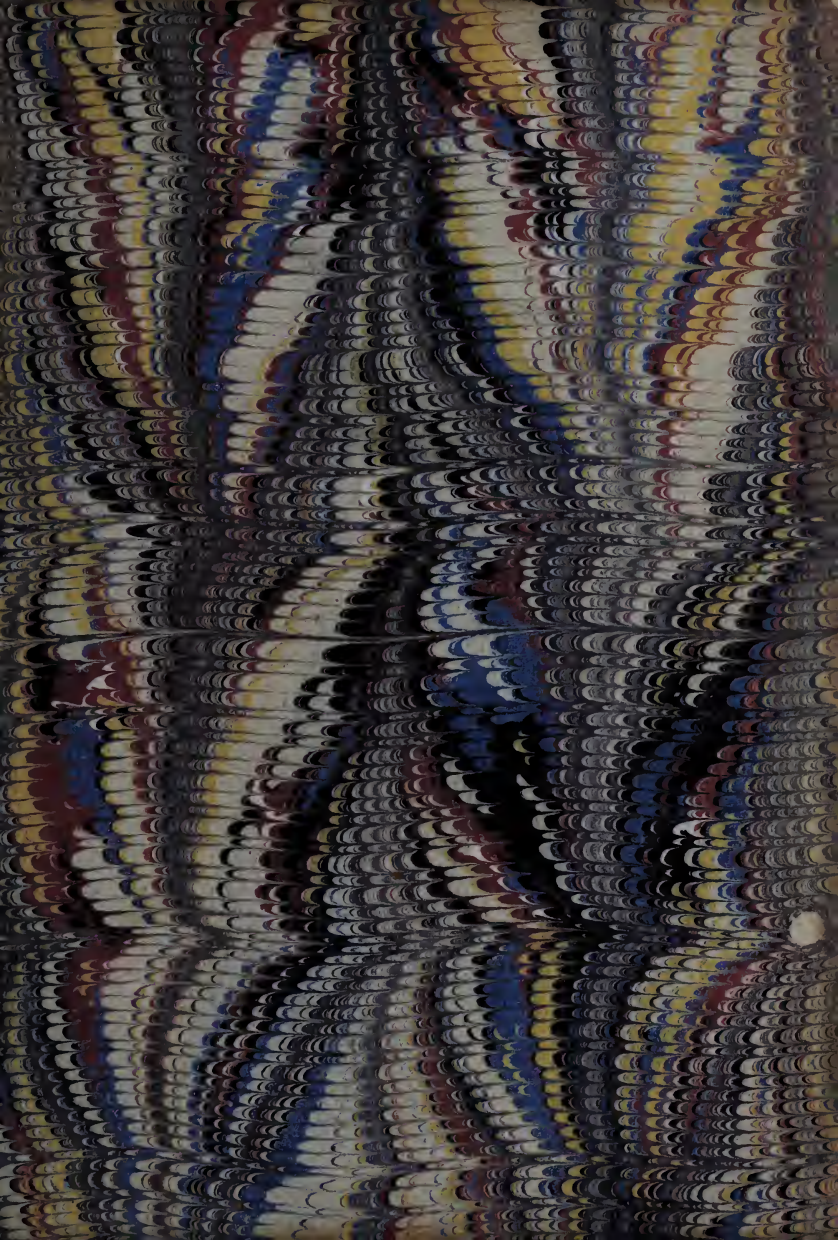


Bought with the  
Charlotte Harris Fund  
Charlestown Branch.





STC 4613

see Perkins copy



**LIFE**  
**TRAGEDIE**  
**OF MARIAM,**  
**THE FAIRE**  
**Queene of Iewry.**

---

**Written by that learned,**  
**vertuous, and truly noble Ladie,**  
**E. C.**

---



**LONDON.**

**Printed by Thomas Creede, for Richard**  
**Hawkins, and are to be solde at his shoppe**  
**in Chancery Lane, nere vnto**  
**Sargeants Inne.**

PK 2499.F577  
7A.1503E.1 1613

TRAGEDIE  
OF MARIAM  
THE FAIRE  
Queene of Iewry.

Written by the Learned  
Walter Ralegh  
Esq.

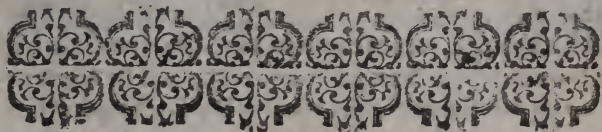
*Charlotte Hall's Hand  
1097*

*Made in  
1097*



LONDON  
Printed by Thomas Orde, for Richard  
Chambers Lane, near  
St. Dunstons Church





## The Argument.

**H**erod the sonne of *Antipater* (an *Iaumeane*,) hauing crept by the fauor of the *Romanes*, into the Iewish Monarchie, married *Mariam* the daughter of *Hircanus*, the rightfull *King and Priest*, and for her ( besides her high blood, being of singular beautie ) hee reputed *Doris*, his former Wife, by whome hee had Children.

This *Mariam* had a Brother called *Aristobolus*, and next him and *Hircanus* his Graund-father, *Herod* in his Wiues right had the best title. Therefore to remooue them, he charged the first with treason : and put him to death ; and drowned the second vnder colour of sport. *Alexandra* Daughter to the one, and Mother to the other, accused him for their deaths before *Anthony*.

So when hee was forc'te to goe answere this Accusation at *Rome*, he left the custodie of his wife to *Iosephus* his Vncle, that had married his Sister *Salome*, and out of a violent affection ( vnwilling any should enioy her after him ) hee gaue strict and priuate commaundement, that if hee were slaine, shee should be put to death. But he returned with much honour, yet found his Wife extremely discontented, to whom *Iosephus* had ( meaning it for the best, to proue *Herod* loued her ) reuealed his charge.

So by *Salomes* accusation hee put *Iosephus* to death, but was reconciled to *Mariam*, who still bare the death of her Friends exceeding hardly.

In this meane time *Herod* was againe necessarily to reuise *Rome*, for *Cesar* hauing ouerthrowne *Anthony* his

great friend, was likely to make an alteration of his Fortune.

In his absence, newes came to *Ierusalem* that *Cesar* had put him to death, their willingnes it should be so, together with the likelyhood, gaue this Rumor so good credit, as *Sobemus*, that had succeeded *Iosephus* charge, succeeded him likewise in reuealing it. So at *Herods* returne which was speedy and vnexpected, he found *Mariam* so farre from ioye, that she shewed apparant signes of sorrow. Hee still desiring to winne her to a better humour, she being very vnable to conceale her passion, fell to vbraiding him with her Brothers death. As they were thus debating, came in a fellow with a Cuppe of Wine, who hired by *Salome*, saide first, it was a Loue potion, which *Mariam* desired to deliuer to the King: but afterwards he affirmed that it was a poyson, and that *Sobemus* had tolde her somewhat, which procured the vehement hate in her.

The King hearing this, more moued with Iealousie of *Sobemus*, then with this intent of poyson, sent her away, and presently after by the instigation of *Salome*, she was beheaded. Which rashnes was afterward punished in him, with an intollerable and almost Frantike passion for her death.



Actus primus. Scœna prima.

*Mariam sola.*

**H**ow oft haue I with publike voyce runne on?  
To censure *Romes* last *Hero* for deceit :

Because he wept when *Pompeus* life was gone,  
Yet when he liu'd, hee thought his Name too great.  
But now I doe recant, and *Roman* Lord.

Excuse too rash a judgement in a woman :

My Sexe pleads pardon, pardon then afford,  
Mistaking is with vs, but too too common.

Now doe I finde by selfe Experience taught,

One Object yeelds both grieffe and ioy :

You wept indeed, when on his worth you thought,  
But ioyd that slaughter did your Foe destroy.

So at his death your Eyes true droppes did raine,  
Whom dead, you did not wish aliue againe.

When *Herod* liu'd, that now is done to death,

Oft haue I wisht that I from him were free :

Oft haue I wisht that he might lose his breath,

Oft haue I wisht his Carcas dead to see.

Then Rage and Scorne had put my loue to flight,

That Loue which once on him was firmly set :

Hate hid his true affection from my sight,

And kept my heart from paying him his debt.

And blame me not, for *Herods* lealouisie

Had power euen constancie it selfe to change :

For hee by barring me from libertie,

To shunne my ranging, taught me first to range.

But yet too chaste a Scholler was my hart,

To learne to loue another then my Lord :

To leaue his Loue, my lessons former part,

## THE TRAGEDIE

I quickly learn'd, the other I abhord.  
 But now his death to memorie doth call,  
 The tender loue, that he to *Mariam* bare:  
 And mine to him, this makes those riuers fall,  
 Which by an other thought vnmoistned are.  
 For *Aristobolus* the lowlyest youth  
 That euer did in Angels shape appeare:  
 The cruell *Herod* was not mou'd to ruth,  
 Then why grieues *Mariam* *Herods* death to heare?  
 Why ioy I not the tongue no more shall speake,  
 That yeilded forth my brothers latest dome:  
 Both youth and beautie might thy furie breake,  
 And both in him did ill besit a Tombe.  
 And worthy Grandfire ill did he requite,  
 His high Assent alone by thee procur'd,  
 Except he murdred thee to free the spright  
 Which still he thought on earth too long immur'd.  
 How happie was it that *Sobemus* maide  
 Was mou'd to pittie my distrest estate?  
 Might *Herods* life a trustie seruant finde,  
 My death to his had bene vnseparate. (beare,  
 These thoughts haue power, his death to make me  
 Nay more, to wish the newes may firmly hold:  
 Yet cannot this repulse some falling teare,  
 That will against my will some grieffe vnfold.  
 And more I owe him for his loue to me,  
 The deepest loue that euer yet was seene:  
 Yet had I rather much a milke-maide bee,  
 Then be the Monarke of *Indeas* Queene.  
 It was for nought but loue, he wisht his end  
 Might to my death, but the vaunt-currer proue:  
 But I had rather still be foe then friend,  
 To him that saues for hate, and kills for loue.  
 Hard-hearted *Mariam*, at thy discontent,  
 What floods of teares haue drencht his manly face?  
 How canst thou then so faintly now lament,  
 Thy truest louers death, a deaths disgrace:  
 I now mine eyes you do begin to right

OF MARIAM.

The wrongs of your admirer. And my Lord,  
 Long since you should haue put your smiles to flight,  
 Ill doth a widowed eye with ioy accord.  
 Why now me thinkes the loue I bare him then,  
 When virgin freedome left me vnrestrain'd :  
 Doth to my heart begin to creepe agen,  
 My passion now is far from being faind.  
 But teares flie backe, and hide you in your bankes,  
 You must not be to *Alexandra* scene:  
 For if my mone be spide, but little thankes  
 shall *Mariam* haue, from that incensed *Queene*.

Actus primus : Scœna Secunda.

*Mariam. Alexandra.*

*Alex :*

(mistake,

**W**Hat meanes these teares ? my *Mariam* doth  
 The newes we heard did tell the *Tyrants* end:  
 What weepst thou for thy brothers murthers sake,  
 Will euer wight a teare for *Herod* spend?  
 My curse pursue his breathles trunk and spirit,  
 Base *Edomite* the damned *Esaus* heire:  
 Must he ere *Iacobs* child the crowne inherit ?  
 Must he vile wretch be set in *Dauids* chaire ?  
 No *Dauids* soule within the bosome plac'te,  
 Of our forefather *Abram* was asham'd :  
 To see his seat with such a toade disgrac'te,  
 That seat that hath by *Indas* race bene fain'd.  
 Thou fatall enemy to royall blood,  
 Did not the murder of my boy suffice,  
 To stop thy cruell mouth that gaping stood ?  
 But must thou dim the milde *Herceanus* eyes ?  
 My gracious father, whose too readie hand  
 Did lift this *Idumean* from the dust :  
 And he vngratefull catiffe did withstand,  
 The man that did in him most friendly trust.  
 What kingdomes right could cruell *Herod* claime,  
 Was he not *Esaus* Issue, heyre of hell?

THE TRAGEDIE

O yes, he doth from *Edoms* name deriue,  
 His cruell nature which with blood is fed:  
 That made him me of Sire and sonne depriue,  
 He euer thirsts for blood, and blood is red.  
 Weepst thou because his loue to thee was bent?  
 And readst thou loue in crimson characters?  
 Slew he thy friends to worke thy hearts content?  
 No: hate may iustly call that action hers.  
 He gaue the sacred Priesthood for thy sake,  
 To *Aristobolus*. Yet doo'de him dead:  
 Before his backe the *Ephod* warme could make,  
 And ere the *Myter* settled on his head.  
 Oh had he giuen my boy no lesse then right,  
 The double cyle should to his forehead bring:  
 A double honour, shining doubly bright,  
 His birth annoynted him both Priest and King.  
 And lay my father, and my sonne he slewe,  
 To royalize by right your Prince borne breath:  
 Was loue the cause, can *Mariam* deeme it true,  
 That *Mariam* gaue commandment for her death?  
 I know by fits, he shew'd some signes of loue,  
 And yet not loue, but raging lunacie:  
 And this his hate to thee may iustly proue,  
 That sure he hates *Hercanus* familie.  
 Who knowes if he vnconstant wauering Lord,  
 His loue to *Doris* had renew'd againe?  
 And that he might his bed to her afford,  
 Perchance he wisht that *Mariam* might be slaine.

*Nun:* *Doris*, Alas her time of loue was past,  
 Those coales were rakte in embers long agoe:  
 If *Mariam*s loue and she was now disgrast,  
 Nor did I glorie in her ouerthrowe.  
 He not a whit his first borne sonne esteem'd,  
 Because as well as his he was not mine:  
 My children onely for his owne he deem'd,  
 These boyes that did descend from royall line.  
 These did he stile his heyres to *Dauids* throne,  
 My *Alexander* if he liue, shall sit

In the Maiesticke seat of *Salamon*,  
To will it so, did *Herod* thinke it fit.

*Alex.* Why? who can claime from *Alexanders* brood  
That Gold adorned Lyon-guarded Chaire?

Was *Alexander* not of *Dauids* blood?

And was not *Mariam* *Alexanders* heire?

What more then right could *Herod* then bestow,

And who will thinke except for more then right,

He did not raise them, for they were not low,

But borne to weare the Crowne in his despight:

Then send those teares away that are not sent

To thee by reason, but by passions power:

Thine eyes to cheere, thy cheekes to smiles be bent,

And entertaine with ioy this happy houre.

Felicitie, if when shee comes, she findes

A mourning habite, and a cheerlesse looke,

Will thinke she is not welcome to thy minde,

And so perchance her lodging will not brooke.

Oh keepe her whilest thou hast her, if she goe

She will not easily returne againe:

Full many a yeere haue I indur'd in woe,

Yet still haue sude her presence to obtaine:

And did not I to her as presents send

A Table, that best Art did beautifie

Of two, to whom Heauen did best feature lend,

To woe her loue by winning *Anthony*:

For when a Princes fauour we doe craue,

We first their Mynions loues do seeke to winne:

So I, that sought Felicitie to haue,

Did with her Mynion *Anthony* beginne,

With double slight I sought to captiuat

The warlike louer, but I did not right:

For if my gift had borne but halfe the rate,

The *Roman* had beene ouer-taken quite.

