
 The value of them was seven thousand Pounds;
 The Fellow that did steal these Jewels is hang'd,
 And did confess that for three hundred Pound,
 He sold them to one *Bagoz* dwelling in *London*:
 Now *Bagoz's* fled, and as we hear, to *Antwerp*,

And hither am I come to seek him out,
 And they that first can tell me of his News,
 Shall have a hundred Pound for their Reward.

Ban. How just is God to right the Innocent!

Gov. Master *Bowser*, you come in happy time;
 Here is the Villain *Bago* that you seek,
 And all those Jewels have I in my Hands:
 Officers, look to him, hold him fast.

Bag. The Devil ought me a shame, and now he hath paid it.

Bow. Is this that *Bago*? Fellows, bear him hence,
 We will not now stand for his Reply;
 Lade him with Irons, we will have him try'd
 In *England*, where his Villanies are known.

Bag. Mischiefe, confusion light upon you all,
 O hang me, drown me, let me kill my self,
 Let go my Arms, let me run quick to Hell.

Bow. Away, bear him away, stop the Slave's Mouth.

[*They carry him away.*]

Mrs. Ban. Thy Works are infinite, great God of Heav'n.

Gov. I heard this *Bago* was a wealthy Fellow.

Bow. He was indeed, for when his Goods were seiz'd,
 Of Jewels, Coin, and Plate within his House,
 Was found the value of five thousand Pound,
 His Furniture fully worth half so much,
 Which being all strain'd for the King,
 He frank'y gave it to the *Amsterd* Merchants,
 And they again, out of their bouncious Mind,
 Have to a Brother of their Company,
 A Man decay'd by Fortune of the Seas,
 Given *Bago's* Wealth to set him up again,
 And keep it for him, his Name is *Banister*.

Gov. Master *Bowser*, with this happy News,
 You have reviv'd two from the Gates of Death,
 This is that *Banister*, and this his Wife.

Bow. Sir, I am glad my Fortune is so good,
 To bring such tidings as may comfort you.

Ban. You have giv'n Life unto a Man deem'd dead,
 For by these News my Life is newly bred.

Mrs. Ban. Thanks to my God, next to my Sovereign
 King;

And last to you, that these good News do bring.

Gov. The hundred Pound I must receive, as due
For finding *Bago*, I freely give to you.

Bow. And, Master *Banister*, if so you please,
I'll bear you Company, when you cross the Seas.

Ban. If it please you, Sir, my Company is but mean,
Stands with your liking, I'll wait on you.

Gov. I am glad that all things do accord so well :
Come, Master *Bowser*, let us to Dinner :

And, Mistress *Banister*, be merry Woman,

Come, after Sorrow now let's cheer your Spirit,
Knaves have their due, and you but what you Merit.

[*Exeunt omnes,*

*Enter Cromwell and Hodge in their Shirts, and without
Hats.*

Hodge. Call ye this seeing of Fashions?

Marry would I had staid at *Putney* still,

O, Master *Thomas*, we are spoil'd, we are gone.

Crom. Content thee, Man, this is but Fortune.

Hodge. Fortune, a Plague of this Fortune, it makes me go
wet-shod, the Rogues would not leave me a Shoe to my
Feet; for my Hose, they scorn'd them with their Heels;
but for my Doublet and Hat, O Lord, they embrac'd me,
and unlac'd me, and took away my Cloaths, and so disgrac'd
me.

Crom. Well, *Hodge*, what Remedy?

What shift shall we make now?

Hodge. Nay I know not, for begging I am naught, for
stealing worse; by my troth, I must even fall to my old
Trade, to the Hammer and the Horse-heels again; but now
the worst is, I am not acquainted with the Humour of the
Horses in this Country; whether they are not coltish, given
much to kicking, or no, for when I have one Leg in my
Hand, if he should up and lay t' other on my Chops, I were
gone, there lay I, there lay *Hodge*.

Crom. *Hodge*, I'll believe thou must work for us both.

Hodge. O, Master *Thomas*, have not I told you of this?
Have not I many time and often said, *Tom*, or Master
Thomas, learn to make a Horse-shooe, it will be your own
another Day; this was not regarded. Hark you, *Thomas*,
what do you call the Fellows that robb'd us?

Crom. The *Bandetti*.

Hodge. The *Bandetti*, do you call them? I know not what they are call'd here, but I am sure we call them plain Thieves in *England*. O, *Tom*, that we were now at *Putney*, at the Ale there.

Crom. Content thee, Man, here set up these two Bills, And let us keep our standing on the Bridge: The Fashion of this Country is such, If any Stranger be oppress'd with want, To write the manner of his Misery, And such as are dispos'd to succour him, Will do it. What, hast thou set them up?

Hodge. Ay they're up, God send some to read them, And not only to read them, but also to look on us: And not altogether look on us, But to relieve us. O cold, cold, cold.

[*One stands at one end, and one at t' other.*]

Enter Friskibal the Merchant, and reads the Bills.

Fris. What's here? two *Englishmen* robb'd by the *Bandetti*,

One of them seems to be a Gentleman:
'Tis pity that his Fortune was so hard,
To fall into the desperate Hands of Thieves.
I'll question him, of what Estate he is.
God save you, Sir, are you an *Englishman*?

Crom. I am, Sir, a distressed *Englishman*.

Fris. And what are you, my Friend.

Hodge. Who, I Sir, by my troth I do not know my self, what I am now, but, Sir, I was a Smith, Sir, a poor Farrier of *Putney*, that's my Master, Sir, yonder, I was robb'd for his Take, Sir.

Fris. I see you have been met by the *Bandetti*,
And therefore need not ask how you came thus.
But *Friskibal*, why dost thou question them
Of their Estate, and not relieve their need?
Sir, the Coin I have about me is not much:
There's sixteen Duckets for to cloath your selves,
There's sixteen more to buy your Diet with,
And there's sixteen to pay for your Horse-hire.
'Tis all the Wealth, you see, my Purse possesses;
But if you please for to enquire me out,
You shall not want for ought that I can do,

My Name is *Friskibal*, a *Florence* Merchant:
A Man that always lov'd your Nation.

Crom. This unexpected favour at your Hands,
Which God doth know, if ever I shall requite it,
Necessity makes me to take your Bounty,
And for your Gold can yield you nought but thanks.
Your Charity hath help'd me from despair;
Your Name shall still be in my hearty Prayer.

Fris. It is not worth such thanks, come to my House,
Your want shall better be reliev'd than thus.

Crom. I pray excuse me, this shall well suffice,
To bear my charges to *Bononia*,
Whereas a noble Earl is much distress'd:
An *Englishman*, *Russel* the Earl of *Bedford*
Is by the *French* King sold unto his Death,
It may fall out, that I may do him good:
To save his Life, I'll hazard my Heart Blood:
Therefore, kind Sir, thanks for your liberal Gift,
I must be gone to aid him, there's no shift.

Fris. I'll be no hinderer to so good an Act,
Heav'n prosper you, in that you go about:
If Fortune bring you this way back again,
Pray let me see you; so I take my leave,
All good a Man can wish, I do bequeath. [Exit *Friskib.*

Crom. All good that God doth send, light on your Head,
There's few such Men within our Climate bred.
How say you now, *Hodge*, is not this good Fortune?

Hodge. How say you, I'll tell you what, *Master Thomas*,
If all Men be of this Gentleman's Mind,
Let's keep out standings upon this Bridge,
We shall get more here, with begging in one Day,
Than I shall with making Horseshoes in a whole Year.

Crom. No, *Hodge*, we must be gone unto *Bononia*,
There to relieve the noble Earl of *Bedford*:
Where if I sai' not in my Policy,
I shall deceive their subtle Treachry.

Hodg. Nay, I'll follow you, God bless us from thie-
ving *Bandetti* again. [Exeunt.

Enter *Bedford* and his Host.

Bed. Am I betray'd? was *Bedford* born to die
By such base Slaves, in such a place as this?

Have I escap'd so many times in *France*,
 So many Battels have I over-pass'd,
 And made the *French* stir, when they heard my Name:
 And am I now betray'd unto my Death?
 Some of their Hearts Blood first shall pay for it.

Hof. They do desire, my Lord, to speak with you.

Bed. The Traitors do desire to have my Blood,
 But by my Birth, my Honour, and my Name;
 By all my Hopes, my Life shall cost them dear.
 Open the Door, I'll venture out upon them,
 And if I must die, then I'll die with Honour.

Hof. Alas, my Lord, that is a desperate Course,
 They have begirt you, round about the House:
 Their meaning is to take you Prisoner,
 And so to send your Body unto *France*.

Bed. First shall the Ocean be as dry as Sand,
 Before alive they send me unto *France*:
 I'll have my Body first bor'd like a Sieve,
 And die as *Hector*, 'gainst the *Mermeydoni*,
 E'er *France* shall boast, *Bedford's* their Prisoner,
 Treacherous *France*, that 'gainst the Law of Arms,
 Hath here betray'd thy Enemy to Death:
 But be assur'd, my Blood shall be reveng'd
 Upon the best Lives that remain in *France*.
 Stand back, or else thou run'st upon thy Death.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Pardon, my Lord, I come to tell your Honour,
 That they have hired a *Neapolitan*,
 Who by his Oratory hath promis'd them,
 Without the shedding of one drop of Blood,
 Into their Hands safe to deliver you,
 And therefore craves none but himself may enter,
 And a poor Swain that attends on him. [*Exit Servant.*]

Bed. A *Neapolitan*? bid him come in,
 Were he as cunning in his Eloquence,
 As *Cicero* the famous Man of *Rome*,
 His words would be as Chaff against the Wind.
 Sweet tongu'd *Ulysses*, that made *Ajax* mad,
 Were he and his Tongue in this Speaker's Head,
 Alive he wins me not; then 'tis no Conquest.

Enter Cromwell like a Neapolitan, and Hodge with him:

Crom. Sir, are you the Master of the House?

Host. I am, Sir.

Crom. By this same Token you must leave this Place,
And leave none but the Earl and I together,
And this my Peasant here to tend on us.

Host. With all my Heart, God grant you do some good:

[*Exit Host. Cromwell shuts the Door.*]

Bed. Now, Sir, what's your Will with me?

Crom. Intends your Honour not to yield your self?

Bed. No, good-man Goose, not while my Sword doth last;
Is this your Eloquence for to perswade me?

Crom. My Lord, my Eloquence is for to save you;
I am not, as you judge, a *Neapolitan*,

But *Cromwell* your Servant, and an *Englishman*.

Bed. How? *Cromwell*? not my Farrier's Son?

Crom. The same, Sir, and am come to succour you.

Hodge. Yes Faith, Sir, and I am *Hodge*, your poor Smith;
Many a time and oft have I shooed your Dapper Gray.

Bed. And what avails it me, that thou art here?

Crom. It may avail, if you'll be rul'd by me;
My Lord, you know the Men of *Mantua*,
And these *Bononians*, are at deadly strife,
And they, my Lord, both love and honour you;
Could you but get out of the *Mantua* Port,
Then were you safe, despite of all their Force.

Bed. Tut, Man, thou talk'st of things impossible;
Dost thou not see, that we are round beset,
How then is't possible we should escape?

Crom. By Force we cannot, but by Policy:
Put on the Apparel here that *Hodge* doth wear,
And give him yours; the States they know you not,
For, as I think, they never saw your Face,
And at a Watch-word must I call them in,
And will desire, that we two safe may pass
To *Mantua*, where I'll say my Business lyes;
How doth your Honour like of this advice?

Bed. O, wondrous good: But wilt thou venture, *Hodge*?

Hod. Will I? O noble Lord, I do accord, in any thing I can;
And do agree, to set thee free, do Fortune what she can.

Bed. Come then, let's change our Apparel straight.

Crom. Go, *Hodge*, make haste, lest they chance to call.

Hodge. I warrant you I'll fit him with a Sute.

[*Exeunt Earl and Hodge.*]

Crom. Heavens grant this Policy doth take Success,

And that the Earl may safely scape away:

And yet it grieves me for this simple Wretch,

For fear they should offer him violence;

But of two Evils 'tis best to shun the greatest,

And better is it that he live in thrall,

Than such a noble Earl as He should fall.

Their stubborn Hearts, it may be will relent;

Since he is gone, to whom their hate is bent.

My Lord, have you dispatch'd?

*Enter Bedford like the Clown, and Hodge in his Cloak
and his Hat.*

Bed. How dost thou like us, *Cromwell*, is it well?

Crom. O, my good Lord, excellent. *Hodge*, how dost
feel thy self?

Hodge. How do I feel my self? why, as a Noble Man
should do.

O how I feel Honour come creeping on,

My Nobility is wonderful Melancholy:

Is it not most Gentleman-like to be Melancholy?

Crom. Yes, *Hodge*; now go sit down in thy Study,
And take State upon thee.

Hodge. I warrant you, my Lord, let me alone to take
State upon me: but hark, my Lord, do you feel nothing
bite about you?

Bed. No, trust me, *Hodge*.

Hodge. Ay, they know they want their old Pasture; 'tis
a strange thing of this Vermin, they dare not meddle with
Nobility.

Crom. Go take thy place, *Hodge*, I will call them in.

[*Hodge sits in the Study, and Cromwell calls in the States.*]

All is done, enter and if you please.

Enter the States, and Officers with Halberts.

Gov. What, have you won him? will he yield himself?

Crom. I have, an't please you, and the quiet Earl
Doth yield himself to be dispos'd by you.

Gov. Give him the Mony that we promis'd him:
So let him go, whither he please himself.

Crom. My Business, Sir, lyes unto *Mantua* ;
Please you to give me safe Condu&t thither.

Gov. Go, and condu&t him to the *Mantua* Port,
And see him safe delivered presently.

[*Exeunt Cromwell and Bedford*]

Go draw the Curtains, let us see the Earl :

O, he is writing, stand apart a while.

Hodge. Fellow *William*, I am not as I have been ; I went
from you a Smith, I write to you as a Lord ; I am at this
present writing, among the *Polonian Casiges*. I do commend
my Lordship to *Ralph* and to *Roger*, to *Bridget* and to *Dorothy*,
and so to all the Youth of *Putney*.

Gov. Sure these are the Names of *English* Noblemen,
Some of his special Friends, to whom he writes :
But stay, he doth address himself to sing.

[*Here he sings a Song.*]

My Lord, I am glad you are so Frolick and so Blicke ;
Believe me, Noble Lord, if you knew all,
You'd change your merry Vein to sudden Sorrow.

Hodge. I change my mery Vein ? no, thou *Bononian*, no ;
I am a Lord, and therefore let me go ;
And do desie thee and thy *Casiges* :
Therefore stand off, and come not near my Honour.

Gov. My Lord, this Jestling cannot serve your turn,

Hodge. Dost think, thou black *Bononian* Beast,
That I do flout, do gibe, or jest ?
No, no, thou Bear-pot, know that I,
A Noble Earl, a Lord par-dy.

Gov. What means this Trumpet's sound ?

[*A Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.*]

Cit. One come from the States of *Mantua*.

Gov. What would you with us, speak thou Man of
Mantua ?

Mes. Men of *Bononia*, this my Message is,
To let you know the Noble Earl of *Bedford*
Is safe within the Town of *Mantua*,
And wills you send the Peasant that you have,
Who hath deceiv'd your Expectation ;
Or else the States of *Mantua* have vow'd,
Thy will recal the Truce that they have made,
And not a Man shall stir from forth your Town ;

That shall return, unless you send him back.

Gov. O this Misfortune, how it mads my Heart ?
The *Neopolitan* hath beguil'd us all.

Hence with this Fool, what shall we do with him,
The Earl being gone ? a plague upon it all.

Hodge. No I'll assure you, I am no Earl, but a Smith, Sir;
One *Hodge*, a Smith at *Putney*, Sir ;
One that hath gulled you, that hath bored you, Sir.

Gov. Away with him, take hence the Fool you came for.

Hodge. Ay, Sir, and I'll leave the greater Fool with you.

Mef. Farewel, *Bononians*. Come, Friend, along with me.

Hodge. My Friend, afore, my Lordship will follow thee
[Exit.

Gov. Well, *Mantua*, since by thee the Earl is lost,
Within few Days I hope to see thee crost. [Exeunt.

Enter Chorus:

Cho. Thus far you see how Cromwell's Fortune pass'd,
The Earl of Bedford, being safe in Mantua,
Desires Cromwell's Company into France,
To make requital for his Courtesie :
But Cromwell doth deny the Earl his Suit,
And tells him that those Part he meant to see,
He had not yet set footing on the Land,
And so directly takes his way to Spain ;
The Earl to France, and so they both do part.
Now let your Thoughts as swift as is the Wind,
Skip some few Years, that Cromwell spent in Travel ;
And now imagine him to be in England,
Servant unto the Master of the Rolls :
Where in short time he there began to flourish,
An Hour shall show you what few Years did cherish. [Exit.

The Musick plays, they bring out the Banquet. Enter Sir
Christopher Hales, Cromwell, and two Servants,

Hales. Come, Sirs, be careful of your Master's Credit ;
And as our Bounty now exceeds the Figure
Of common Entertainment, so do you,
With Looks as free as is your Master's Soul,
Give formal Welcome to the thronged Tables,
That shall receive the Cardinal's Followers,
And the Attendance of the great Lord Chancellor.

But all my Care, *Cromwell*, depends on thee :
 Thou art a Man differing from vulgar Form,
 And by how much thy Spirit is rankt 'bove these,
 In rules of Art, by so much it shines brighter by travel,
 Whose Observance pleads his Merit,
 In a most learn'd, yet unaffecting Spirit.

Good *Cromwell*, cast an Eye of fair Regard
 'Bout all my House, and what this ruder Flesh,
 Through Ignorance, or Wine, do miscreate,
 Salve thou with Courtesie ; if Welcome want,
 Full Bowls, and ample Banquets will seem scant.

Crom. Sir, whatsoever lies in me,
 Assure you I will shew my utmost Duty. [Exit *Crom.*

Hales. About it then, the Lords will straight be here :
Cromwell, thou hast those parts would rather sute
 The Service of the State than of my House :
 I look upon thee with a loving Eye,
 That one Day will prefer thy Destiny.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Sir, the Lords be at hand,

Hales. They are welcome, bid *Cromwell* straight at-
 tends us,

And look you all things be in perfect readines.

The Musick Plays. *Enter Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas
 Moore and Gardiner.*

Wol. O, Sir *Christopher*, you are too liberal : What, a
 Banquet too ?

Hales. My Lords, if Words could show the ample Wel-
 come, that my free Heart affords you, I could then become
 a Prater : but I now must deal like a feast *Politician* with
 your Lordships, defer your Welcome 'till the Banquet end,
 that it may then salve our defect of Fare :

Yet welcome now, and all that tend on you.

Wol. Thanks to the kind Master of the Rolls.
 Come and sit down, sit down Sir *Thomas Moore* :
 'Tis strange, how that we and the *Spaniard* differ,
 Their Dinner is our Banquet, after Dinner,
 And they are Men of active disposition :
 This I gather, that by their sparing Meat,
 Their Bodies are more fitter for the Wars :

And

And if that Famine chance to pinch their Maws,
Being us'd to fast, it breeds less Pain.

Hales. Fill me some Wine; I'll answer Cardinal *Wolsey*:
My Lord, we *English* Men are of more freer Souls,
Than hunger-starv'd, and ill-complexion'd *Spaniards*;
They that are rich in *Spain*, spare belly Food,
To deck their Backs with an *Italian Hood*,
And Silks of *Sevil*, and the poorest Snake,
That feeds on Lemmons, Pilchers, and ne'er heated
His Pallet with sweet Flesh, will bear a case
More fat and gallant than his starved Face:
Pride, the Inquisition, and this belly-evil,
Are, in my Judgment, *Spain's* three-headed Devil.

Moor. Indeed it is a plague unto their Nation,
Who stagger after in blind Imagination.

Hal. My Lords, with welcome, I present your Lordships
a solemn Health.

Moor. I love Health well, but when as Healths do bring
Pain to the Head, and Bodies surfeiting,
Then cease I Healths:

Nay spill not Friend, for though the drops be small,
Yet have they force, to force Men to the Wall.

Wol. Sir *Christopher*, is that your Man?

Hal. And like your Grace, he is a Scholar, and a Linguist,
One that hath travelled many parts of Christendom, my
(Lord.

Wol. My Friend, come nearer, have you been a Traveller?

Crom. My Lord, I have added to my Knowledge, the
France, Spain, Germany, and Italy: (Low Countries,
And tho' small gain of Profit I did find,
Yet did it please my Eye, content my Mind.

Wol. What do you think of the several States,
And Princes Courts as you have travelled?

Crom. My Lord, no Court with *England* may compare,
Neither for State, nor Civil Government:
Lust dwells in *France*, in *Italy*, and *Spain*,
From the poor Peasant, to the Prince's Train;
In *Germany*, and *Holland*, Riot serves,
And he that most can drink, most he deserves:
England I praise not: For I here was born,

Y 3

But

But that she laugheth the others unto scorn.

Wol. My Lord, there dwells within that Spirit,
More than can be discern'd by outward Eye;
Sir Christopher, will you part with your Man?

Hales. I have sought to proffer him to your Lordship,
And now I see he hath preferr'd himself.

Wol. What is thy Name?

Crom. *Cromwell*, my Lord.

(our Causes)

Wol. Then, *Cromwell*, here we make thee Solicitor of
And nearest next our self:

Gardiner, give you kind welcome to the Man,

[*Gardiner Embraces him*]

Moor. My Lord, you are a royal Winner,
Hath got a Man, besides your bounteous Dinner.
Well, Knight, pray we come no more:
If we come often, thou may'st shut thy Door.

Wol. *Sir Christopher*, hadst thou given me
Half thy Lands, thou couldest not have pleased me
So much as with this Man of thine,
My infant Thoughts do spell:

Shortly his Fortune shall be lifted higher,
True Industry doth kindle Honour's Fire,
And so, kind Master of the Rolls, farewell,

Hales. *Cromwell*, farewell.

Crom. *Cromwell* takes his leave of you,
That ne'er will leave to love, and honour you.'

[*Exeunt. The Musick plays as they go out.*]

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now *Cromwell's* highest Fortunes do begin.
Wolsey that lov'd him, as he did his Life,
Committed all his Treasure to his Hands:
Wolsey is dead, and *Gardiner* his Man
Is now created Bishop of Winchester:
Pardon if we omit all *Wolsey's* Life,
Because our Play depends on *Cromwell's* Death,
Now sit and see his highest State of all;
His height of rising, and his sudden fall:
Pardon the Errors are already past,
And live in hope the best doth come at last;
My hope upon your Favour doth depend,
And look to have your liking e'er the end,

[Exit.
Enter

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, the Dukes of Norfolk and of Suffolk, Sir Thomas Moor, Sir Christopher Hales, and Cromwell.

Nor. Master Cromwell, since Cardinal Wolsey's Death, His Majesty is given to understand, There's certain Bills and Writings in your Hand, That much concern the State of England; My Lord of Winchester, is it not so?

Gar. My Lord of Norfolk, we two were whilome Fellows, And Master Cromwell, though our Master's love, Did bind us, while his love was to the King, It is no boot now to deny those things, Which may be prejudicial to the State: And though that God hath rais'd my Fortune higher, Than any way I looked for, or deserv'd, Yet my Life, no longer with me dwell, Than I prove true unto my Sovereign.

Suf. What say you, Master Cromwell? have you those Writings, ay, or no?

Crom. Here are the Writings, and upon my Knees, I give them up unto the worthy Dukes, Of Suffolk, and of Norfolk; he was my Master, And each virtuous Part That liv'd in him, I tender'd with my Heart, But what his Head plotted 'gainst the State, My Country's love commands me that to hate. His sudden Death I grieve for, not his Fall, Because he sought to work my Country's thrall.

Suf. Cromwell, the King shall hear of this thy Duty; Whom I assure my self, will well reward thee; My Lord, let's go unto his Majesty, And show those Writings which he longs to see.

[Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.]

Enter Bedford hastily.

Bed. How now, whose this, Cromwell? By my Soul, welcome to England: Thou once didst save my Life, didst thou not, Cromwell?

Crom. If I did so, 'tis greater Glory For me that you remember it, Than for my self vainly to report it.

Bed. Well, Cromwell, now is the time,

I shall commend thee to my Sovereign:
 Cheer up thy self, for I will raise thy State,
 A *Ruffel* yet was never found ingrate.

[Exit,

Hal. O how uncertain is the Wheel of State,
 Who lately greater than the Cardinal,
 For Fear, and Love; and now who lower lies?
 Gay Honours are but Fortune's flatteries,
 And whom this Day Pride and Promotion swells,
 To Morrow Envy and Ambition quells.

Moor. Who sees the Cob-web intangle the poor Fly,
 May boldly say the Wretch's Death is nigh.

Gard. I knew his State, and proud Ambition,
 Were too too violent to last over-long.

Hal. Who soars too near the Sun, with golden Wings,
 Melts them, to ruin his own Fortune brings.

Enter the Duke of Suffolk,

Suf. *Cromwell*, kneel down in King *Henry's* Name,
 Arise, Sir *Thomas Cromwell*, thus begin thy Fame.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk.

Nor. *Cromwell*, the Majesty of *England*,
 For the good liking he conceives of thee,
 Makes thee Master of the Jewel-house,
 Chief Secretary to himself, and withal,
 Creates thee one of his Highness's Privy-Council.

Enter the Earl of Bedford.

Bed. Where is Sir *Thomas Cromwell*? is he Knighted?

Suf. He is, my Lord.

Bed. Then, to add Honour to his Name,
 The King creates him Lord Keeper of his Privy-Seal,
 And Master of the Rolls;

Which you, Sir *Christopher*, do now enjoy:

The King determines higher place for you. (serr,

Crom. My Lords, these Honours are too high for my De-

Moor. O content thee, Man, who would not chuse it?

Yet thou art wise, in seeming to refuse it?

Gard. Here's Honours, Titles and Promotions;
 I fear this climbing wile have a sudden fall.

Nor. Then come, my Lords, let's altogether bring
 This new-made Counsellor to *England's* King.

[Exeunt all but Gardiner.]

Gard.

Gard. But *Gardiner* means his Glory shall be dim'd:
 Shall *Cromwell* live a greater Man than I?
 My Envy with his Honour now is bred,
 I hope to shorten *Cromwell* by the Head.

[Exit.

Enter Friskibal very poor.

Frisk. O *Friskibal*, what shall become of thee?
 Where shalt thou go, or which way shalt thou turn?
 Fortune, that turns her too unconstant Wheel,
 Hath turn'd thy Wealth and Riches in the Sea;
 All parts abroad where-ever I have been,
 Grow weary of me, and deny me Succour;
 My Debtors they, that should relieve my want,
 Forswear my Money, say they owe me none:
 They know my State too mean to bear out Law;
 And here in *London*, where I oft have been,
 And have done good to many a wretched Man,
 Am now most wretched here, despis'd my self;
 In vain it is more of their Hearts to try;
 Be patient therefore, lay thee down and die.

[He lies down.

Enter Goodman Seely, and his Wife Joan.

Seely. Come *Joan*, come, let's see what he will do for us
 now? I wis we have done for him, when many a time and
 often he might have gone a hungry to Bed.

Wife. Alas Man, now he is made a Lord, he'll never look
 upon us; he'll fulfill the old Proverb, *Set Beggars a Horse-*
back and they'll ride; a, well a day for my Cow; such as he
 hath made us come behind hand, we had never pawn'd our
 Cow else to pay our Rent.

Seely. Well *Joan*, he'll come this way; and by Gad's
 Dickers I'll tell him roundly of it, and if he were ten Lords;
 a shall know that I had not my Cheese and my Bacon for
 nothing.

Wife. Do you remember Husband, how he would mouch
 upon my Cheese-Cakes, he hath forgot this now, but now
 we'll remember him.

Seely. Ay, we shall have now three flaps with a Fox
 Tail: But i'faith I'll gibber a Joint, but I'll tell him his own;
 stay, who comes here? O, stand up, here he comes, stand
 up.

Enter

Enter Hodge very fine, with a Tip-staff, Cromwell with the Mace carried before him; the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and Attendants.

Hodge. Come, away with these Beggars here,
Rise up, Sirrah; come out, good People;
Run before there ho.

[*Friskibal riseth, and stands afar off.*]

Seely. Ay, we are kick'd away now, we come for our own? the time hath been, he would a look'd more friendly upon us: And you, *Hodge*, we know you well enough, tho' you are so fine.

Crom. Come hither, Sirrah! Stay, what Men are these? My honest Host of *Hunslow*, and his Wife;
I owe thee Money, Father, do I not?

Seely. Ay, by the Body of me, dost thou; would thou wouldst pay me, good four Pound it is, I have a the Post at home.

Crom. I know 'tis true; Sirrah, give him ten Angels,
And look your Wife and you do stay to Dinner:
And while you live, I freely give to you,
Four Pound a Year, for the four Pound I ought you.

Seely. Art not chang'd, art old *Tom* still?
Now God blefs thee, good Lord *Tom*:
Home *Joan*, home; I'll dine with my Lord *Tom* to Day,
And thou shalt come next Week.
Fetch my Cow; home *Joan*, home.

Wife. Now God blefs thee, my good Lord *Tom*;
I'll fetch my Cow presently.

Enter Gardiner.

Crom. Sirrah, go to yon Stranger, tell him I desire him stay to Dinner: I must speak with him.

Gard. My Lord of *Norfolk*, see you this same Bubble? That same puff; but mark the end, my Lord, mark the end.

Nor. I promise you, I like not something he hath done; But let that pass; the King doth love him well.

Crom. Good morrow to my Lord of *Winchester*: I know you bear me hard about the Abbey Lands.

Gar. Have I not reason, when Religion is wrong'd? You had no colour for what you have done.

Crom.

Crom. Yes, the abolishing of Antichrist;
 And of his Popish order for our Realm:
 I am no Enemy to Religion,
 But that is done, it is for *England's* good:
 What did they serve for, but to feed a sort
 Of lazy Abbots, and of full-fed Fryers?
 They neither plow, nor sow, and yet they reap
 The Fat of all the Land, and suck the Poor:
 Look what was theirs, is in King *Henry's* Hands,
 His Wealth before lay in the Abbey Lands.

Gar. Indeed these things you have alledg'd, my Lord,
 When, God doth know, the Infant yet unborn,
 Will curse the time, the Abbies were pull'd down;
 I pray you where is Hospitality?
 Where now may poor distressed People go,
 For to relieve their Need, or rest their Bones,
 When weary Travel doth oppress their Limbs?
 And where religious Men should take them in,
 Shall now be kept back by a Mastive Dog:
 And thousand thousand——

Nor. O my Lord, no more: things past redress,
 'Tis bootless to complain.

Crom. What, shall we to the Convocation-house?

Nor. We'll follow you, my Lord, pray lead the way.

Enter old Cromwell, like a Farmer.

Old Crom. How? one *Cromwell*
 Made Lord Keeper since I left *Putney*,
 And dwelt in *Yorkshire*? I never heard better News;
 I'll see that *Cromwell*, or it shall go hard.

Crom. My aged Father! State set aside:
 Father, on my Knee I crave your Blessing;
 One of my Servants go and have him in,
 At better Leisure will we talk with him.

Old Crom. Now if I dye how happy were the day,
 To see this Comfort rains forth showers of Joy.

[Exit old Cromwell.]

Nor. This Duty in him shows a kind of Grace.

Crom. Go on before, for time draws on apace,

[Exeunt all but Friskibal.]

Frisk. I wonder what this Lord would have with me,
 His Man so strictly gave me charge to stay:

I never did offend him to my Knowledge:
Well, good or bad, I mean to bide it all,
Worse than I am, now never can befall.

Enter Banister and his Wife.

Ban. Come, Wife, I take it be almost Dinner-time,
For Mr. *Newton*, and Mr. *Crosby* sent to me
Last Night, they would come dine with me,
And take their Bond in: I pray thee hie thee home,
And see that all things be in readines.

Mrs. Ban. They shall be welcome, Husband, I'll go before,
But is not that Man Master *Friskibal*?

[She runs and embraces him.]

Ban. O Heav'n's! it is kind Master *Friskibal*:
Say, Sir, what hap hath brought you to this pass?

Fris. The same that brought you to your Misery.

Ban. Why would you not acquaint me with your state?
Is *Banister* your poor Friend forgot?

Whose Goods, whose Love, whose Life and all is yours.

Fris. I thought your usage would be as the rest,
That had more kindness at my Hands than you,
Yet look'd as if they saw me poor.

Mrs. Ban. If *Banister* would bear so base a Heart,
I never would look my Husband in the Face,
But hate him as I would a Cockatrice.

Ban. And well thou mightest, should *Banister* deal so.
Since that I saw you, Sir, my state is mended:
And for the thousand Pound I owe to you,
I have it ready for you, Sir, at home:
And tho' I grieve your Fortune is so bad,
Yet that my hap's to help you makes me glad:
And now, Sir, will it please you walk with me.

Fris. Not yet I cannot, for the Lord Chancellor,
Hath here commanded me to wait on him,
For what I know not, pray God it be for good.

Ban. Never make doubt of that, I'll warrant you,
He is as kind a noble Gentleman,
As ever did possess the place he hath.

Mrs. Ban. Sir, my Brother is his Steward; if you please,
We'll go along and bear you Company;
I know we shall not want for welcome there.

Fris. With all my Heart; but what's become of *Bagot*?

Ban.

Ban. He is hang'd for buying Jewels of the King's.

Fris. A just Reward for one so Impious.

The Time draws on, Sir, will you go along?

Ban. I'll follow you, kind Master *Friskibal*. [Exeunt.]

Enter two Merchants.

1 Mer. Now, Master *Crosby*, I see you have a care
To keep your Word, in payment of your Mony.

2 Mer. By my Faith I have reason upon a Bond,
Three thousand Pound is too much to forfeit,
Yet I doubt not Master *Banister*.

1 Mer. By my Faith your Sum is greater than mine,
And yet I am not much behind you too,
Considering that to Day I paid at Court.

2 Mer. Mafs, and well remembered:
What's the reason the Lord *Cromwell's* Men
Wear such long Skirts upon their Coats?
They reach down to their very Hams.

1 Mer. I will resolve you, Sir, and thus it is;
The Bishop of *Winchester*, that loves not *Cromwell*,
As great Men are envied as well as less,
A while ago there was a jar between them,
And it was brought to my Lord *Cromwell's* Ear,
That Bishop *Gardiner* would sit on his Skirts,
Upon which Word he made his Men long blue Coats,
And in the Court wore one of them himself:
And meeting with the Bishop, quoth he, my Lord,
Here's Skirts enough now for your Grace to sit on:
Which vexed the Bishop to the very Heart;
This is the reason why they wear long Coats.

2 Mer. 'Tis always seen, and mark it for a Rule,
That one great Man will envy still another;
But 'tis a thing that nothing concerns me:
What, shall we now to Master *Banister's*?

1 Mer. Ay, come, we'll pay him royally for our Dinner.

[Exeunt.]

Enter the Usher, and the Shower, the Meat goes over the Stage.

Ush. Uncover there, Gentlemen.

*Enter Cromwell, Bedford, Suffolk, old Cromwell, Friskibal,
Goodman Seely, and Attendants.*

Crom. My noble Lords of *Suffolk* and *Bedford*,
Your Honours welcome to poor *Cromwell's* House:

Where is my Father? nay, be covered, Father,
Although that Duty to these Noblemen doth challenge it,
Yet I'll make bold with them.

Your Head doth bear the Calender of Care:
What? *Cromwell* cover'd, and his Father bare?
It must not be. Now, Sir, to you;

Is not your Name *Friskibal*, and a *Florentine*?
Fris: My Name was *Friskibal*, 'till cruel Fate
Did rob me of my Name, and of my State.

Crom. What Fortune brought you to this Country now?

Fris. All other Parts have left me succourless,
Save only this, because of Debts I have
I hope to gain, for to relieve my want.

Crom. Did you not once upon your *Florence* Bridge,
Help a distressed Man, robb'd by the *Bandetti*,
His Name was *Cromwell*?

Fris. I never made my Brain
A Calender of any good I did,
I always lov'd this Nation with my Heart.

Crom. I am that *Cromwell* that you there reliev'd;
Sixteen Duckets you gave me for to cloath me.
Sixteen to bear my Charges by the way,
And sixteen more I had for my Horse-hire,
There be those several Sums justly return'd:
Yet it Injustice were, that serving at my need,
For to repay them without Interest:
Therefore receive of me these four several Bags;
In each of them there is four hundred Mark,
And bring to me the Names of all your Debtors,
And if they wilt not see you paid, I will.
O God forbid, that I should see him fall,
That helpt me in my greatest need of all.
Here stands my Father that first gave me Life,
Alas what Duty is too much for him?
This Man in time of need did save my Life,
And therefore cannot do too much for him?
By this old Man I oftentimes was fed,
Else might I have gone supperless to Bed.
Such kindness have I had of these three Men,
That *Cromwell* no way can repay agen.

Now in to Dinner, for we stay too long,
And to good Stomachs is no greater wrong. [Exeunt.]

Enter Gardiner in his Study, and his Man.

Gard. Sirrah, where be those Men I caus'd to stay?

Ser. They do attend your Pleasure, Sir, within.

Gard. Bid them come hither, and stay you without,
For by those Men the Fox of this same Land,
That makes a Goose of better than himself,
Must worried be unto his latest home,
Or *Gardiner* will fail in his intent.

As for the Dukes of *Suffolk* and of *Norfolk*,
Whom I have sent for to come speak with me;
Howsoever outwardly they shadow it,
Yet in their Hearts I know they love him not:
As for the Earl of *Bedford*, he is but one,
And dares not gain-say what we do set down.

Enter the two Witnesses.

Now, my Friends, you know I sav'd your Lives,
When by the Law you had deserved Death;
And then you promis'd me upon your Oaths,
To venture both your Lives to do me good.

Both Wit. We swore no more than what we will perform.

Gard. I take your Words, and that which you must do,
Is service for your God, and for your King;
To root a Rebel from this flourishing Land,
One that's an Enemy unto the Church:
And therefore must you take your solemn Oaths,
That you heard *Cromwell*, the Lord Chancellor,
Did wish a Dagger at King *Henry's* Heart:
Fear not to swear it, for I heard him speak it;
Therefore we'll shield you from ensuing Harms.

2 Wit. If you will warrant us the Deed is good,
We'll undertake it.

Gard. Kneel down, and I will here absolve you both;
This Crucifix I lay upon your Heads,
And sprinkle Holy-water on your Brows:
The Deed is meritorious that you do,
And by it shall you purchase Grace from Heav'n.

1 Wit. Now Sir we'll undertake it, by our Souls.

2 Wit. For *Cromwell* never loved none of our sort.

Gard.

Gard. I know he doth not, and for both of you,
 I will prefer you to some place of worth.
 Now get you in, until I call for you,
 For presently the Dukes mean to be here. [*Exeunt Wit.*
Cromwell, sit fast, thy time's not long to reign;
 The Abbies that were pull'd down by thy means,
 Is now a mean for me to pull thee down:
 Thy Pride also thy own Head lights upon,
 For thou art he hath chang'd Religion:
 But now no more, for here the Dukes are come.

Enter Suffolk, Norfolk, and the Earl of Bedford.

Suf. Good Even to my Lord Bishop.

Nor. How fares my Lord? what, are you all alone?

Gard. No, not alone, my Lords, my mind is troubled:
 I know your Honours muse wherefore I sent,
 And in such haste: What, came you from the King? (him.)

Nor. We did, and left none but Lord *Cromwell* with

Gard. O what a dangerous time is this we live in?
 There's *Thomas Wolsley*, he's already gone,
 And *Thomas Moor*, he follow'd after him:
 Another *Thomas* yet there doth remain,
 That is far worse than either of these twain;
 And if with speed, my Lords, we not pursue it,
 I fear the King and all the Land will rue it.

Bed. Another *Thomas*? pray God it be not *Cromwell*.

Gard. My Lord of *Bedford*, it is that Traitor *Cromwell*.

Bed. Is *Cromwell* false? my Heart will never think it.

Suf. My Lord of *Winchester*, what likelihood,
 Or proof have you of this his Treachery.

Gard. My Lord, too much, call in the Men within.

Enter the Witnesses.

These Men, my Lord, upon their Oaths affirm,
 That they did hear Lord *Cromwell* in his Garden,
 Wished a Dagger sticking at the Heart
 Of our King *Henry*: What is this but Treason?

Bed. If it be so, my Heart doth bleed with Sorrow.

Suf. How say you, Friends; what, did you hear these
 Words?

1 *Wit.* We did, an't like your Grace.

Nor.

Nor. In what Place was Lord *Cromwell* when he spake them?

2 Wit. In his Garden; where we did attend a Suit, Which we had waited for two years and more.

Suf. How long is't since you heard him speak these Words?

2 Wit. Some half a Year since.

Bed. How chance that you conceal'd it all this time?

1 Wit. His Greatness made us fear; that was the cause.

Gard. Ay, ay, his Greatness, that's the cause indeed; And to make his Treason here more manifest, He calls his Servants to him round about, Tells them of *Wolfey's* Life, and of his Fall, Says that himself hath many Enemies, And gives to some of them a Park, or Manor, To others Leases, Lands to other some: What need he do this in his prime of Life, An if he were not fearful of his Death?

Suf. My Lord, these likelihoods are very great.

Bed. Pardon me, Lords, for I must needs depart; Their Proofs are great, but greater is my Heart.

[Exit Bedford.]

Nor. My Friends, take heed of that which you have said; Your Souls must answer what your Tongues report: Therefore take heed, be wary what you do.

2 Wit. My Lord, we speak no more but truth.

Nor. Let them depart, my Lord of *Winchester*; Let these Men be close kept until the Day of Trial.

Gard. They shall, my Lord; ho, take in these two Men.

[Exeunt Witnesses.]

My Lords, if *Cromwell* have a publick Trial, That which we do, is void, by his denial; You know the King will credit none but him.

Nor. 'Tis true, he rules the King ev'n as he pleases.

Suf. How shall we do for to attach him then?

Gard. Marry, my Lords, thus, By an Act he made himself, With an intent to intrap some of our Lives, And this it is: If any Counsellor Be convicted of High Treason, He shall be executed without a publick Trial.

This Act, my Lords, he caus'd the King to make.

Suf. A did indeed, and I remember it,
And now it is like to fall upon himself. —

Nor. Let us not slack it, 'tis for *England's* good,
We must be wary, else he'll go beyond us.

Gard. Well hath your Grace said, my Lord of *Norfolk*;
Therefore let us presently to *Lambeth*,
Thither comes *Cromwell*, from the Court to Night,
Let us arrest him, send him to the *Tower*,
And in the Morning cut off the Traitor's Head.

Nor. Come then about it, let us guard the *Town*,
This is the Day that *Cromwell* must go down.

Gard. Along my Lords, well, *Cromwell* is half dead,
He shak'd my Heart, but I will shave his Head. [Exit.

Enter Bedford solus.

Bed. My Soul is like a Water troubled;
And *Gardiner* is the Man that makes it so;
O *Cromwell*, I do fear thy end is near:
Yet I'll prevent their Malice if I can,
And in good time, see where the Man doth come,
Who little knows how near's his Day of Doom.

*Enter Cromwell with his Train, Bedford makes as though he
would speak to him: He goes on.*

Crom. You're well encountred, my good Lord of *Bedford*,
Pray pardon me, I am sent for to the King,
And do not know the Business yet my self,
So fare you well, for I must needs be gone.

[Exit with the Train

Bed. You must; well, what remedy?
I fear too soon you must be gone indeed,
The King hath Business, but little dost thou know,
Who's busie for thy Life; thou think'st not so.

Enter Cromwell and the Train again.

Crom. The second time well met my Lord of *Bedford*:
I am very sorry that my haste is such,
Lord *Marques Dorset* being sick to Death;
I must receive of him the Privy-Seal.

At *Lambeth*, soon my Lord, we'll talk our fill.

[Exit with the Train.

Bed. How smooth and easie is the way to Death:

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the Dukes of *Norfolk* and of *Suffolk*,
Accompanied with the Bishop of *Winchester*,
Intreat you to come presently to *Lambeth*,
On earnest matters that concern the State.

Bed. To *Lambeth*, so: Go fetch me Pen and Ink,
I and Lord *Cromwell* there shall talk enough:
Ay, and our last, I fear, and if he come.

[*He writes a Letter.*

Here, take this Letter, and bear it to Lord *Cromwell*,
Bid him read it, say it concerns him near,
Away, be gone, make all the haste you can,
To *Lambeth* do I go, a woful Man

[*Exit.*

Enter Cromwell and his Train.

Crom. Is the Barge ready? I will straight to *Lambeth*,
And if this one Day's Business, once were past,
I'd take my ease to Morrow after trouble.

How now my Friend, would'st thou speak with me?

[*The Messenger brings the Letter, he puts it in his Pocket.*

Mes. Sir, here's a Letter from my Lord of *Bedford*.

Crom. O good my Friend, commend me to thy Lord,
Hold, take those Angels, drink them for thy pains.

Mes. He doth desire your Grace to read it,
Because he says it doth concern you near.

Crom. Bid him assure himself of that, farewell;
To morrow, tell him, he shall hear from me,
Set on before there, and away to *Lambeth*.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Winchester, Suffolk, Norfolk, Bedford, Serjeant
at Arms, the Herald, and Halberts.*

Gard. Halberts stand close unto the Water-side,
Serjeant at Arms, be bold in your Office,
Herald, deliver the Proclamation.

Her. This to give notice to all the King's Subjects;
The late Lord *Cromwell*, Lord Chancellor of *England*,
Vicar General over the Realm,
Him to hold and esteem as a Traitor,
Against the Crown and Dignity of *England*:
So God save the King.

Gar. Amen.

Bed. Amen, and root thee from the Land,
For whilst thou livest Truth cannot stand.

Nor. Make a lane there, the Traitor is at hand,
Keep back *Cromwell's* Men:

Drown them if they come on. Serjeant, your Office?

Enter Cromwell, they make a lane with their Halberts.

Crom. What means my Lord of *Norfolk* by these Words?
Sirs, come along.

Gard. Kill them, if they come on.

Ser. Lord *Cromwell,* in King *Henry's* Name,
I do arrest your Honour of High Treason.

Crom. Serjeant, me of Treason?

[*Cromwell's Men offer to draw.*

Suf. Kill them, if they draw a Sword.

Crom. Hold, I charge you, as you love me, draw not:
Who dares accuse *Cromwell* of Treason now? (Sword,

Gard. This is no Place to reckon up your Crime,
Your Dove-like Looks were view'd with Serpents Eyes.

Crom. With Serpents Eyes indeed, by thine they were,
But, *Gardiner,* do thy worst, I fear thee not,
My Faith compar'd with thine, as much shall pass,
As doth the Diamond excell the Glass.

Attach'd of Treason, no Accusers by,
Indeed what Tongue dares speak so foul a lie?

Nor. My Lord, my Lord, matters are too well known,
And it is time the King had note thereof.

Crom. The King, let me go to him Face to Face,
No better Trial I desire than that,
Let him but say, that *Cromwell's* Faith was feign'd,
Then let my Honour, and my Name be stain'd;
If e'er my Heart against the King was set,
O let my Soul in Judgment answer it:
Then if my Faith's confirmed with his Reason,
'Gainst whom hath *Cromwell* then committed Treason?

Suf. My Lord, your Matter shall be tried,
Mean time with patience content your self.

Crom. Perforce I must with Patience be content:
O dear Friend *Bedford,* dost thou stand so near?
Cromwell rejoyceth, one Friend sheds a Tear:
And whither is't? which way must *Cromwell* now?

Gard. My Lord, you must unto the *Tower*:
Lieutenant, take him to your Charge.

Crom. Well, where you please, yet before I part,
Let me confer a little with my Men.

Gard. As you go by Water so you shall.

Crom. I have some Business present to impart.

Nor. You may not stay, Lieutenant, take your Charge.

Crom. Well, well, my Lord, you second *Gardiner's* Text.
Norfolk, farewell, thy turn will be the next.

[Exit Cromwell and the Lieutenant.]

Gard. His guilty Conscience makes him rave, my Lord.

Nor. Ay, let him talk, his time is short enough.

Gard. My Lord of *Bedford*, come, you weep for him,
That would not shed a Tear for you.

Bed. It grieves me for to see his sudden Fall.

Gard. Such Success with I unto Traitors all. [Exeunt.]

Enter two Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Why? can this News be true? is't possible?
The great Lord *Cromwell* arrested upon High Treason,
I hardly will believe it can be so.

2 *Cit.* It is too true, Sir, would it were otherwise,
Condition I spent half the Wealth I have;
I was at *Lambeth*, saw him there arrested,
And afterward committed to the *Tower*.

1 *Cit.* What was't for Treason that he was committed?

2 *Cit.* Kind Noble Gentleman: I may rue the time;
All that I have, I did enjoy by him,
And if he die, then all my State is gone.

1 *Cit.* It may be hoped that he shall not dye,
Because the King did favour him so much.

2 *Cit.* O Sir, you are deceiv'd in thinking so:
The Grace and Favour he had with the King,
Hath caus'd him have so many Enemies:
He that in Court secure will keep himself,
Must not be great, for then he is envied at.
The Shrub is safe, when as the Cedar shakes,
For where the King doth love above compare,
Of others they as much more envied are.

1 *Cit.* 'Tis pity that this Nobleman should fall,
He did so many charitable Deeds.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis true, and yet you see in each estate,
There's none so good, but some one doth him hate,
And they before would smite him in the Face,
Will be the foremost to do him disgrace:
What, will you go along unto the Court?

1 *Cit.* I care not if I do, and hear the News,
How Men will judge what will become of him.

2 *Cit.* Some Men will speak hardly, some will speak in pity,
Go you to the Court. I'll go into the City,
There I am sure to hear more News than you.

1 *Cit.* Why then soon will we meet again.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cromwell in the Tower.

Crom. Now, *Cromwell*, hast thou time to meditate,
And think upon thy state, and of the time:
Thy Honours came unsought, ay, and unlook'd for;
They fall as sudden, and unlook'd for too:
What Glory was in *England* that had I not?
Who in this Land commanded more than *Cromwell*?
Except the King, who greater than my self?
But now I see what after Ages shall,
The greater Men, more sudden is their Fall:
And now I do remember, the Earl of *Bedford*
Was very desirous for to speak to me:
And afterward sent unto me a Letter,
The which I think I have still in my Pocket,
Now may I read it, for I now have leisure,
And this I take it is. [*He reads the Letter.*]

*My Lord, come not this Night to Lambeth,
For if you do, your State is overthrow'n.
And much I doubt your Life, and if you come:
Then if you love your self, stay where you are.*

O God, had I but read this Letter,
Then had I been free from the Lion's Paw:
Deferring this to read until to Morrow,
I spurn'd at Joy, and did embrace my Sorrow.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower and Officers.

Now, Master Lieutenant, when's this Day of Death?

Lieu. Alas, my Lord, would I might never see it:
Here are the Dukes of *Suffolk* and of *Norfolk*,

Winchester, Bedford, and Sir Richard Ratcliff,
With others, but why they come I know not.

Crom. No matter wherefore, *Cromwell* is prepar'd,
For *Gardiner* has my Life and State insnar'd:
Bid them come in, or you shall do them wrong;
For here stands he, whom some think lives too long,
Learning kills Learning, and, instead of Ink
To dip his Pen, *Cromwell's* Heart-blood doth drink.

Enter all the Nobles.

Nar. Good Morrow, *Cromwell*, what, alone so sad?

Crom. One good among you, none of you are bad:
For my part, it best fits me be alone,
Sadness with me, not I with any one.

What, is the King acquainted with my cause?

Nar. We have, and he hath answered us, my Lord.

Crom. How shall I come to speak with him my self?

Gard. The King is so advertised of your Guilt,
He will by no means admit you to his presence.

Crom. No way admit me, am I so soon forgot?
Did he but yesterday embrace my Neck,
And said that *Cromwell* was even half himself,
And are his Princely Ears so much bewitch'd
With scandalous Ignominy, and stand'rous Speeches,
That now he doth deny to look on me?

Well, my Lord of *Winchester*, no doubt but you
Are much in favour with his Majesty,

Will you bear a Letter from me to his Grace?

Gard. Pardon me, I'll bear no Traitor's Letters!

Crom. Ha, will you do this kindness then?

Tell him by Word of Mouth what I shall say to you.

Gard. That will I.

Crom. But on your Honour will you?

Gard. Ay, on my Honour.

Crom. Bear witness, Lords.

Tell him, when he hath known you,
And try'd your Faith but half so much as mine,
He'll find you to be the falsest hearted Man
In *England*: Pray tell him this.

Bed. Be patient, good my Lord, in these Extremities.

Crom. My kind and honourable Lord of *Bedford*,
I know your Honour always lov'd me well,

But, pardon me, this still shall be my Theme,
Gardiner's the cause makes *Cromwell* so extream:
Sir Ralph Sadler, pray a word with you;
 You were my Man, and all that you possess
 Came by my means, to requite all this,
 Will you take this Letter here of me,
 And give it with your own Hands to the King.

Sad. I kiss your Hand, and never will I rest,
 E'er to the King this be delivered. [Exit *Sadler*.

