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THE  
VNNATVRALL  
COMBAT.

A Tragedie:

The Scæne *Marsellis.*

Written

BY

PHILIP MASSINGER.

As it was presented by the Kings  
Majesties Servants at the  
GLOBE.

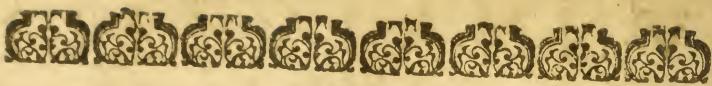


LONDON,

Printed by E. G. for JOHN WATERSON,  
and are to be sold at his shop, at the signe of the  
Crowne, in S. Pauls Church-yard.

1639.

Bay  
Green



# The persons presented.

**B**eaufort senior, Governour of *Marsellis*.  
Beaufort junior, his sonne.

Malefort senior, Admirall of *Marsellis*.

Malefort junior, his sonne.

Chamont

Montagne

Lanour

} Assistants to the Governour.

Montrevile, a pretended friend to *Malefort senior*.

Belgarde, a poore Captaine.

Three Sea Captaines of the Navy of *Malefort junior*.

Servants.

Souldiers.

Theocrine, daughter to *Malefort senior*.

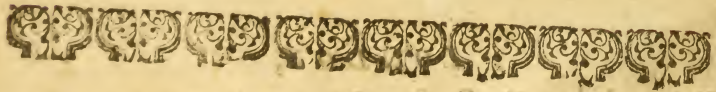
Two waiting women.

Usher.

Page.

Bawde.

Two Wenches.



Printed by R. G. for JOHN WATTS  
and are to be sold at his shop, at the signe of the  
Crown in S. Pauls Church-yard.

149

149 576

1473





To my much Honoured  
Friend,

ANTHONY SENTLIGER,  
Of Oukham in Kent, Esquire.

SIR,



*That the Patronage of trifles, in this kinde,  
hath long since rendred Dedications, and  
Inscriptions obsolete, and out of fashcion,  
I perfectly understand, and cannot but  
ingenuously confesse, that I walking in the  
same path, may be truly argued by you of*

*weaknesse, or wilfull error: but the reasons and defences,  
for the tender of my service this way to you, are so just, that  
I cannot (in my thankfulness for so many favours received)  
but be ambitious to publish them. Your noble Father, Sir  
Warham Sentliger (whose remarkeable vertues must be  
ever remembred) being, while hee lived, a master, for his  
pleasure, in Poetry, feared not to hold converse with divers,  
whose necessitous fortunes made it their profession, among  
which, by the clemency of his judgement, I was not in the last  
place admitted. You (the Heire of his honour and estate) in-  
herited his good inclinations to men of my poore quality, of*

which I cannot give any ampler testimony than by my free and glad profession of it to the world. Besides, (and it was not the least encouragement to mee) many of eminence, and the best of such, who disdained not to take notice of mee, have not thought themselves disparaged, I dare not say honoured, to be celebrated the Patrons of my humble studies. In the first file of which, I am confident, you shall have no cause to blush, to finde your Name writt. I present you with this old Tragedie, without Prologue, or Epilogue, it being composed in a time (and that too, peradventure, as knowing as this) when such by ornaments, were not advanced above the fabricque of the whole worke. Accept it I beseech you, as it is, and continue you favour to the Author.

Your Servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.



THE  
VNNATVRALL  
COMBAT.

---

*Actus primus, Scæna prima.*

*Montrevile, Theocrine, Usher, Page, wayting Women.*

MONTREVILE.



OW to bee modest Madam, when your are  
A suitor for your father, would appeare,  
Courser then bouldnesse you a, while must part  
with soft silence, and the blushings of a virgin,  
Though I must grant (did not this cause cõmand  
it) They are rich jewells you have ever worne

To all mens admiration, in this age,  
If by our owne forc'd importunity,  
Or others purchasd intercession, or  
Corrupting bribes we can make our approches  
To justice guarded, from us by sterne power,  
We blesse the meanes, and industry.

*Ush.* Heres musicke

# The unnaturall Combat.

In this bagge shall wake her, though shee had drunke *Optum*,  
Or aaten Mandrakes, let commanders talke  
Of cannons to make breaches, give but fire  
To this petarde, it shall blow open Madam  
The iron dores of a judge, and make you entrance,  
When they (let them doe what they can) with all  
Their mines, their culverins, and Basiliscos  
Shall coole their feete without, this being the pickelocke  
That never failes.

*Mon.* Tis true, gold can doe much,  
But beauty more, were I the governour,  
Though the Admirall your father stood convicted  
Of what he's only doubted, halfe a dozen  
Of sweet chaste kisses from these cherry lips,  
With some short active conference in private,  
Should signe his generall pardon.

*Theo.* These light words sir  
Doe ill become the weight of my sad fortune  
And I much wonder you that doe professe  
Your selfe to be my fathers bosome friend,  
Can raise mirth from his misery.

*Mon.* You mistake me,  
I share in his calamity, and only  
Deliver my thoughts freely, what I should doe  
For such a rare petitioner, and if  
Youle follow the directions, I prescribe  
With my best judgement I'll marke out the way  
For his enlargement.

*Theo.* With all reall joy,  
I shall put what you counsell into act,  
Provided it be honest.

*Mon.* Honesty  
In a faire she client (trust to my experience)  
Seldome or never prospers, the world's wiked.  
Wee are men, not saints sweet Lady, you must practice  
The manners of the time, if you intend  
To have favour from it, do not deceive your selfe

# The unnaturall Combat.

By building too much on the false foundations  
Of chastity and vertue, bid your wayters  
Stand farther of, and i'll come neerer to you.

2. *Wom.* Some wicked counsaile on my life.

2. *Wom.* Nere doubt it,

If it proceed from him.

*Page.* I wonder that  
My Lord so much affects him.

*Ush.* Thou art a child and dost not understand on what strong  
bases this frindship's raisd between this *Mountré vile* and our Lord  
Monfieur. *Malefort*, but ile teach thee from thy yeares they have  
been j ynt purchasers, in furs, & water-works, and truckt together.

*Page.* In fire and waterworks,

*Ush.* Commodities boy  
Which you may know hereafter.

*Page.* And deale in 'em  
When the trade has given you over, as appears (by the increase of  
your high forehead.

*Ush.* Heare's a cracke,  
I think they sucke this knowledge in their milke.

*Page.* I had had an ignorant nurse else. I have tide sir  
My Ladies garter, and can gheffe.

*Ush.* Peace infant, *Theocrine falls off.*  
Tales out a schoole take heed you will be britchd else.

1. *Wom.* My Ladies colour changes.

2. *Wom.* She falls off too.

*Theo.* You are a naughty man, indeed you are,  
And I will sooner perish with my father  
Then at this price redeeme him.

*Mon.* Take your owne way,  
Your modest legall way, tis not your vayne  
Nor mourning habit, nor these creatures taught  
To howle, and cry, when you beginne to whimper,  
Nor following my Lords coach in the dirt,  
Nor that with you relie upon, a bribe  
Will doe it when there's something he likes better.

# The unnaturall Combat.

These courses in an old crone of threescore,  
That had seaven yeares together tirde the court  
With tedious petitions and clamors,  
For the recovery of a strangling husband,  
To pay forsooth the duties of one to her,  
But for a Lady of your tempting beauties,  
Your youth and ravishing features to hope only  
In such a suite as this is, to gaine favor  
Without exchange of courtesie, you conceive me,  
Were madnes at the height, heres brave yong *Beaufort*  
The meteor of *Marcellis*, one that houlds  
The governour his fathers will and power  
In more awe then his owne, come, come advance,  
Present your bag cramm'd with crowns of the sunne,  
Doe you thinke he cares for money? he loves pleasure,  
Burne your petition, burne it, he dotes on you,  
Upon my knowledge, to his cabinet, doe  
And hee will point you out a certaine course,  
Be the cause right or wrong to have your father  
Releas'd with much facility.

*Enter Beaufort and Belgarde.*

*Exit Montrevile.*

*Theo.* Doe you heare?

Take a pander with you.

*Iu. Beauf.* I tell thee there is neither  
Imployment yet nor money.

*Belg.* I have commanded  
And spent my owne meanes in my countries service,  
In hope to raise a fortune.

*Iu. Beauf.* Many have hop'd so,  
But hopes prove seldome certainties with souldiers.

*Belg.* If no preferment, let me but receive  
My pay that is behinde, to set me up  
A taverne, or a vaulting house; while men love  
Or drunkenesse, or lechery, they'l nere fayle me:  
Shall I have that?

*Iu. Beauf.* As our prises are brought in,  
Till then you must be patient.

*Belg.* In the meane time,

## The unnaturall Combat.

How shall I doe for cloths?

*Ju. Beauf.* As most captaines doe  
Philosopher like, carry all you have about you.

*Belg.* But how shall I do to satisfie *Calon Mounseur*,  
There lies the doubt.

*In. Beauf.* Thats easily decided,  
My fathers tables free for any man  
That hath borne armes.

*Belg.* And theres good store of meat?

*In. Beauf.* Never feare that.

*Belg.* I'le seeke no other ordinarie then,  
But be his daily ghest without invitement,  
And if my stomacke hould, Ile feed so heartily  
As he shall pay me suddainely to be quit of me.

*Ju. Beauf.* Tis she.

*Belg.* And further.

*In. Beauf.* Away you are troublesome,  
Designes of more weight.

*Belg.* Ha faire *Theocrine*,

Nay if a velvet peticote move in the front  
Buffe jerkins must to the rere, I know my manners  
This is indeed great businesse, m ne a gugawe  
I may dance attendance, this must be dispatchd,  
And suddainly, or all will goe to wracke.

*Exit.*

Charge her home in the flank my Lord, nay I am gone sir, *Belgarde*

*In. Beauf.* Nay pray you Madam rise, or I'll kneele with you.

*Page.* I would bring you on your knees, were I a woman.

*In. Beauf.* What is it can deserve so poore aname,  
As a suite to me? this more then mortall forme  
Was fashioned to command and not intreate,  
Your will but knowne is served.

*Theo.* Great Sir, my father  
My brave deserving father, but that sorrow  
Forbids the use of speech.

*In. Beauf.* I understand you,  
Without the ayds of those interpreters  
That fall from your faire eies, I know you labour,

## The unnaturall Combat.

the libertie of your father, at the least  
an equall hearing to acquit himselfe :  
and 'tis not to endeeare my service to you,  
though I must adde and pray you with patience heare it,  
'tis hard to be effected, in respect  
the State's incens'd against him : all presuming  
the world of outrages his impious sonne,  
turn'd worse than Pirat in his cruelties  
expres'd to this poore Countrey, could not be  
with such ease put in execution, if  
your father (of late our great Admirall)  
held not or correspondencie, or conniv'd  
at his proceedings.

*Theoc.* And must he then suffer,  
his cause unheard ?

*Beauf. jun.* As yet it is resolv'd so,  
in their determination. But suppose,  
for I would nourish hope, not kill it in you,  
I should divert the torrent of their purpose,  
and render them that are implacable,  
impartiall Judges, and not sway'd with spleene :  
will you, I dare not say in recompence,  
for that includes a debt you cannot owe me,  
but in your liberall bountie, in my suit  
to you be gracious ?

*Theoc.* You entreat of me, Sir,  
what I should offer to you, with confession  
that you much undervalue your owne worth,  
should you receive me. Since there come with you  
not lustfull fires, but faire and lawfull flames.  
but I must be excus'd, 'tis now no time  
for me to thinke of Hymenæall joyes.  
Can he (and pray you, Sir, consider it)  
that gave me life, and faculties to love,  
be, as he is now ready to be devour'd  
by ravenous wolves, and at that instant, I  
but entertaine a thought of those delights.



# The unnaturall Combat.

in which perhaps my ardor meets with yours?  
dutie and pietie forbid it, Sir.

*Beauf. jun.* But this effected, and your father free,  
what is your answer?

*Theoc.* Everie minute to me  
will be a tedious age till our embraces  
are warrantable to the world.

*Beauf. jun.* I urge no more, confirme it with a kisse.

*Theoc.* I doubly seale it.

*Usher.* This would doe better a bed, the businesse ended,  
they are the lovingest Couple.

*Enter Beaufort senior, the Governour Montaigne,  
Chamont, Lanour.*

*Beauf. jun.* Here comes my father  
with the Councell of war, deliver your petition,  
and leave the rest to me.

*Beauf. sen.* I am sorrie, Lady,  
your fathers guilt compels your innocence  
to aske what I in justice must denie.

*Beauf. jun.* For my sake, Sir, pray you receive, and read it.

*Beauf. sen.* Thou foolish boy, I can deny thee nothing.

*Beauf. jun.* Thus far we are happie. Madam quit the place,  
you shall heare how we succeed.

*Theoc.* Goodnesse reward you. *Exeunt Theocrine, Usher,*

*Mont.* It is apparent, and we stay too long *Page, Women.*  
to censure *Malefort* as he deserves.

*Cham.* There is no colour of reason that makes for him:  
had he discharg'd the trust committed to him,  
with that experience and fidelitie  
he practis'd heretofore, it could not be  
our Navie should be block'd up, and in our sight  
our goods made prize, our Sailors sold for slaves,  
by his prodigious issue.

*Lan.* I much grieve,  
after so many brave and high atchievements,  
he should in one ill forfeit all the good  
he ever did his Countrey.

*Beauf.*

# The unnaturall Combat.

*Beauf. sen.* Well, 'tis granted.

*Beauf. jun.* I humbly thanke you, Sir.

*Beauf. sen.* He shall have hearing,  
his irons too stricke off, bring him before us;  
but seeke no further favour.

*Beauf. jun.* Sir, I dare not.

*Exit Beauf. jun.*

*Beauf. sen.* Monsieur *Chamont*, *Montaigne*, *Lanour*, assistants  
by a Commission from the most Christian King  
in punishing, or freeing *Malefort*  
our late great Admirall: though I know you need not  
instructions from me, how to dispose of  
your selves in this mans triall (that exacts  
your clearest judgements) give me leave with favour  
to offer my opinion: we are to heare him,  
a little looking backe on his faire actions,  
loyall, and true demeanour, not as now  
by the generall voyce, already he's condemn'd.  
But if we finde (as most beleeve) he hath held  
intelligence with his accursed sonne,  
salne off from all allegiance, and turn'd  
(but for what cause we know not) the most bloody  
and farall enemy, this Countrey ever  
repented to have brought forth, all compassion  
of what he was, or may be, if now pardon'd,  
we sitingag'd to censure him with all  
extremitic and rigour.

*Cha.* Your Lordship shewes us  
a path which we will tread in.

*Lan.* He that leaves  
to follow, as you lead, will lose himselfe.

