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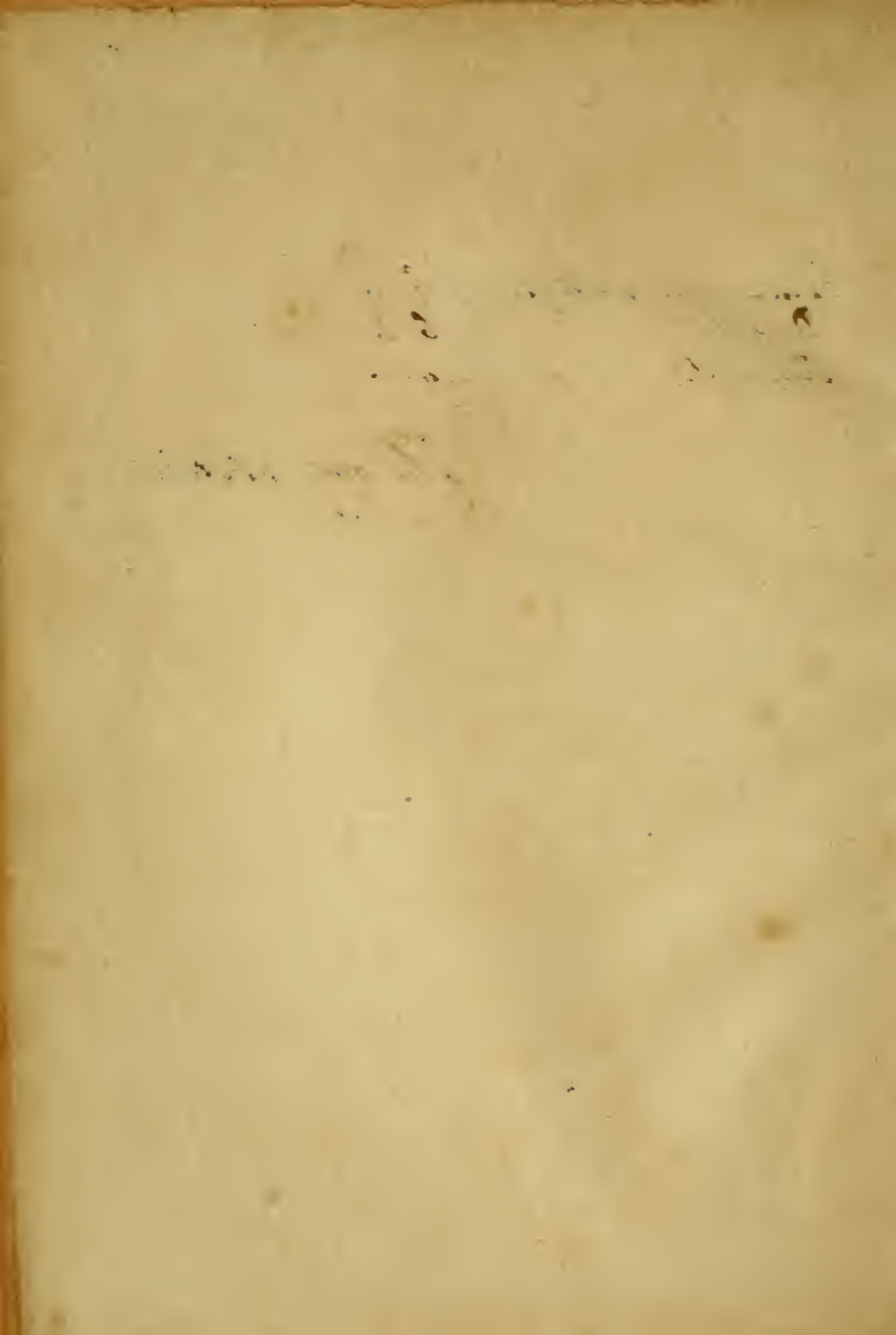


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THE SILVER AGE,

INCLUDING.

The loue of *Iupiter* to *Alcmena*:
The birth of *Hercules*.

AND

The Rape of *PROSERPINE*.

CONCLUDING,

With the Arraignement of the Moone.

Written by *THOMAS HEYWOOD*.

Aut prodesse solent aut delectare.

LONDON,

Printed by *Nicholas Okes*, and are to be sold by
Beniamin Lightfoote at his Shop at the vpper
end of *Graves Inne-lane* in *Holborne*.

1613.

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Barton

149.693

May, 1873



To the Reader.



Er not the Title of this booke I entreat be any weakening of his worth, in the generall opinion. Though wee begunne with *Gold*, follow with *Silver*, proceede with *Brasse*, and purpose by Gods grace, to end with *Iron*. I hope the declining Titles shall no whit blemish the reputation of the Workes: but I rather trust that as those Mettals decrease in valew, so è contrario, their books shall encrease in substance, weight, and estimation. In this we haue giuen *Hercules* birth and life: In the next wee shall lend him honour and death. Courteous Reader, it hath bene my serious labour, it now onely attends thy charitablè censure.

Thine,

T. H.

A 2

Drammatis



Drammatis Personæ.

HOMER.

Acrisius.
Pretus.
Bellerephon.
Persæus.
Danaus.
Jupiter.
Ganimed.
Amphitrio.
Socia.
Euristeus.
Hercules.
Theseus.
Perithous.
Philoctetes.
Mercury,
Triton.
Pluto.
Cerberus.
Rhadamantus
Asculaphus.

Q. Aurea.
Andromeda.
Alcmena.
Iuno.
Iris.
Galantis.
Hypodamia.
Ceres.
Proserpine.
Semele.
Tellus.
Arethusa.
A Guard.
2. Captaines.
6. Centaures.
Servingmen.
Swaines.
Theban Ladies.
The seven Planets.
Furies.

The



The Siluer Age.

Actus I. Scœna I.

Enter HOMER.



Ince moderne Authors, moderne things
haue trac't,
Serching our Chronicles from end to end,
And all knowne Histories haue long bene
graç't,
Bootlesse it were in them our time to spend
To iterate tales ostentimes told ore,

Or subiects handled by each common pen;
In which euen they that can but read (no more)
Can poynt before we speake, how, where, and when
We haue no purpose: *Homer* old and blinde,
Of eld, by the best iudgements tearm'd diuine,
That in his former labours found you kinde,
Is come the ruder censures to refine:
And to vnlocke the Casket long time shut,
Of which none but the learned keepe the key,
Where the rich Iewell (*Poesie*) was put.
She that first search't the Heauens, Earth, Ayre, and Sea.
We therefore begge, that since so many eyes,
And seuerall iudging wits must taste our stile,
The learn'd will grace, the ruder not despise:
Since what we do, we for their vse compile.
Why should not *Homer*, hee that taught in *Greece*,
Vnto this iudging Nation lend like skill.

B

And

The Silver Age.

And into *England* bring that golden Fleece,
For which his country is renowned still.
The *Golden* past, *The Silver* age begins
In *Iupiter*, whose sonne of *Danae* borne,
We first present, and how *Acrisius* sinnes
Were punish't for his cruelty and scorne.

We enter where we left, and so proceed,
(Your fauour still, for that must helpe at need)

Alarce. Enter with victory, *K. Pretus*, *Bellerophon*, bringing
in *K. Acrisius* prisoner, drum and colours.

Pretus. Now you that trusted to your *Darrene* strength,
The brazen tower that earst inclos'd thy childe,
Stand'st at our grace, a captiue, and we now
Are *Arges* King, where thou vsurp'st so late.

Acrisius. Tis not thy power King *Pretus*, but our rigor
Against my daughter, and the Prince her sonne,
(Thus punish't by the heauens) haue made thee victor.

Pretus. T'was by thy valor, braue *Bellerophon*,
That took'st *Acrisius* prisoner hand to hand.

Beller. The duty of a seruice and a seruant
I haue exprest to *Pretus*.

Pretus. By thy valor.

We reigne sole King of *Arges*, where our brother
Hath tyrannis'd, and now these brazen walles,
Built to inmure a faire and innocent maide,
Shall be thine owne Iayle. Gyue his legges in Irons,
Till we determine further of his death.

Acrisius. Oh *Danae*, when I rude and pittilesse
Threw thee with thy yong infant, to the mercy
Of the rough billowes, in a mastlesse boat,
I then incur'd this vengeance. *Iupiter*,
Whose father in those blest and happy dayes
I scorn'd to be, or ranke him in my line,
Hath chastis'd me for my harsh cruelty.

Pretus. We are *Ioues* rod, and we will execute
The doome of heauen with all seuerity:

The Silver Age.

Such mercy as thy guardiant Beldams had,
(Who for the loue of *Danae* felt the fire)
Thou shalt receiue from vs. Away with him:

Acrifius is led bound, and enters Q. Aurea.

Aur. Why doth *K. Pretus* lead his brother bound,
And keepe a greater foe in liberty?

This, this, thou most vnchast *Bellerophon*,
And canst thou blushlesse gaze me in the face?
Whom thou so lately didst attempt to force,
Or front the Prince thy maister with such impudence,
Whose reuerent bed thou hast practis'd to defile.

Beller. Madame, my Lord.

Aurea. Heare not th'adulterers tongue,
Who though he had not power to charme mine eases,
Yet may inchaunt thine.

Pretus. Beauteous *Aurea*,
If I can proue by witnessse that rude practise,
His life and tortures Il'e commit to thee.

Aurea. What greater witnessse then *Q. Aurea's* teares?
Or why should I hate you *Bellerophon*,
Thar (saue this practise) neuer did me wrong?

Beller. Oh woman, when thou art giuen vp to sin
And shamelesse lusts, what brazen impudence,
Hardens thy brow?

Aurea. Shall I haue right of him?

Pret. Thou shalt: yet let me tell my *Aurea*:
This knight hath seru'd me from his infancy,
Beene partner of my breast and secret thoughts:
His sword hath beene the guardian of my state,
And by the vertue of his strong right hand,
I am possesst of *Arges*. I could reade thee
A Chronicle of his great seruices
Fresh in my thoughts, then giue me leaue to pause,
Ere I pronounce sad sentence of his death.

Aurea. Grant me my L. but a few private words
With this dissembling hypocrite: Il'e tell him
Such instance of his heynous enterprife,

The Siluer Age.

Shall make him blush, and with efeminate teares,
Publish his riotous wrongs against your bed.

Pretus. We grant you priuacy.

Aurea. Neare vs *Bellerophon.*

Beller. Oh woman, woman.

Aurea. We are alone, yet wilt thou grant me loue,
Put me in hope, and say the time may come,
And my excuse to *Pretus* shall vs say,
Theseloud exclames, and blanch this *Ethiop* scandall,
As white as is thy natiue innocence:
Loue mee, oh loue mee, my *Bellerophon*
I sigh for thee, I mourne, I die for thee,
Giue me an answer swift and peremptory;
Gain by thy grant, life; thy deniall, death.
Wilt thou take time and limite mee some hope
By pointing me an hour?

Belleroph. Neuer, oh neuer.

First shall the Sun-god in the Ocean quench,
The daies bright fire, and o're the face of heauen
Spread euerlasting darknesse.

Aurea. Say no more.

Dogge, deuill, euen before my husbands face
Darst court me, *Pretus* canst thou suffer this?
Iniurious Traytor, think'st thou my chaste innocence,
Is to bee mou'd with praiers, or brib'd by promises?
Hath the King hir'd thee to corrupt his bed?
Or is he of that flauish sufferance,
Before his face to see mee strumpeted?

Pretus, by heauen, and all the Gods I vow;
To abiure thy presence, and confine my selfe
To lasting widdow-hood, vnlesse with rigor
Thou chastice this false groome.

Pretus. *Bellerophon*

Thou hast presum'd too much vpon our loue,
And made too slight account of our high power
In which thy life or death is circumscrib'd.

Beller. My Lord, I should transgresse a Subiects duty,

The Siluer Age.

To lay the least grosse imputation
Vpon the Queene, my beauteous Soueraintesse,
And rather then to question her chaste vertues
I laie my selfe ope to the strictest doome,
My seruice hath bene yours, so shall my life,
I yeeld it to you freely.

Pretus. Aureas teares,

Contend with thy supposed innocence
And haue the vpper hand: to see thee die
My settled loue will not endure: but worse
Then death can bee, we doome thy insolence;
Go hence an exile, and returne no more
Vpon thy Knight-hood, but expose thy selfe
Vnto that monstrous beast of *Cicily*,
Cal'd the *Chimera*, t'hath a Lyons head,
Goats belly, and a poysonous Dragons traine.
Fight with that beast, whom Hoasts cannot withstand,
And feede, what Armies cannot satisfie.
My doom's irreuocable.

Beller. For all my seruice

A faire reward, but by my innocence,
Vertues, and all my honours attributes,
That sauadge Monster I will feede, or soile,
Die by his iawes, or bring home honoured spoile.

Aurea. Yet, yet, thy body meedes a better graue,
And kill not mee too, whom thy grant may saue.

Beller. A thousand fierce *Chimeræ's* first I'le feede,
Ere staine mine honour with that damned deed.

Aurea. Againe to tempt me, hence base traytor flie,
And as thy guilt's meede, by that monster die.

Pretus. Away with him, 'tis our milde sufferance
Begets this impudence, come beauteous *Aurea*
Thou shalt bee full reuengde, I know him honourable
In this, and will performe that enterprise
Which in one death brings many: let vs now
Inioy our conquests, hee shall soone bee dead,
That with base sleights sought to corrupt our bed.

The Siluer Age.

Enter *Perseus, Andromeda, and Danaus.*

Perseus. There stay our swift and winged *Pegasus*,
And on the flowers of this faire *Medow* grase,
Thou that first flewst out of the *Gorgons* bloud,
Whose head wee by *Mineruaes* aide par'd off,
And since haue fixt it on our *Christall* sheild.
This head that had the power to change to stone,
All that durst gaze vpon't; and being plac't here
Retaines that power to whom it is vnca'd:
Hath change great *Atlas* to a Mount so high,
That with his shoulders hee supports the skie.

Dana. *Perseus*, great sonne of *Ioue* and *Danae*.
Famous for your atchieuements through the world
Mineruaes fauorite, Goddessse of *Wisedome*,
And husband of the sweete *Andromeda*.
Whom you so late from the *Sea-monster* freed,
After so many deedes of *Fame* and *Honour*,
Shall we returne to see our mother *Danae*?

Perseus. Deere brother *Danaus*, the renowned issue
Of King *Pellonius* that in *Naples* raignes,
Where beauteous *Danae* is created *Queene*,
Thither I'le beare the faire *Andromeda*.
To see our Princely mother.

Andro. Royall *Perseus*,
Truely descended from the line of *Gods*,
Since by the slaughter of that monstrous *Whale*,
You freed me from that rocke where I was fixt
To be deuoured and made the *Monsters* prey,
And after wonne me from a thousand hands
By *Phineus* arme, that was my first betroathed,
Ingrate were I your fellowship to shunne,
Whom by the force of *Armes* you twice haue won.

Enter *Bellerophon.*

Perseus. Towards *Naples* then, but soft, what *Knight's* that
So

The Silver Age.

So passionately delect? Let vs Salute him,
Whence are you gentle Knight?

Beller. I am of *Arges*.

Perseus. But your aduventure?

Beller. The infernall Monster,
Cal'd the *Chimera* bred in *Cicily*.

Perseus. Thou canst not stake thy life a gainst such oddes,
And not be generously deriu'd, I *Perseus*
The sonne of *Ioue* and *Danae*, offer thee
Assistance to this noble enterprife.

Beller. Are you the noble *Perseus*, whom the world
Crownes with such praise and royall hardinesse?
Fam'd for your winged steed, and your *Gorgons* sheild,
And for release of faire *Andromeda*?

Perf. Wee *Perseus* are, and this *Andromeda*,
King *Cepheus* daughter, rescued by our sword,
The keene-edged harpe.

Beller. Let me do you honours
Worthy your State, and tell such newes withall
As shall disturbe the quiet of your thoughts,
I am of *Arges* where *Acrisius* raigned.

Perf. Our Grand-fire, and raignes still.

