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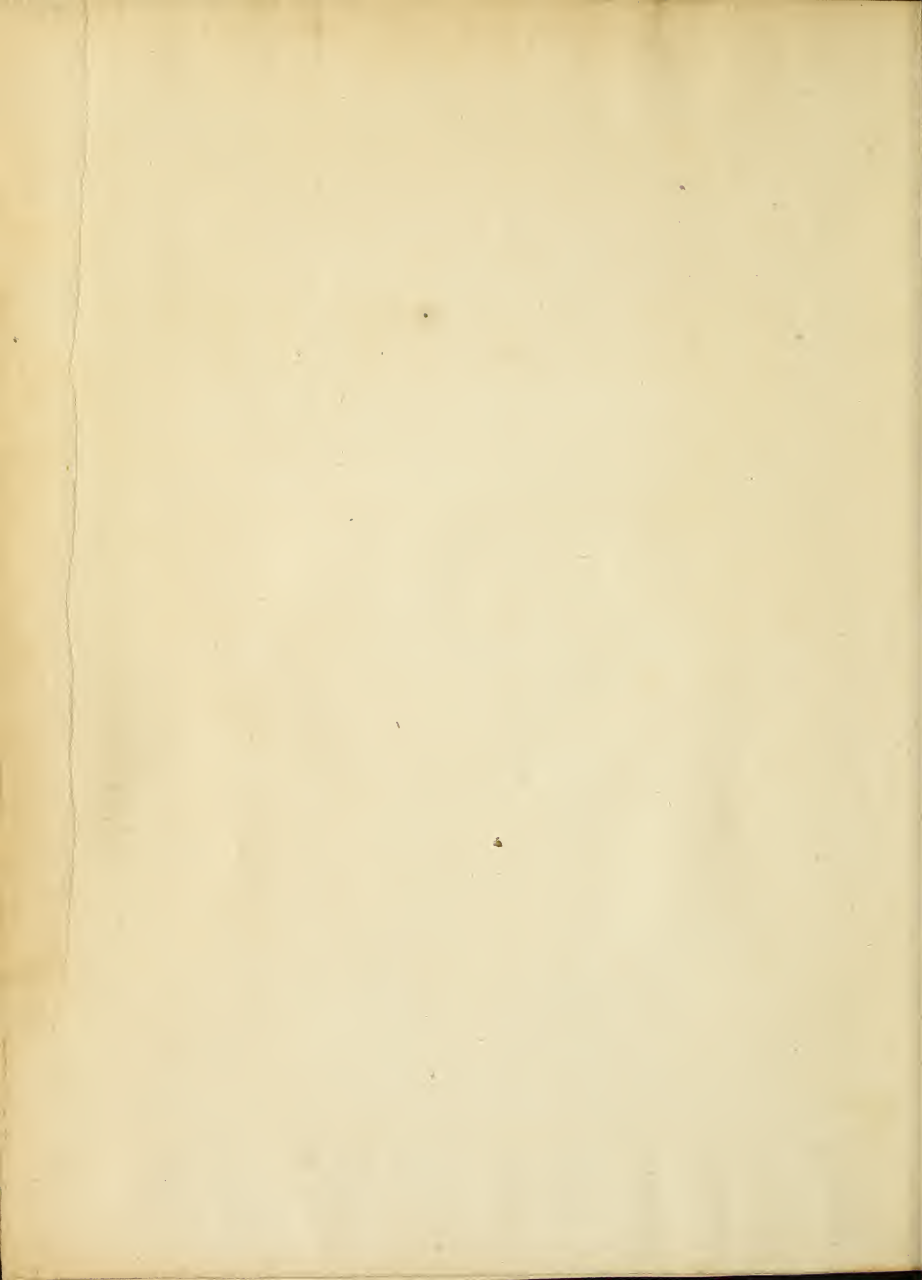




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<sup>16</sup> Tho. 15: <sup>16</sup> volumes. THE <sup>the fatal Contract</sup>

# Fatal Contract,

A French <sup>from</sup> <sup>16</sup> <sup>16</sup>

# TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted vwith great  
Applause by her Majesties

*John Kearney* SERVANTS. APPLAUSE

Written by William Hemings,  
Master of Arts of Oxon.

Printed by the Original Copy.



0516 *John Hemings*  
Book 3

Printed at London for J. M. in the  
Year, 1653. 103. 5  
1653

THE  
FEDERAL

A  
TRADY

149.626

May, 1873

APPLICABLE BY THE  
THE

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM H. ...

PRINTED BY THE ORIGINAL COPY



PRINTED AT LONDON FOR J. M. IN THE  
YEAR 1873



To the Right Honourable, Tho. Earl  
of South-bampton, &c.

My Lord,

**T**His Poem was composed by a worthy Gentleman at  
Hours of his recess from happier employments. In his  
life he was above the Sphere of common Writers, and  
though at death he left greater Monuments of his worth  
and abilitie, yet this piece had justly gain'd an esteem with  
men of excellent judgement; and having suffered very  
much by private Transcripts, where it past through many  
hands as a Curiosity of Wit and Language, It is now  
emergent from darknes, and appears in a publike dress,  
having shaken off some dust and imperfections that too usu-  
ally waits upon multipli'd Copies.

My Lord, If we had not confidence that the merit of  
this Poem would excuse the boldnesse of this Dedication,  
we would not have attempted so great a flight as to your  
name. We humbly beseech your Honour to peruse it when you  
will descend to a recreation of this nature: And let not  
our Names that attend it, by our lowness and want of Or-  
nament, be thought a stain to what we have presented; for  
though our sails are not filled with so much happy air and  
breath of the World, yet our small and plain Vessels are  
fraught with as true faith & humility to serve you, as that  
which carries more fire and noise to proclaim their devoti-  
ons: And in the assurance that your mercy will vouchsafe  
us your protection, we cast our selves at your feet,

My Lord,

The humblest of those that pray for your  
Honours happinesse.

A. T.

A. P.

The Persons of the Play.

- Carwright. **C** Hilderick, an old King of *France*.  
Chart. **C** Clotair, the young King.  
Burt. clovis, the Monsieur.  
Moon: Landrey, Favorite to the Queen, and raised by her favour to be Duke of *France*, and Maior of the Palace.  
Clvn: Brissac, an old Peer of *France*.  
Kensro<sup>n</sup> Brissac, his Sonne.  
Lords for Attendants.  
Win: Lamot, }  
Satt: Dumain, } two banished Lords.  
Martell, }  
Bourbon, } Noble men of *France*, and friends of  
Lanove, } the banished Lords.  
Crotilda, by the name of *Castrato*, as an *Ennuch*.  
Mrs W: Fredigond, the Queen.  
R. H: Aphelia, Old Brissac's Daughter.  
Isabella, a Lady that waited on Aphelia.  
Three Ladies for Attendance.  
A Cardinall for state, when Aphelia is to be beheaded.  
Six Young men to bear the Herse.  
Six of the Guard.  
A Headsman.  
Musicians.  
A Page to Brissac. Jun.  
A Lackey.

The Fatall Contract,  
*Or* A *Tragicall*  
TRAGEDY.

Actus Primus, Scena prima.

Enter *Lamot* and *Dumaine* like Souldiers.

*Dum.*



WE are not safe *Lamot*; this bawdie peace  
Begets a war within me; our swords worn  
For Ornament, not use; the Drum & Trumpet  
Sing drunken Carrols, and the Canon speaks  
Health, not confusion; Helmets turn'd to Cups;  
Our bruised Armes administer discourse  
For Tables and for Taverns, where the Souldier  
Oft finds a pittie, not reliefe: Pl tell thee,  
Wee'r walking images, the signes of men,  
And bear about us nothing but the forme  
Of man that's manly.

*Lam.* Wee'r cold indeed.

*Dum.* Yes, and th'ungratefull time  
As coldly doth reward us, all our actions,  
Attempts of valcur, look'd into with eyes  
Fil'd with contempt, when ye Gods ye know  
It is our gifts they see yet: oh I am mad!  
The very bread that lends them life to scorn us,  
Our blood ha's paid for, yet demand a bit,  
Or ask of this old fatten belli'd fir,  
Or Madam toothless with her velvet sponce,  
And you shall hear their rotten lungs pronounce  
The Whip and Whip-stock.

B

*Lam.*

## The Fatall Contract,

*Lam.* Prethee containe thy selfe.

*Dum.* Thou knowest I can;

With what an equall temper did I breath  
Under the frozen climate of the North,  
Where in mine armes ( the sheets of war ) I slept,  
My bed being feather'd with the down of heaven ?  
I have lain down a man and rise a snow-ball.  
There these have been my pastimes, which i've born  
As willingly as I received them nobly.  
The Queenes black envy which doth still remaine,  
And peeps through every limb she bears about her,  
Fated to ruine us, does not swell my Gall,  
No nor this willing beggery I weare  
To cloud me from her malice; by the Gods  
This bastard-getting peace unspirits me,  
A greater corrasive to my active soul,  
Than all past ills what ever.

*Lam.* As you are valiant be wise too, this is no time  
To vent your passions like a woman in,  
Your sword, not tongue, should speak.

*Dum.* You are an expert Tutor, and I thank you;  
Our wrongs would add a spirit to the dead,  
And make them fight our quarrels; -- but look here

*Enter Landrey, and two or three insinuating Lords, buste in  
conference, and three or foure Petitioners.*

The minion of our Queen, oh what a traine  
The painted Peacock bears ! death, were I Jove  
But onely for this Giant.

*Pet.* Good your honor, our wives and Children,  
Good your honour hear us.

*Lan.* Where are our slaves ? keep off these dregs of men;  
The scum and out-cast of the world; bring round my charice  
To the postern Gate; these bell-mouth'd Rascals  
Split mine eares with noise, make hast before  
Lest my great Mistres wait my comming.

*Exit.*

*Pet.*

A Tragedie.

*Pet.* Good your honour.

[*Exeunt.*

*Pet.* The devill take your worship; we must follow.

*Dum.* These are the fruits of base upstarts and flatterers.

Tell me *Lamot*, can this same Merchpane man  
Think, or commit a sin though ne'r so horrid,  
But it is candied o'r, and from his vice  
Excessive praise and plaudites arise?  
Were I the King, but he is wilful blind,  
And by the hornes she rocks him fast asleep,  
Before the wanton and hot-blooded Queene  
Should have the licence but to be suspected  
With such a Knight of Ginger-bread as this,  
A gilded flesh-flie, I would lock her up,  
Yea chain the evill Angel in a Box,  
And house her like a silk-worme.

*Lam.* Pardon me sir, the good old King's unable.

*Dum.* And therefore must admit an upstart Page,  
Now rais'd to honours by her lawless lust,  
Maior of the Palace, and the Duke of France,  
The next stept is the Crown; now by my life  
'Twere good the King would execute them both.

*Lam.* Alas he dares not, for the no chaste Queene,  
Is as her birth, as great in faction,  
Followed and sainted by the multitude,  
Whose judgement she hath linck'd unto her Purse,  
And rather bought a love than found it:  
She ha's a working spirit, an active braine,  
Apt to conceive, and wary in her wiles;  
Besides, her Sons, the pillowes of the State,  
Support her like an *Atlas*, where she sits,  
And like the heavens commands our fates beneath her;  
She is the greater light, the King a star  
That onely glares but through her influence.

*A flourish within.*

*Dum.* Hark, the thunder of the world, how out of tune,  
This peace corrupting all things makes them speak,  
What means this most adulterate noise?

## The Fatall Contract,

*Lam.* Why, are you ignorant ?  
This is a night of jubile, and the King  
Solemnly feasts for his wars happie successe,  
Besides his Sons and he are knit againe ;  
We shall have Masks and Revelling to night.

*Dum.* Now the great Gods confound this pickthanck noise,  
The Drums and Trumpets are turn'd flatterers,  
And Mars himself a Bawd to grace their riot.  
O I am mad, this grates my very Gall.

*Lam.* What man, bear up ;  
Although I wish all civill discord hence,  
Yet I do hope a time wherein we Souldiers,  
Shall like a moving wall of living steel,  
Defend this City that offends us now.

*Dum.* My thoughts keep not your road, I think  
The devilish spirit of the haughty Queen,  
Will find employment for us yet, her brain  
Is very active in exploits that breed  
The Souldiers harvest, war and dissention.

*Enter the Eunuch with bags of Gold, gives to each of  
them one, and after a little pause departs.*

*Lam.* What vision's this ? 'tis Gold right and fair,  
Sure I dreame not.

*Dum.* I cannot tell, but he that takes this from me,  
Shall soon perceive I do not sleep nor slumber.

*Lam.* It was the Eunuch.

*Dum.* That needs no deciding.

*Lam.* What speaks the Paper left behind ?  
If it be *Chorus* to this dum shew, read it *Dumaine*.

### The Letter.

As you are Souldiers truly valiant, I honor you, as poor, I pity you; therefore have sent you that wil render you as compleat Courtiers, as undaunted Souldiers: we know your present fortunes shame your parentage, which was not onely great in it self, but fortunate in so fair an off-spring: *Dumaine, Lamet*, let it suffice we know ye; for our eye is every where,

# A Tragedie.

where: whilst I remember your worths, I shall forget your parents injuries; feare nothing, for your hitherto concealement, i'l get your pardons, and whilst I breath, breath your kind Mistress: if you dare trust me, appear at Court to night so adorned, as shall become your honours, our friends.

*Fredigond.*

*Lamot.* The Queene?

*Dum.* We are betraid *Lamot*, what shall we do?

*Lam.* Wee'l take the gracious proffer of the Queene, Shee's princely vow'd our friend; besides what ill Can we expect from her, who might have sent Her murdering ministers and slaine us here, If she intended foul play? but she's noble.

*Dum.* Noble, grant her so, yet——

*Lam.* What yet?

*Dum.* Her murdred Brothers memory.——

*Lam.* When he fell, we were too young for traytors.

*Dum.* But not for torments, had we been apprehended; For in the high displeasure of the Queen, All our posterity was doom'd; some felt the wheel, Some wrack'd, some hang'd, others impal'd on stakes, With divers strange and horrid formes of death, That you'd have thought, and fitly thought it too, That all the torments which the Poets feign The damned spirits exercise in Hell, Had here been put in execution; And had not we been then in *Witenburge*, Beyond the fury of her mortall spleen, We had added to the number of the dead; Then think you still we shall not?

*Lam.* Now by my life it's murder to suspect her, Our lives are all that we can lose, our fame, Not time nor Art can murder, so wee'l venture. *Exeunt omnes.*

## SCENA II.

*Enter Fredigond the Queene, and the Eunuch.*

*Qu.* What conference did they maintain with thee?

*Eu.* None farther than the language of their eyes,

## The Fatall Contract,

They look'd on me as if they ment me thanks,  
Which their amazement rob'd me off.

*Qu.* Spake they not then at all ?

*Eu.* No not a word,

They seem'd to me as if they knew no language.

*Qu.* You know them not ?

*Eu.* No dearest Lady, for th'appear'd to me  
Like to the silent postures in the Arras,  
Onely the form of men with stranger faces.

*Qu.* Take u'm then, they are our enemies,  
Whom I have angled with that golden bait ;  
Their parents waded in my Brothers blood,  
For which i'l be reveng'd of all their kin,  
Could they increase as oft as I would kill,  
I'd ever kill that they might still increase :

This picture drawn by an *Italian*

( Which still I keep to whet mine anger )

Does represent the murder of my brother,  
For ravishing this beautiful piece of ill ;  
A bloody and a terrible mistake,

To murder *Clodimir* for *Clotars* fact,

For which behold how *Fredigond's* reveng'd,

This old *Dumaine* and father to this maid,

With all his kindred, sociates and alies,

( These brace of wicked ones, and that ravish't whore,

The fair and fatall cause of these events

Onely excepted ) are here, here in this picture :

Is't not a brave sight, how doth the object like thee ?

