

DEKKER and MESSENGER. The Virgin  
Martyr, a Tragedie, as it hath been divers  
times publikely acted with great applause  
by the Servants of His Majesties Revels,  
small 4to. *very rare*, 25s 1631

*Hand Title cut in some places.*

Accessions

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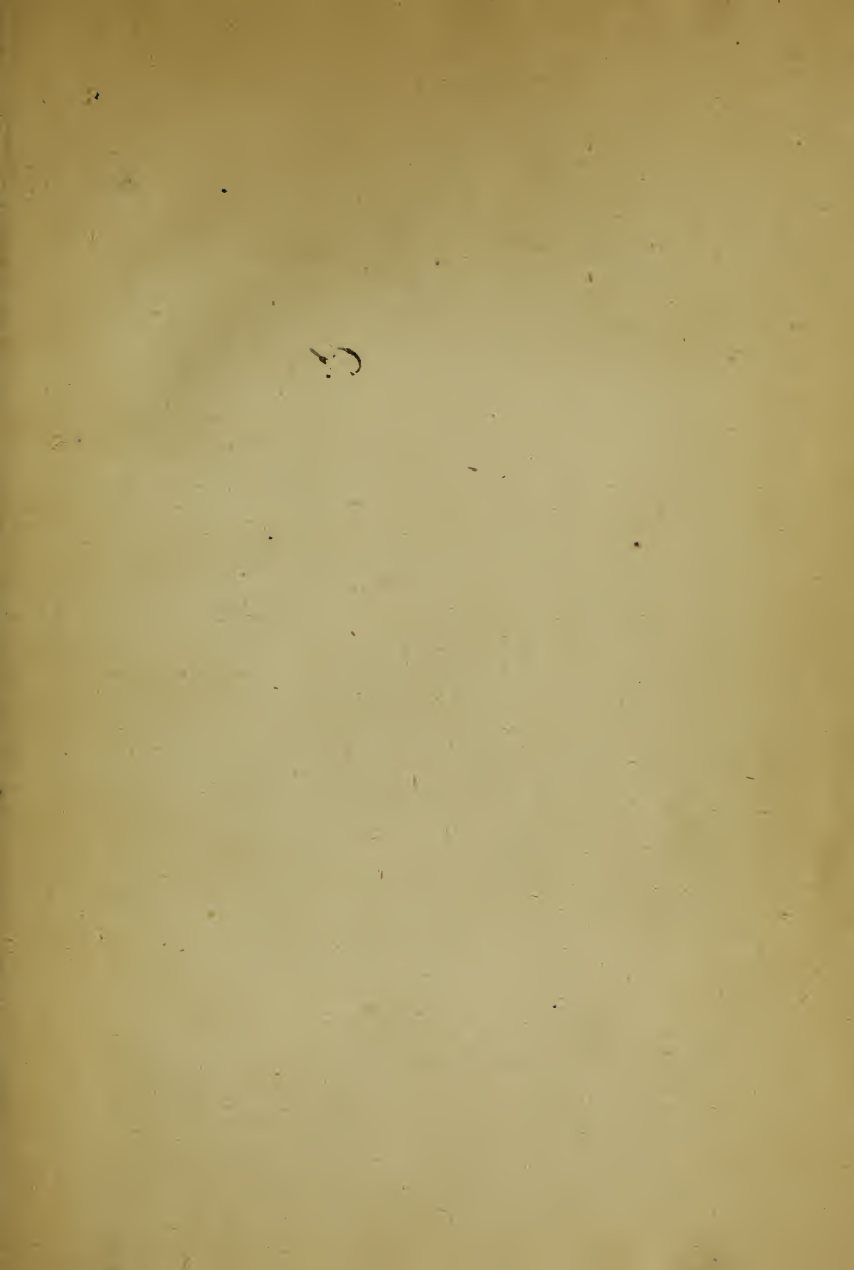


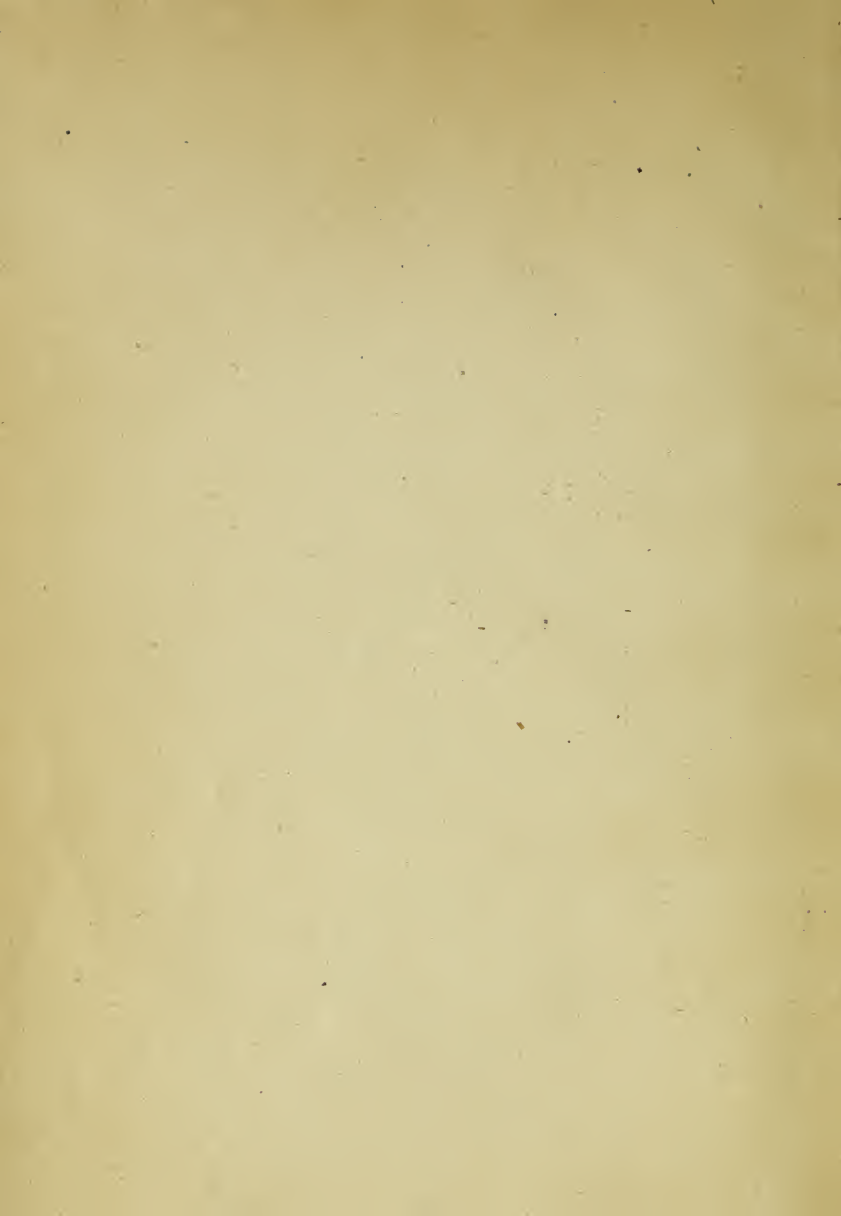
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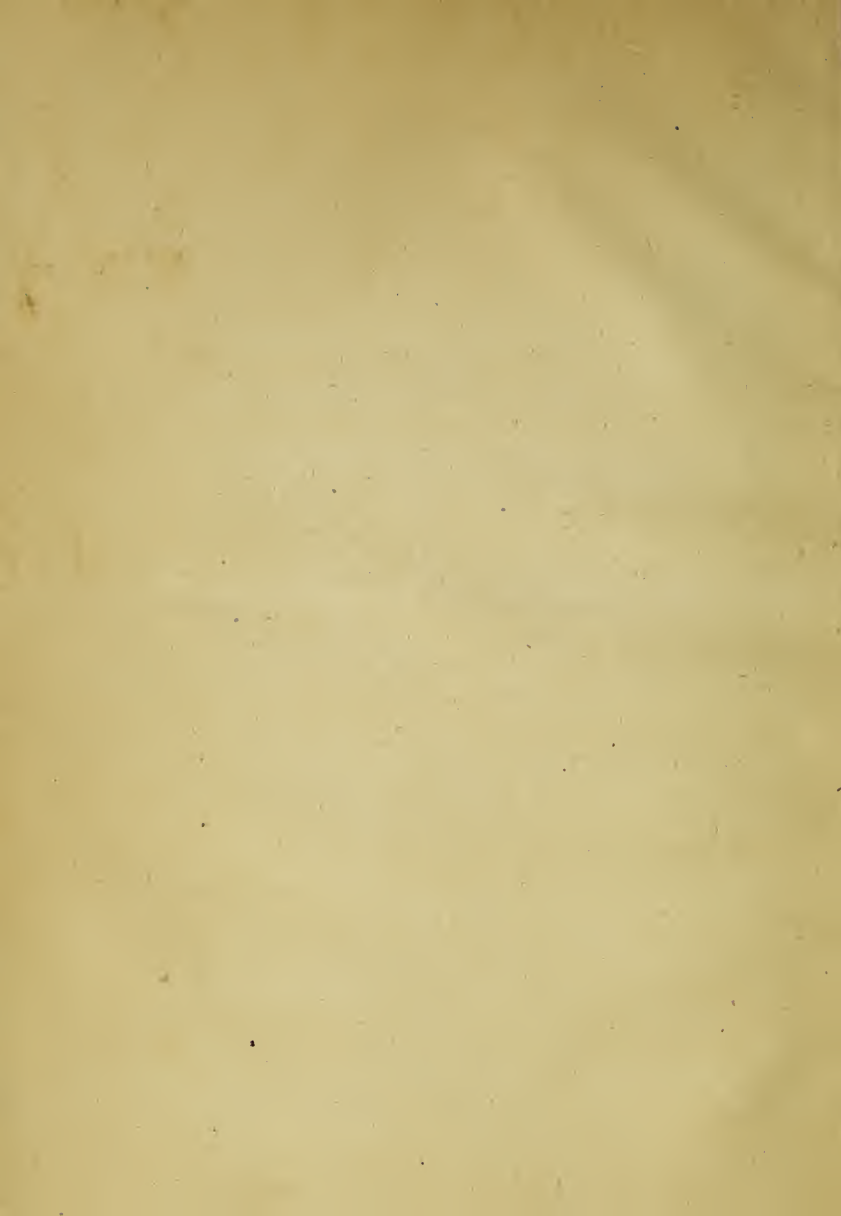
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VIRGIN  
MARTYR;  
A  
TRAGEDIE.

As it hath beene divers times pub-  
likely Acted with great applause,

BY

*The servants of his Majesties Revels.*

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Written by { PHILIP MESSENGER,  
and  
THOMAS DECKER.

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LONDON,

Printed by B. A. and T. F. for Thomas Iones, and are  
to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstons Church-  
yard. 1631.



The Actors names.

**D**iolesian } Emperours of Rome.  
Maximinus, }

A King of Pontus.

A King of Epire.

A King of Macedon.

Sapritius, Gouvernour of Casaria.

Theophilus, a zealous persecutor of the Christians.

Sempronius, Captaine of Sapritius Guards.

Antoninus, sonne to Sapritius.

Macrinus, friend to Antoninus.

Herpax an euill spirit, following Theophilus in the  
shape of a Secretary.

Artemia daughter to Dioclesian.

Caliste } Daughters to Theophilus.  
Christera, }

Dorothea, The Virgin Martyr.

Angelo, a good spirit, seruing Dorothea in the habite  
of a Page.

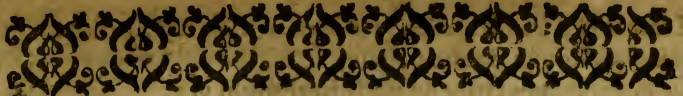
A Brittish Slaue.

Hercius, a Whoremaster. } Seruants to Dorothea.  
Spungius, a Drunkard. }

A Priest to Iupiter.

Officers and Executioners.

149.509  
May. 1873



# THE VIRGIN MARTYR.

Actus primus. Scene I.

*Enter Theophilus, Harpax.*

*Theoph.* Come to Casarea to night?

*Harpax.* Most true Sir.

*Theoph.* The Emperour in person?

*Harpax.* Doe I live.

*Theo.* Tis wondrous strange, the marches of great Princes  
Like to the motions of prodigious Meteors.

Are step, by step obseru'd, and lowd tongu'd Fame

The harbinger to prepare their entertainment:

And were it possible, so great an armie,

Though couer'd with the night, could be so neare,

The Governour cannot be so unfriended

Among the many that attend his person,

But by some secret meanes he should have notice

Of Casars purpose in this, then excuse me

If I appeare incredulous.

*Harpax.* At your pleasure.

*Theoph.* Yet when I call to mind you never say'd me

In things more difficult, but have discovered

Deeds that were done thousand leagues distant from me,

When neither Woods, nor Caves, nor secret vaults,

No nor the power they serve, could keep these Christians,

Or from my reach or punishment, but thy Magicke

Still layd them open: I begin againe

To be as confident as heretofore.

It is not possible thy powerfull art

Should meet a checke, or faile.



*The Virgin Martyr.*

*Enter a Priest with the image of Jupiter, Caliste, Christeta.*

*Harp.* Looke on the vestals,

The holy pledges that the gods have giv'n you,  
Your chaste faire daughters. Wer't not to upbraid.

A service to a Master not unthankfull,

I could say this in spite of your prevention,

Seduc'd by an imagin'd faith, not reason,

(Which is the strength of Nature) quite forsaking

The gentle gods had yeelded up themselves

To this new found Religion. This I cross'd,

Discover'd their intentions, taught you to use

With gentle words and milde perswasions,

The power and the authority of a father

Set off with cruell threats and so reclaim'd em,

And whereas they with torments should have dy'd,

(Hels furies to me had they undergone it) *afide.*

They are now votaries in great Jupiters temple,

And by his Priest instructed, growne familiar,

With all the Mysteries, nay the most abstruse ones

Belonging to his Diety.

*Theoph.* Twas a benefit

For which I ever owe you, *Hayle loves Flamen,*

Have these my daughters reconcil'd themselves

(Abandoning for ever the Christian way)

To your opinion.

*Priest.* And are constant in it,

They teach their teachers with their depth of judgment,

And are with arguments able to convert

The enemies to our gods and answer all

They can object against us.

*Theoph.* My deare daughters.

*Caliste.* We dare dispute against this new sprung sect

In private or publike.

*Harpax.* My best Lady.

Persever in it.

*Christeta.* And what we maintaine

We will seale with our blouds.

*Harpax.* Brave resolution.

I ev'n grow fat to see my labors prosper.

*Theoph.*

*Theoph.* I young againe to your devotions.

*Harpax.* Doe —

My prayers be present with you.

*Exeunt Priest and daughters.*

*Theoph.* Oh my *Harpax*

Thou engine of my wishes thou that steeld'st  
My bloody resolutions, thou that arm'st  
My eyes gainst womanish teares and soft compassion,  
Instructing me without a sigh to lookè on  
Babes torne by violence from their mothers breasts  
To feed the fire, and with them make one flame:  
Old men as beasts, in beasts skins torne by Dogs:  
Virgins and Matrons tire the executioners,  
Yet I unsatisfied thinke their torments easie.

*Harpax.* And in that just, not cruell.

*Theoph.* Were all Scepters

That grace the hands of Kings made into one,  
And offered me, all Crownes layd at my feet,  
I would contemne them all thus spit at them,  
So I to all posterities may be cald  
The strongest Champion of the Pagan Gods  
And rooter out of Christians.

*Harpax.* Oh mine owne,

Mine owne deere Lord, to further this great worke  
I ever live thy slave.

*Enter Saporius and Sempronius.*

*Theoph.* No more, the Governour.

*Sapr.* Keepe the Ports close, & let the guards be doubl'd  
Disarme the Christians, call it death in any  
To weare a sword, and in his house to have one.

*Semp.* I shall be carefull Sir.

*Sap.* It will well become you.

Such as refuse to offer sacrifice  
To any of our gods, put to the torture.  
Grub up this growing mischiefe by the roots,  
And know when we are mercifull to them,  
We to our selves are cruell.

*Semp.* You powre oyle

On fire that burnes already at the height,  
I know the Emperours Edict and my charge,

And they shall find no favour.

*Theoph.* My good Lord,  
This care is timely, for the entertainment  
Of our great Master, who this night in person  
Comes here to thanke you.

*Sapritus.* Who the Emperour?

*Her.* To cleare your doubts, he does returne in triumph,  
Kings lackying by his tryumphant Chariot,  
And in this glorious victory my Lord,  
You have an ample share: for know your sonne,  
The ne're enough commended *Antoninus*,  
So well hath flesh'd his maiden sword, and dyed  
His snowy plumes so deepe in enemies blood,  
That besides publike grace, beyond his hopes  
There are rewards propounded.

*Sap.* I would know  
No meane in thine could this be true.

*Harpax.* My head answer the forfeit.

*Sapritus.* Of his victory  
There was some rumour, but it was assur'd  
The army pass'd a full dayes journey higher  
Into the Country.

*Harpax.* It was so determin'd,  
But for the further honour of your sonne,  
And to observe the government of the Citty,  
And with what rigor, or remisse indulgence  
The Christians are pursu'd he makes his stay here.  
For prooffe his trumpets speake his neare arrivall.

*Trumpets a farre off.*

*Sap.* Haste good *Sempronius*, draw up our guards,  
And with all ceremonious pompe receive  
The conquering army. Let our garrison speake  
Their welcome in loud showts, the Citty shew  
Her State and wealth.

*Sempr.* I am gone.

*Exit Sempronius.*

*Sap.* O I am ravish'd  
With this great honour, cherish good *Theophilus*  
This knowing Scholler, send your faire daughters  
I will present them to the Emperour,



And in their sweet conversion, as a mirrour,  
Expresse your zeale and duty. *A lesson of Cornets.*  
*Theoph.* Fetch them good *Harpax*.

*A guard brought in by Sempronius, souldiers leading in three Kings bound, Antoninus and Macrinus carrying the Emperors Eagles, Dioclesian with a quills laurell on his head, leading in Artemia, Sapritius kisses the Emperors hand, then embraces his sonne, Harpax brings in Caliste and Christeta, lowd shows.*

*Diocle.* So at all parts I find *Casarea*  
Compleatly govern'd, the licentious souldier  
Cofin'd in modelt limits, and the people  
Taught to obey, and not compeld with rigor;  
The ancient Roman discipline reviv'd,  
( Which rais'd *Rome* to her greatnesse, and proclaim'd her  
The glorious Mistresse of the conquer'd world)  
But above all the service of the Gods  
So zealously observ'd, that (good *Sapritius*)  
In words to thanke you for your care and duty  
Were much unworthy *Dioclesians* honor  
Or his magnificence to his loyall servants.  
But I shall find a time with noble titles  
To recompence your merits.

*Sap.* Mightiest *Cesar*  
Whose power upon this globe of earth, is equall  
To *Ioves* in Heaven, whose victorious tryumphs  
On proud rebellions Kings that stirre against it  
Are perfe<sup>H</sup> figures of his immortall trophees  
Wonne in the Gyants warre, whose conquering sword  
Guided by his strong arme, as deadly kills  
As did his thunder, all that I have done,  
Or if my strength were centupl'd could doe,  
Comes short of what my loyaltie must challenge.  
But if in any thing I have deserv'd  
Great *Cesars* smile, 'tis in my humble care  
Still to preserve the honour of these gods,  
That make him what he is : my zeale to them  
I ever have expres'd in my fell hate

Against the Christian sect, that with one blow  
Ascribing all things to an vnknowne power,  
Would strike downe all their temples, and allowes them  
Nor sacrifice nor altars.

*Diocle.* Thou in this  
Walkest hand in hand with mee, my will and power  
Shall not alone confirme, but honour all  
That are in this most forward.

