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THE
GREAT DVKE
OF
FLORENCE.

A Comickall Historie.

As it hath beene often presented with good
allowance by her Maties Servants at the
Phoenix in Drurie Lane.

Written by PHILIP MASSINGER.



v

LONDON:
Printed for JOHN MARRIOT. 1636.



The Actors names.

COzimo, *Duke of Florence.*

Giovanni, *Nephew to the Duke.*

Lodovico Sanazarro, *the Dukes Favorite.*

Carolo Charomonte, *Giovanni his Tutor.*

Contarino, *Secretary to the Duke.*

Abnonso, }

Hippolito, }

Hieronimo, }

Counsailors of State.

Calandrino, *A merrie fellow servant to Giovanni.*

Bernardo, }

Caponi, }

Petruchio, }

Servants to Carolo Charomonte.

Fiorinda; *Dutchesse of Urbin.*

Lidia, *daughter to Carolo Charomonte*

Calaminta, *Servant to Fiorinda.*

Petronella, *Servant to Lidia.*





TO THE TRULY HO-
NORED, AND MY NOBLE

Favourer, Sir ROBERT WISEMAN

Knight, of *Thorrells Hall*

in E S S E X.

SIR:



S I dare not be ungratefull for
the many benefits you have
heretofore conferr'd upon me,
so I have just reason to feare
that my attempting this way
to make satisfaction (in some measure) for
so due a debt, will further ingage me. How-
ever examples encourage me. The most able
in my poore Quality have made use of Dedi-
cations in this Nature, to make the world
take notice (as farre as in them lay) who, and
what they were that gave supportment, and
protection to their Studies, being more wil-
ling to publish the Dooer, then receive a be-
nefit in a corner. For my selfe, I wil freely, and

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

with a zealous thankfulnesse acknowledge, that for many yeares I had but faintly subsisted, if I had not often tasted of your Bounty. But it is above my strength, and faculties, to celebrate to the desert, your noble inclination, (and that made actual) to raise up, or to speak more properly, to rebuild the ruines of demolish'd Poesie. But that is a worke reserved, and will be, no doubt, undertaken, and finished, by one that can to the life expresse it. Accept I beseech you the tender of my service, and in the list of those you have obliged to you, contemne not the Name of

Your true and

faithfull Honorer

PHILIP MASSINGER.

A COMICAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT DVKE OF FLORENCE.

Actus primi Scena prima.

Carolo Charomonte. Contarino.

Carolo. You bring your welcome with you.
Contarino. **Y**Sir, I finde it
In every circumstance.

Carolo. Againe most welcome.
Yet give me leave to wish (and pray you excuse mee)
For I must use the freedome I was borne with)
The great Dukes pleasure had commanded you
To my poore house upon some other service,
Not this you are designde to; but his will
Must be obeyde, how ere it ravish from me
The happy conversation of one
As deere to me as the old Romans held
Their household *Lars*, whom they belev'd had power
To blesse and guard their Families.

Contarino. 'Tis receiv'd so:
On my part, Signior; nor can the Duke
But promise to himselfe as much as may
Be hop'd for from a Nephew. And t'were weaknesse
In any man to doubt, that *Giovanni*
Train'd up by your experience and care
In all those Arts peculiar, and proper
To future Greatnesse, of necessity
Must in his actions being growne a man
Make good the Princely education
Which Hee deriv'd from you.

Carolo. I have discharg'd,
To the utmost of my power, the trust the Duke
Committed to me, and with joy perceiv

The great Duke of Florence.

The seed of my endeavours was not sown
Upon the barren sands, but fruitfull glebe,
Which yeelds a large encrease; my noble Charge,
By his sharp wit, and pregnant apprehension
Instructing those that teach him; making use
Not in a vulgar and pedantique forme
Of what's read to him, but 'ris streight digested
And truly made his owne. His grave discourse,
In one no more indebted unto yeares,
Amazes such as heare him; horsemanship
And skill to use his weapon are by practise
Familiar to him; as for Knowledge in
Musique, He needs it not, it being borne with him,
All that He speaks being with such grace deliver'd
That it makes perfit harmony.

Contarino. You describe
A wonder to me.

Carolo. Sir, he is no lesse,
And that there may be nothing wanting that
May render him compleat, the sweetnesse of
His disposition so winnes on all
Appointed to attend him, that they are
Rivalls ev'n in the courtest office, who
Shall get præcedencie to doe him service:
Which they esteeme a greater happinesse
Then if they had beene fashion'd, and built up
To hold command o're others.

Contarino. And what place
Does he now blesse with his presence?

Carolo. He is now
Running at the ring, at which he's excellent.
He does alott for every exercise
A severall houre, for Sloath the Nurse of vices
And rust of action, is a stranger to him.
But I feare I am tedious, let us passe
If you please to some other subject, though I cannot
Deliver him as he deseryes.

Contarino. You have giv'n him

The great Duke of Florence.

A noble character.

Carolo. And how I pray you
(For we that never looke beyond our villa's
Must be inquisitive) are State affaires
Carried in Court?

Contarino. There's little alteration.
Some rise, and others fall; as it stands with
The pleasure of the Duke, their great disposer.

Carolo. Does *Lodovico Sanazarro* hold
Waight, and grace with him?

Contarino. Every day new honours
Are show'd upon him, and without the envie
Of such as are good men. Since all confesse
The service done our Master in his warres
'Gainst *Pisa*, and *Sienna*, may with justice
Claime what's conferr'd upon him.

Carolo. 'Tis said nobly.

For Princes never more make knowne their wisdom
Then when they cherish goodnesse, where they finde it,
They being men, and not Gods, *Contarino*,
They can give wealth and titles, but no vertues;
That is without their power. When they advance
(Not out of judgement, but deceiving fancie)
An undeserving man, how ere set of
With all the trim of greatnesse, state, and power,
And of a creature ev'n growne terrible
To him from whom he tooke his Gyant forme,
This thing is still a Comet, no true starre;
And when the bounties feeding his false fire
Begin to faile, will of it selfe goe out,
And what was dreadfull, prooves ridiculous.
But in our *Sanazarro* 'tis not so.
He being pure and tride gold, and any stamp
Of grace to make him currant to the world
The Duke is pleas'd to give him, will adde honor
To the great bestower, for he though allow'd
Companion to his Master, still preserves
His Majestie in full lustre.

The great Duke of Florence.

Contarino. Hee indeede
At no part does take from it, but becomes
A partner of his cares, and eases him,
With willing shoulders, of a burthen, which
Hee should alone sustaine.

Carolo. Is Hee yet married?

Contarino. No Signior, still a Batchelor, how e're
It is apparent, that the choycest Virgin
For beauty, bravery, and wealth in *Florence*,
Would with her Parents glad consent, be woon
(Were his affection, and intent but knowne)
To be at his devotion.

Carolo. So I think too. *Enter Giovanni & Calandrino.*
But break we off. Here comes my Princely charge.
Make your approaches boldly, you will finde
A courteous entertainment.

Giovanni. Pray you forbear
My hand, good Signior. 'Tis a ceremony
Not due to me. 'Tis fit we should embrace
With mutuall armes.

Contarino. It is a favour Sir
I grieve to be denide.

Giovanni. You shall o're-come.
But 'tis your pleasure, not my pride that grants it.
Nay pray you Guardian, and good Sir, put on :
How ill it shewes to have that reverend head
Be uncover'd to a Boy?

Carolo. Your Excellence
Must give me liberty to observe the distance
And duty that I owe you.

Giovanni. Owe me duty?
I doe professe, and when I doe denie it
Good fortune leave me; You have beene to me
A second Father, and may justly challenge
(For trayning up my youth in Arts, and Armes)
As much respect, and service, as was due
To him that gave me life. And did you know Sir
Or will beleve from me, how many sleepes

The great Duke of Florence.

Good *Charomonte* hath broken in his care
To build me up a man, you must confesse
Chiron the Tutor to the great *Achilles*
Compar'd with him, deserves not to be nam'd.
And if my gracious Uncle the great Duke
Still holds me worthy his consideration,
Or findes in me ought worthy to be lov'd,
That little rivolet flow'd from this spring,
And so from me report him.

Contarino. Fame already
Hath fill'd his Highnesse eares with the true story
Of what you are, and how much better'd by him.
And 'tis his purpose to reward the travaile
Of this grave Sir with a magnificent hand.
For though his tendernesse hardly could consent
To have you one houre absent from his sight,
For full three yeares he did denie himselfe
The pleasure Hee tooke in you, that you, here
From this great Master might arrive unto
The Theory of those high mysteries
Which you by aⁿtion must make plaine in Court.
'Tis therefore his request (and that from him
Your Excellence must grant a strict command)
That instantly (it being not five houres riding)
You should take horse, and visit him. These his letters
Will yeeld you farther reasons.

Calandrino. To the Court!
Farewell the flower then of the Countries garland.
This is our Sunne, and when Hee's set, we must not
Expect or Spring, or Summer, but resolve
For a perpetuall Winter.

Carolo. Pray you observe
The frequent changes in his face.

Giovanni reading
the Letter.

Contarino. As if
His much unwillingnesse to leave your house
Contended with his duty.

Carolo. Now he appears
Collected and resolv'd.

The great Duke of Florence.

Giovanni. It is the Duke !

The Duke upon whose favour, all my hopes
And fortunes doe depend. Nor must I check
At his commands for any private motives
That doe invite my stay here, though they are
Almost not to be master'd. My obedience
In my departing suddenly shall confirme
I am his Highnesse creature. Yet I hope
A little stay to take a solemne farewell
For all those ravishing pleasures I have tasted
In this my sweet retirement, from my Guardian,
And his incomparable daughter, cannot meete
An ill construction.

Contarino. I will answer that,
Use your owne will.

Giovanni. I would speake to you Sir
In such a phrase as might expresse the thanks
My heart would gladly pay. But. ———

Carolo. I conceive you:
And something I would say, but I must doe it
In that dumb rhetorique, which you make use of;
For I doe wish you all. ——— I know not how
My toughnesse melts, and spite of my discretion
I must turne woman.

Contarino. What a sympathie
There is betweene em.

Calandrino. Were I on the Rack
I could not shed a teare. But I am mad,
And ten to one shall hang my selfe for sorrow
Before I shift my shirt. But heare you Sir,
I'll separate you. When you are gone, what will
Become of me ?

Giovan. Why thou shalt to Court with me.

Calandrino. To see you worried ?

Contarino. Worried *Calandrino* ?

Caland. Yes Sir. For bring this sweet face to the Court
There will be such a longing 'mong the Madames,
Who shall ingrosse it first, nay fight and scratch for't,

That

The great Duke of Florence.

That if they be not stop'd, for entertainment
They'll kisse his lips off. Nay, if you'll scape so
And not be tempted to a farther danger,
These *Succuba* are so sharp set, that you must
Give out you are an Eunuch.

Contarino. Have a better
Opinion of Court-Ladies, and take care
Of your owne stake.

Calandrino. For my stake 'tis past caring,
I would not have a bird of uncleane feathers
Hansell his Limetwig, and so much for him.
There's something else that troubles me.

Contarino. What's that?

Caland. Why how to behave my self in Court, & tytely
I have beene told the very place transformes men,
And that not one of a thousand, that before
Liv'd honestly in the Country, on plaine Sallads,
But bring him thither, marke me that, and feed him
But a moneth or two with Custards and Court Cakebread,
And he turnes Knave immediatly. I would be honest;
But I must follow the fashion, or die a beggar.

Giovanni. And if I ever reach my hopes, beleve it
We will share fortunes.

Carolo. This acknowledgement
Bindes me your debtor ever. Here comes one
In whose sad lookes you easily may reade
What her heart suffers, in that she is forc'd
To take her last leave of you:

Enter Lidia.

Contarino. As I live
A beauty without parallel.

Lidia. Must you goe then
So suddenly?

Giovanni. There's no evasion, *Lydia*,
To gaine the least delay, though I would buy it
At any rate. Greatnesse with private men
Esteem'd a blessing, is to me a curse.
And we, whom for our high births, they conclude
The onely free men, are the onely slaves:

Happy

The great Duke of Florence.

Happy the golden meane I had I beene borne
In a poore fordid Cottage ; not nurs'd up
With expectation to command a Court ;
I might, like such of your condition (Sweetest)
Have tooke a safe and middle course, and not
As I am now against my choyse compell'd
Or to lye groveling on the earth, or rais'd
So high upon the pinnacles of State,
That I must either keepe my height with danger,
Or fall with certaine ruine.

Lidia. Your owne goodnesse
Will be your faithfull guard.

Giovanni. O *Lidia.*

Contarino. So passionate !

Giovanni. For had I beene your equall
I might have scene and lik'd with mine own eyes,
And not as now with others ; I might still,
And without observation, or envie,
As I have done, continued my delights
With you, that are alone in my esteeme
The abstract of Society ; we might walke
In solitary Groves, or in choyce Gardens ;
From the variety of curious flowers
Contemperate natures workmanship, and wonders.
And then for change, neare to the murmur of
Some bubling fountaine, I might heare you sing,
And from the well-tun'd accents of your tongue
In my imagination conceive
With what mellodious harmony a Quire
Of Angells sing above, their Makers praises.
And then with chaste discourse, as we return'd,
Impe feathers to the broken wings of Time,
And all this I must part from.

Contarino. You forget
The hast impos'd upon us.

Giovanni. One word more
And then I come. And after this, when with
Continued innocence, of love, and service,

The great Duke of Florence.

I had growne ripe for Hymenæall joyes
Embracing you, but with a lawfull flame
I might have beene your husband.

Lidia. Sir, I was
And ever am your servant, but it was,
And 'tis farre from me, in a thought to cherish
Such sawcie hopes : If I had beene the heire
Of all the Globes and Scepters mankind bowes to,
At my best you had deserv'd me ; as I am
How e're unworthy, in my virgin zeale
I wish you as a partner of your bed,
A Princeesse equall to you, such a one
That may make it the study of her life,
With all th'obedience of a wife to please you.
May you have happy issue, and I live
To be their humblest handmayde.

Giovanni. I am dumb,
And can make no reply.

Contarino. Your Excellence
Will be benighted.

