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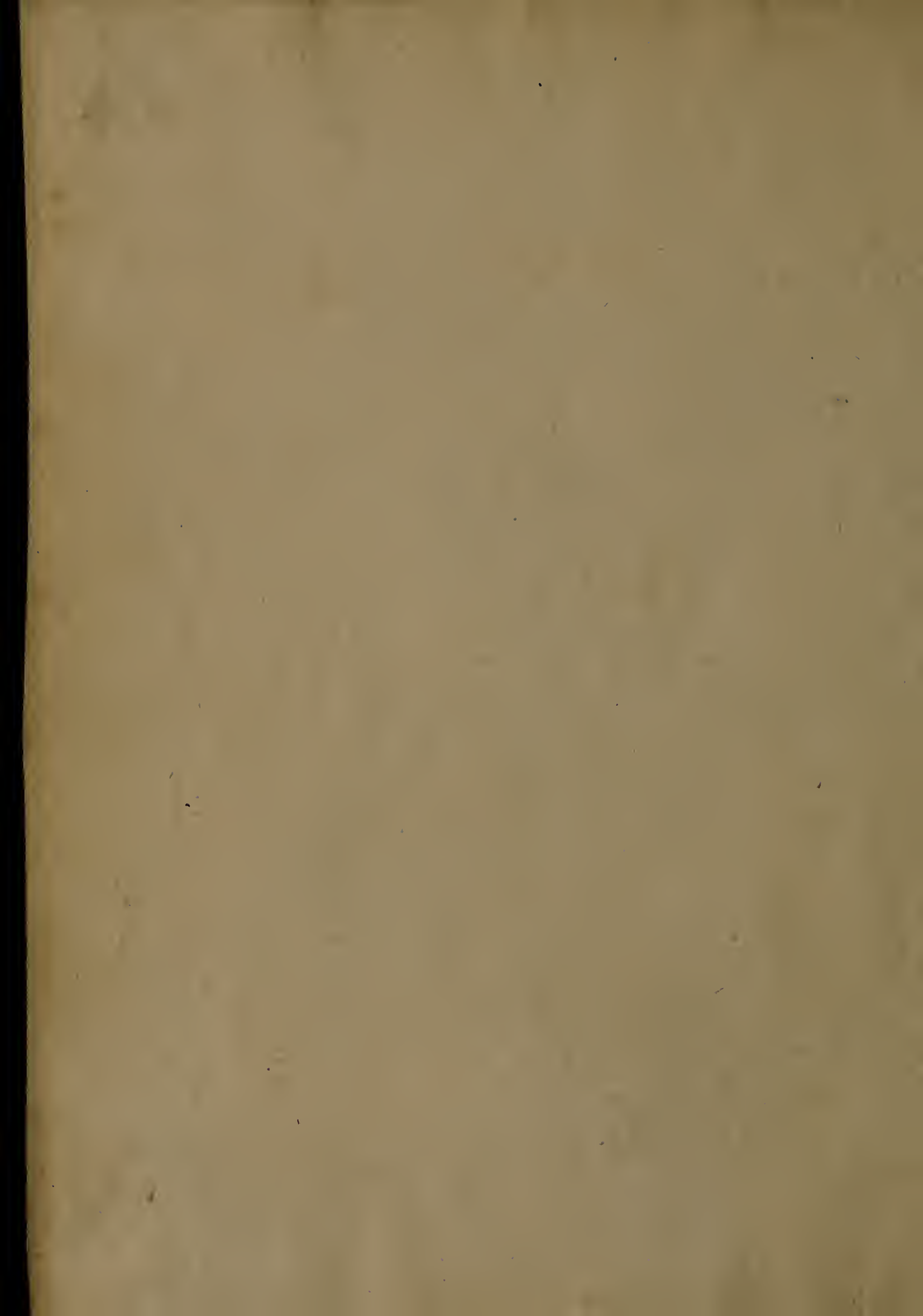
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A  
TRAGEDY  
CALLED  
ALLS LOST  
BY  
L V S T.

---

Written by *William Rowley.*

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*Divers times Acted by the Lady Elizabeths*  
SERVANTS.

And now lately by her Maiesties Servants, with  
great applause, at the *Phœnix* in *Drury Lane.*

*Quod non dant Proceres, Dabit Histrio.*

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LONDON:

Printed by THOMAS HARPER, 1633.

## Dramatis Personæ.

**R**oderigo, King of Spaine.

*Medina*, a Duke.

*Iulianus*, a Generall against the Moores: Father to *Iacinta*.

*Antonio*, a Don, lover of *Dionysia*, yet husband to *Margaretta*.

*Alonzo*, a Don, Father to *Dionysia*.

*Piamentelli*.

King of Africa.

Moores:

*Fidella* a Moore, wayting-woman to *Margaretta*.

*Pedro*, an old fellow, Father to *Margaretta*:

*Iaques*, a simple clownish Gentleman, his sonne, personated by the Poet.

*Cloveele*, a Rusticke:

*Lotbario*, a Privado to the King.

*Lazarello*, Minion to *Antonio*.

*Cob* a Page.

*Malena*, a Pandresse.

149.585

May, 1873

The



## The Argument.



**R**oderigo, King of Spaine, being deeply enamored upon Iacyntha, a beautifull yong Spanish Lady, daughter to a great Commander in the warres, (called Iulianus) hath often by private solicitations and gifts, tryed to winne her to his embraces; but they not prevailing, hee resolves to enioy her by force: whilst hee sailes in these lustfull thoughts, Lothario, (a Gentleman of better fortunes than condition) is his Pilot, steering his wickednesse on. To helpe which with winde and weather, Mulymumen, King of Barbary, with an Army of 60000. Moores, is ready to crosse into Spaine, to invade Roderigo, who no way frightened, but laying hold on this occasion, sends Iulianus as Generall against the African, and by his two evill Spirits, Lothario and Malæna) gets accesse to the Lady in her Fathers absence, but their Engines breaking, he ravishes her. The Dove being thus ruffled, is delivered out of one Falcons Talons, to the gripe of another:



## The Argument.

Lothario is made her Keeper, whom Iacynta one day finding fast asleepe, takes the keyes of the Castle from him, & flyes to her Father in the Camp; who bearing the storie of the Ravisher, ioynes with those Spanish Lords in his Army, to bee revenged on the Tyrant: To hasten this vengeance, the African is taken prisoner, and againe set at liberty, with condition that hee shall Rally all his scattered Troopes, and then those two Armies being incorporated in one, to drive Roderigo out of his Kingdome, & to inthrone the Moore there. Mulumen so likes the ravished Lady, that he begges her of her Father to be his: but Roderigo flying into Biscany, and the African Lord of all, is scorned by Iacynta, who in revenge, calls for Iulianus (her Father) commanding his eyes to be put out, and her tongue to be cut out, and so to leade him; In the end, the Barbarian to shorten Iulianus his misery, gives him a weapon, the Moore hath another, with intent to runne full-butte at one another, much intreaty being made to let Iacynta dye nobly, tis promist, and then they both being ready to runne, the Moore snatches Iacynta before him, and so the Father kills his own Daughter, and is presently by the Moore slaine himselfe. Antonio marries Margareta, faire, but low

## The Argument.

*in fortunes, and coming to these warres, falls in  
love with Dionysia, daughter to Alonzo, but  
the women come to tragicall ends, and Antonio  
for upbraiding Iulianus with selling his King  
and Country to the Moore, is by Iulianus slaine.*

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A 3

Prologue.

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## Prologue.

**T**Hus from the Poet am I bid to say,  
He knowes what Iudges sit to doome each Play,  
(The over-curious Criticke, or the wise)  
The one with squint, & other with sunne-like eyes,  
Shootes through each Scene: the one cryes all things downe,  
T'ether hides strangers faults close as his owne.

Las! Those who out of custome come to geere,  
(Sung the full quire of the nine Muses here)  
So carping, not from wit, but apish spite,  
And fetherd ignorance, thus our Poet does slight.

T'is not a gay sute, or distorted face,  
Can beate his merit off, which has wonne grace  
In the full Theater, nor can now feare  
The teeth of any snakie whisperer:  
But to the white, and sweet unclouded brow,  
(The heaven where true worth moves) our Poet does bow;  
Patrons of Arts, and Pilots to the Stage,  
Who guide it (through all tempests) from the rage  
Of envious whirle-windes. O doe you but steere  
His Muse this day, and bring her to h' wish'd shore,  
You are those Delphicke powers, whom shee'll adore.



# ALLS LOST

BY  
L V S T.

## *Actus Primus.*

*Enter Rodericke, King of Spaine, Lothario, Medina, Iulianus,  
Antonio, and Lazarello.*

*Rodericke.*

Ive leave: *Lothario.*

*Aside Lords.*

*Lo.* My Sovereigne,

*Rod.* The newes in brieft: how replies

*Iacinta?*

Will she be woman? will shee meete our  
Armes:

With an alternate roundure? will she doe?

*Lo.* Nothing to the purpose my Liege, cold as *Aquarius*,  
There she was borne, and there she still remaines;

I cannot move her to enter into *Pisces*, I

Laid the flesh to her too, and the delights thereof, she leans

Another way, and talks all of the spirit, I

Frighted her with spirits too, but all would not doe:

She



## All's lost by Lust.

She drew her knife, pointed it to her breast, swore  
She would doe something, but womens tongues are  
Sometimes longer then their armes.

*Rod.* Enough, we have bethought another way.  
This wooing application is too milde:  
'Tis better trust the mercy of a storme,  
To hast our way, then to be calmd for ever,  
Short of the wished haven:  
Now draw neere, you told us of a hot invasion,  
The barbarous and tawney Affricans,  
Intend upon our confines.

*Medo.* True, my Liege.  
Full threescore thousand are discryde in Armes,  
Ready to passe the Streights of *Gibraltar*,  
Whose watry divisions, their Affricke bounds  
From our Christian Europe in *Granado*,  
And *Audalusia*; they spred and flourish  
Their silver moones, led as it is supposde,  
By some blinde guide, some Saintish Infidell,  
That prophesies subjection of our *Spaine*,  
Vnto the *Moores*.

*Rod.* They would deter us with their swarty looks:  
Were they the same to their similitude,  
Sooty as the inhabitants of hell,  
Whom they neereft figure; cold feare should flye  
From us as distant as they are from beauty:  
They come to sacrifice their blouds to us,  
If that be red, a *mare rubrum*,  
Wee'le make so high to quench their silver moones;  
And on their carkasses an *Isthmus* make  
To passe their straytes agen, and forrage there.

*Iul.* Your forward valour speakes you maiestlicall,  
But my dread Liege, does not your treasury  
Grow thinne and empty? so long have you held  
A champion resolution 'gainst the *Turke*,  
That *Spaine* is wasted in her noble strength,  
On which presuming, tis to be suppos'd  
The *Moore* is thus encourag'd.

# All's lost by Lust.

*Rod.* And yet we undaunted *Iulianus*, our treasury is  
A myne unsearcht, wee have a Castle  
Suppos'd enchanted, wee'le breake the magicke,  
If spells there be, ope the forbidden doores  
Which twenty of our predecessors have refusde,  
But add d each a locke to guard it more,  
Rather then our Souldiers shall want pay  
To fight our battailes nobly.

*Iul.* O my Lord, that's a dangerous secret, onely known  
To such as can divine futurities,  
And they with fearefull prophesies predict  
Fatallevents to *Spaine*, when that shall be  
Broke up by violence: till fate hath runne  
Her owne wasting period; which out staide  
Auspiciously they promise, that wreathes are kept  
In the fore-dooming Court of destiny,  
To binde us ever in a happy conquest.

*Rod.* Tut, feare frights us not, nor shall hope foole us:  
If neede provoke, wee'le dig supply through hell  
And her enchantments. Who can prefixe us  
A time to see these incantations loosde?  
Perhaps 'twill stay tenne generations more,  
When our bloud royall may want succession,  
If not; what bootes it us (lost in our dust  
And memory 500. yecres) that then this hidden  
Worke shall be; tush, the weakenesse of our predecessors  
Shall not fright us, all is not deadly,  
That lookes dangerous.

*Ant.* I wish no life to see that day.

*Med.* Nor I, so many Kings have fear'd that destiny.

*Rod.* Lord *Iulianus*, we commit to you  
The charge of this great worke against the Moores,  
With title of Lord Generall, as you please,  
Order this high affaire; call to the field  
An equall Army against those Affricans,  
The bold and hardiest souldiers of our kingdome:  
Scourge backe agen those halfe-nak't Infidels  
Into their sun-burnt Clymate; in thy heart



## All's lost by Lust.

Be loyaltie and courage, strength in thine arme:  
With christian valour strike the heathens dead,  
And for thy triumph, bring the *Mulys* head.

*Iul.* This honour which your Maiestie has given me,  
Tho better it might fit anothers wearing,  
Of abler limbs, where time has not defac't,  
Nor halfe so many winters quencht his bloud,  
As a new spring it hath revivde agen  
This Autumne of my yeeres; there's but one care  
I leave behinde me within the Court of *Spaine*,  
My poore *Iacinta*, mine, and onely mine;  
May she here thrive in honour, and in favours,  
And I shall meete her with a victory,  
(Heaven put before) as shall endow us both  
In your high esteeme.

*Rod.* That shall be our care noble *Iulianus*, to see her safe,  
We love *I-cinta* more then you must know,  
And for her sake we doe remove you hence;  
You may thanke your daughter for this honour Sir,  
If you knew our purpose.

*Lo.* I understand all this, whilst he warres abroad, his  
Daughter must skirmish at home; *Venus* is in conjunction  
With *Mercury*, wit and lechery are both in labour  
At once, alas poore mayden-head, th'art cast i' faith,  
And must to execution; virginity hadst thou bin  
Moulded in my compasse, thou hadst scap't this pitfall.

*Rod.* On, to thy charge, prosper in thy high deedes;  
Who aymes at honour nobly, nobly speedes.