But now he fared like a hungry guest,

That to some plenteous festiuall is gone,

Now this, now that, hee deems to eate were best,

Such choice doth make him let them all alone.

The boyes large forehead first did sayrest seeme,  
 Then glaunst his eye vpon my *Mariams* checke:  
 And that without comparison did deeme,  
 VVhat was in cyther but he most did leeke.  
 And thus distracted, cythers beauties might  
 VVithin the others excellence was drown'd:  
 Too much delight did bare him from delight,  
 For eithers loue; the others did confound,  
 VVhere if thy portraiture had onely gone,  
 His life from *Herod*, *Anthony* had taken:  
 He would haue loued thee, and thee alone,  
 And left the browne *Egyptian* cleane forsaken.  
 And *Cleopatra* then to leeke had bene,  
 So firme a louer of her wayned face:  
 Then great *Antonius* fall we had not scene,  
 By her that fled to haue him holde the chase.  
 Then *Mariam* in a *Romans* Chariot set,  
 In place of *Cleopatra* might haue showne:  
 A mart of Beauties in her visage met,  
 And part in this, that they were all her owne.

*Ma.* Not to be Emprise of aspiring *Rome*,  
 Would *Mariam* like to *Cleopatra* liue:  
 With purest body will I presse my Toome,  
 And wish no fauours *Anthony* could giue.

*Alex.* Let vs retire vs, that we may resolute  
 How now to deale in this reuerfed state:  
 Great are th'affaires that we must now reuolue,  
 And great affaires must not be taken late.

---

### Actus primus. Scœna tertia.

---

*Mariam. Alexandra. Salome.*

*Salome.*

**M**ore plotting yet? Why? now you haue the thing  
 For which so oft you spent your supliant breaths  
 And *Mariam* hopes to haue another King,  
 Her eyes doe sparkle ioy for *Herods* death.



*Alex.* If she desir'd another King to haue,  
She might before she came in *Herods* bed  
Haue had her wish. More Kings then one did craue,  
For leaue to set a Crowne vpon her head.  
I thinke with more then reason she laments,  
That she is freed from such a sad annoy :  
Who ist will weepe to part from discontent,  
And if she ioy, she did not causelesse ioy.

*Sal.* You durst not thus haue giuen your tongue the  
If noble *Herod* still remaind in life : (raine,  
Your daughters betters farre I dare maintaine,  
Might haue reioyc'd to be my brothers wife.

*Mar.* My betters farre, base woman t'is vntrue,  
You scarce haue euer my superiors scene:  
For *Mariams* seruants were as good as you,  
Before she came to be *Iudeas* Queene.

*Sal.* Now stirs the tongue that is so quickly mou'd,  
But more then once your collor haue I borne :  
Your fummish words are sooner sayd then prou'd,  
And *Salomes* reply is onely scorne.

*Mar.* Scorne those that are for thy companions  
Though I thy brothers face had neuer scene, (held,  
My birth, thy baser birth so farre exceld,  
I had to both of you the Princeesse bene:  
Thou party Iew, and party Edomite,  
Thou Mongrell: issu'd from reiected race,  
Thy Ancestors against the Heauens did fight,  
And thou like them wilt heavenly birth disgrace.

*Sal.* Still twit you me with nothing but my birth,  
What ods betwixt your ancestors and mine ?  
Both borne of *Adam*, both were made of Earth,  
And both did come from holy *Abrahams* line.

*Mar.* I fauour thee when nothing else I say,  
VWith thy blacke acts ile not pollute my breath :  
Else to thy charge I mightfull iustly lay  
A shamefull life, besides a husbands death.

*Sal.* Tis true indeed, I did the plots reuale,  
That past betwixt your favorites and you :  
I ment not I, a traytor to conceale.

Thus *Salome* your Mynion *Ioseph* flue.  
*Mar.* Heauen, dost thou meane this Infamy to smc-  
Let slander *Mariam* ope thy closed care : (ther?  
Selfe-guilt hath euer bene suspicious mother,  
And therefore I this speech with patience beare.  
No, had not *Salome's* vnstedfast heart,  
In *Iosephus* stead her *Constabarus* plast,  
To free her selfe, she had not vsde the art,  
To slander haplesse *Mariam* for vnchast.  
*Alex.* Come *Mariam*, let vs goe: it is no boote  
To let the head contend against the foote.

---

Actus primus. Scena quarta.

---

*Salome, Solo:*

**L** iues *Salome*, to get so base a stile  
As foote, to the proud *Mariam Herods* spirit :  
In happy time for her endured exile,  
For did he liue she should not misse her merit:  
But he is dead: and though he were my Brother,  
His death such store of Cinders cannot cast  
My Coales of loue to quench: for though they smoe-  
The flames a while, yet will they out at last. (ther  
Oh blest *Arabia*, in best climate plast,  
I by the Fruit will censure of the Tree:  
Tis not in vaine, thy happy name thou hast,  
If all *Arabians* like *Silleus* bee:  
Had not my Fate bene too too contrary,  
When I on *Constabarus* first did gaze,  
*Silleus* had beene obiect to mine eye:  
Whose lookes and personage must allyes amaze.  
But now ill Fated *Salome*, thy tongue  
To *Constabarus* by it selfe is tide:  
And now except I doe the Ebrew wrong  
I cannot be the faire *Arabian* Bride:  
What childish lets are these? Why stand I now  
On honorable points? Tis long agoe

Since shame was written on my tainted brow:  
 And certaine tis, that shame is honours foe.  
 Had I vpon my reputation stood,  
 Had I affected an vnspotted life,  
*Iosephus* vaines had still bene stuf with blood,  
 And I to him had liu'd a sober wife,  
 Then had I neuer cast an eye of loue,  
 On *Constabarus* now detested face,  
 Then had I kept my thoughts without remoue:  
 And blusht at motion of the least disgrace:  
 But shame is gone, and honour wipt away,  
 And Impudencie on my forehead sits:  
 She bids me worke my will without delay,  
 And for my will I will imploy my wits.  
 He loues, I loue; what then can be the cause,  
 Keeps me for being the *Arabians* wife?  
 It is the principles of *Moses* lawes,  
 For *Contabarus* still remaines in life,  
 If he to me did beare as Earnest hate,  
 As I to him, for him there were an ease,  
 A separating bill might free his fate:  
 From such a yoke that did so much displease.  
 Why should such priuiledge to man be giuen?  
 Or giuen to them, why hard from women then?  
 Are men then we in greater grace with Heauen?  
 Or cannot women hate as well as men?  
 Ile be the custome-breaker: and beginne  
 To shew my Sexe the way to freedomes doore,  
 And with an offering will I purge my sinne,  
 The lawe was made for none but who are poore.  
 If *Herod* had liu'd, I might to him accuse  
 My present Lord, But for the futures sake  
 Then would I tell the King he did refuse  
 The sonnes of *Baba* in his power to take.  
 But now I must diuorse him from my bed,  
 That my *Silleus* may possesse his roome:  
 Had I not begd his life he had bene dead,  
 I curse my tongue the hindrer of his doome.

But then my wandring heart to him was fast,  
 Nor did I dreame of change: *Silleus* said,  
 He would be here, and see he comes at last,  
 Had I not nam'd him longer had he staid.

---

Actus primus. Scena quinta.

---

*Salome, Silleus.*

*Silleus.* **W**ell found faire *Salome* *Iudaas* pride,  
 Hath thy innated wisdome found  
 To make *Silleus* deeme him deified, (the way  
 By gaining thee a more then precious pray?

*Salo.* I haue deuise the best I can deuise,  
 A more imperfect meanes was neuer found:  
 But what cares *Salome*, it doth suffice  
 If our indeuours with their end be crown'd.

In this our land we haue an ancient vs,  
 Permitted first by our law-giuers head:  
 Who hates his wife, though for no iust abuse,  
 May with a bill diuorce her from his bed.  
 But in this custome women are not free,  
 Yet I for once will wrest it, blame not thou:  
 The ill I doe, since what I do'es for thee,  
 Though others blame, *Silleus* should allow.

*Silleus.* Thinkes *Salome*, *Silleus* hath a tongue  
 To censure her faire actions: let my blood  
 Bedash my proper brow, for such a wrong,  
 The being yours, can make euen vices good:

*Arabia* ioy, prepare thy earth with greene,  
 Thou neuer happie wert indeed till now:  
 Now shall thy ground be trod by beauties *Queene*,  
 Her foote is destin'd to depresse thy brow.  
 Thou shalt faire *Salome* commaund as much  
 As if the royall ornament were thine:  
 The weaknes of *Arabias* King is such,  
 The kingdome is not his so much as mine.

My mouth is our *Obodas* oracle,

Who thinkes not what he saith, what *Silleus* wills

And thou rare creature. *Ahas* miracle,  
Shalt be to me as *Iti*: *Obodas* still.

*Salome*. Tis not for glory / thy loue accept,  
*Iuda* yeelds me honours worthy shore:  
Had not affection in my bosome crept,  
My natiue country should my life deplore.  
Were not *Silleus* he with home I goe,  
I would not change my *Palastine* for *Rome*:  
Much lesse would I a glorious state to shew,  
Goe far to purchase an *Arabian* toome.

*Silleus*. Far be it from *Silleus* so to thinke,  
I know it is thy gratitude requites  
The loue that is in me, and shall not shrink  
Till death doe seuer me from earths delights. (salke,

*Salom*. But whilst; me thinkes the wolfe is in our  
Be gone *Silleus*, who doth here arriue?  
Tis *Constabarnus* that doth hither walke,  
He find a quarrell, him from me to driue.

*Sille*. Farewell, but were it not for thy commaund,  
In his despight *Silleus* here would stand.

---

## A ctus primus : Scena Sexta.

---

*Salome*.: *Constabarnus*.

*Const*: O *Salome*, how much you wrōg your name,  
Your race, your country, and your husband  
A strangers priuate conference is shame, (most  
I blush for you, that haue your blushing lost.  
Oft haue I found, and found you to my grieſe,  
Consorted with this base *Arabian* heere:  
Heauen knowes that you haue bin my comfort chiefe,  
Then doe not now my greater plague appeare.  
Now by the stately Carued edifice  
That on Mount *Sion* makes so faire a shew,  
And by the Altar fit for sacrifice,  
I loue thee more then thou thy selfe doest know.  
Oft with a silent sorrow haue I heard  
How will *Iuda* mouth doth enſure thee:

And did I not thine honour much regard,  
Thou shouldst not be exhorted thus for mee.  
Didst thou but know the worth of honest fame,  
How much a vertuous woman is esteem'd,  
Thou wouldest like hell eschew deserued shame,  
And seeke to be both chaste and chastly deem'd.  
Our wisest Prince did say, and true he said,  
A vertuous woman crownes her husbands head.

*Salome.* Did I for this, vpreare thy lowe estate?  
Did I for this requitall begge thy life,  
That thou hadst forfeited haples fate?  
To be to such a thankles wretch the wife,  
This hand of mine hath lifted vp thy head,  
Which many a day agoe had saue full lowe,  
Because the sonnes of *Baba* are not dead,  
To me thou doest both life and fortune owe.

*Const.* You haue my patience often exercised,  
Vse make my choller keepe within the banks:  
Yet boast no more, but be by me aduisde:  
A benefit vpbraided, forfeits thanks:  
I prethy *Salome* dismiss this mood,  
Thou doest not know how ill it fits thy place:  
My words were all intended for thy good,  
To raise thine honour and to stop disgrace.

*Sa.* To stop disgrace? take thou no care for mee,  
Nay do thy worst, thy worst I set not by:  
No shame of mine is like to light on thee,  
Thy loue and admonitions I desie.  
Thou shalt no hower longer call me wife,  
Thy Iealousie procures my hate so deepe:  
That I from thee doe meane to free my life,  
By a diuorcing bill before I sleepe.

*Const.* Are Hebrew women now transform'd to men?  
Why do you not as well our battels fight,  
And weare our armour? suffer this, and then  
Let all the world be topsie turued quite.  
Let fishes graze, beastes, swine, and birds descend,  
Let fire burne downwards whilst the earth aspires:

Let Winters heat and Summers cold offend,  
 Let Thistles growe on Vines, and Grapes on Briers,  
 Set vs to Spinne or Sowe, or at the best  
 Make vs Wood-hewers, Waters-bearing wights:  
 For sacred seruice let vs take no rest,  
 Use vs as *Ioshua* did the *Gibonites*.

*Salom.* Hold on your talke, till it be time to end,  
 For me I am resolu'd it shall be so:  
 Though I be first that to this course do bend,  
 I shall not be the last full well I know.

*Const.* Why then be witnessse Heau'n, the Iudge of  
 Be witnessse Spirits that eschew the darke: (sinnes,  
 Be witnessse Angels, witnessse Cherubins,  
 Whose semblance sits vpon the holy Arke:  
 Be witnessse earth, be witnessse *Palestine*,  
 Be witnessse *Dauids* Citie, if my heart  
 Did euer merit such an act of thine:  
 Or if the fault be mine that makes vs part,  
 Since mildest *Moses* friend vnto the Lord,  
 Did worke his wonders in the land of *Ham*,  
 And slew the first-borne Babes without a sword,  
 In signe whereof we ate the holy Lambe:  
 Till now that foureteene hundred yeeres are past,  
 Since first the Law with vs hath beene in force:  
 You are the first, and will I hope, be last,  
 That euer sought her husband to diuorce.

*Salom.* I meane not to be led by president,  
 My will shall be to me in stead of Law.

*Const.* I feare me much you will too late repent,  
 That you haue euer liu'd so void of awe:  
 This is *Silleus* loue that makes you thus  
 Reuerse all order: you must next be his.  
 But if my thoughts aright the cause discusse,  
 In winning you, he gaires no lasting blisse,  
 I was *Silleus*, and not long agoe  
*Iosephus* then was *Constabarus* now:  
 When you became my friend you prou'd his foe,  
 As now for him you breake to me your vowd.

## THE TRAGEDIE

*Sal.* If once I lou'd you, greater is your debt:  
 For certaine tis that you deserued it not.  
 And vnderferued loue we soone forget,  
 And therefore that to me can be no blot.  
 But now fare ill my once beloued Lord,  
 Yet neuer more belou'd then now abhord.

*Const.* Yet *Constabarus* biddeth thee farewell.  
 Farewell light creature. Heauen forgieue thy sinne:  
 My prophecyng spirit doth foretell  
 Thy wauering thoughts doe yet but new beginne,  
 Yet I haue better seap'd then *Ioseph* did,  
 But if our *Herods* death had bene delayd,  
 The valiant youths that I so long haue hid,  
 Had bene by her, and I for them betrayd.  
 Therefore in happy houre did *Cesar* giue  
 The fatall blow to wanton *Anthony*:  
 For had he liued, our *Herod* then should liue,  
 But great *Antonius* death made *Herod* dye.  
 Had he enioyed his breath, not I alone  
 Had bene in danger of a deadly fall:  
 But *Mariam* had the way of perill gone,  
 Though by the Tyrant most belou'd of all.  
 The sweet fac'd *Mariam* as free from guile  
 As Heauen from spots, yet had her Lord come backe  
 Her purest blood had bene vniustly spilt.  
 And *Salome* it was would worke her wracke.  
 Though all *Iudea* yeeld her innocent,  
 She often hath bene neere to punishment.

