



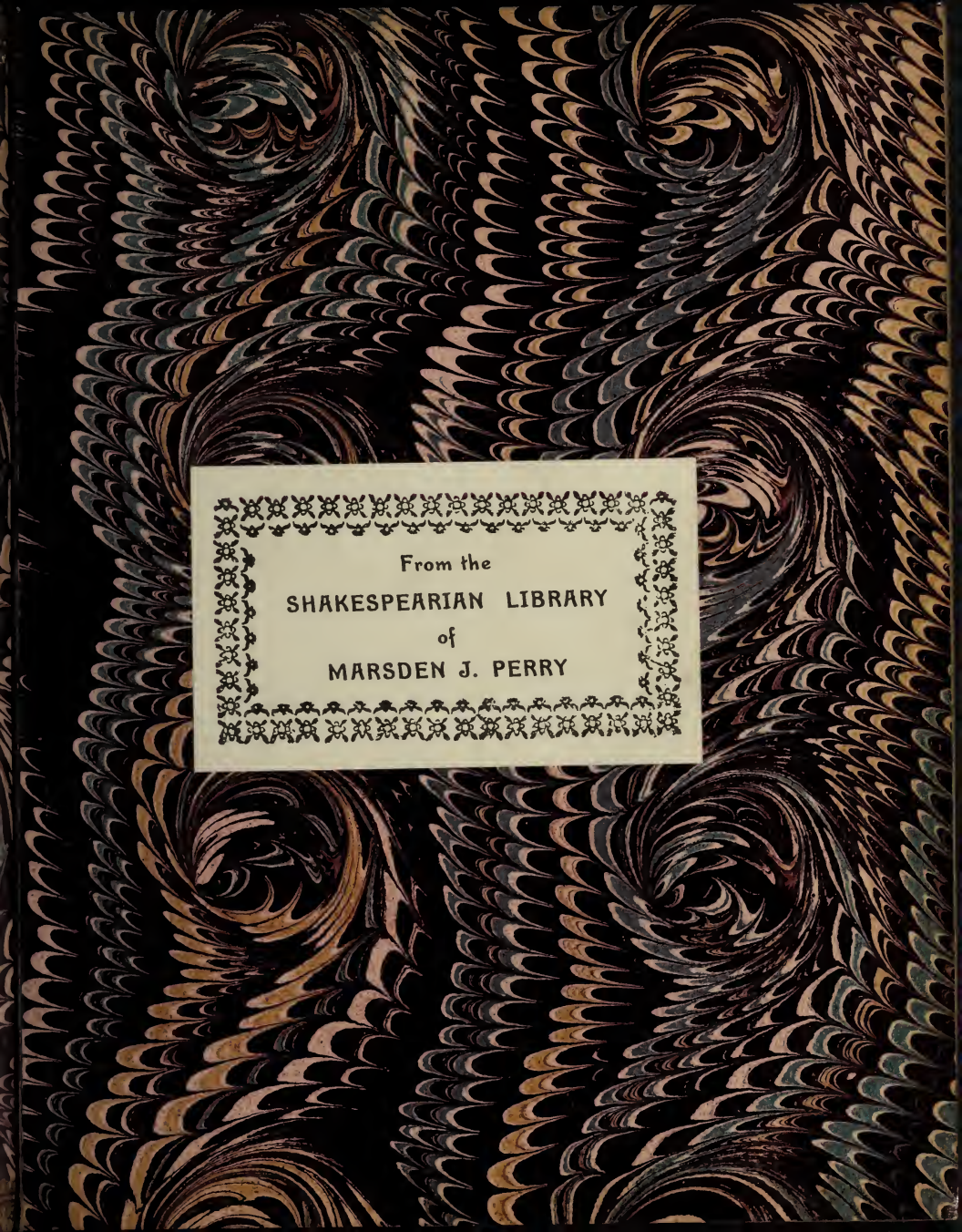
FREDERICK
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The background of the entire image is a complex marbled paper pattern. It features swirling, organic shapes in shades of black, dark blue, and brown, with lighter tan and cream-colored highlights. The pattern is dense and intricate, resembling a traditional marbling technique. In the center of this pattern is a rectangular white label with a decorative border. The border consists of a repeating floral or scroll-like motif in black ink. Inside the label, the text is centered and reads:

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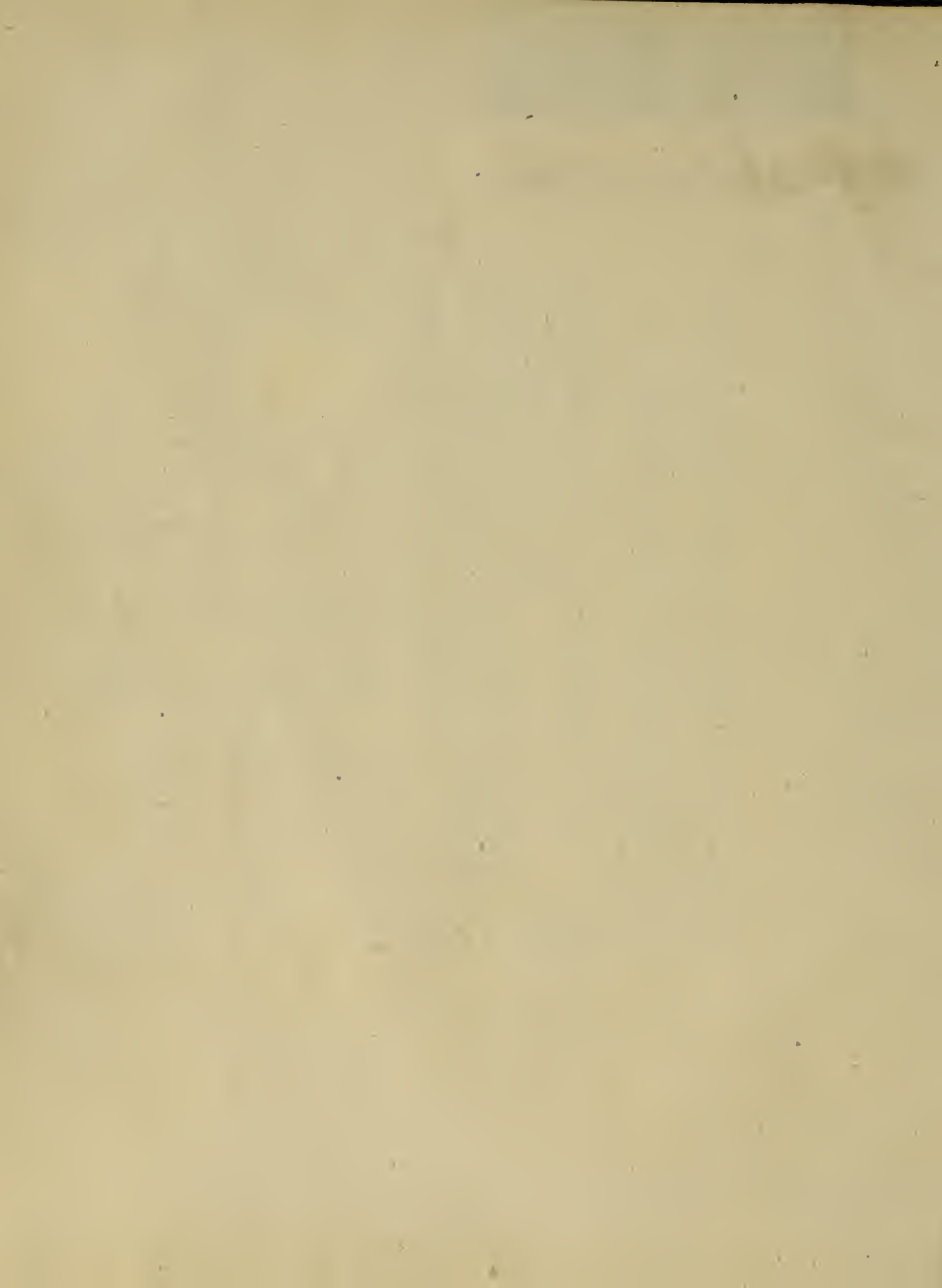
124

124

Some one of your name and your (Hugo) under the title of
St. John's Date of Knowledge. It is supposed to be
written by Fletcher, compiled by some one out of town

It may well be that 1127 at the end of the
list is for the 6

pla



THE
B L O O D Y
B R O T H E R.

A Tragedy.

By B. F. F.



L O N D O N,
Printed by R. Bishop, for Thomas Allott, and John Crook,
and are to be sold in Pauls Churchyard, at the signe
of the Greyhound 1639.

Y O O D Y

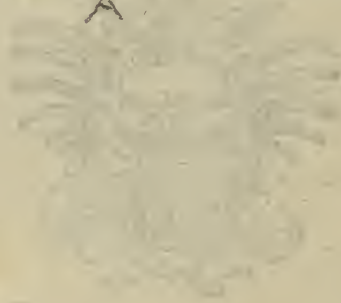
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BROTHER

A Tanager

BY G. A. S. V. S.

J. H. Banta
Nov. 18, 1937
A



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and New York, N. Y. (Copyright, 1937, by J. H. Banta)
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Drammatis personæ.

Rollo, }
Otto, } Brothers, Dukes of *Normandy*.

Aubrey, their kinsman.

Gisbert, the Chancellour.

Baldwin, the Princes Tutour.

Grandpree, }
Verdon, } Captaines, of *Rollo's* faction.

Trevile, }
Duprete, } Captaines, of *Otto's* faction.

Latorch, *Rollo's* Earewig.

Hamond, Captaine of the Guard to *Rolla*.

Allan, his Brother.

Norbrett, }
L'Fisk, }
Rufee, } Five cheating Rogues.
De Bube, }
Pipeau, }

Cooke,

Yeoman of the Seller,

Butler,

Paniler,

sophia, mother to the Dukes.

Matilda, her daughter.

Editb, daughter to *Baldwin*.

Lords.

Sheriffe.

Guard.

Officers.

Boyes

Richards, Dukes of Normandy.

The drinking Song, to the
second Act.

Drink to day and drowne all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not doe it to morrow.
Best while you have it use your breath,
There is no drinking after death.

Wine warms the heart up, makes the wit,
There is no cure gainst age but it.
It helps the head-ach, cough and tiffick,
And is for all diseases Physick.

Then let us swill boyes for our health,
Who drinks well, loves the common wealth.
And he that will to bed goe sober,
Falls with the leafe still in October.

Finis.

Rowan of the Solier
Halter
Pantier
Lippin mother to the Dukes
Matilda, her daughter
Edith, daughter to Matilda
Lords
St. Erick
Gund
Officers
Boyer



THE B L O O D Y B R O T H E R .

Act I. Scene I.

Enter *Gisbert* and *Baldwin*.

He brothers then are mett?

Gis. They are, fir.

Bald. 'Tis thought, they may be reconcil'd.

Gis. 'Tis rather wish't, for such, whose reason
doth direct their thoughts without selfe flattery,
dare not hope it, *Baldwin*.

The fires of Love, which the dead Duke believ'd
His equall care of both would have united,
Ambition hath divided : and there are
Too many on both parts, that know they cannot
Or rise to wealth or honour, their maine ends,
Unlesse the tempest of the Princes fury
Make troubled seas, and those seas yeeld fit billoves
In their bad arts to give way to a calme,

The Bloody Brother.

Which yeilding rest and good, prove their ruine,
And in the shipwrack of their hopes and fortunes,
The Dukedome might be sav'd, had it but ten
That stood affected to the generall good,
With that confirm'd zeale which brave *Aubrey* does.

Gif. Hee is indeed the perfect character
Of a good man, and so his actions speak him.

Bald. But did you observe the many doubts, and cautions
The brothers stood upon before they mett?

Gif. I did; and yet, that ever brother should
Stand on more nice termes, than sworn enemies
After a warre proclaim'd, would with a stranger
Wrong the reporters credit; they saluted
At distance; and so strong was the suspicion
Each had of other, that before they durst
Embrace, they were by sev'ral servants searcht,
As doubting conceal'd weapons, antidotes
Tane openly by both, fearing the roome
Appoynted for the enter-view was poyson'd,
The chaires, and cushions, with like care survay'd;
And in a word in every circumstance
So jealous on both parts, that it is more
Than to be fear'd; Concord can never joyn
Minds so divided.

Bald. Yet our best endeavours
Should not bee wanting, *Gisbert.*

Gif. Neither shall they.

Ent. *Grandpre*
and *Verdon.*

But what are these?

Bald. They are without my knowledge;
But by their Manners, and Behayours,
They should expresse themselves.

Grand. Since wee serve *Rolla*
The Elder brother, we'll be *Rollians*,
Who will maintaine us, lads, as brave as *Romans*;
You stand for him?

Ver. I doe.

Grand. Why, then observe

How

The Bloody Brother.

How much the businesse, your so long'd for businesse,
By men that are nam'd from their swords concernes you.
Lechery, our common freind, so long kept under,
With whips, and beating sarall hems; shall rise,
And bawdery, in a French-hood plead, before her
Virginity shall be carted.

Ver. Excellent!

Grand. And Hell but grant, the quarrell that's between
The Princes may continue, and the businesse
That's of the sword, t'outlast three suits in Law,
And we will make Atturnies lansprisadoes,
And our brave gown-men practisers of back-sword;
The pewter of all Serjeants inaces shall
Be melted, and turn'd into common flaggons,
In which it shall be lawfull to carouse
To their most lowsie fortunes.

Bald. Here's a Statesman.

Grand. A creditor shall not dare, but by petition,
To make demand of any debt; and that
Only once every leap-yeere, in which, if
The debtor may be won for a French crowne
To pay a Soulz, hee shall be registred
His benefactor.

Ver. The Chancellor heares you.

Grand. Feare not, I now dare speak as loud as hee,
And will be heard, and have all I speak, Law;
Have you no eyes? there is a reverence due,
From children of the Gown, to men of Action:
How's this?

Grand. Even so; the times, the times are chang'd;
All businesse is not now preferd in parchment,
Nor shall a grant passe that wants this broad seale;
This seale d'ye see? your gravity once layd
My head and heeles together in the dungeon,
For cracking a scall'd officers crowne, for which
A time is come for vengeance, and expect it;
For know, you have not full three houres to live.

The Bloody Brother.

Gif. Yes, somewhat longer.

Gran. To what end?

Gif. To hang you; think on that Ruffian.

Gran. For you, schoolemaster,
You have a pretty daughter; let me see,
Neere three a clock, (by which time I much feare,
I shall be tyrd with killing some five hundred)
Provide a bath, and her to entertaine me,
And that shall be your ransome.

Bald. Impudent Rascall.

*Enter to them Trevice
and Duprete,*

Gif. More of the crew.

Gran. What are you? *Rollians?*

Tre. No; this for *Rollo*, and all such as serve him;
We stand for *Otto*.

Gran. You seeme men of fashion,
And therefore I'll deale fairely, you shall have
The honour this day to be chronicled
The first men kild by *Grandpre*; you see this sword,
A pretty foolish toy, my valour's servant,
And I may boldly say a gentleman,
It having made when it was *Charlemaignes*,
Three thousand knights; this fir, shall cut your throat,
And doe you all faire service else.

Tre. I kisse your hands for the good offer; here's another too,
the servant of your servant shall be proud to be scour'd in
your sweet gutts; till when pray you command me.

Gran. Your Idolater, fir. *Exeunt: manent Gif. & Bald.*

Gif. That e're such should hold the names of men,
Or Justice be held cruelty, when it labours
To pluck such weeds up!

Bald. Yet they are protected, and by the great ones.

Gif. Not the good ones, *Baldwin*.

Enter to them Aubrey.

Aub. Is this a time to be spent thus by such
As are the principall ministers of the State?
When they that are the heads, have filld the Court.

With

The Bloody Brother.

With factions, a weake woman only left
To stay their bloody hands? can her weake armes
Alone divert the dangers ready now
To fall upon the Common-wealth, and bury
The honours of it, leaving not the name
Of what it was. Oh *Gisbert*, the faire trialls
And frequent proofs which our late master made,
Both of your love and faith, gave him assurance,
To chuse you at his death a Guardian; nay,
A father to his sons; and that great trust
How ill doe you discharge? I must be plaine,
That, at the best, y' are a sad looker on
Of those bad practices you should prevent;
And where's the use of your Philelophy
In this so-needfull a time? be not secure;
For, *Baldwin*, be assur'd, since that the Princes
When they were young, and apt for any forme,
Were given to your instruction, and grave orderings:
'Twill be expected that they should be good,
Or their bad manners will b' imputed yours.