*Mont.* I'll not be singular,

*Enter Beaufort junior, Montreuille, Malefort sen.*

*Belgarde, Officers.*

*Beauf. sen.* He comes, but with  
a strange distracted looke.

*Mal. sen.* Live I once more  
to see these hands and armes fre? these, that often

# The unnatural Combat.

In the most dreadfull horror of a fight,  
Have beene as sea-markes to teach such as were  
Seconds in my attempts, to steere betweene  
The rocks of too much daring, and pale feare,  
To reach the Port of victory? When my sword,  
Advancd thus, to my enemies appear'd  
A hairy comet, threatenning death and ruine  
To such as durst behold it. These the legs  
That when our ship were grappl'd, carried me  
With such swift motion from decke to decke,  
As they that saw it, with amazment cri'd;  
He does not runne, but flies.

*Montro.* He still retaines  
The greatnesse of his spirit.

*Mal. sen.* Now cramp't with irons,  
Hunger, and cold, they hardly doe support me,  
But I forget my selfe. O my good Lords  
That sit there as my judges to determine  
The life and death of *Malefort*, where are now  
Those shoutes, those chearefull lookes, those loud applauses  
With which when I return'd loaden with spoile  
You entertain'd your Admirall? all's forgotten,  
And I stand here to give accompt for that  
Of which I am as free, and innocent  
As he that never saw the eyes of him,  
For whom I stand suspected.

*Beauf. sen.* Monsieur *Malefort*  
Let not your passion so farre transport you;  
As to believe from any private malice,  
Or envie to your person you are question'd,  
Nor doe the suppositions want waight,  
That doe invite us to a strong assurance,  
Your sonne.

*Mal. sen.* My shame.

*Beauf. sen.* Pray you heare with patience, ever  
Without assistance, or sure aids from you,  
Could with the pirates of *Atgers* and *Tunfs*,

# The unnaturall Combat.

ev'n those that you had almost twice defeated,  
acquire such credit, as with them to be  
made absolute commander? (pray you observe me)  
if there had not some contract pass'd betweene you,  
that when occasion serv'd you would joyne with 'em  
to the ruine of *Marcellis*?

*Mont.* More, what urg'd  
your sonne to turne Apostata?

*Cham.* Had he from  
the State, or Governour, the least neglect  
which envie could interpret for a wrong?

*Lan.* Or if you slept not in your charge, how could  
so many ships as doe infest our Coast  
and have in our owne Harbor shut our Navie  
come in unfought with?

*Beauf. jun.* They put him hardly to it.

*Mal. sen.* My Lords, with as much brevitie as I can,  
I'll answer each particular objection  
with which you charge me. The maine ground, on which  
you raise the building of your accusation,  
hath reference to my sonne: should I now curse him,  
or wish in th'agonie of my troubled soule,  
lightning had found him in his mothers womb  
you'll say is from the purpote, and I therefore  
betake him to the Devill, and so leave him.  
Did never loyall father but my selfe  
beget a treacherous issue? was't in me  
with as much ease to fashion up his minde,  
as in his generation to forme  
the organs to his body? must it follow  
because that he is impious; I am false?  
I would not boast my actions, yet tis lawfull  
to upbraid my benefits to unthankfull men.  
Who suncke the Turkish gallies in the Straights;  
but *Malefore*? who refus'd the French Merchants,  
when they were boarded, and stowed under hatches  
by the Pirats of Argiers, when everie minute

# The unnaturall Combat.

they did expect to be chain'd to the oare,  
but your now doubted Admirall? then you fill'd  
the aire with shouts of joy, and did proclaime  
when hope had left them, and grim-look'd Despaire  
hover'd with sail-stretch wings over their heads,  
to me, as to the *Neptune* of the Sea,  
they ow'd the restitution of their goods,  
their lives, their liberties. O can it then  
be probable, my Lords, that he that never  
became the master of a Pirats ship,  
but at the maine yard hung the Captaine up,  
and caus'd the rest to be throwne over board,  
should after all these proofes of deadly hate,  
so oft expres'd against 'em, entertaine  
a thought of quarter with 'em, but much lesse  
(to the perpetuall ruine of my glories)  
to joyne with them, to lift a wicked arme  
against my mother Countrey, this *Marsellis*,  
which with my prodigall expence of blood  
I have so oft protect'd.

*Beauf. sen.* What you have done  
is granted, and applauded, but yet know  
this glorious relation of your actions  
must not so blinde our judgements, as to suffer  
this most unnaturall crime you stand accus'd of,  
to passe unquestion'd.

*Cham.* No, you must produce  
reasons of more validitic, and weight,  
to plead in your defence, or we shall hardly  
conclude you innocent.

*Mont.* The large volume of  
your former worthy deeds, with your experience,  
both what, and when to doe, but makes against you.

*Lan.* For had your care and courage beene the same  
as heretofore, the dangers we are plung'd in  
had beene with ease prevented.

*Mal. sen.* What have I

# The unnaturall Combat.

Omitted in the power of flesh, and blood,  
Even in the birth to strangle the designs  
Of this hell-bred wolfe my sonne ? alas my Lords,  
I am no god, nor like him could foresee  
His cruell thoughts, and cursed purposes,  
Nor would the sun at my command forbear  
To make his progresse to the other world,  
Affording to us one continued light.  
Nor could my breath disperse those foggie mists  
Coverde with which, and darkenesse of the night,  
Their navie undiscern'd, without resistance  
Beset our harbor ? make not that my fault,  
Which you in justice must ascribe to fortune.  
But if that nor my former acts, nor what  
I have deliverd, can prevaile with you  
To make good my integritie and truth :  
Rip up this bosome, and plucke out the heart  
That hath bene ever loyall,

*Beauf. sen.* How ! a trumpet !  
Enquire the cause.

*Mal.* Thou searcher of mens hearts,  
And sure defender of the innocent,  
(My other crying finnes, a while not lookd on)  
If I in this am guiltie strike me dead,  
Or by some unexpected meanes confirme,  
I am accusd unjustly.

*Enter Montrevile and a sea Captaine.*

*Beauf. sen.* Speake the motives  
That brings thee hither.

*Capt.* From our Admirall thus,  
He does salute you fairely, and desires  
It may be understood no publike hate,  
Hath brought him to Marsellis, nor seekes he  
The ruine of his countrie, but aimes only  
To wreake a private wrong ; and if from you  
He may have leave, and liberty to decide it  
In a single combate, he'll give up good pledges

*A trumpet  
within.*

*Montrevile  
goes off.*

# The unnaturall Combat.

If he fall in the triall of his right,  
Wee shall waigh anchor and no more molest  
This towne with hostile armes.

*Beauf. sen.* Speake to the man,  
(If in this presence he appeare to you)  
To whom you bring this challenge.

*Cap.* Tisto you;

*Beauf. sen.* His father!

*Montre.* Can it be!

*Beauf. jun.* Strange and prodigious.

*Mal. sen.* Thou seest I stand unmovd were thy voice thunder  
It should not shake mee, say what would the viper?

*Cap.* The reverence a fathers name may challenge,  
And duty of a sonne, no more remembered  
He does defic thee to the death.

*Mal. sen.* Goe on.

*Cap.* And with his sword well prove it on thy head,  
Thou art a murtherer, an Atheist  
And that all attributes of men turnd furies  
Cannot expresse thee, this he will make good  
If thou darst give him meeting.

*Mal. sen.* Dare I live,  
Dare I when mountaines of my sins orewhelme me  
At my last gaspe aske for mercie? how I blesse  
Thy comming Captaine, never man to me  
Arriv'd so opportunely; and thy message,  
However it may seeme to threaten death,  
Does yield to mee a second life in curing  
My wounded honour, stand I yet suspected  
As a confederate with this enemy,  
VVhom of all men, against all ties of nature  
Hee markes out for destruction? you are just  
Immortal powers, and in this merciful,  
And it takes from any sorrow, and my shame  
For being the father to so bad a sonne,  
In that you are pleas'd to offer up the monster  
To my correction. Blush and repent

# The unnaturall Combat.

As you are bound my honourable Lords  
Your ill opinions of me, not great *Brutus*  
The father of the Roman liberty  
With more assured constancy beheld  
His traytor sons, for labouring to call home  
The banished Tarquins, scourgd with rods to death,  
Then I will show when I take backe the life  
This prodigic of mankinde receivd from me.

*Beauf. sen.* We are sory Monsieur *Malefore* for our errour  
And are much taken with your resolution  
But the disparity of yeares, and strength  
Between you, and your sonne, duely considerd  
We would not so expose you.

*Mal. sen.* Then you kill me  
Under pretence to save me. O my Lords  
As you love honour, and a wrongd mans fame  
Denie me not this faire, and noble meanes  
To make me right againe to all the world.  
Should any other but my selfe be chosen  
To punish this Apostata with death,  
You rob a wretched father of a justice  
That to all after times will be recorded,  
I wish his strength were centuple, his skill equall  
To my experience, that in his fall  
He may not shame my victory, I feele  
The powers, and spirits of twenty strong men in me,  
Were hee with wild fire circl'd, I undaunted  
Would make way to him, as you doe affect Sir  
My daughter *Theocrine*, as you are  
My true and ancient friend, as thou art valiant,  
And as all love a souldier, second me  
In this my just petition, in your lookes  
I see a grant my Lord.

*They all swe to  
the governour.*

*Beauf. sen.* You shall orebeare me,  
And since you are so confident in your cause,  
Prepare you for the combate.

*Mal. sen.* With more joy

Then



# The unnaturall Combats.

Then yet I ever tasted, by the next sunne,  
The disobedient rebell shall heare from me  
And so returne in safety, my good Lords,  
To all my service, I will die or purchase  
Rest to Marsellis, nor can I make doubt,  
But his impi etie is a potent charme,  
To edge my sword and adde strength to my arme. *Exeunt.*

---

## Actus secundi Scæna prima.

*Enter three Sea Captaines.*

2. CAPTAINE.

**H**EE did accept the challenge then?

1. Cap. Nay more,  
Was overjoyd in't; and as it had beene  
A faire invitement to a solemne feast,  
And not a combate to conclude with death,  
He chearefully imbrac'd it.

3. Cap. Are the articles  
Siga'd to on both parts?

1. Cap. At the fathers suit,  
With much unwillingnesse the governour  
Consented to 'em.

2. Cap. You are inward with  
Our Admirall; could you yet never learne  
VVhat the nature of the quarrell is, that renders  
The sonne, more then incensed, implacable  
Against the father?

1. Cap. Never; yet I have  
As far as manners would give warrant to it,  
VVith my best curiousnesse of care obser'd him,  
I have sat with him in his cabin a day together,

# The unnaturall Combat.

Yet not a fillable exchang'd between us,  
Sigh he did often, as if inward griefe,  
And melancholy at that instant would  
Choke up his vitall spirits, and now and then  
A teare, or two, as in derision of  
The toughnesse of his rugged temper would  
Fall on his hallow cheekes, which but once felt,  
A sudden flash of fury did dry up,  
And laying then his hand upon his sword,  
He would murmure, but yet so as I oft hard him,  
We shall meete cruell father, yes we shall,  
When i'll ex. & for every womanish drop  
Of sorrow from these eies, a strict accompt  
Of much more from thy heart.

2. Cap. Tis wondrous strange.

3. Cap. And past my apprehension.

1. Cap. Yet what makes

The miracle greater, when from the maine top  
A sayle's descride, all thoughts that doe concerne  
Himselfe layd by, no Lyon pinchd with hunger,  
Rowzes himselfe more fiercely from his den,  
Then he comes on the decke, and there how wisely  
He gives directions, and how stout he is  
In his executions, we to admiration,  
Have beene eye-witnesses, yet he never minds  
The bootie when ris made ours, but as if  
The danger, in the purchase of the prey  
Delighted him much more then the rewarde,  
His will made knowne he does retire himselfe  
To his private contemplation, no joy  
Express'd by him for victory. *Enter Malefort junior.*

2. Cap. Heare he comes

But with more chearefull lookes then ever yet  
I saw him weare.

*Mal. jun.* It was long since resolv'd on  
Nor mult I stagger now, may the cause  
That forces mee to this unnaturall act,

# The unnaturall Combat.

Be buried in everlasting silence,  
And I finde rest in death, or my revenge,  
To either I stand equall. Pray you Gentlemen  
Be charitable in your censures of me,  
And doe not entertaine a false beleefe  
That I am mad, for undertaking that  
Which must be, when effected, still repented.  
It addes to my calamitie that I have  
Discourse and reason, and but too well know  
I can nor live, nor end a wretched life,  
But both wayes I am impious. Doe not therefore  
Ascribe the perturbation of my soule  
To a fervile feare of death: I oft have view'd  
All kindes of his inevitable darts,  
Nor are they terrible. Were I condemn'd to leape  
From the cloud-covered browes of a steepe rocke  
Into the deepe; or *Curtius*-like to fill up,  
For my Countries safetie and an after name,  
A bottomlesse Abyffe, or charge through fire,  
It could not so much shake me, as th'encounter  
Of this dayes single enemy.

*1. Cap.* If you please, Sir,  
You may shun it, or defer it.

*Mal. jun.* Not for the world:  
Yet two things I entreat you, the first is,  
You'll not enquire the difference betweene  
My selfe and him, which as a father once  
I honour'd, now my deadliest enemy,  
The last is, if I fall, to beare my body  
Far from this place, and where you please interre it.  
I should say more, but by his sudden coming  
I am cut off.

*Enter Beaufort junior, and Montrevile leading in  
Malefort senior; Belgarde following  
with others.*

*Beauf. jun.* Let me, Sir, have the honour  
To be your second.

# The unnaturall Combat.

*Montr.* With your pardon, Sir,  
I must put in for that, since our tried friendship  
Hath lasted from our infancie.

*Belg.* I have serv'd  
Under your command, and you have seen me fight,  
And handsomely, though I say it, and if now  
At this downeright game, I may but hold your cards,  
I'll not pull downe the side.

*Mal. sen.* I rest much bound  
To your so noble offers, and I hope  
Shall finde your pardon, though I now refuse 'em,  
For which I'll yeeld strong reasons, but as briefly  
As the time will give me leave. For me to borrow  
(That am suppos'd the weaker) any aid  
From the assistance of my Seconds sword,  
Might write me downe in the blacke list of those,  
That have nor fire, nor spirit of their owne;  
But dare, and doe, as they derive their courage  
From his example, on whose help and valour  
They wholly doe depend. Let this suffice  
To my excuse for that. Now if you please  
On both parts to retire to yonder mount,  
Where you, as in a Roman Theater,  
May see the bloody difference determin'd,  
Your favours meet my wishes.

*Mal. jun.* 'Tis approv'd of  
By me, and I command you lead the way,  
And leave me to my fortune.