### *Chorus.*

**T**Hose mindes that wholly dote vpon delight,  
 Except they onely ioy in inward good:  
 Still hope at last, to hop vpon the right,  
 And so from Sand they leape in loathsome mud.  
 Fond wretches, seeking what they cannot finde,  
 For no content attends a wauering minde.  
 If wealth they doe desire, and wealth attaine,



Then wondrous faine would they to honor lepe:  
 Of meane degree they doe in honor gaine,  
 They would but wish a little higher step.

Thus step to step, and wealth to wealth they ad,  
 Yet cannot all their plenty make them glad.

Yet oft we see that some in humble state,  
 Are chreefull, pleasant, happy, and content:  
 When those indeed that are of higher state,  
 With vaine additions do their thoughts torment.

Th'one would to his minde his fortune binde,  
 Th'other to his fortune frames his minde.

To with varietie is signe of grieffe,  
 For if you like your state as now it is,  
 Why should an alteration bring reliefe?  
 Nay change would then be fear'd as losse of blis.

That man is onely happy in his Fate,  
 That is delighted in a settled state.

Still *Mariam* wisht she from her Lord were free,  
 For expectation of varietie:

Yet now she sees her wishes prosperous bee,  
 She grieues, because her Lord so soone did die.

Who can those vast imaginations feede,  
 Where in a propertie, contempt doth breede?

Were *Herod* now perchance to liue againe,  
 She would againe as much be grieued at that:

All that she may, she euer doth disdaine,  
 Her wishes guide her to she knowes not what.

And sad must be their lookes, their honor sower,  
 That care for nothing being in their power.

---

Actus secundus. Scœna prima.

---

*Pheroras and Graphina.*

*Pher.* **T**Is true *Graphina*, now the time drawes nye  
 Wherin the holy Priest with hallowed right,

The happy long desired knot shall tie,  
*Pheroras* and *Graphina* to vnite:  
 How oft haue I with lifted hands implor'd  
 This blessed houre, till now implord in vaine,  
 Which hath my wished libertie restor'd,  
 And made my subiect selfe my owne againe.  
 Thy loue faire Mayd vpon mine eye doth sit,  
 Whose nature hot doth dry the moysture all,  
 Which were in nature, and in reason fit  
 For my monachall Brothers death to fall:  
 Had *Herod* liu'd, he would haue pluckt my hand  
 From faire *Graphinas* Palme perforce: and tide,  
 The same in hatefull and despised band,  
 For I had had a Baby to my Bride:  
 Scarce can her Infant tongue with easie voice  
 Her name distinguish to anothers eare:  
 Yet had he liu'd, his power, and not my choise  
 Had made me solemly the contract swaie.  
 Haue I not cause in such a change to ioy?  
 What? though she be my Neece, a Princesse borne:  
 Neere bloods without respect: high birth a toy.  
 Since Loue can teach blood and kindreds scorne.  
 What booted it that he did raise my head,  
 To be his Realmes Copartner, Kingdomes mate,  
 Withall, he kept *Graphina* from my bed,  
 More wisht by me then thrice *Iudeas* state.  
 Oh, could not he be skilfull Iudge in loue,  
 That doted so vpon his *Mariams* face?  
 He, for his passion, *Doris* did remoue.  
 I needed not a lawfull Wife displace,  
 It could not be but he had power to iudge,  
 But he that neuer grudg'd a Kingdomes share,  
 Tris well knowne happinesse to me did grudge:  
 And ment to be therein without compare.  
 Else had I bene his equall in loues hoast,  
 For though the Diadem on *Mariams* head  
 Corrupt the vulgar iudgements, I will boast  
*Graphinas* brow's as white, her cheekes as red.

OF MARIAM.

Why speaks thou not faire creature? moue thy tongue,  
 For Silence is a signe of discontent :  
 It were to both our loues too great a wrong  
 If now this hower do find thee sadly bent.

*Graph.* Mistake me not my Lord, too oft haue I  
 Desir'd this time to come with winged secte,  
 To be inwrapt with griefe when tis too nic,  
 You know my wishes euer yours did meete :  
 If I be silent, tis no more but feare  
 That I should say too little when I speake:  
 But since you will my imperfections beare,  
 In spight of doubt I will my silence breake :  
 Yet might amazement tie my mouing tongue,  
 But that I know before *Pheroras* minde,  
 I haue admired your affection long :  
 And cannot yet therein a reason finde,  
 Your hand hath lifted me from lowest state,  
 To highest eminencie wondrous grace,  
 And me your hand-maid haue you made your mate,  
 Though all but you alone doe count me base,  
 You haue preserued me pure at my request,  
 Though you so weake a vassaile might constrain  
 To yeeld to your high will, then last not best  
 In my respect a Princesse you disdain,  
 Then need not all these fauours studie craue,  
 To be requited by a simple maide:  
 And studie still you know must silence haue,  
 Then be my cause for silence iustly waide,  
 But studie cannot boote nor I requite,  
 Except your lowly hand-maides steadfast loue  
 And fast obedience may your mind delight,  
 I will not promise more then I can proue.

*Phera.* That studie needs not let *Graphina* smile,  
 And I desire no greater recompence :  
 I cannot vaunt me in a glorious stile,  
 Nor shew my loue in far-fetcht eloquence:  
 But this belecue me, neuer *Herods* heart  
 Hath held his Prince-borne beautie famed wife

In neerer place then thou faire virgin art,  
 To him that holds the glory of his life.  
 Should *Herods* body leaue the Sepulcher,  
 And entertaine the seuer'd ghost againe:  
 He should not be my nuptiall hinderer,  
 Except he hindred it with dying paine.  
 Come faire *Graphina*, let vs goe in state,  
 This wish-indeeded time to celebrate.

---

 Actus 2. Scena. 2.
 

---

*Constabarus* and *Babus* Sonnes.

*Babus*. 1. Sonne.

**N**OW valiant friend you haue our liues redeem'd,  
 Which liues as sau'd by you, to you are due:  
 Command and you shall see your selfe esteem'd,  
 Our liues and liberties belong to you.  
 This twice sixe yeares with hazard of your life,  
 You haue conceal'd vs from the tyrants sword:  
 Though cruell *Herods* sister were your wife,  
 You durst in scorne of feare this grace afford.  
 In recompence we know not what to say,  
 A poore reward were thanks for such a merit,  
 Our truest friendship at your feete we lay,  
 The best requitall to a noble spirit.

(youth,

*Const.* Oh how you wrong our friendship valiant  
 With friends there is not such a word as det:  
 Where amitie is tide with bond of truth,  
 All benefits are there in common set.  
 Then is the golden age with them renew'd,  
 All names of properties are banisht quite:  
 Diuision, and distinction, are eschew'd:  
 Each hath to what belongs to others right.  
 And tis not sure so full a benefit,  
 Freely to giue, as freely to require:  
 A bountious act hath glory following it,  
 They cause the glory that the act desire.

All friendship should the patterne imitate,  
 Of *Iesses* Sonne and valiant *Ionathane*  
 For neither Soueraignes nor fathers hate,  
 A friendship fixt on vertue seuer can.  
 Too much of this, tis written in the heart,  
 And need no amplifying with the tongue:  
 Now may you from your liuing tombe depart,  
 Where *Herods* life hath kept you ouer long.  
 Too great an iniury to a noble minde,  
 To be quicke buried, you had purchast fame,  
 Some yeares a goe, but that you were confinde.  
 While thousand meaner did aduance their name,  
 Your best of life the prime of all your yeares,  
 Your time of action is from you bereft.  
 Twelue winters haue you operpast in feares:  
 Yet if you vse it well, enough is left.  
 And who can doubt but you will vse it well?  
 The sonnes of *Babus* haue it by descent:  
 In all their thoughts each action to excell,  
 Boldly to act, and wisely to inuent.

*Babus 2. Sonnet.*

Had it not like the hatefull cuckoe beene,  
 Whose riper age his infant nurse doth kill:  
 So long we had not kept our selues vnscene,  
 But *Constabarus* safely crost our will:  
 For had the Tyrant fixt his cruell eye,  
 On our concealed faces wrath had swaide  
 His Iustice so, that he had forst vs die.  
 And dearer price then life we should haue paid,  
 For you our truest friend had falne with vs:  
 And we much like a house on pillers set,  
 Had cleane deprest our prop, and therefore thus  
 Our readie will with our concealment met.  
 But now that you faire Lord are daungerlesse,  
 The Sonnes of *Baba* shall their rigor show:  
 And proue it was not basenes did oppresse  
 Our hearts so long, but honour kept them low.

*Ba. 1. Sonnet.* Yet do I feare this tale of *Herods* death,  
 As last will proue a very tale indeed:

THE TRAGEDIE

It giues me strongly in my minde, his breath  
Will be preferu'd to make a number bleed :  
I wish not therefore to be set at large ,  
Yet perill to my selfe I do not leare :  
Let vs for some daies longer be your charge,  
Till we of *Herods* state the truth do heare.

*Const.* What art thou turn'd a coward noble youth,  
That thou beginst to doubt, vndoubted truth?

*Babus. 1. Son.* Were it my brothers tongue that cast  
I frō his hart would haue the question out: (this doubt,  
With this keene fauchion, but tis you my Lord  
Against whose head I must not lift a sword :  
I am so tide in gratitude *Const.* belieue  
You haue no cause to take it ill,  
If any word of mine your heart did grieue  
The word discented from the speakers will,  
I know it was not feare the doubt begun,  
But rather valour and your care of me,  
A coward could not be your fathers sonne,  
Yet know I doubts vnnecessarie be:  
For who can thinke that in *Antonius* fall,  
*Herod* his bosome friend should scape vnbrusde :  
Then *Cesar* we might thee an idiot call,  
If thou by him should'st be so farre abusde.

*Babus. 2. Sonne.* Lord *Constab:* let me tell you this,  
Vpon submission *Cesar* will forgiue :  
And therefore though the tyrant did amisse,  
It may fall out that he will let him liue.  
Not many yeares agoe it is since I  
Directed thither by my fathers care,  
In famous *Rome* for twice twelue monthes did liue,  
My life from *Hebrewes* crueltie to spare,  
There though I were but yet of boyish age,  
I bent mine eye to marke, mine eares to heare.  
Where I did see *Obtations* then a page,  
When first he did to *Iulians* sight appeare:  
Me thought I saw such mildnes in his face,  
And such a sweetnes in his looks did grow,

Withall, commixt with so maiesticke grace,  
 His Philmony his Fortune did fore show:  
 For this I am indebted to mine eye,  
 But then mine eare receiu'd more euidence,  
 By that I knew his loue to clemency,  
 How he with hottestt choller could dispence.

*Const.* But we haue more then barely heard the news,  
 It hath bin twice confirm'd. And though some tongue  
 Might be so false, with false report t'abuse,  
 A false report hath neuer lasted long.  
 But be it so that *Herod* haue his life,  
 Concealement would not then a whit auaille:  
 For certaine t'is, that she that was my wife,  
 Would not to set her accusation faile.  
 And therefore now as good the venture giue,  
 And free our selues from blot of cowardise:  
 As show a pittifull desire to liue,  
 For, who can pittie but they must despise?

*Babus first sonne.*

I yeeld, but to necessitie I yeeld,  
 I dare vpon this doubt ingage mine arme:  
 That *Herod* shall againe this kingdome weeld,  
 And proue his death to be a false alarme.

*Babus second sonne.*

I doubt it too: God grant it be an error,  
 Tis best without a cause to be in terror:  
 And rather had I, though my soule be mine,  
 My soule should lie, then proue a true diuine.

*Const.* Come, come, let feare goe seeke a dastards  
 Vndanted courage lies in a noble brest. (nest,

Actus 2. Scœna 3.

*Doris and Antipater.*

*Dor.* **Y**Our royall buildings bow your lostie side,  
 And scope to her that is by right your Queen:

THE TRAGEDIE

Let your humilitie vpbraid the pride  
 Of those in whom no due respect is seene:  
 Nine times haue we with Trumpets haughtie sound,  
 And banishing sow'r Leauen from our taste:  
 Obseru'd the feast that takes the fruit from ground.  
 Since I faire Citie did behold thee last,  
 So long it is since *Mariams* purer cheeke  
 Did rob from mine the glory. And so long  
 Since I returnd my natie Towne to seeke:  
 And with me nothing but the sence of wrong.  
 And thee my Boy, whose birth though great it were,  
 Yet haue thy after fortunes prou'd but poore:  
 When thou wert borne how little did I feare  
 Thou shouldst be thrust from forth thy Fathers doore.  
 Art thou not *Herods* right begotten Sonne?  
 Was not the haples *Doris*, *Herods* wife?  
 Yes: ere he had the Hebrew kingdome wonne,  
 I was companion to his priuate life.  
 Was I not faire enough to be a Queene?  
 Why ere thou wert to me false Monarch tide,  
 My lake of beauty might as well be seene,  
 As after I had liu'd siue yeeres thy Bride,  
 Yet then thine oath came powring like the raine,  
 Which all affirm'd my face without compare:  
 And that if thou might'st *Doris* loue obtaine,  
 For all the world besides thou didst not care.  
 Then was I yong, and rich, and nobly borne,  
 And therefore worthy to be *Herods* mate:  
 Yet thou vngratefull cast me off with scorne,  
 When Heauens purpose raisd your meaner fate.  
 Oft haue I begd for vengeance for this fact,  
 And with dejected knees, aspiring hands  
 Haue prayd the highest power to inact  
 The fall of her that on my Trophée stands.  
 Reuenge I haue according to my will,  
 Yet where I wisht this vengeance did not light:  
 I wisht it should high-hearted *Mariam* kill,  
 But it against my whilome Lord did fight



With thee sweet Boy I came, and came to try  
 If thou before his bastards might be plac'd  
 In *Herods* royall seat and dignitie.

But *Mariams* infants here are onely grac'd,  
 And now for vs there doth no hope remaine:  
 Yet we will not returne till *Herods* end  
 Be more confirm'd, perchance he is not slaine.

So glorious Fortunes may my Boy attend,  
 For if he liue, hee'll thinke it doth suffice,  
 That he to *Doris* shows such crueltie:  
 For as he did my wretched life dispise,  
 So doe I know I shall despis'd die.

Let him but proue as naturall to thee,  
 As cruell to thy miserable mother:  
 His crueltie shall not vpbraid be  
 But in thy fortunes. I his faults will smother.

*Antipat.* Each mouth within the Citie loudly cries  
 That *Herods* death is certaine: therefore wee  
 Had best some subtill hidden plot deuise,  
 That *Mariams* children might subuerted bee,  
 By poisons drinke, or else by murtherous Knife,  
 So we may be aduanc'd, it skils not how:  
 They are but Bastards, you were *Herods* wife,  
 And foule adultery blotteth *Mariams* brow.

