

XG
.3967
.6

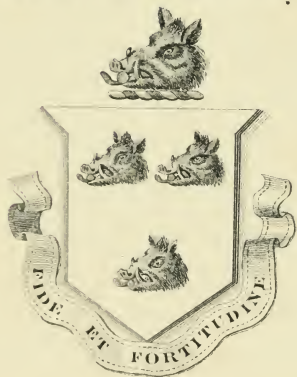
Accessions

1st. 642

Shelf No.

XG 3967.6

Barton Library.

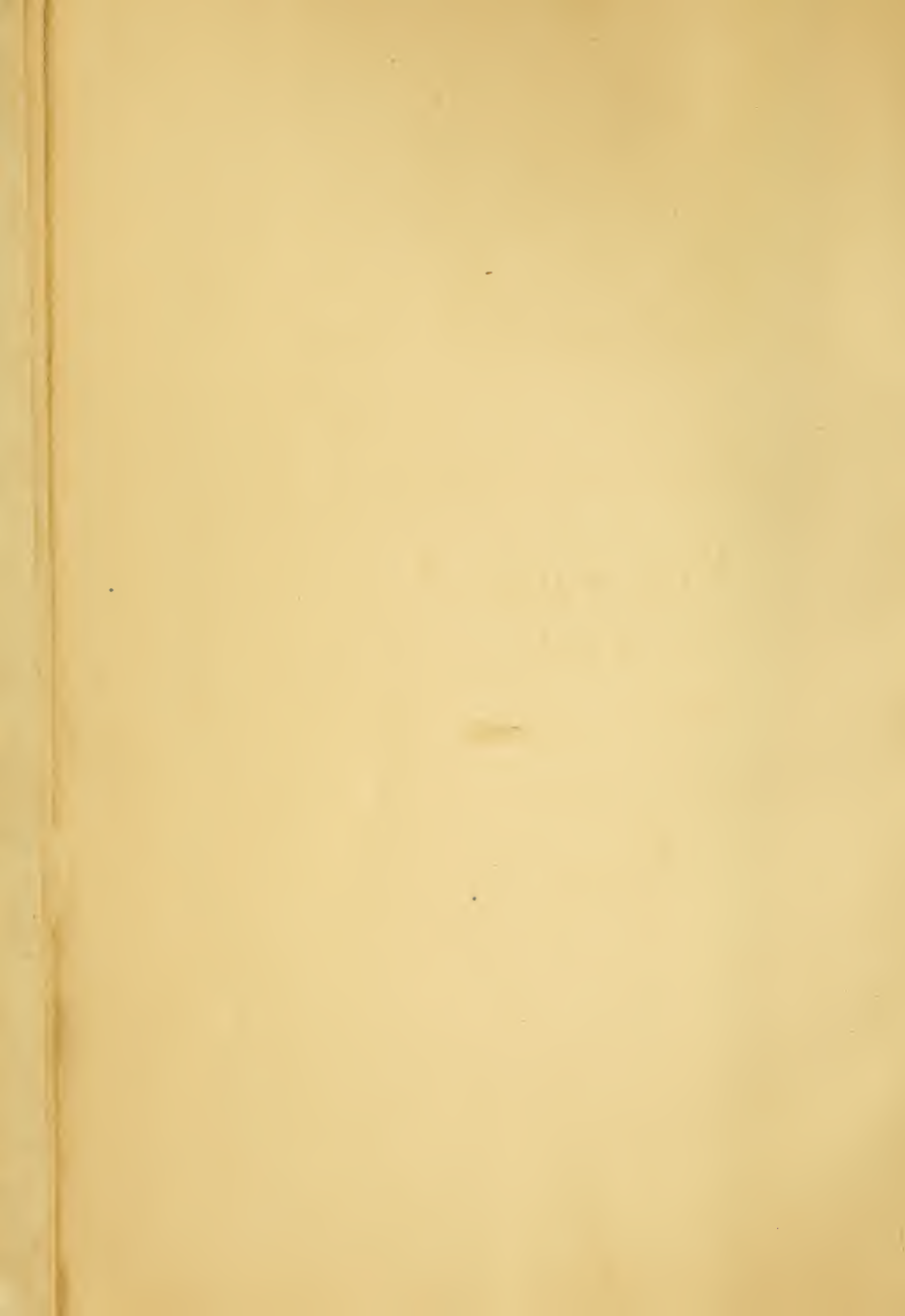


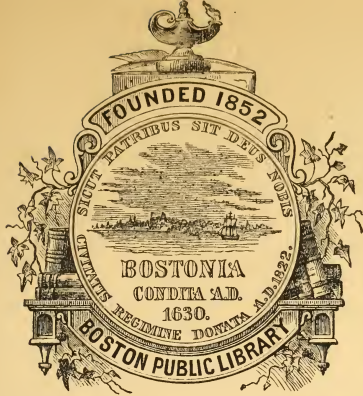
Thomas Pennant, Boston.

Boston Public Library.

Received, May, 1873.

Not to be taken from the Library.





26

PAMPHLETS.

Beaumont
and
Fletcher.
Plays.

Barton Library.

29 Nov 7



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

ACCESSION No. *171.642*.....

ADDED..... *May* 187*2*..

CATALOGUED BY.....

REVISED BY.....

MEMORANDA.

PHILASTER,

OR

Love lies a Bleeding.

Acted at the *Globe,*
and *Blackfriars.* } By his Majesties
Servants.

The Authors being *Francis Beaumont,*
and *John Fletcher.* } Gentlemen.

The fourth Impression.



LONDON,
Printed by *W. J.* for *Richard Hawkins*, and are to
be sold at his Shop in *Chancery-lane*, adjoining
to *Sarjeants Inne gate* 1634.

Love lies a Bleeding.

By Sir Richard
Seymour.

Edith
and
Elizabeth.

Acted at the

Georgian

Francis Beaumont
and
John Fletcher.

The Authors

The First Part.



Printed by W. N. for Richard D. and are to
be had at the shop in Great Street, at the
sign of the...



THE STATIONER,

TO

THE VNDERSTANDING GENTRIE.



*His Play so affecti-
onately taken, and ap-
proo'ed by the see-
ing Auditors, or
Hearing Spectators
(of which sort, I
take, or conceiue you
to be the greatest
part) hath received
(as appears by the*

*copious vent of three Editions,) no lesse acceptance with
improouement of you likewise the Readers, albeit the*

first impression swarm'd with Errors, proving it self
like pure Gold, which the more it hath beene tryed and
refined, the better is esteemed; the best poems of this
kind, in the first presentation, resembling that all tempt-
ing Minerall newly digged up, the Actors being onely
the labouring Miners, but you the skilfull Triers and
Refiners: Now consider how currant this hath passed,
under the infalible stampe of your iudicious censure, and
applause, and (like a gainefull Office in this age) eager-
ly sought for, not onely by those that haue heard and
seene it, but by others that have meerely heard thereof:
here you behold me acting the Merchant-adventurers
part, yet as well for their satisfaction, as mine owne
benefit, and if my hopes (which I hope, shall never lye
like this Love a Bleeding,) doe fairely arriue at their
intended Heaven, I shall then be ready to lade a new
Bottome, set forth againe, to gaine the good-will both
of you & them. To whom respectiue I conuey this
heartty greeting: Adieu.

The



The Scene being in *Cicilie*.

The persons presented are these,
viz:

THe *King*.

PHILASTER, heire to the Crowne.

PHARAMOND, Prince of Spaine.

DION, a Lord.

CLEREMONT,

THRASALINE, } Noble Gentlemen his Associates.

ARETHVSA, the Kings daughter.

GALLATEA, a wise modest Lady attending the Princess;

MEGRA, a Lascivious Lady.

and old Wanton Lady, or croane.

Another Lady attending the Princess.

EUPHRASIA, Daughter of *Dion*, but disguised like a Page, and called *Bellarion*.

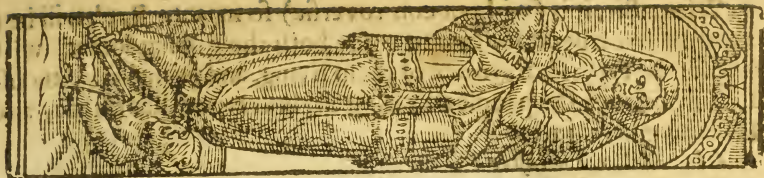
An old Captaine.

Five Citizens:

A Countrey fellow.

Two Woodmen.

The Kings Guard and Traine.



PHILASTER,

OR

LOVE lies a BLEEDING

ACTUS I. Scena I.

Enter *Dion, Cleremont and Thrasiline.*

Cleremont.

Here's nor Lords, nor Ladyes.

Dion. Credit mee Gentlemen I wonder at it. They receiu'd strict charge from the King, to attend here: Besides, it was boldly published, that no Officer should forbid any Gentlemen, that desire to attend and heare.

Cle. Can you ghesse the cause?

Di. Sir, it is plaine about the Spanish Prince, that's come to marry our Kingdome's Heire, and be our Soueraigne.

Tra. Many (that will seeme to know much) say, she lookes not on him like a maide in love.

Di. O sir, the multitude (that seldome know any thing, but their owne opinions) speake that, they would have. But the Prince, before his owne approach, receiv'd so many confident messages from the State, that I thinke she's resolu'd to be rul'd.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her hee shall enjoy both these Kingdomes of *Cicilie* and *Calabria.*

Dion.

Dion. Sir, it is (without controversie) so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour, for him to enjoy both these Kingdomes, with safetic, the right Heire to one of them living, and living so vertuouſly : especialy, the people admiring the bravery of his minde, and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who, *Philaster*?

Di. Yes, whose father we all know, was by our late king of *Calabria* unrichely deposed from his fruitful *Cicilie*. My telfe drew som blood, in thote warres, which I would give my hand, to be washed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in State policie, will not let me know, why (*Philaster* being Heire to one of these Kingdomes,) the King should suffer him to walke abroad with such free libertie.

Di. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant, then to enquire after State newes. But the King (of late) made a hazard of both the Kingdomes, of *Cicilie* and his owne, with offering but to imprison *Philaster*. At which the Citie was in armes, not to be charm'd downe by any State order or Proclamation, till they saw *Philaster* ride through the streetes please, and without a garde; at which they threw their Hats, and their armes from them; some to make bonfires some to drinke, all for his deliveranc. Which (wise men say is the cause, the King labours to bring in the power of a foreigne Nation, to awe his owne with.

Enter *Gallatea*, *Megra*, and a *Lady*.

Tra. See, the Ladyes; what's the first?

Dio. A wife & modest Gentlewoman, that attends the Princeſſe.

Cle. The second?

Dio. She is one that may stand still discretely enough, and ill favour'dly Dance her Measure; simper when shee is Courted by her Friend, an slight her Husband.

Cle. The last?

Di. Marry I thinke she is one whom the Sate keeps for the Agents of our confederat Princes: She'll cog, & lie with a whole Army, before the league shall breake: her name is common through the Kingdome, and the Trophies of her dishonour, advanc'd beyond *Hercules* pillars. She loves to try the severall constitutions of mens bodies; and indeed, has destroyed the worth of her owne body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the Common-wealth.

Cle.

Cle. She's a profitable member.

La. Peace, if you love me: you shall see these Gentlemen stand their ground, and not Court us.

Gal. What if they should?

Meg. What if they should?

La. Nay, let her alone; what if they should? Why, if they should, I say, they were never abroad; what Forta gner would doe so? it writes them directly untravell'd.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

Meg. What if they be?

La. Good Madam let her goe on; what if they be? Why if they be, I will justifie they cannot maintaine discourse with a judicious Lady, nor make a leg, nor say excuse me.

Gal. Ha, ha, ha.

La. Doe you laugh Madam.

Di. You desires us, my Ladies:

La. Then you must sit beside us.

Di. I shall sit neere you then Lady.

La. Neere me perhaps: But ther 's a Lady endures no stranger, and to me you appeare a very strange fellow.

Meg. Me thinks he's not so strange, hee would quickly bee acquainted.

Tra. Peace, the King.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa; and traine.

King. To give a stranger testimony of love,
Then sickly promises (which commonly
In Princes finde both birth and buria) I
In one breath, will have drawne you worthy sir,
To make your faire indearements to our Daughters;
And worthy services knowne to you subjects;
Now I would and wonder at: Next, our intent,
To plant you deeply, our immediate Heire,
Both to our blood and Kingdome. For this Lady,
(The best part of your life, as you confirme me,
And I beleve) though her few yeeres and fix
Yet teach her nothing but her feares and bushes,
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge,
Onely of What her selfe, is to her selfe,

Make her feele moderate health : And when she sleeps,
 In making no ill day, knowes no ill dreames.
 Thinke not (deare fir) these undivided parts,
 That must mould up a Virgin, are put on
 To shew her so, as borrowed ornaments,
 To speake her perfect love to you, or adde
 An Artificiall shadow to her nature :
 No fir, I boldly dare proclaime her, yet
 No Woman. But wooe her still, and thinke her modesty,
 A sweeter mistresse then the offer'd Language
 Of any Dame, were shee a Queene whose eye
 Speakes common loves and comforts to her servants.
 Last, noble sonne, (for so I now must call you)
 What I have done thus publike, is not onely
 To adde a comfort in particular,
 To you or me, but all ; and to confirme
 The Nobles, and the Gentry of these Kingdomes,
 By oath to your succession, which shall be
 Within this moneth at most.

Tra. This will be heardly done.

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Di. When tis at best, twill be but halfe done,

Whilst so brave a Gentleman is wrong'd and flung off.

Tra. I feare.

Cle. Who does not ?

Di. I feare not for my selfe, and yet I feare too :

Well, we shall see, we shall see : no more.

Pha. Kissing your white hand : (mistresse) I take leave,

To thanke your royall father : And thus farre,

To be my owne free Trumpet. Understand

Great King, and these your subjects, mine that must be,

(For so deserving you have spoke me, fir,

And so deserving I dare speake my selfe)

To what a person, of what eminence,

Ripe expectation, of what faculties,

Manners and vertues you would wed your Kingdomes ;

You in me have your wishes. Oh this Countrey,

(By more then all my hopes I hold it happy,

Happy, in their deare memories, that have beene
 Kings great and good; happy in yours, that is,
 And from you (as a Chronicle to keepe
 Your noble name from eating age) doe I
 Open my selfe most happy. Gentlemen,
 Beleeve me in a word, a Princes word,
 There shall be nothing to make up a Kingdome
 Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd
 Equall to be commanded, and obey'd;
 But through the travels of my life I'll finde it,
 And tie it to this Countrey. And I vow,
 My reigne shall be so easie to the subject,
 That every man shall be his Prince himselfe,
 And his owne law: yet I his Prince and law,
 And dearest Lady, to your dearest selfe,
 (Deare, in the choise of him, whose name and lustre
 Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
 You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet Princess,
 You shall enjoy a man of men, to be
 Your servant; you shall make him yours, for whom
 Great Queenes must die.

Tra. Miracalous.

Cle. This speech calls him *Spaniard*, being nothing but a large
 inventory of his owne commendations.

Enter Philaster.

Di. I wonder what's his price? For certainly he'll sell himselfe
 he has so praisde his shape: But here comes one, more worthy
 those large speeches, then the large speaker of them; let me be swal-
 lowed quicke, if I can finde, in all the Anatomy of yon mans ver-
 tues, one sinnew sound enough to promise for him, he shall be Con-
 stable. By this Sunne, hee'll de're make King, unlesse it be for trifles,
 in my poore judgement.