*Sap.* Sacred *Cesar*;  
If your impertiall Maiestie stand pleas'd  
To showre your fauours vpon such as are  
The boldest champions of our religion  
Looke on this reuerend man, to whom the power  
Of searching out, and punishing such delinquents  
Was by your choyce committed, and for prooffe  
He hath deseru'd the grace impos'd vpon him,  
And with a fayre and euen hand proceeded  
Partiall to none, not to himselfe, or those  
Of equall neerenesse to himselfe, behold  
This paire of Virgins.

*Diocle.* What are these?

*Sap.* His daughters.

*Arte.* Now by your sacred fortune they are faire ones,  
Exceeding faire ones, would'twere in my power  
To make them mine.

*Theo.* They are the gods, great Lady,  
They were most happy in your seruice else,  
On these when they fell from their fathers faith  
I vsde a judges power, entreaties failing  
(They being seduc'd) to win them to adore  
The holy powers we worship, I put on  
The scarlet robe of bold authority,  
And as they had bin strangers to my blood,  
Presented them in the most horrid forme  
All kind of tortures, part of which they suffer'd  
With Roman constancy.

*Arte.* And could you endure  
Being a father, to behold their limbs  
Extended on the racke?



*The Virgin Martyr.*

*Theoph.* I did, but must  
Confesse there was a strange contention in me,  
Betweene the Impartiall office of a Judge,  
And pittie of a Father; to helpe Iustice  
Religion stept in under which ods  
Compassion fell: yet still I was a Father,  
For even then, when the flinty hangmans whips  
Were worne with stripes spent on their tender limbs,  
I kneel'd, and wept, and beg'd them though they would  
Be cruell to themselves they would take pittie  
On my gray haire. Now note a suddaine change,  
Which I with joy remember, those whom torture  
Nor feare of death could terrifie, were overcome  
By seeing of my sufferings, and so wonne  
Returning to the Faith that they were borne in,  
I gave them to the gods, and be assur'd  
I that us'd justice with a rigorous hand  
Vpon such beauteous Virgins, and mine owne,  
Will use no favor where the cause commands me  
To any other, but as rockes be deafe  
To all intreaties.

*Dioctes.* Thou deserv'st thy place,  
Still hold it and with honor, things thus orderd  
Touching the gods tis lawfull to descend  
To humane cares, and exercise that power  
Heaven has confer'd upon me, which that you  
Rebels and traytors to the power of *Rome*  
Should not with all extremities undergoe,  
What can you urge to qualifie your crimes  
Or mitigate my anger? *Epire.* We are now  
Slaves to thy power, that yesterday were Kings,  
And had command ore others, we confesse  
Our grandsires payd yours tribute, yet left us  
As their forefathers had desire of freedome.  
And if you Romans hold it glorious honor  
Not onely to defend what is your owne,  
But to enlarge your Empire, (though our fortune  
Denies that happinesse) who can accuse  
The famish'd mouth if it attempt to feed,

Or such whose fetters eate into their freedoms,  
If they desire to shake them off.

*Pontus.* We stand

The last examples to prove how uncertaine  
All humane happinesse is, and are prepar'd  
To endure the worst.

*Macedon.* That spoake which now is highest  
In Fortunes wheele, must when she turnes it next  
Decline as low as we are. This consider'd  
Taught the Egyptian *Hercules Sesostris*  
(That had his Chariot drawne by Captive Kings)  
To free them from that slavery, but to hope  
Such mercy from a Roman, were meere madnesse.  
We are familiar with what cruelty  
*Rome* since her infant greatnesse, ever us'd  
Such as she tryumph'd over, age nor sexe  
Exempted from her tyranny: scepter'd Princes  
Kept in your common Dungeons, and their children  
In Iron train'd up in base Mechanicke arts  
For publike bondmen; in the Catalogue  
Of those unfortunate men, we expect to have  
Our names remembred.

*Diacl.* In all growing Empires  
Ev'n cruelty is usefull, some must suffer  
And be set up examples to strike terror  
In others though farre off, but when a State  
Is rays'd to her perfection, and her Bases  
Too firme, to shrink, or yeeld, we may use mercy  
And do't with safety, but to whom? Not cowards?  
Or such whose basenesse shames the Conquerour,  
And robs him of his victory, as weake *Perseus*  
Did great *Emilius*. Know therefore Kings  
Of *Epire*, *Pontus*, and of *Macedon*.  
That I with curtesie can use my Prisoners  
As well as make them mine by force, provided  
That they are noble enemies: such I found you  
Before I made you mine, and since you were so,  
You have not lost the courages of Princes,  
Although the Fortune; had you borne your selves

Deiectedly, and base, no flauery  
Had beene too easie for you, but such is  
The power of noble valour, that we loue it  
Eu'n our enemies, and taken with it  
Desire to make them friends, as I will you.

*Epire.* Mocke vs not *Cesar.*

*Diocle.* By the Gods I doe not.  
Vnloose their bonds, I now as friends embrace you,  
Giue them their Crownes againe.

*Pen.* Weare twice ouercome,  
By courage and by courtesie,

*Mace.* But this latter,  
Shall teach vs to liue euer faithfull Vassals,  
To *Dioclesian* and the dower of Rome.

*Epire.* All Kingdomes fall before her.

*Pen.* And all Kings  
Contend to honour *Cesar.*

*Diocle.* I belecue.

Your tongues are the true Trumpets of your hearts  
And in it I most happy Queene of fate,  
Imperious Fortune mixe some light disaster  
With my so many joyes to season em,  
And giue them sweeter relish, I am girt round  
With true felicity, faithfull subiects here,  
Here bold Commanders, here with new made friends,  
But what's the crowne of all in thee *Artemia*,  
My onely child whose loue to me and duty  
Striue to exceed each other.

*Ar.* I make payment  
But of a debt which I stand bound to tender  
As a daughter, and a subiect.

*Diocle.* Which requires yet  
A retribution from me *Artemia*  
Ty'd by a fathers care how to bestow  
A ieuell of all things to me most precious  
Nor will I therefore longer keepe thee from  
The chiefe joyes of creation, marriage rites  
Which that thou mayest with greater pleasure tast of,  
Thou shalt not like with mine eyes but thine owne



*The Virgin Martyr.*

Amongst these kings forgetting they were captiuēs,  
Make choyce of any, by *ioues* d' eaſfull thunder  
My will ſhall ranke with thine.

*Arle* It is a bounty  
The daughters of great Princes ſeldome meete with.  
For they, to make v p breaches in the ſtate,  
Or for ſome other publike ends are forc'd  
To match where they affect not, may my life  
Deſerue this fauour.

*Diocle* Speake, I long to know  
The man thou wilt make happy.

*Artem.* If that titles  
Or the adored name of *Queene* could take me,  
Here would I fixe mine eyes and looke no farther.  
But theſe are baites to take a meane borne Lady,  
Not her that boldly may call *Ceſar* father.  
In that I can bring honor vnto any  
But from no King that liues receiues addition  
To raiſe deſert and vertue by my fortune,  
Though in a low eſtate were greater glory,  
Then to mixe greatneſſe with a Prince that owes  
No worth but that name onely.

*Diocle.* I commend thee,  
Tis like thy ſelfe.

*Artem.* If then of men beneath me  
My choyce is to be made, where ſhall I ſeek  
But among thoſe that beſt deſerue from you,  
That haue ſeru'd you moſt faithfully, that in danger  
Haue ſtood next to you, that haue interpoſ'd  
Their breſts as ſhields of prooſe to dull the ſwords  
Aim'd at your boſome, that haue ſpent their blood  
To crowne your browes with Lawrell.

*Macrinus. Citherena*  
Great *Queene* of loue be now propitious to me.

*Harpax.* Now marke what I foretold.

*Anton.* Her eyes on me,  
Faire *Venus* ſoone draw forth a leaden dart,  
And that ſhe may hate me, tranſfixe her with it,  
Or if thou needs wilt vſe a golden one,

*The Virgin Martyr.*

Shoot in the behalfe of any other,  
Thou know'st I am thy votary else where.

*Artem.* Sir.

*Theoph.* How he blushes!

*Sep.* Welcome, foole, thy fortune,  
Stand like a blocke when such an Angell courts thee.

*Artem.* I am no object to divert your eye  
From the beholding.

*Anton.* Rather a bright Sunne  
Too glorious for him to gaze upon  
That rooke not first flight from the Eagles aery.  
As I looke on the temples, or the gods,  
And with that reverence Lady I behold you,  
And shall doe ever.

*Artem.* And it will become you,  
While thus we stand at distance, but if love  
(Love borne out of the assurance of your vertues)  
Teach me to stoope so low.

*Anton.* Oh rather take  
A higher flight.

*Artem.* Why feare you to be rais'd?  
Say I put off the dreadfull awe that waits  
On Majesty, and with you share my beames,  
Nay make you to outshine me change the name  
Of subject into Lord, rob you of service  
That's due from you to me, and in me make it  
Duty to honour you, would you refuse me?

*Ant.* Refuse you Madam, such a worme as I am,  
Refuse, what kings upon their knees would sue for?  
Call it, great Lady, by another name,  
An humble modesty that would not match  
A Molehill with *Olympus*.

*Artem.* He that's famous  
For honourable actions in the warre  
As you are *Antonius*, a prov'd souldier  
Is fellow to a King.

*Anton.* If you love valour,  
As'tis a Kingly vertue seeke it out,  
And cherish it in a King there it shines brightest,  
And yeelds the bravest lustre. *Looke on Epire,*



*The Virgin Martyr.*

A Prince, in whom it is incorporate,  
And let it not disgrace him, that he was  
Orecome by *Cesar*, (it was a victory  
To stand so long against him,) had you seene him,  
How in one bloody scene he did discharge  
The parts of a Commander and a souldier,  
Wise in direction, bold in execution;  
You would have sayd, great *Cesars* selfe excepted,  
The world yeelds not his equall.

*Artem.* Yet I have heard,  
Encountring him alone in the head of his troope,  
You tooke him prisoner.

*Epire.* 'Tis a truth great Princeesse.  
He not detract from valour.

*Anton.* 'Twas meere fortune,  
Courage had no hand in it.

*Theoph.* Did ever man  
Strive so against his owne good.

*Sapr.* Spiritlesse villaine,  
How I am tortur'd, by the immortall gods.  
I now could kill him.

*Diocles.* Hold *Sapritius* hold  
On our displeasure hold.

*Harpax.* Why, this would make  
A father mad, 'tis not to be endur'd,  
Your honour's tainted in it.

*Sapr.* By heaven it is,  
I shall thinke o't.

*Harpax.* 'Tis not to be forgotten.

*Artem.* Nay kneele not fir, I am no ravisher,  
Nor so farre gone in fond affection to you,  
But that I can retire my honour safe.  
Yet say hereafter that thou hast neglected  
What but seene in possession of another  
Will run thee mad with envie.

*Anton.* In her lookes  
Revenge is written.

*Mac.* As you love your life study t'appease her.

*Anton.* Gracious Madam heare me.

*Artem.* And

*The Virgin Martyr.*

*Artem.* And be againe refus'd?

*Anton.* The tender of

My life, my service, not since you vouchsafe it,  
My love, my heart, my all, and pardon me:  
Pardon dread Princeesse that I made some scruple  
To leave a valley of security  
To mount up to the hill of Majestie,  
On which the nearer *love*, the nearer lightning.  
What knew I but your grace made tryall of me?  
Durst I presume to embrace, where but to touch  
With an unmannerd hand was death? The Foxe  
When he saw first the Forrests King, the Lyon  
Was almost dead with feare, the second view  
Onely a little danted him, the third  
He durst salute him boldly: pray you apply this,  
And you shall find a little time will teach me  
To looke with more familiar eyes upon you  
Then duty yet allowes me.

*Sap.* Well excus'd:

*Artem.* You may redeeme all yet.

*Diocl.* And that he may

Have meanes and opportunity to doe so,

*Artemia* I leave you my substitute.

In faire *Casarea*.

*Sap.* And here as your selfe

We will obey and serve her.

*Diocles. Antoninus*

So you prove hers, I wish no other heire,  
Thinke on't, be carefull of your charge *Theophilus*,

*Sapritius* be you my daughters guardian.

Your company I wish confederate Princes

In our Dalmatian wars, which finished

With victory I hope, and *Maximinus*

Our brother and Copartner in the Empire

At my request wonne to confirme as much,

The Kingdomes I tooke from you wee'l restore

And make you greater than you were before.

*Exeunt omnes, manent Antoninus and Macrinus.*

*Antoninus, Macrinus.*

*Anton.* Oh I am lost for ever, lost *Macrinus*.  
The anchor of the wretched hope forsakes me,  
And with one blast of Fortune all my light  
Of happinesse is put out.

*Macrin.* You are like to those  
That are ill onely, cause they are too well,  
That surfeting in the excesse of blessings  
Call their abundance want: what could you wish,  
That is not falie upon you? Honour, greatnesse,  
Respect, wealth, favour, the whole world for a dowre,  
And with a Princeesse, whose excelling forme  
Exceeds her fortune.

*Anton.* Yet poyson still is poyson  
Though drunke in gold, and all these attering glories  
To me, ready to starve, a painted banquet  
And no essentiall food: when I am scorch'd  
With fire, can flames in any other quench me?  
What is her love to me, greatnesse, or Empire,  
That am slave to another, who alone  
Can give me ease or freedome?

*Macrin.* Sir you point at  
Your dotage on the scornfull *Dorothea*,  
Is she though faire the same day to be nam'd  
With best *Artemia*? In all their courses  
Wise men propose their ends: with sweet *Artemia*  
There comes along pleasure, security,  
Vsher'd by all that in this life is precious:  
With *Dorothea*, though her birth be noble,  
The Daughter to a Senator, of *Rome*,  
By him left rich (yet with a private wealth  
And farre inferiour to yours) arrives  
The Emperours frowne (which like a mortall plague  
Speakes death is neere) the Princeesse heavie scorne  
Vnder which you will shrinke, your fathers fury,  
Which to resist even piety forbids,  
And but remember that she stands suspected,



*The Virgin Martyr.*

A favourer of the Christian Sect, she brings  
Not danger but assur'd destruction with her :  
This truly weigh'd, one smile of great *Artemia*  
Is to be cherisht and prefer'd before  
All joyes in *Dorothea*, therefore leave her.

*Ant.* In what thou think'st thou art most wise, thou art  
Grosely abus'd *Macrinus*, and most foolish,  
For any man to match above his ranke,  
Is but to sell his liberty; with *Artemia*  
I still must live a servant, but enjoying  
Divinest *Dorothea*, I shall rule,  
Rule as becomes a husband, for the danger,  
Or call it if you will assur'd destruction,  
I sleight it thus. If then thou art my friend,  
As I dare sweare thou art, and wilt not take  
A Governours place upon thee, be my helper.

*Macri.* You know I dare and will doe any thing,  
Put me unto the test.

*Anton.* Goe then *Macrinus*  
To *Dorothea* tell her I have worne,  
In all the battailes I have fought her figure,  
Her figure in my heart, which like a Diety  
Hath still protected me, thou canst speake well,  
And of thy choyselt language spare a little  
To make her understand how much I love her,  
And how I languish for her, beare her these jewels  
Sent in the way of sacrifice, not service,  
As to my goddesse. All lets throwne behind me,  
Or feares that may deter me : say this morning  
I meane to visite her by the name of friendship,  
No words to contradict this.

*Macrin.* I am yours,  
And if my travell this way be ill spent,  
Judge not, my reader will, by the event. *Exeunt.*

*Finis actus primus.*

ACTUS I I. Scene I.

*Enter Spangius and Hercius.*

*Spun.* **T**VRne Christian, wud he that first tempted me to have my shooes to walke upon Christian soles, had turn'd me into a Capon, for I am sure now the stones of all my pleasure in this fleshly life are cut off.

*Hir.* So then, if any Coxecombe has a galloping desire to ride, here's a Gelding, if he can but sit him.

*Spun.* I kicke for all that like a horse, looke else.

*Hir.* But that's a kickish jade fellow *Spangius*, have not I as much cause to complaine as thou hast? When I was a Pagan, there was an Infidell Punke of inine, would have let me come upon trust for my corvetting, a pox of your Christian Coxatrices, they cry like Peulterers wives, no mony, no Cony.

*Spun.* *Bacchus*, the God of brew'd wine and Sugar, grand Patron of rob-pots, upsie-freesie-tiplers, and super-naculam takers; this *Bacchus*, who is head warden of Vintners Hall, Ale-cunner, Maior of all Victualing houses, the sole liquid Benefactor to Bawdy-houses, *Lanze prezado* to red Notes, and invincible Adelantado over the Armado of pimpled, deepe scarletted, rubified, and carbunched faces.

*Her.* What of all this?

*Spun.* This boone Bacchanalion stinker, did I make legges too.

*Hir.* Scurvie ones, when thou wert drunke.

*Spun.* There is no danger of loosing a mans yeares by making these Indures, he that will not now then bee *Calabinge*; is worse than a *Calamoothe*: when I was a Pagan and kneel'd to this *Bacchus*, I durst out-drinke a Lord, but your Christian Lords out-boule me: I was in hope to leade a sober life, when I was converted, but amongst the Christians, I can no sooner stagger out of one Alehouse but I reele into another: they have whole streets of nothing  
but



outdrinking roomes, and drabbing chambers jumbled together,

*Hirc.* Bawdy *Priapus*, the first scholemaster that taught Butchers how to sticke pricks in flesh, and make it swell, thou knowest was the onely Ningle that I cared for vnder the Moone, but since I left him, to follow a scurvy Lady, what with her praying and our fasting, if now I come to a wench & offer to vse her any thing hardly (telling her being a Christian she must endure) she presently handles me as if I were a cloue, & cleaves me with disdain as if I were a Calues head.

*Spung.* I see no remedy fellow *Hircius*, but that thou and I must be halfe Pagans and halfe Christians, for we know very fooles that are Christians.

*Hirc.* Right, the quarters of Christians are good for nothing but to feed Crowes.

*Spung.* True, Christian Brokers, thou knowest, are made vp of the quarters of Christians, parboyle one of these rogues and he is not meat for a dog: no, no, I am resolved to haue an Infidels heart, though in shew I carry a Christians face.

*Hirc.* Thy last shall serue my foote, so will I.

*Spung.* Our whimpring Lady and Mistresse sent mee with two great baskets full of Beefe, Mutton, Veale, and Goose fellow *Hircius*.

*Hirc.* And Woodcocke fellow *Spungius*.

*Spung.* Vpon the poore leane Assel fellow, on which I ride, to all the Almswomen: what think'st thou I'auc done with all this good cheere.

*Hirc.* Eate it, or be choakt else.

*Spung.* Wud my Assel basket and all were in they maw if I did: no as I am a demy Pagan I sould the victuals, and coyn'd the mony into pottle pots of wine.

*Hirc.* Therein thou shewdst thy selfe a perfect demy-Christian too, to let the poore beg, starue and hang, or dye a the pip: our puling snotty-nosse Lady, sent me out likewise with a purse of mony, to releue and release prisoners: did I so thinke you.

*Spung.* Wud thy ribs were turn'd into grates of iron then.

*Hir.* As I am a totall Pagan, I swore they should be hangd first: for sirra *Spungius*, I lay at my old ward of lechery, and cryed a Pox in your two-peany wards, and so I tooke scurvy common flesh for the mony.

*Span.* And wisely done, for our Lady sending it to prisoners, had bestowed it out vpon lo.vlie knaues, and thou to saue that labour casts it away vpon rotten whores.

*Hir.* All my feare is of that pinke-an-eye Iacke an Apes boy, her page.

*Span.* As I am a Pagan, from my cod-peece downward that whitefac'd Monkie, frights me too, I stole but a durty pudding last day out of an almsebasket, to giue my dogge when he was hungry, and the peaking chitface page hit me ith teeth with it.

*Hir.* With the durty pudding; so he did me once with a cowturd, which in knauery I would haue crumd into ones porridge, who was halfe a Pagan to: the sinug dandiprat smels vs out whatsoeuer we are a doing.

*Span.* Does he! let him take heede I proue not his backe friend; ile make him curse his smelling what I doe.