How prettily that babe hangs by th'heels,

Sprawling his Armes about his mothers wombe,

As if againe he sought for shelter there ?

Here's one bereft of hands, and this of tongue,

Finger thy Lute *Maria*, sing out *Isibel* :

Hark, hark *Castrato*, the musick of the Sphæres,

O ravishing touch, hark how the others voice

Echoes the Lute, Is't not a divine softnesse ?

Ha ah ha, I do expect they now should rayle extremely ;

I prethee scold at me good *Isabel*,

*Draw the curtain and shew the picture.*

*Scopitice.*



## A Tragedie.

A little of the woman ; no *Maria* ;  
Within the cloathed circle of mine eyes,  
Anchor thy fingers, alas, thy nailes are par'd,  
Nor has poor *Isabel* a tongue to scold with,  
And here's the Granddam with her glares out ;  
Saddle her nose with spectacles, or else  
Shee'l miss her way to the infernall pit.  
Tow horie Gray-berds in this angle lyes,  
Will find their way to Hell without their eyes,  
Villaines that kil'd my Brother; how does this like thee ?  
To execute men in picture, is't not rare ? (*Stabs the picture*)  
*Eu.* Were but *Chrotilda* here, and these two youngsters,  
It were a pastime for the Gods to gaze on.  
Oh were I but a man as others are,  
As kind and open-handed nature made me,  
With Organs apt and fit for womans service.

*Qu.* What if thou wert ?

*Eu.* What if I were great Queene ?

I'd search the Deserts, Mountaines, Vallies, Plaines,  
Till I had met *Chrotilda*, whom by force  
I'd make to mingle with these sootie limbs,  
Till I had got on her one like to me,  
Whom I would nourish for the *Dumaine* line ;  
That time to come might story to the world,  
They had the Devil to their Grand-father.

*Qu.* I find thee Eunuch apt for my imployments,  
Therefore I will unclaspe my soul to thee,  
I've alwaies found thee trusty, and I love thee.

*Eu.* With thanks I ever must acknowledge it,  
And lay my life at my great Mistrefs feet,  
To spend it when she pleases.

*Kneels.*

*Qu.* We need it not

As yet *Castrato*, but we may hereafter.  
See, their's the plat-forme of great *Childricks* death ;  
And they which must be thought his murderers,  
Our Enemies, and now new Courtiers,  
Whom hitherto I have reserv'd for policy ;

First,

## The Fatall Contract,

First, that they take away the guilt from us ;  
Next, being apprehended, studying deaths,  
The heads of all our Engineers shall sit  
T'invent unheard of torments for the slaves ;  
I long to see them here, here in this frame,  
Greeting their kindreds bones.

*Eu.* You are the Goddess of invention.

*Qu.* Then i'l commend thee to my elder Son,  
Where thou shalt wind into his secret thoughts ;  
As for the younger Boy let me alone ;  
And when we have them on the hip, they shall  
Follow their Fathers unto *Hells-black-Hall*

*Eu.* Still better.

*Qu.* Will not this be brave ? ha, how lik'st thou this ?  
Now by this light I'm taken strangely with thee,  
Come kiss me, kiss me firra, tremble not. *(Queene kisses him.)*  
Fie, what a January lip thou hast,  
A paire of Iscicles, sure thou hast bought  
A paire of cast lips of the chaste *Dian's*,  
Thy blood's meere snow-broth, kiss me again : *(again)*  
Now see if you can find these gallants forth,  
And bring them to our presence.

*Exit Eunuch.*

O sir y'are welcome,

*Enter Landrey.*

Your visits have been freer, but I grow old,  
And you command the beauties of the time.

*Lae.* What means my noble Mistress ? think you the blood  
Runnes so degenerate within these veins,  
To stoop to an inferiour imbrace,  
When I injoy the best.

*Qu.* We are betraid :  
I'l tell thee a good jest *Landrey*, pray marke ;  
This morning dressing my head my husband came,  
And with his switch ( for he was then to hunt )  
A gentle stroke he gave me on the back ;  
My fancy busied then to make me fine,  
Supposing it was you that sported so,  
( Not dreaming that the dotard was so neere )

## A Tragedie.

Cri'd, well my Landrey, in story we still find,  
The best Knights strike before and not behind :  
The King who alwaies understood too fast,  
Quits suddenly my Chamber; what he intends  
I cannot guess, unless it be our deaths,  
Which if he speedily perform not, then  
Know he shall never, for this night concludes him.  
His Sons I weigh like him, they have rebell'd,  
And taken spirit of late t'oppose my will,  
And contradict my pleasures in thy love,  
For which it is not safe that they should live ;  
The Kingdoms Heir shall be a boy of thine,  
And Kings and Queens shall follow in thy Line.

*En.* Madam, here are the Gentlemen. *Enter Dumaine & Lamot  
very brave, the Eunuck.*

*Qu.* Y'are welcome to the Court, and us, brave spirits y'are  
welcome.

Take a Queenes word y'are welcome.

*Amba.* Your highnesse is as full of grace as mercy.

*Qu.* Rise and follow us, wee'l be your Guardian and  
Protectres.

*Lan.* What are these? *(Aside*

*Qu.* Sheep for my shambles; whom I have fatted up  
Onely for slaughter ; things are on foot decreed,  
Shall make some smile to night, and others bleed.

*Exeunt omnes*

### SCENA III.

*Enter Clovis at one door, Aphelia and a Page at the other  
with a Torch.*

*Clo.* My best Mistres,  
What Angel brought you hither? for I know  
Millions attend your goodnes.

*Aph.* My Lord?

*Clo.* Why do you cast such stranger eyes upon me?  
You were not wont to cloth your browes with scorn,  
Nor dart such deadly looks ; can my mistres  
Be angry with her servant? my offence,  
If slowness in my visits, i'l hereafter

## The Fatall Contract,

Grow to your threshold ; why weep you now ?  
Trust me divinest fair thine eyes seed pearl,  
Bracelets for Gods to wear about their armes.

*Aph.* I am too fond, and yet he swears he loves me,  
I have believ'd him too, for I have found  
A Godlike nature in him, and a truth  
Hitherto constant.

*Clo.* Sweetest fair the cause ?

*Aph.* If this should be dissembled, not your heart,  
And having won my souls affection,  
Should on a judgement more retir'd to state,  
Smile at your perjuries, and leave me in love,  
What ill-bred tales the world would make of me.

*Clo.* That jealousie i'l strangle; take this Ring,  
As I that Diamond dazel'd by thine eyes,  
Whose beauty sickned 'cause eclips'd by thine;  
Be these the mutual pledges of our love,  
Our Marriage before our Marriage,  
And curs'd be he that separates our love,  
Though *France* be one, or what is greater *Jive*.  
Are your fears over now ?

*Alp.* My Lord, I dare no ill, and therefore doubt none.

*Enter King, Queen, Clotaire, Landrey, Dumain, Lamot, Eunuch,  
Lords, Ladies, Guard.*

*King.* Approach our person nearer, for methinks  
Y'have honest faces, if your hearts keep touch  
T'your outward semblance, y'are a pair  
Nothing but death shall force from me.

*Qu.* Good, good, this Physick works.

(*aside.*)

*Eu.* Madam, is't done ?

*Qu.* I my black Genius, such a fatal dram  
I have administred, will wing h's soul  
Wich expedition to the other world,  
His part essential like a wearied Ghost  
This night forsakes her Inn, when fled and gone,  
Who knows where it shall lodge : mark his looks,  
C<sup>ould</sup> you not death thron'd in his hollow eye,

Great tyrant over Nature ?

*Eu.* With looks inquisite I have beheld him,  
But see no alteration.

*Qu.* Thou art a fool, and wantst the optique nerves  
To pry into my Arts; where I lay trains,  
Death comes before the grief, the sulphurous match  
Destroyes the powder with a motion slow  
To what I work with; as Autumn aged leaf,  
In youth the prime and glory of the Grove,  
Not to be graspt with hand, falls with a puff,  
And what we could not touch but now, we tread on,  
So *Childrick*---

*King.* Lend me thine arm *Dum sin*, I now not what,  
But on the sudden-- ( *Dumain & Lamot about the King.*

*Qu.* How the Nats play and buz about the fire  
Must consume them.-

*Eu.* 'Tis rare, cbservant Cockscomes.

*Clota.* What Star's unsherd and walks upon the Earth,  
Making our night a noon ? methinks her sight  
Does cure blindnesse, and lend darknesse light,

*Castrato*--- ( *Clotair pulls the Eunuch aside.*

*Eu.* No more, we are observ'd, my Lord.

*Clot.* What Ladyes that?

*Eu.* That French India with a Mine upon her back,  
With whom your Brother holds discourse ?

*Clot.* The same.

*Eu.* The chaste and beautifull *Aphelia*.

*Clot.* Indeed shee's wondrous fair, nature hath much  
Befriended her, art sure shee's honest ?

*Eu.* Snow's not purer ;  
No vestal Virgin at the Aultar bears  
A soul so incorrupt, so void of flame  
That's loosly active.

*Clot.* *Castrato*, be as our self, get but that Lady for me ;  
Thou understand'st me.

*Eu.* Shee dotes upon your Brother, by which means  
I'll think upon some plot.

*Clot.* The Masque ended wee will talk further on't.

# The Fatall Contract,

King. Defer our pastimes till another night,  
I am not well at ease.

Duma. Lights, lights for his Majesty.

Clot. & Clovis. How is it with your grace our Royal Father?

Eu. Dumain, Lamot, your feet are in the snare,  
Fredigond hunts, and when she hunts beware. (The Eunuch

Lam. What sayes the slave? (talks with Aphelia aside.

Dum. No matter what, mind we his Majesty.

King. There is an *Ætna* in me,  
The air I draw returns illuminate,  
Philosophy thy Element of fire's here.

Qu. His Grace grows worse and worse, support him  
Gently friends; O my dear Husband, O my gentle Lord.

*Exeunt omnes.*

Aphe. I credit your report, & will obey, (Miserable Eunuch  
His mind is honourable like his parentage; and Aphelia.

His single name has arm'd me, pray lead on. (Exe. Alp. & Eu.

Lam. O woe, woe, woe.

Enter Lamot.

Clot. Horror and death.

Enter Clotaire.

Clot. O dismall fatal hour.

(Enter Clovis, Fredigond, the

Qu. with Childrick end

Queen Landry, Dumain, Guard

The World.

Attendants.

Dum. Have patience gentle Queen.

Qu. Stand from me,

Preach patience to the Sea when the rude windes  
Swell her ambitious billowes 'bove the clouds,  
And if thou tutor'st them to peace and silence,  
I'll be as calm as they.

Clot. The treason here, and not the Traytor,  
Quite confounds me.

Qu. Doubt ye the Traytors?

I've brought a pair of Vipers to the Court,  
Warm'd and reliev'd them with a sting to kill us;  
Who could be Authors of this deed but they?  
His new bosome friends have slain him,  
Lay hands upon the villains.

Dum. We are betraid Lamot, basely beset with snares.

Lam. Justice fight thou my cause with thine own sword.

Qu.

## A Tragedie.

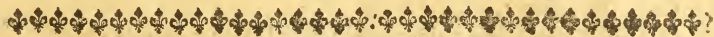
*Qu.* O villains, would ye let them scape?  
Two men to passe the strength of all our guard?  
This mads me.

*Clot.* Make after them and bring them back,  
Or by my Fathers soul ye sleep your last.

*Aphelia,* oh *Aphelia,* thee I not from my mind,  
I may command her now.

Come Mother, Brother, Friends, come let us go,  
King ne'r receiv'd a Crown so full of woe.

*Exe. omnes.*



### Actus Secundus Scena Prima.

Enter *Old Brisfac* and the *Page*.

*Page.* I Left her mid'st th' amazed multitude,  
Where doubtlesse frighted with the sudden horror  
Of the unlook'd for murder of the King,  
She has with other beauties of the Court,  
Retir'd her self until the morning star.

*O. Bris.* 'Tis very likely so, yet d'ee hear--  
I know not what to say, i'l not to bed,  
My thoughts are full of tempests, dismall thinkings;  
Where is my Son, why went he not to Court?

*Page.* Your Son sir *Charles*, sir, is not yet in bed,  
But why he went not to the Court I know not.

*O. Bris.* Perhaps she's safe, then why returns she not?  
Why sends she not glad messenges of health?

No, no, she's lost, and I undone forever.

Go to your bed, I will not trouble you,

Go take your rest, yet pray be up betimes,

Yet stay and watch with me, she may come home,

She may come home, it's good to wait for her;

Yet now I've thought on't get you hence to bed,

And yet not so, run, run unto the Court,

O Villain how he moves; yet why so fast,

*(Offers to go.)*

*(Offer to run.)*

# The Fatall Contract,

Let me deliberate, that were to give  
The Courtiers notice I have lost my Daughter,  
Whom they will then suspect, and call her fame  
Into an ill construction ; no no no :

O sir you'r welcome, where is your sister ?  
I must have her firra, and I will ; where is  
She *Charles*, where is she ?

( Enter *Charles*  
*Brissac & Clovis*  
*the Prince dis-*  
*guised.*

*Cha.* My noble Father.

*O. Bris.* Tut tut tut, noble me nobles, nor Father me.  
No Fathers, where is your sister firra ?

*Cha.* My sister ?

*O. Bris.* Your sister; this cunning shall not carry it ;  
Where is she ? speak.

*Cha.* Within sir, is she not ? otherwise this Gentleman  
Ha's lost his labour, he's come to visit her.

*O. Bris.* Hoyday, hoyday, hoyday, to visit her ?  
Plots, plots, meer fetches to delude me : to visit her ?  
What at the dead of night, when the whole world  
Is sunck in slumber, and our lustie youth  
As quiet as the Grave ? to visit her ?  
O most ridiculous, to visit her ?

Pray Gentleman consider, does your sister keep  
Times so preposterous for visiting ?  
Makes she a day of night, or ha's been bred  
As loose as *Lais*, to love night Courtings ?  
Do not distract me; to visit her ?

*Chz.* Pray sir collect your self; this Gentleman  
Even at that horrid point where the King fell---

*O. Bris.* I there's more mischief too ; God for his mercy  
What a world is this!

*Cha.* Saw a Ring drop from off my sisters finger,  
And at his best advantage took it up,  
Which he had then deliver'd, but that fright  
Which renders men forgetful made him so,  
But knowing where she liv'd, ( so he protests )  
He could not sleep until it were deliver'd.

*O. Bris.* Pray let me see the Ring ; yes it was hers,  
And she would say she'd never part with it



## A Tragedie.

But when she ment to wed ; if y<sup>e</sup> have married her,  
Or have her promise rivited to yours,  
Tell me but where she is i<sup>t</sup>l be content,  
For I in losing her have lost my joy.

*Cha.* Is she not then within ?

*O. Bris.* Yes too much ; oh no  
The house containes her not, she is not here,  
Nor is for ought I know at all.

*Clov.* O my prophétique soul, then 't is no idle fear.

*O. Bris.* How the Monsieur? what makes he here ?

