



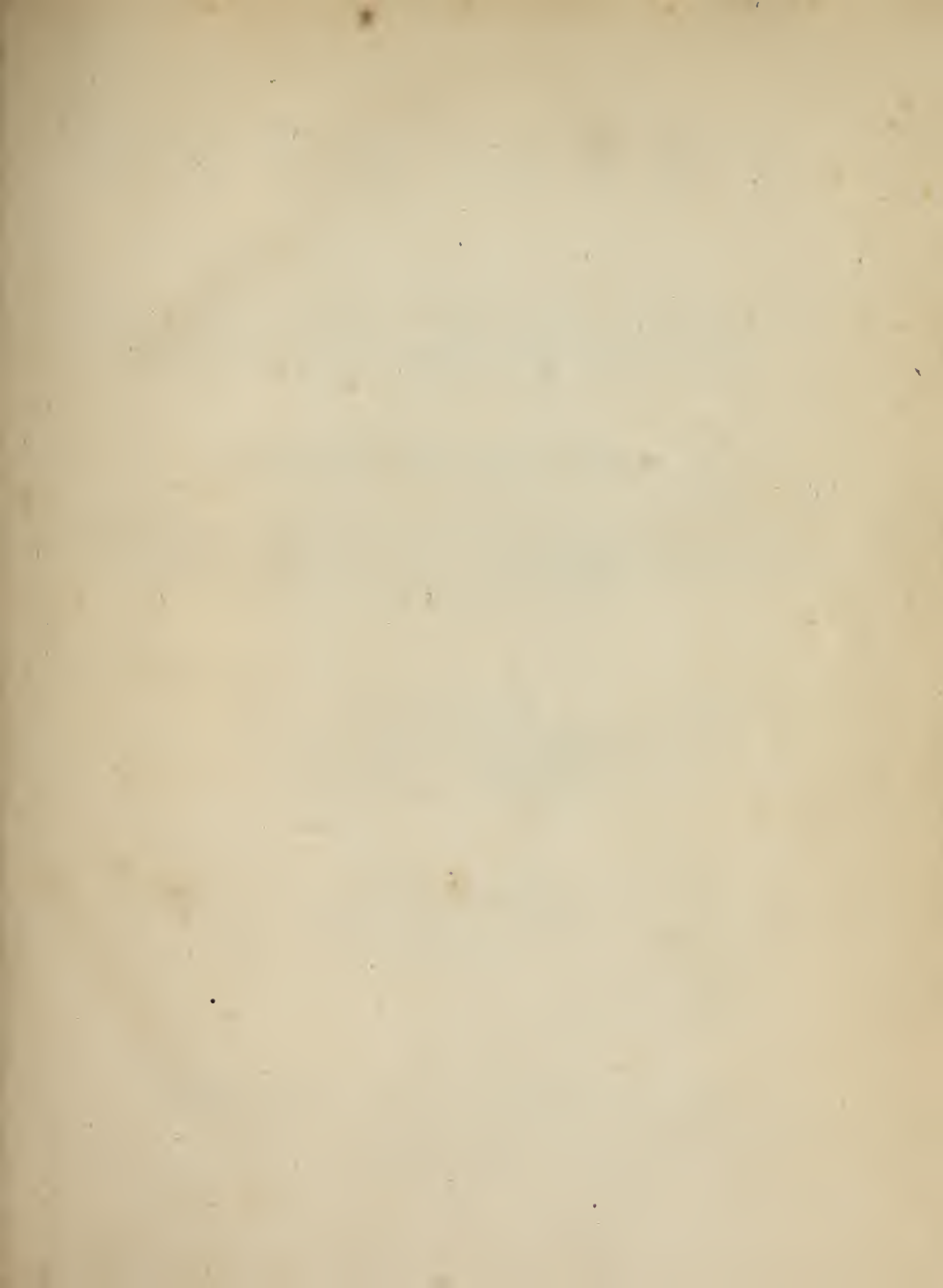
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William Holgate.









The Deserving
FAUORITE.

As it was lately Acted, first before the
Kings Maiestie, and since publikely at the
BLACK-FRIERS.

By his MAIESIES Seruants.

Written by LODOVICKE CARLELL, *Esquire,*
Gentle-man of the BOVVES, and Groome of the King
and Queenes Privie Chamber.



AT LONDON,
Printed for MATHEVV RHODES.

1629.

The Delisting
FAVORITE

As it was lately noted, that before the
King's Majesty, and since published as the

986,941

By the King's Majesty


May, 1873

Written by EDWARD CARLIS, Esquire,
Gentleman of the Bedchamber, and Secretary of the King
and Queen's Privy Council.



Printed for MATHURIN BODLEY
1873

TO
MY VERY NOBLE AND
approoued Friends, Mr. THOMAS
CARIE, Sonne to the Earle of *Monmouth*,
and Mr. WILLIAM MURREY, both of
the Bed Chamber to his Maieslie.

 Approoued Friends, this Play, which know at first was not design'd to trauell so farre as the common Stage, is now prest for a greater iourney, almost without my knowledge; and to giue some stop to preiudicate opinions, which may happily arise from the Authors knowne want of Learning, I am bold to say you both approoued the Plot and Language; for your abilities to iudge, I held them so great, and belieue the world did so to, that your approbation to this, hath made me against the opinion euen of many friends, continue to wast more paper. If yee then flatter'd; or were loth to discourage mee in this way, which few delight to practice, though most to see and censure, yee are iustly punisht now when ye expect it not, in being chosen Patrons of what's presented to you thus plainly by your Seruant.

L O D: C A R L E L L.

A 2

T H E

THE
Printers Epigrammaticall Epistle to the
vnderstanding Reader.

V Nknowne to'th Author this faire Courtly Piece
Was drawne to'th *Presse*; not for a Golden Fleece,
As doe our *Midan* Mimickes of these Times,
Who hunt out Gaine, with *Reasons* losse in *Rhimes*,
Heaping together such indigested Stuffe,
Can scarce out-bear true Iudgements Counter-buffe:
He with a new, choyce, and familiar Straine
Strikes full Conceit deepe in the Master-Veyne,
Stoopest not for drosse; his *profit* was his *pleasure*,
Ha's (for his Friends) ransackt the *Muses* Treasure,
Brought thence such lustrous sparkling *Jewels* forth,
As well improve his Scœnes of reall Worth;
Prompt Wit, ripe Art, with Iudgement fell at strife
How best t'expresse true Nature to the Life:
Yet filld with pleasing Language and so filde,
As best befeemes *MINERVA's* high-bred Child:
Accept these Straines, as here you find 'em dress'd
By mee the Printer; All stand ready prest
At your sole Service rightly vnderstand 'em,
And if more such I meet with; still command 'em.

*Tours obsequious, in what's
good and vertuous.*

I. R.



THE PROLOGVE, AS
it was spoken before the
KING.

Do not expect strong Lines, nor Mirth, though they
Justly the Towne-wits, and the Vulgar sway:
What hope haue we then that our Play can please
This more Iudicious Presence, wanting these?
We haue a hope (the Author sayes) this Night
Loue in our weaknesse shall expresse his might.
He in each Noble brest himselfe will place,
The Subiect being all Loue then, must finde grace:
Yes you may say, if it bee well exprest,
Else loue doth censure him from out our brest:
Thus what he hop'd should helpe him, if he erre
In the expression, turnes his Censurer.
I for the Author stand, and in his Name
Doe here renounce the glory or the shame
Of this Nights worke: Great Loue, this Play is thine,
Worke Miracles, and shew thy selfe Diuine;
Change these rude lines into a sweet smooth Straine,
Which were the weake effects of a dull Braine:
If in this Prologue Contradictions moue,
That best expresses: it was writ by Loue.



THE NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

Mr. Benfield, the King.

Mr. Taylor, the Duke.

Mr. Lewin, Iacomo.

Mr. Sharpe, Lysander.

Mr. Swanstone, the Count
Vrante.

Mr. Robinson, Count Orsi-
nio, and Hermite.

Mr. Smith, Gerard.

Women.

John Honiman, Clarinda.

John Tomson, Cleonarda.

Edward Horton, Mariana.

Iassero, Bernardo, Servants,
Humismen, &c.

THE



THE FAVORITE.

Actus primus, Scœna prima.

Enter Mariana and Lysander.

Mariana.

Come, prethee tell me brother, why art sad.

Lys. From thee my dearest Sister

I have not hid my neerest touching secrets :

Thou know'st how truly I did loue,

And how at last I gain'd my deare *Clarinda*.

Mari. I doe; and wish that I could tell you such a secret
of mine owne; for of all men liuing, I thinke you most happy.

Lys. Most miserable of men.

Mari. How can that be! is not *Clarinda* yours?

In wh ch (were I a man) I should belecue
More happinesse consisted, then for to be a Monarch.

Lys. *Clarinda* yet is mine.

Mari. Nothing can take her from you but the graue,
I hope she is not sicke.

The Favorite.

Lys. Nothing can take her from me deare *Mariana*,
But I must giue her.

Mar. Why, loue you any one so wel to giue away your heart
I know shee's dearer to you?

Lys. She's so much deerer to me then my heart,
That I must kill my heart if I doe giue her.

Mari. Be plaine sweet brother.

Lys. The Duke who is too neere a kin in loue
And bloud to our dread Soueraigne to be deny'd,
Dyes for *Clarinda*.

Mar. Why, thinke you shee'l proue false?

Lys. Shee false! Oh no:
It is I must play the traytor to my selfe
Vertue doth vndermine my happinesse,
And blowes it vp. I must release my interest
In *Clarinda*, that she may marry this loue-sicke Duke,
And saue his Life.

Mari. Why, who compels it?

Lys. Gratitude compels it;
For to the Duke I owe my life and fortunes,
My fortunes when my wicked Vncle would haue
Wrested from me by false witness that state
Which I am now possesst of; which the Duke finding,
He imploy'd his power, and so I had my right;
My life I then receiued: when I was rescued
By his valour from the dreadfull bore,
Which I (too young) thrust on by honor, venterd to assaile,
Yet all these obligations touch me not so neere,
As doth the danger of the Count *Utrante*,
(*Clarinda's* Father) who hath beene long a prisoner,
For the same cause for which my Father fled.

Mari. He is now at liberty.

Lys. It is true he hath his liberty, and greater honors
Are propos'd if he can win his Daughter
To marry with the Duke, then he hath lost:
But on the other side, if she denye.

The Favorite

And it doth wholly lie in me to make her grant,
Her Fathers head is in danger, the King
So passionately doth loue the Duke.

Mari. How came you by this miserable knowledge.

Lys. Sister, you know I often visited
The Count *Utrante* in the prison, besides
The wish'd occasions which I euer tooke
To waite vpon his Daughter thither;
This he so gratefully accepted,
That now that he hath liberty,
He still sends for me, where I chanc'd to be last night,
And as a friend heard when he did propound it to *Clarinda*.

Mari. Then he doth no way suspect there's loue betwixt you;
But tell me Brother how poore *Clarinda*
Did receiue her Fathers deadly proposition.

Lys. Her Father not belicuing that she would deny
So great a blessing, came with ioy to tell her,
That which once told, forc'd teares from her faire eyes,
At which, he being amazed, desired to know
The cause, why she receiu'd his and her happinesse
With so much sorrow: she answer'd him with broken sighes,
Offering to teare her haire; which when I would not,
Giue her leaue to doe, she curst her beauty,
As the cause of all this mischief: at last
Considering who it was that spoke,
A Father, that deseru'd an answer:
Her iudgement shut her passions in a lesse roome;
For hauing calm'd the tempest of her greeces,
She mildly answer'd that she was happy
In his liberty, though now she saw
It was but giuen him to procure her bondage;
For such she did account all ties of marriage
Made by the parents without the childs consent,
Though nere so rich or honorable.

Mari. And hauing said so, did she not cast her watry eyes
Vpon you, and in this sad, yet pleasing language,

The Favorite.

Tell you, that she would not forsake you for the Duke.

Lys. It is true, shee did so; there is no tongue
That can expresse the hearts of those that loue
Like their owne eyes: but Sister, it will be late
Before you reach the Forrest, the Princesse too
May wonder at your stay.

Mari. Brother it's true; but I so seldome see you,
That I'll not goe, vnlesse you promise to come and see me.

Lys. You know the strict command,
That none but those appointed should come neere the Ledge.

Mari. That is but your excuse;
I haue told you how often the Princesse
Earnestly hath desir'd to see you; yet you would neuer goe.

Lys. Sister, I feare these sad occasions will hinder me;
But I will write.

Mari. Will you not come sixe miles to see a Sister
That so dearly loues you?

Lys. Sister, I know you loue, nor will I be a debter;
You are both my Friend and Sister. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter King, Vtrante, and Attendants.

King. My Lord *Vtrante*, can you not then
Perswade your Daughter to receiue a Blessing,
Which euen the greatest Ladies in this Kingdome
Would desire on their knees:

Enter Duke and Followers.

Is this a Man to be neglected? Though he were not
A Kinsman to your King: besides, my Lord,
Remember you may draw vpon your selfe
Our high displeasure by her refusall.

Duke. Great Sir, let not your loue and care of me.
Barfaire *Clarinda* the freedome of her choyce,
By threatning punishments vnto her Father,
If she choose not me: for, should she be offended,
Which she might iustly, if I should seeme
To force Loue from her, it were not within your power!

Though

The Favorite.

Though that you would giue all that you possesse,
To make me satisfaction for the wrong.

King. Yes, I could make you satisfaction,
Though shee were offended, by forcing her
Into your armes, to whom the wrong was done.

Duke. Her Person Sir you might, but not her Minde;
Which is indeed the obiekt of my Loue,
That's free from your subiection: for it's free
From Loue, a greater power by farre.

Utran. My Lord, I thinke shee's free from reason too,
For did that gouerne her, she could not thus neglect
Her happinesse: or rather she may yet suspect, your Lordship
Doth not meane what you professe; and from that feare
Seemes coy, till she be more assured.

Duke. I cannot pluck my heart out of my brest
To shew her (I wish I could) yet liue to doe her seruice:
There she might see her worth truely ingrauen
In lasting Characters, not to be razed out
By the hand of Time; nor (which is more) her scorne.

King. Cozen, if you will be rul'd by me,
I'll make her leape with ioy into your armes.

Duke. Sir, so that it be by no way of violence,
I will obey you.

King. In act I'll vse no way of violence;
Yet I must threaten it.

Duke. Sir, if you threaten her, you ruine me;
Her Sun-bright Eyes, by faithfull seruice,
May in time shine gently on me, and warme
My frozen hopes. But on the contrary,
Shee knowing that I'm the cause of these your threatnings,
Will from her iust vext soule throw curses on me.
I would not see the heauen of her faire face,
Clouded with any storme raised by my power, to be a Monarch.

King. You know my loue, and you presume vpon it,
Take your owne way of loue, deliuer vp your selfe
Vnto her mercy, that I would make at yours,

Would

The Favorite.

Would you be ruled : go, see your Mistris,
Tell her you loue her more then euer man did woman ;
To proue which true, pray her that shee'l command you
Taskes more dangerous, then did the enuious *Inno*
To great *Hercules* : all which you will performe
With much more ease ; since you by her command
Shall vndertake 'em whose vertue hath the power
To arme you 'gainst a world of dangers : doe,
Make her proud with praises, and then see
How she will torture you.

Duke. Sir, she may torture me, and iustly too,
For my presumption : since I haue dared
To tell so much perfections that I loue,
Not being first made worthy by my suffering
For her.

Vran. My Lord, if you'l be pleas'd to grace my house
This day she either shall requite your sufferings,
O: I will deny her for a child of mine.

Duke. My Lord, most willing, I would see faire *Clarinda*,
But not vpon such conditions ; nothing
But gentle intreaties must be vs'd : for tho the King
Were pleas'd to say that my humility
Would make her proud ; I would not haue a subiect
Say, not you that are her Father, that she can
Doe an act or thinke a thought that tends not
To perfection.

King. Come my Lords, we will goe hunt a Stag to day,
And leaue my Cozen to his amorous thoughts. *Exo. K. Atten.*

Duke. I thank your Maiestie for this dayes licence :
My Lord *Vrante*, shall I then see *Clarinda*,
And will you lend your best assistance
To make me Master of a happinesse, the world may enuy.

Vran. My Lord, you make an Ido'l of a peeuish Girlc,
Who hath indeed no worth but what you please
To giue her in your opinion.

Duke. I must not heare you thus blaspheme.

The Favorite.

You might as well say *Pallas* wanted wisdom,
Diana chastitie, or *Venus* beautie,
As say she wanted worth, for euery seuerall excellence
That shin'd in them, and made them
By mens admirations Goddesses,
Flow twixt in her; indeed shee hath
Too much of *Dians* Ice about her heart,
And none of *Venus* heate: but come my Lord,
I lose my selfe in her vast praises, and so
Deferre the ioy of seeing what I so commend. *Exe.*

Enter Iacomo and Lysander at seuerall dores.

Lys. Good morrow honest *Iacomo*, is my young Ladie readie?

Iaco. She is my Lord.

Lys. And where's her Father?

Iaco. He was this morning early sent for by the King.

Lys. Tell your Ladie I would speake with her.

Iaco. My Lord I will. *Exit.*

Lys. The Count *Utrante* is happie in this honest seruant:
Let me before I doe perswade *Clarinda*, consider well;
Surely that houre in which I see her led to the Temple,
And there made fast with Hymeneall rights vnto another,
Will be my vtmost limit, and death is terrible;
Not where there is so glorious a reward propos'd,
As is her happinesse: shee shall be happie,
And in her happinesse consisteth mine,
Hauē I not often sworne I lou'd her better
Then my selfe? and this is onely left to make it good.

Enter Clarinda and Iacomo.

Clar. Good morrow noble Brother, for by that title
I am proud to call you, being deny'd a neerer.

Lys. It is a title that I am blest in,
Nor can there be a neerer betwixt vs two;
Our soules may embrace, but not our bodies.

Clar. Let vs goe walke into the Garden, and there
Wee may freely speake, and thinke vpon some remedy
Against this disaster. *Exeunt Lys. & Clar.*

Iaco.

The Favorite.

Iaco. What a dull Slaue was I; had not I last night overheard their louing parley, I neuer once should haue suspected that they had beene in loue: shee alwaies seem'd an enemy to loue, yet hath been long most desperate in loue with this young Lord, which quite will spoyle my hopes at Court; yet when I better thinke, it will be for my aduantage, as I may handle it and further my reuenge; for I will insinuate my selfe into the Dukes good opinion, by making a discouery of their loues: and then aduise him that there is no way to gaine *Clarinda's* heart, till first *Lysander* be remou'd by some employment; for out of sight with women out of minde; or if hee impatient of delays; I will aduise him to vse some bloody meanes; which if he want an Instrument to do, I will effect it my selfe, pretending that it is out of loue to him when it is indeed the satisfaction of mine owne reuenge; and when the Duke is once a partner of my villany, I will be richly paid for what I do, or else for all his greatnesse I will affright him.