*Hir.* 'Tis my Lady spoyles the boy, for he is ever at her heeles: and she's never well but in his company.

*Enter Angelo with a Booke and Taper lightea, they seeing him counterfeit Denotion.*

*Ang.* O! now your hearts make ladders of your eyes  
In shew to clinbe to heaven, when your devotion  
Walkes vpon crutches: where did you waste your time  
When the religious man was on his knees,  
Speaking the heavenly language.

*Span.* Why fellow *Angelo*, we were speaking in pedlars French I hope.

*Hir.* We ha not bene idle, take it vpon my word.

*Ang.* Haue you the baskets emptied which your Lady  
Sent from the charitable hands, to women  
That dwell vpon her pittty?

*Span.* Emptied em! yes, idebe loth to haue my belly so  
emptie, yet I'me sure, I munched not one bit of them nei-  
ther.

*Ang.* And went your mony to the Prisoners?



*Hirc.* Went I no, I carryed it, and with these fingers  
payd it away.

*Ang.* What way? The Divels way, the way of sinne,  
The way of hot damnation, way of lust:  
And you to, wash away the poore mans bread  
In bowles of drunkenesse.

*Spun.* Drunkenesse! Yes, yes, I use to be drunke: our  
next neighbours man called *Christopher* has often seene  
me drunke, has he not?

*Hir.* Or me given so to the flesh, my cheekes speake  
my doings.

*Ang.* Avant you theeves and hollow hypocrites.  
Your hearts to me lie open like blacke bookes,  
And there I read your doings.

*Spun.* And what doe you reade in my heart?

*Hir.* Or in mine? Come amiable *Angelo*, beat the flint  
of your braine.

*Spun.* And lets see what sparkes of wit flie out, to kindle  
your *Cerebrans*.

*Ang.* Your names even brand you, you are *Spungius* cald  
And like a Spunge you sucke up liquorous wines  
Till your soule reeles to hell.

*Spun.* To hell! Can any Drunkards legs carry him so far.

*Ang.* For bloud of grapes you sold the widdowes food  
And starving them, 'tis murder, what's this but hell.

*Hircius* your name, and Goatish is your nature:  
You snatch the meate out of the Prisoners mouth,  
To fatten harlots, is not this hell to,  
No Angell, but the divell waites on you.

*Spung.* Shall I cut his throat?

*Hir.* No, better burne him, for I thinke he is a witch,  
but sooth, sooth him.

*Spung.* Fellow *Angelo*, true it is, that falling into the com-  
pany of wicked he-Christians for my part.

*Hir.* And she ones for mine, we have 'em swim in sholes  
hard by.

*Spun.* We must confesse, I tooke too much of the pot,  
and he of tother hollow commodity.

*Hir.* Yes indeed, we layd lill on both of us, was cosen'd



the poore, but 'tis a common thing, many a one that counts himselfe a better Christian than we two, has done it, by this light.

*Spun.* But pray sweet *Angels*, play not the tell-tale to my Lady, and if you take us creeping into any of these mouse-holes of sin any more, let Cats flea off our skins.

*Hir.* And put nothing but the poyson'd tailles of rats into those skins.

*Ang.* Will you dishonour her sweet charity.  
Who sav'd you from the tree of death and shame.

*Hir.* Wud I were hang'd rather than thus be told of my faults.

*Spun.* She tooke us, 'tis true, from the gallowes, yet I hope she will not barre yeomen Sprats to have their swinge.

*Ang.* She comes, beware and mend, *Enter Dorot.*

*Hir.* Let's breake his necke and bid him mend.

*Dor.* Have you my messages (sent to the poore) Deliver'd with good hands, not robbing them Of any jot was theirs.

*Spun.* Rob 'em Lady, I hope, neither my fellow nor I am theeves.

*Hir.* Deliver'd with good hands, madam else let me never lickemy fingers more when I eat butter'd fish.

*Dor.* Who cheate the poore and from them plucke their almes,  
Pilfer from Heaven, and there are thunderbolts  
From thence to beate them ever, doe not lye,  
Were you both faithfull true distributers?

*Spun.* Lye Madam, what grieve is it to see you turne Swaggerer, and give your poore minded rascally servants the lye.

*Dor.* I'm glad you doe not, if those wretched people Tell you they pine for want of any thing.  
Whisper but to mine eare and you shall furnish them.

*Hir.* Whisper, nay Lady, for my part Ile cry whoope.

*Ang.* Play no more villaines with so good a Lady,  
For if you doe

*Spun.* Are we Christians?

*Hir.* The foule Feind snap all Pagans for me.

*Ang. A-*

*Ang.* Away, and once more mend.

*Spam.* Takes us for Botchers.

*Hir.* A patch, a patch.

*Dor.* My booke and Taper.

*Ang.* Heere most holy Mistresse.

*Dor.* Thy voice sends forth such musicke, that I never  
Was raviht with a more celestiaall sound,  
Were every servant in the world like thee,  
So full of goodnesse, Angels would come downe  
To dwell with us, thy name is *Angelo*,  
And like that name thou art, get thee to rest,  
Thy youth with too much watching is opprest.

*App.* No my deare Lady I could weary starres,  
And force the wakefull Moone to lose her eyes  
By my late watching, but to waite on you,  
When at your prayers you kneele before the Altar,  
Me thinkes I'm singing with some quire in Heaven,  
So blest I hold me in your company:  
Therefore my most-lov'd Mistresse doe not bid  
Your boy so serviceable to get hence,  
For then you breake his heart.

*Dor.* Be nye me still then,  
In golden letters downe ile set that day  
Which gave thee to me, little did I hope  
To meet such worlds of comfort in thy selfe,  
This little pretty body, when I coming  
Forth of the temple, heard my begger-boy,  
My sweet fac'd godly begger-boy, crave an almes,  
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand,  
And when I tooke thee home, my most chaste bosome  
Me thought was fild with no hot wanton fire,  
But with a holy flame mounting since higher  
On wings of Cherubines then did before.

*Ang.* Proud am I that my Ladies modest eye,  
So likes so poore a servant.

*Doro.* I have offer'd  
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy Parents.  
I would leave Kingdomes, were I Queene of some,  
To dwell with thy good father, for the sonne



*The Virgin Mary.*  
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,  
He that begot him must do'r ten times more,  
I pray thee, my sweet boy, shew me thy Parents,  
Be not asham'd.

*Ang.* I am not, I did never  
Know who any mother was, but by yon Pallace  
Fill'd with bright heavenly Courtiers, I dare assure you,  
And pawne these eyes upon it and this hand,  
My father is in Heaven, and pretty Mistresse,  
If your illustrious houre Glasse spend his sand  
No worse than yet it does, upon my life  
You and I both shall meet my father there,  
And he shall bid you welcome.

*Dor.* A blessed day  
We all long to be there, but lose the way.

*Exeunt.*

*Macrinus friend to Antoninus enters, being met by  
Theophilus and Harpax.*

*Theoph.* Sunne-god of the day guide thee *Macrinus.*

*Macrin.* And thee *Theophilus.*

*Theoph.* Gladst thou in such scorne,  
I call my wish backe.

*Macr.* I'm in haste.

*Theoph.* One word,  
Take the least hand of time up : stay.

*Macrin.* Be briefe.

*Theoph.* As thought : I prithee tell me good *Macrinus*  
How health and our faire Princessse lay together  
This night, for you can tell, Courtiers have flies  
That buzze all newes unto them.

*Macr.* She slept but ill.

*Theo.* Double thy curtesie, how does *Antoninus*?

*Mac.* Ill, well, straight, crooked, I know not how.

*Theoph.* Once more,  
Thy head is full of Wind-mills : when does the Princessse  
Fill a bed full of beauty, and bestow it  
On *Antoninus* on the wedding night.

*Mac.* I know not.

*Theoph.*



*The Virgin Martyr.*

*Theoph.* No, thou art the Manuscript  
Where *Antoninus* writes downe all his secrets,  
Honest *Macrinus* tell me.

*Macr.* Fare you well sir.

*Exit.*

*Har.* Honesty is some Fiend, and frights him hence  
And many Courtiers love it not.

*Theoph.* What peece  
Of this State-wheele (which winds up *Antoninus*)  
Is broke, it runnes so jarringly? The  
Man is from himselfe divided: Oh thou the eye  
By which I wonders see, tell me my *Harpax*,  
What gad flye tickles so this *Macrinus*,  
That up flinging thy taile, he breakes thus from me.

*Har.* Oh Sir, his braine-panne is a bed of Snakes,  
Whose stings shoot through his eye-bals, whose poyso-  
nous spawne

Ingenders such a fry of speckled villanies,  
That unlesse charmes more strong than Adamant  
Be us'd, the Romane Angels wings shall melt,  
And *Casars* Diadem be from his head  
Spurn'd by base feet, the Lawrell which he weares  
(Returning victor) be inforc't to kisse

That which it hates (the fire.) And can this Ram,  
This *Antoninus-Engine*, being made ready  
To so much mischief, keepe a steady motion,  
His eyes and feet you see giue strange assaults.

*Theoph.* I'm turn'd a Marble Statue at thy language,  
Which printed is in such crab'd Characters,  
It puzzles all my reading, what (it's name  
Of *Pluto*) now is hatching.

*Har.* This *Macrinus*  
The time is, upon which love errands runne  
Twixt *Antoninus* and that ghost of women,  
The bloudlesse *Dorothea*, who in prayer  
And meditation (mocking all your gods)  
Drinkes up her ruby colour yet *Antoninus*  
Playes the Endymeon, to this pale fac'd Moone,  
Courts her, seeks to catch her eyes.

*Theoph.* And what of this?

*Har.*

The Virgin Martyr.

*Harpax.* These are but creeping Billowes  
Not got to shore yet, but if *Dorothea*  
Fall on his bosome and be fir'd with love,  
( Your coldest women doe so ) had you yncke  
Brew'd from the infernall Stix, and not all that blacknesse  
Can make a thing so foule as the Dishonours,  
Disgraces, Buffetings, and most base affronts  
Vpon the bright *Arcemia*, Starre of Court,  
Great *Casars* Daughter.

*Theoph.* Now I conster thee.

*Harp.* Nay more a Firmament of Clouds being fill'd  
With *Joves* Artillery, shot downe at once  
To pash your Gods in peeces cannot give  
With all those Thunderbolts so deepe a blow  
To the Religion there, and pagan lore  
As this; for *Dorothea* hates your gods,  
And if she once blast *Antoninus* soule,  
Making it foule like hers: Oh the example —

*Theo.* Eates through *Casars* heart like liquid poison,  
Have I invented tortures to teare Christians,  
To see but which, could all that feeles Hels torments  
Haue leave to stand aloofe heere on earths stage,  
They would be mad till they againe descended,  
Holding the paines most horrid, of such soules,  
Maygames to those of mine, has this my hand  
Set downe a Christians execution  
In such dire postures, that the very hangman  
Fell at my foote dead hearing but their figures,  
And shall *Macrinus* and his fellow *Masquer*  
Strangle me in a dance.

*Hir.* No, on, I doe hug thee,  
For drilling thy quicke braines in this rich plot  
Of tortures gainst these Christians, On, I hug thee.

*Theoph.* Both hug and holy me, to this *Dorothea*  
Fly thou and I in thunder.

*Harp.* Not for Kingdomes  
Pill'd upon Kingdomes, there's a villaine Page  
Waites on her whom I would not for the world  
Hold traffique with, I doe so hate his sight,



*The Virgin Martyr.*

That should I looke on him I must sinke downe.

*Theoph.* I will not loose thee then, her to confound,  
None but this head with glories shall be crown'd.

*Har.* Oh, mine owne as I would wish thee. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Dorothea, Macrinus, Angelo.*

*Dor.* My trusty *Angelo*, with that curious eye  
Of thine, which ever waites vpon my businesse,  
I prithe watch those my still-negligent servants,  
That they performe my will in whats enjoyn'd them  
To th' good of others, else will you find the m flies  
Not lying still, yet in them no good lies:  
Be carefull deare boy.

*Ang.* Yes, my sweetest Mistresse. *Exit.*

*Doroth.* Now Sir, you may goe on.

*Mac.* I then must study,  
A new Arithmaticke, to summe up the vertues  
Which *Antoninus* gracefully become,  
There is in him so much man, so much goodnesse,  
So much of honour, and of all things elie  
Which makes our being excellent, that from his store  
He can enough lend others, yet much taken from him,  
The want shall be as little as when Seas  
Lend from their bounty to fill up the poorenesse  
Of needy Rivers.

*Dor.* Sir, he is more indebted, to you for praise, than you  
to him that owes it.

*M.* If Queens viewing his presents, paid to the whitenes  
Of your chaste hand alone, should be ambitious,  
But to be parted in their numerous shares,  
This he counts nothing: could you see maine Armies  
Make battailes in the quarrell of his valour,  
That 'tis best, the truest, this were nothing,  
The greatnesse of his State, his fathers voice  
And arme, owing *Cæsarea*, he never boasts of  
The Sun-beames, which the Emperour throwes upon him,  
Shine there but as in water, and guild him  
Not with one spot of pride, no dearest beauty,  
All these heap'd up together in one scale,



Cannot weigh downe the loue he beares to you  
Being put into the other.

*Dor.* Could gold buy you  
To speake thus for a friend, you Sir are worthy  
Of inore then I will number, and this your language  
Hath power to win vpon another woman,  
Top of whose heart, the feathers of this Wold  
Are gaily stucke, but all which first you named,  
And now this last, his loue to me are nothing.

*Mac.* You make me a sad messenger. *Enter Antoninus.*  
But himsele  
Being come in person, shall I hope heare from you  
Musicke more pleāsing.

*Ant.* Has your eare *Macrinus*  
Heard none then?

*Mac.* None I like.

*Ant.* But can there be  
In such a noble Casket, wherein lies  
Beauty and chastity in their full perfections,  
A rocky heart killing with cruelty  
A life thats prostrated beneath your feet?

*Dor.* I am guilty of a shame I yet neuer knew,  
Thus to hold parley with you, pray Sir pardon.

*Ant.* Good sweetnesse, you now haue it, and shall good  
Be but so mercifull, before your wounding me  
With such a mortall weapon, as Farewell,  
To let me murmure toyour Virgin care,  
What I was loath to lay on any tongue  
But this mine owne.

*Dor.* If one immodest accent  
Fly out, I hate you euerlastingly.

*Ant.* My true loue dares not doe it.

*Mac.* *Hermes* inspire thee.

*They whispering below, enter above Sapritius, father to Antoninus, and Gouverneur of Cesaria, with him Artemia the Princeesse, Theophilus, Sprungius and Hercius.*

*Spun.* See you, doe you see, our worke is done, the fish  
you

*The Virgin Martyr.*

you angle for is nibling at the hooke, and therefore vntruste the Codpeece point of our reward, no matter if the breeches of conscience fall about our heeles.

*The.* The gold you earne is heere, dam vp your mouthes and no words of it.

*Hir.* No, nor no words from you of too much damming neither; I know women sell themselues dayly, and are hacknied out for siluer, why may not we then betray a scurvie mistris for gold.

*Span.* She sau'd vs from the Gallowes, and only to keepe one Prouerbe from breaking his necke, weele hang her.

*The.* Tis well done go, go, y'are my fine white boyes.

*Span.* If your red boyes, 'tis well knowne, more ill-favour'd faces then ours are painted.

*Sap.* Those fellows trouble vs.

*The.* Away, away.

*Har.* To my sweete placket.

*Span.* And I to my full pot.

*exunt.*

*Ant.* Come, let me tune you, glaze not thus your eyes  
With selfe-loue of a vowed Virginitie,

Make euery man your glasse, you see our Sex.

Doe neuer murther propagation.

Wee all desire your sweete society.

And if you barre me from it, you doe kill me,

And of my bloud are guilty.

*Art.* O base Villaine.

*Sap.* Bridle your rage sweet Princes.

*Ant.* Could not my fortunes

(Reard higher farre then yours) be worthy of you,

Me thinks my deare affection makes you mine.

*Dor.* Sir, for your fortunes were they mindes of gold,

He that I loue is richer; and for worth,

You are to him lower then any flauie

Is to a Monarch.

*Sap.* So insolent base Christian.

*Dor.* Can I, with wearing my knees before him

Get you but be his seruant, you shall best

Y'are equall to a King.

*Sapr.* Confusion on thee,  
For playing thus the lying Sorceresse.

*Ant.* Your mockes are great ones, none beneath the Sun  
Will I be servant to : on my knees I beg it,  
Pitty me wondrous Mayd.

*Sapr.* I curse thy baseneffe.

*Theoph.* Listen to more.

*Dor.* Oh kneele not Sir to me.

*Ant.* This Knee is Emblem of an humbled hart,  
That heart which tortur'd is with your disdain,  
Iustly for scorning others ; even this heart,  
To which for pittie such a Princesse sues,  
As in her hand offers me all the world,  
Great *Cesars* Daughter.

*Artem.* Slave thou lyest.

*Anson.* Yet this  
Is adamant to her, that melts to you  
In drops of blood.

*Theoph.* A very dogge.

*Antox.* Perhaps

'Tis my religion makes you knit the brow,  
Yet be you mine, and ever be your owne,  
I nere will screw your conscience from that power  
On which you Christians leane.

*Sapr.* I can no longer,  
Fret out my life with weeping at thee villaine : sirra,  
Would when I got thee, the high thunder hand  
Had strucke thee in the wombe.

*Macrin.* We are betray'd.

*Art.* Is that your Idoll, traytor, which thou kneel'st to,  
Trampling upon my beauty ?

*Theoph.* Sirra, bandog,  
Wilt thou in peeces teare, our *Jupiter*,  
For her ? Our *Mars*, for her ? Our *Sol*, for her ?  
A Whore, a hell-hound, in this globe of braines  
Where a whole world of tortures for such furies  
Have fought (as in a Chaos) which should exceed,  
These nailes shall grubbing lie, from scull to scull,  
To finde one horrider, than all, for you,



*The Virgin Martyr.*

You three.

*Artem.* Threaten not, but strike, quicke vengeance flies  
Into thy bosome, caitife : here all loves dies. *Exeunt.*

*Anton.* O I am thunder-strucke !

We are both orewhelm'd.

*Macrin.* With one high raging billow.

*Doro.* You a Sculdier,

And sinke beneath the violence of a woman ?

*Ant.* A woman ! a wrong'd Princesse : from such a starre  
Blazing with fires of hate, what can be look'd for  
But tragicall events ? My life is now  
The subject of her tyranny.

*Doro.* That feare, is base,  
Of death, when that death doth but life displace  
Out of her house of earth ; you onely dread  
The stroke, and not what followes when you are dead,  
There's the great feare indeed : come, let your eyes  
Dwell where mine doe, you'l scorne their tyrannies.

*Enter below, Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus a guard,  
Angelo comes and is cloze by Dorothea.*

*Artem.* My Fathers nerves puts vigour in mine arme,  
And I his strength must use ; because I once  
Shed beames of favour on thee, and with the Lyon  
Play'd with thee gently when thou strok'st my heart,  
Ile not insult on a base humbled prey,  
By lingring out thy terrors, but with one frowne  
Kill thee : hence with 'em to execution.  
Seize him, but let ev'n death it selfe be weary  
In torturing her : Ile change those smiles to shrikes,  
Give the foole what she's proud of (Martyrdome)  
In peeces racke that Bawd to.

*Sapr.* Albeit the reverence  
I owe our gods and you, are in my bosome  
Torrents so strong, that pittie quite lyes drown'd  
From saving this young man, yet when I see  
What face death gives him, and that a thing within me,  
Sayes 'tis my sonne, I'm fore'd to be a man,

*The Virgin Martyr.*

And grow fond of his life, which thus I beg.

*Artem.* And I deny.

*Anton.* Sir you dishonour me,  
To sue for that which I disclaime to have,  
I shall more glory in my sufferings gaine,  
Than you in giving judgment, since I offer  
My bloud up to your anger, nor doe I kneele  
To keepe a wretched life of mine from ruine :  
Preserve this Temple (buildd faire as yours is)  
And *Cesar* never went in greater triumph  
Than I shall to the scaffold.