Bald. 'Twas not in one, my Lord, to alter nature,

Gis. Nor can my counsells work on them that will not
Vouchsafe me hearing.

Aub. Doe these answers sort,

Or with your place, or persons, or your yeeres;
Can *Gisbert* being the pillar of the Lawes,
See them trod under foot, or forc'd to serve
The Princes unjust ends; and with a frowne
Be silenc'd from exclaiming on th' abuse;
Or *Baldwin* only weep the desp'rate madnesse
Of his seduced pupills? see their minds,
Which with good artes he labour'd to build up
Examples of succeeding Times, o'return'd
By undermining parasites; no one precept
Leading to any Arte, or great, or good,
But is forc'd from their memory, in whose roome
Black counsells are receiv'd, and their retirements,

The Bloody Brother.

And secret conference producing only
Dev'lish designs, a man would shame to father;
But I talk when I should doe, and chide others
For that I now offend in: See't confirm'd,
Now doe, or never speak more.

Gif. We are yours.

Enter *Rollo, Latorch, Trevile, Grandpre, Otto,*
Verdon, and Duprete.

Rol. You shall know whom I am.

Ot. I doe, my equall.

Rol. Thy Prince; give way, — were we alone, I'de force thee,
In thy best blood, to write thy selfe my subject,
And glad I would receive it.

Aub. Sir.

Gif. Deare Lord.

Ot. Thy subject?

Rol. Yes, nor shall tame patience hold me.

A minute longer, only halfe my selfe;
My birth gave me this Dukedome, and my sword
Shall change it to the common grave of all
That tread upon her bosome, ere I part with
A peece of earth, or title that is mine.

Ot. It needs not, and I would scorne to receive,
Though offerd, what I want not: therefore know
From me, though not deliver'd in great words,
Eyes red with rage, poore pride, and threatned action:
Our father at his death, then, when no accent,
Wer't thou a son, could fall from him in vaine,
Made us Coheires, our part of Land and Honours
Of equall waight; and to see this confirm'd,
The oaths of these are yet upon record,
Who though they should forsake me, and call downe
The plagues of perjury on their sinfull heads,
I would not leave my selfe.

Tre. Nor will we see the Will of the dead Duke infring'd.

Lat. Nor I the elder rob'd of what's his right.

Grand.

The Bloody Brother.

Grand. Nor you?

Let me take place, I say, I will not see't;
My sword is sharpest.

Aub. Peace you tinder-boxes,
That only carry matter to make a flame
Which will consume you.

Rol. You are troublesome, *To Baldwin.*

This is no time for arguments, my Title
Needs not your schoole-defences, but my sword,
With which the Gordian of your Sophistry
Being cut, shall shew th' Imposture. For your laws, *To Gis-*
It is in me to change them when I please, *bert.*
I being above them; *Gisbert* would you have me protect them;
Let them now stretch their extreamest rigour,
And seize upon that traytour; and your tongue
Make him appeare first dangerous, then odious;
And after, under the pretence of safety,
For the sick State, the Lands and Peoples quiet,
Cut off his head: and I'll give up my sword,
And fight with them at a more certain weapon
To kill, and with authoritie.

Gis. Sir, I grant the Laws are usefull weapons, but found our
T' assure the Innocent, not to oppress.

Rol. Then you conclude him Innocent? (Crime.

Gis. The Power your father gave him, must not prove a

Aub. Nor should you so receive't.

Bald. To which purpose,

All that dare challenge any part in goodnesse,
Will become suppliant to you.

Rol. They have none

That dare move me in this; hence, I desie you,
Be of his party, bring it to your lawes,
And thou thy double heart, thou popular foole,
Your morall rules of Justice and her ballance;
I stand on mine owne guard.

Or. Which thy injustice
Will make thy enemies; by the memory

The Bloody Brother.

Of him, whose better part now suffers for thee,
Whose reverend ashes with an impious hand
Thou throw'st out to contempt, in thy repining
At his so Just decree; thou art unworthy
Of what his last Will, not thy merits, gave thee,
That art so swolne within, with all those mischiefes
That e're made up a Tyrant, that thy brest,
The prison of thy purposes, cannot hold them,
But that they break forth, and in thy owne words
Discover, what a monster they must serve
That shall acknowledge thee.

*Hec offers his
sword at Otto.
the faction joy-
ning, Asbrey
between sever
the brothers.*

Col. Thou shalt not live to be so happy.

Aub. Nor your miseries begin in murder,
Duty, allegiance, and all respects of what you are, forsake me;
Doe you stare on? is this a Theater?
Or shall these kill themselves, like to mad fencers,
To make you sport? keep them asunder, or
By heaven I'll charge on all.

Grand. Keep the peace.

I am for you, my lord, and if you'll have mee,
I'll act the Constables part.

Aub. Live I to see this?

Will you doe that your enemies dare not wish,
And cherish in your selves those furies, which
Hell would cast out? Doe, I am ready; kill mee,
And these, that would fall willing sacrifices
To any power that would restore your reason,
And make you men againe, which now you are not.

Col. These are your bucklers boy.

Or. My hinderances;

And were I not confirm'd, my Justice in
The taking of thy life, could not weigh downe
The wrong, in shedding the least drop of blood
Of these whose goodnesse only now protects thee,
Thou should'st feele I in act would prove my selfe
What thou in words do'st labour to appeare.

Col. Heare this, and talke againe? I'll break through all,

But

The Bloody Brother.

But I will reach thy heart.

Ot. 'Tis bettes guarded.

Enter *Sophia*.

Soph. Make way, or I will force it, who are those?
My sonnes? my shames; turne all your swords on mee,
And make this wretched body but one wound,
So this unnaturall quarrell find a grave
In the unhappy wombe that brought you forth:
Dare you remember that you had a mother,
Or look on these gray haire, made so with teares,
For both your goods, and not with age; and yet
Stand doubtfull to obey her? from mee you had
Life, nerves, and faculties, to use these weapons;
And dare you raise them against her, to whom
You owe the meanes of being what you are?

Ot. All peace is meant to you.

Soph. Why is this warre, then?

As if your armes could be advanc'd, and I
Not set upon the rack? your blood is mine,
Your dangers mine, your goodnesse I should share in;
I must be branded with those impious markes
You stamp on your own foreheads and on mine,
If you goe on thus: for my good name therefore,
Though all respects of honour in your selves,
Bee in your fury choackt, throw down your swords;
Your duty should be swifter than my tongue;
And joyne your hands while they be innocent;
You have heate of blood, and youth apt to Ambition,
To plead an easie pardon for what's past:
But all the ills beyond this houre committed,
From gods or men must hope for no excuse,

Gis. Can you heare this unmov'd,
Nofyllable of this so pious charme, but should have power
To frustrate all the juggling deceits;
With which the divell blinds you.

Ot. I begin to melt, I know nothow.

The Bloody Brother.

Rol. Mother, I'll leave you;
And sir, be thankfull for the time you live,
Till wee meet next (which shall bee soon and sudden)
To her perswasion for you.

Soph. O yet, stay,
And rather than part thus, vouchsafe mee hearing
As enemies; how is my soule divided?
My love to both, is equall, as my wishes;
But are return'd by neither; my griev'd heart,
Hoid yet a little longer, and then break.
I kneele to both, and will speak so, but this
Takes from meeth' authority of a mothers power;
And therefore, like my selfe, *Otto*, to thee,
(And yet observe, son, how thy mothers teares
Outstrip her forward words, to make way for 'em.)
Thou art the yonger, *Otto*, yet be now
The first example of obedience to mee,
And grow the elder in my loves

Ot. The meanes to be so happy?

Soph. This; yeeld up thy sword,
And let thy piety give thy mother strength
To take that from thee which no enemies force
Could e're dispoyle thee of: why dost thou tremble,
And with a fearefull eye: fixt on thy brother,
Observ'it his ready sword, as bent against thee?
Him thy armour, and will be pierc'd through,
Ten thousand times, before I will give way
To any perill may arrive at thee;
And therefore, feare not.

Ot. 'Tis not for my selfe,
But for you, mother; you are now engag'd
In more that lies in your unquestion'd vertue;
For, since you have disarm'd me of defence,
Should I fall now; though by his hand, the world
May say it was your practise

Soph. All worlds perish,
Before my piety turne treasons parents;

The Bloody Brother.

Take it againe, and stand upon your guard,
And while your brother is, continue' arm'd;
And yet, this feare is needlesse, for I know,
My *Rollo*, though hee dares as much as man,
So tender of his yet untainted valour,
So noble, that he dares doe nothing basely.
You doubt him; he feares you; I doubt and feare
Both; for others safety, and not mine owne.
Know yet, my sons, when of necessity
You must deceive, or be deceiv'd; 'tis better
To suffer treason, than to act the traytor;
And in a war like this, in which the glory
Is his that's overcome: consider then
What 'tis for which you strive: is it the dukedome?
Or the command of these so ready subjects?
De fire of wealth? or whatsoever else
Fires your ambition? This still desp'rate madnesse,
To kill the people which you would be lords of;
With fire, and sword, to lay that countrey waste
Whose rule you seeke for: to consume the treasures,
Which are the sinewes of your government,
In cherishing the factions that destroy it:
Far, far be this from you: make it not questiond
Whether you have intrest in that dukedome,
Whose ruine both contend for.

Or. I desire but to enjoy my owne, which I will keep.

Rol. And rather than posterity shall have cause
To say I ruin'd all, deuide the dukedome,
I will accept the moytie.

Or. I embrace it.

Soph. Deuide mee first, or teare mee limbe by limbe,
And let them finde as many severall graves
As there are villages in *Normandy*:
And 'tis lesse sinne than thus to weaken it.
To heare it mentiond doth already make mee
Envie my dead lord, and almost blaspheme
Those powers that heard my prayer for fruitfullnesse,

The Bloody Brother.

And did not with my first birth close my wombe:
To mee alone my second blessing proves
My first of misery, for if that heaven
Which gave mee *Rollo*, there had stayd his bounty,
And *Otto*, my deare *Otto*, ne're had been,
Or being, had not been so worth my love,
The streame of my affection had runne constant
In one faire current, all my hopes had been
Layd up in one; and fruitfull *Normandy*,
In this division had not lost her gloryes:
For as tis now, tis a faire diamond,
Which being preserv'd intire, exceeds all value,
But cut in peeces (though these peeces are
Set in fine gold by the best work-mans cunning)
Parts with all estimation: So this Dukedome,
As 'tis yet whole, the neighbouring Kings may cover,
But cannot compasse; which divided, will
Become the spoile of every barbarous foe
That will invade it.

Gis. How this works in both!

Bal. Prince *Rollos* eyes have lost their fire.

Gis. And anger, that but now wholly possessed:
Good *Otto*, hath given place to pitie.

Aub. End not thus Madam, but perfect what's so well begun.

Soph. I see in both, faire signes of reconcilment,
Make them sure proofes they are so: the Fates offer
To your free choyce, either to live Examples
Of pietie, or wickednesse: if the later
Blinds so your understanding, that you cannot
Pierce through her painted out-side, and discover
That she is all deformity within,
Boldly transcend all presidents of mischief,
And let the last, and the worst end of tyrannies,
The murder of a mother, but begin
The staine of blood you after are to heighten:
But if that vertue, and her sure rewards,
Can win you to accept her for your guide,

The Bloody Brother.

To lead you up to heaven, and there fix you
The fairest Starres in the bright Spheare of Honour ;
Make me the parent of an hundred sonnes,
All brought into the world with joy, not sorrow,
And every one a father to his countrey,
In being now made mother of your concord.

Rol. Such, and so good, loud fame for ever speake you.

Bal. I, now they meet like Brothers.

Gif. My hearts joy flows through my eyes.

Aub. May never womans tongue

*The brothers cast
away their
swords and em-
brace.*

Hereafter be accus'd, for this ones Goodnesse.

Ot. If we contend, from this houre, it shall be
How to orecome in brotherly affection.

Rol. *Otto* is *Rollo* now, and *Rollo*, *Otto*,

Or as they have one mind, rather one name :

From this attonement let our lives begin,

Be all the rest forgotten.

Aub. Spoke like *Rollo*.

Soph. And to the honour of this reconcilment,

Wee all this night will at a publick Feast

With choice wines drowne our late feares, and with musick

Welcome our comforts.

Bald. Sure and certaine ones.

Exeunt.

Manent Grandpre, Verdon, Trevile, and Duprete.

Gran. Did ever such a hopefull businesse end thus ?

Ver. Tis fatal to us all, and yet you *Grandpre*,

Have the least cause to feare.

Gran. Why, what's my hope ?

Ver. The certainty that you have to be hang'd ;

You know the Chancellours promise.

Gran. Plague upon you.

Ver. What think you of a Bath and a Lords daughter

To entertaine you ?

Gran. Those desires are off.

Frayle thoughts, all friends, no *Rollians* now, nor *Ottoes* :

The sey'rall court'sies of our swords and ser-vants.

The Bloody Brother.

Deferre to after consequence ; let's make use
Of this nights freedome, a short Parliament to us,
In which it will be lawfull to walk freely.
Nay, to our drink we shall have meat too, that's
No usuall businesse to the men o'th' sword.
Drink deep with me to night, we shall to morrow
Or whip, or hang the merryer.
7 re. Lead the way then.

Exeunt.

Act II. Scene I.

Enter Latorch and Rollo.

WHy should this trouble you ?

Rol. It does, and must doe till I find ease.

Lat. Consider then, and quickly ;

And like a wise man, take the current with you,
Which once turn'd head, will sinke you ; blest occasion
Offers her selfe in thousand safeties to you ;
Time standing still to point you out your purpose,
And resolution (the true child of Vertue)
Readie to execute : what dull cold weaknesse
Has crept into your bosome, whose meere thoughts
Like tempests, plowing up the sayling Forrests,
Even with their swing were wont to shake downe hazards.
What is't, your mothers teares ?

Rol. Pry thee be patient.

Lat. Her hands held up ? her prayers, or her curses ?

Oh power of paper dropt through by a woman !
Take heed the souldiers see it not ; 'tis miserable,
In *Rollo* below miserable ; take heed your friends,
The sinewes of your cause, the strength you stirre by,
Take heed, I say, they find it not : take heed
Your owne repentance (like a passing-bell)

The Bloody Brother.

Too late, and too loud, tell the world y'are perisht :
What noble spirit, eager of advancement,
Whose imployment is his plough; what sword whose sharpnesse
Waits but the arme to weild it; or what hope,
After the world has blowne abroad this weaknesse,
Will move againe, or make a wish for *Rollo*?

Rol. Are we not friends againe by each oath ratified,
Our tongues the Heralds to our hearts?

Lat. Poore hearts then.

Rol. Our worthier friends.

Lat. No friends sir, to your honour;

Friends to your fall: where is your understanding;
The noble vessell that your full soule sayd in,
Ribb'd round with honours; where is that? tis ruind;
The tempest of a womans sighs has sunk it.
Friendship, take heed sir, is a smiling harlot
That when shee kisses, kills, a soder d friendship
Pee'd out with promises; O painted ruine!

Rol. *Latorch*, he is my brother.

Lat. The more doubted;

For hatred hatcht at home is a tame Tiger,
May sawne and sport but never leaves his nature;
The jarres of brothers, two such mighty ones,
Is like a small stone throwne into a river,
The breach scarce heard, but view the beaten current,
And you shall see a thousand angry rings
Rise in his face, still swelling and still growing;
So jarres circling distrusts, distrusts breed dangers,
And dangers death, the greatest extreme shadow,
Till nothing bound 'hem but the shoare their graves;
There is no manly wisedome, nor no safety
In leaning to this league, this pee'd patch friendship;
This reard up reconciliation on a billow,
Which as it tumbles, totters downe your fortune;
Is t not your owne you reach at? Law and Nature
Ushering the way before you; is not hee
Borne and bequeath d your subject?

