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# LOUES

## Sacrifice.

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### A

# TRAGEDIE

RECEIUED GENE:  
RALLY WELL,

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Acted by the QUEENES Ma-  
jesties Seruants at the *Phoenix* in  
*Drury-lane.*

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LONDON:  
Printed by I. B. for HUGH BEESTON, dwell-  
ling next the Castle in *Cornhill.*  
1633.

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May 1873

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To my truest friend, my worthiest  
Kinsman, I O H N F O R D of Grays-  
Inne, Esquire.



THE Title of *this little worke* (may good Cozen) is in fence but the argument of a Dedication ; which being in most writers a *Custom*, in many a *complement*, I question nor but your cleere knowledg of my intents, will in me read as the *earnest of affection*.

My ambition herein aimes at a faire flight, borne vp on the double wings of gratitude, for a receiued, and acknowledgement for a continued loue. It is not so frequent to number many kinsmen, & amongst them some friends; as to presume on some friends, and amongst them little friendship. But in euery fulnesse of these particulars, I do not more partake *through you* (my Cozen) the delight, then enioy the benefit of them. This *Inscription to your name*, is onely a faithfull deliuerance to *Memory* of the truth of my respects to *vertue*, and to the equall

## The Epistle Dedicatory:

in honour with vertue, *Desert*. The contempt throwne  
on *Studies of this kinde*, by such as dote on their owne sin-  
gularity, hath almost so out-fac'd *Invention*, and pre-  
scrib'd *Judgement*; that it is more safe, more wise, to be  
*suspectedly silent*, then *modestly confident* of opinion, here-  
in. Let me be bold to tell the severity of *censurers*, how  
willingly I neglect their practise, so long as I digresse  
from no becoming thankfulnessse. Accept then (my  
Cozen) this *witnesse to Posteritie* of my constancy to  
your Merits; for no *Ties* of blood, no *engagements* of  
*Friendship* shall more justly live a *President*, then the sin-  
cerity of *Both* in the Heart of

JOHN FORD.





To my friend Mr. IOHN FORD.

**V**Nto this Altar, rich with thy owne spice,  
I bring one graine, to thy Loves Sacrifice:  
And boast to see thy flames ascending, while  
Perfumes enrich our Ayre from thy sweet Pile.

Looke here THOV that hast malice to the Stage;  
And Impudence enough for the whole Age;  
Voluminously-Ignorant! be next  
To read this Tragedy, and thy owne be next.

James Shirley.

# The Sceanē PAVYE.

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## The Speakers in this TRAGEDY.

<b>P</b> hillippo Caraffa.	— — —	Duke of Pavy.
Paulo Baglione,	— — —	Vnckle to the Dutcheffe.
Fernando	— — —	Favorite to the Duke.
Ferences	— — —	A wanton Courtier.
Roseitti		A young Nobleman.
Petruchio	}	{ Two Counsellors of State.
Nibrassa		
D'auolos	— — —	Secretary to the Duke.
Maurucio	— — —	An old Antike.
Giacopo	— — —	Servant to Maurucio.
Attendants.		

---

## Women.

<b>B</b> iancha	— — —	The Dutcheffe.
Fiormonda	— — —	The Dukes Sister.
Colona	— — —	Daughter to Petruchio.
Julia	— — —	Daughter to Nibrassa.
Morona	— — —	an old Lady.





# Loues Sacrifice.

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*Actus Primus.*

*Enter Roseilli and Roderico D'anoles.*

*Ros.* **E**part the Court.

*R. D.* Such was the Dukes command.

*Ros.* You'ar Secretary to the State and him;  
**G**reat in his counsels, wise, & (I think) honest;

Haue you, in turning ouer old Records,  
Read but one name descended of the house  
Of *Lesui*, in his loyalty remisse?

*R. D.* Neuer, my Lord.

*Ros.* Why then should I now, now, when glorious peace  
Triumphs in change of pleasures, be wip'd off,  
Like to a vselesse moth, from Courtly ease :  
And whither must I goe?

*R. D.* You haue the open world before you.

*Ros.* Why then tis like I'me banisht.

*R. D.* Not so;

My warrant is onely to command you from the Court;  
Within five houres to depart after notice taken,  
And not to liue within thirty miles of it,

*Lones Sacrifice.*

Vntill it be thought meet by his Excellence  
To call you backe : now I haue warn'd you, my Lord,  
At your perill be it if you disobey ; I shall  
Informe the Duke of your discontent. ——— *Exit R. D.*

*Ros.* Doe, Politician, doe :  
I scent the plot of this disgrace ; 'tis *Fiormonda*, shee,  
That glorious Widow, whose commanding checke  
Ruines my Loue ; like foolish beasts, thus they  
Finde danger, that prey too neere the Lions denne.

*Enter Fernando and Petruchio.*

*Fer.* My Noble Lord *Roseilli* !

*Ros.* Sir, the joy  
I should haue welcom'd you with, is wrap'd vp  
In Clouds of my disgrace ; yet, honoured Sir,  
Howseuer frowns of great ones cast me downe,  
My seruice shall pay tribute in my lownesse,  
To your vprising vertues.

*Fer.* Sir, I know  
You are so well acquainted with your owne,  
You need not flatter mine ; trust me, my Lord,  
I'll be a flatterer for you.

*Petr.* And I'll second  
My Nephewes suit with importunity.

*Ros.* You are, my Lord *Fernando*, late return'd  
From trauels ; pray instruct me, since the voyce  
Of most supreme Authority commands  
My absence : I determine to bestow  
Some time in learning Languages abroad ;  
Perhaps the change of ayre may change in me  
Remembrance of my wrongs at home : Good Sir  
Informe me ; say I meant to liue in *Spaine*,  
What benefit of knowledge might I treasure ?

*Fer.* Troth, Sir, I'll freely speake as I haue found :  
In *Spain* you lose experience ; 'tis a Clymate  
To hot to nourish Arts ; the Nation proud,  
And in their pride vsociable ; the Court  
More plicable to glorifie it selfe

*Then*

*Loues Sacrifice.*

Then doe a stranger grace; if you intend  
To trafficke like a Merchant, 'twere a place  
Might better much your Trade; but as for me,  
I soone tooke surfeit on it.

*Ros.* What for *France*?

*Fer.* *France* I more praise and loue; you are (my Lord)  
Your selfe for horsemanship much fam'd; and there  
You shall haue many proofes to shew your skill.  
The French are passing Courtly, ripe of wit,  
Kind, but extreme dissemblers; you shall haue  
A French-man ducking lower than your knee,  
At th' instant mocking euen your very shoo-tyes:  
To giue the Countrey due, it is on earth  
A Paradise; and if you can neglect  
Your owne appropriaments, but praying that  
In others, wherein you excell your selfe,  
You shall be much belou'd there.

*Ros.* Yet, me thought,

I heard you and the Dutchesse, two nights since,  
Discourfing of an Iland thereabouts  
Call'd ——— let me thinke ——— 'twas ———

*Fer.* *England.*

*Ros.* That, pray Sir,

You haue beene there, me thought I heard you praise it.

*Fer.* I'll tell you what I found there; men as neat,  
As Courtly as the French, but in Condition  
Quite opposite: Put case that you (my Lord)  
Could be more rare on horse-backe than you are,  
If there (as there are many) one excell'd  
You in your Art, as much as you doe others,  
Yet will the English thinke, their owne is nothing  
Compar'd with you a stranger; in their habits  
They are not more fantasticket ban vncertaine:  
In short, their fare abundance; manhood, beauty,  
No Nation can disparage but it selfe.

*Ros.* My Lord, you haue much eas'd me, I resolue.

*Fer.* And whither are you bent?



## *Loves Sacrifice.*

*Ros.* My Lord for trauell,  
To speed for *England*.

*Fer.* No, my Lord, you must not;  
I haue yet some priuate Conference  
To impart vnto you for your goodnight  
I'll meet you at my Lord *Petruchio's* house,  
Till then be secret.

*Ros.* Dares my Cozen trust me?

*Petr.* Dare I, my Lord! yes, 'lesse your fact were greater  
Than a bold womans spleene.

*Ros.* The Duke's at hand,  
And I must hence, my seruice to your Lordships.

*Exit.*

*Petr.* Now Nephew, as I told you, since the Duke  
Hath held the reines of state in his owne hand,  
Much altered from the man he was before,  
(As if he were transformed in his mind)  
To sooth him in his pleasures, amongst whom  
Is fond *Perentes*; one whose pride takes pride  
In nothing more then to delight his lust;  
And he (with grieffe I speake it) hath, I feare,  
Too much besorted my vnhappy daughter,  
My poore *Colona*; whom, for kinreds sake,  
As you are noble, as you honour vertue,  
Perswade to loue her selfe: a word from you  
May win her more then my entreaties or frownes.

*Fer.* Vackle, I'll doe my best; meane time pray tell me  
Whose mediation wrought the Marriage  
Betwixt the Duke and Dutchesse? who was agent?

*Petr.* His rouing eye, and her enchanting face,  
The onely dower Nature had ordained  
T' aduance her to her Bride-bed: She was daughter  
Vnto a Gentleman of *Millaine*, no better;  
Prefer'd to serue in the Duke of *Millaine's* Court:  
Where, for her beauty, she was greatly fam'd:  
And passing late from thence to *Monacho*,  
To visit there her Vncle, *Paul Bagloone*,  
The Abbot; Fortune (Queene to such blind matches)

*Presents*

## *Loves Sacrifice.*

Presents her to the Dukes eye, on the way  
As he pursues the Deere : in short, my Lord,  
He saw her, lou'd her, woo'd her, won her, match'd her,  
No counsell could diuert him.

*Fer.* She is faire.

*Petr.* She is ; and to speake truth, I thinke right Noble  
In her Conditions.

*Fer.* If when I should choose,  
Beauty and Vertue were the Fee propos'd,  
I should not passe for parentage.

*Petr.* The Duke doth come.

*Fer.* Let's breake off talke : if euer, now  
Good Angell of my soule protect my truth.

*Enter Duke, Biancha, Fiormonda, Nibrisa, Ferentes,  
Julia and D'auolos.*

*Duke.* Come my *Biancha*, reuell in mine armes,  
Whiles I, wrapt in my admiration, view  
Lillies and Roses growing in thy cheekes.  
*Fernando* ! oh thou halfe my selfe ! no ioy  
Could make my pleasures full without thy presence.  
I am a Monarch of felicitie,  
Proud in a paire of Iewels, rich and beautifull ;  
A perfect Friend, a Wife aboue compare.

*Fer.* Sir, if a man so low in ranke, may hope  
By loyall duty, and deuoted zeale,  
To hold a Correspondence in friendship  
With one so mighty as the Duke of *Pavy*,  
My vttermost ambition is to climbe  
To those deserts may giue the stile of seruant.

*Duke.* Of partner in my Dukedome, in my heart,  
As freely as the priuilege of blood  
Hath made them mine, *Phillippo* and *Fernando*  
Shall be without distinction : Looke, *Biancha*,  
On this good man ; in all respects to him  
Be as to me : onely the name of husband,  
And reuerent obseruance of our bed

## *Loues Sacrifice.*

Shall differ vs in persons, else in soule  
We are all one.

*Bian.* I shall, in best of Loue,  
Regard the bosome-partner of my Lord.

*Fior.* *Firentes.*

*Ferc.* Madam.

*Fior.* You are one loues Courtship,  
He had some change of words; 'twere no lost labour  
To stuffe your Table-bookes, the man speaks wisely.

*Feren.* I'me glad your Highnesse is so pleasant.

*Duke.* Sister.

*Fior.* My Lord and brother.

*Duke.* You are too silent;

Quicken your sad remembrance: though the losse  
Of your dead husband be of more account  
Then slight neglect, yet 'tis a sinne against  
The state of Princes to exceed a meane  
In mourning for the dead.

*Fior.* Should forme, my Lord,  
Preuaile aboue affection? no, it cannot.  
You haue your selfe here a right noble Dutchesse,  
(Vertuous at least) and should your grace now pay  
(Which heauen forbid) the debt you owe to Nature,  
I dare presume, shee'd not so soone forget  
A Prince that thus aduanc'd her. — Madam, could you?

*R. D.* Bitter and shrewd.

*Bian.* Sister, I should too much bewray my weaknesse,  
To giue a resolution on a passion  
I neuer felt nor fear'd.

*Nibr.* A modest answer.

*Fer.* If credit may be giuen to a face,  
My Lord, I'll vndertake on her behalfe;  
Her words are trusty Heralds to her mind.

*Fior.* Exceeding good; the man will vndertake:  
Obserue it, *Da'uolos.*

*R. D.* I doe, Lady; 'tis a smooth prayse.

*Duke.* Friend, in thy iudgement I approue thy loue,

And



*Loues Sacrifice.*

And loue thee better for thy iudging mine ;  
Though my gray-headed Senate in the lawes  
Of strickt opinion and seuerer dispute,  
Would tye the limits of our free effects,  
(Like superstitious Iewes, to match with none  
But in a tribe of Princes like our selues)  
Grosse nurtur'd slaues, who force their wretched soules  
To crouch to profit; nay, for trash and wealth,  
Dote on some crooked or mishapen forme,  
Hugging wise Natures lame deformity,  
Begetting creatures vgly as themselves:  
But why should Princes doe so, that command  
The store-house of the earths hid minerals?  
No, my *Biancha*, thou art to me as deare  
As if thy portion had bin Europes riches,  
Since in thine eyes lyes more than these are worthe:  
Set on; they shall be strangers to my heart  
That enuy thee thy Fortunes:

Come, *Fernando*, my but divided selfe, what we haue done  
We are onely debtor to heauen for. — On.

*Fior.* Now take thy time, or neuer, *Da' uolos*;  
*Preuaile*, and I will raise thee high in grace. — *Exeunt.*

*R.D.* Madam, I will omit no Art;  
My honour'd Lord *Fernando*. *Da' uolos stayes*  
*Fernando.*

*Fer.* To me, Sir?

*R.D.* Let me beseech your Lordship  
To excuse me, in the noblenesse of your wisdom,  
If I exceed good manners: I am one, my Lord,  
Who in the admiration of your perfect vertues,  
Doe so truly honour and reuerence your deserts,  
That there is not a creature beares life  
Shall more faithfully study to doe you seruice  
In all offices of duty, and vowes of due respect.

*Fer.* Good Sir, you bind me to you: is this all?

*R.D.* I beseech your care a little good my Lord; what I  
Haue to speake, concernes your reputation and best fortune.

*Fer.* How's that? my Reputation? lay aside

*Superflua*

## *Loues Sacrifice:*

Superfluous Ceremony ; speake, what is't ?

*R.D.* I doe repute my selfe

The blessed't man aliue, that I shall be the first

Gines your Lordship newes of your perpetuall comfort.

*Fer.* Ashow ?

*R.D.* If singular beauty, vnimitable vertues, honor, youth,  
And absolute goodnesse be a fortune, all those are at once  
Offered to your particular choyce.

*Fer.* Without delayes, which way ?

*R.D.* The great and gracious Lady *Fiormonda* loues you,  
Infinitely loues you. — But, my Lord, as euer you tendered  
A seruant to your pleasures, let mee not be reueal'd, that  
I gaue you notice on't.

*Fer.* Sure you are strangely out of tune, Sir.

*R.D.* Please but to speake to her, be but Courtly ceremonius  
With her, vse once but the language of affection, if I  
Mis-report ought besides my knowledge, let me neuer  
Haue place in your good opinion: oh, these women, my Lord  
Are as brittle mettle as your glasses, as smooth, as slippery :  
Their very first substance was quicke-sands ; let 'em looke  
Neuer so demurely, one phillip choakes them : my Lord,  
Shee loues you I know it. — But I beseech your Lordship  
Not to discouer me ; I would not for the world shee  
Should know that you know it by me.

*Fer.* I vnderstand you, and to thanke your care  
Will studie to requite it ; and I vow  
She neuer shall haue notice of your newes  
By me, or by my meanes. And, worthy Sir,  
Let me alike inioyne you not to spaake  
A word of that I vnderstand her loue ;  
And as for me, my word shall be your suretie  
I'll not as much as giue her cause to thinke  
I euer heard it.

*R.D.* Nay, my Lord,  
Whatsoeuer I inferre, you may breake with her in it  
If you please, for rather than silence should hinder  
You one step to such a fortune, I will expose my selfe

To any rebuke for your sake, my good Lord.

*Fer.* You shall not, indeed Sir, I am still your friend,  
And will proue so; for the present I am forc'd  
To attend the Duke, good houres befall ye, I must leaue you.

*Exit.*

*R.D.* Gon already; S'foot I ha marr'd all, this is worse  
and worse, he's as cold as Hemlocke; if her Highnesse knows  
how I haue gone to worke, she'll thanke me scruilly: a pox  
of all dull braines; I tooke the cleane contrary course: there  
is a mysterie in this slight carelesnesse of his, I must sift it,  
and I will find it. v'd's me, foole my selfe out of my wit:  
well, I'll choose some fitter opportunity to inueagle him,  
and till then, smooth her vp, that hee is a man ouerloyed  
with the report.

