

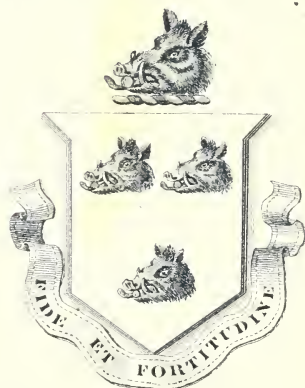
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A Most pleasant

COMEDY

OF

MUCEDORUS

The KING S Son of *Valentia*, and
Amadine the KING S Daughter of *Aragon*.

With the merry Conceits of *Moufe*.

Amplified with new Additions, as it was
Acted before the Kings Majestie at *White-*
hall on Shrove-sunday night.

By his Highness servants usually playing
at the *Globe*.

Very delectable and full of conceited mirth.

LONDON,

Printed for *Francis Coles*, and are to be sold at his
shop, at the Lamb in the Old Bayly. 1663.

1663

made by D. 1873

COMBLY

157,434

at May, 1873

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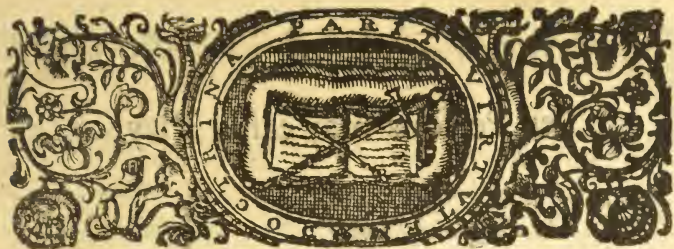
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The Prologue.

MOST Sacred Majesty, whose great deserts, &
Thy subject England, nay the world admires :
Which Heaven grant still increase: O may your praise,
Multiplying with Your hours, Your Fame still raise,
Embrace Your Council: Love, with Faith them guide,
That both as one bench by the others side;
So may Your Life pass on, and run so even,
That Your firm zeal plant you a place in Heaven :
Where smiling Angels shall Your Guardians be,
From blemish'd Traitors, stain'd with Perjurie.
And as the Night's inferiour to the Day,
So be all earthly Regions to Your sway.
Be as the Sun to Day, the Day to Night,
For from Your Beams, Europe shall borrow Light.
Mirth drown Your Bosom, fair Delight Your Mind,
And may our Pastime Your contentment find.

Exit.



Ten Persons may easily Play it.

The King and Romelo, } for one.

King Valentia, } for one.

*Musodorus the Prince of
Valentia,* } for one.

Anselme, } for one.

*Amadino, the Kings Daughter of
Aragon,* } for one.

Segasto, a Nobleman, } for one.

*Envy, Tremelio a Captain,
Brema a wild man,* } for one.

*Comedy, a Boy, an old Woman,
Ariana, Amadines maid,* } for one.

Collina Counciller, a Messenger, } for one.

Moose the Clown, } for one.



A most pleasant Comedy of *Mucedorus*
the Kings Son of *Valentia*, and
Amadine, the Kings daughter of *Aragon*.

Enter Comedy joyfully, with a Garland of Bays on her head.

WHy so thus do I hope to please;
Musick revives, and mirth is tolerable:
Comedy play thy part and please;
Make merry them that come to joy with thee:
Joy then good Gentiles, I hope to make you laugh;
Sound forth *Bellona's* silver tuned strings;
Time fits us well, the day and place is ours.

Enter Envy, his arms naked, besmeared with blood:

Envy. Nay stay minion, stay, there lies a block;
What all on mirth? I'll interrupt your tale,
And mix your musick with a tragick end.

Comedy. What monstrous ugly hag is this,
That dares controul the pleasures of our will?
Vaunt churlish cur besmear'd with gory blood;
That seem't to check the blossom of Delight,
And still the sound of sweet *Bellona's* breath:
Blush monster, blush, and post away with shame,
That seek't disturbance of a goddess name.

Envy. Post hence thy self thou counterchecking Trull.
I will possess this habit spight of thee;
And gain the glory of this wished Port.
I'll thunder musick shall appale the Nymphs,
And make them shiver their clattering strings,
Flying for succour to their Danish caves.

Sound Drums within, and cry, Stab, Stab.

Hearken, thou shalt hear noise
Shall fill the air with shrilling sound,

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

And thunder musick to the gods above:
Mars shall himself breath down
A peerless crown upon brave *Envy's* head,
And raise his chival with a lasting fame:
In this brave musick *Envy* takes delight,
Where *I* may see them wallow in their blood,
To spurn at arms and legs quite shivered off,
And hear the cries of many thousands slain:
How lik'st thou this my Trull? 'tis sport alone for me.

Com. Vaunt bloudie Cur, nurc'd up with Tygers sap,
That so dost quail a womans mind:

Comedy is mild, gentle, willing for to please,
And seeks to gain the love of all estates;
Delighting in mirth, mixt all with lovely tales,
And bringeth things with treble joy to pass.
Thou bloudie, envious, disdainee of mens joys;
Whose name is fraught with bloudie stratagem,
Delights in nothing but in spoil and death,
Where thou mayst trample in their lukewarm blood,
And grasp their hearts within thy cursed paws:
Yet vail thy mind, revenge thee not on me,
A silly woman begs it at thy hands;
Give me leave to utter out my Play:
Forbear this place, *I* humbly crave thee hence,
And mix not death 'mongst pleasing Comedies,
That treats nought else but pleasure and delight:
If any spark of humane rests in thee,
Forbear, be gone, tender the suit of me.

Envy. Why so *I* will; forbearance shall be such,
As treble death shall crosse thee with despight,
And make thee mourn where most thou joyest,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole,
Whirling thy pleasures with a peal of death,
And drench thy methods in a sea of blood;
Thus will *I* do: Thus shall *I* bear with thee,
And more, to vex thee with a deeper spight,
I will with threats of blood begin the play,
Favouring thee with *Envy* and with *Hate*.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Com. Then ugly monster do thy worst,
I will defend them in despite of thee:
And though thou thinkest with Tragick fumes
To prove my play unto my great disgrace;
I force it not, I scorn what thou canst do:
I'll grace it so, thy self shall it confess,
From Tragick stuff to a pleasant Comedie.

Envy. Why then Comedie send the Actors forth,
And I will cross the first step of their Trade,
Making them fear the very dart of death.

Com. And I'll defend them maugre all thy spight;
So ugly fiend farewell till time shall serve,
That we may meet to parley for the best.

Envy. Content Comedie, I'll go spread myt ranch,
And scattered blossoms from my envious tree,
Shall prove two monsters spoiling of their joys. *Exit.*

Sound.

Enter Mucedorus, and Anselmo his friend.

Muce. *Anselmo?* *Ansel.* My Lord and friend,
Whose dear affections bosome with my heart,
And keep their domination in one orb;
Whence near disloyaltie shall root it forth,
But faith plant firmer in your choise respect.

Muce. Much blame were mine if I should other deem,
Nor can coy fortune contrary allow:
But my *Anselmo*, loth I am to say I must enlarge thy friend-
Misconstrue not, 'tis from the Realm not thee: (ship:
Though lands part bodies, Hearts keep company:
Thou knowest that I imparted often have
Private relations with my Royal Sire,
Had, as concerning beauteous *Amadine*,
Rich *Aragons* bright Jewel: whose face (some say)
That blooming Lillies never shone so gay:
Excelling not excell'd; yet lest report
Does mangle Veritie, boasting of what is not
Wing'd with Desire, thither I'll straight repair,
And be my fortunes as my thoughts are, fair.

Ansel. Will you forsake *Valentia*? leave the Court?

Absent

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Absent you from the eye of Sovereignty,
Do not sweet Prince, adventure on that task,
Since danger lurks each where, be won from it.

Muce. Desist dissuasion,
My resolution brooks no batterie,
Therefore if thou retain thy wonted form,
Assist what I intend.

Ansel. Your miss will breed a blemish in the Court,
And throw a frostie dew upon that beard,
Whose front *Valentia* stoops to.

Muce. If thou my welfare tender, then no more;
Let Loves strong Magick charm thy trivial phrase,
Wasted as vainly as to gripe the Sun:
Augment not then more answer; lock thy lips,
Unless thy wisdom sure me with disguise,
According to my purpose.

Ansel. That action craves no counsels,
Since what you rightly are, will more command,
Than best usurped shape.

Muce. Thou still art opposite in disposition,
A more obscure servile habiliment
Beseems this enterprize.

Ansel. Then like a *Florentine* or *Mountebank*.

Muce. 'Tis much too tedious, I dislike thy judgement,
My mind is grafted on an humbler stock.

Ansel. Within my closet does there hang a Cassock,
Though base the weed is, 'twas a Shepherds,
Which I presented in Lord *Julius* Mask.

Muce. That my *Anselmo*, and none else but that,
Mask *Mucedorus* from the vulgar view:
That habit suits my mind, fetch me that weed.

Exit Anselmo.

Better then Kings have not disdain'd that state,
And much inferiour to obtain their mate.

Enter Anselmo with a Shepherds coat.