*Iul.* My heart and tongue, thus sentence to my fate,  
In honour thrive, in basenesse ruinate.

*Rod.* All helpe him on his speede: *Lothario*.

*Exeunt omnes nisi Rod. & Loth.*

Have we not finely moulded our designe?

Times antient bawde, opportunity attends us now,  
And yet our flaming bloud will scarce give leave  
To opportunity.

*Lo.* I told your highnesse of a second bawd to time, & yet  
Not times second neither; for time nere pattern'd her



## All's lost by Lust.

A thing reall, not a dumb morall, as time it selfe  
Is, but a speaking thing, and one that speakes  
Effectually; one that has wrackt more mayden-heads  
In *Spaine*, then she has yeers upon her reverent browes,  
And yet she writes odde of threescore, an odde wench 'tis.

*Rod.* Thou nam'st her to me.

*Lo.* *Malena.*

*Rod.* And hast instructed her?

*Lo.* I have prepar'd her fit for instruction my Liege; shee  
Waites her further confirmation from your Highnesse:  
Oh every souldier has a double heart, when the King's in

*Rod.* Call her (field.

*Lo.* By her right name; bawd, where art thou bawd?

*Rod.* If Words will serve, if not, by rapines force;  
Wee'le plucke this apple from th' *Hesperides*.

*Enter Malena.*

*Lo.* This is the thing I told your Highnesse of.

*Rod.* A reverent one it is, & may be cal'd schoolemistresse  
of her sexe; if *Apelles* had ever picturde forth experience,  
here might he take his patterne.

*Mal.* Indeed my Liege, I have bin the pattern that a great  
Many has taken out pictures by, I confesse I have  
Bin a greater friend to the Hospitals, then the Nunneries,  
And I thinke it was the greater charity, because  
They are the poorer, and more wretched places.

*Lo.* The very *ipsissima* of her sexe, my Liege, as old as  
She is, I will undertake she shall wrastle a fall  
With the strongest Virgin in *Spaine*, & throw her down too.

*Rod.* Thou must be my Lawyer (I'le see thee well,)  
And at the Barre of beauty plead a cause,  
Which whether right or wrong, must needs be mine.

*Mal.* Indeed in rightfull causes, weake Lawyers will  
Serve turne, but the wrong had need have  
The best Orators; I'me but a weake vessell, you  
Know my Liege.

*Lo.* Shee'le hold out I warrant, harke you my Liege.

## All's lost by Lust.

This vessell is not hollow yet, it does not sound,  
There's mettall in her, there's sacke in this Tunne,  
That has eaten up a great deale of dead  
Flesh in her time, lights, longs and bad livers.

Rod. Come, come, you must not plead an insufficiency.

Mal. I'll doe my best my Lord.

Lo. Tush, in *malo consilio foemina vincunt viros.*

Mal. Does he not abuse me my Liege?

Rod. Not at all, he sayes women overcome men in  
Giving counsell.

Mal. Is there not a faulty word amongst them?

Lo. Thou art able to corrupt any good sence, with bad  
(construction:

I say *foemina vincunt*, that is, *quasi vincere cunctos*,  
Overcomes all men.

Mal. Go to, go to, there is a broad word amongst 'm, *vincunt*  
Quotha, is it spoke with a K, or a C? but in plaine  
Language I will doe my best, if she be of my sexe, I  
Will shew her the end of her function, men follow  
The traditions of their forefathers, so should  
Women follow the trades of their fore-mothers.

Rod. I see thou hast perswasive oratory.  
Here's iuyce of liquorish, good for thy voyce,  
Speake freely, and effectually.

Mal. I will speake the words that have o'rethrowne a  
Hundred in my time.

Lo. I was within compass then.

Mal. Let me have access to her, if she be flesh & bloud,  
I'll move her, I will not leave her till I turne her to a stone.

Rod. Vnite your forces both, conquer in love,  
I will reward as for a victory  
Purchact with bloud from my worst enemy:  
Effect, for ill things have their effects we see  
Prosper, wee'll call it a prosperity.

Exit.

Mal. You'll bring me to the place and party?

Lo. Prepar'd with all advantage. I will assist thee, thou  
Destroyer of mayden-heads.

Exeunt.

Enter



# *All's lost by Lust.*

*Enter Antonio, and Lazarello.*

*Laz.* Your passions erre my Lord, did you foresee  
What may ensue; folly begets danger,  
Nay oft, their full effects, destruction;  
You would not clothe the noblenesse of your blood  
In such base weedes, shee's a beggar you doate on.

*Ant.* Th'ast spoke the worst thy malice can invent,  
A beggar say'st? and better being so,  
If a small Starre could overshine the Sunne,  
And shew his brightnesse in the solsticie,  
Should it be blam'd or prais'd? the feeble Vine  
Brings forth sweet fruits, whilst the Cedars's barren;  
Beggar is she, I'le poyse her graces with't,  
And see how many infinites shee'le pull  
The ballance downe, and yet that poverty  
A goodnesse dis-esteem'd; shee's faire,  
Modest, lovely, wise, vertuous.

*Laz.* Nay, if you doate, I'le waste no more good counsell,  
And what's her dower Sir?

*Ant.* Infinites, I nam'd them to thee.

*Laz.* O shee's faire, a faire dowry.

*Ant.* Chast and vertuous.

*Laz.* Those are iewels indeed, but they'le yeeld little.

*Ant.* They are not things of price, they are farre off,  
And deare, yet Ladies send not for'em.

*Laz.* May not a league be taken for a time?  
Deferre this hasty match, you have employment  
As a Souldier, the King has given you charge,  
Approve your champion valour in the field,  
If that remoue not this domesticke trouble,  
Retire upon your *Venus*.

*Ant.* I'le prevent that venome,  
This night I will be married to my sweet,  
And then her memory enjoy'd, shall strengthen  
Mine arme against my foe, which else would creope,  
Suspecting of her losse, I feare it now;

## *All's lost by Lust.*

What eye can looke upon her, but is captiv'd  
In the enchanted prison of her eyes.

*Laz.* Why you'le be jealous in your absence then?

*Ant.* Away, away, thou dost forget her vertues  
Faster then I can name 'em; shee's chastity  
It selfe, and when a Shrine shall be set up  
Vnto that Saint, it shall be built upon  
The marble that shall cover her.

*Enter Iulianus and Iacinta.*

*Laz.* Here comes the Generall.

*Iul.* No more, no more, thy feares are all follies, my *Iacinta*

*Iac.* I must not leave you thus.

*Iul.* Antonio? what unplum'd? you are a Souldier Sir,  
And Souldiers should be forward; looke yee  
I have bright Steele for the blacke Affricans;  
I tell you Sir, I went not with more ioy  
Vnto my mayden Bride, that Hymen night,  
From whence I fetcht this iewell of my heart,  
Then now I doe unto my second nuptials.  
Oh 'tis a gallant Mistresse, an old man  
Is young agen at sight of her.

*Ant.* Worthy Sir, your leading valler wil centuple the harts  
Of all your followers; when set you forward?

*Iul.* Tush; we limit time to her best haste,  
Three dayes will be the most, the longer stay  
Looses the more advantage.

*Ant.* We shall be ready to attend your honour,  
*Hymen*, this night I vow to thee, *Mars* be my  
Morrowes Saint.

*Laz.* Here were a Saint fitting your orisons.

*Ant.* Blasphemy, speake that no more, the begger,  
(If you will so prophane to speake her so)  
Is gold refine, compar'd unto this rubbish,  
Diamond to Marble; my noble Lord  
Wee'le leave you to hasten our attendance on you.

*Exit Ant. & Lazar.*

*Iul.*



# All's lost by Lust.

*Iul.* Farewell *Antonio,*

I'me in haste too, my preparations call me.

*Iac.* I call too, I beseech you heare me.

*Iul.* Th'art a clog to me,

Methinkes thou shouldst be reading o're new fashions,

Conferring with your Tirc-woman for faire dressings,

Your Jeweller has new devices for yee,

Fine labels for your eares, bracclets for wrists,

Such as will illustrate your white hand;

These are all Pedlars ware to me, *Iacinta;*

I am for Corslets, Helmets, Bils, Bowes, and Pikes,

The thundring Guns, Trumpets tan tara,

The ratling sheepskin, and the whistling Fife:

What Musicke's this to your eares? ha, farewell,

Farewell, and heaven blesse thee.

*Iac.* Good heaven, how slightly

You o're-run my feares, you goe to meete

With a full power, an armed foe abroad,

And leave me single to an enemy

That hath both power and will to ruine me.

*Iul.* 'Tis treason that thou speak'st, and by the Saint

Of *Spaine*, mend it, or I'll discover thee:

Wrong my dread Liege, my King, my Sovereigne,

To say that he should doate upon your face,

Away, away, 'tis but your beauties pride,

So to belye it selfe thou art not faire,

Thou hast no eye to attract Maiestie,

To looke upon't; say he speake love to thee,

'Twas but to try thee, perhaps 'twas my consent,

Will you enquire the hidden hearts of Kings?

He would not wrong thee for his kingdoms wealth,

Even for my sake, away you wanton foole.

*Iac.* There has bin ravishers, remember *Tarquin.*

*Iul.* There has bin chaste Ladies, remember *Lucret:*

Ile heare no more, my time and haste hath bard me,

My blessing take, heaven and that shall guard thee. *Exit.*

*Iac.* You leave me in a tempest, heaven guide my fate,

Oh let me sinke ere I be captivate.

*Exit.*

*Enter*

# All's lost by Lust.

*Enter Pedro, Iaques, and Claveele.*

*Ped.* I doe not like this match, this gay out-side  
Is cloth of gold, within a ragged lining.

*Iaq.* O poore comparison father, doe they use to line  
cloth of gold with cloth of gold; no, but with fine, gentle,  
and easie linings, and such my sister may be, for tho I say  
it that should not say it, my sister has a good face, a white  
necke, and a dainty hand, and that may serve for lining  
for the best cloth of gold in all Spaine.

*Ped.* Cedars and shrubs cannot grow up together.

*Iaq.* Away, away, speake not so like a Wood monger, I'll  
Put you downe with a comparison now, doe we not use  
To graft sweet apples upon crab-tree stocks, doe we  
Not use to enoculate your Malicatoon upon a Gooseberry?  
Such is my sisters case now, say that the noble man  
Would enoculate his Lordship upon my sisters yeomandry,  
What hurt were in this? would it grieve you to be a  
Lords brother, or this old woman to have her Lady  
Daughter to aske, Granam, how doe you, will yeu ride  
Abroad in your Croatch, or your embroderd side-saddle?

*Clav.* I, thou talk'st wildly boy, yet err'st not much  
In my conceit, be content man, and adde as meete it is,  
Ioy to content, your daughter shal be made a happy woman  
By a noble marriage.

*Ped.* Happy say'st thou? oh 'tis as distant as the Moon from  
And has the like effects, it changes oft, (earth,  
So with a silver brow, greatnesse lookes on us  
Promising and lovely, but once growne full,  
It brings swelling billowes to o'whelme us.

*Iaq.* Pray father talk no more of the moon, but of your son;  
Not my selfe that am your son and heire, but of your  
Son in law that shall be, my noble L. *Antonio*, Lord of  
Barcelona, and his noble Lady my sister, that shall be.

*Ped.* 'Twill well become her, what armes shall I give to  
make her gentle by?

*Iaq.* Those we can buy of the Heralds, you know shee  
has



# *All's lost by Lust.*

Has cryde Orenge the most of her time here in Ciuill;  
Now a fine Orenge for her crest, with Ciuillity  
Written round about it woud speake wondrous well,  
Then a Capon in a Scutchen with a gizard  
Vnder his left arme, with his spurs vpon his heeles  
Riding vpon a Lemman.

*Ped.* Away, away  
Thy talkes impertinent, what should a Capon  
Do with a Lemman?

*Iaq.* I, you say well Father there indeed,  
A Capon desires no Lemman, and therefore  
Wele hope of both that neither the Lord  
Proue himselse a Capon, nor my Sister a Lemman.

*Ped.* I, this thou touchest by a forced figure,  
The perfect sence of all, thence grows my feare:  
This loue was first conceiude, and borne in lust  
How long has he laid an vnlawfull seige  
Against her Virgin honour, which had she yeelded,  
And beene so lemond, she nere had bin profferd  
The stile of wife.

*Cl.* Peace, see they come.

*Enter Ant. and Margareta.*

*Iaq.* I marry, heres a Lady now will weare her owne

*Mar.* Nay now no further protestations, (haire)  
You haue said enough to make me new, or ruine me,  
And this my spirit, bids me prophesye  
If you repent, as loue might be ore sated  
In its best desires; and any crosse euent  
Should fall upon this your unequal choise,  
Yours is the crime, your handmaid must be blamelesse,  
Since you haue sought what I haue not desirede,  
And yet, you may auoide the fatall doome  
(If any such there be) by throwing backe  
Your atcheiu'de vassayle.

*Ant.* Teach me no errour.  
I will not learne it, sweetest, if you do.

C

Speake



# All's lost by Lust.

Speake nothing now but of those holy rites  
Whose sacred hands must guide vs to the path  
Of your desired ioyes.

*Mar.* Heres all the barre,  
When these haue giuen consent I am your owne.

*Ant.* It shall be done in this acknowledgement.  
Father and mother let me but call you so.

*Iaq.* And brother eke also.

*Ant.* Yes brother too,  
By this I claime them all, your daughter makes  
Me your sonne, and yours.

*Iaq.* And my brother.

*Ant.* Ile not forget that neither.

*Iaq.* If you do, I will forget to call your Lady Sister.

*Cla.* Sir, I haue question'd all the will in me,  
And finde it now resolu'd vnto your wish.

*Iaq.* You haue my good will too brother.

*Ped.* Mine is wrought out through rocks of doubt and  
She is your owne, I send her pilote like (fearc,  
Into an Argosy beyond her sterge.