Phi. Right noble sir, as low as my obedience,
 And with a hart as loyall as my knee,
 I beg your favour.

K. Rise, you have it sir.

Di. Marke but the King how pale he lookes with feare,
Oh, this same whoreson Contience, how it jades us:

K. Speake your intents sir.

Phi. Shall I speake um freely?

Be still my royall Sovereigne.

K. As a subject,

We give you freedome.

Di. Now it heates.

Phi. Then thus I turne

My language to you Prince, you forraigue man:

Ne're feare, nor put on wonder, for you must

Indure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon,

(A dowry as you hope with this faire Princesse,

Whose memory I bow to) was not left

By my dead father (Oh, I had a father)

To your inheritance, and to up, and living,

Having my selfe about me and my sword,

The foules of all my name, and memories;

These armes, and some few friends, beside the gods,

To part so calmly with it, and sit still,

And say I might have beene. I tell thee *Pharamond*,

When thou art King, looke I be dead and rotten,

And my nam' ashes, For, heare me *Pharamond*,

This very ground thoug est on: this fat earth,

My fathers friends made fertile with their faiths, &

Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow

Thee and thy Nation, like a hungry Grave,

Into her hidden bowells: Prince, it shall;

By *Nemesis* it shall.

Phi. He's mad, beyond care, mad.

Di. Here's a fellow has some fire in's vaines:

The outlandish Prince lookes like a tooth-drawer:

Phi. Sir Prince of Poppinayes, I'le make it well appeare

To you I am not mad.

K. You displeas'd us,

You are to bold.

Phi. No sir, I am too tame,

Too much a Turtle, a thing borne without paſſion,
A faint ſhadow, that every drunken clow'd ſailes over,
And makes nothing.

K. I doe not fancie this,
Call our Phyſitions? ſure he is ſomewhat tainted :

Tra. I doe not thinke twill prove ſo.

Di. Has given him a generall purge already, for all the right hee
has, and now he meanes to let him blood : Be conſtant Gentlemen,
by theſe hilts I'll runne his hazard, although I runne my name out of
the Kingdome.

Cle. Peace we are all one ſoule.

Pha. What you have ſeene in me ; to ſtirre offence,
I cannot finde, unleſſe it be this Lady,

Offer'd into my armes, with the ſucceſſion,
Which I muſt keepe though it hath pleaſd your fury

To muteny within you; without diſputing

Your *Genealogies*, or taking knowledge

Whoſe branch you are. The King will leave it me,

And I dare make it mine; you have your answer.

Phi. If thou were ſole inheritor to him,

That made the world his; and couldſt ſee no ſunne

Shine upon any thing but thine : were *Pharamond*

As truly valiant, as I feele him cold,

And ringd amongst the choyceſt of his friends;

Such as would bluſh to talke ſuch ſerious foollies,

Or backe ſuch bellied commendations.

And from this preſence : Spight of all theſe bugs,

You ſhould heare further from me.

K. Sir, you wrong the Prince :

I gave you not this freedome, to brave our beſt friends;

You deſerve our frowne : Goe to, be better temper'd.

Phi. It muſt be ſir, when I am nobler ulde.

Gal. Ladies,

This would have beene a patterne of ſucceſſion,

Had he ne're met this miſchiefe. By my life,

He is the wortheſt the true name of man,

This day, within my knowledge.

Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge,
But the other is the mass set in my eye :

Oh tis a prince of wax.

Gal. A dog it is.

K. *Philaster*, tell me,
The injuries you aime at in your riddles:

Phi. If you had my eyes sir, and sufferance,
My griefes upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My want's great, and now nought but hopes, and feares,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laught at :

Dare you be still my King, and right me not ?

K. Give me your wrongs in private. *They whisper:*

Phi. Take them ;

And ease me of a load, would bow strong *Atlas*.

Cle. He dares not stand the shock.

Di. I cannot blame him, ther's danger in't. Every man in this
age, has not a soule of Christall, for all men to reade their actions
through : mens hearts and faces are so farre asunder, that they hold
no intelligence. Doe but view yon stranger well, and you shall see
a feaver through all his bravery, and feele him shake like a true ten-
nant ; if he give not backe his Crowne againe, upon the report of
and Elder Gun, I have no augury.

K. Goeto :

Be more your selfe, as you respect our favour :

You'l stirre us else ; Sir, I must have you know,

That y'are, and shall be at our pleasure, what fashion we

Will put upon you : smooth your brow, or by the gods.

Phi. I am dead sir, y'are my Fate : It was not I

Said I was not wrong'd : I carry all about me,

My weake starres lead me too ; all my weake fortunes.

Who dares in all this presence speake (that is

But man of flesh, and may be mortall) tell me

I doe not most intirely love this Prince,

And honour his full vertues.

K. Sure hee's posselt,

Phi. Yes, with my fathers spirit : It's here, O King,
A dangerous spirit : now he tells me King,

I was a Kings Heire, bids me be a King,
 And whispers to me, these are all my Subjects:
 Tis strange, he will not let me sleepe, but dives
 Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes,
 That kneele, and doe me service, cry me King:
 But I'le suppress him, he's a factious spirit,
 And will undoe me: noble sir, your hand,
 I am your servant.

K. Away, I do not like this:
 I'le make you tamer, or I'le dispossesse you
 Both of life and spirit: for this time
 I pardon your wilde speech, without so much
 As your imprisonment.

Exit *K. Pha. Arc.*

Di. I thanke you sir, you dare not for the people.

Gall. Ladies, what thinke you now of this brave fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand: but eye you stranger, is he not a fine compleate Gentleman? O these strangers, I doe affect them strangely: they doe the rarest home things, and please the fullest? as I live, I could love all the Nation over and over for his sake.

Gal. Pride comfortt your poore head-peece Lady, tis a weak one, and had neede of a night cap.

Di. See how his fancie labours, has he not spoke Home, and bravely? what a dangerous traine Did he give fire to? How he shooke the King, Made his soule melt within him, and his blood Run into whay: it stood upon his brow, Like a cold winter dew.

Phi. Gentlemen, You haveno suite to me? I am no Minion: You stand (me thinks) like men that would be Courtiers, If you could well be flatter'd at a price, Not to undoe your children: y'are all honest: Go get you home againe, and make your Countrey A vertuous Court, to which your great ones may, In their diseased age retire, and live recluse.

Cle. How doe you worthy sir?

Phi. Well, very well;
And so well, that if the King please, I finde
I may live many yeeres,

Di. The King must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrong and injuries: shinke not, worthy sir,
But adde your father to you: In whose name,
Wee'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people,
Who like to raging torrents shall swell high,
And so beget the dens of these Male-dragons,
That through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your swords point.

Phi. Friends, no more,
Our eares may be corrupted: Tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to: do you love me?

Tra. Doe we love Heaven, and Honour?

Phi. My Lord *Dion*, you had
A virtuous Gentlewoman, cald you father,
Is she yet alive?

Di. Most honor'd sir, she is:
And for the penance but of an idle dreame,
Has undertooke a tedious Pilgrimage.

Enter a *Lady*.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these Gentlemen you come?

La. to you, brave Lord: the Princessse would intreat
Your present company.

Phi. Th. Princessse send for me? y'are mistaken.

La. If you be cald *Philaster*, tis to you.

Phi. Kisse her hand, and say I will attend her.

Di. Doe you know what you doe?

Phi. Yes, goe to see a woman.

Cle. But doe you weigh the danger you are in?

Phi. Danger in a sweete face?

By *Iupiter* I must not feare a woman.

Tra. But are you sure it was the Princessse sent?
It may be some foule traine to catch your life.

Phi. I doe not thinke it Gentlemen: she's noble,

Her

Her eye may shoote me dead, or those true red
 And white friends in her face may steale my soule out :
 There's all the danger in't : but be what may,
 Her single name hath arm'd me.

*Exit Phil.**Di.* Goe on :

And be as truly happy, as th'art fearelesse :
 Come Gentlemen let's make our friends acquainted,
 Least the King prove false.

*Exit Gentlemen.**Enter Arethusa, and a Lady.**Are.* Comes he not ?*La.* Madam ?*Are.* Will *Philaster* come ?

La. Deare Madam, you were wont
 To credit me at first.

Are. But didst thou tell me so ?

I am forgetfull, and my womans strength
 Is so orecharg'd, with dangers like to grow,
 About my marriage, that these vnder things
 Dare not abide in such a troubled sea :
 How lookt he, when he told thee he would come ?

La. Why, well.*Are.* And not a little fearefull ?*La.* Feare Madam ? sure he knowes not what it is :

Are. You are all of his Faction ; the whole Court
 Is bold in praise of him, whilst I
 May live neglected : and doe noble things,
 As fooles in strife throw gold into the Sea,
 Drownd in the doing : but I know he feares ?
La. Feare ? Madam (me thought) his lookes hid more
 Of love then feare.

Are. Of love ? To whom ? To you ?
 Did you deliver those plaine words I sent.
 With such a winning gesture, and quicke looke.
 That you have caught him ?

La. Madam, I meane to you.*Are.* Of love to me ? Alas, thy ignorance

Lets thee not see the crosses of our births :
 Nature, that loves not to be questioned
 Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,
 And knowes she does well, never gave the world
 Two things so opposite, so contrary,
 As he and I am : if a bowle of blood
 Drawne from this arme of mine, would poyson thee,
 A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me ?

La. Madam, I thinke I heare him.

Are. Bring him in :

You Gods that would not have your doomes withstood,
 Whose holy wisedomes at this time it is,
 To make the passion of a feeble maide,
 The way unto your Iustice; I obay.

La. Here is my Lord Philaster.

Enter Phi :

Are. Oh 'tis well :

Withdraw your selfe,

Phi. Madam your Messenger
 Made me beleeve, you wish'd to speake with me.

Are. Tis true *Philaster* ; but the words are such,
 I have to say, and doe so ill beseme
 The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
 And yet am loth to speake them. Have you knowne,
 That I have ought detra'cted from your worth ?
 Have I in person wrong'd you ? Or have set
 My baser instru ments to throw disgrace
 Vpon your vertues ?

Phi. Never Madam you.

Are. Why then should you in such a publike place,
 Injure a Princesse, and a scandall lay
 Vpon my fortunes, sa'nd to be so great :
 Calling a great part of my dowry in question :

Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speake, will be
 Foolish : but for your faire and vertuous selfe,
 I could afford my selfe to have no right
 To any thing you wish'd.

Are. *Philaster*, know,

I Must enjoy these Kingdomes.

Phi. Madam, both?

Arc. Both, or I dye: by Fate I die *Philaster*

If I not calmly may enjoy them both

Phi. I would doe much to save that noble life:

Yet would be loth to haue posterity

Finde in our stories: that *Philaster* gave

His right unto a Scepter, and a Crowne,

To save a Ladies longing.

Arc. Nay then heare:

I must, and will have them and more.

Phi. What more?

Arc. Or loose that little life the gods prepared,
To trouble this poore peece of earth withall.

Phi. Madam, what more?

Arc. Turne then a way thy face.

Phi. No.

Arc. Doe:

Phi. I cannot indure it: turne away my face?

I never yet saw enemy that lookt

So dreadfully, but that I thought my selfe

As great a Basiliske as he; or spake

So horrible, but that I thought my tongue

Bore thunder underneath, as much as his;

Nor beast that I cou'd turne from: shall I then

Beginne to feare sweete sounds? a Ladies voyce,

Whom I doe loue? Say you would have my life,

Why, I will give it you; for it is of me,

A thing 'o loath'd and unto you that aske,

Of so poore use, that I shall make no price,

If you intreare, I will unmov'dly heare.

Arc. Yet for my sake a little bend thy lookes

Phi. I doe.

Arc. Then know I must have them; and thee.

Phi. And me?

Arc. Thy love; without which, all the Land

Discovered yet, will serve me for no use,

But to be buried in.

Phi. Ist possible?

Are. With it, it were to little to bestow
On thee: Now, though thy breath doe strike me dead
(Which know it may) I have unript my brest,

Phi. Madam, you are to full of noble thoughts,
To lay a traine for this contemned life,
Which you may have for asking: to suspect
Were ba'e, where I de'erve no ill: love you,
By all my hopes I doe, above my life:
But how this passion should proceed from you,
So violently would amaze a man,
That wou'd be jealous.

Are. Another soule into my body shot,
Could not have fild me with more strength and spirit,
Then this thy breath: but spend not hasty time,
In seeking how I came thus: tis the gods.
The god, that make me so: and sure our love
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave and kisse,
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it.

Phi. T will be ill,
I should abide here long.

Are. Tis true: and worse,
You should come often: How shall we devise
To hold intelligence? That our true loves,
On any new occasion may agree;
What path is best to tread?

Phi. I have a Boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seene in the Court. Hunting the Bucke,
I found him sitting by a fountaines side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And payd the Nymph againe as much in teares;
A Garland lay him by, made by himselfe.

Of many severall flowers, bred in the bay,
 Stucke in that misticke order, that the rarenesse
 Delighted me: but ever when he turned
 His tender eyes upon um, he would weepe,
 As if he meant to make un grow againe.
 Seeing Such pretty he pelesse inno cence
 Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story;
 He told me that his parents gentl: dyed,
 Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
 Which gave him rootes; and of the Christall Springs,
 Which d'd not stop their e urses; and the Sunne,
 Which still, he thank'd him, yeelded him his light,
 Then tooke he up his Garland, and d'd shew,
 What every flower as Countrey people hold,
 Did signifie: and how all, ordered thus,
 Exprest his grieve: and to my thoughts did read
 The pretiest lecture of his Countrey Art,
 That could be wisht: so that, me thought, I could
 Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
 Who was glad to follow; and have got
 The trustiest, lovingst, and the gentlest boy,
 That euer master kept: Him will I send
 To waite on you, and beare our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Are. Tis well, no more.

La. Madam, the Prince is come to doe his service.

Are. What will you doe *Philaster* with your selfe?

Phi. Why, that which all the Gods have appoynted out for me.

Are. Deare, hide thy selfe:

Bring in the Prince.

Phi. Hide me from *Pharamond*:

When Thund: r speakes which is the voyce of *Love*,

Though I doe reverence, yet I hide me not;

And shall a stranger Prince have leave to brag

Vnto a forraigne Nation, that he made

Philaster hide himselfe.

Are. He cannot know it.

Phi. Though it should sleepe for ever to the world,

It is a simple sinne to hide my selfe,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

Arc. Then good *Philaster* give him scope and way
In what he sayes: for he is apt to speake,
What you are loath to heare: for my sake doe.

Phi. I will.

Enter *Pharamond*.

Pha. My Princely Mistrisse, as true lovers ought,
I come to kisse these faire hands; and to shew
In outward ceremonies, the deare love
Writ in my heart.

Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.

Pha. To what would he have answer?

Arc. To his claime unto the Kingdome.

Pha. Sirra, I forbare you before the King.

Phi. Good sir doe so still, I would not talke with you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter, doe bur offer
To make mention of right to any kingdome.
Though it be scarce habitable.

Phi. Good sir let me goe.

Pha. And by my sword,

Phi. Peace *Pharamon*: if thou _____

Arc. Leave us *Philaster*.

Phi. I ave gone.

Pha. You are gone: by heaven I'll fetch you backe.

Phi. You shall not need:

Pha. What now.