Crom. Why yet *Cromwell* hath one Friend in store.

Gard. But all the haste he makes shall be but yain;
 Here's a discharge for your Prisoner,
 To see him executed presently;
 My Lord, you hear the tenor of your Life.

Crom. I do embrace it, welcome my last date,
 And of this glistening World I take last leave,
 And, Noble Lords, I take my leave of you:
 As willingly I go to meet with Death,
 As *Gardiner* did pronounce it with his Breath:
 From Treason is my Heart as white as Snow,
 My Death only procured by my Foe:
 I pray commend me to my Sovereign King,
 And tell him in what sort his *Cromwell* dy'd,
 To lose his Head before his Cause was try'd;
 But let his Grace, when he shall hear my Name,
 Say only this, *Gardiner* procur'd the same.

Enter young *Cromwell*.

Lieu. Here is your Son come to take his leave.

Crom. To take his leave? Come hither, *Harry Cromwell*,
 Mark, Boy, the last words that I speak to thee;
 Fla'er not Fortune, neither fawn upon her;
 Gape not for State, yet lose no spark of Honour;
 Ambition, like the Plague, see thou eschew it;
 I die for Treason, Boy, and never knew it;
 Yet let thy Faith as spotless be as mine,
 And *Cromwell's* Virtues in thy Face shall shine;
 Come, go along and see me leave my Breath,
 And I'll leave thee upon the floor of Death.

Son. O Father, I shall die to see that Wound,
 Your Blood being spilt will make my Heart to sound.

Crom.

Crom. How, Boy, not look upon the Axe?
How shall I do then to have my Head strook off?
Come on, my Child, and see the end of all,
And after say, that *Gardiner* was my Fall.

Gard. My Lord you speak it of an envious Heart,
I have done no more than Law and Equiry.

Bed. O, my good Lord of *Winchester*, forbear;
It would better seem'd you to been absent,
Than with your Words disturb a dying Man.

Crom. Who me, my Lord? no: he disturbs not me,
My Mind he stirs not, tho' his mighty Shock
Hath brought more Peers Heads down to the Block.
Farewel, my Boy, all *Cromwell* can bequeath,
My hearty Blessing, so I take my leave.

Hang. I am your Death's Man, pray my Lord forgive me.

Crom. Ev'n with my Soul, why Man thou art my Doctor,
And bring'st me precious Physick for my Soul;
My Lord of *Bedford*, I desire of you,
Before my Death a corporal embrace.

[*Bedford comes to him, Cromwell embraces him.*

Farewel, great Lord, my Love I do commend:
My Heart to you, my Soul to Heav'n I send;
This is my Joy, that e'er my Body flit,
Your honour'd Arms is my true Warding-sheet;
Farewel, dear *Bedford*, my Peace is made in Heav'n;
Thus falls great *Cromwell* a poor Ell in length,
To rise to unmeasur'd height, wing'd with new strength.
The Lands of Worms, which dying Men discover.
My Soul is shrin'd with Heav'n's Celestial cover.

[*Exeunt Cromwell and the Officers, and others.*

Bed. Well, farewel *Cromwell*, the truest Friend
That ever *Bedford* shall possess again;
Well, Lords, I fear when this Man is dead,
You'll wish in vain that *Cromwell* had a Head.

Enter one with Cromwell's Head.

Offic. Here is the Head of the deceased *Cromwell*.

Bed. Pray thee go hence, and bear his Head away,
Unto his Body, inter them both in Clay.

Enter Sir Ralph Sadler.

Sad. How now my Lords, what is Lord *Cromwell* dead?

Bed. Lord *Cromwell's* Body now doth want a Head.

Sad. O God, a little speed had sav'd his Life,
Here is a kind Reprieve come from the King,
To bring him straight unto his Majesty.

Suf. Ay, ay, Sir *Ralph*, Reprieves come now too late.

Gard. My Conscience now tells me this Deed was ill;
Would Christ that *Cromwell* were alive again.

Nor. Come let us to the King, whom well I know,
Will grieve for *Cromwell*, that his Death was so.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





THE
HISTORY

OF

Sir John Oldcastle,

THE GOOD

LORD COBHAM.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

T H E

PROLOGUE.

THE doubtful Title, Gentlemen, prefix
Upon the Argument we have in Hand,
May breed Suspence, and wrongfully disturb
The peaceful Quiet of your settled Thoughts :
To stop which Scruple, let this brief suffice,
It is no pamper'd Glutton we present,
Nor aged Counsellor to youthful Sin ;
But one, whose Virtue shone above the rest,
A valiant Martyr, and a virtuous Peer,
In whose true Faith and Loyalty express
Unto his Sovereign, and his Country's weal :
We strive to pay that Tribute of our Love
Your Favour's Merit ; let fair Truth be grac'd,
Since forg'd Invention former Time defac'd.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Fifth.

St John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham.

Harpool, Servant to the Lord Cobham.

Lord Herbet, with Gough his Man.

Lord Powis, with Owen, and Davy, his Men.

The Mayor of Hereford, and Sheriff of Herefordshire, with Bayliffs and Servants.

Two Judges of Assize.

The Bishop of Rochester, and Clun his Sumner.

Sir John the Parson of Wrotham, and Doll his Concubine.

The Duke of Suffolk.

The Earl of Huntington.

The Earl of Cambridge.

Lord Scroop.

Lord Grey.

Chartres the French Agent.

Sir Roger Acton.

Sir Richard Lee.

Master Bourn,

Master Beverley,

Murley, the Brewer of Dunstable,

Master Butler, Gentleman of the Privy-Chamber.

Lady Cobham.

Lady Powis.

Cromer, Sheriff of Kent.

Lord Warden of the Cinque-Ports.

Lieutenant of the Tower.

The Mayor, Constable, and Goaler of St. Albans.

A Kentish Constable and an Ale-man.

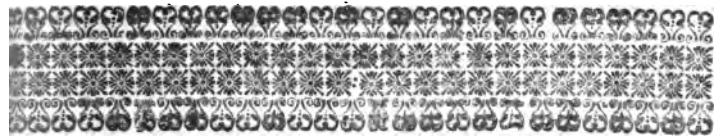
Soldiers and old Men begging.

Dick and Tom, Servants to Murley.

An Irishman.

An Host, Hostler, a Carrier and Kate.

} Rebels.



THE HISTORY

OF

Sir John Oldcastle.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sheriff, Lord Herbert, Lord Powis, Owen, Bailiff, Gough, and Davy.

SHERIFF.



Y Lords, I charge ye in his Highness Name to keep the Peace, you and your Followers.

Her. Good Master Sheriff, look unto your self.

Pow. Do so, for we have other Business.

[Proffer to fight again.]

Sher. Will ye disturb the Judges, and the Assize? Hear the King's Proclamation, ye were best.

Pow. Hold then let's hear it.

Her. But be brief, ye were best.

Bail. O yes.

Davy. Cossone, make shorter O, or shall mar your Yes.

Bail. O yes.

Owen.

Owen. What, has her nothing to say, but O yes?

Bail. O Yes.

Davy. O nay; py cof's plut, down with her, down with her. A *Powis*, a *Powis*.

Gough. A *Herbert*, a *Herbert*, and down with *Powis*.

[*Helter skelter again.*]

Sher. Hold in the King's Name, hold.

Owen. Down with a *Kanaves* Name, down.

[*In the fight the Bailiff is knock'd down, and the Sheriff and the other run away.*]

Her. *Powis*, I think thy *Welsh* and thou do smart.

Pow. *Herbert*, I think my *Sword* came near thy *Heart*.

Her. Thy *Heart's* best *Blood* shall pay the loss of mine.

Gough. A *Herbet*, a *Herbet*.

Davy. A *Powis*, a *Powis*.

As they are fighting, Enter the Mayor of Hereford, his Officers and Townsmen with Clubs.

May. My Lords, as you are *Liegemen* to the *Crown*, *True Noblemen*, and *Subjects* to the *King*,

Attend his Highness's Proclamation.

Commanded by the Judges of Assize,

For keeping Peace at this Assembly.

Her. Good *Master Mayor* of *Hereford*, be brief.

May. *Serjeant*, without the *Ceremonies* of O yes, *Pronounce* aloud the *Proclamation*.

Ser. The *King's Justices* perceiving what *publick Mischief* may ensue this *private Quarrel*; in his *Majesty's Name*, do *straitly charge* and *command* all *Persons*, of what *Degree* soever, to *depart* this *City of Hereford*, except such as are bound to give *attendance* at this *Assize*, and that no *Man* presume to wear any *Weapon*, especially *Welsh-Hooks*, *Forest Bills*.

Owen. Haw? No pill nor *Wells* hoog? ha?

May. *Peace*, and hear the *Proclamation*.

Ser. And that the *Lord Powis* do presently *disperse* and *discharge* his *Retinue*, and *depart* the *City* in the *King's Peace*, he and his *Followers*, on pain of *Imprisonment*.

Davy. Haw? pud her *Lord Powis* in *Prison*? A *Powis*, a *Powis*. *Coffoon*, her will live and *tye* with her *Lord*.

Gough. A *Herbert*, a *Herbert*.

In this fight the Lord Herbert is wounded, and falls to the Ground, the Mayor and his Company cry for Clubs: Powis runs away, Gough and Herbert's Faction are busie about him. Enter the two Judges, the Sheriff and his Bailiffs afore them, &c.

1 *Judge.* Where's the Lord *Herbert*? Is he hurt or slain?

Sher. He's here, my Lord.

2 *Judge.* How fares his Lordship, Friends?

Gough. Mortally wounded, speechless, he cannot live.

1 *Judge.* Convey him hence, let not his Wounds take

Air,

And get him drest with Expedition.

[*Exit L. Herbert and Gough.*

Master Mayor of *Hereford*, Master Sheriff o'th' *Shire*,

Commit Lord *Powis* to safe Custody,

To answer the disturbance of the Peace,

Lord *Herbert's* Peril, and his high contempt

Of us, and you the King's Commissioners,

See it be done with Care and Diligence,

Sher. Please it your Lordship, my Lord *Powis* is gone past all recovery.

2 *Judge.* Yet let search be made,

To apprehend his Followers that are left.

Sher. There are some of them: Sirs, lay hold of them.

Owen. Of us? and why? what has her done, I pray you?

Sher. Disarm them, Bailiffs.

May. Officers assist.

Davy. Here you, Lord *Shudge*, what reason for this?

Owen. Cossoon, pe. puse for fighting for our Lord?

1 *Judge.* Away with them.

Davy. Harg you, my Lord.

Owen. *Gough* my Lord *Herbert's* Man's a shitten Kanave.

Davy. Ice live and tye in good Quarrel.

Owen. Pray you do shustice, let awl be Prison.

Davy. Prison, no,

Lord *Shudge*, I wool give you Pale, good Surety.

2 *Judge*. What Bail? what Sureties?

Davy. Her Cozen ap *Rice*, ap *Evan*, ap *Morice*, ap *Morgan*, ap *Lluellyn*, ap *Maddoc*, ap *Meredith*, ap *Griffin*, ap *Davy*, ap *Owen*, ap *Shinken Shones*.

2 *Judge*. Two of the most sufficient are enow.

Sher. And't please your Lordship these are all but one.

1 *Judge*. To Goal with them, and the Lord *Herbert's* Men.

We'll talk with them, when the Assize is done. [*Exeunt*.
Riotous, audacious, and unruly Grooms,
Must we be forc'd to come from the Bench,
To quiet Brawls, which every Constable
In other civil Places can suppress?

2 *Judge*. What was the quarrel that caus'd all this stir?

Sher. About Religion, as I heard, my Lord.
Lord *Powis's* detracted from the Pow'r of *Rome*,
Affirming *Wickliff's* Doctrine to be true,
And *Rome's* Erroneous: Hot reply was made
By the Lord *Herbert*, they were Traitors all
That would maintain it. *Powis* answer'd,
They were as true, as noble, and as wise
As he, that would defend it with their Lives,
He nam'd for instance Sir *John Oldcastle*
The Lord *Cobham*: *Herbert* reply'd again,
He, thou and all are Traitors that so hold.
The Lie was giv'n, the several Factions drawn,
And so enrag'd, that we could not appease it.

1 *Judge*. This case concerns the King's Prerogative,
And 'tis dangerous to the State and Commonwealth.
Gentlemen, Justices, Master Mayor, and Master Sheriff,
It doth behove us all, and each of us
In general and particular, to have care,
For the suppressing of all Mutinies,
And all Assemblies, except Soldiers Musters,
For the King's Preparation into *France*.
We hear of secret Conventicles made,
And there is doubt of some Conspiracies,
Which may break out into rebellious Arms
When the King's gone, perchance before he go:
Note as an instance, this one perillous Fray,

What

What Factions might have grown on either part,
 To the destruction of the King and Realm:
 Yet, in my Conscience, Sir *John Oldcastle's*
 Innocent of it, only his Name was us'd.
 We therefore from his Highness give this charge:
 You Master Mayor, look to your Citizens,
 You Master Sheriff, unto your Shire, and you
 As Justices in every ones Precinct
 There be no Meetings. When the vulgar Sort
 Sit on their Ale-Bench, with their Cups and Cans,
 Matters of State be not their common talk,
 Nor pure Religion by their Lips prophan'd.
 And there examine further of this Fray.

Enter a Bailiff and a Serjeant.

Sher. Sirs, have ye taken the Lord *Powis* yet?

Bail. No, nor heard of him.

Ser. No, he's gone far enough.

2 *Judge.* They that are left behind, shall answer all.

[*Exeunt*]

Enter the Duke of Suffolk, Bishop of Rochester, Master Butler, Sir John the Parson of Wrotham.

Suf. Now, my Lord Bishop, take free Liberty
 To speak your Mind; what is your Suit to us?

Roch. My noble Lord, no more than what you know,
 And have been oftentimes invest'd with:
 Grievous Complaints have past between the Lips
 Of envious Persons to upbraid the Clergy,
 Some carping at the Livings which we have;
 And others spurning at the Ceremonies
 That are of ancient Custom in the Church.
 Amongst the which, Lord *Cobham* is a Chief:
 What Inconvenience may proceed hereof,
 Both to the King, and to the Commonwealth,
 May easily be discern'd, when like a frensie
 This Innovation shall possess their Minds.
 These Upstarts will have Followers to uphold
 Their damn'd Opinion, more than *Harry* shall,
 To undergo his quarrel 'gainst the *French*.

Suf. What proof is there against them to be had,
 That what you say the Law may justify?

A 2 2

Roch

Roch. They give themselves the Names of Protestants,
And meet in Fields and solitary Groves.

S. John. Was ever heard, my Lord, the like 'till now?
That Thieves and Rebels, 'sould Hereticks,
Plain Hêreticks, I'll stand tō't to their Teeth,
Should have, to colour their vile Practices,
A Title of such worth, as Protestant?

Enter one with a Letter.

Suf. O but you must not swear, it ill becomes
One of your Coat, to rap out bloody Oaths.

Roch. Pardon him, good my Lord, it is his Zeal.
An honest Country Prelate, who laments
To see such foul disorder in the Church.

S. John. There's one they call him Sir *John Oldcastle*.
He has not his Name for nought: For like a Castle
Doth he encompass them within his Walls,
But 'till that Castle be subverted quite,
We ne'er shall be at quiet in the Realm.

Roch. This is our Suit, my Lord, that he be ta'en
And brought in question for his Heresie:
Beside, two Letters brought me out of *Wales*,
Wherein my Lord of *Hertford* writes to me,
What tumult and sedition was begun,
About the Lord *Cobham*, at the Sizes there,
For they had much ado to calm the Rage,
And that the valiant *Herbert* is there slain.

Suf. A Fire that must be quench'd. Well say no more,
The King anon goes to the Council Chamber,
There to debate of Matters touching *France*,
As he doth pass by, I'll inform his Grace
Concerning your Petition. *Master Busler*,
If I forget, do you remember me.

Bus. I will my Lord.

Roch. Not as a Recompence,
But as a Token of our Love to you, [*Offers him a Purse*.]
By me, my Lords, the Clergy doth present
This Purse, and in it full a thousand Angels,
Praying your Lordship to accept their Gift.

Suf. I thank them, my Lord Bishop, for their love,
But will not take their Money, if you please
To give it to this Gentleman, you may.

Roch. Sir, then we crave your furtherance herein.

But. The best I can, my Lord of *Rocheſter*.

Roch. Nay, pray take it, truſt me you ſhall.

S. John. Were ye all three upon *New Market Heath*,
You ſhould not need ſtrain curſie who ſhould ha't,
Sir John would quickly rid ye of that caſe.

Suf. The King is coming : Fear ye not, my Lord,
The very firſt thing I will break with him
Shall be about your matter.

Enter the King, and Earl of Huntington in talk.

King. My Lord of *Suffolk*,
Was it not ſaid the Clergy did reſuſe
To lend us Money toward our Wars in *France* ?

Suf. It was my Lord, but very wrongfully.

King. I know it was : For *Huntington* here tells me
They have been very bountiful of late.

Suf. And ſtill they vow, my gracious Lord, to be ſo,
Hoping your Majeſty will think on them
As of your loving Subjects, and ſuppreſs
All ſuch malicious Errors as begin
To ſpot their calling, and diſturb the Church.

King. God elſe forbid : why, *Suffolk*,
Is there any new Rupture to diſquiet them ?

Suf. No new, my Lord, the old is great enough,
And ſo increaſing, as if not cut down,
Will breed a ſcandal to your Royal State,
And ſet your Kingdom quickly in an uproar.
The *Kentiſh* Knight, Lord *Cobham*, in deſpight
Of any Law, or ſpiritual Diſcipline,
Maintains this upſtart new Religion ſtill,
And divers great Aſſemblies by his means
And private Quarrels are commenc'd abroad,
As by this Letter more at large, my Liege, it made apparent.

King. We do find it here,
There was in *Wales* a certain Fray of late
Between two Noblemen. But what of this ?
Follows it ſtraight Lord *Cobham* muſt be he
Did cauſe the ſame ? I dare be ſworn, good Knight,
He never dream'd of any ſuch contention.

Roch. But in his Name the quarrel did begin.
About the Opinion which he held, my Liege.

King. What if he did? was either he in place
To take part with them? or abett them in it?
If brabling Fellows, whose enkindled Blood
Seeths in their fiery Veins, will needs go fight,
Making their Quarrels of some words that pass
Either of you, or you, amongst their Cups,
Is the Fault yours? or are they guilty of it?

Suf. With pardon of your Highness, my dread Lord,
Such little Sparks neglected, may in time
Grow to a mighty Flame. But that's not all,
He doth beside maintain a strange Religion,
And will not be compell'd to come to Mass.

Roch. We do beseech you therefore, gracious Prince,
Without Offence unto your Majesty,
We may be bold to use Authority.

King. As how?

Roch. To summon him unto the Arches,
Where such Offences have their Punishment.

King. To answer personally, is that your meaning?

Roch. It is, my Lord.

King. How if he appeal?

Roch. My Lord, he cannot in such a case as this.

Suf. Not where Religion is the Plea, my Lord.

King. I took it always, that our self stood on't
As a sufficient Refuge: Unto whom
Not any but might lawfully Appeal.
But we'll not argue now upon that point.
For Sir *John Oldcastle*, whom you accuse,
Let me intreat you to dispence a while
With your high Title of Preheminence,
Report did never yet condemn him so,
But he hath always been reputed Loyal:
And in my Knowledge I can say thus much,
That he is virtuous, wise, and honourable.
If any way his Conscience be seduc'd
To waver in his Faith, I'll send for him,
And school him privately: If that serve not,
Then afterward you may proceed against him,
Butler, be you the Messenger for us,
And will him presently repair to Court.

[In scorn.]

[Exit.]

S. John.

S. John. How now my Lord? why stand you discontent?
Insooth, methinks, the King hath well decreed.

Roch. Ay, ay, Sir *John*, if he would keep his Word:
But I perceive he favours him so much
As this will be to small Effect, I fear.

S. John. Why then I'll tell you what you're best to do:
If you suspect the King will be but cold
In reprehending him, send you a Process too
To serve upon him, so you may be sure
To make him answer't, howsoever it fall.

Roch. And well remembered, I will have it so,
A Sumner shall be sent about it straight.

[Exit.

S. John. Yea, do so. In the mean space this remains
For kind Sir *John* of *Wrotham*, honest *Jack*,
Methinks the Purse of Gold the Bishop gave
Made a good shew, it had a tempting Look:
Beshrew me, but my Fingers ends do itch
To be upon those golden Ruddocks. Well 'tis thus;
I am not as the World doth take me for:
If ever Wolf were cloathed in Sheep's Coat,
Then I am he; old huddle and 'twang 'ifaith:
A Priest in shew, but, in plain Terms, a Thief:
Yet let me tell you too, an honest Thief;
One that will take it where it may be spar'd,
And spend it freely in good Fellowship.
I have as many Shapes as *Proteus* had,
That still when any Villany is done,
There may none suspect it was Sir *John*.
Besides, to comfort me, (for what's this Life,
Except the crabbed Bitterness thereof
Be sweetned now and then with Letchery?)
I have my *Doll*, my Concubine as 'twere,
To frolick with, a lusty bouncing Girl.
But whilst I loiter here, the Gold may scape,
And that must not be so: It is mine own.
Therefore I'll meet him on his way to Court,
And thrive him of it, there will be the sport.

[Exit.

Enter four poor People, some Soldiers, some old Men.

1. God help, God help, there's Law for punishing,
But there's no Law for Necessity:

There be more Stocks to set poor Soldiers in,
Than there be Houses to relieve them at.

Old Man. Ay, House-keeping decays in every place,
Even as *St. Peter* writ, still worse and worse.

2. Master Mayor of *Rochester* has given command, That none shall go abroad out of the Parish, and has set down an Order forsooth, what every poor Householder must give for our relief; where there be some sessed, I may say to you, had almost as much need to beg as we.

1. It is a hard World the while.

Old Man. If a poor Man ask at Door for God's sake, they ask him for a Licence or a Certificate from a Justice.

2. Faith we have none, but what we bear upon our Bodies, our maim'd Limbs, Gold help us.

4. And yet as lame as I am, I'll with the King into *France*, if I can but crawl a Ship-board, I had rather be slain in *France*, than starve in *England*.

Old Man. Ha, were I but as lusty as I was at *Shrewsbury* Batel, I would not do as I do; but we are now come to the good Lord *Cobham's* House, the best Man to the Poor in all *Kent*.

4. God bless him, there be but few such.

Enter Cobham with Harpool.

Cob. Thou peevish froward Man, what wouldst thou have?

Har. This Pride, this Pride, brings all to beggary, I serv'd your Father, and your Grandfather, Shew me such two Men now: No, no, Your Backs, your Backs; the Devil and Pride Has cut the Throat of all good House-keeping, They were the best Yeomens Masters that Ever were in *England*.

Cob. Yea, except thou have a crew of filthy Knaves And sturdy Rogues still feeding at my Gate, There is no Hospitality with thee.

Har. They may sit at the Gate well enough, but the Devil of any thing you give them, except they'll eat Stones.

Cob. 'Tis long then of such hungry Knaves as you: Yea, Sir, here's your Retinue, your Guests be come, They know their Hours, I warrant you.

Old Man. God bless your Honour, God save the good Lord Cobham, and all his House.

Sold. Good your Honour, bestow your blessed Alms Upon poor Men.

Cob. Now, Sir here be your alms Knights: Now are you as safe as the *Emperor*.

Har. My alms Knights? Nay, they're yours: It is a shame for you, and I'll stand to it; Your foolish Alms maintains more Vagabonds Than all the Noblemen in *Kenf* beside. Out you Rogues, you Knaves, work for your Livings. Alas, poor Men, they may beg their Hearts out, There's no more Charity among Men Than amongst so many Mastive Dogs: What make you here, you needy Knaves? Away, away, you Villains.

Sold. I beseech you, Sir, be good.

Cob. Nay, nay, they know thee well enough, I think that all the Beggars in this Land are thy Acquaintance: go bestow your Alms, none will controul you, Sir.

Har. What should I give them? you are grown so Beggarly, that you can scarce give a bit of Bread at your Door: you talk of your Religion so long, that you have banish'd Charity from you: a Man may make a Flax-shop in your Kitchen Chimnies, for any Fire there is stirring.

Cob. If thou wilt give them nothing, send them hence: Let them not stand here starving in the Cold.

Har. Who, I drive them hence? If I drive poor Men from the Door, I'll be hang'd: I know not what I may come to my self: God help ye poor Knaves, ye see the World. Well, you had a Mother: O God be with thee good Lady, thy Soul's at rest: she gave more in Shirts and Smocks to poor Children, than you spend in your House, and yet you live a Beggar too.

Cob. Ev'n the worst deed that ever my Mother did, Was relieving such a Fool as thou.

Har. Ay, I am a Fool still: with all your Wit you'll die a Beggar, go too.

Cob. Go, you old Fool, give the poor People something: Go in poor Men into the inner Court, and take such Alms as there is to be had.

Sold. God bless your Honour.

Har. Hang you Rogues, hang you, there's nothing but
Misery amongst you, you fear no Law, you. [Exit.

Oldm. God bless you good Master *Ralph*, God save your
Life, you are good to the Poor still.

Enter the Lord Powis disguised.

Cob. What Fellow's yonder comes along the Grove?
Few Passengers there be that know this way :
Methinks he stops as though he staid for me,
And meant to shroud himself among the Bushes,
I know the Clergy hates me to the Death,
And my Religion gets me many Foes :
And this may be some desperate Rogue
Suborn'd to work me Mischief : as pleaseth God.
If he come toward me, sure I'll stay his coming,
Be he but one Man, whatsoever he be. [*Lord Powis comes on.*
I have been well acquainted with that Face.

Pow. Well met, my Honourable Lord and Friend.

Cob. You are welcome, Sir, what'e'er you be;
But of this sudden, Sir, I do not know you.

Pow. I am one that wisheth well unto your Honour,
My Name is *Powis*, an old Friend of yours.

Cob. My Honourable Lord, and worthy Friend,
What makes your Lordship thus alone in *Kent*?
And thus disguised in this strange Attire?

Pow. My Lord, an unexpected accident
Hath at this time enforc'd me to these Parts,
And thus it hapt. Not yet full five Days since,
Now at the last Assize at *Hereford*,
It chanc'd that the Lord *Herbert* and my self,
'Mongst other things discoursing at the Table,
To fall in Speech about some certain Points
Of *Wickliff's* Doctrine 'gainst the Papacy,
And the Religion Catholick maintain'd
Through the most part of *Europe* at this-day;
The wilful testy Lord stuck not to say,
That *Wickliff* was a Knave, a Schismatick,
His Doctrine devilish and Heretical ;
And whatsoever he was maintain'd the same;
Was Traitor both to God, and to his Country,
Being moved at his peremptory Speech

I told him, some maintain'd those Opinions,
Men, and truer Subjects than Lord *Herbert* was:
And he replying in comparisons,
Your Name was urg'd, my Lord, against this challenge,
To be a perfect favourer of the Truth.
And to be short, from words we fell to blows,
Our Servants, and our Tenants taking parts,
Many on both sides hurt: and for an Hour
The broil by no means could be pacified,
Until the Judges rising from the Bench,
Were in their Persons forc'd to part the fray.

Cob. I hope no Man was violently slain.

Pow. Faith none I trust, but the Lord *Herbert's* self,
Who is in truth so dangerously hurt,
As it is doubted he can hardly scape.

Cob. I am sorry, my good Lord, of these ill News.

Pow. This is the cause that drives me into *Kent*,
To shroud my self with you so good a Friend,
Until I hear how things do speed at home.

Cob. Your Lordship is most welcome unto *Cobham*:
But I am very sorry, my good Lord,
My Name was brought in question in this matter,
Considering I have many Enemies,
That threaten Malice, and do lie in wait
To take the vantage of the smallest thing.
But you are welcome, and repose your Lordship,
And keep your self here secret in my House,
Until we hear how the Lord *Herbet* speeds.

Enter Harpool.

Here comes my Man: Sirrah, what News?

Har. Yonder's one Mr. *Bastler* of the Privy Chamber, is
sent unto you from the King.

Pow. Pray God the Lord *Herbert* be not dead, and the
King hearing whither I am gone, hath sent for me.

Cob. Comfort your self, my Lord, I warrant you.

Har. Fellow, what ails thee? dost thou quake? dost
thou shake? dost thou tremble? ha?

Cob. Peace, you old Fool: Sirrah, convey this Gentleman
in the back way, and bring the other into the walk.

Har. Come, Sir, you're welcome, if you love my Lord.

Pow. Gramercy, gentle Friend,

Digitized by [Exonnt.

Cob

Cob. I thought as much, that it would not be long
Before I heard of something from the King,
About this matter.

Enter Harpool, with Master Butler.

Har. Sir, yonder my Lord walks; you see him;
I'll have your Men into the Sellar the while.

Cob. Welcome, good Master *Butler*.

But. Thanks, my good Lord: his Majesty doth commend
his Love unto your Lordship, and wills you to repair unto
the Court.

Cob. God blefs his Highness, and confound his Enemies,
I hope his Majesty is well?

But. In good Health, my Lord.

Cob. God long continue it: methinks you look^k as though
you were not well, what ails ye, Sir?

But. Faith I have had a foolish odd mischance, that an-
gers me: coming over *Shooter's-Hill*, there came one to me
like a Sailor, and askt me Mony; and whilst I staid my Horse
to draw my Purse, he takes the advantage of a little Bank,
and leaps behind me, whips my Purse away, and with a sud-
den jerk, I know not how, threw me at least three Yards out
of my Saddle, I never was so rob'd in all my Life.

Cob. I am very sorry, Sir, for your mischance: we will
send our Warrant forth, to stay such suspicious Persons as
shall be found, then Mr. *Butler* we'll attend you.

But. I humbly thank your Lordship, I will attend you.

Enter the Sumner.

Sum. I have the Law to warrant what I do, and though
the Lord *Cobham* be a Nobleman, that dispenses not with
Law, I dare serve a Procefs were he five Noblemen; though
we *Sumners* make sometimes a mad slip in a corner with a
pretty Wench, a *Sumner* must not go always, by seeing: a
Man may be content to hide his Eyes where he may feel his
Profit. Well, this is Lord *Cobham's* House, if I cannot
speak with him, I'll clap my Citation upon's Door, so my
Lord of *Rochester* bad me; but methinks here comes one of
his Men.

Har. Welcome Good-fellow, welcome, who would'st thou
speak with?

Sum. With my Lord *Cobham* I would speak, if thou be
one of his Men.

Har. Yes, I am one of his Men, but thou canst not speak with my Lord.

Sum. May I send to him then?

Har. I'll tell thee that, when I know thy Errand:

Sum. I will not tell my Errand to thee.

Har. Then keep it to thy self, and walk like a Knave as thou cam'st

Sum. I tell thee, my Lork keeps no Knaves, Sirrah.

Har. Then thou servest him not, I believe. What Lord is thy Master?

Sum. My Lord of *Rochester*.

Har. In good time: and what wouldst thou have with my Lord *Cobham*?

Sum. I come by vertue of a Proceſs, to cite him to appear before my Lord in the Court at *Rochester*.

Har. aside. Well, God grant me Patience, I could eat this Counger. My Lord is not at home, therefore it were good, *Sumner*, your carried your Proceſs back.

Sum. Why, if he will not be spoken withal, then will I leave it here, and see that he take Knowledge of it.

Har. 'Zounds you Slave, do you set up your Bills here: go too, take it down again. Dost thou know what thou dost? Dost thou know on whom thou servest a Proceſs?

Sum. Yes, marry do I, on Sir *John Oldcastle*, Lord *Cobham*.

Har. I am glad thou knowest him yet: and Sirrah, dost not know that the Lord *Cobham* is a brave Lord, that keeps good Beef and Beer in his House, and every Day feeds a hundred poor People at's Gate, and keeps a hundred tall Fellows?

Sum. What's that to my Proceſs?

Har. Marry this, Sir, is this Proceſs Parchment?

Sum. Yes marry is it.

Har. And this Seal Wax?

Sum. It is so.

Har. If this be Parchment, and this Wax, eat you this Parchment and this Wax, or I will make Parchment of your Skin, and beat your Brains into Wax. Sirrah, *Sumner*, dispatch, devour, Sirrah, devour.

Sum. I am my Lord of *Rochester's Sumner*, I came to do my Office, and thou shalt answer it.

Har. Sirrah, no railing; but betake your self to your Teeth, thou shalt eat no worse than thou bring'st with thee, thou bring'st it for my Lord, and wilt thou bring my Lord worse than thou wilt eat thy self?

Sum. Sir, I brought it not my Lord to eat.

Har. O, do you Sir me now; all's one for that, I'll make you eat it, for bringing it.

Sum. I cannot eat it.

Har. Can you not? 'sblood I'll beat you 'till you have a Stomach. [Beats him.

Sum. O hold, hold, good Mr. Servingman, I will eat it.

Har. Be champing, be chawing, Sir, or I'll chaw you, you Rogue, the purest of the Honey.

Sum. Tough Wax is the purest Honey.

Har. O Lord, Sir, oh, oh,

Feed, feed, 'tis wholesome, Rogue, wholesome.

Cannot you, like an honest *Sumner*, walk with the Devil your Brother, to fetch in your Bailiff's Rents; but you must come to a Noble Man's House with Process? If thy Seal was as broad as the Lead that covers *Rocheſter* Church, thou should'st eat it,

Sum. O, I am almost choak'd, I am almost choak'd.

Har. Who's within there? will you shame my Lord, is there no Beer in the House? Butler, I say.

Enter Butler.

But. Here, here.

Har. Give him Beer. [He Drinks.

There: tough old Sheepskins, bare dry Meat.

Sum. O, Sir, let me go no further, I'll eat my word.

Har. Yea marry, Sir, I mean you shall more than your own word, for I'll make you eat all the Words in the Process. Why you Drab-monger, cannot the Secrets of all the Wenches in a Shire serve your turn, but you must come hither with a Citation with the Pox? I'll cite you.

A Cup of Sack for the *Sumner*.

But. Here, Sir, here.

Har. Here, Slave, I drink to thee.

Sum. I thank you, Sir.

Har. Now if thou find'st thy Stomach well, because thou shalt see my Lord keeps Meat in's House, if thou wilt go in thou shalt have a piece of Beef to thy Break-fast.

Sum.

Sum. No, I am very well, good Master Servingman, I thank you, very well, Sir.

Har. I am glad on't, then be walking towards *Rochester* to keep your Stomach warm. And *Summer*, if I do know you disturb a good Wench within this Diocess, if I do not make thee eat her Petticoat, if there were four Yards of *Kentish* Cloth in't, I am a Villain.

Sum. God be w'ye, Master Servingman. [Exit.

Har. Farewel, *Summer*.

Enter Constable.

Con. Save you, Master *Harpool*.

Har. Welcome Constable, welcome Constable, what News with thee?

Con. An't please you, Master *Harpool*, I am to make Hue and Cry for a Fellow with one Eye, that has rob'd two Clothiers, and am to crave your hindrance to search all suspected Places; and they say there was a Woman in the Company.

Har. Hast thou been at the Ale-house? hast thou sought there?

Con. I durst not search in my Lord *Cobham's* Liberty, except I had some of his Servants for my Warrant.

Har. An honest Constable, call forth him that keeps the Ale-house there.

Con. Ho, who's within there?

Ale-man. Who calls there? Oh, is't you, Mr. Constable, and Mr. *Harpool*? you're welcome with all my Heart, what make you here so early this Morning?

Har. Sirrah, what Strangers do you lodge? there is a Robbery done this Morning, and we are to search for all suspected Persons.

Ale-man. Gods-bores, I am sorry for't. I'faith, Sir, I lodge no body, but a good honest Priest, call'd Sir *John a Wrotham*, and a handsome Woman that is his Neece, that he says he has some Suit in Law for, and as they go up and down to *London*, sometimes they lie at my House.

Har. What, is she here in thy House now?

Ale-man. She is, Sir: I promise you, Sir, he is a quiet Man, and because he will not trouble too many Roems, he makes the Woman lie every Night at his Beds Feet.

Har. Bring her forth, Constable, bring her forth, let's see her, let's see her.

Ale-

Ale-man. Dorothy, you must come down to Master Constable.

Doll. A-non forsooth.

[*She enters,*

Har. Welcome, sweet Lafs, welcome.

Doll. I thank you, good Sir, and Master Constable also.

Har. A plump Girl by the Mafs, a plump Girl; ha,

Doll. ha. Wilt thou forsake the Priest, and go with me,
Doll?

Con. Ah! well said, Master *Harpool*, you are a merry old Man i'faith; you will never be old now by the Mack, a pretty Wench indeed.

Har. Ye old mad merry Constable, art thou advis'd of that? Ha, well said *Doll*, fill some Ale here.

Doll. aside. Oh! if I wist this old Priest would not stick to me, by *Jove* I would ingle this old Serving-man.

Har. O you old mad Colt, i'faith I'll ferk you: fill all the Pots in the House there.

Con. Oh! well said Master *Harpool*, you are a Heart of Oak when all's done.

Har. Ha *Doll*, thou hast a sweet pair of Lips by the Mafs.

Doll. Truly you are a sweet old Man, as ever I saw; by my Troth, you have a Face able to make any Woman in Love with you.

Har. Fill, sweet *Doll*, I'll drink to thee.

Doll. I pledge you, Sir, and thank you therefore, and I pray you let it come.

Har. [*Imbracing her.*] *Dol*, canst thou love me? a mad merry Lafs, would to God I had never seen thee.

Doll. I warrant you, you will not out of my Thoughts this Twelvemonth, truly you are as full of Favour, as any Man may be. Ah, these sweet Gray Locks, by my Troth they are most lovely,

Can. Cuds bores, Master *Harpool*, I'll have one Bus too.

Har. No licking for you, Constable, hand off, hand off.

Can. Berlady I love Kissing as well as you.

Doll. Oh, you are an odd Boy, you have a wanton Eye of your own: ah you sweet sugar-lipt Wanton, you will win as many Womens Hearts as come in your Company.

Enter

Enter Priest.

Priest. Doll, come hither.

Har. Priest, she shall not.

Doll. I'll come anon, Sweet Love!

Priest. Mand off, old Fornicator.

Har. Vicar, I'll sit here in spight of thee, is this stuff for a Priest to carry up and down with him?

Priest. Sirrah, dost thou not know that a good Fellow Parson may have a Chappel of Ease, where his Parish Church is far off?

Har. You Whorson ston'd Vicar.

Priest. You old Ruffin, you Lion of *Cotfol.*

Har. 'Zounds, Vicar, I'll geld you. [*Flies upon him.*]

Con. Keep the King's Peace.

Doll. Murder, murder, murder!

Ale-man. Hold, as you are Men, hold; for God's sake be quiet: put up your Weapons, you draw not in my House.

Har. You Whorson Bawdy Priest.

Priest. You old Mutton-monger.

Con. Hold, Sir *John*, hold.

Doll. I pray thee, sweet Heart, be quiet, I was but fitting to drink a Pot of Ale with him, even as kind a Man as ever I met with.

Har. Thou art a Thief, I warrant thee.

Priest. Then I am but as thou hast been in thy Days, let's not be asham'd of our Trade, the King hath been a Thief himself.

Doll. Come, be quiet, hast thou sped?

Priest. I have, Wench, here be Crowns i'faith:

Doll. Cope, let's be all Friends then.

Con. Well said, Mistress *Dorothy.*

Har. Thou art the maddest Priest that ever I met with.

Priest. Give me thy Hand, thou art as good a Fellow: I am a Singer, a Drinker, a Bencher, a Wencher; I can say a Mass, and kiss a Lads: Faith, I have a Parsonage, and because I would not be at too much Charges, this Wench serveth me for a Sexton.

Har. Well said, mad Priest, we'll in and be Friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Roger Acton, Master Bourn, Master Beverley,
and William Murley the Brewer of Dunstable.

Act. Now Master *Murley*, I am well assur'd
You know our Errand, and do like the Cause,
Being a Man affected as we are.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my dear : No Ma-
ster, good Sir *Roger Acton*, Master *Bourn*, and Master
Beverley, Gentlemen and Justices of the Peace, no Master,
I, but pain *William Murley* the Brewer of *Dunstable*, your
honest Neighbour and your Friend, if ye be Men of my
Profession.

Bev. Professed Friends to *Wickliff*; Foes to *Rome*.

Mur. Hold by me, Lad, lean upon that Staff, good
Master *Beverley*, all of a House, say your Mind, say your
Mind.

Act. You know our Faction now is grown so great
Throughout the Realm, that it begins to smok
Into the Clergies Eyes, and the King's Ears ;
High time it is that we were drawn to head,
Our General and Officers appointed.
And Wars ye wot, will ask great store of Coin,
Able to strength our action with your Purse,
You are Elected for a Colonel
Over a Regiment of fifteen Bands.

Mur. Foe, Paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro, be it
more or less upon occasion, Lord have Mercy upon us,
what a World is this ! Sir *Roger Acton*, I am but a *Dunsta-
ble* Man, a plain Brewer, ye know : Will lusty Caveliering
Captains (Gentlemen) come at my Calling, go at my bid-
ding ? dainty my Dear, they'll do a Dog of War, a Horse
of Cheese, a Prick and a Pudding ; no, no, ye must appoint
some Lord or Knight at least, to that place.

Bour. Why, Master *Murley*, you shall be a Knight :
Were you not in Election to be Sheriff ?
Have ye not pass'd all Offices but that ?
Have ye not Wealth to make your Wife a Lady ?
I warrant you, my Lord, our General
Bestows that Honour on you, at first sight.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my Dear :
But tell me, who shall be our General.
Where's the Lord *Cobham*, Sir *John Ooldcastle*,

That noble Alms-giver, House-keeper, virtuous,
Religious Gentleman? Come to me there, Boys,
Come to me there.

Act. Why, who but he shall be our General?

Mur. And shall he Knight me, and make me Colonel?

Act. My word for that, Sir *William Murley* Knight.

Mur. Fellow, Sir *Roger Acton* Knight, all Fellows I
mean in Arms, how strong are we? how many Partners?
Our Enemies beside the King are mighty, be it more or less
upon occasion, reckon our Force.

Act. There are of us, our Friends, and Followers,
Three thousand and three hundred at the least:
Of Northern Lands four thousand, beside Horse:
From *Kent* there comes with Sir *John Oldcastle*
Seven thousand: then from *London* issue out,
Of Masters, Servants, Strangers, Prentices,
Forty odd thousand into *Ficket* Field,
Where we appoint our special Rendevouz.

Mur. Foe, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro, Lord
have Mercy upon us, what a World is this! Where's that
Ficket Field, Sir *Roger*?

Act. Behind *St. Giles's* in the Field, near *Holbourn*.

Mur. *Newgate*, up *Holbourn*. *St. Giles's* in the Field, and
to *Tyburn*, on old say. For the Day, for the Day?

Act. On *Friday* next, the Fourteenth day of *January*.

Mur. Tilly vally, trust me never if I have any liking of
that Day. Foe, paltry, paltry, *Friday*, quoth a, dismal day
Childermas-day this Year was *Friday*.

Ber. Nay Master *Murley*, if you observe such days,
We make some question of your Constancy.
All Days are alike to Men resolv'd in Right.

Mur. Say Amen, and say no more, but say and hold
Master *Beverly*: *Friday* next, and *Ficket* Field, and *William*
Murley and his merry Men shall be all one: I have half a
score Jades that draw my Beer Carts, and every Jade shall
bear a Knave, and every Knave shall wear a Jack, and every
Jack shall have a Scull, and every Scull shall shew a Spear,
and every Spear shall kill a Foe at *Ficket* Field, at *Ficket* Field:
John and *Tom*, *Dick* and *Hodge*, *Ralph* and *Robin*, *William*
and *George*, and all my Knaves shall fight like Men, at
Ficket Field, on *Friday* next.

Bourn. What Sum of Mony mean you to disburse ?

Mur. It may be modestly, decently, and soberly, and handsomely, I may bring five hundred Pound.

A. Five hundred, Man? five thousand's not enough, A hundred thousand will not pay our Men Two Months together; either come prepar'd Like a brave Knight, and Martial Colonel, In glittering Gold, and gallant Furniture, Bringing in Coin, a Cart-load at least, And all your Followers mounted on good Horse, Or never come digraceful to us all.

Bev. Perchance you may be chosen Treasurer, Ten thousand Pound's the least that you can bring.

Mur. Paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro: upon occasion I have ten thousand Pound to spend, and ten too. And rather than the Bishop shall have his will of me for my Conscience, it shall all go. Flame and Flax, Flax and Flame. It was got with Water and Malt, and it shall fly with Fire and Gun-powder. Sir Roger, a Cart-load of Mony 'till the Axletree crack; my self and my Men in Ficket Field on Friday next: remember my Knight-hood and my Place: there's my Hand, I'll be there. [Exit.

Act. See what Ambition may perswade Men to, In hope of Honour he will spend himself.

Bourn. I never thought a Brewer half so rich.

Bev. Was never Bankrupt Brewer yet but one, With using too much Malt, too little Water.

Act. That's no fault in Brewers now adays: Come, away about our Business. [Exeant.

Enter King, Duke of Suffolk, Master Butler, Oldcastle
Kneeling to the King.

King. 'Tis not enough, Lord Cobham, to submit, You must forsake your gross Opinion: The Bishops find themselves much injured, And though for some good Service you have done, We for our part are pleas'd to pardon you, Yet they will not so soon be satisfy'd.

Cob. My gracious Lord, unto your Majesty, Next unto my God, I owe my Life; And what is mine, either by Nature's gift, Or Fortune's bounty, all is at your Service.

But for Obedience to the Pope of Rome,
I owe him none; nor shall his shaveling Priests
That are in England, alter my belief.

If out of Holy Scripture they can prove
That I am in an Error, I will yield,
And gladly take Instruction at their Hands:
But otherwise, I do beseech your Grace,
My Conscience may not be incroach'd upon.

King. We would be loth to press our Subjects Bodies,
Much less their Souls, the dear redeemed part
Of him that is the Ruler of us all:

Yet let me Counsel you, that might command;
Do not presume to tempt them with ill words,
Nor suffer any meetings to be had
Within your House, but to the uttermost
Disperse the Flocks of this new gathering Sect.

Cob. My Liege, if any Breath that dares come forth,
And say, my Life in any of these Points
Deserves th' attainder of ignoble Thoughts:
Here stand I, craving no remorse at all,
But even the utmost Rigour may be shown.

King. Let it suffice, we know your Loyalty,
What have you there?

Cob. A Deed of Clemency,
Your Highness Pardon for Lord Powis Life,
Which I did beg, and you, my Noble Lord,
Of gracious Favour did vouchsafe to grant.

King. But yet it is not signed with our Hand.

Cob. Not yet, my Liege.

King. The Fact you say was done
Not of propensed malice, but by chance.

Cob. Upon mine Honour so, no otherwise. [Writes.]

King. There is his Pardon, bid him make amends,
And cleanse his Soul to God for his offence,
What we remit, is but the Body's scourge.
How now, Lord Bishop?

Enter Bishop of Rochester.

Roch. Justice, dread Sovereign,
As thou art King, so grant I may have Justice.

King. What means this Exclamation? let us know.

Roch. Ah, my good Lord, the State's abus'd,

And our Decrees most shamefully prophan'd.

King. How? Or by whom?

Roch. Even by this Heretick,
This *Jew*, this Traitor to your Majesty.

Cob. Prelate, thou lyest, even in thy greasie Maw,
Or whosoever twits me with the Name
Of either Traitor, or of Heretick.

King. Forbear, I say: and Bishop, shew the Cause
From whence this late abuse hath been deriv'd.

Roch. Thus, mighty King: by general consent
A Messenger was sent to cite this Lord
To make appearance in the Consistory:
And coming to his House, a Russian Slave,
One of his daily Followers, met the Man,
Who knowing him to be a Parator
Assaults him first, and after in contempt
Of us, and our proceedings, makes him eat
The written Process, Parchment, Seal and all:
Whereby this Matter neither was brought forth,
Nor we but scorn'd for our Authority.

King. When was this done?

Roch. At six a Clock this Morning.

King. And when came you to Court?

Cob. Last Night, my Liege.

King. By this it seems he is not guilty of it,
And you have done him wrong t' accuse him so.

Roch. But it was done, my Lord, by his appointment,
Or else his Man durst not have been so bold.

King. Or else you durst be bold to interrupt
And fill our Ears with frivolous Complaints.
Is this the Duty you do bear to us?
Was't not sufficient we did pass our word
To send for him, but you misdoubting it,
Or which is worse, intending to forestall
Our Regal Power, must likewise summon him?
This favours of Ambition, not of Zeal,
And rather proves you malice his Estate,
Than any way that he offends the Law.
Go too, we like it not: and he your Officer
Had his desert for being Insolent,

Enter

Emer Lord Huntington.

That was employ'd so much amiss herein.

So *Cobham* when you please, you may depart:

Cob. I humbly bid farewell unto my Liege.

[*Exit:*

King. Farewell; what's the News by *Huntington*?

Hun. Sir *Roger Aston*, and a Crew, my Lord,
Of bold Seditious Rebels, are in Arms,
Intending Reformation of Religion.
And with their Army they intend to pitch
In *Ficket Field*, unless they be repuls'd.

King. So near our Presence? Dare they be so bold?
And will proud War and eager thirst of Blood,
Whom we had thought to entertain far off,
Press forth upon us in our Native Bounds?
Must we be forc'd to hance our sharp Blades
In *England* here, which we prepar'd for *France*?
Well, a God's Name be it. What's their Number, say,
Or who's the chief Commander of this Row?

Hun. Their Number is not known as yet, my Lord;
But 'tis reported, Sir *John Oldcastle*
Is the chief Man, on whom they do depend.

King. How? the Lord *Cobham*?

Hun. Yes, my gracious Lord.

Roch. I could have told your Majesty as much
Before he went, but that I saw your Grace
Was too much blinded by his Flattery.

Suff. Send Post, my Lord, to fetch him back again.

But. Traitor unto his Country, how he smooth'd
And seem'd as Innocent as Truth it self?

King. I cannot think it yet he would be false:
But if he be, no matter, let him go.
We'll meet both him and them unto their woe.

Roch. This falls out well, and at the last I hope
To see this Heretick die in a Rope.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Earl of Cambridge, Lord Sloop, Gray, and
Charres the French Factor.*

Sloop. Once more, my Lord of *Cambridge*, make Rehearsal
How you do stand Intituled to the Crown,
The deeper shall we print it in our Minds,
And every Man the better be resolv'd,
When he perceives his Quarrel to be just.

Cam. Then thus, Lord *Scroop*, Sir *Thomas Gray*,
 And you, *Monfieur de Chartres*, Agent for the *French*:
 This *Lionel*, Duke of *Clarence*, (as I said)
 Third Son of *Edward* (*England's King*) the Third,
 Had Issue, *Philip* his sole Daughter and Heir;
 Which *Philip* afterward was given in Marriage
 To *Edmund Mortimer* the Earl of *March*,
 And by him had a Son call'd *Roger Mortimer*;
 Which *Roger* likewise had of his Descent,
Edmund, *Roger*, *Ann* and *Elienor*,
 Two Daughters and two Sons, but of those, three
 Dy'd without Issue: *Ann*, that did Survive,
 And now was left her Father's only Heir,
 My fortune was to marry, being too
 By my Grandfather of King *Edward's* Line:
 So of his Sir-name, I am call'd you know.
Richard Plantagenet, my Father was,
Edward the Duke of *York*, and Son and Heir,
 To *Edmund Langley*, *Edward* the Third's first Son.

Scroop. So that it seems your Claim comes by your Wife,
 As lawful Heir to *Roger Mortimer*,
 The Son of *Edmund*, which did marry *Philip*:
 Daughter and Heir to *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence*.

Cam. True, for this *Harry*, and his Father both,
Harry the first, as plainly doth appear,
 Are false Intruders, and Usurp the Crown.
 For when Young *Richard* was at *Pomfret* slain,
 In him the Title of Prince *Edward* dy'd,
 That was the Eldest of King *Edward's* Sons:
William of *Hatfield*, and their second Brother,
 Death in his Nonage had before bereft:
 So that my Wife deriv'd from *Lionel*,
 Third Son unto King *Edward*, ought proceed
 And take Possession of the Diadem
 Before this *Harry*, or his Father King,
 Who fetcht their Title but from *Lancaster*,
 Fourth of that Royal Line. And being thus
 What reason is't, but she should have her Right?

Scroop. I am resolv'd, our Enterprize is just.

Gray. *Harry* shall Die, or else resign his Crown.

Char. Perform but that, and *Charles* the King of *France*

Shall aid you Lords, not only with his Men,
But send you Mony to maintain your Wars:
Five hundred thousand Crowns he bad me proffer,
If you can stop but *Harry's Voyage for France.*

Scroop. We never had a fitter time than now,
The Realm in such division as it is.

Cam. Besides you must persuade you, there is due
Vengeance for *Richard's* Murther, which although
It be deferr'd, yet will it fall at last,
And now as likely as another time.

Sin hath had many Years to ripen in,
And now the Harvest cannot be far off,
Wherein the Weeds of Usurpation
Are to be crop'd, and cast into the Fire.