*Doris.* They are too strong to be by vs remou'd,  
 Or else reuenges foulest spotted face:  
 By our detested wrongs might be approu'd,  
 But weakenesse must to greater power giue place:  
 But let vs now retire to grieue alone,  
 For solitarines best fitteth mone.

---

## Actus secundus. Scœna 4.

---

*Sillens and Constabarius.*

*Sillens.* **W**ell met *Indean* Lord, the onely wight  
*Sillens* wisht to see: I am to call

Thy tongue to strict account. *Const.* For what despight  
I ready am to heare, and answere all.

But if directly at the cause I gesse  
That breeds this challenge, you must pardon me:  
And now some other ground of fight professe,  
For I haue vow'd, vowes must vnbroken be.

*Sill.* What may be your expectation? let me know.

*Const.* Why? ought concerning *Salom*, my sword  
Shall not be welded for a cause so low,  
A blow for her my arme will scorne t'afford.

*Sill.* It is for slandering her vnspotted name,  
And I will make thee in thy vowes despight,  
Sucke vp the breath that did my Mistris blame,  
And swallow it againe to doe her right.

*Const.* I prethee giue some other quarrell ground  
To finde beginning, raile against my name:  
Or strike me first, or let some scarlet wound  
Inflame my courage, giue me words of shame,  
Doe thou our *Moses* sacred Lawes disgrace,  
Deprauē our nation, doe me some despight:  
I'm apt enough to fight in any case,  
But yet for *Salome* I will not fight.

*Sill.* Nor I for ought but *Salome*: My sword  
That owes his seruice to her sacred name:  
Will not an edge for other cause afford,  
In other fight I am not sure of fame.

*Const.* For her, I pity thee enough already,  
For her, I therefore will not mangle thee:  
A woman with a heart so most vnsteady,  
Will of her selfe sufficient torture bee.  
I cannot enuy for so light a gaine,  
Her minde with such vnconstancie doth runne:  
As with a word thou didst her loue obtaine,  
So with a word she will from thee be wonne.  
So light as her possessions for most day  
Is her affections lost, to me tis knowne:  
As good goe hold the windē as make her stay,  
Shee neuer loues, but till she call her owne.

She meerly is a painted sepulcher,  
That is both faire, and vilely foule at once :  
Though on her out-side graces garnish her,  
Her mind is filld with worse then rotten bones.  
And euer readie listned is her hand,  
To aime destruction at a husbands throat:  
For proofes, *Iosephus* and my selfe do stand,  
Though once on both of vs, she seem'd to doat.  
Her mouth though serpent-like it neuer hisses,  
Yet like a Serpent, poysons where it killes.

*Silleus.* Well *Hebrew* well, thou bark'st, but wilt not

*Const.* I tell thee still for her I will not fight. (heart

*Sille:* Why then I call thee coward. *Const:* From my

I giue thee thanks. A cowards hatefull name,  
Cannot to valiant mindes a blot impart,  
And therefore I with ioy receiue the same,  
Thou know'st I am no coward: thou wert by  
At the *Arabian* battaile th'other day:

And saw'st my sword with daring valiancy,  
Amongst the faint *Arabians* cut my way.

The blood of foes no more could let it shine,  
And twas inameled with some of thine.

But now haue at thee, not for *Salome*

I fight: but to discharge a cowards stile:

Here gins the fight that shall not parted be,

Before a soule or two indure exile. (my blood,

*Silleus.* Thy sword hath made some windowes for  
To shew a horred crimson phisnomie:

To breath for both of vs me thinkes twere good,

The day will giue vs time enough to die. (time,

*Const:* With all my hart take breath, thou shalt haue  
And if thou list a twelue month, let vs end:

Into thy cheekes there doth a palenes clime,

Thou canst not from my sword thy selfe defend.

What needest thou for *Salome* to fight, (her:

Thou hast her, and may'st keepe her, none strives for

I willingly to thee resigne my right,

For in my very soule I do abhorre her.

THE TRAGEDIE  
Thou see'st that I am fresh, vnwounded yet,  
Then not for feare I do this offer make:  
Thou art with losse of blood, to fight vnfit,  
For here is one, and there another take.

*Silleus.* I will not leaue, as long as breath remaines  
Within my wounded body: spare your words,  
My heart in bloods stead, courage entertaines,  
*Salomes* loue no place for feare affords.

*Const.* Oh could thy soule but prophesie like mine,  
I would not wonder thou should'st long to die:  
For *Salome* if I might diuine  
Will be taken death a greater miserie.

*Silleus.* Then list, Ile breath no longer. *Const.* Do thy  
I hateles fight, and charitably kill, I, I, they fight,  
Pittie thy selfe *Silleus*, let not death  
Intrud before his time into thy hart:  
Alas it is too late to feare, his breath  
Is from his body now about to part.

How far'st thou braue *Arabian*? *Silleus* very well,  
My legge is hurr, I can no longer fight:  
It onely grieues me, that so soone I fell,  
Before faire *Salomes* wrongs I came to right.

*Const.* Thy wounds are lesse then mortall. Neuer  
Thou shalt a safe and quicke recouerie finde:  
Come, I will thee vnto my lodging beare,  
I hate thy body, but I loue thy minde.

*Silleus.* Thankes noble Iew, I see a courtious foe,  
Sterne enmitie to friendship can no art:  
Had not my heart and tongue engagde me so,  
I would from thee no foe, but friend depart.  
My heart to *Salome* is tide so fast,  
To leaue her loue for friendship, yet my skill  
Shall be employ'd to make your fauour last,  
And I will honour *Constabarus* still.

*Const.* I ope my bosome to thee, and will take  
Thee in, as friend, and grieue for thy complaint:  
But if we doe not expedition make,  
Thy losse of blood I feare will make thee faint.

**T**O heare a tale with eares preiudicate,  
 It spoiles the iudgement, and corrupts the sence:  
 That humane error giuen to euey state,  
 Is greater enemie to innocence.

It makes vs foolish, heddy, rash, vniust,  
 It makes vs neuer try before we trust.

It will confound the meaning, change the words,  
 For it our sence of hearing much deceiues:  
 Besides no time to Iudgement it affords,  
 To way the circumstance our eare receiues.

The ground of accidents it neuer tries,  
 But makes vs take for truth ten thousand lies.

Our eares and hearts are apt to hold for good,  
 That we our selues doe most desire to bee:  
 And then we drowne obiections in the flood  
 Of partialitie, tis that we see

That makes false rumours long with credit pass,  
 Though they like rumours must conclude at last.

The greatest part of vs preiudicate,  
 With wishing *Herods* death do hold it true:  
 The being once deluded doth not bate,  
 The credit to a better likelihood due.

Those few that wish it not the multitude,  
 Doe carrie headlong, so they doubts conclude.

They not obiect the weake vncertaine ground,  
 Whereon they built this tale of *Herods* end:  
 Whereof the Author scarcely can be found,  
 And all because their wishes that way bend:

They thinke not of the perill that ensueth,  
 If this should proue the contrary to truth.

On this same doubt, on this so light a breath,  
 They pawne their liues, and fortunes. For they all  
 Behaue them as the newes of *Herods* death,  
 They did of most vndoubted credit call:  
 But if their actions now doe rightly hit,  
 Let them commend their fortune, not their wit.

---

Actus tertius : Scœna prima.

---

*Pheroras : Salome.*

*Phero.* **V**Rge me no more *Graphina* to forsake,  
 Not twelue howers since I married her  
 And doe you thinke a sisters power cane mak (for loue:  
 A resolute decree, so soone remoue? (affects.

*Salome.* Poore minds they are that honour not

*Phero:* Who hunts for honour, happines neglects.

*Salom.* You might haue bene both of felicitie,  
 And honour too in equall measure seasde.

*Phero:* It is not you can tell so well as I,  
 What tis can make me happie, or displeasde.

*Salome.* To match for neither beautie nor respects  
 One meane of birth, but yet of meaner minde,  
 A woman full of naturall defects,  
 I wonder what your eye in her could finde. (wit,

*Phero:* Mine eye found louelines, mine care found  
 To please the one, and to enchant the other:  
 Grace on her eye, mirth on her tongue doth sit,  
 In lookes a child, in wisdomes house a mother. (else,

*Salom:* But say you thought her faire, as none thinks  
 Knowes not *Pheroras*, beautie is a blast:  
 Much like this flower which to day excels,  
 But longer then a day it will not last. (show

*Phero:* Her wit exceeds her beautie, *Salo:* Wit may  
 The way to ill, as well as good you know.

*Phero:* But wisdome is the porter of her head,  
 And bares all wicked words from issuing thence.

*Salome*

*Sol.* But of a porter, better were you sped,  
If she against their entrance made defence.

*Phero.* But wherefore comes the sacred *Ananell*,  
That hitherward his hastie steppes doth bend?  
Great sacrificer y<sup>e</sup> are arriued well,  
Ill newes from holy mouth I not attend.

---

Actus tertius.      Scœna 2.

---

*Pheroras. Salome. Ananell.*

*Ananell.*

**M**Y lippes, my sonne, with peacefull tidings blest,  
shall viter Honey to your listning care:  
A word of death comes not from Prielly brest,  
I speake of life: in life there is no feare.  
And for the newes I did the Heauens salute,  
And fill'd the Temple with my thankfull voice:  
For though that mourning may not me pollute,  
At pleasing accidents I may reioyce.

*Pheror.* Is *Herod* then reuiu'd from certaine death?

*Sall.* What? can your news restore my brothers breath?

*Ana.* Both so, and so, the King is safe and sound,  
And did such grace in royall *Cesar* meet:  
That he with larger stile then euer crownd,  
Within this houre Ierusalem will greet.

I did but come to tell you, and must backe  
To make preparatiues for sacrifice:

I knew his death, your hearts like mine did racke,  
Though to conceale it, prou'd you wise.

*Salom.* How can my ioy sufficiently appeare?

*Phero.* A heauier tale did neuer pierce mine care.

*Salo.* Now *Salome* of happinesse may boast.

*Pheror.* But now *Pheroras* is in danger most.

*Salom.* I shall enjoy the comfort of my life.

*Pheror.* And I shall loose it, loosing of my wife.

*Salom.* Joy heart, for *Constan*: shall be slaine.

*Phero.* Griue soule, *Graphina* shall from me be tane.

*Salom.* Smile checkes, the faire *Sillens* shall be mine.

*Phero.* Weepe eyes, for *I* must with a child combine.

*Salom.* Well brother, cease your mones, on one con-  
 Ile vndertake to winne the Kings consent : (dition  
*Graphina* still shall be in your tuition,  
 And her with you be nere the lesse content.

*Phero.* What's the condition ? let me quickly know,  
 That *I* as quickly your command may act :  
 Were it to see what Hearbs in *Ophir* grow,  
 Or that the lofty *Tyrus* might be sackt.

*Salom.* Tis no so hard a taske : It is no more,  
 But tell the King that *Consta*: hid  
 The sonnes of *Baba*, done to death before :  
 And tis no more then *Consta*: did.  
 And tell him more that he for *Herods* sake,  
 Not able to endure his brothers foe :  
 Did with a bill our separation make,  
 Though loth from *Consta*: else to goe.

*Phero.* Beleeue this tale for told, Ile goe from hence,  
 In *Herods* care the Hebrew to deface :  
 And I that neuer studied eloquence,  
 Doe meane with eloquence this tale to grace. *Exit.*

*Salom.* This will be *Constabarus* quicke dispatch,  
 Which from my mouth would lesser credit finde :  
 Yet shall he not decease without a match,  
 For *Mariam* shall not linger long behinde.  
 First Iealousie, if that auaile not, feare  
 Shall be my minister to worke her end :  
 A common error moues not *Herods* care,  
 Which doth so firmly to his *Mariam* bend.  
 She shall be charged with so horrid crime,  
 As *Herods* feare shall turne his loue to hate :  
 He make some sweare that she desires to clime,  
 And seekes to poyson him for his estate,  
 If so e that she should liue my birth vpbraid,  
 To call me base and hungry Edomite :



With patient show her choller I betrayd,  
 And watcht the time to be reueng'd by slite.  
 Now tongue of mine with scandall load her name,  
 Turne hers to fountaines, *Herods* eyes to flame:  
 Yet first I will begin *Pheroras* suite,  
 That he my earnest businesse may effect:  
 And I of *Mariam* will keepe me mute,  
 Till first some other doth her name detect.  
 Who's there, *Silleus* man? How fares your Lord?  
 That your aspects doe beare the badge of sorrow?

*Silleus man.*

He hath the marks of *Constabarus* sword,  
 And for a while desires your sight to borrow.

*Salom.* My heauy curse the hatefull sword pursue,  
 My heauier curse on the more hatefull arme  
 That wounded my *Silleus*. But renew  
 Your tale againe: Hath he no mortall harme?

*Silleus man.*

No signe of danger doth in him appeare,  
 Nor are his wounds in place of perill seene:  
 Hee bides you be assured you need not feare,  
 He hopes to make you yet *Arabias* Queene.

*Salom.* Commend my heart to be *Silleus* charge,  
 Tell him, my brothers suddaine comming now:  
 Will giue my footé no roome to walke at large,  
 But I will see him yet ere night I vow.

Actus 3. Scœna 3.

*Mariam and Sohemus.*

*Mariam.*

*Sohemus*, tell me what the newes may be  
 That makes your eyes so full, your checks so blew?

*Sohem.* I know not how to call them. Ill for me  
 Tis sure they are: not so I hope for you.

*Herod. Mari.* Oh, what of *Herod*? *Sohem.* *Herod* liues.  
 How! liues? What in some Caue or Forrest hid?

THE TRAGEDIE

*Sohem.* Nay, backe return'd with honor, *Cesar* giues  
Him greater grace then ere *Anthonyus* did.

*Mari.* Foretell the ruine of my family,  
Tell me that I shall see our Citie burnd:  
Tell me I shall a death disgracefull die,  
But tell me not that *Herod* is returnd.

*Sohem.* Be not impatient Madam, be but milde,  
His loue to you againe will soone be bred:

*Mari.* I will not to his loue be reconcilde,  
With soleimne voves I haue forsworne his Bed.

*Sohem.* But you must breake those voves.

*Mari.* Ile rather breake  
The heart of *Mariam*. Cursed is my Fate:  
But speake no more to me, in vaine yel speake  
To liue with him I so profoundly hate.

*Sohem.* Great Queene, you must to me your pardon  
*Sohemus* cannot now your will obey: (giue,  
If your command should me to silence driue,  
It were not to obey, but to betray.

Reiect, and slight my speeches, mocke my faith,  
Scorne my obseruance, call my counsell nought:

Though you regard not what *Sohemus* saith,

Yet will I euer freely speake my thought.

I feare ere long I shall faire *Mariam* see

In wofull state, and by her selfe vndone:

Yet for your issues sake more temperate bee,

The heart by affabilitie is wonne.

*Mari.* And must I to my Prilon turne againe?  
Oh, now I see I was, an hypocrite:

I did this morning for his death complaine,

And yet doe mourne, because he liues ere night.