Giovanni. This kisse bath'd in teares
May learne you what I should say.

Lidia. Give me leave
To wayt on you to your horse.

Carolo. And me to bring you
To the one halfe of your journey.

Giovanni. Your love puts
Your age to too much trouble.

Carolo. I grow young
When most I serve you.

Conta. Sir, the Duke shal thank you.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus primi Scena secunda.

Alphonso, Hippolito, Hieronimo, with a Petition.

Alphonso. **H**is Highnesse cannot take it ill.

Hippolito. **H**owever,

We with our duties shall expresse our care

The great Duke of Florence.

For the safety of his Dukedome.

Hieronimo. And our loves

Enter Cozimo

To his person. Here he comes. Present it boldly. *the Duke.*

Cozimo. What needs this form? we are not grown so proud

As to disdain familiar conference

With such as are to counsaile, and direct us.

This kinde of adoration shew'd not well

In the old Roman Emperors, who forgetting

That they were flesh & blood, would be styl'd gods,

In us to suffer it were worse. Pray you rise.

Still the old suit, with too much curiousnesse *Reader.*

You have too often search'd this wound, which yeelds

Security and rest, not trouble to me.

For here you grieve, that my firme resolution

Continues me a Widdower; and that

My want of issue to succede me in

My government, when I am dead, may breed

Distraction in the State, and make the name

And family of the Medices, now admir'd,

Contemptible.

Hippelito. And with strong reasons Sir.

Alphonso. For were you old and past hope to beget
The modell of your selfe; we should be silent.

Hieronimo. But being in your height and pride of yeeres
As you are now great Sir, and having too

In your possession the daughter of

The deceas'd Duke of *Vrbis*, and his heire, ❀

Whose Guardian you are made, were you but pleas'd

To think her worthy of you, besides children

The Dukedome she brings with her for a dower,

Will yeeld a large encrease of strength and power

To those faire territories, which already

Acknowledge you their absolute Lord.

Cozimo. You presse us

VVith solid arguments we grant, and though

VVe stand not bound to yeeld account to any

VVhy we doe this or that (the full consent

Of our Subjects being included in our Will)

The great Duke of Florence.

We out of our free bounties will deliver
The motives that divert us. You well know
That three yeeres since to our much griefe, we lost
Our Dutches, such a Dutches, that the world
In her whole course of life, yeelds not a Lady
That can with imitation deserve
To be her second: in her grave we buried
All thoughts of woman: let this satisfie
For any second marriage. Now whereas
You name the heire of *Urbis*, as a Princesse
Of great revenues, 'tis confests'd she is so;
But for some causes private to our selfe,
We have dispos'd her otherwise. Yet despaire not,
For you ere long with joy shall understand,
That in our Princely care we have provided
One worthy to succeed us.

Enter Lodovico

Hippolito. We submit, *Sanazarro*.

And hold the counsailes of great *Cozimo*
Oraculous.

Cozimo. My *Sanazarro*. Nay,
Forbeare all ceremony. You looke sprightly friend,
And promise in your cleare aspect some novell
That may delight us.

Sanazarro. O Sir, I would not be
The Harbinger of ought that might distast you.
And therefore know (for 'twere a sinne to torture
Your Highnesse expectation) your Vice-Admirall
By my directions hath surpriz'd the Gallies
Appointed to transport the Asian tribute
Of the great Turke, a richer Prize was never
Brought into *Florence*.

Cozimo. Still my Nightingale,
That with sweet accents doest assure me, that
My Spring of happinesse comes fast upon me.
Embrace me boldly. I pronounce that wretch
An enemy to brave and thriving action,
That dares beleave, but in a thought, we are
Too prodigall in our favours to this man,

The great Duke of Florence.

Whose merits, though with him we should divide
Our Dukedome, still continue us his debtor.

Hippolito. 'Tis farre from me.

Alphonso. We all applaud it.

Cozimo. Nay, blush not *Sanazarro*, we are proud
Of what we build up in thee, nor can our
Election be disparag'd; since we have not
Receiv'd into our bosome and our grace
A glorious lazie Droane, growne fat with feeding
On others toyle, but an industrious Bee
That crops the sweet flowers of our enemies,
And every happy evening returnes
Loaden with wax and hony to our Hive.

Sanazarro. My best endeavours never can discharge
The service I should pay.

Enter Giovanni

Cozimo. Thou art too modest,
But we will study how to give, and when,
Before it be demanded. *Giovanni!*

and Constarino.

My Nephew; let me eye thee better Boy.
In thee me thinks my Sister lives againe:
For her love I will be a Father to thee,
For thou art my adopted Sonne.

Giovanni. Your Servant
And humblest Subject.

Cozimo. Thy hard travaile Nephew
Requires soft rest, and therefore we forbear
For the present an account, how thou hast spent
Thy absent houres. See Signiors, see, our care
Without a second bed provides you of
A hopefull Prince. Carrie him to his Lodgings,
And for his farther honour *Sanazarro*
With the rest doe you attend him.

Giovanni. All true pleasures
Circle your Highnesse.

Sanazarro. As the rising Sunne
We doe receive you.

Giovan. May this never set; *Exeunt Giovanni, Sanazarro,*
But shine upon you ever. *Hieronimo, Alphonso, Lodovico.*

Cozimo.

The great Duke of Florence.

Cozimo. Contarino!

Contarino. My gracious Lord.

Cozimo. What entertainment found you
From *Carolo de Charamonte*?

Contarino. Free

And bountifull. He's ever like himselfe
Noble and hospitable.

Cozimo. But did my Nephew
Depart thence willingly?

Contarino. He obey'd your summons
As did become him. Yet it was apparent
But that he durst not crosse your will, he would
Have sojourn'd longer there, he ever finding
Variety of sweetest entertainment;
But there was something else, nor can I blame
His youth, though with some trouble he took leave
Of such a sweet companion.

Cozimo. Who was it?

Contarino. The daughter sir of Signior *Carolo*,
Faire *Lidia*, a virgin at all parts,
But in her birth and fortunes, equall to him.
The rarest beauties *Italy* can make boast of,
Are but meere shadowes to her, she the substance
Of all perfection. And what encreases
The wonder Sir, Her bodies matchlesse forme
Is better'd by the purenesse of her soule.
Such sweet discourse, such ravishing behaviour;
Such charming language, such enchanting manners,
With a simplicity that shames all Courtship,
Flow hourelly from her, that I doe beleieve
Had *Circe*, or *Calipso* her sweet graces,
Wandering *Vlisses* never had remembred
Penelope, or *Ithaca*.

Cozimo. Be not rap'd so.

Contarino. Your Excellence would be so had you seen her.

Cozimo. Take up. Take up. But did your observation
Note any passage of affection
Betweene her and my Nephew?

The great Duke of Florence.

Contarino. How it should
Be otherwise betwene 'em, is beyond
My best imagination. *Cupids* arrowes
Were uselesse there, for of necessity
Their yeeres and dispositions doe accord so
They mult wound one another.

Cozimo. Umh ! Thou art
My Secretary *Contarino*, and more skill'd
In politique designs of State, then in
Thy judgement of a beauty ; give me leave
In this to doubt it. Here. Goe to my Cabinet, (*of Vrbin.*
You shal find there Letters newly receiv'd touching the state
Pray you with care peruse them, leave the search
Of this to us.

Contarino. I doe obey in all things. *Exit Contarino.*

Cozimo. *Lydia* ! A Diamond so long conceal'd,
And never worn in Court ! of such sweet feature ?
And he on whom I fixe my Dukedomes hopes,
Made Captive to it ! Umh ! 'tis somewhat strange,
Our eyes are every where, and we will make
A strict enquiry. *Sanazarro* ! *Enter Sanazarro.*

Sanazarro. Sir !

Cozimo. Is my Nephew at his rest ?

Sanazarro. I saw him in bed Sir.

Cozimo. 'Tis well, and does the Princess *Fiorinda*
(Nay, doe not blush, she is rich *Vrbin's* heire)
Continue constant in her favours to you ?

Sanazarro. Dread sir, she may dispense the as she pleases,
But I looke up to her as on a Princess
I dare not be ambitious of, and hope
Her prodigall graces shall not render me
Offended to your Highnesse.

Cozimo. Not a scruple.
He whom I favour as I doe my friend,
May take all lawfull graces that become him.
But touching this hereafter ; I have now
(And though perhaps it may appeare a trifle)
Serious imployment for thee.

Sanazarro.

The great Duke of Florence.

Sanazar. I stand ready
For any act you please.

Cozimo. I know it friend,
Have you ne're heard of *Lidia* the daughter
Of *Carolo Charamonte* ?

Sanazar. Him I know sir
For a noble Gentleman, and my worthy friend,
But never heard of her.

Cozimo. She is deliver'd
And feelingly to us by *Contarino*
For a master-peece in nature, I would have you
Ride suddenly thither to behold this wonder :
But not as sent by us, that's our first caution :
The second is, and carefully observe it,
That though you are a Batchelor, & endow'd with
All those perfections that may take a virgin,
On forfeit of our favour doe not tempt her.
It may be her faire graces doe concerne us.
Pretend what businesse you think fit, to gaine
Accesse into her Fathers house, and there
Make full discovery of her, and returne me
A true relation, I have some ends in it
With which we will acquaint you.

Sanazar. This is Sir
An easie taske.

Cozimo. Yet one that must exact
Your secrecie, and diligence. Let not
Your stay be long.

Sanazar. It shall not sir.

Cozimo. Farewell,
And be, as you would keepe our favour, carefull.

Finis Actus primi.

Actus secundi Scena prima.

Fiorinda. Calaminta.

Fiorinda. **H**OW does this dressing show ?
Calaminta. 'Tis of it selfe

Curious

The great Duke of Florence.

Curious and rare : but borrowing ornament
As it does from your Grace, that daine sto weare it,
Incomparable.

Fiorinda. Thou flatter'st me.

Calaminta. I cannot,
Your Excellence is above it.

Fiorinda. Were we lesse perfect,
yet being as we are an absolute Princesse,
We of necessity must be chaste, wise, faire,
By our prerogative. Yet all these faile
To move where I would have them. How receiv'd
Count *Sanazarro* the rich Scarfe I sent him
For his last Visit ?

Calaminta. With much reverence,
I dare not say affection. He express'd
More ceremonie in his humble thanks
Then feeling of the favour ; and appear'd
Wilfully ignorant in my opinion
Of what it did invite him to.

Fiorinda. No matter,
He's blinde with too much light. Have you not heard
Of any private Mistresse he's ingag'd to ?

Calaminta. Not any, and this does amaze me Madame,
That he, a Souldier, one that drinks rich wines,
Feedes high, and promises as much as *Venus*
Could wish to finde from *Mars*, should in his manners
Be so averse to women.

Fiorinda. Troth I know not,
He's man enough, and if he has a haunt,
He preyes farre off like a subtill Fox.

Calaminta. And that way
I doe suspect him. For I learnt last night
(When the great Duke went to rest) attended by
One private follower, he tooke horse, but whither
He's rid, or to what end I cannot guesse at,
But I will finde it out.

Fiorinda. Doe faithfull servant, *Enter Calandrino.*
We would not be abus'd. Who have we here ?

Calaminta.

The great Duke of Florence.

Calaminta. How the foole stares ?

Fiorinda. And lookes as if he were
Conning his neck-verse.

Calandrino. If I now proove perfect
In my A. B. C. of Courtship, *Calandrino*
is made for ever, I am sent ; let me see,
On a how doe you, as they call't.

Calaminta. What would'st thou say ?

Calan. Let me see thy notes. These are her lodgings. Well.

Calaminta. Art thou an Ass ?

Caland. Peace, thou art a Court wagtaile *Calandrino still*
To interrupt me. *looking on his*

Fiorinda. He has giv'n it you. *instructions.*

Calandrino. And then say to th'illustrious *Fi. o. rin. da.*
I have it. VVhich is she ?

Calaminta. VVhy this ; Fopdoodle.

Calan. Leave chattering Bulfinch: you would put me out,
But 'twill not doe. Then after you have made
Your three obeyfances to her, kneele and kisse
The skirt of Gowne. I am glad it is no worse.

Calaminta. And why so sir ?

Calandrino. Because I was afraid
That after the Italian garbe I should
Have kifs'd her backward.

Calaminta. This is sport unlook'd for.

Calandrino. Are you the Princeesse ?

Fiorinda. Yes sir.

Calandrino. Then stand faire
(For I am cholerick) and doe not nip
A hopefull bloosome. Out againe. Three low
Obeyfances. *Reades.*

Fiorinda. I am ready.

Calandrino. I come on then.

Calaminta. With much formality. *Makes Antique*

Calandrino. Umph. One. two. three. *cartesies.*

Thus farre I am right. Now for the last. O rare !
Shee is perfum'd all over ! Sure great women
In stead of little dogges are priviledg'd

The great Duke of Florence.

To carrie Musk Cats.

Fiorinda. Now the ceremony
Is pass'd, what is the substance?

Calandrino. I'll peruse
My instructions, and then tell you: Her skirt kiss'd,
Informe her Highnesse, that your Lord,

Calaminta. Who's that?

Calandrino. Prince Giovanni, who entreates your Grace,
That he with your good favour may have leave
To present his service to you. I think I have nick'd it
For a Courtier of the first forme.

Fiorinda. To my wonder: *Enter Giovanni and*
Returne unto the Prince: but he prevents *a Gentleman.*
My answer. Calaminta take him off,
And for the neate delivery of his message
Give him ten Duccats, such rare parts as yours.
Are to be cherish'd.

Calandrino. We will share. I know
It is the custome of the Court, when ten
Are promis'd, five is faire. Fie, fie, the Princessse
Shall never know it, so you dispatch me quickly,
And bid me not come to morrow.

Calaminta. Very good sir.

*Exeunt Calandrino
and Calaminta.*

Giovanni. Pray you friend
Informe the Duke I am putting into act
What he commanded.

Gentleman. I am proud to be employ'd sir. *Exit Gentlemā.*

Giovan. Madam, that without warrant I presume *They sa-*
To trench upon your Privacies, may argue *lute.*
Rudenesse of manners. But the free accessse
Your Princely courtesie vouchsafes to all
That come to pay their services, gives me hope
To finde a gracious pardon.

