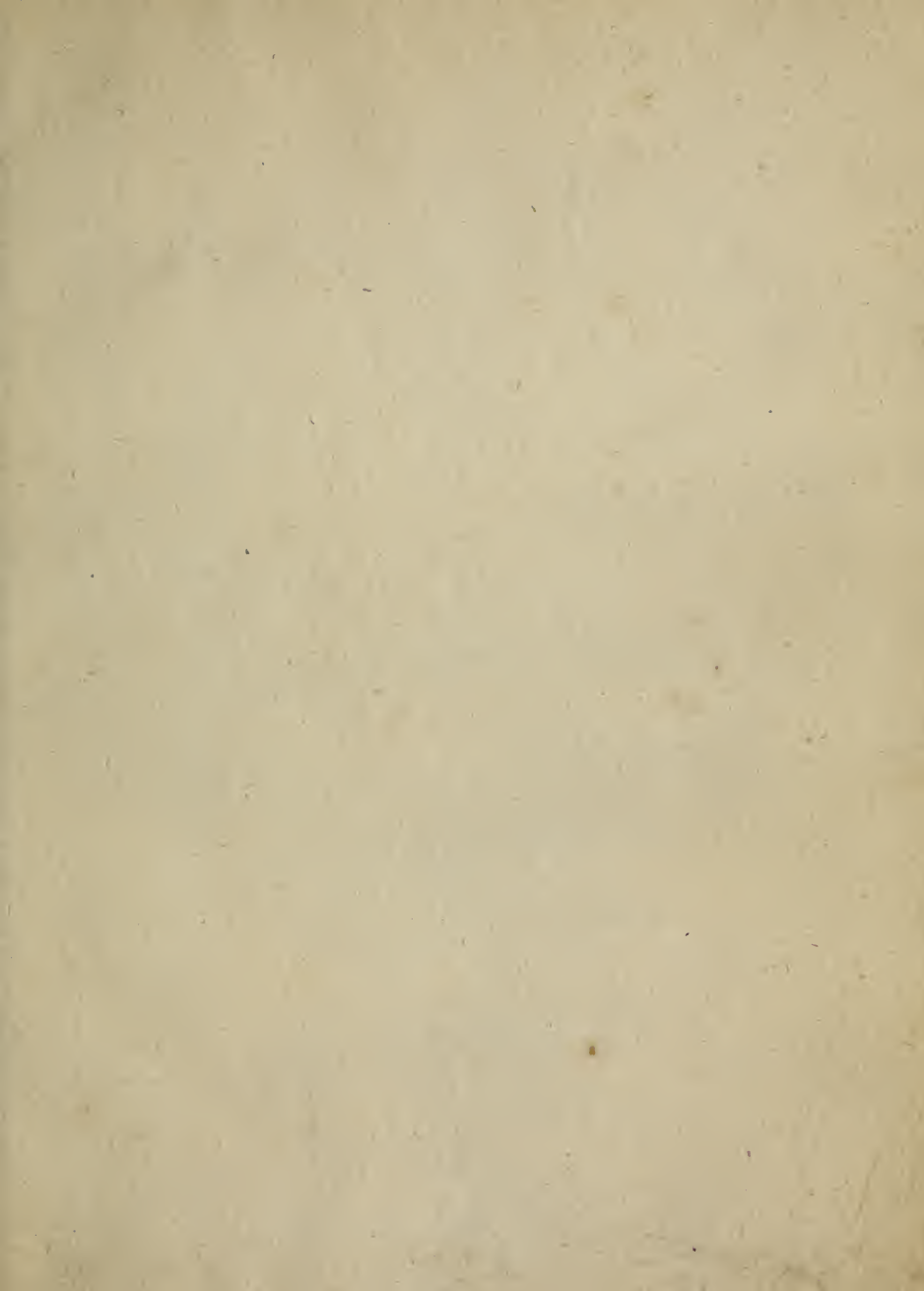
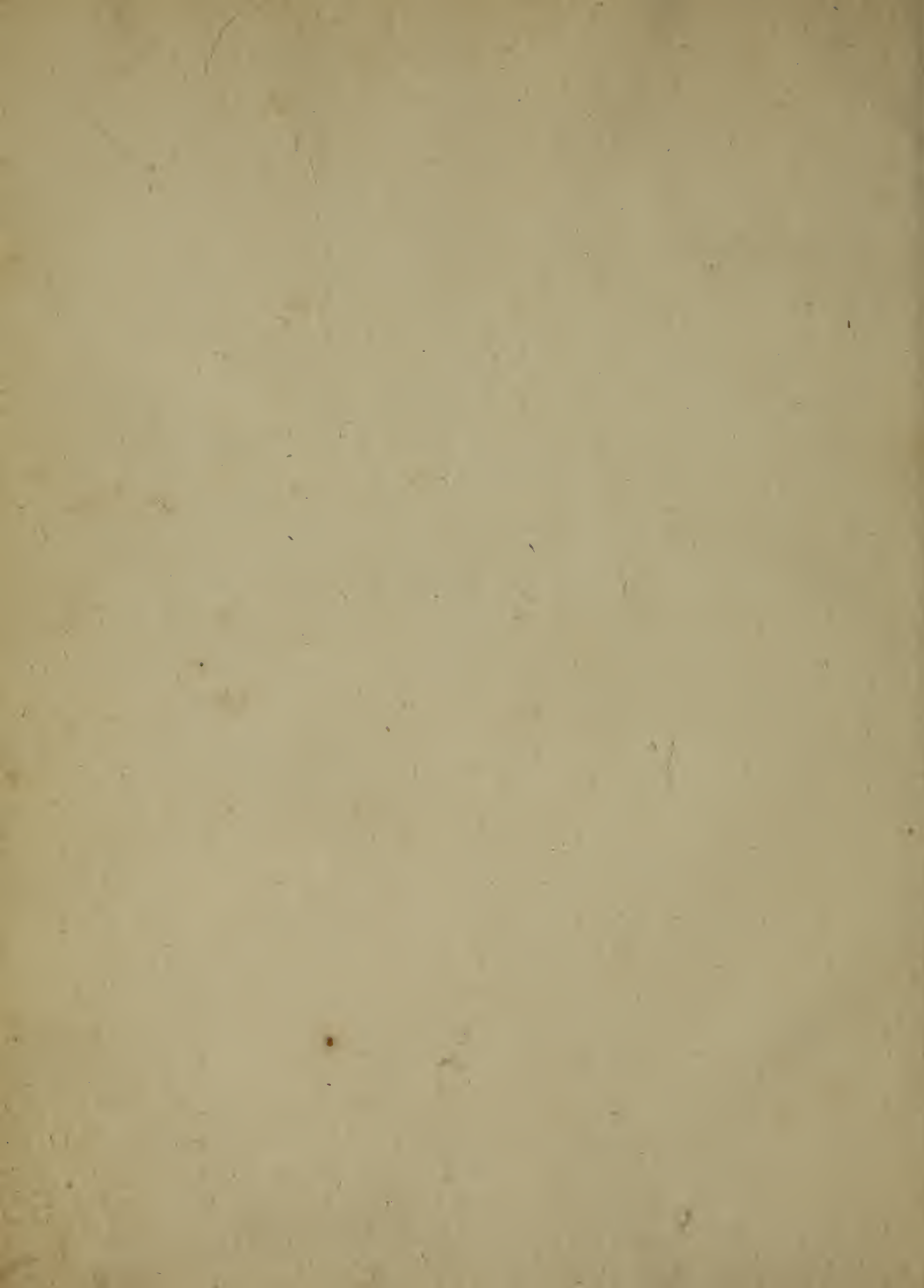


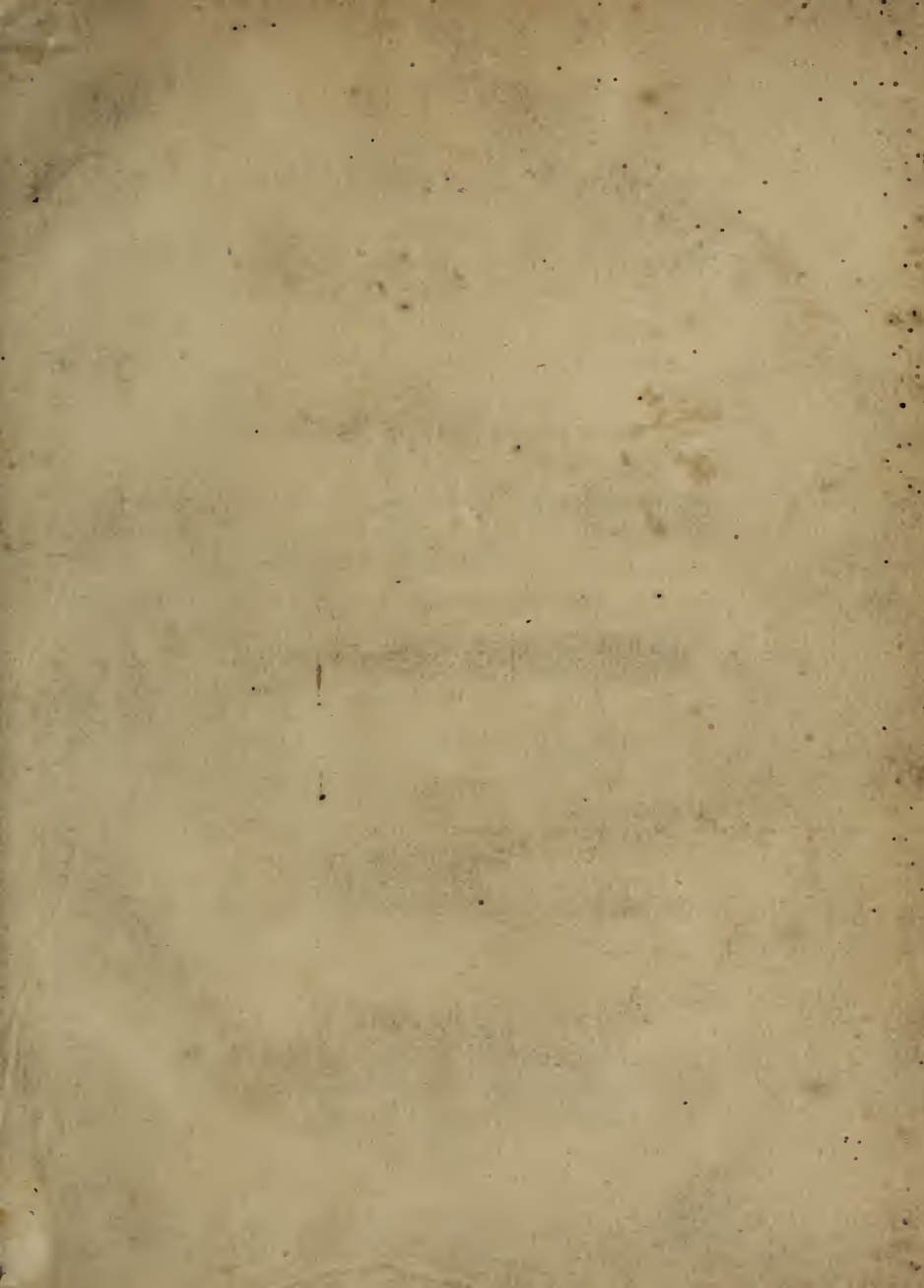
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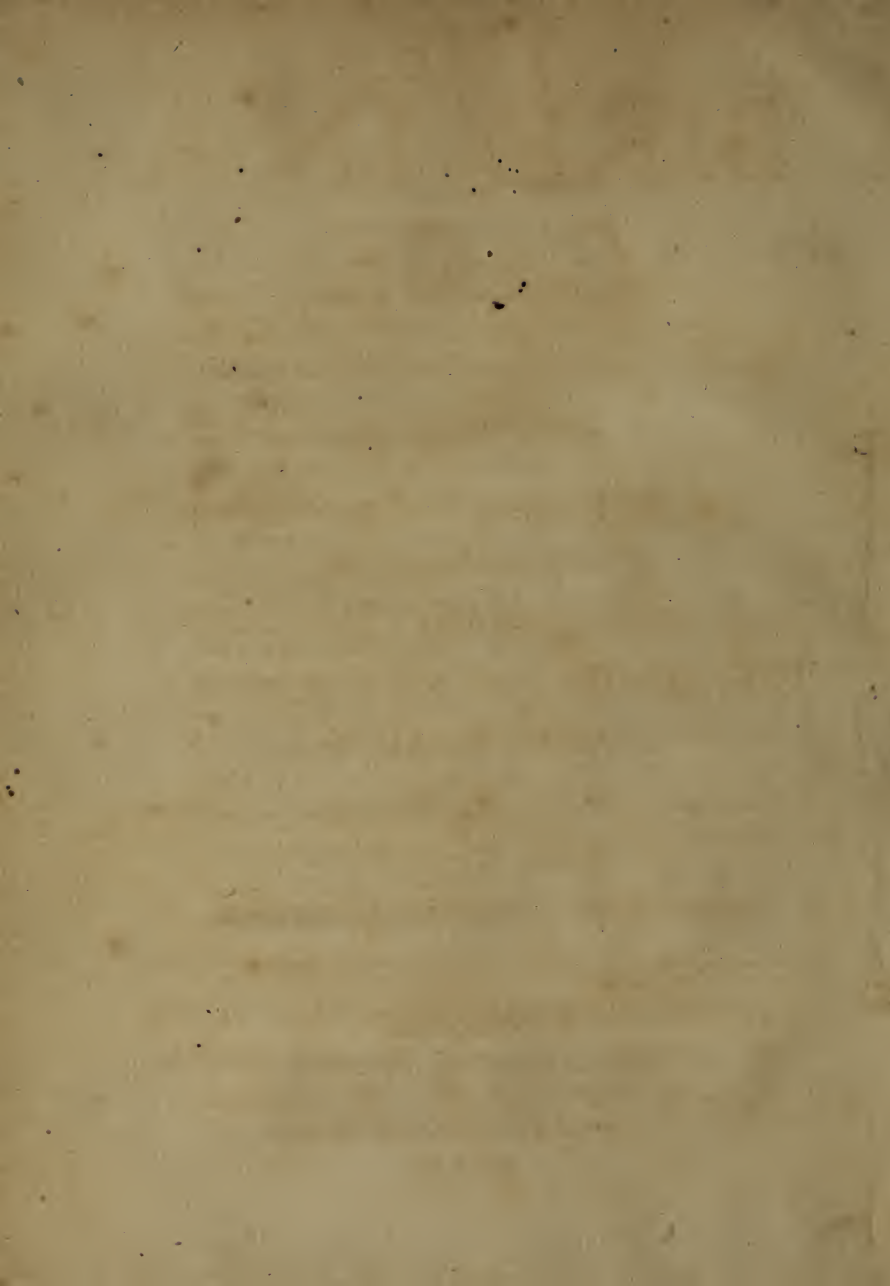


Augustus F. Westmacott.









THE BIRD IN A CAGE.

A Comedie.

As it hath beene Presented at the
Phoenix in Drury-Lane.

The Author JAMES SHIRLEY,
Servant to Her Majesty.

JUVEN. Satyra. 7.

Et Spes, & ratio Studiorum, in Casaretantow.

LONDON

Printed by B. Alsop, and T. Fawcett, for William^c
Cooke, and are to be sold at his Shop neere
Farnivals-Juss Gate, in Holborne.

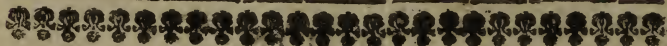
1633.



The Persons.

- DVKE of *Mantua.*
- PERENOTTO Captaine of his Guard.
- PHILENZO Lover of *Eugenia*, under the Dis-
guise and Name of *Rollyardo.*
- FVLVIO. } Noblemen. *157. 625*
- ORPIANO. }
- MORELLO, } Courtiers. *May 1873*
- DONDOLO, }
- GRVTTI. }
- Embassador of *Florence.*
- BONAMICO a *Mountibanke*, or decayed *Artist.*
- SERVANT. GWARD. Attendants.


- EVGENIA the *Dukes daughter.*
- DONELLA, } Ladies Attendant on the
- CATHERINA, } *Princess.*
- MARDONA, }
- FIDELIA, }
- CASSIANA. }



*Printed by B. ...
...
...
...
... 1873.*

To Master WILLIAM PRINNE,
Vtter-Barrester of Lincolnes-Inne.

SIR,



*He fame of your Candor and Innocent-
Love to Learning, especially to that Musically
part of humane knowledge Poetry, and in
particular to that which concernes the Stage
and Scene (your selfe as I heare, having
lately written a Tragedie) doth iustly challenge from me
this Dedication. I had an early desire to congratulate
your happy Retirement, but no Poem could tempt mee
with so faire a circumstance as this in the Title, wherein I
take some delight to thinke (not without imitation of your
selfe) who have ingeniously fancied such Elegant and ap-
posise names for your owne Compositions, as Health's
Sicknesse, The Unlovelinesse of Love-lockes, &c.)
how aptly I may present you at this time, with The Bird
in a Cage. A Comedy, which wanteth I must confesse,
much of that Ornament, which the Stage and Action
lends it, for it comprehending also another Play or Inter-
lude, personated by Ladies, I must referre to your imagi-
nation, The Musicke, the Songs, the Dancing, and o-
ther varieties, which I know would have pleas'd you in-
finitely in the Presentment. I was the rather inclined to
make this Oblation, that Posterity might read you a Pa-
tron to the Muses, and one that durst in such a Criticall
Age, bind up the Wounds which Ignorance had printed
upon wit and the Professors: Proceed (Inimitable Mece-*

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

nas) and having such convenient leysure, and an indefatigable Pegasus, I weare your Prose (which scorneth the Roade of Common sence, and despiſeth any Stile in his way) travell still in the pursuit of new discoveries, which you may publish if you please, in your next Booke of Digressions. If you doe not happen presently to convert the Organs, you may in time confuse the Steeple, and bring every Parish to one Bell. — —

This is all I have to say at this time, and my owne Occasions not permitting my personall attendance, I have intreated a Gentleman to deliver this Testimonie of my Service, many faults have escaped the Presse, which your Judgment will no sooner find, then your Mercie correct, by which you shall teach others a Charity to your owne Volumes, though they be all Errata. If you continue where you are, you will every day inlarge your fame, and beside the engagement of other Poets to Celebrate your Roman Constancie, in particular oblige the Tongue and Penne of your Devout Honourer, —

JAMES SHIRLEY.