*Clov.* There's something whispers me, go not to bed,  
Go not to bed till thou hast found her out,  
Be'st thou my Genius or what power else  
(Suggesting lawful things) I will obey thee.  
Still it cries, sleep not to night ; had I tane Opium,  
The drowsie Poppie, cold Mandragora,  
Or all the sleepe sirrops of the world,  
With such a powerful spell thou work'st upon me,  
That should I take an everlasting sleep  
Thould'st wake my scattered bones, and make them rise  
To watch the horror of this fatal night;  
Sleep ever waking envie and mistrust,  
Yee things which never knew what slumber ment ;  
Ghosts keep your beds, ye Centinels of night,  
Goblins and Specters do not walk your round ;  
A generall Lethargie seize on this hour,  
Whilst I alone the Watchman of the night  
Will wake in spite of fate, *Argus* thine eyes  
To find *Abelisa* and her miseries. ( *Exit.*

*O. Bris.* Pretty in good sadnesse, wondrous pretty ;  
Is he in earnest?

*Cha.* Sure he dissembles not, I little thought [ When I did  
Let him in, what person grac'd [ Our Threshold.

*O. Bris.* Ah sirra, what a Girl is this to be out of th' way,  
He is in love that's certain; let me remember,  
When I was first a lover as he is,  
I'd just such wild vagaries in my brain,  
Such midnight madnesse ; this puling baggage!

## The Fatall Contract,

May lose her self for ever, and her fortunes,  
For this hours absence ; go, begone,  
Follow his royall person, comfort him,  
Tell him my daughter will again be found ;  
And so good Angels grant we meet with her.

*Exc. omnes.*

### SCEN. II.

Enter *Apbelia* and the *Eunuch* with a wax Taper.

*Aph.* Into what Labyrinth doe you lead me fir ?  
What by perplexed wayes ? I should much fear  
Had you not us'd his name, which is to me  
A strength 'gainst terror, and himself so good,  
Occasion cannot varie, nor the night,  
Youth, nor his wild desire, otherwise  
A silent sorrow from mine eyes would steal  
And tell sad stories for me.

*Eu.* You are too tender of your honour Lady,  
Too full of aguish trembling ; the noble Prince  
Is, as December, frosty in desire,  
Save what is lawful, he not owns that heat,  
Which were you snow would thaw a tear from you.

*Aph.* This is the place appointed, pray heavens all things  
go well.

*Eu.* I will go call him, please you rest your self ;  
Here lies a book will bear you company  
Till I return, which will be presently.  
Hither I'll send the King, not that I mean  
To give him leave to cool his burning lust,  
For *Clovis* shall prevent him in the fact ;  
And thus I shall endear my self to both :  
*Clovis* inrag'd perhaps will kill the King,  
Or by the King will perish, if both fall,  
Or either, both waies make for me ;  
The Queen as rootedly does hate her sonnes,  
As I her Ladyship, to see this fraie  
She must be brought by me, she'll steel them on  
To one anothers damage, for her sake

(*Apbelia reads in  
the book.*)

# A Tragedie.

I'll say I set on foot this hopeful brawl.  
Whilst she will hug and kisse me for the same ;  
Thus on all sides the Eunuch will play foul,  
And as his face is black he'll have his soul.

*Alph.* How witty sorrow ha's found out discourse  
Fitting a midnight season ! here I see  
One bath'd in Virgins tears, whose puritie  
Might blanch a Blackmore, turn natures stream  
Back on it's self; words pure and of that strain  
Might move the *Parce* to be pittiful.

(Enter  
*Clotair.*

*Clot.* Methinks I stand like *Tarquin* in the night,  
When he defil'd the chastity of *Rome*,  
Doubtful of what to do, and like a Thief  
I take each noise to be an Officer.  
She ha's a ravishing feature, and her mind  
Is of a purer temper than her body :  
Her vertues more than beauty ravish't me,  
And I commit even with her piety  
A kind of incest with Religion ;  
Though I do know it is a deed of death  
Condemn'd to torments in the other world,  
Such tempting sweetnesse dwels in every limb,  
That I must venter my essentiall parts  
For the fruition of a moments lust,  
A pleasure dearly bought.

(She still  
reads on.

(Exit with a re-  
solve not to do it.

*Alph.* Alack poor maid,  
Poor ravisht *Philomel*, thy lot was ill  
To meet that violence in a Brother, which  
I in a stranger doubt not ; yet methinks  
I am too confident, for I feel my heart  
Burd'ned with something ominous ; these men  
Are things of subtil nature, and their oaths  
Unconstant like themselves. *Clouis* may prove unkind,  
Alack why not? say he should offer foul,  
The evil counsel of a secret place,  
And night his friend, might over-tempt his will;  
I dare not stand the hazard ; guide me light  
To some untroden place, where poor I may

## The Fatall Contract,

Wear out the night with sighs till it be day. (Ent. Clota.

Clot. I am resolv'd, I will be bold and resolute.

Hail beautiful Damsell.

Apbe. Ha, what man art thou.

That haſt thy count'nance clouded with thy cloak,

And hid'st thy face from darkneſſe and the night?

If thy intents deſerve a Muſſer too,

Withdraw and act them not. What art thou, ſpeak?

And wherefore cam'st thou hither?

Clot. I came to find one beautiful as thou,

And am a man willing to pleaſe a woman.

Apbe. I underſtand you not.

Clot. But I muſt you, yea and the right way too,

Or my ſtrength ſhall fail me.

Apbe. Help, help, help.

Clot. Peace, none of your loud muſick Lady,

If you raiſe a note, or beat the air with clamor,

You ſee your death.

*Drawes his Dagger.*

Apbe. What violence is this? inhuman ſir,

*(kneels.)*

Why do you threaten war, fright my ſoft peace

With moſt ungentle ſteel? what have I done

Dangerous, or am like to do? why do you wrack me thus?

Mine armes are guilty of no crimes, do not torment 'um:

Mine heart and they have been heav'd up together

For mankind that was holy, if in that act

They have not prai'd for you, mend and be good,

The fault is none of their's.

Clot. Come, do not ſeem

More holy than you are, I know your heart.

Apbe. Let your Dagger too; noble ſir, ſtrike home,

And ſacrifice a ſoul to chaſtitie,

As pure as is it ſelf, or innocence.

Clot. This is not the way, --- know you me beauty?

Apb. The Maſtiek of France!

*(discovers him, e'f.)*

Clot. Be not afraid.

Apbe. I dare not fear, it's treaſon to ſuſpect

My King can harbour thoughts that tend to ill,

I know you'r godlike good, and have but tri'd

Now

# A Tragedie.

How far weak women durst be vertuous.

*Clot.* Cunning simplicity, thou art deceiv'd,  
Thy wit as well as beauty wounds me, and thy tongue  
In pleading for thee pleads against thy self;  
It is thy virtue moves me, and thy good  
Tempts me to acts of evil; wert thou bad,  
Or loose in thy desires, I could stand,  
And onely gaze, not surfeit on thy beauty;  
But as thou art, there's witchcraft in thy face,  
I must enjoy thee, or not thou thy life. (*Enter Clovis & Charles.*)

*Aphe.* You are my King, and may command my life,  
My will to sin you cannot; you may force  
Unhallowed deeds upon me, spot my fame,  
And make my body suffer, not my mind;  
When you have done this unreligious deed,  
Conquer'd a poor weak maid, a trembling maid,  
What trophie or what triumph will it bring  
More than a living scorn upon your name?  
The ashes in your Urn shall suffer for't,  
Virgins will sow their curses on your Grave,  
Time blot your Kingly parentage, and call  
Your birth in question; do not think  
This deed will lie conceal'd, the faults Kings do  
Shine like the fiery Beacons on a hill  
For all to see, and seeing tremble at:  
It's not a single ill which you commit;  
What in the subject is a petty fault,  
Monsters your actions, and's a foul offence;  
You give your subjects licence to offend,  
When you do teach them how.

*Clot.* I will indure no longer, come along,  
Or by the curious spinstrie of thy head,  
Which natures cunnin'ft finger twisted out,  
I'll drag thee to my couch; tempt not my fury.

*Clot.* Hold, hold my heart——can I indure this---  
Unhand me *Charles* and render me my self,  
Lest I forget my self on thee;

*Char.* Great sir;

# The Fatall Contract,

Remember 'tis your brother, and the King.

*Clot.* O that I could forget it, and shake off  
Duty at once and Consanguinitie, (Enter Eunuch.  
That like a whirlwind I might rush upon him,  
And bear him to destruction. Monster of men,  
Thou King of darknesse down unto thy Hell,  
I have a Spel wil lay thy honesty,  
And this abused goodnesse : Is't not enough  
That thou hast wrong'd *Crosildis*, ravish't a Maid,  
A Virgin of that puritie of life  
Might faint her here on earth ; but thou wilt add  
Unto the first a second violence the Gods must not forgive :  
Don't arm your face,  
Nor wear a count'nance of horror, I can't fear  
Bearing a bosome innocent and pure :  
Is't even so, then guard thy self Oh King,  
For I am swift as thought that executes.

*Clot.* Hold, hold, my Lotd forbear.

*Eu.* Beat down their swords, what do the Princes mean ?  
Ring out the larum Bell, call up the Court, (Ring the Bell.  
The Princes here will murder one another.  
For shame for shame forbear.

*Enter the Queen, the Guard, and Attendants, Landrey at  
the other door.*

*Qu.* What means this sudden outcry? oh my Sonnes,  
Hold, hold, part 'um good Gentlemen.

*Clot.* Brav'd by a subjects hand?

*Qu.* Though nature by precedencie of birth  
Made thee his King, it therefore follows not  
His Murtherer : wherein is our *Clotair*  
Greater than *Clovis*? the self same blood  
That spirits thee, makes him as valiant,  
The difference lyes in *Anno Domini*.

*Eu.* Most acurat mischief, most rare Crocadile!

*Qu.* I grant thou art his elder, by which law  
Thou'rt borna his subject, not his equal *Clovis* :  
Know *Clotair*'s thy King, and subjects hands

## A Tragedie.

Without the deep and dangerous traytors name,  
May not advance against their sovereigns head.

*Clota.* Neither shall his without Correction  
Upon him slaves.

*Qu.* Hold, I command ye hold:  
Oh *Clotair* thou art of a valiant soul,  
And wilt thou basely thus beset thy Brother?  
Fear argues spirits most degenerate,  
And that thou fear'st, th'advantage argues it;  
O set not on thy slaves, if he must die,  
Let thy sacrifice not butcher him.

*Clota.* That argument sounds harsh, does *Clotair* fear?

*Clo.* Sacrifice me? it is not in his power.

*Eu.* Exquisite Philter, how it operates!

*Qu.* We hope so *Clovis*; yet thy brother King  
Is as an earthly God, his will his law,  
His power uncircumscrib'd, unlimited,  
Whose Majesty can look a subject dead.

*Clo.* How? look me dead? I do not fear his frowns.

*Qu.* I grant th'as great a Basiliske as he,  
As thou art meerly man; but as thy King  
Divinity doth prop him, he stands firm.  
That builds on that foundation; yet I know  
Thy sword's as sharp as his, and where it lights  
Imprints as much of fate; thine arm's as strong,  
Thy spirit as daring, and thy will as prompt  
To any action that may write man, Man.

*Clot.* He is your darling, you do wel to praise him;  
When I have slain him write his Epitaph.

*Clo.* My Epitaph? this Pen of steel shall first  
Write on thy heart thine end.

*Eu.* Stil, still better.

The venom'd poyson of a womans tongue  
Is more sublim'd than Mercurie.

( they fight again.

*Char.* Hold, hold.

O dearest Maddam, your maternal breath  
Bears a Mandamus in it, and like heaven  
Will lay this tempest.

# A Tragedie.

*Eu.* As the wind the Sea,  
Which makes it rage the lowder,

*Clot.* Where's our guard  
That lets a traytor pull me by the berd?  
Upon him slaves.

*(The Guard fall on him  
and he falls.)*

*Qu.* O they have slain my Son;  
Bloody villain, thy hands have made these holes,  
Hell take thee for't.

*Clot.* Mother, rise and depart,  
For I am bent on mischief.

*Qu.* Do thy worst  
Thou murderous minded Prince, this blood is mine,  
For in some sort I bleed; out Paricide.

*Eu.* How cunningly she spits her poyson forth!  
I know her soul is light, she's glad he's dead,  
And joyes in the opportuntie to curse the killer,  
For which she gaines the name of pious mother;  
Here's pretty woman-villany and dissimulation.

*Aphe.* If they have slain him, wherefore do I live?  
O my swoln heart.

*Clot.* Remove the Corps, withall  
Convey this Syren from our wandring eyes,  
And howse her in a Dungeon; let no light  
Peep through a cranney on her; mask the day,  
Put the all-searching eyes of Phæbus out;  
Lest accidentally he gazing here,  
Here fix eternally, and so we may  
Despair of night as once we did of day:  
Bear her to prison; reason not the cause,  
A Kings prerogative's above his lawes.

*Aphe.* Be mercifull and lead to earth, away,  
Since he is gone it is to die to stay.

*Exeunt some with the King, others leading Aphelia, and  
bearing away the Corps.*

*Manent Eunuch, Queen, Landrey.*

*Qu.* Now we begin to flourish, this black night  
Is onely lighted by our stars, which smile  
Upon these actions, and rejoyce to see  
Thee our sole favorite so near a Crown.



## The Fatall Contract,

But tell me *Landrey*, how did I play the mother;  
Did not I seem a *Niobe* in passion,  
A deluge of salt tears?

*Land.* Most true, you wept.

*Qu.* As a good Actor in a play would do,  
Whose fancy works (as if he waking dreamt)  
Too strongly on the Object that it copes with,  
Shaping realities from mockeries;  
And so the Queen did weep: By this good night  
I think I could become the Stage as well  
As any she that fels her breath in publique;  
Come shall we Act *Landrey*?

*Land.* Act Lady, what?

*Qu.* Nothing that's new, o'ld Playes you know are best.  
*Eunuch* is our bed ready?

*Eu.* Great Queen it is,

*Qu.* Come then my joy to bed, where we will Act  
The truth which others doubt, and in that sport  
We'l laugh at death which triumphs in the Court. (Exit,

*Eu.* Go sleep your last; i'l straight unto the King, *Qu. & Lan.*  
And he shall take them in the very act;  
And then to cover my discoverie  
I'l set on fire the Queens Bed-chamber,  
That so I may disturb them more secure,  
And yet the plot not mine; i'l tell the King  
Unlesse he present help, his mother burns:  
About it then, this is a happie night,  
The more it works their woe more's my delight. (Exit.



## Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter *King Clotair*, and the *Eunuch*.

*Eu.* **L**ook how it flames, I fear some treachrie, (the bed-  
Beat at her Chamber door, cry it aloud, *chamb. on fire*  
And let your voice be thunder to this lightning;

Cry

## The Fatall Contract,

Cry, fire, fire, fire, the Court is all a hot-house, fire, fire.

*Clot.* Great Queen, royall mother, open your door  
Lest you do sleep for ever ; mother awake.  
The God of sleep lies heavie on her eyes ;  
Force up the door ; fire, fire, fire.

*Eu.* It's fortifi'd 'gainst strength, you must call louder.

*Clot.* Mother, Queen, Mother, awake awake,  
Your sleep was never more like death than now ;  
Lady, Great Princess ; fire, fire, fire.

*Enter Queen above in night attire, Landrey.*

*Qu.* What saucie Groom  
Beats our offendless doores thus daringly ?  
H'had better rows'd a sleeping Lyoness  
Than thus t'have broke our slumbers ; what art thou ?

*Clot.* Look,  
The fire will give you light, 'tis I your Son,  
Flee from your Chamber else you are but dead,  
Your Court is all a Bonfire.

*Qu.* Let it burn, I have lost my credit everlastingly,  
I will not move a foot.