For though great men for bloody deeds
Giue money to a Knaue;
Yet if hee bee a witty one like mee,
Hee'l make that Lord his Slaue. *Exit.*

Enter Clarinda and Lysander.

Clar. Come, let vs sit downe, for I am tyrd
With walking; and then I will tell you
How I am resolu'd to free vs from this torment.

Lys. Ifeare there is no remedy, but we must part.

Clar. Yes, if you will giue consent to what
I shall propound.

Lys. First let me heare it.

Clar. My Father, though he haue his liberty,
Is not yet restor'd to his Lands: when next
The Duke doth visit me, which I belecue will
Be to day; He seeme as if I did mistrust his loue
To be but fain'd; he then will striue by some strong
Testimony, to proue hee truly loues;

Then

The Favorite.

Then will I vrge my Fathers restoration
To his Lands, which he being once posselt of,
Will not be hard for me, the world knowing
How well he loues me, to get some coine and Iewels
In my power, sufficient to maintaiue vs
In some other Country, where we like shepheards
Or some Country folkes may passe our time with ioy:
And that we may without distrust effect this,
I to the Duke will promise, that when a moneth
Is expir'd, if he will come and lead me to the Church,
I'll e not refuse to goe, doe you approue
Of this *Lysander*?

Lys. No, deare *Clarinda*,
Though most men hold deceit in loue for lawfull,
Lysander doth not; Ere you for me shall spot
Your yet pure selfe with such a staine, as to be
A deceiuer, this sword shall pierce my heart:
The debt I owe you is too great already,
And till I cleere some part, I shall vnto my selfe
Apppeare a most vngratefull man. When first I saw you,
The height of all my aymes was onely to haue leaue
To loue you, so excellent I then esteem'd you:
But you in time, out of your bounty,
Not for my desert; for no desert can reach
Your height of merit, gaue loue for loue,
For which I owe my life sau'd by that mercy
From despaire, and lent me for to serue you.

Clar. You are too thankfull, and attribute that
To my bounty, which was the wages of your true
And faithfull seruice.

Lys. Were this granted, yet how euer I shall be able
To free my selfe from that great burden of debt
Which your intended flight for my sake
Will lay vpon me, as yet I cannot see;
For did at all value your owne happinesse,
You could not thus flie the meanes

The Favorite.

That can best make you so.

Clar. Lysander, what tends this great acknowledgement?
I vnderstand you not, what is your meaning?

Lys. My meaning, deare *Clarinda*, is to make you happie,
And I coniure you by your affection,
And all that's deare to you, to lay by
That little portion of wilfulnesse
Which being a woman you are forc'd to haue,
And heare me with your best attention,
And with the same affection, as if I were
Your Brother, which if the heauens had pleas'd
To make me, I had beene most happy,
With your best reason looke vpon your present fortune;
Looke first vpon the man from whence you had your being,
And see in reason what pitty it will challenge from you;
A noble ancient Gentleman, depriu'd of Lands
And honors, by iniustice, that as a stranger
Might exact your pitty; but as a Child,
It being within your power, it forceth your consent
To giue a remedy: If pitty of your Fathers fortune
Cannot moue you, pitty your owne I beseech you,
Consider not of me as a tormented Louer,
That hath lost his Mistris, but as a fortunate Brother,
Fortunate in seeing of his Sister, whom he dearly loues
Married to one so worthy, whose merits
Compels fortune to waite vpon him, for such the Duke is,
Whom you must not refuse, for such a poore,
Vnworthy man as I am.

Clar. Lysander, should I grant your want of worth,
I then must giue consent to the committing
Of a Sacriledge against the Gods, in suffering you
To rob your selfe, you being the purest Temple,
That yet they euer built for to be honour'd in:
And for the Duke each worth which you expresse of him to me,
Is but a doubling of your owne,
The way to speake for him, were to appeare

Your

The Favorite.

Your selfe lesse, worthy, in this your worths increase.

Lys. Would you but looke with an impartiall eye,
On our deseruings; you soone would finde me
The lesse worthy; for euen in that, wherein
You thinke me not to be equal'd, he goes
Farre beyond me, (I meane in true affection)
For being but a priuate man as I am,
Who would not thinke him blest to loue, and be belou'd
By you that are esteem'd the wonder of this Age:
But for the Duke, within whose power it lies
To choose the most transplendent Beauty of this Kingdome,
Set off with Fortunes best endowments; for him, I say,
To choose out you amongst a world of Ladies,
To make the sole Commandresse of him selfe,
Deserues (if you would giue your reason leaue to rule)
The neere place in your affection.

Clar. Doe not thus vainly striue to alter my opinion,
Of your worth with words, which was so firmly grounded
By your reall actions; it is a fault, but I will striue
To wash it from you with my teares.

Lys. These teares in her stagger my resolution;
For ture he must be worthiest for whom she weepes:

Clarinda, drie your eyes.

Enter Iasper.

Clar. How now *Iasper*, where is my Father?

Ias. Madame, he doth desire that you will make you ready,
To come to Supper to the Dukes to night.

Clar. He was resolued to haue sup'd heere,
How hath he chang'd his mind!

Ias. Madame he desires you not to fayle,
But come and bring my Lord here with you.

Clar. Well, I will obey him. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Seruants.

1. Come, prethee be carefull, we shall gaine
More vpon my Lords good opinion,
If we please him this day, then hereafter.

The Favorite.

In the whole seruice of our liues.

2. Why prethee?

1. Here will this day be his faire Mistris *Clarinda*
And her Father.

2. I thought it was some extraordinary occasion,
He was himselfe so carefull; will there be none else?
Will not the King be here? the entertainment
Would be worthy of him.

1. It may be braue *Lysander* will be here, none else;
For he is alwayes with the Count *Utrante*.

2. When came he home from trauaile?
I did not see him since hee lay here in my Lords house
To be cured of the wounds the bore gaue him.
He owes my Lord for sauing of his life then,
I helpt to bring him out of the field.

1. My Lord was happy in sauing of so braue a Gentleman.

Enter Lysander, Utrante, and Clarinda.

Lys. Can I loue *Clarinda*, yet goe about
To hinder her of being Mistris of all this riches;
Each roome we passe through is a Paradise,
The Musicke like the Musicke of the Spheares,
Rauishing the hearers with content and admiration;
But that which addes vnto all the rest,
Is the Dukes true affection; I am asham'd
When I consider of my indiscretion
That would haue brought her to the counterpoynt
Of this great happinesse.

Enter Duke and Followers.

Duke. Noble *Lysander*, welcome; Excellent Lady,
All the honors that my great and royall Master
Hath bestow'd vpon me, equals not this,
That you haue done, in gracing at my request
This now most glorious house, since it containes within it
The glory of the world.

Clar. My Lord, your praises flie too hie a pitch to light on.

Duke.

The Favorite.

Duke. They must doe so, or they'll fall short
Of your great worth.

Clar. A reasonable pitch would sooner strike
Me with believe.

Duke. To giue you a firme beleefe of the respect
I beare you, is that I onely ayme at.

Clar. My Lord, it lyeth in your choyce whether I shall
Belieue you or no; for if you will speake
Only that which in reason is likely to be true,
I am no Infidell, I shall beleeuē.

Duke. You are so farre from being an Infidel ✕
That you are a Saint, at whose blest shrine
I offer vp my life, and Fortunes
With a truer deuotion then euer Louer did.

Clar. I see I must allow you the Louers Phrases,
Which is to call their Mistris St. and their affection
Deuotion: but to let your Phrases passe,
And answer the meaning of your protestation,
How can I believe that you can loue me
Better then any man did euer loue his Mistris,
There being such an inequality in our present fortunes,
When equalitie doth giue birth to more affection,
And those more violent, there being no respect
To be a hindrance, I meane both the equalities
Of Birth and Fortunes, in both which we farre differ,
You being the next a kin vnto the King,
And I the Daughter to a condem'd man,
Though now for your owne ends at liberty.

Duke. If it be lawfull for your deuoted seruant
To contradict you in any thing, it is
In the defence of his affection.
You know that Riuers being stopt by any impediment,
As rocks, or bridges, run the more fierce
When they are from that which did incounter them;
So might I say for my affection,
If I should acknowledge, which yet I will not,

That

The Favorite.

That the consideration of my Greatnesse
Was for a while an Impediment to the current
Of my Loue; but alas, those considerations
Could neuer finde harbor in that heart
Where loue and admiration had already
Taken vp their lodgng; nor doe they in my opinion
Deserue to be happy, who mixe the consideration
Of the good of fortune, with their affections.

Clar. My Lord, in this last I doe vnfaignedly belieue you,
I meane in your opinion, which is, that true loue
Cannot be mixt with respects, and to shew now
How well I belieue you, I will make it my shield
Both to defend me against your worthy affection.
(I confesse if your thoughts and words agree)
And against my Fathers vniust commands ;
For since you confesse, that to mixe loue with respects
Spoylesthe priritie of it, and that they
Who so mixe it, deserue not to be happy ;
It must needs be great iniustice in you
And my Father to desire me to loue you
Vnworthily ; siuce I cannot loue you
Without mixing the consideration
Of the benefits my Father shall receiue
By my Marriage with your Grace, besides
The satisfaction of me owne ambition
In being a Dutcheffe, may make any streame
Of affection which can proceed from me,
Vnsit to mixe with so pure a streame
As you professe yours is.

Duke. Madame I cannot denie what you affirme,
Since you ground your argument vpon my confest
Opinion ; but know deare Lady, that as you manifest
In this your cruell answere, your disdain of me,
Which will incense my despaire ; yet on the
Other side the excellence of your wit
Will increase my desire; for euen out of that

Which

The Favorite.

Which I brought as an argument to moue you
The more to loue, you conclude that you are
To neglect, and with a seeming Iustice,
Which shews that your wit can bring -nything
To passe, that your will shall employ it in.

Clar. I should account my selfe happie, were I
So furnished: but my Lord, I must not looke
Vpon my selfe in the flattering glasse;
Of your praises; for I hate flattery though a woman;
And as I am my selfe armd' against flatteric,
So would I haue you be; therefore I tell you
That I can neuer be yours, to arme you against
The flatteric of hope; yet I must tell you
That your deserts, if it were possible
For me to loue, might sooner doe it then any other,
But as I am a votresse to *Diana*, in whose Temple
I doe shortly meane to dwell, I am free
From any fire that can bee kindled,
By desert in Man.

Duke. Tho your intention in this cruell answer
May bee charitable, as intending
To allay my heat, by manifesting your boldnesse,
Yet it hath wrought deadly Effects; for it
Forceth me tell you, that I must disobey you:
For rather then I and the rest of the world
Will lose so great a blessing, there shall not
Be a Temple left standing, that is sacred
To *Diana* within this Kingdome, when this is done,
To make your crueltie admir'd. Ile build
An Alter to selfe-lone; it is that power you obey,
And not *Diana's*, on which some friend shall lay
My bleeding heart, which now in thought,
And then in act, shall be a reall Sacrifice:
Smile not, nor thinke this iest;
For by that *Dian* whom you seeme to worship
Being your selfe a greater Deitie,
When you doe cruelly performe what
You haue rashly said, this heart

Which

The Favorite.

Which now seales what my tongue hath spoke,
Shall make the couenant perfect.

Clar. I see this is no way my Lord,
This rash oath you haue made, may cost you deare.

Duke. In that consider the greatnesse of my loue,

Clar. The greatnesse of your folly rather,
That thinke by threatning punishments to your selfe,
To make me pittie you, when since I doe not loue you,
I am not toucht with any feeling of your griefes.

Duke. If not for mine, yet for your Goddesse sake,
Giue ouer your ill grounded resolution.

Enter Bernardo.

Ber. My Lord the King is newly lighted at the garden gate,
And in all hast calls for you.

Duke. Madame the King, to whom my person is a subiect,
Commands my presence, and I must obey him;
But my heart which I haue made you Soueraigne of
Shall stay to wait on you; my returne must needs
Bespeedy, since I leaue my heart at the mercy
Of you my cruell enemy.

Clar. My Lord I shall so martyr it before I come agen,
That you will repent you.

Duke. You cannot giue it deeper wounds
Then you haue done already, and in that
Confidence Ile leaue you.

Ber. Madame, will it please you walke into the gallery,
There are some pictures will be worth your seeing. *Exeunt.*

Actus secundus, Scœna prima.

Enter King, Attendants, Iacomo, Duke and Followers meeting.

King. Will none go call the Duke? Welcome deare Cozen;
You lost a braue chaste to day, but you had other game

A foete: what sayes your cruell Mistris will she loue you?

Duke. I hope she will Sir, she doth heare me speake.

King. How

The Favorite.

King. How heere you speake?

Duke. Of loue I meane Sir.

King. Eye, passionate man.

Duke. Why Sir, doe you not thinke him happie
Whom she will vouchsafe to heare?

King. You know my loue hath made you what you are
Out of an opinion that you deserud it;
Not for that you were my Kinsman. I neuer yet deny'd
What you would aske, relying on your iudgement
And your vertue. Should you haue ask'd my Sister,
For your Wife, I sooner should haue giuen consent
And taxt your iudgement lesse, then I doe now
For doting on this Lady. Call backe for shame then
That iudgement which had wont to gouerne all
Your actions, and make me once more proud
That I haue such a Kinsman, whose iudgement
Can controule his strongest passions, euen loue it selfe,
When it is preiudiciall to his honor.

Duke. Sir, You haue alwayes beene a Father to me,
And studyed that which hath beene for my good,
Better then I could thinke. I know your Maiesties
Intent in this, is to perswade me from that
Which you belicue is preiudiciall to me:
But since without her loue gain'd the faire way
O: seruice, not by threatnings I can take ioy,
In nothing this world can afford me;
Pardon me Sir, if I desire you to spare
Your Counsell, since I am capable of none,
Except you perswade me to loue more.

King. Well Sir, I will leaue you to your amorous passions,
See me no more till I send for you. *Exeunt King, Atten.*

Duke. The King is mou'd;
Should he take from me all that he hath giu'n me,
Yet it were a happinesse, if for her sake I lost it.

Iaco. My noble Lord.

Duke. Friend, what is your suit to me?

The Favorite.

If it be reasonable, it shall not be deny'd
For your young Ladies sake.

Iaco. My Lord, the businesse I haue to deliuer,
Concernes your Grace.

Duke. How! me; what is it? speake.

Iaco. My Lord, it is a secret, and doth concerne *Clarinda*,
And therefore send your people off,
That with more freedome I may speake with you.

Duke. Waite me without, now speake. *Exeunt Seruants.*

Iaco. What thinks your Lordship is the cause
That moues *Clarinda* to neglect your Loue?

Du. The knowledge of her own worth and my vnworthines,
Which defect I hope in time my faithfull seruice
Shall make good, and she will loue me.

Iaco. Neuer, my Lord.

Duke. Why, is her vow of Chastity already past?

Iaco. Shee vow Chastitie!

Duke. Why villaine dost thou smile at that,
Think'st thou *Diana's* selfe is Chaster?

Iaco. Great Sir, mistake me not. I smile to thinke
How she deceiues your Grace, telling you
She neuer meanes to marrie, when I dare
Pawne my life she is already contracted.

Duke. Traitor to my best hopes;
Thou hast kindled in my brest a ieaious fire
That will consume me; fiends take thee for thy newes;
Would thou hadst bene borne dumbe: betrothd; it cannot be
Who durst presume, knowing I lou'd her once,
To thinke of Loue, much lesse to name it to her?

Iacom. My Lord, if you will with patience heare me,
I will tell you whom.

Duke. Speake quickly, giue me that ease.
For I vow the earth shall not long beare vs both.

Iacom: I will not tell you, vnlesse you will promise
To follow my aduice, which if you will,
I will shew you a cleare way to your desires.

The Favorite.

Duke. What, do you riddle me; is she contracted,
And can I by your counsell attaine my wishes?
No, the House of Fate, though they should all
Take Counsell, cannot backe restore the happineffe
Th'ast rob'd me of in saying shee's contracted.

Iaco. My Lord, do not thus wast your selfe
In fruitlesse passion, but heare the remedy
That Ile propound.

Du. First let me know which of the Gods it is,
That in a mortall shape hath gain'd her loue,
That thou suspect'st she is contracted,
Or else some King, that in disguise hath left
His Kingdome, to obtaine her Loue
Who is worth many Kingdomes.
Name not a meaner Riual, if thou dost
Expect I should belieue.

Iaco. My Lord, it is a man, to whom
Your valorous hand gaue life.

Du. Curst be my hand then for that vukinde office,
Against my heart; name him.

Iaco. It is the young Lord *Lysander*.

Du. Take that ignorant foole, *Lysander!* *Strikes him*

Iaco. How! strucke: is this my hop't reward?
By all that's good, Ile be reueng'd.

Duke. I was too rash,
She is a Woman, and may dissemble, *Lysander* too
Is noble courteous valiant, handsome,
But yet compar'd with me his fortunes nothing.
Alas, that cannot barr loue, out of a noble brest;
Such as *Clarinda's* is: what wayes my Birth
Or greatnesse with the King, in her consideration?
Lysanders equall fortunes, and her owne,
In that their Fathers suffer for one cause,
His banisht, hers a prisoner (till I releast him)
Hath I feare, begot a mutuall loue betwixt them.
Friend, prethee pardon me, I was too rash,

The Favorite.

He heale thy hurt with gold.

Iaco. My Lord, I am a Gentleman,
And were you not a Kinsman to the King,
The blow you gaue me might haue cost you deare.

Duke. He healethy reputation, and thy head
With store of crownes; here: but prethee tell me,
What mou'd thee to discouer this to me?
Or how camst thou thy selfe to know of it?
I thinke her Father doth not.

Iaco. I thinke he doth not, it is long since,
Since I suspected it; and to assure my selfe,
The other night I crept behind the Arbour,
Where they vie to meet sometimes, and soon by their
Discourse, I found what I suspected, to be most true:
My loue vnto your Grace made me so curious;
For I protest there is no man aliue,
That's more ambitious to do your Lordship seruice;
It grieu'd my soule to see a man that so deseru'd,
So much neglected and abus'd. Some of this is true.

Duke. If thou wilt make thy fortune,
Bring me where vncene, I may euerheare them.

Iaco. So your Grace will not discouer your selfe,
He promise you once within three nights.

Duke. By mine honour I will not, performe
Thy promise, and I will make thee happie.

Iaco. Be sure you shew noe
At your returne to them the least distemper.

Duke. Feare not that. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarinda, Vtrante, Lysander, Bernardo.

Clar. Sir, you haue shew'd vs many Pictures;
But about all the rest, I like that of your Lords.

Ber. Madame, I know my Lord would thinke him happie:
Would you accept the picture; but much happier
If you would take the substance.

Clar. It may be Sir I will.

Vtran. Daughter, I charge you on my blessing,

The Favorite.

When the Duke returns to use him with respect.