Scroop. No more, Earl *Cambridge*, here I plight my Faith,
To set up thee and thy renowned Wife.

Gray. *Gray* will perform the same, as he is Knight.

Char. And to assist ye, as I said before,
Chartres doth 'gage the Honour of his King.

Scroop. We lack but now Lord *Cobham's* Fellowship,
And then our Plot were absolute indeed.

Cam. Doubt not of him, my Lord; his Life's pursu'd
By the incensed Clergy, and of late
Brought in displeasure with the King, assures
He may be quickly won to our Faction.
Who hath the Articles were drawn at large
Of our whole purpose?

Gray. That have I, my Lord.

Cam. We should not now be far off from his House,
Our serious Conference hath beguil'd the way:
See where his Castle stands, give me the writing.
When we are come unto the Speech of him,
Because we will not stand to make recount
Of that which hath been said, here he shall read
Our Minds at large, and what we crave of him.

Enter Lord Cobham.

Scroop. A ready way; here comes the Man himself
Booted and spur'd, it seems he hath been riding.

Cam. Well met, Lord *Cobham.*

Cob. My Lord of *Cambridge*?
Your Honour is most welcome into *Kent*,

And all the rest of this fair Company:
I am new come from *London*, gentle Lords:
But will ye not take *Cowling* for your *Holt*,
And see what entertainment it affords?

Cam. We were intended to have been your Guests:
But now this lucky Meeting shall suffice
To end our Business, and defer that kindness.

Cob. Business, my Lord? what Business should
Let you to be merry? we have no delicacies;
Yet this I'll promise you, a piece of Venison,
A Cup of Wine, and so forth, Hunters fare:
And if you please, we'll strike the Stag our selves
Shall fill our Dishes with his well-fed Flesh.

Scroop. That is indeed the thing we all desire.

Cob. My Lords, and you shall have your choice with me.

Cam. Nay, but the Stag which we desire to strike,
Lives not in *Cowling*: If you will consent,
And go with us, we'll bring you to a Forest,
Where runs a lusty Herd; among the which
There is a Stag superior to the rest;
A stately Beast, that when his Fellows run
He leads the Race, and beats the sullen Earth,
As though he scorn'd it with his trampling Hoofs,
Aloft he bears his Head, and with his Breast
Like a huge Bulwark counter-checks the Wind;
And when he standeth still, he stretcheth forth
His proud ambitious Neck, as if he meant
To wound the Firmament with forked Horns.

Cob. 'Tis pity such a goodly Beast should die.

Cam. Not so, Sir *John*, for he is Tyrannous,
And goes the other Deer, and will not keep
Within the limits are appointed him.
Of late he's broke into a Several,
Which doth belong to me, and there he spoils
Both Corn and Pasture, two of his wild Race
Alike for stealth, and covetous incroaching,
Already are remov'd; if he were dead,
I should not only be secure from hurt,
But with his Body make a Royal Feast.

Scroop. How say you then, will you first hunt with us?

Cob. Faith, Lords, I like the Pastime, where's the place?

Cam. Peruse this writing, it will shew you all,
And what occasion we have for the sport. [He reads.

Cob. Call ye this Hunting, my Lords? Is this the Stag
You say would chase, *Harry* our dread King?
So we may make a Banquet for the Devil?
And in the stead of wholesome Meat, prepare
A Dish of Poison to confound our selves.

Cam. Why so, Lord *Cobham*? See you not our claim?
And how imperiously he holds the Crown?

Scroop. Besides, you know your self is in disgrace,
Held as a Recreat, and pursu'd to Death,
This will defend you from your Enemies,
And stablish your Religion through the Land.

Cob. Notorious Treason! yet I will conceal
My secret Thoughts to sound the Depth of it,
My Lord of *Cambridge*, I do see your claim,
And what good may redound unto the Land,
By prosecuting of this enterprise.

But where are Men? where's paw'r and furniture
The order such an Action? we are weak,
Harry, you know's a mighty Potentate.

Cam. Tut, we are strong enough; you are belov'd,
And many will be glad to follow you,
We are the like, and some will follow us:
Nay, there is hope from *France*: Here's an Ambassador
That promiseth both Men and Money too.
The Commons likewise, as we hear, pretend
A sudden Turn, we will join with them.

Cob. Some likelihood, I must confess, to speed:
But how shall I believe this in plain mouth?
You are, my Lords, such Men as live in Court,
And have been highly favour'd of the King,
Especially Lord *Scroop*, whom oftentimes
He maketh choice of for his Bed-fellow.
And you, Lord *Gray*, are of his Privy-Council:
Is not this train laid to intrap my Life?

Cam. Then perish may my Soule; what, think you for
Scroop. We'll swear to you.

Gray. Or take the Sacrament.

Cob. Nay you are Noblemen, and I imagine,
As you are honourable by Birth, and Blood,
So you will be in Heart, in Thought, in Word,
I crave no other Testimony but this:
That you would all subscribe, and set your Hands
Unto this writing which you gave to me.

Cam. With all our Hearts: Who hath any Pen and Ink?

Scroop. My Pocket should have one; O, here it is.

Cam. Give it me, Lord *Scroop.* There is my Name.

Scroop. And there is my Name.

Gray. And mine.

Cob. Sir, let me crave that you would likewise write
your Name with theirs, for Confirmation of your Master's
words, the King of *France*:

Char. That will I, noble Lord.

Cob. So, now this Action is well knit together,
And I am for you; where's our Meeting, Lords?

Cam. Here, if you please, the tenth of *July* next.

Cob. In *Kent*? agreed. Now let us in to Supper,
I hope your Honours will not away to Night.

Cam. Yes presently, for I have far to ride,
About soliciting of other Friends.

Scroop. And we would not be absent from the Court,
Lest thereby grow suspicion in the King.

Cob. Yet taste a cup of Wine before ye go.

Cam. Not now, my Lord, we thank you: so farewell.

[*Exeunt all but Cobham.*]

Cob. Farewel, my noble Lords. My noble Lords?
My noble Villains, base Conspirators,
How can they look his Highness in the Face,
Whom they so closely study to betray?
But I'll not sleep until I make it known,
This Head shall not be burthen'd with such Thoughts,
Nor in this Heart will I conceal a Deed
Of such impiety against my King.
Madam, how now?

Enter Lady Cobham, Lord Powis, Lady Powis, and Harpool.

L. Cob. You're welcome home, my Lord:
Why seem ye so unquiet in your Looks?

What

What hath befall'n you that disturbs your Mind?

L. Pow. Bad News I am afraid touching my Husband.

Cob. Madam, not so; there is your Husband's Pardon;
Long may ye live, each joy unto the other.

L. Pow. So great a Kindness, as I know not how to reply,
my Sense is quite confounded.

Cob. Let that alone; and, Madam, stay me not,
For I must back unto the Court again,
With all the speed I can: *Harpool*, my Horse.

L. Cob. So soon my Lord? what will you ride all Night?

Cob. All Night or Day, it must be so sweet Wife;
Urge me not why, or what my Business is,
But get you in: *Lord Powis*, bear with me.
And, Madam, think your welcome e'er the worse,
My House is at your Use. *Harpool*, away.

Har. Shall I attend your Lordship to the Court?

Cob. Yea Sir, your Gelding, mount you presently. [*Exit.*]

L. Cob. I prithee *Harpool* look unto thy Lord
I do not like this sudden posting back.

Pow. Some earnest Business is a-foot belike,
Whate'er it be, pray God be his good Guide.

L. Pow. Amen, that hath so highly us bested.

L. Cob. Come, Madam, and my Lord, we'll hope the best,
You shall not into *Wales* 'till he return.

Pow. Though great Occasion be we should depart,
Yet, Madam, will we stay to be resolv'd
Of this unlook'd for doubtful Accident. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Murley and his Men, prepar'd in some filthy Order
for War.*

Mur. Come my Hearts of flint, modestly, decently,
soberly, and handsomly; no Man afore his Leader: Fol-
low your Master, your Captain, your Knight that shall
be, for the honour of Meal-men, Millers, and Mat-men,
Dun is the Mouse: *Dick* and *Tom* for the credit of *Dan-*
stable, ding down the Enemy to Morrow. Ye shall not
come into the Field like Beggars. Where be *Leonard* and
Lawrence my two Leaders? Lord have mercy upon us,
what a World is this? I would give a couple of Shillings
for a dozen of good Feathers for ye, and forty Pence for as
many

many Scarfs to set you out withal. Frost and Snow, a Man has no Heart to fight 'till he be brave.

Dick. Master, we are no Babes, our Town Foot-Balls can bear witness; this little 'parrel we have shall off, and we'll fight naked before we run away.

Tom. Nay, I'm of *Lawrence* mind for that, for he means to leave his Life behind him, he and *Leonard*, your two Loaders are making their Wills because they have Wives, now we Batchelors bid our Friends scramble for our Goods if we die: But Master, pray let me ride upon *Cat*.

Mur. Meal and Salt, Wheat and Malt, Fire and Tow, Frost and Snow, why *Tom* thou shalt. Let me see, here are you, *William* and *George* are with my Cart, and *Robin* and *Hodge* holding my own two Horses; proper Men, handsome Men, tall Men, true Men.

Dick. But Master, Master, methinks you are mad to hazard your own Person, and a Cart-Load of Money too.

Tom. Yea, and Master there's a worse matter in't; if it be as I heard say, we go fight against all the learned Bishops, that should give us their blessing; and if they curse us, we shall speed ne'er the better.

Dick. Nay Birlady, some say the King takes their part, and Master dare you fight against the King?

Mur. Fie paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro upon occasion, if the King be so unwise to come there, we'll fight with him too.

Tom. What if ye should kill the King?

Mur. Then we'll make another.

Dick. Is that all? do ye not speak Treason?

Mur. If we do, who dare trip us? We come to fight for our Conscience, and for Honour; little know you what is in my Bosom, look here mad Knaves, a pair of gilt Spurs.

Tom. A pair of Golden Spurs? Why do you not put them on your Heels? Your Bosom's no place for Spurs.

Mur. Be't more or less upon occasion, Lord have mercy upon us, *Tom* thou'rt a Fool, and thou speak'st Treason to Knight-hood: Dare any wear Gold or Silver Spurs, 'till he be a Knight? No, I shall be Knighted to morrow,

and then they shall on: Sirs, was it ever read in the Church-book of *Dunstable*, that ever Malt-man was made Knight?

Tom. No, but you are more: You are Meal-man, Malt-man, Miller, Corn-master, and all.

Dick. Yea, and half a Brewer too, and the Devil and all for Wealth: You bring more Money with you than all the rest.

Mur. The more's my Honour, I shall be a Knight to-morrow. Let me 'spole my Men, *Tom* upon *Cur*, *Dick* upon *Hob*, *Hodge* upon *Ball*, *Ralph* upon *Sorrel*, and *Robin* upon the *Fore-horle*.

Enter Acton, Bourn, and Beverley.

Tom. Stand, who comes there?

All. All Friends, good Fellow.

Mur. Friends and Fellows indeed, Sir *Roger*.

All. Why, thus you shew your self a Gentleman, To keep your Day, and come so well prepar'd. Your Cart stands yonder guarded by your Men, Who tell me it is loaden well with Coin, What Sum is there?

Mur. Ten thousand Pound, Sir *Roger*, and modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomely, see what I have here against I be Knighted.

All. Gilt Spurs? 'Tis well.

Mur. Where's our Army, Sir?

All. Dispers'd in sundry Villages about; Some here with us in *High-gate*, some at *Finchley*, *Totnam*, *Enfield*, *Edmonton*, *Newington*, *Islington*, *Hogsdon*, *Pancredge*, *Kensington*, Some nearer, *Thames*, *Rascliff*, *Blackwall*, and *Bow*: But our chief Strength must be the *Londoners*, Which, e'er the Sun to-morrow shine, Will be near fifty thousand in the Field.

Mur. Marry, God did ye, dainty my Dear, but upon occasion, Sir *Roger Acton*, doth not the King know of it, and gather his Power against us?

All. No, he's secure at *Eltham*.

Mur. What do the Clergy?

All. Fear extremly, yet prepare no force.

Mur.

Mur. In and out, to and fro, bully my boykin, we shall carry the World afore us, I vow, by my worship, when I am Knighted, we'll take the King napping, if he stand on their part.

Att. This Night we sew in *High-gate* will repose,
With the first Cock we'll rise and arm our selves,
To be in *Ficket-field* by break of Day,
And there expect our General.

Mur. Sir *John Oldcastle*, what if he comes not?

Bourn. Yet our Action stands,
Sir *Roger Acton* may supply his place.

Mur. True, Mr. *Bourn*, but who shall make me Knight?

Bev. He that hath pow'r to be our General.

Att. Talk not of trifles, come let us away,
Our Friends of *London* long 'till it be Day. [Exeunt.]

Enter Priest and Doll.

Doll. By my troth, thou art as jealous a Man as lives.

Priest. Canst thou blame me, *Doll*, thou art my Lands,
my Goods, my Jewels, my Wealth, my Purse, none walks
within forty Miles of *London*, but a plies thee as truly, as
the Parish does the poor Man's Box.

Doll. I am as true to thee, as the Stone is in the Wall,
and thou know'st well enough, I was in as good doing,
when I came to thee, as any Wench need to be; and there-
fore thou hast tryed me that thou hast; and I will not be
kept as I ha bin, that I will not.

Priest. *Doll*, if this blade hold, there's not a Pedler walks
with a pack, but thou shalt as boldly chuse of his Wares,
as with thy ready Mony in a Merchant's Shop, we'll have
as good Silver as the King Coins any.

Doll. What, is all the Gold spent you took the last Day
from the Courtier?

Priest. 'Tis gone *Doll*, 'tis flown; merrily come, merrily
gone; he comes a Horse-back that must pay for all; we'll
have as good Meat as Mony can get, and as good Gowns
as can be bought for Gold, be merry Wench, the Malt-
man comes on *Monday*.

Doll. You might have left me at *Cobham*, until you had
been better provided for.

Priest.

Priest. No, sweet *Doll*, no, I like not that, yon old Ruffian is not for the Priest; I do not like a new Clerk should come in the old Belfrey.

Doll. Thou art a mad Priest i'faith.

Priest. Come *Doll*, I'll see thee safe at some Ale-house here at *Gray*, and the next Sheep that comes shall leave behind his Fleece. [Exit.]

Enter the King, Suffolk, and Butler:

King, in great haste. My Lord of *Suffolk*, post away for life, And let our Forces of such Horse and Foot, As can be gathered up by any means. Make speedy Rendevouz in *Twittle-fields*. It must be done this Evening, my Lord, This Night the Rebels mean to draw to Head Near *Islington*, which if your speed prevent not, If once they should unite their several Forces, Their Power is almost thought invincible, Away, my Lord, I will be with you soon.

Suf. I go, my Sovereign, with all happy speed. [Exit.]

King: Make haste, my Lord of *Suffolk*, as you love us.
Butler, post you to *London* with all speed:
Command the Mayor and Sheriffs on their Allegiance,
The City Gates be presently shut up,
And guarded with a strong sufficient Watch,
And not a Man be suffered to pass,
Without a special Warrant from our self.
Command the Postern by the Tower be kept,
And Proclamation on the pain of Death
That not a Citizen stir from his Doors,
Except such as the Mayor and Sheriffs shall chuse
For their own Guard, and safety of their Persons:
Butler away, have care unto my Charge.

But. I go, my Sovereign.

King. *Butler.*

But. My Lord.

King. Go down by *Greenwitch*, and command a Boat,
At the *Fryars-Bridge* attend my coming down.

But. I will, my Lord [Exit Butler.]

King. It's time I think to look unto Rebellion,
When *Alton* doth expect unto his aid,
No less than fifty thousand *Londoners*.

Well, I'll to *Westminster* in this Disguise,
To hear what News is stirring in these Brawls.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Stand true Man, says a Thief.

King. Stand Thief, says a true Man: how if a Thief?

Priest. Stand Thief too.

King. Then Thief or true Man, I must stand I see,
howsoever the World wags, the trade of Thieving yet will
never down. What art thou?

Priest. A good Fellow.

King. So I am too, I see thou dost know me.

Priest. If thou be a good Fellow, play the good Fellows
part, deliver thy Purse without more ado.

King. I have no Mony.

Priest. I must make you find some before we part, if you
have no Mony you shall have ware, as many sound Blows
as your Skin can carry.

King. Is that the plain Truth?

Priest. Sirrah, no more ado; come, come, give me the
Mony you have. Dispatch, I cannot stand all Day.

King. Well if thou wilt needs have it, there it is;
just the Proverb, one Thief robs another. Where the De-
vil are all my old Thieves? *Falstaffe* that Villain is so fat,
he cannot get on's Horse, but methinks *Poins* and *Peto*
should be stirring hereabouts.

Priest. How much is there on't of thy Word?

King. A hundred Pound in Angels, on my word.
The time has been I would have done as much
For thee, if thou hadst past this way, as I have now.

Priest. Sirrah, what art thou? thou seem'st a Gentle-
man?

King. I am no less, yet a poor one now, for thou hast
all my Mony.

Priest. From whence cam'st thou?

King. From the Court at *Eltham*.

Priest. Art thou one of the King's Servants?

King. Yes, that I am, and one of his Chamber.

Priest. I am glad thou'rt no worse; thou may'st the better
spare thy Mony, and think thou might'st get a poor Thief
his Pardon if he should have need.

King. Yes that I can.

Priest. Wilt thou do so much for me, when I shall have occasion?

King. Yes faith will I, so it be for no Murther.

Priest. Nay, I am a pitiful Thief, all the hurt I do a Man, I take out his Purse, I'll kill no Man,

King. Then of my Word I'll do't.

Priest. Give me thy Hand of the same.

King. There 'tis.

Priest. Methinks the King should be good to Thieves, because he has been a Thief himself, although I think now he be turn'd a true Man.

King. Faith I have heard indeed h'as had an ill Name that way in's Youth; but how canst thou tell that he has been a Thief?

Priest. How? because he once robb'd me before I fell to the Trade my self, when that foul Villanous Guts, that led him to all that Roguery, was in's Company there, that *Falstaffe*.

Priest. Well, if he did rob thee then, thou art but even with him now I'll be sworn [*Aside*]: Thou knowest not the King now I think, if thou sawest him?

Priest. Not I, i'faith.

King. So it should seem.

[*Aside*]

Priest. Well, if old King *Harry* had liv'd, this King that is now, had made thieving the best Trade in *England*.

King. Why so?

Priest. Because he was the chief Warden of our Company, it's pity that e'er he should have been a King, he was so brave a Thief. But Sirrah, wilt remember my Pardon if need be?

King. Yes Faith will I.

Priest. Wilt thou? well then, because thou shalt go safe, for thou may'st hap (being so early) be met with again, before thou come to *Southwark*, if any Man when he should bid thee good morrow, bid thee stand, say thou but Sir *John*, and they will let thee pass.

King. Is that the word? then let me alone.

Priest. Nay, Sirrah, because I think indeed I shall have some occasion to use thee, and as thou com'st off this way, I may light on thee another time not knowing thee,

here I'll break this Angel, take thou half of it, this is a Token betwixt thee and me.

King. God a mercy; farewell.

[Exit.

Priest. O my five golden Slaves, here's for thee, Wench, i'faith. Now, *Doll*, we will revel in our Bever, this is a Tythe Pig of my Vicarage. God a Mercy Neighbour *Shooters-Hill*, you ha paid your Tythe honestly. Well, I hear there is a Company of Rebels up against the King, got together in *Ficket-field* near *Holborn*, and as it is thought, here in *Kent*, the King will be there to Night in's own Person; Well, I'll to the King's Camp, and it shall go hard, if there be any doings, but I'll make some good Boot among them.

[Exit.

Enter King, Suffolk, Huntington, and two with Lights.

King. My Lords of *Suffolk* and of *Huntington*, Who scouts it now? or who stand Sentinels? What Men of Worth? what Lords do walk the round?

Suf. May't please your Highness.

King. Peace, no more of that,
The King's asleep, wake not his Majesty
With terms nor Titles; he's at rest in Bed,
Kings do not use to watch themselves, they sleep;
And let Rebellion and Conspiracy
Revel and havock in the Commonwealth.
Is *London* look'd unto?

Hunt. It is, my Lord,
Your noble Uncle *Exeter* is there,
Your Brother *Gloucester*, and my Lord of *Warwick*,
Who with the Mayor and the Aldermen
Do guard the Gates, and keep good Rule within.
The Earl of *Cambridge*, and Sir *Thomas Gray*
Do walk the round, Lord *Scroop* and *Butler* scout:
So though it please your Majesty to jest,
Were you in Bed, well might you take your rest.

King. I thank ye Lords; but you do know of old,
That I have been a perfect Night-walker:
London, you say, is safely lookt unto,
Alas, poor Rebels, there your Aid must fall;
And the Lord *Cobham* Sir *John Oldcastle*,
Quiet in *Kent*; *Acton*, you are deceiv'd:

Reckon

Reckon again, you count without your Host.
 To morrow you shall give account to us,
 'Till when, my Friends, this long cold Winter's Night
 How can we spend? King *Harry* is asleep,
 And all his Lords, these Garments tell us so:
 All Friends at Foot-Ball, Fellows all in Field,
Harry, and *Dick*, and *George*, bring us a Drum,
 Give us square Dice, we'll keep this Court of Guard,
 For all good Fellows Companies that come.
 Where's that mad Priest ye told me was in Arms
 To Fight, as well as Pray, if need requir'd.

Suf. He's in the Camp, and if he knew of this,
 I undertake he would not be long hence.

King. Trip *Dick*, trip *George*.

Hunt. I must have the Dice; what do we play at?

Suf. Passage, if ye please.

Hunt. Set round then; so at all.

King. *George*, you are out.

Give me the Dice, I pass for twenty Pound,
 Here's to our lucky Passage in *France*.

Hunt. *Harry*, you pass indeed, for you sweep all.

Suf. A Sign King *Harry* shall sweep all in *France*.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Edge ye good Fellows, take a fresh Gamester in.

King. Master Parson, we play nothing but Gold?

Priest. And, Fellow, I tell thee that the Priest hath Gold,
 Gold; what? ye are but Beggarly Soldiers to me, I think
 I have more Gold than all you three.

Hunt. It may be so, but we believe it not.

King. Set, Priest, set, I pass for all that Gold.

Priest. Ye pass indeed.

King. Priest, hast any more?

Priest. More? What a Question's that?

I tell thee I have more than all you three,
 At these ten Angels.

King. I wonder how thou com'st by all this Gold,
 How many Benefices hast thou, Priest?

Priest. Faith, but one, dost wonder how I come by Gold?
 I wonder rather how poor Soldiers should have Gold; for
 I'll tell thee, good Fellow, we have every Day Tythes,
 Offrings, Christnings, Weddings, Burials; and you poor

Snakes come seldom to a Booty. I'll speak a proud word, I have but one Parsonage, *Wrotham*, 'tis better than the Bishoprick of *Rocheſter*: there's ne'er a Hill, Heath, nor Down in all *Kent*, but 'tis in my Parish, *Barrham-down*, *Cobham-down*, *Gads-hill*, *Wrotham-hill*, *Black-beath*, *Cock-beath*, *Birchen-wood*, all pay me tythe. Gold quoth a? ye paſs not for that.

Suf. Harry, ye are out, now, Parſon, ſhake the Dice.

Prieſt. Set, ſet, I'll cover ye, at all: A plague on't I am out; the Devil, and Dice, and a Wench, who will truſt them?

Suf. Say'ſt thou ſo, *Prieſt*? ſet fair, at all for once.

King. Out, Sir, pay all.

Prieſt. Sir, pay me Angel Gold, I'll none of your crack'd *French Crowns* nor *Piſtolets*, Pay me fair Angel Gold, as I pay you.

King. No crack'd *French Crowns*? I hope to ſee more crack'd *French Crowns* e'er long.

Prieſt. Thou mean'ſt of *French Mens Crowns*, when the *King's* in *France*.

Hun. S t round, at all.

Prieſt. Pay all: this is ſome luck.

King. Give me the Dice, 'tis I muſt ſhred the *Prieſt*: At all, Sir *John*.

Prieſt. The Devil and all is yours: at that. 'Sdeath, what caſting's this?

Suf. Well thrown, *Harry*, I'faith.

King. I'll caſt better yet.

Prieſt. Then I'll be hang'd. *Sirrah*, haſt thou not giv'n thy Soul to the Devil for caſting?

King. I paſs for all.

Prieſt. Thou paſſeſt all that e'er I play'd withal: *Sirrah*, doſt thou not cog, nor ſoiſt, nor ſtur?

King. Set, Parſon, ſet, the Dice die in my Hand. When, Parſon, when? what, can ye find no more? Already dry? waſ't you bragg'd of your Store?

Prieſt. All's gone but that.

Hun. What? half a broken Angel.

Prieſt. Why, Sir? 'tis Gold.

King. Yea, and I'll cover it.

Prieſt.

Priest. The Devil give ye good on't, I am blind; you have blown me up.

King. Nay, tarry, *Priest*, you shall not leave us yet, Do not these pieces fit each other well?

Priest. What if they do?

King. Thereby begins a Tale:

There was a Thief, in Face much like Sir *John*,
 But 'twas not he. That Thief was all in green,
 Met me last Day, on *Black-heath*, near the *Park*,
 With him a Woman. I was all alone
 And Weaponless, my Boy had all my Tools,
 And was before providing me a Boat.
 Short tale to make, Sir *John*, the Thief I mean,
 Took a just hundred Pound in Gold from me.
 I storm'd at it, and swore to be reveng'd
 If e'er we met; he like a lusty Thief,
 Brake with his Teeth this Angel just in two,
 To be a Token at our meeting next;
 Provided I should charge no Officer
 To apprehend him, but at Weapons Point
 Recover that, and what he had beside.
 Well met, Sir *John*, betake ye to your Tools
 By Torch-light, for, Matter Parson, you are he
 That had my Gold.

Priest. Zounds I won't in play, in fair square Play, of the Keeper of *Eltham-Park*, and that I will maintain with this poor Whyniard; be ye two honest Men to stand and look upon's, and let's alone, and neither part.

King. Agreed, I charge ye do not budge a Foot.
 Sir *John*, have at ye.

Priest. Soldier, ware your Sconce.

As they proffer, enter Butler, and draws his Sword to part them.

But. Hold, Villain, hold; my Lords, what d'ye mean, To see a Traitor draw against the King.

Priest. The King? Gods will, I am in a proper pickle.

King. *Butler*, what News? why dost thou trouble us?

But. Please your Majesty, it's break of Day,
 And as I scouted near to *Islington*,
 The Gray-ey'd Morning gave me glimmering,
 Of armed Men coming down *Hygate-Hill*,
 Who by their Course are coasting hitherward.

King. Let us withdraw, my Lords, prepare our Troops,
To charge the Rebels if there be such Cause:
For this lewd Priest, this devilish Hypocrite,
That is a Thief, a Gamester, and what not,
Let him be hang'd up for Example sake.

Priest. Not so, my gracious Sovereign, I confess I am
a frail Man, Flesh and Blood as other are; but set my im-
perfections aside, ye have not a taller Man, nor a truer
Subject to the Crown and State, then Sir *John of Wro-*
tham is.

King. Will a true Subject rob his King?

Priest. Alas! 'twas ignorance and want, my gracious
Liege.

King. 'Twas want of Grace. Why, you should be as fit
To season others with good document,
Your Lives as Lamps to give the People Light,
As Shepherds, not as Wolves to spoil the Flock;
Go hang him, *Butler*.

But. Didst thou not rob me?

Priest. I must confess I saw some of your Gold, but, my
dead Lord, I am in no humour for Death; God will that
Sinners live, do not you cause me to die. Once in their
Lives the best may go astray, and if the world say true,
your self, my Liege, have been a Thief.

King. I confess I have,
But I repent and have reclaim'd my self.

Priest. So will I do if you will give me time.

King. Wilt thou? my Lords, will you be his Sureties?

Hunt. That when he robs again he shall be hang'd.

Priest. I ask no more.

King. And we will grant thee that,
Live and repent, and prove an honest Man,
Which when I hear, and safe return from *France*,
I'll give thee living. 'Till when, take thy Gold;
But spend it better than in Cards or Wine,
For better Virtues fit that Coat of thine.

Priest. *Vivat Rex, & currat Lex.* My Liege, if ye have
cause of Battel, ye shall see Sir *John* bestir himself in your
Quarrel.

[*Exeunt.*

An

An Alarm. Enter King, Suffolk, Huntington, Sir John bringing forth Acton, Beverly, and Murly, Prisoners.

King. Bring in those Traitors, whose aspiring Minds
Thought to have triumph'd in our Overthrow;
But now ye see, base Villains, what Success
Attends ill Actions wrongfully attempted.

Sir Roger Acton, thou retain'st the Name
Of Knight, and shouldst be more discreetly temper'd
Than join with Peasants, Gentry is Divine,
But thou hast made it more than popular.

Act. Pardon, my Lord, my Conscience urg'd me to it.

King. Thy Conscience, then Conscience is corrupt,
For in thy Conscience thou art bound to us,
And in thy Conscience thou shouldst love thy Country,
Else what's the difference 'twixt a Christian,
And the uncivil Manners of the Turk?

Bev. We meant no hurt unto your Majesty,
But Reformation of Religion.

King. Reform Religion? was it that you sought?
I pray who gave you that Authority?
Belike then we do hold the Scepter up,
And sit within the Throne but for a Cipher.
Time was, good Subjects would make known their Grief,
And pray Amendment, not inforce the same,
Unless their King were Tyrant, which I hope
You cannot justly say that *Harry* is.
What is that other?

Suf. A Malt-Man, my Lord,
And dwelling in *Dunstable*, as he says.

King. Sirrah, what made you leave your Barley-broth,
To come in Armour thus against your King?

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, in and out upon oc-
casion, what a World is this? Knighthood, my Liege, 'twas
Knighthood brought me hither, they told me I had Wealth
enough to make my Wife a Lady.

King. And so you brought those Horses which we saw
Trapt all in costly Furniture, and meant
To wear these Spurs when you were Knighted once.

Mur. In and out upon Occasion I did.

King. In and out upon Occasion, therefore you shall be
hang'd, and in the stead of wearing these Spurs upon your
Heels,

Heels, about your Neck they shall bewray your Folly to the World.

Priest. In and out upon Occasion, that goes hard.

Mur. Fic, paltry, paltry, to and fro; good my Liege, a Pardon, I am sorry for my Fault.

King. That comes too late; but tell me, went there none beside Sir Roger Acton, upon whom You did depend to be your Governor.

Mur. None, my Lord, but Sir John Oldcastle.

Enter Bishop of Rochester.

King. Bears he a part in this Conspiracy.

Act. We look'd, my Lord, that he would meet us here.

King. But did he promise you that he would come.

Act. Such Letter we received forth of Kent.

Roch. Where is my Lord the King? Health to your Grace. Examining, my Lord, some of these Rebels, It is a general Voice among them all, That they had never come into this Place, But to have met their valiant General, The good Lord Cobham, as they title him: Whereby, my Lord, your Grace may now perceive, His Treason is apparent, which before He fought to colour by his Flattery.

King. Now by my Royalty I would have sworn, But for his Conscience, which I bear withal, There had not liv'd a more true hearted Subject.

Roch. It is but counterfeit, my gracious Lord, And therefore may it please your Majesty, To set your Hand unto this Precept here, By which we'll cause him forthwith to appear, And answer this by order of the Law.

King. Not only that, but take Commission To search, attach, imprison, and condemn This most notorious Traitor as you please.

Roch. It shall be done, my Lord, without delay: So now I hold, Lord Cobham, in my Hand, That which shall finish thy disdain'd Life.

King. I think the Iron Age begins but now, Which learned Poets have so often taught, Wherein there is no credit to be given To either Words, or Looks, or solemn Oaths,

For if he were, how often hath he sworn,
How gently tun'd the Musick of his Tongue,
And with what amiable Face beheld he me,
When all, God knows, was but Hypocrisie.

Enter Lord Cobham.

Cob. Long Life and prosperous Reign unto my Lord.

King. Ah, Villain, canst thou wish Prosperity,
Whose Heart includeth nought but Treachery?
I do arrest thee here my self, false Knight,
Of Treason capital against the State.

Cob. Of Treason, mighty Prince? your Grace mistakes,
I hope it is but in the way of Mirth.

King. Thy Neck shall feel it is in earnest shortly.
Durst thou intrude into my Presence, knowing
How heinously thou hast offended us?
But this is thy accustomed deceit,
Now thou perceiv'st thy Purpose is in vain,
With some excuse or other thou wilt come
To clear thy self of this Rebellion.

Cob. Rebellion, good my Lord, I know of none.

King. If you deny it, here is evidence,
See you these Men; you never counselled;
Nor offered them assistance in their Wars?

Cob. Speak, Sirs, not one but all, I crave no favour.
Have ever I been conversant with you?
Or written Letters to incourage you?
Or kindled by the least or smallest part
Of this your late unnatural Rebellion?
Speak, for I dare the uttermost you can.

Mur. In and out upon Occasion, I know you not.

King. No, didst thou not say, that Sir John Oldcastle
Was one with whom you purpos'd to have met?

Mur. True, I did say so, but in what respect,
Because I heard it was reported so.

King. Was there no other Argument but that?

Alc. I must confess we have no other Ground
But only rumour to accuse this Lord,
Which now I see was meerly fabulous.

King. The more pernicious you to taint him then,
Whom you know was not faulty, yea or no.

Cob. Let this, my Lord, which I present your Grace
Speak for my Loyalty, read these Articles,
And then give Sentence of my Life or Death.

King. Earl Cambridge, Scroop and Gray corrupted
With Bribes from Charles of France, either to win
My Crown from me, or secretly contrive
My Death by Treason? Is't possible?

Cob. There is the Platform, and their Hands, my Lord,
Each severally subscribed to the same.

King. Oh never heard of base Ingratitude!
Even those I hug within my Bosom most,
Are readiest evermore to sting my Heart.
Pardon me, Cobham, I have done thee wrong,
Hereafter I will live to make amends.

Is then their time of meeting so near hand?
We'll meet with them but little for their ease,
If God permit. Go take these Rebels hence,
Let them have Martial Law? but as for thee,
Friend to thy King and Country, still be free. [Exeunt.]

Mur. Be it more or less, what a World is this?
Would I had continued still of the Order of Knaves,
And ne'er fought Knighthood, since it costs
So dear: Sir Roger, I may thank you for all.

Act. Now 'tis too late to have it remedied,
I prithee, Murley, do not urge me with it.

Hunt. Will you away, and make no more to do?

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, as Occasion serves,
If you be so, hasty, take my Place.

Hunt. No, good Sir Knight, e'en take't your self.

Mur. I could be glad to give my betters place. [Exeunt:
Enter Bishop of Rochester, Lord Warden, Cromer the Sheriff,
Lady Cobham and Attendants.]

Roch. I tell ye, Lady, it's impossible
But you should know where he conveys himself,
And you have hid him in some secret Place.

L. Cob. My Lord, believe me, as I love my Soul,
I know not where my Lord my Husband is.

Roch. Go to, go to, ye are an Heretick,
And will be forc'd by Torture to confess,
If fair means will not serve to make you tell.

L. Cob. My Husband is a Noble Gentleman,

And need not hide himself for any Fact
That e'er I heard of, therefore wrong him not.

Roch. Your Husband is a dangerous Schismatick,
Traitor to God, the King, and Commonwealth,
And therefore, Mr. *Cromer*, Sheriff of *Kent*,
I charge you take her to your Custody,
And seize the Goods of Sir *John Oldcastle*
To the King's use; let her go in no more,
To fetch so much as her Apparel our,
There is your Warrant from his Majesty.

War. Good my Lord Bishop, pacifie your wrath
Against the Lady.

Roch. Then let her confess
Where *Oldcastle* her Husband is conceal'd.

War. I dare engage mine Honour and my Life,
Poor Gentlewoman, she is ignorant
And innocent of all his Practices,
If any Evil by him be practised.

Roch. If, my Lord Warden? Nay then I charge you,
That all Cinque-ports whereof you are chief,
Be laid forthwith, that he escapes us not.
Shew him his Highness warrant, Mr. Sheriff.

War. I am sorry for the noble Gentleman.

Roch. Peace, he comes here, now do your Office.
Enter Harpool and Lord Cobham.

Cob. *Harpool*, what Business have we here in hand?
What makes the Bishop and the Sheriff here?
I fear my coming home is dangerous,
I would I had not made such haste to *Cobham*.

Har. Be of good cheer, my Lord, if they be Foes, we'll
scramble shrewdly with them: if they be Friends they are
welcome.

Sher. Sir *John Oldcastle* Lord *Cobham*, in the King's Name,
I arrest ye of high Treason.

Cob. Treason, Mr. *Cromer*?

Har. Treason, Mr. Sheriff, what Treason?

Cob. *Harpool*, I charge thee stir not, but be quiet.
Do ye arrest me of Treason, Mr. Sheriff?

Roch. Yea, of High Treason, Traitor, Heretick.

Cob. Defiance in his Face that calls me so,
I am as true a Loyal Gentleman

Unto his Highness, as my proudest Enemy,
The King shall witness my late faithful Service,
For safety of his sacred Majesty.

Roch. What thou art, the King's Hand shall testify,
Shew him, Lord Warden.

Cob. Jesu defend me,
Is't possible your cunning could so temper
The Princely disposition of his Mind,
To sign the damage of a Loyal Subject?
Well, the best is, it bears an antedate,
Procured by my absence and your malice.
But I, since that, have shew'd my self as true,
As any Churchman that dare challenge me:
Let me be brought before his Majesty,
If he acquit me not, then do your worst.

Roch. We are not bound to do kind Offices
For any Traitor, Schismatick, nor Heretick:
The King's Hand is our Warrant for our Work,
Who is departed on his way for *France*,
And at *Southampton* doth repose this Night.

Har. O that thou and I were within twenty Miles of it,
on *Salisbury Plain*! I would lose my Head if thou brought'st
thy Head hither again. [Aside.]

Cob. My Lord Warden o'th' *Cinque-ports*, and Lord of
Rocheſter, ye are joint Commissioners, favour me so much on
my expence, to bring me to the King.

Roch. What, to *Southampton*?

Cob. Thither, my good Lord,
And if he do not clear me of all Guilt,
And all suspicion of Conſpiracy,
Pawning his Princely warrant for my Truth:
I ask no Favour, but extreameſt Torture.
Bring me, or ſend me to him, good my Lord,
Good my Lord Warden, Mr. Sheriff entreat.

[They both entreat for him.]

Come hither Lady, nay, ſweet Wife, forbear
To heep one Sorrow on another's Neck:
Tis grief enough falſly to be accus'd,
And not permitted to acquit my ſelf,
Do not thou with thy kind reſpective Tears,

Torment

Torment thy Husband's Heart that bleeds for thee :
 But be of Comfort, God hath help in store
 For those that put assured trust in him.
 Dear Wife, if they commit me to the *Tower*,
 Come up to *London*, to your Sister's House:
 That being near me, you may comfort me.
 One solace find I settled in my Soul,
 That I am free from Treason's very thought,
 Only my Conscience for the Gospel's sake,
 Is cause of all the Troubles I sustain.

L. Cob. O my dear Lord, what shall betide of us?
 You to the *Tower*, and I turn'd out of Doors,
 Our Substance seiz'd unto his Highness use,
 Even to the Garments longing to our Backs.

Har. Patience, good Madam, things at worst will mend,
 And if they do not, yet our Lives may end.

Roch. Urge it no more, for if an Angel spake,
 I swear by sweet St. *Peter's* blessed Keys,
 First goes he to the *Tower*, then to the Stake.

Sher. But by your leave, this Warrant doth not stretch
 To Imprison-her.

Roch. No, turn her out of Doors,
 Even as she is, and lead him to the *Tower*,
 With guard enough, for fear of rescuing.

L. Cob. O God requite thee thou bloody-thirsty Man.

Cob. May it not be, my Lord of *Rocheſter*?
 Wherein have I incurr'd your hate so far,
 That my Appeal unto the King's deny'd?

Roch. No. Hate of mine, but Pow'r of Holy Church,
 Forbids all Favour to false Hereticks.

Cob. Your private Malice more than publick Pow'r,
 Strikes most at me, but with my Life it ends.

Har. aside.] O that I had the Bishop in that fear
 That once I had his *Sumner* by our selves.

Sher. My Lord, yet grant one Suit unto us all,
 That this same ancient Servingman may wait
 Upon my Lord his Master in the *Tower*.

Roch. This old Iniquity, this Heretick?
 That in contempt of our Church Discipline,
 Compell'd my *Sumner* to devour his Proceſs?
 Old Ruffian past Grace, upstart Schismatick,

Had not the King pray'd us to pardon ye,
Ye had fried for't, ye grizled Heretick.

Har. 'Sblood, my Lord Bishop, ye wrong me, I am neither Heretick nor Puritan, but of the old Church; I'll swear, drink Ale, kiss a Wench, go to Mass, eat Fish all Lent, and fast *Fridays* with Cakes and Wine, Fruit and Spicery, thrive me of my old Sins afore *Easter*, and begin new before *Whitsunside*.

Sher. A merry mad conceited Knave, my Lord.

Har. That Knave was simply put upon the Bishop.

Roch. Well, God forgive him, and I pardon him: Let him attend his Master in the *Tower*, For I in Charity with his Soul no hurt.

Cob. God blefs my Soul from such cold Charity.

Roch. To th' *Tower* with him, and when my leisure serves, I will examine him of Articles; Look, my Lord Warden, as you have in charge, The Sheriff perform his Office.

War. Ay, my Lord.

Enter Sumner with Books.

Roch. What bring'st thou there? what, Books of Heresie?

Sum. Yea, my Lord, here's not a *Latin* Book, No not so much as our Ladies Psalter: Here's the Bible, the Testament, the Psalms in metre, The Sick Man's Salve, the Treasure of Gladness, All *English*, no not so much but the Almanack's *English*.

Roch. Away with them, to th' Fire with them, *Clan*, Now fie upon these upstart Hereticks. All *English*, burn them, burn them quickly, *Clan*.

Har. But do not, *Sumner*, as you'll answer it, for I have there *English* Books, my Lord, that I'll not part withal for your Bishoprick, *Bevis of Hampton*, *Owleglass*, *The Friar and the Boy*, *Ellen of Rumming*, *Robin Hood*, and other such godly Stories, which if you burn, by this Flesh I'll make ye drink their Ashes in *St. Marget's Ale*. [Exeunt.]

Enter the Bishop of Rochester, with his Men in Livery Coats.

Ser. Is it your Honour's pleasure we shall stay, Or come back in the Afternoon to fetch you.

Roch. Now have ye brought me here unto the *Tower*, You may go back unto the Porter's Lodge,

Where, if I have occasion to employ you,
I'll send some Officer to call you to me,
Into the City go not, I command you,
Perhaps I may have present need to use you.

2 Ser. We will attend your Honour here without.

3 Ser. Come, we may have a Quart of Wine at the *Rose*
at *Barking*, and come back an hour before he'll go.

1 Ser. We must hie us then.

3 Ser. Let's away.

[*Exeunt*]

Roch. Ho, Mr. Lieutenant.

Lieu. Who calls there?

Roch. A Friend of yours.

Lieu. My Lord of *Rocheſter*? your Honour's welcome!

Roch. Sir, here's my Warrant from the Council,
For Conference with Sir *John Oldcastle*,
Upon ſome matter of great Conſequence.

Lieu. Ho, Sir *John*.

Har. Who calls there?

Lieu. *Harpool*, tell Sir *John*, that my Lord of *Rocheſter*
Comes from the Council to confer with him.
I think you may as ſafe without ſuſpicion
As any Man in *England* as I hear,
For it was you moſt labour'd his Commitment.

Roch. I did, Sir, and nothing repent it, I aſſure you.

Enter Lord Cobham and Harpool.

Mr. Lieutenant, I pray you give us leave,
I muſt confer here with Sir *John* a little.

Lieu. With all my Heart, my Lord. [*Exit*]

Har. aſide.] My Lord, be rul'd by me, take this occa-
ſion while it is offer'd, on my Life your Lordſhip will
eſcape.

Cob. No more I ſay, peace leſt he ſhould ſuſpect it.

Roch. Sir *John*, I am come to you from the Lords of the
Council, to know if you do recant your Errors.

Cob. My Lord of *Rocheſter*, on good advice,
I ſee my Error; but yet underſtand me,
I mean not Error in the Faith I hold,
But Error in ſubmitting to your Pleaſure,
Therefore your Lordſhip without more to do;
Muſt be a means to help me to eſcape.

Roch. What means, thou Heretick?

Dar'st thou but lift thy Hand against my Calling?

Cob. No, not to hurt you, for a thousand Pound.

Har. Nothing but to borrow your upper Garment a little; not a word more, peace for waking the Children: There, put on, dispatch, my Lord, the Window that goes out into the Leads is sure enough; but for you, I'll bind you surely in the inner Room.

Cob. This is well begun, God fend us happy speed,
Hard shift you see Men make in time of need.

Enter Servants again.

1 *Ser.* I marvel that my Lord should stay so long.

2 *Ser.* He hath sent to seek us, I dare lay my Life.

3 *Ser.* We come in good time, see where he is coming.

Har. I beseech you, good my Lord of *Rochester*, be favourable to my Lord and Master.

Cob. The inner Rooms be very hot and close,
I do not like this Air here in the *Tower*.

Har. His case is hard, my Lord; you shall safely get out of the *Tower*, but I will down upon them: In which time get you away. Hard under *Islington* wait you my coming, I will bring my Lady ready with Horses to get hence.

Cob. Fellow, go back again unto my Lord, and counsel him.

Har. Nay, my good Lord of *Rochester*, I'll bring you to *St. Albans* through the Woods I warrant you.

Cob. Villain, away.

Hur. Nay since I am past the *Tower's* Liberty,
You part not so.

[*He draws.*]

Cob. Clubs, Clubs, Clubs.

1 *Ser.* Murther, Murher Murt her.

2 *Ser.* Down with him.

Har. Out you cowardly Rogues. [*Cobham escapes.*]

Enter Lieutenant, and his Men.

Lien. Who is so bold to dare to draw a Sword
So near unto the entrance of the *Tower*?

1 *Ser.* This Ruffian, Servant to Sir *John Oldcastle*, was like to have slain my Lord.

Lien. Lay hold on him.

Har.

Har. Stand off if you love your Puddings.

[*Bishop of Rochester calls within*]

Roch. Help, help, help, Mr. Lieutenant, help.

Lieu. Who's that within? some Treason in the Tower, on my life, look in, who's that which calls?

Enter Bishop of Rochester bound.

Lieu. Without your Cloak, my Lord of Rochester?

Har. There, now it works; then let me speed,
For now's the fittest time to scape away. [Exit.]

Lieu. Why do you look so ghastly and affrighted?

Roch. Oldcastle that Traitor, and his Man,
When you had left me to confer with him,
Took, bound, and stript me, as you see,
And left me lying in this inner chamber,
And so departed, and I——

Lieu. And you! Ne'er say that, the Lord Cobham's Man
Did here set on you like to murder you.

1 Ser. And so he did.

Roch. It was upon his Master then he did,
That in the brawl the Traitor might escape.

Lieu. Where is this Harpool?

2 Ser. Here he was even now.

Lieu. Where, can you tell? they are both escap'd.
Since it so happens that he is escap'd,
I am glad you are a witness of the same:
It might have else been laid unto my Charge,
That I had been consenting to the Fact.

Roch. Come,

Search shall be made for him with expedition,
The Haven's laid that he shall not escape,
And hue and cry continue through England,
To find this damned, dangerous Heretick.

● *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cambridge, Scroop, and Gray, as in a Chamber,
and set down at a Table, consulting about their Treason,
King Harry and Suffolk listning at the Door.*

Cam. In mine Opinion, Scroop hath well advis'd,
Poison will be the only aptest mean,
And fittest for our purpose to dispatch him.

Gray. But yet there may be doubt in their delivery,
Harry is wise, and therefore, Earl of Cambridge,
I judge that way not so convenient.

Scroop. What think ye then of this? I am his Bedfellow,
And unsuspected nightly sleep with him.
What if I venture in those silent hours,
When Sleep hath sealed up all mortal Eyes,
To murder him in bed? how like ye that?

Com. Herein consists no safety for your self,
And you disclos'd, what shall become of us?
But this Day, as ye know, he will aboard,
The Wind's so fair, and set away for *France*,
If as he goes, or entering in the Ship
It might be done, then, were it excellent.

Gray. Why any of these, or if you will,
I'll cause a present sitting of the Council,
Wherein I will pretend some matter of such weight,
As needs must have his Royal Company,
And so dispatch him in his Council Chamber.

Cam. Tush, yet I hear not any thing to purpose.
I wonder that Lord *Cobham* stays so long,
His Counsel in this case would much avail us.

[*The King steps in upon them with his Lords.*]

Scroop. What, shall we rise thus, and determine nothing?

King. That were a shame indeed: No, sit again,
And you shall have my Counsel in this case:
If you can find no way to kill the King,
Then you shall see how I can furnish ye;
Scroop's way by Poison was indifferent,
But yet being Bed-fellow to the King,
And unsuspected, sleeping in his Bosom,
In mine Opinion that's the likelier way.
For such false Friends are able to do much,
And silent Night is Treason's fittest Friend.
Now, *Cambridge*, in his setting hence for *France*,
Or by the way, or as he goes abroad
To do the deed, that was indifferent too,
But somewhat doubtful.

Marry Lord *Gray* came very near the point,
To have the King at Council, and there murder him,
As *Cesar* was among his dearest Friends.
Tell me, oh tell me, you bright Honour's stains,
For which of all my kindnesses to you,
Are ye become thus Traitors to the King?

And

And *France* must have the Spoil of *Harry's* Life.]

All. Oh pardon us, dread Lord.

King. How, pardon ye? that were a Sin indeed,
Drag them to Death, which justly they deserve:

And *France* shall dearly buy this Villany,

So soon as we set footing on her Breast.

God have the praise for our Deliverance,

And next our Thanks, Lord *Cobham*, is to thee,

True perfect Mirror of Nobility.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Priest and Doll.

Priest. Come *Doll*, come, be merry, Wench.

Farewel *Kent*, we are not for thee.

Be lusty my Lais, come for *Lancashire*,

We must nip the Boung for these Crowns.

Doll. Why is all the Gold spent already, that you had
the other Day?

Priest. Gone, *Doll*, gone; flown, spent, vanish'd, the Devil,
Drink, and Dice, has devoured all.

Doll. You might have left me in *Kent*, 'till you had been
better provided.

Priest. No, *Doll*, no, *Kent's* too hot, *Doll*, *Kent's* too hot;
the Weathercock of *Wrotham* will crow no longer, we have
pluckt him, he has lost his Feathers, I have prun'd him bare,
left him thrice, is moulted, moulted, Wench.

Doll. I might have gone to Service again, old Mr. *Har-*
pool told me he would provide me a Mistress.

Priest. Peace, *Doll*, peace; come, mad Wench, I'll make
thee an honest Woman, we'll into *Lancashire* to our Friends,
the troth is, I'll marry thee, we want but a little Mony, and
Mony we will have I warrant thee; stay, who comes here?
Some *Irish* Villain methinks that has slain a Man, and now he
is rising on him, stand-close, *Doll*, we'll see the end.

Enter the Irishman with his dead Master, and rifles him.

Irish. Alas poe Master, Sir *Richard Lee*, be St. *Patrick*, is
rob and cut thy trote, for de shain, and dy Mony, and dy
gold Ring, be me truly is love de well, but now dow be kill
de, be shitten Kanave.

Priest. Stand, Sirrah, what art thou?

Irish. Be St. *Patrick* Mester, is poor *Irishman*, is a leufter.

Priest. Sirrah, Sirrah, you're a damp'd Rogue, you have kill'd a Man here, and rifled him of all that he has; 'sblood you Rogue deliver, or I'll not leave you so much as a Hair above your Shoulders, you whoreson *Irish* Dog. [*Robb him.*

Irish. We's me St. *Patrick*, Ise kill my Master for shain and his Ring, and now's be rob of all, me's undo.

Priest. Avant you Rascal, go Sirrah, be walking. Come Doll, the Devil laughs when one Thief robs another; come Wench, we'll to St. *Albans*, and revel in our Bower, my brave Girl.

Doll. O thou art old Sir *John* when all's done 'ifaith.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Irishman with the Host of the House.

Irish. Be me tro Master is poor *Irishman*, is want ludging, is have no Money, is starve and cold, good Master give her some Me t, is famise and tye.

Host. Faith Fellow I have no Lodging, but what I keep for my Guests; as for Meast, thou shalt have as much as there is, and if thou wilt lye in the Barn, there's fair Straw, and room enough.

Irish. Is tank my Master hertily.

Host. Ho, *Robin*.

Rob. Who calls?

Host. Shew this poor *Irishman* to the barn, go Sirrah.

Enter Carrier and Kate.

Club. Who's within here? who looks to the Horses? Uds hat, here's fine Work, the Hens in the Ma ger, and the Hogs in the Litter, a bots found you all, here's a House well lookt to i'faith.

Kate. Mas Goff *Club*, Ise very cawd.

Club. Get in, *Kate*, get into the Fire and warm thee.