*Clot.* You must be forced then. *(Exit Eunuch busie to  
quench the fire.*

*Land.* Ladie,  
Where is your wit now in necessitie ?  
We shall be taken, and you sham'd for ever.  
Bethink, bethink your self, what shall we do. *(aside.*

*Qu.* I have't, it shall be so ; there, put on that,  
And as the door flies open meet him full  
Appearing in his Brothers warlike form,  
Thou wilt amaze and so passe by him safely.  
Do not appear to me, I did not wound thee, *(aloud this.*  
Seek out the beds of those that caus'd thy death,  
And howl to them thy pittious complaints ;  
O do not look on me, be gone, be gone.

*Clot.* Whom d'ee hold discourse with, with the air ?  
Bethink your self, this is no time to dallie.

*Qu.* O my Son, such horrid apparitions full of dread  
Have I beheld, have quite unwitted me ;

Thy brothers Ghost, young *Clouis* Ghost in armes  
Has thrice appear'd to me this dismall night ;  
You heard me speak too't.

*Clot.* True, I heard you speak,  
But what of that ?

*Qu.* Calls for *Aphelia*  
To bear him company i'th'other world,  
Or else hee'l nightly haunt us in our sleep.

*Enter Landrey, as in the Princes Armour.*

*Clot.* O see, it comes !

*Qu.* Fear it not, Son.

*Clot.* What art thou that usurp'st this dead of night,  
In metal like the age ? why art thou sent  
To cast a horror on me ? If thy soul  
Walks unreveng'd, and the grim Ferriman  
Deny thy passage, i'l perform thy rights. (*the Ghost points to*  
O do not wound me with such piteous signs, *his wounds.*  
Lest I dissolve to air, and like thy self  
Affright fool mortals : If that thou desir'st  
*Aphelia's* death t'appease thy troubled soul,  
Make some consenting sign, and so depart.  
Thy sight afflicts my soul.

(*Enter Queen.*

*Qu.* How fares our Son ? (*He bends and so goes off; then*  
*at the other door enter Eunuch.*

*Clot.* It was my brothers spirit; nothing but *Aphelia* ?

*Qu.* She must die, you see it's requisite.

*Clot.* Would he had askt my life first.

*Qu.* Why should you be so fond upon a woman ?

*Clot.* Woman's the least part of her; shee's all Goddesse.

*Qu.* 'Twas your offer;

Remember there's no jesting with the Gods.

*Eu.* What might this mean ? ha, where are my brains ?

*Clot.* I had forgot my self, your pardon Mother ;

Bear her from me this Jewel, I esteem  
Equall with life; it was my brothers picture;  
And with it, this, that she prepare to die;  
Pray her to take it; and in death, but kisse

## The Fatall Contract,

This sad remembrance for the senders sake,  
Although for his whose form it represents,  
And I shall take it for the greatest grace  
That she can give, or I ought to desire.  
Tell her, and if you can be mov'd to sorrow  
Express it in you tears, it is not I  
Pronounce this fatall sentence 'gainst her life  
Which needs must ruine mine, but the hid will  
And providence of heaven, 'gainst which to rage  
It were as impious as not obey.

My brothers funerall is her dying day.  
Tell her, though reason and my will do jarr,  
My soul speaks peace, although my sentence war.  
Say I love, and pray her to forgive me.

(Exit Queen.)

Go, all attend my Mother; my estate  
Delights not in Court Ceremony; stay,  
Castrato stay, (Enter all but the Eunuch & Clota.)

And with thy Counsell cure thy dying Prince;  
Thou art my bosome, Eunuch, and to thee  
I dare unclasp my soul; what's to be done?  
This is a damned spirit I have seen,  
And comes to work my ruine.

Ex. What spirit?

Clot. My Brothers spirit in Arms, I swear it came forth here:  
Out of my Mothers Chamber as I knockt.

En. Was it in Armor said you?

Clot. Yes, in that Armor he was us'd to wear  
When we have run at Tilt, till our cleft Spaeres  
Have with their splinters scar'd the Element.

En. That Armor as I well remember, I did leave  
In the Queens Bed-chamber as yesterday,  
After the Triumphs and the Tournaments,  
Having unbrac'd the Prince; 'tis even so,  
Ha, ha, ha.

Clot. Why this ridiculous passion?  
My state requires thy tears, and not thy mirth.

En. The Devill came from your Mothers Chamber sir,  
She has a circle that can raise a Spirit;

# A Tragedie.

A *Mars* in armor too, she is a *Venus*,  
And through your licence *Landrey* is no Eunuch.

*Clot.* What killing sense thou utter'st?  
There's someting in it I would understand,  
And yet I dare not; *Landrey*? How know'st thou this?

*Eu.* Since I have gone so far, I'll tell you;  
I looked in at th'Key-hole, and I saw  
Him in your Mothers arms upon the bed,  
As sportingly as e'r I saw your Father.

*Clot.* Thou ly'st, take that; suspicion double fees, *(strikes*  
Jealous informers ne'r meet better fees. *him, & offers to go out.*

*Eu.* King, thou hadst better far have strook thy Father,  
Dig'd up his bones and plaid at logats with them.  
Stroken?

*(the King returns*

*Clot.* I know not, *calmly.*

My Mother alwaies had a seanted fame;  
His thoughts too have been mine; I was to blame,  
Prethee forgive me; my passions but like lightning,  
Flash and away, dead e'r we say it is;  
I am not alwaies angry, let that assure:

My Mother may be false, she is a woman. *(gives him his*  
Prethee deliver, come I will believe thee *purse.*  
Even to the utmost syllable.

*Eu.* Then, she is false.

*Clot.* And didst thou see him mount my Mothers bed?

*Eu.* Else pull these out.

*Clot.* Thou hast shot poyson through me;  
False with *Landrey*, her sometime Page?

*Eu.* Even with the same.

*Clot.* But wherefore would they have *Apheia* die?  
There lies the mystery.

*Eu.* They fear you will accept her as the Queen,  
Of whom you may beget a hopefull issue  
And frustrate their intents, who but expect  
Your hop'd-for death, and perhaps plotted to,  
That so they might become, what now you crosse,  
Lawfully man and wife, and govern in your seat.

*Clot.* This carries shew of truth, or is't a lie

## The Fatall Contract,

Well shadowed by the slave? I cannot tell ;  
My mother certainly is not so bad,  
It is a sin to think it ; hence and avoid my fight  
Thou sower of debate, thy seeds are strow'd  
On steril ground, and therefore ill bestow'd.

(Exit.

Eu. Is't even so, work and about my brain,  
I'm lost for ever if not close again.

(Exit.

### SCEN. II.

Enter Dumain, Martell, Bourbon, Lanoue.

Lan. Are all your Troops well furnish'd gainst resistance?  
Are your men bold and daring, resolute  
To run your hazard, indifferent rich, not poor,  
That onely fight for bread? such oft betray  
The sinews of a well knit plot for gain,  
When these as well fight to defend as win.

Dum. Noble Lanoue,

Mine know, nor fear no death, souls of that fire,  
They'l catch the bullet flying, scale a wall  
Battled with Enemy, stand breaches, laugh  
The thunder of a Canon, call it musick  
Fitter a Ladies Chamber than the field;  
When o'r their heads the Element is feel'd,  
Darkned with Darts, they'l fight under the shade,  
And ask no other roofs to hide their heads in;  
They fear not Jove, and had the Giants been  
But half so spirited, they had dithron'd him:  
Kill, till they'r kill'd with killing, and oftner die  
Wearied than wounded, being more opprest  
With giving wounds than taking; when they fall,  
They fall not vanquish'd, but by fate betrayd;  
Such are the men I lead.

Mart. They'r Souldiers fit to sack a Kingdom then,  
And share the spoil between them.

Bourb. Were it come to that sport once.

Dum. Bourbon, it must, or some of us must fall.

Mart. Where shall we first attempt?

Dum.

# The Fatal Contract,

*Dum.* The Citadel,

*Lanove.* I say no, it's dangerous.

*Dum.* It is the safest course.

*Mart.* Believe it not, it's full of hazard.

*Dum.* So is the generall enterprife in hand.

*Lano.* But this of certain ruine.

*Mart.* Give me a reason, why you would invade  
The Palace first, and I am satisfi'd ?

*Dum.* Then understand, *Lanot* lives still at Court  
Disguised like a formal Surgion,  
To whom the Prince being delivered  
To be embalm'd and boweld, finding life  
Yet in his Corps, which way he's very skilful,  
H'as balsomed all his wounds and cur'd him.

*Lano.* And what of all this !

*Dum.* Have temperance, and hear the rest :  
For this the Prince h'as promis'd him the place,  
The grand Commander of the Citadel,  
Whose aid can stead us infinitely.

*Lano.* Is it certain ?

*Dum.* I did but even now receive this Letter, (shows the Letter.)  
Which constantly affirms it from himself ;  
He saies it is not known in Court yet, that the Prince lives,  
For divers reasons best known to themselves ;  
And herein doth require our secrecie,  
Therefore dear friends be warie to divulge it.  
Besides he saies here,  
That the great Monseieur's suppos'd funeral  
This day's solemnized with greatest pomp ;  
And how *Apbelia* dies a sacrifice  
That hour he is buried on his Herse :  
What if we made attempt to save the Virgin ?

*Lano.* It may not be, better the fall alone,  
Than all of us together. And now best friends  
Let us behave us bravely, it's no base act  
We undertake, but our whole Countries freedom  
From slavery and bondage ; men of worth stand bare  
To pages and gilt Butterflies ? besides the Queen.

## The Fatall Contract,

Will grave us all rather than want sport  
In spilling human blood ; come, let's withdraw,  
And laie the plat-form of this mighty work ;  
My soul sits smiling in me, I divine  
Though now it lowr, I shall see Sun will shine. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clovis and Lamot both disguised.*

*Clo. Strepson,* for so thou nam'st thy self, thou'st made  
Thy Prince thy subject by thy timely cure ;  
This is the hour I must be buried living ;  
And this the hour the fair *Aphelia*  
Dyes on my Herse t'appease my wandring Ghost ;  
Say *Strepson*, is it so ?

*Lam.* Nay this the very minute : hark, I hear them  
Comming. *(sad solemn musick.)*

*Clo.* Stand close here, wee'l observe the Mourners.

*Enter six of the Guard, their Halberds reverst, then a Cardinal,  
Landrey, Old Brissac ; then the Herse born by six young men,  
then King, Queen, Eunuch holding up her train, two or three  
Ladies, these in mourning : at the other door, a Headsman, two  
Nuns in white singing, Aphelia with a Garland on her head,  
led by two little boyes in white ; after these, more Virgins adorned  
like the rest; both Troops passe by each other; the song ended, the  
Herse is set down between both companies, Aphelia mourning at  
one end, and the King at the other, who after a little pause speaks.*

### The Song by Nuns.

Come blest Virgins come and bring  
To this Goddess offering,  
Offer to her kisses, such  
As make good better by the touch ;  
Where her eyes let fall a tear,  
Another *Pa-adice* springs there ;  
It's preposstrous crueltie  
To sacrifice a Deitie ;  
If a true path should be trod,  
To her sacrifice a God.

*Clo.*



# A Tragedie.

*Clot.* Set down, set down your honourable load,  
Fitting an *Atlas* shoulder; burden of grace  
And majesticke immense, whose weight doth load  
Heavens stooping Porter, under which he groans  
More than the Sphæres, and sweats thy weight not theirs;  
Let me bedew thy Herse with pious tears,  
Balm to wounds, repenting ones; look down:  
From heaven empireall and behold me stand.  
All flood in sorrow, drown'd in mine own tears;  
Behold this spotlesse sacrifice, a Virgin  
As pure in thought as Vesture, an Oblation  
To ransome *Jove* and Heaven had he been taken,  
And so we yeeld her up. (*Delivers her to the Headsman.*)

*Bris.* O my good Lord,  
This is conspiracie 'gainst an old mans life;  
Have you no other way to murther me,  
But to begin with her? are these your plots?  
You'r weary of my counsell? and my place  
May better be suppli'd by greener heads?  
Pray cut off mine, do, do, a weak old man,  
My absence were material, since your state  
Requires Paricides about you,  
Alas I may be spar'd; why must she die?  
Because she's fair? or that a Prince  
Once thought her so? the fault is none of hers,  
Let nature suffer for't; if it prove Art,  
Or that with plaistred cunning she did catch  
Your Brothers love with an adulterate form,  
I yeeld her up as not aly'd to me;  
If not, why should she suffer?

*Clot.* *Brissac*, peace.

*Clot.* What pageant's this?

*Clot.* Be it no wonder Lords

(*The King takes the  
sword from the Exe-  
cutioner.*)

To see a Prince an Executioner;  
Far be it from the dignitie of *France*  
To let a soul forth so refin'd as her's  
With mercinary hands.

*Lam.* Contain your self,

You

# A Tragedie.

You may prevent the danger when you please.

*Clot.* Behold the conquest of thine eies *Apbelia*, (*the King*  
*France* at thy foot, tread on his Royaltie; *kneels, and laies*  
Or if thy nature knows not to forgive, *the sword at*  
which to believe were impious, take this sword *Apbelia's foot.*  
And search my heart, send me a sacrifice

T'appease the troubled spirit of thy love.

*Qu.* O *Eunuch*, that shee'd take him at his word. (*aside.*)

*Clot.* I find a speaking pittie in thine eyes,  
Which thence will drop upon thy gentle tongue,  
And cry in peace, Long live my Sovereign.

*Aphe.* Long live *Clotair*, long live my Sovereign.

*Clot.* The motions of the Sphaeres move in that tongue.  
Turn all your fables to the Tyrian dye,  
Your dirges into sprightful wedding airs.  
Why looks our Court so sad? is this a time  
To anckor your aspects unto the earth?  
By my blest self, he's traytor to the height,  
That do's not straight salute her as his Queen.

*Omnes.* Long live *Apbelia* Queen of *France* and us.

*L. mot.* Do you hear this? what are you planet-stroken?

*Clotis*, Prince, Monsiure?

*Qu.* What will *Clotair* do?

*Clot.* What heaven ha's pointed for him, Marrieher.

*Qu.* Thy Grave, thy Grave first *Clotair*.

*Clot.* Cardinal.

(*The Cardinal and the*

*Qu.* What evill spirit's crept into my Son? *King whissher.*  
Venom'd his noble nature, sickned all  
His wholsome faculties, slain's divinitie?  
Are these your vowes? or canst thou couzen heaven?  
Necessity of fate depends on it,  
You know she must to earth.

*Clot.* I, but not yet:

Since she ha's conquer'd me, that could do fate,  
Had she joyn'd with me, the aw'd destinies  
Spin her decrees, and what she wills they act;  
Sith then what must be must be, joyn our hands.

*A Tragedie.*

*Lam.* Now, now, prevent them yet; O statue Prince  
Thou art undone for ever. (*The Monfiere stands amaz'd.*)

*Clov.* Where am I?

Awake? for ever rather let me sleep.  
Is this a funerall? O that I were a Herse,  
And not the mock of what is pagented.

*Clov.* Amazement quite confounds me, *Clovis* alive!

*Lam.* Yes sir, by my Art he lives, though his desire  
Was not to have it known; this Chest contains  
Nothing but spices sweetly ocleriferous.

*Clov.* Into my soul I welcome thee dear brother;  
This second birth of thine brings me more joy,  
Than had *Abelia* brought me forth an Heir,  
Whom now you must remember as a Sister.

*Clo.* O that in nature there was left an Art,  
Could teach me to forget I ever lov'd  
This her great Masterpiece; O well built frame,  
Why dost thou harbour such unhallow'd guests  
To house within thy bosome perjurie?  
If that our vowes are registred in heaven,  
Why are they broke on earth —? *Abelia*,  
This was a hastie match, the subtill air  
Ha's not yet cool'd the breath, with which thou swor'st  
Thy self into my soul; and on thy cheeks,  
The print and path-way of those tears remain  
That woo'd me to believe so: flie me not,  
I am no spirit; tast my active pulse,  
And you shall find it make such harmony.  
As youth and health enjoy.