*Ant.* Ile hand the helme with her, and there abide  
Safetie, or drowning.

*Ped.* She will be hated when the disdainfull browes  
Of noble greatnesse shall be shot against her,  
The scornes and flowts she shall endure, will be  
Farre lesse content, then is the humble quiet she enioyes.

*Ant.* All those I will rebuke, and if she blush,  
The beauty then will check their painted checkes.  
With a rebounding shame vpon themselues,  
Let not more obstacles be mention'd,  
One ly let priuacie protect vs yet  
Altho we scant the full solemnitie  
Due to thy wishes, *Hymen* which afterward  
Shall dare the largest blazon.

*Marg.* Call it mine Sir,  
And then the smallest ceremony may serue.  
All wants, are onely wanting vnto you  
To giue your greatnesse the due ornaments.

## All's lost by Lust.

*Ant.* Shall your kinde paines prouide vs of a Priest,  
Whom my instructions shall direct you to.

*Iaq.* Shall I? why who am I pray?

*Mar.* Yes, good brother do.

*Ant.* O you teach me sweet; yes good brother do.

*Iai.* O as a brother I will, I percciue these great men  
Are somewhat forgetfull of their poore kindred.

*Ant.* A Fryer in Saint *Austins* Monastery  
Aske for one *Benedicke*, my comends to him  
Will bring him with thee, hees prepar'd for it.

*Ia.* Ile be the Clarke my selfe for the great sake,  
Which you know will arise out of the two and twenty.

*Ant.* Tush, Ile treble that wages. (borne

*Ia.* Nothing grieues me but this wedding will be so still  
We shall haue no dancing at it, but Ile foot it  
To the Priest howsoeuer, Fala, la, la, la:

*Ant.* How ere the kings employment in the wars  
Calls on my person, I shall leaue behinde  
My selfe in thee, aud beare my selfe along  
In thy sweet memory.

*Mar.* O Sir, you speake of swift diuorce.

*Ant.* Rellish to ioy, a breathing from our pleasures,  
Come, come, true loue shall tye two hearts in one.

*Ped.* O happy proue.



# All's lost by Lust.

## Actus secundus.

*Enter Lothario, and Malena.*

*Lo.* Come old reuerence, if euer thou hadst musique  
in thee,

To inchant a maydenhead, now strike vp.

*Mal.* You play well

On the Pandora, Sir I wonder your skill  
Failes to make her dance after it.

*Lo.* Tush, I giue thee

The precedence, wire strings will not doote, it must be  
A winde Instrument thats govern'd with stopping of holes,  
Which thou playest well on, my old Violl de gamb,  
Come, thou shalt haue reward,

*Ma.* And what pay haue you for pander ship,

*Lo.* Little or nothing, it comes short of the bawd alwaies.

*Ma.* A bawd, why whats a bawd, pander?

*Lo.* Why bawd, Ile tell thee what a bawd is.

*Mal.* Then pander I will tell thee what a pander is.

*Lo.* A bawds a thing that when the deuill plaies at maw,  
He turnes vp trump, because shees a helpe. (bawd

*Mal.* But the pander playing with the deuill robs the  
To make his hand the stronger, and the cards being  
The deuils, he makes out a little heart (and thats all  
He has) into the stocke:

*Lo.* The deuill vyes it with the bawd.

*Mal.* The pander being drunke sees the deuill.

*Lo.* The deuill playes on, and looses the bawd.

*Mal.* And takes away the knaue (which is the pander)  
With his siue finger.

*Lo.* And fearing he has not tricks enough  
Giues vp his dealing to the bawd, so they shuffle agen.

*Mal.* Enough of this game.

*Lo.* Well, the maidenhead is  
In this enchanted Castle, thou must blow vp,

# All's lost by Lust.

Giue fire old Linstocke, I confesse I am repulst ith van,  
If thou failst too the king comes with a murdering piece  
In the rere; oh tis a royall seruice.

*Mal.* Well, leaue it to me Sir.

*Enter Iacinta.*

*Lo.* She, she sallyes vpon thee, *Asmothens, Cerothus,* and  
all the fiends of the flesh  
Stand at thine elbow.

*Exit Lothario.*

*Mal.* Blesse ye faire Virgin:

*Iac.* From your age with a virgine Epitaph, if you  
No better be then I esteeme you.

*Mal.* Twere pity  
Indeed you should be a virgin to my age  
Sweet beauty, you woud be like a garment long laid by,  
And out of fashion, which tho new, woud not be worth a

*Iac.* Is that your companion  
Parted with you? (wearing)

*Mal.* No companion Lady,  
But a friend of mine, as I hope he is of yours.

*Iac.* Y'are both naught then, and neither friends of mine,  
But here you haue me prisoner in your power  
If you haue ought to speake to me out with't.

*Mal.* Ya're belou'd Lady, and which is more,  
Yea most,  
Of a king beloude.

*Iac.* A good induction;  
And all this I may deserue being a loyall subiect.

*Mal.* Your loyalty may be mixt with his royalty,  
If youle be rulde, vnderstand, kings are not common things,  
Nor are their actions common; all things are  
Proper, and peculiar vnto them; so Ladies  
Whom they loue, are commonly proper Ladies, who being  
Proper, cannot be counted common.

*Iac.* Tis all  
My pride, I'le be accounted proper.

*Mal.* Onely to a king.



## All's lost by Lust.

*Iac.* And common to all the world besides,  
That were grosse. (you be

*Mal.* You wrest my meaning virgin, I woud not haue

*Iac.* A virgin, is not that your meaning?

*Mal.* Now you come to me;

Tis true: For what is a virgin? knew you as much  
As I youde nere be a virgin.

*Iac.* I dare sweare I shoud not.

*Mal.* A virgin? why tis as much as to say because  
You were borne a childe you shoud euer be so;  
This were ridiculous. Virginity,  
Why tis a Jewell kept in a Gasket,  
Which neuer open'd, as good you neuer had it,  
Shall muske be alwayes kept in the Cod, how shall  
The sweetnesse be tasted then? Virginity is  
Like a false friend to you, which indeed is better lost then

*Iac.* Out shame of women, thou the falsest art, (kept,  
Be lost for euer looking on my face,  
Or loose those instruments thou lookst withall,  
Immodestyes in men are veniall,  
When women rebell against their weaker selues.  
Out hag, turne thee into some other shape,  
Or I shall curse my selfe for being one  
Of thy bad sex.

*Enter Roderique.*

*Mal.* Nay, I haue done with you Lady,  
If Flags of truce will not serue, you must look  
For defiance, and here he comes that brings it with him.

*Iac.* All powers of goodnesse guard me.

*Rod.* Speake, is she pliant?

*Mal.* Stubborn as an Elephants leg, no bending in her,  
You know what you haue to do my Leige, trees that  
Will not yeeld their fruit by gentle shaking, must  
Be climde, and haue it pulde by violence.

*Rod.* Giue leaue.

*Mal.* I woud she woud giue leaue as soone



# *All's lost by Lust.*

As I, you sheud not be troubled to aske a duty  
From me, I woud fall at your feet my Leige.

*Exit.*

*Rod.* Why turne you from us Lady?

*Iac.* O my Leige,

I turne not from your face, but from your power,  
You bring a frowne, I dare not looke upon:

*Rod.* Your thoughts instruct you ill, I do not frowne,  
But smile vpon you:

*Iac.* I craue your pardon, and bend  
My knee, your true obedient servant, my life  
I'le lay an offering at your feet, what more  
Woud you from your humble vassayle?

*Rod.* Nothing so much,  
But for lesse then eyther, thy love faire virgin?

*Iac.* Keeping that name, you have it ever.

*Rod.* What name?

*Iac.* A virgin, you have my prayers dayly to heaven  
For your long soveraignties, your honours health and vi-  
(stories. (with

*Rod.* T'is good, and will you deny your selfe, what you  
From others? I would atchieve a victory from you.

*Iac.* Sir, I am not your foe.

*Rod.* Concluded well,  
Approue your selfe a friend, the war is love,  
Wherein we two must strive make it no warre,  
But yeeld it freely.

*Iac.* It is not love you seeke;  
But an Antipathy as dissonant  
As heaven and hell, the musique of the spheares.  
Compared with gnashings, and the howles below.  
Can lust be cal'd love, then let men seeke hell,  
For there that fiery diety doth dwell.

*Rod.* We come not to dispute of good, and bad,  
Do as your sex has done, tast what's forbid,  
And then distinguish of the difference,  
I come not now to war with eloquence,  
Those treaties are all past, if you embrace  
Our profferd love, wele pray; or call it lust,

# *All's lost by Lust.*

If not, we speake a king to you, you must:

*Iac.* Will you be a Rauisher?

*Rod.* Cal't as you please,

We haue a burning feauer, and the disease  
You must lay balsum to.

*Iac.* Poyson be it,

A serpentine, and deadly aconite,  
Neuer survive to know what you haue done,  
But perish in the deed, or ere begun.

*Rod.* These blasts are Zephires breath, a gentle gale  
When it blows high.

*Iac.* Then let my teares preuaile.

*Rod.* The sacrifice of fooles, the proverbs scorne,  
None pitties womens teares, but Ideots borne.

*Iac.* Remember what my Father does for you,  
Hees gone to brandish gainst your enemies,  
Hees fetching you honour home; while at home  
You will dishonour him:

*Rod.* My purpose twas,  
To send him forth the better to atchieve  
My conquest here.

*Iac.* Tyranous vnkingly.

*Rod.* Tush, I haue no cares.

*Iac.* Hele be reveng'd:

*Rod.* Pitty, nor future feares.

*Iac.* Help, help, some good hand help:

*Rod.* Thers none within thy call.

*Iac.* Heaven heares.

*Rod.* Tush, tis far of.

*Iac.* See heaven, a wicked king, lust staynes his Crownc,  
Or strike me dead, or throw a vengeance downe.

*Rod.* Tush heaven is deafe, and hell laughs at thy crye.

*Iac.* Be cursed in the act, and cursed dyc.

*Rod.* Ile stop the rest within thee.

*Exit* dragging her.

*Enter*



# All's lost by Lust.

Enter *Iulianus, Medina, Antonio, Lazarello.*

*Iul.* Not the messenger returnd from the Castle  
With answer from *Alonzo*?

Enter *Alonso and Dionisia.*

*Med.* See my Lord, they come together.

*Alon.* Noble *Iulianus*, the dignity of generall  
You weare, be with your valour individuall,  
Till we haue made it triple by our conquests,  
Then let that threefold one, impale your browes,  
And beare it to king *Rodorique* in triumph.

*Iul.* Worthy *Alonzo* you must helpe your wishes  
Ere they can take effect, your approved arme  
Will be a good assistant, but I pray Sir,  
How have you kept your Castle so unbruis'd?  
The foe not far distant, have you not tane  
Nor given? no sallying forth, no buffetting?

*Alon.* My Lord, we haue beene yet as quiet as in league,  
Which makes me guesse their number is not full,  
They haue not yet, unlesse with grim aspects  
So much as frighted this my tender daughter. (me,

*Dio.* Tender father, I pray let not your pittie disparadge  
I haue scene a sword whipt out starke naked in my time,  
And never squeakt; Do you thinke a *Sarazins* head,  
Or a *Blackamoore*s face can affright me, let me then  
Be afraid of every chimney sweeper.

*Iul.* Good spirit yffaith;  
Even such a souldier haue I left behinde,  
I had much adoe to keepe her from the field;  
Poore *Iacinta*, had I knowne such a sworne sister for her  
I shoud almost haue given her leave.

*Alon.* I'll tell you Sir,  
Were there a band of buskind Amazons  
That woud tucke up their skirts, and strike indeed  
My girle shoud weare bright *Menalippaes* belt

## *All's lost by Lust.*

She should be formost; and I'll venture her.

*Laz.* Is she such a striker, my Lord?

*Dio.* All at head,

No where else, believe me Sir, we hold it base  
To strike below the waist.

*Laz.* You fight high Lady.

*Ant.* So she does at heart I thinke.

*Inl.* So, so, to her batchellours,

*Antonio, Lazarello, Medina;* Come *Alonzo,* (ments.  
You and I must treat more seriously upon our war intend-

*Laz.* The generall wrongs you to call you batchellour,

(*Antonio.*

*Ant.* Woud he did not wrong me.

*Laz.* Have not you a Cordiake

A heart fever now, ha? Do you thinke there is

A Phenix now, is there but one good face

In the world?

*Ant.* I see nothing in her face,

Prethee attempt to make her speake agen. (needs

*Laz.* Her tongue? nay if you like her tongue, you must  
Like her tayle, for the one utters the other: Lady

What would you give now for Moores heads by the dozen?

*Dio.* I would buy by the score Sir.

*Laz.* And what a score then?

*Dio.* Chalks best for the score, every alewife knows that.

*Laz.* You talke of chalke, and I of cheese.

*Dio.* Hees in the last dish, pray take him away here.

*Laz.* I have not done yet, will you buy any ware of me?

*Dio.* What? proffer'd ware? soh.

*Ant.* Give o're, thou wilt be foyl'd else.

*Laza.* Why, heeres a wench now, I had rather lie with her  
Witt, then with the best piece of flesh in Christendome,  
I could beget young Mercuries on her, with  
The very conceit: would you had had a good paire  
Of eyes in your head.

*Ant.* They are false glassses, and will  
Deceive me,

*Enter*



# All's lost by Lust.

*Enter a Scout.*

My Lords to armes, the foe discover'd,  
Marching amaine upon you.

*Inl.* We are in readinesse, our Councils broke,  
Advice must be all blows, Ladie to your hold,  
And at advantage, see what these youths will do;  
To gaine your love; nobly for Spaine speake drum,  
And if they call, answer for us, they come.