*Exit.*

*Enter Ferentes and Colona.*

*Feren.* Madam, by this light I vow my selfe your seruant;  
onely yours, inesppecially yours: time, like a turne-coat, may  
order and disorder the outward fashions of our bodies, but  
shall neuer inforce a change on the constancy of my minde,  
sweet *Colona*, faire *Colona*, young and sprightfull Lady, doe  
not let me in the best of my youth, languish in my earnest  
affections.

*Col.* Why should you seeke, my Lord, to purchase glory  
By the disgrace of a silly maid?

*Feren.* That I confesse too;

I am euery way so vnworthy of the first fruits of thy em-  
braces, so far beneath the riches of thy merit, that it can be no  
honor to thy fame, to rank me in the number of thy seruants,  
yet proue me how true, how firme I will stand to thy plea-  
sures, to thy command; and as time shall serue be euer thine:  
Now prethe deere *Colona*.

*Col.* Well, well, my Lord, I haue no heart of flint;  
Or if I had, you know by cunning words  
How to out-weare it. — But.

*Feren.* But what? doe not pittie thy owne gentlenesse,  
Lonely *Colona*; shall I speake? shall I? say

C

But



But I, and our wishes are made vp.

*Col.* How shall I say I, when my feares say no?

*Feren.* You wil not faile to meet two houres hence, (sweet?

*Col.* No; yes, yes, I would haue said, how my tongue trips.

*Fere.* I take that promise, & that double yes as an assurance  
Of thy faith, in the groue (good sweet remember)

In any case alone (d'ee marke loue) not as much as your  
Dutcheffe little dog, (you'll not forget) two houres hence,  
(Thinke on't, and misse not,) till then —

*Col.* Oh, if you should proue false, and loue another?

*Feren.* Desie me t hen; I'le be all thine, and a seruant  
Onely to thee, onely to thee. — — — *Exit Colona.*

Very passing good, three honest women in our Courts  
Here of *Italy*, are enough to discredit a whole Nation  
Of that sexe: he that is not a Cuckold, or a Bastard,  
Is a strangely happy man; for a chaste wife, or a mother  
That neuer stept awry, are wonders, wonders in *Italy*.  
S'life I haue got the feat on't, and am euery day  
More active in my trade; 'tis a sweet sinne, this slip  
Of mortality, and I haue tasted enough for one  
Passion of my senses: Here comes more worke for me:

*Enter Iulia.*

And how does my owne *Iulia*, mew vpon this sadnesse?

What's the matter you are melancholly?

Whither away, wench?

*Iul.* 'Tis well, the time has bin when your smooth tongue  
Would not haue mock'd my griefes, and had I bin more  
Chary of mine honor, you had still bin lowly as you were;

*Feren.* Lowly? why I am sure I cannot be much more lowly  
Then I am to thee, thou bring'st me on my bare knees  
Wench, twice in euery foure and twenty houres, besides  
Halfe turnes instead of Beuers; what must we next  
Doc, sweet-heart?

*Iul.* Breake vowes on your side, I expect no other,  
But euery day looke when some newer choice  
May violate your honour and my trust.

*Feren.* Indeed forsooth, how shay by that la, I hope I neglect

No

No opportunity to your *Nunquam satis*, to be call'd  
In question for; gee, thou art as fretting as an old  
Grogrum, by this hand I loue thee for't, it becomes thee  
So prettily to be angry: well, if thou should'st dye,  
Farewell all loue with me for euer: goe, I'll meet  
Thee soone in thy Ladies backelobby, I will, wench,  
Looke for me.

*Inl.* But shall I be resolu'd you will be mine?

*Feren.* All thine; I will refferus my best ability,  
My heart, my honour, onely to thee, onely to thee:  
Pitty of my blood away, I heare company  
Comming on: remember soone I am all thine,  
I will liue perpetually onely to thee, away. — *Exit Inl.*  
S'foot I wonder about what time of the yeare  
I was begot; sure it was when the Moone was  
In coniunction, and all the other Planets  
Drunke at a Morrice-dance: I am haunted  
About patience, my mind is not as infinite to doe,  
As my occasions are proffered of doing: Chastity! I am  
An Eunuch, if I thinke there be any such thing; or  
If there be, 'tis amongst vs men, for I neuer found it  
In a woman, thoroughly tempted, yet: I haue a shrewd hard  
Taske comming on, but let it passe: who comes now?

*Enter Fernando.*

My Lord, the Dukes friend! I will strue to be inward with  
Him, my Noble Lord *Fernando*.

*Fer.* My Lord *Ferentes*, I should change some words  
Of consequence with you; but since I am,  
For this time, busied in more serious thoughts,  
I'll picke some fitter opportunity:

*Feren.* I will wait your pleasure, my Lord, — Good day to  
Your Lordship. ————— *Exit Feren.*

*Fer.* Traytor to friendship, whither shall I runne,  
That lost to reason cannot sway the float  
Of the vnruely faction in my bloud?  
The Dutchesse, oh the Dutchesse! in her smiles  
Are all my ioyes abstracted; death to my thoughts;

*Loues Sacrifice.*

My other plague comes to me.

*Enter Fiorinda and Iulia.*

*Fior.* My Lord *Fernando*, what, so hard at study?  
You are a kind companion to your selfe,  
That loue to be alone so.

*Fer.* Madam, no;  
I rather chose this leasure to admire  
The glories of this little world, the Court,  
Where like so many starres on seuerall thrones,  
Beauty and greatnesse shine in proper Orbes,  
Sweet matter for my meditation.

*Fior.* So, so, Sir, (leau vs *Iulia*) your owne prooffe *Exit Iul.*  
By trauell and prompt obseruation,  
Instru& you how to place the vse of speech;  
But since you are at leisure, pray let's sit;  
Wee'll passe the time a little in discourse:  
What haue you scene abroad?

*Fer.* No wonders, Lady,  
Like these I see at home.

*Fior.* At home! as how?

*Fer.* Your pardon, if my tongue (the voyce of truth)  
Report but what is warranted by sight.

*Fior.* What sight?

*Fer.* Look in your glasse, and you shall see  
A miracle.

*Fior.* What miracle?

*Fer.* Your Beauty,  
So farre about all beauties else abroad,  
As you are in your owne, superlatiue.

*Fior.* Fic, fie, your wit hath too much edge.

*Fer.* Would that,  
Or any thing, that I could challenge mine,  
Were but of value to expresse how much  
I serue in loue the sister of my Prince.

*Fior.* 'Tis for your Princes sake then, not for mine.

*Fer.* For you in him, and much for him in you.  
I must acknowledge, Madam, I obserue



In your affects a thing to me most strange,  
Which makes me so much honour you the more:

*Fior.* Pray tell it.

*Fer.* Gladly, Lady:

I see how opposite to youth and custome  
You set before you in your Tableture  
Of your remembrance, the becoming griefes  
Of a most loyall Lady; for the losse  
Of so renown'd a Prince as was your Lord.

*Fior.* Now good my Lord, no more of him.

*Fer.* Of him!

I know it is a needlesse task in me  
To set him forth in his deserued praise,  
You better can record it; For you find  
How much more hee exceeded other men  
In most Heroick vertues of account,  
So much more was your losse in losing him.  
Of him! his praise should be a field too large,  
Too spacious, for so meane an Orator  
As I, to range in.

*Fior.* Sir, enough; 'tis true,

He well deseru'd your labour; on his death-bed  
This Ring hee gaue mee, bade mee neuer part  
With this, but to the man I lou'd as dearly  
As I lou'd him; yet since you know which way  
To blaze his worth so rightly, in returne  
To your deserts, weare this for him and me.

*Fer.* Madam.

*Fior.* 'Tis yours.

*Fer.* Me thought you said, he charg'd you  
Not to impart it but to him you lou'd  
As dearly as you lou'd him.

*Fior.* True, I said so.

*Fer.* O then farre be it, my vnhalloved hand  
With any rude intrusion should vnuaille  
A Testament enacted by the dead.

*Fior.* Why man, that Testament is disanull'd,

*Loues Sacrifice.*

And cancell'd quite by vs that line: looke here,  
My bloud is not yet freez'd; for better instance  
Be iudge your selfe, experience is no danger:

Cold are my sighs; but feele, my lips are warme. (*kisses him*)

*Fer.* What meanes the vertuous Marquesse?

*Fior.* To new kisse

The oath to thee, which whiles he liu'd was his:

Hast thou yet power to loue?

*Fer.* To loue?

*Fior.* To meet

Sweetnesse of language in discourse as sweet.

*Fer.* Madam, 'twere dulnesse, past the ignorance

Of common block heads, not to vnderstand

Whereto this fauour tends; and 'tis a fortune

So much about my Fate, that I could wish

No greater happinesse on earth; but know,

Long since, I vow'd to liue a single life.

*Fior.* What was't you said?

*Fer.* I said I made a vow.

*Enter Biancha, Petrucchio, Colona, D'a'uolos.*

Blessed deliuerance!

*Fior.* Preuented? mischiefe on this interruption.

*Bian.* My Lord *Fernando* you encounter fitly,  
I haue a suit t'ee.

*Fer.* 'Tis my duty, Madam,

To be commanded.

*Bian.* Since my Lord the Duke  
Is now dispos'd to mirth; the time serues well

For mediation, that he would be pleas'd

To take the Lord *Rosellio* to his grace,

He is a Noble Gentleman: I dare

Ingage my credit, loyall to the state:

And, Sister, one that euer stroue (me thought)

By speciall seruice, and obsequious care,

To win respect from you; it were a part

Of gracious fauour, if you pleas'd to ioyne

With vs, in being tutors to the Duke

For his returne to Court.

*Fior.* To Court? indeed

You haue some cause to speake; he vndertooke  
Most Champion-like to win the prize at tilt,  
In honour of your picture. — Marry did he:  
There's not a Groome o'th Quarry, could haue matcht  
The jolly riding man; pray get him backe,  
I doe not need his seruice, Madam, I.

*Bian.* Not need it, sister? why? I hope you thinke  
'Tis no necessity in me to moue it,  
More then respect of honour.

*Fior.* Honour? puh,

Honour is talk'd of more than knowne by some.

*Bian.* Sister, these words I vnderstand not.

*Fer.* Swell not vnruely thoughts:

Madam, the motion you propose, proceeds  
From the true touch of goodnesse; 'tis a plea  
Wherein my tongue and knee shall ioyntly strue  
To beg his Highnesse for *Roseillie's* cause:  
Your iudgement rightly speakes him; there is not  
In any Court of Christendome, a man  
For quality or trust more absolute.

*Fior.* How? is't euen so?

*Petr.* I shall for euer bleſſe

Your Highnesse for your gracious kind esteeme  
Of my dishartned kinsman; and to adde  
Encouragement to what you vndertake,  
I dare affirme, 'tis no important fault  
Hath caus'd the Dukes distaste.

*Bian.* I hope so too.

*R. D.* Let your Highnes, and you al, my Lords, take aduice  
How you morion his Excellency on *Roseillie's* behalfe:  
There is more danger in that man than is fit to be  
Publicly reported; I could wish things were otherwise  
For his owne sake; but I'le assure ye, you will exceedingly  
Alter his Excellencies disposition (he now is in) if you but  
Mention the name of *Roseillie* to his care; I am so much  
Acquainted



*Loues Sacrifice.*

Acquainted in the procelle of his actions.

*Bian.* If it be so, I am the sorrier, Sir ;  
I'me loth to moue my Lord vnto offence,  
Yet I'lle aduenture chiding.

*Fer.* Oh had I *India's* gold, I'de giue it all  
T' exchange one priuate word, one minutes breath  
With this hart-wounding beauty.

*Enter Duke, Ferentes, and Nibrassa.*

*Duke.* Prethe no more, *Ferentes*, by the fa: th  
I owe to honour, thou hast made me laugh  
Beside my spleene ; *Fernando*, hadst thou heard  
The pleasant humour of *Maurucio's* dotage  
Discours'd, how in the winter of his age  
He is become a Louer, thou wouldst sweare  
A Morris-dance were but a Tragedy  
Compar'd to that : well, we will see the youth :  
What Councell hold you now, sirs ?

*Bia.* We, my Lord, were talking of the horsmanship in *France*  
Which, as your friend reports, he thinks exceeds  
All other Nations.

*Duke.* How ? why, haue not we  
Asgallant Riders here ?

*Fer.* None that I know.

*Duke.* Pish, your affection leads you ; I dare  
Wage a thousand Ducats not a man in *France*  
Out-rides *Roselli*.

*Fior.* I shall quit this wrong.

*Bian.* I said as much, my Lord.

*Fer.* I haue not seene  
His practice, since my comming backe.

*Duke.* Where is he ?  
How is't we see him not ?

*Petr.* What's this ? what's this ?

*Fer.* I heare he was commanded from the Court.

*R. D.* Oh confusion on this villanous occasion.

*Duke.* True ; but we meant a day or two at most,  
Should be his furthest terme ; not yet return'd ?

Where's

Where's D'auo's?

R.D. My Lord.

Duke. You know our minds,  
How comes it thus to passe, we misse *Roscilli*.

R.D. My Lord, in a sudden discontent I heare he departed  
towards *Benevento*, determining (as I am giuen to vnder-  
stand) to passe to *Sinuil*, minding to visit his Cozen *Don Pedro*  
*de Toledo*, in the Spanish Court.

Duke. The Spanish Court! now by the blessed bones  
Of good *S. Francis*, let there postes be sent  
To call him backe, or I will poste thy head  
Beneath my foot; ha! you, you know my mind,  
Looke that you get him backe; the Spanish Court,  
And without our Commission, ——— say!

Petr. Here's fine jagling.

Bian. Good Sir be not so mou'd.

Duke. Fie, fie, *Biancha*;

'Tis such a grosse indignity, I'de rather  
Haue lost seuen yeares reuenue. — The Spanish Court!  
How now, what ayles our sister?

Fior. On the sudden

I fall a bleeding, 'tis an ominous signe;  
Pray heauen it turne to good. — Your highnes leaue. — *Exit*

Duke. Looke to her; come *Fernando*, come *Biancha*,  
Let's strine to ouerpasse this cholericke heat:

Sirra, see that you trifle not. How we,  
Who sway the mannage of authority,  
May be abus'd by smooch officious agents?  
But looke well to our sister. ———

*Exeunt.*

Petr. Nephew, please you  
To see your friend to night?

Fer. Yes, Vnckle, yes:

Thus bodics walke vnfold; mine eyes but followes  
My heart intomb'd in yonder goodly shrine:  
Life without her, is but death's subtrill snarcs,  
And I am but a Coffin to my cares.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus Secundus.*

*Enter Maurício looking in a glasse, trimming his Beard,  
Giacopo brushing him.*

*Mau.* **B**Eard be confin'd to neatnesse, that no haire  
M<sup>y</sup> stouer vp to pricke my mistris lip,  
More rude than bristles of a Porcupine.

*Giacopo.*

*Gia.* My Lord.

*Mau.* Am I all sweet behind?

*Gia.* I haue no Powlterers nose, but your apparell sits  
About you most debonarely.

*Mau.* But *Giacopo*, with what grace doe my words pro-  
ceed out of my mouth? haue I a mouing countenance? is  
there harmony in my voyce? canst thou perceiue, as it were,  
a handsomenesse of shape in my very breath, as it is formed  
into syllable, *Giacopo*?

*Enter Duke, Lords and Ladies above.*

*Gia.* Yes indeed, Sir, I doe feele a saueur as pleasant as  
—— a Glister-pipe, ——— Calamus or Ciuet.

*Duke.* Obserue him and be silent.

*Mau.* Hold thou the glasse, *Giacopo*, and marke me with  
what exceeding comlinesse I could court the Lady Marquesse  
if it come to the push.

*Duke.* Sister, you are his ay me.

*Fior.* A subiect fit

To be the stall of laughter.

*Bian.* That's your musicke.

*Mau.* Thus I reuerse my pace, and thus stalkingly in  
Courtly gate I aduance, one, two, and three. — Good, I kisse  
my hand, make my Congee, settle my countenance, and thus  
begin: — Hold vp the glasse higher, *Giacopo*.

*Gia.* Thus high, Sir?

*Mau.* 'Tis well, now marke me:



Most excellent Marquesse, most faire La-dy,  
 Let not old age, or haire that are sil-uer  
 Dis-parage my desire; for it may be  
 I am then other greene youth nimb-ler:  
 Since I am your gra-ces seruant so true,  
 Great Lady then loue me for my ver-tue  
 Oh *Giacopo*! *Petrarch* was a dunce, *Dantes* a lig-maker,  
*S'anazar* a goose, and *Arsofo* a puck-fist to me:  
 I tell thee, *Giacopo*, I am wrap'd with fury,  
 And haue beene for these six nights together  
 Drunke with the pure liquor of *Helycon*.

*Gia*. I thinke no lesse, Sir;  
 For you looke as wild, and talke as idley  
 As if you had not slept these nine yeares.

*Duke*. What thinke you of this language, sister?

*Fior*. Sir, I thinke, in princes Courts, no age nor greatnes  
 But must admit the foole; in me 'twere folly  
 To scorne what greater states than I haue bin.

*Bian*. O, but you are too generall.

*Fior*. A foole;

I thanke your Highnesse; many a womans wit  
 Haue thought themselues much better, was much worse.

*Bian*. You still mistake me.

*Duke*. Silence, note the rest.