*Beauf. jun.* I would gladly  
Be a spectator (since I am deni'd  
To be an Actor) of each blow, and thrust,  
And punctually observe 'em.

*Mal. jun.* You shall have  
All you desire; for in a word or two  
I must make bold to entertaine the time,  
If he give suffrage to it.

*Mal. sen.* Yes, I will,

## The unnaturall Combat.

I'll heare thee, and then kill thee : nay farewell.

*Mal. juv.* Embrace with love on both sides, and with us  
Leave deadly hate, and furie.

*Mal. sen.* From this place  
You nere shall see both living.

*Belg.* What's past help, is  
Beyond prevention.

*They embrace on both sides, and  
take leave severally of the  
father and sonne.*

*Mal. sen.* Now we are alone, Sir,  
And thou hast libertie to unlode the burthen  
Which thou groan'st under. Speake thy griefes.

*Mal. juv.* I shall, Sir ;  
But in a perplext forme and method, which  
You onely can interpret ; would you had not  
A guiltie knowledge in your bosome of  
The language which you force me to deliver,  
So I were nothing. As you are my father  
I bend my knee, and uncompell'd professe  
My life, and all thats mine, to be your gift ;  
And that in a sonnes dutie I stand bound  
To lay this head beneath your feet, and run  
All desperate hazards for your ease and safetic.  
But this confest on my part, I rise up,  
And not as with a father, (all respect,  
Love, feare, and reverence cast off,) but as  
A wicked man I thus expostulate with you.  
Why have you done that which I dare not speake ?  
And in the action chang'd the humble shape  
Of my obedience, to rebellious rage  
And insolent pride ? and with shut eyes constrain'd me  
To run my Barke of honour on a shelfe,  
I must not see, nor if I saw it, shun it ?  
In my wrongs nature suffers, and looks backward,  
And mankinde trembles to see me pursue  
What beasts would flie from. For when I advance  
This sword, as I must doe against your head,  
Pictie will weepe, and filiall dutie mourne,  
To see their altars which you built up in me.

## The unnaturall Combat.

In a moment raz'd and ruin'd, that you could  
(From my griev'd soule I wish it) but produce  
To qualifie, not excuse your deed of horror,  
One seeming reason that I might fix here,  
And move no farther.

*Mal. sen.* Have I so far lost  
A fathers power, that I must give account  
Of my actions to my sonne? or must I plead  
As a fearefull prisoner at the bar, while he  
That owes his being to me sits a Judge  
To censure that, which onely by my selfe  
Ought to be question'd? mountaines sooner fall  
Beneath their vallies, and the loftie Pine  
Pay homage to the Bramble, or what else is  
Preposterous in nature, ere my tongue  
In one short fillable yeelds satisfaction  
To any doubt of thine, nay though it were  
A certaintie disdain'ng argument.  
Since though my deeds wore Hells blacke liverie,  
To thee they should appeare triumphall robes,  
Set off with glorious honour, thou being bound  
To see with my eyes, and to hold that reason,  
That takes or birth or fashion from my will.

*Mal. jun.* This sword divides that slavish knot.

*Mal. sen.* It cannot,  
It cannot wretch, and if thou but remember  
From whom thou hadst this spirit, thou dar'st not hope it.  
Who train'd thee up in armes but I? Who taught thee  
Men were men onely when they durst looke downe  
With scorne on death and danger, and contemn'd  
All opposition, till plum'd victorie  
Had made her constant stand upon their helmets?  
Under my shield thou hast fought as securely  
As the young Eglet, covered with the wings  
Of her fierce Dam, learns how and where to prey.  
All that is manly in thee, I call mine;  
But what is weake and womanish, thine owne.

# The unnaturall Combat.

And what I gave, since thou art proud, ungratefull,  
Presuming to contend with him, to whom  
Submission is due, I will take from thee.

Looke therefore for extremities, and expect not  
I will correct thee as a sonne, but kill thee  
As a Serpent swolne with poyson, who surviving  
A little longer, with infectious breath,  
Would render all things neere him, like it selfe  
Contagious. Nay, now my anger's up,  
Ten thousand virgins kneeling at my feet,  
And with one generall crie howling for mercie,  
Shall not redeeme thee.

*Mal. jun.* Thou incensed Power,  
A while forbear thy thunder, let me have  
No aid in my revenge, if from the grave  
My mother.

*Mal. sen.* Thou shalt never name her more. *Above Beauf. jun.*  
*Beauf.* They are at it. *Montr. Belg. the*

*2. Cap.* That thrust was put strongly home. *three Sea Capt.*

*Montr.* But with more strength avoyded.

*Belg.* Well come in,  
He has drawne blood of him yet, well done old Cocke.

*1. Cap.* That was a strange misse.

*Beauf. jun.* That a certaine hit.

*Belg.* He's false, the day is ours. *Young Malefort slaine.*

*2. Cap.* The Admirall's slaine.

*Montr.* The father is victorious!

*Belg.* Let us haste  
To gratulate his conquest.

*1.* Wee to mourne

The fortune of the sonne.

*Beauf. jun.* With utmost speed  
Acquaint the Governour with the good successe,  
That he may entertaine to his full merit,  
The father of his Countries peace and safetie.

*They descend.*

*Mal. sen.* Were a new life hid in each mangled limbe,  
I would search, and finde it. And howere to some

# The unnaturall Combat.

I may seeme cruell, thus to tyrannize  
Upon this senslesse flesh, I glorie in it.  
That I have power to be unnaturall,  
Is my securitie, die all my feares,  
And waking jealousies, which have so long  
Beene my tormentors, theres now no suspicion;  
A fact, which I alone am conscious of,  
Can never be discover'd, or the cause  
That call'd this Duell on. I being above  
All perturbations, nor is it in  
The power of Fate, againe to make me wretched.

*Enter Beaufort jun. Montrevile. Belgarde, the  
three Sea Captaines.*

*Beauf. jun.* All honour to the Conquerour. Who dares tax  
My friend of treacherie now?

*Belg.* I am verie glad, Sir,  
You have sped so well. But I must tell you thus much,  
To put you in minde that a low ebbe must follow  
Your high swolne tide of happinesse, you have purchast this ho-  
nour at a high price.

*Mal. sen.* 'Tis Belgarde,  
Above all estimation, and a little  
To be exalted with it cannot favour  
Of arrogance: that to this arme and sword,  
Marsellis owes the freedome of her feares,  
Or that my loyaltie not long since eclips'd,  
Shines now more bright than ever, are not things  
to be lamented. Though indeed they may  
Apppeare too dearely bought, my falling glories  
Being made up againe, and cemented  
With a sonnes bloud. 'Tis true, he was my sonne  
While he was worthy, but when he shooke off  
His dutie to me, (which my fond indulgence  
Upon submission might perhaps have pardon'd)  
And grew his Countries enemy, I look'd on him  
As a Stranger to my family, and a Traytor



# The unnaturall Combat.

Justly proscrib'd, and he to be rewarded  
That could bring in his head. I know in this  
That I am censur'd rugged, and austere,  
That will vouchsafe not one sad sigh or teare  
Vpon his slaughter'd body. But I rest  
Well satisfi'd in my selfe, being assur'd  
That extraordinary vertues, when they soare  
Too high a pitch for common sights to judge of,  
Losing their proper splendour, are condemn'd  
For most remarkable vices.

*Beauf.* Tis too true, Sir,  
In the opinion of the multitude:  
But for my selfe that would be held your friend,  
And hope to know you by a nearer name,  
They are as they deserve, receiv'd.

*Mal.* My daughter  
Shall thanke you for the favour.

*Beauf. jun.* I can wish  
No happinesse beyond it.

*1. Cap.* Shall we have leave  
To beare the corps of our dead Admirall,  
As he enjoyn'd us from this Coast?

*Mal.* Provided  
The articles agreed on, be observ'd,  
And you depart hence with it, making oath  
Never hereafter but as friends to touch  
Vpon this shore.

*1. Cap.* Wee'll faithfully performe it.

*Mal.* Then as you please dispose of it. 'Tis an object  
That I could wish remov'd. His sins die with him,  
So far he has my charitie.

*1. Cap.* He shall have  
A Souldiers funerall.

*The Sea Captaines beare the  
body off with sad musicke.*

*Mal.* Farewell.

*Beauf. jun.* These rites  
Paid to the dead, the Conquerour that survives  
Must reape the harvest of his bloody labour.

# The unnatural Combat.

Sound all loud instruments of joy and triumph,  
And with all circumstance, and ceremonie  
Wait on the Patron of our libertie,  
Which he at all parts merits.

*Mal.* I am honour'd.

Beyond my hopes.

*Beauf. jun.* 'Tis short of your deserts.

Lead on: Oh Sir you must: you are too modest.

*Exeunt with loud musicke.*

## *Actus secundi Scena secunda.*

*Theocrone, Page, Women.*

*Theoc.* Take not of comfort, I am both wayes wretched,  
And so distracted with my doubts and feares,  
I know not where to fix my hopes. My lesse  
Is certaine in a father, or a brother,  
Or both, such is the crueltie of my fate,  
And not to be avoyded.

*1. Wom.* You must beare it  
With patience, Madam.

*2. Wom.* And what's not in you  
To be prevented, should not cause a sorrow  
Which cannot help it.

*Page,* Feare not my brave Lord  
Your noble father; fighting is to him  
Familiar as eating. He can teach  
Our moderne Duellists how to cleave a button,  
And in a new way, never yet found out  
By old *Caranza*.

*1. Wom.* May he be victorious,  
And punish disobedience in his sonne,  
Whose death in reason should at no part move you,  
He being but halfe your brother, and the neernesse,  
Which that might challenge from you, forfeited  
By his impious purpose to kill him, from whom  
He receiv'd life.

*A shout within.*

*2. Wom.*

# The unnaturall Combats.

2. *Wom.* A generall shout;

1. *Wom.* Of joy.

*Page.* Looke up deare Lady, sad newes never came  
Usher with loud applause.

*Enter Vsher.*

*Theo.* I stand prepard,  
To indure the shocke of it.

*Vsb.* I am out of breath  
With running to deliver first.

*Theo.* What?

*Vsb.* Wee are all made,  
My Lord has wont the day, your brother's flaine,  
The pirats gone, and by the governour,  
And states, and all the men of war he is  
Brought home in triumph, nay no musing, pay me  
For my good newes hereafter.

*Theo.* Heaven is just!

*Vsb.* Give thankes at leasure, make all hast to meete him  
I coulede wish I were a horse that I might beare you  
To him upon my backe.

*Page.* Thou art an asse,  
And this is a sweete burthen.

*Vsb.* Peace you crackrope.

*Exeunt.*

## *Actus secundi Scena tertia.*

*Lead musicke, Montrevile, Belgarde, Beaufort junior,  
Beaufort senior, Malefort, followed by Mon-  
taigne, Chamont Lanour.*

*Beauf. sen.* All honours we can give you and rewards  
Though all that's rich, or precious in Marsellis  
Were layd downe at your feet, can hold no waight  
With your deservings, let me glory in  
Your action as if it were mine owne,  
And have the honour with the armes of love,  
To embrace the great performer of a deed,

## The unnaturall Combat.

Transcending all this Countrey ere could boast of.

*Mont.* Imagine, noble Sir, in what we may  
Expresse our thankfulnesse, and rest assur'd  
It shall be freely granted.

*Cham.* Hee's an enemy  
To goodnesse and to vertue, that dares thinke  
There's any other thing within our power to give,  
Which you in justice may not boldly challenge.

*Lan.* And as your owne, for we will ever be  
At your devotion.

*Mal.* Much honour'd Sir,  
And you my noble Lords, I can say onely,  
The greatnesse of your favours overwhelme me,  
And like too large a saile, for the small barke  
Of my poore merits, sinks me. That I stand  
Vpright in your opinions, is an honour  
Exceeding my deserts, I having done  
Nothing but what in dutie I stood bound to :  
And to expect a recompence were base,  
Good deeds being ever in themselves rewarded.  
Yet since your liberall bounties tell me that  
I may with your allowance be a Suitor,  
To you my Lord I am an humble one,  
And must aske that, which knowne, I feare you will  
Censure me overbold.

*Beauf. sen.* It must be something  
Of a strange nature, if it finde from me  
Deniall or delay.

*Mal.* Thus then my Lord,  
Since you encourage me : You are happie in  
A worthy sonne, and all the comfort that  
Fortune has left me is one daughter ; now  
If it may not appeare too much presumption,  
To seeke to match my lownesse with your height,  
I should desire (and if I may obtaine it,  
I write *Nil ultra* to my largest hopes)  
She may in your opinion be thought worthy

## The unnaturall Combat.

To be receiv'd into your family,  
And married to your sonne : their yeares are equall,  
And their desires I thinke too, she is not  
Ignoble, nor my state contemptible,  
And if you thinke me worthy your alliance,  
'Tis all I doe aspire to.

*Beauf. jun.* You demand  
That which with all the service of my life  
I should have labour'd to obtaine from you.  
O, Sir, why are you slow to meet so faire  
And noble an offer ? Can France shew a virgin  
That may be parallel'd with her ? Is she not  
The Phœnix of the time ? the fairest star  
In the bright sphere of women ?

*Beauf. sen.* Be not rap'd so :  
Though I dislike not what is motion'd, yet  
In what so nere concernes me, it is fit  
I should proceed with judgement :

*Enter Vsher, Theocrine, Page, Women.*

*Beauf. jun.* Here she comes,  
Looke on her with impartiall eyes, and then  
Let envie if it can, name one grac'd feature  
In which she is defective.

*Mal.* Welcome Girle :  
My joy, my comfort, my delight, my all,  
Why dost thou come to greet my victorie  
In such a sable habit ? this shew'd well  
When thy father was a prisoner, and suspected ;  
But now his faith and loyaltie are admir'd,  
Rather than doubted, in your outward garments  
You are to expresse the joy you feele within ;  
Nor should you with more curiousnesse and care,  
Pace to the Temple to be made a Bride,  
Than now, when all mens eyes are fixt upon you,  
You should appeare to entertaine the honour  
From me descending to you, and in which  
You have an equall share.

## The unnaturall Combat.

*Theo.* Heaven has my thanks  
With all humility payd for your faire fortune,  
And so farre duty bindes me, yet a little  
To mourn a brothers losse (however wicked)  
The tendernesse familiar to our sex  
May if you please excuse

*Mal.* Thou art deceiv'd.

Hee living was a blemish to thy beauties,  
But in his death gives ornament, and lustre  
To thy perfections, but that they are  
So exquisitely rare, that they admit not  
The least addition. Ha! heres yet a print  
Of a sad teare on thy cheeke, how it takes from  
Our present happinesse! with a fathers lips,  
A loving fathers lips, i'll kisse it off  
The cause no more remembered.