*Exeunt.*

*Alarum.* *Enter Mully Mumen King of the Moores.*

*Mull.* Descend thy spheare, thou burning Diety,  
Haste from our shame, go blushing to thy bed;  
Thy sonnes we are, thou euerlasting ball,  
Yet never shamde these our impressiue brows  
Till now; we that are stamp't with thine owne scale,  
Which the whole ocean cannot wash away:  
Shall those cold ague checks that nature moulds  
Within her winter shop, those smoothe white skins,  
That with a palsey hand she paints the limbes,  
Make us recoyle.

*Enter Zacharias.*

*Zac.* Great *Mullymumen* haste,  
Either give heart to our retyring troups  
By a fresh onset; or haste to sattic by  
Flight and basenesse: *Bennizaverians* slaine.

*Mull.* Where's our brother *Mahn Mahomet*?

*Zac.* Rounded with danger,  
Where he behaves himselfe nobly *Haldillinbaiday*,  
*Enaser*, and siue *Alchaides* more are gone  
Vp to his rescue, and if not more he dies,  
Or is captiv'de.

*Mull.* Wele partake either or both with him,  
They are both noble; but too basely flie

# All's lost by Lust.

Is to preserve life, and let honour die.  
Fall then my flesh, so there survive my name,  
Who flies from honour, followes after shame.

*Exeunt.*

*Alarum. Enter Iulianus, Antonio, and Alonzo.*

*Iul.* Antonio, now by the Saint of Spaine  
You haue made your selfe remarkable to day,  
Valour, exceeding valour, was not lookt for:  
Which you have showne to day.

*Alon.* So nobly Sir, that I could wish my daughter  
Were in love with you, and your vertues; would you  
Requite it, her dowry should be 50 thousand crownes,  
More then I ever meant it.

*Ant.* O heart, thou speak'st too late.  
My Lords your praises, and your noble wishes  
Makes me esteeme my selfe behinde hand with fame.  
Heres yet more worke to do.

*Iul.* One *Mully* we have tane,  
If *Mumen* flie not, hees his fellow-captive.

*Ant.* There my new fortunes shall their honour prove,  
Then fare well war, next wele war faire with love.

*Exeunt.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter Iulianus and  
Medina, with two prisoners.*

*Iul.* Medina, post to king *Redorique*, do thus and thus,  
Tell our royall Master what worke we haue done him:  
You see and know, and it needs no relation,  
Here are royall prisoners.

*Moores.* How will you use us?

*Iul.* As in captivity we wish our selves.

*Amb.* May we not be ransomde?

*Iul.* As from the king.

We shall receive: as his pleasure returns us,  
Meane time you shall haue cause to blame

Your fortunes, not your conquerours; where's *Antonio*

The



# *All's lost by Lust.*

The best deseruer of this dayes honour.

*Med.* Retirde to his tent.

*Inl.* Not wounded, is he?

*Med.* No my Lord, but weary.

*Inl.* So we are all,

Now we have time to rest, and get new breath,

We conquer to the life, and not to death.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Antonio reading a letter, Lazarello.*

*Laza.* Now Antonio, where's Margareta now?

*Ant.* Here.

*Laza.* Whose that in your hand then?

*Ant.* I know not, looke, tis gone.

*Laz.* Fie, youle take it up againe; come, come, stoope,  
This is *Dionisfaes* character: a hand worth your heart,  
Peruse it better, so, so, tis well:

Ladies faire hands must not be rejected so,  
I did foresee this dangerous relapse,  
You are in love.

*Ant.* With Margareta;

*Laz.* With *Dionisfa;*

Nor do you shame it, rather cherish it.  
It is a choise befitting your high bloud;  
What you have done, make it as a say  
Vnto your best desires.

*Ant.* O Lazarello!

Thou giv'st me poyson to recure a wound  
Already mortall.

*Laz.* Why this is speedlesse haste,  
I know your fated pleasures would throw up  
Their over-cloyde receipt; you have beene noble  
In your brave deeds of armes; who shall boast it,  
Your beggars issue? they are Antipathies;  
How would it sound to heare poore Margaret say  
Her Lord hath brought home honour from the warres:  
T'woud staine your worth to be so vainly boasted.  
No, this Lady would multiply your praises with her phrase.

# All's lost by Lust.

Lest *Dionisa* say that her *Antonio*  
W' on the palme of victory, then y' are thronde,  
And musique gracing the solemnitie.

*Ant.* One word confutes thee, ever into silence,  
I am married.

*Laz.* A mistake in private, who knows that ?

*Ant.* *Margaretta*,

And my selfe, besides a thousand witnesses within

*Laz.* Quit you those, and who dares speake it else?

*Ant.* Who dares not speake a truth,

*La.* Dares not, who dares ?

What danger is more great then to speake truth ?  
If poore ones durst speake plaine of great mens faults,  
There needed no libelling.

*Ant.* I'le choake freedome;

Oh what a bed of snakes struggle within me.

*La.* Tush, they are but wormes, and I'le give thee seed  
(and reasons

To destroy 'em; yo' are married.

*Ant.* A good physitian;

Thou kill'st me quickly to haste me out of paine.

*La.* Tush, I must first draw the corruption forth,  
And then apply the healing medicine.

*Ant.* Perswade me to turne Turk, or Moore Mahometan,  
For by the lustfull lawes of *Mahomet*  
I may have threewives more.

*La.* And concubines besides; turne Moore?  
Do you expect such counsell from your friend?  
Wrong me not so, I'le shew you a Christian way  
At least a way dispenc'd with Christians,  
Say you distaste your match, as well you may,  
When truth shall be unmask't, and shame walke by,  
Bearing a blushing torch to light them both;  
Mend then the cause before it take effect,  
Annihilate your marriage, that's the cause,  
Tis private yet, let it be private ever:  
Allow your *Margaret* a pension,  
She may be glad to embrace that, twere pride



## *All's lost by Lust.*

To embrace you, say she be call'd your whore  
For some thing that may breed from what is done,  
Better her shame then yours; a common thing:  
Poore beauties are proud of noble bastardie.

*Ant.* Fearfull counsell.

*La.* Does your *Margaret* love you?

*Ant.* Beyond her life. (a widower.

*La.* Good, marry *Dionisa*, griefe kills her, then are you

*Ant.* Horrible murther; twere lesse tyranny  
To kill at once, then by a lingring poyson.

*La.* Ha? poyson? what white devill prompted that?  
Poyson, brave, the very change of friendship, the triall  
Of a friends love to death, would you make sure  
Of a friends constancy, a swift poyson will strike it dead.  
And tis the easiest way, and may be done  
Even in the termes of love, as thus, I drinke to you,  
Or accept these gloves, the taste, the touch, the sight,  
Tush, any sence will take it kindly. (worse

*Ant.* I'le heare no more from thee, thou studiest to make  
A positive bad, by a vilde performance.

*Enter Dionisa.*

*La.* Ha?

Looke yonder, there's an eye speakes better oratory  
In very silence, where's poore *Margaret* now?

*Ant.* Oh my heart.

*La.* Looke upon that face; well, y'are my friend,  
And by that true loves knot, had I that face  
But in reversion after your decease,  
I thinke I should give you physicke fort.

*Dio.* Worthy Sir,  
My noble father intreats some words with you.

*Ant.* A happy messenger invites me to him,  
How shall I quit your paines?

*Dio.* I'le take my travell fort Sir.

*Hut.* Tis too little.

*Dio.* I thinke it too much Sir,

# All's lost by Lust.

For I was loth to have travelld thus farre, had not  
Obedience tide me toot.

*Ant.* Y'are too quicke.

*Dio.* Too quicke Sir, why what occasion have I given  
To wish me dead? (you

*Ant.* I cannot keepe this pace with you, Lady,  
I'll go speake with your father.

*Dio.* I pray stay Sir, I'll speake with you my selfe.

*Ant.* Before your father.

*Dio.* No, here in private by your selfe.

*La.* I'll stop my cares, Madam.

*Dio.* Why, are they running away from your head Sir?

*Laz.* I meane I'll seale them up from hearing, Lady.

*Dio.* You may, no doubt they have wax o'their owne.

*Ant.* Venture thy cares no farther good *Lazarellos*,  
She will endanger 'em, but Lady now I thinke on  
Speake, is not this your hand?

*Dio.* I have three then it should seeme,  
For I have two of my owne fingring.

*Ant.* This is your letter?

*Dio.* You know my minde then by this time.

*Ant.* If I may be your expositor, Lady, I thinke I do.

*Dio.* And how do you expound me Sir?

*Ant.* Kinde and lov<sup>ing</sup>.

*Dio.* Kinde and loving: t'were a good commendations  
For a sow and her pigs.

*Ant.* You aske me the reason why I enquirde your age  
(of your father.

*Dio.* Tis true Sir, for what have you to do with my age?

*Ant.* I'de rather have to do with your youth Lady:

*Dio.* Who, my page?

*Ant.* Eye Madam, y'are too apprehensive, too dexterious,  
Your wit has two edges I protest.

*Dio.* What a cut would that giue to a bald crowne:

*Ant.* My crowne itches not at that, Lady.

*Dio.* Yet you may scratch it though.

*Ant.* Come, come, your wits a good one, do not tyre it.

*Dio.* Vnlesse it remove out of my head, I must,



## All's lost by Lust.

For I must tire that.

*Ant.* I thinke you love me.

*Dio.* You and I may be of two opinions,  
I thinke not so now.

*Ant.* Come, your hand has betraid you,  
Do not you plainly say here, we two should be well matcht?

*Dio.* O strange, he steals halfe a text to uphold  
His heretic; but what follows, we should be well matcht  
At a game of shittlecocke, the meaning is, (matcht;  
For a couple of light headed things we could not be over  
He might have conceited that that could have but said  
B to a battleder: but come Sir, you have said  
Enough to me, will you go speake with my father?

*Ant.* This I'le adde first, which I'le avouch unto  
Your fathers face, I love you.

*Dio.* This I'le confirme to you,  
And to my fathers face, but I'le not promise you,  
Whether I blush or no, I do not hate you.

*Ant.* I'le follow you, yet give me leave ere you go  
To give a gratitude unto your lip.

*Dio.* My lips do not stand in the high way to beg  
A charity, as open as they appeare to you.  
You'le follow me Sir.

*Ant.* I cannot stay long after.

*Dio.* Soft I'me in your debt Sir, did you bestow a kisse

*Ant.* I did so farre presume. (on me?)

*Dio.* Take it againe - - -

So now I am out of your debt, hereafter never feare  
To lend freely to one that payes so willingly. *Exit.*

*Laz.* Now Sir, what do you do?

*Ant.* I am dissolving an Enigma.

*La.* Let me helpe you, what ist.

*Ant.* I would faine know

What kinde of thing a mans heart is.

*Laz.* Were you never

At Barbar Surgeons hall to see a dissection?

I'le report it to you, tis a thing framde

With divers corners, and into every corner

## *All's lost by Lust.*

A man may entertaine a friend, there came  
The proverbe, a man may love one well, and yet  
Retaine a friend in a corner.

*Ant.* Tush, tis not  
The reall heart, but the unscene faculties.

*Laz.* Those I'll decipher unto you, for surely  
The most part are but ciphers; the heart indeed  
For the most part doth keepe a better guest  
Then himselfe in him, that is the soule: now the soule  
Being a tree, there are divers branches spreading out of it,  
As loving affection, suffering sorrowes, and the like,  
Then Sir, these affectiones, or sorrowes, being but branches,  
Are sometimes lopt off, or of themselves wither,  
And new shoot in their roomes. As for example;  
Your friend dies, there appeares sorrow, but it quickly  
Withers, then is that branch gone; Againe you love a friend,  
There affection springs forth, at last you distaste,  
Then that branch withers againe, and another buds  
In his roome, shall I give you history to this morall?

*Ant.* No, I can doot my selfe, oh *Margaretta.*

*La.* So shees in the vocative case already; if she slide  
Into the ablative, shees thrush quite out of the number.

*Ant.* I am lost *Lazarello.*

*La.* I shall finde you againe  
In *Dionisæes* armes.

*Ant.* Must I backe slide.

*La.* If you can finde in your heart, you must.

*Ant.* My hearts  
A rebell to me.

*La.* Faith all your body  
Will be necessary toot, I'me a friend;  
Come, come, league with your thoughts, you are too nice.

*Ant.* How ill thou speakest of good, how good of vice?  
Tis now concluded in me, I will on,  
I must, although I meet destruction:  
Downe hill we run, climbe upward a slow pace:  
Easie discents to hell, steepe steps to grace.

*Exeunt.*



# All's lost by Lust.

## Actus tertius.

*Enter Lothario, and Iacenta.*

*Lo.* **Q**uict your tongue, or I'll take away your liberty,  
Know y'are under me, and my command.

*Iac.* Quiet my tongue? art officer of hell!  
Thou Iaylor to the devill, fleshly fiend,  
I'll waken heaven and earth with my exclames,  
Astonish hell for feare, the fire be doubled  
In the due vengeance of my hainous wrong,  
My heavy hainous wrong.

*Lo.* Forbear I say: you are a crackt virgin,  
And I'll bestow the widows almes on you  
In charity, if you not hold your tongue.

*Iac.* Worst of humanity, hold thou thy tongue,  
Shame thou to speake; my shame enforceth me.

*Lo.* Come, come, my little (what shall I call thee)  
For it is now doubtfull what thou art; being neither  
Maide, wife, nor (saving your reverence) widow.  
Ha? Doest spit at me? I'll have you spitted for this tricke,  
And I will turne you as you see, and moreover  
I will bast you.

*Spits at him.*

*Iac.* O that I could spit out the spiders bladder,  
Or the toads intrals into thee, to take part  
And mixe with the diseases that thou bear'st,  
And altogether choke thee; or that my tongue  
Were pointed with a fiery Pyramis  
To strike thee through; thou bundle of diseases,  
The store-house of some shaggy meteor,  
Some blazing fire shon o're thy fatall birth.  
And laid up all her sad effects in thee;  
Gouts, aches, droplics, and a hundred more,  
For were not poyson to thee naturall,  
Thy owne foule rottenesse would strangle thee.