THE



THE BIRD IN A CAGE.

Actus. I. Scæna. I.

Enter Fulvio, Orpiano, passing.

Orpiano.



Does not meane this building for a Colledge, I hope?

Fulv. That were an ill Foundation, there are more Scholers then can live one by another already; 'tis pittie we should haue more plenty of learned Beggars.

Orp. 'Tis past all my conjecture, why

Fulv. Signior *Perenotto*, Captain oth' Guard (he built it. Is of Counsellonely with the Duke in't. *Enter Morello.*

Mor. Signior *Orpiano*, and *Fulvio*.

Fulv. My Sparke? Whither in such hast? Let vs change

Mor. You are travailing to your Mistis. (Ayre a litle,

Orp. Madam *Donella* is newly return'd to Court.

Fulv. With the Princess?

Orp. She was but late retyr'd into the Country:

What's the matter?

Mor. Your Lordships I hope have heard, the Duke sent

The Bird in a Cage.

Poste for them, as they say, there is something in't.

Fulv. What?

Mor. Does not your Lordship know? *Fulv.* Not I.

Mor. Your Lordships wisdom and mine is much about a scantling then, yet for ought I heare, there be others of the Court as ignorant as we — your Honors pardon I beseech you, I must in all haste to the Princesses Lodging.

Orp. Farewell Signior.

Your amorous Locke has a hayre out of order.

Mor. Vm? what an oversight was this of my Barber, I must returne now and have it corrected, deere Sign. *Ex.*

Fulv. Here's a Courtier that will not misse a hayre of his Complement, when he is to appeare before his Mistris: every morning does this fellow put himselfe upon the Racke, with putting on's apparell, and manfully indures his Taylor, when he skrewes and wrests his body into the fashion of his doublet — but that the Court cannot subsist without a Foole, I should marvaile what this fellow does to follow it.

Orp. There are more have much about his parcell of Braines, the benefit of youth and good clothes procur'd their places, and ignorance and impudence have since main-tayn'd em.

Fulv. Two great helps as the world goes.

Enter Gentlemen Vshers, Dondolo, Grutti.

Gent. Cleere the presence, the Duke is entring.

Enter Duke, Eugenia, Perenotto, Attendants.

Eugen. I ever was obedient —

Duke. 'Tis for thy Honor, which I know, Is to thy selfe a precious sound — that Building I late erected, then shall be thy Pallace.

Eugen. Or my Prison Sir, if I doe rightly understand.

Duke. That name Is too unworthy of it, my *Eugenia*, Nor will it seeme restraint to my lov'd daughter,

Since

The Bird in a Cage.

Since free to all delights, thy mind shall be
It's owne Commander, every day shall strive
To bring thee in fresh rarities, Time shall bee.
Delighted with thy pleasures, and stay with thee.

Eng. Indeed I shall thinke Time has lost his wings
When I am thus Cag'd up.

Duke. Thou shalt give
To him feathers when thou pleasest. *Mantua*
Shall powre her raptures on thee — why have I
A Crowne, but to command what thou canst wish for,
My deere *Eugenia*. *Eugen.* A Deere it seemes,
For as you had suspicion of my wildnesse,
You'l measure out my walke.

Duke. I am thy Father,
Who by example of the wisest Kings,
But build a place to lay my Treasure in,
Safe from the Robber, where Ile place a Guard —

Eugen. Doe you suspect I shall breake Prison ?

Duke. To keepe off violence, and solliciting
Which may disturbe thy pleasures, vntill we
Shall find out one to match thy Birth and Vertues,
My Dukedome is too poore that way, maintaine
Thy Fathers Soule : thou hast no bloud to mixe
With any beneath Prince — forget as I shall
Thy Love was ever falling from thy Greatnesse,
Into the Armes of one carries but stile of Honour.

Eugen. Sir, I am your Daughter.

Duke. Th'ast deserv'd my blessing, and thy obedience
In this, new Crownes thy Father : I see I need not
Urge what I am to move thee, and lay force,
Thy understanding does appeare convinc'd,
And loving duty teaches thee to more,
Then the Command — *Perenotto* —

Eugen. What narrow ground I tread ? I know he is
Too passionate to be denyed his will,
And yet to yeeld will make me miserable ;
'Tis my misfortune to be borne so great.

The Bird in a Cage.

Each common man and woman can inioy
The ayre, when the condition of a Princesse
Makes me a Prisoner. But I must obey
In hope it will not last — I have a Soule
Is full of gratefull duty, nor will suffer me
Further dispute your precept: you have power
To steere me as you please.

Duke. All the Graces

Speake in my Girle — Each syllable doth carry
A Volume of thy Goodnesse: all my Cares
So well rewarded doe convert to sweetnesse
I thanke thy filiall piety: know my Girle
That place wherein I looke so rich a Jewell,
I doe pronounce againe, shall be thy Paradise:
Thy Paradise my *Eugenia*, saying that
In this man onely finds no being — other
Delights shall streame themselves into thy Bosome,
And those that passe, shall flow agen t'invite
Thy sence to tasting — *Perenotto.*

Peren. Your Graces pleasure?

Duke. Admit those Ladyes that attend —

Fu/v. The Duke shewes much Indulgence.

Orp. Obserue the yssue.

Duke. Wee will not limit thy companions,
Elect what *Mantuan* Beautyes thou canst best
Delight in, they shall serue thee: or if some
Of your owne Train, whom we haue thought most proper
To be your personall Guard, affect you, they *Enter Donella.*
Attend our pleasures: see, they are ignorant *Katherina,*
Yet of our purpose, if to any, thy *Mardona & Fidelia.*
Affection be more free, thy Breath discharge them,
And point thy owne Attendants.

Eugen. I shall be pleas'd with your appointment,
Ladyes, I know you loue me. *she goes to the Ladyes.*

Don. Doth your Grace hold suspicion, any of vs.
Serve you not with our heart?

Eugen. I doe not doubt,

The Bird in a Cage.

Or if I did, you now approach a Tryall,
For my sake can you be content to be
All Prisoners. *Ladies.* Prisoners ?

Eug. Yes, shut up close Prisoners, and be bard
The conuersion, nay the sight of men.

Kath. Marry Heaven defend, wherein haue we offended
That we must loose the sweet societie
Of Men.

Mard. How haue we forfeited our freedome ?

Duke. No man argue — 'tis our pleasure. (*Signior.*

Don. Las Madam, I am new contracted to a handsome

Kath. I haue but newly entertain'd a Servant, that gave
me these Gloves, they smell of him still, a sweet Courtyer.

Don. Not one man among so many Ladies ?
Not a Gentleman-Vsher ? Nor a Page ?
How shall we doe Madam ?

Mard. I beseech your Grace let me be exempted,
If I haue committed an offence, deserues your Anger,
Let one of your Lords cut off my head rather, Sign. *Dondalo.*

Fidel. Shall we expresse,
So cold a duty to her highnesse ? Fye Ladies.

Eugen. You shall but suffer with me : I pertake
As much Seuerity, as any of you shall.

Duke I will expect your duties Lords in silence,

Orpiano, you shall to *Ferrara*, with

Our daughters picture, your Commissions sealed. —

Now faire Ladies,

I hope y'are fixd to waite vpon *Eugenia.*

If your restraint be a Burthen, it shall be

In her power to inlarge you, and elect

New Friends into your places.

Ladies. 'Tis our Duties

To obey your Grace and her.

Duke. *Perenott* — Are all things prepar'd ?

Per. They are my Lord.

Duke. For once thou let vs vs her you.

Kat. Whether doe we goe ? *Peren.* I let tell you.

The Bird in a Cage.

Done. Whither? *Peren.* To take Phisicke Madam.
The Duke has prepar'd to stay all looseness in your bodies
You must be all fast: stone walles and mortar will bind.

Fid. Come follow with a Courage. (Monkeyes.

Donel. I hope we shall be allowed our little Dogs and

Dond. Sweet Madam. *Exit omn.man. Fulv. Orp. Dond.*

Grus. Madam *Katherina*, they are gone Signior. *Grust.*

Dond. Would I had knowne this afore?

Fulv. The Duke will be censur'd for this Act.

Orp. 'Tis very strange, good Lady,
I read a forc'd obedience in her Eye,
Which hardly held up Raine. *Enter Morello.*

Mor. Save you deare Sign. which way went the Ladies?

Grus. Newes, Signior Newes.

Mor. I beseech you I may partake.

Fulv. Have you forgot there was suspicion
She affected Signior *Philenzo* the Cardinals Nephew?

Orp. Alas poore Gentleman, he suffers for't.

Fulv. By this restraint he would make her sure, his jealousy
Is not yet over — Signior *Morello*, is your locke rectified,
You have mist your Lady but a hayres bredth.

Mor. Nay, but my Lords and Gentlemen, where are the
Ladies gone indeed? *Grus.* We ha' told you.

Mor. What, committed to New Prison:

Fulv. Very true, Signior.

Dond. Our dancing dayes are done, shut vp close, not
A man must enter. (mad!

Mor. Would I were a Mouse then - why, but is the Duke

Orp. Take heed what you say Signior: though we be
no Informers, yet walles have Eares.

Mor. Eares? Would I had left mine behind me, here's
Newes indeed!

Fulv. And y'ad come a little sooner, you might ha taken
your leave, but 'twas your Barbers fault.

Mor. Would he had left me ith' suds an houre agoe!
What shall we doe Gentlemen, 'tis a hard case, when a
man that has an intention to marry and live honest —

Enter

The Bird in a Cage.

Enter Rolliardo.

How now, what art thou?

Roll. Any thing, nothing: yet a man, yet no man for I want.

Mor. What? Th'art no Capon I hope. (sinnes.

Roll. Mony sir, will you spare any from your precious

Grut. Th'art very free. *Roll.* Yet Sir I am in debt.

Dond. What dost owe? *Roll.* Nobody harme.

Fulv. Whence cam'st ———

Roll. I dropt from the Moone.

Orp. So me thinkes, thou talk'st very madly ———

Th'art much humour in thee.

Roll. Ha yee any thing to doe that yee account impossible Gentlemen.

Fulv. Why, wilt thou do't?

Roll. And you'l pay for't. Let mee have mony enough and Ile doe any thing.

Orp. Hold, hold. *Roll.* Yes I will hold.

Mor. Ile lay with thee, what wilt hold —

Roll. Why Paradoxes.

Grut. Dond. Paradoxes!

Mor. I hold you a Paradoxe. *Fulv.* Let's heare some.

Roll. There are no beasts but Cuckolds and Flatterers; no cold weather but i'th Dog-dayes; no Physicke to a whoore, no foole to an Alderman, no Scholler to a Iustice of Peace, nor no Souldier to a Belt and Buffe Ierkin.

Orp. A smart fellow. *Enter Duke.*

Mor. The Duke.

Duke. So my feares are over, in her restraint I bury all my Iealousies: — How now? What fellowes this?

Fulv. Such an Humorist as I neuer before convert with all: it seemes he makes himselfe free of all places.

Duke. What would he have?

Roll. Thy pardon mighty man, if it be no Treason to pray for thee, save thee, wilt imploy me? 'Tis Vacation, and I want worke, aske me not what I can doe, let me have money enough, and Ile doe any thing.

Duke.

The Bird in a Cage.

Duke. You haue your Sences?

Roll. I take it: I can see greatnesse big with an Impostume, yet towring in the Ayre like a Fawlcōn: I can heare a man sweare I am thy Eternall Slave, and will serue thee: whē if opportunity were offer'd, for price of a Plush Cloak, he will be the first shall strip thee to the very Soule: I can taste wine that another man payes for, and rellish any thing that comes of free cost: I can smell a Knave through a Bar'd Gowne, a Politician, through a Surplace; a Foole, through a Scarlet out-side: I can touch a Wench better then a Lute, and tell mony with a Secretary, to shew I ha lost my feeling: tush, all's nothing, I haue a humour to doe some thing to be talked on, nothing can come amisse to me, let me haue mony enough, and my life to a cheefe payring, Ile doe any thing.

Duke. You'l except somewhat.

Roll. Not to doe o're the Seven Wonders of the World, and demolish 'em when I ha done, let me haue money enough, what starre so high, but I will measure by this *Iacobs* staffe: Divine mony, the Soule of all things Sublunary, what Lawyers tongue will not be tipt with silver, and will not mony with a Iudge make it a plaine Case, does not gowty Greatnesse find ease with *Aurum palpabile*, and he's a sleight Physitian cannot give a Golden Glister at a dead lift: — Mony, I adore thee, it comes neere the nature of a Spirit, and is so futtle it can creepe in at a Cranny, bee present at the most inward Councils, and betray em: Mony, it opens lockes, drawes Curtaines, buyes wit, sels Honesty, keepes Courts, fights Quarrels, pulls downe Churches, and builds Almshouses.

Duke. A wilde fellow. (lence ?

Fryer. Will your Grace haue him punished for this insolence?

Duke. No, his humor is good mirth to vs; whence art?

Roll. I am of no Country. *Duke.* How?

Roll. I was borne vpon the Sea. *Duke.* When?

Roll. In a Tempest I was told ———

Mor. A blustering fellow. *Duke.* Thy Name.

Roll.

The Bird in a Cage.

Roll. Rolliarde.

Duke. And how long hast thou beene mad thus?

Roll. Your Highnesse may be merry- and if you have no Employment for me, I am gone.

Duke Stay we command you, and bethinke agen, What to except in your bold vndertaking.

Roll. I except nothing, nothing Duke, it were no glory Not to be generall, active in all, let me have Mony Enough and Ile doe any thing.

Duke. You shall.

Fulv. Will your Grace set him a worke?

Roll. Name the Action.

Duke. What say you to a Lady?

Roll. I will fall vpon her, as *Iupiter* on *Danae*, let me have a shower of Gold, *Acrisius* brazen Tower shall meele agen, were there an Army about it, I would compasse her in a Moneth, or dye for't.

Duke. Ha? — A Lady without guard would try your wit and mony, to get her Love. *Roll.* A toy, a toy.

Duke. Through a Credality, you may too much Traduce the Sexe, and merit such a Justice

No Mony will buy off: — admit some Branches

Grow not so straight and beautifull, as Nature

Intended them, will you disgrace the stemme

Or for some womans Lenity, accuse

That fayre Creation? Mony buy their Love

Promise a Salary of that sacred flame

Themselves cannot direct, as guided by

Divine intelligence.

Roll. Your Highnesse Pardon; if you prohibite, I must

not undertake, but let me have freedome, and Mony e-

nough (for that's the Circle I walke in) and if I doe not

conjure up a spirit hot enough to inflame a frozen *Lucrece*

bosome: make Mummy of my flesh, and sell me to the A-

pothecaries: try me with some Master peece; A womans

Love is as easie as to eate a dinner without saying Grace,

getting of Children, or going to bed drunke: Let me have

The Bird in a Cage.

Money enough, and take me to the purpose.

Fuly. Orp. He's constant.

Duke. Admit there be a Lady, whom a Prince
Might Court for her Affection; Of a Beauty,
Great as her Vertue, adde unto them Birth,
Equall to both, and all three but in her
Not to be match'd — Suppose this Myracle
(Too precious for mans Eye) were shut vp, where
A Guard more watchfull then the Dragons; did
Forbid accesse to mankind: — Men pick'd out
Betweene whose Soules and Mony were Antipathy
Beyond that which we know; and you asoone
Might bribe to be a Saint: — what would you doe
With your enough of mony, were your life
Ingag'd to winne her Love?

Roll. The sky may fall, and Aldermen cry Larkes
About the City.

Duke. The fellow's impudent: Sirrah, thou hast landed
thy selfe upon a Rocke, you shall have sence of what you
would contemne, a Life: put on a most fortified resolution,
you shall need it; we haue a daughter thus lock'd up —

Fuly, What does the Duke meane?

Duke. A Virgin. *Orp.* He is in Passion.

Duke. Shalt not ingage thee on a worke so much
Impossible, as procurement of her Love,
Make it appeare with all the Art thou canst
Get but accesse to her; a Moneth we limit
But take heed B.aster, if you faile; your Life
Shall onely satisfie our charge, and teach
All other Mountibanks to be at distance,
With such bold undertakings; you shall expect
A severe Iustice:
By this, I shall try the Fidelity of those are trusted.

Roll. 'Tis a match, I shall have mony enough?

Duke. You shall. What d'yeecall enough, yet it shall
be under 20. thousand Crownes: I will not leave the
Pawne here, for twice so much.

Roll.

The Bird in a Cage.

Roll. I will not be particular and agree oth' Summe, you looke I should dye if I performe not, and Ile looke to be merry and want nothing while I live, Ile not take the Advantage on you, because I hope to receive credit by it: if I use now and then a round summe set me up oth' Ticket for't, but who shall passe his word if I doe this feate, you'l let me keepe my head a my shoulders.

Duke. Our royall word secure thee. *Roll.* 'Tis enough.

Fulv. What security can your Grace expect for his foorthcomming, if he fayle.