So, let our respect command thy secrecie,
At once a brief farewell,
Delay to lovers is a second hell.

Exit Mucedorus.

Ansel.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Ansel. Prosperitie fore-run thee: Aukward chance,
Never be neighbour to thy wishes venture,
Content and Fame advance thee. Ever thrive,
And glory thy mortalitie survive.

Enter Mousse with a bottle of hay.

Mousse. O horrible terrible! Was ever poor Gentleman so
scard out of his seven senses? A Bear? Nay sure it cannot be
a Bear, but some Devil in a Bears doublet: for a Bear could
never have had that agilitie to have frightened me. Well, I'll
see my father hang'd before I'll serve his horse any more:
Well, I'll carry home my bottle of hay, and for once make
my fathers horse turn Puritan, and observe Fasting days, for
he gets not a bit. But lo! this way she followed me, there-
fore I'll take the other path, and because I'll be sure to have
an eye to her, I will shake hands with some foolish Credi-
tor, and make every step backward.

*As he goes backward, the Bear comes in, and he tumbles over
her, and runs away, and leaves his bottle of hay behind him.*

*Enter Segasto running, and Amadine after him,
being pursued with a Bear.*

Seg. O flie Madam, flie, or else we are but dead.

Ama. Help Segasto, help, help sweet Segasto, or else I die.

Segasto runs away.

Segast. Alas Madam there is no way but flight.
Then haste and save your self.

Ama. Why then I die. Ah help me in distress.

*Enter Mucedorus like a shepherd, with a sword drawn,
and a Bears head in his hand.*

Muce. Stay Lady, stay, and be no more dismaid,
That cruel beast most mercilefs and fell,
Affrighted many with his hard pursues,
Prying from place to place to find his prey,
Prolonging thus his life by others death:
His carcass now lies headless void of breath.

Ama. That foul deformed Monster, is he dead?

Muce. Assure your self thereof, behold his head.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Which if it please you Lady to accept,
With willing heart I yield it to your Majesty.

Ama. Thanks worthy Shepherd, thanks a thousand times.
This gift assure thy self contents me more,
Than greatest bounty of a mighty Prince,
Although he were the Monarch of the world;

Muce. Most gracious goddess, more than mortal wight,
Your heavenly hue of right imports no less,
Most glad am I, in that it was my chance
To undertake this enterprize in hand,
Which doth so greatly glad our princely mind.

Ama. No goddess (Shepherd) but a mortal wight;
A mortal wight distressed as thou seest;
My father here is King of *Aragon*,
I *Amadine* his only daughter am,
And after him sole air unto the Crown:
Now whereas it is my fathers will,
To marry me unto *Segasto*,
On whose wealth through fathers former usury,
Is known to be no less then wonderful;
We both of custome ostentimes did use,
(Leaving the Court) to walk within the fields
For recreation, especially the Spring,
In that it yields great store of rare delights:
And passing further then our wonted walks,
Scarce entred within these luckless woods,
But right before us down a steep hill,
A monstrous ugly Bear did hie him fast
To meet us both: I faint to tell the rest.
Good Shepherd but suppose the gasty looks,
The hideous fears, the hundred thousand woes
Which at this instant *Amadine* sustain'd.

Muce. Yet worthy Princess let thy sorrow cease,
And let this sight your former joys revive.

Ama. Believe me Shepherd, so it doth no less.

Muce. Long may they last unto your hearts content.
But tell me Lady, what is become of him?
Segasto call'd; what is become of him?

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Ama. I know not I, that know the powers divine,
But God grant this, that sweet *Segasto* live.

Muce. Yet hard hearted he in such a case,
So cowardly to save himself by flight,
And leave so brave a Princess to the spoil.

Ama. Well Shepherd, for thy worthy valour tried,
Endangering thy self to set me free,
Unrecompenced sure thou shalt not be:
In Court thy courage shall be plainly known,
Throughout the Kingdom will I spread thy name,
To thy renew'd and never dying fame:
And that thy courage may be better known,
Bear thou the head of this monstrous beast,
In open sight to every Courtiers view:
So will the King my father thee reward.
Come let's away, and guard me to the Court.

Muce. Withall my heart.

Exeunt.

Enter Segasto solus.

Segast. When heaps of arms do hover over head,
'Tis time as then (some say) to look about,
And of ensuing harms to chuse the least,
But hard, yea hapless is that wretches chance,
Luckless his lot, and caitiff-like accurst,
At whose proceeding Fortune ever frowns:
My self I mean molt subject unto thrall:
For I, the more I seek to shun the worst,
The more by proof I find my self accurst.
Ere whiles assaulted with an ugly Bear,
Fair *Amadine* in company all alone,
Forthwith by flight I thought to save my self,
Leaving my *Amadine* unto her shifts:
For death it was to resist the Bear,
And death no less of *Amadines* harms to hear.
Accursed I, in lingring life thus long:
In living thus, each minute of an hour
Doth pierce my heart with darts of thousand deaths:
If she by flight her fury doth escape,
What will she think?

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Will she not say, yea flatlie to my face,
Accusing me of meer disloyaltie.
A trusty friend is tried in time of need :
But *I*, when she in danger was of death,
And needed me, and cried, *Segasto* help,
I turn'd my back and quickly ran away,
Unworthy *I* to bear this vital breath.
But what, what need these plaints ?

If *Amadine* do live, then happy *I*,
She will in time forgive, and so forget :
Amadine is merciful, not *Juno* like,
In harmful hearts to harbour hatred long.

Enter Mouse the Clown, running, crying clubs.

Mou. Clubs, Prongs, Pitchforks, Bills, O help,
A Bear, a Bear, a Bear.

Seg. Still Bears, and nothing but Bears.
Tell me firrah, where she is.

Clow. O Sir, she is run down the woods,
I saw her white head, and her white belly.

Segast. Thou talkst of wonders to tell me of white Bears.
But firrah, didst thou ever see any such ?

Clow. No faith, *I* never saw any such :
But *I* remember my fathers words,
He bad take heed *I* was not caught with the white Bear.

Segast. A lamentable tale no doubt.

Clow. I'll tell you what Sir, as *I* was going a field to serve
my fathers great horse, and carried a bottle of hay upon my
head : Now do you see Sir, *I* fast hudwink't that *I* should see
nothing, *I* perceiving the Bear coming, *I* threw my hay into
the hedge, and ran away.

Segast. VWhat from nothing ?

Cl. *I* warrant you yes, *I* saw something: for there was two
load of thorns besides my bottle of hay, and that made three.

Segast. But tell me firrah: the Bear that thou didst see,
Did she not bear a bucket on her arm ?

Clow. Ha, ha, ha, *I* never saw a Bear go a milking in all my
life. But hark you Sir *I* did not look so high as her arm,
I saw nothing but her white head, and her white belly.

Segast.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Segast. But tell me firrah : where dost thou dwell ?

Clow. Why do you not know me ?

Segast. VVhy no, how should I know thee ?

Clow. VVhy then you know no body, and you know not me ; I tell you Sir, I am goodman Rats son of the next parish over thehill.

Segast. Goodman Rats son, what's thy name ?

Clow. VVhy I am very neer kin unto him.

Segast. I think so, but what's thy name ?

Clow. My name ? I have a very pretty name. I will tell you what my name is, my name is *Mouse*.

Segast. VVhat, plain *Mouse* ?

Clow. I plain *Mouse* without either welt or guard.

But do you hear sir, I am a very young *Mouse*, for my tail is scarce grown out yet ; look here else.

Segast. But I pray you who gave you that name ?

Clow. Faith, Sir, I know not that, but if you would fain know, ask my fathers great horse, for he hath been half a year longer with my father then I have been.

Segast. This seems to be a merry fellow,

I care not if I take him home with me :

Mirth is a comfort to a troubled mind.

A merry man a merry Master makes.

How saist thou firrah, wilt thou dwell with me ?

Clow. Nay soft Sir, two words a bargain. Pray what Occupation are you ?

Segast. No Occupation, I live upon my lands.

Clow. Your lands ? away, you are no Master for me. VVhy, do you think that I am so mad to go to seek my living in the lands among the stones, briers, and bushes, and tear my holy day apparel ? not I by your leave.

Segast. VVhy, I do not mean thou shalt. *Clow.* How then ?

Seg. VVhy thou shalt be my man, & wait on me at Court.

Clow. VVhat's that ?

Segast. VVhere the King lies.

Clow. VVhat is that King, a man or a woman ?

Segast. A man as thou art.

Clow. As I am : Hark you Sir, pray you what kin is he to goodman King of our parish the Church warden ?

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Segast. No kin to him, he is the King of the whole land.

Clow. King of the whole Land ! I never saw him. (day.

Seg. If thou wilt dwell with me thou shalt see him every

Clow. Shall I go home again to be torn in pieces with Bears ? No not I, I will go home and put on a clean shirt, and then go drown my self.

Seg. Thou shalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with me, thou shalt want nothing.

Clow. Shall I not ? then here's my hand, I'll dwell with you: And hark you Sir, now you have entertained me, I'll tell you what I can do, I can keep my tongue from picking and stealing, and my hands from lying and slandering, I warrant you, as well as ever you had any man in your life.