Fiorinda. If you please, not
To make that an offence in your construction,
Which I receive as a large favour from you,
There needes not this Apologie.

Giovanni. You continue

The great Duke of Florence.

As you were ever, the greatest Mistresse of
Faire entertainment.

Fiorinda. You are Sir the Master,
And in the Country have learnt to out-doe
All that in Court is practis'd, But why should we
Talke at such distance? You are welcome sir,
We have beene more familiar, and since
You wil impose the Province, you should governe,
Of boldnesse on me, give me leave to say
You are too punctuall. Sit sir, and discourse
As we were us'd.

Giovanni. Your Excellence knowes so well
How to command, that I can never erre
When I obey you.

Fiorinda. Nay, no more of this.
You shall o'recome; no more I pray you sir.
And what delights, Pray you be liberall
In your relation, hath the Country life
Afforded you?

Giovanni. All pleasures gracious Madame,
But the happinesse to converse with your sweet vertues.
I had a grave Instructer, and my houres
Design'd to serious Studies yeilded me
Pleasure with profit in the knowledge of
What before I was ignorant in. The Signior
Carolo de Charomonte being skilfull
To guide me through the labyrinth of wilde passions,
That labour'd to imprison my free soule
A slave to vitious Sloath.

Fiorinda. You speake him well.

Giovanni. But short of his deserts, Then for the time
Of recreation I was allow'd
(Against the forme follow'd by jealous Parents
In Italy) full liberty to pertake
His daughters sweet society. She's a virgin
Happy in all endowments, which a Poet
Could fancie in his Mistresse: being her selfe
A Schoole of goodnesse, where chaste Mayds may learne

The great Duke of Florence.

(Without the aydes of forraigne Principles)
By the example of her life and purenesse
To be as she is, excellent. I but give you
A brieft Epitome of her vertues, which
Dilated on at large, and to their merit,
Would make an ample Story.

Fiorinda. Your whole age
So spent with such a Father, and a Daughter,
Could not be tedious to you.

Giovanni. True great Princeesse:
And now since you have pleas'd to grant the hearing
Of my times expence in the Country, give me leave
To entreate the favour, to be made acquainted
What service, or what objects in the Court
Have in your Excellence acceptance, prov'd
Most gracious to you?

Fiorinda. I'll meete your demand,
And make a plaine discovery. The Dukes care
For my estate and person holds the first
And choicest place. Then the respect the Courtiers
Pay gladly to me, not to be contemn'd.
But that which rais'd in me the most delight
(For I am a friend to valour) was to heare
The noble actions truly reported
Of the brave Count *Sanazarro*. I professe
When it hath beene, and fervently deliver'd,
How boldly in the horror of a fight
Cover'd with fire and smoake, and as if nature
Had lent him wings, like lightning he hath falne
Upon the Turkish Gallies, I have heard it
With a kinde of pleasure, which hath whisper'd to me
This Worthy must be cherish'd.

Giovanni. 'Twas a bounty
You never can repent.

Fiorinda. I glory in it.
And when he did returne (but still with conquest)
His Armour off, not young Antinous
Appear'd more Courtly; all the Graces that

The great Duke of Florence.

Render a mans Society deere to Ladies,
Like Pages wayting on him, and it does
VVorke strangely on me.

Giovanni. To divert your thoughts
Though they are fixt upon a noble Subject,
I am a fuitor to you.

Fiorinda. You will aske
I doe presume, what I may grant, and then
It must not be deni'd.

Giovanni. It is a favour
For which I hope your Excellence will thank me.

Fiorinda. Nay, without circumstance.

Giovanni. That you would please
To take occasion to move the Duke,
That you with his allowance may command
This matchlesse virgin Lidia (of whom
I cannot speake too much) to waite upon you.
She's such a one, upon the forfeit of
Your good opinion of me, that will not
Be a blemish to your trayne.

Fiorinda. 'Tis ranke ! He loves her ; *Aside.*
But I will fit him with a suit. I pause not
As if it bred or doubt or scruple in me
To doe what you desire, for I'll effect it,
And make use of a faire and fit occasion.
Yet in returne I aske a boone of you,
And hope to finde you, in your grant to me
As I have beene to you.

Giovanni. Command me Madame.

Fiorinda. 'Tis neere allyde to yours. That you would be
A Suitor to the Duke, not to expose
(After so many trialls of his faith)
The noble *Sanaxarro* to all dangers,
As if he were a wall to stand the furie
Of a perpetuall batterie : but now
To grant him after his long labours, rest
And liberty to live in Court, his Armes
And his victorious sword and shield hung up

The great Duke of Florence.

For monuments.

Giovan. Umph. I'll embrace faire Princes *Enter Cozimo.*

The soonest opportunity. The Duke!

Cozimo. Nay, blush not; we smile on your privacie,
And come not to disturbe you. You are equals,
And without prejudice to eithers Honors,
May make a mutuall change of love and Courtship,
Till you are made one, and with holy rites,
And we give suffrage to it.

Giovanni. You are gracious.

Cozimo. To our selfe in this. But now break off. Too much
Taken at once of the most curious viands
Dulls the sharp edge of appetite. We are now
For other sports, in which our pleasure is
That you shall keepe us company.

Fiorinda. We attend you.

Exeunt.

Actus secundi Scena secunda.

Bernardo. Caponi. Petruchio.

Bernardo. Is my Lord stirring?

Caponi. No; He's fast.

Petruchio. Let us take then

Our morning draught. Such as eate store of Beefe,
Mutton, and Capons, may preserve their healths
With that thin composition call'd small Beere,
As 'tis said they doe in England. But Italians
That think when they have sup'd upon an Olive,
A Root, or bunch of Rayfins, 'tis a Feast,
Must kill those crudities, rising from cold hearbs;
With hot and lusty wines.

Caponi. A happinesse
Those Tramontaines ne're tasted.

Bernardo. Have they not
Store of wine there?

Caponi. Yes, and drink more in two houres
Then the Dutchmen, or the Dane in foure and twenty.

Petru. But what is't? French trash, made of rotten grapes
And

The great Duke of Florence.

And dregs, and lees of Spaine, with Welch Metheglyn,
A drench to kill a horse, but this pure Nectar
Being proper to our climate, is too fine
To brook the roughnesse of the Sea. The spirit
Of this begets in us quick apprehensions
And active executions, whereas their
Grosse feeding makes their understanding like it.
They can fight, and that's their all. *They drink.*

Sanazarro. Security *Enter Sanazarro. A servant.*
Dwells about this house I think; the gate's wide open,
And not a servant stirring. See the horses
Set up, and cloath'd.

Servant. I shall Sir.
Sanazarro. I'll make bold
To presse a little further.

Bernardo. Who is this,
Count *Sanazarro*?
Petruchio. Yes, I know him. Quickly
Remove the Flaggon.

Sanazarro. A good day to you friends,
Nay, doe not conceale your Physick, I approve it,
And if you please will be a Patient with you.

Petruchio. My noble Lord. *Drinks.*

Sanazarro. A health to yours. Well done,
I see you love your selves. And I commend you
'Tis the best wisdome.

Petruchio. May it please your Honour
To walk a turne in the Gallery, I'll acquaint
My Lord with your being here. *Exit Petruchio.*

Sanazarro. Tell him I come
For a Visit onely. 'Tis a handsome pile this. *Exit Sanazarro.*

Caponi. Why here is a brave fellow, and a right one,
Nor wealth, nor greatnesse makes him proud. (Courtiers

Bernar. There are too few of them, for most of our new
(Whose Fathers were familiar with the prices
Of oyle, and corne, with when, and to where to vent 'em)
And left their heires rich from their knowledge that way)
Like gourds shot up in a night, disdain to speake

But

The great Duke of Florence.

But to cloath of Tiffue. *Ent. Car. Charom. in a night-Gown,*
Carol. Stand you prating, knaves, Petruccio following.

When such a guest is under my roofe? See all
The roomes perfum'd. This is the man that carries
The fway, and fwinge of the Court; and I had rather
Preserve him mine with honest offices, then. —
But I'll make no comparifons. Bid my daughter
Trim her felfe up to the height, I know this Courtier
Must have a smack at her, and perhaps by his place
Expects to wriggle further. If he does
I shall deceive his hopes, for I'll not taint
My Honour for the Dukedome. Which way went he?

Caponi. To the round Gallerie.

Carolo. I will entertaine him

As fits his worth, and quality, but no farther. *Exeunt:*

Actus secundi Scena tertia.

Sanazarro solus.

SANAZARRO. I Cannot apprehend, yet I have argu'd
I All wayes I can imagine, for what reasons
The great Duke does employ me hither, and
What does encrease the miracle, I must render
A strict and true account, at my returne
Of Lidia this Lords daughter, and describe
In what she's excellent, and where defective.
'Tis a hard task; he that will undergoe
To make a judgement of a womans beauty,
And see through all her plaistrings, and paintings,
Had neede of Lincus eyes, and with more ease
May looke like him through nine mud walls, then make
A true discovery of her. But th'intents
And secrets of my Princes heart must be
Serv'd and not search'd into. *Enter Carolo Charomonte.*

Carolo. Most noble Sir
Excuse my age subject to ease, and Sloath,
That with no greater speed I have presented
My service with your welcome.

SANAZARRO.

The great Duke of Florence.

Sanazarro 'Tis more fit
That I should aske your pardon for disturbing
Your rest at this unseasonable houre.
But my occasions carrying me so neere
Your hospitable house, my stay being short to ;
Your goodnesse, and the name of friend, which you
Are pleas'd to grace me with, gave me assurance
A Visit would not offend.

Carolo. Offend my Lord ?
I feele my selfe much younger for the favour.
How is it with our gracious Master ?

Sanazarro. He Sir
Holds still his wonted Greatnesse, and confesse
Himselfe your debtor, for your love, and care
To the Prince Giovanni, and had sent
Particular thanks by me, had his Grace knowne,
The quick dispatch of what I was design'd to
Would have licenc'd me to see you.

Carolo. I am rich
In his acknowledgement.

Sanazarro. Sir, I have heard
Your happinesse in a daughter.

Carolo. Sits the winde there ?

Sanazarro. Fame gives her out for a rare master-peece.

Carolo. 'Tis a plaine Village Girle Sir, but obedient,
That's her best beauty Sir.

Sanazarro. Let my desire
To see her, finde a faire construction from you,
I bring no loose thought with me.

Carolo. You are that way
My Lord free from suspicion. Her owne manners
(Without an imposition from me) *Enter Lidia and*
I hope will prompt her to it. As she is *Petronella.*
She's come to make a tender of that service
Which she stands bound to pay.

Sanazarro. With your faire leave
I make bold to salute you.

Lidia. Sir, I, you have it.

The great Duke of Florence.

Petronella. I am her Gentlewoman, wil he not kisse me to?
This is course ifaith.

Carolo. How he falls off!

Lidia. My Lord, though silence best becomes a Mayde,
And to be curious to know but what concernes my selfe,
and with becomming distance,
May argue me of boldnesse, I must borrow
So much of modesty as to enquire Prince Giovannies health?

Sanazar. Hee cannot want; what you are pleas'd to wish

Lidia. Would 'twere so, (him.
And then there is no blessing that can make
A hopefull and a noble Prince compleat,
But should fall on him. O, he was our North star,
The light and pleasure of our eyes.

Sanazarro. Where am I?

I feele my selfe another thing! Can charmes
Be writ on such pure Rubies? Her lips melt
As soone as touch'd! not those smooth gales that glide
O're happy Arabie, or rich Sabæa,
Creating in their passage gummess and spices,
Can serve for a weake simile to expresse
The sweetnesse of her breath. Such a brave stature
Homer bestow'd on Pallas, every limbe
Proportion'd to it.

Carolo. This is strange; my Lord.

Sanaza. I crave your pardon, and yours, matchlesse Mayd,
For such I must report you.

Petronella. There's no notice
Taken all this while of me.

Sanazarro. And I must adde,
If your discourse and reason parallel
The rarenesse of your more then humane forme,
You are a wonder.

Carolo. Pray you my Lord make triall:
She can speak I can assure you, and that my presence
May not take from her freedome, I will leave you.
For know my Lord, my confidence dares trust her
Where, and with whom she pleases. If he be

The great Duke of Florence.

Taken the right way with her, I cannot fancie
A better match ; and for false play I know
The tricks, and can discern them. *Petronella !*

Petronella. Yes my good Lord. *Exeunt Carolo and*

Carolo. I have imployment for you. *Petronella.*

Lidia. What's your will Sir?

Sanazarro. Madame, you are so large a theame to treat of,
And every Grace about you offers to me
Such copiousnesse of language, that I stand
Doubtfull which first to touch at. If I erre,
As in my choyce I may, let me entreat you
Before I doe offend, to signe my pardon,
Let this the Emblem of your innocence
Give me assurance.

Lidia. My hand joyn'd to yours
Without this superstition confirms it.
Nor neede I feare you will dwell long upon me,
The barrenesse of the subject yeelding nothing
That Rhetorick with all her tropes and figures
Can amplifie. Yet since you are resolv'd
To prove your selfe a Courtier in my praise,
As I am a woman (and you men affirme
Our sex loves to be flatter'd) I'll endure it. *Carolo above.*
Now when you please begin. *Turnes from her.*

Sanazarro. Such Lædas paps were,
Down pillowes styl'd by Jove. And their pure whitenesse
Shames the Swans Down, or snow. No heat of lust
Swells up her Azure veines. And yet I feele
That this chaste Ice but touch'd fans fire in me.

Lidia. You neede not noble Sir be thus transported,
Or trouble your invention to expresse
Your thought of me : the plainest phrase and language
That you can use, will be too high a straine
For such an humble Theme.

Sanazarro. If the great Duke
Made this his end to try my constant temper,
Though I am vanquish'd, 'tis his fault, not mine.
For I am flesh and blood, and have affections

The great Duke of Florence.