Beller. His brother *Pretus*
Hath cast him both from stile and kingdome too,
Nor let *Bellerephon* himselfe belie,
It was by vertue of this strong right arme
Which he hath thus requited, to expose me
Vnto this strange aduventure, the full circumstance
I shall relate at leasure,

Perf. Dares King *Pretus*
Depose *Acrisius*, knowing *Perseus* liues?
Guide me faire Knight vnto my place of birth,
Where the great King of *Arges* liues captiu'd,
That I may glaze my harpe in the bloud
Of Tyrant *Pretus*.

Beller. I am sworne by oath
To dare the rude *Cycilian* Monster first,

Whom.

The Siluer Age.

Whom hauing slaine, I'le guide you to the rescue
Of K. *Acrisius*.

Perseus. Thou hast fir'd our bloud,
And startled all our spirits *Bellerophon*,
Wee'l mount our *Pegasus*, and through the ayre
Beare thee, vnto that fell *Chimeraes* den:
And in the slaughter of that monstrous beast
Assist thy valour. Thence to *Arges* flye,
Where by our sword th' vsurper next must dye.

Beller. We are proud of your assistance, and withall
Assur'd of Conquest.

Perseus. Faire *Andromeda*,

Danaus shall be your guardiant towards *Arges*,
Where after this atchieuement we will meet,
To giue our grand-fire freedome. Come, lets part,
We through the ayre, you towards *Darreine* towre,
Where Tragicke ruine *Pretus* shall deuoure.

Exeunt.

Enter K. *Pretus*, and Q. *Aurea*.

Pretus. *Aurea*, we were too hasty in our doome,
To loose that knight, whose arme protected vs,
Whose fame kept all our neighbour Kings in awe:
Nor was our state confirm'd, but in his life.

Aurea. Let Traitors perish, and their plots decay,
And we still by diuine assistance sway.

Pretus. But say some Prince should plot *Acrisius* rescue,
Inuade great *Arges*, or siege *Darreine* tower,
Then should we wish *Bellerophon* againe,
To expose their fury, and their pride restraine.

Aurea. To cut off all these feares, cut off *Acrisius*,
Appeare to him a brother full as mercilesse
As he a cruell father, to his childe,
The beauteous *Danae* and her infant sonne.

Pretus. Onely his ruine must secure our state,
And he shall dye to cut off future claime
Vnto this populous kingdome we enioy.
Our guard, command our captiue brother hither,
Whom we this day must sentence. Oh *Bellerophon*!

Thy

The Silver Age.

Thy wrongs I halfe suspect thy doome : Repent,
Since all thy acts proclaime thee innocent.

Guar. Behold the King your brother. } *Acrisius brought in*
Pretus. We thus sentence } *by the guard.*

Thy life *Acrisius*, thou that hadst the heart
To thrust thy childe into a mastlesse boate ;
With a faire hopefull Prince, vnto the fury
And rage of the remorselesse windes and waues :
To doome these innocent Ladies to the fire,
That were her faultlesse guardians; the like sentence
Receiue from vs : We doome thee imminent death
Without delay or pause. Beare to the blocke
The tyrant, he that could not vse his raigne
With clemency, we thus his rage restraine.

Acris. Thou shew'st thy selfe in rigor pittifull,
And full of mercy in thy cruelty,
To take away that life, which to enioy
Were many deaths, hauing my *Danae* lost
With her sonne *Perseus* : hauing lost my kingdome,
All through the vaine feares of Prophetike spellles :
Why should I wish a wretched life to saue,
That may rest happy in a peacefull graue?

Pre. What shout is that? the proiect? } *A flourish and a shout.*
Gentl. Strange and admirable. } *Enter a gentleman.*

Bellerophon and a braue strange knight,
Both crownd in bloud in the *Chimeraes* spoyle,
Haue cleft the ayre on a swift winged steede,
And in your Court alighted ; both their swords
Bath'd in the Serpents bloud, they brandish still,
As if they yet some monster had to kill.

Pretus. *Bellerophon* return'd?
Thou hast amaz'd vs.

Enter Perseus, Danaus, and Bellerophon, with Andromeda.

Kill Pretus and Aurea, beat away the rest of the guard.

Perseus One monster (then the rude *Chimere* more fell)
That's *Pretus*, *Danaes* sonne must send to hell.

Pretus. Treason. Our guard.

The Silver Age.

Perseus. Liues there a man, the tyrant *Pretus* dead,
Saith that the Crowne shall not inuest his head?

All. We all stand for the King *Acrisius*.

Perf. Then by his generall sufferage once more raigne,
Since by our hand th'vsurper here lyes slaine.

Acrisius. Our hopelesse life, and new inuested state,
Strikes not so deepe into *Acrisius* ioyes,
As when he heares the name of *Danaes* sonne.
Liues *Danae*?

Perseus. Grand-sire, thy faire daughter liues
A potent *Queene*: we *Perseus* are her sonne,
This *Danaus* your hopefull grand-childe too:
Nor let me quite forget *Andromeda*,
By *Perseus* sword freed from the huge Sea-whale,
And now ingraft into your royall line.

Acrif. Diuide my soule amongst you, and impart
My life, my state, my kingdome, and my heart.
Oh had I *Danae* here, my ioyes to fill,
I truely then should be immortalis'd.
Renowned *Perseus*, *Danaus* inly deere,
And you bright Lady, faire *Andromeda*,
You are to me a stronger sort of ioy
Then *Darreines* brasse, which no siege can destroy.

Dana. My gran-sires sight doth promise as much blisse,
As can *Elisium*, or those pleasant fields,
Where the blest soules inhabite.

Andro. You are to me
As life on earth, in death eternity.

Acrisius. Let none presume our purpose to controwle:
For our decree is like the doome of Gods
Fixt and vnchanging: *Perseus* we create
Great *Arges* King, crown'd with this wreath of state.

Perseus. With like applause, and sufferage shall be seene.
The faire *Andromeda* crown'd *Arges* *Queene*.

Acrisius. Onely the *Darreine* tower I still reserue
In that to pennance me a life retir'd,
And in that shall proue the Oracle.

The Silver Age.

Faire *Danaes* sonne instated in my throne,
Shall thus confine me to an Arch of stone.
There will I liue, attended by my guard,
And leaue to thee the manadge of my Realme,
Our will is law, which none that beares vs well,
Will striue by word or action to refell.

Perf. The Gods behest with your resolute agree
To increase in vs this growing maiesty.
Bellerophon, we make thee next our selfe
Of state in *Arges*: *Danaus* you shall hence,
To cheere our mother in these glad reports,
And to succeed *Pelonnus*: but first stay,
Rights due to vs ere we the state can sway.

ACTUS 2. SCENA. I.

HOMER.

*Alacke! earths ioyes are but short-liu'd, and last
But like a puffe of breath which (thus) is past.*

*Acrisius in his fortresse lines retir'd,
Kept with a strong guard: Perseus reignes sole King,
Who in himselfe one sad night long desir'd
To see his grand-sire some glad newes to bring,
Whom the stearne warders (in the night) unknowne,
Seeke to keepe backe, whence all his griefe is growne.*

A dumbe shew.

*Enter 6 warders, to them Perseus, Danaus, Bellerophon and
Andromeda. Perseus takes his leaue of them to go towards the
tower: the warders repulse him, he drawes his sword. In the tu-
mult enter Acrisius to pacifie them, and in the hurly-burly is
slaine by Perseus, who laments his death. To them Bellerophon
and the rest: Perseus makes Bellerophon King of Arges, and
with Danaus and Andromeda departs.*

HOMER.

Perseus repulst, the sturdy Warder strikes,

The Silver Age.

*This breeds a tumult, out their weapons flye,
Acrisius heares their clamours and their strikes,
And downe descends this broyle to pacifie;*

Not knowing whence it growes: and in this brall,

Acrisius by his grand-childes hand doth fall.

The Oracle's fulfil'd, hee's turn'd to stone,

That's to his marble graue, by Danaes sonne;

Whish in the Prince breeds such lament and mone,

That longer there to reigne hee'l not be worne:

But first Bellerephon he will inuest,

And after makes his travels towards the East.

Of Iupiter now deifi'd and made

Supreme of all the Gods, we next proceed:

Your suppositions now must lend vs ayd,

That he can all things (as a God indeed.)

Our sceane is Thebes: here faire Alcmena dwels,

Her husband in his warfare thrines abroad,

And by his chivalry his foes expels.

He absent, now descends th' Olimpicke God,

Innamored of Alcmena, and trans-shapes

Himselfe into her husband: Ganimed

He makes assistant in his amorous rapes,

Whil' st he preferres the earth fore Iunoes bed.

Lend vs your wonted patience without scorne,

To finde how Hercules was got and borne.

*Enter Amphytrio with two Captaines and Socia with drum and
colours: hee brings in the head of a crowned King, swears the
Lords to the obeysance of Thebes. They present him with a
standing bowle, which hee lockes in a Casket, and sending his
man with a letter before to his wife, with news of his victory. He
with his followers, and Blepharo the maister of the ship, mar-
cheth after.*

HOMER.

Creon that now reignes here, the Theban King,

Alcmenaes husband great Amphytrio made

The Siluer Age.

His Generall, who to his Lord doth bring
His enemies head that did his land inuade.
Thinke him returning home, but sends before
By letters to acquaint his beauteous wife
Of his successe, himselfe in sight of shore
Must land this night: where many a doubtfull strife
Amongst them growes, but Ioue himselfe discends,
Cuts off my speech, and heere my Chorus ends.

Thunder and lightning. Iupiter discends in a cloude.

Iup. Earth before heauen, we once more haue preferd:
Beauty that workes into the hearts of Gods:
As it hath power to mad the thoughts of men,
So euen in vs it hath attraction.
The faire *Alcmena* like the Sea-mans Starre
Shooting her glistering beauty vp to heauen,
Hath puld from thence the olimpick *Iupiter*
By vertue of thy raies, let *Iuno* skold,
And with her clamours fill the eares of heauen,
Let her bee like a Bachinall in rage,
And through our christall pallace breath exclames,
With her quicke feete the galaxia weare,
And with inquisitiue voice search through the Spheares.
Shee shall not find vs here, or should shee see vs,
Can shee distinguish vs being thus transhapt:
Where's *Ganimed*? we sent him to suruey
Amphitrioes Pallace, where we meane to lodge

Enter Ganimed shapt like Socia.

In happy time return'd: now *Socia*.

Gani. Indeed that's my name, as sure
As your's is *Amphitrio*.

Iup. Three nights I haue put in one to take our fill
Of daliance with this beauteous *Theban* dame.
A powerfull charme is cast or'e *Phcebus* eies:
Who sleeps this night within the euxine sea,
And till the third day shall forget his charge

The Silver Age.

To mount the golden chariot of the Sunne,
The Antipodes to vs, shall haue a day
Of three daies length. Now at this houre is fought
By *Iosua* Duke vnto the Hebrew Nation,
(Who are indeede the Antipodes to vs)
His famous battle 'gainst the *Cananites*,
And at his orison the Sunne stands still,
That he may haue there slaughter, *Ganimed*
Go knocke and get vs entrance.

Exit Iupiter.

Gani. Before I knocke, let mee a little determine with my selfe, If I be accessary to *Iupiter* in his amorous purpose, I am little better then a parcell guilt baud, but must excuse my selfe thus, *Ganimed* is now not *Ganimed*, And if this imputation be put vpon mee, let it light vpon *Socia*, whom I am now to personate; but I am too long in the Prologue of this merry play we are to act, I will knocke, and the Seruingmen shall enter.

1. *Seruing.* Who knocks so late?

Gani. Hee that must in, open for *Socia*,
Who brings you newes home of the *Theban* warres.

2. *Ser.* *Socia* returned.

Enter 3. Seruingmen.

3. *Ser.* Vnhurt, vnslaine?

Gani. Euen as you see, and how, and how?

1. *Ser.* *Socia*? let me haue an arme full of thee.

Gani. Arme fulls, and handfulls too, my boyes.

2. *Ser.* The news, the news, how doth my Lord *Amphitrio*?

Gani. Nay, how doth my Lady *Alcmena*, some of you cary her word my Lord will be heere presently.

1. *Ser.* I'll be the messenger of these glad newes.

2. *Ser.* I'll haue a hand in't too.

3. *Ser.* I'll not be last.

Exeunt Seruingmen.

Gani. They are gone to informe their Lady, who will bee ready to intertaine a counterfeite Lord, *Iupiter* is preparing himselfe to meet *Alcmena*, *Alcmena*, she to encounter *Iupiter*, her beauty hath enchanted him, his metamorphosis must beguile her: al's put to prooffe, I'll into furnish my Lord whilst my fellow seruants attend their Lady: they come.

Enter

The Silver Age.

Enter at one dore *Alcmena*, *Theffala*, 4. *Seruingmen*; at the other
Iupiter shapt like *Amphitrio* to *Ganimed*.

Alcm. But are you sure you spake with *Socia*?
And did hee tell you of *Amphitrio*'s health?

1. *Ser.* Madam, I assure you, wee spake with *Socia*, and
my *L. Amphitrio* will be here instantly.

Alcm. Vsher me in a costly banquet straight
To entertaine my Lord, let all the windowes
Glister with lights like starres, cast sweete perfumes
To breath to heauen their odoriferous aires,
And tell the Gods my husband's safe return'd,
If you be sure 'twas *Socia*.

2. *Ser.* Madam take my life, if it be not true.

Alcm. Then praise be to the highest *Iupiter*,
Whose powerfull arme gaue strength vnto my Lord
To worke his safety through these dangerous warres,
Hang with our richest workes our chambers round,
And let the roome wherein we rest to night,
Flow with no lesse delight, then *Iuno*'s bed
When in her armes she claspeth *Iupiter*,

Iup. I'll fill thy bed with more delighfull sweetes,
Then when with *Mars* the *Ciprian Venus* meetes.

Alcm. See how you stir for odours, lights, choise cates,
Spices, and wines, is not *Amphitrio* comming
With honour from the warres? where's your attendance?
Sweete waters, costly ointments, pretious bathes,
Let me haue all, for tast, touch, smell, and sight,
All his fiue senses wee will feast this night.

Iup. 'Tis time to appeare, *Alcmena*:

Alcm. My deere Lord.

Gani. It workes, it workes, now for *Iuno* to set a
Skold betweene them.

A banquet brought in.

Alcm. Oh may these armes that guarded *Thebes* and vs,
Be euer thus my girdle, that in them.

The Silver Age.

I may liue euer safe, welcome *Amphitrio*
A banquet, lights, attendance; good may Lord
Tell mee your warres discourse.

Iup. Sit faire *Alcmena*.

Alcm. Proceede my dearest loue.

Iup. I as great Generall to the *Theban*' King,
March't gainst the *Teleboans*: who make head
And offer vs encounter: both our Armies
Are cast in forme, well fronted, sleeu'd and wing'd
Wee throw our voves to heauen, the Trumpets sound,
The battels signall, now beginnes the incursions,
The earth beneath our armed burdens groanes,
Shootes from each side reuerberat gainst heauen,
With Arrowes and with Darts the aire growes darke
And now confusion ruffles, Heere the shoutes
Of Victors sound, there groanes of death are heard,
Slaughter on all sides; still our eminent hand
Towers in the aire a victor, whilst the enemy
Haue their despoyled helmets crown'd in dust.
Wee stand, they fall, yet still King *Ptelera*
Striues to make head, and with a fresh supply
Takes vp the mid-field: him *Amphitrio* fronts
With equall armes, wee the two Generals
Fight hand to hand, but *Ioue* omnipotent
Gau me his life and head, which we to morrow
Must giue to King *Croon*.

Alcm. All my orisons
Fought on your side, and with their powerfull weight,
Added vnto the ponder of your sword,
To make it heauy on the Burgonet
Of slaughtered *Ptelera*.

Iup. I for my reward,
Had by the Subiects of that conquered King
A golden cup presented, the choice boule
In which the slaughtered Tyrant vs'd to quaffe. *Socia*.

Gani. My Lord.

Iup. The cup, see faire *Alcmena*:

The Silver Age.

Gani. This cup *Mercury* stole out of *Amphitrioes* casket, but al's one as long as it is truely deliuered.

Alcm. In this rich boule I'le onely quaffe your health,
Or vse, when to the Gods I sacrifice.
Is our chamber ready?

Inp. Gladly I'de to bed,
Where I will mix with kisses my discourse,
And tell the whole proiect.

Alcm. Mirth abound,
Through all these golden roofes let musicke sound,
To charme my Lord to soft and downy rest.