*Theo.* You forget Sir  
The presence we are in.

*Mal.* Tis well considered,  
And yet who is the owner of a treasure,  
Above all vales, but without offence,  
May glory in the glad possession of it.  
Nor let it in your excellence beget wonder,  
Or any here that looking on the daughter,  
I feast my selfe in the imagination  
Of those sweet pleasures, and allowd delights,  
I tasted from the mother (who still lives  
In this her perfit modell) for she had  
Such smooth & high archd brows, such sparkling eies,  
Whose every glance stord *Cupids* emptied quiver;  
Such ruby lips, and such a lovely browne,  
Disdaining all adulterate aydes of art,  
Kep'd a perpetuall spring upon her face,  
As death himselfe lamented being forc'd  
To blast it with his palenesse, and if now,  
Her brightoes dimd with sorrow, take and please you,  
Thinke think young Lord, when she appeares her selfe

## The unnaturall Combat.

(This wayle remov'd) in her owne naturall purenesse  
How farre she will transport you.

*Beauf. jun.* Did she need it,  
The praise which you (and well deservd) give to her  
Must of necessity raise new desires  
In one indebted more to yeares; to me  
Your words are but as oyle powr'd on a fire,  
That flames already at the height.

*Mal.* No more;  
I doe believe you, and let me from you  
Finde so much credit, when I make her yours  
I doe possesse you of a gift, which I  
With much unwillingnesse part from. My good Lords  
Forbeare your further trouble, give me leave, for on the suddaine  
I am indisposd to retire to my own house, and rest. To morrow  
As you command me I will be your ghest,  
And having deckt my daughter like her selfe,  
You shall have farther conference.

*Beauf. sen.* You are Master  
Of your owne will but sayle not i'll expect you.

*Mal.* Nay I will be excusd; I must part with you  
My dearest *Theocris* give me thy hand,  
I will support thee.

*To young  
Beaufort and  
the rest.*

*Theo.* You gripe it too hard Sir.

*Mal.* Indeed I doe, but have no farther end in it,  
But love and tendernesse such as I may challenge  
And you must grant. Thou art a sweet one, yes  
And to be cherished.

*Theo.* May I still deserve it.

*They goe off  
several wayes*

# The unnaturall Combat.

## Actus tertii Scæna prima.

Enter Beaufort senior, Servant.

Beaufort senior.

**H**Ave you beene carefull?

*Serv.* With my best endeavours,  
Let them bring stomacks, theres no want of meat Sir :  
Portly and curious viands are prepar'd,  
To please all kindes of appetites.

*Beauf. sen.* Tis well.

I love a table furnisht with full plentie,  
And store of friends to eat it, but with this caution,  
I would not have my house a common Inne,  
For some men that come rather to devoure me,  
Than to present their service. At this time too  
It being a serious and solemne meeting,  
I must not have my boord pester'd with shadowes,  
That under other mens protection breaks in  
Without invitation.

*Serv.* With your favour then,  
You must double your gard, my Lord, for on my knowledge  
There are some so sharp set, not to be kept out  
By a file of Muskietiers. And 'tis lesse danger,  
I'll undertake, to stand at push of pike  
With an enemy in a breach, that undermin'd too,  
And the Cannon playing on it, than to stop  
One Harpie, your perpetuall ghest, from entrance,  
When the dresser, the Cookes drum, thunders come on,  
The service will be lost else.

*Beauf. sen.* What is hee?

*Serv.* As tall a trencher-man, that is most certaine,  
As ere demolisht Pie-fortification  
As soone as batter'd; and if the rim of his belly

Were



## The unnaturall Combat.

Were not made up of a mach tougher stuffe  
Than his Buffe jerkin, there were no defence  
Against the charge of his guts: you needs must know him,  
He's eminent for his eating.

*Beauf. sen.* O Belgarde!

*Serv.* The same, one of the Admirals cast Captaines,  
Who swear, there being no war, nor hope of any,  
The onely drilling is to eat devoutly,  
And to be ever drinking, (that's allow'd of)  
But they know not where to get it, there's the spite on't.

*Beauf. sen.* The more their miserie, yet if you can  
For this day put him off.

*Serv.* It is beyond th'invention of man.

*Beauf. sen.* No: say this onely, *Whispers to him.*  
And as from me; you apprehend me?

*Serv.* Yes Sir.

*Beauf. sen.* But it must be done gravely.

*Serv.* Never doubt me Sir.

*Beauf. sen.* Wee'll dine in the great roome, but let the musick  
And banquet be prepar'd here. *Exit Beauf. sen.*

*Serv.* This will make him

Lose his dinner at the least, and that will vex him.  
As for the sweet meats, when they are trod under foot,  
Let him take his share with the Pages and Lacqueyes,  
Or scramble in the rushes.

*Enter Belgarde.*

*Belg.* 'Tis neere twelve,  
I keepe a watch within me never misses.  
Save thee Master Steward.

*Serv.* You are most welcome, Sir.

*Belg.* Has thy Lord slept well to night? I come to enquire.  
I had a foolish dreame, that against my will  
Carried me from my lodging, to learne onely  
How he's dispos'd.

*Serv.* He's in most perfect health, Sir.

*Belg.* Let me but see him feed heartily at dinner,  
And I'll beleeve so too, for from that ever

I make

# The unnaturall Combat.

I make a certaine iudgement.

*Serv.* It holds surely  
In your owne constitution.

*Belg.* And in all mens  
Tis the best symptome, let us loose no time,  
Delay is dangerous.

*Serv.* Troth Sir if I might  
Without offence deliver what my Lord has  
Committed to my trust, I shall receive it  
As a speciall favour.

*Belg.* Weell see't, and discourse  
As the proverbe sayes for health sake after dinner,  
Or rather after supper, willingly then  
I'll walke a mile to here thee.

*Serv.* Nay good Sir  
I will be brieft and pithee.

*Belg.* Prethee be so.

*Serv.* Hee bid me say of all his ghests, that he  
Stands most affected to you, for the freedome,  
And plainnesse of your maners. He ne're observ'd you  
To twirle a dish about, you did not like of  
All being pleasing to you; or to take  
A say of venison, or stale fowle by your nose,  
(Which is a solecisme at anothers table)  
But by strong eating of 'em did confirme  
They never were delicious to your palat,  
But when they were mortifi'd, as the Hugonot sayes,  
And so your part growes grearer, nor doe you  
Find fault with the sawce, keen hunger being the best,  
Which ever to your much praise, you bring with you;  
Nor will you with impertinent relations  
Which is a master-peece, when meates before you  
Forget your teeth to use your nimble tongue  
But doe the feate you come for.]

*Belg.* Be advis'd  
And end your jeering; for if you proceede  
You'll seele, as I can eate I can be angrie,

And

# The unnaturall Combat.

And beating may insue.

*Serv.* I'll take your counsell,  
And roundly come to the point, my Lord much wonders  
That you, that are a courtier as a souldier,  
In all things else, and every day can vary  
Your actions and discourse, continue constant  
To this one suite?

*Belg.* To one? tis well I have one,  
Upawnd, in these dayes, every cast commander is not blest with  
the fortune, I assure you, but why this question? does this offend  
him?

*Serv.* Not much: but he believes it is the reason,  
You nere presume to sit above the salt,  
And therefore this day (our great Admirall  
With other states being invited guests)  
He does intreate you to appeare among 'em,  
In some fresh habit.

*Belg.* This staffe shall not serve  
To beat the dogge off, these are souldiers garments,  
And so by consequence grow contemptible.

*Serv.* It has stung him.

*Belg.* I would I were acquainted with the players,  
In charity they might furnish me, but there is  
No faith in Brokers, and for believing Taylors  
They are only to be read of, but not seene,  
And sure they are confinde to their owne hells,  
And there they live invifible, well I must not  
Be subd off thus, pray you report my service  
To the Lord governour. I will obey him  
And though my wardrop's poore, rather then loose  
His company at this feast, I will put on  
The richest suite I have, and fill the chaire,  
That makes me worthy of \_\_\_\_\_ *Exit Belgarde.*

*Serv.* We are shut of him, he will be seene no more here, how  
Will blesse me for his absence, he had starv'd em (my fellowes  
Had he stayd a little longer, would he cood,  
For his owne sake shift a shirt, and thats the utmost

# The unnaturall Combat.

Of his ambition, adew good Captaine —

Exit

*Enter Beaufort Sen. and Beaufort jun.*

*Beauf. sen.* Tis a strange fondnesse.

*Beauf. jun.* Tis beyond example,  
His resolution to part with his estate,  
To make her dower the waightier is nothing,  
But to observe how curious he is  
In his owne person to adde ornament  
To his daughters ravishing features, is the wonder.  
I sent a page of mine in the way of courtship,  
This morning to her to present my service,  
From whom I understand all : there he found him  
Sollicitous in what shape she should appeare,  
This gowne was rich, but the fashion itale, the other  
Was quaint, and neate, but the stufte not rich enough,  
Then does he curse the Taylor, and in rage  
Falls on her Shoemaker, for wanting art  
To expresse in every circumstance, the forme.  
Of her most delicate foote, then sits in counsell  
With much deliberation to finde out  
What tire would best adorne her ; and one chosen  
Varying in his opinion, he teares off,  
And stamps it under foot, then tries a second.  
A third and fourth, and satisfied at length  
With much a doe in that, he growes agen,  
Perplexd and troubl'd where to place her Jewells  
To be most mark'd, and whether she should weare  
This diamond on her forehead, or betweene  
Her milke-white paps, disputing on it both wayes,  
Then taking in this hand, a rope of pearle,  
(The best of France) he seriously considers  
Whither she should dispose it on her arme  
Or on her necke, with 20 other trifles, too tedious to deliver.

*Beauf. sen.* I have knowne him from his first youth, but never yet  
In all the passages of his life, and fortunes, observ'd  
Vertues so mix'd with vices, valiant the world speaks him,  
But with that bloody ; liberall in his gifts too,

But

# The unnaturall Combat.

But to maintaine his prodigall expence,  
A fierce extortioner, an impotent lover  
Of women for a flash, but his fires quench'd,  
Hating as deadly, the truth is I am not  
Ambitious of this match: nor will I crosse you in your affections.

*Beauf. jun.* I have ever found you,  
(And tis my happinesse) a loving father,  
And carefull of my good: ----- by the loud musicke,  
As you gave order for his entertainment,  
He's come into the house two long houres since,  
The Colonels, commissioners and captaines,  
To pay him all the rites his worth can challenge,  
Went to wayt on him hither.

*Enter Malefort, Montaigne, Chausont, Lanour, Montrevile,  
Theocrine, Usher, Page, Women.*

*Beauf. sen.* You are most welcome,  
And what I speake to you, does from My heart  
disperse it selfe to all.

*Mal.* You meet my Lord your trouble.

*Beauf. sen.* Rather Sir increase of honour,  
When you are pless'd to grace my house.

*Beauf. jun.* The Favour is doubl'd on my part, most worthy Sir,  
Since your faire daughter, my incomparable Mistresse,  
Daines us her presence.

*Mal.* View her well brave *Beaufort*,  
But yet at distance, you hereafter may  
Make your approaches neerer, when the priest  
Hath made it lawfull, and were not shee mine,  
I durst alowd proclaime it. *Hymen* never  
Put on his saffron coloured robe to change  
A barren virgin name with more good omens,  
Then at her nuptials, looke on her againe,  
Then tell me if she now appeare the same  
That she was yesterday.

*Beauf. sen.* Being her selfe  
She cannot but be excellent, these rich  
And curious dressings, which in others might

*The unnatural Combat.*

Cover deformities, from her take lustre  
Nor canadde to her.

*Mal.* You conceive her right,  
Aod in your admiration of her sweetnesse,  
You only can deserve her; blush not girle,  
Thou art above his praise, or mine, nor can  
Obsequious flattery though she should use  
Her thousand oyld tongues to advance thy worth,  
Give ought (for thats impossible) but take from  
Thy more then humane graces, and even then  
When shee hath spent her selfe with her best strength,  
The wrong she has done thee shall be so apparent,  
That loosing her owne servile shape and name,  
She will be thought detraction, but I  
Forget my selfe, and something whispers to me,  
I have said too much.

*Mont.* I know not what to thinke on'r,  
But there's some mystery in it, which I feare  
Will be too soone discover'd.

*Mal.* I much wrong  
Your patience noble Sir, by too much hugging  
My proper issue, and like the foolish crow  
Believe my blacke brood swans.

*Beauf. sen.* There needes not Sir  
The least excuse for this, nay I must have  
Your arme, you being the master of the feast,  
And this the mistris.

*Theo.* I am any thing  
That you shall please to make mee.

*Beauf. jun.* Nay tis yours  
Without more complement.

*Lord musicke.*

*Exeunt Beaufort senior, Malefort, Theocrine, Beaufort jun*

*Montaigne, Chamont Lanour, Montrevile.*

*Mont.* Your will's a law sir.

*Ush.* Would I had bene borne a Lord.]

*1. Wom.* Or I a Lady.

*Page.* It may be you were both begot in court,

Though

Though bred up in the Citie, for your mothers,  
As I have heard lov'd the lobbie, and there nightly  
Are seen strange apparitions, and who knowes  
But that some noble fawne, heated with wine,  
And cloyde with partridge, had a kinde of longing  
To trade in sprats? this needs no exposition,  
But can you yeeld a reason for your wishes?

*Ush.* Why had I beene borne a Lord, I had beene no servant.

1. *Wom.* And where as now necessity makes us wayters,  
We had been attended on.

2. *Wom.* And might have slept then,  
As long as we pleas'd, and fed when we had stomackes,  
And worne new cloths, nor liv'd as now in hope  
Of a cast gowne, or petticote.

*Page.* You are fooles,  
And ignorant of your happinesse, ere I was  
Sworne to the pantoffle, I have heard my tutor  
Prove it by logicke, that a servants life  
Was better then his masters, and by that  
I learne from him, if that my memory faile not,  
I'll make it good.

*Ush.* Proceed my little wit  
*In decimo sexto.*

*Page.* Thus then from the king  
To the beggar, by gradation all are servants,  
And you must grant the slavery is lesse  
To studie to please one, then many.

*Ush.* True.

*Page.* Well then, and first to you Sir, you complaine  
You serve one Lord, but your Lord serves a thousand,  
Besides his passions (that are his worst masters)  
You must humor him, and he is bound to sooth  
Every grimme Sir above him, if he frowne,  
For the least neglect you feare to loose your place,  
But if, and with all slavish obervation,  
From the mignons selfe, to the groome of his close stoole,  
He hourly seekes not favour, he is lure

*The unnaturall Combat.*

To be eas'd of his office, though perhaps he bought it.  
Nay more, that high disposer of all such  
That are subordinate to him, serves, and feares  
The fury of the many-headed monster,  
The giddy multitude. And as a horse  
Is still a horse, for all his golden trappings,  
So your man of purchas'd titles, at their best are  
But serving-men in rich liveries.