## *All's lost by Lust.*

*Lo.* Thou art a loofer, and I do consider it,  
Thou hast lost a maydenhead, a shrewd cracke:  
A flaw that will hardly be soaderd againe;  
Some there be that can passe away these counterseits  
For currant, as brasse money may be taken  
For silver, yet it can never be the same,  
Nor restorde to his first purity, this I consider;  
And beare, (but presume not too much to trouble  
The poole of my patience, it may rise soule) it may.

*Iac.* O that thine eyes were worth the plucking out,  
Or thy base heart, the labour I should take  
In rending up thy bosome; I should but open  
A vault to poyson me (detested wretch)  
The hangmans man, basest degree of basenesse,  
Thou liv'st upon the lees and dregs of lust,  
Thy soule is a hyrde hackney towards hell.  
O *Iulianus*, my much honour'd father,  
How is thy simple faith deluded now!  
Thou hadst not so much thought of ill in thee,  
To breede a bad opinion of a villaine,  
Tyrant, and ravisher; whilst thou art winning  
Renowne and honour from Spaines enemies,  
Spaine has dishonour'd and imprisoned me:  
Thou understandst not this, unlesse the windes  
Vpon their fleeting convey beare it thee;  
Some gentle vision tell thee in thy sleepes,  
And heaven instruct thee with a waking faith,  
True to beleve thy slumbers; boyle out my bloud,  
And at the briney limbecke of mine eyes  
Distill my faculties; alone I'le tell  
My sorrowes unto heaven, my curse to hell:  
And there I'le mixe that wretch, from thence they rise,  
Oh whilst I looke on him, I loath mine eyes. *Exit.*

*Lo.* But that I have some kinder purpose, I would not  
Be thus baited: I am given to the flesh as well  
As the king my Master, I have some hope to taste  
This dish after him; but tis yet too hot for me,  
It will coole, and then I will draw my blade, and have



# *All's lost by Lust.*

A flash at it: this womans two edged tongue,  
And this burthen of flesh that I beare about me,  
Hath made me so heavy, I must take a nap.

*Cob, boy, Cob, page.*

*Enter Page.*

*Cob. Here Sir.*

*Lo. There is some thing gone  
Into my cares that troubles my braine, blow in  
Some musique to fetch it out againe.*

*Cob. The best I can, my Lord.*

*Lo. And hearke you, having done, ascend the Turret  
And see if you can discover his Maiesty  
Comming to the Castle: this houre he appointed  
For his recreation, if you do, descend,  
And give me warning.*

*Cob. I will.*

*A song within. Lo. falls asleepe.*

*Enter Cob.*

So I have luld my Lord asleepe,  
I see he takes my musique heavily,  
Therefore I'le sing no more: now to my Turret  
To see if the king come, now he may take him napping.

*Exit.*

*Enter Iacinta.*

*Iac. There is no resting place within a prison  
To make my sorrows lesse by recounting:  
I throw 'um forth, but empty none at all;  
Ha, asleepe? I, security can sleepe,  
Griefes a true watchman: how the devill snores?  
Theres hell within him, and what a hideous noise  
The fiends do make: oh had I a murdering heart,  
I could with his office beat out his braines.  
But I have better thoughts, these keyes may give me  
My release from prison: Can I thinke*

## *All's lost by Lust.*

Of better release, no; I will not delay it,  
I will keepe backe my sinnes from multitudes,  
And I may flie for safety to my father:  
Theres divers wayes, heaven instruct the privat' st,  
And best for my escape: fare ill, not well,  
Thou and thy lustfull Master: from all but one,  
This key now frees me, O! that I beare about,  
Which none but mercies key can deliver out.

*Exit Iacinta.*

*Enter Cob.*

*Cob.* My Lord, I spie the king comming privately  
By himselfe, my Lord, one were as good attempt  
To wake a watchman at three a clocke in the morning,  
My Lord, lend me your keyes if you'le not stir your selfe:  
Me thinkes he should wake himselfe with snoring, but it  
(may be  
The more noise makes him sleepe the sounder; the best is,  
I take it, the king has a private key to let in himselfe;  
If he have, he will do his own work himselfe, and my Lord  
For this time shall be an innocent pander,  
In this act of sleepe a harmlesse husband may be so  
To his owne wife; Tis as I guesst, he is come  
In of himselfe.

*Enter Rodorique.*

*Rod.* Where's your Master?

*Cob.* Hees here

In his private meditations, my Leige.

*Rod.* He was ever heavie, where's *Iacinta*?

*Cob.* Safe enough,

My Leige, shee stricke my Lord into these damps (cords.  
With the very musique of her tongue; but they were all dif-

*Rod.* Command her hither, her father sends me word,  
He has a noble fortune to bring home  
Conquest and royall captives; I shall not well  
Requite him: therefore I must now be heedfull.

What



# All's lost by Lust.

What I returne, how the villaine snores!  
Sleepe on Sir, your sinne will be the lesse, in being  
My bawd. Now where is she?

*Enter Cob.*

*Cob.* Alas my Lord,  
I have beene - - -

*Rod.* Beene impe, where have you beene?

*Cob.* Seeking about all the corners in the Castle  
For *lacinta*.

*Rod.* Why, is she to seeke slave?

*Cob.* I can neither heare nor see her any where.

*Rod.* Rogue, thou neither seest, nor hear'st more if I see  
(not here)

*Cob.* I'll go seeke better, my Leige, I doubt some leger-  
(demaine,  
But if I finde not her within, I know the way out. *Exit.*

*Rod.* You dormouse, baby of fisty, bundle of security,  
Awake Rogue, pocks of your heavy flesh, hast thou no  
(soule?

*Lo.* Mynnion, I'll clog your heeles with irons for this,  
Will you not let me rest by you?

*Rod.* Mischiefe ope your eye-lids: blocke, image.

*Lo.* I will tell the king, and he shall tickle you for this.

*Rod.* Sir death, I'll tickle you for this, loggerhead,  
(where's *lacinta*?

*Lo.* O my Leige, is it your Maiesty, I beseech you par-  
(don me:

These after dinner-naps are the repasts to my body.

*Rod.* Diseases devoure your body, where's *lacinta*?

*Lo.* Safe, safe, my Leige, my keyes, where be my keyes,  
Saw you my keyes, my Leige?

*Rod.* Confirme, she has the keyes, and is fled the castle:  
Dog, hell-hound, thou shalt be my foot-ball, slave:  
I'll drag this hatefull lumpe into his grave.

*Lo.* Nay but my Lord, I protest by mine honour,  
And the office I hold about you, I left 'em by me

When

## *All's lost by Lust.*

When I went to sleepe, and my first dreame told me  
They were there still. My boy, my *Cob*, saw you my *Cob*,  
(my *Leige*?)

*Rod.* Dogs worry you both; search slave in every angle,  
Send pursuite after her, if thou returnst her not,  
Thou shalt curse thy being.

*Lo.* If she be not above steeples,  
Nor beneath hell, I'll finde her, for so high  
And low I can reach and dive, as heavy as I am. *Exit.*

*Red.* If she escape us, and once reach her father,  
Now in his height of honour, we know not how  
He may receive his wrongs, nor the event;  
We will command him distant from the Court,  
And his prisoners sent to us; And this shall haste  
Before her possible speed, if she scape:  
Wele threaten his heads losse, if he deny 'um,  
Those that do wrong, had need keepe safety by 'um.

*Exit.*

*Enter Margareta and Fydella the Moore.*

*Mar.* O that some striking aire had blasted me  
Before this poyson entred at mine eares;  
Married?

*Fy.* Madam, sweet Madam.

*Mar.* Madam! prethee mock me not, nor gard my folly  
With such a linsie wolfsie ornament.

Madam, is the mad dame, and thence mad woman:  
Define it so and I will borrow still

That little of my store. A coat of tiffue

If a foole weares it, is but a fooles coat.

Such are my trappings; oh for time thats gone,

Equality, oh sweet equality,

Borne under *Libra*, thou hast both right hands,

Without advantage, or priority.

Base ones made big by beauty are but slaves,

Their Lords nere truly bed but in their graves.

Ha? a dangerous conceit, call my brother, *Fidella*.

*Fy.* Then let me counsell you, know hees open,

Plaine



# *All's lost by Lust.*

Plaine, and rusticall, and alterd from his first condition,  
What ever your purpose is, let it not appeare to him:

*Mar.* Prethee be gone, and call him.

Am I despis'd so soone? wedlocke uniuert,  
Vnequall nuptials are not love, but lust:  
Come backe past time, oh tis a fruitlesse call,  
I may repent, but finde no helpe at all.  
Now I forestall thee heaven ere I begin,  
Forgive me, I must act some a heinous sinne,  
I must now be changde.

*Enter Clowne, and Fydella.*

*Clo. Ia.* Lady sister, did your Madamship  
Send for my worship?

*Mar.* I did send for you brother.

*Ia:* You may intreat me.

*Mar.* I hope so, I have a letter

To my Lord (brother) containing so much love  
And secrecie, as I would trust none willingly  
But your selfe for the delivery.

*Ia.* A letter sister!

I would not have you to take me for a Carrier,  
Or a Porter to carry words, or letters more  
Then it pleases me; yet in the way of a Nuntius,  
Partly Embassadour, or so, I will  
Travell for your sake.

*Mar.* Looke you, this is all, brother.

*Ia.* Is this all sister?

*Mar.* Vnlesse youle adde another:

Commends by word of mouth:

*Ia.* By word of mouth?

Twass not well spoken sister.

*Mar.* Why brother?

*Iaq.* Why what words are there, but words of the mouth?  
Except it be words of the taylor, which would sound but ill  
In my Lord brothers cares: for words behinde  
A mans backe are but winde, you know that.



## All's lost by Lust.

*Mar.* But be most carefull in the delivery, I entreat you  
(brother;

You know our wedding is onely knowne to us,  
A thing conceald from wide mouthd rumour, then should  
Find him in company with Nobles of his own rank. (you

*Iaq.* Tush, I can smell the rankest of them all.

*Mar.* Say amongst Ladies you shoud find him sporting  
Dancing, kissing, or any such like wantonnesse,  
Take heed your rude approach does not move him to any  
(distaste.

*Iaq.* O my nowne sister, my nose is a little more a kin  
(to you

Now then ever it was; you woud have me be an informer  
Of unlawfull games, as Ticktack, whipper ginny, in & in.

*Mar.* No trust me brother, onely to instruct you I speak;  
For the least disparagement should chance to him  
His pleasure forbidding it, would be a death to me,

*Iaq.* Well sister, heres my hand, and my heart is some  
(where

Here about me too, but I'de be loath to bring him  
Forth to witnesse, but I will be very carefull.

*Mar.* You undo me else brother.

*Iaq.* Pha, d'e thinke me for  
A foole or your brother (sister)

*Mar.* Do not thinke  
But at your returne I shall be very thankfull.

*Iaq.* As for that, it is sufficient your Ladiship is my sister;  
oh ye little amiable rogue you, a good face is a good  
dowry, I see sometimes; when we two tumbled both in a  
belly together, little did our mother thinke which should  
have beene the Madam; I might have beene cut the tother  
way iffaieth, if it had pleased the sisters three, if the Mid-  
wife had but knowne my minde when I was borne, I had  
beene two stones lighter; but much good do thee with thy  
good fortunes; farewell honourable flesh and bloud, I will  
deliver to my noble brother, pretty trim Lady, I thinke we  
are eyde alike; fare thee well, I cannot chuse but see thee as  
long as I looke upon thee.

*Exit.*

*Mar.*



# All's lost by Lust.

*Mar.* Effect thy owne content, paper and inke,  
And then thou bringst the worke into my hands.

*Fudella.*

*Fud.* Madam.

*Mar.* Thou louest me *Fudella.*

*Fud.* Do you make a question ont Lady?

*Mar.* No, I rather

Speake it as acknowledgement, suppose I went  
In the right noble way, to meet my foe  
I'th field, woudst be my second.

*Fud.* To my second life, Madam.

*Mar.* I do intend no such viragoes part,  
But in shape, a danger to thee farre more worse, (stand,  
But when tis done, the spacious world shall have to under-  
Spite of the low condition of my birth,  
High spirits may be lodg'd in humble earth. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Dionisia and Anthonio.*

*Dio.* Sad still!

*Ant.* I am as I was ever Lady,  
Full of retyred thoughts.

*Dio.* You draw these backward  
Should be comming on, and meet in nuptiall pleasures.

*Ant.* All strive to be their owne Physitians (Lady)  
We know whats best and fittest to be done,  
But who can follow it?

*Dio.* Till the disease be knowne  
In vaine it were to study remedy,  
Pray whats your cause of sadnesse?

*Ant.* I have none, Lady.

*Dio.* Why are you not merry then?

*Ant.* You must finde fault with my complexion for't,  
Nature, perhaps, has not compounded me  
Of equall portions; yet you discover  
Diseases outward, I not feele within,  
Me thinkes I'me merry.

*Dio.* No, I have heard you sigh so violent,



# All's lost by Lust.

They have wak't my slumbers with you in bed,  
One gust following another, as you woud breath  
Out all your aire together, there most be cause.

*Ant.* I know not how to win your good believe, Lady,  
But if youlc trust me; *Lazarello* come hither.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Iaq.* A murrin o the carrier brought me hither, I shall sit  
the worse this two dayes, but I thinke I have requited his  
sides for't; Now to my letter, pat yffaith, here's my noble  
brother; hum, I have a pestilent Lady to my sister, she told  
me I should finde him amongst Ladies; if she had said Lady  
she had guest singular well yffaith; I will carry it as well as  
I can for my honourable brothers credit.

*Dio.* Fie, that's a lame excuse, you won not honour  
Equall with your will, my selfe from the Castle saw you,  
Most nobly do, I saw you unhorse three brave opposers,  
You kild and captiv'd many enemies.

*Laz.* Nay now sweet Lady  
You make too strict an inquisition,  
Men emulate in honour for the best,  
Who woud be second that can formost be;  
For this a man may wrangle with his fate,  
And grieve and envy at anothers fortunes.