(*She gives back.*)

*En.* The Queen she faints.

*Clov.* Is there a God left so propitious  
To rid me of my fears; still let her sleep,  
For if she wake (O King) she will appear  
Too monstrous a spectre for frail eyes  
To see and keep their senses.

*Lam.* Are you mad?

*Clo.* Nothing so happy *Strophon*, would I were;  
In times first progress I dispair the hour,

## The Fatall Contract,

That brings such fortune with it ; I should then  
Forget that she was ever pleasing to me ;  
I should no more remember she would sit  
And sing me into dreams of Paradise ;  
Never more hang about her Ivory neck  
Believing such a one *Diana's* was,  
Never more dote she breaths Arabia,  
Or kiss her Corral lip into a paleness.

*Strepb.* See, she's return'd, and with majestique gaze,  
In pitty rather than contempt, beholds you.

*Clov.* Convey me hence some charitable man, (*admiringly.*)  
Lest this same Creature looking like a Saint,  
Hurry my soul to Hell ; she is a fiend  
Apparel'd like a woman, sent on earth  
For man's destruction.

*Clov.* Rule your disorder'd tongue ;  
*Clovis*, what's past we are content to think,  
It was our brother spoke, and not our subject.

*Clov.* I had forgot my self, yet well remember,  
Yon Gorgon ha's transform'd me into stone ;  
And since that time my language ha's been harsh,  
My words too heavie for my tongue, to earthly ;  
I was not born so, trust me *Apvelia* :  
Before I was possess't with these black thoughts,  
I could sit by thy side, and rest my head  
Upon the rising pillows of thy breast,  
Whose naturall sweetnesse would invite mine eies  
To sinck in pleasing slumbers, wake, and kisse  
The Rose-beds that afforded me such blis ;  
But thou art now a generall disease  
That eat't into my Marrow, turn't my blood,  
And mak't my veines run poyson, that each sense  
Groans at the alteration : am I the Monsieur ?  
Do's *Clovis* talk his sorrows, and not act ?  
O man bewomaniz'd ; wert thou not mine,  
How comes it thou art his ?

*Clov.* You have done ill,  
And must be taught so ; you Capitate  
Not with your equall *Clovis*, she's thy Queen.

# A Tragedie.

*Clov.* Upon my knees I do acknowledge her, *(he kneels.*  
Queen of my thoughts and my affections.  
O pardon me, if my ill-tutor'd tongue  
Ha's forfeited my head; if not, behold  
Before the sacred altar of thy feet,  
I lie a willing sacrifice.

*Aphe.* Arise:

And henceforth *Clovis* thus instruct thy soul;  
There lies a depth in fate, which earthly eyes  
May faintly look into, but cannot fathom;  
You had my vow till death to be your wife,  
You being dead my vowes were cancelled,  
And I as thus you see bestow'd.

*Clov.* Farewell;

I will no more offend you: would to God  
Those cruell hands not enough barbarous,  
That made these bleeding witnessses of love,  
Had set an endless period to my life too.

*Clov.* Where there's no help it's bootless to complain;

*Clovis* she's mine; let not your spirit war  
Or mutiny within you, because I say't;  
Nor let thy tongue from henceforth dare presume,  
To say she might, or ever should be thine;  
What's past once more I pardon, 'tis our wedding day.

*Clo.* A long farewell to love, thus do I break *(he breaks*

Your broken pledge of faith; and with this kiss, *the King.*

The last that ever *Clovis* must print here:

Unkiss the kiss that seal'd it on thy lips.

Ye powers ye are unjust, for her wild breath

That ha's the sacred tie of contract broken,

Is still the same Arabia that it was:

*(the King Clotair  
pulls him.*

Nay I have done; beware of jealousie,

I would not have you nourish jealous thoughts;

Though she ha's broke her faith to me, to you

Against her reputation shee'l be true:

Farewel my first love lost, i'l chuse to have

No wife, till death shall wed me to my Grave.

Come *Strepson*, come and teach me how to die,

That gay't me life so unadvisedly.

*(Ex. Clovis & Strepson.*

## The Fatall Contract,

*Clot.* Let *Clouis* that way go, this way will we,  
He's great with grief, we with felicity. (*Exe. all with Clotair.*)

*Manent Queen and Eunuch.*

*Qu.* Mischief grows lean *Castrato*, all our plots  
Turn head upon themselves, my brains grow weak ;  
And in this Globe the policie's not left  
To kill a worm unseen; I am undone,  
And all my plots discover'd.

*Eu.* This is strange,  
Some comick Devil crosses our designes ;  
How else should he revive, or yea prepar'd,  
Nay in the arms *Landrey*, when desire  
Had made you all a *Venus*, meet events  
So barren in their expectations?

*Qu.* Their lies the grief *Castrato* ; Had the Court,  
So I had quencht these burnings flames within,  
Been burid in her cinders, I had car'd not .

*Eu.* But yet *Landreis* escape doth qualifie  
The non-performance.

*Qu.* That sits smiling here,  
It set my brains upon the tentors *Eunuch* ;  
Was't not a rare device ?

*Eu.* And was not I  
As fortunate to leave that Armour there ;  
But now what's to be done ?

*Qu.* My dul *Æthiope*,  
I will instruct thy blacknesse; learn to know  
My reputation's sickned; and my fame  
Is look'd into with narrow eyes at Court ;  
Therefore it's thus decreed, I will remove,  
And sequester my self from company.

*Eu.* Good.

*Qu.* Thou know'st where *Childrick* keep his Concubine  
To none discover'd by thy self and me,  
For which she is no more.

*Eu.* Right.

*Qu.* There will I  
And my *Landrey* securely spend our time,

## A Tragedie.

Revil, imbrace, and what not my *Eunuch* :  
The Cave that leads unto the postern Gate,  
Which *Childrick* made, will give him entrance :  
No eie acquainted, being thus retir'd.  
What lust inflam'd must be by lust unfir'd.

*Eu.* Excellent mistris, I applaud your brain.

*Qu.* I will away to night, I cannot brook  
These loathed Nuptials, they have undone  
My hopes on earth for ever, therefore my *Eunuch*,  
Acquaint *Landrey* with these designs.

*Eu.* What else?

*Qu.* If by the engine of thy stronger brain,  
Thou couldst remove--

*Eu.* *Apheia* or the King,

Moniure, or all; it is not so my *Queen*?

*Qu.* Thou hast a brain which doth ingender thoughts  
As regall as our own, which do beget  
A race of rare events; what pittie 'tis  
Thy body should be sterill, since thy mind  
Is of so pregnant and a fruitful kind;  
Farewell, remember me.

(*Exit Queen.*)

*Eu.* Remember you?

Your Gibship shall be thought on fear it not;  
And now bethink thee *Eunuch*, all thy plots  
Find fruitlesse issues, onely in the King,  
His worship walkt into the other world,  
Like a tame suckling Pig that dy'd o'th pipp;  
The trouble is behind, my hate extends  
To the whole family, I must root them up,  
And beldam first with you: but how? but how?  
If (in her proud desire) I do prevent  
Her lust this second time, before the third  
She may repent and save her loathed soul,  
Which my revenge would damn; yet were she crost,  
Her lust being now at full flood in her,  
And no way left to quench her burning flame,  
Her dryer bones would make a bonfire,  
Fit for the Devill to warm his hands by:.

## The Fatall Contract,

Stay, stay, *Castrato*; no, this must not be,  
Nor must the high and mighty Queen *Aphelia*  
This night enjoy her Bridegroom, I must set  
Some mischief instantly on foot to stop it ;  
If I miscarry in it story shall tell,

I did attempt it bravely though I fell. (Enter *Lamot* and

*Clo* Disswade me not, *Castrato* I have fought thee *Clovis*.  
Through every angle of this spacious Court,  
I've bulinesse to impart.

*Eu*. And so have I.

*Clo*. Mine is of honourable consequence,  
And doth require thine aid.

*Eu*. So doth mine yours.

*Clo*. *Aphelia* is——

*Eu*. Your Brothers Wife. and you  
Would fain enjoy her too : why sir you may,  
But time must work her.

*Clo*. *Eunuch*, thou art wide ;  
Those vaneties of love are quite extinct,  
Revenge doth swell the Moniure, and his thoughts  
Which burn within him must be quencht with blood ;  
I have incens'd the King with yellowness,  
With doubtfull phrafes on *Aphelia's* fame ;  
See'st thou this Letter, 'tis a script I feign'd, (Shew a Paper.)  
For I can counterfeit *Aphelia's* hand ;  
The King ha's banish'd *Landrey* from the Court,  
Because he wore the Jewel which he sent  
To his *Aphelia* : light suspicions,  
But this shall aggravte ; find thou the King,  
Shew him this Note, it doth expresse great love  
To *Landrey* from *Aphelia* ; and withall,  
It mentioneth the Jewel as a Gift  
To gratifie her servant ; this to the rest  
Of poyson he ha's suck'd already in,  
Will so inflame him, that the Court shall burn  
Too hot for his *Aphelia*.

*Eu*. Think it done ;  
But now your aid, since that your mind is bent



## A Tragedie.

On honourable ends, here's one will trie you.

*Clo.* Thou'dst have me joyn my self unto the Rebels,  
And with my person grace their cause, perhaps  
That is not now to plot.

*Eu.* I find you high,  
Worthy the name of Monfieur; yet your thoughts  
Hit not my purpose, it is such that made  
Your Brother quake to hear.

*Clo.* What is it *Eunuch*?  
If that it bear an honourable sound,  
Though death stood gaping wide to swallow me,  
I would not shrink nor fear.

*Eu.* Noble; hear it then,  
Your Mother's loose, and this night renders up  
Her body unto lust, if not prevented;  
I can direct you where and when, with whom.

*Clo.* My soul finds the man, is't not *Landrey*?

*Eu.* The same.

*Clov.* I'll tear him all to pieces then,  
Whore my Mother; *Eunuch* lead the way,  
In what thou shalt prescribe we will obey. *Exeunt omnes.*



## *Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.*

*Enter Clotair, Solus.*

*Clot.* **W**HAT vulture gripes me here, ha, what art thou?  
If thou beest jealousie mount and be gone;  
Fly to the vulgar bosome, whose cheap thoughts  
Despair their own performance; in a Prince  
Thou shew'st a nature retrograde to honour.  
Suppose she gave the Jewels, must it follow  
She therefore is disloyal? poor consequence,  
A Bable for a boy to play withall;  
I am resolv'd, hark, I hear her comming;  
O *Juno*, what a look and gate is there!

*Eater*

# The Fatall Contract,

Enter *Aphelia* as going to bed, two or three *Ladies*  
with *Lights*.

*Aphe.* Mock me not *Ladies* with this Ceremony,  
For I am fitter to attend on you ;  
I am become a servant and a slave  
To every moodie passion of my Lord.  
All that's behind I can perform my self,  
Without this complement.

1 *Lady.* Sweet *Lady*,  
You must not weigh these things so deeply,  
Your Lord is of a noble spirit ;  
And you shall see how calm he will return,  
Blessing your *Bridall* bed with fruitfull issue.

*Aphe.* No, no ;  
The *Safforn*-coated *Hymen* frowns upon us,  
These *Tapers* here were lighted at a pile,  
As fit *Attendants* on the *Grave*, not *Bed* ;  
*Juno* denyes her presence at this match,  
And all the ill presaging birds of night  
Sing fatall *Requiem*s for a *Bridall* Song ;  
O *Ladies*, is not this ominous ?

*Clot.* Yes my *Aphelia*, if that ragged fate  
Lie in a kiss, then it is ominous.  
Let me dwell here ; I am ravisht,  
Am I on earth ? no, heaven is here,  
And all th' unimitable joyes, that *Poets* feign,  
Are better'd in thy goodnesse.

*Aphe.* I hope your fears are satisfied now,  
You bear a brow so sweetly pleasant.

*Clot.* What pretty foolery is this *Aphelia* ?

I am not jealous, for by all that good  
I cannot think thee evill ; kiss me sweet, (kisses her.  
There's no deceit lies here ; again, agen : (again kisses.  
Her kisses melt upon my lip, if sin  
Have so much heaven in't, i'l be a sinner ;  
Prethee forgive my folly that could be wrought  
To such a senselesse passion, come let's in  
And shake this off as it never been.

## A Tragedie.

1 *Lady*. We must a while my Lord intreat your absence,  
We have some certain Notions to deliver,  
Some pillow counsels; i'l assure your highness  
It shall be no wayes prejudiciall to you.

2 *Lady*. You see she's not prepar'd, till that's perform'd  
She's ours; that done, we yeeld her up  
To the dark night, and mercy of your Lordship.

*Clot*. Go then unharnis your Lady for these wars,  
For we are of the *Camilli*, and fight naked. (*Exe. Ladies*  
Ye powers that favour Lovers, infuse apt strength & *Aphe.*  
Through every nerve and sinew of this frame;  
Make me all pleasure; and unto the bride  
Add every vein a *Venus*; guid me light,  
Where in on bed lies all the worlds delight.

*Offers to go out and meets the Eunuch.*

*Eu*. Not yet in bed! Ohappy, happy minute,  
Unrill this hour I ne'r was fortunate;  
I have preserv'd my King, my Prince, my Patron,  
From the loose ardor of a Strumphts bed.

*Clot*. What's this?

*Eu*. Be not this second time incredulous,  
And scorn my honest heart; or grant you were,  
I deal not now on doubts; your wife is false,  
Dishonest as the Suburbs, I am loath  
To nominate her whore though it be true.

*Clot*. True? ha!

*Eu*. Leave this Lethargiz'd passion which benumms  
Your nobler nature; turn your eies on this; (*shows a Letter.*  
Whose Character is this?

*Clot*. It is *Abelia's* hand, the very same  
Which I have often seen *Clouis* peruse (*The bed thrust*  
In his loves amorous pursute. *forth with Aphe. asleep.*

*Eu*. Read the Contents.

*Clot*. A Letter that she loves *Landrey*, with thanks  
For his so freequent visits, which she repaies  
With the rich Jewel sent her by the King,  
Wishing a perpetuitie of imbracements.  
Ten thousand Ravens crook in this black paper.

## The Fatal Contract,

How came you by it.

*En.* I saw it drop from *Landrey*, but ne'r thought  
'Fore I perus'd it what it did contain ;  
Which finding, in my duty I was bound  
To save my Prince from ruine.

*Clot.* Hold my heart,

Oh what shall *Clot air* do ? — it cannot be ;  
Do but behold her face, and thou shalt read  
What we call vertue there, and modesty ;  
Here is a look would perswade cruelty  
To sigh and shed a tear, bribe *Nemesis*  
To knot her steely scourge with Plume of Down,  
And *Jove* himself to call her vice a vertue.

*En.* A book of Devils may have the Cover gilt ;  
Treason lyes Cabin'd in the smootheft brow ;  
The Devill can assume an Angels form ;  
Your wife is fair, but fair to do you harm.

*Clot.* Oh say not so, she is the neatest cut  
As e'r was printed by the hand of heaven ;  
Here is a volum of Divinity,  
Compos'd so rarely, that to add to this,  
Or take away from hence, were such a sin  
Repentance could not expiate ; i'l not touch  
With hands unhallowrd such a puritie,  
Could it change all my thoughts to peace and silence.

*En.* My Lord ———

*Clot.* Peace slave,  
Thou that infects all peace.