The Bloody Brother.

Rol. Ha.

(peace,

Lat. What foole would give a storme leave to disturb his
When he may shut the casement? can that man
Has woon so much upon your pity,
And drawne so high, that like an ominous Comet,
He darkens all your light; can this toucht Lyon
(Though now he licks and locks up his fell pawes,
Craftily huming, like a catt to cozen you)
But when ambition whetts him, and time fitts him,
Leape to his prey, and seizd once, suck your heart out?
Doe you make it conscience?

Rol. Conscience *Latorch*, what's that?

Lat. A feare they tye up fooles in, Natures coward,
Pauling the blood, and chilling the full spirit
With apprehension of meere clouds and shadowes.

Rol. I know no conscience, nor I feare no shadowes.

Lat. Or if you did; if there were conscience,
If the free soule could suffer such a curbe
To the fiery mind, such puddles to put it out;
Must it needs like a rank Vine, run up rudely,
And twine about the top of all our happinesse
Honour and rule, and there sit shaking of us?

Rol. It shall not, nor it must not; I am satisfied,
And once more am my selfe againe:

My mothers teares and womanish cold prayers,
Farewell, I have forgot you; if there be conscience,
Let it not come betwixt a crowne and me,
Which is my hope of blisse, and I beleeve it:

Otto, our friendship thus I blow to ayre,
A buble for a boy to play withall;
And all the vovwes my weaknesse made, like this,
Like this poore heartlesse rush, I rend in peeces:

Lat. Now you goe right, sir, now your eyes are open.

Rol. My fathers last petition's dead as he is,
And all the promises I closd his eyes with,
In the same grave I bury.

Lat. Now y' are a man, sir.

Rol.

The Bloody Brother.

Rol. *Otto*, thou shewst my winding sheet before me,
Which ere I put it on, like heavens blest fire
In my descent Ile make it blush in blood ;
A Crowne, A Crowne, Oh sacred Rule, now fire mee ;
Nor shall the pittie of thy youth, false brother,
Although a thousand Virgins kneele before mee,
And every dropping eye a court of mercy,
The same blood with me, nor the reverence
Due to my mothers blest womb that bred us,
Redeeme thee from my doubts : thou art a wolfe here,
Fed with my feares ; and I must cut thee from me :
A Crowne, A Crowne ; Oh sacred Rule, now fire me :
No safety else.

Lat. But be not too much stird, Sir, nor to high
In your execution : swallowing waters
Run deep and silent, till they are satisfied,
And smile in thousand Curles, to guild their craft ;
Let your sword sleep, and let my two edged witt work
This happy feast, the full joy of your friendships
Shall be his last.

Rol. How my *Latorch* ?

Lat. Why thus, sir ;
Ile presently go-dive into the Officers
That minister at Table : gold and goodnesse,
With promise upon promise, and time necessary,
Ile poure into them.

Rol. Canst thou doe it neatly ?

Lat. Let me alone, and such a bait it shall be,
Shall take off all suspicion.

Rol. Gee, and prosper.

Lat. Walk in then, and your smoothest face put on sir.

Exeunt.

Act II. Scene II.

*Enter the Master Cook, Butler, Pantler, Yeoman of the
Cellar, with a Jack of Beere and a Dish.*

Coo. **A** Hot day, a hot day, vengeance hot day boyes,
Give me some drink, this fire's a plaguy fretter :

D

Body

The Bloody Brother.

Body of me, I'm dry still; give me the lack boy;
This wooden Skiffe holds nothing.

Pant. And faith master, what brave new meats? for here
will be old eating.

Coo. Old and young, boy, let 'em all eat, I have it;
I have ballasse for their bellies, if they eate a gods name,
Let them have ten tire of teeth a peice, I care not;

But. But what new rate munition?

Coo. Pish, a thousand;

Ile make you piggs speake French at table, and a fat swan;
Come sayling out of *England* with a challenge;
Ile make you a dish of calves-feet dance the *Canaries*,
And a consort of cramm'd capons fiddle to 'hem;
A calves head speak an Oracle, and a dozen of *Larks*
Rise from the dish, and sing all supper time;

Tis nothing boyes: I have framed a fortification

Out of Rye paste, which is impregnable,

And against that, for two long hours together,

Two dozen of marrow-bones shall play continually:

For fish, Ile make you a standing lake of white broth,

And pikes come ploughing up the plums before them;

Arion, like a Dolphin, playing *Lachrymæ*,

And brave king *Herring* with his oyle and onyon

Crownd with a *Limon* pill, his way prepard

With his strong Guard of *Pilchers*.

Pant. I marry master.

Coo. All these are nothing: Ile make you a stubble *Goose*
Turne o'th' toe, thrice, doe a crosse point presently;

And sit downe agen, and cry come eat me:

These are for mirth. Now sir, for matter of mourning,

Ile bring you in the *Lady Loyne* of *Vealea*,

With the long love she bore the Prince of *Orenge*.

All. Thou boy, thou.

Coo. I have a trick for thee too,

And a rare trick, and I have done it for thee

Yeo. What's that good master?

Coo. 'Tis a sacrifice.

The Bloody Brother.

A full Vine bending, like an Arch, and under
The blowne god *Bacchus*, sitting on a Hog'shead,
His Altar Beere: before that, a plumpe Vintner
Kneeling, and offering incense to his deitie,
Which shall be only this, red Sprats and Pilchers.

But. This when the Table's drawne, to draw the Wine

Coo. Thou hast it right, and then comes thy Song *But*

Pant. This will be admirable.

Yeo. Oh sir, most admirable.

Coo. If youle have the pasty speak, 'tis in my power,
I have fire enough to work it; come, stand close,
And now rehearse the Song, We may be perfect,
The drinking Song, and say I were the Brothers.

They sing.

Well have you borne your selves; a red Deare Pye, Boyes;
And that no leane one, I bequeath your vertues;
What friends hast thou to day? no citizens?

Pant. Yes father, the old Crew.

Coo. By the masse true wenches:

Sirra; set by a chine of Beefe, and a hot Pasty,
And let the Joll of Sturgeon be corrected:
And doe you marke sir, stalke me to a Pheasant,
And see if you can shoot her in the Sellar.

Pant. God a mercy Lad, send me thy roaring bottles,
And with such Nectar I will see 'em fill'd,
That all thou speak'st shall be pure Helicon.

Enter Latorche.

Monfieur *Latorche*? what newes with him? Save you.

Lat. Save you Master, save you gentlemen,
You are casting for this preparation;
This joyfull supper for the royall Brothers:
I'm glad I have met you fitly, for to your charge
My bountifull brave Butler, I must deliver
A Bevie of young Lasses, that must looke on
This nights solemnity, and see the two Dukes,
Or I shall lose my credit; you have Stowage?

The Bloody Brother.

- But.* For such freight Ile find roome, and be your servant.
Coo. Bring them, they shal not starve here Ile send'em victuals
Shall work you a good turne, though't be t'endayes hence, sir.
Lat. God-a-mercy noble Master.
Coo. Nay, Ile do't.
Yeo. And wine they shal not want, let'em drink like Ducks.
Lat. What misery it is that minds so royall,
And such most honest bounties, as yours are,
Should be confin'd thus to uncertainties.
But. I, were the State once settled, then we had places.
Yeo. Then we could shew our selves, and help our friends, sir.
Coo. I, then there were some favour in't, where now
We live between two stooles, every houre ready
To tumble on our noses; and for ought we know yet,
For all this Supper, ready to fast the next day.
Lat. I would faine speak unto you out of pitic,
Out of the love I beare you, out of honesty,
For your owne goods; nay, for the generall blessing.
Coo. And we would as faine heare you, pray goe forward.
Lat. Dare you but think to make your selves up certainties
Your places. and your credits ten times doubled,
The Princes favour, *Rollos*.
But. A sweet Gentleman.
Yeo. I, and as bountious, if he had his right too.
Coo. By the masse, a Royall gentleman, indeed Boyes,
He'de make the chimneyes smoake.
Lat. He would do't friends,
And you too, if he had his right, true Courtiers;
What could you want then? dare you?
Coo. Pray you be short sir.
Lat. And this my soule upon't, I dare assure you,
If you but dare your parts.
Coo. Dare not mee Monsieur;
For I that feare nor fire, nor water, sir,
Dare doe enough, a man would think.
Yeo. Beleeve't, sir,
But make this good upon us you have promis'd,

The Bloody Brother.

You shall not find us flinchers.

Lat. Then Ile be sudden.

Pant. What may this mean? and whither would he drive us?

Lat. And first, for what you must doe, because all danger
Shall be apparantly ty'd up and mussell'd,

The matter seeming mighty: there's your pardons.

Pant. Pardons? I't come to that, gods defend us.

Lat. And here's five hundred Crownes in bountious earnest,
And now behold the matter.

But. What are these, sir?

Yea. And of what nature? to what use?

Lat. I imagine.

Coo. Will they kill Rats? they eat my pyes abominably,
Or work upon a woman cold as Christmas:
I have an old Jade sticks upon my fingers,
May I taste them?

Lat. Is your will made?

And have you said your prayers? for theyle pay you
And now to come up to you, for your knowledge,
And for the good you never shall repent you
If you be wisemen now.

Coo. Wise as you will, sir.

Lat. These must be put, then into the severall meats,
Young *Otto* loves, by you into his wine, sir,
Into his bread by you, Into his linnen.
Now if you desire, you have found the meanes
To make you, and if you dare not, you have
Found your ruine; resolve me ere you goe.

But. Youle keep your faith with us.

Lat. May I no more see light else?

Coo. Why tis done then?

But. Tis done.

Pant. Tis done which shall be undone.

Lat. About it then, farewell, y'are all of one mind.

Coo. All?

All: All: All.

Lat. Why then all happie.

Exit.

The Bloody Brother.

But. What did wee promise him?

Yeo. Doe you aske that now?

But. I would be glad to know what 'tis.

Pan. He tell you.

It is to be all villanes, knaves, and traytors.

Coo. Fine wholsome titles.

Pan. But if you dare, goe forward.

Coo. Wee may be hang'd, drawne, and quarter'd.

Pan. Very true, fir.

Coo. What a goodly swing I shall give the gallowes? yee I think too, this may be done, and yet wee may be rewarded, not with a rope, but with a royall master: and yet wee may be hang'd too.

Yeo. Say it were done; who is it done for? is it not for *Rollo*? And for his right?

Coo. And yet we may be hang'd too.

But. Or say he take it, say wee be discover'd?

Is not the same man found to protect us?

Are we not his?

But. Sure, he will never saye us.

Coo. If he doe, friends, we shall finde that will hold us;

And yet me thinks, this prologue to our purpose,

These crownes should promise more: tis easly done;

As easie as a man would roast an egge,

If that be all; for look you, gentlemen,

Here stand my broths, my finger slips a little,

Downe drops a dosse, I stir him with my ladle,

And there's a dish for a Duke: *Olla Podrida.*

Here stands a bak'd meat, he wants a little seasoning;

A foolish mistake; my Spice-box, gentlemen,

And put in some of this, the matter's ended;

Dredge you a dish of plovers, there's the Art on't.

Yeo. Or as I fill my wine.

Coo. Tis, very true, fir.

Blessing it with your hand, thus quick and neatly first, tis past

And done once, tis as easie

For him to thank us for it, and reward us.

The Bloody Brother.

Pan. But tis a damn'd sinne.

Coo. O, never feare that.

The fires my play-fellow, and now I am resolv'd, boyes.

But. Why then, have with you.

Yeo. The same for mee.

Pan. For mee too.

Coo. And now no more our worships, but our lordships.

Pan. Not this yeere, on my knowledge, Ile unlord you.

Exeunt.

Act II. Scene III.

Enter Servant, and Sewer.

Perfume the roome round, and prepare the table,
Gentlemen officers, wait in your places.

Sew. Make roome there,

Roome for the Dukes meate. Gentlemen, be bare there,

Cleere all the entrance: Guard, put by those gapers,

And gentlemen-ushers, see the gallery cleere,

The Dukes are comming on.

Holboys banquet.

Enter Saphia, between Rollo and Otto, Aubrey, Latorche, Gifbert, Baldwin, Attendants, Hamond, Matilda, Edith.

Ser. Tis certainly informd.

Ot. Reward the fellow, and looke you mainly to it.

Ser. My life for yours, sir.

Soph. Now am I straight, my lords, and young agen,

My long since blasted hopes shoot out in blossomes,

The fruits of everlasting love appearing;

Oh! my blessed boyes, the honour of my yeares,

Of all my cares, the bounteous faire rewarders.

Oh! let me thus imbrace you, thus for ever.

Within a mothers love lock up your friendships:

And my sweet sons, once more with mutuall twinings,

As one chaste bed begot you, make one body:

Blessings from heaven in thousand showres fall on you:

Sub.

The Bloody Brother.

Aub. Oh! womans goodnesse never to be equall'd,
May the most sinfull creatures of thy sex
But kneeling at thy monument, rise saints.

Soph. Sit downe my worthy sons; my lords. your places.
I, now mee thinks [the table's nobly furnish;
Now the meat nourishes; the wine gives spirit;
And all the roome stuck with a generall pleasure,
Shewes like the peacefull bowes of happinesse.

Aub. Long may it last, and from a heart fill'd with it,
Full as my cup; I give it round, my lords.

Bald. And may that stubborn heart be drunk with sorrow.
Refuses it; men dying now, should take it;
Shake off their miseries, and sleep in peace.

Rol. You are sad, my noble brother.

Ot. No, indeed, sir.

Roph. No sadnesse my son this day.

Rol. Pray you eate.

Something is here you have lov'd; taste of this dish
It will prepare your stomach.

Ot. Thank you brother: I am not now dispos'd to eate.

Rol. Or that.

You put us out of heart man, come, these bak't meats
Were ever your best dyet.

Ot. None, I thank you.

Soph. Are you well, noble childe?

Ot. Yes, gracious mother.

Rol. Give him a cup of wine, then, pledge the health,
drink it to mee, Ile give it to my mother.

Soph. Doe, my best childe.

Ot. I must not, my best mother,
Indeed I dare not: for of late, my body
Has been much weakned by excesse of dyet;
The promise of a feaver hanging on mee.
And even now ready, if not by abstinence

Rol. And will you keep it in this generall freedome;
A little health preferd before our friendship.

Ot. I pray you excuse mee, sir.

The Bloody Brother.

Rol. Excuse your selfe fir,
Come tis your feare, and not your favour brother,
And you have done me a most worthy kindnesse
My Royall mother, and you noble Lords;
Here, for it now concerns me to speake boldly;
What faith can be expected from his vowes,
From his dissembling smiles, what fruite of friendship
From all his dull embraces, what blest issue,
When he shall brand me here for base suspicion,
He takes me for a poysoner.

Sop. Gods defend it sonne.

Rol. For a foule knave, a villaine, and so feares me.

Ot. I could say something too.

Sop. You must not so fir,
Without your great forgetfulnesse of vertue;
This is your brother, and your honour'd brother.

Rol. If he please so.

Sop. One noble father, with as noble thoughts,
Begot your mindes and bodies: one care rockt you,
And one truth to you both was ever sacred;
Now fye my *Otto*, whither flies your goodnesse,
Because the right hand has the power of cutting,
Shall the left presently cry out tis maymed?
They are one my childe, one power, and one performance,
And joyn'd together thus, one love, one body.

Aub. I doe beseech your grace, take to your thoughts
More certaine counsellors than doubts or feares,
They strangle nature, and disperse themselves
(If once belev'd) into such fogges and errorrs
That the bright truth her selfe can never sever:
Your brother is a royall gentleman
Full of himselfe, honour, and honesty,
And take heede fir, how nature bent to goodnesse,
(So streight a Cedar to himselfe) uprightnesse
Be wrested from his true use, prove not dangerous

Rol. Nay my good brother knownes I am too patient.

Lat. Why should your Grace thinke him a poysoner

The Bloody Brother.

Has hē no more respect to piety!
And but he has by oath ty'de up his fury
Who durst but thinke that thought.

Aub. Away thou firebrand.

Lar. If men of his sort, of his power, and place
The eldest sonne in honour to this Dukedome.