*Man*. God-a-mercy braines; *Giacopo*, I haue it.

*Gia*. What? my Lord?

*Man*. A conceit, *Giacopo*, and a fine one; downe on thy  
 knees, *Giacopo*, and worship my wit; giue me both thy cares:  
 thus it is, I wil haue my picture drawn most composituously  
 in a square table of some too foot long, from the crowne of  
 the head to the waste downward, no further.

*Gia*. Then you'll looke like a dwarfe, Sir, being cut off by  
 the middle.

*Man*. Speake not thou, but wonder at the conceit that  
 followes; In my bosome on my left side, I will haue a lease  
 of blood-red crimson veluet (as it were part of my doubler)  
 open; which being open'd, *Giacopo*, (now marke) I will

*Loues Sacrifice.*

haue a cleare and most transparent Chrystall in the forme of a heart. — (Singular admirable.) When I haue framed this, I will, as some rare outlandish peece of workmanship, bestow it on the most faire and illustrious Lady *Fiormonda*.

*Gia.* But now, Sir, for the conceit.

*Man.* *Simplicity* and *Ignorance*, prate no more : blockhead, dost not vnderstand yet ? why this being to her instead of a Looking-g'asse, she shall no oftner powder her haire, surfell her cheekes, cleanse her teeth, or conformance the haire of her eye-browes, but hauing occasion to vse this glasse (which for the rarenesse and richnesse of it, she will houely doe) but she shall as often gaze on my picture, remember me, and behold the excellence of her excellencies beauty, in the prospectiue and mirror, as it were, in my heart.

*Gia.* I marry, Sir, this is something.

*All alone.* Ha, ha, ha. ————— *Exit Fiormonda.*

*Eian.* My sister's gone in ang. r.

*Man.* Who's that laughs ? learch with thine eyes, *Giacopo*.

*Gia.* O my Lord, my Lord, you haue gotten an euertlasting fame ; the Dukes grace, and the Dutchesse grace, and my Lord *Fernando's* grace, with all the rabble of Courtiers, haue heard euery word looke where they stand : now you shall be made a Count for your wit, and I Lord for my Counsell.

*Duke.* Beshrew the chance, we are discover'd.

*Man.* Pitty, — oh my wisdom ! I must speake to them. O Duke most great, and most renowned Dutchesse !

Excuse my apprehension, which not much is :

'Tis loue, my Lord, that's all the hurt you see,

*Angelica* her selfe plead for me.

*Duke.* We pardon you, most wise and learned Lord,  
And that we may all glorifie your wit,  
Intreat your wisdomes company to day,  
To grace our talke with your graue discourse :  
What sayes your mighty eloquence ?

*Man.* *Giacopo*, helpe me ; his Grace has put mee out my owne Bias, and I know not what to answer in forme.

*Gia.* Vd's me, tell him you'll come.

*Man.*

## Loues Sacrifice:

*Mau.* Yes, I will come, my Lord the Duke, I will:

*Duke.* We take your word, and with your honor health.  
Away then; come *Biancha*, we haue found  
A salve for mellancholy. Mirth & ease. — *Exit Duke cum suis.*

*Manent Biancha & Fernando.*

*Bian.* I'll see the jolly louer and his glasse  
Take leaue of one another.

*Mau.* Are they gone?

*Gia.* O my Lord, I doe now smell newes.

*Mau.* What newes, *Giacopo*?

*Gia.* The Duke has a smacking towards you, and you  
shall clap vp with his sister, the widow, suddenly.

*Mau.* She is mine, *Giacopo*, she is mine; aduance the glasse,  
*Giacopo*, that I may practise as I passe, to walke a portly grace  
like a Marquesse; to which degree I am now a climbing.

Thus doe we march to honors haugen of blisse,

To ride in triumph through *Persepolis*.

*{ Exit Gia. going backward with the  
glasse, Mau. complementing.*

*Bian.* Now, as I liue,  
Here's laughter worthy our presence;  
I will not lose him so.

*She is going out.*

*Fer.* Madam.

*Bian.* To me, my Lord!

*Fer.* Please but to heare

The story of a Cast-away in loue;

And ô let not the passage of a jest

Make slight a sadder subiect, who hath plac'd

All happineffe in your diuiner eyes.

*Bian.* My Lord, the time —

*Fer.* The time I yet heare me speake,

For I must speake or burst: I haue a soule

So anchor'd downe with cares in seas of woe,

That passion, and the vows I owe to you,

Haue chang'd me to a leane *Anatomy*,

Sweet Princeesse of my life —

*Bian.* Forbear, or I shall —



## *Loues Sacrifice.*

*Fer.* Yet as you honour vertue, doe not freeze  
My hopes to more discomfort, then as yet  
My feares suggest ; no *beauty* so adorne  
The composition of a well-built mind,  
As *pitty* : heare me out.

*Bian.* No more ; I spare  
To tell you what you are ; and must confesse,  
Doe almost hate my judgement, that it once  
Thought goodnesse dwelt in you : remember now  
It is the third time since your treacherous tongue  
Hath pleaded treason to my eare and fame ;  
Yet for the friendship 'twixt my Lord and you,  
I haue not voyc'd your follies ; if you dare  
To speake a fourth time, you shall rue your lust :  
'Tis all nobetter ; learne, and loue your selfe. — *Exit.*

*Fer.* Gon ! oh my sorrowes ! how am I vndone ?  
Not speake againe ? no, no, in her chaste brest  
*Virtue* and *resolution* haue discharg'd  
All female weaknesse : I haue su'd and su'd,  
Kneel'd, wept, and begg'd, but teares, and vowes, and words,  
Moue her no more then summer-winds a rocke :  
I must resolute checke this rage of blood,  
And will ; she is all ycie to my fires,  
Yet euen that yce inflames in me desires. *Exit.*

*Enter Petruchio and Roseilli.*

*Ros.* Is't possible the Duke should be so mou'd ?

*Petr.* 'Tis true ; you haue no enemy at Court  
But her, for whom you pine so much in loue :  
Then master your affections ; I am sory you hug your ruine so,  
What say you to the proiect I propos'd ?

*Ros.* I entertaine it, with a greater ioy  
Then shame can checke.

*Enter Fernando.*

*Petr.* You are come as I could wish, my Cozen is resolu'd.

*Fer.* Without delay

Prapare your selfe, and meet at Court anon,  
Some halfe houre hence ; and *Cupid* blisse your ioy.

*Ros.*



## Loues Sacrifice.

*Ros.* If euer man was bounden to a friend —

*Fer.* No more; away: loues rage is yet vnkown, *Exeunt*  
In his (aye me) too well, I feele my owne:  
So, now I am alone, now let me thinke;  
Shee is the Dutchesse; say she be: A Creature  
Sow'd vp in painted cloth, might so be styl'd,  
That's but a name; shee's married too, she is,  
And therefore better might distinguish loue:  
She's young, and faire; why, Madam, that's the bait  
Inuites me more to hope; she's the Dukes wife;  
Who knowes not this? she's bosom'd to my friend:  
*There, there*, I am quite lost: will not be won;  
Still worse and worse; abhorres to heare me speake:  
Eternall mischief, I must vrge no more:  
For were I not beleapred in my soule,  
Here were enough to quench the flames of hell.  
What then? pish, I must not speake, I'll write.  
Come then, sad Secretery to my plaints,  
Plead thou my faith, for words are turn'd to sighs: *She draws*  
What sayes this paper? — *he reads to himselfe. A letter.*

*Enter D'auolos with two Pictures.*

*R.D.* Now is the time; alone; reading a letter; good;  
how now? striking his brest? what, in the name of policy,  
should this meane? tearing his haire? passion, by all the  
hopes of my life, *plaine passion*: now I perceiue it; if this be  
not a fit of some violent affection, I am an asse in vnderstand-  
ing; why 'tis plaine, plainer and plainer: Loue in the ex-  
treamest: oh for the party, who now? the greatnesse of his  
spirits is to high cherish'd to be caught with some ordinary  
stuffe, and if it bee my Lady *Fiormonda*, I am strangely mi-  
stooke: well, that I haue fit occasion soone to vnderstand:  
I haue here two pictures, newly drawne, to bee sent for a  
present to the Abbot of *Monacho*, the Dutchesse Vncle, her  
owne and my Ladies: I'll obserue which of these may, per-  
haps, bewray him: — a turnes about my noble Lord.

*Fer.* Y're welcome, Sir, I thanke you.

*R.D.* Me, my Lord? for what, my Lord?

*Fer.*

*Loues Sacrifice:*

*Fer.* Who's there? I cry you merey, *D'anolos*,  
I tooke you for another, pray excuse me;  
What is't you beare there?

*R. D.* No secret, my Lord, but may be imparted to you:  
A couple of Pictures, my good Lord, please you see them.

*Fer.* I care not much for pictures: but whose are they?

*R. D.* Th'one is for my Lords sister, the other is the  
Dutchesse.

*Fer.* Ha, *D'anolos*, the Dutchesses?

*R. D.* Yes, my Lord: — sure the word startled him —  
— Obserue that.

*Fer.* You told me, master Secretary, once,  
You ow'd me loue.

*R. D.* Seruice, my honour'd Lord, howsoeuer you please  
to terme it.

*Fer.* 'Twere rudenesse to be sutor for a sight,  
Yet trust me, Sir, I'll be all secret.

*R. D.* I beseech your Lordship;  
They are, as I am, constant to your pleasure:  
This (my Lord) is the widow Marquesse, as it now newly  
came from the Picture-drawers, the oyle yet Greene; a sweet  
Picture; and in my iudgement, Art hath not bin a niggard  
in strining to equall the life. *Michael Angelo* himselfe needed  
not blush to owne the workmanship.

*Fer.* A very pretty Picture;  
But, kind Signior, to whose vse is it?

*R. D.* For the Dukes, my Lord, who determines to send it  
with all speed as a present to *Paul Baglione*, Vnckle to the  
Dutchesse; that he may see the riches of two such lustres as  
shine in the Court of *Pany*.

*Fer.* Pray Sir, the other?

*R. D.* This (my Lord) is for the Dutchesse *Biancha*, a  
wondrous sweet Picture, if you well obserue with what sin-  
gularity the Artf-man hath stroue to set forth each limbe in  
exquisitest proportion, not missing a haire.

*Fer.* A haire?

*R. D.* She cannot more formally,

Or (if it may be lawfull to vse the word) more really, behold her owne *Symetry* in her glasse, then in taking a sensible view of this counterfeit: when I first saw it, I verily almost was of a mind that this was her very lip.

*Fer.* Lip!

*R.D.* How constantly he dwels vpon this portrayture? Nay, I'll assure your Lordship there is no defect of cunning. His eye is fixt as if it were incorporated there.— Were not the party her selfe aliue to witnesse that there is a Creature compos'd of flesh and blood, as naturally enriched with such harmony of admirall beauty, as is here artificially counterfeited, a very curious eye might repute it as an imaginary rapture of some transported conceit, to ayme at an impossibility; whose very first gaze is of force almost to perswade a substantiall loue in a setled heart.

*Fer.* Loue! heart.

*R.D.* My honor'd Lord.

*Fer.* Oh heavens!

*R.D.* I am confirm'd. — Whst ayles your Lordship?

*Fer.* You need not praise it, Sir, it selfe is praise.  
How neere had I forgot my selfe? — I thanke you.

'Tis such a picture as might well become  
The shrine of some fain'd *Venus*; I am dazeld  
With looking on't: — pray Sir conuey it hence.

*R.D.* I am all your seruant: — blessed, blessed discouery!  
Please you to command me?

*Fer.* No, gentle Sir: I'me lost beyond my senses.  
D'ee heare Sir, good where dwels the picture maker?

*R.D.* By the Castles farther draw-bridge, neare *Galzazzo's*  
statue; his name is *Alphonso Trinultio*—happy aboue all fate.

*Fer.* You say enough, my thanks t'ee. *Exit R.D.*  
Were that picture  
But rated at my Lordship, 'twere too cheape.  
I feare I spoke or did I know not what,  
All sense of prouidence was in mine eye.

*Enter Ferentes, Maurucio, and Giacopo.*

*Fer.* Youth in threescore years and ten; trust me (my Lord



*Loues Sacrifice.*

*Mauricio*) you are now younger in the iudgement of those that compare your former age with your latter, by seuen and twenty yeares, then you were three yeares agoe : by all my fidelity, 'tis a miracle : the Ladies wonder at you.

*Man.* Let them wonder ; I am wise, as I am Courtly.

*Gia.* The Ladies, my Lord, call him the *Greene broome* of the Court, he sweeps all before him, and sweare he has a stabbing wit : it is a very glister to laughter.

*Man.* Nay, I know I can tickle 'em at my pleasure : I am stiffe and strong, *Ferentes*.

*Gia.* A Rhedish root is a speare of Steele in comparison of I. know what. —

*Feren.* The Marquesse doth loue you.

*Man.* She doth loue me.

*Feren.* And begins to doe you infinite grace. *Mauricio*, infinite grace.

*Fer.* I'll take this time :  
Good houre, my Lords, to both.

*Man.* Right Princely *Fernando*, the best of the *Fernando's* : by the pith of generation, the man I looke for. His Highnes hath sent to find you out ; hee 'is determin'd to weather his owne proper individuall person, for two dayes space, in my Lord *Narbassa's* Forrest, to hunt the Deere, the Bucke, the Roe, and eke the Barren Doe.

*Fer.* Is his Highnesse preparing to hunt ?

*Feren.* Yes, my Lord, and resolu'd to lye forth for the breuiating the prolixity of some superfluous transmigration of the Suns double Cadence to the western *Horizon*, my most perspicuous good Lord.

*Fer.* Oh, Sir, let mee beseech you to speake in your owne mother tongue — two dayes absence. — well — my Lord *Mauricio*, I haue a sute t'ee.

*Man.* My Lord *Fernando*, I haue a sute to you.

*Fer.* That you wil accept from me a very choice token of my loue, will you grant it ?

*Man.* Will you grant mine ?

*Fer.* What is't ?

*Man.*



*Man.* Onely to know what the sute is, you please to pre-  
ferre to me.

*Fer.* Why 'tis, my Lord, a Foole.

*Man.* A Foole?

*Fer.* As very a Foole

As your Lordship is ——— hopefull to see in any time of  
your life.

*Gia.* Now good my Lord part not with the Foole on  
any termes.

*Man.* I beseech you, my Lord, has the foole qualities?

*Fer.* Very rare ones:

You shall not heare him speake one wise word in a months  
conuerse; passing temperate of dyet, for keep him from meat  
foure and twenty houres, and he will fast a whole day and a  
night together: vnlesse you vrge him to sweare, there sel-  
dome comes an oath from his mouth: and of a Foole, my  
Lord, to tell yee the plaine truth, had'a but halfe as much  
wit as you, my Lord, he would be in short time three quar-  
ters as arrant wise as your Lordship.

*Man.* *Giacopo*, these are very rare elements in a creature  
of little vnderstanding: oh, that I long to see him.

*Enter Petruchio, and Roscillo like a foole.*

*Fer.* A very harmlesse Ideot,  
And as you could wish, looke where he comes.

*Petr.* Nephew, here is the thing you sent for:  
Come hither Foole, come 'tis a good foole.

*Fer.* Here, my Lord,  
I freely giue you the Foole, pray vse him well for my sake.

*Man.* I take the Foole most thankfully at your hands,  
my Lord: Hast any qualities, my pretty foole? wilt dwell  
with me?

*Ros.* A, a, a, a, I.

*Feren.* I neuer beheld a more naturall Creature in my life.

*Fer.* Vncle, the Duke I heare prepares to hunt:  
Let's in and wait. Farewel *Mauucio*. — *Exit Fer. et Petr.*

*Man.* Beast that I am, not to aske the fooles name:  
'Tis no matter, Foole is a sufficient title to call

## *Loves Sacrifice.*

The greatest Lord in the Court by, if he be no wiser then he.

*Gia.* Oh my Lord, what an arrant excellent pretty creature 'tis? come hony, hony, hony, come.

*Fere.* You are beholding to my Lord *Fernando* for this gift.

*Man.* True; oh that he could but speake methodically! Canst speake, Foole?

*Ros.* Can speake; De e e e —

*Feren.* 'Tis a present for an Emperour: What an excellent instrument were this to purchase a sute, or a monopoly from the Dukes care?

*Man.* I haue it, I am wise and fortunate; *Giacopo*, I will leaue all conceits, and instead of my picture, offer the Lady Marquesse this mortall man of weake brayne.

*Gia.* My Lord you haue most rarely bethought you; For so shall she no oftner see the Foole, But she shall remember you better, Then by a thousand Looking-glasses.

*Feren.* She will most graciously entertaine it.

*Man.* I may tell you, *Ferentes*, there's not a great woman amongst forty, but knowes how to make sport with a Foole. Dost know how old thou art, sirrah?

*Ros.* Dud — a clap check for nowne sake gaffer. he e e e e.

*Feren.* Alas, you must aske him no questions; but clap him on the cheek: I vnderstand his language; your Foole is the tender hearted'st creature that is.

*Enter Fiormonda, D'auolos, Iulia.*

*Fior.* No more, thou hast, in this discouery, Exceeded all my fauours, *D'auolos*. Is't mistress Madam Dutchesse? braue reuenge.