Segast. Now will I to Court with sorrowful heart, round-ed with doubts : if *Amadine* do live, then happy I ; yea happy I, if *Amadine* do live.

Enter the King with a young prisoner, Amadine, Tremelio, with Collin and Counsellors.

King. Now brave Lords, our wars are brought to end,
Our foes the foil, and we in safety rest :

It us behoves to use such clemency in peace,

As valour in the wars ;

'Tis as great honour to be bountiful at home,

As conquerours in the field.

Therefore my Lords, the more to my content,

Your liking, and our Countries safeguard,

We are disposed in marriage for to give

Our daughter unto Lord *Segasto* here,

Who shall succeed the Diadem after me,

And reign hereafter as I tofore have done,

Your sole and lawful King of *Aragon*.

What say you Lordlings, like you of my advice ?

Col. An't please your Majesty, we do not only allow of your Highness's pleasure, but also vow faithfully in what we may, to further it.

King. Thanks good my Lords, if long *Adrastus* live,
He will at full requite your courtesies.

Tremelio, in recompence of thy late valour done,

Take

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Take unto thee the *Catelone*, a Prince,
Lately our prisoner taken in the wars :
Be thou his keeper, his ransome shall be thine :
We'll think of it when leisure shall afford :
Mean while do use him well, his father is a King.

Tre. Thanks to your Majesty, his usage shall be such.
As he thereat shall have no cause to grutch. *Exit.*

King. Then march we on to Court, and rest our wearied
But *Collin*, I have a tale in secret fit for thee, *(limbs.)*
When thou shalt hear a watch-word from thy King,
Think then some weighty matter is at hand,
That highly shall concern our state,
Then *Collin* look thou be not far from me,
And for thy service thou tofore hast done,
Thy truth and valour prov'd in every point,
I shall with bounties thee enlarge therefore.
So guard us to the Court.

Col. What so my Sovereign doth command me to do,
With willing mind I gladly yield consent. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto and the Clown, with weapons about him.

Seg. Tell me firrah, how do you like your weapons ?

Clow. O very well, very well, they keep my sides warm.

Seg. They keep the dogs well from your shins, do they not ?

Clow. How, keep the dogs from my shins ? I would scorn
but my shins should keep the dogs from them.

Segast. Well firrah, leaving idle talk, tell me,
Dost thou know Captain *Tremelio's* chamber ?

Clow. I very well, it hath a door.

Segast. I think so, for so hath every chamber :
But dost thou know the man ?

Clow. I forsooth, he hath a nose on his face.

Seg. Why so hath every one.

Clow. That's more then I know.

Seg. But dost thou remember the Captain that was here
with the King, that brought the young Prince prisoner ?

Clow. O very well.

Segast. Goto him, and bid him come unto me :
Tell him I have a matter in secret to impart to him,

Clow. I will Master, what's his name ?

Seg.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Segast. Why Captain *Tremelio*.

Clow. O, the meal-man ; I know him very well,
He brings meal every Saturday ; But hark you Master,
Must I bid him come to you, or must you come to him ?

Segast. No sirrah, he must come to me.

Clow. Hark you Master, if he be not at home,
What shall I do then ?

Segast. Why then leave word with some of his folks.

Clow. O Master if there be no body within,
I will leave word with his dog.

Segast. Why can his dog speak ?

Clow. I cannot tell, wherefore doth he keep his chamber

Segast. To keep out such knaves as thou art. (else ?

Clow. Nay by Ladie then go your self.

Segast. You will go sir, will you not ?

Clow. Yes marry will I. O 'tis come to my head :
And he be not within, I will bring his chamber to you.

Segast. What, will you pluck down the Kings house ?

Clow. No by Ladie, I'll know the price of it first.
Master, it is such a hard name I have forgotten it again :
I pray you tell me his name.

Segast. I tell thee Captain *Tremelio*.

Clow. O Captain treble knave, Captain treble knave.

Enter Tremelio.

Tre. How now sirrah, dost thou call me ?

Clow. You must come to my Master, Captain treble knave.

Tre. My Lord *Segasto*, did you send for me ?

Segast. I did *Tremelio*. Sirrah about your business.

Clow. I marrie, what's that, can you tell ?

Segast. No, not well.

Clow. Marrie then I can, streight to the kitchin-dresser to
John the Cook, and get me a good piece of bief and brewis,
and then to the butterie hatch to *Thomas* the Butler for a
jack of beer : and there for an hour I will so belabour my
self, and therefore I pray you call me not till you think I
have done, I pray you good Master. *Exit.*

Segast. Well Sir, away.

Tremelio. This is it, thou knowest the valour of *Segasto*.
Spread

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Spread through all the kingdom of *Aragon*,
And such as have sound triumph and favours,
Never daunted at any time : but now a shepherd,
Admired in Court for worthiness,
And *Segasto's* honour laid aside :

My will therefore is this, that thou dost find some means to
work the shepherds death : I know thy strength sufficient to
perform my desire, and to love no other wise then to revenge
my injuries.

Tre. It is not the frowns of a shepherd that *Tremelio* fears:
Therefore account it accomplisht what I take in hand.

Segast. Thanks good *Tremelio*, and assure thy self,
What I promise, that I will perform.

Tre. Thanks good my Lord : And in good time :
See where he cometh ; stand by a while,
And you shall see me put in practice your intended drift.
Have at thee Swain, if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

Muce. Vile coward, so without cause to strike a man :
Turn coward, turn : now strike and do thy worst.

Mucedorus killeth him.

Segast. Hold shepherd, hold, spare him, kill him not :
Accursed villain, what hast thou done ?

Ah *Tremelio*, trusty *Tremelio*, I sorrow for thy death,
And since that thou living didst prove faithful to *Segasto*,
So *Segasto* now living will honour the dead
Corps of *Tremelio* with revenge.

Blood-thirstie villain, born and bred in merciles murder,
Tell me, how durst thou be so bold,
As once to lay the hands upon the least of mine ?
Assure thy self thou shalt be used according to the law.

Muce. *Segasto* cease, these threats are needless,
Accuse me not of murder, that have done nothing
But in mine own defence.

Segast. Nay shepherd, reason not with me,
I'll manifest thy fact unto the King ;
Whose doom will be thy death, as thou deservest.
What boe : *Mouset* come away.

C

Enter

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Enter Mouse.

Clow. Why how now? what's the matter?

I thought you would be calling before I had done.

Segast. Come, help away with my friend.

Clow. Why is he drunk? can he not stand on his feet?

Segast. No, he is not drunk, he is slain.

Clow. Flsin? No by Ladie he is not slain.

Segast. He is kill'd I tell thee (no longer.

Clow. What do you use to kill your friends? I will serve you

Segast. I tell thee the Sphepherd killed him.

Clow. O did he so? But Master, I will have all his apparel
if I carry him away.

Segast. Why so thou shalt.

Clow. Come then I will help: Ma's Master, I think his mo-
ther sung loobie to him, he is so heavie. *Exeunt.*

Muce. Behold the fickle state of man, always mutable, ne-
ver at one.

Sometime we feed our fancies with the sweet of our desires:

Sometimes again, we feel the heat of extream miseries.

Now am I in favour about the Court and Country,

To morrow those favours will turn to trowns.

To day I live revenged on my foe,

To morrow I die, my foe revenged on me. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo a wild man.

Bremo. No passenger this morning? what not one?

A chance that seldom doth befall,

What, not one? Then lie thou there,

And rest thy self till I have further need:

Now *Bremo* sith thy leisure so affords,

An endless thing, who knows not *Bremo's* strength,

Who like a King commands within these woods?

The Bear, the Boar dare not abide his sight,

But haste away to save themselves by flight.

The Chrystal waters in the bubling brooks,

When I come by do swiftly slide away,

And claps themselves in closets under banks,

Afraid to look bold *Bremo* in the face.

The aged oaks at *Bremo's* breath do bow,

And all things else are still at my command.

Else

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Elie what would I?
Rend them in pieces, and pluck them from the earth.
And each way elie I would revenge my self.
Why, who comes here? with whom dare I not fight?
Who fights with me and doth not die the death? Not one.
What favour shews this sturdie stick to those
That here within these woods are combatants with me?
Why, death, and nothing elie but present death.
With restless rage I wander through these woods,
No creature here, but feareth *Bremio's* force:
Man, woman, child, beast, and bird,
And every thing that doth approach my sight,
Are forc'd to fall, if *Bremio* once do frown.
Come, cudgel come, my partner in my spoils:
For here I see this day it will not be;
But when it falls that I encounter any,
One pat sufficeth to work my will.

What, comes not one? then lets be gone,
A time will serve when we shall better speed.
Enter the King, Segasto, Shepherd, and the Clown, with others.

King. Shepherd, thou hast heard thine accusers,
Murther is laid to thy charge:
What canst thou say? thou hast deserved death.

Muce. Dread Sovereign, I must needs confess,
I slew this Captain in my own defence,
Not of any malice, but by chance:
But mine accuser hath a further meaning.