John Ostler?

Host. What, Gaffer *Club*, welcome to St. *Albans*, How do's all our Friends in *Lancashire*?

Club. Well, God a Mercy *John*, how do's *Tom*? where is he?

Ostl. *Tom*'s gone from hence, he's at the three Horse-loaves at *Stony-Stratford*: how do's old *Dick Dun*?

Club. Uds hat, old *Dun* is moyr'd in a slough in *Brick-hill-lane*; a plague found it, yonders such abomination Weather as was never seen.

Ostl. Uds hat Thief, have one half peck of Pease and Oats more for that, as I am *John Ostler*, he has been ever as a good Jade as ever travelled.

Club. Faith well said, old *Jack*, thou art the old Lad still.

Ostl. Come, Gaffer *Club*, unload, unload, and get to supper.

Enter the Host, Lord Cobham, and Harpool.

Host. Sir, you're welcome to this House, to such as is here with all my Heart; but I fear your Lodging will be the worst. I have but two Beds, and they are both in a Chamber, and the Carrier and his Daughter lies in the one, and you and your Wife must lye in the other.

Cob. Faith, Sir, for my self I do not greatly pass, My Wife is weary, and would be at rest, For we have travell'd very far to day, We must be content with such as you have.

Host. But I cannot tell how to do with your Man.

Har. What? hast thou never an empty Room in thy House for me?

Host. Not a Bed in troth. There came a poor *Irishman*, and I lodg'd him in the Barn, where he has fair Straw, although he have nothing else.

Har. Well, mine Host, I prithee help me to a pair of clean Sheets, and I'll go lodge with him.

Host. By the Mass that thou shalt, a good pair of hempen Sheets were ne'er lain in: come

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Constable, Mayor and Wench.

Mayor. What? have you searcht the Town?

Con. All the Town, Sir, we have not left a House unsearcht that uses to lodge.

Mayor. Surely my Lord of *Rochester* was then deceiv'd, Or ill inform'd of Sir *John Oldcastle*; Or if he came this way, he's past the Town, He could not else have scap'd you in the Search,

Con. The privy watch hath been abroad all Night, And not a Stranger lodgeth in the Town But he is known, only a lusty Priest We found a Bed with a pretty Wench, That says she is his Wife, yonder at the *Shears*; But we have charg'd the Host with his forth coming To morrow Morning.

Mayor. What think you best to do?

Con. Faith, Mr. Mayor, here's a few stragling Houses beyond the Bridge, and a little Inn where Carriers use to lodge, although I think surely he would ne'er lodge there; but we'll go search, and the rather because there came Notice to the Town the last Night of an *Irishman*, that had done a Murther, whom we are to make search for.

Mayor. Come I pray you, and be Circumspect. [*Exeunt.*]

Con. First beset the House, before you begin to search.

Off. Content, every Man take a several place.

[*A Noise within.*]

Keep, keep, strike him down there, down with him.

Enter Constable with the Irishman in Harpool's Apparel.

Con. Come you villainous Heretick, tell us where your Master is.

Irish. Vat Mester?

Mayor. Vat Mester? you counterfeit Rebel? This shall not serve your turn.

Irish. Be Sent Patrick I ha no Mester.

Con. Where's the Lord Cobham, Sir *John Oldcastle*, that lately escaped out of the *Tower*?

Irish. Vat Lort Cobham?

Mayor. You Counterfeit, this shall not serve you, we'll torture you, we'll make you confess where that arch Heretick is. Come bind him fast.

Irish. Ahone, ahone, ahone, a Cree.

Con. Ahone you crafty Rascal?

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Lord Cobham comes out stealing in his Gown.*]

Cob. Harpool, Harpool, I hear a marvellous Noise about the House, God warrant us, I fear we are pursu'd; what, Harpoole?

Har. within.] Who calls there?

Cob. 'Tis I, dost thou not hear a Noise about the House?

Har. Yes marry do I, 'zounds I cannot find my hose; this *Irish* Rascal that lodg'd with me all Night, hath stola my Apparel, and has left me nothing but a lowsie mantle, and a pair of Broags. Get up, get up, and if the Carrier and his Wench be asleep, change you with him as he hath done with me, and see if we can scape.

Noise

Noise heard about the House a pretty while, then enter the Constable meeting Harpool in the Irishman's Apparel.

Con. Stand close, here comes the *Irishman* that did the Murther, by all Tokens this is he.

Mayor. And perceiving the House beset, would get away; stand, Sirrah.

Har. What art thou that bid'st me stand?

Con. I am the Officer, and am come to search for an *Irishman*, such a Villain as thy self, thou hast murther'd a Man this last Night by the high way.

Har. 'Sblood Constable art thou mad? am I an *Irishman*?

Mayor. Sirrah, we'll find you an *Irishman* before we part; Lay hold upon him.

Con. Make him fast, O thou bloody Rogue!

Enter Lord Cobham and his Lady, in the Carrier and Wenches Apparel.

Cob. What will these Ostlers sleep all Day?
Good morrow, good morrow, come Wench, come;
Saddle, Saddle, now afore God two fair Days, ha?

Con. Who goes there?

Mayor. O 'tis *Lancashire* Carrier, let them pass.

Cob. What, will no body ope the Gates here?
Come, let's int' stable to look to our Capons.

[*Exeunt Cobham and his Lady.*

Club. Host, why Ostler?

[*The Carrier calling.*

Zwooks here's such abomination Company of Boys:
A Pox of this Pigsty at the House end,
It fills all the House full of Fleas, Ostler, Ostler.

Ostl. Who calls there? what would you have?

Club. Zwooks, do you rob your Guests?

Do you lodge Rogues, and Slaves, and Scoundrels, ha?
They ha' stoln our Cloaths here; why Ostler?

Ostl. A murren choak you, what a bawling you keep!

Host. How now? what would the Carrier have?
Look up there.

Ostl. They say the Man and the Woman that lay by them, have stoln their Cloaths.

Host. What are the strange Folks up yet that came in Yester Night?

Con. What mine Host, up so early?

Host. What Mr. Mayor, and Mr. Constable? *Go Mayor.*

Mayor. We are come to seek for some suspected Persons; and such as here we found have apprehended.

Enter Carrier, and Kate, in Cobham and Lady's Apparel.

Con. Who comes here?

Club. Who comes here? A plague sound ome, you be w'l quoth a, ods hat I'll forswear your House; you lodg'd a Fellow and his Wife by us, that ha' run away without apparel, and left us such Gew-gaws here, come *Kate*, come to me, thowse dizoard y'faith.

Mayor. Mine Host, know you this Man?

Host. Yes Master Mayor, I'll give my word for him, why Neighbour *Club*, how comes this gear about?

Kate. Now a foul on't, I cannot make this Gew-gaw fit and on my Head.

Con. How came this Man and Woman thus attired?

Host. Here came a Man and Woman hither this last Night, which I did take for substantial People, and lodg'd all in one Chamber by these Folks; methinks have been bold to change Apparel, and gone away this Morning ere they rose.

Mayor. That was that Traitor *Oldcastle* that thus escap'd us; make hue and cry after him, keep fast that Traiterous Rebel his Servant there; farewell, mine Host.

Car. Come *Kate Owdham*, thou and Ise trimly dizard.

Kate. I'faith neam *Club*, Ise wot ne'er what to do. Ise be so flouted and so shouted at; and by th'Mess Ise cry. *[Exit.]*

Enter Cobham and his Lady disguis'd.

Cob. Come, Madam, happily escap'd, here let us sit,
This Place is far remote from any Path,
And here a while our weary Limbs may rest
To take refreshing, free from the pursuit
Of envious *Rocheſter*.

L. Cob. But where, my Lord,
Shall we find rest for our disquiet Minds?
There dwell untamed Thoughts that hardly stoop
To such abasement of disdain'd Rags:
We were not wont to travel thus by Night,
Especially on Foot.

Cob. No matter, Love, extremities admit no better choice:
And were it not for thee, say froward time
Impos'd a greater Task, I would esteem it
As lightly as the Wind that blows upon us;

But in thy sufferance I am doubly taskt;
 Thou wast not wont to have the Earth thy Stool,
 Nor the moist dewy Grass thy Pillow, nor
 Thy Chamber to be the wide Horizon.

L. Cob. How can it seem a trouble, having you
 A partner with me, in the worst I feel?
 No, gentle Lord, your presence would give ease
 To Death it self, should he now seize upon me.

[*Here's Bread and Cheese, and a Bottle.*]

Behold what my foresight hath underta'en
 For far we faint, they are but homely Cates,
 Yet saw'd with Hunger, they may seem as sweet
 As greater Dainties we were wont to taste.

Cob. Praise be to him, whose plenty sends both this
 And all things else our mortal Bodies need:
 Nor scorn we this poor feeding, nor the state
 We now are in, for what is it on Earth,
 Nay under Heav'n, continues at a stay?
 Ebbs not the Sea, when it hath overflown?
 Follows not darkness, when the Day is gone?
 And see we not sometimes the Eye of Heav'n
 Dim'd with o'er-flying Clouds? There's not that Work
 Of careful Nature, or of cunning Art,
 How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
 But falls in time to ruin. Here, gentle Madam,
 In this one draught I wash my Sorrow down. [*Drinks.*]

L. Cob. And I, encourag'd with your chearful Speech,
 Will do the like.

Cob. Pray God poor *Harpool* come,
 If he should fall into the Bishop's Hands,
 Or not remember where we bad him meet us,
 It were the thing of all things else, that now
 Could breed revolt in this new peace of Mind.

L. Cob. Fear not, my Lord, he's witty to devise,
 And strong to execute a present shift.

Cob. That Power be still his Guide hath guided us,
 My drowie Eyes wax heavy; early rising,
 Together with the travel we have had,
 Makes me that I could take a nap,
 Were I perswaded we might be secure.

L. Cob. Let that depend on me, whilst you do sleep,
I'll watch that no Misfortune happen us.

Cob. I shall, dear Wife, be too much trouble to thee.

L. Cob. Urge not that,

My Duty binds me, and your Love commands,
I would I had the skill with tuned Voice

To draw on sleep with some sweet Melody,

But imperfection and unaptness too

Are both repugnant: Fear inserts the one,

The other Nature hath denied me use.

But what talk I of means, to purchase that

Is freely happen'd? Sleep with gentle Hand,

Hath shut his Eye-lids. O victorious labour,

How soon thy Pow'r can charm the Body's Sense?

And now thou likewise climb'st unto my Brain,

Making my heavy Temples stoop to thee,

Great God of Heaven from Danger keep us free.

[*Falls asleep.*]

Enter Sir Richard Lee, and his Men.

Lee. A Murder closely done, and in my Ground?

Search carefully, if any where it were,

This obscure Thicket is the likeliest Place.

Ser. Sir, I found the Body stiff with cold,

And mangled cruelly with many Wounds.

Lee. Look if thou know'st him, turn his Body up:

Alack, it is my Son, my Son and Heir,

Whom two Years since I sent to *Ireland*,

To practise there the Discipline of War,

And coming home, for so he wrote to me,

Some savage Heart, some bloody devilish Hand,

Either in hate, or thirsting for his Coin,

Hath here sluc'd out his Blood. Unhappy hour,

A cursed Place, but most unconstant Fate,

That hadst reserv'd him from the Bullets fire,

And suffer'd him to scape the Wood-kerns fury,

Didst here ordain the Treasure of his Life,

Even here within the Arms of tender Peace,

To be consum'd by Treason's wasteful Hand?

And which is most afflicting to my Soul,

That this his Death and Murder should be wrought

Without the knowledge by whose means 'twas done.

2 *Ser.* Not so, Sir, I have found the Authors of it,
See where they sit, and in their bloody Fists
The fatal Instruments of Death and Sin.

Lee. Just Judgment of that Power, whose gracious Eye,
Loathing the sight of such a heinous Fact,
Dazling their Senses with benumbing Sleep,
Till their unhallowed Treachery was known.
Awake ye Monsters, Murtherers awake,
Tremble for Horror, blush you cannot chuse,
Beholding this unhuman Deed of yours.

Cob. What mean you, Sir, to trouble weary Souls,
And interrupt us of our quiet Sleep?

Lee. O devilish! can you boast unto your selves
Of quiet Sleep, having within your Hearts
The guilt of Murther waking, that which cries
Drafs the loud Thunder, and sollicit Heav'n
With more than Mandrakes shrieks for your Offence?

L. Cob. What Murther? You upbraid us wrongfully.

Lee. Can you deny the Fact? See you not here
The Body of my Son, by you misdone?
Look on his Wounds, look on his Purple hue:
Do we not find you where the Deed was done?
Were not your Knives fast closed in your Hands?
Is not this Cloth an Argument beside,
Thus stain'd and spotted with his innocent Blood?
These speaking Characters, were there nothing else
To plead against ye, would convict you both.
To *Hartford* with them, where the Sizes now are kept,
Their Lives shall answer for my Son's lost Life.

Cob. As we are innocent, so may we speed.

Lee. As I am wrong'd, so may the Law proceed. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Bishop of Rochester, Constable of St. Albans, with Priest,
Doll, and the Irishman in Harpool's Apparel.*

Roch. What intricate Confusion have we here?
Not two hours since we apprehended one
In Habit *Irish*, but in Speech not so;
And now you bring another, that in Speech is *Irish*,
But in Habit *English*: Yea, and more than so,
The Servant of that Heretick Lord *Cobham*.

Irish. Fait me be no Servant of de Lort *Cobham*,
Me be *Mack Chane* of *Ulster*.

Roch. Otherwise call'd *Harpool* of *Kent*, go to, Sir,
You cannot blind us with your broken *Irish*.

Priest. Trust me, said Bishop, whether *Irish* or *English*,
Harpool or not *Harpool*, that I leave to the Trial:
But sure I am, this Man by Face and Speech,
Is he that murder'd young Sir *Richard Lee*:
I met him presently upon the Fact,
And that he slew his Master for that Gold,
Those Jewels, and that Chain I took from him.

Roch. Well, our Affairs do call us back to *London*,
So that we cannot prosecute the Cause
As we desire to do, therefore we leave
The Charge with you, to see they are convey'd
To *Hartford* Size: Both this Counterfeit.
And you, Sir *John* of *Wrotham*, and your Wench,
For you are culpable as well as they,
Though not for Murther, yet for Felony.
But since you are the means to bring to light
This graceless Murther, ye shall bear with you
Our Letters to the Judges of the Bench,
To be your Friends in what they lawful may.

Priest. I thank your Lordship. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gaoler, bringing forth Lord Cobham.

Goal. Bring forth the Prisoners, see the Court prepar'd,
The Justices are coming to the Bench:
So, let him stand, away and fetch the rest. [*Exit.*

Cob. O give me patience to endure this Scourge,
Thou that art Fountain of that virtuous Stream,
And tho' contempt of Witness, and Reproach
Hang on these Iron Gyves, to press my Life
As low as Earth, yet strengthen me with Faith,
That I may mount in Spirit above the Clouds.

Enter Gaoler, bringing in Lady Cobham and Harpool.

Here comes my Lady, Sorrow 'tis for her.
Thy wound is grievous, else I scoff at thee
What and poor *Harpool*! art thou i' th' Briars too?

Har. I' faith, my Lord, I am in, get out how I can.

L. Cob. Say, gentle Lord, for now we are alone,
And may confer, shall we confess in brief,
Of whence and what we are, and so prevent
The Accusation is commenc'd against us!

Cob.

Cob. What will that help us? Being known, sweet Lov, we shall for Heresie be put to Death,
For so they term the Religion we profess.
No, if we dye, let this our comfort be,
That of the guilt impos'd our Souls are free.

Har. Ay, ay, my Lord, Harpool is so resolv'd,
I wreak of Death the less in that I die,
Not by the Sentence of that envious Priest.

L. Cob. Well, be it then according as Heavens please.

Enter Lord Judge, Justices, Mayor of St. Albans, Lord Powis, and his Lady, old Sir Richard Lee: The Judge and Justices take their Places.

Judge. Now, Mr. Mayor, what Gentleman is that
You bring with you upon the Bench?

Mayor. The Lord Powis, if it like your Honour,
And this his Lady travelling toward Wales;
Who, for they lodg'd last Night within my House,
And my Lord Bishop did lay wait for such,
Were very willing to come on with me,
Lest for their sakes, suspicion we might wrong.

Judge. We cry your Honour mercy, good my Lord,
Will't please you take your Place. Madam, your Ladyship
May here, or where you will repose your self,
Until this business now in hand be past,

L. Pow. I will withdraw into some other Room,
So that your Lordship and the rest be pleas'd.

Judge. With all our Hearts: Attend the Lady there.

Pow. Wife, I have ey'd yon Pris'ners all this while,
And my Conceit doth tell me, 'tis our Friend
The Noble Cobham, and his virtuous Lady.

L. Pow. I think no less, are they suspected for this Murther?

Pow. What it means

I cannot tell, but we shall know anon:
Mean time as you pass by them, ask the question,
But do it secretly you be not seen,
And make some sign, that I know your Mind.

[*As she passes over the Stage by them.*

L. Pow. My Lord Cobham! Madam?

Cob. No Cobham now, nor Madam, as you love us,
But John of Lanca shire, and Joan his Wife.

L. Pow. O tell, what is it that our love can do
To pleasure you, for we are bound to you?

Cob. Nothing but this, that you conceal our Names;
So, gentle Lady, pass for being spied.

L. Pow. My Heart I leave, to bear part of your Grief.
[Exit.]

Judge. Call the Prisoners to the Bar: Sir *Richard Lee*,
What Evidence can you bring against those People,
To prove them guilty of the Murder done?

Lee. This bloody Towel, and these naked Knives,
Beside, we found them sitting by the Place,
Where the dead Body lay within a Bush.

Judge. What answer you why Law should not proceed
According to this Evidence given in,
To tax ye with the penalty of Death?

Cob. That we are free from Murder's very thought,
And know not how the Gentleman was slain.

1 *Just.* How came this linen-cloth so bloody then?

Il. Cob. My Husband hot with travelling, my Lord,
His Nose gusht out a bleeding, that was it.

2 *Just.* But how came your sharp-edg'd Knives unsheath'd?

L. Cob. To cut such simple Viſtual as we had.

Judge. Say we admit this Answer to those Articles,
What made you in so private a dark Nook,
So far remote from any common Path,
As was the Thick where the dead Corps was thrown?

Cob. Journeying, my Lord, from *London*, from the Term,
Down into *Lancaſhire*, where we do dwell;
And what with Age, and Travel being faint,
We gladly sought a place where we might rest,
Free from resort of other Passengers,
And so we stray'd into that secret Corner.

Judge. These are but ambages to drive off time,
And linger Justice from her purpos'd end.
But who are these?

Enter Constable with the Irishman, Priest, and Doll.

Con. Stay Judgment, and release those Innocents,
For here is he whose Hand hath done the Deed,
For which they stand indited at the Bar:
This savage Villian, this rude *Irish* Slave,

His Tongue already hath confess'd the Fact,
And here is witness to confirm as much.

Priest. Yes, my good Lord, no sooner had he slain
His loving Master for the Weakh he had,
But I upon the instant met with him :
And what he purchas'd with the loss of Blood,
With strokes I presently bereav'd him of,
Some of the which is spent, the rest remaining,
I willingly surrender to the Hands
Of old Sir *Richard Lee*, as being his ;
Beside, my Lord Judge, I greet your Honour
With Letters from my Lord of *Rocheſter*. [*Delivers them.*]

Lee. Is this the Wolf, whose thirsty Throat did drink
My dear Son's Blood ? art thou the Snake
He cherisht, yet with envious piercing sting
Assaild'st him mortally ? Wer't not that the Law
Stands ready to revenge thy cruelty,
Traitor to God, thy Master, and to me,
These Hands should be thy Executioner.

Judge. Patience, Sir *Richard Lee*, you shall have Justice.
The Fact is odious, therefore take him hence,
And being hang'd until the Wretch be dead,
His Body after shall be hang'd in Chains,
Near to the Place where he did act the Murder.

Irish. Prethee, Lord Shudge, let me have mine own
Cloaths, my Strouces there, and let me be hang'd in a Wyth
after my Country the *Irish* Fashion. [*Exit.*]

Judge. Go to, away with him. And now, Sir *John*,
Although by you this Murder came to light,
Yet upright Law will not hold you excus'd,
For you did rob the *Irish-man*, by which
You stand attainted here of Felony :
Beside, you have been lewd, and many Years
Led a lascivious, unbecoming life.

Priest. O but, my Lord, Sir *John* repents, and he will mend.

Judge. In hope thereof, together with the favour
My Lord of *Rocheſter* intreats for you,
We are content you shall be proved.

Priest. I thank your Lordship.

Judge. These falsely here accus'd, and brought

In peril wrongfully, we in like sort do set at liberty.

Lee. And for amends,

Touching the wrong unwittingly I have done,
I give these few Crowns.

Judge. Your kindness merits praise, *Sir Richard Lee*,
So let us hence. [Exeunt all but *Powis* and *Cobham*.]

Pow. But *Powis* still must stay,
There yet remains a part of that true Love,
He owes his noble Friend, unsatisfied
And unperform'd, which first of all doth bind me
To gratulate your Lordship's safe delivery :
And then intreat, that since unlookt for thus
We here are met, your Honour would vouchsafe
To ride with me to *Wales*, where though my power,
(Though not to quitance those great Benefits
I have receiv'd of you) yet both my House,
My Purse, my Servants, and what else I have
Are all at your Command. Deny me not,
I know the Bishop's Hate pursues ye so,
As there's no safety in abiding here.

Cob. 'Tis true, my Lord, and God forgive him for it.

Pow. Then let us hence, you shall be straight provided
Of lusty Geldings : and once entred *Wales*,
Well may the Bishop hunt, but spight his Face,
He never more shall have the Game in Chace. [Exeunt.]





THE
PURITAN:
OR, THE
WIDOW
OF
WATLING-STREET.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

SIR Godfrey, *Brother-in-Law to the Widow Plus.*

Master Edmond, *Son to the Widow Plus.*

George Pye-board, *a Scholar and a Citizen.*

Sir Oliver Muck-hill, *a Suiter to the Lady Plus.*

Sir John Penny-Dub, *a Suiter to Moll.*

Sir Andrew Tipstaffe, *a Suiter to Frances.*

The Sheriff of London.

Captain Idle, *a Highway-man.*

Puttock

and

} *Two of the Sheriff's Serjeants.*

Ravenshaw

Dogson, *a Yeoman.*

Corporal Oath, *a vain-glorious Fellow.*

Nicholas St. Antlings,

Simon St. Mary Overies,

} *Serving-men to the Lady Plus.*

Frailty,

Peter Skirmish, *an old Soldier.*

A Nobleman.

A Gentleman Citizen.

Officers.

Lady Plus, a Citizen's Widow.

Frances,

and

} *her two Daughters.*

Moll,

SCENE LONDON.

THE



T H E

PURITAN:

O R, T H E

Widow of *Watling-street*.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter the Lady Widow Plus, Frances and Moll, Sir Godfrey with Edmond, all in Mourning. The Widow wringing her Hands, and bursting out into Passion, as newly come from the Burial of her Husband.

W I D O W.



OH, that ever I was Born, that ever I was Born!

Sir God. Nay, good Sister, dear Sister, sweet Sister, be of good comfort, shew your self a Woman, now or never.

Wid. Oh, I have lost the dearest Man, I have buried the sweetest Husband that ever lay by Woman.

Sir God. Nay, give him his due, he was indeed an honest, virtuous, discreet, wise Man, — he was my Brother, as right, as right.

Wid. O, I shall never forget him, never forget him, he was a Man so well given to a Woman——oh!

Sir God. Nay, but kind Sister, I could weep as much as any Woman, but alas, our Tears cannot call him again: methinks you are well read, Sister, and know that Death is as common as *Homo*, a common Name to all Men;——a Man shall be taken when he's making water,——nay, did not the learned Parson, Master *Pigman*, tell us e'en now, that all Flesh is frail, we are born to Die, Man has but a time: With such like deep and profound persuasions, as he is a rare Fellow, you know, and an excellent Reader: and for Example, (as there are Examples abundance) did not Sir *Humphrey Bubble* die t'other Day, there's a lusty Widow, why she cry'd not above half an Hour——for shame, for shame: Then followed him old Master *Fulsome* the Usurer, there's a wise Widow, why she cry'd ne'er a whit at all.

Wid. O rank not me with those wicked Women, I had a Husband out-shin'd 'em all.

Sir God. Ay that he did, i' faith, he out-shin'd 'em all.

Wid. Dost thou stand there and see us all weep, and not once shed a Tear for thy Father's Death? oh thou ungracious Son and Heir thou?

Edm. Troth, Mother, I should not weep I'm sure; I am past a Child I hope, to make all my old School-fellows laugh at me; I should be mockt, so I should; pray let one of my Sisters weep for me, I'll laugh as much for her another time.

Wid. O thou past-Grace thou, out of my sight thou graceless Imp, thou grievest me more than the Death of thy Father; O thou stubborn only Son: hadst thou such an honest Man to thy Father——that would deceive all the World to get Riches for thee, and canst thou not afford a little Salt-Water? He that so wisely did quite overthrow the right Heir of those Lands, which now you respect not: up every Morning betwixt four and five, so duly at *Westminster-Hall* every Term-time, with all his Cards and Writings, for thee, thou wicked *Abfalon*——

O dear Husband!

Edm. Weep, quotha? I protest I am glad he's Churched; for now he's gone, I shall spend in quiet.

Fran. Dear Mother, pray cease, half your Tears suffice,
'Tis time for you to take truce with your Eyes,
Let me weep now.

Wid. O such a dear Knight, such a sweet Husband have
I lost, have I lost!—if blessed be the Coarse the Rain
rains upon, he had it, pouring down.

Sir God. Sister, be of good chear, we are all mortal our
selves, I come upon you freshly, I ne'er speak without com-
fort, hear me what I shall say,—my Brother has left you
wealthy, you're rich.

Wid. O!

Sir God. I say you're rich: you are also fair.

Wid. O!

Sir God. Go to, you're fair, you cannot smother it,
Beauty will come to light; nor are your Years so far en-
ter'd with you, but that you will be sought after, and may
very well answer another Husband; the World is full of
fine Gallants, choice enow, Sister,—for what should
we do with all our Knights, I pray? but to marry rich
Widows, wealthy Citizens Widows, lusty fair-brow'd La-
dies. Go to, be of good comfort, I say, leave snobbing and
weeping,—yet my Brother was a kind-hearted Man.—
I would not have the Elf see me now,—come, pluck
up a Woman's Heart,—here stand your Daughters, who
be well EStated, and at maturity will also be inquir'd after
with good Husbands, so all these Tears shall be soon dry'd
up, and a better World than ever—what, Woman?
you must not weep still; he's dead, he's buried—yet I
cannot chuse but weep for him.

Wid. Marry again! no, let me be buried quick then!
And that same part of Quire^d whereon I tread
To such intent, O, may it be my Graves
And that the Priest may turn his Wedding-prayers,
Even with a breath, to Funeral dust and ashes;
O, out of a Million of Millions, I should ne'er find such a
Husband; he was unmatched—unmatched; nothing
was so hot, nor too dear for me. I could not speak of that
one thing that I had not, beside, I had Keys of all, kept all, re-
ceiv'd all, had Mony in my Purse, spent what I would, went a-
broad when I would, came home when I would, and did all what
I would: O—my sweet Husband; I shall never have the like.

Sir God. Sister? ne'er say so, he was an honest Brother of mine, and so, and you may light upon one as honest again, or one as honest again may light upon you; that's the properer phrase indeed.

Wid. Never: O if you love me urge it not.
O may I be the by-word of the World,
The common talk at Table in the Mouth
Of every Groom and Waiter, if e'er more
I entertain the carnal suit of Man.

[Kneels.]

Moll. I must kneel down for fashion too.

Fran. And I, whom never Man as yet hath scal'd,
E'en in this depth of general Sorrow, vow
Never to marry, to sustain such loss,
As a dear Husband seems to be, once Dead.

Moll. I lov'd my Father well too; but to say,
Nay, now, I would not marry for his death,
Sure I should speak false Latin, should I not?
I'd as soon vow never to come in Bed.

Tut. Women must live by th' quick, and not by th' dead.

Wid. Dear Copy of my Husband, O let me kiss thee:

[Drawing out her Husband's Picture.]

How like him is their Model; their brief Picture
Quickens my Tears: my sorrows are renew'd
At their fresh sight.

Sir God. Sister —————

Wid. Away,

All honesty with him is turn'd to Clay,

O my sweet Husband, O —————

Fran. My dear Father?

[Exeunt *Wid.* and *Fran.*]

Moll. Here's a puling indeed! I think my Mother weeps for all the Women that ever buried Husbands; for if from time to time all the Widowers Tears in *England* had been Botled up, I do not think all would have fill'd a three-half-penny Bottle: alas, a small matter bucks a Handkerchief, — and sometimes the Spittle stands too nigh *Saint Thomas a Watring's*. Well, I can mourn in good sober sort as well as another; but where I spend one Tear for a dead Father, I could give twenty Kisses for a quick Husband.

[Exit *Moll.*]

Sir God. Well, go thy ways, old *Sir Godfrey*, and thou may'st be proud on't, thou hast a kind loving Sister-in-

law. How constant? how passionate? how full of *April* the poor Soul's Eyes are. Well, I would my Brother knew on't, he should then know what a kind Wife he had left behind him. Truth, and 'twere not for shame that the Neighbours at th'next Garden should hear me betwixt Joy and Grief, I should e'en cry out-right. [Exit Sir Godfrey.]

Edw. So, a fair riddance, my Father's laid in dust, his Coffin and he is like a whole Meat-Pye, and the Worms will cut him up shortly: Farewel old Dad, farewel; I'll be curb'd in no more: I perceive a Son and Heir may quickly be made a Fool, and he will be one, but I'll take another order; — Now she would have me weep for him forsooth, and why; because he cozen'd the right Heir being a Fool; and bestow'd those Lands on me his Eldest-Son; and therefore I must weep for him, ha, ha: why, all the World knows, as long as 'twas his Pleasure to get me, 'twas his Duty to get for me: I know the Law in that point, no Attorney can gull me. Well my Uncle is an old Ass, and an admirable Coxcomb, I'll rule the Roast my self, I'll be kept under no more, I know what I may do well enough by my Father's Copy: the Law's in mine own Hands now: Nay, now I know my strength, I'll be strong enough for my Mother, I warrant you.

[Exit.]

Enter George Pye-board, and Peter Skirmish.

Pye. What's to be done now, old Lad of War, thou that were wont to be as hot as a Turn-spir, as nimble as a Fencer, and as lousie as a School-master; now thou art put to silence like a Sectary, — War sits now like a Justice of Peace, and does nothing: where be your Muskets, Calivers and Hot-shots? in *Long-lane*, at pawn, at pawn? — Now Keys are our only Guns, Key-guns, Key-guns, and Bawds the Gunners, — who are your Sentinels in Peace, and stand ready charg'd to give warning; with hems, hums, and pocky-coughs; only your Chambers are licenst to play upon you, and Drabs enow to give Fire to 'em.

Skir. Well, I cannot tell, but I am sure it goes wrong with me, for since the cessure of the Wars, I have spent above a hundred Crowns out of Purse: I have been a Soldier

dier any time this forty Years, and now I perceive an old Soldier, and an old Courtier have both one Destiny, and in the end turn both into Hob-nails.

Pye. Pretty Mystery for a Beggar, for indeed a Hob-nail is the true Emblem of a Beggar's Shoe-foak.

Skir. I will not say but that War is a Blood-sucker, and so ; but in my Conscience, (as there is no Soldier but has a piece of one, though it be full of holes, like a shot Ancient, no matter, 'twill serve to swear by) in my Conscience, I think some kind of Peace has more hidden oppressions, and violent heady Sins, (though looking of a gentle Nature) than a profest War.

Pye. Troth, and for mine own part, I am a poor Gentleman, and a Scholar, I have been matriculated in the University, wore out six Gowns there, seen some Fools, and some Scholars, some of the City, and some of the Country, kept Order, went bare-headed over the Quadrangle, eat my Commons with a good Stomach, and battled with Discretion; at last, having done many slights and tricks to maintain my Wit in use (as my Brain would never endure me to be idle,) I was expell'd the University, only for stealing a Cheeseout of *Jesus* Colledge.

Skir. Is't possible ?

Pye. O ! there was one *Welshman* (God forgive him) pursued it hard, and never left, 'till I turn'd my Staff toward *London*, where when I came, all my Friends were pit-hold, gone to Graves, (as indeed there was but a few left before) then was I turn'd to my Wits, to shift in the World, to towre among Sons and Heirs, and Fools, and Gulls, and Ladies eldest Sons, to work upon nothing, to feed out of Flint, and ever since has my Belly been much beholden to my Brain. But now to return to you, old *Skirmish*, I say as you say, and for my part wish a Turbulency in the World, for I have nothing in the World, but my Wits, and I think they are as mad as they will be: and to strengthen your Argument the more, I say an honest War is better than a bawdy Peace. As touching my Profession; the multiplicity of Scholars, hatcht and nourisht in the idle Calms of Peace, makes 'em like Fishes, one devour another; and the Community of Learning has so plaid upon affections, and thereby almost Religion is come about to Phantastic,

and discredited by being too much spoken of — in so many and mean Mouths. I my self being a Scholar and a Graduate, have no other comfort by my Learning, but the Affection of my words, to know how Scholar-like to name what I want, and can call my self a Beggar both in Greek and Latin, and therefore not to cog with Peace, I'll not be afraid to say, 'tis a great Breeder, but a bad Nourisher: a great Getter of Children, which must either be Thieves or rich Men, Knaves or Beggars.

Skir. Well, would I had been born a Knave then, when I was born a Beggar; for if the truth was known, I think I was begot when my Father had never a Penny in his Purse.

Pye. Puh, faint not, old *Skirmish*, let this warrant thee, *Facilis Descensus Averni*, 'tis an easie Journey to a Knave, thou may'st be a Knave when thou wilt; and Peace is a good Madam to all other Professions, and an arrant Drab to us, let us handle her accordingly, and by our Wits thrive in despite of her; for the Law lives by Quarrels, the Courtier by smooth Good-morrrows, and every Profession makes it self greater by Imperfections, why not we then by Shifts, Wiles, and Forgeries? And seeing our Brains are the only Patrimonies, let's spend with Judgment, not like a desperate Son and Heir, but like a sober and discreet Templar, — one that will never march beyond the bounds of his Allowance, and for our thriving means, thus, I my self will put on the Deceit of a Fortune-teller, a Fortune-teller.

Skir. Very proper.

Pye. And you a Figure-caster, or a Conjurer.

Skir. A Conjurer?

Pye. Let me alone, I'll instruct you, and teach you to deceive all Eyes but the Devil's.

Skir. O ay, for I would not deceive him, and I could chuse, of all others.

Pye. Fear not, I warrant you; and so by these means we shall help one another to Patients, as the condition of the Age affords Creatures enow for cunning to work upon.

Skir. O wondrous, new Fools and fresh Asses.

Pye. O, fit, fit, excellent.

Skir. What in the name of Conjuring?

Pye. My Memory greets me happily with an admirable Subject to graze upon. The Lady-Widow, who of late I saw weeping in her Garden, for the Death of her Husband, sure she's but a watriſh Soul, and half on't by this time is dropt out of her Eyes: Device well manag'd may do good upon her: it ſtands firm, my firſt practice ſhall be there.

Skir. You have my Voice, *George*.

Pye. Sh'as a grey Gull to her Brother, a Fool to her only Son, and an Ape to her youngſt Daughter; — I over-head 'em ſeverally, and from their words I'll drive my device; and thou, old *Peter Skirmiſh*, ſhalt be my ſecond in all ſights.

Skir. Ne'er doubt me, *George Pye-Boord*, — only you muſt teach me to conjure,

Enter Captain Idle pinion'd, and with a Guard of Officers paſſeth over the Stage.

Pye. Puh, I'll perfect thee, *Peter*;
How now! what's he?

Skir. O *George*! this ſight kills me,
'Tis my ſworn Brother, *Captain Idle*.

Pye. *Captain Idle*.

Skir. Apprehended for ſome fellowiſh Act or other, he has ſtarted out, has made a Night on't, lackt Silver; I cannot but commend his Reſolution, he would not pawn his Buff-Jerkin, I would either ſome of us were imploy'd, or might pitch our Tents at Uſurers Doors, to kill the Slaves as they peep out at the Wicket.

Pye. Indeed, thoſe are our ancient Enemies; they keep our Mony in their Hands, and make us to be hang'd for robbing of 'em: but come let's follow after to the Priſon, and know the nature of this offence, and what can we ſtead him in, he ſhall be ſure of; and I'll uphold it ſtill, that a charitable Kave is better than a ſoothing Puritan.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter at one Door Corporal Oath, and at the other three of the Widow Puritan's Serving-Men, Nicholas St. Antlings, Simon St. Mary-Overies, and Frailty, in black ſcurvy Mourning Coats, and Books at their Girdles, as coming from Church. They meet.

Nich. What, *Corporal Oath*? I am ſorry we have met with you next our Hearts; you are the Man that we are for-

forbidden to keep company withal, we must not swear I can tell you, and you have the name for Swearing.

Sim. Ay, Corporal *Oath*, I would you would do so much as forsake us, we cannot abide you, we must not be seen in your Company.

Frail. There is none of us, I can tell you, but shall be soundly whipt for swearing.

Corp. Why how now? we three? Puritanical Scrape-shoes, Flesh a Good Fridays; a Hand.

A. l. Oh.

Corp. Why *Nicholas St. Antlings*, *Simon St. Mary-Overies*, has the De'il possess't you, that you swear no better; you Half-Christen'd *Katomites*, you Un-godmother'd *Varlets*, does the first Lesson teach you to be Proud, and the second to be Coxcombs; proud Coxcombs; not once to do duty to a Man of Mark.

Frail. A Man of Mark, quotha, I do not think he can shew a Beggar's Noble.

Corp. A Corporal, a Commander, one of Spirit, that is able to blow you up all dry with your Books at your Girdles.

Sim. We are not taught to believe that, Sir, for we know the Breath of Man is weak.

[Corporal breathes on Frailty.]

Frail. Foh, your lye, *Nicholas*; for here's one strong enough; blow us up, quotha, he may well blow me above twelve-score off on him: I warrant, if the wind stood right, a Man might smell him from the top of *Newgate*, to the Leads of *Ludgate*.

Corp. Sirrah, thou hollow Book of Wax-candle:

Nich. Ay, you may say what you will, so you swear not:

Corp. I swear by the——

Nich. Hold, hold, good Corporal *Oath*; but if you swear once, we shall fall down in a Swoon presently.

Corp. I must and will swear: you quivering Coxcombs, my Captain is imprison'd, and by *Vulcan's* Leather Cod-piece point——

Nich. O *Simon*, what an Oath was there?

Frail. If he should chance to break it, the poor Man's Breeches would fall down about his heels, for *Venus* allows but one Point to his Hose.

Corp.

Corp. With these, my Bully-Fleet, I will thump ope the Prison Doors, and brain the Keeper with the Begging-Box, but I'll set my honest sweet Captain *Idle* at liberty.

Nich. How, Captain *Idle*? my old Aunt's Son, my dear Kinsman in *Cappadochio*.

Corp. Ay, thou Church-peeling, thou Holy-paring, Religious outside thou; if thou hadst any grace in thee, thou wouldst visit him, relieve him, swear to get him out.

Nich. Assure you, Corporal, indeed-*la*, 'tis the first time I heard on't.

Corp. Why do't now then, *Adarmaster*; bring forth thy yearly Wages, let not a Commander perish.

Sim. But if he be one of the wicked, he shall perish.

Nich. Well, Corporal, I'll e'en along with you, to visit my Kinsman, if I can do him any good, I will—but I have nothing for him, *Simon St. Mary-Overies* and *Fraiky*, pray make a Lie for me to the Knight, my Master, old Sir *Godfrey*.

Corp. A Lie? may you lie then?

Frail. O ay, we may lie, but we must not swear.

Sim. True, we may lye with our Neighbour's Wife, but we must not swear we did so.

Corp. O, an excellent Tag of Religion.

Nich. O, *Simon*, I have thought upon a sound excuse, it will go currant, say that I am gone to a Fast.

Sim. To a Fast? very good.

Nich. Ay, to a Fast, say, with Master *Full-belly* the Minister.

Sim. Master *Full-belly*? an honest Man: He feeds the Flock well, for he's an excellent Feeder.

[*Exeunt Corporal and Nicholas.*]

Frail. O I, I have seen him eat a whole Pig, and afterward fall to the Petticoes. [Exeunt *Simon and Frailty.*]

The Marshalsea Prison. Enter Captain *Idle* at one Door, and an old Soldier at the other,

Pye. Pray turn the Key.

[*Speaking within.*]

Skir. Turn the Key, I pray.

Capt. Who should those be, I almost know their Voices? O my Friends!

[*Entering.*
You're

You're welcome to a smelling Room here; you newly took leave of the Air, is't not a strange favour?

Pye. As all Prisons have smells of sundry Wretches; Who, though departed, leave their scents behind 'em. By **Gold**, Captain, I am sincerely sorry for thee.

Capt. By my troth, *George*, I thank thee; but, pish—— what must be, must be.

Skir. Captain, what do you lye in for? is't great? what's your Offence?

Capt. Faith, my Offence is ordinary,——common, a High-way, and I fear me my penalty will be ordinary and common too, a Halter.

Pye. Nay, prophesie not so ill, it shall go hard, But I'll shift for thy Life.

Capt. Whether I live or die, thou'rt an honest *George*. I'll tell you——Silver flow'd not with me, as it had done, for now the Tide runs to Bawds and Flatterers, I had a start out, and by chance set upon a fat Steward, thinking his Purse had been as pursie as his Body; and the Slave had about him but the poor purchase of ten Groats: Notwithstanding being descryed, pursued, and taken, I know the Law is so grim, in respect of many desperate, unfetled Soldiers, that I fear me I shall dance after their Pipe for't.

Skir. I am twice sorry for you, Captain; first, that your Purchase was so small, and now that your Danger is so great.

Capt. Push, the worst is but death,——ha' you a Pipe of Tobacco about you?

Skir. I think I have thereabouts about me.

[*Captain blows a Pipe.*]

Capt. Here's a clean Gentleman too, to receive.

Pye. Well, I must cast about some happy slight: Work Brain, that ever didst thy Master right.

[*Corporal and Nicholas within.*]

Corp. Keeper, let the Key be turn'd.

Nich. Ay, ay, pray, Master Keeper, give's a cast of your Office.

Capt. How now? more Visitants? —— what, Corporal Oath?

Pye. *Skir.* Corporal.

Corp. In Prison, honest Captain? this must not be.

Nich. How do you, Captain Kinsman?

Capt. Good Coxcomb, what makes that pure——starcht Fool here?

Nich. You see, Kinsman, I am somewhat bold to call in, and see how you do; I heard you were safe enough, and I was very glad on't, that it was no worse.

Capt. This is a double torture now, ——this Fool by th' Book doth vex me more than my Imprisonment. What meant you, Corporal, to hook him hither?

Corp. Who, he? he shall relieve thee, and supply thee, I'll make him do't.

Capt. Fy, what vain Breath you spend: He supply? I'll sooner expect Mercy from an Usurer when my Bond's forfeited, sooner Kindness from a Lawyer when my Mony's spent: nay, sooner Charity from the Devil, than Good from a Puritan. I'll look for Relief from him when *Lucifer* is restor'd to his Blood, and in Heav'n again.

Nich. I warrant my Kinsman's talking of me, for my left Ear burns most tyrannically.

Pye. Captain *Idle*, what's he there? he looks like a Monkey upward, and a Crane downward.

Capt. Phaw; a foolish Cousin of mine: I must thank God for him.

Pye. Why, the better subject to work a scape upon; thou shalt e'en change Clothes with him, and leave him here, and so——

Capt. Push, I publisht him e'en now to my Corporal, he will be damn'd e'er he do me so much good; why, I know a more proper, a more handsome Device than that, if the Slave would be Sociable,——now Goodman *Floor-face*?

Nich. O, my Cousin begins to speak to me now, I shall be acquainted with him again, I hope.

Skir. Look! what ridiculous Raptures take hold of his Wrinkles.

Pye. Then what say you to this Device, a happy one Captain?

Capt. Speak low, *George*; Prison Rats have wider Ears than those in Malt-lofts.

Nich. Cousin, if it lay in my power, as they say,——
to——do——

Capt. 'Twould do me an exceeding pleasure indeed, that;
ne'er talk furdur on't, the Fool will be hang'd e'er he do.

Corp. Pox, I'll thump 'im to't.

Pye. Why, do but try the Fopster, and break it to him
sluntly.

Capt. And so my disgrace will dwell in his Jaws, and the
Slave slaver out our purpose to his Master; for would I were
but as sure on't, as I am sure he will deny to do't.

Nich. I would be heartily glad, Cousin, if any of my
Friendships, as they say, might——stand, ha——

Pye. Why, you see he offers his Friendship foolishly to
you already.

Capt. Ay, that's the Hell on't, I would he would offer it
wisely.

Nich. Verily, and indeed is, Cousin——

Capt. I have took note of thy Fleers a good while, if thou
art minded to do me good, as thou gav'st upon me comfort-
ably, and giv'st me charitable Faces; which indeed is but a
fashion in you all that are Puritans, wilt soon at Night steal
me thy Master's Chain?

Nich. Oh, I shall sowne?

Pye. Corporal, he starts already!

Capt. I know it to be worth three hundred Crowns, and
with the half of that, I can buy my Life at a Broker's, at
second hand, which now lyes in pawn to the Law; if this
thou refuse to do, being easie and nothing dangerous, in
that thou art held in good Opinion of thy Master, why 'tis
a palpable Argument thou hold'st my Life at no Price,
and these thy broken and unjointed Offers are but only
created in thy Lip, now Born, and now Buried, foolish
Breath only: what, would do't? shall I look for Happiness
in thy answer?

Nich. Steal my Master's Chain, quoth he? no, it shall
ne'er be said, that *Nicholas St. Antlings* committed Bird-
lime!

Capt. Nay, I told you as much, did I not? though he be
a Puritan, yet he will be a true Man.

Nich. Why Cousin, you know 'tis written, Thou shalt
not Steal.

Capt. Why, and Fool, thou shalt love thy Neighbour, and help him in Extremities.

Nich. Mals I think it be indeed; in what Chapter's that, Cousin?

Capt. Why in the first of Charity, the second Verse.

Nich. The first of Charity, quoth a, that's a good Jest, there's no such Chapter in my Book!

Capt. No, I know 'twas torn out of thy Book, and that makes it so little in thy Heart.

Pye. Come, let me tell you, you're too unkind a Kinsman i'faith; the Captain loving you so dearly, ay, like the Pomwater of his Eye, and you to be so uncomfortable, fie, fie.

Nich. Pray do not wish me to be hang'd, any thing else that I can do; had it been to rob, I would ha' don't, but I must not Steal, that's the word, the literal, Thou shalt not Steal; and would you wish me to steal then?

Pye. No Faith, that were too much, to speak truth; why wilt thou Nim it from him?

Nich. That I will.

Pye. Why enough, Bully; he will be content with that or he shall ha' none; let me alone with him now, Captain, I ha' dealt with your Kinsman in a Corner; a good-kind-natur'd Fellow, methinks: Go to, you shall not have all your own asking, you shall bate somewhat on't, he is not contented absolutely, as you would say, to steal the Chain from him, but to do you a pleasure, he will nim it from him.

Nich. Ay, that I will, Cousin.

Capt. Well, seeing he will do no more, as far as I see, I must be contented with that.

Corp. Here's no notable gullery?

Pye. Nay, I'll come nearer to you, Gentlemen, because we'll have only but a Help and a Mirth on't, the Knight shall not lose his Chain neither, but be only laid out of the way some one or two Days.

Nich. Ay, that would be good indeed, Kinsman.

Pye. For I have a farther reach, to profit us better, by the missing on't only, than if we had it out-right, as my Discourie shall make it known to you;—when thou hast the Chain, do but convey it out at a Back-door into the

Garden, and there hang it close in the Rosemary Bank, but for a small Season; and by that harmless device, I know how to wind Captain *Idle* out of Prison, the Knight thy Master shall get his Pardon, and release him, and he satisfy thy Master with his own Chain, and wondrous thanks on both Hands.

Nich. That were rare indeed la;
Pray let me know how.

Pye. Nay, 'tis very necessary thou should'st know, because thou must be employ'd as an Actor!

Nich. An Actor? O no, that's a Player? and our Parson rails against Players mightily, I can tell you, because they brought him drunk upo'th' Stage once,——as he will be horribly drunk.

Corp. Mafs I cannot blame him then,
Poor Church spout.

Pye. Why as an Intermedler then?

Nich. Ay, that, that.

Pye. Give me Audience then; when the old Knight thy Master has rag'd his fill for the loss of the Chain, tell him thou hast a Kinsman in Prison, of such exquisite Art, that the Devil himself is *French Lackey* to him, and runs bare headed by his Horse——Belly, when he has one; whom he will cause, with most *Irish* dexterity, to fetch his Chain, though 'twere hid under a Mine of Sea-coal, and ne'er make Spade or Pick-Axe his Instruments; tell him but this, with farther Instructions thou shalt receive from me, and thou shewest thy self a Kinsman indeed.

Corp. A dainty Bully.

Skir. An honest——Book-keeper.

Capt. And my three times thrice honey Cousin!

Nich. Nay, grace of God I'll rob him on't suddenly, and hang it in the Rosemary bank, but I bear that mind, Cousin, I would not steal any thing, methinks, for mine own Father.

Skir. He bears a good Mind in that, Captain.

Pye. Why, well said,
He begins to be an honest Fellow, faith.

Corp. In truth he does.

Nich. You see, Cousin, I am willing to do you any kindness, always saving my self harmless. [Exit Nicholas.

Capt. Why I thank thee, fare thee well, I shall requite it.

Corp. 'Twill be good for thee, Captain, that thou hast such an egregious Ais to thy Cousin.

Capt. Ay, is not that a fine Fool, Corporal? But, *George*, thou talk'st of Art and Conjuring, How shall that be?

Pye. Puh, be't not in your care, Leave that to me and my Directions; Well, Captain, doubt not thy delivery now, E'en with the vantage, Man, to gain by Prison, As my Thoughts prompt me: Hold on brain and plot, I aim at many cunning far events, All which I doubt not to hit at length; I'll to the Widow with a quaint Assault; Captain, be merry.

Capt. Who I? Kerry merry Buffe-Jerkin.

Pye. Oh, I am happy in more slights; and one will knit strong in another——Corporal Oath.

Corp. Ho! Bully!

Pye. And thou, old *Peter Skirmish*, I have a necessary task for you both.

Skir. Lay't upon *George Pye-board*.

Corp. What e'er it be, we'll manage it.

Pye. I would have you two maintain a Quatrel before the Lady Widow's Door; and draw your Swords i'th' edge of the Evening: Clash a little, clash, clash.

Corp. Fuh!

Let us alone to make our blades ring noon, Though it be after Supper.

Pye. I know you can; And out of that false Fire, I doubt not but to raise strange belief—and, Captain, to countenance my Device the better, and grace my Words to the Widow, I have a good plain Satin Suit, that I had of a young Reveller t'other Night, for words pass not regarded now-a-days, unless they come from a good Suit of Cloaths, which the Fates and my Wits had bestowed upon me. Well, Captain *Idle*, if I did not highly love thee, I would ne'er be seen within twelve

score of a Prison, for I protest at this instant, I walk in great danger of small Debts. I owe Mony to several Housewives, and you know such Jills will quickly be upon a Man's Jack.

Capt. True, George.

Pye. Fare thee well, Captain. Come Corporal and Ancient, thou shalt hear more News next time we greet thee.

Corp. More News? Ay by yon Bear at Bridge-Foot in Heav'n shalt thou. [*Exeunt.*]

Capt. Enough; my Friends, farewell,
This Prison shews as if Ghosts did part in Hell.

A C T II.

Enter Moll, youngest Daughter to the Widow, alone.

Moll. **N**OT marry? forswear Marriage? why all Women know 'tis as honourable a thing as to lye with a Man; and I, to spite my Sister's Vow the more, have entertain'd a Suitor already, a fine Gallant Knight of the last Feather, he says he will Coach me too, and well appoint me, allow me Mony to Dice withal, and many such pleasing Protestations he sticks upon my Lips: Indeed his short-winded Father i'th' Country is wondrous wealthy, a most abominable Farmer, and therefore he may dote in time; troth I'll venture upon him; Women are not without ways enough to help themselves: If he prove wise and good as his word, why I shall love him, and use him kindly; and if he prove an Ass, why in a quarter of an Hour's warning I can transform him into an Oxe;—there comes in my relief again.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O, Mistress Moll, Mistress Moll.

Moll. How now? what's the News?

Frail. The Knight your Suiter, Sir John Penny-Dub.

Moll. Sir John Penny-Dub? where? where?

Frail. He's walking in the Gallery.

Moll. Has my Mother seen him yet?

Frail. O no, she's---spitting in the Kitchin.

Moll. Direct him hither softly, good *Frailty*,
I'll meet him half way.