Clar. Father, I see you haue no skill, you doe not know
The craft we women vse to make men loue the more;
The smallest fauour I shall shew him after this harsh vsage,
Will make him thinke himsele in heauen.

Utran. Before you part, when he comes backe,
I pray you vrge my restoration,
But first promise to marry him.

Clar. Leauē that to my Discretion

Enter Duke.

Duke. Gentle Lady, I craue your pardon for my stay,
Which was drawne out beyond my expectation.

Lys. Me thinkes my Lord looks soure vpon me.

Clar. My Lord, indeed I wondred how you stayd so long,
Or rather how you liu'd your heart and you being parted;
For that you left behind you when you went.

Duke. Madame, I doe confesse it is a miracle
Proceeding from your beauty, that I could liue
So long wanting a heart; but trust me,
If my faithfull seruice cannot procure me yours,
But that you needs will send my owne againe,
The Miracle will then be alterd quite;
For now the Miracle consisteth in that I liue
And yet you haue my heart; and then it will
Be a Miracle indeed if I doe liue after
Your scorne shall giue it backe againe.

Clar. My Lord, I see it was not bounty
But hope of gaine made you giue me your heart;
For you expect that I should giue you mine
By way of recompence, whch yet I cannot doe:
But that I may be sure they are true Miracles
That you are pleas'd to say my Beauty worketh;
For there are many false ones here in Loues Religion;
He take a Moneth for tryall of the truth,
All which time my charity compels me to keepe your heart;
For should I send it backe, you say it would kill you,

The Favorite.

Or worke another Miracle, which I desire not,
In that time I shall be acquainted with your heart,
If then it doth appeare the same it now doth,
Clad in the same pure zeale that now it weares,
Ile make a change, and giue you mine for it ;
For when a Moneth is once past, come you
And lead me to the Church, Ile not refuse to goe.

Du. Slaue that I was to trust that villaine *Iacomo*,
That told me the lou'd *Lysander*. Deare Lady
You haue in this comfortable answere
Reuiu'd a dying man, this mercy at the blocke,
Shewes you to be diuine, and so an obiekt
Fit for my affection, which hath bene still
About my reason: but would you in the mean time
Command me somthing, where my faithfull seruice
Might appeare, more then in words, I then should be
Most happie.

Enter Seruants with a Banquet and stooles.

Clar. This offer I expected;
My Lord, you know the iniuries my Father
Hath receiu'd: if you will see him righted,
His Lands and Honors backe to him restor'd,
Which is but Iustice for a bribe, for euen iust causes
Now haue need of bribery: Ile giue you thanks,
And trust me that is more then great men
Should expect for doing iustice.

Duke. Rather if it please you,
Let it be somthing, wherein I shall haue no other tie
Vpon me but only your command, my honor
Ties me to see this perform'd.

Clar. This once perform'd,
Since you so much desire it, I will studie
Some Command, that may adde honor to you
In the faire performance.

Utran. Come my Lord, we will draw neare,
I see their parley's at an end.

Duke.

The Favorite.

Duke. Comē sit faire Lady.

My Lord, what sayes my Daughter?
Will shee yet yeeld to his owne happinesse.

Du. I hope she wil at last make me a siter marke
For Enuy, in that I am belou'd of her,
Then for my present greatnesse.

Lys. My Lord, there is no cause of Enuy for either,
The greatnesse of your honors being but the Iust
Reward of your vncqual'd merit: and for *Clarinda*,
Tho her worth be great as you can wish it;
Yet you doe well deserue her, both for your worthy Loue,
And for the many fauors you haue done her Father.

Uran. My Lord, belieue me, he hath spoke my thoughts.

Duke. Now when the King sent for me, I had preuented
Your Daughter in a command that she layd vpon me
Concerning your restoring to your Landes,
But that the King was angry at something that I said.

Lys. I thought it had beene Impossible,
He could haue beene offended with your Grace.

Duke. 'Tis true, at other times he could not,
But the Lords told me that his Sister
Faire *Cleonarda*, had receiud a hurt,
By rescuing of the hounds from the Stags fury,
When he stood at bay, and that made him it may be
So apt for to be angry.

Lys. Why did they suffer her so to endanger her selfe?

Du. My Lord, she apprehends not danger,
Which you'l confesse your selfe, when you haue heard
Me tell, what I haue seene her doe.

Lys. This act to me my Lord, is a sufficient testimony
That she doth not feare; for by the lawes of hunting
It is not to any man thought a disparagement,
To giue way to a Stagge, his head being hard.

Du. She is a Lady of that noble Spirit,
That she wants nothing but the person of a Man
To be one, her heart being equall.

The Favorite.

To the most valiant, with these eyes I saw her,
(The King her brother being in the Forrest)
Breake from the company, and pursue a wolfe,
Which the hounds following of a Stagge,
Did bring out of a thicket, and being well horst,
She ply'd him with so many wounding shafts,
That he at length was forc'd to stay his course,
And seeing there was no way to scape by flight,
He turnd, for to reuenge the wounds he had
Receiu'd, in which he shew'd himselfe a beast indeed
And led by brutish fury; for had he beene
Indew'd with reason, hee'd haue tane the wounds
She gaue for fauors, and kist the instrument,
That honour'd him with death from her faire hand.

Lys. My Lord, 'tis strange a woman should do this.

Duke. I was the near'st, but ere I could come in
She had cut off his head, the seruice
That I could doe her, was to carry to the King
Her brother, that Trophée of her Victory,
Whilst she followed the hounds, and so fled
From the hearing of her owne iust praises,
Which all with admiration did bestow vpon her.

Uran. But that your Grace doth tell it,
I should not thinke a woman could doe this.

Clar. My Lord, did I loue you so well as to be iealous,
These praises of the Princesse, were apt food
For it to feed on.

Duke. Madame, I honour her as the beloued Sister
Of my Soueraigne; but adore you as my Goddesse,
At whose blest shrine, I offer vp my life, and fortunes.

Clar. My Lord, I should accompt it as the most acceptable
Seruice that you could doe, to bring me to kisse the hands
Of this much to be admir'd Lady.

Duke. Madame, once euery week She comes to see the King,
And the King euery time he hunts, failes not
To see her, when next she comes to the Court,

The Favorite.

I will wait vpon you to her.

Clar. What is the reason

She liues not with her brother at the Court,
Since he so dearly loues her as they say?

Du. It's certaine no Brother loues a Sister better,
For there's no Brother hath a Sister so worthy,
You hauing neuer a Brother.

Clar. My Lord, 'tis late ;

And though heretofore the company of a Father
Were a sufficient buckler to beare off slanders darts;
Yet now world is echanged, growne so vicious,
That Fathers are become the likeliest Instruments
Of sin, and women are not to satisfie themselves
Alone, with being good ; but they must giue the world
A firme beliefe of all their actions,
That they are so ; there may be some seing me here
Thus late, that will not sticke to say, my honour
Is the bribe paid for my Fathers restoration.

Du. Though there were found one enuious woman foolish
And wicked to report it ; (for both these she must be)
There could not sure be found another Fiend
Of the same stampe, that would belieue it ;
I dare not though I wish it bid you stay longer :
I will wait vpon you to your Coach.

Clar. My Lord, it shall not need.

Uran. My Lord, I hope it will not be long
Before this ceremony of parting will be quite lost,
And that you will not be so farre asunder.

Duke. In hope of that blest houre I liue.

Clar. Doe not too strongly apprehend your happinesse,
A month's a long time, all things are vncertaine,
Especially the promises of women. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iacomo.

Iaco. Fortune, I see thou art a friend to working spirits,
Thou wouldst not else haue giuen me this occasion
So soone to compassse my ends by ; I ouer-heard *Clarinda,*

The Favorite,

When she intreated *Lysander* to meeete her in the
Accustom'd place, and thither will I bring the Duke.
He from *Clarinda's* promise of Marriage,
Is now growne something doubtfull, whether that
Which I did tell him be true or no; but now his owne care
Shall be his witnesse; for which seruice he cannot choose
But both loue an reward me.
But I lose precious time, which wise men euer
Consider of, but fooles seldome or neuer. *Exit.*

*Enter Clarinda, and Lysander, (as in an Arbour)
in the night.*

Lys. Had you not sent me word, I had not come to night,
It is so darke.

Clar. It is darke indeed, the fitter for one orecharged
With grieffe in heart as I am.

Lys. Why deare *Clarinda*, are you not resolu'd
To marry with the Duke?

Clar. I see *Lysander* you doe not loue me now,
Nor with my happinesse, you would not else
Perswade me from louing you, wherein it only
Can consist.

Lys. Will you still for the ayery name of Constant,
Rob your selfe of a substantiall happinesse,
Besides, thinke what duty bids you, doe it
In respect of your Father; if he should marry
He must needs fall into the Kings displeasure,
He being his Kinsman, so what happinesse
Could you inioy? Will you be rul'd by me,
And Ile shew you a direct way to happinesse;
Doe you loue me as you professe?

Enter Duke and Iacomo.

Clar. You know I loue you more
Then I haue words to vtter.

Lys. Yet you would neuer giue consent to marry me
Though it were still my Suite, alleadging

That

The Favorite.

That our fortunes were too meane, and had we
Without Marriage inioy'd the sweets of loue,
It had beene dangerous vnto your honour,
Should you haue prou'd with child; but will be now
Secure in that respect, if you marry with the Duke ;
And for our difficulty in meeting,
'Twill adde to our delights ; now euery time
That we shall meete in secret, will farre passe
A wedding-night in ioy, stolne pleasures giue
An appetite, secure delights but cloy.

Duke. O my vext soule !

Must I then heare a villaine speake thus to her
I loue, and not reuenge it presently ?

Iaco. My Lord, rem:mber your Oath.

Clar. *Lysander*, why d'ye stare so and look pale?
Your hayre stands vp an end, as if your sense
Began to faile you ; sure you are false mad,
Nay, I doe hope you are so ; for if you be not,
I am more miserable then if you were :
For, can *Lysander* be himselfe, and speake thus
To his *Clarinda* ? No, he cannot: either *Lysander*
Is chang'd from what he was ; or else he neuer
Was what I esteemd him, either of which
Makes me most miserable.

Lys. You would seeme to thinke me mad, when indeed
Your selfe are so, you would not else thus weepe
When I aduise you to that which will be most to our content.

Clar. Pardon me *Lysander*, that I haue seemed
For to beleue ; for sure I did no more,
That which you haue spoke proceeded from your heart.

Lys. Why doe you thinke that I dissembled in what I said.

Clar. Yes, *Lysander* ; I know you did dissemble ;
For if you did not, you were a loathed villaine.

Lys. I doe confesse if I were that *Lysander*
Which I haue seem'd to be ; it were impossible
For me to thinke what I haue spoke ; but know

The Favorite.

Clarinda, Though hitherto I haue seem'd
To carry in my brest a flame so pure,
That neuer yet a sparke of Lust appear'd;
It hath beene a dissembled shew of modestie,
Only to cozen you, and if *Clarinda*,
The requitall of my affection be that which
Hinders you from these great honors, be not deceiu'd,
For you shall haue more power then to requite it,
When you are greater : we are now equall ;
But when you are a Dutchesse, then t'enioy you.
Will be a double pleasure, then you shall haue
Occasion to expresse your loue in my aduancement.

Duke. Ile kill him instantly.

Iaco. Your oath my Lord.

Duke. The merit of the act being so iust,
Will expiate the sinne of periurie.

Iaco. My Lord,

Duke. What, shall I heare her whom I haue ador'd
Almost with as much zeale as I haue offer'd vp
My prayers to the Gods, tempted to acts of Lust
And not reuenge it?

Iaco. My Lord, heare me but speake, and then doe what you
will : if you should thus in the night, and in the house of the
Count *Utrante* kill Lord *Lysander*, your honour, *Clarinda's*,
and her Fathers would be tainted, and so breed strange combu-
stions : but if you be resolu'd that he must die, which in my
iudgement is most necessary, if you still loue *Clarinda*, I will
vndertake for to dispatch him by some meanes or other ; but
should you now here in *Clarinda's* presence kill him she loues,
her mind is so noble she would neuer indure you.

Duke. This is a villaine, an incarnate Diuell ;
Yet will I follow some part of his counsell :
Lead me the way backe vnscene. Ile stay no longer ;
For if I heare him speake againe in that base Key,
I shall doe that which I hereafter may repent.

No, Ile take the noblest way to my reuengement, Exit.

The Favorite.

Lys. *Clarinda*, you haue long beene silent,
What is it you consider of? if it bee my words,
You must needs find them full of reason.

Clar. He seeme as base as he would haue me,
And so find out whether he speaks this from
His heart or no.

Clar. I must confesse that this which you haue spoken
Stands with good reason; and reason is the rule
By which we ought to square our actions:
Dare I belieue that you would counsell me
To any thing, but that which will be most
For my content, and for the Duke, will it not be
Farre lesse to his content, not to enioy at all
Me whom he loues, then if he should possesse me,
And yet you haue a share with him in my embracings:
For what is that husband worse, whose wife abuses him,
If she haue but the wit to keepe it from his knowledge.

Lys. It is true the Duke is so noble, and doth withall
So truly loue you, that it will quite banish
All base distrust, so that we might with all security
Enioy our loues.

Clar. Leauē, leauē.

Lys. Or if he should find out our craft,
How soone might we dispatch him by poyson?
There haue beene such things done.

Clar. You doe ouer-act your part,
I see the end you ayme at, your vertue shewes it selfe:
Quite through that maske of vice, which loue to me
And to my Father made you put on; you thought
If you could haue giuen me a beliefe
Of your vnworthines, that then I would haue giuen
Consent to haue married with the Duke:
Leauē your dissembling then, since y'are discouerd,
Lest you offend the Gods; I only seem'd
To giue applause to what you said, to finde
Your craft.

The Favorite.

Lys. I see my heart lies open to you,
You haue spoken my very thoughts, indeed
This was my end.

Clar. *Lysander*, I perceiue that your affection
Is altogether gouern'd by your reason,
For which if it be possible, I loue you more,
Because it well becomes a man to doe so :
But I should hate my selfe, if I should loue
According to your rule, which I will manifest ;
For here I take the heauens to witness,
That if within three dayes you do not marry me,
Ile kill my selfe, speake quickly ; for if you do not
Loue me, it is a greater mercy to tell me so,
(That I may dye) then to perswade me
To loue another, that being impossible,
But death is easie.

Lys. *Clarinda*, you haue overcome by this rash oath
My resolution: for I perceiue the fates
Had fore-ordain'd we should enioy each other,
After such reall testimonies, to make our loue the firmer.
I doe with ioy embrace what you compell
Me to by your rash oath ; and if your Father
Wilfully will stay, and not flye with vs,
Rather then I will euer draw teares
From those bright eyes.

I so dearly loue, wee'l leaue him to the danger. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke with two Letters.

Duke. Shall I stil loue one that neglects my faithfull seruice?
Alacke I cannot helpe it now, I yeelded vp
My heart at the first summons, her faire eyes made,
Me thought it was a kind of treason, once
To doubt that she was not the soueraigne of all hearts ;
Thus she that came to Court, to beg her Fathers liberty,
Had not that granted only, but that I who beg'd
It for her, became my selfe her prisoner,
And neuer man was prouder of his bondage

Then

The Favorite.

Then I was: what though she loue a villaine
Whose intemperate lust, and base dissembling,
Kather deserues her hate; yet shee is faire
And vertuous still; it is my part to let her
See her error, tho with the danger of my life,
If I suruiue the combat, and that she know
For what respect I fought; she cannot choose
But loue me, and if the heauens haue so ordained;
That I must fall vnder *Lysanders* sword,
Yet I haue written that, which shall giue a better
Testimony that I did loue her more then he.
Who waits there?

Enter Francisco and Bernardo.

Fran. My Lord.

Duke. I meane to ride abroad this morning;
And if I come not backe at night, carry this letter
To the King; *Bernardo*, carry this presently
Vnto the young Lord *Lysander*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iacomo.

Iaco. My plots are dasht, the Duke doth turne his eyes vpon
me as though he would looke me dead, I shall gaine hate on all
sides, if I bee not wary and cunningly dissemble; reuenge and
profit are the ends I ayme at; since I haue mist the one, Ile make
the other sure. *Lysander*, I doe hate thee for comming into the
world to rob me of my land; yet I doe thinke thou art not onely
falsē; my Brother did tricks, which when I would haue proued
in open Court, the Dukes power boulstred vp against me; but I
doe hope I shall bee now reueng'd vpon them both. Ile poyson
the Duke my selfe, and to the King accuse *Lysander*, as if he had
done it, fearing that the Duke should rob him of his Mistris: I
haue a seruant shall sweare what I would haue him, I keepe
him for the purpose; since the Duke would not giue me leaue
to vse my drugges for him, he shall himselfe taste of them; left
for that kindnesse I offer'd him, I should my selfe bee punish'd:
Hee that to honor looks is not for my blacke ends,
Reuenge & profit Ile pursue through blood of foes and friends.

Enter.

The Favorite.

Enter *Lysander* and *Bernardo*.

Lys. Where is the Duke Sir?

Ber. He is this morning ridden forth,
Whither I doe not know.

Lys. Your Letter Sir, do's not require an answer,
It will not be long before I see his Grace my selfe.

Ber. Good morrow to your Lordship.

Lys. Good morrow Sir, Ile read them once more ouer,
Hee reads.

Though the small number of Lines seeme not to require it,
Lysander, I wait for you at the great Elme within the Forrest,
make hast, and to preuent danger, come arm'd.

Few words, but I belieue a Prologue to much mischief.
I feare that my affection and *Clarinda's*
Is to the Duke discover'd; and now disdain
And anger to be out-riual'd, boyle within his brest,
If it be so, he takes the noblest way,
To vse no other force but his owne arme:
But how shall I imploy my Sword to take
His life that gaue me mine, my conscience tels me
Though it be not apparant to the world,
That I am euen with him; for that since I to him
Would haue giuen vp my interest in *Clarinda*,
Would she haue giuen consent. It may be
I am deceiud in this my apprehension,
And that it is in loue he sends for me;
If it be so, I shall be glad; if not, howeuer
I will meete him according to his desire;
But first Ile write a Letter to *Clarinda*,
It may be I shall neuer see her more:
If I come not home to night, carry a Letter
You shall find within vpon the Table to *Clarinda*:
Honour thou thy self vs men to strange conditions;
For rather then weel lose the smallest part of thee,
We on an euen lay venture Soules and Bodies,
For so they doe that enter single Combats. *Excunt.*

Enter

The Favorite.

Enter Cleonarda, and Mariana.

Cleo. It is hot *Mariana*; wee'l rest our selues a while,
And when the day growes cooler haue another course.

Mari. I wonder how the Deere escaped; the follow-dog
Once pinch'd him.

Cleo. It was the bushes sau'd him.

Mari. Why will you course among the bushes?
Gerard the Keeper would haue brought you
To a fairer course; but you will neuer let
Him goe along.