Segast. Words will not here prevail.
I seek for justice, and justice craves his death.

King. Shepherd, thy own confession hath condemned thee;
sirrah, take him away, and do him to execution straight.

Clow. So he shall, I warrant him:
But do you hear Master King, he is kin to a Monkey,
His neck is bigger then his head.

Seg. Come sirrah, a way with him,
And hang him about the middle.

Clow. Yes forsooth, I warrant you, come you sirrah:
A, so like a sheep-biter a looks.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Enter Amadine, and a boy with a Bears head.

Ama. Dread Sovereign, and well beloved Sir,
On bended knee I crave the life of this condemned Shepherd,
which heretofore preserved the life of thy sometime distressed daughter.

King. Preserved the life of my sometime distressed daughter!
How can that be? I never knew the time
Wherein thou wast distress'd: I never knew the day
But that I have maintained thy estate,
As best befeem'd the daughter of a King.
I never saw the Shepherd until now.
How comes it then that he preserv'd thy life?

Ama. Once walking with *Segasto* in the woods,
Further then our accustom'd manner was,
Right before us down a steep fall hill,
A monstrous ugly Bear did hie him fast
To meet us both: now whether this be true,
I refer it to the credit of *Segasto*.

Seg. Most true an't like your Majesty. *King.* How then?

Ama. The Bear being eager to obtain his prey,
Made forward to us with an open mouth,
As if he meant to swallow us both at once:
The sight whereof did make us both to dread;
But specially your daughter *Amadine*,
Who, for I saw no succour incident
But in *Segasto's* valour, I grew desperate:
And he most coward-like began to flie.
Left me distress'd to be devour'd of him,
How say you *Segasto*, is it not true?

King. His silence verifies it to be true: what then?

Ama. Then I amaz'd distressed all alone,
Did hie me fast to scape that ugly Bear,
But all in vain; for why he reached after me,
And hardly I did oft escape his paws.
Till at length this Shepherd came,
And brought to me his head;

(*Majestie.*)
Come hither boy, lo here it is, which I do present unto your

King. The slaughter of this Bear deserves great fame.

Segast.

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Segast. The slaughter of a man deserves great blame,

King. Indeed occasion oftentimes so falls out.

Segast. *Tremelio* in the wars (O King) preserved thee.

Ama. The shepherd in the woods (O King) preserved me.

Segast. *Tremelio* fought when many men did yield.

Ama. So would the shepherd had he been in field.

Clow. So would my master, had he not run away.

Segast. *Tremelio's* force saved thousands from the foe,

Ama. The shepherds force hath many thousands more.

Clow. Aye Shipticks nothing else.

King. *Segast's* cease to accuse the shepherd,

His worthiness deserves a recompence ;

All we are bound to do the shepherd good.

Shepherd, whereas it was my sentence thou shouldst die,

So shall my sentence stand, for thou shalt die.

Segast. Thanks to your Majestie.

King. But soft *Segasto*, not for this offence,

Long maist thou live ; and when the sisters shall decree

To cut in twain the twisted threed of life,

Then let him die, for this I set him free,

And for thy valour I will honour thee.

Ama. Thanks to your Majestie.

King. Come daughter, let us now depart to honor the worthy valour of the shepherd, with our rewards. *Exeunt.*

Clow. O Master, hear you, you have made a fresh hand now, I thought you would, beshrew you : what will you do now ?

You have lost me a good occupation by this means :

Faith Master now I cannot hang the shepherd,

I pray you let me take pains to hang you,

It is but half an hours exercise.

Seg. You are still in your knaverie,

But sith I cannot have his life,

I will procure his banishment for ever. Come on sirrah.

Cl. Yes forsooth I come. Laugh at him I pray you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Muce. From *Amadine*, and from her Fathers Court,

With gold and silver and with rich rewards,

Blowing from the banks of gold and treasures :

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

More may I boast and say: but I
Was never Shepherd in such dignitie.

Enter the Messenger and the Clown.

Mes. All hail worthy shepherd.

Clow. All hail lousie shepherd.

Muce. Welcome my friends, from whence come you?

Mes. The King and *Amadine* greet thee well,
And after greeting done, bids thee depart the Court;
shepherd be gone.

Clow. Shepherd take Law-legs; fie away shepherd.

Muce. Whose words are these? came these from *Amadine*?

Mes. I, from *Amadine*. *Clow.* Aye from *Amadine*.

Muce. Ah luckless fortune, worse then *Phaetons* tale,
My former bliss is now become my bale.

Clow. What wilt thou poison thy self?

Muce. My former heaven is now become my hell.

Cl. The worst Alehouse that ever I came in, in all my life.

Muce. What shall I do?

Clow. Even go hang thy self.

Muce. Can *Amadine* so churlishly command,
To banish the shepherd from her fathers Court?

Mes. What should shepherds do in the Court?

Clow. What should shepherds do among us;
Have not we Lords enough on us in the Court?

Muce. Why, shepherds are men, and Kings are no more.

Mes. Shepherds are men, and masters over their flocks.

Clow. That's a lie, who pays them their wages then?

Mes. Well, you are always interrupting of me:

But you were best to look to him, lest you hang for him when
he is gone.

Exit.

The Clown sings.

Clow. And you shall hang for company,
For leaving me alone.

Shepherd stand forth and hear my sentence.

Shepherd be gone within three days, in pain of my displeasure,

Shepherd be gone, shepherd be gone, be gone, be gone, be

Shepherd, shepherd, shepherd. (gone,

Muce. And must I go? and must I needs depart?

Ye

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Ye goodly groves, partakers of my songs,
In time before when fortune did not frown,
Pour forth your plaints, and wail a while with me;
And thou bright Sun, the comfort of my cold,
Hide, hide thy face and leave me comfortlets;
Ye wholsome herbs and sweet smelling favours;
Yea each thing else prolonging life of man,
Change, change your wonted course,
That I wanting your aid, in woful sort may die.

Enter Amadine and Ariena her maid.

Ama. Ariena, if any body ask for me,
Make some excuse till I return.

Ari. What and *Segasto* call?

Ama. Do you the like to him, I mean not to stay long. *Exit.*

Muce. This voice to sweet my pining spirit revives.

Ama. Shepherd, well met, tell me how thou dost.

Muce. I linger life, yet wish for speedy death.

Ama. Shepherd, although thy banishment be already decreed, and all against my will, yet *Amadine*—

Muce. Ah *Amadine*, to hear of banishment is death:
I double death to me: but since I must depart, one thing I crave.

Ama. Say on with all my heart.

Muce. That in absence either far or near,
You honour me as servant to your name.

Ama. Not so. *Muce.* And why?

Ama. I honour thee as sovereign of my heart.

Muce. A shepherd and a Sovereign, nothing like.

Ama. Yet like enough where there is no dislike,

Muce. Yet great dislike, or else no banishment.

Ama. Shepherd it is only *Segasto* that procures thy banish-

Muce. Unworthy wights are more in jealousy. *(Exit.)*

Ama. Would God they would free thee from banishment,
Or likewise banish me.

Muce. Amen I say, to have your company.

Ama. Well shepherd sith thou suffereit thus for my sake,
With thee in exile also let me live,
On this condition shepherd that thou canst love.

Muce. No longer love, no longer let me live.

Ama.

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Am. Of late I loved one indeed, but now I love none but on-
Mu. Thanks worthie Princes: I burn likewise, (ly thee,
Yet smother up the blast:

I dare not promise what I may perform.

Ama. Well shepherd, bark what I shall say,
I will return unto my fathers Court,
There for to provide me of such necessaries
As for my journie I shall think most fit.
This being done, I will return to thee;
Do thou therefore appoint the place
Where we may meet.

Muce. Down in the valley where I slew the Bear,
And there doth grow a fair broad branched beech,
That overshades a Well, so who comes first,
Let them abide the happy meeting of us both.

How like you this? *Ama.* I like it well.

Muce. Now if you please you may appoint the time.

Ama. Full three hours hence, God willing I will return.

Muce. The thanks that *Paris* gave the Grecian Queen,
The like doth *Mucedorus* yield.

Ama. Then *Mucedorus* for three hours farewell. *Exit.*

Muce. Your departure Lady breeds a privy pain. *Exit.*

Enter Segastus solus.

Segast. 'Tis well *Segasto*, that thou hast thy will:
Should such a shepherd, such a simple swain as he,
Eclipse thy credit through the Court?
No, ply *Segasto*, ply, let it not in *Aragon* be said,
A shepherd hath *Segasto's* honour won.

Enter Mousse the Clown, calling his Master.

Clow. What, hoe Master, will you come away?

Seg. Will you come hither, I pray you, what is the matter?

Clow. Why, is it not past eleven of the clock?

Seg. How then sir?

Clow. I pray you come away to dinner.

Seg. I pray you come hither.

Clow. Here's such a do with you, will you never come?

Seg. I pray sir, what news of the message I sent you about?

Clow. I tell you all the messes be on the table already.

There

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There wants not so much as a mess of mustard half an hour

Seg. Come sir, your mind is all upon your belly, (ago.
You have forgotten what I bid you do.