*En.* Why are you thus distemper'd ? let not truth  
Make you so wild a tempest ; were it false,  
Or that I sought the ruine of your house,  
Your youth and honour, then it were a time  
To swell beyond all charming down, but being truth-

*Clot.* Truth ! hence and avoid my sight, fly where the world  
Promiscuously combines without distinction ;  
Where every man is every womans husband,  
Or where it's thought a curtesie to have  
A fellow labourer in the marriage bed.

## A Tragedie.

These were a people that might bear with thee,  
And fit for thee to dwell with; hence away,  
And if thou lov'st thy life, acquaint thy feet  
With such by paths that we may never meet. *Exit.*

*Eu.* This Prince is of a nature mild and gentle,  
His mothers milk's too fluent in his eies,  
And much I fear his resolution:  
Yet I will work him forward; she awakes *(Aphelia stirs  
in the bed.)*  
I'll after him and fetch him back; if then  
She scape his hate, Hell has no power with men. *(Ex. Eu.)*

*Aphe.* Oh, oh, oh, help, help my Lord and husband;  
O my Father, my Lord and husband; help, help.  
Bless me Divinity, is it but a Dream! ha the light  
Gone; who waits there? *Isabel, Julia.*

*Isa.* It was my Ladies voice, do's she call for help? *(Ent. Isabel  
with a light.)*  
I cannot blame her; were I in her place I should  
Do so too, the Prince looks like a bungler.

*Aphe.* Who's there? *Isabel?*

*Isab.* Did you call Maddam?

*Aphe.* Saw'st thou nothing? where is my Lord?

*Isab.* Is he absent? I cannot blame her then to cry for help,  
I should do it my self; a Prince, a Puppit would have  
Been more manly: how do you Maddam?

*Aphe.* All stands not well.

*Isab.* I believe that faithfully.

*Aph.* O Girl I've past the dismal'st part of night,  
As ever tortur'd fancy with extremes.

*Isab.* If all Brides should be so tortur'd, i'd forswear  
Marriage.

*Aphe.* Methoughts I saw my Father in a Vault,  
His silver hair made crimson with his blood;  
My brother at his Herse upon his knees,  
Taking a solemn oath for his revenge;  
Yet all this while fancy so fool'd my sense,  
Methought that I was here; where on the instant,  
My Lord in preparation for my bed,  
Was by an uglyfiend ravisht from hence  
And hurried to destruction; here I awak'd,

## The Fatal Contract,

And trust me *Isabel* I scarce believe  
But what I saw was reall ; heard'st thou nothing ?

*Isab.* I heard discourse of peole in your Chamber  
Some half an hour since, but they went forth,  
And to my seeming full of discontent,  
But know not who they were.

*Aphe.* Oh it is too true ;  
I'l to my Fathers, my Prophetique soul  
Sits like a Mine of lead within me ; come  
Help me to mourn my Girl, for this sad sight  
Befits a funerall, not a Bridall night.

(*Exeunt ambo.*

*Clot.* I am resolv'd *Castrato*, i'l be cruel,  
Since she's defil'd ; and like a Christal well  
Has her spring poyson'd by the enemy,  
For which it's death for the besieg'd to tast,  
Such are adulterate waters ; say *Eunuch*,  
What read'st thou in our brow ? speak truly man.

(*Ent. Clotair and  
the Eunuch.*

*Eu.* A foolish grudging of the Mother still,

*Clot.* A settled resolution my black Saint,  
Not to be altred by the brackish tears  
Which flow in pregnant eies of easie women.  
Slack pietie,  
And rise black vengeance from the depth of hell,  
And fate me her destruction ; lock up in me  
The Organs of remorse, all faculties  
That write me man, or mankind ; create  
A spirit of horror in me, apt me to look  
Upon such deeds nature would tremble at,  
And the discreet composure of the world  
Melt and dissolve to nothing, whilst I unmov'd  
Smile at the alteration ; infuse such soul,  
And I shall then behold all crueltie  
Human invention e'r was guiltie off,  
And whilst I groan under extremitie,  
Stand and applaud the Executioner ;  
My honour calls for vengeance, and i'l do : ha,  
How ? she gone, and I have lost mine anger too.  
*Eu.* But whether is she gone, to some new Groom, to the bed.  
Who

(*draws his  
Dagger & goes*

Who

# A Tragedie.

Who being fool'd her expectation,  
Will make thee Cuckold on thy wedding night;

*Clot.* Thou hast awak'd me, i'l know where she is,  
Hell, nor her darker deeds shall hide her from me.

Who waits, Lackey? *Ent. Lackey.*

*Lack.* My Lord.

*Clot.* Where is thy Lady? where's *Abelia*?

*Lack.* She's even now gone forth.

*Clot.* Gone forth, with whom?

*Lack.* There was one with her, but whether man or  
Woman I am uncrtain; but sure 'twas a man,  
She would not dare venture out so late else.

*Clot.* Get to thy rest. *(Exit Lackey.)*

I'l take thy word *Eunuch* for the Kingdoms wealth.

*Eu.* Oh do you begin to credit now,

Now when perhaps it is to late, this comes of patience;

*Clot.* Turn patience into fury, love to hate,

My softer temper to a heart of steel;

Respect of wedlock and the sacred vow

Made fore the holy Altar to the Priest,

Thus I do fling ye off; revenge shall move

About our bridall bed instead of love. *Exeunt.*

## SCEN. II.

*Enter Clovis, Lamot, and thres or four of the Guard.*

*Clo.* Upon your lives let no man passe that way.

*Om. Guard.* Your Grace shall be obey'd in all.

*Clo.* If he resist or offer violence, knock out his brains;  
There's your reward, be carefull and begone.

*Om. Guard.* God preserve the Monsiure. *(Exit Guard.)*

*Clo.* You shall possess the Cave, my self will in

And visit these night Revellers, such sport

I will administer shall make them dance

Lavalto's in the air, here's that shall fiddle to them.

Have you the habit *Strepbon*?

*Lam.* With these hands

I did disrobe the statue of your Father,

# The Fatale Contract,

And they are ready---

*Clo.* Landrey, blood doth swell  
The Monſieur's thoughts, to ſend thy ſoul to Hell.

*Exeunt omnes.*

## SCEN. III.

*Enter Landrey, muſick above, and this Song.*

### The Song.

*Wiſdome bids us ſhun the Court,  
What great ones do, ſame will report ;  
Here we may enjoy each other,  
And no eye our loves diſcover.  
I will make thee choiſe of poſes,  
Beds of Caſſia mixt with Roſes;  
Where wee'l toy, and kiſſe, and varie  
Pleasures till the morrow diſcloſes  
All our ſecrets, if thou't tarry.*

*Lan.* If I will tarry, let me wither here,  
Within theſe ſacred walls let me expire,  
And ſpend the remnant of my life that's left,  
In ſervice of the Deitie lives here.  
The air's perfum'd each room thorough which I walk,  
Banquets the ſenſes, courts the appetite  
Of every facultie that makes up man,  
To complement it into paradise.  
If then Elyſium's here; where are thoſe ſhades,  
Thoſe bleſſed apparitions Poets feign?  
Appear my Goddeſs and out ſing the Poets: (*Enter Queen.*  
Reality of fancy that excell'ſt  
The faint expreſſions of a lazie tongue,  
Whoſe houſe is root'd with fleſh; to tell thy worth,  
Tongues tip'd with immortality would faint in't.

*Qu.* Excellent ſervant, what houſe do you write too?  
Poet and Actor both? why, this ſudden gaze,  
Your caſes are too narrow for your eies?  
Pray ſpare your Optiques ſir for *Venus* ſervice.

*Lan.* No,  
I'll play the prodigall with my precious ſight,

And



## A Tragedie.

And spend it all on you ; to view your second  
Were such a happiness, after the which  
It were a sin to see more.

*Qu.* blest me *Rablais*,  
And all ye foster phansies of the *French* ;  
What ails the man ? my *Landrey Laureat*.

*Len.* It is my *Queen* that's *Laureat*, whose blest sight  
Creates a Poet ; this divine feature  
Heaven onely made to make man ingenious.

*Qu.* Is this *Extempore*, or have you hir'd  
Some hackney Muse acquainted with the road  
Of vulgar exoricims to charm cheap beauties ;  
Take up, at this speed else your Muse will founder.

*Land.* Founder, and have her founders by ? with patience  
Here but these poor expressions of your worth,  
Which faintly paint forth your perfections,  
And you shall bleffe my Muse.

*Qu.* Wee'l hear your jig, g,  
How is your Ballad titl'd ? come pronounce.

*Landrey Reads.*

*From head to foot, Fredigond been  
Far excellling beauties Queen ;  
Had Jason but beheld her bair,  
The golden Fleece had ne'r seem'd fair ;  
Those stars which mortals suppose eyes,  
Were ascendant in the skies,  
When it fell to Venus lot  
That little Cupid was begot.  
Her tongue in which the Sphæres do move,  
Organ of divinest love,  
Was by Apollo fram'd, that he  
From hence might learn more harmonie ;  
Who noats her teeth, and lips discloses,  
Valls of Pearl, and gates of Roses ;  
Two leaved doores that lead the way  
Through her breath t' Arabia,  
To which would Cupid grant that blis,  
I'd go a pilgrimage to kiss :  
Those bills of snow which on her breast*

*Rise*

## The Fatall Contract,

Rise swelling with their double crest,  
Mate Parnassus mountain, whence  
The Muses suck their eloquence;  
Whose parts which we will not discover  
Hec'l imagine that's a lover.

Like Juno she doth go,  
Like Pallas talk and sow,  
Like Venus in her blis,  
Each kisse a Cupid is,  
And her hands as white as snow.

From head to foot my Mistriss been  
Far excellling beauties Queen.

*Qu.* Leave these ariall Viands, tast of that  
Is here substantiall; how like you the fruit?

*Land.* Let me for ever dwell upon these lips.

*Qu.* You are too greedy of these rarities,  
And must be dyeted, lest surfeiting  
Your appetite should sicken and so die.

*Land.* Die on yuar lips; O death-bed for a Jove;  
Who's buried here, his Grave's immortall love;  
Here will I dwell, and know no age nor sorrow.

*Q.* Yet *Childrick* knew them both.

*Land.* A frosty Prince  
Begot on *January* by a *Dutch man*,  
And worthy of these flames he now indures.

*Enter Clevis from under the Stage with his Fathers  
Gown and Robes on.*

*Qu.* What noise is this? guard me divinitic.

*Clov.* What has my harshnes done? she is my Mother;  
My consciencè tells me I was much to blame  
Thus to delude her fancy; she returns,

*Qu.* O *Childrick* I confesse 'twas I that kill'd thee,  
These hands administred the fatal draught  
That set thy soul on wing.

*Clov.* What do I hear?

*Qu.* Oh do not snatch my soul from out this world,  
Till I have bath'd it in repentant tears,  
And made it fit for heaven.

# A Tragedie.

*Clou.* She faints again ; ( he puts off his robes.  
Who waits within ? come forth and lend your aid : ( Enter  
O welcome *Strephon* ; use thy best of skill *Lamot* at the  
That masters nature, and doth life restore, trap door.  
Beyond the Art of *Æsculapius* ;  
Apply thy gentlest med'cines. ( Enter Musicians.

*Lam.* Let us withdraw ;  
My life fir answer hers if she miscarry.

*Clou.* What are ye ?

*Musi.* Musicians, whose obedience  
Doth here attend the Queen.

*Clou.* Bawds, arrant bawds ;  
I'l talk with you anon ; in, in.

*(Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the Guard.*

1 *Gua.* Stand close, stand close, I heard a bussing within  
here while.

2 *Gua.* Bussing, and they come this way here's that shall  
bussie them. ( Enter Landrey.

3 *Gua.* Fly upon him, hee's drunk, and will betray us all.

*Land.* I am betraid, tht Monsiure seeks my life,  
All waies 'gainst m'escape are fortifi'd ;  
O cruel fortune bawd to time and fate,  
That sooth't us up to make us ruinate :  
For now thou know'st no tears, anon no glee,  
But onely constant in inconstancie. ( finds the Robes.

Ha ! what is here ? great Goddess pardon me,  
I have offended 'gainst thy Deitie.

This shall delude the Watch ; thrice blessed hap  
That thus deliver't whom they would intrap.

2 *Guard.* I will not stand, nor I cannot stand ; d'ee think  
I'm drunk, what's that ?

*Om. Gua.* Blesse us, O blesse us ; Diabolo, Diabolo.

2 *Gua.* The Devil, what a Devil care I, keep off Devil,  
I say keep off, I do not fear thee ; are you  
Sneaking back, you cowardly Rogue, d'ee budge ;  
I hate a cowardly rogue, as I hate, as I hate the  
Devil ; take that. ( knocks him down.

## The Fatall Contract,

*Lant.* Oh, oh, oh.

*2 Gusr.* Oh, oh, oh, i'l make you cry oh;

What Devil made you in my way?

I'l now see what money he carries about him;

Men say the Prince of darknesse is a Gentleman,

By'rladie he ha's good clothes; but yet for all that

He may have no money.

*Enter Queen, Clovis, Lamot undisguised, Musicians.*

*Qu.* I know not were he is, or if I did,

Before i'd yee'd him up to thy revenge,

I'l die ten thousand deaths.

*Clov.* Thou glorious light, that in thy naturall Orb

Didst comfortably shine upon this Kingdome;

How is thy worth eclips'd, what a dull darkness

Hangs round about thy fame? in all this piece,

To every limb whereof I once ow'd dutie,

I know not where now to find out my mother.

*Qu.* The Devil and disobedience blinds your eyes.

*Clov.* O that I had no eyes, so you no shame;

Murder your Husband to arrive at lust,

And then to lay the blame on innocents?

Blush, blush, thou worse than woman.

*Qu.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Clov.* Hold my heart,

You'r impudent in sin; has your proud page

Made you thus valiant? tell me, where he is;

For if you dally with me, know this hand

Shall rip him from thy heart, though Cabin'd there.

*Qu.* How dar'st thou cloth thy speech in such a phrase

To me thy naturall Mother?

*Clov.* My Mother!

Adulterate woman, shame of Royaltie,

I blush to call thee mother; thy foul lusts

Have taught me words of that harsh consequence.

That Stigmatize obedience, and do brand

With mis-becoming accents filiall duty:

Deliver quickly where this leacher is;

Here hous'd he must be, for he cannot scape,

Lest wildness conquering my softer sense,

# A Tragedie.

Thrust forth my hand into an act of horror,  
And leave you breathlesse here.

Q. What *French* Neronian spirit have we here?  
nsolent boy, wilt thou turn Paricide?

*Clov.* The justness of my cause would excuse me  
If I should execute; speak murtherefs,  
Where have you mew'd your Monster?

Qu. Here lies the Monster, oh rare Monster; two Berds,  
This is a comick Monster; a Periwick too, this is a Court  
Monster;

D'es gape, what in the Devils name would you beg now?

*Lam.* Behold my Lord, the Woodcock's in the Gin,  
Here lies the great *Landrey*.

Qu. O horrid sin.

*Clov.* This habit might have ruin'd all *Lamot*.

But Goblin now you are caught; what is he dead?

*I am.* Scarce hurt my Lord; how is't? look up.

*Eu.* Where is the Queen?

(Enter *Eunuch*.)

Qu. Here *Eunuch*, as thou see'st, in misery.

*Eu.* O my heart, how came the Monsiur hither? *Lamot* too?

Qu. All that I know is that we are betraid.

*Eu.* I'll set them packing, fear not, — my good Lord.

*Clov.* Thou art a faithful servant.

*Eu.* Sir, the Rebels---

*Clov.* Give 'hem a nobler Title, by my life

I do applaud their courage; come they on?

*Eu.* Yes, and *Brissac* is made their Generall.