When *This* death belecu'd, compassion wrought,

And was the stickler twixt my heart and him:

But now that Curtaine's drawne from off my thought,

Hate doth appeare againe with visage grim:

And paints the face of *Herod* in my heart,

In horred colours with detested looke:

Then feare would come, but scorne doth play her part,

And faith that scorne with feare can neuer brooke.  
 Now I could in chaine him with a smile:  
 And lead him captiue with a gentle word,  
 For scorne my looke should euer man beguile,  
 Or other speech then meaning to afford.  
 Else *Salome* in vaine might spend her winde,  
 In vaine might *Herods* mother whet her tongue:  
 In vaine had they plotted and combine,  
 For I could ouerthrow them all ere long.  
 Oh what a shelter is mine innocence,  
 To shield me from the pangs of inward grieffe:  
 Gainst all mishaps it is my faire defence,  
 And to my sorrowes yeelds a large reliefe.  
 To be commandresse of the triple earth,  
 And sit in safetic from a fall secure:  
 To haue all nations celebrate my birth,  
 I would not that my spirit were impure.  
 Let my distressed state vnpittied bee,  
 Mine innocence is hope enough for mee. *Exit.*

*Sobem:* Poore guiltles *Queene*. Oh that my wish  
 A little temper now about thy heart:  
 Vnbridled speech is *Mariams* worst disgrace,  
 And will indanger her without defart.  
 I am in greater hazard. O're my head,  
 The fattall axe doth hang vnstedily:  
 My disobedience once discovered,  
 Will shake it downe: *Sobemus* so shall die,  
 For when the King shall find, we thought his death  
 Had bene as certaine as we see his life:  
 And markes withall / slighted so his breath,  
 As to preferue a line his matchles wife.  
 Nay more, to giue to *Alexanders* hand  
 The regall dignitie, The soueraigne power,  
 How I had yeelded vp at her command,  
 The strength of all the citie, *Dauids* Tower.  
 What more then common death may I expect,  
 Since I too well do know his crueltie:  
 Twere death, a word of *Herods* to neglect,

What then to doe directly contrarie?  
 Yet life I quite thee with a willing spirit,  
 And thinke thou could'st not better be imploi'd:  
 I forfeit thee for her that more doth merit,  
 Ten such were better dead then she destroy'd.  
 But fare thee well chaste Queene, well may I see  
 The darknes palpable, and riuers part:  
 The sunne stand still. Nay more retorted bee,  
 But neuer woman with so pure a heart.  
 Thine eyes graue maiestie keeps all in awe,  
 And cuts the wings of euery loose desire:  
 Thy brow is table to the modest lawe,  
 Yet though we dare not loue, we may admire.  
 And if I die, it shall my soule content,  
 My breath in *Mariams* seruice shall be spent.

*Chorus.*

**T**is not enough for one that is a wife  
 To keepe her spotles from an act of ill:  
 But from suspicion she should free her life,  
 And bare her selfe of power as well as will.  
 'Tis not so glorious for her to be free,  
 As by her proper selfe restrain'd to bee.

When she hath spacious ground to walke vpon,  
 Why on the ridge should she desire to goe?  
 It is no glory to forbear alone,  
 Those things that may her honour ouerthrowe.  
 But tis thanke-worthy, if she will not take  
 All lawfull liberties for honours sake.

That wife her hand against her fame doth reare,  
 That more then to her Lord alone will giue  
 A priuate word to any second care,  
 And though she may with reputation liue.  
 Yet though most chaste, she doth her glory blot,  
 And wounds her honour, though she killes it not.

When to their Husbands they themselves doe bind,  
 Doe they not wholly giue themselves away?  
 Or giue they but their body not their mind,  
 Reseruing that though best, for others pray?

No sure, their thoughts no more can be their owne,  
 And therefore should to none but one be knowne.

Then she vsurpes vpon anothers right,  
 That seekes to be by publike language grac't:  
 And though her thoughts reflect with purest light,  
 Her mind if not peculiar is not chaste.

For in a wife it is no worse to finde,  
 A common body, then a common minde.

And every mind though free from thought of ill,  
 That out of glory seekes a worth to show:  
 When any's eares but one therewith they fill,  
 Doth in a sort her purenes ouerthrow.

Now *Mariam* had, (but that to this she bent)  
 Beene free from feare, as well as innocent.

---

### Actus quartus: Scœna prima.

---

*Enter Herod and his attendants.*

*Herod.*

**H**Aile happie citie, happie in thy store,  
 And happy that thy buildings such we see:  
 More happie in the Temple where w'adore,  
 But most of all that *Mariam* liues in thee.  
 Art thou return'd? how fares my *Mariam*? *Enter Nutio.*

*Nutio.* She's well my Lord, and will anon be here  
 As you commanded. *Her.* Muffle vp thy browe

Thou daies darke taper. *Mariam* will appcare.

And where she shines, we need not thy dimme light,

Oh hast thy steps rare creature, speed thy pace:

And let thy presence make the day more bright,

And cheere the heart of *Herod* with thy face.

THE TRAGEDIE

It is an age since I from *Mariam* went,  
 Me thinks our parting was in *Dauid's* daies:  
 The houres are so increast by discontent,  
 Deepe sorrow, *Iosualike* the season staies:  
 But when I am with *Mariam*, time runnes on,  
 Her sight can make months, minutes, daies of weekes  
 An hower is then no sooner come then gon.  
 When in her face mine eye for wonders seekes,  
 You world commanding citie, *Europes* grace,  
 Twice hath my curious eye your streets surui'd,  
 And I haue seene the statue filled place,  
 That once if not for gricfe had bene betray'd,  
 I all your *Roman* beauties haue beheld,  
 And seene the shoues your *Ediles* did prepare,  
 I saw the sum of what in you exceld,  
 Yet saw no miracle like *Mariam* rare.  
 The faire and famous *Linia*, *Cesars* loue,  
 The worlds commaunding Mistresse did I see:  
 Whose beauties both the world and *Rome* approue,  
 Yet *Mariam*: *Linia* is not like to thee.  
 Be patient but a little, while mine eyes  
 Within your compast limits be contain'd:  
 That object straight shall your desires suffice,  
 From which you were so long a while restrain'd.  
 How wisely *Mariam* doth the time delay,  
 Least suddaine ioy my sence should suffocate:  
 I am prepar'd, thou needst no longer stay:  
 Whose thers, my *Mariam*, more then happie fate?  
 Oh no, it is *Rheroras*, welcome Brother,  
 Now for a while, I must my passion smother.

---

Actus quartus. Scœna secunda.

---

*Herod. Pheroras.*

*Pheroras.*

**A**Ll health and safetie waite ypon my Lord;  
 And may you long in prosperous fortunes liue

With *Rome* commanding *Cesar*, at accord,  
And haue all honors that the world can giue.

*Herod.* Oh brother, now thou speakest not from thy  
No, thou hast strooke a blow at *Herods* loue: (hart,  
That cannot quickly from my memory part,  
Though *Salome* did me to pardon moue.  
Valiant *Phasaclus*, now to thee farewell,  
Thou wert my kinde and honorable brother:  
Oh haples houre, when you selfe stricken fell,  
Thou fathers Image, glory of thy mother.  
Had I desir'd a greater sute of thee,  
Then to withhold thee from a harlots bed,  
Thou wouldst haue granted it: but now I see  
All are not like that in a wombe are bred.  
Thou wouldst not, hadst thou heard of *Herods* death,  
Haue made his buriall time, thy bridall houre:  
Thou wouldst with clamours, not with ioyfull breath,  
Haue show'd the newes to be not sweet but soure.

*Phero.* *Phasaclus* great worth I know did staine  
*Pheroras* petty valour: but they lie  
(Excepting you your selfe) that dare maintaine,  
That he did honor *Herod* more then I.  
For what I showd, loues power constraind me show,  
And pardon louing faults for *Mariams* sake.

*Herod.* *Mariam*, where is she? *Phero.* Nay, I do not  
But absent vse of her faire name I make: (know,  
You haue forgiuen greater faults then this,  
For *Constabarus* that against you will  
Preferu'd the sonnes of *Baba*, liues in blisse,  
Though you commanded him the youths to kill.

*Herod.* Goe, take a present order for his death,  
And let those traytors feele the worst of feares:  
Now *Salome* will whine to begge his breath,  
But Ile be deafe to prayers: and blind to teares.

*Phero.* He is my Lord from *Salom* diuorst,  
Though her affection did to leaue him grieue:  
Yet was she by her loue to you inforst,  
To leaue the man that would your foes relieue.

THE TRAGEDIE

*Herod.* Then haste them to their death. I will requite  
Thee gentle *Mariam*. *Salom*. I meane  
The thought of *Mariam* doth so steale my spirit,  
My mouth from speech of her I cannot weane. *Exit.*

Actus 4. Scœna 3.

*Herod. Mariam.*

*Herod.*

**A**ND heere she comes indeed: happily met  
My best, and dearest halfe: what ailes my deare?  
Thou dost the difference certainly forget  
Twixt Duskey habits, and a time so cleare.

*Mar.* My Lord, I suit my garment to my minde,  
And there no cheerfull colours can I finde.

*Herod.* Is this my welcome? haue I longd so much  
To see my dearest *Mariam* discontent?

What is't that is the cause thy heart to touch?  
Oh speake, that I thy sorrow may preuent.

Art thou not *Iuries* Queene, and *Herods* too?

Be my Commandres, be my Soueraigne guide:

To be by thee directed I will woo,

For in thy pleasure lies my highest pride.

Or if thou thinke *Iudeas* narrow bound,

Too strict a limit for thy great command:

Thou shalt be Empresse of *Arabia* crownd,

For thou shalt rule, and I will winne the Land.

Ile robbe the holy *Dauids* Sepulcher

To giue thee wealth, if thou for wealth do care:

Thou shalt haue all, they did with him inter,

And I for thee will make the Temple bare.

*Mar.* I neither haue of power nor riches want,

I haue enough, nor doe I wish for more:

Your offers to my heart no ease can grant,

Except they could my brothers life restore.

No, had you wisht the wretched *Mariam* glad,



Or had your loue to her bene truly tide :  
 Nay, had you not desir'd to make her sad,  
 My brother nor my Grandfyre had not dide.

*Her.* Wilt thou belecue no oathes to cleere thy Lord?

How oft haue I with execration sworne :  
 Thou art by me belou'd, by me ador'd,  
 Yet are my protestations heard with scorne.

*Hercanus* plotted to depriue my head  
 Of this long settled honor that I weare :  
 And therefore I did iustly doome him dead,  
 To rid the Realme from perill, me from feare.  
 Yet I for *Mariams* sake doe so repent  
 The death of one : whose blood she did inherit:

I wish I had a Kingdomes treasure spent,  
 So I had nere expeld *Hercanus* spirit.  
 As I affected that same noble youth,  
 In lasting infamie my name inrole :

If I not mournd his death with heartie truth.  
 Did I not shew to him my earnest loue,  
 When I to him the Priesthood did restore?  
 And did for him a liuing Priest remoue,  
 Which neuer had bene done but once before.

*Mariam.* I know that mou'd by importunitie,  
 You made him Priest, and shortly after die.

*Herod.* I will not speake, vnles to be belecu'd,  
 This froward humor will not doe you good :  
 It hath too much already *Herod* grieu'd,  
 To thinke that you on termes of hate haue stood.  
 Yet smile my dearest *Mariam*, doe but smile,  
 And I will all vnkind conceits exile.

*Mari.* I cannot frame disguise, nor neuer taught  
 My face a looke dissenting from my thought.

*Herod.* By heau'n you vexe me, build not on my loue.

*Mari.* I wil not build on so vnstable ground.

*Herod.* Nought is so fixt, but peccuifnes may moue.

*Mar.* Tis better sleightest cause then none were found.

*Herod.* Be iudge your selfe, if euer *Herod* sought  
 Or would be mou'd a cause of change to finde:

Yet let your looke declare a milder thought,  
 My heart againe you shall to *Mariam* binde.  
 How oft did I for you my Mother chide,  
 Reuile my Sister, and my brother rate:  
 And tell them all my *Mariam* they belide,  
 Distrust me still, if these be signes of hate.

---

Actus 4. Scœna 4.

---

*Herod.*

**V**VHát hast thou here? *Bu.* A drinke procuring  
 The Queene desir'd me to deliner it. (loue,  
*Mar.* Did I: some hatefull practise this will proue,  
 Yet can it be no worse then Heauens permit.

*Herod.* Confesse the truth thou wicked instrument,  
 To her outrageous will, tis passion sure:  
 Tell true, and thou shalt scape the punishment,  
 Which if thou doe conceale thou shalt endure.

*Bu.* I know not, but I doubt it be no lesse,  
 Long since the hate of you her heart did cease.

*Herod.* Know'st thou the cause thereof? *Bu.* My Lord  
*Sobemus* told the tale that did displease. (I gette,

*Herod.* Oh Heauen! *Sobemus* falle! Goe let him die,  
 Stay not to suffer him to speake a word:

Oh damned villaine, did he falsifie

The oath he swore eu'n of his owne accord?

Now doe I know thy falshood, painted Diuill,

Thou white *Inchantres*. Oh thou art so soule,

That *Ysop* cannot clense thee worst of euill.

A beautilous body hides a loathsome soule,

Your loue *Sobemus* mou'd by his affection,

Though he haue euer heretofore bene true:

Did blab forsooth, that I did giue direction,

If we were pur to death to laughter you:

And you in blacke reuenge attended now

To adde a murder to your breach of vow.

*Mar.* Is this a dream? *Her.* Oh Heauen, thatt were no  
 Ile giue my Realme to who can proue it so: (more,

would I were like any begger poore,  
So I for false my *Mariam* did not know:  
Foule pith contain'd in the fairest rinde,  
That euer grac'd a Cæsar. Oh thine eye  
Is pure as heauen, but impure thy minde,  
And for impuritie shall *Mariam* die.  
Why didst thou loue *Sobemius*? *Mar*: they can tell  
That say I lou'd him, *Mariam* saies not so.

*Herod*. Oh cannot impudence the coales expell,  
That for thy loue in *Herods* bosome glowe:  
It is as plaine as water, and deniall  
Makes of thy falsehood but a greater triall:  
Hast thou beheld thy selfe, and couldst thou staine  
So rare perfection: euen for loue of thee  
I doe profoundly hate thee. Wert thou plaine,  
Thou shoul'dst the wonder of *Iudea* bee.  
But oh, thou art not. Hell it selfe lies hid  
Beneath thy heauenly show. Yet neuer wert thou chaste:  
Thou might'st exalt, pull downe, command, forbid,  
And be aboue the wheele of fortune plaste.  
Hadst thou plotted *Herods* massacre,  
That so thy sonne a Monarch might be stilde,  
Not halfe so grieuous such an action were,  
As once to thinke, that *Mariam* is defilde.  
Bright workmanship of nature full'd ore,  
With pitched darknes now thine end shall bee:  
Thou shalt not liue faire fiend to cozen more,  
With heauy semblance, as thou coustedst mee.  
Yet must I loue thee in despite of death,  
And thou shalt die in the despite of loue:  
For neither shall my loue prolong thy breath,  
Nor shall thy losse of breath my loue remoue.  
I might haue seene thy falsehood in thy face,  
Where coul'dst thou get thy stares that seru'd for eyes?  
Except by theft, and theft is foule disgrace:  
This had appear'd before were *Herod* wise,  
But I'me a sot, a very sot, no better:  
My wisdom long agoe a wandring fell,

Thy face incountring it, my wit did fetter,  
And made me for delight my freedome sell.  
Giue me my heart false creature, tis a wrong,  
My guiltles heart should now with thine be staine  
Thou hadst no right to looke it vp so long,  
And with vsurpers name I *Mariam* staine.