Clow. Faith, I know nothing, but you bad me go to break-
Seg. Was that all? (fast.

Clow. Faith I have forgotten it, the very scent of the meat
hath made me forget it quite.

Seg. You have forgotten the Arrand I bid you do.

Clow. What Arrand, an arrant knave, or an arrant whore?

Seg. Why thou knave, did I not bid thee banish the shep-

Clow. O the shepherds Bastard. (herd.

Seg. I tell thee the shepherds Banishment.

Clow. I tell thee the shepherds Bastard shall be well kept,
I'll look to it my self: but I pray you come away to dinner.

Seg. Then you will not tell me whether you have banished
him or no?

Clow. Why I cannot say banishment if you would give me a
thousand pounds to say so.

Seg. Why you whorson slave, have you forgotten that I
sent you and another to drive away the shepherd?

Clow. What an ass are you? here's a stir indeed:
Here's Message, Arrant, Banishment, and I cannot tell what.

Seg. I pray you sir, shall I know whether you have drove
him away?

Clow. Faith I think I have, and you will not believe me, ask
my staff.

Seg. Why can thy staff tell?

Clow. Why he was with me too.

Seg. Then happy I, that have obtain'd my will.

Clow. And happier I if you would go to dinner.

Seg. Come sirrah, follow me.

Clow. I warrant you I will not lose an inch of you now you
are going to dinner: I promise you I thought seven years be-
fore I could get him away.

Enter Amadine sola.

Ama. God grant my long delay procures no harm,

For this my tarrying frustrate my pretence:

My *Mucedorus* surely stays for me,

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And thinks me over-long, at length I come,
My present promise to perform.

Ah what a thing is firm unfained love!

What is it that true love dares not attempt?

My father he may make, but I must match:

Segasto loves, but *Amadine* must like

Where likes her best: compulsion is a thrall?

No, no, the heartie choice is all in all.

The Shepherds verue *Amadine* esteems.

But what, methinks the Shepherd is not come;

I muse at that, the hour is at hand.

Well, here I'll rest till *Mucedorus* come. *She sits down.*

Enter Brema, looking about hastily, takes hold on her.

Bre. A happy prey; now *Brema* feed on flesh:
Dainties *Brema*, dainties thy hungry paunch to fill;

Now glut thy greedie guts with lukewarm blood:

Come fight with me, I long to see thee dead.

Ama. How can she fight that weapons cannot wield?

Bre. What canst not fight? then lie thee down and die.

Ama. What must I die?

Bre. What needs these words? I thirst to suck thy blood.

Ama. Yet pity me, and let me live awhile.

Bre. No pitie I, I'll feed upon thy flesh,

And tear thy body peace-meal joint by joint.

Ama. Ah now I want my Shepherds company.

Bre. I'll crush thy bones between two oaken trees.

Ama. Hast Shepherd, hast, or else thou com'st too late.

Bre. I'll suck the sweetness from thy marrow-bones.

Ama. Ah spare, ah spare to shed my guiltless blood.

Bre. With this my Bat I will beat out thy brains;

Down, down I say, prostrate thy self upon the ground.

Ama. Then *Mucedorus* farewell, my hoped joys farewell;
Yea farewell life, and welcome present death. *She kneels.*

To thee, O God, I yield my dying ghost.

Brema. Now *Brema*, play thy part.

How now, what sudden chance is this?

My limbs do tremble, and my sinews shake.

My

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My unweakened arms have lost their former force ?

Ah *Bremo, Bremo*, what a foil hadst thou,

That yet at no time was afraid,

To dare the greatest gods to fight with thee, *He strikes.*

And now wants strength for one down driving blow ?

Ah how my courage fails when I should strike !

Some new-come spirit abiding in my breast,

Saith, spare her *Bremo*, spare her, do not kill :

Shall I spare her that never spared any ?

To it *Bremo*, to it ; say again :

I cannot wield my weapon in my hand,

Me thinks I should not strike so fair a one :

I think her beautie hath bewitcht my force,

Or else with me altered natures course.

Ay woman, wilt thou live in the woods with me ?

Ama. Fain would I live, yet loth to live in woods.

Br. Thou shalt not choose, it shall be as I say,

And therefore follow me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Muce. It was my will an hour ago and more,

As was my promise for to make return ;

But other business hindred my pretence.

It is a world to see, when men appoints,

And purposely on certain things decrees,

How many things may hinder his intent :

What one would wish, the same is farthest off,

But yet the appointed time cannot be past,

Nor hath her presence yet prevented me :

Well, here I'll stay, and expect her coming.

They cry within, hold him, hold him.

Some one or other is pursu'd no doubt.

Perhaps some search for me, 'tis good to doubt the worst :

Therefore I'll be gone. *Exit.*

*Cry within, hold him, hold him. Enter Mouse the Clown,
with a pot.*

Clow. Hold him, hold him : here's a stir indeed ; here came
hue after the Crier ; and I was set close at mother *Nips* house,

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and there I called for three pots of Ale, as 'tis the manner of us Courtiers; Now firrah, I had taken the maidenhead of two of them, and as I was lifting up the third to my mouth, there came, hold him, hold him: now I could not tell whom to catch hold on, but I am sure I caught one, perchance a may be in this pot; Well I'll see, mafs I cannot see him yet; well I'll look a little further; mafs he is a little slave if he be here: why here's no body; all this is well yet. But if the old Trot should come for her pot, I marry there's the matter: but I care not, I'll face her out, and call her old rustie, dustie multie, fustie, crustie Firebrand, and worse then all that, and so face her out of her pot: but lo! here she comes.

Enter the old woman.

Old. Come you knave, where's my pot you knave?

Clo. Go look your pot, come not to me for your pot, 'twere good for you.

Old. Thou liest thou knave, thou hast my pot.

Clo. You lie and you say it, I your pot? I know what I'll say.

Old. Why what wilt thou say?

Clo. But say I have it and thou darest.

Old. Why thou knave, thou hast not only my pot, but my drink unpaid for.

Clo. You lie like an old, I will not say whore.

Old. Dost thou call me whore? I'll cap thee for my pot.

Clo. Cap me and thou darest;

Search me whether I have it or no.

She searcheth him, and he drinketh over her head, and casteth down the pot, she stumbleth at it; and then they fall together by the ears: she takes up her pot and runs out.

Enter Segasto.

Seg. How now firrah, whats the matter?

Clo. O flies Master, flies.

Seg. Flies, where are they?

Clo. O here Master, all about your face.

Seg. Why thou liest, I think thou art mad.

Clo. Why Master I have kill'd a dung cart full at the least.

Seg. Go to firrah, leave this idle talk give ear to me.

Clo. How, give you one of my ears!

Not

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Not an you were ten masters.

Seg. Why sir, I pray you give ear to my words.

Clow. I tell you I will not be made a curtal for no mans

Seg. I tell thee attend what I say, (pleasure.

Go thy ways straight and rear the whole Town.

Clow. How, rear the whole Town? even go your self, it is more than I can do: Why do you think that I can rear a town, that can scarce rear a pot of ale to my head,

I should go rear a town, should I not?

Seg. Go to the Constable and make a privie search, For the Shepherd is run away with the Kings daughter.

Cl. How? is the Shepherd run away with the Kings daughter, or is the Kings daughter run away with the Shepherd?

Seg. I cannot tell, but they are both gone together.

Clow. What a fool is she to run away with the Shepherd; why I think I am a little handsomer man then the Shepherd my self; but tell me Matter, must I make a privie search, or search in the privie?

Seg. Why dost thou think they will be there?

Clow. I Cannot tell.

Seg. Well then search every where, Leave no place unsearch'd for them.

Clow. Oh now I am in office: now will I to that old Fire-brands house, and will not leave one place unsearched: Nay I'll to the Ale-stand, and drink so long as I can stand; and when I have done, I'll let out all the rest, to see if he be not hid in the barrel; and if I find him not there, I'll not leave one corner of her house unsearcht, ifaith ye old Crust, I'll be with you now.

Exit.

Sound Musick.

*Enter the King of Valentia, Anselmo, Roderigo,
Lord Barachius, with others.*

King. Enough of musick, it but adds to torment,
Delights to vexed Spirits, are as dates
Set to a sick man, which rather cloy then comfort:
Let me intreat you to intreat no more.

Rod. Let your strings sleep, have done there.

King. Mirth to a soul disturb'd, are embers turn'd,

*Musick
ceaseth.*

Which

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Which sudden gleam with molestation,
But sooner lose their sight for't,
'Tis gold bestow'd upon a Rioter,
Which not relieves but murders him.
'Tis a drug given to the healthful,
Which infects, not cures.

How can a Father that hath lost his son,
A Prince both wise, vertuous, and valiant,
Take pleasure in the idle acts of Time?
No, no, till *Mucedorus* I shall see again,
All joy is comfortless, all pleasure pain.

Ans. Your son (my Lord) is well.

King. I prethee speak that thrice.

Ans. The Prince your son is safe.

King. O where *Anselmo*? surfet me with that.