Duke. We ha studied that,
'Tis but the losse of some superfluous Crownes,
Let the end carry what successe Fate please,
All the expence will not be lost, to try
The faith of those we shall imploy in this;
Our Citie's strong, the River that invirons
On three parts, shall be carefully attended,
A wall makes safe the fourth, which shall be guarded,
Our Vigils shall be so exact, he shall
Deserve his liberty, if he escape vs,
We are constant Sir.

Fulv. Would he might pay for his curiositie.

Roll. Ile waite upon your Highnesse for some earnest: I have a Moneth good, let me have faire play and my bargaine Mony enough, if I doe come short, let my head be too hea-
vie for my shoulders; if I doe more then is expected, you'l beleeve it possible hereafter: when a man has money enough, he may doe any thing.

Duke. Maintaine your humour still — attend vs. *Exeunt*
Manent Morello, Dondolo, and Grutti.

Mor. Here's a mad fellow, does he meane to get into the
Dond. It seemes so. (Ladies?)

Gr. Or I wud not be in his taking when the Moon chages.

Mor. Our best courte then is to observe and humor him, he may have a tricke more then we know; he seemes to be a good Fellow, let's be drunke together, and get him to confesse it — ha?

The Bird in a Cage.

Don. Grut. A match.

Mor. Like errand Knights, our valiant wits must wraſtic
To free our Ladyes from the enchanted Caſtle. *Exeunt.*

A Ctus. II. Scæna. I.

Enter Bonanico and a Seruant.

Serv. D'Yee thinke this Hayre
And habit will ſufficiently diſguiſe you,
From your inquiring Creditors?

Bon. No queſtion,
Have you diſperſt my Billes about the City,
Does every publike place carry the ſcole,
As I commanded?

Serv. I have bene carefull.

Bon. What doe they ſay abroad, doe they not wonder?

Serv. They are ſtrucken dumbe at reading, he that has
The uſe of tongue, employes it to expreſſe
His admiration of your Art, your deepe,
Unviſible Art.

Bon. There's hope then we ſhall proſper,
In this beleeving Age, *Italy* is full
Of ſugling Mountibanks, that ſhew trickes with oyles,
And powders, here an Emperick dares boalt
Himſelfe a Paracelſian, and dawbe
Each Poſt with printed follyes, when he went
A'th ticket with ſome Midwife, or old woman
For his whole ſtocke of Phyſicke, here a fellow
Onely has ſkill to make a handſome perewig,
Or to ſowe teeth with gummes of ſome ſtate Madam,
Which ſhe coughes out agen, when ſo much phlegme
A would not ſtrangle a poore flea, provokes her,
Proclaimes himſelfe a rectifier of Nature,
And is beleev'd ſo, getteth more by keeping

Mouthes

The Bird in a Cage.

Mouthes in their quarterly reparations,
Then knowing men for all their Art, and paines
I'th cure of the whole body — shall we doubt
To be made rich, rich *Carlo*, by our Art
Whereof I am the first and bold Professor
In *Italy*, we shall grow fat and purchase,
Dost not thinke so?

Serv. To goe invisible
Who will not learne at any rates

Bon. True *Carlo*!
There may be in the throng of our admirers,
Some will presume it, above the power of Art
To make men walke and talke invisible.
But we can cleere the mystery, and make
Manua in the proofe acknowledge it
A matter feasible — here's some Customer
Ha? 'Tis the Humorist, the Vndertaker, *Rolliardo*.
The Bird I spread my Art for, he has mony
Enough, and's apt to prove a fortune to me.

Roll. So the Covenants are seal'd, I am like a famous
Cathedrall with two ring of Bells, a sweet Chime a both
sides, now 'tis noys'd I ha mony enough, how many Gal-
lants of all sorts and Sexes court me, here's a Gentleman
ready to run himsef in the Kennell, for hast to give me
the Wall, this Cavalier will kisse my hand, while th' other
Signior crinkles ith' hammes, as hee were studying new
Postures agan'st his turne comes to salute me. As I walke,
euery Window is glaz'd with eyes, as some triumph were
in the street, this *Madava* invites me to a Banquet for my
discourse, t' other *Bona roba* sends me a Sparke, a third a
Ruby, a fourth an Emerald, and all but in hope to put their
Jewels to vsury, that they may returne agen with precious
Interest — Thus farre it goes well, very well, what's next-

Bon. Save you Signior.

Roll. What art thou?

Bon. Oae appointed by fate to doe you service Sir.

Roll. But I gave fate no Commission to take you up for

The Bird in a Cage.

me, I ha more followers then the Duke already, prethee
have me commended to the Lady Destinies, and tell them
I am provided.

Bo. Mistake me not, he speakes to you, has power
To make you happy.

Roll. Prethee make thy selfe happy with a warme suite
first, thy house is but poorely thatched, and thou beest
good at making happy, why hast no better clothes.

Bo. 'Tis no felicity, or admit: the Sunne
Dispenceth a rich warmth about the World
Yet hath no heate it selfe.

Roll. Philosophie.

Bo. To omit circumstance, I know what you
Hate vnder taken to the generall
Amazement: vpon penalty of death,
You must procure accessse to the faire Princeesse,
'Tis in my Art to helpe — to perfect what
The Duke holds so impossible.

Roll. How canst thou assist mee.

Bo. Although my outside promise not, my braine
Is better furnished, I ha gain'd by study
A secret, will aduance the worke you labour with,
Ile teach you Sir to goe invisible —

Roll. How? 't hast no clouen foote, I sent brimstone,
and thou beest a Diuell, tell me.

Bo. A trifle not, I am a man, whose fame
Shall out-lieue time, in teaching you this Mystery
For which I must expect reward — you are
(Lowd noise proclaimes it) able, & can pay me
Out of the Dukes Exchequer, being your selfe
His walking treasury.

Roll. You'l teach me to goe invisible, you say!

Bo. I can, and with your safety, for I deale not
With magick, to betray you to a Faith
Black and Satannicall, I abhorre the Diuell.

Roll. Very like so.

Bo. Which some haue coniured into a Ring,
To effect the wonder, I admit of no
Suffumigation, incense offer'd to
Infernall Spirits, but by Art, whose Rules

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Are lawfull and Demonstrative —

Roll. You thinke I admire you all this while — *Harke,* when did you eate? or doe you hope agen, that you are put to this pitifull and desperate exigent. I see you would be Invisible, my fine Knaue.

Bon. D'ee mocke me, Sir?
Roll. Ile tell you a better project, wherein no Courtier has prefool'd you. Sticke your skin with feathers, and draw the rabble of the City for pence a peece to see a monstrous Bird brought from *Pern*, Baboones have past for men already, beene taken for Vfurers, i' their furr'd Gownes and Night-caps, keepe a foole in pay, to tell the multitude of a Gentle fayth, that you were caught in a Wildernesse, and thou mayst be taken for some farre Country Howlet.

Bon. Doe you despise my Art?
Roll. Art? but such another word, and I shall marre the whole expectation of your invisible tralique, in, to your nest; and leave me, distinguish men before you practise on 'em, 'tis wholsome caution.

Bon. I leave you to the misery of your unbelcefe, when you heare of me hereafter, you will curse your fortune to have thus neglected me, fare you well, Sir.

Enter Perenotto, with 3. or 4. of the Guard.

Roll. This is *Perenotto*, Captaine of the Guard.
Per. Not yet attempted you?
1. We have not seene him my Lord.
2. Is that he that has gold enough? would I had some of his yellow hammers.

Roll. D'ee heare, you are one
1. A poore Halbert man Sir.

Roll. Poore? hold thee, there's gold for thee: — thou

1. O yes Sir.

Roll. Not a peny, and thou hadst not beene a foole, thou wouldst ha bin a Knaue, so thou mightst have got by me, yet by those scuruy legs there's some hope thou't bee converted at all adventures take it.

1. I will be what you please Sir.

Roll. Tell me what condition is that Sign of? is he rich?

1. He loves money.

Roll. Come? Shalt be my Pensioner — here's more gold for thee; - and will he take a Bribe?

1. D'ee

The Bird in a Cage.

I. D'ye make question of that Sir he bought his Office,
& therefore may sell his Conscience, he has sold 200 on's
twice over, he was brought up at Court, and knowes what
belongs to his place, I warrant you.

Roll. Goods. **I.** Am I not a Knave, how Sir?

Roll. I like thee.

I. To your cost: — I hope you w^o not tell him what
I say: but if you doe, and he chance to turne me out of my
office, your gold is restorative.

Per. To your stations, and be circumspect. **Ex. Guard.**

Roll. Noble Sir, you are the onely man I have Ambition
to honour.

Per. I should be proud to merit such a Phrase.

Roll. 'Tis in your power to oblige my Soule — w^o are pri-
I am jealous of the Wind lest it convey (vate,
Our noyse too fame: This Morn^e I had some traffique
With a Jeweller, and if my Judgment erre not,
H^o as richly furnish'd me.

What sayes your Lordship to this Diamond?

Per. 'Tis a glorious one.

Roll. Does it not sparkle most divinely Signior,
A rowe of these sticke in a Ladies Forehead,
Would make a *Persian* stagger in his Faith,
And give more Adoration to this Light
Then to the Sun beame: I ha fellowes to 'em
A Nest of bright ones.

Per. This Boxe is studded like a frosty Night with stars
You have out bid their Value, make me a gainer
In changing them for your commends.

Per. How Sir? **Roll.** I'm serious.

Per. I never shall deserve this Bounty, if
You'd point me out some service to begin my gratitude —

Roll. You have a Noble Soule
It teach you how to merit more.

Peren. I am Covetous of such a knowledge.

Roll. Make but my path a smooth one to the Princesse,
I am briefe, you know my undertaking.

Per. So

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Per. So I should be a Traytor.

Roll. It comes not neere the question of a life : do't Ile enable you, to buy another Dukedome, State, and Title.

Per. Although 'twere necessary in the Affayres
Of such high consequence to deliberate,
Yet for this once, Ile be as brie'fe as you,
I wo'not doe't. *Roll.* How?

Per. No indeed Signior, you shall pardon me
At this time, and Ile keepe your Jewels too
For they are gifts : hereafter you will know me
So fare you well Sir. *Exit.*

Roll. Was I not told this Officer was corrupt ?
I want Faith to beleeve the Myracle.
Sure he does but iest with me, ha?

Enter Morello, Dondolo, Grutti.

Mor. The Guard will accept no money.

Don. What an age do wee liue in, when officers will
take no bribes.

Grut. Not the Golden one.

Don. Here's Rolliardo.

Roll I'me quite lost.

Grut. 'Tis he.

Roll. Yet he keepe my jewels, there may be some hope
Ile to him agen, 'tis but his modesty
At first not to see me easie, he must be courted
Statesmen like Virgins first, should giue denyall,
Experience and oppertunity make the tryall.
Salue you Gallants.

Mor. And you goe thereto : saue your selfe, you are
in a worse pickle then wee are.

Don. And how i'ft wee Signiour.

Grut. Doe you thriue in your hopes.

Roll. I doe not dispaire Gentlemen, you see I doe not
weare my hat in my eyes, crucifie my armes, or intreate
your Lordships braine to melt in a Petition for me.

Mor. I did but iest, I know you haue a way to the
wood

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wood in your *Perieranium*, what is't wee are honest
simple minded Lords.

Roll. I thinke so.

Grut. Nay nay, impart.

Don. Wee tell no tales.

Mor. Woo'd wee were whipt and wee doe.

Roll. Why shall I tell you — you are three.

Mor. Very secret —

R ll. Coxecombes.

All 3. How?

Roll. A miserable leash of Court Mimicks.

Mor. Mimicks? what's that.

Roll. You perfumd Goates.

Mo. Oh is that it, I neuer heard what a Mimick was
before.

Roll. Dee thinke I am so wretched in a point that con-
cernes my life and honour, to trust my wayes and purpo-
ses to you that haue no soules.

Don. No soules.

Mor. Peace how comes he to know that?

Grut. Why hast thou none?

Mo. 'Twas more then euer I could see in my selfe yet.

Roll. Things that haue forfeited their Creation, and
had not your Tailors tooke compassion on you, you had di-
ed to all mens thoughts, who long since wod ha forgotten
that euer there were such things in Nature.

Don. Shall wee suffer this?

Roll. Yes, and make legs, in token of your thankfull-
nesse, if I were at leisure, I would make you shew trickes
now.

Mo. Doe I looke like a *Johuanapes*?

Roll. But I wonot.

Mo. It were not your best course.

Roll. How?

Mo. Alas Sir I should but shame my selfe, and be
laughed at afore all this Company.

Roll. When you see mee next auido mee, as you
would doe your poore kindred when they come to Court.

Get

The Bird in a Cage.

Get you home, say your Prayers, and wonder that you come off without beating, for 'tis one of my Myracles.

Mo. Had wee not better a gone to Tauerne, as I plotted at first, he could not ha beene more valiant in his drinke.

Grut. Im'e glad hees gone.

Don. I know not what to make on him.

Mo. Make on him quotha, he made little reckning of vs, but and he had not gone as he did, I should ha made

Don. What ?

Mo. Vrine in my breeches — he squeezed me, I thinke I was ready to melt'o, both sides.

Grut. But harke you Signior, wee forget the Ladies still

Mo. Well remembred.

Don. Lets consult to purpose about that — shall wee ?

Mo. No, euery one thinke what he can by himselfe, my thoughts shall be private, and not free at this time; euery one scratch his owne head.

Grut. And he that gets the first hint, communicate —

Don. A match.

Mo. Let me see — umh.

Don. What if I did — nothing, my braines are dull.

Grut. Ten to one, but if I did — let it alone, a pox on't, I were best drinke some Sacke, they say it helps inuention.

Mo. O rare.

Both. Rub rub, out with it.

Mo. No, 'tis gone backe agen, I drunke buttered Sacke this Morning and it slip't backe when 'twas almost at my tongues end — but it was a delicate proiect, whatsoeuer it was.

Grut. Recouer it with thy finger.

Don. Follow it *Morello.*

Mo. Now, now, now, let me alone — make no noife, 'tis comming agen, I ha't, I ha't —

Don. Hold it fast now.

Grut. Loose it not, thou art great with wit, let vs deliuer thee, what, ist ?

The Bird in a Cage.

Mo. Some wiser then some: *They follow him up and
Don.* Wilt not tell vs. *downe for discouery.*

Grut. Didst not promise

Mo. No hast — as occasion serves — it cost more
then so yet you may know't.

Don. Well said.

Mo. Hereafter, but not now — away, doe not
tempt me. I will eate the sweat of my owne braine, O rare!
neuer was such a straine of wit inuented. — Dee heere,
Gentlemen; if you will command me any service to the
Ladies, I doe purpose to visite em — with quirke — hey.

Grut. How?

Mo. Marry doe I.

Don. Nay *Morelle.*

Mo. Gentlemen, as I told you, if you haue any thing
to the Ladies, before I goe I am the messenger, — there
is a crotchet and so forth — a carwhicket is found out -
your eares --- I will doe such a stratagem as neuer the like
was heard of in the world. — Oh rare. — *Exit.*

Don. Hees mad.

Grut. So am I, that he is so reservd
What shall's doe.

Enter Bonanico.

Bon. Saue you Signiors, pray where abouts is the signe
of the invisible man.

D. G. The invisible man.

Bon. Cry yee mercy now I see it. *Exit.*

Don. See't he does more, then wee can, the Gentleman's
mistaken, heeres no such signe, yet hee went in there.

Grut. Hee has better eyes then wee to distinguish it.

Enter Servant.

Ser. This, I this is it.

Don. What is it pray.

Ser. Whats that to you.

Grut. In courtesie wee aske.

Ser.

The Bird in a Cage.

Ser. Then by the signe this is the house whether I am going to enquire for a Gentleman that teaches men to walke invisible.

Grut. That wo'd be scene, this is newes.

Ser. Newes, either you haue slept long, or you are Gentlemen of very small intelligence, examine the next paper you see aduanced, and informe your selues, farewell Gallants.

Exit.

Don. Hee's entred there to.

Grut. Teach men to walke invisible, a very fine trade.

Don. Would'twere true, wee should desire no other device to get into the Ladies.

Enter Bonanico and Seruant.

Grut. 'Tis impossible — see, see, more Gentlemen, prethee lets to him this will bee a tricke worth our learning.

Don. Stay, wee are not acquainted lets knocke first.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Your pleasures Gentlemen.

Don. Pray Sir, what signes is this.

Ser. The invisible man Sir.

Grut. Man, I see no man.

Don. Heres nothing but a cloude.

Ser. Right Sir, and hee's behinde it, the mans invisible.

Don. Pretty faith It may bee the man i'the Moone for ought weeknow.

Ser. Wouldyee any thing with my Master.

Grut. He does teach to walke invisible they say.

Ser. He is the onely Professor of the miraculous invisible Art.

Don. May wee change a little discourse with him.

Ser. There are some Gentlemen with him — but i'll tell him, I am preuented hee's comming forth himselfe.

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Enter Bonamico.

Don. Signior *Altomaro* I take it.

Bon. 'Tis my name Sir, a poore Artist, not warme in these parts of *Italy*.

Grut. And you were not too busie Sir —

Bon. Please you walke in, I am now alone, your persons will grace my poore habitation.

Don. Wee saw 4. or 5. enter but now.

Bon. I ha dispatch 'em they are fresh departed.

Don. Which way.

Grut. Here's not a man, are they not suncke, came they out heere?

Bon. Vpon my credit Sir no other way.

Don. Then they went invisible.

Bon. Right Sir, they came hither to that purpose, their designes required hast.

Grut. This man can doo't I see already.