*Artem.* Are you so brave Sir,  
Set forward to his triumph, and let those two  
Goe cursing along with him.

*Doro.* No, but pittying,  
(For my part, I) that you loose ten times more  
By torturing me, than I that dare your tortures,  
Through all the army of my finnes, I have even  
Labor'd to breake, and cope with death to th' face;  
The visage of a hangman frights not me;  
The sight of whips, rackes, gibbets, axes, fires  
Are scaffoldings by which my soule climbs up  
To an Eternal habitation.

*Ths.* *Cesars* imperiall daughter, heare me speake  
Let not this Christian *Thing*, in this her pageantry  
Of proud deriding, both our Gods and *Cesar*,  
Build to her selfe a Kingdome in her death  
Going laughing from us. No, her bitterest torment  
Shall be to feele her constancy beaten downe,  
The bravery of her resolution lie  
Battered by the argument, into such peeces,  
That she agen shall (on her belly) creepe  
To kisse the pavements of our Panim gods.

*Artem.* How to be done?

*Theoph.* Ile send my daughters to her,  
And they shall turne her rocky faith to waxe,  
Else spit at me, let me be made your slave,  
And meet no *Romans* but a villaines grave.

*Artem.* Thy prisoner let her be then : and *Sapricius*

Your



Your sonne, and that be yours : death shall be sent  
To him that suffers them by voice or letters  
To greet each other. Rife her estate,  
Christians to beggery brought grow desparate.

*Dor.* Still on the bread of poverty let me feed. *exeunt.*

*Ang.* O my admired Mistresse ; quench not out  
The holy fires within you, though temptations  
Showre downe upon you : claspe thine armour on,  
Fight well, and thou shalt see, after these warres  
Thy head weare Sun-beames. and thy feet touch starres.

*Enter Hercius and Spangius.*

*Hir.* How now *Angelo*, how ist? how ist? what thred spins  
That whore *Fortune* upon her wheele now ?

*Spin.* *Comesta, comesta*, poore knave.

*Hir.* *Com a perte vou, com a perte van*, my petite garfoone

*Spin.* Me partha we Comrade, my halfe inch of mans  
Flesh, how run the dice of this cheating world, ha ?

*Ang.* Too well on your sides, you are hid in gold  
Ore head and eares.

*Hir.* We thanke our fates, the signe of the gingle-boyes  
hangs at the doores of our pockets.

*Spin.* Who wud thinke that we comming forth of the  
arse, as it were, or sag end of the world, should yet see the  
golden age, when so little silver is stirring.

*Spin.* Nay, who can say any Citizen is an Ass, for lading  
his owne backe with mony, till his soule crackes agen,  
onely to leave his sonne like a gilded coxcombe behinde  
him? Will not any foole take me for a wise man now, seing  
me draw out of the pit of my treasury, this little god with  
his belly full of gold.

*Spin.* And this full of the same meat out of my ambrey.

*Ang.* That gold will melt to poyson.

*Spin.* Poyson, wud it wud, whole pintes for healths  
shall downe my throat.

*Hir.* Gold poyson! There's never a she-thrasher in *Ca-*  
*sarea* that lives on the flaile of mony will call it so.

*Ang.* Like slaves you sold your soules for golden drosse,  
Bewitching her to death, who slept betweene

You



You and the gallowes.

*Spur.* 'Twas an easie matter to save us, she being so well backt.

*Hir.* The gallowes and we fell out, so she did but part us.

*Ang.* The misery of that mistresse is mine owne, she beggerd, I left wretched.

*Hir.* I can but let my Nose drop in sorrow with wet eyes for her.

*Spur.* The petticote of her estate is unlac'd I confesse.

*Hir.* Yes, & the smock of her charity is now all to pieces.

*Ang.* For loue you beare to her, for some good turnes Done you by me, give me one peece of silver.

*Hir.* How ! a peece of silver ! if thou wert an Angell of gold I would not put thee into white money, unlesse I weigh'd thee, and I weigh thee not a rush.

*Spur.* A peece of silver ! I never had but two calues in my life, and those my mother left me ; ile rather part from the fat of them, then from a mustard-tokens worth of Argent.

*Hir.* And so sweet Nit we crawl from thee.

*Spur.* *Adieu*, demi-dandiprat, *adieu*

*Ang.* Stay one word yet, you now are full of gold.

*Hir.* I'de be sorry my dog were so full of the poxe.

*Spur.* Or any Sow of mine of the meazles eyther.

*Ang.* Goe, goe, y'are beggers both, you are not worth That leather on your feet.

*Hir.* Away, away boy.

*Spur.* Page you doe nothing but set patches on the soles of your jests.

*Ang.* I am glad I try'd your love, which see I want not, So long as this is full.

*Bab.* And so long as this -- so long as this.

*Hir.* *Spur* you are a picke-pocket.

*Spur.* *Hircus* thou hast nimb'd -- so long as, not so much money is left as will buy a louse.

*Hir.* Th'art a thiefe, and thou lyeest in that gut through which thy wine runs, if thou deniest it.

*Spur.* Thou lyeest deeper then the bottome of mine enraged pocket, if thou affront'st it.

*Ang.* No blowes, no bitter language, all your gold gone.

*Spur.* Can

*The Virgin Martyr.*

*Spur.* Can the divell creepe into ones breeches?

*Hir.* Yes, if his hornes once get into the codpeece.

*Ang.* Come, sigh not, I so little am in love

With that whose losse kils you, that see 'tis yours,

All yours, divide the heape in equall share,

So you will goe along with me to prison,

And in our Mistresse sorrowes beare a part:

Say, will you?

*Both.* Will we?

*Spur.* If she were going to hanging, no gallowes should part us.

*Hir.* Let's both be turn'd into a rope of Onions if we do.

*Ang.* Follow me then, repaire your bad deeds past,  
Happy are men, when their best deeds are last.

*Spur.* True master *Angele*, pray sir lead the way. *exit An.*

*Hir.* Let him lead that way, but follow thou me this way.

*Spur.* I live in a Jayle,

*Hir.* Away and shift for our selves, she'll do wel enough there, for prisoners are more hungry after mutton, than Catchpoles after prisoners.

*Spur.* Let her starve then if a whole jayle will not fill her belly.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus secundi.*

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ACTUS III. Scene I.

*Enter Sapritius, Theophilus, Priest, Caliste, Christeta.*

*Sapritius.* Sicke to the death I feare.

*Theophilus.* I meet your sorrow;  
With my true feeling of it.

*Sapr.* She's a Witch,

A forceresse *Theophilus*, my sonne

Is charm'd by her enticing eyes, and like

An image made of waxe, her beames of beauty

Melt him to nothing; all my hopes in him,

And all his gotten honours finde their grave

*The Virgin Martyr.*

In his strange dotage on her. Would when first  
He saw and lov'd her, that the earth had open'd  
And swallow'd both alive.

*Theoph.* There's hope left yet.

*Sapr.* Not any, though the Princesse were appeas'd,  
All title in her love surrendred up,  
Yet this coy Christian, is so transported  
With her religion, that unlesse my sonne  
(But let him perish first) drinke the same potion,  
And be of her beleefe, she'l not vouchsafe  
To be his lawfull wife.

*Priest.* But once remov'd  
From her opinion, as I rest assur'd,  
The reason of these holy Maydes will winne her,  
You'l find her tractable to any thing  
For your content or his.

*Theoph.* If she refuse it,  
The Stygian dampes breeding infectious ayres,  
The Mandrakes shrikes, the Basiliskes killing eye,  
The dreadfull lightning that does crush the bones  
And never finge the skin, shall not appeare  
Lesse fatall to her, than my zeale made hot  
With love unto my gods : I have deser'd it  
In hope to draw backe this Apostata,  
Which will be greater honour than her death  
Vnto her fathers faith, and to that end  
Have brought my daughters hither.

*Caliste.* And we doubt not  
To doe what you desire.

*Sapr.* Let her be sent for,  
Prosper in your good worke, and were I not  
To attend the Princesse, I would see and heare  
How you succeed.

*Theoph.* I am commanded too,  
He beare you company.

*Sapr.* Give them your Ring,  
To leade her as in tryumph if they win her  
Before her highnesse.

*Theoph.* Spare no promises,

*Exit Saprinus.*

*Perſwa*



*The Virgin Martyr.*

Perswasions, or threats I doe conjure you,  
If you prevaile, 'tis the most glorious worke  
You ever undertooke.

*Enter Dorothea and Angelo.*

*Priest.* She comes.

*Theoph.* We leave you,  
Be constant and be carefull.

*Exeunt Theo. Priest.*

*Caliste.* We are sorry  
To meet you under guard.

*Dorothea.* But I more greev'd  
You are at liberty, so well I loue you,  
That I could wish for such a cause as mine  
You were my fellow prisoners: prithe *Angelo*  
Reach us some chaires, please you sit?

*Caliste.* We thanke you,  
Our visite is for love, love to your safety.

*Christ.* Our conference must be private, pray you therefore  
Command your boy to leave us.

*Dorothea.* You may trust him  
With any secret that concernes my life  
Falshood and he are strangers, had you Ladies  
Beene blest with such a servant, you had never  
Forsocke that way (your journey even halfe ended)  
That lead to joyes eternall. In the place  
Of loose lascivious mirth, he would have stir'd you  
To holy meditations, and so farre  
He is from flattery that he would have told you,  
Your pride being at the height, how miserable  
And wretched things you were, that for an hour  
Of pleasure here have made a desperate sale  
Of all your right in happinesse hereafter.  
He must not leave me, without him I fall,  
In this life he is my servant, in the other  
A wished Companion.

*Ang.* 'Tis not in the Divell,  
Nor all his wicked arts to shake such goodnesse.

*Doro.* But you were speaking Lady.

*Caliste.* As a friend  
And lover of your safety, and I pray you

So to receive it; and if you remember  
How neere in love our parents were, that we  
Ev'n from the cradle were brought up together.  
Our amity encreasing with our yeares,  
We cannot stand suspected.

*Doro.* To the purpose.

*Ca.* We come then as good Angels *Dorothea*,  
To make you happy, and the meanes so easie,  
That be not you an enemy to your selfe,  
Already you enjoy it.

*Christiana.* Looke on us  
Ruin'd as you are once, and brought unto it  
By your perswasion.

*Cal.* But what follow'd Lady,  
Leaving those blessings which our Gods gives freely,  
And showr'd upon us with a prodigall hand,  
As to be noble borne, youth, beauty, wealth,  
And the free use of these without controule,  
Checke, curbe, or stop, (such is our Lawes indulgence)  
All happinesse forsooke us, bonds and fetters  
For amorous Twins, the Racke and Hangmans whips  
In place of choise delights, our Parents curses  
In stead of blessings, scorne, neglect, contempt  
Fell thicke upon us.

*Christ.* This consider'd wisely,  
We made a faire retreat, and reconcil'd  
To our forsaken gods, we live againe  
In all prosperity.

*Calist.* By our example  
Bequeathing misery to such as love it,  
Learne to be happy, the Christian-yoke's too heavie  
For such a dainty necke, it was fram'd rather  
To be the shrine of *Venus*, or a Pillar  
More precious than Chrystall to support  
Our *Cupids* Image, our Religion Lady,  
Is but a varied pleasure, yours a toyle  
Slaves would shrink under.

*Doro.* Have you not cloven feet? Are you not Divels?  
Dare any say so much, or dare I heare it

*The Virgin Martyr.*

Without a vertuous and religious anger?  
Now to put on a Virgin modesty,  
Or maiden silence, when his power is question'd  
That is omnipotent, were a greater crime,  
Than in a bad cause to be impudent.  
Your gods, your temples, brothell houses rather  
Or wicked actions of the worst of men  
Pursu'd and practis'd, your religious rites,  
O call them rather juggling mysteries,  
The baytes and nets of hell, your soules the prey  
For which the Diuell angles, your false pleasures  
A steepe descent, by which you headlong fall  
Into eternall torments.

*Caliste.* Doe not tempt  
Our powerfull gods.

*Dor.* Which of your powerfull gods,  
Your gold, your silver, brasse, or woodden ones?  
That can, nor doe me hurt, nor protect you,  
Most pittied women, will you sacrifice  
To such, or call them gods or goddesses,  
Your Parents would disdain to be the same,  
Or you your selves? O blinded ignorance,  
Tell me *Caliste* by the truth I charge you,  
Or any thing you hold more deere, would you  
To have him Deifi'd to posterity,  
Desire your Father an Adulterer,  
A Ravisher, almost a Paracide,  
A vile incestuous wretch?

*Caliste.* That pittie  
And duty answere for me.

*Derathea.* O you *Christina*,  
To be hereafter registred a goddessie,  
Give your chaste body up to the embraces  
Of Goatish lust, have it writ on your forehead,  
This is the common Whore, the prostitute,  
The Mistresse in the art of wantonnesse,  
Knowes every trick and labyrinth of desires  
That are immodest.

*Christina.* You judge better of me,



Or my affection is ill plac'd on you,  
Shall I turne Strumpet?

*Doro.* No, I thinke you would not,  
Yet *Venus* whom you worship was a Whore,  
*Flores* the Foundresse of the publike Stewes,  
And has for that her sacrifice: your great god  
Your *Jupiter*, a loose adulterer,  
Incestuous with his sister, reade but those  
That have Canoniz'd them, you'l find them worse  
Than in chaste language I can speake them to you,  
Are they immortall then that did partake  
Of humane weaknesse, and had ample share  
In mens base affection? Subject to

Vnchast loves, anger, bondage, wounds, as men are.

Her *Jupiter* to serve his lust turn'd Bull.

The ship indeed in which he stole *Europa*.

*Neptune* for gaine builds up the wals of *Troy*,

As a day-labourer, *Apollo* keeps

*Admetus* sheepe for bread, the *Lemnian* Smith

Sweats at the Forge, for hire; *Lymothens* heere

With his still growing Liver feeds the Vulture;

*Saturne* bound fast in hell with Adamant chaines;

And thousands more, on whom abused error

Bestowes a Diety, will you then deere sisters,

For I would have you such, pay your Devotions

To things of lesse power than your selves?

*Caliste.* We worship

Their good deeds in their Images.

*Dorothea.* By whom fashion'd,

By sinfull men? He tell you a short tale,

Nor can you but confesse it was a true one.

A King of *Egypt* being to erect

The Image of *Osiris* whom they honour,

Tooke from the Matrons necks the richest Jewels

And purest gold, as the materials

To finish up his worke; which perfected,

With all solemnity he set it up

To be ador'd, and serv'd himsef his Idoll;

Desiring it to give him victory

*The Virgin Martyr.*

Against his enemies, but being ouerthrowne,  
Enrag'd against his god (these are fine gods  
Subiect to humane fury) he tooke downe  
The sencelesse thing and melting it againe,  
He made a Basing, in which Eunuches wash'd  
His Concubines feete, and for this fordid vse  
Some moneths it seru'd: his mistresse prouing false,  
As most indeed do so, and grace concluded,  
Betweene them and the Preists, of the same Basing  
He made his god againe, thinke, thinke of this,  
And then consider, of all worldly honors  
Or pleasures that doe leaue sharpe stings behind them,  
Haue power to win such as haue reasonable soules,  
To put their trust in drosse.

*Cal.* Oh that I had bene borne  
Without a father.

*Chri.* Piety to him  
Hath ruin'd vs for euer.

*Dor.* Thinke not so,  
You may repaire all yet, the Attribute  
That speakes his Godhead most, is mercifull,  
Reuenge is proper to the Fiends you worship,  
Yet cannot strike without his leaue; you weepe,  
Oh tis a heauenly shower, celestially balme  
To cure your wounded conscience, let it fall,  
Fall thicke vpon it, and when that is spent,  
Ile helpe it with another of my teares.  
And may your true repentance prouie the child  
Of my true sorrow, neuer mother had  
A birth so happy.

*Cal.* We are caught our selues  
That came to take you, and assur'd of conquest  
We are your Captiues.

*Do.* And in that you triumph,  
Your victory had bene eternall losse,  
And this your losse immortall gaine, fixe heere,  
And you shall feele your selues inwardly arm'd  
Gainst tortures, death, and hell, but take heede sisters,  
That or through weaknesse, threats, or mild perswasions  
Though

*The Virgin Martyr.*

Though of a Father, you fall not into  
A second and a worse Apostacie.

*Calist.* Never, oh never, steeld by your example,  
We dare the worst of tyranny.

*Christeta.* Here's our warrant,  
You shall along and witness it.

*Dor.* Be confirm'd then  
And rest assur'd, the more you suffer heere,  
The more your glory, you to heaven more deere. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, Harpax.*

*Artem.* *Sapritius* though your sonne deserve no pittie,  
We grieve his sicknesse, his contempt of us  
We cast behind us, and looke backe upon  
His service done to *Caesar*, that weighs downe  
Our just displeasure, if his malady  
Have growth from his restraint, or that you thinke  
His liberty can cure him, let him have it,  
Say we forgive him freely.

*Sap.* Your grace binds us  
Ever your humblest Vassals.

*Artem.* Vse all meanes  
For his recovery, though yet I love him,  
I will not force affection, if the Christian  
Whose beauty hath out-rivald mine, be wonne  
To be of our believe, let him enjoy her,  
That all may know when the cause wils, I can  
Command my owne desires.

*Theoph.* Be happy then,  
My Lord *Sapritius*, I am confident  
Such eloquence and sweet perswasion dwels  
Vpon my daughters tongues, that they will worke her  
To any thing they please.

*Sap.* I wish they may,  
Yet 'tis no easie taske to undertake,  
To alter a perverse and obstinate woman. *a shout within.*

*Artem.* What meanes this shout. *loud Musicke.*

*Sap.* 'Tis seconded with Musicke, *Enter Sempronius*  
Tryumphant musicke, ha!

*Semp.* My



*The Virgin Martyr.*

*Scmp.* My Lord your Daughters  
The pillars of our faith hauing conuerted,  
For to report giues out, the Christian Lady,  
The Image of great *Iupiter* borne before them  
Sue for access,

*Theo.* My soule diuin'd as much,  
Blest be the time when first they saw this light  
Their Mother when she bore them to support  
My feeble age, fild not my longing heart  
With so much ioy, as they in this good worke  
Haue throwne vpon me.

*Enter Priest with the Image of Iupiter, Incense and Censers,  
followed by Caliste, and Christeta, leading  
Dorothea.*

Welcome, oh thrise welcome  
Daughters, both of my body and my mind,  
Let me embrace in you my blisse, my comfort,  
And *Dorothea* now more welcome too,  
Then if you neuer had falne off, I am rauish't  
With the excesse of ioy, speake happy daughters  
The blest euent.

*Cal.* We neuer gain'd so much  
By any vndertaking.

*Theo.* Oh my deare Girle,  
Our gods reward thee.

*Dor.* Nor was euer time  
On my part better spent.

*Chri.* Wee are all now  
Of one opinion.

*Theo.* My best *Christeta*,  
Madam if euer you did grace to worth,  
Vouch'safe your Princely hands.

*Arr.* Most willingly:  
Doe you refuse it?

*Cal.* I et vs first deserue it:

*Theo.* My owne child still, heere set our god, prepare  
The incense quickly, come faire *Dorothea*,  
I will my selfe support you; now kneele downe

*The Virgin Martyr.*

And pay your vowest to *Jupiter*,

*Dor.* I shall doe it.

Better by their example.

*The.* They shall guide you,  
They are familiar with the sacrifice,  
Forward my Twinnes of comfort, and to teach her  
Make a ioynt offering.

*Chri.* Thus. *Cal.* And thus. *They both spit at the Image,*  
*Har.* Profaine *throw it downe, and spurne it*

And impious, stand you now like a Statue?  
Are you the Champion of the Gods? Where is  
Your holy zeale, your anger?