*R. D.* But had your Grace seene the infinite appetite of lust in the piercing adultery of his eye, you would —

*Fior.* Or change him, or confound him, prompt dissembler! Is here the bond of his Religious vow?

And that, now when the Duke is rid abroad, My Gentleman will stay behind, is sicke — or so.

*R. D.* Not altogether in health, it was the excuse he made.

*Man.* Most fit opportunitie.

*Her.*

## Loues Sacrifice.

Her grace comes iust i'th nicke; let me study.

*Feren.* Lose no time, my Lord.

*Gia.* To her, Sir.

*Mau.* Vouchsafe to stay thy foot, most *Cynthia* hue.

And from a Creature, euer vow'd thy seruant,  
Accept this gift; most rare, most fine, most new,  
The earnest peny of a loue so feruent.

*Fior.* What meanes the jolly youth?

*Mau.* Nothing, sweet Princeesse,

But onely to present your grace with this sweet fac'd Foole;  
please you to accept him to make you merry; I'll assure your  
Grace, he is a very wholesome Foole.

*Fior.* A foole? you might as well ha giuen your selfe:  
Whence is he?

*Mau.* Now, iust very now, giuen me out of speciall fauour,  
by the Lord *Fernando*, Madam.

*Fior.* By him? well, I accept him; thanke you for't:  
And in requitall, take that Tooth-picker.  
'Tis yours.

*Mau.* A Tooth-picker; I kisse your bounty: no quibble now?  
And Madam,

If I grow sicke, to make my spirits quicker,  
I will reniue them with this sweet Tooth-picker.

*Fior.* Make use on't as you list; here *D'anoles*,  
Take in the Foole.

*R.D.* Come, sweet heart, wilt along with me?

*Ros.* V v vmh—v v vmh—won not, won not—v v vmh

*Fior.* Wilt goe with me, chicke?

*Ros.* Will goe, tee e—goe will goe—

*Fior.* Come *D'anoles*, obserue to night; 'tis late:  
Or I will win my choyce, or curse my fate.

*Exit Fior. Ros. & D'anoles.*

*Feren.* This was wisely done now: S'foot you purchase  
A fauour from a Creature, my Lord, the greatest King of the  
earth wud be proud of.

*Mau.* *Giacopo!*

*Gia.* My Lord.



## Loues Sacrifice.

*Man.* Come behind me, *Giacopo*; I am big with conceit, and must be deliuered of poetry, in the eternall commendation of this gracious *Tooth-picker*: but first, I hold it a most healthy policy to make a slight supper.

For meat's the food that must preserue our liues,  
And now's the time, when mortals whet their knives  
on thresholds, shoo-soles, Cart-wheeles, &c. Away *Giacopo*.  
*Exeunt.*

*Enter Colona with lights, Biancha, Fiormonda, Iulia, Fernando, and D'auolos; Colona placeth the lights on a Table, and sets downe a Chesse-board.*

*Bian.* 'Tis yet but early night, too soone to sleepe:  
Sister, shall's haue a mate at Chesse?

*Fior.* A mate!

No, Madam; you are growne too hard for me:  
My Lord *Fernando* is a fitter match.

*Bian.* He's a well practiz'd gamester:  
Well, I care not, how cunning so er'e he be,  
To passe an houre; I'll try your skill, my Lord;  
Reach here the Chesse-board.

*R.D.* Are you so apt to try his skill, Madam Dutchesse?  
Very good.

*Fer.* I shall bewray too much my ignorance  
In striuing with your Highnesse; 'tis a game  
I lose at still, by ouersight.

*Bian.* Well, well, I feare you not, let's too't.

*Fior.* You need not, Madam.

*R.D.* Marry needs she not; how gladly will shee too't?  
'tis a *Rooke* to a *Queene*, she heaues a *pawne* to a *Knights place*;  
by'r lady, if all be truly noted, to a *Dukes place*; and that's be-  
side the play, I can tell ye.

*Fernando and Dutchesse, play.*

*Fior.* Madam, I must entreat excuse; I feele  
The temper of my body not in case  
To iudge the strife.

*Bian.* Lights for our sister, sirs:  
Good rest t'ee; I'll but end my game and follow.

*Fior.*



*Loues Sacrifice.*

*Fiorminda takes her leave, attended by D'anos and Iulia:  
as she goes out, she speaks to D'anos. —*

*Fior.* Let 'em haue time enough, and as thou canst,  
Be neare to heare their Courtship, *D'anos.*

*R, D.* Madam, I shall obserue 'em with all cunning secrecy.

*Bian.* *Colona*, attend our sister to her chamber,

*Col.* I shall Madam. — — — *Exit Fior. Col. Iul. & R. D.*

*Bian.* Play.

*Fer.* I must not lose th' advantage of the game :  
Madam, your Queene is lost.

*Bian.* My Clergy helpe me ;  
My Queene! and nothing for it but a pawne?  
Why then the game's lost too; but play.

*Fer.* What Madam?

*{ Fernando often  
looks about.*

*Bian.* You must needs play well,  
You are so studious. — — —

Fie vpon't, you study past patience : — — —

What d'ee dreame on? here's demurring

Would weary out a statue. — Good now play.

*Fer.* Forgiue me, let my knees for euer stick *he kneels.*

Nay! d to the ground, as earthy as my feares;

E're I arise, to part away so curst

In my vnbounded anguish, as the rage

Of flame's, beyond all Vtterance of words,

Deuoure me; lightned by your sacred eyes.

*Bian.* What meanes the man?

*Fer.* To lay before your feet

In lowest vassalage, the bleeding heart

That sighes the tender of a suit disdain'd.

*Great Lady* pittie me, my youth, my wounds,

And doe not thinke, that I haue cull'd this time:

From motions swiftest measure, to vnclaspe

The booke of lust; if purity of loue

Haue residenee in vertues quest; loe here,

Bent lower in my heart than on my knee,

I beg compassion to a loue, as chaste

As softnesse of desire can intimate.

*Enter*

*Loues Sacrifice.*

*Enter D'auolos, iecring and listning.*

*R. D.* At it already? admirable hast.

*Bian.* Am I againe betray'd? — bad man.

*Fer.* Keepe in

Bright Angell, that senerer breath, to coole  
That heat or cruelty, which swayes the Temple  
Of your too stony breast; you cannot vrge  
One reason to rebuke my trembling plea,  
Which I haue not, with many nights expence,  
Examin'd; but, O *Madam*, still I find  
No Physicke strong to cure a tortur'd mind,  
But freedome from the torture it sustaines.

*R. D.* Not kissing yet? still on your knees? O for a plump  
Bed and cleane sheets, to comfort the aking of his shinnes!  
We shall haue 'em clipp anon, and lispe kisses; here's ceremo-  
ny with a vengeance.

*Bian.* Rise vp, we charge you, rise; looke on our face. *Sherin*  
What see you there that may perswade a hope *Useth.*  
Of lawlesse loue? Know, most *unworthy man*,  
So much we hate the basenesse of thy lust,  
As were none liuing of thy sexe but thee,  
We had much rather prostitute our blood  
To some inuenom'd Serpent, then admit  
Thy bestiall dalliance: couldst thou dare to speake  
Againe, when we forbid? no, *wretched thing*,  
Take this for answer; If thou henceforth ope  
Thy leprous mouth to tempt our eare againe,  
We shall not onely certifie our Lord  
Of thy *disease in friendship*, but reuenge  
Thy boldnesse with the forfeit of thy life.  
Thinke on't.

*R. D.* Now, now, now the game is afoot, your gray Iennet  
with the white face is curried, forsooth; please your Lord-  
ship leape vp into the saddle, forsooth; — poore Duke, how  
does thy head ake now?

*Fer.* Stay, goe not hence in choller, *blessed woman*!  
Y'haue school'd me, lend me hearing; though the float

*Loues Sacrifice,*

Of infinite desires swell to a tide  
Too high so soone to ebbe, yet by this hand, *kisses her hand*  
This glorious gracious hand of yours ———

*R. D.* I marry, the match is made, clap hands and too't ho.

*Per.* I sweare,

Henceforth I neuer will as much in word,

In letter, or in sillable, presume

To make a repetition of my griefes.

Good night t'ee : if when I am dead you rip

This Coffin of my heart, *there shall you read*

*With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines,*

*Biancha's name caru'd out in bloody lines.*

For euer, Lady, now good night.

*Enter with lights.*

*Bian.* Good night :

Rest in your goodnesse ; lights there ; Sir good night.

*Exeunt sundry wayes.*

*R. D.* So, *via* — to be cuckold (mercy and prouidence) is as natural to a married man, as to eat sleep or weare a night-cap. Friends ! I will rather trust mine arme in the throat of a Lion, my purse with a Curtezan, my necke with the chance on a Dye, or my Religion in a Synagogue of Iewes, then my wife with a friend ; wherein doe Princes exceed the poorest peasant that euer was yoak'd to a sixpenny strumpet, but that the hornes of the one are mounted some two inches higher by a *Choppine* then the other ? oh *Alceon* ! the goodliest headed beast of the Forrest, amongst wild cattle, is a Stag ; and the goodliest beast amongst tame fooles in a Corporation is a Cuckold.

*Enter Fiormonda.*

*Fior.* Speake *D'auolos*, how thrines intelligence ?

*R. D.* Aboue the preuention of Fate, Madam : I saw him kneele, make pittifull faces, kisse hands and forefingers, rise and by this time he is vp, vp Madam : doubtlesse the youth aymes to be Duke, for hee is gotten into the Dukes seat an hower agoe.

*Fior.* Is't true ?

*R. D.* Oracle, oracle ; siege was laid, parley admitted, com-  
position



*Loues Sacrifice.*

sition offered, and the Fort entred; there's no interruption,  
the Duke will be at home to morrow (gentle *Animal*) what  
d'ee resolute?

*Fior.* To stirre vp Tragedies as blacke as braue;  
And sending the Lecher panting to his graue. — *Exeunt.*

*Enter Biancha, her haire about her eares, in her night mantle;  
she drawes a Curtaine, where Fernando is discovered in  
bed, sleeping, she sets downe the Candle before the Bed,  
and goes to the Bed side.*

*Bian.* Resolute, and doe; 'tis done. What, are those eyes  
Which lately were so ouerdrown'd in teares,  
So easie to take rest? Oh happy man!  
How sweetly sleepe hath seal'd vp sorrowes here?  
But I will call him: What? *My Lord, my Lord,  
My Lord Fernando.*

*Fer.* Who calls me?

*Bian.* My Lord,  
Sleeping or waking?

*Fer.* Ha! who is't?

*Bian.* 'Tis I:

Haue you forgot my voyce? or is your eare  
But vlesfull to your eye?

*Fer.* Madam, the Dutchesse?

*Bian.* Shee, 'tis she; sit vp,  
Sit vp and wonder, whiles my sorrowes swell:  
The nights are short, and I haue much to say.

*Fer.* Is't possible, 'tis you?

*Bian.* 'Tis possible;  
Why doe you thinke I come?

*Fer.* Why! to crowne ioyes,  
And make me master of my best desires.

*Bian.* 'Tis true, you guesse aright; sit vp and listen:  
With shame and passion now I must confesse,  
Since first mine eyes beheld you, in my heart  
You haue beene onely King; if there can be  
A violence in loue, then I haue felt  
That tyranny; be record to my soule,



## *Loues Sacrifice.*

The Iustice which I for this folly feare :

*Fernando*, in short words, how e're my tongue  
Did often chide thy loue, each word thou spak'it  
Was musicke to my eare ; was neuer poore  
Poore wretched woman liu'd, that lou'd like me ;  
So truly, so vnfaignedly.

*Fer.* Oh Madam —————

*Bian.* To witnesse that I speake is truth, — looke here,  
Thus singly I aduenture to thy bed,  
And doe confesse my weaknesse ; if thou tempt'it  
My bosome to thy pleasures, I will yeeld.

*Fer.* Perpetuall happinesse !

*Bian.* Now heare me out :

When first *Caraffa*, *Pany's Duke*, my Lord,  
Saw me, he lou'd me ; and without respect  
Of dower, tooke me to his bed and bosome,  
Aduanc'd me to the titles I possesse ;  
Nor mou'd by *Connsell*, or remou'd by *greatnesse* ;  
Which to requite, betwixt my soule and heauen,  
I vow'd a vow to liue a constant wife ;  
I haue done so : nor was there in the world  
A man created, could haue broke that truth  
For all the glories of the earth, but thou ;  
But thou, *Fernando* : Doe I loue thee now ?

*Fer.* Beyond imagination.

*Bian.* True, I doe,

Beyond imagination : if noplege  
Of loue can instance what I speake is true,  
But losse of my best ioyes, here, here, *Fernando*,  
Be satisfied, and ruine me.

*Fer.* What d'ee meane ?

*Bian.* To giue my body vp to thy embraces,  
A pleasure that I neuer wish'd to thrine in,  
Be fore this fatall minute : marke me now ;  
If thou dost spoyle me of this *robe of shame*,  
By my best comforts, here I vow agen,  
To thee, to heauen, to the world, to time,

*Loues Sacrifice.*

E're yet the morning shall new christen day,  
I'll kill my selfe.

*Fer.* How madam, how?

*Bian.* I will:

Doe what thou wilt, 'tis in thy choyce; what say yee?

*Fer.* Pish, doe you come to try me? tell me, first,  
Will you but grant a kisse?

*Bian.* Yes, take it; that,

Or what thy heart can wish: I am all thine. *Kisses her.*

*Fer.* Oh me — Come, come, how many women pray  
Were euer heard or read of, granted loue,  
And did as you protest you will?

*Bian. Fernando;*

Iest not at my calamity: I kneele: — *She kneels.*

By these disheauel'd hayres, these wretched teares,

By all that's good, if what I speake, my heart

Vowes not eternally, then thinke, my Lord,

Was neuer man su'd to me I deny'd,

Thinke me a common and most cunning whore,

And let my sinnes be written on my graue,

My name rest in reproofe. — Doe as you list

*Fer.* I must belecue ye, yet I hope anon,

When you are parted from me, you will say

I was a good cold easie-spirited man:

Nay, laugh at my simplicity; say, will ye?

*Bian.* No by the faith I owe my Bridall vowes;

But euer hold thee much much dearer farre

Then all my ioyes on earth, by this chaste kisse.

*Fer.* You haue preuail'd, and heauen forbid that I

Should by a wanton appetite prophane

This sacred Temple; 'tis enough for me

You'll please to call me seruant.

*Bian.* Nay, be thine:

Command my power, my bosome; and I'll write

This loue within the tables of my heart.

*Fer.* Enough; I'll master passion, and triumph

In being conquer'd; adding to it this,

## *Loues Sacrifice?*

In you my loue, as it begun, shall end.

*Bian.* The latter I new vow — but day comes on,  
What now we leaue vnfinish'd of content,  
Each houre shall perfect vp : Sweet, let's part.

*Fer.* This kisse, — best life good rest.

*Kisse.*

*Bian.* All mine to thee.

Remember this, and thinke I speake thy words :

*When I am dead, rip vp my heart and read  
With constant eyes, what now my tongue desires,  
Fernando's name caru'd out in bloody lines.*

Once more good rest, Sweet.

*Fer.* Your most faithfull seruant,

*Exeunt*

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## *Actus Tertius.*

*Enter Nibrasa chafing, after him Iulia weeping.*

*Nib.* **G**Et from me, strumpet, infamous whore, leprosie of  
my blood, make thy moane to Ballad singers, and  
Rimers, they'll ligge out thy wretchednesse and abominati-  
ons to newtunes; as for me, I renounce thee, th'art no daugh-  
ter of mine, I disclayne the legitimation of thy birth, and  
Curse the houre of thy Natiuity.

*Iul.* Pray Sir vouchsafe me hearing.

*Nib.* With child ! shame to my graue !

Oh whoore, wretched beyond vtterance or reformation !

What would'st say ?

*Iul.* Sir, by the honor of my mothers hearse,  
He has protested marriage, pledg'd his faith :  
If vows haue any force, I am his wife.

*Nib.* His faith ?

Why thou foole, thou wickedly credulous foole,  
Canst thou imagine Luxury is obseruant of Religion ? No, no,  
it is with a frequent Lecher as visuall to forswear as to  
sweare, their piety is in making idolatry a worship, their  
F. 3 hearts



## *Loves Sacrifice.*

harts and their tongues are as different as thou (thou whore!) and a Virgin.

*Iul.* You are too violent, his truth will proue  
His constancy, and so excuse my fault.

*Nibr.* Shamelesse woman! this beleefe will damne thee:  
how will thy Lady Marquesse iustly reprove me, for prefer-  
ring to her seruice a monster of so lewd and impudent a life?  
Looke too't; if thy smooth diuell leaue thee to thy infamy,  
I will neuer pittie thy mortall pangs, neuer lodge thee vnder  
my roofe, neuer owne thee for my childe; mercy bee my  
witnesse. ———

*Enter Petruchio, leading Colona.*

*Petr.* Hide not thy folly by vnwise excuse,  
Thou art vndone, *Colona*; no entreaties,  
No warning, no perswasion, could put off  
The habit of thy dotage on that man  
Of much deceit, *Ferentes*: would thine eyes  
Had seene me in my graue, e're I had knowne  
The staine of this thine honour.