Like other men. Who can behold the Temples,
Or holy Altars, but the Objects worke
Devotion in him? And I may as well
Walke over burning iron with bare feet
And be unscorch'd, as looke upon this beauty
Without desire, and that desire pursu'd to,
Till it be quench'd with the enjoying those
Delights, which to atchieve danger is nothing,
And loyalty but a word.

Lidia. I ne're was proud,
Nor can finde I am guilty of a thought
Deserving this neglect, and strangeness from you.
Nor am I amorous.

SANAZARRO. Suppose his Greatnesse
Loves her himselte, why makes he choyce of me
To be his agent? it is tyrannie
To call one pinch'd with hunger to a feast,
And at that instant cruelly deny him
To taste of what he sees. Alleageance
Tempted too farre, is like the triall of
A good sword on an Anvill; as that often
Flies in peeces without service to the owner;
So trust enforc'd too farre proves treachery,
And is too late repented.

Lidia. Pray you Sir,
Or licence me to leave you, or deliver
The reasons which invite you to command
My tedious wayting on you.

Carolo. As I live
I know not what to think on't. Is't his pride,
Or his simplicity?

Sanazarro. Whither have my thoughts
Carried me from my selfe? in this my dulnesse,
I have lost an oportunity.

Lidia. 'Tis true,
I was not bred in Court, nor live a starre there,
Nor shine in rich embroideries, and pearle,
As they that are the Mistresses of great fortunes,

Are

The great Duke of Florence.

Are every day adorn'd with.

SANAZARRO. Will you vouchsafe
Your eare sweet Lady?

Lidia. Yet I may be bold
For my integrity, and fame, to ranke
With such as are more glorious. Though I never
Did injurie, yet I am sensible
When I am contemn'd, and scorn'd.

SANAZARRO. Will you please to heare me?

Lidia. O the difference of natures. Giovanni,
A Prince in expectation, when he liv'd here,
Stole courtesie from heaven, and would not to
The meanest servant in my Fathers house
Have kept such distance.

SANAZARRO. Pray you doe not think me
Unworthy of your eare, it was your beauty
That turn'd me statue, I can speake, faire Lady.

Lidia. And I can heare. The harshnesse of your Courtship
Cannot corrupt my curtesie.

SANAZARRO. Will you heare me
If I speake of love?

Lidia. Provided you be modest,
I were uncivill else. *Carolo descends.*

Carolo. They are come to parlee,
I must observe this neerer.

SANAZARRO. You are a rare one,
And such (but that my hast commands me hence)
I could converse with ever. Will you grace me
VVith leave to visit you againe.

Lidia. So you
At your returne to Court, doe me the favour
To make a tender of my humble service
To the Prince Giovanni.

SANAZARRO. Ever touching
Upon that string? And will you give me hope
Of future happinesse?

Lidia. That, as I shall finde you.
The Fort that's yielded at the first assault,

The great Duke of Florence.

Is hardly worth the taking. *Enter Carolo.*

Carolo. O, they are at it.

Sanazar. She is a Magazine of all perfection,
And 'tis death to part from her, yet I must,
A parting kisse faire Maid.

Lidia. That custome grants you.

Carolo. A homely breakfast does attend your Lordship.
Such as the place affords.

Sanazarro. No, I have feasted
Already here, my thanks, and so I leave you.
I will see you againe. Till this unhappy houre
I was never lost, and what to doe or say
I have not yet determin'd, *Exit Sanazarro.*

Carolo. Gone so abruptly?
'Tis very strange.

Lidia. Under your favour Sir,
His comming hither was to little purpose
For any thing I heard from him.

Carolo. Take heede Lidia!
I doe advise you with a Fathers love,
And tenderesse of your honour: as I would not
Have you course and harsh in giving entertainment,
So by no meanes be credulous. For great men
Till they have gain'd their ends are Giants in
Their promises, but those obtain'd, weake Pigmies
In their performance. And it is a maxime
Alow'd among them, so they may deceive
They may sweare any thing; for the Queen of love
As they hold constantly, does never punish,
But smile at Lovers perjuries. Yet be wise too,
And when you are su'd to in a noble way,
Be neither nice, nor scrupulous.

Lidia. All you speake Sir
I heare as Oracles, nor will digresse
From your directions.

Carolo. So shall you keepe
Your fame untainted.

Lidia. As I would my life Sir. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus secundi.

Actus

The great Duke of Florence.

Actus tertij Scena prima.

Sanazarro. Servant.

(carefull

Sanaz. **L** Eave the horses with my Groomes; but be you
With your best diligence, and speed to finde out
The Prince, and humbly in my name entreat him
I may exchange some private conference with him
Before the great Duke know of my arrivall.

Servant. I hast my Lord.

Sanazarro. Here I'll attend his comming,
And see you keepe your selfe as much as may be
Conceal'd from all men else.

Servant. To serve your Lordship
I wish I were invisible.

Exit servant.

Sanazarro. I am driven
Into a desperate streight, and cannot steere
A middle course; and of the two extreames
Which I must make election of, I know not
Which is more full of horror. Never servant
Stood more ingag'd to a magnificent Master
Then I to Cozimo. And all those honors
And glories by his Grace conferr'd upon me,
Or by my prosperous services deserv'd,
If now I should deceive his trust, and make
A shipwrack of my loyalty, are ruin'd.
And on the other side, if I discover
Lidias divine perfections, all my hopes
In her are sunke, never to be boy'd up:
For 'tis impossible, but assoone as seene
She must with adoration be su'd to.
A Hermit at his beades, but looking on her,
Or the cold Cinique, whom Corinthian Lais,
Not mov'd with her lusts blandishments, call'd a stone,
At this object would take fire: Nor is the Duke
Such an Hippolitus, but that this Phædra
But seene, must force him to forsake the Groves
And Dians Huntmanship, proud to serve under

The great Duke of Florence.

Venus soft Ensignes. No, there is no way
For me to hope fruition of my ends,
But to conceale her beauties; and how that
May be effected, is as hard a taske
As with a vayle to cover the Sunnes beames,
Or comfortable light. Three yeares the Prince
Liv'd in her company, and Contarino
The Secretary, hath possess'd the Duke
What a rare peece she is. But he's my creature,
And may with ease be frighted to denie
What he hath said. And if my long experience
With some strong reasons I have thought upon,
Cannot o're-reach a youth, my practise yeelds me
But little profit.

Enter Giovanni and

Giovanni. You are well return'd Sir. *the servant.*

Sanaz. Leave us. When that your Grace shall know the
That forc'd me to invite you to this trouble, (motives
You will excuse my manners. *Exit servant.*

Giovanni. Sir, there needs not
This circumstance betweene us. You are ever
My noble friend.

Sanazarro. You shall have further cause
To assure you of my faith and zeale to serve you,
And when I have committed to your trust
(Presuming still on your retentive silence)
A secret of no lesse importance, then
My honor, nay my head, it will confirme
What value you hold with me.

Giovanni. Pray you beleeve Sir
What you deliver to me, shall be lock'd up
In a strong Cabinet; of which you your selfe
Shall keepe the key. For here I pawne my Honor
(Which is the best security I can give yet)
It shall not be discover'd.

Sanazarro. This assurance
Is more then I with modesty could demand
From such a paymaster, but I must be suddaine,
And therefore to the purpose. Can your Excellence

The great Duke of Florence.

In your imagination conceive
On what designe, or whither the Dukes will
Commanded me hence last night?

Giovanni. No I assure you,
And it had beene a rudenesse to enquire
Of that I was not call'd to.

Sanazarro. Grant me hearing,
And I will make you truly understand,
It onely did concerne you.

Giovanni. Me my Lord?

Sanazar. You in your present state, and future fortunes,
For both lye at the stake?

Giovanni. You much amaze me.
Pray you resolve this riddle.

Sanazarro. You know the Duke,
If he die issue-lesse (as yet he is)
Determines you his Heire.

Giovanni. It hath pleas'd his Highnesse
Oft to professe so much.

Sanazarro. But say, he should
Be woone to prove a second wife, on whom
He may beget a sonne, how in a moment
Will all those glorious expectations, which
Render you reverenc'd and remarkable,
Be in a moment blasted, how e're you are
His much lov'd sisters sonne?

Giovanni. I must beare it
With patience, and in me it is a duty
That I was borne with: and 'twere much unfit
For the receiver of a benefit
To offer for his owne ends, to prescribe
Lawes to the givers pleasure.

Sanazarro. Sweetly answer'd,
And like your noble selfe. This your rare temper
So winnes upon me, that I would not live
(If that by honest Arts I can prevent it)
To see your hopes made frustrate. And but think
How you shall be transform'd from what you are,

The great Duke of Florence.

Should this (as heaven avert it) ever happen,
It must disturbe your peace. For whereas now,
Being as you are receiv'd for the Heire apparant,
You are no sooner seene, but wondred at;
The Signiors making it a businesse to
Enquire how you have slep'd; and as you walke
The streetes of Florence, the glad multitude
In throngs presse but to see you, and with joy
The Father, pointing with his finger, tells
His sonne, This is the Prince, the hopefull Prince,
That must hereafter rule, and you obey him.
Great Ladies begge your picture, and make love
To that, despairing to enjoy the substance.
And but the last night, when 'twas onely rumor'd
That you were come to Court (as if you had
By Sea past hither from another world)
What generall showts, and acclamations follow'd,
The bells rung lowd, the boonfires blaz'd, and such
As lov'd not wine, carrowing to your health,
Were drunk, and blush'd not at it. And is this
A happinesse to part with?

Giovanni. I allow these
As flourishes of Fortune, with which Princes
Are often sooth'd, but never yet esteem'd 'em
For real blessings.

Sanazarro. Yet all these were pay'd
To what you may be, not to what you are,
For if the great Duke but shew to his servants
A sonne of his owne, you shall like one obscure
Passe unregarded.

Giovanni. I confesse, command
Is not to be contemn'd, and if my Fate
Appoint me to it, as I may I'll beare it
With willing shoulders. But my Lord as yet
You have tolde me of a danger comming towards me,
But have not nam'd it.

Sanazarro. That is soone deliver'd;
Great Cozimo your Uncle, as I more

Then

The great Duke of Florence:

Then guesse, for 'tis no frivolous circumstance
That does perswade my judgement to beleewe it,
Purposes to be married.

Giovanni. Married, Sir?

With whom, and on what termes, pray you instruct me?

Sanazarro. With the faire Lidia.

Giovanni. Lidia?

Sanazarro. The daughter

Of Signior Charomonte.

Giovanni. Pardon me

Though I appeare incredulous, for on
My knowledge he ne're saw her.

Sanazarro. That is granted;

Bur Contarino hath so sung her praises,
And giv'n her out for such a master-peece,
That he's transported with it Sir. And love
Steales sometimes through the eare into the heart
As well as by the eye. The Duke no sooner
Heard her describ'd, but I was sent in post
To see her, and returne my judgement of her.

Giovanni. And what's your censure?

Sanazar. 'Tis a pretie creature.

Giovanni. She's very faire.

Sanazar. Yes, yes, I have scene worse faces.

Giovanni. Her limbs are neatly form'd.

Sanazar. She hath a waste

Indeede siz'd to loves wish.

Giovanni. A delicate hand too.

Sanazar. Then for a legge and foote.

Giovanni. And there I leave you,

For I presum'd no further.

Sanazar. As she is Sir

I know she wants no gracious part that may
Allure the Duke, and if he onely see her
She is his owne. He will not be deni'd,
And then you are lost. Yet if you'll second me
(As you haue reason, for it most concernes you)
I can prevent all yet.

The great Duke of Florence.

Giovanni. I would you could
A noble way.

Sanazar. I will cry downe her beauties;
Especially the beauties of her minde,
As much as Contarino hath advanc'd 'em,
And this I hope, will breed forgetfulnesse,
And kill affection in him: but you must
Joyne with me in my report, if you be question'd.

Giovan. I never told a lye yet, and I hold it
In some degree blasphemous to dispraise
What's worthy admiration. Yet for once
I will dispraise a little, and not varie
From your relation.

Sanazar. Be constant in it.

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. My Lord, the Duke hath seen your man, & wonders
You come not to him. See if his desire
To have conference with you hath not brought
Him hither in his owne person.

*Ext. Cozimo,
Contarino and
Attendants.*

Cozimo. They are comely coursers,
And promise swiftnesse.

Contarino. They are of my knowledge
Of the best race in Naples,

Cozimo. You are Nephew,
As I heare, an excellent horseman, and we like it.
'Tis a faire grace in a Prince. Pray you make triall
Of their strength and speed, and if you think them fit
For your employment, with a liberall hand
Reward the Gentleman, that did present 'em
From the Viceroy of Naples.

*Exeunt Giovanni, Al-
phonso, Hippolito.*

Giovanni. I will use
My best endeavour Sir.

Cozimo. Wayte on my Nephew.
Nay stay you Contarino, be within call,
It may be we shal use you. You have rode hard Sir;
And we thank you for it. Every minute seemes
Irkesome, and tedious to us; till you have
Made your discovery. Say friend, have you seene
This Phœnix of our age?

SANAZAR. I have seene a Mayde Sir,

But

The great Duke of Florence.

But if that I have judgement, no such wonder
As she was deliver'd to you.

Cozimo. This is strange.

Sanazar. But certaine truth, it may be she was look'd on
With admiration in the Country Sir,
But if compar'd with many in your Court,
She would appeare but ordinary.

Cozimo. Contarino
Reports her otherwise.

Sanazar. Such as ne're saw Swannes,
May think Crowes beautifull.

Cozimo. How is her behaviour?

Sanazar. 'Tis like the place she lives in.

Cozimo. How her wit,
Discourse, and entertainment?

Sanazar. Very course,
I would not willingly say poore, and rude,
But had she all the beauties of faire women,
The dulnesse of her soule would fright me from her.

Coz. You are curious Sir, I know not what to think on't:
Contarino!

Contarino. Sir.

Cozimo. Where was thy judgement man
To extoll a virgin, Sanazarro tells me
Is neerer to deformity.

Sanazarro. I saw her,
And curiously perus'd her, and I wonder
That she that did appeare to me, that know
What beauty is, not worthy the observing,
Should so transport you.

Contarino. Troth my Lord I thought then.

Cozimo. Thought? Didst thou not affirme it?