*Ush.* Most rare infant,  
Where learn'd'st thou this morality?

*Page.* Why thou dull pate,  
As I could thee, of my tutor.

*2. Wom.* Now for us boy.

*Page.* I am cut of the governour.

*Enter Beaufort sen. Beaufort junior, Servants setting forth a banquet.*

*Beauf. sen.* Quicke, quicke sirs,  
See all things perit.

*Serv.* Let the blame be ours else:

*Beauf. sen.* And as I said when we are at the banquet,  
And high in our cups, for tis no feast without it,  
Especially among souldiers: *Theocrine*  
Being retir'd, as that's no place for her,  
Take you occasion to rise from the table,  
And lose no opportunity.

*Beauf. jun.* Tis my purpose,  
And if I can winne her to give her heart,  
I have a holy man in readinesse  
To joyne our hands, for the Admirall her father repents him of his  
grant to me, and  
So far transported with a strange opinion  
of her faire features, that should we desire it,  
I thinke ere long he will beleeve, and strongly,  
The Daulphine is not worthy of her, I  
Am much amazd with't.

*Exeunt Beaufort sen.*

*Beauf. sen.* Nay dispatch there fellowes. *Beaufort junior.*

*Serv.* We are ready when you please, sweet formes your pardon,  
It has beene such a busy time I could not

*Tender*



# The unnaturall Combat.

Tender that ceremonious respect  
Which you deserve, but now the great worke ended,  
I will attend the lesse, and with all care  
Observe, and serve you.

*Page.* This is a pend speech,  
And serves as a perpetuall preface to  
A dinner made of fragments.

*Vsb.* Wee wayt on you.

*Lord, Musicks.*

## Actus tertii, Scena tertia.

*Beaufort senior, Malefort, Montaigne, Chamont, Lanour,  
Beaufort, junior, Montrevile, Servants.*

### BEAUFORT SENIOR.

**Y**OU are not merry Sir.

*Mal.* Yes my good Lord,  
You have given us ample meanes to drowne all cares,  
And yet I nourish strange thoughts, which I would  
Most willingly destroy

*Aside.*

*Beauf. sen.* Pray you take your place,

*Beauf. jun.* And drink a health, and let it be if you please  
To the worthiest of Women, now observe him.

*Mal.* Give mee the bowle, since you doe me the honour,  
I will beginne it.

*Cham.* May wee know her name Sir?

*Mal.* You shall, I will not choose a forraigne Queenes,  
Nor yet our owne, for that would relish of  
Tame flattery; nor doe their height of title,  
Or absolute power confirme their worth and goodnesse,  
These being heavens gifts and frequently confer'd  
On such as are beneath em; nor will I  
Name the kings Mistresse howsoever shee  
In his esteeme may carry it, but if I,  
As wine gives liberty, may use my freedome;

Not

# The unnaturall Combat.

Not swayd this way, or that with confidence,  
(And I will make it good on any equall)  
If it must be to her, whose outward forme  
Is better'd by the beauty of her minde,  
She lives not that with justice can pretend  
An interest to this so sacred health,  
But my faire daughter. He that only doubts it,  
I doe pronounce a villain, this to her then.

*Mont.* What may we thinke of this?

*Drinker.*  
*Loud musicke.*

*Beauf. sen.* It matters not.

*Lan.* For my part I will sooth him rather then  
Draw on a quarrell, *Chamont.*

*Mont.* Tis the safest course, and one I mean to follow.

*Beauf. jun.* It has gone round Sir.

*Exit Beaufort junior.*

*Mal.* Now you have done her right, if there be any  
Worthy to second this, propose it bouldly,  
I am your pledge.

*Beauf. sen.* Lets pause here if you please,  
And entertaine the time with something else,  
Musicke there in some lofty straine, the song too  
That I gave order for; the new one cald  
The souldiers delight?

*The song ended: enter Belgarde in armor a case of Carbines by his side.*

*Belg.* Who stops mee now?  
Or who dares only say that I appeare not  
In the most rich and glorious habit that  
Renders a man compleate? what court so set off  
With state and ceremonious pompe, but thus  
Accoutred I may enter? or what feast  
Though all the elements at once were ranfack'd,  
To store it with varietie transcending  
The curiosnesse, and cost, on Traians birth day,  
(Where princes only, and confederat kings  
Did sit as ghests, serv'd, and attended on  
By the senators of Rome, sat with a souldier  
In this his naturall, and proper shape  
Might not and bouldly fill a seat, and by

# The unnaturall Combat.

His present make the great solemnity  
More honour'd and remarkeable ?

*Beauf. sen.* Tis acknowledg'd,  
And this a grace done to me unexpected.

*Mont.* But why in armor ?

*Mal.* What's the mysterie ?

Pray you reveale that.

*Belg.* Souldiers out of action,  
That very rare, but like unbidden ghests  
Bring their stools with em, for their owne defence,  
At court should feed in gauntlets, they may have  
Their fingers cut else ; there your carpet knights,  
That never charg'd beyond a mistresse lips,  
Are still most keene, and valiant, but to you  
Whom it does most concern, my Lord, I will  
Addresse my speech, and with a souldiers freedome  
In my reproofe returne the bitter scoffe,  
You threw upon my poverty, you contemn'd  
My courser outside, and from that concluded,  
(As by your groome you made me understand )  
I was unworthy to sit at your table,  
Among these tissues, and imbroideries,  
Unlesse I chang'd my habit, I have done it,  
And show my selfe in that which I have worne  
In the heate and fervor of a bloody fight,  
And then it was in fashion, not as now  
Ridiculous, and despis'd, this hath past through  
A wood of pikes, and every one aim'd at it,  
Yet scornd to take impression from their fury  
With this, as still you see it fresh and new  
I have charg'd through fire that would have sing'd your fables  
Blacke fox, and ermins, and chang'd the proud colour  
Of Skarlet though of the right Tirian die ;  
But now as if the trappings made the man, such only are  
Admir'd that come adorn'd  
With what's no part of them, this is mine owne  
My richest suit, a suite I must not part from,

## The unnaturall Combat.

But not regarded now, and yet remember.  
Tis we that bring you in the meanes of feasts,  
Banquets, and revels, which when you possesse,  
With barbarous ingratitude you deny us  
To be made sharers in the harvest, which  
Our sweat and industrie reap'd, and sow'd for you.  
The silks you weare, we with our blood spin for you;  
This massie plate, that with the ponderous waight  
Does make your cupboords crack, we (unaffrighted  
With tempests, or the long and tedious way,  
Or dreadfull monsters of the deepe, that wait  
With open jawes still ready to devoure us)  
Fetch from the other world. Let it not then  
In after ages to your shame be spoken,  
That you with no relenting eyes looke on  
Our wants that feed your plentie; or consume  
In prodigall, and wanton gifts on Drones  
The Kingdomes treasure, yet detaine from us.  
The debt that with the hazard of our lives,  
We have made you stand inag'd for: or force us  
Against all civill government in armour  
To require that, which with all willingnesse  
Should be tender'd, ere demanded.

*Beauf. sen.* I commend

This wholesome sharpnesse in you, and prefer it  
Before obsequious tamenesse, it shewes lovely:  
Nor shall the raine of your good counsell fall  
Upon the barren sands, but spring up fruit  
Such as you long have wisht for. And the rest  
Of your profession like you discontented  
For want of meanes, shall in their present payment  
Be bound to praise your boldnesse: and hereafter  
I will take order you shall have no cause,  
For want of change to put your armour on  
But in the face of an enemy; not as now  
Among your friends. To that which is due to you,

To

## The unnaturall Combat.

To furnish you like your selfe, of mine owne bountie  
I'll adde five hundred crownes.

*Cham.* I to my power  
Will follow the example.

*Ment.* Take this Captaine,  
Tis all my present store, but when you please,  
Command me further.

*Lan.* I could wish it more.

*Belg.* This is the luckiest jest ever came from me.  
Let a Souldier use no other Scribe to draw  
The forme of his petition. This will speed  
When your thrice humble supplications,  
With prayers for encrease of health and honours  
To their grave Lordships shall as soone as read  
Be pocketted up, the cause no more remembered.  
When this dumb Rhetorique.—— Well, I have a life,  
Which I in thankfullnesse for your great favours,  
My noble Lords, when you please to command it,  
Must never thinke mine owne. Broker, be happie,  
These golden birds flie to thee. *Exit Belgarde.*

*Beauf. sen.* You are dull, Sir,  
And seeme not to be taken with the passage  
You saw presented.

*Mal.* Passage? I observ'd none,  
My thoughts were elsewhere busied. Ha! she is  
In danger to be lost, to be lost for ever,  
If speedily I come not to her rescue,  
For so my *Genius* tels me.

*Montr.* What *Chimera's*  
Worke on your phantasie?

*Mal.* Phantasies? They are truths.  
Where is my *Theocrine*? You have plotted  
To rob me of my Daughter: bring me to her,  
Or I'll call downe the Saints to witnesse for me:  
You are inhospitable.

*Beauf. sen.* You amaze me,  
Your Daughter's fate, and now exchanging courtship

# The unnaturall Combat.

With my sonne her servant, why doe you heare this  
With such distracted lookes? since to that end  
You brought her hither?

*Mal.* Tis conf-~~is~~'d I did,  
But now pray you pardon me, and if you please  
Ere she deliver up her virgin fort,  
I would observe what is the art he uses  
In planting his artillery against it,  
She is my only care, nor must she yield  
But upon noble termes.

*Beauf. sen.* Tis so determind.

*Ma.* Yet I am jealous.

*Mont.* Overmuch I feare.

What passions are these?

*Beauf. sen.* Come I will bring you  
Where you, with these if they so please, may see  
The love-~~s~~ æne acted.

*Montre.* There is something more  
Then fatherly love in this.

*Monta.* We wayt upon you.

*Exeunt omnes.*

## *Actus tertij Scena Vltima.*

*Beaufort jun. Theocrine.*

*Beauf. jun.* Since then you meet my flames with equall order  
As you professe, it is your bounry mistresse,  
Nor must I call it debt, yet tis your glory,  
That your excesse supplies my want, and makes mee  
Strong in my weaknesse, which could never bee,  
But in your good opinion.

*Theo.* You teach me Sir,  
What I should say, since from your sun of favour,  
I like dimme Phœbe, in her selfe obscure,  
Borrow that light I have.

*Beauf. jun.* Which you returne  
With large increase (since that you will overcome,  
And I dare not contend) were you but pleas'd

# The unnaturall Combat.

To make what's yet divided one.

*Theo.* I have

Already in my wishes, modesty

Forbids me to speake more.

*Beauf. jun.* but what assurance,  
(But still without offence) may I demand  
That may secure me that your heart and tongue  
Joyne to make up this harmonie?

*Theo.* Choose any  
Suiting your love distinguished from lust,  
To aske and mine to grant.

*Enter (as unscene) Beaufort senior, Malefort, Montrevile, and the rest.*

*Beauf. sen.* Yonder they are.

*Mal.* At distance too, tis yet well.

*Beauf. jun.* I may take then  
This hand, and with a thousand burning kisses,  
Swear tis the anchor to my hopes?

*Theo.* You may Sir.

*Mal.* This is somewhat too much.

*Beauf. iun.* And this done, view my selfe  
In these true mirrors.

*Theo.* Ever trew to you Sir,  
And may they loose th'abilitie of sight,  
When they seeke other object.

*Mal.* This is more  
Then I can give consent to.

*Beauf. iun.* And a kisse,  
Thus printed on your lips will not distast you?

*Mal.* Her lips!

*Montre.* Why where should he kisse? are you distracted?

*Beauf. iun.* Then when this holy man hath made it lawfull,  
*brings in a Priest.*

*Mal.* A priest so ready too! I must breake in.

*Beauf. iun.* And what's spoke here is registred above,  
I must ingrosse those favours to my selfe  
Which are not to be nam'd.

*Theo.* All I can give,

# The unnaturall Combat.

But what they are I know not.

*Beauf. jun.* I'll instruct you.

*Mal.* O how my blood boyles!

*Montr.* Pray you containe your selfe,  
Me thinks his courtship's modest.

*Beauf. jun.* Then being mine,  
And wholly mine, the river of your love  
To kinmen and allies, nay to your father,  
(Howe'er out of his tenderneffe he admires you)  
Must in the Ocean of your affection  
To me be swallow'd up, and want a name  
Compar'd with what you owe me.

*Theoc.* Tis most fit, Sir,  
The stronger bond that bindes me to you, must  
Dissolve the weaker.

*Mal.* I am ruin'd if  
I come not fairely off.

*Beauf. sen.* Theres nothing wanting  
But your consent.

*Mal.* Some strange invention aid me. *Aside.*  
This! yes, it must be so.

*Montr.* Why doe you stagger,  
When what you seem'd so much to wish is offerd?

*Beauf. jun.* Both parties being agreed to.

*Beauf. sen.* I'll not court  
A grant from you, nor doe I wrong your Daughter,  
Though I say my sonne deserves her.

*Mal.* Tis far from  
My humble thoughts to undervalue him  
I cannot prize too high. For howsoever  
From my owne fond indulgence I have sung  
Her praises with too prodigall a tongue,  
That tenderneffe laid by, I stand confirm'd  
All that I fancied excellent in her  
Billau'd, with what is really his owne,  
Holds waight in no proportion.

*Montr.* New turnings!

*Beauf.*



# The unnaturall Combat.

*Beauf. sen.* Whither tends this?

*Mal.* Had you observ'd, my Lord,  
With what a sweet gradation he woo'd,  
As I did punctually, you cannot blame her,  
Though she did listen with a greedie eare  
To his faire modest offers: but so great  
A good as then flow'd to her, should have beene  
With more deliberation entertain'd,  
And not with such haste swallow'd, she shall first  
Consider seriously what the blessing is,  
And in what ample manner to give thanks for't,  
And then receive it. And though I shall thinke  
Short minutes yeeres till it be perfitted,  
I will defer that which I most desire,  
And so must she, till longing expectation,  
That heightens pleasure, makes her truly know  
Her happinesse, and with what out-streacht armes  
She must embrace it.

*Beauf. jun.* This is curiousnesse  
Beyond example.

*Mal.* Let it then begin  
From me, in whats mine owne I'll use my will,  
And yeeld no further reason. I lay claime to  
The libertie of a subject. Fall not off,  
But be obedient, or by the hate  
I'll drag thee home. Censure me as you please,  
I'll take my owne way, O the inward fires  
That wanting vent consume me!