*Col.* Good my Lord,  
Reclaime your incredulitie; my fault  
Proceeds from lawfull composition  
Of Wedlocke; he hath seal'd his oath to mine,  
To be my husband.

*Nibr.* Husband? hey da! is't euen so? nay then we haue  
partners in affliction: if my jolly gallants long Clapper haue  
strucke on both sides, all is well: *Petruchio*, thou art not wise  
enough to be a Parator; come hither man, come hither, speak  
softly, is thy daughter with child?

*Petr.* With child, *Nibrassa*?

*Nib.* Fo, doe not trick me off, I ouerheard your gabling;  
Harke in thine eare, so is mine too.

*Petr.* Alas, my Lord, by whom?

*Nib.* Innocent by whom: what an idle question is that?  
One Cocke hath trod both our Hens, *Ferentes, Ferentes*: who  
else? How dost take it? me thi kes thou att wondrous pa-  
tient: Why, I am mad, starke mad.

*Petr.*



*Loues Sacrifice.*

*Petr.* How like you this, *Colona*, 'tis too true?  
Did not this man protest to be your husband?

*Col.* Ay me, to me he did.

*Nib.* What else, what else, *Petruchio*? and Madam, my quondam daughter, I hope h'auē past some huge words of matrimony to you too.

*Iul.* Alas, to me he did.

*Nib.* And how many more, the great *Incubus* of hel knows best: *Petruchio*, giue me your hand, mine owne daughter in this arme, and yours, *Colona*, in this; there, there, sit ye down together; neuer rise, as you hope to inherit our blessings, till you haue plotted some braue reuenge: thinke vpon it to purpose, and you shall want no seconds to further it, be secret one to another: Come, *Petruchio*, let 'em alone, the wenches will demurre on't, and for the proceſſe, wee'll giue 'em courage.

*Petr.* You counsell wisely, I approue your plot:  
Thinke on your shames, and who it was that wrought 'em.

*Nib.* I, I, I, leaue them alone: to worke, wenches, to worke.

*Exeunt.*

*Iul.* We are quite ruin'd.

*Iul.* True, *Colona*,  
Betray'd to infamy, deceiu'd and mock'd  
By an vnconstant Villaine; what shall's doe?  
I am with childe.

*Col.* Hey-ho, and so am I:  
But what shall's doe now?

*Iul.* This; with cunning words  
First proue his loue; he knowes I am with child.

*Col.* And so he knowes I am: I told him on't  
Last meeting in the lobby, and in troth  
The false deceiuer laugh'd.

*Iul.* Now by the starres he did the like to me,  
And said, 'twas well I was so hap'ly sped.

*Col.* Those very words  
He vs'd to me; it fretted me to'th heart.  
I'll be reueng'd,

*Enter*

## Loues Sacrifice:

*Enter Ferentes, and Morona an old Lady.*

*Iul.* Peace, here's a noyse me thinkes :

Let's rite, wee'll take a time to talke of this ?

*Feren.* Will yee ? hold : death of my delights, haue yee lost all sense of shame ? y'are best rore about the Court, that I haue beene your womans-barber, and trimm'd yce, kinde  
*Morona.*

*Mor.* Defiance to thy kindnesse, th'ast robd me of my good name, didst promise to loue none but mee, mee, onely mee ; swor'st, like an vnconscionable villaine, to marry mee the twelfth day of the month, two months since ; didst make my bed thine owne, mine house thine owne, mine, all and euery thing thine owne, I will exclaime to the world on thee, and begge Iustice of the Duke himselte : Villaine, I will.

*Feren.* Yet againe ; nay, and if you be in that mood, shut vp your fore-shop, I'll be your Iourney-man no longer : why wise *Madam Dryfish*, could your mouldy braine bee so addle, to imagine I would marry a stale widdow at six and forty ? Marry gip, are there not varieties enough of thirteene ? come, stop your *Clap-dish*, or I'll purchase a Carting for you : By this light, I haue toyl'd more with this tough *Carrion hen*, then with ten *Quailes*, scarce growne into their first *Feathers*.

*Mor.* O Treason to all honesty or Religion, speake thou periur'd-damnable-vngracious-defiler of women, who shall father my child which thou hast begotten ?

*in Feren.* Why thee, Country woman ; th'ast a larger purse to pay for the nursing : nay, if you'll needs haue the world know how you, reputed a *grane-Matron-like Motherly-Madam*, kick'd vp your heeles like a lennet, whose mark is new come into her mouth, ee'ne doe, doe ; the worst can be said of me is, that I was ill aduis'd to digge for gold in a *Cole-pit* : Are you answer'd ?

*Mor.* Answer'd ?

*Iul.* Let's fall amongst 'em, — Loue — how is't chick ? ha.

*Col.* My deere *Ferentes*, my betrothed Lord.

*Fereu.* Excellent : oh for three Barbary stone horses to top three Flanders Mares ? why how now Wenches, what means this ?  
*Mor.*

## Loues Sacrifice,

*Mor.* Out vpon me, here's more of his trulls.

*Inl.* Lone, you must goe with me.

*Col.* Good Loue, let's walke.

*Feren.* I must rid my hands of 'em, or they'll ride on my shoulders; by your leaue, Ladies: here's none but is of *Common Counsaile* one with another: in short, there are three of ye with child, you tell me *by me*: all of you I cannot satisfie, (nor indeed handsomely any of ye) you all hope I should marry you, which for that it is impossible to be done, I am content to haue neither of ye; for your looking big on the matter, keepe your owne Counsailes, Ple not bewray ye; but for marriage, heauen blesse ye, & me frō ye; this is my resolution.

*Col.* How, not me!

*Inl.* Not me!

*Mor.* Not me!

*Feren.* Nor you, nor you, nor you.

And to giue you some satisfaction, I'le yeeld you reasons: you, *Colona*, had a pretty art in your dalliance, but your fault was, you were *too suddenly won*; you, *Madam Morona*, could haue pleas'd wel enough some three or foure & thirty yeares agoe, but you are *too old*; you, *Iulia*, were young enough, but your fault is, you haue a *scurry face*; now euery one knowing her proper defect, thanke me, that I euer vouchsaf'd you the honor of my bed once in your liues: if you want clouts, al I'le promise, is to rip vp an old shirt or two, so wishing a speedy deliuerāce to al your burdēs, I cōmend you to your patience

*Mor.* Excellent.

*Inl.* Notable.

*Col.* Vnmatch'd Villaine.

*Inl.* Madam, though strangers, yet we vnderstand Your wrongs doe equall ours; which to reuenge, Please but to ioyne with vs, and wee'll redeeme Our losse of honour, by a braue exploit.

*Mor.* I embrace your motion, Ladies, with gladnesse, and will strue by any action to ranke with you in any danger.

*Col.* Come Gentlewomen, let's together then, Thrice happy maids that neuer trusted men. —

*Exeunt.*



## Loues Sacrifice.

*Enter Duke, Bianca supported by Fernando, Fiormonda, Petru-  
chio, Nibbrassa, Ferentes, and D'auolos.*

*Duke.* *Roseilli* will not come then? will not? well,  
His pride shall ruine him. — Our letters speake  
The Dutchesse Vncle will be here to morrow.  
To morrow, *D'auolos.*

*R.D.* To morrow night, my Lord, but not to make more  
then one dayes abode here: for his Holinesse has commanded  
him to be at *Rome* the tenth of this month, the Conclauē of  
Cardinals not being resolu'd to sit till his comming.

*Duke.* Your Vncle (*Sweet-hart*) at his next returne,  
Must be saluted Cardinal: *Ferentes,*  
Be it your charge to thinke on some deuice  
To entertaine the present with delight.

*Fer.* My Lord, in honour to the Court of *Pauy.*  
Ile ioyne with you: *Ferentes,* not long since,  
I saw in *Bruxels*, at my being there,  
The Duke of *Brabant* welcome the Arch-bishop  
Of *Metz* with rare conceit, euen on a sudden  
Perform'd by Knights and Ladies of his Court,  
In nature of an Anticke; which, me thought,  
(For that I ne're before saw women Anticks)  
Was for the newnesse strange, and much commended.

*Bian.* Now good my Lord *Fernando* further this  
In any wise, it cannot but content.

*Fior.* If she intreat, 'tis ten to one the man  
Is won before hand.

*Duke.* Friend, thou honour'st me:  
But can it be so speedily perform'd?

*Fer.* Ile vndertake it, if the Ladies please  
To exercise in person onely that;  
And we must haue a Foole, or such an one  
As can with Art well act him.

*Fior.* I shall fit yee,  
I haue a naturall.

*Fer.* Best of all, Madam; then nothing wants:  
You must make one, *Ferentes.*

*Ferentes.*



## *Loves Sacrifice.*

*Feren.* With my best service and dexterity, my Lord.

*Petr.* This falls out happily, *Nibrassa.*

*Nib.* We could not wish it better :

Heaven is an vnbrib'd Iustice.

*Duke.* Wee'll meet our Vncle in a sol emne grace  
Of zealous presence, as becomes the Church :

See all the Quire be ready, *D'auolos.*

*R.D.* I haue already made your Highnesse pleasure known  
to them.

*Bian* Your lip, my Lord !

*Fer.* Madam.

*Bian.* Perhaps your teeth haue bled, wip't with my hand-  
kercher ; giue me, I'll doo't my selfe.—Speake, shall I steale  
a kisse ? beleue me, my Lord, I long.

*Fer.* Not for the world.

*Fior.* Apparant impudence.

*R.D.* Beshrew my heart, but that's not so good.

*Duke.* Ha, what's that thou mislik'st *D'auolos* ?

*R.D.* Nothing, my Lord, — but I was hammering a  
conceit of mine own, which cannot (I find) in so short a time  
thriue, as a dayes practise.

*Fior.* Well put off, Secretary.

*Duke.* We are too sad, me thinks the life of mirth  
Should still be fed where we are ;  
Where's *Maurucio* ?

*Feren* And't please your Highnesse, hee's of late growne  
so affectionately inward with my Lady Marquesses Foole,  
that I presume he is confident, there are few wise men wor-  
thy of his society, who are not as innocently harmelesse as  
that creature ; it is almost impossible to seperate them, and  
'tis a question which of the two is the wiser man.

*Duke.* Would 'a were here, I haue a kind of dulnesse  
Hangs on me since my hunting, that I feele  
As 'twere a disposition to be sicke, my head is euer aking.

*R.D.* A shrewd ominous token ; I like not that neither.

*Duke.* Againel what is't you like not ?

*R.D.* I beseech your Highnesse excuse me ; I am so busie  
with

## *Loues Sacrifice.*

with his frivolous proiect, and can bring it to no shape, that it almost confounds my capacity.

*Blas.* My Lord, you were best to try a set at Maw; I and your friend, to passe away the time, Will vndertake your Highnesse and your sister

*Duke.* The game's too tedious.

*Fior.* 'Tis a peeuish play,  
Your *Knave* will heaue the *Queene* out, or your *King*;  
Besides, 'tis all on fortune.

*Enter Maurucio, Roseillilike a foole, and Giacopo.*

*Man.* Blessè thee, most excellent Duke; I here present thee as worthy and learned a Gentleman, as euer I (and yet I haue liued threescore yeares) conuers'd with; rake it from me, I haue try'd him, and is worthy to be priuy-Counsayler to the greatest *Turke in Christendome*: of a most apparant and deep vnderstanding, slow of speech, but speaks to the purpose; Come forward, Sir, and appeare before his Highnesse in your owne proper Elements.

*Ros.* Will—tye—to da new toate sure la now.

*Gia.* A very senselesse Gentleman, and please your Highnesse, one that has a great deale of little wit, as they say.

*Man.* Oh Sir, had you heard him as I did, deliuer whole histories in the *Tangay tongue*, you would sweare there were not such a linguist breath'd againe; and did I but perfectly vnderstand his language, I would be confident, in lesse then two houres, to distinguish the meaning of Bird, Beast, or Fish, naturally, as I my selfe speake Italian, my Lord. — Well, he has rare qualities.

*Duke.* Now prethe question him, *Maurucio*.

*Man.* I will, my Lord.

Tell me, rare scholler, which in thy opinion,  
Doth cause the strongest breath,—garlick or onion?

*Gia.* Answer him, brother foole; doe, doe, speak thy mind chucked, doe.

*Ros.* Haue bid seen all da fyne knack, and d'ee  
Naghtye tat-tle of da knaue, dad la haue so.

*Duke.* We vnderstand him not.

*Man.*

## Loues Sacrifice:

*Man.* Admirable, I protest, Duke; marke oh Duke, mark! What did I aske him, *Giacopo*?

*Gia.* Which caused the strongest breath, gar, eke or ony-  
ons, I take it, Sir.

*Man.* Right, right by *Hellicon*; and his answer is, that a knane has a stronger breath then any of 'em; wisdom (or I am an Assle) in the highest, a direct Figure; put it downe, *Giacopo*.

*Duke.* How happy is that Ideot, whose ambition  
Is but to eat, and sleepe, and shun the rod:  
Men that haue more of wit, and vse it ill,  
Are fooles in proofe.

*Bian.* True, my Lord, there's many  
Who thinke themselues most wise, that are most fooles.

*R.D.* Bitter girds if all were knowne, — but —

*Duke.* But what? speake out; plague on your muttering  
Grumbling, I heare you, Sir, what is't?

*R.D.* Nothing, I protest, to your Highnesse pertinent, to  
any moment.

*Duke.* Wel, Sir, remember. — Friend, you promis'd study:  
I am not well in temper; come *Biancha*,

Attend our friend *Ferentes*.

*Exeunt, manent Fer.*

*Fer.* *Ferentes*, take *Mauyucio* in with you { *Ros.* *Feron.* et *Man.*  
He must be one in action,

*Feron.* Come, my Lord, I shall intreat your helpe.

*Fer.* I'll stay the Foole:

And follow instantly.

*Man.* Yes, pray, my Lord.

*Exeunt Feron. et Man.*

*Fer.* How thrive your hopes now, Couzen?

*Ros.* Are we safe?

Then let me cast my selfe beneath thy foot,  
True vertuous Lord: Know then, Sir, her proud heart  
Is onely fix'd on you, in such extremes  
Of violence and passion, that I feare,  
Or shee'll enioy you, or shee'll ruine you.

*Fer.* Me, Cooze; by all the ioyes I wish to taste,  
shee is as farre beneath thy thought, as I



## *Loues Sacrifice.*

In soule aboute her malice.

*Ref.* I obseru'd  
Euen now, a kind of dangerous pretence  
In an vn-ioynted phrase from *D'auolos* :  
I know not hir intent; but this I know,  
He has a working braine, is minister  
To all my Ladies counsels; and (my Lord)  
Pray heauen there haue not any thing besalne  
Within the knowledge of his subtil Art,  
To doe you mischife.

*Fer.* Pish; should he or hell  
Affront me in the passage of my fate,  
I'de crush them into Atomies.

*Ref.* I, doe; admit you could, meane time, my Lord,  
Be nearest to your selfe, what I can learne  
You shall be soone inform'd of: here is all  
We fooles can catch the wise in; to vnknot  
By priuilege of coxcombes, what they plot. ————— *Exeunt*

*Enter Duke and D'auolos.*

*Duke.* Thou art a Traytor: doe not thinke the glosse  
Of smooth evasion, by your cunning icetts,  
And coynage of your politicians braine,  
Shall jig me off: I'le know't, I vow I will.  
Did not I note your darke abrupted ends  
Of words halfe spoke? your *wel's*, if all were knowne?  
Your short, I like not that? your girds, and *Buts*?  
Yes (Sir) I did: such broken language argues  
More matter then your subtilty shall hide:  
Tell me, what is't? by Honors selfe I'le know.

*R.D.* What would you know, my Lord? I confesse I owe  
my life and seruice to you, as to my Prince; the one you haue,  
the other you may take from me at your pleasure: should I  
denie matter to feed your distrust, or suggest likelihoods  
without appearance? what would you haue me say? I know  
nothing.

*Duke.* Thou ly'st, *dissembler*; on thy brow I read  
Disaffected horrors figur'd in thy looks.



## *Loues Sacrifice.*

On thy alleageance, *D'auolos*, as e're  
Thou hop'st to liue in grace with vs, vnfold  
What by thy party halting of thy speech  
Thy knowledge can discouer: By the faith  
We beare to sacred Iustice, we protest,  
Be it er good, or euil, thy reward  
Shall be our speciall thanks, and loue vn-term'd:  
Speake, on thy duty, we thy Prince command.

*R.D.* Oh my disaster! my Lord, I am so charm'd by those  
powerfull repetitions of loue and duty, that I cannot co-  
reale what I know of your dishonor.

*Duke.* Dishonor! then my soule is cleft with feare:  
I halfe presage my misery, say on;  
Speake it at once, for I am great with griefe.

*R.D.* I trust your Highnesse will pardon mee, yet I will  
not deliuer a syllable which shall be lesse innocent then truth  
it selfe.

*Duke.* By all our wish of ioyes, we pardon thee.

*R.D.* Get from me cowardly seruility, my seruice is no-  
ble, and my loyalty an Armour of brasse: in short, my Lord,  
and plaine discouery, you are a *Cuckold*.