Cleo. I hate to haue a tutor in my sport,
I will finde and kill my Game my selfe;
What satisfaction is't to me if by anothers skill
I purchase any thing?

Mari. Yet you must haue
Your husband chosen to your hand; the King your Brother
Will take that paines for you.

Cleo. He shall haue leaue to name me one;
But if I doe not thinke him worthy of me,
He breake that Kingly custome, of marrying
For the good of the State; since it makes Princes
More miserable then Beggers; for Beggers marry
Only those they loue.

Mar. Madame, it's true, we not alone in Princes
See the bitter effects of such forc'd Marriages;
But euen in priuate Families, Murders and
Adulteries, doe often wait vpon those Couples
Whose Bodies are compeld by Parents or Friends
To ioyne for worldly respects, without the soules consent.

Cleo. 'Tis true *Mariana*, how many carefull Parents
That loue their children dearly, thinking
To make them happy by marrying of them richly,
Make them miserable, both here and in the other world.

Mari. Madame, 'tis very hot, will you goe bathe your selfe
In the Riuer.

Cleo. With all my heart *Mariana*;

The Favorite.

It will refresh vs well against the Euening;
I am resolu'd to kill a Deere to night,
Without the Keepers helpe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke and Lysander.

Lys. I hope your Grace hath not long staid for me.

Duke. No, *Lysander*, you are come before
My expectation, though not before my wish:
You cannot guesse the cause that I sent for you.

Lys. My Lord, I cannot,
Vnlesse fortune be so fauorable to giue me
A faire and iust occasion by being your Second,
To hazzard that life for you, which by your valour
Was preferud; but why to hope so great a blessing
I cannot see; since who within this Kingdome
Dare iniure you; yet you commanded
That I should come arm'd.

Du. For being my Second, banish that thought,
And yet I meane to fight to day, and for an iniury
That is done to me; and you *Lysander* shall fight to,
Not as a Second, but a Principall.

Lys. With whom?

Duk. With me *Lysander*.

Lys. With you my Lord, vpon what quarrell?

Duk. I will maintaine that I doe loue *Clarinda*
Better then you, and better doe deserue
To be beloued by her.

Lys. My Lord, I doe confesse it,
And so this cannot be a cause of quarrell;
She is your Mistris, and deserues to be so,
There being no other worthy of your Seruice:
But for my part I haue no intereit in her
More then a friend. Why should your grace thinke
I loue her then so well, to make my loue
To her, the quarrell?

Duke. *Lysander*, I did not thinke

The Favorite.

Th'adst beene so base to haue deny'd thy Mistris;
But I will further maintaine, thou art thy selfe
A Villaine, a base dissembling lustfull one.

Lys. Had these words,

(Which wound you deeper farre then they doe me,
Since they are scandalous) come from another,
My sword should first haue answerd, not my tongue;
But since you are one to whom I owe my life,
Ile keepe another method: First, Ile let you see
The wrong you doe me, which if you shall not
Straight acknowledge, our swords shall then decide
Whether this title be my due or no,
And lest you may condemne me for an enemy,
As thinking me your debtor, Ile let you see
That you my Lord, are as much bound to me,
As I to you, though you did saue my life.

Duke. *Lysander*, doe not thinke,
You owe me any thing for sauing of your life,
Therthanks if any was due to Fortune,
Who brought me thither; for what I did
A peasant might haue done, you being your selfe
Almost a Conqueror before I came,
Though sure enough for want of bloud to perish,
Had I not brought you home, which yet indeed,
Was but my duty to helpe a wounded man:
But how *Lysander*, I should stand engag'd to you
For greater obligations, (though this, I grant,
Be small) I cannot see.

Lys. Tho you should amplifie, as you diminish
What you did for me; yet 'twould neuer equall
The pulling of my heart out of my brest,
For to giue you content.

Duke. I cannot vnderstand your Riddle;
Yet seare it tends to base submission.

Lys. Duke, be not deceiu'd for after the discovery
Of that secret which I will tell you,

The Favorite.

He giue you an assurance with my sword,
I doe not feare.

Duk. What secret is this?

Lys. I did but now deny that I did loue *Clarinda*,
But now I call the heauens to witnesse:
Who must assist me in so iust a quarrell,
That I doe loue her equall with my life;
And now I will maintaine that I deserue
To be better belou'd by her then you.

Duk. Come then, may the truest Louer
Proue the Victor.

Lys. First let me shew you,
How I acquit the obligation, I ought you,
Clarinda loues me more then I can her, yet though
She thus loue me, I out of my gratefulnesse to you,
Vsed the best part of my eloquence,
To perswade her to marry you; and is not this
A secret, and a discharging of the debt I ow'd you.

Du. These cares indeed can winnes thou didst perswade her
To marrie me, but it was to satisfie
Thy owne base ends, thy lust and thy ambition,
Not out of thy gratitude to me as thou pretendst.

Lys. My lust, the vestall Virgins that keepe in the holy fire,
Haue not more cold desires then I haue.

Duke. I in her Fathers Garden late last night,
Ouerheard thee tempt that bright Angell
Which my soule adores, to acts of lust;
And with such mouing reasons, that flesh and blood
Could neuer haue resisted, considering
That she lou'd thee; but that there was a power
That gouernes aboue reason, garded her
From thy strong temptation.

Lys. My Lord, that curiosity hath vndone you,
For I doe call the heauens to witnesse,
That what I then spake when I seemed vicious,
Was all dissembled; intending you the fruit

The Favorite.

Of that dissimulation; for when I once
Haue made my selfe a peere vnworthy,
I thought that she would then haue turn'd
The streame of her affection vpon you.

Du. Can this be true?

Sure feare makes him inuent this; no sure,
He cannot bee a Coward. *Lysander,*
Thou hast told me that, if it be true,
Doth render thee a perfect man; but not
A perfect louer, and trust me if there were
A possibility that I could liue without *Clarinda,*
I should be friends with thee; but since she
Is the maik at which we both ayme, the one must
By the bloud of the other, purchase that happines:
And therefore gard your selfe. *They fight.*

Lys. My Lord, the iniustice of your caule,
Not Fortune hath disarm'd you, and therefore yeeld.

Duke. If feare of death could make me
Forget *Clarinda,* weare the Victors prize:
Then I perchance might yeeld; but since it cannot,
Make vse of your aduantage.

Lys. I scorne to gaine a victory so poorely,
But to this man that sau'd my life.

Du. You are a noble enemy, and haue so won:
Vpon me by my courtesie, that could you
Quit your interest in *Clarinda,* I should with ioy
Share fortunes with you.

Lys. We lose time; for since we cannot both
Enjoy *Clarinda,* both must not liue. *Lys. falls.*

Du. Fortune, I thank thee,
Now I am euen with you, rise.

Lys. I owe you for my life; we were but quit before;
I would our quarrell were of another nature.

Duke. I would it were; but as it is
One of vs must lye colde vpon this grasse,
Before we part.

Fight. Duke falls.
F 3

Lys.

The Favorite.

Lys. Ah poore *Clarinda*, this is too sad a witnesse
Of thy perfections; would thou wert here yet,
That I might take my last farewell.

Enter Cleonarda and Mariana.

Mar. O deare Madame, what a sad object's this!

Cleo. Bee not afraid,
See if the breath haue quite forsaken that body.

Lys. O my best loue *Clarinda*,
Receiue from my dying lips, a dying kisse.

Cleo. How's this!

Mari. Madame, the breath hath quite forsaken this body,
as I thinke: O my deare Brother!

Cleo. Is it *Lysander* then, whom I haue long'd so much to see?
I saw him not since he came home from trauaile,
And much it grieues me that I see him thus,
This is the second time that I haue seen him:
Besmeard in blood!

Mari. Deare Brother speake, who hath hurt you?

Lys. Deare Sister,
What blest Angell hath brought you hither?

Cleo. This is no fit time for questions *Mariana*,
Let's helpe him to the Lodge, before his losse of blood
O'recome his spirits.

Lys. Faire and courteous Lady, pardon me,
My sight did faile through my excessiue bleeding,
Which made me to mistake.

Mari. Brother it is the Princesse.

Lys. O Madame, lead me no further then;
For you will curse your charity if you preserue me.

Cleo. Why Sir?

Lys. Because I haue by this vn lucky hand,
Robd you of such a Kinsman, as our Soueraigne
And your selfe were iustly proud of.

Cleo. Who is that?

Lys. The Duke, who lyes there as you see.

Cleo. It cannot be.

Lys.

The Favorite.

Lys. Madame, it is too true.

Cleo. Alas my Cozen!

Sir, you haue an vn lucky hand indeed;
For you haue this day murdered two:
Iustice will at your hands require his blood.

Mar. O Madame say not so, had you but eu'n now.
So great a care to saue his life, and are you now
So cruell to say that he must perish by the hand
Of Iustice, though he should scape these wounds?
Would not the Duke haue kild him if he could?
He pawn my life vpon't, my Brother kild him fairly.

Cleo. What shall I doe, if I helpe to preferue him,
That kild my Kinsman, it is vnnaturall in me,
And I besides may lose my Brothers good opinion;
And should I be the cause that *Mariana's* brother perish,
I shall lose her for euer; either shee'l dye for grieffe,
Or else shee'l hate me. He doe as I did first intend,
My conscience tels me it is the nobler course;
Besides, there is something, I know not what it is,
Bids me preferue *Lysander*, the great desire I had
To see him, bred from the generall commendations which
The world bestowes vpon him, imported something.

Mari. Deare Brother, what was your quarrell?

Cleo. Come Sir, be of good comfort, neither your wounds
Nor the cold hand of Iustice, if it be
Within my power to helpe it, shall rob
Your louing Sister of you, shee is by me.
So well belou'd.

Mar. I want words to expresse how much I loue
And honour you.

Lys. Madame I would not haue you goe about
To preferue mee with your owne danger,
I meane the Kings displeasure; besides, I feare
Your labour will be fruitlesse; for if the Lodge
Be not hard by, sure I shall bleed to death,
Before we can come thither.

Cleo.

The Favorite.

Cleo. It is but hard by.

Lys. Then I may liue to doe you seruice,
Rather let me perish before I trouble you.

Cleo. You are her Brother, and cannot trouble me,
Wee'll lay the body behind yon bush, vntill we
Send for it.

Exeunt.

Actus tertius, Scœna prima.

Enter Cleonarda and Gerard.

Cleo. Can you not finde the Dukes body
Say you *Gerard*?

Ger. No where Madame can I finde it,
And yet I haue sought it round about the place
Where you appointed me; I found the bloody plot
Where it had beene, his horse I found to
Tied fast to a tree.

Cleo. It is strange, what can become of it, *Gerard*,
Vpon your life keepe secret what you know,
And see that none come neere the Lodge.
I will send you all prouision necessary,
Pretending that *Mariana* is sicke.

Ger. Madame, I feare she will be so indeed,
She doth so apprehend her Brothers danger.

Cleo. She hath no cause, no wounds of his are mortall;
Or if they were, I haue applyed such soueraigne remedies
That they shall cure 'em: but who shall be my Surgeon?
Loue, I must flye to thee I feare for remedy,
I pray thee goe backe, and see that all things be well,
And in the morning bring me word how she hath
Slept to night.

Ger. Madame, there shall bee nothing wanting
That lyeth within my power. *Exit.*

Cleo. How carefull am I
Of his wounds? me thinkes I would not

Haue

The Favorite.

Haue him dye for all the world : sic *Cleonarda*,
Taken at the first sight with outward beauty,
Nor being assur'd first of the inward worth !
I wrong my selfe, and him: It was
The inward brauery of his mind, which all
The Kingdome doth admire, that turn'd my heart,
Which vntill now hath beene like adamant
To Kings, to melting Ice to him, and not his
Outward beauty, that neuer could haue found
A passage to my heart, but that the way
Was chalked out to it by his Fame : but stay,
Whither doe my vaine imaginations carry me ?
Though *Lysander* could in worth equall the Gods,
Yet it were not fit for me to loue him as a husband ;
He is my Brothers Sub.ect, shall he be my Master ?
No. To my old sports agen : to morrow
I will bee vp by breake of day,
And Reason (as I chase the Stagge)
Shall chase these thoughts away. *Exit.*

Enter King, Bernardo, Iacomo, Attendants.

King. When rode your Lord abroad?

Ber. Early this morning.

King. How chanced you then did not sooner
Bring me this Letter?

Ber. I was commanded otherwayes by him.

King reads.

Royall Sir, adde to the number of your many fauors, the performance of this my last request :

What doth hee meane by this ?

I pray you see Clarinda (who is my wife) possess of what was mine, and withall, pardon him that kills mee; for I will compell him to fight. How's this? Begin not after my death to deny me that which is iust, since in my life time you neuer did see the will of the dead effected, as you desire to haue your Testament perform'd after your death, which I pray the Gods that it may be yet a long life.

The Favorite.

O what a Character is here deliuer'd, of a pure mind,
Which only seems to shew the greaines of my losse:
The plainer, his death is not yet certaine,
Let me not like a woman spend that time
In fruitlesse lamentations which may perchance
Afford a remedy, but now it is night:
What shall I do? call all the Court, and let them all
Disperse themselues, each man a severall way;
He that brings word the Duke is aliue,
Shall haue a thousand pounds: he is gone to fight.
A Combat with whom I know not; but he that
Apprehends the man that kild him, shall haue his land.
Is there none here that knowes of any falling out
Betweene him and some other Lord? speake,
Is there none can tell me?

Iaco. And if it please your Maiesty, I thinke
I haue a gusse.

King. Speake then.

Iaco. If he bee gone to fight, it is with
Young *Lysander*.

King. Let one goe looke for *Lysander* presently.
What grudge was betwixt them? or fell they lately out?

Iaco. I will tell your Maiesty in priuate. I am a seruant to the
Count *Utrante*, and was imploy'd by that most noble Duke,
(whom I doe feare sleeps now in death) for to solícite his true
loue to my young Lady, which I did faithfully performe: but
I found all I did was vaine, for shee long time hath beene in
loue with young *Lysander*, which when I knew, I gaue the
Duke straight notice; this hath so farre incens'd the Duke against
Lysander, that they are gone to fight.

King. This that thou hast told is certaine true,
Else she would neuer haue deny'd to haue married
With the Duke, and for thy loue and faithfull seruice to him,
Which I beleue is now no more; for else by this time,
He would haue return'd. I will requite thee.

Iaco. He was the noblest Gentleman

That

The Favorite.

That I shall euer know.

He weepes.

King. Alas goodman, he weepes.

He that can bring me word the Duke is aliue,

Redeemes his King from misery.

Exeunt. manet Iaco.

Iaco. I hope he neuer shall come backe aliue, he knowes I am a villaine, I was too forward in my offers to him, til I had tried his dispositions better. It is kindly done of him and of *Lysander* yet to spare my paines: there now wants nothing of my wish but that the Duke be kild, and I to find out where *Lysander* is, then I shall be reueng'd vpon them both, and be possesse of that which is my due, (*Lysanders* land) for so the King hath promis'd. My way to find *Lysander* if he hath kild the Duke, is for to giue *Clarinda* a firme beleefe that I doe dearly loue him; for sure if he be liuing, she shall heare of him, and if I finde him, I haue another villanie in my head, which I will put in act, besides my giuing notice of him to the King.

My villany shall Vertue be in show,

For all shall thinke me honest *Iacomo*.

Exit.

Enter Clarinda with a Letter.

Clar. reads. I feare the Duke hath notice of our loues; for he hath sent to me to meete him armed, I feare it is to fight, if it be so, and I suruine the Combate, I will send you word where I abide, if I be kild, I doe coniuere you by your vertnes, not to to bee ungratefull vnso the Duke, who you see doth not desire to liue, without he may enioy you for his wife.

No my *Lysander*, in thathourc when I shall heare

That thy faire soule is parted from thy body,

I will quickly follow thee.

Enter Seruant.

Seru. Madame, the King is at the gate, and in a rage, Threatens your Fathers death and yours, they say *Lysander* Hath kild the Duke.

Clar. I fear'd as much,
This comes of my dissembling.

The Favorite.

Enter King, Utrante, and Attendants.

Utran. Why is your Maiestie offended with your Vassall,
Who as yet neuer so much as in a thought offended you.

King. Where is that Inchantresse, which you call *Clarinda*?

Clar. Here Sir, is the vnhappy obiekt of your anger.

King. I am amaz'd, I neuer till now saw true beauty.
Why kneele you Lady?

Clar. It is my duty Sir, you are my Soueraigne.

King. Rise faire Creatue; came I to chide, and doe I kisse.
This is the force of Beauty; who liues

That can be offended with so sweet a Creature?

I cannot now blame the Duke, for valuing

Her so much. I would she were the Daughter

Of some neighbouring King, that I without

Disparagement might loue her: but I forget

My selfe, these are poore humble thoughts,

And farre beneath the Maiestie of a King.

Lady, I came to chide, I feare you are the cause

That I haue lost a Kinsman, a worthy one

In all the worlds opinion, excepting yours.

Cl. Sir, pardon me you were your selfe the cause

By your excellieue loue to him; for that made me

Dissemble my affections to *Lysander*,

Fearing to daw your frownes vpon my Father,

Should I haue shew'd neglect vnto the Duke.

Kin. Who euer was the cause, you shall not feele

The punishment; the Duke did truly loue you,

Lady, which you shall see here in this Letter

Apparantly, may you see your error,

And grieue to death for your past folly,

In refusing the quintessence of Mankinde:

Read it not now, you shall haue time to grieue in,

He shewes there in his Letter, that you are his wife,

That by that meanes I might be drawne the sooner,

To performe his will, which is, that you should

The Favorite.

Be poss. ft of that which was his, and so you shall
If hee be dead.

Cl. Sir, I doe vtterly refuse it, all that I desire,
Is that your Maiestie will giue me leaue
To depart, my griefes doe so oppresse me,
That I am sicke at heart.

King. When you please Lady. *Exit Cl.*
My Lord how chanc'd it that you neuer told me
That your Daughter lou'd *Lysander*?

Utran. Sir, let me perish: I knew it,
I am amaz'd to heare it now. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lysander and Mariana.

Lys. But Sister, can you thinke it possible,
The Princesse should thus loue me.

Mar. Brother, I know you see it your selfe,
Though you will not take notice of it.

Lys. Belieue me *Mariana*, it doth grieue me much
So great a Princesse should bee so vnhappy
To loue a man whose heart is not his owne;
For he that had a heart at his disposing
Could not denie to giue it her.

Ma. When she shal know you haue another Mistris,
She will call backe her iudgement, and quickly
Free her selfe: but Brother, I doe feare
You loue her too; you looke and speake to her
With more affection then well becomes your faith,
Being promis'd to *Clarinda*.

Lys. What would you haue me to doe?
Shall I not backe returne those courteous lookes,
That she the sauer of my life bestowes vpon me?
One knocks without.

Mar. He see who it is. *Exit.*

Enter Cleonacda.

Cleo. How hath your brother slept to night?