Contarino. I confesse Sir
I did beleave so then, but now I heare
My Lords opinion to the contrary,
I am of another faith: for 'tis not fit
That I should contradict him. I am dimme Sir,
But he's sharpe sighted.

The great Duke of Florence.

Sanazar. This is to my wish.

Cozi. We know not what to think of this, yet would not Determine rashly of it. How doe you like *Enter Giovanni,*
My Nephewes horsemanship? *Hippo, Lodovico.*

Hippolito. In my judgement Sir
It is exact and rare.

Alphonso. And to my fancie
He did present great Alexander mounted
On his Bucephalus.

Cozimo. You are right Courtiers,
And know it is your duty to cry up
All actions of a Prince.

Sanazarro. Doe not betray
Your selfe, you are safe, I have done my part.

*Aside to
Giovanni.*

Giovanni. I thanke you,
Nor will I faile.

Cozimo. What's your opinion Nephew
Of the horses?

Giovanni. Two of them are in my judgement
The best I ever back'd. I meane the roane Sir,
And the browne bay : but for the chesnut colour'd,
Though he be full of mettall, hot, and fierie,
He treads weake in his pasternes.

Cozimo. So, come neerer ;
This exercise hath put you into a sweat,
Take this and dry it : and now I command you
To tell me truly what's your censure of
Charomontes daughter Lidia.

Giovanni. I am Sir
A novice in my judgement of a Lady,
But such as it is, your Grace shall heare it freely.
I would not speake ill of her, and am sorie
If I keepe my selfe a friend to truth, I cannot
Report her as I would, so much I owe
Her reverend Father. But I'll give you Sir
As neere as I can her character in little.
She's of a goodly stature, and her limbs
Not disproportion'd ; for her face it is

The great Duke of Florence.

Farre from deformity, yet they flatter her
That style it excellent : her manners are
Simple and innocent : but her discourse
And wit deserve my pittie, more then praise.
At her best my Lord, she is a handsome picture,
And that said, all is spoken.

Cozimo. I beleve you
I ne're yet found you false.

Giovanni. Nor ever shall Sir.
Forgive me matchlesse Lidia I too much love
And jealous feare to lose thee, doe compell me
Against my will, my reason, and my knowledge
To be a poore detracter of that beauty,
Which fluent Ovid, if he liv'd againe,
Would want words to expresse.

Aside.

Cozimo. Pray you make choyce of
The richest of our furniture for these horses, *To Sanazarro.*
And take my Nephew with you, we in this
Will follow his directions.

Giovanni. Could I finde now
The Princesse Fiorinda, and perswade her
To be silent in the suit, that I mov'd to her
All were secure.

Sanazarro. In that my Lord I'll ayde you.

Coz. We wil be private, leave us. All my studies
And serious meditations ayme no further
Then this young mans good. He was my sisters son,
And she was such a sister when she liv'd
I could not prize too much, nor can I better
Make knowne how deere I hold her memory,
Then in my cherishing the onely issue
Which she hath left behind her. Who's that? *Ent. Fiorinda.*

Exeunt omnes.

Fiorinda. Sir.

Cozimo. My faire charge, you are welcome to us.

Fiorinda. I have found it Sir.

Cozimo. All things goe well in Urbin.

Fiorinda. Your gracious care to me an Orphan, frees me
From all suspicion, that my jealous feares can drive into my
fancie.

Cozimo.

The great Duke of Florence.

Cozimo. The next Summer
In our owne person, we will bring you thither,
And seat you in your owne.

Fiorinda. When you think fit Sir.
But in the mean time, with your Highnesse pardon,
I am a suitor to you.

Cozimo. Name it Madame,
With confidence to obtaine it.

Fiorinda. That you would please
To lay a strict command on Charomonte,
To bring his daughter Lidia to the Court,
And pray you think Sir that 'tis not my purpose
To imploy her as a servant, but to use her
As a most wish'd companion.

Cozimo. Ha. Your reason? (her

Fiorin. The hopefull Prince your Nephew Sir hath given
To me for such an abstract of perfection,
In all that can be wish'd for in a virgin,
As beauty, musique, ravishing discourse,
Quicknesse of apprehension, with choyce manners
And learning to, not usuall with women;
That I am much ambitious (though I shall
Apppeare but as a foyle to set her off)
To be from her instructed, and suppli'd
In what I am defective.

Cozimo. Did my Nephew
Seriously deliver this?

Fiorinda. I assure your Grace
With zeale, and vehemencie, and even when
With his best words he striv'd to set her forth
(Though the rare subject made him eloquent)
He would complaine, all he could say came short
Of her deservings.

Cozimo. Pray you have patience.
This was strangely caried. Ha! are we trifled with?
Dare they doe this? is Cozimos furie, that
Of late was terrible, growne contemptible?
Well; we will cleare our browes, and undermine

Their

The great Duke of Florence.

Their secret works, (though they have dig'd like Moles,)
And crush 'em with the tempest of my wrath
When I appeare most calme. He is unfit
To command others, that knowes not to use it,
And with all rigour, yet my sterne lookes shall not
Discover my intents, for I will strike
When I begin to frowne. You are the Mistresse
Of that you did demand.

Fiorinda. I thank your Highnesse,
But speed in the performance of the grant
Doubles the favours Sir.

Cozimo. You shall possesse it sooner then you expect,
Onely be pleas'd to be ready when my Secretary
Waites upon you, to take the fresh ayre. My Nephew!
And my bosome friend so to cheat me, 'tis not faire!

Enter Giovanni, Sanazarro.

San. Where should this Princesse be? nor in her lodgings,
Nor in the private walks, Her owne retreat
Which she so much frequented?

Giovanni. By my life
She's with the Duke. And I much more then feare
Her forwardnesse to prefer my suit, hath ruin'd
What with such care we built up.

Cozimo. Have you furnish'd
Those Coursers, as we will'd you?

Sanazarro. There's no signe
Of anger in his lookes.

Giovanni. They are compleat Sir. (Madamc.)

Cozimo. 'Tis well. To your rest. Soft sleepes wayt on you
To morrow with the rising of the Sunne
Be ready to ride with us. They with more safety
Had trod on fork-tongu'd Adders, the provok'd me. *Ex. Coz.*

Fiorinda. I come not to be thank'd Sir for the speedy
Performance of my promise touching Lidia,
It is effected.

Sanazarro. We are undone.

Fiorinda. The Duke
No sooner heard me with my best of language

The great Duke of Florence.

Describe her excellencies, as you taught me,
But he confirm'd it. You looke sad, as if
You wish'd it were undone.

Giovanni. No gracious Madame,
I am your servant for't.

Fiorinda. Be you as carefull
For what I mov'd to you. Count *Sanazarro*,
Now I perceive you honour me, in vouchsafing
To weare so sleight a favour.

Sanazarro. 'Tis a grace
I am unworthy of.

Fiorinda. You merit more
In prizing so a trifle. Take this Diamond,
I'll second what I have begun. For know
Your valour hath so woone upon me, that
'Tis not to be resisted. I have said Sir,
And leave you to interpret it. *Exit Fiorinda.*

Sanazarro. This to me
Is Wormewood. 'Tis apparant we are taken
In our owne nooze. What's to be done ?

Giovanni. I know not.
And 'tis a punishment justly false upon me
For leaving truth, a constant Mistresse, that
Ever protects her servants, to become
A slave to lyes, and falsehood. What excuse
Can we make to the Duke ? what mercy hope for,
Our packing being laid open ?

Sanazarro. 'Tis not to
Be question'd, but his purpos'd journey is
To see faire Lidia.

Giovanni. And to divert him
Impossible.

Sanazarro. There's now no looking backward.

Giovanni. And which way to goe on with safety not
To be imagin'd.

Sanazarro. Give me leave. I have
An Embrion in my braine, which, I despaire not,
May be brought to forme and fashion, provided

The great Duke of Florence.

You will be open breasted.

Giovanni. 'Tis no time now

Our dangers being equall, to conceale

A thought from you.

Sanazar. What power hold you o're Lidia?

Doe you think that with some hazard of her life

She would prevent your ruine?

Giovanni. I presume so.

If in the undertaking it, she stray not

From what becomes her innocence, and to that

'Tis farre from me to presse her, I my selfe

Will rather suffer.

Sanazarro. 'Tis enough, this night

Write to her by your servant Calandrino

As I shall give directions, my man *Enter Caland.*

Shall beare him company. See Sir to my wish

He does appeare, but much transform'd from what

He was when he came hither.

Calandrino. I confesse

I am not very wise, and yet I finde

A foole, so he be parcell knave in Court,

May flourish and grow rich.

Giovanni. Calandrino.

Calandrino. Peace.

I am in contemplation.

Giovanni. Doe not you know me?

Caland. I tell thee? no, on forfeit of my place,

I must not know my selfe, much lesse my Father,

But by Petition. That Petition lin'd too

With golden birds, that sing to the tune of Profit,

Or I am deafe.

Giovan. But you have your sense of feeling.

Sanazar. Nay pray you forbear.

*Offering to
kick him.*

Calandri. I have all that's requisite

To the making up of a Signior. My spruce ruffe,

My hooded cloake, long stockin, and pain'd hose,

My Case of tooth-picks, and my silver forke,

To convey an Olive neatly to my mouth,

The great Duke of Florence

And what is all in all, my pockets ring
A golden peale. O that the Pefants in the Country
(My quondam fellowes) but saw me as I am,
How they would admire and worship me!

Giovan. As they shall,
For instantly you must thither.

Calandri. My grand Signior
Vouchsafe a *bezolus manus*, and a cringe
Of the last edition.

Giovan. You must ride post with Letters
This night to Lidia.

Calandr. And it please your Grace
Shall I use my Coach, or foot-cloath Mule?

Sanazar. You Whidgin,
You are to make all speed, think not of pompe.

Giovan. Follow for your instructions Sirra.

Calandr. I have one suit to you
My good Lord.

Sanazar. What is it?

Calandr. That you would give me
A subtill Court charme, to defend me from
Th'infectious ayre of the Country.

Giovan. What's the reason?

Calandr. Why, as this Court ayre taught me knavish wit,
By which I am growne rich, if that againe
Should turne me foole and honest; Vaine hopes farewell,
For I must die a beggar.

Sanazar. Goe too Sirra,
You'll be whip'd for this.

Giovan. Leave fooling, and attend us.

Exeunt.

The end of the third Act.

Actus quarti Scena prima.

Carolo Charomonte, Lidia.

Carolo. **D**oughter I have observ'd since the Prince left us
(Whose absence I mourn with you) & the visit
Count Sanazarro gave us, you have nourish'd

Sad

The great Duke of Florence.

Sad and retired thoughts, and parted with
That freedom, and alacrity of spirit
With which you us'd to cheere me.

Lidia. For the Count, Sir,
All thought of him does with his person die ;
But I confesse ingenuously I cannot
So soone forget the choyce, and chaste delights
The curteous conversation of the Prince,
And without staine I hope, afforded me
When he made this house a Court.

Carolo. It is in us
To keepe it so without him. Want we know not,
And all we can complaine of (heaven be prais'd for)
Is too much plenty, & we will make use of *Ent. servants.*
All lawfull pleasures. How now fellowes, when
Shall we have this lusty dance ?

Caponi. In the after-noon Sir,
'Tis a device I wis of my owne making,
And such a one, as shal make your Signiorship know
I have not beene your Butlar for nothing, but
I have crotchets in my head. We'll trip it titely,
And make my sad young Mistresse merry againe,
Or I'll forsware the Cellar.

Bernardo. If we had
Our fellow Calandrino here to dance
His part, we were perfect.

Petruchio. O, he was a rare fellow ;
But I feare the Court hath spoil'd him.

Caponi. When I was young
I could have cut a caper on'a pinnacle,
But now I am old & wise, keepe your figure faire,
And follow but the sample I shall set you,
The Duke himselte will send for us, and laugh at us,
And that were credit. *Enter Calandrino.*

Lidia. Who have we here ?

Calandrino. I finde (tender.
VVhat was brawne in the Country, in the Court growes
The bots on these joulting Jades, I am bruis'd to jelly.

The great Duke of Florence.

A Coach for my mony! and that the Curtezans know well,
Their riding so, makes them last three yeares longer
Then such as are hacknei'd.

Carolo. Calandrino, 'tis he.

Calan. Now to my postures. Let my hand have the honor
To convey a kisse from my lips to the cover of
Your foote deere Signior.

Carolo. Fie, you stoope too low Sir. (for Princes,

Calan. The hemme of your vestment Lady. Your Glove is
Nay, I have con'd my distances.

Lidia. 'Tis most Courtly.

Caponi. Fellow Calandrino!

Caland. Signior de Caponi,
Grand Botelier of the Mansion.

Bernardo. How is't man? *Claps him on the shoulder.*

Calan. Be not so rustique in your salutations,
Signior Bernardo, Master of the accounts.
Signior Petruccio, may you long continue
Your function in the chamber.

Caponi. When shall we learne such gambolls in our villa'?

Lidia. Sure he's mad.

Carol. 'Tis not unlike, for most of such mushrooms are so.
What newes at Court?

Caland. Basto! they are mysteries,
And not to be reveal'd. With your favour Signior,
I am in private to conferre a while
With this Signiora. But I'll pawne my honour,
That neither my terse language, nor my habit
How e're it may convince, nor my new shrugs,
Shall render her enamour'd.

Carolo. Take your pleasure
A little of these apish tricks may passe,
Too much is tedious. *Exit Carolo.*

Calandr. The Prince in this paper
Presents his service. Nay, it is not Courtly
To see the seale broke open. So I leave you.
Signiors of the Villa, I'll descend to be
Familiar with you.

Caponi.

The great Duke of Florence.

Caponi. Have you forgot to dance?

Caland. No, I am better'd.

Petruch. Will you joyne with us?

Caland. As I like the project.

Let me warme my braines first with the richest Grape,
And then I am for you.

Caponi. We will want no wine. *Exeunt. Manet Lidia.*

Lidia. That this comes onely from the best of Princes,
With a kinde of adoration does command me
To entertaine it, and the sweet contents *Kissing the letter.*
That are inscrib'd here by his hand, must be
Much more then muscally to me. All the service
Of my life at no part can deserve this favour.