*The.* I am blasted,

And as my feet were rooted heere, I finde  
I haue no motion, I would I had no sight too,  
Or if my eyes can serue to any other vse,  
Giue me thou iniur'd power a sea of teares,  
To expiate this madnesse in my Daughters:  
For being themselves, they would haue trembled at  
So blasphemous a deede in any other,  
For my sake hold a while thy dreadfull thunder,  
And giue me patience to demand a reason  
For this accus'd act.

*Dor.* Twas brauely done.

(you

*The.* Peace damn'd Enchantres peace, I should looke on  
With eyes madered with fury, and my hand  
That shakes with rage should much outstrip my tongue,  
And seale my vengeance on your hearts, but nature  
To you that haue falne once, bids me againe  
To be a father, O how durst you tempt  
The anger of great *Ioue*?

*Dor.* A lacke poore *Ioue*,  
He is no Swaggerer, how smug he stands,  
He'e take a kick, or any thing.

*Sap.* Stop her mouth.

*Do.* It is the ancientst godling do not feare him,  
He would not hurt the thiefe that stole away  
Two of his golde rlocks, indeede he could not,  
And still tis the same quiet thing.

*Theo.*

*Theo.* Blasphemer,  
Ingenious cruelty shall punish this,  
Thou art past hope, but for you deare daughters,  
Againe bewicht, the due of mild forgiuenesse  
May gently fall, provided you deserue it  
With true contrition, be your selues againe  
Sue to the offended diety.

*Chri.* Not to be  
Mistresse of the earth.

*Cal.* I will not offer  
A graine of Incense to it, much lesse kneele,  
Nor looke on it but with contempt and scorne:  
To haue a thousand yeeres confer'd vpon me  
Of worldly blessings, wee professe our selues  
To be like *Dorothea*, Christians,  
And owe her for that happinesse.

*Theo.* My eares  
Receiue in hearing this, all deadly charmes  
Powerfull to make man wretched.

*Art.* Are these they  
You brag'd could conuert others?

*Sap.* That want strength  
To stand themselues?

*Har.* Your Honour is ingag'd  
The credit of our cause depends vpon it,  
Something you must doe suddenly.

*The.* And I will.

*Har.* They merit death, but falling by your hand,  
It will be recorded for a iust reuenge  
And holy fury in you.

*The.* Doe not blow,  
The Furnace of a wrath thrife hot already,  
Ætnais in my brest, wildfire burnes heere,  
Which onely bloud must quench: incensed power,  
Which from my infancy I haue adore'd,  
Looke downe with fauorable beames vpon  
The Sacrifice (though not allow'd thy Priest)  
Which I will offer to thee, and be pleas'd  
(My fierie zeale inciting me to act it)



To call that justice, others may stile murder.  
Come you accurs'd, thus by the haire I drag you  
Before this holy altar; thus looke on you  
Lesse pittifull than Tygers to their prey.  
And thus with mine owne hand I take that life  
Which I gave to you. *kills them.*

*Doro.* O most cruell Butcher.

*Theoph.* My anger ends not here, hels dreadfull Porter  
Receive into thy ever open gates  
Their damned soules, and let the furies whips  
On them alone be wasted; and when death  
Closes these eyes, twill be *Elizium* to me,  
To heare their shrikes and howlings, make me *Pluto*  
Thy instrument to furnish thee with soules  
Of this accursed Set, nor let me fall  
Till my fell vengeance hath consum'd them all.  
*Exit with Harpax hugging him.*

*Enter Artemia laughing.*

*Artem.* 'Tis a brave zeale.

*Doro.* O call him backe againe,  
Call backe your hangman, here's one prisoner left  
To be the subje't of his knife.

*Artem.* Not so.

We are not so neere reconcil'd unto thee,  
Thou shalt not perish such an easie way.  
Be she your charge *Savinius* now, and suffer  
None to come neere her till we have found out  
Some torments worthy of her.

*Ang.* Courage Miltresse,

These Martyrs but prepare your glorious fate,  
You shall exceed them and not imitate. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Spungius and Hircius ragged at severall doores.*

*Hir.* *Spungius.*... (world?)

*Spun* My fine rogue, how ist? How goes this totter'd

*Hi.* Halt any mooney?

*Spun.* Mon... the Tavern... about my

*Hi.* No,

*Hir.* No, my mony is mad a Bull, and finding any gap open'd, away it runs.

*Spun.* I see then a Taverne and a Bawdy-house have faces much alike, the one has red grates next dore, the other hath peeping holes within doores; the Taverne hath evermore a bulsh, the bawdy close sometimes neither hedge nor bush. From a Taverne a man comes reeling, from a bawdy house not able to stand. In the Taverne you are coufen'd with paultrý Wine, in a bawdy-house by a painted Whore, Money may have Wine, and a Whore will have Money, but neither can you cry, Drawer you Rogue, or keepe doore rotten Bawde, without a silver Whistle, wee are justly plagued therefore for running from our Mistressse,

*Hir.* Thou did'st, I did not; yet I had run too, but that one gave me turpentine pills, and that stay'd my running.

*Spun.* Well: the thred of my life is drawne through the needle of necessity, whose eye looking upon my lowsie breeches, cryes out it cannot mend 'em: which so prickes the linings of my body, and those are Heart, Lights, Lungs, Guts, and Midriffe, that I beg on my knees to have *Airrops*: (the Tayler to the destinies) to take her sheares and cut my thred in two, or to heate the Iron goose of mortality, and so to presse me to death.

*Hir.* Sure thy father was some botcher, and thy hungry tongue bit off these shreds of complaints, to patch up the elbowes of thy nitty eloquence.

*Spun.* And what was thy father?

*Hir.* A low minded Cobler, a Cobler whose zeale set many a woman upright, the remembrance of whose Awle I now having nothing, thrusts such scurvie stitches into my soule, that the heele of my happines has gone awry.

*Spun.* Pitty that ere thou trod it thy shoos a vry.

*Hir.* Long I can not last, for all sowterly waxe of comfort melting away, and misery taking the length of my foote, it boots not me to sue for life when all my hopes are seamerent, and goe wetshod,

*Spun.* This shews th'at a Coblers son by going through stitches O... and I were so happy to be co-  
let... G. 3

*Hir.* So would I, for both of us being now weary of our lives, should then be sure of shoemakers ends.

*Spur.* I see the beginning of my end for I am almost starv'd.

*Hir.* So am not I, but I am more than famish'd.

*Spur.* All the members of my body are in rebellion one against another.

*Hir.* So are mine, and nothing but a Cooke being a constable can appease them, presenting to my nose, instead of his painted staffe, a spit full of rost-meate.

*Spur.* But in this rebellion, what uprores do they make, my belly cries to my mouth, why dost not gape & feed me.

*Hir.* And my mouth sets out a throate to my hand, why dost not thou lift up meate and cramme my choppes with it.

*Spur.* Then my hand hath a sting at mine eyes, because they locke not out and shake for victuals.

*Hir.* Which mine eyes seeing, full of teares, cry aloud and curse my feet for not ambling up and downe to feed Colon, sithence if good meate be in any place, 'tis knowne my feet can smell.

*Spur.* But then my feet like lazie rogues lie still, and had rather do nothing, than run to and fro to purchase any thing.

*Hir.* Why 'mong so many millions of people, should thou and I onely be miserable totterdemalions, rag-amulins, and lowsie desperates.

*Spur.* Thou art a meere *7-am-ak-o, 7-am-ak-as*, consider the whole world, and 'tis as we are.

*Hir.* Lowsie, beggerly, thou whorson *Assa Farida*.

*Spur.* Worse, all tottrings, all out of frame, thou *Fooluamin*.

*Hir.* As how *ar/nicke*: come make the world smart.

*Spur.* Old Honor goes on crutches, begg'ry rides caroched, honest men make feasts, knaves sit at tables, cowards are lapt in velvet, souldiers (as we) in ragges, Beauty turnes Whore; Whore Bawd; and both dye of the pox: why then when all the world stumbles, should thou and I walke upright?

*Enter Angelo.*

*Hir.* Stop, looke who's yonder.

*Spur.* Felt



*The Virgin Martyr.*

*Spur.* Fellow *Angelo*! How does my little man? Well?

*Ang.* Yes, and would you did so, where are your clothes?

*Hir.* Clothes! You see every woman almost goe in her loose gowne, and why should not we have our clothes loose?

*Spur.* W'ud they were loose.

*Ang.* Why where are they?

*Sp.* Where many a velvet cloke I warrant at this houre keepe them company, they are pawn'd to a Broker.

*Ang.* Why pawn'd, where's all the gold I left with you?

*Hir.* The gold! We put that into a Scriveners hands, and he has coufen'd us.

*Spur.* And therefore I prithee *Angelo*, if thou hast another purse, let it be confiscate, and brought to devaluation.

*Ang.* Are you made all of lyes? I know which way Your guilt-wing'd peeces flew; I will no more Be mock'd by you: be sorry for your ryots, Tame your wild flesh by labor, eat the bread Got with hard hands: let sorrow be your whip To draw drops of repentance from your heart, When I reade this amendment in your eyes You shall not want till then my pittie dyes. *Exit.*

*Spur.* Ist not a shame that this scurvie *Puerilis* should give us lessons?

*Hir.* I have dwelt thou knowest a long time in the Suburbs of the conscience, and they are ever bawdy, but now my heart shall take a house within the wals of honesty.

*Enter Harpax also.*

*Spur.* O you drawers of wine, draw me no more to the bar of Beggery; the sound of Score a pottle of sack, is worse than the noyse of a scolding Oyster wench, or two Cats incorporating.

*Harp.* This must not be, I doe not like when conscience Thawes, keepe her frozen still: How now my masters? Dejected, drooping, drown'd in teares, clothes torne, Leane, and ill colour'd, sighing! Whats the whirlwind Which raiseth all these mischiefes? I have seene you Drawne better on't. O! but a spirit told me You both would come to this, when in you thrust.

Your

*The Virgin Martyr.*

Your selves into the service of that Lady,  
Who shortly now must die ; where's now her praying  
What good get you by wearing out your feet,  
To run on scurvie errands to the poore,  
And to beare money to a sort of rogues,  
And lowlie prisoners.

*Hir.* A pox on 'em, I never prosper'd since I did it.

*Spun.* Had I bin a Pagan still, I could not have spit white  
for want of drinke, but come to any Vintner now and bid  
him trust me, because I turn'd Christian, and he cries puh.

*Har.* Y'are rightly serv'd ; before that peevish Lady  
Had to doe with you, weomen, wine, and money  
Flow'd in aboudance with you, did it not?

*Hir.* Oh ! those dayes, those dayes. (nes.

*Har.* Beat not your breasts, teare not your haire in mad-  
Those dayes shall come agen be rul'd by me,  
And better (marke me) better.

*Spun.* I have seene you sir, as I take it, an attendant on  
the Lord *Theophilus*.

*Har.* Yes, yes, in shew his servant, but harke hither.  
Take heed no body listens. *Spun.* Not a Mousle stirs.

*Har.* I am a Prince disguis'd.

*Hir.* Disguis'd ! How ! Drunke,

*Har.* Yes my fine boy, Ile drinke too, and be drunke,  
I am a Prince, and any man by me  
(Let him but keepe my rules) shall soone grow rich,  
Exceeding rich, most infinitely rich,  
He that shall serve me, is not starv'd from pleasures  
As other poore knaves are ; no, take their fill,

*Spun.* But that sir, we are so ragged —

*Har.* You'l say, you'd serve me.

*Hir.* Before any master under the Zodiacke.

*Harpax.* For clothes no matter ; I have a mind to both.  
And one thing I like in you, now that you see  
The bonafire of your Ladies state burnt out,  
You give it over, doe you not ?

*Hir.* Let her be hang'd. *Spun.* And pox'd.

*Harp.* Why now y'are mine.  
Come let my bosome touch you.

*The Virgin Martyr.*

*Spur.* We haue bugges Sir.

*Har.* Ther's mony, fetch your cloths home, ther's for you.

*Hir.* Auoid Vermine : giue ouer our mistresse ! a man can not prosper worse if he serue the diuell.

*Har.* How? the diuel ! Ile tell you what now of the diuel  
He's no such horrid creature, clouen footed,  
Blacke, saucer-eyde, his nostrils breathing fire,  
As these lying Christians make him.

*Both.* No ! *Har.* He's more louing,  
To man, then man to man is.

*Hir.* Is he so I wud we two might come acquainted  
with him.

*Har.* You shall : he's a wondrous good fellow, loues a  
cup of wine, a whore, any thing, if you haue mony its ten  
to one but Ile bring him to some Tauerne to you or other.

*Spun.* Ile bespeake the best roome ith' house for him.

*Har.* Some people he cannot endure.

*Hir.* Weele giue him no such cause.

*Har.* He hates a ciuill Lawyer, as a souldier loues peace.

*Spun.* How a cominoner ?

*Har.* Loues him from the teeth outward.

*Spun.* Pray my Lord and Prince, let me encounter you  
with one foolish question : does the diuell eat any Mace  
in's broth?

*Har.* Exceeding much, when his burning feauer takes  
him, and then he has the knuckles of a Bailiffetoyled to  
his breakefast.

*Hir.* Then my Lord, he loues a Catchpole does he not.

*Har.* As a Bearward does a dog, a Catchpole ! he has sworn  
if euer hee dies, to make a Sergiaut his heire, and a Yeoman  
his ouer seer

*Spun.* How if he come to any great mans gate, will the  
Porter let him come in sir ?

*Har.* Oh he loues Porters of great mens gates, because  
they are euer so neere the wicket.

*Hir.* Doe not they whom he makes much on, for all his  
stroking their cheekes, leade hellish liues vnder him

*Har.* No, no, no, no, he will be damn'd before he hurts a-  
ny man. Doe but you (when y'are throughly acquainted



with him) aske for any thing, see if it does not come.

*Spun.* Any thing!

*Her.* Call for a delicate rare whore? she's brought you!

*Hir.* Oh my elbow itches: will the diuel keepe the dore?

*Har.* Be drunke as a begger, he helps you home.

*Spun.* O my fine diuell! some watchman I warrant, I wonder who' is his Constable.

*Har.* Will you sweare, rore, swagger? he claps you.

*Hir.* How lart' chops.

*Har.* No, hat' shoulder and cries, O my braue boy.

Will any of you kill a man?

*Spur.* Yes, yes, I, I.

*Har.* Whats his word hang, hang, tis nothing.  
Or stab a woman.

*Hir.* Yes, yes, I, I.

*Har.* Here's the worst word he gines you, a pox on't goe on.

*Hir.* O inueagling rascall, I am rauish'd.

*Har.* Go, get your clothes, turne vp your glasse of youth  
And let the sands run merily; nor do I care  
From what a lauish hand your money flies,  
So you giue none away, feed beggers.

*Hir.* Hang'em.

*Har.* And to the scrubbing poore.

*Hir.* He see'em hang, d first.

*Har.* One seruice you must do me.

*Both.* Any thing.

*Har.* Your Mistresse *Dorothea*, ere she suffers,  
Is to be put to tortures, haue you hearts  
To teare her into shreekes, to fetch her soule  
Vp into the Pangs of death, yet not todie.

*Hir.* Suppose this shee, and that I had no hands, heer's my teeth.

*Spun.* Suppose this shee, and that I had no teeth, heer's my nailles,

*Hir.* But will not you be there sir.

*Har.* No, not for hils of diamones, the grand Master  
Who schooles her in the Christian discipline,  
Abhorre my company; should I be there,

You'd thinke all hell broke loose, wee should so quarrell.  
Plie you this businesse; he, her flesh who spares  
Is lost, and in my loue neuer more shares.

*Spar.* Here's a Master you rogue.

*Hir.* Sure he cannot chuse but haue a horrible number  
of seruants. *Finis Actus vrtij. exent.*

Actus 4. Scena I.

*A bed shruft out, Antoninus upon it sicke, With Physicians  
about him, Sapritius and Macrinus.*

*Sap.* **O** You that are halfe gods, lengthen that life  
Their dieties lend vs, turne ore all the volumes  
Of your mistorious *Esculapsian* science  
T' encrease the number of this yong mans dayes,  
And for each minute of his time prolong'd,  
Your fee shall be a peece of Roman gold  
With *Casars* stampe, such as he sends his Captains;  
When in the warres they earne well: do but saue him  
And as he is halfe my selfe, be you all mine.

*Dost.* What art can doe, we Promise: Phisickes hanp  
As apt is to destroy, as to preserue,  
If heauen make not the medicine; all this while  
Our skill hath combat held with his disease,  
But tis so armd, and a deepe melancholy  
To be such in part with death, we are in feare  
The graue must mocke our labors.

*Mac.* I haue beene  
His keeper in this sicknesse, with such eyes  
As I haue seene my mother wach ore me,  
And from that obseruation sure I finde,  
It is a Midwife must deliuer him.

*Sap.* Is he with child, a Midwife,

*Mac.* Yes with child,  
And will I feare lose life if by a woman  
He is not brought to bed: stand by his Pillow  
Some little while, and in his broken slumbers

Him shall you heare cry out on *Dorothea*,  
And when his armes flye open to catch her,  
Closing together, he fals fast asleepe,  
Pleas'd with embracings of her airy forme ;  
Physicians but torment him, his disease  
Laughs at their gibbrish language, let him heare  
The voyce of *Dorothea*, nay but the name,  
He starts up with high colour in his face,  
She or none cures him, and how that can be,  
( The Princesse strickt command, barring that happinesse )  
To me impossible seemes.

*Sapr.* To me it shall not.

He be no subject to the greatest *Cesar*  
Was ever crown'd with Lawrell, rather than cease  
To be a father.

*Exit.*

*Macrin.* Silence sir, he wakes.

*Anton.* Thou kilst me *Dorothea*, oh *Dorothea*.

*Macr.* She's here ; I enjoy her.

*Ant.* Where, Why doe you mocke me,  
Age on my head hath stucke no white haire yet,  
Yet I'm an old man, a fond doting foole  
Vpon a woman, I to buy her beauty,  
( Truth I am bewitched ) offer my life,  
And she for my acquaintance hazards hers,  
Yet for our equall sufferings, none holds out  
A hand of pittie.

*Doct.* Let him have some Musicke.

*Ant.* Hell on your fiddling.

*Doct.* Take againe your bed Sir,  
Sleepe is a soveraigne Physicke.

*Anton.* Take an Asses head Sir,  
Confusion on your fooleries, your charmes,  
Thou stinking Glister-pipe, where's the god of rest,  
Thy Pills, and base Apothecary drugs  
Threatned to bring unto me, out you Impostors,  
Quacksalving cheating Mountebankes, your skill  
Is to make sound men sicke, and sicke men kill.

*Mac.* Obe your selfe deare friend.

*Anton.* My selfe *Macrinus*,



How can I be my selfe, when I am mangled  
Into a thousand peeces, here moves my head,  
But where's my heart? Where ever that lyes dead.

*Enter Sapritius dragging in Dorothea by the Haire,  
Angelo attending.*

*Sap.* Follow me thou damn'd Sorceres, call up thy spirits,  
And if they can, now let 'em from my hand  
Vntwine these witching haire.

*Anton.* I am that spirit,  
Or if I be not ( were you not my father )  
One made of Iron should hew that hand in peeces  
That so defaces this sweet Monument  
Of my loves beauty?

*Sap.* Art thou sicke?

*Anton.* To death.

*Sap.* Would'st thou recover?

*Anton.* Would I live in blisse?

*Sap.* And doe thine eyes shoot daggers at that man  
That brings thee health?

*Anton.* It is not in the world?

*Sap.* Ist not here?

*Anton.* O Treasure, by enchantment lock'd  
In Caves as deepe as Hell, am I as neere.

*Sap.* Breake that enchanted Cave, enter, and rife  
The spoyles thy lust hunts after; I descend  
To a base office and become thy Pander  
In bringing thee this proud Thing, make her thy whore,  
Thy health lyes here if she deny to give it,  
Force it, imagine thou assault'st a Towne,  
Weake wall, too't, 'tis thine owne, beat but this downe,  
Come, and unseene, be witnessse to this battery,  
How the coy strumpet yeelds.