Don. Sir if you can assure vs this invisible walking, for we are not so ignorant as wee seeme, wee ha seene the Play of the *Inuisible Knight*, and —

Bon. That of the Ring too, ha ye not. Don. Yes.

Bon. The one was Magick, and t'other an imposture, what I doe is by Art faire and naturall, are you in debt and feare arresting, you shall saue your money in protections, come vp to the face of a Sergiant, nay walke by a Shole of these mankind horse-leaches, and be mace prooffe. If you haue a mind to raile at 'em, or kick some a their loose flesh out, they shannot say blacks your eye, nor with all their linces eyes discouery you: would you see when the Mercers abroad, how his man playes the Merchant at home with his Mistris silkworme, and deales vnderhand for commodity — would your selfe talke with a Lady in secret, sit downe, play with her, rauish a Diamond from her finger, and bind her soft wrist with a bracelet, kisse her abroad, at home, before her seruants, in the presence of

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of her jealous husband, nay trusse her vp, when the tame Lord is a bed with her, and to his eyes be vndiscovered as the winde Signior — doe you suspect your Mistris playes double? would you heare how she entertaines the t'others loue, and know what she does i'the closet with the smooth Page — would you be present at secret Counsels, betray letters, see how such a Lord paints his thighes, this perfume his breath, t'other marshall his fine French teeth, see this Statesmans eyes put out with a bribe, how that officer cozens the Duke, and his Secretary abuses 'em both, this Lawyer takes fees a both sides; while the Iudge examines the fertility, and price of the Mannor, before the witnesses and then decrees who shall haue the Land? would you see iustice employ her scales to weigh light Gold, that comes in for fees or corruption, and flourish with her sword like a Fencer to make more roome for causes i'the Court.

Don. All this and more may be done, if we can but goe invisible, but how can you assure vs of that. I would faine see any man goe invisible once.

Bon. See him Sir?

Grut. *Videoprointelligo* I meane Sir.

Bon. Nay Sir you need not distinguish, for it is possible to see a man invisible obserue me, you see mee now perfectly, in euery part, if I should walke before you without a body.

Grut. How?

Bon. My head onely visible and hanging in the Ayre like a Comet.

Don. That were a strange sight?

Bon. Sometimes nothing shalbe seene but my arme, another while one of my legs, hopping without a body.

Grut. This is admirable.

Bon. When I please I will haue nothing conspicuous, but my hand, nay, perhaps my little finger.

Don. Doe not you conjure then?

Grut. Come you will cast a mist before our eyes.

Bon. 'Tis a Mistry indeed but a safe one Signiors.

Don. Why looke you Sir, if you will be pleased that

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wee may see you first walke invisible, wee shall not onely credit your Art, but at any rate be ambitious to bee your Disciple.

Bon. Why Gentlemen, you speake but Iustice, you shall haue experiment. I wilbe invisible first, but as t'other in this kinde, I will not demonstrate without halfe in hand, let me haue 50. Crownes apeece, 'ile point you a day when I will be invisible.

Grat. Can you not doe it presently.

Bon. I can be invisible in a twinckling, but what assurance can you haue, that I am here at the same instant, when you see no part of mee, I may deceiue you.

Don. He sayes true.

Bon. I doe purpose therefore to giue you reality and prooffe, for I will walke invisible, allbut — my hand.

Both. Your hand?

Bon. Onely my hand, you shall touch it, see euery line in't, and the rest of my body be to you invisible, this will require a little time for preparation, and when with the consent of your eyes and vnderstandings, I keepe my promise in this point, you will thinke your monies well expended to be taught the Mistry.

Don. This is very faire.

Grat. The crownes are ready Sir.

Dor. Expect 'em within this houre.

Enter Rolliaro.

Bon. At your owne pleasures, ha *Rolliaro*? I must not be seene Gentlemen.

Both. Farewell incomparable Signior — what lucke had wee to light vpon this Artist, he shanot publish it, wee'l buy the whole secret at any value, and then get him remoue into some other Province, who's this.

Roll. Am not I mad, sure I am, though I doe not know it, and all the World is but a Bedlam, a house of correction to whip vs into our senses, I ha knowne the time when jewels and Gold had some vertue in 'em, the generation of men now are not subject to corruption; *Democritus* the
Worlds

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Worlds refin'd.

Don. 'Tis *Roliardo*, he lookes Melancholy, lets haue a sling at him, giue you joy of the great Lady Sir, which is the next way to the Moone pray?

Roll. Bolt vpright *Muskat*, and if you make hast you may be one of her Calues, next time she appeares, you shall see her beckento you, with a paire of hornes, iust a the size of those are preparing for your forehead, my precious animall.

Don. Ha, ha, ha, the fellowes mad.

Grut. Can you tell Sir, what became of all the Swallowes, Cuckoes, and small birds, wee had here last Summer?

Roll. Marry Sir they went to Sea, to aide the Cranes, and there haue bin mustering euer since, but for want of a Woodcocke they ha left behind 'em, they dare not venture vpon the Pigmies, you may doe well to ouertake the Buzzard and releue the Army Sir.

Grut. Ha, ha, ha.

Exit.

Roll. I shall be grinnde to death as I walke the streetes, 'tis no policy to be dull and modest — but let me see, which way to compasse my worke, and put my selfe out of the common laughter the very children will iere mee shortly I thinke, and point me out with stones, the precious vndertaker. I might haue had more wit then to run my selfe into this calamitie whom haue wee next.

*Enter the Duke, Ambassador, Fulvio, Dondolo,
Grutti attendants, Courtiers.*

The Duke? what stranger's that? I must not seeme deiected.

Emb. Is this he your Highnesse discoursed of?

Duke. This is the peece made vp of all performance
The man of any thing without exception,
Giue him but Gold, Kings daughters and their heires
Though lockt in towers of Brasse, are not safe from him.

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Nayt hough I play the chimist with my trust
And from a Million of sure confidences
I draw the spirit of honesty into a few,
He can corrupt 'em.

Roll. You are my Prince great Sir, and you haue spoke
Not much vnlike a braue one.

Don. Heele jeere the Duke too.

Roll. If my head
Come to be paid to you, before Sunne-set
That day when it is forfeite, I ha cleerd with you,
And shall depart out of your Royall debt
There's all you can demand, a good sharpe sword
Will make an euen reckning.

Emb. He seemes confident.

Court. 1. With your Graces leaue, let me come to him.

Roll. Now a fierce dog.

1. What came into thy mind, thou daring madman,
foole is a word of favour to thee. *Roll.* So Sir.

1. To vndertake such an impossible taske.

Roll. Mushroumpe — He cast away a few words on
Had I another life, I'de vndertake yet (thee
Though I below in all opinion,
To venture it, with the riches I haue spread
To corrupt others, to make thee my parasite,
I would engage my life to weare no steps
To thy white daughter, thou and thy graue Matron
Most humbly should present her, when I was pleased too
For feare I should refuse the sport you brought mee.

Duke. I neuer knew man beare his scorne so high, too
him some other.

Grut. Not I Sir, you shall excuse me, 'twas the last thing
I did.

2. In the position generall, ile not touch him
For many may be said to purchase all things
But to aspire my good Soueraignes daughter
Of blessed memory.

Roll. Shee's not dead I hope.

The Bird in a Cage.

2. Their Gold and trash was impudently inferr'd,
And 'twas a taske too insolent, in that point
You'd willingly give a pound of your proud flesh,
To be releast.

Roll. I heard a pound of flesh, a Jewes demand once
Twas gravely now remembred of your Lordship — releast
Fortune, and courtesie of opinion
Gives many men Nobility of Birth,
That never durst doe nobly, nor attempt
Any designe, but fell below their Honors.
Cas'd up in Chambers, scarcely ayre themselves
But at a Horse-race, or i'th Parke with Puppets,
That for which I'm your laughter, I speake to
You flattering tribe of Courtiers, to you Glowormes
Is my chiefe glory, that perhaps being sprung
From humble Parentage, dare yet attempt
A deed so farre above me, that sets all
Your Wisedomes in Combustion, you may thinke
I've made a sorry bargaine for my life,
Let Scorners know in ayning at her onely
My memory after death, receives more honour
Then all your marble Pinnacles can raise you,
Or alabaster figures, whiter farre
Then ere your soules were, and that houre I dye
If you dare looke vpon me, without fainting
(Which I much feare) you shall see death so scorn'd,
I meane for any terrour, you shall thinke him
My slave to take my upper Garment off.

Don. I told your Hignesse — How you shud find him.

Emb. A brave Resolution.

Duke. Be this the Prologue to the mirth, my Lord
Attends to entertaine you; set on, we'll leave him. Ha, ha, ha.

Flourish.

Exeunt. Roll. pulls Fulvio backe.

Roll. Sir, I observ'd you Noble, and not apt
To throw derision on me, with the rest
Which does encourage me, to aske you a question.

Fulv. Name it Sir.

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Roll. Pray what strange's that walk'd with the Duke?

Ful. 'Tis an Ambassador from Florence Sir.

Roll. An Ambassador, his designe I pray?

Ful. To treat of Marriage betwixt our Princesse

And the great Dukes sonne, desired much by our Master

Who has some hope, 't wilbe effected too.

Has brought rich presents to her.

Roll. This is all.

Ful. You haue it freely.

Exit.

Roll. Y'au'e honored me, married to *Tuscany*? so, if my ambition had beene fortunate, I might haue beene his taster, but my starres want influence, they are too dull, and weary of my fate, *Robiardo* then must forfeit, why that's the worst on't, I will make a glorious blaze in death, and while I liue, make the Dukes treasure pay for't, nor shall he accuse me, I exhaust him poorely, i'll study out some noble way to build me a remembrance. ha. — a Church or Colledge? Tedious, my glasse has but few sandes, I must doe some thing I may liue to finish: I ha't, I will send to all the prisons ith City, and pay the poore mens debts for 'em: the world wants such a President: I ha mony enough since I faile in my other ends, I will doe some good deedes before I dye, so shall I be more sure of Prayers, then if I built a Church, for they are not certaine to continue their foundation, fate I despise thee, I sinke vnder no cheape and common action, but sell my life too Fame, in catching my death by so braue an aspiring.

If I obtaine a Monument, be this all

Write on my graue. *This man climbe'd high to fall.*

Exit.

Actus III.

The Bird in a Cage.

Actus III. Scæna I.

Enter Guard.

1. Come Gentlemen, wee must watch still, that none run away with the Princeesse.
2. He must haue an excellent stomacke, that can breake these stone walles to come to her.
3. Beside this moueable wall of flesh which we carry.
2. One makes toward vs, — 'tis a Lady.

Enter Morello like a Lady.

Mo. So, now am I as valiaut as *Hercules*, when he turned spnister, greate *Iupiter*, the patron of scapes, assist my petticoate, and at my returne, I will sacrifice my linnen-breeches to thee, — here be the men, the men of mettle, now *Venus* I beseech thee, and they bee men they will let a Lady enter without many questions.

1. Saue you sweet Lady, your affaires this way?

Mo. I goe but in to the Princeesse.

1. From whom?

Mo. From the Dukes Grace.

1. What may be your Ladiships name?

Mo. I neuer thought to giue my selfe a name — my name is Madam — um. My name is something an odde name, but — I doe not stand vpon't — my name's *Thorne*.

1. Indeed Madam *Thorne*, if his Grace haue sent you to such a purpose, you must shew something for our discharge.

Mo. Why hearke you it was but forgotten, of the Duke to send his signet — but I ha brought some of his Highnesse deputies womee, I hope that will satisfie. *As he takes out many*

2. By this gold, breeches *discouers Breeches.*

3. No, they are but silke — here will be sport, I haue a hint

The Bird in a Cage.

1. Say you so? 'Tis very well — but Madam, we are many, and we would be loth to venture — deale ingeniously sweet Lady, have you no more gold in your breeches?

Mor. Not a doyt, as I am vertuous and sinfull.

1. Passe — but d'ee heare — and you shud not be secret now.

Mor. As I am a Gentleman.

3. A Gentleman, do'st heare him, ile put him to't.

Mor. I have left some Crownes with your fellow.

2. Tush, that wo'not satisfie me.

Mor. Indeed, I ha no more mony.

2. You have commodity, hang this transitory gold — give me — what's this?

Mor. Nothing but a wart a' my little finger.

2. A wart, let me see't. *Pulls off his Glove.*

Mor. 'Tis a Diamond, 'twas my Mothers Legacy — or else

2. Is it your will I should have it?

Mor. It was my Mothers will I should weare it, her Ghost will haunt me, and I should give it away.

2. You know the way backe Lady.

Mor. You will give me my gold agen.

1. Not a doyt, as I am vertuous and sinfull, stand with him for a toy, and know y'ave no warrant from the Duke, 'tis in our power. *(have it.)*

Mor. D'ee heare Sir, and it were a Diamond of gold you shud

2. Lady, I kisse your hand.

Mor. Y'ave kiss'd the Ring of a my finger I me sure.

2. Use your fortune, passe.

Mor. If I get to the Ladies, some body shall pay for this, that's my comfort.

3. Can you wrastle Madam. *Takes him by the shoulder.*

Mor. Ah — wrastle Sir, Ladies doe not use to wrastle.

3. They are throwne downe with their good wills then, come you and I will have a bout, I must hug your little body.

1. Humor him, and y'are past danger.

Mor. Wod you ha me teare my clothes.

1. He perswade him:

2. To tell you true Madam, this fellow is an abhominable
Lecher,

The Bird in a Cage.

Lecher, there is no scaping him without a fall, a very Satyre, he leapes all comes neare him, if your Ladiships modesty can dispen-
pence with a private favour — you understand, for our parts,
we are satisfied otherwise, and our lips are sow'd up, take him
a 'tosome, and see how you can mollifie him, hee's a Cocke a the
Game, and will tread you and you were ten *Thornes*.

Mor. Mollifie him, doth he use Ladies so, he will molifie me.

2. And you were his sister, all's one to him, the Divell is not
more hot and Robustious, where he finds opposition to the sport,
therefore the Duke made choyce of him, as suspecting some
Lord might come disguis'd a this fashion, to prevent dishonour
to the Princesse and Ladies — use your owne discretion.

Mor. What will become of me, if he be such a Wencher he'll
ravish me, and discover all, what a Rascall was I to venture thus,
ile giue thee my Fan to perswade him — helpe, helpe.

3. Nay then.

He throwes him downe, and discovers

Why how now? Breeches?

his Breeches.

1. This is a man.

2. Sure 'tis a woman.

Mor. To tell you true Gentlemen, I am neyther a man nor a
woman, I am an Hermaphrodite.

1. How? an Hermaphrodite? What would you doe among
the Ladyes then.

2. An Hermaphrodite.

3. Let's search him.

Mor. Ah.

1. Stay let's be advis'd, if he be such a Monster, our best way
is to carry him to the Duke.

2. 3. Agreed.

Mor. I shall be undone — d'yece heare Noble friends 'tis
but a folly to dissemble, I am no such thing, I am no Herma-
phrodite, I am a friend of yours.

All. Of ours.

2. Your Name, I beseech you.

Mor. I did but jest all this while, the Duke himselte put
me upon't, to see whether I could cozen you, my Name's *Mo-*

1. Signior *Morello*, 'tis not possible.

(reho.

Mor. As I am vertuous, I am, I am no Hermaphrodite, no
matter for the Gold or Diamonds, tis your owne — ile acquaint
his Grace how carefull I found you, and if he doe not reward you
beside, ile say hee's the poorest Duke in Christendome: Ile tell
him presently.

3. Noble

The Bird in a Cage.

3. Noble Signior wee'le waite vpon you to him.

Mo. No, no, 'tis better for me to goe alone.

1. Your pardon, you shall tell him how carefull you found vs wee'le relate to him how cunningly you carried the businesse.

Mo. Nay d'yeec heare Gentlemen.

All. It must be so Sir, come sweet effeminate Signior.

Exeunt.

Enter Fulvio, Ambassador.

Emb. Y'auc done me a noble office Signior in this Discouery, where now liues her banished Louer?

Ful. My kinsman liues in Florence, but 2. dayes since I receiued letters from him.

Emb. In Florence too?

Ful. Sir you may censure me, But my affection to the iniurd Lord, And not without respect vnto the Honor, Of your Master too, hath bin the cause of My free Language.

Emb. Trust me Signior We are all ingag'd to study you a recompence, But *Manua* was iniust to banish him, For being too much a Seruant.

Ful. Sir, when Princes resolue to punish.

Emb. Vertue shalbe Treason
'Twas tyranny, — why now is she thus cag'd?

Ful. I can coniecture nothing but his jealousie Which wilbe euer actiue, by that Loue Wee enterchang'd at *Pisa*, when wee grew Together in our studies — I coniuere Your Noblenesse to silence me.

Emb. You will dishonor me by suspition: — I am charmd.

Enter Perenotto, Dondolo, Grutti.

Per. My honor'd Lord. *Emb.* Signior Perenotto.

Ful. My gentile sparkes. *Do. Gr.* Your seruants.

Ful. You are all Courtship.

Per. Is your Lordship for this wonder?

Emb. What wonder my Lord?

Per.

The Bird in a Cage.

Per. These paire of Gentlemen haue discourst me in-
to admiration, there's one has vnder taken to goe invisible.

Emb. Invisible?

Per. This hower expected, and in this place.

Fal. How? *Don.* With a trick that he has.

Fal. Doe you beleeve him, Gentlemen.

Grat. You shall see't.

Don. Wee were heretickes in that point, but our vnderstandings are convinc'd, he did demonstrate.

Grat. And because you shall know the truth of his Art, he wilbe inuisible all but his hand, what thinke you of that? the rarest fellow in Christendome.

Emb. Nothing visible but his hand.