*Duke.* Keepe in the word, — a *Cuckold*?

*R.D.* *Fernando* is your Riual, has stolne your Dutchesse  
heart, murther'd friendship, hornes your head, and laughs at  
your hornes.

*Duke.* My heart is split.

*R.D.* Take courage, be a Prince in resolution; I knew it  
would nettle you in the fire of your composition, and was  
loath to haue giuen the first report of this more then ridicu-  
lous blemish to all patience or moderation. But, oh my Lord,  
what would not a subiect doe to approue his loyalty to his  
Soueraigne? yet, good Sir, take it as quietly as you can: I  
must needs say, 'tis a foule fault, but what man is hee vnder  
the Sun, that is free from the Careere of his destiny? may be  
she will in time reclaime the errors of her youth: or 'twere  
a great happinesse in you, if you could not belecue it; that's  
the surest way, my Lord, in my poore counsell.

*Duke.*

## Loues Sacrifice:

*Duke.* The ycie current of my frozen blood  
Is kindled vp in Agonies as hot  
As flames of burning sulphure : oh my fate !  
A Cuckold ? had my Duke domes whole inheritance  
Beene rent, mine honors leueld in the dust,  
So *she*, that *wicked woman*, might haue slept  
Chast in my bosome, 't had beene all a sport.  
And *he*, that *Villaine*, viper to my heart,  
That *he* should be the man !  
That *he* should be the man ; death aboue viterance !  
Take heed you proue this true.

*R.D.* My Lord.

*Duke.* If not,  
I'll teare thee ioynt by ioynt. — Pew, me thinks  
I should not be ; *Biancha* ! why, I tooke her  
From lower then a bondage ; hell of hels ?  
See that you make it good.

*R.D.* As for that, would it were as good as I would make  
it, I can (if you will temper your distractions) but bring you  
where you shall see it ; no more.

*Duke.* See it ?

*R.D.* I, see it, if that be prooffe sufficient : I for my part,  
will slacke no seruice that may testifie my simplicitie.

*Enter Fernando.*

*Duke.* Enough : — what newes *Fernando* ?

*Fer.* Sir, the Abbot is now vpon arrivall, all your seruants  
Attend your presence.

*Duke.* We will giue him welcome  
As shall besit our loue and his respect :  
Come mine owne best *Fernando*, my deere friend. — *Exeunt*

*R.D.* Excellent ! now for a horned Moone.

*Sound of Musicks.*

But I heare the preparation for the entertainment of this  
*great Abbot*, let him come and goe, that matters nothing to  
this ; whiles hee rides abroad in hope to purchase a purple  
hat, our Duke shall as earnestly heat the *pericranion* of his  
noddle, with a yellow hood at home : I heare 'em comming.

Loud

# Loues Sacrifice,

Loud Musicke.

*Enter 3. or 4. with Torches: after the Duke, Fernando, Biancha, Fiormonda, Petruchio, Nibrassa at one doore.*

*Enter at anoother doore, two Fryars, Abbot, and attendants: The Duke and Abbot meet and salute, Biancha and the rest salute, and are saluted; they ranke themselves, and goe out the Quire singing, D'auolos onely stayer.*

*R.D.* On to your vittailles; some of yee, I know, feed vp-  
on wormewood. *Exit.*

*Enter Petruchio and Nibrassa with napkins, as from supper.*

*Petr.* The Duke's on rising; are you ready ho?

*Within.* All ready.

*Nib.* Then, *Petruchio*, arme thy selfe with courage and resolution, and doe not shrinke from being stayed on thy owne vertue.

*Petr.* I am resolu'd.— fresh lights, I heare 'em comming.

*Enter some with lights: the Duke, Abbot, Biancha, Fiormonda, Fernando and D'auolos.*

*Duke.* Right Reuerend Vncle, tho our minds be scanted In giuing welcome as our hearts would wish,  
Yet we will strine to shew how much we ioy  
Your presence, with a Courtly shew of mirth.  
Please you to sit.

*Abbot.* Great Duke, your worthy honours to me,  
Shall still haue place in my best thanks:  
Since you in me so much respect the Church,  
Thus much I'll promise; at my next returne,  
His Holinesse shall grant an Indulgence  
Both large and generall.

*Duke.* Our humble duty  
Seat you, my Lords: now let the Masquers enter.

*Enter in an Anticke fashion, Ferentes, Roseilli, and Maurucio at severall doores, they dance a little: suddenly to them enter Colona, Inlia, Morona in odde shapes, and dance; the men gaze at them, are at a stand, and are invited by the women to dance, they dance together sundry changes, at last they close Ferentes in, Maurucio and Roseilli being*



## Loues Sacrifice.

shooke off, and standing at severall ends of the Stage gazing: The women hold hands and dance about Ferentes in diuers complementall offers of Courtship; at length they suddenly fall vpon him, and stab him, he falls downe, and they run out at severall doores.

### Cease Musicke.

Feren. Vncase me; I am slaine in iest, a pox vpon your outlandish feminine Antiks: pull off my Visor; I shall bleed to death, ere I haue time to feele where I am hurt: Duke, I am slaine, off with my visor, for heauens sake off with my visor.

*They unmaske him.*

Duke. Slaine? take this visor off; we are betray'd: Ceaze on them, two are yonder, hold, Ferentes; Follow the rest, apparant treachery.

Abbot. Holy St. Bennet, what a sight is this?

*Enter Iulia, Colona, and Morona unmask'd, euery one hauing a child in their armes.*

Iul. Be not amaz'd, great Princes, but vouchsafe Your audience; we are they haue done this deed: Looke here, the pledges of this false mans lust, Betray'd in our simplicities: He swore, And pawn'd his truth to marry each of vs; Abus'd vs all, vnable to reuenge Our publike shames, but by his publike fall, Which thus we haue contriu'd; nor doe we blush To call the glory of this murther ours: We did it, and wee'll iustifie the deed. For when in sad complaints we claym'd his voves, His answer was reproach; villaine, is't true?

Col. I was too quickly wonne, you slaue.

Mer. I was too old, you dogge.

Iul. I (and I neuer shall forget the wrong)

I was not faire enough, not faire enough

For thee, thou monster; let me cut his gall, *she stabs him.*

Not faire enough! Oh scorne! not faire enough?

Feren. O, o, oh. —

Duke. Forbeare, you monstrous women, doe not adde

Murther

## Loues Sacrifice.

Murther to lust : your lines shall pay this forfeit.

*Feren.* Pox vpon all Codpeece extrauagancy.

I am pepper'd — oh, oh, oh — Duke forgiue me.

Had I rid any tame beasts, but Barbary wild Colts,

I had not bin thus jerk'd out of the saddle.

My forfeit was in my blood, and my life hath answer'd it.

Vengeance on all wild whores, I say, — oh 'tis true ;

Farewell generation of Hackneyes. — ooh. *dyes.*

*Duke.* He is dead, to prison with those monstrous strumpets.

*Perr.* Stay, I'll answer for my daughter.

*Nib.* And I for mine : — oh well done, girles.

*Fer.* I for yon Gentlewoman, Sir.

*Man.* Good my Lord, I am an innocent in the businesse.

*Duke.* To prison with him ; beare the body hence.

*Abbot.* Here's fatall sad presages, but 'tis iust,  
He dyes by murther, that hath liu'd in lust. *Exeunt.*

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## Actus Quartus.

*Enter Duke, Fiermonda, and D'anoles,*

*Fier.* **A**Rt thou *Caraffa*'s there in thy veynes  
One drop of blood that issued from the loynes  
Of *Pany*'s ancient Dukes ? or dost thou sit  
On great *Lorenzo*'s seat, our glorious father,  
And canst not blush to be so farre beneath  
The spirit of Heroicke ancestors ?  
Canst thou ingrosse a slavish shame ? which men,  
Far far below the Region of thy state,  
Not more abhorre, then study to reuenge.  
Thou an Italian ? I could burst with rage,  
To thinke I haue a brother so befool'd,  
In giuing patience to a harlots lust.

*R.D.* One, my Lord, that doth so palpably, so apparantly  
make

## *Loves Sacrifice.*

make her Adulteries a Trophey, whiles the potting, sticke to  
her vnstatiate and more then goatish abomination, jeeres at,  
and flouts your sleepish, and more then sleepish security.

*Fior.* What is she, but the fallow-coloured brat  
Of some vnlanded banckrupt? taught to catch  
The easie fancies of young prodigall bloods,  
In springes of her stewe-instructed Art? Here's your most  
Vertuous Dutchesse, your rare peece.

*R.D.* More base in the infinitenesse of her sensuality,  
Then corruption can infect: to clip and inueagle  
Your friend too, oh vn sufferable! A friend? how of  
All men are you most vnfortunate? to poure out  
Your soule into the bosome of such a creature,  
As holds it Religion to make your owne trust a key,  
To open the passage to your owne wiues wombe,  
To be drunke in the priuacies of your bed:  
Thinke vpon that, Sir.

*Duke.* Be gentle in your tortures, ee'ne for pittie;  
For pittie's cause I begge it.

*Fior.* Be a Prince?  
Th'hadst better, Duke, thou hadst bin borne a peasant.  
Now boyes will sing thy scandall in the streets,  
Tune Ballads to thy infamy, get mony  
By making Pageants of thee, and inuent  
Some strangely-shap'd *man-beast*, that may for hornes  
Resemble thee, and call it *Pauy's Duke*.

*Duke.* Endlesse immortal plague.

*R.D.* There's the mischief, Sir:  
In the meane time you shall bee sure to haue a Bastard, (of  
whom you did not so much as beget a little toe, a left eare,  
or halfe the further side of an vpper lip) inherit both your  
Throne and Name; this would kill the soule of very pati-  
tience it selfe.

*Duke.* Forbeare; the ashy palenesse of my cheek  
Is scarletted in ruddy flakes of wrath:  
And like some bearded meteor shall sucke vp,

With



## *Loues Sacrifice:*

With swiftest terror, all those dusky mists  
That ouercloud Compassion in our brest.  
You haue rouz'd a sleeping Lion, whom no Art,  
No fawning smoothenesse shall reclaime, but blood.  
And *Sister* thou, thou *Roderico*, thou,  
From whom I take the surfeit of my bane,  
Henceforth no more so eagerly pursue,  
To whet my dulnesse; you shall see *Caraffa*  
Equall his birth, and matchlesse in reuenge.

*Fior.* Why now I heare you speake in maiesty.

*R.D.* And it becomes my Lord most Princely.

*Duke.* Does it? come hither, *Sister*; thou art neere  
In nature, and as neere to me in loue.  
I loue thee; yes, by yon bright firmament,  
I loue thee dearly: but obserue me well:  
If any priuate grudge, or female spleene,  
Malice, or enuy, or such womans frailty,  
Haue spurr'd thee on to set my soule on fire,  
Without apparent certainty; I vow  
And vow againe, by all Princely blood,  
Hadst thou a double soule, or were the liues  
Of fathers, mothers, children, or the hearts  
Of all our Tribes in thine, I would vnrip  
That wombe of bloody mischief with these nayles,  
Where such a cursed plot as this was hatcht.  
But *D'auolos*, for thee — no more; to worke  
A yet more strong impression in my braine,  
You must produce an instance to mine eye,  
Both present and apparent. — nay, you shall — or —

*Fior.* Or what? you will be mad? be rather wise:  
Thinke on *Ferentes* first, and thinke by whom  
The harmlesse youth was slaughter'd: had he liu'd,  
He would haue told you tales: *Fernando* fear'd it;  
And to preuent him, vnder shew, forsooth,  
Of rare device, most trimly cut him off.  
Haue you yet eyes, *Duke*?

*Duke.* Shrewdly vrg'd, — 'tis piercing,

## Loues Sacrifice.

*Fier.* For looking on a sight shall split your soules;  
You shall not care, I'll vndertake my selfe  
To do't some two dayes hence, for need to night,  
But that you are in Court.

*R.D.* Right; wud you desire, my Lord, to see them exchange kisses, sucking one anothers lips, nay, begetting an heire to the Dukedome, or practising more then the very act of adultery it selfe? Giue but a little way by a fained absence, and you shall find 'em — I blush to speake doing what: I am mad to thinke on't, you are most shamefully, most sinfully, most scornfully cornuted.

*Duke.* D'ee play vpon me? as I am your Prince,  
There's some shall rore for this: why what was I,  
Both to be thought or made so vild a thing?  
Stay — *Madam Marquess*, — ho *Roderico*, you Sir.  
Beare witnesse, that if euer I neglect  
One day, one houre, one minute, to weare out  
With royle of plot, or practice of conceit,  
My busie skull, till I haue found a death  
More horrid then the Bull of *Phalaris*,  
Or all the fabling Poets; dreaming whips:  
If euer I take rest, or force a smile  
Which is not borrowed from a Royall vengeance,  
Before I know which way to satisfie  
Fury and wrong: (nay kneele downe) let me dye  
More wretched then despaire, reproach, contempt,  
Laughter and pouerty it selfe can make me:  
Let's rise on all sides, friends; now all's agreed;  
If the Moone serue, some that are safe shall bleed.

*Enter Fernando, Biancha, and Morona.*

*Bian.* My Lord the Duke.

*Duke.* *Biancha*! ha, how is't?  
How is't, *Biancha*? what *Fernando*? come,  
Shal's shake hands, first? faith this is kindly done:  
Here's three as one; welcome deere *Wife*, sweet *Friend*.

*R.D.* I doe not like this now, it shewes scurnily to me.

*Bian.* My Lord we haue a suit, your friend and I.

*Duke*

*Loues Sacrifice.*

*Duke.* She puts my friend before most kindly still.

*Bian.* Must ioyne.

*Duke.* What must?

*Bian.* My Lord!

*Duke.* Must ioyne, you say.

*Bian.* That you will please to set *Maurucio*

At liberty: this Gentlewoman here,  
Hath by agreement made betwixt them two,  
Obtain'd him for her husband; good my Lord  
Let me intreat, I dare ingage mine honour  
He's innocent in any wilfull fault.

*Duke.* Your honour, Madam! now beshrew you for't,  
T' ingage your honour on so slight a ground:  
Honour's a precious Jewell, I can tell you;  
Nay, 'tis *Biancha*. — Goe too, *D'anoles*,  
Bring vs *Maurucio* hither.

*R.D.* I shall, my Lord. ————— *Exit D'anoles.*

*Mor.* I humbly thanke your grace.

*Fer.* And, Royall Sir, since *Julia* and *Celona*;  
Chiefe Actors in *Ferentes* tragicke end,  
Were, through their Ladies mediation,  
Freed by your gracious pardon; I, in pittie,  
Tendered this widowes friendlesse misery;  
For whose reprieue I shall in humblest duty  
Be euer thankfull.

*Enter D'anoles, Maurucio in poore rags, and Giacopo weeping.*

*Mau.* Come you my learned Counsell, doe not rore;  
If I must hang, why then lament therefore:  
You may reioyce, and both, no doubt, be great  
To serue your Priace, when I am turn'd wormes meat.  
I feare my lands, and all I haue, is begg'd,  
Else, woe is me, why should I be so ragg'd?

*R.D.* Come on, Sir, the Duke stayeres for you.

*Mau.* O how my stomacke doth begin to puke!  
When I doe heare that onely word, the Duke.

*Duke.* You, Sir, looke on that woman; are you pleas'd,  
If we remit your body from the jayle,



*Loues Sacrifice.*

To take her for your wife.

*Man.* On that condition, Prince, with all my heart.

*Mor.* Yes, I warrant your grace, he is content.

*Duke.* Why, foolish man, hast thou so soone forgot  
The publike shame of her abus'd wombe?

Her being mother to a Bastards birth?

Or canst thou but imagine she will be

True to thy bed, who to her selfe was false?

*Gia.* Phew, Sir, doe not stand vpon that, that's a matter of  
nothing, you know.

*Man.* Nay, and shall please your good grace, and it come  
to that, I care not; as good men as I haue lyen in foule sheets  
I am sure; the linnen has not beene much the worse for the  
wearing a little: I will haue her with all my heart.

*Duke.* And shalt: *Fernando*, thou shalt haue the grace  
To ioyne their hands, put 'em together, friend.

*Bian.* Yes, doe my Lord, bring you the Bridegroom hither,  
I'll giue the Bride my selfe.

*R.D.* Here's argument to jealousie, as good as drinke to  
the drop sic; shee will share any disgrace with him: I could  
not wish it better.

*Duke.* Euen so: well, doe it.

*Fer.* Here, *Maurucio*, long liue a happy couple.

*ioyne their hands.*

*Duke.* 'Tis enough, — now know our pleasure henceforth.

'Tis our will, if euer thou, *Maurucio*, or thy wife,

Be seene within a dozen miles at Court,

We will recall our mercy: no intreat

Shall warrant thee a minute of thy life:

Wee'll haue no seruile flauery of lust

Shall breath neere vs; dispatch and get ye hence.

*Biancha*, come with me. — oh my cleft soule!

*Exit Duke et Biancha.*

*Man.* How's that? must I come no more neere the Court?

*Gia.* O pittifull, not neere the Court, Sir.