Bald. For shame containe thy tongue, thy poysonous tongue
That with her burning venome will infect all,
And once more blow a wilde fire through the dukedome.

Gif. Latorche, if thou be'st honest, or a man,
Containe thy selfe.

Aub. Goe too, no more, by heaven
Youle finde y'have playd the foole else, not a word more.

Sop. Prithee sweete sonne.

Rol. Let him alone sweete mother, and my Lords
To make you understand how much I honour
This sacred peace, and next my innocence
And to avoyd all further difference
Discourse may draw on to a way of danger
I quit my place, and take my leave for this night,
Wishing a generall joy may dwell among you.

Aub. Shall we waite on your grace?

Rol. I dare not breake you, *Latorche.*

Exit, Rollo and Latorche.

Ot. Oh mother that your tenderesse had eyes,
Discerning eyes, what would this man appeare then,
The tale of *Synon* when he tooke upon him
To ruine *Troy*; with what a cloud of cunning
He hid his heart, nothing appearing outwards,
But came like innocēce, and dropping pittie,
Sighes that would sinke a Navie, and had tales
Able to take the eares of Saints, beleefe too,
And what did all these? blew the fire to *Illium*,
His crafty art (but more refin'd by study)
My brother has put on: oh I could tell you
But for the reverence I beare to nature,
Things that would make your honest blood runne backward.

Sop.

The Bloody Brother.

Sop. You dare tell me?

Ot. Yes, in your private cloſer
Where I will preſently attend you; riſe
I am a little troubled, but 'twill off.

Sop. Is this the joy I look'd for?

Ot. All will mend,
Be not diſturb'd deare mother, Ile not faile you.

Exit. Sop. and Otto.

Bald. I doe not like this.

Aub. That is ſtill in our powers,
But how to make it ſo that we may like it.

Bald. Beyond us ever; *Latorche* me thought was buſie,
That fellow, if not lookt to narrowly will doe a ſuddaine
miſchiefe.

Aub. Hell looke to him,
For if there may be a devill above all, yet
that rogue will make him; keepe you up this night,
And ſo will I, for much I feare a danger.

Bald. I will, and in my watches uſe my prayers. *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Scene. I.

Enter Sophia, Otto, Matilda, Edith.

Ot. You wonder Madam, that for all the ſhewes
My brother *Rollo* makes of hearty love
And free poſſeſſion of the Dukedome twixt us;
I notwithstanding ſhould ſtand ſtill ſuſpicious,
As if beneath thoſe veyles, he did convey
Intents and practiſes of hate, and treason?

Sop. It breeds indeed my wonder.

Ot. Which makes mine,
Since it is ſo ſafe and broad a beaten way,
Beneath the name of frienſhip to betray.

Sop. Though in remote and further of affections,
Theſe falſhoods are ſo common, yet in him

The Bloody Brother.

They cannot so force nature ;

Ot. The more neere

The bands of truth bind, the more oft they sever,
Being better cloakes to cover falshood over.

Sop. It cannot be, that fruites the tree so blasting
Can grow in nature ; take heede gentle sonne
Least some subborad suggester of these treasons,
Beleiv'd in him by you, provok'd the rather
His tender envies, to such foule atempts ;
Or that your too much love to rule alone
Breed not in him this Jealous passion ;
There is not any ill we might not beare
Were not our good held at a price too deare ?

Ot. So apt is treachery to be excused,
That innocence is still aloud abused,
The fate of vertue even her friends perverts,
To plead for vice oft times against their hearts,
Heavens blessing is her curse, which she must beare
That she may never love.

Sop. Alas, my sonne, nor fate, nor heaven it selfe,
Can or would wrest my whole care of your good
To any least securenesse in your ill :
What I urge issues from my curious feare ;
Least you should make your meanes to scape your snare,
Doubt of sincerenesse is the onely meane
Not to infence it, but corrupt it cleane.

Ot. I rest as farre from wrong of sincerenesse,
As he flies from the practice, trust me Madam,
I know by their confessions, he subborn'd,
What I should eate, drinke, touch, or onely have scented,
This evening feast was poysoned, but I feare
This open violence more, that treacherous oddes
Which he in his insatiate thirst of rule
Is like to execute.

Sop. Beleeve it Sonne,
If still his stomacke be so foule to feede
On such grosse objects, and that thirst to rule

The Bloody Brother.

The state alone bē yet unquēch'd 'in him,
Poysons and such close treasons aske more timē
Than can suffice his fiery spirits hast :
And were there in him such desire to hidē
So false a practise, there would likewise rest
Conscience and feare in him'of open force,
And therefore close nor open you need feare.

Mat. Good Madam, stand not so inclin'd to trust
What proves his tendrest thoughts to doubt it just,
Who knowes not the unbounded flood and sea,
In which my brother *Rolloes* appetites
Alter and rage with every puffle and breath,
His swelling blood exhales, and therefore heare,
What gives my temperate brother cause to use
His readiest circumspection, and consult
For remedy against all his wicked purposes;
If he arme, arme, if he strew mines of treason,
Meete him with countermines, it is justice still
(For goodnesse sake) t' encounter ill with ill.

Sop. Avert from us such justice, equall heavē,
And all such cause of justice.

Or. Past all doubt
(For all the sacred priviledge of night)
This is no time for us to sleepe or rest in;
Who knowes not all things holy are prevented
With ends of all impietic, all but
Lust, gainē, ambition.

Enter Rollo armed, and Latorche.

Rol. Perish all the world
Ere I but loose one foote of possible Empire,
Be flights and colour us'd by slaves and wretches
I am exempt by birth from both these curbes,
And since above them in all justice, since
I sit above in power, where power is given,
Is all the right suppos'd of earth and heaven.

Lat. Prove both sir, see the traytor.

Or. He comes armed, see Mother, now your confidence.

The Bloody Brother.

Sop. What rage affects this monster?

Roll. Give me way or perish.

Sop. Make thy way viper, if thou thus affect it.

Ot. This is a treason like thee.

Roll. Let her goe.

Sop. Embrace me, weare me as thy shield, my sonne;
And through my breast let his rude weapon runne,
To thy lives innocense.

Ot. Play not two parts,
Traicher and coward both; but yeeld a sword,
And let thy arming thee be oddes enough
Against my naked bosome.

Roll. Loose his hold.

Mat. Forbeare base murthefer.

Roll. ForfAKE our mother.

Sop. Mother, dost thou name me, and put'st off nature thus?

Roll. ForfAKE her traytour.

Or by the spouse of nature through hers,
This leads unto thy heart.

Ot. Hold.

Sop. Hold me still.

Ot. For twenty hearts and lives I will not hazard
One drop of blood in yours.

Sop. Oh thou art lost then.

Ot. Protect my innocence, heaven.

Sop. Call out murther.

Mat. Be murdered all, but save him.

Ed. Murther, murther.

Roll. Cannot I reach you yet.

Ot. No fiend.

Roll. *Latorche*, rescue, I'me downe.

Lat. Vp then, your sword cooles fir,
Ply it i'th' flame, and worke your ends out.

Roll. Ha, have at you there fir.

Enter Aubrey.

Aub. Author of prodigies, what sightes are these?

Ot. Oh give me a weapon, *Aubrey*.

Sop.

The Bloody Brother.

Sop. Oh part'em, part'em.

Aub. For heavens sake no more.

Ot. No more resist his fury, no rage can
Adde to his milchiefe done. *Dyes.*

Sop. Take spirit my *Otto*,
Heaven will not see thee dye thus.

Mat. He is dead, and nothing lives but death of every
goodnesse.

Sop. Oh he hath slaine his brother, curse him heaven.

Roll. Curse and be cursed, it is the fruite of cursing,
Latorche, take off here, bring too, of that blood
To colour ore my shirt, then rayse the Court
And give it out how he atempted us
In our bed naked, shall the name of brother
Forbid us to enlarge our state and powers?
Or place affects of blood above our reason?
That tells us all things good against another,
Are good in the same line against a brother. *Exit.*

Enter Gisbert, Baldwin.

Gis. What affaires informe these out-cries?

Aub. See and grieve.

Gis. Prince *Otto* slaine!

Bald. Oh execrable slaughter!
What hand hath author'd it?

Aub. Your Schollers, *Baldwin*.

Bald. Vnjustly urg'd, Lord *Aubrey*, as if I,
For being his Schoolemaster, must owne this doctrine,
You are his Counsellours, did you advise him
To this foule parracide?

Gis. If rule affect this licencē, who would live
To worse, than dye in force of his obedience?

Bald. Heavens cold and lingring spirit to punish sinne,
And humane blood so fiery to commit it,
One so outgoes the other, it will never
Be turn'd to fit obedience.

Aub. Burst it then

With:

The Bloody Brother.

With his full swing given, where it brookes no bound,
Complaints of it are vaine; and all that rests
To be our refuge (since our powers are strengthlesse)
Is to conforme our wills to suffer freely,
What with our murmurs we can never master;
Ladies, be pleased with what heavens pleasure suffers;
Brect your princely countenances and spirits,
And to redresse the mischiefes now resistlesse,
Sooth it in shew, rather than curse or crosse it;
Which all amends, and vow to it your best,
But till you may performe it, let it rest.

Gif. Those temporizings are too dull and servile,
To breath the free ayre of a manly soule,
Which shall in me expire in execrations,
Before, for any life I sooth a murtherer.

Bald. Poure lives before him, till his owne be dry
Of all lives services and humane comforts;
None left that lookes at heaven is halfe so base
To doe those blacke and hellish actions grace.

Enter Rollo, Lat. Ham. and guard.

Rol. Haste *Latorche*
And raise the Cittie as the Court is raised
Proclaiming the abhor'd conspiracy
In plot against my life.

Lat. I haste my Lord. *Exit.*

Rol. You there that mourne upon the justly slaine,
Arise and leave it if you love your lives,
And heare from me what (kept by you) may save you.

Mat. What will the Butcher doe? I will not stirre.

Rol. Stirre, and unforc't stirre, or stirre never more:
Command her, you grave Beldame, that know better
My deadly resolutions, since I drew them
From the infective fountaine of your owne,
Or if you have forgot, this fiery prompter
Shall fixe the fresh impression on your heart.

Sop. Rise daughter, serve his will in what we may

The bloody Brother.

Least what we may not he enforce the rather,
Is this all you command us ?

Rol. This addition onely admitted, that when I endeavour
To quit me of this slaughter you persume not
To crosse me with a syllable for your soules;
Murmure, nor thinke against it, but weigh well,
It will not helpe your ill, but helpe to more,
And that my hand wrought thus farre to my will,
Wi'l checke at nothing till his circle fill.

Mat. Fill it, so I consent not, but who soothes it
Consents, and who consents to tyrannie, does it.

Rol. False traytresse die then with him. (self)

Aub. Are you mad, to offer at more blood, and make your
More horrid to your people ? Ile proclaime,
It is not as your instrument will publish.

Rol. Doe, and take that along with you — so nimble,
Resigne my sword, and dare not for thy soule
To offer what thou insolently threatnest;
One word, proclaiming crosse to what *Latorch*
Hath in Commission, and intends to publish.

Aub. Well sir, not for your threats, but for your good,
Since more hurt to you would more hurt your country,
And that you must make vertue of the neede
That now compells you, Ile consent as farre
As silence argues to your will proclaimed:
And since no more sonnes of your Princely father
Survives to rule but you, and that I wish
You should rule like your father, with the love
And zeale of all your subjects; this soule slaughter
That now you have committed made ashamed
Wich that faire blessing, that in place of plagues,
Heaven tries our mending disposition with:
Take here your sword, which now use like a Prince,
And no more like a Tyrant:

Rol. This sounds well, live and be gracious with us.

Gis. and Bal. Oh Lord *Aubrey*.

Mat. He flatter thus ?

The bloody Brother.

Sop. He temporizes fitly.

Rol. Wonder invades me; doe you two thinke much,
That he thus wisely, and with neede consents
To what I author for your Countries good?
You being my Tutor, you my Chancellour.

Gif. Your Chancellour, is not not your Flatterer sir.

Bal. Nor, Is it your Tutors part to shield such doctrine?

Rol. Sir, first know you,

In praise of your pure Oratorie that raise you,
That when the people, who I know by this
Are raised out of their rests, and hastening hither
To witnesse what is done here, are arrived
With our *Latorch*, that you *extempore*
Shall fashion an Oration to acquit
And justifie this forced fact of mine;
Or for the proud refusall lose your head.

Gif. I fashion an Oration to acquit you?
Sir, know you then, that tis a thing lesse easie
To excuse a parricide than to commit it.

Rol. I doe not wish you sir, to excuse me,
But to accuse my brother, as the cause
Of his owne slaughter by attempting mine.

Gif. Not for the world, I should pow're blood on blood;
It were another murder to accuse
Him that fell innocent.

Rol. Away with him, hence, haile him streight to execution.

Aub. Farre fly such rigour your amendfull hand.

Rol. He perishes with him that speakes for him;
Guard doe thy office on him, on your lives-paine.

Gif. Tyrant, twill haste thy owne death.

Rol. Let it wing it,
He threatens me; Villaines teare him piece meale hence.

Guard. Avant sir.

Hans. Force him hence.

Rol. Dispatch him Captaine,
And bring me instant word he is dispatched.
And how his retorique takes it.

The bloody Brother.

Ham. Ile not faile fir.

Rol. Capraine, besides remember this in chiefe ;
That being executed you denie
To all his friends the rits of funerall,
And cast his carkase out to dogges and fowles.

Ham. Tis done my Lord.

Rol. Vpon your life not faile.

Bal. What impious daring is there here of heaven ?

Rol. Sir now prepare your selfe against the people,
Make here their entry to discharge the Oration,
He hath denied my will.

Bal. For feare of death ? ha, ha, ha,.

Rol. Is death ridiculous with you ?

Workes misery of age this, or thy judgemente

Bal. Iudgement false tyrant.

Rol. Youle make no Oration then ?

Bal. Not to excuse, but aggravate thy murther if thou wilt;
which I will so enforce, Ile make thee wreake it
(With hate of what thou win'st by't) on thy selfe,
With such another justly merited murther.

Rol. Ile answer you anon.

Enter Latorch.

Lat. The citizens are hasting fir in heapes, all full resolv'd
By my perswasions of your brothers Treasons:

Rol. Honest Latorch:

Enter Hamond.

Ha. See fir, here's *Gisberts* head.

Rol. Good speed ; wast with a sword ?

Ha. An axe fir.

Rol. An axe, twas vildely done, I would have had
My owne fine Headsman done it with a sword ;
Goe, take this dotard here, and take his head
Off with a sword.

Ha. Your Schoolemaster ?

Rol. Even he.

The bloody Brother.

Bal. For teaching thee no better ; tis the best
Of all thy damned justices ; away
Captaine, Ile follow. (and fury,

Ed. Oh stay there Duke, and in the midst of all thy blood
Hear a poore maides petitions, here a daughter,
The onely daughter of a wretched father ;
Oh stay your haste as you shall neede this mercy.

Rol. Away with this fond woman.

Ed. You must heare me,
If there be any sparke of pittie in you,
If sweete humanity and mercy rule you ;
I doe confesse you are a Prince, your anger
As great as you, your execution greater.

Rol. Away with him.

Ed. Oh Captaine, by thy manhood
By her soft soule that beare thee, I doe confesse sir,
Your doome of justice on your foes most righteous ;
Good noble Prince looke on me.

Rol. Take her from me.

Ed. A curse upon his life that hinders me ;
May fathers blessing never fall upon him,
May heaven never heare his prayers : I beseech you,
Oh sir, these few teares beseech you ; these chaste hands wooe
That never yet were heav'd but to things holy, (you
Things like your selfe, you are a God above us ;
Be as a God then, full of saving mercy ;
Mercy, oh mercy, for his sake mercy ;
That when your stout heart weepes shall give you pittie ;
Here I must grow.

Rol. By heaven Ile strike thee woman.

Ed. Most willingly, let all thy anger seeke me,
All the most studied torments, to this good man,
This old man, and this innocent escape thee.

Rol. Carry him away I say.

Ed. Now blessing on thee, oh sweet pittie,
I see it in thy eyes. I charge you souldiers
Even by the Princes power, release my father ;

The bloody Brother.