Inp. Come light vs to our sheetes.

Alcm. *Amphitrioes* head
Shall heere be pillowed, light's then and to bed.

Exeunt with Torches.

Gani. Alas poore *Amphitrio* I pittie thee that art to be made
cuckold against thy wiues will, she is honest in her worst di-
shonesty, and chaste in the superlatiue degree of in chastity:
but I am set heere to keepe the gate: now to my office.

Eneer Socia with a letter.

Socia. Heere's a night of nights, I thinke the Moone
stands stil and all the Stars are a sleepe, he that driues *Charles*
wayne is taking a nap in his cart, for they are all at a stand,
this night hath bene as long as two nights already, and I
thinke 'tis now entring on the third; I am glad yet that out
of this vtter darkenes I am come to see lights in my Ladies
Pallace: there will be simple newes for her when I shall tell
her my Lord is comming home.

Gani. 'Tis *Socia* and *Amphitrioes* man, sent before to
tell his Lady of her husband, I must preuent him.

Socia. This night will neuer haue an end, he that hath hired
a wench to lie with him all this night, hath time enough I
thinke to take his peny worths, but I'le knocke.

Gan. I charge thee not to knock here least thou be knocked.

Socia. What not at my Maisters gate.

Gani. I charge thee once more, tell mee whose thou art?
whether thou goest, and wherefore thou comest?

The Silver Age.

Socia. Hither I go, I serue my Maister, and come to speak with my Lady, what art thou the wiser? nay, if thou beest a good fellow let me passe by thee.

Gani. Whom dost thou serue?

Socia. I serue my Lord *Amphitrio*, and am sent in hast to my Lady *Alcmena*.

Gani. Thy name?

Socia. *Socia*.

Gani. Base counterfeit take that, can you not be content to come sneaking to one's house in the night, to rob it, but you must likewise rob me of my name?

Socia. Thy name, why, what's thy name?

Gani. *Socia*.

Socia. *Socia*, and whom dost thou serue?

Gani. My Lord *Amphitrio* chiefe of the *Theban* Legions, and my Lady *Alcmena*, but what's that to thee?

Socia. Ha, ha, That's a good iest, but do you heare, If you be *Socia* my Lord *Amphitrios* man, and my Lady *Alcmenaes*, Where dost thou lie.

Gani. Where do I lie? why in the Porters Lodge.

Socia. You are deceiu'd, you lie in your throate, there's but one *Socia* belongs to this house, and that am I.

Gani. Lies laue, and wilt out-face mee from my name? I'le vse you like your selfe a counterfeit, *Beats him.*
What art thou? speake?

Socia. I cannot tell.

Gani. Whom dost thou serue?

Socia. The time. *Gani.* Thy name?

Socia. Nothing.

Gani. Thy businesse? *Socia.* To be beaten.

Gani. And what am I?

Socia. What you will. *Gani.* Am not I *Socia*?

Socia. If you be not, I would you were so, to be beaten in my place.

Gani. I knew my L. had no seruant of that name but me.

Socia. Shall I speake a few coole words, and bar buffeting.

Gani. Speake freely.

The Silver Age.

Socia. You will not strike. *Gani.* Say on.

Socia. I am the party you wot off, I am *Socia*, you may strike if you will; but in beating me (if you be *Socia*) I assure you, you shall but beate your selfe.

Gani. The fellowes mad.

Socia. Mad, am I not newly landed? sent hither by my Maister? Is not this our house? Do I not speake? Am I not awake? Am I not newly beaten? Do I not feele it still? And shall I doubt I am not my selfe? come, come, I'le in and doe my message.

Gani. Sirrah, I haue indured you with much impatience, Wilt thou make me belecue I am not *Socia*?

Was not our ships launcht out off the Per sicke hauens?

Did I not land this night?

Haue we not won the Towne where *K. Ptelera* raign'd?

Haue we not orethrowne the *Teleboans*?

Did not my Lord *Amphitrio* kill the King hand to hand?

And did hee not send mee this night with a letter to certify my Lady *Alcmena* of all these newes.

Socia. I beginne to mistrust my selfe, all this is as true as if I had told it my selfe; but Il'e try him further: What did the *Teleboans* present my Lord with after the victory.

Gani. With a golden cuppe in which the King himselfe vs'd to quaffe.

Socia. Where did I put it.

Gani. That I know not, but I put it into a casket, sign'd by my Lords Signet.

Socia. And what's the Signet?

Gani. The Sun rising from the East in his Chariot, But do you come to vndermine me you slaue?

Socia. I must go seeke some other name, I am halfe hang'd already, for my good name is lost; once more resolue me, if thou canst tell me what I did alone I will resigne thee my name: if thou bee'st *Socia*, when the battles began to ioyne, as soone as they beganne to skirmish, what didst thou?

Gani. As soone as they began to fight I began to runne.

Socia. Whither?

The Silver Age.

Gani. Into my Lords tent, and their 'hid mee vnder a bed.

Socia. I am gone, I am gone, somebody for charity sake either lend mee or giue me a name, for this I haue lost by the way, and now I looke better on he, me; or I, hee; as he hath got my name, hee hath got my shape, countenance, stature, and euery thing so right, that he can bee no other then I my owne selfe; but when I thinke that I am I, the same I euer was, know my Maister, his house, haue sence, feeling, and vnderstanding, know my message, my businesse, why should I not in to deliuer my letter to my Lady.

Gani. That letter is deliuered by my hand.
My Lady knowes all, and expects her Lord,
And I her seruant *Socia* am set heere
To keepe such idle raskals from the gate,
Then leaue mee, and by faire meanes, or I'll send thee leg-
lesse, or armelesse hence.

Socia. Nay, thou hast rob'd me of enough already, I would bee loath to loose my name and limbes both in one night: where haue I miscaried? where bene chang'd? Did I not leaue my selfe behind in the ship when I came away, I'll euen backe to my Maister and see if hee know mee, if hee know me, if he call me *Socia*, and will beare me out in't, I'll come backe and do my message, spight of him saies nay,
Farewell selfe.

Exit.

Gani. This obstacle, the father of more troubles
I haue put off, and kept him from disturbance
In their adulterate pastimes, faire *Alcmena*
Is great already by *Amphitrio*
And neere her time, and if shee proue by *Iupiter*
He by his power and God-hood will contract
Both births in one, to make her throwes the lesse:
And at one instant shee shall child two issues,
Begot by *Ioue* and by *Amphitrio*.
The house by this long charm'd by *Hermes* rod
Are stirring and *Ioue* gluttet with delights,
Ready to take his leaue, through satiate

The Silver Age.

With amorous dalliance: parting's not so sweet
Betweene our louers, as when first they meet.

Enter Iupiter, Alcmena, and the servants.

Iupit. My deereft loue fare-well, we Generals
Cannot be absent from our charges long:
I stole from th' Army to repose with thee,
And must before the Sunne mount to his Chariot,
Be there againe.

Alcm. My Lord, you come at midnight,
And you make haste too, to be gone ere morne,
You rise before your bed be throughly warme.

Iup. Fairest of our *Theban* Dames, accuse me not,
I left the charge of Souldiers to report
The fortune of our battailes first to thee:
Which should the campe know, they would lay on me
A grieuous imputation, that the beauty
Of my faire wife, can with *Amphitrio* more
Then can the charge of legions. As my comning
Was secret and conceal'd, so my returne,
Which shall be short and sudden.

Alc. That I feare,
Better I had to keepe you beeing here.

Iup. Nay part we must sweet Lady, dry your teares.

Alc. You'l make my minuts months, & daies seeme yeares.

Iup. Your businesse ere we part?

Alc. Onely to pray
You will make haste, not be too long away. Fare-well.

Iup. Fare-well. Come *Ganimed*, 'tis done,
And faire *Alcmena* sped with a yong sonne. *Exit.*

Enter Amphitrio, Socia, two Captaines with attendants.

Amph. Oh Gentlemen, was euer man thus crost?
So strangely flowted by an abiect groome?
That either dreames, or's mad: one that speakes nothing
Sauing impossibilities, and meerely
False and absurd. Thus thou art here, and there,

The Silver Age.

With me, at home, and at one instant both,
In vaine are these delirements, and to me
Most deeply incredible.

Socia. I am your owne, you may vse me as you please:
One would thinke I had lost inough already, to loose my
name, and shape, and now to loose your fauour too. Oh!

1. *Capt.* Fye *Socia*, you too much forget your selfe,
And 'tis beyond all sufferance in your Lord,
To vse no violent hand.

Socia. You may say what you will, but a truth is a truth.

2. *Capt.* But this is neither true nor probable,
That this one body can deuide it selfe,
And be in two set places. Fie *Socia*, fie.

Socia. I tell you as it is.

Amph. Slaue of all slaues the basest: vrge me not,
Persist in these absurdities, and I vow
To cut thy tongue out, haue thee scourg'd and beaten,
Il'e haue thee flay'd.

Socia. You may so, you may as well take my skin as ano-
ther take my name and phisnomy: all goes one way.

Amph. Tell ore thy tale againe, make it more plaine.
Pray gentlemen your cares.

Socia. Then as I sayd before, so I say still: I am at home;
do you heare? I am heare: do you see? I spake with my La-
dy at home; yet could not come in at the gate to see her: I
deliuered her your letter, and yet haue it still in my hand.
Is not this plaine? do you vnderstand me? I am neither mad
nor drunke, but what I speake is in sober sadnesse.

1. *Cap.* Fie *Socia*, fie, thou art much, too much too blame.

2. *Capt.* How dare you tempt your maisters patience
thus?

Amph. Thinke not to scape thus: yet once more resolute me
And faithfully: Do'st thou thinke it possible
Thou canst be here and there? Be sencible,
And tell me *Socia*.

Socia. 'Tis possible; nor blame I you to wonder: for it
maruels me as much as any heere: Nor did I beleue that

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Hee, my owne selfe, that is at home, till hee did conuince me with arguments, told me euery thing I did at the siege, remembered my arrand better then my selfe : Nor is water more like to water, nor milke to milke, then that He and I are to me and him : For when you sent me home about midnight—

Amph. What, then?

Socia. I stood there to keepe the gate a great while before I came at it.

Capt. The fellow's mad.

Socia. I am as you see.

Amph. He hath been strooke by some malevolent hand.

Socia. Nay that's certaine: for I haue been soundly beaten.

Amph. Who beat thee.

Socia. I my owne selfe that am at home, how oft shall I tell you?

Amph. Sirrah, wee'l owe you this. Now gentlemen You that haue beene co-partners in our warres, Shall now co-part our welcome: we will visite Our beauteous wife; with whom (our businesse ended) We haue leasure to conferre.

Enter Alcmena with her servants and Mayd.

Alc. Haue you took down those hangings that were plac'd To entertaine my Lord?

1. *Seru.* Madamè they are.

Alc. And is our priuate bed-chamber dis-roab'd Of all her beauty? to looke ruinous, Till my Lords presence shall repair't againe.

2. *Seru.* 'Tis done as you directed.

Alc. Euery chamber, Office and roome, shall in his absence looke, As if they mist their maister, and beare part With mee in my resembled widow-hood.

3. *Seru.* That needs not madame: See my Lord's return'd.

Alc. And made such haste to leaue me: I misdoubt, Some tricke in this: It is distrust or feare

The Silver Age.

Of my prou'd vertue : value it at best,
'Tcan be no lesse then idle ieaousie.

Amph. See bright *Alcmena*, with my sudden greeting,
I'll rap her soule to heauen, and make her surfet
With ioyes aboundance. Beauteous Lady see
Amphitrio return'd a Conquerour,
Glad to vnfold in his victorious armes
Thy nine-moneth absent body, whose ripe birth
Swels with such beauty in thy constant wombe.
How cheeres my Lady?

Alc. So, so, wee'l do to her your kinde commends,
You may make bold to play vpon your friends.

Amph. Ha, what language call you this, that seemes to me
Past vnderstanding? I conceiue it not,
Ireioyce to see you wife.

Alc. Yet shals haue more?
You do but now, as you haue done before.
Pray flowt me still, and do your selfe that right,
To tell that ore you told me yester-night.

Amph. What yesternight? *Alcmena* this your greeting
Distastes me. I but now, now, with these gentlemen
Landed at *Thebes*, and came to do my loue
To thee, before my duty to my King.
This strangeness much amazeth me.

Socia. We haue found one *Socia*, but we are like to loose
an *Amphitrio*.

Alc. Shall I be plaine my Lord? I take it ill,
That you, whom I receiue'd late yester-night,
Gaued you my freest welcome, feasted you,
Lodg'd you, and but this morning, two houres since
Tooke leaue of you with teares, that your returne
So sudden, should be furnisht with such scorne.

Amph. Gentlemen, I feare the madness of my man
Is fled into her braine, be these my witnesse,
I am but newly landed : witnesse these
With whom I haue not parted,

I. Capt. In this we needs must take our Generals part,

And

The Silver Age.

And witness of his side.

Alc. And bring you witness to suggest your wrongs,
Against you two I can oppose all these.
Receiv'd I not *Amphitrio* yester-night?

1. Serv. I assure you my Lord remember your selfe, you
were here yester-night.

All. 'Tis most certaine.

Amph. These villaines all are by my wife suborn'd,
To seeke to mad me. Gentlemen pray list,
Wee'l giue this error scope: Pray at what time
Gauē you me entertainment the last night?

Alc. As though you know not? Well, It's fit your humor,
And tell you what you better know then I.

At mid-night.

Amph. At mid-night: Pray obserue that Gentlemen,
At mid-night we were in discourse a boord
Of my Commission: *2. Capt.* I remembr't well.

Amph. What did we then at mid-night?

Alc. Sate to banquet.

1. Serv. Where I waited. *2. Serv.* So did we all.

Amph. And I was there at banquet.

3. Serv. Your Lordship's merry: do you make a question
of that? *Alc.* At banquet you discours't the Inter-view
Betweene the *Theleboans* and your hoast.

Amph. Belike then you can tell vs our successe,
Ere we that are the first to bring these newes
Can vtter it.

Alc. Your Lordship's pleasant still.
The battailes ioynd, cryes past on either side,
Long was the skirmish doubtfull, till the *Thebans*
Opprest the *Theleboans*: but the battaile
Was by the King renewed: who face to face
And hand to hand, met with *Amphitrio*:
You fought, and arme to arme in single combat,
Troad on his head a Victor.

Amph. How came you by this?

Alc. As though you told it not.

The Silver Age.

Amph. Well then, after banquet?

Alc. We kist, embrac'd, our chamber was made ready.

Amph. And then? *Alc.* To bed we went.

Amph. And there? *Alc.* You slept in these my armes.

Amph. Strumpet, no more.

Madnesse and impudence contend in thee,
Which shall afflict me most.

Alc. Your icalousie

And this imposturous wrong, heapes on me iniuries
More then my sex can beare: you had best deny
The gift you gaue me too.

Amph. Oh heauen! what gift?

Alc. The golden Cup the *Theleboans* King
Vs'd still to quaffe in.

Amph. Indeed I had such purpose,
But that I keepe safe lock't. Shew me the bowle.

Alc. *Thessala* the standing cup *Amphitrio* gaue me
Last night at banquet, ther's the key.

Thessal. I shall.

1. *Capt.* My Lord, ther's much amazement in the opening of these strange doubts, the more you seeke to vnfold them, the more they puzle vs.

2. *Capt.* How came she by the notice
And true recitall of the battailes fortune?

Amph. That hath this villaine told her, on my life.

Soc. Not I, I disclaime it, vnlesse it were my tother selfe, I haue no hand in it. *Enter Thessala with the cup.*

Thessal. Madame, the bowle.

Alc. Restor't *Amphitrio*,

I am not worthy to be trusted with it.

Amph. The forme, the mettal, and the grauing too.
'Tis somewhat strange. *Socia*, the casket streight.

Socia. Here sir.

Amph. What, is my signet safe? *Soc.* Vntouch't.

Amph. Then will I shew her streight that bowle
The *Theleboans* gaue me. Wher's my key?

Soc. Here sir. This is the strangest that ere I heard, I *Socia*
haue

The Silver Age.

haue begot another *Socia*, my Lord *Amphitrio* hath begot another *Amphitrio*. Now, if this golden bowle haue begot another golden bowle, we shall be all twin'd and doubled.