*R.D.* Not by a dozen miles, indeed Sir: your only course  
I can aduise you, is to passe to *Naples*, and set vp a house of  
Carnality:

## *Loues Sacrifice,*

Carnality, there are very faire and frequent suburbs, and you need not feare the contagion of any pestilent disease, for the worst is very proper to the place.

*Fer.* 'Tis a strange sentence.

*Fior.* 'Tis, and sudden too,  
And not without some myserie.

*R.D.* Will you goe, Sir.

*Man.* Not neere the Court?

*Mor.* What matter is it, Sweet-heart, feare nothing,  
Loue, you shall haue new change of apparell, good diet,  
wholesome attendance, and wee will liue like pigeons, my  
Lord.

*Man.* Wilt thou forsake me, *Giacopo*?

*Gia.* I forsake yee? no, not as long as I haue a whole care  
on my head, come what will come.

*Fior.* *Maurucio*, you did once proffer true loue  
To me, but since you are more thrifter sped,  
For old affections sake here take this gold,  
Spend it for my sake.

*Fer.* Madam, you doe nobly;  
And that's for me, *Maurucio*.

*R.D.* Will ye goe, Sir?

*Man.* Yes, I will goe; and I humbly thank your Lordship  
and Ladiship: *Pany*, sweet *Pany* farwel: come wife, come *Gia-*  
Now is the time that we away must lag, *(Copo.*  
And march in pompe with baggage and with bag:  
O poore *Maurucio*! what hast thou mis-done?  
To end thy life when life was new begun.  
Adew to all; for Lords and Ladies see  
My wofull plight; and Squires of low degree:

*R.D.* Away, away, sirs. ——— *Exeunt, manent Fior. et Fer.*

*Fior.* My Lord *Fernando*.

*Fer.* Madam.

*Fior.* Doe you note my brothers odde distractions?  
You were wont to be some in his Counsailes;  
I am sure you know the ground on't.

*Fer.* Not I, in troth.

## *Loues Sacrifice.*

*Duke.* Troubled ! yes, I haue cause : O *Biancha* !  
Here was my fate engrauen in thy brow,  
This smooth faire polish't table ; in thy cheeks  
Nature summ'd vp thy dower : 'twas not wealth,  
The Myfers god, nor Royalty of blood,  
Aduanc'd thee to my bed ; but loue, and hope  
Of Vertue, that might equall those sweet lookes :  
If then thou shouldst betray my trust, thy faith,  
To the pollution of a base desire,  
Thou wert a wretched woman.

*Bian.* Speakes your loue,  
Or feare, my Lord ?

*Duke.* Both, both ; *Biancha*, know,  
The nightly languish of my dall vnrest  
Hath stamp't a strong opinion ; for me thought  
(Marke what I say) as I in glorious pompe  
Was sitting on my Throne, whiles I had hemm'd  
My best belou'd *Biancha* in mine armes,  
She reacht my cap of State, and cast it downe  
Beneath her foot, and spurn'd it in the dust ;  
While I (oh 'twas a dreame too full of fate)  
Was stooping downe to reach it ; on my head,  
*Fernando*, like a Traytor to his voves,  
Clapt, in disgrace, a Coronet of horues :  
But by the honour of anoynted kings,  
Were both of you hid in a rocke of fire,  
Guarded by ministers of flaming hell,  
I haue a sword ('tis here) should make my way  
Through fire, through darknesse, death, and all  
To hew your lust ingendred flesh to shreds,  
Pound you to mortar, cut your throats, and mince  
Your flesh to mites ; I will, — start not, — I will.

*Bian.* Mercy protect me, will ye murder me ?

*Duke.* Yes. — Oh ! I cry thee mercy. — how the rage  
Of my vndreaint of wrongs, made me forget  
All sense of iust'rance ! blame me not, *Biancha* ;  
One such another dreame would quite distract



## *Laues Sacrifice:*

Reason and selfe humanity ; yet tell me,  
Was't not an ominous vision ?

*Bian.* 'Twas, my Lord ;  
Yet but a vision ; for did such a guilt  
Hang on mine honour, 'twere no blame in you  
If you did stab me to the heart.

*Duke.* The heart ?  
Nay, strumpet, to the soule ; and teare it off  
From life, to damne it in immortall death.

*Bian.* Alas, what doe you meane, Sir ?

*Duke.* I am mad. —————

Forgiue me, good *Biancha* ; still me thinkes  
I dreame, and dreame anew : now prethe chide me.  
Sicknesse, and these diuisions, so distract  
My senses, that I take things possible  
As if they were : which to remoue, I meane  
To speed me streight to *Luca* ; where, perhaps,  
Absence and bathing in those healthfull springs  
May soone recover me : meane time, deare sweet,  
Pitty my troubled heart ; griefes are extreame ;  
Yet, Sweet, when I am gone, thinke on my dreame.  
Who waits without, ho ? is prouision ready,  
To passe to *Luca* ?

*Enter Petr. Nibr. Fior. D'auolos, Ros. & Fernando.*

*Petr.* It attends your Highnesse.

*Duke.* Friend, hold ; take here from me this Iewel, this :  
*Gines him Biancha.*

Be she your care till my returne from *Luca* :  
Honest *Fernando*, wife respect my friend,  
Let's goe : but heare ye wife, thinke on my dreame.

*Exeunt omnes, but Ros. et Petr.*

*Petr.* Couzen, one word with you : doth not this Cloud  
Acquaint you with strange nouelties ? The Duke  
Is lately much distemper'd ; what he meanes  
By journeying now to *Luca*, is to me  
A riddle ; can you cleare my doubt ?

*Ros.* O Sir !

## Loues Sacrifice.

My feares exceed my knowledge, yet I note  
No lesse then you inferre: all is not well,  
Would'twere: whosoever thrives, I shall be sure  
Neuer to rise to my vn-hop'd desires:  
But Couzen, I shall tell you more anon;  
Meane time pray send my Lord *Fernando* to me,  
I couet much to speake with him.

*Enter Fernando.*

*Petr.* And see,  
He comes himselfe; I'll leaue you both together. *Exit.*

*Fer.* The Duke is horst for *Luca*: how now Cooze,  
How prosper you in loue?

*Ros.* As still I hop'd:  
My Lord you are vndone.

*Fer.* Vndone! in what?

*Ros.* Lost; and I feare your life is bought and sold;  
I'll tell you how: late in my Ladies chamber,  
As I by chance lay slumbering on the mats,  
In comes the Lady Marquesse, and with her,  
*Julia* and *D'auolos*; where sitting downe,  
Not doubting me, Madam (quoth *D'auolos*)  
We haue discover'd now the nest of shame:  
In short, my Lord, (for you already know  
As much as they reported) there was told  
The circumstance of all your priuate loue  
And meetings with the Dutchesse; when at last  
False *D'auolos* concluded with an oath,  
Wee'll make (quoth he) his hart-strings crack for this?

*Fer.* Speaking of me?

*Ros.* Of you: I (quoth the Marquesse)  
Were not the Duke a baby, he would seeke  
Swift vengeance; for he knew it long agoe.

*Fer.* Let him know it; yet I vow  
Shee is as loyall in her plighted faith,  
As is the Sunne in heauen: but put case  
She were not; and the Duke did know she were not,  
This Sword lift vp, and guided by this Arme,

Shall

## *Loues Sacrifice.*

Shall guard her from an armed troupe of Fiends,  
And all the earth beside.

*Ros.* You are too safe  
In your destruction.

*Fer.* Dambe him, — hee shall feele —  
But peace, who comes?

*Enter Colón.*

*Col.* My Lord, the Dutchesse craues a word with you.

*Fer.* Where is shee?

*Col.* In her chamber.

*Ros.* Here haue a plum for Ie'ee —

*Col.* Come foole, I'le giue thee plums enow, come foole.

*Fer.* Let slaues in mind be seruile to their feares,  
Our heart is high in-starr'd in brighter Spheres.

*Exit Fer. et Col.*

*Ros.* I see him lost already,  
If all prenaile not, we shall know too late,  
No toyle can shun the violence of Fate.

*Exit.*

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## *Actus Quintus.*

*Enter above, Fiormonda.*

*Fior.* **N**OW fly reuenge, and wound the lower earth,  
That I, en-spear'd above, may crosse the race  
Of Loue despis'd, and triumph o're their graues,  
Who scorne the low-bent thraldome of my heart.

*A Curtaine drawne, below are discovered Biancha in her  
night attire, leaning on a Cassion at a Table, holding Fer-  
nando by the hand.*

*Bia.* Why shouldst thou not be mine? why should the laws  
The Iron lawes of Ceremony, barre  
Mutuall embraces? what's a vow? a vow?  
Can there be sinne in vnity? Could I  
As well dispense with Conscience, as renounce

The



## Loues Sacrifice:

The out-side of my titles, the poore stile  
Of *Dutchesse*; I had rather change my life  
With any waiting-woman in the land,  
To purchase one nights rest with thee *Fernando*,  
Then be *Caraffa's* Spouse a thousand yeares.

*Fior.* Treason to wedlocke, this would make you sweat.

*Fer.* Lady of all, what I am, as before,  
To suruiue you, or I will see you first,  
Or widowed or buried; if the last,  
By all the comfort I can wish to tast  
By your faire eyes, that sepulcher that holds  
Your Coffin, shall encosin me aliuē:

I signe it with this seale. ————— Kisses her.

*Fior.* Ignoble strumper.

*Bian.* You shall not sweare, take off that oath againe,  
Or thus I will inforce it. ————— Shee kisses him.

*Fer.* Use that force,  
And make me periur'd; for whiles your lips  
Are made the booke, it is a sport to sweare,  
And glory to forswear.

*Fior.* Here's fast and loo'e;

Which for a Ducat, now the game's on foot.

*Whiles they are kissing, Enter Duke with his sword drawne,  
D'auolos in like manner, Petruchio, Nibrasa, and a  
Guard.*

*Colona within.* Helpe, helpe, Madam, you are betrayed, Ma-  
dam, helpe, helpe.

*R. D.* Is there confidence in credit now, Sir? beleeue in  
your owne eyes? doe you see? doe you see, Sir? Can you be-  
hold it without lightning?

*Col. within.* Helpe, Madam, helpe.

*Fer.* What noyse is that, I heard one cry.

*Duke.* Ha! did you? know you who I am?

*Fer.* Yes; Th'art *Pauy's* Duke,

Drest like a hangman: see, I am vnarm'd,  
Yet doe not feare thee; tho' the Coward doubt  
Of what I could haue done, hath made thee steale

Th' ad.

Th'advantage of this time, yet Duke I dare  
Thy worst, for murder sits vpon thy cheekes :  
Too't man.

*Duke.* I am too angry in my rage,  
To scourge thee vnprovided ; take him hence :  
Away with him. —————

*They take hold on him,*

*Fer.* Vn-hand me.

*R.D.* You must goe, Sir:

*Fer.* Duke, does not shame thy manhood to lay hands  
On that most innocent Lady.

*Duke.* Yet againe :

Confine him to his Chamber. *Exit D'a. et guard, with Fer.*  
Leaue vs all ;

None stay, not one, shut vp the dores. *Exeunt omnes, bue*  
*Fis.* Now shew thy self my brother, braue *Caraffa.* *Du. et Bia*

*Duke.* Woman, stand forth before me, — wretched whore,  
What canst thou hope for ?

*Bian.* Death ; I wish no lesse :

You told me you had dreamt ; and, gentle Duke,  
Vnlesse you be mistooke, you are now awak'd.

*Duke.* Strumpet I am, and in my hand hold vp  
The edge that must vncut thy twist of life.  
Dost thou not shake ?

*Bian.* For what ? to see a weake  
Faint trembling arme aduance a leaden blade ?  
Alas good man, put vp, put vp ; thine eyes  
Are likelier much to weepe, then armes to strike :  
What wud you doe now, pray ?

*Duke.* What ! shamelesse harlot ;  
Rip vp the Cradle of thy cursed wombe,  
In which the mixture of that Traytors lust  
Impostumes for a birth of Bastardy :  
Yet come, and if thou think'st thou canst deserue  
One mite of mercy, e're the boundlesse spleene  
Of iust-consuming wrath ore-swell my reason,  
Tell me, bad woman, tell me what could moue  
Thy heart to craue variety of youth ?

*Loues Sacrifice.*

*Bian.* I tell yee, if you needs would be resolu'd,  
I held *Fernando* much the properer man.

*Duke.* Shamelesse intolerable whoore.

*Bian.* What ayles you?

Can you imagine, Sir, the name of Duke  
Could make a crooked leg, a scambling foot,  
A tolerable face, a wearish hand,  
A bloodlesse lip, or such an vntrimm'd beard  
As yours, fit for a Ladies pleasure, no:  
I wonder you could thinke 'twere possible,  
When I had once but look'd on your *Fernando*,  
I euer could loue you againe? Eye, fie,  
Now by my life, I thought that long agoe  
Y' had knowne it; and beene glad you had a friend:  
Your wife did thinke so well of.

*Duke.* O my starres!

Here's impudence about all history:  
Why thou detested Reprobate in vertue;  
Durst thou, without a blush, before mine eyes,  
Speake such immodest language?

*Bian.* Dare? yes faith,

You see I dare: I know what you would say now;  
You would faine tell me how exceeding much  
I am beholding to you, that vouchsaf'd  
Me, from a simple Gentlewomans place,  
The honour of your bed: 'tis true, you did;  
But why? 'twas but because you thought I had  
A sparke of beauty more then you had seene.  
To answer this, my reason is the like,  
The selfe same appetite which led you on  
To marry me, led me to loue your friend:  
O hee's a gallant man! if euer yet  
Mine eyes beheld a miracle, compos'd  
Of flesh and blood, *Fernando* has my voyce.  
I must confesse, my Lord, that for a Prince,  
Handsome enough you are, and no more:  
But to compare your selfe with him, trust me

You



## *Loves Sacrifice.*

You are too much in fault : shall I aduise you?  
Harke in your care ; thanke heauen he was so slow  
As not to wrong your sheets ; for as I liue,  
The fault was his, not mine.

*Fior.* Take this, take all.

*Duke.* Excellent, excellent! the pangs of death are musick  
Forgiue me, my good Genius, I had thought (to this.  
I matcht a woman, but I find she is  
A diuell, worser then the worst in hell.  
Nay, nay, since we are in, ce'ne come, say on,  
I marke you to a fillable : you say,  
The fault was his, not yours : why, *virtuam* *Mistresse*,  
Can you imagine you haue so much art  
Which may perswade me, you and your close *marke-man*  
Did not a little trafficke in my right?

*Bian.* Looke what I said, 'tis true. For know it now,  
I must confesse I mist no meanes, no time,  
To winne him to my bosome ; but so much,  
So holily, with such Religion,  
He kept the lawes of friendship, that my sute  
Was held but, in comparison, a iest ;  
Nor did I offer vrg'e the violence  
Of my affection, but as oft he vrg'd  
The sacred vowes of faith 'twixt friend and friend :  
Yet be assured, my Lord, if euer language  
Of cunning seruile flatteries, intreaties,  
Or what in me is, could procure his loue,  
I would not blush to speake it.

*Duke.* Such another  
As thou art, (miserable Creature) would  
Sinke the whole sexe of women : yet confesse  
What witch-craft vs'd the wretch to charme the art  
Of the once spotlesse temple of thy mind?  
For without witch-craft it could ne're be done.

*Bian.* Phew—and you be in these tunes, Sir, I'le leaue :  
You know the best, and worst, and all.

*Duke.* Nay then

*Loues Sacrifice.*

Thou tempt'st me to thy ruine; come *blacke angell*,  
Fairst diuell, in thy prayers reckon vp  
The summe, in grosse, of all thy vayned follies:  
There, amongst other, weepe in teares of blood,  
For one aboue the rest; *Adultery*,  
*Adultery, Biancha*; such a guilt,  
As were the fluces of thine eyes let vp,  
Teares cannot wash it off: 'tis not the tyde  
Of triuiall wontonnesse from youth to youth,  
But thy abusing of thy lawfull bed,  
Thy husbands bed; his, in whose brest thou sleep'st:  
His, that did prize thee more then all the trash  
Which hoarding worldlings make an Idoll of:  
When thou shalt find the Catalogue enrold  
Of thy mis-deeds, there shall be writ, in Text,  
Thy bastarding, the issues of a Prince.  
Now turne thine eyes into thy howering soule,  
And doe not hope for life: would Angels sing  
A requiem at my hearse? but to dispense  
With my Reuenge on thee, 'twere all in vaine:  
Prepare to dye.

*Bian.* I, doe; and to the point  
Of thy sharpe sword, with open brest I'll runne  
Halfe way thus naked: doe not shrinke, *Caraffa*,  
This dants not me: but in the latter act  
Of thy Reuenge, 'tis all the sute I aske  
At my last gaspe, to spare thy noble friend;  
For life to me, without him, were a death.

*Duke.* Not this; I'll none of this: 'tis not so fit: *Scasts away*  
Why should I kill her? she may liue and change, *his words*.  
Or —

*Fior.* Dost thou halt? faint Coward, dost thou wish  
To blemish all thy glorious Ancestors?  
Is this thy Courage?

*Duke.* Ha I say you so too?  
Giue me thy hand, *Biancha*.

*Bian.* Here.

*Duke.*

## Loues Sacrifice.

*Duke.* Farewell.