*Enter Bu:*

*He:* Haue you design'd *Sohemus* to his end? (guard

*Bu:* I haue my Lord. *Herod:* Then call our royall  
To doe as much for *Mariam*, they offend  
Leaue ill vnblam'd, or good without reward.  
Here take her to her death. Come backe, come backe,  
What ment I to depriue the world of light:  
To muffle *Jury* in the foulest blacke,  
That euer was an opposite to white.

Why whither would you carrie her: *Sould:* you bad  
We should conduct her to her death my Lord.

*Herod:* Wie sure I did not, *Herod* was not mad,  
Why should she feele the furie of the sword?  
Oh now the grieffe returnes into my heart,  
And pulles me peccemeale: loue and hate doe fight:

And now hath boue acquir'd the greater part,  
Yet now hath hate, affection conquer'd quite.

And therefore beare her hence: and *Hebrew* why  
Seaze you with Lyons pawes the fairest lam  
Of all the flocke? she must not, shall not, die,  
Without her I most miserable am.

And with her more then most, away, away,  
But beare her but to prison not to death:

And is she gon indeed, stay villaines stay,  
Her lookes alone preseru'd your Soueraignes breath.

Well let her goe, but yet she shall not die,  
I cannot thinke she ment to poison me:

But certaine tis she liu'd too wantonly,  
And therefore shall she neuer more be free.

---

ACTUS 4. SCENA 5.

---

*Bu.* **F**Oule villaine, can thy pitchie coloured soule  
Permit thine eare to heare her caules doome?  
And not inforce thy tongue that tale controule,  
That must vniustly bring her to her roome.  
Oh *Salome* thou hast thy selfe repaid,  
For all the benefits that thou hast done:  
Thou art the cause I haue the queene betraid,  
Thou hast my hart to darkest false-hood wonne.  
I am condemn'd, heau'n gaue me not my tongue  
To slander innocents, to lie, deceiue:  
To be the hatefull instrument to wrong,  
The earth of greatest glory to bereauc.  
My sinne ascends and doth to heau'n crie,  
It is the blackest deed that euer was:  
And there doth sit an Angell notarie,  
That doth record it downe in leaues of brasse.  
Oh how my heart doth quake: *Achitophel*,  
Thou founds a meanes thy selfe from shame to free:  
And sure my soule approues thou didst not well,  
All follow some, and I will follow thee.

---

ACTUS 4. SCENA 6.

---

*Constabarius, Babus Sonnes, and their guard.*

*Const:* **N**OW here we step our last, the way to death,  
We must not tread this way a second time:  
Yet let vs resolutely yeeld our breath,  
Death is the onely ladder, Heau'n to clime. (resigne,  
*Babus 1. Sonne.* With willing mind I could my selfe  
But yet it grieues me with a griefe vtold:  
Our death should be accompani'd with thine,  
Our friendship we to thee haue dearly sold.

*Const:*

*Const.* Still wilt thou wrong the sacred name of friends  
 Then should'it thou neuer stile it friendship more:  
 But base mechanicke traffique that doth lend,  
 Yet will be sure they shall the debt restore.  
 I could with needlesse complement returns,  
 Tis for thy ceremonie I could say:  
 Tis I that made the fire your house to burne,  
 For but for me she would not you betray.  
 Had not the damned woman sought mine end,  
 You had not bene the subject of her hate:  
 You neuer did her hatefull minde offend,  
 Nor could your deaths haue freed your nuptiall fate.  
 Therefore faire friends, though you were still vnborne,  
 Some other subtiltie deuise should bee:  
 Were by my life, though guiltles should be torne,  
 Thus haue I prou'd, tis you that die for mee.  
 And therefore should I weakely now lament,  
 You haue but done your duties, friends should die:  
 Alone their friends disaster to preuent,  
 Though not compeld by strong necessitie.  
 But now farewell faire citie, neuer more.  
 Shall I behold your beautie shining bright:  
 Farewell of *Jewes* men the worthy store,  
 But no farewell to any female wight.  
 You wauering crue: my curse to you I leaue,  
 You had but one to give you any grace:  
 And you your selues will *Mariams* life bereaue,  
 Your common-wealth doth innocencie chase:  
 You creatures made to be the humane curse,  
 You Tygers, Lyonses, hungry Beares,  
 Teare massacring *Hienas*: nay far worse,  
 For they for pray doe shed their fained teares.  
 But you will weepe, (you creatures crasse to good)  
 For your vnquenched thirst of humane blood:  
 You were the Angels cast from heaue'n for pride,  
 And still doe keepe your Angels outward show,  
 But none of you are inly beautifide,  
 For still your heaue'n depriuing pride doth grow.

Did not the finnes of many require a scourge,  
 Your place on earth had bene by this withstood :  
 But since a flood no more the world must purge,  
 You staid in office of a second flood.  
 You giddy creatures, sowers of debate,  
 You'll loue to day, and for no other cause,  
 But for you yesterday did deply hate,  
 You are the wreake of order, breach of lawes.  
 You best, are foolish, froward, wanton, vaine,  
 Your worst adulterous, murderous, cunning, proud:  
 And *Salome* attends the latter traine,  
 Or rather he their leader is allowd.  
 I do the sottishnesse of men bewaile,  
 That doe with following you inhance your pride:  
 T'were better that the humane race should faile,  
 Then be by such a mischiefe multiplide.  
*Chams* seruile curse to all your sexe was giuen,  
 Because in Paradise you did offend:  
 Then doe we not resist the will of Heauen,  
 When on your willes like seruants we attend?  
 You are to nothing constant but to ill,  
 You are with nought but wickednesse indude:  
 Your loues are set on nothing but your will,  
 And thus my censure I of you conclude.  
 You are the least of goods, the worst of euils,  
 Your best are worse then men : your worst then diuels.

*Babus second sonne.*

Come let vs to our death: are we not blest ?  
 Our death will freedome from these creatures giue:  
 These trouble quiet sowers of vnrest,  
 And this I vow that had I leaue to liue,  
 I would for euer leade a single life,  
 And neuer venter on a diuellish wife.

## ACTUS 4. Scœna 7.

*Herod and Salome.**Herod.*

**N**ay, she shall die. Die quoth you, that she shall:  
 But for the meanes. The meanes I Me thinks tis  
 To finde a meanes to murder her withall, (hard  
 Therefore I am resolu'd she shall be spar'd.

*Salom.* Why? let her be beheaded. *Her.* That were  
 Thinke you that swords are miracles like you: (well,  
 Her skinne will eu'ry Curtlax edge refell,  
 And then your enterprise you well may rue.  
 What if the fierce Arabian notice take,  
 Of this your wretched weaponlesse estate:  
 They answere when we bid resistance make,  
 That *Mariams* skinne their fanchions did rebate:  
 Beware of this, you make a goodly hand,  
 If you of weapons doe depriue our Land.

*Sal.* Why drowne her then. *Herod.* Indeed a sweet de-  
 Why? would not eu'ry River turne her course (uice,  
 Rather then doe her beautie preiudice?  
 And be reuerted to the proper southe.  
 So not a drop of water should be found  
 In all Iudeas quondam firrill ground.

*Sal.* Then let the fire deuoure her. *Her.* T'will not.  
 Flame is from her deriu'd into my heart: (bee:  
 Thou nursest flame, flame will not murder thee,  
 My fairest *Mariam*, fullest of desert. (die:

*Salom.* Then let her liue for me. *Herod.* Nay, she shall  
 But can you liue without her? *Sal.* doubt you that?

*Herod.* I'me sure I cannot, I beseech you trie:  
 I haue experience but I know not what.

*Salom.* How should I try? *Her.* Why let my loue be  
 But if we cannot liue without her sight (flaine,



Youle finde the meanes to make her breathe againe,  
Or else you will bereaue my comfort quite.

*Sal.* Oh *I*: I warrant you. *Herod.* What is she gone?  
And gone to bid the world be ouerthrowne:  
What? is her hearts composure hardest stone?  
To what a paise are cruell women growne?  
She is return'd already: haue you done?  
Is't possible you can command so soone?  
A creatures heart to quench the flaming Sunne,  
Or from the skie to wipe away the Moone,

*Sal.* If *Mariam* be the Sunne and Moone, it is:  
For I already haue commanded this. (times.

*Her.* But haue you seene her cheek? *Sal.* A thousand

*Herod.* But did you marke it too? *Sal.* I very well.

*Herod.* What is't? *Sal.* A Crimson bush, that euer limes  
The soule whose foresight doth not much excell.

*Herod.* Send word she shall not dye. Her cheek a bush,  
Nay, then *I* see indeed you markt it not.

*Sal.* Tis very faire, but yet will neuer blush,  
Though foule dishonors do her forehead blot.

*Herod.* Then let her die, tis very true indeed,  
And for this fault alone shall *Mariam* bleed,

*Sal.* What fault may Lord? *Herod.* What fault is't? you  
If you be ignorant *I* know of none, (that askes  
To call her backe from death shall be your taske,  
I'm glad that she for innocent is knowne.

For on the brow of *Mariam* hangs a Fleece,  
Whose slenderest twine is strong enough to binde  
The hearts of Kings, the pride and shame of *Greece*,  
*Troy* flaming *Helens* not so fairely shinde.

*Salom.* Tis true indeed, she layes them out for nets,  
To catch the hearts that doe not shune a baite:  
Tis time to speake: for *Herod* sure forgets  
That *Mariams* very tresses hide deceit.

*Her.* Oh doe they so? nay, then you doe but well,  
Insooth *I* thought it had beene haire:  
Nets call you them? Lord, how they doe excell,  
*I* neuer saw a net that show'd so faire.

But haue you heard her speake? *Sal.* You know I haue.

*Her.* And were you not amaz'd? *Sal.* No, not a whit.

*Her.* Then t'was not her you heard, her life lle saue,  
For *Mariam* hath a world amazing wit.

*Sal.* She speaks a beautious language, but within  
Her heart is false as powder: and her tongue  
Doth but allure the auditors to sinne,  
And is the instrument to doe you wrong.

*Herod.* It may be so: nay, tis so: shee's vnchaste,  
Her mouth will ope to eu'ry strangers care:  
Then let the executioner make haste,  
Lest she inchant him, if her words he heare.  
Let him be deafe, lest she do him surprize  
That shall to free her spirit be assignde:  
Yet what boots deafenes if he haue his eyes,  
Her murtherer must be both deafe and blinde.  
For if he see, he needs must see the starres  
That shine on cyther side of *Mariams* face:  
Whose sweet aspect will terminate the warres,  
Wherewith he should a soule so precious chase.  
Her eyes can speake, and in their speaking moue,  
Oft did my heart with reuerence receiue  
The worlds mandates. Pretty tales of loue  
They vtter, which can humane bondage weaue.  
But shall I let this heauens modell dye?  
Which for a small selfe-portraiture she drew:  
Her eyes like starres, her forehead like the skie,  
She is like Heauen, and must be heavenly true.

*Salom.* Your thoughts do raue with doating on the  
Her eyes are ebon hewde, and you'll confesse: (Queen,  
A sable starre hath bene but seldome seene,  
Then speake of reaton more, of *Mariam* lesse.

*Herod.* Your selfe are held a goodly creature heere,  
Yet so vnlike my *Mariam* in your shape:  
That when to her you haue approached neere,  
My selfe hath often tane you for an Ape.  
And yet you prate of beautie: goe your waies,  
You are to her a Sun-burnt Blackamore:

OF MARIAM.

Your paintings cannot equall *Mariams* praise,

Her nature is so rich, you are so poore.

Let her be staide from death, for if she die,

We do we know not what to stop her breath :

A world cannot another *Mariam* buy,

Why stay you lingring? countermaund her death.

*Salo.* Then youle no more remember what hath past,

*Sobemus* loue, and hers shall be forgot:

Tis well in truth : that fault may be her last,

And she may mend, though yet she loue you not.

*Her.* Oh God : tis true. *Sobemus* : earth and heau'n,

Why did you both conspire to make me curst:

In cousting me with shoues, and proofes vneu'n?

She show'd the best, and yet did proue the worst.

Her show was such, as had our singing king

The holy *Dauid*, *Mariams* beaurie scene:

The *Hittis* had then felt no deadly sting,

Nor *Bethsabe* had neuer bene a *Queene*.

Or had his sonne the wisest man of men,

Whose fond delight did most consist in changes.

Beheld her face, he had bene staid agen,

No creature hauing her, can wish to range.

Had *Asuerus* scene my *Mariams* brow,

The humble *Iewe*, she might haue walkt alone:

Her beaurious vertue should haue staid below,

Whiles *Mariam* mounted to the *Persian* throne.

But what auailles it all : for in the waight

She is deceitfull, light as vanitie :

Oh she was made for nothing but a bait,

To traine some haples man to miserie.

I am the haples man that haue bene trainde,

To endles bondage. I will see her yet:

Me thinkes I should discern her if she fainde,

Can humane eyes be dazde by womans wit?

Once more these eyes of mine with hers shall meet,

Before the headsmen doe her life bereaue :

Shall I for euer part from thee my sweet?

Without the taking of my latest leaue.

THE TRAGEDIE

*Salo:* You had as good resolue to saue her now,  
He slay her death, tis well determined:  
For sure she neuer more will breake her vow,  
*Sehemus* and *Iosephus* both are dead.

*Herod.* She shall not liue, nor will I see her face,  
A long heald wound, a second time doth bleed:  
With *Ioseph* I remember her disgrace,  
A shamefull end ensues a shamefull deed.  
Oh that I had not cald to minde a new,  
The discontent of *Mariams* wauering hart:  
Twas you: you foule mouth'd *Ate*, none but you,  
That did the thought hereof to me impart.  
Hence from my sight, my blacke tormenter hence,  
For hadst not thou made *Herod* vnsecure:  
I had not doubted *Mariams* innocence,  
But still had held her in my heart for pure.

*Salo:* He leaue you to your passion: tis no time  
To purge me now, though of a guiltles crime. (*Exit.*)

*Herod.* Destruction take thee: thou hast made  
As heauie as reuenge, I am so dull, (my hart:  
Me thinkes I am not sensible of smart,  
Though hiddious horrors at my bosome pull.  
My head waies downwards: therefore will I goe  
To try if I can sleepe away my woe.

---

Actus 4. Scœna. 8.

---

*Mariam.*

**A**M I the *Mariam* that presum'd so much, (breath  
And deem'd my face must needes preserue my  
I, I it was that thought my beautie such,  
At it alone could countermaund my death.  
Now death will teach me: he can pale aswell  
A cheeke of roses, as a cheeke lesse bright:  
And dim an eye whose shine doth most excell,  
As soone as one that casts a meaner light.