Frail. That's just like running a Tilt; but I hope he'll break nothing this time.

Enter Sir John Penny-Dub.

Moll. 'Tis happiness my Mother saw him not,
O welcome, good Sir *John*.

Dub. I thank you faith——Nay you must stand me 'till I kiss you: 'Tis the Fashion every where i' faith, and I came from Court e'now.

Moll. Nay, the Fates forefend that I should anger the Fashion.

Dub. Then not forgetting the sweet of new Ceremonies, I first fall back, then recovering my self, make my Honour to your Lip thus; and then accost it.

Moll. Trust me, very pretty and moving, you're worthy on't, Sir.

O my Mother, my Mother, now she's here,

Kissing. Enter Widow and Sir Godfrey.

We'll steal into the Gallery.

[*Exeunt.*

Sir God. Nay, Sister, let Reason rule you, do not play the Fool, stand not in your own Light, you have wealthy Offers, large Tendrings, do not withstand your good Fortune; who comes a wooing to you I pray? no small Fool, a rich Knight o'th' City, *Sir Oliver Muck-bill*, no small fool I can tell you; and furthermore, as I heard late by your Maid-servants, as your Maid-servants will say to me any think, I thank 'em, both your Daughters are not without Suitors, ay, and worthy ones too; one a brisk Courtier, *Sir Andrew Tipstaffe*, suiter afar off to your eldest Daughter, and the third a huge wealthy Farmer's Son, a fine young Country Knight, they call him *Sir John Penny-Dub*, a good Name marry, he may have it coin'd when he lacks Money; what Blessings are these, Sister?

Wid. Tempt me not, Satan.

Sir God. Satan? do I look like Satan? I hope the Devil's not so old as I, I grow.

Wid. You wound my Senses, Brother, when you name A Suiter to me——oh I cannot abide it, I take in Poison when I hear one nam'd,

Enter Simon.

How now, *Simon*? where's my Son *Edmund*?

Sim. Verily, Madam, he is at vain Exercise, dripping in the Tennis Court.

Wid. At Tennis-Court? oh, now his Father's gone, I shall have no rule with him; oh wicked *Edmund*, I might well compare this with the Prophecy in the Chronicle, though far inferior, as *Harry of Monmouth* won all, and *Harry of Windsor* lost all; so *Edmund of Bristow* that was the Father, got all, and *Edmund of London* that's his Son now, will spend all.

Sir God. Peace, Sister, we'll have him reform'd, there's hope on him yet, though it be but a little.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. Forsooth, Madam; there are two or three Archers at Door would very gladly speak with your Ladyship.

Wid. Archers?

Sir God. Your Husband's Fletcher I warrant.

Wid. Oh,

Let them come near, they bring home things of his, Troth I should ha' forgot 'em. How now? Villain, which be those Archers?

Enter the Suiters, Sir Andrew Tiptstaffe, Sir Oliver Muck-hill, and Penny-Dub.

Frail. Why, do you not see 'em before you? are not these Archers, what do you call 'em Shooters? Shooters and Archers are all one, I hope.

Wid. Out ignorant Slave.

Muck. Nay, pray be patient Lady, We come in way of honourable Love.

Tiptst. Dub. We do.

Muck. To you.

Tiptst. Dub. And to your Daughters.

Wid. O why will you offer me this, Gentlemen? indeed I will not look upon you; when the Tears are scarce out of mine Eyes, not yet wash'd off from my Cheeks, and my dear Husband's Body scarce so cold as the Coffin, what reason have you to offer it? I am not like some of your Widows that will bury one in the Evening, and be sure to another e'er Morning; pray away, pray take your Answers, good

Knights, and you be sweet Knights, I have vow'd never to marry;—and so have my Daughters too!

Dub. Ay, two of you have, but the third's a good Wench!

Muck. Lady, a shrewd Answer marry; the best is, 'tis but the first, and he's a blunt Wooer, that will leave for one sharp Answer.

Tipst. Where be your Daughters, Lady, I hope they'll give us better Encouragement?

Wid. Indeed they'll answer you so, take't a my word they'll give you the very same answer *Verbatim*, truly la.

Dub. Mum: *Moll's* a good Wench still, I know what she'll do?

Muck. Well, Lady, for this time we'll take our leaves hoping for better comfort.

Wid. O' never, never; and I live these thousand Years; and you be good Knights, do not hope; 'twill be all Vain, Vain,—look you put off all your Suits, and you come to me again,

Frail. Put off all their Suits, quotha? ay, that's the best wooing of a Widow indeed, when a Man's Nonfuted, that is, when he's a-bed with her.

[*Going out Muckhil and Sir Godfrey.*

Muck. Sir *Godfrey*, here's twenty Angels more, work hard for me; there's life in't yet. [*Exit Muckhil.*

Sir God. Fear not Sir *Oliver Muckhil*, I'll stick close for you, leave all with me.

Enter George Pye-board the Scholar.

Pye. By your leave, Lady Widow.

Wid. What another Suitor now?

Pye. A Suiter, no, I protest; Lady, if you'd give me your self. I'd not be troubled with you.

Wid. Say you so, Sir, then you're the better welcome, Sir.

Pye. Nay, Heav'n blefs me from a Widow, unless I were sure to bury her speedily!

Wid. Good bluntness; well, your Business, Sir?

Pye. Very needful; if you were in private-ouce.

Wid. Needful? Brother, pray leave us; and you, Sir.

Frail. I should laugh now, if this blunt Fellow should put 'em all beside the Stirrop, and vault into the Saddle himself, I have seen as mad a Trick.

[*Exit Frailty.*

Enter Daughters.

Wid. Now, Sir?— here's none but we——Daughters forbear.

Pye. O no, pray let 'em stay, for what I have to speak importeth equally to them as you.

Wid. Then you may stay.

Pye. I pray bestow on me a serious Ear, For what I speak is full of weight and fear.

Wid. Fear?

Pye. Ay, if't pass unregarded, and uneffected, Else peace and joy;——I pray Attention.

Widow, I have been a meer Stranger for these Parts that you live in, nor did I ever know the Husband of you, and Father of them, but I truly know by certain spiritual Intelligence, that he is in Purgatory.

Wid. Purgatory? tuh; that word deserves to be spit upon; I wonder that a Man of sober Tongue, as you seem to be, should have the Folly to believe there's such a place.

Pye. Well, Lady, in cold Blood I speak it, I assure you that there is a Purgatory, in which place I know your Husband to reside, and wherein he is like to remain, 'till the dissolution of the World, 'till the last general Bonfire; when all the Earth shall melt into nothing, and the Seas scald their finny Labourers; so long is his abidance, unless you alter the property of your purpose, together with each of your Daughters theirs, that is, the purpose of single Life in your self and your eldest Daughter, and the speedy determination of Marriage in your youngest.

Moll. How knows he that? what, has some Devil told him?

Wid. Strange he should know our Thoughts:—— Why but Daughter, have you purpos'd speedy Marriage?

Pye. You see she tells you ay, she says nothing.

Nay, give me credit as you please, I am a stranger to you, and yet you see I know your Determinations, which must come to me metaphysically, and by a super-natural Intelligence.

Wid. This puts amazement on me.

Fran. Know our Secrets?

Moll. I'd thought to steal a Marriage, would his Tongue Had dropt out when he blab'd it.

Wid. But, Sir, my Husband was too honest a dealing Man, to be now in any Purgatories——

Pye. O do not load your Conscience with untruths, 'Tis but meer folly now to gild 'em o'er; That has past but for Copper; Praises here, Cannot unbind him there: confess but truth, I know he got his Wealth with a hard gripe: Oh hardly, hardly.

Wid. This is the most strange of all, how knows he that?

Pye. He would eat Fools and ignorant Hairs clean up; And had his drink from many a poor Man's brow, Even as their labour brew'd it. He would scrape Riches to him most unjustly; The very dirt between his Nails was ill got, And not his own,——oh I groan to speak on't, the thought makes me shudder!—— Shudder!

Wid. It quakes me too, now I think on't——Sir, I am much griev'd, that you a Stranger, should so deeply wrong my dead Husband!

Pye. Oh!

Wid. A Man that would keep Church so duly; rise early before his Servants, and e'en for Religious haste, go ungarter'd, unbutton'd, nay Sir Reverence untruss, to Morning Prayer?

Pye. Oh uff.

Wid. Dine quickly upon High-days, and when I had great Guests, would e'en shame me, and rise from the Table, to get a good Seat at an Afternoon-Sermon;

Pye. There's the Devil, there's the Devil, true, he thought it Sanctity enough, if he had kill'd a Man, so't 'ad been done in a Pue, or undone his Neighbour, so't 'ad been near enough to the Prescher. Oh—— a Sermon's a fine short Cloak of an Hour long, and will hide the upper part of a Dissembler.—— Church, ay, he seem'd all Church, and his Conscience was as hard as the Pulpit.

Wid. I can no more endure this.

Pye. Nor I, Widow, endure to flatter.

Wid. Is this all your business with me?

Pye. No, Lady, 'tis but the indiction to't,
You may believe my strains, I strike all true.
And if your Conscience would leap up to your Tongue, your
self would affirm it, and that you shall perceive I know of
things to come, as well as I do of what is present; a Brother
of your Husband's shall shortly have a loss.

Wid. A loss? marry Heaven forefend, Sir *Godfrey*, my Bro-
ther!

Pye. Nay, keep in your wonders, 'till I have told you
the Fortunes of you all; which are more fearful, if not hap-
pily prevented, — for your part and your Daughters, if
there be not once this Day some Blood-shed before your
Door, whereof the humane Creature dyes, of you two the
eldest shall run Mad.

Wid. and Fran. Oh!

Moll. That's not I yet.

Pye. And with most impudent prostitution, show your
naked Bodies to the view of all beholders.

Wid. Our naked Bodies? fie for shame.

Pye. Attend me,

And your younger Daughter be stricken Dumb.

Moll. Dumb? out, alas; 'tis the worst pain of all for a
Woman, I'd rather be mad, or run Naked, or any thing.
Dumb?

Pye. Give Ear: E'er the Evening fall upon Hill, Bog,
and Meadow, this my Speech shall have past Probation, and
then shall I be believ'd accordingly.

Wid. If this be true, we are all sham'd, all undone.

Moll. Dumb? I'll speak as much as I can possible be-
fore Evening.

Pye. But if it so come to pass (as for your fair sakes I
wish it may) that this presage of your strange Fortunes be
prevented by that accident of Death and Blood-shedding,
which I before told you of; take heed upon your Lives,
that two of you which have vow'd never to marry, seek
cut Husbands with all present speed, and you the third, that
have such a desire to out-strip Chastity, look you meddle
not with a Husband.

Moll. A double Torment.

Pye. The breach of this keeps your Father in *Purga-*
tory, and the punishments that shall follow you in this
World,

World, would with horror kill the Ear should hear 'em related.

Wid. Marry? Why I vow'd never to marry.

Fran. And so did I.

Moll. And I vow'd never to be such an Ass, but to marry. What a cross Fortune's this?

Pye. Ladies, though I be a Fortune-teller, I cannot better Fortunes, you have 'em from me as they are reveal'd to me: I would they were to your Tempers, and Fellows with your Bloods; that's all the bitternefs I would you.

Wid. O! 'tis a just vengeance, for my Husband's hard purchases.

Pye. I wish you to bethink your selves, and leave 'em.

Wid. I'll to Sir *Godfrey*, my Brother, and acquaint him with these fearful presages.

Fran. For, Mother, they portend losses to him.

Wid. O ay, they do, they do;
If any happy issue crown thy words,
I will reward thy cunning. [Exit *Wid.* and *Fran.*]

Pye. 'Tis enough, Lady, I wish no higher.

Moll. Dumb? and not marry? worse,
Neither to speak, nor kiss, a double curse. [Exit.]

Pye. So, all this comes well about yet, I play the Fortune-teller, as well as if I had had a Witch to my Gram: for by good happiness, being in my Hostesses Garden, which neighbours the Orchard of the Widow, I laid the hole of mine Ear to a hole in the Wall, and heard 'em make these vows, and speak those words, upon which I wrought these advantages; and to encourage my Forgery the more, I may now perceive in 'em a natural simplicity which will easily swallow an abuse, if any covering be over it: and to confirm my former presage to the Widow, I have advis'd old *Peter Skirmish* the Soldier, to hurt Corporal *Oath* upon the Leg, and in that hurry I'll rush amongst 'em, and instead of giving the Corporal some Cordial to comfort him, I'll pour into his Mouth a Potion of a sleepy Nature, and make him seem as dead; for which the old Soldier being apprehended, and ready to be born to Execution, I'll step in, and take upon me the Cure of the dead Man, upon pain of dying the

condemned's death: the Corporal will wake at his Minute, when the sleepy-force hath wrought it self, and so shall I get my self into a most admir'd Opinion, and under the pretext of that cunning, beguile as I see occasion: and if that foolish *Nicholas St. Antlings* keep true time with the Chain, my Plot will be found, the Captain deliver'd, and my Wits applauded amongst Scholars and Soldiers for ever.

[Exit Pye-board.

Enter Nicholas St. Antlings, with the Chain.

Nich. O, I have found an excellent advantage to take away the Chain, my Master put it off e'en now, to say on a new Doublet, and I sneak it away by little and little, most Puritanically! we shall have good sport anon when he has mis'd it, about my Cousin the Conjuror; the World shall see I'm an honest Man of my word, for now I'm going to hang it between Heaven and Earth among the Rosemary-branches.

[Exit Nich.

A C T III.

Enter Simon St. Mary-Overies, and Frailty.

Frail. **S**irrah, *Simon St. Mary-Overies*, my Mistress sends away all her Suiters, and puts Fleas in their Ears.

Sim. *Frailty*, she does like an honest, chaste, and virtuous Woman; for Widows ought not to wallow in the puddle of Iniquity.

Frail. Yet, *Simon*, many Widows will do't, whatsoe'er comes on't.

Sim. True, *Frailty*, their filthy Flesh desires a Conjunction Copulative; what Strangers are within, *Frailty*?

Frail. There's none, *Simon*; but Master *Pilfer* the Taylor: he's above with Sir *Godfrey*, praising of a Doublet: and I must trudge anon to fetch Master *Suds* the Barber.

Sim. Master *Sud*'s a good Man, he washes the Sins of the Beard clean.

Enter old Skirmish the Soldier.

Skir. How now, Creatures? what's a Clock?

Frail. Why, do you take us to be Jack at the Clock-House?

Skir. I say again to you, what's a Clock?

Sim. Truly la, we go by the Clock of our Conscience, all worldly Clocks we know go false, and are set by drunken Sextons.

Skir. Then what's a Clock in your Conscience? — O, I must break off, here comes the Corporal — hum, hum: — what's a Clock?

Enter Corporal:

Corp. A Clock? why past seventeen.

Frail. Past seventeen? nay, h'as met with his match now, Corporal Oath will fit him.

Skir. Thou dost not bawk nor baffle me, dost thou? I am a Soldier — past seventeen?

Corp. Ay, thou art not angry with the Figures, art thou? I will prove it unto thee, 12 and 1 is thirteen, I hope, 2 fourteen, 3 fifteen, 4 sixteen, and 5 seventeen, then past seventeen, I will take the Dial's part in a just Cause.

Skir. I say 'tis but past five then.

Corp. I'll swear 'tis past seventeen then: dost thou not know Numbers? canst thou not cast?

Skir. Cast? dost thou speak of my casting i'th' street?

[*Draw.*]

Corp. Ay, and in the Market-place.

Sim. Clubs, Clubs, Clubs.

[*Simon runs in.*]

Frail. Ay, I knew by their shuffling, Clubs would be Trump: Miss here's the Knave, and he can do any good upon 'em: Clubs, Clubs, Clubs.

Enter Pye-board.

Capt. O Villain, thou hast open'd a Vein in my Leg.

Pye. How now? for shame, for shame, put up, put up.

Capt. By yon blue Welkin, 'twas out of my part, *George*, to be hurt on the Leg.

Enter Officers.

Pye. Oh, peace now — I have a Cordial here to comfort thee.

Off. Down with 'em, down with 'em, lay Hands upon the Villain.

Skir. Lay Hands on me?

Pye. I'll not be seen among 'em now.

Capt. I'm hurt, and had more need have *Surgeons* Lay Hands upon me, than rough Officers.

Off. Go, carry him to be dress'd then:

Thus mutinous Soldier shall along with me to Prison?

Skir. To Prison? where's George?

Off. Away with him.

[*Exeunt with Skir.*]

Pye. So,

All lights as I would wish, the amaz'd Widow

Will plant me strongly now in her belief,

And wonder at the virtue of my words:

For the event turns these presages from 'em,

Of being mad and dumb, and begets joy

Mingled with admiration: these empty Creatures,

Soldier and Corporal, were but ordain'd

As instruments for me to work upon.

Now to my Patient, here's his Potion. [*Exit Pye-board.*]

Enter the Widow with her two Daughters.

Wid. O wondrous happiness, beyond our thoughts!

O lucky fair event! I think our Fortunes

Were blest e'en in our Cradles: we are quitted.

Of all those shameful violent presages

By this rash bleeding chance: go, *Fraily*, run, and know

Whether he be yet living, or yet dead,

That here before my Door receiv'd his hurt.

Fraib. Madam, he was carried to the Superior, but if he had no Mony when he came there, I warrant he's dead by this time. [*Exit Fraibly.*]

Fran. Sure that Man is a rare Fortune-teller, never lookt upon our Hands, nor upon any mark about us, a wondrous Fellow surely.

Moll. I am glad I have the use of my Tongue yet, tho' of nothing else. I shall find the way to marry too, I hope shortly.

Wid. O where's my Brother Sir *Godfrey*, I would he were here, that I might relate to him how prophetically the cunning Gentleman spoke in all things.

Enter Sir Godfrey in a rage.

Sir God. O my Chain, my Chain, I have lost my Chain, where be these Villains, Varlets?

Wid. Oh, he's lost his Chain.

Sir God. My Chain, my Chain.

Wid. Brother, be patient, hear me speak, you know I told you that a Cunning-man told me, that you should have a loss, and he has Prophesied so true.

Sir God. Out, he's a Villain to prophesie of the loss of my Chain, 'twas worth above three hundred Crowns, besides 'twas my Father's, my Father's Father's, my Grandfather's huge Grandfather's: I had as lief he lost my Neck, as the Chain that hung about it. O my Chain, my Chain.

Wid. Oh, Brother, who can be against a misfortune, 'tis happy 'twas no more.

Sir God. No more! O goodly godly Sister, would you had me lost more? my best Gown too, with the Cloth of Gold-Lace? my Holiday Galkoins, and my Jerkin set with Pearl? no more!

Wid. Oh, Brother, you can read——

Sir God. But I cannot read where my Chain is: what Strangers have been here? you let in Strangers, Thieves, and Catch-poles: how comes it gone? there was none above with me but my Taylor, and my Taylor will not——steal I hope?

Moll. No, he's afraid of a Chain.

Enter Frailty.

Wid. How now, Sirrah? the news?

Frail. O, Mistress, he may well be call'd a Corporal now, for his Corps are as dead as a cold Capon's?

Wid. More happiness.

Sir God. Sirrah, what's this to my Chain? where's my Chain, Knave?

Frail. Your Chain, Sir?

Sir God. My Chain is lost, Villain.

Frail. I would he were hang'd in Chains that has it then for me: Alas, Sir, I saw none of your Chain since you were hung with it your self.

Sir God. Out Varter; it had full three thousand Links, I have oft told it over at my Prayers:
Over and over, full three thousand Links.

Frail. Had it so, Sir, sure it cannot be lost then; I'll put you in that comfort.

Sir God. Why? why?

Frail. Why if your Chain had so many Links, it cannot chuse but come to light.

Enter Nicholas.

Sir God. Delusion. Now, long *Nicholas*, where is my Chain?

Nich. Why about your Neck, is't not, Sir?

Sir God. About my Neck, Varlet? my Chain is lost,
'Tis stoll'n away, I'm robb'd.

Wid. Nay, Brother, show your self a Man.

Nich. If it be lost or stole, if he would be patient, Mi-
strefs, I could bring him to a cunning Kinsman of mine that
would fetch it again with a Sefarara.

Sir God. Canst thou? I will be patient, say, where dwells
he?

Nich. Marry he dwells now, Sir, where he would not
dwell, and he could chuse, in the *Marshalsea*, Sir; but he's
an excellent Fellow if he were out: h'as travell'd all the
World o'er, he, and been in the seven and twenty Provinces:
why, he would make it be fetcht, Sir, if it were rid a thou-
sand Mile out of Town.

Sir God. An admirable Fellow, what lies he for?

Nich. Why, he did but rob a Steward of ten Groats
t'other Night, as any Man would ha done, and there he lies
for't.

Sir God. I'll make his peace,
A trifle, I'll get his pardon,
Besides a bountiful reward, I'll about it,
But see the Clerks, the Justice will do much;
I will about it straights, good Sister pardon me,
All will be well I hope, and turn to good,
The name of Conjurer has laid my Blood.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Puttock and Ravenshaw, two Serjeants, with Teoman
Dogson, to arrest George Pyc-board.*

Put. His Hostess where he lies will trust him no
longer, she hath feed me to arrest him; if you will ac-
company me, because I know not of what nature the
Scholar is, whether desperate or swift, you shall share with
me, Serjeant *Ravenshaw*, I have the good Angel do arrest
him.

Rav. Troth I'll take part with thee then, Serjeant, not
for the sake of the Mony so much, as for the hate I bear
to a Scholar. Why, Serjeant, 'tis natural in us you know to
hate Scholars; natural besides, they will publish our Im-
perfections, Knaveries, and Conveyances upon Scaffolds and
Stages.

Put. Ay, and spightfully too; troth I have wondred how

the Slaves could see into our Breasts so much, when our Doublets are button'd with Pewter.

Rav. Ay, and so close without yielding: oh, they're parolous Fellows, they will search more with their Wits, than a Constable with his Officers.

Put. Whist, whist, whist, Yeoman *Dogson*, Yeoman *Dogson*.

Dog. Ha! what says Serjeant?

Put. Is he in the Pothecaries Shop still?

Dog. Ay, ay.

Put. Have an Eye, have an Eye.

Rav. The best is, Serjeant, if he be a true Scholar, he wears no Weapon I think.

Put. No, no, he wears no Weapon.

Rav. Mass, I am right glad of that: 'thas put me in better Heart: say, if I clutch him once, let me alone to drag him if he be stiff-Necked; I have been one of the six my self, that has dragg'd as tall Men of their Hands, when their Weapons have been gone, as ever Bastinado'd a Serjeant--- I have done I can tell you.

Dog. Serjeant *Puttock*, Serjeant *Puttock*.

Put. Hoh.

Dog. He's coming out single.

Put. Peace, peace, be not too greedy, let him play a little, let him play a little, we'll jerk him up of a sudden, I ha fish'd in my time.

Rav. Ay, and caught many a Fool, Serjeant.

Enter Pye-board.

Pye. I parted now from *Nicholas*: the Ch in's couch'd, And the old Knight has spent his rage upon't, The Widow holds me in great admiration For cunning Art: 'mongst joys, I'm e'en lost, For my device can no way now be cross'd, And now I must to Prison to the Captain, and there---

Put. I arrest you, Sir.

Pye. Oh---- I spoke truer than I was aware; I must to Prison indeed.

Put. They say you're 'a Scholar, nay Sir---- Yeoman *Dogson*, have care to his Arms---you'll rail against Serjeants, and stage 'em, you tickle their Vices.

Pye. Nay, use me like a Gentleman, --- I'm little less.

Pat. You a Gentleman? that's a good Jest i'faith; can a Scholar be a Gentleman—when a Gentleman will not be a Scholar;—look upon your wealthy Citizens Sons, whether they be Scholars or no, that are Gentlemen by their Fathers Trades: a Scholar a Gentleman!

Pye. Nay, let Fortune drive all her stings into me, she cannot hurt that in me, a Gentleman, *Accidens inseparabile* to my Blood.

Rav. A rablement, nay, you shall have a bloody rablement upon you I warrant you.

Pat. Go, Yeoman *Dogson*, before, and enter the Action i'th' Counter. [Exit Dog.]

Pye. Pray do not handle me cruelly, I'll go Whichever you please to have me.

Pat. Oh, he's tame, let him loose Serjeant.

Pye. Pray at whose Suit is this?

Pat. Why, at your Hesteffes Suit where you lye, Mistress *Cannibarrow*, for Bed and Board, the Sum four Pound five Shillings and five Pence.

Pye. I know the Sum too true, yet I presum'd Upon a farther day; well, 'tis my Stars: And I must bear it now, though never harder. I swear now, my device is crost indeed. Captain must lye by't: this is Deceit's seed.

Pat. Come, come away.

Pye. Pray give me so much time as to knit my Garter, and I'll away with you.

Pat. Well, we must be paid for this waiting upon you, this is no pains to attend thus. [Making to tie his Garter.]

Pye. I am now wretched and miserable, I shall ne'er recover of this Disease: hot Iron gnaw their Fists: they have struck a Fever into my Shoulder, which I shall ne'er shake out again I fear me, 'till with a true *Habeas Corpus* the Sexton remove me; oh if I take Prison once, I shall be press'd to death with Actions, but not so happy as speedily; perhaps I may be forty Year a pressing 'till I be a thin old Man, that looking through the Grates, Men may look through me; all my Means is confounded, what shall I do? has my Wits served me so long, and now give me the lip (like a strain'd Servant) when I have most need of them: no Device to keep my poor Carcase from these Purs-

rocks? ——— yes, happiness, have I a Paper about me now? yes too, I'll try it, it may hit, *Extremity is Touch-stone unto Wit*, ay, ay.

Put. 'Sfoot how many yards are in thy Garters, that thou art so long a tying on them? come away, Sir.

Pye. Troth Serjeant, I protest, you could never ha took me at a worse time, for now at this instant I have no lawful Picture about me.

Put. 'Slid how shall we come by our Fees then?

Rav. We must have Fees, Sirrah.

Pye. I could have wish'd i'faith, that you had took me half an Hour hence for your own sake, for I protest if you had not cross'd me, I was going in great joy to receive five Pound of a Gentleman, for the Device of a Mask here, drawn in this Paper, but now, come, I must be contented, 'tis but so much lost, and answerable to the rest of my Fortunes.

Put. Why, how far hence dwells that Gentleman?

Rav. Ay, well said Serjeant, 'tis good to cast about for Mony.

Put. Speak, if it be not far ———

Pye. We are but a little past it, the next Street behind us.

Put. 'Slid we have waited upon you greivously already, if you'll say you'll be liberal when you ha't, give us double Fees, and spend upon's, why we'll show you that kindness, and go along with you to the Gentleman.

Rav. Ay, well said still, Serjeant, urge that.

Pye. Troth if it will suffice, it shall all be among you, for my part I'll not pocket a Penny, my Hostess shall have her four Pound five Shillings, and bate me the five Pence, and the other fifteen Shillings I'll spend upon you.

Rav. Why, now thou art a good Scholar.

Put. An excellent Scholar i'faith; has proceeded very well alate; come, we'll along with you.

[Excunt with him; passing in, they knock at the Door with a Knocker withinside.]

Ser. Who knocks, who's at Door? we had need of a Porter.

Pye. A few Friends here, ——— pray is the Gentleman your Master within?

Ser. Yes, is your business to him?

Pye. Ay, he knows it, when he sees me:

I pray you, have you forgot me?

Ser. Ay by my troth, Sir, pray come near, I'll in and tell him of you, please you to walk here in the Gallery 'till he comes.

Pye. We will attend his Worship,——Worship I think, for so much the Posts at his Door should signifie, and the fair coming in, and the Wicket, else I neither knew him nor his Worship, but 'tis happiness he is within Doors, whatsoever he be, if he be not too much a formal Citizen, he may do me good: Serjeant and Yeoman, how do you like this House, is't not most wholesomely plotted?

Rav. Troth Prisoner, an exceeding fine House.

Pye. Yet I wonder how he should forget me, for he ne'er knew me; No matter, what is forgot in you, will be remembered in your Master.

A pretty comfortable Room this methinks:

You have no such Rooms in Prison now?

Put. Oh, Dog-holes to't.

Pye. Doh-holes indeed——I can tell you I have great hope to have my Chamber here shortly, nay, and Dyet too, for he's the most free-heartedst Gentleman where he takes: you would little think it. And what a fine Gallery were here for me to walk and study, and make Verses?

Put. O, it stands pleasantly for a Scholar.

Enter Gentleman.

Pye. Look what Maps, and Pictures, and Devices, and things, neatly, delicately? Masi here he comes, he should be a Gentleman, I like his Beard well:——All happiness to your Worship.

Gent. You're kindly welcome, Sir.

Put. A simple salutation.

Rav. Masi, it seems the Gentleman makes great account of him.

Gent. I have the thing here for you, Sir.

Pye. I beseech you, conceal me, Sir, I'm undone else,——I have the Mask here for you, Sir, Look you, Sir,——I beseech your Worship, first pardon my rudeness, for my extreams make me bolder than I would be; I am a poor Gentleman, and a Scholar, and now most unfortunately

fall'n into the Hands of unmerciful Officers, arrested for Debt, which though small, I am not able to compass, by reason I'm destitute of Lands, Money, and Friends, so that if I fall into the hungry swallow of the Prison, I am like utterly to perish, and with Fees and Extortions be pinch'd clean to the Bone: Now, if ever pity had interest in the Blood of a Gentleman, I beseech you vouchsafe but to favour that means of my escape, which I have already thought upon.

Gent. Go forward.

Put. I warrant he likes it rarely.

Pye. In the plunge of my Extremities, being giddy, and doubtful what to do; at last it was put in my labouring thoughts, to make a happy use of this Paper, and to bleas their unletter'd Eyes, I told them there was a Device for a Mask drawn in't, and that (but for their interception) I was going to a Gentleman to receive my reward for't: they greedy at this word, and hoping to make purchase of me, offer'd their attendance to go along with me, my hap was to make bold with your Door, Sir, which my thoughts shew'd me the most fairest and comfortablest entrance, and I hope I have happened right upon Understanding, and Pity: may it please your good Worship then but to behold my Device, which is to let one of your Men put me out at a Back-door, and I shall be bound to your Worship for ever.

Gent. By my troth an excellent Device.

Put. An excellent Device, he says; he likes it wonderfully.

Gent. A my faith, I never heard a better.

Raven. Hark, he swears he never heard a better, Serjeant.

Put. O, there's no talk on't, he's an excellent Scholar, and especially for a Mask.

Gent. Give me your Paper, your Device; I was never better pleas'd in all my Life: good Wit, brave Wit, finely wrought, come in, Sir, and receive your Money, Sir.

Pye. I'll follow your good Worship, ———
You heard how he lik'd it now?

Put. Puh, we know he could not chuse but like it: go thy ways, thou art a fine witty Fellow i'faith, thou shalt Discourse it to us at the Tavern anon, wilt thou?

Pye. Ay, ay, that I will. — look, Serjeants, here are Maps, and pretty Toys, be doing in the mean time, I shall quickly have told out the Mony, you know.

Put. Go, go, little Villain, fetch thy chink, I begin to love thee, I'll be drunk to Night in thy company.

Pye. This Gentleman I may well call a part Of my Salvation, in these earthly evils, For he has sav'd me from three hungry Devils. [*Exit Pye.*]

Put. Sirrah Serjeant, these Maps are pretty painted things, but I could ne'er fancy them yet, methinks they're too busie, and full of Circles and Conjurations; they say all the World's in one of them, but I could ne'er find the Counter in the *Poultry*.

Rav. I think so: how could you find it? for you know it stands behind the Houses.

Dog. Mafs, that's true, then we must look o' back-side for't: 'sfoot here's nothing, all's bare.

Rav. I warrant thee that stands for the Counter, for you know there's a company of bare Fellows there.

Put. Faith like enough, Serjeant, I never mark'd so much before. Sirrah Serjeant, and Yeoman, I should love these Maps out a cry now, if we could see Men peep out of Door in 'em, oh, we might have 'em in a Morning to our Breakfast so finely, and ne'er knock our Heels to the ground a whole Day for 'em.

Rav. Ay marry Sir, I'd buy one my self. But this talk is by the way, where shall's Sup to Night: Five Pound receiv'd, let's talk of that.

I have a trick worth all, you two shall bear him to th' Tavern, whilst I go close with his Hostess, and work out of her, I know she would be glad of the Sum, to finger Mony; because she knows 'tis but a desperate Debt, and full of hazard: what will you say if I bring it to pass, that the Hostess shall be contented with one half for all, and we to share t'other fifty Shillings, Bullies?

Put. Why, I would call thee King of Serjeants, and thou should'st be Chronicled in the Counter-Book for ever.

Rav. Well, put it to me, we'll make a Night on't if faith,

Dog. 'Sfoot, I think he receives more Mony, he stavs so long.

Pnt. He tarrys long indeed, may be, I can tell you up on the good liking on't the Gentleman may prove more bountiful.

Rav. That would be rare, we'll search him.

Pnt. Nay, be sure of it, we'll search him, and make him light enough.

Enter the Gentleman.

Rav. Oh, here comes the Gentleman,---By your leave, Sir.

Gent. God you good den Sirs,——would you speak with me?

Pnt. No, not with your Worship, Sir; only we are bold to stay for a Friend of ours that went in with your Worship.

Gent. Who? not the Scholar?

Pnt. Yes, e'en he, an it please your Worship.

Gent. Did he make you stay for him? he did you wrong then: why, I can assure you he's gone above an Hour ago.

Rav. How, Sir?

Gent. I paid him his Mony, and my Man told me he went out at Back-door.

Pnt. Back-door?

Gent. Why, what's the matter?

Pnt. He was our Prisoner, Sir, we did arrest him.

Gent. What he was not? you the Sheriff's Officers——you were to blame then,
Why did not you make known to me as much;
I could have kept him for you, I protest,
He receiv'd all of me in Britain Gold,
Of the last Coyning.

Rav. Vengeance dog him with't.

Pnt. 'Sfoot. has he gull'd us so?

Dog. Where shall we sup now, Serjeants?

Pnt. Sup, Simon, now, eat Porridge for a Month.

Well, we cannot impute it to any lack of good will in your Worship,——you did but as another would have done, 'twas our hard Fortunes to miss the Purchase, but if e'er we clutch him again, the Counter shall charm him.

Rav. The Hole shall rot him.

Dog. Amen.

Gent. So,

[*Exeunt.*
Vex

Vex out your Lungs without Doors, I am proud,
It was my hap to help him, it fell fit,
He went not empty neither for his Wit:

Alas, poor Wretch, I could not blame his Brain,
To labour his Delivery, to be free,
From their un pitying fangs,——I'm glad it stood
Within my power to do a Scholar good.

[*Exit.*

Enter in the Prison, meeting, Pye-board and Captain, Pye-board coming in muffled.

Cap. How now, who's that? what are you?

Pye. The same that I shou'd be, Captain.

Cap. *George Pye-board*, honest *George*? why cam'st thou
in half fac'd, muffled so?

Pye. Oh Captain, I thought we should ne'er ha' laugh'd
again, never spent frolick Hour again.

Cap. Why? why?

Pye. I coming to prepare thee, and with News
As happy as thy quick Delivery,
Was trac'd out by the scent, arrested, Captain.

Cap. Arrested, *George*?

Pye. Arrested; guets, guets, how many Dogs do you think
I'd upon me?

Cap. Dogs? I say, I know not.

Pye. Almost as many as *George Stone* the Bear:
Three at once, three at once,

Cap. How didst thou shake 'em off then?

Pye. The time is busie, and calls upon our Wits, let it
suffice,

Here I stand safe, and scap'd by Miracle:
Some other Hour shall tell thee, when we'll sleep
Our Eyes in laughter: Captain, my device
Leans to thy Happiness, for e'er the Day
Be spent to th' Girdle, thou shalt be free:
The Corporal's in's first sleep, the Chain is miss'd
Thy Kinsman has exprest thee, and the old Knight
With Palfey-hams now labours thy release.

What rests, is all in thee, to Conjure, Captain.

Cap. Conjure? 'sfoot, *George*, you know, the Devil a
conjuring I can conjure.

Pye. The Devil of conjuring? nay by my fay, I'd not
have thee do so much, Captain, as the Devil a conjuring;

ook here, I ha brought thee a Circle ready Charactered and all.

Cap. 'Sfoot, *George*, art in thy right Wits, dost know what thou sayst? why dost talk to a Captain a conjuring? didst thou ever hear of a Captain conjure in thy Life? dost call't a Circle, 'tis too wide a thing, methinks; had it been a lesser Circle, then I knew what to have done.

Pye. Why every Fools knows that, Captain, nay then I'll not cog with you, Captain, if you'll stay and hang the next Sessions you may,

Cap. No, by my Faith, *George*, come, come, let's to conjuring.

Pye. But if you look to be released, as my Wits have took pain to work it, and all means wrought to farther it, besides to put Crowns in your Purse, to make you a Man of better hopes, and whereas before you were a Captain or poor Soldier, to make you now a Commander of rich Fools, which is truly the only best purchase Peace can allow you, safer than High-ways, Heath, or Cony-groves, and yet a far better Booty; for your greatest Thieves are never hang'd, never hang'd; for why? they're wise, and cheat within Doors; and we geld Fools of more Mony in one Night, than your false-tail'd Gelding will purchase in a Twelve-Months running, which confirms the old Beldams saying, He's wisest, that keeps himself warmest, that is, he that robs by a good Fire.

Cap. Well opened i'faith, *George*, thou hast pull'd that saying out of the Husk.

Pye. Captain *Iake*, 'tis no time now to delude or delay, the old Knight will be here suddenly, I'll perfect you, direct you, tell you the trick on't: 'tis nothing.

Cap. 'Sfoot, *George*, I know not what to say to't, conjure? I shall be hang'd e'er I conjure.

Pye. Nay, tell not me of that, Captain, you'll ne'er conjure after you're hang'd, I warrant you; look you, Sir, a parlous Matter, sure, first to spread your Circle upon the Ground, then with a little conjuring Ceremony, as I'll have an Hackney-man's Wand silver'd o'er a purpose for you, then arriving in the Circle, with a huge Word, and a great Trample, as for instance have you never seen a stalking,

stamping Player, that will raise a tempest with his Tongue, and Thunder with his Heels?

Capt. O yes, yes, yes; often, often.

Pye. Why be like such a one? for any thing will bear the old Knight's Eyes; for you must note, that he'll ne'er dare to venture into the Room, only perhaps peep fearfully through the Key-hole, to see how the Play goes forward.

Capt. Well, I may go about it when I will, but mark the end on't, I shall but shame my self i' faith, *George*, speak big words, and stamp and stare, and he look in at Kye-hole, why the very thought of that would make me laugh outright, and spoil all; nay I'll tell thee, *George*, when I apprehend a thing once, I am of such a laxative Laughter, that if the Devil himself stood by, I should laugh in his Face.

Pye. Puh, that's but the babe of a Man, and may easily be hush'd, as to think upon some disaster, some sad Misfortune, as the Death of thy Father i' th' Country.

Capt. 'Sfoot, that would be the more to drive me into such an ecstasie, that I should ne'er lin laughing else.

Pye. Why then think upon going to hanging.

Capt. Mass that's well remembred, now I'll do well, I warrant thee, ne'er fear me now; but how shall I do, *George*, for boisterous Words, and horrible Names?

Pye. Puh, any fustian Invocations, Captain, will serve as well as the best, so you rant them out well, or you may go to a Pothecary's Shop, and take all the words from the Boxes.

Capt. Troth, and you say true, *George*, there's strange words enow to raise a hundred Quack-salvers, though they be ne'er so poor when they begin? but here lyes the fear on't, how if in this false Conjuraton, a true Devil should pop up indeed.

Pye. A true Devil, Captain? why there was ne'er such a one, nay faith he that has this place, is as false a Knave as our last Church-warden.

Capt. Then he's false enough a Conscience i' faith, *George*.

The

The Cry at Marshalsea. Enter Sir Godfrey, Mr. Edmond, and Nicholas.

Cry Prisoners. Good Gentlemen over the way, send your relief:

Good Gentlemen over the way;—Good Sir *Godfrey*.

Pye. He's come, he's come.

Nich. Master, that's my Kinsman yonder in the Buff-Jerkin—Kinsman, that's my Master yonder i' th' Taffaty Hat—pray salute him intirely.

[*They salute; and Pye-boord salutes Master Edmond.*

Sir God. Now my Friend.

Pye. May I partake your Name, Sir?

Edm. My Name is Master *Edmond*.

Pye. Master *Edmond*,—are you not a *Welshman*, Sir?

Edm. A *Welshman*? why?

Pye. Because Master is your Christen Name, and *Edmond* your Sir-name.

Edm. O no; I have more names at home, Master *Edmond Plus* is my full Name at length.

Pye. O cry you mercy, Sir?

[*Whispering.*

Capt. I understand that you are my Kinsman's good Master, and in regard of that, the best of my Skill is at your Service; but had you fortun'd a meer Stranger, and made no means to me by acquaintance, I should have utterly denied to have been the Man; both by reason of the Act of Parliament against Conjurers and Witches, as also, because I would not have my Art vulgar, trite, and common.

Sir God. I much commend your care there, good Captain Conjurer, and that I will be sure to have it private enough, you shall do't in my Sister's House,---mine own House I may call it, for both our charges therein are proportion'd.

Capt. Very good, Sir,---what may I call your loss, Sir?

Sir God. O you may call't a great loss, a grievous Loss Sir, as goodly a Chain of Gold, though I say it, that wore it; how say'st thou, *Nicholas*?

Nich. O'twas as delicious a Chain of Gold, Kinsman, you know—

Sir God. You know, did you know't, Captain?

Capt.

Capt. Trust a Fool with secrets?—Sir, he may say I know; his meaning is, because my Art is such, that by it I may gather a knowledge of all Things——

Sir God. Ay, very true.

Capt. A pox of all Fools—the excuse stuck upon my Tongue like Ship-pitch upon a Mariner's Gown, not to come off in haste—ber-lady, Knight, to lose such a fair Chain of Gold, were a foul loss; Well, I can put you in this good comfort on't, if it be between Heav'n and Earth, Knight, I'll ha't for you.

Sir God. A wonderful Conjuror, — O I, 'tis between Heav'n and Earth, I warrant you, it cannot go out of the Realm, — I know 'tis somewhere about the Earth.

Capt. Ay, nigher the Earth than thou wor'st on:

Sir God. For first, my Chain was rich, and no rich thing shall enter into Heav'n, you know.

Nich. And as for the Devil, Master, he has no need on't, for you know he has a great Chain of his own.

Sir God. Thou say'st true, *Nicholas*, but he has put off that now, that lyes by him.

Capt. Faith, Knight, in few words, I presume so much upon the Power of my Art, that I could warrant your Chain again.

Sir God. O dainty Captain!

Capt. Marry, it will cost me much sweat, I were better go to sixteen Hot-houses.

Sir God. Ay, good Man, I warrant thee.

Capt. Beside great Vexation of Kidney and Liver.

Nich. O, 'twill tickle you hereabouts, Cousin, because you have not been us'd to't.

Sir God. No? have you not been us'd to't, Captain?

Capt. Plague of all Fools still;—indeed, Knight, I have not us'd it a good while, and therefore 'twill strain me so much the more, you know.

Sir God. O it will, it will.

Capt. What plunges he puts me to? Were not this Knight a Fool, I had been twice spoil'd now; that Captain's worse than accurst that has an Ass to his Kinsman, 'sfoot, I fear he will drivelt out before I come to't. — Now, Sir, — to come to the point indeed, — you see I stick here in the jaw of the *Marshalsea*, and cannot do't.

Sir God. Tut, tut, I know thy meaning, thou wouldst say thou'rt a Prisoner, I tell thee thou'rt none.

Cap. How, none? why is not this the *Marshalsea*?

Sir God. Will't hear me speak? I heard of thy rare Con-jouring:

My Chain was lost, I sweat for thy Release,

As thou shalt do the like at home for me:

Keeper.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Sir.

Sir God. Speak, is not this Man free?

Keep. Yes, at his Pleasure, Sir, the Fees discharg'd.

Sir God. Go, go, I'll discharge them, I.

Keep. I thank your Worship.

[*Exit Keeper.*]

Cap. Now, trust me, you're a dear Knight; kindness unexpected! O there's nothing to a free Gentleman, — I will conjure for you, Sir, 'till Froth come through my Buff-Jerkin,

Sir God. Nay, then thou shalt not pass with so little a Bounty, for at the first sight of my Chain again, — forty five Angels shall appear unto thee.

Cap. 'Twill be a glorious show i' faith, Knight, a very fine show; but are all these of your own House? are you sure of that, Sir?

Sir God. Ay, ay; no, no; what's he yonder talking with my wild Nephew, pray Heav'n he give him good Counsel.

Cap. Who, he? he's a rare Friend of mine, an admirable Fellow, Knight, the finest Fortune-teller.

Sir God. O! 'tis he indeed, that came to my Lady Sister, and foretold the loss of my Chain; I am not angry with him now, for I see 'twas my Fortune to lose it: By your leave, Mr. Fortune-teller, I had a glimpse of you at home, at my Sister's the Widow's, there you prophesied of the loss of a Chain; — simply, though I stand here, I was he that lost it.

Pye. Was it you, Sir?

Edw. A my troth, Nuncle, he's the rarest Fellow, has told me my Fortune so right; I find it so right to my nature.

Sir God. What is't, God send it a good one.

Edw.

Edm. O, 'tis a passing good one, Nuncle; for he says I shall prove such an excellent Gamester in my time, that I shall spend all faster than my Father got it.

Sir God. There's a Fortune indeed.

Edm. Nay, it hits my humor so pat.

Sir God. Ay, that will be the end on't; will the Curse of the Beggar prevail so much, that the Son shall consume that foolishly, which the Father got craftily; ay, ay, ay; 'twill, 'twill, 'twill.

Pye. Stay, stay, stay.

[*Pye-boord with an Almanack, and the Captain.*]

Capt. Turn over, *George.*

Pye. *June, July;* here, *July,* that's the Month, *Sunday* thirteen, Yesterday fourteen, to Day fifteen.

Capt. Look quickly for the fifteenth Day, ———if within the compass of these two Days there would be some boisterous Storm or other, it would be the best, I'd defer him off 'till then; some Tempest, and it be thy will.

Pye. Here's the fifteenth Day, ———hot and fair.

Capt. Puh, would t'ad been, hot and foul.

Pye. The sixteenth Day, that's to morrow; the Morning for the most part, fair and pleasant.

Capt. No luck.

Pye. But about high-noon, Lightning and Thunder.

Capt. Lightning and Thunder? admirable! best of all! I'll conjure to morrow just at high-noon, *George.*

Pye. Happen but true to morrow, Almanack, and I'll give thee leave to lye all the Year after.

Capt. Sir, I must crave your Patience, to bestow this Day upon me, that I may furnish my self strongly, ———I sent a Spirit into *Lancashire* t'other Day, to fetch back a Knave-Drover, and I look for his return this Evening——to morrow Morning, my Friend here and I will come and breakfast with you.

Sir God. O, you shall be most welcome.

Capt. And about noon, without fail, I purpose to conjure.

Sir God. Mid-noon will be a fit time for you.

Edm. Conjuring? do you mean to conjure at our House to morrow, Sir?

Cap. Marry do I, Sir; 'tis my intent, young Gentleman.

Edm.

Edm. By my troth, I'll love you while I live for't: O rare! *Nicholas*, we shall have Conjuring to morrow.

Nich. Puh I, I could ha told you of that.

Capt. Law, he could ha told him of that, Fool, Coxcomb, could ye?

Edm. Do you hear me, Sir, I desire more acquaintance on you, you shall earn some Mony of me, now I know you can Conjure; but can you fetch any that is lost?

Capt. Oh, any thing that's lost.

Edm. Why look you, Sir, I tell't you as a Friend and a Conjurer; I should marry a Pothecary's Daughter, and'twas told me, she lost her Maiden-head at *Stony-Stratford*: Now if you'll do but so much as Conjure for't, and make all whole again——

Capt. That I will, Sir.

Edm. By my troth I thank you, la.

Capt. A little merry with your Sister's Son, Sir.

Sir God. Oh, a simple young Man, very simple; come Captain, and you, Sir; we'll e'en part with a Gallon of Wine 'till to morrow Break-fast.

Tip. Capt. Troth, agreed, Sir.

Nich. Kinsman——Scholar.

Pye. Why¹ now thou art a good Knave, worth a hundred Brownists.

Nich. Am I indeed, la; I thank you heartily, la. [Exit.

A C T IV.

Enter Moll, and Sir John Penny-Dubb.

Dub. **B**UT I hope you will not serve a Knight so, Gentlewoman, will you? to casheer him, and cast him off at your Pleasure; what do you think I was dubb'd for nothing; no by my Faith, Lady's Daughter.

Moll. Pray Sir *John Penny-Dubb*, let it be defer'd a-while, I have a Heart to marry as you can have; but as the Fortune-teller told me.

Dub. Pax o'th' Fortune-teller, would *Derrick* had been his Fortune seven Year ago, to cross my Love thus; did he

know what case I was in? why this is able to make a Man drown himself in's Father's Fish-Pond.

Moll. And then he told me moreover, Sir *John*, that the Breach of it kept my Father in Purgatory.

Dub. In Purgatory? why let him purge out his Heart there, what have we to do with that? there's Physicians enow there to cast his Water, is that any Matter to us? how can he hinder our Love? why let him be hang'd now he's dead? --- Well, have I rid Post Day and Night, to bring you merry News of my Father's Death, and now---

Moll. Thy Father's Death? is the old Farmer dead?

Dub. As dead as this Barn-Door, *Moll.*

Moll. And you'll keep your Word with me now, Sir *John*, that I shall have my Coach and my Coachman?

Dub. Ay faith.

Moll. And two white Horses with black Feathers to draw it?

Dub. Too.

Moll. A guarded Lackey to run befor't, and py'd Liveries to come trashing after't.

Dub. Thou shalt, *Moll.*

Moll. And to let me have Money in my Purse to go whith'er I will.

Dub. All this.

Moll. Then come, whatsoe'er comes on't, we'll be made sure together before the Maids o'th' Kitchen. [Exit.

Enter Widow, Frances and Frailty.

Wid. How now? where's my Brother Sir *Godfrey*? went he forth this Morning?

Frail. O no Madam, he's above at Breakfast, with Sir Reverence a Conjurer.

Wid. A Conjurer? what manner of Fellow is he?

Frail. Oh, a wondrous rare Fellow, Mistress, very strongly made upward, for he goes in a Buff-Jerkin; he says he will fetch Sir *Godfrey's* Chain again, if it hang between Heaven and Earth.

Wid. What! he will not? then he's an extlent Fellow I warrant; how happy were that Woman to be blest with such a Husband, a Man cunning? how do's he look, *Frailty*? very swartly I warrant, with black Beard, scorcht Cheeks, and smoaky Eye-brows.

Frail. Foh — he's neither smok-dryed, nor scorcht nor black, nor nothing, I tell you, Madam, he looks as fair to see to as one of us; I do think, but if you saw him once, you'd take him to be a Christian.

Fran. So fair, and yet so cunning, that's to be wondred at, Mother.

Enter Sir Oliver Muckhill, and Sir Andrew Tipstaffe.

Muck. Bless you, sweet Lady.

Tip. And you, fair Mistress.

[*Exit Frailty.*]

Wid. Coades, what do you mean, Gentlemen? Fie, did I not give you your Answers?

Muck. Sweet Lady?

Wid. Well, I will not stick with you for a Kifs; Daughter, kiss the Gentleman for once.

Fran. Yes forsooth.

Tip. I'm proud of such a Favour.

Wid. Truly la, Sir *Oliver*, you're much to blame to come again when you know my Mind so well delivered — as a Widow could deliver a thing.

Muck. But I expect a farther Comfort, Lady.

Wid. Why la you now, did I not desire you to put off your Suit quite and clean when you came to me again? how say you? did I not?

Muck. But the sincere Love which my Heart bears to you —

Wid. Go to, I'll cut you off: and Sir *Oliver*, to put you in Comfort, afar off, my Fortune is read me, I must marry again.

Muck. O blest Fortune!

Wid. But not as long as I can chuse; nay, I'll hold out well.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O Madam, Madam.

Wid. How now? what's the haste?

[*In her Ear.*]

Tip. Faith, Mistress *Frances*, I'll maintain you gallantly, I'll bring you to Court, wean you among the fair Society of Ladies poor Kinswomen of mine in Cloth of Silver, beside you shall have your Monkey, your Parrot, your Musk, and your Pifs, Pifs, Bifs.

Fran. It will do very well.

Wid.

Wid. What, do's he mean to Conjure here then? how shall I do to be rid of these Knights, — please you, Gentlemen, to walk a while i'tn' Garden, to gather a Pink, or a Gilly-flower.

Both. With all our Hearts, Lady, and count us favour'd.

Sir God. within.] Step in, *Nicholas*, look, is the Coast clear?

Nich. Oh, as clear as a Carter's Eye, Sir.

Sir God. Then enter Captain Conjuror; — now — how like you our Room, Sir?

Enter Sir Godfrey, Captain, Pye-board, Edmond, and Nicholas.

Cap. O wonderful convenient.