Phi. Know *Pharamond*,

I loath to brawle with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voyce: But if
Thou shalt provoke me further: men shall say,
Thou wert, and not lament it.

Pha. Doe you slight

My grea nesse so? and in the chamber of the Princeesse?

Phi. It is a place, to which, I must confesse,
I owe a reuerence: but wer't the Church;
I at the Altar, ther's no place so safe.

Where thou darst injure me, but I dare kill thee:
 And for your greatnesse; know sir, I can grasp
 You, and your greatnesse, thus, thus into nothing:
 Give not a word not a word backe: Farewell.

Exit Phi.

Pha. Tis an odde fellow Madam, we must stop
 His mouth with some office, when we are married.

Arc. You were best make him your controuler.

Pha. I thinke he would discharge it well. But Madam,
 I hope our hearts are knit; and yet so slow
 The ceremonies of State are, that twill be long
 Before our hands be so: If then you please
 Being agreed in heart, let us not waite
 For dreaming forme, but take a little stolne
 Delights, and so prevent our joyes to come;

Arc. If you dare speake such thoughts,
 I must withdraw in honour.

Exit: Arc.

Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out till the
 wedding: I must seeke else-where:

Exit. Pha.

Actus. 2. Scena I.

Enter Philaster and Bellario.

Phi. And thou shalt finde her honourable boy:
 Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
 For thine owne modesty: and for my sake,
 Apter to give, then thou wilt be to aske,
 I, or deserve.

Bell. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing:
 And onely yet am something, by being yours;
 You trusted me unknowne, and that which you were apt
 To conster, a simple innocence in me,
 Perhaps, might have beene craft: the cunning of a boy
 Hardned in lies and theft; yet venter'd you,
 To part my miseries and me: For which,
 I never can expect to serve a Lady,

That beares more honour in her breast then you.

Phi. But boy, it will preferre thee : thou art young,
And bearest a chidish overflowing love,
To them that clap thy cheekes, and speake thee faire yet;
But when thy judgement comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those carefull friends,
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life :
She is a Princesse I preferre thee to.

Bel. In that small time that I have seene the world,
I never knew a man halty to part
With a servant he thought trusty : I remember,
My father would preferre the boyes he kept,
To greater men then he, but did it not,
Till they were growne too sawcy for himselfe.

Phi. Why gentle boy, I finde no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth ;
I shall be willing, if not apt to learne,
Age and experience will adorne my minde,
With larger knowledge : And if I have done
A wilfull fault, thinke me not past all hope
For once ; what master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy that he will part with him
Without one warning ? Let me be corrected,
To breake my stubbornnesse if it be so,
Rather then turne me off, and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That (trust me) I could weepe to part with thee,
Alas, I doe not turne thee off : thou knowest
It is my businesse that doeth call thee hence,
And when thou art with her thou dwell'st with me :
Thinke so, and tis so : and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,
Laid on so weake a one : I will againe,
With joy receive thee ; as I live, I will :
Nay, weepe not, gentle boy : Tis more then time

Thou

Thou didst attend the Princesse.

Bel. I am gone:

But since I am to part with you my Lord,

And none knowes whether I shall live to doe

More service for you: take this little prayer:

Heaven blesse your loves, your fights, all your designs:

May sicke men, if they have your wish, be well:

And heaven hate those you curse, though I be one. *Exit.*

Phi. The love of boyes unto their Lords, is strange,

I have read wonders of it, yet this boy,

For my sake (if a man may judge by lookes,

And speech) would out doe story. I may see

A day to pay him for his loyalty. *Exit. Phi.*

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. Why should these Ladyes stay so long? They must come this way; I know the Queene employes um not, for the reverend mother sent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they should all prove honest now, I were in a faire taking; I was never so long without sport in my life, and in my conscience, tis not my fault: Oh, for our countrey Ladyes. Heere's one boulted, I'll hound at her.

Enter Gallatea.

Gal. Your grace.

Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?

Gal. Not to me sir.

Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quicke; by this sweete hand.

Gal. You'll be forsworne sir, tis but an old glove. If you will talke at distance, I am for you: but good Prince be not bawdy, nor doe not brag: these two I barre, and then I thinke, I shall have sence enough, to answer all the waighty *Apothegmes*, your royall blood shall manage.

Pha. Deare Lady, can you love?

Gal. Deare Prince how deare? I ne're cost you a Coach yet, nor put you to the deare repentance of a banquet; Heere's no Scarlet sir, to blush the sinne out, it was given for: This wyer mine owne haire covers: and this face has beene so farre from being deare to any, that it ne're cost penny painting: And for the rest of my poore Wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves

no hand behind it, to make the jealous Mercers wife, curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake me Lady.

Gal. Lord, I doe so: would you, or I could helpe it.

Pha. Doe Ladies of this Countrey, use to give no more respect to men of my full being.

Gal. Full Being? I understand you not, unlesse your Grace meanes growing to fatnesse: and then your onely remedy (upon my knowledge Prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neate White wine, brewd with *Carduus*, hen fast till supper; about eight you may eate: use exercise, and keepe a Sparrow-hawke, you can shoot in a Tiller: But of all, your Grace must sic *Phlebotomie*, fresh Porke Conger, and clarified why: They are all dullers of the uital spirites.

Pha. Lady you talke of nothing, all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true sir, I talke of you.

Pha. This is a crafty wench, I like her wit well, twill be rare to stirre up a leaden appetite: she's a *Danae*, and must be courted in a showre of gold. Madam, looke here, all these, and more, then——

Gal. What have you there, my Lord? gold? Now, as I live, 'tis faire gold: you would have silver for it to play with the Pages: you could not have taken me in a worse time: But if you have present use my Lord, I'le send my man with silver, and keepe your gold for you.

Pha. Lady, Lady.

Gal. She's comming sir behind, will take white mony. Yet for all this Ile match yee.

Exit Gal. behind the hangings.

Pha. If there be but two such more in this Kingdome, and nere the Court, we may even hang up our harpes: ten such *Champhier* constitutions as this; would call the golden age againe in question, and teach the old way for every ill fact husband, to get his owne children: and what a mischief that will breed, let all consider.

Enter Megra.

Here's another: if she be of the same last, the divell shall plucke her on. Many faire mornings, Lady.

Meg. As many mornings bring as many dayes, Faire, sweete, and hopefull to your Grace.

Pha. Shee gives good words yet: Sure this wench is free:

If your more serious businesse do not call you?
 Let me hold quarter with you, wee'll talke an houre
 Out quickly.

Meg. What would your grace talke of?

Pha. Of some such pretty subject as your selfe.

Pie goe no further then your eye, or lip,
 There's theame enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even,
 Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, and red enough,
 Or my glasse wrongs me.

Pha. O they are two twind cherries died in blushes,
 Which those faire sunnes above, with their bright beames
 Reflect upon, and ripen: sweetest beauty,
 Bow downe those branches, that the longing taste,
 Of the faire locker on, may meete those blessings,
 and taste and live.

Meg. O delicate sweete Prince;
 Shee that hath snow enough about her heart,
 To take the wanton spring of ten such lynes off,
 May be a Nunne without probation.
 Sir you have in such neate poetry, gathered a kisse,
 That if I had but five lines of that number,
 Such pretty begging blankes: I should commend
 Your forehead, or your cheekes, and kisse you too.

Pha. Doe it in prose; you cannot misse it Madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall.

Pha. By my life you shall not:

Ple prompt you first: Can you doe it now?

Meg. Me thinkes tis ealie, now I hadon't before:
 But yet I should sticke at it.

Pha. Sticke till to morrow,
 Pie ne're part you sweetelt. But we lose time;
 Can you love me?

Meg. Love you my Lord? How would you have me love you?

Pha. Ple teach you in a short sentence, cause I will not load your
 memory, this is all: love me, and lye with me

Meg. was it lye with you that you said? Tis impossible.

Pha. Not to a willing minde, that will endeavour; if I doe not teach you to doe it as easily in one night, as you'l goe to bed: I'll loose my royall blood for't.

Meg. Why Prince, you have a Lady of your owne, that yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'll sooner teach a Mare the old measures, then teach her any thing belonging to the function: she's afraid to ly with her selfe, if shee have but any masculine imaginations about her; I know when we are married, I must ravish her.

Meg. By my honor, that's a foule fault indeed, but time and your good helpe will w. are it out sir.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your deare selfe, dearest Lady, I had rather be sir *Tim* the Schoolemaster, and leape a dayrie Maide.

Meg. Has your Grace seene the Court-starre, *Gallatca*?

Pha. Out vpon her; she's as cold of her favour as an appoplex; she said by but now.

Meg. And how doe you hold her wit sir?

Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of all the Guard cannot hold it if they were tied to it, she would blow v. out of the Kingdome, They talke of *Iupiter*, he's but a squibcracker to her; Looke well about you, and you may finde a tongue bolt. But speake sweete Lady, shall I be freely welcome?

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your bed; if you mistrust my faith, you doe me the v. noblest wrong.

Meg. I dare not Prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your owne condition, my purse shall scale v. and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withall: give two houres to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashfull, speake in my eare, will you be mine? keep this, and wish it, me: soone I will visit you.

Meg. My Lord, my chambers most unsafe, but when tis night, I'll finde some meanes to slippe into your lodging: till when

Pha. Till when, this, & my heart go with thee, *Ex. several waies.*

Enter Gallatca from behinde the hangings.

Gal. Oh thou pernicious petticoate Prince, are theſe your vertues? Well, if I doe not lay a traine to blow your ſport up, I am no woman: and Lady Towfabell I'ie fit you for't.

Enter Arcthuſa and a Lady.

Are. Where's the boy?

La. Within Madam.

Are. Gave you him gold, to buy him cloathes?

La. I did.

Are. And has he don't?

La. Yes Madam.

Are. Tis a pretty ſad talking boy, is it not?
 Asked you his name?

La. No Madam.

Are. O you are welcome, what good newes?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your Grace,
 That ſayes ſhe has done that, you would haue wiſh'd.

Are. Haſt thou diſcovered?

Gal. I have ſtrained a point of modeſty for you.

Are. I pree thee how?

Gal. In liſtning after bawdery; I ſee, let a Lady live never ſo modeſtly, ſhee ſhall be ſure to finde a lawfull time, to harken after bawdery; your Prince, brave *Pharamond*, was ſo hot on't.

Are. With whom?

Gal. Why, with the Lady I ſuſpect: I can tell the time and place.

Are. O when, and where?

Gal. To night, his Lodging.

Are. Runne thy ſelfe into the preſence, mingle there againe
 With other Ladies leave the reſt to me:

If Deſteny (to whom we dare not ſay,

Why thou didſt this) have not decreed it ſo,

In laſting leaves (whole ſmelleſt Characters

Was never alterd:) yet, this match ſhall breake.

Wher's the boy?

La. Here Madam.

Are. Sir, you are ſad to change your ſervice, iſt not ſo?

Bell. Madam, I have not chang'd: I wayte on you,

To doe him service.

Arc. Thou disclaimst in me;

Tell me thy name.

Bell. Bellarvio.

Arc. Thou canst sing, and play.

Bell. If griefe will give me leave, Madam, I can.

Arc. Alas, what kinde of griefe can thy yeares knowe?

Hadst thou a curst master, when thou wentst to schoole?

Thou art not capable of other griefe;

Thy browes and cheekes are smooth a waters be,

When no breath troubles them: b'leeve me boy,

Care seekes out wrinkled browes, and hollow eyes,

And builds himselfe caves to abide in them.

Come sir, tell me truly doe your Lord love me?

Bell. Love Madam? I know not what it is.

Arc. Canst thou know griefe, and never yet knewst love?

Thou art deceiv'd boy; does he speake of me

As if he wish'd me well?

Bell. If it be love,

To forget all respect of his owne friends,

In thinking of your face: if it be love

To sit crosse arm'd and sigh away the day,

Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud,

And hastily, as men in the streets doe fire;

If it be love to weepe himselfe away,

When he but heares of any Lady dead,

Or kil'd, because it might have beene your chance,

If when he goes to rest (which will not be)

Twixt every prayer he sayes, to name you once

As others drop a bead; be to be in love;

Then Madam, I dare sweare he loves you.

Arc. O, y'are a cunning boy, and taught to lie,

For your Lords credit; but thou knowest, a lie

That beares this found, is welcomer to me,

Then any truth that saies he loves me not.

Lead the way boy: Doe you attend me too?

Tis thy Lords businesse hastes me thus: Away.

Exeunt

Enter

Enter *Dion, Cleremont, Traslin, Megra Gallaten.*

Di. Come Ladies, shall we walke a round: As men
Doe walke a mi'e, women should talke an houre
After supper: Tis their exercise.

Gal. Tis late.

Meg. Tis all,

My eyes will doe to lead me to my bed:

Gal. I feare they are so heavy, you'le scarce finde
The way to your lodging with him to night.

Enter *Pharamond.*

Tra. The Prince.

Pha. Not a bed Ladies, y'are good fitters up;
What thinke you of a pleasant dreame to last
Till morning!

Meg. I should chose my Lord a pleasing wake before it.

Enter *Arethusa and Bellario.*

Are. Tis well my Lord: y'are counting of Ladies
Ist not late Gentlemen?

Cle. Yes Madam.

Are. Waite you there.

Exit *Arethusa.*

Meg. She's jealous, as I live: looke you my Lord,
The Princeesse has a *Hilas* an *Adonis*.

Pha. his forme is Angell-like.

Meg. Why this is he, must, when you are wed,
Sit by your pillow, like young *Apollo*, with

His hand a d'voyce binding your thoughts in sleepe:
The Princeesse does provide him for you, and for her selfe.

Pha. I finde no musique in these boyes

Meg. Nor I.

They can doe little, and that small they doe,
They have not wit to hide.

Di. Serves he the Princeesse?

Tra. Yes.

Di. Tis a sweet boy, how brave she keeps him.

Pha. Ladies all good rest; I meane to kill a Bucke
To morrow morning, ere y'have done your dreames.

Meg. All happinelle attend your Grace: Gentlemen good rest,

Come

Come shall we to bed?

Gal. Yes, all good night. Exit Gall. Meg.

Di. May your dreames be true to you

What shall we doe Gallants? Tis late, the King

Is up still, see he comes, a Guard a long

With him:

Enter King, Arcthusa, and Guard.

K. Looke you into intelligence be true

Arc. Vpon my life it is: and I do hope,

Your highnesse will not tie me to a man,

That in the heate of woing throwes me off,

And takes another.

Di. What should this meane?

K. If it be true,

That Lady had bin better have embrac'd

Curelesse diseases; get you to your rest,

Ex. Arc. Bel.

You shall be right d. Gentlemen draw neere,

We shall imploy you: Is young Pharamond

Come to his lodging?

Di. I saw him enter there.

K. Halt some of you, and cunningly discover,

If Megra be in her lodging.

Cle. Sir,

She parted hence, but now with other Ladies

K. If she be there, we shall not need to make

A vaine discovery of our suspicion.