Don. As sure as wee haue giuen him a 100. Crownes in hand.

Emb. Why is not the Duke presented with this noueltie.

Don. Hee's trauailing to the Emperour first, onely as he goes for our sake, he will shew vs a figgery of his Art.

Enter Robiardo.

Here's *Robiardo*, hee's somewhat costiuie a tother side wants Faith.

Roll. Saue you nest of Courtiers, smooth faces, rich clothes, and sublime complements, make you amorous in sight of your Ladies. *Donzell del Pheba*, and *Rosicler* are you there? what pestilent diseases haue you got, that you weare so much musk and ciuet about you. Oh for a Priest of *Cupid* to sacrifice you now, how your breeches would burne like incense, & your haire disguised in sweet powder, leaue your bodies in a mist, while your bones were inwardly consuming with the fire of Dame *Venus* altar.

Don. The same humorist still.

Roll. I heard say, wee shall haue strange apparitions i'th aire and yet invisible wonders, a hand must appeare as fall to some as that hung o're the Capitoll; for there is a suspition some purses wilbe iugled emptie, and as silent as the Moone, no bright *Sol* appearing, nor a peece of pale fac'd siluer in your silken Hemispheres.

The Bird in a Cage.

Grut. He is an Infidell.

Roll. Right *Jehochanan*, right, my precious Iew, wee are all In fidell that wonot beleeve the Court catechisme - my Lord Embassador you are welcome from *Florence*, does the great Duke pick fallats still, I meane continue his asfize, returne into his Exchequer once in seauen yeares the wealth of *Tuscany*. *Vespasian* was held couetous for ordaining vessels to receiue the beneficiall publick vrine, but 'tis Heathenisme among Christians not to hold *Dulcis odor Lucri è re qualibet*.

Emb. Hee's mad.

Roll. Signior *Peronotto*, it has puzzled my vnderstanding, how you can subsist at Court without making vse of the common sinnes, flattery, and corruption; take heed, y'are a great man, and 'tis ominous to dye in your bed, a signe your children are like to inherite but weake braines, thou maist goe to Heauen, but thy heire had rather thou shouldst make a journey to *Erebus*, for the proverbe sake, happy is that Sonne, whose Father goes to the Diuell. —

Why when comes out my *Don* invisible, may be, hee's heere already for wee cannot see him, what sayes my Squirrill? thou lookst dull and Phisicall me thinkes, the crownes will returne agen invisibly, neuer feare it, and how does my graue Gymnosophist whose ambition is to be registred an honest Lord, though thou beest buried vpon almes, carried to Church with foure torches, and haue an inscription on thy marble worse then the ballad of the Devill and the Baker, and might be sung to as vilde a tune too. —

Gentlemen, I'll invite you shortly to see my head cut off, and doe onely entreat, you would not laugh at me when I am dead, 'twill shew but poorely in you, and I shall reuenge it with my Ghost walking.

Ful. Either he is very confident to atchiue his designe or late growne desperate, he talkes so wildly.

Enter Seruants.

Don. I wonder, Signior *Altomaro* forgets vs. Now, now, yee shall heare, this is his seruant I know he is not farre

The Bird in a Cage.

farre off; where is thy Master?

Ser. He is invisible — this Letter is directed to you.
The Letter.

Gentlemen, that you may perceine I deale plainly with you, I am now invisible; all but my hand, and here it is, you may with ease read euery line, as I promised upon the receipt of your Crownes. — his hand.

Ser. I Sir, 'tis his owne hand I can assure you,

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Don. He does not meane to serue vs so, thou dost but iest, where is he invisible.

Ser. Here I thinke, for I cannot see him, nor doe I know when I shall, or where he wilbe visible agen, vpon diligent search I found this paper, but my Master is not to be found.

Ful. Then he is invisible indeed.

Roll. All but his hand, Ha, ha,

Grus. I doe incline to beleeeve, that wee are cheated.

Per. With a tricke that he has. Ha, ha, ha.

Emb. You were Heretickes, in that point, till he did demonstrate. Ha, ha, ha.

Roll. I cannot containe my merry spleene. Ha, ha.

Ful. Come my Lord, lets leaue them now, to be their owne derision.

Exeunt Embassador, Fulvio.

Enter Guard with Morello.

Don. Signior *Morello*, ha, ha, ha. How came he in a Petticote.

Mor. Carry me away quickly, they wil laugh me out of my little wit.

Roll. No, no, doe not Gentlemen, remember your selues. *Grus.* Wee wouot then.

Per. *Morello* will waite vpon him to the Duke my selfe. *Don.* What wise man in *Italy* would be in my coate now.

Roll. I was coftine, and an Infidell, you are Christian coxcombes, and so, while I see what will become of the mirth, that is gone before, I leaue your wife Signiorships

The Bird in a Cage.

to the mercy of your Garters, which is a speedy way, after a little time, to make your selves invisible indeed.
Fare you well. *Exit.*

Don. Signior *Grutti* we are gull'd.

Gr. I alwayes thought he would cheat us, what shall's doe, to prevent more laughter?

Serv. I am resoly'd — I shall get no more money by him, Gentlemen be not head-hung, droope not, tis in this Sconce, to revenge your selves, and it may bee, recover your Crownes too.

Don. How prithe? *Serv.* My Master —

Don. Is invisible, we know't too well.

Serv. What will you give mee, if I discover him to your eyes agen, nay give him to your possession. *Give*

Don. This. *Grut.* And this — oh quickly. *him many.*

Serv. Then first know, my Master is not that man you tooke him for, no *Alvomarò* he, but *Bonamico* the decayd Artift, he that made Properties, and grew poore for want of Pictures, who for feare of his Creditors left his dwelling, and in this quaint disguise, set up the Trade of cozening such wise Gentle men as you are.

Grut. *Don.* *Bonamico!* *Serv.* The same.

Don. Oh that we could reach him againe.

Serv. Follow me close, and I will bring you within an hayres bredth of his false Beard immediately.

Grut. That will be excellent.

Don. Nimble good *Mercury*, nimble. *Exeunt.*

Enter Eugenia, Fidelia, Mardona, Donetta, Catarina, Cassiava.

Fid. Madam you are too passive, if you bee dejected what must we, whose hopes and blisses depend upon your Fortune.

Don. Oh liberty, liberty, are all the Roman spirits extinct? Never a *Brutus* in Nature, to deliver poore Ladies from this Captivity.

Cass. Since there is no probability of our enlargement, let's be merry, and despise our Sufferings, laugh, tell Tales, sing,

The Bird in a Cage.

sing, dance, any thing to cozen our melancholy.

Eng. There are some thoughts that stick upon my memory, I would faine discharge.

Car. Shall we try our Lutes Madam?

Eng. And voyces if you please.

Don. Yes you may try, they say Musicke built the wals of *Thebes*, it were a greater myracle if you could charme these to fall, I shall never indure to live an Anchorite thus, and it were not for the happinesse that I doe sometimes dreame of a man, I should leape the Battlement. Now would I give all my jewels for the sight of a paire of Breeches, though there were nothing in em.

Song.

This but feedes our dulnesse, shall we dance Madam and stirre our selves.

Cass. I am for that Musicke, we shall grow to the ground and we use no more activity.

Eng. With all my heart.

Don. None a your dull measures, there's no sport but in your Country Figaries, a nimble dance will heate, and and make us merry.

They dance, which done, a Bell rings.

Eng. Harke, the Bell.

Exit Donella, and enters

Don. Some newes from the Duke. *againc With a letter.*

A Letter Madam and these iewels.

Eng. Ha I whence — from *Florence?*

reads.

This is my fathers practise, ile peruse the Paper. *Exit.*

Don. I have an excellent hint Ladyes of a mirth, Cannot but please the Princeesse.

Fid. What is't?

Don. It will require every ones indeavour, What if we play some pretty Commick Story,

Kat. A Play?

Cass. Shall we?

The Bird in a Cage.

Don. Wee? Doe not distrust your owne performance, I ha knowne men ha bin insufficient, but women can play their parts.

Mar. I like it, t'wilbe new.

Don. Wee will not present it to the Princesse. But ingage her person in the action, Wee shalbe too few else, some pretty Enterlude To square with our number — d'yeecallow it.

All. Willingly.

Don. Come'ile acquaint you with a plot, then instantly: referre your selues to me for your parts, we can receiue no disparagement, our spectators cannot jeere vs, for weele speake but to the people in the hangings, and they haue as much Iudgment, as some men that are but Clothes, at most, but walking pictures.

Fide. I shalbe ont.

Cass. What part will you giue me, I'lebe a King.

Kat. Thou't play a Tyrant brauely.

Don. Let me alone, Ile fit you all I warrant you. *Exeunt*

Enter Dondolo, and Grutti.

Don. Now our invisible Marchant is cag'd, wee may redeeme our opinion and passe agen in the ranke of discrete Courtiers.

Grut. I thinke now to most of the beholders, he is invisible all but his head, for he has but a small grate to look out at.

Don. He shall gull no more with his art I warrant him.

Grut. Nay, he islike to lye by't, for I heare since, all his Creditors, like so many Crowes haue light vpon him, and they'le leaue him but a thin Carkasse.

Don. Let 'em picke out his Eyes, what care wee.

Grut. He sent me an Epistle to take pittie on him.

Don. But I hope thou hast more wit then to shew thy selfe a Christian to such a Rascall as he is.

Grut. I returned him my Court complement, that I was sorry I could not serue him: I would doe him any office that stretch'd not to mine owne prejudice, that
wee

The Bird in a Cage.

wee had taken order with his Keeper, vpon payment of our summes disburs't, he might be enlarged.

Don. Which is impossible. *Enter Bonamico brane.*

Prethee let me see his Letter, in what submissiue language the Rogue does beseech vs, — Most heroique Signiors, — good — I throw my selfe at the feete of your mercy, for to your Iustice, I beg I may not be made a Sacrifice — nay, wee'll make him beg ere wee h'adone.

Grut. At the grate.

Don. I confesse I ha' done you wrong — does he so? it shall not serue the turne — there is no hope I shall euer satisfie you, — all the better, lye and rot — if I be known a Prisoner to my Creditors, I am irrecoverably lost; oh compassionate, a miserable man, who otherwise must soone forfeite his day light, and dye in a dungeon. Ha, ha, ha.

Bon. Saue you noble Signiors. — *Grut.* — Ha.

Don. 'Tis he.

Grut. Did he not dye in prison, and his Ghost haunts vs, braue! — 'Tis not hee.

Bon. When this eternall substance of my Soule, did liue in prison'd in my wanton flesh, and so forth? and how d'ye like *Don* and *Andrea* Gentlemen; poore snake, but hee has cast his skin, and recovered a new coate oth' destinies spinning. The Bird is flowne againe.

Don. How the Diuell came he at liberty.

Grut. And thus Gallant.

Bon. The slaue does not beg of your Heroicke Signiorship, a Court compassion, debts must be paid, there is no danger of the grate as the case goes, nor of forfeiting his daylight in a dungeon, if I mistake not, my illustrious paire of widgens, my serene smooth-fac'd Coxcombes, whose braines are curdled this hot weather: will your neate worship sell your cloake, ha? or you that superfluous double hatch'd Rapier, there be sommes in Nature to lend you, vpon security that I shall like of.

Don. He jecres vs.

Grut.

The Bird in a Cage.

Grut. Would wee durst beate him.

Bon. You see me now Gentlemen perfectly, what if I should walke before you without a body, my head hanging in the aire like a comet. *Enter Rolliardo.*

Grut. Would thou wer't hang'd any way.

Don. Heere's *Rolliardo* too.

Let's be gone.

Bon. Or shall I appoint you a day when I will be invisible all but my hand?

Don. No, I thanke you Sir, we haue some businesse at this present. *Grut.* Let's to the prison, and know the wonder better — Noble Signior.

Bon. For your Crownes.

Don. Wee are glad wee had 'em for you, deare Signior talke no more on 'em, *Exeunt.*

Bon. Farewell Phantasmas then — ha? 'tis he, Sir.

Roll. Keepe your way.

Bon. You doe not know me

But I ha' brought a life which by your meanes
Has bin preserv'd from wretchednesse, your Bounty,
Deserues you should dispose it.

Roll. What are you.

Bon. I was the object of a charity
Wee seldome meete in Mankind, from a prison
You sent a summe to free me.

Roll. Prethee friend, if th'alt receiu'd a benefit, goe home, and say thy prayers: — I would forget it.

Bon. 'Mong many whom your Noblenesse enlarg'd,
I came to make you tender of my service:
Despise not Sir my gratitude.

Roll. D'ye mocke mee?

Bon. May my soule want Heauens mercy then: to you,
Next my Creator, I doe owe my this Being
I haue a Soule is full of thanks, but name
Imployment to assure you, and you make me twice happy.

Roll. I ha nothing to say to you.

Bon. Then I ha something to say to you. *Roll.* How.

Bon.

The Bird in a Cage.

Ben. And you shall heare it too, and give me thanks
Y'ave sow'd your Charity in a fruitfull ground,
Which shall returne it tenfold; nay one hundred.
What you have done for me you shall acknowledge
I will deserve toth' height.

Roll. Th'art liberall in language.

He be active — off with this fullen face,
It scurvily becomes you, d'ye heare.
I studied for you, since you payd my debts,
He doe you a courtesie and save your life,
Which your attempt upon the Princessse has
Left desperate, a happy fancy Sir,
If Heaven will please to prosper it, and you
Not be your owne enemy to refuse it.

Roll. Ha, ha, ha, what mean'st?

Ben. Nay you shall laugh and heartily ere I ha done w'e
The Duke does love his Daughter, sends her all
Rarities are presented to him.

Roll. His soule's not dearer to him — what of that?

Ben. Why then you shall be admitted into the Castle
of comfort, that's all; the conceipt is in my braine, and
would you could as probably get her consent, to untye her
Virgin Zone, as I dispose your accessse to her: it shall not
cost you much, if I sayle, instead of saying of my prayers,
He curse the Destinies and dye with you.

Roll. D'ye heare, I ha bestow'd 300. Crownes already
to set your heeles at Liberty, if you doe mocke mee, it
shall cost me 500. but He ha'you clapt up agen, where you
shall howle all day at the Grate, for a meale at Night from
the Basket.

Ben. You are in earnest now?

Roll. Yes.

Ben. By all that you have threatned, so am I, have but
the patience to walke and heare me.

Roll. Can thy Art procure this?

Ben. My Art? Why looke you, I made this Watch. He
bestow it on you.

Roll. What to doe? to reckon the houres I ha to live.

The Bird in a Cage.

Ben. It sha' not cost me so much trouble as that Toy did to make you master of your wishes, still if Heaven prosper it: come let's talke privately, you shall ha the plot.

He that doth many good deeds it may fall,

Among the rest, one may reward them all.

I long to be discoursing it, pray lead the way.

Roll. Provide agen you mocke me not — come on Sir.

Actus, IIII. Scæna, I.

Enter Dondolo, and Grutti.

Don. **R**ollyardo pay his debts? Sure the fellow that never saw much money in's life, now by the Duke made Master of so many summes, is growne madde with'em.

Grut. Many other he hath discharg'd they say.

Don. He'l undoe the Exchequer, and hee hold on, he shall be Chronicl'd for'r.

Grut. He has some cause to imagine himselfe short liv'd, and that makes him so desperately charitable, toward his end. Signior Perenotto.

Enter Perenotto.

Peren. Dondolo and Grutti, Newes, Newes for yee.

Don. What we beseech you.

Per. You have lost the best mirth in Italy in your absence, your Companion *Morello* —

Don. Was carried to the Duke in a Peticote, in which he attempted a passage to the sequestred Ladyes — what's the yssue.

Per. Mirth in Aboundance.

Grut. How came he off?

Per. Nay 'tis on still, the Duke to make himselfe sport, would call a Counsell, before whom the poore Signior must

The Bird in a Cage.

must be arraign'd; not to hold you in circumstance, the Businesse was merrily discust, & the pitifull projector was iudg'd —

Don. How, how?

Per. To weare the petticoate for a Month, if he appeare without it during the Terme, hee incurre his perpetuall exile from Court.

Don. Grn. Ha, ha, ha.

Per. You may imagine with what variety of lamentable faces, the Courtier heard his unexpected sentence, some would have pleaded for him but for laughter, which continued so long and so high, that he had time to collect his scattered senses, and instead of fawning, which was expected, he grew fortifid, and most humbly besought the Duke, since his sentence had past so definitive, hee would be so mercifull, to admit him that course of a Moone to be his Ieaster, that since hee could not shake off the Fooles Coat, that he might have that favourable pretence to kespe it on.

Grn. Very good —

Per. 'Twas easily granted, but ever since, to the astonishment of the hearers, he is growne so iocund and ayrie, may as if he had beene borne with a Song in's head, he talkes everlasting Ballad, no man laughes at him but hee lashes him in Rime worse then a Satyr, the Duke has priviledg'd his mirth, made him foole-free, and now hee playes the Tyrant — hee's here already.

Enter Moreño like a Ieaster.

Mor. O yes, o yes, o yes,
If there be any one in City or in Towne
Can shew me a wise man Ile please him for his paine.

Per. Disgrace has made him witty.

Don. What will you say to him, will shew you a wise man?

Mor. Marry if he goe farre, he is not so wise as hee should be. *Dondolo, Grutti!* Old acquaintance how is't? How is't?

Grn. The case is alter'd with you.

The Bird in a Cage.

Mor. It does appeare so, but nothing can make mee proud, Ile know my Fellowes.

Per. How doe you meane *Morello*?

Mor. Your Lordship may make one at Football,
'Tis all the sport now a dayes.