Edm. I can tell you, Captain, simply though it lies here, 'tis the fairest Room in my Mother's House, as dainty a Room to Conjure in, methinks, — why you may bid, I cannot tell how many Devils welcome in't; my Father has had twenty in't at once!

Pye. What, Devils?

Edm. Devils, no Deputies, and the wealthiest Men he could get.

Sir God. Nay, put by your Chats now, fall to your Business roundly, the Fescue of the Dial is upon the Chrif-crofs of Noon; but oh, hear me, Captain, a qualm comes o'er my Stomach.

Cap. Why, what's the matter, Sir?

Sir God. Oh, how if the Devil should prove a Knave, and tear the Hangings.

Cap. Fuh, I warrant you, *Sir Godfrey*.

Edm. Ay, Nunkle, or spit Fire upo'th' Sealing.

Sir God. Very true too, for 'tis but thin Plaistered, and 'will quickly take hold a' the Laths; and if he chance to spit downward too, he will burn all the Boards.

Cap. My Life for yours, *Sir Godfrey*.

Sir God. My Sister is very curious and dainty o'er this Room, I can tell you, and therefore if he must needs spit, I pray desire him to spit i'th' Chimney.

Pye. Why, assure you, *Sir Godfrey*, he shall not be brought up with so little Manners, to spit and spawl a'th' floor.

H h 2

Sir God. Why I thank you, good Captain, pray have a care I,——fall to your Circle, we'll not trouble you I warrant you, come, we'll into the next room, and because we'll be sure to keep him out there, we'll bar up the door with some of the Godlies Zealous Works.

Edm. That will be a fine Device, Nuncle; and because the ground shall be as holy as the Door, I'll tear two or three Rosaries in pieces, and strew the Pieces about the Chamber; Oh! the Devil already. [*Runs in. Thunders.*]

Pye. 'Sfoot, Captain, speak somewhat for shame; it Lightens and Thunders before thou wilt begin, why when?

Cap. Pray Peace, *George*, —— thou'lt make me laugh anon, and spoil all.

Pye. Oh, now it begins again; now, now, now! Captain

Cap. *Rhumbos-ragdayon, pur, pur, coluscundrion, Hois-Polis.*

Sir God. *through the Key-hole, within.*] Oh admirable Conjuror! has fetcht Thunder already.

Pye. Hark, hark, again Captain.

Cap. *Benjamino, gaspois-kay-gesgothoteron-umbrois.*

Sir God. Oh, I would the Devil would come away quickly, he has no Conscience to put a Man to such Pain.

Pye. Again.

Cap. *Flowste kak opumpos-dragone-leloomenos-hodge podge.*

Pye. Well said, Captain.

Sir God. So long a coming? O would I had ne'er begun't now, for I fear me these roaring Tempests will destroy all the Fruits of the Earth, and tread upon my Corn —— oh, i'th' Country.

Cap. *Gog de gog, hobgoblin, huncks, hounslow, hockley re coome park.*

Wid. O Brother, Brother, what a Tempest's i'th' Garden, sure there's some Conjuror abroad.

Sir God. 'Tis at home, Sister.

Pye. By and by I'll step in, Captain.

Cap. *Nunck Nunck Rip-Gascoines, Ips, Drip-Dropite.*

Sir God. He drips and drops, poor Man; alas, alas.

Pye. Now, I come.

Cap. O Sulphure Sootface.

Pye. Arch-Conjuror, what would'st thou with me?

S:r

Sir God. O, the Devil, Sister, i'th' Dining-Chamber; sing, Sister, I warrant you that will keep him out; quickly, quickly. [Goes in.

Pye. So, so, so; I'll release thee; enough Captain, enough; allow us some time laugh a little, they're shuddering and shaking by this time, as if a Earthquake were in their Kidneys.

Cap. *Sirrah George*, how was't, how was't? did I do't well enough?

Pye. Woult believe me, Captain, better than any Conjuror, for here was no harm in this; and yet their horrible expectation satisfied well, you were much beholding to Thunder and Lightning at this time, it grac'd you well, I can tell you.

Cap. I must needs say so, *George*, *Sirrah* if we could ha' convey'd hither cleanly a Cracker, or a Fire-wheel, t'ad been admirable.

Pye. Blurt, blurt, there's nothing remains to put thee to pain now, Captain.

Cap. Pain? I protest, *George*, my Heels are forer than a Whifon Morris-dancer's.

Pye. All's past now ——— only to reveal that the Chain's i'th' Garden, where, thou know'st, it has lain these two Days.

Cap. But I fear that Fox *Nicholas* has reveal'd it already.

Pye. Fear not, Captain, you must put it to th' venture now: Nay 'tis time, call upon 'em, take pity on 'em, for I believe some of 'em are in a pitiful Case by this time.

Cap. *Sir Godfrey*, *Nicholas*, Kinsman, ——— 'sfoot they're fast at it still; *George*, *Sir Godfrey*?

Sir God. Oh, is that the Devil's Voice? how comes he to know my Name?

Cap. Fear not, *Sir Godfrey*, all's quieted.

Sir God. What, is he laid?

Cap. Laid; and has newly dropt Your Chain i'th' Garden.

Sir God. I'th' Garden! in our Garden?

Cap. Your Garden.

Sir God. O sweet Conjuror! whereabouts there?

Cap. Look well about a Bank of Rosemary.

Sir God. Sister, the Rosemary-bank, come, come; there's my Chain, he says.

Wid. Oh, happiness! run, run.

[Supposeth to go.

Edm. Captain Conjuror?

[Edm. at key-hole.

Cap. Who? Master *Edmond*?

Edm. Ay, Master *Edmond*; may I come in safely without Danger, think you?

Cap. Puh, long ago, it is all as 'twas at first; Fear nothing, pray come near, ————— how now, Man?

Edm. Oh! this Room's mightily hot i'faith; 'slid, my shirt sticks to my Belly already; what a steam the Rogue has left behind him? Foh, this room must be air'd. Gentlemen, it finells horribly of Brimstone, ————— let's open the Windows.

Py. Faith, Master *Edmond*, 'tis but your Conceit.

Edm. I would you could make me believe that, i'faith, who do you think I cannot smell his Savour, from another; yet I take it kindly from you, because you would not put me in a Fear, i'faith; a my Troth I shall love you for this the longest Day of my Life.

Cap. Puh, 'tis nothing, Sir, love me when you see more.

Edm. Miss, now remember, I'll look whether he has sinedged the Hangings, or no.

Py. Captain, to entertain a little sport 'till they come; make him believe, you'll charm him invisible, he's apt to admire any thing, you see, let me alone to give force to't.

Cap. Go, retire to yonder end then.

Edm. I protest you are a rare Fellow, are you not?

Cap. O Master *Edmond*, you know but the least part of me yet; why now at this Instant I could flourish my Wand thrice o'er your Head, and charm you invisible.

Edm. What you could not? make me walk invisible Man? I should laugh at that i'faith; troth I'll requite your Kindness; an you'll do't, good Captain Conjuror.

Cap. Nay, I should hardly deny you such a small kindness, Master *Edmond* Plus, why, look you, Sir, 'tis no more but this, and thus agen, and now y'are invisible.

Edm. Am I faith? who would think it?

Cap.

Cap. You see the Fortune-teller yonder at farther end o'th' Chamber, go towards him, do what you will with him, he shall ne'er find you.

Edm. Say you so, I'll try that i'faith — [*Justles him.*]

Pye. Hoe now Captain? who's that justled me?

Cap. Justled you? I saw no body.

Edm. Ha, ha, ha, ——— say 'twas a Spirit.

Cap. Shall I? ——— may be some Spirit that haunts the Circle.

Pye. O my Nose, agen, pray conjure then, Captain.

[*Pulls him by the Nose.*]

Edm. Troth this is exlent, I may do any Knavery now and never be seen, ——— and now I remember me, Sir *Godfrey* my Uncle abus'd me t'other day, and t'ld Tales of me to my Mother ——— Troth now I'm invisible, I'll hit him a round whirrit a'th' ear, when he comes out a'th' garden, ——— I may be reveng'd on him now finely.

Enter Sir Godfrey, Widow, Frances, Nicholas with the Chain.

Sir God. I have my Chain again, my Chain's found again

[*Edmond strikes him.*]

O sweet Captain, O admirable Conjurer.

O, what mean you by that, Nephew?

Edm. Nephew? I hope you do not know me, Uncle?

Wid. Why did you strike your Uncle, Son?

Edm. Why, Captain, am I not invisible?

Cap. A good jest, *George* — not now you are not, Sir, Why did not you see me, when I did uncharm you?

Edm. Not I, by my Troth, Captain;

Then pray you pardon me, Uncle,

I thought I'd been invisible when I struck you.

Sir God. So, you would do't? go, ——— you're a foolish Boy, And were I not o'ercome with greater Joy, I'd make you taste Correction.

Edm. Correction, push ——— no, neither you nor my Mother, shall think to whip me as you have done.

Sir God. Captain, my joy is such, I know not how to thank you, let me embrace you. O my sweet Chain, gladness e'en makes me giddy, rare Man; 'twas just i'th' Rotemary-bank, as if one should ha' laid it there, ——— O cunning, cunning!

Wid. Well, seeing my Fortune tells me I must marry; let me marry a Man of Wit, a Man of Parts, here's a worthy Captain, and 'tis a fine Title truly la to be a Captain's Wife, a Captain's Wife, it goes very finely, beside all the World knows that a worthy Captain is a fit Companion to any Lord, then why not a sweet Bedfellow for any Lady, ——— I'll have it so———

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O Mistress, Gentlemen, there's the bravest Sight coming along this way.

Wid. What brave Sight?

Frail. O, one going to burying, and another going to Hanging.

Wid. A rueful Sight.

Pye. 'Sfoot, Captain, I'll pawn my Life the Corporal's Coffin'd, and old *Skirmish* the Soldier going to Execution, and 'tis now about the time of his waking; hold out a little longer, sleepy Potion, and we shall have extant Admiration; for I'll take upon me the Cure of him.

Enter the Coffin of the Corporal, and the Soldier bound, and led by the Officers, the Sheriff there.

Frail. O here they come, here they come!

Pye. Now must I close secretly with the Soldier, prevent his Impatience, or else all's discovered.

Wid. O lamentable seeing, these were those Brothers, that fought and bled before our door.

Sir God. What, they were not, Sister?

Skir. George, look to't, I'll peach at *Tyburn* else.

Pye. Mum———Gentles all, vouchsafe me Audience, and you especially, Master Sheriff: Yon Man is bound to Execution, Because he wounded this that now lyes cofin'd.

Sher. True, true, he shall have the Law,———and I know the Law.

Pye. But under Favour, Master Sheriff, if this Man had been cur'd and safe again, he should have been releas'd then?

Sher. Why, make you Question of that, Sir?

Pye. Then I release him freely, and will take upon me the Death that he should die, if within a little Season I do not cure him to his proper Health again.

Sher. How, Sir? recover a dead Man?

That were most strange of all. [Frances comes to him.]

Fran. Sweet Sir, I love you dearly, and could wish my best part yours,———O do not undertake such an impossible venture.

Pye. Love you me? then for your sweet sake I'll do't. Let me entreat the Corps to be set down.

Sher. Bearers, set down the Coffin,——this is wonderful, and worthy *Stow's* Chronicle.

Pye. I pray bestow the freedom of the Air upon our wholesome Art,———Mafs his Checks begin to receive natural warmth: Nay, good Corporal, wake betime, or I shall have a longer Sleep than you,———'sfoot, if he should prove dead indeed now, he were fully reveng'd upon me for making a Property on him, yet I had rather run upon the Ropes, than have a Rope like a Tetter run upon me, O——he stirs———he stirs again——look, Gentlemen, he recovers, he starts, he rises.

Sher. Oh, oh, defend us———out, alas.

Pye. Nay, pray be still; you'll make him more giddy else,———he knows no Body yet.

Corp. Zowns; where am I? cover'd with Snow? I marvel?

Pye. Nay, I knew he would Swear the first thing he did, as soon as he came to Life again.

Corp. 'Sfoot, Hostess———some hot Porridge,———oh, ho, lay on a dozen of Faggots in the Moon Parlour, there.

Pye. Lady, you must needs take a little pity of him i' faith, and send him into your Kitchen Fire.

Wid. O, with all my Heart, Sir *Nicholas* and *Frailty*, help to bear him in.

Nich. Bear him in quotha, pray call in the Maids, I shall ne'er have the Heart to do't, indeed la.

Frail. Nor I neither, I cannot abide to handle a Ghost, of all Men,

Corp. 'Sloud, let me see, where was I drunk last Night? hah———

Wid. O, shall I bid you once again take him away?

Frail. Why, we're as fearful as you, I warrant you———oh———

Wid. Away, Villains, bid the Maids make him a Cawdle presently to settle his Brain———ora Posset of Sack, quickly, quickly. [*Exeunt, pushing in the Corps.*]

Sher. Sir, whatsoe'er you are, I do more than admire you.

Wid. O I, if you knew all, Master Sheriff, as you shall do, you would say then, that here were two of the rarest Men within the Walls of Christendom.

Sher. Two of 'em, O wonderful: Officers, I discharge you, set him free, all's in tune.

Sir God. Ay, and a Banquet ready by this time, Master Sheriff, to which I most cheerfully invite you, and your late Prisoner there: See you this goodly Chain, Sir, mum, no more Words, 'twas lost and is found again; come, my inestimable Bullies, we'll talk of your Noble Acts in sparkling Charnico, and instead of a Jester, we'll ha the Ghost i' th' white Sheet sit at upper end o' th' Table.

Sher. Exlent, merry Man, i' faith. [*Exit.*]

Fran. Well, seeing I am enjoin'd to love, and marry, My foolish Vow thus I casheer to Air
Which first begot it,———now, Love, play thy part;
The Scholar reads his Lecture in my Heart. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter in haste Master Edmond and Frailty.

Edm. **T**HIS is the Marriage-morning for my Mother and my Sister.

Frail. O me, Master *Edmond*, we shall have rare doings.

Edm. Nay, go, *Frailty*, run to the Sexton, you know my Mother will be married at Saint *Anlings*, hie thee, 'tis past five, bid them open the Church-door, my Sister is almost ready.

Frail. What already, Moster *Edmond*?

Edm. Nay, go hie thee, first run to the Sexton, a d run to the Clerk, and then run to Master *Pigman* the Parson, and then run to the Milliner, and then run home again.

Frail. Here's run, run, run——

Edm. But hark, *Frailty*.

Frail. What, more yet?

Edm. Have the Maids remembered to strew the way to the Church?

Frail. Foh, an hour ago, I help'd 'em my self.

Edm. Away, away, away, away then.

Frail. Away, away, away, away then. [*Exit Frailty.*]

Edm. I shall have a simple Father-in-law, a brave Captain, able to beat all our Street: Captain *Idle*, now my Lady Mother will be fitted for a delicate Name, my Lady *Idle*, my Lady *Idle*, the finest Name that can be for a Woman, and then the Scholar, Master *Pye-board* for my Sister *Frances*, that will be Mistress *Frances Pye-board*, Mistress *Frances Pye-board*, they'll keep a noble Table, I warrant you: Now all the Knights Noses are put out of joint, they may go to a Bone-setters now.

Enter Captain, and Pye-board.

Hark, hark; O who comes here with two Torches before 'em, my sweet Captain, and my fine Scholar? O-how bravely they are shot up in one Night, they look like fine *Britains* in the bank, here's a gallant change i' faith; 'tisid, they are now down and all by the Clock.

Edm. Master *Edmond*, kind, honest, dainty Master *Edmond*.

Edm. Sweet Captain Father-in-law, a rare perfume

Edm. What, are the Brides stirring? may we steal upon 'em, sweet Master *Edmond*?

Edm. Now, they're e'en upon readiness, I can assure you; were at their Torch e'en now, by the same token I'll lead down the Stairs.

Edm. Alas, poor Master *Edmond*.

Enter Musicians.

Capt. O, the Musicians! I prethee, Master *Edmond*, call 'em in, and liquor 'em a little.

Edm. That I will, sweet Captain Father-in-law, and make each of them as drunk as a common Fidler. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir John Penny-Dub, and Moll above lacing of her Cloaths.

Dub. Whewh, Mistress *Moll*, Mistress *Moll*. †

Moll. Who's there?

Dub. 'Tis I.

Moll. Who, Sir *John Penny-Dub*? O you're an early Cock i'faith, who would have thought you to be so rare a stirrer?

Dub. Prethee, *Moll*, let me come up.

Moll. No by my Faith, Sir *John*, I'll keep you down, for you Knights are very dangerous, if once you get above.

Dub. I'll not stay i'faith.

Moll. I'faith you shall stay; for, Sir *John*, you must note the nature of the Climates: Your Northern Wench in her own Country may well hold out 'till she be fifteen, but if she touch the South once, and come up to *London*, here the Chimes go presently after twelve.

Dub. O thou'rt a mad Wench, *Moll*, but I prethee make haste, for the Priest is gone before.

Moll. Do you follow him, I'll not be long after.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Oliver Muck-hill, Sir Andrew Tipstaff, and old Skirmish talking.

Muck. O monstrous unheard of Forgery!

Tip. Knight, I never heard of such Villany in our own Country, in my Life.

Muck. Why, 'tis impossible, dare you maintain your Words?

Skir. Dare we? e'en to their wezen Pipes; we know all their Plots, they cannot squander with us, they have knavishly abus'd us, made only Properties on's to advance their selves upon our Shoulders, but they shall rue their Abuses, this Morning they are to be married.

Muck. 'Tis too true, yet if the Widow be not too much besotted on Sights and Forgeries, the Revelation of their Villanies will make 'em loathsome, and to that end, be it in private to you, I sent late last Night to an Honourable Personage, to whom I 'am much indebted in kindness, as he is to me, and therefore presume upon the payment of his Tongue, and that he will lay out good words for me,

and to speak Truth, for such needful Occasions, I only preserve him in Bond, and sometimes he may do me more good here in the City by a free Word of his Mouth, than if he had paid one half in Hand, and took Doomsday for t'other.

Tip. In troth, Sir, without soothing be it spoken, you have publish'd much Judgment in these few Words.

Muck. For you know, what such a Man utters will be thought effectual, and to weighty purpose, and therefore into his Mouth we'll put the approved Theme of their Forgeries.

Skir. And I'll maintain it, Knight, if she'll be true.

Enter Servant.

Muck. Now now, Fellow.

Ser. May it please you, Sir, my Lord is newly lighted from his Coach.

Muck. Is my Lord come already? his Honour's early ; You see he loves me well ; up before Heav'n, Trust me, I have found him Night-capt at eleven : There's good hope yet ; come, I'll relate all to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the two Bridegrooms, Captain and Scholar. After them, Sir Godfrey and Edmond, Widow chang'd in Apparel, Mistress Frances led between two Knights: Sir John Penny-Dub and Moll; there meets them a Nobleman, Sir Oliver Muck-hill, and Sir Andrew Tipstaff.

Nob. By your leave, Lady:

Wid. My Lord, your Honour is most chastly welcome.

Nob. Madam, though I came now from Court, I come not to flatter you ; upon whom can I justly cast this Blot, but upon your own Forehead, that know not Ink from Milk, such is the blind besotting in the state of an un-headed Woman that's a Widow. For it is the property of all you that are Widows (a Handful excepted) to hate those that honestly and carefully love you, to the maintenance of Credit, State, and Posterity, and strongly to doat on those, that only love you to undo you ; and regard you least, are best regarded ; who hate you most, are best beloved. And if there be but one Man amongst ten thousand Millions of Men, that is accurst, disastrous,

and evilly Planeted; whom Fortune beats most, whom God hates most, and all Societies esteem least, that Man is sure to be a Husband——Such is the peevish Moon that rules your Bloods. An impudent Fellow best woes you, a flattering Lip best wins you, or in mirth, who talks roughliest, is most sweetest; nor can you distinguish Truth from Forgeries, Mists from Simplicity; witness those two deceitful Monsters, that you have entertain'd for Bridegrooms.

Wid. Deceitful——

Pye. All will out.

Cap. 'Sfoot, who was blab'd, *George?* that foolish *Nicholas.*

Nob. For what they have b. fotted your easie Blood withal, were nought but Forgeries, the Fortune-telling for Husbands, and the Conjuring for the Chain; Sir *Godfrey* heard the falshood of all; nothing but meer Knavery, Deceit and Couzenage.

Wid. O wonderful! indeed I wondred that my Husband with all his Craft, could not keep himself out of Purgatory.

Sir God. And I more wonder, that my Chain should be gone, and my Taylor had none of it.

Moll. And I wondred most of all, that I should be tied from Marriage, having such a mind to't; come Sir *John Penny-Dub*, fair Weather on our side, the Moon has chang'd since Yesternight.

Pye. The sting of every evil is within me.

Nob. And that you may perceive I feign not with you, behold their Fellow-actor in those Forgeries, who full of Spleen and Envy at their so sudden Advancements, reveal'd all their Plot in anger.

Pye. Base Soldier, to reveal us.

Wid. Is't possible we should be blinded so, and our Eyes open?

Nob. Widow, will you now believe that false, which too soon you believ'd true?

Wid. O, to my shame, I do.

Sir God. But under favour, my Lord, my Chain was truly lost, and strangely found again.

Nob. Resolve him of that, Soldier.

Skir.

Skir. In few words, Knight, then thou wert the Arch-Gull of all.

Sir God. How, Sir?

Skir. Nay I'll prove it: For the Chain was but hid in the Rosemary-bank all this while, and thou gotst him out of Prison to Conjure for it, who did it admirably fustianly, for indeed what needed any others, when he knew where it was?

Sir God. O Villany of Villains! but how came my Chain there?

Skir. Where's Truly la, indeed la? he that will not Swear, but Lye; he that will not Steal, but Rob: Pure *Nicholas Saint Antlings*.

Sir God. O Villain! one of our Society, Deem'd always Holy, Pure, Religious: A Puritan, a Thief? when was't ever heard? Sooner we'll kill a Man, than Steal, thou know'st. Out Slave, I'll rend my Lion from thy Back—
With mine own Hands.

Nich. Dear Master, oh.

Nob. Nay Knight, dwell in patience. And now, Widow, being so near the Church, 'twere great pity, nay uncharity, to send you home again without a Husband: Draw near, you of true Worship, State and Credit: That should not stand so far off from a Widow, and suffer forged Shapes to come between you. Not that in these I blemish the true Title of a Captain, or blot the fair margent of a Scholar, for I honour worthy and deserving parts in the one, and cherish fruitful Virtues in the other. Come Lady, and you Virgin, bestow your Eyes and your purest Affections, upon Men of Estimation, both in Court and City, that have long wooed you, and both with their Hearts and Wealth sincerely love you.

Sir God. Good Sister, do: Sweet little *Frank* these are Men of Reputation, you shall be welcome at Court; a great Credit for a Citizen, sweet Sister.

Nob. Come, her silence does consent to't.

Wid. I know not with what Face.

Nob. Pah, pah, with your own Face, they desire no other.

Wid. Pardon me, worthy Sirs, I and my Daughter have wrong'd your Loves.

Muck. 'Tis easily pardon'd, Lady,
If you vouchsafe it now.

Wid. With all my Soul.

Fran. And I, with all my Heart.

Moll. And I, Sir *John*, with Soul, Heart, Lights and all.

Sir God. They are all mine, *Moll.*

Nob. Now Lady :

What honest Spirit, but will applaud your choice, :

And gladly furnish you with Hand and Voice :

A happy change, which makes e'en Heav'n rejoice.

Come, enter in your Joys, you shall not want

For Fathers, now I doubt it not, believe me,

But that you shall have Hands enough to give ye.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





A
YORKSHIRE
TRAGEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

Husband.

Master of a College.

Knight, a Justice of Peace.

Oliver,

Ralph,

Samuel,

}
|
}
|
}

Serving-men.

Other Servants, and Officers.

Wife.

Maid-servant.

A little Boy.

A

A

Yorkshire Tragedy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Oliver, and Ralph, two Serving-men.

O L I V E R.

Sirrah *Ralph*, my young Mistress is in such a pitiful passionate Humour for the long Absence of her Love.

Ralph. Why, can you blame her? why, Apples hanging longer on the Tree than when they are ripe, makes so many fallings, *viz.* Mad Wenches, because they are not gathered in time, are fain to drop of themselves, and then 'tis common you know for every Man to take them up.

Oliv. Mafs thou sayest true, 'tis common indeed, but Sirrah, is neither our young Master return'd, nor our fellow *Sam* come from London?

Ralph. Neither of either, as the *Puritan* Bawd says. 'Slid I hear *Sam*, *Sam's* come, here tarry, come i'faith, now my Nose itches for news.

Oliv. And so doth mine Elbow.

Sam calls within. Where are you there?

Enter Sam, furnish'd with things from London.

Sam. Boy, look you walk my Horse with Discretion, I have rid him simply, I warrant his Skin sticks to his Back with very Heat, if he should catch cold and get the Cough of the Lungs; I were well served, were I not? What *Ralph and Oliver?*

Amb. Honest Fellow *Sam*, welcome i'faith, what Tricks hast thou brought from *London?*

Sam. You see I am hang'd after the truest Fashion, three Hats, and two Glasses bobbing upon them, two rebato Wyers upon my Breast, a Cap-case by my side, a Brush at my back, an Almanack in my Pocket, and three Ballads in my Codpiece. Nay, I am the true Picture of a common Serving-man.

Oliv. I'll swear thou art, thou may'st set up when thou wilt, there's many a one begins with less; I can tell thee, that proves a rich Man e'er he dyes; but what's the News from *London, Sam?*

Ralph. Ay, that's well said, what is the News from *London*, Sirrah? My young Mistress keeps such a puling for her Love.

Sam. Why the more Fool she, ay. the more ninny-hammer she.

Oliv. Why, *Sam*, why?

Sam. Why, he is married to another long ago.

Amb. Faith, ye jest.

Sam. Why, did you not know that 'till now? Why, he's Married, beats his Wife, and has two or three Children by her. For you must note, that any Woman bears the more when she is beaten.

Ralph. Ay, that's true, for she bears the Blows.

Oliv. Sirrah, *Sam*, I would not for two Years Wages my young Mistress knew so much, she'd run upon the left Hand of her Wit, and ne'er be her own Woman again.

Sam. And I think she was blest in her Cradle, that he never came in her Bed; why, he has confam'd all, pawn'd his Lands, and made his University Brother stand in way for him: There's a fine Phrase for a Scrivener, puh, he owes more than his Skin is worth.

Is't possible?

Sam.

Sam. Nay, I'll tell you moreover, he calls his Wife Whore, as familiarly as one would call *Moll* and *Doll*, and Children Bastards, as naturally as can be---But what have we here? I thought 'twas something pull'd down my Breeches; I quite forgot my two poking Sticks, these came from *London*, now any thing is good here that comes from *London*.

Oliv. Ay, far fetcht you know.

Sam. But speak in your Conscience i'faith, have not we as good poking Sticks i'th' Country as need to be put, i'th' Fire, the Mind of a thing is all, and as thou saidst even now, far fetch'd are the best things for Ladies.

Oliv. Ay, and for Waiting-Gentlewomen too.

Sam. But *Ralph*, is our Beer sowre this Thunder?

Ralph. No, no, it holds Countenance yet.

Sam. Why then follow me, I'll teach you the finest Humour to be drunk in, I learn'd it at *London* last week.

Amb. Faith let's hear it, let's hear it.

Sam. the bravest Humour, 'twould to do a Man good to be drunk in it, they call it Knighting in *London*, when they drink upon their Knees.

Amb. Faith that's excellent.

Sam. Come follow me, I'll give you all the Degrees of it in order.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Wife.

Wife. What will become of us? all will away.
My Husband never ceases in expence,
Both to consume his Credit and his House.
And 'tis set down by Heav'ns just Decree,
That Riot's Child must needs be Beggary.
Are these the Virtues that his Youth did promise?
Dice and voluptuous Meetings, midnight Revels,
Taking his Bed with Surfeits; ill beseeeming
The ancient Honour of his House and Name;
And this not all, but that which kills me most,
When he recounts his Losses and false Fortunes,
The weakness of his State so much dejected,
Not as a Man repentant, but half mad,
His Fortunes cannot answer his Expence:
He sits and sullenly locks up his Arms,
Forgetting Heav'n, looks downward, which makes

Him appear so dreadful, that he frights my Heart;
 Walks heavily, as if his Soul were Earth;
 Not penitent for those his Sins are past,
 But vext his Mony cannot make them last:
 A fearful Melancholy, ungodly Sorrow.
 Oh yonder he comes, now in despite of Ills
 I'll speak to him, and I will hear him speak,
 And do my best to drive it from his Heart.

Enter Husband.

Huf. Pox of the last throw, it made
 Five hundred Angels vanish from my sight.
 I'm damn'd, I'm dama'd, the Angels have forsook me;
 Nay, 'tis certainly true; for he that has no Coin,
 Is damn'd in this World; he's gone, he's gone.

Wife. Dear Husband.

Huf. Oh! most punishment of all, I have a *Wife*.

Wife. I do entreat you, as you love your Soul,
 Tell me the Cause of this your Discontent.

Huf. A Vengeance strip thee Naked, thou art Cause,
 Effect, Quality, Property, thou, thou, thou. [Exit.]

Wife. Bad turn'd to worse?

Both Beggary of the Soul and of the Body,
 And so much unlike himself at first,
 As if some vexed Spirit had got his form upon him.

Enter Husband again.

He comes again,
 He says I am the Cause; I never yet
 Spoke less than Words of Duty and of Love.

Huf. If Marriage be Honourable, then Cuckolds are Honourable,
 for they cannot be made without Marriage.
 Fool, what meant I to marry to get Beggars?
 Now must my eldest Son be a Knave or nothing, he cannot
 live but upo' th' Fool, for he will have no Land to
 maintain him; that Morgage sits like a snaffle upon mine
 Inheritance, and makes me chew upon Iron.

My second must Son be a Promoter, and my third a
 Thief, or an Under-putter, a Slave Pander.

Oh Beggary, Beggary, to what base uses doth it put a Man.
 I think the Devil scorns to be a Bawd;
 He bears himself more proudly,
 Has more Care on his Credit.

Base, slavish, abject, filthy Poverty.

Wife. Good Sir, by all our Vows I do beseech you,
Shew me the true Cause of your Discontent.

Huf. Mony, Mony, Mony, and thou must supply me.

Wife. Alas, I am the least Cause of your Discontent.
Yet what is mine, either in Rings or Jewels,
Use to your own desire; but I beseech you,
As you are a Gentleman by many Bloods,
Though I my self be out of your Respect,
Think on the State of these three lovely Boys
You have been Father too.

Huf. Puh, Bastards, Bastards, Bastards, begot in tricks
begot in tricks.

Wife. Heav'n knows how those Words wrong me,
But I'll endure these Grievs among a thousand more;
Oh call to mind your Lands already mortgag'd,
You self wound into Debts, your hopeful Brother
At the University into Bonds for you,
Like to be seiz'd upon. And——

Huf. Ha' done, thou Harlot,
Whom though for Fashion I married,
I never could abide. Think'st thou thy Words
Shall kill my Pleasure? Fall off to thy Friends,
Thou and thy Bastards beg, I will not bate
A whit in Humour: Midnight still I love you,
And revel in your Company; curb'd in?
Shall it be said in all Societies,
That I broke Custom? that I flag'd in Mony?
No, those thy Jewels I will play as freely,
As when my State was fullest.

Wife. Be it so.

Huf. Nay I protest, and take that for an earnest.

[*He spurns her.*]

I will for ever hold thee in Contempt,
And never touch the Sheets that cover thee,
But be divorc'd in Bed, 'till thou consent,
Thy Dowry shall be sold to give new Life
Unto those Pleasures which I most affect.

Wife. Sir, do but turn a gentle Eye on me,
And what the Law shall give me leave to do,
You shall command.

Huf. Look it be done, shall I want Dust,
And like a Slave wear nothing in my Pockets,

[*Holds his Hands in his Pockets.*]

But my Hands to fill them up with Nails?
Oh much against my Blood, let it be done,
I was never made to be a looker on;
A Bawd to Dice; I'll shake the Drabs my self;
And make them yield; I say, look it be done.

Wife. I take my leave, it shall.

[*Exit.*]

Huf. Speedily, speedily; I hate the very Hour I chose
a Wife, a Trouble, Trouble, three Children like three E-
vils hang upon me, fie, fie, fie, Strumpet and Bastards,
Stumpet and Bastards.

Enter three Gentlemen, hearing him.

1 *Gent.* Still do these loathsome Thoughts jar on your
Your self to stain the Honour of your Wife, [Tongue?
Nobly descended; those whom Men call mad,
Endanger others, but he's more than mad
That wounds himself, whose own Words
Do proclaim it is not fit, I pray forsake it.

2 *Gent.* Good Sir, let Modesty reprove you.

3 *Gent.* Let honest Kindness sway so much with you.

Huf. God den, I thank you, Sir, how do you? adieu,
I am glad to see you, farewell Instructions, Admonitions.

[*Exeunt Gent.*]

Enter a Servant.

How now, Sirrah? what would you?

Ser. Only to certifie you, Sir, that my Mistress was
met by the way, by them who were sent for her up to
London by her Honourable Uncle, your Worship's late Guar-
dian.

Huf. So, Sir, then she is gone, and so may you be,
But let her look the thing be done she wots of,
Or Hell will stand more pleasant than her House at home.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Well or ill met; I care not.

Huf. No, nor I.

Gent. - I am come with Confidence to chide you.

Huf. Who me? chide me? do't finely then, let it not
move me, for if thou chid'st me angry, I shall strike.

Gent. Strike thine own Follies, for it is they
 Deserve to be well beaten; we are now in private,
 There's none but thou and I, thou art fond and peevish,
 An unclean Rioter, thy Lands and Credit
 Lie now both sick of a Consumption,
 I am sorry for thee; that Man spends with shame,
 That with his Riches doth consume his Name;
 And such art thou.

Huf. Peace.

Gent. No, thou shalt hear me further.
 Thy Fathers and Fore-fathers worthy Honours,
 Which were our Country Monuments, our Grace,
 Follies in thee begin now to deface.
 The Spring time of thy Youth did fairly promise
 Such a most fruitful Summer to thy Friends,
 It scarce can enter into Mens Beliefs,
 Such Dearth should hang on thee, we that see it,
 Are sorry to believe it; in thy change,
 This Voice into all places will be hurl'd:
 Thou and the Devil has deceiv'd the World.

Huf. I'll not endure thee.

Gent. But of all the worst,
 Thy virtuous Wife, right honourably allied,
 Thou hast proclaim'd a Strumpet.

Huf. Nay then I know thee,
 Thou art her Champion thou, her private Friend,
 The Party you wot on.

Gent. Oh ignoble Thought,
 I am past my patient Blood, shall I stand idle
 And see my Reputation touch'd to death?

Huf. This has gal'd you, has it?

Gent. No Monster, I prove
 My Thoughts did only tend to virtuous Love.

Huf. Love of her Virtues? there it goes.

Gent. Base Spirit, to lay thy hate upon
 The fruitful Honour of thine own Bed.

[*They fight, and the Husband is hurt.*]

Huf. Oh.

Gent. Wilt thou yield it yet.

Huf. Sir, Sir, I have not done with you.

Gent. I hope, nor ne'er shall do.

[*Fight again.*
Huf.]

Huf. Have you got Tricks? are you in cunning with me?

Gent. No, plain and right.

He needs no cunning that for Truth doth fight.

[*Husband falls down.*]

Huf. Hard Fortune, am I level'd with the Ground?

Gent. Now, Sir, you lye at Mercy.

Huf. Ay, you Slave.

Gent. Alas, that hate should bring us to our Grave.

You see, my Sword's not thirsty for your Life,
I am forrier for your Wound, than you your self:
You're of a virtuous House, shew virtuous Deeds,
'Tis not your Honour, 'tis your Polly bleeds,
Much good has been expected in your Life,
Cancel not all Mens hopes; you have a Wife,
Kind and obedient, heap not wrongful Shame
On her and your Posterity; let only Sin be sore,
And by this fall, rise never to fall more.
And so I leave you.

[*Exit.*]

Huf. Has the Dog left me then,
After his Tooth has left me? Oh, my Heart
Would fain leap after him, Revenge I say,
I'm mad to be reveng'd, my Strumpet Wife,
It is thy quarrel that rips thus my Flesh,
And makes my Breast spit Blood, but thou shalt bleed;
Vanquish'd? got down? unable e'en to speak?
Surely 'tis want of Mony makes Men weak,
Ay, 'twas that o'erthrew me, I'd ne'er been down else. [*Exit.*]

Enter Wife in a riding Suit, with a Serving-man.

Ser. Faith, Mistress, if it may not be Presumption
In me to tell you so, for his Excuse
You had small Reason, knowing his abuse,

Wife. I grant I had, but alas,
Why should our Faults at home be spread abroad?
'Tis Grief enough within Doors; at first sight
Mine Uncle could run o'er his prodigal Life
As perfectly, as if his serious Eye
Had numbred all his follies:
Knew of his mortgag'd Lands, his friends in Bonds,
Himself withered with Debt; and in that minute
Had I added his Usage and Unkindness,
'T would have confounded every thought of good:

Where now, fathering his Riots in his Youth,
 Which Time and tame Experience will shake off,
 Guessing his Kindness to me (as I smooth'd him
 With all the skill I had) though his deserts
 Are in form uglier than an unshap'd Bear,
 He's ready to prefer him to some Office
 And Place at Court: A good and sure Relief
 To all his stooping Fortunes, 'twill be a means, I hope,
 To make new League between us, and redeem
 His Virtues with his Lands.

Ser. I should think so: Mistress, if he should not now be
 kind to you, and love you, and cherish you up, I should
 think the Devil himself kept open House in him.

Wife. I doubt not but he will now, prithee leave me; I
 think I hear him coming.

Ser. I'm gone.

[*Exit.*

Wife. By this good means I shall preserve my Lands,
 And free my Husband out of Usurers Hands;
 Now there is no need of Sale, my Uncle's kind,
 I hope, if ought, this will content his Mind.
 Here comes my Husband:

Enter Husband.

Huf. Now, are you come? where's the Money? Let's see
 the Money, is the Rubbish sold? those Wise-akers your Lands,
 why then, the Money, where is it? pour it down, down with
 it, down with it: I say pour't on the Ground, let's see it,
 let's see it.

Wife. Good Sir, keep but in patience, and I hope
 My Words shall like you well, I bring you better
 Comfort then the sale of my Dowry.

Huf. Ha, what's that?

Wife. Pray do not fright me, Sir, but vouchsafe me hear-
 ing. My Uncle, glad of your Kindness to me and mild U-
 sage (for so I made it to him) hath in pity of your decli-
 ning Fortunes, provided a place for you at Court, of worth
 and credit; which so much overjoyed me—

Huf. Out on thee, filth, over and overjoyed,
 When I'm in Torment

[*Spurrs her.*

Thou politick Whore, subtiller than nine Devils, was
 this thy Journey to *Nonck*, to set down the History of
 me, my State and Fortunes?

Shall I, that dedicated my self to Pleasure, be now confin'd
in Service to crouch, and stand like an old Man i' th' Hams,
my Hat off? I that could never abide to uncover my Head
i' th' Church, base Slut, this fruit bears thy Complaints.

Wife. Oh, Heav'n knows,

That my Complaints were Praises, and best Words,
Of you, and your Estate; only my Friends
Knew of your mortgag'd Lands, and were possess'd
Of every Accident before I came.

If you suspect it but a Plot in me,
To keep my Dowry, or for mine own good,
Or my poor Childers (tho' it suits a Mother
To shew a natural care in their Reliefs)

Yet I'll forget my self to calm your Blood,
Consume it, as your Pleasure counsels you;
And all I wish, e'en Clemency affords,
Give me but pleasant Looks, and modest Words.

Huf. Mony, Whore, Mony, or I'll-- [*Draws his Dagger.*
Enter a Servant hastily.

What the Devil? how now? thy halty News?

Ser. May it please you, Sir.

Huf. What, may I not look upon my Dagger?
Speak, Villain, or I will execute the point on thee: Quick,
short.

Ser. Why, Sir, a Gentleman from the University stays be-
low to speak with you.

Huf. From the University? so, University,
That long Word runs through me.

[*Exit.*

Wife. Was ever Wife so wretchedly beset?
Had not this News step'd in between, the point
Had offer'd Violence unto my Breast.

That which some Women call great Misery,
Would shew but little here, would scarce be seen
Among my Miseries: I may compare
For wretched Fortunes, with all Wives that are,
Nothing will please him, until all be nothing.
He calls it Slavery to be preferr'd,
A place of Credit, a base Servitude.

What shall become of me, and my poor Children?
Two here, and one at Nurse, my pretty Beggars,
I see how Ruin with a palsie Hand

Begins to shake the ancient Seat to dust:
 The heavy weight of Sorrow draws my Lids
 Over my darkish Eyes: I can scarce see;
 Thus Grief will last, it wakes and sleeps with me.

Enter the Husband with the Master of the College.

Huf. Please you draw near, Sir, you're exceeding welcome.

Mast. That's my doubt, I fear I come not to be welcome.

Huf. Yes, howsoever.

Mast. 'Tis not my fashion, Sir, to dwell in long Circumstance, but to be plain and effectual; therefore to the Purpose.

The cause of my setting forth was piteous and lamentable; that hopeful young Gentleman your Brother, whose Virtues we all love dearly, thro' your Default and unnatural Negligence, lies in Bond executed for your Debt, a Prisoner, all his Studies amaz'd, his hope struck dead, and the pride of his Youth muffled in these dark Clouds of Oppression.

Huf. Hum, hum, hum.

Mast. O you have kill'd the towardest hope of all our Univerfity, wherefore without Repentance and Amends, expect ponderous and sudden Judgments to fall grievously upon you; your Brother, a Man who profited in his Divine Employments, and might have made ten thousand Souls fit for Heaven, now by your careless courses cast into Prison, which you must answer for, and assure your Spirit it will come home at length.

Huf. O God, oh.

Mast. Wise Men think ill of you, others speak ill of you, no Man loves you, nay, even those whom Honesty condemns, condemn you; and take this from the virtuous Affection I bear your Brother, never look for prosperous Hour, good Thoughts, quiet Sleep, contented Walks, nor any thing that makes Man perfect, 'till you redeem him: What is your Answer? how will you bestow him? upon desperate Misery, or better hopes? I suffer 'till I hear your Answer.

Huf. Sir, you have much wrought with me, I feel you in my Soul, you are your Arts Master.

I never had Sense 'till now; your Syllables have cleft me,

both for your Words and Pains I thank you : I cannot but acknowledge grievous Wrongs done to my Brother, mighty mighty, mighty, mighty Wrongs.
Within there.

Enter a Serving-man.

Huf. Fill me a Bowl of Wine. Alas, poor Brother, Bruis'd with an Execution for my sake.

Mast. A bruise indeed makes many a mortal Sore, 'Till the Grave cure them.

Enter with Wine.

Huf. Sir, I begin to you, you've chid your welcome.

Mast. I could have wish'd it better for your sake, I pledge you, Sir, to the kind Man in Prison.

Huf. Let it be so.

Now, Sir, if you please, to spend but a few Minutes in walking about my Grounds below, my Man shall here attend you: I doubt not but by that time to be furnish'd of a sufficient answer, and therein my Brother fully satisfied.

Mast. Good Sir, in that the Angels would be pleas'd, And the World's murmurs calm'd, and I should say, I set forth then upon a lucky Day. [Exit.

Huf. O thou confus'd Man, thy pleasant Sins have undone thee, thy Damnation has beggar'd thee. That Heav'n should say we must not Sin, and yet made Women: Gives our Senses way to find Pleasure, which being found, confounds us, why should we know those things so much misuse us? O would Virtue had been forbidden, we should then have prov'd all virtuous, for 'tis our Blood to love what we are forbidden, what Man would have been forbidden, what Man would have been fool to a Beast, and zany to a Swine, to shew tricks in the Mire; what is there in three Dice, to make a Man draw thrice three thousand Acres into the compass of a little round Table, and with the Gentleman's Palfie in the Hand shake out his Posterity, Thieves, or Beggars? 'Tis done, I have don't i'faith: Terrible, horrible Misery,—how well was I left, very well, very well.

My Lands shew'd like a Full-Moon about me, but now the Moon's in the last Quarter, waning, waning, and I am mad to think that Moon was mine; mine and my Father's, and my Fore-fathers Generations, Generations, down goes

the House of us, down, down it sinks: Now is the name a Beggar, begs in me that name which hundreds of Years has made this Shire famous; in me and my Posterity runs out.

In my Seed five are made miserable besides my self, my Riot is now my Brother's Jaylor, my Wife's fighting, my three Boys penury, and mine own Confusion.

[He tears his Hair.

Why sit my Hairs upon my cursed Head?

Will not this Poison scatter them? oh my Brother's

In Execution among Devils that stretch him:

And make him give; and I in want,

Not able for to live, nor to redeem him.

Divines and dying Men may talk of Hell,

But in my Heart her several Torments dwell,

Slavery and Misery. Who in this case

Would not take up Mony upon his Soul?

Pawn his Salvation, live at Interest:

I, that did ever in abundance dwell,

For me to want, exceeds the throes of Hell.

Enter his little Son, with a Top and Scourge.

Son. What ail you, Father, are you not well, I cannot scourge my Top as long as you stand so: You take up all the Room with your wide Legs, puh, you cannot make me afraid with this, I fear no Vizards, nor Bugbears.

[He takes up the Child by the Skirts of his long Coat in one Hand, and draws his Dagger with the other.

Huf. Up Sir, for here thou hast no Inheritance left.

Son. Oh what will you do, Father? I am your white Boy.

Huf. Thou shalt be my red Boy, take that. [Strikes him.

Son. Oh you hurt me, Father.

Huf. My eldest Beggar, thou shalt not live to ask an U-surer Bread, to cry at a great Man's Gate, or follow, Good your Honour, by a Coach, no, nor your Brother: 'Tis Charity to Brain you.

Son. How shall I learn now my Head's broke?

Huf. Bleed, bleed, rather than beg, beg. [Stabs him.

Be not thy Name's Disgrace:

Spurn thou thy Fortune's first, if they be base:

Come view thy second Brother: Fates,

My Childrens Blood shall spin into your Facts.

You shall see,

How confidently we scorn Beggary. [Exit with his Son.]

Enter a Maid with a Child in her Arms, the Mother by her asleep.

Maid. Sleep, sweet Babe, Sorrow makes thy Mother sleep,
It bodes small good when heaviness falls so deep.—

Hush, pretty Boy, thy hopes might have been better,

'Tis lost at Dice, what ancient Honour won,

Hard when the Father plays away the Son:

Nothing but misery serves in this House,

Ruin and Desolation; oh.

Enter Husband with the Boy bleeding.

Huf. Whore, give me that Boy.

[He strives with her for the Child.]

Maid. Oh help, help, out alas, murder, murder.

Huf. Are you Gossiping, prating sturdy Quean,

I'll break your Clamour with your Neck,

Down Stairs; tumble, tumble, headlong.

[He throws her down.]

So, the surest way to charm a Woman's Tongue,

Is to break her Neck, a Politician did it.

Son. Mother, Mother, I am kill'd, Mother.

[His Wife awakes, and catcheth up the youngest Child.]

Wife. Ha, who's that cry'd? O me my Children,

Both, both; bloody, bloody.

Huf. Strumpet, let go the Boy, let go the Beggar.

Wife. Oh my sweet Husband.

Huf. Filth, Harlot.

Wife. Oh, what will you do, dear Husband?

Huf. Give me the Bastard.

Wife. Your own sweet Boy.

Huf. There are too many Beggars.

Wife. Good my Husband.

Huf. Dost thou prevent me still?

Wife. Oh God!

[Stabs at the Child in her Arms, and gets it from her.]

Huf. Have at his Heart.

Wife. Oh my dear Boy.

Huf. Brat, thou shalt not live to shame thy House.

Wife. Oh Heav'n.

[She is hurt, and sinks down.]

Huf. And perish, now be gone,

There's Whores enough, and Want would make thee one.

Enter a lusty Servant.

Ser. O Sir, what Deeds are these?

Huf. Base Slave, my Vassal,

Com'st thou between my fury to question me?

Ser. Were you the Devil, I would hold you, Sir!

Huf. Hold me? Presumption, I'll undo thee for it.

Ser. 'Sblood, you have undone us all, Sir.

Huf. Tug at thy Master?

Ser. Tug at a Monster.

Huf. Have I no Power? shall my Slave fetter me?

Ser. Nay then the Devil wrestles, I am thrown.

[*Husband overcomes him.*]

Huf. Oh Villain, now I'll tug thee, now I'll tear thee;

Set quick Spurs to my Vassal, bruise him, trample him;

So, I think thou wilt not follow me in haste.

My Horse stands ready saddled, away, away.

Now to my Bart and Nurse, my sucking Beggars;

Fates, I'll not leave you one to trample on.

[*The Master meets him.*]

Mastr. How is't with you Sir, methinks you look of a distracted Colour.

Huf. Who, I Sir? 'tis but your fancy,

Please you walk in, Sir, and I'll soon resolve you;

I want one small part to make up the Sum;

And then my Brother shall rest satisfied.

Mastr. I shall be glad to see it, Sir, I'll attend you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ser. Oh I am scarce able to heave up my self,

He has so bruis'd me with his devillish weight,

And torn my Flesh with his Blood-hasty Spur,

A Man before of easie Constitution,

'Till now Hell's Power supplied, to his Soul's wrong;

Oh how Damnation can make weak Men strong.

Enter Master and two Servants.

Ser. Oh the most piteous Deed, Sir, since you came.

Mastr. A deadly greeting; hath he summ'd up these

To satisfy his Brother? here's another,

And by these bleeding Infants, the dead Mother.

Wife. Oh, oh.

Mastr. Surgeons, Surgeons, she recovers Life,

One of his Men all faint and bloodied.

1 Ser. Follow, our murderous Master has took
Horse to kill his Child at Nurse, oh follow quickly.

Mastr. I am the readiest, it shall be my charge
To raise the Town upon him.

[*Exeunt Master and Servants.*]

1 Ser. Good Sir follow him,

Wife. Oh my Children.

1 Ser. How is it, my most afflicted Mistress?

Wife. Why do I now recover? why half live?
To see my Children bleed before mine Eyes,
A sight, able to kill a Mother's Breast without
An Executioner; what, art thou mangled too?

1 Ser. I, thinking to prevent what his quick Mischiefs
Had so soon acted, came and rusht upon him,
We struggled, but a fouler Strength than his
O'erthrew me with his Arms, then he did bruise me,
And rent my Flesh, and robb'd me of my Hair,
Like a Man mad in Execution,
Made me unfit to rise and follow him.

Wife. What is it hath beguil'd him of all Grace,
And stole away Humanity from his Breast?
To slay his Children, purpos'd to kill his Wife,
And spoil his Servants.

[*Enter two Servants,*

Both. Please you leave this accursed Place,
A Surgeon waits within.

Wife. Willing to leave it;

'Tis guilty of sweet Blood, innocent Blood,
Murder hath took this Chamber with full Hands,
And will not out as long as the House stands. [Exeunt.]

[*Enter Husband, as being thrown off his Horse, and falls.*

Husf. Oh stumbling Jade, the Spavin overtake thee,
The fifty Diseases stop thee:
Oh, I am sorely bruis'd, Plague founder thee,
Thou run'st at ease and pleasure, Heart of chance,
To throw me now, within a slight o'th' Town,
In such plain even Ground,
'Sfoor, a Man may Dice upon it, and throw away the
Meadows, ah filthy Beast.

Cry within. Follow, follow, follow!

Huf. Ha ! I hear sounds of Men, like Hue and Cry ;
Up, up, and struggle to my Horse, make on,
Dispatch that little Beggar, and all's done.

Cry within. Here, this way, this way.

Huf. At my Back ? oh,
What Fate have I, my Limbs deny me to go,
My Will is bated, Beggary claims a part,
Oh I could here reach to the Infant's Heart.

Enter Master of the College, three Gentlemen, and others with Halberds.

All. Here, here, yonder, yonder.

Mast. Unnatural, flinty, more than barbarous,
The *Scythians* in their marble-hearted Fates,
Could not have acted more remorseless Deeds
In their relentless Natures, than these of thine :
Was this the answer I long waited on,
The Satisfaction for thy Prison'd Brother ?

Huf. He can have no more of us than our Skins ;
And some of them want but fleaing.

1 Gent. Great Sins have made him impudent.

Mast. He's shed so much Blood, that he cannot blush ;

2 Gent. Away with him, bear him to the Justices ;
A Gentleman of Worship dwells at hand,
There shall his Deeds be blazed.

Huf. Why all the better,
My glory 'tis to have my Action known,
I grieve for nothing, but I mis'd of one.

Mast. There's little of a Father in that Grief :
Bear him away.

Enter a Knight, with two or three Gentlemen.

Knight. Endanger'd so his Wife, murder'd his Children ?

1 Gent. So the cry goes :

Knight. I am sorry I e'er knew him.
That ever he took Life and natural Being
From such an honour'd Stock, and fair Descent ;
'Till this black minute without Stain or Blemish :

1 Gent. Here come the Men.

Enter the Master of the College, and the rest, with the Prisoner.