Had not my selfe against my selfe conspide,  
 No plot: no aduersarie from without  
 Could *Herods* loue from *Mariam* haue retirde,  
 Or from his heart haue thrust my semblance out.  
 The wanton *Queene* that neuer lou'd for loue,  
 False *Cleopatra*, wholly set on gaine:  
 With all her slights did proue: yet vainly proue,  
 For her the loue of *Herod* to obtaine.  
 Yet her allurements, all her courtly guile,  
 Her smiles, her fauours, and her smooth deceits  
 Could not my face from *Herods* minde exile,  
 But were with him of lesse then little weight.  
 That face and person that in *Asia* late  
 For beauties Goddess *Paphos* *Queene* was tane:  
 That face that did captiue great *Iulius* fate,  
 That very face that was *Antonius* bane.  
 That face that to be *Egyp*s pride was borne,  
 That face that all the world esteem'd so rare:  
 Did *Herod* hate, despise, neglect, and scorne,  
 When with the same, he *Mariams* did compare.  
 This made that I improuidently wrought,  
 And on the wager euen my life did pawne:  
 Because I thought, and yet but truly thought,  
 That *Herods* loue could not from me be drawne.  
 But now though out of time, I plainly see  
 It could be drawne, though neuer drawne from me:  
 Had I but with humilitie bene grac'te,  
 As well as faire I might haue prou'd me wise:  
 But I did thinke because I knew me chaste,  
 One vertue for a woman, might suffice.  
 That mind for glory of our sexe might stand,  
 Wherein humilitie and chastitie  
 Doth march with equall paces hand in hand,  
 But one if single scene, who setteth by?  
 And I had bin euer, but tis my ioy,  
 That I was euer innocent, though sower:  
 And therefore can they but my life destroy,  
 My Soule is free from aduersaries power.) *Enter Doris.*

You Princes great in power, and high in birth,  
 Be great and high, I enuy not your hap:  
 Your birth must be from dust: your power on earth,  
 In heau'n shall *Mariam* sit in *Saraes* lap. (thither,

*Doris*. I heau'n, your beautie cannot bring you  
 Your soule is blacke and spotted, full of sinne:  
 You in adultry liu'd nine yeare together,  
 And heau'n will neuer let adultry in.

*Mar*: What art thou that dost poore *Mariam* pursue?  
 Some spirit sent to driue me to dispaire:  
 Who sees for truth that *Mariam* is vntrue,  
 If faire she be, she is as chaste as faire.

*Doris*. I am that *Doris* that was once belou'd,  
 Belou'd by *Herod*: *Herods* lawfull wife:  
 Twas you that *Doris* from his side remou'd,  
 And rob'd from me the glory of my life.

*Mar*: Was that adultry: did not *Moses* say,  
 That he that being matcht did deadly hate:  
 Might by permission put his wife away,  
 And take a more belou'd to be his mate?

*Doris*. What did he hate me for: for simple truth?  
 For bringing beautious babes for loue to him:  
 For riches: noble birth, or tender youth,  
 Or for no staine did *Doris* honour dim?  
 Oh tell me *Mariam*, tell me if you knowe,  
 Which fault of these made *Herod* *Doris* foe.  
 These thrice three yeares haue I with hands held vp,  
 And bowed knees fast nailed to the ground:  
 Besought for thee the dreggs of that same cup,  
 That cup of wrath that is for sinners found.  
 And now thou art to drinke it: *Doris* curse,  
 Vpon thy selfe did all this while attend,  
 But now it shall pursue thy children worse.

*Mar*: Oh *Doris* now to thee my knees I bend,  
 That hart that neuer bow'd to thee doth bow:  
 Curse not mine infants, let it thee suffice,  
 That Heau'n doth punishment to me allow.  
 Thy curse is cause that guiltles *Mariam* dies.

*Doris.* Had I ten thousand tongues, and eu'ry tongue  
Inflam'd with poisons power, and steep in gall :  
My curses would not answer for my wrong,  
Though I in cursing thee imployd them all.  
Heare thou that didst mount *Gerarim* command,  
To be a place whereon with cause to curse:  
Stretch thy reuenging arme : thrust forth thy hand,  
And plague the mother much: the children worse.  
Throw flaming fire vpon the baseborne heads  
That were begotten in vnlawfull beds.  
But let them liue till they haue sence to know  
What tis to be in miserable state:  
Then be their neereft friends their ouerthrow,  
*Attended* be they by suspitious hate.  
And *Mariam*, I doe hope this boy of mine  
Shall one day come to be the death of thine. *Exit.*

*Mariam.* Oh! Heauen forbid. I hope the world shall  
This curse of thine shall be return'd on thee: (see,  
Now earth farewell, though I be yet but yong,  
Yet *I*, me thinks, haue knowne thee too too long. *Exit.*

*Chorus.*

**T**He fairest action of our humane life,  
Is scorning to reuenge an iniurie:  
For who forgives without a further strife,  
His aduersaries heart to him doth tie.  
And tis a firmer conquest truely sed,  
To winne the heart, then ouerthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy doe finde,  
To yeeld to worth, it must be nobly done:  
But if of baser metall be his minde,  
In base reuenge there is no honor wonne.

Who would a worthy courage ouerthrow,  
And who would wrastle with a worthles foe?

We say our hearts are great and cannot yeeld,  
Because they cannot yeeld it proues them poore :  
Great hearts are task't beyond their power, but feld  
The weakeſt Lyon will the lowdeſt roare.

Truths ſchoole for certaine doth this ſame allow,  
High hartednes doth ſometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a vertuous ſcorne,  
To ſcorne to owe a dutie ouer-long:  
To ſcorne to be for benefits forborne,  
To ſcorne to lie, to ſcorne to doe a wrong.  
To ſcorne to beare an iniurie in minde,  
To ſcorne a free-borne heart ſlaue-like to binde.

But if for wrongs we needs reuenge muſt haue,  
Then be our vengeance of the nobleſt kinde :  
Doe we his body from our furie ſaue,  
And let our hate preuaile againſt our minde?  
What can againſt him a greater vengeance bee,  
Then make his foe more worthy farre then hee?

Had *Mariam* ſcorn'd to leaue a due vnpaide,  
Shee would to *Herod* then haue paid her loue :  
And not haue bene by ſullen paſſion ſwaide  
To fixe her thoughts all iniurie aboute  
Is vertuous pride. Had *Mariam* thus bene prou'd,  
Long famous life to her had bene allowd.

---

## Actus quintus. Scena prima.

---

*Nuntio.*

**W**HEN, ſweeteſt friend, did I ſo farre offend  
Your heauenly ſelfe: that you my fault to quit  
Haue



Haue made me now relator of her end,  
 The end of beautie? Chastitie and wit,  
 Was none so haples in the fatall place,  
 But I, most wretched, for the *Queene* t'chuse,  
 'Tis certaine I haue some ill boding face  
 That made me culd to tell this luckles newes.  
 And yet no news to *Herod*: were it new,  
 To him vnhappy t'had not bene at all:  
 Yet doe I long to come within his vew,  
 That he may know his wife did guiltles fall:  
 And heere he comes. Your *Mariam* greets you well.

*Enter Herod.*

*Herod.* What? liues my *Mariam*? ioy, exceeding ioy.  
 She shall not die. *Nun.* Heau'n doth your will repell.

*Herod.* Oh doe not with thy words my life destroy,  
 I prethy tell no dying-tale: thine eye  
 Without thy tongue doth tell but too too much:  
 Yet let thy tongues addition make me die,  
 Death welcome, comes to him whose grieffe is such.

*Nunti.* I went amongst the curious gazing troope,  
 To see the last of her that was the best:  
 To see if death had hart to make her stoope,  
 To see the Sunne admiring *Phœnix* nest.  
 VWhen there I came, vpon the way I saw  
 The stately *Mariam* not debas'd by feare:  
 Her looke did seeme to keepe the world in awe,  
 Yet mildly did her face this fortune beare.

*Herod.* Thou dost vsurpe my right, my tongue was  
 To be the instrument of *Mariams* praise: (fram'd  
 Yet speake: she cannot be too often fam'd:  
 All tongues suffice not her sweet name to raise.

*Nun.* But as she came she *Alexandra* met,

Who did her death (sweet Queene) no whit bewaile,  
But as if nature she did quite forget,  
She did vpon her daughter loudly raile.

*Herod.* Why stopt you not her mouth? where had she  
To darke that, that Heaven made so bright? (words  
Oursacred tongue no *Epithite* affords,  
To call her other then the worlds delight.

*Nun.* Shee told her that her death was too too good,  
And that already she had liu'd too long:  
She said, she shan'd to haue a part in blood  
Of her that did the princely *Herod* wrong. (glory,

*Herod.* Base picke-thanke Diuell. Shame, twas all her  
That she to noble *Mariam* was the mother:  
But neuer shall it liue in any storie  
Her name, except to infamy ile smother.

What answere did her princely daughter make?

*Nun.* She made no answere, but she lookt the while,  
As if thereof she scarce did notice take,  
Yet smilde, a dutifull, though scornefull smile.

*Her.* Sweet creature, I that looke to mind doe call,  
Full oft hath *Herod* bene amaz'd withall.

*Nun.* Go on, she came vnmou'd with plealant grace,  
As if to triumph her arriuall were:  
In stately habite, and with cheefull face:  
Yet eu'ry eye was moyst, but *Mariams* there.

When iustly opposite to me she came,  
She pickt me out from all the crue:  
She beckned to me, cald me by my name,  
For she my name, my birth, and fortune knew.

*Herod.* What did she name thee? happy, happy man,  
Wilt thou not euer loue that name the better?  
But what sweet tune did this faire dying Swan  
Afford thine care: tell all, omit no letr.

*Nun.* Tell thou my Lord, said she. *Her. Mee,* ment she  
Is true, the more my shame: I was her Lord, (mee?  
Were I not made her Lord, I still should bee:

But

But now her name must be by me adord.  
Oh say, what said she more? each word she fed  
Shall be the food whereon my heart is fed. (breath.

*Nun:* Tell thou my Lord thou saw'st me loose my  
*Herod.* Oh that I could that sentence now controule.

*Nun.* If guiltily eternall be my death,

*Her:* I hold her chaste eu'n in my inmost soule.

*Nun:* By three daies hence if wishes could reuiue,  
I know himselfe would make me oft aliue.

*Herod.* Three daies: three houres, three minutes, not  
A minute in a thousand parts diuided, (so much,  
My penitencie for her death is such,  
As in the first I wisht she had not died.

But forward in thy tale. *Nun:* Why on she went,

And after she some silent praier had fed:

She did as if to die she were content,

And thus to heau'n her heau'nly soule is fled.

*Herod.* But art thou sure there doth no life remaine?  
Is't possible my *Mariam* should be dead,

Is there no tricke to make her breathe againe?

*Nun:* Her body is diuided from her head. (art,

*Her:* Why yet me thinkes there might be found by  
Strange waies of cure, tis sure rare things are don:  
By an inuentiue head, and willing heart.

*Nun:* Let not my Lord your fancies idly run.

It is as possible it should be seene,

That we should make the holy Abraham liue,

Though he intomb'd two thousand yeares had bene,

As breath againe to slaughtred *Mariam* giue.

But now for more assaults prepare your cares,

*Herod.* There cannot be a further cause of mone,  
This accident shall shelter me from feares:

What can I feare? already *Mariams* gone.

Yet tell eu'n what you will: *Nun:* As I came by,

From *Mariams* death I saw vpon a tree,

A man that to his necke a cord did tie:

Which cord he had design'd his end to bee,  
When me he once discern'd, he downwards bow'd;  
And thus with fearefull voyce she cride alowd,  
Goe tell the King he trusted ere he tride,  
I am the cause that *Mariam* causeles did.

*Herod.* Damnation take him, for it was the *Flau*  
That said she ment with poisons deadly force  
To end my life that she the Crowne might haue:  
Which tale did *Mariam* from her selfe diuorce.  
Oh pardon me thou pure vnspotted Ghost,  
My punishment must needes sufficient bee,  
In missing that content I valued most:  
Which was thy admirable face to see.  
I had but one inestimable Iewell,  
Yet one I had no monarch had the like,  
And therefore may I curse my selfe as cruell:  
Twas broken by a blowe my selfe did strike.  
I gaz'd thereon and neuer thought me blest,  
But when on it my dazled eye might rest:  
A pretious Mirror made by wonderous art,  
I priz'd it ten times dearer then my Crowne,  
And laide it vp fast foulded in my heart:  
Yet I in suddaine cholere cast it downe.  
And pasht it all to peeces: twas no foe,  
That robd me of it; no *Arabian* host,  
Nor no *Armenian* guide hath vsde me so:  
But *Herods* wretched selfe hath *Herod* crost.  
She was my gracefull moytie, me accurst,  
To slay my better halfe and saue my worst.  
But sure she is not dead you did but iest,  
To put me in perplexitie a while,  
Twere well indeed if I could so be drest:  
I see she is aliue; me thinkes you smile.

*Nun:* If sainted *Abel* yet deceased bee,  
Tis certaine *Mariam* is as dead as hee.