*Iaq.* Hum, hum, hum.

*Laz.* See you yon fellow.

*Ant.* Wait him hence good *Lazarello*, I am undone else,  
Looke here *Dionisia*, here's a iewell, but I never shewed thee yet.

*Dio.* Tis a very pretty one,  
Shall I have it?

*Ant.* With all my heart sweet.

*Iaq.* He gives me ayme, I am three bows too short,  
I'll come up nearer next time.

*Dio.* When does the Army  
March hence, *Antonio*?

*Ant.* Some



# All's lost by Lust.

*Ant.* Some three dayes hence.

I must prepare to go:

*Dio.* I'll go with you *Antonio*.

*Ant.* By no meanes sweet, I'll send for thee  
With more harmonious musique.

*Dio.* Indeed I must.

*Ant.* Come, come, indeed you shall not.

*Laz.* He wonnot off Sir.

*Ant.* A mischief carry him!

*Iaq.* No! shall I have no notice taken of me!

I'll begin in another tone with you. Hum, hum, hum,

*There was a Nobleman of Spaine, Lady, Lady,*

*That went abroad, and came not againe.*

*To his poore Lady.*

*Oh cruell age, when one proud brother, Lady, Lady,*

*Shall scorne to looke upon another,*

*Of his poore Lady.*

*Sings.*

*Dio.* How now, what fellow's this?

*Iaq.* No mans fellow here; Lady, yet a good fellow too  
In place where.

*Laz.* Who! this fellow, Lady! he that kuows not him;  
Knows not a man of mirth, this Doctor I tell you  
Gives as good cure for the melancholy  
As the best Emperick in Spaine, what ere he be.

*Dio.* I woud he woud practise on *Antonio* then.

*Laz.* Troth Madam tis a good plot, please you to walke  
I'll man you to the Castle, leave them together,  
Tis an equall match, if he make him not merry,  
Heele most terribly trouble his melancholly.

*Ant.* Heele make me more sad I feare.

*Dio.* I had rather stay and partake some mirth.

*Iaq.* I am no womans foole (sweet Lady) tis two trades  
in Sivill; as your mans Taylor, and your womans Taylor:  
So your Lords foole, and your Ladies foole, I am for the  
tongue, not for the bauble.

*Dio.* Well *Antonio*, I'll leave you, and firra make him  
And I'll reward thee: (merry,

*Iaq.* If I cannot make him merrie, I know who can.



# All's lost by Lust.

*Dio.* Who I prethee?

*Ant.* I will out.

*Iaq.* Why my——— you can Lady.

*Dio.* Now you iest too broad sirra.

*Iaq.* That's womans iesting, Madam.

*Exit Laz. and Dio.*

*Ant.* I was afraid he woud have namde his sister.

*Iaq.* I will make bold to be cover'd; brother thou knowest

*Ant.* Oh brother:

*Iaq.* Looke thee theres black and white for thee from the little honourable rascall my sister, and a thousand commendations too without booke, which I was bid to tell thee by roat, if thou canst reade and heare all at once,

*Ant.* Yes I can:

*Iaq.* Theres honourable bones a breeding; my sister is the peevishest piece of Ladies flesh growne of late; we have good sport at it to see her vexe and fret, she boxes me as familiarly as if I were her Cobler, for talking to her, an unnaturall varlet, to strike her owne flesh and bloud, but I beare with her for thy sake.

*Ant.* I thanke you fort, brother:

*Iaq.* Nay, she cuts her lace, and eats raw fruit too, what faller do you thinke she long'd for tother day?

*Ant.* I know not:

*Iaq.* For a what doe call 'um? those long upright things that grow a yard above the ground; oh Cuckow pintle roots, but I got her her belly full at last.

*Ant.* So twas well.

*Iaq.* But the best iest was, she bit her shoemaker by the eare as he was drawing on her shoes; and another time her Taylor for girding her too straight, he had a long nose, but she did so pinch his bill; what, hast thou good newes brother?

*Ant.* Very good brother, all I reade are well.

*Iaq.* Yes faith brother, we are in health, and drinke to thine sometimes.

*Ant.* Brother, I woud have your swift returne.

*Iaq.*



## All's lost by Lust.

*Iaq.* Twas my sisters charge, she thinkes of long things,  
poore heart.

*Ant.* I cannot give you the entertainment I woud brother,  
but I pray you let this provide for you.

*Iaq.* This is Hostesse, Tapster, Chamberlaine, & all, brother.

*Ant.* In the morning early my letter shall bee ready  
for you.

*Iaq.* I will lye in my boots all night, but I'le bee ready  
as soone as your letter: *Bonos nocios, mi frater.*

*Ant.* Stay brother, one thing I must aske you,  
And pray you tell me, Whats your thought of me,  
Finding me in a Ladies company?

*Iaq.* O brother, I woud not have you thinke you have  
a foole to your kindred, what! I understand these toyes,  
there are fowle, and there are fish, there are wag-tayles, and  
there are Mermayds.

*Ant.* Of what fort do you thinke she is?

*Iaq.* Oh brother, definitions and distinctions! sic on  
'um, come, I know flesh and bloud will be sporting. And  
I were a married man my selfe, I woud not alwayes be at  
home, I woud hawke, and hunt, and ride, there are divers  
members in one body, there are flesh dayes, and there are  
fish dayes, a man must not alwayes eate one sort of meat.

*Ant.* I see you are a wag brother.

*Iaq.* Alwayes let a married man get his owne children  
at home if he can, if he have a bit abroad for procreation  
or so - - -

*Ant.* Well good night brother, I pray hold a good opi-  
nion of me.

*Iaq.* O Sir, I can winke with one eye like a gunner; shall  
I make my sister sicke of the yelow laundies? no, thought  
is free, whatsoever I speake, I'le say nothing; *Vale, valet, valet, valetote.* *Exit.*

*Ant.* I can dissemble mirth no longer;  
Oh my afflicted soule, wert thou capable  
Of separation, thou woudst now be rent  
Into a thousand peeces: *Lazarello.*

*Enter*

# All's lost by Lust.

Enter Lazarello.

*Laz.* Now Sir, you are full of newes I'me sure.

*Ant.* Heavy and froward newes: where's *Dionisia*?

*Laz.* At distance enough in the Castle, you may speake.

*Ant.* I am discover'd, *Margaretta* knowes of this  
Her wrong, and my disloyalty.

*Laz.* It was no mystery,  
And must be found, but how does she beare it.

*Ant.* Better then her birth,  
Aswell as my addition to her, nobly,  
And if her hand does not belye her heart,  
She's glad that I have found an equall liking.

*Laz.* She has done as becomes her.

*Ant.* Yet with this request,  
That I woud not forsake her utterly,  
But some times see her, tis articled too,  
That twice a weeke sheed have my fellowship  
By night, and private stealthes, the which obtainde,  
Sheed loose the name of wife, and never shame  
To be call'd my Concubine.

*Laz.* I, this is well,  
Fine light pageant worke, but now sure building,  
This gilds a while, but will at length wash off agen;  
This rooffe must be raisde upon a sounder groundfill;  
Give me your free bosome, you have one heart, and two  
(wayes,  
Which may have the better part freely.

*Ant.* My conscience  
And my affection warre about this quarrell,  
My conscience saith the first, but my affection,  
The second.

*Laz.* So then, you shoud  
Love *Margaretta*, but do love *Dionisia*.

*Ant.* My heart's triangled, two points *Dionisiaes*,  
And that downwards *Margarets*, and that's the smallest.

*Laz.* I thanke you for this free delivery:

You



## All's lost by Lust.

You seale your friendship to me, now let me build,  
I ha'te, I'le rid your griefes at once; will you  
But give consent,

*Ant.* To any faire condition.

*Laz.* No worse then *Margarets* request to you,  
Or very little, returne your letter, that  
You will satisfie all her desire, appoint  
Your first nights approach, and privately.

*Ant.* Night cannot hide it ever.

*Laz.* But heare me,

You shall not go, I will supply your place,  
Not to blemish, but to preserve your honour:  
Comuand your entertainment, so secret be,  
As that no lights may leade you to your chamber,  
Let me alone to counterfeit for once,  
And once shall serue for all, if it but take,  
And that she bed with me, not for the act,  
For there your honour must be weighed, but company,  
Shall serue the turne, then rise I and proclaime  
Both our luxurious sinnes; how dares she then  
Claime any part in you?

*Ant.* Tis a strange extreames

*Laz.* Ulcers must have corrasives to eate, not skinde,  
Extreames must have extreames to coape withall,  
It will not yeeld else.

*Ant.* I like it, and allow it;

Tis more then water that must fight with wilde fire.  
This passage shall be instantly preparde  
With some of my wearings, brought as neare my selfe  
As art can make, this Ring to strengthen it,  
I could subtract a third from my estate  
To heale her iniury, and quite blot out  
That taints mine honour, being voyc't,  
It must be curde; pardon heaven and *Margaret*,  
There is an innate falling from what's good,  
Which nothing can repaire in's but our bloud.

*Exeunt.*



# All's lost by Lust.

## Actus quartus

*Enter Iulianus with a letter, and Piamentelli.*

*Iul.* **T**Hat I should ten leagues be in scorne remov'de  
From Court unto my countrey house! for what  
Tis very strange; know you the cause?

*Pia.* Not I, my Lord.

*Iul.* I cry you mercy Sir, and my king mercy,  
And I beshrew my thoughts for being troubled.  
I know the cause my selfe, his grace is wise,  
For seeing me on a Pyramis of honour,  
So eye-able to the world, the talking slaves,  
The multitude in their loud bellowing voyces,  
Might adde so much to me Sir, as might dim  
His owne proper glory, for such weake eyes see  
The present object, nothing to come, or past;  
He gives me safety in it, and indeed  
Himselfe much worth and honour, for Sir, what honour  
Can subiects have, but is their kings owne right.  
Due as their Crownes; hees royally wise in't,  
I do applaud it highly, and obey it.

*Pia.* Your prisoners must be sent him too my Lord.

*Iul.* Ha? my prisoners? that goes somewhat further,  
Sir, I beseech you this day entertaine  
Your selfe into our Campe, y'are nobly welcome,  
The kings health shall go round the Army too  
This very night, we'le answer and confirme  
What he commands.

*Pia.* To morrow I must returne.

*Exit Piam.*

*Iul.* You shall; meane time I pray be merry with us:  
Commanded from the Court! and my prisoners sent for!  
Tis strange; oh my forgetfull memory!  
I did not aske how my *Iacinta* far'de:  
But she forgets too, mindes not me her father,  
We'le mixe 'um both together, but my prisoners!

*Enter*



# All's lost by Lust.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, heres a woman (forc'd by some tide of sor-  
With teares intreats your pittie, and to see you. (row)

*Iul.* If any souldier has done violence to her,  
Beyond our military discipline,  
Death shall divide him from us: Fetch her in.

*Exit Servant.*

I have my selfe a daughter, - on whose face  
But thinking, I must needs be pitifull.  
And when I ha told my conquest to my king,  
My poore girle then shall know, how for her sake  
I did one pious act: is this the creature!

*Enter with Iacinta.*

*Ser.* Yee, my Lord, and a sad one.

*Iul.* Leave us: a sad one!

The down-cast looke, calls up compassion in me,  
A Coarse going to the grave looks not more deadly,  
Why kneelst thou! art thou wrong'd by any souldier?  
Rise, for this honour is not due to me.  
Hast not a tongue to reade thy sorrowes out?  
This booke I understand not.

*Iacin.* O my deare father!

*Iul.* Thy father? who has wrong'd him?

*Iac.* A great Commander.

*Iul.* Vnder me?

*Iac.* Above you.

*Iul.* Above me? whose above a Generall?

None but the Generall of all Spaines Armies,  
And thats the king, king *Rodericke*; hees all goodnesse.  
He cannot wrong thy father.

*Iacin.* What was *Tarquin*?

*Iul.* A king, and yet a ravisher.

*Iacin.* Such a sinne

Was in those dayes a monster; now tis common.



## All's lost by Lust.

*Iul.* Prethee be plaine.

*Iacin.* Have not you Sir, a daughter?

*Iul.* If I have not, I am the wretchedst man  
That this day lives: for all the wealth I have  
Lives in that childe.

*Iacin.* O for your daughters sake then heare my woes.

*Iul.* Rise then, and speake 'um.

*Iac.* No, let me kneele still,  
Such a resemblance of a daughters duty,  
Will make you mindfull of a fathers love:  
For such my iniuries must exact from you,  
As you would for your owne.

*Iul.* And so they do,  
For whilst I see thee kneeling, I thinke of my *Iacinta*;

*Iac.* Say your *Iacinta* then (chast as the Rose)  
Comming on sweetly in the springing bud,  
And ne're felt heat, to spread the Sommer sweet:  
But to increase and multiply it more,  
Did to it selfe keepe in its owne perfume:  
Say that some rapine hand had pluckt the bloome,  
*Iacinta* like that flower, and ravisht her,  
Defiling her white lawne of chastity,  
With ugly blacks of lust; what would you do?

*Iul.* O tis too hard a question to resolve,  
Without a solemne Councell held within  
Of mans best understanding faculties:  
There must be love, and fatherhood, and griefe;  
And rage, and many passions, and they must all  
Beget a thing call'd vengeance; but they must sit upon't.

*Iac.* Say this were done by him that carried  
The fairest seeming face of friendship to your selfe.

*Iul.* We should fall out.

*Iac.* Would you in such a case respect degrees?

*Iul.* I know not that.

*Iac.* Say he were noble.

*Iul.* Impossible: th'acts ignoble, the Bee can breed  
No poyson, though it sucke the iuyce of hemlocke.

*Iac.* Say a king should doo't were th'act lesse done



# *All's lost by Lust.*

By the greater power, does Maieſty extenuate a crime?

*Iul.* Augment it rather.