You gods I see, that who uprightously

Holds wealth, or state from others, shall be curst,

In that, which meaner men are blest withall:

Ages to come, shall know no male of him

Left to inherit: and his name shall be

Blotted from earth: If he have any child,

It shall be crossely match'd: the gods themselves

Shall srow wild strife betwixt her Lord and her

Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sinne

I have committed, let it not fall

Vpon this understanding child of mine

She

She has not broke your Lawes: but how can I,
 Looke to be heard of gods, that muſt be juſt,
 Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter *Dion.*

Di. Sir I have asked, and her women ſwear ſhee is within, but
 they I thinke are bawdes; I told um I muſt ſpeake with her: they
 laugh, and ſaid their Lady lay ſpeechleſſe, I ſaid, my buſineſſe was
 important, they ſaid their Lady was about it: I grew hot, and
 cryed, my buſineſſe was a matter, that concern'd life and death; they
 answered, ſo was ſleeping, at which their Lady was; I urg'd againe,
 ſhee had ſcarce time to bee ſo, ſince laſt I ſaw her; they ſmild againe
 and ſeem'd to inſtruct me, that ſleeping was nothing but lying
 downe and winking: Answers more direct I could not get: in ſhort ſir
 I thinke ſhe is not there.

K. Tis then no time to dally: you o'th Guard,
 Waite at the backe dore of the Princes lodging.

And ſee that none paſſe thence upon your lives.

Knocke Gentlemen: knocke loud: lowder yet:

What, has their pleaſure taken off their hearing?

I'le breake your meditations: knocke againe:

Not yet? I doe not thinke he ſleepes; having this

Larum by him; once more, *Pharamond*, Prince.

Pharamond above.

Pha. What ſawcy groome knocks at this dead of night?

Where be our waiters? By my vexed ſoule,

He meetes his death, that meetes me for this boldneſſe.

K. Prince you wrong your thoughts, we are your friends,
 Come downe.

Pha. The King?

K. The ſame ſir, come downe,
 we have cauſe of preſent counſell with you.

Pha. If your Grace pleaſe to uſe me, I'le attend you
 To your Chamber.

Pha. below.

K. No, tis too late Prince, I'le make bold with yours.

Pha. I have ſome private reaſons to my ſelfe,
 Makes me unmannerly, and ſay you cannot:

E

Nay

Nay preasse not forward Gentle men, he must come
Through my life, that comes here.

Enter

K. Sir, be resolv'd I must and will come :

Pba. I will not be dishonor'd :

He that enters, enters upon his death :

Sir, tis a signe you make no stranger of me,
To bring these renegados to my chamber,
At these unseason'd houres.

K. Why doe you

Chafe your selfe so ? you are not wrong'd, nor shall be :

Onely I'll search your lodging, for some cause
To our selfe knowne : Enter I say.

Pha. I say no.

Meg. about

Meg. Let um enter Prince,

Let um enter, I am up, and ready : I know their businesse,

Tis the poore breaking of a Ladies honour,

They hunt so hotly after : let um enjoy it :

You have your businesse Gentlemen, I lay here.

O my Lord the King, this is not noble in you,

To make publique the weaknesse of a woman.

K. Come downe.

Meg. I dare my Lord : your whootings, and your clamors,

Your private whispers, and your broad fleerings,

Can no more vex my soule, then this base carriage,

But I have vengeance yet in store for some,

Shall in the most contempt you can have of me,

Be joy and nourishment.

K. will you come downe ?

Meg. Yes to laugh at your worst : but I shall wring you
If my skill faile me not.

K. Sir, I must dearely chide you for this loosenesse,

You have wrong'd a worthy Lady ; but no more,

Conduct him to my Lodging, and to bed :

Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed indeed :

Di. Tis strange a man cannot ride a stagge

Or two, to breath himselfe, without a warrant :

If this geere hold, that lodgings be search'd thus,

Pray

Pray heaven we may lie with our owne wives in safety,
That they be not by some trick of State mistaken,

Enter with *Megra*.

K. Now Lady of honour whe' s your honour now?
No man can fit your pallat, but the Prince.
Thou most ill shrowded rottenesse; thou piece
Made by a Painter and a Pothecary:
Thou troubled sea of lust: thou wilderneffe,
Inhabited by wild thoughts: thou swolne clowd
Of Infection: thou ripe Mine of all diseases:
Thou all sinne, all hell, and last, all Divells, Tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter.
By all the gods, all these, and all the Pages,
And all the Court, shall hoot thee through the Court,
Fling rotten Oranges, make ribal'd rimes,
And scare thy name wih candles upon walls:
Doe you laugh Lady Venus?

Meg. Faith sir, you must pardon me;
I cannot chuse but laugh to see you merry
If you doe this. O King: nay, if you dare doe it;
By all those gods you swore by, and as many
More of my owne: I will have fellowes, and such
Fellowes in it, as shall make noble mirth:
The Princesse your deare daughter, shall stand by me
On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing:
Urge me no more, I know her, and her haunts,
Her layes, leaps, and outlayes, and will discover all;
Nay will dishonour her. I know the boy
She keeps, a handsome boy: about eightene:
Know what she does with him, where, and when
Come sir, you put me to a womans madnesse.
The glory of a fury: and if I doe not
Doe it to the hight?

K. What boy is this she raves at?

Meg. Alas, good minded Prince, you know not these things;
I am loth to reveale um. Keepe this fault

As you would keepe your health from the hot aire
 Of the corrupted people, or by heaven,
 I will not fall alone : what I have knowne,
 Shall be as publique as a print : all tongues
 Shall ſpeake it as they doe the language they
 Are borne in, as free and commonly ; I'le ſet it
 Like a prodigious ſtarre for all to gaze at,
 And ſo high and glowing : that other Kingdomes far and forraigne,
 Shall read it there : nay travaile with it, till they finde
 No tongue to make it more, nor no more people ;
 And then behold the fall of your faire Princeſſe.

K. Has ſhe a boy.

Cle. So pleaſe your Grace I have ſeene a boy waite
 On her, a faire boy.

K. Goe, get you to your quarter:
 For this time I'le ſtudy to forget you.

Meg. Doe you ſtudy to forget me, and I'le ſtudy
 To forget you.

Ex. K. Meg. Guard.

Cle. Why here's a male ſpirit for *Heracles*, if ever there bee
 nine worthies of women, this wench ſhall ride aſtride, and be their
 Capraine.

Di. Sure ſhee has a garrifon of Divells in her tongue, ſhee uttered
 ſuch balls of wild-fire. She has ſo netled the King, that all the
 Doctors in the countrie will ſcarce cure him. That boy was a
 ſtrange found out antidote to cure her infection: that boy, that
 Princeſſe boy: that brave chaſte, vertuous Ladies boy: and a faire
 boy, a well ſpoken boy: All theſe conſidered, can make nothing
 elſe---but there I leave you Gentlemen.

Tra. Nay, weele goe wander with you.

Exeunt

Actus 3. Scena 1.

Enter Cle, Di, Tra.

Cle. Nay, doubtleſſe tis true.

Di. I, and tis the gods

That

That raise this punishment to scourge the King
 With his owne issue : Is it not a shame
 For us, that should write noble in the land;
 For us, that should be free men, to behold
 A man, that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster: prest downe from his royall right,
 By this regardlesse King; and onely looke,
 And see the Scepter ready to be cast
 Into the hands of that Lasciuious Lady,
 That lives in lust with a sinooth boy, now to be
 Married to yon strange Prince; who, but that people
 Please to let him be a Prince, is borne a slave,
 In that which should be his most noble part :
 His minde.

Tra. That man that would not stirre with you,
 To, ayde *Philaster*, let the gods forger,
 That such a creature walkes vpon the earth.

Cle. *Philaster* is too backward in't himselfe;
 The Gentry doe a waite it; and the people
 Against their nature are all bent for him,
 And like a feild of standing corne, that's mov'd
 With a stiffe gale; their heads bow all one way.

Di. The onely cause that drawes *Philaster* backe,
 From this attempt, is the faire Princes love,
 Which he admires, and we can now confute:

Tra. Perhaps he'le not beleewe it.

Di. Why Gentlemen, tis without question so.

Cle. I tis past speech, she lives dishonestly.
 But how shall we, if he be curious, worke
 Vpon his faith.

Tra. We all are satisfied within our selves.

Di. Since it is true, and tends to his owne good,
 I'le make this new report to be my knowledge,
 I'le say I know it, nay, I'le sware I saw it.

Cle. It will be best.

Enter *Philast.*

Tra. I will move him.

Di. Here he comes: Good morrow to your honor,

We have spent some time in seeking you.

Phi. My worthy friends,
You that can keepe your memories, to know
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frowne;
On men disgrac'd for vertue: A good day
Attend you all. What service may I doe
Worthy your acceptation?

Di. My good Lord,
We come to urge that vertue which we know
Lives in your breast, forth, rise, and make a head,
The Nobles, and the people are all du'd
With this usurping King; and not a man
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As Vertue, but will second your attempts.

Phi. How honorable is this love in you.
To me that have deseru'd none? Know my friends
(You that were borne to shame your poore *Philaster*,
With too much courtesie) I could afford
To melt my selfe in thanks: but my designes
Are not yet ripe, suffice it, that ere long
I shall imploy your loves: but yet the time
Is short of what I would.

Di. The time is fuller sit, then you expect
That which hereafter, will not perhaps be reach'd
By violence, may now be caught: As for the King
You know the people have long hated him:
But now the Princessse, whom they lov'd.

Phi. Why, what of her?

Di. Is loath'd as much as he.

Phi. By what strange meanes?

Di. She's knowne a whore.

Phi. Thou liest.

Di. My Lord——

Phi. Thou liest. *Offers to draw, and is held.*

And thou shalt see'e it; I had thought thy minde
Had beene of honor; thus to rob a Lady
Of her good name, is an infectious sinne,

Not to be pardon'd; be it falſe as hell,
 T' will never be redeem'd, if it be ſowne
 Amongſt the people, fruitfull to increaſe
 All evill they ſhall heare. Let me alone,
 That I may cut off falſhood, whiſt it ſprings:
 Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
 That utters this, and I will ſcale them all,
 And from the vtmoſt top fall on his necke,
 Like thunder from a cloud.

Di. This is moſt ſtrange;
 Sure he does love her.

Phi. I doe love faire truth:
 She is my Miſtriſſe, and who iniures her,
 Drawes vengeance from me. Sirs, let goe my armes.

Tra. Nay, good my Lord be patient.

Cle. Sir, remember this is your honor'd friend,
 That comes to doe his ſervice, and will ſhew you
 Why he vtter'd this.

Phi. I aſke you pardon ſir,
 My zeale to truth made me vnmannerly:
 Should I have heard diſhonour ſpoke of you,
 Behind your backe untruely, I had beene
 As much diſtemperd, an enrag'd as now.

Di. But this my Lord, is truth.

Phi. O ſay not ſo, good ſir forbear to ſay ſo,
 Tis thee truth that all woman-kind is falſe;
 Vrge it no more, it is impoſſible;
 Why ſhould you thinke the Princeſſe light?

Di. Why, ſhee was taken at it.

Phi. Tis falſe, O heaven tis falſe: it cannot be,
 Can it? Speake Gentlemen, for love of truth ſpeake;
 Iſt poſſible? can women all be damn'd?

Di. Why no, my Lord.

Phi. Why then it cannot be.

Di. And ſhe was taken with her boy.

Phi. What boy?

Di. A Page, a boy that ſerves her.

Phi. Oh good gods, a little boy ?

Di. I, know you him my Lord ?

Phi. Hell and sinne, know him ? sir, you are deceiv'd :

Ple reason it a little coldly with you ;

If she were lustfull, would she take a boy,

That knowes not yet desire ? she would have one

Should meete her thoughts, and knowes the sinne he Acts,

Which is the great delight of wickednesse :

You are abusd, and so is she, and I.

Di. How you, my Lord ?

Phi. Why all the world's abusde,

In an uniuert report.

Di. Oh, noble sir, your vertues

Cannot looke into the subtile thoughts of woman.

In short my Lord, I tooke them : I my selfe.

Phi. Now all the diuels thou didst, flie from my rage,

Would thou hadst tane diuels ingendring plagues,

When thou didst take them ; hide thee from my eyes,

Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,

When thou didst take them, or bin stricken dumbe

For ever : that this foule deed might have slept

In silence.

Tra. Have you knowne him so ill temperd ?

Cle. Never before.

Phi. The winds that are let loose,

From the foure severall corners of the earth,

And spread themselves all over sea and land,

Kisse not a chaste one. What friend beares a sword

To runne me through ?

Di. Why, my Lord, are you so mou'd at this ?

Phi. When any fall from vertue I am distract,

I have an intrest in't.

Di. But good my Lord recall your selfe,

And thinke what's best to be done.

Phi. I thanke you, I will do it :

Please you to leave me, I'll consider of it ;

To morrow I will find : your lodging forth,

And give you answer ?

Di. All the gods direct you

The readiest way.

Tra. He was extream impatient,

Cle. It was his vertue, and his noble minde.

Exit Di. Cle. Tra.

Phi. I had forgot to aske him where he tooke them.

He follow him. O that I had a sea

Whithin my brest, to quench the fire I feele;

More circumstances will but fan this fire :

It more afflicts me now, to know by whom

This deede is done, then simply that tis done :

And he that tells me this, is honourable,

As farre from lies, as she is farre from truth.

O that like beasts, we could not grieve our selves,

With that we see not; Bulls and Rammes will fight,

To keepe their females, standing in their sight :

But take um from them, and you take at once

Their spleenes away : and they will fall againe

Vnto their pastures, growing fresh and fat,

And tast the waters of the spring; as sweet,

As twas before; finding no start in sleepe.

Put miserable man ! See, see you gods,

Enter Bellario,

He walkes still; and the face you let him weare

When he was innocent, is still the same,

Not blasted; is this Iustice ? Doe you meane

To intrap mortality, that you allow

Treason so smooth a brow ? I cannot now

Thinke he is guilty.

Bell. Health to you my Lord :

The Princesse doth commend her love, her life,

And this unto you.

Phi. Oh *Bellario* :

Now I perceive she loves me; she does shew it

In loving thee my boy, she has made thee brave.

Bell. My Lord, she has atur'd me past my wish,

Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though farre unfit for me, who do attend.

Phi. Thou art growne courtly boy. Oh let all women
That love blacke deeds, learne to dissemble here,
Here, by this paper, she does write to me,
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To a l the world besides, but unto me,
A maiden snow that melt'd with my lookes;
Tell me my boy how doth the Princesse use thee?
For I shall guesse her love to me by that.

Bell. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allyed to her; Or had preserv'd
Her life three times by my ficelity,
As mothers fond doe use their onely sonnes;
As I'd use one, that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay, if he met harme,
Soe she does vse me.

Phi. Why this is wondrous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee with?

Bell. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets; and does call me
Her pretty servant, bids me weepe no more
For leaving you: shee'l see my seruices
Regarded; and such words of that soft straine,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Then ere she spake.

Phi. This is much better still.

Bell. Are you not ill my Lord?

Phi. Ill? No *Bellario*.

Bell. Me thinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your lookes that quietnesse,
That I was wont to see.

Phi. Thou art deceiv'd boy,
And she strokes thy head?

Bell. Yes.

Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?

Bell. She does my Lord.

Phi. And she does kisse thee boy? ha?

Bell. How my Lord?

Phi. She kisses thee?

Bell. Not so my Lord.

Phi. Come come I know she does?

Bell. No, by my life.

Phi. Why then she does not love me; come, she does,

I bad her do it: I charg'd her by all charmes

Of love betweene us, by the hope of peace

We should enjoy, to yeeld thee all delights

Naked, as to her bed: I tooke her oath

Thou shouldst enjoy her: Tell me gentle boy,

Is she not parallese? Is not her breath,

Sweete as *Arabian* winds, when fruits are ripe?