What other is the world then a Ball,
Which we run after with whoope and with hollow,
He that doth catch it is sure of a fall,
His heeles tript up by him that doth follow.

Dond. Doe not women play too?

Grut. They are toolight, quickly downe.

Mor. Oyes, they are the best Gamesters of all,
For though they often lye on the ground,
Not one amongst a hundred will fall,
But under her coates the Ball will found.

With a Fading.

But we be three of old, without exception to your Lordship, onely with this difference, I am the wisest Foole, for you play the foole in your old clothes, and I have a new Coate on.

Per. Does it not become him.

Don. Rarely well, doe you ever meane to resigne it.

Grut. 'Twere pittie but he should have a patent for't,
to him and his posterity.

Mor. Harke you Gentlemen, d'yece heare the Newes?

Dond. Newes! what newes?

Mor. Dec not heare on't yet, why 'tis in a Ballad already.

Grut. And thou canst sing it?

Mor. 'Twas well gueft, and I can but hit oth' Tune.

*There was an Invisible Foxe by chance,
Did meet with two invisible Geese,
He led em a fine invisible dance,
For a hundred crownes a peece.
Invisible all but his hand he would goe,
But when it came to be stride,*

The Bird in a Cage.

Not onely his hand which was left he did show,
But a faire paire of heeles beside.
Invisible since their Wives have beene,
But yet there is hope of eyther,
Their Wit and their Crownes may retorne againe,
Invisible altogether. *Exit.*

Grut. And he continue thus but a Moone, he'll make
the Court mad.

Per. Oh 'twill be excellent, since it is not safe for a wise
man to speake truth, 'twere pittie fooles should loose
their priviledge. — The Duke.

Enter Duke, Fulvio, and Courtiers.

Fulv. My Lord. *Du.* What is't?

Fulv. Here's an important Suiter calls himselve
An Artist, humbly craves admittance with
A present which he'd tender to your Acceptance,
And if my iudgment erre not, a most pleasing one.

Du. Let us see him, and his present
It will reward my Daughters patience
Love and Obedience: — All the Rarities
Ten Kingdomes yeeld, shall not be thought too weightie,
That she may shift each solitary hour
With a fresh Obiect.

Enter Bonamico. A Cage discovered.

Dond. Bonamico? *Grut.* Tis he.

Duk. By my Love to goodnesse
It is a Master-piecke, 'twill feed the Eye
With plenty of delight.

Bon. I am as iocund since I am admitted, I talke as glib
Me thinkes, as he that farmes the Monuments.

Du. Is't not Sirs?

Per. My Lord, I ha not seene so much delight
In any piece these 7.years.

Du. Where's the Master of this Worke?

Bon. My Lord,
I am the Constable, that put all these in the Cage,
and

The Bird in a Cage.

and you may call it a point of Iniustice, for they never kept late houres, though they all weare feathers, there's not a Rorer amongst em, and yet were they suffer'd, they'd flye high, for some of 'em are very lofty minded.

Duke. A pleasant fellow too.

Bon. Oh my Lord, w'are all borne in our degrees to make one another merry, the Birds make me merry, I make my wife merry, the Foole makes your Courtiers merry, and the Courtiers make your Grace merry.

Duke. And whom doe I make merry?

Bon. The whole Common-wealth if you governe handsomely.

Duke. There's salt in's mirth: —
He ha this fellow wayt ith' Court.

Bon. I shall be kickt out by the Pages.

Duke. Why so? Bon. Because I cannot flatter.

Duke. A conceyted Thing,
We lacke the Humourist *Rollyardo* heere.

Dond. We see him ith' Court ere while my Lord.

Duke. This humor would habin a gadflie to him
And stung him to the quicke.

Bon. Not altogether so Duke?

Grut. Fellow, what Bird is that?

Bon. Fellow? — Cry mercy, I'de forgot you, fellow
He tell thee, d'ee not know him, tis an *Arabian Wood-*
cocke, the same that carried a Bunch of Grapes in *January*
last to *Berblem Gabor*.

Dond. And what call you this?

Bon. This was the Duke of *Venice* his owne *Bulfinch*,
And taken by the *Turkes*.

Du. By the *Turkes* sayst thou? He droopes indeed.

Bon. Since his Captivity the Wretch indur'd
Much misery by the Infidell, it had nothing
But bread and water for three Months.

Fulv. A shrewd Calamity.

Duke. I doe affect this Fellowes prate.

Per. VVhat's this?

Bor. This

The Bird in a Cage.

Bon. This is the Blackbird, which was hatcht that day
Gondamoure dyed, and which was ominous
About that time *Spinola's* Thrush forsooke him.

Per. Was this he — *Bon.* Yes.

Duke. And what was this?

Bon. This was the Pidgeon was so shrewdly handled
For carrying Letters at the siege of *Bergen*.

Per. Alas pretty Bird —

Bon. This a Wagtail of the City, which a Silkeman
Sodeerely lov'd, he call'd it wife, but could not
(Though in much Jealousie he had cag'd her up)
Keepe her from flying out : This was a Rayle,
Bred up by a zealous Brother in *Amsterdam*
Which being sent unto an English Lady,
Was tane at Sea by *Dunkirks* — Name but *Rome*,
And straight she gapes as she would cate the Pope ;
A Bird to bee made much on : Shee and the Horse
That snorts at *Spain*, by an instinct of Nature
Should ha shewne trickes together : I could run over —
But your gracious pardon.

Duke. How, our pardon ?

Bon. I'm now another man, and know my distance.

Duke. This man is good at all.

Bon. My Buffoone face is off, I did but shew
The impudent condition of a Mountebancke
That sets off base Toyes with miraculous Lyes
Thus farre Ile boast : they are the onely choyce
Italy and other parts of *Europe* yeeld
For the worke if it prove so fortunate
To receive Grace from your divins acceptance
The workeman-ship (so duty suffer not)
I freely tender —

Duke. No, that were to quench
The fire in all Deservers — *Fulvio.* *Fulv.* My Lord.

Duke. Pay the cost double, Ile send it to my daughter.

Bon. It takes, as Art could wish it.

Duke. I know it is a present, the swet soule
Will rayse much joy in : — Signior *Perenotto* —

Per. My

The Bird in a Cage.

Per. My Lord.

Bon. There are two Birds I ha not nam'd.

Don. What are they?

Bon. A paire of Guls, which you may share betweene

Per. It shall my Lord.

(you:

Duke. If Florence now keepe touch, we shortly shall,
Conclude all feare, with a glad Nuptiall.

Exeunt.

Enter Eugenia, Fidelia, Mardona, Donella,

Cass. Kaserina.

Don. Yee like this Story best then?

Eug. That of Jupiter and Danae comes neare our owne.

Don. Be it so, we are all perfect in the plot I thinke.

Eug. You shall dispose the rest.

Don. You will not be ambitious then, and quarrell
About the parts, like your spruce Actor, that will not play
out of the best Clothes, and the fine young Prince, who if
he fight, 'tis fixe to foure he kills all and gets the Lady.

Fid. We are constant, you shall appoint 'em.

Don. Then Madam without Ceremony, you shall pl y
Danae, that is shut up in the Brazen Tower.

(tun.

En. Well I'm contented, 'twill suit with my present for.

Don. I need not to instruct you in the Character: you
shall see the King Acrisius her father, a iealous, harsh,
crabbed man, who in feare of the Oracle, commands her
to be thus inclos'd.

Mar. So: — He fit you for a Vineger King.

Don. No matter for Properties —

We'll imagine Madam you have a beard.

Fid. What shall I play?

Don. You must be Ladies whom the King leaves to
keepe her Company, entertaine what humor you please.

Cass. Kat. This is our owne parts indeed.

Don. Yee will play it the more naturally, and let me a-
lone to play the Thunderer, He wanton lov it: — now
whet your inventions and about it, imagine our Scene ex-
prest, and the New Prison the Time advanc'd in forme.

Cl. The

The Bird in a Cage.

Eug. The new Prison! why?

Don. O 'tis an excellent Name, where Spectators throng together; as ours doe me thinkes in the Arras already: the Musique ha' their part, dispose your selves for your entrances, while I speake the Prologue to our mixt audience of Sike and Cruell Gentlemen in the hangings — hem.

Kar. Let it be a confident Prologue howsoever. *Mu-*

Don. Y'are welcome to new Prison, we have still, *sique.*

Our ancient Keeper, and we feare he will
Speake in his old Key too, but doe not looke for
Choyce dyet, for alas, we play the Cooke for
All you are like to feed on, let your Pallat
Expect at most then, but a Root or Sallat.
Pick'd from the Prison Garden, we know you are
Iudicious Hangings, and well seene, nor dare,
We list you up (too bold) lest we incense
Your greene and spreading wits with impudence.
As I began, let me conclude in Rime.
Hang Still you learned Criticks of the Time.

Now *Danae* and the *Ladies*.

Eug. Was ever Father to his Childe
So unkind, it makes me wilde.
When to beguile a tedious houre,
From the top of this high Tower,
I see every other Creature,
Injoy a Liberty by Nature.
Can the silver running Fountaines.
And the Cloud aspiring Mountaines,
Every Grove, and flowery field,
But a new Affliction yeeld.

Don. This is excellent, she has plaid the part before.

Cass. Waste not your selfe in wofull plaint,
Sorrow will not helpe Restraint.

Thinke Madam all is but a dreame,
That we are in — Now I am out — beame, creame.
Helpe me *Katerina*, I can make no sence rime to't.

Don. Creame is as good a Rime as your mouth can wish,
Ha, ha, ha.

The Bird in a Cage.

Cass. Does not the Arras laugh at me? it shakes me thinks.

Kat. It cannot chuse; there's one behind does tickle it.

Eng. A dreame! Alas 'tis no reliefe
For us to flatter so much griefe:

Fancy wants power to delight,

Or if we could thinke it might,

Such a dreame so sad would make us,

That it could not choose but wake us.

(dreame.)

Don. My Lady has helpt her pretty well out of her

Kat. The Sunne with glittering golden Rayes,
May appeare one of these dayes.

You know alwayes after Winter,

Comes the Spring and pleasant Summer.

Don. Winter and Summer, ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Winter and Summer? By my faith that's well,
there's but halfe a yeare betweene, there be some call them-
selves Poets, make their Rimes straddle so wide, a 12.
Moneth will hardly reconcile 'em, and I hope, a Lady may
stradle a little by Poeticall Licence.

Cass. Madam your father King *Acrifus.*

Mard. Must I enter already — hum.

Eng. This is his houre to visite us.

Mard. How fares our daughter?

Cass. What voyce is that?

Don. The King speakes through a Trunke.

Mard. How is't heroicke Birth, what dulnesse cold
As *Saturnes*, dwels on thy forehead, be bold
To give thy griefe a Tongue, instruct, child
My paternall Nature, lest I grow wild
As the rude North: — thought of thee makes my hayres
Silver, my blond is curdled with my cares.

Don. Most high and mighty Nonsense, sure the King
has swallow'd Pilles, and his stomacke not able to digest
'em, does vomit 'em up againe.

Mard. Is thy Organ dumbe
Or am I growne cheape in Maiesty, triviall Foole
Shall I reape crabbed Thistles in neglect for rich Love?

Cass. Crabbe.

The Bird in a Cage.

Cas. Crabbed Language I am sure.

Don. Sure my Lady does not understand him.

Eng. If my brow so sad appeare

My Fortunes Livery I weare, (pearle.

Mar. Weepe no more, thy eyes pave the ground with
My power is rac'd, My Crowne thy Tribute Gire,
Here is nothing to want.

Eugen. Nothing to want indeed: to bee
A Prisoner speakes all Miserie. (Blisse

Mar. Curse not thy soft Starres, but take thy fayre
With comfort, free from lowd noyse and Feare, is
Thy gawdy Station, when I have unskrew'd
Mistique Oracles, which not understood,
Doe perplexe with involv'd fence,- I shall then
Enlarge thy person *Danae*, till when
If ought else doe clog thy Thoughts, with unkind
Thoughts, unload the darke burthen of thy mind.
Pronounce thy grieffe aloud my amorous Darling
And I will —

Cas. Let him choose his Rime I beseech you Madam.

Mar. Vh,uh— cold phlegme obstructs my Language—

Don. Ha, ha, 'tis time to make an end, (barling, carling.
He was almost choak'd with his owne phrase.

Mard. And you get me to play an old man againe. —

Don. We'l have a yong one for thee, 2 1. and a Coat, is
a double game: — my turne comes next.

Eng. Hee's gone and leaveth us behind
To tell our passious to the wind.

Ha ? what oth' suddaine doth surprize
My active motion ? On my eyes
What darke and heavie Cloud doth sit,
To perswade me it is Night,
It is some Charme, I cannot keepe
These windowes open, I must sleepe.

Enter Jupiter.

Cas. This was well passionated, now comes *Jupiter*
To take my Lady napping, we'l sleepe too, let the wanton

The Bird in a Cage.

have her swinge, would she were a man for her sake.

Jupit. Let the Musique of the Spheares,
Captivate these Mortall Eares;
While *Jove* descends into this Tower,
In a golden streaming shower,
To disguise him from the Eye
Of *Juno*, who is apt to pry
Into my pleasures, I to day
Have bid *Ganimed* goe play,
And thus stole from Heaven to bee
Welcome on Earth to *Danae*,
And see where the Princely Mayd,
On her easie Couch is layd.
Fayrer then the Queene of Loves,
Drawne about with milkie Doves.
To thee let *Paphian* Altars smoake,
Priests thy better Name invoke.
When *Hymen* lights his holy fires
Thou that canst infuse desires
In the Gods, from thy Lip
Let *love* heavenly Nectar sip,
And translate by kissing thee
Into thy breast his Deity:
But I rob my selfe of Treasure,
This is but the Gate of Pleasure.
To dwell here, it were a sin,
When *Elizium* is within.
Leave off then this flattering Kisses, *Bel*
To rifle other greater Blisses. *within.*

Eng. The Bell — Newes from my Father.

Cass. Then your play is interrupted *love*-Madam Ile see.

Don. Beshrew the Belman, and you had not wak'd as
you did Madam, I should ha' forgot my selfe and play'd *Iu-*
piter indeed with you, my imaginations were strong upon
me; and you lay so sweetly — how now?

Cass. A present Madam from the Duke: one of the fi-
nest pieces of Pageantry that ere you saw: 'tis a Cage with

varic.

The Bird in a Cage.

variety of Birds in it : it mooves on wheels: your Assistance Ladies to bring it in.

Eng. A Cage — if from Florence it shall to the fire,
Or whence soe're it cannot be intended
But as a Mockery of my Restraint
I'm very sad oth' suddaine : ha ? 'tis so
Break it to pieces.

Don. 'Twere pittie Madam to destroy so much Art.

Eng. Yet spare the Workmanship, in the perusal
There's something pleades for Mercy : — I feele within
Some alteration, I know not what
Let me intreat your absence for some Minutes,
I am in earnest, pray doe without Reply.
Your eyes shall feed with plenteous satisfaction
On this gay object, when I call you. *Lad.* We obey you:

Eng. Yet can't I say I am alone, that have
So many Partners in Captivitie ?
Sweet fellow Prisoners, 'twas a cruell Art,
The first Invention to restraine the wing,
To keepe th'Inhabitants oth' ayre close Captive
That were created to Skye. freedome : Surely
The mercilesse Creditor tooke his first Light
And Prisons their first Models from such Bird Loopes ;
I know yon Nightingale is not long liv'd,
See how that Turtle mournes wanting her Mate,
And doth the Duke my Father, thinke I can,
Take Comfort eyther in restraint, or in
The sight of these that every moment doe
Present it to me, were these tendered me ?
They shall no more be Prisoners to please me,
Nor shall the woods be rob'd of so much Musique:

She opens the Cage, and Rolliardo comes from the Piller.

Roll. I take you at your word faire Princesse,
I am the truest Prisoner, tremble not,
Feare flies the Noble mind, for injury dares not come neare.

Eng. Sir, what are you ?

Roll. The humblest of your Servants.

The Bird in a Cage.

Eug. You are not mine, for in this bold Attempt
You have undone me.

Roll. You see I keepe at distance.

Eug. Y'are too neare, I will discover you; tho
I fall my selfe by your presumption.

Roll. Hold, be counsell'd rather
But to calme Silence for a paire of minutes
And none shall perish, you shall save him too
That would for your sake loose himselfe for ever.

Eug. For my sake? What Relation has my Birth
Or any passion I call mine to you.

Roll. Nor doome me unto scorne, I am a Gentleman,
And when my inimitable Resolution
In those Attempts whose very sounds breeds Earthquakes
In other hearers, shall your knowledge fill,
With wonder and amaze; you will at least
Thinke I fall too low, if I love beneath you.

Eug. Ha? this is a strange accident.

Roll. Was it lesse
Then death deare Princeesse to adventure hither.

Eug. It will be death how ever.

Roll. Y'are deceiv'd Lady.

Eug. How I'm perplex'd.

Roll. It had bene death
Your sight gives me a Lease of longer life,
My head stands fast.

Eug. He speakes all mystery, I shannot get him off I
feare without some staine.

Roll. The truth is Princeesse, if you now discover me,
(Tho I made nice at first to put your fright by)
You cannot harme me much, I ha' done my taske,
Doe you feare me still? why is there such a space
Betwixt us Lady? — Can you keepe that man
At so unkind a distance, that for your sake
Has in his undertaking swallow'd danger
Rob'd death, of all his feares.

Eug. For my sake.

Roll. Yours

The Bird in a Cage.

Roll. Yours — faire Princeffe, dare you so far trust me yet
To let me kisse your hand.

Eug. Audacious Sir,
I shall grow lowd if you forget your distance
Nor that you may hold long — —
I'm studying how I should bee rid of him without theyr
Knowledge: yet that's dangerous too, and might
Shew guilt in me, for he will boast on't.