Ans. In *Aragon*, my Liege, and at his parting,

Bound my secrecie,

By his affections love not to disclose it:

But care of him, and pitie of your age,

Makes my tongue blad what my breast vow'd, concealment.

King. Thou not deceivest me,

I ever thought thee what I find thee now,

An upright loyal man.

But what desire or young-fed humour

Nur'd within his brain,

Drew him so privately to *Aragon*?

Ans. A forcing Adamant,

Love mixt with fear and doubtful jealousy,

Whether report gilded a worthless trunk,

Or *Amadine* deserved her high extolment.

King. See our provision be in readines,

Collect us followers of the comliest hue,

For our chief guardians, we will thither wend;

The chrystal eie of heaven shall not thrice wink,

Nor the green flood six times his shoulders turn,

Till we salute the *Aragonian* King.

Musick speak loudly now, the season's apt;

For former dolours are in pleasures wrapt.

Exeunt
Enter

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Enter Mucedorus to disguise himself.

Muce. Now *Mucedorus*, whither wilt thou go?

Home to thy father to thy native soil,
Or trie some long abode within these woods?

Well, I will hence depart and hie me home,
What hie me home said I? that may not be:

In *Amadine* rests my felicitie,

Then *Mucedorus* do as thou dost decree,

Attire thee Hermite like within these groves:

Walk often to the beech, and view the Well,

Make settles there, and seat thy self thereon:

And when thou feel'st thy self to be athirst,

Then drink a hearty draught to *Amadine*,

No doubt she thinks on thee,

And will one day pledge thee at this Well.

Come habit, thou art fit for me: *He disguiseth himself.*

No Shepherd now, an Hermite must I be:

Methinks this fits me very well;

Now must I learnto bear a walking staff,

And exercise some gravity withall.

Enter the Clown.

Clow. Here's through the woods and through the woods,

To look out a Shepherd, and a stray Kings daughter:

But soft, who have we here? what art thou?

Mu. I am an Hermite.

Clow. An Emmet, I never saw such a big Emmet in all my life before.

Muce. I tell you sir, I am an Hermite,

One that leads a solitary life within these woods,

Clow. O, I know thee now, thou art he that eats up all the Hips and Haws: we could not have one piece of fat Bacon for thee all this year.

Muce. Thou dost mistake me:

But I pray thee tell me, whom dost thou seek in these woods?

Clow. What do I seek? for a stray Kings daughter,

Run away with a Shepherd.

Muce. A stray Kings daughter, run away with a Shepherd,
Wherefore, canst thou tell?

Clow.

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Clo. Yes that I can, 'tis this; my Master and *Amadine* walking one day abroad, neerer these woods then they were used (about what I cannot tell) but towards them comes running a great Bear. Now my Master plaid the man, & ran away, and *Amadine* crying after him: now sir, comes me a Shepherd, and he strikes off the Bears head; now whether the Bear were dead before or no, I cannot tell; for bring 20 Bears before me, and bind their hands and feet, and I'll kill them all: now ever, since *Amadine* hath been in love with the shepherd, and for good will she is even run away with the shepherd. (mc)

Muce. What maner of man was he? canst describe him to

Clo. Scribe him, ay I warrant you that I can: a was a little, low, broad, tall, narrow, big, well-favoured fellow, a jerkin of white cloth, and buttons of the same cloth.

Muce. Thou describest him well, but if I chance to see any such, pray you where shall I find you, or whats your name?

Clo. My name is called Master *Mouse*.

Muce. O Master *Mouse*, I pray you what office might you bear in the Court?

Clo. Marry sir, I am Rusher of the Stable.

Muce. Oh, Usher of the Table.

Clo. Nay, I say Rusher, and I'll prove mine Office good: for look you sir, when any comes from under the sea, or so, and a dog chance to blow his nose backward, then with a whip I give him the good time of the day, and strew Rushes presently, therefore I am a Rusher, a high Office I promise ye.

Muce. But where shall I find you in the Court?

Clo. Why, where it is best being, either in the Kitchen eating, or in the Buttery drinking: but if you come, I will provide for thee a piece of Bief and Brewis knuckle deep in fat: pray you take pains, remember Master *Mouse*. *Exit.*

Muc. Ay sir, I warrant I will not forget you.

Ah *Amadine*, what should become of her?

Whither shouldst thou go so long unknown?

With watch and ward each passage is beset,

So that she cannot long escape unknown.

Doubtless she hath lost her self within these woods,

And wandering to and fro she seeks the Well,

Which

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Which yet she cannot find, therefore I will seek her out. *Ex.*

Enter Bremono and Amadine.

Bre. Amadine, how like you Bremono and his woods?

Am. As like the woods of Bremones crueltie:
Though I were dumb, and could not answer him,
The beasts themselves would with relenting tears
Bewail thy savage and inhumane deeds.

Bre. My love, Why dost thou murmur to thy self?
Speak louder, for thy Bremono hears thee not.

Am. My Bremono, no, the shepherd is my love.

Bre. Have I not sav'd thee from sudden death,
Given the leave to live that thou mightest love,
And dost thou whet me on to Crueltie?
Come kiss me (sweet) for all my favours past.

Am. I may not Bremono, therefore pardon me.

Bre. See how she flies away from me,
I will follow, and give attend to her.
Deary my Love! A worm of Beautie,
I will chastise thee: come, come,
Prepare thy head upon the block.

Am. O spare me Bremono, love should limit life.
Not to be made a murderer of himself.
If thou wilt glut thy loving heart with blood,
Encounter with the Lion or the Bear,
And like a Wolf, pray not upon a Lamb.

Bre. Why then dost thou repine at me?
If thou wilt love me, thou shalt be my Queen,
He crown thee with a chaplet made of Ivorie,
And make the Lillie and Rose wait on thee:
He rend the burlie branches from the Oak,
To shadow thee from burning Sun.
The trees shall spread themselves where thou dost go,
And as they spread, He trace along with thee.

Am. You may, for who but you?

Bre. Thou shalt be fed with Quails, and Partridges,
With Black-birds, Larks, Thrushes, and Nightingales,
Thy drink shall be Goats-milk, and Christal water,
Distilling from the Fountains, and the clearest Springs:

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

And all the dainties that the woods afford,
Ile freely give thee to obtain thy love.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Bre. The day Ile spend to recreate my Love,
With all the pleasures that I can devise:
And in the night Ile be thy bed-fellow,
And lovingly embrace thee in mine arms.

Ama. One may, so may not you.

Bre. The Satyrs, and the wood-Nymphs shall attend on thee
And lull thee asleep with musick sound,
And in the morning when thou dost awake,
The Lark shall sing good morrow to my Queen,
And whilest he sings, Ile kiss mine *Amadine*.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Bre. When thou art up, the wood-lanes shall be strewed
With Violets, Cow-slips, and sweet Marigolds,
For thee to trample and to tread upon:
And I will teach thee how to kill the Deer,
To chase the Hart, and how to rouz the Roe,
If thou wilt live to love and honour me.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Enter Mucedorus.

Bre. Welcom sir; an hour ago I lookt for such a guest:
Be merrie wench, weel have a frolick feast:
Here's flesh enough for to suffice us both:
Say, sirrah, wilt thou fight, or dost thou mean to die?

Muc. I want a weapon, how can I fight?

Bre. Thou want'st a weapon, why, then thou yieldst to die?

Muc. I say not so, I do not yield to die.

Bre. Thou shalt not chuse, I long to see thee dead.

Ama. Yet spare him, *Bremio*, spare him.

Bre. Away, I say I will not spare him.

Muc. Yet give me leave to speak.

Bre. Thou shalt not speak.

Ama. Yet give him leave to speak for my sake.

Bre. Speak on, but be not over-long.

Muc. In time of yore, when men like brutish beasts
Did lead their lives in loathsom Cells and Woods.

And

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

And wholly gave themselves to witless will :
A rude unruly root, then man to man became
A present pray ; then might prevailed,
The weakest went to walls ;
Right was unknown, for wrong was all in all,
As men thus lived in their great outrage,
Behold one *Orpheus* came (as Poets tell)
And them from rudeness unto reason brought,
Who led by reason, soon forsook the woods,
Instead of Caves, they built them Castles strong,
Cities and Towns were founded by them then :
Glad were they, they found such ease,
And in the end they grew to perfect amitie,
Weighing their former wickedness,
They tearm'd the time wherein they lived then,
A golden age, a good golden age.
Now, *Bremio* (for so I heard thee call'd)
If men which lived tofore, as thou dost now,
Wilde in woods, addicted all to spoil,
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* means :
Let me (like *Orpheus*) cause thee to return
From Murther, blood-shed, and such like cruelties:
What, should we fight before we have a cause?
No, let's live, and love together faithfully :
Ile fight for thee.

Bre. Fight for me, or die: or fight, or else thou diest.

Ama. Hold *Bremio*, hold.

Bre. Away, I say, thou troublest me.

Ama. You promised to make me Queen.

Bre. I did; I mean no less.

Ama. You promised that I should have my will.

Bre. I did; I mean no less.