*Exit with Theocrine.*

*Monr.* Tis most certaine  
Hees mad, or worse.

*Beauf.* How, worse?

*Monr.* Nay, there I leave you,  
My thoughts are free.

*Beauf. jun.* This I foresaw.

*Beauf. sen.* Take comfort,

He shall walke in clouds, but I'll discover him:  
And he shall finde, and feele, if he excuse not,

And

# The unnaturall Combat.

And with strong reasons this grosse injurie,  
I can make use of my authoritie.

*Exeunt omnes.*

## *Actus quarti Scena prima.*

MALEFORT *solus.*

What flames are these my wild desires fan in me?  
The torch that feeds them, was not lighted at  
Thy altars, *Cupid*: vindicate thy selfe,  
And doe not own it: and confirme it rather,  
That this infernall brand that turnes me cyndars,  
Was by the snake-hair'd Sisters throwne into  
My guiltie bosome. O that I was ever  
Accurs'd in having issue: my sonnes blood,  
(That like the poyson'd shirt of *Hercules*  
Growes to each part about me) which my hate  
Forc'd from him with much willingnesse, may admit  
Some weake defence; but my most impious love  
To my faire daughter *Theocrine*, none.  
Since my affection (rather wicked lust)  
That does pursue her, is a greater crime  
Than any detestation, with which  
I should afflikt her innocence. With what cunning  
I have betray'd my selfe, and did not feele  
The scorching heat that now with furie rages  
Why was I tender of her? cover'd with  
That fond disguise, this mischief stole upon me.  
I thought it no offence to kisse her often,  
Or twine mine armes about her softer neck,  
And by false shadowes of a fathers kindnesse  
I long deceiv'd my selfe: but now the effect  
Is too apparent. How I strove to be  
In her opinion held the worthiest man  
In courtship, forme, and feature, envying him

That

## The unnaturall Combat.

That was preferd before me, and yet then  
My wishes to my selfe were not discover'd.  
But still my fires increas'd, and with delight  
I would call her mistresse, wilfully forgetting  
The name of daughter choosing rather she  
Should stile me servant, then with reverence father,  
Yet mocking, I nere cherish'd obscene hopes,  
But in my troubled slumbers often thought  
Shee was too neere to me, and then sleeping blush'd  
At my imagination which pass'd  
My eyes being open, not condemning it,  
I was ravish'd with the pleasure of the dreame,  
Yet spight of these temptations I have reason  
That pleades against 'em, and commands me to  
Extinguish these abominable fires,  
And I will doe it, I will send her backe  
To him that loves her lawfully. Within there?

*Enter Theocrine.*

*Theoc.* Sir did you call?

*Malef.* I looke no sooner on her,  
But all my boasted power of reason leaves me,  
And passion againe usurpes her Empire, does none else wait me?

*Theoc.* I am wretched sir, should any owe more duty.

*Malef.* This is worse then disobedience, leave me.

*Theoc.* On my knees sir, as I have ever sward my will by yours.  
And lik'd, and loath'd with your eyes: I beseech you  
To teach me what the nature of my fault is,  
That hath incens'd you, (sure tis one of weakenesse  
And not of malice) which your gentler temper  
On my submission I hope will pardon,  
Which granted by your piety, if that I  
Out of the least neglect of mine hereafter,  
Make you remember it, may I sinke ever  
Under your dread command.

*Malef.* O my stars! who can but dote on this humility  
That sweetens, lovely in her teares? the fetters  
That seem'd to lessen in their waight; but now

# The unnaturall Combat.

By this grow heavier on me.

*Theoc.* Deare sir:

*Malef.* Peace, I must not heare thee.

*Theoc.* Nor looke on me.

*Malef.* No, thy lookes and words are charmes.

*Theoc.* May they have power then

To calme the tempest of your wrath, alas sir,

Did I but know in what I give offence

In my repentance I would shew my sorrow,

For what is past, and in my care hereafter

Kill the occasion or cease to be

Since life without your favour is to me a load I would cast off.

*Malef.* O that my heart were rent in sunder, that I might ex-  
The cause in my death buried: yet I know not (pire,

With such prevailing Oratory 'tis beg'd from me

That to deny thee would convince me to

Have suck'd the milke of Tigers, rise, and I

But in a perplex'd, and misterious method.

Will make relation that which all the world

Admires and cries up in thee for perfections,

Are to unhappy me foule blemishes,

And mulct's in nature. If thou hadst bene borne

Deform'd and crooked, in the features of

Thy body, as the manners of thy mind,

Moore lip'd, flat nos'd, dinme ey'd, and beetle brow'd

With a dwarfes stature to a gyant waste,

Sower breath'd, with claws for fingers on thy hands,

Splay footed, gouty leg'd, and over all

A loathsome leprosie had spread it selfe,

And made thee shun'd of humane fellowships:

I had bene blest.

*Theoc.* Why would you wish a monster

For such a one or worse you have describ'd,

To call your father.

*Malef.* Rather then as now,

Though I had drown'd thee for it in the sea

Appearing as thou dost a new Pandora,

With

# The unnaturall Combat.

With Junos faire cow eyes, *Minerva's* brow  
*Aurora's* blushing cheekes, *Hebes* fresh youth,  
*Venus* soft paps, with *Thetis* silver feet.

*Theoc.* Sir you have lik'd and lov'd them, and oft forc'd  
(With your hyperboles of praise powrd on them)  
My modesty to a defensive red,  
Strowd ore that palenesse, which you then were pleas'd  
To stile the purest white.

*Malef.* And in that cup I drank the poison I now feele dispers'd  
Through every vaine and artery, wherefore art thou  
So cruell to me? This thy outward shape  
Brought a fierce warre against me, not to be  
By flesh and blood resisted: but to leave me  
No hope of freedome from the Magazine  
Of thy minds forces, treacherously thou drewst up  
Auxiliary helps to strengthen that  
Which was already in it selfe too potent,  
Thy beauty gave the first charge, but thy duty  
Seconded with thy care, and watchfull studies  
To please, and serve my will in all that might  
Raise up content in me, like thunder brake through  
All opposition, and my rankes of reason  
Disbanded, my victorious passions fell  
To bloody execution, and compeld me  
With willing hands to tie on my owne chaines,  
And with a kinde of flattering joy to glory in my captivity.

*Theoc.* I, in this you speake, sir, am ignorance it selfe.

*Male.* And so continue, for knowledge of the armes thou bearest  
Would make thee curse thy selfe, but yield no ayds (against me  
For thee to helpe me, and 'twere cruelty  
In me to wounde that spotlesse innocency  
How ere it make me guilty, in a word  
The plurisie of goodnesse is thy ill,  
Thy vertues vices, and thy humble lownesse  
Far worse than stubborne fullennesse, and pride,  
Thy lookes that ravish all beholders else  
As killing as the Basiliskes, their teares

# The unnaturall Combat.

Express'd in sorrow for the much I suffer,  
A glorious insultation, and no signe  
Of pittie in thee, and to heare thee speake  
In thy defence, though but in silent action,  
Would make the hurt already deeply festerd  
Incurable, and therefore as thou wouldst not  
By thy presence raise fresh furies to torment me  
I doe conjure thee, by a fathers power,  
(And tis my curse I dare not thinke it lawfull  
To sue unto thee in a neerer name)  
Without reply to leave me.

*Theoc.* My obedience never learnd yet to question your com-  
But willingly to serve 'em, yet I must (mands,  
Since that your will forbids the knowledge of  
My fault, lament my fortune. *Exit.*

*Mal.* O that I have reason to discern the better way  
And yet pursue the worse. when I looke on her  
I burne with heat, and in her absence freeze  
With the cold blasts of jelousie, that another  
Should ere taste those delights that are denide me,  
And which of their afflictions bring lesse torture.  
I hardly can distinguish, is there then  
No meane? no, so my understanding tels me,  
And that by my crosse fates it is determind  
That I am both waies wretched. *Enter Vsher, and Montrevile*

*Vsher.* Yonder he walkes sir,  
In much vexation: he hath sent my Lady  
His daughter weeping in, but what the cause is  
Rests yet in supposition.

*Montr.* I guesse at it, but must be further satisfied, I will sift him  
In private therefore, quit the roome.

*Vsher.* I am gon, sir. *Exit.*

*Mal.* Ha! who disturbes me? *Montrevile?* your pardon,

*Montr.* Would you could grant one to your selfe. (I speake it  
With the assurance of a friend) and yet  
Before it be too late, make reparation  
Of the grosse wrong, your indiscretion offered

# The unnaturall Combat.

To the governour and his sonne, nay to your selfe,  
For there begins my sorrow.

*Malef.* Would I had no greater cause to mourne  
Then their displeasure, for I dare justifie.

*Montr.* We must not doe all that we dare private friend  
I observd your alterations with a stricter eye  
Perhaps then others, and to loose no time  
In repetition, your strange demeanour  
To your sweet daughter. of.

*Malef.* Would you could finde out some other theame to treat

*Montr.* None but this; and this Ile dwell on, how ridiculous  
And subject to construction?

*Malef.* No more.

*Montr.* You made your selfe, amazes me, and if  
The frequent trials enterchanged betweene us  
Of love and friendship, be to their desert  
Esteem'd by you, as they hold waight with me,  
No inward trouble should be of a shape  
So horrid to your selfe, but that to me  
You stand bound to discover it, and unlocke  
Your secretst thoughts: though the most innocent were  
Lowd crying finnes.

*Malef.* And so perhaps they are.  
And therefore be not curious to learne that  
Which knowne must make you hate me.

*Montr.* Thinke not so, I am yours in right and wrong, nor shall  
A verball friendship in me, but an active, you finde  
And here I vow, I shall no sooner know  
What the disease is, but if you give leave  
I will apply a remedy, is it madnesse?  
I am familiarly acquainted with a deepe read man  
That can with charmes aad hearbs  
Restore you to your reason, or suppose  
You are bewitch'd, he with more potent spels  
And magicall rites shall cure you, is't heavens anger?  
With penitence and sacrifice appease it,  
Beyond this, there is nothing that I can:

# The unnatural Combat.

Imagine dreadfull, in your fame and fortunes  
You are secure, your impious sonne remov'd to  
That rendred you suspected to the state,  
And your faire daughter.

*Malef.* Oh presse me no farther.

*Montre.* Are you wrung there? why what of her? hath she  
Made this wracke of her honour, or conspir'd  
Against your life? or seald a contract with  
The divell of hell, for the recovery of her young Inamorato?

*Malef.* None of these,  
And yet what must increase the wonder in you  
Being Innocent in her selfe, she hath wounded me,  
But where enquire not. Yet I know not how  
I am perswaded from my confidence  
Of your vowd love to me, to trust you with  
My dearest secret, pray you chide me for it,  
But with a kind of pity; not insulting  
On my calamity.

*Montre.* Forward.

*Malef.* This same daughter.

*Montre.* What is her fault?

*Malef.* She is too faire to me.

*Montre.* Ha! how is this?

*Malef.* And I have lookd upon her  
More than a father should, and languish to  
Enjoy her as a husband.

*Montre.* Heaven forbid it.

*Malef.* And this is all the comfort you can give me,  
Where are your promis'd ayds, your charmes, your herbs?  
Your deepe read scholler, spels, and magicke rites?  
Can all these disenchaunt me? no, I must be  
My owne Physitian, and upon my selfe  
Practice a desperate cure.

*Montre.* Doe not contemne me,  
Injoyne me what you please with any hazzard,  
Ile undertake it, what meanes have you practis'd  
To quench this hellish fire?

*Malef.*



# The unnaturall Combat.

*Malef.* All I could thinke on,  
But to no purpose, and yet sometimes absence  
Does yeeld a kinde of intermission to  
The fury of the fit.

*Montr.* See her no more then.

*Malef.* Tis my last refuge, and twas my intent  
And still tis, to desire your helpe.

*Montr.* Command it.

*Malef.* Thus then, you have a fort of which you are  
The absolute Lord, whither I pray you beare her:  
And that the sight of her may not againe  
Nourish those flames, which I feele something lessend,  
By all the ties of friendship I conjure you  
And by a solemne oath you must confirme it,  
That though my now calmd passions should rage higher  
Then ever heretofore, and so compell me  
Once more to wish to see her; though I use  
Persuasions mixd with threatnings; nay adde to it  
That I this sayling should with hands held up thus  
Kneele at your feet, and bathe them with my teares,  
Prayers or curses, vowes or imprecations  
Onely to looke upon her though at distance,  
You still must be obdurate.

*Montr.* If it be  
Your pleasure sir that I shall be unmov'd, I will endeavour

*Malef.* You must sweare to be  
Inexorable as you would prevent  
The greatest mischief to your friend, that fate  
Could throw upon him.

*Montr.* Well, I will obey you.  
But how the governour will be answer'd, yet  
And tis materiall, is not considered.

*Malef.* Leave that to me. Ile presently give ordering  
How you shall surprize her, be not frighted with  
Her exclamations.

*Montr.* Be you constant to  
Your resolution I will not faile

# The unnaturall Combat.

In what concernes my part.

*Malef.* Be ever blessed for't.

*Exeunt.*

## Actus quarti, Scœna secunda.

*Enter Beaufort jun. Chamont, Lanour.*

*Cham.* Not to be spoke with, say you?

*Beauf. jun.* No.

*Lan.* Nor you

Admitted to have conference with her?

*Beauf. jun.* Neither.

His doores are fast lockd up, and solitude  
Dwels round about em, no acceſſe allow'd  
To friend or enemy, but—

*Cham.* Nay be not mov'd fir,  
Let his paſſion worke, and like a hot rein'd horſe  
'Twill quickly tire it ſelfe.

*Beauf. jun.* Or in his death  
Which for her ſake till now I have forborne  
I will revenge the injury he hath done  
To my true and lawfull love.

*Lan.* How does your father  
The Governour rellish it?

*Beauf. jun.* Troth he never had  
Affectiõ to the match: yet in his pittie  
To me, he's gone in perſon to his houſe,  
Nor will he be denide, and if he finde not  
Strong and faire reaſons *Malefort* will heare from him  
In a kinde he does not looke for.

*Cham.* In the meane time  
Pray you put on cheerefull lookes.

*Enter Montaigne.*

*Beauf. jun.* Mine ſuite my fortune.

*Lan.* O heer's *Montaigne*.

*Mont.* I never could have met you  
More opportunely. Ile not ſtale the jeſt

By

# The unnaturall Combat.

By my relation : but if you will looke on  
The malecontent *Belgarde*, newly rigde up.  
With the traine that followes him, 'twill be an object  
Worthy of your noting.

*Beauf. jun.* Looke you the Comedy  
Make good the Prologue, or the scorne will dwell  
Upon your selfe.