Thus goe in euerlasting sleepe to dwell: *{ draws his poyard*  
Here's blood for lust, & sacrifice for wrong *{ and slabs her.*

*Bian.* 'Tis brauely done; thou hast strucke home at once:  
Liue to repent too late: Commend my loue  
To thy true friend, my loue to him that owes it,  
Ny Tragedy to thee, my hart to—to—*Fernand—* oh. *(dies)*

*Duke.* Sister she's dead.

*Fior.* Then, whiles thy rage is warme,  
Pursue the cauer of her trespasses.

*Duke.* Good: *{ stakes up his*  
Ile slake no time whiles I am hot in blood. *{ sword & exits.*

*Fior.* Here's royall vengeance: this becomes the state  
Of his disgrace, and my vnbounded fate.— *recedes Fior.*

*Enter Fernando, Nibbrassa, & Petruchio.*

*Petr.* May we giue credit to your words, my Lord?  
Speake on your honour.

*Fer.* Let me dye accurst,  
If euer, through the progresse of my life,  
I did as much as reape the benefit  
Of any fauour from her, saue a kisse:  
A better woman neuer blest the earth.

*Nibr.* Beslrew my heart, young Lord, but I belecue thee:  
Alas, kind Lady, 'tis a Lordship to a dozen of poynts,  
But the j.alous mad man will in his fury,  
Offer her some violence.

*Petr.* If it be thus, 'twere fit you rather kept  
A guard about you for your owne defence,  
Then to be guarded for security  
Of his Reuenge; he's extreameley mou'd.

*Nibr.* Passion of my body, my Lord, if 'a come in his odde  
fits to you, in the case you are, 'a might cut your throat ere  
you could prouide a weapon of defence: nay, rather then it  
shal be so, hold take my sword in your hand, 'tis none of the  
sprucest, but 'tis a tough fox, wil not faile his master: Come  
what wil come, take it, I'll answer't I; in the meane time, *Petruchio*  
and I wil back to the Dutchesse lodging. — *he giues*  
*Fer. his sword.* *Petr.*



## Lones Sacrifice.

*Petr.* Well thought on; and in despite of all his rage,  
Rescue the vertuous Lady.

*Nisr.* Looke to your selfe, my Lord, the Duke comes.

*Enter Duke, his Sword in one hand, and in the other a  
bloody Dagger,*

*Duke.* Stand, and behold thy executioner,  
Thou glorious Traytor: I will keepe no forme  
Of Ceremonious law, to try thy guilt:  
Looke here, 'tis written on my ponyards point,  
The bloody euidence of thy vntruth,  
Wherein thy Conscience, and the wrathfull rod  
Of heauens scourge for lust, at once giue vp  
The verdict of thy crying villanies.  
I see th'art arm'd; prepare, I craue no odds,  
Greater then is the iustice of my cause.  
Fight, or I'll kill thee.

*Fer.* Duke I feare thee not:  
But first I charge thee, as thou art a Prince,  
Tell me, how hast thou vs'd thy Dutchesse?

*Duke.* How?  
To adde affliction to thy trembling ghost,  
Looke on my daggers crimson dye, and iudge.

*Fer.* Not dead?

*Duke.* Not dead? yes, by my Honor's truth: why fool,  
Dost thinke I'll hug my iniuries? no, Traytor;  
I'll mixe your soules together in your deaths,  
As you did both your bodies in her life:  
Haue at thee.

*Fer.* Stay, I yeeld my weapon vp: — *he lets fall his weapon.*  
Here, here's my bosome; as thou art a Duke,  
Dost honour goodnesse, if the chaste *Biancha*  
Be murther'd, murther me.

*Duke.* Faint hearted Coward,  
Art thou so poore in spirit? Rise and fight,  
Or, by the glories of my house and name,  
I'll kill thee basely.

*Fer.* Doe but heare me first,

*Loues Sacrifice.*

Vnfortunate *Caraffa*; thou hast butcher'd  
An Innocent, a wife as free from lust  
As any termes of Art can Deifie.

*Duke.* Pish, this is stale dissimulation,  
I'll heare no more.

*Fer.* If euer I vnshrin'd  
The Altar of her purity, or tasted  
More of her loue, then what without controule  
Or blame, a brother from a sister might,  
Racke me to Atomies: I must confesse  
I haue too much abus'd thee; did exceed  
In lawlesse Courtship ('tis too true) I did:  
But by the honour which I owe to goodnesse,  
For any actuall folly I am free.

*Duke.* 'Tis false: as much in death for thee she spake.

*Fer.* By yonder starry roose 'tis true. *O Duke!*  
Couldst thou reare vp another world like this,  
Another like to that, and more, or more,  
Herein thou art most wretched; all the wealth  
Of all those worlds could not redeeme the losse  
Of such a spotlesse wife: glorious *Biancha*,  
Reigne in the triumph of thy martyrdom,  
Earth was vnworthy of thee.

*Nib. et Petr.* Now on our liues we both beleue him.

*Duke.* *Fernando*, dar'st thou sweare vpon my sword  
To iustifie thy words?

*Fer.* I dare: looke here, ————— *Kisses the Sword.*  
'Tis not the feare of death doth prompt my tongue,  
For I would wish to dye; and thou shalt know,  
Poore miserable *Duke*, since she is dead,  
I'll hold all life a hell.

*Duke.* *Biancha* chaste!

*Fer.* As vertues selfe is good,

*Duke.* Chaste, chaste, and kild by me; to her } Offers to stabbe  
I offer vp this remnant of my ————— } himselfe, and is

*Fer.* Hold, } Stayed by *Fer.*  
Be gentler to thy selfe.

*Petr.*

## Loues Sacrifice.

*Petr.* Alas my Lord, this is a wise mans carriage.

*Duke.* Whither now,

Shall I run from the day, where neuer man  
Nor eye, nor eye of heauen, may see a dogge  
So hatefull as I am? *Biancha* chaste,  
Had not the furie of some hellish rage  
Blinded all reasons sight, I might haue seene  
Her clearenesse in her confidence to dye.

—————your leaue————— *Kneeles downe, holds vp his  
hands speaks a little and riseth*

Tis done, come friend, now for her loue,  
Her loue that praisd thee in the pangs of death,  
He hold thee deere: Lords, do not care for me, *Ent. D'auolos*  
I am too wise to dye yet ——— oh *Biancha*.

*R.D.* The Lord Abbot of *Monacho*, sir, is in his return from  
*Rome*, lodg'd last night late in the Citie, very privately; and  
hearing the report of your journey, onely intends to visite  
your Dutchesie to morrow.

*Duke.* Slaue, torture me no more, note him my Lords,  
If you would choose a diuell in the shape  
Of man, an *Arch-arch-diuell*, there stands one.  
Weele meete our Vnckle—— order straight *Petruchio*  
Our Dutchesie may be coffin'd, 'tis our will  
She forthwith be interr'd with all the speed  
And priuacy you may, 'ith' Colledge Church  
Amongst *Caraffa's* ancient monuments.  
Some three daies hence wee'le keepe her funerall.  
Damn'd villaine, bloody villaine—— oh *Biancha*,  
No counsaile from our cruell wils can win vs,  
" But ils once done we beare our guilt within vs:

*Exeunt omnes, manet D'auolos.*

*R.D.* Godboyce. Arch-arch-diuell: why I am paid,  
Here's bounty for good seruice; befhrew my heart it is a  
right princely reward: now must I say my prayers, that I  
haue liu'd to so ripe an age to haue my head stricken off; I  
cannot tell, 't may be my Lady *Fiermonda* will stand on my  
behalfe to the Duke: that's but a single hope; a disgrac'd  
Courtier



## *Loues Sacrifice.*

Courtier oftner findes enemies to sinke him when hee is falling, then friends to relecue him : I must resolute stand to the hazard of all brunts now. Come what may, I will not dye like a Cow, and the world shall know it. ——— *Exit:*

*Enter Fiormonda, and Roseilli discovered.*

*Ros.* Wonder not, Madam, here behold the man Whom your dildaine hath metamorphosed : Thus long haue I bin clouded in this shape, Led on by Loue ; and in that loue, despaire : If not the sight of our distracted Court, Nor pittie of my bondage, can reclayme The greatnesse of your scorne, yet let me know My latest doome from you.

*Fior.* Strange miracle !

*Roseilli* I must honour thee : thy truth, Like a transparent mirror, represents My reason with my errors. Noble Lord, That better dost deserue a better fate, Forgiue me ; if my heart can entertaine Another thought of loue, it shall be thine.

*Ros.* Blessed for euer, blessed be the words : In death you haue reuiu'd me.

*Enter D'auolos.*

*R.D.* Whom haue we here ? *Roseilli* the supposed foole ? 'Tis he ; nay then helpe me a brazen face ; My honourable Lord.

*Ros.* Beare off, blood-thirsty man, come not neere me.

*R.D.* Madam, I trust the seruice ———

*Fior.* Fellow, learne to new liue the way to thrife For thee in grace, is a repentant thrife.

*Ros.* Ill has thy life beene, worse will be thy end ; Men sleight in blood, know seldome to amend.

*Enter Seruant.*

*Ser.* His Highnesse commends his loue to you, and expects your presence : he is ready to passe to the Church, only staying for my Lord *Abbot* to associate him. Withall, his pleasure is, that you *D'auolos* forbear, to ranke in this solemnity.

## *Loues Sacrifice.*

emunity in the place of Secretary, else to be there as a private man; pleaseth you to goe. — *Exeunt, manet D'auolos.*

*R.D.* As a private man! what remedy? This way they must come, and here I will stand to fall amongst 'em in the reere.

*{ A sad sound of soft musicke.*

*{ The Tombe is discovered.*

*Enter foure with Torches, after them two Fryars, after the Duke in mourning manner, after him the Abbot, Fiorrenda, Colona, Iulia, Roseilli, Petruchio, Nibassa, and a guard. D'auolos following behinde. Comming neere the Tombe they all kusele, making shew of Ceremony. The Duke goes to the Tombe, layes his hand on it.*

*Musicke cease.*

*Duke.* Peace and sweet rest sleep here; let not the touch  
Of this my impious hand, prophane the shrine  
Of fairest purity, which houers yet  
About those blessed bones in heart within;  
If in the bosome of this sacred Tombe,  
*Biancha* thy disturbed ghost doth range;  
Behold, I offer vp the sacrifice  
Of bleeding teares, shed from a faithfull spring;  
Roaring oblations of a mourning heart.  
To thee, offended spirit, I confesse  
I am *Carassa*, hee, that wretched man,  
That Butcher, who in my enraged spleene  
Slaughtered the life of *Innocence and Beauty*;  
Now come I to pay tribute to those wounds  
Which I digg'd vp, and reconcile the wrongs  
My fury wrought; and my Contrition mournes;  
So chaste, so deare a wife was neuer man,  
But I, enioy'd: yet in the bloome and pride  
Of all her yeares, vntimely tooke her life.  
Enough; set ope the Tombe, that I may take  
My last farewell, and bury griefes with her.

*One goes to open the Tombe, out of which ariseth Fernando in his winding sheet, onely his face discovered; as Carassa is going in, he puts him backe.*

*Fer.*

## *Lone's Sacrifice,*

*Fer.* Forbeare ; what art thou that dost rudely presse  
Into the confines of forsaken-graues?  
Has death no priuilege ? Com'st thou, *Caraffa*,  
To practise yet a rape vpon the dead ? Inhumane Tyrant ;  
What'eu' thou intend'st, know this place  
Is poynted out for my inheritance :  
Here lyes the monument of all my hopes.  
Had eager Lust intrunk'd my conquered soule,  
I had not buried liuing ioyes in death :  
Goe, Reuell in thy pallace, and be proud  
To boast thy famous murders : let thy smooth  
Low-fawning parasites renowne thy Act :  
Thou com'st not here.

*Duke.* *Fernando*, man of darknesse,  
Nener till now (before these dreadfull sights)  
Did I abhorre thy friendship ; thou hast rob'd  
My resolution of a glorious name.  
Come out, or by the thunder of my rage,  
Thou dy'st a death more fearefull then the scourge  
Of death can whip thee with.

*Fer.* Of death ? poore Duke :  
Why that's the ay me I shoot at : 'tis not threats,  
(Mauger thy power, of the spight of hell)  
Shall rent that honour : let life-hugging slaues,  
Whose hands imbrued in Butcheries like thine,  
Shake terror to their soules, be loath to dye :  
See, I am cloath'd in robes that fit the graue :  
I pittie thy defyaunce.

*Duke.* Guard lay hands,  
And drag him out.

*Fer.* Yes, let 'em, here's my shield } *As they goe to fetch him*  
Here's health to Victory. — } *him out, he drinckes off a*  
Now doe thy worst. } *gill of poison.*  
*Ferewell Duke, once I haue out-strippt thy plots :*  
*Not all the cunning Antidotes of Art*  
*Can warrant me twelue minutes of my life :*  
*It workes, it workes already, brauely, brauely.* —



## Loses Sacrifice.

Now, now I feele it teare each severall ioynt:  
O royall poyson? trusty friend? split, split  
Both heart and gall a sunder; excellent bane!  
Repeall I loue my memory; well search'd out  
Swift nimble venome, torture euery veyne.  
I come *Biancha*, — cruell torment feast,  
Fast on, dee; Duke farewell. Thus I — hot flames  
Conclude my Loue — and scale it in my bosome, oh — *dies*.  
*Abbot*. Most desperate end!

*Duke*. None stirre:

Who steps a foot, steps to his vtter ruine.  
And art thou gone? *Fernando*, are thou gone?  
Thou wert a friend vnmatch'd, rest in thy fame!  
Sister, when I haue finisht my last dayes,  
Lodge me, my wife, and this vnequall'd friend,  
All in one monument. Now to my vowes:  
Henceforth let any passionate tongue  
Mention *Biancha's* and *Caraffa's* name,  
But let each letter in that tragicke sound  
Beget a sigh, and euery sigh a teare:  
Children vnborne, and widowes whose leane cheeks  
Are furrowed vp by age, shall weepe whole nights,  
Repeating but the story of our fates;  
Whiles in the period, closing vp their tale,  
They must conclude, how for *Biancha's* loue,  
*Caraffa* in reuenge of wrongs to her,  
Thus on her Altar sacrific'd his life. ——— *Stabs himselfe*

*Abbot*. Oh hold the Dukes hand.

*Pier*. Saue my brother, saue him.

*Duke*. Doe, doe, I was too willing to strike home  
To be prevented: Fooles, why could you dreame  
I would out line my out-rage sprightfull flood  
Run out in Rivers? oh that these thicke streames  
Could gather head, and make a standing pool,  
That jealous husbands here might bathe in blood.  
So; I grow sweetly empty; all the pipes  
Of life vn-vessell life; now heauens wipe out

*Loues Sacrifice.*

The writing of my liue: *Liue*, thus  
Interpet to thee — to thee — to thee *Be an — cha. dye.*

*Ros.* He's dead already, Madam.

*R.D.* About hope, here's labour sau'd, I could bleſſe the  
Deſtinies.

*Abbot.* Would I had neuer ſcene it.

*Fior.* Since 'tis thus,  
My Lord *Roseilli*, in the true requita'll  
Of your continued loue, I here poſſeſſe  
You of the Dukedome; and with it, of me,  
In preſence of this holy Abbot.

*Abbot.* Lady, then  
From my hand take your huſband; long enjoy *ſhee joyes*  
Each to each others comfort and content. *(their hands.)*

*Omnes.* Long liue *Roseilli*.

*Ros.* Firſt thanke to heauen, next Lady to your loue  
Laſtly, my Lords, to all: and that the entrance  
Into this principality may giue  
Faire hopes of being worthy of our place,  
Our firſt worke ſhall be juſtice. — *D'anoles*  
Stand forth.

*R.D.* My gracious Lord:

*Ros.* No, graceleſſe villaine,  
I am no Lord of thine: Guard take him hence,  
Conuey him to the priſons top; in chaines  
Hang him alieue; whoſoeuer lends a bit  
Of bread to feed him, dyes: ſpeake not againſt it,  
I will be deaſe to mercy. — Beare him hence.

*R.D.* Mercy, new Duke: here's my comfort, I  
make but one in the number of the Tragedy of Princes. *exit.*

*Ros.* Madam, a ſecond charge is to performe  
Your brother's Teſtament; wee'll reare a Tombe  
To thoſe vnhappy Louers, which ſhall tell  
Their fatall Loues to all poſterity.

Thus then for you, henceforth I here diſmiſſe  
The mutuall comforts of our marriage-bed:  
Learne to new liue, my vowes vnbound ſhall ſtand;

## Loues Sacrifice:

And since your life hath beene so much vn-cuen,  
Bethinke, in time, to make your peace with heauen.

*Fior.* Oh me ! is this your loue ?

*Res.* 'Tis your desert :

Which no perswasion shall remoue.

*Abbot.* 'Tis fit :

Purge frailty with repentance.

*Fior.* I embrace it :

Happy too late, since lust hath made me foule,  
Henceforth I'll dresse my *Bride-bed* in my soule.

*Res.* Please you to walke, Lord Abbot.

*Abbot.* Yes, set on :

No age hath heard, nor Chronicle can say,

That euer here befell a sadder day. —————

*Exeunt.*

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**FINIS.**

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