*Doct.* Shall the boy stay fir.

*Sap.* No matter for the boy,  
Pages are us'd to these odde Bawdy  
Shuffings, and indeed are those  
Little young Snakes in a Furies head

Will sing worse than the great ones,  
Let the Pimpe stay.

*Exeunt aside.*

*Dor.* Oh guard me Angels,  
What Tragedy must begin now?

*Anton.* When a Tyger  
Leapes into a timorous heard, with ravenous lawes  
Being hunger starv'd, what Tragedy then begins?

*Dor.* Death I am happy so, you hitherto  
Haue still had goodnesse spar'd within your eyes,  
Let not that Orbe be broken.

*Ang.* Feare not Mistresse,  
If he dare offer violence, we two  
Are strong enough for such a sickly man.

*Dor.* What is your horrid purpose sir, your eye  
Beares danger in it?

*Anton.* I must.

*Dor.* What?

*Sapr.* Speake it out.

*Anton.* Climbe that sweet Virgin tree

*Sap.* Plague a your trees.

*Ant.* And plucke that fruit which none I thinke ever

*Sap.* A souldier and stand fumbling so. *(tasted.)*

*Dor.* O kill me, *Kneeles.*

And heaven will take it as a Sacrifice,  
But if you play the Ravisher, there is  
A Hell to swallow you.

*Sapr.* Let her swallow thee.

*Aut.* Rise for the Roman Empire (*Dorothea*)  
I would not wound thine honour, pleasure forc'd  
Are unripe Apples, sowre, not worth the plucking  
Yet let me tell you, 'tis my Fathers will,  
That I should seize upon you as my prey.  
Which I abhorre as much as the blackest sinne  
The villany of man did ever act. *Sapritius breakes in*

*Ang.* Dye happy for this language. *and Macrinus.*

*Sapr.* Dye a slave,  
A blockish Idiot.

*Mac.* Deare sir, vexe him not.

*Sap.* Yes, and vexe thee too, both I thinke are geldings,  
Cold,

*The Virgin Martyr.*

Cold, Phlegmaticke Bastard, th'art no brat of mine,  
One sparke of me, when I had heate like thine  
By this had made a Bonfire : a tempting Whore  
( For whom th'art mad thrust even into thine armes,  
And stand'st thou puling ? Had a Taylor seene her  
Her at this advantage, he with his crosse-capers  
Had ruffled her by this, but thou shalt curse  
Thy dalliance, and heere before her eyes  
Teare thy flesh in peeces, when a slave  
In hot lust bathes himselve, and gluts those pleasures  
Thy nicenesse durst not touch, call out a slave,  
You Captaine of our guard, fetch a slave hither. *Exit.*

*Anton.* What will you doe deere Sir.

*Sapr.* Teach her a trade, which many would learne  
In lesse than halfe an houre, to play the Whore.

*Enter a Slave.*

*Macr.* A slave is to me, what now ?

*Sap.* Thou hast bones and flesh  
Enough to ply thy labour, from what Country  
Wert thou tane Prisoner, here to be our slave ?

*Slave.* From Brittain.

*Sap.* In the west Ocean.

*Slave.* Yes.

*Sap.* An Iland.

*Slave.* Yes.

*Sap.* I am fitted of all Nations.

Our Roman swords ever conquer'd, none comes neere  
The Brittain for true whoring : sirrah fellow,  
What would'st thou doe to gaine thy liberty ?

*Slave.* Doe ! Liberty ! Fight naked with a Lyon,  
Venture to plucke a standard from the heart  
Of an arm'd Legion : Liberty ! Ide thus  
Besride a Rampire : and defiance spit  
I'th face of death ; then, when the battering Ram  
Were fetching his carcere backward to pass  
Me with his hornes in peeces : to shake my chaines off,  
And that I could not doo't but by thy death,

*Stood't.*



*The Virgin Martyr.*

Stood'st thou on this dry shore, I on a Rocke  
Ten Piramids high, downe would I leape to kill thee,  
Or dye my selfe; what is for man to doe  
Ile venture on, to be no more a slave.

*Sap.* Thou shalt then be no slave, for I will set thee  
Vpon a peece of worke is fit for man,  
Brave for a Brittain, drag that Thing aside  
And ravish her.

*Slave.* And ravish her! Is this your manly service,  
A Divell scornes to doe it, 'tis for a beast,  
A villaine, not a man, I am as yet  
But halfe a slave, but when that worke is past,  
A damned whole one, a blacke ugly slave,  
The slave of all base slaves, doe't thy selfe Roman,  
'Tis drudgery fit for thee.

*Sap.* He's bewitch'd too,  
Binde him, and with a Bastinado give him  
Vpon his naked belly 200. blowes.

*Slave.* Thou art more slave than I. *Exit carried in?*

*Doro.* That power supernall on whom waites my soule,  
Is Captaine ore my chastity. *Ant.* Good sir give ore.  
The more you wrong her, your selfe's vex'd the more.

*Sap.* Plagues light on her and thee: thus downe I throw  
Thy Harlot thus by th'haire, naile her to earth,  
Call in ten slaves, let every one discover  
What lust desires, and surfet here his fill,  
Call in ten slaves.

*Ang.* They are come sir at your call.

*Sap.* O oh. *Falls downe.*

*Enter Theophilus.*

*Theophilus.* Where is the Governour?

*Ant.* There's my wretched father.

*Theoph.* My Lord, *Sapritus*, he's not dead, my Lord,  
That Witch there.

*Antor.* 'Tis no Roman gods can strike  
These fearefull terrors, O thou happy Mayd,  
Forgive this wicked purpose of my Father.

*Dorothea.* I doe.

*Theoph.* Gone,

The Virgin Martyr.

The. Gone, gone, he's peppered: 'tis thou  
Hast done this act infernall.

Doro. Heauen pardon you,  
And if my wrongs from thence pull vengeance downe  
(I can no myraeles worke) yet from my soule  
Pray to those powers I serue, he may recouer.

The. He stirres, helpe, raise him vp, my Lord.

Sap. Where am I?

The. One cheeke is blasted.

Sap. Blasted! Where's the *Lamia*  
That teares my intrailles? I'me bewitch'd, seize on her!

The. I'me heere, doe what you please.

Dor. Come boy, being there, more neere'to heauen we are

Sap. Kicke harder, goe out Witch. *Exeunt.*

Ant. O bloody hangmen, thine own gods giue thee breth  
Each of thy tortors is my seuerall death. *exit*

*Enter Harpax, Hercius, and Spungius.*

Har. Doe you like my seruice now, say am not I  
A Master worth attendance.

Spun. Attendance, I had rather licke cleane the soles of  
your durty bootes, then weare the richest sute of any infec-  
ted Lord, whose rotten life hangs betweene the 2. Poles.

Hir. A Lords sute! I wud not giue vp the cloake of your  
seruice to meet the splay-foot estate of any leftey'd knight  
about the Antipodes, because they are vn lucky to meete.

Har. This day ile try your loues to me, 'tis onely  
But well to vse the agility of your armes,

Spun. Or legs, I am lusty at them.

Hir. Or any other member that has no legges,

Spun. Thou't runne into some hole,

Hir. If I meet one that's more the my match, & that I can-  
not stand in their hands, I must and wil creep on my knees.

Har. Heere me my little teeme of villaines, heere me,  
I cannot teach you Fencing with these Cudgels,  
Yet you must vse them, lay them on but soundly,  
That's all.

Hir. Nay if wee come to malling once, puh,

Spun. But what Wall-nut-tree is it we must beate.

Har. Your Mistresse.

*Hir.* How ! my Mistresse ! I begin to haue a Christians heart, made of sweet butter, I melt, I canot strike a woman.

*Sap.* Nor I, vnlesse she scratch, bum my Mistresse !

*Har.* Y<sup>e</sup> are Coxecombes, silly Animals.

*Hir.* Whats that ?

*Har.* Drones, Asses, blinded Moles, that dare not thrust Your armes to catch Fortune, say you fall off, It mu<sup>t</sup> be done, you are conuerted Rascals, And that once spred abroad, why euery slaue Will kicke you, call you motley Christians, And halfe fac'd Christians. (leather,

*Spun.* The guts of my conscience begin to be of whit-

*Hir.* I doubt me I shall haue no sweet butter in me.

*Har.* Deny this, and each Pagan whom you meete Shall forked fingers thrust into your eyes.

*Hir.* If we be Cuckolds.

*Har.* Doe this, and euery god the Gentiles bow to, Shall adde a fadome to your line of yeeres.

*Spun.* A hundred fadome I desire no more.

*Hir.* I desire but one inch longer.

*Har.* The Senators will as you passe along Clap you vpon your shoulders with this hand, And with this hand giue you gold, when your are dead, Happy that man shall be, can get a nayle The paring —, nay the durt vnder the nayle Of any of you both, to say this durt Belong'd to *Spungius* or *Hercius*.

*Spun.* They shall not want durt vnder my nayles, ile keepe 'em long of porpose, for now my fingers itch to be at her.

*Hir.* The first thing I doe Ile take her ouer the lips.

*Spun.* And I the hips, we may strike any where.

*Har.* Yes any where.

*Hir.* Then I know where Ile hit her.

*Har.* Prosper and be mine owne ; stand by I must not To see this done, great businesse calls me hence, Hee's mad can make her curse his violence. *Exit.*

*Spun.* Feare it not sir, her ribs shall be basted.

*Hir.* Ile come vpon her with rounce, robble hobble,  
and



and thwicke thwacke thirlery bouncing!

Enter Dorothea led Prisoner, a Guard attending, a Hangman  
with cords in some ugly shape, sets up a Pillar in the mid-  
dle of the stage, Sapritius and Theophilus sit, Angels  
by her.

Sap. According to our Romane customes, bind  
That Christian to a Pillar.

Theo. Infernall Furies,  
Could they into my hand thrust all their whips  
To teare thy flesh, thy soule, 'tis not a torture  
Fit to the Vengeance. I should heape on thee,  
For wrongs done me : for flagitious facts  
By thee done vnto our gods, yet (so it stand  
To great *Cesaraes* Gouvernors high pleasure)  
Bow but thy knee to *Jupiter* and offer  
Any slight sacrifice, or doe but swear  
By *Cesars* fortune and be free.

Sap. Thou shalt.

Doro. Not for all *Cesars* fortune, were it chain'd  
To more worlds, then are kingdomes in the world,  
And all those worlds drawne after him, I desie  
Your hangman ; you now shew me whither to flie.

Sap. Are her tormentors ready.

Ang. Shrinke not deere Mistresse.

Both. My Lord we are ready for the businesse.

Dor. You two ! whom I like fostred children fed,  
And lengthen'd out your starued life with bread :  
You be my hangman ! whom when vp the ladder  
Death hall'd you to be strangled, I fetcht downe  
Cloth'd you, and warm'd you, you two my tormentors.

Both. Yes, wee.

Dor. Diuine powers pardon you.

Sap. Strike.

Strike at her: Angelo kneeling  
hols her fast.

Theo. Beate out her braines.

Dor. Receiue me you bright Angels.

Sap. Faster slaues.

*The Virgin Martyr.*

*Spurr.* Faster : I am out of breath I am sure : if I were to beate a bucke, I can strike no harder.

*Hir.* O mine armes, I cannot lift 'em to my head.

*Der.* Ioy above joyes, are my tormentors weary,  
In torturing me, and in my sufferings  
I fainting in no limbe : tyrants strike home  
And feast your fury full.

*Theoph.* These dogs are curs. *Come from his seate.*  
Which snarle, yet bite not : see my Lord, her face  
Has more bewitching beauty than before,  
Proud whore : it smiles, cannot an eye start out  
With these.

*Hir.* No fir, nor the bridge of her nose fall, 'tis full of iron worke.

*Sapr.* Let's view the cudgels, are they not counterfeit.

*Ang.* There fixe thine eye still, thy glorious crown must  
Not from soft pleasure, but by Martyrdome, *( come*  
There fixe thine eye still, when we next doe meet,  
Not thornes, but roses shall beare up thy feet :  
There fixe thine eye still. *Exit.*

*Enter Harpax sneaking.*

*Doro.* Ever, ever, ever.

*Theo.* We are mock'd, these bats have powred downe  
to fell gyants, yet her skin is not scar'd.

*Sapr.* What rogues are these.

*Theoph.* Cannot these force a shriek. *beats them.*

*Spurr.* Oh ! a woman has one of my ribs, and now five more are broken.

*Theo.* Cannot this make her roare. *beates tother he*

*Sap.* Who hir'd these slaves ? What are they ? *roares.*

*Spurr.* We serv'd that noble Gentleman there, he entis'd  
us to this dry-beating, oh for one halfe pot.

*Har.* My servants ! two base rogues, & sometimes servants  
To her, and for that cause forbear to hurt her.

*Sap.* Vnbinde her, hang vp these.

*Theo.* Hang the two hounds on the next tree.

*Hir.* Hang vs ! Master *Harpax*, what a divell shall we  
be thus us'd.

*Har.* What bandogs but you two wud worry a woman !  
Your

*The Virgin Martyr.*

Your Mistresse ! I but clapt you, you flew on :  
Say I should get your lives, each rascall Begger  
Would when he met you, cry, out hel-hounds, traytors  
Spit at you, sling durt at you, and no woman  
Ever endure your sight : 'tis your best course  
( Now had you secret knives ) to stab your selves,  
But since you have not, goe and be hang'd.

*Hir.* I thanke you.

*Harp.* 'Tis your best course.

*Theoph.* Why stay they trifling here ?  
To gallowes drag 'em by the heeles : away.

*Spun.* By the heeles ! No sir, we have legges to doe us  
that service.

*Hir.* I, I, if no woman can endure my sight, away with  
me. *Exeunt.*

*Harp.* Dispatch 'em.

*Spun.* The divell dispatch thee.

*Sapr.* Death this day ride in tryumph, *Theophilus*  
See this Witch made away too.

*Theoph.* My soule thirsts for it,  
Come I my selfe, thy hangmans part could play.

*Dor.* Oh hasten me to my Coronation day. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Antoninus, Macrinus, servants.*

*Anton.* Is this the place where vertue is to suffer,  
And heauenly beauty leaving this base earth,  
To make a glad returne from whence it came,  
To make a glad returne from whence it came,  
Is it *Macrinus* ? *a scaffold thrust forth.*

*Macr.* By this preparation  
You well may rest assur'd that *Derebea*  
This houre is to die here.

*Anton.* Then with her dies  
The abstract of all sweetnesse that's in woman,  
Set me downe friend, that ere the iron hand  
Of death close up mine eyes, they may at once  
Take my last leave both of this light, and her :  
For she being gone, the glorious Sun himselfe  
To me's *Cymerian* darkenesse.



*The Virgin Martyr.*

*Mac.* Strange affection!

*Cupid* once more hath chang'd his shafts with death,  
And kils in stead of giving life.

*Anon.* Nay weepe not,  
Though teares of friendship be a soveraigne balme,  
On me they are cast away: it is decreed  
That I must dye with her, our clue of life,  
Was spun together.

*Macrin.* Yet sir 'tis my wonder  
That you who hearing onely what she suffers,  
Pertake of all her tortures, yet will be  
To adde to calamity, an eye witnesse,  
Of her last tragicke scene, which must pierce deeper  
And make the wound more desperate.

*Anon.* O *Macrinus*,  
'Twould linger out my torments else, not kill me,  
Which is the end I aime at, being to die too.  
What instrument more glorious can I wish for,  
Than what is made sharpe by my constant love,  
And true affection, it may be the duty  
And loyall service with which I pursu'd her,  
And seal'd it with my death, will be remembred  
Among her blessed actions, and what honor  
Can I desire beyond it?

*Enter a guard bringing in Dorothea, a headsmen before her,  
followed by Theophilus, Sapritius, Harpax.*

See she comes,  
How sweet her innocence appeares, more like  
To Heaven it selfe, than any sacrifice  
That can be offer'd to it. By my hopes  
Of joyes hereafter, the sight makes me doubtfull  
In my beleefe, nor can I thinke our gods  
Are good, or to be serv'd, that take delight  
In offerings of this kinde, that to maintaine  
Their power, deface the master-peece of nature,  
Which they theselves come short of: she ascends,  
And every step raises her nigher heaven,

What

*The Virgin Martyr.*

What god so ere thou art that must enjoy her,  
Receive in her a boundlesse happinesse.

*Sapr.* You are too blame  
To let him come abroad.

*Mac.* It was his will,  
And we were left to serve him, not command him.

*Anton.* Good sir be not offended, nor deny  
My last of pleasures in this happy object  
That I shall ere be blest with.

*Theoph.* Now proud contemner  
Of us and of our gods, tremble to thinke  
It is not in the power thou seru'st to save thee.  
Not all the riches of the Sea increas'd  
By violent shipwrackes, nor the unsearched Mines,  
Mammons unknowne Exchequer shall redeeme thee.  
And therefore having first with horror weigh'd  
What 'tis to die, and to die yong, to part with  
All pleasures and delights : lastly, to goe  
Where all *Antipathies* to comfort dwell,  
Furies be hind, about thee, and before thee,  
And to adde to affliction the remembrance  
Of the *Elizian* joyes thou might'st have tasted,  
Hadst thou not turn'd Apostata to those gods  
That so reward their servants, let despaire  
Prevent the hanginans sword, and on this scaffold  
Make thy first entrance into Hell.

*Anton.* She smiles,  
Vnmov'd by *Mars*, as if she were assur'd  
Death looking on her constancy would forget  
The use of his inevitable hand.

*Theoph.* Derided too? Dispat ch I say.

*Dor.* Thou foole  
That gloriest in having power to ravish  
A trifle from me I am weary of:  
What is this life to me? Not worth a thought  
Or if to be esteem'd, 'tis that I loose it  
To win a better, ev'n thy malice serves  
To me but as a ladder to mount vp  
To such a height of happinesse, where I shall

Looke downe with scorne on thee, and on the world,  
Where circl'd with true pleasures, plac'd above  
The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory  
To thinke at what an easie price I bought it.  
There's a perpetuall spring, perpetuall youth,  
No joynt benumbing cold, nor scorching heate,  
Famine nor age have any being there:  
Forget for shame your Tempe, bury in  
Oblivion, your fain'd your *Hesperian* Orchards  
The golden fruit kept by the watchfull Dragon  
Which did require *Hercules* to get it.  
Compar'd with what growes in all plenty there,  
Deserves not to be nam'd. The power I serve  
Laughs at your happy *Arabie*, or the  
*Elysian* shades, for he hath made his bowers  
Better indeed than you can fancie yours.

*Anton.* O take me thither with you.

*Doro.* Trace my steps  
And be assur'd you shall.

*Sap.* With mine owne hands  
Ilerather stop that little breath is left thee,  
And rob thy killing feaver.

*Theoph.* By no meanes  
Let him goe with her, doe seduc'd young man,  
And wait upon thy Saint in death, doe, doe,  
And when you come to that imagin'd place,  
And meet those cursed things I once call'd daughters,  
Whom I have sent as harbingers before you,  
If there be any truth in your religion,  
In thankfulnessse to me that with care hasten  
Your journey thither, pray send me some  
Small pittance of that curious fruit you boast of.

*Anton.* Grant that I may goe with her, and I will.

*Sap.* Wilt thou in thy last minute dam thy selfe?

*Theoph.* The Gates to hell are open.

*Dor.* Know thou tyrant  
Thou agent for the divell thy great master  
Though thou art most unworthy to taste of it,  
I can and will.



*The Virgin Martyr.*

*Enter Angelo in the Angels habit.*

*Har.* Oh! Mountaines fall upon me,  
Or hide me in the bottome of the deepe,  
Where light may never find me.

*Theoph.* What's the matter?

*Sap.* This is prodigious, and confirms her witchcraft.

*Theoph.* *Harpax*, my *Harpax* speake.

*Har.* I dare not stay,  
Should I but heare her once more I were lost,  
Some whirlwind snatch me from this cursed place,  
To which compar'd (and with what now I suffer)  
Hels torments are sweet slumbers.