O what a virgin longing I feele on me.
To unrip the seale, and reade it, yet to breake
What he hath fastned, rashly, may appeare.
A sawcie rudenesse in me. I must doe it,
(Nor can I else learne his commands, or serve 'em)
But with such reverence, as I would open
Some holy Writ, whose grave instructions beat downe
Rebellious sinnes, and teach my better part
How to mount upward. So, 'tis done, & I *Opens the Letter.*
With Eagles eyes wil curiously peruse it. *Reads the Letter.*

Chast. Lidia: the favours are so great

On me by you conferr'd, that to intreat
The least addition to 'em, in true sense

May argue me of blusshesse impudence.

But such are my extreames, if you denie
A farther grace, I must unpittied die.

Hast cuts off circumstance; as you are admir'd
for beauty, the report of it hath fir'd

The Duke my Vncle, and I feare you'll prove,
Not with a sacred, but unlawfull love.

If he see you, as you are, my hop'd-for light

Is chang'd into an ever lasting night.

How to prevent it, if your goodnesse finde

You save two lives, and me you ever binde,

The honourer of your vertues, Giovanni.

Were

The great Duke of Florence.

Were I more deafe then Adders, these sweet charmes
Would through my eares finde passage to my soule,
And soone enchant it : To save such a Prince
Who would not perish ? Vertue in him must suffer,
And piety be forgotten. The Dukes lust
Though it rag'd more then Tarquins, shall not reach me.
All quaint inventions of chaste virgins ayde me!
My prayers are heard, I have't. The Duke ne're saw me,
Or if that faile, I am againe provided. *This spake*
But for the servants! They wil take what forme *as if shee*
I please to put upon them. Giovanni. *studied an*
Be safe, thy servant Lidia assures it. *evasion.*
Let mountaines of afflictions fall on me,
Their waight is easie, so I set thee free. *Exit.*

Actus quarti Scena secunda.

Cozimo, Giovanni, Sanazarro, Carolo, Servants.

Sanazar. Are you not tyr'd with travaile Sir ?

Cozimo. No, no,
I am fresh and lustie.

Carolo. This day shall be ever
A holy day to me, that brings my Prince
Under my humble roofe. *Weepes.*

Giovan. See Sir, my good Tutor
Sheds teares for joy.

Cozimo. Dry them up Charomonte,
And all forbear the roome, while we exchange
Some private words together.

Giovan. O my Lord,
How grossly have we overshot our selves !

Sanazarro. In what Sir ?

Giovan. In forgetting to acquaint
My Guardian with our purpose; all that Lidia
Can doe, avales us nothing ; if the Duke
Finde out the truth from him.

Sanazarro. 'Tis now pass'd helpe, *Exeunt Giovan.*
And we must stand the hazard, hope the best Sir ? *Sanazar.*
Carolo.

The great Duke of Florence.

Carolo. My loyalty doubted Sir.

Cozimo. 'Tis more. Thou hast
Abus'd our trust, and in a high degree
Committed treason.

Carolo. Treason? 'tis a word
My innocence understands not. VVere my breast
Transparent, and my thoughts to be discern'd,
Not one spot shall be found to raynt the candor
Of my alleageance. And I must be bold
To tell you Sir (for he that knowes no guilt
Can know no feare) 'tis tyrannie to o're-charge
An honest man, and such till now I have liv'd,
And such my Lord I'll die.

Cozimo. Sir, doe not flatter
Your selfe with hope; these great & glorious words
Which every guilty wretch, as well as you
That's arm'd with impudence, can with ease deliver,
And with as full a mouth, can work on us?
Nor shall gay flourishes of language cleare
What is in fact apparent.

Carolo. Fact? What fact?
You that know onely, what it is, instruct me,
For I am ignorant.

Cozimo. This then Sir: we gave up
(On our assurance of your faith and care,)
Our Nephew Giovanni, nay; our heire
In expectation, to be train'd up by you
As did become a Prince.

Carolo. And I discharg'd it.
Is this the treason?

Cozimo. Take us with you Sir.
And in respect we knew his Youth was prone
To women, and that living in our Court
He might make some unworthy choyce, before
His weaker judgement was confirm'd, we did
Remove him from it; constantly presuming
You with your best endeavours, rather would
Have quench'd those heates in him, then light a Torch,

The great Duke of Florence.

As you have done to his looseneſſe.

Carolo. I? my travaile
Is ill requited Sir, for by my ſoule
I was ſo curious that way, that I granted
Acceſſe to none could tempt him, nor did ever
One ſyllable, or obſcæne accent touch
His eare that might corrupt him.

Coſimo. No? Why then
With your allowance did you give free way
To all familiar privacie, betweene
My Nephew and your daughter? Or why did you
(Had you no other ends in't but our ſervice)
Reade to 'em, and together (as they had beene
Schollers of one forme) Grammar, Rhetorique,
Philophie, Storie, and interpret to 'em
The cloſe temptations of laſcivious Poets?
Or wherefore (for we ſtill had ſpies upon you)
Was ſhe ſtill preſent, when by your advice
He was taught the uſe of his weapon, horſmanſhip,
Wraſtling, nay ſwimming, but to fan in her
A hot deſire of him? and then forſooth
His exerciſes ended, cover'd with
A faire pretence of recreation for him,
When Lidia was inſtructed in thoſe graces
That add to beauty. He brought to admire her,
Muſt heare her ſing, while to her voyce, her hand
Made raviſhing Muſick; and this applauded, dance
A light Levalto with her.

Carolo. Have you ended
All you can charge me with?

Coſimo. Nor ſtop'd you there,
But they muſt unattended walke into
The ſilent Groves, and heare the amorous birds
Warbling their wanton notes, here a ſure ſhade
Of barren Sicamours: (which the all-ſeeing Sunne
Could not pierce through) neere that an arbor hung
With ſpreading Eglantine, there a bubling ſpring
Watring a banke of Hyacinths, and Lillies,
With all allurements, that could move to luſt.

And

The great Duke of Florence.

And could this, Charomonte, (should I grant
They had beene equalls both in birth and fortune)
Become your gravity? Nay, 'tis cleare as ayre
That your ambitious hopes to match your daughter
Into our family, gave connivence to it;
And this, though not in act, in the intent
I call high treason.

Carolo. Heare my just defence Sir,
And though you are my Prince, it wil not take from
Your Greatnesse to acknowledge with a blush,
In this my accusation you have beene
More sway'd by spleene, and jealous suppositions,
Then certaine grounds of reason. You had a Father
(Blest be his memory) that made frequent proofes
Of my loyalty, and faith, and (would I boast
The dangers I have broke through in his service)
I could say more. Nay, you your selfe, dread Sir,
VVhen ever I was put unto the test,
Found me true gold, and not adulterate metall,
And am I doubted now?

Cozimo. This is from the purpose.

Carol. I wil come to it Sir, your Grace wel knew
Before the Princes happy presence made
My poore house rich, the chiefest blessings which
I gloried in, (though now it prove a curse)
Was an onely daughter. Nor did you command me,
As a security to your future feares,
To cast her off: which had you done, how e're
She was the light of my eyes, and comfort of
My feeble age; so farre I priz'd my duty
Above affection, she now had beene
A stranger to my care. But she is faire.
Is that her fault, or mine? Did ever Father
Hold beauty in his issue for a blemish?
Her education and her manners tempt to.
If these offend, they are easily remov'd,
You may, if you think fit, before my face,
In recompence of all my watchings for you,

The great Duke of Florence.

With burning corraives transforme her to
An ugly Leper ; and this done to taint
Her sweetnes, prostitute her to a loathsom brothel.
This I will rather suffer Sir, and more,
Then live suspected by you :

Cozimo. Let not passion
Carie you beyond your reason.

Carolo. I am calme Sir,
Yet you must give me leave to grieve, I finde
My actions misinterpreted. Alas Sir,
Was Lidas desire to serve the Prince
Call'd an offence ? or did she practise to
Seduce his youth, because with her best zeale
And fervour she endeavoured to attend him ?
'Tis a hard construction: though she be my daughter
I may thus farre speake her. From her infancy
She was ever civill, her behaviour neerer
Simplicity then craft ; and malice dares not
Affirme in one loose gesture, or light language,
She gave a signe she was in thought unchast :
I'll fetch her to you Sir, and but looke on her
With equall eyes, you must in justice grant
That your suspicion wrongs her.

Cozimo. It may be,
But I must have stronger assurance of it
Then passionate words. And not to trifle time,
As we came unexpected to your house,
We will prevent all meanes that may prepare her
How to answer that, with which we come to charge her.
And howsoever it may be receiv'd
As a foule breach to hospitable rites,
On thy alleageance, and boasted faith,
Nay forfeit of thy head, we doe confine thee
Close prisoner to thy Chamber, till all doubts
Are clear'd that doe concerne us.

Carolo. I obey Sir,
And wish your Grace had followed my hearse
To my Sepulchre, my loyalty unsuspected,

Rather

The great Duke of Florence,

Rather then now ? but I am silent Sir,
And let that speake my duty. *Exit Carolo.*

Cozimo. If this man
Be false, disguised treacherie ne're put on
A shape so neere to truth, VVithin there. *Enter Giovan and*

Sanazarro. Sir. *Sanazar, ushering*
in Petronella.

Cozimo. Bring Lidia forth.

Giovan. She comes Sir of her selfe
To present her service to you. *Caland. & others*
setting forth a

Cozimo. Ha. This personage
Cannot invite affection. *banquet.*

Sanazarro. See you keepe State.

Petronella. I warrant you.

Cozimo. The manners of her minde
Must be transcendent, if they can defend
Her rougher out-side ; may we with your liking
Salute you Lady ?

Petronella. Let me wipe my mouth Sir
VVith my Cambrick handkercher, and then have at you.

Cozimo. Can this be possible ?

Sanazar. Yes sir, you will finde her
Such as I gave her to you.

Petronella. VVill your Dukeship
Sit down and eat some Sugar-plums, here's a Castle
Of March-Pane too, and this Quince Marmalade
Was of my owne making. All summd up together
Did cost the setting on, and here is wine too *Drinks all off.*
As good as e're was tap'd. I'll be your taster,
For I know the fashion, now you must doe me right Sir,
You shall nor will, nor choose.

Giovanni. She's very simple.

Cozi. Simple, 'tis worse. Doe you drink this often Lady?

Petro. Still when I am thirsty, and eate when I am hungry.
Such Junkets come not every day. Once more to you,
VVith a heart and a halfe ifaith.

Cozimo. Pray you pawse a little,
If I hold your Cards, I shall pull downe the side,
I am not good at the game.

The great Duke of Florence.

Petronella. Then I'll drink for you.

Cozimo. Nay, pray you stay. I'll finde you out a pledge
That shall supply my place, what think you of
This compleat Signior? You are a Juno, and in such state
Must feast this Iupiter, what think you of him?

Petronella. I desire no better.

Cozimo. And you will undertake this service for me?
You are good at the sport.

Calandr. Who I? A pidler Sir.

Cozimo. Nay, you shall sit in thron'd, and eate, & drink
As you were a Duke.

Calandr. If your Grace will have me,
I'll eate and drink like an Emperour.

Cozimo. Take your place then,
We are amaz'd.

Giovanni. This is grosse. Nor can the imposture
But be discover'd.

Sanazar. The Duke is too sharpe sighted
To be deluded thus.

Calandr. Nay, pray you eate faire,
Or devide, and I will choose. Cannot you use
Your fork as I doe? Gape and I will feed you. *Feedes her.*
Gape wider yet, this is Court-like.

Petro. To choke Dawes with,
I like it not.

Calandr. But you like this. *They drink.*

Petronel. Let it come Boy.

Cozi. What a sight is this? we could be angry with you,
How much you did belye her when you told us
She was onely simple, this is barbarous rudenesse,
Beyond believe.

Giovanni. I would not speake her Sir
Worse then she was.

Sanazarro. And I my Lord chose rather
To deliver her better parted then she is,
Then to take from her. *Enter Caponi.*

Caponi. Ere I'll loose my dance,
I'll speake to the purpose. I am Sir no Prologue,

The great Duke of Florence.

But in plaine termes must tell you, we are provided
Of a lusty Hornepipe.

Cozimo. Prethee let us have it,
For we grow dull.

Caponi. But to make up the medley,
For it is of severall colours, for we must borrow
Your Graces Ghost here.

Caland. Pray you Sir depose me,
It will not doe else. I am fir the engine *Rises and resignes*
By which it moves. *his chaire.*

Petronel. I will dance with my Duke too,
I will not out.

Cozim. Begin then. There's more in this *Dance*
Then yet I have discover'd. Some Oedipus
Resolve this riddle.

Petronel. Did I not foot it roundly? *Falls downe.*

Coz. As I live stark drunk. Away with her. We'll reward
When you have cool'd your selves in the Cellar. *(you.*

Caponi. Heaven preserve you. *Exeunt dancers.*

Cozimo. We pittie Charomonte's wretched fortune
In a daughter, nay, a monster. Good old man!
The place growes tedious. Our remove shall be
With speed. We'll onely in a word or two
Take leave and comfort him.

Sanazar. 'Twill rather Sir
Encrease his sorrow, that you know his shame,
Your Grace may doe it by Letter.

Cozimo. Who sign'd you
A Pattent to direct us? Waite our comming
In the Garden.

Giovan. All will out.

Sanaz. I more then feare it. *Exeunt Giovan. & Sanazar.*

Coz These are strange Chimeras to us! what to judge of't
Is past our apprehension! One command
Charomonte to attend us. Can it be *Exit servant.*
That Contarino could be so besotted
As to admire this prodigie! or her Father
To dote upon it! or does she personate

For

The great Duke of Florence.

For some ends unknowne to us, this rude behaviour
Within the Scæne presented, would appeare
Ridiculous and impossible. O you are welcome. *Ent. Carol.*
We now acknowledge the much wrong we did you
In our unjust suspicion. We have seene
The wonder Sir, your daughter,

Carolo. And have found her
Such as I did report her. What she wanted
In Courtship, was I hope suppli'd in civill
And modest entertainment.