*Iac.* Say then that *Rodoricke*, your king and Maſter,  
To quit the honours you are bringing home,  
Had raviſht your *Iacinta*.

*Iul.* Who has ſent

A furie in this fowle-faire ſhape to vexe me?  
I ha ſcene that face me thinks, yet know it not:  
How dareſt thou ſpeake this treason, gainſt my king?  
Durſt any man ith world, bring me this lye,  
By this, had been in hell; *Rodoricke* a *Tarquin*?

*Iacin.* Yes, and thy daughter (had ſhe done her part)  
Should be the ſecond *Lucrece*: view me well,  
I am *Iacinta*.

*Iul.* Ha?

*Iac.* The king my raviſher.

*Iul.* The king thy raviſher! oh unkingly ſound:  
He dares not ſure, yet in thy ſullied eyes  
I reade a *Tragicke* ſtory.

*Enter Antonio, Alonzo, Medina.*

O noble friends,  
Our warres are ended, are they not?

*Omn.* They are Sir.

*Iul.* But Spaine has now begun a civill warre,  
And to confound me onely: ſee you my daughter?  
She ſounds the Trumpet, which draws forth my ſword  
To be revengd.

*Alon.* On whom? ſpeake loud your wrongs,  
Digelt your choller into temperance:  
Give your conſiderate thoughts the upper hand,  
In your hot paſſions, twill aſſwage the ſwelling  
Of your big heart; if you have iniuries done you,  
Revenge them, and we ſecond you.

*Iac.* Father, deare father.

*Iul.* Daughter, deare daughter.

*Iac.* Why do you kneele to me Sir?



## All's lost by Lust.

*Iul.* To ask thee pardon that I did beget thee,  
I brought thee to a shame stains all the way  
Twixt earth and Acheron: not all the clouds  
(The skies large canopy) could they drowne the Seas  
With a perpetuall inundation,  
Can wash it ever out, leave me I pray. *Falls downe*

*Alon.* His fighting passions will be ore anon,  
And all will be at peace.

*Ant.* Best in my iudgement,  
We wake him with the sight of his won honours:  
Call up the army, and let them present  
His prisoners to him, such a fight as that  
Will brooke no sorrow neare it.

*Iul.* Twas a good Doctor that prescrib'de that physick  
I'll be your patient Sir, shew me my souldiers,  
And my new honours won, I will truly weigh them,  
With my full grieues, they may perhaps orecome. *Exit Ant.*

*Alon.* Why now theres hope of his recovery.

*Iul.* *Iacinta* welcome, thou art my child still,  
No forced staine of lust can alienate  
Our consanguinitie.

*Iac.* Deare Father,  
Recollekt your noble spirits, conquer grieffe,  
The manly way: you have brave foes subdued,  
Then let no female passions thus orewhelme you.

*Iul.* Mistake me not, my childe, I am not mad,  
Nor must be idle; for it were more fit,  
(If I could purchase more) I had more wit,  
To helpe in these designs, I am growne old:  
Yet I have found more strength within this arme,  
Then without prooffe I durst ha boasted on.  
*Rodericke* thou king of monsters couldst thou do this?  
And for thy lust confine me from the Court,  
Theres reason in thy shame, thou shouldst not see me.  
Ha! they come *Iacinta*, they come, hearke, hearke,  
Now thou shalt see what cause I have given my king:

*Enter Antonio with the Affrican king, and other  
Moores prisoners.*



# All's lost by Lust.

Stand, pray stand all, deliver me my prisoners:  
So tis well, wondrous well, I have no friends  
But these my enemies, yet welcome brave Moores,  
With you Ile parley; first I desie you all.

*Alon.* How?

*Iul.* I am a vowd foe to your King, to *Roderique.*

*Ant.* How *Iulianus!*

*Iul.* Nay we feare you not, here's our whole army;  
Yet we are strong enough from feare or flight.

*Ant.* Make us understand a reason *Iulianus,*  
If for disloyalty reason may be given  
Of this your language.

*Iul.* Be you my Iudges whom I make my foes?  
Was my power plac't above my mercy, or mercy  
Above my power? went they not hand in hand?

*Ant.* Ever most nobly:

*Alon.* Ever, ever.

*Iul.* Why then should *Roderique* doe this base deed?

*Ant.* You doe distract us Sir, beseech you name it.

*Iul.* Behold this child of mine, this onely mine,  
I had a daughter, be she is ravisht now.

*Omn.* Ravisht?

*Iul.* Yes, by *Roderique*, by lustfull, tyrant, *Roderique:*

*Omn.* O most abhorrid deed!

*Iul.* Ioyne with me noble Spaniards in Revenge.

*Omn.* We will.

*Iul.* Have I your hearts?

*Omn.* Our lives shall seale it.

*Iul.* Then Princely *Mulymumen*, here I free thee,  
And all thy valiant Moores: Wilt thou call back  
Thy scattered forces, and incorporate (Spain,  
Their strengths with mine, and with me march through  
Sharpning thy sword with vengeance for my wrongs?

*Moore.* Most willingly, to binde me faster to thee,  
Plight me thy ravisht daughter to my wife,  
And thou shalt see my indignation fly  
On wings of Thunder.

*Iacin.* O my second hell,



## *All's lost by Lust.*

A Christians armes embrace an infidell?

*Int.* Ile not compell her heart, woœ, win, and wed her:  
Forc't has she bin too much, — My honor'd friends,  
What We all thought to ha' borne home in Triumph,  
Must now be seene there in a Funerall,  
Wrackt Honour being chiefe Mourner; here's the Herse  
Which weele all follow; — *Rodorigue* we come,  
To give thy lust a scourge, thy life a doome.

*Exeunt.*

*A bed discovered, on it Lazarello, as Antonio: Enter Margaretta and Fydella with a balter.*

*Mar.* Sleeper he *Fydella*?

(*Sleeper*)

*Fyd.* Slumbringly Madam; hee's not yet in his dead

*Mar.* Tis now his dying, anon comes his dead sleep.

For never shall he wake, untill the world  
Hath Phoenix-like bin hid in his owne ashes,  
*Fydella*, take my strength into thine armes,  
And play the cruell executioner,  
As I will first instruct thee.

*Fyd.* I am so farre

From shinking, Madam, that Ile gladly be  
The Prologue to *Antonios* Tragedy.

*Mar.* *Antonios* Tragedy! that very Name  
Should strike even sparkes of pittie from the flint:

*Antonio*! husband *Antonio*.

*Fyd.* Remember there's another owes that Name.

*Mar.* I, that's the poyson kills me; shall a strumpet  
(For shee's no better) rob me of a treasure  
So deere to me as he was; yet her I pardon:  
The master-thief lies here, and he must dye for't:  
All mercy hence I banish, lustice looke downe  
To see a womans vengeance; thus I begin,  
And follow thus and thus, now I am in,  
Nothing shall pull me back.

*Laz.* Oh, oh.

*Fyd.* He has passage yet for breath.

*Mar.*



## All's lost by Lust.

*Mar.* Here's remedy for that, pull *Fydella*.

*Fyd.* He woud speake it seemes.

*Mar.* Never ; his tongue betrayd me once, I will  
No more listen my temptations ; heare he shall  
Awhile, and that but deafly : *Antonio*,  
I was your wife, Lordly *Antonio*,  
And in that balance equal'd with your selfe,  
I was your handmaid, and you might have trod  
On my humility, I had kist your feet,  
But with disdain thou trampledst on my throat,  
As I doe now on thine, and will deface  
What nature buile for honor, not deceit:  
Our wedding was in private, so our divorce,  
Yet this shall have as fre and open blazon  
As a truth-speaking goodnesse ; O my *Fydella*,  
Thou little instrument of my revenge,  
I woud not have thee (for thy duty) lost,  
There's gold, hye thee to safety, fare thee well,  
I must nere see thee more, this place will be—

*Fyd.* Not too hot for me Madam ; my complexion  
Is naturall to it : good fortunes follow you ;  
If I might counsell you, I woud conceale it :  
If you can fly, doe not betray your selfe.

*Exit.*

*Mar.* Fy, prethee away, thou wilt marre all the glory,  
Conceale the deed ? even to the bended brow  
Of the sterne Iudge, Ile speake, and call for iustice,  
Proud of my glorious vengeance, I will smile  
Vpon my dreadfull Executioner :  
Twas that was first enacted in my brest,  
She shoud not dare to kill, that dares not die,  
Tis needy mischief, and hee's basely bent  
That dares doe ill, yet feare the punishment.

*Exeunt.*

*ACT III.*

# All's lost by Lust.

## Actus quintus.

*Enter King Rodorique and Piamentelli.*

*Rod.* Some musique.

*Pia.* Musique Sir! tis all untunde,  
Remember your proud enemies approach;  
And your unreadinesse to entertaine um.

*Rod.* If all be set upon a carelesse hazard,  
What shall care doe there?

*Pia.* Rouze you like a Lion,  
And fright this heard of Foxes, Wolves, and Beares,  
From daring to come nere you : a Kings eye  
Has Magicall charmes in't to binde treason down,  
They fight like theeves for spoile, you for your owne!

*Rod.* O *Piamentelli*, theres within my bosome,  
An army of Furies mustred, worse than those  
Which follow *Iulianus* : Conscience beats  
The Drum of horror up.

*Pia.* For what! a Maidenhead!  
Pray be your selfe, and justifie the act,  
Stand on your guard, and royalize the fact  
By your owne dispensation.

*Rod.* Goe call our friends together, if we have none,  
Hire them with double pay, our selfe will search  
And breake those dangerous doores which have so long  
Kept Spaine in childish ignorance.

*Pia.* O good my Lord,  
Forbeare, there's fatall prophesies forbid you.

*Rod.* There's fatall fooleries; tell me of prophesies!  
Shall feare affright me? no; upon my life  
Tis hidden treasure kept for needfull houres,  
And now tis come; tis gold must purchase soldiers;

Shall



# *All's lost by Lust.*

Shall I not seeke it then ? alone Ile breake  
Ope those forbidden doores, goe mustler men.

*Pia.* This I dread more then all our enemies,  
If good proceed from this, no Magick Art  
Shall fright me.

*Exit.*

*Rod.* Or good, or bad, Ile throw the dice my selfe,  
And take the chance that falls ; thou art the first,

*Thunder*

Hell wakens, yet Ile on, twenty at least  
I must passe through before I breake the spell,  
If this doore thither lead, Ile enter hell.

*Exit.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter Roderique againe  
at another doore.*

*Rod.* So now I me entred to the fatall chamber,  
Shew now thy full effects ; ha ? what sight's this ?

*Enter Iulianus, Moore, Iacinta, Antonio, Alonzo,  
one presenting Roderique.*

*Rod.* Tis holliday in hell, the fiends are loose,  
I have enfranchiz'd you, thank me Devils ;  
Was this the fatall incantation  
That here was lockt so many fearfull ages,  
And was't decreed for me to dislocate ?  
Fire consume you geomantick Devils,  
Where borrowed you those bodies, you damn'd theeves ?  
In your owne shapes you are not visible,  
Or are you yet but fancies imaginarie ?  
What's he that me presents ? I have not lent  
My carcas forth, I am not sleeping now,  
And my soule straid forth, I am my reall selfe,  
Must I be captiv'd by a traitor so ?



# All's lost by Lust.

Devill thou playest me false ; undiadem'd ?  
And such a sooty fiend inherit me ?  
*Jacinta*, too, that she-curse, must she have part ?  
Kneeling to them, here's a solemnity  
In the Devils name ; goe raigne in Sulphur, or in  
Some frozen Labyrinth ; this Kingdom's mine :  
Thou there that me personat'st, draw forth thy sword,  
And brandish't against hell, Ile shew thee how ;

*Exeunt Shew*

What Magick bindes me ? what furies hold mine arme.  
*Piamentelli*, *Avilla*, none succour me ?

*Enter Piamentelli.*

*Pia.* What ayles you Sir ?

*Rod.* My foes are come upon me.

*Pia.* Comming they are, but yet a league distant, Sir,

*Rod.* Zounds they are come, and have bin here with me.  
Traiterous *Iulianus*, and his ravisht daughter,  
An army of Moores, of Turks and infidels.

*Pia.* Your fancies trouble you, they are but comming,  
Too neere in that, make up to your souldiers,  
Full twenty thousand now will follow you and more.

*Rod.* The Moore's a comming, & the devill too that must  
Succeed me in my last monarchy, take armes and fight,  
The fiends shall know they have not plaid me right.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lothario with a halter.*

*Lo.* O for a private place to bee hang'd in ; when all  
hope's gone, welcome despaire ; which way soever the  
day goes, I'me sure this is my way ; If the King overcome,  
I shall be hang'd for *Jacintaes* escape, if shee rise, I fall in  
recompence of her wrongs. All my grieve is, I want an  
heire to have my purse and clothes, one that woud take  
the paines for me, an honest hangman were now as good



# *All's lost by Lust.*

a companion as I woud desire to meet with ; I have liv'd  
a Lord, and I woud be leath to dye an executioner.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Iaq.* Murder is come to light ; Oh sister how hast thou  
overthrowne our honorable house before it was well co-  
vered ; oh ambitious sister, halfe a share in a Lord woud  
not content thee, thou woud have all or none, now thou  
hast none, for thou hast kild thy Lord and husband.

*Lo.* I was a Lord, altho a bawdy Lord.

*Iaq.* I was a Lords brother, altho a bawdy Lords bro-  
ther.

*Lo.* O Lechery, how hast thou puffed mee up and un-  
done me.

*Iaq.* O Lechery, thou hast battend me awhile, and then  
spoild me.

*Lo.* Ha ? what art thou ?

*Iaq.* Partly honorable, partly miserable.

*Lo.* Give me thy hand.

*Iaq.* Give me thy halter then.

*Lo.* Art thou a hangman then ?

*Iaq.* I, and a mad one, but now I droops, and am rea-  
dy to drop into the budget.