*Mont.* I'll hazard that, observe now ;

*Wenches.* Nay, Captaine, glorious Captaine :

*Enter Belgarde in a gallant habit ; staves at the doore with his  
sword drawne ; severall voyces within.*

*Belg.* Fall backe Rascalls,  
Doe you make an Owle of me? this day I will  
Receive no more Petitions,  
Here are bills of all occasions, and all fizes!  
If this be the pleasure of a rich suite, would I were  
Againe in my buffe jerkin, or my armour,  
Then I walk'd securely by my creditors noses,  
And not a dog mark'd me, every officer shund me,  
And not one lowzie prison would receive me;  
But now, as the Ballade sayes, I am turnd gallant:  
There does not live that thing I ow a sowse to,  
But does torment me, a faithfull Cobler told me  
With his awle in his hand, I was behind hand with him  
For setting me upright, and bad me looke to my selfe.  
A Sempstresse too, that traded but in sockes,  
Swore she would set a Serjeant on my backe  
For a borrowed shirt: my pay and the benevolence,  
The Governour and the States bestow'd upou me,  
The citie cormorants, my monie-mongers,  
Have swallow'd downe already, they were summes,  
I grant, but that I should be such a foole  
Against my othe, being a cashir'd Captaine,  
To pay debts, though growne up to one and twenty,  
Deserves more rephension, in my judgement,

## The unnaturall Combat.

Then a shop-keeper, or a Lawyer that lends money,  
In a long dead vacation.

*Mont.* How doe you like  
His medication?

*Chamont.* Peace, let him proceed.

*Belg.* I cannot now goe on the score for shame,  
And where I shall begin to pawne, I marry,  
That is consider'd timely, I paid for  
This traine of yours. Dame *Estridge* foureteen crowns,  
And yet it is so light, 'twill hardly passe  
For a *Taverne* reckoning, unlesse it be  
To save the charge of paynting, naild on a post  
For the signe of the feathers; pox upon the fashion,  
That a Captaine cannot thinke himsele a Captaine,  
If he weare not this like a fore-horse; yet it is not  
Staple commodity; these are perfum'd too,  
Of the Roman wash, and yet a stale red herring  
Would fill the belly better, and hurt the head lesse:  
And this is Venice gold, would I had it againe  
In french crownes in my pocket. O you commanders  
That like me have no dead pates, nor can couzen  
The Commissary at a muster, let me stand  
For an example to you, as you would  
Enjoy your priviledges: *videlicet*,  
To pay your debts, and take your lechery gratis  
To have your issue warm'd by others fires,  
To be often drunke, and sweare, yet pay no forfeit,  
To the poore, but when you share with one another,  
With all your other choyce immunities,  
Onely of this I seriously advise you:  
Let Courtiers trip like Courtiers,  
And your Lords of dirt and dung hills mete  
Their woods and acres, in velvets, sattins, tissues,  
But keepe you constant to cloth and shamois.

*Mont.* Have you heard of such a penitent homily.

*Belg.* I am studying now  
Where I shall hide my selfe till the rumor of

# The unnaturall Combat.

My wealth and braverie vanish, let me see,  
There is a kinde of a vaulting house not farre off,  
Where I us'd to spend my afternoones; among  
Suburb shee-gamesters; and yet now I thinke on't  
I have crackd a ring or two there; which they made  
Others to solder, no,

1. *Wench.* O, have we spide you.

*Enter a Bawd and two  
wenches, with two children.*

*Bawd.* Upon him without ceremonie, now's the time  
While he is in the paying veine.

2. *Wench.* Save you brave Captaine.

*(to him.*

*Beaus. jun.* S'ligh, how she stares, they are worse then she-wolves  
*Belg.* Shame me not in the streets, I was comming to you.

1. *Wen.* O Sir, you may in publique pay for the fiddling  
You had in private.

2. *Wen.* We heare you are full of crownes, Sir.

1. *Wen.* And therefore knowing you are open-handed,  
Before all be destroyd, I'll put you in mind, Sir,  
Of your young heire here.

2. *Wen.* Here's a second, Sir,  
That lookes for a childs portion.

*Bawd.* There are reckonings  
For Muskadine and Eggs too, must be thought on.

1. *Wen.* We have not beene hasty, Sir.

*Bawd.* But staid your leasure;  
But now you are ripe, and loden with fruit.

2. *Wen.* Tis fit you should be puld; here's a boy, Sir,  
Pray you kisse him, tis your owne, Sir,

1. *Wench.* Nay, busse this first,  
It hath just your eyes, and such a promising nose,  
That if the signe deceive me not, in time  
T will prove a notable striker, like his father.

*Belg.* And yet you laid it to another.

1. *Wen.* True,

While you were poore, and it was policy,  
But she that has varietie of fathers,  
And makes not choyce of him that can maintaine it,  
Nere studied *Aristotles* Problemes.

# The unnaturall Combat.

*Law.* A smart queane.

*Belg.* Why braches will you whurry me?

*2. Wen.* No, but ease you

Of your golden burthen, the heauey carriage may  
Bring you to a sweating sicknesse.

*Belg.* Very likely,

I foame all ore already.

*1. Wen.* Will you come off, Sir?

*Belg.* Would I had ne're come on : heare me with patience,  
Or I will anger you. Goeto, you know me  
And doe not vexe me further : by my sins  
And your diseases, which are certaine truches,  
Whateere you thinke, I am not master at  
This instant, of a liure.

*2. Wen.* What, and in  
Such a glorious suite?

*Belg.* The liker wretched things  
To have no mony.

*Bawd.* You may pawne your clothes, Sir,

*1. Wen.* Will you see your issue starve?

*2. Wen.* Or the mothers beg?

*Belg.* Why, you unconscionable strumpets, would you haue me  
Transforme my hat to double clouts and biggins?  
My corselet to a cradle? or my belt  
To swaddlebands? or turne my cloke to blankets?  
Or to sell my sword, and spurs for sope and candles?  
Haue you no mercy? what a chargeable diuell  
We carry in our breeches?

*Beauf. jun.* Now tis time  
To fetch him off.

*Enter Beaufort sen.*

*Mont.* Your father does it for us.

*Bawd.* The Governour!

*Beauf. sen.* What are these?

*1. Wen.* And it like your Lordship,  
Very poore spinsters.

*Bawd.* I am his Nurse and Landresse,

*Belg.* You

# The unnaturall Combat.

*Belg.* You have nurs'd and lander'd me, hell take you for it.  
Vanish.

*Cham.* Doe, doe, and talke with him hereafter.

1. *Wen.* Tis our best course

2. *Wen.* We'll find a time to fit him.

*Exit Bawd and*

*Beauf. sen.* Why, in this heat, *Belgarde*

*Whores.*

*Belg.* You are the cause of 't.

*Beauf. sen.* Who, I?

*Belg.* Yes, your pied liverie, and your gold  
Draw these vexations on mee, pray you strip me  
And let me be as I was: I will not lose  
The pleasures and the fredome which I had  
In my certaine povertie; for all the wealth  
Faire France is proud of?

*Beauf. sen.* Wee at better leisure  
Will learne the cause of this.

*Beauf. jun.* What answer, Sir,  
From the Admirall?

*Beauf. sen.* None, his daughter is remov'd  
To the fort of *Montrevile*, and he himselte  
In person fled, but where is not discover'd,  
I could tell you wonders, but the time denies mee  
Fit libertie. In a word, let it suffice  
The power of our great master is contemn'd,  
The sacred lawes of God and man prophan'd,  
And if I sit downe with this injury,  
I am unworthy of my place, and thou  
Of my acknowledgement: draw up all the troopes,  
As I goe, I will instruct you to what purpose.  
Such as have power to punish, and yet spare  
From feare, or from connivence, others ill  
Though not in act assist them in their will

*Exeunt.*

# The unnaturall Combat.

## Actus quinti Scena prima.

Montrevile, Theocrine, servants.

MONTREVILE.

**B**Inde them, and gag their mouthes sure, I alone  
Will be your convoy.

1. *Wom.* Madam,

2. *Wom.* Dearest Lady,

*Pag.* Let me fight for my Mistresse.

*Serv.* Tis in vaine,

Little Cockerell of the kinde. ;

*Montr.* Away with them,

And doe as I command you,

*Theocr.* Montrevile

*Exeunt Servants, Page,  
Women.*

You are my fathers friend, nay, more a souldier,

And if a right one, as I hope to find you,

Though in a lawfull war you had surpriz'd

A Citie, that bowd humbly to your pleasure,

In honour you stand bound to guard a virgin

From violence; but in a free estate

Of which you are a limb, to doe a wrong

Which noble enemies never consent to

Is such an insolence.

*Montr.* How her heart beats!

Much like a Partridge in a Sparhawkes foot,

That with a panting silence does lament

The fate she cannot flie from! sweet, take comfort,

You are safe, and nothing is intended to you

But love and service.

*Theocr.* They came never cloth'd

In force, and outrage, upon what assurance

(Remembering only that my father lives)

Who will not tamely suffer the disgrace.

Have



# The unnaturall Combat.

Have you presum'd to hurry mee from his house,  
And as I were not worth the waiting on,  
To snatch me from the duty, and attendance  
Of my poore servants.

*Montr.* Let not that afflict you,  
You shall not want observance, I will be  
Your Page, your Woman, Parasite or Foole,  
Or any other property, provided  
You answer my affection.

*Theocr.* In what kind?

*Montr.* As you had done young *Beauforts*.

*Theocr.* How?

*Montr.* So Lady,  
Or, if the name of wife appeare a yoke  
Too heavie for your tender necke, so I  
Enjoy you as a private friend, or mistresse,  
T will be sufficient.

*Theocr.* Blessed Angels guard me  
What frontlesse impudence is this? What divell  
Hath to thy certaine ruine temptred thee  
To offer me this motion? by my hopes  
Of after joyes, submission, nor repentance  
Shall expiate this foule intent.

*Montr.* Intent?

Tis more, I'll make it a

*Theocr.* Ribald, thou darrest not,  
And if (and with a feaver to thy soule)  
Thou but consider that I have a father  
And such a father, as when this arrives at  
His knowledge, as it shall, the terrour of  
His vengeance, which as sure as fate must follow,  
Will make thee curse the houre in which lust taught thee  
To nourish these base hopes, and tis my wonder  
Thou darrest forget how tender he is of mee  
And that each shadow of wrong done to me  
Will raise in him a tempest not to be  
But with thy heart-blood calm'd: this when I see him.

*Montr.* As

# The unnaturall Combat.

*Montr.* As thou shalt never.

*Theocr.* Wilt thou murder me?

*Montr.* No, no, tis otherwise determin'd, foole,  
The master which in passion kills his slave  
That may be usefull to him, does himselfe  
The i. iuris: Know thou most wretched creature,  
That father thou presum'st upon, that father,  
That when I sought thee in a noble way,  
Deny'd thee to me, fancying in his hope  
A higher match from his excesse of dotage,  
Hath in his bowels kindled such a flame  
Of impious most unnaturall lust,  
That now he feares his furious desires,  
May force him to doe that he shakes to thinke on.

*Theocr.* O me most wretched.

*Montr.* Never hope againe  
To blast him with those eyes, their golden beames  
Are unto him arrowes of death and hell,  
But unto me divine artillery.  
And therefore since what I so long in vaine  
Persu'd, is offerd to me, and by him  
Given up to my possession: doe not flatter  
Thy selfe with an imaginary hope,  
But that I'll take occasion by the forelock,  
And make use of my fortune; as we walke  
I'll tell the more.

*Theocr.* I will not stirre.

*Montr.* I'll force thee:

*Theocr.* Helpe, helpe,

*Montr.* In vaine,

*Theocr.* In mee my brothers blood  
Is punish'd at the height.

*Montr.* The Coach there.

*Theocr.* Deare Sir,

*Montr.* Teares, curses, prayers, are alike to me,  
I can, and must enjoy my present pleasure,  
And shall take time to mourne for it at leasure.

*Exit.*  
*Actus*

# The unnaturall Combat.

## Actus quinti, Scena secunda.

Enter *Malefort solus.*

*Malef.* I have playd the foole, the grosse foole, to believe  
The bosome of a friend will hold a secret,  
Mine owne could not containe, and my industry  
In taking liberty from my innocent daughter,  
Out of false hopes of freedome to my selfe,  
Is in the little helpe it yeelds me, punish'd.  
Shee's absent, but I have her figure here,  
And every grace, and rarity about her,  
Are by the pencill of my memory  
In living colours paynted on my heart.  
My fires too, a short interim closd up  
Breake out with greater fury. Why was I  
Since 'twas my fate, and not to be declin'd  
In this so tender consciencd? say I had  
Injoyd what I desir'd, what had it beene  
But incest? and there's something here that tels me  
I stand accomptable for greater sinnes,  
I never checkd at: neither had the crime  
Wanted a præfident. I have read in story  
Those first great Heroes that for their brave deeds  
Were in the worlds first infancie stil'd gods,  
Freely enjoyd what I deny my selfe.  
Old *Saturne* in the golden age embraced  
His sister *Ops* and in the same degree  
The thunderer *Juno*, *Neptune*, *Thetis*, and  
By their example after the first deluge  
*Deucalion* *Pirrhæ*. Universall nature  
As every day tis evident allowes it  
To creatures of all kinds. The gallant horse  
Covers the Mare to which he was the sire,  
The bird with fertile seed gives new encrease

# The unnaturall Combat.

To her that hatchd him. Why should envious man then  
Brand that close act which adds proximity  
To whats most neere him, with the abhorred title  
Of incest? or our later lawes forbid  
What by the first was granted? let old men  
That are not capeable of these delights  
And solemne superstitions fooles prescribe  
Rules to themselves, I will not curbe my freedom  
But constantly go on, with this assurance,  
I but walke in a path which greater men  
Have trod before me. ha this is the forr,  
Open the gate. Within there.

*Enter two Souldiers  
with Muskets.*

*1 Sould.* With your pardon  
We must forbid your entrance.

*Mal.* Doe you know me?

*2 Sould.* Perfectly my Lord.

*Mal.* I am this Captaines friend.

*1 Sould.* It may be so, but till we know his pleasure  
You must excuse us.

*2 Sould.* Wee'l acquaint him with  
Your waiting here.

*Mont.* Waiting slave, he was ever  
By me commanded.

*1 Sould.* As we are by him.

*Mont.* So punctuall, pray you then in my name intreat  
His presence.

*2 Sould.* That we shall doe.

*Exeunt Souldiers.*

*Mal.* I must use

Some strange perswasions to worke him to  
Deliver her, and to forget her vowes,  
And horrid oaths I in my madnesse made him.  
Take to the contrary, and may I get those  
Once more in my possession, I will beare her  
Into some close cave, or desert, where wee'l end  
Our lusts and lives together.