Ama. Then save the Hermits life, for he may save us both.

Bre. At thy request Ile save him, but never any after him.

Say Hermit, what canst thou do?

Muc. Ile wait on thee, sometime upon thy Queen,
Such service shalt thou shortly have, as *Bremio* never had,

Exeunt.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Enter Segasto, the Clown, and Rumbelo

Segast. Come sirs, what shall I never have you find out
Amadine and the Shepherd.

Clow. I have been through the woods, and through the
woods, and could see nothing but an Emmet. (one;

Rum. Why, I see a thousand Emmets, thou meanest a little

Clow. Nay, that Emmet that I saw was bigger then thou art.

Rum. Bigger then I, what a fool have you to your man?

I pray you Master turn him away.

Segast. But dost thou hear, was he not a man?

Clow. I think he was, for he said he did lead a Salt-sellers
life round about the wood.

Segast. Thou wouldst say, a solitarie life about the wood.

Clow. I think it was indeed.

Rum. I thought what a fool thou art.

Clow. Thou art a wise man: why he did nothing but sleep
since he went.

Seg. But tell me *Mouffe*, how did he go?

Clo. In a white Gown, and a white Hat on his head,
And a staff in his hand.

Seg. I thought so, he was an Hermit, that walked a soli-
tarie life in the woods.

Well, get you to dinner, & after, never leave seeking till you
bring some news of them, or Ile hang you both. *Exit.*

Clo. How now *Rumbelo*, what shall we do now?

Rum. Faith Ile whom to dinner, and afterwards to sleep.

Clo. Why then thou wilt be hang'd?

Rum. Faith I care not, for I know I shall never find them:
Well, Ile once more abroad, and if I cannot find them,
Ile never come home again.

Clo. I tell thee what, *Rumbelo*, thou shalt go in at one end
of the wood, and I at the other, and we will both meet toge-
ther in the midst.

Rum. Content, let's away to dinner.

Exeunt.

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Muc. Unknown to any, here within these woods,
With bloodie *Bremio* do I lead my life;
The Monster he doth murder all hee meets,

He

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

He spareth none, and none doth him escape :
Who would continue, who but onely I,
In such a cruel cut-throats companie ?

Yet *Amadine* is there, how can I chuse ?

Ah fillie soul, how often time she sits,
And sighs, and calls, Come Shepherd, come :

Sweet *Mucedorus* come set me free,
When *Mucedorus* (Peasant) stands her by ;

But here she comes : What news fair Ladie,

As you walk these woods ?

Enter Amadine.

Ama. Ah Hermit, none but bad,

And such as thou knowest.

Muc. How do you like your *Bremo* and his woods ?

Ama. Not my *Bremo*, nor his *Bremo* woods .

Muc. And why not yours? methinks he loves you well ?

Ama. I like not him, his love to me is nothing worth.

Muc. Ladie, in this methinks you offer wrong.

To hate the man that ever loves you best.

Ama. Ah, Hermit, I take no pleasure in his love,

Neither doth *Bremo* like me best.

Muc. Pardon my boldness, fair Ladie, sith we both

May safely talk now out of *Bremo's* sight,

Unfold to me, if you please, the full discourse,

How, when, and why you came into these woods,

And fell into this bloodie butchers hands.

Ama. Hermit, I will: Of late a worthy Shepherd I did love.

Muc. A Shepherd, Ladie ! sure a man unfit to match with

Ama. Hermit, this is true : and when we had —— (you.

Muc. Stay there, the wild man comes,

Refer the rest until another time.

Enter Bremo.

Bre. What secret tale is this ? what whispering have we
Villain, I charge thee tell thy tale again. (here?

Muc. If needs I must, lo, here it is again.

When as we both had lost the sight of thee,

It griev'd us both, but specially thy Queen,

Who in thy absence ever fears the worst,

Left some mischance befall your Royal Grace.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Shall my sweet *Bremio* wander through the wood,
Toil to and fro for to redress my want,
Hazard his life, and all to cherish me?
I like not this, quoth shee:
And thereupon crave to know of me,
If I could teach her handle weapons well.
My answer was, I had small skill therein:
But gladome (mightie King) to learn of thee:
And this was all.

Bre. Wast so? none can mislike of this:
Ile teach you both to fight; but first, my Queen begin;
Here take this weapon, see how canst use it.

Ama. This is too bigg, I cannot weild it in mine arm.

Bre. Is't so? wee'l have a knottie crabtree-staff for thee;
But firrah, tell me, what saiest?

Muc. With all my hearr, I willing am to learn.

Bre. Then take my staff, and see how thou canst weild it;

Muc. Firrst, teach me how to hold it in mine hand.

Bre. Thou holdest it well; look how he doth,
Thou maiest the sooner learn.

Muc. Next tell how, and when 'tis best to strike.

Bre. 'Tis best to strike when time doth serve,
'Tis best to loose no time.

Muc. Then now or never it is time to strike.

Bre. And when thou strikkest, be sure to hit the head.

Muc. The head?

Bre. The verie head.

Muc. Then have at thine. *He strikes him down dead.*
So, lie there and die, a death (no doubt) according to desert,
Or else a worse, as thou deservest worse.

Ama. It glads my heart this Tyrants death to see.

Muc. Now, Ladie, it remains in you
To end the tale you lately had begun,
Being interrupted by this wicked wight:
You said you loved a Shepherd.

Ama. I, so I do, and none but only him:
And will do still as long as life doth last.

Muc. But tell me, Ladie, sith I set you free,

What

The Comedy of Mucedorus

What course of life do you intend to take ?

Ama. I will disguised wander through the world,
Till I have found him out. (woods,

Muc. How if you should find your Shepherd in these

Ama. Ah ! none so happie then as *Amadine*.

He discloseth himself,

Muc. In tract of time, a man may alter much :
Say, Ladie, do you know your Shepherd well ?

Ama. My *Mucedorus* hath set me free !

Muc. He hath set thee free.

Ama. And liv'd so long unknown to *Amadine* ?

Muc. Ay that's a question where of you may not be resol-
You know that I am banisht from the Court, (ved :

I know likewise each passage is beset,

So that we cannot long escape unknown ;

Therefore my will is this that we return

Right through the thickets to the wild mans Cave,

And there a while live on his Provision,

Until the search and narrow watch be past :

This is my counsel, and I like it best.

Ama. I think the very same.

Muc. Come, let's be gone.

*The Clown searcheth, and falls over the wild mans
and so carries him away.*

Clow. Nay soft sir, are you here ? abots on you

I was like to be hang'd for not finding of you :

We would borrow a certain stray Kings daughter of you,

A wench, a wench sir, we would have.

Muc. A wench of me ? Ile make thee eat my sword.

Clow. O Lord, nay, and you are so lustie, Ile call a cooling
card for you : O Master, Master, come away quickly.

Enter Segasto.

Segast. What's the matter ?

Clow. Look, *Amadine* and the Shepherd : O brave !

Seg. What, Minion, have I found you out ?

Clow. Nay, that's a lie, I found her out my self.

Seg. Thou gadding huswife, what cause hadst thou
To gad abroad ?

When

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

When as thou knowest our wedding day so nigh?

Ama. Not so *Segasto*, no such thing in hand:

Shew your assurance, then Ile answer you.

Seg. Thy Fathers promise my assurance is.

Ama. But what he promis'd, he hath not perform'd.

Seg. It rests in thee for to perform the same.

Ama. Not I.

Segast. And why?

Ama. So is my will, and therefore even no:

Clo. Master, with a none, none so.

Seg. Ah wicked villain, art thou here?

Muc. What need these words? weigh them not.

Seg. We weigh them not, proud Shepherd, I scorn thy com-

Clo. Weel not have a corner of thy companie. (panie)

Muc. I scorn not thee, nor yet the least of thine.

Clo. That's a lie, a would have kil'd me with's pugs-nando.

Segast. This stoutness, *Amadine*, contents me not.

Ama. Then seek another that may you better please.

Muc. Well, *Amadine*, It onely rests in thee,

Without delay to make thy choise of three:

There stands *Segasto*, a secod here,

There stands the third: now make thy choice.

Clo. A Lord, at the least I am.

Ama. My choice is made, for I will none but thee.

Seg. A worthie mate (no doubt) for such a Wife.

Clo. And *Amadine*, why wilt none but me?

I cannot keep thee as thy Father did;

I have no lands for to maintain thy state:

Moreover, if thou mean to be my Wife,

Commonly this must be thy use,

To bed at midnight, up at four;

Drudge all day, and trudge from place to place,

Whereby our daily victual for to win;

And last of all, which is the worst of all,

No Prince's then, but a plain Shepherds wife.

Clo. Then God gee you good morrow goodie Shepherd.

Ama. It shall not need if *Amadine* do live,

Thou shalt be crowned King of *Aragon*.

Clo.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Clow. O Master laugh, when he is a King, Ile be a Queen.

Muc. Then know that which neretofore was known:

I am no Shepherd, no *Aragonion* I,
But born of Royal blood: my Father's of *Valentia* King,
My Mother Queen; who for thy sacred sake
Took this hard task in hand.