*Lo.* Looke here's worke for thee, here's clothes, and  
here's mony, wout thou take the paines to hang me ?

*Iaq.* I have liv'd a Lords brother, and woud be loath to  
die a hangman.

*Lo.* Doe not desire to die, live till thou diest of thine  
owne accord.

*Iaq.* Tis my desire, but I want a cord of mine owne,  
prethee lend me thine.

*Lo.* Let me perswade thee to be charitable to thy selfe,  
spare thy selfe, and hang me, I have beene a Pander, knowst  
thou what a Pander is ?

*Iaq.* In brieft a knave ; more at large thus ;  
Hee's a thing that is poore,  
He waits upon a whore,

## *All's lost by Lust.*

When shee's sick, hee's sore,  
In the streets he goes before,  
At the chamber waits at doore,  
All his life a runs o'th score,  
This I know, and know no more.

*Lo.* All this Ile adde to it,  
He weares long locks,  
And villanous socks,  
Many nights in the stocks,  
Endures some knocks,  
And a many of mocks,  
Eates reversions of cocks,  
Yet lies in the flocks,  
Thrives by the smocks,  
And dies with the pox.

All this I have beene, and now desire to be hang'd for't.

*Iaq.* What hast thou there?

*Lo.* A hundred marks, besides leases, and lands which I have wickedly gotten, all which I will bestow on thee, if thou wilt take the paines to hang me.

*Iaq.* Hum? my brother is dead, and there is no way to raise our house agen but by ready money, or credit; the hangman many times mounts above his betters; well I will hang, but my conscience beares me witness, tis not for any good will I beare unto thee, nor for any wrong that I know thou hast committed; but innocently for thy lands, thy leases, thy clothes, and thy money. And so come a long with to me the next tree, where thou shalt hang till thou art dead, and stink above ground.

*Lo.* With all my heart, my guts, my lights, my liver, and my lungs.

*Alarum, Excursions. Enter Rodorique and Piamentelli.*

*Pia.* Fly, fly my Lord.

*Rod.* With what wings?

*Pia.* With wings of speed,

Your



# All's lost by Lust.

Your foes, Sir, conquer, and your souldies bleed,  
The barbarous Moore is titled by your name,  
The Spanish King; therefore your safest speed  
Will be to Biscany, there you may finde  
New friends, new safety, and new kingly mindes.

*Rod.* There is no friendship where there is no power,  
I must crave now, oh poverty most poore,  
To beg of them receiv'd mine almes, before.  
I have defended them:

*Pia.* They'le you releeve.

*Rod.* Ile make the prooffe: what do you call the man  
Whose prowesse in that rightfull victory  
Against the Moores did so much honor win?

*Pia.* Antonio.

*Rod.* He was, and is; and may be, but not long,  
This poyson'd *Iulianus* has batterd him.  
Thou art my subject still *Piamentelli*.

*Pia.* Whilst I am *Piamentelli*.

*Rod.* Wert thou gone,  
I then might boast, I were a King alone,  
For but thy selfe I doe not know one subject,  
Then subjects all, since youle not let me die,  
Ile seeke a weary life in Biscany.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Moore and Iacinta.*

*Mo.* Thou mutable peece of nature, dost thou fly me?

*Iac.* Th'att frightfull to me.

*Mo.* I shall be more frightfull,  
If thou repell a proferd arme of love,  
There will rebound a hate blacker in Art  
Then in similitude; forget me not,  
Have not I chac't thy wronger from his ground,  
And my triumphant selfe thy conqueror?  
I am thy King.

*Iac.* Ile feare thee then.

*Mo.*

# *All's lost by Lust.*

*Mo.* Not love me?

*Iac.* The word is poison'd in thy very tongue,  
Love thee? as I woud love my ravisher.

*Mo.* Thy father shall repent.

*Iac.* He must, and will,  
That ere he freed a captive infidell.

*Mo.* Looke for a vengeance.

*Exit.*

*Iac.* Yes, some barbarous one,  
Tis naturall to thee, base African,  
Thine inside's blacker then thy sooty skin;  
Oh *Iulianus*, what hast thou done? th'ast scap't  
The raging Lion, to wrestle with a Dragon,  
He woud have slaine with a majesticke gripe,  
But this with venome; better had bin thy fate  
By him to fall, then thus, by such a helhound.

*Enter Moore and Soldiers, with Iulianus.*

*Mo.* Bring forth that traytor, seaze that lustfull whore.

*Iul.* What wilt thou monster?

*Iac.* Any thing that's monstrous.

*Mo.* Reward a traytor.

*Iul.* Traytor?

*Mo.* Be thine owne iudge,  
What art thou but thy Kings, and Kingdomes ruine?  
Was it thy hopes, that ever I should trust thee?  
Traytors are poyson'd arrowes drawne to th' head,  
Which we shoot home at mischief; being struck dead,  
Then let the arrow be consumed in fire:

Hast not betrayd thy King and Country basely

*Iul.* For thee (ingratefull, villanous Moore) I have,  
I have deserv'd to die, but not by thee,  
And I beseech thee, bloody Tyrant, hasten  
My punishment.

*Mo.* That boone is easily granted.

*Iul.* Tis now full glory to thee, to strike home  
Set the black character of death upon me,

*Give*



# *All's lost by Lust.*

Give me a sentence horrid as thy selfe art,  
Speake in thy barbarous language, thy last doome,  
A tyrants Axe sends me to a blest home.

*Mo.* Pluck out his eyes, and her exclaiming tongue,  
She shall in silent sorrow then lead him,  
Her eyes shall be his starres:

*Iul.* O spare her tyrant,  
By her offence and wrong thou hast aspride,  
Then tread not on her vertues, 'tis enough  
That I doe suffer for the good ill I did  
To set thy captiv'd foot above my head:  
Oh spare my child.

*Iac.* Entreat for me? forbear Sir,  
Either be you dumbe, or let him not heare,  
I shall have mentall prayers left for heaven,  
Fuller effectuall then this tongue can utter,  
And for the author of my wrongs and sinne,  
I shall have hartty curses left within.

*Ex. with Iul. and Iacin.*

*Enter Margarett with the body of Lazarello  
Pedro, and Claveile.*

*Mar.* O Iustice, Iustice, thou that hilst the throne  
Of soveraigne Iustice, thou art a severe one,  
Give me thy sharpest rigor.

*Mo.* Against whom?

*Mar.* My selfe, the murtheresse of my valiant husband.

*Mo.* More fruits of Christians.

*Enter Antonio wounded, with Dionysia.*

*Mar.* Yes, and see, here's more,

*Antonios* ghost! murthered by me, yet liv'st thou?

*Ant.* Revenge and jealousie mis-led thy arme,  
To kill my friend, (my supposed friend) not me;  
Thou strangledst *Lazarello*.

*Mar.* O my hard fate!



# All's lost by Lust.

My aime was full at thee.

*Ant.* End thy just hate,

For I am parting from thee; see those two  
That wrong'd thee are both wounded to the death,  
With griefe she, I by poyson lose my breath.

*Dio.* Forgive him, but spare not me.

*Mar.* How came you wounded?  
I clap my hands at this your tragedy,  
My birth was base, but my revenge flew high.

*Mo.* A noble girl, a lusty stout Virago.

*Ant.* *Inlianus*, for a wrong done to his daughter,  
(The fatall Engine that hath beat downe Spaine)

Revolted from his King, and set that Moore up,

Who now insults, being but a captive then,

And cause in honest language I was just

In taxing this revolt of *Inlianus*,

He bid a soldier kill me, who refusing it,

He himsele struck me; life was lent thus long:

But for the cleansing of my conscience:

I feele deaths pangs, forgive me both, and all,

Let my soule rise, altho my body fall:

With honor I got honor, thus my sinne thrives,

Thus fals the wretched husband of two wives.

*Fals.*

*Dio.* So, here's a brace of widowes now at one windfall,

A wholesome example to all succession;

Let every wise man take heed of two wives,

Tis too great ods, I durst be one of the two

My selfe shoud break one of the strongest husbands hearts.

What shoud I call thee, widow, shall wee marry one ano-

(ther now,

And beget Chimeras, I doe not thinke

That ever any one husband dares venture

On us both at once againe.

*Mar.* Dost thou play with thunder, or is that thing

Which should supply the place of soule in thee,

Merely phantasticall? are thy passions

Such featherd follies, idle gigglotories?

*AIC*



# All's lost by Lust.

Are these the rites due to a funerall ?

*Dio.* Why? hast never seen the sun-shine of a rainy day?  
Who does beleve a widows teares to be her hearts sorrow?  
Are they not then better spa'rd then derided?  
Let me see then what thou dar'st do with wet eyes,  
That I dare not answer with a smiling checke?

*Mar.* What thou dar'st not second I dare doe.

*Dio.* Begin, Ile pledge thee.

*Mar.* Thou dar'st not.

*Dio.* Try me.

*Mar.* Thus then I come to thee *Antonio* ;

*Stabs her selfe.*

Thou didst forsake me living, being dead  
I will enjoy thy monumentall bed.

*Kisset him.*

*Dio.* I, hast thou that resolution ?

Me thinkes a woman (as I am) should not out do me,  
I must dye one day, and as good this day as another,  
Whereabouts is my heart, I thinke all over my body,  
I am all heart, and therefore cannot misse,  
Some creatures dye singing, why not I merrily,  
Make me roome *Antonio* and *Margaretta*,  
Weele all tumble in one bed together,  
Ile lie as close as shee on thy left side,  
And have as many kisses too, that's my bargaine,  
My sinnes are all upon thy conscience,  
But I forgive thee, and heaven be the Clarke to't,  
My soule will have free passage, my body I bequeath  
To thee *Antonio*, I am your wife,  
And will come to bed to you, thus I make unready,  
Thus I lie downe, thus kisse, and this embrace  
Ile ever keepe, I am weary now with play,  
I needs must sleepe for ever.

*Moritur.*

*Mo.* Excellent pastimes

*Exite*



# All's lost by Lust.

*Enter Iacinta leading Iulianus.*

*Iul.* Tis night with me for ever, where's this tyrant?  
Turne me but to him; and from these darkned eyes  
I shall discover his Cymmerian face,  
For tho' all is darke, yet still that's visible,  
And nothing else to me; see rankerous villaine,  
Looke what a bloody pageant thou hast made;  
I borrow eyes to guide me of my child,  
And her Ile lend a tongue to curse thee with.

*Mo.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Iul.* Thou laughest at misery.  
Tis well, thou giuest a grave unto my sorrowes;  
Yet wherefore shouldst thou glory in't? this worke  
Is none of thine, tis heavens mercifull iustice,  
For thou art but the executioner,  
The master hangman, and those ministers  
That did these bloody ravishments upon's,  
Thy second slaves, and yet I more deserve,  
I was a traytor to my lawfull King,  
And tho' my wrongs encited on my rage,  
I had no warrant signe for my revenge,  
Tis the peoples sinnes that makes tyrants Kings,  
And such was mine for thee, now I obey,  
But my affliction teaches me too late:  
On bloody revenger, finish up my fate.

*Mo.* The rest shall noble be, Ile not confine  
Nor give thee living in captivity,  
Thy body shall enjoy the generall prison,  
But thy soule set free.

*Iul.* Thou art good in that, and noble.

*Mo.* Nay it shall nobler be in the performance,  
Give him weapons, thou art a soldier,  
And shalt end so; Ile be thy opposite,  
With ods of eyes, but not of armes, I vow,  
If thy darke ayme hit in my face, Ile stand,  
And die with thee, if not, fall by my hand.



# *All's lost by Lust.*

*Iul.* Thou'lt hurt my penitence, for I shall blesse  
All the ill deeds that I have done for thee,  
In this so noble end,

*Mo.* Be prepar'd then.

*Iul.* One thing more of thee, be a prophet to me first,  
For thou know'st what shall become of my poore *Iacinta*,  
What end to her is fated.

*Mo.* Before thy end thou shalt know it.

*Iul.* Oh let it noble be, and honourable;  
Her life has had too many strokes of sorrowes;  
Oh let her end be sparing.

*Mo.* It shall be noble too.

*Iul.* I beg for her that has no tongue to beg,  
And what remains in my faint yeelding breath,  
Shall all be spent in blessings over thee:  
Farewell *Iacinta*, take my latest blessing,  
I know thy soule returnes a thanks to me,  
Make haste to overtake me, if thou beest stayd,  
Thinke of *Cleopatra* and *Brutus* wife,  
There's many wayes to end a weary life.

*Mo.* Come Sir, I stand before you.

*Iul.* Thus I come,  
Thy death Ile venter, but receive mine owne,  
So, I have my doome, and I have hit too.

*Mo.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Iul.* Laughest thou? I am deluded then.

*Mo.* O bloody homicide, thou hast slaine thy daughter.

*Iul.* False villaine, hast thou then so mockt my woes,  
To make me fatall butcher of my child?  
Was she the target to defend thy body?  
Forgive me my *Iacinta*, 'twas in me  
An innocent act of blood, but tyranny  
In that black monster: 'tis not much ill,  
Better my hand then a worse arme should spill  
Thy guiltlesse life; what art thou going yet?  
Thy warme blood cooles, my sunne begins to set,  
Nature shrinkes backward to her former formes,  
Our soules climbe stars, whilst these descend to wormes.

# All's lost by Lust.

See tyrant, from thy further strokes we fly,  
Heaven do thy will, I will not cursing die.

*Mo.* So, now we live beholding unto none  
Upon this stayre we do ascend our throne,  
Give us our title.

*Om.* Long live *Mullimumen* King of Spaine:

*Mo.* Your silence it confirms, take hence their bodies,  
Give them to Christians, and let them bestow  
What ceremonious funerals they please.  
We must pursue the flying *Rodorique*,  
All must be ours, wee le have no Kingdome sharer,  
Let Chroniclers write, here we begin our raigne,  
The first of Moores that ere was King of Spaine.

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**FINIS.**

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12/21/26