Cozimo. Pray you tell us,
And truly we command you, Did you never
Observe she was given to drink?

Carolo. To drink Sir?

Cozimo. Yes. Nay more, to be drunk.

Carolo. I had rather see her buried.

Cozi. Dare you trust your own eyes, if you finde her now
More then distemper'd?

Carolo. I will pull them out Sir,
If your Grace can make this good. And if you please
To grant me liberty, as she is I'll fetch her,
And in a moment.

Cozimo. Looke you doe, and faile not,
On the perill of your head.

Carol. Drunk. She disdaines it. *Exit Carolo.*

Cozimo. Such contrarieties were never reade of.
Charomonte is no foole, nor can I think
His confidence built on sand. We are abus'd,
'Tis too apparent. *Enter Carolo and Lidia.*

Lidia. I am indispos'd Sir,
And that life you tender'd once, much indanger'd
In forcing me from my Chamber.

Carolo. Here she is Sir,
Suddainly sick I grant, but sure not drunk,
Speake to my Lord the Duke.

Lidia. All is discover'd. *Kneeles.*

Cozimo. Is this your onely daughter.

Carolo. And my heire Sir,

The great Duke of Florence.

Nor keepe I any woman in my house
(Unlesse for sordid offices) but one,
I doe maintaine trimm'd up in her cast habits;
To make her sport. And she indeede loves wine,
And wil take too much of it. And perhaps for mirth
She was presented to you.

Cozimo. It shall yeeld
No sport to the contrivers, 'tis too plaine now
Her presence does confirme what Contorino
Deliver'd of her, nor can sicknesse dimme
The splendor of her beauties, being her selfe then
She must exceede his praise.

Lidia. Will your Grace heare me?
I am faint and can say little.

Cozimo. Here are accents,
Whose every syllable is musicall!
Pray you let me raise you, and a while rest here,
False Sanazarro, trecherous Giovanni!
But stand we talking?

Carolo. Here's a storme soone rais'd.

Coz. As thou art our Subject, Charomonte, sweare
To act what we command.

Carolo. That is an oath
I long since tooke.

Cozimo. Then by that oath we charge thee
Without excuse, deniall, or delay
To apprehend, and suddainly, Sanazarro,
And our ingratefull Nephew. We have said it.
Doe it without reply, or we pronounce thee,
Like them, a traytor to us. See them guarded
In severall lodgings, and forbid accesse
To all, but when we warrant, Is our will
Heard, sooner then obey'd?

Carolo. These are strange turnes,
But I must not dispute 'em.

Exit Carolo.

Cozimo. 'Be severe in't.
O my abused lenity! from what height
Is my power false?

The great Duke of Florence.

Lidia. O me most miserable!
That being innocent, make others guilty.
Most gracious Prince!

Cozimo. Pray you rise, and then speake to me.

Lidia. My knees shal first be rooted in this earth,
And Mirrha-like I'll grow up to a tree,
Dropping perpetuall teares of sorrow, which
Hardned by the rough winde, and turn'd to amber,
Unfortunate virgins like my selfe shall weare,
Before I'll make Petition to your Greatnesse
But with such reverence, my hands held up thus,
As I would doe to heaven. You Princes are
As gods on earth to us, and to be su'd too
With such humility, as his Deputies
May chalenge from their vassalls.

Cozimo. Here's that forme
Of language I expected; pray you speake,
What is your suit?

Lidia. That you would looke upon me
As an humble thing, that millions of degrees
Is plac'd beneath you. For what am I dread sir?
Or what can fall in the whole course of my life,
That may be worth your care, much lesse your trouble?
As the lowly shrub is to the lofty Cedar,
Or a molehill to Olympus, if compar'd,
I am to you Sir. Or suppose the Prince,
(Which cannot finde believe in me,) forgetting
The greatnesse of his birth and hopes, hath throwne
An eye of favour on me, in me punish,
(That am the cause) the rashnesse of his youth.
Shall the Queene of the inhabitants of the ayre,
The Eagle that beares thunder on her wings,
In her angry mood destroy her hopefull young,
For suffering a Wren to perch too neere 'em?
Such is our disproportion.

Cozimo. With what fervour
She pleades against her selfe!

Lidia. For me poore Mayde,
I know the Prince to be so farre above me,

That

The great Duke of Florence.

That my wishes cannot reach him. Yet I am
So much his creature, that to fix him in
Your wonted grace and favour, I'll abjure
His sight for ever, and betake my selfe
To a religious life (where in my prayers
I may remember him) and ne're see man more
But my ghostly father. Will you trust me Sir?
In truth I'll keepe my word? or if this faile,
A little more of feare what may befall him,
Will stop my breath for ever.

Cozimo. Had you thus argu'd *Raises her.*

As you were your selfe, and brought as advocates
Your health and beauty, to make way for you,
No crime of his could put on such a shape,
But I should looke with the eyes of mercy on it.
What would I give to see this diamond
In her perfect lustre, as she was before
The clouds of sicknesse dimm'd it! yet take comfort,
And as you would obtaine remission for
His trecherie to me, cheere your drooping spirits,
And call the blood againe into your cheekes,
And then pleade for him. And in such a habit
As in your highest hopes you would put on,
If we were to receive you for our Bride.

Lidia. I'll doe my best Sir.

Cozimo. And that best will be
A crowne of all felicity to me. *Exeunt.*

The end of the fourth Act.

Actus quinti Scena prima.

Sanazarro above.

SANAZAR. **T**Is prov'd in me, the curse of humane frailty
(Adding to our afflictions) makes us know
What's good, and yet our violent passions force us
To follow what is ill. Reason assur'd me
It was not safe to shave a Lyons skinne,
And that to trifle with a Sovereigne, was

The great Duke of Florence.

To play with lightning: yet imperious beauty
Treading upon the neck of understanding,
Compell'd me to put off my naturall shape
Of loyall duty, to disguise my selfe
In the adulterate, and cobweb masque
Of disobedient trecherie. Where is now
My borrowed Greatnesse? or the promis'd lives
Of following Courtiers echoing my will?
In a moment vanish'd? Power that stands not on
Its proper base, which is peculiar onely
To absolute Princes, falls, or rises, with
Their frowne, or favour. The great Duke my Master
(Who almost chang'd me to his other selfe)
No sooner takes his beames of comfort from me,
But I as one unknowne, or unregarded,
Unpittied suffer! who makes intercession
To his mercy for me now? who does remember
The service I have done him? not a man;
And such as spake no language, but my Lord,
The favorite of Tuskanies grand Duke *Looks backwards.*
Deride my madnesse. Ha! What noise of horses?
A goodly troope! This back-part of my prison
Allows me liberty to see and know them.
Contarino! Yes, 'tis he, and Lodovico;
And the Dutchesse Fiorinda; Urbins heire,
A Princeesse I have slighted; yet I weare
Her favours. And to teach me what I am,
She whom I scorn'd can onely meditate for me.
This way she makes, yet speake to her I dare not,
And how to make suit to her, is a taske
Of as much difficulty; yes; thou blessed pledge *Takes off the*
Of her affection ayde me. This supplies *ring, & a pane*
The want of penne and ink, and this of paper. *of glasse.*
It must be so, and I in my Petition
Concise and pithie.

*Enter Contarino leading in Fiorinda, Alphonso,
Lodovico, Hieronimo, Calaminta.*

Fiorinda. 'Tis a goodly pile this.

Hieronimo.

The great Duke of Florence.

Hieron. But better by the owner.

Alphonso. But most rich

In the great States it covers.

Fiorinda. The Dukes pleasure

Commands us hither.

Contari. Which was laid on us

To attend you to it.

Lodovico. Signior Charomonte,

To see your Excellence his guest, will think

Himselfe most happy.

Fior. Tye my shoe. What's that? *The pane thrown down.*

A pane throwne from the window no winde stirring?

Calam. And at your feet too false, there's something writ

Con. Some Courtier belike would have it known. (on't.

He wore a Diamond.

Calamina. Ha; it is directed:

To the Princesse Fiorinda.

Fiorinda. We will reade it.

The inscription.

He whom you pleas'd to favour, is cast downe,

Past hope of rising, by the great Dukes fromme,

If by your gracious meanes, he cannot have

A pardon. And that got, he lives your slave.

The subscription.

Of men the most distressed, *Sanazarro.*

Of me the most belov'd, and I will save thee,

Or perish with thee. Sure thy fault must be

Of some prodigious shape, if that my prayers

And humble intercession to the Duke *Ent. Coz. & Carolo.*

Prevaile not with him. Here he comes, delay

Shall not make lesse my benefit.

Cozimo. What we purpose

Shall know no change, and therefore move me not;

We were made as properties, and what we shall

Determine of'em, cannot be call'd rigour,

But noble justice. When they prov'd disloyall,

They were cruell to themselves. The Prince that pardons

The first affront offer'd to majestie,

The great Duke of Florence.

Invites a second, rend'ring that power
Subjects should tremble at, contemptible.
Ingratitude is a monster, Carolo,
To be strangl'd in the birth, not to be cherish'd.
Madame, you are happily met with.

Fiorinda. Sir, I am
An humble Suitor to you; and the rather
Am confident of a grant, in that your Grace
When I made choyce to be at your devotion,
Vow'd to denie me nothing.

Cozimo. To this minute
We have confirm'd it, what's your boone?

Fiorinda. It is Sir,
That you in being gracious to your servant,
The ne're sufficiently prais'd Sanazarro,
(That now under your heavy displeasure suffers)
Would be good unto your selfe. His services
So many, and so great (your storme of fury
Calm'd by your better judgment) must inform you,
Some little slip (for sure it is no more)
From his loyall duty, with your justice cannot
Make foule his faire deservings. Great Sir, therefore
Looke backward on his former worth; and turning
Your eye from his offence (what 'tis I know not)
And I am confident, you will receive him
Once more into your favour.

Cozimo. You say well,
You are ignorant in the nature of his fault,
Which when you understand (as we'll instruct you)
Your pittie will appeare a charity
(It being conferr'd on an unthankfull man)
To be repented. He's a traytor Madame
To you, to us, to gratitude, and in that
All crimes are comprehended.

Fiorinda. If his offence
Aym'd at me onely, what so e're it is
'Tis freely pardon'd.

Cozimo. This compassion in you

The great Duke of Florence.

Must make the colour of his guilt more ugly :
The honors we have hourely heap'd upon him,
The titles, the rewards, to the envie of
The old Nobility, as the common people,
We now forbear to touch at, and will onely
Insist on his grosse wrongs to you. You were pleas'd
Forgetting both your selfe and proper Greatnesse,
To favour him, nay, to court him to embrace
A happinesse, which on his knees with joy
He should have su'd for. Who repin'd not at
The grace you did him ? yet in recompence
Of your large bounties, the disloyall wretch
Makes you a stale ; and what he might be by you
Scorn'd, and derided, gives himselfe up wholly
To the service of another. If you can
Bearing this with patience, we must say you have not
The bitternesse of spleene, or irefull passions
Familiar to women. Pause upon it,
And when you seriously have waigh'd his carriage,
Move us againe, if your reason will allow it,
His trechery knowne : and then if you continue
His advocate for him, we perhaps, because
We would denie you nothing, may awake
Our sleeping mercy. Carolo !

Carolo. My Lord. *They whisper.*

Fiorin. To endure a rivall, that were equall to me,
Cannot but speake my poverty of spirit,
But an inferiour more ; yet true love must not
Know, or degrees, or distances. Lidia may be
As farre above me in her forme, as she
Is in her birth beneath me, and what I
In Sanazarro lik'd, he loves in her.
But if I free him now, the benefit
Being done so timely, and confirming too
My strength & power, my soules best faculties being
Bent wholly to preserve him, must supply me
With all I am defective, and binde him
My creature ever. It must needs be so,

The great Duke of Florence.

Nor will I give it o're thus.

Cozimo. Does our Nephew
Beare his restraint so constantly, as you
Deliver it to us ?

Carolo. In my judgement Sir
He suffers more for his offence to you,
Then in his feare of what can follow it.
For he is so collected and prepar'd
To welcome that, you shall determine of him,
As if his doubts and feares were equall to him.
And sure he's not acquainted with much guilt,
That more laments the telling one untruth
Under your pardon still (for 'twas a fault Sir)
Then others that pretend to conscience, doe
Their crying secret finnes.

Cozimo. No more, this Glosse
Defends not the corruption of the text,
Urge it no more.

*Carolo and the
others whisper.*

Fiorinda. I once more must make bold Sir
To trench upon your patience. I have
Consider'd my wrongs duly. Yet that cannot
Divert my intercession for a man
Your Grace like me, once favour'd. I am still
A suppliant to you, that you would vouchsafe
The hearing his defence, and that I may
With your allowance see, and comfort him.
Then having heard all that he can alleadge
In his excuse, for being false to you,
Censure him as you please.

Cozimo. You will o're-come,
There's no contending with you. Pray you enjoy
What you desire. And tell him, he shall have
A speedy tryall. In which we'll forbear
To sit a Judge, because our purpose is
To rise up his accuser.

Fiorinda. All encrease
Of happines wait on Cozimo. *Exeunt Fiorin. Calaminta.*

Alphonso. Was it no more ?

Carolo.

The great Duke of Florence.

Carolo. My Honor's pawn'd for it.

Contarino. I'll second you.

Lodovi. Since it is for the service and the safety
Of the hopefull Prince, fall what can fall, I'll runne
The desperate hazard.

Hieron. He's no friend to vertue
That does decline it. *They all kneele.*

Cozimo. Ha ; what sue you for ?
Shall we be ever troubl'd ? doe not tempt
That anger may consume you.

Carolo. Let it Sir,
The losse is lesse, though Innocents, we perish,
Then that your sisters sonne should fall unheard
Under your fury: Shall we feare to entreate
That grace for him, that are your faithfull servants,
VWhich you vouchsafe the Count, like us a subject ?

Cozimo. Did not we vowe, till sicknesse had forsooke
Thy daughter Lidia, and she appear'd
In her perfect health and beauty to pleade for him,
VVe were deafe to all perswasion ?

Carolo. And that hope Sir
Hath wrought a miracle. She is recover'd,
And if you please to warrant her, will bring
The penitent Prince before you.