Amph. Behold an empty casket.

Alc. This notwithstanding you deny your gift,
Our meeting, banquet, and our sportfull night.
Your mornings parting.

Amph. All these I deny
As false, and past all nature, yet this goblet
Breeds in me wonder, with the true report
Of our warres proiect: But I am my selfe
New landed with these Captaines, and my men,
Deny all banquets and affaires of bed,
Which thou shalt deerely answere.

Alc. Aske your seruants
If I mis-say in ought.

1. Seru. My Lord, there is nothing said by my Lady, but we are eye-witnesse of, and will iustifie on our oathes.

Amph. And will you tempt me still?
Socia, run to the ship, bring me the maister,
And he shall with these Captaines iustifie
On my behalfe, whilst I reuenge my selfe
On these false seruants, that support their Lady
In her adulterous practife. Villaines, dogges.

1. Capt. Patience my Lord. *Amphitrio* beats in his men. *Exit.*

Alc. Nay let him still proceed,
That hauing kild them, I may likewise bleed.
His frensie is my death, life I despise,
These are the fruits of idle ielousies.

Yonder he comes againe, *Enter Iupiter.*
So soone appeas'd,

And from his fury: I shall nere forget
This iniury, till I haue paid his debt.

Iupiter. What sad *Alcmena*? Pre'thee pardon me,
'Twas but my humour, and I now am sorry.
Nay whither turn'st thou?

Alcm. All the wit I haue,

The Silver Age.

I must expresse: borne to be made a slaue :
I wonder you can hold your hands, not strike,
If I a strumpet be, and wrong your bed,
Why doth not your rude hand assault this head ?

Iup. Oh my sweet wife, of what I did in sport,
Condemne me not : If needs, then chide me for't.

Alc. Was it because I was last night to free
Of courteous dalliance, that you iniure me ?
Was I too lauish of my loue ? Next night
Feare not, Il'e keepe you short of your delight :
Il'e learne to keepe you off, and seeme more coy,
You shall no more swim in excesse of ioy,
Looke for't hereafter.

Iup. Punish me I pray.

Alc. Giue me my dower and Il'e be gone away :
Leaue you to your harsh humors, and base strife,
Onely the honour of a vertuous wife
Il'e beare along ; my other substance keepe :
For in a widowed bed Il'e henceforth sleepe.

Iup. By this right hand, which you *Amphitrio* owe,
My wrongs henceforth shall nere afflikt you so.
Speake, are we friends ? By this soft kisse I sweare,
No Lady liuing is to me like deare.
These nuptiall brawles oft-times more loue beget :
The rauishing pleasures, when last night we met
We will redouble. These hands shall not part
Till we be reconcil'd.

Alc. You haue my heart ; nor can my anger last.

Iup. Faire loue then smile. *Enter Blepharo and Socia.*
And let our lips our hearts thus reconcile.

Bleph. Thou tel'st me wonders.

Socia. I assure you there are two *Socia's*, and for ought I
can heare, there are two *Amphitrio's* : we were in hope to
haue two golden bowles. Now if your ship can get two
maisters, you wil be simply furnish't to sea. But see my Lord
and my Lady are friends ; let vs be partakers of their recon-
cilement.

The Silver Age.

Blep. Haile to the generall : you sent to me my Lord.

Imp. True *Blepharo* :

But things are well made euen, and we attoned,
Your chiefeft businesse is to feast with vs.

Attend vs *Socia*. Faire *Alcmena* now

We are both one, combin'd by oath and vow. *Exeunt.*

Socia. Ther's musicke in this : If they feast Il'e feast with them, and make my belly amends for all the blowes receiu'd vpon my backe.

Enter Ganimed.

Gan. *Jupiter* and *Alcmena* are entred at the backe gate, whil'st *Amphitrio* is beating his seruants out at the fore-gate. Als in vp-rore: I do but watch to see him out in the street, to shut the gates against him. But yonder is *Socia*, Il'e passe by him without speaking.

Socia. I should haue seene your face when I haue look't my selfe in a glasse, your sweet phisnomy, should be of my acquaintance: I will not passe him without Conge.

They passe with many strange Conges.

Enter Amphitrio, beating before him his seruants, the two Captaines, they meet with Ganimed.

Amph. Villaines, dogges, diuels.

1. *Capt.* Noble Generall.

Amph. These wrongs are too indigne. *Socia* return'd? Where's *Blepharo*?

Gan. I haue sought him a boord; but he is in the Citty to see some of his friends, and will not returne till dinner. Now for a tricke to shut the gates vpon him. *Exit.*

Amph. Patience, if thou hast any power on earth, Infuse it here, or I these hypocrites, These base suggesters of their Ladies wrongs, Shall to the death pursue.

2. *Capt.* Finde for their punishment,
Some more deliberate reason: sleepe vpon't,
And by an order more direct and plaine

The Siluer Age.

Void of this strange confusion, censure them.

Amphi. Sir, you aduise well, I will qualify
This heate of rage: now I haue beate them forth
Let's in and see my wife, *Socia* stolne hence
And the gates shut, let's knocke.

Knockes, enter

Ganimed above.

Gani. What Ruffin's that that knockes? you thinke belike
the nailes of our dores are as sawcy as your selfe, that they
neede bearing.

Amphi. *Socia* I am thy Lord *Amphitrio*.

Gani. Your are a fooles head of your owne, are you not?

Amphi. Ruffin and foole. (tised.

Gani. Take coxcombe and asse along, if you bee not sa-

Amphi. Do you condemne me now, pray Gentlemen
Do me but right, haue I iust cause to rage?

Can you that haue perswaded mee to peace

Brooke this? oh for some battering engine heere

To race my Pallace walles, or some iron Ramme

To plant against these gates,

Gani. Sirrah, I'le make you eate these words, stay but
till I come downe, I'le send you thence with a vengeance, I
am now comming, looke to't, I'le tickle you with your
counterfeit companions there. *Exit.*

1. *Cap.* This is too much, 'tis not to be indured.

Amphi. I wish of heauen to haue no longer life then
once more to behold him, hee shall pay for all the rest.

2. *Cap.* He promist to come downe.

Enter Socia and Blepharo.

1. *Cap.* And I thinke hee will, for harke, I heare the
gates open.

Amphi. Forbeare a little, note the villaines humor.

Socia. Al's quiet within, I'le go helpe to fetch my Lords
stufte from ship, but see, hee's out of the gates before vs,
which way came hee?

Bleph. Hee hath made hast.

Socia. I thinke he hath crept through the key-hole.

Amph. Nay, I'le be patient feare not, note my humor: *Socia.*

Socia.

The Silver Age.

Socia. My Lord.

Amphi. My honest *Blepharo* I'll talke with you anone, my faithfull seruant, who past this house to you, that you haue power to keepe the Maister out? tell me, what know you by your faire Mistresse, that you call your Lord coxcombe and asse, (may I am patient still) *Amphitrioes* name is heere forgot, foole, ruffin are nothing, them I pardon, now you are downe, when do you beate me head-long from the gate, and these my counterfeit companions hence.

Socia. Who I, I, is your Lordship as wise as God might haue made you, I

Amphi. You see we are here still, when doe you strike, what? not: Then I'll beginne with you.

Bleph. *Amphitrio.*

Socia. My Lord's mad, helpe Gentlemen.

Bleph. If you be Gentlemen and loue *Amphitrio,*

Or if you know me to be *Blepharo*

Your Maister that transported you by sea

Giue not this madnesse scope, vpon my credit

Socia is guiltlesse of this false surmise.

Amphi. Is *Blepharo* turn'd mad too.

Bleph. Generall no,

It pitties me that left you late so milde

And in such peacefull conference with your wife

So suddenly to finde you lunaticke,

Pray helpe to bind him Gentlemen.

Amphi. So, so, am I abus'd or no, speake fellow souldiers.

1. *Cap.* Insufferable, and yet forbear your rage,

Breath, breath, vpon't and find some other leasure

These errors to determine. *Enter Iupiter, Alcmena, Gani-*

Amphi. Well, I will. *med before, all the seruants running fearefully.*

Socia. Yonder's my brother, my same selfe.

Bleph. Two *Socia's*, two *Amphitrioes.*

1. *Cap.* Coniuring, witch-craft.

Iup. Friends and my fellow souldiers, you haue dealt

Unfriendly with mee, to besiedge my house

With

The Silver Age.

With these exclamings, to bring Imposters hither.
Is there no law in *Thebes*? will *Creon* suffer me
For all my seruice, to be iniur'd thus?

Amph. Bee'st thou infernall hagge, or fiend incarnate,
I coniure thee.

Imp. Friends, I appeale to you :
When haue you knowne me mad? when rage and raue?
Shall my humanity and mildnesse thus
Be recompens't? to be out-brau'd, out-fac'd
By some deluding Fairy? To haue my seruants
Beat from my gates? my Generall house disturb'd,
My wife full growne, and groaning, ready now
To inuoke *Lucina*, to be check't and scorn'd?
Examine all my deeds, *Amphitrioes* mildnesse
Had neuer reference to this Iuglers rage.

1. Capt. Sure this is the Generall, he was euer a milde Gentleman : Il'e follow him.

2. Capt. There can be but one *Amphitrio*, and this appeares to be he by his noble carriage.

Bleph. This is that *Amphitrio* I conducted by sea :

1. Seru. My Lord was neuer mad-man. This shall be my maister.

All. And mine.

Alc. This is my husband.

Soc. Il'e euen make bold to go with the best.

Gan. Soft sir, the true *Socia* must goe with the true *Amphitrio*.

Amph. Oh thou omnipotent thunder! strike *Amphitrio*,
And free me from this labyrinth.

Imp. Gentlemen,

My house is free to you; onely debar'd
These Counterfets: These gates that them exclude,
Stand open to you: Enter, and taste our bounty,
Attend vs. Lasse poore *Amphitrio*,
I must confesse I do thee too much wrong,
To keep thee in these maze of doubt's so long;
Which here shall end: For *Inno* I espy,

Who

The Silver Age.

Who all our amorous pastimes sees from hie :
As she descends, so must I mount the spheares
To stop her, lest she thunder in our eares.

Exeunt all but Amphitrio and Socia.

Amph. What art thou?

Soc. Nay, what art thou?

Amph. I am not my selfe.

Soc. You would not belecue me when I sayd I was not
my selfe : why should I belecue you?

Amph. Art thou *Socia*?

Soc. That's more then I can resolute you : for the world
is growne so dangerous, a man dares scarce make bold with
his owne name ; but I am he was sent with a letter to my
Lady.

Amph. And I am he that sent thee with that letter,
Yet dare not say I am *Amphitrio* ;
My wife, house, friends, my seruants all deny me.

Soc. You haue reason to loue me the better, since none
stickes to you but I.

Amph. Let all yon starry structure from his basses
Shrinke to the earth, that the whole face of heauen
Falling vpon forlorne *Amphitrio*,
May like a marble monumentall stone,
Lye on me in my graue. Eternal sleep
Cast a nocturnall filme before these eyes,
That they may nere more gaze vpon yon heuens,
That haue beheld my shame : or sleepe or death
Command me shut these opticke windowes in :
My braine is coffin'd in a bed of lead,
'Tis cold and heauy ; be my pillow *Socia* :
For I must sleepe.

Soc. And so must I, pray make no noyse, for waking me
or my maister.

They sleepe.

Iuno and Iris descend from the heauens.

Iuno. *Iris* away, I haue found th'adulterer now :
Since *Mercury* faire *Ioë's* keeper slew,
The hundred-eyed *Argus*, I haue none

The Silver Age.

To dogge and watch him when he leaues the heauens.
No sooner did I misse him, but I sought
Heauen, sea, and earth: I brib'd the sunne by day,
And starres by night; but all their icalous eyes
He with thicke mists hath blinded, and so scap't.
Iris my Raine-bow threw her circle round,
If he had beene on earth, to haue clasp't him in,
And kept him in the circle of her armes
Till she had cal'd for *Iuno*: But her search
He soone deluded in his slye trans-shapes.
And till I saw here two *Amphitrioes*,
I had not once suspected him in *Thebes*.
Roab'd all in wrath, and clad in scarlet fury,
I come to be aueng'd vpon that strumpet
That durst presume to adulterate *Iuno*s bed.
Pull me from heauen (faire *Iris*) a blacke cloud,
From which Il'e fashion me a beldams shape,
And such a powerfull charme Il'e cast on her,
As that her bastard-brats shall nere be borne;
But make her wombe their Tombes. *Iris* away.

Iris. I flye Madame.

Exit Iris.

Iuno. No, these are mortals, and not them I seeke.

I feare me if he heare of me in *Thebes*,
He (with his Minion) streight will mout the heauens.
But let him feat him on the loftiest spire
Heauen hath: or place me in the lowest of hell,
Il'e reach him with my clamours.

Socia. Hey-ho, now am I dream'd of a scold.

Enter Iris with a habit.

Iuno. But *Iris* is return'd: Rage, feast thy fill,
Till I the mother sley, the bastards kill.

Exit Iuno.

Thunder and lightning. All the seruants run out of the house af-
frighted, the two Captains and Blepharo, Amphitrio and So-
cia amazedly awake: Iupiter appeares in his glory vnder a
Raine-bow, to whom they all kneele.

Iup. The Thunderer, Thunderers, and the Lord of feare,
Bids

The Silver Age.

Bids thee not feare at all *Amphitrio*.

Ioue, that against the *Theleboans* gaue thee

The palme of Conquest, and hath crown'd thy browes

With a victorious wreath, commands thy peace

With faire *Alcmena*, she that neuer bosom'd

Mortall, saue thee; The errors of thy seruants

Forbeare to punish, as forgot by vs,

And finde vs to thy prayers propitious.

Thy wife full growne, inuokes *Lucinaes* ayd:

Send in to cheare her in her painefull throwes.

Hers, and thy Orisons wee'l beare to heauen;

And they in all your greatest doubts and feares,

Shall haue accessse to our immortall eares.

Amph. *Ioue* is our patron, and his power our awe,

His maiesty our wonder: will, our law.

Iup. Our Act thus ends, we would haue all things euen,

Smile you on earth whilst we reioyce in heauen.

ACTus 3.

Enter Homer one way, Iuno another.

Homer. Behold where *Iuno* comes, and with a spell
Shuts up the wombe by which *Ioues* sonne must passe:

For whilst shee Crosse-leg'd sits (as old wines tell,

And with clutch't hands) there is no way alas

For faire *Alcmena's* childing. All those wines

That beare her painfull throwes, are in dispaire:

Yet in her wombe the *Ioue-bred* Issue strives:

Three dayes are past, her paines still greater are.

But note a womans wit, though *Iuno* smile.

A Beldams braine the Goddessse shall beguile.

Iuno. Ha, ha! Now *Ioue* with thy omnipotence,

Make (if thou canst) way for thy bastards birth,

Whose passage I thus binde, and in this knot

Which till their deaths, shall neuer be dissolu'd,

The Siluer Age.

I haue power to strangle all the charmes of hell.
Nor powers of heauen shall streight me, till the deaths
Of yon adulteresse and her mechall brats.
Laugh Gods and men, sea, earth, and ayre make ioy,
That *Iuno* thus *Alcmena* can destroy.

*Enter the Midwife, Galantis, with two or three other
aged women.*

Gal. Haue you obseru'd her to sit crosse-leg'd euer
since my Lady began her trauell? I suspect witch-craft, Il'e
haue a tricke to rouze her.

Mit. No doubt but did she open her knees and fingers,
my Lady should haue safe deliuey.

Gal. Trust to my wit, Il'e in & find a meanes to startle her.

Beld. Note how the Beldame smiles, and in her clutches
Strangles my Ladies birth: some friend remoue her.

Iuno. Ha, ha, he, their teares my griefes recure,
Thus Ireuenge me of their deeds impure.

Enter Galantis merry.

Gal. Now, *Ioue* be prais'd, and Ladies dry your teares,
And gentle Madame come reioyce with vs.

Iuno. Why, what's the matter?

Gal. I cannot hold my ioy: thanks faire *Lucina*
Goddesse of child-birth, *Ioue* and all be prais'd,

Alcmena is deliuered, brought to bed

Of a fine chopping boy.

Iuno riseth.

Iuno. Is my spell faild? how could I curse and teare?