*Clov.* A hopeful youth, fraught with Nobility,

And all the graceful qualities that write

Man truly honourable; my injuries

Have swell'd me up to this.

*Eu.* His Father's dead.

*Clov.* Trust me i'm sorry, grief has broke his heart,

And mine *Castrats* too; canst thou imagine

Who was the Author of our Fathers death?

*Eu.* Am I betraid? then lend me impudence,

I'm sure I cannot blush: Royal sir, whom?

*Clov.* Our Mother with *Landrey*, and this *Lamot*,

They ment should bear the blame; this was *Stephon*.

## The Fatall Contract,

*Ex.* Indeed? ——— would I were fairly off.

*Clov.* But what news with *Aphelia* and her Bridegroom?

*Ex.* As you could wish, hee's lull of jealousie,

No *Frenchman* e'r was more *Italian*;

I've wrought him bravely on, your Physick works,

Hither i've brought *Aphelia*; to morrow

You shall hear further sport i'l warrant you;

In the mean while, what will you do with these?

*Clov.* *Castrato* thus;

Nature forbids me spill my Mothers blood,

And *Landrey* is unfit for my revenge;

For I must study torments for the slave,

Therefore I give them up to your tuition,

Until I shall return victorious.

*Qu.* Observ'd you that? there is some comfort yet.

*Clov.* Then wee'l determine of them, if we fall

Let *Clotair* point them out a funerall:

Reward these with the whip, these with my purse,

His merit is two hundred Crowns, perform it

2. *Guard.* Drink, I adore thee drink; good fellows a'l,

Sometimes we rise by drink, but oftner fall. (*Ex. 2 Guard.*)

*Clov.* A moral drunkard, go away with them; (*Ex. Eunuch;*)

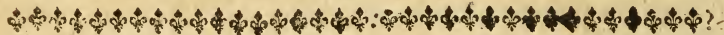
And on your life let them not stir from hence. *Musicians,*

Now my revenge grows to maturity, *Landrey & Queen.*

Wee'l to *Dumain* (*Lamot*) and joyn with him;

Now *France* thou liest a bleeding, thou shalt prove

What 'tis to cross the *Moniur* in his love. (*Exeunt omnes.*)



## Actus Quintus.

*Enter Brissic, Dumain, Bourbon, Lanove, Martel.*

*Dum.* **F**Or certain then the Princes are at odds.

*Bris.* Yes, and the ground the marriage of my sister.

*Burb.* The Ulcerous state is ripe, and we must launce it.

*Bris.* The King doth Whore my sister; she's not his,

But

# A Tragedie.

But true and lawfully the Monsieur's wife.

*Dum.* Did not one *Strephon* wait upon the Monsieur ?

*Bris.* What's his condition ?

*Dum.* A Surgion, and famous for the cure o' th' Prince.

*Bris.* Yes, such there was; but litle nois'd at Court.

*Dum.* That was *Lamot* our fast and noble friend.

*Mart.* There's some design on foot that hinders him,  
He would not else neglect us.

*Within, the Monsieur, the Monsieur, ho, ho, ho.*

*Bris.* What noise is that *Lanove*, step forth and see.

*Du.* O death we are surpris'd, the Monsieur, suddenly (*again*  
Snared, let each man to his charge. (*again.*

*Bourb.* Hark, still the noise increaseth.

*Bris.* By the sound, this is a shout of joy and not of dread;  
*Lanove* the news ? (*En. Lanove, the Monsieur, Lamot & others.*

*Monfi.* *Brissac, Dumain, Martel*, and you the rest,  
Think not I come a Traytor to your Camp;  
I cannot gild my speech with eloquence,  
If this will serve you sir, I am a friend.

*Bris.* The Monsieur's welcome, and his worth will grace  
The dignity of this dayes work in hand.

*Monfi.* My almost Brother once, suffice I thank you,  
And fairly greet this brave assembly,  
Whose souls do look for stirring opposites,  
When your resistance I fear will be slender;  
But were they centupul'd, i'l fight your cause,  
Kings arm their subjects when they break their laws.

*Omnes.* Long live the Monsieur.

*Monfi.* Lead on, away.

*Exeunt omnes.*

## SCEN. II.


*Enter the Eunuch, whilst the waits play softly, and solemnly,  
drawes the Canopie, where the Queen sits at one end bound  
with Landrey at the other, both as asleep.*

*Eu.* Here sits our Beldam dieted for Venerie,  
And by her, her *Landrey* not sur feited;  
Her Ladyship's allou'd a mouldie crust,

## The Fatall Contract,

He sinking water to peece out his life,  
Between them both they banquet like one slave,  
Condemn'd perpetually to the Burdello ;  
They think I know not that they thus are us'd,  
When it is onely I that use them thus.  
How wikedly they look, oh I could laugh  
To hear them rail at others misery ;  
He curses her, and she sooth curses him,  
And both each other damn for their offences.  
Learn ye that pamper up your flesh for lust,  
The *Eunuch* in his wickedness is just. Play louder, they sleep  
too long.

*Qu.* A mischief take thee keeper, hardned dog,  
Whom no distress can melt or mollifie;  
The cruell King doth not deny us sleep,  
Although the Nursers of it, food and ease.

*Eu.* Peace, peace, ye villains cease that ruder noise  
That breaks your softer slumbers ; gentle *Queen*,  
I am not guilty of these harsh-voic'd words.   
Your wilder sence hurls at me ; you mistake,  
I am your *Eunuch*, one that weeps for you.

*Qu.* Oh *Castrato*, wast not those tears in vain,  
Come hither and i'l catch those falling drops  
Which prodigally over-flow their banks ;  
There's Nectar in thine eye, oh let me drink it ;  
These aged Cesterns are grown drie, and yeeld  
Not one relenting drop to ease my thirst.  
*Castrato* pittie me, my veins are parcht,  
And this same flesh which walls about my soul,  
Chops with excessive heat ; a little water  
*Castrato*, but a little, though it hath been  
The birth of Toads, or what the leapers bath'd in ;  
O shew thy love but in a little water,  
What can a *Queen* ask lesse, or subject grant her ?

*Iu* Though I be tortur'd, for it yet i'l do it. ( *Ex. Eunuch.* )

*Qu.* It hath quencht half my thirst to find some pittie.

*Land.* I cannot bite mine arm, their tyrannie  
Denyes me what's mine own to feed upon,



## A Tragedie.

One mouthfull would suffice ; I cannot get it,  
Poor un-fed sides that passe along the street,  
I now am sensible of what ye want ;  
Did I e'r think to die for want of food,  
Whose Table was the world, from whence I cull'd  
The rarities of nature to delight me,  
And more to feed my lust than Appetite ?  
One bit of bread, though it were gray with age,  
Hoary and crusted with a second bark,  
Whose loathed outside would not court a Dog  
Arm'd with the edge of appetite, would seem  
A rare rich banquet to my emptie gorge ;  
Oh I am worn to nothing with this want,  
Such emptinesse ha's hunger made of me  
That you may draw me on another man.  
Some bread, some bread.

*Enter Eunuch with Wine and Meat, he congees with great  
reverence and ceremony to the Queen.*

*Qu.* Oh thou art welcome,  
Quick, dear *Eunuch* quick ; what needs this delay ?  
Away with form and ceremonious duty,  
Respect in this is too respectles.

*Eu.* O give me leave, I will begin a health ;  
It's very good, exceeding pleasant Wine.

*Qu.* Dost thou deride my sufferance ?

*Eu.* No, no, not I.

*Qu.* Give me the drink then, i'm all flame and fire.

*Eu.* Say you so, say you so ? then you must pardon me,  
I love your safety, and it's dangerous  
To drink while you are hot, pray cool and tarry :  
In the mean while I will begin to you ;  
How tart and pleasing this is to the Palate,  
A sweeter Pheasant Christendom affords not.

*Laud.* I thank thee *Eunuch*, prethee give it me.

*Eu.* You'l let me tast it for you, will you not ?  
Are you so sharply set ? fie, this sauce is naught.

*Laud.* Prethee make hast, hunger digest's no tasters.

# The Fatal Contract,

*Eu.* Come sir, I must feed you, oh, oh, not so fast,  
Be not so hasty; here, still you are too hasty; (*he puts it to his*  
*Gentle* sir it will digest the better. *mouth, & pulls it away again.*

*Land.* More, more, oh it is excellent.

*Eu.* Madam, here's for you now.

*Qu.* May heaven reward thee for't, oh it's rare.

*Eu.* How do you like your banquet great *Landrey*?

*Land.* Beyond compare.

*Eu.* And you your drink?

*Qu.* The Gods tast not the like.

*Eu.* Ha, ha, ha, y'have both eat and drunk abominable  
poyson.

*Qu.* Ha!

*Land.* How!

*Eu.* 'Tis true, I tell your Oracle;  
There's not an hours life between ye both;  
The poyson's sure, I did prepare it for ye,  
And have my self taken an Antidote:  
What say'now to th'other bout with *Landrey*,  
I can procure a second meeting for you,  
Indeed I can; think you not whoredome sweet  
Now you are a dying? is not you soul at ease,  
The murder of your Husband but a toy,  
A flea-biting? alack you feel it not.

*Qu.* Inhumane slave, treacherous Rascal.

*Eu.* Good words, Lady whore, good words: wha. are you  
loose? (*Landrey gets loose.*)

Miraculous famine, ha's your empty guts  
Perfwaded you to valour? will it scratch or bite?

I'm sure't has no weapon, Monsieur disarm it. (*shews a keen*

*Ian.* He did so Rascal, yet your curious search *knife which he*  
Ne'r pri'd into this sheath; do you see this: *pulls out of his*  
With mine own hands it had let forth mine *sleeve, staggers*  
own life, *with faintness.*

Had the proud Monsieur trusted us to any,  
Thy self excepted, whom I now perceive  
The onely Author of our misery.

You'r very nimble Hell-hound.

*Eu.* O Lord sir, you know the cause,

(*The Eunuch tript*  
*up his heels in scuffle*  
*and sits on him.*)

I'm

# A Tragedie.

I'm lighter by a stone or two than you,  
Yet I am weight enough to keep you down ;  
Stir and thou dy'st —— now fir, what say you to me ?  
How did you like your old Queen ? was she gamesome ?  
Did she apply her self like an apt whore  
Unto your loose imbraces ?

*Lord.* Dog, let me rest.

*Eu.* Good my Lord pardon me,  
Under your Graces favour be it spoken,  
You are our cushion, and i'l sit on you.  
I am not very heavie, am I fir ? *(joults upon him.)*  
I do not altogether weigh a man.

*Qu.* Villanous Traytor,  
O let him rise, and wreck thy spite on me.

*Eu.* You cog now, you'd rather I should kill.

*Qu.* O spare him, spare him, *Eunuch* save my servant,  
And i'l forgive thee all thy sinnes against me ;  
There's not an injurie thou dost to him,  
But wounds me to the soul.

*Eu.* Pray then look here,  
How easily this Skean is sheath'd in him ;  
An Engine of his own preparing Ladie,  
And pittie't were so brave a Gentleman,  
Such a neat hopeful whore-master as he,  
Should die by any weapon but his own.  
So perish all that love Adulterie.

There, sit you there again : once more to you, *(he sets him in his Chair.)*  
Who if your poyson do not work too fast,  
Shall see more sights like these before you die ;

But lest you should prevent us with your tongue,  
I will be bold to gag your Ladyship ;

I'l leave a peeping hole through which you shall  
See sights, shall kill thee faster than thy poyson ; *(draws the Curtain again.)*  
I am prepar'd now for *Aphelia's* death.

All things are ready, and behold the King.

Now for my part. *(Ent. Clotair melancholly.)*

*Clot.* I am too pittiful, a watrie flux,  
Which soft and tender hearted men call tears,

# The Fatall Contract,

Stand on mine eies, and do's expresse a nature  
Too like my Bearer ; it is now with me  
Full tide in sorrow, my *Cynthia* governs strongly.

*Eu.* How fares the great *Clotair* ?

*Clot.* What do the wise,

*Castrato*, call the moisture which presumes  
To meditate betwixt my wrath and me ?

*Eu.* Expressions of a weak and silly nature,  
Passion of fools and women : are you a man  
And bear so tame a soul, such a smock spirit ?  
The Distaff owns more spleen, more noble anger ;  
Pray let her live untill the Pages write,  
An hopping balladry verse rime upon you,  
Great *Clotair* had a wife and she was fair,  
Yea fairer than the flowerie meads in May ; (scuffingly.  
Oh she was fair, yet foul; most ridling sence ;  
Oh it is horrid ; then to conclude

In what a high streign you did take revenge,  
How like your house and honour, hark, how she dies,  
Strangled in tears fall'n from the Cuckolds eies ;  
You are her husband sir, and now must own  
Her doubtfull issue, and her lawlesse lust ;  
Although a Bull should leap her, you must father,  
And have a drove of forked Animals,  
Shall have their horns born with them to the sound,  
'Twill save their prodigall wives the reacky labour.

*Clot.* Marry a Whore? father a bastard issue ?

*Eu.* I tell you truth, there's no avoiding it.

*Clot.* Come bring her forth. ( *Ent. *Abelia* drag'd by two*

*Abpe.* Use not such violence good Gentlemen, *Ruffins* in her  
I'll walk a lamb to slaughter, not repine *petticoat & hair.*  
At any torments you shall put me too,  
Onely be modest : commend me to my Lord,  
I doubt I never shall behold him more ;  
For by the calculation of your looks  
I have not long to live.

*Clot.* True *Abelia*, confess & turn thy fate ; give me to know  
With what foul Monster thou hast wrong'd thy soul,

## A Tragedie.

Seam-rent that holy weed, Virginitie ;  
And ease me of a load that bears more weight  
Than what my youthful sins have heap'd upon me.

*Aphe.* Is e'r my Lord---

*Clot.* No more of that, it tends to madness ;  
I'll force it from thee ; bring forth the tortures there ;  
I'll trie if in these fiery instruments (Ent. man with pain  
and irons.  
There lie a tongue, which better can perswade  
Confession from thee ; these red hot applied  
Unto thy breast adulterate, shall extract  
All future hope to suckle lawless issue ;  
The poysonous springs which from these hills arise,  
Shall have their fountain head dam'd up by these.

*Aphe.* I've heard you swear, that you were poor in words,  
And knew not to express the happiness  
Which you conceiv'd was habitable here.  
How much my Lord is altered from himself!

*Clot.* 'Tis thou art altered ; true *Apbelia*,  
That whilst thy purer thoughts did awe thy will,  
I lov'd like an Idolater : I was possess'd  
That these two twins, these Globes of flesh, contain'd  
All that was happy both in earth and heaven ;  
In this I could describe the Milkey way,  
The maiden Zone that girds the waste of heaven ;  
In this the seat of Paradise, and how  
The wanton Rivelets play'd about the Isle  
Which puzzle yet Geographie : all this I could,  
I could in thee my sometime chaste *Apbelia*  
Find and rejoyce in ; but thou art now  
An undrest wilderness wherein I walk,  
Losing my self 'mongst multitude of beasts ;  
O savage actions ! Come dispatch.

*Aphe.* Sir-- ?

*Clot.* I'll hear no more.

*Aphe.* Heaven will then ;  
And though it bear an ear far distant hence,  
Both hear and pitty me. O my lov'd Lord,  
Should but a dream work on my fancy,

## The Fatall Contract,

That you were thus to suffer as I am,  
It would conspire to kill me with more speed  
Than these your threatning Ministers ; alas,  
I'll force a gentler nature in the steel,  
And with my rainy eies weep out their heat ;  
Which as it dies should hiss it self to scorn,  
For offering to contain but fire to hurt you ;  
And will you then a bold spectator stand,  
Smiling at what I suffer ? shed but one tear,  
Or counterfeit a sorrow for my sake,  
A little seeming woe, and I shall die  
Sick of your kindnesse, not your crueltie.