Are not her breasts two liquid Ivory balls?

Is she not all, a lasting Mine of joy?

Bell. I, now I see, why my disturbed thoughts

Were so perplext. When first I went to her

My heart held augury: you are abusde,

Some villaine has abusde you: I do see

Whereto you tend: fall rocks upon his head,

That put this to you: tis some suble traine,

To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

Phi. Thou thinkst I will be angry with thee: Come

Thou shalt know all my drift; I hate her more,

Then I love happinesse, and plac'd thee there;

To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds:

Hast thou discover'd; Is she falne to lust,

As I would wish her? Speake some comfort to me:

Bell. My Lord, you did mistake the boy you sent;

Had she the lust of Sparrowes, or of Goates;

Had she a sinne that way, hid from the world,

Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid

Her base desires: but what I came to know

As servant to her, I would not reveale,

To make my life last ages.

Phi. Oh my heart:

This is a ſa'ue worſe then the maine diſeaſe,
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the leaſt
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it; I will ſee thy thoughts as plaine,
As I doe now thy face.

Bell. Why ſo you doe.

She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,
As chaſt as ice: but were ſhe foule as hell,
And I did know it, thus: the breath of Kings,
The points of ſwords, tortures, nor bulls of Braſſe,
Should draw it from me.

Phi. Then tis no time to dally with thee;
I will take thy life, for I doe hate thee:
I could curſe thee now.

Bell. If you doe hate, you could not curſe me worſe:
The gods have not a puniſhment in ſtore,
Greater for me, then is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie, ſo young and ſo diſſembling:
Tell me when, and where, thou'dſt enjoy her,
Or let plagues fall on me, if I deſtroy thee not:

Bell. Heaven knowes I never did: and when I lie
To ſave my life, may I live long and loath'd;
Hew me aſunder, and whiſt I can thinke,
He love thoſe pieces you have cut away,
Better then thoſe that grow: and kiſſe thoſe limbes,
Be cauſe you made up ſo!

Phi. feareſt thou not death?
Can boyes contemne that?

Bell. Oh, what boy is he,
Can be content to live to be a man,
That ſees the beſt of men thus paſſionate,
Thus without reaſon?

Phi. Oh, but thou doſt not know what tis to die.

Bell. Yes, I doe know my Lord:
Tis leſſe then to be borne; a laſting ſleepe,
A quiet reſting from all jealouſie:

A thing we all pursue : I know besides,
It is but giving over of a game,
That must be lost.

Phi. But there are paines, false boy,
For perjur'd soules : thinke but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bell. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjur'd or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with ; If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speake of : kill me.

Phi. Oh, what should I doe ?
Why, who can but beleewe him ? He does sweare
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise *Bellarion*,
Thy protestations are so deepe ; and thou
Doe'st looke so truly, when thou utterest them,
That though I know um false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further ; but thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest lookes, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth : A love from me to thee
Is firme, what ere thou dost : It troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee. But good boy
Let me not see thee more : something is done,
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee : if thou tender it me,
Let me not see thee.

Bell. I will flye as farre
As there is morning, ere I give distate
To that most honour'd mind. But through these teares
Shed at my hopelesse parting, I can see
A world of treason practis'd upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell for evermore ;
If you shall heare, that sorrow stricke me dead,
And after finde me 'loyall, let there be

A teare shed from you, in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace

Exit Bell.

Pbi. Blessing be with thee,
What ever thou deserv'st. Oh, where shall I
Goe bath this body? Nature too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind,

Ex. Phi.

Enter Arethusa.

Arc. I marvaile my boy comes not backe againe;
But that I know my love will question him,
Over and over; how I slept, wak'd, talk'd;
How I remembred him when his deare name
Was last spoke, and how, when I sighd, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such: I should be angry
At his stay

Enter King.

K. What, at your meditations? who attends you?

Arc. None but my single selfe, I need no guard:
I doe no wrong, nor feare none.

K. Tell me: have you not a boy?

Arc. Yes sir.

K. What kind of boy?

Arc. A Page, a waiting boy.

K. A handsome boy?

Arc. I thinke he be not vgly:
Well quallified, and dutifull, I know him,
I tooke him not for beauty.

K. He speaks, and sings, and playes?

Arc. Yes sir.

K. About eightene?

Arc. I never ask'd his age.

K. Is he full of service?

Arc. By your pardon, why doe you aske?

K. Put him away.

Arc. Sir.

K. Put him away, has done you that good service
Shames me to speake of.

Arc. Good sir let me understand you.

K. If you feare me,
Shew it in duty; put away that boy.

Are. Let me have reason for it fir, and then
Your will is my command.

K. Doe not you blush to aske it? Cast him off,
Or I shall doe the same to you. Y'are one
Shame with me, and so neare unto my selfe,
That by my life, I dare not tell my selfe.
What you, my selfe have done,

Are. What have I done, my Lord?

K. Tis a new language, that all love to learne
The common people speake it well already,
They need no Grammar; understand me well,
There be foule whispers stirring: cast him off,
And sodainly; doe it: Farewell, *Exit King.*

Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour safe? Not with the living,
They feed upon opinions, errours, dreames,
And make um truths: they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces,
And when they see a vertue fortified,
Strongly about the battry of their tongues;
Oh, how they cast to sinke it: and defeated
(Soule sicke with poyson) strike the Monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping: till they sweare,
And the cold Marble melt.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest *Mistresse!*

Are. Oh, my dearest servant, I have a war within me.

Phi. He must be more then man, that makes these *Christalls*
Run into rivers: sweetest faire, the cause:
And as I am your slave, tied to your goodnesse,
Your creature made againe from what I was,
And newly spirited: He right your honour.

Are. Oh, my best love: that boy!

Phi. What boy?

Are. The pretty boy you gave me.

Phi. What of him?

Are. Must be no more mine.

Phi. Why?

Are. They are jealous of him;

Phi. Jealous, who?

Are. The King.

Phi. Oh my fortune, Then tis no idle jealousie. Let him goe.

Are. Oh cruell, are you hard hearted too? Who shall now tell you, how much I loved you? Who shall sweare it to you, and weepe the teares I send? Who shall now bring you letters, rings, bracelets? Loofe his health in service? Wake tedious nights In stories of your praise? Who shall sing Your crying Elegies? And strike a sad soule Into senselesse pictures, and make them mourne? Who shall take up his lute, and touch it, till He crowne a silent sleepe upon my eye-lids, Making me dreame; and cry, Oh my deare, Deare Philast.

Phi. Oh my heart?

Would he had broken thee, that made thee know This Lady was not loyall. Mistruste, forget The boy, Ile get thee a farre better.

Are. Oh never, never such a boy againe, As my Bellario.

Bell. Tis but your fond affections

Are. With thee my boy, farewell for ever, All secrecy in servants; farewell faith, And all desire to doe well for it selfe; Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs, Sell, and betray chaste love.

Phi. And all this passion for a boy?

Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me, And the losse of such, must have a mourning for.

Phi. O thou forgetfull woman.

Are. How, my Lord?

Phi.

Phi. False *Arethusa*!

Haſt thou a medicine to reſtore my wits,
When I have loſt um? If not. leave to talke,
And doe thus.

Are. Doe what ſir? would you ſleepe?

Phi. For ever *Arethusa*. Oh you gods,
Give me a worthy patience: Have I ſtood
Naked, alone, the ſhocke of many fortunes?
Have I ſeene miſchiefes numberleſſe, and mighty?
Grow like a ſea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as ſterne as death into my boſome,
And laught upon it, made it but a mirth,
And ſlung it by? Doe I live now like him,
Vnder this tyrant King, that languiſhing
Hears his ſad bell, and ſees his mourners? Doe I
Beare all this bravely? and muſt ſinke at length
Vnder a womans falſhood? Oh that boy,
That curſed boy? None but a villaine boy,
To eaſe your luſt?

Are. Nay, then I am betrayd,
I feele the plot caſt for my overthrow.
Oh I am wretched.

Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poore Kingdome: give it to your Ioy,
For I have no joy in it. Some farre place,
Where never woman kind durſt ſet her foote,
For burſting with her poiſons, muſt I ſeek,
And live to curſe you:
There dig a Cave, and preach to birds, and beaſts,
What woman is, and helpe to ſave them from you.
How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts,
More hell then hell has: how your tongues like Scorpions,
Both heale and poyſon: how your thoughts are woven
With thouſand changes in one ſubtle webbe,
And worne ſo by you. How that fooliſh man
That reades the ſtory of a womans face,
And dies beleiving it, is loſt for ever.

How all the good you have, is but a shadow,
 I'th morning with you, and at night behind you,
 Past and forgotten. How your vowes are frosts,
 Fast for a night, and with the next Sun gone.
 How you are, being taken all together,
 A mere confusion, and so dead a *Chaos*,
 That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts
 Till my last houre, I am bound to utter of you :
 So farewell all my woe, all my delight.

Exit Phi.

Are. Be mercifull ye gods, and strike me dead :
 What way have I d. seru'd this ? Make my brest
 Transparent as pure Christal, that the world
 Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
 My heart holds. Where shall a woman turne her eyes,
 To finde out constancy ? Save me, how blacke
 And guilty (me thinkes) that boy lookes now ?
 Oh thou dissembler, that before thou spakst,
 Wert in thy cradle false ! sent to make lies,
 And betray innoc. nts : thy Lord and thou,
 May glory in the ashes of a maid !
 Fooled by her Passion : but the conquest is,
 Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away,
 Let my command force thee to that, which shame
 Would doe without it. If thou understoodst
 The loathed office thou hast undergone,
 Why thou wouldst hide thee under heapes of hills,
 Lest men should dig and finde thee.

Enter Bell.

Bell. Oh what god,
 Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
 Into he noblest minds ? Madam this grieve
 You adde unto me, is no more then drops
 To seas, for which they are not seene to swell :
 My Lord hath strucke his anger through my heart,
 And let out all the hope of future joyes,
 You need not bid me fly, I came to patt,
 To take my last leave. Farewell for ever :
 I durst not runne away in honesty,

From

From such a Lady, like a boy that stole,
Or made some grievous fault: the power of gods
Assist you in your sufferings, & hasty time
Reveale the truth to your abused Lord,
And mine: That he may know your worth: whilst I
Goe seeke out some forgotten place to die

Exit Bell.

Arc. Peace guide thee: tha'st overthrowne me once,
Yet if I had another *Troy* to lose
Thou, or another villaine with thy lookes,
Might talke me out of it, and send me naked,
My haire disheveld through the fiery freetes?

Enter a Lady.

La. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestnesse.

Arc. I am in tune to hunt:
Diana if thou canst rage with a maid,
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing: and turne me to a fearefull Hinde,
That I may die pursued by cruell hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds.

Exeunt

Actus 4. Scena 1.

*Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, Gallatea, Megra, Dion,
Cleremont, Trasilin, and attendants.*

K. What are the hounds before, and all the woodmen
Our horses ready, and our bowes bent.

Di. all sir.

K. Y'are cloudy sir, come we have forgotten
Your veniall trespassse; let not that sit heavy
Vpon your spirit; none dare utter it.

Di. He lookes like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping, dull
as a Dormouse: see how he sinke; the wench has shot him betweene
wind and water, and I hope sprung a leake.

Tra. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough : his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlues; would he would leave off poaching.

Di. And for his horne, has left it at the lodge where he lay late : Oh, hee's a pretious lyme-hound; turne him loose upon the pursuite of a Lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i'th slip. When my fox-bitch Bewty growes proud, I'll borrow him.

K. Is your boy turn'd away ?

Are. You did command sir, and I obeyed you.

K. Tis well done : Hurke ye further.

Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent ? Mee thinks that were not noble in him : and yet he lookes like a mortified member, as if he had a sicke mans salve in's mouth. If a worie man had done this fault now, some physicall Iustice or other, would presently (without the helpe of an Almaacke) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dogge-whirpe.

Di. See, see, how modestly you Lady lookes, as if she came from Churching with her neighbour : why, what a divel can a man see in her face, but that shee's honest ?

Pha. Troth no great matter to speake of, a foolish twinckling with the eye, that spoiles her coate; but he must be a cunning Herald that findes it.

Di. See how they muster one another ! O theres a ranke Regiment, where the Divell carries the Colours, and his Dam Drum-major. Now the world and the flesh come behind with the Carriage.

Cle. Sure this Lady has a good turne done her against her will : before, she was common talke, now none dare say, Cantharides can stirre her. Her face lookes like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this Lady meanes to let her selfe loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious; and may use her body discreetly, for her health sake, once a weeke, excepting Lent and Dog-daye : oh if they were to be got for money, what a great Summe would come out of the City for these licences.

K. To horse, to horse, we loose the morning Gentlemen.

Exeunt

Enter.

Enter two Woodmen.

1 *Wood.* What, have you 'odged the Deere?

2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 *Wood.* Who shootes?

2 *Wood.* The Princeesse.

1 *Wood.* No, shee'l hunt.

2 *Wood.* Shee'l take a stand I say.

1 *Wood.* Who else?

2 *Wood.* Why, the young stranger Prince.

1 *Wood.* He shall shoote in a stone bow for me. I never lov'd his beyond sea-ship, since he forsooke the say, for paying ten shillings: he was there at the fall of a Deere, and would needes (out of his mightinesse) give ten groats for the Dowcets: marry the steward would have the velvet head into the bargaine, to turfe his hat withall: I thinke he should love venery, he is an old sir *Tristram*, for if you be remembred, he forsooke the Stagge once, to strike a rascall milking in a meadow, and her he kild in the eye. Who shootes else?

2 *Wood.* The Lady *Gallatea*.

1 *Wood.* That's a good wench, and she would not chide us for tumbling of her woman in the brakes. Shee's liberall, and by my Bowe they say shee's honest, and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to doe. There's all?

2 *Wood.* No, one more *Megra*.

1 *Wood.* That's a firker I faith boy: There's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennell of hounds, as a hunting saddle; and when she comes home, get um clapt; and all is well againe. I have knowne her lose her selfe three times in one afternoone (if the woods haue beene answerable) and it has beene worke enough for one man to finde her, and he has sweat for it. She rides well, and she payes well. Harke, let's goe.

Exeunt

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Oh, that I had beene nourished in these woods,
With milke of Goates, and Akrons, and not knowne
The right of Crownes, nor the dissembling traines
Of womens lookes: but dig'd my selfe a Cave,
Where I, my fire, my Cattell, and my bed,
Might have beene shut together in one shed:

And then had taken me ſome mountaine girle,
 Beaten with winds, chaſt as the hardened rockes
 Whereon ſhe dwells: that might have ſtrewed my bed
 With leaves, and reedes, and with the ſkinnes of beaſts
 Our neighbours: And have borne at her big breaſts
 My large courſe iſſue, This had beene a life
 Free from vexation.

Enter Bellario.

Bell. Oh wicked men!

An innocent may walke ſafe among beaſts,
 Nothing aſſaults me here. See, my griev'd Lord,
 Sits as his foule were ſearching out a way,
 To leave his body. Pardon me that muſt
 Breake thy laſt commandement; For I muſt ſpeake:
 You that are griev'd can pittie: heare my Lord,

Phi. Is there a creature yet ſo miſerable,
 That I can pittie?

Bell. Oh my noble Lord,
 View my ſtrange fortune, and beſtow on me,
 According to your bounty (if my ſervice
 Can merit nothing) ſo much as may ſerve
 To keepe that little piece I hold of life,
 From cold and hunger.