*Enter Montreible and souldiers.*

*Mont.* Faile not, on

# The unnaturall Combat.

The forfeit of your lives to execute  
What I commanded.

*Mal.* Montrevile, how is't friend?

*Mont.* I am glad to see you weare such cheerefull lookes,  
The worlds well alfred.

*Mal.* Yes I thanke my stars.  
But me thinks thou art troubled.

*Mont.* Some light crosse,  
But of no moment.

*Mal.* So I hope, beware  
Of sad and impious thoughts, you know how far  
They wrought on me.

*Mont.* No such come neere me sir.  
I have like you no daughter, and much wish  
You never had been curs'd with one.

*Ma.* Who I?  
Thou art deceiv'd, I am most happy in her.

*Mont.* I am glad to heare it.

*Mal.* My incestuous fires  
Towards her are quite burnt out, I love her now  
As a father, and no further.

*Mont.* Fix there then  
Your constant peace, and doe not try a second  
Temptation from her.

*Mal.* Yes friend though shee were  
By millions of degrees more excellent  
In her perfections, Nay though she could borrow  
A forme Angelicall to take my fraylty  
It would not doe, and therefore *Montrevile*  
(My chiefe delight next her) I come to tell thee  
The governour and I are reconcil'd,  
And I confirm'd, and with all possible speed  
To make large satisfaction to young *Beaufort*,  
And her whom I have so much wrong'd, and for  
thy trouble in her custody, of which  
Ile now discharge thee, there is nothing in  
My nerves or fortunes, but shall ever be

# The unnaturall Combat.

At thy devotion.

*Montr.* You promise faintly,  
Nor doubt I the performance, yet I would not  
Hereafter be reported, to have beene  
The principall occasion of your falling  
Into a relaps, or but suppose out of  
The easinesse of my nature, and assurance  
You are firme, and can hold out, I could consent :  
You needs must know there are so many lets  
That make against it, that it is my wonder  
You offer me the motion, having bound me  
With oathes and imprecations on no termes,  
Reasons, or arguments, you could propose,  
I ever should admit you to her sight,  
Muchlesse restore her to you.

*Malc.* Are we souldiers, and stand on othes ?

*Montr.* Tis beyond my knowledge  
In what we are more worthy, then in keeping  
Our words, much more our voves.

*Malc.* Heaven pardon all;  
How many thousands in our heate of wine;  
Quarrels and play, and in our younger daies  
(In private, I may say) betweene our selves  
In points of love, have we to answer for,  
Should we be scrupulous that way.

*Montr.* You say well,  
And very aptly call to memory.  
Two oathes against all ties and rites, of friendship  
Broken by you to me.

*Malc.* No more of that.

*Montr.* Yes tis materiall, and to the purpose  
The first (and think upon't) was when I brought you  
As a visitant to my mistresse then, the mother  
Of this same daughter, whom with dreadfull words  
Too hideous to remember, you swore deeply  
For my sake never to attempt, yet then,  
Then, when you had a sweet wife of your owne,

I know

## The unnaturall Combat.

I know not with what arts, philtres, and charmes,  
(Unlesse in wealth and fame you were above me)  
You won her from me, and her grant obtain'd,  
A marriage with the second wayted on,  
The buriall of the first (that to the world  
Brought your dead son) this I fate tamely down by,  
Wanting indeed occasion and power  
To be at the height revenged.

*Malef.* Yet this you seem'd  
Freely to pardon.

*Montr.* As perhaps I did.  
Your daughter *Theocrine* growing ripe,  
(Her mother too deceas'd) and fit for marriage  
I was a suitor for her, had your word  
Upon your honour, and our friendship made  
Authenticall, and ratified with an oath,  
Shee should be mine, but vowes with you being like  
To your religion, a nose of wax  
To be turn'd every way, that very day  
The governours sonne but making his approaches  
Of Courtship to her, the winde of your ambition  
For her advancement scatter'd the thin sand  
In which you wrot your full consent to me,  
And drew you to his party. What hath pas'd since  
You beare a register in your owne bosome  
That can at large informe you.

*Malef. Montrevile*  
I doe confesse all that you charge me with  
To be strong truth, and that I bring a cause  
Most miserably guilty, and acknowledge  
That though your goodnesse made me mine owne judge.  
I should not shew the least compassion,  
Or mercy to my selfe. O let not yet  
My foulnesse taint your purenesse, or my falshood  
Divert the torrent of your loyall faith.  
My ills, if not return'd by you, will adde  
Lustre to your much good, and to orecome

# The unnaturall Combat.

With noble sufferance will expresse your strength,  
And triumph ore my weakenesse. If you please to  
My blacke deeds being onely knowne to you,  
And in surrendring up my daughter buried :  
You not alone make me your slave (for I  
At no part doe deserve the name of friend)  
But in your owne brest raise a monument  
Of pittie to a wretch on whom with justice  
You may expresse all cruelty.

*Mont.* You much move me.

*Mal.* O that I could but hope it, to revenge  
An injurie is proper to the wishes  
Of feeble women, that want strength to act it :  
But to have power to punish, and yet pardon  
Peculiar to Princes, see these knees,  
That have beene ever stiffe to bend to heaven  
To you are supple, Is there ought beyond this  
That may speake my submission? or can pride  
(Though I well know it is a stranger to you)  
Desire a feast of more humility  
To kill her growing appetite?

*Mont.* I requir'd not

To be sought to this poore way, yet tis so far  
A kind of satisfaction that I will  
Dispence a little with those serious oaths  
You made me take, your daughter shall come to you,  
I will not say as you deliverd her,  
But as she is you may dispose of her  
As you shall thinke most requisite.

*Exit Montrevile.*

*Mal.* His last words are riddles to me.

Here the Lyons force  
Would have prov'd uselesse and against my nature  
Compeld me from the Crocodile to borrow  
Her counterfeit teares, ther's now no turning backward,  
May I but quench these fires that rage within me,  
And fall what can fall, I am arm'd to beare it,

*Sould.* You must be packing.

*The soldiers shrowt  
forth Theocrine, her gar-  
ments loose, her haire  
disheveld.*

*Theo.*



*Theo.* Hath he rob'd me of  
Mine honour, and denies me now a roome  
To hide my shame?

2 *Sould.* My Lord the Admirall  
Attends your Ladiship.

1 *Sould.* Close the port, and leave em.

*Exeunt souldiers.*

*Mal.* Ha! who is this? how alter'd! how deform'd!

It cannot be. And yet this creature has  
A kinde of a resemblance to my daughter,  
My *Theocrine*! but as different  
From that she was, as bodies dead are in  
Their best perfections, from what they were  
When they had life and motion.

*Theo.* Tis most true sir,  
I am dead indeed to all but misery,  
O come not neere me sir, I am infectious,  
To looke on me at distance is as dangerous  
As from a pinacles cloud-kissing spire,  
With giddy eyes to view the steepe descent  
But to acknowledge me a certaine ruine.  
O sir.

*Mal.* Speake *Theocrine*, force me not  
To farther question, my feares already  
Have chok'd my vitall spirits.

*Theo.* Pray you turne away  
Your face and heare me, and with my last breath  
Give me leave to accuse you. What offence  
From my first infancie did I commit  
That for a punishment you should give up  
My Virgin chastity to the trecherous guard  
Of Goatish *Montrevile*?

*Mal.* What hath he done?

*Theo.* Abus'd me sir by violence, and this told  
I cannot live to speake more: may the cause  
In you finde pardon, but the speeding curse  
Of a ravish'd maid fall heavie, heavie on him,  
*Beausfort* my lawfull love, farewell for ever.

*She dies.*

*Mal.*

*The unnaturall Combat.*

*Malef.* Take not thy flight so soone immaculate spirit.  
Tis fled already, how the innocent  
As in a gentle slumber passe away,  
But to cut off the knotty thred of life  
In guilty men, must force sterne *Atropos*  
To use her sharpe knife often. I would helpe  
The edge of hers with the sharpe point of mine  
But that I dare not die, till I have rent  
This dogs heart peecemeale. O that I had wings  
To scale these walls, or that my hands were Canons  
To bore their flinty sides, that I might bring  
The villaine in the reach of my good sword,  
The Turkish Empire offer'd for his ransome  
Should not redeeme his life. O that my voice  
Were loud as thunder and with horrid sounds  
Might force a dreadfull passage to his eares,  
And through them reach his soule, libidinous monster  
Foule ravisher, as thou durst doe a deed  
Which forc'd the Sun to hide his glorious face  
Behinde a sable Masque of clouds appeare,  
And as a man defend it, or like me  
Shew some compunction for it.

*Montrevile above the curtaine, suddenly drawn.*

*Montr.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Malef.* Is this an object to raise mirth?

*Montr.* Yes, yes.

*Mal.f.* My daughter's dead.

*Mont.* Thou hadst best follow her,  
Or if thou art the thing thou art reported,  
Thou shouldst have led the way. Doe teare thy haire  
Like a village nurse, and mourn while I laugh at thee.  
Be but a just examiner of thy selfe  
And in an equall ballance poise the nothing  
Or little mischief I have done compar'd  
With the ponderous weight of thine, and how canst thou  
Accuse or argue with me? mine was a rape  
And she being in a kinde contracted to me,

# The unnatural Combat.

The fact may challenge some qualification:  
But thy intent made natures selfe run backward,  
And done, had caus'd an earth-quake,

*A soldier  
above.*

1. *Sold.* Captaine.

*Monr.* Ha,

2. *Sold.* Our outworkes are surpriz'd, the centiuell slaine,

The corps du garde defeated too.

*Monr.* By whom?

1. *Sold.* The sudden storme and darknesse of the night  
Forbids the knowledge, make up speedily,  
Or all is lost.

*Monr.* In the diuels name, whence comes this! *They descend.*

*Mal.* Doe, doe, rage on, rend open Æolus  
Thy brazen prison, and let loose at once *A storme.*  
Thy stormy issue blustering Boreas,  
Aided with all the gales, the Pilot numbers:  
Upon his compasse, cannot raise a tempest  
Through the vast region of the ayre, like that  
I feele within me: for I am poss'f'd  
With whirle-winds, and each guilty thought to me is  
A dreadfull Hurricano; though this centre  
Labour to bring forth earthquake, and hell open  
Her wide stretch'd jawes, and let out all her furies,  
They cannot adde an atome to the mountaine  
Of feares and terrors that each minute threaten  
To fall on my accursed head. Ha, is't fancie?

*Enter the Ghost of young Malefort, naked from the waist,  
full of wounds, leading in the shadow of a  
Ladie, her face leprous.*

Or hath hell heard me, and makes prooffe if I  
Dare stand the tryall? yes, I doe, and now  
I view these apparitions I feele,  
I once did know the substances. For what come you?  
Are your aeriall formes depriv'd of language,  
And so deni'd to tell me? that by signes

L

You

# The unnaturall Combat.

You bid me aske here of my selfe? tis so  
And there is something here makes answer for you. *The Ghosts use severall gestures.*  
You come to launce my fear'd up conscience? Yes,  
And to instruct me, that those thunderbolts,  
That hurl'd me headlong from the height of glory,  
Wealth, honours, worldly happinesse, were forg'd  
Upon the anvile of my impious wrongs  
And cruelty to you? I doe confesse it;  
And that my lust compelling me to make way  
For a second wife, I poison'd thee, and that  
The cause (which to the world is undiscover'd)  
That forc'd thee to shake off thy filiall duty  
To mee thy father, had it's spring and source  
From thy impatience to know thy mother,  
That with all duty, and obedience serv'd me  
(For now with horror I acknowledge it)

*Answer'd still by signes.*

Remov'd unjustly: yet thou being my sonne,  
Were't not a competent judge mark'd out by heaven  
For her revenger, which thy falling by  
My weaker hand confirm'd. Tis granted by thee.  
Can any penance expiate my guilt?  
Or can repentance save me? they are vanish'd. *Exeunt Ghosts.*  
What's left to doe then? I'll accuse my fate  
That did not fashion me for nobler uses:  
Or if those starres crosse to me in my birth,  
Had not deny'd their prosperous influence to it  
With peace of conscience like to innocent men,  
I might have ceas'd to be, and not as now,  
To curse my cause of being. *He's kill'd with a flash of lightning.*

*Enter Belgarde with souldiers.*

*Belg.* Here is a night  
To season my filkes. Buffe-jerkin, now I misse thee,  
Thou hast endur'd many foule nights, but never  
One like to this; how fine my feather looks now!  
Just like a Capons taile stolne out of the pen

And

# The unnaturall Combat.

And hid in the sinke, and yet 't had beene dishonour  
To have charg'd me without it, wilt thou never cease,  
Is the perarde, as I gave directions, fasten'd  
On the portcullis?

*Another Sold.* It hath beene attempted  
By divers, but in vaine.

*Belg.* These are your gallants,  
That at a feast take the first place, poore I,  
Hardly allow'd to follow; marry in  
These foolish businesse they are content  
That I shall have precedence, I much thanke  
Their manners, or their feare; second me Souldiers,  
They have had no time to undermine, or if  
They have, it is blowing up, and fetching  
A caper or two in the ayre, and I will doe it,  
Rather then blow my nailes here.

*Sold.* O brave Captaine!

*Exeunt.*

*An alarm, noise and cryes within, a flourish.*

*Enter Beaufort senior : Beaufort junior : Montagne : Chamont :  
Lanour : Belgarde : Montrevile : Souldiers.*

*Montr.* Rackes cannot force more from me then I have  
Already told you. I expect no favour,  
I have cast up my accompt.

*Beauf. sen.* Take you the charge  
Of the fort, *Belgarde*, your dangers have deserv'd it.

*Belg.* I thanke your excellence, this will keepe me safe yet  
From being pull'd by the sleeve, and bid remember  
The thing I wot of.

*Beauf. junr.* All that have eyes to weepe,  
Spare one teare with mee. *Theocrine's* dead,

*Montr.* Her father too lies breathlesse here, I thinke,  
Strucke dead with thunder.

*Cham.* 'Tis apparent: how  
His carcase smells.

*Lan. His*

*The unnatural Combas.*

*Lan.* His face is alter'd to  
Another colour.

*Beauf. jun.* But here's one retains  
Her native innocence, that never yet  
Call'd downe heavens anger.

*Beauf. sen.* Tis in vaine to mourne  
For whats past helpe. We will reter bad man  
Your sentence to the King: may we make use of  
This great example, and learne from it, that  
There cannot be a want of power above  
To punish murther, and unlawfull love.

*Exeunt omnes.*

**FINIS.**

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*Imprimatur.*

**THO. WYKES.**

**IAN. 21. 1638.**











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