*Her:* Why then goe call her to me, bid her now

Put on faire habite, stately ornament:  
 And let no frowne oreshade her smoothe st brow,  
 In her doth *Herod* place his whole content. (sence,  
*Nun:* Sheel come in stately weedes to please your  
 If now she come attirde in robe of heauen:  
 Remember you your selfe did send her hence,  
 And now to you she can no more be giuen.  
*Herod.* Shee's dead, hell take her murderers; she was  
 Oh what a hand she had, it was so white,  
 It did the whitenes of the snowe impaire:  
 I neuer more shall see so sweet a sight. (hands;  
*Nun:* Tis true, her hand was rare. *Her:* her hand? her  
 She had not singly one of beautie rare,  
 But such a paire as heere where *Herod* stands;  
 He dares the world to make to both compare.  
 Accursed *Salome*, hadst thou bene still,  
 My *Mariam* had bene breathing by my side:  
 Oh neuer had I: had I had my will,  
 Sent forth command, that *Mariam* should haue dide.  
 But *Salome* thou didst with enuy vexe,  
 To see thy selfe out-matched in thy sexe:  
 Vpon your sexes forehead *Mariam* sat,  
 To grace you all like an imperiall crowne,  
 But you fond foole haue rudely pusht thereat,  
 And proudly puld your proper glory downe.  
 One smile of hers: Nay, not so much a: looke  
 Was worth a hundred thousand such as you,  
*Iudea* how canst thou the wretches brooke,  
 That robd from thee the fairest of the crew?  
 You dwellers in the now depriued land,  
 Wherein the matchles *Mariam* was bred:  
 Why graspe not each of you a sword in hand,  
 To ayne at me your cruell Soueraignes head.  
 Oh when you thinke of *Herod* as your King,  
 And owner of the pride of *Palestine*:  
 This act to your remembrance likewise bring,

Tis I haue ouerthrowne your royall line,  
 Within her purer vaines the blood did run,  
 That from her Grandam *Sara* she deriu'd,  
 Whose beldame age the loue of Kings hath wonne,  
 Oh that her issue had as long bene liud.  
 But can her eye be made by death obscure?  
 I cannot thinke but it must sparkle still:  
 Foule sacriledge to rob those lights so pure,  
 From out a Temple made by heau'nly skill.  
 I am the Villaine that haue done the deed,  
 The cruell deed, though by anothers hand,  
 My word though not my sword made *Mariam* bleed,  
*Hircanus* Grandchild did at my command.  
 That *Mariam* that I once did loue so deare,  
 The partner of my now detested bed,  
 Why shine you sun with an aspect so cleare?  
 I tell you once againe my *Mariams* dead.  
 You could but shine, if some *Egyptian* blows,  
 Or *Ethiopian* doudy lose her life:  
 This was, then wherefore bend you not your brows,  
 The King of *Iuries* faire and spotles wife.  
 Denie thy beames, and *Moone* refuse thy light,  
 Let all the starres be darke, let *Iuries* eye  
 No more distinguish which is day and night:  
 Since her best birth did in her bosome die.  
 Those fond Idolaters the men of *Greece*,  
 Maintaine these orbes are safely gouerned:  
 That each within themselues haue Gods a pcece,  
 By whom their stedfast course is iustly led.  
 But were it so, as so it cannot bee,  
 They all would put their mourning garments on:  
 Not one of them would yeeld a light to mee,  
 To me that is the cause that *Mariams* gon.  
 For though they fame their *Saturne* melancholy,  
 Of sowre behauiours, and of angry moode:  
 They fame him likewise to be iust and holy,

And

And iustice needes must seeke reuenge for blood,  
 Their *Ioue*, if *Ioue* he were, would sure desire,  
 To punish him that slew so faire a lasse:  
 For *Ledaes* beautie set his heart on fire,  
 Yet she not halfe so faire as *Mariam* was.  
 And *Mars* would deeme his *Venus* had bene flaine,  
*Sol* to recouer her would neuer sticke:  
 For if he want the power her life to gaine:  
 Then *Physicks* God is but an *Empericke*.  
 The *Queene* of loue would storme for beauties sake,  
 And *Hermes* too, since he bestow'd her wit,  
 The nights pale light for angrie griefe would shake,  
 To see chaste *Mariam* die in age vnfit.  
 But oh I am deceiu'd, she past them all  
 In euery gift, in euery propertie:  
 Her Excellencies wrought her timeles fall,  
 And they reioyc'd, not grieu'd to see her die.  
 The *Paphian* Goddesse did repent her wast,  
 When she to one such beautie did allow:  
*Mercurius* thought her wit his wit surpass,  
 And *Cynthia* enuid *Mariams* brighter brow.  
 But these are fictions, they are voyd of sence,  
 The *Greekes* but dreame, and dreaming falsehoods tell:  
 They neither can offend nor giue defence,  
 And not by them it was my *Mariam* fell.  
 If she had bene like an *Egyptian* blacke,  
 And not so faire, she had bene longer liude:  
 Her ouerflow of beautie turned backe,  
 And drownde the spring from whence it was desiude:  
 Her heau'nly beautie twas that made me thinke  
 That it with chastitie could neuer dwell:  
 But now I see that heau'n in her did linke,  
 A spirit and a person to excell.  
 Ile muffle vp my selfe in endles night,  
 And neuer let mine eyes behold the light.  
 Retire thy selfe vile monster, worse then hee

## THE TRAGEDIE

That staine the virgin earth with brothers blood,  
 Still in some vault or denne inclosed bee,  
 Where with thy teares thou maist beget a flood,  
 Which flood in time may drowne thee: happie day  
 When thou at once shalt die and finde a graue,  
 A stone vpon the vault, some one shall lay,  
 Which monument shall an inscription haue.  
 And these shall be the words it shall containe,  
*Heere Herod lies, that hath his Mariam slaine.*

*Chorus.*

**W**Ho euer hath beheld with steadfast eye,  
 The strange euent of this one onely day:  
 How many were deceiu'd? How many die,  
 That once to day did grounds of safetie lay?  
 It will from them all certaintie bereue,  
 Since twice sixe houres so many can deceiue.

This morning *Herod* held for surely dead,  
 And all the *Iewes* on *Mariam* did attend:  
 And *Constabarius* rise from *Saloms* bed,  
 And neither dreamd of a diuorce or end.  
*Pheroras* ioyd that he might haue his wife,  
 And *Babus* sonnes for safetie of their life.

To night our *Herod* doth aliue remaine,  
 The guiltles *Mariam* is depriu'd of breath:  
 Stout *Constabarius* both diuorst and slaine,  
 The valiant sonnes of *Baba* haue their death.  
*Pheroras* sure his loue to be bereft,  
 If *Salome* her sute vnmade had left.

*Herod* this morning did expect with ioy,  
 To see his *Mariams* much beloued face:  
 And yet ere night he did her life destroy,



OF MARIAM.

And surely thought she did her name disgrace,  
Yet now againe so short do humors last,  
He both repents her death and knowes her chaste.

Had he with wisedome now her death delaide,  
He at his pleasure might command her death:  
But now he hath his power so much betraide,  
As all his woes cannot restore her breath.

Now doth he strangely lunatickly raue,  
Because his *Mariams* life he cannot saue.

This daies euent were certainly ordainde,  
To be the warning to posteritic:  
So many changes are therein containde,  
So admirablie strange varietic.

This day alone, our sagest *Hebrewes* shall  
In after times the schoole of wisedome call.

FINIS.



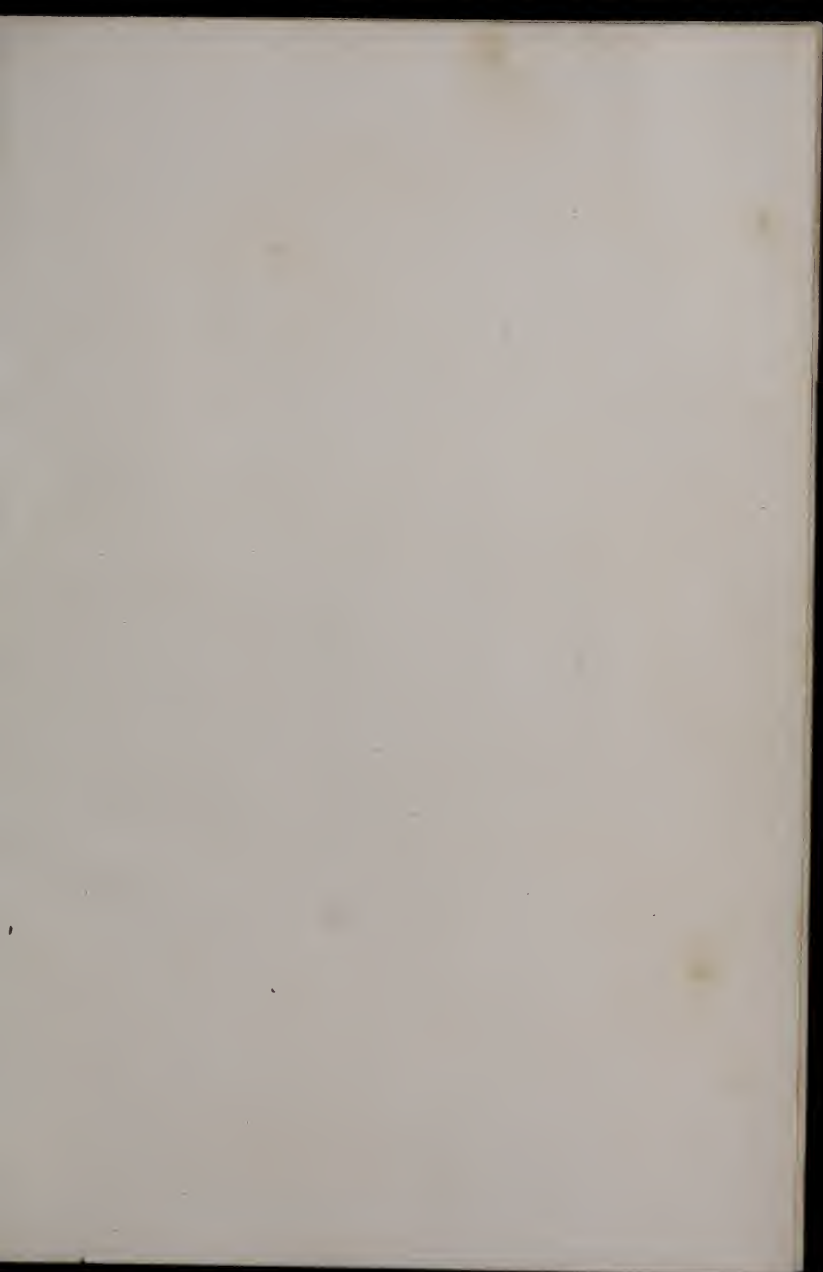
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...

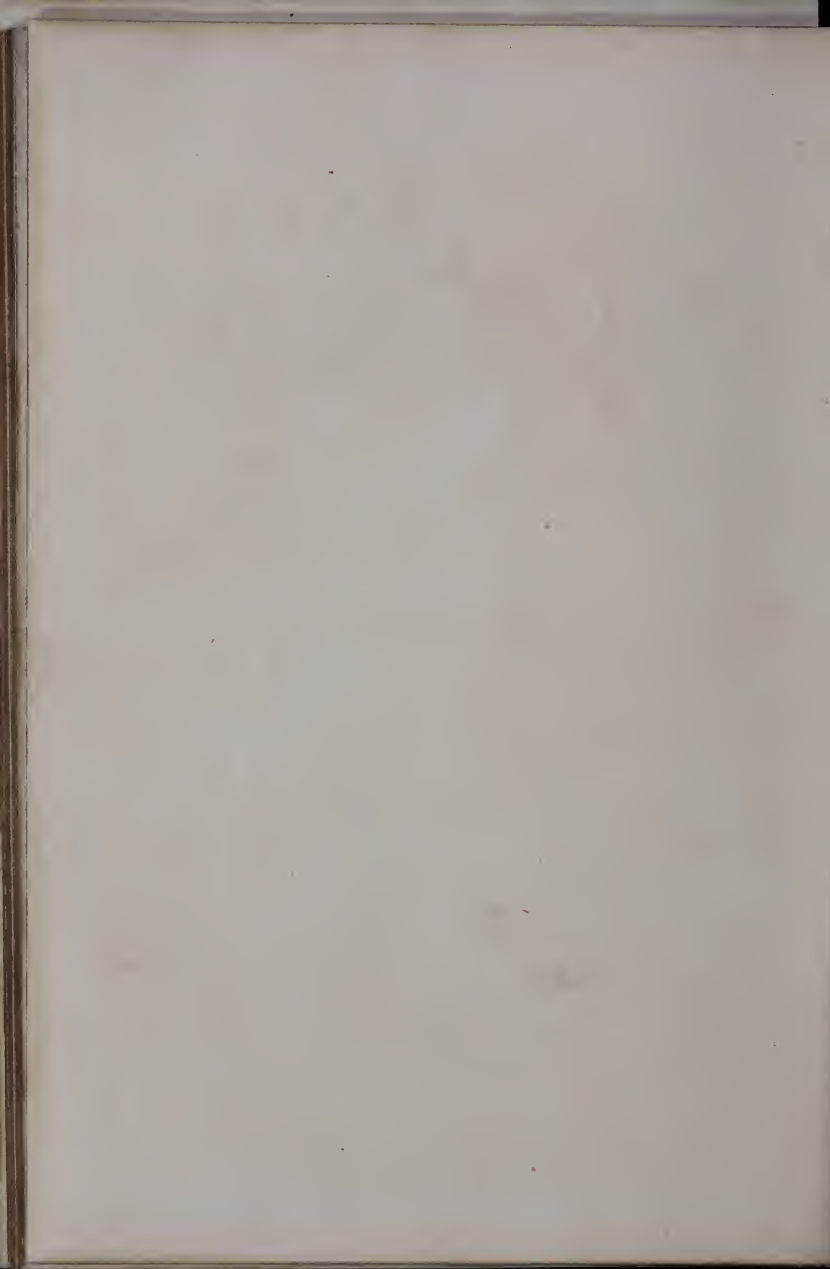
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...

... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...

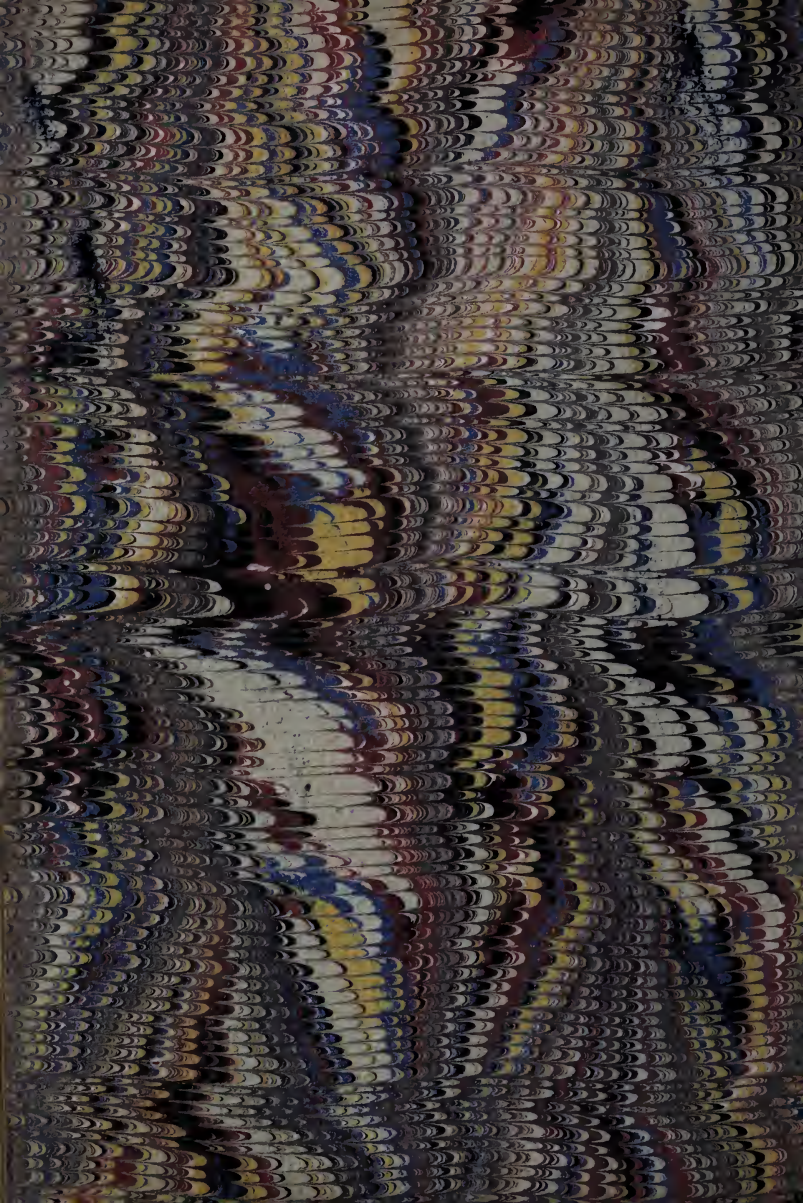
1712.







12/19/39



A.1503E.1



No (y. 389<sup>a</sup> = 50)