Phi. Is it thou? be gone:
 Goe ſell thoſe miſbeſeeming clothes thou weareſt,
 And feed thy ſelfe with them.

Bell. Alas, my Lord, I can get nothing for them:
 The ſilly Country people thinke tis treaſon,
 To touch ſuch gay things,

Phi. Now by my life this is
 Vnkindly done, to vexe me with thy ſight;
 Th'art falſe againe to thy diſſembling trade:
 How ſhouldſt thou thinke to cozen me againe?
 Remaines there yet a plague untride for me.
 Even ſo thou wepſt, and spokſt, when firſt
 I tooke thee up: curſe on the time. If thy
 Commanding teares can worke on any other,

Use thy art, Ile not betray it. Which way
Wilt thou take, that I may shune thee:
For thine eyes are poyson to mine; and I
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that way?

Bell. Any will serue, but I will chuse to have
That path in chase, that leades unto my grave.

Exit Phi. Bell. severally.

Enter Dion and the Woodmen.

Di. This is the strangest sudden chance I You Woodman?

1 Wood. My Lord *Don.*

Di. Saw you a Lady come this way, on a sable horse studded
with starres of white?

2 Wood. Was she not young and tall?

Di. Yes: Rode she to the wood, or to the plaine?

2 Wood: Faith my Lord, we aw none. *Exit Woodmen.*

Enter Cleremont.

Di: Poxe of your questions then. What, is she found?

Cle, Nor will be I thinke:

Di. Let him seeke his daughter himselfe: she cannot stray about:
a litle necessary naturall buyfinesse, but the whole Court must be in
Armes: when she has done, we shall have peace.

Cle. Theres already a thousand fatherlesse tales amongst vs:
some say her horse ran away with her: some, a Wolfe persued her:
others, it was a plot to kill her: and that armed men were seene in
the Wood; but questionlesse, she rode away willingly.

Ente. King, and Traslant.

K. Where is she?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

K. How is that? answer me so againe.

Cle. Sir, shall I lie?

K. Yes, lie and damne, rather then tell me that:

I say againe, where is she? Mutter not:

Sir, speake you, where is she?

Di. Sir, I doe not know.

K. Speake that againe so boldly, and by heaven,
It is thy last. You fellowes, answer me,
Where is she? Marke me all, I am your King.

I wiſh to ſee my daughter, ſhew her me :
 I doe command you all, as you are ſubjects ;
 To ſhew her me, what am I not your King ?
 If I, then am I not to be obeyed ?

Di. Yes, if you command things poſſible, and honeſt.

K. Things poſſible and honeſt ? Here me, thou,
 Thou traytor, that dar'ſt confine thy King to things
 Poſſible and honeſt ; ſhew her me,
 Or let me periſh, if I cover not
 All *Cicily* with bloud.

Di. Indeed I cannot, unleſſe you tell me where ſhe is.

K. You have betray'd me, y'have let me loſe
 The Jewell of my life : goe, bring her me,
 And ſet her here before me : tis the King
 Will have it ſo, whoſe breath can ſtill the Winds,
 Vnclowd the Sunne, charme downe the ſwelling Sea,
 And ſtop the floods of heaven : ſpeake, can it not.

Di. No.

K. No? Cannot the breath of Kings doe this ?

Di. No, nor ſmell ſweete it ſelfe, if once the lungs
 Be but corrupted.

K. Is it ſo? Take heed.

Di. Sir, take you heed, how you dare the powers
 That muſt be juſt.

K. Alas, what are we Kings ?

Why doe you gods place us aboue the reſt ;

To be ſerv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we

Beleeve we hold within our hands your thunder.

And when we come to trie the power we have,

There's not a leafe ſhakes at our threatnings.

I have ſind' tis true, and here ſtand to be puniſh'd ;

Yet would not thus be puniſh'd, let me chuſe

My way, and lay it on.

Di. He articles with the gods ; would ſome body would draw
 bonds, for the performance of covenants betwixt them.

Enter Pha, Gallatea, and Megra

K. What, is ſhe found,

Pha. No, we have tane her horse,
He gallopt empty by : there's some treason :
You *Gallatea* rode with her into the wood ;
Why left you her ?

Gal. She did command me :

K. Command ! you should not.

Gal. T'would ill become my fortunes, and my birth
To disobey, the daughter of my King.

K. Y'are all cunning ! to obey us for our hurt,
But I will have her.

Pha. If I have her not,

By this hand there shall be no more *Cicellie*.

Di. What, will he carry it to *Spaine* in's pocket ?

Pha. I will not leave one man a live, but the King,

A *Cooke*, and a *Taylor*.

Di. Yet you may doe well to spare your *Lady* bedfellow, and her
you may keepe for a spawner.

K. I see the injuries I have done must be reveng'd

Di. Sir, this is not the way to finde her out.

K. Run all, disperse your selves : the man that findes her.

Or (if she be kild) the traytor, I'le make him great.

Di. I know some would giue five thousand pounds to finde her ;

Pha. Come let us seeke.

K. Each man a severall way, here I my selfe.

Di. Come Gentlemen, we here.

Cle. Lady, you must goe search too.

Meg. I had rather be search'd my selfe. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter *Arethusa*.

Arc. Where am I now ? Feete, finde me out away,

Wit-out the councill of my troubled head,

I'le follow you boldly about these woods,

O're mountaines, thorough brambles, pits, and fouds ;

Heaven I hope will ease me I am sicke.

Enter *Bellarion*.

Bell. Yonder's my Lady : Heaven knowes I want nothing,

Because I doe not wish to live ; yet I

Will try her charity. O heare, you that have plenty.

From that flowing store, drop some on dry ground: see,
 The lively red is gone to guard her heart:
 I feare she faints: Madam looke, vp she breaths not:
 Open once more those rosie twins, and send
 Vnto my Lord, your latest farewell: Oh, she stirres:
 How is it Madam? Speake comfort.

Are. Tis not gently done,
 To put me in a miterable life,
 And hold me there: I prey thee let me goe:
 I shall doe best without thee: I am well.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage,
 He tell her coolly, when and where, I heard
 This killing truth. I will be temperate
 In speaking, and as iust in hearing.
 Oh monstrous! Tempt me not you gods, good gods
 Tempt not a fraile man, what's he, that has a heart,
 But he must ease it here?

Bell. My Lord, helpe, the Princessse.

Are. I am well, forbear.

Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embra'd
 And kist by Scorpions, or adore the eyes
 Of Basilisks, rather then trust to tongues
 And shrinke these veines vp: sticke me here a stone
 Lasting to ages, in the memory
 Of this damn'd act. Heare me you wicked ones,
 You have put hills of fire into this breast,
 Not to be quench'd with teares: for which may guilt
 Sit on your bosomes; at your meales, and beds,
 Dispaite await you: what, before my face?
 Poyson of Aspes betweene your lips: Diseases
 Be your best issues: Nature makes a curse,
 And throw it on you.

Are. Deare Philaster, leave

To be enrag'd, and heare me.

Phi. I have done;

Forgive

Forgive my passion, not the calmed sea,
 When *Eolus* looks vp his windy brood.
 Is lesse disturb'd then I, Ile make you know it :
 Deare *Arethusa*, doe but take this sword,
 And search how temperate a heart I have ;
 Then you, and this your boy, may live and raigne
 In lust without controle : Wilt thou *Bellarion* ?
 I prethee kill me : thou art poore, and maist
 Nourish ambitious thoughts : when I am dead,
 This way were freer. ? Am I raging now ?
 If I were mad I should desire to live ;
 Sirs, feele my pulse; whether have you knowne
 A man in a more equall tune to die ?

Bell. Alas my Lord, your pulse keepes madmans time,
 So does your tongue.

Phi. You will not kill me then ?

Are. Kill you ?

Bell. Not for a world.

Phi. I blame not thee,

Bellarion : thou hast done but that, which gods

Would have transformed themselves to doe : be gone,

Leave me without reply : this is the last

Of all our meeting. Kill me with this sword ;

Be wise, or worse will follow : we are two

Earth cannot beare at once. Resolve to doe,

Or suffer.

Are. If my fortune be so good, to let me fall
 Vpon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.

Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,

No Iealoufie in the other world, no ill there ?

Phi. No.

Are. Shew me then the way.

Phi. Then guide

My feeble hand, you that have power to doe it,

For I must performe a peece of Iustice. If your youth

Have any way offended heaven, let prayers

Short and effectuall reconcile you to it.

Are. I am prepared. *Enter a Countrey fellow.*

Coun. I'll see the King, if he be in the forrest, I have hunted him the two houre: if I should come home and not see him, (my sisters would laugh at me: I can see nothing but people better hors'd then my selfe, that out ride me; I can heare nothing but showting. These Kings had neede of good braines, this whooping is able to put a meane man out of his wits. Ther's a Courtier with his sword drawne, by this hand vpon a woman, I thinke.

Phil. Are you at peace?

Are. With heave and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soule and body?

Count. Hold dastard, strike a woman! th' art a craven I warrant thee, thou wouldest be loth to play halfe a dozen of venies at wasters with a good fellow for a broken head.

Pha. Leave vs good friend.

Are. What ill bred man art thou, to intrude thy selfe vpon our private sports, our recreations.

Count. God vds, I vnderstand you not, but I know the rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thy owne affaires; it will be ill To multiply bloud vpon my head: Which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your Rhetoricke, but I can lay it on if you touch the woman. *They fight.*

Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest.

Are. Heavens guard my Lord.

Coun. Oh, doe you breath?

Phi. I heare the tread of people: I am hurt, The gods take part against me, could this Boore Have held me thus else? I must shift for life, Though I doe loath it. I would finde a course, To lose it, rather by my will then force. *Exit Philaster.*

Coun. I cannot follow the rogue: I pray thee wench come and kisse me now.

Enter Phara, Dian, Cle. Tras, and Woodmen.

Pha. What art thou?

Coun. Almost kild I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

Pha. The Princeſſe Gentlemen! Where's the wound Madam? Is it dangerous?

Are. He has not hurt me.

Coun. I faith ſhe lies, has hurt her in the breſt, looke eſe.

Pha. O ſacred ſpring of innocent blood.

Di. Tis a bove wonder! who ſhould dare this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speak villaine who has hurt the Princeſſe?

Coun. Is it the Princeſſe?

Di. I.

Coun. Then I have ſeene ſomething yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

Coun. I told you a rogue I ne're ſaw him before, I.

Pha. Madam who did it?

Are. Some diſhoneſt wretch; alas I know him not,

And doe forgive him.

Coun. Hee's hurt to, he cannot goe farre, I made my fathers old foxe ſtie about his eares.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all, tis ſome diſtracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand, I'le leave never a piece of him bigger then a nut, and bring him all in my hat.

Are. Nay, good ſir,

If you doe take him bring him quicke to me,

And I will ſtudy for a puniſhment,

Great as his fault.

Pha. I will.

Are. But ſwear.

Pha. By all my love I will: Woodmen conduct the Princeſſe to the King, and beare that wounded fellow to dreſſing: Come Gentle men, wee'l follow the chaſe cloſe:

Exit Are, Pha, Di, Cle, Tra, & a Woodman.

Coun. I pray you friend let me ſee the King.

2 Wood. That you ſhall and receive thanks:

Excunt.

Coun. If I get cleare with this, He goe to ſee no more gay fights

Enter Bellario.

Bell. A heavinesse neare death sits on my brow,
 And I must sleepe: Beare me thou gentle banke,
 For ever if thou wilt: you sweete ones all,
 Let me unworthy presse you: I could wish
 I rather were a Coarse strewd ore with you,
 Then quicke above you. Dulnesse shuts mine eyes,
 And I am giddy: Oh that I could take
 So sound a sleepe, that I might never wake:

Enter Philaster.

Phi. I have done ill, my conscience calls me false
 To strike at her, that would not strike at me:
 When I did fight, me thought I heard her pray,
 The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,
 And I a loathed villaine: If she be,
 She will conceale who hurt her: He has wounds,
 And cannot follow, neither knowes he me.
 Who's this? *Bellario* sleeping? If thou beest
 Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleepe *cry within.*
 Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,
 So broken: Harke I am pursued: you gods,
 Ile take this offerd meanes of my escape:
 They have no marke to know me, but my wounds,
 If she be true; if false, let mischief light
 On all the world at once. Sword, print my wounds
 Vpon this sleeping boy; I ha none I thinke
 Are mortall, nor would I lay greater on thee: *wounds him.*

Bell. Oh death I hope is come, blest be that hand,
 It meant me well: againe, for pitties sake.

Phi I haue caught my selfe, *Phi. falls.*
 The losse of blood hath stayd my flight. Here, here
 Is he that stroke thee: take thy full revenge,
 Use me, as I did meane thee, worse then death:
 I'll teach thee to revenge: this lucklesse hand
 Wounded the Princesse, tell my followers,
 Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
 And I will second thee: Get a reward

Bell.

Bell. Fly fly my Lord, and ſave your ſelfe.

Phi. How's this ?

Wouldſt thou I ſhould be ſafe ?

Bell. Elſe were it vaine

For me to live. Theſe little wounds I have,

Ha not bled much, reach me that noble hand,

Ile helpe to cover you.

Phi. Art thou true to me ?

Bell. Or let me periſh loath'd. Come my good Lord,

Creepe in among thoſe buſhes; who does know

But that the gods may ſave your (much lov'd) breath

Phi. Then I ſhall die for grieſe, if not for this,

That I have wounded thee: what wilt thou doe ?

Bell. Shift for my ſelfe well; peace, I heare um come.

Within. Follow, follow, follow, that way they went.

Bel. With my owne wounds Ile bloody my owne ſword.

I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knowes,

That I can ſtand no longer.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Traſiline.

Phi. To this place we have tract him by his blood.

Cle. Yonder, my Lord, creepes one a way.

Di. Stay fir, what are you ?

Bell. A wretched creature wounded in theſe woods

By beaſts; relieve me, if your names be men,

Or I ſhall periſh.

Di. This is he my Lord,

Vpon my ſoule that hurt her; tis the boy,

That wicked boy that ſerv'd her.

Phi. O thou damn'd in thy creation !

What cauſe couldſt thou ſhape to hurt the Princeſſe ?

Bell. Then I am betrayed.

Di. Betrayed; no, apprehended

Bel. I confeſſe :

Vrge it no more, that big with evill thoughts

I ſet upon her, and did take my aime

Her death: For charity let fall at once

The puniſhment you meane, and doe not load

This weary flesh with tortures.

Pha. I will know who hir'd thee to this deed ?

Bell. Mine owne revenge.

Pha. Revenge, for what ?

Bell. It please her to receive

Me as her Page, and when my fortunes eb'd,

That men strid o're them carelesly, she did showre

Her welcome graces on me, and did swell

My fortunes, till they overflowed their bankes,

Threatning the men that crost um : when as swift

As stormes arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes

To burning Sunnes upon me, and did dry

The streames she had bestow'd, leaving me worse,

And more contemn'd then other little brookes,

Because I had beene great : In short, I knew

I could not live, and therefore did desire.

To die reveng'd.

Pha. If tortures can be found,

Long as thy naturall life, resolve to feele

The utmost rigour.

Philaster creeps out of a bush.

Clc. Helpe to leade him hence.

Phi. Turne backe you ravishers of Innocence,

Know ye the price of that you beare away

So rudely ?

Pha. Who's that ?

Di. Tis the Lord *Philaster*.