Mar. Exceeding well Mad:me;

The Favorite.

Brother, here is the Princesse.

Cleo. *Lysander*, how doth your wounds?
Is your paine lessend? *Lys.* Madame, I haue no paine
But that I feare I neuer shall be able to requite
This vnderferued fauor.

Cleo. Let not that trouble you; it is to me
You owe the debt, and I will find some way
To pay my selfe, that shall uot make you poorer.

Lys. What shall I say, each vertuous deed
Rewards it selfe, and that's the coyne with which
You must be paid, or else you will be a loser.

Cleo. Tell me *Lysander*, and tell me truely,
Haue you a Matter? *Mistress*

Lys. I dare not, lye Madame.
I haue one that loues me equally.

Cle. *Lysander*, she hath reason, were I your *Mistress*,
I thinke I should loue you better then my selfe:
But tell me *Lysander*, what was the quarrell,
Betwixt the Duke and you.

Lys. Madame, I cannot tel you without discouering
That which I would gladly keepe conceald;
Yet why I should deny you the knowledge of any
Secret my heart holds. I cannot see, except I should
Be most vngratefull, you being the only cause
That I haue now a heart to keepe a secret in.

Cleo. What was it, speake; I long, yet feare to
know it.

Lys. The Duke and I were riuals,
Clarinda was the marke at which both ay'm'd.

Cleo. Which of you loued she best?

Lys. Madame, she loued me best.

Wee being brought vp together,
Which was her great mistfortune;
For had she knowne the Duke before me,
Her iudgement would haue taught her
To loue the worthier,

The Favorite.

And one indeed that loued her better,
At least, with greater passion.

Cleo. But did not halfe so wel deserue to belou'd
By her as you, since hee did goe about
To force loue, or at the least to take from her
The loued, that which she most delighted in, her seruant.

Lys. Hauing once remou'd me, he hoped she
Would accept of him, who would haue made
A worthier seruant farre, since he had power
To raise her to that glorious height of fortune,
Which well would haue become her merits:
But on the other side, he knew the meanes
Of my Fortune, must needs obscure and darken
Her perfections, so that he out of loue
To her rather then to himselfe, desir'd
To make her his.

Cle. He could not chuse but know that if he kild
The man belou'd by her she needs must hate him,
If she were worthily constant; if not,
Then he with danger of his life had purchas'd,
Her too dearly; for I should still belieue,
If once she changd, she alwayes would become
The victors Prize.

Lys. Madaine, there was some vn lucky mistaking;
Betwixt vs, or else we had not fought.

Cle. Would it had pleas'd heauen you had not fought.
Or that the Duke had scaped with life; but since
Your quarrell was not to be reconcild, though I
Doe blush to say so. I am glad t'was he that perisht,
For I haue euer wisht you well;
I would not haue you thinke I am now in loue:
With you; yet by my life I cannot say, but I may be
Hereafter, tho I know you haue a Mistris,
Whose perfections darken mine, giue me those
Things to dresse his wounds with.

Lys. The wounds sure were giuen to me to make me happie,

The Favorite.

In being toucht by your soft hands, my wounds
Can neuer heale, my prayers are against it ;
Because being well I cannot haue this blessing.

Cleo. What a strange alteration doe I feele now !
When I touch you, a certaine coldnesse seizeth
On my heart, and all my blood fliesto my face:
Sure I do loue you ; I ne're yet knew what it was
For to dissemble ; if I loue I say so,
And if I hate, I keepe it not conceald,
I will not giue a thought that is base
A harbor in my bre't ; what need I then
Conceale my heart? the praise *Lysander*
Which was bestow'd vpon thee had bred in me
A great desire to be my owne assurance,
Whether thou wert the master of so many
Excellencies, as fame bestow'd vpon thee.
And now that I doe find they rather doe
Come short, then any whit out-goe thy merit,
Wonder not that I, though a Princesse, am in loue
With thee, for I haue still profest to loue the
Richest minde, which is in thee compleat,
With the addition of a comly Personage.

Lys. I hope your Grace doth not mocke me.

Cleo. No by my life, I take delight
In looking vpon you.

Lys. I cannot thinke you are in earnest, yet I will
Answer you, as if you were : should you loue me
Thinke you, or would you wish that I should breake
My forepast vowes vnto *Clarinda*.

Cle. No, it must be for your worth if I do loue you,
And when your proue vnconstant, you are
No longer worthy.

Lys. If I be constant,
What fruit can you receiue from your affection?
A barren Loue will ill become
So great a Princesse.

Cleo.

The Favorite.

Cle. Be you still constant, loue your *Clarinda* still;
For when you cease to be so, I shall hate you;
Only respect me as a Sister: for when my reason
Shall haue leaue to combate against my passion,
It will conuert it to a Sisterly affection.

Lys. Madame, I know
In that you say you loue me, you doe it only
For to make a tryall how strongly I am arm'd
By my *Clarinda's* merits against inconstancie;
And I confesse, if it were possible
To vndermine my faith, and blow my former
Promises into the ayre, your pleasing speech,
And those, yet maiesticke glances
Of your eyes, were the only Instruments that yet
I euer saw to doe it.

Cleo. But speake you as you thinke *Lysander*.

Lys. Else may I perish; but mistake me not;
For though I could belieue your beauty
And merit to be aboue *Clarinda's*;
Which is vnpossible, either that it should be,
Or that I should belieue it; yet where my word
Is once past, though all the tortures mans wit
Can inuent should at one instant inuiron me
To torture the minde and body, yet
I would not breake my faith.

Cle. May I be miserable if ere I perswade you to't;
Yet I could wish that you did loue me,
And with a little passion; but doe not make shew
Of more then you doe truly feele, thinking
To please me; for if I find it I shall be angry,
I will not hide a thought from you.

Mari. But Madame, is it possible that
(You) should loue him thus?

Cleo. I scorne for to dissemble; for who stand
I in feare of? were the King my Brother here,
Sure I should not deny that I loued *Lysander*.

The Favorite.

Mar. Madame, I rather wish
My Brother neuer had bene borne,
Then that the King should know you loue him,
Nay, I hope you know it not your selfe:
Shall I belieue that your great heart, that euer
Yet contemn'd loue, can on a sodaine in foure
Or fise daies knowledge, be struck by my vnworthy
Brothers slender merits, and one that must
Be periur'd too; if he should loue you.

Cleo. Mariana, take heed how you doe pursue
This Subiect; for if you doe, I should begin
To hate you, are you not asham'd to contradict
Your selfe? How oft hath your owne tongue
Giuen him the highest attributes of worth?
Nay, you haue bene so lauish of his praises,
That I haue check'd you for it though I beliu'd
Them to bee true, because it comes
Somthing too neere the praising of our selues,
To praise a Brother, I am my selfe a witnessse
Of his valour and his wit, and those are sure
The maine supporters to all other vertues,
Blush not *Lysander* to heare thine owne iust praises,
Except it be that I doe fully them in the deliury,
Thou gau'st too sad a witnessse of thy valour
In ouercomming him, which through this
Kingdome was esteem'd the brauest man.

Lys. Madam, a brauer man by farre then he
Vnder whose sword he fell; Fortune that did enuy
His worth, because his mind was fortified
Aboue her reach, applyed her selfe that day,
Vnto the ruine of his body; and then though
Neuer before nor since fought on my side.

Cle. When next I come,
I will intreat you tell me euery particular
Accident through the whole Combate.

Lys. Most willingly, for I by that Relation,

The Favorite.

Shall make apparant the difference betwixt
His worth and mine. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Utrante, and Attendant.

King. So many dayes o'repast, and yet no newes
Of my deare Cozen, whether he be aliue or dead!

Utran. Sir, there is a Hermite,
Which hath brought sad newes.

King. What of his death, or that he's deadly hurt?

Utran. Sir, to your Maiesty he only will relate
That which he hath to say, and yet by the sadnesse
Of his countenance, know his newes is ill.

King. Call him in,
Whilst with patience I fore-arme my selfe;

Enter Hermite.

Speake Father, is the Duke dead? what sad newes
Is this you bring? giue me my torment in a word,

Her. Your feares are true indeed, the Duke
Is dead.

King. How doe you know.

Her. Your Maiesty shall heare,
As I was gathering Rootes within the Forrest,
The best part of my foode, casting my eye aside,
I saw a man lie weltring in his gore,
Straight I was strucken with a sodaine feare;
But Charitie preuailing aboue feare,
I stept to see, if yet the soule had left
That comely Mansion, for so indeed it was;
Finding some sparks of life remaining, I tooke
A cordiall water which I euer carry with me,
And by the help of that I brought him to his senses,
So that he was able to deliuer these few words.
Death I embrace thee willingly, thou being
A farre lesse torment, then for to liue
And know *Clarinda* loues another better.
May she enioy *Lysander*, whom now I doe

The Favorite.

Belecuc is worthy of her: for I that
Most vnjustly went about to crosse it,
Must pay my life downe for my error;
Lysander, I forgieue thee my death, and so
I hope the King, and with that word the King,
He sunke betweene my armes, and neuer
Spoke word.

King. O what a man was this, what marble heart
That would not melt it selfe in teares to heare
This sad relation? but what became of the body?

Her. There Sir begins occasion of new grieffe,
Whilst I did vainly strue to call backe life,
Three barbarous theeuers seeking some booty,
Came by chance that way, and seeing his garments
Rich, they went about to strip him; but hearing
Of some noyse within the wood, one of them
Did aduise to carry him to their boat, which lay
Hard by within a Creeke. I went about
To hinder them, and for my paines they did compel
Me to carry the body vpon my shoulders,
Threatning to kill me if I did refuse;
But not content with this, they made me row
Them downe the streame, three dayes together,
Vntill they came vnto their fellow Pirates.

King. What did they with the body?

Her. Threw it ouerbord, when they had
Rifled it first.

King. How chance you came no sooner to tell
This newes, though yet too soone, they are so ill?

Uran. I see the King did dearly loue him,
He weepes.

Her. Sir, the current of the water bare vs farther
In three dayes, then I was able to returne in ten.

King. Giue the poore Hermit something,
Though his newes deserue it not,
Yet his sufferngs doth:

The Favorite.

It is an addition to my griefe, that when I parted
With him last, I seem'd to be offended with him
For his detage on *Clarinda*, which he hath
Dearely paid for; and yet I cannot blame him,
For she is the fairest creature that yet I euer saw.

Enter Cleonarda.

O Sister, we haue lost our dearest Kinsman,
And that which ads vnto my griefe, is, that I cannot
Be reueng'd on him that kild him.

Cleo. Are you certaine Sir that he is dead, or
Who it was that kild him?

Ki. Too certaine of them both,
It was *Lysander* that kild him,
Whom If I euer get within my power,
The sharpest kinde of death that iustice can inflict
Vpon him, he shall feele.

Cleo. Say you so brother, hee shall
Not come within your power if I can helpe it then;
But royall brother, if the Duke had kild *Lysander*,
I know you would haue pardoned him.

King. Sister I thinke I should.

Cle. With what Iustice then can you pursue
Lysanders life, who as the Duke himselfe
Informes you in his Letter, sought
Onely to maintaine what was his owne;
But on the other side, the Duke like an vsurper
Without any title would haue taken from him
That which he valew'd farre about his life
His Loue.

King. It is not I
That pursues *Lysanders* life, but Iustice;
The Law condemnes him to dye,
Had it beene but a priuate man, much more
Being so neare a kin to me.

Cle. There is no Law; but doth allow vs to defend
Our selues, *Lysander* did no more; for who can denie

The Favorite.

He was compeld, honor compeld him,
The Duke compeld him, and loue (which cannot be
By noble minds resisted, did aboue all compeld him,
Then all the fault *Lysander* did commit in my
Opinion, is that hee was too slow, needing
Compulsion in so iust a cause, and therefore Sir
If you should apprehend *Lysander*, though by
The letter of the Law his life is forfeit;
Yet remember that mercy is the greatest attribute
Belonging to those powrs, whose substitute you are.

King. Sister, you often haue had occasion
To shew your Charity, in being a Suiter to mee
For the liues of those that had offended;
Yet vntill now you neuer beg'd my mercy vnto any

Cleo. Sir, you neuer had occasion giuen you
Till now to whet the sword of Iustice by your owne
Particular reuenge, that it might cut the deeper,
And being not intressed, your mercy of it selfe
Did blunt theedge, and needed not my intercession.

King. I do coniure you by my loue,
To speake no more of this vnpleasing subiect;
For if I get *Lysander* once within my power,
I will sacrifice his heart-bloud to the Ghost
Of my deceased Cozen.

Enter Clarinda.

Vtran. You know it is bootlesse,
The King is so incens'd, in begging mercy
For *Lysander*, you may proue cruell to your selfe,
And vnto me your Father.

Clar. O Sir, how ill you doe requite *Lysander*;
His loue to you was the onely cause
That puld these miseries vpon him;
For had not he so dearly tenderd you,
Fearing to draw on you the Kings displeasure,
We had long since bin married, then this vn lucky
Combat had not bin, nor I had need of that

Which

The Favorite.

Which now I am to beg : Mercy, great Sir.

Kin. Why, know you where *Lysander* is ?

Clar. Ono, but I doe feare he cannot escape
Your hands.

King. Why Lady,

Can you hope that if hee were taken
I would pardon him : hath he not kild the man
That in the world was nearest to my heart ?
I cannot grant this ; rise, and by mine honor
Aske or command what is within my power
(But this) and it shall be perform'd.

Clā. Sir, all the suite

He make, since this cannot be granted, is
That in the selfe same houre that my *Lysander*
Is to suffer ; I who haue beene the fountaine
From whence these bloody streames haue issu'd,
May be permitted to shew *Lysander* the darke
Yepleasing way to the *Elizian Fields* ;
For though we could not here, yet there we shall
Enioy each other.

Cleo. *Lysander*, shouldst thou proue false to her,
Though I my selfe were cause of thy inconstancie,
Yet I should hate thee.

King. I hope you will better consider
Of the generall losse the world shall sustaine,
In losing such a Jewell as your selfe :
Sister, I will leaue you to aduise her better,
And pray you vse her with your best respect,
Her worth and beauty doth deserue it ;
My Lord *Vtrante*, haue you in your daughters name
Taken possession of all that was the Dukcs,
As I commanded ?

Vtran. My Lord, I haue the full possession,
But she doth vetterly refuse them.

King. I know my Sister will aduise
Her better.

Exe. manet Clar. & Cleo.

Clar.

The Favorite.

Cla. The Princess is the fairest Creature
That yet mine eyes euer beheld, why does she looke
So stedfastly vpon me? Gracious Madame,
What see you in this worthlesse frame,
That so attracts your eyes.

Cleo. I see *Clarinda*,
In each particular of the whole frame,
Which thou term'st worthlesse, an excelsse of beauty,
Which in another Lady might breed enuy;
But by my life I take delight to looke on thee.

Cla. And Madame, may I perish,
If ere mine eyes yet met an obiekt, wherein
I tooke halfe that delight that I doe now
In looking vpon you; were I a man,
And could frame to my selfe a Mistris by my wishes
Hauing the wide world to choose in, for each
Particular to make vp the whole. I should belecue
It were a fruitlesse labour, if I went farther
Then your selfe thus fram'd.

Cleo. *Clarinda*, as I am Sister to a King,
I see I must partake of their misfortunes,
Which is to be grossly flatter'd: but it may be
You giue me this faire language by instinct;
For I haue pleasing newes to tell you,
If that you had come to Court, I thought
To haue sent for you, which vnto you
I know appeares most strange, for till this houre
I neuer had the happinesse to see you.

Clar. Madame, it does indeed.

Cleo. It will appeare more strange,
When you shall know the cause for which
I would haue sent for you.

Cla. Deare Lady, what is it for?

Cleo. I would haue sent for you,
To know what you would haue giuen willingly,
To one that would vndertake to saue *Lysander's* life.

Clar.

The Favorite.

Clar. I cannot name you a particular,
But all that I haue, or can giue.

Cleo. I meane not goods or money,
But could you bee content if it were
A woman that could doe this,
To quit your interest in *Lysander*,
And giue him leaue to marry her?

Clar. If it should come to that, I know
I sooner should be willing,
Then I should draw him to giue his consent.

Cleo. It is nearer it then you belieue,
I know a Lady that hath sau'd his life already.

Cl. How, beg'd his pardon of the King!
And vpon those conditions hath he giuen consent?

Cleo. He hath not yet, but when he knowes
Your minde, I thinke he will.

Clar. Is she a handsome Lady, and well borne?

Cleo. Not very handsome; but her birth is great,
In both she equals me, and in affection to
Lysander, you.

Clar. Madame I doe beseech you
Leaue this too harsh discourse: for it hardly
Can be true, since there is no Lady
In this Kingdome, that euer I saw
That equals you in beauty, yet
The imagination that it may be so,
Doth from mine eyes draw teares, and chafes
From my heart the vsuall heate.

Cleo. Weepe not *Clarinda*, I cannot hold thee
Longer in suspence. I am the Lady that I meane,
And therefore chase away thy feare.

Clar. I neuer saw true cause of feare till now,
The tale you told appeares much likelier truth,
Now, that you are the Lady, then it did before;
For you haue in you that full excellency,
That would make Gods forswear themselues;

The Favorite.

If they had made an oath, shou'd you propose
Your selfe as the reward of that their periury:
Shall I belicue then that *Lysanders* traittie,
Can relist such an assault, if you be so resolu'd;
Besides, what Lady hath the power to beg
Lysanders life, at your incenied brothers hands;
But onely you that are his Sister:
Goe poore forsaken maide, and melt thy selfe
Away in teares, and doe not liue to be an eye-sore
To this noble Lady, nor to vpbraid *Lysander*
With his fallshood.

Cleo. Stay sweet *Clarinda*,
And for as many teares as I haue made thee shed
From those faire eyes, so oft Ile kisse the Crysfall
Fountaines from whence they flowed; belicue me,
Dearest maide, though I doe loue *Lysander*,
Yet I would not wrong thee for a world,
Of which to giue the more assurance,
Thou shalt see, and speake with thy *Lysander*,
For thou art onely worthy of him;
He is now at *Gerards* Lodge within the Forrest,
None knowes of it but *Gerard*, and his owne Sister
Mariana, how I brought him thither wounded,
Ile take another time to tell you: when you would
See him you must goe disguis'd: farewell *Clarinda*,
Be confident I loue you dearly. I will stay
No longer lest it should breed suspicion. *Exit.*

Clar. Madame, your humble seruant.
How strange a tale is this! yet sure it's true,
Why should the Princessse say so else?
But can it be the Princessse loues *Lysander*?
Can it be otherwise, if she doe know him?
If it be true, sure *Lysander* will not neglect
So great a blessing: hence Iealoufie, the canker
Of true loue, that doest in time consume that
Which did giue thee being; why should I wrong

Lysander,

The Favorite

Lysander, to mistrust his faith, till I haue
Better cause, I must to him, and in disguise,
Which how to get my selfe I know not,

Enter Iacomo.