*Exit Harpax.*

*Sap.* Follow him.

*Theoph.* He is distracted, and I must not loose him,  
Thy charmes upon my servant curs'd witch,  
Gives thee a short reprieve, let her not die  
Till my returne.

*exeunt Sap. and Theophilus.*

*Anon.* She minds him not, what object  
Is her eye fix'd on?

*Macr.* I see nothing.

*Ant.* Marke her.

*Dor.* Thou glorious minister of the power I serve,  
For thou art more than mortall, is't for me  
Poore sinner thou art pleas'd a while to leave  
Thy heavenly habitation? And vouchsafest  
Though glorified, to take my servants habit,  
For put off thy divinity, so look'd  
My lovely *Angelo*.

*Ang.* Know I am the same,  
And still the servant to your piety,  
Your zealous prayers and pious deeds first wonne me  
(But 'twas by his command to whom you sent 'em)  
To guide your steps. I try'd your charity,  
When in a beggers shape you tooke me up  
And cloth'd my naked limbes, and after fed  
(As you belev'd) my famisht mouth. Learne all  
By your example to looke on the poore  
With gentle eyes, for in such habits often  
Angels desire an Almes. I never left you,

*The Virgin Martyr.*

Nor will I now, for I am sent to carry  
Your pure and innocent soule to joyes eternall,  
Your Martyrdome once suffer'd, and before it  
Aske any thing from me, and rest assur'd  
You shall obtaine it.

*Doro.* I am largely payd  
For all my torments, since I find such grace  
Grant that the love of this young man to me,  
In which he languisheth to death, may be  
Chang'd to the love of Heaven.

*Ans.* I will performe it.  
And in that instant when the sword sets free  
Your happy soule, his shall have liberty.  
Is there ought else?

*Dor.* For prooffe, that I forgive  
My Persecutor, who in scorne desir'd  
To taste of that most sacred fruit I goe to  
After my death as sent from me, be pleas'd  
To give him of it.

*Ang.* Willingly deare Mistresse.

*Mas.* I am amaz'd. *Anton.* I feele a holy fire.

That yeelds a comfortable heate within me,  
I am quite alter'd from the thing I was.  
See I can stand, and goe alone, thus kneele  
To heavenly *Dorothea*, touch her hand.  
With a religious kisse.

*Enter Sapritius and Theophilus.*

*Sap.* He is well now,  
But will not be drawne backe.

*Theoph.* It matters not,  
We can discharge this worke without his helpe:  
But see your sonne. *Sap.* Villaine.

*Anton.* Sir I beseech you,  
Being so neere our ends divorce us not.

*Theoph.* Ile quickly make a separation of 'em.  
Hast thou ought else to say?

*Dorothea.* Nothing but blame  
Thy tardinesse in sending me to rest,  
My peace is made with heaven, to which my soule



Begins to take her flight, strike, O strike quickly,  
And though you are unmov'd to see my death  
Hereafter when my story shall be read,  
As they were present now, the hearers shall  
Say this of *Dorothea* with wet eyes,  
She liv'd a Virgin, and a Virgin dyes. *her head struck off.*

*Anton.* O take my soule along to waite on thine.

*Mac.* Your sonne sinkes too. *Antoninus sinkes.*

*Sap.* Already dead. *Theoph.* Die all.

That are or favour this accursed Sect,  
I tryumph in their ends, and will raise up  
A hill of their dead Carkasses to orelooke  
The *Pyrenan Hills*, but Ile roote out  
These superstitious fooles, and leave the World  
No name of Christian. *Loud Musicke, exit Angelo*

*Sap.* Ha, Heavenly Musicke, *having first layd his hand*

*Mac.* 'Tis in the ayre. *upon their mouthes.*

*Theoph.* Illusions of the Divell

Wrought by some one of her Religion,  
That faine would make her death a Miracle,  
It frights not me: because he is your sonne  
Let him have buriall, but let her body  
Be cast forth with contempt in some high way,  
And be to Vultures and to Dogs a prey. *Exeunt*

*The end of the fourth Act.*

Actus. 5. Scena I.

*Enter Theophilus in his study, Bookes about him.*

*Theoph.* 'Tis Holyday ( Oh *Cesar* ) that thy servant  
( Thy Provost to see execution done  
On these base Christians in *Cæsarea* )  
Should now want worke: sleepe these Idolaters  
That none are stirring. As a curious Painter *Rises*  
When he has made some honourable peecc,  
Stands off, and with a searching eye examines  
Each colours how 'tis sweetned, and then hugs



Himselfe for his rare workmanship. — So heere *Sir*  
 Will I my Drolleries and bloudy Lantskips  
 Long past wrap'd up unfold to inake me merry  
 With shadowes, now I want the substances. *Booke*  
 My Muster-booke of Hel-hounds, were the Christians  
 Whose names stand here (alive) and arm'd; not Rome  
 Could move upon her hindges. What I have done  
 Or shall hereafter, is not out of hate  
 To poore tormented wretches, no I am carryed  
 With violence of zeale, and streames of service  
 I owe our Roman gods. *Great Britaine*, what.  
 A thousand wives with brats sucking their breasts,  
 Had hot Irons pinch'd 'em off, and throwne to swine;  
 And then their fleshy backparts hewed with hatchets,  
 Were minc'd and bak'd in Pies to feed starv'd Christians.  
 Ha, ha.

Agen, agen, -- *East-Anglas*, -- oh, East-Angles.  
 Bandogs (kept three dayes hungry ) worried  
 1000. British Rascals; stye'd up, fat  
 Of purpose, stript naked, and disarm'd.  
 I could outfare a yeere of Sunnes and Moones,  
 To sit at these sweet Bul-baitings, so I could  
 Thereby but one Christian win to fall  
 In adoration to my *Jupiter*. Twelve hundred  
 Eyes boar'd with Augurs out : oh ! Eleven thousand  
 Torne by wild beasts : two hundred ran'd i'th earth  
 To th' armpits, and full platters round about 'em,  
 But farre enough for reaching, eat dogs, ha, ha, ha. *Rise*  
 Tush, all these tortures are but phillipings, *Consort,*  
 Flea-bitings; I before the destinies, *enter Angelo with a*  
 My bottome did wind up, would flesh my selfe *Basket*  
 Once more upon some one remarkeable *fld with fruit*  
 About all these, this Christian Slut was well, *and flowers*  
 A pretty one, but let such horror follow  
 The next I feed with torments, that when Rome  
 Shall heere it, her foundation at the sound  
 May feele an Earth-quake. How now ? *Musicke.*

*Ang.* Are you amaz'd Sir -- so great a Roman spirit and  
 does it tremble.

*The Virgin Martyr.*

*Theo.* How cam'st thou in? To whom thy businaesse?

*Ang.* To you :-

I had a Mistresse late sent hence by you  
Upon a bloody errand, you intreated  
That when she came into that blessed Garden  
Whither she knew she went, and where (now happy)  
She feeds upon all joy, she would send to you  
Some of that Garden fruit and flowers, which here  
To have her promise sav'd, are brought by me.

*Theoph.* Cannot I see this Garden?

*Ang.* Yes, if the Master  
Will give you entrance.

*Angelo vanisbeth.*

*The.* 'Tis a tempting fruit, and the most bright cheek'd  
child I ever view'd,

Sweet smelling goodly fruit, what flowers are these?  
In *Dioclesians* Gardens, the most beautious  
Compar'd with these are weeds: is it not February?  
The second day she dyed: Frost, Ice and snow  
Hang on the beard of Winter, where's the Sunne  
That guilds this Summer, pretty sweet boy, say in what  
Country

Shall a man finde this Garden —, my delicate boy, gone!  
Vanished!

Within there, *Julianus* and *Geto.* —

*Enter two servants.*

*Both.* My Lord.

*Theoph.* Are my gates shut?

1. And guarded.

*Theoph.* Saw you not — a boy.

2. Where?

*Theoph.* Heere he entred, a young Lad; 1000. blessings  
danc'd upon his eyes, a smooth fac'd glorious Thing, that  
brought this Basket.

1. No sir?

*Exeunt.*

*Theoph.* Away, but be in reach if my voyce calls you,  
No! Vanish'd! And not seene, be thou a spirit  
Sent from that Witch to mocke me, I am sure  
This is essentiall, and how ere it growes,  
Will taste it,

*Eates.*



Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Harpax miking

The. So good, ile haue some now sure.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha great lickorish foole.

The. What art thou ?

Har. A Fisherman.

The. What doest thou catch.

Har. Soules, soules, a fish call'd foules.

Enter a servant.

The. Get a

r. My Lord.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Within

The. What insolent slaue is this dares laugh at me?

Or what is't the dog grines at so ?

r. I neither know my Lord at what, nor whom, for there is none without but my fellow *Julians*, and hee's making a Garland for *Jupiter*.

The. *Jupiter* ! all within me is not well, And yet not sicke.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

lowder

The. What's thy name slaue ?

Har. Goe looke.

At one end.

r. Tis *Harpax* voyce.

The. *Harpax*, goe drag the Caitiffe to my foote, That I may stampe vpon him.

Har. Foole, thouliest.

At t' other end.

r. Hee's yonder now my Lord.

The. Watch thou that end

Whilst I make good this.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

At the middle.

The. Hee's at Barli-breake, and the last couple are now in hell,

Exit servants.

Search for him, all this ground me thinke is bloody, And pau'd with thousands of those Christians eyes Whom I haue tortur'd, and they stare vpon me ; What was this apparition? sure it had A shape Angelicall; mine eyes (though dazled And danted at first sight) tell me, it wore A paire of glorious wings, yes they were wings, And hence he flew ; 'tis vanished, *Jupiter*



*The Virgin Martyr.*

For all my sacrifices done to him  
Never once gaue me smile: how can stone smile, *Musicke*  
Or wooden Image laugh? ha! I remember  
Such Musicke gaue a welcome to my eare,  
When the faire youth came to me: 'tis in the Ayre,  
Or from some better place, a power diuine,  
Through my darke Ignorance on my soule does shine,  
And makes me see a conscience all stain'd ore,  
Nay drown'd and 'damn'd for euer in Christian gore.

*Harp.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Within.*

*Theoph.* Agen, what dainty relish on my tongue  
This fruit hath left, some Angell hath me fed,  
If so toothfull, I will be banqueted. *eates another.*

*Har.* Hold.

*Enter Harpax in a feare-*

*Theoph.* Not for *Cesar.*

*full shape, fire flashing one*

*Harp.* But for me thou shalt. *of the study.*

*Theoph.* Thou art no Twin to him that

Last was heere.

You powers whom my soule bids me reverence  
Guard me: What art thou?

*Harp.* I'm thy Master.

*Theoph.* Mine.

*Harp.* And thou my everlasting slave; that *Harpax,*  
Who hand in hand hath led thee to thy Hell  
Am I.

*Theoph.* Avant.

*Harp.* I will not, cast thou downe  
That Basket with the things in't, and fetch up  
What thou hast swallowed, and then take a drinke  
Which I shall give thee, and I'm gone.

*Theoph.* My Fruit!

Does this offend thee? see.

*Harp.* Spet it to th' earth,

And tread upon it, or ile pece-meale teare thee.

*Th.* Art thou with this affrighted? See, here's more. *flow*

*Har.* Fling them away, ile take thee else & hang thee *ers*  
In a contorted chaine of Isicles  
Ith frigid Zone: downe with them.

*Theoph.* At the bottome.

*The Virgin Martyr.*

One thing I found not yet, see. *A crosse of Flowers.*

*Har.* Oh, I'm tortur'd.

*The.* Can this doe't? Hence thou Fiend infernall hence.

*Har.* Claspe *Jupiters* Image, and away with that.

*Theop.* At thee Ile sling that *Jupiter*, for me thinkes  
I serve a better Master, he now checkes me  
For murthering my two daughters, put on by thee;  
By thy damn'd Rhetoricke did I hunt the life  
Of *Dorothea*, the holy Virgin Martyr,  
She is not angry with the *Axe* nor me,  
But sends these presents to me, and ile travell  
Ore worlds to find her, and from her white hand  
To beg a forgivenesse.

*Har.* No, ile binde thee here.

*Theoph.* I serve a strength above thine: this small wea-  
pon me thinkes is armour hard enough.

*Har.* Keepe from me. *Sinkes a little.*

*The.* Art boasting to thy center? Down hel-hound, down,  
Me hast thou lost; that arme which hurles thee hence  
Save me, and set me up the strong defence  
In the faire Christians quarrell. *Enter Angels.*

*Ang.* Fixe thy foote there,  
Nor be thou shaken with a *Casars* voyce,  
Though thousand deaths were in it: and I then  
Will bring thee to a River that shall wash  
Thy bloody hands cleane, and more white than snow,  
And to that Garden where these blest things grow,  
And to that Martyr'd Virgin, who hath sent  
That heavenly token to thee; Spred this brave wing  
And serve than *Cesar* a farrè greater King. *Exit.*

*Theoph.* It is, it is some Angell, vanish'd againe!  
Oh come back ravishing Boy, bright Messenger,  
Thou hast (by these mine eyes fixt on thy beauty)  
Illumined all my soule, now looke I backe  
On my blacke Tyrannies, which as they did  
Oure-dare the bloodiest, thou blest spirit that leades me,  
Teach me what I must doe, and to doe well,  
That my last act, the best may Paralell. *Exit.*

*Enter*

Enter Dioclesian, Maximinus, Epire, Pontus, Macedon,  
meeting Artemia, attendants.

*Artem.* Glory and Conquest still attend upon  
Tryumphant *Cesar*.

*Diocl.* Let thy wish faire Daughter  
Be equally divided, and hereafter  
Learne thou to know and reverence *Maximinus*,  
Whose power with mine united makes one *Cesar*.

*Maxim.* But that I feare 'twould be held flattery,  
The bonds consider'd in which we stand ty'd  
As love, and Empire, I should say till now  
I nere had seene a Lady I thought worthy  
To be my Mistresse.

*Artem.* Sir, you shew your selfe  
Both Courtier and Souldier, but take heed,  
Take heed my Lord, though my dull pointed beauty  
Stain'd by a harsh refusall in my servant  
Cannot dart forth such beames as may inflame you,  
You may encounter such a powerfull one,  
That with a pleasing heat will thaw your heart  
Though bound in ribs of Ice, love still is love,  
His Bow and Arrowes are the same, great *Julius*  
That to his successors left the name of *Cesar*  
Whom warre could never tame, that with dry eyes  
Beheld the large Plaines of *Pharsalia*, cover'd  
With the dead Carkasses of Senators  
And Citizens of Rome, when the world knew  
No other Lord but him, strucke deepe in yeares too,  
And men gray hair'd forget the lusts of youth:  
After all this, meeting faire *Cleopatra*,  
A suppliant to the Magicke of her eye,  
Ev'n in his pride of conquest tooke him captive,  
Nor are you more secure.

*Maxim.* Were you deform'd  
(But by the Gods you are most excellent)  
Your gravity and discretion would overcome me,  
And I should be more proud in being a Prisoner



*The Virgin Martyr.*

To your faire vertues, then of all the Honours,  
Wealth, Title, Empire, that my sword hath purchac'd  
*Dioc.* This meets my wishes, welcome it *Artemia*

With out-stretch'd armes, and study to forget  
That *Antonius* ever was thy fate

Referu'd thee for this better choise, embrace it

*Ep.* This happy match brings new nerves to giue strength  
To our continued league. *March.* *Hymen* himselſe  
Will blesse this marriage which we will solemnize  
In the presence of these Kings.

*Pen.* Who rest most happy  
To be eye-witnesses of a Match that brings  
Peace to the Empire.

*Disc.* We much thanke your loues,  
But wher's *Sapritius* our Governour,  
And our most zealous Prouost good *Theophilus*?  
If ever Prince were blest in a true seruant,  
Or could the gods be debtors to a man,  
Both they and we stand farre ingag'd to cherish  
His pietie and service.

*Arte.* Sir the Governour:

Brookes sadly his sonnes losse although he turn'd  
Apostata in death, but bold *Theophilus*  
Who for the same cause in my presence seald  
His holy anger on his daughters hearts,  
Hauing with tortures first tride to convert her,  
Drag'd the bewitching Christian to the scaffold  
And saw her loose her head. *Dio.* He is all worthy,  
And from his owne mouth I would gladly heare  
The manner how she suffered.

*Arte.* 'Twil lbe deliuer'd  
With such contempt and scorne, I know his nature  
That rather 'twill beget your highnesse laughter  
Then the least pittie.

*Enter Theophilus, Sapritius, Macrinus.*

*Dioc.* To that end I would heare it.

*Arte.* He comes, with him the Governour.

*Dio.* O *Sapritius*,

I am to chide you for your tendernesse,

*The Virgin Martyr.*

But yet remembering that you are a father,  
I will forget it, good *Theophilus*  
He speake with you anone: neerer your care. *Saprius*

*The.* By *Antoninus* soule I do coniure you,  
And though not for religion, for his friendship,  
Without demanding whats the cause that moues me,  
Receiue my signet, by the power of this  
Go to my prisons, and release all Christians  
That are in fetters there by my command.

*Mac.* But what shall follow?

*Theo.* Haste then to the port,  
You shall there finde two tall ships ready rigg'd,  
In which embarke the poore distressed soules  
And beare them from the reach of tyranny,  
Enquire not whether you are bound, the dietie  
That they adore, will giue you prosperous winds,  
And make your voyage such, and largely pay for  
Your hazard, and your travell: leaue me here  
There is a scene that I must act alone  
Hast good *Macrenus*, and the great God guide you.

*Mac.* He vndertake there's something prompts me to it  
Tis to saue innocent blood, a Saintlike act,  
And to be mercifull has neuer benee  
By mortall men themselues esteemed a sin. *Exit Mac.*

*Dioc.* You know your charge.

*Sap.* And will with care obserue it.

*Dioc.* For I professe he is not *Casars* friend  
That sheds a teare for any torture that  
A Christian suffers, welcome my best seruant  
My carefull, zealous Provoost, thou hast toyld  
To satisfie my will though in extreames,  
I love thee for't, thou art firme rocke, no changeling:  
Prethee deliuer, and for my sake do it  
Without excesse of bitterness or scoffes  
Before my brother and these Kings, how tooke  
The Christian her death.

*Theo.* And such a presence  
Though e very private head in his large roome  
Were circl'd round with an imperiall crowne,



*The Virgin Martyr.*

Her story will deserue, it is so full  
Of excellency and wonder.

*Diocle.* Ha! how's this?

*Theo.* O marke it therefore, and with that attention,  
As you would heare an Embassie from heauen  
By a wing'd Legat, for the truth deliuered,  
Both how and what this blessed virgin suffered:  
And *Dorothea* but hereafter nam'd,  
You will rise vp with reverence, and no more  
As things vnworthy of your thoughts, remember  
What the canoniz'd *Spartan* Ladyes were  
Which lying *Greece* so boasts of, your owne matrons  
Your *Romane* Dames whose figures, you yet keepe  
As holy relickes in her historie  
Will find a second vrne. *Gracchus Cornelia*,  
*Paulina* that in death desir'd to follow  
Her husband *Seneca*, nor *Brutus Portia*  
That swallow'd burning coles to ouer take him,  
Though all their feuerall worths were giuen to one  
With this is to be mention'd.

*Maximinus.* Is he mad?

*Diocle.* Why they did die *Theophilus*, and boldly  
This did no more.

*Theo.* They out of desperation  
Or for vaine glory of an after name  
Parted with life. This had not mutinous sonnes  
As the rash *Gracchi* were, nor was this Saint  
A doting mother as *Cornelia* was:  
This lost no husband in whose overthrow  
Her wealth and honor suncke, no feare of want  
Did make her being tedious, but aiming  
At an immortall crowne, and in his cause  
Who onely can bestow it, who sent downe  
Legions of ministring Angels to beare vp  
Her spotlesse soule to heauen; who entertain'd it  
With choyce celestiall musicke, equall to  
The motion of the spheres, she vncompeld  
Chang'd this life for a better. My Lord *Sapritius*  
You were present at her death, did you ere here



*The Virgin Martyr.*

Such ravishing sounds ?