Knight. The Serpent of his House : I'm sorry for this
time, that I am in place of Justice :

Maſt. Pleaſe you, Sir.

Knight. Do not repeat it twice, I know too much.
Would it had ne'er been thought on.

Sir, I bleed for you.

Gent. Your Father's Sorrows are alive in me :
What made you ſhew ſuch monſtrous Cruelty ?

Huf. In a word, Sir,
I have conſum'd all, plaid away long Acre,
And I thought it the charitableſt Deed I could do
To cozen Beggary, and knock my Houſe o'th' Head.

Knight. I do not think, but in To-morrow's Judgment,
The Terror will fit cloſer to your Soul,
When the dread Thought of Death remembers you :
To further which, take this ſad Voice from me,
Never was Act plaid more unnaturally.

Huf. I thank you, Sir.

Knight. Go lead him to the Jayl.
Where Juſtice claims all, there muſt Pity fail.

Huf. Come, come, away with me. [Exit Priſoner.]

Maſt. Sir, you deſerve the Worſhip of your place,
Would all did ſo ; in you the Law is Grace.

Knight. It is my wiſh it ſhould be ſo ;
Ruinous Man, the Deſolation of his Houſe,
The blot upon his Predeceſſor's honour'd Name :
That Man is neareſt ſhame, that is paſt ſhame. [Exit.]
*Enter Husband with the Officers, the Maſter and Gentlemen,
as going by his Houſe.*

Huf. I am right againſt my Houſe, Seat of my Anceſt-
ors ; I hear my Wife's alive, but much endangered ; let me
intreat to ſpeak with her before the Priſon gripe me.

Enter his Wife brought in a Chair.

Gent. See here ſhe comes of her ſelf.

Wife. O my ſweet Husband, my dear diſtreſſed Huf-
band, now in the Hands of unrelenting Laws,
My greateſt Sorrow, my extreameſt Bleeding ;
My my Soul bleeds.

Huf. How now ? kind to me ?
Did not I wound thee, leave thee for dead ?

Wife. Tut, far greater Wounds did my Breſt feel,
Unkindneſs ſtrikes a deeper Wound than Steel.

You

You have been still unkind to me.

Huf. Faith, and so I think I have;
I did my Murders roughly out of hand,
Desperate and sudden, but thou hast devis'd
A fine way now to kill me, thou hast given my Eyes
Seven wounds apiece; now glides the Devil from
Me, departs at every joint, heaves up my Nails.
O catch him new Torments, that were ne'er invented:
Bind him one thousand more, you blessed Angels,
In that bottomless Pit, let him not rise
To make Men act unnatural Tragedies,
To spread into a Father, and in fury,
Make him his Childrens Executioners,
Murder his Wife, his Servants, and who not?
For that Man's dark, where Heav'n is quite forgot.

Wife. O my repentant Husband!

Huf. My dear Soul, whom I too much have wrong'd
For death I die, and for this I have long'd.

Wife. Thou should'st not, be assur'd, for these Faults
Die, if the Law could forgive as soon as I.

[Children laid out.

Huf. What Sight is yonder?

Wife. O our two bleeding Boys
Laid forth upon the Theshould.

Huf. Here's weight enough to make a Heart-string crack,
O were it lawful that your pretty Souls
Might look from Heav'n into your Father's Eyes,
Then should you see the penitent Glasses melt,
And both your Murders shoot upon my Cheeks.
But you are playing in the Angels Laps,
And will not look on me,
Who void of Grace, kill'd you in beggary.
O that I might my wishes now attain,
I should then wish you living were again;
Though I did beg with you, which thing I fear'd,
O 'twas the Enemy my Eyes so blear'd.
O would you could pray Heav'n me to forgive,
That will unto my End repentant live.

Wife. It makes me e'en forget all other Sorrows,
And leave part with this.

Off. Come, will you go?

Huf. I'll kiss the Blood I spilt, and then I'll go,
My Soul is bloodied, well may my Lips be so.
Farewel, dear Wife, now thou and I must part,
I of thy wrongs, repent me with my Heart.

Wife. O stay, thou shalt not go.

Huf. That's but in vain, you see it must be so,
Farewel ye bloody Ashes of my Boys,
My Punishments are their eternal Joys.
Let every Father look well into his Deeds,
And then their Heirs may prosper, while mine bleeds.

[Exit Husband with Officers.]

Wife. More wretched am I now in this distress,
Than former Sorrows made me.

Mast. O kind Wife, be comforted,
One joy is yet unmurdered,
You have a Boy at Nurse, your Joy's in him.

Wife. Dearer than all is my poor Husband's Life:
Heav'n give my Body strength, which is yet faint
With much expence of Blood, and I will kneel,
Sue for his Life, number up all my Friends
To plead for pardon for my dear Husband's Life.

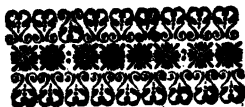
Mast. Was it in Man to wound so kind a Creature?
I'll ever praise a Woman for thy sake.
I must return with grief, my answer's set,
I shall bring News weighs heavier than the Debt.
Two Brothers; the one in Bond lyes overthrow'n,
This on a deadlier Execution,

[Exeunt omni.]





THE
TRAGEDY
OF
LOCRINE,
THE
ELDEST SON
OF
KING BRUTUS.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

BRutus, *King of Britain.*

Lochrine,
Camber, } *his Sons,*
Albanact, }

Corineius, } *Brothers to Brutus,*
Affarachus, }

Thrasimachus, *Corineius his Son.*

Debon, *an old Officer.*

Humber, *King of the Scythians.*

Hubba, *his Son.*

Thraffier, *a Scythian Commander.*

Strumbo,
Trumpart, } *Clowns.*
Oliver,
William, }

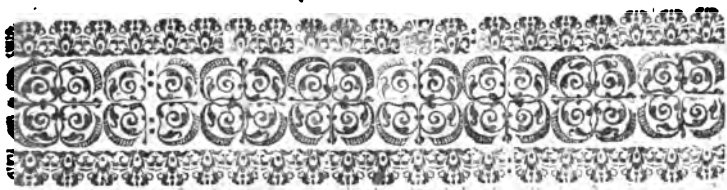
Guendeline, *Corineius his Daughter, married to
Lochrine.*

Estrild, *Humber's Wife.*

Ate, *the Goddess of Revenge.*

Ghosts of Albanact, and Corineius.

T H E



THE
TRAGEDY
OF
LOCRINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Dumb Show.

Enter Ate, with Thunder and Lightning, all in black, with a burning Torch in one Hand, and a bloody Sword in the other Hand; and presently let there come forth a Lion running after a Bear, then come forth an Archer, who must kill the Lion in a dumb Show, and then depart. Remain Ate.

A T E.

In panam setatur & Umbra

Mighty Lion, Ruler of the Woods,
Of wondrous Strength and great Proportion,
With hideous noise scaring the trembling Trees,
With yelling Clamours shaking all the Earth,
Traverse the Groves, and chase the wandring
Beasts:

Long did he range among the shady Trees,
And drove the silly Beasts before his Face;

When suddenly from out a thorny Bush
 A dreadful Archer with his Bow ybent,
 Wounded the Lion with a dismal Shaft,
 So he him strook, that it drew forth the blood,
 And fill'd his furious Heart with fretting Ire;
 But all in vain he threatnoeth Teeth and Paws,
 And sparkleth Fire from forth his flaming Eyes,
 For the sharp Shaft gave him a mortal Wound?
 So valiant *Brute*, the terror of the World,
 Whose only looks did scare his Enemies,
 The Archer Death brought to his latest end.
 O what may long abide above this Ground,
 In State of Bliss and healthful Happiness!

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Brutus carried in a Chair, Locrine, Camber, Albanact, Corineius, Guendeline, Assaractus, Debon, and Thrasimachus.

Brn. Most loyal Lords, and faithful Followers,
 That have with me, unworthy General,
 Passed the greedy Gulf of th' Ocean,
 Leaving the Confines of fair *Italy*,
 Behold, your *Brutus* draweth nigh his end,
 And I must leave you, though against my Will;
 My Sinews shrunk, my number'd Senses fail,
 A chilling cold possesseth all my Bones,
 Black ugly Death with Visage pale and wan,
 Presents himself before my dazled Eyes,
 And with his Dart prepared is to strike:
 These Arms, my Lords, these never daunted Arms,
 That oft have quell'd the Courage of my Foes,
 And eke dismay'd my Neighbour's Arrogance,
 Now yield to Death, o'erlaid with crooked Age,
 Devoid of Strength and of their proper Force;
 Even as the lusty Cedar worn with Years,
 That far abroad her dainy Odour throws,
 'Mongst all the Daughters of proud *Lebanon*,
 This Heart, my Lords, this ne'er appalled Heart,
 That was a Terror to the bordering Lands,
 A doleful Scourge unto my neighbour Kings,

Now by the Weapons of impartial Death
Is clove asunder, and bereft of Life,
As when the sacred Oak with Thunderbolts,
Sent from the fiery Circuit of the Heav'ns,
Sliding along the Airs celestial Vaults,
Is rent and cloven to the very Roots.
In vain therefore I struggle with this Foe,
Then welcome Death, since God will have it so.

Assar. Alas my Lord, we sorrow at your Case,
And grieve to see your Person vexed thus;
But whatsoe'er the Fates determin'd have,
It lieth not in us to disannul,
And he that would annihilate his Mind,
Soaring with *Icarus* too near the Sun,
May catch a fall with young *Bellerophon*:
For when the fatal Sisters have decreed
To separate us from this earthly mould,
No mortal Force can countermand their Minds:
Then, worthy Lord, since there's no way but one,
Cease your Laments, and leave your grievous moan.

Cor. Your Highness knows how many Victories,
How many Trophies I erected have
Triumphantly in every place we came.
The *Grecian* Monarch, warlike *Pandrasfus*,
And all the Crew of the *Molossians*:
Goffarius the arm-strong King of *Gauls*,
Have felt the Force of our victorious Arms,
And to their Cost beheld our Chivalry:
Where-e'er *Aurora*, handmaid of the Sun,
Where-e'er the Sun, bright Guardian of the Day,
Where-e'er the joyful Day with cheerful Light,
Where-e'er the Light illuminates the World,
The *Trojans* Glory flies with golden Wings,
Wings that do soar beyond fell envious flight,
The fame of *Brutus* and his followers
Pierceth the Skies, and with the Skies the Throne
Of mighty *Jove*, Commander of the World.
Then, worthy *Brutus*, leave these sad Laments,
Comfort your self with this your great Renown,
And fear not Death, though he seem terrible.

Brn. Nay, *Corineius*, you mistake my Mind,
 In construing wrong the Cause of my Complaints;
 I fear'd not t'yield my self to fatal Death,
 God knows it was the least of all my Thoughts,
 A greater Care torments my very Bones,
 And makes me tremble at the thought of it,
 And in your Lordings doth the Substance lye.

Thra. Most Noble Lord, if ought your Loyal Peers
 Accomplish may, to ease your lingering Grief,
 I, in the name of all, protest to you,
 That we would boldly enterprize the same,
 Were it to enter to black *Tartarus*,
 Where triple *Cerberus* with his venomous Throat,
 Scareth the Ghosts with high resounding Noise,
 We'll either rent the Bowels of the Earth,
 Searching the entrails of the brutish Earth,
 Or with his *Ixions* overdaring soon,
 Be bound in Chains of ever-during Steel.

Brn. Then harken to your Sovereign's latest Words,
 In which I will unto you all unfold,
 Our Royal Mind and resolute Intent.
 When golden *Hebe*, Daughter to great *Jove*,
 Cover'd my manly Cheeks with youthful Down,
 Th' unhappy Slaughter of my luckless Sire,
 Drove me and old *Assarachus* mine Eame,
 As Exiles from the Bounds of *Italy*,
 So that perforce we were constrain'd to fly
 To *Grecians* Monarch, noble *Pandrossus*,
 There I alone did undertake your Cause,
 There I restor'd your antique Liberty,
 Though *Grecia* frown'd, and all *Melossia* storm'd,
 Though brave *Antigonus*, with martial Band,
 In pitched Field encountred me and mine,
 Though *Pandrossus* and his Contributaries,
 With all the routs of their Confederates,
 Sought to deface our glorious Memory,
 And wipe the Name of *Trojans* from the Earth;
 Him did I captivate with this mine Arm,
 And by Compulsion forc'd him to agree
 To certain Articles, which there we did propound,
 From *Grecia* through the boisterous *Hellepont*,

We came into the Fields of *Lestrigon*,
 Whereat our Brother *Corineius* was ;
 Which when we passed the *Cicilian* Gulf,
 And so transfretting the *Illician* Sea,
 Arrived on the Coasts of *Aquitain* ;
 Where with an Army of his barbarous *Gauls*
Goffarius and his Brother *Gathelus*
 Encountring with our Host, sustain'd the Foil ;
 And for your sakes my *Turnus* there I lost ;
Turnus that slew six hundred Men at Arms,
 All in an Hour, with his sharp Battle-Axe,
 From thence upon the stronds of *Albion*
 To *Cornus* Haven happily we came,
 And quell'd the Giants, come of *Albion's* Race,
 With *Gogmagog*, Son to *Samotheus*,
 The curst Captain of that damned Crew,
 And in that Isle at length I placed you.
 Now let me see, if my laborious Toils,
 If all my Care, if all my grievous Wounds,
 If all my Diligence were well employ'd.

Cor. When first I follow'd thee and thine, brave King ;
 I hazarded my Life and dearest Blood,
 To purchase Favour at your Princely Hands,
 And for the same in dangerous Attempts,
 In sundry Conflicts, and in divers Broils,
 I shew'd the Courage of my manly Mind ;
 For this I Combated with *Gathelus*,
 The Brother to *Goffarius* of *Gaul* ;
 For this I fought with furious *Gogmagog*,
 A savage Captain of a savage Crew ;
 And for these Deeds brave *Cornwall* I receiv'd,
 A grateful Gift giv'n by a gracious King ;
 And for this Gift, this Life and dearest Blood
 Will *Corineius* spend for *Brutus* good.

Deb. And what my Friend, brave Prince, hath 'vow'd to
 you.

The same will *Debon* do unto his end.

Bru. Then, Loyal Peers, since you are all agreed,
 And resolute to follow *Brutus* Hest,
 Favour my Sons, favour those Orphans, Lords,
 And shield them from the Dangers of their Fees.
Locrine, the Column of my Family,

And only Pillar of my weaken'd Age :

Loctine, draw near, draw near unto thy Sire,

And take thy latest Blessings at his Hands :

And, for thou art the eldest of my Sons,

Be thou a Captain to thy Brethren,

And imitate thy aged Father's steps,

Which will conduct thee to true Honour's Gate :

For if thou follow sacred Virtues lore,

Thou shalt be crowned with a Laurel Branch,

And wear a Wreath of sempiternal Fame,

Sorted amongst the Glorious happy ones.

Loct. If *Loctine* do not follow your Advice,

And bear himself in all things like a Prince

That seeks to amplify the great Renown,

Left unto him for an Inheritance,

By those that were his Ancestors,

Let me be flung into the Ocean,

And swallow'd in the Bowels of the Earth.

Or let the ruddy Lightning of great *Jove*,

Descend upon this my devoted Head.

[*Brutus taking Guendeline by the Hand.*]

Brut. But for I see you all to be in doubt,

Who shall be match'd with our Royal Son,

Loctine, receive this Present at my Hand ;

A Gift more rich than are the wealthy Mines

Found in the Bowels of *America*.

Thou shalt be spous'd to fair *Guendeline* :

Love her, and take her, for she is thine own,

If so thy Uncle and her self do please.

Cor. And herein how your Highness honours me,

It cannot now be in my Speech express'd ;

For careful Parents glory not so much

At their Honour and Promotion,

As for to see the issue of their Blood

Seated in Honour and Prosperity.

Guen. And far be it from my pure maiden Thoughts

To contradict her aged Father's Will:

Therefore since he to whom I must obey,

Hath giv'n me now unto your royal self,

I will not stand aloof from off the lure,

Like

Like crafty Dames that most of all deny
That, which they most desire to possess.

[Brutus turning to Locrine.

[Locrine kneeling.

Then now my Son thy part is on the Stage,
For thou must bear the Person of a King.

[Puts the Crown on his Head.

Locrine stand up, and wear the regal Crown,
And think upon the State of Majesty,
That thou with Honour well may'st wear the Crown,
And if thou tendrest these my latest Words,
As thou requir'st my Soul to be at rest,
As thou desirest thine own Security,
Cherish and Love thy new betrothed Wife.

Loc. No longer let me well enjoy the Crown,
Than I do peerless Guendeline.

Bru. Camber.

Cam. My Lord.

Bru. The Glory of mine Age,
And darling of thy Mother Junoer,
Take thou the South for thy Dominion,
From thee there shall proceed a Royal Race,
That shall maintain the Honour of this Land,
And sway the regal Scepter with their Hands.

[Turning to Albanact.

And Albanact, thy Father's only Joy,
Youngest in Years, but not the young'st in mind,
A perfect Pattern of all Chivalry,
Take thou the North for thy Dominion,
A Country full of Hills and ragged Rocks,
Replenished with fierce untamed Beasts,
As correspondent to thy martial Thoughts,
Live long my Sons with endless Happiness,
And bear firm Concordance among your selves,
Obey the Counsels of these Fathers grave,
That you may better bear out Violence.
But suddenly, through Weakness of my Age,
And the defect of youthful Puissance,
My Malady increaseth more and more,
And cruel Death hasteneth his quickned pace,
To dispossess me of my earthly Shape,

Mine Eyes wax dim, o'er-cast with Clouds of Age;
 The pangs of Death compass my crazed Bones,
 Thus to you all my Blessings I bequeath,
 And with my Blessings, this my fleeting Soul.
 My Glass is run, and all my Miseries
 Do end with Life; Death closeth up mine Eyes,
 My Soul in haste flies to the *Elysian* Fields. [He dies.]

Loc. Accursed Stars, damn'd and accursed Stars,
 T' abbreviate my noble Father's Life,
 Hard-hearted Gods, and too too envious Fates,
 Thus to cut off my Father's fatal Thread,
Brutus that was a Glory to us all,
Brutus that was a Terror to his Foes,
 Alas too soon by *Demogorgon's* Knife,
 The martial *Brutus* is bereft of Life.
 No sad Complaints may move just *Enchs.*

Cor. No dreadful Threats can fear Judge *Rhodomantus*.
 Wert thou as strong as mighty *Hercules*,
 That tamed the huge Monsters of the World,
 Plaid'st thou as sweet, on the sweet sounding Lute,
 As did the Spouse of fair *Euclid*,
 That did enchant the Waters with his Noise,
 And made the Stones, Birds, Beasts, to lead a Dance,
 Constrain'd the hilly Trees to follow him,
 Thou could'st not move the Judge of *Erebus*,
 Nor move Compassion in grim *Pluto's* Heart,
 For fatal *Mors* expecteth all the World,
 And every Man must tread the way of Death;
 Brave *Tantalus*, the valiant *Pelops* Sire,
 Guest to the Gods, suffered untimely Death,
 And old *Tithonus* Husband to the Morn,
 And eke grim *Minos* whom just *Jupiter*
 Deign'd to admit unto his Sacrifice,
 The thundring Trumpets of Bloody-thirsty *Mars*,
 The fearful rage of fell *Tisphoen*,
 The boisterous Waves of humid Ocean,
 Are Instruments and Tools of dismal Death.
 Then noble Cousin cease to mourn his chance,
 Whose Age and Years were Signs that he should die;
 It resteth now that we inter his Bones,

That

That was a Terror to his Enemies.

Take up his Coarse, and Princes hold him dead;

Who while he liv'd, upheld the Trojan State.

Sound Drums and Trumpets, march to *Trinovant*;

There to provide our Chieftain's Funeral.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Strumbo above in a Gown, with Ink and Paper
in his hand.*

Strum. Either the four Elements, the seven Planets and all the particular Stars of the Pole Antartick, are adverfitive against me, or else I was begotten and born in the Wain of the Moon, when every thing, as *Lactantius* in his fourth Book of Consultations doth say, goeth arfward. Ay Masters, ay, you may laugh, but I must weep; you may joy, but I must sorrow; shedding salt Tears from the watry Fountains of my moist dainty fair Eyes, along my comely and smooth Cheeks, in as great plenty as the Water runneth from the Bucking-tubs, or red Wine out of the Hogs-heads: for trust me, Gentlemen and my very good Friends, and so forth: the little god, nay the desperate god *Cupid*, with one of his vengible Birds bolts, hath shot me unto the Heel: so not only, but also, oh fine phrase, I burn, I burn, and I burn a, in love, in love, and in love a, ah *Strumbo*, what hast thou seen, not *Dina* with the *Ass Tom*? Yea, with these Eyes thou hast seen her, and therefore pull them out, for they will work thy Bail. Ah, *Strumbo*, hast thou heard of the Voice of the Nightingale, but a Voice sweeter than hers, yea, with these Ears hast thou heard them, and therefore cut them off, for they have caus'd thy sorrow. Nay *Strumbo*, kill thy self, drown thy self, hang thy self, starve thy self. Oh, but then I shall leave my sweet Heart. Oh my Heart! Now, Pate for thy Master, I will dite an aliquant Love-pistle to her, and then she hearing the grand verbosity of my Scripture, will love me presently.

[*Let him write a little, and then read.*]

My Pen is naught, Gentlemen, lend me a Knife, I think the more haste the worst speed.

[*Then write again, and after read.*

So it is, Mistress *Dorothy*, and the sole essence of my Soul, that the little sparkles of affection kindled in me towards your sweet self, hath now increas'd to a great flame, and will e'er it be long consume my poor Heart, except you with the pleasant water of your secret Fountain, quench the furious heat of the same. Alas, I am a Gentleman of good Fame, and Name, majestical, in Apparel comely, in Gate portly. Let not therefore your gentle Heart be so hard, as to despise a proper tall young Man of a handsome Life, and by despising him, not only but also to kill him. Thus expecting time and tide, I bid you farewell. Your Servant,
Signior Strumbo.

Oh Wit, O Pate, O Memory, O Hand, O Ink, O Paper. Well, now I will send it away. *Trompart, Trompart*, what a Villain is this? Why Sirrah, come when your Master calls you. *Trompart.*

Trompart entering saith, Anon, Sir.

Strum. Thou knowest, my pretty Boy, what a good Master I have been to thee ever since I took thee into my service.

Trom. Ay, Sir.

Strum. And how I have cherished thee always, as if thou hadst been the fruit of my Loins, Flesh of my Flesh, and Bone of my Bone.

Trom. Ay, Sir.

Strum. Then shew thy self herein a trusty Servant, and carry this Letter to Mistress *Dorothy*, and tell her——

[*Speaking in his Ear.* Exit *Trompart.*

Strum. Nay, Masters, you shall see a Marriage by and by. But here she comes. Now must I frame my amorous Passions.

Enter Dorothy and Trompart.

Dor. Signior *Strumbo*, well met, I receiv'd your Letters by your Man here, who told me a pitiful story of your anguish, and so understanding your Passions were so great, I came hither speedily.

Strum. Oh, my sweet and Pigney, the fecundity of my ingeny is not so great, that may declare unto you the for-

Sorrowful Sobs and broken Sleeps that I suffer'd for your sake; and therefore I desire you to receive me into your familiarity.

*For your Love doth lye,
As near and as nigh,
Unto my Heart within,
As mine Eye to my Nose,
My Leg unto my Hose,
And my Flesh unto my Skin.*

Dor. Truly, Mr. *Strambo*, you speak too learnedly for me to understand the drift of your Mind; and therefore tell your Tale in plain terms, and leave off your dark Riddles.

Stram. Alas *Mistress Dorothy*, this is my luck, that when I most would, I cannot be understood: so that my great learning is an inconvenience unto me. But to speak in plain terms, I love you, *Mistress Dorothy*, if you like to accept me into your familiarity.

Dor. If this be all, I am content.

[Turning to the People,

Stram. Say'st thou so, sweet Wench, let me lick thy Toes. Farewel, *Mistress*. If any of you be in love, provide ye a Cap Case full of new coin'd words, and then shall you soon have the *succado de labres*, and something else. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Locrine, Guendeline, Camber, Albanax, Corineius, Assarachus, Debon, and Thrasimachus.

Loc. Uncle and Princes of brave *Britany*,
Since that our noble Father is Entomb'd,
As best be seem'd so brave Prince as he;
If so you please, this day my Love and I,
Within the Temple of *Concordia*,
Will solemnize your Royal Marriage.

Thra. Right noble Lord, your Subjects every one
Must needs obey your Highness at command,
Especially in such a Cause as this,
That much concerns your Highness great content,

Loc. Then Frolick, Lordings, to fair *Concord's Walls*,
Where we will pass the Day in Knightly sports,
The Night in Dancing and in figur'd Masks,
And offer to God *Risus* all our sports.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Ate as before, after a little Lightning and Thundring, let there come forth this show. Perseus and Andromeda, hand in hand, and Cepheus also with Swords and Targets. Then let there come out of another Door Phineus, all black in Armour with Æthiopians after him, driving in Perseus, and having taken away Andromeda, let them depart. Ate remaining, says,

Rogit omnia numen.

WHEN *Perseus* married fair *Andromeda*,
The only Daughter of King *Cepheus*,
He thought he had establish'd well his Crown,
And that his Kingdom should for aye endure.
But so proud *Phineus* with a Band of Men,
Contriv'd of Sun-burnt *Æthiopians*,
By force of Arms the Bride he took from him,
And turn'd their joy into a flood of tears.
So fares it with young *Locrine* and his Love,
He thinks this marriage tendeth to his weal,
But this foul day, this foul accursed day,
Is the beginning of his miseries.

Behold where *Humber* and his *Scythians*
Approacheth nigh with all his Warlike Train,
I need not I, the sequel shall declare,
What tragick chances fell out in this War.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Efrild, Segar, and their Soldiers.

Hum. At length the Snail doth climb the highest tops,
Ascending up the stately Castle Walls;
At length the Water with continual drops,
Doth penetrate the hardest Marble Stone;

At length we are arriv'd in *Albion*.
 Nor could the barbarous *Dacian* Sovereign,
 Nor yet the Ruler of brave *Belgia*,
 Stay us from cutting over to this Isle;
 Whereas I hear a Troop of *Phrygians*
 Under the Conduct of *Posthumus* Son,
 Have pitch'd up Lordly Pavillions,
 And hope to prosper in this lovely Isle:
 But I will frustrate all their Foolish hope,
 And teach them that the *Scythian* Emperor
 Leads Fortune tied in a Chain of Gold,
 Constraining her to yield unto his will,
 And grace him with their Regal Diadem:
 Which I will have, maugre their treble Hosts,
 And all the power their petty Kings can make.

Hub. If she that rules fair *Rhamnis* golden Gate,
 Grant us the honour of the Victory,
 As hitherto she always favour'd us,
 Right noble Father, we will rule the Land,
 Enthronis'd in Seats of Topaz stones,
 That *Loçrine* and his Brethren all may know,
 None must be King but *Humber* and his Son.

Hum. Courage my Son, Fortune shall favour us,
 And yield to us the Coronet of Bays,
 That decketh none but noble Conquerors.
 But what saith *Estrild* to these Regions?
 How liketh she the temperature thereof?
 Are they not pleasant in her gracious Eyes?

Estr. The Plains, my Lord, garnish'd with *Flora's* wealth,
 And over-spread with party-colour'd Flowers,
 Do yield sweet contentation to my mind;
 The airy Hills enclos'd with steady Groves,
 The Groves replenish'd with sweet chirping Birds,
 The Birds resounding Heav'nly Melody,
 Are equal to the Groves of *Thessaly*,
 Where *Phœbus* with these learned Ladies nine,
 Delight themselves with Musick's Harmony,
 And from the moisture of the Mountain tops,
 The silent Springs dance down with murmuring streams;
 And water all the ground with crystal Waves,
 The gentle blasts of *Eurus* modest Wind,

Moving the pattering Leaves of *Silvane's Woods*,
 Do equal it with *Tempe's Paradise*,
 And thus conformed all to one effect,
 Do make me think these are the happy Isles,
 Most Fortunate if *Humber* may them win.

Hub. Madam, where Resolution leads the way,
 And Courage follows with embolden'd pace,
 Fortune can never use her Tyranny;
 For Valiantness is like unto a Rock
 That standeth on the Waves of Ocean,
 Which though the Billows beat on every side,
 And *Boreas* fell with his tempestuous storms,
 Bloweth upon it with a hideous clamour,
 Yet it remaineth still unmoveable.

Hum. Kingly resolv'd, thou glory of thy Sire:
 But worthy *Segar*, what uncouth novelties
 Bring'st thou unto our Royal Majesty?

Seg. My Lord, the youngest of all *Brutus* Sons,
 Stout *Albanact*, with millions of Men,
 Approacheth nigh, and meaneth e'er the Morn,
 To try your force by dint of fatal Sword.

Hum. Tut, let him come with millions of Hosts;
 He shall find entertainment good enough,
 Yea, fit for those that are our Enemies:
 For we'll receive them at the Lances points,
 And massacre their Bodies with our Blades:
 Yea, though they were in number infinite,
 More than the mighty *Babylonian Queen*,
Semiramis the Ruler of the West,
 Brought 'gainst the Emperor of the *Scythians*,
 Yet would we not start back one foot from them:
 That they might know we are invincible.

Hub. Now by great *Jove*, the supream King of Heav'n,
 And the immortal Gods that live therein,
 When as the Morning shews his chearful Face,
 And *Lucifer* mounted upon his Steed,
 Brings in the Chariot of the golden Sun,
 I'll meet young *Albanact* in th'open Field,
 And crack my Lance upon his Burgenet,
 To try the Valour of his boyish Strength:
 There will I shew such ruthful spectacles,

And cause so great effusion of Blood,
That all his Boys shall wonder at my strength.
As when the warlike Queen of *Amazons*,
Penthesilea, armed with her Launce,
Girt with a Corset of bright shining Steel,
Coopt up the faint-hearted *Grecians* in the Camp.

Hum. Spoke like a warlike Knight, my noble Son,
Nay, like a Prince that seeks his Father's Joy.
Therefore to Morrow e'er fair *Titan* shine,
And bashful *Eos* Messenger of Light,
Expels the liquid sleep from our Mens Eyes,
Thou shalt conduct the right Wing of the Host,
The left Wing shall be under *Segar's* charge,
The Rearward shall be under me my self;
And lovely *Elfrid*, fair and gracious,
If Fortune favour me in mine attempts,
Thou shalt be Queen of lovely *Albion*.
Fortune shall favour me in mine attempts,
And make thee Queen of lovely *Albion*.
Come let us in and muster up our Train,
And furnish up our lusty Soldiers,
That they may be a Bulwark to our state,
And bring our wished joys to perfect end,

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Strumbo, Dorothy and Trompart, Cobling Shoes,
and Singing.*

Trom. *We Coblers lead a merry life :*

All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*

Strum. *Void of all envy and strife :*

All. *Dan diddle dan.*

Dor. *Our ease is great, our labour small :*

All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*

Strumb. *And yet our gains be much withal :*

All. *Dan, diddle, dan.*

Dor. *With this art so fine and fair :*

All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*

Trom. *No occupation may compare :*

All. *Dan diddle dan.*

Strum. *For merry pastime and joyful glee :*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

L 1 4

Dor,

Dor. *Most happy Men we Coblers be:*

Dan diddle dan.

Trom. *The Can stands full of nappy Ale,*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Strum. *In our Shop still withouten fail;*

Dan diddle dan.

Dor. *This is our Meat, this is our Food:*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Trom. *This brings us to a merry mood:*

Dan diddle dan.

Strum. *This makes us work for Company.*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. *To pull the Tankards chearfully:*

Dan diddle dan.

Trom. *Drink to thy Husband, Dorothy,*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. *Why then my Strumbo there's to thee:*

Dan diddle dan.

Strum. *Drink thou the rest Trompart, amain:*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. *When that is gone, we'll fill't again:*

Dan diddle dan.

Enter Captain.

Capt. *The poorest state is farthest from annoy,*

How merrily he sitteth on his Stool:

But when he sees that needs he must be prest.

He'll turn his note and sing another tune.

Ho, by your leave Master Cobler.

Strum. *You are welcome, Gentleman, what will you any old Shoes or Buskins, or will you have your Shoes clouted; I will do them as well as any Cobler in Cathnes whatsoever?*

[Captain shewing him Press-money.]

Capt. *O Master Cobler, you are far deceiv'd in me, for done you see this? I come not to buy any Shoes, but to buy your self; come, Sir, you must be a Soldier in the King's Cause.*

Strum. *Why, but hear you, Sir, has your King any Commission to take any Man against his will? I promise you, I can scant believe it, or did he give you Commission?*

Capt.

Cap. O Sir, you need not care for that, I need no Commission: hold here, I command you in the name of our King *Albanact*, to appear to Morrow in the Town-House of *Cathnes*.

Strum. King *Nactaball*, I cry God mercy, what have we to do with him, or he with us? but you, Sir Master *Carpontial*, draw your *Pastboard*, or else I promise you, I'll give you a *Canvasado* with a *Bastinado* over your Shoulders, and teach you to come hither with your implements.

Cap. I pray thee good fellow be content, I do the King's command.

Strum. Put me out of your Book then.

Cap. I may not. [*Strumbo snatching up a staff.*]

Strum. No will, come, Sir, will your Stomach serve you, by gogs blew hood and halidom, I will have a bout with you.

[*Fight both.*]

Enter Thrasimachus.

Thra. How now, what noise, what sudden clamour's this? How now, my Captain and the Cobler so hard at it? Sirs what is your quarrel?

Cap. Nothing, Sir, but that he will not take *Pres-money*.

Thra. Here, good Fellow, take it at my command, Unless you mean to be stretch'd.

Strum. Truly, Master Gentleman, I lack no Money, if you please I will resign it to one of these poor Fellows.

Thra. No such matter,
Look you be at the common House to morrow.

[*Exit Thrasimachus and the Captain.*]

Strum. O Wife, I have spun a fair thread, if I had been quiet, I had not been *Prest*, and therefore well may I lament; But come *Sirrah*, shut up, for we must to the Wars.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Albanact, Debon, Thrasimachus, and the Lords.

Alba. Brave Cavaliers, Princes of *Albany*,
Whose trenchant Blades with our deceas'd Sire,

Passing

Passing the Frontiers of brave *Grecia*,
 Were bathed in our Enemies lukewarm blood,
 Now is the time to manifest your wills,
 Your haughty minds and resolutions,
 Now opportunity is offered
 To try your courage and your earnest zeal,
 Which you always protest to *Albanact*,
 For at this time, yea at this present time,
 Stout Fugitives come from the *Scythians* bounds
 Have pestred every place with mutinies:
 But trust me, Lordings, I will never cease
 To persecute the Rascal Runnagates,
 'Till all the Rivers stained with their blood,
 Shall fully shew their fatal overthrow.

Deb. So shall your Highness merit great renown,
 And imitate your aged Father's steps.

Alba. But tell me, Cousin, cam'st thou through the Plains?
 And saw'st thou there the faint-heart Fugitives
 Mustring their Weather-beaten Soldiers,
 What order keep they in their Marshalling?

Thra. After we past the Groves of *Caledone*,
 We did behold the stragling *Scythians* Camp,
 Repleat with Men, stor'd with Munition;
 There might we see the valiant minded Knights
 Fetching Carriers along the spacious Plains,
Humber and *Hubba* arm'd in azure blue,
 Mounted upon their Coursers white as Snow,
 Went to behold the pleasant flowring Fields;
Hector and *Troilus*, *Priamus* lovely Sons,
 Chasing the *Grecians* over *Simoeis*,
 Were not to be compar'd to these two Knights.

Alb. Well hast thou painted out in Eloquence
 The Portraiture of *Humber* and his Son;
 As fortunate as was *Polycrates*,
 Yet should they not escape our Conquering Swords,
 Or boast of ought but of our Clemency.

Enter Strumbo and Trompart crying often,
 Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch, &c.

Thra. What Sirs, what mean you by these clamors made,
 Those outcries rais'd in our stately Court?

Strum. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Thra. Villains I say, tell us the cause hereof?

Strum. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Thra. Tell me you Villains, why you make this noise,
Or with my Lance, I will prick your Bowels out.

All. Where are your Houses, where's your dwelling-
place?

Strum. Place, Ha, ha, ha, laugh a month and a day at him;
place! I cry God mercy, why do you think that such poor
honest Men as we be, hold our Habitaçles in Kings Palaces:
Ha, ha, ha, But because you seem to be an abominable
Chieftain, I will tell you our state,

*From the top to the toe,
From the head to the foot;
From the begining to the ending:
From the building to the burning.*

This honest Fellow and I had our mansion Cottage in the
Suburbs of this City, hard by the Temple of *Mercury*. And
by the common Soldiers of the *Shittens*, the *Scythians*, what
do you call them? with all the Suburbs, were burnt to the
ground, and the ashes are left there for the Country Wives
to wash Bucks withal. And that which grieves me most,
my loving Wife, O cruel strife; the wicked Flames did
roast.

*And therefore Captain Cruft,
We will continually cry,
Except you seek a remedy,
Our Houses to re-edify,
Which now are burnt to dust.*

Both cry. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Alb. Well, we must remedy these outrages,
And throw revenge upon their hateful Heads,
And you good Fellows for your Houses burnt,
We will remunerate you store of Gold,
And build your Houses by our Palace Gate.

Strum. Gate! O petty Treason to my Person, no where
else but by your backside: Gate! oh how I am vexed in my
Coller: Gate! I cry God mercy, do you hear, Master King?
If you mean to gratifie such poor Men, as we be, you must
build our Houses by the Tavern.

Alba. It shall be done, Sir.

Strum. Near the Tavern, Ay, by Lady, Sir, it was spoken like a good Fellow, do you hear, Sir? when our House is builded, if you do chance to pass or re-pass that way, we will bestow a Quart of the best Wine upon you. . . [Exit.

Alba. It grieves me, Lordings, that my Subjects goods Should thus be spoiled by the *Scythians*, Who as you see with lightfoot Foragers, Depopulate the Places where they come: But, cursed *Humber*, thou shalt rue the day That e'er thou cam'st unto *Cathnesia*. . . [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thrasier, and their Soldiers.

Hum. Hubba, go take a Coronet of our Horse, As many Lanciers, and Light-armed Knights, As may suffice for such an enterprize, And place them in the Grove of *Challidon*, With these, when as the Skirmish doth encrease, Retire thou from the shelters of the Wood, And set upon the weakned *Trojans* backs, For Policy, joyned with Chivalry, Can never be put back from Victory. . . [Exeunt.

Enter Albanact, Clowns with him.

Alba. Thou base-born *Hunn*, how durst thou be so bold,

As once to menace warlike *Albanact*, The great Commander of these Regions? But thou shalt buy thy rashness with thy Death, And rue too late thy over-bold attempts, For with this Sword, this Instrument of Death, That have been drenched in my Foe-mens Blood, I'll separate thy Body from thy Head; And set that Coward Blood of thine abroad.

Strum. Nay, with this Staff, great *Strumbo's* Instrument, I'll crack thy Cockseomb, paltry *Scythian*.

Hum. Nor wreak I of thy threats thou pincox Boy, Nor do I fear thy foolish Intolency, And but thou better use thy bragging blade,

Than thou dost rule thy overflowing Tongue,
 Superbious Briton, thou shalt know too soon
 The force of *Humber* and his *Scythians*.

[*They fight, Humber and his Soldiers run in
 Strum.* O horrible, terrible.

S C E N E VI.

Sound the Alarm. Enter Humber and his Soldiers.

Hum. How bravely this young Briton, *Albanact*,
 Darteth abroad the Thunderbolts of War,
 Beating down Millions with his furious Mood:
 And in his glory triumphs over all,
 Moving the massie Squadrants of the Ground;
 Heap Hills on Hills, to scale the starry Sky:
 As when *Briareus* arm'd with an hundred Hands,
 Flung forth an hundred Mountains at great *Jove*,
 And when the monstrous Giant *Manychus*
 Huri'd Mount *Olympus* at great *Mars* his targe,
 And shot huge Cedars at *Minerva's* Shield.
 How doth he overlook with haughty Front
 My fleeting Host, and lifts his lofty Face
 Against us all that now do fear his Force;
 Like as we see the wrathful Sea from far,
 In a great Mountain heapt with hideous Noise,
 Wich thousand Billows beat against the Ships,
 And tofs them in the Waves like Tennis Balls.

[*Sound the Alarm.*

Ah me, I fear my *Hubba* is surpris'd.

Sound again. Enter Albanact.

Alba. Follow me, Soldiers, follow *Albanact*;
 Pursue the *Scythians* flying through the Field:
 Let none of them escape with Victory:
 That they may know the Britons force is more
 Than all the Power of the trembling *Hunns*.

Thra. Forward, brave Soldiers, forward, keep the chase,
 He that takes Captive *Humber* or his Son,
 Shall be rewarded with a Crown of Gold.

Sound

Sound Alarm, then let them fight, Humber give back, Hubba enters at their backs, and kills Debon, Strumbo falls down, Albanact runs in, and afterwards enter wounded.

Alba. Injurious Fortune, hast thou crost me thus?
 Thus in the Morning of my Victories,
 Thus in the Prime of my Felicity
 To cut me off by such hard overthrow.
 Hadst thou no time thy rancour to declare,
 But in the Spring of all my Dignities?
 Hadst thou no place to spit thy Venome out,
 But on the Person of young *Albanact*?
 I that e'erwhile did scare mine Enemies,
 And drove them almost to a shamefule Flight:
 I that e'erwhile full Lion-like did fare
 Amongst the dangers of the thick throng'd Pikes,
 Must now depart most lamentably slain
 By *Humber's* Treacheries and Fortune's spights:
 Curst be her Charms, damn'd be her cursed Charms
 That doth delude the wayward Hearts of Men,
 Of Men that trust unto her fickle Wheel,
 Which never leaveth turning upside-down.
 O Gods, O Heav'ns, allot me but the place
 Where I may find her hateful Mansion,
 I'll pass the *Alps* to watry *Meroe*,
 Where fiery *Phœbus* in his Chariot,
 The Wheels whereof are deck'd with Emeralds,
 Casts such a Heat, yea such a scorching Heat,
 And spoileth *Flora* of her chequered Grass;
 I'll overturn the Mountain *Caucasus*,
 Where fell *Chimera* in her triple Shape,
 Rolleth hot Flames from out her monstrous Panch,
 Scaring the Beasts with Issue of her Gorge?
 I'll pass the frozen Zone where Icy flakes
 Stopping the Passage of the fleeting Ships
 Do lye, like Mountains in the congeal'd Sea,
 Where if I find that hateful House of hers,
 I'll pull the fickle Wheel from out her Hands,
 And tye her self in everlasting Bands.
 But all in vain I breathe these Threatnings,
 The Day is lost, the *Hunns* are Conquerors,

Debon is slain, my Men are done to Death,
The currents swift swim violently with Blood,
And last, O that this last Night so long last,
My self with Wounds past all Recovery,
Must leave my Crown for *Humber* to possess.

Strum. Lord have Mercy upon us, Masters, I think this is a Holy-day, every Man lyes sleeping in the Fields, but God knows full sore against their Wills.

Thra. Fly, noble *Albanact*, and save thy self,
The *Scythians* follow with great Celerity,
And there's no way but Flight, or speedy Death,
Fly, noble *Albanact*, and save thy self. [Sound the Alarm.

Alba. Nay let them fly that fear to die the Death,
That tremble at the Name of fatal *Mors*,
Ne'er shall proud *Humber* boast or brag himself,
That he hath put young *Albanact* to flight:
And lest he should triumph at my decay,
This Sword shall reave his Master of his Life,
That oft hath sav'd his Master's doubtful Life:
But oh my Brethren if you care for me,
Revenge my Death upon his Traiterous Head.

*Et vos queis domus est nigrantis regia ditis,
Qui regitis rigido stygios moderamine lucos,
Nox ceci regina poli, furialis Erinnyis,
Dique deaque omnes, Albanum tollite regem,
Tollite flumineis undis rigidaque palude;
Nunc me fata vocant, hoc condam pectore ferrum!*

[Stabs himself.

Enter *Trompart*.

O what hath he done? his Nose bleeds; but I smell a Fox,
Look where my Master lyes, Master, Master.

Strum. Let me alone, I tell thee, for I am dead.

Trom. Yet one, good, good, Master.

Strum. I will not speak, for I am dead, I tell thee.

Trom. And is my Master dead?

[Singing.

O Sticks and Stones, Brickbats and Bones,

And is my Master dead?

O you Cockatrices, and you Bablatrices,

That in the Woods dwell:

*You Briers and Brambles, you Cook-shops and Shambles,
Come howl and yell.*

*With howling and screeking, with wailing and weeping,
Come you to lament.*

*O Colliers of Croyden, and Rusticks of Royden,
And Fishers of Kent.*

*For Strumbo the Cobler, the fine merry Cobler
Of Cathnes Town :*

*At this same stowre, and this very hour
Lies dead on the Ground.*

O Master, Thieves, Thieves, Thieves.

Strum. Where be they? cox me tunny, bobekin, let me
be rising, be gone, we shall be robb'd by and by.

S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thraffier, Estrild, and the
Soldiers.*

Hum. Thus from the dreadful Shocks of furious *Mars*,
Thundring Alarums, and *Rhamnusia's* Drum,
We are retir'd with joyful Victory,
The slaughter'd *Trojans* squeltring in their Blood,
Infect the Air with their Carcasses,
And are a Prey for every rav'nous Bird.

Est. So perish they that are our Enemies:
So perish they that love not *Humber's* Weal.
And mighty *Jove*, Commander of the World,
Protect my Love from all false Treacheries.

Hum. Thanks, lovely *Estrild*, solace to my Soul.
But, valiant *Hubba*, for thy Chivalry
Declar'd against the Men of *Albany*,
Loe here a flowering Garland wreath'd of Bay,
As a reward for this thy forward Mind. [*Sets it on his Head.*]

Hub. This unexpected Honour, noble Sir,
Will prick my Courage unto braver Deeds,
And cause me to attempt such hard Exploits,
That all the World shall found of *Hubba's* Name.

Hum. And now, brave Soldiers, for this good Success,
Carouse whole Cups of *Amazonian* Wine,
Sweeter than *Nectar* or *Ambrosia*,
And cast away the Clods of cursed care,
With Goblets crown'd with *Semelcius* Gifts,

Now let us march to *Abis* Silver Streams,
That clearly glide along the *Champagne* Fields,
And moist the grassie Meads with humid drops.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, sound up chearfully,
Sith we return with Joy and Victory.

[Exeunt]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Dumb Show. Enter *Ate* as before. A Crocodile sitting on a Rivers Bank, and a little Snake stinging it. Then both of them fall into the Water.

Ate. *S*celera in authorem cadunt.

High on a Bank by *Nilus* boisterous Streams,
Fearfully sat th' *Egyptian* Crocodile,
Dreadfully grinding in her sharp long Teeth
The broken Bowels of a silly Fish,
His Back was arm'd against the dint of Spear;
With Shields of Brass that shin'd like burnisht Gold;
And as he stretched forth his cruel Paws,
A subtle Adder creeping closely near,
Thrusting his forked Sting into his Claws,
Privily shed his Poison through his Bones,
Which made him swell that there his Bowels burst,
That did so much in his own greatness trust.
So *Humber* having conquer'd *Albanaet*,
Doth yield his Glory unto *Locrine's* Sword.
Mark what ensues, and you may easily see:
That all our Life is but a Tragedy.

[Exit]

S C E N E II.

Enter *Locrine*, *Guendeline*, *Corineius*, *Affaracus*, *Thraſmachus*, and *Camber*.

Loc. And is this true, is *Albanaetus* slain?
Hath cursed *Humber* with his fragling Host,
With that his Army made of mungrel Curs,
Brought our redoubted Brother to his end?
O that I had the *Tracian* *Orpheus* Harp,
For to awake out of th' infernal Shade
Those ugly Devils of black *Erebus*,
That might torment the damned Traitor's Soul:
O that I had *Amphion's* Instrument

To quicken with his vital Notes and Tunes
 The flinty Joints of every stony Rock,
 By which the *Scythians* might be punished;
 For, by the lightning of almighty *Jove*,
 The *Hunn* shall die, had he ten thousand Lives:
 And would to God he had ten thousand Lives,
 That I might with the arm-strong *Hercules*
 Crop off so vile an *Hydra's* hissing Heads.
 But say me, Cousin, for I long to hear,
 How *Albanaet* came by untimely Death.

Thra. After the traiterous Host of *Scythians*
 Entred the Field with Martial Equipage,
 Young *Albanaet*, impatient of delay,
 Led forth his Army 'gainst the stragling Mates,
 Whose multitude did daunt our Soldiers Minds,
 Yet nothing could dismay the forward Prince;
 But with a Courage most heroical,
 Like to a Lion 'mongst a flock of Lambs,
 Made havock of the faint-heart Fugitives,
 Hewing a passage through them with his Sword;
 Yea we had almost giv'n them the Repulse,
 When suddenly from out the silent Wood
Hubba with twenty thousand Soldiers,
 Cowardly came upon our weakned Backs,
 And murdered all with fatal Massacre;
 Amongst the which old *Debon*, martial Knight,
 With many wounds was brought unto the Death:
 And *Albanaet* opprest with multitude,
 Whilst valiantly he feld his Enemies,
 Yielded his life and honour to the Dust;
 He being dead, the Soldiers fled again,
 And I alone escaped them by flight,
 To bring you Tidings of these accidents.

Loc. Not aged *Priam*, King of stately *Troy's*
 Grand Emperor of barb'rous *Asia*,
 When he beheld his noble-minded Son
 Slain traiterously by all the *Mirmidons*,
 Lamented more than I for *Albanaet*.

Guen. Not *Hecuba* the Queen of *Ilium*,
 When she beheld the Town of *Pergamus*,
 Her Palace burnt, with all-devouring flames,
 Her fifty Sons and Daughters fresh of hue,

Murth'er'd by wicked *Pyrrhus* bloody Sword,
Shed such sad Tears as I for *Albanact*.

Cam. The grief of *Niobe*, fair *Athens* Queen,
For her seven Sons magnanimous in Field,
For her seven Daughters fairer than the fairest,
Is not to be compar'd with my laments.

Cor. In vain you sorrow for the slaughter'd Prince;
In vain you sorrow for his overthrow;
He loves not most that doth lament the most,
But he that seeks to venge the Injury.
Think you to quell the Enemies warlike Train,
With childish Sobs and womanish Laments?
Unsheath your Swords, unsheath your conqu'ring Swords,
And seek revenge, the comfort for this sore:
In *Cornwall*, where I hold my Regiment,
Even just ten thousand valiant Men at Arms
Hath *Corineius* ready at command:
All these and more, if need shall more require.
Hath *Corineius* ready at command.

Cam. And in the Fields of martial *Cambria*,
Close by the boistrous *Isca*'s Silver Streams,
Where light-foot Fairies skip from Bank to Bank,
Full twenty thousand brave courageous Knights
Well exercis'd in feats of Chivalry,
In manly manner most invincible,
Young *Gamber* hath with Gold and Victual.
All these and more, if need shall more require;
I offer up to venge my Brother's Death,

Loc. Thanks, loving Uncle, and good Brother too,
For this revenge, for this sweet Word revenge
Must ease and cease my wrongful Injuries;
And by the Sword of bloody *Mars* I swear,
Ne'er shall sweet quiet enter this my Front,
'Till I be venged on his traiterous Head,
That slew my noble Brother *Albanact*.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, muster up the Camp,
For we will straight march to *Albania*.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Humber, Estrild, Hubba, Thrassier, and the Soldiers.

Hum. Thus are we come, victorious Conqueror;
Unto the flowing Current's Silver Streams;

Which, in memorial of our Victory,
 Shall be agnominated by our Name,
 And talked of by our Posterity :
 For sure I hope before the Golden Sun
 Posteth his Horses to fair *Thetis* Plains,
 To see the Waters turned into Blood,
 And change his blueish Hue to rueful red,
 By reason of the fatal Massacre,
 Which shall be made upon the virent Plains.

Enter the Ghost of Albanact.

Ghost. See how the Traitor doth presage his harm,
 See how he glories at his own decay,
 See how he triumphs at his proper Loss,
 O Fortune vile, unstable, fickle, frail !

Hum. Methinks I see both Armies in the Field,
 The broken Lances climb the Chrystal Skies,
 Some headless lye, some breathless on the Ground,
 And every place is strew'd with carcasses,
 Behold the Grass hath lost his pleasant green,
 The sweetest Sight that ever might be seen.

Ghost. Ay, Traiterous *Humber*, thou shalt find it so,
 Yea to thy cost thou shalt the same behold,
 With Anguish, Sorrow, and with sad Laments :
 The grassie Plains, that now do please thine Eyes,
 Shall e'er the Night be colour'd all with Blood ;
 The shady Groves that now inclose thy Camp,
 And yield sweet savour to thy damned Corps,
 Shall e'er the Night be figured all with Blood ;
 The profound Stream that passed by thy Tents,
 And with his Moisture serveth all thy Camp,
 Shall e'er the Night converted be to Blood,
 Yea with the Blood of those thy stragling Boys :
 For now revenge shall ease my lingring Grief,
 And now revenge shall glut my longing Soul.