Mit. The witch is rouz'd, in and see what newes.

Gal. Stay, stay, Il'e go see what cōfort's within: for when I
came out I left my poore Lady in midst of all her torment.

Iuno. What edge of steele, or Adamantine chaine,
Hath forc'd in two the vertue of my charme?

Which Gods and diuels gane vnite consent

To be infract? Oh powerfull *Iupiter!*

Ifeare thy hand's in this.

Enter Galantis extremely laughing.

Beld.

The Siluer Age.

Reld. How the witch stormes!

Iuno. What meanes the wretch to hold her sides & laugh,
And still to point at me? How now *Galantis*?

Gal. That's my name indeed: (hold heart, hold) you are a
witch, are you? you fat crosse-leg'd, did you? my Lady could
not bee brought to bed; could she? And now *Gallantis* hath
gul'd you, hath she? *Iuno.* The mortall.

Gal. Il'e tell thee; I suspecting thy trechery to my Lady,
brought in counterfet newes she was brought to bed, which
you (gooddy witch) no sooner heard, but rose vp; & no soe-
ner you had cast your armes abroad, but my Lady was deli-
uered of two goodly boyes, one like my Lord *Amphitrio*,
but the other the brauest chopping lad— laugh the beldam
out of her skin, & then returne to comfort my Lady. *Exeunt*

Iuno. Oh that we should be subiect to the Fates!
And though being Gods, yet by their power be crost.

Galantis. Il'e be first reueng'd on thee
For this derision; and trant-forme thy shape
To some sowle monster, that shall beare thy name.

And are the bastards borne? They haue past the wombe,
They shall not passe the cradle. *Iris* Ho. *Enter Iris.*

Iris. Madame.

Iuno. Fly into *Affricke*, from the mountaines there
Chuse me two venemous serpents, of the blood
That *Persus* dropt out of the Gorgons head
When on his winged horse, with that new spoyle
He crost the *Affricke* climate: thou shalt know them
By their fell poyson, and their fierce aspect. When *Iris*?

Iris. I am gone.

Iuno. Hasten *Iris*, flye with expeditions wings,
These brats shall dye by their inuenomed stings.

HOMER.

The iealous Goddesse in the Chamber throwes
The poisonous serpents, who soone wound and kill
Yong Ipectetes, whom Amphitrio omes.
But Hercules, whom Ioue with power doth fill,

The Silver Age.

You first shall in his infant-cradle see,
Ere growne a man, famous for chivalrie.

The Nurses bring yong Hercules in his Cradle, and leave him.
Enter Iuno and Iris with two snakes, put them to the childe
and depart: Hercules strangles them: so them Amphitrio, ad-
miring the accident.

Hom. He that could in his cradle serpents kill,
Will (being growne) the world with wonders fill.
Imagine him full growne, and nobly train'd
By King Euristeus, the bold youth proclaimes
Pastimes of exercise, where he hath gain'd
Chiefe praise and palme in these Olimpicke games.
Them we must next, as his first grace present
With Iuno, to his same malcontent.

Enter, after great shouts and flourishes, Iuno and
King Euristeus.

Iuno. Harke, harke Euristeus, how the yelling throats
Of the rude rabble, deifie his praise:
Their lofty clamours, and their shrill applauses
Strike 'gainst the cleare and azure floores of heauen,
And thence against the earth reuerberate,
That Iuno can nor rest aboue nor here,
But still his honours clangor strikes mine eare.

Eurist. Patience celestiall Goddesse, as I wish
Your powerfull aidance when I need it most,
So for your sake I will impose him dangers,
Such and so great, that without Iones owne hand,
He shall not haue the power to scatter them.

Iuno. If neither tyrants, monsters, sauages,
Giants nor hell-hounds, can the bastard quell;
Let him be pasht, stab'd, strangled, poisoned,
Or murdered sleeping. Harke Euristeus still
How their wide throates his high applauses shrill.

shouts
within.

Eur.

The Silver Age.

Eur. Th'earth shall not breed a monster, nor the heauens
Threaten a danger shall not taske his life.

Iuno. Thou chim'st me (speare-like musicke, I haue rouz'd
A monstrous Lyon, that doth range these woods:
My deere *Euristeus*, make him tugge with him. *Scouts.*
Still doth his praise make the heauen resound;
Farewell *Euristeus*, Il'e not see him crown'd. *Exit Iuno.*

Enter the Kings of Greece to Euristeus with Garlands, Hercules, Theseus, Perithous, Philoctetes, with others from the games of Olimpus.

1. King. These honoured pastimes on *Olimpus* mount,
Begun by thee the *Theban Hercules*,
Shall last beyond all time and memory.
Thou art vnpeer'd, all *Greece* resounds thy praise,
And crowne thy worth with these greene wreaths of Baies.

Herc. More deere to me then the best golden Arch
That ere crown'd Monarkes brow, we haue begun
In pastimes, wee'le proceed to acts more dreadfull,
To expresse our power and hardiment:
Though by your sufferage, we haue best deseru'd;
Yet merit we not all, these *Grecian Princes*,
Although degree'd below vs, did excell,
Though not as best, receiue as those did well.

Theseus, Perithous, Philoctetes, take
Your valours meeds, your praises lowd did sound,
Then each one take from *Hercules* a crowne.

Thes. Braue *Theban* youth, no lesse then *Ioues* owne son,
Giue *Theseus* leaue both to admire and loue thee:
Lets henceforth haue one soule.

Herc. *Theseus* commands the heart of *Hercules*,
And all my deeds, next *Ioue* omnipotent,
Il'e consecrate to thee and to thy loue.

Perith. Though all vnworthy to be stil'd the friend
Of great *Alcides*, giue *Perithous* leaue
To do thee honour, and admire thy worth.

Philoct.

The Silver Age.

Philos. That *Philoctetes* begges of *Hercules*.
Thy curtesie equals thy actiue power:
And then in both art chiefe and patternesse.

Herc. We prize you as the deereſt gemmes of *Greece*,
And all the honours of *Alcmenaes* ſonne
You ſhall partake, whiſt theſe braue *Argiue* Kings,
That rang vs plaudits for the *Olimpik* games,
Shall clap our triumphes 'gainſt the dreadful'ſt monſters
Heauen can ſend downe, or deepe *Auerns* belch forth.
As for the earth-bred monſters, we haue power
Infuſ'd by *Ioue*, to calme their insolence.
Nor will we ceaſe, till we haue purchas'd vs
The name of *Tyrant-tamer* through the world.

Euriſt. It glads *Euriſteus* to be made ſo happy
As to be Tutor to this noble youth.
Thou haſt (witneſſe *Olympus*) prou'd thy ſelfe
The ſwifteſt, actiu'ſt, ableſt, ſtrongeſt, conning'ſt
In ſhaft or dart; which when thy ſtep-dame *Iuno*
Shall vnderſtand how much thou do'ſt excell,
As 'twill pleaſe *Ioue*, it will content her well.

Herc. May we renoune *Euriſteus* by our fame,
As we ſhall ſtriuie to pleaſe that heauenly dame.

Eur. Set on then Princes to the further honours
Of this bold *Theban*: may he ſtill proceed
To crowne great *Greece* with many a noble deed.

Enter a Heardsman wounded.

Theſ. Stay Lords: what meanes this Tragicke ſpectacle?

Herd. If *Greece*, that whilome was eſteem'd the ſpring
Of valor, and the well of chiuallry,
Can yeeld an army of reſolued ſpirits,
Muſter them all againſt one dreadfull beaſt,
That keeps the forreſts and the woods in awe:
Commands the *Cleonean* continent,
Vnpeoples townes; And if not interdited,
In time will make all *Greece* a wilderneſſe.

Herc. Heardsman, thou haſt expreſt a monſtrous beaſt,
Worthy the taſke of *Ioue-borne Hercules*.

What

The Silver Age.

What is the fauadge? speake.

Herd. Whether some God,
With *Greece* offended, sends him as a murreine,
To strike our heards; or as a worser plague,
Your people to destroy: But a fierce Lyon
Liues in the neighbour forrest, preying there
On man and beast, not satisfied with both.
Ten Heardsmen of my traine at once he slew,
And me thus wounded; yet his maw vnstaunch't,
He still the thicke *Nemean* groues doth stray,
As if the world were not sufficient pray.

Eurist. This Lyon were a taske worthy *Ioues* sonne,
Oh free vs from this feare great *Hercules*.

Herc. If he be den'd, Il'e rouze the monstrous beast;
If seeking prey, Il'e chace him through the groues,
And hauing ouer-run the fugitiue,
Dare him to single warre: It fits *Ioues* sonne
Wrastle with Lyons, and to tugge with Beares,
Grapple with Dragons, and incounter Whales.
Be he (as *Ioues* owne shield) invulnerable,
Or be his breast hoop't in with ribbes of brasse,
Be his teeth raser'd, and his tallons keene,
Sending at euery blow, fire from his bones,
Yet I ere night will case me in his skin.

This is a sport——

Aboue th'Olimpiads; we will hunt to day
Yon fierce *Nemean* terror, as a game
Becomming *Hercules*. Winde hornes, away:
For now a generall hunting we proclaime,
Follow vs Princes, you that loue the game.

Exeunt.

Windhornes. Enter *Iuno* and *Iris* aboue in a cloud.

Iuno. Yon cheerefull noyse of hunting tels mine eare
Hee's in the Chace: Redouble Ire on Ire,
And teare the bastard *Theban* limbe from limbe.
Where art thou *Iris*? tell me from the cloud,

G

Where

The Silver Age.

Where I haue plac'd thee to behold the Chace.

Iris aloft. Great *Hercules*

Pursues him through the medowes, mountaines, rockes.

Iuno. And flies the sauadge? will he not turne head,
Knowing his skin (saue by *Ioues* Thunderbolt)
Not to be pierc'd? base trembling coward beast.

Iris. Now doth the Lyon turne 'gainst *Hercules*
With violent fury: 'lasse poore *Hercules*.

Iuno. Gramercy *Iris*, I will crowne thy brow
With a new case of starres, for these good newes.

Iris. Oh! well done *Hercules*.

*shouts
within.*

He shakes him from his shoulders like a feather.
And hurles the Lyon flat: The beast againe
Leaps to his throat; *Alcides* grapples with him.
The Lyon now: Now *Hercules* againe.
And now the beast; me thinkes the combat's euen.

Iuno. Not yet destroyd?

Iris. Well wrastrled *Hercules*:

*shouts
within.*

He gaue the monstrous Lyon such a fall,
As if a mountaine should ore-whelme withall.
About him still: he chokes him with his gripes,
And with his ponderous buffets stownds the beast.

Iuno. Thus is my sorrow, and his fame increast.

Iris. Now he hath strangled him.

Iuno. *Iris* discend.

But though this faile, Il'e other dangers store,
My Lyon slaine, I will prouide a Boare.

Enter to them at one doore, Euristeus, and the Kings of Greece:
at the other Hercules, with the Lyons head and skinne,
Theseus, Perithous, Philoctetes.

Herc. Thus *Hercules* begins his *Iowi*all tasks:
The horrid beast I haue torne out of his skin,
And the *Nemean* terror naked lyes,
Despoyl'd of his inuinc'd coat of Armes.

Iuno. This head (O wer't the head of *Hercules*)

Doth

The Silver Age.

Doth grace *Alcides* shoulders, and methinkes,
Deck'd in these spoyles, thou dar'st the God of Armes.

Herc. To you great *Iuno*, doth *Alcmena's* sonne
His high laborious valour dedicate.

You might haue heard the Lyon roare to heauen;
Euen to the high tribunall in the Spheares,
Where you sit crown'd in starres. We fac'd the beast,
And when he fixt his tallons in our flesh,
We catch't the monster in our manly gripes,
And made him thrice breake hold. Long did we tugge
For eminence; but when we prou'd his skin
To be wound-free, not to be pierc'd with Steele,
We tooke the sauadge monster by the throat,
And with our sinowy puissance strangled him.

Eurist. *Alcides* honours *Thebes*, and fames whole *Greece*.

Herc. There shall not breath a monster here vnawed,
We shall the world affoord a wonderment,
Vnparalel'd by *Theban Hercules*.

This Lyons case shall on our shoulders hang,
Wee'l arme our body with th'vnvulner'd skin;
And with this massy Club all monsters dare:
And these shall like a bloudy meteor shew
More dreadfull then *Orions* flaming lockes,
T'affright the Gyants that oppresse the earth.

Eur. Let *Hercules* meane time abide with vs,
Till King *Euristheus* new atchieuements finde,
Worthy his valour.

Theb. Honour me great Prince,
To grace my friend *Perithous*, and his ayd,
To be at their high spowials.

Perith. *Hypodamia*
Shall in this suit assist *Perithous*,
With vs the *Lapithes*, the *Centaur*s meete,
Those whom *Ixion* got vpon a cloud.
They liue amongst the groues of *Thessaly*,
And in their double shapes will grace our feast.

Herc. *Perithow*, we will meet the *Centaur*s there,

The Siluer Age.

And quaffe with them to *Hypodamia's* health.
But wherefore stands bright *Iuno* discontent?

Iuno. Oh blame me not, an vncoth sauadge Boare
Deuasts the fertill plaines of *Thessaly*:
And when the people come to implore our ayd,
Their liues no mortall that dare vndertake
To combat him; The rough *Nemean* Lyon
Was milde to this: he plowes the forrests vp,
His snowy foame he scatters ore the hils,
And in his course or-turnes the *Dordan* okes:
Oh let him dye by mighty *Hercules*.

Herc. Eternall Goddesse, were his sharpned teeth
More dreadfull then the phangs of *Cerberus*,
Or were his bristled-hide *Iones* Thunder prooffe,
Were his head brasse, or his breast doubly plated
With best *Vulcanian* armour *Lemnos* yeelds;
Yet shall his braines rattle beneath my Club.
The *Eremanthian* forrest where he den's,
Shall quake with terrour when we beat the beast:
And when we cast his backe against the earth,
The ground shall groane and reele with as much terror
As when the Gyant *Typhon* shakes the earth.

Iuno. Oh may'st thou liue the *Theban* Conquerour.
(Dye by the fury of that sauadge swine,
And with thy carkasse glut his rauenuous maw.)

Herc. *Perithous*, I will bring thee to thy Bridals
This huge wilde swine, to feast the Centaurs with.
Diana's wrath shall be *Alcides* dish,
Which hee'l present to *Hypodamia*.
Theseus and *Philoctetes*, you consort
Perithous, and assist the *Lapythes*
In these high preparations: We will take
The *Eremanthian* forrest in our way.
Let's part, and sacred Goddesse wish vs well.
In our atchieuements.

Iuno. To be damn'd in hell.

Exeunt.

Enter

The Silver Age.

*Enter Ceres and Proserpine attired like the Moone, with
a company of Swaines, and country Wenches :*

They sing.

Song. *With faire Ceres Queene of graine
The reaped fields we rome, rome, rome,
Each Country Peasant, Nymph and Swaine
Sing their harvest home, home, home ;
Whilst the Queene of plenty ballowes
Growing fields as well as fallowes.*

*Eccho double all our Lays,
Make the Champions sound, sound, sound
To the Queene of harvest praise,
That sows and reapes our ground, ground, ground.
Ceres Queene of plenty ballowes,
Growing fields as well as fallowes.*

Ceres. As we are Ceres, Queene of all fertility,
The earthes sister, Aunt to highest *Iupiter*,
And mother to this beauteous childe the Moone,
So will we blesse your harvests, crowne your fields
With plenty and increase : your bearded eares
Shall make their golden stalkes of wheat to bend
Below their laden riches : with full sickles
You shall receiue the vsury of their seeds.
Your fallowes and your gleabes our selfe will till
Frow euery furrow that your plow-shares raze
Vpon the plenteous earth, our sisters breast,
You shall cast vp abundance for your gratitude
To *Ceres* and the chaste *Proserpina*.

Prof. Whil' st with these swaines my mother merry-makes,
And from their hands eates cakes of newest wheate,
The firstlings of their vowed sacrifice,
Leaue me behinde to make me various garlands
Of all the choycest flowers these medowes yeeld,
To decke my browes, and keep my face from scorches

The Silver Age.

Of *Phœbus* raies.

Ceres. That done returne to vs,
Vnto our Temple, where wee'l feast these swaines.