The Princē is mercifull, why doe you hold him?
He is old, why doe you hurt him? speake, oh speake; fir;
Speake, as you are a man; a mans life hangs fir,
A friends life, and a foster life upon you:
Tis but a word, but mercy, quickly spoke fir;
Oh speake Prince, speake.

Rol. Will no man here obey me?
Have I no rule yet? as I live he dies
That does not execute my will, and suddenly. (me.

Bal. All that thou canst doe, takēs but one short hourē from

Rol. Hew off her hands.

Ham. Lady hold off.

Ed. No hew'm,

Hew off my innocent hands as he commands you.

Exit Guard, Count Bald.

They'le hang the faster on for deaths convulsion;
Thou seede of rockes, will nothing move thee then?
Are all my teares lost? all my righteous prayers
Drown'd in thy drunken wrath? I stand thus then
Thus boldly, bloody Tyrant,
And to thy face in heavens high name defie thee;
And may sweet mercy when thy soule sighes for it,
When under thy blacke mischiefes thy flesh trembles,
When neither strength, nor youth, nor friends, nor gold
Can stay one hour, when thy most wretched conscience
Wak'd from her dreame of death like fire shall melt thee,
When all thy mothers teares, thy brothers wounds,
Thy peoples feares and curses, and my losse,
My aged fathers losse shall stand before thee.

Rol. Save him I say, runne, save him, save her father
Flie and redceme his head.

Exit Latorch.

Ed. May then that pittie,
That comfort thou expect'st from heaven, that mercy
Be lock't up from thee, fly thee, howling find thee,
Despaire, oh my sweete father, stormes of terrors,
Blood till thou burst againe.

Rol. Oh faire sweet anger.

The bloody Brother.

Enter Latorch and Hamond with a head.

Lat. I am two late sir, twas dispatch'd before,
And his head is here.

Rol. And my heart there; goe bury him.
Give him faire rites of funerall, decent honours.

Ed. Wilt thou not take me monster? heighest heaven
Give him a punishment fit for his mischiefe.

Lat. I feare thy prayer is heard, and herewarded:
Lady have patience, twas unhappy speed;
Blame not the Duke, twas not his fault, but fates;
He sent, you know to stay it, and commanded
In care of you, the heavie object hence
Soone as it came? have better thoughts of him;

Enter Citizens.

Cit. 1. Where's this young Traytor?

Lat. Noble citizens here;
And here the wounds he gave your soveraigne Lord.

Cit. 1. This Prince of force must be
Belov'd of heaven, whom heaven hath thus preserv'd.

Cit. 2. And if he be belov'd of heaven, you know,
He must be just, and all his actions so.

Rol. Concluded like an Oracle, oh how great
A grace of heaven is a wise Citizen?

For heaven tis makes them wise, as 't makes me just,
As it preserves me, as I now survive

By his strong hand to keepe you all alive;
Your wives, your children, goods and lands kept yours,

That had beene else preyes to his tyranous power,
That would have prey'd on me, in bed assaulted me

In sacred time of peace; my mother here,
My sifter, this just Lord, and all had felt

The curtian gulph of this conspiracie,
Of which my Tutor and my Chancellour,

Two of the gravest and most counted honest
In all my Dukedome) were the monstrous heads;

Oh trust no honest men for their sakes ever
My politique Citizens, but those that breathe

The bloody Brother.

The names of Cut-throats, usurers and Tyrants;
Oh those beleve in, for the foule mouth'd world
Can give no better termes to simple goodnesse:
Even me it dares blaspheme, and thinkes me tyrannous
For saving my owne life, fought by my brother:
Yet those that fought his life before by poyson
(Though my owne servants, hoping to please me)
Ile lead to death fort, which your eyes shall see.

Cit. 1. Why, what a Prince is here

Cit. 2. How just?

Cit. 3. How gentle?

Rol. Well, now my dearest subjects; or much rather
My nerves, my spirits, or my vitall blood;
Turne to your needfull rest, and settled peace,
Fixt in this roote of Steele, from whence it sprung
In heavens great helpe and blessing: but ere sleepe
Bind in his sweet oblivion your dull senses,
The name and verue of heavens King; advance
For yours, in chiefe for my deliverance.

Cit. Heaven and his King save our most pious soveraigne.

Exit Citizens.

Rol. Thankes my good people: mother and kind sister,
And you my noble kinsmen; things borne thus,
Shall make you all command what ever I
Enjoy in this my absolute Empery;
Take in the body of my princely brother;
For whose death, since his fate no other way,
Would give my eldest birth his supreme right;
We're mourne the stuell influence it beares,
And wash his sepulcher with kindly teares.

Aub. If this game end thus, heavens will rule the fer.
What we have yeilded to, we could not let.

Exit omnes, Prater, Latorch, and Edith

Lat. Good Lady rise, and raise your spirits withall,
More high than they are humbled; you have cause,
As much as ever honour'd happiest Lady;
And when your eares are freer to take in
Your most amendfull and unmatched fortunes,

The bloody Brother.

He make you drowne a hundred helpelesse deaths
In sea of one life pow'd into your bosome ;
With which shall flow into your armes, the riches,
The pleasures, honours, and the rules of Princes ;
Which though death stop your cares, methinks should open
Affay to forget death.

Ed. Oh slaughter'd father.

Lad. Taste of what cannot be redress'd, and blesse
The fate that yet you curse to ; since for that
You spake so movingly, and your sweet eyes
With so much grace fill'd, that you set on fire
The Dukes affection, whom you now may rule
As he rules all his Dukedome, is't not sweet
Does it not shine away your sorrowes clouds ?
Sweet Lady, take wife heart, and heare, and tell me

Ed. I heare no word you speake.

Lad. Prepare to heare then,
And be not barr'd up from your selfe, nor add
To your ill fortune with your faire worse judgement ;
Make me your seruant to attend with all joyes
Your sad estate, till they both blesse and speake it :
See how they'le bow to you, make me waite, command me
To watch out every minute, for the stay
Your modest sorrow fancies, raise your graces,
And doe my hopes the honour of your motion,
To all the offered heights that now attend you :
Oh how your touches ravish, how the Duke
Is slaine already with your flames embrac'd
I [will both serve and visite you, and often.

Ed. I am not fit fir.

Lad. Time will make you Lady.

Exeunt.

Actus

The Bloody Brother.

Act III. Scene II.

*Enter the Guard, 3 or 4 boyes, then the Sherriffe, Cooke,
Yeoman of the Cellar, Butler, Pantler to execution.*

Guard 1. Come bring in these fellows, on, away with them.

Guard 2. Make roome before there, roome for the prisoners.

Boy 1. Let's run before boyes, we shall have no places else.

Boy 2. Are these the youths?

Cook. These are the youths you look for,

And, pray my honest friends, be not so hasty,

There will be nothing done till we come, I assure you.

Boy 3. Here's a wise hanging, are there no more?

But. Doe you heare sir? you may come in for your share
if you please.

Coo. My friend, if you be unprovided of a hanging,

You look like a good fellow, I can afford you

A reasonable peny-worth.

Boy 2. Afore, afore boyes, here's enough to make us sport.

Yeo. Pox take you,

Doe you call this sport? are these your recreations?

Must we be hang'd to make you mirth?

Coo. Doe you heare sir?

You custard pate, we go to't for high treason,

An honourable fault: thy foolish father

Was hang'd for stealing sheepe.

Boyes. Away, away boyes.

Coo. Doe you see how that sneaking rogue lookes now?

You, chip, Pantler, you peaching rogue, that provided us these
necklaces: you poore rogue, you coftive rogue you.

Pant. Pray, pray, fellowes.

Coo. Pray for thy crusty soule? where's your reward now,

Goodman Manchet, for your fine discovery?

I doe beseech you sir, where are your dollars?

Draw with your fellowes, and be hang'd.

The Bloody Brother.

Yeo. He must now.

For now he shall be hang'd first, that's his comfort,
A place too good for thee, thou meale mouth'd rascall.

Coo. Hang handsomely for shame, come leave your praying
You peaking knave, and die like a good courtier ;
Die honestly, and like a man ; no preaching,
With I beseech you take example by me,
I liv'd a lewd man, good people ; pox ont :
Die me as if thou hadst din'd, say grace, and God be with you.

Guard. Come, will you forward ?

Cook. Good Mr Sheriffe, your leave to, this hasty worke
Was nere done well ; give us so much time as but to sing
Our owne Ballads, for weele trust no man,
Nor no tune but our owne ; twas done in Ale too,
And therefore cannot be refus'd in justice:
Your penny pot Poets are such pelting theeves,
They ever hang men twice ; we have it here sir,
And so must every merchant of our voyage,
Hele make a sweet returne else of his credit.

Yeo. One fit of our owne mirth and then we are for you.

Gu. r. Make haste then, dispatch.

Yeo. There's day enough, sir.

Coo. Come boyes, sing cheerfully, we shall nere sing yonger,
We have chosn a loud tune too, because it should like well.

The Song.

*Come, Fortune's a whore, I care not who tell her,
Would offer to strangle a page of the Cellar,
That should by his oath, to any mans thinking,
And place, have had a defence for his drinking ;
But thus she does still, when she pleases to palter,
In stead of his wages, she gives him a halter.*

Three merry boyes, and three merry boyes, and three merry
boyes are we,
As ever did sing in a hempen string, under the gallow-tree.

But

The Bloody Brother.

2

*But I that was so lusty,
And ever kept my bottles,
That neither they were musty,
And seldome lesse than pottles,
For me to be thus stopt now,
With hemp in stead of cork sir,
And from the gallows lopt now,
Shewes that there is a fork sir,
In death, and this the token,
Man may be two wayes killed,
Or like the bottle, broken,
Or like the wine, be spilled.*

Three merry boyes, &c

3

*Oh yet but look on the master Cook, the glory of the kitchen,
In sowing whose fate at so lofty a rate, no Taylor ere had stitching,
For though he makes the man, the Cooke yet makes the dishes;
The which no Taylor can, wherein I have my wishes,
That I who at so many a feast have pleasde so many tasters,
Should now my selfe come to be drest, a dish for you my masters.*

Three merry boyes, &c.

Coo. There's a few coppies for you; now farewell friends:
And good Mr Sheriffe, let me not be printed
With a brasse pot on my head.

But. March faire, march faire, afore good Captain Pantler.

4

Pant. *Oh man or beast, or you at least;
That weare or brow or antler,
Prick up your eares, unto the teares
Of me poore Paul the Pantler,
That thus am clipt because I chipt
The cursed crust of Treason
With loyall knife: Oh dolefull strife,
To hang thus without reason.*

The Bloody Brother.

Act IV. Scene I.

Enter Aubrey and Latorch.

L *Atorch*, I have wayted here to speak with you,
And you must hearken: Set not forth your legs.
Of haste, nor put your face of businesse on;
An honeste affaire than this I urge too,
You will not easly think on; and twill be
Reward to entertaine it: Tis your fortune
To have our Masters care above the rest
Of us that follow him, but that no man envies:
For I havewell considered, truth sometimes
May be conveyd in by the same conduits
That falshood is: These courses that he takes,
Cannot but end in ruine; Empire got
By blood and violence, must so be held;
And how unsafe that is, he first will prove,
That toyling still to remove enemies,
Makes him selfe more; it is not now a Brother:
A faithfull Councellour of estate or two,
That are his danger, they are far dispatch'd.
It is a multitude that begin to feare,
And think what began there, must end in them,
For all the fine Oration that was made'em;
And they are not an easie monster quell'd.
Princes may pick their suffering Nobles out;
And one by one employ em to the block; but when they once
grow formidable to their clownes, and coblers, ware then, guard
themselves; if thou durst tell him this, *Latorche*, the service
would not discredit the good name you hold with men, be-
sides the profit to your matter, and the publick.

Lat. I conceive not so, sir. (fancy?)
They are ayrie feares; and why should I object them unto his
Wound what is yet found? your counsailes colour not,

With

The Bloody Brother.

With reason of state, where all thats necessary still is just ?
The actions of the prince, while they succeed,
Should be made good, and glorified; not questiond;
Men doe but shew their ill affections, that —————

Aub. What ? speak out.

Lat. Doe murmure against their masters.

Aub. Is this to mee ?

Lat. It is to whosoever mislikes of the Dukes courses.

Aub. I, ist so ? at your stateward, sir ?

Lat. I'me sworne to heare nothing may prejudice the prince.

Aub. Why doe you ? or have you, ha ?

Lat. I cannot tel, mens hearts shew in their words sometimes.

Aub. I everthought thee

Knave of the chamber, art thou the spy too ?

Lat. A watchman for the state, and one that's known
Sir, to be rightly affected.

Aub. Baud of the state ;

No lesse than of thy masters lusts. I now
See nothing can redeem thee ; doest thou mention
Affection, or a heart that ne're hadst any ?
Know'st not to love or hate, but by the state,
As thy prince does't before thee ? that dost never
Weare thy owne face, but putt'st on his, and gather'st
Baits for his eares : liv'st wholly at his beck,
And e're thou dar'st utter a thought's thine owne,
Must expect his ; crep'st forth and wad'st into him.
As if thou wert to passe a foord, there proving
Yet if thy tongue may step on safely, or no :
Then bring'st his vertue asleep, and stayst the wheele
Both of his reason, and judgement, that they move not.
Whit't over all his vices ; and at last
Dost draw a cloud of words before his eyes,
Till hee can neither see thee, nor himselfe ?
Wretch ; I dare give him honest counsailes, I ;
And love him while I tell him truth : old *Aubrey*
Dares go the straightest way, which still's the shortest,
Walks on the thornes thou scatter'st, Parasite,

The Bloody Brother.

And tread'em into nothing; and if thou
Then lett'st a look fall, of the least dislike,
He rip thy crown up with my sword at height,
And pluck thy skin over thy face: in sight
Of him thou flatter'st; unto thee I speak it,
Slave, against whom all lawes, should now conspire,
And every creature that hath sense, be armd,
As 'gainst the common enemy of mankind;
That sleepest within thy masters eare, and whisp'erst
Tis better for him to be feard, than lov'd:
Bidst him trust no mans freindship, spare no blood,
That may secure him; tis no cruelty
That hath a spations end; for soverainty
Break all the lawes of kind; if it succeed
An honest, noble, and prayse-worthy deed;
While hee that takes thy poysons in, shall feele
Their virulent workings in a poynt of time,
When no repentance can bring ayd, but all
His spirits shall melt, with what his conscience burnd
And dying in flatterers armes, shall fall unmournd.
Theres matter for you now.

Lat. My lord, this makes not, for loving of my master.

Aub. Loving? no.

They hate ill Princes most that make them so.

Enter Rollo, Hamand, Allan, Guard.

Rol. He heare no more.

Ham. Alas, tis for my brother. I beseech your highnesse.

Rol. How, a brother? had not I one my selfe? did tittle
Move mee when it was fit that hee should dye? away.

All. Brother, loose no word more, leave my good cause
T'upbraid the tyrant, I'me glad, 'me false,
Now in thosetimes that willd some great example
T'assure men wee can die for honesty.

Rol. Sir, you are brave; pray that you hold your neck
As bravely forth anon unto your headsmen.

All. Would hee would strike as bravely, and thou by.

Rol.

The Bloody Brother.

Rollo, t'would make thee quake to see mee die.

Aub. Whats his offence?

Ham. For giving *Gisbert* buriall; who was sometimes his

All. Yes: lord *Aubery.* (master.

My gratitude, and humanity, are my crimes.

Rol. Why beare you him not hence?

Aub. My lord (stay souldiers)

I doe beseech your highnesse, doe not loose

Such men for so slight causes. This is one

Has still been faithfull to you, a tryde soule

In all your fathers battailes, I have scene him

Bestríd a friend, against a score of foes,

And looke, he looks as hee would kill his hundred

For you, sir, were you in some danger.

All. Till hee killd his brother, his chancellor, then his

Master, to which he can adde nought to equall *Nero,*

But killing of his mother.