I must trust some body, and who so fit
As honest *Iacomo*, who I know loues *Lysander*.
Come hither honest *Iacomo*. *Iaco*. Madame.

Clar. I know thou lou'st me,
And wilt doe any thing that I command thee.

Iaco. Madame, I hope you make no doubt of it.

Clar. No thou shalt see I doe not doubt,
For I will make thee priuie to a secret,
That torture should not draw from me.

Iaco. If it be that that I suspect, torture shall
Hardly make me to conceale it.

Clar. What saist thou *Iacomo*?

Iaco. Madame, I say although I should be rackt,
Yet what you tell me shall be still conceald.

Clar. I know it should; come trusty *Iacomo*,
He tell thee all the Story as wee goe. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus, Scœna prima.

Enter Clarinda in disguise, Iacomo.

Clar. How am I bound to thee for this disguise,
I thinke my Father if I had met him
Could not haue knowne me, how farre is it
Yet to the Lodge?

Iaco. It is not aboute a Mile; but are you sure
He is there?

Clar. I would not else haue come so far a foote
Nor put on this disguise.

Iaco. Madame, if you be weary, here is a faire
Coole shade, where you may rest your selfe a while.

Clar. Though I be faint and weary;

The Favorite.

Yet I will not stay, the great desire I haue
To see *Lysander*, doth support my weaknesse.

Iaco. But Madame, I am weary, and I haue
No such strong desire as loue to carry me.

Clar. For shame say not so, can you being a man
And vs'd to walke, be weary in so short a iourney?

Iaco. Madame. you must refresh me with a kisse,
I cannot walke else.

Clar. How *Iacomo*?

Iaco. Why, doth not the paines that I haue taken
Deserue a greater recompence then that?

Clar. I doe confesse
The paines that thou hast taken, and
I intend thee a reward equall to it,
But it amazes me to heare thee aske,
That which would trouble me to giue;
And yet to thee that shoul'd receiue it,
Doe no good at all.

Iaco. If it will trouble you to giue it, then let
Me take a kisse.

Clar. How strangely art thou transported,
With a fond desire!

Iaco. You will not kisse me then?

Clar. I prethee be not angry *Iacomo*,
Ile giue thee that which is better;
Here take this Jewell; yet let me tell thee,
The Duke would not thus boldly haue demanded
What thou didst aske.

Iaco. He was a foole then,
And did not know his owne aduantage,
Which you shall find I doe, you that
Denyed me now a kisse, shall giue me that
Which you perchance the first night
Would haue denyed your husband.

Cl. I do not like this, whats that honest *Iacomo*?

Iaco. Your Maidenhead.

Clar. How! I know thou dost but speake this

The Favorite.

For to excuse thy selfe from going; sit still,
He find the way my selfe.

Iaco. Are you so crasty, stay and heare me.

Clar. What sayst thou honest *Iacomo*?

Iaco. Not too honest neither, I know you are wise, and therefore He vse no perswasions, else, but onely letting of you see the danger.

Clar. O, I feare this villaine.

Iaco. *Lysander* you told me was at the Lodge, and there the King shall find him, except you will redeeme him from that danger, by the losse of your Virginitie; I know you would bee well content to kisse me now, but now it will not serue.

Clar. Will honest *Iacomo* then proue a villaine?

Iaco. Who would not proue a villaine for so sweet a recompence: How I doe glory in this purchase of my wit, the Duke striuing to gaine the happinesse, I shall haue offer'd me, paid downe his life fort; besides, he went about the ceremoniall way of Marriage; but I shall meet my happinesse a neerer way, which will be an addition to the pleasure. Come, are you resolu'd?

Clar. Why villaine, dost thou prize *Lysanders* life About mine honor?

Iaco. If for a word, for honor is no more,
You can indure to see *Lysander* suffer cruell death,
It seemes you loue him little, doe as you will;
Make hast vnto the Lodge, you know the way well
The King may chance be there before you,
As I will handle the businesse.

Clar. Stay *Iacomo*, canst thou be such a villaine,
As thou dost seeme; I do not thinke
Thou art in earnest.

Iaco. All torments that man did euer feele,
Light vpon me, if I doe not performe
What I say.

Clar. Then may they all light on thee;
For thou deseru'st them all.

Iaco. Stay Lady.

The Favorite.

Clar. Dost thou relent?
I knew thou didst it but to trye mee.

Iaco. It is true indeed, I did so.

Clar. I thought thou still wert honest.

Iaco. Be not deceiu'd: I tried indeed if you would giue consent, because the pleasure would haue beene the greater so; but since I haue you once agen within my power, I will inioy you whether you will or no.

Clar. Canst thou beleue, the heauens that haue the power,
To strike thee dead, will suffer such a wicked Act?

Iaco. It is in vaine to striue or crye,
There is none to helpe you.

Clar. If the feare of Heauen
Cannot deterre thee from this villanic;
Yet tremble at the punishments my Father
And *Lysander* will inflict vpon thee;
For doe not thinke there's any place that's so remote,
But they will find thee out.

Iaco. Tush, they shall still belieue mee to be
Honest *Iacomo*;

Yet I will let the King know where *Lysander* is.

Clar. Why villaine, dost thou thinke I will not
Discouer thee?

Iaco. Yes, I doe know you would; but I will take a course
with your Ladiship for telling, when I haue done with you.

Clar. I know thou wilt not be so mercifull to kill me.

Iaco. Yes, feare it not, rather then I will be hang'd for a short
minutes pleasure.

Clar. Then kill me first, before thou dost dishonour me.

Iaco. It may bee you'l bee of another mind anon, and wish
to liue. The trees stand here too thin, Ile carry you into a
thicker place.

Clar. Helpe, Murder: is there no power that will transforme
me to a tree, and saue my honor?

Iaco. Yes, Ile transforme you, you may beare fruit too, if
you will be willing.

Exeunt.

Enter

The Favorite.

Enter Duke disguis'd.

Duke. How happy are those men that lead a Country life,
And in the nature of each severall creature,
View the great God of Natures power, who can finde
Nothing in the whole frame, but either for the composition
Or the existence, is worth our admiration!

Within Clarinda.

Murder, helpe, helpe, Murder!

Duke. It was a womans voyce sure.

Exit.

Enter Iacomo.

Iaco. Slaue that I was, that did not stop her mouth, as well as
bind her hands; it was well the bushes were so thicke; for had
he once got sight of me, he would haue coold my heate: since I
haue mist this pleasure, my reuenge shall be the greater; Ile to
the King and tell him what I know concerning *Lysander*,
which will ingraft me in his fauor, and for *Clarinda's* accusall,
let mee alone.

Exit.

Enter Duke and Clarinda.

Duke. Tell me pretty Boy, why did the villaine bind thee?
I thought thou hadst beene a woman, when I heard thee cry:
How pale thou lookst of a sodaine; be not afraid,
He dare not come againe to hurt thee.

Clar. My hard harted Master I feare will come agen.

Duke. He had a hard heart indeed, that could hurt thee:
It is the prettiest boy that yet I ere did see,
And yet me thinks I haue seene a face like this before:
Where wert thou borne sweet child?

Clar. Sir, I was borne in Naples.

Duke. Sure I haue seene a face like thine,
Why dost thou blush?

Clar. Where Sir, doe you thinke you haue seene
A face like mine?

Duke. Not in this Countrey, for I am here a stranger.

Clar. Then Sir,
you doe not know the way to *Gerards* Lodge.

Duke.

The Favorite.

Duke. Wouldst thou goe thither ?
I thinke I doe.

Clar. Yes Sir, if I did know the way.

Duk. Ile bring thee thither if I can.

Clar. Sir, I doe owe you much,
And haue no other payment but my thanks :
But might I be so happie as to meet you
In the City, I haue some friends that would
Perchance doe you some pleasure.

Du. If thou wilt stay with me here in the Forrest,
At a little house where I doe lie, to morrow
I will bring thee to the City.

Clar. You are the most
Courtous man that ere I met with :
I am so weary that it is not possible
For me to reach the City, and at the Lodge,
Lysander must not stay, nor must I flye
With him ; I am not yet prouided of money,
For our flight. Fools that I was to trust
That villaine *Iacomo*, alas, I did not know
Him then to be a villaine. Sir, if you'll bring
Me to the Lodge, I will onely speake one word
With one that is there, and go along with you.

Duke. Come then.

Clar. He takes me for a Boy, and so long
There's no danger. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleonarda drest like a Nymph, Huntsmen.

Cleo. Lay on the Hounds where the young Deere went in,
These old fat Deere make no sport at all.

Huntsf. If it please your Grace he is not a Stag.

Cleo. No matter Sir,
I am the Mistis of the field this day,
My Brother not being here, and I will
Haue it so: the sorer that the Chase is
My being absent will the lesse be markt. *Hornes.*

Enter

The Favorite.

Enter Mariana and Lysander.

Mar. Brother, me thinkes now your wounds being well.
It were good to quit this Countrey for a while:
For it is impossible but by some meanes or other,
If you stay heere, you will be discouered.

Lys. Sister, it is my intent; but I without
The Princesse leaue, who hath preferu'd my life,
Will certainly resolue of nothing.

Mar. The time hath beene, that you without
Clarinda's leaue would haue done nothing.

Lys. And is so still,
For may I perish when I proue false
To my *Clarinda*; yet should I say I doe not
Loue the Princesse, and with some passion too,
I should but lye. See where she comes

Enter Cleonarda and Gerard.

And with the splendor of her heauenly eyes
Amazeth my weake senses; not *Dian's* selfe
Lookt halfe so louely when she woo'd
The pale-fac'd Boy *Endymion*;
Nor *Pallas* when she stood Competitor
With the two Goddesses to gaine the golden apple;
Appear'd with halfe that Maiestie
That she doth thus attir'd: hold faith,
Thou neuer wert in such a danger.

Cleo. *Lysander*, I am glad to see you thus
Recouer'd: I glory in my cure.

Lys. Madame, I am so well,
That I desire your license to depart;
There's danger surely in my being here
Both to your selfe and me.

Cleo. *Lysander*, I know you doe but iest;
For should I giue you leaue, I know
You would not goe.

Lys. Madam, it's best we part, should I stay here
And dayly looke vpon those Sun-bright eyes,

The Favorite.

And heare your charming tongue, my faith I feare
Would proue like wax, and melt, *Clarinda's* picture
Would be soone defac'd, and I should then deserue
The hate of all the world.

Cleo. *Lysander*, do not feare it, You shall this day
See faire *Clarinda*, whose merits will arme you,
Too strongly to misdoubt a change.

Lys. Did your Grace see her then?

Cleo. Yes *Lysander*. I saw *Clarinda*,
Whose perfections haue compeld the heauens,
In Iustice, to giue her the most deseruing man aliue
To be her seruant.

Lys. Madame, its true,
She hath indeed the most deseruing man
That then did liue, the Duke, giuen to her
For a seruant: but when the heauens saw
That she did refuse him whom they knew
Was onely worthy of her, they left her then
To her vnhappie choice, in me, in which
She cannot faile to be miserable,
And that they might torment her with
The knowledge of her error, they tooke from
The earth vnto themselues whom she refused,
Making him equall vnto one of them.

Cleo. *Lysander*,
I wil giue you leaue to praise the Dyke,
Because it still tends to your greater praise,
Since you did ouercome him both by your valor;
And your other merits: for faire *Clarinda*
Whose iudgement is compleat, esteeme you
For the worthier, *Lysander* neuer was there man
So blest as you are, in a Master, for it is
As impossible to equall her in loue,
As in perfection; for though she know that her
Perfections farre transcenderh mine, yet her
Excesse of loue did make her ielalous,

When

The Favorite

When as I told her I had sau'd your life ;
And how, but I to shew her that I loued
You only as a brother, did tell her where
You were, and much I wonder that she
Is not come.

Lys. It may be she doth wisely feare that there
Are some that watch each step she maketh,
Hoping by that to find mee out ; for now
It is no newes that she doth loue me,
When I am at Florence Ile send her word,
For so I promis'd her in a Letter when I went
To fight, if that I escap'd with life.

Cleo. You shall not goe to Florence to day,
Yet doe so, and bee not sad to goe ;
For when my Brothers passion is once ouer,
And that he shall consider the iustnesse
Of the Dukes request, in his last Letter,
I meane your pardon, hee cannot sure
Be any longer cruell.

Lys. Why Madame,
Did he write a Letter to the King,
In which he beg'd my pardon ?

Cleo. Yes *Lysander*, he did ;
And the last word that ere hee spake, was
To that purpose, the letter I can shew you ;
I neuer till this day could get it from my Brother.

Lysander reads to himselfe.

Lys. He in this Letter doth expresse himselfe
To beseech the composition of the Gods,
So fill'd with all perfection, me thinkes it's strange
They shold not build him altars: yet my infortunate
Hand did rob the world of this precious Iewell ;
For which offence my heart shall drop in iustice
As many bloody teares, as now my womanish teares
Doe drop of brinish water.

Cleo. Worthy *Lysander*,

The Favorite.

Each pearle-like drop falls from thy manly eyes,
May expiate a greater sinne then that thou didst
Commit in thy intention: I cannot chuse
But kisse thee for this noble sorrow. Say *Mariane*,
Haue I done ill to kisse your Brother?

Mar. Madame, it were in me presumption
To censure any of your actions.

Cleo. *Lysander*, Must you goe to day?
Sure you doe not loue me as a Sister, else
You would not part so soone.

Lysan. By this kisse, which I belieue shall be
The last that I euer shall be blest with,
Did not my faith oblige me otherwayes,
I should loue you equall with *Clarinda*,
Nay had I knowne you first, I should
Haue lou'd you better; but as it is
I know you are so noble in you selfe,
That you wold hate me if I should proue inconstant.

Cleo. It is true, it were a baseness for which
My iudgement would condemne you as vnworthy
To be belou'd; but yet I thinke my passion
Would make me change that saying of louing
Of the Treason; yet hating of the Traitor;
For I should hate the Treason, and yet I feare me
Too much loue the Traitor.

Lys. It were impossible that you should loue
A periur'd man.

Cleo. I doe but feare it;
I know your worth will neuer put it to the tryall.

Lys. Deare-Princede,
Gerard, to whom I am much bound,
Hath horses ready for me, so that there is
Nothing wanting but your leaue to make
My iourney happie.

Cleo. Which I vnwillingly doe grant you, yet
Pray the heauens to make your iourney prosperous.

The Favorite.

O *Mariana*, would I had neuer seene thy brother,
Or hauing seene him, that I might enioy him
For my Husband; but I doe ill to wish anothers
Right; that happinelle belongs to faire *Clarinda's*
Meritsonely.

Lys. Go *Gerard*, get the horses ready. *Ex. Ger.*

Cleo. *Lysander*, let me heare from you,
And if you thinke it no way preiudiciall
To your faith. I pray you weare this fauor
For my sake.

Lys. Madame, most willingly,
And thinke it for the greatest honor that ere
Was done me.

Within Crye, round beset the house.

Cleo. What noyse is that *Mariana*?

Mari. Madame, He goe see.

O Madame we are vndone, it is the King,
Who threatensto hang vp *Gerard* for concealing
Of my Brother.

Lys. Deare Madame, hide your selfe,
What will the King your Brother say,
If he doe finde you here?

Cleo. I will *Lysander* flye from his anger now,
That I may haue more power hereafter
To doe thee seruice; what will you doe *Lysander*
It is no matter what becomes of me,
So that you be safe from the Kings anger.

Enter King, Iacomo, Attendants, Gerard bound, Guard.]

Iaco. Sir, set the house round, lest he should scape
At some backe dore.

King. Be that thy charge, take halfe the Guard, He search
The house my selfe: Where is this bloody Traytor?

Lys. Sir, heares a bloody-handed, though not a bloody
Minded man, that doth not yet deserue the title
Of a Traitor. I know it's me you looke for.

The Favorite.

King. Bloody villaine, it's thou indeed,
Lay hands on him.

Lys. Keepe off, and heare me speake first,
And then I will deliuer vp my sword.

King. What wouldst thou say.

Lys. I see poore *Gerard* bound, whom I
Compel'd to conceale me.

King. How couldst thou compell him?

Lys. Royall Sir, with patience hear me:
When I by the assistance of Fortune, not my valour;
(Yet I did nothing basely) had kild that noble Duke
I was my selfe sore wounded, so that I could not
Flye out of your territories, and well I knew
Into what house so ere I came, though they
At first might pittie me, not knowing
What I had done; yet when they once should know
That I had kild the Duke, they then I knew
Would streight discouer me, rather to gaine reward,
Or else to saue themselues from future danger,
Which to preuent. I thought my safest course was
For to compell *Gerard*, whom well I knew
Liu'd farre remote from company, to sweare
Not to discouer I was in his house,
Or else I threatned straight to kill him,
Hoping that rather then he would forswear
Himselfe, he would conceale me, wherein I was
No whit deceiu'd.

Ger. If please your Maie tie,
He came into my house before I was aware,
With his sword drawne, and setting of it
To my brest, threatning if I would not sweare
For to conceale him, to kill me instantly.
I (not knowing what he had done)
Swore all that he would haue me.

Cleo. A God transformd into a humane shape
Could doe or say no more then he hath done.

King

The Favorite.

King. But when thou knew'st that he had
Kild the Duke, how durst thou then
Conceale him?

Lys. I then began to fright him with strange
Examples of the cruell punishments that periur'd
Men had felt, and aw'd his conscience that way.

King. So thou dost mine *Lysander*;
For I haue made a vow, after that I had got thee
Once within my power, the Sun shall not
Twice set, til I had with a sacrifice of thy heart blood
Appeas'd my Kinsmans Ghost. I dare not
Be forsworne, away with him to prison,
And *Gerard.* *Exeunt Lys. Ger. and Guard.*

Cleo. It is then no time for to conceale my selfe,
O cruell Brother! you haue in that rash oath
Murder'd all vertue that Mans fraile nature
Is capable to receiue.

King. I am amaz'd,
Tell me deare Sister, what make you here,
I hope you know not of this villany.

Cleo. O doe not call a demi-god a villaine,
Though Fortune made his valiant arme
The instrument to rob you of a worthy Kinsman.

King. Sister, you speake with passion, as if
You lhu'd him.

Cleo. Yes Brother, I doe loue him,
With all my heart I loue him, which I will
Manifest more then in words,
If you be cruell.

King. Sister, as you respect my fauour,
And your owne faire Name, blemish not so
Your royall blood by louing of a murderous
Ingratefull villaine.

Cleo. O that you were no Brother to me,
Nor my King, that I might satisfie mine
Anger by a braue reuenge.

The Favorite.

By Young of a murderous ingratefull villaine.