Roll. Such was the Duke your gracious fathers care
He would put confidence in none about him,
But saw me brought himselfe.

Eug. This is a fine Paradoxe.

Roll. Which must be to high purpose: come be wise
And keepe me while you have me, 'tis but reaping
This fruitlesse Harvest, from my cheeke and chin
And you can forme the rest, y'are young and beautifull
Loose not the blessing of your Youth sweet Princeffe
Fayre opportunity waytes vpon your pleasure,
You want but the first knowledge of your ioy.
Your Bloud is ripe, come I am confident
Your will is but controul'd by upstart Feares,
Like advanc'd Beggars, that will checke their Princes,
My safest way is yours, now to conceale me,
It may be thought I have inioy'd you else,
Ill Censure soone takes fire, nay perhaps
To be reveng'd of your sterne cruelty,
Ile swear my selfe I have posselt you freely,
Play your game wisely then, your honor lyes
Full at my mercy, come, 'tis in your love,
To lead me to a secret Couch.

Eug. Bold Villaine
For these uncivill most unhallowed words,
Ile dye but Ile undoe thee.

Roll. Stay and let me circle in mine Armes
All happinesse at once, I have not Soule
Enough to apprehend my ioy, it spreads

The Bird in a Cage.

Too mighty for mee: know excellent *Eugenia*
I am the Prince of *Florence*, that owe Heaven
More for thy vertues, then his owne Creation.
I was borne with guilt enough to cancell,
My first puritie, but so chaste a Love
As thine, will so refine my second being
When holy marriage frames vs in one piece,
Angels will envie me.

Eng. Ha? the Prince of *Florence*.

Roll. I ha made no travaile for so rich a Blessing,
Turne me to Pilgrimage, divinest Beauty,
And when I ha' put a girdle 'bout the World,
This Purchase will reward me.

Eng. Purchase? — I am not bought and sold I hope?

Roll. Give it what name you will, y'are mine *Eugenia*.

Eng. Your's Prince? I doe not know by what Title you
pretend this claime; I never yet remember that I saw you,
And if I had any interest in my selfe,
Produce your witnesse, when I gave it you,
I have possession yet, ere I deliver it,
You must shew stronger evidence.

Roll. Are we not Contracted? (pitty your abuse.

Eng. Contracted? when? where? — Good Prince I

Roll. 'Tis firme betweene our Fathers.

Eng. Mine cannot give away my heart. *Roll.* Cannot?

Eng. Shall not Prince, your travaile and your trouble
With this Concept to boote, were it your owne
Invention, withall your Birds about you
That can take me. *Roll.* Is it my person Madam

You hold unworthy? For my birth and Fortune

Cannot deserve your scorne. *Eng.* It takes not from

The greatnesse of your State, or bloud my Lord

To say I cannot Love you, since Affection

Floues uncompe'd, and rests in the cleere object,

Nor doe I rob your person of iust valew,

If to me other seeme as faire, and comely,

Forme may apparell, and become what we

The Bird in a Cage.

Affect, not cause true Love, you have enough
To promise you a happier choyce, attempt
A Nobler Fate, and leave me to my selfe
And humble Destiny, for know *Florentino*
I have but one Faith, one Love, and though my Father
Locke up my person, 'tis beyond his Will
To make me false to him I gave my faith to.
And y'are not Noble now if you proceed,
Be then what you were borne, and doe not tempt
A woman to commit a Sacriledge:

For when I give my heart to any other
Then my *Philenzo*, I commit that sin. *He discovers*

Roll. If you'll not pardon, Ile deliver up, *himselfe.*
Philenzo to be punish'd for this tryall — See Lady.

Eng. My deere banisht *Philenzo*!

Roll. O let not such a glorious building stoope
It is my duty,

Eng. I will make it mine.

Roll. I have a double duty, for I owe
Your Constancy as much respect and Reverence,
As your most Princely person.

Eng. What for our safety?

Roll. Oh with what willingnesse could I be lost
In this distracted Wildernesse of Ioy.
To morrow Madam, I goe to my Arraignment.

Eng. How?

Roll. Spend no feare upon it
Your Story shall be pleasing: — I ha' much
To tell you — for your Ladies.

Eng. They are mine, what should our innocence
Feare in their knowledge, I desire to heare
The Circumstance of this wonder

Roll. It attends,
The Story past; we must some Counsell find,
The puzzle of our Fate, is still behind. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quartus

I

Actus,

The Bird in a Cage.

Actus, V. Scena, I.

Enter Dondolo, Morello, Grutti.

Don. **W**E are sorry, we gave thee distaste, come let's be friends, you did apprehend too nicely.

Mor. Nicely? it might ha beene your owne case.

Grut. Come, you were unkind to rub us before the Duke so.

Mor. Be wise hereafter, and make the Foole your friend, 'tis many an honest mans case at Court. It is safer to displeas the Duke then his Iester, every sentence the one speakes, flatterers make an Oracle, but let the impudent foole barke never so absurdly, other men ha the wit to make a Ieast on't, 'tis policie in State, to maintaine a Foole at Court, to teach great men discretion.

D. Gr. Great men, we are none.

Mor. No but you may be, by the length of your wit and shortnesse of your memory, for if you have but wit enough to doe mischief. and oblivion enough to forget good turnes, you may come to great places in time, keepe a foole a' your owne, and then you are made —

Don. Made? What?

Mor. Cuckolds, if my Lady take a liking to the innocent, O your Foole is an excellent fellow upon all occasions.

Song.

*Among all sorts of people
the matter if we looke well to,
The Foole is the best, he from the rest,
will carry away the Bell too.
All places he is free of,
and fooles it without blushing
At Maskes and Playes, is not the Bayes
shrust out, to let the pinfe in.*

The Bird in a Cage.

Your foole is fine, he's merry,
and of all men doth feare least,
At every word he jests with my Lord,
and tickles my Lady in earnest:
The foole doth passe the Guard now,
he'l kisse his hand and leg it,
When Wisemen prate, and forfeit their state,
whobut the fine foole will beg it.
He without feare can walke in,
the streets that are so stonie,
Your Gallant sneakes, your Marchant breakes,
he's a Foole that does owe no mony.

Enter Rollyardo.

Roll. The Duke, where is the Duke?

Mor. He's forthcomming, there's no more mony ith' Exchequer.

Roll. I come to give up my accounts and reckon with him, some body tell him so.

Mor. And you doe not reckon well with him, he'll be even with you, Ile doe your Message.

Roll. Doe, and say I sent a Foole a my errand prithe, cry mercy, such an Office would ha' become eyther of you Gentlemen.

Dond. His tongue moves circular in abuses.

Grnt. The Duke.

Enter Duke, Fulvio, Perenotto, &c.

Duke. How now, what day is't?

Roll. 'Tis Holyday.

Duke. How?

Roll. Therefore wee are preparing a Morris to make your grace merry, they have chosen mee for the Hobby-horse, and if doe not deceive their expectation, they will laugh at me extremly before I dye.

Duke. Doe you come like one prepar'd for death?

Roll. Not so well I hope, as I may be hereafter, unlesse you will be unjust, and have a desire to be clapt into the Chronicles with some of your Predecessors, for cutting off heads

The Bird in a Cage.

heads, when you doe not like theyr complexion, tis but laying one block vpon another, and I am quickly sent of a headlesse errand.

Duk. Iniuſt doe you remember what ſommes you owe for, doe not ieſt away your life.

Roll. I craue no longer day for't, and I proue not my ſelfe free from my engagements.

Duk. How?

Roll. For although I had not the art to goe inviſible as theſe wiſe Courtiers nor could couaterfeit another ſex ſo becommingly as tother gaudy Signior, to introduce me to the Ladies, yet with your Princely licence I may ſay, 'tis done.

Duk. Done? what is done.

Per. Hee's mad ſir.

Roll. I come not to Petition for a mercy

But to cry vp my merit, for a deed
Shall drowne all ſtory, and poſterity
When it ſhall finde in her large Chronicle
My glorious vndertaking, ſhall admire it
More then a Sybils leaſe, and looſe it ſelfe
In wonder of the action, Poets ſhall
With this make proud their Muſes, and apparell it
In rauiſhing numbers, w hich the ſoft haired Virgins
Forgetting all their legends, and Loue tales
Of *Venus*, *Cupid*, and the ſcapes of *Ioue*
Shall make theyr onely ſong and in full quire
Chant it at *Hymens* feaſt.

Duk. What meanest this boasting?

Roll. *Rolliardo.*

Roll. You thinke I am a loſt man, and your gay things
That eccho to your paſſions, and ſee through
Your eyes all thats preſented, do already
Tickle their very ſoules, with expectation
To ſee me beg moſt miſerably for life
But you are all deceiu'd — here I pronounce
The great worke done that cancels all my debts
I haue had acceſſe vnto the faire *Eugenia*

YOUR

The Bird in a Cage.

Your Princely daughter, staid, discourst with her,
More, shee has entertained me for her seruant.

Per. Sir doe you beleeu him.

Duk. Thou hast prophaind a name will strike thee dead.

Rol. It cannot be, for if you meane your daughter
'Tis that is my preseruer, blest *Eugenia*
To whose memory, my heart does dedicate
It selfe an altar, in whose very mention
My lips are hallowed, and the place a temple
Whence the diuine sound came, it is a voyce
Which should our holy Churchmen vse, it might
Without addition of more exorcisme
Disinchant houses, tye vp nightly spirits
Which fright the solitary groues, *Eugenia*
When I haue nam'd, I needs must loue my breath
The better after it.

Duk. Thou hast vndone.

Thy selfe i'th repetition, and in this
Wherein thou cunningly wouldst beg our pittie
Thou hast destroyed it, and not left a thought
To plead against our anger, where before
Thy life should haue beene gently inuited forth
Now with a horrid circumstance death shall
Make thy soule tremble, and forsaking all
The noble parts, it shall retire into
Some angle of thy body, and be afraid
To informe thy eyes, least they let in a horreur
They would not looke on.

Rol. I am still the same, and let me be so bold
To plead your royall word, 'twas my security
Nor shall you take mine to induce your faith
To what is done I haue more pregnant euidence,
Your highnesse knowes that character.

Duk. Ha? 'tis not so, I'll not beleeu my eyes
Come hither *Fulvio*, *Perenotto* read
But not too loude, does shee not write to me
It is iniust you let *R.lliardo* dy
Vlesse *Eugenia* be are him company.

The Bird in a Cage.

Give mee the Paper.

Per. 'Tis counterfeit my Lord, cut off my head
If this be not a lygge of his invention.

Du. My soule is in a sweat. I feele my blood
Heave in my Veynes — he lookes as he had scene her.
More my Propheticke thoughts doe whisper to me —

Fulv. Beleeve it not Sir.

Duke. I wonnot — *Perenotto* —

Don. I know not what to thinke.

Grut. The Duk's perplext, observe.

Roll. Will eyther of you speake for me Gentlemen, if
the Iustice of my cause should fayle me, Ile pay you for't,
I know Courtiers that live upon countenance, must sell
their tongues, what is the price of yours pray?

Grut. Humble your selfe you Coxecombe.

Duke. Away, and let not him stirre I charge you.
This does intrench too much upon her person,
Have my endeavours to preserve *Eugenia*
Of whom I thought so many men unworthy
Ruin'd themselves? Humane invention
Could not instruct me to dispose her where
She could be more defenc'd from all mens eyes
An Anchorite lives not prison'd in a wall
With more security. 'Tis not possible
Why am I troubled thus? My feare abuses me,
In such a cause I would checke an Oracle.
And shall his dexterous forgery, unsettle
My confidence, I wonot shew a guilt,
Of so much weakenesse in me, *Fulvio* —
And Gentlemen — we'll speake to you anon.

Roll. I ha spoke too much already it seemes, sure he has
sent for her, I dare repose my life on her, to whose trust I
gave my heart, she is a thousand witnesses in her selfe.

Fulv. It will be mirth Sir.

Roll. I like not this consulting, they breake of pleasant-
ly now in the name of *Mercury* what crotchet.

Duke. I see it is in vaine

The Bird in a Cage.

To interrupt our fate, what is decreed
Above, becomes not mortals to dispute
Sit there, — nay be not modest, you were borne to't
And therefore take your place, nay nay, be cover'd
Imagine that a Crowne, and these your Subjects
As when I dye, you know 'twill come to that.
In right of my sole daughter — so, does he not
Looke like a Prince indeed, appeares he not
A pretty lumpe of Maiesty.

Don. He's studying some speech Ile lay my life —

Duke. Against his Coronation, to thanke all
His loving Subjects, that as low as earth *Draw their*
Thus offer him their duties. *Swords: Eugenia enters*

Edg. Hold I beseech you *and Perenotto.*

Let not my duty suffer misconstruction
If while my knee doth beg your blessing, here
I throw my armes, and circle next to Heaven
What must be dearest to me. *Duke.* Ha?

Eug. My ioy of life. *Du.* Destroy me not?

Eug. Alas-I would preserve all, am so farre from killing,
That I would dye my selfe, rather than see
One drop of blood forc'd frow his crimson Fountaine,
Or but one teare rackt from your eye, oh heare me
And after let your anger strike two dead.

So you would let us dwell both in one Grave;
And did you know how neere we were in life
You would not thinke it fitting that in death
Our ashes were divided, you have heard
When the poore Turtle's ravisht from her Mate
The Orphant Dove doth grone away her life
In Widowes solitude, let me call him husband
And tell your selfe the rest.

Duke. Kill not thy Father with one word *Eugenia,*
Thy Husband?

Eug. I doe beseech you heare me.

Duke. Beg thou mayst be forgotten, 'tis sinne
Toe my forgiveness, this a match for thee?

What

The Bird in a Cage.

What man can bring me a certificate

He had a father, or was christen'd? Hee?

We all are in a dreame, awake me thunder.

Roll. Temper your passion Sir.

Duke. Some tortures to enforce confession from him
How he procur'd access.

Roll. They shannot need, you sent me Sir your selfe.

Duke. Wee?

Roll. The Cage was my conveyance. (command.)

Per. That was presented lately with the Birds, you gave

Du. Be dumbe, I dare not heare you.

Dand. This was a Bird in a Cage indeed.

Du. Search for the Traytor *Bonamico* presently

He has betray'd me, they shall suffer both

Before the noyse be spread to our dishonour.

Eng. Yet will you heare me.

Du. I heare too much, thou hast forgot thy birth,

Thy Fortunes, and thy Father, were my cares

So wondred at abroad, censur'd at home

Worthy of nothing but contempt from thee

For whom they were begotten? thou hast plough'd

Vpon my Face, canst thou undoe a wrinkle

Or change but the complexion of one Hayre.

Yet thou hast gray'd a thousand, taken from mee,

Not added to my comforts, more then what

Like an indulgent Parent I have flattered

My selfe into. *Enter Bonamico.*

Grut. Here is the other Traytor Sir.

Duke. Away with 'em to death.

Eng. Let me goe too.

Du. It needs not, thou art dead already *Grile,*
And in thy shame. I and the Duke dome suffer,

Thou mayst remember (false to thy owne vow)

Philenzo whom I banish'd, for thy sake.

The title of my Subiect, and thy Love

To him, pull'd our displeasure on him, since

Wee studying to adde more height to thee,

Thou

The Bird in a Cage.

Thou hast made thy selfe lesse, and for ought wee know,
Clasp'd with the sonne of Earth to coole the Feuer
Of hore sinne in thy veines, ingratefull to
Philenzo, cold already in thy memory.

Roll. 'Tis happineffe enough that you haue mentioned
And whither to your Mercy, or your justice, (him,
See that *Philenzo* kneele.

Omnes. Lord *Philenzo*.

Enl. My Noble cozen so neere mee, and conceal'd.

Eng. Your daughters knees ioyne with his bended heare
To beg your pardon.

Duke. *Philenzo*? were not you banish'd Sir.

Roll. It was your sentence.

Duke. In paine of death not to returne, blest Fate
Thou hast relieued mee, had'st thou died before
By our command, it would haue becae thought Tyranny
Though none durst tell vs so, now wee haue argument
Of iustice, and our euery breath is Law
To speake thee dead at once, wee shannot neede
To study a diuorce, thy second exile
Shall be Eternall, Death.

Roll. You doe me honour.

Duke. Be it your punishment, as you preferd him
By Art to her, now by another Art
For euer to deuide 'em, be's Executioner,
And after make him higher by the head,
To cure's ambition, see't aduanc'd.

Roll. Ere I goe, dread Sir,
I haue an humble suite, it is not life
He aske, for that I giue up willingly
And call it Mercy in you to immortalize
The affection I shall owe *Eugenia*,
Your other banishment is onely Death,
You new create me now, it was my ayme
And my attempt you thought so bold, I made
To serue this end, that since I could not liue
I might dye for her; pray reprocie my breath

The Bird in a Cage.

But till I take my leaue, one minute does it
It shall be a very short, and silent farewell.

Enter Embassadors.

Duk. 'Tis granted.

Fu. My Lord Embassadour.

Duk. Not the least whisper of *Philenzo*, as you value
our regard — O my good Lord welcome.

Emb. Letters to your Grace.

Duk. They are gratefull as my comfort — *Perenotto*,
let them withdraw; Her vaine will be discovered — *Ful-*
vio follow and part 'em, giue order for his execution, off
with his head instantly — I can read no more for ioy, *Pe-*
renotto vse your best oratory on my daughter to forget
that Traitor, and prepare to marry *Florence*, 'tis concluded
to be soleannized by proxie.