Aub. Peace, brave foole;

Thou valiant asse, here is his brother too, sir,

A captaine of your guard, hath servd you long,

With the most noble witness of his truth

Markd in his face, and every part about him,

That turnes not from an enemy. But view him,

Oh doe not grieve him sir, if you doe meane

That hee shall hold his place: it is not safe

To tempt such spirits, and let them weare their swords,

You'll make your guards your terrours by these Acts

And throw more hearts of from you then you hold;

And I must tell you sir, (with my old freedome

And my old faith to boot) you have not livd so

But that your state will need such men, such hands

Of which heres one, shall in an houre of tryall

Doe you more certaine service with a stroak,

Than the whole bundle of your flatterers

With all the unfavory unction of their tongues.

Rol. Peace, talker.

Aub. Onethat loves you yet, my lord.

And would not see you pull on your owne ruines.

Mercy

The Bloody Brother.

Mercy becomes a Prince, and guards him best,
Awe and affrights are never tyés of Love;
And when men begin to feare the Prince, they hate him.

Rol. Am I the Prince, or you?

Aub. My Lord I hope I have not utterd ought should urge
that question.

Rol. Then practise your obedience, see him dead.

Aub. My Lord,

Rol. Ile heare no more.

Aub. I'me sorry then; theres no small despaire, sir, of their
safety, whose eares are blockt up against truth; come Captain.

Ham. I thank you, sir.

Aub. For what? for seeing thy brother dye a man, and honest?
Live thou so Capitaine, I will I assure thee,

Although I die for't too: come— *Exeunt all but Rollo & Lator*

Rol. Now *Latorche*, what doe you think? (the boldest)

Lat. That *Aubreys* speech and manners sound somewhat of

Rol. Tis his custome.

Lat. It may beso, and yet be worth a feare. (ly too.)

Rol. If we thought so, it should be worth his life, and quick-

Lat. I dare not, sir, be author

Of what I would be, tis so dangerous;

But with your highnesse favour and your licence.

Rol. He talks, tis true; he is licenc'd: leave him,

We now are Duke alone; *Latorche*, securd;

Nothing left standing to obscure our prospect,

We look right forth, beside, and round about us,

And see it ours with pleasure: only one

Wish'd joy there wants, to make us to possesse it,

And that is *Edith*, *Edith*, shee that got me

In bloud and teares, in such an opposite minute,

As had I not once set all the flames

And shaft of Love shot in me, (his whole armory)

I should have thought him as farre off as death.

Lat. My Lord, expect a while, your happinesse

Is neerer than you think it, yet her griefes

Are greene and fresh; your vigilant *Latorche*

The Bloody Brother.

Hath not been idle: I have leave already
To visite her, and send to her.

Rol. My life.

Lat. And if I find not out as speedie wayes
And proper instruments to work and bring her
To your fruition; that she be not watch'd
Tame to your Highnesse wish, say you have no servant
Is capable of such a trust about you,
Or worthy to be secretary of your pleasure.

Rol. Oh my *Latorche*, what shall I render thee
For all thy travailes, care and love? (me.

Lat. Sir, onesuit, which I will ever importune, till you grant

Rol. About your *Mathematitians*?

Lat. Yes to have

The Scheme of your nativity judg'd by them,
I hav't already erected; Oh my Lord,
You doe not know the labour of my feares,
My doubts for you are such as cannot hope
Any security, but from the Starres;
Who, being rightly ask'd, can tell man more
Than all power else, there being no power beyond them.

Rol. All thy petitions still are care of us,
Aske for thy selfe.

Lat. What more can concerne me, than this?

Rol. Well, rise true honest man, and goe then,
Wee'le study our selves a meanes how to reward thee.

Lat. Your grace is now inspir'd; now, now your Highnesse
Begins to live, from this houre count your joyes:
But, Sir, I must have warrants, with blanks figur'd,
To put in names, such as I like.

Rol. You shall.

Lat. They dare not else offer, Sir, at your figure;
Oh I shall bring you wonders; ther's a *Frier*
Rufee, an admirable man, another
A gentleman, and then *Lafiske*,
The mirrour of his time; 'twas he that sett
But there's one *Norbret*, (him I never saw)

The Bloody Brother.

Has made a mirrour, a meere Looking-glasse,
In shew you'd think't no other; the forme ovall,
As I am given to understand by letter,
Which renders you such shapes, and those so differing,
And some that will be question'd and give answers;
Then has he sett it in a frame, that wrought
Unto the revolutions of the Starres,
And so compact by due proportions
Unto their harmony, doth move alone
A true automaton; thus *Dedalus* Statues,
Or *Vulcans* Tooles —

Rol. Dost thou beleeve this?

Lat. Sir? why, what should stay my faith, or turn my sense?

He has been about it above twentie yeares,
Three sevens, the powerfull, and the perfect numbers;
And Art and Time, Sir, can produce such things.
What doe I reade there of *Hiarbas* banquet?
The great *Gymnosophist*, that had his Butlers
And carvers of pure gold waiting at table?
The images of *Mercury*, too, that spoke?
The wooden dore that flew? a snake of brasse
That hiss? and birds of silver that did sing?
All these new done by the Mathematicks,
Without which there's no science, nor no truth.

Rol. You are in your speare, *Latorch*: and rather
Than Ile contend w'yce for it, Ile beleeve it.
Y'have won upon me that I wish to see
My fate before me now, what ere it bee.

Lat. And Ile endeavour, you shall know with speed,
For which I should have one of trust goe with mee,
If you please, *Hamond*, that I may by him
Send you my first dispatches; after I
Shall bring you more, and as they come still more,

Rol. Take your way,
Choose your owne meanes, and be it prosperous to us.

Exeunt.

The Bloody Brother.

ACT. IV. SCÆ. II.

Enter *Rufee, de Bube, la Fiske, Norbert, Pippeau.*

Ruf. Come, beare up Sirs, we shall have better dayes,
My Almanack tels me.

Bub. What is that? your rumpe?

Ruf. It never itch'd in vaine yet, slide *la Fiske*
Throw off thy sluggish face, I cannot abide
To see thee tooke like a poore Jade i'th' pound,
That saw no meat these three dayes.

Fiske. Slight, to me
It seemes thirteene dayes since I saw any.

Ruf. How?

Fis. I can't remember that I ever saw
Or meat or money, you may talke of both
To open a mans stomach or his purse,
But feed'em still with ayre.

Bub. Fryar, I feare

You do not say your Office well a dayes.

Nor. Pox, he feedes

With leachery, and lives upon th'exchange
Of his two Eggs and Puddings with the market women.

Ruf. And what do you Sir, with the Advocats wife,
Whom you perswade, upon your Doctorall bed,
To take the Mathematicall trance so often?

Fis. Come, we are starke naught all, bad's the best of us,
Foure of the seven deadly spots we are;
Besides our Lechery, we are envious,
And most, most gluttonous when we have it thus,
Most covetous now we want it; then our Boy
He is a fift spot, sloth and he undoes us. (ous,

Bub. 'Tis true, the child was wont to be industri-
And now and then sent to a Merchants wife

The bloody Brother.

Sicke of the husband, or a swearing Butler
That mist of his Bowles, a crying Maid
Had lost a silver spoon; the Curry-come
Somtimes was wanting; there was somthing gotten;
But now——

Pip. What now? Did not I yester-morning
Bring you in a Cardecu there from the Pefant,
Whosse affe I had driven aside, and hid, that you
Might conjure for him? and then last night,
Six Souz from the Cooks wife, you shar'd among you.
To set a figure for the Pestle I stole,
It is not at home yet; these things, my Masters,
In a hard time, they would be thought on, you
Talke of your lands and Castles in the ayre,
Of your twelve houses there: but it is I
That bring you in your rents for'em, 'tis *Pippem*
That is your bird-call.

Nor. Faith he does well; (say)
And cuts through the Elements for us, I must needs
In a fine dextrous line.

Fis. But not as he did
At first, then he would sayle with any wind
Int' every Creek and Corner.

Pip. I was light then,
New built and rigg'd when I came to you, Gentlemen,
But now with often and far ventring for you
Here be leakes Sprung, and whole Plancks wanting see you;
If you'le new sheath me agaguine, yet I am for you
To any bog or sleights, where ere you'le send me,
For as I am, where can this ragged Bark
Put in for any service; lesse it be
O'th Isle of Rogues, and there turne Pyrate for you.

Nor. Faith he sayes reason, Fryer, you must leave
Your neat crispe Clarret, and fall to your Syder
Awhile; and you *la Fike*, your larded Capons,
And Turkeys for a time, and take a good
Cleane Tripe in your way; *de Bube* too must content him with
wholsome

The bloody Brother.

wholesome two Souz'd petitoes, no more Crown-ordinaries, till we have cloath'd our Infant.

Bub. So you'le keep
Your own good motions, Doctor, your deare selfe.

Fis. Yes, for we all do know the Latitude
Of your Concupiscence.

Ruf. Here about your belly.

Bub. You'le picke a bottle open or a whimsey,
As soon as the best of us.

Fis. And dip your wrists bands,
(For Cuffs y'have none) as comely in the sauce *the Bell*
As any Courtyer — harke, the Bell, who is there *rings.*

Ruf. Good luck I do conjure thee; Boy look out.

Pip. They are Gallants, Courtiers, one of 'em is *Exit and*
Of the Dukes bed-chamber. *enter againe.*

Ruf. *Latorche*, down, *To Norbres.*

On with your gown, there's a new suite arriv'd,

Did I not tell you, Sons of hunger? Crownes,

Crowns are comming toward you, wine & wenches

You shall have once again, and Fiddlers:

Into your studyes close; each lay his eare

To his doore, and as you heare me to prepare you

So come, and put me on that visorod only.

Enter Latorche, Humind.

Lat. You'le not be far hence Captain, when hee
Businesse is done you shall receive present dispatch.

Hum. Ile walke Sir, in the Cloyster. *Exit.*

Ruf. Monsieur *Latorche*; my sonne
The Stars are happy still that guide you hither.

Lat. I'me glad to heare their Secretary say so,
My learned Father *Ruffe*, where's *la Finke*,
Monsieur *de Bube*, how do they?

Ruf. At their studyes,

They are the Secretaries of the Stars, Sir,

Still at their books, they will not be pull'd off,

They stick like cupping glasses; if ever men

Spoke with the tongue of destiny, 'tis they.

The Bloody Brother.

Lat. For loves sake let's salute 'em.

Rus. Boy, go see, (I'll see) (I'll see)
Tell them who's here, say, that their friends do chal-
Some portion of their time, this is our minutes ;
Pray 'em they'le spare it: they are the Sun and Moon
Of knowledge ; pittie two such noble lights
Should live obfcur'd here in an University,
Whose beames were fit, to illumine any Court
Of Christendome.

Enter la Fiske, de Bube and Pippeau.

Lat. The Duke will shortly know 'em.

Fis. Well, look upon the Astrolabe; you'le find it
Foure Almucanturies at least.

Bub. It is so. (I'll see) (I'll see)

Rus. Still, of their learned stuffe, they care for no
But how to know, as negligent of their bodies,
In dyer, or else, especially in their cloths,
As if they had no change.

Pip. They have so little
As well may free them from the name of shifters.

Fis. Monsieur *Lutorche*?

Lat. How is it, learned Gentlemen, with both your vertues?

Bub. A most happy houre, when we see you, sir.

Lat. When you heare me then.

It will be happier ; the Duke greets you both
Thus, and though you may touch no money, Father,
Yet you may take it.

Rus. 'Tis his highnesse bounty,
But yet to me, and these that have put off
The world, superfluous.

Fis. We have heard of late of his highnesse good successe.

Bub. And gratulate it.

Lat. Indeed he hath scap'd a strange Conspiracy,
Thanks to his Stars ; which Stars he prayes by me,
You would again consult, and make a Judgement
On what you lately erected for my love.

Rus. Oh, Sir, we dare not.

Fis.

The Bloody Brother.

Fif. For our lives.

Bub. It is the Princes Scheame.

Lat. T'incounter with that feare,

Here's to assure you, his Signer, write your names,
And be secured all three.

Bub. We must intreat some time, fir,

Lat. I must then intreat it, be as present as you can.

Fif. Have you the Scheame here?

Lat. Yes.

Ruf. I would you had fir another Warrant.

Dat. What would that do? (sineffe)

Ruf. Marry we have a Doctor fir, that in this bu-
Would not performe the second part.

Lat. Not him that you writ to me of?

Ruf. The very same.

Lat. I should have made it, fir, my suite to see him,
Here is a Warrant Father, I conceiv'd
That he had solely applyed himselfe to Magick.

Ruf. And to their studies too fir, in this field,
He was initiated, but we shall hardly
Draw him from his chaire.

Lat. Tell him he shall have gold. (swear)

Fif. Oh, such a fillable would make him to for-
Ever to breath in your sight.

Lat. How then?

Fif. Sir, he if you do please to give him any thing,
Must have't convey'd under a paper.

Ruf. Or left behind some book in his study.

Bub. Or in some old wall.

Fif. Where his Familiars may tell him of it, and that pleases

Bub. Or else Ile go and assay him. (him, Sir.)

Lat. Take gold with you.

Ruf. That will not be amisse; give it the Boy, Sir,
He knowes his holes, and how to baite his Spirits.

Pip. We must lay in severall places, Sir.

Ruf. That's true, that if one come not the other may hit.

Lat. Well, go then, is he so learned, Gentlemen.

Fif. The very top of our profession; mouth of the fates,

The bloody Brother.

Pray Heaven his Spirits be in a good humor to take,
They'le fling the gold about the house else.

Bub. I, and beat the Fryer if he go not well
Furnisht with holy-water.

Fif. Sir, you must observe him.

Bub. Not crosse him in a word, for then he's gone.

Fif. If he doe come, which is hazard, yet
Masse he's here, this is speed.

Enter Norbert, Russe, Pippeau.

Nor. Where is our Scheme,
Let's see, dispatch, nay fumbling now, who's this?

Rus. Chiefe Gentleman of the Dukes Chamber, Doctor.

Nor. Oh, let him be, good even to him, he's a Courtyer,
Ile spare his Complement, tell him, what's here?

The geniture Nocturnall, Longitude
At forty nine and ten minutes? How are the Cardines?

Fif. Libra in twenty foure forty foure minutes,
And Capricorne.

Nor. I see it, see the Planets,
Where, how are they dispos'd, the? Sun and Mercury,
Mars with the Dragons tayle in the third house,
And pars Fortune in the *Imo Cæli*,
Then Jupiter in the twelve, the Cacodemon.

Bub. And Venus in the second *Inferna Porta*.

Nor. I see it, peace, then Saturne in the Fifth,
Luna i'th Seventh, and much of Scorpio,
Then Mars his *Gnadium*, rising in th'ascendent,
And joyn'd with Libra too, the house of Venus,
And *Juniu Cæli*, Mars his exaltation
In the seventh house, Aries being his naturall house,
And where he is now seated, and all these shew him
To be the Almuter.

Rus. Yes, he's Lord of the Geniture,
Whether you examine it by *Ptolomeys* way,
Or *Messethales*, *Lael*, or *Alkindus*.

Fif. No other Planet hath so many dignities
Either by himselfe, or in regard of the Cuspes.

Nor.

The bloody Brother.

Nor. Why hold your tongue then if you know it; Venus
The Lady of the Horoscope, being Libra
The other part, Mars rules: So that the geniture,
Being Nocturnall, Luna is the highest,
None else being in sufficient dignity,
She being in Aries in the Seventh house,
Where Sol exalted, 'is the Alchoroden.

Bub. Yes, for you see he hath his Termine
In the degrees where she is, and enjoys
By that, six dignities.

Fis. Which are cleerly more
Than any else that view her in the Scheame.

Nor. Why I saw this, and could have told you too,
That he beholds her with a Trine aspect
Here out of Sagitary, almost partly,
And how that Mars out of the selfesame house,
(But another Signe) here by a Platique aspect
Lobkes at the Hilege, with a Quartile ruling
The house where the Sun is; all this could I
Have told you, but that you'le outrun me, & more,
That this same Quartile aspect to the Lady of life,
Here in the seventh, promises some danger,
Cauda Draconis being so neere Mars,
And *Caput Algell* in the house of Death.

Lat. How Sir? I pray you cleare that.

Nor. What is the question first?

Ruf. Of the Dukes life, what dangers threaten him?