Proserp. No sooner shall faire *Flora* crowne my temples,
But I your offerings will participate.

Ceres. Now that the heauens and earth are both appeas'd,
And the huge Giants that assaulted *Ioue*,
Are slaughtered by the hand of *Iupiter*;
We haue leasure to attend our harmelesse swaines:
Set on then to our Rurall ceremonies. *Exeunt singing.*

*Tempests hence, hence winds and hailes,
Tares, cockle, rotten showers, showers, showers,
Our song shall keep time with our flaires,
When Ceres sings, none lowers, lowers, lowers.
She it is whose God-hood hallowes
Growing fields as well as fallowes.*

Proser. Oh! may these medowes euer barren be,
That yeeld of flowers no more variety.
Here neither is the white nor sanguine Rose,
The Straw-berry flower, the Paunce nor Violet:
Me thinkes I haue too poore a medow chose,
Going to begge, I am with a begger met
That wants as much as I: I should do ill
To take from them that need. Here grow no more,
Then serue thine owne despoyled breast to fill,
The meades I rob, shall yeeld me greater store.
Thy flowers thou canst not spare, thy bosome lend,
On which to rest whil'st *Phœbus* doth transcend.

She lyes downe.

Thunder. Enter *Pluto*, his Chariot drawne in by *Diuels*.

Pluto. What hurly-burly hath beene late in heauen
Against our brother *Ioue* omnipotent?
The Gyants haue made warre: great *Briareu*,

Whose

The Silver Age.

Whose hundred hands, a hundred swords at once
Haue brandish't against heauen, is topsie turn'd,
And tumbled headlong from th'Olimpicke Towers.
But big-limb'd *Typhon*, that assaulted most,
And hurl'd huge mountaines 'gainst heuens christall gates
To shatter them, wrestled with *Ioue* himselfe:
Whose heeles tript vp, kick't 'gainst the firmament;
And falling on his backe, spread thousand acres
Of the affrighted earth, astonish't *Iupiter*,
Lest he should rise to make new vp-rores there,
On his right hand the mount *Pelorus* hurle:
Vpon his left spacious *Pachinne* lyes,
And on his legges, the land of *Liliby*:
His head the ponderous mountaine *Aetna* crownes,
From which the Gyant breathes infernall fires:
And struggling to be freed from all these weights,
Makes (as he moues) huge earth-quakees that shake th'earth
And make our kingdomes tremble. Frighted thence,
We haue made ascent to take a free suruey
Whether the worlds foundations be still firme;
Lest being cranied, through these concaue cliffes,
The Sunne and starres may shine, to lighten hell.
Al's sound, we haue strooke th'earths basses with our mace,
And found the Center firme: Our Iron Chariot
That from his shod wheelles rusty darknesse flings,
Hath with our weight, prou'd mountaines, dales and rocks,
And found them no where hollow; All being well,
Wee'l cleaue the earth, and sinke againe to hell.

Proser. *Ceres*, oh helpe me father *Iupiter*,
Yon vgly shape affrights me.

Pluto. Ha, what's the matter?
Who breath'd that well-tun'd shriek, sweet shape, bright
beauty, *Pluto's* heart was neuer soft till now.
Faire mortall.

Proser. Hence foule fiend.

Pluto. By *Lethe*, *Styx*, *Cocytus*, *Acheron*,
And all the terrors our blacke Region yeelds,

The Silver Age.

I see and loue, and at one instant both.

Kisse me.

Proser. Out on thee Hell-hound.

Pluto. What are you, beauteous Goddesse?

Proser. Nothing. Oh!

Helpe mother, father, *Ceres, Iupiter.*

Pluto. Be what thou canst, thou now art *Pluto's* rape,
And shalt with me to *Orcus.*

Proser. Clawes off Diuell.

Pluto. Fetch from my sister *Night* a cloud of darknesse
To roabe me in, in that Il'e hide this beauty
From Gods and mortals, till I sinke to hell.
Nay, you shall meunt my Chariot.

Prof. *Ceres, Ioue.*

Pluto. *Ceres* nor *Ioue*, nor all the Gods about
Shall rob me this rich purchase. Yoake my stallions
That from their nostrils breath infernall fumes:
And when they gallop through these vpper worlds,
With fogges choake *Phabus*, chace the starres from heauen,
And while my Ebon Chariot ore the rocks,
Clatters his Iron wheelles, make a noyse more hideous
Then *Panompheus* thunder.

Prof. Helpe heauen, helpe earth.

Pluto. Cleaue earth, and when I flampe vpon thy breast
Sinke me, my brasse-shod wagon, and my selfe,
My Coach-steeds, and their traces altogether
Ore head and eares in *Styx.*

Proser. You Gods, you men.

Pluto. Eternall darknesse claspe me where I dwell
Sauing these eyes, wee'l haue no light in hell. *Exit.*

Enter Ceres.

Ceres. Where is my faire and louely *Proserpine*?
The feast is done, and she not yet return'd:
Speake *Ioues* faire daughter, whither art thou straid?
I haue sought the medowes, gleabes, and new-reap't fields,
Yet cannot finde my childe. Her scattered flowers,
And garland halfe made vp, I haue light vpon,

But

The Silver Age.

But her I cannot spy. Behold the trace
Of some strange wagon, that hath scotch't the fields,
And sing'd the grasse: these routes the sunne nere fear'd.
Where art thou loue? where art thou *Proserpine*?
Hath not thy father *Ioue* snatch't thee to heauen
Vpon his Eagle? I will search the spheares
But I will finde thee out: swift *Mercury*,
Ioues sonne, and *Mayas*; speake, speake from the clouds,
And tell me if my daughter be aboute.

Mercury flies from above.

Mer. Thy clamours (*Ceres*) haue ascent through heauen;
Which when I heard, as swift as lightning
I search't the regions of the vpper world,
And euery place aboute the firmament:
I haue past the planets, soar'd quite through the spheares;
I haue crost the Articke and Antarkicke poles.
Hot *Cancer*, and cold *Arctos* I haue search't,
Past th'Hyperboreans, and th' Solsticies,
The Tropiques, Zones, Signes, Zeniths, Circles, Lines,
Yet no where can I finde faire *Proserpine*. *Exit Mercury.*

Ceres. If not in heauen, Il'e next inquire the earth,
And to the place where old *Océanus*
Layes his hoare head in *Amphitrites* lap:
Il'e trauell till I finde my girle.
Assist me gracious *Neptune* in my search;
And *Tryton*, thou that on thy shelly Trumpet,
Summons the Sea-gods, answer from the depth,
If thou hast seene or heard of *Proserpine*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tryton with his Trumpe, as from the sea.

Tryt. On *Neptunes* Sea-horse with my concaue Trumpe,
Through all th' *Abyss*e, I haue shril'd thy daughters losse.
The channels cloath'd in waters, the low citties,
In which the water-Nymphes, and Sea-gods dwell,
I haue perus'd; sought through whole woods and forrests
Of leauelisse Corrall planted in the deepes,
Toft vp the beds of Pearle; rouz'd vp huge Whales;

H_A

And

The Silver Age.

And sterne Sea-monsters from their rocky dennes,
Those bottomes, bottomlesse shallowes and shelues:
And all those currents where th'earths springs breake in,
Those plaines where Neptune feeds his Porposes,
Sea-morses, Seales, and all his cattell else.
Through all our ebbes and tides my Trump hath blaz'd her,
Yet can no cauerne shew me *Proserpine*. *Exit Tryton.*

Ceres. If heauen nor sea, then search thy bosome earth,
Faire sister *Earth*, for these beauteous fields
Spread ore thy breast; for all these fertill croppes,
With which my plenty hath enrich't thy bosome,
For all those rich and pleasant wreathes of graine
With which so oft thy Temples I haue crown'd:
For all the yearely liueries and fresh robes
Vpon thy sommer beauty I bestow,
Shew me my childe.

Earth riseth from under the stage.
Earth. Not in reuenge faire *Ceres*

That your remorslesse plowes haue rak't my breast,
Nor that your Iron-tooth'd harrowes print my face
So full of wrinkles, that you digge my sides
For marle and soyle, and make me bleed my springs
Through all my open'd veines, to weaken me;
Do I conceale your daughter: I haue spread
My armes from sea to sea, look't ore my mountaines,
Examined all my pastures, groues, and plaines,
Marshes and wovlds; my woods and Champian fields,
My dennes and caues; and yet from foot to head
I haue no place on which the Moone doth tread. *Earth sinkes.*

Ceres, Then *Earth* thou hast lost her: and for *Proserpine*
Il'e strike thee with a lasting barrenesse.
No more shall plenty crowne thy fertill browes,
Il'e breake thy plowes, thy Oxen-murren-strike
With Idle agues Il'e consume thy swaines,
Sow tares and cockles in thy lands of wheat,
Whose spykes the weed and cooch-grasse shall out-grow,
And choke it in the blade. The rotten showers

Shall

The Siluer Age.

Shall drowne thy seed, which the hote sunne shall parch,
Or mill-dewes rot; and what remains shall be
A prey to rauinous birds. Oh *Proserpine*!
You Gods that dwell aboue, and you below,
Both of the woods and gardens, riuers, brookes,
Fountaines and wels, some one among you all
Shew me her selfe or graue, to you I call.

The riuer Arethusa riseth from the stage.

Arcth. That can the riuer *Arethusa* do,
My streames you know faire God desse, issue forth
From Tartary, by the Tenarian Isles:
My head's in Hell, where Stygian *Pluto* reignes,
There did I see the loucly *Proserpine*,
Whom *Pluto* hath rap't hence; behold her girdle,
Which by the way dropt from her beauteous waste,
And scattered in my streames. Faire *Queene* adue,
Crowne you my banks with flowers, as I tell true. *Exit Are.*

Ceres. Hath that infernall monster stolne my childe?
Il'e mount the spheares, and there sollicite *Ioue*,
To inuade the Stygian kingdomes, to redeeme
My rauish't daughter. If the Gods deny
That grace to *Ceres*, Il'e inuoke the helpe
Of some bold mortall: noble *Hercules*,
Who with his Club shall rouze th' infernall King,
Dragge out the furies with their snaky lockes,
Strangle hels Judges in their scarlet robes,
And bring a double terrour to the damn'd.
Of Gods and Men I will inuoke the aides
To free my childe from those infernall shades.

*Enter Hercules, Theseus, Perithous, Philoctetes, Hypodamia, the
Centauris, Nessus, Euritus, Chiron, Cillarius, Antimachus,
Hippasus. At a banquet.*

Herc. To grace thy feast faire *Hypodamia*,
The Eremanthian Forrest we haue rob'd
Of that huge Boare: you Centauris doubly shap't,

The Silver Age.

Feed with *Alcides* on that monstrous swine,
That hath deuour'd so many Swaynes and Heard.

Thef. Take *Thefcus* welcome for *Perithous* sake,
And fit' with vs faire Princes, take your place
Next you *Alcides*; then the Centaurs round.

Antimac. Now by *Ixion*, that our grand-fire was,
That dar'd to kisse the mighty thunderes wife,
And did not feare to cuckold *Iupiter*,
Thou dost the Centaur's honour.

Neff. Let's quaffe the brides health in the bloud of grapes,
Wine begets mirth, and mirth becomes a bridall.

Perith. Fill then for *Nessus* and *Antimachus*,
Let *Eurus* and *Chiron* pledge it round.

Eur. Fill to vs all, euen till these empty bowles
Turne vp their bottomes 'gainst the face of heauen.

Cbi. Off shall all this to *Hipodamia's* health,
The beauteous bride: wil't pledge it *Hercules*?

Herc. Yes, were it deeper then the golden cup
Ioue quaffes in from the hand of *Ganimed*.

Silanthus, *Hippasus*, and *Cillarnus*,
To the faire Princessse of the *Lapythes*.

Anti. Shee's faire indeed, I loue her: wine and loue
Adde fire to fire. To *Philoctetes* this.

Phi. 'Tis welcome *Hippasus*. Here *Cillarnus*.

Cil. Faire *Hypodamia's* of the Centaurs brood,
Great *Bistus* daughter, neere ally'd to vs,
Il'e take her health.

Perith. Gramercy *Cillarnus*:
Il'e do the like to faire *Philonome*,
Thy sweet She-Centaur.

Cil. Double this to her.

Hyp. Crowne all your healths with mirth, let ioyes abound
And to *Philonome* let this go round.

Anti. Gramercies, lasse my braine begins to swim,
I haue an appetite to kisse the bride,
I and I will.

Thef. What meanes *Antimachus*?

The Silver Age.

Anti. Kisse *Hypodamia*, I, and ———

Thes. That's too much,
And more then any of the Centaurs dare.

Cil. Why? who should hinder him?

Thes. That *Thesens* will.

Anti. Ha, ha, haue I from the fierce Lyon torne her wheelp?
Brought from the forests she-Bears in my armes?
And dandled them like infants? plaid with them,
And shall I not then dare to kisse the bride?

Herc. Audacious Centaur, do but touch her skirt,
Prophane that garment *Hymen* hath put on;
Or with thy hideous shape once neere her cheeke,
I'll lay so huge a ponder on thy skull,
As if the basses of the heauen should shrinke,
And whelme ore thee the marble firmament.

Anti. That will I try.

Cil. Assist *Antimachus*.

Peri. Rescue for *Hypodamia*.

Chi. Downe with the *Lapythes*.

Ness. Downe with *Hercules*.

Herc. You cloud-bred race, *Alcides* here will stand
To plague you all with his high *Iou* all hand.

Alarme. Enter *Iuno*, with all the Centaurs.

Iuno. And shrinks *Ixions* race? durst he aspire
To our celestially bed? though for his boldnesse
He now be tortured with the wheele in hell?
And dare not you withstand base *Hercules*?
Curraue braue *Hippo-Centaurs*, let the bastard
Be hew'd and mangled with our conquering arme.
Renue the fight, make the *Theffalian* fields
Thunder beneath your hooves, whilst they imprint
Vpon the earth, deepe semi-circled moones.
Let all your arm'd race gallop from the hills,
To inure the faint dejected *Lapithes*.
Tis *Iuno*, whom your tortur'd grand-fire lou'd,

The Silver Age.

Bids you to Armes : lift vp your weapons hye
And in their fall may great *Alcides* dye. (bones,
Antimac. Our grand-fires wheel'es cracke all that Centaurs
That flies when *Iuno* giues incouragement.
Chirus, Latreus, Nessus, Euritus,
And all our race first tumbled in the clouds
That crown'd the mountaine toppes of *Thessaly*,
Make head againe, follow *Antimachus*,
Whose braine through heated with the fumes of wine
Burnes with the loue of *Hypodamia*.
Theseus, Perithous, and Alcides, all
Shall in this fury by the Centaurs fall.

Alarme. Enter to them *Hercules, Theseus, Perithous,*
and *Philoctetes*.

Herc. Behold the lust-burn'd and wine-heated monsters
Once more make head; wee'l pash them with our club.
This Centaure-match, it shall in ages,
And times to come, renoune great *Hercules*.
Vpon them, when we parlee with our foes :
Tongues peace: for we breake silence with our blowes.

Alarme. They fight, the Centaurs are all disperst and slaine.
Enter with victory, *Hercules, Theseus, Perithous,*
Philoctetes, Hypodamia, and others.

Herc. Let *Thessaly* resound *Alcides* praise,
And all the two-shap't Centaurs that suruiue;
Quake when they heare the name of *Hercules*.
Were these *Thessalian* monsters bred at first
By *Saturne* and *Philiris*, as some say,
When in equinall shape she was deflour'd?
Or when *Ixion*, snatcht to heauen by *Ioue*;
And feasted in the hye *Olimpicke* hall,
He sought to strumpet *Iuno*: The heauens Queene
Transform'd a cloud to her celestrial shape.
Of which he got the Centaurs. Be they bred

The Silver Age.

Of earth or vapour, their hote fiery braines
Are now dispurpled by *Aloides* Club,
And in their deaths renowne the *Lapythes*.

Thof. *Ioues* sonne was borne a terrour to the world,
To awe the tyrants that oppresse and sway.

Perith. But most indebt to thee *Perithous* is,
That hast restor'd a virgin and a bride,
Pure and vntouch't to sleep in these my armes.