Cozimo. To enjoy
Such happines, what would we not dispense with ?

Al. Ludo. Hic. We all kneele for the Prince.

Contarino. Nor can it stand
With your mercy, that are gracious to Strangers,
To be cruell to your owne.

Cozimo. But art thou certaine
I shall behold her at the best ?

Carolo. If ever
She was handsome, as it fits not me to say so,
She is now much better'd.

Cozimo. Rise, thou art but dead
If this prove otherwise. Lidia appeare,
And feast an appetite almost pin'd to death

The great Duke of Florence.

With longing expectation to behold
Thy excellencies; thou as beauties Queene
Shalt censure the detractors. Let my Nephew
Be led in triumph under her command,
We'll have it so; and Sanazarro tremble
To think whom he hath slander'd; we'll retire
Our selves a little, and prepare to meete
A blessing, which imagination tells us
We are not worthy of; and then come forth
But with such reverence, as if I were
(My selfe the Priest, the sacrifice my heart)
To offer at the Altar of that goodnesse
That must or kill or save me. *Exit Cozima.*

Carolo. Are not these
Strange gambols in the Duke?

Alphonso. Great Princes have
Like meaner men their weaknesse.

Lodovico. And may use it
Without controule or check.

Contarino. 'Tis fit they should,
Their priviledge were lesse else, then their Subjects.

Hier. Let them have their humors; there's no crossing 'em.

Actus quinti Scena ultima.

Fiorinda, Sanazarro, Calaminta.

Sanazar. **A**ND can it be your bounties should fall down
In showers on my ingratitude? or the wrongs
Your Greatnesse should revenge, teach you to pittie?
What retribution can I make? what service
Pay to your goodnesse, that in some proportion
May to the world expresse, I would be thankfull?
Since my engagements are so great, that all
My best endeavours to appeare your creature
Can but proclaime my wants, and what I owe
To your magnificence.

Fiorinda. All debts are discharg'd

The great Duke of Florence.

In this acknowledgement : yet since you please
I shall impose some termes of satisfaction
For that which you professe your selfe oblig'd for,
They shall be gentle ones, and such as will not
I hope afflict you.

Sanazar. Make me understand
Great Princeesse, what they are, and my obedience
Shall with all cheerefull willingnesse subscribe
To what you shall command.

Fiorinda. I will binde you to
Make good your promise. First, I then enjoyne you
To love a Lady, that a Noble way
Truly affects you, and that you would take
To your protection and care the Dukedome
Of Urbin, which no more is mine, but yours.
And that when you have full possession of
My person, as my fortunes, you would use me
Not as a Princeesse, but instruct me in
The duties of an humble wife, for such
(The priviledge of my birth no more remembred)
I will be to you. This consented to
All injuries forgotten, on your lips
I thus signe your quietus.

Sanazar. I am wretched
In having but one life to be imploy'd
As you please to dispose it. And believe it,
If it be not already forfeited
To the furie of my Prince, as 'tis your gift,
With all the faculties of my soule, I'll study
In what I may to serve you.

Fiorinda. I am happy
In this assurance. What
Sweet Lady's this ?

*Enter Giovanni
and Lidia.*

Sanazar. 'Tis Lidia Madame, she. ———

Fiorinda. I understand you :
Nay, blush not, by my life she is a rare one !
And if I were your Judge I would not blame you,
To like and love her. But Sir you are mine now,

The great Duke of Florence.

And I presume so on your constancie,
That I dare not be jealous.

Sanazaro. All thoughts of her
Are in your goodnesse buried.

Lidia. Pray you Sir
Be comforted, your innocence should not know
What 'tis to feare, and if that you but looke on
The guards that you have in your selfe, you cannot.
The Duke's your Uncle Sir, and though a little
Incens'd against you, when he sees your sorrow
He must be reconcil'd. What rugged Tartar,
Or Canniball, though bath'd in humane gore,
But looking on your sweetnesse, would forget
His cruell nature, and let fall his weapon,
Though then aym'd at your throat?

Giovanni. O Lidia,
Of Mayds the honor, and your sexes glory.
It is not feare to die, but to loose you
That brings this Feaver on me. I will now
Discover to you, that which till this minute
I durst not trust the ayre with. Ere you knew
What power the magique of your beauty had,
I was enchanted by it, lik'd, and lov'd it,
My fondnesse still encreasing with my yeares:
And flatter'd by false hopes, I did attend
Some blessed oportunity to move
The Duke with his consent to make you mine.
But now, such is my starre-crois'd destinie,
When he beholds you as you are, he cannot
Denie himselfe the happinesse to enjoy you.
And I as well in reason may entreat him
To give away his Crowne, as to part from
A jewell of more value, such you are:
Yet howsoever, when you are his Dutchesse,
And I am turn'd into forgotten dust,
Pray you love my memory. I should say more
But I am cut off.

Ent. Cox. Carol. Con. & others.

Sanazaro. The Duke? that countenance once,

When

The great Duke of Florence.

When it was cloth'd in smiles, shew'd like an Angels,
But now 'tis folded up in clouds of fury,
'Tis terrible to looke on. *The Duke admiring Lidia.*

Lidia. Sir,

Cozimo. A while
Silence your muscally tongue, and let me feast
My eyes with the most ravishing object that
They ever gaz'd on. There's no miniature
In her faire face, but is a copious theme
Which would (discours'd at large of) make a volume.
What cleare arch'd browes? what sparkling eyes? the Lillies
Contending with the Roses in her cheekes,
Who shall most set them off? what ruby lips?
Or unto what can I compare her neck,
But to a rock of christall? every limb
Proportion'd to loves wish, and in their neatnesse
Add lustre to the riches of her habit,
Not borrow from it.

Lidia. You are pleas'd to shew Sir
The fluencie of your language; in advancing
A Subject much unworthy.

Cozimo. How unworthy?
By all the vovves which Lovers offer at
The Cyprian Goddesse Altars, eloquence
It selfe presuming, as you are, to speake you,
Would be struck dumb. And what have you deserv'd then?
(VVretches you kneele too late) that have endeavour'd
To spout the poyson of your black detraction
On this immaculate whitenesse? was it malice
To her perfections? or ——

Fiorinda. Your Highnesse promis'd
A gracious hearing to the Count.

Lidia. And Prince too;
Doe not make voyde so just a grant.

Cozimo. We will not,
Yet since their accusation must be urg'd,
And strongly, ere their weak defence have hearing,
We seat you here as Judges to determine

*Ladies
in the
chaires
of State*

The great Duke of Florence.

Of your grosse wrongs and ours. And now remembering
Whose Deputies you are, be neither sway'd,
Or with particular spleene, or foolish pittie,
For neither can become you.

Carolo. There's some hope yet
Since they have such gentle Iudges.

Cozimo. Rise, and stand forth then,
And heare with horror to your guilty soules
What we will prove against you. Could this Princessse
(Thou enimie to thy selfe) stoope her high flight
Of trowing greatnesse to invite thy lownesse
To looke up to it, and with nimble wings
Of gratitude, couldst thou forbear to meet it?
Were her favours boundlesse in a noble way,
And warranted by our allowance, yet
In thy acceptation there appear'd no signe
Of a modest thankfulnessse?

Fiorinda. Pray you forbear
To presse that farther, 'tis a fault we have
Already heard, and pardon'd.

Cozimo. We will then passe over it, & briefly touch at that
Which does concern our selfe. In which both being
Equall offenders, what we shall speake, points
Indifferently at either. How we rais'd thee
(Forgetfull Sanazarro of our Grace)
To a full possession of power, and honors,
It being too well knowne, we'll not remember.
And what thou wert (rash youth) in expectation
(And from which headlong thou hast throwne thy selfe)
Not Florence, but all Tuskany can witnessse
With admiration. To assure thy hopes,
We did keepe constant to a widdowed bed,
And did deny our selfe those lawfull pleasures,
Our absolute power and height of blood allow'd us.
Made both, the keyes that open'd our hearts secrets,
And what you spake believ'd as Oracles.
But you in recompence of this to him
That gave you all, to whom you ow'd your being

The great Duke of Florence.

VVith trecherous lies endeavour'd to conceale
This jewell from our knowledge, which our selfe
Could onely lay just clayme too.

Giovanni. 'Tis most true Sir.

Sanazar. We both confesse a guilty cause.

Cosimo. Looke on her,

Is this a beauty fit to be imbrac'd
By any Subjects armes? Can any tyre
Become that forehead, but a Diadem?
Or should we grant your being false to us
Could be excus'd, your trechery to her
In seeking to deprive her of that greatnesse
(Her matchless forme consider'd) she was born too,
Must ne're finde pardon? we have spoken Ladies
Like a rough Orator, that brings more truth
Then rhetorique to make good his accusation,
And now expect your sentence.

*The Ladies descend
from the State.*

Lidia. In your birth Sir

You were mark'd out the Iudge of life, and death,
And we that are your Subjects to attend
With trembling feare your doome.

Fiorinda. VVe doe resigne

This Chaire as onely proper to your selfe.

Giovan. And since in justice we are lost, we flie
Unto your saving mercie.

All kneeling.

Sanazarro. VVhich sets off

A Prince much more then rigour.

Carolo. And becomes him

When 'tis exprefs'd to such as fell by weaknesse
(That being a twin-borne brother to affection)
Better then wreathes of conquest.

Hic. Lod. Con. Alph. VVe all speake
Their language mighty Sir.

Cosimo. You know our temper,
And therefore with more boldnesse venter on it.
And would not our consent to your demands
Deprive us of a happinesse hereafter.

Ever

The great Duke of Florence.

Ever to be despair'd of, we perhaps
Might hearken neerer to you, and could wish
With some qualification or excuse
You might make lesse the mountaines of your crimes,
And so invite our clemencie to feast with you.
But you that knew with what impatiencie
Of griefe we parted from the faire Clarinda
Our Dutchesse, (let her memory still be sacred)
And with what imprecations on our selfe
We vow'd, not hoping e're to see her equall,
Ne're to make triall of a second choyce,
If Nature fram'd not one that did excell her,
(As this Mayds beauty prompts us that she does)
And yet with oathes then mix'd with teares, upon
Her monument we swore our eye should never
Againe be tempted, 'tis true, and those vows
Are registred above, something here tells me.
Carolo thou heardst us sweare.

Carolo. And sweare so deeply,
That if all vvomens beauties were in this
(As she's not to be nam'd with the dead Dutchesse.)
Nay, all their vertues bound up in one story
(Of which mine is scarce an Epitome)
If you should take her as a vvife, the waight
Of your perjuries would sink you. If I durst
I had told you this before.

Cosimo. 'Tis strong truth Carolo,
And yet what was necessity in us
Cannot free them from treason.

Carolo. There's your error.
The Prince in care to have you keepe your vows
Made unto heaven, vouchsaf'd to love my daughter.

Lidia. He told me so indeed Sir.

Fiorinda. And the Count
Averr'd as much to me.

Cosimo. You all conspire
To force our mercy from us.

The great Duke of Florence.

Carolo. VWhich giv'n up
To after-times, preserves you unforſworne,
An Honor, which will live upon your Tombe
When your Greatneſſe is forgotten.

Cozimo. Though we know
All this is praſtiſe, and that both are falſe,
Such reverence we will pay to dead Clarinda,
And to our ſerious oathes, that we are pleas'd
VVith our owne hand to blinde our eyes, and not
Know what we underſtand. Here Giovanni
VVe pardon thee, and take from us in this,
More then our Dukedome, love her. As I part
VVith her, all thoughts of vvomen flie faſt from vs.
Sanazarro, we forgive you. In your ſervice
To this Princeſſe merit it. Yet let not others
That are in truſt and grace, as you have beene,
By the example of our lenity,
Preſume upon their Sovereignes clemencie.

A ſhout.

All. Long live great Cozimo. *Enter Caland. Petro.*

Caland. Sure the Duke is
In the giving vaine they are ſo lowd. Come on Spouſe,
We have heard all, and we will have our boone too.

Cozimo. What is't?

Caland. That your Grace, in remembrance of
My ſhare in a dance, and that I play'd your part (grant
When you ſhould have drunk hard, would get this Signiors
To give this Damſell to me in the Church,
For we are contracted; in it you ſhall doe
Your Dukedome pleaſure.

Cozimo. How?

Calandr. Why the whole race
Of ſuch as can act naturally fooles parts,
Are quite worne out, and they that doe ſurvive,
Doe onely zanie us; and we will bring you,
If we die not without iſſue, of both ſexes
Such chopping mirth-makers, as ſhall preſerve
Perpetuall cauſe of ſport, both to your Grace,

The great Duke of Florence.

And your posterity, that sad melancholly
Shall ne're approach you.

Cosimo. We are pleas'd in it,
And will pay her portion. May the passage prove
Of what's presented, worthy of your love,
And favour, as was aym'd, and we have all
That can in compasse of our vvishes fall.

The end.



On his, great Duke of Florence;
To M^r. PHILIP MASSINGER, my
much esteemed friend.

(* * *)

ENjoy thy Lawrell! 'tis a noble choice,
Not by the suffrages of voice
Procur'd; but by a conquest so atchiev'd
As that thou hast at full reliev'd
Almost neglected Poetrie; whose Bayes
(Sullid by childish thirst of praise)
Wither'd into a dulnesse of Despaire,
Had not thy later labour (heire
Vnto a former industrie) made knowne
This Work, which thou may'st call thine owne,
So rich in worth, that th'ignorant may grudge
To finde true Vertue is become their Iudge.

GEORGE DONNE.



To the deserving memory, of this
worthy Worke, and the Author,
M^r. PHILIP MASSINGER.

Action gives many Poems right to live,
This Piece gave life to ACTION; and will give
For state, and language, in each change of Age,
To Time, delight; and honour to the stage.
Should late prescription faile which fames that Seat,
This Pen, might style The Duke of Florence Great.
Let many Write; Let much be Printed; read,
And censur'd; Toyes; no sooner-hatch't, then dead.
Here, without blush to Truth of commendation,
Is prov'd, how Art hath out-gone Imitation.

JOHN FORD.

Wm. B. Walker

John Ford

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