*Sapr.* Yet you sayd then it was witchcraft,  
And divellish illusions.

*Theoph.* I then heard it  
With sinfull eares, and belch'd out blasphemous words  
Against his dietie, which then I knew not,  
Nor did beleeve in him.

*Dio.* Why dost thou now? Or dar'st thou in our hearing?

*Theoph.* Were my voyce  
As lowd as is his thunder to be heard  
Through all the world, all Potentates on earth  
Ready to burst with rage, should they but heare it,  
Though hell to ayde their malice lent her furies,  
Yet I would speake, and speake againe, and boldly  
I am a Christian, and the powers you worship  
But dreames of fooles and Madmen.

*Maximianus.* Lay hands on him.

*Dio.* Thou twice a child (for doting age so makes thee)  
Thou couldst not else thy pilgrimage of life,  
Being almost past through in this last moment.  
Destroy what ere thou hast done good or great,  
Thy youth did promise much, and growne a man,  
Thou madest it good, and with encrease of yeares  
Thy actions still better'd : as the Sunne  
Thou didst rise gloriously, keptst a constant course  
In all thy journey, and now in the Evening  
When thou shouldst passe with honour to thy rest,  
Wilt thou fall like a Meteor.

*Sapr.* Yet confesse  
That thou art snad, and that thy tongue and heart  
Had no agreement.

*Max.* Doe, no way is left else,  
To save thy life *Theophins.*

*Diocles.* But refuse it  
Destruction as horrid and as sodaine  
Shall fall upon thee, as if hell stood open.  
And thou wer't sinking thither.

*Theoph.* Heare me yet  
Heare me for my service past.

*The Virgin Martyr.*

*Artem.* What will he say?

*Theoph.* As ever I deserv'd your favour heare me,  
And grant one boone, 'tis not for life I sue for,  
Nor is it fit that I that nere knew pittie,  
To any Christian, being one my selfe  
Should looke for any: no, I rather beg  
The utmost of your cruelty; I stand  
Accomptable for thousand Christians deaths,  
And were it possible that I could die  
A day for every one, then live againe  
To be againe tormented, 'twere to me  
An easie pennance, and I should passe through  
A gentle cleansing fire, but that deny'd me,  
It being beyond the strength of feeble nature,  
My suite is you would have no pittie on me.  
In mine owne house there are a thousand engines  
Of studied cruelty, which I did prepare  
For miserable Christians, let me feele  
As the Sicilian did his brazen Bull,  
The horridst you can finde, and I will say  
In death that you are mercifull.

*Diocles.* Despaire not  
In this thou shalt prevaile, go fetch 'em hither, *some go for*  
Death shall put on a thousand shapes at once *the racks.*  
And so appeare before thee, racks, and whips,  
'Thy flesh with burning Pincors torne, shall feed  
The fire that heates them, and what's wanting to  
The torture of thy body, ile supply  
In punishing thy minde: fetch all the Christians  
That are in hold, and here before his face  
Cut 'em in peeces.

*Theoph.* 'Tis not in thy power,  
It was the first good deed I ever did,  
They are remov'd out of thy reach, how ere  
I was determin'd for my sinnes to die,  
I first tooke order for their liberty,  
And still I dare thy worst.

*Diocle.* Bind him I say,  
Make every artery and sinew cracke.

*The Virgin Martyr.*

The slave that makes him give the lowest shrike  
Shall have ten thousand Drachmes, wretch Ile force thee  
To curse the power thou worshipping.

*Theoph.* Never, never,  
No breath of mine shall ever be spent on him, *They tor-*  
But what shall speake his Majesty or Mercy: *ture him.*  
I am honour'd in my sufferings, weake tormentors  
More tortures, more: alas you are unskillfull,  
For Heavens sake more, my breast is yet untorne:  
Here purchase the reward that was propounded,  
The Irons coole, here armes yet and thighs,  
Spare no part of me.

*Max.* He endures beyond  
The sufferance of a man.

*Sapr.* No sigh nor groane  
To witnesse he has feeling.

*Diocl.* Harder Villaines.

*Enter Harpax.*

*Harp.* Vnlesse that he blaspheme he's lost for ever;  
If torments ever could bring forth despaire.  
Let these compell him to it: oh me  
My ancient Enemies againe.

*falls downe.*

*Enter Dorothea in a white Robe, Crownes upon her robe, a  
Crowne upon her head, lead in by the Angell, Antoninus  
Caliste and Christeta following all in white, but lesse glorious,  
the Angell with a Crowne for him.*

*Theoph.* Most glorious Vision.  
Did ere so hard a bed yeeld man a dreame  
So heavenly as this, I am confirm'd,  
Confirm'd you blessed Spirits, and make hast  
To take that Crowne of immortality  
You offer to me; death till this blest minute  
I never thought thee slow pac'd, nor could I  
Hasten thee now for any paine I suffer,  
But that thou keep'st me from a glorious wreath,  
Which through this stormy way I would creepe to,  
And humbly kneeling with humility weare it.  
Oh now I feele thee, blessed spirits I come,

*And*



And witness for me all these wounds and scarres,  
I dye a Souldier in the Christian warres. *ayer.*  
*Sapr.* I have seene thousands tortur'd, but nere yet  
A constancy like this.

*Hapax.* I am twice damn'd.

*Angelo.* Hast to thy place appointed cursed fiend,  
In spite of Hell this prisoner's not thy prey,  
Tis I have won, thou that hast lost the day. *exit Angelo.*

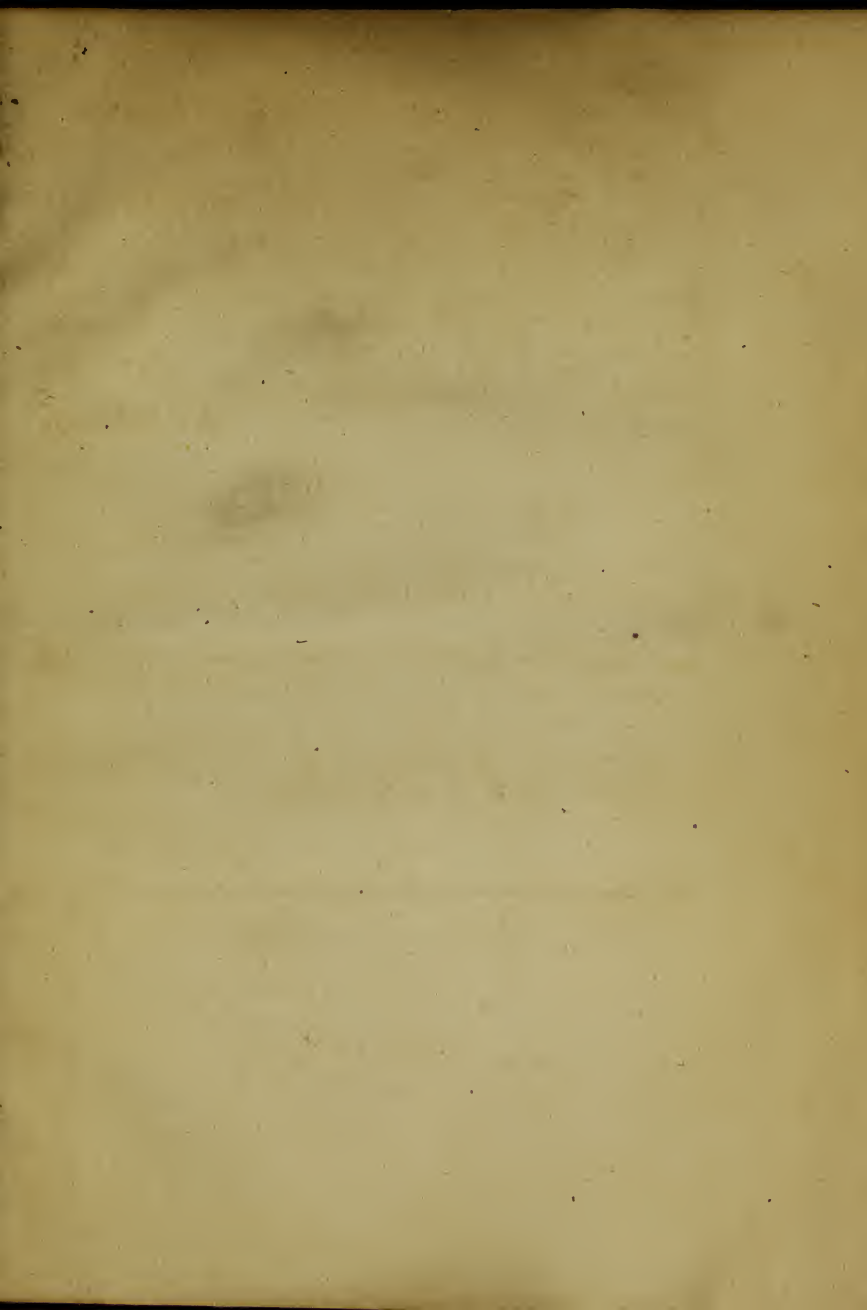
*Dio.* I think the centry of the earth be crackt, *she diuelt*  
Yet I stand still unmov'd, and will goe on *sinkes with*  
The persecution that is here begun, *lightning.*  
Through all the world with violence shall run.

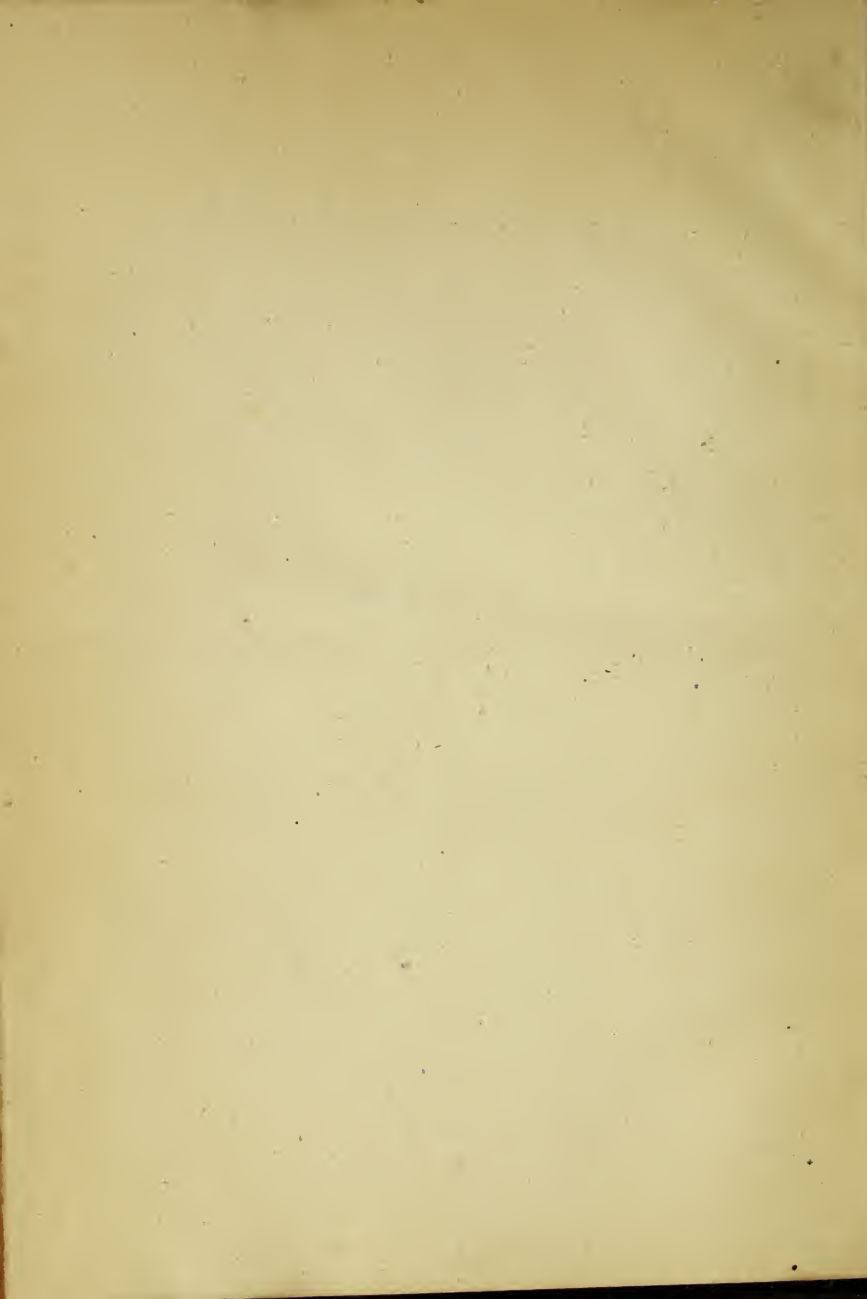
*flourish exeunt*

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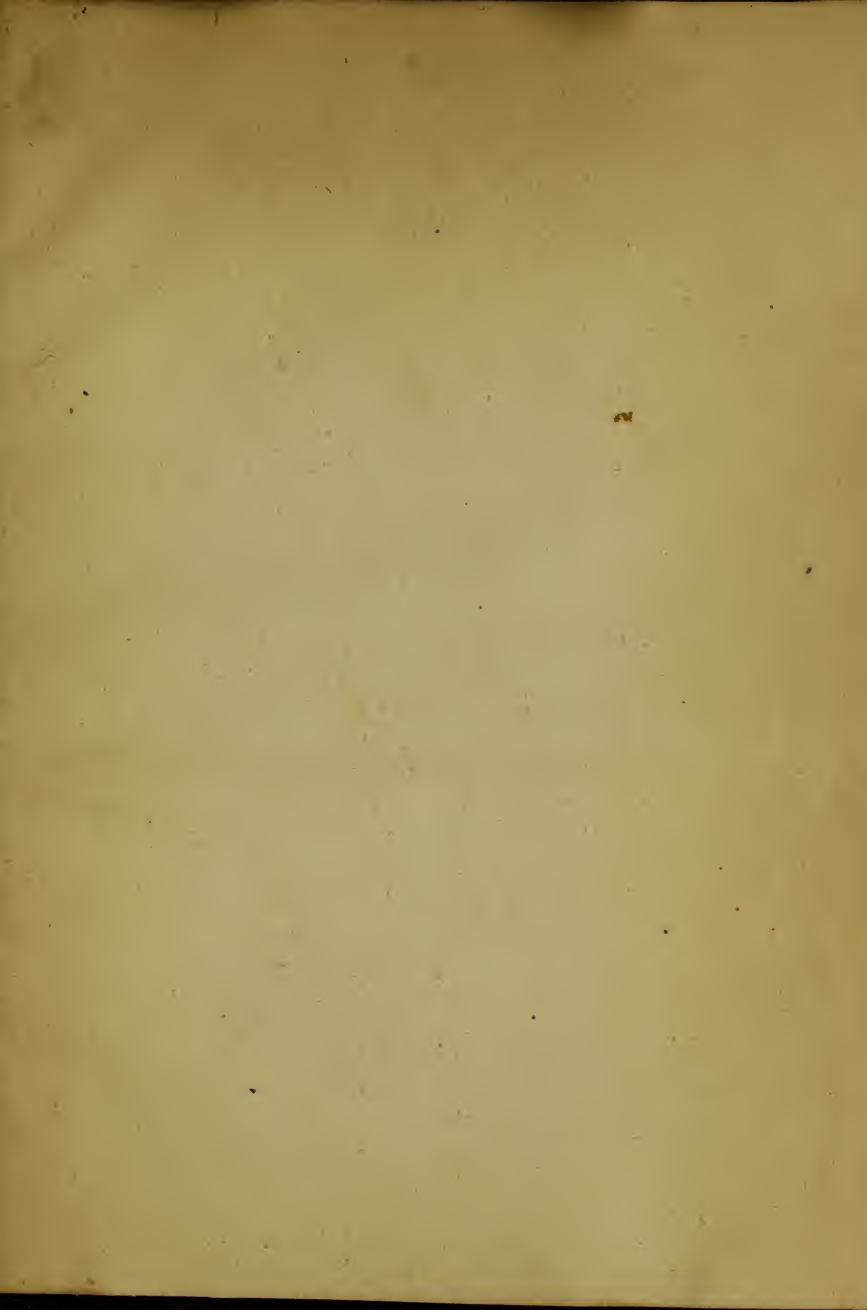
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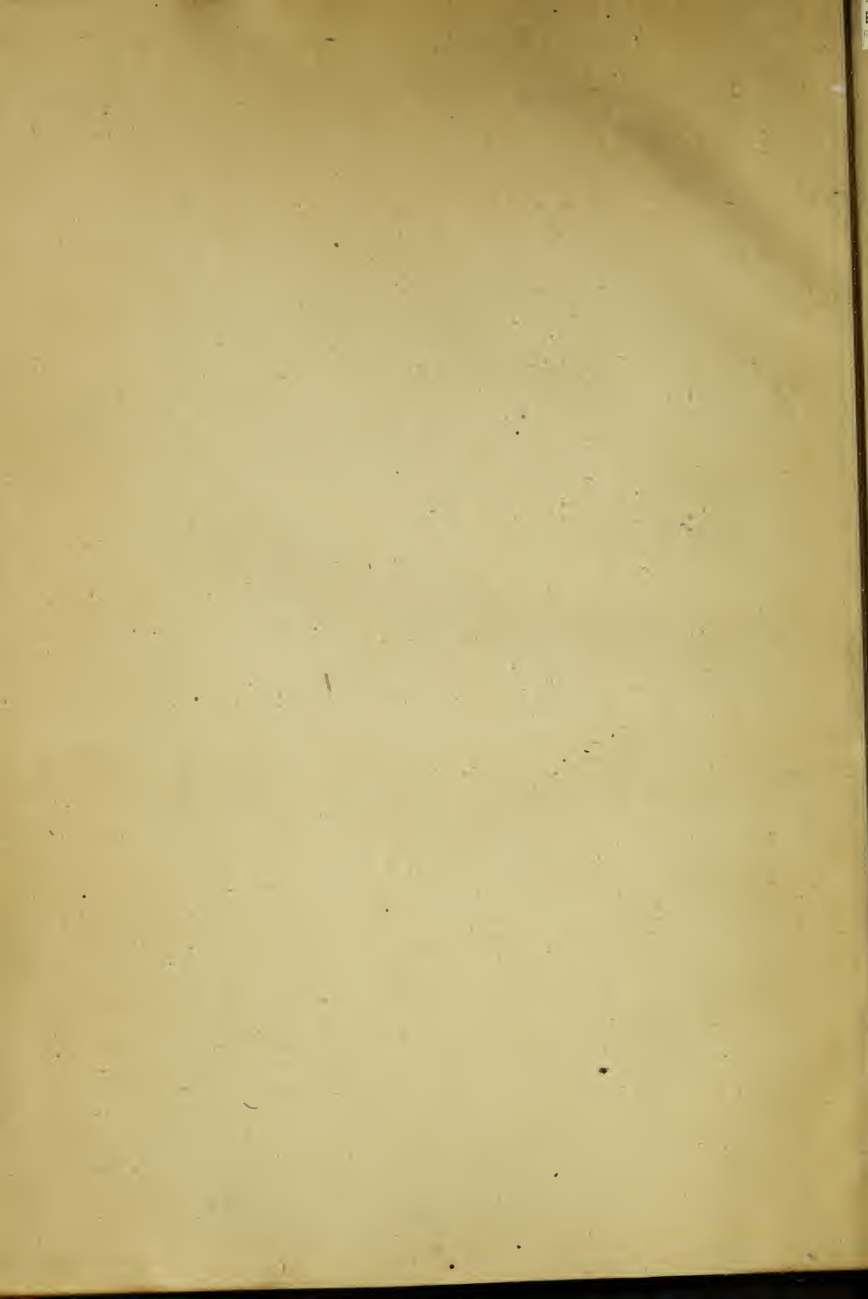
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