*Clot.* O my soft temper, her sweet harmonie  
Will melt me into fool ; to hear these words,  
The Mother is to busie in mine eies ;  
What shall I do ?

*Eu.* Make a new Hell,  
And if thou canst, create more Devils, do,  
And they will find inemployment all on her ;  
For since the generall Creation,  
Time never did produce a fowler sinner,  
Or one more begger'd hell in punishing.

*Clot.* Thou hast awak'd me ; Whore will you confesse ?  
Do not inforce your death through wilfulness ; (*drags her by*  
Speak stubborn silence, or i'll break thy heart. *she hair.*

*Apbe.* My Lord and Husband, oh my Lord and husband,  
Regard my miserie and pittie me.

*Clot.* Thou'rt cruel to thy self, I wrong thee not ;  
It is not I that tear this precious Fleece, (*again.*  
This glorious excrement, in validitie,  
Another *Cholcos* better seeming *Jason.*  
I pull not off these curious sporting Tresses, (*again.*  
Fit braids to Captive Kings hadst thou been honest.  
I wound thee not, confesse, and live as free  
As mountain air, I will not injure thee.

*Apbe.* My gracious Prince, I dare not call you husband,  
Your actions do forbid, which write me slave  
And not your equall ; if to be your wife

## A Tragedie.

Has pluckt this misery upon my head,  
Or caus'd in you this phrensie, put me off,  
I will indure it patiently; but if e'r —

*Clot.* The old tune this, come, come, the Irons there.

*Aph.* Oh, oh, oh, cruel my Lord, unmanly; (*they bind her to the Chair, the*  
I will not curse yet heaven, no nor blaspheme, *Eu. much fears*  
Although mine injuries would half perswade, *her breast.*  
Gods are not, or are deaf to innocents.

*Sould.* Arm, arm, my Lord, the Castle's wall'd about (*Enter*  
With living Clay, three times ten thousand men, *a Souldier*  
Approved Warriors, souls of blood and fire, *hastily with his*  
That onely know to do, and not to suffer, *sword drawn.*  
Make head against you; believe me fir,  
A braver Troop, and spirits more resolv'd,  
Life never put in action: young *Brissac*  
Now old enough to quit his Fathers death,  
Together with the ruine of his Sister,  
H'as vow'd destruction to your name and ashes.

*Clot.* Let them come on, wee'l dare them do their worst;  
This Castle will indure a fortnights siege,  
Before the expiration of which time,  
My Brother with his fellow Peers of *France,*  
Shall whip these Rebels for their insolence.  
Know'it thou ought else; why dost thou shake thy head?

*2 Sould.* Fly, fly, my Lord. (*Enter another Souldier.*

*Clot.* Villain, it is no language for a Prince. (*strikes him.*

*2 Sould.* Then stand upon your guard; yet that's as bad,  
The Castle's wall'd about with walking steel,  
And you but tempt your death in your escape,  
If you stay here, provoke it.  
The Monsiur, like the God of war, bestrides  
A bounding Courser, who is therefore proud  
To be so back'd, as knowing whom he bears:  
So Centaur-like he's anckor'd to his seat,  
As he had twind with the proud steed he rides on;  
He grows unto his saddle all one piece,  
And that unto his Horse; who thus unmov'd,  
Sits like a *Perseus* on his *Pegasus,*

## The Fatall Contract,

Stable and fleet. Who at head of all his Troops,  
With words inflames 'em that did burn before,  
But now appear much brighter ; their glistering arms  
Reflecting 'gainst the Sun, doth lightning mock ;  
Unto which blaze, their Drums and Horses hoofs  
Do not want much of Thunder : such is the show,  
As if great *Mars*, angry with humane race,  
Did lead the Gods to battel 'gainst the Earth.

*Eu.* How does your Grace ? how fares your Majestie ?

*Clot.* The Monsieur ? did he not name the Monsieur ?

*2 Sould.* I did my Lord.

*Clot.* Is he joyned with them too ?

Then Dooms-day is at hand, I see my ruine.

Go to the Castle walls to summon them,

To render an accompt of their intents.

Ask the prond Monsieur ( though I know the cause ) *Looks on  
Appelia.*

Why his presumptious and ambitious feet,

Have on the bosome of his mother earth,

Made a broad road of treason : go, begone. ( *Exe. Souldiers.*

*Castrato* thou dost love me, i'm sure thou dost ;

I have such proofs of thy true hearted-love,

That I must put my life into thy hands.

Thou see'st how all things stand, my wife she's false,

Her brother seeks my life, the Monsieur's thoughts

( Back'd with the ever factious souls of *France* )

Aim at the Gallick Crown and dignitie,

Whil'st I a catiff and neglected Prince

Must fall by traytors hands.

*Eu.* What mean you sir ?

*Clot.* Look, here's a Pistoll in whose womb lies death,

A heavie leaden sleep.

*Eu.* Would you I should

Trie the conclusion here ? make her confesse

By other instruments her horrid guilt,

In this there's too much mercy.

*Clot.* Hear me speak,

I'l trouble her no further ; let her An

Be punish'd from above, i'l wait heavens leisure,

Here



## A Tragedie.

Here *Eunuch* take thou this, it was prepar'd  
For the adulterate *Landrey*; here, receive it,  
And if thou lov'st me use it upon me :  
Come shoot me through, I know I shall be slain,  
( If not by thee, yet by the enemy )  
And therefore to prevent the bitter scorn  
Of the insulting foe (which is a death  
So full of horror to the conquer'd,  
No Tyranny is like it ) use this handfull,  
The handsom'st weed that nature can produce  
In the large Storehouse of her providence,  
Can shew no simple like it ; for this cures  
At once, the sicknesse of the mind and body.  
Thou shalt, I know thou wilt, I prethee take it ;  
It is not murder, tender-hearted fool  
Which thou commits, rather a sacrifice,  
For which heaven will reward thee.

*Eu.* I do not know the nature of your Gods,  
Yet on your words i'l trie their kindnesse.

*Clot.* Nobly resolv'd, come shoot me quickly then.

*Eu.* I never was liker t'express my selfe  
Than at this minute ; do not betray me tears, ( *aside.*  
The *Eunuchs* nature must be harsh and cruell.

*Aphe.* O spare him *Eunuch*, spare him, save my Lord,  
And i'l forgive thee all thy sins 'gainst me.

*Eu.* Peace foollsh woman, 'tis thou that kill'st thy Lord,  
Were't not for thee he might live long and happy ;  
Pray let me kisse your hand, and take my leave  
Of my best best Master.

*Clot.* Do't and be sudden then : ah what means this ? ( *as he*

*Eu.* Marry sir this it means, *kisses his hand, he snatches*  
That if this fail, this shall perform the deed ; *out his sword.*  
Think not but I will kill you, do not fear,  
I am the excellent'st he alive at these same toys,  
Look here my coufin'd fool I do not bungle. ( *shews Landrey*

*Clot.* Are these dead then ? *and the Queen.*

*Eu.* As sure as you live, pray ask them else ;  
Unlesse this Ewes flesh too intense in heat

The Fatall Contract,

Be lingering yet behind; she's scarcely dead,  
But in her dying ears i'l howl this noise;  
Look Queen, here's the top-branch of all thy Family,  
Mark but how kindly for thy sake i'l use him.

*Clot.* Then I perceive I have been much abus'd,  
So ha's my chaster Queen; oh my curst fate!

*Eu.* Oh, do you so, do you so.

*Qu.* Oh, oh, oh.

(*Queen dyes.*)

*Eu.* There broke a Strumpets heart; hear me King,  
Thy Mother was a foul adulteress,  
A cruel butcherer of innocents;  
Witnesse thy brother, that thy Mother's false,  
Witnesse thine own eyes that beheld the fall  
And ruine of the *Dumain* Family.  
Thy Mother's deep in blood, for which she's damn'd:  
You ravisht fair *Chrotilda*; *Clodimir*  
Your valiant Uncle, brother to this Queen,  
Was for the foul fact slain; for which mistake,  
*Dumain*, *Lamot*, *Maria*, *Isabel*,  
And the abus'd *Chrotilda*, if by flight  
She had not sav'd her life, had fall'n with them.  
I knowing this, and ever pittying  
The wrongs that they indur'd,  
Have found it time thus to revenge them.

*Clot.* What were their wrongs to thee?

*Eu.* I'l not Capitulate mine injuries,  
I hear my time is short.

(*beat a March  
softly within.*)

*Clot.* How fain would I preserve my life from death,  
Since my *Aphelia*'s chaste; to think her false,  
(Not that I fear the foe) made me despair  
Of future comfort. *Eunuch*, spare my life,  
I will forgive thee, and reward thee too;  
Remember who it is that sues to thee.

*Eu.* In that remembrance I have lost my self,  
I cannot strike him; my relenting heart  
Yerns on his Princely person: take your sword,  
But on condition *Clotair*, thou shalt swear  
By thy descent, thy princely parentage,

## A Tragedie.

By the wrong'd souls of all those innocents  
To thy lust satisfi'd, by *Aphelia's* self,  
Or any thing thy soul shall hold more dear,  
Upon receipt, to guide the fatal point  
Directly to thy heart.

*Clot.* Why would'st thou so?

*Eu.* Pish, I'l teach thee to be speedy in the fact;  
Remember how thy Royall Father fell;  
Behold thy Mother murther'd by this hand;  
Into thy bosome cast thine inward eyes,  
And view the sorrows I have heaped on thee:  
Look on *Aphelia*, and let her wrongs  
Prompt thy slow hand to this most timely slaughter;  
I cannot brook delay, or do, or suffer.

*Clot.* A Heathen, and a Traytor die with thee.

*Eu.* A Christian Heathen *Clotair* if thou wilt,  
Made so by thee; read that and break thy heart.

(*Enter the Monsieur and his Comp.*)

*Mo.* Force ope the door, seiz on his Royal person: now *Clotair*  
Thou are the Monsieur's pris'ner; Tyrant say,  
Where is *Aphelia* your Adulteress!

*Clot.* It makes no matter where.

(*stands  
amaz'd*)

*Bris.* O my dear Sister, O my dearest life.

*Dum.* See Noble Lords,

Here lies that Hel-hound *Ennuch*; villain up,  
And tell us who ha's done these fatall deeds.

*Eu.* They'r ne'r ali'd to thee that did these Acts,  
*Chroilda* and a woman.

*Dum.* Villain thou li'st, my sister's gone a weary pilgrimage,  
And for this many years with grief I speak it,  
Been travel'd none knows where.

*Clot.* What am I?

What strange and uncouth thing?

*Eu.* A ravisher,

And better to instruct thee in thy self;  
Had not *Chroilda* been, incestuous.

*Omnes.* Hold, hold your Royal hand; what will you do?

*Clot.* What else but follow her; shall *Clotair* live

## The Fatall Contract,

A Captive to his Brother, slav'd to sin,  
Inthral'd in wedlock that's incestuous,  
O ravisher and murderer of his friend,  
There's no way left to rid me but my sword,  
Of all these ills at once. Oh wrong'd *Chrotilda*.

*Dum.* My sister?

*Clot.* I *Dumain*, no *Eunuch* she;  
No sun-burnt vagabond of *Æthiope*,  
Though entertain'd for such by *Fredigond*.  
I say here lies thy ravisht sister slain  
By me the ravisher.

*Dum.* Hold, hold, my heart.

*Eu.* Lend me thy hand *Clotair*, have I thy hand?

*Clot.* Thou most abus'd of women kind, thou hast.

*Eu.* I should have kill'd thee King, and had put on  
A masculine spirit to perform the deed;  
Alas how frail our resolutions are!

A woman's weakness conquer'd my revenge:  
I'd spirit enough to quit my Fathers wrongs;  
And they which should have seen me act that part,  
Would not believe I should so soon prove haggard:  
But there is something dwells upon thy brow  
Which did perswade me to humanitie;  
Thou injur'dst me, and yet I spar'd thy life;  
Thou injurd'st me, yet I would fall by thee;  
And like to my soft sex, I fall and perish.

*Clot.* Speak, for ever speak: *Chrotilda*, *Chrotilda*.

*Dum.* My Sister's in mine eies, this brave revenge  
Should have been mine, and not thy act *Chrotilda*;  
Away salt rhume, *Chrotilda* laughs at thee,  
Her spirit is more manly.

*Aphs.* I must weep too,

Mine injuries and hers are so near kin,  
That they must bear each other company  
In tears of blood and death;  
For my griev'd heart too long with earth,  
Would gladly seek a way to find out rest.

*Clot.* Art thou joynd with her too against thy self?

## A Tragedie.

Will my *Appelia* leave me? pardon sweet,  
My love is fatall, and too well thou know'st  
The deadly proof in fair *Chrotilda's* death;  
Yet leave me not though I refrain thy bed,  
And must abandon all those thoughts of love  
Which married couples use; yet we may sit  
And gaze upon each other, tell sad tales  
Of ruin'd Princes, wrong'd Virginitie;  
And when our utterance is tyr'd by speech,  
We'll sit and sigh a sad parenthesis,  
And then proceed again, then sigh again  
A silent *Chorus* to our History;  
Our tears shall keep our sorrows ever green,  
Still springing, never ripe: shall we do thus  
To lengthen out our grief?

*Aphe.* For ever King,

The hand of heaven lies on me; for I feel  
My inward and externall injuries  
Wrestle with life, in which condition  
My soul is worried by that Tyrant death.  
I must forsake thee *Clotair* <sup>only</sup>

*Clot.* Stay awhile, it is unkindly done to leave me thus:  
O she is gone, for ever, ever gone;  
And I stand prating here between them both,  
The fatall cause of death unto them both.  
Wilt thou not break proud heart, I prethee break,  
Prove not a Rebell to thy Prince like these;  
It's well there is some loyaltie in thee yet;  
Thou art commanded by me--

(*the King faints.*)

*Bris.* Gracious my Liege.

*Clot.* *Charles* I have injur'd thee, and thee *Dumain*;  
Can ye forgive me?

*Bris.* Good your Grace

Call back your spirits, think what's to be done.

*Clot.* I consider well, and the now King,  
The quondam Mounseur shall not denie me this;  
Half of the honours of the dead *Landrey*  
We do confer on thee, the other half

# The Fatall Contract, a Tragedie.

Be thine *Dumain*; *Charles* shall be Duke of France,  
Thou of the Palace Major: this is our will.

*Dum.* Great King, you are not yet so neer your end,  
For send it heaven.

*Bris.* Look up my Gracious Lord.

*Monfi.* My Royall Brother?

*Clot.* I begin to faint,

A darknesse like to death hangs on mine eies;  
Lend me thine hand *Brissac*, and thine *Dumain*.

Good gentle souls when ye shal mention me,  
And elder time shall rip these stories up,  
Dissected and Anatomiz'd by you;

Touch sparingly this story, do not read  
Too harsh a comment on this loathed deed,  
Lest you inforce posterity to blast

My name and Memory with endlesse curses;  
Call me an honourable murtherer,

And finish there as I do.

(*He dyes.*)

*Dum.* O Noble Lord,

Whose fame was very essence to his soul;  
That gone, the other fled, choosing to die,  
Rather then live a King in infamy.

*Monfi.* A heavie spectacle of grief and woe  
Have we beheld since our arivall here;

Take up the body of the King, and these

That for his love on either hand lie slain,

They shall lie buried in one Monument:

And take up these; this was a Royall Queen

When virtue steer'd her thoughts; but we may see,

When we turn foes to good, to vice a friend,

We fall like these, and like these thus we end.

*A dead March within,*

FINIS.