Hypoda. My tongue shall sound the praise of *Hercules*.
My heart imbrace his loue.

Herc. Oh had bright *Inno*
My louing step-dame, seated in the clouds,
Beheld me pash the Centaurs with my club,
It would haue fild her with celestiall ioyes;
Knowing that all my deeds of fame and honour
I consecrate to her and *Iupiter*.

Of these proud Centaurs *Nessus* is escapt,
The rest all strew the fields of *Thessaly*. *Enter Ceres.*

Ceres. Reserues the noble *Theban* all his valour
For th'ingrate *Inno*, and hath stor'd no deed
Of honour for dejected *Ceres* here?
Ceres sorlorne, forsaken and despis'd,
Whom neither obdure heauen, relentlesse sea,
Nor the rude earth will pittie.

Herc. *Queene* of plenty,
Lye it within the strength of mortall arme,
The power of man, or worke of demi-god,
I am thy Champion:

Ceres. From heauen, earth and sea,
Then *Ceres* must appeale to *Hercules*.
Know then I am rob'd of beauteous *Proserpine*,
Tartarian Dis hath rap't my daughter hence;
Which when I heard, I skal'd the thundered throne,
And made my plaints to him, who answered me,
His power was onely circumscrib'd in heauen,
And *Pluto* was as absolute in hell
As he in heauen; nor would he muster Gods

The Silver Age.

Against the fiends, ore which his brother reign'd.
Next made I suit to haue *Neptune* call his waters,
And with his billowes drowne the lower world:
Who answered, the firme channell bounds his waues,
Nor is there passage betweene sea and hell,
The earth beneath her center cannot sinke,
Nor haue I hope from thence; onely great *Hercules*

Herc. Will vndertake what neither *Iupiter*,
Neptune, nor all the Gods dare make their taske:
The Stygian *Pluto* shall restore the moone,
Or feele the masse of this my ponderous club.
Comfort faire Queene, Il'e passe the poole of *Styx*,
And if leane *Charon* wastage shall deny,
The Ferry-man Il'e buffet in his barge.
Three-throated *Cerberus* that keeps hell-gates,
Shall (when we come to knocke) not dare to howle:
The ghosts already dead, and doom'd, shall feare
To dye againe at sight of *Hercules*.

Sterne *Alynos*, *Aechus*, and *Rhadamant*,
Shall from the dreadfull sessions kept in hell,
Be rouz'd by vs: wee'l quake them at that barre
Where all soules stand for sentence: the three sisters
Shall crouch to vs. *Ceres*, wee'l ranfacke hell,
And *Pluto* from th'infernall vaults expell.

Thes. *Thesens* in this will ayd great *Hercules*.

Peri. And so *Perithous* shall.

Herc. Comfort Queene *Ceres*,
Whom neither Harpyes, Boares or Buls can tame,
The darke Cimerians must next sound his fame:
Aduē bright *Hypodamia* lately freed
From the adulterous Centaurs: Our renowne
That yet 'twene heauen and earth doth onely shine,
Hell shall next blaze for beauteous *Proserpine*.

HOMER.

Ere *Hercules* the Stygian pooles innade
A taske which none but he durst vndertake;

Without

The Siluer Age.

Without both earthy and immortall ayde,
We loue present; who once more doth forsake
Heauen, for a mortall beauty; one more rare
Earth yeelded not, then Semele the faire.
Whilst Iuno, Hercules with hate pursues,
Neglecting Ioue, he from the spheares espies
This bright Cadmeian, and the groues doth chuse
To court her in: How, and in what disguise
You next shall see, they meet first in the Chace,
Where they discourse, acquaint, kisse, and embrace.

Dumbe shew. Enter Semele like a huntresse, with her
traine, Iupiter like a wood-man in greene: he woos
her, and winnes her.

What cannot Ioue, infus'd with power diuine?
He woos and winnes, enioyes the beauteous dame;
The iealous Iuno spies their loue in fins,
Leanes off her enuy to Alcides fame,
And 'gainst this beauteous Lady armes her spleent,
Quite to destroy the bright Cadmeian Queene.
Your fauours still: some here no doubt will wond'r,
To see the Thunderers loue perish by thunder.

Enter Iuno and Iris.

Iuno. Hast thou found him Iris?

Iris. Madame I haue.

Iuno. Where?

Iris. In the house of Cadmus, courting there
The fairest of the race, yong Semele.

Iuno. What am I better to be Queene of heauen,
To be the sister and the wife of Ioue,
When euery strumpet braues my Deity?
Whilst I am busied to lay traps and traines
For proud Alcmena's bastard, he takes time
For his adulterous rapes. Europa liues
Sainted in earth, Calisto shines a starre,

The Silver Age.

Iust in mine eye, by name of *Lesfer Beare*,
Io in *Egypt* is ador'd a Goddesse :
And of my seruant *Argus* (slaine by *Mercury*)
There liues no note ; saue that his hundred eyes
I haue transported to my peacockes traine.
Thus fall the friends of *Iuno*, whilst his strumpets
Front me on earth, or braue mine eye in heauen :
But *Semele* shall pay for't. In what shape
Saw'st thou him court that strumpet ?

Iris. Like a wood-man.

Iuno. I met him on the mountaine *Erecine*,
And tooke him for the yong *Hyppolitus*.

Iris I hau't ; 'tis plotted in my braine,
To haue the strumpet by her louer slaine.
Of her nurse *Beroe* Il'e assume the shape,
And by that meanes auenge me on this rape.

Exeunt.

Enter Semele with her seruants and attendants.

Semel. Oh *Iupiter*! thy loue makes me immortal,
The high *Cadmeian* is in my grace,
To that great God exalted, and my issue,
When it takes life, shall be the seed of Gods ;
And I shall now be ranck't in equipage
With *Danae*, *Io*, *Leda*, and the rest,
That in his amours pleas'd the thunderer bast.
Me-thinkes since his imbraces fil'd my wombe,
There is no earth in me, I am all diuine :
Ther's in me nothing mortall, saue this shape,
Whose beauty hath cal'd *Ioue* himsele from heauen,
The rest all pure, corruptlesse and refin'd,
That hath daz'd men, and made th'immortall blinde.
Leaue vs, oh you vnworthy to attend
Or wait vpon *Cadmeian Semele* :
Habe shall be my hand-mayd, and my wine
The hand of *Ioues* owne cup-bearer shall fill,
Il'e begge of him the *Troian Ganimed*.

The Silver Age.

To be my page; and when I please to ride,
Borrow his Eagle through the ayre to glide.
Go call me hither my Nurse *Beroe*,
Whom I will make free-partner in my ioyes.

Enter Iuno in the shape of old Beroe.

Seru. *Beroe* attends your grace:

Sem. Oh my deere nurse! liues there on earth a Princessse
Equally lou'd and grac'd by *Ioue* himselfe?

Iuno. Out on thee strumpet, I could teare those eyes,
Whose beauty drew my husband from the skyes.

Sem. Am I not happy *Beroe*?

Iuno. Were you sure

'Twere *Ioue* himselfe this gladnesse did procure.

Madame, there many fowle imposters be,

That blinde the world with their in chastity:

And in the name of Gods, being scarce good men,

Juggle with Ladyes, and corrupt their honors.

Thinke you yon stripling that goes clad in greene,

Is *Iupiter*?

Sem. I know him for heauens King,

Whose issue in my wombe I feele to spring.

Iuno. I thinke it not; but Lady this I know,

That Gods are so lasciuious growne of late,

That men contend their lusts to imitate..

Sem. Not *Iupiter*.

Iuno. Things truly reconcile,

You'l iumpe with me: how haue you beene the while,

Since you were breeding, now well, sometimes ill,

Subiect to euery imperfection still,

Apt to all chances other women be.

When were you lou'd of the high Deity,

That hath the gift of strength, power, health, and ioy,

The least of these could not your state annoy.

Sem. Thou putst me in mistrust, and halfe perswad'st me,

He is no more then mortall whom I loue.

How shall I proue him nurse?

Iuno. Il'e tell you madame; When you see him next,

The Siluer Age.

Seeme with some strange and vncoth passion vext,
And beg of him a boone, which till he grant,
Swear he no more your fauours shall inchant.

Sem. Beroe, what boone?

Iuno. To hugge you in that state
In which faire *Iuno* he imbrac'd so late.
To descend armed with celestiall fire,
And in that maiesty glut his desire.
His right hand arm'd with lightning, on his head
Heauens massy crowne; and so to mount your bed.
So are you sure he is a God indeed,
Obtaine this boone, and fairely may you speed.

Sem. Thou hast fir'd me *Beroe*.

Iuno. Thou shalt be on flame,
So great, the Ocean shall not quench the same.

Sem. Beroe away, my chamber ready make,
Tosse downe on downe: for we this night must tumble
Within the armes of mighty *Iupiter*,
Of whom Il'e begge th'immortall sweets of loue,
Such as from *Ioue* Imperiall *Iuno* tastes.
Begone without reply, my loue's at hand.

Iuno. Thy death's vpon thy boone: this *Iuno* cheares,
That my reuenge shall mount aboute the sphæares. *exit Iuno*

Sem. I will not smile on him, lend him a looke,
As the least grace, till he giue free ascent
To fill me with celestiall wonderment.

Enter Iupiter like a wood-man.

Iup. Oh thou that mak'st earth heaven, & turn'st th'immortal
Into this shape terrestriall, thou bright issue
Of old *Agener*. and the *Cadmeian* line,
For whom, these stony buildings we preferre
Before our Christall structures: that mak'st *Ioue*
Abandon the high counsels of the Gods
To treat with thee of loues faire blandishments:
Diuine of thy race, faire *Semele*
Fold in thy armes *Olimpicke Iupiter*.

Sem. Iupiter!

The Siluer Age.

Iup. That *Iupiter* that with a powerfull nod
Shakes the heauens arches, ore the vniuerse
Spreads dread & awe; and when we arme our selfe
With maiesty, make th'earths foundation tremble;
And all mortality flye like a smoake
Before our presence vanish't and consum'd.

Sem. Did *Semele* behold such Maiesty,
She could belecue this were the thunderers voyce,
Thou hee?

Iup. What meanes this strangeness *Semele*?
Haue I preferd thy beauty before hers
Whose itate fills heaven, whose food's *Ambrosia*,
Vpon whose cup the louely *Hebe* waits
When she quaffes *Nectar*? whose bright Chariot
Is drawn with painted peacocks through the clouds
And am I thus receiu'd?

Sem. Thou bed with *Iuno*?
Base groome, thou art no better then thou seem'st,
And thy impostures haue deceiued a Princesse
Greater then ere descended from thy line.
Hence from my sight thou earth, that hast profan'd
The dreadfull thunderers name: what see I in thee
More then a man, to proue thy selfe a God?
Thou deifi'd? thy presence groome is poore,
Thy 'hauour sleight, thy courtship triuiall,
Thou hast not a good face, what's in thee worth
The fauour and the grace of *Semele*?
A God? alasse! thou art scarce a proper man.

Iup. Ha, fails my shape, is he that awes the Gods,
Now valued lesse then man? why *Semele*
Proue me and what I can: wouldst thou haue gold?
It'e raine a richer shower in thy bosome
Then ere I powr'd on *Danae*.

Sem. Gold? what's that?
Which euery mortall Prince can giue his loue.

Iup. Wouldst thou increase thy beauty or thy strength?

Sem. I am nor fowle nor sicke.

The Silver Age.

Iup. Wouldst thou haue God-hood?
I will translate this beauty to the spheares,
Where thou shalt shine the brightest starre in heauen:
I'll lift thy body from this terrene drosse,
And on two eagles, swift as *Pegasus*,
Wee'll take our daily progresse through the clouds.
I'll shew thee all the planets in their ranke,
The monstrous signes, the Lyon, Ramme and Bull,
The blacke-scald Scorpion, and the Cancers clawes.
Aske what thou wilt to proue my Deity,
And take it as thine owne faire *Semele*.

Sem. Grant me one boone, lesse then the least of these,
My armes shall spread thus wide to imbrace my loue,
In my warme bosome I will gloue thy hand,
And seale a thousand kisses on thy lippes.
My fingers I'll intangle in these curles,
And scarfe my Iuory arme about thy necke;
And lay my selfe as prostrate to thy loue,
As th'earth her grasse-green apron spreads for raine.
Speake, shall I aske? or haue you power to grant?

Iup. By dreadfull Styx, an oath I cannot change,
But aske and haue.

Sem. Then bed with me to night,
Arm'd with the selfe-same God-hood, state and power
You *Iuno* meet.

Iup. Blacke day, accursed houre,
Thou hast ask't too much, thy weake mortality
Cannot indure the scorching fires of heauen.

Sem. Either you cannot doo't, as wanting might,
Or loath you are to breed me such delight.
Is this your loue?

Iup. Thy death is in thy boone:
But 'tis thy fate, she can it not recall,
Nor I vnswear: the infant in her wombe
Not yet full growne and ripe, torments me most:
For in this rash demand they both are lost.

Sem. I'll stand it at all dangers, and prepare

The Silver Age.

For this nights sport.

Jup. Aboue my thunders are,
Thither I must, and beeing arm'd, descend
To giue this beauty (in her rashnesse) end.

Sem. Remember by this kisse you keep your oath.

Jup. Neuer did *Ioue* to heauen ascend so loath;
Expect me this sad night.

Sem. With double ioy.

Celestiall sweets shall surfet me, and cloy
My appetite; the Gods are loath to impart
Their pleasures to vs mortals. Dance my hart,
And swim in free delights; my pleasures crowne,
This *Ioni*all night shall *Semele* renowe. *Exit Semele.*

Iuno and Iris plac'd in a cloud aboue.

Iuno. Come *Iris*, ore the loftiest pinnacles
Of this high pallace, let vs mount our selues,
To see this noble pastime: Is't not braue?

Iris. Hath her suit tooke effect? 'lasse *Semele*!

Iuno. Hang, burne her witch, be all such strumpets fir'd
With no lesse heat then wanton *Semele*.

Oh 'twill be gallant sport, wil't not *Iris*?
To see these golden roofes daunce in the aire.
These pinnacles shall pricke the floores of heauen,
These spires confused, tumble in the clouds;
And all flye vp and shatter at the approach
Of his great God-hood. Oh 'twould please me *Iris*
To see this wanton with her bastard, blowne
And hang'd vpon the high hornes of the moone.
The howre draws on, we may from hence espy
Th'adultrasse sprall, the pallace vpwards flye.

Enter two maids of Semeles chamber.

1. *Maid.* Questionlesse my Lady lookes for some great
guests, that she makes all this preparation.

2. *Maid.* 'Tis not like she expects them at supper, because
she herselfe is preparing to bed.

1. *Maid.* Did you note how she made vs tumble & tosse
the bed before the making of it would please her?

2. *Maid:*

The Siluer Age.

2. *Maid.* There hath beene tumbling and tossing on that bed hath pleas'd her better; you know the youth in greene, he hath made my Lady lookered ere now.

1. *Maid.* You know shee is naturally pale; hee did but wrastle with her to get her a colour.

2. *Maid.* The youth in greene hath giuen her a medicine for the greene sicknesse, I warrant her: I am deceiued, if (when they meet) it go not two to one of her side.

1. *Maid.* Why do you thinke her with childe.

2. *Maid.* Tis past thinking, I dare sweare. But let's attend my Lady. *Enter Semele drawne out in her bed.*

Sem. Away, we will haue none partake our pleasures,
Or be eye-witnesse of these prodigall sweets
Which we this night shall in abundance taste.
This is the houre shall deifie my earth,
And make this drosse immortall: thanks my *Beros*,
That thou hast made me begge my happinesse,
Shew'd me the way to immortality,
And taught me how to emulate the Gods.
Descend great *Ioue* in thy full maiesty,
And crowne my pleasures: here behold me spred,
To taste the sweets of thy immortall bed.

*Thunder, lightnings, Iupiter descends in his maiesty, his
Thunderbolt burning.*

Iup. Thus wrapt in stormes, and black tempestuous clouds,
Lightning and showers, we sit vpon the roofes
And trembling Tarrasses of this high house
That is not able to containe our power.
Yet come we not with these sharpe thunders arm'd,
With which the sturdy giants we ore-threw,
When we the mighty *Typhon* sunke beneath
Foure populous kingdomes: these are not so fiery,
The *Cyclopes* that vs'd to forge our bolts,
Haue qualifi'd their feruour, yet their violence
Is 'boue the strength of mortals. Beauteous *Semele*,
In steed of thee I shall imbrace thy smoake,

And

The Silver Age.