Phi. Tis not the treasure of all Kings in one,

The wealth of *Tagus*, nor the rockes of pearle,

That pave the Court of *Neptune*, can weigh downe

That vertue. It was I that hurt the Princesse.

Place me, some God, upon a *Piramis*,

Higher then hills of earth, and lend a voice

Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence,

I may discourse to all the under-world,

The worth that dwells in him.

Pha. How's this ?

Bell. My Lord, some man.

Wearie of life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave these untimely curtesies *Bellarion*.

Bell. Alas he is mad, come will you lead me on:

Phi. By all the oathes that men ought most to keepe,

And Gods doe punish most, when men doe breake,

He toucht her not. Take heed *Bellarion*,

How thou dost drowne the vertues thou hast shown

With perjury. By all thats good twas I :

You know she stood betwixt me and my right.

Phi. Thy owne tongue be thy Judge.

Cle. It was *Philaster*.

Di. Ist not a brave boy ?

Well Sirs, I feare me, we were all deceived.

Phi. Have I no friend here ?

Di. Yes.

Phi. Then shew it :

Some good body lend a hand to draw us neerer.

Would you have teares shed for you when you dy :

Then lay me gently on his necke, that there

I may weepe floods, and breath out my spirit :

Tis not the wealth of *Plutus*, nor the gold

Lockt in the heart of earth, can buy away

This arme full from me, this had bin a ransome

To have redeen'd the great *Augustus Caesar*,

Had he bin taken, you hard hearted men,

More stony then these mountaines, can you see

Such cleare pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh

To stop his life ? To bind whose better wounds,

Queens ought to teare their haire, & with their teares

Bath um. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth

Of poore *Philaster*.

Enter King Arcthusa, and a guard.

K. Is the villaine tane.

Phi. Sir, here be two,

Confesse the deed; but say it was *Philaster*.

Phi. Question is no more, it was.

K. The fellow that did fight with him will tell us that.

Are. Ay me, I know he will.

K. Did not you know him?

Are. Sir, if it was he, he was dignified.

Phi. I was so, Oh my stars! that I should live still!

K. Thou a ambitious foole;

Thou that hast laid a traine for thy owne life;

Now I doe meane to doe, He leave to talke,

Beare him to prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together, to take hence

This harmelesse life; should it passe unreveagd,

I should to earth goe weeping; grant me then,

(By all the love a father beares his child)

Their custodies, and that I may appoint

Their tortures and their deaths.

Di. Death? soft, our law will not reach that, for this fault.

K. Tis granted; take um to you, with a guard.

Come princely *Pharamond*, this businesse past,

We may with more security, goe on

To your intended match.

Cle. I pray that this action loose not *Philaster* the hearts of the people

Di. Feare it not, their overwise heads will thinke it but a tricke,

Finis Actus quarto. Exeunt omnes

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Dion, Cleremond, and Trasiline.

Tra. Has the King sent for him to death?

Di. Yes but the King must know, tis not in his power to warre with heaven.

Cle. We linger time; the King sent for *Philaster*, and the headsman an houre agoe.

Tra. Are all his wounds well?

Di. All they were but scratches, but the losse of blood made him faint,

Cle. Wee

Cle. We dally Gentlemen. *Tra.* Away.

Di. Wee'l skuffle hard before he perish. *Exeunt*

Enter Philaster, Arethusa, Bellario.

Are. Nay deare *Philaster*, grieve not, we are well,

Bell. Nay good my Lord forbear, we are wondrous well.

Phi. Oh *Arethusa*! O *Bellario*! leave to be kind:

I shall be shot from heaven, as now from earth,

If you continue so; I am a man,

Falle to a paire of the most trusty ones

That ever earth bore, can it beare us all?

Forgive and leave me; but the King hath sent

To call me to my death. oh shew it me,

And then forget me: And for thee my boy,

I shall deliver words will mollifie

The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.

Bell. Alas my Lord, my life is not a thing

Worthy your noble thoughts: tis not a life,

Tis but a peece of child-hood throwne away:

Should I outlive you, I should then outlive

Vertue and honour: And when that day comes,

If ever I shall close these eyes but once,

May I live spotted for my perjury,

And wast my limbs to nothing.

Are. And I (the wofu'ft maid that ever was,

Forc't with my hands to bring my Lord to death,)

Do by the honour of a Virgin sweare,

To tell no houres beyond it.

Phi. Make me not hated so.

Are. Come from this pri'on, all joyfull to our deaths

Phi. People will teare me when they find you true

To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.

Injoy your Kingdomes peaceably, whilst I

For ever sleepe, forgotten with my faults.

Every just servant, every Maid in love,

Will have a peece of me if you be true.

Are. My deare Lord say not so.

Bell. A peece of you?

He was not borne of women that can cut it
And looke on :

Phi. Take me in teares betwixt you,

For my heart will breake with shame and sorrow.

Are. Why, tis well.

Bell. Lament no more.

Phi. What would you have done
If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found
My life no price, compar'd to yours? For love Sirs,
Deale with me truely.

Bell. T was mistaken, Sir:

Phi. Why if it were.

Bell. Then Sir we would have ask'd you pardon.

Phi. And have hope to injoy it?

Are. Injoy it? I.

Phi. Would you indeed? be plaine.

Bell. We would my Lord.

Phi. Forgive me then.

Are. So, so.

Bell. Tis as it should be now.

Phi. Lead to my death. *Exeunt*

Enter King, Dion, Cleremond, Thraslin.

K. Gentlemen, who saw the Prince?

Cle. So please you sir, hee's gone to see the City,

And the new platforme, with some Gentlemen

Attending on him.

K. Is the Princess ready

To bring her prisoner out?

Tra. She waites your Grace.

K. Tell her we stay.

Di. King, you may be deceiv'd yet,
The head you aime at cost more setting on
Then to be lost so lightly: If it must off
Like a wild over flow, that soops before him
A golden Stacke, and with it shakes downe Bridges,
Cracks the strong hearts of Pines, whose cable roots
Held out a thousand stormes, a thousand thunders,

And so made mightier, takes whole villages,
 Vpon his back, and in that heat of pride,
 Charges strong Townes, Towers, Castles, Pallaces,
 And layes them desolate: so shall thy head,
 Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands
 That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
 In thy red ruines.

Enter Philaster, Arethusa, Bellarie, in a Robe and Garland.

K. How now, what Maske is this?

Bell. Right royall sir, I should
 Sing you an Epithalamium of these lovers,
 But having lost my best ayres with my fortunes,
 And wanting a celestiall harpe to strike
 This blessed union on; thus in glad story
 I give you all. These two faire Cedar branches,
 The noblest of the Mountaine, where they grew
 Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades
 The worthier beasts have made their layers, and slept
 Free from the *Sirian* Star, and the fell thunder-stroke,
 Free from the Clouds, when they were big with humour,
 And deliverd in thousand spouts, there issues to the earth:
 O there was none but silent quiet there,
 Till never pleased Fortune, shot up shrubs,
 Base underbrambles to devorce these branches;
 And for a while they did so, and did raigne
 Over the Mountaine, and choake up his beauty,
 With Brakes, rude Thornes and Thistles, til the Sun
 Scorcht them even to the roots, and dried hem there;
 And now a gentle gale hath blowne againe,
 That made these branches meet and twine together,
 Never to be divided: The god that sings
 His holy numbers over marriage beds,
 Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand
 Your children mighty King, and I have done.

K. How, how?

Arc. Sir, if you love it in plaine truth,
 For there is no masking in't; This Gentleman

The Prisoner that you gave me is become
 My keeper, and through all, the bitter, throws
 Your Jealousies, and his ill fate have wrought him,
 Thus nobly hath he struggled; and at length
 Arriv'd here my deare husband.

K. Your deare husband I call in
 The Captaine of the Cittadell; There you shall keepe
 Your wedding. He provide a Masque shall make
 Your Himen turne his lashion into a lullent coat,
 And sing sad Requiems to your departing soules;
 Blood shall put out your Torches, and instead
 Of gaudy flowers about your wanton neckes,
 An Axe shall hang, like a prodigious Meteor,
 Ready to crop your loves sweetes. Heare you gods:
 From this time doe I shake all tittle of,
 Of father to this woman, this base woman,
 And what there is of vengeance, in a Lion
 Chast among dogs, or rob'd of his deare young,
 The same inforc't more terrible, more mighty,
 Expect from me.

Are. Sir,

By that little life I have left to sweare by,
 There's nothing that can stirre me from my selfe.
 What I have done, I have done without repentance,
 For death can be no Bug-bear unto me,
 So long as *Pharamond* is not my headsman.

Di. Sweet peace upon thy soule, thou worthy maid
 When ere thou dyest; for this time Ile excuse thee,
 Or be thy Prologue.

Phi. Sir, let me speake next,
 And let my dying words be better with you
 Then my dull living actions; if you aime
 At the deare life of this sweet Innocent,
 Y'are a Tirant, and a savage Monster;
 Your memory shall be as foule behind you
 As you are living, all your better deeds
 Shall be in water writ, but this in Marble:

No Chronicle shall speake you, though your owne,
 But for the shame of men : No Monument
 (Though high and big as *Pelion*) shall be able
 To cover this base murder, make it rich
 With Brasse, with purest Gold, and shining Iasper,
 Like the Piramides, lay on Epitaphes,
 Such as make great men gods ; my little marble
 (That onely cloaths my athes, not my faults)
 Shall farre outshine it. And for after issues
 Thinke not so madly of the hea venly wisdomes,
 That they will give you more, for your mad rage
 To cut off, vnlesse it be some snake, or something
 Like your selfe, that in his birth shall strangle you.
 Remember my fath'r King ; there was a fault,
 But I forgive it : let that sinne perswade you
 To love this Lady. If you have a soule,
 Thinke, save her, and be saved for my selfe,
 I have so long expected this glad houre,
 So languisht under you, and daily withered,
 That heaven knowes it is my ioy to dy,
 I find a recreation in't.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's the King ?

K. Here.

Mess. Get you to your strength,

And rescue the Prince *Pharamond* from danger,

Hee's taken prisoner by the Citizens,

Bearing the Lord *Philaster*.

Di. O brave followers ;

Muteny, my fine deare Countrimen, muteny,

Now my brave valiant foremen ; shew your weapons,

In honour of your Mistresses. *Enter another Messenger.*

Mess. Arme, arme, arme :

K. A thousand Devils take v'm

Di. A thousand blessings on v'm

Mess. Arme O King, the Cittie is in muteny,

Led by an old gray Ruffin, who comes on

In rescue of the Lord *Philaster*. *Exit with Arc, Phi. Bellariva*

K. Away to the Cittadell, Ile see them safe,
And then cope with these Burgers: Let the guard
And all the Gentlemen give strong attendance *Exit King*

Manent Dion, Cleremond, Traslina.

Cle. The Citty up, this was above our wishes.

Di. I and the marriage too: by my life,

This noble Lady has deceiv'd us all, a plague upon my selfe; a thousand plagues, for having such unworthy thoughts of her deare honour: O I could beat my selfe, or do you beat me, and Ile beat you, for we had all one thought.

Cle. No, no, twill but lose time.

Di. You say true, are your swords sharpe? Well my deare Countrymen, what ye lacke, if you continue and fall not backe upon the first broken shinne, ile have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and all to be praisde, & sung in sonnets, and bathd in new brave Ballads, that all tongues shall troule you, in *Sacula Saculorum*, my kind Can-carriers.

Tra. What if a toy take um ith heeles now, and they runn all away, and eiy the Divell take the hindmost.

Di. Then the same Divell take the foremost too, & sowce him for his breakfast; if they all prove Cowards, my curses fly amoug them and be speeding: May they have Murriens raign to keep the gentle men at home unbound in easie freeze: May the Mothes branch their Velvets, and their silkes only be worne before sore eyes: May their false lights undoe um, and discover presses, holes, staines, and oldnesse in their Stuffles, and make them shopridd: May they keepe Whores and horses, and brake; and live mued up with neckes of Beefe and Turnups: May they have many children, and none like the Father: May they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their Parcels, unlesse it be the goarish Latine they write in their bonds, and may they write that false, and lose their debts.

Enter the King

K. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them; how they swarme together I what a hum they raise! Divells choake your wiid throats; If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a Brokage for it, and then bring um on, and they will fight like sheepe. Tis

Phila.

Philaster, none but *Philaster* must allay this heat: They will not heare me speake, but sling durt at me, and call me Tyrant. Oh my deare friend, and bring the Lord *Philaster*: speake him faire, call him Prince, doe him all the curtesie you can, commend me to him. Oh my wits, my wits?

Exit Clerimond.

Di. Oh my brave Countrimen I as I live, I will not buy a pinne out of your Wal's for this; Nay, you shall cozen me, and he thanke you, and send you Brawne and Bacon, and soile you every long vacation a brace of fore men, that at Michaelmas shall come up tat and kicking.

K. What they will doe with this poore Prince, the gods know, and I feare:

Di. Why Sir, thei'l flea him, and make Church Bucketts on's skin to quench rebellion, then clap a rivet in's sconce, and hang him up for a signe.

Enter Clerimond with Philaster.

K. O worthy Sir, forgive me. doe not make Your miseries and my faults meete together, To bring a greater danger. Be your selfe, Still found amongst diseases, I have wrong'd you, And though I finde it last, and beaten to it, Let first your goodnesse know it. Calme the people, And be what you were borne to: take your love, And with her my repentance, and my wishes, And all my prayers, by the gods my heart speakes this: And if the least fall from me not perform'd, May I be strooke with thunder.

Pbi. Mighty Sir, I will not doe your greatnesse so much wrong, As not to make your word truth; free the Princessse, And the poore boy, and let me stand he shock Of this mad sea breach, which Ile either turne Or perish with it.

K. Let your owne word free them.

Pbi. Then thus I take my leave kissing your hand, And hanging on your royal word: be Kingly, And be not moved Sir, I shall bring your peace,

Or never bring my selfe backe.

K. All the gods goe with thee. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter an old Captaine and Citizens with Pharamond.

Cap. Come my brave Mirmidons, lets fall on, let our caps
Swarme my boyes, and your nimble tongues forget your mother
Gibb rith, of what do you lack, and set your mouths
Vp Children, till your Pallats fall frighted halfe a
Fathome, past the cure of Bay-salt and grose Pepper,
And then cry *Philaster*, brave *Philaster*,
Let *Philaster* be deeper in request, my ding dong,
My paires of deere Indentures, King of Clubs,
Then your cold water Chamblets, or your paintings
Spitted with Copper, let not your hasty Silkes,
Or your branch'd Cloth of Bodkin, or your Tishues,
Dearely belov'd of spiced Cake and Custard,
Your Robin-hoods scarlets and Johns, tie your affections
In darknesse to your shops, no dainty Duckers,
Vp with your three pil'd spirits. your wrought valours,
And let your uncut Collers make the King feele
The measure of your mightinesse, *Philaster*,

Cry my Rose-nobles, cry.

All. Philaster, Philaster,

Cap. How do you like this my Lord Prince, these are mad boyes,
I tell you, these are thing that will not strike their top-failes
To a Foist. And let a man of warre, an argosie
Hull, and cry Cockels.

Pha. Why you rude slave, doe you know what you do ?