Cleo. O that you were no Brother to me,
Nor my King, that I might satisfie mine anger
By a braue reuenge; by my life, I would haue shed
His heart bloud with my Iauelin, that should
Haue spoke this but your selfe, but as it is,
He let you see your error, you might as well
Call him a murderer that being assaulted
By a barbarous thiefe, kil'd him that would
Haue rob'd him; for so *Lysander* did, and
Whereas you call him ingrate, there you doe
Erre, the Duke being his debtor; and so
Indeed is all the world, for he hath left them
Such a Story in his actions, that hee that can
But read and imitate them to the life,
Shall in another iuster age, be made a God,
And worshipt for his vertues.

King. Sister, did you but see how ill
These praises doe become you; (for you indeed
Are drunke with affection) you would leaue
Them me: I know when you recouer by the helpe
Of reason, you'l hate your selfe, and wish that all
Y'au'e spoke or done this day were but a dreame.

Cleo. O neuer, neuer; poore *Clarinda*,
What will become of thee when thou shalt heare
This killing Newes!

Exeunt.

Enter Clarinda and the Duke.

Duk. It grieues my heart that I haue brought thee wrong,

Clar. Sir, must we lie here in the wood all night.

Duke. I feare there is no other remedie,

Clar. O my *Lysander* thou art lost I feare
For euer, and that same villaine *Iacomo*
is cause of all. There is some comfort yet,
I see a light, sure it's some house.

Duke. For Charities sake open the Dore. *He knocks.*

Enter Hermit. Lord Sir, where haue you beene?

Duke.

The Favorite.

Duke. Mercy vpon vs, how are we mistaken?
This is the old mans house where I haue beene
Still since I came into the Forrest.

Cl. Pray heauen he did not misse his way a purpose.

Duk. Good Father, if you haue any meate
Fetch me some for this sweet youth, I met him
In the Forrest, and would haue shewed him
The way to *Gerards* Lodge, but lost my selfe,
And wandred vp and downe till now.

Her. Here, here's some meate;
I was my selfe at *Gerards* Lodge, and saw those
There whom you would little thinke.

Duke. Who were there?

Her. The King and his faire Sister,
Lysander bound as a Prisoner, for killing
Of the Duke.

Cl. O my *Lysander's* lost. *fals.*

Duke. Looke to the Boy, he swoones; speake
Child, what dost thou ayle?

Cl. That same who is *Lysander*, now a prisoner;
(And must die) was the only cause I would
So fine haue gone to *Gerards* Lodge,
For that villaine who had bound me, I knew
Would tell the King that *Lysander* was there,
And I would faine haue giuen him warning,
That he might haue fled, because hee is
Thy Kinsman.

Her. Be not sad Boy for that,
I heard the Princeesse sweare if the King
Put to death *Lysander*, that she will not out-lie
Him; and he too well loues his Sister,
To lose her so.

Cl. How! Is the Princeesse so in loue with him?

Her. Indeed they say she is.

Duke. Come, and eat your meate, you shall
Goe to bed; I know you ate weary.

The Favorite.

Clar. Sir, I cannot eate, I had rather sleepe,

Her. Come then, Ile shew thee to a Bed.

Clar. No Sir, Ile lie vpon the Rushes, I neuer vse
To lie with any body, and I am su.e
Here in this house there are not many beds.

Her. Come, thou shalt lie alone ;
There are two beds, we two will lie together.

Clar. Please Sir to leaue me here, Ile go to bed.

Herm. No childe, Ile helpe thee.

Clar. If he should see my breasts, I am vndone ;
I will keepe on my doublet.

Her. Goe to bed sweet childe, wee'l leaue thee. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus, Scœna prima.

Enter Iaspero and Bernardo.

Ias. What newes at Court ?

Ber. Sad newes belieue me.

Ias. Why, must braue *Lysander* suffer to day ?

Ber. The King hath sworn to haue his head off ere Sun-set.

Ias. The Kingdome will be poore in such a losse,
For he leaues none behind him worth his equall.

Ber. I, but is't not strange the King should grace
That villaine *Iacomo* that did betray him ?

Ias. His extreame loue vnto the Duke makes him
Loue *Iacomo*, who doth profess that he did not
Discouer *Lysander* in hope of gaine ; but onely
Out of loue to the Dukes memory.

Ber. At one o' th clocke he is to suffer, let vs be there betimes
and get a place neere the Scaffold to heare his last words. *Exe.*

Enter Utrante in blacke.

Utran. How blacke and sorrowfull this day lookes !
This day, in which *Lysander* is to suffer :
Noble *Lysander*, to whom my Child and I
Are so much bound ; and yet hee is the cause

The Favorite.

Of both our ruines; or rather I am cause:
It was my ambition to haue a Duke
My Sonne in Law: no, it was my *Clarinda's*
Beauty bred all this mischief, and it was
The Heauens that gaue Beauty to her:
Why did they then not blesse that gift in her,
But turne it to her curse? Peace wretched man
And argue not with those high powers,
But wait their pleasure, and pray for their assistance,
Who can yet change this Scene of blood into
A Scene of ioy, and back returne thee thy *Clarinda*.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. If it please your Lordship, my young Lady
Is return'd and gone agen.

Vtran. How!

Ser. She hath beene in the house this houre as the maids tell
me, hath chang'd her cloaths, and's newly stolne out at the back-
gate, and gon toward *Lysanders* prison; two of my fellowes are
gone after her, and I came back to tell your Lordship. *Exit.*

Enter Cleonarda and Mariana.

Cleo. And do's the Kings cruel resolution hold still?

Mar. O Madam yes, my poore Brother must dye to day.

Cleo. And wilt not thou dye with him: speake *Mariana*.

Mar. Madame, I could wish that I might not out-lieue him.

Cle. Why sayst thou thou couldst wish, hast thou not hands?
Or dost thou want a knife? if so, yet there's many wayes to die.

Mar. Madame, how strangely doe you talke.

Cleo. Why, wouldst thou wish to liue,
After the vntimely death of such a Brother?

Ma. Madame, we must not goe vntill the Gods do call vs,
Yet I bylieue it is the better place.

Cleo. The better place, assure thy selfe of that, they would
Not else thus early call thither the best of Men. I will follow
Him where ere he goes to see.

Enter Iacomo.

Iac. Madame the King desires your company.

Cleo. Villaine, had he none else to send but thee
That didst betray *Lysander*, hence from my sight. *Exeunt.*

The Favorite.

Enter Duke and Hermit.

Her. What did you with the Boy ?

Duke. I left him at the Count *Utrante's* house:
He told me he dwelt there.

Her. At what house say they must *Lysander* suffer?

Duke. At one of the clock, faile not to be there,
And get neere the Scaffold.

Her. You need not bid me. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. *Enter King, Cleonarda, Iacomo, Mariana, Attendants, one of them in Habit of a Countreman.*

King. Sister, belecue me, you haue told me such particular
Arguments of *Lysanders* worth, that I doe pittie
His misfortunes much, and haue quite lost my anger ;
Yet Iustice must be satisfied.

Cleo. Sir, the offence that he committed, was but against
The Law, although he rob'd you of a Subiect ;
You are above the Law, and may remit it ;
A King should in points of life and death,
Be like the Chancery, in other cases, and helpe.
By mercy against the cruell letter of the Law,
As the Chancery doth by conscience.
Especially when your owne conscience tels you.
That he was forc'd against his will to fight.

King. Sister, it were an example too dangerous
To pardon him that kild my next of blood ;
It might encourage some to strike my selfe ;
And therefore it is in vaine to plead for mercy.

Enter Utrante and Clarinda.

Utran. O daughter, let not your passionate loue
Vnto *Lysander*, make you accuse good *Iacomo*.

Cl. O Sir, you are cozen'd, he is a Diuell incarnate,
Iustice. Iustice great Sir.

King. Lady, I thought your plea would haue bene mercy,
And not Iustice.

Cl. Sir, I haue lost all hope of mercy ; but Iustice
I hope you will grant me against that villaine *Iacomo*.

Iaco.

The Favorite.

Iaco. Now haue at me, but I haue fore-arm'd the King with such a tale, that and mine owne impudence, which neuer faild me, shall well enough defend me.

Kin. Arise faire *Clarinda*, and by my Crowne, Bring your sufficient prooffe, you shall haue Iustice; But wel I know you hate good *Iacomo*, because he did Discouer where your *Lysander* was.

Cl. Would I had bit my tongue out of my head, When I gaue it power to tell you where *Lysander* was.

Iaco. Your maiestie may marke by this how true the rest is that she hath to say. Madame, then you would seeme as if I had deceiu'd your trust, and that you had to mee discouerd where *Lysander* was; make me not so odious, I neuer was a traitor, had you to me discouer'd it, wild horses should haue torne mee in a thousand pieces, ere I would haue confest; no, this same country fellow one day being within the Lodge saw him, and so discouerd it to me.

Cl. Though thou deny'st this with a brazen brow,
Yet thou canst not denie thou wouldst haue rauisht me,
When I did trust thee to goe along with me,
I being disguis'd then, where I to thee discouer'd
When *Lysander* was; and more thou threatendst
(If I did not giue consent to thy base lust)
To murder mee, when thou hadst done,
Because I should not tell.

Iaco. Madame, I did not thinke that loue to any man could ere haue turnd that excellent wit of yours so ill away, as thus vniustly to accuse a man that is innocent, and one that honors you.

Enter Duke and Hermite.

Utran. Sir, I doe grieue,
My Daughters loue vnto *Lysander*, should
Moue her for to seeke a most vniust reuenge
Against good *Iacomo*, whoselike for honestie
I know not in this Kingdome of his quality.

The Favorite.

Clar. Sir, here's a witnesse, that will confirme
What I haue said for t ruth.

Duke. What gentle Lady ?

Cl. Sir, 'twas I that you rescu'd yesterday,
From a villaine that would haue raiuisht me.

Duke. Why Lady, were you in such danger ?

Iac. Marke you Sir, she knowes of no such thing.

Cl. I was the Boy you found in the wood,
Whom this villaine would then haue raiuisht,
Which then I told you was my master.

Du. I thought no boy could haue so sweet a face,
Indeed Sir, tis most true, I found this Lady bound;
And that same villaine as I thinke; for I had but
A glimpse of him in the bushes, his feare making
Him flie as soone as euer he saw me.

Clar. I beseech your Maiestie let him be hang'd,
For on my honor what I doe affirme is truth.

King. Your affirmation is to me a hundred
Witnesse, yet it were in me iniustice to deny
The combat 'gainst this gentleman that doth accuse
Him on your behalfe, if *Iacomo* desire it.

Duke. Belieue it Sir, he that will do such villanies,
Will neuer dare to fight, Sir send him to the Galleyes,
If he will not fight, it shewes his guilt.

Iaco. Hell take you all, I dare not fight might I haue all the
world giuen. Herather to the Galleyes. I shall get out there with
some tricke or other, and then Ile poyson twenty of you, Ile not
discouer what I am that will but shew me more.

King. Let him that rescu'd *Clarinda* haue the land
That *Iacomo* should haue had, for discouering where
Lysander was: call forth the prisoner, and proceed to execution.

Enter Lysander, Executioner, Guard.

Lys. Weepe not *Clarinda*, you may liue happily
You and the Princesse may together make
A kinde of M: rriage, each one strongly
Flattering themselues, the other is *Lysander*;

For

The Favorite:

For each of you's *Lysanders* better part:
Pardon *Clarinda* that I borrow from
That streame of loue a part to pay the Princesse,
Which euer yet ran constantly to the Ocean
Of thy perfection only, for now a gratefulnesse
To her, makes some of it run in another current;
For which I know thou being wise, canst neuer
Loue me lesse, knowing that I haue loue enough
For both, since I can marry neither.

Cl. *Lysander*, doe not thinke I grudge that part of Loue
You pay the Princesse, her merits farre transcending mine,
Besides, you owe her for preseruing of your life,
And I haue beene the only cause, that you must lose it;
But Ile beare you company, and in that pay the debt I owe you.

King. Why staves the Prisoner? *Lys.* Onely to take
A parting kisse; then when you please, I am prepar'd.

King. What meane you Sister, will you make apparant
To the world you folly? *Cleo.* Sir, doe not hinder me;
For if I may not here speake with him,
We will conuerse in death sooner then you belieue;
Lysander, thou art going to thy lasting home,
And in thee all vertuous men must suffer,
They being but branches, thou the root of all perfection:
Who will be Curteous, Valiant, since these are causes
Of thy death; for thou vnto the world didst manifest
In thy last action with the Duke, that thou wert
Really possesst of these: but I, in summing vp thy worth,
Doe but increase my grieffe; since I must part with thee,
The rich vnhappy owner; for they haue only seru'd
To reuiue thee, and those that lou'd thee for them,
Poore *Clarinda*, I from my owne conceptions
Could weepe, to thinke vpon the torment thou wilt feele,
When as the Axe shall seuer from thee loues
Worthy person, thy comely head, worthy,
Most worthy, in that it was the Cabinet appointed
By the Gods to keepe their richest Jewell in,

His

The Favorite.

His minde, which is indeede an Index,
In which iudicious men may read as in a Booke,
The whole contents of all their excellence.

King. Sister, for shame doe not thus wrong
Your selfe and me, by throwing such high praises
On a man, condemn'd by Law: *Lysander,*
Prepare thy selfe to die, and take no notice of her
Idle praises, which if they could to any mortall
Man be due, they were to him, for whom
Thou now must suffer.

Lys. Sir, I doe confesse it and am ready to receiue
Your doome.

Cleo. I need not to a mind so fortifide as thine is
Giue any Antidotes, to arme thee against death.

Lys. All the encouragement that I will desire
Shall bee a kisse of your faire hand.

Cleo Lysander, thou knowst my soule embraceth thee,
These are the first teares that ere fell from mine eyes,
Although a woman, which I am pleas'd with,
Since it well expresses this is the greatest griefe
That yet I euer felt.

Lys. This kisse *Clarinda* is thy due, thou art
The neereest to my heart in Iustice.

Clarinda swoones.

King. Looke to *Clarinda,* carry her home.

Cleo. I thought she would haue out-gon me; but now
Mine shall be the glory: who would liue in a world
That's bankrupt of all vertue?

Lys. kneeles.

Exec. I pray Sir forgiue me your death.

Lys. Friend, doe thine office; I forgiue thee.

Duke. Hold villaine.

King. How darest thou hinder the sword of Iustice,
From lighting where it is design'd.

Duke. Sir, if you execute this Lord, you are a Tyrant.

King. Why Sir, will it bee tyranny in mee
To execute the Law? the fellow's mad,
Lay hands on him.

Duke.

The Favorite.

Duke. It is a cruell Law that doth condemne the innocent.

King. Why, is he innocent?

Duke. Let me dye for't if I doe not proue
He did not kill the Duke.

Kin. And by my Crowne, sincer thou dost interpose thy selfe
Betwixt the sword of Iustice and the Obiect,
It shall cut through thy life too with *Lysanders*,
If thou dost faile to proue what thou affirmest.

Lys. I doe beseech your Maiesty,
Let not this franticke man, (for so he seemes to be)
Out of his loue to me, ruine himselfe:
I doe confesse againe it was this vn lucky hand,
And no other, that kild the Duke.

Duke. I call the heauens to witnesse, it was I
That was the cause he bled that day,
And well he did deserue it, for thinking
So vniustly to rob thee of *Clarinda*,
Who only dost deserue her.

King. Carry the fellow hence;
Doe I sit here to heare a mad man talke?

Duke. Call me not fellow, I am as good
A Gentleman, as was the Duke your Cozen,
And were he now aliue hee would acknowledge it.

Kin. Away with him to Prison, Ile haue him
Strangely punished for this presumption,
Away with him.

Her. Sir vpon my credit,
And men of my Profession should not lye, he's both
In Birth and worth equall vnto the Duke.

Kin. Though I doe reuerence your Profession,
Yet I see no cause to belicue you,
For in this Kingdome there is none so worthy.

Her. Sir, yes; euery way as worthy,
And one your Maiestie doth loue so well,
That if he aske you, I know you will pardon
Lord *Lysander* for his sake.

The Favorite.

King. Sure all the world's infected,
One that I loued so well and equall to the Duke
In Birth; how canst thou proue this?

Her. Thus I can proue it, *Discover Duke.*
To your great ioy and all the Kingdomes.

Kin. I am amaz'd; art thou a Coniurer,
And from the quiet graue hath raised
The beloued person of my Kinsman to delude me?
For thou wert he that said thou foundst his body.

Duke. Ghosts doe not vse to pay their duty to
The liuing, Sir, feele my hand, I am your Seruant.

Kin. O my deare Cozen, can this be true!

Duke. Sir, I will make all plaine: but first I must
Relieue the worthiest of men, noble *Lysanderr*,
Send for *Clarinda*, and tell her this glad newes:
Madame, let me kisse your faire hands,
I euer honourd you, but now I doe adore
That high rais'd mind of yours, that feares not
To professe your loue to vertue, though in distresse.

King. Deare Cozen, I do long to know by whas
meanes you were preferu'd.

Duke. This reuerend man that did the pious act,
Can best resolue it you.

Kin. 'Twas he that brought first word that he
Had found your body, by which we were resolued
That you were dead, he told his tale so punctually.

Duk. When I began to bee past danger of my
Wounds, I fram'd that tale about the thieues,
Intending to conceale my selfe, and so to make
Triall of your loue to me, and of *Clarinda's*
Loue vnto *Lysander*, both which I finde
Not to be equal'd.

Kin. Good Father tell vs how you found him
Wounded, and how you did preferue him.

Her. Sir, what I to'd you
Concerning the finding of him wounded,

The Favorite:

All that was true, and how I did recouer him
By a soueraigne water ; but that he after
Dyed within my armes, you see is false
And yet he spoke those words that I deliuer'd
As his dying speech, he hauing then indeed
No hope of life: but heauen so order'd it,
That he recouer'd by my skill in Surgery,
In which Art I shall not boast to say
That I am equall with the most skilfull of this age,
Which I thinke well appeares, since I haue cured
Him in so short a time ; yet I must attribute
His sodaine curing to a soueraigne balme,
That an Egyptian gaue mee, from which countrey
I late came.

Kin. Holy man, expect from me a great reward ;
For you haue backe to me restor'd the comfort
Of my life ; but where haue you since liued,
Or how came you by this disguise ?

Enter Clarinda.

Duke. I liu'd with him still in a little Cottage,
And he did from the City fetch me disguises :
Diuine *Clarinda*, pardon me, I was your bedfellow,
And did not know my owne happinesse then ;
If I had knowne you, I would haue done
Iust as I did ; I see you are amazd, it was I
That in disguise rescued you, and sau'd your honor,
When that villaine would haue rauisht you ;
In which I was most happy ; for I shall now present
You, so much the richer gift to your *Lysander*.
Here braue *Lysander*, let me deliuer vp
Into thine armes the Iewell of thy life ;
And in that make some part of satisfaction,
For the wrong I did hee, in compelling thee
To fight for that which was thine owne before
In iustice.

Lys. My Lord, the seruice of my life hereafter

The Favorite.

Shall make manifest how much I honor you,
And with what ioy I doe receiue your giuft.