And claspe a fummy vapour left in place
Of thy bright beauty, Stormy tempests cease, *Thunder and lightning.*
The more I frowne, the more their breathes increase.

Sem. What terror's this! oh thou immortall speake!
My eyes are for thy maiesty too weake.

*As he toucheth the bed it fires, and all flies vp, Iu-
piter from thence takes an abortiue infant.*

Iup. Receiue thy boone, now take thy free desire
In thunder, tempest, smoake, and heauenly fire.

Inno. Ha, ha, ha.

Faire *Semele's* consum'd, 'twas acted well:
Come, next wee'l follow *Hercules* to hell.

*Jupiter taking vp the Infant, speakes as he ascends in
his cloud.*

Iup. For *Semele* (thus slaine) the heauens shall mourne
In pitchy clouds, the earth in barrenesse;
The Ocean (for her slaughter) shall weepe brine,
And hell resound her losse. Faire *Semele*
Nothing but ashes now; yet this remainder,
That cannot dye, being borne of heauenly seed,
I will conserue till his full time of birth:
His name Il'e *Bachus* call, and being growne,
Stile him, *The God of Grapes*; his *Bachenals*
Shall be renown'd at feasts, when their light braines
Swim in the fumes of wine. This all that's left
Of *Semele*, vnto the heauens Il'e beare,
Whose death this *Motto* to all mortals lends:
He by the Gods dyes, that 'boue man contends.

HOMER.

Let none the secrets of the Gods inquire,
Lest they (like her) be strooke with heauenly fire.
But we againe to *Hercules* returne,
Now on his iourney to the vaults below,
Where discontented *Proserpine* doth mourne,
There's made to cheere her an infernall show.

The Silver Age.

*Hels Iudges, Fates and Furies summons beene
To give free welcome to the Stygian Queene.*

*A dumbe shew of Pluto and all his Diuels, presenting severall gifts
and shewes to cheere, but she continues in her discontent.*

*All this and more (the beaucous Queene to sheare)
Pluto devis'd, but still her grieve remains:
No food she tastes within the gloomy spheare,
Save of a ripe Pomegranat some few grains.
The next thing we present (sit faire and well)
You shall behold a Holy-day in hell.*

Enter Theseus, Perithous, and Philoctetes armed.

Thes. Saw you not Hercules?

Perith. Noble Theseus no.

*I left him in the forrest, chacing there
Dianas Hart, and striuing to out-run
The swift-foot beast.*

Thes. His active nimbleness
Out-flies the winged bird, out-strips the steed,
Catcheth the hare, & the swift grey-hound tires
Out-paceth the wilde Leopard, and exceeds
Beasts of most active chace.

Phi. We have arriu'd
At Tenaros; this is the mouth of hell,
Which by my counsell, wee'l not seeke to enter,
Till Hercules approach.

Thes. Not enter Philoctetes?
Our spirits may compare with Hercules.
Though he exceed our strength, I with my sword
Will beat against blacke Tarrarus Ebon gates,
And dare the triple-headed dogge to armes,
Hels tri-shap't porter.

Phi. Not by my perswasion.

Peri. Perithous will assist his noble friend,
And in this worke prevent great Hercules.

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Let's rouse the hell-hound, call him from his lodge,
And (maugre *Cerberus*) enter hels-mouth,
And thence redeeme the rauish't *Proserpine*.

Thes. Had *Orpheus* power by musicke of his harpe,
To charme the curre, pierce *Orcus*, *Pluto* please,
And at his hands begge faire *Euridice*:
And shall not we as much dare with our swords,
As he with fingring of his golden strings:
Come, let our ioynt assistance rouse the fiend,
Thunder against the rusty gates of hell,
And make the Stygian kingdoms quake with feare.

They beate against the gates. Enter Cerberus.

Cerb. What mortall wretch, that feares to dye aboue
Hath trauel'd thus farre to enquire out death?

Thes. We that haue blaz'd the world with deeds of praise
Must fill the Stygian Empire with our fame;
Then rouse thee thou three-throated curre, and taste
The strength of *Thesens*.

Cerb. These my three empty throats you three shall gorge,
And when my nailes haue torne you limbe from limbe,
It'e fit and feast my hunger with your flesh.
These phangs shall gnaw vpon your cruded bones,
And with your bloods It'e smeare my triple chaps,
Your number fits my heads, and your three bodies
Shall all my three-throats set a worke at once.
It' worry you; and hauing made you bleed,
First sucke your iuice, then on your entrails feed.

Peribous fights with Cerberus, and is slaine.

Thes. Hold bloody fiend, and spare my noble friend,
The honour of the worthy *Lapythes*
Lyes breathlesse here before the gates of hell:
Cease monster, cease to prey vpon his body,
And feed on *Thesens* here.

Thesens is wounded.

Cerb. It'e eate you all.

Enter Hercules.

Herc. Stay and forbear your vp-roare, till our club
Stickle amongst you: whil'st we in the chace
Haue catch't the swift and golden-headed stagge,

The Silver Age.

These valiant *Greekes* haue sunke themselues beneath
The vpper world, as low as *Erebus*.

Whom see we? *Theſeus* wounded, yong *Peritibous*
Torne by the rauenous phangs of *Cerberus*.

My grieſe conuert to rage, and ſterne reuenge.

Come, guard thee well infernall *Camball*,

At euery ſtroke that lights vpon thy ſkull,

It'e make thee thinke the weight of all the world

And the earths huge maſſe ſhall crowne thee.

Cerb. Welcome mortall,

Thou com'ſt to mend my breake-ſaſt, thou wilt yeeld me
many a fat bit.

Herc. It'e make thee eate my club,

And ſwallow this fell maſtiffe downe thy panch.

At euery weighty cuſſe It'e make thee howle,

And ſet all hell in vp-roare: when thou roareſt,

Thy barking groanes ſhall make the braſen Towers

Where ghoſts are tortur'd, eccho with thy ſound.

Plutoes blacke guard at euery deadly yell,

Shall frighted run through all the nookes of hell.

Hercules beats *Cerberus*, and binds him in chaines.

Herc. Keep thou this rauenous hell-hound gyu'd & bound,
Hels bowels I muſt pierce, and rouze blacke *Dis*,

Breake (with my fiſts) theſe Adamantine gates,

The Iron percullis teare, and with my club

Worke my free paſſage (maugre all the fiends)

Through theſe infernals. Lo, I ſinke my ſelfe

In *Charons* barge, It'e ferry burning *Styx*,

Ranſacke the pallace where grim *Pluto* reignes,

Mount his tribunall, made of ſable Iet,

Deſpight his blacke guard, ſtoward him in his chaire,

And from his arme ſnatch beauteous *Proſerpine*.

Ghoſts, Furies, Fiends ſhall all before vs flye,

Or once more periſh, and ſo doubly dye.

*Hercules ſinkes himſelfe: Flaſhes of fire; the Diuels appeare at
euery corner of the ſtage with ſeueral fire-workes. The Iudges*

The Siluer Age.

of hell, and the three sisters run over the stage, Hercules after them: fire-workes all over the house. Enter Hercules.

Herc. Hence rauenous vulture, thou no more shalt tire
On poore *Prometheus*, *Danae* spare your rubs,
Stand still thou rowling stone of *Sisiphus*,
Feed *Tantalus* with apples, glut thy panch,
And with the shrinking waues quench thy hote thirst.
Thy bones *Ixion*, shall no more be broke
Vpon the torturing wheele: the Eagles beake
Shall *Titius* spare at sight of *Hercules*,
And all the horrid tortures of the damn'd
Shall at the wauing of our club dissolue.

Enter Pluto with a club of fire, a burning crowne, Proserpine,
the Iudges, the Fates, and a guard of Diuels, all with
burning weapons.

Pluto. Wer't thou Imperiall Ioue, that swaies the heauens,
And in the starry structure dwel'st aboue,
Thou canst not reuell here: my flaming Crowne
Shall scortch thy damn'd soule with infernall fires.
My vassaile Furies with their wiery strings,
Shall lash thee hence, and with my Ebon club
Il'e ding thee to the lowest *Barathrum*.

Herc. First shall this engine arm'd with spikes of steels,
That fore the gates of hell strooke flat thy curre,
Fall with no lesse power on thy burning sconce,
Then should great Ioue the massy center hurle,
And turne the worlds huge frame vpon thy head.

Pluto. Vpon him Diuels.

Herc. Ayd me powers Diuine,
From these blacke fiends to rescue *Proserpine*.

Hercules fels *Pluto*, beats off the *Diuels* with
all their fire-workes, rescues *Proserpine*.

Now are we King of *Orcus*, *Acheron*,
Cocytus, *Styx*, and fiery *Phlegeton*.

Prof. Long liue *Alcides*, crown'd with Godlike honours,

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For rescuing me out of the armes of *Diu*,
The vnder-world, and fiery iawes of hell.

All the ghosts. Long liue eterniz'd noble *Hercules*,
That hath dissolu'd our torments.

Rha. Hercules, attend th'vnchanging doome of *Rhadamant*,
And if the Gods be subiect to the Fates,
Needs must thou (noble *Greeke*) obey their doome,
Lo, in their name, and in the awfull voyce
Of vs the reuerend Iudges, to whose doome
Thou once must stand : I charge thee stir not hence,
Till we haue censur'd thee and *Proserpine*.
Is not the power of *Ioue* confin'd aboue?
And are not we as absolute in state
Here in the vaults below? To alter this
The heauens must faile, the sunne-melt in his heat,
The elements dissolue, Chaos againe
Confuse the triple Masse, all turne to nothing:
Now there is order : Gods there are, and Diuels:
These reward vertue ; the other punish vice.
Alter this course you mingle bad with good,
Murder with pittie, hate with clemency.
Ther's for the best no merit, for the offender
No iust infliction.

Herc. Rhadamant speakes well.

Pluto. To whom will *Hercules* commit this businesse?

Herc. I will appeale to *Ioue*, and to the Planets,
Whose powers, though bownded, yet infuse their might
In euery mortall.

Eacus. Them the Fates shall summon,
Of whom this beauteous mayd, the *Moone*, is one,
The lowest of the seuen : you reuerend sisters,
Who all things that are past be, and to come,
Keepe registred in brasse, assemble there.

Herc. Be *Ceres* pleas'd, *Alcides* is content :
Nor can she stand to better Iustices
Then to the Gods and Planets.

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Sound. Enter *Saturne*, *Iupiter*, *Iuno*, *Mars*, *Phœbus*, *Venus*, and *Mercury*: they take their place as they are in height. *Ceres*.

Satur. I know this place, why haue you summon'd *Saturne*
To hell, where he hath beene to arraigne the Moone?
These vncloth cauernes better suit my sadnesse
Then my high spheare aboue, whence to all mortals
I shoot my thicke and troubled melancholy.
Say, what's the businesse? say.

Iup. *Ceres*, thy presence
Tels me thy suit is 'bout thy daughters rape.
Ceres. Is she not thine? and canst thou suffer her
To be intoomb'd in hell before her time?

Iuno. Cannot hell swallow your ambitious bastard?
But (maugre all these monsters) liues he still?

Phœb. I saw grim *Pluto* in my daily progresse
Hurry her in his chariot ore the earth.

Venus. What could he lesse do if he lou'd the Lady?

Mars. *Venus* is all for loue.

Mercu. And *Mars* for warre,
Sometimes he runnes a tilt at *Venus* lippes,
You haue many amorous bickerings.

Mars. Well spoke *Mercury*.

Saturne. Come we hither
To trifle, or to censure? what would *Pluto*?

Pluto. Keepe whom I haue.

Ceres. Canst suffer't *Iupiter*?

Herc. I won her from the armes of Stygian *Pluto*,
And being mine, restore her to her mother.

Ceres. And shall not *Ceres* keepe her? speake great *Ioue*.

Iup. Thy censure *Rhadamant*.

Rhad. The Fates, by whom your powers are all conscrib'd,
Pronounce this doome: If since her first arriue
She hath tasted any food, she must of force
Be euerlastingly confin'd to hell.

Pluto. *Asculaphus*, thou didst attend my Queene,
Hath she yet tasted of our Stygian fruits?

That

The Silver Age.

That we may keepe her still?

Asc. I saw her in her mouth chaw the moist graines
of a Pomegranate.

Ceres. Curst *Asculaphus*,
Il'e adde vnto thy vgliness, and make thee
A monster, of all monsters most abhor'd.

Pluto. Your censures, oh you Gods, is she not *Pluto's*?
Giue your free censures vp.

All. She must be *Pluto's*.

Ceres. The Gods are partiall all.

Pluto. Welcome my Queene.

Herc. What can *Alcides* more for *Ceres* loue,
Then ransacke hell, and rescue *Proserpine*?
Needs must our further conquests here take end,
When Gods and Fates against our force contend.

Ceres. Iustice, oh iustice, thou Omnipotent.
Rob not thy *Ceres* of her beauteous childe,
Either restore my daughter to the earth,
Or banish me to hell.

Saturn. *Ceres* you are fond,
Th'earth cannot want your plenty : your fertility
Will worse become hell scortched barrenesse.
Let's breake this Sessions vp, I am dull.

Iup. You Gods aboue
And powers below, attend the Thunderers voyce,
And to our moderation lend an'care
Of reuerence. *Ceres*, the Fates haue doom'd her
The Bride of *Pluto* ; nor is she disparaged
To be the sister of Olimpicke *Ioue*.

The rape that you call force, we title Loue:
Nor is he lesse degree'd, saue in his lot,
To vs that sway the heauens. So much for *Pluto*.
Now beauteous *Ceres* we returne to you,
Such is your care to fill the earth with plenty,
To cherish all these fruits, from which the mortals
Ostend their gratitude to vs the Gods
In sacrifice and offerings, that we now

Thus

The Siluer Age.

Thus by our dread power, mittigate the strictnesse
Of the Fates doome : we haue not (oh you Gods)
Purpose to do our Stygian brother wrong,
Nor rob the heauens the Planet of the Moone,
By whom the seas are sway'd: Be she confin'd
Below the earth, where be the ebbes and tides?
Where is her power infus'd in hearbes and plants?
In trees for buildings? simples phisicall?
Or minerall mines? Therefore indifferent *Ioue*
Thus arbitrates : the yeare we part in twelue,
Call'd *Moneths of the Moone* : twelue times a yeare
She in full splendor shall supply her orbe,
And shine in heauen : twelue times fill *Pluto's* armes
Below in hell. When *Ceres* on the earth
Shall want her brightnesse, *Pluto* shall enioy it,
When heauen containes her, she shall light the earth
From her bright spheare aboue. Parted so euen,
We neither fauour hell, nor gloze with heauen.

Plu. *Pluto* is pleas'd.

Ceres. *Ceres* at length agreed.

Proser. *Ioue* is all iustice, and hath well decreed.

Iup. Say all the planets thus?

All. We do.

Iup. Our Sessions we dissolue then. *Hercules*,
We limit you to dragge hence *Cerberus*,
To the vpper world, and leaue thee to the vniuerses
Where thou shalt finish all thy *Iouiall* taskes ;
Proceed and thriue. You that to earth belong,
Ascend to your mortality with honors,
The Gods to heauen: *Pluto* and his keepe hell,
The Moone in both by euen attonement dwell.

Exeunt three wayes Ceres, Theseus, Philoctetes, and Hercules
dragging Cerberus one way: Pluto, hels Iudges, the Fates
and Furies downe to hell: Iupiter, the Gods and Planets ascend
to heauen.

The Silver Age.

Enter HOMER.

*Our full Scene's wane, the Mooones arraignment ends,
Ioue and his mount, Pluto with his descends.
Poore HOMER's left blinde, and hath lost his way,
And knowes not if he wander or go right,
Unlesse your fauours their cleare beames display.
But if you daine to guide me through this night,
The acts of Hercules I shall pursue,
And bring him to the thrice-raz'd wals of Troy:
His labours and his death Ile shew to you.
But if what's past your riper iudgements cloy,
Here I haue done: if ill, too much: if well,
Pray with your hands guide HOMER out of hell.*

FINIS.









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