Ama. Ah, how I joy my fortune is so good.

Segast. Well, now I see *Segasto* shall not speed.

But *Mucedorus*, I as much do joy
To see thee here within our Court of *Aragon*,
As if a Kingdom had befalln me this time:
I with my heart surrender her to thee.

He gives her to him.

And look what right to *Amadine* I have.

Clow. What barns door, and born where my Father was
Constable? a bots on thee, how dost thou?

Muc. Thanks *Segasto*, but you leveld at the Crown.

Clow. Master, bar this, and bear all.

Segast. Why so, sirrah?

Clow. He saies you take a Coose by the Crown.

Segast. Go too sirrah; away, post you to the King,
Whose heart is fraught with careful doubts,
Glad him up, and tell him these good news,
And we will follow as fast as we may.

Clow. I go Master, I run Master.

Exeunt.

Enter the King and Collin.

King. Break heart, and end my pallid woes,
My *Amadine*, the comfort of my life;
How can I joy except she were in my sight?
Her absence breeds great sorrow to my soul,
And with a thunder breaks my heart in twain.

Collin. Forbear those Passions, gentle King,
And you shall see t'will turn unto the best,
And bring your soul to quiet and to joy.

King. Such joy as death, I do assure me that,
And nought but death, except of her I hear,
And that with speed, I cannot sigh thus long:
But what a Tumult do I hear within?

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

They cry within, joy, and gladness.

Collin. I hear a noise of over-passing joy
Within the Court: my Lord, be of good comfort,
And here comes one in haste.

Enter the Clown running.

Clown. A King, a King.

Col. Why, how now firrah, whates the matter?

Clown. O, 'tis news for a King, 'tis worth money.

King. Why firrah, thou shalt have silver and gold if it be

Clow. O, 'tis good, 'tis good *Amadine.* (good.

King. O, what of her, tell me, and I will make the a knight.

Clow. How, a Spright, no by Lady, I will not be a Spright.
Master, get you away, if I be a Spright, I shall be so lean
I shall make you all afraid.

Col. Then (Sot) the King means to make the a gentleman.

Clow. Why, I shall want parrel.

King. Thou shalt want for nothing.

Clow. Then stand away, strike up thy self, here they come.

Enter Segasto, Mucedorus, and Amadine.

Ama. My gracious Father, pardon thy disloyal daughter.

King. What, do mine eyes behold my daughter *Amadine?*
Rise up daughter, and let these embracing arms

Shew some token of thy Fathers joy,

Which ever since thy departure hath lar guished in sorrow.

Ama. Dear Father, never were your sorrows
Greater than my griefs:

Never you so desolate as I comfortless:

Yet nevertheless knowing my self

To be the cause of both, on bended knees

I humbly crave your pardon.

King. Ile pardon thee (dear daughter) but as for him.

Ama. Ay, Father, what of him?

Kin. As sure as I am King, and wear the Crown,
Ile be reveng'd on that accursed wretch.

Muc. Yet worthy Prince, work not thy will in wrath, shew

Kin. I, such favor as thou deservest. (favour.

Muc. I do deserve the daughter of a King.

Kin. Oh impudent! A Shepheard and so insolent.

Muc.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Muc. No Shepherd I, but a worthy Prince.

King. In fair conceit, not Princely born.

Muc. Yes, Princely born, my Father is a King,
My Mother a Queen, and of *Valentia* both.

King. What, *Mucedorus*! welcom to our Court,
What cause hadst thou to come to me disguis'd?

Muc. No cause to fear, I caus'd no offence;
But this, desiring thy daughters verues for to see,
Disguis'd my self from out my Fathers Court,
Vnknown to any in iecret I did rest,

And pass'd many troubles near to death:
So hath your daughter my partaker been,
As you shall know hereafter more at large:
Desiring you, you will give her to me,
Even as mine own, and Sovereign of my life,
Then shall I think my travels all well spent.

King. With all my heart, but this,
Segasto claims my promise made tofore,
That he should have her as his onely wife,
Before my Councel, when he came from War.

Segasto, may I crave thee let it pass,
And give *Amadine* as Wife to *Mucedorus*?

Segast. With all my heart, were it a far greater thing,
And what I may to furnish up their rites,
With pleasing sports and pastimes you shall see.

King. Thanks good *Segasto*, I will think of this.

Muc. Thanks good my Lord, and whilest I live,
Account of me in what I can or may.

Ama. Good *Segasto*, these great courtesies
Shall not be forgot.

Clow. Why, hark you Master, bones what have you done?
What given away the wench you made me take such pains
for? you are wise indeed. Mafs and I had known of that, I
would have had her my self: faith Master, now we may go
to breakfast with a Wood-cock-pie.

Segast. Go to sirrah, you were best to leave this knavery.

King. Come on my Lords, lets now to Court,
Where we may finish up the joyfulest day

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

That ever hap't to a distressed King:
Were but thy Father, the *Valentian* Lord,
Present in view of this combined knor.

A shout within: Enter Messenger.

What shout was that?

Mes. My Lord, the *Valentia* King,
Newly arriv'd, intreats your presence.

Muc. My Father?

King Ara. Prepared welcomes give him entertainment;
A happier Planet never reign'd than that
Which governs at this hour.

Sound:
Enter the King of Valentia, Anselmo, Roderigo, Brachius,
with others: the King runs and embraceth his Son.

King Val. Rise honour of my age, food to my rest:
Condemn not (mighty King of *Aragon*)
My rude behaviour, to compell'd by nature,
That manners stood unacknowledged.

King Ara. What we have to recite would tedious prove
By Declaration, therefore in and feast,
To morrow the performance shall explain
What words conceal: till then, Drums speak, Bells ring,
Give plausive welcomes to our brother King.

Sound Drums and Trumpets. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Comedy and Envy.

Com. How now *Envy*; what blushest thou already?
Peep forth, hide not thy head with shame,
But with courage praise a womans deeds;
Thy threats were vain, thou could'st do me no hurt,
Although thou seem'd'st to cross me with despight,
I overwhelm'd, and turn'd upside down thy blocks,
And made thy self to stumble at the same.
Envy. Though stumbled, yet not over-thrown,
Thou canst not draw my head to mildness:
Yet must I needs confess thou hast done well,
And plaid thy part with mirth and pleasant glee:
Say all this, yet canst thou not conquer me,
Although this time thou hast got,
Yet not the conquest neither.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

A double revenge another time Ile have.

Com. Envy, spit thy gall;

Plot, work, contrive, create new fallacies,

Teem from thy womb each minute a black Traytor,

Whose blood and thoughts have twins conception:

Study to act deeds yet unchronicled,

Cast native monsters in the moulds of men;

Cafe vicious devils under sancted robes;

Unhapp the wicket where all perjuries roost,

And swarm this ball with treasons, do thy worst,

Thou canst not (hell-hound) cross my stear to night,

Nor blind that glory where I wish delight.

Envy, I can, I will.

Com. Nefarious Hag, begin,

And let us tugg till one the mastery win.

Envy Comedy, thou art a shallow Goose;

Ile overthrow thee in thine own intent,

And make thy fall my Comick merriment.

Com. Thy Policy wants gravity, thou art to weak;

Speak friend, as how?

Envy. Why, thus.

From my foul study will I hoist a wretch,

A lean and hungry meager Canibal,

Whose jaws swell to his eyes with chewing malice,

And him Ile make a Poet.

Com. What's that to the purpose?

Envy. This scrambling Raven with his needy beard;

Will I whet on to write a Comedy;

Wherein shall be compos'd dark sentences,

Pleasing to fictious brains;

And every otherwhere, place me a jest,

Whose high abuse shall more torment then blows:

Then I myself, quicker then lightning,

Will flie me to the puissant Magistrate,

And waiting with a trencher at his back,

In midt of jollity rehearse those gauls,

With some additions, so lately vented in your Theater;

He on this cannot but make complaint

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

To our great danger, or at least restraint.

Com. Ha, ha, ha; I laugh to hear thy folly;

This is a trap for boys, not men, nor such,
especially deceitful in their doings,

Whose staid discretion rules their purposes;

I and my faction do eschew those vices:

But see, O see, the weary Sun for rest,

Hath lain his golden compass to the West,

Where he perpetual bide, and ever shine,

As *Dauid's* off-spring in his happy Clime.

Stoop *Envy*, stoop, bow to the earth with me,

Let's beg our pardon on our bended knee. *They kneel.*

Envy. My power hath lost her might, *Envies* date's expired.

And I amzed am. *Fall down and quake.*

Com. Glorious and wise Arch-*Cesar* on this earth,

At whose appearance *Envie's* stricken dumb,

And all bad things cease operation:

Vouchsafe to pardon our unwilling error,

So late presented to your gracious view,

And weel endeavour with excess of pain,

To please your senses in a choiser strain.

Thus we commit you to the arms of night,

Whose spangled carcass would for your delight,

strive to excel the day: be blessed then,

Who other wishes, let him never speak.

Envy. Amen.

To Fame and Honour, we commend your rest,

Live still more happy, every hour more blest.

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