Dis. Ile see the execution. *Exit.*

Duk. Now to the rest,

Your last letters were acceptable; and our sonne before had
intention to finish the marriage in his person, but lately
receiuing intelligence, that one *Philenzo* of Noble birth,
now in exile, though without your consent, had long since
iatrest in your daughters affection, wee thought meet rath-
er to aduise for his repeale then proceed to our disho-
nour; where the hearts meete, there onely marriages are
sacred, and Princes should be exemplary in all Iustice, al-
though we disclaime in this desigae, on our parts, we will
continue all other Princely correspondence.

I am iustly punished and haue run my selfe
Into a laborinth, from whence no art

Can bring me of with safety — my Lord you may

Please to retire your selfe, a thousand wheeles

Do moue preposterous in my braine, what cure?

I loose my selfe, ranne with a halt thou wodst

Preferue my life, and stay the execution.

I will not haue a drop of blood fall from

Philenzo for my Dukedome, hyc I say

Thou shouldst be there already.

Enter

The Bird in a Cage.

Enter Dondolo.

How now, has Philenzo still a head on?

Don. Yes my Lord.

(would't

Duke. Follow him, and with that Nimbleness thou
Leape from thy Chamber when the Roofe's a fire
Proclayme aloud our pardon to *Philenzo*.
And bring him backe to us.

Dond. 'Tis too late Sir, *Philenzo's* dead already
He sav'd the Executioner that trouble.
The voyce is, he is poyson'd.

Enter Fulvio.

Duke. Poyson'd, how —
Where is *Philenzo*?

This foole reports him poyson'd, what circumstance?

Fulv. He had no sooner parted from *Eugenia*,
But suddainly he fainted, at which fall
Of his owne spirit, he seem'd griev'd with shame
To shew so little courage neere his death,
Which he call'd Martyrdome, and presently
Whither supply'd by other, or prepar'd
By himselfe we know not, he had a Violl
Of water soveraigne as was pretended
To inliffe his dull heart, he dranke it up
And soone shew'd cheerefull in his eyes, wee led
Him smiling forward, but before we could
Approach the place of death, he sunke agen
But irrecoverably, for in vaine we applyed
Our helpe, by which we did conclude he had
Drunke poyson.

Duke. All this talke is such, and through
My care I take it in, with as much danger,
I feele it active in my Braine already.
Call our Physitians I will hang em all
Vnlesse they can recover him, it shall be
Death to save any man hereafter, if
They suffer him to perish.

The Bird in a Cage.

Enter Perenotto, Eugenia.

Fulv. Sir your Daughter
It seemes the accident has arriv'd at her.

Du. Arriv'd at her? Fame will soone spread it *Fulvio*,
About the world. and wee shall be theyr mockery.
He's dead they tell me Girle, poyson'd they say, too.

Eng. Oh my *Philenzo*.

Enter *Grutti*, *Philenzoes* Body is brought in, and
laid upon a Carpet.

Duke. *Eugenia* that not marry *Florence* now,
Nor any other since *Philenzoes* dead,
But thou wo't not beleeve me, had he liv'd
He had beene thine, that minute tooke him hence,
Whercia I first resolv'd to ha given thee to him.

Eng. Oh doe not mocke me Sir, to adde to my
Affliction, you nere would give me to him.

Duke. May Heaven forgive me never then, but what
Availes too late compunction? Noble Gentleman
Thou shalt have Princely Funerall, and carry
On thy cold marble the Inscription of
Our sonne in death, and my *Eugenas* Husband.

Fulv. Madam, this sorrow for his losse is Recall.
We met the *Florentine* Embassadour
Who told me the Expectation of that Prince
Was now dissolv'd, and Messengers were sent
To stay the Execution.

Duke. Who now
Shall marry my *Eugenia*, I have undone
The hope of our posterity.

Eng. Not so Sir,
If yet you'll give me leave to make my choyce
He not despaire to find a Husband.

Duke. Where?

Eng. Here

The Bird in a Cage.

Eug. Here Royall Sir, *Philenzo* is not dead
But made by Vertue of a drinke to seeme so
Thus to prevent his suffering, that I might
Or other friend by my confederacy,
By begging of his body fit for buriall,
Preserve him from your anger.

Duke. Dost not mocke me?

Eug. Let me beg your pardon,
Confident of your change to mercy, I have
Confess'd what terrour could not force me to.

Enter Morebo, and Ladies.

Grut. This is pretty *Dandolo*.

Duke. Blessings fall doubly on thee.

Eugen. He expects
Not such a full streame of happinesse, heaven dispose him
To meet it quickly,

Per. Here are strange turnings, see he stirs.

Roll. Where am I now? no matter where I be
'Tis Heaven if my *Eugenia* meet me here
She made some promise sure to such a purpose.
This Musicke sounds divinely, ha *Eugenia*
'Tis so, let's dwell here for Eternity
If I be dead, I wonot live agen
If living — ha! I'm lost, lost for ever.

Duke. Not found till now, take her a gaist from me
And call me father.

Roll. I am not yet awake:

Eug. Thou art *Philenzo*, and all this is truth,
My Father is Converted.

Roll. 'Tis a Myracle.

Duke. You must beleeve it,
In signe how we are pleas'd proclaime this day
Through *Mantua* a pardon to all offenders
As amply as when we tooke our Crowne.

Mor. Then my Petticote is discharg'd.

Dand. Now Lady you are free.

The Bird in a Cage.

Grnt. Make me happy to renew my suit.

Mor. And mine, shall's to Barlibreake
I was in Hell last, 'tis little lesse to be in a Petticote sometimes.

Rob. Madam vouchsafe him kisse your hand
Wee owe him much.

Duke. We'll take him to our Service.

Dond. I am too much honour'd.

Duke. And you into our bosome, this day shall
Be consecrate to triumph, and may time
When 'tis decreed, the world shall have an end
By Revolution of the yeare make this
The day that shall conclude all memories.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

The Printer to the Reader.

Gentle Reader, let me desire thy fauorable correction
of these places. viz.

Act. 1. Page the fifth, for *Ferrara* reade *Florence*. Page
the tenth leaue, out these words. *Yet it shall be vnder 20.
thousand Crownes, & will not leaue the pawne for twice so much.*

Act. 4. in a Song for (*two invisible*) reade (*two visi-
ble* many other Errors, (though for the most part literall,)
thou shalt meete, which thou canst not with safetie of thy
owne, interpret a defect in the Authors Iudgment, since all
bookes are subject to these misfortunes.

Vale mitius interpretare.

h

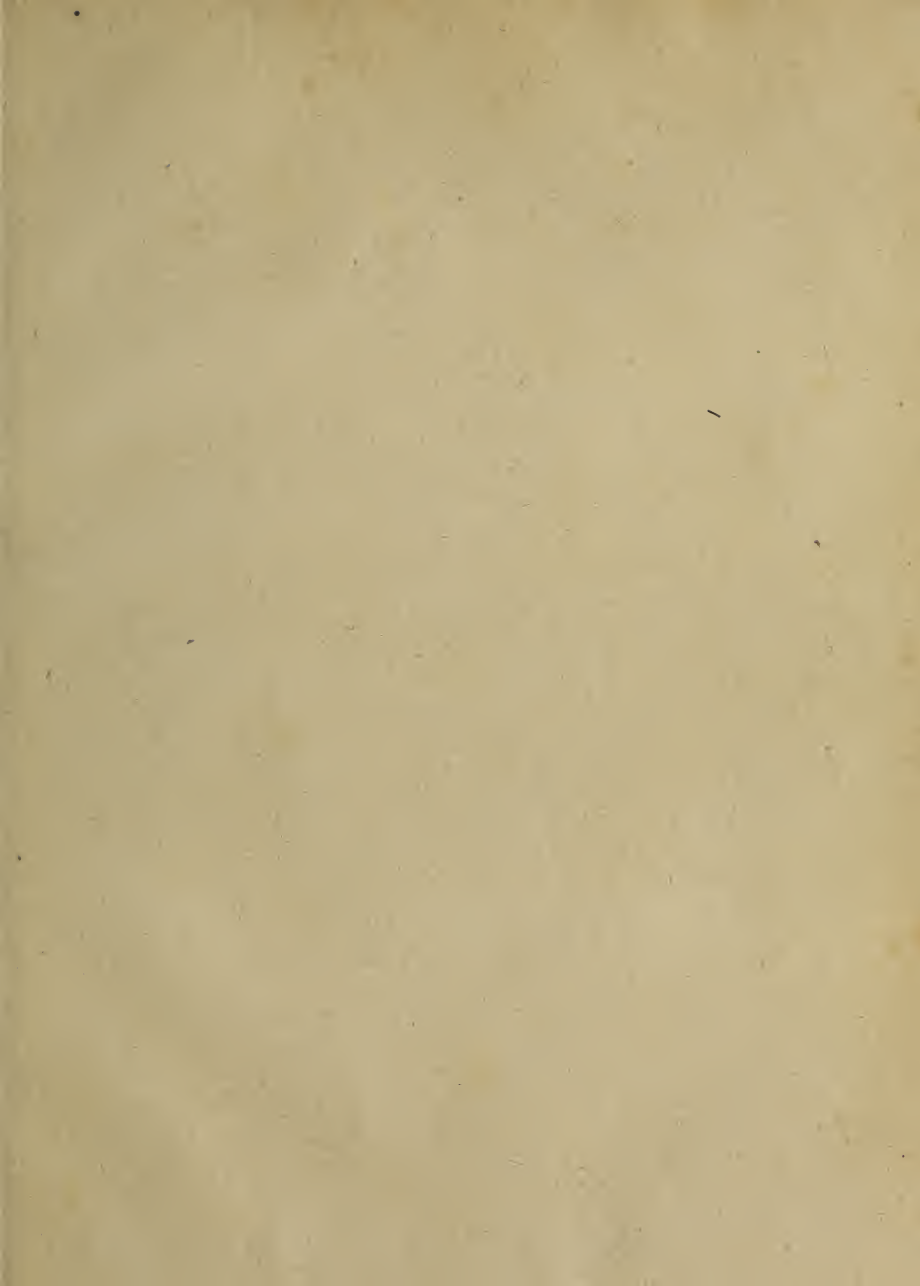
Handwritten notes on the left margin, including the word "Came" and other illegible scribbles.

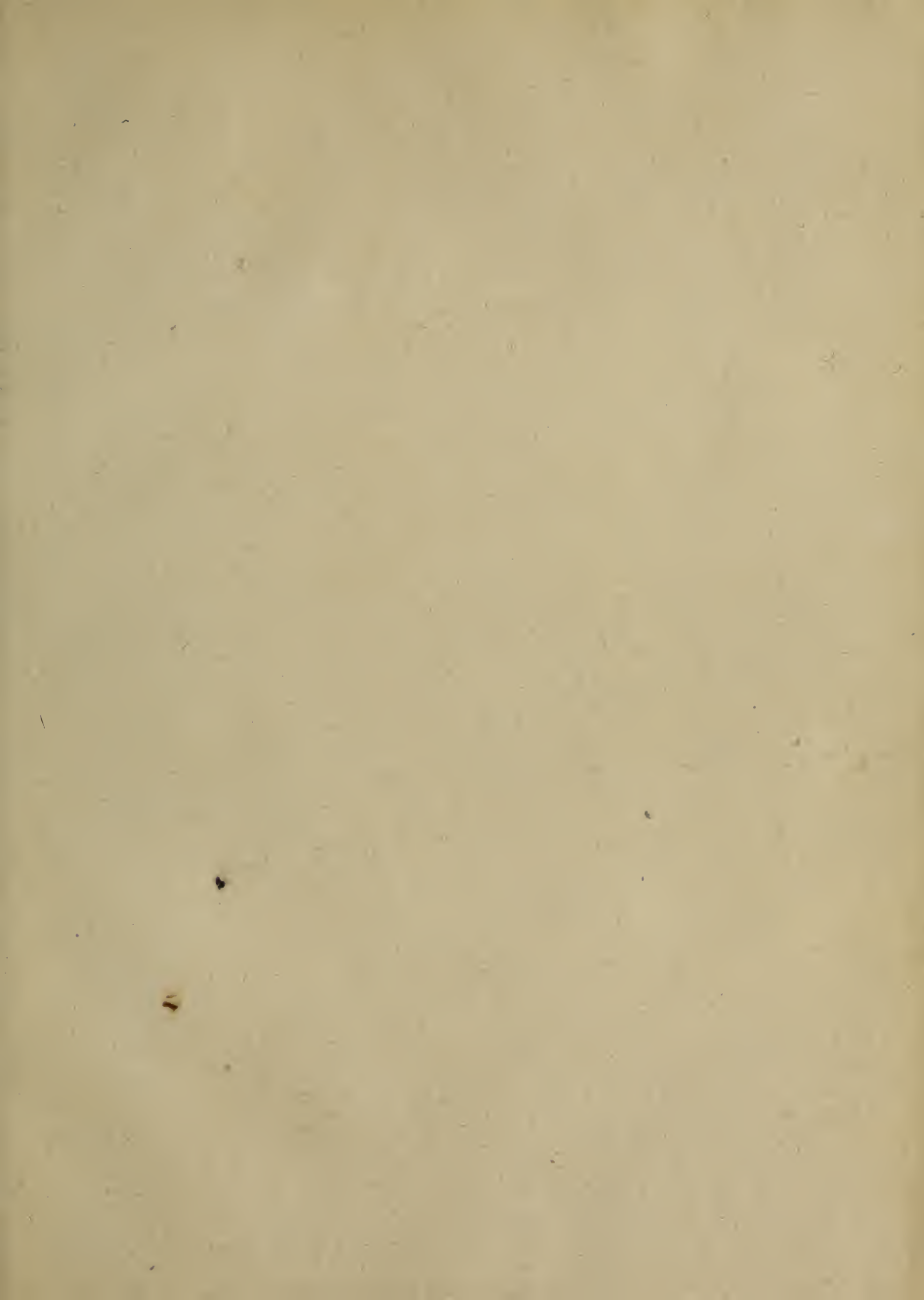
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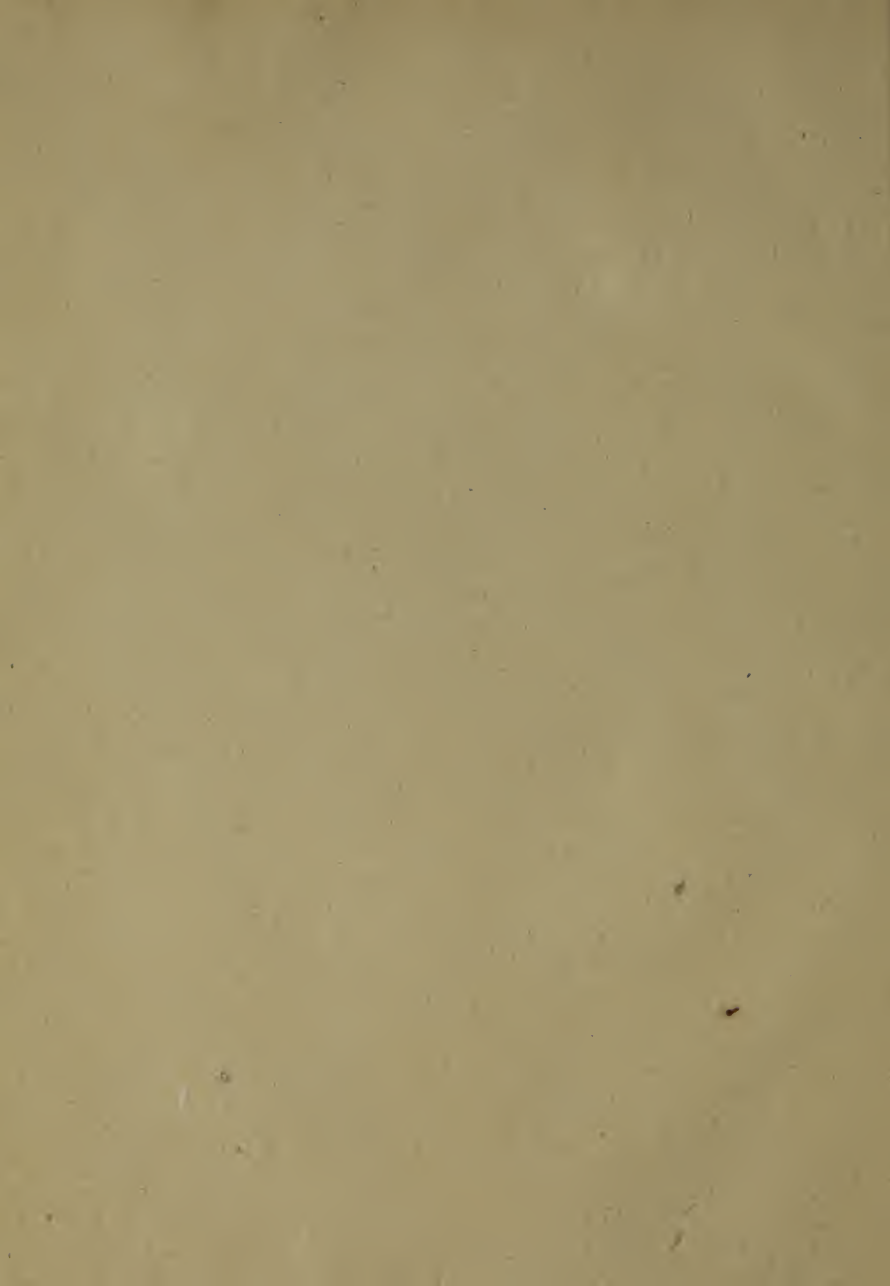
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Main body of text, consisting of several lines of illegible handwriting. A dark ink blot is visible on the right side of this section.

Horizontal line of text, mostly illegible.







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