Nor. Apparent, & those suddaine, when the Hyley
Or Alchoroden by direction come
To a Quartile opposition of the place
Where Mars is in the Geniture (which is now
At hand) or else oppose to Mars himself; expect it.

Lat. But they may be prevented.

Nor. Wisdome only
That rules the Stars, may do it; for Mars being
Lord of the Geniture in Capricorne,
Is, if you marke it, now a Sextile here,

With

The Bloody Brother;

With Venus Lady of the Horoscope.
So she being in her Exilium, which is Scorpio,
And Mars his Gaudium, is ore rul'd by him,
And cleare debilitated five degrees
Beneath her ordinary power, so
That, at the most she can but mitigate.

Lat. You cannot name the persons bring this danger?

Nor. No, that the Stars tell us not, they name no man,
That is a worke, sir, of another place.

Ruf. Tell him whom you suspect, and hee'le guesse shrewdly.

Lat. Sir, we do feare one *Aubrey*; if 'twere he
I should be glad; for we should soon prevent him.

Fis. I know him, the Dukes kinsman, a tall man?
Lay hold of 't *Norbret*.

Nor. Let me pause a little,
Is he not neare of kin unto the Duke?

Lat. Yes reverend Sir.

Lat. Fart for your reverence, keep it till then; and somewhat

Lat. He is so. (high of stature?)

Nor. How old is he?

Fis. About seven and fifty.

Nor. His head and beard inclining to be grey.

Lat. Right, Sir.

Fis. And fat?

Nor. He is somewhat corpulent, is he not?

Lat. You speak the man, sir.

Nor. Well, look to him, farewell. *Exit Norb.*

Lat. Oh, it is *Aubrey*; gentlemen, I pray you,
Let me receive this under all your hands.

Ruf. Why, he will shew you him in his Magick glasse
If you intreate him, and but gratifie

A Spirit or two more.

Lat. He shall eat gold
If he will have it, so shall you all; ther's that
Amongst you first, let me have this to send
The Duke in the meane time; and then what fights
You please to shew; Ile have you so rewarded

As never Artists were, you shall to Court
Along with me, and there wait your fortunes.

Bub. We have a pretty part of't in our pockets;
Boy we will all be new, you shall along to. *Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCÆ. III.

Enter Sophia, Matilda, Edith.

Mat. Good Madam heare the suit that *Edith* urges,
With such submisſe beſeeches; nor remaine
So ſtrictly bound to ſorrow for your ſonne,
That nothing elſe, though never ſo befitting,
Obtaines your cares, or obſervation.

Sop. What would ſhe ſay? I heare.

Edith. My ſuit is, Madam,
That you would pleaſe to thinke aſwell of Juſtice
Due to your ſonnes revenge, as of more wrong added
To both your ſelves for it, in only grieving.
Th'undaunted power of Princes, ſhould not be
Confin'd in deedleſſe cold calamity;
Anger, the Twinne of ſorrow, in your wrongs
Should not be ſmother'd; when his right of birth
Claimes th'ayre as well, and force of coming forth,

Sop. Sorrow is due already, Anger never
Should be conceived but where it may be borne
In ſome fact fit t'employ his active flame,
That elſe conſumes who beares it, and abides
Like a falſe ſtarre that quenches as it glides.

Ed. I have ſuch means t'employ it as your wiſh
Can thinke no better, eaſier, or ſecurer;
And ſuch as but th'honors I intend
To your partakings; I alone could end:
But your parts in all dues to crying blood
For vengeance in the ſhedder, are much greater:

The bloody Brother.

And therefore should worke your hands to his slaughter,
For your consent to which, 'twere infinite wrong
To your severe and most partiall Justice,
To move you to forget so false a sonne,
As with a mothers duty made you curse him.

Mat. *Edith*, he is forgot, for any son
Borne of my mother, or to me a brother.
For should we still performe our rights to him
We should partake his wrongs, and as foule be
In blood and damned partide as he.
And therefore tell the happy meanes that heaven
Puts in thy hand, for all our long'd for freedome
From so abhorr'd and impious a monster.

Sop. Tell what she will, I'll lend nor hand nor care
To whatsoever heaven puts in her power.

Exit Sophia.

Mat. How strange she is to what she chiefly wishes?
Sweet *Edith* be not any thought the more
Discourag'd in thy purpose, but assured
Her heart and prayers are thine; and that we two
Shall be enough to all we wish to doe.

Ed. Madam, my selfe alone, I make no doubt
Shall be afforded power enough from heaven
To end the murtherer; all I wish of you
Is but some richen ornaments and Jewels
Than I am able to provide my selfe,
To helpe out the defects of my poore beauty
That yet hath been enough, as now it is,
To make his fancy mad with my desire;
But you know, Madam, women never can
Be too faire to torment an amorous man;
And this mans torments I would heighten still,
Till at their highest he be fit to kill.

Mat. Thou shalt have all my Jewels and my mothers,
And thou shalt paint too, that his bloods desire
May make him perish in a painted fire;
Hast thou been with him yet?

Ed.

The bloody Brother.

Ed. Beene with him ? no ;

I set that houre backe to haste more his longing ?

But I have promis'd to his instruments,

The admittance of a visit at our house,

Where yet I would receive him with all lustre

My sorrow would give leave to, to remove

Suspition of my purpose.

Mat. Thou shalt have

All I can adde, sweet wench, in Jewels, tyres,

I'll be my selfe thy dresser, nor may I

Serve my owne love with a contracted husband

More sweetly, nor more simply than maist thou

Thy forward will with his bewitch'd affections :

Affects thou any personall ayde of mine

My noblest *Edith* ?

Ed. Naught but your kinde prayers

For full effect and speed of my affaire.

Mat. They are thine, my *Edith* as for me, my own ;

For thou well know'st, if blood shed of the best

Should coole and be forgotten, who would feare

To shed blood still ? or where (alas) were then

The endlesse love we owe to worthy men ?

Ed. Love of the worthiest ever blesse your highnesse. *Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCÆ. I.

Enter Rollo with a glasse, Aubrey, and servants.

Rol. I never studied my glasse till now,

It is exceeding well; now leave me; cozen;

How takes your eye the object ?

Aub. I have learn'd

So much fir of the Courtier, as to say

Your person do's become your habit;

But being called unto it by a noble warre,

Would grace an armour better.

The Bloody Brother.

Rol. You are still
For that great Art of which you are the master ;
Yet, I must tell you, that to the encounters
We oft attempt, arm'd only thus, we bring
As troubled blood, feares mixt with flattering hopes,
The danger in the service to as great
As when we are to charge quite through and through
The body of an Army.

Aub. I'll not argue
How you may ranke the dangers, but will die in't,
The ends which they arrive at, are as distant
In every circumstance, as farre as honor
Is from shame and repentance.

Rol. You are sower ?

Aub. I would speake my free thoughts, yet not appeare so ;
Nor am I so ambitious of the title
Of one that dares talke any thing that was
Against the torrent of his owne opinion,
That I affect to speake ought may offend you ;
And therefore gracious Sir, be pleased to thinke
My manners or discretion have inform'd me
That I was borne, in all good ends, to serve you ;
And not to checke at what concerns me not :
I looke not with fore eyes on your rich out-side,
Nor wracke my thoughts to find out to what purpose
'Tis now employ'd ; I wish it may be good,
And that, I hope, offends not for a subject
Towards his Prince in things indifferent ;
To use the austeritie of a Censuring Care
Is arrogance, not freedome.

Rol. I commend
This temper in you, and will cherish it,

They come from *Rome*, *Latorch* imployed you ?

Ham. True Sir.

Rol. I must not now be troubled with a thought
Of any new designe ; good *Aubrey* read 'em ;

And

The Bloody Brother.

And as they shall direct you, use my power,
Or to reply or execute,

Aub. I will sir.

Rol. And Captaine, bring a Squadron of our guard
To th'house that late was *Baldwins*, and there wait me.

Ham. I shall.

Rol. Some two houres hence.

Ham. With my best care.

Rol. Inspire me Love, and be thy diety
Or scorn'd or fear'd, as now thou favour' st me. (*Exit Rollo.*)

Ham. My stay to do my duty, may be wrongs
Your Lordships privacy.

Aub. Captaine, your love
Is ever welcome; I intreat your patience
While I peruse these.

Ham. I attend your pleasure.

Aub. How's this, a plot on me?

Ham. What is contain'd

In th'letters that I brought, that thus transports him?

Aub. To be wrought on by Rogues, and have my head
Brought to the axe by knaves that cheate for bread?

The Creatures of a parasite, a slave;

I finde you heare *Latorch*, not wonder at it;

But that this honest Captaine should be made

His instrument, afflicts me; I le make triall

Whether his will or weaknesse made him doe it.

Captaine you saw the Duke when he commanded:

I should do what these letters did direct me,

And I presume you thinke I'le not neglect

For feare or favour, to remove all dangers

How neere soever that man can be to me

From whom they should have birth.

Ham. It is confirm'd.

Aub. Nor would you Captaine, I believe, refuse,

Or for respect of thankfulnessse, or hopes,

To use your sword with fullest confidence

Where he shall bid you strike.

The bloody Brother.

Ham. I never have done.

Aub. Nor will I thinke.

Ham. I hope it is not question'd.

Aub. The means to have it so, is now propos'd you
Draw, so, 'tis well, and next cut off my head.

Ham. What meanes your Lordship?

Aub. 'Tis fir the Dukes pleasure:

My innocence hath made me dangerous,
And I must be remov'd, and you the man
Must aet his will.

Ham. I le be a traytor first, before I serve it thus.

Aub. It must be done,

And that you may not doubt it, there's your warrant
But as you read, remember *Hammond*, that
I never wrong'd one of your brave profession;
And, though it bee not manly, I must grieve
That man of whose love I was most ambitious
Could find no object of his hate but me?

Ham. It is no time to talke now, honor'd Sir,
Be pleas'd to heare thy servant, I am wrong'd,
And cannot, being now to serve the Duke,
Stay to expresse the manner how; but if
I doe not suddenly give you strong proofes,
Your life is dearer to me than my owne,
May I live base, and dye so: Sir your pardon. *Exit Hammond.*

Aub. I am both waies ruin'd, both waies mark't for slaughter
On every side, about, behinde, before me,
My certaine fate is fix't: were I a knave now,
I could avoid this: had my actions
But meere relations to their owne ends, I could scape now:
Oh honesty! thou elder child of vertue,
Thou seed of heaven, why to acquire thy goodnesse
Should malice and distrust sticke thornes before us,
And make us swim unto thee, hung with hazards?
But heaven is got by suffering, not disputing;
Say he knew this before hand, where am I then?
Or say he do's not know it, where's my Loyalty?

The bloody Brother.

I know his nature, troubled as the Sea,
And as the Sea devouring when he's vex'd,
And I know Princes are their own expounders.
Am I afraid of death? of dying nobly?
Of dying in mine innocence uprightly?
Have I met death in all his formes, and feares,
Now on the points of swords, now pitch'd on lances?
In fires, and stormes of arrows, battels, breaches,
And shall I now shrink fró him, when he courts me
Smiling and full of Sanctity? I'll meet him;
My loyall hand and heart shall give this to him,
And though it beare beyond what Poets feigne
A punishment, duety shall meet that paine;
And my most constant heart to do him good,
Shall check at neither pale affright, nor bloud.

Enter Messenger.

Messen. The Dutchesse presently would crave your presence.

Aubrey. I come; and *Aubrey* now resolve to keep
Thy honor living, though thy body sleep. *Exit.*

ACT. V. SCÆ. II.

Enter Edith, a Boy, and a Banquet set out.

Edith. Now for a Fathers murder, and thy ruine,
All chastity shall suffer if he raigne;
Thou blessed soule, look down, and steele thy daughter;
Look on the sacrifice she comes to send thee,
And through the bloody cloud behold my piety,
Take from my cold heart feare, from my sex pittie,
And as I wipe theses teares off, shed for thee,
So all remembrance may I loose of mercy;
Give me a womans anger bent to bloud,
The wildnesse of the winds to drown his prayers,
Storme like may my destruction fall upon him,
My rage like roving billowes as they rise,
Pow'd on his soule to sinke it, give me flattery,
(For yet my constant soule neer knew dissembling.

Flattery

The Bloody Brother.

Flattery the food of Fools, that I may, rocke him
And lull him in the Downe of his desires;
That in the height of all his hopes and wishes,
His heaven forgot, and all his lusts upon him,
My hand, like thunder from a cloud, may seize him.
I heare him come, go boy, and entertaine him.

Enter Rollo.

Song.

*Take, Oh take those lips away
that so sweetly were forsworne,
And those eyes, like break of day,
lights that doe misleade the Morne,
But my kisses being againe,
Seales of love, though seal'd in vaine.*

*Hide, Oh hide those hills of Snow,
which thy frozen blossome beares,
On whose tops the Pincks that grow
are of those that April weares.
But first set my poore heart free,
bound in those Ioy chaines by thee.*

Rol. What bright star, taking beauties forme upon her,
In all the happy lustre of heavens glory,
Ha's drop'd downe from the Skye to comfort me?
Wonder of Nature, let it not prophane thee
My rude hand touch thy beauty, nor this kisse;
The gentle sacrifice of love and service
Be offer'd to the honor of thy sweetnesse

Edith. My gracious Lord, no diety dwells here,
Nor nothing of that vertue, but obedience,
The servant to your will affects no flattery.

Rollo. Can it be flattery to swaere those eyes
Are loves eternall lamps he fires all hearts with?
That tongue the smart string to his bow? those sighes
The deadly shafts he sends into our soules?

Oh

Seals of love, not sealed in Vain,
Sealed in Vain.

the scho has been dropped by Dutch. who has thus turned a night in, out.
is note into a sparrows. Dutch's voice ends thus (without the scho) ing
But first set my how heart free,
Is mind in those eye chains by thee.

Rob. So you please fit by me.
Faire gentle maid, there is no speaking to thee,
The excellency that appears upon thee
Tyes up my tongue : pray speake to me.

Ed. Of what fir ?

Rob. Of any thing, any thing is excellent ;
Will you take my directions ? speake of love then ;
Speake of thy faire selfe *Edith* ; and while thou speak'ft,
Let me, thus languishing, give up my selfe wench.

Ed. H'as a strange cunning tongue, why doe you sigh fir ?
How masterly he turnes himselfe to catch me ?

Rob. The way to Paradise, my gentle maide,
Is hard and crooked, scarce Repentance finding,
With all her holy helps, the dore to enter.
Give me thy hand, what dost thou feele ?

Ed. Your teares fir.
You weepe extreamly ; strengthen me now justice,
Why are these sorrowes fir ?

Rob. Thou't never love me
If I should tell thee, yet there's no way left
Ever to purchase this blest Paradise,
But swimming thither in these teares.

Ed. I stagger.

Rob. Are they not drops of blood ?

Ed. No.

Rob. Th'are for blood then
For guiltlesse blood, and they must drop, my *Edith*,
They must thus drop, till I have drown'd my mischiefes.

The bloody Brother.

Ed. If this be true, I have no strength to touch him.

Rob. I prethee looke upon me, turne not from me ;

Alas I doe confesse I'me made of mischiefs,

Begot with all mans miseries upon me ;

But see my sorrowes, made, and doe not thou,

Whose only sweetest sacrifice is softnesse,

Whose true condition, tendernesse of nature.

Ed. My anger melts, Oh, I shall lose my justice.

Rob. Do not thou learne to kill with cruelty,

As I have done to murder with thy eyes,

(Those blessed eyes) as I have done with malice,

When thou hast wounded me to death with scorne,

(As I deserve it Lady) for my true love,

When thou hast loaden me with earth for ever,

Take heed my sorrowes, and the stings I suffer ;

Take heed my nightly dreames of death and horrour

Pursue thee not : no time shall tell thy griefes then,

Nor shall an houre of joy adde to thy beauties.

Looke not upon one as I kill'd thy father,

As I was smear'd in blood, do not thou hate me,

But thus in whitnesse of my wash't repentance,

In my hearts teares and truth of love to *Ednb.*,

In my faire life hereafter.

Ed. He will foole me.