Cle. I would haue giuen my life to haue redeem'd
Lysanders; where is the ioy then that I should feele
For his deliuerance. O I haue found the cause
That doth suppress it; it's enuy that *Clarinda's*
Happier then my selfe: why should I enuy that
Which is her due, both by his vowes and her
Owne merit.

Lys. How sad the Princeesse lookes? I wonder
Shee doth not speake to me.

Cle. Heart, though thou bur'st, the world shal not
See I grieue or enuye *Lysander and Clarinda*,
May you be happie in your loues, which I can neuer be.

Lys. Her noble heart will burst with griefe,
Would I had dyed, or rather that I had two hearts,
By death I had bene free; this way I am
A debtor to the Princeesse, and that ingratitude
Torments me worse then death.

King. Call for the sacred Priest, and let vs change
That which we thought should haue been a Scène
Of blood, into a Scène of ioy, by ioyning
Two despairing Louers hands together.

Du. O what a happy mans *Lysander* at this instant
Compar'd with what he was halfe an houre since!
Imagination cannot reach it; but on the other side
How farre am I false from that happinesse,
That I possesse when faire *Clarinda* said
That she would marry me within a month.

Enter Priest.

Kin. Come reuerent Sir, performe an office
Acceptable to the Gods: Sister, take you *Lysander's*
Hand, and Cozen you *Clarinda's*.

Cle. O what a cruell office hath my brother put vpon me.

Duke. I would this taske were past,
Vertue I see thou art a cruell Mistress:

Clar.

The Favorite.

Clar. I in my soule grieue for the Duke,
His manly eyes shed teares to performe this Office;
I would to heauen he were my Brother,
Or that *Lysander* were; the consideration
Of his worth and infinite affection,
Which hath appeared in all his actions,
Hath gained much vpon me.

Priest. Will you *Lysander* take *Clarinda* for
Your Wife, forsaking all other till the hand of death
Arrest the one of you?

Her. Say no *Lysander*.

Lys. Reuerend Sir, why?

Her. Because the Marriage is not lawfull.

Duke. Can you proue it vnlawfull?
You sau'd my Life, but I shall valew that no benefit,
Compar'd wth this, if you can proue
Lysander and *Clarinda* cannot marry;
Ile make you more then you can wish to be.

Her. *Lysander*, did not your Father
When you last parted with him, giue you
A little Cabinet, in which he bid you looke
When you should marry, on his blessing
Not before, not at your death.

Lys. It is true, he did so, but I
Was so distracted betwixt ioy and grieffe,
That I had quite forgot it.

Her. Send for it with all haste.

Kin. What can this Cabinet produce to stop
The Marriage.

Cleo. I cannot plead desert,
Thou God of Loue, because I haue so short a while
Beene subiect to thy Lawes; but well thou knowst
If thou oblige me to become thy subiect,
By giuing me *Lysander*, that I shall
More extoll thy power then any Subiect
That thou hast: but on the contrary,

The Favorite.

If thou dost not assist mee, I will returne againe
Vnto *Diana*, thy vtter enemy, and in her seruice
Spend the loath'd remnant of my life.

Enter with a Cabinet, Paper in it.

Kin. The Cabinet is come.

Duk. I make no doubt,
If't be within thy power, thou God of Loue,
But thou wilt grant to me thy truest Subiect
The wishes of my heart; but I doe feare a greater
Power then thine, doth ouer-rule the destinies.

Her. Here Sir, read that paper; there you shall
Finde, what you doe little thinke.

King reads.

*Lysander, I doe giue you leaue to marry whom you doe thinke
fit, because I know you are able to make a worthy Choyce, onely
Clarinda you cannot marry, for she is your Sister.*

Lys. How! my Sister!

Duke. Loue thou hast heard my prayer, though I were
Igorant, and knew not what to aske.

Kin. I am amaz'd, sure this is Witch-craft.

Duke. Sir, I beseech you proue this to be true.

Her. My Lord, if you will beg a Pardon from the King,
It is for a fault, that was neuer proued against me;
I then will make all things so plaine, that no man shall deny it.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. And please your Maiesty, *Iacomo* is proued to be
The Count *Orsinio's* Brother.

Her. My Lord, let him be brought, heele helpe to the clea-
ring of the discourse I am to make.

Duke. Sir, I must beg a pardon for the fauer of my life.

Kin. What hath he done? I pardon him, be't what it wil.

Her. Then Sir, behold a banisht man. *puls off his beard.*

Kin. The Count *Orsinio*!

Lys. My Father! your blessing Sir.

Utran. My deare friend! welcome.

Duke. Sir, Ile not bid you welcome,

Enter Iacomo.

Till

The Favorite.

Till you make it plaine, it can be no Marriage.

Iaco. My Brother!

Her. O thou wicked villaine! art thou aliue yet?

I might haue knowne thee by thy villanies,
Through thy disguises.

Du. Good my Lord proceed vnto your discouery.

Her. My second wife being barraine, I had
No hope of Issue Male; for I had *Mariana*
There by my first, and it did grieue my Soule
To thinke that villaine there should be my heyre;
For he dayly practiz'd mischief before vnheard of.
It was not long before my wife obserued
That the chiefe cause of all my discontent
Grew from her barrenesse, and she being fearefull
That my affection might decline as did my hope
Of Issue, thought of a strange and most vnwonted
Meanes, to make her selfe appeare a happy mother.
My friends Wife here, the Count *Utrante*
Finding her selfe to bee with Childe; my Wife,
By helpe of Art did seeme so too: but strange
To see how gold will worke for by a somme of
Money, my Wife did worke the Mid-wiues, Nurse,
And Doctor, to cozen the true Mother of her Child
When ere she should be brought to bed.

Kin. How was that possible?

Her. Most easie Sir, as they did handle it,
The Child was borne, and prou'd a Boy,
As my Wife wisht; for had it beene a Girl,
It could not then haue eas'd me of my griefe,
My land being tied vpon the Heyres-Male.

Duke. Good Sir, proceed.

Her. The Nurse was by the Doctor straight
Commanded to carry into the next roome the child,
Alleaging that it was most necessary,
The Mother, after so much labour should
Sleepe, which the Childs crying might hinder:

Within

The Favorite.

Within a short space comes in the Mid-wife
Pittifully weeping, telling the Mother
That the Child could hardly liue ; but straight
The Nurse she entring the Chamber, cried out
Alas the Child is dead ; the wofull Mother
Falling in a swoone, had almost made
That sorrow reall for her, which then but
Counterfeited for the Child.

Duke. The Child then was not dead.

Her. No Sir, the crafty Nurse
Had by a back-dore conuaid it out o'th house
By helpe of another Nurse that she had there
For the purpose: hauing recouer'd
The Mother out of her trance, the poore Lady
Desir'd to see her late comfort, though now
Her only cause of sorrow, the dead Child :
But the Doctōr vtterly denyed that,
Alleaging that would but increase her sorrow,
Which might impeach her health :
My friend here was not then at home,
And who durst contradict the Doctōr
In such a case.

Kin. Was there
No seruants in the house ? Did none of them
Aske for the Childe ?

Her. Sir, to preuent that,
They had before prouided a piece of wood
Shapt like a Childe, and about that they put
A winding sheete.

King. But what excuse then made they
For their haste in dressing of it
For the graue, that was not then
Scarce cold.

Her. For that they told the seruants
The Childe being deform'd they made such haste
To hide it from the neighbours; that they

Might

The Favorite.

Might not be witnesses of their Ladies shame,
In bringing such a Monster into the world.
The Nurse the same night came, and told my Wife
What they had done, and she advising with
Her agents, the next night after seem'd
To fall in labour, and by the helpe of those
Her creatures made perfect by their former practise,
She cozen'd me and the world, by making vs
Believe, that she had truly brought me forth a son.
I did a thousand times kisse my young heyre,
And by my carefull education and his owne
Braue naturall parts, hee's growne to be
What now you find, *Lysander*, for he's the same.

King. But how came you to know
Lysander was not your naturall sonne, and these
Particulars?

Her. My Wife Sir,
Being vpon her death-bed, she found her conscience
Troubled with this deceit, and could not
Depart in peace, till she had freely told me
Of this strange Story; I still conceal'd it
Out of my iust anger against my wicked Brother;
Besides that great affection which I bare *Lysander*,
Continued still, and is now so great,
That if your Maiestie by your Prerogatiue
Will but confirme it. I doe adopt him for my Heire.

King. It shall.

Iaco. Thus Sir, was I defeated of my right; My Lord the
Duke there by his power, though I did proue this in the open
Court, by witness of the Nurse and Midwife; yet he made mee
to be banisht as an iniurer of others.

Duke. I doe confesse the wrong I did thee
Though ignorant, and for to make thee satisfaction,
I will be a suitor to the King in thy behalfe:
Sir, now vpon my knowledge I dare affirme
That *Lysander* is sonne vnto the Count *Utrante*.

The Favorite.

Lys. It was nature in me, that made me so much
Loue the Count *Utrante*: you blessing Sir.

Clar. It do's not grieue mee that you are
My Brother.

Lys. And for my part, I cannot adde
To my owne happinesse, if I might haue my wishes,
Now that you are my Sister; for I did euer loue you
As a Sister rather then as a Mistris.

Duke. Diuine *Clarinda*,
I cannot claime your promise till a moneth be past,
There is some part of it to come, but I hope
You will not strictly stand vpon the time.

Clar. My Lord,
I should too much wrong my selfe, though I did not
Loue you, in deferring of so great a blessing:
But the large testimony that you haue giuen
Both of your worth and affection to me,
Haue turn'd that great affection in an instant,
That I bare *Lysander*, as you could wish it,
Vpon you; nay to say truth, I euer lou'd you,
Though not so well as hee, and held your worth
As great.

Duke. Deare *Clarinda*, giue me not a surfer.

Lys. I feare the King will nere consent. *whisper.*

Duke. But good Sir,

What made you desire me to beg your pardon.
Or what made you conceale your selfe so long?

Her. My Lord, Ile tell you;
Your Lordship may remember, for it is not
Fiue yeares since, that this my Friend, the Count
Utrante and my selfe, were both suspected
For poysoning of your Vncle, because we were
His profest Enemies; especially my selfe,
Which made me flye, though I were innocent,
For it was knowne to many, that the villaine
Kild him for's owne particular reuenge.

The Favorite.

Yet my wicked Brother there, perswaded the fellow
At his death to say, that we had set him on
And got another rascall to witnesse with him
That it was true; my friend, not hauing so great
Enemies, did stay to iustifie himselfe,
And for his paines was laid in prison, and kept there
For his lands, till you got him releast,
And yet he was neuer brought vnto his tryall;
I, ere I left this Country, did leaue this Cabinet
With my sonne, or rather yours, and withall
The charge of looking in it when he should
Be married. After many a weary step abroad,
I came home to my Countrey, and in disguise
Haue liu'd here in the Forrest, and saw my friends
Full often, although they knew not mee;
And hauing this occasion of doing your Lordship
Seruice, I thought it would be a sure meanes
To get my pardon; especially when things
Were growne vnto the extreamest poynt
Of danger, I knew a timely remedy would be
Most welcome then of all, and that made me
Conceale my selfe so long.

Lys. Cleo. We are resolu'd.

King. My Lord, I freely pardon you, for I belieue
It was indeed a lye, inuented by your wicked
Brother, whom I doe giue you power to punish
As you thinke good.

Her. My Lord, I then desire
He may be kept a prisoner all his life,
For should he haue his liberty, I know
He would doe mischief that we should all
Repent of.

Iaco. Brother, thou art wise,
Thou shouldst haue beene the first that should
Haue felt mine anger.

King. Away with him.

The Favorite:

Duk. I dare not speake for thee thou art so great
A Villaine. *Exe. Guard with Iacomo.*

King. Come, let vs set forwards to the Temple.
And pray the Gods to shower a blessing
Tpon this Couple; -- What meanes my Sister?

Lysan. and Cleo. set swords to their breasts.

Cleo. Thus Sir,
Lysander and my selfe haue made a solemne
Contract, and with our bloods wee'l seale it,
Either to goe thus to the Temple to be married,
Or to the graue.

King. How Sister!

Cleo. What is it Sir, in your opinion, makes
Lysander vnworthy of me.

King. His blood compar'd with yours, is base.

Cleo. But Sir, his mind's heroicke,
And who will compare the seruant with the Master?
The Body is no more vnto the Minde.

King. What would you marry with a Subiect?

Cleo. Who would not
Marry with a Subiect that is a King of Vertues,
Rather then with a King that's gouern'd
By his Vices?

Duke. Sir, you know the greatnesse of her
Spirit; If you will haue her to liue, you must
Consent.

Cleo. Brother, you stand to vs
Instead of destinie; for you haue in your power
Our threed of Life: Say, will you spin vs out
A happy threed, that we may liue to serue you,
Or will you cut it short?

Duke. O be not cruell to your only Sister;
What's all the out ward glory, if you rob
The mind of that which it delights in?
I know that your intention is to make
Her happy, doe not mistake the way;

The Favorite.

Her mind is not taken with the glorious title
Of a King; for if it had, shee might haue made
Her choyce, since all the neighbouring Kings
Admire her: No Sir, shee aymes at that
Which made men Kings at first, Wisdome,
And Valour, and should she search the world
Shee cannot finde a man where they
Doe meete so fully, as in braue *Lysander*:
O Sir, then be not cruell, thinking to be
Carefull of your Sister.

King. Shee's cruell to her selfe,
And rather let her perish by her rash hand,
Then so dishonour mee, by marrying with
A Subiect.

Cleo. Farewell then
Cruell Brother: *Lysander*, let vs part
To meete agen for euer; He goe first,
Because my Brother shall not thinke of sauing me
When you are dead.

Lys. No Madame,
Let me shew you the way, and when I feele
The paine, Ile tell you if it be too great
For you to suffer.

King. Hold: take him Sister,
And be happy in him: I loue thee more
Then euer, because I see, thy minde is onely
Fixt on true Worth without additions.
I learn'd of Count *Orsinio* to bring things,
To the extreamest poynt, so to encrease
The ioy: it had beene a sinne to part
Those Bodies, whose very Soules seeme to bee
Ioynd together.

Cleo. Brother, may I perish,
When I forget this benefit, or cease to pay
To you my Lord, my thanks for pleading so
Lysanders Cause and mine.

The Favorite.

King. Great Loue this day hath shewne his mighty power
Without the helpe of Fortune. In an hour
He hath relieu'd from death and from despaire
Foure of his truest Subjects, and made faire
This day that was o're-clouded, leaues praise
His power that in a minute so can raise
From misery to an excelsse of Ioy,
And in an instant that content destroy:

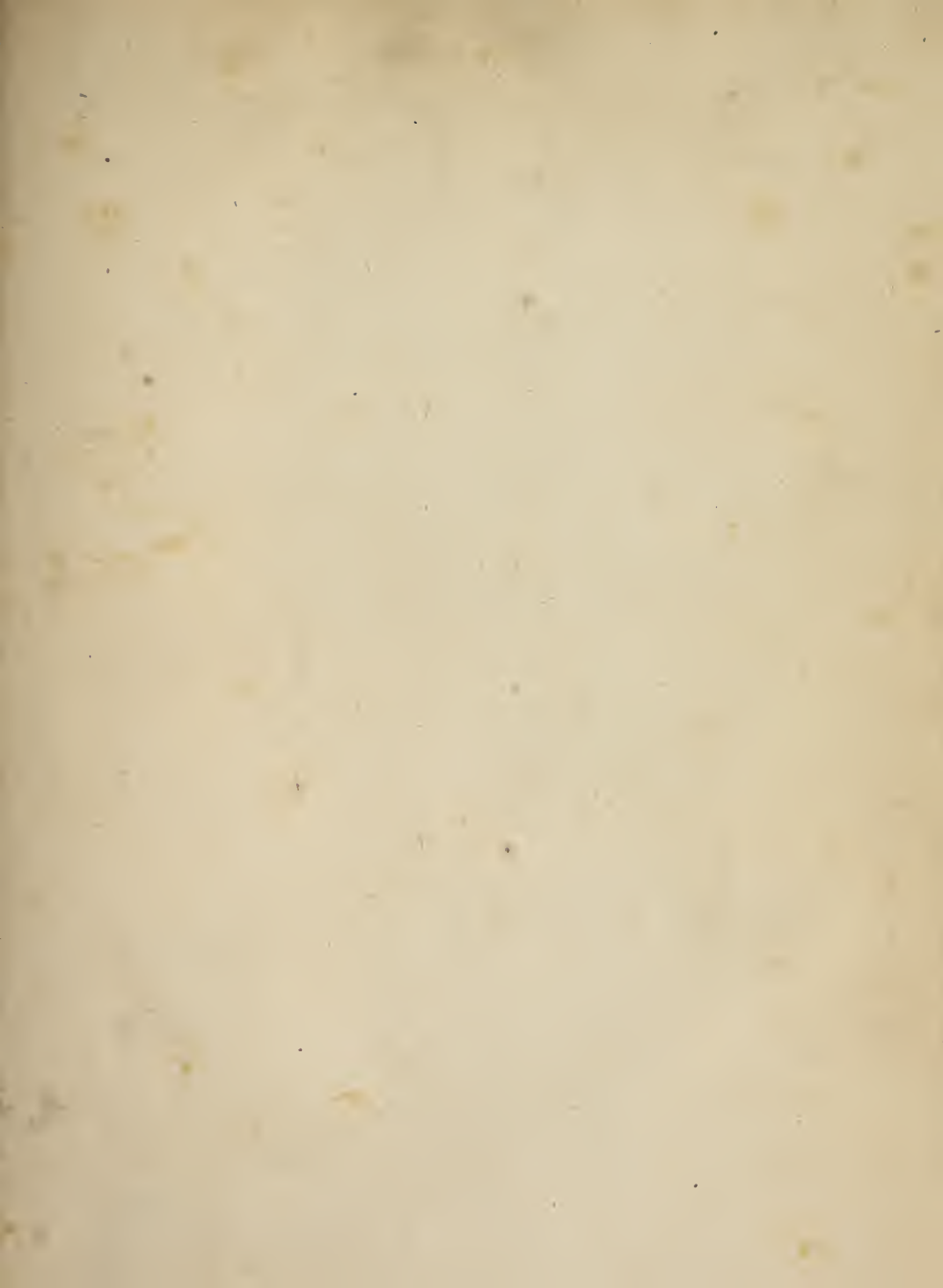
He hath to vs beene just this day as well as kinde.
Rewarding vertuous Loue let none then call him blinde.

Exeunt omnes.

THE EPILOGVE.

Our Author feares there are some Robell-hearts
Whose dulnesse doth oppose Loues piercing darts:
These will bee apt to say the Plot was dull,
The Language rude, and that 'twas onely full
Of grosse Absurdities; for such as these
Hee cares not now, nor ere will strive to please:
For if your selues as Masters, and Loues Friends,
Be pleas'd with this sad Play, bee hath his ends.

FINIS.





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