Hub. Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,
 And either live with glorious Victory,
 Or die with Fame renown'd for Chivalry :
 He is not worthy of the Honey-comb,
 That shuns the Hives because the Bees have stings ;
 That likes me best that is not got with ease,
 Which thousand Dangers do accompany ;

For nothing can dismay our regal Mind;
Which aims at nothing but a Golden Crown,
The only upshot of mine enterprizes.
Were they enchanted in grim *Pluto's* Court,
And kept for treasure 'mongst his hellish Crew,
I would either quell the tripple *Cerberus*
And all the Army of his hateful Hags,
Or roll the Stone with wretched *Syſſphus*.

Hum. Right martial be thy Thoughts, my noble Son,
And all thy words favour of Chivalry. [Enter *Segar*.
But, warlike *Segar*, what strange Accidents
Make you to leave the warding of the Camp ?

Segar. To Arms, my Lord, to honourable Arms;
Take helm and targe in Hand, the *Britons* come
With greater Multitude than erst the *Greeks*
Brought to the Ports of *Phrygian Tenedos*.

Hum. But what saith *Segar* to these Accidents?
What Counsel gives he in Extremities?

Segar. Why this, my Lord, experience teacheth us,
That Resolution's a sole help at need.
And this, my Lord, our honour teacheth us,
That we be bold in every enterprize;
Then since there is no way but fight or die,
Be resolute, my Lord, for Victory.

Hum. And resolute, *Segar*, I mean to be,
Perhaps some blisful Star will favour us,
And comfort bring to our perplexed State:
Come let us in and fortifie our Camp,
So to withstand their strong Invasion.

[*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Strumbo, Trompart, Oliver, and his Son William following them.

Strum. Nay Neighbour *Oliver*, if you be so whot, come
prepare your self, you shall find two as stout Fellows of us,
as any in all the North.

Oliv. No by my dorth Neighbour *Strumbo*, Ich zee
dat you are a Man of small zideration, dat will zeek to
injure your old vreends, one of your vamiliar guests, and
derefore zeeing your pinion is to deal withouten reason,
Ich and my zonne *William* will take dat course, dat shall

be fardest from reason; how say you, will you have my Daughter or no?

Strum. A very hard question, Neighbour, but I will solve it as I may; what reason have you to demand it of me?

Will. Marry Sir, what reason had you when my Sister was in the barn to tumble her upon the Hay, and to fish her Belly?

Strum. Mafs thou say'st true; well, but would you have me marry her therefore? No, I scorn her, and you, and you: Ay, I scorn you all.

Oliv. You will not have her then?

Strum. No, as I am a true Gentleman.

Will. Then will we School you, e'er you and we part hence.

Enter Margery, and snatches the Staff out of her Brother's Hand as he is fighting.

Strum. Ay, you come in Pudding time, or else I had dress't them.

Mar. You Master Sawcebox, Lobcocks, Cockscorn, you Slöpsawce, Lickfingers, will you not hear?

Strum. Who speak you to, me?

Mar. Ay, Sir, to you, *John Lack-honesty*, little Wit, is it you that will have none of me?

Strum. No by my troth, Mistress Nicebice, how fine you can Nick-name me; I think you were brought up in the University of *Bridewell*, you have your Rhetorick so ready at your Tongues end, as if you were never well warn'd when you were young.

Mar. Why then Goodman cods-head, if you will have none of me, farewell.

Strum. If you be so plain, Mistress Driggle-draggle, fare you well.

Mar. Nay, Master *Strumbo*, e'er you go from hence we must have more words, you will have none of me? [*They fight.*]

Strum. Oh my Head, my Head, leave, leave, leave, I will, I will, I will.

Mar. Upon that condition I let thee alone.

Oliv. How now Master *Strumbo*, hath my Daughter taught you a new Lesson?

Strum. Ay but hear you, Goodman *Oliv*, it will not be for my ease to have my Head broken every Day; therefore remedy this, and we shall agree.

Oliv. Well, Zon, well, for you are my Zon now, all shall be remedied, Daughter be Friends with him. [*Shake Hands.*

Strum. You are a sweet Nut, the Devil crack you. Masters, I think it be my luck, my first Wife was a loving quiet Wench, but this I think would weary the Devil. I would she might be burnt as my other Wife was; if not, I must run to the Halter for help. O Codpiece, thou hast undone thy Master, this it is to be meddling with warm Plackets.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corineius, Thrasimachus, and Affarachus.

Loc. Now am I guarded with an host of Men,
Whose haughty Courage is invincible;
Now am I hem'd with Troops of Soldiers,
Such as might force *Bellona* to retire,
And make her tremble at their Puissance.
Now fit I like the mighty God of War,
When armed with his Coat of Adamant,
Mounted his Chariot drawn with mighty Bulls,
He drove the *Argives* over *Xanthus* Streams.
Now, cursed *Humber*, doth thy end draw nigh,
Down goes the Glory of his Victories;
And all his Fame, and all his high Renown,
Shall in a Moment yield to *Locrine's* Sword:
Thy bragging Banners crost with argent Streams,
The Ornaments of thy Pavillions,
Shall all be captivated with this Hand,
And thou self, at *Albanactus* Tomb
Shalt offer'd be, in Satisfaction
Of all the wrongs thou didst him when he liv'd.
But canst thou tell me, brave *Thrasimachus*,
How far we are distant from *Humber's* Camp?

Thra. My Lord, within yon foul accursed Grove,
That bears the Tokens of our overthrow,
This *Humber* hath intrench'd his damned Camp.
March on, my Lord, because I long to see
The treacherous *Scythians* squeltring in their gore.

Loc. Sweet Fortune, favour *Locrine* with a smile,
That I may venge my noble Brother's Death,

And in the midst of stately *Troynovant*,
 I'll build a Temple to thy Deity
 Of perfect Marble, and of *Jacinth* Stones,
 That it shall pass the highest *Pyramids*,
 Which with their top surmount the firmament,

Cam. The arm-strong Off-spring of the doubted Knight,
 Stout *Hercules*, *Alcmena's* mighty Son,
 That tam'd the Monsters of the three-fold World,
 And rid the oppressed from the Tyrants Yokes,
 Did never shew such valiantness in Fight,
 As I will now for noble *Albanact*.

Cor. Full fourscore Years hath *Corineius* liv'd,
 Sometimes in War, sometimes in quiet Peace,
 And yet I feel my self to be as strong
 As erst I was in Summer of mine Age,
 Able to toss this great unwieldy Club,
 Which hath been painted with my foe-mens Brains;
 And with this Club I'll break the strong array
 Of *Humber* and his stragling Soldiers,
 Or lose my Life amongst the thickest press,
 And die with Honour in my latest Days:
 Yet e'er I die they all shall understand,
 What force lyes in stout *Corineius* Hand.

Thra. And if *Thrasimachus* detract the Fight,
 Either for weakness or for cowardise,
 Let him not boast that *Brutus* was his Eame,
 Or that brave *Corineius* was his Sire.

Loc. Then courage, Soldiers, first for your Safety,
 Next for your Peace, last for your Victory. [*Exeunt.*

Sound the Alarm. Enter *Hubba* and *Segar* at one Door,
 and *Corineius* at the other.

Cor. Art thou that *Humber*, Prince of Fugitives,
 That by thy Treason slew'st young *Albanact*?

Hub. I am his Son that slew young *Albanact*,
 And if thou take not heed, proud *Phrygian*,
 I'll send thy Soul unto the *Seygian* lake,
 There to complain of *Humber's* Injuries.

Cor. You triumph, Sir, before the Victory,
 For *Corineius* is not so soon slain.
 But, cursed *Scythians*, you shall rue the Day,
 That e'er you came into *Albania*.

So perish they that envy *Britain's* wealth,
 So let them die with endless infamy,
 And he that seeks his Sovereign's overthrow,
 Would this my Club might aggravate his woe.

[Strikes them both down with his Club.

Enter Humber.

Hum. Where may I find some desert Wilderness,
 Where I may breathe out curses as I would,
 And scare the Earth with my condemning Voice,
 Where every Echoes repercussion
 May help me to bewail my overthrow,
 And aid me in my sorrowful laments?
 Where may I find some hollow uncouth Rock,
 Where I may damn, condemn, and ban my fill?
 The Heav'ns, the Hell, the Earth, the Air, the Fire,
 And utter curses to the concave Sky,
 Which may infect the airy Regions,
 And light upon the *Briton Locrine's* Head.
 You ugly Spirits that in *Cocytus* mourn,
 And gnath your Teeth with dolorous laments,
 You fearful dogs that in black *Lethe* howl,
 And scare the Ghosts with your wide open throats,
 You ugly Ghosts that flying from these dogs,
 Do plunge your selves in *Puryflegiton*,
 Come all of you, and with your shrieking notes
 Accompany the *Britons* Conquering Hoast.
 Come fierce *Erinnys*, horrible with Snakes,
 Come ugly Furies, armed with your Whips,
 You threefold Judges of black *Tartarus*,
 And all the Army of your hellish Fiends,
 With new found torments rack proud *Locrine's* Bones.
 O Gods and Stars, damn'd be the Gods and Stars,
 That did not drown me in fair *Thetis* Plains.
 Curst be the Sea that with outrageous Waves,
 With surging Billows did not rive my Ships
 Against the Rocks of high *Cerannia*,
 Or swallowed me into her watry Gulf.
 Would God we had arriv'd upon the Shore
 Where *Polyphemus* and the *Cyclops* dwell,
 Or where the bloody *Anthropophagie*
 With greedy Jaws devours the wandring Wights.

Enter the Ghost of Albanact.

But why comes *Albanactus's* bloody Ghost,
To bring a corsive to our miseries!
Is't not enough to suffer shameful flight,
But we must be tormented now with Ghosts?
With Apparitions fearful to behold?

Ghost. Revenge, revenge for Blood.

Hum. So, nought will satisfie your wandring Ghost,
But dire revenge, nothing but *Humber's* fall,
Because he Conquer'd you in *Albany*.
Now by my Soul, *Humber* would be condemn'd
To *Tantal's* Hunger, or *Ixion's* Wheel,
Or to the *Vulture* of *Prometheus*,
Rather than that this Murther were undone.
When as I dye I'll drag thy cursed Ghost
Through all the Rivers of foul *Erebus*,
Through burning Sulphur of the Limbo-lake,
To allay the burning fury of that heat,
That rageth in mine everlasting Soul.

Ghost. *Vindicta, vindicta.*

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Ate as before. Then Omphale Daughter to the King of Lydia, having a Club in her Hand, and a Lion's skin on her Back, Hercules following with a Distaff. Then Omphale turns about, and taking off her Pantofle, strikes Hercules on the Head, then they depart. Ate remaining, says;

*Q*uem non Argolici mandata severa Tyranni,
Non potuit Juno vincere, vicie amor.

Stout *Hercules*, the mirror of the World,
Son to *Alcmena* and great *Jupiter*,
After so many Conquests won in Field,
After so many Monsters quell'd by force,
Yielded his valiant Heart to *Omphale*,
A fearful Woman void of manly strength:
She took the Club, and wore the Lion's Skin,
He took the Wheel, and maidenly gan spin.

So Martial *Locrine* cheer'd with Victory,
 Falleth in love with *Humber's* Concubine,
 And so forgetteth peerless *Guendeline*.
 His Uncle *Corineus* storms at this,
 And forceth *Locrine* for his Grace to sue,
 Lo here the Sum, the Process doth ensue.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter *Locrine*, *Camber*, *Corineus*, *Affrachus*, *Thrasimachus*,
 and the Soldiers.

Loc. Thus from the fury of *Bellona's* broils,
 With sound of Drum and Trumpets melody,
 The *Britain* King returns triumphantly.
 The *Scythians* slain with great occision,
 Do equalize the Grass in multitude,
 And with their Blood have stain'd the streaming Brooks,
 Offering their Bodies and their dearest Blood
 As sacrifice to *Albanactus* Ghost.
 Now cursed *Humber* hast thou paid thy due,
 For thy Deceits and crafty Treacheries,
 For all thy guiles, and damned stratagems,
 With loss of Life and everduring shame.
 Where are thy Horses trap'd with burnish'd Gold,
 Thy trampling Coursers rul'd with foaming bits?
 Where are thy Soldiers strong and numberless?
 Thy valiant Captains, and thy noble Peers;
 Ev'n as the Country Clowns with sharpest *Scythes*,
 Do mow the whither'd Grass from off the Earth,
 Or as the Plough-man with his piercing Share
 Renteth the Bowels of the fertile Fields,
 And rippeth up the Roots with Razors keen;
 So *Locrine*, with his mighty curtle Axe,
 Hath cropped off the Heads of all thy *Hunns*,
 So *Locrine's* Peers have daunted all thy Peers,
 And drove thine Host unto confusion,
 That thou may'st suffer penance for thy fault,
 And die for murdering valiant *Albanact*.

Coro. And thus, yea thus, shall all the rest be serv'd,
 That seek to enter *Albion* 'gainst our wills.
 If the brave Nation of the *Troglodites*,
 If all the coal-black *Ethiopians*,

If all the Forces of the *Amazons*,
 If all the Hosts of the *Barbarian Lands*,
 Should dare to enter this our little World,
 Soon should they rue their over-bold attempts,
 That after us our Progeny may say,
 There lyes the Beast that sought to usurp our Land.

Loc. Ay, they are Beasts that seek to usurp our Land,
 And like to brutish Beasts they shall be serv'd.
 For mighty *Jove*, the supream King of Heav'n,
 That guides the concourse of the *Meteors*,
 And rules the motion of the azure Sky,
 Fights always for the *Britains* safety.
 But stay, methinks, I hear some shrieking noise,
 That draweth near to our Pavilion.

Enter Soldiers leading in Estrild.

Est. What Prince so'er adorn'd with golden Crown,
 Doth sway the Regal Sceptre in his hand;
 And thinks no chance can ever throw him down,
 Or that his state shall everlasting stand,
 Let him behold poor *Estrild* in this plight,
 The perfect Platform of a troubled Wight.
 Once was I guarded with mavortial bands,
 Compact with Princes of the noble Blood,
 Now am I fall'n into my Foe-mens hands.
 And with my death must pacifie their mood.
 O Life, the harbour of calamities,
 O Death, the haven of all miseries,
 I could compare my sorrows to thy woe,
 Thou wretched Queen of wretched *Pergamus*,
 But that thou viewd'st thy Enemies overthrow,
 Nigh to the Rock of high *Caphareus*.
 Thou saw'st their death, and then departed'st thence,
 I must abide the Victors insolence.
 The Gods that pitied thy continual grief,
 Transform'd thy Corps, and with thy Corps thy care,
 Poor *Estrild* lives despairing of relief,
 For Friends in trouble are but few and rare.
 What, said I, few? Ay, few or none at all,
 For cruel Death made havock of them all.
 Thrice happy they whose fortune was so good,
 To end their lives, and with their lives their woes,

Thrice hapless I, whom Fortune so withstood,
That cruelly she gave me to my Foes.
O Soldiers, is there any misery
To be compar'd to Fortune's treachery.

Loc. Camber, this same should be the *Scythian Queen*.

Cam. So may we judge by her lamenting words.

Loc. So fair a Dame mine Eyes did never see,
With floods of woes she seems o'erwhelm'd to be.

Cam. O *Locrine*, hath she not a cause for to be sad?

[*Locrine at one side of the Stage.*]

Loc. If she have cause to weep for *Humber's* death,
And shed salt tears for her overthrow :

Locrine may well bewail his proper grief,

Locrine may move his own peculiar woe.

He being conquer'd, died a speedy death,

And felt not long his lamentable smart ;

I being a Conqueror, live a lingring Life,

And feel the force of *Cupid's* sudden stroke.

I gave him cause to die a speedy death.

He left me cause to wish a speedy death.

O that sweet Face painted with Nature's dye,

Those roseal Cheeks mixt with a snowy white,

That decent Neck surpassing Ivory,

Those comely Breasts which *Venus* well might spite,

Are like to snares which wily fowlers wrought,

Wherein my yielding Heart is prisoner caught.

The golden tresses of her dainty Hair,

Which shine like Rubies glittering with the Sun,

Have so entrapp'd poor *Locrine's* love-sick Heart,

That from the same no way it can be won.

How true is that which oft I heard declar'd,

One dram of Joy must have a pound of Care.

Est. Hard is their fall, who from a Golden Crown
Are cast into a Sea of wretchedness.

Loc. Hard is their thrall, who by *Cupid's* frown
Are wrapt in Waves of endless carefulness.

Est. O Kingdom, Object to all miseries.

Loc. O Love, the extream'st of all extremities.

[*Goes into his Chair.*]

Sold. My Lord, in ransacking the *Scythian* Tents,
I found this Lady, and to manifest

That earnest Zeal I bear unto your Grace,
I here present her to your Majesty.

Another Sold. He lies, my Lord, I found the Lady first,
And here present her to your Majesty.

1 Sold. Presumptuous Villain, wilt thou take my prize?

2 Sold. Nay, rather thou depriv'st me of my right.

3 Sold. Refign thy Title, Caitive unto me,
Or with my Sword I'll pierce thy Cowards Loins.

2 Sold. Soft words, good Sir, 'tis not enough to speak:
A barking Dog doth seldom Strangers bite.

Loc. Unreverent Villains, strive you in our fight?
Take them hence, Jailor, to the Dungeon,
There let them lye and try their quarrel out;
But thou, fair Princess, be no whit dismay'd,
But rather joy that *Locrine* favours thee.

Est. How can he favour me that slew my Spouse?

Loc. The chance of War, my Love, took him from thee.

Est. But *Locrine* was the causer of his death.

Loc. He was an Enemy to *Locrine's* State,
And slew my noble Brother *Albanus*.

Est. But he was link'd to me in Marriage-bond,
And would you have me love his slaughterer?

Loc. Better to live, than not to live at all.

Est. Better to die renown'd for chastity,
Than live with shame and endless infamy.

What would the common sort report of me;
If I forget my love, and cleave to thee?

Loc. Kings need not fear the vulgar sentences.

Est. But Ladies must regard their honest Name.

Loc. Is it a shame to live in Marriage-bonds?

Est. No, but to be a Strumpet to a King.

Loc. If thou wilt yield to *Locrine's* burning Love;
Thou shalt be Queen of fair *Albania*.

Est. But *Guendeline* will undermine my State.

Loc. Upon mine Honour, thou shalt have no harm.

Est. Then lo, brave *Locrine*, *Estrild* yields to thee,
And by the gods, whom thou dost invoke,
By the dread Ghost of thy deceased Sire,
By thy right-hand, and by thy burning Love,
Take pity on poor *Estrild's* wretched thrall.

Cori. Hath *Locrine* then forgot his *Guendeline*,

That thus he courts the *Seythians* Paramour?
 What, are the words of *Brute* so soon forgot?
 Are my deserts so quickly out of mind?
 Have I been faithful to thy Sire now dead?
 Have I protected thee from *Humber's* hand,
 And do'st thou quit me with Ungratitude?
 Is this the guerdon for my grievous wounds?
 Is this the Honour for my labours past?
 Now by my Sword, *Locrine*, I swear to thee,
 This injury of thine shall be repaid.

Loc. Uncle, scorn you your Royal Sovereign,
 As if we stood for Cyphers in the Court?
 Upbraid you me with those your benefits?
 Why, it was a Subject's duty so to do.
 What you have done for our deceased Sire
 We know, and all know, you have your reward.

Cori. Avant, proud Princox, brav'st thou me withal,
 Assure thy self, though thou be Emperor,
 Thou ne'er shalt carry this unpunished.

Camb. Pardon my Brother, noble *Corincius*,
 Pardon this once, and it shall be amended.

Assa. Cousin, remember *Brutus* latest words,
 How he desired you to cherish them:
 Let not this fault so much incense your Mind,
 Which is not yet passed all remedy.

Cori. Then *Locrine*, lo I reconcile my self,
 But as thou lov'st thy Life, so love thy Wife.
 But if thou violate those promises,
 Blood and revenge shall light upon thy Head.
 Come, let us back to stately *Troynovant*,
 Where all these matters shall be settled.

Loc. Millions of Devils wait upon thy Soul, [To himself.
 Legions of Spirits vex thy impious Ghost:
 Ten thousand torments rack thy cursed bones.
 Let every thing that hath the use of breath,
 Be instruments and workers of thy death. [Exeunt.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Enter Humber alone, his Hair hanging over his Shoulders, his Arms all bloody, and a Dart in one Hand.

Hum. What Basilisk hath hatched in this place,
Where every thing consumed is to nought?
What fearful Fury haunts these cursed Groves,
Where not a root is left for *Humber's* Meat?
Hath fell *Alecto* with evenom'd blasts,
Breathed forth poison in these tender Plains?
Hath tripple *Cerberus* with contagious foam,
Sow'd *Aconitum* 'mongst these wither'd Herbs?
Hath dreadful *Furies* with her charming rods
Brought barrenness on every fruitful Tree?
What not a Root, no Fruit, no Beast, no Bird,
To nourish *Humber* in this Wilderness?
What would you more, you Fiends of *Erebus*?
My very Intraills burn for want of drink,
My Bowels cry, *Humber* give us some meat,
But wretched *Humber* can give you no meat,
These foul accursed Groves afford no meat:
This fruitless soil, this ground brings forth no meat.
The Gods, hard-hearted Gods, yield me no meat.
Then how can *Humber* give you any meat?

Enter Strumbo with a Pitch-fork and a Scotch-Cap.

Strum. How do you, Masters, how do you? how have you 'scap'd hanging this long time? i'faith I have 'scaped many a scouring this Year, but I thank God I have past them all with a good couragin, couragio, and my Wife and I are in great love and charity now; I thank my Manhood and my strength; for I will tell you, Masters, upon a certain Day at Night I came home, to say the very truth, with my Stomach full of Wine, and ran up into the Chamber, where my Wife soberly sate rocking my little Baby, leaning her back against the Bed, singing lullaby. Now when she saw me come with my Nose foremost, thinking that I had been Drunk, as I was indeed, seatch'd up a Faggot-stick in her hand, and came furiously marching towards me; with a big Face, as though she would have eaten me at a bit; thundering out these words unto me, Thou drunken Kave, where hast thou been so long? I shall

teach

teach thee how to benight me another time; and so she began to play Knaves Trumps. Now, although I trembled, fearing she would set her ten Commandments in my Face, ran within her, and taking her lustily by the middle, I carried her valiantly to the Bed, and flinging her upon it, flung my self upon her, and there I delighted her so with the sport I made, that ever after she would call me sweet Husband, and so banish'd brawling for ever; and to see the good Will of the Wench, she bought with her Portion a Yard of Land, and by that I am now become one of the richest Men in our Parish. Well, Masters, what's a Clock? It is now Breakfast time, you shall see what meat I have here for my Breakfast.

[He sits down and pulls out his Victuals.

Hum. Was ever Land so fruitless as this Land?
 Was ever Grove so graceless as this Grove?
 Was ever Soil so barren as this Soil?
 Oh no: the Land where hungry Fames dwelt,
 May no ways equalize this cursed Land;
 No, even the climate of the Torrid Zone
 Brings forth more fruit than this accursed Grove.
 Ne'er came sweet Ceres, ne'er came Venus here;
Triptolemus the God of Husbandmen,
 Ne'er sow'd his seed in this foul Wilderness.
 The hunger-bitten Dogs of *Acheron*,
 Chac'd from the nine-fold *Pariplegiton*,
 Have set their foot-steps in this damned Ground.
 The Iron-hearted Furies arm'd with Snakes,
 Scatter'd huge *Hydra's* over all the Plains,
 Which have consum'd the Grass, the Herbs, the Trees,
 Which have drunk up the flowing Water Springs.
Strumbo hearing his Voice starts up, and puts his Meat in his
 Pocket, seeking to hide himself.

Hum. Thou great Commander of the starry Sky,
 That guid'st the Life of every mortal Wight,
 From the inclosures of the fleeting Clouds
 Rain down some Food, or else I faint and dye.
 Pour down some Drink, or else I faint and dye.
 O *Jupiter*, has thou sent *Mercury*
 In clownish Shape to minister some Food?
 Some Meat, some Meat, some Meat.

Sirum. O alas, Sir, ye are deceiv'd, I am not *Mercury*,
I am *Strumbo*.

Hym. Give me some Meat, Villain, give me some Meat
Or 'gainst this Rock I'll dash thy cursed Brains,
And rend thy Bowels with my bloody Hands,
Give me some Meat, Villain, give me some Meat.

Sirum. By the Faith of my Body, good Fellow, I had
rather give a whole Ox, than that thou shouldst serve
me in that sort. Dash out my Brains! O horrible,
terrible. I think I have a quarry of Stones in my
Pocket.

He makes as though he would give him some, and as he parteth out his Hand, enters the Ghost of Albano, and strikes him on the Hand, and so Strumbo runs out, Hum-ber following him. [Exeunt.]

Ghost. Lo here the Gift of fell Ambition,
Of Usurpation and of Treachery,
Lo here the harms that wait upon all those
That do intrude themselves in others Lands,
Which are not under their Dominion. [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Locrine alone.

Loc. Seven Years hath aged *Corineus* liv'd
To *Locrine's* Grief, and fair *Estuilde's* Woe,
And seven Years more he hopeth yet to live.
Oh supreme *Jove*, annihilate this thought.
Should he enjoy the Air's Fruition?
Should he enjoy the Benefit of Life?
Should he contemplate the radiant Sun,
That makes my Life equal to dreadful Death?
Venus convey this Monster from the Earth,
That disobeyeth thus thy sacred Hests.
Cupid convey this Monster to dark Hell,
That disannuls thy Mother's sugar'd Laws.
Mars with thy Target all beset with Flames,
With murdering Blade bereave him of his Life,
That hindreth *Locrine* in his sweetest Joys.
And yet for all, his diligent aspect,
His wrathful Eyes piercing like *Linces Eyes*,
Well have I overmatch'd his Subtilty.

Nigh *Dentolium* by the pleasant *Lee*,
 Where brackish *Thamis* slides with silver Streams,
 Making a Breach into the grassie Downs,
 A curious Arch of costly Marble fraught,
 Hath *Locrine* framed underneath the Ground,
 The Walls whereof, garnisht with Diamonds,
 With Ophirs, Rubies, glistering Emeralds,
 And interlac'd with Sun-bright Carbuncles,
 Lightens the room with artificial Day,
 And from the *Lee* with Water-flowing Pipes
 The moisture is deriv'd into this Arch,
 Where I have plac'd fair *Esbrild* secretly:
 Thither *estoons* accompanied with my Page,
 I covertly visit my Heart's desire,
 Without suspicion of the meanest Eye,
 For Love aboundeth still with Policy.
 And thither still means *Locrine* to repair,
 'Till *Atropos* cut off mine Uncle's Life.

[Exit]

S C E N E V.

Enter *Humber* alone, saying ;

*O vita misero longa, felici brevis !
 Ehen malorum fames extremum malum.*

Long have I lived in this desert Cave.
 With eating Haws and miserable Roots,
 Devouring Leaves and beastly Excrements.
 Caves were my Beds, and Stones my Pillowberes.
 Fear was my Sleep, and Horror was my Dream ;
 For still methought at every boisterous Blast,
 Now *Locrine* comes, now *Humber* thou must die ;
 So that for Fear and Hunger, *Humber's* Mind
 Can never rest, but always trembling stands.
 O what *Danubius* now may quench my Thirst ?
 What *Euphrates*, what light foot *Euripus*
 May now allay the Fury of that Heat,
 Which raging in my Entrails eats me up ?
 You ghastly Devils of the ninefold *Stryx*,
 You damned Ghosts of Joyless *Acheron*,
 You mournful Souls, vext in *Abyssus* Vaults,
 You cole-black Devils of *Avernas* Pond,
 Come with your Flesh-hooks, read my famisht Arms,

These arms that have sustain'd their Master's Life ?
 Come with your Razors rip my Bowels up,
 With your sharp Fire-forks crack my starved Bones.
 Use me as you will, so *Humber* may not live.
 Accursed Gods that rule the starry Poles,
 Accursed *Jove*, King of th' accursed Gods,
 Cast down your Lightning on poor *Humber's* Head,
 That I may leave this Death-like Life of mine,
 What hear you not, and shall not *Humber* die ?
 Nay I will die, though all the Gods say nay.
 And gentle *Aby* take my troubled Corps,
 Take it and keep it from all mortal Eyes,
 That none may say, when I have lost my Breath,
 The very Floods conspir'd 'gainst *Humber's* Death.

[Flings himself into the River.

Enter the Ghost of Albanact.

En cadem sequitur, cades in cade quiesco.

Humber is dead, joy Heav'ns, leap Earth, dance Trees ;
 Now may'st thou reach thy Apples *Tantalus*,
 And with 'em feed thy hunger-bitten Limbs.
 Now *Sisyphus* leave the tumbling of thy Rock,
 And rett thy restless Bones upon the same.
 Unbind *Ixion*, cruel *Rhadamanth*,
 And lay proud *Humber* on the whirling Wheel.
 Back will I post to Hell Mouth *Tanarus*,
 And pass *Gocytus*, to the *Elysian* Fields,
 And tell my Father *Brutus* of this News.

[Exit.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter *Ate* as before. *Jason* leading *Creon's* Daughter. *Medea* following, a Garland in her Hand, and putting it on *Creon's* Daughter's Head, setteth it on Fire, and then killing *Jason* and her, departs.

Ate. **N**ON tam Trinacriis exastuat *Ætna* cavernis,
 Lasc furtivo quam cor mulieris amore.

Medea seeing *Jason* leave her Love,
 And chuse the Daughter of the *Theban* King,
 Went to her devilish Charms to work Revenge ;
 And raising up the tripple *Hecate*,

With all the rout of the condemned Fiends,
 Framed a Garland by her magick Skill,
 With which she wrought *Jason* and *Creon's* Ill.
 So *Guendeline* seeing her self misus'd,
 And *Humber's* Paramour possess her place,
 Flies to the Dukedom of *Cornubia*,
 And with her Brother stout *Thrasimachus*,
 Gathering a Power of *Cornish* Soldiers,
 Gives Battel to her Husband and his Host,
 Nigh to the River of Great *Mercia* :
 The Chances of this dismal Massacre,
 That which ensueth shortly will unfold.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter *Locrine*, *Camber*, *Assaracus*, and *Thrasimachus*,

Assa. But tell me, Cousin, dy'd my Brother so ?
 Now who is left to hapless *Albion*,
 That as a Pillar might uphold our State,
 That might strike Terror to our daring Foes ?
 Now who is left to hapless *Britany*,
 That might defend her from the barb'rous Hands
 Of those that still desire her ruinous fall,
 And seek to work her downfal and decay ?

Cam. Ay Uncle, Death's our common Enemy,
 And none but Death can match our matchless Power ;
 Witness the Fall of *Albioncins* Crew,
 Witness the Fall of *Humber* and his *Hunns*,
 And this foul Death hath now increas'd our Woe,
 By taking *Corineins* from this Life,
 And in his room leaving us Worlds of Care.

Thra. But none may more bewail his mournful Hearse,
 Than I that am the issue of his Loins.
 Now foul befall that cursed *Humber's* Throat,
 That was the causer of his lingring Wound.

Loc. Tears cannot raise him from the Dead again,
 But where's my Lady Mistress *Guendeline* ?

Thra. In *Cornwall*, *Locrine*, is my Sister now,
 Providing for my Father's Funerall.

Loc. And let her there provide her mourning Weeds,
 And mourn for ever her own Widow-hood,
 Ne'er shall she come within our Palace Gate,

To countercheck brave *Locrine* in his Love.
 Go, Boy, to *Dencolium*, down the *Lee*,
 Unto the Arch where lovely *Estrild* lies,
 Bring her and *Sabren* straight unto the Court,
 She shall be Queen in *Guendeline's* room.
 Let others wail for *Corineus* Death,
 I mean not so to macerate my Mind,
 For him that barr'd me from my Heart's Desire.

Thra. Hath *Locrine* then forsook his *Guendeline* ?
 Is *Corineus* death so soon forgot ?
 If there be Gods in Heav'n, as sure there be ;
 If there be Fiends in Hell, as needs there must,
 They will revenge this thy notorious wrong,
 And pour their Plagues upon thy cursed Head.

Loc. What, prat'st thou, Peasant, to thy Sovereign ?
 Or art thou stricken in some Extasie ?
 Dost thou not tremble at our Royal Looks ?
 Dost thou not quake when mighty *Locrine* frowns ?
 Thou beardless Boy, were't not that *Locrine* scorns
 To vex his mind with such a Heartless Child,
 With the sharp Point of this my Battel-axe,
 I'd send thy Soul to *Purphlegiton*.

Thra. Though I be young and of a tender Age,
 Yet will I cope with *Locrine* when he dares.
 My noble Father, with his conqu'ring Sword,
 Slew the two Giants Kings of *Aquisain*.
Thrasimachus is not so degenerate,
 That he should fear and tremble at the looks,
 Or taunting Words of a Venerean Squire.

Loc. Menacest thou thy Royal Sovereign ?
 Uncivil, not be seeming such as you,
 Injurious Traitor (for he is no less
 That at Defiance standeth with his King)
 Leave these thy Taunts, leave these thy bragging Words,
 Unless thou mean'st to leave thy wretched Life.

Thra. If Princes stain their glorious Dignity
 With ugly spots of monstrous Infamy,
 They lose their former Estimation,
 And throw themselves into a Hell of hate.

Loc. Wilt thou abuse my gentle Patience,
 As though thou didst our high displeasure scorn ?

Proud Boy, that thou may'st know thy Prince is mov'd,
Yes, greatly mov'd at this thy swelling Pride,
We banish thee for ever from our Court.

Thra. Then, loſel *Locrine*, look unto thy ſelf,
Thraſimachus will revenge this Injury.

[Exit.]

Loc. Farewel, proud Boy, and learn to uſe thy Tongue.

Aſſa. Alas, my Lord, you ſhould have call'd to mind
The lateſt Words that *Brunus* ſpake to you,
How he deſir'd you, by the Obedience
That Children ought to bear their Sire,
To love and favour Lady *Guendeline*:
Conſider this, that if the Injury
Do move her mind, as certainly it will,
War and Diſſention follows ſpeedily.

What though her Power be not ſo great as yours,
Have you not ſeen a mighty Elephant
Slain by the biting of a ſilly Mouſe?
Even ſo the chance of War inconstant is,

Loc. Peace, Unkle, Peace, and ceaſe to talk thereof;
For he that ſeeks by whiſpering this or that,
To trouble *Locrine*, in his ſweeteſt Life,
Let him perſwade himſelf to die the Death.

Enter the Page, with Eſtrild and Sabren.

Eſt. O ſay me, Page, tell me, where is the King?
Wherefore doth he ſend for me to the Court?
Is it to die? is it to end my Life?
Say me, ſweet Boy, tell me and do not feign.

Page. No, truſt me, Madam, if you will credit the little
Honeſty that is yet left me, there is no ſuch Danger as you
fear, but prepare your ſelf, yonder's the King.

Eſt. Then *Eſtrild*, liſt thy dazled Spirits up, [Kneeling.
And bleſs that bleſſed time, that Day, that Hour,
That warlike *Locrine* firſt did favour thee.
Peace to the King of *Britany*, my Love,
Peace to all thoſe that love and favour him.

Loc. Doth *Eſtrild* fall with ſuch Submiſſion [Taking her up.
Before her Servant King of *Albion*?
Arife, fair Lady, leave this lovely Chear,
Liſt up thoſe Looks that cherish *Locrine's* Heart,
That I may freely view that roſcal Face,

Which so intangled hath my love-sick Breast,
 Now to the Court, where we will court it out,
 And pass the Night and Day in *Venus* Sports.
 Frolick, brave Peers, be joyful with your King. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Guendeline, *Thrasimachus*, Madam, and *Soldiers.*

Guen. You gentle Winds that with your modest Blasts
 Pass through the Circuit of the Heav'nly Vault,
 Enter the Clouds unto the Throne of *Jove*,
 And bear my Pray'rs to his all-hearing Ears,
 For *Locrine* hath forsaken *Guendeline*,
 And learnt to love proud *Humber's* Concubine.
 You happy Sprites that in the Concave Sky,
 With pleasant Joy, enjoy your sweetest Love,
 Shed forth those Tears with me, which then you shed,
 When first you woo'd your Ladies to their Wills:
 Those Tears are fittest for my woful Case,
 Since *Locrine* shuns my nothing-pleasant Face.
 Blush Heav'n's, blush Sun, and hide thy shining Beams,
 Shadow thy radiant Locks in gloomy Clouds,
 Deny thy cheerful Light unto the World,
 Where nothing reigns but Falshood and Deceit.
 What, said I, Falshood? Ay, that filthy Crime,
 For *Locrine* hath forsaken *Guendeline*.
 Behold the Heav'n's do wail for *Guendeline*:
 The shining Sun doth blush for *Guendeline*:
 The liquid Air doth weep for *Guendeline*:
 The very Ground doth groan for *Guendeline*.
 Ay, they are milder than the *Britain* King,
 For he rejecteth luckless *Guendeline*.

Thra. Sister, complaints are bootless in this cause,
 This open wrong must have an open Plague:
 This Plague must be repaid with grievous War,
 This War must finish with *Locrinus* Death,
 His Death will soon extinguish our Complaints.

Guen. O no, his Death will more augment my woes;
 He was my Husband, brave *Thrasimachus*,
 More dear to me than th' apple of mine Eye,
 Nor can I find in Heart to work his Scathe.

Thra. Madam, if not your proper Injuries,
 Nor my Exile, can move you to revenge:

Think on our Father *Corinius* Words,
His Words to us stand always for a Law.
Should *Locrine* live, that caus'd my Father's Death?
Should *Locrine* live, that now divorceth you?
The Heav'n's, the Earth, the Air, the Fire reclaims;
And then why should all we deny the same?

Guen. Then henceforth farewell womanish Complaints,
All childish Pity henceforth then farewell:
But cursed *Locrine*, look unto thy self,
For *Nemesis*, the Mistress of Revenge,
Sits arm'd at all Points on our dismal Blades,
And cursed *Estrild*, that inflam'd his Heart,
Shall, if I live, die a reproachful Death.

Mad. Mother, tho' Nature makes me to lament
My tackleless Father's froward Letchery;
Yet for he wrongs my Lady Mother, thus,
I, if I could, my self would work his Death.

Thra. See, Madam, see, the desire of Revenge
Is in the Children of a tender Age.
Forward, brave Soldiers, into *Mercia*,
Where we shall brave the Coward to his Face. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter *Locrine*, *Estrild*, *Sabren*, *Assarachus*, and the Soldiers.

Loc. Tell me, *Assarachus*, are the *Cornish* Chuffs
In such great number come to *Mercia*,
And have they pitched there their Host,
So close unto our Royal Mansion?

Assa. They are, my Lord, and mean incontinent
To bid defiance to your Majesty.

Loc. It makes me laugh, to think that *Guendeline*
Should have the Heart to come in Arms against me.

Est. Alas, my Lord, the Horse will run amain
When as the Spur doth gall him to the Bone;
Jealousie, *Locrine*, hath a wicked sting.

Loc. Sayst thou so, *Estrild*, Beauty's Paragon?
Well, we will try her Cholera to the Proof,
And make her know, *Locrine* can brook no braves.
March on, *Assarachus*, thou must lead the way,
And bring us to their proud Pavilion. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Enter the Ghost of Corineius, with Thunder and Lightning.

Ghost. Behold, the Circuit of the azure Sky
Throws forth sad Throbs, and grievous Suspirs,
Prejudicating *Locrine's* Overthrow:

The Fire casteth forth sharp darts of Flames,
The great Foundation of the tripple World
Trembleth and quaketh with a mighty Noise,
Presaging bloody Massacres at hand.

The wandering Birds that flutter in the dark,
When hellish Night in cloudy Chariot seated,
Casteth her mists on shady *Tellus* Face,

With sable Mantles coy'ring all the Earth,
Now flie abroad amid the chearful Day,
Foretelling some unwonted Misery.

The snarling Curs of darkned *Tartarus*,
Sent from *Avernus* Ponds by *Rhadamanth*,
With howling Ditties pester ev'ry Wood;
The watry Ladies, and the lightfoot Fawns,
And all the rabble of the woody Nymphs,
All trembling hide themselves in shady Groves,

• And shrowd themselves in hideous hollow Pits.
The boisterous *Boreas* thundreth forth Revenge:
The stony Rocks cry out on sharp Revenge:
The thorny Bush pronounceth dire Revenge.

• [*Sound the Alarm.*]

Nay *Corineius* stay and see Revenge,
And feed thy Soul with *Locrine's* Overthrow:
Behold they come, the Trümpets call them forth,
The roaring Drums summon the Soldiers.

Lo where their Army glistereth on the Plains.
Throw forth thy Lightning, mighty *Jupiter*,
And pour thy Plagues on cursed *Locrine's* Head. [*Stand aside.*]

Enter Locrine, Estrild, Aslarachus, Sabren and their Soldiers
at one Door; Thrasimachus, Guendeline, Madan, and
their Followers at another.

Loc. What, is the Tiger started from his Cave?
Is *Guendeline* come from *Cornubia*,
That thus she braveth *Locrine* to the Teeth?
And hast thou found thine Armour, pretty Boy,

Accompanied with these thy stragling Mates?
Believe me but this Enterprize was bold,
And well deserveth Commendation.

Guen. Ay, *Locrine*, Traiterous *Locrine*, we are come,
With full pretence to seek thine Overthrow.
What have I done that thou shouldst scorn me thus?
What have I said that thou shouldst me reject?
Have I been disobedient to thy Words?
Have I bewray'd thy arcane Secrecy?
Have I dishonoured thy Marriage Bed
With filthy Crimes, or with lascivious Lusts?
Nay it is thou that hast dishonour'd it,
Thy filthy Mind o'ercome with filthy Lusts,
Yieldeth unto Affections filthy Darts.
Unkind, thou wrong'st thy first and truest fear,
Unkind, thou wrong'st thy best and dearest Friend;
Unkind, thou scorn'st all skilful *Brutus* Laws,
Forgetting Father, Uncle, and thy self.

Est. Believe me, *Locrine*, but the Girl is wise,
And well would seem to make a Vestal Nun,
How finely frames she her Oration.

Thra. *Locrine*, we came not here to fight with Words,
Words that can never win the Victory,
But for you are so merry in your Frumps,
Unsheath your Swords, and try it out by force,
That we may see who hath the better hand.

Loc. Think'st thou to dare me, bold *Thrasimachus*?
Think'st thou to fear me with thy taunting braves,
Or do we seem too weak to cope with thee?
Soon shall I shew thee my fine cutting Blade,
And with my Sword, the Messenger of Death,
Seal thee an acquaintance for thy bold attempts. [*Exeunt.*
Sound the Alarm. Enter *Locrine*, *Assarachus*, and a Sol-
dier at one Door; *Guendeline*, *Thrasimachus*, at another:
Locrine and his Followers driven back.

Then *Locrine* and *Estrild* enter again in amazement.

Loc. O fair *Estrilda*, we have lost the Field,
Thrasimachus hath won the Victory,
And we are left to be a Laughing-stock,
Scoffed at by those that are our Enemies,
Ten thousand Soldiers arm'd with Sword and Shield,
Prevail against an hundred thousand Men,

Thrasimachus incens'd with fuming Ire,
 Rageth amongst the faint-heart Soldiers,
 Like to grim *Mars*, when cover'd with his Targe,
 He fought with *Diomedes* in the Field,
 Close by the Banks of silver *Simois*. [Sound the Alarm.
 O lovely *Estrild* now the Chase begins,
 Ne'er shall we see the stately *Troynovant*
 Mounted with Coursers garnisht all with Pearls,
 Ne'er shall we view the fair *Concordia*,
 Unless as Captives we be thither brought.
 Shall *Locrine* then be taken Prisoner,
 By such a youngling as *Thrasimachus*?
 Shall *Guendeline* captivate my Love?
 Ne'er shall mine Eyes behold that dismal hour,
 Ne'er will I view that ruthless Spectacle,
 For with my Sword, or this sharp Curtle-Axe,
 I'll cut in sunder my Accus'd Heart.
 But O you Judges of the ninefold *Stryx*,
 Which with incessant Torments rack the Ghosts
 Within the bottomless *Abyssus* Pits,
 You Gods, Commanders of the Heav'nly Spheres,
 Whose Will and Laws irrevocable stand,
 Forgive, forgive, this foul accursed Sin;
 Forget, O Gods, this foul condemn'd fault:
 And now my Sword, that in so many Fights [Kisses his Sword.
 Hast sav'd the Life of *Brutus* and his Son,
 End now his Life that wisheth still for Death,
 Work now his Death that wisheth still for Death,
 Work now his Death that hateth still his Life.
 Farewel, fair *Estrild*, Beauty's Paragon,
 Fram'd in the front of forlorn Miseries,
 Ne'er shall mine Eyes behold thy Sun-shine Eyes,
 But when we meet in the *Elysian* Fields,
 Thither I go before with hasten'd pace.
 Farewel, vain World, and thy inticing Snares,
 Farewel, foul Sin, and thy inticing Pleasures,
 And welcome Death, the end of Moral smart,
 Welcome to *Locrine's* over-burthen'd Heart.

[Thrusts himself through with his Sword.

Est. Break Heart with Sobs and grievous Suspirs,
 Stream forth your Tears from forth my watry Eyes,
 Help me to mourn for warlike *Locrine's* Death,

Pour

Pour down your Tears you watry Regions,
 For mighty *Locrine* is bereft of Life.
 O fickle Fortune, O unstable World,
 What else are all things, that this Globe contains,
 But a confused Chaos of mishaps?
 Wherein as in a Glasse we plainly see,
 That all our Life is but a Tragedy,
 Since mighty Kings are subject to mishap,
 Ay, mighty Kings are subject to mishap,
 Since martial *Locrine* is bereft of Life.
 Shall *Estrild* live then after *Locrine's* Death?
 Shall love of Life bar her from *Locrine's* Sword?
 O no, this Sword that hath bereft his Life,
 Shall now deprive me of my fleeting Soul:
 Strengthen these Hands, O mighty *Jupiter*,
 That I may end my woful Misery,
Locrine I come, *Locrine* I follow thee. [Kills her self.

Sound the Alarm. Enter Sabren.

Sab. What doleful Sight, what ruthful Spectacle
 Hath Fortune offer'd to my hapless Heart?
 My Father slain with such a fatal Sword,
 My Mother murder'd by a mortal wound?
 What *Thracian* Dog, what barbarous *Mirmidon*,
 Would not relent at such a ruthful case?
 What fierce *Achilles*, what hard stony Flint,
 Would not bemoan this mournful Tragedy?
Locrine, the Map of Magnanimity,
 Lies slaughter'd in his foul accursed Cave;
Estrild, the perfect pattern of Renown,
 Nature's sole wonder, in whose beauteous Breasts
 All Heav'nly Grace and Virtue was inshrin'd,
 Both massacred are dead within this Cave,
 And with them dies fair *Pallas* and sweet Love.
 Here lies a Sword, and *Sabren* hath a Heart,
 This blessed Sword shall cut my cursed Heart,
 And bring my Soul unto my Parents Ghosts,
 That they that live and view our Tragedy,
 May mourn our case with mournful Plaudites.

[Offers to kill her self.]

Ay me, my Virgins Hands are too too weak,
 To penetrate the bulwark of my Breast;
 My Fingers, us'd to tune the amorous Lute,

Are

Are not of force to hold this steely Glaive,
 So I am left to wail my Parents Death,
 Not able for to work my proper Death.
 Ah *Lochrine*, honour'd for thy Nobleness.
 Ah *Estrild*, famous for thy Constancy.
 Ill may they fare that wrought your mortal Ends.

Enter Guendeline, Thrasimachus, Madan, and the Soldiers.

Guen. Search Soldiers, search, find *Lochrine* and his Love,
 Find the proud Strumpet, *Humber's* Concubine,
 That I may change those her so pleasing Looks,
 To pale and ignominious Aspect.

Find me the Issue of their cursed Love,
 Find me young *Sabren*, *Lochrine's* only Joy,
 That I may glut my Mind with lukewarm Blood,
 Swiftly distilling from the Bastard's breast.
 My Father's Ghost still haunts me for Revenge,
 Crying; Revenge my over-hastened Death.
 My Brother's Exile, and mine own Divorce,
 Banish remorse clean from my brazen Heart,
 All Mercy from mine adamantine Breasts.

Thra. Nor doth thy Husband, lovely *Guendeline*,
 That wonted was to guide our starless Steps,
 Enjoy this Light; see where he murdred lies,
 By luckless Lot and froward frowning Fate:
 And by him lies his lovely Paramour
 Fair *Estrild*, goared with a dismal Sword,
 And as it seems, both murdred by themselves,
 Claspings each other in their feeble Arms,
 With loving zeal, as if for Company
 Their uncontented Corps were yet content
 To pass foul *Styx* in *Charon's* Ferry-boat.

Guen. And hath proud *Estrild* then prevented me,
 Hath she escaped *Guendelina's* Wrath,
 By violently cutting off her Life?
 Would God she had the monstrous *Hydra's* Lives,
 That every hour she might have died a Death
 Worse than the swing of old *Ixion's* Wheel,
 And every hour revive to die again,
 As *Titius* bound to houseless *Caucason*,
 Doth feed the Substance of his own mishap,
 And every Day for want of Food doth die,
 And every Night doth live again to die.

But

But stay, methinks, I hear some fainting Voice,
Mournfully weeping for their luckless Death.

Sab. You Mountain Nymphs which in these Deserts reign,
Cease off your hasty chase of Savage Beasts,
Prepare to see a Heart oppress'd with Care,
Address your Ears to hear a mournful Stile,
No human Strength, no Work can work my Weal,
Care in my Heart so Tyrant like doth deal.
You *Driades* and lightfoot *Satyri*,
You gracious Fairies, which at Even-tide
Your Closets leave with Heav'nly Beauty stor'd,
And on your Shoulders spread your golden Locks,
You savage Bears in Caves and darken'd Dens,
Come wail with me the martial *Locrine's* Death.
Come mourn with me, for beauteous *Estrild's* Death.
Ah loving Parents, little do you know
What Sorrow *Sabren* suffers for your thrall.

Guen. But may this be, and is it possible,
Lives *Sabren* yet to expiate my Wrath?
Fortune I thank thee for this Courtesie,
And let me never see one prosperous hour,
If *Sabren* die not a reproachful Death.

Sab. Hard-hearted Death, that when the wretched call,
Art farthest off, and seldom hear'st at all,
But in the midst of Fortune's good Success,
Uncalled comes, and sheers our Life in twain:
When will that hour, that blessed hour draw nigh,
When poor distressed *Sabren* may be gone.
Sweet *Atropos* cut off my fatal Thread.

What art thou Death, shall not poor *Sabren* die?

[*Guendeline taking her by the Chin, says,*

Guen. Yes Damsel, yes, *Sabren* shall surely die,
Tho' all the World should seek to save her Life,
And not a common Death shall *Sabren* die,
But after strange and grievous Punishments,
Shortly inflicted on thy Bastard's Head,
Thou shalt be cast into the cursed Streams,
And feed the Fishes with thy tender Flesh.

Sab. And think'st thou then, thou cruel Homicide,
That these thy Deeds shall be unpunished?
No Traitor, nor the Gods will venge these Wrongs,

The

The Fiends of Hell will mark these Injuries.
 Never shall these blood-sucking masty Curs
 Bring wretched *Sabren* to her latest home.
 For I my self, in spite of thee and thine,
 Mean to abridge my former Destinies,
 And that which *Lochrine's* Sword could not perform,
 This present Stream shall present bring to pass.

[*She drowns her self.*]

Guen. One Mischief follows on another's Neck.
 Who would have thought so young a Maid as she,
 With such a Courage would have fought her Death?
 And for because this River was the Place
 Where little *Sabren* resolutely died,
Sabren for ever shall this same be call'd.
 And as for *Lochrine*, our deceased Spouse,
 Because he was the Son of mighty *Brute*,
 To whom we owe our Country, Lives and Goods,
 He shall be buried in a stately Tomb,
 Close by his aged Father *Brutus* Bones,
 With such great Pomp and great Solemnity,
 As well befits so brave a Prince as he.
 Let *Estrild* be without the shallow Vaults,
 Without the Honour due unto the dead,
 Because she was the Author of this War.
 Retire brave Followers unto *Troynouant*,
 Where we will celebrate these Exequies,
 And place young *Lochrine* in his Father's Tomb.

[*Exeunt.*]

Atc. Lo here the end of lawless Treachery,
 Of Usurpation and ambitious Pride,
 And they that for their private Amours dare
 Turmoil our Land, and set their Broils abroad,
 Let them be warned by these Premisses,
 And as a Woman was the only cause
 That civil discord was then stirred up,
 So let us pray for that renowned Maid,
 That eight and thirty Years the Scepter sway'd
 In quiet Peace and sweet Felicity,
 And every Wight that seeks her *Grace's* Smart,
 Would that this Sword were pierced in his Heart.

[*Exit.*]

The End of the Sixth and Last Volume.