Rob. Oh with thine angell eyes behold and close me,

Of heaven we call for mercy and obtaine it ;

To Justice for our right on earth and have it ;

Of thee I beg for love, save me, and give it.

Ed. Now heaven thy helpe, or I am gone for ever,

His tongue ha's turn'd me into melting pity.

Enter Hamond and Guard.

Ham. Keepe the doores safe, and upon paine of death

Let no man enter till I give the word.

Guard. We shall sir.

Exeunt.

Ham. Here he is in all his pleasure ; I have my wish

Rob. How now ? why dost thou stare so ?

Ed. A helpe, I hope.

Rob.

The bloody Brother.

Rol. What dost thou here? who sent thee?

Ham. My brother, and the base malicious Office
Thou mad'st me doe to *Ambrey*, pray.

Rol. Pray?

Ham. Pray; pray if thou canst pray, I shall kill thy soule
Pray suddenly. (else,

Rol. Thou can'st not be so trayterous.

Ham. It is a Justice; stay Lady;
For I perceive your end; a womans hand
Must not rob me of vengeance.

Ed. 'Tis my glory.

Ham. 'Tis mine, stay, and share with me; by the gods, *Rollo*,
There is no way to save thy life.

Rol. No?

Ham. No, it is so monstrous, no repentance cures it.

Rol. Why then thou shalt kill her first, and what this blood
Will cast upon thy cursed head.

Ham. Poore Guard sir.

Ed. Spare not brave Captaine.

Rol. Feare, or the divell ha's thee.

Ham. Such feare sir as you gave your honor'd mother,
When your most vertuous brother, *facild* like, held her;
Such I'll give you, put her away.

Rol. I will not, I will not die so tamely. (thee.

Ham. Murtherous villaine, wilt thou draw seas of blood upon

Ed. Feare not, kill him good Captaine, any way dispatch
Him, my body's honor'd with that sword that through me,
Sends his blacke soule to hell: Oh, but for one hand.

Ham. Shake him off bravely.

Ed. He's too strong, strike him.

Ham. Oh, am I with you Sir? now keepe you from him,
What has he got a knife.

Ed. Looke to him Captaine, for now he will be mischievous.

Ham. Do you smile Sir?

Do's it so tickle you? have at you once more.

Ed. Oh bravely thrust; take heed he come not in Sir;
To him againe, you give him too much respite.

Rollo.

The bloody Brother.

Rol. Yet will you save my life, and I'll forgive thee,
And give the all, all honors, all advancements,
Call thee my friend.

Ed. Strike, strike, and heare him not,
His tongue will tempt a Saint.

Rol. Oh, for my soules sake.

Ed. Save nothing of him.

Ham. Now for your farewell,
Are you so warry? take you that.

Rol. Thou, that too;

Oh thou hast kil'd me basely, basely, basely. *(Dies.)*

Ed. The just reward of murder falls upon thee.

How doe you Sir? ha's he not hurt you?

Ham. No, I feele not any thing.

Aub. I charge you let us passe. *within.*

Guard. You cannot yet sir.

Aub. I'll make way then.

Guar. We are sworne to our Captaine, and till he give the word.

Enter Sophia, Matilda, Aubrey, Lords and attendants.

Ham. Now let them in there.

Sop. Oh, here he lies,

Sorrow on sorrow seekes me, Oh, in his blood he lies.

Aub. Had you spoke sooner

This might have beene prevented;

Take the Dutchesse,

And leade her off, this is no fight for her eyes

Mat. Oh, bravely done wench.

Ed. There stands the noble doer.

Mat. My honor ever seeke thee for thy justice,

Oh 'twas a deed of high and brave adventure,

A justice even for heaven to envy at,

Firewell my sorrowes, and my teares take truce,

My wishes are come round: Oh bloody Brother,

Till this houre never beauteous; till thy life,

Like a full sacrifice for all thy mischiefs,

Flow'd from thee in these rivers, never righteous:

Oh how my eyes are quarride with their joyes now?

The bloody Brother.

My longing heart even leaping out for lightness,
But dye thy black fins with thee. I forgive thee.

Aub. Who did this deed?

Ham. I, and I'll answer it.

Dies.

Edi. He faints, oh that same curf'd knife has kil'd him.

Aub. How?

Ed. He snatch'd it from my hand, for whom I bore it,
And as they grapell'd.

Aub. Justice is ever equall,
Had it not been on him, th'adst dy'd too honest.
Did you know of his death?

Ed. Yes, and rejoyce in't.

Aub. I'me fory for your youth then, though the strictnesse
Of Law shall not fall on you, that of life
Must presently, go to a Cloyfter, carry her,
And there for ever lead your life in penitence.

Ed. Best Father to my soule, I give you thanks, fir,
And now my faire revenges have their ends,
My vowes shall be my kin, my prayers my friends.

Enter Latorche, and Juglers.

Lat. Stay there, I'll step in and prepare the Duke.

Nor. We shall have brave rewards?

Fif. That is without question.

Lat. By this time wher's my huffing friend I ord *Aubrey*?

Wher's that good Gentleman? oh, I could laugh now,

And burst my selfe with meere imagination;

A wise man, and a valiant man, a just man;

To suffer himselfe be juggl'd out of the world,

By a number of poor Gipseys? farewell Swath-buckler,

For I know thy mouth is cold enough by this time;

A hundred of ye I can shave as neatly,

And nere draw bloud in shew: now shall my honor,

My power and vertue walke alone: my pleasure

Observ'd by all, all knees bend to my worship,

All futes to me as Saint of all their fortunes,

Prefer'd and crowded too, what full place of credit,

And what place now? your Lordship? no, 'tis common,

The bloody Brother.

But that I'll thinke to morrow on; now for my businesse.

Aub. Whose there?

Lat. Dead, my Master dead? *Aubrey* alive too?

Guard. *Latorche*, Sir.

Aub. Seize his body;

Lat. My Master dead?

Aub. And you within this halfe houre;

Prepare your selfe good devill, you must to it;

Millions of gold shall not redeeme thy mischief,

Behold the Justice of thy practice, villaine;

The masse of murders thou hast drawn upon us;

Behold thy doctrine; you look now for reward, sir,

To be advanc'd, I'm sure, for all your labours?

And you shall have it, make his gallows higher

By ten foot at the least, and then advance him.

Lat. Mercy, mercy.

Aub. 'Tis too late foole,

Such as you ment for mee, away with him. *He is led out.*

What gaping knaves are these, bring'em in fellows,

Now, what are you?

Nor. Mathematicians if it please your Lordship;

Aub. And you drew a figure?

Fis. We have drawn many.

Aub. For the Duke, I meane; sir *Latorches* knaves you are.

Nor. We know the Gentleman.

Aub. What did he promise you?

Nor. We are paid already.

Aub. But I will see you better paid, go whip them.

Nor. We do beseech your Lordship, we were hyr'd.

Aub. I know you were, and you shall have your hyre;

Whip'em extremely, whip that Doctor there,

Till he record himselfe a Rogue.

Nor. I am one, Sir.

Aub. Whip him for being one, and when th'are whip't,

Lead'em to the gallows to see their patron hang'd;

Away with them. *They are lead out.*

Nor. Ah, good my Lord.

Aub.

The bloody Brother.

Aub. Now to mine own right, Gentlemen.

Lord 1. You have the next indeed, we all confesse it,
And here stand ready to invest you with it.

Lord 2. Which to make stronger to you, and the surer,
Then bloud or mischiefes dare infringe againe,
Behold this Lady, Sir, this noble Lady,
Full of the bloud as you are, of that neereneffe,
How blessed would it be?

Aub. I apprehend you, and so the faire *Matilda* dare accept
Me her ever constant servant.

Mat. In all pureneffe,
In all humility of heart and services,
To the most noble *Aubrey*, I submit me.

Aub. Then this is our first tye, now to our businesse.

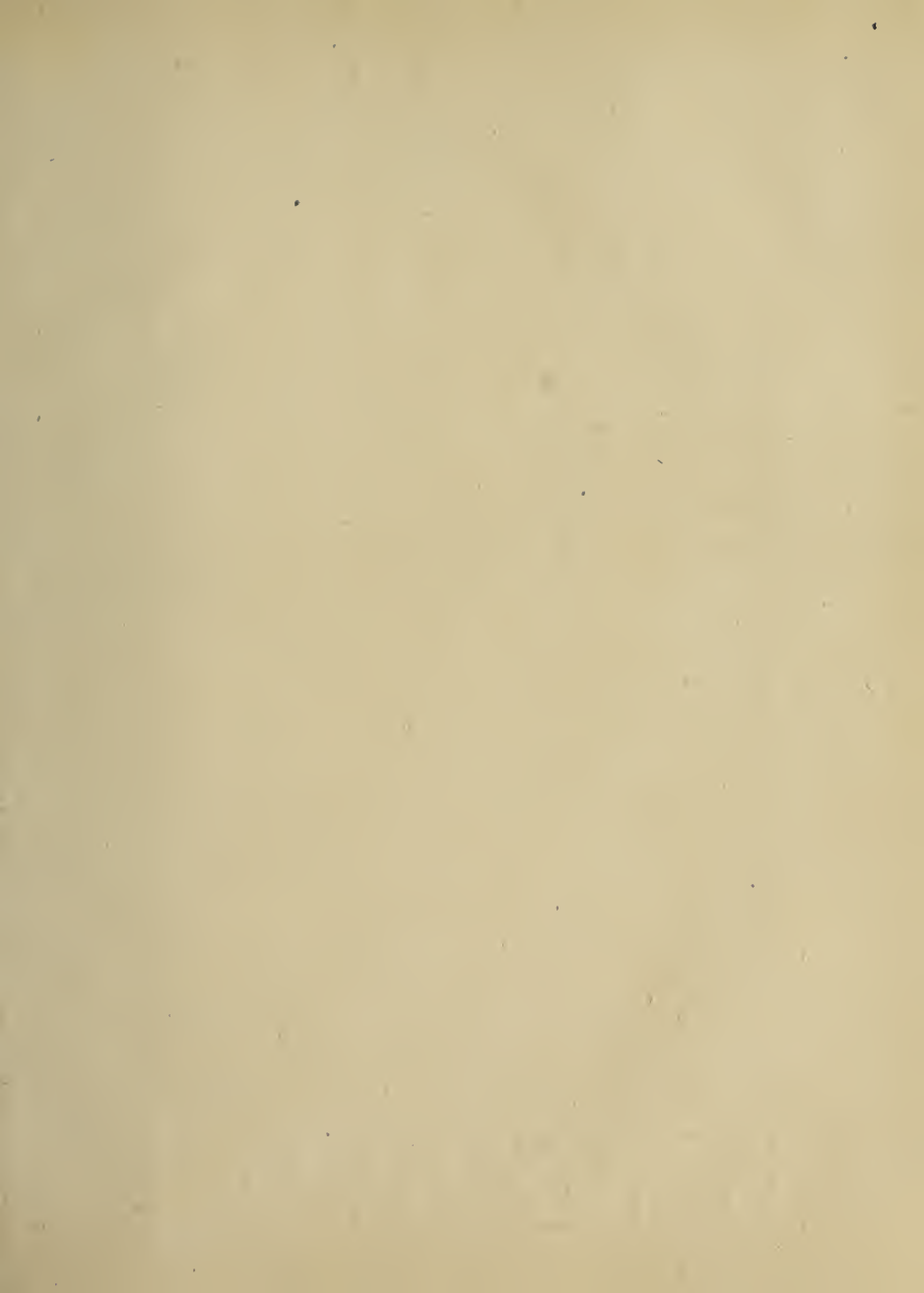
Lord 1. We are ready all to put the honor on you, Sir.

Aub. These sad rights must be done first, take up the bodies,
This, as he was a Prince, so Princely funerall
Shall waite upon him: on this honest Captaine,
The decency of armes; a teare for him too.

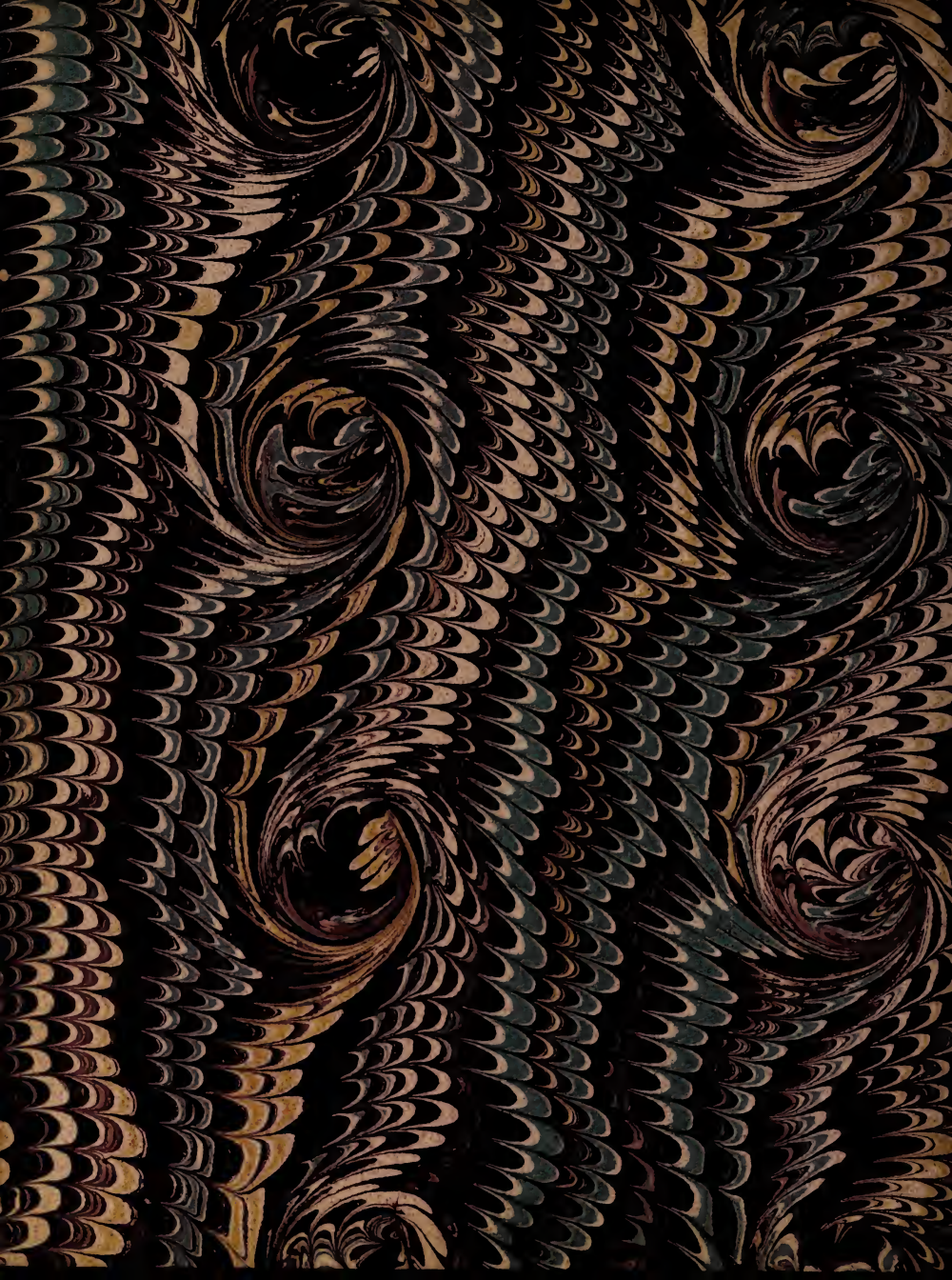
So, sadly on, and as we view his blood,

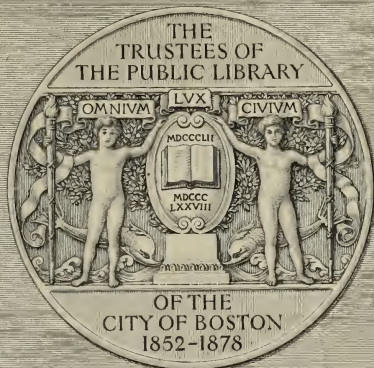
My his Example in our Rule raise good.

FINIS.



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