Cap. My pritty Prince of Puppets, we do know
And give your Greatnesse warning, that you talke
No more such Bugs-words, or that foldred Crowne
Shall be scratch'd with a Musket: Deare Prince Phippen,
Downe with your noble blood, or as I live,
He haue you codled: let him loose my spirits,
Make us a round Ring with your Bills my Hectors,
And let us see what this trim man dares doe,
Now sir have at you, here I lie,
And with this swashing blow, do you fwat Prince;

I could hulke your grace, and hang you vp crosse-legd,
Like a Hare at a Poulters, and do this with this wiper.

Pha. You will not see me murthered wicked Villaines?

1. Cit. Yes indeed will we sir, we have not seen one foe a great while

Cap. He would have weapons would he? give him abroad side
my brave boyes with your Pikes, branch me his skin in Flowers
like a Sattin, and betweene every Flower a mortall cut, your Roy-
alty shall ravell, jagge him Gentlemen, Ile have him cut to the kell,
then downe the leames, oh for a whip

To make him galoone Laces,

Ile have a Coach-whip.

Pha. O spare me Gentlemen.

Cap. Hold, hold, the man begins to feare and know himselfe,

He shall for this time onely be seal'd up

With a Feather through his nose, that he may only see

Heaven and thinke whither hee's going,

Nay my beyond-Sea sir, we will proclaime you

You would be King.

Thou tender Heire apparant to a Church-ale,

Thou sleight Prince of single scarcenet;

Thou royall Ring-taile, fit to fly at nothing

But poore mens Poultry, and have every Boy

Beat thee from that too with his Bread and Butter.

Pha. Gods keepe me from these Hell-hounds.

2. Cit. Shall's geld him Captaine.

Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets my dear Donsels

As you respect the Ladies let them flourish;

The curses of a longing woman kills

As speedy as a plague, Boyes.

1. Cit. Ile have a leg that's certaine.

2. Cit. Ile have an arme.

3. Cit. Ile have his nose, and at mine owne charge build a Col-
ledge, and clap't upon the gate.

4. Cit. Ile have his little gut to string a Kit with,

For certainly a royall Gut will sound like silver.

Pha. Would they were in thy Belly, and I past my paine once?

5. Cit. God Captaine let me have his Liver to feed Ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcells else? speake.

Phi. Good gods consider me, I shall be tortur'd.

1. *Ci.* Captaine Ile give you the trimming of your hand sword and let me have his skin to make false Scabbards.

2. *Ci.* He had no Hornes sir had he:

Cap. No sir, hee's a Pollard: what wouldst thou do with hornes?

2. *Ci.* O if he had, I wou'd have made rare Hasts and Whistles of um, but his skin bones if they be found shall serve me.

Enter Philaster.

All. Long live *Philaster*, the brave Prince *Philaster*.

Phi. I thanke you Gentlemen, but why are these Rude weapons brought a broad, to teach your hands Vncivill trades.

Cap. My royall Rosiclaere,
We are thy Mirmidons, thy Guard, thy Rorers,
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus doe we clap our rusty Murrians on,
And trace the streets in terrour Is it peace
Thou *Mars* of men? Is the King sociable,
And bids thee live? Art thou aboue thy foemen,
And free as *Phabus*? Speake, if not, this Stand
Of royall blood, shall be a btoach, a tilt, and runne
Even to the lees of honour.

Phi. Hold and be satisfied, I am my selfe,
Free as my thoughts are; by the gods I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the King?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Doe the Lords bow, and the regarded scarlets,
Kisse their gumd gols, and cry we are your servants?
Is the Court Nav'gable, and the presence stucke
With Flags of friendship? if not, we are thy Castle,
And this man sleepe.

Phi. I am what I doe desire to be, your friend,
I am what I was borne to be, your Prince.

Phi. Sir, there is some humanity in you,
You have a noble soule, forget my name,
And know my misery, set me safe a boord

From these wild Canaballs, and as I live,
 Ile quit this Land for ever : there is nothing,
 Perpetuall prisonment, cold, hunger, sicknesse,
 Of all sorts, of all dangers, and altogether
 The worst company of the worst men, madnes, age
 To be as many Creatures as a woman
 And do as all they do, nay to dispaire;
 But I would rather make it a new Nature,
 And live with all those then endure one howre
 Amongst these wild dogges,

Phi. I doe pittie you : Friends discharge your feares,
 Deliver me the Prince, Ile warrant you
 I shall be old enough to finde my safety.

3. *Cit.* Good sir take heede he does not hurt you,
 Hee's a fierce man I can tell you Sir.

Capt. Prince, by your leave, ile have a sursingle,
 And make you like a hawke. *He stirs.*

Phi. A way, a way, there is no danger in him:
 Alas he had rather sleepe to shake his fit off,
 Looke you friends, how gently he leades, vpon my word,
 Hee's tame enough, he neede no further watching,
 Good my friends go to your howses, and by me haue your pardons,
 and my love,
 And know there shall be nothing in my power
 You may deserue, but you shall have your wishes.
 To give you more thanks were to flatter you,
 Continue still your love, and for an earnest
 Drinke this.

All. Long maist thou live brave Prince, brave Prince brave
 Prince.

Exit Philaster and Pharamod.

Capt. Thou art the King of Curtesie:
 Fall of againe my sweete youths, come and every man
 Trace to his house againe, and hang his pewter vp, then to
 The Taverne, and bring your wives in Muffes, we will have
 Musicke, and the red grape shall make vs dance, and rise Boyes.

Exeunt

Enter

Enter King, Arcthusa, Gallatea, Megra, Clerimon,
 Trasiline, Bellario, and attendants.

K. Is it appeas'd?

Di. Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night;
 As peaceable as sleepe, my Lord *Philaster*
 Brings on the Prince himselfe.

K. Kind Gentlemen!
 I will not breake the least word I have given
 In promise to him, I have heap'd a world
 Of griefe upon his head, which yet I hope
 To wash away.

Enter *Philaster* and *Pharamond*.

Cle. My Lord is come.

K. My sonne:
 Blest be the time that I have leave to call
 Such vertue mine; now thou art in mine armes;
 Me thinks I have a salve unto my brest
 For all the stings that dwell there, streames of griefe
 That I have wrought thee; and as much of joy
 That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
 Let them appease thee, take thy right; take her,
 She is thy right too, and forget to urge
 My vexed soule with that I did before.

Phi. Sir it is blotted from my memory,
 Past and forgotten: For you Prince of *Spaine*,
 Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
 To make an honourable voyage home.
 And if you would goe furnish'd to your Realme
 With faire provision, I doe see a Lady
 Me thinks would gladly beare you company:
 How like you this peece?

Meg. Sir he likes it well,
 For he hath tried it, and found it worth

His Princely liking; we were tane a bed
 I know your meaning, I am not the first
 That nature taught to seeke a fellow forth;
 Can shame remaine perpetually in me,
 And not in others? or have Princes salves
 To cure ill names that meaner people want.

Phi. What meane you?

Meg. You must get another ship
 To beare the Princesse and the boy together.

Di. How now?

Meg. Others tooke me, and I tooke her and him;
 At that all women may be tane sometime:
 Ship us all foure my Lord, we can indure
 Weather and wine alike.

K. Cleare thou thy selfe, or know not me for father.

Are. This earth,
 How false it is? what meanes is left for me
 To cleare my selfe? It lies in your beleefe,
 My Lords beleefe me; and let all things else
 Struggle together to dishonour me.

Bell. O stop your cares great King, that I may speak
 As freedome would, then I will call this Lady
 As base as be her actions, heare me sir,
 Beleefe your hated blood when it rebels
 Against your reason, sooner then this Lady.

Meg. By this good light he beares it handsomly.

Phi. This Lady! I will sooner trust the wind
 With Feathers, or the troubled Sea with pearle,
 Then her with any thing; beleefe her not!
 Why thinke you, if I did beleefe her words,
 I would outlive um: honour cannot take
 Revenge on you, then what were to be knowne
 But death.

K. Forget her sir, since all is knit
 Betweene us: but I must request of you
 One favour, and will sadly be denied.

Phi. Command what ere it be.

K. Swear to be true to what you promise.

Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him;
And it is granted.

K. Beare away that boy
To torture, I will have her cleerd or buried.

Phi. O let me call my words backe, worthy sir,
Aske something else, bury my life and right
In one poore grave, but doe not take away
My life and fame at once.

K. A way with him, it stands irrevocable.

Phi. Turne all your eyes on me, here stands a man
The falsest and the basest of this world:

Set swards against this breast some honest man,

For I have liv'd till I am pittied,
My former deedes were haefull, but this last

Is pittifull, for I unwillingly
Have given the deere preserver of my life

Vnto his torture: is it in the power *Offers to kill*
Of flesh and blood, to carry this *himselfe.*

Are. Deere sir be patient yet: or stay that hand.

K. Sirs, strip that boy.

Di. Come sir, your tender flesh will trie your constancie.

Bel. O kill me Gentlemen.

Di. No, helpe sirs.

Bell. Will you torture me?

K. Hast there, why stay you?

Bell. Then I shall not breake my vow,
You know just Gods, though I discover all.

K. Hows that? will he confesse?

Di. Sir so he sayes.

K. Speake then.

Bel. Great King if you command

This Lord to talke wirth me alone, my tongue

Vrg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts

My youth hath knowne, and stranger things then these

You heare not often.

R. Walke aſide with him.

Di. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not ?

Bell Know you this face my Lord ?

Di. No.

Bell. Have you not ſeene it, nor the like ?

Di. Yes, I have ſeene the like, but readily I know not where.

Bell. I have bin often told In Court, of one *Euphraſia*, a Lady

And Daughter to you, betwixt whom and me (They that would flatter my bad face would ſwear)

There was ſuch ſtrange reſemblance, that we two Could not be knowne aſunder, dreſt a like.

Di: By heaven and ſo there is.

Bell. For her faire ſake Who now doth ſpend the ſpring time of her life

In holy Pilgrimage, move to the King, That I may ſcape this torture.

Di. But thou ſpeak'ſt

As like *Euphraſia* as thou doſt looke, How came it to thy knowledge that ſhe lives In Pilgrimage ?

Bell. I know it not my Lord, But I have heard it, and doe ſcarſe beleeve it.

Di. Oh my ſhame, iſt poſſible ? Draw neare, That I may gaze upon thee, art thou ſhee, Or elſe her murderer ? where wert thou borne ?

Bell. In *Siracufa*.

Di. What's thy name ?

Bell. *Euphraſia*.

Di. O tis juſt, tis ſhee,

Now I doe know thee, oh that thou hadſt died,

And I had never ſeene thee, nor my ſhame,

How ſhall I owne thee, ſhall this tongue of mine Ere call thee Daughter more ?

Bell. Would I had died indeed, I wiſh it too,

And ſo I muſt have done by vow, ere publiſh'd

What I haue told, but that there was no meanes
To hide it longer yet I joy in this,
The Princeſſe is all cleare.

Di. Alls diſcovered. *Phi.* Why then hold you me,
All is diſcovered, pray you let me go.

K. Stay him. *Are.* What is diſcovered?
Di. Why my ſhame
It is a woman, let her ſpeake the reſt.

Phi. How! that againe. *Di.* It is a woman.

Phi. Bleſt be you powers that favour Innocece,

K. Lay hold upon that Lady.

Phi. It is a woman Sir, harke Gentlemen,
It is a woman. *Arethusa* take

My ſoule into thy breſt, that would be gone
With joy: it is a woman, thou art faire.

And vertuous ſtill to ages, in deſpight of malice.

K. Speake you, where lies his ſhame?

Bell I am his Daughter.

Phi. The gods are juſt.

Di. I dare accuſe none, but before you two,
The vertue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy.

Phi. Take it freely, for I know,
Though what thou didſt were undiſcreetly done,
Twas meant well.

Are And for me,

I haue a power to pardon finnes as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.

Cle. Noble and worthy.

Phi. But *Bellario*,

(For I muſt call thee ſtill ſo) tell me why
Thou didſt conceale thy ſex, it was a fault,

A fault *Bellario*, though thy other deeds

Of truth our waigh'd it: All theſe Iealouſies

Had flowne to nothing, if thou hadſt diſcovered;
What now we know,

Bell. My father oft would ſpeake

Your worth and vertue, and as I did grow
 More and more apprehenſive, I did thiſt
 To ſee the man ſo rais'd, but yet all this
 Was but a Mayden longing to be loſt
 As ſoone as found, till ſitting in my window,
 Printing my thoughts in Lawne, I ſaw a god
 I thought, (but it was you) enter over gates,
 My blood flue out, and backe againe as faſt
 As I had puſt it forth, and ſuckt it in
 Like breath, then was I cald away in haſt
 To enterteine you. Never was a man
 Heav'd from a ſheep-coat, to a ſcepter rais'd
 So high in thoughts as I, you left a kiſſe
 Vpon theſe Lippes then, which I meane to keepe
 From you for ever, I did heare you talke
 Farre about ſinging; after you were gone,
 I grew acquainted with my heart, and ſearch'd
 What ſtir'd it ſo, alas I found it Love,
 Yet farre from Luſt, for could I but have liv'd
 In preſence of you, I had had my end.
 For this I did delude my noble Father
 With a feign'd Pilgrimage, and dreſt my ſelfe
 In habit of a Boy, and for I knew
 My birth no match for you, I was paſt hope
 Of having you. And underſtanding well,
 That when I made diſcovery of my ſex,
 I could not ſtay with you, I made a vow,
 By all the moſt religious things a Maid
 Could call together, never to be knowne,
 Whiſt there was hope to hide me from mens eyes,
 For other then I ſeem'd; that I might ever
 Abide with you, then ſate I by the Fount
 Where firſt you tooke me up.

K. Search out a match

Within our Kingdome, where and when thou wilt
 And I will pay thy dowry, and thy ſelfe
 Wilt well deſerve him:

Bell. Never ſir will I
Marry, it is a thing within my vow,
But if I may have leave to ſerve the Princeſſe;
To ſee the vertues of her Lord and her,
I ſhall have hope to live.

Are. I *Philaſter*,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a Lady
Dreſt like a Page to ſerve you, nor will I
Suspect her living here, come live with me,
Live free as I doe, ſhe that loves my Lord,
Cuſt be the wife that hates her.

Phi. I grieve ſuch vertue ſhould be laid in earth
Without an Heire: heare me my royall Father,
Wrong not the freedome of our ſoules ſo much,
To thinke to take revenge of that baſe woman,
Her malice cannot hurt us: ſet her free
As ſhe was borne, ſaving from ſhame and ſinne.

K. Set her at liberty, but leave the Court,
This is no place for ſuch, you *Pharamond*
Shall have free paſſage, and a conduct home
Worthy ſo great a Prince, when you come there,
Remember twas your faults that loſt you her,
And not my purpoſ'd will.

Pha. I doe confeſſe
Renowned ſir.

K. Laſt joyne your hands in one, enjoy *Philaſter*
This Kingdome which is yours, and after me
What ever I call mine, my bleſſing on you,
All happy houres be at your marriage joyes,
That you may grow your ſelves over all lands,
And like to ſee your plenteous Branches ſpring
Where ever there is Sunne, let Princes learne
By this to rule the paſſions of their blood,
For what Heaven wills can never be withſtood.

Excun domnes.

F I N I S.

~~1771~~ ~~1771~~ ~~1771~~ ~~1771~~ ~~1771~~
~~James Foster~~ ~~James Foster~~ ~~James Foster~~ ~~James Foster~~
~~James Foster~~ ~~James Foster~~ ~~James Foster~~ ~~James Foster~~
921

Patrona qui Nojunt

